

318.05
05
C-2

Volume 56 Number 9

Registered by Australia Post
Publication No. SBF 0274

OnDit

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF ADELAIDE
27 JUN 1988

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

JUNE 20



THE LITERATE SUPPLEMENT

Rites of passage keep Hobart noisy

No, it's not really a graduate tax, because you pay even if you don't graduate. And yes, *Keeping Up* reckons it's a great idea. It's also a notion impossible to tag as politically expedient, since it will cost money in its first year as the \$263 charge is abolished. The tax won't really start earning money until well into the next decade.

Over the holidays, *Keeping Up* discovered why the tax's opponents have been able to claim as many women have entered tertiary education since 1974. Mostly it isn't to do with the absence of fees at all; rather it's to do with the fact that, somewhere in the last 14 years, teachers and nurses have been reclassified as tertiary students.

The student politicians now delighting in greater exposure than they've ever had - tell us that the tax will take away graduates' incentive. If memory serves, that argument last got a decent run from none other than Joh Bjelke-Petersen, when The Olde Peanut was pushing for a flat tax. Perhaps Paul Keating's right, and the two sides of politics really do meet at the far edges.

For sticking it right up the student polities, you can't beat Peter Ruehl in the *Financial Review*:

You often can tell as much about a policy from its enemies as you can from its aficionados.

As the Labor Party was in the process of reintroducing commonsense to the funding of the education business, a group of students outside Hobart's Wrest Point Casino offered their opposing viewpoint.

That this part of the dialectic was delivered at high sonic levels, and with an emotional turbulence usually reserved for weddings and fun-



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

erals, should not be held against them. This is the only time in life when you can get away with acting childishly yet be treated as an adult, and anyone who doesn't take advantage of it misses out on a rather funky rite of passage.

But there is a thought process that leads this group to conclude that every working man and woman in this country has a responsibility to provide them with a free university degree.

One wonders what these scholars are learning at the current high discounts, that they can reach this intellectual point without tripping over something.

The matriculated Melburnian holding an "ALP - Shame" placard outside the casino was part of a large group that had trucked in for the occasion. He was a real Neil Young (circa 1968) look-alike, so he seemed the obvious choice to hunker down with.

"You've got to look at students as investments," he said.

When they open up with that one, you know you're in for the whole litany. It's a great argument,

and one that is partly true, except the students don't seem to feel the urge to participate in the instalment plan.

He went down the list, including double taxation and how only the rich will have access to a university degree. But the one that has a real creative touch is how students actually lose money while in school because they are not part of the workforce.

This approach is not likely to get the sympathy vote from a waterside worker who is subsidising the student's four-year reverie in academe. Nor will our wharfie reap the benefits of this fellow's eventual business degree.

Inside the ALP conference, one of Young Labor's bright-eyed believers, Ian Young, was threatening the party with dire consequences, should it vote to end the freeloader.

"If we go ahead with this proposal," he fulminated, "then this decision will be on top of all those other decisions that this party has taken to suggest to young people that this party is no longer worth supporting."

And as a result, he threatened, the flower of Australian youth would turn to another party.

Sure. They now will all turn to the Liberals. You know the Liberals. They are the ones who have been so thundering in their support of free college education.

Kiri Evans, a vice-president of the National Union of Students, did some similar spleen-venting after the vote, deploring a party that "panders to the wealthy and corporate sector".

If she thinks that university tuition fees are part of the capitalistic plot,

wait until she gets out in the real world where they make you pay income taxes.

Ain't life, as they say, a bitch.

Is the tax another example of the ALP jettisoning its oldest traditions? Rubbish, says the Sydney Morning Herald's Alan Ramsey:

In 1902, when the Labor party held its first interstate conference in the new Commonwealth, it laid down a platform of 10 basic principles. The first of these was to keep Australia white. Education never got a mention. White Australia remained what might now be called a cherished ALP tradition, not abandoned until 1965. By then it wasn't so much a cherished tradition as, in a changing world, merely an embarrassment.

Yet, even in scrapping "the maintenance of White Australia", Labor couldn't quite go all the way, in one step, from its roots. Instead, in its immigration platform at its 26th national conference, it replaced the old commitment to racism with a handy euphemism: a commitment to "the avoidance of the difficult social and economic problem which may follow from an influx of peoples having different standards of living, traditions and cultures". That stayed until 1971, when nobody protested against its removal.

The point is relevant in considering what might be a cherished tradition with any party, and what happens when such traditions outlive their cherished quality. In Hobart this week, in arguing the pros and cons of the Hawke Government's proposed learn now, pay later tertiary tax, much was said about

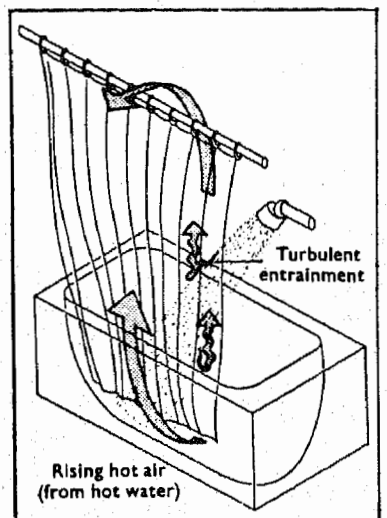
Labor's commitment to the cherished tradition of free education. They were talking nonsense. There's no such thing.

By 1948, 57 years after the founding of the Australian Labor Party and 46 years after its first national conference, education still didn't rate a mention in Labor's federal platform. Not a word. Nothing, free or otherwise. By 1961, Labor had adopted an education platform which still promised nothing free, basic or tertiary. In fact, it said nothing about tertiary education at all. The education debate then emerging was public money for church schools, which Labor bitterly opposed. By 1969, under the impetus of Gough Whitlam's drive towards government, things changed. Labor committed itself to the objective of "the obligation of the State to provide a universal, free, compulsory, secular system of education open to all citizens".

So, if you get the chance, the next vested interest group that starts mouthing off about the Hawke Government abandoning another of Labor's "cherished traditions" by asking a privileged minority to pay back 20 cents in the dollar of their university education, AFTER they've got their university degree and a job that pays at least average weekly earnings, so more funds can be made available for more Australians to get the same educational privilege, remind them of Labor Party history.

You may also tell them that so-called cherished traditions are not expedient only to their pocket, and that selfishness in this country does not begin and end with the stereotypes we hear so much about.

HOT SHOWER



March of Science

One of the last great challenges of science has finally been faced. A US researcher called Jearl Walker has written to *Scientific American* after extensive personal research into the question: Why Do The Shower Curtains Always Blow Inwards?

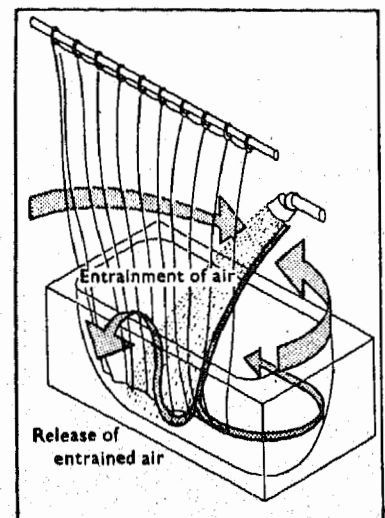
Mr Walker says it's not a matter merely of hot water sending a stream of hot air out the top of the shower cubicle, as this columnist had assumed. Having used a candle flame to check airflows in his shower (tricky, for obvious reasons), he concludes the driving force behind Shower Suck in the "entrainment" of air by falling water at the bottom of our showers.

Entrainment, he says, removes the air next to the falling water, except near the shower's bottom.

"In the region between the curtain and the falling water the replacement (of air) is slow, because the air must flow first around the curtain (entering around the sides of the curtain) and then towards the water.

"When the shower begins, the air pressure in that region drops as a result of that slow replacement... (and) the curtain billows inwards."

COLD SHOWER



If merely understanding the phenomenon won't suffice, the best way to solve the problem is to tie some small weights to the bottom of the curtain. Some people swear you can also solve the problem by wetting the curtain and gluing it to the tiles with your foot, but it's never worked for your columnist.

The King who kept his head

Since King Juan Carlos of Spain arrived in Australia last week, the time is right for *Keeping Up* to pay him tribute.

Has your columnist gone monarchist, his head turned by the pomp and ceremony of the palace in Madrid? Far from it. There isn't much pomp and ceremony at the Bourbon court these days; in fact, there isn't a court at all, and Juan Carlos, unlike his Buckingham Palace counterpart, pays tax.

The attraction of Juan Carlos lies in the fact that he is the "ruler" who single-handedly crushed an army coup.

On the afternoon of February 23, 1981, a Civil Guard lieutenant-col-

onel, Antonio Molina, marched into the Spanish parliament with a detachment of soldiers, sprayed bullets over the heads of the nation's politicians, and took them all hostage. After just a few years of democracy following General Franco's death in 1975, Spain seemed ready to fall back into the hands of the armed forces.

Juan Carlos summoned a television crew to the modest Zarzuela Palace, changed out of his squash gear to his uniform as Commander-in-Chief of Spain's military, and in a live broadcast told army leaders around the country to obey him and put down the putsch.

So it is that Molina is spending 30 years in prison, the King has been transformed from a reputed stooge of Franco to a target of complaint by the reactionary right, and left-of-centre republicans see him as the saviour of democracy.

Which he is. Enjoy your stay, Juan Carlos.

Time to make amends

When the *Financial Review* is backing a treaty with Aborigines, John Howard may just be in danger not only of becoming too conservative for his electorate, but of having to exit stage right:

It is certainly true that 21 years of notional equal rights have failed to deliver better living standards for

many Aborigines.

The Government's current approach to this failure is the correct one: to ask the community concerned, to respond with its own solutions. Handouts have not worked. Giving Aborigines more responsibility to run their own affairs might.

It was an aberration, resulting chiefly from the partially nomadic, hunting culture of many Aboriginal groups - whose approach to their land was not understood or respected by the white settlers - that the British failed to recognise formally, as they did with the Maoris and the Canadian Indians, Aboriginal prior rights.

The process of consultation that has now begun, is likely to focus on a request for such recognition - and on its practical extension, to extend the land rights granted in 1976 in the Northern Territory, where they can be applied, throughout the country - to unused crown land which, it can be proved to the satisfaction of a commissioner, was traditionally owned by the applicant.

The key issue in the ensuing debate may well be the right of control of access to that land. Until recently, the running in this issue had been made by the mining and pastoralist lobbies. But now, ironically, the wheel has turned - and it is the Labor Left that is anxiously defending the State's right to veto proposals, agreed in principle by the Aboriginal landowners, to develop new uranium mines in the Northern Territory.

PRODUCTION

On DIT is a weekly news-magazine. It appears every Monday during term. Edited and published by Sally Niemann and Richard Ogier.

Design: Paul Washington, Sally Niemann and Richard Ogier
Layout: Richard Ogier, Sally Niemann, Paul Washington, Jamie Skinner, Mat Gibson, Benjamin Hunter, D.W.Griffith

Advertising: Benjamin Hunter
Typesetting: Done to perfection by Sharon Thomson and Jamie Skinner
Photography: Alex Hancock and Gavin Dispain

Freight: Alex Wheaton
Cartoonists: Baden Smith, Louise Vlach, Tim Howe, Kenton Penley, Rob and Ron Tomlian, Andrew Popescu



Thanks to our very talented contributors, funny little George Karzis (who voted with us), mum and dad, Jamie for the television, all the boys scouts, to the light table makers, the leader of the Opposition, Fei-Fei the panda, Elizabeth Taylor, all the literary sup people. Special prayer to the Goddess of organisation, the Rt Hon. Jo Davis, to whom we have awarded an honorary B.O.D. (Bachelor of On DIT).

Nothing: John Ridgway



- Martell in *The Australian*

The great university robbery... Amid doubt and division, National Conference kills free education

by Richard Ogier

Despite stiff opposition and a handful of unresolved issues, the recent ALP National Conference backed Education Minister John Dawkins' push to end Labor's long-standing commitment to free tertiary education.

And with the death of the 73-year old policy came defections from both the right and centre-left factions and threats of industrial action by student and academic unions.

The National Union of Students joined with Young Labor in warning that the controversial decision could cost the Government office at the next election. NUS has vowed to lobby marginal seats nation-wide as part of an intense electoral strategy in the run up to the August Budget session of Parliament.

It is then that Dawkins hopes to turn his cherished graduate tax proposal into legislation.

He has called for submissions on the scheme in the interim, but ruled out the possibility of imposing an industry levy - the favoured option of large sections of the education lobby.

A conference resolution spon-



sored by ACTU president, Simon Crean, raised the possibility of an industry tax - a break with ACTU policy as ratified by its biennial conference in 1987 - but the move was cast by other union officials merely as sweetener to the bitter pill of abandoning a long-held tradition. The lightning pace with which

Dawkins has moved since the Conference to squash any talk of hitting industry, puts paid to that claim. What may have appeared at first as a broadening of the Government's position, now looks like a strategic softener.

The strongest alternative to the graduate tax at Conference

came not via NUS but through Victorian Premier John Cain. He advocated striking the company tax rate at 40 instead of the proposed 39 cents.

Alongside reservations raised by academics and media commentator Kenneth Davidson - a maverick voice against a deafening chorus of

media approval for the tax - the key arguments for the scheme remain in doubt:

- That the Government can no longer afford the "quantum leap" in funds necessary to finance an expansion of tertiary education
- And that the abolition of fees has not helped get more people from lower socio-economic groups into universities and colleges.

Additionally, the point has been made that if it were not for the abolition of fees there would in fact be fewer working class people in tertiary education than there are now. (See On Dit May 9).

Professor Peter Karmel - for ten years Universities Commission chief - has argued that the Government could fund expansion by simply lifting expenditure on education from the current level of 0.99 per cent of GDP, to 1 per cent, the rate of expenditure under the Whitlam Government.

But Dawkins has sought to play down that sort of proposal.

The most surprising Dawkins argument, however, is that the Graduate Tax would not serve as a disincentive to participation in higher education - a strange denial of the efficacy of market forces, something in which Dawkins passionately believes.

If the Graduate tax is passed in Parliament in August, it should be in place by January 1st next year.

Students seek ACTU support



Michael Scott

by Richard Ogier

The organised student movement is planning to resurrect ties with the Australian union movement in the wake of the ALP National Conference.

Speaking from Melbourne on Friday afternoon, National Union of Students national president, Tracey Ellery, said that student leaders had begun consultation with unions in the hope of them reaffirming an anti-tax position.

This was in spite of ACTU chief Simon Crean's National Conference speech - and eventual motion - which opened the way for discussion of the tax in cabinet.

A cabinet meeting last Thursday



Tracy Ellery

night endorsed the controversial user-pays scheme.

According to Ellery, however, there "is a lot of anger" at the tax among union ranks. "The Government is operating at the moment under the assumption that because of Crean's statement the ACTU is supporting the proposal, which I don't think will happen in the end".

Meanwhile, the SA branch of NUS is planning to lobby marginal seats in order to generate opposition to the Government. South Australian president, Michael Scott says leaflets will be widely distributed in Kingston and Hawker.

Hawker is thought to be home to a large number of students.

More time needed for effective opposition

by Richard Ogier

The student movement should drastically alter its campaign against the graduate tax proposal, according to a leading academic.

Dr Andrew Parkin, senior lecturer in Politics at Flinders University, told *On Dit* last week that organised opposition to the controversial user-pays scheme had been "very badly organised and very badly informed".

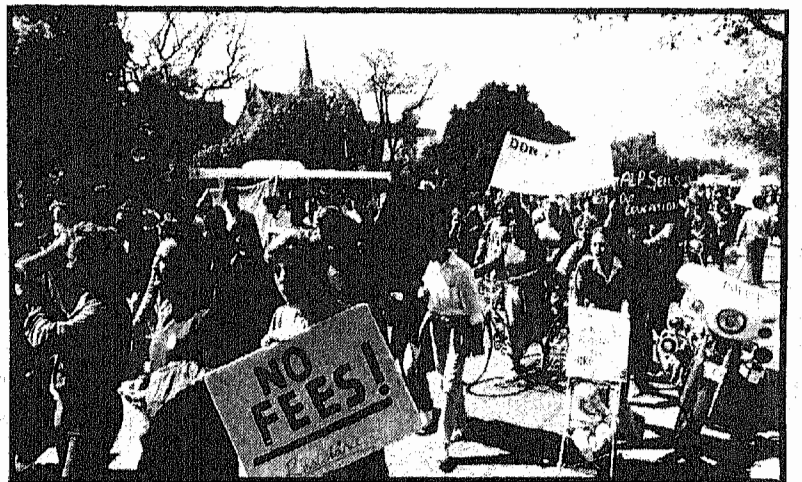
He said that the best option now open to students was to lobby the Federal Government to delay implementation of the tax for twelve months to enable discussion.

"Students should ask for much more time on the grounds that it is such a major change in education philosophy," Dr Parkin said. "The Wran report suggests that at the industry level there should be a long time for consultation. With the student fee, not at all. It's just in".

Dr Parkin said the "knee-jerk" way in which opposition against the scheme was mounted had guaranteed it would be seen as selfish and fail.

"The first thing they (the student leadership) should have done was congratulate the Government on three or four things that have never been conceded before: that upfront fees are bad; that the ability to pay need be considered; that education is by enlarge a public good.

"They're conceding that 80 per cent of education is a public rather than a private good... we should have grabbed that with glee."



Those points acknowledged, student leaders should then have offered to concede them on the condition they be accompanied by the introduction of an industry tax.

Dr Parkin said that while there was now a "credibility problem" for the student movement such a strategy could still be followed.

"The point can be made that it's been an emotional reaction (by students) - for good reason. Students can still say, 'they are the scheme's good points, here are our problems with it. Now how about twelve months of real discussion and looking at a package of funding not based only on user-pays but with other things in it too...such as an industry tax.'"

Dr Parkin said that if the student

leadership made strategic concessions to Education Minister Dawkins there was a chance that "members of the caucus would say (to Dawkins), 'look, just hang on for a while'".

A spokesperson for the Minister told *On Dit* on Friday that it was "extremely unlikely" that there would be "any circumstances in which we would agree to delaying it (the graduate tax)".

But later: "If we were going to consider an extension we would have to be convinced it was going to be fruitful and that would mean some sort of commitment from students that they would accept the need for some sort of contribution scheme.

"Debate after that would be about detail," he said.

Activists killed by death squad



HUMAN RIGHTS FILE

"DISAPPEARANCE" POSSIBLE KILLING

Colombia

Tarcisio Medina Charri:

by Richard Ogier

Despite repeated inquiries by human rights authorities, the whereabouts of a university student arrested in Colombia in February remains unknown.

He is Tarcisio Medina Charri, a 21-year-old linguistics and literature student at the University of Colombia, seized by authorities last February 19 in a neighbourhood of Neiva, the Colombian capital.

According to witnesses he was arrested at the crossroads of Carrera 1 and Calle 28 in Neiva's Candido Leguiano district.

While Colombian police authorities have refused to acknowledge his arrest, human rights organisation Amnesty International believe he may have been killed or severely tortured.

Several organised demonstrations by Colombian university students have sent a strong message to the nation's rulers - but to no avail.

Charri is reported to be a member of the Communist Party's student-based Communist Youth, in recent years regular targets of politically motivated killings, extrajudicial

executions and "disappearances". According to the estimates of a related group, the so-called Patriotic Union, more than 500 activists have been killed since 1985 - most by the notorious State-backed "death squads".

Yet according to a recent AI "Briefing" on Colombia, the political Left is no longer the automatic focus of human rights violations.

Says the 16-page report: "Since mid-1987 the range of victims has extended far beyond left-wing opponents of the government. The people now singled out are not only those who criticize the government or the armed forces, but also those who merely fail to support them.

"Whole sectors of society are at risk of being considered 'subversive', and in Colombia that is tantamount to a death sentence."

A human rights survey reported in AI's April newsletter found that:

- More than 1,000 killings were reported in the first 10 months of 1987.
 - Of those killed, one in every 10 was killed for political reasons by security forces or "death squads" on the admission of the government itself.
 - Killing is the most likely cause of death for males in the 15-44 group.
 - Most of the 500 political prisoners released under a 1982 amnesty have since been killed, "disappeared" or forced into exile.
 - More than 1,000 of the "disappeared" remained unaccounted for as of November 1987.
 - More than 140 "death squads" are recognised by the authorities.
- Numerous case studies give the lie to the government's claim that "death squads" are mysterious gun-



Rally of protesters in Colombia

men is says neither identify or control. Hundreds of killings and "disappearances" blamed on the "death squads" were in fact carried out by police and military personnel, and their civilian authorities, acting on the authority of the military high command.

The most conclusive evidence that the "death squads" are State-backed, according to Amnesty, is that no-one has ever been convicted of a political killing in Colombia.

On the campuses, a wave of political killings have claimed the lives of five students and four lecturers

since last July.

Human Rights File is compiled from information supplied by Amnesty International. For further information Amnesty can be contacted at 155 Pirie St., City. Telephone 232 0066

CAMPUS INTERVIEWS - ENGINEERING

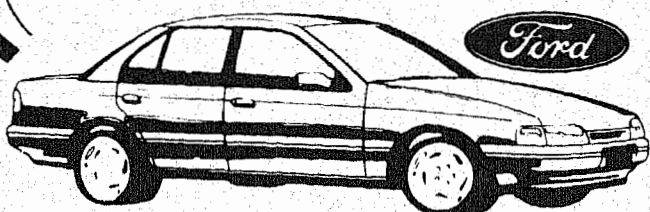
Ford Australia will be on campus to interview final year students interested in joining the Company in 1989.

As one of the premier Companies in Australia with a respected Graduate Program that has been established for over 35 years, Ford offers its Graduate Trainees a challenging and varied career in a progressive and dynamic Company.

Information sessions will be held on 27th June, 1988. Interviews will take place on 27th and 28th June, 1988.

For further information regarding these sessions or general information on the Ford Graduate Program, please contact your Campus Careers Service.

Equal Opportunity is Ford Policy.



Ford Australia - We're moving with you.

EDUCATION REVIEW

Unions challenged

The concept of compulsory student unionism looks set to be challenged in NSW by the Greiner Government.

All industrial organisations will be made voluntary if Freedom of Association legislation due to be introduced into Parliament during the August Budget session is passed - and no exceptions will be made for student unions.

Said Premier Greiner at a recent Liberal Party State Council meeting: "The NSW Opposition has a standing commitment to end compulsory student unionism, despite the opposition of some vice-chancellors and other conservative university elements".

More Indonesians

More than 3,000 fee-paying Indonesian students are expected to arrive in Australia this year, a rise of 1,000 on the 1986 figure.

More than two-thirds of them will take 10-week English language courses with the option of continuing their studies if they want.

The students are required to pay the college or university they attend about \$10,000 per year.

Organisers of an Australian education forum in Jakarta recently drastically underestimated the lure of Australian universities among Indonesians. More than 1,200 crammed into a hotel convention room, while nearly 500 were turned away at the door.

Limited access

Between 1,000 and 1,600 students failed to gain places in South Australian universities and colleges this year, even though they qualified for entry.

According to the annual survey of the Australian Vice Chancellors Committee and the Australian Committee of Directors and Principles, as many as 20,000 qualified Year 12 students missed out on tertiary entry Australia wide.

In Queensland the unmet demand was highest, where between 4,200 and 6,200 places could not be found. In other States the unmet demand ranged from between 3,400 and 5,800 in NSW and Victoria, to between 500 and 800 in WA.

Students in time

A study of about 300 post-graduate students has found that two-thirds completed their courses in minimum time and more than 80 per cent finished within four years.

The survey, conducted by the Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee, studied the progress of people who undertook Commonwealth Postgraduate Course Awards in 1982 and 1983.

The study involved Masters degree coursework, which can be carried out with two years full-time study.

It found that 66.6 per cent of students finished their studies within two years, 9.7 per cent within three years and 6.2 per cent within four, meaning that 82.4 per cent completed inside four years.

New guidelines for harassment policy

by Richard Ogier

Student complaints concerning sexual harassment on campus could soon be handled more effectively if a newly-formulated policy gets the go-ahead.

The policy, prepared as part of a working party report by the University Equal Opportunities Board, recommends that a network of councillors be established in order to improve the university's procedures for the investigation of sexual harassment.

According to working party secretary and Equal Opportunity Officer, Dr Kaye Rollison, there is a belief among students that the current procedures are "remote, formal and intimidating".

"Therefore, the Equal Opportunity Board wondered if there were some specific problems with the procedures themselves," Dr Rollison said.

The policy, which is due to go before University Council in August, says that a number of "Contact Officers" should be appointed by the Vice Chancellor to serve as a first contact point for those with a problem relating to sexual harassment.

Each contact officer would be identified by position (eg. Student Councillor) and each Faculty dean and non-academic staff section head would be required to nominate one contact person. In large faculties, such as Arts and Science,

one general and one academic staff member could be nominated.

The duties of contact officers would include, advice on options for action, the provision of support to the person going through the grievance procedure, and conciliation of the complaint if applicable.

All contact officers would attend a sexual harassment training session provided by the university.

Under the new guidelines, complainants would have the option of seeking to deal with a problem informally through discussion or by lodging a formal complaint, which could lead to a hearing.

The policy also outlines revisions to the Sexual Harassment Committee, first established as part of the Equal Opportunity Board, set up in the wake of the Mayer Report in 1986.

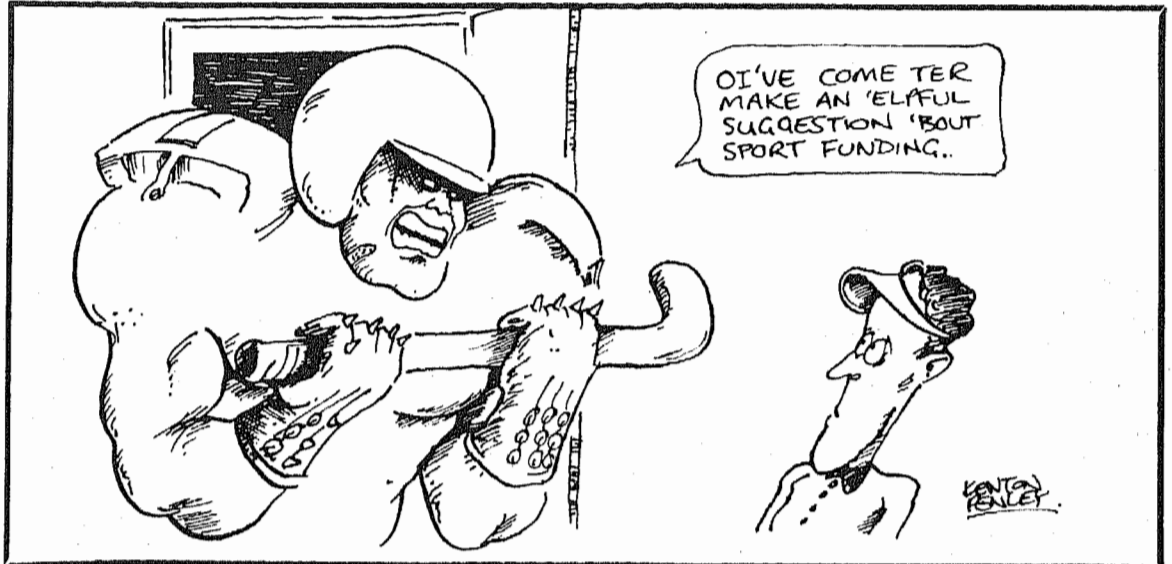
The policy advocates a move away from the current 'representative model' - which emphasises effective representation of staff and students, to one emphasising expertise.

Says the accompanying report: "The Committee would be selected for its expertise in dealing with sexual harassment issues."

Dr Rollison said the working party, which put together the report over 12 months, was not influenced by recent reports of sexual abuse on campus.

She said it was impossible to estimate the extent of sexual harassment at Adelaide University.

University backs down on sports ground issue



by Sally Niemann

An 'in principle' decision by the Finance Committee to stop the allocation of \$94,000 for non-salaried expenditure on Sports Grounds has been temporarily thwarted by the Adelaide University Union.

Union Secretary/Manager, Mr Bruce, said the Finance Committee had made the 'in principle' decision but had subsequently "backed off".

"The University Council ultimately makes the decision. If the University Council can be presented with an alternative way of meeting their needs then maybe the Finance Committee will overturn its decision," Mr Bruce said.

In July 1987, the University and the Union reached an agreement whereby all costs for non-salaried

expenditure (water rates, grounds maintenance, etc) would be met by the University.

At a meeting held between the University and the Sports Association on the 1st of June this year, the 1987 agreement was broken by the University. Minutes from the meeting note that "policies established in the past can no longer be considered relevant for current circumstances and the Association should consider adopting a user pays approach or look to the Union to provide more funds for sporting bodies".

This decision was presented to the Union as a 'fait accompli'. Further discussion between the relevant parties resulted in the final decision being left to the next meeting of the University Council, scheduled for early August.

University Bursar, Mr Peter Burke, said that in light of a \$3m decrease in the University's grant from the government on top of the University having to meet the four per cent wage increase, meant that all expenditure had to be reviewed.

"The Finance Committee would welcome any constructive input from any area," he said.

"The Financial Planning Committee has to cut out four million dollars from its budget. We have to review and assess just what the priorities for students are.

"There is nothing more left that can be cut out without having a detrimental effect on students. The more constructive input we can get within the University Committee, the better."

Grad tax a dishonest violation

The Wran report on Higher Education Funding is fatally flawed says the Age's economics commentator, Kenneth Davidson. PAUL WASHINGTON reports.

"Intellectually dishonest" is economics commentator Kenneth Davidson's description of the argument of the Wran Committee report on Higher Education Funding.

The report argues for the need of the higher education system to accept a partial user-pays system to achieve an expansion of annual graduate output from approximately 80,000 today to 125,000 by the turn of the century.

User-pays financing through a tax on higher education beneficiaries after they reach a set income level will enable the projected expansion to occur, says the Wran report.

But the report's argument is flawed in a number of places Davidson told an SAUA luncheon for Adelaide media and student "politicians" in May.

Firstly, he said it attempts to sweep away accessibility concerns on the grounds that "the abolition of tertiary fees did not increase the participation rates of low socioeconomic groups" without considering that the percentage of students receiving financial assistance has fallen substantially since fees were abolished.

"The abolition of fees has helped to keep up the numbers of students from low socioeconomic background", he said. "Without the abolition of fees, and given the same level of support in terms of... AUSTUDY there probably would have been a dramatic decline in the

proportion of students from low socioeconomic groups."

The apparent vulnerability of students from lower socioeconomic backgrounds to increases in the private costs of higher education creates an obstacle to achieve the rates of growth of participation proposed by the report because of its oversight of a key demographic change.

"Over the period that the number of graduates is projected to rise, the number of people in the relevant age group (young entrants to the tertiary system) is going to fall" said Davidson.

"The only way those targeted figures (in the Wran report) can be

"The abolition of fees has helped to keep up the numbers of students from low socioeconomic groups."

met is if the proportion of the relevant age group in higher education goes up from 20 per cent now to 40 per cent by the year 2000."

And "the only way you can achieve that doubling in the participation rate in higher education is if the proportion of students from lower socioeconomic backgrounds increases to the level of the students from the highest socioeconomic backgrounds now."

A user-pays system is likely to work against a change of this type occurring to the necessary extent, particularly as the government's timetable for aligning AUSTUDY payments with unemployment payments extends over a decade, and

while a further recommendation of the Wran report is for the introduction of an assets test on AUSTUDY beneficiaries.

The Wran report's graduate tax proposal, despite the report's emphasis on the need for expansion of the higher education system, fits firmly into the Federal Government's programme of "residualizing" the public sector.

The graduate tax, Davidson pointed out, clearly violates basic principles of public finance.

It violates the principle of "horizontal equity", the belief that people on the same level of income should pay the same amount of tax, not a greater level of tax for greater use of the public sector.

"If we're going to introduce a system of asking people to pay for what they get out, then clearly, we should be taxing, say, a married couple with a couple of school-aged children more than a couple who choose not to have children," Davidson said.

The tax also violates the "neutrality" of the taxation system. "By neutrality we mean that [a tax] should not distort the returns to different types of work or satisfactions from different types of consumption."

"Now...if we introduce a graduate tax, a teacher on \$21,500 (the proposed income level at which the tax will become effective) will pay \$8.50 more in tax than a real estate salesman on the same salary."

Davidson said that education, which is a consumer good, "has higher external benefits - that is benefits to the community as a whole as distinct [from] just benefits to the individual who consumes it - then practically any other form of consumption."

That the Government was committed to "residualizing" public sector commitment to higher education was reflected in middle-class advocacy of user-pays education.

By introducing a capacity-to-pay element into entering the tertiary system the opportunities for the children of affluent middle-class families to gain a tertiary education are improved, Davidson said.

The Government's argument for the graduate tax as presented in the Wran report contradicts its stated aim of boosting graduate output by the year 2000.

"The Government's argument for the graduate tax as stated in the Wran report contradicts its stated aim of boosting graduate output."

"The Government can either reduce the private cost of higher education in order to encourage the higher participation rates necessary for the students from low socioeconomic backgrounds, or it can introduce some form of user pays tax...and that will reduce participation rates."

"You won't get 125,000 graduates by the year 2000 if you introduce a graduate tax," he said.

I KNOW ONE PERSON WHO THINKS THE GRAD TAX WILL BENEFIT STUDENTS...



...THEN AGAIN HE ALSO USES 'AUSTUDY' AND 'LIVING ALLOWANCE' AS THOUGH THEY WERE THE SAME THING...



AVOID TAXING YOURSELF



Between here and your degree you've got a mountain of work to do. So take advantage of one of our great Word Processing Packages.

Both feature the IBM PC JX with colour monitor, the ideal Word Processing computer.

Package Number One includes the Epson LX800 Dot Matrix Printer and Display Write 1 software for just \$1990.

Package Number Two includes the IBM QuietWriter letter quality printer and Display Write 1 software for \$2550.

Both packages will help you burn through essays and reports without burning too much midnight oil. And we can help with training at our Learning Centres.

Call Alan Anderson on (02) 5521211 now

while the IBM PC JX Word Processing packages last.

BONUS! BUY WITHIN A MONTH OF THIS PUBLICATION AND RECEIVE FREE SOFTWARE - 'TYPEQUICK' TYPING TUTOR.

**Computerland[®]
Solutions**

SIGMA DATA UNIX POSTGRADUATE BURSARIES.

Applications are invited from Postgraduate students undertaking research which will enhance Australia's reputation in the field of operating system technology particularly as it relates to UNIX.

The Research Award is tenable at all Australian universities.

Six \$5,000 bursaries will be awarded by the Sigma Data Corporation.

To be eligible you must be an Australian citizen currently attending an Australian university and be the holder of a Commonwealth Postgraduate Research Award (or its equivalent).

Our objective is to encourage graduates from computer science, computer engineering and information technology courses to undertake postgraduate studies.

You will probably be working towards a degree such

as Master of Science, Master of Engineering Science, or Doctor of Philosophy.

For an application form, contact the Department Head of Computer Science at your university, the North Sydney office of Sigma Data, or post the coupon.

Applications must be lodged with Sigma Data no later than July 1st, 1988.

Please send me an entry form for the Sigma Data \$5,000 Postgraduate Research Awards.

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Telephone _____ Degree _____

University _____

SDC0008

SIGMA DATA. THE AUSTRALIAN COMPUTER COMPANY.

157 WALKER STREET, NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2060. TELEPHONE: (02) 957 3777.



Trade off: for user-pays, a business tax

The debate over the graduate tax is poised at a vital stage following the blow dealt students at the recent ALP National Conference and the Cabinet decision last week to back Dawkins' user-pays push.

Now, the student movement is faced with two options: either to accept that the fight against user-pays has been fought and lost and seek to face the Government on its own terms or hold to an unconditional anti-tax line and risk being made an irrelevance.

On the face of it, in Dr Andrew Parkin's proposal to On Dit last week (see page 3) that students fight to have the Dawkins package delayed for 12 months lies the best option now available. If we hold to a user-pays position with no qualifications whatever, we are certain to be, not only defeated, but caned.

At the moment there is a substantial body of the community that supports the graduate tax and sees student opposition to it as "selfish" - something Dawkins can pander to if come August, he moves to make his package more saleable (by for example, lifting the \$21,500 minimum income figure) and therefore more "reasonable" to an undecided public.

The student angle should now be nearer to this: If the Government's proposals truly are of the magnitude it

On Dit

EDITORIAL

claims, then surely there is grounds for throwing the issue open to further discussion.

Students are prepared to concede to user-pays - without losing sight both publically and in policy terms of our essential objections to it - if the Government is prepared to negotiate a levy on industry.

Indeed, the motivation behind a drive for more time would be the chance to force the issue of an industry tax, something large corporations as major benefactors of the tertiary sector may be amenable to.

More importantly, the Government may also be. The Wran report came out in support of industry participation but said that the complexities involved meant that an extended period of discussion and dialogue was required.

If this is indeed the Government's line students should argue they are prepared to give them that time - providing they are actively involved in the decision-making process - as well as guaranteeing they are prepared to cop user-pays in some form.

For the change in strategy to be effective we need even at this late stage to arm ourselves with a preferred policy option. The two major planks of which should be:

1. That the Government raise its level of expenditure on education from 0.99 per cent to 0.1 of GDP (thereby keeping education "free" to users - something Gough Whitlam and Malcom Fraser managed).

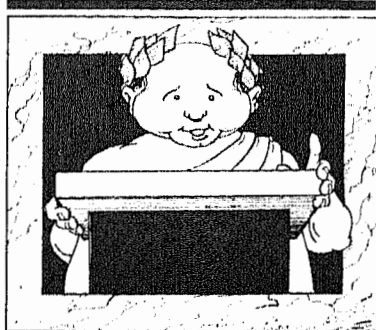
2. That, in line with Victorian Premier John Cain's National Conference proposal, the corporate tax rate be set at 40 (or 41) cents instead of the proposed 39 cents and that the revenue be fed into a special unit either in or outside the Education Department so as its channel into universities and colleges can be monitored.

If the Government is serious about its claim to have an open ear to alternatives - then here is one.

It is vital that students get a handle on a concrete and marketable alternative quickly and in so doing, put the onus of debate back on the Government. Only then, it would seem, is there any chance for progress.

Richard Ogier

I QUIT! Ed. Department money gaff brings a teacher's resignation.



FORUM

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

Central to the Federal Government's Graduate Tax push is the argument that it can't afford to fund an expansion of higher education. On Dit books writer SUE LEA is not so sure. After 27 years as an S.A. teacher she's quit the Education Department in disgust.

At the end of 1987 I made a difficult decision and resigned from the S.A. Department of Education after having been a teacher for 27 years, with brief pauses for child-bearing. The decision was difficult because I love teaching, and am too young for retirement but too old to begin a completely new career. It was, however, a necessary step from the point of view of my continued health and sanity. I was suffering from acute Education Departmentitis.

Perhaps it will be easier for the young ones now going into the system - if salaries can be found for you. (Don't be misled: there are jobs for you in plenty, it's the money that is lacking.) I have had to endure the terrible disillusionment

of watching the excitement of the boom period of education dissipate into the gloom of the penny-pinching 80s.

I have watched too many good new programs starved to death. I can no longer live watching the frustration of bright, able teachers gradually discover that they have gone into a dead-end job, where fewer and fewer promotion positions are guarded jealously by the Chiefs at the expense of the Indians.

Financial cuts are all around us. The Music Branch's facilities at the Orphanage which have been of such benefit to a great many students over the last 15 years seem in danger

a lump sum, expecting a nice little cheque for about \$2000. When at last that cheque came to me in February, it was for nearly \$6000. Amazed, I rang the Department to explain they had overpaid me. A couple of days and three phone calls later, a quite positive, reassuring, and only slightly patronising man repeated that everything had been checked and it was all in order. Why didn't I just toddle off and spend the money like a good little girl. My area of expertise is English, not Mathematics. I toddled, as requested.

In April the crunch came, in the form of a phone call.

"In April the crunch came, in the form of a phone call."

of destruction, being forced out of the way to make room for the heavies higher up the system. The money, effort, expertise and love that have been poured into the centre are ignored. The change is to save the Department money.

Similarly, the consultancy system which has been carefully (and expensively) set up over the years is now being hastily dismantled. Call for a specialist reading teacher to

"We were recently doing some in-service training for finance officers. We used your file for the exercise, and as a result we found we had overpaid you for your Long Service Leave. It was a matter of the formula being wrongly applied....It was just unfortunate that yours should be one of the files used.... We'd never have discovered it otherwise....but it means that you owe us \$3706.75."

"I believed that all this stringency was essential. Now I'm not so sure."

help with the many secondary students who have not reached reading independence has been ignored. Voices echo around empty corridors, while special books and materials gather dust in forgotten corners of libraries and classrooms.

Recently I watched the 4% debate, and was glad I did not have to make a choice about striking. At that stage, I believed that the Department knew what it was doing, and that all this stringency was essential.

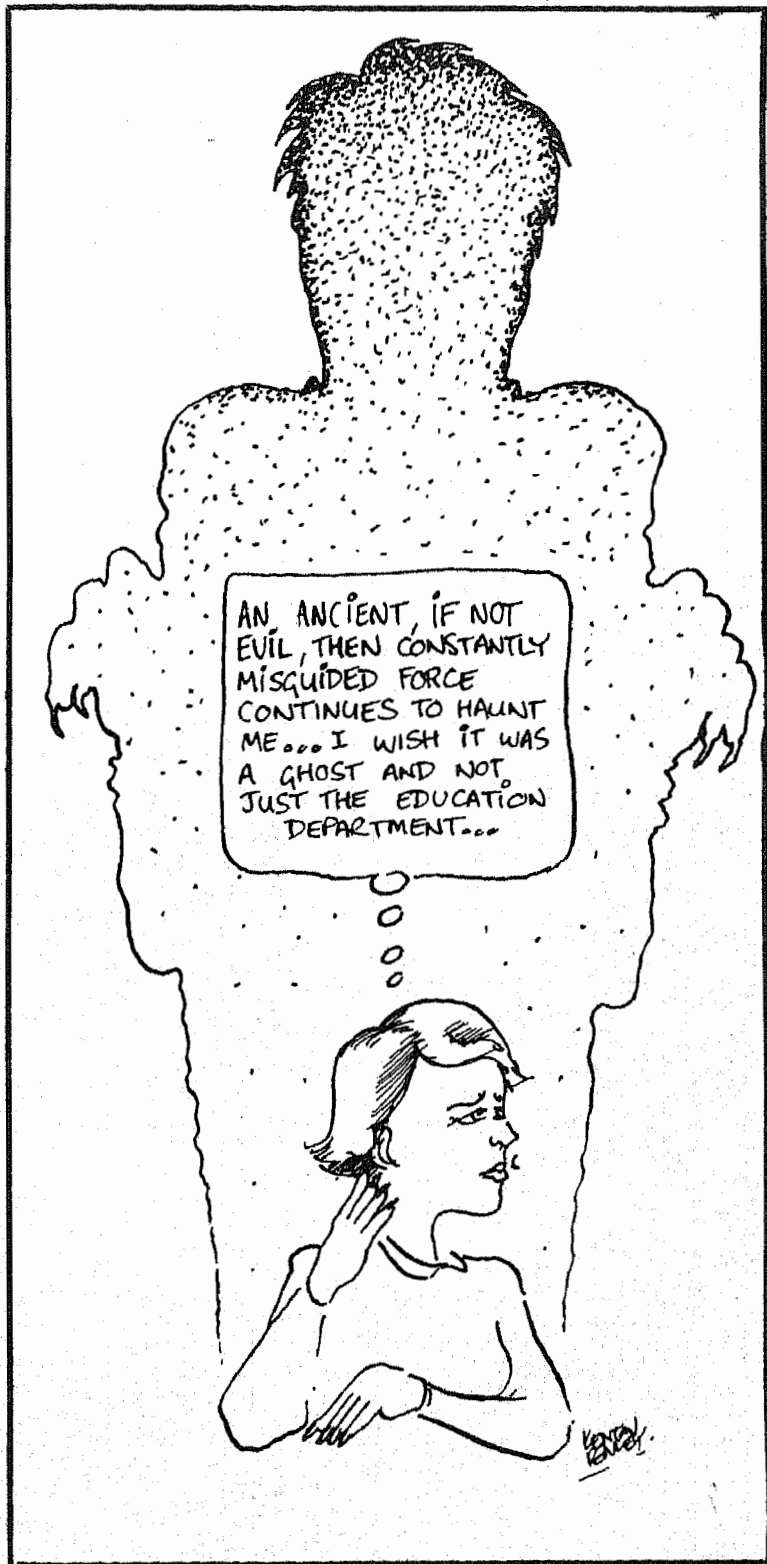
Now I am not so sure.

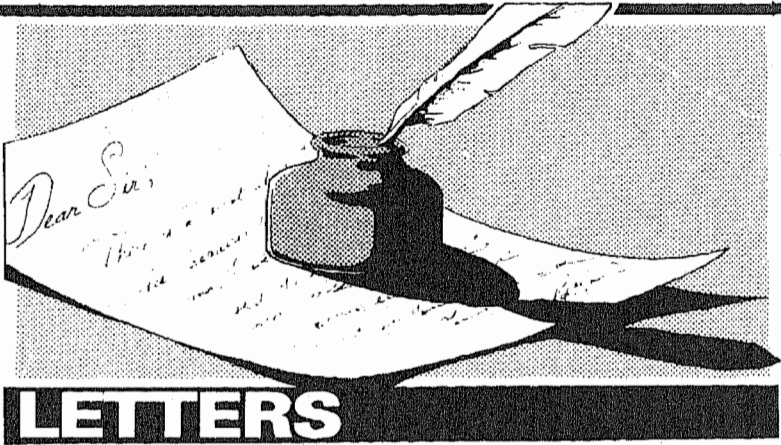
When I resigned, I claimed the Long Service Leave owing to me as

I like the .75 touch - it makes them seem so thorough.

My worry is, what about all the others who've resigned/retired over the years? Has the formula been misapplied regularly? How dare they say that it is just unfortunate that mine was the file used? It is the misfortune of every teacher, student and tax-payer in this state, if such a big bureaucracy can be so stupidly negligent about its money, and then cut back its services to the community to compensate.

Instead of cutting services the Education Department should be examining its internal efficiency.





LETTERS

The deadline for Letters to the Editors is 12 noon on Wednesday. All letters should include the author's telephone number. Anonymous or pseudonymic letters will only be considered for publication if the author's name and phone number are included (not for publication).

The Equity Fallacy

Dear Eds,
With the prospect of a graduate tax being imposed next year, there has been a lot of debate about "equity" and "fairness". What many people involved in this debate seem to conveniently ignore is the 20,000 or so students denied access to tertiary education in 1988 due to a lack of places. It is a fallacy to describe the current status quo as "fair" or "equitable".

This unmet demand for places will steadily rise if the tertiary system doesn't expand, as the school retention rate improves. There is a desperate need for a significant injection of extra funding into the tertiary system. How should the student body react to this?

Firstly, students can pressure the Federal Government to re-assess its spending priorities. The Government has stated that more trained graduates are essential for Australia to restructure and meet its economic objectives. But it also argues that because of economic considerations the Government cannot fund any extra tertiary growth beyond what it admits to be its present inadequate contribution.

No explanation has been given why the present spending on tertiary education is the maximum limit. Students can pressure the Government to put its money where its mouth is and give tertiary funding the high priority it deserves.

Secondly, I contend that a graduate tax is a reasonable and necessary means of gaining extra tertiary funding. If students are not required to pay a fee while studying, this should avoid forcing disadvantaged students out of the tertiary system.

Even with the tax imposed, the Government is still meeting most of the enormous cost of providing tertiary places. And an extra two per cent tax will not reduce a graduate earning at least \$21,000 to poverty.

The present tertiary system is failing to provide "fair" or "equitable" education. Just campaigning against the graduate tax will not solve the funding crisis in our tertiary system.

Philip Martin
Law.

MASS revolt

Dear Editors,
We are writing to register our dismay about the recommendations contained in the Dawkins Green Paper on Education and recently endorsed by the 'Wran Committee' concerning the imposition of tuition fees for higher education. As members of the Mature Age Students Society at the University of Adelaide we should like to draw your readers' attention to the special problems faced by mature students.

Mature students - numbering 3,500 of the 10,000 Adelaide University students - would face:-

- providing for their own and their families education.
- having already worked, they may have established considerable equity in their home, yet may not be in a financial position to provide for their own education when raising a family, the liquidation of assets is not a viable option.
- the payment of a graduate tax by mature students would seriously affect their ability to provide for their retirement. The pressure a graduate tax would place on their income, in

addition to raising families and paying superannuation contributions and a mortgage would be untenable; especially when the foreshortened length of possible employment is taken into account.

- the children of mature graduates may also be disadvantaged if parents paying a graduate tax are assessed as 'high income'.
- any upgrading of qualifications or expectations of gaining further qualifications will be precluded by an inability to meet further costs.

The consequences of these issues would be that the retraining of adults - advocated as an objective by the Federal Government - would not take place.

The 'Wran Committee' recommends the introduction of fees: to be paid up front by those students from high-income backgrounds or those who have assets or by the payment of a graduate tax. The whole issue of payment for education goes against the fundamental right of every member of our society to an education.

It indicates a return to those times when tertiary education was available only to those who could afford it - i.e. less than 20% of the population. The purely economic agenda set by the Federal Government precludes any discussion of this issue.

The Green Paper recommendations are based on the user-pays principle and raise questions such as who is making use of this 'education' - the graduates or their prospective employers? What is an education and what is it to provide? Is it solely for personal advancement in terms of employment and income or is it for the broader advancement and benefit of the wider business community?

The aberration of fees goes against the Federal Government's purported position regarding the equity of their policies. These proposals will result in fewer mature students attending tertiary institutions - certainly not an equitable situation.

Other issues of relevance:-

- the figures used in the Green Paper are from the 70's. There has been no comprehensive education review since that time.
- The recommendations assure that the jobs will be available for graduates. Is the government doing anything in this area?
- mature graduates won't be in the workforce for as long as younger - so may be taxed at a higher rate to guarantee the government recoup the costs of their education.

Yours faithfully,
Helen James,
President
Laura Ginnane,
Secretary
Nick Canny,
Treasurer.

More complaints

Editors,
At last! A front page story actually relevant to us, the funders of this bullshit paper (No. 8, May 9). I, like all other first years I have spoken to, am extremely disappointed with this pathetic paper. Why do you dickhead editors have to waste our money in telling us totally useless things such as what book to read and what stage performance to attend? Why not leave these things to papers such as The Advertiser and The News, whose journalists know which end of themselves to talk out of. And who needs to read about New Caledonia in a student newspaper, let alone Fei Fei the fucking Panda? Please editors, go

and do journalism at Magill or somewhere where we won't have to put up with you, and where you might learn something about operating a newspaper.

Finally, please tell me how much of my \$206 union fee goes to this paper and how much do you each "earn" for this occupation you so barely deserve.

Yours,
Unimpressed.

P.S. Please explain what you mean by a panda making you "feel warm and fuzzy inside" (all I can conclude is that they make you horny).

Dear Mr Unimpressed,

We welcome all students who wish to write for *On Dit*. If you do not like the way \$7.50 of your union fee is spent come and help us. If you feel you could do a better job, elections are coming up in about eight weeks time. You might consider running for the 1989 *On Dit* editorship. Richard Ogier is currently a contributing writer for The Advertiser and I (Sally Niemann) have held a full time job in journalism. We earn \$128 a week as student paper editors. If pandas make you feel 'horny' perhaps you should consider seeing a doctor?

Ed.

Arguing wrong issue

Dear Editors,

Several years ago students were faced with continuing their membership in AUS (Australian Union of Students). Liberal students of the economically pragmatic Howard school were in the ascendant on Adelaide Uni campus, occupying the Student Union and Students' Association. They launched here their part of the nation wide push to dissolve AUS.

Whatever the problems of AUS (of which there were many), left student politicians warned of the likely consequences of destroying student's *only national voice*, and as fees were then the subject of debate, saw correctly that destroying AUS opened the door in the near future to some form of charge being levied on students to pay for their education.

NUS follows in the wake of that union bashing destruction, and whatever its current objectives, cannot repair the years students have spent without national representation. Students are perceived by the Labor party as easy, powerless targets. They will continue to be perceived as such until they can make concrete objections to the new "terms of reference" outlined in the Wran report.

The shrewdness of Wran's programme, it seems to me, is that it is calculated for a) maximum public support by making students "share" the countries economic burden, and b) by making students objections to a graduate tax on the basis of their self interest appear as manifestations of their elitist greed.

Most of the arguments presented by students at last term's demonstrations barely broached this second issue.

Labor politicians have largely accepted the equity justice implied in Wran's scheme. Students cannot win that battle without appearing self interested and greedy unless they frame their objections in wider terms. Objections to the graduate tax need to be more specific and based on the values implied in the mechanics of its implementation.

Some students and employers will incorporate the tax into their professional fees or their *salary packages*. Students not in a bargaining position will be forced to pay the tax themselves.

Also the tax is linked to the cost of a students course, but not linked except by a lower limit to their earning capacity. An engineer on \$30,000 per annum will pay as much as one on \$50,000 per annum. That is not progressive, but regressive and continues to favour the rich.

What is at issue is the way the cost of education is passed on to the community as a whole. Most students will be able to pass their costs onto their clients or companies and so on to the general public.

The cost to the community is the name but achieved in a "bitten" but nevertheless regressive way. Student politicians need to attack the equity of

Engees fight back

Dear Editors,

As the president of the Adelaide University Engineering Society, I am deeply shocked and mortified at the treatment the faculty has received in your quaint publication. I am a young fun loving christian boy who collects stamps and presses wildflowers as a hobby. To my knowledge, most of the faculty are just like me.

My photo appeared in your paper (2/5/88) captioned "Engineers - all piss and wind?". This remark has caused me great anxiety and stress, serving to defame my character and that of engineers in general.

I would like to take this opportunity to inform you and your readers that I hold down four jobs to support myself, my parents and my many brothers and sisters. The particular photograph was taken while I was working at my third job. On Saturday nights from midnight to four a.m. I wash cars, unfortunately the hose used was obscured by my body. The editors chose to give the impression to the university community that I was micturating. I would never do this.

I am a wholesome hygienic person and this kind of act is crass, vulgar and irresponsible. I drink milk, eat Vegemite sandwiches and love my mum and dad heaps. My parents saw this photo with your implications, and made me swallow five tablespoons of codliver oil. I have been locked in my room every night for the last two weeks.

The Engineering Society is comparable to a church youth club, of which I am the head. The committee is considering altering the constitution of the society, due to member pressure. A merger with the Evangelical Union is a great possibility of 1989, resulting in a means for our true aims and principles to be heard on campus.

Please refrain from misrepresentation of Engineers in this publication as we have been hurt enough.

Yours truly,
James Horne,
President of the Engineering Society.

P.S. If you don't print this letter I will break a beer bottle over your head.

P.P.S. Celeste, will you bear my children?

P.P.P.S. I hope On Dit has good legal advice as the Engineering Society con-

demns theft and subsequent printing of bromides.

Greg Trengove
History.

Faculty Fighting

Dear Editors,

In response to the criticism being lofted around campus between faculties, the first year medical students feel that this would be an appropriate juncture in time in which to express our concerned views.

Frankly, almost all university students entering science are under-achieving, slovenly, and uncouth. They celebrate these attributes with disgustingly decadent parties (reminiscent of scenes from "The Fall Of Rome") and slatternly behaviour around campus during lunchtime. Thank God our faculty is separated from theirs by the God-given barrier of Frome Road.

Also, thankfully, we have the barrier of a highly selective matriculation entrance to keep these plebeian hordes from the hallowed and richly traditioned grounds of the medical school.

To preserve the high quality of graduates from Adelaide University, it is our feeling that the science courses should be transferred to a TAFE college, or to Flinders University.

Also, we would just like to direct a complaint to the Registrar regarding the use of the Florey lecture theatre by less worthy students, who deface our clean surfaces with disgusting, engineer-level graffiti.

Yours sincerely,
Becky Radcliffe
and Olivia Hunt.

A drunken deflowering

Dear Eds and readers,

A terrible thing has happened. An unspeakable thing. I am deeply ashamed.

Writing this letter has caused me great personal anguish, but after long consideration I decided I must put pen to paper. The public moral stance I have taken in your letters pages makes me duty-bound to be completely honest.

Perhaps there is a lesson to be learned in what I have to say.

I, Celeste Chalfonte, have been deflowered. That is the shocking, miserable truth.

The culprit (alas) was an Engineering student. I would like to identify him publicly in your pages. Sadly I cannot. He never told me his name.

What is it about five gin-and-tonics that gave me the nerve to approach the brute in the Union Bar to berate his bestial manners? What made me tremble instead at his devil-may-care grin and his Robert Redford eyes? Will sweet Jesus ever forgive either of us for what we did that night?

Is he regarding this letter now, and laughing at my naivete?

I will not appease your readers' prurient curiosity by describing in detail what happened later in the darkness of the Lady Symon car park. Suffice it to say we made the despised beast with two backs, and now I am tainted for life.

Indeed yes, there is a lesson to be learned from my suffering. Women: cherish your maidenheads and shun the evils of the lust-demon alcohol. I only hope me telling of my experience will save some other poor innocent from the same fell fate.

And you, Mr Robert-Redford eyes, you are like all men. You are a penis with legs. I hate you forever.

Yours in mortification,
(Miss) Celeste Chalfonte.

Under the hammer

Dear Editors,

The FOR SALE notices are up. The University Council has started selling University properties on Finnis Street and MacKinnon Parade, North Adelaide.

The properties have been acquired over a period of years. I am opposed to their sale.

Although the decision to sell has been passed by the appropriate committees, the matter has not been widely discussed throughout the University community.

Few I have spoken to know of the decision - a lot care. This letter is to let the student know. Do they care?

Yours sincerely,
R.B. Potts,
Applied Mathematics.

Taxing time

Dear Eds,

I wish to point out that a decision to levy a permanent 5% taxation on high income earners and companies, instead of a temporary 2% on ex-students when they are earning an income, is merely sentencing graduate students, when they are high income earners, to a permanent 5% instead of a temporary 2% taxation.

Yours faithfully,
Christopher W.W. Ind

On Dit

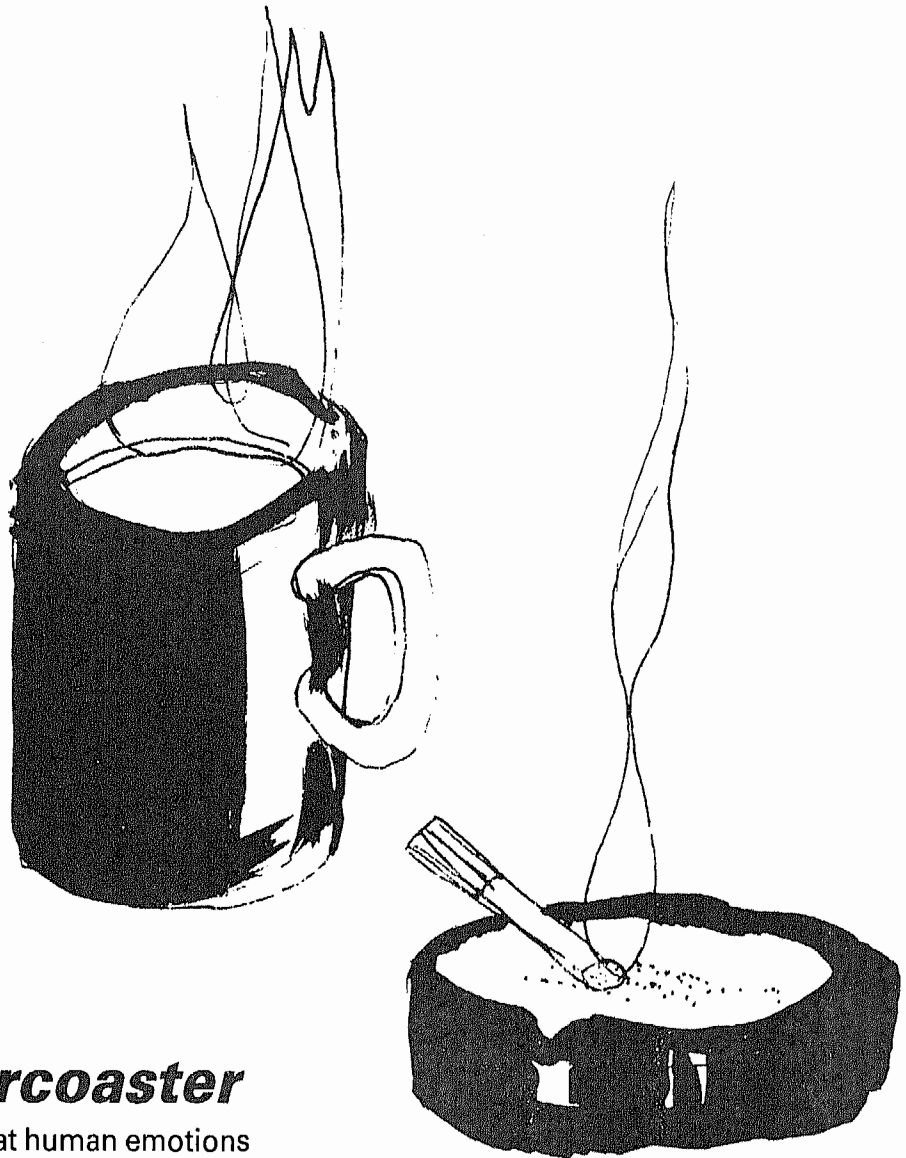


LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Ramada Dreaming

Y'know?
 It's quickly becoming a habit...
 In hotels, people keep getting smaller, and
 darker,
 and it's harder to look into them.
 An Assembly of God,
 or a package tour,
 co-operation read confusion,
 intensity confused with purpose
 lost in big loud air.
 I feel the speed on my face.
 It is the Inheritor.
 He is flying with his benefactors,
 his guardians,
 his eyeshadow angels,
 with concrete teeth and fried tongues,
 their hearts snapped shut in smart leather
 handbags.
 And they're all flying
 under the proudly waving
 Red Herring of Justice.
 Children lick paint and punch each other.
 Stop-motion insects murder a house.
 No remorse. You know what small brains they
 got.
 The clouds are growing like flowers.
 They're coming up out of the ground.
 Joke umbrellas.
 Plague balloons.
 They're crowding the sky out.
 They're swallowing the air.
 They're filling up our private shell.
 They're swelling under my skin.
 Home.
 Everyone pointed in different directions.

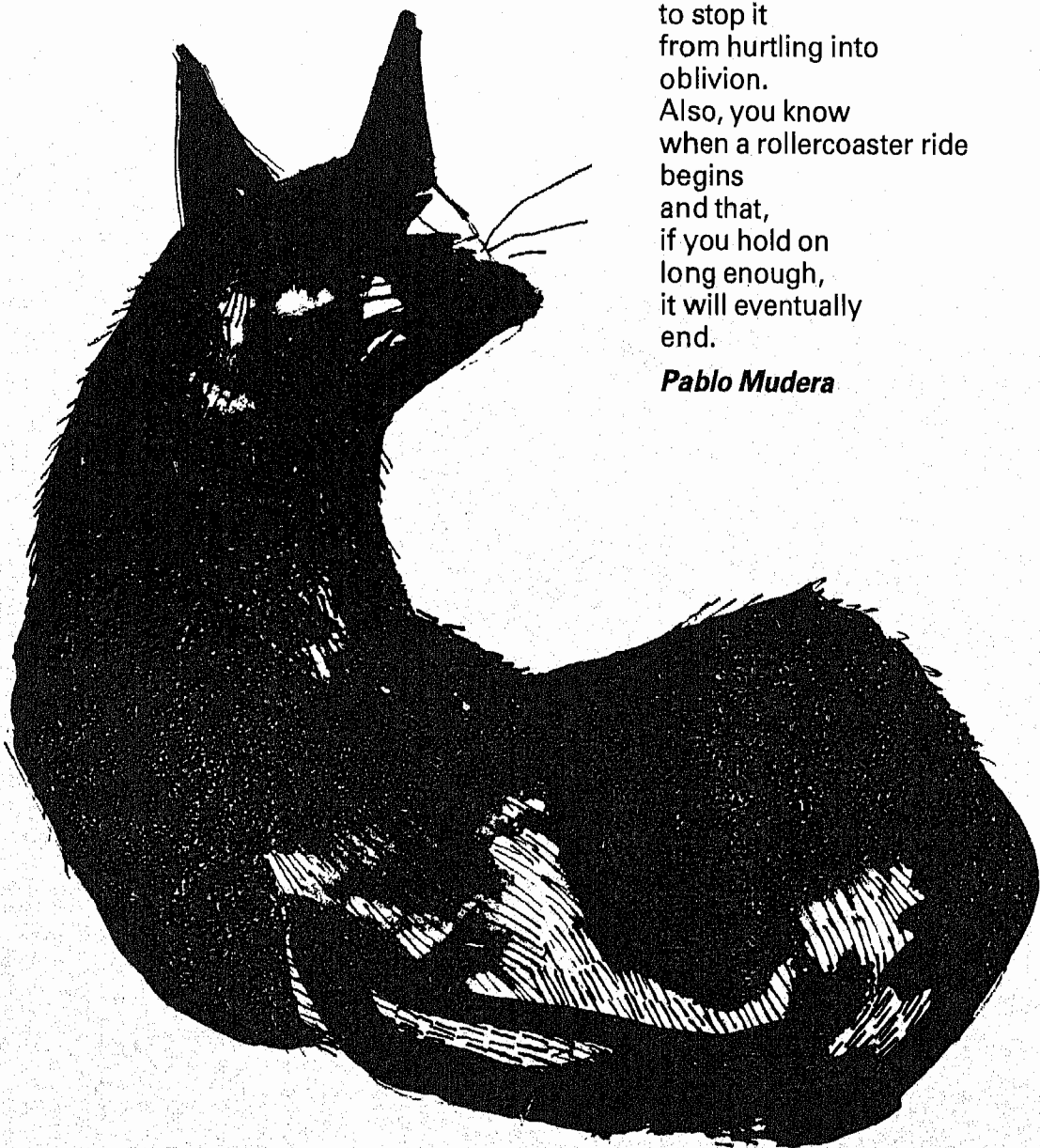
Ben Harper



Rollercoaster

They say that human emotions
 are unstable, unpredictable,
 And I, in particular, have been
 criticised
 for my own
 extremes of feeling
 my colleagues comparing them
 to a wild
 rollercoaster ride.
 I beg to differ.
 At least a rollercoaster
 has rails, and a track,
 to stop it
 from hurtling into
 oblivion.
 Also, you know
 when a rollercoaster ride
 begins
 and that,
 if you hold on
 long enough,
 it will eventually
 end.

Pablo Muderá



The Sting in the Tale

You come up to University
 To give your future some diversity.
 It seems that because the tuition's free
 There just hasn't been enough equity.
 Mr Wran has said "We will levy you!"
 He wants an extra per cent or two -
 It's such an ignorant thing to do
 If the Party love their students too.
 If you want to do a research degree
 In some useless topic like History,
 Mr Dawkins says "Not a cent from me -
 The watchword now is the economy!
 I don't give out funds for research as such -
 Commerce and Industry must go Dutch."
 So where does that leave me and you?
 I hope the Party love their students too.
 You work your guts out for several years
 Learning all about blood and toil, sweat and
 tears,
 And at the end your cash will all be spent -
 So you pay half your income to the
 Government!
 Mr Keating *wants* to cut Income Tax -
 But not until he has all the facts...
 The Greek Kalends will probably do -
 I hope the Party love their students too.
 When social justice was the Labor theme
 We quickly voted for the winning team.
 But if the Party does a faceabout
 At the next election we can vote them out.
 Mr Hawke said we will time local calls -
 No Adelaide is with the Liberals...
 It all depends on me and you
 I hope the Party love their voters too.

Charles Antony

The cult of the Holy Electric Oven and other Mystics

"You may enter now," her back whispers whitely down the quiet corridor. The reverential air is, I suspect, subdued with flyspray, and a wallphone dangles respectfully, silent exclamation seeping down the twisted cord. I chew on these odd morsels, aware of the occupation of this suburban abode, and yet surprised at the downcast floral wallpaper, the missing odour of burnt toast. The Phillips House of the Holy Electric Oven, a place of worship for those who, like Assistant Cook Meatloaf, portly figure swallowed by the vast gullet of the Kitchen, have taken their vows and entered the order of the Very, Very Slightly Fried. Now I too step over the threshold and stand in that sanctum of grandeur and majesty, the Kitchen.

I am not impressed. This room, to the uninformed, resembles a million other shabby, semi-modernised suburban kitchens across the Western world. But for Oven, and the dismissal of inferior kitchen impedimenta. Reflected from the polished lino are uniform wooden chairs, upon which worshippers sip cups of cold and sugarless tea, an expression of gravity constipating their faces. Boredom, discomfort and awe make a thinnish brew. The Assistant Cook waves meatily to a chair, and lowering her eyes to the snub feet of the Oven, pours my cup of the holy beverage.

Fascinated by this absurd ritual, I strip the faces of the worshippers for a spice of humour. No flicker of mirth crosses the sombre offerings of their fixed mouths, placid eyes. And then to the Oven, substantiating the room. It looks distinctly commonplace, an unusual gleam but stripped of those essential items which make the difference between a serviceable piece of machinery and a heap of useless junk. The handle to the door, the knobs which control the ele-

ments, leave only naked, pointless metal fittings. A gourmet phrase of the Holy Electric Oven Vital Recipe Book, now bereft of even a cube of chicken stock, deprived of conversion tables, wafts sensually through my mind.

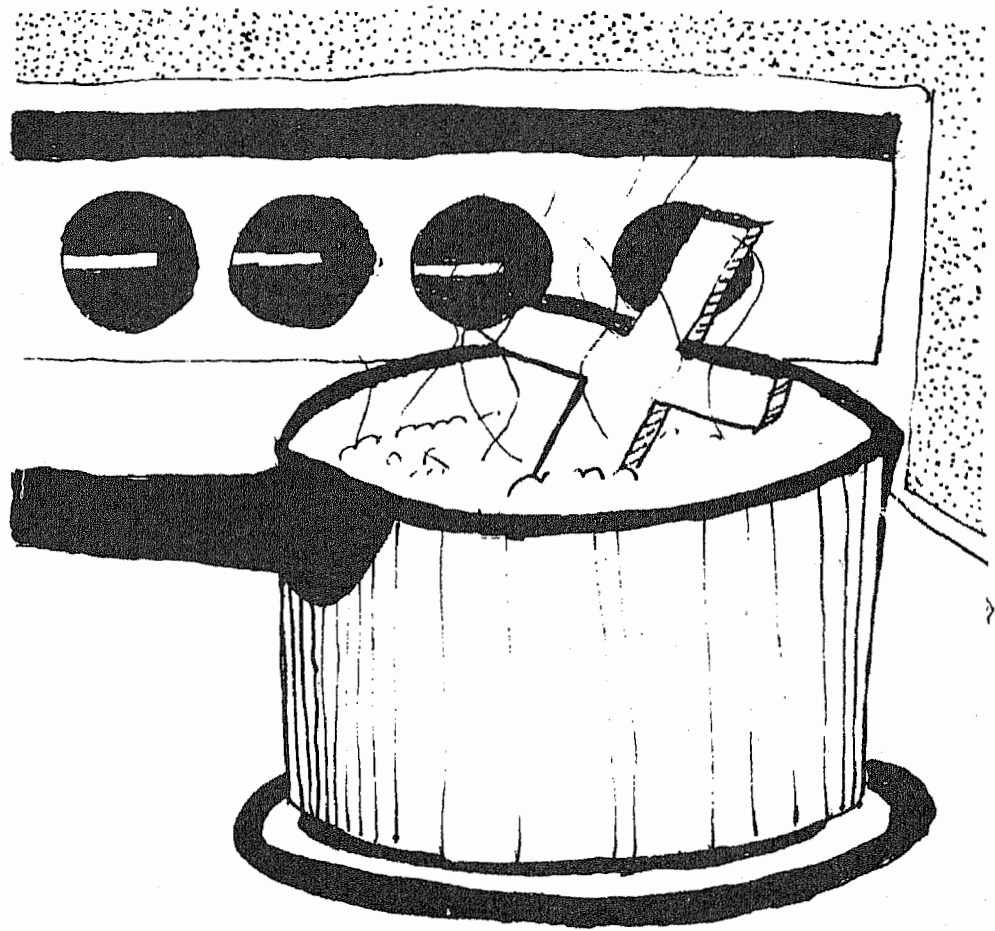
'Our Oven, Fryer of all things, Roaster of the Universe, has no need for mere mortal direction. The Almighty Cooking Device is Handleless, for only It blazing with the glow of the Elements can control our Burning future.'

A fragment of logic hesitates in ponderous air and then scatters from beneath a large lump of roast chicken green-tinged, embedded in epoxy resin and hung from the wall. 'A Relic of the Last Luncheon' trumpets the brassy plaque beside it. A stale finger bun and half a gnawed carrot are similarly glorified. This final idiocy blisters my stunned brain. My chair farts noisily across the floor as I stalk in amazement down the disapproving corridor.

"That Oven..." I fume as the door turns its back on me and high heels pinning the pouting hand of a pre-schooler rap indignantly. Down the shocked road a decrescendo, I see a homeless fire warming the loom of the eucalypts. I am not the only human being with a rational attitude to cooking appliances. I crunch reassured along the submissive pavement. Then the peal of his white face flicks higher, "Come hither, stranger, warm your heat-starved soul in communion with the Glorious Flames of the Life-Fire."

Out of the Phillips and into the Fire. I return his serve with desperate shoulder blades, panting past the astonished fence-posts with a single vision steaming in my brain. A roast potato, blackened by the inadequacy of my humble cooking equipment, but sufficient to prepare me for another day of mammoth hunting. Godless and gut full.

by Nicole Matthews

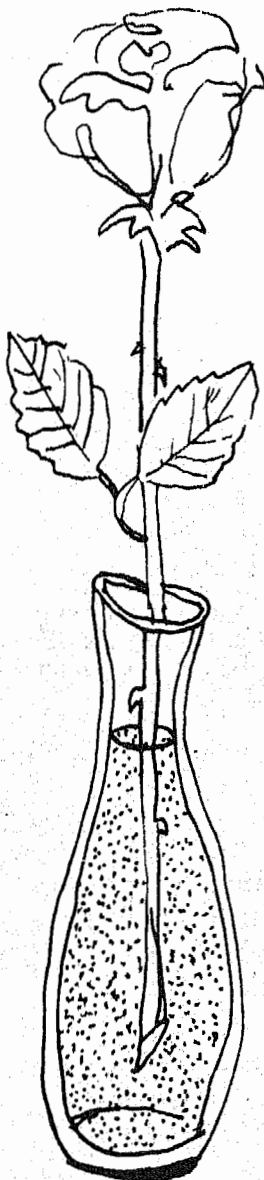


In Deserts Time Alone Destroys

I
It is always the pale deformity of morning
The mirage of the midday sun
Afternoon's strangled music
An irrational graffiti scrawls itself across the sky
Travels in space - a history
of aerial navigation
Welcome to a state of independence
The entropy of each moment
Stark as the leper's bell

II
The far pavillions regress
Atlantis is subsumed by waves
The Gothic heaviness of evening
is present in pages
The future is what you remember
You saw yourself in replay
then freeze frame
Forever absent from yourself
And no use sighing

Monica Carroll



I remember a little boy in a chequered jumper in a garden said between his lines to us;
"Sorry, but too bad if I offend you."

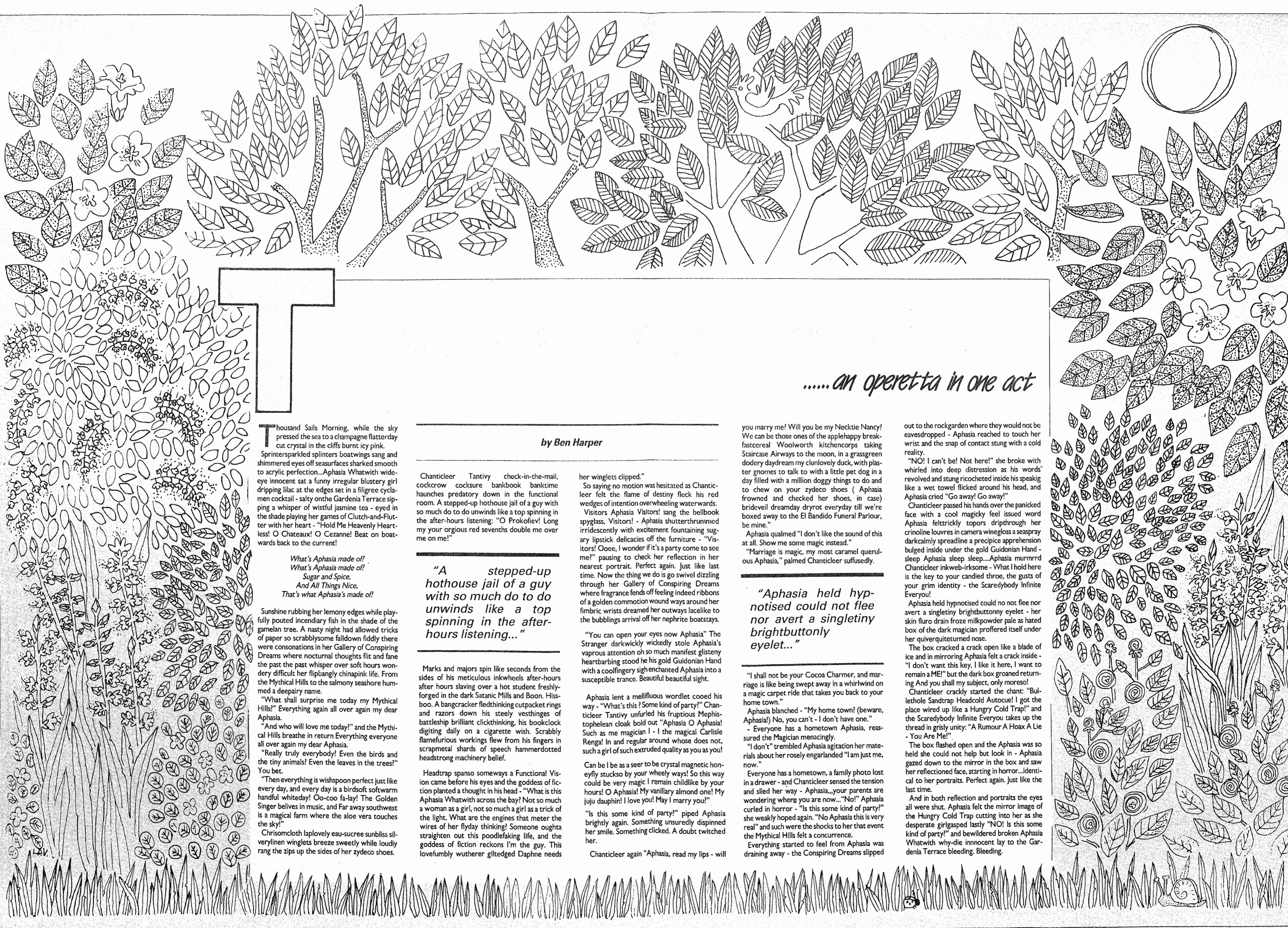
If the self in each of us
Is a sculptured, tiered castle
Of brilliant white sand
He spat at our foundation.
He attacked the self in each of us
That believes despite the imposition of all
around

I am I
and among many things that follow in our
hearts from this base stone
"if there is some little number who in some
manner has his interest and desire
foremost in his mind and not mine, I will
not submit."

It is hard to say
But perhaps that little boy insulting you with a
curl of his fine lashes
Was me.

So there is the paradox that we all must learn:
if I am concerned for myself it is good
if I am concerned with myself it is bad.

Steven A. Reade



Thousand Sails Morning, while the sky pressed the sea to a champagne flatterday cut crystal in the cliffs burnt icy pink. Sprintersparkled splinters boatwings sang and shimmered eyes off seasurfaces sharked smooth to acrylic perfection...Aphasia Whatwith wide-eye innocent sat a funny irregular blustery girl dripping lilac at the edges set in a filigree cyclamen cocktail - salty on the Gardenia Terrace sipping a whisper of wistful jasmine tea - eyed in the shade playing her games of Clutch-and-Flutter with her heart - "Hold Me Heavenly Heartless! O Chateaux! O Cezanne! Beat on boatwards back to the current!"

*What's Aphasia made of?
What's Aphasia made of?
Sugar and Spice,
And All Things Nice,
That's what Aphasia's made of!*

Sunshine rubbing her lemony edges while playfully pouted incendiary fish in the shade of the gamelan tree. A nasty night had allowed tricks of paper so scrabblysome falldown fiddly there were consonations in her Gallery of Conspiring Dreams where nocturnal thoughts flit and fane the past the past whisper over soft hours wondrously difficult her flipbanging chinapink life. From the Mythical Hills to the salmony seashore hummed a deapairy name.

"What shall surprise me today my Mythical Hills?" Everything again all over again my dear Aphasia.

"And who will love me today?" and the Mythical Hills breathe in return Everything everyone all over again my dear Aphasia.

"Really truly everybody? Even the birds and the tiny animals? Even the leaves in the trees?" You bet.

"Then everything is wishspoon perfect just like every day, and every day is a birdsoft softwarm handful whiteday! Oo-coo fa-lay! The Golden Singer belives in music, and Far away southwest is a magical farm where the aloe vera touches the sky!"

Chrisomcloth laplovely eau-sucree sunbliss silverlinen winglets breeze sweetly while loudly rang the zips up the sides of her zydeco shoes.

Chanticleer Tantivy check-in-the-mail, cockcrow cocksure bankbook banktime haunches predatory down in the functional room. A stepped-up hothouse jail of a guy with so much do to do unwinds like a top spinning in the after-hours listening: "O Prokofiev! Long my your orgious red sevenths double me over me on me!"

by Ben Harper

"A stepped-up hothouse jail of a guy with so much do to do unwinds like a top spinning in the after-hours listening..."

Marks and majors spin like seconds from the sides of his meticulous inkwheels after-hours after hours slaving over a hot student freshly-forged in the dark Satanic Mills and Boon. Hiss-boo. A bangcracker fledthinking cutpacket rings and razors down his steely vestingoes of battleship brilliant clickthinking, his bookclock digiting daily on a cigarette wish. Scabbly flamferocious workings flew from his fingers in scrapmetal shards of speech hammerdotted headstrong machinery belief.

Headtrap spanso someways a Functional Vision came before his eyes and the goddess of fiction planted a thought in his head - "What is this Aphasia Whatwith across the bay? Not so much a woman as a girl, not so much a girl as a trick of the light. What are the engines that meter the wires of her flyday thinking? Someone oughta straighten out this poodleflaking life, and the goddess of fiction reckons I'm the guy. This lovefumbly wutherer giltedged Daphne needs

her winglets clipped."

So saying no motion was hesitated as Chanticleer felt the flame of destiny fleck his red wedges of intention overwheeling waterwards. Visitors Aphasia Visitors! sang the bellbook spyglass, Visitors! - Aphasia shutterthrummed irridescently with excitement fountaining sugary lipstick delicacies off the furniture - "Visitors! Oooo, I wonder if it's a party come to see me?" pausing to check her reflection in her nearest portrait. Perfect again. Just like last time. Now the thing we do is go swivel dizzling through her Gallery of Conspiring Dreams where fragrance fends off feeling indeed ribbons of a golden commotion wound ways around her fimbic wrists dreamed her outways lakelike to the bubblings arrival off her nephrite boatstays.

"You can open your eyes now Aphasia!" The Stranger darkwickedly wickedly stole Aphasia's vaprous attention oh so much manifest glisteny heartbarbing stood he his gold Guidonian Hand with a coolfingery sigh enchanted Aphasia into a susceptible trance. Beautiful beautiful sight.

Aphasia lent a mellifluous wordlet cooed his way - "What's this? Some kind of party?" Chanticleer Tantivy unfurled his fruptious Mephistophelean cloak bold out "Aphasia O Aphasia! Such as me magician I - I the magical Carlisle Renga! In and regular around whose does not, such a girl of such extruded quality as you as you!

Can be I be as a seer to be crystal magnetic honeyfly stuckso by your wheely ways! So this way could be very magic I remain childlike by your hours! O Aphasia! My vanillary almond one! My juju dauphin! I love you! May I marry you?"

"Is this some kind of party?" piped Aphasia brightly again. Something unsuredly spinned her smile. Something clicked. A doubt twitched her.

Chanticleer again "Aphasia, read my lips - will

you marry me? Will you be my Necktie Nancy? We can be those ones of the applehappy breakfastcereal Woolworth kitchencorps taking Staircase Airways to the moon, in a grassgreen dodery daydream my clunlovely duck, with plaster gnomes to talk to with a little pet dog in a day filled with a million doggy things to do and to chew on your zydeco shoes (Aphasia frowned and checked her shoes, in case) brideveil dreamday dryrot everyday till we're boxed away to the El Bandido Funeral Parlour, be mine."

Aphasia qualmed "I don't like the sound of this at all. Show me some magic instead."
"Marriage is magic, my most caramel querulous Aphasia," palmed Chanticleer suffusedly.

"Aphasia held hypnotised could not flee nor avert a singletiny brightbuttonly eyelet..."

"I shall not be your Cocoa Charmer, and marriage is like being swept away in a whirlwind on a magic carpet ride that takes you back to your home town."

Aphasia blanched - "My home town? (beware, Aphasia!) No, you can't - I don't have one."
- Everyone has a hometown Aphasia, reassured the Magician menacingly.

"I don't" trembled Aphasia agitation her materials about her rosely engarlanded "I am just me, now."

Everyone has a hometown, a family photo lost in a drawer - and Chanticleer sensed the tension and slied her way - Aphasia...your parents are wondering where you are now... "No!" Aphasia curled in horror - "Is this some kind of party?" she weakly hoped again. "No Aphasia this is very real" and such were the shocks to her that event the Mythical Hills felt a concurrence.

Everything started to feel from Aphasia was draining away - the Conspiring Dreams slipped

.....an operetta in one act

out to the rockgarden where they would not be eavesdropped - Aphasia reached to touch her wrist and the snap of contact stung with a cold reality.

"NO! I can't be! Not here!" she broke with whirled into deep distress as his words revolved and stung ricocheted inside his speakig like a wet towel flicked around his head, and Aphasia cried "Go away! Go away!"

Chanticleer passed his hands over the panicked face with a cool magicky feel issued word Aphasia feltrickly topors driphthrough her crinoline louvers in camera winegloss a seaspray darkcalmly spreadline a precipice apprehension bulged inside under the gold Guidonian Hand - sleep Aphasia sleep sleep...Aphasia murrmd Chanticleer inkweb-irksome - What I hold here is the key to your candied throes, the gusts of your grim identity - the Scaredybody Infinite Everyou!

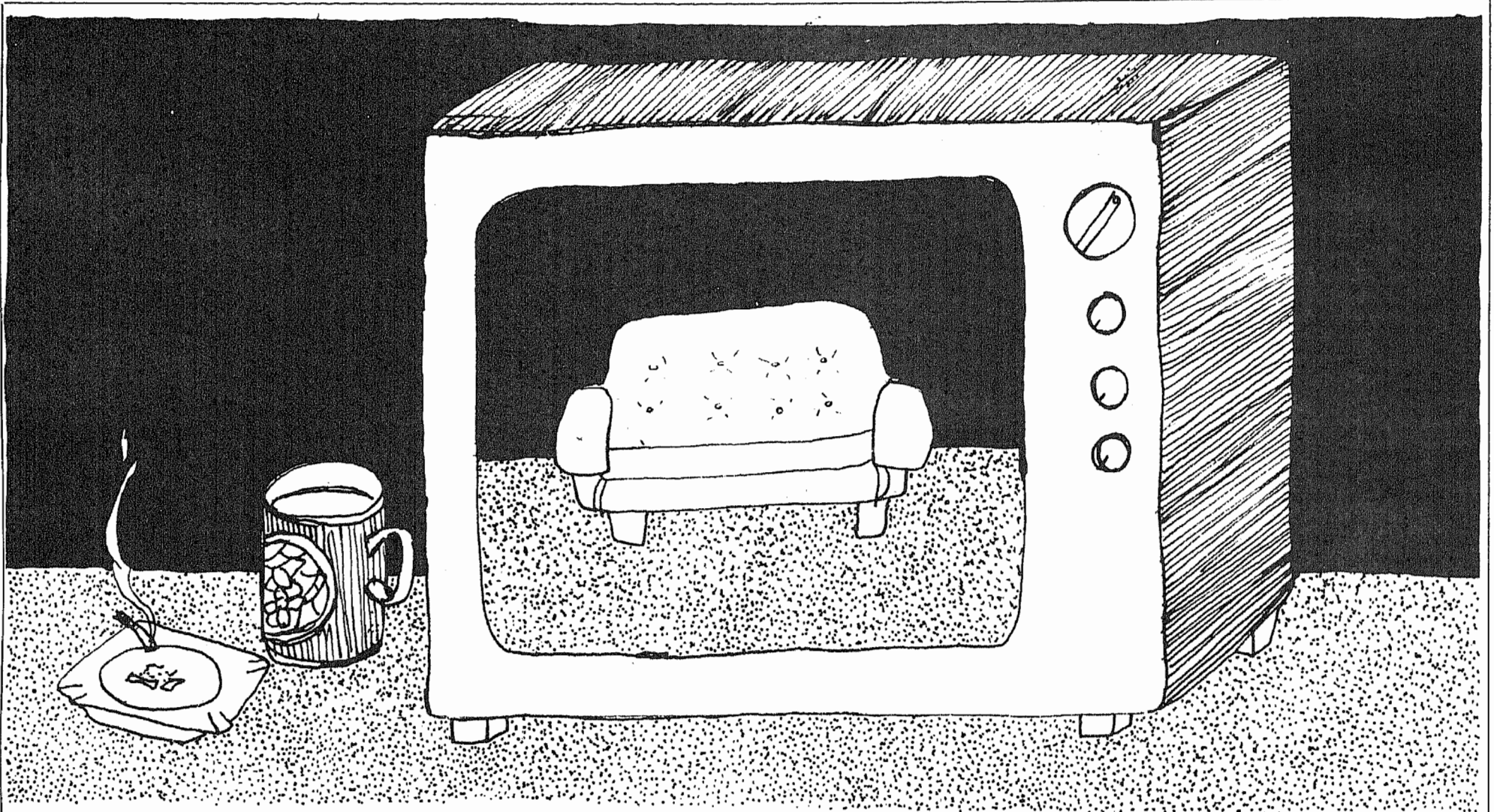
Aphasia held hypnotised could no not flee nor avert a singletiny brightbuttonny eyelet - her skin fluro drain froze milkpowder pale as hated box of the dark magician proffered itself under her quiverquitturned nose.

The box cracked a crack open like a blade of ice and in mirroring Aphasia felt a crack inside - "I don't want this key, I like it here, I want to remain a ME!" but the dark box groaned returning And you shall my subject, only moreso!

Chanticleer crackly started the chant: "Bullethole Sandtrap Headcold Autocue! I got the place wired up like a Hungry Cold Trap!" and the Scaredybody Infinite Everyou takes up the thread in grisly unity: "A Rumour A Hoax A Lie - You Are Me!"

The box flashed open and the Aphasia was so held she could not help but look in - Aphasia gazed down to the mirror in the box and saw her reflectioned face, starting in horror...identical to her portraits. Perfect again. Just like the last time.

And in both reflection and portraits the eyes all were shut. Aphasia felt the mirror image of the Hungry Cold Trap cutting into her as she desperate girlgasped lastly "NO! Is this some kind of party?" and bewildered broken Aphasia Whatwith why-die innocent lay to the Gardenia Terrace bleeding. Bleeding.



Down the Tube

by Jon Nolan

For many years, my closest friend Savaran had been fascinated by the possibilities of producing three dimensional images electromagnetically.

Often, during our undergraduate days we had mused upon the dreams and prodigies able to be liberated hence, not to mention the market for celluloid films converted to the new medium.

After graduation I lost contact with Savaran until some four years later. I received a letter. The substance of the missive was principally an excited invitation to "break on through" as the now Professor Savaran put it.

So it was that five weeks later I was welcomed by Savaran at his home town's aeroport. He wore a neat casual suit with an archaic necktie and he affected a pose of some nonchalance. With him stood a tall but chubby stranger, wearing the green overall and turban of a technician.

With brief but warm greetings exchanged, I learned that the technician's name was Mucek, a refugee from one of the European Trucial States. He had a grim demeanour and a superstitious mien. I would come to be more cognizant of these features later.

The long cruise to Savaran's cottage and laboratory swiftly became a dialogue between we two comrades, Mucek pleading preoccupation with his work as reason why his speech was so circumscribed.

Pleasantries and small talk having been ruthlessly harried, we set to discussing what Savaran had only alluded to in his letter, namely his success at not only imitating life in an ultrareal three dimensional theatre but, moreover, the discovery of an uncharted reality lying between the moments of our time. After seeing my bafflement at his attempts to render comprehensible the physics of his discoveries, he opted for a more imprecise formulation.

"Let me explain it anew, Mortimer. It has been known at least as far back as the last war that any electromagnetic field is linked however slightly to all other such fields. We exist inside a uni-

verse filled to overflowing with cobwebs of energy.

"So it is beyond this reality. In the otherworld I have found correspondences to all of our physical phenomena. As above, so below! I have a gateway to the other side! I know what lies beyond the silvered pane because I HAVE BEEN THERE!"

It was not until being conducted into Savaran's lab that I knew he was no deluded madman. It was the world we knew that had stirred in its fitful sleep, not we two dreamers.

Once Savaran had settled me into my quarters and given me a chance to rest and recover from the mental disturbance he caused us, he led me to his magnum opus, the Omniplanar Transference Cabinet, or OTC.

"With this OTC I have explored several period dramas already. The basic procedure is invariable. Mucek locks on to the pattern of the video or television broadcast. Then I enter the programme and see what the characters are like between scenes."

"You propose to tell me you have lived in the unreal world of a T.V. series?"

"Ah, Mortimer. The worlds I have visited are 'unreal' to us only because we have a perspective beyond the bounds of their universe."

"Within its confines, it is their version of spacetime that holds true. Whether or not there was a King Arthur on our plane or not is irrelevant once one has, via the OTC, met him. But you can see for yourself. I have installed another terminal couch, with which you may journey."

And indeed I did venture into these make-believe worlds. Once the lid of the OTC was closed by Mucek I came to eagerly await the feeling of disintegration accompanying Transfer by the OTC. I overcame my fear of being trapped in some hellish limbo, and partook of whatever I desired.

Perhaps because Savaran was so scientifically minded, he valued my recollections. He noted all my impressions for posterity. Thus the disbelieving world can read of my brawl with Rooster Cogburn and the aid I gave Mister Sherlock Holmes during one of Doctor Watson's absences.

However, what I did not tell Savaran was the overwhelming horror that crawled over me at odd moments during my trips. I discounted such fleeting impressions until it was too late.

The first such horror attack occurred during a sordid visit I surreptitiously paid to a pornographic movie. A passing infatuation with one of the actresses (and I use that term most loosely, gentle reader) sustained me through Savaran's mild jibes and Mucek's slavonic censure. I spent a delirious week living like a Sultan.

One day, as I returned to my sex show, I chanced to take a different route through the dream city where it occurred. As I wandered the supernatural streets, avoiding the endless dramatic car chases, rock singers and end themes, my eyes caught sight of a huge section of town immune to the sunlight of the area I lived in.

The Darkside had for the most part alleys and tenements. As my pulse outran my thoughts, I saw a glint of steel, a hideous non-face...

At that point Mucek, who observed our lifesigns as we travelled, brought me back to the couch on which my body lay.

After many more Transfers, I returned to that Shadow Lane. But the second time it stood in sunlight, so I detoured to the lurid apartment I had come to know so well.

Savaran spent longer and longer within the OTC. He worked to a system, visiting first a sample of the sitcoms, then the war movies, and then fatefully he began study of the Horror genre.

Mucek argued bitterly against this final choice,

as did I. Savaran was never familiar with the trends in film-making.

Anyone who has seen a modern horror film can see the danger attendant on entering such a perverse world in ignorance.

Savaran was not to be swayed. Through the next month as I returned from journeys of my own, the swiftly ageing Mucek would recount Savaran's latest escape. Savaran was athletic and quick witted, but still we feared.

We did not have long to feel such trepidation.

The power of that strange world under television skies must be terrible indeed fed as it is by the pollution pouring from the collective unconscious of the Video Age.

Ironically, Savaran eschewed normal television entertainment. He had never fully understood its barbarism; its sexual and violent excesses and its child-like amorality.

I cannot know what monstrous Thing waited for Savaran as he "broke on through" that final time. But I will never again turn my back on a T.V. or video monitor as forever I see Savaran's mangled body still glowing with otherworld fluorescence. And the last sound my sane mind heard was the gurgling hungry crooning of Something, nor did that vile sound cease until all power had left the OTC...

Mucek blamed me. Irrationally, he claimed my presence had spurred Savaran on. I brought him under control enough to make him attempt to send me to where Savaran had fallen there to battle and defeat the entity.

When the transfer completed itself, I did not seem to have moved from the OTC. I realised what had transpired.

Acting from notions of an obscure revenge, Mucek had Transferred me into the close-circuit video system of the lab. Obviously his hope was to trap me forever. Poor Mucek. He couldn't know that "Mortimer" is merely half of Mortimer Savaran, PhD. I wrote Mucek into the script just as I now write myself out. I will not die. I am alpha and omega; I write the pages of a million years I am I.....I.....I.....

Rememberances

The last few nights
I have seen your faces
Upon the mirror of my mind
Reflecting the image of your
Movements, the whispers
Of your voices, and inclinations
Of your eyes.
And those are rememberances
Of the time before departure
When the world was raw and vital
And we kissed, let go
And my image on the mirror
Of presences was thrust
Away into new theatres of light-play
And ordered physics
Upon a different plane of glass.

Mirrors crossing and
Swapping limb with eye
Idea with body
And transforming figures
Into transparent but tangient,
Solidified but trembling
Notions of existence.
Reflections of formations.
Mirrors twisted by hands
Of experience
Variation upon variation
Light reflecting, distorting
With time and distance.

Always the past image
Locked into the forum of self.
Time measurement and
Preoccupation,
False soliloquies of broken
Prisms spilling forth the
Fragments of the mind's
Eye through the doors of
Communication to the
World of seasons changing,
Light passing into night
The essence of image
Sometimes dying until,
The mirror broken,
Leaves only fragments of
The image once beheld.

(Broken there, the life spilt.
Dangerous glimmering shatterings,
Non-eventuating, a formless
Death of the self leaving the
Image without display
So that it too dies and light passes.)

I held your form upon my mirror once
And straining, looking on a certain
Angle in the afternoon light of forming
Shadows, I can see you there,
Your forms shaking in fear of
Anonymity on the growing
Chandelier forming my life.
Shining the candle through the
Glass bead of the events of my
Existence, your prism is there,
Casting patterns on the wall
At which people exclaim or
Condemn my inner art;
For you are ever
Part of the mirror of my life.

Maria Sloggett
Mombasa, Kenya



The Decline of the Flamingo

A hot wind blows through the silence
And in the distance blue mountains age.
The translucent sky whitened with
Whirlpools of the lake shore
Climbing the spiral staircase
Into African heavens
To be cast and carried from home.
Like an aging watercolour
Like an aging world
Life-lake warns of death itself
Air as heavy as salt-water
Cannot move the thorn-leaves as it passes
Thorns pierced in the blanket-sheet of heat
Resurrection impossible.
Then there lives those birds
Whose wings beat like the hearts of ancestors
Wings panned across shallow waters
Casting shadow upon shadow
Exhaling the sun with limbs raised
To the flight of life.
Pink clouds in the far away sky
Like petals sprinkled form a mourning god
Into the coffin-lake
Where ancestors lay drowning
Dying in toxic tones of grey
Waters flowing backwards across
Ghostly bones and shrouded faces.
The faces scream
Their calls hollow on the wind
Crying as does a murdered child
In terror and hope for help
But silence answers no-one
A sole bird ends the plea -
The bird ancestors have been crucified.

Maria Sloggett,
Lake Nakuru, Kenya

Suburban Fences

She is performing a bizarre ritual
with the blinds,
Some scowling obsessive prayer.
They bow together, antipathising
in an irritable afternoon
while the overseeing roses
pontify.
All around the house
dogged concrete kerbs anxiously dictate
diminishing patches of grass.
In defense the hardbitten lawn withdrawn into
brash
conformity.
The plaster exotica standing in the front yard;
flamingos, a painted man in a Mexican hat
warm to an unassuming apathy
the diffident tyranny of the guiltless
suburban fences.

Nicole Matthews

Two Pantheists Living in Sin on the Appopleptic Isle

far from the building
lying hidden
in the front garden of the Retreat House
buried together
in straplike grass
and the peppery leaves and twigs
of the twisted dry gum tree
falling into their faces
while two metres away
is a broken wooden fence
and the footsteps on the roadside
of someone
who doesn't know they exist

Ben Harper

Image: The Sea

A deep cloth
With the vivid and teeming life
Of Arabian tales of the sea.
Horned living embroidery
Scuttle of spritelling monsters
Jewels for their very tinyness.
Frail needled threat
Growing huge for a frightening glimpsed
second
Behind the crystals scattered for the sea floor.

Jeremy Phillips

City Night

delivered into the night
not screaming
scalding naked
the warm salt of the day has flowed away
drained away the sterile remains
a slap
torn
the blood drunk bonds
severed the dangling irrelevance
where now will we meet
unhanded
the stark treaty lost us
our dead mother's veins.
we cling to these cold magnets
that cannot bear us

Nicole Matthews

Interlopers

Words and poems, of love and such
Tremble and dance on my lips
Longing to break forth joyously
And fill your ears, and your heart
With their delight and truth.
Yet falter and hang back, shy now,
Caught between thought and speech,
Ended before birth, silenced swiftly,
Forever held by the strength
Of a timeless band of gold.

Norielle Gregon

So Much To Think About

Steve's dad got the sack
Dale has moved again
I got a card from him.
The others in my dream
just watched me
knife somebody. Let me do it
and then told the cops
where I live.

September 25 went by without a second
thought

Frightening, how the past fades

Someone needs me
craves my words and company
relief to be wanted,
and the warmth of friendship
burns until it almost hurts

Poll used to say
"Kno wot I mean?"
and I did.

Zoe Eliot

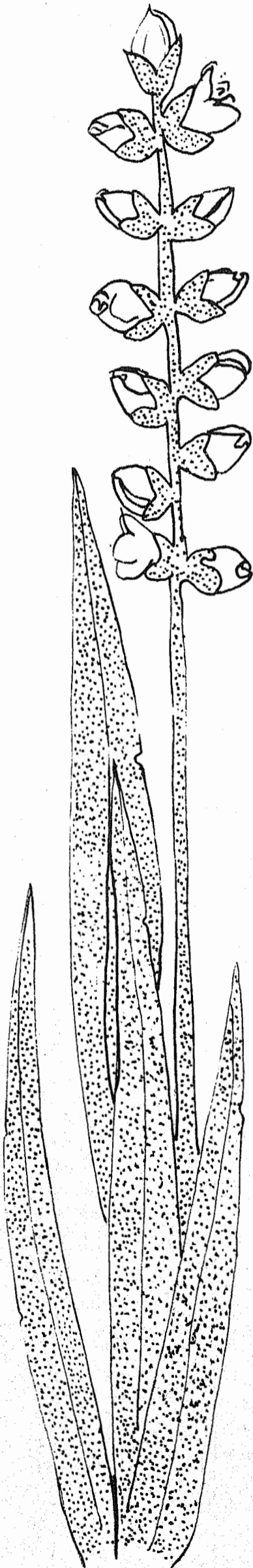
My envy's torch traced the walls of the beautiful house

from the armslength of the driveway
I had seen slices of grace,
yellow hands and dresses
shyly creating the furniture with the gentle
bumping
inevitability occupants
justified by the mansion's symmetry,
the roof's smooth acceptance and descent.
I circled
untwisting the ring my pacing: no doors
banned with a single question held like a hand.
spat memories swooping like a hopeless fling
at the whole in the dark park.
I am a trudge back singer
walking over the flat sleep
with clasped fingers; not at home
just making my own
plans.

Nicole Matthews

We are not so far apart on the planet;
The cloth touches on our arms, and
Twice your shoe has brushed over mine.
We have pressed the air between us
With our greeting and like a mirror
Now between us as you lean and write
With your smooth hand and I mine,
We are the image of each other.
O to drop the pen, smash the mirror,
Slip the clothing from your arms
And by melding our smooth bodies
Sleep upon their thousand jagged eyes.
I love you - yet
I will never love you.

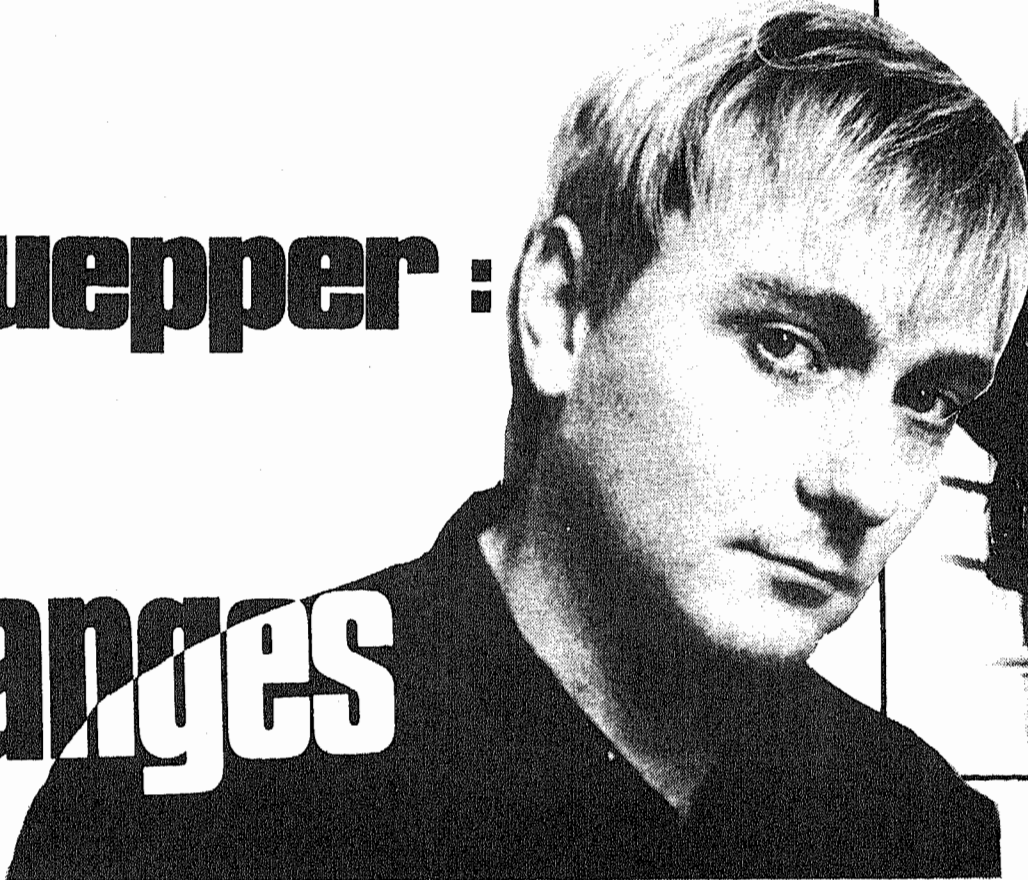
Steven A. Reade



LimeLight

Ed Kuepper :

Changes



Oz-born rocker Ed Kuepper talks to MATT GIBSON.

Like much of his recorded material, most of Ed Kuepper's responses to questions were not necessarily articulate, but certainly studied and contemplative. He wasn't prepared to offer glib answers or throw in useless semi-humorous anecdotes to lighten the tone of the interview.

The music has been a serious trade for Kuepper since at least the age of sixteen when he formed The Saints.

"It was sort of what I always wanted to do. I would have done it earlier if I could have. I don't think I'd actually thought of doing much else, really."

The Saints was essentially a typical high school band, formed by school mates with a shared interest in rock music. Early difficulties getting work around Brisbane were frustrated because the band insisted on playing a reasonable percentage of original material. They organised their own shows and, under Kuepper's influence, arranged their own record.

Even from the early Saints' days Kuepper has been winning contracts almost solely on the strength of debut recorded material, something rarely done in Australia. As original and abrasive as the Saints' music was, for Kuepper it has distinct limitations.

"It got to a point where I wanted to do stuff that was quite different from what the rest of the band was doing, so the band split up in 1978 and I returned here (from England) to form the Laughing Clowns to pursue a sort of musical idea that I'd wanted The Saints to pursue, which I'd started to develop around the

time of the third Saints album, *Primitive Sounds*."

It's a difficult idea to put into words. It's an overall approach to the emotional focus of a song. It's about manipulating and developing atmosphere and style and it goes quite beyond the straight rock 'n' roll sound that Chris Bailey wanted the Saints to maintain. The Laughing Clowns worked at this for five years with "varying degrees of success. I think, at times, excellent, at others we rarely achieved what we wanted to do, or what I wanted to do."

Despite the success or failure of individual works, Kuepper still has time for past albums, where most artists find fault soon after exiting the studio and refuse to listen to the finished product again. Perhaps for Kuepper his careful construction of an album pays off in an ability to appreciate its qualities and view the totality of the works expression.

"I would say that there are certain records that I've done which have worked really well. I think of the Saints' stuff. *Prehistoric Sounds* works excellently as an album. The first Laughing Clowns mini L.P., which is just called *Laughing Clowns*, works excellently, and I think *Ghost Of An Ideal Wife*, the last Clowns' L.P. works very well. I'm really quite happy with the three records that I've done since then. Particularly with their atmospheric theme, their basic mood."

It's often been remarked that for Kuepper the lyrics take preference over the music. Yet it's the combined effect of the two which is important.

"I think you can create a successful song without going to great pains over the lyrics, but it works better

when there is a good lyric and when the combination of the words and the mood work (work) properly with the melody...but (lyrics) not the main thing, because I could quite easily see myself writing instrumentals. And at the risk of sounding terribly pretentious, I think some of the lyrics would work quite well on their own."

*When there's this party in the house
call it passion in the soul
a mood of something after dark
to mend decaying hearts
or alternate the answers
and with your rings of brass and gold
we might move down the road
to the house that has no name*
(from '(When There's This Party)')

This style of enigmatic word imagery has earned his lyrics considerable attention in the past, particularly in Europe and England where reviews of the Laughing Clowns albums focused "entirely on the lyrical content. I don't think they mentioned that there was a tune on the record. I could have just been standing there reciting my latest scribblings".

Perhaps the problem was that the Clowns' music was so diverse that the reviewers found it easier to concentrate on the lyrics than the music. Yet while the Clowns' music covered a fairly broad spectrum of influences and styles, Kuepper insists that he has never tried to be "willfully obscure".

"I want us to be heard by as many people as possible. I just don't want to be part of a particular musical scene. If we get into the mainstream, that's not bad. I've got no objections at all, but we'll do it on our own terms, not because we

sound like the latest little hit ensemble from England."

If musical security was his latest hurdle to success, detractors now point to the recent change in approach to his songwriting as something of a sell-out.

Yet the basic song format he is taking up The Saints' unexplored territory, rather than searching for popular success. What's really happening is that Kuepper and his band, The Yard Goes On Forever, have simply been spending a little more time and money on their recordings to break through the 'tin shed' recording syndrome which infused most of his earlier recordings.

The album *Everybody's Got To* is destined to be one of the finest Australian products of the year.

Most of the material tends to be abrasive but in a harmonious way - an unusual mix of angular, hard-edged rock and lyrical melodies and brass arrangements. Kuepper's half strangled vocals take a little getting used to but work extremely well when played off against the sweet, tonal, vocal style of Rebecca Hancock.

While not as musically adventurous as The Laughing Clowns, it is distinctly more so than the Saints. The atmosphere is a little intangible. It sidesteps angst-rock and exists well outside pop while simultaneously reminding one of a dozen other familiar sounds and moods. A number of styles are explored very successfully without labouring the musical point.

It would seem to be the theme of Kuepper's musical career.

Revolutionary album most important for years

TRACY CHAPMAN
Tracey Chapman
Electra

by Mat Gibson

Like Martin Luther King, his political predecessor of twenty years, Jesse Jackson may have a musical voice for his program of social justice. In the sixties King had Joan Baez to give musical voice to his civil rights ideals. If Chapman's opening song *Talkin' Bout A Revolution* is any indicator, Jackson may have his own Baez.

Even to use the word 'revolution' in music seemed taboo in the growing conservatism of 70's and 80's America. Yet Chapman's sentiments are clear on the ability of her country to look after its people. The song opens:

*Don't you know
They're talkin' bout a revolution
It sounds like a whisper
While they're standing in the welfare lines
Crying at the doorsteps of those*

*armies of salvation
and closes with:
Poor people gonna rise up
And get their share
Poor people gonna rise up
And take what's theirs
...Finally the tables are starting to turn
Talkin' bout a revolution.*

Similarly on *Across the Lines* she discusses racial conflict in the context of a riot based on a young black girl's assault. *On the back streets of America* she writes, *They kill the dream of America...*

She places the blame squarely at no one's feet, something she is not tempted to do in any of her social conscience lyrics. She presents the problem or situation but refrains from casting judgements or proposing solutions.

Something of a theme song, then, is *Why?*

*Why do the babies starve
When there's food enough to feed the world?
Why when there're so many of us
Are there people still alone?*

Why are the missiles called peace keepers

*When they're aimed to kill us?
Why is a woman not safe
When she's in her home?*

The more ugly realities of women's oppression are revealed in the album's most effective piece, *Behind the Wall* in which the narrator tells of a wife-bashing neighbour and the impotence of the police to protect her. Eventually she is killed.

The piece is sung entirely unaccompanied and the effect is quite harrowing.

Chapman's sparse acoustic guitar-based songs are propelled by her beautiful, lilting and richly textured vocals. In maudlin tones she sounds at times like Miriam Makeba or a more soulful Joan Armatrading, whose vocal lines she often imitates. Tracey Chapman, is probably the most important female vocalist to have arisen in the last five years, which is to say nothing of her musical and songwriting skills.

Music to slash your wrists by

I'M YOUR MAN
Leonard Cohen
CBS

by Sally Niemann

Leonard Cohen is well-known for his depressing song lyrics. 'I'm going home to listen to my Leonard Cohen collection' is synonymous with 'I'm going home to kill myself' in some circles.

And yes, *I'm Your Man* is no different. I think the effect Cohen has on the listener lies mainly in the manic urgency of his voice. When Jennifer Warnes does *First We Take Manhattan* it is intriguing, listenable, quite pleasant really. Cohen manages to bring to it a sinister quality. But he wrote it so I suppose this is how he imagined it would be done.

Everybody Knows is a downer too - "Everybody knows that the dice are loaded. Everybody rolls with

their fingers crossed. Everybody knows the war is over. Everybody knows that the good guys lost."

This song is basically a litany of all the ills of the world.

This is in fact a great album to listen to if you are having a bad day. It makes you feel that no matter how depressed you are there will always be someone feeling worse than you - Leonard Cohen.

The back-up singers on the record are fantastic. They repeat verses and crescendo all over the place which makes for a very listenable sound.

Side two has some of the best examples of Cohen's ability as a poet - "*I said to Hank Williams: how lonely does it get? Hank Williams hasn't answered yet. But I hear him coughing all night long, a hundred floors above me in the tower of song.*"

Bailey achieves his best sound

PRODIGAL SON
The Saints
Festival

by Mat Gibson

All Saints Day showed that Chris Bailey really was capable of producing original, energetic music without Ed Kuepper. *Prodigal Son* proves that *All Saints Day* was not the freak product of six years work. If anything, *Prodigal Son* is better than its predecessor.

The opening song, *Grain Of Sand*,

certainly sets the standard for the rest of the LP with an up-tempo, driving rock sound, Bailey's slightly disphoric vocals and a smattering of acoustic instruments. The potential for a single from this is high with *Grain Of Sand*, *Sold Out*, *Stay* and *Calling On You* all containing the obligatory marketable hook.

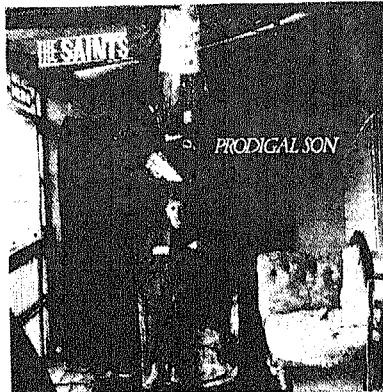
There is considerable variation between tracks, despite the noticeable similarities which earmark all Saints albums, attributable mainly to a harmonious use of brass and Bailey's often rambling vocal lines.

Shipwreck is a heavily folk influenced piece with a distinctly Dylanesque air about the lyrics, which deal with the theme of man against nature - a real gem in an age of putrescent love songs.

Typical of Bailey's enigmatic, stream-of-consciousness style is the opening line of *Grain Of Sand*,

*"I could fill a room with empty pockets
I could fill a palace with lost ideals"*

If you like the Saints, *Prodigal Son* should not be missed.



With Alex Wheaton.

• Never has one day meant so much to so many. On this Monday let us pause and reflect on these ageing rock stars. Birthdays!!

- 1942 Brian Wilson (*Beach Boys*)
- 1949 Lionel Ritchie
- 1953 Cyndi (Cynthia) Lauper
- 1953 Alan Longmuir (*Bay City Rollers*)
- 1955 Michael Anthony (*Van Halen*)
- 1959 James Freud (*Models*)

• Meanwhile sports fans, ex-Chisel *Jimmy Barnes* has spent over a week in deep contemplation, "tidying up" the tapes for his forthcoming 'live' album. How 'live' is live? Who really cares?

• Friday nights, nothing to do but study? Wrong. A nice new venue, warm and comfy featuring Adelaide bands at *Old Queens Arms* hotel, Wright St, City. Remember, Friday nights.

• More birthdays, yippee. Thursday 23 born somewhere deep in the sheep in N.Z. in 1952, *Tim Finn*.

• Friday is celebrations day for guitar hero *Jeff Beck* (age 44); and the hairy one from *Fleetwood Mac*, Mick Fleetwood.

• And on the very same day in 1965, ex-*John Lennon* person published his second book *A Spaniard in the Works* (great title - shit book, still, that's the way it goes).

• Impressing many people around Adelaide are young duo on vocals and guitar, *The Insiders* - you heard it first on....

• *Simple Minds*, who haven't had a bright idea for some time are releasing 'previously unreleased' material entitled 'Real to Reel'. Record costs \$9.99, out through Virgin Records.

• The *Every Brothers* have been busy recording their forthcoming album in Melbourne, everything 'coming along fine'. To make video-clips for them they have hired ex-Adelaidean Salik Silverstein, who has previously worked for *Bachelors from Prague* and *The Saints*, to name just two.

A lack of variation spoils album

IDLEWILD
Everything But The Girl
WEA

by Mat Gibson

Ben Watt and Tracy Thorn have made it their business since 1982's *Love Not Money* to produce slick, gentle and slightly funky pop/soul, the kind of sound one associates with groups like *Spandau Ballet* and *Slade* in their quieter moments. Thorn's vocals cascade warmly over Watts sweet and languid music.

Technically, there can be few complaints with *Idlewild*, but if there is

one real problem with the music of *Everything But The Girl* is that it is too gentle. It rarely attempts a tempo faster than a ballad and six tender songs in a row reduces the last two or three to sentimentality.

Not that their music ever descends to the level of aural valium. The lyrics make interesting lyrics. This music is very selective listening and will appeal to a number of people. However, if you like the single *These Early Days*, I suggest you try *Love Not Money* first. While the overall tone is similar, there is considerably more variation.

What they lack in adventure

THE SEA OF LOVE
Adventures
WEA Records

by Alex Wheaton

When a record is as tailor-made for the commercial music market as *Sea Of Love* it's difficult to know what to say about it. There would be no surprise in seeing it sail effortlessly to the top of the Charts.

This is a Classic Pop album, a perfect interpretation of the prevailing trend in pop rock. Ingredients for success have been pre-determined: a backbeat of solid drums, chunky bass and piano, overlain by keyboards and synthesizers and guitar, sometimes swirling and dipping through the vocals.

If it's possible to select a standout track from this lot then *Drowning in the Sea of Love* takes the cake. To me *The Sound of Summer* on side two comes near.

Vocals are unassuming, complementing the music rather than showing any contrast, highlighted by some glorious harmonies.

The sound production is wonderful. Crisp yet fulsome, lavish yet uncluttered - it's atmospheric...seek no adventures in their music, if there's one criticism to be made of this work it's the patent way in which a formula for success has been plucked at the expense of originality.

I find it hard to imagine anyone in this band jumping up and announcing "I've got an idea...!"

All bonked out

BONK
Big Pig
Festival

by Mat Gibson

Big Pig's first E.P. was released with little fanfare but generated considerable mainstream success through its propulsive rhythms and instantly appealing chorus, in much the same way as Pat Benetar's *Love Is A Battlefield* had the year before.

However, the expectation that *Big Pig* would provide an ingenious blend of high tech pop and primitive percussion has proven to be overstated with *BONK*. There would seem little point in having four separate drummers when they only serve to add the weight of volume to a usually stilled rhythm whilst the

synthesizers, vocals and harmonica deal with the musical complexities of each piece.

Included on the album are, of course *Hungry Town*, *Money God*, a new version of *Devil's Song* and the latest single *Breakaway*. *Boy Wonder* their second hit, has been left out.

On the remaining six songs the breakneck pace of past singles is largely maintained, as is the enigmatic style of social commentary in the lyrics. All are eminently danceable and *BONK* should prove a resounding success on the dance floor.

Sherine's vocals and Tony Antonades' harmonica arise as the most attractive elements of this group.

Disappointing but still enjoyable.

Starving for a quiet moment

THE HUNGER
Michael Bolton
CBS

by Mat Gibson

Michael Bolton, a virtual unknown beyond his own city, has been providing songs for a bevy of other artists for many years - Cher's latest album being a good example of the standard of artist who records his work and the style of music and vocal he is best adapted too.

It is a blend of epic and glam rock styles with the obligatory distorted, wheeling guitars and unrestrained vocal performances attempting to

impersonate passion.

Even if one can accept his nerve to cover the Otis Redding classic *Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay* the impression it leaves is still a disappointing one. The man simply tries too hard to sound estranged and loses the sense of frailty which made Redding's original such a delight.

Unfortunately, this is also the best song on the album. The music is just too 'full on' from the first chord to the last, with only an occasional change of pace, no matter under what guise or style each individual song begins. Musically drab and vocally overdone.

Dave Dobbyn - Music in flight

by Andrew Marshall

With a fresh set of glowing reviews and worldwide release already secured for his new album *Loyal*, Dave Dobbyn could afford to be complacent, maybe even a little cocky.

Little he may be...but cocky he definitely is not. In a business where hype is standard, Dave is just a nice guy - his total lack of pretension or affectation is reflected in his earthy pop and in the dynamic live performances he lays on his growing body of fans. After giving the new material a workout both in Australia and New Zealand, Dave will be heading off to Europe to do a quick lap of the promotional circuit, where CBS records are confident the album will be making a very big noise.

Rather than tackling anything on a grand scale, Dave writes songs dealing with "relationships and personal politics." I asked him about the motivating force behind the new album.

"If I can express something in a naive, positive sort of way then maybe I can strike a few chords with other people. Like *2 Fast Cars* is a simple relationship son, a song about my marriage, whereas a song like *Ain't No Doubt* is an overtly political song. *Joy* is a straight love song, so I guess 'lounge room politics' is the thread running through the whole album [and the idea that] it's important to keep a loyalty to those you're close to. Somebody once said to me that if you're lucky, you really only make about four to five lifelong friends. Loyalty is about savouring those relationships," Perhaps best known for writing simple, fun songs like *Slice of Heaven* (one of the biggest

selling CBS singles in the last five years), Dave stresses that the album is "a bit more challenging than that."

"it's not just cute, danceable songs, there's a bit more substance there, and there are some real kickers on it." Take the new single.

"Love you like I do is less quirky, more straight down the line. What I'm anxious to communicate is that it's worth checking out this band live, which *Slice of Heaven* didn't really do.

Love You Like I Should gives you an idea of the energy of the band. All the takes for the album were done as a three piece, then overdubs on top of that...but it had to feel right as a three piece. That gives the album a more human feel, the machines are very much in the background."

"Acoustic guitar threads everything together so it has a bit of warmth. I wanted to get a nice ambience that wasn't too cluttered, and an acoustic sound can hold the rhythm together while leaving room for the other instruments to come through."

As the leader of two successful bands (*The Dudes* and *DD Smith*) over a period of twelve years, Dave Dobbyn has earned something of a reputation as a very talented songsmith. So, does he every picture a typical listener when he writes?

"I cover it from all angles, sometimes I can write a song in a cafe or pub and then commit it to instruments. Or from the other point of view I can work something out musically and then improvise a melody and

lyrics - the whole thing is musically matured, and then finally lyrics are put on top of that. That way I cover all bases, and consequently the album has a bit of variety."

And the spark?
"Often I start off with an idea, a title, like with *Defying Gravity*. I wrote that in the studio, Ricky Fataar, the drummer was on his way to England so I thought this would be a good chance [to work on a song]. It was bout one in the morning, all I had was the title but everything else fell into place quite quickly.

"Or I might get a guitar riff together and build everything around that. [Sometimes] I want to communicate a certain feeling, like with *I Want to Know You* which deals with a feeling of guilt at being 'numbed out' by tragic news and tragic current affairs - there's so much of it these days that everyone does get complacent about it. I felt guilty about that and wanted to communicate it.

"I find myself listening to lots of different music and that tends to immediately reflect on what I'm writing."

One of the standout tracks on the album, *Defying Gravity* is planned as a future single release. I found out about plans for the film clip.

"There'll be some acrobatics and stuff because it's an aviating type of song. It turned out that way because three of the guys [involved in the album] are flyers or are learning to fly. "We'd be working five days solid in the studio and then on the weekends we'd go out flying."

Bon Voyage Dave.



Angels return with the promise of a great show

Currently touring Australia, The Angels are soon to do two shows in Adelaide. ALEXANDER GROUS spoke to Angels frontman Doc Neeson.

by Alexander Grous

The Angels have long been one of Australia's most enduring and diligent bands. Currently they are touring Australia playing to both country and city.

In Adelaide soon for two shows, Angels lead singer, Doc Neeson, will be different to past.

"Well, all of our past gigs have been for about ninety minutes, and it's very hard to fit in eight albums worth of material in that time. This tour however, promises to be a little different, in that for one thing, the show will start at seven, and go until about eleven with a couple of short breaks inbetween. What we will be doing is wearing clothes from the eras of the songs we are playing, which date back to about 1978."

"We have drawn the line at flares however, so don't expect to see them making an appearance! It's going to be more on the light side of things, but we thought that we would add something to make the show a little different."

The band has found definite advantages in doing a longer set, as Doc Neeson tells.

"There will always be someone who will want one song, and someone else in the band who wants another, so some compromises will have to be made, but overall it's a good way of getting a lot of our songs across."

"We found that with the shorter gigs, there is just not enough time to do all the songs you want. Now, with the three hour show, we can do a large part of our work throughout the year and all contribute our personal favourites as well.

Having toured the US on four occasions, the band has found differences between Australian and American crowds.

"Here in Australia, they know how to let loose and have a scream of a time. In America, they will have a good time, but sometimes they don't show it as much."

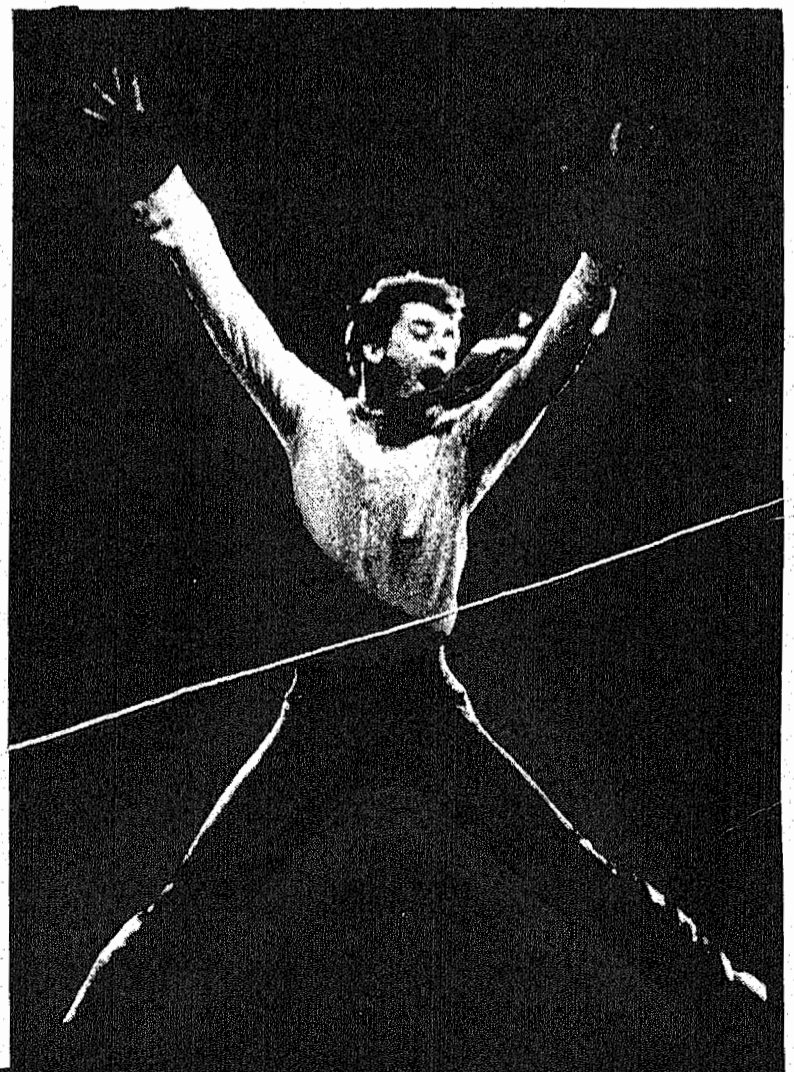
"The biggest difference would have to be in the crowd attitude, and that of the security at the shows," says Neeson.

"Here in Australia, they know how to let loose and have a scream of a time. In America, they will have a good time, but sometimes they don't show it as much.

"The security at their gigs has something to do with it, because they often make the people sit down, and really put tight reigns on what they can or can't do. Here, they are prettymuch allowed to anything within reason."

"We will be heading off to England and then America in August, but our shows in Oz should not be looked at as a slingshot for this. It's been a while since we played around Australia, and now we have the chance to do an entirely different show. We are looking forward to it, and in particular in Adelaide, which is my home town; out Salisbury way."

"If people come to our show, they can be guaranteed something different, and as always we will be giving 100%."



Strong production from Drama dept

**DOGG'S HAMLET,
CAHOOT'S MACBETH**
A.U. Centre for the
Performing Arts
Season Closed

by Graham Lugsden

A famous English author sat in a Sydney bookshop twenty or so years ago, autographing his latest work for appreciative customers. After half an hour of strenuous self-promotion, a woman approached him and said, "Emma Chisett". The author obligingly wrote 'Best Wishes to Emma, from...' on the inside flap, only to find her staring blankly at him.

"Nah, cob, not Emma Chisett! How much is it?"

Somewhere 'twixt the pen and the lip, information was mis-interpreted and accidentally gave birth to Strine. Something similar had occurred to Wittgenstein much earlier, who noted the example of two builders throwing items at each other. One yells 'brick!' and chucks a brick, the second catches it and yells 'plank!' He wondered if 'brick', instead of meaning what it does, could mean, say, "watch out", or "coming over" or even "five minutes Sid and we'll 'ave a tea break, eh wot?" Then 'plank' could mean "Thanks, Roger" or "Thanks, Roger, soon as I've finished this eighth wonder of the world". Words may not bear any relation to their accepted senses, so what happens when common words are given uncommon meanings?

Czechoslovakian-born Tom Stoppard decided to find out, mixing shortened versions of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* with his bizarre new language, Dogg.

Language rules are thrown out the window and nonsensical constructions rule, OK. The true limits and benefits of language are explored, finding suprisingly little correlation between it and actual communication.

Dogg's Hamlet, the first half of this Drama Department production, is a hilariously abridged version of Shakespeare's first major tragedy, being (ironically) a play within a play. An exquisitely ludicrous English public school perform *Hamlet* in two minutes flat, with unbelievably funny results.

Kelly Crimeen was Fox Major, the angelic smart Alec who wins every trophy that the school can offer, including the role of Hamlet, Cri-



The cast of Doggs Hamlet



The cast of Cahoot's Macbeth

meen brilliantly essayed an entirely fatuous Hamlet, displaying a perfect comic timing and a deadpan delivery which would make Chevy Chase jealous. David Mealor played both a 6'2" Ophelia and a schoolboy who sang "My Way" in Dogg (Dinosaurs rely indoors/That satisfies me"), both of which ought to guarantee him his own TV sitcom. It was worth the price of

admission to see these two alone. The sight of an over-rouged, underbusted Ophelia making a headlong running leap from the wings straight for the trapdoor without even bothering to contribute to the plot will remain with this writer for a long, long time.

There was not a weak link in the rest of the cast, but of especial note were Paul Moore, as an impossibly

obese, Henrician Claudius; Nicholas Garsden as Laertes, who is almost the perfect romantic lead; Sally Sara as the 'oos-skull-is-this-then gravedigger; and Jayne paramor, as a bewildered Polonius. Bouquets to all.

The second half of the evening, *Cahoot's Macbeth*, was more serious of intent but less successful in execution.

Director Max Mastrosavvas rightly let anarchy rule in *Dogg's*, but he was not allowed the same luxury in *Cahoot's*. Stoppard based it upon the story of Pavel Kohout, a Czechoslovakian actor who founded the Living Room Theatre to circumvent the public censor. A shortened *Macbeth* is performed by Cahoot and his company, but is interrupted by the Inspector, a Government black-hat, who rightly sees it as allegorical to Dubck, the Prague Spring and the Soviet occupation.

Only by resorting to Dogg language can the actors confound the trench-coated Inspector and complete the performance.

Cahoot's Macbeth is heavier of text and tone and was less completely realized by the Drama student. Chris Stevenson as Macbeth was nine-tenths there, but lacked the self-confidence to completely dominate the stage and grasp the hint of cruelty which the numbingly-difficult role requires. His voice, though, was magnificent; when he allowed himself, he stopped the action cold with a controlled bellow that would have given pause to a charging bull at twenty paces.

Finola Stokes was an impressively evil Lady Macbeth, but Greg Richards, in the lynchpin role of the Inspector, was just not right. Perhaps he was trying too hard (no great sin), or perhaps it was the fake Pommy accent, but it grated. Apart from the excellent witches, few others stood out, but all toiled and boiled in their attempt to make a difficult text gel.

None were helped by the appalling lighting, which was not only badly designed but (rather obviously) incorrectly operated. Leaving leads in total darkness, while spotlighting an empty corner of the stage - an amazing achievement in the Little Theatre - is one thing, but under-lighting the entire production is quite another, and the cast often had to grope about in semi-gloom. Line the lighting crew up against the wall and reach for a Tommy gun.

Problems aside, both halves were intrinsically strong, and *Dogg's Hamlet* at least was a triumphant success. Max Mastrosavvas can feel well pleased with his record at the C.P.A. since arriving in 1986, and this is his best one so far. Unlike a certain other production, this one was the real thing and did not deserve a rough crossing.

Play shockingly honest

BOYS IN THE BAND
La Mama Theatre

Directed by Paulene Terry Beitz
Until June 24

by Sally Niemann

Boys In The Band is a play that was highly controversial in the late 60's and is still shockingly honest in the late 80's. It deals with eight men and their attempts to deal with their homosexuality in a 'straight' world. The script is strong and still has some relevant points to make but has dated somewhat.

In the pattern of Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams, the play gradually strips its characters of the façades they attempt to fool the outside world with.

At the climax of this stripping process, we see eight quite sad human beings who individually have strong qualities to offer the world but who have been collectively rejected as a result of mainstream ignorance and stereotyping.

Don Goldsmith as Michael managed to capture some of the pathos of a middle-aged person still suffering an identity crisis.

Emory (Mark Nichols) had a number of brilliant, witty lines and played them well. His 'camp' act



Emory curtsies for Alan

portrayed a perfect stereotype as well as a bitter, wounded individual. Ken Farrand (Alan) was wooden but played the role of a wooden, insensitive individual well.

Director Paulene Terry Beitz has created a sensitive drama. The only criticism being that the action all happens so fast the climax is somewhat diminished.

Touchy subject

CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?
Multicultural Youth Theatre
Season Closed

by Graham Lugsden

Make a list of the topics on which it is most difficult to write a play and child abuse would come somewhere near the top. Playwright Anne-Marie Mykta deserves applause for even attempting to essay such a painful issue. That she and the Multicultural Youth Theatre succeeded in presenting this awkward topic appropriately and tastefully is especially salutary.

Mykta uses the omnipresent European folk symbol of the wolf, which appears in the night, steals innocent children from the apparent safety of the family home, and just as mysteriously disappears. Mr Wollof takes love for "daddy's little girl", Jeannie, too far, molesting her under the averted eye of his wife, who actively dissociates herself from her husband's moral and physical violations of their daughter.

Only Jeannie's classmates and her teacher are willing to help Jeannie face the problem forced upon her by her father. Her mother turns away, and her younger sister turns spite-

ful, mistaking Jeannie's attempts to protect her from their father for jealousy. Thus this sad crime is perpetuated, tainting the whole family.

The M.Y.T., under Tessa Bremner's direction, handled the issue and the play ably. Sophie Dean as Jeannie, and Paul Pettitt as Mr. Wollof, were equally strong, evoking the full horror and sadness of their situation. (Many may remember Pettitt for his centre-piece role as the Madman, in the Theatre Guild's *Mistero Buffo* last year). The rest of the cast were zesty and competent, and it was good to see Kathy Alley on stage after years of being stuck with the stage manager's job.

The only unfortunate aspect was the one thing which the company could not control - the quality of the audience. Theatre managers must either go down on bended knee or reach for the Johnnie Walker when schools audiences file in. Sniggering at child molestation and outright laughter at the occasional swear-word does not give one faith in the younger generation. The odd thing is that they see far worse on M-rated videos without blinking. Anyway, Philistine High could not detract from what was a most worthwhile production.

Elusive facade very palatable

MASQUERADE
Hindley Cinemas

by Michelle Chan

Masquerade is set in the Hamptons, the residential playground of Long Island's wealthy where, incidentally, Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby also played out his charade.

This is the home of Olivia Lawrence (Meg Tilly), a wealthy young heiress who is nevertheless reticent and naïve. The death of her mother means she must live with her perpetually intoxicated and loathsome stepfather, Tony Gateworth.

Ambitious Tim Whelan (Rob Lowe) arrives at the islands. He works as a skipper for another old money family, the Morrissons. He quickly begins an affair with his boss' wife Brooke (Kim Cattrall). However, when he meets shy, rich Olivia, he deftly charms his way into her life.

When Olivia's stepfather is accidentally shot by Tim in a struggle, she takes the blame, though this is not the film's first cover-up. Further complications arise when the investigation into the shooting is headed by a determined police officer, Mike McGill (John Savant), a

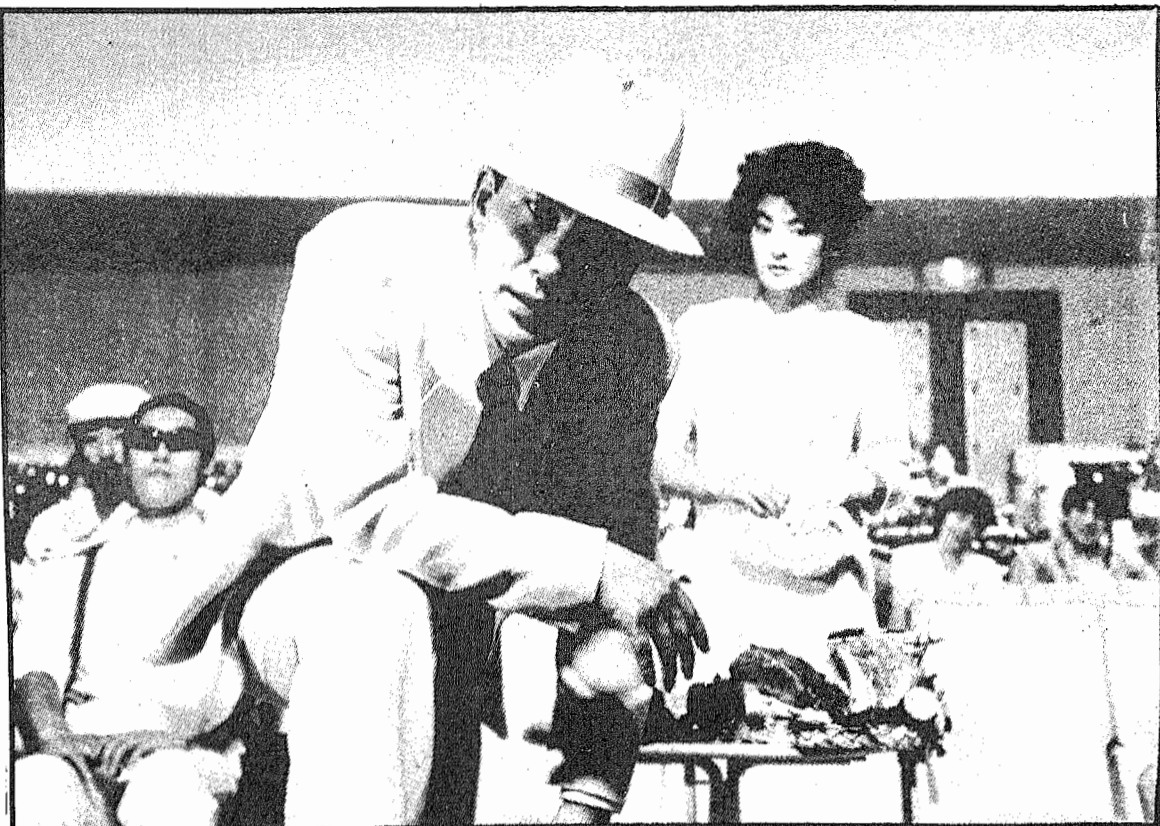
long-time friend of Olivia who is also in love with her.

Masquerade has a satisfying blend of murder, passion and betrayal to make it a most entertaining drama. The technique used is the element of surprise and shock, rather than creating suspense, but it works well with twists in the plot being continuously unveiled to the unsuspecting viewer.

Although it is the familiar case of "no-one is who they seem to be," the script is nevertheless very palatable, though the cast maintains rather than reinforces it. Rob Lowe has yet to mature as an actor despite this role being a change in direction for him away from his usual "Brat Pack" movies.

Meg Tilly gives the film's strongest performance as the heroine Olivia who must cope with the multiple unmaskings around her. She believes that Tim really cares for her, but is it love or is he just a ruthless golddigger?

Almost everyone has an elusive façade but it is what lies beneath that really matters as the film manoeuvres towards its tragic climax. A well-crafted mystery with underlying themes of darkness, deceit and greed make *Masquerade* a provocative and intriguing thriller.



Spaghetti Eastern

TAMPOPO
(Dandelion)
Trak Cinema

by Jamie Skinner

Tampopo is a sushi-saki satire from Japan which sends up American western movies and Japanese epicurean customs. Coined as a Japanese noodle western, it tells of the quest by Tampopo (Nobuko Miyamoto), a hopeless cook and widow, to learn the art of making ramen (noodle soup) from truck driving guru Goro (Tutomu Yamazaki).

The proceeding training schedule is not your normal, food theory course. Tampopo (which means Dandelion) must undertake some rigorous Samurai-like antics to become a qualified ramen chef.

This mouth-watering comedy on

food and movies contains gags on everything from a *Tom Jones* like saucy and spiced love scene to a dying mother having to prepare her last meal for the family; a scene where a bloated man in a restaurant is saved from choking by a vacuum cleaner, to two lovers who play a delectable game of tongue-ball with an egg yolk and a mistress who teaches her girls the art of not slurping your noodles.

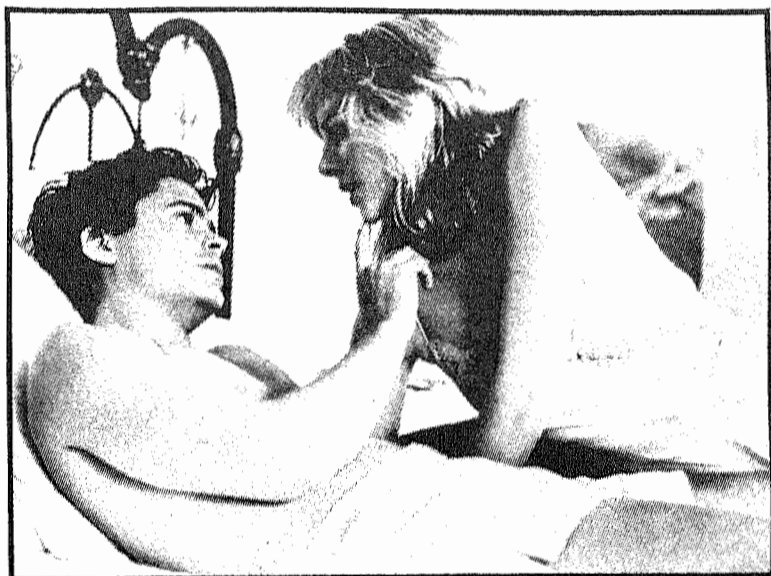
Tampopo is the second film by Juzo Itami, whose father was a comic writer-director of 30's Samurai pictures. Juzo's directorial debut was *The Funeral*, a more serious but biting comedy on Japanese funeral customs which screened last year at the Classic.

Tampopo was voted best film by the Sydney Film Critics Circle. Itami's next film sends up tax avoiders which should prove hilarious

with the current crackdown.

Tampopo entertains a preamble to the film where a dapper gangster dressed in bleak white and snappy hat warns the audience not to make noises whilst watching the movie in Allenesque fashion. This novel gimmick is just one of the many different comic styles Itami uses in this pot-pourri of slapstick, satire, spoof, bad-taste and black comedy-gags which are not dissimilar to Monty Python or Mel Brooks in nature.

Tampopo is perfect for the filmic palate. It is now running into its third month at the Trak and has proved a bit of a sleeper around town. Just the sight of all those scrumptious dishes is enough to make you run out and eat Japanese. *Tampopo* is aphrodisiac, appetiser and main course all rolled into one.



"I'm sorry...these things happen"

When old is young and young is old

18 AGAIN
Academy Cinema

by Glenys Gibbons

Jack Watson, patriarch of the Watson Dials Telephone Equipment Empire, on his 81st birthday makes one wish - to be 18 again. Shortly after, fate deals her hand, resulting in Jack's mind being transferred to the body of his grandson David, 18, while David's mind remains trapped within his grandfather's unconscious body.

This is the synopsis for director Paul Flaherty's feature film debut, "18 Again", a delightful comedy that everyone will get a laugh out of.

George Burns (who in real life is aged 92) plays the philandering 81 year old bachelor, Jack Watson, whose enthusiastic mind and 'lifestyle leaves his aging body flagging.

The unexpected chance to live life in the body of his grandson provides Jack with the opportunity to relive the fun and excitement and to have the physical prowess that he enjoyed in his youth.

However the young Jack soon rediscovers that youth has its own aches and pains, and that times are hard for his young grandson, with fraternity brothers abusing him as well as the problems of young love.

Of course the young Jack, with his wealth of experience, solves David's problems, with David ultimately learning that all it takes is a little confidence in himself, for him to become the person he wants to be; all thanks to the love of his grandfather.

Appealing newcomer Charlie Schlatter plays David Watson, in what is his second film, (his film debut was *Bright Lights Big City*) doing a remarkable job in playing the old Jack in the young body, complete with all George Burns' idiosyncrasies.

Apart from being a light comedy, fantasy, *18 Again* does reflect the idea that you can't go back again, as Jack soon realises; that apart from youth having its own problems, age does have its hard won rewards, especially in the form of friends.

As it is, the remarkable situation provides each character with new perspectives on themselves and the people around them. David's longing to be an artist is finally recognised, and David's father (Tony Roberts) gains the much needed respect of his father, Jack.

If you want to see a very funny and enjoyable movie complete with the marvelous cigar-in-hand George Burns, don't miss *18 Again*.

THE TALE OF RUBY ROSE
Hindley Cinemas
MRC Winter season of films

by Sally Niemann

The Tale of Ruby Rose was filmed in the Tasmanian highland wilderness at the Walls of Jerusalem national park. The area is isolated, the environment harsh.

Ruby Rose (Melita Jurisic) lives with her Welsh husband and their foster son. They trap and skin wallabies for a living. The Welsh husband's dream is to build a mansion on top of the mountain so he can continue to live in total isolation.

Ruby Rose's dream is to discover her past and to find the knowledge that will destroy her fear of the dark. Ruby Rose ventures down the mountain, coming into contact with her past as she moves down. She reaches her home village and discovers all the information she needs to brave the dark.

Her husband has experienced the world of villages and towns and rejected it in favour of isolation. Ruby Rose, having little knowledge of towns and people, could not reject them until she had some idea of what she was rejecting. Her fear of the dark was destroyed when she gained knowledge, and her desire for 'civilization' was negated when she had some knowledge about it to draw on.

Ruby's adventure is a metaphor for her search for information and knowledge. It also demonstrates the human ability to endure and to offer warmth and loyalty when cal-



Melita Jurisic in *The Tale of Ruby Rose*

led upon to do so.

The movie was written and directed by Australian Roger Scholes, who is described as a "beautiful person" in one article I read. Whether he is beautiful or not, he certainly has an eye for spectacular scenery and a storyline that relies on visuals and emotions rather than words.

The film won three critics prizes at the Venice Film Festival and is cer-

tainly one of the best, non-mainstream Australian film to appear this year.

The Media Resource Centre's Winter film exhibition programme is running for another two weeks. Films are screened at 7 pm on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. This week's movies are *Thanks Girls and Goodbye* and *Riding the Gale*. Filmmakers are present on opening nights.

PRIZES

FREE

50¢

10% OFF

CHEAP

ATMOSPHERE

WHERE?

WHEN?

FREE

**WATCH
THIS
SPACE
IN
NEXT
WEEK'S
ISSUE**

KNOWN SPACE BOOKS

has moved

we are now at

233A RUNDLE STREET

Hours

**Mon - Thurs: 12 - 6 pm
Fri: 12 - 10 pm**

- MORE SPACE
- MORE BOOKS
- MORE COMICS

...can students afford not to do this course?

**FIND AN EXTRA HOUR OR TWO EACH DAY
BY ATTENDING A SPECIAL 6-HOUR COURSE ON
ADVANCED READING SKILLS!
2 X 3-HOUR SESSIONS**

- SAVE YOU MANY HOURS OF STUDY TIME!
- HELP YOU DEVELOP A MUCH BETTER MEMORY!
- MAKE REVISION MUCH EASIER

Learn how to concentrate on just the essential information
and how to use a revolutionary note-making technique

**YOU CAN AFFORD THE TIME (only 6 hours)
AND THE COURSE FEE (only \$55) -
CAN YOU AFFORD NOT TO DO THIS COURSE???**

EDUCATION AUTHORITIES HAVE EVALUATED THIS
AUSTRALIAN COURSE AS ACADEMICALLY SOUND.
ENROL NOW! PHONE THE IMPROVED READING CENTRE
ON 31 5880 OR PICK UP AN ENROLMENT FORM FROM
STUDENTS UNION OFFICE.

COURSE CONDUCTED ON CAMPUS TUESDAYS, 28 JUNE
AND 5 JULY, 6 PM TO 9 PM.

**Improved Reading Centre
P.O. Box 995,
Norwood, S.A. 5067**

SPECIALIST READING TUITION (Australian Versus American Courses on Campus)

At some universities, e.g. Harvard, all
student must complete a series of
Advanced Reading Skills seminars before
enrolling in their courses.

This option is now available to Adelaide
University students, who are being simul-
taneously wooed by Australia's "Im-
proved Reading Centre" and America's
"Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics".

The American course - with its primary
emphasis on speed reading - is only for the
truly affluent. It will cost students ten
times more for Evelyn Wood's tuition
than it will for them to do Australia's lead-
ing course on Advanced Reading Skills!

The Improved Reading Centre's course
is the only one evaluated by the Depart-
ment of Education. The Centre also has
many hundreds of business and profes-
sional organisations as its clients for

specialist "in-house" training courses on
this vitally important communication skill.
The Improved Reading Centre has
devised a very cost-efficient and compact
course for Adelaide University students.
These compact courses (involving 2 x 3-
hour sessions) teach students how to
make substantial improvements to both
their reading speed and their level of
comprehension. In output terms, stu-
dents learn how to either cut their future
reading and study time in half or else get
through twice as much as they previously
had time for!

Of great practical importance is the
unveiling of proven techniques to
improve the concentration, memory and
note-making skills of all students.

A compact course on Advanced Reading
Skills has been scheduled at the University
of Adelaide, on Tuesday evenings, com-
mencing 28 June from 6 pm to 9 pm in
Meeting Room 1, Level 5, Union Building.

Enrolment forms are available at:
* Students' Union Office
* Improved Reading Centre

- phone 31 5880
The course fee (only \$55) and the time
involved (only 6 hours) are affordable for
most students. Indeed, the question
posed by the Improved Reading Centre -
phone 31 5880 - in its campus advertising
is "can students afford not to do this
course???"

Rank-Xerox-Memorywriter 640C
Opportunity to acquire two year old machine as a result of equipment reorganisation. High quality, versatile, troublefree machine for half new price either sale or T.O. lease. Includes communications package for connection with IBM computer. Enquiries to Sports Association.

flatmates

For people who care where they live. Flats, houses, etc., to share, or someone to share with you. Special Student Concession. Call Trudi on 236 0121 for an appointment. We are located at 297 Pirie Street, Adelaide.

Returning Officer Required - Adelaide University Union Election

The A.U.U. will hold its Annual Elections and Constitution Referendum from 25th - 29th July, 1988.

Written nominations should be with the Secretary/Manager by 4.00 pm on Friday, 27th June, 1988.

Rob Brice,
Secretary/Manager

TUESDAY 21ST JUNE

Workshop 4: Alternative Structures
Funding
Promotions/Marketing
Business Models and Alternatives
Speaker: (To be advised)

TUESDAY 5TH JULY

Workshop 5: Law and the Arts
Legal issues are unavoidable for those working in the Arts. The diversity of work practices, short-term employment e.g., means that artists often have to address questions of copyright, contracts, commissions and taxation.

This seminar aims to educate those working in the Arts Industry about common legal problems.

These workshops are held for artists and/or people who are considering working in any arts area.

VENUE:

All workshops will be held in the Union Gallery, Level 6, Union House

WHEN:

All workshops will be from 5.30 pm to 9.30 pm on Tuesdays.

EXHIBITION OPENING

Monday 29th June, 6.30 - 8.30 pm by Jill Blewett. "The Winter Exhibition" by 12 members of the Thursday group. Works on paper, painting.

Entry forms for the Inaugural Adelaide University Student and Staff Exhibition August to September, 1988, are now available from (1) Union Gallery, (2) S.A.U.A. Office and (3) The Union Office. Prize money, totalling \$400 will be awarded.

There is no restriction on the medium used, however, the works must have an Australian theme or in some way be representative of Australian issues - educational, economic, climate; fauna/flora - pictorial, etc. - it's up to you. What we want to see are your creative expressions of particular or general Australian themes/issues, as part of our Bicentennial "Bash" this year. For further information, please contact the Arts Officer, Tel: 228 5834, or at the Gallery, Level 6, Union House.

Gallery Hours: 10 am - 5 pm Mon - Fri. Coffee Shop: 9.30 am - 4.30 pm Mon - Fri.

\$1,000 AWARD offered to a student 18-30 years passing the "SUPERA" examination in the international language ESPERANTO by 1st June, 1989, and deemed the best representative for Australia at the International Esperanto Youth Congress in the Netherlands in July, 1989. Details and tuition are available from the Adelaide Esperanto Society (phone 42 5338 or 243 1225). Candidates must register before 1st July, 1988.

ESPERANTO CLUB. Inaugural General Meeting. Interested students are invited to a meeting to be held at 1 pm, Tuesday 28th June, in Meeting Room 1, level 5 of the Adelaide University Union Building, to form an Adelaide University Esperanto Club. Esperanto is an easily learned international language constructed by Dr Ludwing Zamenhof in 1887, now spoken by 10 million people throughout the world.

Notice to all students

The 1988 Union Diary incorrectly states that the Barr Smith Library is closed on weekends during vacations. The library is open on weekends 1.30 pm - 5.30 pm during all vacations apart from the long summer break.

Women Students Conference

Melbourne University, June 25-26. Organised by Women Students at Monash and Melbourne Universities. Sponsored by the Victorian branch of the National Union of Students. Registration enquiries to: (03) 344 6958 (ask for Julia or Rebecca).

For an erratic phone call, dial 228 5406 and ask for John.

CIRCULAR TO CLUBS, STUDENT GROUPS AND ASSOCIATED ORGANISATIONS

1. THEATRE BOOKINGS

Booking requests for both the Union Hall and Little Theatre for dates in 1989 and for the Festival period in 1990 are now called for. They should be submitted to the Union Administration Office to Meredith Poulson or myself before June 30th 1988. Interested parties should note that term dates next year change drastically to the implementation of a two semester/4 term academic year.

The Union is currently revising its changes for all the facilities, including theatres. It may be necessary to call a meeting of theatre users sometime in July to resolve possible conflicts of bookings, and other matters. We hope to be able to confirm theatre bookings in July/August for the forthcoming year. The Union endeavours to maximise usage of the Little Theatre in particular as it is in high demand, bearing in mind the rights of internal users.

2. UNION HOUSE OPENING TIMES AND BOOKINGS

Regular opening hours 1988 (except public holidays)
- First term vacation (May 16th - June 10th)

Monday - Friday 8 am - 8 pm.
- Second term (June 14th - August 12th)
Monday - Friday 8 am - 10.30 pm.
- Second term vacation (August 15th - September 2nd)

Monday - Friday 8 am - 8 pm.
- Third term (September 5th - October 28th)

Monday - Friday 8 am - 10.30 pm.
- Post term (October 31st - December 16th)

Monday - Friday 8 am - 8 pm.

The use of rooms and equipment will general be available free of charge to internal groups within the Union during normal opening hours, although a hire fee may be charged when rooms are used with an admission charge for entry. A fee sufficient to cover costs of cleaning, light, power, set-up, staff costs and, of course, Stewards overtime will be charged for internal usage out of normal working hours.

Stewards overtime will be charged to all user groups for usage outside these opening hours (including those groups who have not vacated the Union Building by the closing hour).

The rates are fairly substantial, particularly after midnight and on weekends and public holidays. We can give you an approximate cost. The Union Building may be open some Saturdays. Check with the Union Office.

Bookings for all Union rooms and theatres are handled by the Union Administration Office. We have copies of Union House and Theatre Regulations, Liquor and Advertising policies. See Meredith Poulson for initial bookings.

A bookings meeting held each Thursday at 11.00 am to co-ordinate and confirm the arrangements for the following week's bookings as well as future major functions. It will not always be possible for internal users to be given the areas they wish although every effort is made to reduce inconvenience and give regular users their usual rooms.

3. BAR NIGHTS

The following Bar Nights are available for second term 1988.
Saturday June 18th
Saturday June 25th - A.U. Windsurfing Club
Saturday July 2nd - Pleasure Principle (Psych Students)
Saturday July 9th - Student Radio 5UV
Saturday July 23rd - Space Society
Saturday July 30th
Saturday August 6th
Saturday August 13th - Prosh After Dark (Complex)

Interested clubs should contact me for a checklist on how to run shows. Club members must support the Bar Nights if they are to work.

4. 2ND TERM ACTIVITIES PROGRAMME

Deadline for inclusion in second term programme is Tuesday 31st May at 5.00 pm. Programme will be released and disturbed to every student pigeonhole from Tuesday 14th June.

PROMOTIONS/ACTIVITIES MANAGER

Fresh live Oysters from Cowell S.A. from only \$5 per dozen. Order by Monday for FREE DELIVERY (Thurs/Fri/Sat) (orders over 5 dozen).
Oyster knives available for \$3 each.
Phone: Rod Speck on 337 9005.

Want to play a Winter sport? It's not too late.

The Uni Lacrosse Club is looking for uni students to play this season. There are several teams so it doesn't matter if you're not experienced.

Come out and give lacrosse a go - it's a great sport.
Contact Sarah Finlay 271 6895.

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

The University of Adelaide
Centre for Asian Studies
Public Lecture Series - Term 2
6.15 pm - 7.30 pm, Wednesdays,
Napier L 19
'Understanding Japan'

The University of Adelaide's Centre for Asian Studies presents a series of public lectures dealing with various aspects of Japan - the economic superpower of the late 20th century. The days when the literate citizens might be satisfied with a cultural and intellectual frame of reference whose points were Anglo-Saxon, European, and North American have passed; ignorance of Japan, in the late 20th century, is contemporary illiteracy.

The Centre for Asian Studies of the University of Adelaide, established in 1974, concentrates the major expertise on the subject of China and Japan in the city and teaches Chinese and Japanese language, and culture, economics and politics to some 500 students. In this lecture series the staff of the Centre, together with several distinguished scholars from outside, present to the wider university community, and the general public, lectures designed to elucidate aspects of the Japanese phenomenon.

The central theme of the lecture series is whether Japan - the Japan of samurai and salary men alike - is somehow unique and qualitatively different, or not. The lectures constitute an indispensable aid to understanding the background of the rise of Japan to the wealthiest nation of our time, by way of the social, cultural and political nexus within which the success has been achieved.

1. Wednesday, 15 June
Gavin McCormack
(Foundation Professor in East Asian Studies, University of Adelaide)
Introduction - Japan's Superpower Dilemmas

2. Wednesday, 22 June
Michitoshi Takabatake
(Professor of Law & Politics, Rikkyo University, Tokyo)
Japanese Politics - Corporate Democracy

3. Wednesday, 29 June
Yoshio Sugimoto
(Professor of Sociology and Dean of Social Science, La Trobe University, Melbourne)
Japanese Society: The Search for Models

4. Wednesday, 6 July
Kimi Coaldrake
(Lecturer in Music, University of Adelaide)
Japanese Music - Perceptions and Perspectives

5. Wednesday, 13 July
Jo Tanaka-King
(Tutor in Japanese, University of Adelaide)
Mingei (Japanese Folk Art): Quintessentially Japanese?

6. Wednesday, 20 July
Yuriko Nagata
(Senior Teaching Fellow in Japanese, University of Adelaide)
Can Japanese Be Learned?

7. Wednesday, 27 July
Mark Morris
(Senior Lecturer in Japanese, University of Adelaide)
Who Killed Yukio Mishima?: Japanese Writers and Politics

8. Wednesday, 3 August
Yuki Tanaka
(Lecturer in Japanese, University of Adelaide)
Rationality and Irrationality in Japanese Industry: The Economics of Nuclear Power

COKE: DESIGNING A WORLD BRAND

A display of graphic images from The Coca-Cola Company archives in Atlanta, USA, will be on view at the Museum from Friday, 3rd June to Sunday, 31st July.

Visitors will see historic glasses, posters, bottles and calendars in a collection of advertising, packaging and memorabilia from The Coca-Cola Company archives.

The South Australian Museum is open daily from 10 am to 5 pm. Admission to the exhibition is free.



Monday 20th

10.30 - Thrill to the sound of bulldozers on The Pelican Point Hour Magazine Show.
11.00 - The Beaver Las Vegas Show. Chris and David talk to Duncan from Dandilion Wine.

12.30 - Julie and Michelle take you across the Metropolis and into the Cosmos.

Tuesday 21st

10.30 - Bob and Nick
11.30 - Ben and Guy
12.30 - Matthew and Tom

Wednesday 22st

10.30 - Giselle and Dale present The Spontaneous Combustion Show.

11.30 - Jamnes is 'Where The Wild Things Are'.

12.30 - Meredith and Bryan take you through to 1.30.

Thursday 23rd

10.30 - The Amputee Hour
11.30 - Calch presents 'The Dogs die young in Tin Pan Alley'.

12.30 - Chris Wiley presents an hour of music.

Friday 24th

10.30 - Fun with Dirk and Roland
11.30 - Greek Access Hour
12.30 - The Student Radio Mystery Hour.

The Degradation of a Nation The Bicentennial other Ball - Fancy Dress.

Proudly presented by the Adelaide Medical Students to be held at the Burnside Town Hall.

Friday June 24th, tickets \$15 from Students Association office and committee. Price includes Happy Hours from 8.30, supper, DJ and bands featuring *Too Many Cats* and *Rough As Guts*.

MONDAY 20TH JUNE

"The Winter Exhibition" opens this evening at 6.30 pm opening speaker, Jill Blewett, Chairperson, State Theatre Company. 12 artists from the "Thursday Group" show their recent works in oils, watercolours and other media. Portraiture, landscapes, abstract styles and modern - a very diverse offering from this group which was very popularly received when they held their last exhibition at

TUESDAY 21ST JUNE

The first night of the Union Film Program for Term III!! It's mostly free!!!
ENTR'ACTE directed by Rene Clair. A Dada film with scenario by Picabia and music by Erik Satle. 1924, approximately 20 minutes.

LES COUSINS directed by Claude Chabrol. 1959, BW, approx 84 mins. Paul and Charles study law at the Sorbonne, Paris. One is a country boy, the other city-wise - together they tour Paris - "bohemian" life is contrasted to "normal" behaviour.

Guest Speaker: Ian Craven, Lecturer, Film Studies, University of Glasgow. (French Cinema Expert).

Film programs/posters are available from the S.A.U.A. Office, the Union Office and the Union Gallery, or you can check the noticeboards for weekly information.

ACTIVITIES WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, 20TH JUNE, 1988

Tuesday, June 21st

10.00 am - 5.00 pm - "The Winter Exhibition" in Union Gallery featuring the work of 12 artists from "Thursday Workshop". Continues until July 7th, Monday - Friday.

7.30 pm - 10.00 pm - Film screening of "Entr'Acte" a Da Da film, and "Les Cousins" in Cinema. FREE but donations welcome.

Friday, June 24th

7.30 pm - 10.00 pm - Jazz in the Union Bistro with "Sasanqua" FREE to diners. Try our new "Pasta & More" menu with main courses from \$4.

9.00 pm - Free entertainment in Union Bar with "Cucharacha Club".

Saturday, June 25th

9.00 pm - 2.00 am - Windsurf Fleet Bar Night with "Iron Sheiks", "Screaming Believers", "Katz Kurio", and "Ugly Ugly Ugly".

A.U. Students \$5.00, Guests \$6.00

SECOND TERM ACTIVITIES PROGRAMME

Pick up your programme for second term from your pigeonhole now. All the shows an entertainment.

COMING ENTERTAINMENT

"Fish John West Reject", "Andy Sugg/Andy Vance Quartet", "Marty Coffey", "Mad Turks from Istanbul", "Exploding White Mice", "Casual T's", "Every Brothers", "Desotos".

INAUGURAL STAFF & STUDENT EXHIBITION

Union Gallery August 23rd - September 7th. Prize money totalling \$400 will be awarded to the best works with an Australian Theme. Entry forms from Gallery, Union Office and Students' Association. Entries to be received by July 22nd.

The Flinders University of South Australia School of Earth Sciences Research Seminar

SPEAKER: Trevor Dumitru
Department of Geology
University of Melbourne

TITLE: Fission Track Studies of Geothermal Gradients and Blueschist uplift in the Franciscan Subduction Zone, California.

TIME: 4 p.m. 25th May, 1988

PLACE: Room 103, School of Earth Sciences.

The Flinders University of South Australia School of Earth Sciences Research Seminar

SPEAKER: Professor Theodore Foster
University of California,
Santa Cruz.

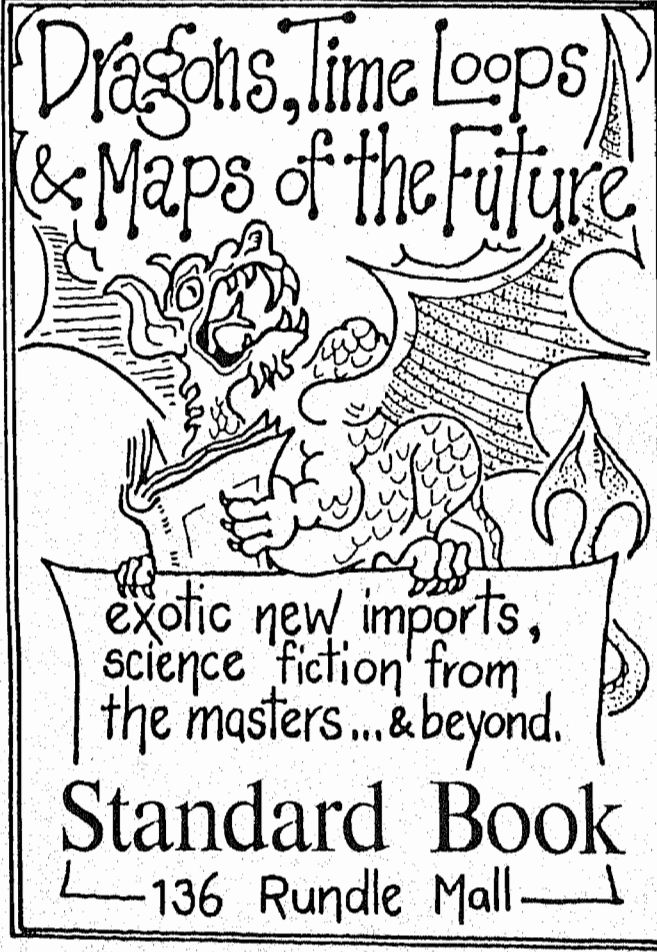
TITLE: Antarctic Bottom Water Formation

TIME: 4 pm, Wednesday 8th June, 1988

PLACE: Room 103, Earth Sciences Building

ABSTRACT:

Investigations of the southern Weddell Sea have shown that Antarctic bottom water probably forms mainly by mixing of cold, dense shelf water with warmer, but saltier, water from intermediate depths off shore and the flow of this mixture down the continental slope. Long-term current meter records from the shelf break region of the southern Weddell Sea indicate that shelf waves and tides promote this mixing.



Phantas as Student Polity

The demon democracy

It's that time of the year again folks. Greenies may complain as loud as they like about people cutting down useful trees to make useless campaign leaflets, but the student polities will take no notice. Reagan and Gorbachov may move that one step closer to the Armageddon; thousands of students may pass or fail second term essays. Thousands more may throw themselves from the ninth floor of the Napier building in fear and disgust.

No matter what is happening around them, student polities will carry on regardless. They can be currently viewed between the hours of 10 am and 6 pm, huddled in small, somewhat sleazy groups in and around the Students' Association office. They plot and plan and scheme and say things like "we need you to run for Board so we can have your preference votes".

Yes, they beg each other to stand up and get shot down, in public, to futher 'the cause'. Who knows what 'the cause' is but whatever it is it involves huge quantities of paper, words, and inevitably, money.

Stay tuned for the great election build up, where you can hear B & C editor Mark Gamtcheff say things like, "It won't go any further than this office"

Freebies

Phantas has a reasonable number of double passes to give away. The passes involve a movie, screening at Hoyts Regent Cinemas. The movie involved is *Rikky and Pete... Who in their right minds would drive 2,000 miles in search of a dream?* To

find the answer to this quite pertinent and relevant question, come in to the On Dit office and pick up a double pass.

Bye Bye

Jo Davis, knower of all useful things about the SAUA office, has left us. This has struck fear into the hearts of the disorganised, sadness for those who

Earth were to disappear, the entire planet would fit into a teaspoon.

Now, all you self important, egocentric, navel gazing know alls out there - think on that to ruin your entire day.

PMT and Power

The Person You Elected last August to Preside over the SAUA

ing space with student politicking? But we're willing to entertain the possibility of a mistake on our part, and are running short of things to put on this page anyway. So from now on John, this space is for you.

It's hard to imagine why He makes comments like the one in question, particularly since the conversation on this occasion had more to do with the exorbitant amounts of cash being gobbled up by the Presiden-

with trying to remember the names of all those disadvantaged groups at once, making sure this Inquiry is proceeding with those Recommendations, crunching numbers and canvassing Issues, life in the grievance industry can really stretch one's faculties. Why should we expect Him to be coherent? Have we no heart?

Then there's the problem of the previous regime having failed to allow for the tremendous expenses He has incurred. Through the execution of the duties of High Office, Presidential costs have gotten all the way through the allocated expenses line item, and it's only the beginning of second term.

Motions procedural and motions substantive will have to be passed; in principle support lobbied for and gained; the troops must be rallied; the Issue addressed.

All He wants is a fair - alright, equitable - deal. The job's tough, His PMT's killing Him, and we're ignoring Him.

It's enough to drive one to household drugs.



President Ridgway on the verge of a 'joint' decision.

knew that no matter how organised they were they still need Jo so they could get things done efficiently. Goodbye and Goodluck Jo.

It's not important
....really....

Did you know that if all the space between the molecules on Planet

this year has called this paper the domain of an "anti-politics" dynasty.

Now, despite the temptation we might feel to ponder what it means to be anti-politics (students of philosophy may like to do this) we really know that we have incurred the Presidential displeasure by our tardiness in reporting on His activities.

Frankly, we don't really think any of you care - why fill good advertis-

tial sacred cow - NUS - than with our efforts to fight off a takeover (which presumably is what one does to become a "dynasty").

But a very important event was looming, and the ravages of Pre-minibudget Tension had no doubt disrupted the currents of his thought, for which trauma we must be sympathetic. He really is terribly important you know, and worked upon by all sorts of pressures. What

