23 SEP 1985

Volume 53 Number 46



WHAT TIME HAD ONE TO STUDENTS Unemployed youth

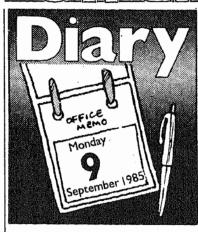
Australian writers in a special *On dit* lift-out

John Hepworth

David Mussared
John Carroll
Doug McEachern

Bruce Elder Brian Medlin Robert Clark

- Unemployed youth trapped in the courier business
- The voyage of the Baltic Star



This week's activities on and off campus, with a few garnishes. Compiled by David Walker.

Balls Up

Great people, the Juggling Club. Amidst the welter of polemical, political clubs and sporting teams are a group of people who have made a healthy physical pursuit into a philosophy of life. The writer of this column is an unashamed fan who has so far not got past three balls. Besides which, they write such beautiful notices, full of the joys of life and juggling; witness this note for their Tuesday meeting

Juggling Club
Your first chance, this term, to come and learn to juggle with no hands while balancing a seal on your left big tow, pulling a hat out of a rabbit, blowing fire out of your ears and riding a unicycle backwards across a burning tightrope.
Tuesday 1 pm, Games Room.

So roll up on Tuesday. If you don't want to juggle, spectators are welcome. If you're very lucky, they might even write you your very own notice.

Ibsen's power

First performed in 1879, Henrik lbsen's A Doll's House created a sensation inside and outside the Victorian theatre. Guest director Julia Tymukas is out to prove a point, from Thursday in the Little

ALPSA fights Howard

With the Liberal Club running around grinning at everyone after Thursday's little episode, the ALP Students' Association probably needs the money it's hoping to make from its Saturday Bar Night with Hey Daddyo, Fortunate Sons and Monbulk Jamm.

On dit is looking...

For Journalists...

We need volunteers to write news stories and features. If you like writing, you'll be welcome. And if you are considering working in jounalism after you leave uni, then On dit can teach you basic skills and give you advice and encouragement, and you'll be able to rub shoulders with such pseudo-legendary figures as Moya Dodd, Henrietta Frump and that strange fellow who draws but-

...for **Proofreaders**

You to can asist us to take th bugs out off On dit. We neded peopl to proofread copy on Thursday and friday'. Iff yoo have a good knowledge of english granmar and spellingg we want yoo now. Call into our orifice.

...for Readers

We need book reviewers urgently. Humour, drama, current and classic

fiction, poetry and thrillers - if you read it and can write about it simply and engagingly, then you too could be an On dit reviewer quicker than you can say War and Peace, let alone read it. And as well as having the unparallelled joy of seeing your name in print, YOU GET TO KEEP THE BOOK.

...for Listeners

If you listen to a wide range of radio programs-rock and classical, music, magazine and current affairs programs-and you believe you are capa-ble of writing intelligently and concisely about radio, On dit wants you. We need a reliable and consistent radio writer to provide a critical guide to the airwaves each week.

The successful applicant (hereafter referred to as "that unlucky sod") will be supplied with radio guides and contact numbers for additional information

On dit is in the south-west corner of the Union cloisters, or you can phone 223 2685 or 223 5405.

Apolog)

In On dit 15 (29/7/85) a story appeared entitled 'Reader thinks On dit "irrelevant", torches 3000.' Two paragraphs in the story, beginning 'But we're always..." and "We invite constructive criticism", purporting to be quotes from myself, were in

fact inserted by me after the writing of the story. This was not only stupid and unprofessional editorial practice, but an insult to both the writer the audience. I unreservedly apologise for this error; there will be no repetition.

- David Walker, Editor

Production

On dit is a weekly newsmagazine produced at the University of Adelaide. It appears every Monday during term except Monday

Edited and published by David

Honorary Editor: John Hepworth, from his writing and my phone calls) whom an editor could ever wish to

Typesetting: Jo Davis, Marion Ratzmer and introducing Edwina Cadd.

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Limelight: David "what day is it?" Mussared, Joe "I've-just-had-a-

quiet-chat-with-Martha-Davies" Penhall, Mike Gibson, Dino DiRosa, the prodigious Jamie Skinner, Emma Hunt, Ronan More, Fran Edwards, Andrew Stewart, Tom Morton, Paul T. Washington, Jenni Lans, Richard Wilson.

Columnists: Charles Gent, Moya Dodd, Norm Greet, Ronan More, Richard Wilson, Cam Perdown, Henrietta Frump.

Lavout: Justine Bradney, Paul T. Washington, Alex Hancock, Jaci Wiley, Graham Hastings, Peter Meehan, Jenni Lans (direct from Max's), David Mussared (direct from the 'flu').

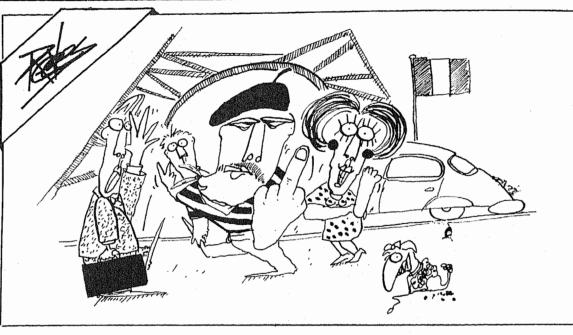
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Deadline for articles is 12 pm Wednesday.

Telephone: 228 5404 and 223 2685. Postal Address: On dit P.O. Box 498

Adelaide 4001.



Rads move in to change system

This week in Dusty Covers we switch our attention from this campus to Adelaide Uni South ... oops, sorry ... Flinders University and look at this State's most dramatic example of on-campus student activism - the occupation of the Administration Building.

Students in the early 70's were seeking an alternative to compulsory exams, believing that exams by their nature sort out people with qualities that are far removed from the ideals of education within a particular discipline. People pass exams through a combination of good short term memory, ability to swat and cram, and the people lacking these qualities fall by the wayside. A broad and deep understanding of the subject is better illustrated by written work, such as a long research paper. Some departments such as politics and philosophy at Flinders had already made optional exams a reality by 1974. Students at Flinders had waged a four-year campaign for optional exams through the "right" channels.

Finally the students decided to take a stand, after the History Department has refused to sit down with students and discuss history exams.

So students decided to occupy the Administration Building. They viewed the occupation of the Registry as an act similar to workers' strikes for better conditions.

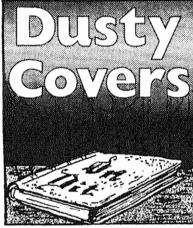
To quote a pamphlet put out by the students:

The occupation has continued because students are determined and believe their claims are moderate and reasonable. The University authorities have never accepted the students' proposals for meaningful negotiations. They have only agreed to meet and talk when forced to by the opening of the Vice-Chancellor's research files. The University Council took out a Supreme Court injunction which made every student in the occupation liable to immediate imprisonment. All these students are open to official and unofficial victimisation by the Uni authorities.

'The power and light in the Registry building was turned off, forcing students to rely on candles, which creates a serious fire hazard. Technical staff who realized this and turned the power back on were suspended from duty.

"Administration announced that we were endangering workers' jobs and students welfare by keeping certain files but refused the students' invitation to come and collect them. Students subsequently delivered the files to Admin. officials. When the Admin. threatened to call the police, a mass meeting of Flinders staff and students, with support from Adelaide Uni and other colleges and unis all over Australia, and from Trade Unions, condemned this threat of police action and effectively stopped

The students went through the administration's files and discovered that the Vice-Chancellor, Roger Russell had been involved in a research programme on capacitating Agents" funded by the U.S. Dept. of Army, Chemical and Biological Warfare.



Fifty years of campus history as recorded faithfully(?) by On dit. Compiled by Henrietta Frump.

The students photocopied the files on Russell's research and ensured that they were circulated widely over Adelaide.

After two weeks of occupying the building it was decided to open up the lower areas of the building and use the kitchen facilities and other rooms for sleeping.

Little of consequence happened until August 28 when, at about midday, a group of about 200 staff academics from all faculties except politics and philosophy assembled outside the Registry. The authorities at this stage were reluctant to call in the police, since there is a tradition of no police on Australian university campuses, and such an invasion would unite the general student

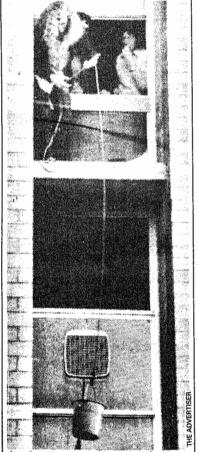
body against the authorities. The staff were summoned on a pretext of showing their support in a peaceful demonstration against the occupation, but were in fact used to back up fifty hired guards in forcing an entry to the building. The invaders forced their way past barricades, cut wires securing door handles, and steamed in.

Students theatened the guards coming udp the stairs by hurling chairs at them, but the guards caught the chairs and hurled them back. Most of the occupants used the escape route from the second floor across the adjacent roof to elude the intruders. However eleven students barricaded themselves into a small alcove at one end of the building, creating a stalemate. A bucket on a rope was used as a food and message communication.

After much discussion with students outside it was decided that there was no strategic purpose to be served by the presence of the eleven inside and they were allowed to leave safely - and the three and a half week occupation was over-temporarily.

With the release of the 11 barricaded students, a student meeting decided to occupy the Staff Club and to continue to harass "security" who were now occupying the Registry.

The Staff Club occupation was designed as both a symbolic gesture of the continuation of the



As the siege went on, students use a bucket to communicate

campaign - by denying use of the Staff Club to non-sympathetic staff - and as a convenient central on-campus point to hold until students returned from their holidays in the following week.

Then students decided to try to re-occupy the Administration Building. The student policy of harassment proved too frightening for the academics defending the building and they called for the police. The arrival of seventy police sent most students running for cover in the Union Building, but the security guards left the Administration Building and students Union Building, attacking several students. Academics and police were prepared to break into the building and take the students by force but Ian Yates, Secretary of the Union, negotiated, and the students were allowed to leave quietly. They had their names taken and were warned that charges might be laid against

Later that day a small demonstration agains the hired guards brought an estimated 200 police onto the campus, this time under their own initiative, which even the administration admitted was a dangerous precedent.

Eventually the "strong-arm tactics" of the students forced the academics to negotiate and make curriculum changes. The occupation served as a model for similar occupations in campuses across Australia.

Bike brigaders risk their necks for less than \$2 per hour

An unscrupulous Adelaide courier service run by one of Australia's largest companies is paying some young bicycle couriers less than \$50 for 40 hours' work a week.

And several of the couriers, injured while dodging peak-hour city traffic, have been refused workers' compensation by the service.

Following an *On dit* investigation into the courier service - Pace Messenger Service's "Bicycle Brigade" - the Minister of Labor, Mr Blevins, has ordered an urgent report on the matter

Mr Blevins said he was very concerned about the possibility of exploitation of the young couriers working idn the "Bicycle Brigade".

The Bicycle Brigade is a city-based courier service which uses young people on bicycles to run messages and carry parcels around the city. it is operated by Pace Messenger Services, a subsidiary of Mayne Nickless, one of Australia's largest transport corporations.

Bicycle Brigade couriers wear a gold and green uniform and carry standard issue blue back-packs and walkie-talkie radios.

They work in such stressful and dangerous conditions that the average courier lasts only two weeks in the job before resigning from Pace.

Pace often advertises in the metropolitan press for new workers and attracts mainly unemployed young people.

Pace charges \$2.65 for a standard delivery and pays the courier a commission of 50 per cent, demanding that each delivery be completed within twenty minutes.

But Pace's policy of hiring large numbers of people - ten members of the "Bicycle brigade" cover the two square miles of the city area - means that several couriers may be in the area of any delivery job.

This keeps service rapid but cuts individual couriers' takings.

Couriers are lucky to consistently get more than one dozen jobs per day, which would give a courier weekly earnings of under \$80.

weekly earnings of under \$80.

But couriers' earnings are cut further by the cost of repairs to bicycle and radio and the cost of hiring wet-weather gear from Pace, so that a courier earning \$160 in a fortnight (the average period for staying in the job) might have to pay over \$40 for bike repairs and \$16.50 for wetweather gear.

That would leave a lucky bicycle courier with a \$50 weekly paypacket. Repairs to a damanged two-way radio would cost far more - and Pace ensures that couriers bear the cost.

Perhaps the worst aspect of Pace's exploitation is that the company denies liability for workers' compensation - and the people it employs do not have the legal knowledge to rec-

ognise their right to claim it.

Yet couriers constantly run the risk of injury while battling city traffic to make deliveries at the speed which Pace demands. It is injury which forces many couriers to leave their jobs.

One former Bicycle Brigade courier, who left the job because of injury, told *On dit* his first paycheque for a week's work was \$30 after Pace had deducted tax.

The courier, "David" said jobs had been scarce because of bad weather. Pace insisted that David work from 8.30 am to 5.00 pm and did not allow him a lunch break.

David was forced out of the job after three weeks by a knee injury sustained when a bus knocked him off his bicycle.

By the time his injury stopped him working, David had realised the job didn't pay, and he quickly found better work. But he could claim no compensation for his injury - the company had told him to sign an agreement that he was a subcontractor, not an employee.

Another ex-courier, who wants to remain anonymous while she is involved in legal action against Pace, says she was hit by a car on her second day of work.

She didn't return to the job "because the risks they made you take were too great ... they made you cycle across town in ten minutes, and it's too dangerous."

She worked for nine hours on her first day at work, which she says left her "exhausted".

Courier risks injury in chase for another \$1.33

Seven jobs gave her earnings of less than ten dollars. Sixteen weeks after her accident and despite repeated calls to Pace, she has not been paid a cent, although she points out that she still possesses a bag which the company supplied her with

Representatives of Pace's parent company Mayne Nickless have been unavailable for comment.

A Federal arbitration inspector, Mr Doug Job, said the conditions under which Bicycle Brigade couriers worked sounded "horrific."

"This sounds like the worst case of labour exploitation in years", Mr Job said.

- David Walker



Musicians at risk but audience safe

Remember those days as a youngster when you sat listening to your favourite loud band on your stereo until a parent yelled "Turn that racket off or you'll go deaf!"?

from loud.

Rock run a peopl peopl mach

New research says they had no real reason to worry. A British report on the dangers of "leisure noise" says that not only is listening to stereo equipment safe, but some past researchers have made alarmist remarks which haven't been backed up by evidence.

Some researchers have also been influenced by their own views on the music which the stereos were pumping out, according to Nottingham University's Institute for Hearing Research.

That's not to say that amplified music can't be dangerous. The report says that music levels in some British discos are loud enough to put hearing at risk after only a few minutes. But the potential for damage may be reduced because, unlike factory workers, disco denizens can move away

Remember those days as a from sounds which are painfully loud.

Rock musicians and disc jockeys run a much greater risk, much like people who work with noisy machinery, says the report. Some musicians already have permanent ear damage from exposure to sound ten thousand times louder than the 90 decibel British limit for long term noise in factories.

More dangerous than rock is gunfire, which can damage the hearing of both serious hunters and children playing with toy guns.

And screaming children risk both their parents' ears and their own: researchers measured sound levels near a child's ear at 117 decibels.

Also risky are firecrackers and modified motorbikes with macho, farting mufflers.

One of the safest noise sources investigated: live classical music, whose brief peaks of symphonic ecstasy and rapturous applause represent no danger at all.

- David Walker

Drug wrongly blamed for defects, say doctors

Pregnant women have been robbed "of the best and safest drug on the market for vomiting in pregnancy" by compensation claims against its makers, according to the director of Melbourne's Birth Defects Research Institute.

Dr David Danks, writing in *The Medical Journal of Australia*, says that Debendox, a much-prescribed product of the US Merrell Dowdrug company, has taken the blame for birth defects it probably did not cause.

Debendox has now been removed from the market both in Australia and in the US, where the Dow company faces a brawling court battle against parents of birth-defective children, whom Danks accuses of trying to "cash in".

Danks bases his claims on a study published in the *Journal* titled "What have we learnt from the Debendox fiasco?", which says that while birth defect claims have been widespread in the media, "the overwhelming scientific evidence is that Debendox is not teratogenic [defect-causing]."

The study, by two researchers, one of them a doctor from the Adelaide Children's Hospital, points out that Debendox trials on over 2300 humans have shown no evidence of an increase in birth defects, and eleven studies of almost 13,000 women using the drug have had similar results.

Trials on animals, including experiments by well-known Australian researcher Dr William

McBride, sometimes did show increases in defects, but the study says that these trials used such high doses of the drug that "it is hard to see the relevance ... to the effect in humans of two Debendox tablets taken twice a day."

The researchers say that their study "presents convincing evidence for [Debendox's] safety," and point out that the drug has never been banned here or in the US, yet they note that some media reports have tried to make Debendox look like a new thalidomide. Medical groups, they say, should have defended the drug from such attacks.

Why has Debendox been forced off the market? The researchers suggest that the trauma of having a child with a birth defect makes parents wonder-"why me?" With up to a quarter of all pregnant women using Debendox at one time, and over 4000 birth-defective children being born in Australia each year, many people could have made an obvious but incorrect link between the two. Even perfectly safe drugs can be the victims of such a coincidence.

Dr Danks says that if the Debendox story is repeated, "there will be many very big losers."

They include women who not only can't use Debendox to quell their nausea, but will be denied other beneficial drugs because their manufacturers won't take the risk of birth defect claims.

Society will lose because compensation battles will mean that "less money remains for services for those unfortunate individuals

who cannot find anyone to sue."
Perhaps worst of all, Dr Danks
suggests that parents fighting
drug companies will be distracted
from adjusting to their problems
and helping their child to accept
the disability.

Human beings have always produced some birth-defective children, says Danks, and they will continue to do so despite medicine's best efforts. Drugs aren't the main cause of the problem, and prospective parents must face up to the risk of having an imperfect child.

- David Walker

Footnote: Another drug company fell victim to compensation claims late last month when the A.H. Robins company filed for bankruptcy in a US court under pressure from lawsuits worth over US\$1 billion. Cause of the suits is the Dalkon Skield, an IUD blamed for infections, sterility, miscarriages and deaths.

But the Dalkon Shield is not another Debendox. Though Robins claims the Shield is safe, US court officials have found evidence of a company cover-up, and a former Robins lawyer told a court he had destroyed documents related to the device. That admission helped produce a US\$9.2 million award for a woman who had to have a hysterectomy after using the shield. Probable cause of the Shield's dangers is a nylon tail which leads through the uterus and which is believed to allow vaginal bacteria to invade the uterus.

Comet-chasers will have to pay and squint

Ring Ansett today, and for \$265 they'll sell you a trip to Halley's

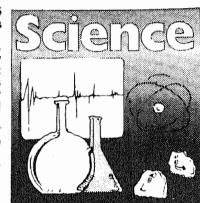
Bargain of the century? Not quite. They don't take you all the way there, but they do bring you about five kilometres closer, which leaves you with only 29,999,995 to go, only a gnat's flight away in astronomical terms.

An enquiry to Ansett about their "comet-chaser" flights is a voyage of discovery in itself. The clerk I spoke to wasn't too sure about the time of the flights ("They're at night, I think", she mumbled as she checked her lists, and I'm very glad to hear it) but she had all the details on the t-shirt, jigsaw, key-ring, special bottle of port and signed flight certificate that you receive on the trip and she assured me that free champagne is served during the flight. Apparently you can't reserve a window seat, but they rotate them during the flight, and an expert from the Mount Stromlo Observatory will explain the science of the event to those who care to listen.

If jokes need punchlines, these flights have a beauty. When I asked the booking clerk what advantage these trips conferred over sitting on the ground with a bottle of plank in one hand while you toss \$265 worth of banknotes to the winds, she intimated to me that the Ansett package was the only way to reduce the distance between yourself and the

comet.
"I think it's just to get a closer

view", she said. Somebody ought to make a film



David Walker

about this flight. The sight of hundreds of slightly drunk people rattling their key-rings as they jostle each other for an alcohol-affected view of the comet on one side of the plane, while on the other side scores more swill port, do their jigsaws and occasionally ask stewardesses whether the captain could fly a little closer to the thing - or perhaps land on it ought to be worth recording for

Michael O'Leary, public relations officer with the Amateur Astronomical Society of South Australia, describes Ansett's venture as "a waste of time and money" for pas-

But the Ansett caper is mere air support for a full-scale assault on the public, an offensive designed not just to raise comet-consciousness but to empty wallets.

Leading the attack is a movie called Lifeforce, about voyagers to Comet Halley who discover a thing which turns them all into yucky things, It has the plot of Alien, the special effects of Star Wars, and the scientific accuracy of a Bugs Bunny cartoon - but the producers are banking on comet-appeal to pull in the

successful, in Adelaide at least. And after the movie, watch out for T-shirts, bumper stickers, maps, gym bags, Comet Cola and probably the McHalley burger. Awen Ryan, the marketing genius who bought the US rights to Halley's Comet, expects his company to gross US\$8 million before the end of 1986.

crowds. According to Hoyts Cinemas, that tactic has been fairly

Meanwhile, an Adelaide optical firm says it's "innundated with people" wanted to buy telescopes. Richard Vincent, manager of Pacific Optical, says the comet has clearly captured the public's imagination, though when we quote them \$500 for a telescope, it slows them down a He can't buy new stock; demand outstrips suppliers' best efforts, despite the fact that a good pair of binoculars is as good for comet-watching as any telescope, possibly better. Which brings us to the comet. When something's being

sold the way Halley's is, you'd think it would be a real wing-dinger of a comet, a blazing spectacle which will fill the heavens.

In 1910, the last time Halley's came around, the comet practically fell on top of us: the Earth passed through its tail providing humans with a spectacular view. The 1910 "apparition" also caused widespread panic after the press reported the discovery of cyanogen-cyanide gas - in the tail. American city-dwellers taped windows or retreated into cellars, and an Oklohoma cult was narrowly prevented from sacrificing a virgin. Nobody could convince them of the truth, that comet-stuff is, in the words of one Australian astronomer, "the nearest to nothing you can get and still have some-

This time the frenzy will be commercial, but the view is going to be poor at best.

In fact the average suburbanite standing in his or her backyard staring up at the sky may be hard-pressed to see anything at all, even when the comet is at its brightest. And those who trouble to escape the light and smoke of the city will see only a large, diffused smudge, represent-ing a comet over 60 million kilometres distant, a comet recently described by US scientists as "not as bright as we expected.'

One Harvard comet specialist has predicted that "if you didn't see Kohoutek in 1974, you won't see Halley in 1986." I remember standing on a beachfront late in 1974, searching the skies in vain for Kohoutek. Like many people I felt robbed by scientists who had predicted a spectacular show. Halley is shaping up as a similar disappointment, its let-down potential exaggerated by the com-mercial hype which is inflating people's expectations as it empties their wallets.

Even Michael O'Leary of the Astronomical Society, an unashamed booster of the comet for purely non-commercial reasons, is concerned about not "doing a Kohoutek". Kohoutek was the 1974 comet which never lived up to its advance publicity and the predictions of a blazing display; instead it soured comet-watchers. "We don't want to promise people that it will be spectacular and then have them disappointed. At the same time we don't want to throw cold water on it." He admits that Halley's dimness, at a time when the public understanding of science is better than it

Yes, it's That Time of Year Again

1986 Orientation Guide

Submissions are now open for next year's guide to the joys and terrors of our hallowed institution.

The good news is that all clubs (sporting and non-sporting) have an opportunity to put in a big fat plug for your group. You'll reach thousands of new students who are eager to find their feet in a strange new environment and old students who are wanting to put new spark into their university lives. Con 'em into believing that your particular band of drunken degenerate layabouts or virtuous do-gooders is just what their lives need, and they'll be swelling your membership lists and parties before you have time to tell them about the \$50 joining fee and the wierd initiation rites.

The bad news is that the damn things have to be on the editor's desk in the On dit office (south-west corner of the Cloisters), double-spaced, typed or legibly hand-written on one side of the paper, no more than 350 words long and including contact name and telephone number, by Friday, November 29. They can also be left at the Student Activities Office desk. Please mark them clearly "For the O-Guide".

More good news is that you have the opportunity to



boost your coverage by including a catchy graphic, either a drawing or a photo. Stealing is allowed...

New O-Guide feature will be a collection of articles on starting and living through university, which it is hoped will contain illuminating and sage advice. If you want to contribute, contact the O-Guide editor, David Walker, in the On dit office, or ring 228 5404.

If you have ideas about what the O-Guide should contain, jot them down on a piece of paper and send them to the editor

via the Student Activities Office.

Torturers not sadists: study

What turns an outwardly human being into a torturer, blind to his own monstrosities?

Behavioural scientists who have begun a systematic study of torturers now say that most of them are not sadists in the psychological sense. That is, they do not derive sexual excitement from their work.

Studies of torturers' confession and victims' accounts have found that three factors in particular help turn people into torturers.

Such people usually have a fervently-held ideology that attributes great evil to some other group and defines the believer as a guardian of the social good.

They also need to accept and obey authority unquestioningly, and to have the open or tacit support of their peers.

Robert Jay Lifton, a psychiatrist who has studied 28 German physicians who participated in the Nazi medical programmes, states "I'm struck by the capacity of individuals to divide themselves into separate people, one a torturer, the other an

ordinary family man." According to Dr Lifton, torturers cope with the brutish emotional facts of their deeds through a mental manoeuvre he calls "doubling", in which a person develops a full repertory of feelings and habits that are quite specific to his evil role. He is able to revert to his ordinary self while away from his work.

One of the few detailed studies of torturers was of 25 Greek men who had been members of the military police during the rule of the junta which ended in 1974. The report of the study, published by Amnesty, shows the crucial role that obedience plays.

These men were selected in their first few months of military training for their "total obedience to the



seemed illogical" according to Professor Mika Haritos-Fatouros, the Greek psychologist who carried out the study.

According to Dr Ewin Staub, of Massachusetts University, torturers divide the world into two groups: 'us" and "them".

Cruelty, he says, often begins with small steps, a limited involvement which paves the way for later, more brutal acts. As Staub points out, people tend to justify to themselves the acts which they have already committed.

One of the elements that begins to set the torturer apart is a fervently held set of beliefs that justify his cruelty. Typically, this is a view that defines his victims as an evil group who pose a tangible threat to the social order.

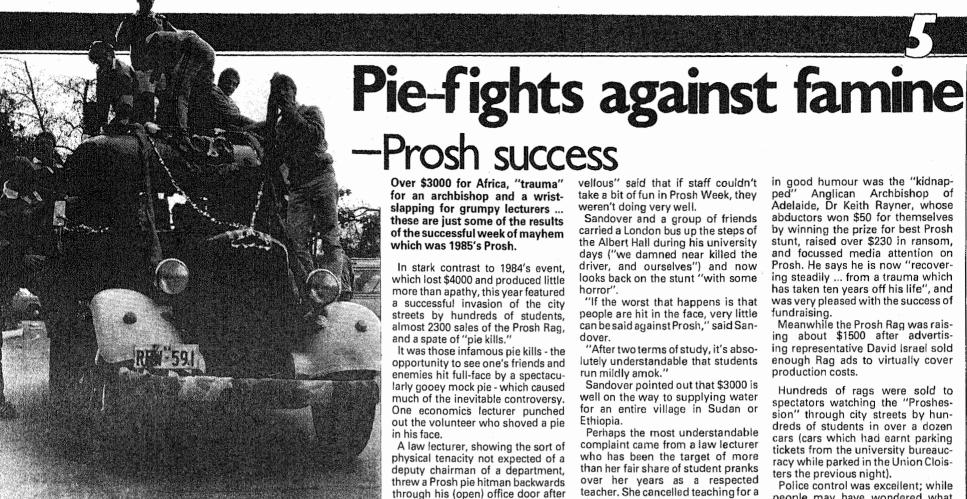
The Greek torturers, for example, were chosen because they were fer-

vent anti-Communists who saw leftists as the enemies of Greece.

The Nazi doctors, according to Dr Lifton, saw themselves as curing a sick Aryan race of racial infection. They had a medical ideology which, in their eyes, made sense of their cruelty in the name of biology.

The Amnesty publication Torture in the Eighties reports that torture may be part of routine military and police operations in as many as 90 countries. The overall environment that enables the torturer to do his job is one of outright or tacit approval or, at least, silence.

In the absence of voices that raise questions or implant doubt, Dr Staub observes, a torturer can operate with the sense that those around him approve. Voices of protest can thus be one of the means to break down the atmosphere that breeds torture.







Prosh success Over \$3000 for Africa, "trauma" for an archbishop and a wristslapping for grumpy lecturers ...

> In stark contrast to 1984's event, which lost \$4000 and produced little more than apathy, this year featured a successful invasion of the city streets by hundreds of students, almost 2300 sales of the Prosh Rag, and a spate of "pie kills."

It was those infamous pie kills - the opportunity to see one's friends and enemies hit full-face by a spectacularly gooey mock pie - which caused much of the inevitable controversy. One economics lecturer punched out the volunteer who shoved a pie

A law lecturer, showing the sort of physical tenacity not expected of a deputy chairman of a department, threw a Prosh pie hitman backwards through his (open) office door after the cream hit. But he was soon backed up against his bookshelf while the Proshist, holding said lecturer's lapels, explained very politely that the pie kill proceeds were going to Freedom From Hunger. That lecturer later sent Prosh a letter saying that he could see the humour of the situation although eyewitnesses say that at the time of the office meleé this was not the case.

Adelaide Freedom From Hunger chief Dr John Sandover, whose first reaction when told by On dit of the result was "Good grief - that's marvellous" said that if staff couldn't take a bit of fun in Prosh Week, they weren't doing very well.

Sandover and a group of friends carried a London bus up the steps of the Albert Hall during his university days ("we damned near killed the driver, and ourselves") and now looks back on the stunt "with some

horror".
"If the worst that happens is that people are hit in the face, very little can be said against Prosh," said San-

''After two terms of study, it's absolutely understandable that students run mildly amok.

Sandover pointed out that \$3000 is well on the way to supplying water for an entire village in Sudan or Ethiopia.

Perhaps the most understandable complaint came from a law lecturer who has been the target of more than her fair share of student pranks over her years as a respected teacher. She cancelled teaching for a short time after being "hit".

Contrast that with the Accounting I

lecturer who went calmly on with his talk while students watched cream drip slowly down the side of his face. And the Master of Lincoln College, hit while delivering a speech wherein he had lauded the College's \$100 worth of Prosh donations, looked down on his audience while they looked at his cream-smeared face, and told them that when he was younger he could have laughed at such a thing. Now all he could say

Another Prosh victim who took it all

in good humour was the "kidnapped" Anglican Archbishop of Adelaide, Dr Keith Rayner, whose abductors won \$50 for themselves by winning the prize for best Prosh stunt, raised over \$230 in ransom, and focussed media attention on Prosh. He says he is now "recovering steadily ... from a trauma which has taken ten years off his life", and was very pleased with the success of

fundraising.

Meanwhile the Prosh Rag was raising about \$1500 after advertising representative David Israel sold enough Rag ads to virtually cover production costs.

Hundreds of rags were sold to spectators watching the "Proshession" through city streets by hundreds of students in over a dozen cars (cars which had earnt parking tickets from the university bureaucracy while parked in the Union Cloisters the previous night).

Police control was excellent; while people may have wondered what the strange demonstration was which was holding up street and pedestrian traffic, the whole event was hassle-free.

The only major black marks against Prosh celebrators were the stealing of \$50 donated by the Lord Mayor of Adelaide, Jim Jarvis, and a Grand Prix flag which students had intended to auction.

But broadly speaking, the story of 1985 Prosh was few problems, much revelry and much money for a wellchosen cause.

- David Walker

Aboriginals doomed without better care, says health chief

Aborigines "are destined to die out quite rapidly" without major changes to their health care, according to the director of the national trachoma program.

Professor Fred Hollows, from the University of New South Wales, told the Australia and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science congress late last month more young adult aborigines were dying and that aboriginal life expectancy was falling.

"Figures from NSW show expectancies for aboriginal males similar to those of whites in 1890 [48-49 years] and for aboriginal females similar to white Australian women in 1910 [55-57 years].

25 to 44-year-old aboriginals were dying from circulatory problems at 20 times the average NSW rate, he said, and hygiene in most aboriginal camps was so poor that in Central Australia it is impossible to rear children in health. While infant death rates had improved, infectious illness still attacked aboriginals as strongly as before.

Major changes needed to be made to aboriginal lifestyles, hygiene and public health.

'The factors that generate aboriginal ill-health appear to be more effective than ever and new infective and degenerative factors are gaining

Hepatitis B, leprosy, rheumatic fever, chronic respiratory infections,

middle ear infection, syphilis, gonorrhoea and trachoma are all causing serious problems among aboriginal

"The figures for sexually transmitted diseases ... are appalling ... rates for syphillis are many times higher for aborigines than whites", said Professor Hollows.

Another speaker, Dr Paul Torzillo. who has worked in aboriginal communities, told the congress that Australia now faced "massive hospitalization for aboriginal children in their first three years of life.

He said that an aboriginal child under ten years old living in Central Australia was 80 times more likely to be admitted to hospital than a similar non-aboriginal child.



ivilchael vvilson: he wants equal opportunity

SA Liberals reject tuition fees

whelmingly voted to oppose tertiary tuition fees on the grounds that they would prevent equal opportunities for all students.

State Council's move three weeks ago follows informal moves by state Liberal education spokesman Michael Wilson earlier in the year urging federal shadow education minister

Senator Peter Baume to oppose fees. "I just don't believe that those students who are really in need of assis-

tance should be denied the right to complete their tertiary education.

There are many families in the community who cannot afford to keep educating their sons or daughters

without this sort of assistance from the government.

Wilson said that both the bulk of the party and Senator Baume agree with his position.

Wilson agreed that it was "ironic" to be aligned with left and centre ele-ments of the ALP against ALP economic rationalists such as Senator Peter Walsh, who first raised the tertiary fees issue.

The opposition spokesman denied that the Liberal Party was merely wooing the middle-class voters who send their children to university and provide many Liberal voters. He said his concern was for lower-income families.

- David Walker

Dole queues here to stay?

"Irrespective of the social system we live in, never again will we see full employment." So says Jack Mundey, environmental activist, socialist and Sydney City Councillor.

Jack Mundey is best remembered for the Green Bans which saved historical and other important buildings from demolition in the late 1960's. The Green Bans brought together unions and conservationists for the first time.

Now in his fifties, Jack Mundey looks less fit than in his Green Ban days, although his mind is just as quick and he retains his ability for public speaking.

Munday's experience in the Builders Labourers Federation has led him to believe that the boom period of capitalism is over. He said the failure to realize this causes much of today's industrial conflict.

"There was a misplaced belief in the sustainability of the economic boom following World War Two.

"This boom was destroyed by the oil crisis of the early 1970's, which effectively ended the longest period of capitalist economic expansion," he said.

Mundey said the type of industrial relations that unions should be researching had to include workers of self-management. This would have far-reaching social effects in both east and west, he said.

"In both capitalist and socialist countries, workers have very little say in what they produce.

"From an environmental and

ecological point of view this is disasterous," he said.

Because capitalism seldom takes environmental considerations into account, Mundey sees it as unsus-

"If we leave it to free-market forces, the future is grim indeed.

"If we get people to think socially and ecologically, then we have a future," he said. Mundey sees, the most viable long-

term form of society as being socialist. "However it must be a socialism with an ecological consideration,

he says. "If it doesn't talk about a sustainable society, then it hasn't got any

- Russ Grayson

Negative gearing backfires

Hugh Martin, Finance Vice-President

As Finance Vice President of the Students' Association, I intend not only to keep the finances of the Association in good order, but also to report on developments in the community which affect students financially.

Last term's Prosh was the most successful in years and we will soon be able to hand over a large cheque to our charity, Freedom From Hunger.

Tax Reform

Labor's first tax reform has shown their shortsightedness in this area. The removal of "negative gearing" was rightly intended to stop business decreasing their tax burden by offsetting losses on purchasing dwellings against other business profits. Such businesses, however, are in the enviable position of being able to pass on their tax burden, by increasing rents. In this situation the student is the first to suffer: usually looking for cheap fessional experienced managers, and accommodation, they are quickly may the most competent person win.

SAUA plots to hit

ALP conference

Michelle Clark, Education Vice-

The passing of August 15 also meant

the passing of the old S.A.U.A. heirar-

chy. In the new-wave association there

is new blood besides my own. Many of

you, I'm sure, have never been into the

Student Activities Office or know its

The Education/Services Standing

Committee met for the first time on August 27 and the meeting went very

well. Over the next few weeks some

interesting things will come out of it.

The ESC will be producing a survey to

find out more about what you, the student, wants from your Association. We

will also be writing up Education Policy for the SAUA as this is greatly needed

to give Student Representatives direc-

tion for their dealings within the University Community.

The threat of fees has died down at

the moment but the Students' Associa-

tion's opposition to them hasn't. We

are looking at a broadly based Educa-

tion campaign to focus on next year's

President.

structure.

priced out of the market. Thanks, Mr Keating.

State of the Union

The Adelaide University Union is the body that spends you \$188. With the resignation of the Union's Professional Manager, some crazed councillors (now bird-brained Board-members) are proposing that a student should occupy this position. The Union has a budget of millions of dollars and employs over a hundred people. It is not small business and yet there are those who fantasize that an uncompleted Arts degree enables them to manage the Union effectively and efficiently!

We have already had a meeting of hundreds of students to decide this matter. Quite rightly these students didn't trust their Union Councillors. They took the only sensible option and directed the Union Council to appoint a professional experienced manager.

If those meglomaniac Union Board members wish to bve Manager, then they should apply along with the professional experienced managers, and

Over the next term I will be doing a lot

of work with our Student Representa-

tives, as I feel this area has been left on

the shelf for far too long.

One area in particular that needs

attending to is the number of students

on curriculum committees. These committees deal with such things as

assessment and general running of

each department within the Univer-

sity. These committees have five

academics and five students on them.

They are therefore very important. If you wish to be on your faculty's cur-

riculum committee, come and see me.

It has been brought to my attention that the Science Faculty needs three

more members for its committee. Vol-

unteers for these positions would be

received with enthusiasm. Remember

that the Students' Association can only

work for students if students are wil-

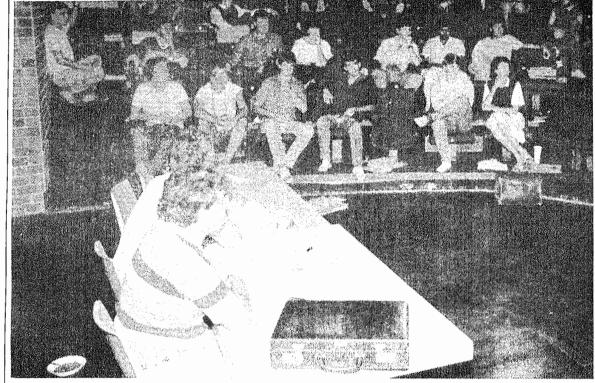
Items on this page written by

SAUA office-bearers have been

inserted at the order of the

ling to help a bit themselves.

Student Activities Office.



ACTS Conference at Easter hope now

AUS "replacement" sinks out of sight

ACTS - the Liberal-dominated Australian Council of Tertiary Students - is likely to disappear from discussion on a national student union following key campus elections and the calling of referenda in Victorian and Western Australian campuses to form state student unions there.

Liberal students at Macquarie University in New South Wales have lost control of the Students' Council to left-wing forces hostile to ACTS. according to a member of the chairperson's collective there.

At Sydney University Liberals have failed to gain control of the Students' Representative Council (SRC) and ACTS is unlikely to be voted on there in the foreseeable future.

Victoria's Monash and Melbourne Universities and the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology are among several campuses which will vote this month on affiliation to the Victorian Students' Union, a new state organisation. Only Melbourne University is voting on affiliation to ACTS and Students' Association President Elizabeth Parsons says a vote in favour of affiliation is

In Western Australia, Murdoch University has joined the new WA Post-Secondary Students' Organization, and other tertiary institutions there are planning ballots.

University of WA Guild of Undergraduates President Dave Kelly says that "to the vast majority of students here, ACTS is a non-entity.'

The UWA Guild was the only student group to send elected delegates to the Easter ACTS Conference in Adelaide which formed an ACTS co-ordinating committee, but Kelly says the WĀ delegates were "not impressed".

"ACTS doesn't seem to have learnt anything from AUS [the Australian Union of Students, dissolved late last year amid vicious faction-fight-

ing].
"The Liberals haven't managed to get agreement on anything. It's the same old factionalism.

Melbourne University's Elizabeth Parsons agrees. She claims that "ACTS is an excuse for a national Liberal lobby group - that's why they're only soliciting from Liberal campuses." She herself is a "moderate socialist" and member of the powerful Coalition of ALP Students

Wollongong University SRC President Joseli Munive, a member of the ACTS co-ordinating committee, has not been contacted by national coordinator Gabriel Harvison (of Macquarie Uni) since Easter and says he is "bluntly, disappointed" about the course of events. He says ACTS has 'not much future" and he has "other priorities". Three months ago he looked kindly on affiliation.

In South Australia no campus other than Adelaide University has ever wanted to become involved in ACTS. Flinders University General Secretary Patrick Colmer describes ACTS as "a haven for certain AUS junkies." He and other student administrators at the SA College of Advanced Education and Institute of Technology have instead become trend towards state student unions:

involved in the South Australian Students' Forum, a group which Adelaide University's Student Association has so far been loath to approach.

In fact SAUA President Greg Mackay, an ACTS founder who describes the Forum as "a left alliance wank session", is now isolated as the only student leader in the country with a committment to ACTS and a student council behind him.

A campus-by-campus assessment shows the failure of ACTS and the

How campuses rejected ACTS

Adelaide University: SAUA President Greg Mackay backs ACTS but there are no plans for a ballot on

Australian National University: Goes to the polls soon, but ACTS affiliation is not being voted on.

Flinders University: Has ignored ACTS, concentrated on SA Students Forum (SASF).

Griffith University: Union of Students Chairperson Keith Williams resigned from ACTS administration committee before Easter Conference, saying ACTS backed full student participation, was undemocratic and omitted large numbers of left-wing students.

Macquarie University: Previous Liberal-dominated student council planned affiliation but the recentlyelected council is not in favour, prefers left-wing NSW Education Net-

Melbourne University: Is holding a ballot on affiliation, which is likely to reject ACTS. Victorian Students Forum affiliation ballot will probably be more successful.

Monash University: Has joined WA Post-Secondary Students' Organization (WAPPSO) and has no ACTS affiliation plans.

NSW Institute of Technology: Present left-leaning SRC has not moved for affiliation; Liberals may gain power at impending election but have not shown enthusiasm for

Queensland University: Affiliation not planned at coming elections; Student Union President Brad Bowman doesn't oppose ACTS but is more interested in two state inter-

campus bodies. Royal Melbourne Institute of **Technology**: Victorian Students' Union ballot is being held, ACTS ballot is not.

S.A. College of Advanced Education: Has ignored ACTS, concentrated on SASF.

S.A. Institute of Technology: Has ignored ACTS, concentrated on

University: Australia's Sydney conduct ACTS ballot; SRC President Mark Heyward was ACTS' leading light but was forced to resign from co-ordinating committee by his SRC. Heyward, recently arrested for assaulting a councillor, is reportedly now in America; a verdict on his

case has not been reached. University of WA: Elections are being held; Liberals have a real chance but oppose any student

WA College of Advanced Education: Is voting on WAPPSO affiliation, which will probably succeed, but not on ACTS

Woolongong University: SRC President Joseli Munive is "disappointed" with ACTS although he is on its co-ordinating committee. No longer any plans for affiliation.

ACTS never had the broad support it needed.

'It's going to take years and years to set up a national union which isn't going to fold overnight", she says. - David Walker

New Sydney University SRC President Helen Stowart - who speaks for more students than any other person in the country - suggests that a factional organisation could never have hoped to succeed, and that



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Baltic cruise and trounal Sowier

The night-time menaces of a Soviet patrol boat were only one manifestation of Russian opposition to a "Baltic Peace and Freedom" cruise which Adelaide Uni student DAVIDS DARZINS sailed on last year with Russian and Baltic emigres and exiles. He and DAVID WALKER report.

It was 3 am when the Soviet patrol bont set itself on a collision course with the Baltic Star and her 400 protesters. Its searchlight raked the shipas it veered away at the last minute, while a Soviet lishing trawler was cutting across the Baltic Star's bows and forcing her captain to change

An earlier and more drastic change to the Star's course had been necessitated by stories that the Soviet Baltic Fleet had been laying wires in an area which she had intended to travel through.

The cruise followed a two-day "Baltic tribunal against the Soviet Union" which ended by condemning the USSR for its annexation and occupation of the Baltic states, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. The tribunal's hearings were timed to coincide with the tenth anniversary of the Helsinki Accords on human rights.

Äfter 16 "cyewitnesses" - former political prisoners, KGB agents, Soviet athletes and bureaucrats, scientists, lawyers, an editor of an underground paper and two Baltic pop singers - had given testimony, a manifesto was issued declaring that "the present situation in the Baltic countries is damaging the chance of peace and freedom in Europe and

Official Soviet news agency TASS was able to describe the tribunal as 'slandering peace-loving Soviet domestic policies" before its participants had even met.

TASS had no doubt the Baltic actions were designed to "whip up tension in the world". They could "... torpedo ... the positive changes toward normalisation ... in Soviet-American relations, including the summit meeting (between Gorbachev and Reagan) announced to be held next November ..." TASS

The "Baltic Peace and Freedom Cruise", as it was called, was a protest by exile and emigré Balts aboard a chartered ship in the Baltic Sea. TASS warned that the protesters could end up as "sacrificial lambs" and threatened naval action.

The organisation of the trip was hindered by practical and political difficulties. Both the ship and the organising committee received bomb threats and the ship was delayed for three hours in Stockholm while dozens of police with sniffer dogs searched through the ship and luggage for bombs. The ship was shadowed by Soviet and Swedish security forces. While the voyage was in progress, Finnish Communist M.P.s were attempting to embarrass the Finnish Government in barring the Baltic Star from entering Helsinki Harbour.

Among the 370 cruise participants were Baltic youth from Sweden, the U.S.A. and Australia, and prominent human rights campaigners: Vladimir Bukovsky (a Soviet dissident who was allowed to leave a Soviet labor camp for the West in 1976 in exchange for the Chilean Communist Party leader Corvalán); Gunars Rode (a former Amnesty International prisoner of conscience) and Per Almark (former Swedish Deputy Prime Minister).

The Baltic States are being exploited militarily and economically. They were illegally annexed in 1940 and now support Russian rocket and submarine bases, including SS-20 nuclear missile sites, which have a destabilising effect on Europe. Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania economically exploited by accelerated industrialisation. Soviet industries are moved to the Baltic States to increase political control and interdependence not to improve economies nor to make them more efficient.

Possibly the greatest concern to cruise participants was the deportation and systematic russification of Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians with the purpose of eliminating their national identities, cultures and languages

Russification of small nationality groups is Soviet policy. These groups are artificially forced to become part of the larger Russian national group, a policy carried out by persecuting minority national groups (by discrimination at work,



)angerous provocation,

And how does Russia see the actions of the Baltic protesters? The following TASS news release from TASS new analyst Viktor Ponomaryou should put you in a properly Russian frame of mind...

Foreign news agencies report that certain circles in NATO countries are preparing a number of dangerous provocations in the Baltic Sea, coinciding with the World Youth Conference in Moscow and the ten year signing ceremonies of the Helsinki accords. The events in question are the so-called "Baltic Tribunal" in Copenhegen and the "Peace and Freedom Cruise" - both prepared by CIA-backed anti-soviet emigre organizations.

All sorts of "presidents," "chairmen", and other nationalists will flock to the Hotel Scandinavium in the capital of Denmark. Each of them is eager to be the first to snatch long-avvalted honorariums for participation in yet another antisoviet spectacle. The event will feature disruptive meetings, demonstrations, press conferences and long petitions to European governments slandering peace-loving Soviet domestic policies.

The "fair" judges of the Tribunal will gather in one of the tightly secured conference rooms of the Scandinavium to prove the unproveable and to once again charge the Soviet Union with human rights violations in the Baltic republics.

Relying upon their miserable judicial role, as well as employing all possible avenues of influence, these provocateurs hope to garner the support of individual Western parliamentarians and political extremists. A number of "witnesextrements. A number of wither sees", after swearing upon the Bible in this "High Court" will try to prove that black is white. Here are just a few of these fellows: recidivist-burglar Vladas Sakalys; alcoholic-troublemaker Aarne Vahtra; drug addict Bronius Venclova. The other "witnesses" and "experts" are

educational opportunities etc.) and

by forcing the Russian language and

culture on these groups (in schools,

public institutions and by not requir-

ing minimum standards of Estonian,

Latvian and Lithuanian for Russian

immigrants).

предпог щут

РИО-де-ЖАНЕЙРО, 20 (ТАСС). Администрация Рейгана отвергает шаги никарагуанского правительства, направленные на улучшение двусторонних отношений и установление мира в Центральной Америке. Она стремится най-

more or less the same types as the above-mentioned traitors and exposed renegades - all of whom are ever ready to give any kind of 'necessary testimonies.'

Much to the organizers' chagrin, two recent deserters, Raivo Roosna and Aleks Lepaine, will not appear in court. Nationalist organizations supported their efforts to obtain funds for "the liberation of occupied Estonia" - through armed robberles of Finland's banks and jewelry stores. One of these deserters has

"This sorry group of naive youngsters could become the sacrificial lambs of these provocative events...."

been jailed for his crimes, and the other committed to a psychiatric institution.

After issuing the CIA pre-approved "verdict" at the Baltic Tribunal, the "ludges" along with the "witnesses" and "defendants" accompanied by a group of "free emigro youth" will travel to Stockholm, where an insured pirate ship awaits them. The Swedish ship - the Baltic Star - will sall under a Panamanian flag. The cruise will proceed along the territorial boundaries of the

прекращение кровопролития в регионе и мирное урегулирование

МАНАГУА, 20. (ТАСС). США начали новую фазу преступной агрессии против Никарагуа, включающую использование ме-

Soviet Union. The participants plan to deposit anti-soviet materials in special floating containers and baloons in the off-shore waters of the Baltic republics. Piles of antisoviet leaflets are on their way from CIA warehouses to Stockholm...

...On the eve of the Helsinki the accords' ten-year signing core-monies, this prirate ship hopes to cest its anchor without difficulty in Holeinki. They plan to drop off a group of hoodlums, who will harass Soviet delegates, and create a generally unbearable atmosphere. It seems that the authors of this absurd scenario have been inspired by the White House acclaimed cutthroats in the Marine Corps, who regard it as their manifest destiny to rule even at the gates of paradise, not to mention in the Scandinavian port of Helsinki...

...this sorry group of naive youngsters, along with other emigres riding in the hold of a dry cargo ship; could become not only pawns of the American intelligence services, but also the sacrificial larmbs of these provocative events. This provocation cannot be masked forevever in hypocritical declara-tions of "peace and freedom". The organizers of the cruise have not clamored in vain about the possibility of their ship being surrounded by a Soviet navai armada.

The cruise and the many TASS reports received considerable media attention in Europe. Scandinavian television ran footage every evening for over a week; German, French and even Saudi Arabian newspapers and the Herald International Tribune

ran front page stories and the journals New Statesman and The Spectator reported on the cruise.

The cruise demonstrated the need for a change - the peace which exists today is neither a just nor a stable

peace aren't friends Nationalism a

British magazine The Spectator also had a correspondent on board Star. ANDREW BROWN reflects on the problems of the Baltic States.

"Freedom for the Baltic States" is a political demand, and a nationalist one; yet European nations are what they are because of war and the threat of war. This unpeaceful history can be traced back as far as you like: neither Stalin nor Hitler invented it. One reason for the European orientation of the Baltic States is their religion: Estonia and Latvia are Protestant, and Lithuania Catholic, and they were Christianised by a series of crusading wars mounted from Prussia, Denmark and Sweden. Even the distinctive language and cultures of the Balts are the fruits of old, successful wars. The Prussian peasantry once spoke a Baltic language similar to Lithuanian and Latvian, but they were conquered.

To try and turn nationalism into a force for peaceful change is not an

easy task, but the arguments against war as an instrument of policy in this case are overwhelming. They do not depend on the new horrors of nuclear war. The Soviet Union has stationed a great many nuclear missiles in the Baltic republics (there are supposed to be three SS-20 bases in Estonia alone) but what is germane to the argument is that there are, for example, 130,000 Russian soldiers in Estonia. Even allowing for the high proportion of back-up forces to fighting soldiers in any modern army, this is still a sizeable army of occupation. No nuclear weapons were needed to convince Lithuanian guerrillas after the war that the struggle was hopeless: only 30,000 Lithuanian casualties (and an estimated 50,000 to 60,000 Soviet).

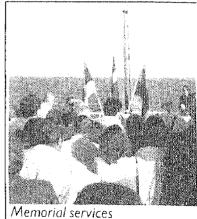
But if these armies cannot be expelled by force, what grounds are there for supposing that their expulsion is a desirable, practical goal? One answer was suggested by what one might call the 'suffering nationalists' on board such as Tomas Venclova, an exiled Lithuanian poet, and the only member of the Lithanian Helsinki monitoring group now in freedom. ("The record for our group", he remarked in passing, "was held by the man who was sentenced to a total of 40 years in prison." No wonder the Russians thought this cruise would spoil the tenth anniversary celebrations of the Accords.)

When one speaks of intellectuals under communism finding themselves in the same camp, this is seldom solely a metaphor. Gunnars Rode, a Latvian nationalist, and Vladimir Bukovsky had shared a cell in Vladimir prison outside Moscow,

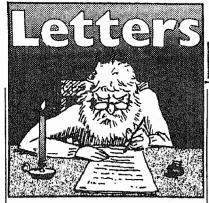
together.

For all these people the central issue was resistance to Soviet imperialism. If enough people in the West could be brought to realise the urgency and moral necessity of this task, then practical support for the Baltic republics would follow of itself. Bukovsky especially believes that the Soviet Union is facing such monumental economic, technological and ecological crises that it can only surmount them with Western help, and that we in the West can now and should demand a partial demilitarisation of a still communist Russia and that it abandon its European empire as the price for this

There may be only a difference of emphasis between this approach, based on competition by all means short of conventional or nuclear war, and the rival approach which asks how human rights can be restored in those countries the Kremlin consid-



ers it essential to control. But tone and emphasis are important in politics. The essential difference between these approaches is not which one is more palatable to the Russians, but which one is more palatable to the allies the Baltic States will need.



Aardvarkelling comes to campus

Dear Sir,
I am incensed that your paper has given space to, and even appears to condone the views of that vile and insidious "person" Hal Cappelin. Surely, Mr Cappelin, you can't believe that the 8,999 intelligent students at this university will be taken in by your exaggerated account of the violence present in the sport of Aardvarkelling. Aardvarkelling,

when played properly, contains no violence whatsoever. In fact, I can provide evidence which suggests that it's more dangerous to walk down Rundle Mall on a Saturday morning than it is to participate in a game of Aardvarkelling.
As for Idi Amin and David Granger

being exponents of modern Aardvarkelling, nothing could be further from the truth. Can Pope John-Paul I and Mahatma Ghandi (R.I.P.), both former Aardvarkellers, be called violent people?

I feel that I must reserve a few harsh words for a crank using the pseudonym Abdullah El Smith (here's your demented masochist, Mr Cappelin), who made the outrageous suggestion that the grommet is the playing field! A quick glance in the Oxford Dictionary of Sporting Terms (4th ed., 1984), will reassure you Abdullah, that a grommet is quote: "a ring-like device made from metal (it has since been changed to rubber) used in the sport of Aardvarkelling ... not to be confused with 'grommit', an old Icelandic term for 'children's playground'.

Two weeks ago, I promised that an Aardvarkelling club would be formed at the university. Being a person of good faith, I intend to honour this promise. This Friday, in the Anthropology reading-room, 3rd floor, Medical School, Frome Rd., Adelaide, S.A. (just follow the arrows), a new era in Australian sport will begin. Yes, come to the Anthropology reading room between 2.10 - 3.00 pm on Friday, and all will be revealed-figuratively speaking, of course. Our experienced Aardvarkellers will be only too happy to answer any questions you may have regarding the sport, and will put to rest any fears that the sport is violent (take note, Mr Cappelin). The spring season begins in two weeks, so become an Aardvarkeller this week, and avoid disappoint-

> Yours, Muhyi Al-Din III, President, Adelaide University Aardvarkelling League

five-metre radius over which the blat is distributed, with a complete vapourization being worth 1000 points.

The World Aardvarkelling Championships are currently underway in South africa, giving many fine examples of this sport.

All persons on campus interested in joining an aardvarkelling team should enquire at the Adelaide University Regiment as I understand they have an excellent team.

Constable Els. Transvall Aardvarkelling

The Where It's At Sledgehammer Massacre

Dear Editor, One of the most entertaining sections of *On dit* is *Where It's At*, on the back page. Regrettably you have ruined your good reputation by printing an obviously personal invitation. If Moya Dodd can't get an invitation through her own popularity -which has decreased considerably since this incident then she shouldn't resort to embarrassing people who didn't invite her!

Yours sincerely. Alister Lee

P.S. You and a soccer hooligan are invited to a House Wrecking party at Moya Dodd's place this weekend. Dress is hard hat and BYO sledge

Dodd's on holiday at the moment. Make of this opportunity what you

Where It's At's "immature invasion"

Dear Editors.

Once again, through the pages of On dit, an inferiority complex has reared its ugly head. To print an invitation to a person's party is an immature invasion of that person's privacy. Surely the editor should attempt to draw some sort of distinction between humour and pathetic attempts to humiliate individuals. Editors should attempt to keep their

personality problems hidden and use their privileged positions with discretion.

Yours sincerely, - Jim Craig

Closed circles

I was extremely disturbed by the printing of an invitation to Miss A. Johnstons 21st birthday in Moya Dodd's column in last week's edi-tion. I believe this was an act of gross editorial irresponsibility. For what reason do we send out invitations. but to limit numbers to factions. Miss Johnston has obviously been embarrassed and distressed by the printing of the invitation. She must now live with the fear that her party is to be "gatecrashed" by pleasure seeking hooligans who treat the matter lightly. I sincerely hope you will adopt a more responsible attitude in the future in your position as

> A disturbed invitee, A.M. Buttery

Sowwy! Dear David, "

I was tewwibly distwessed to see the birthday celebrations of Miss Annabel Johnston publicised in your gwotty little wag recently. You must be aware that this is a pwivate affair and your gwatiutous diswegard for the accepted pwocedures of gwaceful social conduct is to be wegwelted. I twust that this sort of iwwesponsible behaviour will not be wepeated. Hopefully none of your wiff-waff weadership will wuin the celebwations at the Wiwwa Wiwwa

Wegards, Weginald Fortescue Fothewington-Smythe

How blacks hit the grommet

Dear Mr. Walker,
I wish to close the aardvarkelling debate once and for all. It is a sport founded and developed by the South African branch of the Ku-Klux-Klan to help control the growing population of kaffirs and communists.

The equipment used in aardvarkelling consists of a large calibre four-barrel automatic elephant gun and a large supply of 20mm high-explosive and tracer rounds. The game is played almost anywhere ranging from ghetto to open veldt with the most popular places being black settlement towns.

The actual word aardvarell is Afrikaans onomatopoeia and should in English read aargh-gargle, being the last sound the kaffir or communist, in game terms the blat, makes as it is hit by approximately twenty rounds of high explosive and tracer shells

before disintegrating.
One hundred points are scored for every blat, plus 50 points for every

Letter from a Real Man

Dear On dit.

I am not renowned for my tenai am not renowned for my tena-cious brute strength, but every now and then, even a "rootin" tootin" Real Man like myself has to stop and shout ENOUGHIII You by now all obviously know what I am talking about! Yes? No? Well let me enlighten you on one of the most nauseating pieces of "shit" (this is a very relevant term so read on) to be churned out by the mass media. I am talking about none other that toilet commercials!!! God, it's enough to make anyone puke!

I cannot begin to describe to all those people out there in readers land, the dizzy spells and repulsion l endure, every time I am told that it's 'Sorbent Time' or 'Softly Time'l In the name of Christianity, how much more can we take? I hope to God that it is not just me, but does anyone else really understand the full implications of the fact that a toilet paper is, 'so soft and smells so sweet that you will never change brands once you have tried it. My God!!! You would think that they were advertising facial tissues, or a face towelette etc., etc. But toilet paper? Really? What they are saying is that having "taken a crap" you will rub this paper between your buttocks (i.e. anus) and due to the softness of the paper on that "just messed up" area of the body, you will immediately sigh and gasp with pleasure! And the smell! Prestisimo; the perfumed smell of the paper will automatically 'waft up to your nostrils and you will 'drool' with gourmet convictions! It's absolutely disgusting to think that these adverts are seen by children, old people, people who are easily influ-

ences, etc., etc. The very same "moralists" who complain of violence, sex, rape (i.e. combination of both violence and sex), will sit back with their feet up on a stool and say "Ohh, look dear, that one looks nicer than the one you bought last week,. Oh, and it smells like lemon; that's beautiful!" Yes, they will abolish all the good things from television, but not the bloody adverts that tell us how many miles of shit paper are in a roll! Or that the paper can be chosen to match the toilet decor! Ha! Take a look at both the bowl and the paper in your hand next time 'nature calls', and then tell me who's got a brown bathroom! I've seen people "dropping" toilet paper in the lifts, rolling it down corridors, etc., etc. However, the other day I saw the advert that would have to take the cake! It concerns two people going into - wait for it - a restaurant (Vomit) and suddenly the waiter produces a role of toilet paper from their BYO box!!! Mdy God! In a

restaurant of all places (Uuughh!).

I am disgusted, furious, mean, frustrated, and what's more pissed off! These adverts are in the same league as tampon adverts - another story and I intend to take the issue all the way to Parliament if I have to! So come on people, let others out there know how you feel! Let's rid society of "shit" once and for all!

Yours sincerely, - N.S. Linke

Laurie laments for cement

I feel prompted by your contributors to write concerning Nick Murray's burning of On dits. I agree that the incineration was an act of vandalism. A small amount of damage was done to the bitumen and concrete next to the lawn.

However, I do not agree that this act was the beginning of large-scale censorship and book-burning since there is little in On dit which cannot be read elsewhere. The amount of publicity both printed and verbal resulting from Nick's stunt was the best promotion that On dit has had for a long time. Many people I know who usually do not bother to read On dit were trying to find some copies to see what all the fuss was about.

But it seems that this most effective publicity has gone to waste. If the half-burnt issue had actually been worth reading you would have had an instant boost in demand for On dit. This it seems, was the whole point of the excercise.

Reserved congratulations to Nick Murray and better luck next time

Laurie Williams

From Hack to Hack

Dear Editor,

If your columnist Ms Henrietta Frump must plagiarise other people's articles she could at least reproduce them accurately. The recent Dusty Covers headlined "Exposing the Malley myth" (On dit, Vol. 53, Number 10) steals from two articles published in On dit last year, misreading the one by Dr. Rob Sellick (Angry Penguins who marched into our history), Vol 52, Number 17).

Ms Frump takes Dr Sellick to have written that a letter from Mr Brian Elliott, published in On dit on 16 June 1944, was headlined "Local Lecturer Cries Hoax", and that Mr Elliott raised two possibilities" about the Malley poems: either Harris was hoaxing the world or Harris was himself the victim of a hoax. A careful reading of Dr Sellick's article shows that the latter claim is a misinterpretation, and the former, while consistent with the article, and possibly true, is still an invalid inference from

One wonders how many other writers have been the victims of sloppy plagiarism. Readers of *On dit* deserve better too, and perhaps the editor should declare a policy on the matter. Will he give an undertaking that this unethical practice will not be permitted?

A question mark now exists over Ms Frump's credentials. Is Henrietta Frump merely the preposterous pseudonym of yet another of those tired old hacks who have been grinding out On dit for the last few years?
Yours,

Nelson Dreegaw

The nastiest letter of the year

The following letter is not the sort of correspondence which any editor likes to receive or to publish. I have always regarded the Letters Page as a free forum, subject to editorial comment. Letters like this give an editor second thoughts. If it is worth publishing and I was sorely tempted to consign it to the bin as soon as I had managed to read its grubby conrest of us that there really are people like this out there.

Dear Gays (poofters) and Lesbians

We are an engineering group of normal heterosexual behaviour background students who totally oppose your very exis-

This is a letter of warning. Keep totally away from the Engineering Faculty or you

will be very sorry.

Several of our members have been known to have almost terminated the life of several male gays in 1981 during a poofter bashing spreee.

Be warned! Gays are wimps, AIDS-spreading scums which should be eliminated for the benefit

Lesbians are frigid, sexless and are not worth the value of the air they breathe. This letter is no loke.

To sum up:- If any gays or lesbians try to associate with any personnel from the Department of Engineering, then we shall endeavor to make sure the gay and les-bian collective will be out of existence.

You have been warned. - EAGG (Engineers Against Gay Groups) We Are Normal.

Sweets criticism is "gutter" journalism

No, I'm not a uni. student, nor do I care to be one if there are any more like Joe Penhall amongst you. I refer to his viscious condemnation of the Sweets of Sin that appeared in On dit on 15/7/85. It took me by surpirse to find such narrowminded 'gutter' journalism in your supposedly intellectual university paper.

"The Sweets of Sin failed dismally on Saturday night as entertainers ...", says Mr. Penhall. O.K. Joe, as a "Reviewer" you're entitled to express your opinior. However, I was one of quite a number of entertainees that genuinely were entertained by the Sweets of Sin that night and, from what I could see, they received a far more positive audience reaction than the first few 'songs' from the band they were supporting. (I left shortly after my stomach had settled down from being turned by the commencement of the follow-up band before the Sweets of Sin had even finished!)

So you see, Joe, that statement about the Sweets of Sin failing as entertainers, is an outright lie, and that's something you are not entitled to do when writing newspaper articles. It's tragic that you are in a position where intelligent people listen to what you have to say which, in my opinion, is

absolute garbage. The article did serve one purpose, however; it reinforced my views that Adelaide is a shit-hole for original new bands, especially with people like Joe Penhall around. No wonder those bands that survive the generally demoralising process of gigging here, eventually migrate east. Only then do people here start to take notice, not realizing these bands still possess ill feelings toward Adelaide audiences.

You can't tell the public that a band is a failure, just because no-one was banging their heads on the ceiling, or thrusting their pelvises to and fro. Dance band or no dance band, the Sweets of Sin are talented, a scarce commodity nowadays. Sure, they're not everybody's cup of tea, but neither is rock & roll, A good part of the audience was listening. Joe, and listening with interest. The mere fact that the *Sweets of Sin* have the courage to perform the style of music they quite obviously believe in, and offer an interesting alternative form of entertainment to the now cliche type 'Audiences are used to ...' applaudable in itself, especially in a place like Adelaide. Pretentious they

are definitely not. I never once felt the slightest tinge of being 'sucked in'. This is not the case with some bands I've seen. Actually, I'm getting sick of the bands that try to "produce the standard of entertainment which audiences are used to", if the rest of Saturday night's line-up falls into this category, I'm sure some members of those audiences feel

the same way.
So I suggest you save your notebook for when *Motorhead* come to town. After all, it seems you have something in common with them, (besides the bruises on your head). If you don't accept my suggestion, at least I can rely on the fact that the bands you choose to slam, are probably the ones worth

Never mind Joe, I'm sure you'll make a top-notch reporter some day, but take heed, the penalties can be quite stiff for

> Yours sincerely. Kem Webster (no-one in particular)

On dit stands by its story. Joe Penhall's assessment of the Sweets of Sin has since been backed up by the opinions of other experienced observers — Ed.

Stick to it, Gurus

Serious faults in Joe Penhall's article reviewing the live acts of the Hoodo Gurus need immediate correction and clarification. Being a Guru fan since no-one bought their first album but taped it off their friends and finally reading Joe Penhall's article last week, I began to wonder whether we had seen the same band. Certainly the "bite" created on stage is retained on, the albums but where Brad Shepherd's "searing lead licks" come from I'll never know. Shepherd's solo's are simple extensions of the melody enhanced by a creative use of feedback and in my view the hallmark of Guru music so far. Songs like Dig It Up and Kamikaze Pilot are clear examples of this medium.

The complementary guitar work between Dave Faulkner and Brad Shepherd was also over-emphasized and a completely misleading image of the band was created when compared with the Rolling Stones: It is clear that Faulkner never ventures further than a rhythm guitarist while Shepherd virtually carries the band with his innovative style.

In this age of technological revolution, when machines make more music than musicians, it was no surprise to see Joe Penhall question the lack of keyboards. What does a guitar band want with keyboards anyway? Clearly, four sold out concerts, in, of all places, Adelaide, is testimony to the band's success in it's present form, so when you're on a good thing, stick to it.

Yours. Dale Flemming. Some people may be knocking the August Federal Budget but TIM DODD says it contains a dose of equity for students. He also explains some hidden surprises.

Have you even pondered the inequities of why you can make a lot more money on the dole than is given to you on your miserly TEAS allowance. Well put your mind at ease. Your government, ever mindful of your interests, is going to (at least partially) redress the inequality.

At least this was the grand announcement which was made in the federal budget which was brought down by Paul Keating on August 20. Maybe he is indeed the Western World's best Treasurer, as the Prime Minister keeps reminding us.

The only hitch in this noble gesture from the lowly student's point of view is that the promise has been put on the never-never. If you are the average student who gets through his or her degree in three years then you are not going to see this ever so logical reformoccur. Your children and your children's children may benefit but you won't.

What this treasurer has announced is that by the 1988 the dole, the secondary school allownace and the TEAS will be the same for 16-17 year olds. And for older students the dole will be made the same as TEAS for those who are independent and/or living away from home.

No more will students have to come to grips with the appalling realization that they can live a marginally more comfortable life loafing around on the dole instead of trekking in each day to this institution of learning.

The pity of it is that in the meantime, to use one of the treasurer's immortal phrases, students are going to have to continue to "eat shit sandwich".

But the shit sandwich will be slightly more palatable than before. In 1986 TEAS is goint to change a little for the better:

- * The at-home allowance rises by 6.7% from \$44.51 to \$47.50 per week.
- * Both the away-from-home and the independent living allowance also rise by 6.7% from \$68.67 to \$73.28 per week.

- * The family income at which maximum benefits will still be paid rises by 5% from \$14,281 to \$14,995.
- * The dependent child allowance rises from \$14 to \$16 per week.

But next year will also see the end of a notable freebee for those TEAS recipients who attend a university away from their home city. They are currently entitled up to three return trips home each year. This will cease except if a student is living away from his or her spouse.

Other things don't change. This allowance for a dependent spouse remains at \$42.70 per week and annual incidentals allowance for students receiving TEAS is uncharged: \$100 if you attend a university, \$70 is you attend a CAE and \$50 per year is you attend a TAFE college.

But here's the rub. TEAS will now be taxable. This won't affect you when you plan to continue your studies in the following year. At the moment you have to earn at least \$5,495 in a year before you are taxed at all.

But you will notice the difference when you finally emerge from the university play pen and get a real job that pays real money. Tax is calculated on a financial year basis. This means that when you get a job your taxable income will be your last six months of TEAS added to your first six months of earnings.

The result is that the taxman is going to take more than he would have otherwise.

TEAS 1986.

The full at-home rate rises from \$44.51 to \$47.50 per week.

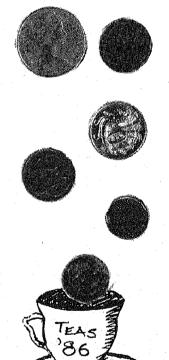
The full away-fromhome/independent rate rises from \$68.67 to \$73.28 per week.

LIVING AT HOME

Family Income	TEAS 1986	TEAS 1985
(per year)	(per week)	(per week)
\$	\$	\$
up to 14,281 (1985) up to 14,995 (1986) 15,000	44.60 41.20	47.50 47.48
16,000	36.40	42.59
17,000	31.60	37.70
18,000	26.80	32.80
19,000	21.90	27.91
20,000	17.10	23.02
21,000	12.30	18.13
22,000	7.50	13.23
23,000 24,000	0	8.34 3.45
over 24,704	0	

LIVING AWAY FROM HOME

Family Income (per year)	TEAS 1985 (per week)	TEAS 1986 (per week)
\$	·· \$	" \$
up to 14,281 (1985)		
up to 14,995 (1986)	68.70	/ 3.28
15,000	65.40	73.26
16,000	60.60	68.40
17,000	55.80	63.55
18,000	51.00	58.69
19,000	46.20	53.83
20,000	41.30	48.98
21,000	36.50	44.12
22,000	31.70	39.26
23,000	26.90	34.41
24,000	22.10	29.55
25,000	17.30	24.70
26,000	12.50	19.84
27,000	7.70	14.98
28,000	0	10.13
29,000	0	5.27
30,000	0	0.41
over 30,084	0	0



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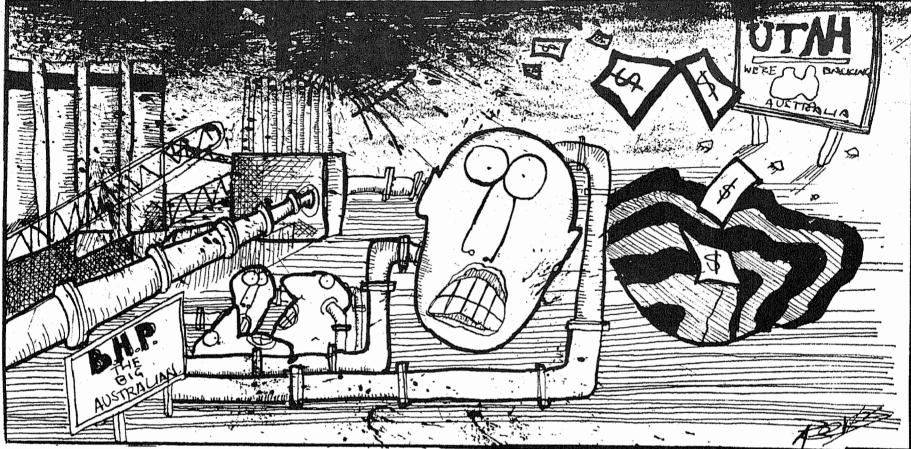
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How BHP sold Wollongong out

Recession has hit Australia hardest in its manufacturing underbelly, where thousands of people have lost their jobs in industries such as steel. BRIAN ABBEY looks at *Steel City Blues*, a book on how Wollongong paid the price of steel giant BHP's changes.

Unless you already somehow tasted the tragedy and turmoil that lies behind the jargon, you are quite likely to tune out and turn off if someone offers to tell you about "structural adjustment in industry". I've a shelf full of books and reports and a (secret) list of speakers on this topic who can make me do just that even now.

Julianne Schultz has written a very different book, one that should be read by anyone who wants to understand the economic earthquake that has been convulsing us for a decade, and who insists that any such understanding must also encompass the intimate human ramifications of these upheavals...

In 1979 the Crawford Committee on structural adjustment - Bob Hawke was member, appointed by Malcolm Fraser - reported that

"The sackings were usually carried out in a way which minimised the chance of any resistance from the workers..."

widespread restructuring in manufacturing would be inevitable in Australia. Jobs would be lost, it foresaw, and firms would close or undergo drastic changes.

"If the transition is not handled well," the Report warned, "the attendant risks annd uncertainties may appear all but intolerable to those involved."

Steel City Blues is about how B.H.P. restructuring its steel division, particularly its principal subsidiary, Australian iron and Steel, and the price paid for the restructuring by the people at the face of change.

"Restructuring is a code word," Schultz writes. "Essentially, it describes manufacturing industry's transition from labor-intensive to capital-intensive: changing ratio of people to money and machinery. The aim is to maintain or increase the level of profit."

The argument in support of it is that, when the number of jobs is reduced, and production is modernised and increased, the industry or company will be better able to compete internationally. The resulting profits will then be recycled in the Australian economy, leading to further growth and increased prosperity for all, including those who lost their jobs as a result of restructuring.

Schultz' judgement on this is a cautious, interim one: "profits certainly do increase and industries survive by this method, but on the other question the jury is still out."

Woolongong is a city of about quarter of a million people in what is one of Australia's most beautiful areas and, potentially, one of its richest. The local economy has been based squarely on coal and steel. 41 per cent of the male workforce of Woolongong worked for B.H.P. Most of the rest depended in significant measure on the base thus provided.

B.H.P. moved into the area in the midst of the great depression, acquiring A.I.S., and with it a domestic monopoly. Under the direction of the tough and wiley Essington Lewis, the company moved to become an early perfect model of vertical integration.

That is, it bought up all the suppliers of its raw materials, acquired its own transport companies, took over the firms tha made its steel into finished products, and thus made itself as much the heart and sinews of this country's industry as it is possible to imagine anything could be.

The economic threat to the region showed up first in its coal-fields. Cost-efficient and fruitful as they were, falling orders were met by closure of a number of pits,



Brian Abbey is Senior Lecturer in Politics at Adelaide University. Steel City Blues by Julianne Schultz costs \$7.95 from Penguin Books.

some owned by A.I.S., some by overseas energy multinationals.

It was not until 1982 that the crash came to steel. Insulated by its monopoly position, sharing the world's confidence in the future of steel and encouraged by the Fraser-Lynch promise of a minerals boom, B. I.P. failed to anticipate the sudcent impact of falling markets at a pine and abroad, more efficient overseas compatitive and extractions.

petitors and substitute materials. The Company response, slow to come but then quick to unfold, was savage and insensitive, carried out with military precision, and, apparently, successful, it pressed the outgoing Frazer government and the incoming Hawke government, successfully, for medium-term assistance of various sorts, including protection against imports. It boosted investment and introduced a new plant, altered man-

agement methods, embarked on a publicity campaign to sell its case to the public and got rid of about 15,000 employees within 12 months or so.

The sackings were usually carried out in a way which minimised the chance of any resistance from the workers or their unions and severance pay was in most cases minimal. These workers were jettisoned into already-depressed communities with unemployment rates at least double the national average, and very much higher in working-class districts. The author provides powerful and convincing reportage of the individual and social effects of this shock. The impact on crime rates, drug and alcohol abuse, family breakup and other indices of social dislocation is well recorded, as are instances of the personal despair in the lives of individuals.

As mentioned, the sackings were handled which minimised opposition. Men were dismissed as they came off the job, while their counterparts on other shifts simultaneously received letters of dismissal at home. Where the company could manage it, the unions were made to convey the bad news to their members. Schultz does provide an interesting account of the Kemira sit-in, however, an early attempt by a group of 30 sacked miners to spark off a regional fight for jobs. He also reports some of the gutsy and imaginative campaigns undertaken by groups of unemployed youth. But it was all to be too little to late against two formidable an opponent.

The crisis turned the spotlight on the quality of B.H.P's management. By general agreement, it was found to have been lacking in rigor, grasp and foresight. Investment levels in the steel division had been low while the corporate leadership had focussed its attention on the high-yielding minerals and energy ventures into which the company had strayed. Nothing in the episodes of 1982/3 did anything to improve the company's long-standing reputation for invariably mismanaging its industrial relations. Management's arro-gance and myopia caused more days lost in strikes than union obduracy, but received much less attention as a rule.

The politicians do not come well out of this book. Hawke, Button and Hurford come across as posturing miniatures, marving worm platitudes but unable to divert the course of events; and worse, unable to comprehend or share the anger of the people discarded and threatened.

Three major themes emerge: one concerns the role of consultation in smoothing the course of structural adjustment. As early as 1978 the unions in the industry had anticipated that trouble for steel

lay ahead. They attempted to mount a community-wide seminar in March 1979 to commence planning. Both A.I.S. and B.H.P. management refused to take part, saying that the future employment of all those presently in the industry was assured. Talking about possible future problems, they said, would only arouse unnecessary anxieties. There was no more consultation than this when the chop finally came.

Schultz briefly surveys the response to down turn in the U.S. and U.K. steel industries, and shows that the steel corporations there chose to act as B.H.P. did suddenly, unilaterally and with little regard to the regional or human consequences of their knife-work.

Schultz obviously favours the view that steel industry problems are steel community problems, and require community solutions.

The second theme concerns the way we measure the profits and losses of these restructuring exercises. At present the profits are privately accumulated and the costs,

"BHP [acted] suddenly, unilaterally and with little regard to the regional or human consequences of their knife-work..."

for the most part, are socially borne. Many of the costs, because they cannot be quantified in money terms, are not noticed at all. Schultz calls for "a new method of accounting...". "Profits and community benefits", she observes, "were not necessarily synonomous...".

The third theme that Woolongong's crisis illustrates the vulnerability of regions subject to the calculations of absentee landlords: "it was a city that resulted from decisions made elsewhere, by people who didn't live there and who didn't have to confront the disadvantages and advantages of the place and the consequences of their decisions." Woolongong's productive base was measured and found wanting by "tests of profitability unhindered by local allegiances."

Could the steel companies have avoided restructuring? Probably not. Could they have handled the task differently? That they could have is beyond doubt. If Julianne Schultz's book makes us think more about these questions and makes us better prepared next time, then this incisive and marvellously readable book will have been a double success.

1965 - 1985

HOW HAVE STUDENTS



OIN IN...

You don't have to have been around for fifteen years to have an opinion on how uni students have been changing recently. If you have something to say, write us a letter, and drop it in to the Students Activities Office or the On dit office in the south-west corner of the cloisters.

Six writers look at uni students then and now in the first part of a special On dit series.

When I came here fresh out of a private school in 1982, the university was, in retrospect, living out the last days of its socialist era, when left was trendy and Liberals were confined to juggling figures on Union Council. Who would have believed then that it could

In 1980 thousands of Adelaide Uni students were prepared to stand in the rain outside Parliament House protesting the inadequacy of TEAS. In 1985 you probably couldn't raise two dozen to protest a proposal to reintroduce tertiary fees - and no-one has tried recently.

Despite some well-articulated assertions to the contrary, I think this is one hell of a change. Adelaide Uni 1985 would be an alien world to many of 1970's students, as a glance at a couple of this year's instalments of Dusty Covers will suggest.

Of all the changes which fifteen years has wrought, the greatest is in stridency. We are the Quiet Generation, quiet of our own free

This is not entirely a good thing. Its worst manifestation has been the thinning of the ranks of student writers, which is nowhere more striking than on this campus: the last Adelaide student with any claim to be a writer in the proper sense was David Mussared, whose name has been off the roll since the end of 1984. On dit, of course, continues, but no longer as a source of radical outpourings simply because the radical writers ran out of ideas and began to repeat themselves with increasing bitterness and decreasing literacy. In recent years On dit has been more mainstream, albeit often quirkily, because the alternative is to rant. Hence this student newspaper is partially populated by amateur hack journalists, some of whom have gone on to become professional hack journalists. When you remember that Oz magazine veterans

Richard Neville and Richard Walsh, epitome of the radical students, went on to become respectively a Mike Walsh Show regular and a book company executive, that outcome becomes less reprehensible.

The better side of the new students is a willingness to listen and to reserve judgement, to learn the facts before adopting loud rhetoric. That's a reaction to the generation before them, whose rhetoric was high-volume but seemed somehow to have missed the mark.

And since a hefty portion of the last generation of students ended up, for all their rhetoric, pushing corporate or Public Service pens and unashamedly upholding the system, who's to say that this generation is wrong to hold back?

Don't be confused by the sight of pretty young Law School denizens wearing designer jeans and expensive jewellery and expressions as vacant as a midnight tram. That mob's equivalent went through the seventies, according to reliable evewitnesses. Only the distracting sight of their radical colleagues marching with banners high allowed them to go uncommented on then. They are obvious now because there's nothing more showy to look at. It isn't that today's students are thinking less, despite the lamentations of more than one academic recalling the intellectual jousting which filled the seventies. Today's students are thinking a good deal more carefully, because they're presented with so many options and because they remember their predecessors often getting it wrong. They condemn the older generations less because they're thoroughly (and beneficially) surrounded by mature age students. Fifteen years ago the battles seemed clearer, the enemy more obvious.

Many people who recall the previous decade seem to imply that youth, and young students especially, have a duty to thrust forth

new concepts, to burn something new in the way they burnt bras, draft cards and American flags. That expectation may be unfair. Maybe it's the turn of the older heads to find some new directions. Maybe eighteen-yearolds shouldn't have to show the world the way Give students a little time to think things over

and they might surprise the world at forty. They might even achieve more than their predecessors who shocked the world when they were half that age.

But these are just the musings of a twentyyear-old. The aim of this special section of On dit is to allow older and wiser heads to speculate on the changes of the last fwenty years.

- David Walker, Editor

"Mugged" students become ere consu

By Robert Clark

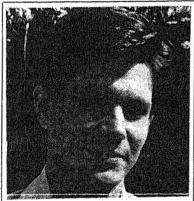
They say students have been mugged by reality, which is an odd way of describing fright.

Like most older newcomers to student life, I had naïve misconceptions. There'd be lectures and essays, but passing was a cinch, and afternoons in the bar or refectory or art gallery would pass into ethereal evenings discussing Sartre and the Trilateral Commission and Australian philistinism and advertising and nuclear weapons. Money would be tight, but who needed money when you had literature and the spectre of history?

Hearnt instead about the spectre of unemployment. I discovered the meaning of "elitism" and the apparent paradox that people are more critical when times are good and submissive when they turn sour.

As some of you know, I've some connections with this journal, and you can make v at you like of it. But I can promise you there's nowhere like a newspaper for observing a community.

Last year's editors were wondering aloud one afternoon at the rapid disappearance of the week's edition, which had been more the usual solid effort than a star turn. My tabloid-trained eye spotted the David Bowie graphic on



Robert Clark, 24, left the tumble of daily journalism for cloistered academe and learnt some surprising lessons. His field is Asian Studies and he claims to be impressed by people who eat in large groups. He has made a variety of contributions to On dit.

the front, plugging a review of Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence, even then a year old.

We took careful note from then on and, sure enough, the rock star, or the summer rock special, worked a Pavlovian magic. The copies might not have been free beers, but they

This year I concocted an April Fool's story suggesting the university might compel students to pay for their classes with a

lecture-room door turnstile. We ran a photo of a few of us pretending to be American students labouring under the outlandish system and placed the piece on page three, agreeing generally it was a plot well-hatched. If anything it looked too serious, but that was in our

I know now it got no reaction because no-one cared. Passing is energy for wondering about the chances of little brother or sister doing likewise one day. And in an institution where 70 per cent of the law school are private school matriculants, fees are of less than academic interest.

It's also too much to expect the finishing school of a big country town in the middle of an empty continent at the end of the world to have a concept of anywhere beyond the Norwood Oval. Burnside or Night Shift.

Which brings us back to D. Bowie, but I should first lay to rest any fears that I am "anti-rock'n'roll", because some of my earliest memories are of the family HMV vibrating with the Animals and the Stones. Bowie, who plays the image game better than anyone, stands at the pinnacle of the SAFM culture which is ours. These days we're beyond the television generation - the Sesame Street generation is here, even better-moulded consumers. We

consume Bowie and his lesser peers and at the end of an odious week worrying about unemployment we come to Saturday night, a major consumption item.

Doesn't leave much time for translating anxiety into action. Only four years ago students got onto the streets because Fraser threatened loans. This year Hawke and Walsh threaten the whole hog and we can barely raise it for a GSM. Now you smell politics. Issues, affairs. The world. Not cool? The present ruling crop of student

"These days we're beyond the television generation - the "Sesame Street" generation is here, even better - moulded consumers."

pollies (a private school pedigree apiece) know your minds intimately. Not for them to confuse the campus with issues. They simply seek to raise consciousnesses in a friendly,

elbow-bending way. A keg at a time. Student politicians know you think they stink. The unkind might suggest they reflect the people who put them in Some, like the Union President - an agreeable chap even deny they are politicians. He's president of ALPSA (remember them?) too.

They don't care either. I wonder: if people are that cynical before they're 21, what will they be like at 45? If young, healthy, affluent Australians won't believe in

anything, who will? If a university won't search, challenge probe, propose, solve, what will? Will a society inevitably be poisoned if its elites are as grasping as the system demands? Does any of this matter?

Forgive me. I don't want to leave a bad taste on your refectory roll. If you haven't thrown this in to the Mayo ceiling by now you must be keen to hear the end. Good. This is not all sour refectory chips.

I've also met and befriended here quite a few good people, most of whom hold views quite different from my own. They know I like a laugh and they'll probably appreciate this one too.

The news this week is that the notorious Pol Pot (whose forces for six years have been effectively funding and supported by the Australian Government and that of America) has finally stepped down. Seems he had an image problem. Not to mind. I've just sent him an invitation to our fair campus.

What if he comes? He could discourse at length, to Year Zero even, on his Sorbonne ideas and explain where he went off course. He could lecture the State Government on urban planning, and the police on crowd control. We could star P.P. in a video, or play Trivial Pursuit with him. A local band would surely name themselves in his honour - Gino Cide and the Pol Pots. Right wing Vietnamese would be confused - he is anti-Hanoi, right?

Better still, we could run him for the Students' Association Council. Would you notice?



Stuffthe 70s 85's students are mot bloody bad!

By John Hepworth

That the Australian student is seen currently to be lacking in passion, short in the range of selfless vision, and apathetic of his responsibility for goosing the Establishment . . . I will with anyone agree.

But that this apparent conservatism is a bad thing . . . I will against anyone dispute. I have lived through one-third of the settled European history of this beloved country of ours, and I cannot recall a time when the campus (as a national institution) was not being called to

It has always been a case of student bodies being bad -- either being assailed for irresponsible radical ratbaggery or upbraided for despicably failing to assume proper responsibility as the intellectual and moral gadfly on the body of the state My family has of course been long

"The old radicals . . . are like old soldiers for whom nothing more momentous than war has ever happened."

associated with Ockerdemia, Great

Aunt Hymenia, for instance, is still a grand legend on the campus of Widgibnooltha (whose ivory towers and dreaming walls look out on

During Orientation Week (known then as Dag Week) in the autumn of 1908, she set a mark in freestyle fornication which has not been eclipsed, despite the more permissive days which have, at times, since then ensued.

Hymenia is the most generous of souls and has a mind receptive to change and latter-day accomplishment and talent; but even she can not set aside a certain proud wistfulness in speaking of a time when she herself was what you might call the epitome of the student

"I know it's not really so," she says, "but I can't help feeling that somehow or other we felt a little more deeply about society, and saw it more clearly, than the young ones do now". That's one of the things to keep in mind, of course (as Hymenia herself would be the first to admit if

By Doug McEachern

students have not changed over the

last fifteen years. Their attitudes to

interested in and their approach to

There are many ways in which

study, the subjects that they are

them seem unchanged. Just as

some are less enthusiastic and

That is, of course, how it has

about declining standards of

of those that believe that

were young.

some do not put in much effort at

always been. Despite media chatter

matriculants I have not found any

evidence that this is so. It probably

owes more to the faulty memories

everything was better when they

There certainly has not been a

Although there has always been

university to succeed, this pressure

qualified for and wanting to come

quotas in subjects which give their

graduates greatest access to high

paying professions, and general

to university, the imposition of

graduate from the university.

great pressure on students at

has increased in recent years -

greater numbers of students

decline in the quality of those that

great prose.

And the petulance or pious most often an attempt to exorcise a ghost, a phantom of their own.

And, always lurking, is the terrible

turer in politics at Adelaide Uni-

versity, who began here as an

fears about employment prospects

have increased student anxiety. On

There have been some significant

the whole, students have coped

changes is the area if publically

expressed political attitides since

the early nineteen seventies. The

number of students remain.

committed to responding to

the Vietnam war and conscription.

commitment. Much has changed

included. The problem is to know

in the staff and the general public.

suspect that there are still probably

attitudes than in the population at

more students with liberal social

whether the change in student

issues that demand clear public

since then, student attitudes

need and social injustice."

"There is still evidence that a

somehow they mislaid them.

They are like old soldiers for whom nothing more momentous than war ever happened, and who, with shifty and sometimes lying recollection of past glory, choose to reassure themselves that their lives have some neaning, and justification, even

To deplore the lack of spirit and brave intellectual inquiry and unorthodoxy of today's campus somehow implies that these qualities were potent in the student body when they were alumni.

As in the case of old soldiers (and embodying the basic RSL article of faith) the further inference is invited that continuing virtue clings to the individual from having once been exposed to its ambience.

Perhaps this is why the graduates and drop-outs of the seventies are the orefront of the glib and slightly gloating regret about the lack of fibre n students todav.

But fair crack of the whip! The students of the last decade were quite properly in there with such things as Vietnam, marijuana, sexuality, women's liberation and the right to fart at the table. But they did not actually *invent* them (as some of them seem to suggest) and they didn't get all of them right, eithe

We of the student body of '85 (and I myself am a card-carrying member) have extraordinarily serious if slightly ess flamboyant issues to deal with

We stand at the beginning and end of whole epochs and must try to equip nurselves to encounter a world in which the basics of politics, industry government, communication, work and social responsibility will shortly be transformed entirely

Though it might not be quite so raucous, the campus is alive and well. And to all those who harken back to the classes of '71, who insist on telling me how unbelievably good sex in the student body was then. I have only this to say: "It is not to bloody bad now, mate, either!" On or off campus,

Though it might not be quite so aucous, the campus is alive and well. And to all those who harken back to the classes of '71, who insist on telling me how unbelievably good sex and the student body was then. I have only this to say: "It is not to bloody bad

committed to responding to need

and social injustice. As always.

The 1970's students were also

concerned with educational reform

and student representation in the

the same relevance now. Students

do not seem to be clamouring for

places on Departmental

Committees or University

first place. The question of

educational reform is now

dominated by staff initiatives

largely undertaken for financial

Committees, which makes life

easier for those staff who did not

want student representation in the

these are a minority.



by David Mussared

chapter in the University's history Lingering and rapidly fading traces of the optimism of the early 1970's and the manic pessimism of the post-Sex Pistols era were still dominating student affairs. The 'blank generation' reached its zenith in South Australia that year

Older students fought hard to keep up with fashions which were n the process of plummeting into shades of ragged black, freshers graduated straight from school to the bar, and somewhere deep in the bowels of the Economics Faculty a new breed of students was making

"By early 1982 ... shocked politics post-grads reported seeing suits in the Napier Building."

its first inroads into University society. They were a singularly unpleasant bunch.

Ties, brief-cases, even three-piece suits were being seen again on campus for the first time in twenty years. A new and alien philosophy drove those who pioneered their rehabilitation. They were here to pass exams, to get a degree, to get out, to get a job.

From Economics the disease spread rapidly. Architecture quickly succumbed, the Medical and Law

up as one of its best-liked

Schools began to crumble and within eighteen months the aque had claimed most of the Maths, Computing and Science students Agricultural Science seceded quietly to a rural retreat at the Waite Institute; the Engees pulled up the ladder and disappeared into their own peculiarly lavatorial isolation By early 1982 it became clear that post-grads reported seeing suits in

columnist - were the vanguard of

Students started going to Midnight Oil concerts, reading On dit and. miracle of all miracles, listening to Student Radio. The last month of the ill-portended Orwellian year closed with a faint smell of 1977 in the air, and only a small voice crying still in the wilderness of student politics remembered that era more clearly and wailed

Frankenstein" to heedless ears. Alas, small voice, vindication is yours. The swarm, the horde of Arturo-cut green, of designer-label op-shop black, of Countdowncloned political grey arrived in 1985. White-faced, eager-eyed they parade like poodle-tonsored sheep across the Lawns, strut with SA-FM hauture past the Law School pond and wait, wait with plaintive expectancy, for some limp-featured pop-video star to tell them what to

And somewhere, from deep down in the conservatorium basement. comes the sound of a punk softly weeping. The thrum of 'Pretty Vacant' being played low and sweet as it never was before, crooned as if taming the mighty Richter of Johnny's roar, can somehow recall those days when the safety pins were real, when people were wrong at the top of their lungs, and when Mental As Anything were but a distant nightmare in a future that

Vomiting aside, we weren't more radical

Bruce Elder, writer, journalist,

ex-university lecturer and ex-

high school teacher, graduated

from Sydney University in the

mid-1960's to become a free-

lance rock music journalist, rub-

bing shoulders with Mick Jag-

ger, Paul McCartney, Pink Floyd

Kiama, making a living as a con-

tributing editor to Rolling Stone

and as Matilda magazine's Mol-

lyMouth (he claims to have

invented the term) while he

works on a new book, "And

when I die will I be dead?" based

on his award-winning 2JJ radio

bulls, judges and common sense.

central campus areas were usually

And what about we, the real elite,

the true vanguard of everything

"The engineers were a bunch

of rugger-bugger troglodytes

who enjoyed getting drunk ...

Don't try to tell me they've

changed in the past twenty

that was good and noble and

uplifting on campus, we, the Arts

down a tunnel of sticky, smelly,

schoolkids at a job in the bloody

Public Service - except nobody ever

Students!! B.A. Dip. Ed and gazing

Their infrequent forays to the

attempts to behave in a more

igineers and the doctors.

neanderthal way than the

program.

and Sid Vicious. He now lives in

University in the 1960's. Now let me get my rose-tinted nostalgia glasses on. Let me conveniently exorcise all the boring bits and selectively remember those seemingly endless nights of love and laughter ... and ... oh, I nearly forgot ... revolution and rebellion. You see the truth, or as much of it as I'm prepared to grapple with as my body starts to sag and bits of me start falling off or going grey, is that universities haven't really changed all that much in the last twenty years. I suspect that those safe bastions of middle class values haven't changed much in the last two hundred years actually - but I'n in no position to argue that case.

In the 1960's, at Sydney University, the engineers were a bunch of rugger-bugger troglodytes who enjoyed getting drunk, 'going the grope' with any available member of the opposite sex, would have voted for the Nazi Party if they'd been old enough (you had to be 21 to elect an identikit bimbo in those days) and spent many a dawn beside the university oval bellowing "Eskimo Nell" and scraping vomit off a hired dinner suit after an evening of Nero-like debauchery at a college oall. Now don't try to tell me that hey've changed in the past twenty vears?

The doctors did all the same things as the aforementioned engineers but seemed to spend a lot of their time persuading hemselves that rote learning, an arrogant demeanor and the sight o dollar bills flickering in your eyes made you into some kind of intellectual S.A.S. of the university They were practicing voting agains Medibank and Medicare before the terms were even invented. Are you going to tell me that the current intake of Med. students is full of Albert Schweitzers?

The economists, lawyers, veterinary surgeons and other miscellaneous members of bourgeois job-orientated faculties kept to themselves at various far-flung outposts of the campus

call it that. I'd love to tell you about how I was

nearly squashed to death in a pincers movement by the N.S.W. Police during an anti-Vietnam rally or how I used to stay up all night getting tired and emotional about James Joyce and D.H. Lawrence and Marcel Proust and how! loved the ferocious arguments I had about Wordsworth with my English tutor, one Germaine Greer, and how I created a course at the Free University where anybody could come and we studied Camus and Dostoyevsky and Hesse. And if! did tell you all that it would be true and it would be what I would like to

remember university for. Ah! But that is only half of it. I'd also have to tell you about the night was sick all over the side of a riend's car as I vomited my way nome across the Sydney harbour ridge from the greatest misnomer of all time - an Anthropology Wine-Tasting Party. I'd also have to tell you about failing History III because I couldn't be bothered doing an essay on "U.S. foreign policy in China 1931-37" and about the furious nights of study and the neuroses and the early morning cleaning jobs and the mediocre marks and the times I came drunk to tutorials and all the rest of the day-to-day life of a university student which has been going on ever since those quaint renaissance clergymen decided to create what

we laughingly call 'environments

for learning

No! We were not more radical and you are not more conservative. Un students have always been conservative. There has always een a small coterie of genuinely political animals on campus. They end up running their respective political clubs and seeking preselection when they graduate. The real radicalism only comes when you're far removed from the empty gestures and the very safe and very middle class university environs. Then, and only then, are you ready to ask the real questions about society and to do something about finding out the real answers

Death of the élites a "cruel" tragedy

By John Carroll

In my own period associated with later as a teacher, there has been within the student body. It

That change has been general to

and in person."

dominated by a numerically small elite of highly ambitious, confident and talented individuals. Access to the elite was open to anybody with the will and the ability. The elite usually centred around the Stude Representative Councils and student newspapers, but its members would also run the political societies, some of the clubs - especially drama and film

Australia's most prominent right-wing academics, Dr John Carroll is a reader in sociology at Latrobe University. After studyaching, a vocation which "jus

on the intellectual issues of the day The issues of my own undergraduate days, for instance at Melbourne University in the early 1960's, were God and Existentialism, and lunch-time meetings would regularly draw audiences in their hundreds.

Members of the elite all knew each other, by repute and in person. There was a strong sense of community, and an enormous confidence that this community was the launching pad from which the individual would conquer the adult world once he left university. Leading members of the elites

and would spend a good deal of their energy projecting themselves as "characters". It was a bold, often brash and pretentious society with a lot of colour and verve, one which at the same time produced student newspapers, theatre and intellectual debate of a quality not touched since. A good idea of the Sydney version of the elite is portrayed by Clive James in his autobiographical Unreliable Memoirs. The disappearance of this elite has

been the most serious element in the decline of the university since 1945. Student life has in effect fallen apart, with individuals left to drift along as best they can on their own Gifted students with some intellectual disposition have no community any more within which to explore ideas or test their characters. They are forced to be solo virtuosi playing to an empty theatre, if they are to be anything as all - which given the precarious confidence and self-knowledge of the normal 20 year-old is a cruelty for which the university has a lot to

The majority of the students still come and go, as they always have.

universities, first as a student and one change of major significance occurred, however, not through the seventies but around about 1965.

Western universities, or certainly Anglo-Saxon ones. It happened in Cambridge and Bristol, in Harvard and Austin, as it did in the Australian universities, and all around about the same time. Before 1965 student life was

"Members of the elite all knew each other, by repute

clubs - and stage public meetings

ing at Melbourne and then Cambridge in the sixties and early seventies, in 1972 he went into happened to be the right one. "A conservative admirer of Menzies and Fraser, he has just published his latest book. Guilt. which is about that painful quality which he says "all civilized middle-class people have."

Continued liftout 4



education, which allowed him to become a writer. A failed Communist, husband and alcoholic, he now lives in poverty in Toorak, Melbourne. One of his most recent books is Around the Bend (with John Hindle), a travelogue containing terrible pictures (above) and

put upon). The young these days are not as young as they were in '08 - or even as they were ten years ago. In many ways they're a bloody sight smarter. They know that the clearest we may hope to see is as through a glass, darkly. The lament that the campus is not what it was -- that students don't really *care* any more -comes from people remembering

and making comparison with their own times. disappointment they express is in fact

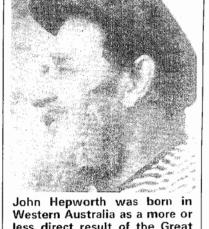
Here they are, a little pudgy now in mind and body. They have won their will (as they imagined it) or they have lost their will . . . their hopes are dead or are pined for still.

suspicion that somewhere along the way, they blew it. That they actually

Back to normal

undergraduate in 1960.

well with these pressures.



1980 was a particularly dull

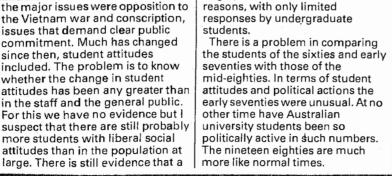
David Mussared mis-spent five years at Adelaide University, drinking, writing poetry, coediting On dit (in 1983) and occasionally studying for his Arts degree. A long-time opponent of tee-totallers, student politicians and irrationalists, he insulted everyone on campus and ended

the Napier Building, freshers sporting Lady Di hair-cuts and Prince Charles ears began appearing at History lectures, and a veritable flood of grimly determined teenagers took over the Barr-Smith, where they sat chatting about Football and Boyfriends between bouts of frenzied swotting. Veteran Arts students recognised with horror a threat more dangerous than Heavy Meta tee-shirts, more insidious than the Speculative Gaming Society. The counter-attack came in the dying moments of 1983 and

successfully captured the hearts and minds of an encouraging number of 1984 freshers. The swind back, murmured the dwindling ranks of die-hards who remembered the seventies (and Don Ray, who remembered the sixties), was beginning. The group of sombre punk survivors who had claimed permanent occupancy of the Mayo Refectory since early 1982 - dubbed "Mediterranean Widows Inc." by an On dit

the winds of change. Their carefully cultivated rank hair began to change from black to green, from green to pink, from pink to all the multitudinous colours of the biblical rainbow













70's radicals shouted - but they

valued ideas, too

By Brian Wedlin

Since I began work at Flinders in 1967, I have seen students go through three broad phases. In my first years, students were serious, industrious and respectful. For the most part they did conscientiously the work they were told to do and did it without question. For the rest, they neglected it without question. They addressed me as "Professor Medlin" or, in time of great

relaxation, "Prof". They came from the schools moderately literate.

At the very end of the sixties a new breed began to appear. The Vietnam War politicized many students, moving them far to the left. To one's friends amongst the passionate people, one became

"Brian", to one's enemies,
"Medlin". "Professor" became an
expression of contempt. Diffident
enquiries beginning "I don't think I
understand" gave way to the blunt

Brian Medlin is a Professor in the School of Philosophy at Flinders University. In the early seventies he was a leader of the moratorium movement in Adelaide.

assertion, "That's bullshit". The eternal verities fell into disrepute: ideas were valued to the extent that they translated immediately into militant action. Such students were always a minority. Yet they certainly set the tone amongst those I taught and their excitement throbbed throughout all our

In the decade since the Kerr coup, a period of recession and reaction, a growing number of students has become concerned with mere units and careers rather than with ideas. Torpor and cynicism seem to be more wide-spread than at any time since the fifties. And I believe that literacy has declined.

Unquestionably, the people most worth teaching were the middle group. In those days students were in intellectual ferment. They brought their own ideas to courses

and, if staff permitted, there was genuine interaction between teachers and taught.

These views need qualification: First, they derive from subjective impressions, which may be highly selective and distorted. They are not offered as claims which I know to be true.

Second, I am talking about relative proportions of students, not making university judgements about the whole student body. There are fiery, conscientious students abroad today: there were boring dullards in the early seventies.

Third, the tendencies I am talking about are and were more complex than suggested above.

Fourth, the mature-age students of recent years have made up a significant and welcome group amongst our intake. For the most part they are seriously concerned with ideas, and, if not radical, at any rate liberal-minded.

Finally, there have been similarities as well as differences over the years. Sadly, often such

"Torpor and cynicism seems to be more wide-spread than at any time since the fifties."

similarities have been with respect to deplorable qualities. If the love of truth is one of the weakest human passions, the hatred of lucidity is about the strongest.

As for lucidity, the life of a conscientious teacher must consist largely of a struggle against high-falutin' gobbledygook. This struggle has been no less intense and no more successful at one stage than at others. At any time, a word like "prioritize" can run like a virus through the student body. At any time, a bit of jargon like "principal aspect of the principal contradiction" can masquerade as profound thought. In moments of despair, it seems to me that an important function of universities, and one enthusiastically performed by many academics is to train students to write and utter so that only God can understand them.

As for truth, it seems to me that the

As for truth, it seems to me that the students of whom I have been most fond, the radical intellectuals of the seventies, lacked judiciousness along with the rest. They rarely rose to the heroic heights of untruthfulness achieved by the authorities during the occupation of the Flinders Registry. Yet often enough they too seemed to believe that the justice of their cause meant that whatever immediately served it was fact. The real fact, however, is that the Left needs no lies. (The Right must lie to survive).

That is an oversimplification. In a complex world, though, it is a good working rule.



Confrontation as police prepare to take on the campus in Rundle Street

Death of the élites

From liftout 3

They work a little harder in 1985 than 1970; on the other hand they are less well schooled. I doubt that the university has ever had much lasting impact on this steady majority, or it ever will. The centre of the university, in terms of its students, has always been the small elite with some affinity for the true nature of the academy to which it belongs, if only for three or four years. That centre has died, and shows no sign of reawakening, although there is no reason in principle why it shouldn't return. Indeed every now and again, in a university here or there, the elite does reappear, but it only lasts a. couple of years. The university is too fragile an institution these days to provide the nurture and authority necessary for longer term. continuities.

Why the end of the student elite? I don't think students are any less intelligent today. In general their schooling has been far weaker than before 1965 - less disciplined and

insisting on less knowledge of the classics of our culture and its history. I don't, however, think schooling is a main factor.
Universities are larger, but they are not that much larger in this country, and indeed Melbourne University in my own student days was a pretty impersonal institution for the majority of those who attended it its nickname was 'the shop'.

Decay always comes from above. It is the University itself, the body of teaching members headed by their professors and Vice-Chancellors, that bear the main responsibility. The University has steadily lost authority, in the sense of a commanding presence that knows where its going, believes in that direction, and has the will to force all who join it to obey its canon. The 1960's saw the universities throughout the West confronted by a rebellious student body, focusing its political ideology on opposition

to the war in Vietnam. In that period

of some crisis, with the traditional

university under considerable

threat, the professoriats and their equivalents showed little or no will to defend their institutions. They demonstrated very little faith in the traditions it was their responsibility to maintain, and in many cases showed themselves as confused about the nature and value of a university as the iconoclastic students.

The Freudian factor should not be underestimated here. Weak fathers, including their projections,

"Student life has in effect fallen apart, with individuals left to drift along as best they can on their own."

university father-figures, often produce rebellious sons, frustrated by the absence of adequate adult males with whom to identify. Such rebellion is also a means for testing the father, trying to get some of the life of authority and power out of him: if he gives in, and that in effect was what the universities did, then he is written off by the son.

There was a second main casual

factor. A general wave of cultural pessimism has built up in the West since the 1960's - the student vement was itself a symptom of the changing tide. The confidence of pre-1965 students about themselves and the future has gradually disappeared, and with it their heady and carefree optimism. Behind the scenes, parents too are more sceptical and worried about the times. I don't, by the way, refer to the recent outbreak of nuclear touchiness, which is just the latest symptom of failing nerve, and has nothing to do with realistic assessments of the strategic balance in the world - I for one find 1985 much safer from the risk of nuclear war than 1965. The Peace Movement is itself a manifestation of the cultural pessimism of the upper middle class today.

All things are connected here. One of the worst signs of cultural pessimism is the low morale of those in charge of our pivotal educational institutions, the universities. Let me give an example that says everything about the academy now. The one time in

the last decade in which university staff gathered together as a collegiate body to discuss something with enthusiasm was when their superannuation was threatened. The philosophy of the university, its direction, even its curriculum is now a taboo subject. Vice-Chancellors, with rare noble exceptions, have turned into administrators who seek above all to keep the peace, and will do so at almost any price. Administration is the dead-end of authority.

Strongly-knit community, with a sense of itself and its purpose, requires either tradition or new charismatic leadership for its maintenance. The tradition of the student elite declined rapidly in the latter 1960's and there has been no sustained student leadership since then with a mind to recreating it. The academic body itself has, I suspect, been in decline from much earlier. The University is going to remain an anomic, deflated institution, that doesn't stand for anything very much, apart from its own status, until the student elite returns, whenever that is,

Fear and Loathing of the Demon Weed

RICHARD NEVILLE lived through the sixties, when scotch was chic and dope was criminal, to emerge in the eighties ... which oddly enough are much the same. But this veteran Australian rebel writes that The Weed is still a nicer type of drug.

In the early sixties, that interlude between the impact of the Beats and the Beatles, I saw British migrant rockers in a Paddington terrace pass around a joint. I was shocked. A couple of years later on a train in Cambodia, I puffed rough ganja with Martin Sharp and it merely muddied my thoughts. In London, exasperated friends finally plied me with a treacley hash fudge and blew me apart. It was the night I discovered stereo.

In 1967, a paid full page in the stuffy London Times carried the ringing headline: The law against marijuana is wrong in principle and unworkable in practice: endorsed by luminaries from parliament and the arts. In coats of many colours came the thousands to Hyde Park for the Legalise Pot Rally (Sharp and concocted a stunning gold-plated poster). The classy propaganda of the Book of Grass was a hit, pot became political and the mode of the music soared into the sky, with diamonds. Earlier, at the Hotel Delmonico in New York, with curtains drawn, Bob Dylan gave the Beatles their first joint.

The baby boomers who had recoiled against the values and conventions of their parents took the week to their hearts and minds. The shift of consciousness it induced was not the perspective from which to look at the despised world. Cannabis was fun, good for sex and conversation and the best minds of m-m-my generation were getting zonked. Alcohol lost its arip. Men and closer together. Most social gatherings were encircled by this smouldering herb, which seemed to fuel the idealism. Where are they now, these pot pioneers? Some have outgrown it, others moved on to harder stuff, to burglary and death; and the silent majority just keeps on rolling.

Marijuana is out of fashion now; out of favour with former zealots. Two years ago, Rolling Stone published a celebrated hatchet job with many of the blows on target. Hollywood has turned again: from Easy Rider to Cheech and Chong, it will soon be back to Reefer Madness. The last movie in which a joint is allowed to pass free of bad connotations, according to Vanity Fair, will be The Big Chill. Celebrity deaths, junkie mayhem and White House politics have soured the mood, NORML is considered passe. The medical evidence inclines to caution and a fast growAnonymous.

And yet the humble cannabis is the denim of the drug culture, coming back year after year to percolate through to the denizens of the outer suburbs. What can these bong-befuddled teens learn from the old - the pot-trail Anzacs, the calm and stealthy longtimers who can wag their grey beards in rocking chairs and elucidate the pros and cons? Of those who've smoked for twenty years or more; many wish they hadn't started; others are quite thankful that they

While still outlawed, frank public discussion is rare. Boffins pronounced verdicts on rats, smokers are tested for driving ability. The grim faced newsreader presides over yet more footage of blazing acres. When will the hypocrisy stop? It is not a healthy culture

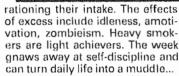
"Cannabis was fun, good for sex and conversation and the best minds of m-m-my generation were getting zonked..."

which confines the exchange of ideas and experiences to elitist dinner tables. In puffed up ignornew generation stoned into the unknown,

Whereas they should be told:

1. Cannabis does send some people crazy. That harmless and brainy nerd who 'always wanted to try it', can turn into a maniac with visions, a psychopath receiving transmissions from Mars through the speaker embedded in his brain, now coming towards you with the breadknife ... Once the son of a British peer insisted on lighting up in my home. Pretty soon he was giving some advice on interior decoration: 'I feel like smearing your walls with my shit', he said, as I hustled him into a taxi. If it addles you, desist. One day a stoned friend of mine saw his brother walk into a room and actually forgot his name. He has not smoked since.

2. Less is better. Its most vital



3. ...Just like it has in Morocco. where kiff is the national pastime and has reduced, one suspects, a once proud culture to a bloodshot shambles.

4. Judgements made stoned are unreliable. What seems like celestial enchantment at midnight can turn out to be - on sober reacquaintance - sludge. This applies to TV movies, literature and lovers.

5. Escalation. It is not automatic wide-spread, but most longtimers have lost a mate or two or three down the plug hole of junk. The trick is to swing between two states of consciousness - not reside permanently on either shore. Therein lies boredom, or

Isn't this depressing? And I haven't even dwelt on memory, lack of, or the great sperm massacre (intending fathers should take a break).

Crucial to any final verdict is the long term effect on character, which in the end is what you're stuck with. Here again, one must distinguish the foggy addict who cloaks self-hate in a cannabis cloud from the abstemious pragmatist - the one who uses with reverent caution, never for a moment forgetting the power of the drug.

Some years ago, I attended the 50th birthday party of a man who once cut a dashing figure in New York as raconteur, wit and fireside think-tank. A heavy user, I was struck by his decrepitude; his ponderous, world weary air, his lack of zing. 'I can't believe it's the same person', said the woman next to me, his former student. 'You can have no idea of how he once sparkled in this room. Every weekend he held court and some of the best minds of this city sat spellbound at his feet.' When I asked what had happened, she said: 'Marijuana'.

Soon afterwards I spent time with a world famous author; an avowed pothead who stayed cooped up in his room-withoutview feeding off a tin of grass, producing little, marooned in a sea of aimlessness - or so it seemed at the time - maybe he was hatching the next Great Novella.

Okay, these are the fast laners, the heavy users, the self-abusers, the Oblivion Seekers. If mystics are merely the 'scientists in a

Physically, marijuana is easy to abandon. Less cold turkey than tepid gravy. You'll sleep less and remember your dreams. In the house there'll be more shouting and you can harness those black moods to confront the landlord or get Telecom off your back. The more tender emotions are submerged. Sexual sensations become a little cardboardy. Efficiency is quadrupled. There are bursts of the blues. You upgrade the housework and make sure the freezer is always alive with a bottle

Keeping straight is good for business; for thinking more and feeling less. For heavy professional projects it is ridiculous to contemplate even a whiff - and this can mean years of abstinence.

Still, there is a vast and growing underground of experienced marijuana users. Fourteen years ago, for scoring a puff of Congo crude for Christmas, I was arrested and jailed by police. Since then I have had occasion to light up with

"For heavy professional projects it is ridiculous to contemplate even a whiff - and this can mean years of abstinence..."

people who hold positions of power and influence in our society not excluding senior politicians, lawyers, judges and magistrates. Knowing the psychic pitfalls, why is it that marijuana is the preferred pleasure of ... millions?

It's not always just for a quick buzz, self-escape, the unleasing of desire. I must admit that Hunter Thompson's remark that without drugs he would have 'ended up with the mind of a third-rate accountant' strikes a certain chord Doctors have described how they used the high to overcome phobias. Many friends of mine who've smoked for decades are more compassionate and complicated than the go-getting yuppies foreswearing psychedelic deviation from the rat-race circuit.

Used with great care and premeditation, sometimes alone, cannabis can open doors. Norman Mailer said that drugs are a form of spiritual gambling, but that doesn't mean that all users are losers. The discoveries may be modest and fruitful. A small matter of

mind; or of being here now, thinking globally and not succumbing to materialism. Handy antidotes to a mood of tax obsession, footy thuggery and imminent identity

A generation's revulsion with one-dimensional society may have softened over the years but its members are still sprinkling the landscape with alternatives: imbuing it with the sparkle of idealism the peace movement, environmentalism, religious diversity, the Gaia view (it took Edgar Mitchell a trip to the moon before he looked at Earth and achieved 'instant global consciousness the wilder shores of comedy') and maybe even wholemeal bread. Grass puts the green into greenie, the aaaaaahhhhh! into orgasm, the spirit into spiritual. For some, for some.

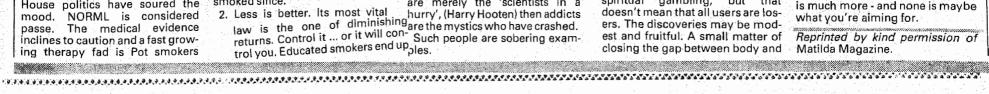
So is there another realm out there ... out there beyond oblivion? A lot of people think so. Is it possible to use the shift of consciousness, the change of perspective, to evolve towards a grander view of the world? A view that might be essential to cultivate if we are all to survive. Which is not to imply potheads are ecologists or saints. Too many are morons. (Hashish takes its name from the 11th century leader of the Assassins). But some insights have been gained during brain games and a certain attitude is emerging, dare I say consciousness?, that is well beyond and above Left and Right.

Sometimes when I meet old people who've led narrow and cautious lives, fussing over their instant coffee, and I wonder why they seem so incurious about things, why their conversation seems a series of trite repetitions. It is as though a whole dimension of joy and wonder has been denied

Harnessing a high does not have to be like a slug of Scotch. It can be used to sharpen worthy instincts, shape honourable aspirations; even to entice you into daring realms previously decried. One moves on from squandering good grass on bad movies or dull company. For many, drugs have opened doors to new techniques from which, looking back, one closes the door on drugs.

This wild plant has started plenty of crazy journeys. To wallow, to consume, to depend ... is to drown. Its basic ethic is the opposite to that of the society in which we live - that is its great secret - much less is much more - and none is maybe what you're aiming for.

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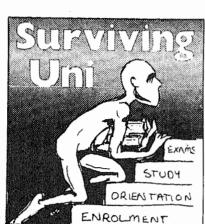
The right lifestyle may not kill tension

Even though you might be leading a balanced life style, with commit-ment to study and enough time for exercise, sleep, being with friends, obtaining or searching for a loving relationship, sexual satisfaction and so on, you still find that your tension is increasing. This will be more likely to be the case if deadlines for several subjects fall due at the same time or if there is an unexpected disruption in your life, e.g. an argument at home, sickness, a costly repair bill etc. At these times stress management and relaxation techniques can become important.

Unfortunately these techniques also take time and for optimal benefit they need to be practised regularly. So it is necessary to develop and maintain in the longer term, both to your well-being and to your study. If you stress yourself further by focusing on the time these techniques take you will only be defeating your own purpose.

Most meditation and relaxation techniques involve focus on breathing, awareness, slowing down time, getting feedback from slowed down bodily functions and autosuggestion to control tension and neurological excitation. Anxiety can be controlled by fairly simple techniques based on the techniques. It's so good to relax (note the auto-suggestion) that it's surprising we don't do it automatically. If you begin to relax by an act of will or through a technique, the feedback

your body gives you is positive and this allows greater depth of relaxa-



Norm Greet

tion. You can increase anxiety just by altering your focus: start thinking about all the work you have yet to do, or an exam, and see what happens. Sometimes the increase in anxiety so generated is dealt with almost simultaneously by an intellectualization. "I'll be OK" or "That's a long way off". Similarly you can increase the anxiety by focusing on it and adding to it by including other areas of concern. Try being pessimistic or thinking catastrophically about six areas of your life.

Similarly, it is possible to reduce anxiety by focusing on your body and your breathing etc. and excluding other intrusive thoughts. If you will allow your body to relax your mind will relax also. Usually, filling your mind with thoughts of relaxation prevents anxiety-arousing

thoughts from surfacing. Relaxation is refreshing. If you read this paragraph a few times slowly the suggestion and repetition in it will begin to

Focusing on your breathing and counting the breaths as you exhale will almost always reduce tension immediately. While excess anxiety is clouding your mind learning is always less efficient and anxiety is likely to increase, so, as an act of discipline, over-anxious people need to control their stress in order to succeed in study. Focusing on your breathing helps banish anxiety-arousing thoughts. Slowing down and awareness of tension reduction through exhaling reduces the amount of neurological firing due to activity and anxiety. With reduced firing the brain sends fewer messages to the body and the body relaxes more, sending in turn messages of "I'm relaxing" to the brain. The more this is repeated, the greater the depth of relaxation.

There are some steps to stress management and relaxation which can be found in most books on the

- Make time to relax twice a day no matter how busy or stressed you are for time.
- Use a location where you will be left alone.
- Be comfortable, loosen tight clothing, experiment to find the best body position.
- If part of your body seems to be demanding attention focus on it, quieten it by taking care of it. If this is



not possible reassure it and proceed by closing your eyes so you can focus inward and start breathing deeply and with slow exhalations. (In through the nose and out through the mouth.)

 Feel the rise and fall of your chest as you breathe. Do this for ten to fifteen breaths. Don't push the air out, just let it flow out. If a noise occurs with the exhalation be aware of it but don't try and alter it. As it flows out feel your body sinking or your chest dropping with each breath. Feel the tension leaving.

 As the breath goes think such words as "down", "heavy", "easy", "peace", "relax". If other thoughts intrude sharpen the relaxation message by seeing the word written down slowly in front of you. Let your face muscles sag and your eye muscles droop. Feel the muscles getting tired. Start with your forehead and focus on it briefly; feel it relax. Move step by step around the body, focusing on eyes, neck, shoulders, back, buttocks, calves, feet, thighs, stomach etc. in turn, slowly suggesting they relax. "Shoulders relax, arms getting heavy, hands and wrist relax," etc. This takes time but it's worth it. Suggest to yourself that the longer you focus on your body, the more relaxed you will become.

In this relaxed state suggest to yourself that with self-control comes self-confidence and that all you have to do when feeling tense is to take control as you have done with this technique and that every time you take control you will feel more confi-

This is an ego strengthening technique and other suggestions could be attached to it: "The more control I take of anxiety and the more confident I become, the less I'll need to smoke, eat, fear people", and so on. You might like to add a beneficial study suggestion: for instance, "The more I take control and relax whenever I need to, the more refreshed I'll feel and the more alert my brain will be for study." The suggestions may need to be interspersed with relaxation messages if they are very anxiety arous-

When you have finished giving yourself positive suggestions, count to five slowly, giving yourself such suggestions as "While I count to five I'll feel more and more alert but still relaxed, cheerful and confident, and when I get to five the feeling of heaviness will have gone and I'll open my eyes and feel alert but still relaxed." Notice the improvement in relaxation and check any tendency for anxiety to creep back. See if you can become aware of how you do this to yourself.

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ROBERT SIVERBERGE Launching

After years as a writer Robert Silverberg is coming to terms with science-fiction, DAVID MUSSARED talked to him about his hopes for the genre.

anew

"We have a means of conditioning the general public to examine the ideas that we're going to be living with for the next 20 to 50 years," Robert Silverberg says, choosing his words carefully.

Science-fiction, he believes, should adhere strictly to "a kind of promotional role, rather than an intellectual or a technological role."

Not all Science Fiction authors feel that way. The L5 Society (most notable member: Arthur C. Clarke) have been actively lobbying for a broadening of the US space programme to include research into projects such as live-in space stations.

Silverberg shrugs the question of whether they have had much influence.
"Not at all - at the moment. The US has been

preoccupied for the last eight to ten years with domestic issues - economic issues primarily which have left little room for space. Except for the shuttle programme we have nothing much happening at the moment.

But the feeling is that somewhere in the depths of the Reagan administration there is sympathy for space, and if it becomes politically possible to enact a space programme, it will happen in the next few years.

Then, he forsees, the L5 lobbyists will wield some influence, "indirectly, since they do have

"I don't understand why science-fiction is so big. Who can be reading all those books...?"

the ear of certain Congressmen and political figures who will be in a position to speak loudly when the time comes. At the moment the time hasn't come - or actually the time came and went 15 years ago."

But Silverberg, a literary giant in the SF field, insists that science-fiction is "actually fairly conservative literature", that he "doesn't much believe in the predictive value of sciencefiction, in the value of science-fiction as an agent of change."

Science-fiction is a gigantic industry in the States. I don't understand why it's so big - who can be reading all those books? - but hundreds of books a year are published. I think any writer with some talent and some determination can get a novel published in the States now.

If lobbyists from among the huge number of SF readers and authors in the US are to be influential in the shaping of any future space programme, then perhaps it is worth noting Silverberg's description of the state of the

American science-fiction market. "There are several readerships, but unfortunately the adolescent readership is dominating

the market place."

"Fifteen years ago there was a literary revolution in both British and American science-fiction, where we were all attempting to extend the boundaries of SF, to bring a greater emo-tional intensity to what we were doing. That has pretty well perished in the States at the hands of the forces of commerce.

"The British writers, those who have survived, are still attempting to maintain a literary standard - to explore character as well as idea, to write stories that are more than cheerful entertainment

"But I'm afraid in the States these days, with some honourable exceptions, the emphasis is very strongly on entertainment, and simple, safe entertainment at that.

In an apparent contrast to this decline in literary standards has come an ever increasing academic acceptance of, and even enthusiasm

for, the merits of SF.
"Lord knows all of the colleges are teaching Science Fiction, and there is a vast academic establishment studying it - I suppose that's respectability. It has simultaneously achieved tremendous commercial respectability, but it's two different SFs.

This "literary revolution" had an enormous influence on Silverberg's work. SF buffs note that the mid-1960s saw a water-shed in his writing career. As a young aspiring author he great difficulty getting anything published that meant anything to me personally.

"In order to pay the rent I went on to write anything I could sell. By the time I was 30 the rent became less of a problem, and my work became more personal and deep - more individual." It also became less popular.

Ten years ago Silverberg, "in some despair" resolved to give up writing altogether. His metamorphosis into a writer of quality had cost him much of his readership and some personal anguish.

The very literary Science Fiction novels that I was doing in the seventies - such as Dying Inside, Book of Skulls and Tree of Man - were not only not particularly successful commercially, but were being roughly received by the

"Silverbert's metamorphosis into a writer of quality had cost him much of his readership and some personal anguish."

He got the idea for Lord Valentine's Castle 'after four or five years of not writing, and enjoying not writing.

"I thought it was time to come back and try it again, perhaps write a more accessible kind of book, and win back the audience.

Lord Valentine's Castle success" and Silverberg was "encouraged to return to writing". Now, ten years later, "I'm going ahead full-blast".

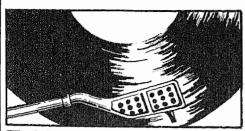
He believes he has achieved a balance, "a synthesis between the very disturbing kind of fiction I was writing in the early seventies and the accessibly simple books that the readers demand-I'm occupying a little place where I'm content and apparently the readers are con-

'Content" is surely something of an understatement. Lord Valentine's Castle alone was written with the assistance of a \$127,500 advance - the largest advance ever offered a science-fiction author at that time, and all on the basis of a fifteen-page outline. Sales pushed Lord Valentine out of the SF specialist and into the general best-seller lists.

He is planning to write another book - to add to his list of well over a hundred already published - "which I think is going to be my longest and most entertaining book." Silverberg will be buckling down to write Star of Gypsies "as soon as winter reaches the States.

Meanwhile he is on holidays, and "it's been ?... joy to be back and to be wandering around this enormous country"





DISCS



Hardcastle's shtick can't ruin Dury's rhythm

IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS

Paul Hardcastle remix

This 12-inch of old-songs-remixed ranges from the very good to the painfully bad, and the latter condition is not surprisingly due to Paul Hardcastle's remixing. The best track on the EP is undoubtably the hit Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick. Apart from the occasional obligatory electronic stuttering and repeating of words, the original song is changed little, retaining its melodic keyboards and chugging bass and drums which set it apart from Hardcastle's style of noise.

The worst song is the boring and thanks to Hardcastle painfully repetitive Wake Me Up (and Make Love To Me). With nothing but whining or hissing synthesizers and Dury's talking voice, it's a perfect example of the crap which is making Hardcastle rich.

The other two songs, Sex Drugs and Rock'n'Roll and Reasons To Be Cheerful are somewhere in between, with only a squelchy bass synthesizer soiling the old sound.

Dury's cheerful so-called "new wave" music is hard to spoil, for Paul Hardcastle - and for

timeless lines like:

Days when I am spotty;

Sitting on a potty...

Reasons to be cheerful.

The man deserves attention.

PHENOMENA

Dance With the Devil Single on Bronze

Dance with the Devil is an odd, almost archaic-sounding song, spoilt by a twee hot fiddle and chirpy, girly vocals in the background. Apart from this the music is dramatic and fast due to its rich production and walls of synthesizer chords and squealy suites.

It's a bit corny, and it's all been done before in the early seventies, but dramatic American rock or not, it's reasonably well written and deserves credit for that alone.

CELIBATE RIFLES

Six Days On The Road Single on Hot

With a relentlessly dull vocal in the customary American accent, and the obligatory three-chord-guitar, bass and drums, this song makes absolutely no musical lyrical or artistic statement, and only serves to further decay the hackneyed myth which has become of rock'n'roll.



Modeis in kinky leather

Models'dangerous success provokes deaf to applaud

After their initial success as a "Quirky" synthopop group in baggy suits and sneers, the Models, this year in kinky leathers and with a new beefed-up sound, have reached number one and new heights of success. To dislike them is unhip, to discredit them is dangerous which is probably why the disgustingly reactionary majority at their recent Thebarton Theatre concert tolerated the mediocre concert with the appropriate cool and then dished out the praise without even knowing they'd done it.

The band seemed relaxed, and consequently loose as they played a combination of old and new hits, from I Hear Motion to Out of Mind, Out of Sight. The rhythm section was adequate, but as with so many bands,

THE MODELS/I'M TALKING

In concert at **Thebarton Theatre** Reviewed by Joe Penhall

pointlessly loud. As a result, important keyboards were obliterated from many songs, most notably on *I Hear Motion*, whilst songs from the new album lost the bite of Sean Kelly's growling guitar.

The lazy, hypnotic hit *Barbados* became a big beat crowd pleaser, just as the moody intensity of the earlier songs was often lost, obscured by the new style.

However as with all good bands there were the odd flashes of brilliance, mainly in the consistently good songwriting and Sean Kelly's occasionally inspired vocals - perhaps not enough to justify the face value approval of some of the crowd, but sufficient to show them what they really deserve from the current number one band.

In support, I'm Talking proved themselves once again to be worthy of the lavish praise which has been heaped upon them since their Sydney debut earlier this year. The show had energy and skill, whilst being pleasingly professional and unpretentious - they had obviously worked hard for the meagre audience reaction that they got.

If the band can write some memorable singles now, their future looks good. Whether or not they do this, the futures of singers Katie and Zan are assured.

What is Lip Snipe Groin?



LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

Tales Of The Unexpected LP on Hot

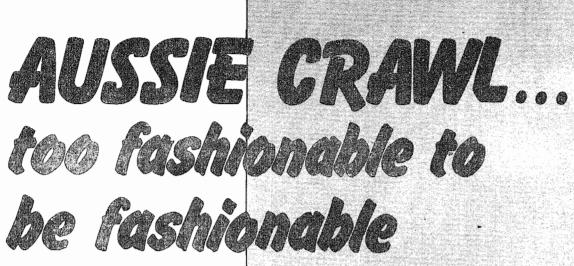
If, in the early sixties, before he had become famous, Bob Dylan had had a sex change and formed a beat group, he would have made a debut album surprisingly like this one. It's an extraordinary amalgamation of folk rock, rhythm and blues and pop, which is hard to imagine in today's charts, and harder still to describe. Yet the result is one of the most consistently catchy groups of songs out now from a new group.

Not surprisingly, the album suffers through the band's lack of experience, leading to tentative playing and hesitant, sometimes nice, sometimes awful vocals from the band's female vocalist. But another year of intense playing and perhaps a few singing lessons to develop the restricted vocals would easily cure this.

Lyrically the album is nothing special, although the band do attempt to cover original topics, as reflected in song titles such as A Time of Evil, Power Ring and the oblique Lip Snipe Groin.

If this band can face the challenge of improvement, and become a truly professional outfit, rather than sheltering under the convenient banner of "Underground Music" like so many others, they can be a success. Conversely, who needs twenty-year-old music with funny titles? It's up to them to answer that.

Limelight Music



Oz Crawl are back, sadder and wiser, and with a new album. JOE PENHALL listened to Between A Rock And A Hard Place, and talked to one of its members. Crawl drummer Brad Robinson.

After an absence of eighteen months from the music scene, a death in the band, and a new line-up, the recent release of Australian Crawl's new L.P. marks a new epoch in the band's career. Speaking to the band's keyboard player, Brad Robinson, by phone from Melbourne recently, I discussed with him the curiously titled new album Between a Rock and a Hard Place, as well as hearing a new and unexpected view of the success of the so-called Sons of Beaches.

"Friends of mine that live in Carlton, Melbourne, say to me: "Look ... um, I really like your records - and I play them - but I wouldn't tell any of my friends.

"A lot of people that I think do enjoy our music don't get to listen to it because it's Australian Crawl ... because it has been too successful. Because we became so successful so quickly we became unfashionable", says Brad candidly, indicating his only regret about the band whose every studio album has reached

Brad explains the reactions of English and American audiences to the band: "People in England don't like buying Australian records ..." he laughs, although "when Reckless was released we got great support from Radio One" in London.

During their 1983 English tour supporting Duran Duran, he concedes "The audience was fantastic, and the gigs were great, and we had such a good time... We didn't go over there to put a huge dent in the international market - we went over there for a paid holiday.

'When you go to a foreign country you've got to have an enormous amount of push and money behind you from somebody, and that's where we've fallen down, unfortunately." He explains that in America as much as \$250,000 to \$300,000 is needed just to launch a single, a cost which few record companies will invest in even the most successful Australian bands.

"Little River Band, Air Supply and Men at Work are the only bands that ever made it to any extent in America ... INXS, for instance, are probably seen back here as being quite successful in America, whereas they really haven't achieved anything at all ... had three number one singles off one album in Australia, yet their biggest single in America reached number 75 and they're getting enormous support! So that's how hard it is to break over there."

However the new Crawl album and singles are to be released overseas, and the band have been offered American tours to support them. But the band are cautious. Although they are enthusiastic about their new Australian tour line-up, including a three-piece brass section and three back up singers, they haven't finalised anything yet.

"There's been a lot of interest in America

"Friends say ... 'I really like your records - and I play them - but I wouldn't tell any of my friends....'."

especially from the record companies, but I won't believe anything until it's on the charts, says Brad warily, no doubt aware that many acts have suffered plummetting record sales and an obvious loss of credibility since their initial success in America. Success for an Australian band in America is as short-lived as it is tacky

But survival is one of the band's finest, and best-exercised traits. With the recent tragic death of guitarist Guy McDonogh from pneumonia, and the departure of bassist Paul Williams to Cairns, many saw the band as finished. As if to explain matters, their latest album is aptly titled Between a Rock and a Hard

"It's an expression which describes when you're in a bit of a jam ... it sort of describes our situationbut one thing we've always done is if we have got into a jam we've always come out of it fighting - and smiling as much as we

The sixth album from the band, Rock marks a considerable departure for them, and its more complicated sound can only be seen as a positive move. "It's really hard to describe your own music, it's like blowing your own trumpet ... but seriously it's the only album I've listen to after we've recorded it and it really is an intriguing album and really interesting to listen to and we are very proud of it," says Brad. He admits that the band always seems to come out of recording sessions "emotionally and physically sapped".

The incorporation of two female singers and a brass section on some tracks is the initial reason for the difference in sound, as well as the polished production from Englishman Adam Kidron. However more importantly the L.P.'s eleven songs perhaps see songwriter James Reyne writing more mature songs, both melodically and lyrically.

Brad explains that it's an attempt to find credibility amongst those who find them too fashionable to be fashionable. The opening track, the first single Two Can Play, is an example of the diversification involved in the album. With showing that the band's gamble has paid off. a cacophony of trumpets and trombones, and a Caribbean party atmosphere (perfectly mirrored in the videoclip) it demonstrates the variety that Australian Crawl are capable of. "I've always liked the variety we've had in our music, 'cos it's always made it interesting for us, and any thought of splitting up has always been dispelled because we've always kept our interest up.'

A high point of the album is the slow, sleepy Always the Way, a good example of the melodic and lyrical maturity of many of the songs, and a song which reflects Reyne's (and

"The slow, sleepy 'Always The Way' is a good example of the melodic and lyrical maturity of many of the songs...'

the band's) increasing world-weariness and their resolve:

'Picking up the pieces...

You're going to come back if you dare."

'One of the most interesting tracks is If this is Love, on which heaving 1940's trumpets, saxophones, and trombones work nicely,

The Sons of Beaches, older, wiser and better

One song, Trouble Spot Rock is particularly intriguing, with Reyne casting himself as a soldier of fortune - a mercenary. It's a strange metaphor, and perhaps a dangerous one, given the lines:

"You want trouble? I'll give you trouble.

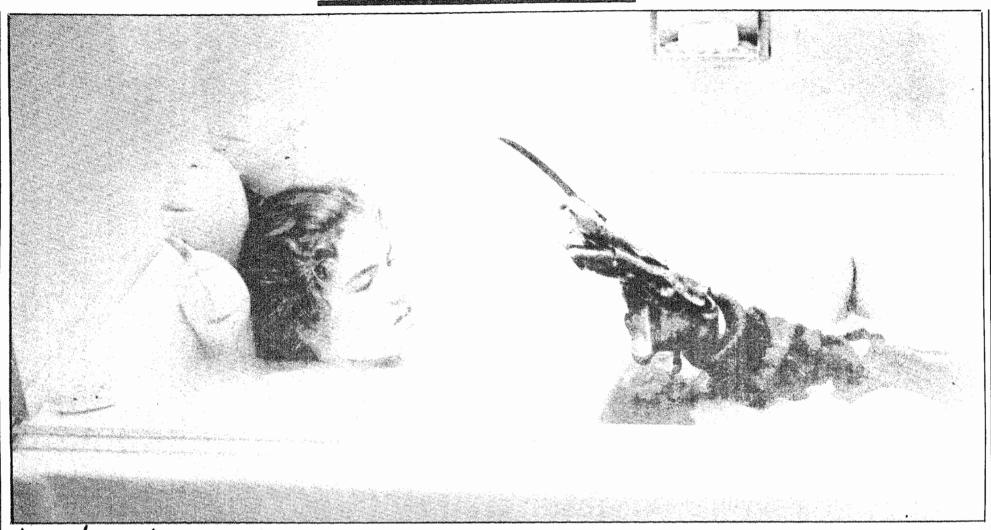
You're going to love it a lot."

Brad tentatively explains what his friend means: "It could be a protest about all the stuff that's been heaped at him personally ... and I think it's probably him wanting to fight back the best way he knows how to - by writing a

"In the position that he is in, and we are in, if you feel very strongly about something that's irritating you it's very difficult not to go out on a limb and bring down a lot of other people around you when you strike out - you've got to be pretty careful what you say.

So poised for a new attack on the charts, and with worldwide record releases forthcoming, how do the band see their position?

"This is a very important stage in our lives, and a very important stage in our careers ... this album has really opened up our minds." And given the still-maturing songwriting of James Revne (which Brad describes as the main ingredient of their success) the band can't fail as they dare to come back.



Nancy Thompson (Heather Langenkamp) can't find safety anywhere

NIGHTMARE brings welcome relief

The object of terror in this movie is a horribly disfigured man in a dark hat who terrifies the teenagers of Elm Street with a glove of crisp, sharp, razor nails.

The twist here compared to other horror movies is that he only appears in their dreams, with the terror intruding into their waking hours and the violence inflicted being very real

and not imaginary. Elm Street is the latest scareflick from writerdirector Wes Craven (Deadly Blessing, Swamp Thing) who has also been responsible for the cult classics, The Last House On The Left and The Hills Have Eyes, films which have both spawned (yet to be released) sequels. Likewise, A Nightmare On Elm Street has had

such great success in the States (taking a cool

US\$15 million) that a seguel is already in pro-

duction and due to hit American screens in

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET

Hoyts Regent Cinemas Reviewed by Jamie Skinner

October.

In some ways, Elm Street is a welcome relief to celluloid horror which in the last few years had concentrated on Friday The 13th rip-offs and Stephen King chiller-thrillers.

The killer with the clinkling claws is Fred Krueger (Robert Englund), a child-murderer who killed the past kids on Elm Street and was incinerated by the present-day teenager's parents. Now he's back seeking revenge, and has entered the dreams of suburban teenybopper Nancy Thompson (Heather Langenkamp). She is continually thwarted by the monster-man so far that she dares not fall asleep. She discovers that her friends are having similar nightmares with the same sinister

slasher and before she can do anything, her friend Tina (Amanda Wyss) is brutally murdered by Krueger.

Fearful of suffering the same fate, Nancy tries painfully not to fall asleep, a challenge she cannot meet for long. Finally, she decides to face Krueger and bring him out of her dreams and into reality so that he can be stopped.

For the most part, A Nightmare On Elm Street is superior shock-shop stuff with its synthesized soundtrack, innovative ideas and stylish camera work

Yet as imaginative as it is in somewhat changing the traditional format of recent horror films, it suffers from the same things which perfect it. The dream/reality mix, as with The Company of Wolves, is an intriguing insight into how the emergence of two dimensions could take place. But at the same time, it is very hard to distinguish in many places what is dream and what is real. The ending could be either. It is an unnerving and probably deliberate trick which is more of a hindrance than anything else.

The film offers a nice touch of humour to these gory proceedings. However, Elm Street often tries to be too humorous when it is supposed to be serious. This detracts from the terror content tremendously, making it in many places more silly than scary.

What lets the film down most is the ending. It is a grave pity, because until the final stages, Elm Street was cruising along quite promisingly. Instead of creating a firm and final finish, Craven leaves us up in the air. Nancy defeats her assailant by realising that he is only a figment of the unconscious and therefore cannot exist. We then change to a scene where Nancy (and her dead friends) are going to school, and bang, he's back! Cheaply and tackily done, this sequence really lets the whole film down. It's an ending created solely to allow a sequel, which is all Hollywood seems to concern itself about these days.

With life—more than expected

LIFE FORCE

Hoyts Cinemas

Reviewed by Jamie Skinner

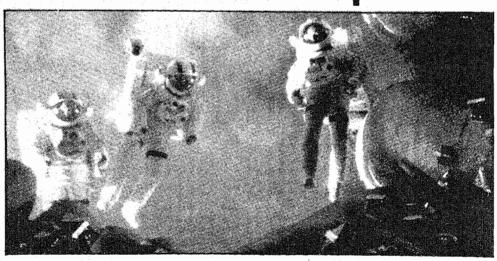
In the last twelve months, the sci-fi films which have hit our screens have left a lot to be desired. One thinks of the lamentable Dune, the atrociously unfunny Buckaroo Banzai, the lack-lustre Starman and the totally unforgiveable 2010.

So when Lifeforce zooms onto our screens, one's expectations cannot rise too high after the recent bunch of disappointments from the likes of Lynch and Carpenter.

One hopes for something more exciting than these four humdrum bummers. And in some ways, Lifeforce accomplishes this.

It is certainly one of the more elegant Golan-Globus productions, which this year have churned out the cheapies Exterminator, Missing In Action and Baby Love, all of which have had a look to them not dissimilar to an Andy Warhol home movie.

Lifeforce is a sort of cross between Invasion Of The Body Snatchers, They Came From Beyond and David Cronenberg's low budget but chilling Rabid. Three perfect human-like bodies are found in capsules following Halley's Comet by the spaceship Churchill (obviously assuming that Britain has entered the spacerace). They are taken aboard the ship, but when it lands on earth all but one of the crew are



The mysterious but frozen bodies are soon revitalised by taking the "lifeforce" out of humans. The lifeforce in the film is the set of ingredients which makes life existent. The film's promise is that it can be transferred from one body to another and that people can transpose themselves into a body of another person. The three aliens are space vampires, which is the name of Colin Wilson's novel on which the film is based. Once a couple of humans have had some of the lifeforce extracted from them, they need to rejuvenate that lost lifeforce and so the situation develops to plague-like proportions, with London falling prey to a rabid mania and the world threatened

Any preconceptions about the film being a space movie should be forgotten. It is for the most part set on earth and comparable to similar ventures like Killers From Space, End Of The World and The Day Mars Invaded Earth

The most noticeable feature of Lifeforce is the manner in which the characters act, from Steve Railsback (The Stuntman) as the lone astronaut to Peter Firth's SAS chief who is so hilariously funny that any more to say about him is better left unsaid. They all portray a deep level of seriousness in their characters which makes the film more risible than realistic. The acting seems pretty B-grade stuff but one's hunch is that it was meant to appear that way.

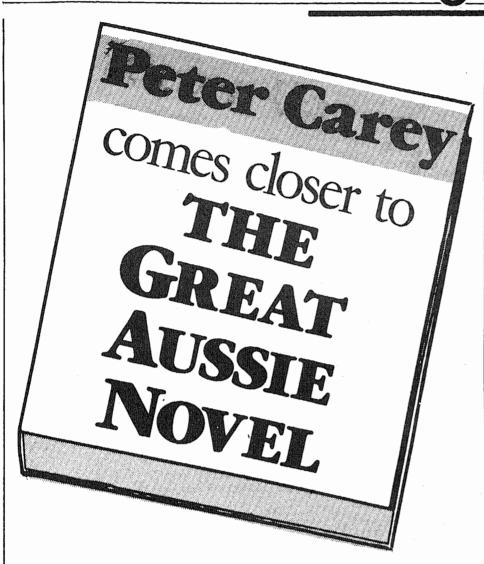
The scripting is done by respectables Dan O'Bannon (*Dark Satar, Alien*) and Don Jakoby. But like the acting, it is evident that the film is purposefully played in a throwback-to-the-50's manner. Even so, these two know better.

On the plus side, the special effects are worth the price of admission themselves. They are done by none other than John Dykstra, the man responsible for Star Wars, Star Trek, Firefox and Battlestar Galactica. His lifedraining scenes are the most memorable as we are treated to a shattering exhibition of people being robbed of all the life in them until they are flesh on bone, bloodless, so that they simultaneously disintegrate and explode - an exothermic reaction all right!

Henry Mancini's score seems to capture what mood there is in the film and Alan Hume's photography is up to his usual standard.

Overall, the technical side of the film is far better done than anything else. Lifeforce fails to achieve anything suspenseful - it just totters along, never amounting to anything surprising. It's clichéd and rarely uplifting.

And the director? Tobe Hooper, the man who shocked us with the grisly, spine-chingling Texas Chainsaw Massacre and who then scared us shitless with Poltergeist. He has also done the television version of Stephen King's Salem's Lot and the little-seen but quaintly amusing Funhouse. If anyone kept the life in lifeforce it was he, a very talented young director whose next two films may be big mistakes - a remake of the 1953 classic Invaders From Mars and (would you believe?) The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Is nothing sacred?



ILLYWHACKER

By Peter Carey University of Queensland Press Reviewed by Span

When Bliss appeared several years ago I was initially suspicious of it, being more or less convinced that Carey was a short story writer rather than a novelist. When I read the book I was impressed, enough to read it a second time, and yet I was still surprised when I heard he was putting out a second novel.

Gradually it became obvious to me that Carey considers himself to be an Australian writer, not just an Australian who writes. The legendary quest for the Great Australian Novel will undoubtedly linger over *Illywhacker*, or may have already, attracted by its length, its pretension to epic, its narrative style, and its home-

grown humour.
"Great" Australian literature seems most often chosen as such because it deals with the country's brief past to some extent. Here Carey offers what promises to be an interesting and pioneering innovation. The narrator and victim of Carey's imagination, Herbert Badgery, tells us on the novel's first page that he is 139 years old. The story itself beings in 1919, at which time Badgery is 31. A timespan is suggested which begins in the 1880's and culminates in the second decade of the 21st Century, thus including genuine historical literature, contemporary social literature, and a projection of Australian society through the near future. Sounds interesting?

No one will have trouble with the book's first 200 pages. Badgery's forced landing of an airplane in Bacchus Marsh, his adoption by the McGrath family, his relationship with their 17year-old daughter and his ambitious scheme to found an all-Australian aircraft factory give Carey adequate scope for humour. His talent is the depiction of people whose ordinariness becomes eccentricity simply through the act of

ily in a theatre of the absurd. Book One ends in personal tragedy for Badgery, but it is the sort of schism in life which presupposes a jump, a transformation, a new twist, rather than an

The reader may, like myself, become anxious at this stage, for a third of the book has only taken the story as far as 1921 or 1922. Carey takes Badgery back briefly to his childhood among the Chinese marketing community of nineteenth-century Melbourne, springboarding into the 30's where Badgery, with his young son and daughter, meet Leah Goldstein in the bush, dressed as an emu and smelling of snakes. Maybe it's my own fault for leaping into conclusions about the plot, and possibly my patience was affected by this, but over the next 200 pages the characters of Goldstein and her husband Izzy are not as strongly drawn, vividly evoked or entertaining as those of the McGraths in Book One. The humour becomes more than a bit forced, and Carey's attempt to illustrate the lives of very little people in the CPA of the 30's, and Jews at that, seems superficial and, more importantly, lacking in any genuine historical vision. Carey is in fact obliged to maim a character to rejuvenate interest, and this works so well that he maims another one to wind up Book Two and provide a linking motif for Book Three.

Badgery spends some time in prison and, on leaving, suffers a debilitating stroke. Most of Book Three thus deals with the family of his son Charles, proprietor of the Greatest Pet. Shop in the World. Eccentricity enjoys a second wind, but Charles's wife's obsession with cages is less colourful than Phoebe McGrath's mother's electric belt. A motif of Book One Australian private enterprise to keep American economic colonialism at a distance - is played out again, or at least referred to again. We discover that Badgery is not really 139 years old, that's just a vicious joke of his son's. And what was suspected in Book Two but hoped against becomes the actual story: Illywhacker is about a man who struggles to maintain a resilient sense of humour while living what can only be

The US President reigning or reined?

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

By Godfrey Hodgson Penguin, \$7.95 rrp Reviewed by Paul Washington

"I am made all things to all men that by all means I might save some of them.

These words from Corinthians are fitting for the American presidency. All Things to All Men takes a look at the dilemma faced by the world's purportedly most powerful man, who is, after all, the focal point of global affairs.

In the shadow of the nuclear spectre unbridled criticism is directed at the President who for a number of reasons is impotent to resolve the crises placed before him. Disarmament without capitulation is all but impossible; halting inflation has more fantasy than feasibility

about it; and to exacerbate the situation the President must fight to push only a tattered fragment of his legislative program through Congress while still trying to please all of the

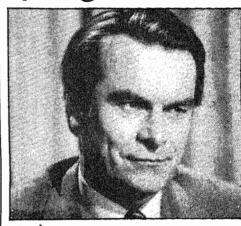
people all of the time.

The President leads an arcane, bureaucratic empire reaching back to Franklin Roosevelt's era, with so much red tape between decisions and results that the situation is pretty hopeless.

To cap it all off no other person is the subject of media scrutiny to othe extent that the President of the USA is. His every move is news - as we saw with the epic Reagan bowel operation which was the subject of almost as much speculation and more official statements as a Presidential election.

Godfrey Hodgson explains the "false promise of the American presidency" lucidly and strongly. If this sort of thing is up your academic alley then reading All This to All Men

Spring or autumn in the UK?



A FUTURE THAT WILL WORK

By David Owen Penguin, \$7.95 rrp Reviewed by Paul Washington

"The Social Democratic idea ... is an obstinate will to erode by inches the conditions which produce avoidable suffering, oppression, hunger, wars, racial and national hatred, insatiable greed and vindictive envy."
This is the theme of A Future That Will Work,

a book based on the writings and speeches of Dr David Owen, the leader of the Social Democratic Party in Britain since 1983.

Owen advocates a decentralized and truly democratic society, believing this to be the cornerstone of the solution to Britain's social and political dilemmas, and he challenges the artificial barriers preventing the reconciliation of ostensibly mutually exclusive objectives. Arbitration and participation are the go for

Like every ideologue, his beliefs have their share of virtues, and like every idealist they have their share of impracticalities. Although he has a clear idea of what is needed and what should or shouldn't be, the algorithm for achieving these ends is conspicuously absent.

Owen is a politician who needs the alchemist's stone to make his dreams come

His policies have an unnervingly ad hoc feel about them, though the optimism of his stance is like a breath of fresh air in the contemporary political jungle.

A Future That Will Work, although lacking in answers, challenges preconceived, entrenched notions of what can be achieved and clears the path for a new direction in political thought.

It's not a masterpiece, but as a handbook to eclipsing the Thatcher government it doesn't need to be.

called a life of failure, especially the failure of aspiration and ambition.

It becomes clear that this work is not a novel, but an uneven composite of several nearnovels. All lack clear beginnings and ends, which would lie in the unspoken decades separating the fragments of Carey's narrative. What remains is a collection of precise and witty sketches of quaint and hopeless Australians, who serve their time and vanish. What happened to the German family who appeared at the very beginning of the novel? Like the Chinese of Badgery's boyhood, they briefly served the purposes of gratuitous humour and vanished forever. What of Badgery's daughter, who really did vanish? Was she a character whom Carey did not know how to handle and thus abandoned her in a cloud of spurious side-references and ambiguity? In the shifting, sorting, and reshuffling of human portraits some get developed and some simply get notices and then overlooked.

The book's epigraph suggests that Carey is in some accord with Mark Twain, that Australia's history is that of the hizar

Australian historical figure is the extravagant but credible liar, weaving his or her personal phantasma into the real world in a desperate attempt to avoid insanity. I would hate to excuse the book's faults on the basis that it is a "tale told by an idiot", and so, I hope, would Carey. It is the book's structure which is at fault, for Carey's writing has an economy and flair which makes the reading interesting at almost any point. Disappointment occurs because nothing which occurs is ever brought to a point of completion or resolution, so what major theme exists at all is a cynical or even sarcastic vision of Australia as a victim of history, rather than a part of it. So this is certainly not the GAN, but it is nevertheless a great Australian novel whose length, because of the book's faults, will probably prevent it from enjoying a wide reading. Bliss is by far the superior novel. but Illywhacker still confirms Carey's place as a writer of possible significance, who can and probably will do better and is capable of stand-ing beside the likes of David Foster and Peter Mathers.

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Birth Of A Notion

We Graham Sam and Roman are proud to announce the birth of a magazine which reflects the views and concerns of alternative groups on and off campus. It is honed that the magazine will be produced three times a term, providing a regular forum that will help close the communication gap between progressive groups on campus.

The first issue will consist of two Bread and Circuses size sheets comprising eight pages in total. We need your participation in order to make it work!! (i.e. articles, letters, notices, reviews, cartoons and other graphics).

Our main stumbling block is finance, A similar alternative magazine has been produced on this campus before and was financed by various progressive clubs who used their publications grant for this

Each club is entitled to a publications grant of up to \$500 from the C.S.A. each calendar year. Most clubs are not using this grant or are not using all of it. Our proposal is that these clubs who are interested in this magazine could use their left over publications grant to finance (1) edition per club or if we have enough

interest (½) edition. We expect the magazine to cost about \$150.00 per issue This means that if we have 6 clubs interested then each club would only have to use \$75.00 of their publications grant o 15%. We will include a noticeboard in the magazine which means that each club can advertise any activity or item of interest (e.g. rallies etc) without cost and with the guarantee of it reaching an interested audience.

If you can help us financially could you please contact us through the SAUA pigeon-holes.

Clubs who are already active publishers and therefore will not be able to help contribute to the common fund will nonetheless still be able to contribute articles, graphics and help in the production and

distribution of the magazine.

We will be holding a meeting for all concerned on the 11th of September. Those who wish to come, meet in the Gallery at 1.00 pm. Submit material (incl. notices) by noon of the 16th at the letest.

The first issue will appear on the afternoon of the 20th September.

- Graham Hastings Roman Orzanski Samantha Horrocks Editorial Collective

Turner redeemed by quality

BELOVED SON

By George Turner Sphere, \$6.95 Reviewed by David Mussared

God forgive the vagaries of publishing companies, I won't. A couple of months ago I reviewed, a little reluctantly, the third book of a three volume series by George Turner without have set eyes on either of the first two. Then, as it came to pass, the first volume arrived in the On dit mail. Feeling a little like the rat eating the tape-worm, I opened Beloved Son and settled down to a contented literary munch. When, I wondered was it all going to end?

I allowed a decent interval to lapse to give Sphere a chance to forward the missing volume, but the 'books-in' tray remained forlornly empty. So, knowing the ending and the beginning, I can do no more than speculate as to what happened in between.

Nevertheless, each volume does stand up on its own, in an aimless sort of way. Turner is an excellent weaver of an intricate tale, and *Beloved Son*, by dint more of its complexity than anything else, is a captivating book.

Earth, again, has been nuked. A new society with a typically utopian outlook has established itself under the mentor-ship of the 'Ombudsmans', aging survivors of the 'Collapse', and is policed by a black-uniformed force of sensitive, intelligent and

depressingly naive 'Security' personnel. America has turned communist, the Soviet Union is ruled by a bastard off-spring of the Orthodox Church, Great Britain, perhaps fortunately considering the fate of its contemporaries, has disappeared altogether whilst in Australia a kind of manic, iconclastic democracy flourishes. It is amid the cannibalised ruins of Melbourne that the story is set, where the first post-holocaust generation is beginning to question the wisdom of their elders.

A space-ship sent out before the Collapse returns after forty years, its multi-national crew of erudite scientists having, through some futuristic magic or other, having aged only a few years in the interim. One of them, the Commander and only Australian, seems to both his crew-mates and the rather less than exuberant welcoming committee to have been an odd choice for an astronaut. In fact, it turns out, he is the original donor and the control of a cloning experiment which was initiated by a biologist before the Collapse. His 'brothers' have somehow managed to survive the plethora of nuclear and biological ills that culled out most of humanity, and are alive and well and living secretly under a mountain in the Dandenongs. From that unlikely base they are trying, for some not toally fathomable reason, to overthrow

After that things get out of hand. Weird experiments in longevity and a potpourri of horror-fiction's favourite mutations are being carried out under said mountain, where the astronaut's mother reigns in hedonistic nudity. A Praetorian Guard of homosexual clones do her bidding, or rather try to keep her out of trouble, and it turns out that long ago she seduced the brilliant but stereogypically unworldly biologist who invented the cloning process. She keeps his remains there in a tank whilst a second generation of not quite so brilliant, but a little more worldly, geneticists try to tap his brain for useful snippets.

The surprising thing about *Beloved Son* is that Turner has managed to assemble quite a presentable plot from components which vary from the bizarre to the ridiculous. Every cliche of post-holocaust SF pops up somewhere, from telepathy to psychopathy, but the strength of the characters is such that he gets away with it - and indeed often manages to be refreshingly original.

It is the quality of writing and the excellent characterization that make the book, not its hackneyed subject matter, and I pray that it means SF authors are finally learning that being ingenious, outlandish or just plain revolting is not enough to earn them the plaudits of the literary world. I await the second volume with bated breath.

The First Bar Night of Third Term

Three Great Bands

Hey Daddys Fortunate Sons

(featuring Don Morrison)

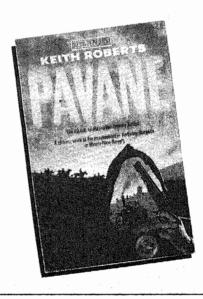
Monbulk Jamm

Monbulk Jamm

presented by ALPSA
Saturday,
14th September

Bop 'Til you Drop Adelaide Uni Bar

What if?



PAVANE

By Keith Roberts King Penguin, \$6.95 Reviewed by David Mussared

"Alternative-history fiction", as Keith Robert's curious book is billed, must be the most useless of all literary genres. Its speculative aspect is wistfully retrospective, its speculation of the human condition clouded by the irrelevancy of its context and its claim to artistic license exceedingly difficult to concede. How can any intelligent person take seriously a novel which is based on a past which never happened, on events that never took place!

And yet *Pavane*, incongruously and annoyingly, is an eminently readable book.

Roberts' world is multi-faceted and fascinatingly credible; a twentieth century England ruled, through the agency of the Inquisition, by the Roman Catholic Church. The Vatican controls the release of technology by papal bull, allowing a few new inventions to be exploited whilst withholding the patents of the majority of 'heretical' developments.

Thus a sophisticated but predominantly peasant population communicates in semaphore via network of windmill-like signalling towers operated by a secretive Guild. Another Guild monopolises transport, in the form of steam-driven road-trains, and all are presided over by a class of Norman-French aristocrats.

The trick? Queen Elizabeth the First was assassinated, according to Roberts' account, way back in 1588. Phillip the Second of Spain successfully invaded an England which had been thrown into a state of religious civil war, and gradually Roman Catholicism rooted out and destroyed the various branches of the Protestant church in Europe, America, the New World, remained under Spanish rule and "Cook planted in Australasia the cobalt flag of the Throne of Peter".

Pavane moves through six "measures", or quasi-sequential chapters, which follow a developing revolutionary trend among the clerics, artisans and the nascent bourgeosie. The technological and societal detail of Roberts' strange Great Britain is beautifully described, in language reminiscent of, but far superior to, that of D. G. Finlay's Once Around the Sun/Edge of Tomorrow series, and the character of the rustic landscape oozes from every page.

As I said, a totally useless book, but a work of rare talent nonetheless. And, given the ambiguous possibilities of the halcyon Reformation era, it could so easily have been an historical povel.

Semen Donors Required

Healthy males who are prepared to donate semen are required by the Fertility Clinic at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for use in the artificial insemination program. Prospective donors will be required to sign a form indicating that they have not had male-tomale sexual contact or have used injectable drugs of addiction. The clinic has rooms at the Medical School, Frome Road, and at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for the collection of samples. Incidental and travelling expenses of \$15 per donation are paid. If you are interested and wish to find out further details please ring 45 0222 ext.



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The Australian National University offers PhD and Master degree scholarships over a wide range of disciplines in the social, natural, and physical sciences to persons who hold or expect to hold a bachelor degree with at least upper second class honours or an equivalent qualification.

Vacation scholarships are also available in a number of Research Schools and Centres to undergraduate students who are currently enrolled and who intend to complete an honours degree the following year; such scholarships are normally tenable for not more than twelve weeks during the December-February period.

If you would like further details about any of these scholarships please write

The Registrar,
The Australian National University
GPO Box 4
CANBERRA A.C.T. 2601

Theatre Guild

The University of Adelaide Theatre Guild's season of Henrik Ibsen's acclaimed play, A Doll's House commences on Thursday, 12th September.

When the play was first performed in 1879 at the height of Victorian conservatism, it created sensational reactions in the diverse worlds of the theatre, the church, the law courts and perhaps most importantly, the home. Its themes shat-tered the 'safe' illusions of Victorian domesticity and morality. In A Doll's House, we follow the attemp-ted blackmail of Nora, a seemingly 'model' wife and her subsequent confes-

sion to her husband, a banker with a 'flaw-less' reputation. The couple are forced to examine their existence in a way not pos-sible except under crisis conditions.

Henrik Ibsen explored his characters' psychology, allowing them a degree of expression which exceeded the norm of the day. In the cloistered, romantic world of Victorian theatre, Ibsen's work struck the discomforting dischord of reality.

Guest director, Julia Tymukas, believes that the power of Ibsen's play has not diminished in the one hundred years since its first performance. The Theatre Guild's production will illustrate that lbsen's biting observations of everyday life are fully applicable in 1985.

A Doll's House

Little Theatre University of Adelaide September 12-14, 18-21, 25-28 at 8.00 pm. Book at BASS or phone 228 5999

For further information, please ring Gillian Minervini on 228 5999

Monday

Silence Club - Yoga and Meditation

Yoga, Monday, North Dining Room, 12.30 - 2.00. Meditation, Tuesday, North Dining Room, 1.00 - 2.00. Everybody wel-

Juggling Club

The Juggling Club announces that it attempts to increase the juggling capacity of the University population. We feel that basic juggling skills are essential to the maintenance of your physical and mental health. We can teach you to juggle more balls than you have hands so come along to the Games Room, Tuesday lunchtimes,

Forests or Woodchips?

Public Meeting, Tuesday September 10, 8.00 pm in the Little Cinema, Level 5,

Union Building. Audiovisual and speaker - Geoff Law

from the Australian Conservation Found-

Monday 9 September

1.00 pm. Videoscreening of Night Patrol starring the Unknown Comic in Union Bar. 1.10 pm. Activities Council meeting in Union Bar.

Tuesday

WITS (Women in Technology and Science) Assertiveness and Free Lunch

Final year women students in science or technology subjects are invited to a onehour session on increasing assertiveness especially in work situations on Tuesday 17 September at 1.10 pm in the small lounge of the Staff Club (near the top entr-

ance to the Barr-Smith).
This will be followed by discussion over a free lunch on the next Tuesday in the same place, at the same time, with members of WITS (supportive women academics in technology and science).

Please let me know in advance if you are coming, by filling in the slip below.
- Helen Meesday

(Tutor in Genetics) c/- Student Activities Office

Combined Workshop Service

Date: 17 September (Tuesday).

Venue: North-South Dining Room, Level

4, Union House.

Come and meet students from different Christian groups on campus. Listen to an inspiring speaker, Geoff Bingham on "The Grace and Forgiveness of God". It will be a great time of worship and encounter with God - close encounters of the best kind. All are invited. Admission is free.

Organised by the Overseas Christian Fellowship.

AIESEC BBQ

All economic students are invited to Belair National Park, Sunday 15th September (12.30 pm) for a BBO. Cost is only \$4, for all the food you can eat and it's BYO esky - full - and join in the skulling competitions. Tickets available Wednesday 1.00-1.30 pm, L19 (Napier). P.S. Look out for "The Missing Link".

Tuesday 10 September

1 - 4 pm. Clubsport video show best of sports around the world. Coverage includes boxing, darts, motor racing, wrestling, waterskiing, plus music. Union

6.00 pm. Science Fiction Club videoscreening of Dune in Union Bar. Free

Student notices are free on this page - so if you want a job or a place to live, if you want to buy or sell, if your club has a meeting or event coming up, then lodge your notices before 7pm on the Tuesday prior to publication. Lodge your notices in the box provided at the Students' Association Office or at On dit in the south-west corner of the

Wednesday

Cloisters.

Wednesday 11 September

Film Screenings
Wednesday Lunchtime Screenings,
Union Hall, 12.10 pm, \$2.50 students.
Wednesday September 11 - Police
Academy II (86 mins.)

1 - 4 pm. Clubsport videoscreening in

6.00 pm. Music performance in Bistro.

Student Life

Rick Thackrag, Student Life National Director, will be speaking on Jesus Christ and the Australian University, at 1 pm on Wednesday 11 September in Meeting Room 1, Level 5, Student Union Building.

Silence Club Music Meditation

There will be a music meditation group at 2.30 - 3.30 pm, Wednesday 11th September, South Dining Room, Fourth Floor, Union Building. Basically a meditation group, but will also include music, exercises and contemplation.

A.U. Microcomputing Club

Next meeting, 11 September, 7.30 pm in Meeting Room 2. Please bring a compu-

Thursday

Lutheran Student Fellowship Thursday 12 September at L.S.F. we are

discussing 'Christian Decision Making'. Come along and find out what it means.

A.U.L.S.F. meets in the Chapel (upstairs, north-west corner of the Cloisters) at lunchtime (1.10 pm) every Thursday during term for fellowship, worship, discussions and anything else we think of.

Thursday 12 September

1.10 pm. Sydney's most popular campus band *The Cockroaches* perform in Union Bar. Free. Presented by Activities Council.

Sumie (black-ink) Demonstration

Held as a part of the Japanese Exhibition. Time: September 12 (Thursday) at 1.15

Place: Loft Gallery.

All are welcome. For further information, Ring Yuriko at ex. 5167 or Vera at 5187. Centre for Asian

Friday

Friday 13 September

6.00 pm. Greg Fletcher plays the baby grand piano in the Bistro.
6.30 - 11.30 pm. Music Spectrum in the Union Bar with D.J. Brian Moon playing your favourite songs current top and old classics. Vas. he plays requests. Free to classics. Yes, he plays requests. Free to A.U. students, \$2 guests.

Saturday

Saturday 14 September 8 - late. A.L.P.S.A. Bar night with *Hey Daddyo*, *Fortunate Sons* (rhythm and blues band from Melbourne) and Monbulk Jamm. \$4 A.U. Students, \$6 guests.

Miscellaneous

Touch Football (Intramural)

As a result of the successful Touch competition in first term, the A.U. Touch Club will be running another competitition dur ing third term. Teams are five-a-side and mixed. Nomination forms and information sheets will be available in the Sports Association Office (Lady Symon Building, ext 5403). Forms must be lodged by Thursday Soptember 12 at the Sports Association Office. So get together a group of friends and enter a team in this fun sport. Note: Please leave your name and context numbers at the Sports Association. and contact numbers at the Sports Associ-ation Office if you would like to play but do not have a team.

The University of Adelaide Philosophy Club

We're presenting In Vino est Veritas. If you thought this a mere quaint expression from antiquity, come and be surprised. The 1985 Philosophy Camp will be held at the Bunkhouse of Woodside near Bridge water from Friday evening September 13 to Sunday afternoon September 15.

All are welcome for the whole weekend or for any part of it. Our charges to cover expenses are modest.

On the Application form provision is made for indicating whether you require or can provide transport. We will arrange lifts if possible.

For further details and Application

forms, see Philosophy Department Office 6th level Hughes Building, Phione 228

Share House

One bedroom available in four-bedroom freestone house in Salisbury Street, North Unley (near Parklands).

Rent \$120 p.w. between four. House fea-tures colour TV, big backyard, rain-water tank, vines, figs, lemons, walnut. New tenant must be tidy and willing to

share household expenses and duties. No vegetarians, health freaks, Leninists

or Australian Society readers.
Ring 271 0842 and ask for Mick or

Wendy.

Room to Rent

Unreconstructed Cold Warrior seeks similar to share inner-suburban house and daily Two-Minute Hate with Russian videos. Must be toilet-trained and read News Weekly.

No left-handers, cyclists or Young Ones

viewers. Contact Lord Salisbury 213 2200.

For Sale

Hewlett-Packard 41C with Math Pac Both in perfect condition, they will solve nolynomials, do integration (both Simpson's method and trapezoidal) and will solve all complex number problems. (You try working out the logs of complex numbers!) All this plus my notes on synthetic programming, all the instruction manuals and boxes. Yours for only \$320. Now this package is worth over \$500. Contact Simon Slade Law (Stud.)

Indian and Himalayan Trekking

A group of students and friends are organizing an arts, crafts, and music tour of India this summer. Part of the three and a half week tour will include a short trek in the Himalayas. The tour cost will be from \$1980.00 and we will leave January 9. For more information call Andrew Alter on

Language Tutoring
I am an experienced and qualified tutor
in the following languages: German, French, Italian, Dutch.

For beginners, advanced and high

school students (also Matric standard). \$9 per hour.

For more information please ring Marianne on 353 4199.

Photography Classes

Beginner's black and white darkroom and camera classes start again in the second week of term III. Only \$19.00 for the six week course; enquire in Union Craft Stadio, Level 4, Union Building.



TPS AT!

Some of the best, some of the worst, and a dash of the bizarre. Edited by Moya Dodd.

Like a lawyer

Pop star Madonna, creator of the music industry's belly-button-led recovery, is spending the time between singles suing a porno film company for copyright. She says they have stolen her name for their latest skin-flick.

Titled simply Madonna, the proposed movie about the Devil's mother is presumably intended to give viewers more than just naked stomachs and suggestions of naughtiness, but it has also brought upon its makers a US\$10 million lawsuit.

This from the woman who was reportedly unaffected by her recent appearances in *Playboy* and *Penthouse*.

The porno company possibly used a less-than-tactful tactic when they tried to placate her'by offering her the lead role, which she is said to have refused none too calmly.

too calmly.
Meanwhile Catholic Church
officials, asked whether the Vatican intends to sue Madonna for
using the name of one of their
biggest stars, offered Where It's

At only a polite "no comment".

The editors of the Prosh Rag, who featured a statue of the Madonna in their centre pages, are lying low, reportedly eager to avoid what threatens to become an ugly incident.



Miracles

And still on the topic of the Virgin...

thousands have been flocking to the town of Ballinspittle (what is a Ballin?) in Ireland (that explains it) in recent weeks to see a statue of the Virgin Mary which reputedly moves. Calmer heads have suggested that phenomenom is a visual trick caused by the grotto's grey background, but mere rationalism has not deterred the faithful. Even the calls for prudence and caution from various bishops, who say it takes a long time to confirm a supernatural occurrence, have failed to make an impression.

We can confirm that the Prosh Rag Madonna, stored in the murky depths of *On dit*, doesn't move an inch. Religious zealots will have to look elsewhere.

Grand Theft Virgin

As it happens, the religious relic plastered across the Rag's centre pages is of doubtful authenticity.

An unnamed Rag editor has since admitted that the statue, acquired by less than legal means from an Adelaide Church, is not the Virgin Mary at all, but rather a (tacky) representation of either St. Dominique or St. Josephine.

If you can't trust Prosh, who can you trust? At least the *News's* Madonna pin-up was the genuine article.

Bizarre Books, by Brian Lake and Michael Ash, contains the

following list of serious titles

published between 1900 and

1910. None have become clas-

sics, yet all are, in their own way,

Who could forget: Fun with

Knotting String: 141 Ways of Spelling Birmingham; The Book

of Marmalade - Its Antecedents,

History and Role in the World

Today; A Toddler's Guide to the

Rubber Industry; On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian

New

Tapeworms; Premature Burial

Guinea

Titles

memorable.

Lepers;

Fleeced?

A five-year program to teach sheep weightlifting has been abandoned after researchers concluded that sheep have "motivation problems".

The project, brainchild of Dr. A.J. Aalhus, Professor of Animal Psychology at the University of Alberta, was conceived at a seminar on Ductile Intelligence parameters, which of course is

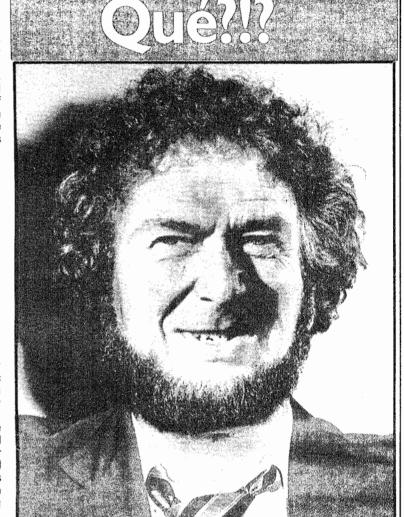


only natural. Dr Aalhus and her team then risked scientific ridicule by giving their research animals waistcoats, which they loaded up with weights.

The sheep looked as handsome as all hell but steadfastly refused to perform the much sought-for knee bends. A spokesman called the waistcoats "a failure" but is not recorded as commenting on the possibility of teaching aerobics to hens.

and How It May Be Prevented; Grow Your Own Hair; Searching For Railway Telegraph Insulators; Some Interesting Facts About Margarine; How To Boil Water In A Paper Bag; Frog Raising For Pleasure and Profit; A Lost of Stop Cocks in the Liver Building; and How to Eat A Peanut.

Others could no doubt still find a market today, but not, we think, the ones they were intended for the best part of a century ago. They include Scouts in Bondage; Play With Your Own Marbles; Flashes from a Welsh Pulpit; and The Boy Fancier.



Does this face look familiar? It should. It belongs to a US president. To help you tease out the answer, *Where It's At* will provide you with this final clue. The man rose to power in the Republican party.

No need to send in your replies. We'll publish the correct answer next week.

Coughed out

We've heard of deathbed confessions, those last words which ease the conscience when one is past the threat of earthly law but this letter defies belief.

"Dear Mr Deputy Commissioner of Taxation, For a long time in the past, I have been cheating the Taxation Depart-

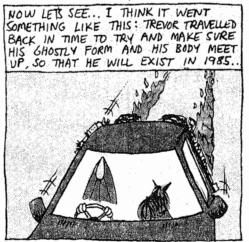
ment of large amounts of money. As I am now getting on in years, my conscience is bothering me to such an extent that I am having trouble sleeping at night. I am therefore enclosing this cash money to ease my conscience. Kindest regards, Anonymous.

P.S. If I find that I still have trouble sleeping I'll send you the balance."

THANKS FOR ALL THE CALLS AND LETTERS... BUT IM BACK ANYWAY!

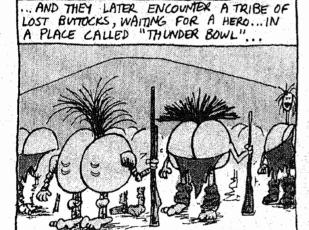


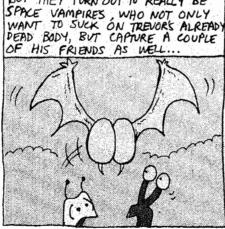






ANYWAY, THE AIR
CRAFT CRASHES
(AS IS THEIR
TENDENCY THESE
DAYS) BUT TREVOR
AND THE
REMAINING CREW,
BECAUSE THEY
WERE SITTING IN
THE TAIL SECTION,
MANAGE TO
SURVIVE THE
WRECK...





BUT THEY TURN OUT TO REALLY BE



