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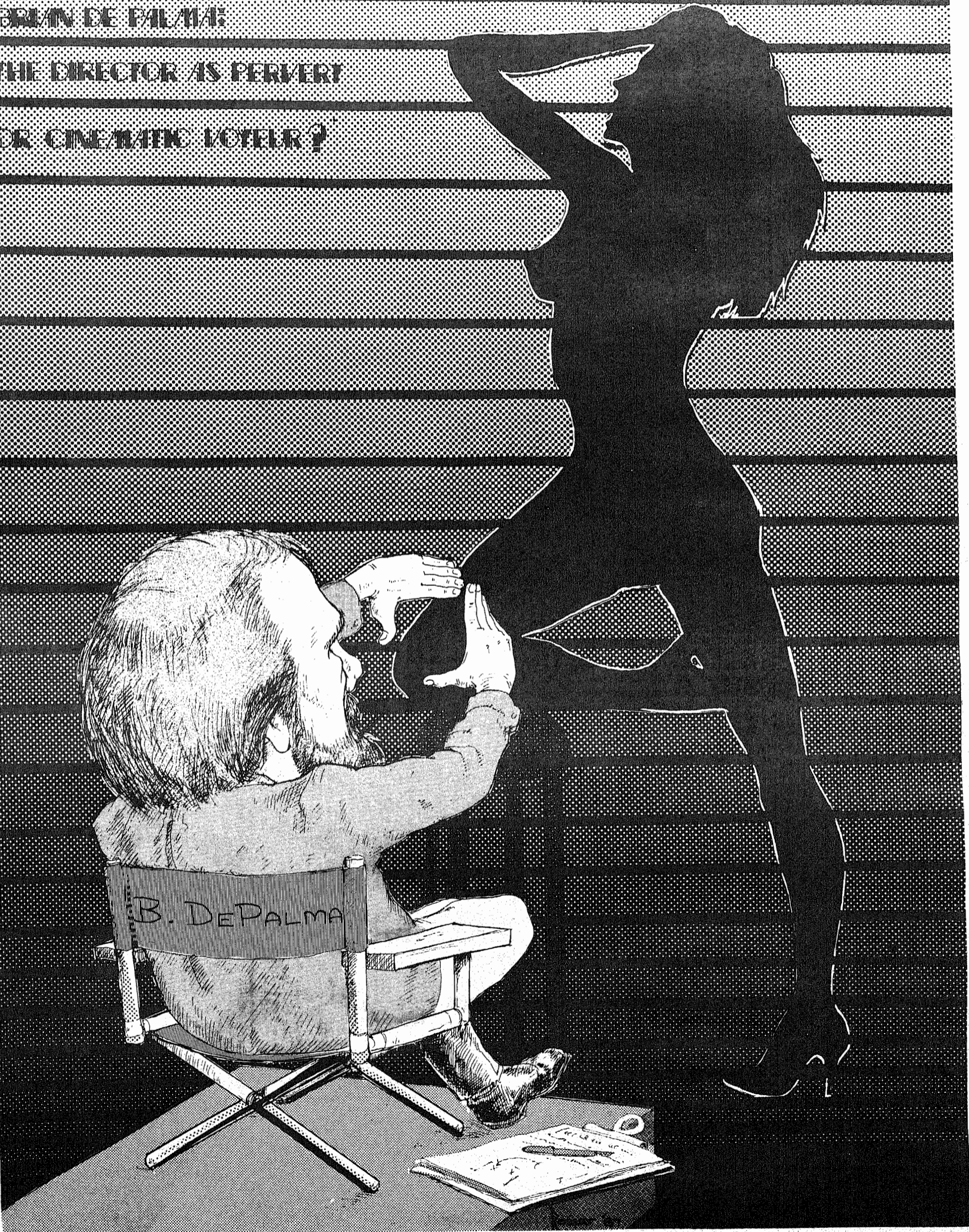
ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 9, 1987

BRIAN DE PALMA:

THE DIRECTOR AS PERVERT

OR CINEMATIC VOTER?



B. DE PALMA



Dawkins education plans make a mixed bag

Canberra's proposal to make tertiary education more responsive to industry's needs is a mixed blessing for students, writes STEVE LEWIS.

Since assuming the portfolio of Employment, Education and Training in the revamped Hawke Ministry, John Dawkins has been swift to announce a radical new approach to the higher education system.

His release of the White Paper on tertiary study late September heralds a new era in higher education by a Government firmly convinced that the education system must change to better assist the nation's economic well-being.

The apparent reticence of his predecessor, Senator Susan Ryan, to "endorse" tertiary fees and the concept of privatisation has been swept aside, replaced by a doctrine of "greater incentives for [academic] performances" and the "reform of management and decision-making processes". To this end, he sees the injection of private sector capital and ideology into the tertiary system as a "market necessity".

Australia's academics have not been slow to respond, with prominent voices coming out for and against the change in direction for higher education.

However, the student body of Australia, at present negotiating the formation of a national union, has yet to add its voice to the debate. When it does, it should give guarded approval to the thrust of Mr Dawkins's statements.

Certainly the "breaking-down" of the binary system (whereby tertiary studies are divided between universities and colleges of advanced education) and the development of a "central" research body are to be applauded. Similarly, the Government's aim to improve Year 12 retention rates and to increase the proportion of tertiary-qualified people in the workforce is a step in the right direction.

However, there must be concern over the commitment to maintain current levels of public funding. It is wishful thinking for Mr Dawkins to expect miracles of change from an education sector that has experienced significant reductions in funding over the past decade.

The expansion of tertiary fees seems to be an implicit message in the report, a move which must be opposed by the student body in a comprehensive and unified way. The danger in supporting fees for certain post-graduate courses (as proposed by Mr Dawkins) is the same danger in accepting the present administration charge - the Government can use the "Trojan-horse" approach, imposing fees on an unsuspecting and disunited student population.

Although Mr Dawkins appears reluctant to be drawn into discussion on the wider issue of fees, he has stated that he would have no objection to debate at the next ALP conference. This would give the opportunity for pro-fee advocates, such as the Finance Minister, Senator Peter Walsh, to further push their case.

Students should demand that their voice be heard in any debate on the

education system. As well, the maintenance of an independent authority - such as the Commonwealth Tertiary Education Commission (CTEC) - is vital to ensure that the process of change is proper and just.

While the marriage of business and education is, in the opinion of many, a dangerous one, certain recent developments have indicated that a closer working relationship between the two is fast becoming a reality.

The NSW Institute of Technology, through its School of Computing Science, will introduce next year a Bachelor of Technology in Information Systems. Initially, 50 graduates will undertake the three-year course and be paid \$8,000 a year (by corporations such as IBM) to do so. For their part, these corporations will have representation on the student selection panel and a direct input into the curriculum and training of the undergraduates. This co-operative approach between business and education is exactly the kind of program that Mr Dawkins wishes to see introduced across Australia.

From a students' perspective, the prospect of working with a large and established corporation, being educated at an institution with a high reputation, and receiving \$8,000 a year will seem attractive.

What needs to be examined, in the context of Mr Dawkins's statements, is the method used to select students for the course. As well as having to obtain a certain HSC aggregate, potential undergraduates must demonstrate that they possess a quality known as "industrial suitability".

While possession of this may be a worthwhile quality for those contemplating a career in computers, it is to be hoped that students who come from "disadvantaged" backgrounds, and who have not had access to such technology, will be given a certain quota of places in this, and other business supported courses. If not, the concerns held by many - that the increased input of the private sector into higher education will produce a less equitable system - may well be realised.

Powerful lobbying organisations, such as the Business Council of Australia, are having a significant impact on the restructuring of the higher education system. For many years, these corporations have been the beneficiaries of an education system that has enabled their employees to be trained at little cost to the company.

It is apparent from Mr Dawkins's statements that he anticipates a surge of private funding into the higher education system. With it will come the appropriate establishing of private courses and chairs in public institutions.

The money subscribed by business will be welcomed by campuses facing cutbacks in government funding. However, there is deep concern that graduates will be denied a broad-based education, and simply

Get your forms in early!

by Richard Branford

There have been a number of substantial changes made to Austudy for 1988, many of which will improve a student's chances of receiving Austudy assistance.

The Federal Government, through the scheme makes funds available to students on a non-competitive basis to assist full-time student who qualify under a parental means test, or who attain independent status.

Application forms will be available by early November, and these can be lodged with the Austudy people, at 250 North Terrace, as soon as year 1987 results are available.

Get in early so that you have your Administration Charge refund before it is due to be paid in Enrolment Week next year. Austudy expects the processing time for applications in 1988 will be around 2 to 3 weeks, and up to a maximum of 1 month.

To be eligible, a student must be studying full time (75% or more), must have passed half the previous year's work (or part-time equivalent), and must have not taken more than the minimum amount of time it would take a successful student to complete a given course (though concessions to this rule may apply).

A student will not receive assistance if they previously finished a course at the same, or higher level, than the one being attempted. "Onwards and Upwards" is the general rule to remain eligible.

The Dependent "At Home" rate is paid to students aged 16-24 who live with their parents, and whose parents meet an income means test.

The Dependent "Away From Home" rate is paid to students who must live away from their parents because of:

- the distance travelled between home and campus being too great

(more than 1½ hour trip either way)

- compulsory residency requirements
- difficult home circumstances, physical problems, such as too much noise or too little space or severe emotional problems, sickness or relationship problems in the family

The "Away" rate is also means tested on parental income. The Independent rate is paid to students who:

- are 25 years old (or turning 25 in 1988)
- are married, or have been married
- are in a defacto relationship, and there is a child of the relationship
- have worked full-time (35 hrs/wk) for three years out of the last four
- have previously been granted Independent Status.

There is no parental income means test on the Independent rate.

All recipients will receive a Higher Education Administration Charge refund of \$263, included in the first payment of the year.

There is also a Childcare Allowance of \$15/Week payable to recipients of Austudy who are also receiving a Supporting Parent's Benefit or a Class A Widow's pension.

Dependent-rate recipients will have been subjected to a parental-income means test on what is called the Adjusted Family Income. This consists of your parents' income (plus maintenance payments, if any), less a sum of \$1200 for one dependent child, other than yourself, and \$2500 for each of any other additional dependent children.

The rule is that for every \$1000 above an Adjusted Family Income of \$16000, you lose \$250 of Austudy allowance.

The parental income means test is carried out on income earned in the previous financial year.

A personal income test operates on both dependent and Independent grantees. You are allowed to earn \$2000 in the calendar year concerned before your entitlement is effected. Past this limit you lose \$1 of Austudy for every \$2 extra you earn.

a Spouse's Income Test applies to married or defacto Independent Status recipients. You lose \$1 for every \$2 your partner earns past \$16000. The Spouse Income Test is also applied on income earned in the previous financial year.

There are two major concessions which can apply to the above tests.

A Sibling Concession applies to the parental income means test where a dependant-rate applicant has brothers or sisters who are in full-time secondary or tertiary education and are also dependent on their parents.

This Concession functions so that the normal reduction rate of losing \$250 of Austudy for each \$1000 over an Adjusted Family Income of \$16000, is halved to \$125 per \$1000 for one sibling; divided by three to \$83.33 per \$1000 over for two siblings, and so on.

A Current Income Assessment, where parental or spouse income is means tested in the current rather than the previous financial year, is available to dependent and married independent students whose parents or spouses have experienced a substantial drop in income. This fall needs to be at least 25% below the previous financial year's earnings, and must be likely to continue for two years. The death of an income earner, retirement, separation and unemployment are the usual causes associated with a Current Income Assessment.

become "human fodder" for the corporate sector.

While Mr Dawkins assures us that the arts and humanities will be protected, it is hard to imagine private funding reaching these areas. It is not unreasonable to envisage, say, the Westpac School of Finance, har-

der to imagine the Fairfax School of Communications.

Both the academic and student unions must ensure that a general education system is preserved in Australia's universities. While the emphasis of training may well be on the newer disciplines, students need

to be educated on the social implications of the technologies they embrace.

Steve Lewis is president-elect of the NSW Institute of Technology's Students' Association.



NO SUBSIDIES FOR PRIVATE UNIS: DEMOCRAT

by David Blades

The Australian Democrats believe that private higher education institutions should not be publicly subsidised unless they are set up within the existing higher education system.

According to the Democrat Deputy Leader and Education Spokesperson, Senator Michael Macklin, it has been reported that some entrepreneurs are considering the establishment of a number of private institutions in Perth, Sydney and Melbourne along the lines of the Bond private university on the Gold Coast.

But Senator Macklin believes that these proposed private institutions should not be publicly subsidised as it has not been indicated that they would be developed within the publicly planned and co-ordinated higher education system.

The Democrats have said that no private higher education institutions have survived in the developed world without substantial public subsidies.

They believe that the public subsidising of private institutions in Australia in times of restricted public expenditure would be at the expense of public funding of the existing higher education system.

They also believe that subsidised private institutions would only

serve a minority of students, and meet only a small proportion of the country's research needs, unless they were developed in co-ordination with the public sector.

Setting up private institutions within the public framework would ensure the most economically effective and socially equitable use of resources, according to the Democrats.

Senator Macklin also said that the government was avoiding the issue of whether private universities should be eligible for public subsidies.

He said that the Minister representing the Minister for Employment, Education and Training in the Senate, Senator Ryan, had refused to state whether private fee-charging higher education institutions would be eligible for public subsidies in response to a question he posed.

He was concerned about the eligibility of students at private institutions for AUSTUDY allowances, and the eligibility of academics and departments in these institutions for grants from the Australian Research Council.

He reported that Senator Ryan had referred his question to the Minister for Employment, Education and Training, Mr Dawkins, for advice, although she had been given two hours notice of the question.

Postgrad Report Against Overseas Course Marketing

by David Blades

The full fee-paying overseas student working party has affirmed its strong opposition to the proposed overseas marketing of courses which the university is currently deliberating.

A minority report representing the point of view of the Post Graduate Students Association (PGSA) and the national post graduate body, CAPA has been submitted to the Executive Committee and Council of the University outlining major objections to the policy.

The report outlines implications to do with access to local students, funding of institutions, and education, that would follow from the implementation of a fees-paying scheme.

In regard to access, it is stated that this scheme would deny local students an opportunity which was unfairly given to overseas students, who would be given the privilege of gaining entry to institutions above the quota level because they have the money to pay.

It is pointed out that 20 000 local students were not admitted to tertiary institutions this year due to quota limits, and that these limits are arbitrary figures related to funding levels. The report states that it is not equitable to give access to overseas students with money as they would gain an unfair privilege over local students.

The working party does not

believe that local students can be protected by setting entrance standards for overseas students at a higher level than that for local students. It is pointed out that admission requirements are also arbitrary figures related to funding levels. It is stated, "The education system is not such that we can decide what standards are desirable and then admit all candidates who reach that standard". The role of economic contingencies is emphasised, and the report states that many capable, qualified candidates are denied access.

The working party considers that acceptance of a fees-paying scheme for overseas students would support arguments for allowing local students of the same ability to obtain privileges through paying fees. It is believed that the Government would be encouraged to implement a comprehensive fee-paying system in Australia.

In addition, the working party believes that acceptance of a fee-paying scheme for overseas students would undermine the position of student bodies regarding their opposition to the Higher Education Administration Charge.

The working party was also concerned that disadvantages would be increased within overseas countries as a result of the scheme, particularly in regard to women.

Regarding funding, the working party do not believe that payment of fees by overseas students will create

extra places for local candidates. It is pointed out that no extra local student places have been created from the \$15 million contributed by 1500 fee-paying students in Australia.

Also, it is stated that the competitive marketing of courses internationally will require prices to be kept down, which will result in public subsidisation of private students.

And concerns are expressed that the Government may reduce public funding to universities that generate extra funds through fees.

In regard to educational consequences, the working party believes that educational standards may be threatened by a fee-paying policy. It is believed that using monetary advantage as a main consideration in making decisions adversely affects the evaluation of standards from country to country.

Also, the report states the perception that implementation of a fee-paying scheme will result in a shift from education being treated as a "service in the interests of the public good" to education as "a commodity in the interests of private profit". It is not considered that this perceived emphasis on consumerism is desirable for educational services.

A major implication for overseas countries is reported - that educational aid will be provided only to those who can afford it. It is stated that the scheme will not benefit those in developing countries, who need educational aid the most.

Engee Fac. hits the jackpot

by Robert Cecil

Engineering at the University of Adelaide will get \$4m for building extensions in a \$50m tertiary-education building proposal announced by the Federal Labor Government last Thursday.

The extensions will allow Chemical Engineering to increase the places it can offer by 148.

Total Engineering places at Adelaide are expected to increase from 433 effective full-time students (EFTS) to 581 in 1990.

The extension is part of the \$2624m in education funding put before Parliament last week by the Minister for Education, Mr. John Dawkins.

Mr. Dawkins said education spending in 1988 would increase by 2 p.c. in real terms over 1987.

He said an additional \$23m in recurrent grants had been allocated to fund an extra 3500 to 4000 places for school leavers.

"The provision of these extra places reflects the Federal Labor Government's resolve to increase participation in higher education," Mr. Dawkins said.

Business Academics and University Bodies Seek Sponsorships and Fees for Funding

David McKnight looks at the increasingly fierce competition in the academic world for private funds.

When Professor Murray Wells of Sydney University talks about his educational plans, it must be music to John Dawkins's ears. Professor Wells is an academic who has picked up the baton of marketing higher education and is now running with it.

Professor Wells is a key figure planning the future of Sydney University's School of Management and Public Policy which will be privately funded largely, charging students from overseas for a Master of Business Administration, running short courses for executives and, maybe later, charging postgraduate students. His philosophy is that the school will stand or fall by market principles. "If we can't make it in the market place, then they're trying to tell us something," he says. And at the moment the market for students in business, management and administration is booming.

A Master of Business Administration from Sydney University will cost \$9,520 and the demand for an MBA from a prestigious university like Sydney will be great. The sales pitch, particularly to European and American students, is that Australia is a small part of the Western world on the edge of Asia and thus a great place to learn about doing business with Asia.

But academia is doing business itself already. Night classes, residential schools and continuing education were once a kind of educational philanthropy run on a shoestring for those whose education was interrupted by work. Now they can be used as money-spinners for financially-strapped campuses.

The Centre for Money, Banking and Finance at Macquarie University runs such programs for fee-paying executives which largely helps create its annual budget of \$500,000. Other graduate schools of management at NSW and Sydney Universities do the same as well as seeking corporate support. A new Centre for Chinese Political Economy at Macquarie has an advisory board chaired by Trevor Kennedy from Consolidated Press, with other financial luminaries such as Rene Rivkin and Lee Ming Tee. It believes it can raise up to \$250,000 a year from business because of corporate interest in trading with China.

The education boom is proceeding apace in business, accounting, marketing and management and its academics are in the front line demanding the return of fees, seeking corporate sponsorship and marketing their courses to fee-paying overseas students. Increasingly in the corporate world a degree in accounting is a necessary first step toward senior management. The high-flying MBA is just the tip of boom, with many col-

leges of advanced education, technical colleges and private business colleges issuing more basic degrees and diplomas.

The revolution in management education is shaking the whole structure of universities and now bits are falling off. Successive governments have squeezed them for a decade and now key staff in graduate schools of management and business studies are leaving to take higher salaries in the private sector.

The cry for fees is coming from senior academics themselves who are losing staff and see such income as a way of competing with the new private institutions on the drawing board. Unless existing universities are able to charge fees, says Professor Jeremy Davis director of the University of NSW's Graduate School of Management, the planned private universities will "tear (public universities) apart". For some academics, teaching in higher education now amounts to a philanthropic gesture because of the income foregone.

The staff shortages also worry professional accounting bodies which are finding that the quality of courses in

some colleges of advanced education are close to not meeting professional standards.

The boom in management education looks so good that it will form the basis for a number of big private institutions. The best-known Australian based ones are the Bond University

and one planned by Professor Michael Porter of Monash University, who heads the conservative think-tank, the Centre for Policy Studies.

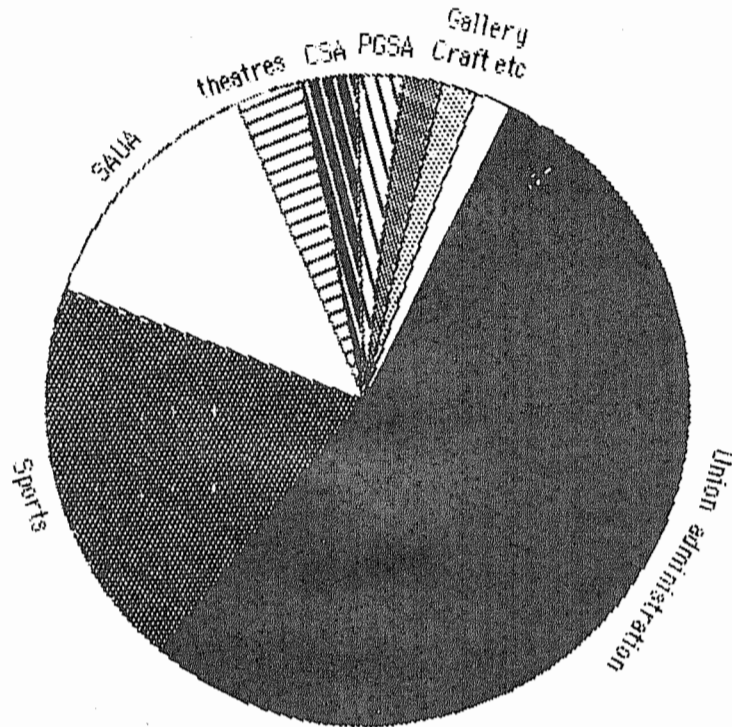
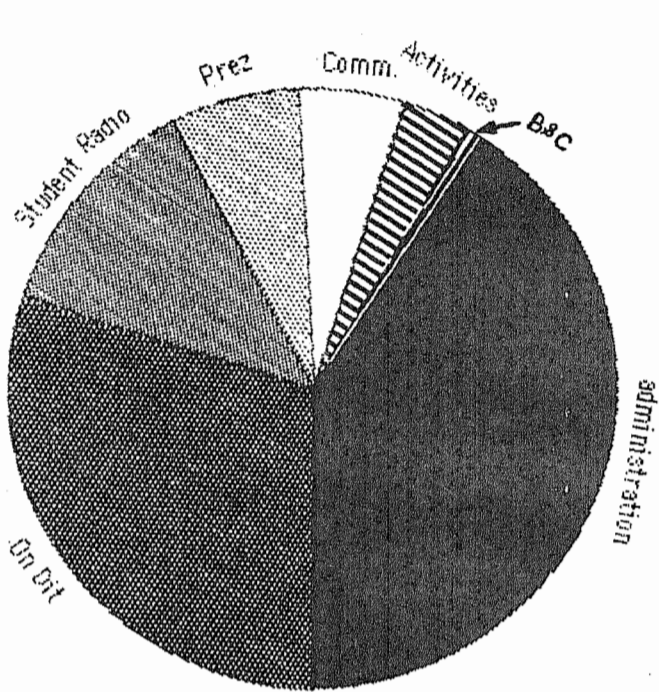
Another is the Perth-based International Institute for Business and Technology which will be set up with Curtin University of Technology. Taking mainly overseas students, it will pay a royalty to Curtin, which will maintain academic control.

Overseas institutions are also looking to Australia. In Western Australia, the Edwards Business College is negotiating a joint venture with the San Francisco-based, Golden Gate University. Unconstrained by salary structures, they will be able to offer big dollars for top staff.

But some of the plans for management education by private institutions raise questions of traditional notions of academic standards. Next year in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane three groups of major companies will start programs for "company MBA's", based on the principle of "action learning", meaning that students study and submit assignments on problems in their own company. The degrees will be issued by the International Management Centre, a private business school founded in Britain five years ago. Its Australian representative is Professor Charles Margerison from Queensland University who is in the unusual position of being employed by university while setting up in competition with it.

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THE 1988 UNION FEE



	A	B	C	D	E
1	Total sum	Portion of fee			
2	867583	104.9	Union administration		
3	318323	38.45	Sports Association	14.36	administration
4				24.07	grants to clubs
5					
6	207745	25.05	Students' Association	10.3	administration
7				7.45	On Dft
8				3.21	Student Radio
9				1.67	President
10				1.38	Committees
11				0.87	Activities
12				0.15	B&C
13					
14	56642	6.81	theatres		
15	42000	5.04	employee benefits		
16	39152	4.71	CSA	1.66	administration
17				3.05	grants to clubs
18					
19	30709	3.71	PGSA		
20	29884	3.59	Gallery		
21	27510	3.32	Craft Studio		
22	21000	3	Nat. Stud. Union		
23	24690	2.99	Activities		
24	10600	1.28	audit fees, FBT, etc		
25	10000	1.21	non-collegiate housing		
26	10000	1.21	capital redevelopment fund		
27	5000	0.61	student insurance		
28	0	0	Catering Dept.		
29					
30	1162	0.14	Surplus		
31	1700838	206	TOTAL		
32					
33					
34			F/T Union Fee 1988		

The Adelaide University Student union fee for 1988 will be \$206, a one dollar decrease from the 1987 fee of \$207.

The student union is adhering to its policy of keeping union fees down to the smallest sum possible, and in this instance, the fee of 1988 is a decrease on the 1987 fee by 8.7% in real terms.

This fee was decided upon after some 8 hours deliberation by the budget sub-committee, 17 hours of deliberation by the Finance and Development Standing Committee (a record length) and two Union Board meetings. This fee and the budget it represents is supported by Union Board Members from across all political factions.

The final act came at the University Council meeting of Friday, September 11th, when Council passed as an unstarred item (not for discussion) the Union's 1988 budget and Statutory Fees.

This cut in the fee was achieved while at the same time an 8% increase across the board was actually meted out to all the groups affiliated to the Union. The question this raises in your mind is how can we finance a cut in the fee whilst

still giving an increase in grants. The answer is simple yet, as Finance and Development Committee members will know, is also very complex. It all boils down to depreciation, the provision for the replacement of assets. The Union has built up large cash reserves in recent years as a result of a combination of under-spent budgets and an apparent over-provision for depreciation.

The 1987 figures to date would indicate a surplus for this year also; with this in mind the Finance and Development Committee concluded that in 1988 the Union should attempt a nil surplus whilst maintaining the real value of our reserves. Furthermore, the Committee concluded that the Union should have a separate capital fund which is earmarked for major capital works in the future and the provision of this money will go hand in hand with a greater emphasis on planning.

Other reasons contributing to this remarkable turnaround in the fee include the identification of other income sources not previously accounted for, as well as a more realistic appreciation of how our cash reserves accumulate interest,

particularly in those times of high interest rates.

The breakdown of where the fee goes is as follows:

The breakdown of the fee deserves some comment. More work needs to be done on the budget preparation in future years. Consider in this budget the continuing excellent value for money union members get from activities, but for the need to rationalize Union and SAUA Activities, the efficacy of the Catering Department's breakeven policy, the top-heavy nature of Sports Association administration, especially in comparison to CSA.

The general feeling among Board members is that the proposed 1988 budget is a lot less slack than before, but there is still a fair deal of slack in the budget. A measure of this tightening up can be taken from the proposed 1988 budget surplus compared with previous years.

Surplus	1984	1985
	145,550	77,480
Surplus	1986	
	131,333	
1988 (proposed)		1,162

The 1988 budget is a good one, and comes about due to the most exhaustive analysis ever undertaken of the union's finances. We have been able to give more, but take less.

During the deliberations of the budget, there was the express desire to address the deficiencies in the budgets of previous years, and in particular, budgets set with political implications in mind.

I speak of the 1987 budget which attempted to take more and give less to union members, and generally attempted to disenchant members with their union. This is simply an irresponsible, anti-union measure which most present Board and union members abhor.

In conclusion, this 1988 fee is the first in living memory to have an actual reduction compared to the previous year. The union reserves will maintain their real value, services are either maintained or improved, and expenditure is more accountable to the Board and to union members.

We submit this fee and budget for comment from the student population (with the exclusion of H. Martin).

Benjamin Vagnarelli 1987-88 Chair
A.U. Israel 1986-87 Chair
A.U. Finance and Development Standing Committee.

SAUA EDUCATION

Rachel David

In case you are unaware (which is highly likely), a Conference of the National Union of Students will be held in Adelaide recently at which all is to be revealed about the, as yet, obscure structure and purpose of this organisation.

I am waiting with bated breath. The incredible lack of information that is actually reaching students about the proposed NUS is of great concern to me. Very few students have any idea that the so-called President of NUS is a guy called Roger Cook, let alone how he and his executive were elected, whether operate is legally valid and who they claim to represent. The forthcoming election for delegates to the Adelaide Conference has been given minimal publicity; though we are entitled to seven delegates, what proportion of representation that gives us I do not know.

If NUS is to be a truly successful representative body, I would suggest that its organisers attempt to remain accountable to the students on this campus and all others involved. One wonders whether the cagey, self-appointed clique that is attempting to establish the South Australian imput to NUS, will make any genuine effort at all to disseminate information about it to you and me, or whether they'll remain in their inner sanctum as legends in their own minds.

I, for one, would appreciate some

specific answers as to what benefits Adelaide Uni students can expect to receive from our affiliation.

On a more positive theme, elections for University Council and for Student Representatives to Faculties will soon be taking place. Although often ignored, these elections, especially for University Council, can be the most important of those held during the year. Student votes on the Council have been known to decide vital issues pertaining to the whole University and our representation on the Council is more crucial than ever, in these days of Faculty reviews and cuts in grants to tertiary institutions. It hurts nobody to vote and takes very little time, so please, remember to exercise your rights when the time comes.

SAUA FINANCE

Andrew Lamb

SAUA Finance Report

Firstly, a warning to all those wanting money from the Students' Association. Our Functions Account which we use for day to day transactions is depleted. To get money from budgeted line-items in the General Account takes a bit of time, which we are often not given. So please, give us a bit of notice and don't leave things to the last minute.

The Union Finance Committee has not only managed to reduce the Union fee by \$1 to \$206, but has managed to absorb the costs of all students' fees for membership to the new National Union within that

cost. This is a major increase in services provided by our Union, achieved whilst, in real terms, the Union fee has decreased by about 8%.

Whilst on the subject of the National Union, the Adelaide Conference, the weekend before last, was a resounding success. The major factions, previously divided, came together and after the three intense days an agreement was signed. A Conference will now be held in Melbourne in December where a structure and constitution of the new National Union of Students will be decided on. From December, Australian students will have a National Union. The Adelaide Conference was an integral part of, firstly, reconciliation of factions, and secondly, deciding on a process (ie. who goes, who votes, what is paid to join) to get to the December Conference.

The Union comes not a moment too soon. Dawkins has hinted at major changes to take place, major structural changes and a complete shake-up of traditional methods of operation. This is not necessarily a bad thing. An eye, an effective lobby voice needs, however, to oversee Government to safeguard the interests of students.

Dawkins wants to see a massive increase in education funding, the money to come from the private sector, to be directed to areas such as science, technology and computing. All this is good. However, the MEANS of approaching the large sums necessary, the level of involvement of business, and the consequences to students are uncertain. The threat of full or partial tuition fees; barriers to mature age and disad-

vantaged groups is a major concern. To present students views effectively and powerfully the National Union for Students is desperately needed. I hope it will be a reality by the time Dawkin's 'Green Paper' Education Report is released in December.

Now that the dust from Prosh has almost settled, we can make a few observations. The Grab-a-thon was one which aroused the most interest, but although great fun, the aftermath was quite nasty and possibly very costly. Much damage was done and that does not benefit anybody, including the Uni's profile in the community. Emphasis has to be put on mere inconvenience, not damage. I think a return of the great practical jokes and clever pranks of the past could make a fun, yet less costly, way of bringing Prosh to the world.

Having familiarised myself with the SAUA accounts, I will soon be conducting a review of expenditure. If anyone has something to contribute, perhaps areas where the Students' Association should be involved, services we could provide, or areas of waste and inefficiency, please do not hesitate to come and see me in the SAUA office.

Finally, if anyone has other problems on campus, dealing with the University, its departments, the Library and so on, or needs information on just about anything, then the SAUA office is your first step.

SAUA PRESIDENT

David Israel

The end of the year has arrived already and most of us are frantically preparing for exams and/or trying to finish off a backlog of written work (I'm sure I'm not the only one). This year has been a most eventful one for students, the first year of the re-introduction of tertiary fees along with the foreshadowing of major changes to the entire higher education system. The federal government has axed their tertiary advisory and administrative body, CTEC and with the current production of a green paper on higher education the government no doubt has many more surprises in store. Given the current state of flux in which the education sector is languishing it is important that proposals for change are examined closely and critically so that new directions, if necessary, can be implemented with limited negative impact. The ad hoc imposition of the Administrative Charge did not come under this scrutiny. The education sector is the one sector which has the human resources to undertake this critical examination.

This year has certainly been a challenging one for me and I would like to thank those who, in their own way, have made it easier for me: Jo Davis (what a soldier!), Sharon, Heather and Georgina, thanks also to Ben, John and Mick for help and support at various times, to everyone who helped during Prosh, Orientation and other events, a big thanks, the Students' Association has one great strength, its members, thanks to all of you.

Good luck with your exams and have a good holiday.

LETTERS

US Bases: Should they stay?

Paul Hills has provided an articulate well-argued case against American defence installations in Australia (*On Dit*, 14/9/87), using Des Ball's recently published study of the base at Nurrungar, *A Case for Debate*, as support for his argument.

The bases should be viewed firstly within the context of our alliance relationship with the United States. No serious person would suggest that the alliance involves an automatic security guarantee to Australia. American political, and possibly military realities, make this an unrealistic concept to assume for an anticipated period of hostilities. Yet the alliance relationship remains of value to Australia. As an ally, we gain privileged access to American intelligence and state-of-the-art weaponry, which is of undeniable significance. Anyone doubting this, as Robert Catley, a Senior Lecturer in International Politics at this institution has noted, should consider the Falklands campaign. Then, American satellite intelligence and military hardware were crucial to British success. They were provided to her as an ally. Australia of course is not at war, but I would argue that what the United States knows about Indonesia, or about Soviet and Libyan activities in the Pacific, is useful also to us. As well, the likelihood of at least American logistic support for us in time of war is a deterrent to aggressive moves against Australia.

American intelligence is of course partly gained from its satellites, in orbit above this region. It is installations like those at Pine Gap which receive this information, and climatic conditions at the sites of these bases make their stationing at those locations especially appropriate.

The alliance relationship is therefore of value to Australia, per se. I would suggest in addition that acceptance of the installations is a reasonable quid pro quo for the benefits to Australia which the alliance entails.

Against this it might be said that the bases are obvious nuclear targets, and this is undoubtedly true. Australia should accept this however, for two

reasons. Firstly, we live in a nuclear world, in which whatever the extravagant dreams of the peace movement, nuclear power and nuclear bombs will not go away. They must and can be controlled, but it is unrealistic to claim they can be eliminated through unilateral actions toward disarmament by countries like Australia and New Zealand. History suggest otherwise. The bases are part of this "nuclear reality".

Secondly, as theoretical nuclear targets, they are of less danger than Paul assumes. He speaks of the "escalating arms race" and the "present drift towards global war", as if nuclear conflict is imminent. It is not, and events in Washington, Geneva and Moscow are proof enough of this. The superpower arms control treaty which is on the cards to be signed either later this year or in 1988, represents this opposite in any case, of an arms.

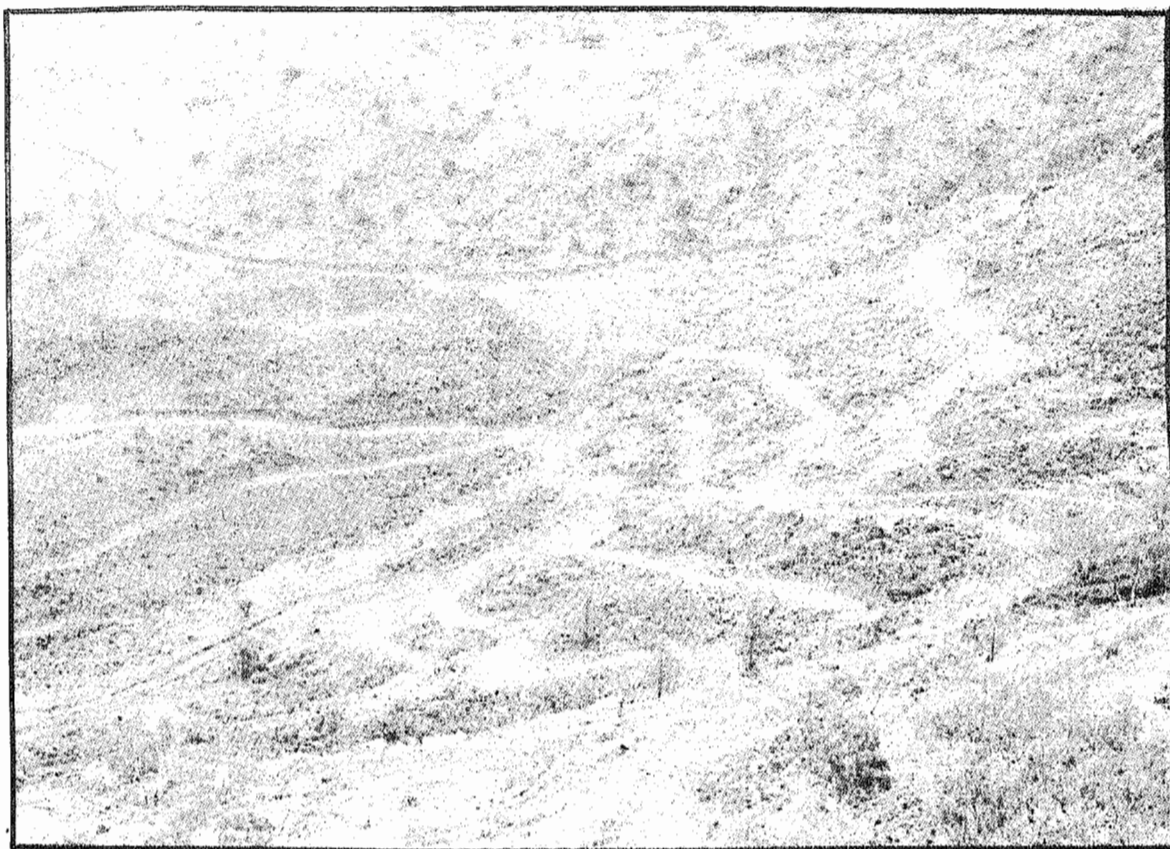
The bases, moreover, help prevent nuclear war. As soon as a hostile missile were launched, or a hostile bomber were to take off, the United States would know about it, in part because of information it receives from Pine Gap, et. al. This makes the concept of a successful nuclear strike against Western forces untenable, and with the existence of installations such as those in Australia, the Soviet Union or anyone else is unlikely to attempt one. It would invite retaliation long before it could destroy the bases here. The American "nuclear war-fighting strategies", which Paul assumes to be so sinister, are not quite that. They are merely an element of nuclear deterrence, which cannot exist if the United States lacked a strategy to counter a theoretical attack.

Paul expresses legitimate concern, however, in drawing attention to the fact that the implication of a possible nuclear attack on Australia have not been publicly discussed. They shouldn't be. Such a contingency, albeit unlikely, needs to be planned for, especially if a targeted base exists at Smithfield (a fact of which I was unaware before reading Paul's article).

Those who would have the American bases removed from Australian soil should consider the consequences of such a move. Australia would need to obtain its own intelligence and buy its arms on the international market at premium prices, since the removal of the bases would certainly end the American alliance. This would be costly, and the money spent on these items would have to come off big-ticket budget expenditure on health, education and social security. Can we afford that?

Tom Kidman

Industry whittling away the parks



Forum is a weekly column where individuals and organisations explain their beliefs. This week, MARCUS BERESFORD OF THE Conservation Council of S.A. writes on community parks and reserves and the protection of them.

Recent moves by the State Government give some cause for concern about the future of many National and Conservation Parks and Reserves in South Australia.

With Parks already coming under pressure from increased numbers of visitors arising from massive growth of interest in environmental heritage generally, there are now moves to exploit resources particularly in new park areas.

Many in the community still consider Parks and Reserves as areas which should be sacrosanct from most forms of exploitation other than tourism or education, but the reality is that the mining and other industries have been quietly whittling away at this "hands off" approach.

South Australia already has 12 Parks subject to some mining or petroleum rights - nine of which have been created in the past 2 years, and all but one of which were allowed in the life of the Bannon Labor Government. The rot began in 1967 when Simpson Desert Conservation Park was created by the Labor Government subject to mining and petroleum interests.

Together these concessions probably represent part of a concerted push at the National level by the Australia Mining Industry to gain access to mineral resources in Parks and Reserves. The recent creation of a "Conservation zone" (when they really mean "Mining zone") in Kakadu National Park Stage III, and current reviews of mining in Parks and Reserves by the Western Australian and Queensland Governments, signal this push.

Mining in Parks and Reserves is not only undesirable from the resultant degradation of scenic and wilderness values, but even the smallest operations and scratchings result in the introduction of weeds (and consequent strangling of native plant species), and often erosion problems through track building. At the time of mineral exploration activities in Flinders Ranges National Park a couple of years ago, damage and clearing of a mountain top for helicopter landings was also noted.

The new moves by the S.A. Government seek not only to consolidate this intrusion into parks by mining, but to expand it by creating a new category of "Regional Reserves", where mining and petroleum interests will be subject to negligible control, and grazing or pastoral activities by private companies will be allowed! In addition the Government is proposing a new and radically different objective in the management of all parks and reserves - the "utilization of natural resources".

Whilst the idea of a "Regional Reserve" where mining and grazing are allowed may achieve better environmental management over areas that would never otherwise qualify as parks, the concept needs to be very tightly limited and defined; if it is not to become a substitute for creating "real" parks where they are warranted. The current Government proposals are very vague and it's easy to imagine the worst occurring in the hands of any future Government less friendly to environment conservation concerns.

As for the new objective of "utilization of natural resources", is that intended to allow Disneyland style development such as the chairlift, hotel, etc, already proposed for Cleland Conservation Park at Mt. Lofty? Is it planned to exploit parks in other even more damaging ways? Isn't the aim of parks to offer experiences of nature, sights and pleasures devoid of human interference?

Parks and reserves in this State are currently somewhat under staffed and under funded. A good example of this is Aldinga Scrub, a small area near Sellicks Beach which is all that remains of the variety and richness of vegetation that once covered the whole of the Adelaide plains. Apart from an extraordinary variety of plants, the Scrub area contains rich Aboriginal archaeology and history, and is the main site for a unique and extraordinary ground cover, the "Lacy Coral Lichen".

Adjacent to growing suburbs, Aldinga Scrub is becoming a very popular spot to nature lovers and

horse riders amongst others. The very sandy soil means that small trails used by horseriders and visitors quickly lose their vegetation and become bare sandy roads. Weeds are rapidly gaining a hold, particularly near entrances.

However, the staffing and resources available to Aldinga Scrub are nothing short of pathetic. A park ranger from the Adelaide and Hills region visits Aldinga Scrub about once a fortnight and the budget for expenses covers vehicle use and not much more. Any supervision of activities of people visiting the Scrub is impossible at the staffing level, and only the most minimal maintenance can be undertaken. Yet the Scrub might be considered a "stress point" in the parks system, and is highly significant in terms of preservation of Adelaide's heritage.

The same story can be told of other parks and reserves. The Coorong and other sandy coastal parks in the South-east are subject to constant degradation through recreational vehicle use; parks in the drier zone such as the Flinders Ranges are now almost devoid of previous dead wood habitats for lizards, etc, due to camping; and the buzz of chainsaws cutting up even living timber for campfires is not uncommon. In the far north of the State damage by the mining and petroleum industries in the past is now being added to by tourism pressures - recreational vehicles using old seismic lines as tracks and "dunebusting" are creating erosion problems and litter. Lack of understanding of the fragility and seasonal nature of deserts leads to unintentional damage, and there are not enough park rangers or information facilities to deal with the need.

There is a chance that the Government will actually be cutting the number of park rangers in the coming year's budgeting, when (as is clear from the foregoing) there should really be increases. Amongst Government proposals soon to be discussed in parliament is one to appoint "Wardens" to assist in managing parks - is this aimed at providing a cheap alternative to employment of adequate permanent staff? There is no discussion in the Government proposals of who may be appointed as "Wardens", what training they will have, and how the Government will control their activities. It isn't hard to imagine people with other conflicting interests seeking appointment as wardens, and others who are well meaning but ill-informed acting over zealously and in other damaging ways.

Services for students

BRYAN HAVENHAND writes on the activities and services provided by Student Services Australia (SSA).

If you have heard of the Student Work Abroad Program, Studentsaver or Studentplan then you have a good idea of what Student Services Australia does.

Student Services Australia is a non-profit organisation based in Melbourne that provides a number of services to students around Australia including those mentioned above.

The Student Work Abroad Program, or SWAP, has programs running to six countries being Canada, USA, Britain, Japan, New Zealand and Ireland. SSA also has a USA Camp Program where participants are able to work in children's summer camps, being mainly in July and August.

To be eligible for SWAP you need to be over the age of 18 and under the age of 30 (for Canada), 27 for Britain and 25 (for Japan). There are no age limitations for New Zealand. The USA requires that you also be a full-time student but there is no maximum age limit. Ireland requires you to be up to the age of 25 and to be a full-time student or to have completed your degree the previous year.

There are other restrictions that apply but these vary from country to country and are outlined in the brochure that you can pick up from your nearest Student Travel Australia office. There are still a few seats left on our group flights to Canada and the USA leaving at the end of this year but if you are interested, you will need to move quickly.

The USA Camp Program offers

people between the ages of 20 to 30 a chance to work with American children for up to nine weeks in live-in camps. These camps are found throughout the United States, in cities and in rural locations. The range of activities will vary just as much and includes academic, sport and cultural programs. Applications close in March of each year so if you were thinking of being overseas next year why not fit in a camp. You don't have to be a student. Full details are included in the brochure at an STA office.

Studentsaver is the national student discount scheme that operates around Australia with the International Student Identity Card (ISIC). When you purchase an ISIC you get the Studentsaver Guide which lists over 2000 businesses that offer students a discount. Everything from art galleries to zoos. There are many household names that give students a discount. Don't miss out on yours. You also receive the International Student Travel Guide.

Studentplan is a service that you will only need if you have an accident but it's very useful if you do. It pays up to \$1,000 per accident plus a considerable range of disability payments, so if you do have an accident, chances are that your campus will have a Studentplan policy. Get the full details from your sports union or student union.

If you have any questions of Student Services Australia you can contact us at PO Box 399, South Carlton, 3053 or phone (03) 348 1777.

A BUNNY HOP TO MOROCCO



TRAVEL

On dit's resident travel writer ALEXANDER GROUS went to the tranquil country of Morocco earlier this year and says he loved the sight and smell of hashish in the morning.

"My God," I thought. Paradise. The word for tranquility and bliss is Morocco. Sure it has its fair share of a 'darker' side, but should the people realise that you are not there to rip them off, or to threaten them, then a world of incredible tranquility and complacency will overpower you.

Accessible to Europe by a short 'bunny hop', there awaits a world so dramatic, that your sense of what was 'fun' and 'nice' will be dismembered in an irreversible and unforgiving way.

As a dark, sultry night enveloped the port of Ceuta, our ferry pulled in to the docks. Dark, leather worn faces pressed their bodies to suffocation point on the warm deck of the ship: This was the Spanish port in Morocco where we disembarked and made our way to the *destination de finale*; Tangiers. Having reached saturation point from Bogart's *Casablanca*, we thought that Tangiers was more in the 'un-done to death' category. Besides, Dylan's "If you see her say hello" says, "If you see her say hello, she might be in Tangiers..." Did we need another reason?

The term 'we' refers to a group of three derelict travellers, spawned to travel by the lure of foreign, idyllic experiences, that transcend the boundaries of ordinary, and heighten the euphoria one feels upon embarking on a trip into 'the unknown'. An hour after we disembarked, we had haggled with a taxi driver to take us to Tangiers, about an hour away. The trek began....

On the way we picked up a local by the name of Hassan, who proved to be the most invaluable person we encountered on the African Continent. An extremely affable and honest person, this twenty five year old allowed us to enter a world that not many from 'away' ever get the chance to see or experience. He

acted as our guide for the trip, receiving in return free meals and 'amenities' whenever we did. Living in Tangiers, he disappeared quietly at night, to stay at his home, whilst we co-habited the hotel Continental with some perpetually smiling Arabs.

The hotel is an awesome spectacle of modern and old architecture, and is located in the Madena part of Tangiers; the 2000 year old area is saturated with narrow, one person wide streets, and a milieu that transports you back into a time when mankind was traversing simple harmonic path. None of the stigmas of Western society are present here, just men and women working in a tradition that is as old as history itself.

Staying at this anaemic palace of luxury, we were spending five dollars per day for our accommodation costs. Overlooking the sea, and nestled in the foothold of a rise in the land, we were stunned at the cheapness of what this would cost in Europe.

Inherent in this lifestyle of simplicity and almost subsistent culture, is an undercurrent of traffic in drugs that is mesmerizing. The majority is hashish and dope, with the stains of the black resin permeating almost everything that is both living and non-living. The population here make both a living, and a pastime from smoking and selling the hash and dope to each other and to 'visitors'. Be warned however, an innate sense of distrust between visitors and locals has always existed, and many feuds have developed from people on both sides being ripped off.

Hassan would greet us out our hotel, and in the mornings he would take us to the cafes that Westerners were not particularly welcome in. What about us? Well, with his presence, Hassan signalled to the locals that we were 'OK', and that we should be made welcome. Slablike expressions on the hardened, wrinkled faces would turn into toothless, grinning expressions as we smiled and bowed our way to a table. The other striking feature about this city is the succulence and alluring attraction of the food. Unforgettable, and the palate, a smouldering smorgasbord of ecstasy! The price is also numbing, costing between two to three dollars for a huge dish of kebab, salad, bread and local wine.

Contrasting the small, hidden cafes are the 'Public Houses' which are analogous to our cafeterias - sort of. Here many people sit and eat, and the cost of a similar meal can be sixty cents; less than a Kit Kat. Amazing, just amazing. The freedom to circulate in a less obvious way than our faded 'undesigner' jeans came in the form of Jalabas: The long, hooded robes that many of the older men of Morocco wear, and some of the 'lads' too. We haggled and fought our way down to \$15, ripping the price down by 60%. We were still getting taken for a ride, but what can you do? He wouldn't budge so we finally gave in.

Properly attired, the communication breakdown that often accompanies the morons who make arseholes of themselves both back home and here, was almost non-existent, as Hassan ensured that we were taken in the confidence of those he

knew. One eighty five year old man told us, "It is not how much hashish you smoke, but how healthy your diet is...." Well, he wasn't doing too badly, and within a few days the warmth and friendliness that was showered upon us was almost suffocating, with us abandoning our hotel and staying with the many families that made their home ours.

As an ultimate act of acceptance, we were introduced to the people that sold much of the hashish and dope, being told that 'whatever we wanted, just ask. It shall be arranged'. In quiet, dimly lit smoke houses, the locals would inhale the mandatory puffs of hashish, quelling and passifying their day to day frustrations. The most 'outgoing' and enigmatic distributor of hashish had us reeling with laughter as he explained to us, "We huff soft black, which sticky, good shit! We huff dry black and different bad shit for tourists, hahahaha, and nice, sticky white which break easy." This man was an enigma and an incredibly sly person if ever you could finger one, but his sheer audacity was well within the 'acceptable' way to survive in any part of this city.

could lead to a development of heart problems, for ounces of hash (good, sticky shit....) were about forty dollars at most. So what you say? Well, 'some' people pay between \$360 - 440 for inferior substi-

ctasy pulverises you, as you watch and mix with the many villagers gathering food, planting crops, and making goods to sell - remember to barter, or else you insult your seller. Spending some time here had us wondering whether we ever lived in another world so far removed from this one, and so divergent from it! Hassan spoke German, French, Spanish, English and his own dialect, all which he learned simply from listening and mimicking! Comforting for those who spend years studying a language and know little upon completion! He therefore could communicate with virtually anyone he came into contact with.

Thankfully, in the mountains we saw no other 'outsider', and the change surprised even us. We felt so at home here, that loud, boisterous tourists made us cringe and shuffle away rather quickly.

No longer did we view ourselves as outsiders, but rather as humble little men who were made to feel extremely welcome and at home.

Walking around the markets and bazaars in Tangiers, the smell and sight of leather and woven goods is overpowering, and is intermittently interrupted by the poignant smell of food or hashish. As the locals begin to recognise you, heads nod, and arms wave as you pass. This is a race



A Moroccan Mother's Meeting

tutes in Australia. This usually leads to what is known as a 'hash frenzy' akin to sharks ripping and devouring prey at the smell of blood.

Visitors could well find themselves 'overindulging' once the full impact of the price sinks in. Locals however have a 'so what' attitude, and you should never, ever, refuse a two stick pipe offered to you at gatherings, sittings or wherever, for you are expected to consume the entire 'cone' (pipeful of hash/dope - for these unfamiliar with this kind of talk...hee hee) or be scrutinised to unfathomable depths, that can have dire consequences!

So instead of accepting a ciggie, like back home, say, "Shit yeah," and toke your heart out (toking is another vulgar term denoting bloated, demented smokers of dope/hashish, who have their lips glued to a pipe, inhaling subliminally).

Our next step was to be taken into the mountains of surrounding Tangiers and here you feel like never leaving! A sense of enveloping

of people who revel in adorning kindness and goodwill upon others. Make sure that if you are lucky enough to receive it, you don't abuse, or take it for granted. Very few visitors are given the chance to truly be intergrated, so don't screw up! Don't get me wrong, most if not all visitors are welcomed warmly, but this can be extended to a 'family' like welcome should you not be deemed to be threatening or an absolute arsehole.

Those that venture to Morocco from Europe will realise the true extent of their climatation, only when they return to their respective home. Upon disembarking in England once we flew back, it was like we had been jolted by incredibly high voltage. It just didn't fell right; all this commotion, noise, jostling, etc, etc. We had made many friends, and we felt suddenly cut off. This may be hard for some people to comprehend, as many have mummy or daddy plan their entire holiday here and abroad, and make sure to add, "Don't go near any of those dirty African or Arabic places, dear...." Well, thankfully, many of these people never do go there, but to the other of you who really want to experience something uniquely different, you know where to travel now.

Morocco is one of the last bastions of antiquity still functioning as such, and it is a cheap stone throw from Europe. Do yourself the favour of watching, integrating, and mixing with the people there, for I have covered but a fraction of the possibilities. There is indeed something for everyone, so if you must live only one life, live a part of it here. Perhaps in the next one you might be a little closer....in the twilight zone....

Bible

in



SEX

Our world is saturated with sexual immorality, and there is plenty of pressure for you to participate. Yet, many young people see the painful consequences of premarital sex and want something better for themselves.

A nationwide survey by *Teen* magazine revealed that the number one issue about which young people wanted information was: "How to say no to sexual pressure." Does this mean that the Bible standards of morality are unreachably high? Not at all! Many thousands of young people have successfully remained chaste.

"How will a young man (or woman) cleanse his path?" is the vital question posed at Psalm 119:9.

The answer: "By keeping on guard according to your (God's) word." But more is needed than head knowledge. "You know in your mind what the Bible says about immoral sex," confessed one young woman. "But your heart keeps pushing these reasons into the back of your mind."

Appropriately, the psalmist continued: "In my heart I have treasured up your saying, in order that I may not sin against you." Psalm 119:11.

To treasure God's sayings in your heart requires first that you read and study the Scriptures and Bible-based literature. This helps convince you that God's laws are of real value to you - a treasure.

On the other hand, sexually stimulating material that one reads, listens to, or views for entertainment will whip up the "sexual appetite." (Colossians 3:5) Strictly avoid such material! Ponder instead on things that are chaste and you will lessen your heart's craving for sensual pleasure.

Interestingly, research has shown that a young person's closest friends have a great influence on whether he stays chaste. Therefore, those who wish to guard their heart will heed the psalmist's words: "A partner I am of all those who do fear you (God), and of those keeping your orders." Psalm 119:63

Are your friends those who are really striving to 'keep God's orders'? Joanna, a young woman who learned to say no, reported what helped her: "If you are around people who love Jehovah, you find that, as you talk about morals, you start to feel the same way they do. For instance, if you hear them say that immorality is disgusting, you begin to feel likewise. On the other hand, if you're with someone that doesn't care, pretty soon you'll become just like him." Proverbs 13:20.

While it is essential to guard what goes into your heart, usually most young people become involved in immortality when they begin spending much time alone with someone of the opposite sex. A nationwide study by Robert Sorenson found that 56 percent of the young men surveyed and 82 percent of the women had sexual relations for the first time with someone with whom they were either going steady or at least knew well and liked a lot. So if you are old enough to pursue marriage, how can you get better acquainted with someone and still keep chaste?

When a couple start seeing each other, their hearts can soon become entwined. Yet, the Bible warns: "The heart is trickier than anything and in a desperate state: who understands it?" (Jeremiah 17:9, Byington) One may feel a perfectly normal attraction towards someone. But the more you're around each other, the greater the attrac-

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tion. It's the way we are made. Yet, this normal desire can lead your heart astray. "Out of the heart come wicked reasonings, ... fornications," said Jesus Christ. (Matthew 15:19) To avoid such requires you should lead your heart rather than let it lead you. How can you do this? Proverbs 23:19

"By presumptuousness one only causes a struggle, but with those consulting together there is wisdom." (Proverbs 13:10) Often a couple misunderstand what each expects in terms of expressions of affection. Frequently, a man may feel that the woman expects him to initiate kissing and petting, when in reality she may not. Therefore, let the other person know how you feel about the matter by "consulting together". But regardless of how the other may feel, wisely set limits on expressions of affection. At the same time, don't give out mixed signals. Wearing tight, revealing, sexy clothes can give your partner the wrong message.

The Bible tells about a young virgin who was invited by her boyfriend to hike with him to a secluded spot in the mountains where together they could enjoy the beauties of early spring. However, the girl's brothers found out about it and indignantly put a stop to the couple's plans. It was not that they felt that she was immoral, but they knew the power of temptation under such circumstances. (Song of Solomon 1:6; 2:8; 8:10) Regardless of what reasoning your tricky heart conjures up, avoid being alone with someone of the opposite sex who you don't know very well, in a house, an apartment, or in an automobile parked in some secluded spot.

There are times when you may be more vulnerable to sexual enticements than at other times. You may be discouraged because of some personal failure or a disagreement with others, perhaps your parents. During such times you will have to be especially cautious. Also, be careful about your use of alcoholic beverages and drugs. Under the influence of these, you can lose your inhibitions. "Wine and sweet wine are what take away good motive." Hosea 4:11

What can a couple do when emotions escalate and they find themselves becoming dangerously intimate? One of them has to say or do something that 'breaks the spell'. One young woman named Debra found herself alone with her date, who stopped the car in a lonely place to "talk". When the emotions began to escalate, Debra said to her friend: "Isn't this necking? Shouldn't we stop?" That broke the mood. He immediately drove her home. To say no under these circumstances may be the hardest thing you ever have had to do, but as one 20-year-old female who committed fornication said: "If you don't walk away, you'll be sorry!"

However, what is greatest help in staying chaste? Often you may refrain from a certain action because of not wanting to hurt the feelings of a friend. Similarly, developing a close friendship with God, considering him to be a real person with feelings, will help you avoid conduct that offends him. Pouring out your heart to him about specific problems draws you close to him. Many couples wishing to remain chaste have even prayed together to God during emotionally charged situations and asked that he give them the needed strength.

Jehovah reciprocates by giving such ones "power beyond what is normal." (2 Corinthians 4:7) You, of course, have to do your part. Yet, be assured that with God's help and blessing, it is possible to say no to sexual immorality.

Thanks to *Opus*.

Sexual Responsibility and S.T.D.'s



HEALTH

Dr Denis Burkitt postulated that civilised human beings had become "sinkers" because of their dietary preference for foods with minimal fibre. Cakes, buns, pastries, white bread, takeaways, and all flesh foods, eggs, and cheese - all have little or no fibre for intestinal health. Digestive movements become sluggish at the tail end; stools are small and compacted. Transit time for intestinal bulk averages 50 hours (some cases up to a week or more).

Dr Burkitt based his hypothesis on years of medical work in eastern Africa, where he observed that the rural villagers did not suffer the common ailments of affluent countries. Researching their lifestyle in more detail revealed that their diet was mainly corn, with potatoes; their energy intake was lower than Western countries where "sinkers" were junk food lovers.

The natives' larger intake of dietary fibre resulted in softer, bulkier stools, and transit time averaged 25 hours. Sufficient fibre ensured a stool which is a "floater".

The incidences of such diseases as bowel cancer, diabetes, heart disease, obesity, constipation, appendicitis, diverticulitis, haemorrhoids, and varicose veins are rare in "floaters" societies who consume unrefined high fibre carbohydrate foods. This was the hypothesis proposed by Dr Burkitt and his colleague Dr Hugh Trowell in 1975. The variety of fibre is diverse, making it unwise to use one source exclusively. There are many, many different kinds of fibre, which function differently within the digestive system. Some varieties include cellulose, hemicelluloses, lignins, pectins, gums and mucilages. Cereal fibres are generally cellulose in nature and increase the bulk of the stool, are water retaining, and reduce the transit time of the intestinal content.

Pectins, commonly found in fruits and some vegetables, are effective in reducing serum cholesterol levels, as well as lowering blood glucose (sugar) response and insulin requirements after a carbohydrate meal.

Gums and mucilages occur widely in legume seeds (dried peas and beans), and are involved in slowing the emptying time of the stomach, and a slower absorption of glucose molecules from the starch that we eat.

Fibres used by food manufacturers for thickening of their products include guar gums, carrageenin and methoxycellulose, but the amounts ingested from these are too small to influence the floater-sinker concept.

To achieve floatability, use mainly whole grains, fruits and vegetables, whilst reducing intake of fats, sweets, animal products. If snacks are a must in your social life, use fresh or dried fruits, carrots and celery sticks, sunflower seeds and pumpkin seeds, and cakes and biscuits should be of wholemeal flours.

The more fibre consumed, the more fluid is needed, since fibre absorbs and holds water.

While faecal stools, sinking or floating, may be an "off" subject for most people, it is nevertheless, a significant health factor for routine assessment. Some bright inventor may even produce a monitoring device.

Yet More Disease!

SUE FOSTER of Family Planning describes the different kinds of Sexually Transmitted Diseases and outlines the risks of not having "safe sex".

Sexually Transmitted Disease, S.T.D., is the term used to describe any infection which can be passed from one person to another by some form of intimate bodily contact. Most S.T.D.'s can be easily cured if the infected person seeks treatment as soon as he or she believes there is a risk of having been infected.

All sexual partners should be contacted as soon as an infection is suspected, so that they may be examined and treated if necessary.

S.T.D.'s have nothing to do with the sort of person you are, they are to do with attitudes and behaviour. Unfortunately, ignorance and prejudice about these diseases are widespread, and serve to spread not only the infection but also fear of social consequences. As in all areas of sexuality, fear and ignorance can produce very unfortunate physical and emotional consequences.

The best weapon against S.T.D.'s is information - about prevention, about "at risk" behaviour, about how to recognise any signs of infection, and where to get treatment.



The Diseases

S.T.D. can be divided into three groups:

- The major diseases, which, if left untreated, may damage body organs unconnected with the genital tract
- The minor diseases which are usually localized to the genital tract and have no damaging long-term effects
- The more sexually transmitted diseases, which are usually acquired in the tropics and which cause damage outside the genital tract

The effects of non-specific (N.S.U.), chlamydia, gonorrhoea and herpes include permanent infertility, due to damage to the reproductive organs, increased risk of cervical cancer, severe pain, depression, low self esteem, repeated infection when body resistance is low, stress, and if a woman becomes pregnant, possible infection and serious damage to her child. Good reasons to take simple safety precautions.

Viral hepatitis and AIDS can result in death.

The minor S.T.D.'s can result in recurrent infection, discomfort, painful intercourse, a high level of frustration and stress, embarrassment, and low feelings of self esteem. Genital warts can predispose to cancer of the cervix.

All of these listed diseases can be passed from person to person sexually after one encounter; it is possible to have more than one at a time, and several may present no symptoms, especially in women.

What happened to the joy of sex? Well, it can be recaptured, with some simple preventative techniques, some communication and assertiveness.



Prevention:

The most obvious form of prevention is to avoid any sexual contact, or to only have sexual contact with one, uninfected partner, who also has a monogamous commitment.

For some people, abstinence before marriage and complete faithfulness to their marriage partner fits into their philosophy and values. However, not everyone in our society either agrees with this stand, wishes to choose the accompanying lifestyle, or has the experience of finding one committed life-long partner. Therefore it is important to have information about other forms of prevention - condoms, communication and assertiveness.

Knowing your partner, and his or her sexual history required trust, honesty and communication in a relationship. This takes time to develop.

Many couples now follow a "prevention" technique of abstaining from sexual intercourse, oral sex or anal sex for three months, or using condoms during that time, then having a check-up at a clinic before proceeding with their relationship, with an assurance of not infecting each other.

Others may choose condoms as their method of prevention, but they must be used correctly and preferably with a spermicide, which also kills "germs". The bugs which cause S.T.D.'s don't like soap and water much either, so personal hygiene also helps.

Until absolutely sure that you or your partner does not have an infection - use condoms at all times.



At Risk Behaviour

- It's a numbers game!

The more partners a person has the greater the risk of catching an S.T.D. - Casanova first used condoms as a protection from infection, not as a contraceptive!!

Infections can be transmitted by oral and anal sex, as well as by sexual intercourse, and bugs can be transferred to the vagina and penis from the bowel, so anal sex should not be followed by sexual intercourse without some soap and water in between.

Wearing tight jeans and nylon underpants can create a humid environment which encourages the growth of bacteria and can precipitate vaginal infections. Feminine hygiene sprays and highly scented perfumes and powders should also be avoided for the same reason.

Signs Of Infection

Any sore, lump, itching, discharge of pus or mucus, burning when urinating or unusual odour in the genital area should be checked out by a medical examination, including a swab.

The person should not have any sexual contact until either medically cleared, or if infection is confirmed, until after treatment has been completed, and a repeat swab shows negative.



Where To Get Treatment

Free investigation and treatment is available from special clinics at:

S.T.D. Clinic, 275 North Terrace, ADELAIDE. Telephone: 228 0410.

S.T.D. Clinic, Flinders Medical Centre, BEDFORD PARK. Telephone: 275 9911.

Family Planning Association Clinics, both at Kensington and suburban clinics. Telephone: 31 5177.

Adelaide Women's Community Health Centre, 64 Pennington Terrace, NORTH ADELAIDE. Telephone: 276 5366.

Hindmarsh Women's Community Health Centre, 6 Mary Street, HINDMARSH. Telephone: 46 6521.

University Health Service.

Casualty departments of all major teaching hospitals and family doctors are available for diagnosis and treatment.

There are very informative free leaflets on each of the S.T.D.'s available at all these health centres and clinics.


If you have contracted an S.T.D. - don't despair or feel guilty. Seek treatment quickly and take precautions next time you have a sexual encounter. A good state of general health, a nutritious diet with lots of fruit and vegetables, and stress control measures will help prevent a recurrence of S.T.D.'s such as Thrush and Herpes.

It is obviously essential to be sexually responsible about S.T.D.'s.

They are not primarily a medical problem. The problem is a social one dependent on factors which influence attitudes, decision-making and behaviour.

Love carefully!

Duke of York



Live Music

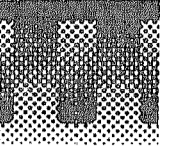
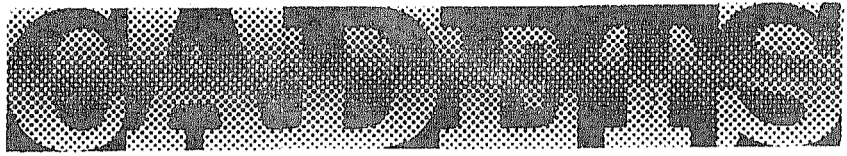
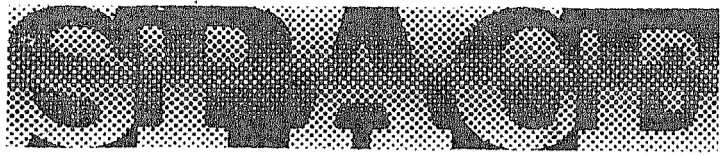
in the Gardenroom
 Fri & Sat: 10 pm - 2 am.
 Sunday: 5 pm - 9 pm.
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STUDENT DISCOUNT



Faction Space Commanders Battle for Democracy

Last month, a conference was held at Adelaide University to discuss the democratic process towards setting up a new national union of students. Student journalists and politicians from all states attended the conference. Semper's HOWARD STRINGER came down to see what it was all about and sent us this report.

I'm a space cadet.
I'm not ashamed to admit it anymore.
There was a time when I was very wary of space cadets. I was wary of them because of their blithe belief that they were capable of acting in the best interests of the student population.
"Students are being attacked from all sides," the space cadets would tell me. "They are being attacked by the Hawke Government, the Bjelke-Petersen government and the university administration. Without the student union starfleet to represent them, the student populace would fall into chaos and despair."

"We will fight to uphold the rights of the student body," the space cadets would tell me. "We will fight until we die."
My initial wariness of the space cadets was connected with my observation that most of them were so off the planet that they had very little in common with the students they were fighting to represent.

No, there was a time when I was wary of the space cadets. Most of the students I had met over the years at university cared very little about student unions, and probably cared even less about the horrific attacks made upon them from the cruel outside world. Sure, the \$250 tertiary fee was a drag, but it could be paid. Like so many other things, it was negotiable.

"The insidiousness of the outside world conspiracy theory is that students are being repressed and they don't even know it."

I was slowly falling in love with the romantic imagery of the space cadets - the defender of student rights. My initial observation that students and student politicians had very little in common became a meaningless concept, discarded like a stale piece of short term memory.
STARDATE: 0098,45
PLACE: ADELAIDE UNI

I paid off my taxi fare and joined the hordes of cadets as they crept around the campus of Adelaide uni like a busload of startled European tourists. It became obvious to me within minutes of my arrival that there was a definite hierarchy within the ranks of the Australian space legion. For starters, I was one of the confused.

There are four main factions in student union politics, and they all have their quota of the confused. Call them what you like, the confused make up an important part of the star fleet. The ALP faction has them. The Left wing faction has them. The Liberal Party faction has them. Even the Independent faction has them. The confused are a force to be reckoned with in student politics.
The confused are also right at the

bottom of the space cadet hierarchy. Most of the confused are well meaning people who decide to 'get off their bottoms, and actually do something for students. Their idealism is admirable. Their naivety is startling. Most of the confused get wiped off the board within months of sitting on student union councils. Confronted by a barrage of procedural jargon, faction fighting and political foreplay, they quickly learn the rules of the game - join a faction, learn to kick heads or get out fast.

If you join a faction, you climb up a rung of the ladder of the space legion and become a hack. If you learn to kick heads and get very good at it, you get to become a Space Commander. As a rule however, Space Commanders rise up through the ranks of factions.

I had been at the Adelaide conference for about an hour before I realised that the whole point of the conference boiled down to a very calm, very strategic battle between the Space Commanders of the two major factions of student politics in Australia - the ALP and the Left. This didn't surprise me all that much. The ALP and the Left have been fighting within the confines of student politics for years and years.

A long time ago there was a National student union called AUS (Australian Union of Students) which did a lot of good work for the students in this country before it fell to pieces in 1984. The main reason given for the demise of AUS was that the ALP and the Left spent so much time arguing about policies and the wording of policies that they alienated themselves from campuses who stopped affiliating to the union. An alternative reason given is that the ALP and the Left spent so much time fighting that they didn't notice that their union was being successfully knifed by NCC secret agents until it was too late.

When AUS fell to pieces, the ALP and the Left went their own separate ways. The Left concentrated on winning over individual campuses. The ALP concentrated on setting up state based unions. When the ALP figured that the time was right, they started making moves to set up another National Student Union.

The conference was directly concerned with the setting up of that student union. The ALP were almost ready to unleash their new union (called NUS - National Union of Students) onto the unsuspecting student public, and they were offering the Left the opportunity to affiliate the campuses they controlled.

Essentially, the scenario of the conference was this: the ALP wanted the Left to join their union to bolster the numbers of campuses that the union would represent, and



the Left (who had organised a few conferences of their own to test the feasibility of setting up their own National Union) were wanting to join the ALP union on their own terms. Both factions needed each other to an extent, and were willing to compromise to an extent, to ensure that a national union would be set up. And somewhere within the heart of the conference, some ugly machinery would start to turn, some deals would be made, and some people would be fucked on.

Completely oblivious to the ugly machinery silently chugging away in the corridors of power, the lower echelon space cadets and I attended the first meeting of the conference. The agenda sheet explained that this first meeting dealt exclusively with free education. Free Education is a big space cadet issue. Unlike most other space cadet issues, it is something concrete that can be approached in something resembling a systematic manner. Most of the confused were enthusiastic about talking about free education.

Their enthusiasm turned to dust however when it became apparent that the Space Commanders from the Left and ALP factions were using free education time to whip their caucuses into line.

A caucus is a faction meeting held prior to a conference meeting. In a caucus, a faction like the Left or the ALP will vote to determine which way they will vote on the floor of the conference.

Most caucuses are binding, which means that if the majority of a faction decides to vote a particular way, you are bound by caucus to vote with them. If you really hate the way the caucus is voting, you can really always dissent. If you break from caucus too many times however, the chances are that someone will stomp all over you and

you'll never get to be a Space Commander. The virtue of a caucus is that it makes debate on the floor of the conference a lot simpler, because everyone knows which way to vote in advance. The vice of a caucus is that it kills the spontaneity and sincerity of the individual vote.

I sat in the conference room with the rest of the confused and watched the Space Commanders from the Left and ALP factions figure out the lines their caucuses were going to take and then start drilling their troops. The space cadets who had come to Adelaide with the intention of discussing free education started becoming bitter and twisted about the conference. Free Education time was being taken up by faction meetings. The cadets were restless.

"What exactly are caucus meetings like?" I whispered to one of the confused sitting next to me.

"Oh, they're pretty important," she whispered back. "A lot of important stuff is figured out in them. We're having a caucus meeting tonight, why don't you find out for yourself?"

"Thanks, I think I will," I said. "What faction are you from?" "I'm from the Left Alliance," she replied.

"Um, what's the difference between Left Alliance and the ALP?," I asked.

"The ALP dress better," she told me.

STARDATE: 997 4065

The Left Alliance caucus meeting was a chaotic affair which ran until 4.00 in the morning. The Left Alliance is a collective, which theoretically means that it has no Space Commanders, but rather a large group of Space Commanders who all hold the same rank and contribute equally in determining which way the caucus will vote. Within the Left Alliance also,

there are three factions - The Communist Party cadets, the Socialist Workers Party cadets and the Independent Left cadets. The independent Left cadets make up 75% of the left caucus. They also make up 90% of the confused.

The first Left Alliance caucus was a chaotic affair because the Independent Left were doing most of the talking. Independent Left people are interested in lots of left wing issues, and they don't have a dominant pragmatic ideology to focus their debate.

As a consequence, they tend to talk in circles affirming and reaffirming themselves, and paying lip services to a lot of left wing issues that are dear to their hearts. People smoke dope on the fringes. The confused become more confused.

The people from the Communist Party were quiet at the first Left Alliance caucus meeting. They were conserving their energy, because they understood collectives. They knew that after three days of chaotic caucus meetings which ran for hours and hours, the confused would burn out and stop participating.

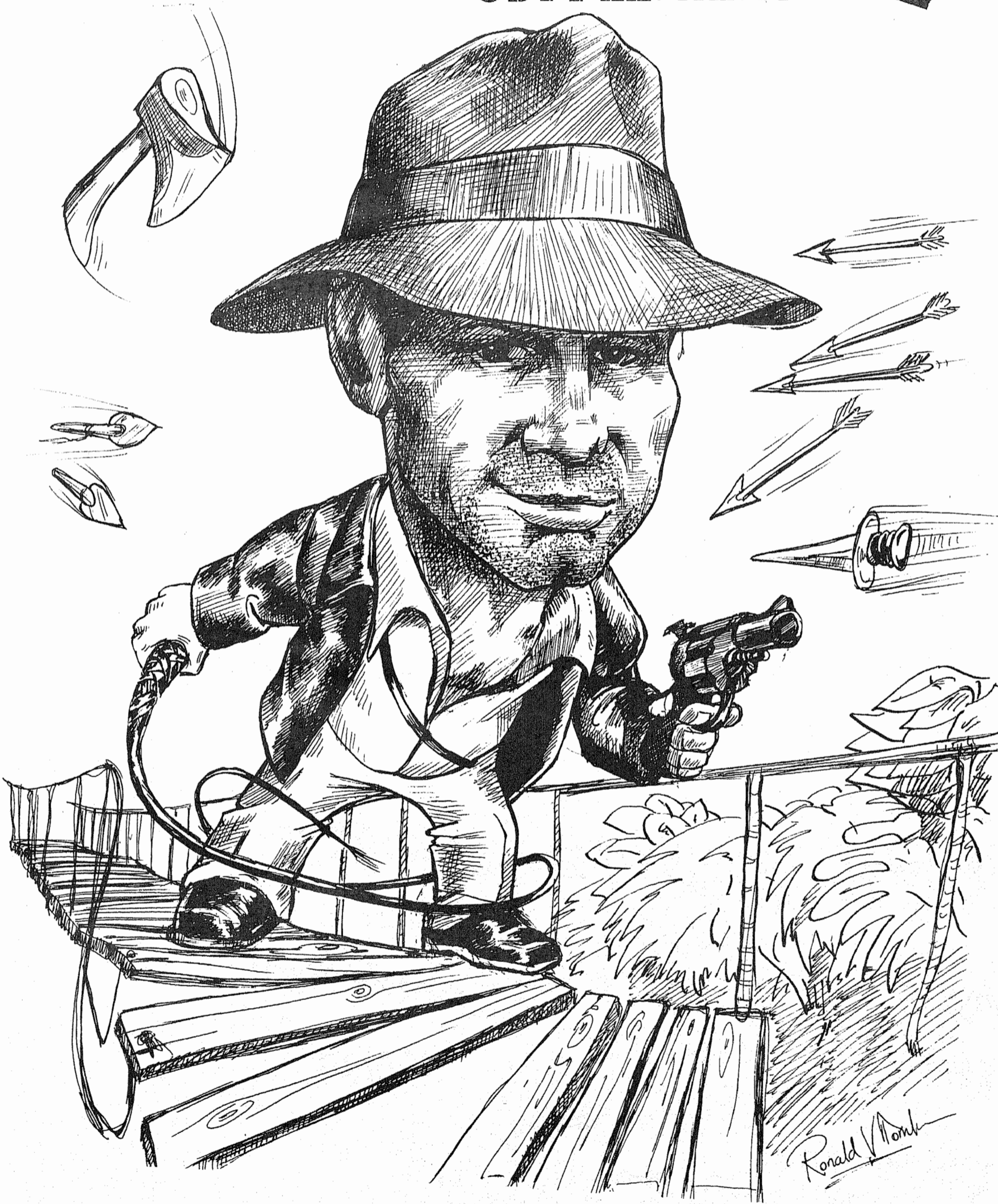
"There is a rule of thumb concerning conferences," a Space Commander from the Left would tell me later.

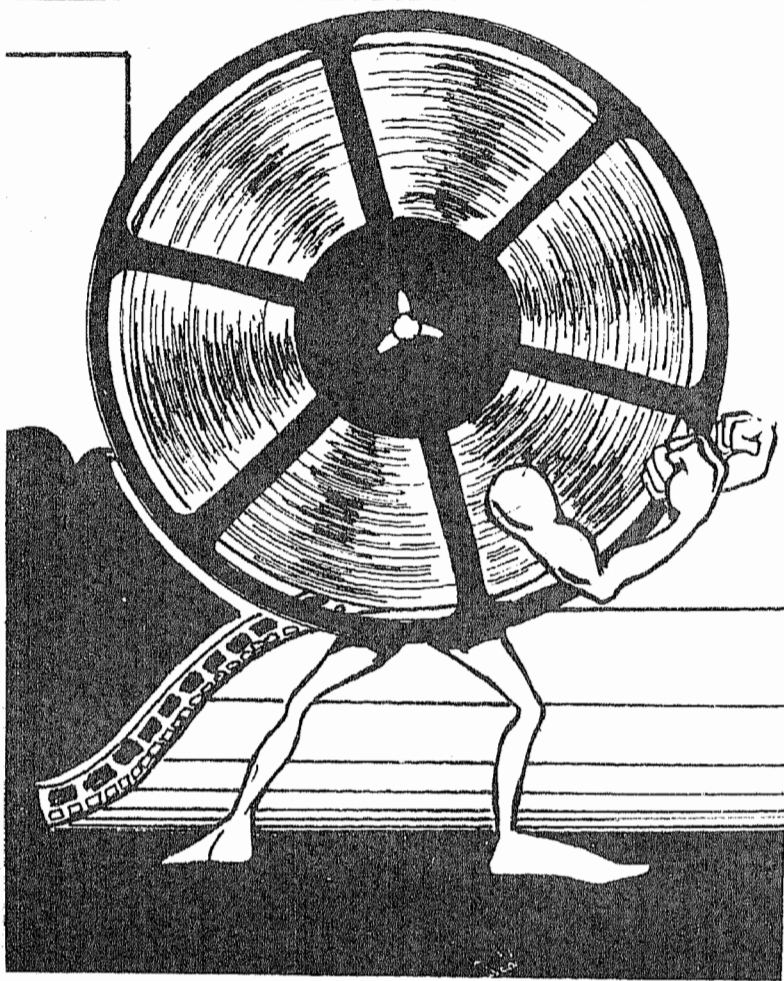
"All of the deals get done in the eleventh hour. The way to work collectives is to wait until everyone burns out and then pick up the pieces at the last minute..."

The Communist Party people would pick up the pieces at the last minute. They were really Space Commanders in disguise. Their only contribution to the first Left caucus meeting was to stress the need for secrecy at all times. Three people were elected to act as secret agents and screw information out of the ALP cadets. These agents were then instructed to relay information

CLAPPERBOARD

1987 ON DIT FILM SUPPLEMENT





It has been likened to someone putting a moustache on the Mona Lisa or limbs on the Venus de Milo.

It has brought about pitched battles between groups which have inevitably been categorized as being "pro-" and "anti-art".

It has been argued by the respective camps that it will undermine the history of a popular art form or popularize it once again for future generations.

"Criminal mutilation," says Woody Allen. "Artistic desecration," says the Directors Guild of America.

"Cultural vandalism," says the Writers Guild of America.

But colourization, the computer graphic process by which old black and white movies are permanently

converted into colour specifically for television consumption - the war that has caused all these aesthetic and commercial battles - has gone on pretty much ignored by the public at large for whom it has been devised, and the good fight has had to be fought by people who have long known and cared for the motion picture art against the new kids on the block who have seen in the technology a new way to make money.

The basic premise behind the push for colourization is simple and, it must be said, simple-minded. The leisure process, with its instant culture and fast fixes, has apparently made watching black and white films on television an unattractive proposition for the average person. This seems to apply especially to

housewives who, used to garish nonsense like *Gone With The Wind* and *Out Of Africa*, are said to cringe at the prospect of watching a romantic melodrama or a screwball comedy in their old form. Or indeed young people, too accustomed to new Hollywood gimmickry to be interested in old Hollywood values. "People don't like black and white," explained the present of Colourization Inc. "When we colour it, they buy it," he shrugged, cigar in mouth, leaning back in his executive chair. But as film critic Gene Siskel has said, "It's a decision the public shouldn't be forced to make."

The major argument for colourization is that such pictures would have probably been originally filmed in colour would it not have been for the technology and production values of their day. This admittedly is a strong argument because many movies of the thirties, forties and fifties, originally marketed quickly and efficiently for popular consumption anyway, would probably be *enhanced* by being colourized. Who really gives a damn if one mindless evening *Miracle on 34th Street* or *nGrand Hotel* suddenly turn on the tube in "living colour"? Who indeed.

Nevertheless, the question needs to be asked: where do they draw the line, let alone how they draw the screen? For it would be an aesthetic and cultural tragedy if the chiaroscuro tones of *The Third Man* or *Sunset Boulevard* are shamelessly and inconsiderately bastardized in blue-greys and browns; these movies are fun in black and white, they show the dark side of life that can be happily enjoyed in the theatre or living room.

COLOURISATION: ART VS PROFITS?

"What worries me," George Stevens Jr, "is that, psychologically, the films will cease to exist in black and white. The new version will replace the old in the public's mind."

Filmmaker Woody Allen, famous or perhaps infamous for using the black and white process in his modern movies, has been the most outstanding and outraged critic of colourization thus far. He has qualified that if a given film director were alive today and did not mind his picture being colourized, then "by all means let him colour it." If, however, "he prefers it to remain in black and white then it is sinful to force him to change it. If the director is not alive and his work has been historically established in black and white it should remain true to its origins. The presumption that the colourizers are doing him a favour and improving his movie is a transparent attempt to justify the mutilation of art for a few extra dollars."

Allen cites the example of John Huston and his passionate claim against his forties masterpiece *The Maltese Falcon* being colourized. The claim has been given added power by the fact that Huston has since died when Allen wrote these words. "The colourization have no regard for the men who made these movies," Allen writes, "and when a great American director like John Huston says he doesn't want his superb mystery *The Maltese Falcon* made into a colour movie because that makes this hard-boiled Bogart film silly looming, they couldn't care less what Huston wants."

The colourization also tell us that a viewer can simply turn off the col-

our and see the film in black and white. The fact that the man who made the film wants no one at all to see it in colour means nothing to them. Finally, they say we live in a democracy and the public wants these films in colour, but if members of the public had the right to demand alterations to suit their taste, the world would have no real art. Nothing would be safe. Picasso would have been changed years ago, and James Joyce and Stavinsky and the list goes on."

Allen, God bless him, is being somewhat alarmist here, for movies being the junk medium that they are cannot with a very few exceptions be equated with the real art of which he speaks. But the issue is certainly important not only in terms of American culture but of the American Dream. For movies - good ones, bad ones, old ones, new ones, black and white ones, colour ones - are more or less by-products of that Dream and its machine in Hollywood, and to betray them now would be to betray the Dream. But America functions also by the ethics of liberalism and the freedom of choice, and it remains to be seen whether the American public (which Moss Hart once likened to an "idiot genius") rests with colourization.

For the moment the issue has been indifferently but amusingly captured by *Time* magazine as being a case between Puritans and Vulgarians. "A Puritan, goes the old joke, is a person who lives in moral fear that someone somewhere is having fun. A Hollywood Puritan is a person who lives in mortal fear that someone somewhere is watching Ingrid Bergman blush red in Rick's Cafe."

Broadyworld: Australia's First Studio Complex

An American studio boss is overseeing the establishment of Australia's biggest film studio predicts an explosion in the local film industry. JIM SCHEMBRI reports.

As builders toil to convert the old Metropolitan Dairy in Broadmeadows into the new "Broadywood" Australian Film Studios the heart fills with pride for the Australian film industry. And yet there is a disturbing, pungent sting in the air. A feeling pervades the place that something, somewhere, is not quite right.

While painters and carpenters slap and tack away at the insides of Stage One - a 1500-square-metre studio that is probably the biggest in the Southern Hemisphere - and one watches bulldozers sculpt a full functional mountain in the studio's backlot, that discordant, biting ether persists, signalling that something is seriously amiss.

The source of the disturbance can be traced back up the stairs of the studio's administration block and through the freshly painted and carpeted corridors. For in the office of the studio's executive manager sits Linda Hart. *An American*.

Linda Hart, from LA, no less, is the perfect foil for the paranoids of the Australian film industry. Looking very much like a friendly version of Jeanne Kirkpatrick, she addressed the famous Australian scepticism towards Americans - particularly American film people - in Australia directly.

First, she is an employee of Sydney entrepreneur Denis Thompson, who owns the Pyramid Studios in Sydney. While on a fact-finding studio crawl in America last year, Thompson came across Ms Hart, who was head "trouble shooter" at the Laird International Studios where she had worked for eight years supervising such major productions as the \$25 million, 17-minute, 3-D Disney epic *Captain E.O.*, *Flying High*, *Extreme Prejudice*, *House 2* and Spielberg's *ET*. He liked her, she like the job offer and so came out to watch over Thompson's ambitious Melbourne development.

Second, she will not spin out some jive about having a great love or knowledge for Australian film. Sure she's heard of *Crocodile Dundee* and *Gallipoli* and *Breaker Morant* and knows that you spell Actors' Equity with capital letters, but she's not expert on the local industry.

"I can't present myself any other way," she says. "I have a wonderful love of the film industry and I'm just trying to make the family here a little bit closer."

Indeed, Ms Hart has put herself on a rigorous self-education program. She proudly shows her copy of 'Australian Films to the World' and says her VCR will get a good workout

over the next few months as she familiarises herself with all the Australian films available on video.

"I have a great love for the film industry, being born into it myself, and I believe at this point that the Australian film community is sitting on a very possible explosion. It will not graphically go up and down any more, but that it will stabilise itself."

"I'm just learning the history of the Australian film community and I'm somewhat taken aback by the fact that nobody built a studio complex before."

"I believe within the next two years that you are going to see another group of people who are going to build another studio complex. I'm not saying that we are the be all and end all, I'm just saying that we are just here first, and Australia prepare yourself."

This explosion, she says, will be due largely to overseas productions filming here. In particular, she wants the "Broadywood" studio to offer American film companies all the comforts of home. "But," she stresses, "we can't serve that purpose first. The purpose really has to serve the Australian film community, and what we can do for the Australian film community."

The studio, which covers 11,500 square metres, will operate as a strict rental facility where film and TV companies, film-clip makers and advertising agencies can hire out as much studio space as they need for as long as they need (or can afford), bringing in their own crews and utilising the facilities on site.

Already, the Fred Schepisi/Meryl Streep film about the Lindy Chamberlain saga, *Evil Angels*, has moved in and once the complex is completed, it is hoped by the end of the year, it will be able to accommodate the demands of more than 600 film personnel at any one time.

Ms Hart says that one of the main functions of the complex will naturally be to help make local productions more cost effective by concentrating all the staple production facilities - such as wardrobe, make-up, props, catering and special effects - in one place. But the chief benefit of such a system, she says, is developing a strong sense of community among creative talent. This, she maintains, is part of the key to making an industry grow. That, and opening the door to foreign productions that want to film here.

"Australia is a new frontier and your people are wonderful people. Technically you have great, great people, we've always recognised that in the States, and there are a lot of major film companies that are very, very anxious to work out a cooperative system with Australia."

"American and foreign production companies want to come to Australia. No longer do you have to advertise 'please come to Australia'. Forget the 'please'. Now it is how you welcome those communities coming in."

But that, of course, raises a problem about the type of companies that are attracted.

"There are two groups that I have to speak of very truthfully. You will

have one group of people that will want to utilise Australia, because of the Australian dollar, and make it there country. In other words, an American film company coming here to make Australia look like America. We can't do anything about that, and that it is a shame.

"But when it really becomes exciting is when a film company that comes here utilises Australia for Australia. That the story line is at least partially set here, based on *Crocodile Dundee* model that uses New York and uses Australia becomes a place that is no longer 'Down Under'. It becomes part of an overall film community and I wouldn't sit here today before you unless I believed that that is going to be the end result."

Part of Ms Hart's self-education program includes learning about the way local unions and bodies tick. It is early days yet, so she doesn't know how they will respond to an influx of overseas productions, particularly in regards to imposing any sort of local quota to be used in foreign productions. But she hopes local bodies will be accommodating enough to allow the initial link-up to take place before any firm policies are drawn up.

"I am not going to say anything *should* be changed because they (the local bodies) dictate those policies. What I'm hopeful for is, in our excitement and their growing excitement, that it will be a good marriage in all circumstances for all concerned."

Reprinted from the Age with permission.

Barry Loane: Classic's Cinema Curator

Barry Loane's loss of the Classic Cinema at the Fair Lady is just another chapter in the life of nomadic cinema owner Barry Loane. JOHN LINDSAY spent an afternoon at the Classic with the man who's carried alternative cinema on his back in Adelaide for many years now.

Adelaide has many traditions, one of them is the Trak and the Classic Cinema. How are these two cinemas able to keep providing excellent films from around the world, giving Adelaide audiences the chance to experience material that is not viable in big circuit cinemas? The answer is Barry Loane, the manager of the Trak and the Classic at the Fair Lady cinemas and an unusual identity who is serious about getting Adelaidians from in front of the VCR and into the cinemas.

With the demolition of the Old Classic in Wakefield Street early last year came the end of an era. The building had been used for every theatrical artform imaginable and in its final years had been a showcase for alternative cinemas. Then it was no more, Barry was a wandering nomad with only the little Trak cinema to screen his unique blend of films including the phenomenal *The Gods must be Crazy* which was enjoying a record breaking season. Then came the offer of the Fair Lady site and he jumped at it. Now with recent plans announcing the demise of the Fair Lady Cinema complex, poor Barry is once more looking for a replacement for the Classic after being there for only eighteen months.

"The screen size in ratio to the house was perfect. We had six different ratios we could show in which was about four more than you ever need but if a film arrived that had frame lines a little different we could adjust to fit in. It was a good house for showing 16mm movies in because quite often if we had a decent print in no one would know the difference because the throw was so small. Sound was perfect and parking was fairly easy, overhead was marvellous you know it was a profitable theatre, but the Fair Lady is really do it because you love being in the business, it doesn't make any money."

I asked Barry about an alternative venue to the Classic. "No, there's not (any alternatives), looking around, the Trak's all I've got or something like the Trak as long as it's got a higher ceiling so we can get a better screen size. Of course rent's the other thing, you just can't afford to pay too much per seat. If you've got a lot of space you've got to pay for the square metres, so it's impossible to get a decent amount of space."

Of course there must have been something before running cinemas? Asking Barry about his earlier life reveals a surprise: before running cinemas he went to them. Four times a week from the age of six he went to them! When he grew old enough to fly the roost, he went to the States for 17 years. He lived in New York, San Francisco and Toronto, most of which time he was a ballroom dancing teacher. He also did some programming (selection of films that make up a season at a theatre) and he couldn't believe anyone would pay him to do what he liked most: being involved in cinema.

The plans for the new building include several new cinemas. What of the Classic moving to one of these?

"They're always too expensive. There's eight cinemas going into the Fair Lady, which will make fourteen

all next to one another. Already one of the major companies has made a bid for these eight and also for four in the East End market site and they already have a number of screens around town. There are just not that many movies made. (Video is still killing the cinemas,) it still is, there's lots of talk about "better than ever". Yes, the money is better than ever but there's fewer films making the big money. There's more films now that fail, I mean a mediocre film would at least have a mediocre return at the box office. Now anything less than a *Crocodile Dundee* or something that's megabucks just doesn't rate. They either take a lot of money or they take no money. I just can't see where they are going to accommodate so many screens in the centre of Adelaide. Every time they propose a new building there's a cinema complex! Why? How many movies have you been to lately that have been full other than *My Beautiful Landrette*? None."

What of the Cinemas du Sous-Sol? "Well (Greater Union) announced that at last Adelaide would have a place with good international cinema, it came and it went (within six months). Of course we'd had one for eight or nine years as far as most people knew, as well as film events. They tried three major films that had all taken lots of money in Sydney and Melbourne and lost money on all of them. So they just gave up. It was a case of putting the wrong product into the wrong cinema."

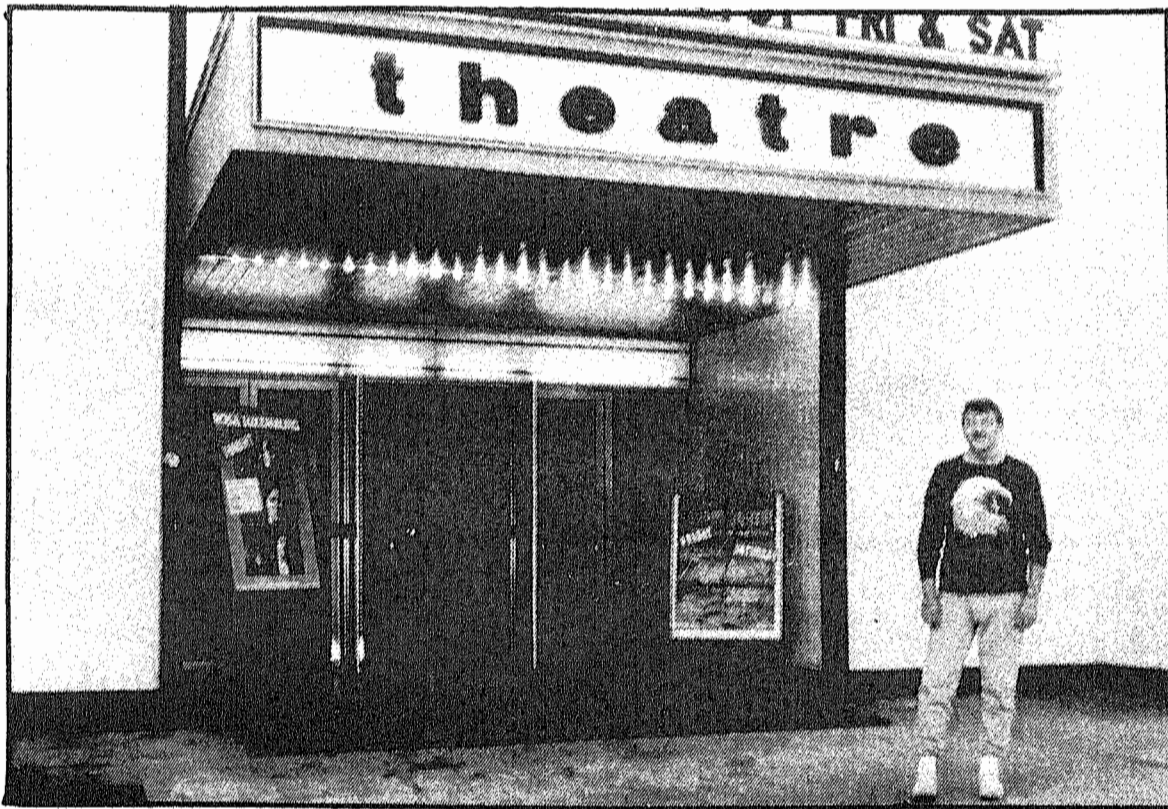
"It's like programming for the school holidays. I wonder what the kids do like. (*E.T.*) came out of nowhere, I figured as I was on Hindley Street I could try it. Everyone said, 'Oh *E.T.*, I had it at Christmas and lost money', but we put it on and there was a whole new group of five year olds who had grown into their first trip to the movies."

"*The Gods* was a little film that was commercially successful. *The Gods* ran for about 120 weeks." (Are we going to see it back again?). "There is a sequel supposedly finished which of course will be a disaster, I don't think that whatever that film had you can ever do it twice. The ingredients were so stupid that every time you tried to tell someone about it, they'd say, 'And you say this is a great movie?' The most you talk about it the worse it sounds."

"We went through three prints, the first print was used and the second print came in from America from Twentieth Century Fox where they decided they couldn't understand the accents so they redubbed it with American voices. The people who hadn't seen it didn't know and didn't notice, but the people who had seen the first print weren't quite so sure. Part of the charm of the original was that silly plodding African accent."

One must ask the question, has video caused a decline in the quality of most film given that it is destined to end up on video?

"Video is a disease that's going to last forever, but films are technically as good as ever, American films as better than ever, even the low budget films are excellent. You get a little



CONT CLAPPERBOARD 4

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LA BAMBA
Various Artists
Polygram

by Alexander Grous

The 50's may have spawned some horrible and disgusting artists, but if only one performer of the likes of Ritchie Valens emerged, then maybe it was worth it. The movie *La Bamba* traces the meteoric rise of Valens, a Latin American rock artist of the 50's, who in one stroke of fate was tragically killed on the night that Buddy Holly also died.

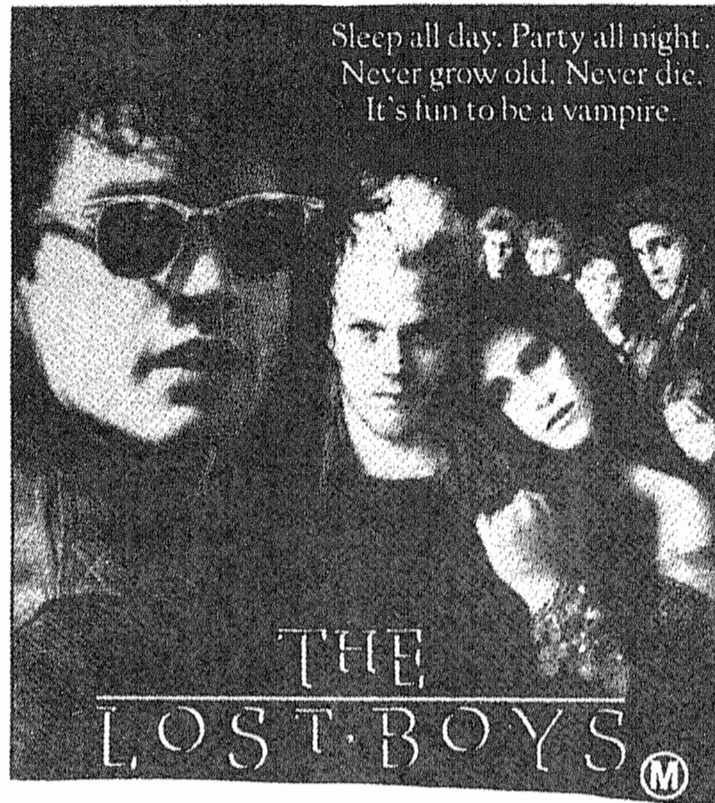
The music for the movie is predominantly performed by Los Lobos, the Tex-Mex rockers with two successful albums already under their belt. Re-recording classics like *La Bamba* resulted in the song going to No 1 in the UK, and to No 2 in the US. 'Come on Let's Go?', 'Framed' and 'We Belong Together' have also been recorded, and in total Los Lobos recorded eight of the twelve tracks.

Marshall Crenshaw performs 'Crying, Waiting, Hoping', and 'Summertime Blues' is covered by Brian Setzer. These are all very successful in the context of the movie, which grossed over five and a half million dollars in its opening three days. The soundtrack is well worth buying, if only for the fact for Los Lobos. You won't know this from the movie, in which actors mime all of the songs. Bo Diddley manages to sneak in a song too, called *Who Do You Love?*

This soundtrack and movie are important for the reason that they highlight the career of an artist who although hugely successful, would have remained to posterity a mystery, rather than something of an eulogy.

Carlos Santana and Miles Goodman wrote the original music for the movie, making an interesting and positive link between the other tracks.

SOUNDTRACK



Sleep all day. Party all night.
Never grow old. Never die.
It's fun to be a vampire.

LOST BOYS SOUNDTRACK
Various
WEA

by Gavin Williams

When making a film these days it seems that the question is no longer, "Will there be a soundtrack?" but the only problem is "When will it be released?" This album is yet another of the seemingly endless American soundtracks featuring a few well known names backed by an array of musical non entities such as

Gerald McManm and Tim Cappell.

The better known contributors include INXS and Jimmy Barnes performing 'Good Times', Lou Gram (or is it Journey or Toto or Reo Speedwagon, etc. etc.) and Roger Daltrey.

The only vaguely interesting song is a cover of the old Door's classic, 'People Are Strange' by Echo and the Bunnymen and even this is just a note for note rendition of the original. Give this record a very, very wide berth.

FROM CLAPPERBOARD 3

film like *She's Gotta Have It* that was made for something ridiculous, like

What makes a film commercially successful? Any discussion must inevitably come back *The Gods must be Crazy*. Barry said, "Forget the kickers protesting it was pro-apartheid and racist etc, I think the majority of people who went in there didn't go to laugh at niggers and they didn't understand why they were laughing but they just laughed, they were happy and they thought it was a nice story. Of course the big thinkers from Flinders got their fangs stuck into it. I got the review from the magazine and I \$30,000 and that film was a commercial success. "Producers don't give 14-20 year olds any credit for any brains or any taste or anything."

"There are more bad films made because more films are being made to cater to the 14-20 year market. They just make the worst possible product, the most exploited product, try and get it through censorship and foist it upon the public, like *Friday the 13th part 17* just sequel after sequel after sequel."

"Every time I go to one of the Hoyts or Greater Union, half price night especially they're incredible. They're so in tune with television that every ten minutes they've got to get up and go for a piss, or go out and stuff some more food in their face and they can't concentrate for more than ten minutes they're just terrible. I went to see *Prizi's Honour* last summer, it was a pretty full house, and I took a friend from Sydney and we had to move four times because of the noise level with people talking through the opening scene of the film and then they put an intermission so they could make some candy sales out the front at a most inappropriate time. So then there was this mass exodus and when they had come back, they had had enough time to get around the corner to Hungry

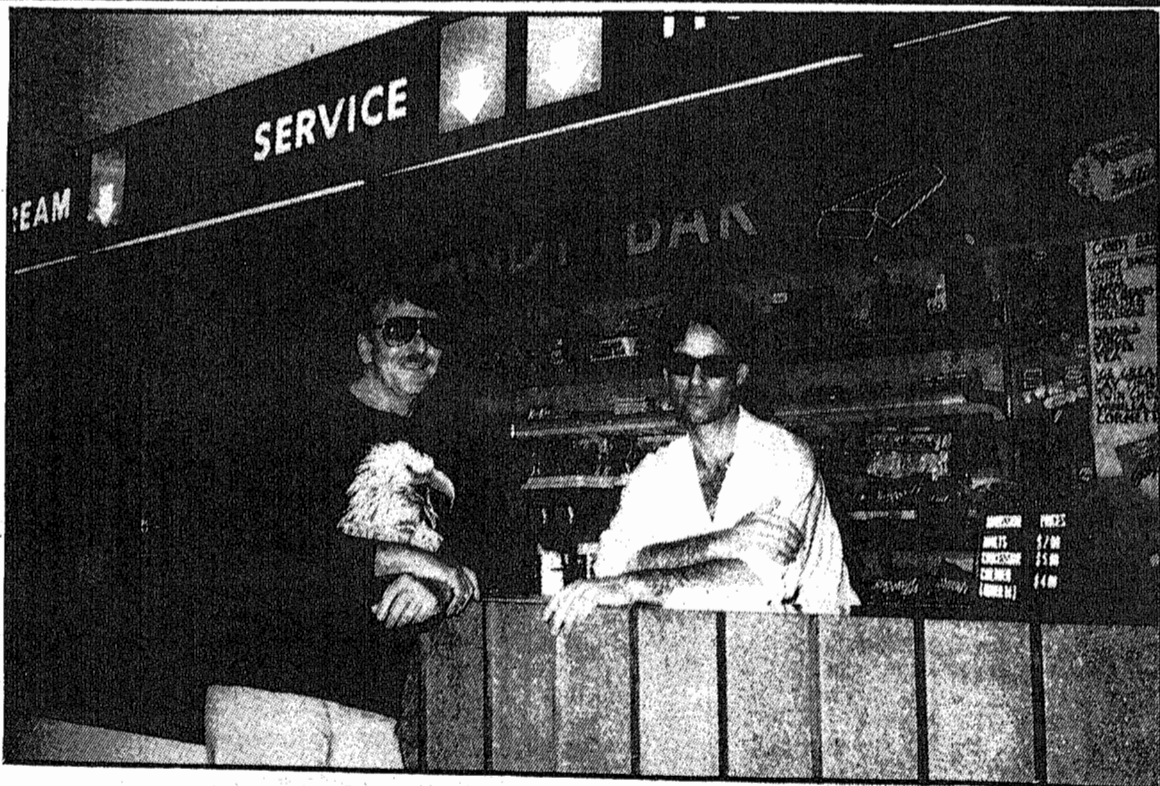
Jacks they had the chips and the hamburgers and the theatre smelt like a greasy spoon. Then they had to head out every ten minutes to take another piss. By the end of the film there were two young couples, about sixteen or seventeen, you know, boy-girl-boy-girl sitting right down in the front row, who had talking through it, eaten through it and pissed through it and at the end of the movie they got up and the girls said to each other, "Well that was boring wasn't it?" This is the television audience, because that's what you do at home. When the commercial comes on you go to the kitchen, you go to the toilet, it's terrible isn't it?"

There were statements there that attributed things to the director, read these motives into the thing. They must have been in his head or at least sleeping right by his side while he was making the film!"

Hail! Mary caused quite a commotion when it came to Adelaide. Of course no one knows more about that than the man who brought it here.

"The distributor, who we can't name, was Jewish. When I had the death threat I would have been crucified if that had come out. A Catholic boy distributing a blasphemous film from a Jewish distributor. We knew it was going to be trouble when it came in the country. I said we wanted to see it before we would screen it because we never screen anything unless I've seen it or someone I trust has seen it and they wouldn't send a print across. And when I finally did get it, it was the only print in the country and we had to ship it under a false name, so it went around the country on Australian Airlines under various guises and names. Poor old Virgin Mary had to hide."

"I knew there would be a little bit of trouble and it was fuelled by the media here. They would interview me and I'd say we would play it when we saw it and the next morning there would be *Hail! Mary* starts definitely August 12'. Theatre manager, Barry Loane said... I even gave a fool proof one on Channel Nine for the news that I thought they couldn't possibly cut one word out of it and they managed to!



And in that it was starting in September. Then there were requests from Catholic organisations not to play it. It was got larger and larger and it made me more determined, I mean, even if the film had been terrible by then I was going to play it! You know I don't tell them what to do in their church."

"None of the (protestors) had seen it, as the Pope hadn't when he condemned it, none of them would see it, I tried to get a couple of people along to a screening because by then it was mortal sin to even spit near the cinema. Then the week before it was opening I got a death threat so then I had to have a body guard. There was a police car coming up and down every ten minutes outside the flats, which can inhibit your social life... and seriously did for that week! Then the night it opened we got two bomb threats and had to clear the people out and get them back in again, clear them out and get them back in again. Then we had the people outside with the beads,

but the worst thing about it was that we had six policemen outside and four security guards and it was so intimidating for people to even come in because we had to search hand bags and things like that, I mean you could be carrying the wrong thing. So people were coming towards the door and would suddenly go 'oops!, not tonight!' and so it really got off to a bad start. Channel seven got pissed off on the first night because I would tell them the exact number of people in the audience, so they wanted to go in and film the audience of course I said no and they sneeringly said 'No one went to see it anyway.' But the second session was good."

"The film is probably one of the most religious films I've ever seen, I went back three times just in case I'd missed something. I can understand the conscience of some people who don't want this, it's like when they made that film about Mahomid they had a lot of trouble because you're not allowed to make pictures of Mahomid.

The whole business of the Archbishop and all that carry on, they did well out of it. They had that prayer vigil the night before we opened and they were full! So I stirred up a bit of business for them too. But now it's in limbo, there's still a restraining order on it, which is why it disappeared. When it opened in Melbourne, there was no media beatup, no bomb scares and no one had to have their social life inhibited by police cars and it just went on and did its usual season. I thought it was so religious that it got a little boring. I think the best review of it was John Walters (who makes the Divine movies) part of his review said 'After all I've read and heard about this film I was expecting to see a naked Mary wriggling her way towards Bethlehem giving Rosary Jobs along the way.' It was one of those movies that would never have made it, but you get the Pope as your press agent and your rolling. I didn't think it was irreligious, I didn't think it was a good film."

Overseas Tastes Dictate Australian Film Direction

After riding on a wave of tax avoidance money and freedom from the Australian film Commission, the \$200 million a year film industry is suddenly faced with the need to argue for its existence and weigh up the advantages and liabilities of government intervention. EDWARD BRUNETTI reports.

As Kim Dalton plans the production of his next film, a six-hour TV mini-series, he knows that if the project has any hope of attracting finance, it must please an overseas distributor.

Before backing Dalton, the distributor will try to ensure the final product will please the biggest number of network executives possible. He is highly likely to insist that it must particularly tickle the fancy of network executives who guard access to the biggest prize of all: the fabled American market.

Anything too strange and unfamiliar to US buyers may well relegate the photocopy of his script to the out basket on a Los Angeles or New York desk.

Dalton, the producer of the critically acclaimed mini-series *In Between*, aims to make original Australian films for television. The necessity to produce film to formulas which equate to the lowest common denominator of North American executive taste is something which deeply disturbs many in the Australian film industry.

It is the result of budget-inspired pruning of the tax incentives to Australian film production, which now forces film makers to "presell" more than 70 per cent of their product before being able to compete for investors - who have alternatives such as property trusts and life insurance.

Gone are the heady days, only two or three years ago, when the tax treatment of film investment was so favorable under section 10BA of the taxation act that potential audiences became almost irrelevant.

Merchant bankers and stock brokers have retreated to Collins Street from Melbourne's own little Hollywood, South Melbourne, after fuelling an explosion in Australian film production in the early 1980s.

After riding high on a wave of tax avoidance money and freedom from the Australian Film Commission (to which almost all budding producers had to apply for funds before 10BA) the \$200 million a year Australian film industry is suddenly faced with the need to argue for its existence and weigh up the advantages and liabilities of government intervention.

After two important changes to taxation law, films which do not meet foreign distributor approval will cease to attract investors and will not be made.

The two changes are: reduction of the maximum personal income tax rate to 49 per cent and a reduction in the level of tax concessions on film investment from 150 per cent in 1980 to about 120 per cent.

These changes have the effect of increasing the level of pre-tax return required, before the investor will break even after tax, from a mere 10 per cent to more than 61 per cent.

As a result, the so-called "pre-sale benchmark" (the level of guaranteed distribution income required to attract investors, expressed as a proportion of the production budget) will be about 80

per cent, a level simply unattainable domestically, due to the small size of our market.

Faced with the death of films of an idiosyncratic "Australian" character and a dramatic shrinking of the local industry, film makers have divided into two camps:

There are those who want tax incentives to be returned to a level where the amount of risk to investors is not so high as to drive them away altogether short of a major overseas distribution contract. And there are those who, like the Australian Film Commission and some producers, want to tie funding to a mixture of commercial viability and "quality".

Most producers and directors are reluctant to give away the freedom of the old 10BA, under which they could attract funds regardless of the opinions of what some described as "the faceless AFC bureaucracy". They say the commission feeds a network of preferred client producers.

The commission, to keep the domestic industry alive and assuage fears of cost blow-outs, has proposed a film bank as an alternative to 10BA, which it hopes will keep Australian industry investment at about the \$100 million a year but cost tax payers only \$60 million annually compared with \$200 million-odd now. The Government would inject a one-off \$25 million establishment grant.

The film bank, independent of the AFC, would underwrite films on a commercial basis with some latitude for more interesting and risky features which might only attract relatively low levels of upfront distribution guarantees.

These relatively risky films would be cross-subsidised by those with more appeal to international distributors.

To allay fears of favoritism, the AFC has suggested available funds be divided between two competing banks in Melbourne and Sydney.

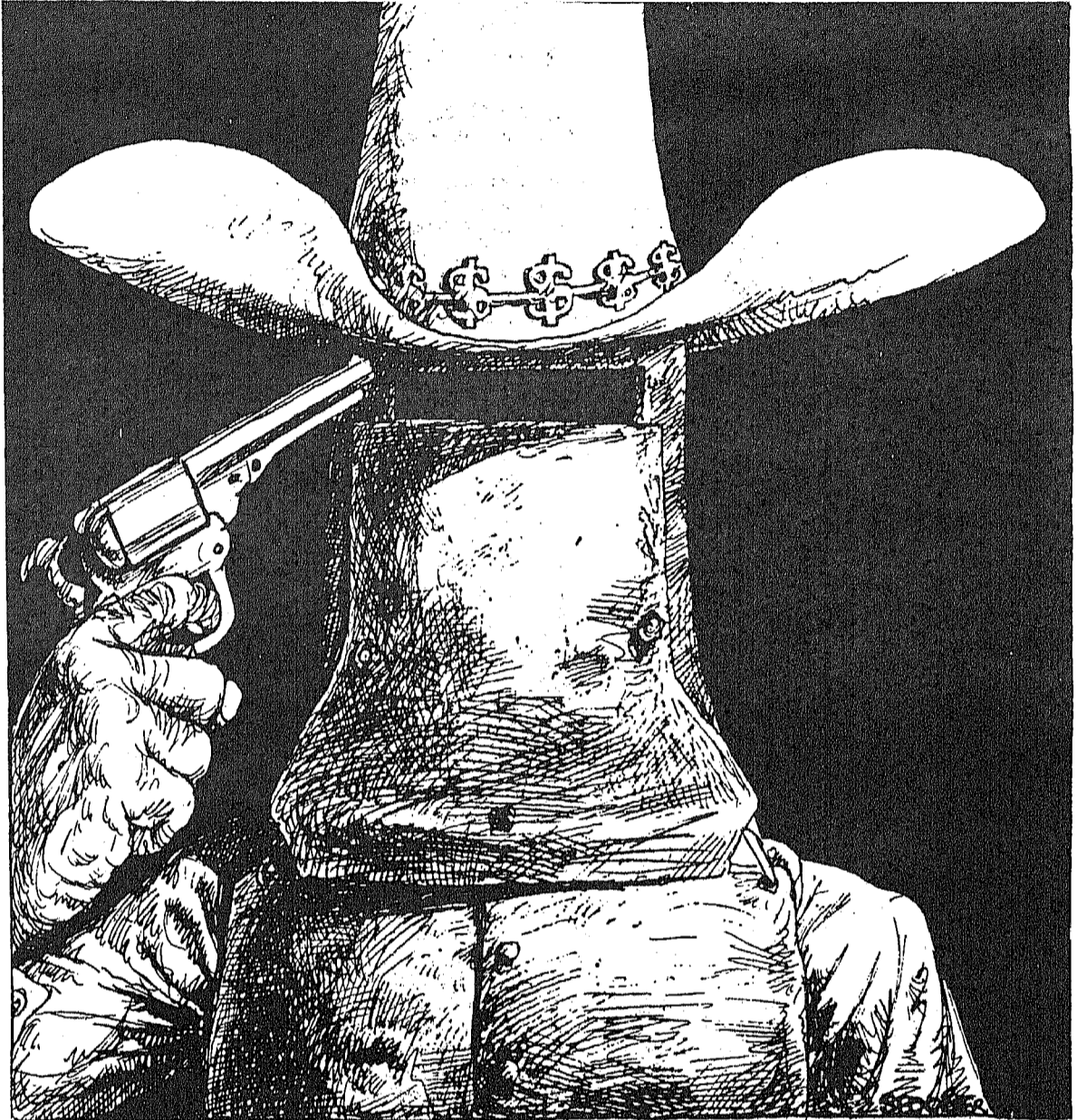
The Minister for Arts, Heritage and the Environment, Mr Cohen, is believed to strongly favor the banks as it would make the cost of the industry to the Government predictable, rather than being determined by the whims of banks and tax avoiders.

When 10BA was first introduced, it was meant to cost only \$2 million in its first year. Instead it cost \$60 million.

Tony Ginnane, (who produced *Fantasm* and *The Light Horsemen*) is one of a handful of Australian producers who has forged connections with major international producer/distributors such as Hendale. He believes the question of quality is a red herring.

"I don't think that quality and market acceptability are inconsistent. When people argue they are, they mean that for their own selfish ego reasons they want to make something that probably very few people want to see.

"There is a major misconception about industries like the French, German and Italian. We tend to



perceive them as so-called quality industries, as we see only the top half a dozen features by top authors.

"The reality is that the French turn out more than 100 films a year, the Germans 40, the Italians 50, the vast majority of which are commercial pictures.

"I think it is better for industry assistance to be indirect because this eliminates concerns about subjectivity and who decides: if something meets the financial parameters which the market sets up, then it will be financial regardless of the subject matter and who makes the decisions," he says.

Ginnane says that in no other major supply source for international film, be it America, France, Italy and the socialist countries, would someone be able to get a film off the ground without a pre-sale.

Matt Carroll, producer of *Storm Boy*, *Breaker Morant* and *The Challenge*, and a member of the board of the AFC, believes that under the new tax regimen the Australian film industry may be reduced to a factory for cheap exploitation films.

"There is a certain type of product which can achieve high levels of pre-sales: exploitation films which Tony Ginnane can sell to the two suppliers he works for. It is basically a video cassette market because of the subject matter.

"If we don't have a Film Bank, we will have people outside Australia determining what will be made here because they will be putting up the money".

The Film Bank will be "softer", not requiring impossibly high pre-sales. In other words, if an interesting film comes along and achieves

only 30 per cent presale, the film bank will probably see its way to getting the film made. "It will be taking on a portfolio which no one else will. And you will still be able to go to the international companies," says Carroll.

He says that an examination of the prospectuses of Australian offshoots of international producers such as New World reveals cultural gems of the calibre of *Creep Show*. And it is, he says, still looking for *Fright Night 3*.

Carroll claims that under the AFC's dominance, until 10BA was introduced, the Australian industry's success rate was higher, as was the quality of films. "At the height of 10BA we had the poorest results, until *Crocodile Dundee*, both in commercial and qualitative terms," he says.

Carroll says producers opposing the film bank are "quite happy to dump on the AFC." But Dino De Laurentiis (who has just floated a subsidiary of his group in Australia) is a dictator in terms of decisions and this does not seem to bother anybody. At least in the AFC there is a democratic process with appeals possible."

The film market is not like the market for a standard retail consumable - there is no sense of supply and demand forces in the film industry.

Like the oil industry, the motion picture industry is dominated by the "Seven Sisters": Paramount, Universal, Warner Bros, Columbia, Twentieth Century Fox, MGM and United Artists. Their dominance of the world motion picture industry is unquestioned.

In 1985 they had nine of the top 10 films distributed in the US, and 63

of the top 100.

The top seven's overall share of US theatrical rentals was 80 per cent, or \$US1.21 billion. In Australia it was 78 per cent or \$US28.7 million.

The dominance of this group and their complex interlocking relationship with exhibitors and producers results in a buyers market in which prices are skimmed often to a fraction of production cost.

At the point where films are distributed, costs can be offset against returns and distributors end up showing a profit. Looking at the gross revenue figures is meaningless.

The dominance of the majors has resulted in the explicit, structured government subsidy of the film industries of every major film making country except the US.

Kim Dalton believes any talk of market forces in the Australian industry is illusory. The whole thing is subsidised anyway.

"You have to ask yourself why the Australian tax payer should put all those millions of dollars into the film industry. After all, if it were not there it's not as if there would be no films in the cinemas or on television."

One answer, says Dalton, is that film is a significant form of cultural expression for a nation - paraphrasing Phillip Adams: "The industry should be about putting Australian faces and landscapes on Australian screens."

"If it were purely about tourism and trade spinoffs, it could be argued an alternative such as a \$20 million overseas advertising campaign might be more effective," he said.

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"YOU WILL DREAM OF IT FOR WEEKS." - Time Out, London

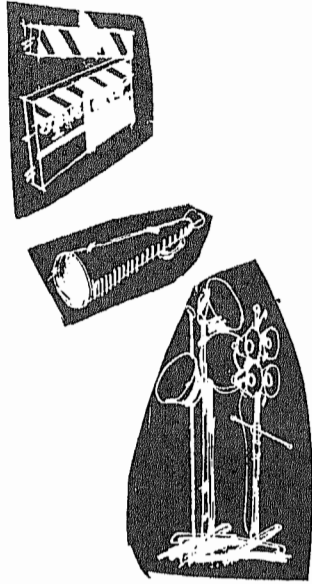
"A TRIUMPH. DARING AND IMAGINATIVE." - Daily Telegraph, London

"TENSE, ATMOSPHERIC. A TOUR DE FORCE." - The Guardian, London



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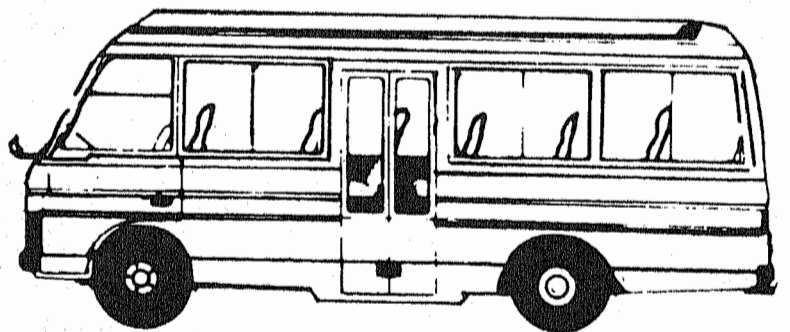


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JAMIE SKINNER

talked to some of Australia's leading newspaper film critics to find out why they watch and write about movies.

THE QUESTIONS

How did your interest in films begin?

Have you ever had any scathing criticism from a reader who perhaps threatened you for one of your critiques?

What is the difference between being a movie buff and a film critic?

Should film critics write for themselves or for their audience?

Have you ever felt any pressure from film publicists to give a movie a good review?

What qualifies a person to be a film critic?

Do you think a film review has the power of opinion in that it can make or break a movie?

Peter Crayford,

The Financial Review

I saw the *Canon* and *Dr. Calligan* at the Adelaide Teachers College when I was at university in 1969. It was that film which made a remarkable impression on me. It was from there that I started getting interested in films and I joined the Adelaide University Film Society. And I ran it for 3 years.

The film society was already existing when I went there for a decade. When I took it over, we had screenings at lunch times with the policy of two commercial films on Tuesday and Wednesday at lunchtime and one art film. We showed rather large seasons of films. French films and different nationalities of cinema and then we also would programme horror films and American westerns. We subsidised the art films which never attracted a large audience. It was totally run by the students then which it now isn't I think it's run by the union to actually make money. We made a lot of money but we ploughed it back into things like the Thursday screenings. We also had a mini sort of festival each year and there was one where we had a whole season of Kurosawa films, and Bergman films and things of that kind. We also bought film-making equipment and gave people money to make short films. 1969-73.

It was a very vibrant time because there were demonstrations every week. There were all those kinds of 70's film like the Dustin Hoffman film *The Graduate* which were enormous blockbusters at the time.

We also had a strange season that I put on of epics like *El Cid*, *Gone With the Wind*, *Ben Hur* and surprisingly enough they attracted vast numbers of audiences. We had to turn people away. That was years and years after they had been released.

I did write some things for *OnDit* years ago when I was a student, (mainly) reviews of the Adelaide Film Festival.

I have only had one anonymous letter - that's the only really nasty response I've had from someone who didn't care for my review and said that I couldn't write. It was an Australian film.

Two things can be said for my circumstance. The paper that I write for has a very specific policy which is a policy which I wanted when I was offered the job and I took it on this understanding that I was only to be the reviewer, that I wouldn't be a promotional writer of any kind of all. That meant I wouldn't do interviews with stars that I wouldn't do disarising narratives a pieces of journalism about the industry, that all I would do was review, which makes me completely independent because I don't at all have to rely on the distributors, I don't have to go to previews, I can see the film on the day it opens. It is quite different from other film critics who have to write both feature and promotional articles. For me those two functions are divorced, somebody else does that, I just speak my mind.

The Financial Review has a circulation of about 180,000 so it is one of only a few national newspapers and it also has a fairly very well-educated

audience readership so I don't have to write for a reading age of twelve like at the News but I can write in my own style without having to compromise anything in particular. I think that is one of the reasons why I write for the *Financial Review* and why I wouldn't write for any other paper.

You do know that your review can be meaningful for some distributors who are distributing films which find it difficult to get an audience or films like art-house films which they can use quotations from the review in their advertisements.

No distributor has ever tried to put anything on me to write a good review. But you know with films like *My Life As a Dog* for instance, European a subtitled or Asian subtitled films could use a good quote in their advertisements. I make a point of writing in a way that is not easy to quote because I don't want to be used in that way particularly but again I don't mind if it happens that way. I think the critic can be important in getting those films seen by a wider audience just by writing a favourable review. It doesn't work for all films.

I don't think a critique makes or breaks a movie but it can make a contribution to a film being a success. I fall the critics pan a film, I think that it can have an affect. If all the critics actually praise a film then that can be used by the film promoters to make it more successful than it may have been, but I don't think criticism actually makes or breaks any film.

I think that a lot of people who do TV shows are in the situation where they have to promote films really because if they were very critical or their show wouldn't get clips. There is a certain restrictiveness about television, which I don't think applies to newspapers.

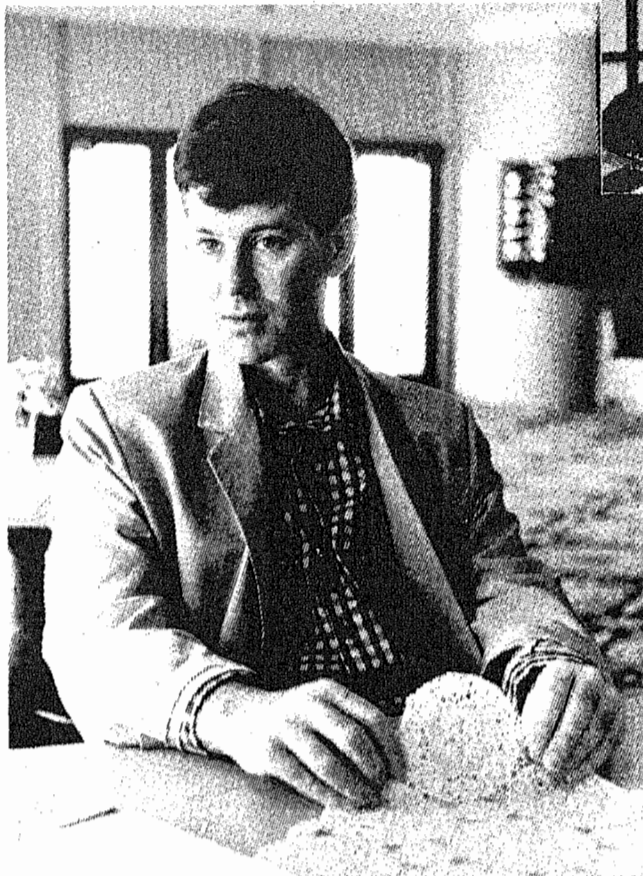
Firstly you have to like the movies (to be a film critic). You have to like going to see films. If you're not particularly interested, you shouldn't be doing it. I think also a knowledge of a large number of films can be a great help because it places them in perspective. But I think also you have to be not completely self-centred about cinema that you have other interests like literature, painting, art of music. If you don't have any of those interests, you're working with half your equipments, because you don't know what these influences (on the film) are.

I heard a quotation about critics the other day by Steven Spender. He said that "Criticism should be spoken and not written down" because the power of print makes it seem so permanent (like gospel). I think there is something to be said for that considering that I am earning a living from it.

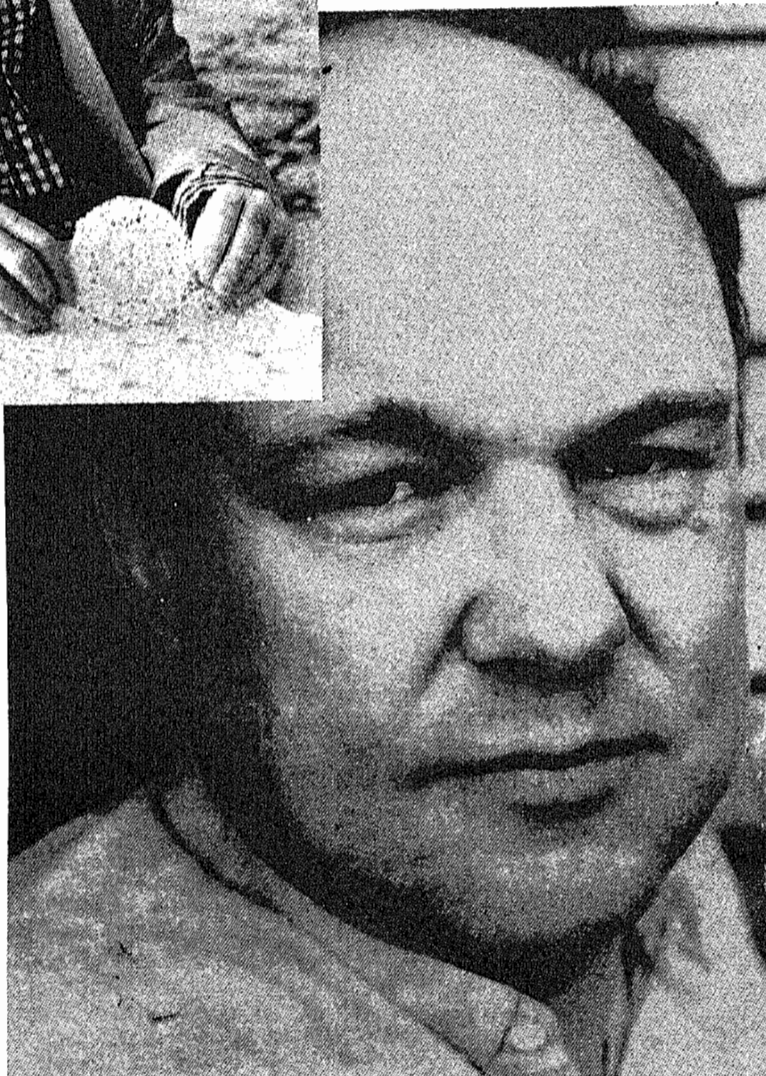
Ivan Hutchison;
HSV-7 Melbourne and
The Sun News-Pictorial;
Radio 3AW & ABC

It used to be a regular occurrence during my youth. You couldn't afford to go to the theatre and so movies were so cheap and so plentiful those days and there were matinees on Saturdays⁷ which use to show serials (each

Peter Crayford



John Baxter



Ivan Hutchison



week).

The most insulting piece of criticism I got was about a Chuck Norris movie when I said that the fellow had no acting ability whatsoever. It was greeted with less than rapture by somebody who wanted to know what the hell I was talking about and if I didn't look-out he'd use his black belt expertise.

I can remember a criticism from a person who thought I had been too light on the fact that I had not mentioned that there had been a lot of bad language in a film.

It is not what I would call "rational criticism" in the one sense. I always think that when you write criticism you can be well and truly disagreed with by people who can write intelligently about their disagreements. There is not much point writing to a critic and saying "Well I like Chuck Norris, what's wrong with you."

If I write for the *Sun* (Melbourne), I don't write as if I am writing for *Cinema Papers*.

There is an audience perception out there when they buy a paper. I think you can enjoy a film on a number of levels. I think it is a good idea sometimes for a critic to go to hear an audience react to a film it might be quite different. I think you've still got to stand back and say that the audience enjoyed it more than I did and I think perhaps that that is a valid point of criticism.

Sometimes I get the impression

from some of the best critics in the world that they don't like movies very much, I mean a movie is not a novel. I keep saying this to a lot of people. And it is not a book of history.

I am really not asked to do this radio show with a film exhibitor because of the fact that I agree with everything they say. A film publicist or exhibitor is out to do everything they can for a movie. There is no value in been a "yes" person for the distributors. There is a pressure there. The more you get to know the people, the more friendlier you are with them and the more difficult it is. A publicist worth their salt knows whether they've got a good film or not. The only time I find it difficult and may reword something is when it is an Australian film.

What you're talking about is an industry which is still hanging on by its finger nails and it (effects) people's livelihood here in this country.

You've got to like the subject. I do I love the film medium, it excites me and stimulates me. It is a very immediate way of becoming involved. You've got to have an enthusiasm for films to be able to write on them.

Stan James,
The Advertiser

You get correspondence and phone calls from people which come in in two sets. You get the kids who disagree with you when you might criticise some Hollywood junk like one of

the Chuck Norris things or one of the Science fiction pieces of bullshit. Generally when you make an interpretation, comment in a review of a religious subject, that generally fires people.

Because of our broad circulation and readership base, you have to appeal generally across the board to most of our readers so you are aiming to write a story which will be read by everybody, you are aiming to be a catalyst for opinion and thought (depending on the film of course) and at the other stage you are trying to offer some constructive observations of a film which maybe trying to change people's attitudes. But generally I always try to write in a manner which is acceptable to broad cross-section of our readers.

Like any other critic, I think you have to have a knowledge of the subject your attacking, but like any other informed person in the public, your opinion is no better or no worse. Critics are just the ones lucky enough to get their opinions put in print.

There are some films which are very entertaining, which I go and see again. I concentrate and I takes notes, and I generally try and absorb the thing and I'll go and see it again with my wife or friends to sit down and enjoy it.

I guess I wear two different hats, one as the movie buff and one as the critic, and the shape of the hat varies on the type of film.

CONT CLAPPERBOARD 12



DE PALMA: HITCHCOCKIAN GURU OR SPLATTER MERCHANT?

Brian DePalma.
Masterly American filmmaker or the "sick man of Hollywood"? Epigone of the late great Alfred Hitchcock or film genre artist in his own right? Misogynist movie maker or a dream merchant? Jane Everett one of perhaps only two female film critics who are wont to cackle along with DePalma's notorious exploits, will give it to you straight.

Near the end of *The Untouchables* there is a climactic shoot-out that is instantly destined to be remembered as one of the most exciting action scenes in modern cinema. It is so good that it reminds one of what the first time of having sex was like; a sense of forbidden freedom and orgasmic release.

The film's hero, Eliot Ness, is standing at the top of a long flight of stairs at a Chicago railway station. He and another Treasury official, an "untouchable", are staking out the station waiting for Al Capone's book-keeper to arrive, the lynchpin witness in putting Capone behind bars for tax evasion. The good guys know that the book-keeper is going to come through those ornate doors at the top of the stairs guarded by a phalanx of hit-men.

The tension continues to build as Ness notices that down below him a mother is laboriously dragging a rickety old baby carriage up the stairs. Ness knows that by the time mother and baby reach the top of the stairs they will be in the direct line of fire. He hesitates. We can practically read his thoughts. Should I rush down and help her get out of the way thus risking my back to the doors?

The suspense, nearly unbearable, is broken by Ness bolting down the stairs and pulling the baby-carriage up the last few steps. At this moment the gangsters enter. At first they think Ness is the woman's husband and therefore an ordinary civilian.

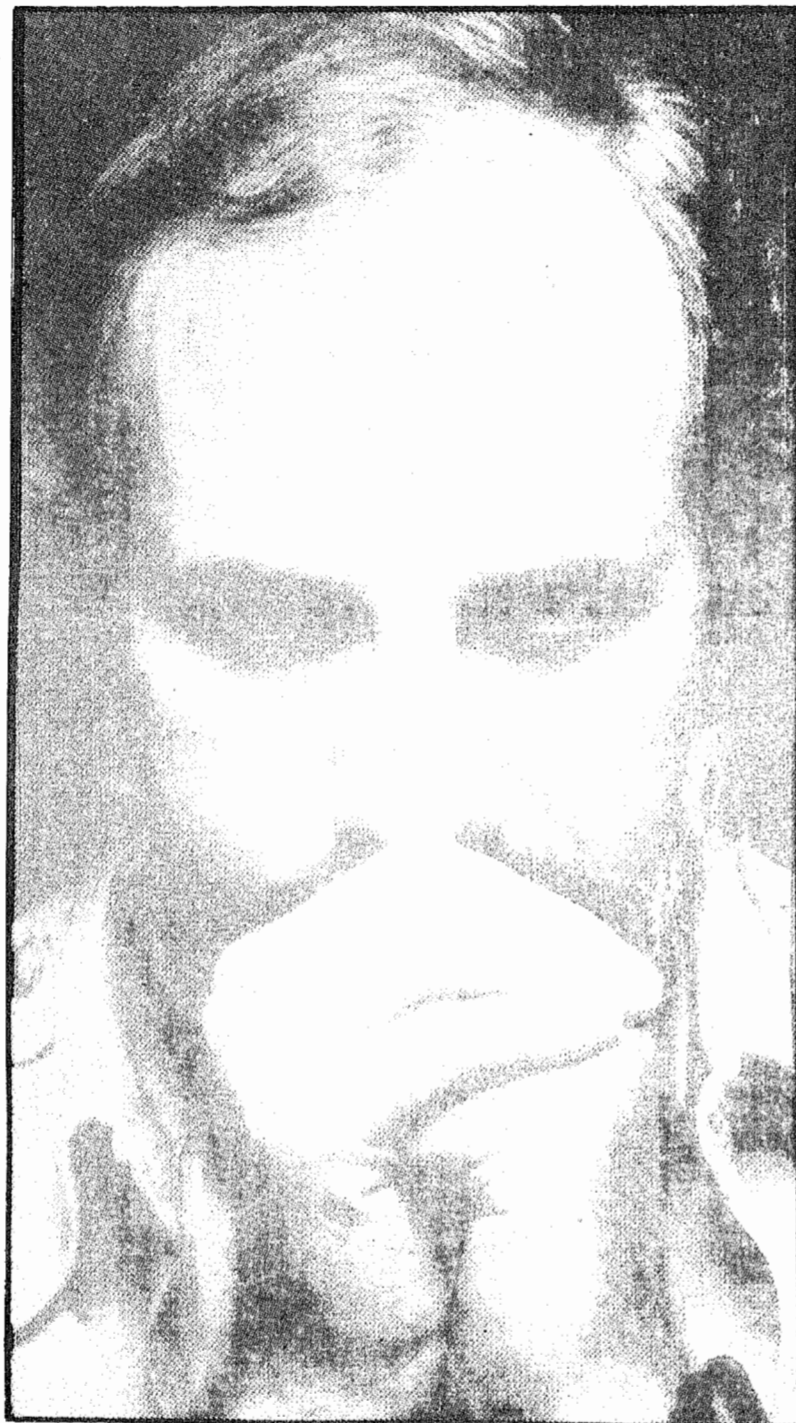
But as Ness turns to face them, rifle at the ready, they position themselves on all sides of the

untouchable, and reach for their pistols. As the guns go off and the blood starts flowing Ness tries to push the woman out of the way. Unfortunately he loses his grip on the baby-carriage. The mother screams as her child's vehicle begins elegantly to roll down the steps. Ness, firing upon the hit-men as they in turn fire upon him, lunges down the stairs after the carriage, its handle just out of reach of his fingers. The other untouchable runs toward the stairs, providing covering for Ness. What makes this ballistic episode so enthralling, and yet excruciating, is that it is entirely filmed in slow-motion.

As this climax finished, we the audience, broke into applause. I do not think we were clapping because the greatly outnumbered untouchables had triumphed. Nor because our appetite for gore and murder had been satisfied. Rather we were cheering because there is a special kind of exhilarating high that a moment of beautifully executed cinema can give you. Since such moments are always rare it was worth an ovation.

The individual behind this classic moment, the director of *The Untouchables*, is the bearded, even saintly looking, Brian De Palma. Working from a script by the dour and deliberate David Mamet, De Palma overall has crafted a solid piece of melodramatic entertainment. But if you are familiar with this filmmaker's earlier pictures then you will understand that this is damning him with faint praise indeed.

It is no surprise that it took a com-



paratively ordinary movie like *The Untouchables* to give De Palma a popular success. He was after all known in the 70's as the "sick man of Hollywood". The man who wrote and directed notorious films like *Sisters*, *Carrie*, *Phantom of the Paradise*, *The Fury* and *Dressed to*

Kill. These were not, ultimately, "audience pleasers". Rather he was attacked for exploiting and taking delight in depraved sex, misogynist violence, and shamelessly ripping off the films of his favourite director Alfred Hitchcock.

As the American film critic Pauline Kael (a staunch supporter of De Palma's work) has pointed out: "His technique is inspired amateurishness; his work resembles what hundreds of student filmmakers have done, but there's a level of personal obsession which makes the material his own. Most student moviemakers are gullible; they harbor a naive belief in the cliches they parrot. De Palma loves cliches for their shameless phominess. The movies of the past haven't made him their innocent victim; rather, they have wised him up."

When questioned on his obsession for bizarre, deviant characters and horrific violence De Palma replied: "I suffer from an extremely vivid imagination - sometimes to the point where it's disturbing. It's like something I can't turn off. Images start flowing immediately people tell me a story, or I read a script. You add a little emotion and that's an overload!"

De Palma is a product of the 60s film schools which produced the class of Steven Spielberg, George Lucas and Francis Coppola, among others. While these contemporaries were trying to revive the old American film genres, gangsters, science fiction, and adventure to captivate a modern audience, De Palma was trying to go beyond the boundaries of genres; that is, to take the stock thriller of supernatural horror film and defy audience expectations. While millions of people, and critics, responded rapturously to the movie brats' conventional movies - *The Godfather*, *Jaws* and *Star Wars* - De Palma's offbeat works were a lonely, demented cry in the wilderness.

In the late 60s De Palma made two highly acclaimed, low-budget movies: *Greetings and Hi Mom*, both starring the then unknown Robert De Niro, who now plays Capone in *The Untouchables*. Both were entertaining polemics against



the American system that sent young men to die in Vietnam. They were fashionably anti-establishment. Seen today the politics is hopelessly dated and the anti-war demonstrators have a smugness about them that is quite off-putting. But these films still show a young film-maker who displays enormous technical skill. By that I mean De Palma at an early age knew just what the best camera angle was for any particular scene just as the young Spielberg did, and how to get the desired effect upon an audience.

These early works also show the director's sardonic humour. In *Greetings*, a likeable young man who is obsessed with the idea that President Kennedy was killed by not one but two gun-men and therefore a sinister conspiracy, maps out the scene of Kennedy's assassination by drawing a diagram of the fatal street on his girlfriend's naked body. This character is himself later assassinated.

In 1980 De Palma made a stunning comeback, and on his own terms. *Dressed to Kill*, starring Michael Caine and Angie Dickinson, is a brilliant, beautiful thriller. It is also in terms of its structure and twists of plot a rather obvious rip-off of *Psycho*. But it is a much better movie than Hitchcock's studio bound, dated classic. De Palma's version is the slasher movie raised to perverse heights of chic entertainment. It's like experiencing a nocturnal emission that turns into a nightmare.

While De Palma was under fire from critics and commentators for promoting pornography, and particularly violence against women, unexpectedly wrote and directed his first serious thriller, *Blow Out*. Many argue that this is his best film. It is a story about power and conspiracy within American society and the little ordinary citizen can do to fight it. Typically, it is derivative, stealing from the Antonioni clas-

sic, *Blow-up*. Still, it is a wonderful film, its bleak ending guaranteeing that it would fail to be popular. It is also notable for being one of the few movies in which John Travolta has proved that he is a brilliant actor. Since *Blow Out* De Palma has been in something of a rut. He has filmed two gangster scripts; *Scarface* and *The Untouchables*, written by others, as if hoping that by hiring out his talents to others he can regenerate his own creative juices. Certainly the only films he has written since 1981, *Body Double* and *Wise Guys*, were great disappointments. Once again trying to remake Hitchcock (this time *Rear Window*), *Body Double* was a small-minded film with few thrills. And the less said about his 1985 gangster comedy *Wise Guys* with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo the better. De Palma seemed to have become exhausted. It was almost as if he wanted to prove his detractors right that he was a phony who could only keep an audience awake by piling on the gore against beautiful, vulnerable women.

In 1983, *Scarface*, though another ugly and humorless exercise, was not entirely De Palma's fault. He simply filmed the script as written by Oliver Stone, this year's Oscar winner for directing *Platoon*. Now we have *The Untouchables*, an excellent film that nevertheless pales by comparison with *Phantom of the Paradise* or *Carrie*. It is almost a sick joke that De Palma has made an establishment, "law and order" film in which the hero is so straight that he would never see, let alone be in, a De Palma film. But whenever we cut to De Niro as Capone, beating someone to death with a baseball bat, or yelling "Fuck your mother!", perhaps we may still imagine the old De Palma giggling perversely from behind the camera.

Despite his ups and downs De Palma has provided some of the most memorable scenes of this film generation. Sissy Spacek, smiling as poor Carrie as she slides in slow-motion towards the prom stage, ignorant, as we in the audience are not, that humiliation and destruction are inches closer. Travolta in *Blow Out* painstakingly amassing the audio-visual evidence of foul-play in a politician's death. A punk rocker in *Phantom* being killed on stage by the title character as the latter shoots an electric wind-up thunderbolt at him, the crowd cheering

the show. Angie Dickinson teasing herself up in the shower in *Dressed to Kill*. As she feels her breasts she languorously looks out at her dull husband who is shaving. Suddenly she is grabbed around the mouth by a naked man. Fortunately it is only a nightmare. The in-joke is that her dream assailant resembles De Palma. And of course to this list must be added the climactic shoot-out from *The Untouchables*.

His first film to be shown outside of film festivals was the absorbing slasher movie, *Sisters*, in 1972. By no means a great work (in many ways it is laughably amateurish) it nevertheless established De Palma as a possible successor to Alfred Hitchcock. But the film with its convoluted plot about voyeurism and sadism was too weird for a general audience.

Two years later De Palma made an authentic junk masterpiece, *Phantom of the Paradise*. With a growing assurance, he combined the "Phantom of the Opera" story with the legend of "Faust". This provided the framework for an all out send-up of the glitter rock industry. It also satirizes other films that have influenced De Palma's style: *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *Psycho*, and *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. This very funny movie moves at a

breakneck speed and even includes an assassination at the end. It's the kind of tasteless joke on the junk culture of America that pop artist Andy Warhol tried over and over to make without success.

The story is about a brilliant rock composer whose songs are stolen by a ruthless music mogul (played superbly by, of all people, Paul Williams). The wronged composer, after getting his face fried in a record press, becomes the phantom, haunting the mogul's music hall, the Paradise. This makes it sound all too conventional. De Palma uses all sorts of tricks - split screen, speeded up motion, over the top acting - to make it one of the oddest and entertaining films ever made. There is a scene where a rock group called the "The Undead" who, while singing a song about mutilation, use their razor sharp guitars to hack off the limbs of their fans. The screaming throng goes wild with delight. This was sick stuff by 1974 standards.

It is a measure of De Palma's former status as an underground artist that not only was *Phantom* a financial bomb, not only has it not been seen on Australian television or released on video, it has not even become a cult film on the midnight circuit. This despite the fact that it is similar but infinitely superior to the horror/rock movie *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. *Rocky* fans would be left open-mouthed at the sophistication and intentional jokes of De Palma's *Phantom*. Even the music is better. *Rocky* is supposedly shocking for combining bubble-gum music with "Transylvanian Transvestism". *Phantom* is so ambitious and lethal that its venomous rock 'n' roll anticipated the British punk movement.

Stephen King saved De Palma's career by providing him with a sure-fire hit, *Carrie*. The spine-chiller classic of 1976 is by no means a sell-out by De Palma. It is a scary story about Carrie, an ugly high school duckling who for one moment

thinks she has been accepted by her cruel peers. She has been asked to go to the prom by a handsome hunk. What she doesn't know is that when she goes on stage to be crowned queen of the prom she will have a bucket of pig's blood tipped on her. What her giggling (or menors don't know is that Carrie has the psychic power to move objects at will.

After the prank Carrie initiates a reign of terror in the school that leaves even her religious fanatic of a mother (born-again Christians take note) all dead and bleeding. The film, the most effective adaption of a King novel, touched a popular nerve - everyone felt persecuted at school and daydreamed about having their enemies' heads cut off and impaled on tall stakes. Carrie generally met with critical approval but some critics questioned whether De Palma was anything more than a rip-off merchant, peddling old Hitchcock cliches, that he was a young plagiarist with no ideas of his own.

In that last film De Palma cribs the baby carriage motif from the classic Russian film *Battleship Potemkin*. But it is somewhat dissatisfying that the baby is saved from destruction (it was squashed in *Potemkin*) because this great scene lacks De Palma's perverse humour. Only in art could one write that for an individual to want to save a defenseless baby from injury is a measure of the artist's decline.



FASSBINDER'S BLEAK WORLDS OF CRUELTY AND DEATH

German director Rainer Werner Fassbinder's death may have come but his death only enhances his reputation to grow. Feminists slander him for depicting women as equally cruel as men and homosexuals belittle him as a corrupt bourgeoisie. JOHN McConchie writes that the only miracle Fassbinder was concerned was that capitalism has still not collapsed back into fascism.

His reputation grows; death has only cemented the fame he sought in life. Once, the name Fassbinder meant something only if you had seen his films. Now his reputation exceeds his works - a final tragedy perhaps, of a life of bitterness and anger, loneliness and anger, the bitter search for and the destruction of love, finally, cocaine and pills overwhelming all. He is destined to become a target of moralism, not just from the right, but from all quarters, this sadistic, queer pimp. The feminists will slander him for depicting women as equally cruel as men, the gays will belittle him for showing them as a corrupt bourgeoisie, just as he did with the orthodox left who will seek his unorthodox account of German history, the economic miracle. The only miracle, as far as Fassbinder was concerned, was that capitalism has still not quite collapsed back into fascism.

Communication has been transformed into heavy industry. When economic power passes from the hands of those who control the means of production, to those who control the media as well as the means of production, the problem of alienation also alters its meaning. Faced by the prospect of a communications net-work that expands to embrace the universe, every citizen

of the world becomes a member of a new proletariat. We can legitimately suspect that the communications media would be alienating even if they belonged to the community.

Umberto Eco, Faith In Fakes
Fassbinder was born into a fake democracy - a country dragged together late last century to be defeated and destroyed early this century, then subjected to the worst economic crisis of any Western country until its proletariat, in search of solutions, rallied around the fascists.

With the defeat of the Nazis, a democracy was imposed, this imposition plitting the nation into east and west. Katz quotes U.S. Secretary of State James Byrne on their victory - "What we have to do now is not make the world safe for democracy, but to make it safe for the United States."

Fassbinder was a compulsive truant. Deemed controllable in school, he grew up watching American films. He died in the decade of Reagan rhetoric, where 'democracy' and 'the United States' have become synonymous.

Why love is colder than death

A chronic housing shortage existed amidst the rubble of post-war Germany. Fassbinder grew up

in a house full of refugee families and friends, barely able to distinguish his parents from the rest. It didn't matter - you learn to look for love amongst those most willing to offer it to you. His father was a doctor who serviced the prostitutes of Munich. He later left Fassbinder's mother, and ran a boarding house in Cologne. His tenants were Gasterbeiter - Italians, Greeks, Yugoslavs, others, all imported to perform cheap, menial labour necessary for Germany's spectacular industrial recovery. Fassbinder collected the rent, found he preferred their company. Here, the essential link between love and money. Prostitution becomes the central metaphor in the films about this economic miracle. Early in his career he would send the women infatuated with him out to raise money, selling sex to the Gasterbeiter while he wrote scripts.

It was only this world, and the cinema, that he could inhabit. He told his father of his love for a butcher's apprentice. "Well, if you want to go to bed with a man," his father said, "why can't it be someone from the university?" Not Fassbinder, then fifteen. He told everyone - his mother became hysterical. She would benefit from his career later on, but would always remain cool towards his male lov-

ers. She would discover his third and last great love, dead from an overdose of sleeping tablets, in Fassbinder's Munich flat, whilst the now famous director was sulking in Cannes over the mediocre reception to *Despair*, his first English language film. The residents of his apartment block complained of a foul odour coming from the flat. Fassbinder's mother was called to open it. Armin Meier had been lying on the kitchen floor for six days, since May 31st, Fassbinder's birthday. She buried him, Katz reports, with contempt, without tears.

Within two months of this death, Fassbinder had completed *In a Year with Thirteen Moons*. Dealing with the last five days of a suicidal transsexual, he not only wrote and directed it but acted as editor, cameraman and art director. It features harrowing footage of a slaughterhouse, a sequence which Ronald Hayman, another Fassbinder biographer, notes as being "both a piece of cruelty to the audience, and a statement about human cruelty." Armin Meier was the offspring of the Action Lebensborn, Heinrich Himmler's breeding programme for the purification of the Master Race. He grew up illiterate, and became a butcher's apprentice. This is the world which makes Fassbinder's own cruelty pale in comparison. He was left "thinking of how I had lived for three years with someone, unable to provide the minimum amount of happiness one needs to survive". By this time his own addiction to hypnotics and cocaine was virtually complete.

We would only have to teach the addresses to 'read' the messages (of

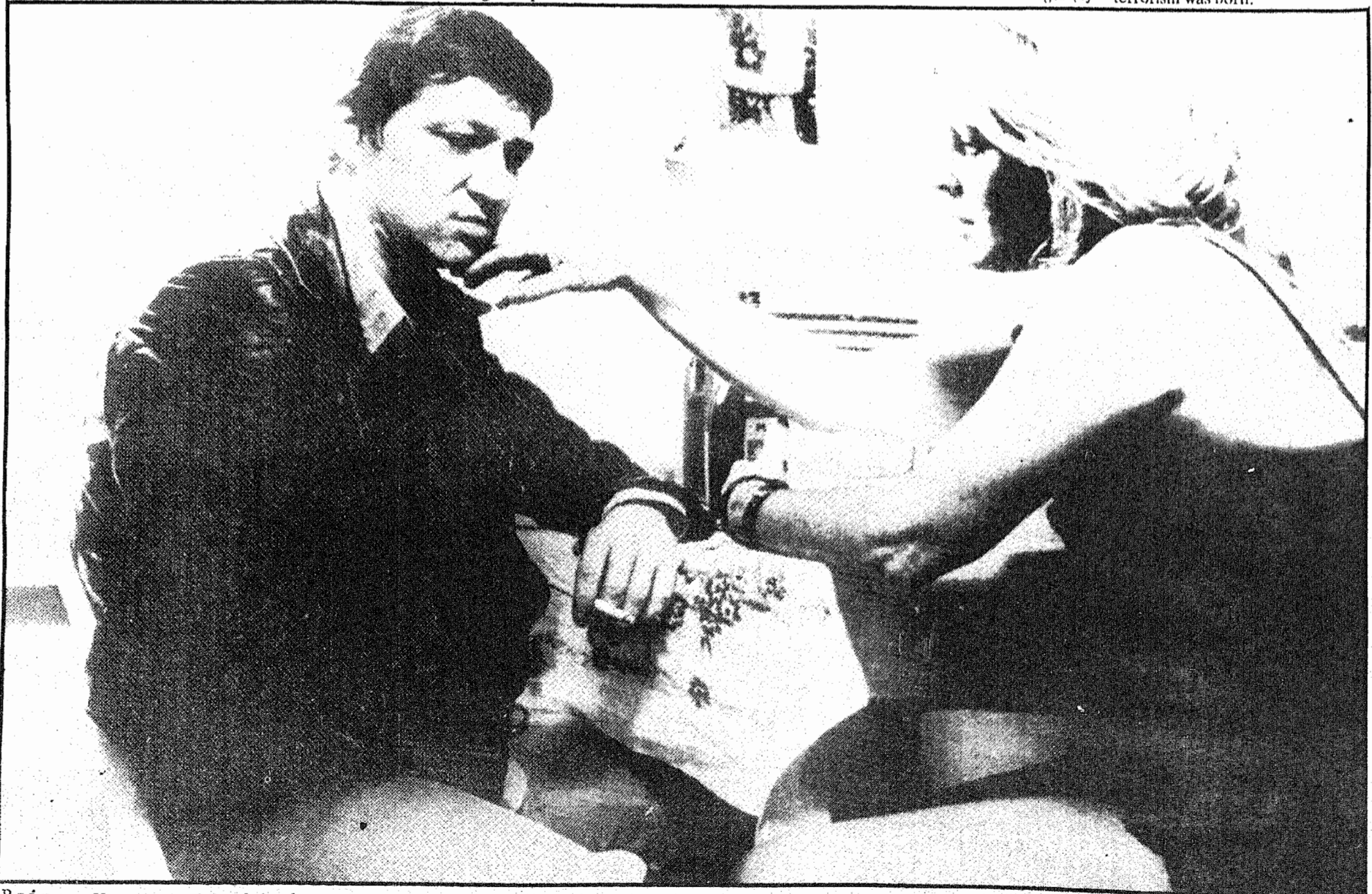
the mass media), to criticize them, and perhaps we would obtain the age of intellectual freedom, of critical awareness ... This was another dream of '68.

Umberto Eco, Faith In Fakes

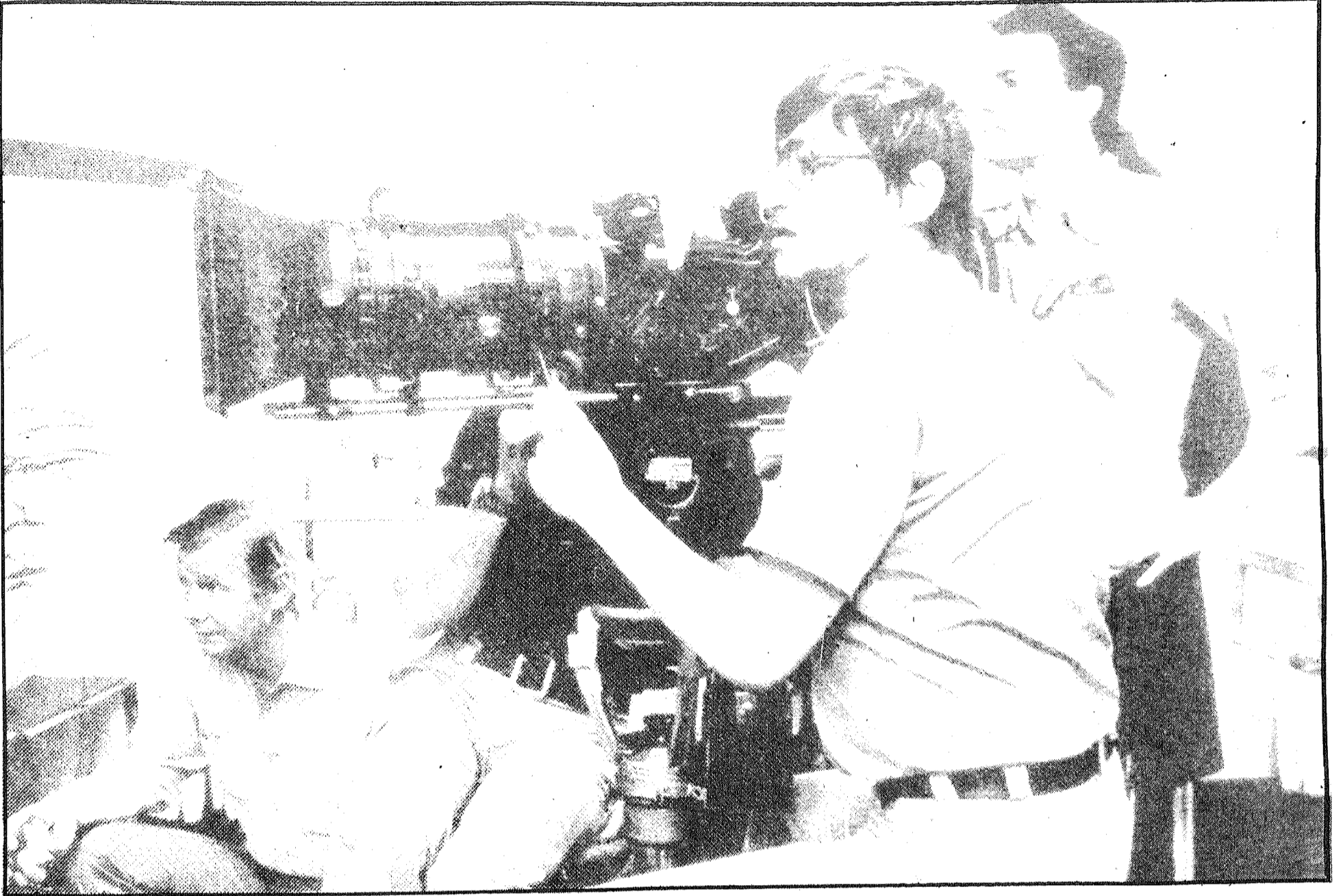
"I don't throw bombs, I make films."

Fassbinder's heady career was born out of 1968, the year Europe nearly exploded into renewed revolution. He had insinuated himself into a group called the Action Theatre who played in an old converted cinema, a meeting place, as Katz describes "for the radical young and the radically chic." The cinema belonged to a couple, Ursula Skatz and Horst Sohnlein. Fassbinder was quickly developing the ability to appear magnetic to both men and women, often forming a shifting ménage à trois, which grew to include Ursula. Her estranged husband finally went on a rampage, destroying the theatre he had built almost single handedly.

It is a story chronicled elsewhere, but Katz adds more. As the Action Theatre won greater audiences, much of it due to Fassbinder's input and his inclusion of Hanna Shygulla into the group, a young man named Andreas Baader became a 'regular' audience member, usually accompanied by other hangers-on. Their cry was for the principle of Action, not Theatre, and they oversaw Horst's destruction of his own theatre. No-one in the Action Theatre group knew that Horst had also been making incendiary bombs in the backroom. The day after the rampage, Baader, Horst and others drove to Frankfurt and set fire to an apartment store there. A new age of terrorism was born.



Rainer Werner Fassbinder



This was the group that was to work with him throughout his career, in theatre and film. At various times each would be punished by Fassbinder, and sent into exile. They would usually return, on invitation, meek and humble and ready for more abuse. They became the Fassbinder People, an entourage that found its own means of terrorising Europe with public brawls and scandals.

The second issue concerns Fassbinder's self doubts about the effectiveness of political action. He himself reigned through a kind of terrorism, promising parts to people in his next film if they did this one free, humiliating them on set to entice effective performances, inciting them to explode at each other in order to 'get to the truth'; he understood all too well the inherited cruelty of alienated humans. Like every other German, he followed the career of Baader and his comrade in terrorism, Ulrike Meinhof, diligently. Meinhof had sent him a message in 1975, saying she wanted to meet him, but he avoided it and she was arrested and died in prison in 1976, a so-called 'suicide'. Baader was also in prison, and in 1977 the Red Army Faction, in an insane attempt to free them, hijacked a plane carrying 86 people and a puppy, murdering the pilot. Seige was laid by a German antiterrorist squad in Somalia, three of the hijackers were shot, passengers and puppy freed. Back in Germany, a kidnapped industrialist was promptly shot. Baader and two others were found, also 'suicides', in their cells.

The new German cinema

Australians are complacent about these affairs, remaining removed. We look on them from a distance, just as we will read this biography, studying it as we would freaks in some perverted peepshow. But in Germany the response was

immediate. The new German cinema - a collection of powerful directors, of which Fassbinder was arguably now the most famous - was at this stage overtly political in stark contrast to Hollywood's manufactured fantasies. Eight of the directors came together to compile *Germany In Autumn* in response to the Baader affair.

Fassbinder's episode was revealingly personal. An improvised piece, he is seen in his Munich flat flushing cocaine down the toilet, in fear of a police raid. He argues with Armin, throwing him out of the flat, declaring him to be a fascist. Intercut are scenes of a kitchen table discussion with his mother. He provokes her into making the most reactionary statements about terrorism - orthodox bourgeois outrage. This was his brilliance, drawing out the connection between the state and the personal, between oppression and sadism.

Once upon a time there was the mass media, and they were wicked, of course, and there was a guilty party. Then there were the virtuous voices that accused the criminals. And Art (ah, what luck!) offered alternatives, for those who were not prisoners of the mass media ... Well, it's all over. We have to start from the beginning, asking one another what's going on.

- Umberto Eco, *Faith in Fakes*.

Fassbinder's political arrows hit where they hurt most - not in the impervious hide of the establishment but in the pretensions of the radicals. He despised any show of radicalism that only had the workings of bourgeois ideology at its roots. Of course his immediate targets were the people around him, which created the kind of dynamic situation that enabled him to make forty-three feature films in just thirteen years, including the fifteen hours of *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, not to mention a significant number of major theatre productions. In his first year of production alone, he made nine films, supported by the Antitheatre group who often found themselves with minor roles, no pay, and a promise of a role next

time if they didn't complain.

Experiments in collective democracy abounded in Europe throughout the Seventies, which gave Fassbinder's group much clout. Their method of operation was chic, seemingly politically desirable. Nothing could be further from the truth, for no such group can yet exist on the face of this earth. Paying lip service to such ideals does not propel them into existence, and Fassbinder's despotism constantly revealed this contradiction. But he was able to capitalise on it, and in 1974 was given artistic control of Theatre am Turm, Frankfurt's major centre for the performing arts. He bought most of the group with him; they created shambles.

The theatr was to be run on collective lines, decisions being made at group assemblies. Fassbinder either read the paper or didn't turn up. Peter Chatel and Irm Hermann were two from his group who had to attend these meetings. Katz quotes Chatel:

"We were all waiting interminably for Rainer to show up, and to pass the time I read a story about life at Berchtesgaden."

Berchtesgaden was Hitler's mountaintop retreat, and the newspaper piece dealt with the change of mood according to the presence or absence of the Fuhrer, but Chatel simply failed to mention his name.

"At a certain point Irm leapt to her feet and shouted at me. 'This is outrageous' she cried. 'How can *Der Spiegel* print such an article about Rainer?'"

Fortunately, Fassbinder was able to resign before his three year contract expired. His play, *The Garbage, the City, and Death*, drew charges of anti-semitism, particularly for one line which read:

The Jew is to blame for everything because he has put the blame on us. If he had remained where he came from or if they gassed him, I would be able to sleep better today.

The controversy continues to this day - the play remains unperformed. What his detractors neglect to mention is that Fassbinder has the line spoken by an unrepentant

Nazi. Taking advantage of the outcry, he quit the directorship.

A one man industry

His people knew that, without him, they were nothing. He was a one man industry that could provide employment and fame. Few Fassbinder people have survived him - most derive income by talking about him. But they know this. Kurt Raab, when he visited Australia for a Fassbinder retrospective, freely admitted it. After all, the group had become accustomed to speaking the truth, no matter how painful. This was part of Fassbinder's game-playing, making up for his perceived lack of childhood. In 1976, the year that saw the start of his cocaine dependence, he made *Chinese Roulette*. The troupe, as usual, not only worked together, but lodged together. The location was a secluded castle. Katz tells us:

second last film, *Veronica Voss* is the story of a faded movie actress who succumbs to morphine. He was consuming up to thirty grams of coke a week, usually in combination with prescription pills, such as Mandrax (banned from sale in Germany just before his death - he just found something stronger). He demanded his now considerable salary in cash, sometimes daily, to finance his habit. No wonder he died.

A legend beyond death

There is much more to the story of Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Most of the stories Katz covers are already in circulation, either in Hayman's 1984 biography *Fassbinder Film Maker*, or in the growing legends about him which circulate clandestinely, like the death mask that was taken from his corpse and carried around Venice, through hotel lobbies and cafes in a plastic shopping bag. Where Hayman methodically relates his life to his films, saying, "The statements he made about himself and the statements he made in the films", Katz reads more like Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*. Fassbinder was capable of cramming as much scandal into thirteen years as the American industry

was in fifty.

Finally, it remains crucial to understand this man's work in its full, political context, that he spoke with the eloquence of Caliban. His obsessive search for fame fell short at the final frontier, the English language market. His ambition was to be ugly on the cover of *Time*. He sought to be subversive of a mass audience; film mattered most as a means of giving him the power to express himself, to indulge himself, as Hayman put it.

In 1980, he turned down an offer to direct a remake of *1984*. Peter Berling recalls the refusal, made to a producer named Eckelkamp:

The meeting took place in Kay's, a plush gay restaurant in the Reichenbachstrasse. I showed up with Eckelkamp, whose uneasiness as coming to grips with Rainer was doubled by the thought of having to eat 'homosexual' cuisine. Rainer, late of course, arrived with the couple who had written Maria Braun. He declared himself at once.

"Technology," he said, "has so advanced since Orwell's times that the television surveillance he describes has been made ridiculous today. How we hunt our terrorists by grid search done by computers. This is something invisible and not filmable. Furthermore, I detest the idea in the novel that the love between two persons can lead to salvation. All my life I have fought against this oppressive type of relationship. Instead, I believe in searching for a kind of love that somehow involves all of humanity."

He died on the morning of June 10th, 1982, in Munich. It was Corpus Christi Day, a public holiday, so the inquest had to be delayed. "Even Fassbinder's just a man," one of the police outside the flat told a reporter.

Love is Colder Than Death: The Life and Times of Rainer Werner Fassbinder - by Robert Katz (with Peter Berling (Jonathon Cape, \$39.95).



Gallipoli II On Four Legs

THE LIGHTHORSEMEN
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Belinda Oswald

The Lighthorsemen dispenses with examining most of the internal emotional battles of soldiers engaged in warfare. Instead it concentrates on producing an accurate, detailed account of the historical events that lead to the Battle of Beersheba. It's here that the film loses its impact, but also prevents the glorification of one of the great exploits of Australian military history.

Historically, the story begins where the highly-acclaimed "Gallipoli" ends off. The surviving Lighthorsemen who fought as infantry at Gallipoli join with the British army to drive the Turks back across the Sinai Desert into Palestine. *The Lighthorsemen* directed by Simon Wincer could have been retitled *The Man From Snowy River goes to Gallipoli*; the opening scene and many of the horse stunts look suspiciously like they were chopped from *Snowy River*, while the set and costumes of *Lighthorsemen* contain the high authenticity of *Gallipoli* but this time it's warfare on horseback, not in the trenches.

The first half of *Lighthorsemen* is rather disjointed. We follow a staccato meandering through a chain of Lighthorse victories that end in two disastrous battles, moving in fits and starts to accommodate the who,

what, where and when foundations. The film's pace and energy is also lost in its beauty. Characters often become merely part of the landscape, the action stops and we're left to admire the expanses of desert or the symmetry of battle formations.

The film's climax and indeed its showpiece is the battle of Beersheba. The special effects crew created a minefield 400 metres square in which 32 specially designed explosive charges were placed in a computer-designed grid to provide shell and bomb bursts around and among the galloping horses of the charge.

A sense of dulled anticipation accompanies the arrival of the Battle of Beersheba. Here we lose the history book style direction and full on entertainment is provided. The scene involved 300 riders and 100 crew.

In giving time to chronicle historical circumstances, little time is left for audience involvement with the characters, i.e. the building of affection or hatred for them. Major war themes are hardly dealt with. Reluctance to kill is one that's touched upon. Peter Phelps from soap opera roots gives a skilled performance as Dave, a young lad who tries to show he's "one of the boys", yet it 100% marshmello inside; he can shoot a rabbit, but he can't shoot a man.

Anthony Andrews' appearance as

Meinertzhagen adds colour to the largely mundane smorgasbord of "she'll be right, mate" soldiers and their stereotyped, stiff-upper-lip "carry on lads" officers. He plays an enigmatic, slightly eccentric British Intelligence Officer with a fetish for bird collecting.

Jon Blake gives one of the best performances. He plays Scotty, so-called because he's Irish (yes, we're all terribly normal here). Blake is still recovering from a car accident on his return from filming at Hawker. He has the talent and looks to establish himself internationally; a potential Mel Gibson. Ironically, Blake's character was one of the few main characters to come through the magimix of warfare relatively unscathed.

Gerard Kennedy (Division 4) takes a role that is refreshingly different from his previous ones. It's a striking performance in that the face and voice seem familiar but it takes a while to recognise the actor underneath thanks to the skills of the make-up and wardrobe people. Kennedy plays Lieutenant Colonel Ismet Bey, commander of the Turkish forces stationed at Beersheba.

The Lighthorsemen loses its appeal and impact by distancing the audience from the characters by concentrating on the history of events and not the men who made the history.

Akroyd smiles once throughout the film I'll eat my word processor.

Tom Hanks, as Pep Streebek, is the almost total opposite of Friday. His previous roles in *Splash*, *Bachelor party*, *The Money Pit*, prepare the audience for his latest character and indeed Streebek holds no surprises. The twist emerges at the end of the film where Streebek, despite almost constant feelings of animosity and irritation towards his partner, acutally begins to assume some of Friday's nit-picking habits and a friendship is formed between the two cops.

The rest of the acting cast is fine, with some arch-typically wicked performances from the evil side, but the ranks are let down by an unbelievably good-looking "virgin", Connie Swail (Alexandra Paul), and I bet she isn't), who falls for Friday in a big way. She contrives to be prettily helpless, like any 1950s heroine should be, except that this is the late '80s and her character is too sweet to be believable. Christopher Plummer is a right nasty-

pasty as he plots to take over Los Angeles, and Connie's virginity.

Due mainly to the quality of the acting quarter, the film is entertaining watching, but there are some major weak points. As a spoof of the original series it succeeds admirably, and the satire doubles-up upon itself to the point where the audience comes to respect Friday as often as they laugh at him, but the plot is entirely fictitious - too unlikely to be taken seriously; taken too seriously by the directors to be laughed at. The film strays radically from the series, with regards to being based on real police events and procedures. The diabolical P.A.G.A.N.S. (People Against Goodness And Normality) are the wishy-washiest group of nambypamby satanists you'll ever come across, and the soft porn king Jerry Caesar (Dabney Coleman)...well... you don't get to be a porn king if you're as much of a nancy as he was. If only the bad guys were that nice in the real world, and all the cops were as honest as Joe Friday.

FROM CLAPPERBOARD 7

The film publicists have been pretty good. I am surprised quite frankly. What they may do is make it comfortable to talk to a star by telephone, which I hate (doing).

They don't ask for good reviews, they ask for space. They like to have stories summarised or written about with colour. No, but there hasn't been any heavy handed stuff.

In some circumstances you can, but you can't stop word of mouth no matter what. No matter what I had written or anybody had written about Eddie Murphy's *Beverly Hills Cop II*, there is no way in the world that film would not have been a smash hit, and it has been. What you might have done is stop a few people going along because you said it was inane bullshit or nonsense.

But once the thing is on the move, and it happens outside of Australia, there is a feeling which people can sense and no matter what you say, they'll go and see it. Whereas you can high print a film which some people wouldn't notice very much.

Anna-Maria Dell'Osso
Times On Sunday

(My interest in films developed) as a student at Melbourne University in 1974. When I went to university, there were just so many film societies and movies available to see. Of my generation, you can hardly help get interested in films when you grow up with it.

The guy who wrote the screenplay for an art house movie went troppo over my review of his film. He wrote a very emotional letter saying that he was a very well respected playwright, which I thought was rather irrelevant. I try very hard to be fair.

(Film reviewing has) got to be pleasurable to you or its not worth doing. The role of the critic is to make film accessible and to explore it beyond just face value appraisal, to look at it in the context of society and what's happening in it; to look at its themes and to look at it structurally as well in terms of cinematography and screenplay - look at it structurally.

In a creative aspect, draw people into the world of film and communicate the magic of it.

The movie buff doesn't have to take into account collective opinion or collective tastes or look at film in a collective way. The film buff can simply look at their own individual response to things and discuss them with like-minded people but I think film critics must be able not to just collect information about films or go and necessarily see every single film that's come out. I think the film critic needs to be able to make a discriminatory, almost judgemental decision to distinguish between good and bad.

What qualifies a person to be a film critic?

A love for film, an understanding of society and how it works, an understanding of film language in terms of technique and a creative imagination for words.

I know that there have been films that the critics have enjoyed and that's certainly helped (at the box office). I think with more obscure films outside the commercial chains critics can be enormously influential. On the other hand, the really popular stuff like *Rambo*, I don't think a critic can make much difference.

Sometimes with smaller distributors and they're running on a shoe string, and they are expecting a film to do well sometimes I have been caught in a conflict of interest because I support their aims. I have no qualms about doing anything to the huge commercial operations but sometimes the smaller chains bring out smaller underground films which I honestly can't endorse and I feel bad, so you're in an awkward situation.

John Baxter,
The Australian

I was brought up in an Australian country town where there was nothing else to do but go to the movies so I went three times a week, and that gets you into the habit.

Joseph von Sternberg was once asked by a person what you needed to become a director. He said you need the intelligence and insight of a psychoanalyst, you need the deep understanding of the human condition and a minister of religion, you need a profound understanding of literature of the sort that you would only find in a professor of English at a university.

And the person said:
"But you left school at nine and didn't do any of these things?"

And he replied: "Yes, well I never asked anybody how to become a film director."

I don't think it makes much difference. I think word of mouth is the real arbiter. It's what people say to one another which gets people into the movies.

There was a classic case in Britain of Steven Spielberg's first major feature, *Duel*, which was released in the suburb's first. And the critic's got all up in arms, so they brought it into the city with a big poster "jammed with critical praise" and it still flopped.

Do readers ever harass you?

No not readers. Filmmakers do! Filmmakers don't like what you say sometimes. People who don't like what you say will often write to the editor and complain. Sometimes they will threaten you with court action. I think it would probably be inappropriate for me to name the people who did that because it just starts things all over again. I had one case where a scriptwriter took exception to something that I wrote about a script and threatened legal action. There have been cases of people not actually gone to court, but got very close. In Australia less common but in America its far more usual. Critics have been hit with pie-o-grams. I know of an American critic who had somebody deliver a cream pie in the face as the result of a review. The public by and large are not your problem - they like a negative review - they prefer it to a positive review in my opinion.

Should critics write for their audience?

They should write for themselves. You never know what audience there is, do you? You write what you believe about a film whether it is + or - that is how consensus is established.

I think that if a film only engages you on one level then its very likely to be deficient. Even the most obscure film can be exhilarating and entertaining. Something like Rivet's *Soline* and Julie go boating which is for many people long and boring, I found it exhilarating. Fassbinder's movies I find exhilarating, even though I find the man lonesome as a person.

The thing about great films is that they transcend everything they come in under the guard and they get you where you're not expecting it and they grab you and that's what good films are all about.

Film distributors are of course out to get their product seen and there is a lot of pressure for you to see the film but not to write about it. I have never come across a case, not in this country, where a distributor or exhibitor has objected to anything that a critic has written. On the contrary, they are extremely generous. It happens more often in Europe. Of course, Francis Triffant was barred from the Cannes Film Festival in 1959 for his bad reviews, the next year he was back with the prizewinner, the best film of the festival. A lot of the American and English television companies have moved against television programmes by simply not letting them have clips. David Stratton has been forbidden clips by some distributors.

Some distributors try and release films without giving them a critics preview on the grounds that by the time the film is out, the critics won't have a chance to see it. I think that (the distributors) when a movie is bad and when a movie is good, we're all in the same business in essence.

DRAGNET

Hindley Cinemas

by Sean Williams

Thirty five years ago, a television series called "Dragnet" began; conceived by the late Jack Webb, this program was based on real police cases and procedures and concerned the day-to-day operations of the Los Angeles Police Dept and particularly one officer, Joe Friday. "Just the facts, ma'am."

Now, Tom Mankiewicz makes his directing debut with the motion picture, "Dragnet", which stars Dan Akroyd as the original Joe Friday's nephew, Joe Friday, and Tom Hanks as his partner, Pep Streebek.

Dan Akroyd has a fine history of comedic acting: *Trading Places*, *Ghostbusters*, *The Blues Brothers*, amongst others, all demonstrating his ability, and his role as Sgt Joe Friday, the morally upright by-the-book cop, is convincingly bland and almost irritatingly straight. The humour in Friday lies paradoxically in his very lack of humour and if

Kubrick Joins Vietnam Bandwagon

FULLMETAL JACKET
Hindley Cinemas

by Jonathan Hainsworth

The novel from which *Full Metal Jacket* has been adapted; Gustaf Hasford's scary, powerful *The Short-timers* has the potential to be the best Vietnam war film of them all. The cast of actors are all dedicated and talented. The people who put this drama together were interested in putting the grim truth up on the screen without any Hollywood clichés for 'heroes and villains'. Instead of recreating the war in a south east Asian location Kubrick and his company have brilliantly faked the war setting exclusively in England. Since its international release *Full Metal Jacket* has received critical acclaim and, despite being a harsh and clinical film, has even made money.

So, the film is a masterpiece? The answer, depressing as this is to write is that *Full Metal Jacket* is a piece of absolute shit - poorly directed, written, acted, and is a boring, amateurish film. The latest Arnold Schwarzenegger hit *Predator* about a group of soldiers being murdered by an alien is more convincing. What went wrong? How could it be that a film that has been acclaimed by many as the greatest war film ever made is in actuality just about unwatchable?

The problem is that that reclusive and obsessive Kubrick has forgotten how to make movies. In the 1950's and 60's he was one of America's most promising new talents. Films like *The Killing*, *Paths of Glory*, *Spartacus*, *Lolita*, *Dr. Strangelove* and *2001: A Space Odyssey* were brilliant movies that displayed his technical virtuosity, and Olympian skepticism, and a black sense of humour.

But his next three films showed disturbing signs of artistic deterioration that he was losing his touch. *A Clockwork Orange*, *Barry Lyndon*, and *The Shining* though each containing some brilliant work were marred by Kubrick, always a cold, methodical story teller, displaying no passion or sympathy for his characters. You could get away with this indifference when your leading man was a charismatic performer like Jack Nicholson but not if it's Ryan O'Neal. Having predicted that people will become robotic slaves to their computers Kubrick seemed unable to get out of this rut of reducing actors to zombies as he did in *2001*. In fact his films looked as if they had been directed by HAL 9000. The last film in which people's emotions were more important than

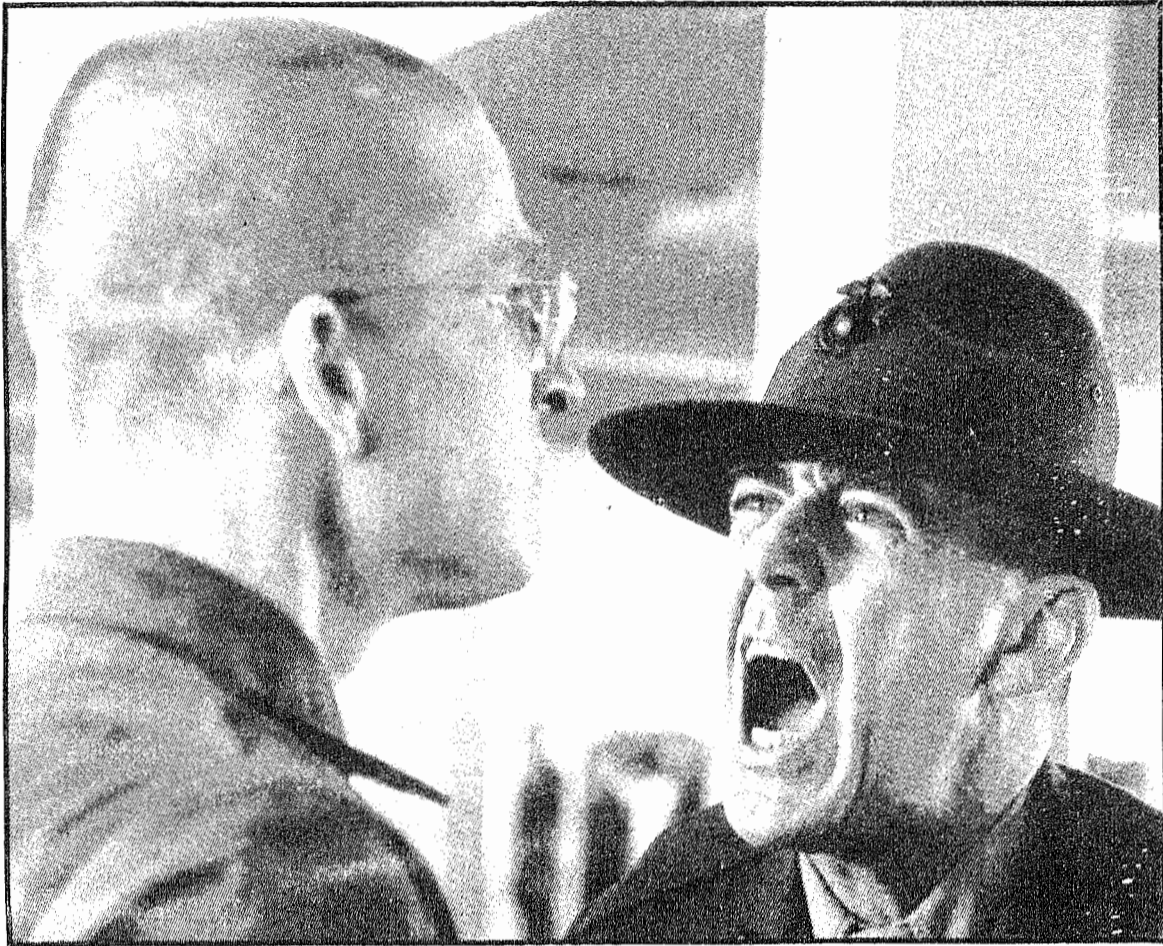
camera angles was *Lolita* and that was in 1962.

Still *Full Metal Jacket* had the potential to be a terrific comeback for Kubrick. His 1958 movie *Paths of Glory* is a classic war film about the courtmarshalling and execution of French soldiers who refused to leave their trenches in World War I. *Spartacus* contains some excellent battle scenes between Roman legions and rebelling slaves. *The Short-timers* a short and simple book did not seem to present any problems in dramatizing the plight of a group of marine recruits as they go from the hell of basic training to the hell of fighting in the bombed-out city of Hue. Unfortunately Kubrick and his co-writers Hasford and Michael Herr have stripped the book of the incidental material and left only an empty shell.

In *A Clockwork Orange* the theme concerned the morality of putting habitual thugs through a harrowing conditioning treatment that would turn them into mindless and well behaved citizens. The first half of *Full Metal Jacket* deals with the same theme of dehumanization but turned inside out. Now young men are conditioned to become killers, to become as hard and effective as full metal jacketed bullets.

At the training camp a ruthless drill Sergeant Lee Ermeley (Vincent D'Onofrio) brutalizes the scared recruits until they too become sadistic brutalizers. A dim-witted fat boy (Vincent D'Onofrio) earns the contempt and punishment of everyone by being awkward and inept. But the process of abuse begins to turn him from a buffoon into the most fanatical recruit of the lot. In the novel his psychotic explosion was a frightening and logical climax to his training. Kubrick, instead of sticking with Hasford's realistic staging and dialogue, gives us a re-run of Nicholson's hammy madness, a kind of *Shining* in miniature. What should be a powerful scene is instead a sad embarrassment.

Some critics who didn't particularly care for the film still admire this long opening section. Certainly the swearing by the bully-boy Sergeant has a certain level of entertainment if you like the theatre of cruelty, but these early scenes are so one-dimensional, we are supposed to sit there horrified at the treatment of these boys but Kubrick makes absolutely no effort to dramatize their characters. They are not personalities we can care about. They are just a line of shaven headed non-entities. The drill Sergeant must as well stop shouting - his work has been done for him because Kubrick has already dehumanized these men. It is a full thirty minutes before two characters just talk to each other, and even



then it is not an intimate conversation.

The novel's protagonist, the character from whose view-point we are experiencing the story is Private Joker a smart-ass who goes on to become a combat correspondent for an army rag. His cynical narration and sick humour mask a young man who knows that the military system and the war are shredding him of every vestige of his humanity and within himself he squirms at the casual atrocities he commits.

In the film no such character exists. There is a bespectacled stick figure called Joker (Mathew Modine) who is a journalist but Kubrick has reduced the moral ambiguity of this character to painting "Born to Kill" on his helmet and yet wearing a peace symbol on his chest. He is not even funny anymore. He makes the occasional pretentious remark about the "Jungian duality of Man" or shoots off a poor impersonation of John Wayne.

One of the great aspects of the novel is the black humour, presumably one of the things that attracted Kubrick to the story in the first place. Yet all the funny com sick incidents have been dumped in favour of a series of interviews with the soldiers by a T.V. news crew. These scenes are supposed to be

funny and pointed but they are just appallingly clichéd ramming home the message that the Yanks don't know why they're in Vietnam killing peasants and children. In fact the only funny moment is unintentional. Joker meets up with a General who is played by the minor American actor who appeared as a tourist in an episode of *Fawlty Towers* - the one who vainly tries to order a waldorf salad.

The second section of the film, the fighting in the city of Hue during the Tet Offensive of 1968 is even worse than the first half. There is no structure to these scenes. They are just a rambling collection of tedious incidents relieved only by the soundtrack which throws on songs like "Surfing Bird" by the Troggs in an attempt to show that war is "bizarre". I was so bored that I began to count how many palm trees they had imported from Spain to make the abandoned London gasworks look like a ruined Asian city.

The greatest sin of this, Kubrick's worst film ever, is that there is not even a great battle scene. The director seems to be preparing us for it with some fine camera-work of soldiers darting around burning buildings but it never comes. Instead he finishes the film with a variation on the book's ending. A sniper picks

off the pinned down platoon, one by one, killing them slowly. This too has been altered to become a static and unconvincing scene about whether to show the enemy any mercy. This climax is wet with false and forced pathos which Kubrick, a film-maker who loves zombies not people, cannot work up any enthusiasm for.

The idiot critics who loved this lousy mess have sniffed that Kubrick has made a vastly superior film to Oliver Stone's *Platoon*. The latter was in fact an excellent film that dramatized the soldier's ugly odyssey by creating characters and exciting action scenes. This may seem like stating the obvious ground rules for making a movie, any movie, but Kubrick has broken these elementary rules not for the sake of innovation but because he has become so cold and cut-off that he could not even make a dog food commercial without fucking it up.

The tragedy is not that *Platoon* is being unfairly denigrated in favour of Kubrick's incompetent home movie but that *The Short-timers* perhaps the most brilliant account of the Vietnam veteran yet written was not made by Oliver Stone, or for that matter anyone but Kubrick - the people who actually make dog food commercials would have done a better job.

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NO WAY OUT

Hindley Cinemas

by Cathi Walker

No Way Out is based on the 1947 thriller, *The Big Clock*, which was directed by Australian John Farrow and starred Ray Malland, Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Costner plays Commander Tom Farrell, who is dragged in as intelligence liaison between the US Secretary of Defence and the CIA. His position becomes complicated when he discovers that his girlfriend Susan (Sean Young from *Stripes*) is the Secretary's mistress.

Gene Hackman co-stars as the Secretary. He is controlled by his highly ambitious secretary, played with wonderful creepiness by Will Patton.

The Secretary is an ill-tempered and jealous man. When he finds out that Susan is seeing someone else he loses control and accidentally kills her.

What follows is a major cover-up. For years there have been rumours

of a Russian spy within the Defense Department. He is now claimed to have been Susan's lover and murderer, as Patton plans for her unknown boyfriend to take the fall for her death. The CID plus the police force is made to begin a full-scale search, with only Hackman, Patton and Costner knowing the real reason behind it.

Costner's only hope is somehow to attach suspicion to Hackman. The suspense as he simultaneously tries to obtain proof of his boss's connection with Susan and avoid identification as her boyfriend is almost unbearable. Patton, as Scott Pritchard, is ruthless in his determination to save Hackman and hence his own power.

There are several chases involving Costner, ex-Intelligence hitmen and witnesses which will have you on the edge of your seat, wishing that something would actually happen to get it all over with. The suspense makes for exciting and effective drama but is drawn out for far too long. The climax, Costner's confrontation with the Secretary

and his assistant, provides a bloody but satisfying resolution to the situation.

Sean Young is given no chance to show what talent she may have, stuck in a shallow role requiring only seductive beauty. Her affair with Costner seems based completely on lust. Kevin Costner, for his part, shows the same talent and intensity which he displayed in *The Untouchables* (filmed later) and has magnetic screen appeal. Gene Hackman is convincing in his role as the weak-spirited Secretary but Will Patton steals the scene.

The ending is ironic and a complete surprise. Unfortunately, it seems tacked on, having few links with the rest of the film (which is done as a flashback). *No Way Out* would have been more convincing if it had not been a flashback and had ended with the confrontation in Hackman's office. Still, *No Way Out* is highly recommended as a knuckle-biting thriller with good acting and more substance than your average mystery.

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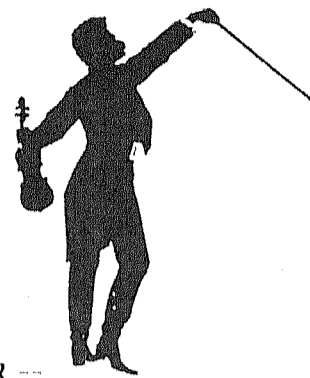
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CONCERT CALENDAR



--- NOVEMBER ---

- Monday 9** admission free
at 1.10 p.m. **SARAH MEAGHER (Oboe)** □
Associate artists: **EVNIKI LEVENDIS (Piano), INGRID HAPKE (Viola), LOUISE SANDERCOCK (Violin), MIRIAM SKINNER (Cello)**
Mozart: Oboe Quartet Poulenc: Sonata Gordon Jacob: Oboe Quartet
J.S. Bach: Sonata in G minor or Handel: Sonata in F major
- at 8 p.m.** admission free
IAN PHILLIS (Cello) +
Associate artist: **GREG ROBERTS (Piano)**
All Beethoven - Sonata No.1 in F major Op.5, No.1 Sonata No.3 in A major, Op.69
Sonata No.5 in D major Op.102, No.2
- Wednesday 11** admission free
at 1.10 p.m. **ISABELLA HO (Piano)**
Associate artist: **HOOI LAY KHOO (Soprano)**
Soler: Sonata in D major Haydn: Sonata in E-flat Hob.XVI/52
Chopin: Etude in A-flat Op.25, No.1
Schoenberg: Four Songs Op.2 Bartok: Suite Op.14
- at 8 p.m.** admission free
SUSAN CHRISTENSEN (Violin) +
Associate artist: **MERRYN BROSE (Piano)**
Mozart: Violin Concerto in D major, K218 Beethoven: Violin & Piano Sonata
No.7 in C minor, Op.30 von Koch: Charakterer for Violin & Piano
Szymanowski: Nokturn I Tarantela for Violin & Piano
- Thursday 12** admission free
at 1.10 p.m. **EMMA SLAYTOR (Soprano)** □
Associate artist: **GREG ROBERTS (Piano)**
Performing songs by Handel, Haydn, Tippett, Reger, Poulenc & Barber
- Friday 13** admission free
at 1.10 p.m. **MICHELLE KIRBY (Flute)** □
Associate artist: **BETTINA SCOBIE (Piano)**
Debussy: Syrinx C.P.E. Bach: Sonata in a minor Martinu: Sonata
Mozart: Concerto in D major Feld: Concerto (1st movement)
- Sunday 15** admission free
at 8 p.m. **STEPHEN BOYLE (Bass Trombone)** +
Associate artists:
PETER ABERG (Piano) & BETTINA SCOBIE (Piano)
Villette: Fantaisie Concertante Pils: Concerto for Bass Trombone
Weber: Romance Wilder: Sonata for Bass Trombone & Piano
Vaughan Williams: Concerto for Bass Tuba
- Monday 16** admission free
at 1.10 p.m. **INGE SOUTHCOFF (Soprano)** □
Associate artist: **JENNIFER CAMPBELL (Piano)**
Handel: 'O Had I Jubal's Eye' Purcell: Dido's Lament
Mozart: 'Alleluia' - Exultate Jubilate Duparc: Phydle/L'Invitation du
Voyage/Chanson Triste Brahms: Standchen/Immer leiser wird mein
Schlummer/Meine liebe ist grun Bartok: Village Scenes (cycle of 5 songs)
- at 7.30 p.m.**
- Thursday 19** admission free
at 8 p.m. **MARIE-LOUISE SLAYTOR (Violin)** +
Associate artist: **MERRYN BROSE (Piano)**
Beethoven: Violin Concerto Szymanowski: Fountains of Arethusa/Chant de Roxanne
Lehmann: A Polish Mazurka Wieniawski: Scherzo Tarantelle
- Friday 20** admission free
at 1.10 p.m. **BRIAN CATCHLOVE (Clarinet)** □
Associate artist: **STEFAN AMMER (Piano)**
Weber: Grande Duo Concertante Berg: 4 Pieces Op.5 Brahms: Sonata No.1, Op.120
Desportes: La naissance d'un Papillon (for solo clarinet)
- Friday 27**
at 1.10 p.m. **PIANO STUDENTS OF ELEANOR SIVAN**
Presenting a varied programme of works, featuring many of Mrs Sivan's students
- Sunday 29** admission \$5, \$3
at 3 p.m. 'An Afternoon of Contemporary American Music' with
ANDREA CLARE (Soprano) & ANNE ADAMEK (Piano)
Guest appearance by **PETER HANDSWORTH (Clarinet)**
Featuring works by Moore, Copland, Ives, Rorem, Porter, Weill, Menotti & Gershwin
- Monday 30** admission \$6, \$3
at 8 p.m. **University Music Society**
PRO CANTO SINGERS directed by **Robyn Holmes**
'Once upon a folk tune....' Featuring choral masterpieces with folk song origins
from the 16th-20th centuries, including a commissioned cantata by Chester Schultz,
exploring the mythology of Australia's heritage
- DECEMBER ---
- Friday 11**
at 8 p.m. **'CARMINA BURANA'** by Carl Orff
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the TAFE Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Hilary Weiland



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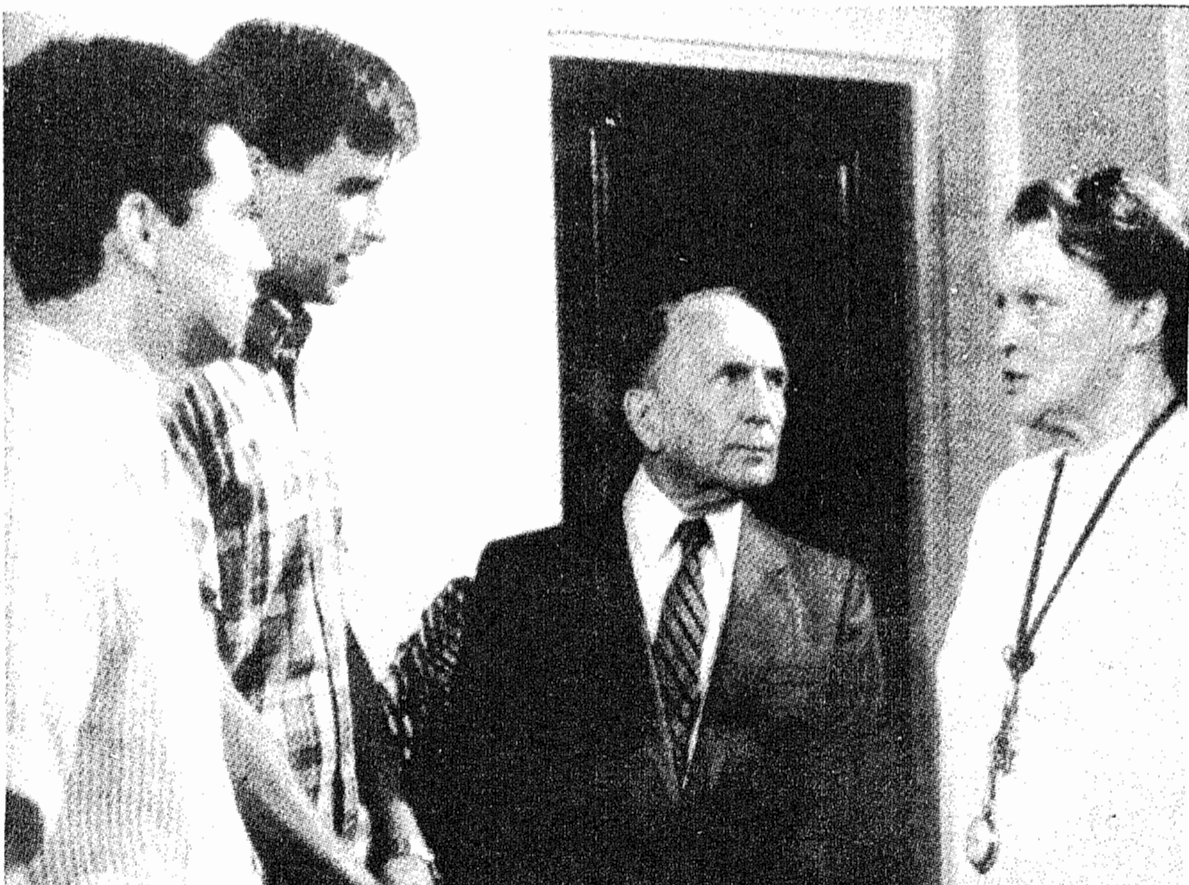
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to runners who would then relay the information to Left wing space command.

It all sounded very butch. The next day I made contact with the Liberals.

STARDATE: 9997 88645

There were five Young Liberals at the conference, four boys and one girl. The girl was a hardened Space Commander and gave a few impassioned speeches on the floor of the conference. The boys were just boys and hung around the back of the meeting room and applauded loudly whenever the girl spoke. The boys were very well dressed and seemed determined to stereotype themselves so that no one would be able to mistake them for anything other than Young Liberals. One of them even carried a copy of *Vogue for Men*. They had two missions: One, to put as much shit on the Left as possible, and Two: to stage an impressive walk out of the conference.

The Young Liberals had to abort their first mission, as most of the Left slept and missed the early part of the conference. They were tired out after caucusing till 4.00 in the morning. The Young Liberals' impressive walk out was also something of an abortion as they didn't have sufficient numbers to make an impression on the conference. The Liberals and Nationals have had little influence for over 7 years. Their walkout was a staged protest to attempt to undermine the credibility of the conference.

"They're trying to undermine the credibility of the conference," one of the confused whispered to me.

"When they get back to their campus at Sydney Uni, they'll issue a press statement to the *Sydney Morning Herald* slamming the conference as being left wing and unrepresentative. The *Herald* will run an article on page 13. Life goes on."

"What faction are you from?" I whispered back.

"NOLS, that's the National Organisation of Labour Students, the ALP faction," he replied.

"Hey, do you think I would be able to sit in on one of your caucus meetings?" I asked.

"You've got to be kidding," I was told.



STARDATE: 999 84523

Unlike the Left who pretend to work along collective lines, the ALP have a structured hierarchy run along reward system lines like McDonalds hamburger stores. When space cadets join the ALP faction, they join as hacks. Their function is to be seen and not heard, and to provide votes when necessary. After an appropriate apprenticeship time, ALP hacks are given missions to prove themselves - they are required to do the numbers on something, kick a few heads, prepare a few submissions, infiltrate the odd caucus etc. If their mission is successful, they are given the designer rugby jumper of the ALP high command. If their missions are really successful, they get to become Space Commanders and are allowed to turn up the collars of their designer rugby jumpers.

Because the ALP faction is more structured than the Left, their caucuses are more streamlined. The Space Commanders do most of the

negotiating while the hacks look on in approval. The ALP caucus is also more secretive than the Left caucus.

"Most of the real ALP negotiating is done in the corridors of the conferences," I was told. "Most of the hacks don't find out what really went on until well after a conference has finished."

This proved to be the case at the Adelaide conference. Unknown to the majority of the delegates, Space Commanders from the ALP and the Communist party faction of the Left caucus had been making private deals... Both parties wanted to set up a national student union, partly for careerist reasons and partly because they both saw a national union as a neat way of focusing the power of the thousands of students in Australia.

There was one problem. The Left Alliance wanted delegates to NUS to be directly elected by students in annual general elections. The ALP wanted NUS delegates to be appointed by union councils. The ALP's rationale for delegates by appointment was that they would have a good chance of controlling union councils Australia wide, and would therefore have more ALP delegates in the National Union. The Left's desire to have delegates elected by the student body was similarly motivated: The Left would have a better chance of controlling more delegates than the ALP if delegates were directly elected.

There was one other problem. The ALP wanted money. Lots of it.

The NUS interim committee (set up to keep NUS going even though the majority of campuses in Australia hadn't affiliated to it yet), had organised a conference in December to draft up the constitution of the national union. In order for delegates from campuses to attend the conference and have a say in how a national union should be run, the ALP demanded that the campuses affiliate first, and pay them a lot of money. 50 cents per full time student, to be exact.

Predictably, the NUS affiliation fee was non refundable.

The Left were worried about the affiliation fee. 50 cents per full time student was a lot of money to pump into an ALP controlled student union. They would have a hard time justifying such expenditure to the students on their campuses, the majority of whom couldn't care less about the national student movement. They could visualise the ALP and the right wing space cadets screaming 'wastage!' at the next annual general elections, and this made them nervous. Despite their revolutionary public image, the Left are a cautious bunch. They don't like taking risks...

But in their desire to see a national student union get off the ground, the Communist Party Space Commanders decided to take a few risks. The conference was moving along and most of the Left caucus were burnt out. The confused were confused, and the hacks were busy checking out Adelaide. The CP Space Commanders started picking up the pieces...

First, they staged an impressive victory for the Left, and soundly defeated the ALP on the issue of the election of delegates.

The Left caucus was whipped into a frenzy over the concept of direct elections. Direct elections are democratic, and left wingers are big on democracy. After caucusing solidly for five hours, they delivered an ultimatum to the ALP demanding that democracy be upheld and that election of NUS delegates should be direct and not be by appointment.

The ALP ummed and arred for a while and finally gave in.

"Damn it all," The ALP Space Commanders sobbed, "You're right. Democracy is important. You win. Direct elections it is."

The Left were ecstatic. They had won an impressive victory over the ALP. Feeling suitably magnanimous after their win, they returned to their caucus meeting and started to discuss the subject of money...

The ALP's backdown on the subject of delegate elections was staged of course. The ALP Space Commanders had decided to go with



direct elections for some time, the same way that they had decided that they wanted 50 cents per full time student and were not going to back down at any cost. When the conference was finally over, one of the ALP high command (designer

rugby jersey, collar turned down) told me that had the left not agreed to their terms, the ALP would have organised NUS without them and independently invited campuses to join them.

"We only wanted to include the Left because they're troublemakers, and it's better to have troublemakers on your side than working against you," she said.

The CP Space Commanders were aware that the ALP intended to take a hard line on the affiliation fee. They wanted in to the National Union, and they were prepared to take risks. Having conserved their energy at the beginning of the conference, they were in good shape to lead the left caucus along the path of compromise. The ALP wanted 50 cents per head. The ALP had backed down over delegate elections. A National Union was important. Somewhere in the corridors, silent ugly grey machinery was belching out poisonous fumes...

STARDATE: 9998 44365

As I was told early on in the piece, consensus was reached in the eleventh hour of the conference.

Despite the fact that a lot of delegates from campuses were adamant that they would have extreme difficulty in raising 50 cents per student by December, or would have legal problems raising the money as their constitutions make it impossible for them to donate money to a non-existent organisation, the Left caucus finally agreed to try to pay the ALP the full NUS affiliation fee by December.

There were a few provisos. The Left wanted provision for 'hardship cases' - campuses who under no circumstances could pay the fee were to have their fee waived, as long as they could show 'insurmountable evidence' that payment was impossible. The Left also wanted the ALP to set up a trust fund so that they wouldn't have access to money from campuses until NUS was properly established.

The ALP grudgingly agreed. Secretly they were wetting their pants with joy. The Left had come to the party. At this conference in Adelaide, delegates from campuses right around Australia had signed away a great deal of student union money to set up their organisation. The ALP Space Cadets made a sudden resolution to go up to the campus club and get pissed.

The Left Alliance space cadets made a resolution to go and get pissed with them. Sheer relief that the conference had ended with some sort of consensus blanketed their feelings of confusion.

The campus club at Adelaide Uni had a dance floor and one of those huge video screens that plays 24

hour film clips. Space cadets from both factions made a beeline for the bar and then for the dance floor.

Suffused with alcohol, they started being sociable, patting each other on the back like John Howard and Andrew Peacock after the last election. Brain dead, I slumped into one of the leather lounge chairs and tried to make sense of it all.

Most of the space cadets I had talked to at the conference agreed that most students didn't know and didn't care what went on in the heady world of student politics, yet conferences are held and unions are formed with monotonous regularity.

Despite the fact that all of the delegates in Adelaide would have sworn the space cadet oath - "I SWEAR TO REPRESENT THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS IN AUSTRALIA", there was very little mention of students at the conference. The people doing most of the talking at the conference were people collecting salaries from student unions, people so entrenched in the isolated world of the student politician that they have limited idea of the immediate needs and wants of students.

They know a lot about Left wing politics, or ALP politics, they know how to run caucuses or move procedural motions, they're smart enough to draft constitutions, but somewhere within that wealth of knowledge, the circuitry simply doesn't connect between students and space cadets.

I stared out onto the dance floor as the student politicians got down. When I finished my beer, I wandered over and joined them. As we floundered around the high energy dance music, I craned my neck up and witnessed the final irony, dealt like judgement day from the huge video screen towering above us. We were dancing to the New York mega mix of the Mel and Kim hit single -

Never gonna be respectable.



Discontinuous Cranial Traits of Skeletal Remains from the Mahuna Region.

The major difficulty facing students of this field is the unreliability of comparing one anthropologist's subjective view of his or her discovery with another's.

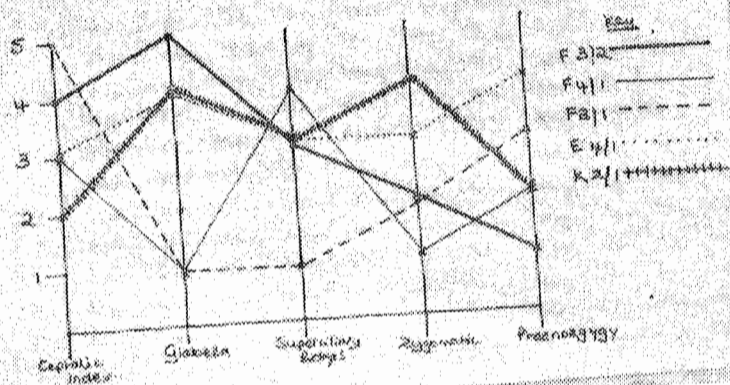
It is not necessarily helpful, for example, when a mastoid foramen is described by one expert as large, heavy, a comparison to what? Nor is it useful to be told two vault bones of one particular Mahuna crania are not thick. Does this mean they are thin?

The need for some consistent & objective method of measuring the crania is therefore obvious.

I have chosen Courtney's (1978) study of Australian Aboriginal Craniology for just this reason.

Courtney has developed a uniform method of scoring each individual crania, making it easy to compare one with another, & thereby draw some definite conclusions.

This is the method I have used to develop the following graph.



Which essay about Discontinuous Cranial Traits would you rather read?

Whenever you sit down to write an essay, someone else is doing the same thing.

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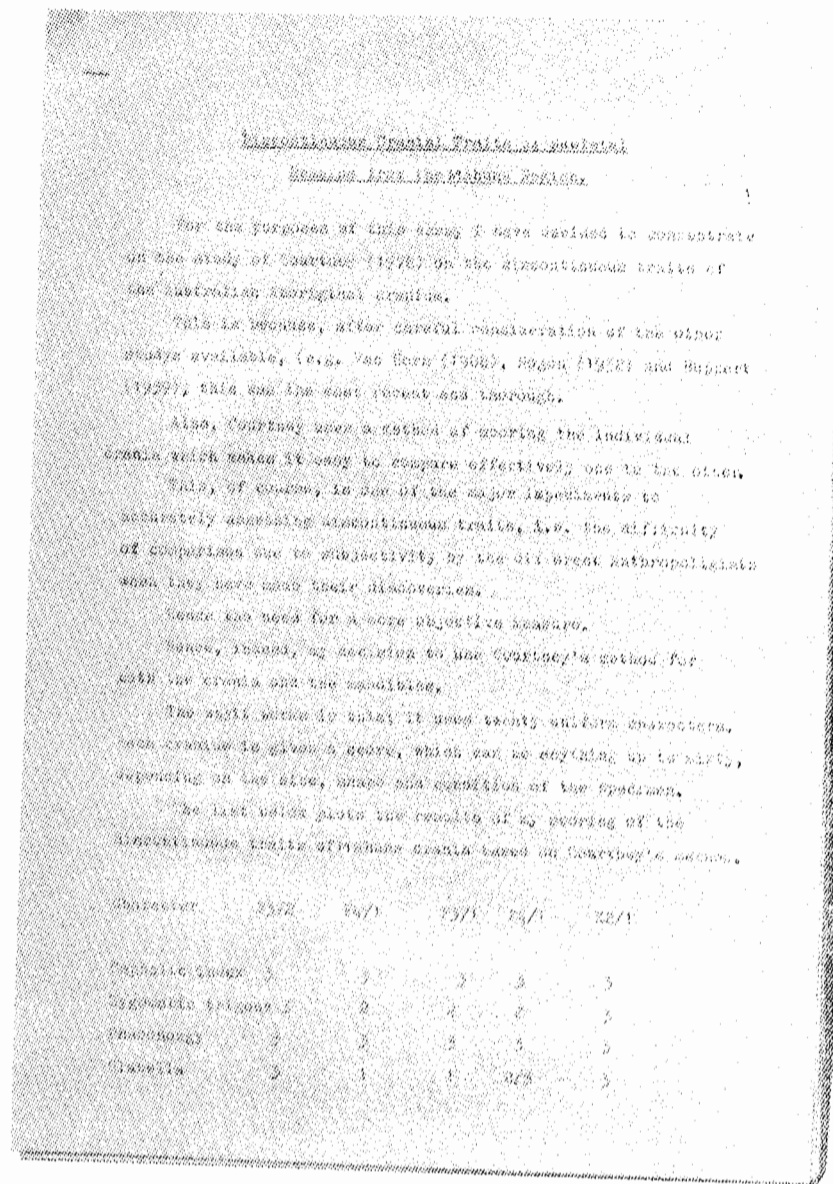
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Anthropology 1


Discontinuous Cranial Traits of Skeletal Remains from the Mahuna Region

There have been several studies based on the discontinuous traits of the Australian Aboriginal cranium, for example: von Hüben (1908), Llewellyn Jones (1920), Hogan (1932), Lefèvre (1939), Cornstalk and Vicars (1970). However, I have concentrated on Courtney's study of Australian Aboriginal craniology, which includes an examination of the use of discontinuous cranial traits for the study of modern man (1978). The latter is a uniform method, based on twenty characters, similar to those used for cranial sexing, which helps to reduce the subjectivity of the scoring (Courtney, 1978). Each cranium was given a score, the maximum possible being 80. Similarly for the mandible, Courtney and Wellington used 12 characters for discriminating between Aboriginal and East Asian Mongoloid male mandibles (1971:30).

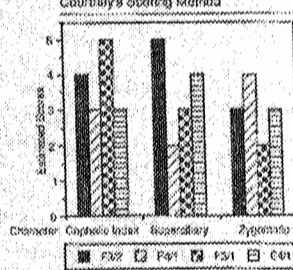
The published results for different regions of Australia take the form of percentage frequencies for each character observed in the population, making it difficult to assess individual crania, such as the Mahuna individuals, by their method.

I have assessed the Mahuna scores for the 20 characters as described by Courtney in his study (1978:35-61).

Two of the Mahuna male crania F31 and E41 fall closer to the Arnhem mean than the Coastal N.S.W. mean. The male Mahuna mean was 44.25, again slightly closer to the Arnhem mean for males. This could have been because of the characters which



Courtney's Scoring Method



TRIAL BY LATROBE

With the Adelaide University's proposal to review sexual harassment on this campus, one asks, does a university have an obligation to provide a safe environment for students within its own grounds? FIONA CAPP reports on events at La Trobe University where the administration is prepared to accept this responsibility and prosecute offenders.

Violence and allegations of sexual harassment and racism with a backdrop of political enmity are the elements of an extraordinary series of events at La Trobe University during the past two years. They culminated in the expulsion of three students.

Last December, for the first time in a decade, six students were called before the university's proctorial board - a quasilegal body which may expel, suspend and fine students for breaches of discipline. That hearing was followed by another in May this year, before an appeal committee appointed by the university council.

Charges against the students stemmed from alleged physical attacks, verbal abuse, intimidation and sexual harassment of other students. Complaints of gambling and academic misconduct also stimulated the university's investigation, but because of lack of evidence and the limitations of the university's disciplinary powers, these could not be pursued.

The reasons for the hearing and disciplinary measures were complex, but a few examples will illustrate the sort of incidents that led the university to take action.

According to a number of La Trobe staff and students interviewed during the past six months, certain members of the La Trobe Hellenic Club were at the centre of the allegations.

The club had split into two factions, a "socialist" faction led by a female student, and a more conservative group. Four out of five of the students convicted were members of the club and belonged to the conservative group. At the hearings, they had claimed that they were vic-

tims of a "communist, feminist conspiracy". This conspiracy theory was not proven.

In May last year, according to transcripts of the appeal, during the Hellenic Club elections held in the university agora, Jacob Iacovou was alleged to have violently punched a student from the opposite faction in the abdomen and to have remarked: "A lot of people have suffered because of me and you are going to join the victims".

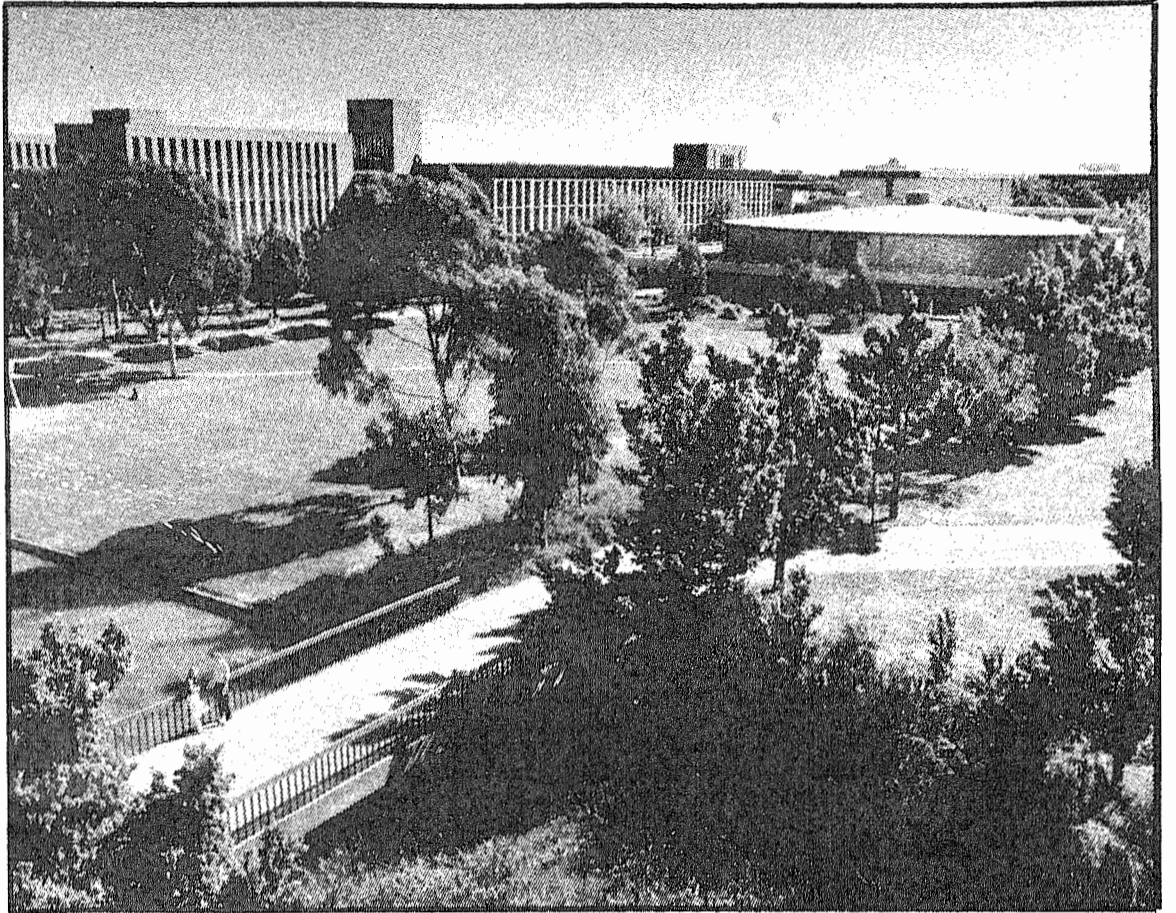
At the appeal it was said that four months later, at 11 pm on 18 September, four students from the university residential colleges were attacked near Glenn College by Iacovou and about 10 other students. Three of the students were taken to hospital.

Witnesses said the atmosphere in the back section of the Agora cafeteria, where the Hellenic Club student congregated, was intimidating. Their presence deterred many students and staff members from going there.

A university is in many ways not an isolated world but a microcosm of society. This is particularly so at a campus like La Trobe, which seeks to cater for a cross-section, rather than the elite, of society.

Campuses are no longer centres of left-wing activism, as they were during the Vietnam War; there are still activists, but they are likely to be resisted by conservative students.

This may account for an apparent change in tactics in student politics. The proctorial board hearing in December 1986, and the subsequent appeal in May this year, are the result of cooperation between the student representative council (SRC) and the university administ-



ration that would have been unimaginable more than a decade ago.

The SRC is disappointed at the outcome of the appeal, which eased the "sentences" of two students who were said to have seriously assaulted other students. But SRC officials say the experience has made them aware that the formal procedures of the university can work for them as well as against them. From their point of view, the "enemy" was a small, hostile group within the general student body, rather than the forces of the "establishment", which during the Vietnam War would have been symbolised by university administrations.

For feminists on the SRC and for members of the university's sexual harassment committee, chaired by a lecturer in English, Dr Lucy Frost,

sexual harassment was the *cause celebre*. Alleged offences at a Hellenic club function and a 21st birthday party attended by many Hellenic Club members were not considered at the hearings because they occurred off-campus. However, they drew the university's attention to this group of students and sparked off events on campus.

One student, who claimed that she had been harassed off-campus also said that certain students were making it nearly impossible for her to attend classes. In August last year she told some women on the SRC that for several months a group of students had been following her, on and off campus; haranguing her with obscene phone calls; calling her abusive names and threatening her physically.

The women to whom she spoke were horrified. There was impromptu talk about retribution.

The SRC never pursued officially but a split within the student body led to a word of these discussion leaking. In August last year 'The Age' published a report called 'The convoluted case of sex, politics and revenge on campus'. The publicity and the tension created by this sexual harassment complaint and the talk of retribution led to two student general meetings. At the second meeting, a week after 'The Age' article had appeared, the atmosphere was emotional and the proceedings were constantly disrupted by interjection.

A vote was taken on whether the SRC officers should keep their position. While a recount of the votes was being made, a group of men arrived at the back of the hall. A student then stood and pointed at them, shouting.

The meeting ended in an uproar when one student, Karen James, was attacked by another, Marcello Mastroianni, an executive member of the union board, after an exchange of abuse. According to the transcript of the appeal, Mastroianni grabbed James by the throat after she pushed past him in the aisle. He forced her back across the seats and shook her violently before being dragged away by other students.

Mastroianni was not connected with the Hellenic Club and had nothing to do with the other stu-

dents charged. The charges he faced related to this incident only.

The university asked students to come forward with information about violence on campus. About 25 students made statements and appeared as witnesses for the university at the hearings. Given the quasilegal status of the hearings, barristers, QCs and a judge were involved in the proctorial board and subsequent appeal.

On 2 December the proctorial board made its decision. Specific details of the charges faced by those convicted (except for the two who appealed) are unknown because the hearing was closed. Jacob Iacovou was banned from the university for life but this was reduced to five years on appeal. His brother, Charlie Iacovou, was expelled for one year. Aristomenis Petropoulos and Christos Pezos were each fined \$250. Marcello Mastroianni was banned for two years. This was reduced to six months on appeal. The charges against the sixth student were dismissed.

Jim Davatzis was president of the Hellenic club at the time. "It was a left-wing set up," he says. "La Trobe university is a left-wing campus and it's mainly run by feminists on the SRC and these people simply hated these two guys."

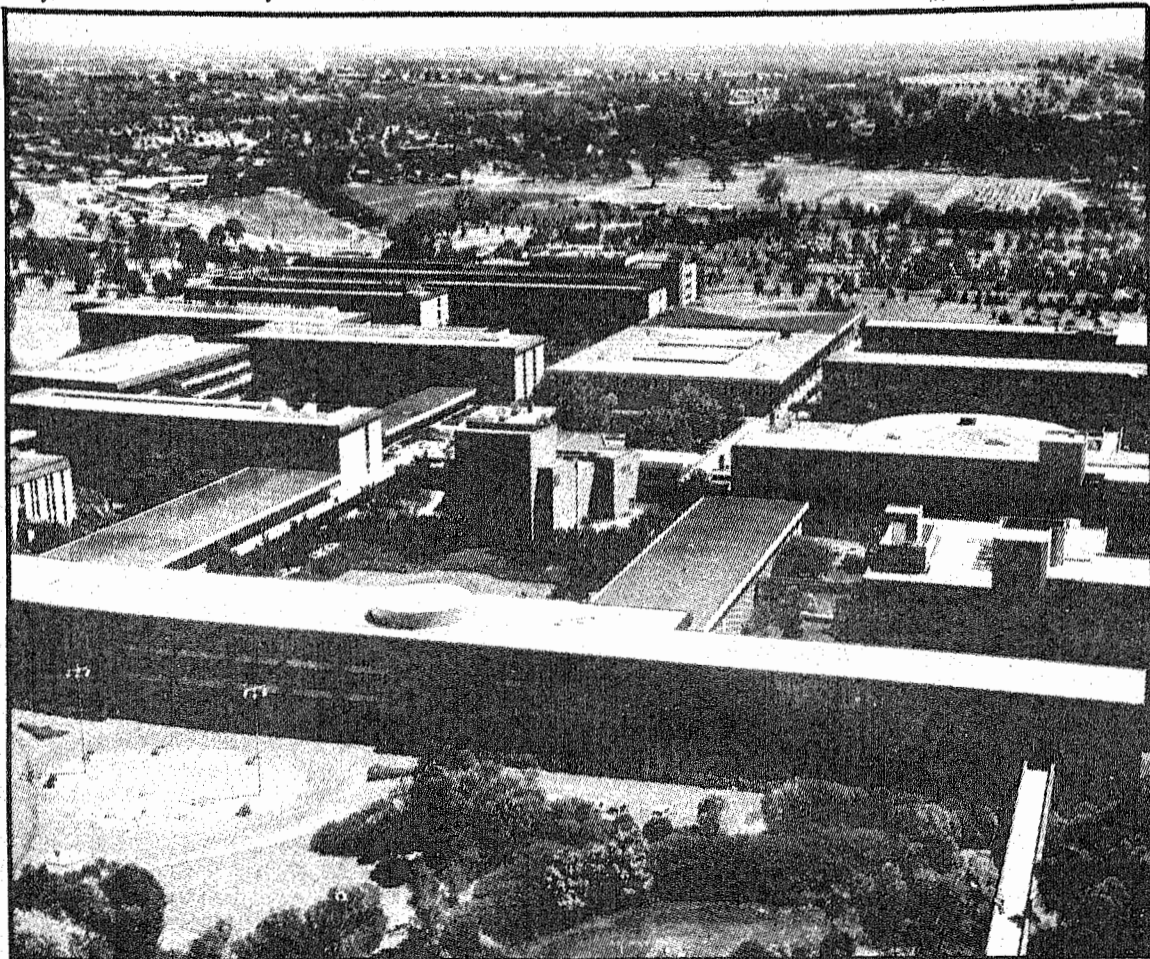
All five students charged were asked to comment on the incidents that led to their conviction but they declined.

What particularly disappointed members of the student council and feminists on campus was the university's inability to convict students over matters of sexual harassment. The statutes relating to discipline are now being reviewed by the university to allow for such complaints.

Belgin Bessin became the president of the SRC in December 1986. She says that although the first proctorial board hearing was "a victory for women", she feels that the appeal has undermined that victory.

The university's vice-chancellor, Professor John Scott, and its registrar, Mr David Neilson, have been closely involved in the hearings. They believe that the university, in cooperation with the students, took a significant stand to demonstrate that this kind of behaviour will not be tolerated.

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Joel's Adelaide Encore

BILLY JOEL
The Encore Tour
Thebarton Oval
October 17

by Danny de Maria

"The Encore Tour" proved an apt title for two and a quarter hours of Joel jollity at Thebarton Oval which culminated with 5 songs in no less than 3 encores. It was a relief that it wasn't just a "Bridge" tour, but rather an exhibition of Billy's best through his whole career in music, in fact ten of his twelve albums were showcased - the excluded two being the more vintage "Cold Spring Harbour" and "Streetlife Serenade".

Robyn Done from Sydney was the support act for the night. I found her offering delightful but maybe a touch too light and ballady. But she looked cute so I wasn't complaining. But it was breathing room only upon 8.15 as the lights blacked out, the crowd roared and the amps belled out...Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue". Of course this sent the assembly into even more of a wild frenzy. But in a brilliant flash of white spotlight the Rhap was broken as the piano man Himself, furiously smashed down his Grand ivories as he launched into "Prelude/Angry Young Man". But with all the built-up tension in the air, I only knew it was a matter of time before we would experience a loud outburst of "Pressure". Lead vocalist Billy then followed into "You're Only Human" with the help from some 20,000 backing vocalists. This trend continued as Joel traditionally donned his mouth organ and brace for the classic "Piano Man" which was momentarily drowned out twice by an appreciative audience -

*"It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday [ROAR]
And the manager gives me a smile,
'Cause he knows that it's me [ROAR]
They've been coming to see,
To forget about life for a while"*

Not even a number of moths and mozzies could deter the performer, one of which became another statistic falling victim to a redirected chord depression (it got swatted).

From "The Stranger" then came "Scenes From An Italian Restaurant" also from which came "Only The Good Die Young" not long after that. 48 amplifiers provided almost studio quality sound which certainly complimented the quieter "Honesty" the quiet of which was then shattered by keyboardist David Lebolt (who also played on David Bowie's "Serious Moonlight" tour) with a shrill factory whistle from one of twenty-odd synthesizers he has under the stage. The whistle signalled the start of "Allentown" which also featured a 9 foot high pitchfork which horn player Mark River banged on enthusiastically with a mallet throughout the song. The other "Nylon Curtain" track, "Goodnight Saigon", followed with truckdriver and cult figure "Chainsaw" giving a stirring backing vocals performance.

It wasn't until the 10th song in did the crowd hear any "Bridge" material which started with the big and brassy "Big Man On Mulberry Street" after which Joel donned dark glasses and seated himself at the Grandest of the six keyboards on stage for the melancholy "Baby Grand". The glasses stayed on as he then took to centre stage for the title track to "An Innocent Man", the now visibly exhausted man who

knowingly lifted the shades during the line, "Some people see through the eyes of the old...". Then off came the glasses and on came the electric guitar to wrap up the "Bridge" trio with "A Matter of Trust".

From the "Glasshouses" album, to my sheer ecstasy, came the raunchy "Still Rock And Roll To Me" (that boy Rivera sure can blow through a sax), "Just A Fantasy" and "You May Be Right" during which Joel ran around the stage wielding his mike stand.

The first pseudo-goodbye came at 9.55 whereupon the mandatory cries of "more" came spilling from the crowd. Joel then returned with "Uptown Girl", "Tell Her About It" and "Keeping The Faith" after which he thanked us all for coming despite suspect weather conditions and thanked us for "keeping the faith" and left.

For the third time that night he walked onto the stage this time dragging an almost grumpy-looking drummer, Liberty De Vito (who incidentally was excellent all night). As they wound up "Big Shot", I thought "this is it". I was wrong. They left and entered for a fourth time, however, after glancing over at pissed-off production manager tapping his watch, Joel announced, "This is a quick one", and to the crowd's surprise and delight, concluded with the Beatle's "She Loves You". He seemed happy to play until morning if he wasn't forced to stop. But upon the conclusion of the final "final song" he farewelled everyone and left us with these words of wisdom, "Remember... Don't take shit from anyone". Maybe from production managers, I wonder.

Rock with some primitive Cool

PRIMITIVE COOL
Mick Jagger
CBS

by Michelle Grady

This bloke just doesn't do things by halves. Jagger's second solo release is a proud statement from one of the more eminent elder statesmen of rock. He's returned with a vengeance, packing gear grinding rock, pop, sizzle, grit, R & B and hop slickly on one vinyl.

It easily escapes the label of Stonework. The Stones unfortunately haven't achieved anything this good since *Tattoo You*. Neither has it followed the pop line of *She's The Boss*. Jagger may be maturing but thankfully, not softening.

Let's Work is a crowd pleaser, with a solid foot thumping percussion, and lyrics that give an indication of what has kept Jagger at the top of the rock-face with or without the Stones;

*No sitting down on your butt
The world don't owe you...
Just take a deep breath and work
your way up.*

As a rip-roaring dance track it's one of the best of its kind released this year. Produced by Jagger with

Keith Diamond and Dave Stewart, the album has a good balance of solid drum, a cocktail of dextrous raunchy guitar work, all mixed with just enough synths and various pieces of exotica (including uilleann pipes and gamelans), and one a delicately balanced companion to Jagger's coarse vocals - which remain a cure for the worst cases of tonsillitis.

The country, almost British Isles-type folly ballad *Party Doll* shines in its classic simplicity, an appropriate descendent of *Angie* and *Lady Jane*. No delving into the miasmal mist of synthesised sentiment for Jagger.

The sly Jagger humour is ever-present through the hip-thrusting sizzle and just plain blue jeans rock'n roll. The great cover artwork by renowned artist Francesco Clemente is an indication of the diversity of sources used, from Omar Hakim on drums, the Harrison College Choir of Barbados, to Jeff Beck's guitar riffs which will mercilessly rip the starch out of your long-johns.

Stick your Levis 501's on, turn your gramophone up loud and rock out with some primitive cool. It's a killer.

Gilmour's New Floyd cannot be faulted

A MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON
Pink Floyd
CBS

by Andrew Marshall

The band is just fantastic, that is really what I think.

Oh by the way, which one's Pink? ("Have A Cigar", Pink Floyd 1975)

Like an earthworm chopped in half, *Pink Floyd* is going in two directions. Roger Waters, ex-bassist, lead vocalist and principal songwriter of the band has exhumed his solo career with a newly released album, "Radio Kaos" while the remaining two and a half members (Richard Wright only makes a guest appearance) continue the twenty year old *Floyd* with "A Momentary Lapse Of Reason". Despite the acrimonious legal debate currently ensuing (involving rights to the use



of the band's name), the acceptance of either side of the dispute as a musical force will ultimately depend upon the quality and popularity of these latest releases.

Contrary to Waters' claim that the band was 'laid to rest' with the launch of his solo career in 1984 (and the disappointing "Pros and Cons of Hitch-hiking"), "A Momentary Lapse Of Reason", if anything, strongly indicates the opposite. It is an album that showcases the brilliant musical talent of guitarist David Gilmour (whose 1984 solo release "Blue Light" remains as a further testimony to some great fret work). Every track is powerful and atmospheric - a rich amalgam of familiar *Floyd* sounds and styles. Musically it cannot be faulted.

Even so, Gilmour is, by his own admission, not the best lyric writer in the music business. The new

album sorely lacks the imaginative and witty lyrics provided by Waters on previous releases. Waters has a lyrical style that uses the narrative to best effect (though often stringing ideas together to form the dreaded 'concept album'). Gilmour, on the other hand, is "tongue-tied and twisted", only managing to paint a vague portrait through words that are obviously chosen as much for their sound and feeling as their meaning.

Gilmour, while "Learning To Fly" on his own, is also not taking any chances. He has enlisted the songwriting and playing talents of an impressive list of respected musicians such as keyboardist Bob Ezrin and bass guitarist Tony Levin. Similarly, Waters recruited the vocal abilities of Paul Carrack to help out on a live version of the *Floyd* classic "Money" included as the flip side to his current single "Sunset Strip".

For the dedicated *Floyd* fan there is no competition - Waters' album doesn't come close to the brilliant and evocative instrumental sounds captured on "Reason". Layers of moody guitar and dreamy keyboard give strength to Gilmour's distinctively romantic vocal style. "The Dogs of War" is very much a development of the sounds explored on "Animals" in 1977 and "A New Machine" refers the listener to the earlier "Wish You Were Here".

"Yet Another Movie" features a great vocal performance by Gilmour - husky and deep, with a mood suited to clusters of bass and piano echoing through the introduction. Intensively romantic, and less contrived than comparable Waters material, Gilmour's melodic sensibility has created an album that will be highly regarded by fans and critics alike.

"Signs of Life" (the opening track) epitomises the attention to atmosphere found throughout. As the first of two instrumentals it leads into the current single "Learning To Fly" (but as most fans know the *Floyd* album is best appreciated when considered as a whole, played on a good system - not as a single on the radio).

"A Momentary Lapse of Reason", already many fans' favourite *Floyd* release, serves as material proof that Gilmour's creative talent hasn't been left in the seventies. Rather it has been developing and maturing since Waters took the reins of *Floyd* for "The Wall" and the "Final Cut", two loud, introspective statements that have little to do with Gilmour's optimistic outlook.

My money's on Gilmour.

DO-RÉ-MI: Adultery and personal politics

Do Re Mi are back with a vengeance with their new LP, *Adultery*. ANDREW MARSHALL dragged drummer Dorland Bray away for an interview.

Do Ré Mi's 1985 debut album "Domestic Harmony" marked the emergence of a significant force on the Australian music scene. Drummer Dorland Bray pounded out intricate percussive rhythms to lyrics, sparked by emotionally charged domestic conflict.

Incisive and powerful songs such as "Man Overboard" and "Warnings Moving Clockwise" demonstrate the unique ability of the band to tackle an issue and present it in an understandable and entertaining form. The guitar work of Stephen Philip and Helen Carter, sympathetic to the lyrical talent of Dorland and Deborah Conway (vocalist), provide a sound musical structure from which to launch the powerful messages of "Domestic Harmony".

After a two year search for the right producer, Do Ré Mi are back with a vengeance. The new single (and EP) "Adultery" witnesses a change in direction that will be fully evident on the current tour and, in January, the new album. The production work of Martin Rushent (*Human League*) has emphasised the importance of the songs rather than the style in which they are played.

On *Dit* dragged drummer Dorland Bray away from rehearsing the new album to give us an idea of what to expect at Adelaide Uni's own end of year bash.

Do Ré Mi along with Hunters and Collectors appear to be one of the few Australian bands to gain commercial success while keeping original fans - unlike bands such as the Models and INXS. Do you have any theories why?

Not really. It's never been that we've tried to be more commercial - it's just something that's happened - we've written songs that have been accepted by the general public. The *Models* made a lot of left field moves early in their career and I think they realised that they have to pay the bill somewhere along the line. [On the other hand] ourselves and *Hunters* have been lucky in that respect, we've been able to move in our own creative growth and not lose a lot of fans who listened to us in the early days.

You recorded "Adultery" in the UK. What influenced you to record overseas?

We were ready to go here [with] Martin Rushent who had heard our demo tapes and was keen on doing some tracks with us, but he had some domestic problems and said 'look, I can't leave the country, you'll have to come over'. We would have recorded anywhere, it just happened to be in England. Our record company, Virgin records, is based in London as well, so it's good for us to go over once a year and chat to them and say 'hey, this is what we sound like at the moment' - we do sound quite different from when we started off.

You had a lot of trouble finding a producer for the new album.



DO-RÉ-MI



Yeh, Gavin MacKillop who did "Domestic Harmony", and also Martin Rushent instinctively understood what sort of band we are and what we are trying to do. We had about three other producers - who I won't bother to name - who just didn't understand what *Do Ré Mi* were all about as far as musical direction was concerned. They didn't understand why we shouldn't be any different from, let's say, the *Bangles*. They were briefed to get hit singles out of us and they couldn't, whereas Martin Rushent said, 'let's make these songs as good as possible and if they're hits, great. If they're not, then you've got an album that you're really happy with anyway.'

Keyboards have never featured in the songs of Do Ré Mi, but they can often be found lurking in the background - I notice there's a piano solo on "Deep Blue Sea" [flipside to "Adultery"].

Helen Carter plays that [the bass player], it's one of her hidden talents. We're auditioning keyboard players at the moment, just now I'm about to go off to rehearsal and audition some more.

Martin Rushent has put a lot of Hammond organ - as you can hear on "Adultery" - Hammond organ through a Marshall amp or through a Leslie cabinet, on a lot of the album, and there's a lot of blues harmonica on it as well. So it's going to be quite an old fashioned sounding rock album in some ways - but it'll still sound like Do Ré Mi.

It should translate well to the live

situation.

Yeh, it's going to be a very exciting record to play live.

You use piccolo trumpet on "Adultery" which is an unusual choice for a rock record - it gives the song a 'Sgt. Peppers' flavour.

Yes it sounds a bit like "Penny Lane". That was Martin's idea as well, we'd recorded "Adultery" and thought that it needed something else and we weren't sure what. Virgin [records] suggested a guitar solo and we thought 'oh no, we don't want to go in the mid-seventies direction completely'. Then Martin suggested the piccolo trumpet and actually, the guy who played it is the guy in the London Symphony Orchestra.

Are you going to follow the lead of bands like Midnight Oil and work towards keeping a distinctly Australian sound?

We don't want to be jingoistic about it. Midnight Oil have really forged an Australian sound, without which I don't think that bands like us and *Hunters and Collectors* would have progressed as far as we have.

We all owe a deep debt to Midnight Oil but I do think they're in danger of being considered a bit jingoistic in their politics. I can't imagine us performing in front of a huge Australian flag, for example, as Bruce Springsteen does against the Stars and Stripes. [Even so] I think that it's very important that that sound, and style and these lyrical concerns are captured.

There's a song on the album called

black plastic, they chop it off, bevel the edges, put a skin on top of it and call it a drum and charge \$2000 each... I've borrowed mine! It's sort of an interesting African type sound.

Then there's five cowbells set up which are tuned for each different song.

There seems to be a polarization in the band - Helen and Stephen write the music and you and Deborah provide lyrics. Is that demarcation strict?

The demarcation is pretty strict because that's what we do best. Helen and Stephen spend a lot of time with their guitars - they know which direction to take [songs] so they sound more interesting musically. I'm interested in writing lyrics specifically because I spent a lot of time playing drums behind lyricists that I didn't think were very good, and I decided to put my money where my mouth is from a lyrical point of view. Deb is obviously interested in writing lyrics because she doesn't want somebody else putting words into her mouth.

We all contribute ideas when we're arranging the songs in the first place but in the studio I leave Helen's bass work and Stephen's guitar work pretty much alone completely, and so does Deb. When it comes to putting those tracks down I don't go anywhere near the studio.

You said in the press release that "Adultery" is really just a colourful word. Do you generally try to communicate emotions, or specific ideas through your songs?

I've been terrified to communicate emotions up until now. It's something that I really admire of Mark Seymour, I think that he is probably the most honest songwriter in the country - perhaps painfully honest at some stages. I'd like to be that honest all the time, without being cloying or without being cringingly embarrassing to myself, if you know what I mean. There's a lot more personal politics in our songs, and I think that's what we write about best. It's much more worthwhile writing a song about something that you really feel or something that you've experienced rather than turning the television on and writing about a world event.

I understand that you've become involved in Greenpeace.

It's always been something that we've been concerned with, especially after visiting the Northern hemisphere - you really do feel as though you're living in a part of the world that is on the edge every day - you can cross the wall into East Berlin and see missiles piled up against the side of the wall. You can be told not to eat fresh fruit or vegetables because the winds from Chernobyl are blowing over your recording studio. Things like that don't happen very often in Australia and Greenpeace is one of the organisations that is bringing public attention to those areas in a non-violent way, and that's really important.

Has the live show actually changed much or are you just steadily incorporating the new material?

We're rehearsing for the live show now and at every rehearsal something new comes up which means we begin to scratch our head and think 'shit, this is going to be really different, I don't know if people are going to take this'.

We'll be playing music largely from the new album so there's not going to be much "Domestic Harmony" happening except for the old favourites - about four or five. We've got about, God, fifteen new songs that we're really pleased with and I'm going to be very interested to see how people react to things they haven't heard before.

Do Ré Mi will play Adelaide Uni with Hunters and Collectors on December 7.

"King of Moomba", about the festival in Melbourne, and we were asked by the record company to change the title because people outside the country wouldn't know what Moomba was. We thought that we've been swallowing songs about the statue of liberty and Phoenix Arizona for the past 25 years so why can't they have a little bit of culture from the Southern hemisphere?

On the new single your drumming style has become a little less intricate, a little less percussive. Does that mean we may be seeing fewer songs like "1000 Mouths", "Standing On Wires" and "Warnings Moving Clockwise" in the future?

Those songs will probably appear in the live set because they're old favourites from way back [but] we're concentrating on writing good songs at the moment, rather than concentrating on a style of a band which is fairly sparse and very percussive. We'll be writing less percussive songs in the future and concentrating on melodies more.

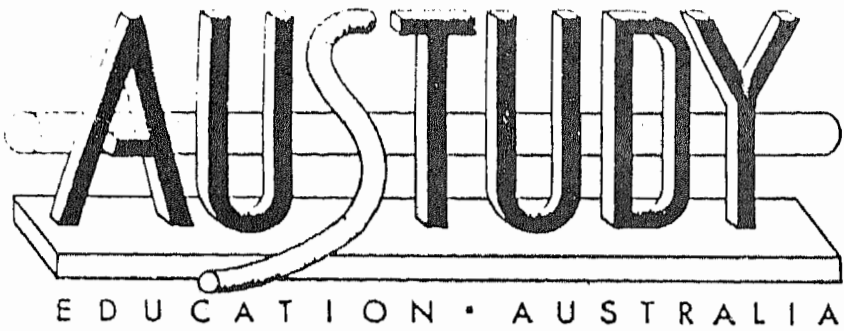
So you're paying more attention to the content, rather than the style.

Yeh.

At the moment (at least until the release of the new album) you are identified with that very distinctive style of drumming. Does your kit vary that much from an ordinary band's?

Right now it's really basic drum kit solid drums, a cocktail of dexterous octobahns which are a Japanese licence to print money. They have this extruder tube which extrudes

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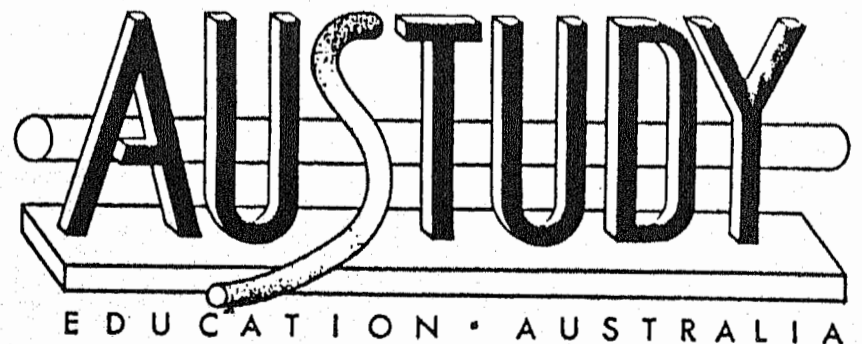
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Students on AUSTUDY in 1987 who are continuing their courses in 1988 will be sent applications and booklets by mid-November.

Forms will also be available from the Student Welfare Offices at your place of study and at our Office:

The Commonwealth Department of Employment, Education & Training
230 North Terrace
Adelaide S.A. 5000
Telephone (08) 228 2911

- Unless you are contacted by our Office for further information, you can assume that you will be paid within 4 weeks of lodgement.
- Only contact our Office within those 4 weeks if you have an urgent enquiry.
- The more enquiries, the slower the processing.

Le Rox 9 Light Square
Adelaide 5000
Phone: 51 3234

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Wednesday 11 November

THE SCIENTISTS

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Thursday 12 November

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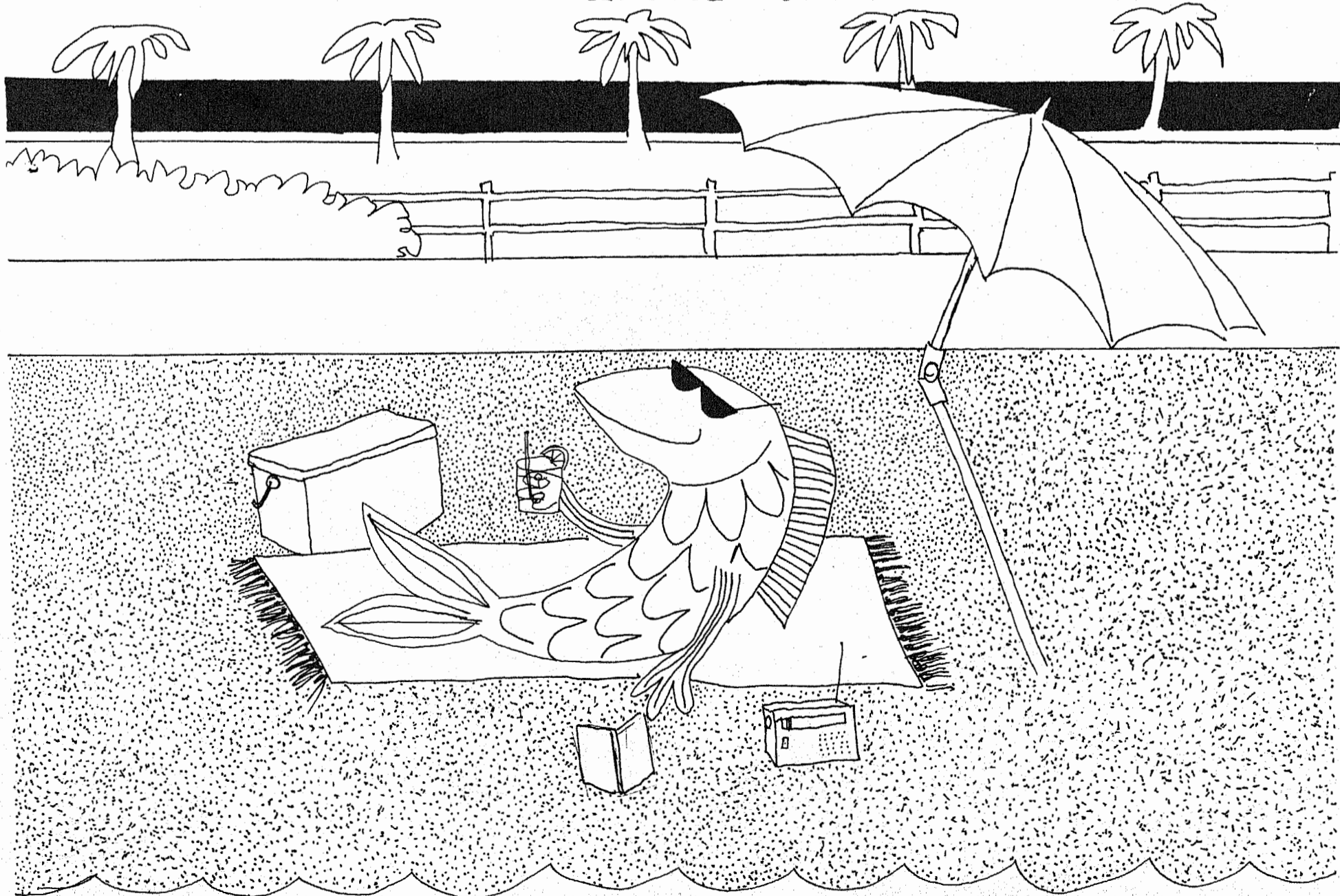
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PSYCHOSOMATICS AND THE AVERAGE FISH

EPISODE 20



START AT THE BACK

Hellraiser winners.

We received a Whole stack of replies to our caption competition last week. Here are some of the best:

- "Acupuncture has changed my outlook on life..."
- Frank Piscioneri, Science.
- "What did you say my PIN number was again?"
- Patricia Walker, Arts
- "My mother was an Echidna"
- "It's terrible doctor, when I play soccer, I end up with a ball on my head"
- "Yes, I did fall on a cactus this morning"
- James Darenberg, Arts
- "I've heard of getting the pins and needles but this is ridiculous"
- Gary Freeman, Dentistry
- "My pussy loves whiskers"
- "Life was not meant to be prickly"
- "And you call this a haircut"
- Kathy Briggs, Science
- "I had this nightmare about Midnight Oil"
- "You should meet my parents"
- "I wear black because I always get invited to law parties"
- Anonymous



Not now darling...

A British survey has found that only two per cent of women use headaches as an excuse for avoiding sex.

In another important step forward in the way of science (and sex), Dr. Tom Smith, one of the researchers, said

women who suffered from recurrent headaches should indulge in sex more often.

He said: "Sex is good for headaches. It helps you relax and that eases the muscles at the back of the neck."

The report didn't say whether Dr. Smith would oblige in women who suffered from chronic migraines.

Hail! Mary or (Catholic High School girls in trouble)

A radical religious sect has penetrated a Roman Catholic Girls School in Nairobi, Kenya of all places.

The local newspaper reported that this created havoc amongst the students.

The *Daily Nation*, said last month that 60 students at the "Precious Blood Girl's Secondary School" (what a name for a catholic girl's school, eh?) were converted to the sect.

The girls became difficult, hysterical and unruly especially during prayers. They tried to persuade the other students not to do their exams. What a great idea. The girls said that there results were "predetermined by God" anyway.

In a fit of rage, headmistress Sister Paula has decided to expel the religious traitors.

Reds under the bed?

During the last coup in the Philippines, the Manila newspaper *The Star* reported that President Corazan Aquino had soldiers hiding under the bed when Army rebels attacked.

The paper accused her of being a coward.

In a responsive mood, Mrs. Aquino took a group of reporters for a tour of her presidential suite, lifted up her bedspread and showed them if she could hide a man under there.

She said: "This is my bed. It's impossible to hide under it."

She intends to take legal action against the paper. SATB would hate to know what would happen if a newspaper said that Presidential Aquino wears frilly knickers, suspender belts and black stockings.

RIP OFF MAN



BOB PRIVATISATION HAWKE SENATOR WALSH

Written & directed by SUSAN RYAN

★★★★ "THE MOST ASTONISHING LIBERAL GOVT YET. MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A 'DRY' RETCH"

— JOHN HOWARD

"WICKEDLY EXPENSIVE... A brutal subject about the lower depths of Reagan's other America — RIPPED OFF OVERSEAS STUDENT

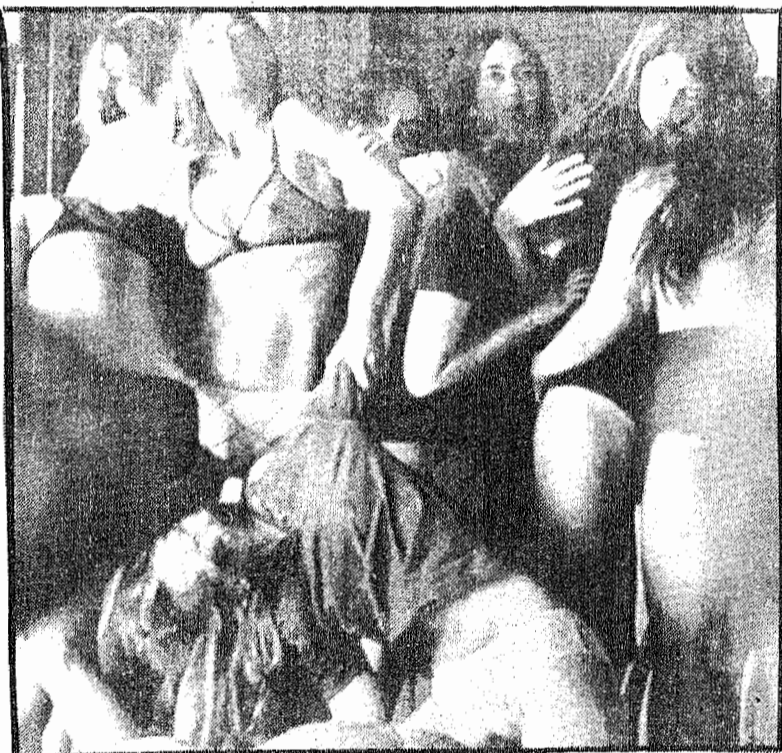
RIP OFF MAN IS THE REAL THING.

Fees via charges privatisation. User Pays loans, all mean an unjust and inequitable education system. For equality of opportunity Education must be kept free. Fight the ALP. Set out.

Produced by Macquarie SAC

EDUCATION FOR ALL NO visa-charges fees & quotas

for NSWAN



Tall stories from college? No, On Dit staff live it up and lay 'em out

We don't believe it!

Aren't Chinese scientists clever? A team of scientists have concluded that the Wild Man of China myth (a half man - half beast which is a friend of Sasquatch and cousin-in law to the Yeti) is true.

The Wenhui Daily reports that in Hubei recently the scientist found strands of hair which were neither human nor animal. And so they said it must belong to the Wild Man of China.

The joy of death

A study by two American sociologists has concluded that less people kill themselves on holidays. David Phillips and John Wills of the University of California examined over 180,000 suicide cases in the U.S. between 1973-79.

On average they found there were

102 fewer suicides during times of celebration than other times of the year.

More people killed themselves after Xmas during the New Year.

What's in a name?

A judge has banned a couple from naming their daughter Keiko as a christian name in Lyons, France.

Reuters report that the parents wanted to name her Keiko Marie Anna Carlota on the basis that they both have a keen interest in Japanese culture.

Under French law, a name can be deemed unsuitable if the judge sees fit and in this case this is what the judge thought. He said they could name her Carlota Marie Anna Keiko if the Japanese name was the last.

With great respect for the French Legal System, the couple are going to call her Keiko anyway.

PRESENTING THE END OF AN ERA (TATION)...

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

THE VOYAGE TO TREVOR'S HOME

LAST BIT

THE MEANY OF LIFE, BROUGHT FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE FROM THE BUTTOCKS SUPER-RAKE HAS NOW BECOME THE BIGGEST THREAT TO THE UNIVERSE AND TREVOR DECIDES HE MUST BLOW UP HIS HOME PLANET TO KILL IT...

QUICK! EVERYBODY GET ABOARD OUR STOLEN SPACE SHUTTLE AND PREPARE TO FLY... BY... I'LL KEEP HIM BUSY...

ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME YOU BREATHERS ARE SCARED OF THIS OVER-GROWN SET OF TEETH? THERE'S NOONE MEANER THAN ME...

WAIT, R.V...

HOLY X@#%\$@*! *! *!

RU! OH WELL, HE WENT OUT SWEARING... HE WOULD'VE LIKED IT THAT WAY... AT LEAST WE CAN REPLACE HIM*

WELL MEANY, IT'S BEEN NICE CROSSING THE DIMENSIONS WITH YOU, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE MY RIDES HERE...

AND SO...

NOW, IF WE DETACH THE ROCKET BOOSTER NOW, IT SHOULD IGNITE THE ALCOHOL AND BLOW UP THE PLANET!*

WELL, THAT'S A CHANGE: THE SHUTTLE STAYED INTACT AND THE PLANET EXPLODED.

WELL, HERE WE ARE; WITH THE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE DEFEATED, THEIR SUPER-RAKE DESTROYED, THE MEANY OF LIFE DESTROYED AND THE UNIVERSE SAVED... AND NOW WE'RE FLYING OFF INTO THE PROVERBIAL SUNSET... SO WHY HASSY THIS STORY ENDED YET?

YOU DON'T MEAN...?

WELL TREVOR, WE'RE SAFE NOW... BUT WHY DO YOU STILL LOOK WORRIED?

AGGG! IT'S MEANY!

JUST AS I THOUGHT; A SURPRISE TWIST... CAN WE SHOOT HIM OUT THE AIR-LOCK?

NO... WE HAVEN'T GOT THE AIR-KEY.

THEN WE'VE ONLY ONE CHANCE TO DEFEAT HIM...

WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT FIRE WITH STICKS AND STONES... AND TRY TO OUT-MEAN HIM! WE'VE GOT TO SAY THE NASTIEST THINGS IT'S POSSIBLE TO SAY...

HEY, ROAD MAP-EYES, YOU NEED PANOLIVE GOLD!... YOUR TEETH ARE YELLOW FROM SMOKING!... YOU WATCH "NEIGHBOURS"!!! YOU'RE OLDER THAN DIANA ROSS!!!

YOU BUY THE SUNDAY MAIL... FOR ITS PENETRATING JOURNALISM!... WAIT, I'VE GOT IT!... YOU STILL HAVE A COPY OF "SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER" IN YOUR RECORD COLLECTION!

MOVE IN FOR THE KILL TREVOR!

AND YOU STILL LISTEN TO IT!

ERK....

WHETHER YOU'RE A BROTHER, OR WHETHER YOU'RE A MOTHER, YOU'RE STAYIN' ALIVE, STAYIN' ALIVE...

AH, AH, AH, AH 'STAYIN' ALIVE!!!

AAAAARG!

KARK!

YOU DID IT, TREVOR! YOU DESTROYED THE SOURCE OF ALL MEANNESS IN THE UNIVERSE!

NO, QUIRK... IT WAS BEE GEES KILLED THE BEAST.

WHERE TO NOW, TREV?

TAKE ME HOME;... EARTH.

MEANY-WHILE, IN THE SIXTH DIMENSION...

AW, MUM... MY MEANY OF LIFE ACTION FIGURE HAS BUSTED!

ALRIGHT, THROW THAT ONE AWAY... I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER UNIVERSE IN THE MORNING...

HAVE YOUR OWN ACTION FIGURE... INCLUDES 100% BEE GEES...

© 1987 HE STILL CALLS EARTH HOME... ISN'T THAT TOUCHING? FRODO BAGGINS.

THE END