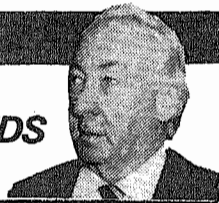


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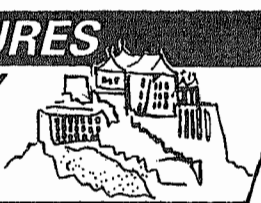
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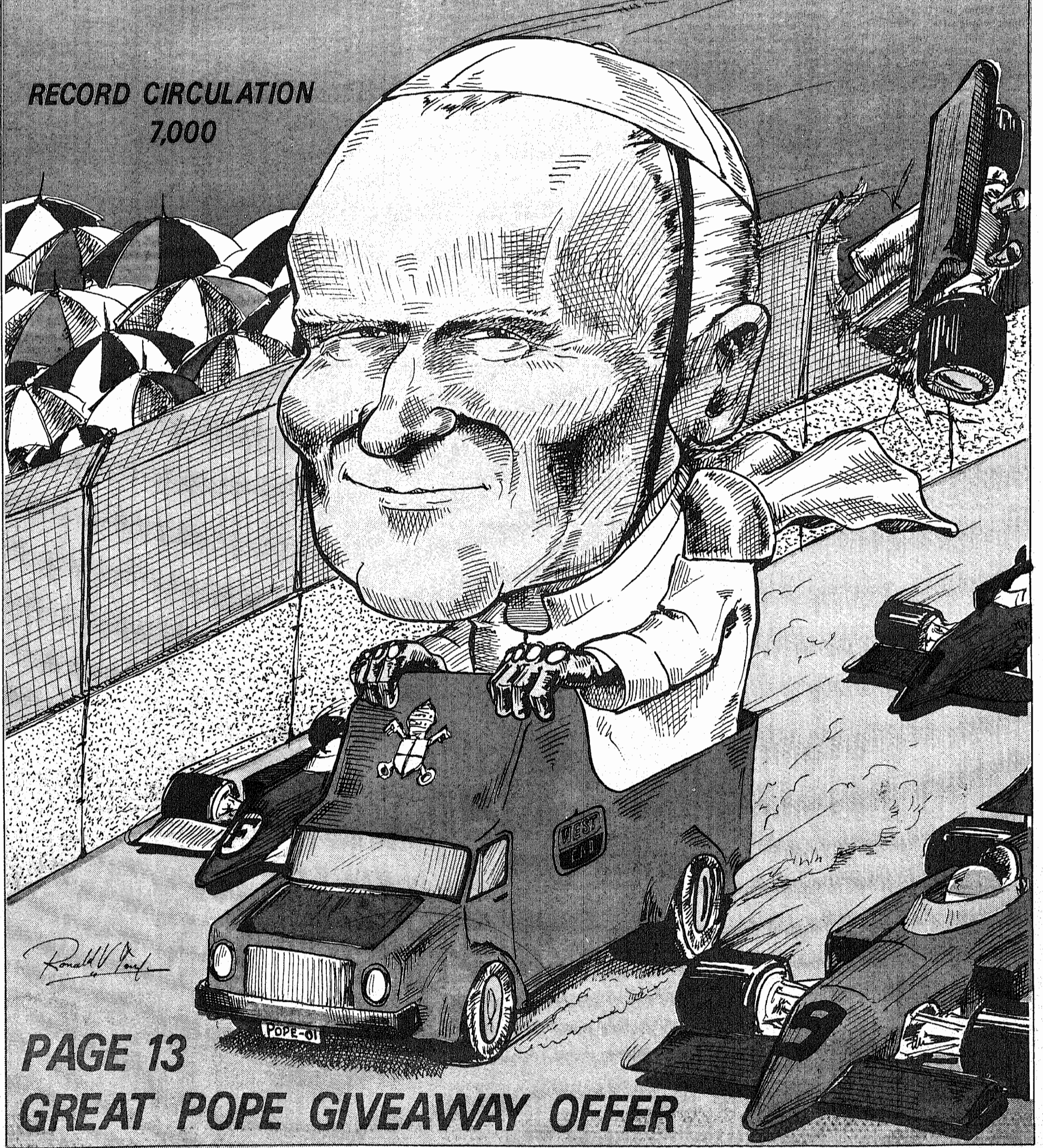
VOL. 54, NO 21

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

OCTOBER 27, 1986

White Thunder hits Adelaide

RECORD CIRCULATION
7,000



PAGE 13
GREAT POPE GIVEAWAY OFFER

PRODUCTION NOTES

On Dit is a weekly news-magazine produced at Adelaide University. Edited and published by Moya Dodd and Paul Washington. Circulation 6,500.

Thanks to: Graham Lugsden, for *Start at the Back*, dancing lizard impersonations and those all-too-frequent visits to the typesetter; Jamie "G'day" Skinner for endless film reviews, freebies and crocodiles; Richard Ogier for news, views and Miles Davis at 150 decibels; Jaci Wiley for copy and wonderful cups of tea; Joe Penhall for cypripops, picpops and good cheerpops; Robert "go-go" Clark for being Robert and continuing to file copy wherever he went; Barbara Black for proofreading and, commas,...; Baden "Hello, hello" Smith for SFAM and truly amazing graphics, Joel Magarey for reviews, cutting and waxing, and existential poetry; Alex Hancock for photos and "chundering" in the office; Troy Dangerfield for Captain Adelaide and those little round things people sit on; Mark Douglas for a science column and alpine weather reports; Ron Tomlian for wonderful caricatures and being the only illustrator to draw exactly what we asked for every time; David Israel for all those early Monday mornings; Alan Brideson for popping in with a TV column at all the right moments; Louise Vlach for filling holes on Sunday afternoons and not complaining - ever!; Alexander Grous for music, film and four-letter words; Richard Wilson for record reviews - on time!; Ronan Moore for copy from the west; James Williamson for Hunter S. Thompson impersonations; Fran Edwards for theatre reviews; Alex Gunther for layout help; John Lindsay for computer wisdom; Mathew Lowry for film reviews; Terence Cambridge for making headlines fit, for producing more in one term than most others in one year, and for everything else; Dino Di Rosa for improving our vocabulary; Robert Lawton for book reviews; Marianne la Rue for keeping the copy flowing; Cyril "It's my birthday" Quine for columns; Jo Davis for typesetting and being a wonderful human being; Michelle Chan for film reviews; May Khizam for sport; Nick Babidge for remarkable porcine adventures; and Josie Gugis for news.

Eternal thanks to *On Dit's* long-suffering typesetters Marion "No Mistakes" Ratzmer and Heather "Speed of Light" Muirhead for putting up with us and for devotion far beyond the call of duty. Special thanks to Heather for not minding too much when we all laughed at her bruises. For about two weeks.

The rabbits in their counting-house
Doling out the carrots;
Sheep are in the parlour
Talking to the parrots;
Wolves are at the meeting-place
Tightening the squeeze,
Deciding now to introduce
Those long-forgotten fleas.

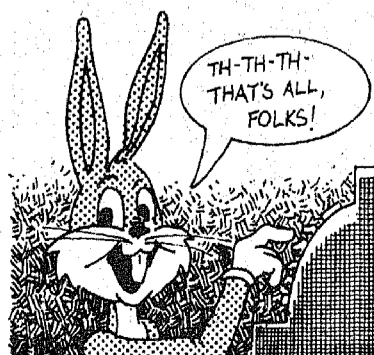
"Fleas!" the rabbits cry in pain.
"The wolves are at our door!
If we take their fleas this time
Next time there'll be more."

CHORUS OF SHEEP AND PARROTS

"If we take their fleas this time
Next time there'll be more!"

Indignant now, the bleats and squawks
Are filling all the ears;
Forgotten are the fleas the rabbits
Have imposed themselves for years.

M. SPARGO



JUNK MAIL

Union Fee too high

Dear Editor,
The academic year is drawing to a close now, however, in March of this year, a proposal was put by me to the Union via the then Union President McKee. This proposal, amongst other things, suggested a very much reduced Union fee for mature part-time students who have no interest or involvement in the Union, who do not take part in any of its activities, nor vote at its elections. The discounted fee was in the region of 10% if my memory serves me right.

Nothing was heard of my proposals, and upon enquiry, I find that our former President McKee seemed to find that it was too irksome a task to answer mail - indeed, seemed to find it too irksome a task to even turn up to the Union Office at all. I am still awaiting a reply from the 'new' President of the Union - Neate. He is, I think it will be remembered, a member of a political party which has as its cornerstone the provision against compulsory unionism. It is to be hoped that he is more forthcoming in his commitments to the Union.

Rob Breece has told me that a quarter fee for part timers was mooted, but discarded 'because the Union income would go down by too much.' Tough. This is hardly the point. What is the point is that it is morally wrong to demand money with menaces as this Union is doing. The lower fee must be implemented - particularly in light of the \$250 fee imposed upon each student as well, by the Federal Government.

We are being urged to tighten our belts, and yet I see little evidence of this at all by the Union - only gross wastage of money - my money and your money. The imposition of this 'administrative fee' for all students imposes a heavy burden upon students, and now more than ever, a very heavy responsibility upon the Union to lighten the financial burden borne by students, particularly those of us who don't want to be in the Union and who don't give a stuff about the Union.

I have had in the past a good response from students of a similar mind as myself, to my letters to *On Dit*, and I urge all part timers who want to see the Union fee for them either reduced or abolished altogether, to either get in touch with the Union or directly with me.

Norman J. Lee

Adelaide's Armageddon

Dear Editors,
Armageddon is here! it has arrived. You'll never believe me if I tell you, but here goes! Someone told me the other daaaayy (Vince Sorrenti), that we are going to host a Grand Prix! Unbelievable! Us! The question is, why the fuck do we have to be the ones? Why not WA? or Vic or NSW or ACT? Why? Why??

We were happy once upon a time; frolicking, playing, smoking, but now! Suddenly Adelaide is swamped by blue and white that nauseates all but those ridiculous yuppies who revel in such hypocritical bullshit. Grown men hurling themselves at 300km/h! Extremely constructive! "What was that?" Who-oosh.. "What was what?" Boring!!! The late Elio De Angelis had the right idea, at least he made headlines! The only thing to top this act would be to see Bryant Gumb and Jane "I'm pregnant again?" Pauley obliterated by an out of control Ferrarri!!! But first, this is today...

So you think that it's a good idea to have your daily routine disrupted and harassed by dickheads blocking off your street? I suppose those who advocate the Grand Prix grit their teeth and say, "Ooh, its so exciting, only eleven hours in a BMW with 42 degree heat. Wow, great!" And all that "authentic" bullshit in the stores! Shirts, black and white pants, caps, shoes, socks! Stop! Stop! Commerical hype bull is everywhere!

And tourists till your bloody eyes and ears convulse in repulsion!!! "Excuse me siro, take picky of me in front of

silver balls." Fuck off the bloody lot of you. Leave Adelaide alone! Does your mother know you're here anyway? A perfect excuse to capitalise and exploit some women in shorts, rip off people left right and centre, blah, blah..... Unlike the America's Cup, who are confined to one predominant group of incoming idiots, we have to better that and be cosmopolitan! Bring them all in! Why not? It's only money isn't it? So dirty old businessmen in tweed coats can dribble and drool at the mouth and spend, spend, spend!

If you thought Rundle Mall was unapproachable all year round, then forget the Grand Prix week!! It will then become a festering cesspool of drunks, druggies, and all things 'sweet and nice!' God! This is a bloody nightmare! It can't be real! Unfortunately, it is!

The bottom line is, what can you do as a citizen? Well, start by being as rude and inhospitable to any visitor you can spot - which won't be hard. Next, sabotage all cameras and videos you spot. Did you know that road toll after the Grand Prix was twice that of before it? (ABC FM-source) So what can you do? Tell people asking directions some place out at Salisbury. If possible, urinate or spill other substances on the track, and be absolutely disgusting! Remember, there are many deadshits out there, but only one Adelaide! Our Adelaide; lets keep it clean, quiet, and Grand Prix free!

Yours sincerely
GRAND PRIX
(Get Rid of Any Noisy Deadshits Pronto Ruthlessly Indecently Xpertly)

The truth about Captain Adelaide

Dear Editors,

At the risk of encouraging the yobbo element of the student body, I am writing to reveal some truths about Captain Adelaide:

1. He is taking Accounting II (so is either a Maths Science or Economics student; but is not one of the economics reps.)
2. He lives in Athelstone. Specifically, 12 Milky Way, Athelstone.
3. He associates with those two rejects for the *B&C* editorship, Richard Head and Arthur Pewty.
4. He supports the boycott of the

Administration fee.

This leads me to conclude that "The Adventures of Captain Adelaide" has a deeper social comment; that the buttocks people are really federal parliamentarians (including the Hawke Government) trying to suppress and destroy the ordinary student.

How do I know all this? Captain Adelaide (or someone using his name) signed the boycott petition at the Accounting II lecture on Tuesday night. But I would not be too surprised if he had signed at most lectures when the petition was available.

Chris Cox

CLUBS!!

You can still get submissions into the 1987 O-Guide. Write 200 words on your aims and activities and deliver it to the O-Guide Editors C/- On Dit box in the Students' Association Office. FINAL DEADLINE: OCTOBER 31.

Blood and guts and S & M

Dear Editors,

Regarding Jane Everett's wildly enthusiastic review of the latest blood-and-guts, haunted-house-in-space picture, *Aliens*. "Aliens is not a movie you sit and enjoy," she blethers. "Yet while squirming in my seat I was still able to appreciate it as a beautiful work of cinema."

Come, come now. Can it be that Miss Everett is a sado-masochist?

Yours in perspicacity,
John Simon

Final word on Cuba

Dear Editors

The debate in these columns over recent weeks regarding Cuba, socialism and capitalism requires some clarification.

Without trying to answer every piece of misinformation I would like to make several points.

1. Australia is an advanced capitalist country. Its living standards are among the top 15 per capita in the world.

2. Australia has two and a half million people living under the officially declared poverty line, including 800,000 children. This figure is increasing. Only capitalism can produce such poverty out of wealth.

3. Although profits are at their highest level in 20 years and unit labour costs at their lowest, unemployment is rising.

4. Cuba is a developing socialist country. It is not very rich because the world's wealthiest nation, the United States, which for many years used Havana as a warehouse, refuses to trade with Cuba. So much for free trade.

5. Aboriginal activists such as Helen Boyle and Pat O'Shane who are obviously very sensitive to such matters are very impressed by the low level of racism in Cuba (which has many blacks from Africa). In this field which is not valued highly in Australia, we trail Cuba.

6. One correspondence claims the USSR subsidises Cuba to an enormous extent. I ask: how much aid does the United States offer its developing allies? Its aid to another Central America country, El Salvador, for example, is entirely military.

7. Cuba is also criticised for sending troops overseas. Australia has also sent troops overseas. Recall the Australian troops who went to the Boer War, Gallipoli and Flanders in the First World War, the Pacific, Africa and Europe in the Second, Korea, Malaysia, Vietnam and now the Sinai.

Yours sincerely
Robert Clark

SF-AM



900 students join the fees busters

by Cyril Quine

A student campaign to boycott the Federal Government's \$250 tertiary administration fee is gaining momentum on campus, with over 900 students committing themselves to not paying the fee.

A petition circulated by the organisers of the "fees-busters" campaign, declaring that "we intend to refuse to pay it (the fee) until a more equitable proposal is put forward by the Government", was signed by at least 900 students last week.

Also last week the Students' Association Education Vice-President, Michael Fox, met with student leaders in Melbourne to discuss the possibility of a national campaign against the fee.

The Association's President, Anthony Snell, said last week that it had already committed \$250 to the "fees-busters" campaign and was looking at an expenditure of between \$500 and \$1,000.

While giving money to support the "fees-busters", the campaign is not an official association activity.

Mr Snell said Flinders University was showing a "passive" interest in the boycott but at the moment it remained a "homegrown, local" campaign. Mr Fox was not available late last week to comment on the outcome of his Melbourne meeting.

The campaign organisers will decide shortly before payment of the fee is due next year whether or not they have enough support to go through with the boycott.

"Fees-busters" was organised in the wake of the unsuccessful attempt by the University to convince the State Government to challenge the fee in the High Court.

Students have already shown their anger at the fee. In late September the biggest student demonstration this decade saw 11,000 students take to the streets across the nation in protest against the fee.

1,800 students marched in



Anthony Snell



Michael Fox

Adelaide. Feeling is so strong that at a General Student Meeting, last month, which condemned the fee, two speakers in favour of it, ALP Club activist Mr David Walker and prominent Liberal Mr Hugh Martin, were hissed and booed by the crowd.

Mr Snell said last week that he hoped the campaign would wring concessions out of the University.

He hoped the University would agree to payment by installments, putting more pressure on the Federal Government, and to administering collection of the fee leniently.

The petition will continue to circulate this week. A table with copies of the petition taped to it has been set up in the airport lounge.

National meeting backs fees boycott

by Graham Hastings

A national meeting of student representatives and education activists last week called for a boycott of the payment of tertiary fees next year.

The meeting held under the banner of the "National Coalition" was held in Melbourne last Wednesday. It included students from South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, ACT and Queensland.

Meriel O'Sullivan of Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology and one of the Coalition's organisers said that the idea of "sabotaging" the collection of the fee was to make the task of administering the fee as difficult as possible next year.

This is to be part of an extensive campaign between February and April next year to influence the Government's pre-Budget meetings in what may be an election year.

The National Coalition has been meeting with members of the Federation of Australian University Staff Associations (FAUSA), the Federation of College Academics (FCA), the Australian Teachers Federation (ATF) and the Bank Employers Union to develop tactics on how to "sabotage" the collection of the fee.

The decision of whether to have a total boycott or a selective boycott by certain campuses or groups within a campus will be left to each State's co-ordinating group or State Union to decide.



Is this one evangelist too many? Then don't turn the page. There's another one on page five, and he says he can do miracles, unlike this one who we think is a bit dull, frankly. Actually his name is Dan Armstrong and he was on the Barr-Smith Lawns last Tuesday.

Private Uni fees skyhigh - Ryan

Students at the proposed Bond private university would be paying high fees to cover high academic salaries, the Minister of Education, Senator Susan Ryan, said last week.

Courses at the Bond University would cost more than \$20,000 she said, compared to public university costs of from \$7,000 to \$18,000.

She was speaking following the Bond Corporation's offer to pay a vice-chancellor of the university a salary of \$150,000.

Senator Ryan said the Government would not provide money for the private university, and expressed her concern that the reputation and standards of Australian univer-

sities not be damaged by the private university.

The acting vice-chancellor of Queensland University, Professor Ralph Parsons, has said the private university will give academics bargaining power in campaigning for higher wages.

Academic salaries are set by the Academic Salaries Tribunal, and are more or less uniform across all disciplines.

Universities should be able to vary salaries to attract top people according to Professor Parsons.

Professors in some disciplines, earning approximately \$58,000 a year, would be earning two or three times that amount in industry, he has said.

Smokers underestimate tar content - survey

A survey of Australian smokers has found that almost 70 per cent of smokers believe that their own brand of cigarettes contain less tar than they actually do.

The survey, conducted recently by the South Australian Health Commission tested 498 smokers of which 344 (or 69%) underestimated the amount of tar in their cigarettes.

Only a meagre 2 per cent of smokers could correctly say how much tar was in their cigarettes.

Seventy-two per cent of smokers thought that notices comparing tar levels should be displayed at points of sale. Thirteen per cent of smokers were unsure and 15 per cent disagreed.

A report on the survey by the SA Health Commission accuses the cigarette companies of giving grea-

ter weight to profits and marketing than to public health by refusing to put complete and intelligible information on cigarette packets.

"It would seem that a concern for profits in the tobacco industry took priority over its concern for public health; this priority is consistent with the tobacco industry's position in systematically denying the evidence on the effects of smoking on health since the early 1960's" the report says.

It recommends that the current system of labelling be replaced with the brand's nicotine, carbon monoxide and tar levels along with the degrees "high", "middle" and "low" printed on the packets.

Also, a system should be introduced in which licensed tobacco retailers should display signs which distinguish different levels of each brand.

\$250 fee to break loans fund

by Josephine Gugis

The \$250 administration fee will increase the demand for student loans beyond the lending capacity of existing support systems, according to an emergency meeting of tertiary institution and student union staff held recently.

Spokesman for the group, Mr Alan Fairly, said the government had underestimated the likely demand for loans to cover the fee.

"Many students will be denied the possibility of enrolling in their courses simply because they are unable to produce the \$250 cash up front," he said.

According to the group, Adelaide University has already stretched its funds to the limit even without the inevitable new demand prompted by the administration fee, and will therefore not be able to assist students without a substantial increase in funds.

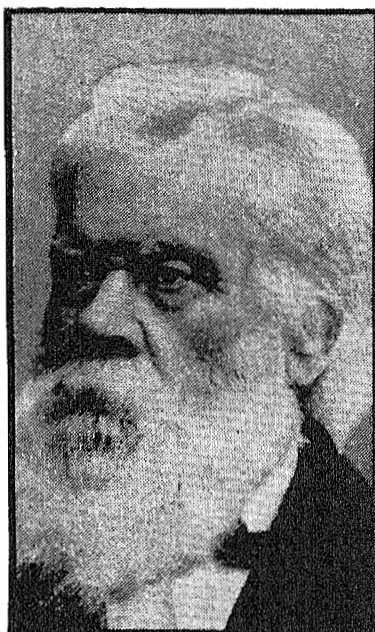
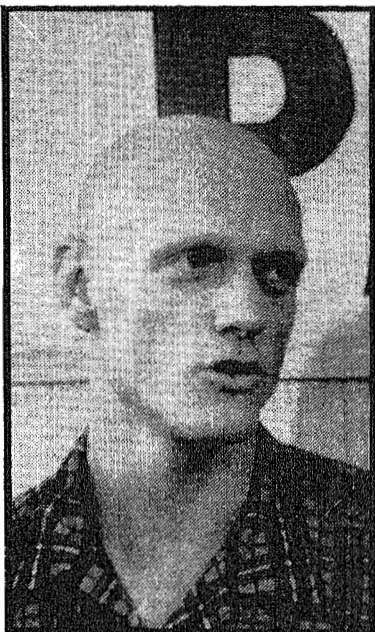
The group claims that tertiary institutions will also face more trouble administering the \$250.00 fee. For example, the extra administrative work to be generated by the anticipated increase in the use of the student loans funds will necessitate the appointment of a loans officer, undercutting the financial advantage which the Government claims the institutions will receive.

A cool \$10,000 changes hands



Is it protection money? Is he paying off a large gambling debt? Is he expecting a big delivery of icing sugar? No, SAUA President Anthony Snell (right) is handing over the Prosh proceeds of \$10,200 to the Chief Executive of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, Mr Ian Millbank.

Enter politics you hair-brain



Peter Garrett and Sir Henry Parkes - yin and yang of political hairstyles

TERENCE CAMBRIDGE reveals the importance of hair in Australian politics.

Consider the physiognomies of Sir Henry Parkes, the demagogic pre-federation Premier of New South Wales, and Mr Peter Garrett, the demagogic pre-split lead singer of the Nuclear Disarmament Party.

Sir Henry, one of the makers of the Australian Constitution in the 1890s, comes wreathed, swathed and bearded in an impressive white halo of hair.

Meanwhile, Mr Garrett, one of the Constitutional Commission's would-be remakers of the Constitution in the 1980s, is just as striking for his complete absence of facial hair.

The two faces are the yin and yang of male grooming habits, the two radical extremes in the history of Australian political hairstyles.

Colonial politics in Australia's prosperous post-Gold Rush era was a tediously pompous, inflated and pretentious business and Sir Henry's ostentatious hairiness was the perfect physical manifestation of the bombastic and florid rhetoric in which he specialised.

Garrett, on the other hand, needs no adornment. A kind of street-

wise anti-politician, his facial nakedness is the corollary of his determination to cut through the rhetoric of the political mainstream.

Different as they are from one another, Garrett's alopecia and Parkes' hirsuteness both stand in equally-marked contrast to the depressing uniformity of the conventional political hairstyle of the 1980s.

The importance of the Prime Minister's haircut is well-known. The story of Bob Hawke's ascendancy to the country's highest political office is the story of the transformation of a brash, sideburned and Brylcreemed union leader into an immaculately-coiffed, silver-haired statesman.

The Hawke image has become the ideal to which politicians from all parties now aspire.

The ideal political face is one which takes the conventional and mundane clean-shaven, neatly-combed style of the vast majority of voters and elevates it to an exalted, Platonic plane.

The record shows that politicians

who ignore the voters' desire to be presented with a perfect reflection of themselves soon fall from grace.

The handful of modern Australian politicians who do deviate from conventional grooming, either in the Parkes direction of excessive facial hair or in the Garrett direction of baldness have failed at the polls.

Here in South Australia, for instance, the Opposition leader Mr Olsen, despite going to great lengths to conceal the bald spot which perches like a skull cap on the back of his head, was rejected by the voters at last year's State election in favor of Mr Bannon with his full head of hair.

The unfortunate Mr Olsen has the additional handicap of suffering from a jowly five-o'clock shadow and apparently has to shave twice a day to keep up appearances.

The bearded politician is almost unknown in Australia's State and Federal Parliaments. As has been noted by the French semiologist Roland Barthes, a beard is the attribute of a free man, a blithe spirit detached from the daily conventions of the world who shrinks from wasting time shaving every morning.

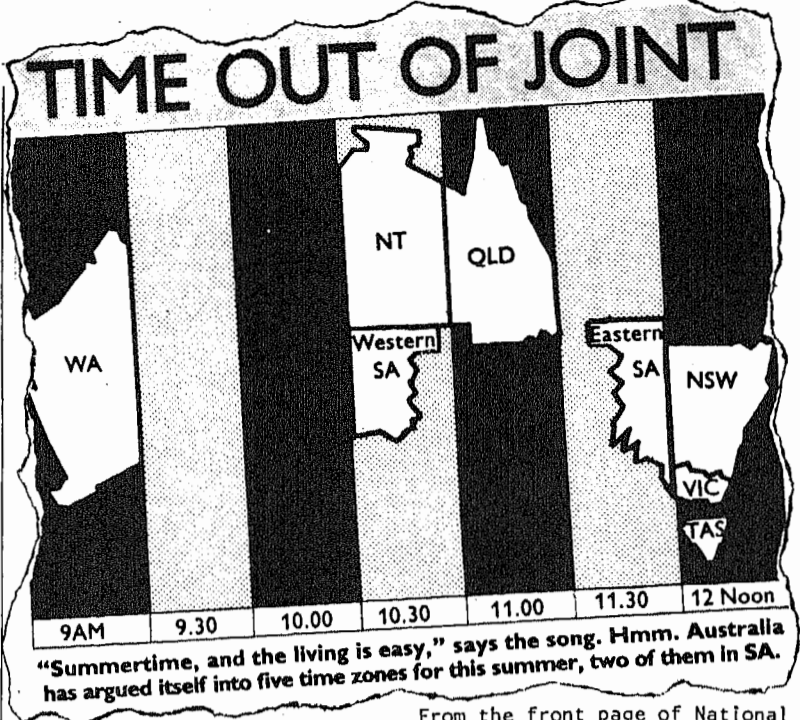
Thus the politician who does grow a beard, like the Minister for Science and Technology, Mr Barry Jones, is today more likely to be seen as a harmless eccentric than as a venerable, paternal figure like Sir Henry Parkes.

The Liberal Opposition leader in Victoria, Mr Jeff Kennett - also unsuccessful at the polls - has told of the difficulty he has with the conventional politician's hairstyle.

"Once upon a time they tried to get me to change my hairstyle," Mr Kennett told the Melbourne Sun last week after he narrowly survived a challenge to his leadership of the Liberal Party.

"They put me in a chair and bouffanted it up and sprayed it and all that sort of stuff and I walked back up the street and I looked at myself in a shop-front window and I couldn't recognise who it was. By the time I got back to the House I'd ruffled it all back to what I was."

"There's no way you can change me. I am what I am."



From the front page of National Times on Sunday, Sunday October 19, 1986

Times out of joint; can't they get it right?

by Moya Dodd

If the new *National Times on Sunday* flops in South Australia, it will only have itself to blame.

Just how many copies does it expect to sell here? Twice in the last month it has printed glaring errors of fact about this state, most recently on the front page where it declared that SA had already split into two time zones.

The October 19 *Times on Sunday* featured a graphic headed "Time out of joint", illustrating how the country had "argued itself into five time zones for this summer, two of them in SA".

In the September 28 *Times* an article "Old poll may put Governor in hot seat" speculated about the probable results of the Queensland election.

It asserted that if the election resulted in a hung Parliament, and if the Premier retained his commission to meet the new Parliament and try to obtain a majority, but suffered a defeat, the Governor could call a fresh election.

The article went on to quote a precedent - the 1968 SA state elections, when, it said, Don Dunstan met a 19-19-1 Parliament where the independent subsequently voted with the opposition, and a fresh



election was held.

Not in our recollection. A by-election was held in one seat, that of Des Corcoran, who had won by only one vote. The returning officer admitted to voting and a by-election was held partly for that reason, but this had no bearing on the numbers in Parliament.

The "fresh election" was in fact held two years later in 1970, when the independent, Tom Stott, voted against the Steele Hall government which had governed with his support for two years.

So if the *Times on Sunday's* SA sales figures drop through the floor, it'll be no surprise. Perhaps they ought to open a bureau over here to help them get their facts right.

CLUBS

The B grade Debating Grand Final has been won by 'The Frog Cake Club' who defeated 'UNIVAD' by successfully arguing that tertiary fees should be introduced.

Although winning debaters Jenny Zerk, Monica Carroll and Bill Bampton opposed the fee, they enlisted the help of pro-fees campaigner David Walker and eventually came out on top by arguing that TEAS recipients and students from working and middle income families should not pay, only the wealthy.

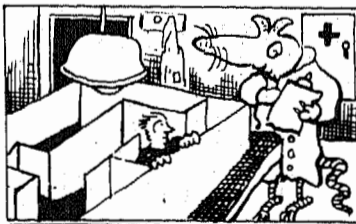
Deadly bullets fight those bugs

by Mark Douglas

Modern medicine is at last coming to realize what the Lone Ranger has known for years - bullets are useful in the fight against evil.

However the medical profession won't be using their magic bullets against rustlers and bank robbers; hoping to develop a "magic bullet" - a drug that will seek out tumours and destroy them.

This idea isn't new (it was first suggested by German bac-



teriologist Paul Ehrlich in the early 1900's), but it is closer to a reality. It seems likely the "magic bullet"

will be available in the 1990's.

Professor Kenneth Bagshaw of Charing Cross Hospital London, is working with the British company Celltech and the American chemical company Cynamid to develop the method. Their plans are to develop an antibody molecule which is capable of accepting more concentrated doses of radiation than is possible at present. These antibodies will then attach to the tumour cells and destroy them with a burst of radiation



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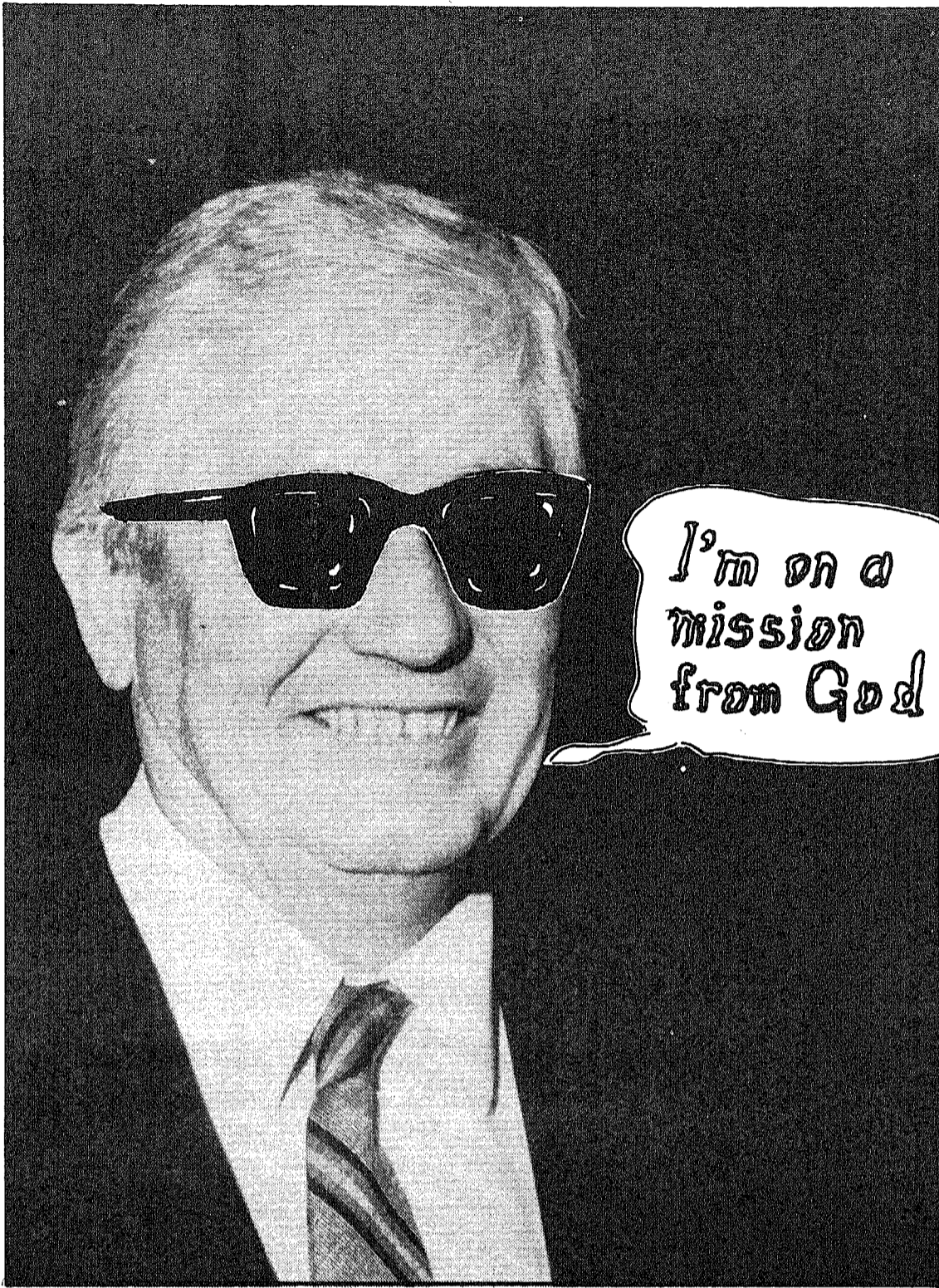
MONDAY



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Lionel Murphy a new Dreyfus?

Kathy McEvoy - lecturer in Constitutional Law, reflects on the career of one of Australia's most controversial politicians and judges, Justice Lionel Murphy.



Evangelist Harry Westcott - ginormous is his favourite word

We're waiting for a miracle

by Paul Washington

Harry Westcott believes he is literally on a mission from God.

The evangelistic spiritual leader of Vision Ministries has taken his miracle-healing roadshow around the world, to 18 different countries in fact. But now, says Harry, it's time Australia responded to his ministry.

Harry visited Adelaide University and Flinders University last week, having just completed a crusade circuit of the eastern states, that attracted 30,000 people in ten days.

"Australians are like green wheat in comparison to ripe wheat," he declares. "I'm a farmer by profession from years ago, and you know the green wheat you never strip, but the ripe wheat you do."

"You go to these other countries where the need is so great, and they're ripe, they're ready for miracles. You come to Australia and it's green and very tough and rationalistic."

"But there's something happening in Australia, there's a big change on. Right now people are looking to God like they've never done in my lifetime."

"We're going to see amazing changes in Australia in the next few years."

And if Harry's track record is anything to judge by, this may not be an empty claim.

He joined the Methodist ministry in 1961 after 27 years as a farmer. Then, having served in Newcastle and Western Australia, Harry had a "real encounter with God", in Canberra of all places.

In 1981 he joined Vision Ministries, formerly the Temple Trust, and shortly after established Westcott World Outreach which has taken him to some remote parts of the world, crusading and holding healing services.

"I can't heal - Jesus is the healer", he explains.

"We have a very simple belief that it's God's will to heal us, and it's his way that we should lay hands on the sick and that they should recover."

Harry describes miracles he has seen, selecting the best from his repertoire, with the enthusiasm with which other people describe their favourite movie or play.

"I've seen in Tanzania where a man born crippled was in a wheelchair. [We prayed for him] and he got out of that wheelchair and walked the full length of the main street. The whole town came out to witness that. That was an amazing thing."

"I saw a woman raised from the dead in Nigeria, in Onitsha, where she was just thrown onto the platform. She had suffocated and was crushed in the crowd. They just lifted her on the plat-

form and she was raised up."

But, says Harry, "miracles come in many different ways."

"I was in the Sydney Opera House the other day with 50,000 people at the big naval demonstration and I was pickpocketed."

"I just prayed there on the spot, and I said 'Devil, you can't have my money, you can't have my wallet, you can't have my credit cards', and within 24 hours my wallet was returned with not one dollar missing."

"That's the sort of miracles you get in Australia," he laughs.

A crusade costs "between \$120,000 and \$170,000 to stage" Harry says.

"We just go out by faith, we don't charge anybody to come, we just receive offerings and God always pays the bill."

"It's a ginormous step in faith."

His successful crusade through Brisbane, Sydney, Canberra and Melbourne is perhaps the first sign of the "amazing changes" he predicts for Australia, and even Adelaide is in his sights.

"Adelaide is a city that I think has great needs", he says, "and I'd like to think this visit is going to be one of the great successes of my ministry."

"I think the wheat harvest is beginning to turn."

OBITUARY

Mr Justice Lionel Murphy died at 4.30 pm on Tuesday, October 21, 1986.

His judgements were handed down in the High Court only an hour earlier; one on criminal justice, one on s92 of the Constitution, and they fittingly epitomised much that was central to Murphy's position on the court.

Murphy was in dissent in both cases, but alone in dissent; and in both cases, his once radical views, which were the central issues in the cases, were generally accepted by the whole court.

Much of Murphy's public career - covering the last twenty years or so - was surrounded by controversy. None of the earlier controversy matched that of the last few years of his life however, when he became the first High Court judge, and the first Australian judge since Federation, to be threatened with impeachment, removal from his public judicial office by the Parliament.

Murphy was not impeached: but it may be that only his final illness and death saved him from this.

It is unlikely that any "truth" will emerge from the morass of half stated innuendos and allegations against Murphy, or even that they will ever become fully known.

What is likely is that for some, Murphy will be elevated to an Australian Dreyfus but hounded to death before he could be rehabilitated; to others, he will be seen as a sinister, evil, manipulative destroyer of precious establishments.

Murphy was a powerful man. As a lawyer, he was a member of a powerful profession. He used that power and influence to seek achievements and to operate in areas most lawyers of his intellectual and professional calibre did not work.

He became a prominent lawyer through the industrial and the criminal bars, acting for trade unions and defendants, rather than at the commercial bar, for employers and for the prosecution.

As a politician Murphy also obtained very considerable power. Leader of the Senate and Attorney-General, 1972-1975, he was able to exercise considerable influence both in dealing with day to day business and in the reorganisation of the Senate in a way which revolutionised its role in the estab-

lishment of the powerful Senate Committee system.

As Attorney-General it was he who established the Family Law Act, which achieved perhaps his most immediately direct effect on Australian society generally; the Trade Practices Commission; the Law Reform Commission; and the Australian Legal Aid System.

These all represented particular facets of Murphy's dominating concern for equality for all, in reality, before the law and its institutions.

What he no doubt also saw as one of his great failures also dates from this time; his failure to get a Bill of Rights through the Senate in 1973.

Murphy on the High Court was clearly Murphy at both his most powerful and most controversial. His appointment was immediately depicted as "political", and thus somehow particularly undermining of the "institution" of the High Court: as if any appointment to the High Court is ever anything other than political.

It is foolish to imagine that an appointment to a role which centrally carries with it the authority to determine the scope of power available to a government is one which is made without political consideration. The possibility that it might be, is even more frightening.

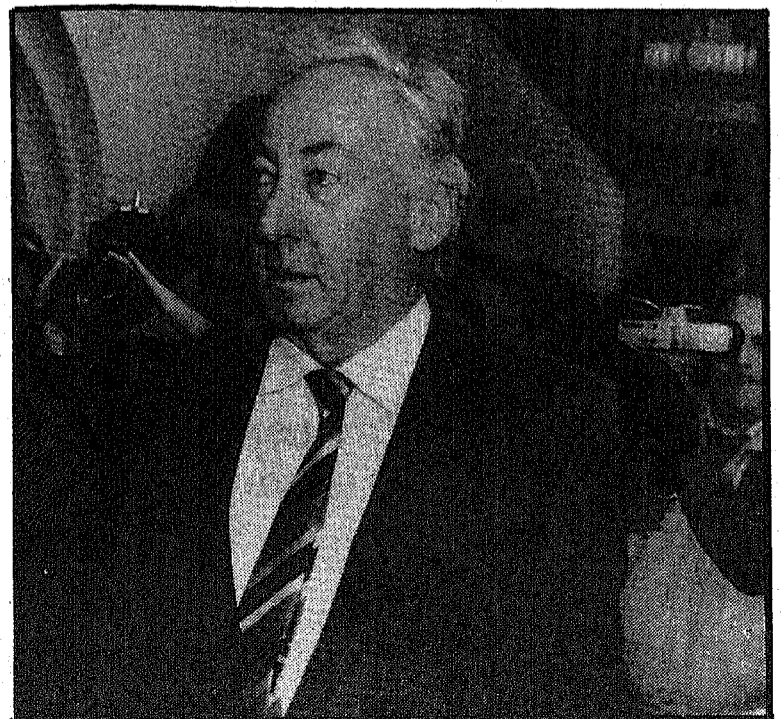
He worked too for the demystification of the law, so that all could see its workings, its motives, its influences and its power. The great irony of Murphy's last years and his death is that in those he best made his point on both these concerns.

He was a victim of trial by media, just as he had been concerned that Lindy Chamberlain had been: tried by media, rather than in an open court, by his peers.

He demystified the law and its processes by opening the elite High Court, its workings, its relations with government, its internal politics, to all as they watched his battles within it and with it.

Murphy worked to emphasise and protect the value and vulnerability of all human beings: his last years and his death conspire to underline the significance of these concerns.

There will be no more Murphys on the High Court: no more radical reforming judges, at least not for a long time. There are too few of them available: and in any event, no government really wants them.



Lionel Murphy - he was tried by media

Thanks and goodbye

Three years is a long time. As this month marks my third year of involvement in the Union and this is the last edition of *On Dit*, for 1986 I thought I'd devote my column to a few thank yous.

The last two and a half years have been a period of re-alignment in student politics on this campus.

No longer is the Union dominated by pointless disputes between the various left-wing groups, while the place was run into the ground. The election of Greg Mackay in July 1984 as SAUA President made it safe to be a moderate on campus. Now just about everyone claims to be 'moderate'.

As one of the people elected with Mackay in '84 (as Treasurer) I personally have a lot to thank him for, as do all those currently studying at this place.

My time as Treasurer of the Students' Association was hectic and difficult. Thanks go to Mhairi Macpherson and Ian Withall for their help, the SAUA Executive for agreeing to my reforms and a regular audit; Andrew Gleeson and Mark Davis for their understanding and Davids Darzins for holding the whole show together.

During late 1984 I chaired a Commission to rewrite the Association's Constitution. The other members were Davids Darzins and Vince Stefano. A hell of a lot of work went into that document by a number of people, and it was adopted by referendum in 1985. I suspect it will be the most lasting change we instituted.

During my first term on the Union Board (Council) the lead was taken by Nick Murray, Graham Edmonds-Wilson and Gary Martin. Despite the work they put in the Union remained unstable due to the actions of some of the people on the Board and the roundabout Standing Committee system.

For most people their first term on the Board is an apprenticeship due to the size of the Union and the responsibility involved. However I did serve a brief term as Chair of House Committee. That also gave me the opportunity to view Heinz Roth's dedication to the union and the appalling treatment he received at the hands of some immature student politicians.

After the Annual Elections the Board elected me its President to



**SAUA
PRESIDENT
Anthony Snell**

serve out the remainder of 1985 under a new Constitution adopted at the same time. I relied very heavily during this time on Barry Salter and Ian Withall as Acting Secretaries, and Greg Mackay for advice, help and support.

It was also during this period that we pushed through our changes to the Board's Standing Committee structure (9 committees down to 4), the Union's management structure, Board procedure and a capital expenditure programme.

Thanks also to Dr Harry Medlin for his advice, Dave Maslin, Dawn Brown, and, most importantly Liz Reynolds who kept things going. Finally, I would like to thank David Walker for being outside the game, knowing what was going on and understanding.

More recently this year saw the Union adopt new Rules (for elections, committee structure and policy adoption), overhaul its policies under the new Rules (last updated in 1900), and undertake a review of Union Hall and the Craft Studio which could result in major changes to a dynamic organization. Thanks to Davids Darzins, Pippa McKee, Hugh Martin, Laurie Williams and the new Committee Structure.

I have also been privileged to serve on the Board working closely with Rob Brice, the new Union Secretary/Manager, and have benefited from his competence and clear-headedness.

The last year as Student President has been one of the best and worst in my life. What we achieved - the survey, changes to Council procedure, the student representative kit, the office re-development, the lobbyist, staff changes, the expansion of Work Action and Legal Aid, the first steps towards next year's Discount Booklet and even the small everyday success within the University - will probably bear

their full fruit only in the future.

However, the purpose of this column is not to list achievements but rather to thank those without whom it would not have been possible.

First, I don't think I could have got through the last six months without the support of Jo Davis the new Administrative Secretary. Her competence and hard work will benefit the Association and Union for years to come.

Also thanks to Marion Ratzmer, Heather Murihead, Edwina Cadd (in Florence), Michelle Crawford and Sharon Thomson for being hard working, cheerful and there. I also relied heavily on Michelle Clark and Hugh Martin for advice, and support on Council. I think it is true to say much of the Association's current credibility within the University is due to Michelle's work as Education Vice-President and her willingness to speak out for students and take on tedious Committee work.

During the years I have also relied my many others. During Orientation - Devin Clementi, David Israel, Paul Coory and Ronan Moore.

On Council - James Neate, Christopher Pyne (now Finance Vice-President), Laurie Williams, Michael Fox, (now Education Vice-President), Paul Coory, Steve Ronson and Rachel David.

In *On Dit* there were Moya Dodd and Paul Washington, who despite differences maintained their balance.

During Prosh - Devin Clementi and David Israel for their work in organising the various events; on Welfare matters Richard Branford and Vivien Hope; for editing *B & C* - Andrew England, David Monk, Neil Ballard and Jim McBryde.

In the University - Professor Don Stranks, Dame Roma Mitchell, David Beecher, Dr Jane Pitman, Dennis Murray, Jim Hambrook, Dr Harry Medlin, Professor Kevin Marjoribanks, Graham Edmonds-Wilson, Michelle Clark, and, most importantly, Frank O'Neill.

There are also many more people with whom I came into contact over the last three years who have supported me and would deserve a thank you if there was more space.

Finally, good luck for the exams and best wishes to David Israel, next year's President.

One last time: fight the fee

Mark Leahy,
President, PGSA

According to the politicians, it is students who are to blame for the introduction of the \$250 tertiary fee.

Senator Ryan, when she met with representatives of the cross-campus group, argued that the problem lay, in part, with the bad image students had in the eyes of the general public; Premier Bannon remarked recently, in a talk at Adelaide Uni, that the fee had been introduced because of a lack of unified student action: "(it) wouldn't have happened if there'd been...more effective lobbying of a national student body...making its presence and voice felt in Canberra..." (as reported in last week's *On Dit*).

Politicians are always keen to pass the responsibility of their controversial decisions on to someone else, but it is particularly amusing when, as in this case, they pass the blame onto the victims of the decision.

However, while the motive for John Bannon's remarks was a cynical one, there is an element of truth in them. Defenders of AUS, at the time of its unfortunate demise, warned students that it would be extremely difficult to fend off attempts to reintroduce tertiary fees without an organised national student body. The ease with which the Federal Government slipped the fees' proposal into the last budget is testimony to that. As Bannon remarked, student political activism is an "absolute necessity".

Not only do we have to demonstrate to the Government that we are not about to sit back and allow this attack on education to happen without a fight, we have to persuade the University that we are prepared to force the issue of not collecting the fee by telling them that we will boycott if they decide to give in to the Government. As Tom Morton, the post-grad rep on University Council, said at last week's student reps meeting, the majority of academics are opposed to the fee. This University has an anti-fees policy. Student pressure may very well persuade them to actually implement that policy with more positive action.



Mark Leahy, PGSA President

The cross-campus campaign's successful organisation of the Rally against fees, the upcoming Rage-against-fees, the Feesbusters' campaign, (organised by the likes of James Williamson), have demonstrated that it is possible for students to act together in a very powerful way. The federal government has shown itself, in the past, to be very vulnerable to public pressure - by mounting a strong and unified anti-fees campaign, we have a strong chance of eventual success.

But, as Michael Fox wrote last week in *On Dit*, any such campaign requires broad student support - a willingness to get involved.

If the infamous 1980s student apathy wins the day, we will allow a Government to perpetrate a whole series of attacks on the quality of Australian education which will have detrimental consequences, stretching way into our future. And, while it is important to focus a great deal of energy on the boycotting of the \$250 fee, it is also important not to narrow our vision; we should also make a noise about other serious problems, such as the Overseas student visa charge, the decrease in support to State school education, the decrease in support for supporting-mothers at tertiary institutions, etc.

I urge everyone to find ways of letting our opposition to these attacks on education be heard - certainly, I hope we will all participate in the boycott. Remember the words of *The Style Council*:

"You may think you're weak.
But together we can be so strong..."

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.

Money, money, money

Last week the deed was done. The bill implementing the tertiary administrative fee passed through Parliament, leaving the proposed fee boycott as the only conceivably effective protest for those who feel the fee is unjust.

But while the issue of the administrative fee has been foremost in the minds of many students over the last two months, a development that has been given less attention than it probably deserves is that of the Bond Corporation's proposed private university.

Potentially this is the beginning of a greater threat to the future accessibility of tertiary education than the administrative fee represents. It is the introduction of full user-pays tertiary education in this country.

The Bond proposal re-emerged in the news a fortnight ago when an advertisement appeared in the weekend papers calling for applications for the position of vice-chancellor of the university.

The advertisement offered the successful applicant a salary of \$150,000 a year plus a house and expenses. This is significantly more than any vice-chancellor in Australia currently earns.

One danger that the proposal presents is that if the Bond University extends its generous salary offers to other academic posts, as has been intimated, then the Federal education budget



will be placed under more pressure as universities strive to be competitive to attract top people into academic positions.

The Bond proposal has already prompted the acting vice-chancellor of Queensland University to criticise the existing system of setting academic salaries, saying that it is not flexible enough.

This is not to suggest that academia is made up of venal money-grabbers who will defect as soon as the temptation is great enough, but it is clearly going to be a consideration for many; those looking to move on, and for new Masters and Ph.D. graduates in particular.

Universities have never been competitive with the private sector as far as paying highly trained personnel goes; the Bond proposal will offer academics both the benefits of working in academia and the rewards of the private sector.

There are already financial pressures on the education system as elsewhere. The administrative fee was not introduced for the hell of it. Subjects disappear each year from university calendars, tutorial groups grow in size etc. The loss of top-level staff would be tragic. The alter-

native would mean a huge increase in the cost of education, an increase that the public purse could not meet, and once more money would have to be drawn from somewhere else.

Senator Ryan suggested in Parliament last week that courses would be costing up to \$20,000 at a private university, and that such a venture will receive no assistance from public money.

Before we worry about the effects of a private tertiary system then we must see whether a single university will succeed.

With any luck the thing will price itself out of existence or the day may soon come when \$250 will seem as though it really was the "thin edge of the wedge."

A parting word

This is the last edition of *On Dit* for 1986 and marks the end of our term as editors. For us, it has been hard but rewarding work and we sincerely hope that you, as readers, found the results satisfying.

We owe a great many thanks to a large team of people who loyally wrote and produced the paper each week, but for whom the satisfaction of a job well done is thanks enough. Thanks anyway.

We hope you enjoy this our last offering and we wish Jamie Skinner best of luck as editor next year.

Moya Dodd
Paul Washington

Does the media take sides?

FORUM

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

Is Freedom of the press just a self-sustaining myth, or is it fact? ROBERT CLARK has the final word in OnDit for 1986.

Does the media take sides? Incontestably it does. The Australian media represents the views of those who control it.

This does not mean Rupert Murdoch swears by every paragraph in *The News* or *The Australian*.

Rather, the overall orientation of both the substance and style of the media conform to the demands not only of proprietors but the dominant social classes as a whole.

Stripped of jargon this means the mass media mostly reflects the ideas, interests, values and debates within the nation's elites - business leaders, senior public servants, politicians, academics and so on.

An excellent example of this can be seen by comparing Australian reporting of China and the Soviet Union.

China is reported as a friendly country, a place Australians are encouraged to trade with or travel to - one almost forgets it's ruled by a communist party.

However, the Soviet Union is a different story. It is either a threat or a mystery, or perhaps both, a place which has dissidents and where people allegedly queue to make purchases. According to the media, it is certainly not a friendly country.

Funnily enough, those views accord precisely with the views of the Australian Government.

Yet the "free press syndrome", asserts that the media simply filters

information and, if it does take sides, this is dictated by events which fall value-free to the newspaper page.

This is fallacious. Those who hold this view could at least acknowledge that the media is biased, even if they agree with the biases.

But the issues need further explanation. Come with me into the narrow and negative world of the Australian media.

Firstly, it should be said the media has few formal constraints. Anyone can establish a newspaper in Australia. One can say anything which is not defamatory or libellous. One can incite war or race hatred, hound people to death or jail or conduct a bingo game. Freedom is an exceptional thing!

You might say I can give my views to the 6,000 people who pick up *On Dit* (and presumably read it).

Yet in all my years as a journalist and a media watcher-reader, I cannot recall any article or programme in the privately-owned sector along the lines of this one. I am certain that *The Advertiser* with its readership of 600,000 has never made the suggestions I make here.

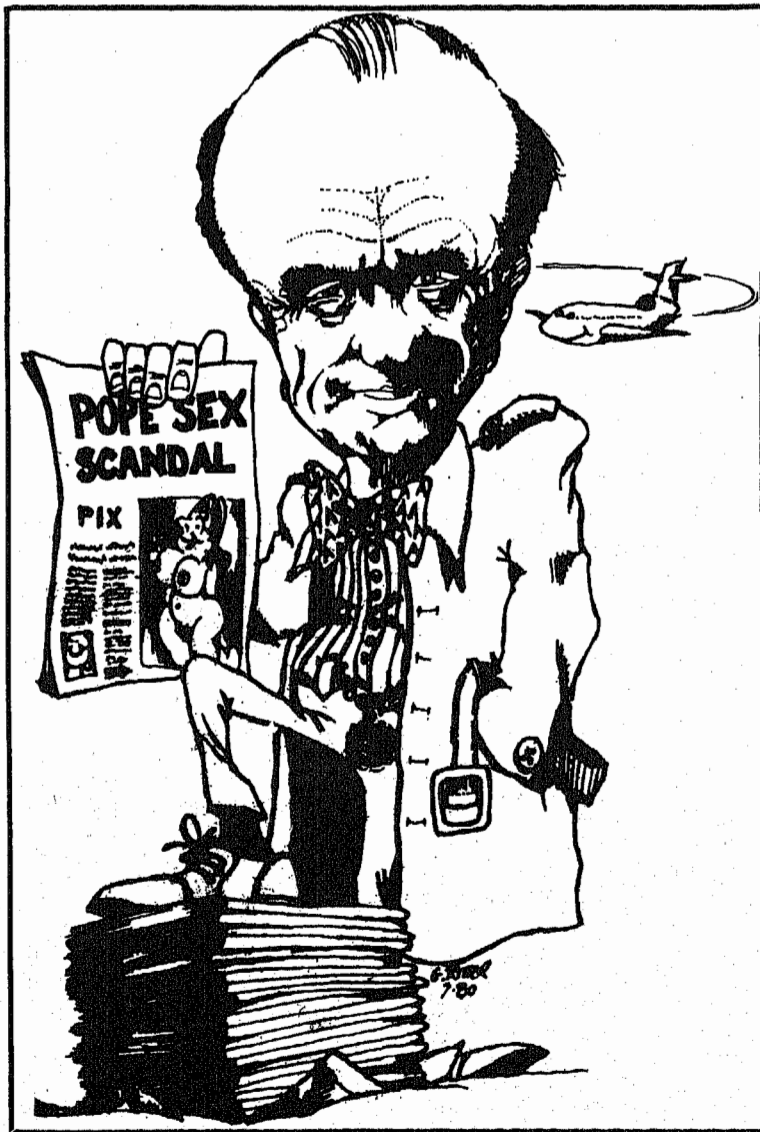
My views are not interesting you say? A newspaper only prints what is readable? You obviously never read the finance pages.

Perhaps it would be easier to agree on the old newspaper aphorism that freedom of the press is confined to those who own one. The Norris Inquiry into newspapers in 1980-81 found that it would cost \$50 million to start a daily paper from scratch.

It is certainly ironical that these media barons whose papers editorialise about freedom of choice offer us precious little.

After Ireland, Australia has the narrowest range of media ownership in the western world.

Australia's metropolitan television stations and newspapers are all owned either by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp, Kerry Packer's Consolidated Press, the Herald and Weekly Times group (which partowns *The Advertiser*) or John Fairfax and Sons.



The consequence is a narrow range of views.

The prejudices of the Murdoch press for one are blindingly clear. Murdoch's national standard-bearer, *The Australian*, can only be called the New Right house rag. (Incidentally, it is the only newspaper in Australia where journalists have gone on strike over the paper's political bias.)

The Australian blames unions and employees for Australia's economic difficulties, opposes

Aboriginal land claims and South African sanctions, is anti-anti-nuclear and believes in the Soviet threat.

Not that one will not find a story to the contrary. Some cannot be ignored - but editors know where to bury them. Significantly, staff are aware of what is favoured and look for those sort of stories, and neglect the unfavourable.

But while the political orientation is important the over-riding

imperative is profit. The major function of privately-owned media is to earn advertising revenue. Indeed, as a cadet on Murdoch's original rag on North Terrace I was told the firm's sole responsibility was to return dividend to shareholders. It was at least easy to remember.

Despite the nominal freedom of the press, many things are therefore not criticised. Could anyone imagine the *Sunday Mail* running a negative story on Le Cornu, or 60 Minutes tackling BHP? Because it is in the interests of media firms to support the bigger advertisers, yet another ideological imperative is established.

Conversely, unions get the rough end of the stick. The only occasion one reads or hears a story praising unions is when they agree to do what business leaders want. This is called "responsible trade unionism".

Newspapers in Moscow and Peking do not shout "down with socialism" from their headlines although they air complaints and criticism about its functioning. Likewise, one does not come across editorials or serious articles in the Australian press suggesting capitalism should be replaced.

We are a capitalist country with a media which holds its values. In seeking profits media organisations operate no differently to other firms.

They hold wages down as low as possible, they make life difficult for those who carry on union activities, are suspicious of those with differing political views and allow employees a minimum input into decision-making (usually zilch). Journalists are played off against each other through a pernicious grading system.

Journalists certainly reflect the nature of the media beast. They suffer from enormously high divorce and alcoholism rates and high staff turnovers. Reporters over the age of 30 are rare, especially women. Cynicism is rife.

Journos, right, left and centre, however know one thing. The media does pick its favourites.

Fees and loathing in Adelaide

Famous American Gonzo journalist DR HUNTER S. THOMPSON made his mark on the Prosh Rag this year with his coverage of the Grand Prix. At the insistence of the Adelaide Hilton and American Express' debt collectors, he stays on to cover the outcome of Adelaide Uni's own fees boycott in what, judging by his state of alcoholic collapse, could well be his last appearance in print.

Adelaide University,
February 1987

The ghost of the sixties stalks the February night, rattling chains, peering in windows.

Here two naked teenagers lie entwined on a bed, Kevin the economics student is supine, a proud expression on his face. The girl is somewhat less satisfied.

"But what if we don't sign this boycott petition? she asks. "What about the other students who..."

"Oh, stuff them" says Kev wiping his limp penis with his Y fronts. "If they can't pay, they're hardly the right people to come to Uni - a bunch of part-time mothers and middle class morons whose parents won't pay. They won't be any loss to the place."

Sophie settles back on her pillow scowling, unconvinced and totally unaware of the quite singular thing that is this moment occurring in her womb. The crucial moment peaks and as it does, as if in sympathy, an idea is conceived in her mind - rebellion. Sophie's hand reaches for the scissors on the bedside table...

Outside, the ghost cackles hideously and moves on to another part

of the provincial town. The scene shifts as an incessant thumping fills the air.

Consciousness. I, Doctor Gonzo, lie spread-eagled on the floor of the Uni Bar, head in a bass bin, mind spinning from the vast quantities of newly discovered cooler-based cocktails I have consumed in the constant nightmare of the last 72 hours.

Reality floods back - the Adelaide Grand Prix, the hand on my sleeve at the International Airport, my passport held by the Department of Foreign Affairs and a writ for illegal use of a credit card to the tune of \$2,500 at the Adelaide Hilton hanging over my head.

Clattering into my ear is the sound of an IBM electric typewriter. I have set up office in the bar. Dexter, the 17-year-old economics student who is putting me up is typing my impressionistic notes into a story for sale to as many national dailies as will take it.

I met Dexter while in search of my last hope, famed drug lawyer and acquaintance Duke Kalgowski. "Duke... Who's Duke?... said Dexter as I knocked on his door at one am. Every light in the house was

blazing. The boy was distracted - he didn't even complain when I moved my bags into the hall.

Duke, it seemed, had taken legal advice and moved somewhere quiet in another state. Dexter didn't know his whereabouts, but he knew something else that might conceivably serve just as well - the details of a news story that I could hopefully sell to enough papers to bail me out of this Hilton mess.

The facts were in essence this: a government was trying to impose an educational fee on a student body who might or might not get involved in a boycott campaign set up to fight it.

To my experienced eye, the choice seemed clear. But then Dr Gonzo had covered campus stories in the twisted years of the sixties. Protests are a museum piece in California now, but I had met kids who would have committed suicide to get a four paragraph obituary in *Ramparts*, for which I reported week-long UN-style debates on whether the neo-revisionist Trotskyite faction of the Botswana Communist Peoples Congress Party should receive the protection of the Bantu League of Youth. So Dexter's fevered vacillation about an assault on the most basic of student values - the integrity of their wallets - completely knocked me out.

Bemused by my seemingly over-emotional reaction, Dexter conceded to guide me to the scene of the action - a monument to inertia. It took a lot of convincing to make me believe that the bare table opposite the cashier staffed by two smiling young girls were purported to be members of the Evangelical

Union amounted to the sum total of the protest movement.

I'd expected banners, wall posters, mass sit-ins and scuffles - this looked like just another religious club signing up members for the new year.

I couldn't believe what I saw elsewhere on the campus either as Dexter led me into the cafeteria for a coffee.

Student politicians were putting up posters for a 'Rock Enrol' concert at the end of the week. Union officials were making the most of the free snags at the 'Freshers' Barbecue and the uni rag carried some obscure reference to the likely films for the next film festival - due in six months.

How hard do you have to poke the student body to make it roll over - goddam it? What would happen if you introduced castration as a graduation prerequisite? Would you have to spend long nights preparing arguments, devising slogans, convincing student leaders that it wasn't really necessary?

I went back to the table several times that week and surprisingly, they seemed to be having some degree of success. The girls had a crate full of pages of a protest petition they were getting students to sign as an alternative to coughing up at the cashiers. 80% of enrolling students had signed up they said - but they felt that the majority were waiting for the last day to see how strong the protest was before they aligned themselves.

All pretty inconsequential - the normal status of student political action.

Friday was so hot I was wishing I'd

gone to the beach but 3 pm saw me hanging around opposite the cashier's desk doing my best to establish a credible reason for containing my contact with the two girls on the table into the weekend. Suddenly the room was filled with panting sweaty students jostling each other to get to the cashier before 5 pm.

The girls' table was turned over in the hustle for space and the last time I saw them they were scrambling for the scattered sheets of paper that had settled on the heads and shoulders of the teeming crowd.

I was pinned against the wall by the elbow of some overanxious young public service clone who couldn't get his money out of his pocket for lack of space.

It lasted two hours. When the cashier's window finally closed and the attendants slipped out for their regular Friday afternoon at the British, disappointed students were still queuing up to North Terrace and down to the State Library.

Strangely, the girls were ecstatic. Despite the last minute panic, 70% of students had still not paid their fees. How would the authorities respond to that?

I followed the disoriented mass of frustrated students, each with a couple of hundred dollars in their hands, out to the tavern.

Six hours and 60 kegs later, this money was rapidly flowing into the bar's till. The government didn't have a hope in hell of recovering it now.

Dexter and I thrashed the IBM electric to new lengths and drank in celebration of the 40 degree temperatures and righteous thirst which had saved the day.



Police called to a bomb scare in Adelaide recently were surprised to find, not a bomb, but a parcel containing thousands of "SA GREAT" stickers. Former Adelaide writer CHRIS KREMMER to produce this fictional reflection on the campaign that brought the State greatness.

The telephone rang at Police Headquarters. The voice on the telephone said:

"There's a package outside the MLC Centre. There might be a bomb in it."

The police tumbled into the waiting squad cars. They drove at high speed to the MLC Centre, diagonally opposite their headquarters on Victoria Square. The box sat quietly beside a column supporting the MLC Centre. It was a plain, brown box made of cardboard. If a bomb went off beside that column the whole building would come down. Inside the box, the stickers waited.

The police were not aware of the stickers. They inspected the box from a safe distance. A crowd of people was forming. Derelicts, curious onlookers, evacuated

office workers in short sleeves. Police consulted in a crisis atmosphere and came to their decision. The superintendent told reporters: "We have reason to believe there's a bomb inside the parcel. The bomb squad has studied the situation. They've decided to detonate."

The news sent a tremor through the reporters. All of them knew the implications. It was a big story. The news went out across the city:

"Bomb Threat To MLC Centre!" More people, thousands more, people gathered, in the intense, searing sun of the day. Inside the box it was dark, except for the stickers, which were red, yellow and blue. Police cordoned off the area. Once more they briefed reporters on the situation. The robot was being brought to the city. It would destroy the parcel outside the MLC Centre.

The stickers continued to conceal their true identity. They were not a bomb. They were just stickers; red, yellow and blue in the shape of South Australia, but they were perfect. In their own quiet way, they encapsulated all that was good and worthy about the State. In them, boiled down into glue and paper, was the very essence of greatness that is "SA".

Even the police knew that. Everyone loved the stickers. You could stick them on anything - cars, windows, yachts, refrigerators. Whatever you stuck them to they stayed stuck to. They were tough, tenacious, true. Yet here were the police, about to destroy what they and everyone else loved. Why? Because they were ignorant and misguided. Why didn't the stickers do something? Quite simply, because they were powerless to do so. Just like the great State they represented, the stickers were unable to protect themselves from the dark forces all around.

"SA Great" said the noble stickers. No-one knew.

Outside, the robot had arrived and was being prepared for its mission. The police were programming instructions into its computer.

There were statistics and co-ordinates to guide it to its destination. There was also the terse, two-word order:

"Detonate Parcel!" Behind the rope cordon, onlookers looked on and twittered. They were simple, excited people. They liked what was happening. The clock on the post office tower struck three. The robot advanced on the parcel.

High up at the window of his suite in the State Administration block, stood the Premier, watching the scene below with satisfaction. He was still in his sneakers, having been prevented from taking his daily run by security officials. As if the Premier could ever be threatened by loyal stickers! It was not the Premier, but the stickers which were threatened. Despite the dire position, the Premier was impressed by the police operation.

"The State is in good hands," he thought, joggling on the spot by the window.

The robot reached the parcel. Its computer completed the necessary calculations. Its electronic eye zeroed-in on the brown parcel. Nothing that occurred outside had any effect on the stolid, stoic stickers. The cameramen steadied their video cameras. The sound recordists dangled their pendulous microphones. The crowd drew back in terrified titillation. Enigmatic to the last, police conducted eleventh-hour negotiations. Might there be a reprieve?

No. The superintendent gave the order. A minion nodded. The robot seized the parcel in its metallic claw....

It was precisely at that moment that a jumbo jet touched down at Adelaide International Airport, and the one-millionth passenger to pass through the terminal was whisked away to a free night at the Hilton, not far from the scene of the impending tragedy. After freshening-up, the lucky person was ferried by courtesy car to the new Adelaide Casino, where the ball was sent spinning into the roulette wheel and came up...a winner! A champagne cork popped sixty kilometres away as Wolf Blass

sampled the excellent new vintage, while in Coober Pedy, a miner yelled "Eureka!" and pulled a big opal out of the ground. A car hurtled past in a blaze of red dirt, north-bound on the Stuart Highway, to Nurrungar, where happy American technicians plotted missile trajectories as, to the west, grateful Aborigines took the first, cautious steps back onto the plutonium-hot land at Maralinga. At Roxby Downs, another miner kissed a large hunk of uranium.

In Port Lincoln, Dean Lukin lifted a personal best. The wheat came in: A bumper harvest! Fishermen pulled in Great White Sharks on twelve-pound lines off Kangaroo Island. In the far north, brawny rig workers struck oil. On the River Murray, the cheerful captain of a paddle steamer blew the boat's whistle. Startled pelicans flew far away and landed on the calm waters of the Blue Lake at Mount Gambier.

Back in Adelaide, Max Harris joyfully embraced his dictionary: He'd found a new word. John Letts raised a whip, a winner as his horse galloped past the Victoria Park finishing posts, as track staff took down the running rail in preparation for another Formula One Grand Prix. At the Adelaide Oval, David Hookes smashed the West Indies pace attack for six and the ball went flying into the River Torrens, where it sank to the bottom and settled amid the remains of a fourteen-year old hitch-hiker-cum-sexual-assault-murder victim, but no State's perfect.

Everywhere else it was a picture of blue skies, clean air, shining eyes, winning smiles and successful enterprise. It could have been Heaven, but they called it South Australia. From his pedestal high above the city, good old Colonel Light pointed south across the river to the Festival Centre, where a world premiere opera was at that moment being staged to a rapturous audience, as a well-known newspaper columnist left the performance on a tip-off and headed for Victoria Square, where the whole show was about to be pissed up against the wall....

The stickers trembled as the box was shaken by the machine's paw. Then, without further warning, a small charge was thrust into the heart of the parcel and the robot ignited a violent explosion.

The force of the detonator tore through the parcel, ripping and tearing the stickers apart as it did so and splitting the brown box with a loud crack. But the detonator itself was the only explosion. Confused by-standers removed their fingers from their ears and opened their eyes. Police shrugged their shoulders and explained the position to the media. The robot retired.

The sun still shone on South Australia, even on its darkest day, for though some of the stickers had been injured, most of them survived. They were flung high by the force of the explosion and caught in a stiff wind and carried to all four corners of the State, drifting for days until eventually every one had fluttered back down to the red earth of South Australia.

Jubilant crowds thronged the city in spontaneous celebration as the red, yellow and blue stickers rained down like ticker-tape. One hundred and fifty years they'd waited for this. Better than an arts festival, better than a casino, or a hotel or an airport, or a Grand Prix. Better than Johnnie's Christmas Pageant! A Jubilee!

Some States are born to greatness, others achieve it. Some States have greatness flutter down upon them. Great stickers rained down on a great people in great weather. A great occasion in a great State on a great day. The people were grateful to live in such a state of greatness.

"SA GREAT!" said the stickers. "SA GREAT!" the people fell in behind.

"G" for GOOLWA.
"R" for RENMARK.
"E" for EUDUNDA.
"A" for ARDROSSAN.
"T" for TANUNDA.
"HOORAY FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA!"

That great mate, top-rate, can't hate, can't wait, no debate, name a date, country fete, shut the gate, don't be late State.
Great!

Elections, strikes, racism, and all the joys of Queensland

Queensland is a place where anything can happen - and usually does. ROBERT CLARK records his experiences of the State that remains a law unto itself.

The bragging and insults of the Queensland election campaign over the past month recall for this writer last summer's long hot journey to the north.

I went mentally prepared to seek beyond the Queensland stereotype of slow-witted reactionaries, but even now I'm not sure what it was I found.

Two separate events stick in my mind.

The first occurred just after I arrived in Brisbane laden with flu.

The next day, December 10, UN Human Rights Day, a demonstration was held outside the city offices of the South East Queensland Electricity Board.

SEQEB, it will be remembered, 18 months ago became New Right "heroes" when they summarily sacked 300 linesmen for taking industrial action. Bjelke-Petersen backed them to the hilt in his anti-employee manner, while the workers received only token support from the local Labor Party and Canberra.

Although the battle had been lost, about one hundred showed up to remind those Queenslanders who would listen that employees do have a fundamental right to organise themselves, a principle acknowledged by the UN.

Brisbane found it amusing. A handful of shirt-sleeved office workers came out on the street to grin at us. Passers-by looked the other way.

They'd seen it before, a small demonstration outnumbered by police I suppose being Queensland it was safer not to be interested.

The police told us we were an illegal gathering and we would have

to disperse.

As we moved on across the road, my companion, a long-suffering Queenslander, observed that I had just broken four laws: participating in an illegal public gathering, "disrupting" the activities of SEQEB (two offences relating to this) and refusing to obey a police directive.

The rally ended with the obligatory arrests of its leaders, Senator Georges having been arrested at the outset for the fifth time.

My other strong memory is of Fraser Island, the world's largest sand island, a still unspoiled beauty spot one-third of the way up the Queensland coast.

The youth hostel at Hervey Bay, the mainland staging point, hires out tents (and other camping gear) for about five dollars. It also accepts bookings for the half-hour ferry across and a bus tour of the island.

Fraser Island, as I say, is superb. Not even the packs of four-wheel drive yobs can detract from the physical joys of the place: wide sandy beaches, prehistoric vegetation, crystal clear lakes and streams.

Then there was Max.

Max drove the tour bus in between explaining Fraser Island, Australian history and the world to us, the hapless passengers.

At one point we travelled upon Fraser Island's first road, built according to Max the first white farmer-settler with the help of Aboriginal labour.

"Don't know how he got those blacks to work," opined Max. "The only way I've found of making them work is with a piece of four-be-two".

Max later spoke with great relish of a massacre of Aborigines on the island late last century.

"Blacks were running everywhere," he said. "They even ran into the water trying to get away. Women, children, everybody."

The tour fell into a long silence after Max's 10-minute detailed description of the massacre. There didn't seem much to say after that.

Max's boss, Sid, had his own style of bastardry.

We came upon portly, red-faced Sid arguing heatedly with a group of young people.

He was telling them they could not get on the bus to return to the mainland, even though one had an infected foot.

Earlier that day they'd run foul of Sid by using the toilets at Sid's hotel resorts. (Sid owns the Fraser Island's main resort, and runs the bus tours and the major ferry).

Sid for some reason found this offensive and told them so. Later, as they literally crossed his path again, he queried them as to where they were going.

Because one woman told Sid where he could stick his question, they got their marching orders, poisoned foot and all.

I ask myself whether I am merely stressing the worst of my Queensland experiences, yet I know that things happened to me there which I've never seen anywhere else.

Back in Hervey Bay I ordered prawns and chips at a fish shop. Although I was the only customer, the teenage girl at the counter tore off a numbered ticket and gave it to me.

When my order was ready ten minutes later I was still the only customer. She looked at the package on the counter, then back at me and said: "Number 94 please."



Max - historian, raconteur and social conscience of Fraser Island

Whisky, barbituates, sadism and exams

Exams are only weeks away and it's time to put in intense revision. On Dit's resident exam expert gives some top advice from the bottom of the ladder.

Of all my examinations, the one I remember with greatest fondness was the Criminal Law exam of 1979.

It was a real bastard. There was a nine o'clock start to begin with, a sadistic tradition designed (as far as I can tell) to give an unfair advantage to Christian Fundamentalist students still living at home with their parents. The weather was dismal - overcast with steady, monotonous, and seemingly eternal drizzle. When the sickly sun peeped through occasionally it only added to the dejection, like a John Olsen smile.

The mood outside the abattoir-like sheds of Centennial Hall was of all pervading hopelessness. Most of the waiting horde stood and stared at the ground in front of their feet, zombie-people, shell-shocked even before the shrapnel had begun to fly. A few scanned textbooks feverishly, repeating the underlined bits with their eyes closed. They retained none of it, and only added desperation to their mounting despair.

Then the awful shuffle began, towards the cavernous doors flanked by the invigilators, who stood like sadistic footmen at the

Royal Wedding of a hunchback prince to haemophiliac bride.

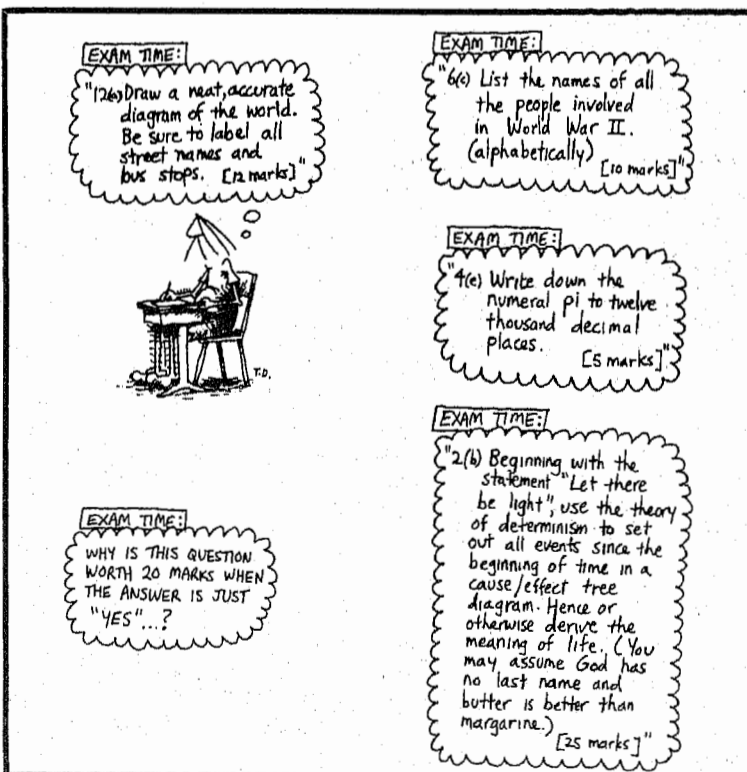
At least that's what I presume it was like. I didn't go. At the appointed hour I was involved in the thorny problem of extracting myself from a particularly vindictive snooker - the yellow ball totally obscured by the black - on a full-size table in North Adelaide.

Cowardly perhaps, but at that stage I was convinced that my ignorance of burning issues such as the defence of automatism was so overwhelming and all-encompassing that any attempt to complete an examination paper would result in a reduction of the pathetic percentage I had accrued during the year.

I was wrong of course - examiners may be Nazis, but they don't actually give negative marks, however puerile the paper they have in front of them. So resist the temptation of a stress-free day and observe the first rule of passing exams:

RULE 1. TURN UP.

Let's pass on to an acquaintance of mine, who in the week before the same exam opened his three kilogram text-book for the purpose of some so-called revision. To his horror he realised that he understood



only one word in three, these being pronouns and other expressions of legalistic padding such as "heretofore" and "tantamount".

He went into catatonic shock for four days.

On the fifth day his brain gradually came to grips with what was required of it. It was obvious that to assimilate the vast amount of infor-

mation he would need to pass, he could not afford the luxury of sleep. The solution was obvious - large quantities of amphetamines.

These he duly acquired, and by regular nasal administration he managed the Herculean task of cramming his mind with obsolete legal nonsense for forty-eight hours

without a break. He duly fronted up to Wayville, to be greeted by the grim scenes previously described. But his mood was different - an airy confidence wafted from him with every step.

It was not until actually seated at his tiny wooden torture desk (what do the primary school children write on during University exams?) that he realised his one fatal error.

The amphetamines were wearing off. His calculation of the stimulant required had covered only his swotting, and not the examination itself.

Panic gripped him. As soon as the ritual utterance "You May Start Writing" had been intoned, he scribbled maniacally, desperately attempting to get his answers down before the inevitable tide of unconsciousness dragged him down.

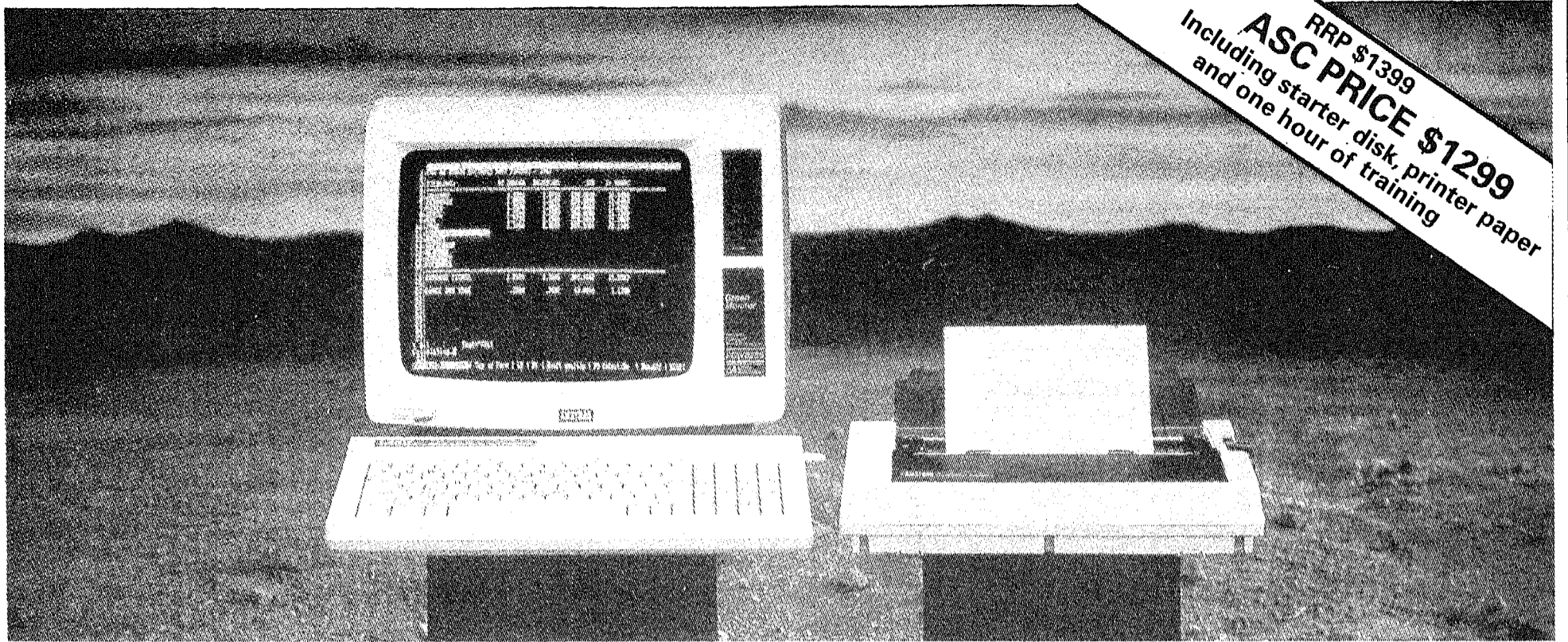
It was all in vain of course. He was woken three hours later by a grey-faced invigilator violently shaking his shoulders.

His examination paper was opened by the red-biro wielders a day later to reveal two paragraphs of brilliant lucid prose and a large circular patch of blurred blue lines where the dribble from his sleeping mouth had run on to the page.

RULE 2. STAY AWAKE

Beyond this I can't really help you.

If all else fails, the hot bath and the razor blade is both the cheapest and most visually arresting method; I personally lean towards barbituates and whisky.



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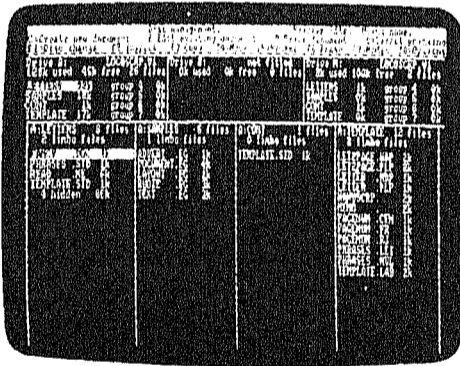
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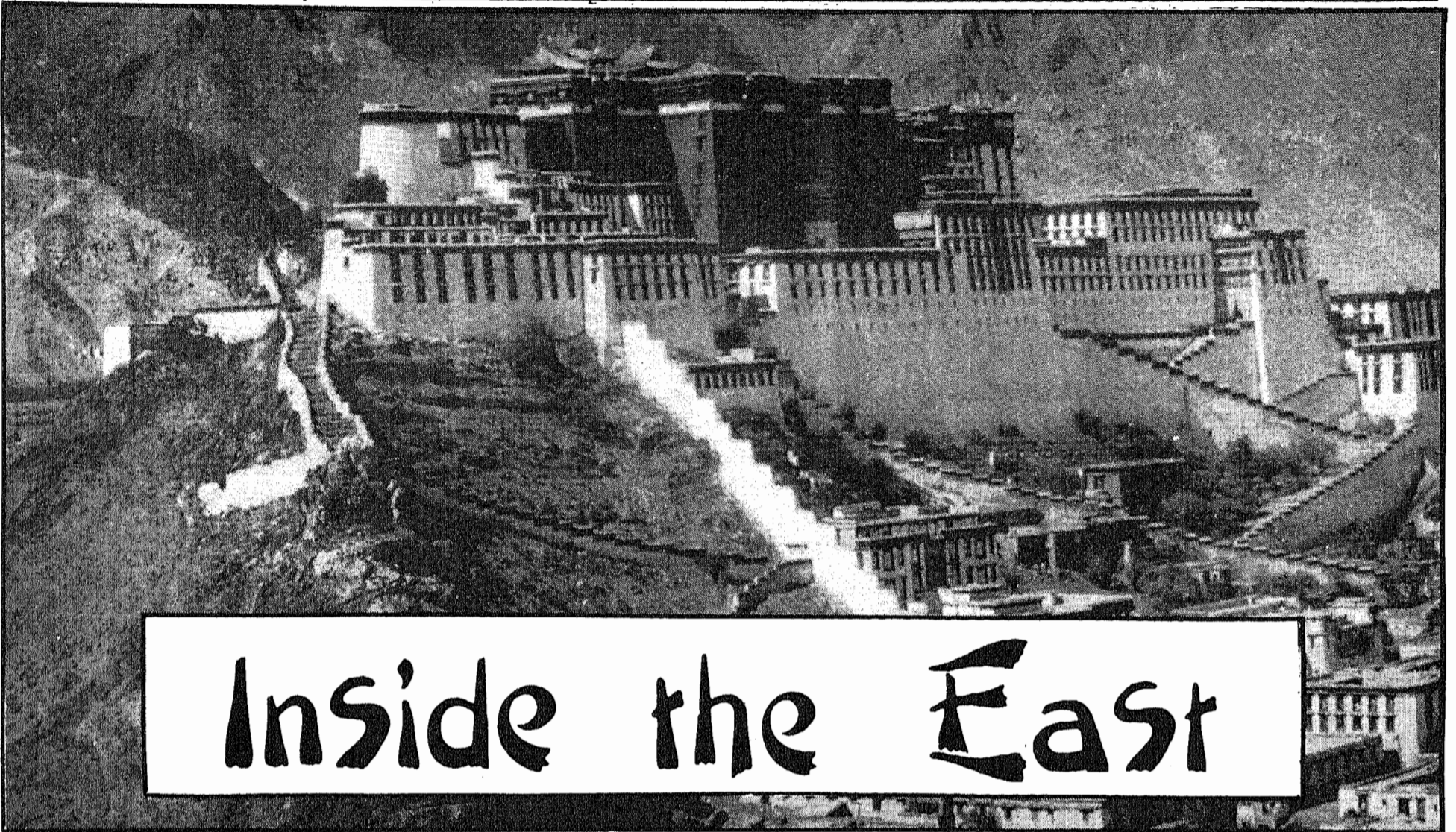


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Inside the East

The Potala Palace—original home of the Dalai Lama in Lhasa, the capital of Tibet.

So you have booked that adventure holiday-of-tour-lifetime to Tibet, and are now regretting it? Roving travel correspondent, SPAN, found that this annexed province in China and neighbour to India is a mixture of both cultures with plenty of interest to the jaded Western tourist.

Tibet, and particularly its major city Lhasa, has always provided a lure for travellers, whether they are seeking a trading arrangement which bypasses the Chinese, as did George Bogle in the 18th century, the esoteric and unique form of Buddhist practice which drew Alexandra David-Neel, or the mystique of inaccessibility which attracted Andre Migot and a host of others.

This has become a bizarre irony, as Lhasa is now one of the easiest entry points to China.

Apparently the Chinese decided several years ago to limit the annual tourist influx to 400. Since last year, and especially since February 1986, hordes of travellers have been entering Tibet via Kathmandu, although lately it seems to have become harder going back the other way and is certainly more expensive.

With the border to Pakistan open at certain times of the year, the relatively easy routes from Dunhuang or Xining via Golmud, and the traditional arduous route westwards from Chengdu, Lhasa has lost one mystique, that of inaccessibility, and acquired another, that of a country suddenly unlocked after nearly 30 years.

The other aspect of begging, probably...unique to Tibet... is the apparent hunger for photos of the Dalai Lama.

The tourist population is no joke. Lhasa's population seems and could well be one third Tibetan, one third Han Chinese, and one third Caucasian.

The local people seem to have adapted smartly to that. Tourist hotels abound along Beijing Donglu, some offering dormitory beds for a few yuan a night. Occasionally the Chinese International Tourist Service sends in the police to

inspect the place and close it to foreigners unless the owners improve their facilities and up the price to 10 yuan. Our place had the toilet bulldozed just before we moved in, so we have to use the public one down the road. A year or so ago there were still hotels which refused to accept Foreign Exchange Certificates (FECs), but now the FEC/Renminbi exchange racket is raging.

Khampa women wearing strings of supposedly turquoise, coral, and amber, many bracelets and rings accost the stroller in the street or even those sitting in restaurants and attempt to sell the stuff, whatever it really is.

Begging, which is not a new institution, thrives in Lhasa but has come to include well-dressed people who, unlike the sedentary beggars, will chase one up the street shaking both thumbs and uttering a plea which sounds like: "Kooch, Kooch." The other aspect to begging, probably as unique to Tibet as its system of governmental succession, is the apparent hunger for photos of the Dalai Lama. A friend of mine believes some people probably use them for resale. We've seen monks behave in what we think of as undignified ways to beg for these photos,

although the monasteries and tourist sites of the city are awash with them.

A main attraction of Lhasa which will probably remain is its ambience. Somehow it is a comfortable place to be, at 3600 metres, ringed by mountains which are sometimes snowcapped in the mornings and behind which lightning flashes at night. In September it becomes warm in the days, often raining at

night which is quite spectacular if the clouds are settling around the peaks before sundown.

It's a mixture of China and India with the distinctive character of the Tibetans, who come across as a cheerful, tolerant people, and not easily ruffled. Easier to get on with are the Khampas, who wear their hair braided with coloured cloth, sometimes with turquoises or other stones. The women dress a little more elaborately than the men, but usually only if they are mobile jewellers, otherwise dress and adornment is pretty much the same.

Somehow it is a comfortable place to be, at 3600 metres, ringed by mountains which are sometimes snowcapped in the mornings, and behind which lightning flashes at night.

In Dunhuang we asked a traveller what was a good thing to do in Lhasa. After a moment's thought, he said, "Walk around the Jokhang."

This temple (called Great Morning Light in Chinese) is the oldest structure in Lhasa, built in the 7th century by Songtsen Gampo. It escaped destruction during the Chinese assault and is still visited by large numbers of pilgrims. Two huge chimneys burn juniper and azalea to produce a smoke whose fragrance is thought pleasing to Buddhas and deities. Sometimes it almost obscures the facade, where pilgrims prostrate themselves before the rarely opened doors beneath the symbol of Tibet on the roof, two seated golden deer with heads upraised to the 8-spoked wheel of the Dharma

The Borkhor circumambulation circuit goes around the Jokhang. The other, the Lingkhor, surrounds the whole city. The Barkhor is also a market which sells foodstuffs, prayer flags, scriptures, homemade cassettes, imitation antique jewellery, lockets and boxes, bolts of woollen fabric, clothing and miscellaneous hardware.

By night the streets are darker, but to walk along their labyrinthine ways, paved with large granite tiles

is just as enjoyable as in the daytime. Tibetan architecture alone, with its slight outward slope to the walls, seems to have a comforting effect.

The sky is usually full of kites with prayers attached, and every night the city is taken over by dogs. They gather in huge packs here and there in the alleys and set up a furious barking at around midnight. It continues for one or two hours with pauses. Once I heard a bottle smash near a pack but it didn't stop them for long.

The drawcards of Lhasa, the former big monasteries, have vary-

ing qualities. Although little more than a museum now, the Potala is a staggering construction, visible like a fairytale palace almost everywhere in town. At night, even with no moon and an overcast sky, it glows a faint greenish colour.

The few parts of the interior we saw were humbling in the immensity of the figures and the intricacy of their artwork. Everywhere the walls are lined with a wooden grille, in each niche of which is a cloth-wrapped scripture.

Devotees of Lobsang Rampa's books will be disappointed to find that the Chakpori medical monastery, which with the Potala made one of Lhasa's front gate posts, is completely obliterated, and in its place stands a tall and vulgar transmitter mast. At the foot of it though is a pleasant little cave temple whose monks are very hospitable.

Drepung and Sera, in the west and east respectively on the face of Lhasa's northern hills, are also substantially reduced in size, but both have a few things worth looking at. The tourist business in Lhasa is as much a rip-off as elsewhere in China, but here it's worth making revisits.

It's not clear what effect being a new "crossroads of Asia" will have on Lhasa. Many Tibetans have been travelling freely to and from

Nepal for years, and must know what tourism is all about. At present it's possible to say we get at the least an amused tolerance from the locals, but they probably won't weep when we leave.

The possible effect of tourists has also to be measured against the tenacity of the Han Chinese in influence. Young Tibetans are often indistinguishable from young people in other Chinese cities, in dress and behaviour. A woman in the Public Security Bureau, who was clearly a Tibetan and whom we heard speaking Tibetan, had trouble reading the Tibetan captions for us in a magazine article. A seven-year-old girl (who was incidentally spinning a yarn to get a yuan out of us) said when I asked what she wanted to do when she grew up, "I want to serve the people." On the other hand, many people are only too ready to show you the bullet holes in temple walls, complain about tankas shipped off to Beijing, or mime the shooting of a son. One hopes that the adaptable and optimistic character of the Tibetans provides some means of handling these two horns of tourist inundation and imperialistic dictatorship. Given that most Tibetans live outside Lhasa, and that Tibet ethnically includes most of Singhai Province and part of southern Gansu Province, this is not an unreasonable hope.

Further, one last unique feature of Tibetan society is the overwhelming strength of its religious faith, which (outside of Chinese propaganda) does not have the same degree of oppression as strongly religious societies elsewhere in the world. If one measures the degree of civilisation not solely as the distance placed between oneself and one's excrement (although in this respect also the Chinese compare favourably) but as the degree of consideration one shows one's fellows, then the Tibetans are among the most civilised people I have met.

For the tourist, however, Lhasa is and will continue to be a unique escape tunnel, a staging point for some of the wildest scenery and natural challenges in the world, a place where the air is clear and the intensity of colour and form is given a special and otherworldly quality by the high altitude, or at the very least, a nostalgic recreation of the lost Kathmandu of the 1960s.

PRESENTING THE FINAL, ULTIMATE, CONCLUDING, END OF THE LINE, TERMINAL, NEVER GOING TO BE ANOTHER ONE AFTER THIS ONE, HINDERMOST, ONCE AND FOR ALL, IT'S ALL OVER NOW BABY BLUE, ONE AFTER THE PEN-ULTIMATE, FADE TO BLACK AND ROLL THE CREDITS, LAST STOP... EVERYBODY OFF, HANG UP THE SPEAKER AND LOOK FOR THE 'EXIT' SIGNS, GEE... IS THAT THE TIME? I'VE GOT TO BE GOING, ANOTHER HOUSE ON MAYFAIR... I CAN'T PAY! PUT OUT THE CAT AND TURN OFF THE LIGHTS, B-BE-BE-BE-THAT'S ALL FOLKS, NON-CONTINUING, NON-SEQUEL SPAWNING, ABSOLUTELY LAST #E!***@C!! EPISODE EVER!!!! (Probably)

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

IN THE RETURN OF THE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE Part 12
THE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE PLAN TO PRESENT THEIR FAKE PRESIDENT ON T.V. FROM ONE OF R.C.'S MANY, MANY T.V. STATIONS. (YOU SEE, HE'S SO RICH HE MAKES ROBERT HOLMES-AFFORD LOOK AS WEALTHY AS A FULL-TIME STUDENT MINUS TERTIARY FEES.) ANYWAY, OUR HEROES ARE NOW BEING HELD CAPTIVE IN RONALD REAGAN'S BEDROOM BY R.U.-2 WHO HAS BEEN REPROGRAMMED TO BE A BUTTOCKS-LOVER. THE WORLD'S ONLY HOPE NOW IS THAT TREVOR CAN ANNOY R.U. ENOUGH TO RETURN HIM TO HIS OLD, OBNOXIOUS AND FOUL-MOUTHED (BUT, AT LEAST, BUTTOCKS-HATING) PERSONALITY...

HEY R.U... YOU MANURE-HEADED SLEETZ, HALF-WIT SCUM-BUCKET! YOUR MOTHER IS AN AUTO-CUE USED BY THE HOSTS OF "ENTERTAINMENT THIS WEEK" AND ENJOYS IT!

REALLY, MY DEAR CHAP, THAT'S NOT...

* THE PAUL KEATING BOOK OF INSULTS VOLUME III

YOU ONLY BUY "POPULAR MECHANICS" FOR THE CENTRE FOLD... YOU'RE A YOKO ONO FAN!... YOU SAW THE FILM "COBRA"... 27 TIMES!! YOU WERE BUILT BY THE SAME PEOPLE WHO MADE THE CHERNOBYL NUCLEAR PLANTS SAFETY SYSTEM!!!

TREVOR, YOU #E!!C@ \$ **M*!!

R.U.! YOU'RE BACK!

TREV-BABY!

SNACK!

OH, PUKE... I'LL NEED A SHOT FOR RABIES NOW...

I'LL NEED A SHOT FOR RUST.

WIPE! WIPE!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, R.U.?

THOSE LITTLE ARSEHOLES AMBUSHED THE STAR-TRUCK. THEY KIDNAPPED ME AND REPROGRAMMED ME...

WE'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE STARTRUCK LATER. RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE BUTTOCKS...

"WE"? WHY SHOULD I CARE ABOUT THIS #E@!! BORING PLANET?

WHAT ABOUT WHAT THEY DID TO YOU R.U.?... THEY HUMILIATED YOU. YOU ACTUALLY ACTED FRIENDLY THERE FOR A WHILE!

THOSE BASTARDS!! LET'S GET 'EM!!

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE BUTTOCKS' MOTHER SHIP...

BOIL, IT'S TIME. HELP ME GET INTO MY PRESIDENT DISGUISE.

OH... SURE. YOU KNOW ITS FUNNY...

...THESE AMERICANS WORSHIP A MAN WHO'S SUCH A GREAT LEADER HE SHOULD BE ARRESTED FOR BEING SENILE IN PUBLIC!

DON'T YOU MEAN; BEING SENILE IN PUBLIC OFFICE?

HA! HA! HA! HA!

MEANWHILE, TREVOR HAS BECOME CAPT. ADELAIDE AND FLOWN TO THE PENTAGON SEEKING HELP...

BUTTOCKS PEOPLE? ARE THEY DANGEROUS?

YOU COULD SAY THAT... IF YOU WERE HEAVILY INTO UNDERSTATEMENT. LOOK, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IF THEY SUCCEED THE WORLD WILL BE RUN BY ARSEHOLES!

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

LISTEN TO ME! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP FOR THE GOOD OF THE HUMAN RACE! THIS IS OUR DARKEST HOUR! WE'VE GOT TO STAND UP TOGETHER AGAINST THIS ENEMY AND FIGHT FOR OUR VERY EXISTENCE, OR... MY GOD, AMERICA IS CONTAGIOUS! I'M BREAKING OUT IN HYPE... LOOK THEY MUST BE STOPPED. NO BUTTS ABOUT IT!!!

AND SO, NOT BEING ABLE TO RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO KICK ASS, THE GENERALS ARE CALLED IN...

ARSEHOLES ON T.V.? YOU MEAN THOSE GODDAMNED LEFT-WING, HIPPIE PEACE LOVERS ARE GETTING AIR TIME AGAIN? SURE... I'LL GO AND BLOW THEM UP!

SHE LOVES YOU, AFFIRMATIVE, AFFIRMATIVE, AFFIRMATIVE...

MILITARY TALK BOX

BUT AS THE ARMY MOVES IN... LISTEN, YOU PUS-FACED SEWERAGE SUCKING, FUNGUS-FOOTED TURD BALLS, * DON'T TRY ANYTHING OR WE'LL PUT OUR HORRIFIC "ULTIMATE SOLUTION" INTO EFFECT!

"ULTIMATE SOLUTION"? MY GOD THEY DON'T MEAN GAS CHAMBERS DO THEY?

DONT EVEN JOKE ABOUT IT!

* THE "JOHN HOWARD BOOK OF THE BEST OF PAUL KEATING'S INSULTS" VOL.II

ARE THEY ARMED?

YEP, TWO EACH

MAYBE THEY SHOULD BRING IN A SPECIAL SQUAD TO HANDLE THIS.

S.W.A.T.?

I SAID, MAYBE THEY SHOULD BRING IN A SPECIAL SQUAD TO HANDLE THIS.

GENERAL, I'M FROM CHANNEL 13, "I-MISSED-IT" NEWS. WHATS YOUR PLAN?

WE'RE GONNA LAUNCH A FLEET OF ROCKETS TO FLY OFF AND BLOW UP THEIR ENTIRE HOME PLANET.

BLOW UP THEIR ENTIRE PLANET?

YEAH; SELF DEFENCE

DONT DO ANYTHING. I'M GOING IN.

SO INSIDE... AND NOW, SOME SCENES FROM NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE OF "DALLASTY": "MOTHER, FATHER, I'VE GOT SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU"... "MY GOD, SON! YOU'RE NOT ADOPTED ARE YOU?"

R.G. I WISH YOU HADN'T COME WITH ME.

HEY I DONT WANT YOU MESSING UP ONE OF MY T.V. STATIONS. YOU'D RUIN THE SET.*

*DID YOU KNOW THAT THE NUMBER OF SAME PEOPLE IN A SOCIETY IS INVERSELY PROPORTIONAL TO THE NUMBER OF T.V. CHANNELS IT HAS?

WELL, WELL, WELL, MY 'FRIENDS'... SO YOU ESCAPED FROM THE WHITE HOUSE. NEVER MIND, YOU WILL DIE SOON. BUT FIRST I WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU THE REAL REASON WHY WE INVADED YOUR PLANET; I NEED YOUR RACE TO HELP PUT BUTTOCKS IN OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE IN ANATOMY. JUST A LITTLE CROSS-CLONING AND... BEHOLD!

BUTTOCK HEAD!! I TOOK A FEW OF MY CELLS AND CLONED THEM WITH A WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLER... WHO, OF COURSE, WAS ALREADY 95% ARSEHOLE. AT LAST I CAN CORRECT NATURE'S MISTAKE OF PUTTING BUTTOCKS AT THE BOTTOM, AND PUT US UP WHERE WE BELONG! I CAN CREATE THE PERFECT RACE!!

NOBODY'S PERFECT... AND SURELY YOU REMEMBER THAT NOONE CAN WITHSTAND ONE OF MY SUPER-POWER PUNCHES.

OH... GROSS

SLOMP!

AGG!... STOP BITING ME, YOU BASTARD.

PREPARE TO DIE, FLEA-FODDER!

Wow! A LIGHTSABER!

NO, ITS PRETTY HEAVY ACTUALLY... BUT WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY WE CAN ALSO ROB THIS PLACE...

... OF OUR PLANETS SCARCEST RESOURCE; FOOD!

FOOD? WHY WHAT DO BUTTOCKS PEOPLE EAT?

OOPS

SLASH!

SLICE!

TOILET PAPER OF COURSE! *

ZAGGG!

WAK!

* THIS "BAD TASTE" JOKE WAS TOLD TO ME BY SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDABLY DIDNT WANT TO BE IDENTIFIED. PERSONALLY, I DONT THINK THEY EAT IT, THEY JUST CHEW IT FOR A WHILE THEN SPIT IT OUT...

AND OUTSIDE... AGG! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED! ARSEHOLES APPROACHING AT 12 O'CLOCK...

THATS O.K. ITS ONLY 11:30.

NO STUPID, THIS IS IT! MOVE IN, MEN! AND BE CAREFUL; REMEMBER THEY HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF HINDSIGHT

AND WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES (AS BATTLES USUALLY DO), CAPTAIN ADELAIDE RUSHES INTO THE STUDIO TO PREVENT THE SIMULATED PRESIDENT FROM GOING TO AIR...

OH MY GOD!!

RIIP!

FAINT!

... THEN FLIES OFF TO FIND THE TALLEST FLAG POLE IN THE CITY...

WHY? YOU ASK, ON THE EDGE OF YOUR SEAT IN UNBEARABLE TENSION...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ASKED...

SKWAK! SKWAK! SKWAK! SKWAK! WOOSH!

(WITHOUT GOING TOO MUCH INTO THE ANATOMY OF THE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE I'D JUST LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT DRIVING A FLAGPOLE THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THEM DOESNT ACTUALLY HURT THEM, AS LONG AS THEY HAVE THEIR MOUTHS OPEN AT THE TIME...)

THERE YOU GO GENERAL, SOME NEW RECRUITS

WELL, I'LL BE THE SON OF A SHIT!

GET UP OFF THE FLOOR, R.C... YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE ITS BEEN!

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE, THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.

G'DAY FELLOW AMERICANS. SORRY I DIDNT HAVE A SPACE SHUTTLE TO SEND UP THIS MORNING SO I COULD BRAG ABOUT IT IN THIS ADDRESS TO THE NATION, BUT YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME I TRIED THAT. ANYWAY, I JUST WANTED TO SAY THAT ITS TIME WE ALL STOPPED ACTING LIKE ARSEHOLES. STARTING WITH ME. I MEAN, I'M SPENDING BILLIONS OF YOUR DOLLARS ON AN SDI PROGRAM THAT WON'T EVEN WORK!

SO WHY DONT ALL YOU YUPPIES JUST STOP WATCHING "MIAMI VICE" LONG ENOUGH TO GET OUT ON THE STREETS AND PROTEST FOR DISARMOURMENT AND WORLD PEACE

ER, THANK YOU MR PRESIDENT...

AND ALL YOU RAMBO LOVERS CAN HELP TOO.

KILL YOURSELVES!

WELL, WERE RIGHT OUT OF TIME, BYE

YOU WENT A BIT OVERBOARD DIDNT YOU TREV-BABY? HEY LOOK! THIS WAS THEIR ULTIMATE SOLUTION? HA! HA! I KNEW THEY WERE BLUFFING. ITS JUST AN OLD TOILET CHAIN

THANK!

WAIT! DONT PULL...

AND SO AMERICA WENT DOWN THE DRAIN... BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THE QUESTIONS THAT STILL REMAIN? LIKE; WHERE IS THE STARTRUCK? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE CAPTURED BUTTOCKS? WHY DOES THE SONG "OLD TIME ROCK N'ROLL" HAVE THE MOST BLATANT DISCO BEAT EVER PUT ON RECORD? BUT ANYWAY, I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH THIS WARNING: IF YOU EVER SEE SOMEONE AROUND WHO SEEMS LIKE A REAL ARSEHOLE, MAYBE SITTING NEXT TO YOU IN A LECTURE (OR, MORE LIKELY, OUT THE FRONT, GIVING THE LECTURE)... BE MORE SUSPICIOUS!! IT MAY BE ONE OF THEM! LIVING AMONG US INCONSPICUOUSLY, BUT ALL THE TIME JUST WAITING FOR... OH SHIT, I'M GOING TO RUN OUT OF

Pope card from Adelaide

Remember: Before he even got here we showed you what the Pope wrote home.

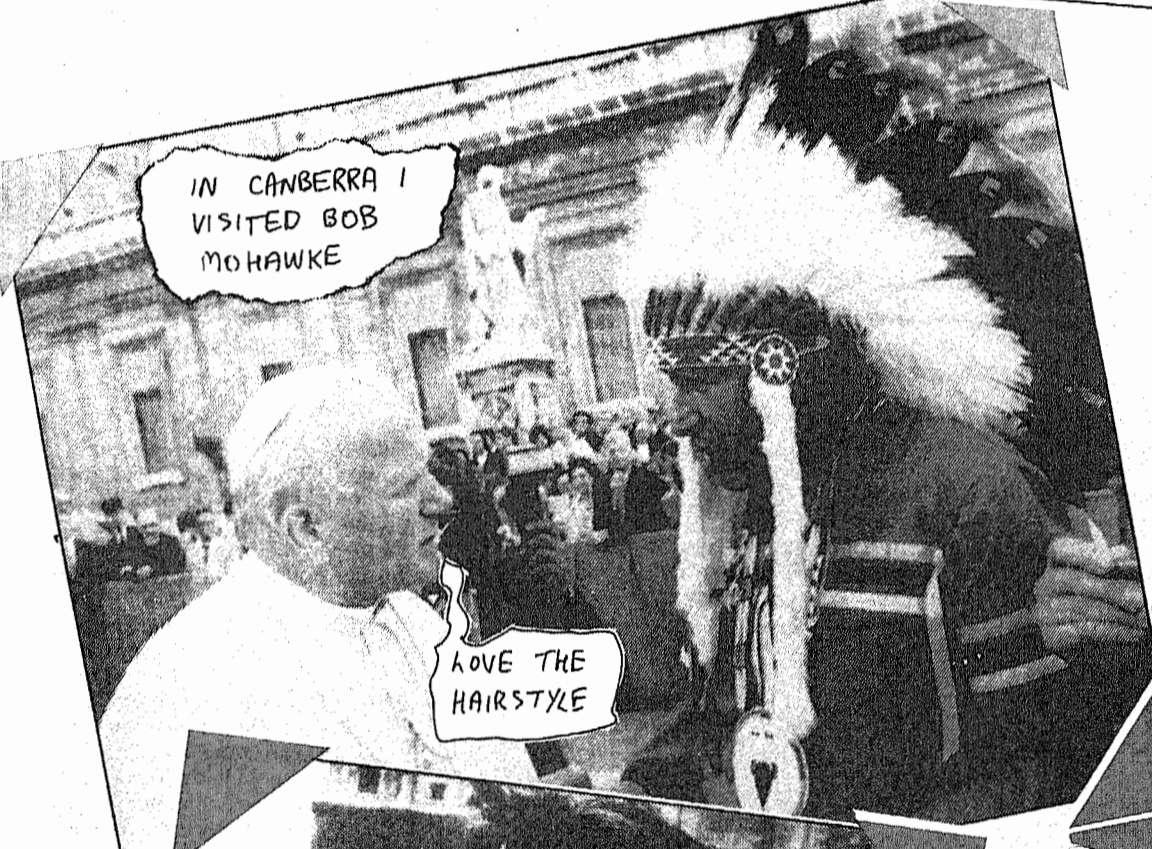
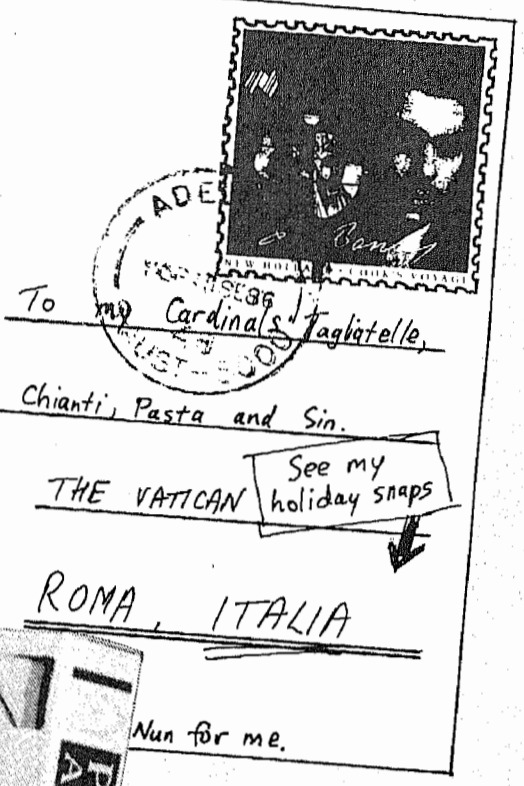


Greetings from South Australia

SMALL, MEDIUM OR LARGE?

Hey Boys,
 Deeza beeyoutiful girlz. Dey gave
 everthink dey had to de church.
 Eet is a beeyoutiful things (vot
 de gave f mean).
 Adelaide. Dis a funny place eh?
 f vent to de track to put a
 few pets. kotza peoples but no
 gee-gees. Vot could f do? f pulled
 out de vafers and spread dem
 around de place.
 Your loving Papa x
 PS To my young friend Cardinal
 Bambino. STOP EET. Or I
 send you to Adelaide.
 PPS REMEMBER: Race 5 at de Roma
 track next weekend. Put 1
 million lira on de Flying

DISTRIBUTED BY TERRY CASTLE & CO. ADELAIDE 5004



IN CANBERRA I VISITED BOB MOHAWKE

I LOVE THE HAIRSTYLE



THIS WILL STOP YOU GOING BLIND



I LOVE BEING LICKED



GO FOR THE KNOCKOUT SKIPPY

Get a free ticket to see the Pope!
 Send this coupon to:
 Catholic Headquarters,
 91 West Tce, Adelaide, 5000.
 All entries go into the
 draw for automatic
 absolution - guilt free.

Curing the nuclear sickness

If prevention is the only cure for nuclear holocaust, should doctors involve themselves in the peace movement? Visiting West German medical student LUTZ BECKERT looks at the medical consequences of nuclear war and the differing opinions of doctors in his home country, which is host to over 5,000 atomic weapons.

"...I will follow that system of regime which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous... Into whatever house I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption..."

The Hippocratic oath, written about 400 years before Christ is often quoted in current discussions concerning the threat of nuclear war, as a demand for physicians to commit themselves with all their knowledge and understanding to the prevention of such a war. In the context of a nuclear holocaust it has assumed a new significance. What ought the role of doctors and medical students be in the peace debate? Should they involve themselves, believing that prevention is the only cure, or is such political action outside the role of the professional?

The answer depends very much upon how one approaches the question; upon one's definition of peace and how it can best be achieved. West Germany today, as host to over 5,000 atomic weapons, provides an interesting forum for the debate over medicine and war, but the questions are no less relevant to the profession in Australia.

But first it is important to ask whether the threat of nuclear war poses any problem for Australia. The major threat at present is a nuclear world war. It seems unlikely that politicians in any country would decide to use atomic weapons, but it could result from a political mistake like the shooting-down of a Korean Jumbo by the Soviet Union in 1981. Furthermore it could start by escalation of one of the numerous wars occurring all over the world. There have been more than 135 since World War II. This danger is increasing, as more countries achieve possession of the atomic bomb. Israel, Brazil, Pakistan and Libya are just a few who are suspected of having such weapons. There are also technical problems which could lead to an accidental nuclear catastrophe. A nuclear war could be the result of a psychological breakdown of one of the men in the East and West, who sit 24 hours a day in eight hours shifts in top secret rooms waiting for a signal to press "the button". Another risk lies in the automation of the defense system, which executes retaliation automatically when the computer system discovers a nuclear attack. On June 3rd 1980 a mistake in the American computerised early warning system detected a Soviet missile attack. When the mistake was discovered after five minutes, the engines of the atomic bombers were already running. Since the installation of this computer system more than a hundred such accidents have occurred.

Finally there could be a failure in one of the technical parts of a missile in East or West. In 1985 one of the new Pershing II missiles exploded. Fortunately it did not contain an atomic war-head nor did the Russian early warning system interpret it as an attack; but three American soldiers were killed.

Considering all these factors there is an astonishingly high risk of an accidental nuclear war occurring. In the event of an accidental nuclear war in Europe, most of the

people living in Europe would die almost immediately. Australia may not be directly attacked and may "only" have to cope with the indirect results of a nuclear war. But there are great dangers, which bring even the survival of Australia into question.

In 1980, the magazine *AMBIO* asked scientists all over the world to predict what could happen if half of the stored nuclear weapons were detonated. In this scenario only 3 percent of the total megatonnage was likely to be exploded in the Southern Hemisphere.

Some of the possible reported consequences were: fallout and radiation which would put our genetic maintenance at risk; a nuclear winter leading to temperature falls greater than that of the ice age, and world-wide failure of food production; widespread epidemics of infectious diseases; interference with the earth's magnetic field, producing a high, short-lived electromagnetic pulse destroying electrical conductors and communications and intelligence technology; destruction of our economic basis; and severe psychological consequences for any survivors.

Medical help would be unable to alter any of these effects, even if the health system was still working.

When confronting this threat, we must ask the question: What is peace and how can we achieve it? The second Vatican Council (1959-1965) defined peace as:

"...a dynamic process with the triple aim: to make and to ensure equal chances for human development of the individual as well as for all social or international groups; to build up international and social justice and to build up a community of nations without war."

But even those who agree with this definition of peace, do not necessarily agree on the ways and methods to achieve it. There are still many different approaches to it. Some of these approaches are:

"Si vis pacem, para bellum":

"If you want peace, prepare for war" is political advice given by the Roman author Vegetius which is more or less the philosophy of our current defence policy.

"Weapons kill even without war":

Others feel a moral demand to change our present world's political structure which allows us in the developed countries to live in prosperity, at the cost of the countries in the third world. We spend US \$800 Billion a year (1985) on military expenses, while 3.5 million children die from malnutrition and infections in the third world. It could well be said: "we are already living in the rubble of World War II".

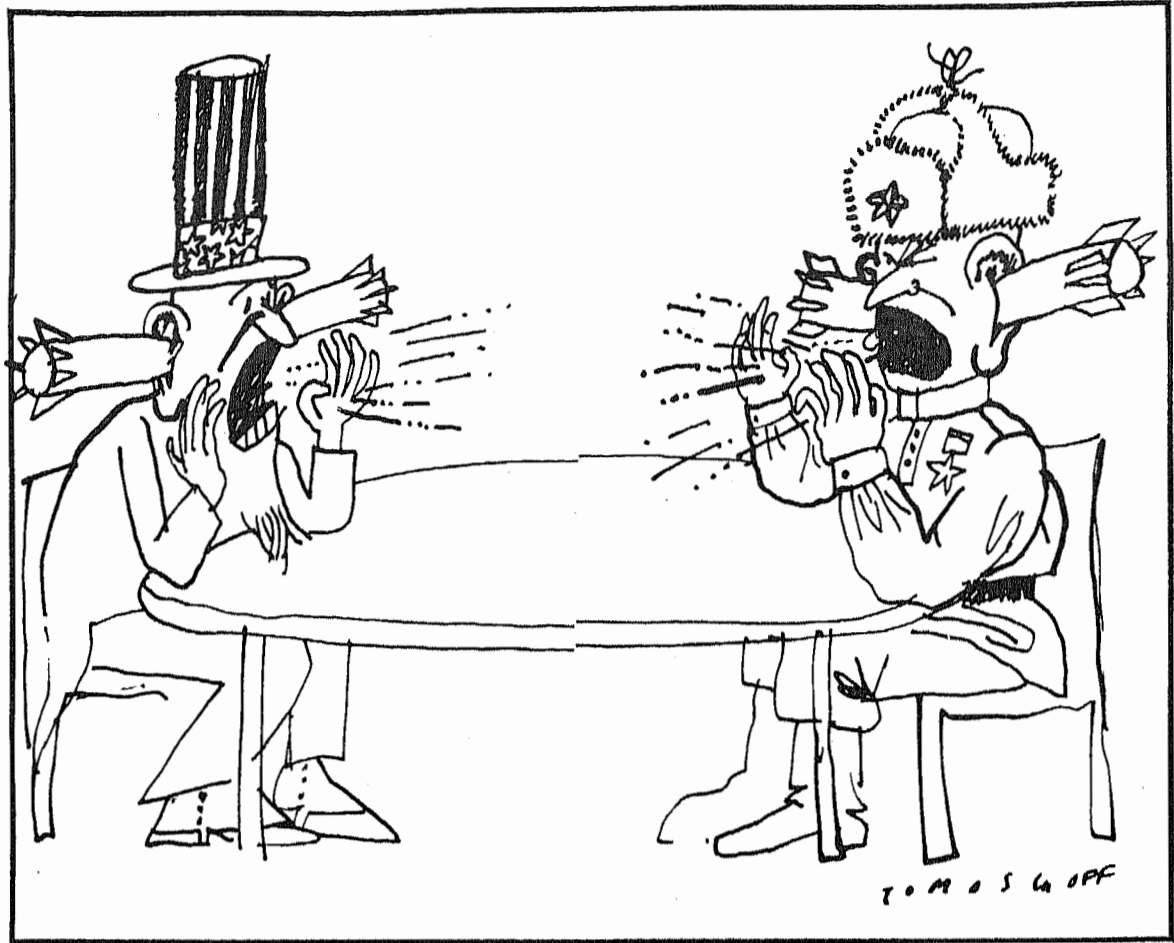
"Ban the bomb":

Some see the main threat to peace in our world lies in the nuclear weapons themselves. The present world arms stores contain more than 13,500 megatonnes of potentially destructive powers.

"Live peace yourself":

These are people who see the solution within themselves. When all men and women overcome their inner violence, we may have world wide peace and no need for atomic weapons.

Obviously these different approaches result in dissimilar practical politics. In West Germany for example, the last three of the characterized groups joined to form the peace movement. This



leaves one group, represented by the ruling conservative party, at the other extreme. This leads to some practical contradictions: a very large, active peace movement; the Green Party in the parliament and even a Green minister in one of the federal state governments and at the same time more than 5,000 atomic weapons in West Germany alone, soon to increase by 198 of the new Pershing II and 96 new cruise missiles. We also have a policy in favour of nuclear power plants and compulsory military service (18 months) for every man over 18 years of age.

In West Germany this polarisation also occurs in medicine. One can divide the German medical professions more or less arbitrarily in three groups:

"The traditional view"

These are physicians and medical students, who are concerned about the possibility of a nuclear war, but do not think it is their responsibility to undertake political actions. The main duty of a doctor is to help, wherever help is needed.

One extreme position of this group is represented by our health minister in 1985 (Dr. H. Geißler). When the group 'International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War' was given the Nobel Peace Prize in 1985, he strongly criticised this award both in newspapers and in correspondence with the Nobel Prize Commission itself. He was of the opinion it should have been rather given to NATO. Furthermore he tried to make it compulsory for every medical student to learn how to help in a nuclear catastrophe.

"Activists":

More German medical students and doctors believe it is important, to protest against the nuclear politics, since there would be no help to give after a nuclear war. There are various groups with the same basis for their protest, but they differ in the effort they put into it.

One small group is convinced that the concern of the war is of ultimate importance. These individuals follow their consciences so strictly that they do not bother about what may follow their actions. Resistance is more important than studying and gaining employment. For example, they have joined people who are standing in front of the first Pershing

II launching pad site, 24 hours a day for the last two years, in order to protest. They take a high risk of becoming convicted for their actions.

Another small but increasing part of the medical students and doctors feel that they will lose credibility, if they care for a single patient with an unusual disease but do not take responsibility for the possibility of deaths of millions of people. These people are concerned with the individual as well as with society and therefore try to combine proper studying with protest. Wearing white coats they distribute pamphlets among people on the public transport systems. They perform theatre in shopping areas, participate in demonstrations, torch-light processions and hand to hand peace chains all through the hospital areas.

"Between the fronts":

The majority of medical students are still standing aside, watching with amazement the activities of the peace movement and the conservative government. They believe that both sides are overreacting.

Some students in this group are torn between the moral demands of their conscience and the possible implications of getting involved. They see that in Nazi Germany such quiet and unpolitical people as themselves avoided getting involved but thereby allowed through their lack of protests - the killing of thousands of Jews, communist and psychiatric patients. They do not want to be asked by their children the same sort of questions that young Germans ask their parents and grandparents about Jews. "Didn't you know, that in 1985 5 million people starved in the third world countries, but US \$800 billion was spent on arms, even though we had already enough blasting power for the equivalent of one million Hiroshima explosions?" On the other hand these individuals feel the pressure of the present poor employment situation for doctors.

Another part of this group reacts differently to the tension. They that the arms race is madness, but the reactions of the peace movement are irrelevant. They feel that the opinions and feelings of normal people will never make any difference to world politics and that the actions of the German medical stu-

dents will not halt the arms race.

A very sad fact is the lack of discussion and understanding on both sides. In the discussions which do occur it sometimes seems to be more important who the speaker is rather than what is actually said. An example is the effect of the Chernobyl accident on the discussion about compulsory education in catastrophic medicine. It just led to a further polarisation between the groups:

One party says: "See, that's what we said all the time. There is no help in case of a nuclear catastrophe. We should spend our time and energy avoiding these disasters by fighting against the nuclear politics. We should not involve ourselves in studying catastrophic medicine, as it gives the illusion that during such a scenario help will be forthcoming."

The other party says: "See, that's what we said all the time. We should not waste our time talking about things we can not change. As long as there are nuclear power plants and nuclear weapons somewhere, there is a danger of a nuclear disaster. We should educate ourselves in how to help, inform and reassure the public as much as possible. This is our duty as physicians."

But as someone who is concerned about peace, I hope that all medical students and physicians will work towards becoming informed about the nuclear threat. We have special responsibility to humanity, being in a position to inform people on issues of prevention, in this case the ultimate prevention. When we take issue on the question of peace and the armsrace, other people may begin to follow in our footsteps.

I believe that the modern version of Kant's categorical imperative also applies to doctors:

Think globally, act locally

This article is excerpted from a paper 'Medicine and War' by Lutz Beckert, written for International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War. IPPNW State Organiser Dr O'Donnell has the original copy and can be contacted at RAH Medical Administration. The author can be contacted at Arminstrasse 13, D-2000 Hamburg 52, West Germany.

Sources include D. Ball (ed) *The Anzac Connection* (Allen & Unwin); Denborough, M (ed) *Australia and Nuclear War* (Southwood); Cruzen and Birks, *The Atmosphere After A Nuclear War: Twilight at Noon*; *Ambio II*; International Physicians for Prevention of Nuclear War; Nobel Peace Prize speeches and Lectures, Oslo; Støren, Friede, *Carbons bild satiren*.

Limelight

SCORSESE: FROM BOXCAR BERTHA TO AFTER HOURS

MEAN STREETS MOVIE BRAT

Hollywood golden boy Martin Scorsese has experienced both success and failure in the last decade. But his latest movie *After Hours* holds the promise of further success. JANE and PAULINE EVERETT look back at the career of Scorsese.

The sense of humour that energizes the flip black comedy *After Hours* is menacing. The New York movie suggests that if you go downtown for the night and overstay your welcome in its mean streets, you will inevitably find yourself the prey of all sorts of off-the-wall, even psychopathic night people. *After Hours* serves to offer the best advice should you find yourself in such a nocturnal predicament - run like hell.

After Hours is the recent movie by one of Hollywood's most exciting and talented filmmakers: Martin Scorsese. He has another picture coming out for December called *The Color of Money*, starring the well cast Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

Both films, each different and brilliant, again establish Scorsese as a major force in American movies. He seems at last to have dug himself out of the financial hole his recent unhappy dealings with the Hollywood money-men have plunged him into.

Once upon a time things were different in America. In the early seventies, a new wave of young, ambitious American directors shook the Hollywood establishment by its corporate waist-line with movies that were personally obsessive, technically innovative, and quite often hugely popular: Francis Coppola (*The Godfather* films, *Apocalypse Now*), Peter Bogdanovich (*The Last Picture Show*, *Paper Moon*), Robert Altman (*M.A.S.H.*, *Nashville*), Steven Spielberg (*Jaws*, *Close Encounters*), George Lucas (*American Graffiti*), and perhaps the most original and talented of these "movie brats", Scorsese.

Asthmatic and thus unable to do the All-American thing and play sports, Scorsese spent his youth watching hundreds of movies - anything and everything. The Italian American was hooked on them.

He channeled this enthusiasm for the medium into study when he enrolled in the film course at New York University. After graduating there, he made some impressive shorts that landed him the job of co-directing and co-editing the transcendental concert film *Woodstock*, in 1970.

Moving to California, he was fortunate enough to be taken under the erratic wing of Hollywood's "wild angel", Roger Corman. Corman, who was responsible for the Vincent Price/Edgar Allan Poe pictures and many awful bikie movies, taught Scorsese the real day-to-day world of making movies - getting them done under pressure and under budget. (Corman has fathered other prodigies, notably Coppola and Bogdanovich, and



John Herd (left) and Griffin Dunne in Martin Scorsese's latest film *After Hours*

even our own George *Mad Max* Miller has owed a debt to him).

Corman's faith in the young, shy neurotic was in time rewarded when Scorsese made *Boxcar Bertha* in 1972, a legacy of the legendary Arthur Penn movie *Bonnie and Clyde* starring David Carradine and Barbara Hershey.

Though it was poorly scripted, Scorsese showed a raw talent for expressive camera-work, dynamic editing and an affinity with characters always on the fringes - something which has characterized his subsequent work. *Boxcar Bertha* made enough money for Scorsese to produce what was to be his break-through effort, *Mean Streets*.

Co-writing with his old school friend Mardik Martin, *Mean Streets* chronicles the pointless and violent lives of the petty criminals who populate New York's Little Italy. While the film was a commercial failure, it caused something of a critical sensation at the New York Film Festival of 1973. It also introduced the young Robert De Niro as an actor of true potential.

In 1974 Scorsese directed the hugely successful *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, which won Ellen Burstyn the Best Actress Oscar. It could very well have been a run-of-the-mill widow-on-the-road movie but Scorsese was able to inject this modern Oz story with a feisty sense of comedy and a stylistic immediacy.

It remains his only film that bears a winningly optimistic view of life. Scorsese's next films would deal powerfully with urban loneliness and despair, none more so than the explosive and highly controversial *Taxi Driver*, directed by Scorsese

Released in 1976 to critical acclaim and thereafter to important cult status, *Taxi Driver*, like a madman's diary or a bad dream, follows from start to finish the obsessions and actions of Travis Bickle, a Vietnam veteran unable to adjust in the rotten core of the Big Apple.

Numbed by insomnia, ennui and pornography, he opts to do some moonlighting driving cabs, a change of life-style that has the city festering before him, unabated. Rejected by an uptown girl, incapable of understanding the politics and culture of himself and his environment, Travis decides to become the man who will "stand up" against all the vice and evil.

The violence he gives vent to in the climax (literally) of the movie is exactly as it's meant to be - cathartic, visibly relieving him (and us) of the intense pressures of a life lived in the shadow of 'Nam. It's the only orgasm Travis can have.

Taxi Driver was and is a work of mythic and legendary proportions. Dostoevskyan, horrifically funny, and exhilarating, it was however decried by some moralizing critics for its graphic violence and realism - or perhaps for its truth. And almost everyone is aware of the fact that John W. Hinckley lived the life of *Taxi Driver* and very nearly assassinated President Reagan in the process. But there's no doubt that it's above all an aesthetic triumph, and a classic.

What would Scorsese do in the wake of this his masterwork?

Following *Taxi Driver*, he came up with *New York, New York*, starring De Niro and Liza Minnelli. Honestly, it was the biggest box office stinker of 1977. The critics tore him to pieces - rightly, for

making such a self-indulgent, poorly written, moody meditation on the big-band era of the forties.

Its failure (it cost an unlikely \$22 million) was an enormous blow to Scorsese's artistic confidence and credibility. He was in good company. All the seventies wonderboys fell into the same trap of believing their own critical reputations, that they all possessed the "Midas touch" of art and commerce.

Spielberg fell flat on his face in 1979 with the excruciatingly unfunny and over-scaled comedy *1941* (which cost \$40 million to produce).

Coppola became too obsessed with video technology at the expense of characterization and story. He really paid the price in 1982 with the public indifference that greeted his *One From the Heart* (cost: \$22 million).

Even George Lucas, fresh from his *Star Wars* trilogy of triumphs, has recently sustained massive fall out from the twin bombs *Labyrinth* (starring David Bowie) and *Howard the Duck* (cost: no man can say).

Scorsese's creative and financial problem was that his next three movies after *New York, New York* could not return their budgets in the box office.

In 1978 he made *The Last Waltz*, a filmed record of "The Band's" farewell concert. Despite a musical cast that boasted the likes of Bob Dylan, Van Morrison, Joni Mitchell, Ringo Starr, et al, the film was ignored by the record and ticket buying public alike. This entertaining and well photographed picture is largely forgotten but turns up occasionally on late night television.

But Scorsese could go the full distance. In 1980 his big and bruising *Raging Bull* was released to universal acclaim. Even the Hollywood establishment at last recognized Scorsese with an Oscar nomination for Best Director.

This is somewhat surprising when one considers how Scorsese (with his writers Mardik Martin and Paul Schrader) had created a film so uncompromisingly realistic and nihilistic that there was no way it could appeal to a mass audience.

Raging Bull is a biography of middle-weight boxing champion Jake La Motta, who lost his crown to Sugar Ray Robinson in the late forties.

The focus of this often funny as well as visceral movie was on La Motta's private life - the violence that went on unceasingly outside of the ring, in his family life, towards his friends. The moviemakers did not pull any punches: in the title role yet again, De Niro shows how the fight game need not be such an ennobling experience.

Searching for reserves of truth, the great De Niro willingly disfigured himself for the role. In the later scenes of La Motta's life, when he's a has-been and grossly overweight, Scorsese closed down production of the film for four months while De Niro gorged and gorged himself. Finally, sixty pounds heavier, De Niro took method acting to its aesthetic limit and gave a performance of great breadth but no depth.

Behind all the intense camera-work, De Niro's frightening dedication and the precise evocation of the forties era, there is no real heart.

continued page 16



From left: Colin Friels, Lindy Davies and John Hargreaves from the Australian comedy "Malcolm"

Comedy of adolescence and slapstick humour

MALCOLM

Loys Regent Cinemas
From October 30

by Alexander Grous

Malcolm, Malcolm, Malcolm! Such a naughty little boy! Many of you may know numerous Malcolms without even realising it. They are the ones walking around in a stupefied cannabistic state grunting and becoming confused when their path is blocked by inanimate objects.

Malcolm is about such an incredibly complacent human being who is a few shingles short of a roof. The movie as a whole however, is infectiously funny, and compassionately appealing.

This movie is the first for stills photographer David Parker, and is directed by his wife, Nadia Tass. Together, they have weaved and intricately produced a fine contemporary comedy combining a youthful adolescence with a slapstick sense of humour.

Best exemplifying the movie's appeal is a 'down to earth' dialogue that does not attempt to thwart realism. Rather, colloquial language is abundant, as is an environment and atmosphere that permeates the entire length of film.

Colin Friels plays Malcolm, a young tramways mechanic who is a little too introverted to warrant the label 'normal', and who is as informed about life as he is a participant in it: minimally. Technically and mechanically brilliant however, his exuberance and forte for mechanics takes a steep nose dive when he loses his job as a tram mechanic for building a tram on company time and with company materials.

So timid and apallingly shy is Malcolm, that he will not look at those

who talk to him, and will change from one side of the road to the other when confronted by anything from a dog to a person. In the hectic and congested milieu of Melbourne's inner districts, Malcolm shuffles with the gait of someone embarrassed by everything. One cannot help but admire his character, such is the innocence and puritanical appeal of his timid ways. He seems almost afraid when confronted with a world not confined to his humble cottage.

Malcolm reaches the point where he cannot pay for any more food or milk, and his 'matriarchal' friend, the milk shop proprietress, suggests he take in boarders. Enter Frank, played by John Hargreaves.

He is a crim fresh from jail, who becomes Malcolm's first boarder. I say first, because soon his girlfriend joins them; Lindy Davis playing Judith. These three are the pinnacles by which we are now drawn into the realm of Malcolm's world, where everything is but what it is not. More is communicated in this movie by what is not said, rather than what is. Herein lies its success.

Frank's influence on Malcolm is not unnoticed, hence Malcolm's inquisitiveness on 'withdrawing' money from the bank. A small thread of curiosity begins to stir within Malcolm, culminating with his newfound interest: bank robbery. All of his inventions and mechanical wizardries now are channelled into his new found cause, but with a total contempt for the criminal profession he has been introduced to. "The guy is not a crim! He doesn't even care if he keeps any money!" Frank exclaims about Malcolm's rose coloured idealism.

Both Judith and Frank are essential to Malcolm's latent education

for they foster in him awareness and exuberance.

Their escapades are hilarious and captivating. This could be testament to the good direction of Tess, who seems to stop short of totally revealing a gag, and so leaves a spontaneity on screen that transcends the barriers of complete slapstick humour. I have up to now failed to mention the other aspect of Malcolm that is show stealing. That is, the incredible devices and 'toys' he builds. They range from remote controlled milk carriers in the shape of beach buggies, to a car that splits in half and is driven by both drivers.

Friel's performance as Malcolm is beautifully constrained, as is his fine and at times jerky optimism. Circumventing the movie is the message that life's marginals should be perhaps a little better understood, as they have much to offer that prejudice and sheer arrogance might cause to be overlooked.

Judith is the person who best understands Malcolm, and the warmth and understanding between the two never loses any credibility. Frank closes any gaps in the otherwise laid back storyline, and the strong emotional core that develops is the fountain by which success is assured.

Malcolm is a movie you do not have to take seriously, but rather, one can sit back and be entertained by it. No heavy thematic elements or violence; just crisp, affectionate humour. Exploitative parody is avoided by fine acting performances, and acute character portrayals. At times predictable, but at all times balanced and optimistic, this movie is another credible notch for the Australian film industry.

Scorsese: golden boy of Hollywood

from page 15

at the fleshy centre of *Raging Bull*.

La Motta's life was so lacking in any meaning and depth that all of Scorsese's cinematic body-work cannot disguise the fact that he didn't have a very good story to begin with - themes, yes, but not a story.

Still, *Raging Bull's* commercial failure did not prevent the dynamic duo from finding money to finance their next and, in some ways, even more ambitious project.

The King of Comedy (1983) is perhaps the most devastating indictment yet of our craving for celebrity and celebrities. De Niro is Rupert Pupkin, a complete and utter jerk who wishes he were a big comedy star like his hero Jerry Langford (played with effective restraint and intelligence by Jerry Lewis).

A legend in his own mind, Rupert fantasizes that he's already a star, and that he and Jerry are soul-mates. Back in the real world, Rupert keeps pestering the real Jerry for a chance to do his sure-fire stand-up comedy routine on Jerry's show. To his shock, Jerry rebuffs him as a matter of course.

Feeling hurt and rejected, but still with a hide thicker than his head, a desperate Rupert kidnaps Jerry. His ransom demand is that the TV station allow him the ten minutes he needs on Jerry's show to make him a star. The little big man thinks he's hit the big time at last, and the pipsqueak irony of the movie is in fact he does, sort of.

To all intents and purposes, *The King of Comedy* should have cost only a few million. Instead the budget got out of control and it ended up costing a ridiculous \$20 million. (This would mean at least another \$10 million in advertising costs to recoup such a large investment in a "serious film".)

For Scorsese the crunch came when he was called into the executive boardroom to be told by the money-men that they were going to "dump" the picture, that they were going to kill the movie's chance at the box office.

A stunned Scorsese asked with his famous nervous tic, "Why?" The executives were afraid after the Hinkley affair that some nut might try and kidnap someone like Johnny Carson. Unfortunately for Scorsese it meant that with three flops in six years he was without tenure in the industry.

His next two projects, sadly or perhaps happily, ran into financial trouble and were soon axed. After eighteen months of putting together a cast and crew to film *The Last Temptation of Christ* the studio, Universal, got a little cross and cold feet.

Intended as a radical interpretation of the life of Jesus, the right-wing fundamentalist organization known as the Moral Majority exerted certain pressures on the studio. Scorsese, who hadn't had a hit since 1976, found himself unemployed and seemingly unemployable.

Nothing would come of his attempt to adapt the stage comedy *Little Shoppe of Horrors* except months of wasted time and energy. Other ideas were born in his mind and died there.

Scorsese was finally given a chance to work again in late 1984 when he took on *After Hours*, which opened last year in America at about the time of the passing of the greatest of all wonder-boys, Orson Welles.

After several months of limited release in the eastern states, the picture has finally made its way to Adelaide. As long-time admirers of Scorsese's work we're pleased to report that on a low budget (\$4 million) he's worked at full capacity to come up with a *tour de force*.

Despite the fact that Scorsese is covering a lot of old ground with this movie's themes - guilt, violence and urban alienation - *After Hours* is still remarkably fresh and lively. It *moves* if it doesn't quite work.

The script, by newcomer Joseph Minion, is about one fellow's trip to a bizarre land of Oz populated by freaks and weirdos - New York City by night.

Griffin Dunne (*American Werewolf in London*, *Baby It's You*) is Paul, a yuppie computer operator who after yet another dull day at work strikes up a conversation with an attractive girl, Marcy (Rosanna Arquette).

Having got her phone number, he arranges a date to see her later that night at her apartment smack in the middle of the bohemian suburb Soho. The poor guy should have stayed in the relative safety of his own home.

Marcy is seductively kittenish - you feel she might curl up to you or scratch your eyes out. She also seems depressed for reasons Paul can't fathom. Marcy's flat-mate is Kiki (Linda Fiorentino), sculptor, burns victim and sado-masochist - in other words your typical New Yorker. The strangeness (to him) of these encounters convince the uptight Paul to get home fast.

But he's lost his twenty dollars. It went flying out the window while he was travelling to Soho in a fast-moving cab. (No, Travis Bickle is the driver.) He still has enough change to catch the subway home. Or at least he thought he did. To his horror the price at the toll gate has gone up.

Stranded in Soho, Paul's misadventures escalate. He goes back to Marcy's home and finds she has suicided. He ends up with a woman (the giddy Teri Garr) who wears a beehive hair-do, listens to the Monkees, keeps mouse-traps around her bed and cans and cans of hair-spray on the top of her wardrobe.

Escaping from her clutches, Paul finds no help from a laconic bar-keeper who turns out to be the late Marcy's real boy-friend. He is mistaken by a vigilante group of irate citizens as a notorious burglar. He's then chased down the main road by a woman in an ice-cream truck.

There's worse to come. Exhausted, he appeals to a man in the street to help him. The man thinks it's a homosexual pick-up and nervously confides in Paul that he "feels nervous doing it with a man".

Paul just keeps on jumping from frying pans and into fires. By the end he's plastered in quick drying papier mâché, a ready-made sculpture. Real burglars (Cheech and Chong, of all people) steal him, thinking he's some priceless work of art.

After Hours is a kind of transitional work for Scorsese: he's on to something new but doesn't quite achieve it in this particular film. It's an in-between sort of movie, neither here nor there, though certainly well worth a look even if you're not a Scorsese fan.

Or perhaps you might like to wait for *The Color of Money*, which looks terrific. It's the sequel to the 1961 classic *The Hustler* and stars Newman again as Fast Eddy Felson the pool shark, though this time Felson hopes to make that one last big killing by the proxy of his new protegee, Tom Cruise.

Advance word is that the movie will be a box-office smash, and Scorsese might at last become "bankable". Perhaps this too will become a transitional project for him, but it has all his stylistic and thematic hall-marks, and who can argue with that at a time when glorified videos like *Top Gun* and *...About Last Night* are supposed to pass for cinema?

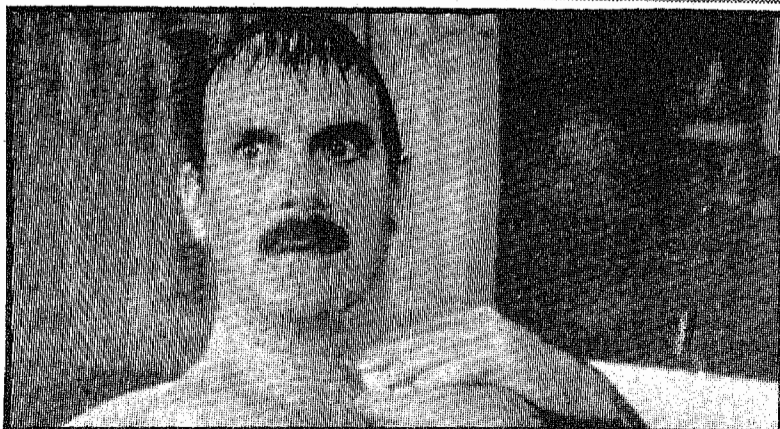
Freebies!

After Hours

On Dit and Wallis Theatres have another 100 double passes to giveaway for an exclusive uni preview of *After Hours*.

Students and readers of *On Dit* can drop into the *On Dit* office anytime this week and collect a free double pass.

The preview will be held on Friday November 21 at 5 pm and will be held at the Piccadilly Cinema, North Adelaide.



On Dit and Greater Union have 100 double passes to the new John Cleese comedy, *Clockwise*.

Students and readers of *On Dit* can drop into the *On Dit* office anytime during the week and tell us the

name of one other John Cleese movie other than *Clockwise* and you will receive a duo freebie to the movie.

The tickets to *Clockwise* are valid until November 13th only.

SKIN SCENE Sam Jinner



Michelle Pfeiffer
Films which start this week include: the Australian comedy *Malcolm* starring Colin Friels, (Hoyts, October 30); the Alan Alda comedy *Sweet Liberty* starring Michael Caine and Michelle Pfeiffer (Hindley, October 30); *Andy Warhol Festival* (October 30 - November 13, Classic); the John Cleese comedy *Clockwise* (Hindley and *Space Camp* (Academy, October 30).

Andy Warhol Festival:

A mini film festival of Andy Warhol films will be screened at the Classic from Thursday 30th October. Eight films including the first release for *Bike Boy*, *Women in Revolt* and *I, A Man* and featuring *Flesh*, *Heat*, *Trash*, *Flesh for Frankenstein* and *Blood for Dracula*. All films are R-rated and a season discount concession is available for students at \$15 for five admissions. The Andy Warhol festival runs for 14 days and ends Thursday November 13.

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film:

The only unedited and unexpurgated version of Lenny Bruce in concert will screen at the Trak Cinema, Toorak Gardens in November.

Lenny Bruce was a 60s radical and controversial comedy performer and the film is the penultimate performance of Lenny Bruce before he died in 1967.

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film will screen as a double-bill with *Repo Man* on three Sunday sessions at the Trak on November 2, 9 and 16 only. Please check papers for session times.

Cult Clips - Studies in creativity:

A film season of cult movies will screen at the State Library Lecture Theatre, Kintore Avenue during November.

The films include *Kerouac* (Tuesday, November 4); *Volcano* (Tuesday, November 11); *The Man You Loved to Hate* (Tuesday, November 18); and *Roger Corman: Hollywood's Wild Angel* plus *Edith Head* (Tuesday, November 25).

The films are presented by the State Film and Video Library of South Australia and admission to the films is free. Each session starts at 8 pm and bookings can be made on 268 7366.

Buff's Film Choice: *When Father Was Away on Business* (Piccadilly); *Repo Man* (Classic); *Turtle Diary* (Piccadilly); *A Room With A View* (Hindley); *Subway* (Academy).

Union Films In The Little Cinema!

Two films, Wednesday October 29, 7-30 - 10 pm.

Melina Mercouri's *Athens* is a 25 minute short film described as "an introduction to the cradle of civilisation."

Murder, political intrigue and government scandal feature in Costa (Missing) Gavras' *Z*. "Z damn near knocks you out of your seat" said Pauline Kael of *The New Yorker*. Stars Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant and Irene Pappas. 128 minutes, French with English subtitles, 1968, PG. *Z* won an Academy Award for Best Foreign Film in 1969.

NB. A charge of \$2 conc./\$3 will be made this week only to cover the cost of the film hire for *Z*.

Haunted by Wonderland

DREAM CHILD
Trak Cinema
From November 14

by Peter Rummel

In 1932, as part of the Charles Dodgson centenary, Alice Hargreaves sailed to New York to receive an honorary degree from Columbia University. Dodgson is remembered and loved by millions as Lewis Carroll, and the formidable Victorian widow journeying to America had once been the precocious little girl who inspired him to write *Alice In Wonderland*.

Mrs Hargreaves' visit to New York is a matter of record. Her experiences and recollections in *Dream Child*, the invention of Dennis Potter, are pure enchantment.

Almost seventy years after the first edition of *Alice In Wonderland*, Mrs Hargreaves is still deeply troubled at the thought of her friendship with the Reverend Dodgson when she was Alice Liddell. Nearing her eightieth birthday, both sons killed during the war, Mrs Hargreaves has spent her adult life repressing all disturbing memories of Dodgson's love for her.

Through flashbacks we see the spirited, occasionally cruel ten-year-old (Amelia Shankley) as she teases the stuttering, painfully shy Dodgson (Ian Holm) while her mother looks on quietly disapproving. Mrs Liddell has no doubt about the nature of the Reverend's affection for her daughter; little girls remained a fascination for the Oxford maths tutor long after Alice became Mrs Hargreaves.

Holm plays Dodgson with an air of restrained sadness that arouses compassion for his plight. He knows his feelings can never be expressed and instead channels them into one of the most captivating works of children's literature ever written.

Alice herself is aware of her hold over Mr Dodgson, if not the cause, and revels in the power it gives her. It's only later, as she grows older, that the memory unsettles her to the point where it becomes some-



One of Jim Henson's bizarre creations from Dennis Potter's "Dreamchild"

thing that she "couldn't bear to think about".

In New York Mrs Hargreaves and her young companion Lucy (Nicola Cowper) are besieged by reporters who present her with stuffed rabbits and demand to know her message for the youth of America. The impervious old woman soon puts these clamouring vulgarities in their place - although one of the newshounds talks his way into a job as her agent.

He uses her connections with Carroll to drum up endorsements and pushes her into a radio commercial for a soap company, the pages of her script crackling into the microphone as she half-heartedly tells of falling through the rabbit hole.

The prospect of dying holds no fear for Mrs Hargreaves. She even welcomes it; her only worry is that God might be German. But as the

degree ceremony draws closer she's disturbed more and more by hazy memories of Dodgson and her childhood.

In a sequence of brilliantly staged dream segments, the two Alices come face to face with several of Carroll's most famous creations: the Mad Hatter and the March Hare, the Griffin and the Mock Turtle (all brought to glorious life by Muppet designer Jim Henson). Young Alice moves confidently among them, parrying their riddles and puns with ease. Mrs Hargreaves, after more than half a century of self denial, grows timorous and frightened as Carroll's much loved characters are transformed into menacing tormentors.

Coral Browne is magnificent as the troubled widow whose conflicts are finally laid to rest during the presentation. While the Columbia

choir performs Carroll's 'Lobster Quadrille', she is carried back seventy years to the afternoon picnic when Dodgson first sang it to her, breaking off in embarrassment after his stammer became uncontrollable. It's a touching moment: as the child embraces him the old woman at last finds it within herself to accept the legacy of Dodgson's love.

Although Dennis Potter has been a prolific playwright and television writer (*Pennies From Heaven*, *Cream In My Coffee*) for twenty years, *Dream Child* is his first work created especially for the cinema. It also marks the debut of Gavin Miller, the director of *Cream In My Coffee*. Together they have made a film which is both deeply moving and delightfully inventive. Carroll himself would be proud of their imagination.

A success in a desert of failures

WHEN FATHER WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS
Electric Shadows
Film Festival
Piccadilly Cinema

Compared to most movies currently showing *When Father Was Away on Business* is a success in a desert of cinematic failures.

This is Yugoslavian director, Emir Kusturica's second feature film and was the recipient of the coveted Gold Palm Award for Best Feature Film at the 1985 Cannes Film Festival.

The story begins in the Yugoslavian city Sarajevo. It is 1950 and two years previously Marshal Tito had broken all diplomatic and economic relations with Stalinist Russia.

Mesha played by Niki Manojlovic, is an employer for the Ministry of Labour. He is arrested and sent away from his family to a labour camp, the explanation being that he is "away on business".

His beautiful wife Senija played by Mirjava Karanovic attempts to find out why her husband has been sent away. Meanwhile, she attempts to get her life back together and look after her two sons, Malik and Mirza.

Director Emir Kusturica has taken a unique approach and narrates the movie through the innocent eyes of the six year old Malik, played by Moreno D'E Bartolli.

Although *When Father Was Away on Business* is essentially a



"When Father Was Away on Business"- devoid of glamour

comedy there are numerous intriguing dramatic events, such as the scenes where Malik views his father forcing himself onto the town whore.

When Father Was Away on Business plays through the entire range of emotions without making any pretentious world shattering statements. The movie is devoid of all glamour and saccharin-based plots.

The makers of *When Father Was Away on Business* have accurately represented the nature of the con-

temporary nuclear Eastern European family.

The "Anniversary Waltz" as background music is well utilised to highlight crucial scenes. The acting is first class, but Moreno D'E Bartolli steals the show with his performance of the loveable Malik.

The success of *When Father Was Away on Business* lies in the honest depiction of relationships between people.

There are few, if any political messages in *When Father Was Away*

on Business as the politics of the period serves only as a backdrop to place the characters in perspective.

There is a multitude of superlatives that could be used to describe the quality of this Yugoslavian film but sometimes the simplest explanations are the best - the adjective that best describes *When Father Was Away on Business* is "brilliant" for all admirers of meticulously crafted films, and to fail to see it would be to deprive oneself of riveting entertainment.

Alda takes on too much

SWEET LIBERTY
Hindley Cinemas

by Peter Rummel

Fairly early in *Sweet Liberty*, a brash whizz kid director gives outraged history professor Michael Burgess (Alan Alda) a short lecture on the fundamental laws of making movies. In order to satisfy the 12 to 22 year olds who form eighty per cent of the filmgoing public, he says, you have to do three things: defy authority, destroy property and take people's clothes off.

The director and his crew have descended on the serene college town where Burgess teaches to make a film out of his prizewinning book about the American Revolution, and from the moment they appear the professor's tranquil, well-ordered life is turned upside down. Not only must he battle to keep his scholarly tome from being turned into a teen sex comedy, Burgess risks losing his girlfriend when he falls for the movie company's sexy leading lady, Faith Healy (Michelle Pfeiffer).

Sweet Liberty is Alda's first film since *The Four Seasons* and once again he's the writer and director as well as the star. This time, though, he's taken too much upon himself.

Whereas *The Four Seasons* made a few telling points about human nature and fear of change amid the flurry of one liners, *Sweet Liberty's* attempts at lighthearted parody are often tiresome and charmless. Alda sets himself up as some kind of crusader against the crassness and greed that motivate Hollywood's corporate moguls - yet the only spark of zest and humour in *Sweet Liberty* is provided by the marauding invaders from tinseltown.

As well as Pfeiffer's revolutionary heroine, there's Michael Caine as Elliott James - the hard drinking,



Alan ALda's "Sweet Liberty" - "attempts at lighthearted parody are often tiresome and charmless"

womanising star of the movie within a movie - and Stanley Gould (Bob Hoskins), the lowbrow, eager-to-please hack writer responsible for mutilating Burgess's serious biography beyond recognition. "Don't worry", he assures the stricken professor, "I kept all the best jokes."

After Burgess is banished from the set for haranguing the director with his incessant complaints about historical accuracy, he and Stanley whip up another screenplay and plot furiously to get the two stars to use their version of the script. This is *Sweet Liberty* at its peak, as the sedentary academic struggles hopelessly to keep up with Caine's reckless, swashbuckling matinee idol through a series of high speed car rides and one-sided fencing bouts.

But the scenes featuring the movie crowd are all too brief. Alda spends the rest of the time alternately pressuring his English teacher girlfriend to move in with him or trying to

humour his senile mother (silent movie legend Lillian Gish). The professor's relationship with the English Teacher is held up as some kind of meaningful counterpoint to the flightiness and illusory glamour of the film crew; but Alda, as both writer and performer, is so smugly obnoxious that you wait impatiently for the focus to shift back to the infinitely more attractive, capricious folk from Hollywood.

To give credit where it's due, Alda does a neat job of fleshing out the characters played by Pfeiffer, Caine and Hoskins. Pfeiffer, the best-looking among the current crop of Hollywood blondes, builds upon the strong impression she made in *Scarface* and *Into The Night* - switching effortlessly from the demure colonial heroine of Burgess's book into an ambitious, hard-headed starlet as soon as the cameras stop turning. And whether he's stealing a helicopter or bedding the more eager women of the town, Michael Caine's vain, irres-

possible box office idol has the charm and dash of Errol Flynn...with none of the warts.

Best of all, there's Bob Hoskins (with raucous American accent) as Stanley. The garrulous, lovable hack who dreams of writing real "literature" is a terrific comic creation. Those who saw him as the psychotic Cockney gang boss in *The Long Good Friday* will appreciate how fine a contrasting performance Hoskins (Best Actor this year at Cannes for *Mona Lisa*) delivers in *Sweet Liberty*.

Alda's exact intentions for *Sweet Liberty* are difficult to work out. He thumbs his nose at conveyor belt movies of the "defy authority, destroy property, take clothes off" variety; and in the finale, under a cloak of satire, does all three. If this is intended as a concession to the 12 to 22 year olds he seems to hold in such low esteem, it's a case of too little too late. Yet only a small part of what remains is likely to attract anyone else.

Mozart under the microscope

VERGESST MOZART
(FORGET MOZART)
Classic At The Fairlady
Trak Cinema

by John Lindsay

If you think hard enough you can think of someone who is quite clever but an insufferable bore or whose social graces are non-existent. If you look at the music industry and consider the lives of certain high-profile English teen heartthrobs you can see the connection between famous musicians and violent tempers. And if history is to be believed, Mozart gave offence easily and his pride was as big as his ego.

Mozart's death at a young age has been viewed by many as an untimely demise and a tragedy, but to some there has been a more sinister edge: was it murder, suicide or fate? Slavo Luther's film *Forget Mozart* is a unique impartial view which examines the incidents of Mozart's life and ties them as closely as possible to those people Mozart had the greatest contact with.

Count Pergen, chief of the secret police, is conducting an enquiry around Mozart's death bed. Six people have been summoned and six people have arrived to pay their last respects - six people who all have reasons for Mozart to die.

To explain them all would be like reading the last page first, and the urge to throttle the projectionist into screening the last few frames is over-powering to say the least, but you are going to have to see it yourself.

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THERE WAS NO QUESTION HE WAS A REAL BIKE BOY

BIKE BOY.

"We wanted to make a film about motorcycles, and then a few weeks later a motorcycle would be in our workshop to ask where to go in New York. There was no question he was a real bike boy. Short cropped hair, lithe, sub-monostrous, and what we wanted."

"We put him in a room with five and some other girls. There was real drama in the movie because he was a nice person but simple, and when the girls found him he made the mistake of answering them back."

— Paul Morrissey

I, A MAN

THE GREAT WARHOL REVIVAL



FILMS SCREEN IN ORDER LISTED

- THURS OCT 30 — 8 pm BIKE BOY/FLESH
- FRI OCT 31 — 8 pm I, A MAN/HEAT
- SAT NOV 1 — 7 pm WOMEN IN REVOLT/TRASH
- SAT NOV 1 — 10.30 pm DRACULA/FRANKENSTEIN
- SUN NOV 2 — 4 pm BIKE BOY/TRASH
- SUN NOV 2 — 7.35 pm WOMEN IN REVOLT/FLESH
- TUES NOV 4 — 8 pm I, A MAN/HEAT
- WED NOV 5 — 8 pm FRANKENSTEIN/DRACULA
- THURS NOV 6 — 8 pm BIKE BOY/I, A MAN
- FRI NOV 7 — 8 pm WOMEN IN REVOLT/HEAT
- SAT NOV 8 — 7 pm I, A MAN/WOMEN IN REVOLT
- SAT NOV 8 — 10.30 pm FRANKENSTEIN/DRACULA
- SUN NOV 9 — 4 pm TRASH/HEAT
- SUN NOV 9 — 7.35 pm DRACULA/FRANKENSTEIN
- TUES NOV 11 — 8 pm I, A MAN/TRASH
- WED NOV 12 — 8 pm WOMEN IN REVOLT/BIKE BOY
- THURS NOV 13 — 8 pm FRANKENSTEIN/DRACULA

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Andy Warhol's WOMEN IN REVOLT.

"THIS IS A COMEDY WITH CONSIDERABLE APLOMB, carefully sketched satire, verbal banter, revealing directness and an expert choice of the three lead women" — Monthly Film Bulletin

Starring Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis, Puffy Arcate & Priscilla Qura. The film follows a group of radical females through the Women's Liberation movement and on to their separate careers in a movie that parodies popular fiction styles.

Directed by Paul Morrissey.



CLASSIC
AT THE FAIR LADY THEATRE
128 HINDLEY ST. — 231 0752

Warhol sex obsession

WOMEN IN REVOLT
Classic At The Fair Lady Theatre

by John Lindsay

The overriding feature of the Warhol movie is his teenage obsession with sex. Warhol is able to take a topic and break it down to the real essence. He has examined the Women's movement, which was very topical when the film was made in 1972, and satirised the Ms Jo Average liberationist. Warhol has chosen the entire social spectrum to work with and taken the worst aspect of each, boiled down to the basic motivating force: greed, and produced a provocative film without Hollywood gloss.

The subject is three women's fight for the cause of Women's Liberation, a bizarre fight, but all too real. The women are Jackie Curtis, Holly Woodlawn and Candy Darling, they each have their own problems and they are all "PIGS": Politically Involved Girls. Jackie is their leader and mentor, masterminding all the scams to raise money for "the Cause" and directing the actions of the girls. Candy is a socialite who has tired of incest with her brother and has turned to lesbianism as an alternative, she wants to get to Hollywood and be a star while there is still a Hollywood to be a star in. Holly is an idealist who finds ideals hard to stick to: she likes men too much.

Jackie has a house-boy, an interesting variation on the barefoot and pregnant theme: the houseboy is naked and henpecked, treated in the same manner as some men treat their Filipino brides; when seen in this context it becomes unbelievably funny. The boy is rather mute, he is there in the apartment for his body, not his brain and consequently he isn't expected to say much.



Andy Warhol

Jackie's dream is to lose her virginity to Mr America but she quickly discovers Mr America is lacking in social graces as she is in tact.

Most mainstream films look only at a small segment of the character's lives, "Women in Revolt" examines the future in the way no Hollywood movie even would. Each of the three girls has her own inevitably downfall: lives built on the illusions they live can never be sold. The interviewer interviewing Candy for the newspaper very quickly comes to the point, "Which of the directors had the biggest dick?" and that encapsulates Candy's life. She is the perfect self centered egotist who will follow whatever boat is going her way, as long as the direction is Hollywood.

The actors are a treat, the three girls are transvestites, that is to say the actors are transvestites, they don't play transvestites: they play women. This is distracting at first but quickly the fact of the women not being women is forgotten and the sotyline grabs for attention.

Don't be fooled by the rating, this movie is not for the weak hearted and wimps, nor is it for the insecure, but don't be scared off: you will enjoy it for the comedy it is.

An actor in a live film

Jean Beauvoir hit the rock world at age 16 with 'The Plasmatrix'. Now he has released his first solo album "Drums Along the Mohawk". He spoke to On Dit's JOE PENHALL.

New Yorker Jean Beauvoir's musical career began at the age of 13, when he auditioned as a drummer in a school band.

At 14 he was spotted by Gary V.S. Bonds playing in a Long Island Nightclub, and asked to tour America with him. By the age of 16 he was working in England as bass player for *The Plasmatrix*.

Now aged 23, he has his first solo album out on which he sings and plays all the instruments as well as writing and producing each track.

However as Jean explains it has not been easy, or in the least bit glamorous.

"It was fun, it sounds a little more glamorous than it really was. It was pretty difficult. My parents gave me an ultimatum when I was 14, when I was doing the Gary Bonds tour: 'Either leave; or quit music'. "So I was out, and trying to earn a living and go to school and get to everywhere I wanted to go... There was an incredible amount of pressure."

In addition there was the pressure of leading and feeding a band.

"It was a lot of responsibility. I had to pay all the guys, and make sure they were fed, and I was the youngest, some guys were 20 or 21."

However things changed when he joined *The Plasmatrix*. Partly because it was no longer by responsibility, and partly because *The Plasmatrix* were at this stage America's premier Punk band.

"I never really quite knew what "Punk" really was. *The Plasmatrix* was put amongst the punk movement, but we never considered ourselves a "punk band". We were totally anti-drugs; totally anti-violence.

"*The Plasmatrix* were so respected by the punks - those people really believe in it and really feel for what they're doing. So you live the life, you become like an actor in a live film. But it's not a joke film, it

becomes serious."

From there, he moved back to session-work, before finally this year going solo, and producing his first album, "Drums Along The Mohawk"

"I enjoyed it, 'cause I'd been in a lot of other bands, working for other people - getting THEIR ideas across. So being alone was a lot easier for me; just doing what I wanted to do with no compromise."

Lyrically the album is based very much upon personal experience, a formula with which Jean admits he feels comfortable.

"My experiences of life are from watching a lot of things in music, good and bad things, and things that are always...er... available to you; like drugs and alcohol, or girls... also trying to decide what to do, what to take and what not to take," he explains.

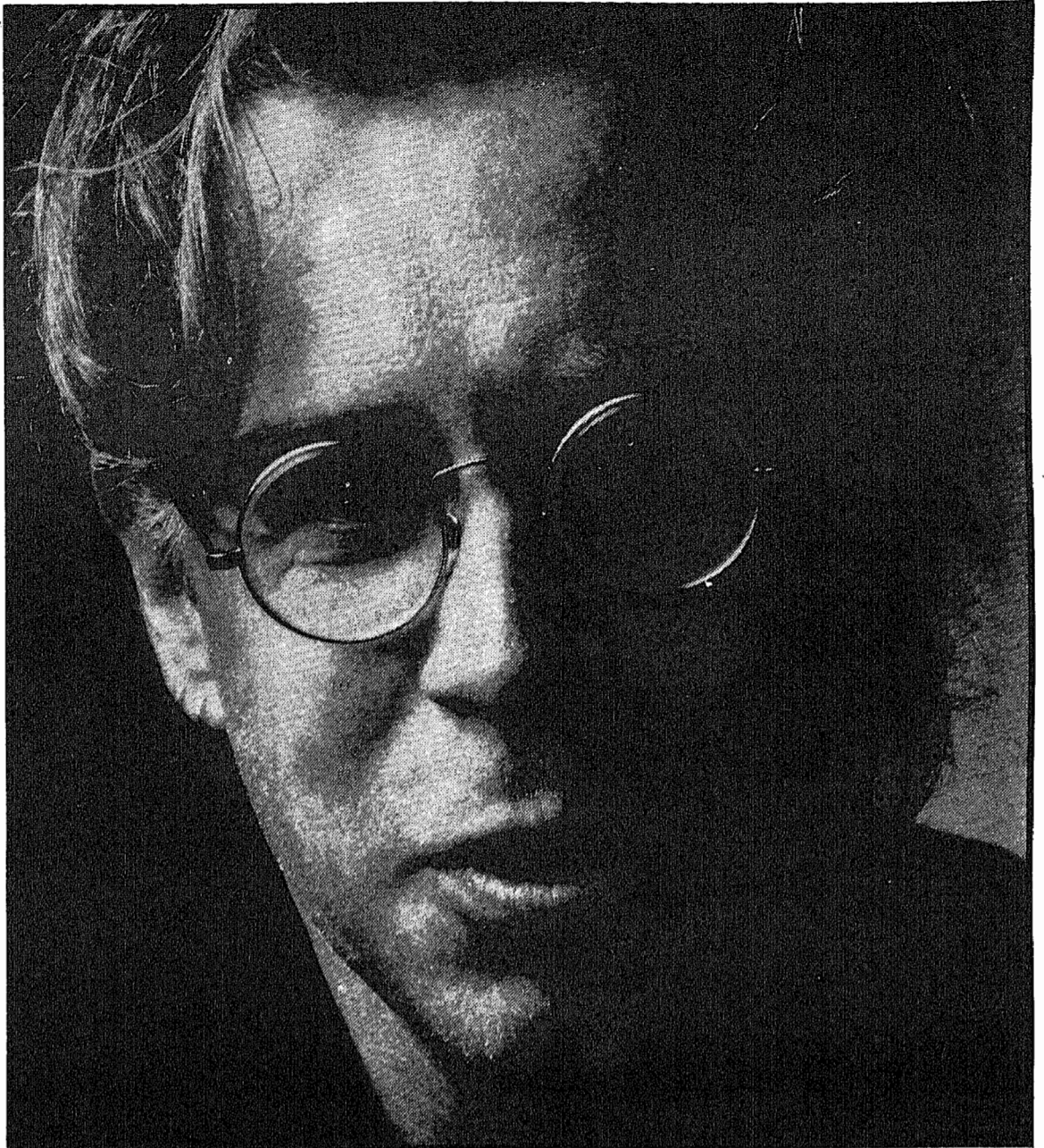
"When I did the album I went away to Sweden so I wouldn't get caught up in all that.

"The music is very important and there's a statement I'm trying to make in it, just about people and day to day life" - a none too popular sentiment in the high gloss modern American music industry.

"Those things AREN'T as important 'cause its more of a business, and a lot of people are just trying to make records that will sell".

"I even had a hard time with producers, 'cause I was trying to get one that would produce it in my own way. A lot of producers can't do that."

"Anyone can grab a producer that produced the last hit single for this guy or that guy's last hit single, and make it sound the same, and get a hit, but to me that's not really a challenge. I mean to call up the guy who did Janet Jackson's last album, it's not self satisfying. It takes away the individuality... These things are so important to me..."



Bruce Cockburn - one of popular music's greatest, but above all a committed humanitarian

Genuine talent in year's best album

BRUCE COCKBURN
World Of Wonders
CBS

by Mat Gibson

Enter the finest album so far released this year; indeed the best since Cockburn's last album *Stealing Fire*.

Bruce Cockburn is a little known Canadian artist who has released albums since 1969 and on *World of Wonders* he continues to maintain the high standard of his 1979 *Dancing In The Dragon's Jaw*. Like many others of the 60s and 70s he has modernized his sound with the times, but unlike others, he has done so successfully.

There is nothing repetitive about Cockburn and he slips effortlessly from the spoken word in the hymnic, 'Dancing In Paradise' to the Caribbean 'See How I Miss You?'

The honesty and genuine talent of this performer is evident from the first note to the last.

Cockburn is one of popular music's greatest singer/songwriter/guitarists but above all a committed humanitarian. His songs are about the abuse of power and the suffering it causes; about exploitation, violence, hypocrisy, and love. His poetry can be subtle, humorous and blatant but always it is powerful. On 'Call it Democracy' he attacks the I.M.F.'s policies as perpetuating third world poverty:

"Padded with power here they come,
International loan sharks
backed by the guns.
Of market-hungry military profiteers.
Whose world is a swamp and
whose brow is smeared.
With the blood of the poor."

Whilst 'People See Through You' is an attack upon media-hyped politicians (an 'obvious' jibe at

Reagan) with such times as:
"You've got covert action, prejudice to extremes
You've got good manipulators and your store of dupes
You've got antimatter language contrived to conceal
But people see through you."

In 'Dancing In Paradise' he switches his attention to troubled Jamaica. The song is in spoken word vocal over a repetitive violin acoustic guitar and percussion which has an almost eerie quality. He writes:

"and the president sucks icecream in the company of a group of happy children while a naked man, sores on his neck, lies for days in Washington Boulevard growing chicken bones..."

Not that he forgets to smile and remind us of the better side of human nature as he expresses his own love:

"even the secret police shout that you're the one.
see how I miss you"

Bruce Cockburn's mastery has been little publicised in Australia, meaning that his small but loyal Australian following will increase little. Yet another great musical tragedy.

Tradition of Chisel

DON'T GO LOOKIN' BACK
Innocent Bystanders
CBS

by Mat Gibson

Another Australian band with a recent release is *Innocent Bystanders* and its album *Don't Go Lookin' Back*.

A mainstream guitar rockband in the tradition of *Cold Chisel* and *Kevin Borich Express*, these Perth lads produce some fairly exhilarating music, in particular 'Just My Mother's Son', 'Let Me In' and 'Looking Down At You', which, had I only heard on the radio, would have sworn it was John Cougar Mellencamp.

For the most part the music is dynamic and raw. The kind of stuff that gets turned up loud at summer parties. Even if this album doesn't take off, the band, or at least its singer/songwriter Brett Keyser, has an attractive future.

Lyrically masterful

BIG PIG
Big Pig
Big Pig Music

by Mat Gibson

Melbourne band *Big Pig* recently released a self-titled E.P. Any reports of their atrocious live performance in support of *Hunters and Collectors* earlier this year should have no bearing on your decision to buy this record. It is masterful both lyrically and musically and rather refreshingly features no guitars and only one layboards.

It is the five percussionists who beat out the body in the band's music, with powerful rhythms highlighted by a harmonica and high class vocals.

The three songs, 'Hungry Town', 'Devils Song' and 'Money God' are catchy, adrenalin-pumping, highly danceable and original, with 'Money God' the best work in the set.

New maturity

TRUE COLOURS
Cyndi Lauper
CBS

by Mat Gibson

As much as it cuts me to write it, Cyndi Lauper's new album *True Colours* has a lot going for it.

It shows a lot of musical maturity after *She's So Unusual* and is several tiers above the normal cutesy pop garbage we are all so accustomed to.

I've searched and researched in vain to find a poor song on this album, unwilling as I was to admit to myself that my offhand labelling of her music as "mindless pop junk" could possibly be incorrect. However, on *True Colours* she shows us all that she is far more than just zany fashion setting and good marketing.

She has written and chosen 10 very interesting songs and manages some dramatic style changes. 'Change of Heart' features the *Bangles* on vocal support and thoroughly scintillating guitar work by Nile Rodgers, one of pop music's maestros. Cyndi does a marvellous rendition of a sixties Hawaiian number 'Ako Iko' and



Cyndi Lauper reproduces the boppy 60's sound herself on 'Maybe He'll Know'.

Comedy and Cabaret

season in the space

■ **The Doug Anthony
Allstars And
Glynn Nicholas**
January 13-24

Notta Lotta Serious Bits
January 27-February 7

The Castanet Club
February 10-February 21

Ra Ra Zoo
February 24-March 7

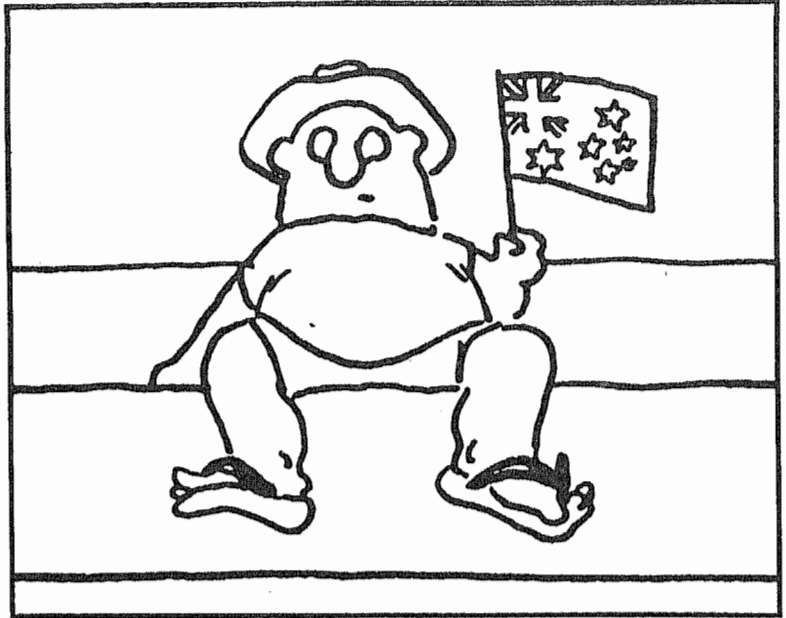
Vince Jones
March 9-March 14

▶ **Galapagos Duck**
March 16-March 21

10 weeks of Australia's best comedy
and cabaret acts at the newest and
spiciest venue in town!

Presented by The Adelaide Festival Centre Trust and **SAFM**

Licensed cabaret
Programme subject to change
Book at BASS
Dial 'n' Charge BASS 213 4777



The unwritten laws of Oz social etiquette.

HOW TO SURVIVE AUSTRALIA
Robert Treborlang
Major Mitchell Press \$4.95

by Graham Lugsden

What an unsuspecting visitor *thinks* that he has asked a group of Aussies: "What do you folks do on weekends?"

What the foolish visitor has *actually* asked:

1. "What gay bars do you frequent?"

2. "Don't your Alcoholics Anonymous meetings interfere with your weekend social life?"

3. "Do you happen to own a truck that could help me to move my things on Sunday?"

The effect of the foolish visitor's question: an embarrassed silence and interchange of looks followed by an outbreak of mysterious unease.

Most of us are only half aware of the elaborate social rituals in which we participate, and Australians, consequently, indulge more petty points of etiquette than we are prepared to admit. Robert Treborlang, in *How To Survive Australia*, has attempted to "discover the unwritten laws" that will admit outsiders to the defiantly exclusive club that we call Oz.

This is "the first true guide for newcomers, old timers and the bewildered in-betweens" to understanding our puzzling rites. The titles of the various short sections of the book hint at how one joins the Australia Club. For instance, these include "Don't ask questions" (the mistake of the visitor above - it marks you as a social climber); "Always seem busy" (a sign of success, although working too hard is worse than idleness - it smacks of pretension); "never be interesting" (or lay yourself open to allegations of superior class) and "never draw conclusions" (or you are tainted with foresight and wisdom, and lack true-blue straight-forwardness).

Consider the following: A serious conversation:

"It's harder than ever to get anywhere these days."

"Not as hard as it used to be."

"Maybe it's just a matter of finding one's niche."

"I don't think that applies any more."

Most people get the short end of the stick."

"There's lots to be said for working from nine to five."

"It's still a question of priorities."

"Not if you cared about what you were doing."

An everyday conversation:

"Not bad, eh!"

"Could've been worse."

"My oath!"

"Makes you think!"

"You're not wrong there."

"Might change but."

"Pretty unlikely."

"You never know."

"Fair enough."

In neither case was anything actually said. At no time was either party in danger of imparting information, and thus both can be regarded as triumphant victories for the conversants. Those who have anything of value to contribute must, of course, be viewed suspiciously. Communication is un-Australian.

Each section is light-hearted yet pertinent, as the author supports his advice with anecdotes of life in the Great Southern Land. Pompous sociological clap-trap it is not, thankfully, but behind the humorous vignettes lie sharp observations that we recognise as being uncomfortably close to the truth.

This is supposed to be a manual for migrants; a directory for those uninitiated in the Aussie way. However, by highlighting some of our social laws for the benefit of others, Robert Treborlang has helped illuminate our national character. Advice on what to do at a dinner party, how to recognise a tall poppy and how not to dress well beg the further questions: *why* do we act in these ways? Or in other words, what makes Australians Australian?

"For some time now, it has been realised that the greatest bar to peaceful co-existence in Australia is people who have something concrete to say."

"...face to face communication ought to be uneasy, vague and full of abstractions."

"The concept of a Fair Go is about letting people make fools of themselves."

"...those few convicts who *were* indeed guilty of heinous crimes and ended up on the shores of Botany Bay proved to be either sterile or homosexual...It saved countless generations from having to come to terms with any unpleasantness in their background."

"...there is something trustworthy about failure. Ned Kelly failed and he's revered for it. If only Howard Florey had just missed out on discovering penicillin, instead of actually discovering it, he could have had shopping centres named after him."

Through the myriad pieces of the jigsaw does the portrait of Australians emerge, but we must compose the puzzle in our heads, for a summary of the Aussie psyche is never made. (This is, after all, ostensibly aimed at non-Australians.) So it should not be dismissed by us as just a good laugh of little practical use, as it is perhaps that through the eyes of others, we may see ourselves more clearly.

Shallow look at terrorism

THE FUTURE OF POLITICAL VIOLENCE: DESTABILIZATION, DISORDER AND TERRORISM
 Edited by Richard Clutterbuck
 Macmillan \$19.95

The Future of Political Violence edited by Richard Clutterbuck consists of a collection of short conference papers preceded by a short introductory framework for the topic.

The narrow focus of the book, police and state responses to destabilization, disorder and terrorism is aggravated by the shallow analysis. It touches only superficially on many vital questions such as the press and political violence or civil liberties and political violence. Its scope is such that it examines the symptoms of political problems not the problems themselves.

The vulnerability of modern societies to disruption and destabilization by terrorists and urban guerillas is shown, as are the problems involved in coping with these phenomena.

Other forms of political violence such as military attacks by states on foreign civilian targets or state violence against their own citizens are not considered.

The contributors all employ a

pluralist and essentially uncritical conception of the state.

The relationship between using the terrorist characterization as a means of delegitimizing movements as regimes is similiar not considered.

The book does examine likely sources of political violence over the next ten years, concentrating particularly on terrorism in the West and explores possible government and corporate responses. Regional assessments of likely terrorist activity are presented and there is a brief look at the relationships between variously, government, police, intelligence services and terrorism.

While *The Future of Political Violence* makes occasional mention of the political and social bases of political violence there is no consideration in depth. Nor is there an adequate assessment of the danger to democratic societies resulting from the combination of information and surveillance technologies with reductions of civil liberties involved in the responses to terrorism.

While providing some useful information on a narrow aspect of political violence, the book is basically a descriptive work which adds little to understanding the issue itself.

Jubilee success

Before the Jubilee Year, South Australia was without a healthy, committed publisher of literature. This was a blind spot in a State calling itself the Festival State on vehicle number plates. Accordingly, the Wakefield Press was set up under the Jubilee 150 Committee.

A swag of local authors have chosen the Wakefield Press: John McGregor, Brian Diekey, Pavla Miller, Professor Alex Castles, Christobel Mattingly, Alan Hutchens, Susan Marsden, Alison Carroll, Neville Weston, Noris Ioannu, and numerous others.

It should be added John McGregor's novel *Propinquity* was the winner of the inaugural Adelaide Festival National Novel Manuscripts Award, and that the Wakefield has also published *Double Destiny*, the anthology of the



best stories and poems from the first Adelaide Festival Youth Literature Awards.

While it will be admitted that the terms under which the Wakefield Press was set up suggests it was expected to close at the end of the Jubilee year, it will be readily seen that the Press has proven itself, that it should remain in operation and that it should retain editorial freedom.

And so we are glad to hear that submissions are being made to the Premier's Department to renegotiate the future of the Wakefield Press and to ensure it will continue to publish.

An Australian's new views of old stories

HEROES

John Pilger
 Jonathan Cape, \$33.95

by Robert Lawton

This book is a collection of fairly long background pieces on a number of areas of social injustice and military disaster. Such a bare description doesn't inspire much enthusiasm, but they are written with such spirit and feeling, read so fluently and deal with such a range of new angles on old stories that the reader is entranced.

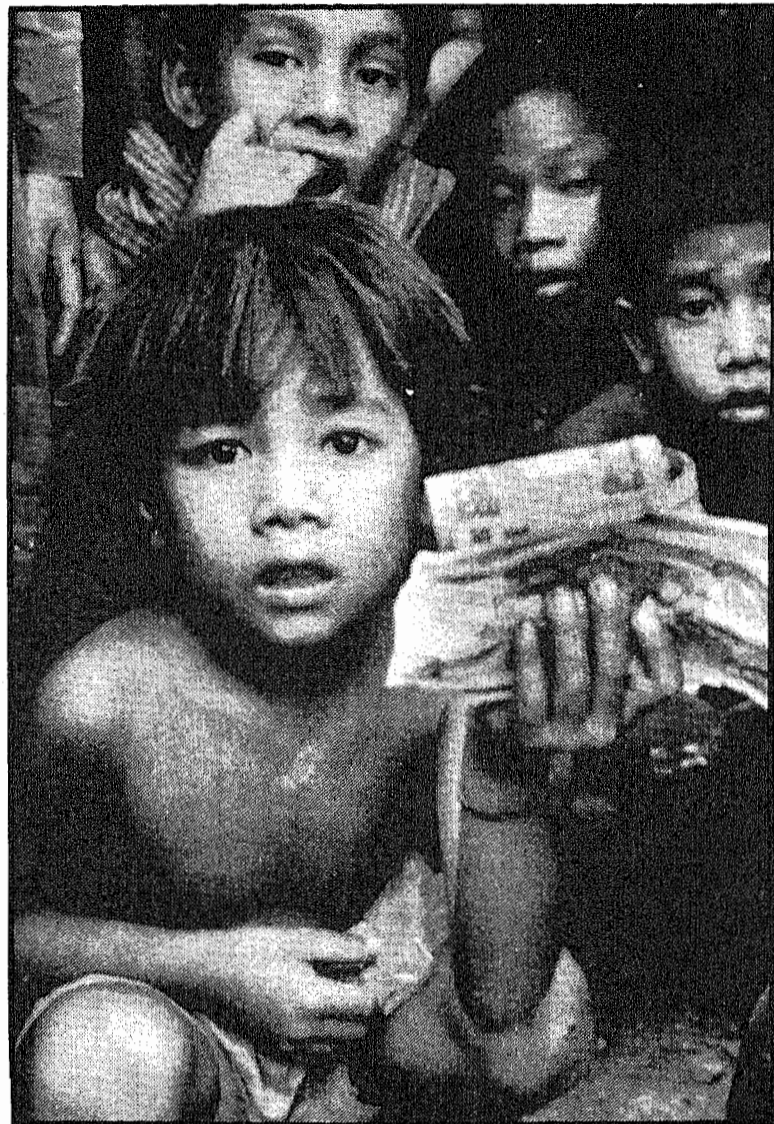
John Pilger is an expatriate Australian, who left Sydney at about the same time as Clive James (early 60s) and arrived in England seeking fame. This came fairly quickly, as a hot-shot journalist for the *Daily Mirror*, once a respected left-wing popular paper in Britain (and now, in Pilger's view a down-market tabloid).

The fact of his expatriate status makes the first couple of "chapters" of autobiography drag a bit. This introductory section, and a final story on Aboriginal land rights, bear the marks of that familiar guilt common to all wandering Australians of that generation. There, Pilger tells his ancestors' story, from the first fleet to the early days of this century.

Much is made of his fundamental working-class roots, as if he is afraid the good life in London might have broken his ties with his coal-miner and coach-driver grandfathers. And his stories of journeys to the Northern Territory with Charles Perkins beg the question why Pilger isn't concerned enough to struggle for justice back home.

But these are only minor blemishes on an otherwise noble book. Clearly London is the place to work from if you want a real overview of world journalism and the opportunity to get involved. With Britain as his base, we follow Pilger through America (the stories on George Wallace, Governor of Alabama and America's Vietnam Veterans are memorable), Africa (Pilger has been concerned with reporting on Ethiopia and South Africa for years) and in particular, Asia.

The author recounts a number of



Kampuchean child in Phnom Penh with worthless Pol Pot banknotes - picture from *Heroes*, the book by John Pilger

episodes from the recent history of Vietnam that are nothing short of gripping. I have rarely read such good descriptive journalism; although, of course, these pieces were designed for newspapers.

Pilger is most famous for his documentaries, on Kampuchea however. Something of the background to *Year Zero* and *Year One*, seen here on TV about six years ago, comes through in his writing. It is a tribute to Pilger that the "incommunicable" horror of the Pol Pot regime has been transmitted to us with such sensitivity,

both on screen and on the page.

Pilger wears his left-wing sympathies on his sleeve, which is rare among "straight" journalists, and very welcome to this reader. He makes no pretence at objectivity, understanding that the best version of truth is what each individual believes.

For a person who has seen so much bloodshed and despair, he remains robustly idealistic and convinced of the importance and unfairness of his craft. This is a book to read again and again, and worth its price.

Nuclear balance in the post-war world

ATOMIC DIPLOMACY: HIROSHIMA AND POTSDAM
 Gar Alperovitz
 Penguin \$9.95

Nuclear weapons have been a fact of life and politics for over forty years now.

Should civilisation survive this nuclear age no doubt people of the future will struggle to understand how we could allow the threat of nuclear annihilation to hang over the planet for so long.

Our descendants looking back would find a disjunction between desires of humanity and the reasons of states fearful of each other.

Of course, the nuclear holocaust is essentially the business of two states, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. The nuclear arms race is a product and integral part of the Cold War, itself a structure which provides for the division of the world between Moscow and Washington, the threat from the other side being used to ensure internal conformity in the opposing camps.

Penguin has released an updated version of Gar Alperovitz's classic work, *Atomic Diplomacy* which deals with the political context and significance of the American decision to first use atomic weapons to destroy the two Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The Second World War meant the end of the old European empires and the emergence of the U.S.A. and the USSR as the new great powers. The total defeat of Nazi Germany had seen a Russian advance into Central Europe and into the Balkans. It also meant American economic dominance of the world as Europe's protected foreign markets vanished.

Between the defeat of Germany and the defeat of Japan three months later US President Truman, the Soviet leader Stalin and Winston Churchill were negotiating the shape of the post-war world and their respective spheres of influence.

Truman sought to maximise U.S. influence and minimise that of Russia both in Europe and in East

Asia.

His possession of the atomic bomb was the trump card he sought to use against the Russians.

Alperovitz details this process and particularly the sharp divisions between Truman and some of his key advisors on the necessity for actually using the bomb.

Atomic Diplomacy's impact stems mainly from the powerful case it makes that Hiroshima and Nagasaki were politically motivated acts in the Cold War and unrelated to military necessity. Japan was known to be prepared to surrender yet was still subject to the greatest act of terrorism in history to discourage suspected Russian ambitions in Europe and China.

The political origins of the nuclear arms race are consistent with the fact that its perpetuation is not merely accidental but firmly rooted in international political structures and objectives.

Let us hope that Rejkjavik will not join Sarajevo, Versailles and Munich as lost opportunities for humanity.

What not to do overseas

TRAVELLING ALONE: A GUIDE MAINLY FOR WOMEN
 Marce Tomasetti
 \$7.95

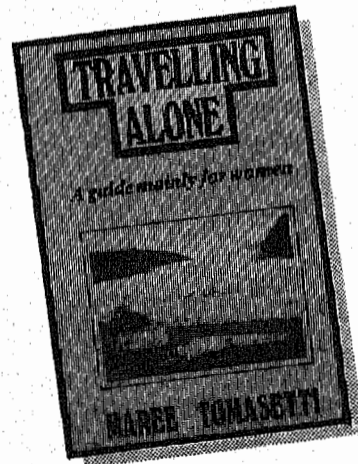
by Moya Dodd

Haunted by the fear of committing some dreadful faux pas in a foreign country? Wearing a bikini in Malta, perhaps, or shorts in Uruguay?

Marce Tomasetti's *Travelling Alone: A guide mainly for women* is an invaluable reference for the overseas traveller. As the author points out, in Australia women are not subjected to many of the hassles they encounter overseas, and through ignorance of foreign conditions they can often unknowingly incur the displeasure of the locals.

The book contains information on 70 countries, set out in alphabetical order. Each summary will fill you in on the preferred dress code, the climate, the danger areas in cities, public transport, pickpockets and protocol, as well as supplying general information about currency exchange, visas, drinking water and a host of other topics.

There is also a section of personal



observations and useful general advice in the back of the book, which includes gems such as: "Don't use hairspray before a plane flight. The higher the altitude the stickier the spray."

The book was compiled from personal experience and by corresponding to embassies, consulates and YWCAs all over the world. Overall it provides a wealth of information for lone travellers of both sexes and at \$7.95 would prove a worthwhile purchase for the overseas traveller.

Songs that never dim over the years

SOUTH PACIFIC
Metropolitan Musical Theatre
Company
Arts Theatre
Until November 1

by Fran Edwards

On a cold, wet Wednesday evening the idea of spending a few hours on a tropical island seemed very inviting, and revisiting Rodgers' and Hammerstein's *South Pacific* was, on the whole, a warm experience.

The Met have provided us with another entertaining show, but despite the entertainment the show did have its weak spots. Some, like the shaky notes from Emile in 'Some Enchanted Evening', can probably be attributed to first night nerves, others to the inexperience of a few of the players.

In a couple of scenes there was a certain awkwardness and it was difficult to decide whether the fault lay with the inexperience of the cast members or whether they might have been under-directed. Musicals have a tendency to suffer from this complaint.

However despite these minor quibbles the show was very entertaining. It definitely had its strengths, the production numbers "Nothing Like a Dame" and "Honcybun" were full of vitality and fun. Sally Bithell shone as Nellie and



Yvonne Coker as Bloody Mary

Stephen Trollope, as Emile, got better as the night wore on.

Yvonne Coker was delightful as Bloody Mary. Hers was not the best rendition of "Bali Ha'i" or "Happy Talk" that I have heard but she made up for that with sheer vitality and mischief. Billis, Tim Whitehouse was good, but I felt he could have been better. Cable, Mark Homer, sang well and Liat, Rosemary Durand, looked very pretty and sweet and innocent, but the huge height difference made their tender love scenes a trifle awkward.

The chorus, as usual for the Met was good and the songs never seem to dim with age. It was an altogether entertaining show.

Play weaves a dream

BENEFACTORS
State Theatre Company
Playhouse
Until November 15

by Fran Edwards

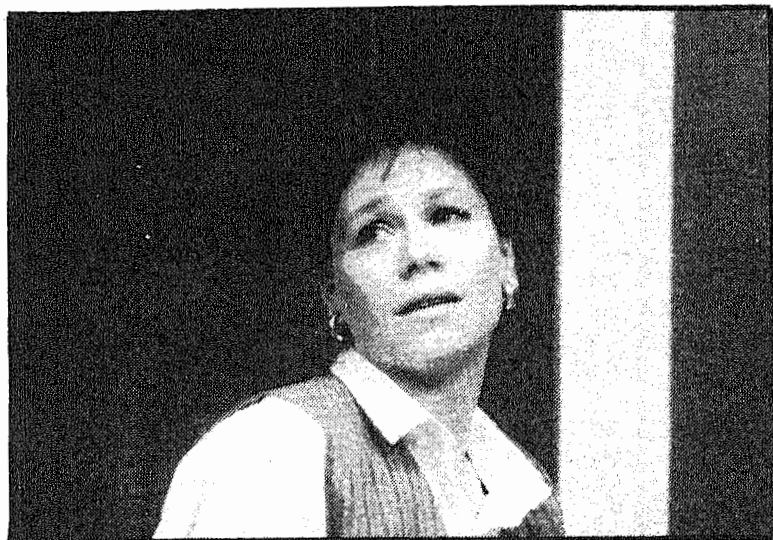
Life is made of those who give and those who take. This play looks at the symbiotic relationship of two couples and examines the interdependence of benefactors and beneficiaries.

The script is clever and delivered well by an excellent cast. The problems and difficulties which the playwright Michael Frayn examines with this piece are very real, real enough for all of us to catch a glimpse of ourselves in each of the characters. Yet he is clever enough to make us laugh at ourselves and our dependence.

Of the very talented cast Liddy Clark, as Sheila, was my favourite. Sheila was probably the most difficult of the four roles to create and make comical without sacrificing the real character. She is the main recipient of the hand-outs, moral support and other forms of charity. Of course the suppliers of this charity are as dependent on her as she on them.

Jane Menelaus was convincing as the competent, well organised woman who rushes around helping everyone in order that she need not get really close to anyone.

The men were equally well-cast and delivered excellent performances. Geoffrey Rush as David,



Jane Menelaus is convincing in *Benefactors*

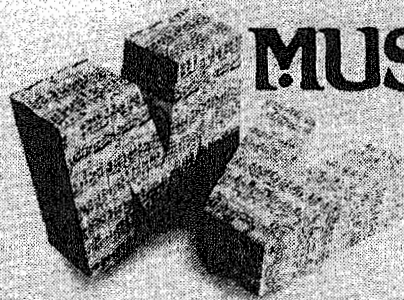
the successful architect who wants to build something good for humanity and is constantly frustrated, and William Zappa as Colin the classical honours student turned mediocre journalist play characters who were at University together but are totally different. David loves everyone and wants to help the world and Colin hates the world and derides and belittles everything in it.

Architecture is a common symbol for the building of dreams. Colin even mentions "the Master builder" just in case you don't work it out for yourself. The dreams of the play are woven with the tricks of the theatre, a dream itself. The

wings are left open so the audience can see backstage.

The play even opens with the set back to front on the revolving stage showing the last minute preparations before 'curtain up'. The script itself is partly a direct address to the audience which blends cleverly into dialogue drifting between the 'dream' and 'reality'.

Technically this play was superb, a la *Room to Move* which impressed me greatly. The design work was imaginative and did justice to the play. All in all an excellent production from a company which, after a truly successful season, really seems to have got its act together, at last.



MUSICA VIVA 1987

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Youthpasses are limited — so hurry!

Comedy with bite

**THE DOUG ANTHONY
ALLSTARS**
Club Foote

by Moya Dodd

The Doug Anthony Allstars are an irreverent comedy trio with a vicious style of humour. After taking out a Fringe award earlier this year, they made a welcome return to Adelaide last week at the re-opening of comedy venue Club Foote.

Their brash, aggressive humour may not be to everyone's taste, but the large crowd which turned out to celebrate Club Foote's return certainly enjoyed it. The National Party in particular copped plenty of stick in their musical parodies as the three singers put in a night of athletic, energetic, non-stop comedy.

The hecklers were there too, of

course, and nothing could have suited the Allstars more. "Your mother used to hate you so much that she gave you to the neighbour to breast-feed ...and he was a man," they told one over-tout patron.

"Everybody say 'you are stupid' to that man," they urged the crowd, as he persisted. Naturally, none of this interfered with their stealing an assortment of hats, coats, and even shoes and socks from the audience as the show progressed.

And when the crowd demanded an encore, it was greeted with a sneering: "Haven't you people got homes to go to?"

In all it was an entertaining night out, but only if you belong in an audience that doesn't mind participating. You may not have much choice.

A show of many colours

**JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING
TECHNICOLOUR
DREAMBOAT**

John Edmund Theatre
Until November 9

This was an evening of energy and enthusiasm. Linda Collis has managed to collect some good talent together and 'Joseph' provided the ingredients for a colourful, happy show.

It was a pleasure to hear some clear, strong voices, although occasionally they had problems due to the band being split to the two sides of the stage.

Zane Jarvis was well cast as

Joseph and Deborah Caddy's voice was clear and bright as the narrator. It is difficult to single others out, all sang well and had the necessary touch of mischief.

My favourite number was 'those Caravan Days' and Reuben, played by Robert Shea, was impressively French with the whole company contributing to the flavour.

Joseph is remarkably short, mainly because it was written to be performed by schools, but it packs much vitality into that brevity. This production is a worthy one, although it lacks that final polish which no doubt the first few performances will provide.

Child Care: On Campus

A Government subsidized child care centre is operated at the University of Adelaide for student parents at the University of Adelaide, the South Australian Institute of Technology, the South Australian College of Advanced Education, and community users. Fees charged for child care are based on assessed family income.

The Centre is located on the first floor, George Murray Building, University Union and is licensed to offer up to four hours care per day for children aged from 3 months to six years with a maximum of 30 children at any one time. Seven skilled staff are available to care for children between 9.00 am and 5.00 pm.

The Centre will operate throughout the year with the exception of a period of four weeks during the Christmas season. Further information is available from the Centre's Coordinator, Gayle Bennett (Telephone 228 5429).

Union Activities

Wednesday October 27th: 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: *Melinda Mercouri's Athens*. Z. \$2 concession, \$3 public.
Friday October 29th: 6 pm Pianist in Union Bistro; 9 pm - midnight free entertainment in Union Bar with *Rockit 88*

Coming Entertainment: "1986 Melbourne Cup" on big videorecorder in Union Bar, Tuesday November 4th. End of Year Rage in Union Complex. Saturday December 6th, 9 performer films etc. with *Exploding White Mice*, *Mad Turks from Istanbul*, *Blues Moths*, *Heartbeat*, *Explosive His 86*, and lots more. Tickets on sale soon.
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.

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 (close?) 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."

Are you funny?

Footlights will be holding its AGM this Thursday October 30 in the Dining Rooms (level 4, Union Building) at 7.30 pm. The new committee will be elected, and members and anyone interested in joining Footlights will be welcome.

Student Christian Movement
On the 29th October we will have our final meeting for 1986. This will be a Worship Service at 1 pm in Room 207 of the Napier Building. All welcome.

Evangelical Union
Tuesday: 1.10 pm Tuesday meeting, North Dining Room. Grant Thorpe giving a word of encouragement and then a time of prayer for exams.
Thursday: 7.30 am Brekky, North and South Dining Rooms. Praise and Prayer.

Adelaide University Folk Club
Sessions held every Thursday at 1 pm. Come along and join in or just listen. Held in the cloisters when the sun is shining or in the Craftroom when raining.

Adelaide Uni Skin Diving Club
Just when you thought it was safe...AUSC presents its Summer '86 programme. As the mercury rises AUSC is going down, down into the exciting depths of the ocean. Week long courses, beginning November 21, 29, and December 12 will teach you basic Scuba for only \$150 students; \$180 others. For those bereft of the necessary readies AUSC offers three day Ocean Snorkel Diver courses (Do you know the proper place for a snorkel?) for only \$25. These begin on the same dates as the basic Scuba courses. Are you salivating for further details? Contact Bill Hancock, Training Officer (AUSC) on 267 1054 before November 28 or on 294 1875 after this.

Oliphant Lecture in Radiology
On Thursday 6th November, 1986 there will be a presentation of the Oliphant Lecture in Radiology given by Dr Ivan Moseley, the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, London
This lecture will be presented at 7.30 pm in Lecture Theatre 3, Level 5, Flinders Medical Centre, and the title is "Imaging of Vision"

St Ann's College
Applications are invited both for the positions of Residential Tutor and for Scholarships at St Ann's College in 1987.

Residential Tutors are expected to offer academic and social leadership and pastoral care, to 140 University and College of Advanced Education students, both male and female. Tutors also provide some administrative services outside office hours.

Scholarships, for full or part remission of fees, are available for outstanding undergraduate students resident in the College. Applications should be sent to the Principal by November 7, 1986. Details of tutorships and scholarships are available from: Principal's Secretary, St Ann's College Inc, 187 Brougham Place, North Adelaide, S.A. 5006. Telephone: (08) 267 1478

CHEAP BIKE FOR SALE
Bloke's bicycle in serviceable nick. Reasonable brakes, tyres. New seat, five gears. \$30 o.n.o. Call 234 0657 anytime.

Craft Studio: Picture Framing
Do you have any fantastic posters/pictures/ or paintings stuck to you wall with blue tac? Of course you do! - and the only way to do them (and your walls) justice is to frame it. Isn't that expensive? I hear you ask. Of course not! - if you do it yourself with professional help from the Craft Studio.
One day Picture Framing course on November 1st from 11 am - 3 pm. Every participant should bring their favourite old picture and you are guaranteed to go home with your favourite New picture.
The course costs \$30 and this includes everything you will need. Walk away with the skill to renovate all your old favourites. Call the Craft Studio. Phone: 228 5857 or just drop in to put your name down.

Student Life
Wednesday 29 October, 1 pm North Dining Room. Christian fun, fellowship, sharing and teaching. Final public meeting for the year. Trev speaks on perseverance.

Volleyball Club Winery Tour
Sunday 29 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.

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.

Indonesian Government Scholarships for Australians - 1988
The Indonesian Government is offering at least two scholarships to Australians wanting to undertake one-year, non-degree tertiary studies, commencing January 1988, in Indonesian or a regional language and literature, or Indonesian music and dance.
Applicants must be under 15 years of age, be able to speak and write in at least basic Indonesian, have completed the Higher

School Certificate or equivalent, and have some knowledge of their proposed field of study. The scholarships include allowances of up to about \$A145 a month, but do not include travel to or from Indonesia.

Application forms and further information are available from:
The Secretary, (Indonesian Government Scholarships), Department of Education, P.O. Box 826 Woden ACT 2606.
Enquiries: Pina Guarino (062) 83 7635. Applications close on March 31, 1987.

Netherlands Government Scholarships 1987/88

Up to three postgraduate scholarships for study in the Netherlands in the 1987/88 academic year are being offered by the Netherlands Government.

Applicants for the awards, which are tenable for a minimum of three months, should be graduates from an Australian tertiary institution or have attained a similar standard in music and art, and be proficient in English or German or Dutch (or French if appropriate for the proposed study course). They should also be Australian citizens aged less than 36.

Benefits include reimbursement of the cost of the return journey only from the Netherlands to Australia, internal travel costs, a monthly living allowance, an establishment allowance, a book/equipment allowance, exemption from tuition fees, and assistance for field work expenses and any unexpected medical expenses.

Applications close on 28 November 1986, and application forms and information statements are available from: Mr Grierson, Secretary, Netherlands Government Scholarships, Commonwealth Department of Education, PO Box 826, Woden ACT 2606. Enquiries: Dick Grierson (062) 83 7649.

Scholarships to Cuba
Applications are invited from students who support the struggle for freedom and justice world-wide, and who see the Cuban example of peaceful social justice and prosperity for all as the answer to the capitalist West's crushing problems. (Problems like massive unemployment, poverty, hunger, repression of the proletariat, big business' crimes against workers, and rampant imperialism, for instance).

Mechanical engineering students are especially encouraged to apply, as are those who spit at Liberals, consider the Labor Party to be Fascists, wear sandals and op-shop clothes, smoke banned substances, demonstrate against anything, belong to Women Against Breathing, pin No-Nukes badges to their Mao caps, buy *Direct Action*, regard the Russian Revolution as the greatest event in world history, sneer at Resistance members for being too right wing, watch no American films and organise Bingo-for-Nicaragua nights.

The struggle for the liberation of your worker brothers of the proletariat, from the Fascist capitalist imperialist factory - owner overlords can only continue with solidarity to the Cause by the committed.

All applications handled by the U.S. Embassy.

"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

Penpals Wanted

My name is Birgitta Larsson and I am a 21-year-old girl from Sweden. I would like to have pen friends that are students of the University of Adelaide.

Here is some information about myself: I am studying biology at the University of Lund, Sweden. I am very interested in marine biology and I have a drivers certificate. Naturally I am also interested in nature and I like to be outdoors in forests and so on.

I thank you in advance
Birgitta Larsson
Stenluggarevägen 12
245 00 Staffanstorp

My name is Eva, and I belong to a group of adult students at our school. Long ago, we studied English, for about six years. Some of us have forgotten a lot of the language, others remember more. We (I) want to correspond with you to learn English outside our textbooks. We in our class chose to write to you in Australia, and others write to Great Britain or the U.S.A.

We live in the district of Mark in Western Sweden, about 600 kilometres from Stockholm, but only 60 kilometres from Gothenburg.

I'm a thirty-year-old woman, married with one daughter. I've been working about 14 years, but now I'm studying at full time. It's fun, but also quite difficult! I hope you will write to me, and I promise to answer all letters, as good as I can.

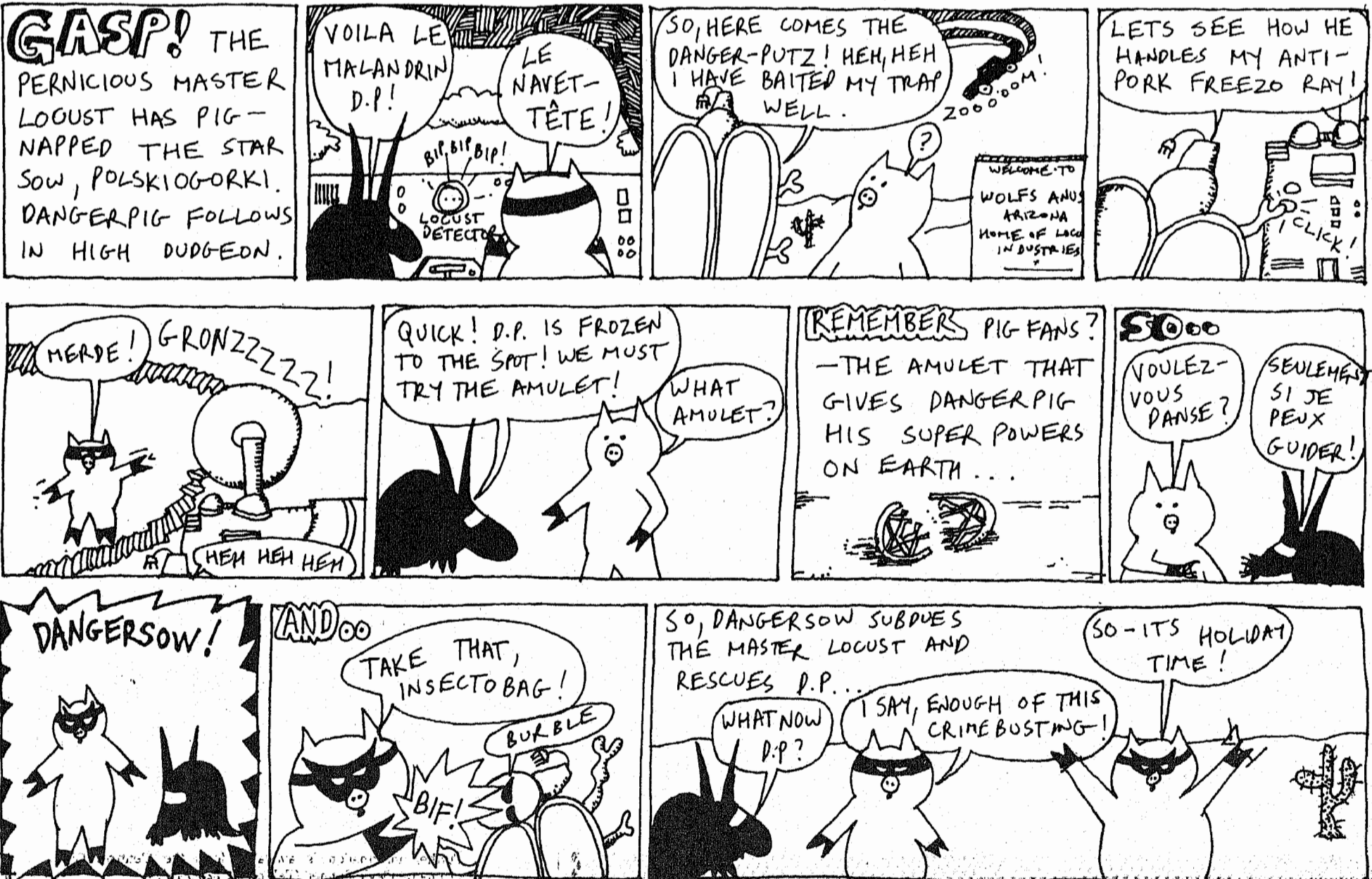
Eva Hedblom
Vegardesgr. 3C
511 00 Kinna
Sweden

I am a 20-year-old student at Edinburgh University, and would like to write to an Australian University student. We could learn about each other's life styles and hopefully become friends, with a view to arranging an exchange. I am fascinated by Australia and would definitely like to visit it some day. I am in the Faculty of Arts, studying languages, but would love to hear from students of any discipline, male or female, and I'll do my best to answer all letters. So get writing. I can't wait to hear from you!

Mary McBride,
18 Oxgangs Avenue
Edinburgh
EH11 3 95B,
Scotland

DANGERPARG!

- AND HIS CONSORT -
CARELESS ROBERT.



START AT THE BACK!

Rupert and Enzo say "Au revoir" - that's French for "Cappuccino".

Odd things, and the Labor Party

The Variety Club of Australia is organising a Melbourne Cup lunch and auction. The charity will be auctioning, amongst other things, the hair shaved off the heads of the swimmers in the Mean Machine, a life-size replica of Phar Lap made of chocolate, and, weirdest of all, a framed, autographed, black-and-white photograph of Neville Wran, measuring a metre square.

Maybe the new Premier of NSW, Barrie Unsworth, who took over from Nifty, will bid for it. For a man who turned a very safe Labor seat into a shaky 50-vote majority, and who is currently enjoying a 15% popularity rating, it can't do much harm.

She loves you...

The American psychology magazine, *Psychology Today*, is usually concerned with very serious and important things, such as 'Why rats like morphine' and 'What makes metronomes interesting' but their latest issue includes research of genuine use to ordinary mortals: how do women flirt? The psychologist who conducted the research, Monica Moore, spent 100 hours visiting singles bars (well, someone had to do it. Being a psychologist is a tough life.) She observed, and later interviewed, 200 women between the ages of 18 and 35. They found that the women averaged at least 70 'flirting acts' an hour, but not all of them

were successful (luckily for them - who can handle 70 lascivious men inside an hour?) The researchers found that the more common flirting acts included the smile, the solitary dance (tapping your toes to the music), something they called 'the darting game', the hair flip, the fixed glance for at least 30 seconds, and the head toss. But blokes take note - the flirting act indicative of the most interest in you is 'the lean', when the woman leans towards you while you're sitting down. It is especially meaningful if she brushes against you, says the report. If her breast is the bit that brushes you, then you can safely book the church, as she's crazy about you.

But, of course, real women don't need to prostitute themselves to lewd despicable men, do they?

Spaced out

Sir Joh Bjelke-Peterson has confirmed that he wishes a space base to be built in Queensland.

Sir Joh re-affirmed his commitment to putting Queensland in the Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, in Townsville, while campaigning for the approaching State election. He told reporters that it wasn't an electoral dream. "Nothing can take it away from us now. It was another initiative which had been scoffed at. Some people aren't prepared to step out of the normal... I've been doing it for years." "Well, you said it, Joh."

Sex and Soccer

Good grief, the mind boggles at what sort of captions we would receive if this picture was used for a caption competition. The airborne one is Michel Platini, and his close friend is William Ayache, both playing for France in the World Cup. Platini had just scored against Italy. It looks like he is about to score again. France won 2-0, but Platini probably didn't notice.



Sex and newspapers

Barrie Unsworth, the NSW Premier, recently opened a newspaper library connected with their State Library, featuring about 2000 titles, that date back to 1803. Some of the more unusual titles in the collection include *Teetotaller*, published in 1842, and *Gays Weekly*, published in 1923, which had nothing whatsoever to do with what its title suggests.

In 1927, as the Depression approached, a paper was launched called *Becketts Budget*, but as the economy worsened it changed to *Australian Budget*, presumably in the hope of sounding more influential. But then, at the most depressing stage of the Depression, it changed again, to *The Boxer and Wrestler*. However, by 1935, news of the economy must have been worth printing again, as it reverted to *The Budget*, but then later changed again, to the racy *Breezy News and Budget*. Then in 1937 it

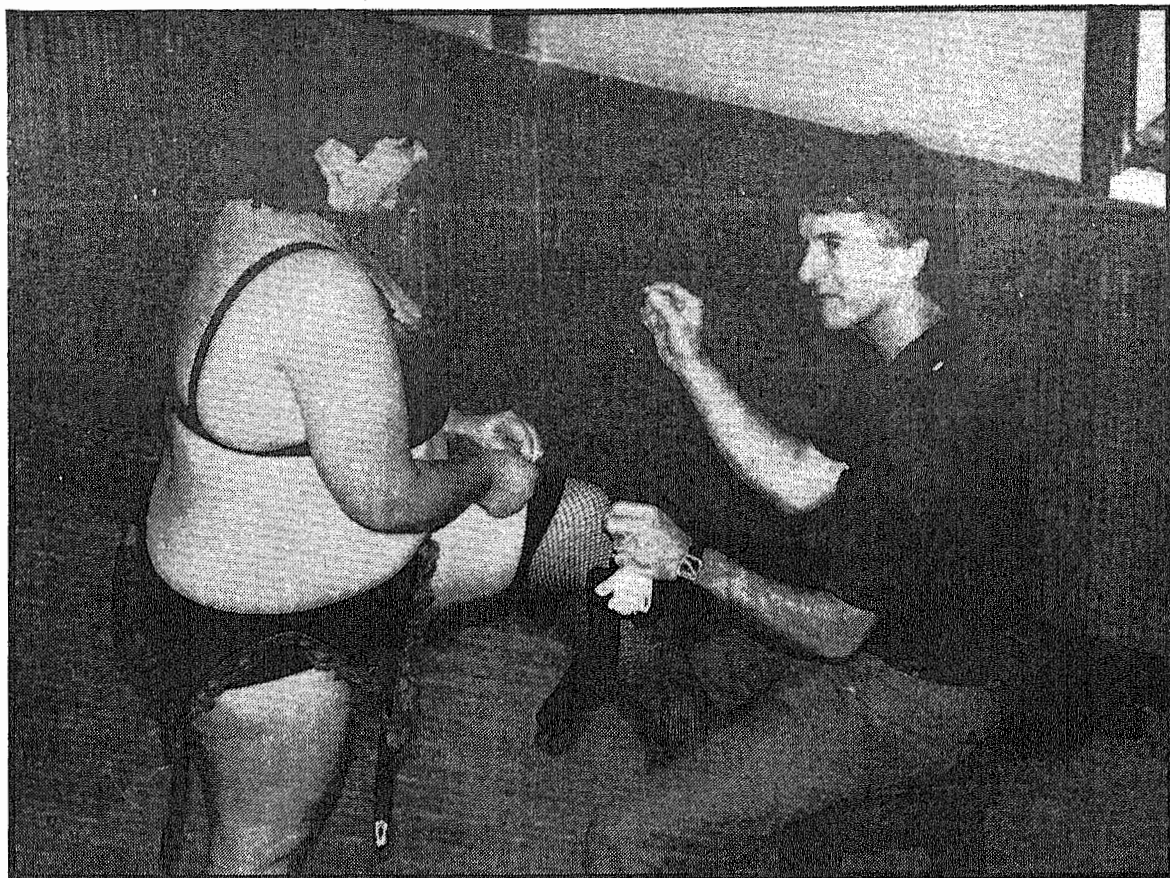
became *Spicy Bits*, apparently plunging downmarket, but it could not have been downmarket enough, as it finally folded in 1938.

Sex and Minnie Mouse

The *San Pedro News-Pilot*, a Californian newspaper, reported in September that a 21-year-old man had been charged with assault after he had allegedly (this sort of story always has the word 'allegedly' in it somewhere, doesn't it?) "groped" Minnie Mouse.

A police spokesman said that Lee Jack Eric Jacques had "grabbed Minnie's breast" while she was welcoming visitors to Disneyland. Twenty minutes later, he returned and repeated the offence, as well as making "rude motions with his hips against her body."

The spokesman added: "Minnie may not have breasts, but the 17-year-old girl inside the costume does."



So you thought that organic chemistry was dull, dull, dull? Our spies in the Medical School have found otherwise. Some first year students in that notorious den of iniquity had decided to brighten their lecture, and their lecturer's life, by hiring this fetching little cutie for a striptease. Nice one, lads, but why didn't you invite the SATB editors along? This is the sort of chemistry that would give anyone an orgasm.

The stripper's name, by the way, is 'Tom' and he is available for children's parties. The lecturer's name is 'Bertha' and she isn't.

Death of the Week No.1

Some people do not know when their time is up. Mike Malloy was the eventual victim of a Murder Incorporated, which is a syndicate planned to insure people and then kill them, but he was inconsiderate enough not to die for some time.

In 1933, at the height of the Depression, a five man Murder Inc. decided to kill Malloy. They had already successfully killed and claimed one victim, and thought that the 60-year-old, permanently drunk and apparently barely alive Malloy would be an easy second victim. So they took out a policy for Malloy worth \$3576, claimable upon his death by accident.

But then they had to kill him. Six times they plied him with anti-freeze, instead of his usual rotgut bourbon, and he presently collapsed. However, he then staggered to his feet, apologised for passing out and asked for another drink. The syndicate then gave him turpentine, horse linament, rat poison, spoiled raw oysters and neat wood alcohol. Malloy was apparently unaffected, so they tried food: they made him a sandwich of sardines, wood shavings, tacks and household rubbish. Sure enough, he ate it all, washed it down with some more wood alcohol, and still lived.

So they switched tactics. Taking advantage of one of his periodic drunken unconscious spells, the syndicate dumped him semi-naked in a park in -10 degrees C weather and poured water over him, hoping that he

would catch pneumonia. He did not.

Desperate, one of the syndicate members, a taxi driver, drove his cab at 70km/h over the unconscious Malloy. This time, they were sure that he was dead, and left him.

Three weeks later, Malloy stumbled into their local bar. He was sorry that he had been absent; he had been a hit-run victim, and had been in hospital recovering from concussion and a fractured shoulder. Finally, the Murder Inc. syndicate took him to a member's apartment, stuck a rubber hose in Malloy's mouth and gassed him. He was, at last, dead.

But they never claimed the money. All the syndicate members were either gaoled for life or electrocuted. In all, they had attempted to kill Malloy over thirty times.

Cutting edge of journalism

We have no idea why he did it. It is not our policy to give in to blatant sensationalism, so we did not purchase the paper concerned. Besides our mummies wouldn't let us, as it has naughty pictures on page 3, and lots of words like "sex" and "bottom" and "heartbalm", but we wouldn't know about that as we've never read it. Not once.

But that doesn't mean that we cannot speculate. Was he so disgusted by something in the masculine world that he could accept having male genitalia no longer, and made this gesture as a protest? Was it merely an unfortunate accident with a chainsaw? Was it the result of an argument with his trouble-

Captain Adelaide is on the centre pages

Death of the Week No. 2

Joseph O'Malley was a resident of New York, who, after becoming heartily drunk, stopped to urinate next to the subway railway lines. The stream of urine struck the third, electrified rail and formed an electric circuit powerful enough to kill O'Malley.

The coroner only discovered the cause of death when he found burns on his thumb, forefinger and the tip of his penis.

Death of the Week No.3

...and in a similar vein (get it?) the coroner in Darwin found that Sammy Bungan had been electrocuted after urinating against a stobie pole.

Truth
WHY MAN TELLS I CUT OFF MY PENIS

and-strife? Or was it the result of boredom? ("Gosh I'm bored. I have a sharp knife in my hand. I have a penis. Now, how can I interest myself?")