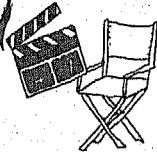


LIMELIGHT

ANGRY
ANDERSON
Page 11



The On Dit Film Supplement
AT THE FLICKS
centre pages



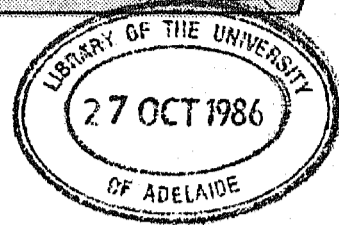
FEATURES

INVADING
CHINA
Page 9



Registered by Australia Post
Publication No. SBF0274

OnDit



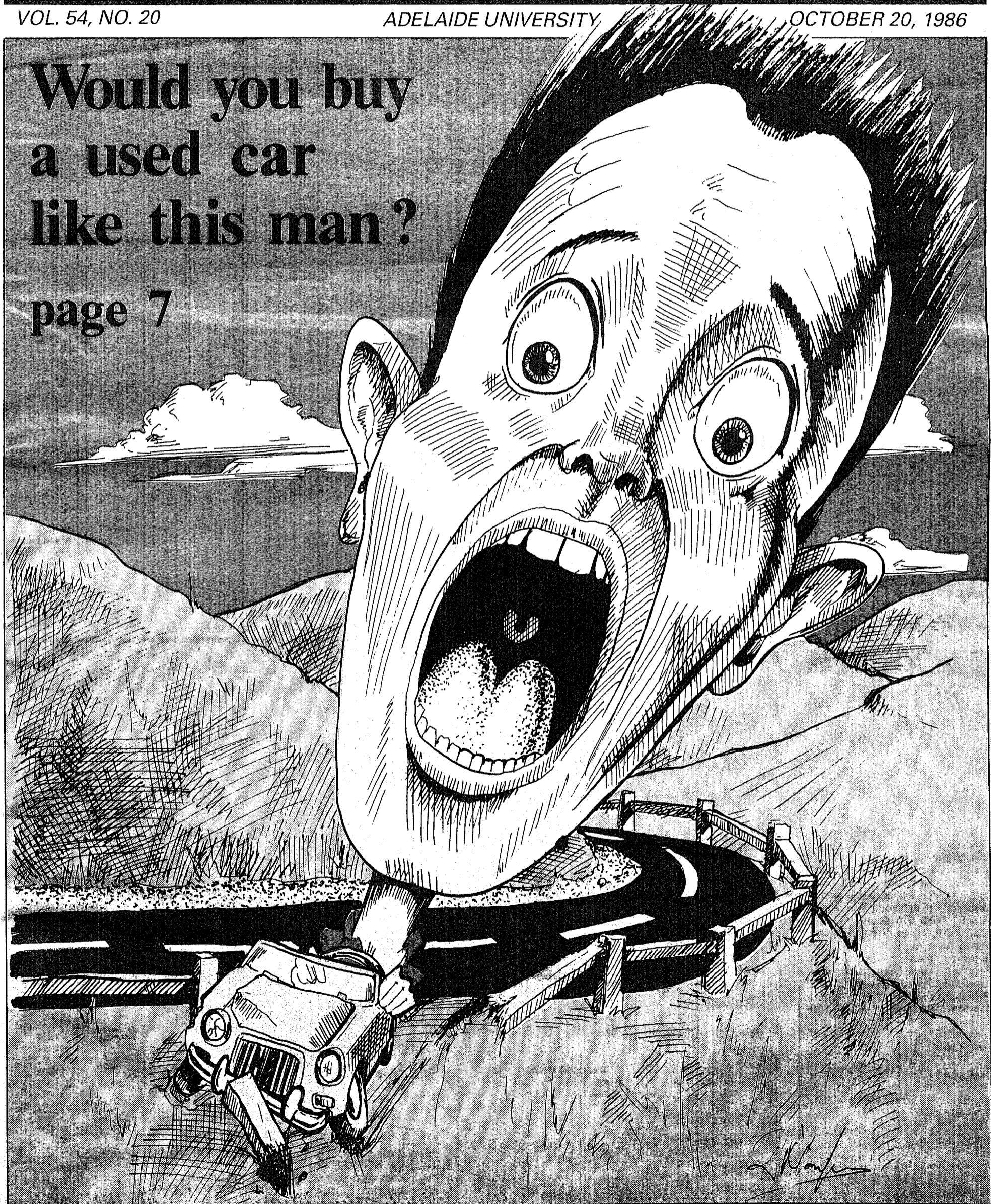
VOL. 54, NO. 20

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

OCTOBER 20, 1986

Would you buy
a used car
like this man?

page 7



Feesbusters win support for boycott

A call to boycott next year's Federal Government tertiary fee will be backed by student departmental representatives, it was decided at a Little Cinema meeting on Tuesday.

And a post-graduate student's meeting the same evening also unanimously supported the "Feesbusters" boycott.

Law-arts student James Williamson, who has spent two weeks helping plan the "Feesbusters" boycott campaign, said it would not proceed unless most students showed their support for it.

He said he did not want to see a minority of students suffer academically for deciding to boycott the fee without the support of the rest of the campus.

This would be prevented by the final decision being held off until Thursday of enrolment week in March next year.

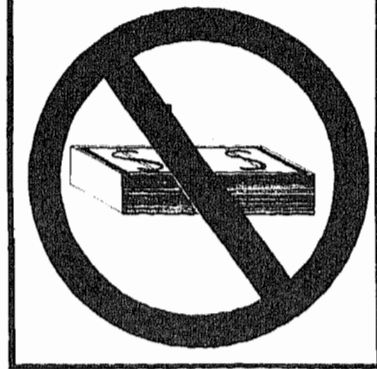
By then, he said, a desk staffed by "Feesbusters" campaigners in the enrolment area will have collected the names of those students willing to take part in the boycott, and it will be known whether it will receive majority support.

Students have told *On Dit* they fear they may be penalised academically if they do not pay the fee.

They say they could be precluded from study or refused their degrees.

Post-graduate student representative Tom Morton said he doubted that University Council would bring down severe penalties against

FEESBUSTERS



Are you a feesbuster?

students who would not pay the \$250 fee.

He said the University had only reluctantly agreed to collect the fees for the Federal Government anyway, and that many academics would be sympathetic to a boycott.

So far there are no penalties which can be imposed by the University on students who refuse to pay the new fee.

But this will inevitably change, University Registrar Frank O'Neill said last week, if something like the proposed "Feesbusters" boycott goes ahead.

He told the *Advertiser* on Tuesday that disgruntled students had to be "realistic" about any boycott.

"What is at stake here is \$2 million," he said.



James Williamson

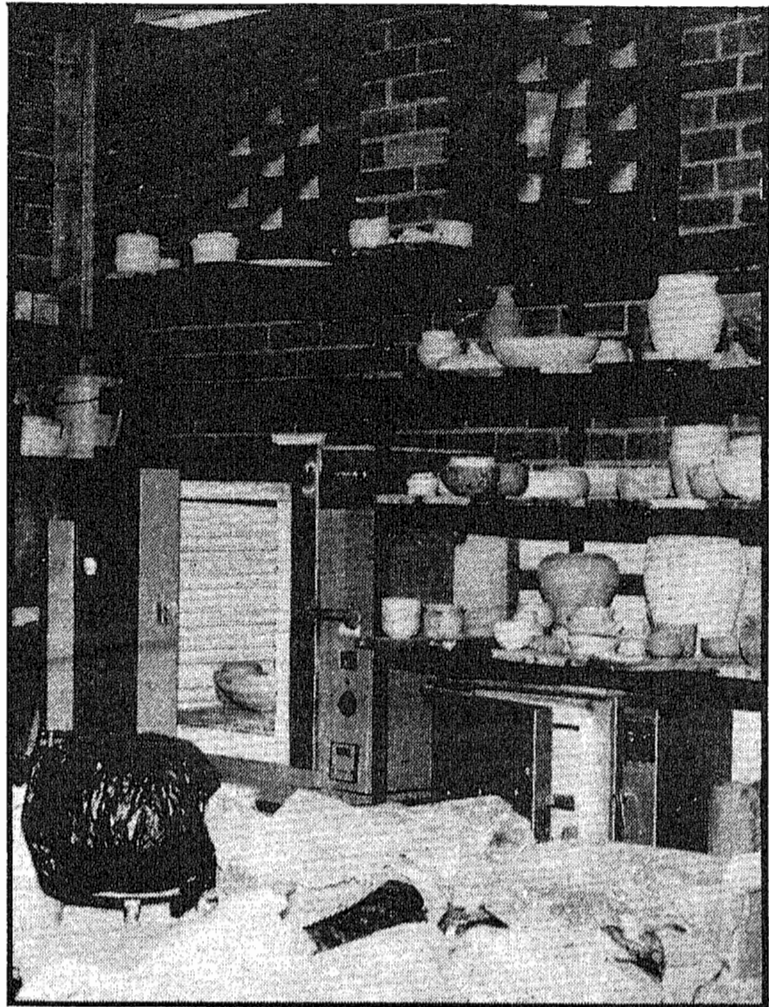
O'Neill thought it unlikely that such action would persuade the University not to collect the fee.

Williamson said the organisers of the "Feesbusters" boycott bid were "just students who got angry", and did not come from any political background.

He said he had approached student representatives at various levels and was asking their help in running the campaign.

On Tuesday he asked student representatives to speak to lecturers in their departments this week, and to rally support for "Feesbusters".

He urged them to set aside a small amount of time for the campaign as the effects of the fee were "going to be felt for maybe 30 years" unless something was done.



The Craft Studio - regular users are subsidised by over \$100 each

Craft Studio review comes to an end

The long running review of the Union Craft Studio came to an end last Tuesday night when the Union Board accepted a number of recommendations from the Secretary and the Activities Council.

The Craft Studio will be retained but will be operated differently, with the abolition of the full-time position of Craftsperson in favour of a half-time Recreational Activities Officer and a part-time casual Craft Attendant.

The Studio will no longer be operated predominantly on an open-access basis, but a number of craft and other courses will be introduced in an attempt to raise the levels of usage of the Studio.

Market research commissioned by the Union in July this year canvassed public opinion and awareness of the Craft Studio, and reported that only 4.3% of survey respondents used the Studio once a month or more.

A report including the market research results, prepared by the Union Secretary, Mr Robert Brice,

compared levels of subsidisation of regular users of the Craft Studio to the levels at which members of some clubs and sporting bodies were subsidised.

While the Kung Fu club is the most heavily subsidised at \$62.50 each, "the 380-430 regular users of the studio... [receive] a subsidy of between \$107-\$120" each, the report states.

"This aspect needs to be addressed as it represents twice the highest subsidy afforded to any club member," it states.

Mr Brice's report also states that only a minority of student unions in Australia provide a craft studio service. Besides Adelaide University, only Monash University, the University of Melbourne and the University of NSW provide one, but not all Australian universities are included in the report's comparison.

The Craft Studio will operate on an "Open Studio basis two or three days a week as resources dictate" under its new terms of operation.

Rich get richer, poor get poorer

The poorest 20 per cent of Australians would each get a suburban home and a Ford Laser if the wealth of the richest one per cent of Australians was redistributed, according to a paper presented to the Victorian ALP municipal conference in Melbourne recently.

The paper, presented by the ALP Social Justice Committee said that the distribution of wealth in Australia was more inequitable than at any time since 1942.

The paper said that the number of people for whom government benefits were the primary source of income had increased, and in March this year more than 2.5 million people were receiving some form of government pension or benefit.

Close to 600,000 were on unemployment benefits and nearly half of these were under 25.

Between 1975 and 1985 the number of aged pensioners increased by 21 per cent, and people in receipt of supporting parents' benefits increased by 340 per cent.

About 100,000 Australians were now homeless, and 700,000 were living in poverty, while access to essential goods and to educational and legal resources was still unequal.

The paper said that patterns of inequality are "long-term and self-reinforcing".

"This is causing increasing polarisation of society into haves and have nots, winners and losers."

National student body would have stopped fee - Bannon

by Moya Dodd

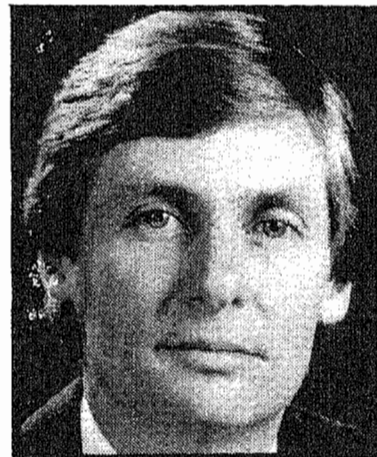
A national student union would have stopped the Hawke government decision to re-introduce tertiary fees, according to SA Premier John Bannon.

Speaking at a meeting of the ALP Students' Association, Mr Bannon said that such a body could have "a hell of a lot of input" into government policy.

"In a way, decisions such as the one taken by the Hawke government to implement a \$250 administration fee in my view wouldn't have happened if there'd been that much closer relationship and much more effective lobbying of a national student body... making its presence and voice felt in Canberra at the decision-making process," he said.

He said that a national student body would represent the youth vote "that the Labor Party relies heavily upon".

Lamenting the present generation



John Bannon

of students which had "dropped out" of the political process, he said that they represented a missed opportunity for the development of Australian politics.

"Too many of the activists have been side-tracked into extremist activities or areas which have really

become irrelevant to the larger consciousness of the body politic. There needs to be real thinking through of strategy, of who you're actually talking to and who you're trying to convince before you embark on a particular campaign," he said.

"Unfortunately, many University campaigns, most notably the one that's been around the tertiary fees issue and the administration fee, have failed in my view because they have not sorted out where they're actually targeted, who they're talking to, who's going to make the decisions and how they can best influence them."

He said that student political activity had become an "absolute necessity".

"If we leave the field of intellectual debate to the New Right, then all that's going to happen is a shift to the right of the political spectrum which will be very difficult to overcome," he said.

Academics seek more pay after Bond Corp offer

The \$125 million private university proposed by the Bond Corporation could provide the academic community with a weapon to campaign for higher pay, according to a report in the *Financial Review* last week.

The report said that the \$150,000 salary which Bond will offer to its Vice-Chancellor has provoked some academics to campaign against their poor salaries.

Queensland University's Acting Vice-Chancellor Professor Ralph Parsons, who is also part of Bond

University's advisory academic council, said last week that Australian universities needed a more flexible wage system if they were to compete against private universities.

The head of Queensland University's Commerce Department, Mr Les Priddle, also criticised the competitiveness of university salaries.

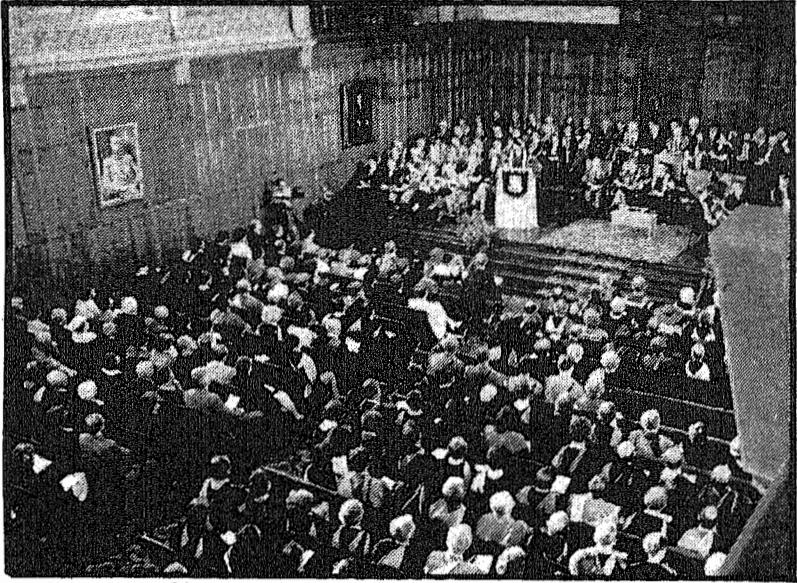
"We are currently so far from being competitive in terms of attracting top people from the business and industrial sectors that it is a joke," he said.

"Within what I term the downtown market... top quality staff attract salaries of between \$90,000 and \$200,000."

"All we can offer these highly qualified people is around \$50,000."

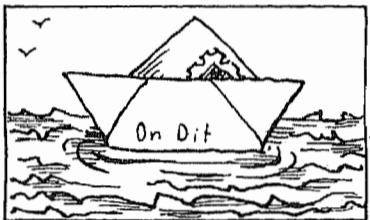
He said he was not the least bit surprised by the offer of \$150,000 for the Vice-Chancellorship at Bond University.

"If people think this figure is too high then they should have a good look at the type of person required and the job involved," he said.



Students, staff and friends of the late Vice-Chancellor, Professor Don Stranks, gathered for a memorial ceremony in Bonython Hall last Thursday.

The Yanks are here and Rupert rules, OK?



LETTER FROM PERTH

by Ronan Moore

The media in Perth would be similar, one would imagine, to that in Adelaide. Not so - if you think we have it bad in Adelaide, you should come here for a while!

There is one Adelaide connection, however. Our own Rupert Murdoch owns or controls Radio 6IX, The *West Australian* (morning tabloid), the *Daily News* (evening tabloid), the *Sunday Times* (Sunday tabloid) and most of the major South-West tabloids. Imagine a Murdoch Adelaide *News* printed in the morning, then one in the evening, and then a *Sunday Mail* on the Sunday.

The stranglehold isn't restricted to Murdoch. Holmes à Court owns Radio 6KY, the *Western Mail* (weekend tabloid) and Channel 7 (Adelaide 10's sister station). Perth has four T.V. Stations, ABC, SBS, 7 and 9. It's really quite weird to see Channel 10's material being played on 7 and 9. Dare I admit I almost miss Channel 10.

Bond is also involved in the cartel - how could he not be? He owns Radio 6PM, the *Sunday Independent* (Sunday tabloid) and Channel 9. Imagine Adelaide with three different versions of the *Sunday Mail*. You could stay in bed all day playing bingo, looking at thinly-clothed page 3 girls, and reading grossly interesting stories about Lindy Chamberlain, the dingo and what really happened.

There is no equivalent of the *Advertiser*; the only broadsheet available is *The Australian*. There is a semi-clone of SAFM, 96FM,

run by a group of businessmen. 96FM has all the familiar SAFM hallmarks except for one deviation. The day announcers lean strangely to the right, and manage to comment upon anything that is vaguely political in an alarmingly right-wing fashion.

As for Uni papers there is nothing to compare to *On Dit*. None of the tertiary campuses have a regular paper that is worth talking of. There are a couple of papers that are similar to the Flinders Uni. paper in content and format.

The Cup

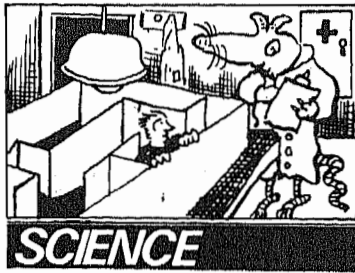
Oh God, it's started! There are Americans down in Freo, crawling around the trendy haunts and drawing on the aspects of their own country that are bigger, better, more beautiful.

To make things worse there were three ship loads of American Navy sailors around recently. One has a feeling this is what Brisbane 1943 felt like. The Yanks are overpaid, oversexed and over here! The television explodes each night with a plethora of America's Cup material. You can't escape it: both commercial channels are carrying the advertisements that implore the locals to buy, buy, buy.

Freo on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights is like Hindley Street. There is one road that has all the action - High Street. People cruise the streets for hours, but whether this is because Freo has a strange system of one way streets or whether the people actually enjoy driving in circles, it is impossible to tell.

The bars and chic ethnic coffee shops are catering well for the yuppies. The locals find this all quite entertaining and have refused to leave the place. It is amusing to watch an 80-year-old Yugoslavian fisherman listening to a 25-year-old Rhode Islander chatting a few women with exciting tales of "we were almost sunk but then the tender came and towed us away." If looks could kill...

Illegal drug users in for a close shave



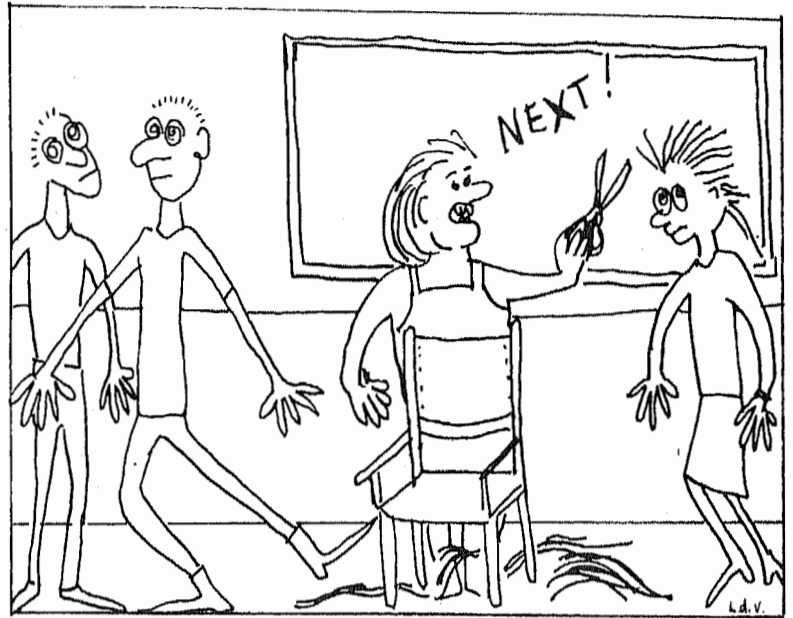
SCIENCE

by Mark Douglas

Users of illegal drugs such as opiates, cocaine and marijuana may soon be shaving their heads in order to evade detection.

Werner and Annette Baumgartner, research chemists in the U.S. have recently shown that human hair can be reliably tested for drug content. They demonstrated their technique dramatically recently by testing 6 strands of the 19th Century English poet John Keats' hair. Their results showed that he had used laudanum (an opiate) over the months prior to his death from tuberculosis.

The substance in hair which enabled the Baumgartners to test drug intake is called keratin, which is a protein similar in composition to albumin (found in blood). Acting on a hunch that drugs of abuse might bind to keratin (as they do with albumin) the Baumgartners applied their technique to Keats' hair. They were proved right.



Hair grows at about 1.25 centimetres a month, so a 10cm lock of hair can be used as a "drug recording" for the previous eight months.

Hair testing is more accurate than urine or blood testing, it is possible that in the future random hair testing will be used as a partner to random breath testing.

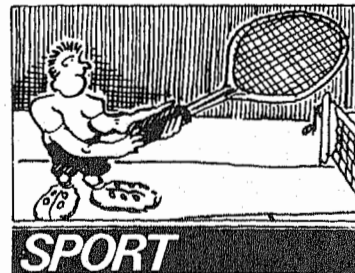
There is a new technique on our planet for odour eradication. Surprisingly it comes from the home of the monthly bath, Britain.

Called "Odour Eliminators" this new product contains naturally occurring bacteria in suspended animation. The bacteria, awakened by a brisk bath in H₂O, are sprayed onto something wet and smelly. They then produce enzymes which digest the waste matter causing the smell.

With Christmas looming ever closer, this seems an ideal gift for people suffering from chronic projectile vomiting or for friends with incontinent pets.



Whoop and the Like Wow Wipeouts - tough grand finalists



SPORT

Touch

While most people spent Sunday mornings recovering from the Saturday night members of the A.U. Touch club were playing in the SATA mixed winter competition at the Railways Oval on Port Road.

Persistence paid off! Two University teams met in the Division III

Grand Final after obliterating all who stood in their path. There was a tough struggle, but after a fast skilful game. Like Wow-Wipeout wiped-out Whoop with a score of 8-2.

That was not the only success for these two skilful sides. Bryan Whiteman and Mark Wilson (both from Like Wow-Wipeout) were judged equal Best Male Player for Div. III, and Rose Maloney (from Whoop) was judged Best Female Player for Div III. Not to be outdone, President Tony Wilkinson was judged Best Male Player for Div I. Not a bad result. Now that the winter competition has ended, we make our assault on the summer competition. Let's see if we can do it again!



EATING OUT

TAI HOONG CAFE
93a Glen Osmond Rd.
Ph: 272 3237

If you like eating Chinese food but have a bank balance which barely reaches double figures, the Tai Hoong Cafe is the place for you.

The setting is simple and the food is good, but it is the price which makes the Tai Hoong exceptional.

You can get a bowl of sweetcorn soup for 75¢, while vegetable dishes sell for \$1.70. Meat dishes are only slightly more expensive - a chicken chow mein, for example, is \$2.20, and sweet and sour pork is \$2.70.

Desserts are not only cheap but generous. A serve of lychees and icecream goes for 80¢, and if icecream is all you fancy, you can get a double serve for just 50¢.

The prices are so good that five of us ate our fill for under \$19, which included three desserts and unlimited Chinese tea. For no-frills food, eat-in or take-away, on the student budget, the Tai Hoong is hard to beat.

TUES - SUNDAY
12 - 2.30
DINNER 5 pm
CLOSED MONDAY

10% DISCOUNT ON PRESENTATION OF STUDENT CARD: TUES - THURS

The Phoenician Restaurant

LEBANESE & VEGETARIAN
FULLY LICENSED & BYO (Restricted)
FEATURING PARTIES SHARING PLATTERS \$7.95/PERSON
OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER (CLOSED SUNDAY)
39 Hindmarsh Square, City, Tel: 232 0333

Abbie's

SECRETARIAL SERVICES PTY LTD

TYPING* COPYING* WORD PROCESSING* BINDING ETC.

10% STUDENT DISCOUNT
371 0688

196 Anzac Highway, Plympton, South Australia 5038
Telex: AAB9216 FAX: (Group 3) 297 5138

Challenging the fee

The university's proposed constitutional challenge to the tertiary fee was still warm in the grave when yet another challenge was announced, this time a boycott.

The State Government's response to the proposal, while disappointing, was predictable and those who oppose the fee have found other ways to make their disapproval known.

The proposed boycott will prove interesting because it will touch on the conscience of every student. Early next year, each student will have to take a stand one way or the other and vote accordingly with his or her wallet.

And, if the boycott does get the support of the majority of students, it will bring about a showdown between the university administration, caught \$2 million short, and the government. It will be a trial of strength, and if the university thinks it can win, it may well stand by the boycotters. If it doesn't, the "feebusters" must hope that there is safety in numbers.

It is the sort of campaign which will receive exactly the support it deserves. Because it has risen spontaneously from the student body, rather than coming from student leaders who feel it their obligation to do something, it can survive only on that same spontaneity.

If it fails to win the support of the majority of students, campaigners will no longer be able to argue that students are serious in their opposition to the fee, and the government can rest safe in the knowledge that the marches and petitions were nothing more than a token outcry. But if the "feebusters" do win majority sup-

OnDit

NEWSPAPER OF THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

port, then students can stand by for an interesting three-sided power struggle between the government, the university and the student populus.

The more things change...

Down this end of university one question on many people's minds for the last term-and-a-half has been that of what to do with the Union Craft Studio.

Although a fairly comprehensive round-up of why people do or don't use it was made available in a market research report, making the facility more attractive to more students was complicated by a number of factors.

The proximity of TAFE's and WEA's to the university meant that the Studio could not be run exclusively on a user pays system with organized courses constituting the bulk of the Studio's services, particularly when TAFE colleges offer courses free to students on TEAS, and to some other people on benefits.

But the 'Open Studio' system was enticing

only a very small percentage of students to use it regularly, and these were being subsidized by over \$100 each annually.

Another obstacle to a course-orientated approach on campus was the difficulty it would create for students who decided that they would in fact enjoy a Craft Studio course, but could not accommodate it with a busy lecture timetable, a problem less acute with an 'Open Studio'.

It was felt that the Studio needs to be more cost effective, that more people should use it more often, and finding ways to achieve this was the whole point of the review.

The altered staffing arrangements will be, it is intended, cost neutral, and it is unlikely that there will be a drastic reduction in the operating hours of the Studio.

The success of the changes then in drawing more people into the Studio depends primarily on 'selling' the Craft Studio facility to students, and to support this aim by publicising its attractions.

In short, little is different from six months ago before the Studio came under scrutiny. Back then it ran a limited range of courses, was open to students all week, and was badly in need of publicity.

Over the next year the Craft Studio will be monitored to determine how popular it really is when a concerted promotions effort is made.

And if there is still cause for concern in 1988 or so, the Studio's future will be in doubt once again.

Moya Dodd
Paul Washington

Keeping our politicians honest

FORUM

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

This week **CYRIL QUINE** gives his view of the touchy relationship between the politicians and the press.

As if he didn't have enough to worry about the Prime Minister has recently been sore with the media.

Last month Mr Hawke told caucus the "bloody" Fairfax newspapers were "the natural enemies of Labor governments," and warned MPs not to let Fairfax dictate political issues.

He denounced the *National Times on Sunday* as "drivel" destined for "the rubbish bin of history", and even suggested that members boycott the paper's reporters. He was scarcely less angry at the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

Later, in an interview with *The Australian*, he renewed his assault on the *National Times on Sunday* in equally strong terms. Some of its actions had been "deplorable" and it was guilty of "misrepresentation", variously described as "calculated", "deliberate", "total" and "grossest".

It might seem strange that the Prime Minister should choose the Murdoch-owned *Australia* to attack the Fairfax press. With its host of right-wing commentators the *Australian* might have seemed more likely to be described as the natural enemy of Labor.

That Mr Hawke is more disturbed by the leftish *National Times on Sunday* might suggest he identifies a bigger threat to Labor from its own left-wing than from the Liberal Party.

But more likely he was irritated by the *Times*' investigations - attacks he would say - into the private aff-

airs of friends and colleagues such as businessman Sir Peter Abeles (this goes back years) and Treasurer Paul Keating.

"If I see my mates attacked...(they) will find me shoulder to shoulder with them, defending them," he told the *Australian*.

Mr Hawke was most incensed by the *Times*' and the *SMH*'s coverage of the Kakadu national park issue - and he has a hard case to answer.

A story on the front page of the *Times on Sunday* (September 14) headed "Uranium: PM wants park mined" cleverly associated uranium with a letter from Mr Hawke to the Environment Minister, Mr Cohen, arguing that the Government keep its options open on mining in Kakadu. The association was mischievous. There is no reason to think Mr Hawke had uranium in mind - his letter did not mention uranium and party policy forbids mining at other than the existing Ranger, Nabarlek and Roxby Down sites. The park is rich in many other minerals.

The story was a lesson in one of the professional hazards of journalism. The author put together Mr Hawke's letter with the brouhaha over the Government's violation of party policy in deciding to sell some uranium to France, and added the fact that Kakadu is rich in uranium, to reach a conclusion that seemed to go beyond the facts.

A good journalist should see the connections between events and weld these together into stories. But he or she must be careful that disparate threads are not being sewn together just because of the attractiveness of the pattern that results: colloquially that's called a beat up.

A good rule of thumb for journalists to ask whether what they want to convey can be stated explicitly or only implied (as in the *Times*' Kakadu story). If the latter, they should look again to see if they really know as much as they think they do.

Later in the same week the *SMH* did a similar thing with an article headed (in early editions) "Peko boss put secret plea to PM". The article contained extracts from a

letter to Mr Hawke from New Right figure Charles Copeman, chief executive of Peko Wallsend, urging him to allow mining in Kakadu.

This story took all the components of the *Times*' story and added another ingredient - the media's flavour of the month, the New Right - to produce the suggestion that the New Right had exercised a sinister influence over the PM's attitude to Kakadu.

In fact Mr Hawke had not even seen the letter. It was handled by deputy PM Lionel Bowen while Mr Hawke was away.

The article ignored the fact that Governments and Prime Ministers are deluged with lobbying by people of all persuasions and causes. Doubtless the Government had received as many letters about Kakadu from environmentalists as from mining companies.

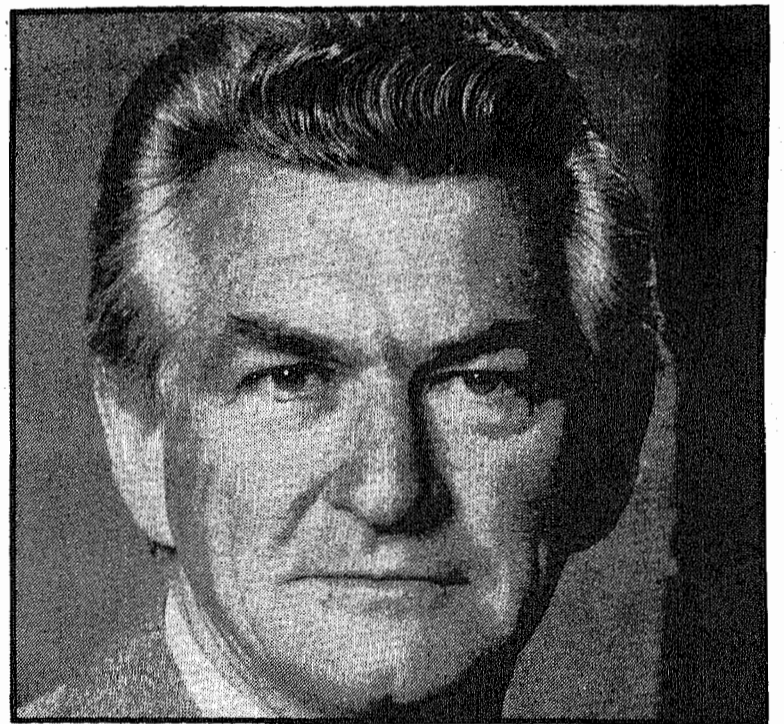
On the precedent the article sets one could attribute all Government decisions to some special influence of whoever lobbied in favour of that decision.

In this case the reporter's zeal was compounded by a headline writer who seemed to fall over himself to get 5 out of 2 plus 2. What wild logic makes a plea "secret" just because it was made by private letter?

Partly it's a result of commercial competition: great demands are placed on journalists to produce stories with "a good angle" to make the paper competitive in the market. This is the best explanation of the screaming headlines of the tabloids.

But personal pride in work plays an even more important role. To get the good story becomes an end in itself regardless of commerce. This ethos - to have the news and have it first - dominates the profession, and is the usual explanation for those beat ups that are often attributed to conspiracies and partisanships.

Political bias is a factor though. That can be seen in *The Australian*'s flagrant leaning to the right, and in the *National Times on Sunday*'s more subtle to the left. There is not anything wrong with this: quite the contrary in fact - journalists should crusade when they



PM Bob Hawke - sore with the media.

know they are right and the issue too important, but two points tend to be overlooked by a journalist in the grip of moral fervour. Firstly, that he or she falls too easily into a shrill, self-righteous tone (*Television's The Investigators* is the worst example); and secondly, that simply reporting accurately what was said or what happened may be as important a service as crusading. Another besetting sin of journalism is impertinence. One form of it is the tendency to speculate about aspects of a public figure's personal life for the sake of a light or breezy story.

Again the *SMH* did this on September 5 this year with a front page story that sought to attribute "The Prime Minister's recent grumpiness" (a subjective impression) to the effects of Pritikin diet, using a collage of ad-hoc medical evidence.

But in the impertinence stakes Fairfax isn't in the race compared to ABC television's doyen of interviewers, Richard Carleton.

Mr Carleton is in many ways a good, probing interviewer, but his merits seem to be undone by a refusal to regard himself as less

important than his guests.

His cynicism and superciliousness toward interviewees (one commentator has pointed to how his use of "sir" and "with respect" is generally sarcastic) were splendidly displayed recently in an interview with the Queensland ALP leader Mr Neville Warburton. When Mr Warburton gave an answer he didn't like, Carleton gave a snort of disbelief. "You don't sound convinced, Richard," said Mr Warburton, or words to that effect.

Carleton, caught out, replied with a look of wounded innocence that it wasn't his place as a mere interviewer to say whether Mr Warburton was right or not.

Balderdash. If Mr Carleton disagreed with what Mr Warburton said he should challenge it openly, not make offensive noises and then disclaim them, hiding behind an insipid mask of professional neutrality. The Prime Minister doesn't like Mr Carleton either.

The media is here to serve. Perhaps the occasional Prime Ministerial rebuke, deserved or not, helps journalists to remember that.

PGSA, as strong as members make it

Mark Leahy
President, PGSA

The PGSA is an extremely effective organisation. It has been remarked, by people in the University Administration, that we are one of the University's most powerful lobby groups. There are a number of reasons for this. It is partly due to the research and organisational support available to us through our Organiser/Researcher; through this officer, it is possible to ensure a co-ordination of representatives on University committees and that any campaign we mount is well-informed and researched. It is also due to our effective practice of small government, relying, as we do, upon a small Executive comprising of half a dozen politically active people, all of whom are accountable through general meetings and PG NEWS.

But any organisation is only as strong as its members. To be truly effective we need the active participation of as many postgraduates as possible. Firstly, one of the PGSA's main strengths is its chain of departmental reps., allowing for the circulation of information throughout the University and organisation at a regional 'as well as central' level. Secondly, through our general meetings, it is possible for postgrads to democratically participate in policy decisions and elections. This is not to be underestimated. While the Executive, like the Students' Association and the



Mark Leahy, PGSA President

Union Board, is elected to represent the interests of its electorate, it is only through communication with postgrads, and their participation in the activities of the PGSA that we can be truly representative. The Executive encourages as much input from postgrads as possible, but if people decide not to become involved, then the Exec. must take on most of the decisions by default.

Last Tuesday's OGM introduced us to a number of enthusiastic people, keen to voice their opinions and become involved in the PGSA - not only through discus-

sion, but by participation on committees. We hope that more such people will become involved in the future. We hope to have a number of social events soon, so that postgrads can have a chance to meet each other. We hope, also, that we can encourage even more postgrads to become involved in the PGSA, either through meetings, writing to PG NEWS, or simply by coming by the office for a chat.

While the PGSA may be strong already, it can be even stronger and more effective with greater involvement from postgrads in the running of their own organisation.

It's getting tough so come and help out

Michael Fox
Education Vice-President

Not long to go now, eh? The final push has reached climatic proportions, and then we can all forget about Uni for three months. Or can we?

Some won't, in particular part-time students, single parents, postgraduates without government awards and students classed as dependents but lacking parental support. Many of those will flood the labour market desperately seeking funds for the rising cost of education, while others will just give up.

I kid you not. Political rhetoric of the ever-improving status of higher-education confuses me. We are told that our anger is unjustified, our facts are wrong, and that we're actually privileged. I say crap.

Heard it all before? Well, you'd better get used to it. I refuse, as Education Vice-President, to sit idly by and watch this degeneration of higher education continue. I have an obligation to represent the overwhelming majority of students that resent fees, and I do not intend to shirk it.

"So watcha gonna do, V.P.?" you may well ask. Firstly, I'll say the government reacted to an economic situation not of its own doing. Secondly, I can lay no blame on the University itself. Indeed, it



Michael Fox

seems to be as, if not more, concerned than students themselves and there's the crux.

Unless students become, once again, a unified interest group, the erosion will continue. Get it together, pull the socks up, the finger out, and don't be reticent. Acquiescence spells doom in this day and age.

I'm doing my bit, how about you? The SAUA needs help on this issue. It'll be protracted and frustrating, but it must be confronted.

So watch for any signs of activity on this score, or better still call into the Students' Association office and leave your contact. Even if you're not directly affected, you owe it to other students to help. Wöd ya reckon?

Have your say...

WRITE FOR THE COUNTER CALENDAR NOW!!

What is it?

The Counter Calendar is a magazine containing critiques of many subjects, discussing things such as the number of contact hours, method of assessment, workload, plus a general description which will help give new students an insight into the subject.

The Counter Calendar is designed to primarily help first year students choose their subjects.

The Counter Calendar is unique in that each critique is written by students themselves, rather than by academics.

What to do?

We need students who are willing to write a critique of their subjects (especially 1st year subjects) in order to help incoming students next year.

Submissions may be made to the SAUA Office by 29/10/86.

OnDit

Features

An entirely biased guide to bombs, bangers and bargains

Buying a used car can be an unpleasant business if you're unsure how to go about it. GRAHAM LUGSDEN gives some tips on what to do and how to do it.

The decision has been made. The treadly is a crumpled heap under one of the STA's finest, public transport is but a commuter's idle dream and, not being Sebastian Coe, walking is out of the question. So for your daily pilgrimage to this holy shrine of learning, you will have to buy a car.

Immediately, a vision of you behind the wheel of a blood-red Ferrari, screaming down Brabham straight and breaking the sound barrier springs to mind. Or how about the decadent luxury of a Mercedes 560 SEC? Or should one do the patriotic thing and buy an Aussie chariot, like the Ford LTD or Holden Calais?

Forget it. If you learn nothing else from this, then recognise that you have little or no chance of matching your dream to the reality of your bank balance. New car prices have gone through the Moniers, and will continue to inflate disastrously while the Aussie peso is so low. (The cheapest car above, the Calais, is around \$28,000 on the road, while the Benzmobile will give little change out of - wait for it - \$180,000). Remember, the Daimler Double Six will still be there when you leave these hallowed cloisters, so for the moment, swallow your pride and cast a butcher's over the used car market.

Finding the readies

To the grubby matter of money. You will be the dealer's lifelong friend if you can offer cash, and do not have to go through the mechanics of trading in one car to buy another. If you have cash, then you will be able to twist the dealer's arm and he may well let you knock him down to the cost price that he paid for it. This is especially so if the vehicle has been traded that weekend, or if it does not fit the dealership's image; say, a \$1500 Kombi in Prestige Motor Vehicles. Do not pay the full price with cash; if the dealer refuses to lower the price, then walk away. 99 times out of a 100 he will recall you, as he suddenly finds an unknown quantity of generosity, co-operation and liquidity.

Take extreme care if you buy on Bankcard or another credit card. 17½% may not sound like much, but it may well soon eat into your budget for needless fripperies, like clothes and food. Banks *always* get their money.

If you have a trade-in, then it is worth your while to consider selling your car privately, but not, repeat not, to a dealer, as he will only offer you less than the expected cost price. Thus, if your car is worth \$2000, then you might be able to catch a gullible student who has foolishly not read this article, and sell it for \$2500. But a dealer might only offer \$1500, if you are not there to buy one of his cars. The only advantage in selling to a dealer is that you will have cash on the



Buying from a dealer is preferable to hunting through the classifieds, but either way it pays to think hard about what you're buying

spot. This is advisably only if you must liquidate your assets quickly. Sell to a dealer at any other time and you deserve to be ripped off.

Always make sure that your car is registered, as payment of the rego includes the compulsory Third Party personal insurance. Alright, so you may not be able to afford other insurance, or the car may not be worth insuring, but hitting another car when not covered by Third Party is viewed very dimly by Those Whom Must Be Obeyed. It can result in fierce fines, or, if injury occurs, gaol sentences. Poverty is no excuse.

And if you are unsure about what you are buying, ask the RAA for an on-site inspection. It is only \$44, and may save you hundreds in repair bills. Bear in mind, however, that at this end of the market, the inspector is likely to give it the thumbs down anyway; if the car will only make it to the end of the street before depositing bits of itself over the road, then he or she will not falsely indicate otherwise.

Finding your noble steed

Dealers are, for the most part, trying to do the right thing and earn an honest rouble, but there is no law against selling a car to a berk who cannot afford it. The trick is to watch out for the cowboys who try to give you the hard sell, and then not show that you know nothing about Karl Daimler's invention. Never, ever, ask "Do you think this one is all right?" or "That seems very reasonably priced" or the like. Dealers can spot berks at a glance, and you will be ruthlessly taken for a ride.

The other prime source for cars is the classifieds, although you *must* either know something about cars, or know someone who does. Do not buy privately without having

the car checked very carefully. Some months ago, a young couple bought a speed boat privately, and being trusting souls, didn't bother to take it for a test run. The next weekend, they towed it to Mannum and slipped it into the water. It sank before they could get in.

A recognised dealer is always safer than the classifieds, but nonetheless some bargains are there to be had. Take a knowledgeable friend, though.

If you are in the el-cheapo category (more of this in a moment) then hit the car yards on Sunday afternoon. This is when the bargains appear, as these are the cars that have been traded over the weekend, and haven't been consigned to the wholesaler or auctioneer. (Another source, but

and moan about having to borrow from friends. If they can bore you with sob stories about doing themselves out of business, and being unable to get that operation for their mother, just because you knock \$100 off the price, then you can indulge in a bit of bull as well.

Aged Champions and Fallen Heroes

The cars below are divided into categories of price and condition. A low-priced lemon may be in good condition, and vice-versa.

AC: Aged Champion. Getting on a bit, but still some worthy and enjoyable motoring.

FH: Fallen Hero. Old, but still hanging together.

SOG: Show Or Go. It may look good, or it might go like the clappers, but it won't do both.

"Dealers are, for the most part, trying to do the right thing and earn an honest rouble, but there is no law against selling a car to a berk who cannot afford it."

only for confident buyers. The rest of us beware: bargains are rare at auction anyway). The weekend-traded dogs are often parked forlornly outside the yard, pleading that some compassionate buyer will claim them. The dealer will genuflect if you offer to buy one and have cash.

If you have, say, \$2500, then ask to see what the dealer has for around \$1500, or you will be shown the \$4000 plus cars. If you intend spending less than \$2000, then split the money into different compartments, and show the dealer that you only have \$1200, and "can't possibly afford \$1500." If you must have that pink sports Mini, and he refuses to budge, then drive around the block, pull out the extra cash,

S&P: Only held together by Spit and a Prayer. An automotive joke, but it may keep going just long enough to get you to Wayville.

Chapter and Verse

Some obvious cars, such as the Datsun 120Y and the Toyota Corolla have been ignored. Students can't always be choosers, but that's no reason why you can't enjoy your motoring.

Alfa Romeo: Notoriously rust-prone. Check door-rims and under bonnet. \$1K. Don't go near it. **Mobile rust culture.** \$2.5K. Check condition of Alfasud (FH), don't buy on age, but choose the best for the money you have. \$5K Alfasud (FH), Alfetta (FH) and Sprint or GTV coupes (SOG). Again, buy

on condition alone.

Audi: Spare parts can be dodgy. \$1K 100 LS are SOG. Early 1970's models are always rough at this price. \$2.5K. Fox (FH) is OK: It's really a VW Passat with Audi badges, so some parts are available. \$5K. Some Foxes, still FH, but wait for a 5E (FH) to appear.

BMW: \$1K. Well, if you find one, use it for spare parts. \$2.5K. Still very dodgy for all models; but, if you must have a blue and white badge...\$5K. Now you're being reasonable. 1602s (FH) can be good, 2002s (SOG) have been driven into the asphalt. 2500 (FH) might be worthwhile.

Chevrolet: (and other Yank Tanks). Why not? The steering is so vague as to be useless, they singlehandedly caused the fuel crisis and they're difficult to re-sell. (spare parts again) but you've always wanted to drive an aircraft carrier, and besides, they're reliable. If you can reverse park in these then your name is Nigel Mansell. Mostly FH, some SOG.

Chrysler: \$1K. Real value for Chargers (FH), Valiants (AC), Galants (AC), if you don't look too closely at the odometer. Rust can be a nuisance, but otherwise they're built like a Leopard tank, and have a much better ride. \$2.5K. Don't pay any more for a Val; you're wasting money. Plenty of good, reliable motoring under \$2.5K if you invest in Adelaide-built steel.

Citroen: \$1K. GS's (SOG) are a worry. If you must have a GS, spend \$2.5K, where the thing might work. Condition is all for IDs and DS's, both SOG.

Daihatsu: \$1K. Hah, hah, hah! Make a nice garden statue. \$2.5K. Two-stroke motors, a la lawnmowers. Avoid like the plague. \$5K Charades (AC) are the go. As for-ing as Corollas, so you'll get what you paid for it in 3 years. But then you're the one that has to drive it.

continued page 8

A biased guide to bangers and bargains

from page 7

Datsun: \$1K. 1600. Anywhere between a FH and a S&P. Some are a lot of fun, others are a lot of fun for people who enjoy spending their weekends under the bonnet. \$2.5K. 120Y Coupe is the nerd's car. It's your social life. 240K (FH) and other Datsun sixes are good value. \$5K. Likewise for \$2.5K, only less miles on the clock. But still dull.

Fiat: \$1K. Have you seen those tiny Noddy cars buzzing around? Want to own one? 124, 128 are FH, and 1500 and 2300 are SOG. \$2.5K. 124 Coupe (FH) and odd 130 or 131 (FH) if you have a secret cache of spares. \$5K. 131 (AC) if you're lucky. And careful.

Ford: \$1K. Some good value Falcons. XAs especially. *Nobody* wants the 1300 Escort automatic. \$2.5K Falcons and Fairlanes, some V8s, all good motoring. Rough around the edges but reliable, plenty of spares. Buy a Cortina (SOG) if you're only option is a Datsun 200B, or - augh! - Corona. \$5K. Good stuff. Big car lovers will rejoice. Falcons (AC) will see you right, if you own an oil well.

Hillman: \$1K. Don't pay anymore for a Hunter, unless you find a wagon in good nick for about \$1.5K (SOG). The Imp is S&P, an automotive abortion.

Holden: \$1K. Monaros are SOG. Kingswoods (FH) were the last Great Aussie Car. Bullet-proof and reliable. Price is indicative of rust and condition, as they hold value well if looked after. Kingswood wagons rust in tailgate - all of them. Ignore four-cylinder Torana (SOG). \$2.5K. Best Kingswood (AC) buying is here. Torana (FH) sixes are good, but they've usually been thrashed. Grab a coupe if you can - they'll make money with a bit of attention. \$5K Statesmen (FH), some excellent Kingswoods (AC)

(FH), some P76 V8s (FH). Perhaps a Triumph 2000 or 2500, but the PI model has caused suicides. \$5K. Pushing it. Mink-lined concours d'elegance Mini Cooper S?

Mazda: \$1K. Old 1500, 1800 (SOG) hold their value. Watch rust on any small Mazda. \$2.5K. 1300, 808 are FH, maybe very rough 323 (FH). Watch exhaust smoke on Capella. \$5K. If you like rotaries, go for RX2, RX3 or RX4, which have something of a cult following.

Mercedes Benz: \$1K. Find a superannuated 1958-65 190 that's been round the clock and the world. Then tell people that you own a Benz. Then sell it. \$2.5K. As for \$1K, only dearer. \$5K. Chance of a proper bargain. Search the classifieds for a 220, 220S or 230 (all FH) from mid to late 1960s.

Mitsubishi: \$1K. Occasional Galant is worth grabbing (FH). Lancers (SOG). \$2.5K. This is where to buy a Lancer (FH) but you're the one that has to drive it. \$5K. Occasional Sigma (FH). If it's under 200,000km then the clock has been wound back. If it's over 150,000 it's not worth buying.

Renault: \$1K. A friend has an R4 that re-defines terror, but he won't have a word said against it. 8s and 10s (SOG) if rust free. \$2.5K. A trim R16 (SOG) is a good buy. A few 12s around. \$5K. Plenty to choose from. Condition is all, as spares may be a worry. Odd 18 (FH), even dodgy 20 (FH).

Rover: \$1K. Walk on by. All SOG. \$2.5K. Some decent 2000s (FH). \$5K. Some good V8 3500s (FH), some that should be put out of your misery.

Saab: \$2.5K. Occasional 99 (SOG), but they're rough. \$5K. Better 99s (FH), maybe even a 900 (AC).

Subaru: \$1K. Masochists only. \$2.5K. Condition is everything. \$5K. Some good uns, including

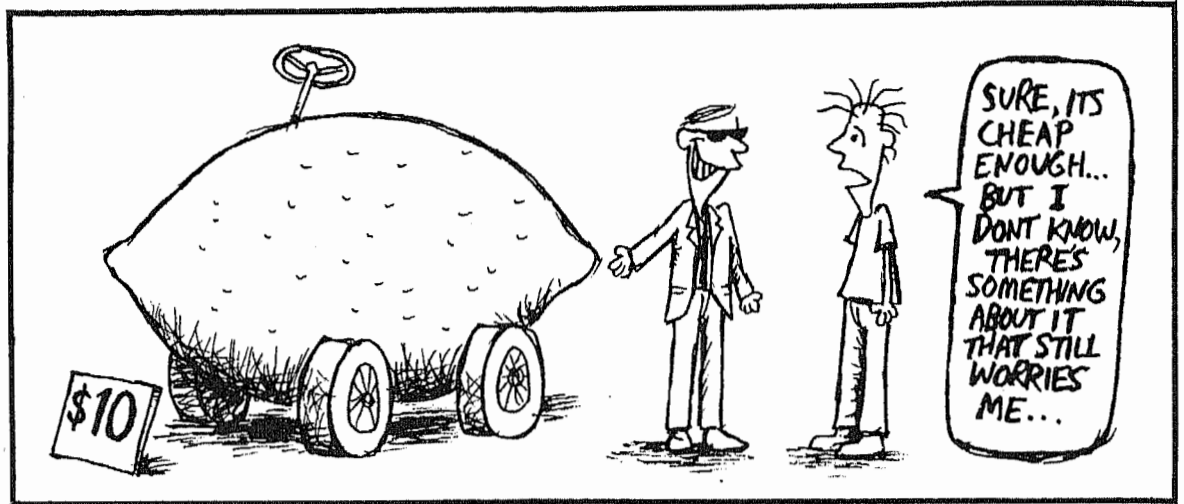
4WDs. (FH).

Toyota: The best example of how the Japanese have destroyed the joy of motoring. Anything under \$1K ought to be towed away. \$2.5K. Plenty of clean Toyotas for the apathetic. Coronas are FH and Corollas are unmentionable. \$5K. More money, more blandness.

Volkswagen: \$1K. Some squashed Beetles (SOG). Kombis are S&P. \$2.5K. Some great Beetles - don't pay any more. Heaps of spares. A few Passats (FH). \$5K. Good Kombis (FH), Passats (FH) and a few Golfs (AC). Watch out for a convertible Beetle at this price. They're the new fad, tremendous fun, and not only for yuppies.

Volvo: \$1K. Ready for scrapping. Perhaps a 164 (SOG) if it's not riddled with rust. \$2.5K. Some 142s, 144s and 145s (AC) with good maintenance back-up. Worthwhile. \$5K. Some 164s (FH) but have them checked at a Volvo dealer. Perhaps a few 240s if you're lucky. Ignore the clock-Volvos often go for 400,000km before needing an engine replacement.

Partly sourced from *Wheels*, September, 1986.



Getting what you pay for

The RAA advises that those unsure of their mechanical ability should not select a used car without help. "I would not necessarily advise that a person not knowing very much about a motor car should do so," said a spokesman from their advisory department. "A person not knowing anything about a motor car can get caught." However if a buyer does feel confident then what cars under \$5,000 does the RAA think are worth consideration?

"I would stay away from front wheel drive, and stick to the conventional rear wheel drive. Likewise, four cylinders are fine - I don't think you can go wrong there... Datsuns, Mazdas, and Geminis are real good little cars. The little Colts

are quite good, although only the early ones are rear wheel drive, and the later ones are not."

"But then again you can get caught - for \$1,000 you don't get much these days."

Are there any cars known as poor runners? "Not really. They're all six of one and half a dozen of another. It's a matter of choice."

The costs of running a vehicle are increasing all the time. What minimum costs can an owner expect? "That's very, very hard to answer. Even for a new car, you're looking at around 40¢/km. That's all costs covered for a three year period. So far a second-hand car I suppose you could drop that a little bit, but then again, it would proba-

bly break even, due to the expense of repairs."

Is there a rule of thumb of which a potential buyer ought to be aware? "You get what you pay for. You could buy a car for \$500 and that's all its worth."

RAA Mechanical Inspections: On-site: Car inspected at dealership or private address. Full mechanical check, plus check of body items, seat belts, seats, paint and bodywork. Cost - \$44. Workshop: Inspection conducted in RAA workshops. Full mechanical inspection. Cost - \$46 for a 4 or 6 cylinder, \$59 for a V8.

For a list of RAA-approved repairers and crash repairers, call into their offices at 41, Hindmarsh Square.

EVERY MONTH YOU CAN HAVE THE BEST OF AUSTRALIA'S CULTURAL CRITICISM AND COMMENT DELIVERED RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR.

THE AGE
Monthly Review

Reviews and essays by Australia's leading writers.
Media and theatre commentary . . . politics, featured writers, provocative ideas.
Fill in the coupon for home delivery of some of the best reading you'll do in a month.

Send this coupon with cheque, money order, Visa, Bankcard or Mastercard details to:

'The Age' Monthly Review
G.P.O. Box 354E, Melbourne 3001.

I wish to take out an annual subscription to THE AGE MONTHLY REVIEW. I enclose this coupon and payment of \$16*.

Enclosed \$..... or charge my Visa , B/card , M/card .

Credit Card phone bookings accepted. Ring 60 0421, Ext. 2625

SIGNATURE.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....P/code.....

PHONE..... *Pensioners and students subscription \$12.



although a bit dear. Geminis (FH) are extremely reliable and economical. Shop around for best example. **Honda:** \$1K Civics are FH. The rest are laughable. \$2.5K Civics are FH. Watch rust, oil filters, engine rattles. \$5K. Some good Civics (AC). An Accord this cheap has something seriously wrong.

Jaguar: \$1K. So you like re-building cars from the ground up? \$2.5K. May make it back to your place before having to be re-built. \$5K. Occasional bargain for the lucky. Well maintained MK2. (SOG) or perhaps a sad XJ6 (FH). Check, check, check!

Lancia: \$1K. Nothing worthwhile. \$2.5K. Perhaps a rusty Beta. (SOG). \$5K. More Betas, less miles and rust. Parts cause nightmares.

Leyland: \$1K. The Claytons car, whatever you buy. Avoid most Minis (SOG) and 1100s (FH), although I have fond memories of a 1500 five-speed that was in showroom condition and went like a Williams-Honda. Marina sixes are SOG, as are Mokes. \$2.5K. Most Mokes are worthwhile. Some Minis



AT THE FLICKS



In search of the silent movie

Do you get tired of patrons who make too much noise when you go to the flicks? PAUL BYRNES is one movie buff who's at his wits end when it comes to going to the movies.

People do a lot of funny things in cinemas, apart from watch movies. The most common thing they do is talk, which is bad enough, but that is not all.

They eat, they fidget, they fight, and occasionally they even fornicate (although there seems to be some evidence that the latter occurs less often than it did 30 years ago).

In short, people in cinemas do many of the same things, they do outside, except that it's in the dark, so the chances of getting caught are less.

That the movie theatre should be a venue for such varied and colourful activity seems to me a strange fact. I mean, the main purpose of paying \$7.50 for a movie is still to see a movie right?

For some, yes, but not all. Teenagers may want to escape parental authority, lovers may want to be in the dark together and hold hands (or worse!), drunks may want a place to sleep, manic depressives may want to see something miserable.

I just wish that whatever the reason they did it quietly!

I see a lot of movies - sometimes six a week. Most of them are in small, comfortable preview theatres (because I have to see them before they are released), but a fair number are at large public screenings.

I have now reached the stage where I dread these screenings - I go bats when people chatter around me. My annoyance destroys my concentration so that I have to either ask people to keep quiet (and risk having my face rearranged) or move seats.

I have become a militant "SHOOSHER", even going so far as the occasional "Shut up, will ya?". On occasions, it reaches epic proportions, and paranoia sets in. There was the time I moved to three different seats in one movie because each time I settled near a talker. (It is this sort of luck that dissuades me from buying lottery tickets).

Was it always so, or are things getting worse? Is it just that I'm becoming a grouch, or have standards dropped? Are there specific reasons?

I think you can say yes to all five questions, with qualifications.

Most people I asked about this said that people talk more in movies now because of video and television - patrons are so used to talking at home, that they don't differentiate at the cinema. This seems to faciliate an explanation. don't people get shooshed at home too?

Ken G. Hall, one of the pioneers of Australian cinema, was a cinema manager in 1920. He confirms that people used to talk all the way through silent films.

"Well, you didn't have to hear anything, did you?" he said.

But there was a musical accompaniment, I said.

"Yes, but the soundtrack just added to the general uproar."

So the silent films were anything but silent. Of course, when talkies arrived, in about 1928, everyone shut up... but only for a while.

"As soon as the novelty wore off they started up again. But I think they were



worse than they re now."

But people have different memories of the times. A woman of 60 who grew up outside Singleton remembers that no-one talked at the cinema in the late 1930s because the ushers were very strict, shining their torches on the gabbers and chucking them out.

Whether the ushers nowadays are as strict is debatable but they are still supposed to police the theatres, and you have every right to expect them to respond promptly if you complain.

The Manager of Village Cinema City [in Sydney], Kevin Taylor, has been in the movie business, both in distribution and exhibition, for 34 years. He has seen most types of disturbance in cinemas.

"I had a very small weekend show in the suburbs of Melbourne, long before I joined Village, where I used to run the house at half light, so that I could see them, but that was a bit of a rough-house," he remembered.

"Probably the worst thing I have had was a couple of years ago, during screening of *American Werewolf in London*, when I simply could not zoom in on the particular person who was creating the most noise in a large group, so I threw all 23 of them out.

"They all wanted their money back but

I told them they were creating a disturbance. The ushers on duty came to tell me they had tried to quieten them down, so then I went in, all five foot whatever, and strangely enough, the voice of authority sometimes carries weight - but not all the time. You might find yourself being offered a bunch of fives."

It seems to depend a lot on the type of film. When *The Last Stand*, the film about the Australian group Cold Chisel, was shown at a Village cinema a couple of years ago, it was a nightmare for the ushers. There were a couple of fist fights in the theatre, the police had to be called at least twice, and the ushers confiscated a small mountain of grog from patrons entering the theatre.

And yet, says Kevin Taylor, the recent smash-hit *Rambo*, which contained a lot of aggression and violence, caused no problems.

Taylor does not think audiences are as quiet as they used to be, but then neither are the films, he says.

"You take a film like *The Terminator* or *Commando* or *Rambo*, there is not only the visual excitement but the sound, which is all around you nowadays."

Does this mean that when people see erotic movies (I mean R-rated, not the gynaecological X-rated ones) they are more likely to fornicate in the stalls?

No, according to the theatre managers I spoke to. None of them could remember anyone being discovered *in flagrante delicto*, although there was once a couple ("of indeterminate sex" according to the police) who found themselves locked in at the Dendy Cinema [in Sydney] after a prolonged visit to the conveniences.

Ken Hall remembers that theatres were once a favourite place for such activity. "You had to watch what was going on in the back stalls, believe me.

"The female ushers hated to interfere. It was always a difficult thing to go up and say, 'What are you doing there?'. The guy would say 'Nothing' and you would have to prove it, or he might have you for libel."

In fact many theatres used to have twin seats, known colloquially as "love seats", but these have all but disappeared, and it may be that there is less demand for them.

After all, drive-ins, which came in the 1950's, provided a better venue for this type of sport, and young people now have access to many more private places than a darkened theatre.

Youth is now the dominant force at the movies, and that fact accounts for some of the noise. Hollywood makes most films for the 12 to 25 age group, who often attend in packs, which of itself, results in boisterous behaviour.

There is also a strong argument that modern cinema architecture encourages the noise. For proof, one need go no further than the foyer of Hoyts [in Sydney], with its flashing lights, bleeping pinball machines, and blaring battery of television sets. If you are over 30 it probably gives you a headache, but kids love it, and I suspect that that was the specific aim of the designers.

Whether such places are self-limiting because they alienate older patrons is not something the chains seem worried about.

How does one minimise the annoyance of the talkers and ice-cream munchers and chip-packet rustlers? Well, you can stay home and watch videos, which I suspect is what a lot of people do already. Or you can pick your days and times. Mondays are quiet, but school holidays, Tuesdays and weekends are not.

Once you're in the theatre and the noise starts, what then? I've had reasonable success with the determined stare. You sit up sharply, turn around and positively glare at the offender for a count of five. This method has the advantage of not disturbing others. Or you can try the shoosh, in all its forms, from the gentle reminder (for the elderly person with the stage whisper) to the great big "SHOOSH" for the chatterboxes.

Sometimes there's nothing for it but to move or get the usher. A friend was at a suburban cinema recently when a couple sat down behind her and started to have a break-up. In those circumstances, very little is going to intervene.

Another friend went to the Double Bay cinema to see Paul Cox's *Man of Flowers*, and sat in front of an elderly woman whose whisper was like a foghorn. During a sombre love scenes, one of the characters gazes at a flower. He gazes and gazes and gazes, then gazes some more. The theatre was hushed until a voice rang out: "How long can a person look at a flower?", which gave several people a fit of the giggles.

Reprinted with the permission of the 'Sydney Morning Herald'.



Ben Kingsley and Glenda Jackson from John Irvin's "Turtle Diary"

Jackson and Kingsley in turtle dream

TURTLE DIARY

Electric Shadow's
Film Festival
Piccadilly Cinema
Until November 20

by Joel Magarey

London Zoo.

Two lonely, middle aged people: man and woman, lonely, imprisoned, unfulfilled, thirsty.

Captive turtles, captive for thirty years, "Born for the ocean", cooped up in a musty, warm, small aquarium.

The two people are struck by the turtles' fate. A transformation of feelings occurs: the introspective, morbid feelings and sadness of each character are turned into obsession for the achievement of the turtles' freedom. The turtles' plight becomes the central metaphor of the film: it is a metaphor for the humans' fate. By the action of freeing the turtles, they are unconsciously searching for their own liberation - from whatever: work, creative aridity, security, oppression, loneliness, the sickly histories of modern urban lives. By fighting against the captivity of the animals, they are creating liberation for themselves.

Russel Hoban's novel loses much of its brilliance as a film. Many of Hoban's witty and deep reflections about his characters, and life in general, are inevitably not carried over, yet the film has advantages of its own, such as the visual exhilaration and interest of some of the scenes involving the turtles. The two main characters lives are not detailed so much - the novel is in diary form - but there is more concentrated emphasis upon this central metaphor of the turtles' plight.

The plot is roughly as I have outlined. The man, William, played by Ben Kingsley, attains the confederation of the Aquarium keeper, and Neera, Glenda Jackson, joins the conspiracy. William and Neera find themselves thrown together; Neera comes to William's house a nervous wreck after dreaming that he has been attacked by a shark - the symbol of death. They try to forget the idea, and give it up, but the obsession has taken firm hold.

The characters' personal lives are followed and juxtaposed; both live in

single flats, spending time awake at nights... William awakes each morning to find the breakfast of his healthy Greek neighbour strewn over the stove - stewed octopus, and to his filth in the bottom of the bath. The film captures Hoban's spirit well.

Sometimes I think that this whole thing, this whole business of a world that keeps waking itself up and bothering to go on every day is necessary only as a manifestation of the intolerable... like H.G. Wells' invisible man, it has to put on clothes in order to be seen. So it dressed itself up in a world. Possibly it looks in a mirror but my imagination doesn't go that far.

The obsession manifests itself as a challenge against the intolerable.

Glenda Jackson (*Women in Love*, *The Music Lovers*) is superb; what finesse, and control! Ben Kingsley is a delight to watch - the powerful memory of Gandhi fades in minutes. Eleanor Bron is believable in her portrayal of the intolerable, which she quietly succumbs to one night; Jeroen Krabbe is deliciously repulsive as the earthy Sandor, and Harriet Walter convincingly portrays William's 'uninspiring' lover. Harold Pinter's screenplay is totally congruous, and often delightful.

There is no awkwardness at all in the screenplay, which is intimate and subtle, nor for that matter is there any awkwardness in the film itself. Pinter's humour, and his sense of the absurd are evident and greatly enjoyable.

There are many visually pleasing scenes: scenes of the sea, small English towns and countryside, and breathtaking, invigorating scenes of the turtles 'flying' through water.

Turtle Diary looks on the one hand at the sterility and monotony of people's lives, and on the other hand at action and liberation and the potential for, and coming about of, change in these lives. It moves from

- they're in prison.

- they're not alone in that...

through being "plunged into the lowly M4", to thoughts of bumming rides on he turtles to somewhere far away, towards the possibility of an embrace of spiritual exaltation beside the sun and sky and flying turtles...

Perkin's pic would make Hitchcock turn in his grave

PSYCHO III Hindley Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

In *Psycho II*, the Bates Motel is most definitely back in the blood-business.

Norman's supposedly back to Normal but is Mother off her rocker again? Norman's re-opened the Bates Motel and has hired a bum who wants to be a rock singer Duane Duke (Jeff Fahey) to run it.

All the townsfolk feel that Norman has paid his debt to society so when Mrs Spool is discovered missing, speculation arises. This mostly comes from a pesty "investigative reporter" (what else!) played by Roberta Maxwell who is basically a retreading of the Vera Miles character who was the sister of Marion Crane, the shower-scene victim.

The beginning of *Psycho III* is a cop-out from Hitchcock's *Vertigo*. A young nun Maureen (Diana Scarwid from *Mommie Dearest*) is threatening to commit suicide at the top of the belltower when there is a scuffle and another nun falls to an untimely death. So grief stricken Maureen runs away from the convent and stumbles upon Jeff Fahey who picks her up. She almost gets raped, escapes and stumbles upon the Bates Motel to find that Duane has scored a job there.

Perkins, (his debut directing outing) re-runs the build-up to the shower-scene as Maureen undressed (she looks a lot like Marion Crane) and Norman peeping through the hole in the wall sees the "M.C." initials and thinks that Marion Crane has somehow "come back".

The "Shower Scene from Psycho" (No, not the band!) is re-hashed by Perkins in an equivalent 80's vulgarization of the classic murder scene from *Psycho*. Film buffs do you remember how Janet Leigh clun onto the shower-curtain as she fell to her death in the original? The *Psycho III* parallel has a damsel slashed and hacked while sitting in an out-house and clinches onto the dunny-paper as she falls much the same way Janet Leigh grabbed the curtain. No marks for bad taste.

But why was *Psycho III* ever made? After a surprise first sequel in 1982 with Richard Franklin (*Road Games*, *Cloak and Dagger*, *Patrick*) directing, Hitchcock would turn in his grave if he saw how Perkins had sleized up this sequel, its almost *Crimes of Passion* - and Per-

kins would know, he starred in it.

One would have thought they would have given this to an established thriller-genre director like Franklin or Tom Holland (*Fright Night*) or even Brian de Palma (*Body Double*, *Dressed to Kill*).

The answer to why *Psycho III* was made lies in the production notes to the film. They say that survey conducted in the U.S. found that 90% of Americans over the age of 12 were familiar with the story of *Psycho*. That's a healthy indicator for box-office receipts if I ever saw one.

Franklin, Holland and de Palma are all Hitchcock-afficionadoes unlike Perkins who is a Hitchcock-imitator. Perkins shows his lack of ability behind the camera and his inability to build suspense regardless of the fact that he plays hit or miss with lots of wacky camera angles.

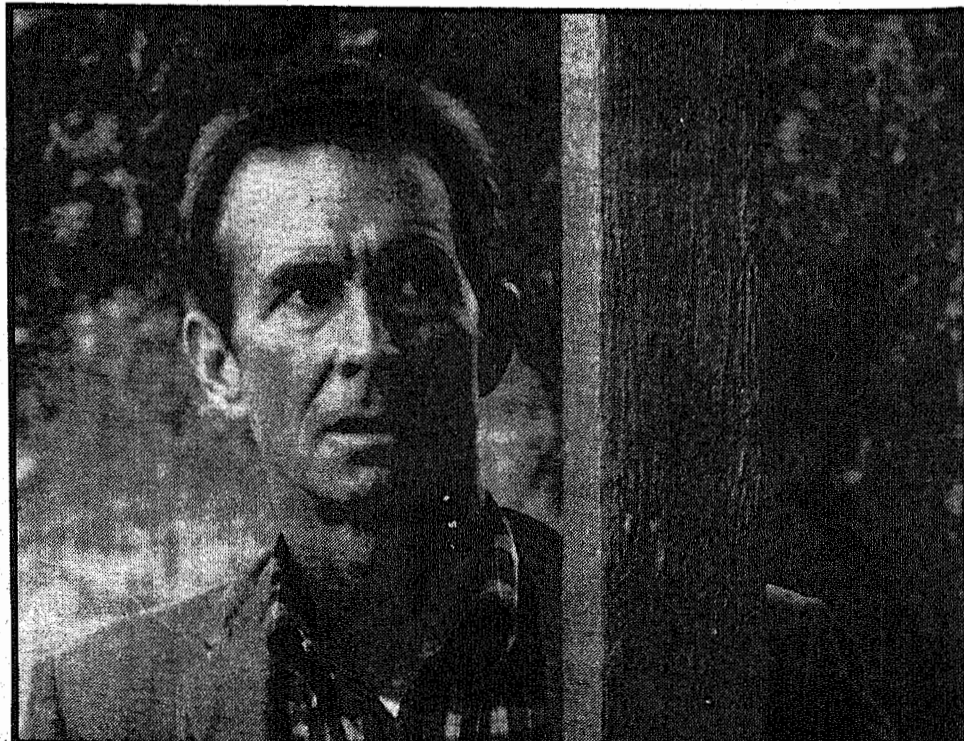
One great Hitch-imitation in *Psycho III* is in the scene with the new ice-box where the sheriff sucks a few ice-cubes which are dripping with blood.

Nail-biting stuff.

Anthony Perkins should stay in front of the camera, he's got the characterisation of Norman down to a fine art and reproduces Bates part again even more sinister and psycho than before. The disturbed mother-fixated Norman who's only pastime is taxidermy (he does a good job on Mrs Spool!) generates a lot of sympathy for the character. Norman doesn't want to be evil but he just can't help himself.

The script is by Charles Edward Pogue, an actor/writer who recently scripted the remake of *The Fly*, directed by David Cronenberg. His script is quite challenging but never does anything exciting with the characters nor the plot-development. *Psycho* and *Psycho II* were always a mystery of who was doing the killing. In *Psycho III* it never is. However, the script is supplies with that Hitchcockian black humour so familiar with the *Psycho* series.

One clever twist to *Psycho III* has the scene where Norman swings a shovel on his "real mother" in *Psycho II* played back in black and white in *Psycho III* the same way *Psycho II* did with the shower scene from *Psycho*. Hopefully there won't be a *Psycho IV* because there wouldn't be anything to frame in black and white from this mundane, routine and least suspenseful version of the series.



Anthony Perkins plays Norman Bates for the third time in "Psycho III"

Conservative as Catholicism itself

SACRED HEARTS

Electric Shadow's
Film Festival
Piccadilly Cinema
Until October 30

by Arthur Kavooris

Sacred Hearts is essentially a depiction of the effects that conservative Catholics have on a group of adolescent schoolgirls. The setting is 1939 in East Anglia England. The serenity of Sacred Hearts Convent is obliterated by the striking sound of an air raid warning, ushering in the beginning of World War Two. The confused Maggie (played by Anna Massey) is the unaccepted member of the elder clique of girls and doesn't have anyone to turn to for guidance and help until Doris arrives on the scene.

The two form a strong communal bond and while Maggie teaches Doris, a Protestant who wants to convert (what for?) to Catholicism, Doris' constant queries and prodding cause Maggie to have some doubt about her religion. Maggie begins to question the merits of her religion when she learns about her shady background from the closet boozing Mother Superior.

Her faith is completely shattered when she and Doris get trapped under the bounding bed while a nun and a priest break their sacred vows of chastity. Maggie is constantly at odds with the stern reserved sister expertly played by Oona Kirsch, who is in charge of the care and maintenance of the senior girls. Their difference of opinion comes to a head when Maggie after being questioned why she hasn't been attending mass, admits to her fellow school nuns that "she has lost faith". Oona Kirsch is shocked and threatens to turn Maggie, who is a war of the church, out into the street if she doesn't regain her faith.

Barbara Rennie the director and script writer of *Sacred Hearts* depicts the Catholic idiosyncrasies of modesty, chastity and most importantly unquestioned obedience to the church with tongue-in-cheek dialogue an effective visual narrative. Two memorable scenes include Doris' discovery of the modest Catholic method of bathing and when Oona Kirsch inspects the girls to see that they adopted the "correct" chastised sleeping position. She expresses her approval by saying "That is right girls, knees closed and legs together. Don't leave any room for the devil."

Sacred Hearts starts quick off the mark but the anti-climatic ending is disappointing as the movie doesn't deliver what it promises. The audience is lead to believe that Maggie and Doris will break away from the Catholic Church and get lucky and bed one of the incoming soldiers. No such luck, the ending is as conservative as Catholicism itself. It could be said that *Sacred Hearts* results in a "constipated effort".

Like the mini-series *Brideshead Revisited* and *The Thorn Birds* as well as Fred Schep's *The Devil's Playground* and *Catholic Boys*, *Sacred Hearts* is a continuation of the popular theme of Catholic bashing.

Sacred Hearts is however supremely successful in showing the twin evils associated with Catholicism, ignorance and hypocrisy, and for this reason alone it is worth seeing.

Altman goes overboard in Shepard's power of love

FOOL FOR LOVE

Electric Shadows
Film Festival
Piccadilly Cinema
until October 23

by Myfanwy Jones

Everyone wants to be loved - but only the foolish fall for family. *Fool For Love* explores an incestuous relationship between three people who are haunted by their past.

An old man, Eddie and May are connected by a passion which drives them to a violent confrontation in a Mexican desert.

In a series of love/hate games they weave past and present experiences in concentric circles.

A landscape of American kitsch - neon - lit motels, Plymouth cars, prairies and cowboys - provides a surrealistic background for a personal drama of mythic proportions.

Based on the play by Pulitzer Prizewinner Sam Shepherd and directed by Robert Altman, *Fool For Love* is a shared vision of people and places.

Sam Shepherd, who stars also as Eddie the womanizing cowpoke, described his screenplay as an "exploding play".

He and Altman's preoccupation with surfaces, banality and humour are remarkably similar.

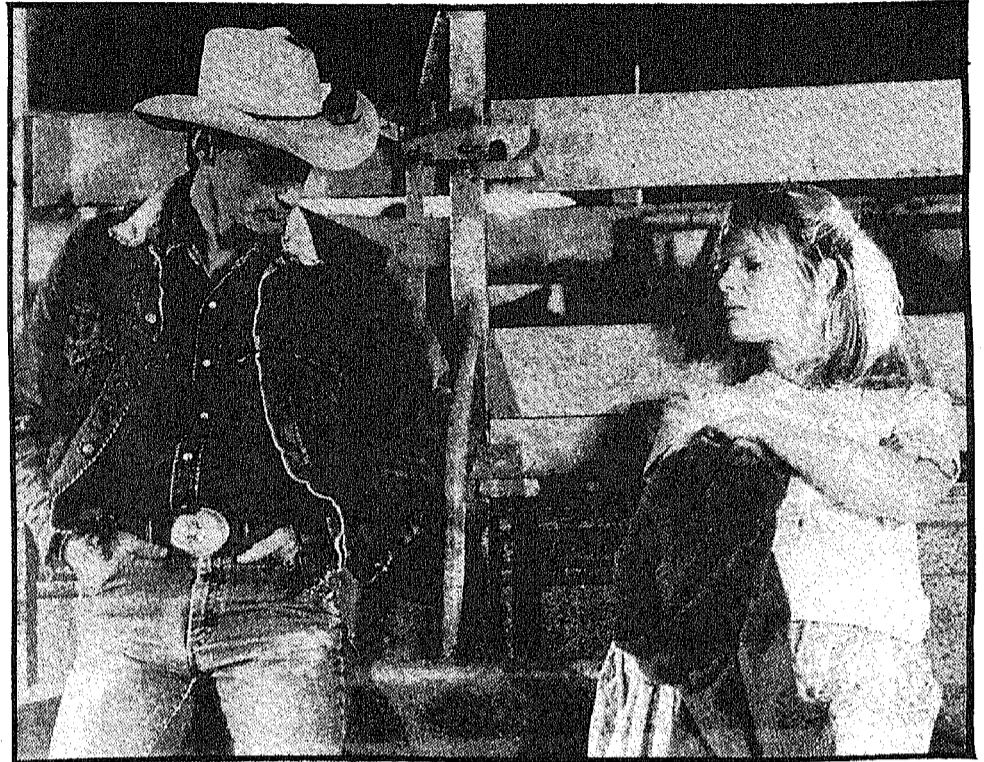
Altman interpreted the film not as a story or an idea but as a painting. "It's about a place, a culture, a time. It's about relationships, about people's awareness or unawareness of their own history".

The beginning of the film illustrates this interconnection. In a series of agonisingly slow takes Altman defines the characters and the futility of the situation.

The long takes suddenly focus on the two main protagonists, Eddie and May as they circle one another for battle.

Eddie's comic violence and May's ingratiating sensuality are watched by the drunken old man on the balcony.

The old man becomes the centre of



Sam Shepard and Kim Bassinger from Robert Altman's "Fool For Love"

the film, as he looks back over his life and philosophies on the power of love. "It was the same love, it just got split in two".

In a sense this is true. The three characters tell the one story, confusing past and present, however their divisions and different.

Eddie first sees May as a teenager and fades to an image of the present. The fragments of May and the old man's stories remain suspended in a contradictory narrative.

Surprisingly Altman goes overboard in *Fool For Love*, recreating every visual link between the characters and their past.

Too many explanations flaw the film's structure. There appears to be little justification for matching stories with visual echoes - the meaning was crystal clear from the first shot. Altman laboured his point at the expense of Shepherd's poetry.

From the director who created *M.A.S.H.*, *Nashville*, *Come Back to the Five and Dime*, *Jimmy Dean*, *Jimmy*

Dean and *Secret Honor* this is a peculiar error. Perhaps Altman became too involved, since his vision of society closely parallels that of the playwright.

While the direction maybe suspect the cast are not. Kim Bassinger as May gives an extraordinarily strong performance. Her realistic country accent and poignant pausing revealed a talent hidden in her recent film *9½ Weeks*.

The old man, a surrealistic voyeur, alias Henry Dean Stanton creates an empathy with the viewer bringing a note of compassion to his plight.

Randy Quaid's wimpy character Martin is successful as the moral country bumpkin. He provides a viewpoint with which the audience identifies. He sits as judge and jury, sifting through their stories.

The character's personal dramas stand alone in strength and fascination. They would have survived the translation from stage to screen had not Altman been overcome by their symbolism.

Meat-market use of women in tits and arse movie

CAMORRA

Electric Shadow's
Film Festival
Piccadilly Cinema
Season Closed

by Arthur Kavooris

The acclaimed Italian director Lina Wertmüller's latest effort *Camorra* has been categorised as a dramatic thriller. However, it better fits the genre of a comedy of errors, as it is a comedy production, scripting, acting but most of all directional errors. *Camorra* is disgustingly bad and has little going for it in the way of quality.

The movie is set in the poor quarter of modern day Naples and deals with the systematic murders of narcotics-dealing mobster, leaving a unique calling card, a syringe inserted into the testicles of a decadent Nunziata played by Angela Molino.

She is an ex-whore who now is a respectable businesswoman running a Hotel that caters for limp wristed would be drag queens and women of ill repute. She accidentally gets caught in this vendetta.

By some strange coincidence her old lover Frankie (played by the washed-up American actor Harvey Keitel) who used to smuggle cigarettes is now a member of the narcotics mob and still has the hots for Nunziata. Enter the father of one of the victims, a blind godfather - character who attempts to unravel the mystery surrounding his sons death.

Meanwhile, Nunziata finds time to lie provocatively and take off most of her clothes, get beaten up and fuck almost all the leading men at the most inopportune times and places. Is there no stopping this woman? She does it anywhere including upright on a draftman's table with her ex-lover.

Camorra is a poor excuse to creat a

soft-porn, "tits and arse" film with numerous tacky and pointless sex-scenes. Unfortunately this is not the only negative aspect of *Camorra*. The acting is hysterically bad. The overall production quality is sub-standard as the movie has the look and feel that it was made for a buck and a half.

Lina Wertmüller's major mistake was to choose to make *Camorra* in English rather than Italian dialogue. It is obvious that although the players pronounce their lines in English their voices have been dubbed.

Surprisingly Lina Wertmüller was the co-recipient of the Crystal Award honouring women in film. Obviously no one who awarded her the prize had viewed her exploitative "meat market" use of women in *Camorra*.

Camorra will only be screening on Sundays but it will eventually do the rounds at the art-house cinemas. So remember the name *Camorra* and avoid it at all costs.

Two hours on the verge of a heart attack

Aliens is this year's biggest box-office hit. But is it just another hyped-up exploitation movie from Hollywood and another sequel we don't need? JANE EVERET went to a special sneak preview and sent us this review while recovering from shock.

In the last 10 years Hollywood has gorged itself on sequels, and more sequels. They are nearly always depressingly inferior to the first film.

Worse, they somewhat spoil one's good memories of the original. Into this category we can dump turkeys like *Jaws II and III*, *Psycho II and III*, *Rocky II, III and IV*, *Rambo: First Blood Part II* etc.

Sometimes a sequel matches the high standard established by the first hit. Rarely is a sequel better than the original but there have been a handful of such exciting surprises; *The Bride of Frankenstein*, *The New Land*, *The Godfather Part II* and *The Empire Strikes Back*.

I am happy to write that *Aliens*, the sequel to the 1979 science fiction shocker *Alien* can be included in the latter category.

It's been a long time since I've been a member of an audience that for two hours seemed on the verge of a collective heart attack. *Aliens* is not a movie you sit and enjoy - it is a roller coaster ride into horror that you hope to survive.

Grown men gripped each other and screamed. Women, unashamedly, vomited into their handbags. Nobody giggled at any of this. We were all too busy praying for release from this movie that had gripped our throats and choked us into submission.

Aliens is not just another trash film. There are many films with worse "blood and gore". Rather this movie is the greatest work of suspense I have ever seen. Extending the terror of the original, *Aliens* creates an atmosphere of such brutal tension that is quite unique. Yet while squirming in my seat I was still able to appreciate it as a beautiful work of cinema.

The title, with its added "S" sums up the superficial difference to the 1979 classic. If you found that film with its one alien terrorizing a crew on a spaceship a good reason for becoming an alcoholic then kiss your liver goodbye when you see the sequel. *Aliens* has an army of the unstoppable bastards.

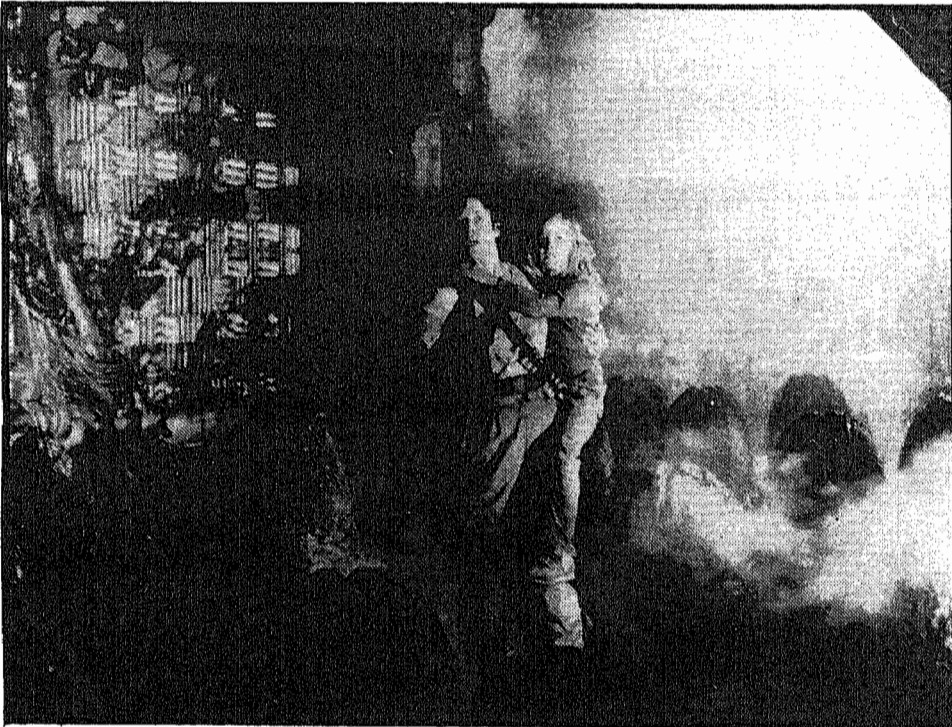
At the end of *Alien* the sole survivor Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) put herself into hibernation in her small spaceship. In the sequel she is awakened 57 years later by a passing earth cruiser. The corporation finds her story unbelievable.

The planet where Ripley and her ill-fated crew found the alien now has a colony of settlers on it. Transmission from the colony has mysteriously ceased. To redeem herself Ripley must act as a guide for a gang of para-military astro-soldiers who are sent to the planet to investigate. They find the station completely deserted except for a little girl who has been left speechless by the calamity that has befallen her elders.

The astro-soldiers are all gung-ho types. They can't wait to face the



Sigourney Weaver and Michael Biehn from "Aliens"



Ripley and Newt-caught in a labyrinth of "aliens"

aliens. Ripley knows better. Soon the innocent soldiers are besieged by the aliens who when shot, bleed acid. You can kill one and still end up burning in agony.

To reveal more of the plot would spoil it except to add two things. One is that like the original, *Aliens* has a character who is an android. He acts very suspiciously. The other is that we finally get to see what lays the eggs from which the aliens are born.

Aliens is not just another trash film. There are many films with worse "blood and gore". Rather this movie is the greatest work of suspense I have ever seen.

The reason it's a better movie than the original is that the 1979 film, a superb Gothic in space, was directed in brooding style by the arty Ridley Scott. He had a superb cast (Sigourney Weaver, Tom Skerrit, John Hurt, and Ian Holm) and he directed them to act like real people. However those characters were so realistically cynical that they didn't engage an audience. You didn't really care if they died.

Aliens is directed by James Cameron and he makes even the most obnoxious of the para-military astronauts likeable, and pitiful as they are chewed to bits.

Cameron directed the brilliant sci-fi thriller of 1984, *The Terminator*. Cameron is a master of this genre in a way the young Spielberg was, before he became obsessed with children (in a thematic way, not as a molester). But *Terminator* showed that Cameron was not overwhelmed by special effects, that his main interest was in characterization and telling a good story.

The special effects in *Aliens* are the best I've ever seen, yet you are not distracted by them. You just accept it that you are watching these poor people stranded on another planet as they die horrible deaths.

Cameron also wrote the original screenplay of *Rambo: First Blood Part II*. Perhaps out of shame for having contributed to such a boring, reactionary movie he uses the soldier characters of *Aliens* to turn the *Rambo* ethic on its head. The soldiers, like Stallone, are macho pains who love the U.S.A.

They go to the planet boasting they can take on anything - as if they were only going to face Third World Communists. It's not just that they are out-matched by the aliens, it's that all their jingoistic patriotism is shown to count for nothing against an enemy that only wants to gobble them up. The great joke is imagining Stallone striding into the aliens' lair, bellowing his 'American crudities, and ending up being left strangled in an alien cocoon.

Aliens is an immensely entertaining film that I advise people to see on the big screen. It is also inadvertently, the best reason yet for allowing people to smoke in cinemas.

The sordid lives, loves and deaths of Tinseltown's legends

HOLLYWOOD BABYLON II
Kenneth Anger
Arrow, \$16.95

by John Michael-Howsyourfather

Kenneth Anger's sequel to *Hollywood Babylon*, his naff expose on the place where nothing exceeds like success, is super, callous, flagellistic and especially audacious. Toilet reading at its cheapest and nastiest, it takes great morbid pleasure in detailing the sordid lives, loves and deaths of Tinseltown's legends and transients.

These low-life stars made squelching sounds as they cat-walked their way off Sunset Boulevard and on to the casting couches. Anger exhumes them and happily turns them over in their graves for all to see.

Juicy titbits, snide asides, open slather slander, small talk, hot gossip, dirty laundry - the movie brat Anger (Disdain?) lays it all on with a gold-plated trowel. This voyeur's volume is just unreal, an unabashed celebration of the vanities and inanities that were at the hard core of the so-called "Golden Years" of Hollywood.

He quotes Aleister Crowley: "Every Man and every Woman is a Star". And then, ironically, La Rochefoucauld: "We all have the strength to endure the misfortunes of others." And he dedicates the book to J. Paul Getty, Jr. Clearly we are dealing here with a weird and wonderful sense of humour.

He writes in his chintzy, *Loved One* prose: "What have I to tell that I haven't already told in Holly Baby I? Some more dish, dirt, or if you will, more maverick movie history. Gents and ladies, let me take you on another walk on the Dead Side.

Call it Hollywood's Walk of Fame, or Walk of Infamy - the expression used by Jane Withers when Hugh Hefner bought his star on the slippery sidewalk. And be sure to take along some Black Humor batteries. You can, if you will, take the tour with your favourite High. I don't mind. I promise to deliver you back to your hotel. At dawn."

Some of this stuff is old hat: Joe Kennedy's ties with Hollywood, the cults of James Dean and Valentino, the chestnut of 'Rosebud' in the movie *Citizen Kane* being named after the vagina of William Randolph Hearst's paramour Marion Davies, Hitchcock's voyeuristic proclivities.

But there's also a lot of new trash on 'Big' Bill Tilden, the stumpfingered pederast who happened also to be a Wimbledon champion, bizarre pair-offs, a malicious send-off for the late Gloria Swanson (DING DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD!), famous piss-pots and infamous basket cases, and a side-show of the eight million ways to die in L.A., including the sad tale of an unrequited chihuahua that opted to kill itself rather than face another night of its owner's torrid love-making with sundry toreadors. It's all done in the best pooossible taste!

Cannes - the glitterspot of the film world's diary

The annual Cannes Film Festival is the world's most reputable and talked about film event. JAMIE SKINNER takes a look at the French film festival which has had its fair share of controversy.

The Cannes Film Festival would undoubtedly be the most prestigious film festival in the world. Each year, film distributors, stars, movie producers, famous directors, film intellectuals, journalists, photographers and fans flock to the beach front city of Cannes to partake in twelve days of movie screenings, festivities, parties, barbecues, deals and for some just plain holidaying.

The festival is traditionally held in the month of May each year and next year it will celebrate its 40th Anniversary. The quality of films, the non-stop partying and the interest and inspiration of both the people and the movies attracts people from all over the world to get to Cannes - the European glitter-spot of the film world's diary.

The Cannes Film Festival was originated in 1939 by the French Government of the day. However, the first festival was not held in that year due to the war and the initiator, the first great French filmmaker of 1895, Louis Lumiere would not hold it until seven years later.

It was not until Charles de Gaulle's government did the first Cannes Film Festival open on 20th September 1946. Seven hundred members of the media and five thousand others partook in the inaugural film festival which included such classic entries as Billy Wilder's *Long Weekend*; David Lean's *Brief Encounter*; Jean Dellanoy's *La Symphonie Pastorale* and Rene Clement's *La Bataille du Rail*.

In the fifties, the Cannes Film Festival was renown for its over-the-top publicity stunts, like bringing a warship into the Cannes harbour or a troupe of camels to publicise various movies. This year's major gimmick was the galleon from Roman Polanski's, *Pirates*. It opened the 1986 festival but screened out-of-competition and from the response it got, it is easy to see why. *Pirates* is a rollicking adventure movie starring Walter Matthau, and Polanski (the director of *Tess*) took a long time to get it made. *Cinema Papers* described it as "a highly - if sporadically - entertaining romp" despite its general critical backlash. It was not well received at Cannes, except maybe by *Cinema Papers*. Film distributors stayed away from *Pirates* but it scooped the biggest video-deal ever - an astronomical \$6 million

changed hands for the video rights.

The eighties have shown a turn around for the Cannes Film Festival. The media - the interviewers, film writers, journalists and photographers - come out of the woodwork in their thousands (yes, thousands) to partake in the glitter and the glamour.

The controversial nude sun-baking and bare-breasts along the boulevard which made such a ruckus in the festival's first thirty years are no longer controversial. It's almost expected. And with the types of modern movies today, those grandiose publicity stunts which frequented the fifties film events have almost become redundant.

This is not to say that the spirit of Cannes has gone. You will always have the champagne parties, the extensive screening schedule and the fun and frolicking. After two weeks at Cannes in May, when you leave, it is of no surprise to find people vegetated beyond belief.

There are five major hotels which the stars stay at, most of them along the major boulevard, "La Croisette". The Carlton Hotel, the Gray d'Albion, the Majestic, the Martinez and the Sofitel-Mediterranee are the five key locales where the famous and those that want to be famous stay. The *hotel-de-luxurie* is the Carlton with its exuberant architecture and its rather expensive price list attracts the *creme-de-la-creme* - the heavy producers, buyers and sellers, film distributors, stars, ladies of the night, the "fakes" and anyone who can foot the bill. Frankly, you would need a tonne of francs to stay at the luxurious Carlton Hotel, which is situated along the Rue D'Antibes.

However, as with Hollywood, there are the celebrities, film makers and personalities who don't just go there for the atmosphere and celebration. They go there to "sell" their picture and take the two weeks very seriously. You might not see them in the "deep centre" of the activities. They often stay outside of the city centre and only go to press conferences, film screenings and interviews which involve their own "personal" picture. Often it is their films which are the "small" movies which don't attract large numbers to their screenings because there are hundreds of films shown at Cannes, many at the same time. Alas, many of the



The beach boulevard at Cannes - "champagne parties and an extensive screening schedule"

small movies only attract small crowds.

The Cannes Film Festival has a record of cancellations during the war and in 1939, 1948 and 1950. These were for economic and political reasons. After 1951, the festival was moved from being held in September to May to avoid a collision with one of the biggest rivals, the Venice Film Festival.

However, the advent of the American Film Market over the past few years has meant that Cannes has lost some of its prestigious sting because Hollywood holds the AFM in February/March, two months before. This means Cannes no longer has a hold of opening American product because films made by the likes of Woody Allen, Martin Scorsese, Clint Eastwood, Steven Spielberg and Robert Altman have the option of unleashing their latest and greatest on their home front. Hollywood's revenge has meant that Cannes has been somewhat cannibalised by the American Film Market.

In 1968, the political turmoil in France during the de Gaulle government's reign caused revolutionary enthusiasm for the Cannes Festival and made the event the focus of political agitation. All the leading filmmakers of the day took part in aggressive demonstrations in which the Festival Palace was occupied. Eventually the 1968 Cannes Film Festival was brought to a premature closing.

Cannes has a trend of handing out awards willy-nilly for any special reason and any excuse will do. In 1983, the Cannes Committee decided to honour actors with career achievement awards to the likes of Robert de Niro, Dirk Bogarde, Gerard Depardieu and Fernando Rey. "Anyone who could take time off and make the trip (to Cannes) got a present" said British Film Writer Tony Crawley about the multiple-prize giving.

In 1982, the Cannes Committee honoured the film directors which had won for the past twenty years. However, not everyone turned up to receive a bronze trophy. Orson Welles, Francis Coppola, Rene Clement, Ingmar Bergman and Luis Bunuel all refused. Ten filmmakers did show up - John Boorman, Billy Wilder, Akira Kurosawa and

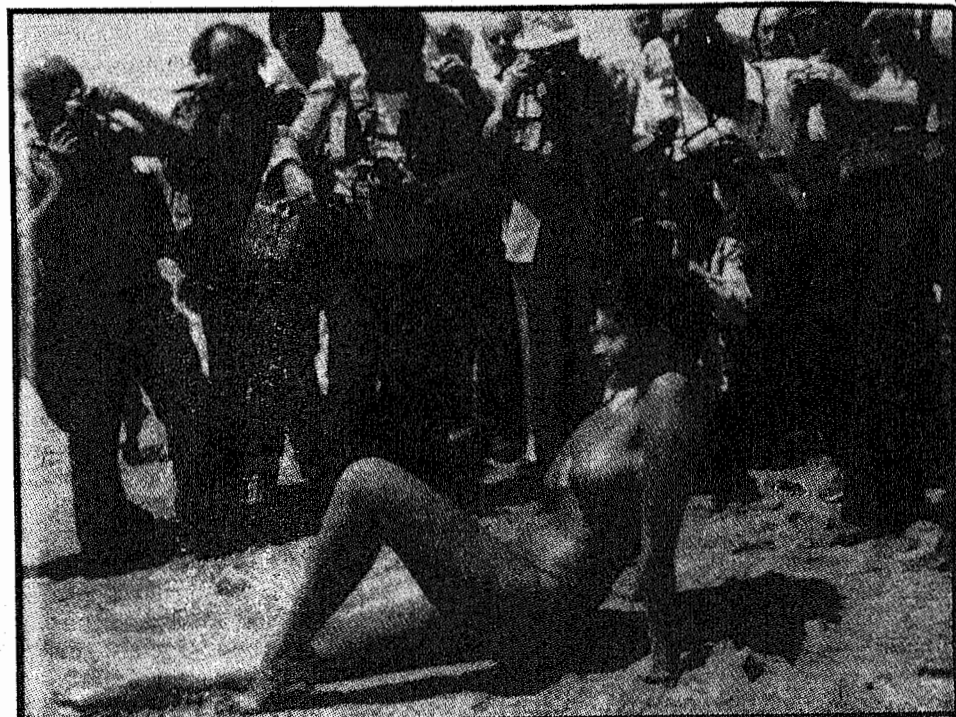
Jacques Tati among them. Michelangelo Antonioni, who won for *Blow Up* in 1966, also received a director's prize. At the end of the '82 festival when his new film *Identification Of A Woman* was forgotten amongst the real prize winners, they gave him, (would you believe!) a special prize - the 35th Anniversary Award! Any excuse will do.

The big prize at the Cannes Film Festival for those films selected for competition is the *Palme D'Or* - the golden palm. This is the most illustrious award possible, synonymous with the Oscar for Best Picture. This year's winner was *The Mission* starring Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons, produced by David Puttnam (*Chariots of Fire*, *Cal*, *Midnight Express*) and directed by Roland Joffe (*The Killing Fields*). Its about two Jesuit missionaries (Irons and de Niro) who seek to protect the Indians of South America from being taken over by Spanish and Portuguese troops in the 18th century.

The Mission scooping the *Palme D'Or* has meant a source of revival for the British Film Industry after its recent bombs, Hugh Hudson's *Revolution*, *Absolute Beginners*, Nicholas Roeg's *Insignificance* and John Boorman's *The Emerald Forest*.

It might even save Goldcrest Pictures, who lost heaps of money with the erred epic *Revolution* as well as other failures. *The Mission* along with Peter Weir's *Mosquito Coast* are the current Oscar tips for next year. *The Mission* to be distributed by CEL in Australia was to be released in the third quarter of this year but looks likely to be held back to Christmas or even later.

Other winners of the prestigious *Palme D'Or* include Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* (1960); Carlo Reed's *The Third Man* (1949); Dennis Hopper's *Easy Rider* (1969); Akira Kurosawa's *Kagemusha* (1980); Claude Lelouch's *A Man and A Woman* (1966); Andrezej Wajda's *Man of Iron* (1981); Serif Goren's *YOL (The Way or The Road)* the 1982 winner from Turkey shared with Costa Gavras' first American movies, *Missing*; Shohei Imamura's,



Cannes - "controversial nude sunbaking and bare breasts along the boulevard"

continued page 6

Plenty of laughs in misadventure comedy

CLOCKWISE

Hindley Cinemas
From October 23

by Mathew Lowry

Are you one of those people who gets up at exactly the same time, time your shower, breakfast and walk to the bus stop to perfection to arrive at Uni precisely five minutes before your first lecture? If so, you really ought to see this movie to discover that the best laid plans OF MICE AND MEN...

Mr Stimpson, played by John Cleese, is such a person - to an extreme. Everything in his life, his family, the school of which he is headmaster, runs by the clock. No slip-ups, all runs smoothly and easily. Despite this domineering streak, he is a popular headmaster of the "common or garden variety" private school, and he, his staff and students have lifted the school out of its obscurity into a good reputation.

In recognition of this, he is to be chairman of the very prestigious Headmasters' Conference, the first private school headmaster to do so, as the post has been traditionally held by the upper crust public school headmasters. He has to be at Norwich by 3 pm to greet the other headmasters, whilst his opening speech, which he constantly rehearses, is to be given at 5. His carefully planned schedule has him at the train station in time for the 10:25.

Only he boards the wrong train, and from then on it's a comedy of misadven-



John Cleese freaks out from the new comedy "Clockwise"

tures as he desperately tries to make it to Norwich in time for the most important day of his life. Along the way he collects a variety of pursuers such as police, parents, wives and husbands and three lovely, quite dotty old women, who by themselves provide a fair portion of the laughs in this movie.

I wouldn't like to detail any of Stimpson's misadventures as that would spoil the fun, but he is pursued for adultery, kidnapping, theft, and of course, vandalism. He loses his speech, his watch, wrecks a car and drives an old flame to hysteria.

It's fine acting all round, even in the smallest role. John Cleese is perfectly cast as Stimpson, definitely first choice for the part. Every other part contributes to this gently funny movie.

Don't assume this is Pythonesque, or even *Fawlty Towers* on the big screen. The humour is unforced and gentle, but does not leave you on the floor laughing hysterically, which one might think.

But then it's nice to see a delightful comedy like this which doesn't rely on slapstick, impossible circumstances, over-acting or special effects to provide a good chuckle.

VIDEO

by Jamie Skinner

CBS FOX Video has acquired the video rights to the mega box-office hit of 1986, *Crocodile Dundee*.

The Paul Hogan movie which recently went to No. 1 box-office position in the U.S. will not be released on video until the end of the next year at the earliest.

CBS FOX Video (of which Rupert Murdoch owns a 50% share) bought the rights to *Crocodile Dundee* not just for Australia but everywhere in the world except New Zealand and North America.

Roadshow's November package includes the Australian romantic-drama, *For Love Alone* starring Helen Buday, Sam Neill and Hugo Weaving (reviewed in *On Dit* Vol. 54 No. 10); the Julian Temple musical *Absolute Beginners* starring Sade and David Bowie and the adventure yarn, *Biggles*, just out of the cinemas.

Cannon Screen Entertainment's November release (due in the shops Wednesday 12th) features the Oscar nominee romantic-drama, *Sweet Dreams* starring Jessica Lange and Ed Harris and directed by Karl (French Lieutenant's Woman) Reisz and the madcap comedy yet to be seen on Adelaide screens, *Volunteers*, starring Tom Hanks, John Candy and Gedde Watanabe. Dan O'Bannon's zombie-comedy, *Return of the Living Dead* heads Cannon's December package with the great catchline of "They're back from the grave and ready to party!"

Currently on the shelves from RCA/Columbia Pictures/Hoyts is the Richard Marquand suspense-thriller, *Jagged Edge* (reviewed in *On Dit* Vol. 54 No. 1) starring Glenn Close, Jeff Bridges and Robert Loggia; the Australian drama, *The More Things Change* directed by Robyn Nevin and starring Barry Otto, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Judy Morris; Charles Bronson in *Death Wish III* directed by Michael Winner (this one worth a miss!) and *All The King's Men* on the Silver Screen label.

Recent new releases which are now available on the shelves include Jean Luc Godard's *Hail! Mary* on Video Excellence which was out on video before it got its Adelaide release; the vampire-comedy *Once Bitten* starring Lauren Hutton and Cleavon Little on 7-Keys; the slasher-flick which just might beat the now-banned *Toxic Avenger* in vileness, *Igor and the Lunatics* on Premiere Home Entertainment; Chris Bernard's new-wave British comedy, *A Letter to Brezhnev* (reviewed in *On Dit* Vol. 54 No. 11) starring Peter Firth and Margi Clarke also on PHE; *Eleni*, *Fair Game* and *The Story Of O - Part II* on CEL and three volumes of the popular American comedy television series, *Saturday Night Live*, on 7-Keys.

CEL's November package features Bud Yorkin's *Twice In A Lifetime* starring Amy Madigan, Ally Sheedy, Anne-Margaret, Gene Hackman and Brian Dennehy (reviewed in *On Dit* Vol. 54 No. 1); the comedy *The Chain* starring Nigel Hawthorne, Lec McKern and Warren Mitchell (reviewed in *On Dit* Vol. 54 No. 1) and *Forbidden* starring Jacqueline Bisset and Jurgen Prochnow and the Roger Vadim adult-drama sex-flick *Night Games* starring Cindy Pickett.



CANNES

from page 5



The Ballad of Narayama, 1983 winner from Japan; Wim Wender's *Paris, Texas* (1984), and Emir Kusturica's *When Father Was Away On Business*

Last year's festival will be remembered by Australians as the year the French critics walked out of *Bliss*. Ray Laurence's bizarre feature debut had them slamming their seats up and walking out of a rather disturbing intellectual film. The French just may have not been able to handle such a movie coming from Down Under. "It was a shock to see forty people in front of me stand up and walk out" said Laurence at one of the screenings. "I felt like a criminal". With a film that sold itself on "Hell is a place where an elephant sits on your car", *Bliss* was an Aussie movie like noother before. Maybe it was the wet weather in 1985 that caused its rejection because the beaches at Cannes most definately wouldn't have been bliss that year.

Australian films featured well at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Jane Campion's *Peel* won the best short film award, the Camera D'Or. Two Aussie exploitation pics, *Fair Game* and *Dead-End Drive-In* were sold to U.S. cinema and video markets and Bruce Beresford's *The Fringe Dwellers* was well received but not raved about. *Burke and Wills* was slept through by most audiences. *Devil In The Flesh* was selected for the Critic's Week (La Semaine de la Critique) which is one of the various sections of the Cannes Festival, established in 1962. Other sections of the Cannes Film Festival include "Un Certain Regard" and "Perspectives du Cinema a Francaise" and "Quinzane des Realisations" - the Director's Forthright.

Jane Campion's award for *Peel* is the first for an Australian since Jack



The prestigious Palmed'Or Thompson won the Best Supporting Actor Award for Bruce Beresford's *Breaker Morant*. Her win with *Peel* means her chances of being selected for other sections in future festivals is made easier.

Cannes is renown for giving out trophies to pairs who must share the award. Last year Norma Aleandro

After two weeks at Cannes in May, when you leave, it is of no surprise to find people vegetated beyond belief.

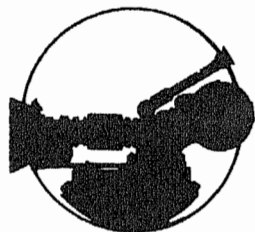
shared Best Actress with Cher from *The Official Story* and *Mask* respectively. This year, Bob Hoskins shared the Best Actor prize for his performance in the upcoming *Mona Lisa* directed by Neil Jordan (*Angel*, *The Company of Wolves*). France's Michel Blanc was the other recipient of the Best

Actor statuette from *Tenue de Soiree* (*Evening Dress Lover*) which is another one of those French love-triangle movies.

In other awards, Martin Scorsese won Best Director for *After Hours* (starting November 21 at the Piccadilly); Best Actress was shared by Barbara Sukowa for *Rosa Luxemburg* and Fernanda Torres for *Never, Offret* (*The Sacrifice*), Andrei Tarkovsky's puzzling movie won the Special Jury Prize whilst *Therese* won the Jury Prize. Other entries this year included, *Hannah and Her Sisters* (not entered in the competition because Woody Allen doesn't believe in Awards); *The Color Purple* - snubbed!; Robert Altman's *Fool For Love*; Claude Lelouch's *A Man and Woman - 20 Years Later* - a disaster!; Franco Zeffirelli's opera *Othello* (due out at X'mas); Paul Cox's *Cactus* and Alex (Repo Man) Cox's *Sid and Nancy*.

Each year the festival has its rumours of prize fixing with producers heavying the Jury judges. Amongst this are producers who bring their latest wares to flog or even the previous year's unsold and shelved product. Many an American stayed away this year due to the fear of terrorist threats rampant in early '86. General Secretary of the Cannes Committee, Michel P. Bonnet said that some 14,500 people participated in Cannes this year and saw more than 600 films at some 1,500 screenings - and that's not including the videos that fly around the place.

Cannes though, these days has thousands of movies screened on video and at cinemas brought there by film magnates and distributors from all over the world. It is indeed a "movie marathon" not quite appropriate for champagne sprinters who won't last the twelve day distance.

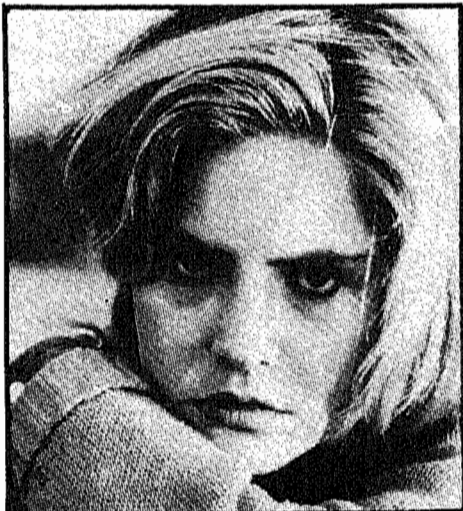


FILM FRONT

Electric Shadows Film Festival:

An October festival of quality films is currently showing at the Piccadilly Cinema. Films featured at the festival (ending November 20) include Sam Shepherd's *Fool For Love* (until October 23); *Sacred Hearts* (Until October 30); Emir Kusturica's 1985 Cannes Palme D'Or winner *When Father Was Away On Business* (October 24-November 6); *The Lightship* starring Klaus Maria Brandauer and Robert Duvall (Sundays-October 26, November 2); Edouard Molinaro's French comedy *L'Amour En Douce* (October 31-November 13); Lilliani Caviani's *The Berlin Affair* starring Gudrun Landgrebe and Mio Takaki (November 7-20); The Ettore Scola comedy *Macaroni* starring Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni (Sundays - November 9,16) and John Irvin's *Turtle Diary* starring Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley (Until November 20).

Duds of the Week: *Psycho III*; *Camorra*; *Oxford Blues*



Jennifer Jason Leigh from "The Hitcher"

Buff's Film Choice: *Crocodile Dundee* (Hoyts); *Fool For Love* (Piccadilly); *The Hitcher* (Hindley); *When Father Was Away On Business* (Piccadilly); *A Room With A View* (Hindley); *Turtle Diary* (Piccadilly);

Films which start this week include Dennis Potter's, *Dreamchild* (Classic; Trak; October 24) starring Ian Holme and Coral Browne; the Michael Keaton comedy *Touch and Go* (Hoyts; October 23) and Luc Besson's underground-movie *Subway* starring Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani (Academy; October 24).

Union Films In The Little Cinema:

Two films, Wednesday 22 October, 7.30 - 10 pm.

Private And Confidential is a humorous look at Tru Romance Comix. Joseph Bogdanov directs this Melbourne Film Festival award winner 1984. Colour, 16mm, 10 mins.

La Grande Illusion was directed by Jean Renoirs and stars Pierre Fresnay, Jean Gabin, Eric Von Stroheim and Marcel Dalio. French dialogue with English subtitles, *La Grande Illusion* is in B/W and won the International Critics Prize at the Venice Film Festival. 1937, 117 mins.

A seedy, unglamorous and violent America

REPO MAN Classic At The Fair Lady

by Alexander Grous

"I was riding on a concrete slab,
Down the river of useless blab
Didn't get fucked and I didn't get kissed,
Got so fucking pissed
...I'll tell you who I am,
I'm a Repo Man..."

With these words, Iggy Pop launches us into an inquisitive journey of American culture and sub-culture. *Repo Man* is blatantly political as it is brilliantly captivating. Blending the realities of a paradoxical society with rushes of pure fantasy, Alex Cox has produced a contemporary masterpiece which has its origins at the base of the American social apex.

LA punk, Otto (Emilio Estevez, son of Martin Sheen) finds himself bereft of both a job and girlfriend and teams up by accident with Harry Dean Stanton, playing a Repo Man. Together, they repossess unpaid-for cars from irate owners. It is from these two characters that the complex and at times hypocritical society of Reagan's America unfolds.

The mosaic of off beat semi-satirical humour is exemplified by Otto's personality, as opposed to that of Stanton's. The latter embodies many of the 'good ol' Home Grown Values', whereas the former embodies a distrust and disgust with his social habitat. Otto has broken off the ties with his former entourage of punks who now terrorize and, as they put it, "do crime".

Providing the mass by which *Repo Man* gravitates, is a lobotomised scientist driving a '64 Chevy. Within its boot lies a lethal cargo, vaporising all who set eyes upon it.

Otto and Stanton attempt to find the Chevy, as does the CIA and other Repo men. Alex Cox describes the Repo men of his movie as "cowboy enforcers of the capitalist system". Exemplifying this is the scene where Otto's former punks are shot while holding up a grocery store. All the packaging and labeling decorating the products on the shelves is a sterile white; a whitewash of anonymity perhaps best typifying the



Otto and Stanton snort some coke from Alex Cox's "Repo Man"-a cult movie

many U.S. suburbanites. Equally satirical is the dying punk's last words, "Society made what I am..."

Repo Man displaces the fallacy of 'once committed don't charge' by showing the ease by which Otto becomes subservient to the Repo Man culture. The shirt and tie replace the Suicidal Tendencies T-shirt, as do new values and a newfound subjectivity. Equally amusing is the anecdotal way Cox 'swipes' 'heroes' of American values. One Repo Man instigates violence by claiming 'John Wayne was a fag'. The gung-ho masculine bullshit does not terminate there, with another Repo Man exclaiming, "It's perfectly natural to watch your buddies fuck, I like to..."

Alex Cox being English no doubt allowed him a different perspective in writing *Repo Man*. He believes films should be political and not 'Spielberg spontaneities'.

Much to Hollywood's dismay, he has produced on a low budget something they could never come close to achieving! By using punks and men performing society's least popular work, Cox masterfully blends many facets of

American culture into an energetic, fresh experience. Musically, the movie is brilliant, and, appropriate, Iggy Pop, Suicidal Tendencies, Black Flag, The Circle Jerks, all provide a wrenching soundtrack, but unfortunately we don't hear too much of it, pity.

Repo Man depicts a seedy, unglamorous and violent America. It is about reality in one sense, and yet offers escapism at the same time. It is accessible, satirically lethal, and politically explosive. By revolving the plot around his Repo Men, Cox has also opened the inlets and potholes into much of American society's manifestations, and concurrently has created a monumental film. *Repo Man*; my choice as one of the best films currently around...believe it, or not.

Barry Loane from the Classic has 5 double passes to *Forget Mozart* and *Repo Man* to give away to students. The first students to come into the office at 12 noon Monday can choose a pass to see *Repo Man* (in its re-release season at the Classic) and *Forget Mozart* currently showing at the Trak and the Classic.

Graduating with a C-minus

OXFORD BLUES Academy Cinemas

by Linda Oswald

With a career including a string of successful, mostly teen movies, *Oxford Blues* represents one of the more forgettable efforts by young heart-throb Rob Lowe (*Class*, *St. Elmo's Fire*). The same applies to co-star Ally Sheedy; both have gone on to better things. Lowe and Sheedy were selected because, according to Director Robert Boris, they "were looking for the most American faces imaginable".

The idea for *Oxford Blues* originated with Robert Boris, who also directed it. He says: "What I've done is to take an American kid, and put him in the least likely place in the world for him, then watch him get in trouble". It's a great idea for a comedy. However, *Oxford Blues* isn't funny and secondly the storyline which places Lowe's character at Oxford University is ludicrous,

even for a "comedy".

Lowe plays Nick Di Angelo, a brash arrogant American who develops an obsession for a blue-blooded English lady which drives him to con his way into Oxford Uni just to meet her. Nick, a former parking attendant in Las Vegas, has a win on the tables and is soon on his way to Oxford to meet his "dreamgirl". Di Angelo arrives at Oxford in a flashy red T-Bird given away to him by a mysterious divorcee because the car belonged to her former husband.

Ally Sheedy (*Short Circuit*, *War Games*) is cast as Rona, an American girl who coxes the men's rowing eight (a team which includes Nick) and falls for him. Sheedy sweetly gushes and blushes all the way through *Oxford Blues*.

Julian Sands (*The Killing Fields*) gives an uninspiring performance as stereotype uppercrust genteel Colin Fitz-Walker, the well-born fiancé of

Lady Victoria, with whom Nick competes for her affections. Thus a love triangle is established between Lady Victoria, gentleman Colin, always immaculately attired in Saville suits and Nick, dressed casually in baseball jackets, jeans and speakers.

Oxford Blues aims to show the development of Nick from a kid whose only interests are in himself to a young man who learns the meaning of fellowship, honour and love. Nick's development process culminates with the annual "eights" race between Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

Oxford Blues falls into the "yawn-yawn" film basket due to the fact that too many themes are attempted to be developed and as a result little is achieved.

Heavy-handed editing and Boris's clumsy use of the all-too-obvious "American-English culture clash". The result is *Oxford Blues* graduating with a C-minus.



Who is this actor being attacked by a paper-mache man in "After Hours" ?

On Dit and Wallis Theatres have 200 double passes to give away to students and readers of *On Dit* to the Adelaide Premier screening of Martin Scorsese's new movie, *After Hours*.

The first 100 tickets will be given out this week to the premiere which will screen at the Piccadilly Cinema on Friday November 21 at 5 pm.

Just drop into the *On Dit* office during the week and tell us the name of the lead actor in *After Hours* (hint: he has starred in *American Werewolf In London*, *Baby, It's You* and *Johnny Dangerously*).

Next week's *On Dit* will feature a profile on Martin Scorsese the director of *After Hours*, *Ragin Bull* and *Taxi Driver*.

A feeling of warmth

A ROOM WITH A VIEW SOUNDTRACK

Filmtrax

by Ben Hunter

A Room With A View is a classic film with elegant scenery and backdrops. What better to complement this than a superb soundtrack?

Richard Robbins has warmed to the task and come up with a gem. Right from the word go, the music leaves a feeling of warmth and one cannot help but think only of the white linen and daffodil-type imagery the film portrays (sort of like a Country Road catalogue).

The soundtrack does not contain all original compositions. The first track is the wondrous Puccini's 'O Mio Babbino Caro' sung by none other than Dame Kiri Te Kanawa. The music is lush in its orchestral arrangements and Robbins has successfully projected the images required.

In tracks such as 'In the Piazza Signoria' and 'The Pensone Bertolini' the



flavour is unmistakably Italian, the former suggested most expertly by the presence of a mandolin. Dame Kiri and Puccini are again represented in 'Chi Ilbel Sogno Di Doretta'. The score moves from dramatic as heard in 'The Storm' to quiet and romantic in 'The Sacred Lake'.

This superior soundtrack encapsulates every element of the film's romance and imagery. A must for classical fans, and you don't have to like Italian opera to appreciate it either.

On Dit and Hoyts Cinemas have 50 open -season double passes to see the new Australian comedy, *Malcolm*.

Malcolm stars Colin Friels as a tramways mechanic cum misfit who is also an inventor of various gadgets. *Malcolm* is the first feature film of the husband and wife team of David Parker and Nadia Tass who wrote the script and directed it respectively. It co-stars John Hargreaves, Chris Haywood and Lindy Davies. *Malcolm* has been nominated for a 8 A.F.I. awards including

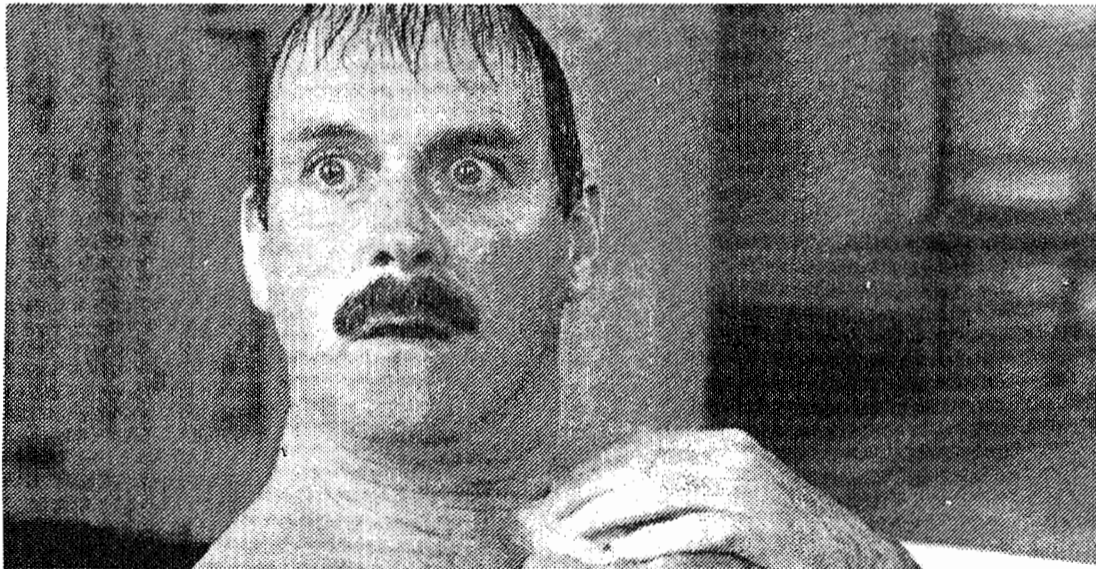
Best Picture, Best Actor and Best Director.

The first students to answer the following question correctly will each receive a double ticket to see *Malcolm*.

In which Australian city is *Malcolm* set?

Students can drop their entries into the *On Dit* Office no later than 12 noon Friday. Please leave your name and answer together with your contact department and phone number. *Malcolm* starts on Thursday 30th October at Hoyts Regent Cinemas.

If you've ever been late... you'll know what this film is all about!



CLOCKWISE

THORN EMI SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT presents
A MICHAEL CODRON Film "CLOCKWISE"
Starring JOHN CLEESE



Co-starring PENELOPE WILTON ALISON STEADMAN STEPHEN MOORE
And introducing SHARON MAIDEN
Original screenplay by MICHAEL FRAYN
Music GEORGE FENTON Executive Producers VERITY LAMBERT and NAT COHEN
Produced by MICHAEL CODRON
Directed by CHRISTOPHER MORAHAN

GREATER UNION FILM DISTRIBUTORS

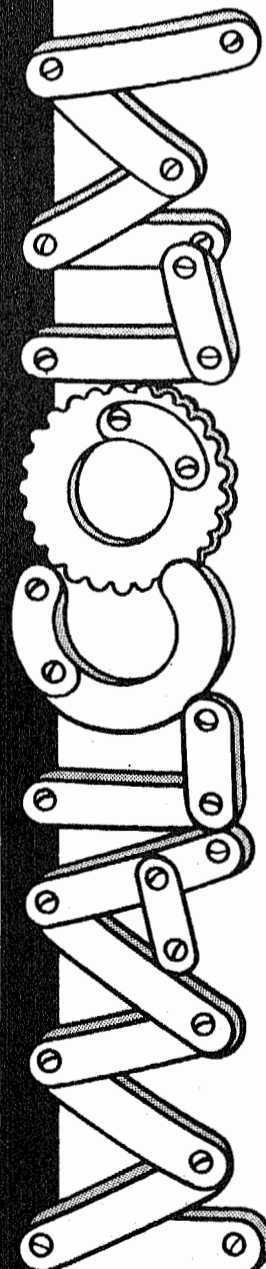
Distributed by THORN EMI Screen Entertainment Limited

COMMENCES
OCTOBER 30

GREATER UNION
HINDLEY CINEMAS
88 & 91 HINDLEY 51 5961

ALSO AT:

GLENELG CINEMA CENTRE
119 JETTY RD 294 3366



PG

"The film simply revels in its own inventiveness... well acted, accurately paced and very funny."
National Times On Sunday

"More laughs a minute than Crocodile Dundee"
The Sun

"A film with a genuine and spontaneous sense of fun"
The Bulletin

"MALCOLM"
A remote-control comedy

CASCADE FILMS PRESENTS A NADIA TASS-DAVID PARKER FILM
"MALCOLM" starring COLIN FRIELS
LINDY DAVIES CHRIS HAYWOOD
and JOHN HARGREAVES as FRANK

Director of Photography DAVID PARKER Editor KEN SALLOW'S Music SIMON JEFFES
and THE PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA Executive Producer BRYCE MENZIES
Associate Producer TIMOTHY WHITE Screenplay DAVID PARKER
Produced by NADIA TASS and DAVID PARKER
Directed by NADIA TASS

HOYTS DISTRIBUTION



HOYTS REGENT CINEMAS
101 RUNDLE MALL 223 2233
REGENT ARCADE

The Invasion of Bin County

SPAN visited Binxian in inland China and filed this report.

The town of Binxian, the county seat, is several hours' drive northwest of Xi'an (Shaanxi Province) over winding mountainous roads along a seeming tangle of green valleys. Described as a "poor" town, it has a population of some 22,000 people and draws its income from the cultivation of wheat and dates, some coalmining, and production of pearwood furniture and handicrafts.

It was the first major stop for merchants and travellers on the Silk Route which linked the Chinese capital Chang'an (near present-day Xi'an) with the Middle East. As a bonus and expression of good will to foreign teachers living in Xi'an, the Provincial Government arranged a day-trip to this town which, so it was said, had never received any foreign visitors at all before.

I don't know exactly how many foreigners teach in Xi'an, but if it is no small number, as enclaves exist in the multitude of colleges, institutes and universities scattered around the outskirts of Xi'an.

Not everyone wanted to go, but as it was we filled seven large coaches and set off on an humid, drizzly day to be hosted by this village. The scenery was captivating despite the fact it had been a before-dawn start, and the roads, although wet, seemed in better condition than most of the roads on the plains around Xi'an.

There was one interesting pile-up involving five trucks on a hairpin bend at one of the more panoramic spots. No one seemed to be hurt and somehow none of the trucks had gone over the edge. (On the return trip we saw four more large-vehicle accidents, two involving trucks, and two buses which had simply gone off the road down on the plain).

When we arrived at the town the buses were herded into a big yard among a complex of buildings whose main function I never found out. Lunch was to be served at 11.30, in one of the buildings, so in the meantime we wandered about in our couple of hundreds in the yard, as people appeared in crowds around the gates and along the tops of the walls to look at us.

Lunch was no mean affair, and consisted mainly of a whole cooked rabbit, rice and date cake with honey (called jin gao), eggs poached in honey, eggs hardboiled and recooked inside meatballs, and some vegetable dishes. Although we were half an hour ahead of schedule we were hurried into our buses to visit the town's Song Dynasty pagoda.

As the buses left the main gates in convoy the crowd had increased. A closely pressed pack of people of all ages, restrained by a few police and guards-for-a-day (many people in Xi'an do this on a roster system), applauded as each bus drove through. We applauded or called out as we passed them, with most of our attention on them, and only then discovered that the crowd stretched on at such a density on both sides of the street. The bus drove half a kilometre, past all of the main shops and open air dentists, and turned left past even more of them. Someone behind me said: "They're all missing the siesta for us."

The pagoda was just to the left of this main drag, set to one side of a vast empty ground. Opposite it was an open-air theatre stage on which a number of fully dressed and made-up actors were in the process of performing a local opera.



Some towns of inland China have never been seen by foreign tourists.

The towns people were packed into one half of this ground, nearer the stage, and all had their backs to it watching us drive in, bus by bus, disgorging foreigners. The actors and musicians watched as well. When we stepped out of the bus they were everywhere, kept at a distance by the police, but without difficulty they were simply standing and watching.

Most of us produced cameras and began exposing film without a thought for tomorrow. We also tended to wander towards the people, which is away from the pagoda, so our hosts and organisers became a little fretful and herded us smartly to this wellplaced piece of architecture. Unfortunately it was being restored (part of a large and continuing project by the Province), so we weren't able to climb up to the top and photograph the magnificent scenery. It was the best clear view of the whole valley in town.

By this time the performers were getting on with the opera, so some of us returned to the crowd, were admitted easily, and worked out

way to the front. Any direction we turned people would step aside to watch us. It may not be literally true that foreigners have visited Binxian before, but it seems they don't see us very often.

The opera in fact was a great piece, what little I saw, even if it might have been a stunt for the day. We were on a set tour and it was time to get on the bus again and drive down the road to Buddha Temple Village. This village (of 60 odd households and 300 people) has recently been enjoying greater yields. Although it also is claimed to be "poor", the official leaflets which were given to us to read also claimed it made 8 million yuan last year.

In fact the village seemed to me more well off than Huxian to the south west, a big country town but very squalid by comparison.

Many of the people in Bin County (and Dian County to the south) live in caves dug into the clay hillsides. We were shown through a couple of newly built peasant houses, made with brick, mud and straw, roofed

with thatch over tree limbs. They featured the well known Chinese oven bed with a fire under it, and wooden head supports which apparently are used for pillows. (They can also be filled with water for a cooling effect).

A few minutes walk up the road, past stalls selling pearwood mortars and pestles, pillboxes, and turned rods, was the Buddha Temple after which the town is named. The Buddha inside is, like the temple itself, carved out of the stone of the mountain.

Entry is through a narrow, low ceiling tunnel. The figure is sitting, left hand over his knee, right hand raised and turned palm outward, and it's about 400 metres high. The Tang Dynasty builders of this mammoth didn't extend the temple roof high above his head, but they did install skylights so one can see the figures carved across the dome above the Buddha.

Two half size attendants stand on either side just back from the door. A gallery is built around the cave-temple, and the Buddha can be viewed from two upper stories. One contains a small cave-temple called

the Thousand Buddha Cave. Many of the figures are reliefs, and almost all have had their heads smashed off.

We spent a lot of time wandering around the upper galleries, or among the stalls in the street below, and the rain came on again and much heavier. It was late in the afternoon so we were shepherded back to the big compound in Binxian.

There was another break before tea so this time we went out into the streets and took the air, all of us quite selfconsciously aware that we were on show for our hosts, who it seems might be thinking of opening this area for foreign tourists. It was simply easier to let the people treat us that way, although I for one couldn't help feeling we were being mystified.

The last stage of making us feel like important people was an evening meal, mercifully lighter than lunch, of egg and tomato, fried cucumber, noodles, and a rice and date soup. We left Binxian for the drive back to Xi'an and passed the last small farewell parties several miles up the mountainside.

MICHAEL EDGLEY INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS

THE MAN • THE MUSIC • THE LEGEND

MIKIS

THE WORLD TOUR 1986

THEODORAKIS



AND HIS
COMPANY OF
BRILLIANT SINGERS
AND MUSICIANS
FEATURING
MARIA DIMITRIADI
ALIKI KAGIALOYOU
THANASIS MORAITIS

Thebarton Theatre, December 19, 20
Book now at "The Box Office", Allans,
Gawler Place, Thebarton Theatre, Shedley
Theatre, Elizabeth or at Kosmos Furniture and
Electrical, Torrensville.
Phone credit card bookings on 223 1755 or 255
3035.

PRICE \$23.90

THE MUSIC OF JOY—THE MUSIC OF FREEDOM—THE MUSIC OF LOVE

Driving Back Home

There is a town
quiet as an empty school
where my brother lives
working in the heat of day
drinking rest at night.
There is a wind
which blows in from the North
carrying the smell of fine dust
from the far flatlands
dry as a bowl in the sun.
When I go to visit
the trip takes half a day;
By the time I arrive
my white car is brown
and my eyes are sore from the drive.
There is a rule which states
that my holidays must be in Summer
when the kids don't learn
but play in the sea and streets;
And then I leave, when the sun shines hard.
When me and my brother were young
we sneaked out on hot nights
wondering where to go;
then we'd break into closed shops
bend stop signs or just walk around.
Next I found the city;
fast and great like an old hot car,
I was drawn there after school.
My brother stayed because of work
and stays, getting brown and fat.
Now there is the solitude
I breathe in when I reach the town
and escape when I drive back home,
my blood full of my brother's beer,
the wind whistling past the open pane.

Stefan Schutt

TO A GIRL LEAVING FOR EUROPE

Since continental winds
Will fill your sails fuller
Than cheeks of home can blow them,
You must go.

Your boat is trembling at the quay.
My chest could heave, my ribs crack,
But the brief puff of a poem
Cannot blow you back.

So let it blow you on,
And let girl remember boy
Through latitudes of grief,
Latitudes of joy.

Christopher Heffernan

CLUBS!

You can still get submissions into the Orientation Guide, but hurry! Write 200 words on your aims and activities and deliver it this week to the O'Guide Editors, C/- On Dit box in the Students' Association Office.

Executive secretary with word processing facilities at home is able to offer a full typing service at realistic prices. Prompt service with collection and delivery at client's convenience. Ph. 251 1464.

Limelight

ANGRY ANDERSON: RAGING ON

Rose Tattoo's Angry Anderson is not your average rocker. JOE PENHALL reports.

In the small pale blue walled Hindley Street café Angry Anderson is discussing one of his favourite topics, and momentarily broaches the surrounding low murmur, and rattle of cappuccino cups as he ejaculates: "What do you mean I've got to go and kiss a whale! I don't know this whale I'm not going to kiss it! I know Squirt, I'll kiss her".

He is talking of a whale he met only recently but in whose life he has become quickly and firmly embroiled. He has even produced a story on the subject for Ray Martin's 'The Midday Show' (where Angry is a part-time journalist), and produced a film clip relating to the subject, for *Rose Tattoos* new single.

"They're so remarkably like human beings," he says. "It's a little bit disconcerting... not to me, because I happen to believe in 'the link up', but to a whole lot of people, to think that maybe this is our root source, this is where we started as a race.

"In fact, there's a school of thought in the world today that says they're possibly as intelligent as we are... there's this more radical school of thought that thinks their intelligence is larger than ours...."

It's an interesting thought, and as he says "a little bit disconcerting". However not half as disconcerting as the next one...

"There's some photos in this book I've got of this, er, *substance* protoplasm, coming out of people's ears and noses. And it's formed purely by mental energy, but it takes on a putty form - actually it's lighter than that, it's got no substance. But it can actually form pictures; there's a photo in this book of a man sitting there with huge amounts of this plasmic stuff coming out of his ear - and it's forming pictures, and they're photographs of different people's faces in it..."

"I don't think you can just do it on the spot. There's selected people that do it.

"In other words they transpose a mental energy into a physical form... If you've ever read anything about the art of magic, Alchemy etcetera - one of the other things they claimed they could do was turn energy into matter - which would explain a lot of things, particularly things like the building of the pyramids.

"If you can do the one, you can reverse it. In other words... you can turn solid matter into energy so it doesn't weigh anything. That's pretty heavy stuff isn't it!"

He becomes more serious and his resentment gradually emerges,

revealing what a number of his excellent stories on the 'Midday Show' have demonstrated - a deep seated and highly indignant social conscience. One matter covered by Angry as a journalist is the matter of the recent brutal protests mainly in Queensland, against the keeping of animals in captivity. Angry explains:

"There's this new terrorist element of the Greenies who are trying to get all the zoo's and all natural fauna parks and circuses closed down. They're trying to get their licences revoked, but they've started to get really radical mainly with the sea-water people, and they've started to sneak into parks at night and beat some of the dolphins to death and leave notes: 'Well they're better off dead than in captivity'. Let's face it, *nothing's* better off dead."

This leads him on the topic of Greenpeace, with whom he's always had a tricky alliance.

As a teenager, they wouldn't include him in a number of protests when they were rushing to sign up young educated Uni students. "I was too much of a peasant" he mocks. However, he has continued to stay in contact. As lead singer of one of Australia's most successful rock bands over the last ten years, he has proved to be more useful than they could have imagined. Most recently he helped them out with the 'Save the Seals' program. (he framed the letter of thanks they gave him).

However now, he's starting to ask questions. "I think what they should be doing now is channelling all their energies into saving the forests, because that's immediate, and dangerous at the moment - the Daintree and Kakadu. You can forget about French testing, cause we're never going to get anywhere with that. The protesting against nuclear disarmament is only tokenism anyway.

"But the people that run the organisations know that, they just don't tell the schoolkids. They don't tell all the bright beautiful young people that want to save the world from a holocaust. I mean, the inevitability of a nuclear holocaust is just sickening."

The mood is suddenly serious. Brutally serious. Then, after a minutes reflection he's back on the subject of the whales, his anger dissipates, and his more familiar questioning irony re-asserts itself over the cynicism.

"I went and talked to these animals - I spent an hour the first time, and over an hour and half the second time in the water with them -

and they're happy little people!" he emphasizes.

Without prompting he continues, but not as Angry the rocker. These days he's a working man (his contract with the "Midday Show" is being redrafted to give him even more work next year) and a father of a four-year-old daughter.

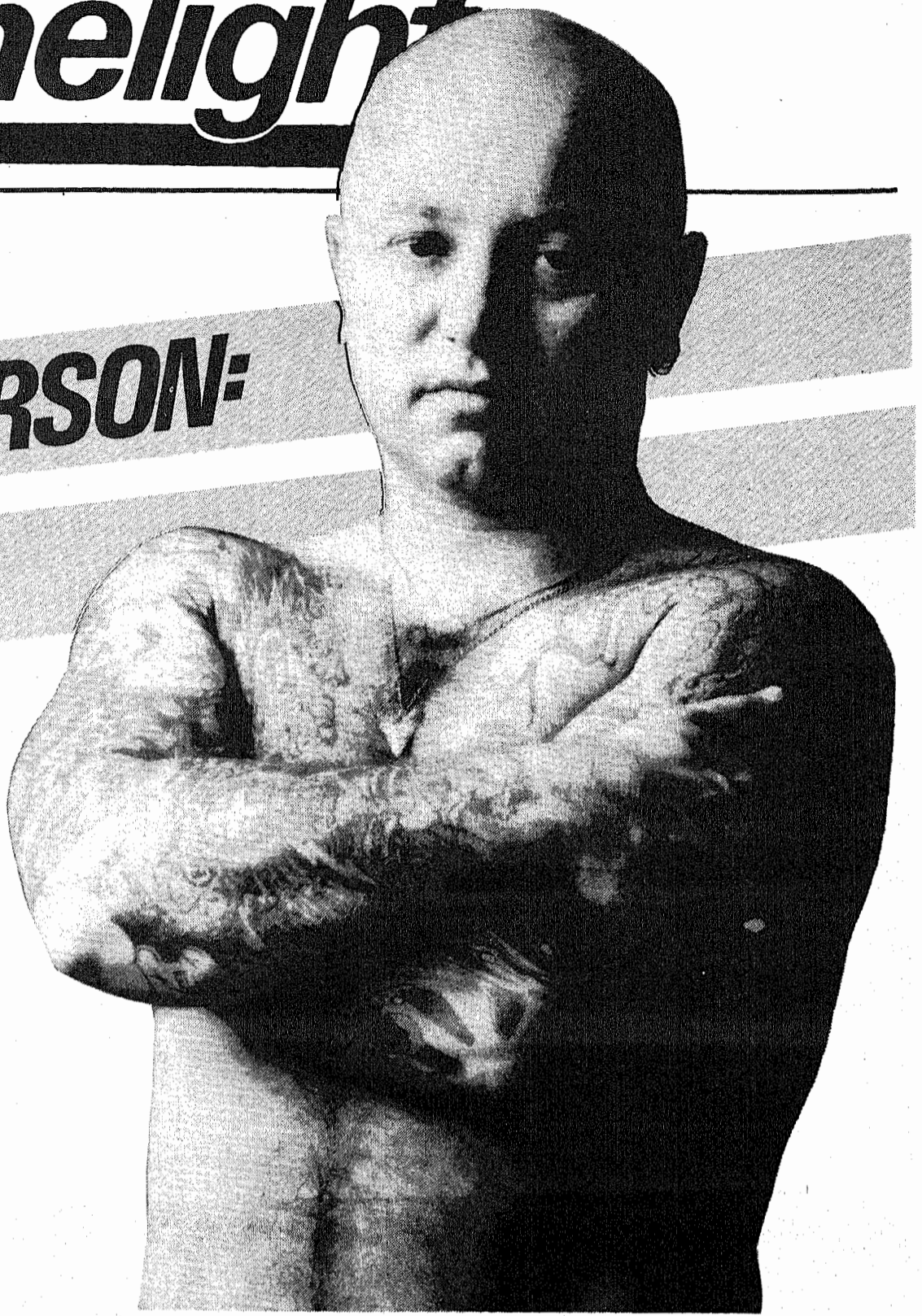
"Another thing that's worrying me as a citizen, is that we seem to be falling into this dangerous and really negative area that the Yanks have got themselves into now. They're so worried about lobbying by minority groups that they've started to overcompensate for them. It's almost like, in some states in America, minorities run it. They are the rule. They *dictate* to the majority.

For a brief moment the rocker emerges, and he's held there by the mention of U.S. lobbying against supposedly explicit song lyric. "Oh *Gees!* They want to set up a censure board now, and anyone that writes an album has got to submit their lyrics for approval.... *Get Fucked!*"

On the topic of America, Angry is unstoppable. As a rampant humanitarian he hates puppets.... Ronald Reagan is his next victim: "I really despise Reagan, 'cause he's such a *Vote Suck!* He thought two years ago that the anti-abortionists were going to win so he sided with them, and now it's turned out that they're a real minority in America."

Reagan's recent skirmish with Congress over South African trade sanctions leaves Angry rubbing his hands with glee.

"I'm really glad that there are still people in American Congress that care; that know about humanity; that still are in contact... Reagan doesn't care. It's the same with Thatcher, it's only a shame that they haven't got that system in England; cause she'd kicked in the arse for it too...."



"...It's good to have a Prime Minister who is so compassionate that he can go on television and try to tell the tale of his daughter's heroin addiction, and he breaks down and cries. It's to our detriment as a race that we allow our journalists to paint him as a weakling, I mean, he's publicly declared: 'I'm human. I am not a robot'. How can we condemn him for that?"

On the subject of journalism he speaks with a commitment and concern sadly over-ridden by his leather-clad image. As he speaks the commitment reveals itself as a passion.

"Part of the verbal deal I made with Ray [Martin] was that we wouldn't pick things up and then put them down, 'cause I've always been very critical of people who align themselves with causes for twelve months because it's very expedient... they get notoriety out of something then they drop it.

"The second story we did was on Heroine... it was such a popular subject that mums and dads were ringing up in the hundreds... It started off as a three part series, what it ended up as was a day, every week, because it just snowballed. It proved that all the government statistics we got were bullshit; all the government guidelines and advice was bullshit - they know *nothing* about drugs - they're guessing! They're stabbing in the dark!"

Suddenly it becomes apparent why he's called 'Angry': "The same thing happened with runaway kids. We found out that the government just throws a couple of thousand dollars their way... there's eight bureaucrats in some public service office that handle Runway-Youth Hostel Budget... so half the budget's eaten up by wages, the other half they spend on cars and

lunches - and the actual hostels and staff get *nothing!*"

"We had to put a call to air to ask for blankets and clothes because they just don't get any funding. These are *our citizens* we're talking about. This is the future of our country. We can't let 'em go wild on the streets, we can't let them gravitate towards the Cross... *they're our own*".

He's talking through gritted teeth now, tapping the tape recorder rhythmically as if drumming the words in.

So what is Angry's recipe for change - apart from writing to Bob Hawke, as he has done on numerous occasions?

"The first thing we've got to do is take the public servant by the scruff of the neck and say 'You *sit down* and *shut up!*' 'cause the public servants are the scourge of this country..."

As he starts to seethe again his entourage makes preparation to leave, and there are calls to wind things up...

"But they turn around year after year, after year when board after board after board have investigated, and they say: 'But you're going to put a lot of people out of work! Well Tough titties!' he sneers through closed teeth. The party rises and prepared to make a dash for it as the speaker talks on.

"The thing is, if they're not doing their job, well *fuck 'em!*" he seethes. He looks around,

everyone's leaving. "We've really got to dash. Angry" says a press aid. "Yes dash-dash" he rejoins mockingly as he shakes my hand, and starts telling me about the new album - the new *Rose Tattoo* album, the reason for the trip to Adelaide. "Oh well, next time?"

"You're on!" he enthused leaping into a waiting car and waving goodbye.

A way of life amid death and decay - common enough

THE MODERN COMMON WIND

Don Bloch
Paladin \$8.95

by Haydn Williams

"The Modern Common Wind" is an African name for leprosy, and Don Bloch's most unusual novel depicts the effects of this most deeply dreaded of diseases upon an East African family.

The story is told through the anonymous choric voice, that of an East African member of the tribe to which the great African healer Shebani (practising African medicine) belongs. Thus the very rhythms and grammatical structures of this English narration are African: the resultant tour-de-force of style has not been unfairly compared with Russell Hoban's *Riddley Walker*.

Since the healer Shebani distrusts "White" medicine, the outbreak of leprosy among his own family is ironic. In the old days, it is said, before the sunburned white Fathers of the Mission rode in on their motorbikes with the message of Christ's charity, lepers were simply expelled from the village, isolated, left to die. It was a rational if ruthless solution.

Ideas of brotherhood and mercy have in fact complicated the leper's relationship with her family, hus-

band, children and lovers. We are also made to ponder whether white medicine can work any better than black folk-cures, when we follow the fortunes of Shebani's luckless people - Asha and Emmanuel and his wife Margherita at Asembo Hospital. The legendary and beautiful Asha dies.

In the hospital the lepers form a vibrant and sexually active community. Ironically, a dazzling life seems to spring from imminent death and the wasting disease. Lepers who sleep by day turn night into a feverish celebration of the very bodies that are being slowly devoured.

Part 2, "The Last Closing Ceremony", narrates the adventures of Amuleli, Shebani's youngest son, a schoolboy who convinces himself that he has contracted the "Wind" and also goes off to live in Asembo Hospital.

Here indoctrinated into the furtive night life of the doomed society he becomes the lover of a blind and mutilated leper woman. But the irony is that he never had the disease in the first place. A reluctant escapee, he is rescued from Esembo by his enigmatic father and returns to his village.

Bloch's originality lies only partly in the "African" style of narration, the exploration of "African" con-

sciousness. A greater achievement is his depiction of the village community with its African characters and conventions with a strange blend of pathos and humour. What comes over most movingly is the quixotic heroism of the lepers.

This is a truly African novel with no political "message", grinding no axe save the astonishing assertion of human optimism, the refusal of alienation by the diseased and gruesomely deformed, in the face of a capriciously cruel and "inhuman" disease which severs families and rots you alive.

This novel scrupulously avoids giving superficial views. African village life, the community's sense of almost mystic unity, African "socialism", together with African folk medicine are not presented without indications of the flaws, the tragedies and terrible consequences that co-exist with the good. A similar wry sceptical view, only partly sympathetic, is given of "Western" medicine and missionary care.

The ultimate triumph of the novel springs from the characters: Shebani the flawed "native" healer, the brilliant and inquisitive Amuleli, and the legless patient Nicodeme in rose-coloured beret and sunglasses, kindly patriarch of the leper world.

Orientalism: how the West sees Asia

ORIENTALISM

Edward Said
Penguin \$11.95

Orientalism by Edward Said, subtitled 'Western Conceptions Of The Orient' seeks to illuminate an area which remains poorly appreciated in an age when technology can allow us to scrutinize remote places and events in Asia quickly and easily.

Said explores the relationship between Europe and Asia particularly as presented through literature and exhumes the long historical incidence of Europe's essentially negative attitudes to 'the Orient', particularly the Arab World, which he characterizes, 'Orientalism.' A style of thought more than just an academic tradition.

The Orientalist perspective denies to Asia much that is credited to the West. This extends from the conception of a different and inferior humanity of the peoples of the Orient to its sociological and political conception of their societies as stagnant or inert.

Said deals principally with 'the internal consistency of Orientalism and its ideas about the Orient'.

In a carefully structured work he begins by trying to capture 'all the dimensions of the subject, both in terms of historical times and experiences and in terms of

philosophical and political themes.' He then traces the chronological development of modern Orientalism first to the period of European colonial expansion and then to the end of European hegemony with the second World War.

Lastly he covers the subject in its relationship to the post-war American global ascendancy. The U.S.A. as the successor to the European Empires is now the prime power intervening in and attempting to determine the shape and destiny of 'The Third World' including the Orient, and Orientalism still plays a central role in this respect.

Professor Edward Said was born in Jerusalem in 1935 and has taught English at Columbia University in the U.S.A. since 1964. His personal experiences led him in part to write this book.

Said's work offers considerable insight into the relationships between Orientalism, the European society that produced it and the object, the Orient. Said acknowledges in particular the influence of Foucault, Gramsci and Noam Chomsky in his work.

Orientalism is a wide ranging and sophisticated work which exhibits a great depth of research and understanding. It is aimed primarily at scholars and it has had considerable impact across numerous disciplines from literature to anthropology.

A laugh at injustice - but where's the joke?

ARREST THAT CARTOONIST!

Penguin, \$7.95

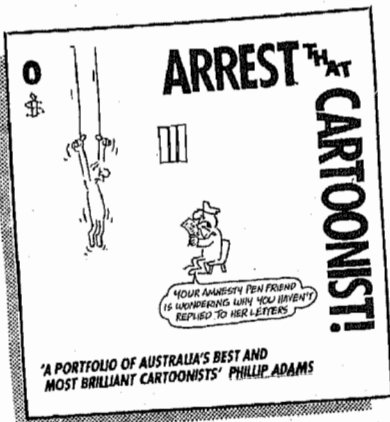
by Graham Lugsden

"Open your newspapers any day of the week and you will find a report from somewhere in the world of someone being imprisoned, tortured or executed because his opinions or religion are unacceptable to his government. The newspaper reader feels a sickening sense of impotence. Yet if these feelings of disgust all over the world could be united into common action, something effective could be done."

Within a week of the above paragraph and accompanying article appearing in *The Observer* in 1961, the author, Peter Beneson, had received more than a thousand offers of support. From that support Amnesty International was formed, the organisation that fights for individual freedoms around the world. It now has over 500,000 supporters from 160 different countries who collectively uphold the three aims: to free all prisoners of conscience (those who are imprisoned because of their beliefs, colour, or religion); to ensure that political prisoners are given a fair trial; and to eradicate the use of torture and the death penalty.

Arrest That Cartoonist! is a collection from some of Australia's best newspaper cartoonists, on the theme of political injustice. Patrick Cook, Michael Leunig, John Spooner and Ron Tandberg all contribute, as do Kaz Cooke, Mathew Martin and our own Michael Atchison, from *The Advertiser*.

The book is split into a number of sections, including arrest, torture, disappearances (the South American disease), trial, the death penalty, prisons, states of mind, the non-intervention of the West, repressionist governments, police, apathy, information, and, fittingly,



the response by Amnesty to all of these.

By the very nature of the subject matter, the humour is a healthy shade of black. Two people are watching television; the man says, "People starving! Isn't there anything else on?" to which his wife replies, "There's a drama about an unfulfilled person in an affluent society." A captive asks at gunpoint, "Do you want me to tell the truth?" His captor answers "We'd rather you believed in a few lies." Ronald Reagan says on Chinese TV, "We love you Chinese, especially the way you give hell to your totalitarian big brother, Communist Russia." The interpreter translates this into Chinese as, "The President warmly congratulates us on our fine system of government."

As a reader, one finds oneself checking the immediate laughter. Good cartoons have a barb in the tail; we giggle at the superficial laugh, and then realise what the cartoonist was trying to say. This is a fine collection of some wickedly pertinent cartoons. That it benefits such a commendable organisation as Amnesty should ensure popularity. Now, will you help?



Quiet persistence brings out talent

The Manikins are "Australian talent and originality at its emergent best" writes MAT GIBSON. They will be accompanying Joe Jackson on his forthcoming tour.

Backing Joe Jackson on his Australian Tour will be a little known Melbourne band, *Manikins*.

Originally a Perth group which included Dave Faulkner, the *Manikins* shifted to the Eastern States in '83 only to lose the majority of its members on arrival. Drummer Mark Betts and guitarist Bradley Clarke then began the slow process of auditioning players and earning enough money in regular jobs to convert a vacant factory into a rehearsal studio.

"We decided to persist quietly," says Clarke, "we have no contacts,

we couldn't just throw together a line up and get work. We wanted to find people who could contribute something to our original songs." One day, schoolgirl Christine Bodey answered an advert for a vocalist and later Alexander Netelbeck for keyboards. The line-up was finalized.

The band began to develop the existing material and create more. Although it is largely written by Clarke, the songs are always workshopped and often turn out radically different from Clarke's original concept.

"We write in such a way," Bodey says, "that an idea evolves and we develop that idea and where that idea goes is where we end up... we don't have a set style."

Although they've been doing the Melbourne circuit for only a year, there had been roughly five years of rehearsal and 'evolution' before that.

Earlier this year they signed a contract with a much impressed C.B.S. from which a single has already

emerged and an album will eventually be in a month or two. This first single, entitled "What Are You On" has been well received in both Sydney and Adelaide and provides a good example of the musical unpredictability to be witnessed both on stage and on record.

The contrasts exist also within the one song. At times the music soars powerfully for several bars only to give way to more subdued guitar chords and bluesy keyboards. In the same vein, Christine Bodey's purported three octave range voice shifts dramatically between the forcefully lyrical and a contorted madness which wrestles with and manipulates the words.

However, she asserts that "it is not indicative of our music on a broad spectrum. We've got a number of songs which vary from that again."

Manikins are Australian talent and originality at its emergent best. For those of you who are unable to attend the Joe Jackson concert, they will provide the chance to see them live on the preceding Friday and Saturday nights.



High-energy grunge



GIGS

PSYCHO FARMERS
Live at the Tivoli

by Dale Flemming

Since the demise of punk, or its evolution into a more commercial form, the fringe dwellers of musical expression have created yet another genre to attract a following. We were led to believe that punk music evolved from the conscience of a frustrated generation venting its anger at society for its inability to satisfy the changing tastes of youth. Bollocks! Bands like the *Pistols* were out to make a living in the music industry just like any other group, but they used extremes rather than talent to gain attention. This is nothing new for an industry which thrives on change.

On Friday October 10 the *Psycho Farmers* returned for an infrequent visit to the stage and treated a full house at the Tivoli to their own unique brand of music. As evidenced by the size of the audience, it is clear that this style of music is growing in popularity but more importantly it shows that the *Psycho Farmers* have become a strong force in the expression of this musical fashion.

A satisfying characteristic of the *Farmers* is the wide range of material they perform. With high energy powering every performance, each song's individuality is highlighted by emotive changes in rhythm and tempo and further enhanced by a passionate use of feedback, distortion and other effects used as much to create noise as to develop music.

An opinion held by many is that these bands adopt this thrashy, punk-like approach to their music because they lack any musical capability which would allow them to do a better job. While this may be true for some bands we should not forget the punk-rock adven-

tures of artists such as Robert Fripp and others who have used their sophisticated musical knowledge in imaginative ways. Similarly, the *Psycho Farmers* approach their material with a professional resourcefulness, and while each member's musical ability is certainly not in doubt one can understand why it is difficult for the consuming masses to take this style seriously.

An added characteristic of this neo-punk style is its movement into the country and western area with unusual consequences. It is becoming, for these bands to exact their revenge on rock-n-roll history with unique impressions of artists like Johnny Cash or Hank Williams. The *Psycho Farmers* continue this trend and, in a style most significantly characterised by Nick Cave, they cover songs by other performers in the most insincere manner possible. The surprise of the night must have been the cover of a *Creedence* song (whose title escapes me) played at about three times the original tempo and featuring a manic use of guitar inspired feedback, and which eventually led the guitarist through a series of impressive contortions on stage.

Grunge can be humiliating for a band and annoying for the audience when performed poorly, but it the future of this stylized form of musical impressionism is embodied in bands as entertaining as the *Psycho Farmers* then it promises to be a potent musical force, whether it is acceptable to the commercial, countdown-watching public or not. While bands like the *Sex Pistols*, *Joy Division*, *The Saints*, *The Stranglers* and many others insulted the musical establishment of the time, their efforts were appreciated by "soft-punk" groups such as *The Jam*, early *Preenters* and *Blondie*, all of whom have become successful from the commercial application of that style. Judging from this we are quite likely to see present-day abstractions used in a more appealing fashion to further diversify the music of the not-too-distant future.

Innovative rhythms make Gabriel magic

SO
Peter Gabriel
Charisma

by Cathy Smit

As a recent fan of the ex-Genesis frontman (after stumbling across the brilliant double album *Peter Gabriel Plays Live* in the local library tape collection) I was extremely keen to listen to some more Gabriel magic. This latest Gabriel album, the first to be given a title other than the artist's own name, has certainly lived up to all high expectations.

So, Gabriel's 7th album, was produced by Gabriel himself and Daniel Lanois who was involved with the production of U2's *The Unforgettable Fire*. Much of the material was recorded in Gabriel's own studio near Bath and features contributions from notables such as Kate Bush, Stewart Copeland (percussionist for The Police) and Laurie Anderson (experimental performance artist).

The most characteristic feature of the album is the emphasis on complex and innovative rhythms. Commenting on this Gabriel says, "the rhythm is the spice of life... (and) 80% of what I write is rhythm-

based". In fact, the focus on rhythm in Gabriel's work is perhaps its greatest appeal as one responds to the songs almost subconsciously so that you can't pinpoint exactly what it was about the song that so enraptured you.

Gabriel found much of the rhythmic inspiration for this album on journeys to Senegal (West Africa) and Brazil. This influence can be heard in tracks such as the haunting "Mercy Street" which was written around the Brazilian rhythm, "Forro" and the satirical "Big Time" which takes its punchy sound from a Nigerian groove.

A particular highlight of the album, apart from the single "Sledgehammer" which, according to the promotional blurb, is "destined to be his biggest single success to date", is the track "We Do What We're Told - Milgram's 37". The song is about a highly controversial social psychology experiment done in the 60s by Stanley Milgram who claimed that 63% of his subjects could be induced to administer high voltage, seemingly lethal, electrical shocks to others (who were actors and didn't actually receive the shocks) when ordered to do so by the experimenter. The hypnotic, subliminal pulse of the

song, punctuated by tearing, ominously reverberating single guitar notes, captures the public response at the time to the frightening levels of obedience obtained in the experiment.

Another excellent track, somewhat more light-hearted, is the satire on the American success story, "Big Time". The character in the rags-to-riches dream is a smalltown boy who escapes to the big city where his personality, bank account and, as Gabriel puts it in his notes on the song, "anatomy (are) growing larger than life". The lyrics are extremely witty:

big time
I'm on my way - I'm making it
big time big time
I've got to make it show - yeah
big time big time
so much larger than life

I'm going to watch it growing
The addition of the funky guitar, played by David Rhodes, and the bluesy soul organ played by Simon Clark puts the finishing humorous touch on a highly amusing send-up.

Unlike many of his peers, Gabriel has managed to maintain a high standard throughout his solo career and avid listeners such as myself eagerly await his next album and a long overdue Australian tour.

A funky reggae pot-boiler

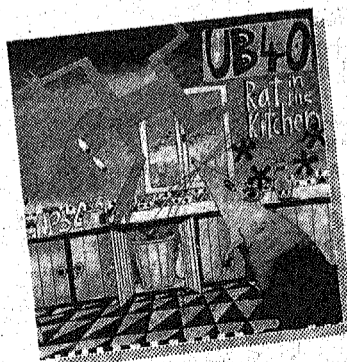
RAT IN THE KITCHEN
UB40
Virgin Records

by Joe Penhall

UB40 - (the name means "Unemployment Benefit 40" the British dole form) emerged from industrial Birmingham in the early 'eighties with a brand of raw and intense reggae which was quick to take off in Britain.

Five years later, they are more popular than ever, having experienced American success, and their first number one single in Australia ("I Got You Babe", recorded with Chrissy Hinde).

Over the years they've addressed themselves to some of this generation's most pressing social problems. On the first album it was



unemployment, the draw card being that though they couldn't play instruments the band-members formed a band out of frustration with unemployment.

On this album it is apartheid, "Be Blatant" is the most obvious track along this line, a call by the band for

all humanitarians to stuff the subtlety and get down to business.

Less direct is "The Elevator", an exercise of musical brilliance, with a croaking tenor sax, and smooth female backing vocals affirming the bands growing talent in arrangement.

"Rat In The Kitchen" is typical of many songs on the album, a funky reggae pot-boiler which delivers the bands grim message, in the brightest possible way.

In profusion is the use of synthesizers which makes a change for the band. However fortunately they do not obscure those gently ticking guitars and warm brass.

It's an excellent album from surely one of England's finest bands, and should do a lot for reggae worldwide.

Still not Cured? Try this

STANDING ON THE BEACH
The Cure
WEA

by Joe Penhall

The *Cure* are one of a few bands to emerge from the Punk generation with their music still evolving and still popular. This compilation contains all the hits from the wiry, brilliant "Killing an Arab" up to the latest single, the whimsical "Close to Me".

It includes the flower-powery "The Caterpillar" and the jaunty "The Love Cats" - two of the

albums finest moments as well as many of their more beat orientated singles, like the recently re-released "Boy Don't Cry".

The *Cure* are just one of a number of excellent bands (others include *Talking Heads* and *The Damned*) who whilst once being darlings of their respective cult scenes, are now world chart-toppers, without making any compromises detrimental to their music or image.

Furthermore, it's rumours that they'll be touring here late this year, after cancelling a recent Australian tour.



by Moya Dodd

Adelaide's best known comedy venue, Club Foote, will re-open with a party on Tuesday October 21. The celebrations will kick off at 7.30 pm, with busker Glynn Nicholas and Fringe hits *The Doug Anthony All Stars* appearing at 9.30 pm and the *Cockroach Club* at 11.30 pm.

The Club boasts a new stage and re-decoration downstairs and an extended bar, stage and dance floor upstairs.

Forthcoming theatre attractions include: *Benefactors* (State Theatre Company) at the Playhouse from October 21;

Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat at the John Edmund Theatre from October 22; *The Drunkard, or Down with Demon Drink* (Salisbury Theatre Company) at the Drama Workshop, The Levels in December; *Love's a Luxury* (Therry Dramatic Society) at the Royalty Theatre from October 31;

The Battle of Vinegar Hill (Adelaide Rep) at the Arts Theatre from November 15; and *Bah Humbug... Another Christmas Carol* at the Troupe Theatre from November 5.

The State Theatre Company's Gold Subscription Season will be announced on Wednesday October 29. Premier John Bannon will take the lid off what STC promises to be a "truly exciting season of theatre".

'Roses in Due Season' lives up to expectations

ROSES IN DUE SEASON

Janus Productions
Sheridan Theatre
Until November

by Fran Edwards

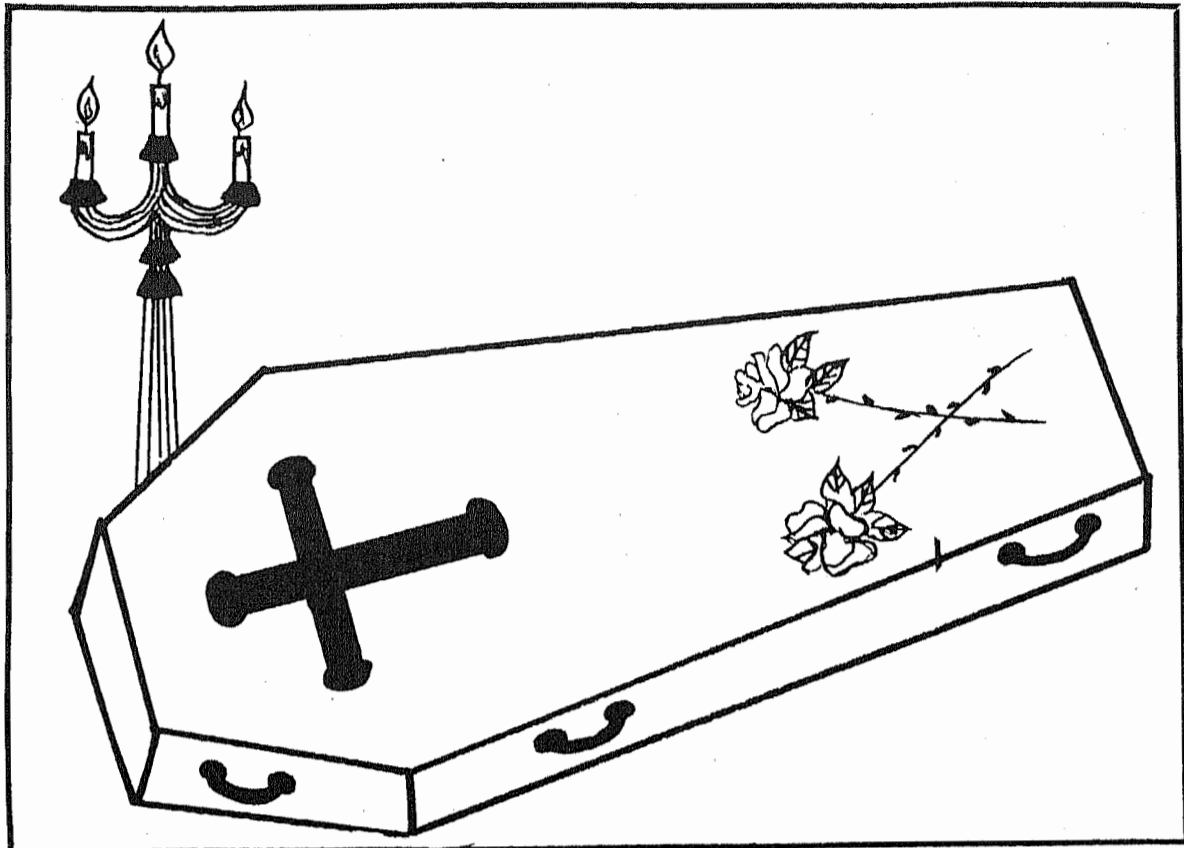
Alcoholism is not an easy subject to deal with. This play deals with just that subject with chilling realism.

Janus Productions have gradually built themselves a reputation for good Theatre and *Roses in Due Season* lives up to expectations. The entire production is well balanced showing the experienced hand of director Pauline Terry-Beitz.

The difficult part of Charlie, the alcoholic, was well-handled by David Winston. Charlie would be a very easy part to overplay but the characterisation was well controlled.

The three women in Charlie's life, Lil, Dawn and Estelle are really what the play examines. Lil, his wife, was portrayed by Kay Bradley. Lil is the perfect victim and Ms Bradley handles the role with sensitivity.

The two daughters are very different. Dawn, Charlie's stepdaughter, has an acid tongue and a fiery temper. Leanna Schier really brought this role to life. However Estelle, Charlie's natural daughter, is very different, not so bright and very childish. Caroline Williams



made a good effort with this part and at times was fine, but occasionally she allowed the character to slip, particularly when reacting rather than acting.

My compliments to the tech crew.

Everything was very smooth. In particular the scene changes which were quick, quiet and impressive. The set created the right atmosphere even to the peeling paint on the walls.

Overall this was a strong play and well handled. It's not really the type of thing you'd say you enjoyed but something you'd be glad you didn't miss. Definitely good theatre.

You guessed it, The Queen is Dead



THE QUEEN IS DEAD

The Smiths
Rough Trade

by Richard Wilson

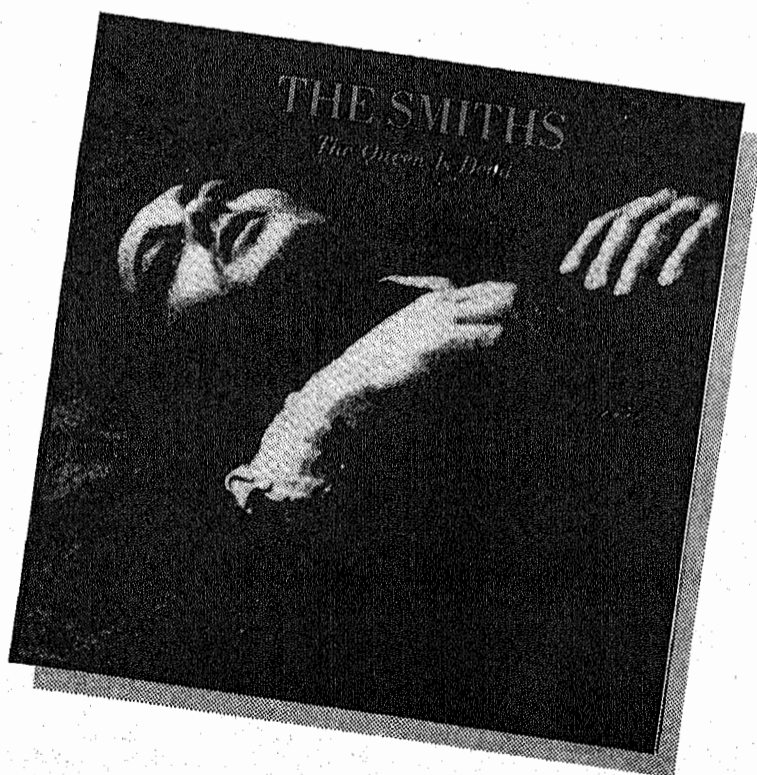
"Oh please don't drop me home because it's not my home, it's their home, and I'm welcome no more and if a double decker bus crashes into us to die by your side such a heavenly way to die and if a ten ton truck kills the both of us to die by your side the pleasure and the privilege is mine"

You guessed it, the *Smiths* have a new album. It's called *The Queen Is Dead*, the fourth album from the group, and while still being unmistakably a *Smiths* product, there are definite differences from the earlier three albums. The songwriting duo of Morrissey and Marr have expanded their musical horizons to produce a depressing blend of moody ballads and dark humour.

The album kicks off with a few bars of 'Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty' before a punchy drumbeat launches us into the title track.

Morrissey's pen is as poison as ever, no more evident than on the song 'The Queen Is Dead', where he accuses Prince Charles of being a transvestite:

"Dear Charles, don't you ever crave to appear on the front of the *Daily Mail* dressed in your Mother's bridal veil?"



The lyrics caused howls of protest and led to Conservative MPs calling for the record to be banned in England.

'Never Had No One Ever' is Smith's depression at its best. A great ditty to slash your wrists to, this one.

The humour of 'Frankly Mr Shankley' (Morrissey handing in his resignation to his boss) and the egregious 'Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others' fits in surprisingly well with the sombre mood the rest of the album creates.

Sadly, the twangy guitar of earlier

albums is missing, and the album doesn't have a standard track like 'How Soon Is Now' on it. Despite these shortcomings, Johnny Marr's guitarwork is still flawless and the rhythm section of Andy Rourke (bass) and Mike Joyce (drums) is as tight as ever.

My personal favourite is 'There Is A Light That Never Goes Out', a sweeping love song (which the lyrics at the start of this review belong to).

To sum up, this is a solid album that will do them no harm, but it does fall below expectations.

Solos flow amid changes of mood & tempo



CAL COLLINS

Live at the Richmond Hotel

by Jeremy Phillips

Cal Collins has been described as "the best unknown guitarist in jazz", a situation which after forty years of playing hardly seems just.

When he was in town on October 6, he displayed a talent which merits him a far larger audience than he currently enjoys.

Supported by talented local musicians, Collins' "pianistic" style of playing shone through three inspired sets.

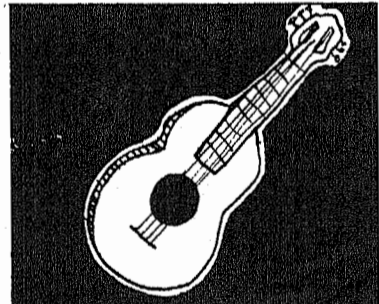
Delicate finger-picked phrases wove magically amongst fluid passages of complex chords, all executed with fine grace.

This was particularly true of the selections he played unaccompanied. With his sensitive building and release of tension, flowing changes of mood and tempo, Collins built solos which were masterpieces of emotion, texture and colour.

On numbers such as 'On Green Dolphin Street', a gutsy and swinging side of the guitarist's playing was exhibited. A many-layered solo interpretation of 'Atkinson Topeka and Sante Fe', which formed part of an unaccompanied medley of standards, was a grooving highpoint.

Though Collins had not even rehearsed with his backing group before the performance, they linked instantly with the guitarist.

Sax player Bob Jefferey in par-



ticular seemed to share a special understanding, and produced soaring solos of some intensity and incisiveness. His solo on 'Autumn Leaves' was exceptionally well directed.

But the highlight of the evening was a pacy rendition of the Monk classic 'Straight No Chaser'. A sculptured duo of Dave Seidel's bass and Collins' guitar gave way to a sustained sax and guitar duo of outstanding mutual perception. The gentle yet penetrating chords and leaping phrases of Collins subtly balanced the urgent and cutting lines of Jefferey's tenor, to make this treatment of the blues quite breathtaking.

In this piece, as in all the others, drummer Lawrey Kennedy provided everything which was expected of him, playing with restraint and exuberance as the mood required.

Cal Collins, I'm sure, has won many new fans - myself among them - as a result of this splendid concert. Not only by the completeness of his performance, but also the friendliness of the man himself, obvious from the rapport he achieved with both his attentive audience and his supporting musicians.

Adelaide University Folk Club
Every Thursday at 1 pm. Sessions held in the cloisters in fine weather and in the Craftroom when raining. New members always welcome.

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

United Nations and International Year of Peace

Talk by Mrs Heather Southcott (President of UN Association for SA) Thursday 23rd October 1.00 pm, Napier GO1.

UN Day 'Prayers for World Peace' Friday 24th October, 1.00 pm at the Chapel.

A Peace Display in Barr Smith Library from Monday 20 - Friday 24 October. Everybody welcome!

Organised by AUBS

State Library Notice

A relocation programme is reaching its final stages at the State Library. The Lending Services are now located in Kintore Avenue and the State Reference Services will now occupy the entire ground floor of the State Library Building, North Terrace, Adelaide.

Due to this relocation, most Reference Services will be closed to the public from 27th to 29th October inclusive. No public access can be obtained to the following services and collections during that time; Reference Library, Map Collection, Rare Books and Special Collections, Royal Geographical Society, Telephone enquiry service. However, the Newspaper Reading Room and the Children's Literature Research Collection will remain open.

Although the Reference Services will not be available for these three days, special study areas will be available for students wishing to use the library as a study base. Also, in cases of extreme need, emergency access to the Reference collection could be made by approaching the Lending Services staff. The Lending Services are located in Kintore Avenue.

Volleyball Club Winery Tour
Sunday 2 November, \$12 members, \$15 non-members. Price includes: Trip to Barossa, Tour of a Winery, B.B.O. lunch, Winery Crawl. Bus leaves Uni footbridge 10.00 am and returns 4.30 pm. Tickets from Leone Goodliffe (Biochem); Bryan Crosby (Physics); Steve Grimmett (Civ. Eng '6) or come to training at the gym on a Friday 5.30 pm - 7.30 pm or rock up on the day and take your chances.

Wanted
Notes for Anthropology IIC from all of this year. Willing to pay. Contact Y Saunders on 213 2117.

A.U.S.F.A.
Entries for the Great Snark Hunt to be held on Saturday 25th October must be in by Fri-

day 24th to Justin Green; contact him on 79 5813 or via his Geology pigeon-hole. The Hunt costs \$1 per person, leaves from the Uni footbridge at 2:00 in the afternoon and is open to all.

Short stories and model building competition, entries are wanted by May 31 1987. We would also like artwork to be displayed at Unicon '87. Stories have an upper limit of 7000 words; the competition is open to all amateur SF and F writers. See Justin Green for details of the Model Building Competition; all general enquiries are directed to the AUSFA pigeon-hole. The Committee will meet as usual at 1.00 in the Rubble on Monday.

Accommodation

Accommodation For A Disabled Tertiary Student St. Mark's College, North Adelaide
The late Mrs Lilian Needham gave money to St. Mark's College to create facilities, namely a room and a bathroom, for a disabled student to live in the College building known as Hawker House, situated in the premises of St. Mark's College at 46 Pennington Terrace, North Adelaide.

Applications are invited for a disabled student studying at a tertiary institution to live in the College. It is possible that some remission of fees will be granted to a deserving student. Enquiries to the Master, Rev'd P.A. Thomson at St. Mark's College, 46 Pennington Terrace, North Adelaide, South Australia, 5006, telephone: 257 2211.

Evangelical Union

Monday:
8.30 am Prayer Meeting, E.U. Room;
1.00 pm Cell Groups, Arts 1.207 Napier Tower., Music Chapel, Engineering Chem. Engineering Tea Rooms

Tuesday:
8.30am Prayer Meeting, North Dining Room;
1.00 pm Tuesday Meeting, North Dining Room, Reg Piper speaks on the Holy Spirit in the Epistles.

Wednesday:
8.30 am Prayer Meeting, E.U. Room;
1.00 pm Cell Groups, Arts 2, L03 Napier Building, Law, 113 Ligertwood Building

Thursday:
7.30 am Brekkie, Dining Rooms,
Friday:
8.30 am Prayer Meeting, E.U. Room
1.00 pm Cell Groups, Maths E.U. Room, Science 1, Tute Room, 2. Biology Building, Science 2. Chapel.

Beginner Women's Rowing
We are four female students who are beginner rowers at the Uni Boat Club and we need to find a cox for our crew. Please contact us if you are interested, female and 40-50kg! Ring Kate - 332 6517 or Kathy - 332 2831.

Lutheran Students Fellowship
Thursday October 23rd. This week we will hold an end-of-lectures service in the chapel at luncheon. Come along for some spiritual

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

preparation before exams. Everyone is welcome.

Meetings

Monday 20th October through to Saturday 26th October, 7.30 pm at the Crusade Centre, 27 Sturt St, Adelaide. Phone: 212 232, Dan Armstrong - "Demonstrating God's Handbook for the Race of Life." Hurting? God has the perfect answers for you.

Archaeology Society

'Fieldwork Opportunity' Saturday 25th October. The Archaeology Society urgently needs volunteers to assist in the selection, packing, and rough cataloguing of tools from the historic Central Shipyard of Port Adelaide in readiness for their transfer to the Maritime Museum. Please contact Gordon Marshall on 386 0507 (a.h.)

Thursday October 23rd, North Dining Room, 7.30 pm. South Australia's leading Antiquities Dealer, Robin Carter, presents a slide-illustrated talk on some famous archaeological fakes and forgeries, then discusses some modern frauds. Refreshments available.

Archaeology Society

Experience the 'Indiana Jones' excitement of archaeology right here in South Australia. Dig down through half-collapsed mine tunnels, excavate buried rooms and uncover an (almost) lost civilization. Australia's first large scale archaeological excavation is being undertaken at the Burra Mine in the mid-north. Work takes place most weekends. If you are interested please phone the Archaeologist, David Bannear on (088) 47 4284 on a week night.

Students For Christ

Hear Harry Westcott a man who has RAISED THE DEAD and seen other miracles. When? Wednesday 22 at 1 pm plus evening 7 pm. Thursday 23 at 1 pm UNION HALL.

"ART AS LANGUAGE"

a Student Access Exhibition - mixed media

October 23 to November 7

THE GALLERY, ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

Level 6 of Union Building Monday - Friday, 10 - 5

AUTHORS! AUTHORS!

The Editors of the Adelaide University Literary Society magazine *Diphthong* want earnestly to read your best work in prose, poetry and literary criticism for possible publication in the long-awaited, all new 1986/87 edition. *Diphthong*, despite its onerous, seemingly inert name, again represents an opportunity for unpublished (unpublishable?) writers to have their work published and indeed read by and in a sociable, familiar milieu. So don't be shy and hesitant about letting the editors have a peruse at your verse or a perusal of your prose. Remember, you're among friends.

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

Your submissions should be typed, have on them your name, and must be yielded by October 31 (or thereabouts) to the Lit-Soc pigeon-holes that you will find either in the Jerry Portus Room, Lady Symon Building, or in The English Department, Level 6 of the Napier Building.

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

Student Christian Movement

On October 22, Rabbi Kahn will be leading the meeting. He will be sharing with us about the Jewish Faith, and what it means today. We meet in Room 207 of the Napier Building at 1 pm. All welcome.

Student Membership in 1987 of Faculties and Curriculum Committees

There having been no more than the required number of nominations received in respect of Faculties and Curriculum Committees as listed below, I declare the following students to have been elected to membership for a term of one year, commencing 1 January 1987:

- Faculty of Architecture and Planning: Undergraduate Members: Richard H. Woods, James T. Banfield
- Faculty of Medicine: Stephanie E. Cameron, Paul S. Kennedy, Stephen P. McDonald

Scholarships

The University of Newcastle invites applications for Undergraduate Summer Vacation

Scholarships for students who have completed at least three years of a four year Bachelor degree course. It is expected that applicants will have reached a standard sufficient to proceed to the Honours programme in the discipline in 1987. Those awarded scholarships will be expected to pursue a programme of full-time supervised research in a Department of the University of Newcastle, and submit a brief report at the end of the programme.

Scholarships are valued at \$100 per week for 10 weeks commencing mid December 1986. Applications and details are available from The Secretary, University of Newcastle, NSW 2308. Applications close on 29 November 1986.

Re: Activities Week Beginning Monday October 20th

Wednesday October 22nd - 2 pm New Release Music in Union Bar
6 pm Music Students performance in Union Bistro.

7 pm Darts competition in Union Bar. \$2 entry received after 6 pm. \$100 first prize, carton of West End beer second prize.

7.30 pm Union Films in Cinema - "La Grand Illusion"; "Private and Confidential"
Friday October 24th - 6 pm Pianist in Union Bistro.

"9 pm to midnight" - Free entertainment in Union Bar.

COMING EVENTS

"Rockit 88" on Friday October 31st.
"1986 Melbourne Cup" on big videosecree in Union Bar, Tuesday November 4th.
End of Year Rage in Union Complex, Saturday December 6th, 9 performers, films etc.

GENERAL NOTICES

Student Rush Tickets - Many theatres in Adelaide will provide students rush tickets at the door on the night. Some great bargains available, listen to SA.FM at 5.30 pm each weeknight for details.

Union Craft Studio

Studio open for students to undertake variety of crafts in their own time.

Amended Opening Hours (for third term)

Monday 12 noon - 9 pm
Tuesday 10 am - 7 pm
Wednesday 1 pm - 6 pm
Thursday 1 pm - 6 pm
Friday 10 am - 5 pm

HAIRCUTS

Every Thursday afternoon \$4. Appointment necessary.

MASSAGE

Friday afternoons and at other time by appointment.

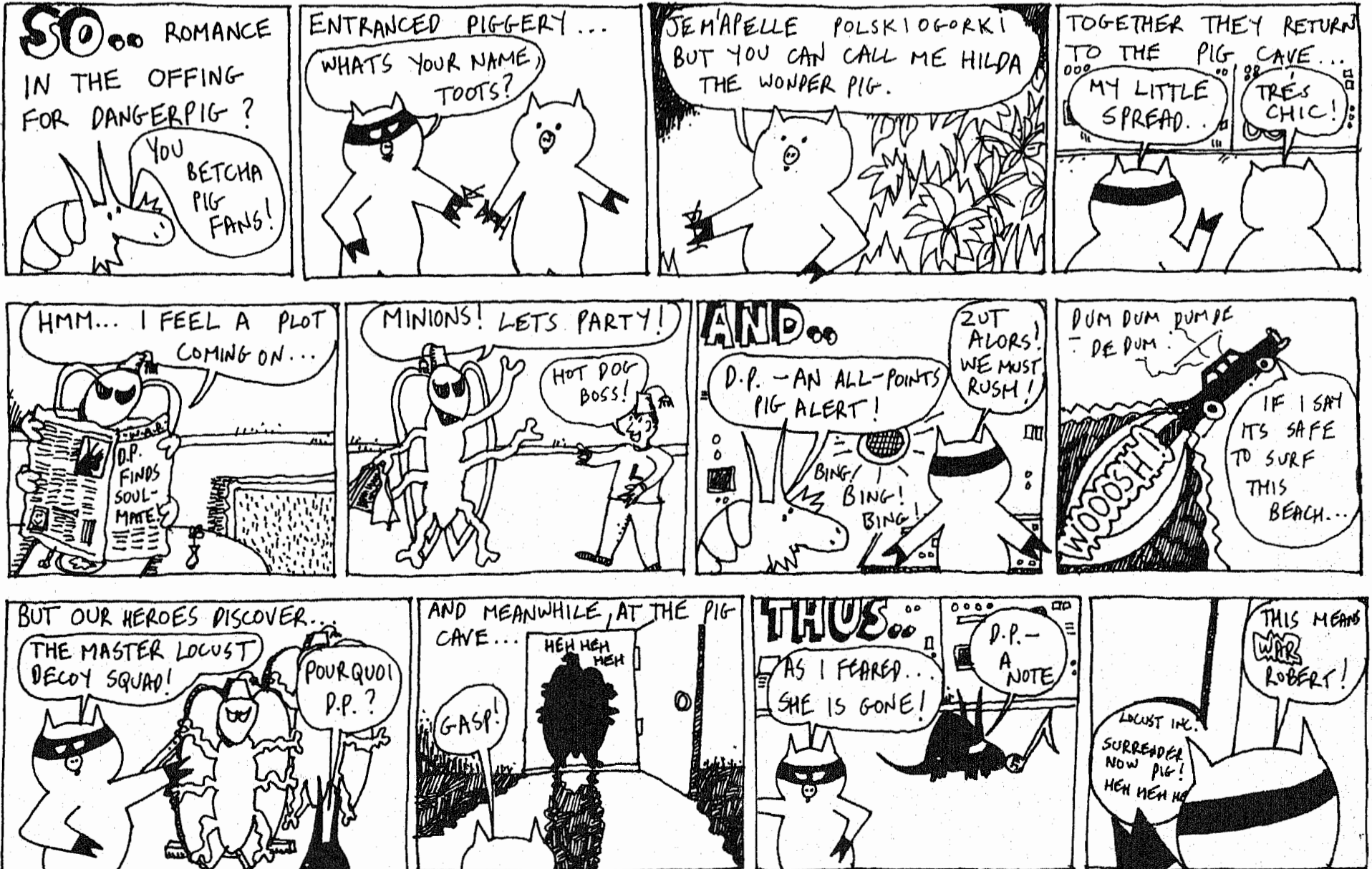
TAROT CARD READING

Monday to Friday 1 pm - 3 pm, \$6 donation per half hour.

See what's on the Cards!
For enrolment in above and other regular Craft Studio courses, contact Vera or Helen in Craft Studio, Level 4, Union Building. Phone: 228 5857.

DANGERPIG!

- AND HIS CONSORT - CARELESS ROBERT.



© BABEL OCT. 86

BY RAOUL THE POTATO.

START AT THE BACK!

Edited by Rupert & Enzo, with thanks to the Daleks and a Polish zookeeper.

Humiliating capitulation

STOP IT! We can't take any more! We give in! Yes, we will bring back *Death of the Week!*

After being flooded with complaints about the loss of our most popular item, and the lukewarm reaction to its replacement (*Disease of the Week*), we have decided to now print not one, not two, but three deaths of interest to our audience. ("And all because you asked for it" - Mike and Mal) Addicts of the item have been knocking down the *On Dit* office door to plead at our feet for another fix of their favourite mindbender. So defile nor debase yourselves no more, for once again you can read about some poor sod's horrible demise, and enjoy your day.

Death of the Week No. 1...

Reuben Tice, an amateur inventor of Monterey, California, was killed while working on his latest invention. He had already devised underfloor heating, and a gadget for chilling cocktail glasses. Then in November, 1967, he started work on the invention that would make him as famous as Edison - a prune un-wrinkler. But alas, the world was denied the chance of un-wrinkling all of its prunes: the machine exploded, and killed Tice outright. This noble pioneer was found, appropriately, slumped across his bench, surrounded by the remains of the machine and the test prunes. And yes, they still had their wrinkles.

...heres No. 2....

According to Pliny, the greatest of all Greek tragedians, Aeschylus, was killed in 456BC, by the impact of a tortoise on his head, that had been

dropped by an eagle. Aeschylus was entirely bald, and the eagle must have mistaken Aeschylus' chrome dome for a rock, on which it could shatter the tortoise's shell.

Either that or it didn't like his latest play.

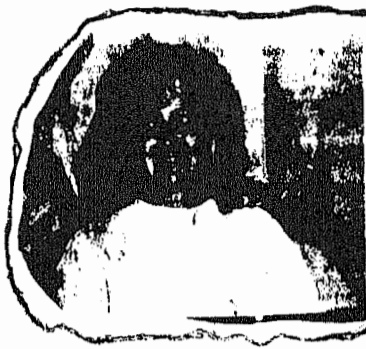
...and now No. 3

An inquest had been held into the suicide of a British Rail ganger, named Leonard Dodge, in 1976. A witness at the enquiry testified that Dodge had hanged himself "because he was worried about metrication."

That's entertainment?

John Howard's Press releases always make entertaining reading, but the one issued on the day that he was thrown out of Parliament is one of his best. Headlined "Keating As A Precious Flower", it is full of juicy phrases, such as "Hawke...is mugging small businesses". "Keating is engaged in a massive fiddle" and "apalling record as a mud slinger". But the best bit is an attached list of the terms Keating has used to describe his opponents (as reported by John Howard, of course.) These include: sleazebags, pigs, boxheads (?), criminals, brain damaged, loopey crim, stupid foul-mouthed grub (to Wilson Tuckey, over the Kristine affair), piece of criminal garbage (ditto), bunyip aristocracy, fop, gigolo, hillbilly, mealy-mouthed, rustbucket, scumbag, Liberal muck, gutless spiv, glib rubbish, tripe and drivel, constitutional vandals, champion liar, ghouls of the National Party and barnyard bullies.

And the ABC wants to televise all this.



Exchange experiences related

In order to become a part of the Rotary International Student Exchange program, I filled out an application and a special form about myself and made a presentation to the Uvalde Rotary Club. My application was accepted and sent to Australia's 150th Jubilee Committee which is similar to our Sesquicentennial Committee. The Jubilee 150 Committee then invited the service club families of Australia to select the student they wanted to host.

I talked about myself, my family, my favorite kind of entertainment and my school. The Aussies asked me questions about our industries, sports, high schools, universities, agriculture, ranching, etc. I had to explain that not all Texans are cowboys and that not all Aussies have kangaroos or Koala bears in their backyards. Our summer is their winter. I went to a school in South Australia.

Culture Schlock

One rewarding aspect of this year's sesquicentenary is the chance for young students from Texas and Arkansas, also celebrating their jubilee year to come to Australia and visit little old Adelaide.

One American female student related her exchange experiences of South Australia to her local Messenger Press-type rag, *The Uvalde Leader News*.

The article read: "To attend a university, an annual fee of \$200 plus the cost of books is all they have to pay. I saw a news report coverage of a demonstration by Uni students who were protesting the annual fee."

Advice for travellers

The Agriculture Information Service in Switzerland has released some statistics on Swiss cow manure. They found that the average cow relieves itself about once an hour, or about twelve times a day, producing enough manure to cover one square metre. With 825,000 cows, Switzerland could be covered in cow dung once every couple of months.

Moral of the story - wear wellies next time that you go skiing in Switzerland.

Balls and babies

The Dutch Reform Church of South Africa has de-sinned

It went on:

"Their university seems easier than the universities in the U.S. I attended several lectures and chutes (lessons) and they seemed very easy." Rupert confirmed that lectures are really just lessons (not chutes, I mean tutes) and that chutes were in fact something you shoved smelly laundry down.

But wait, the article continued:

"The lower-class people were called aborigines. They appeared to be a combination of black and Indian. They were fat, repulsive and hung out in shopping malls. When we walked past them they would yell obscenities. The Aussies think they are lazy and useless

dancing.

No longer will good South African Christians feel guilty whenever they leap onto the dance floor, cavorting the light fantastic to Michael Jackson, as the church's synod (not our office hobbit, also named Synod), have decided that dancing would be acceptable if the gyrators exercised "the greatest responsibility". The conservatives argued against the decision, saying that often "what we have from these dances are 10 girls expecting illegitimate babies." Enzo has now made it his duty to attend these dances, and see for himself if this happens. Well, someone has to do it

to society."

The article continued: "There was only one co-ed public high school in Adelaide but only lower-class people attended it. All the schools were segregated to either boys or girls. The major difference between their school system and ours is that they pay for their tuition fees from primary to year 12."

After reading this article, one is skeptical of the usefulness of a student exchange program.

One wonders what the folks back home in the 'ol U.S. of A. thought their kids were getting up to in the land of Oz. Obviously this female exchange student didn't learn too much in her vacation to the Banana Republic.

Brussels sprouts snakes?

The zoo in the Belgian city of Bruges has had a population explosion of its puff adders. The zoo's puff adders all decided to give birth over one weekend, so now the zoo has eighty five adderettes to dispose of. However, management has insisted that they go to good homes, so the Bruges zoo might be keeping the baby adders for some time. We think that it was all a conspiracy by the Adder Revolutionary Front to help free their brothers from the human oppressors in Belgium, but we might be wrong.

IF CARTOONS ARE A VEHICLE FOR HUMOUR THEN THIS COMIC STRIP IS RUNNING ON EMPTY...

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

IN THE RETURN OF THE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE Part II
TREVOR AND HIS BAND OF POTENTIAL WORLD-SAVERS, WHICH HAS GROWN TO INCLUDE TWO, LIKE, VALLEY ALIENS FROM THE PLANET "BARF" AND A WOMAN NAMED FYAH, (WHO IMPRESSED TREVOR GREATLY BY GIVING R.C. A SWIFT KICK IN HIS SPHERICAL PARTS), ARE NOW PREPARING TO SNEAK INTO THE WHITEHOUSE...

SCENE I
I DON'T KNOW HOW THE BUTTOCKS KNEW WE WERE ABOUT TO GO INTO THAT BAR, BUT WE'RE EVEN MORE LIKELY TO GET BLOWN UP HERE. WE'LL HAVE TO STAY ON OUR TOES.
THAT'S O.K. I WORK BEST WHEN I'M UNDER PRESSURE. HOW ABOUT YOU?
THAT'S THE ONLY TIME I EVER WORK.

SCENE II
ALRIGHT YOU WEIRDOS, HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING LISTENING AROUND HERE?
WE'RE... UM... JUST SIGHT-SEEING.
FINE. AND I BELIEVE IN WEATHER FORECASTING. YOU BETTER ALL GOE BACK TO THE STATION WITH ME.
FASC ME OUT! *
*PRONOUNCED 'FASH' IS TO BE FASCED. DERIVED FROM THE WORD 'FASCISM'

SCENE III
LOOK, WE'RE ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST TAKE THIS ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF MONEY AND, IN THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, "PISS OFF." *
RIGHT, THAT'S IT! I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR MISQUOTING SHAKESPEARE AND BRIBERY OF A POLICE OFFICER!
DON'T YOU MEAN ATTEMPTED BRIBERY?
NO... I'LL TAKE THE MONEY.

SCENE IV
AND WHILE R.C. HAGGLES WITH THE COP, THE OTHERS SNEAK INSIDE TO FIND:
HOLY SHIT!!
WOW!... TWO PRESIDENTS!
WEIRDORAMA

SCENE V
O.K. ARSEHOLE, I WANNA KNOW WHATS GOING ON, SO START TALKING... AND DON'T GIVE ME ANY CRAP.
YOU'RE TOO LATE, SCUNGE-FACE. OUR FAKE PRESIDENT WILL BE AT CHANNEL R.C.T.V. TO GIVE HIS ADDRESS TO THE NATION ANY MINUTE NOW!

SCENE VI
R.C.T.V.? OBVIOUSLY ONE OF R.C.'S STATIONS. I'D BETTER CALL AND WARN THEM.
HEY, THIS GUY SAYS YOU'RE THAT SUPERHERO GUY WHO SAVED THE PLANE YESTERDAY... AND THAT HE'S REALLY AN HONEST PERSON. WILL YOU VOUCH FOR HIS CHARACTER?
WHAT? HIS CHARACTER? HES THE KIND OF PERSON YOU SEND 'GET SICK' CARDS TO... WAIT, I'M GETTING THROUGH.

SCENE VII
CLICK! LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS IS CALLING, BUT YOU'RE TALKING TO A MACHINE... THAT'S NOT BECAUSE THERE'S NOONE HERE AT THE MOMENT... IT'S JUST BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT TO TALK TO ANY OF YOU MINDLESS MORONS RIGHT NOW. PLEASE DROP DEAD AT THE SOUND OF THE TONE...
SCREEEEEEEECH!!

SCENE VIII
SOUNDS LIKE THEY'VE TAMPERED WITH YOUR ANSWERING SERVICE, R.C.
NO... THAT'S EXACTLY THE WAY I HAD IT RECORDED.

SCENE IX
THE PHONES TAPPED ANYWAY...
WE'D BETTER GET THERE RIGHT AWAY. WE'LL TAKE YOUR FLYING SAUCER, O.K. GUYS?
WELL, NOT EXACTLY... ALIEN SCUM!
WHA?

SCENE X
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP OUR PLAN THIS TIME, FUZZBALL. KEEP HIM HERE RUI-2. IF HE MOVES, KILL THEM ALL!!
CERTAINLY, MASTER

©1986 WHY DOES MY DRAWING OF BERBAN LOOK MORE LIKE MARCOS? PRODUCTIONS LTD.