



RC  
378.05  
C.2  
E

Registered by Australia Post  
Publication No. SBF0274

# OnDit

VOL 54, NO. 18

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

SEPTEMBER 29, 1986



## The biggest march in years

by Paul Washington

Over 11,000 university and college students took to the streets to protest the \$250 fee last Wednesday, in the first stage of a campaign involving at least four states and over 30 campuses.

The march was the culmination of weeks of planning by student groups following the August 19th Federal budget, and was probably one of the biggest student protests of the last eight years.

About 1800 students marched in Adelaide to protest the fee, while 5000 marched in Melbourne, 4000 in Sydney, and 300 in Brisbane—the beginning of a national anti-tertiary fee campaign.

The Adelaide protesters assembled in Victoria Square and moved off shortly after midday, marching down King William Street and finishing at the steps of Parliament House.

The march was enthusiastic and animated as protesters waved placards and banners and chanted for most of its duration.

On the steps of Parliament House,

the general secretary of the Council of SA College Student Organisations, Mr Paul Richardson, waited for the "no fees" chant to die down before addressing the crowd.

He read to the crowd a number of telegrams of support received from tertiary institutions around the country, from one high school, from the UTLC, and from politicians, including the Leader of the Australian Democrats, Senator Janine Haines.

Senator Haines' telegram was addressed to "students and staff of South Australia's universities and colleges".

It read: "The so-called administration charge runs against the government's professed aim of increasing the numbers of opportunities for people of disadvantaged backgrounds in higher education.

"We [the Democrats] oppose the fee.

"Should the first step be taken to reintroduce fees in this form it is unlikely that future governments will resist the temptation to increase the amount...

It concluded with: "The proposed

charge is an attempt to reintroduce a user pays system in the funding of higher education."

The protesters were addressed by five speakers opposing the fee, including the president of the Federation of College Academics, Mr Pat Wright, and representatives from the Victoria Staff Association, the Women's Information Switchboard, the SA Institute of Teachers, and a student representative.

Mr Richardson said after the protest, that lasted for over two hours, that he and other organisers "were more than pleased" with the turnout for the march, but that further campaigning would be required to remove the fee.

"We need to look at a long term campaign against fees, concentrating on the administration fee", he said.

"We need to be looking at increasing pressure in the lead-up to the next year's budget, and we need to look at boycotting the fee.

"We need to continue student orientated action so we don't lose the support and enthusiasm.

"We've got to be able to show the government that there will be a backlash electorally."

In Sydney "between 3500 and 4000 students" took to the streets according to Ms Kiri Evans, Intercampus Liaison Officer at Sydney University, marching from Belmore Park to Martin Place.

She said the march went "better than we ever expected."

"There was a really good feeling about everything, and really sympathetic media coverage which was a bonus."

The Sydney rally was also addressed by Federation of College Academics, and Teachers Federation, representatives and by student representatives and high school students in a protest that lasted for about two and a half hours.

Ms Evans said that Sydney student organisations would be lobbying and continuing the pressure at a campus level in a campaign against the fee.

The Age reported last Thursday that about 5000 students protested

continued page 3



# A long silence is broken

by Paul Washington

A long silence was broken last Wednesday afternoon when tertiary students spoke to Adelaide to condemn the \$250 administration fee.

1800 students marched from Victoria Square down King William Street, chanting and waving banners and placards while police ensured that lanes were kept open for traffic.

A fledgling brass band - two saxophonists, a drummer and a cymbalist - kept time to the protesters' chant giving the event a curious festival air.

The march recalled the heady days of the sixties and seventies when tertiary campuses eagerly rose to support any number of glorious causes.

This protest was against the \$250 administration charge and increases to charges for overseas students.

Chanting "students say - no fees" and a variety of anti-ALP slogans the protest moved down King William Street, onto Grenfell Street, Pulteney Street and along North Terrace.

Left and Right, undergraduates and post-graduates, union members, and even a few academic staff

banded together to make a united demonstration of opposition to the Federal Government's \$250 administration charge.

At the steps of Parliament House the marchers assembled, still chanting.

The general secretary of the Council of SA College Student Organisations, Mr Paul Richardson, read to the crowd a number of telegrams from well-wishers and student groups across the country.

At the end of each, cheers and a burst of applause went up from the assembled protesters.

Speakers addressed the protesters to condemn the fee, including the vice president of the SA Institute of Teachers, Mr David Tonkin, president of the Federation of College academics, Mr Pat Wright, president of the Victorian Staff Association, Mr Nigel Wood, Ms Jill Marks from the Women's Information Switchboard, and a student representative, Mr David Addison.

Speaking last Mr Addison asked the crowd: "What do we want?"

"No fees!"

"When do we want it?"

"Now!"

And on the steps of Parliament House the chant began again.



Protesters gather in Victoria Square.

## March

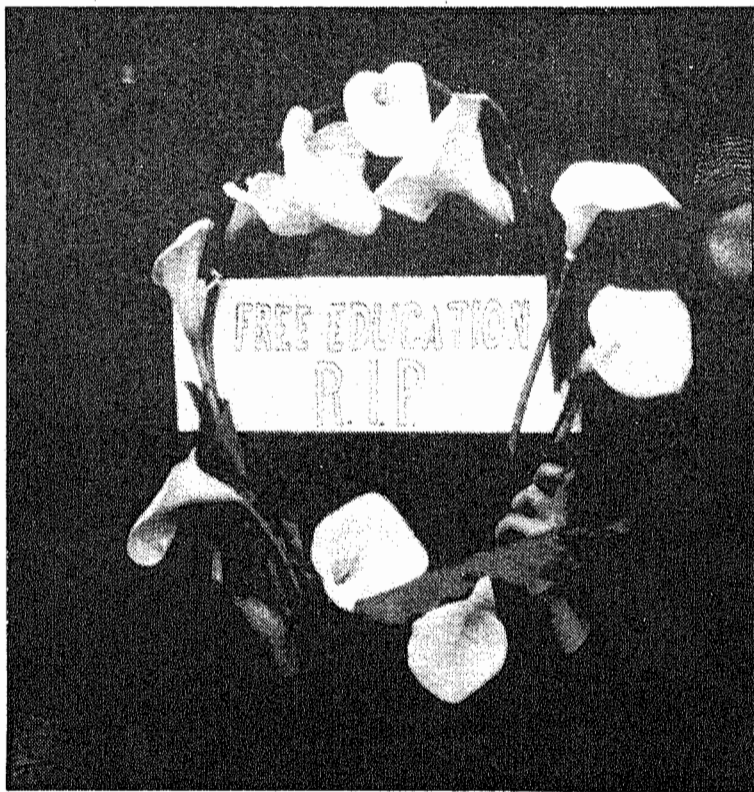
from page 1

that about 5000 students protested against the administration fee in Melbourne.

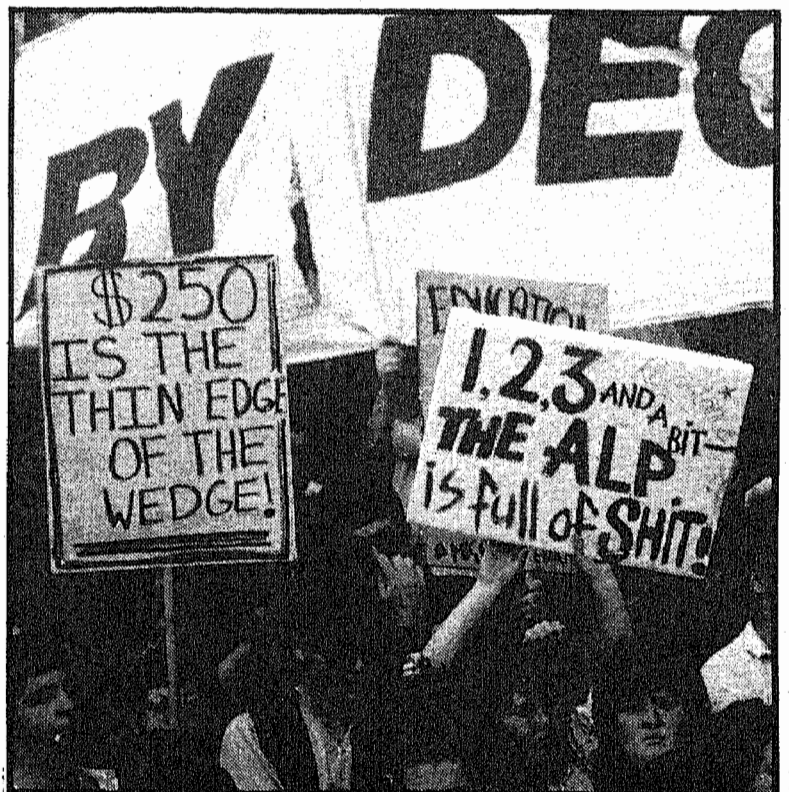
Andrew Dodd, president of the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology Student Representative Council (SRC), said that student organisers' next move would be to encourage a boycott of the fee.

However the newly elected president of the Sydney University SRC, Mr Joe Hoeky, said he did not support the idea of a boycott, an idea which is gaining wide support on many other campuses.

The problem that a student boycott would create would be that though tertiary institutions would not be receiving revenue from the fee, they would still lose the amount of funding that was cut in the last budget. A representative for a college staff group said recently that because of this a boycott could lead to students having their enrolments cancelled.



These banners made the message to the government clear.



## Parlez-vous... Australian?

So you thought that black sticky stuff every Aussie kid puts on breakfast toast was truly true blue?

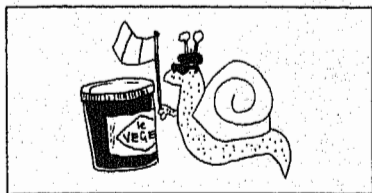
Not so, says a language expert. Vegemite may be a national symbol, but the word itself is French in origin.

Cripes! Or should one say, quelle horreur! Not content with dousing the Pacific in nuclear fall-out and turning up their noses at our wines, now the French want to claim our dinkum vocabulary.

According to the Attache for French Language and Studies at the French Embassy in Canberra, Alain Monteil, several words inextricably entwined with Australian culture are really French.

In an article in the current issue of the Embassy's information bulletin *Presence*, Mr Monteil lists words evocative of any Aussie summer...surf, tennis, cricket, barbecue...which he maintains are French.

"I thought it would be interesting to look at the origins of some of the key words of everyday use - it was a bit of a joke," said Mr Monteil, whose job it is to "market" the French language to Australians.



"Actually it is more than a joke, because I want to convey the fact that our languages are linked, and you already know more French than you think!"

He says that learning French is easy because about half of the English language is of French origin.

Cricket, for example, "comes from an old French noun describing a pointless game involving a ball and stick" and also of French origin are the words oval, bowler, ball, crease, wicket, bail and umpire.

Surf is sometimes listed as being of unknown origin, but two of Mr Monteil's dictionaries hint that it comes from the French souffler, to blow, "which is what the wind does to make waves".

It is easy to see where tennis came from: the name itself evolved among the French monarchy cen-

turies ago and the word "tenetz" or "take this" was shouted to warn opponents of an oncoming ball.

The history of barbecue is debatable, Mr Monteil concedes. Some say it comes from a Haitian word picked up by British sailors, but he of course prefers the Continental version, that it refers to a roast on a spit.

Animals were skewered through from beard to tail, or "de la barbe a la queue".

And lastly, perhaps most controversial of all, the French origin of vegemite.

Mr Monteil consulted the manufacturers, Kraft Foods to learn that vegemite was inspired by that "strange strongly flavoured spread that only the English can stand on their sandwiches". Marmite comes from the French name of the pot in which the substance is made, a "marmite" (which should be pronounced marmet).

The Australian version is made up of two French halves...it may be stretching etymology, but it is only logical, Mr Monteil ventures, to say that vegemite is actually a French word.

## Legal threat for PGSA from Board member

by Moya Dodd

The Postgraduate Students Association (PGSA) has received a threatening letter from Union Board member Hugh Martin's lawyers over an article published in the Postgraduate News last month.

The article, entitled "Background: a chronological record of the Union's deceit and surreptitious machinations", concerned the delay in replacing PGSA organiser/researcher Lance Worrall, who resigned in July.

In a letter to PGSA President Mark Leahy, Martin's solicitor's Ward and Partners, who are also Union's solicitors, demanded that a retraction approved by Martin be printed in the next issue of Postgraduate News.

It stated: "We consider that the imputation made against our client whether direct or by way of

innuendo is clear and we have therefore advised our client that the written article is defamatory (sic) to him..."

"On behalf of our client, we put to you a method in which you can appease our client... we request a retraction to be printed in the Post Graduate News..."

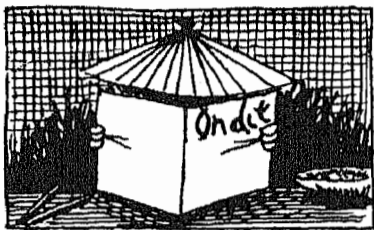
"We also point out that this letter and the action that we request that you take, does not limit any rights that our client may have against you, including instituting legal proceedings..."

PGSA President Mark Leahy said last week that they would not publish a retraction. No final decision on their actions had been taken.

The PGSA has not yet approached the Union for legal assistance but should it do so, it may not be able to use the Union's solicitors, Ward and Partners, because of a conflict of interest.

# 4 NEWS

## Korean family lawyer blames Confucius for women's status



### ASIA PACIFIC

The status of women in South Korean society is definitely inferior to that of men, according to a report by the Korean Women's Development Institute.

This is due to the fact that Confucianism, which has underpinned Korean society for over 550 years, states that man must play a dominant role in society while a woman must subordinate herself.

The Institute states that "even TV dramas have supported the conventional concept of women's patience and sacrifice for their husbands and children".

According to Dr Lee Tai-Young, South Korea's first woman lawyer, this value system not only domi-

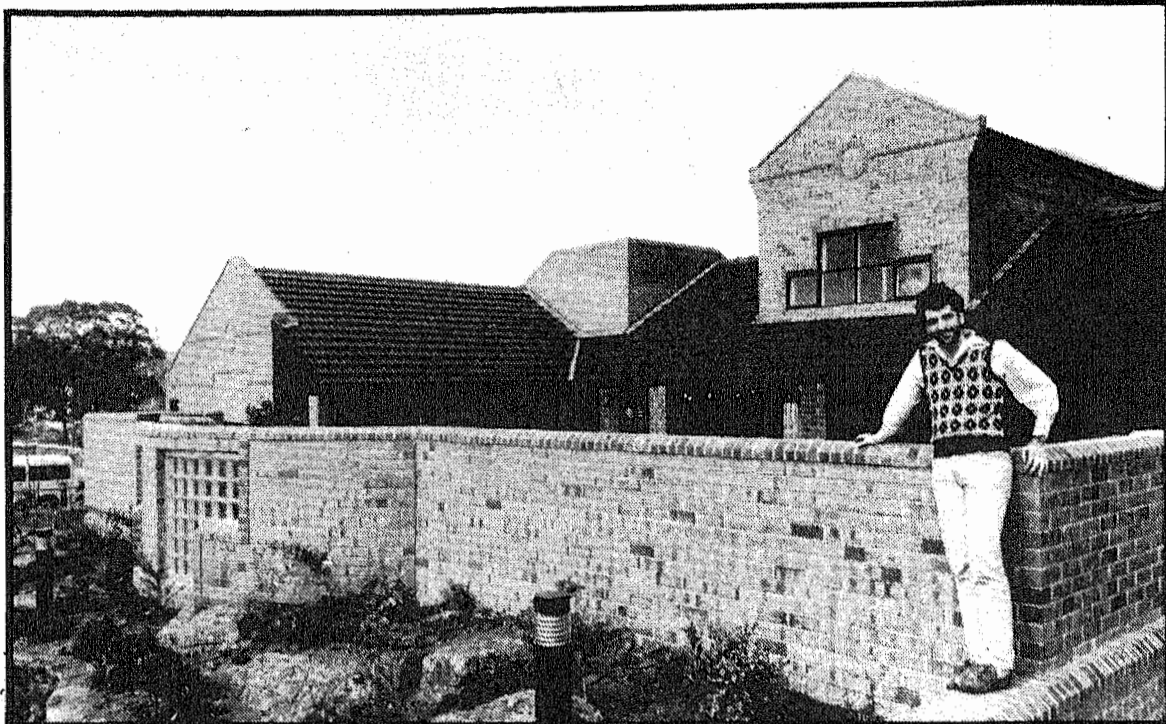
nates home life, but is also carried through into the legal system which results in discrimination in many fields. Dr Lee said that Korea's family law was the most discriminatory in Asia. The law supports the "head of the household" system with the male only being granted the right for the position, as head of the family.

Since the late 1950s, Dr Lee has been revising the family law in South Korea, trying to remove discriminatory clauses against women in the legal system.

Conventional family relationships have witnessed a breakdown in the past five years. Divorce figures doubled between 1980 and 1984, even though the divorce laws discriminate against women. This is due to the influence of urbanisation and westernisation.

The present government has announced that it will review these discriminatory clauses under the sixth Five-Year Socio-Economic Development plan in 1987, but early results are not expected.

Not even the women's liberation movement in South Korea is strong enough to counter opposition by the Confucianists.



25-year-old Architecture student Brenton Rasheed (pictured) is the proud designer of the just-finished Hallett Centenary Home at Golden Grove.

The house is the result of a design competition held by Hallett Nubrik Industry Pty Ltd and was opened by the Minister of Housing and Construction, Mr Hemmings, earlier this month.

Billed as "the home of 100 new ideas", it features an ensuite spa, courtyard, and connecting entertainment areas.

## Footy final victors still celebrating



### SPORT

The Adelaide Uni A1 Football team won its first premiership for 11 seasons recently and the celebrations haven't stopped since.

The Uni change rooms at Adelaide Oval were packed with people after the game and the champagne flowed freely as players and supporters realised the enormity of what had been achieved.

Coach John Griffen was swamped with shouts of congratulations for a magnificent achievement in his first year as Uni Coach, and, when the tumult had died down, he took the players back out to the centre square to ceremoniously set fire to Brendon Eckert's boots.

Then it was back to the Queens Head Hotel where the team was triumphantly presented to the mass of Uni supporters gathered there. Tribute was paid to all the team officials who assisted on the day and a special thought was spared for our beloved Patron Don Stranks who would have been in the thick of things resplendent in black and white scarf and deer-stalker cap. Everyone was delighted to see Caroline and Eric Stranks at the game and joining in the celebrations.

Nobody was more pleased with the victory than No. 1 ticket holder, and former Uni Parking Attendant,



The Adelaide Uni team celebrates after last week's victory

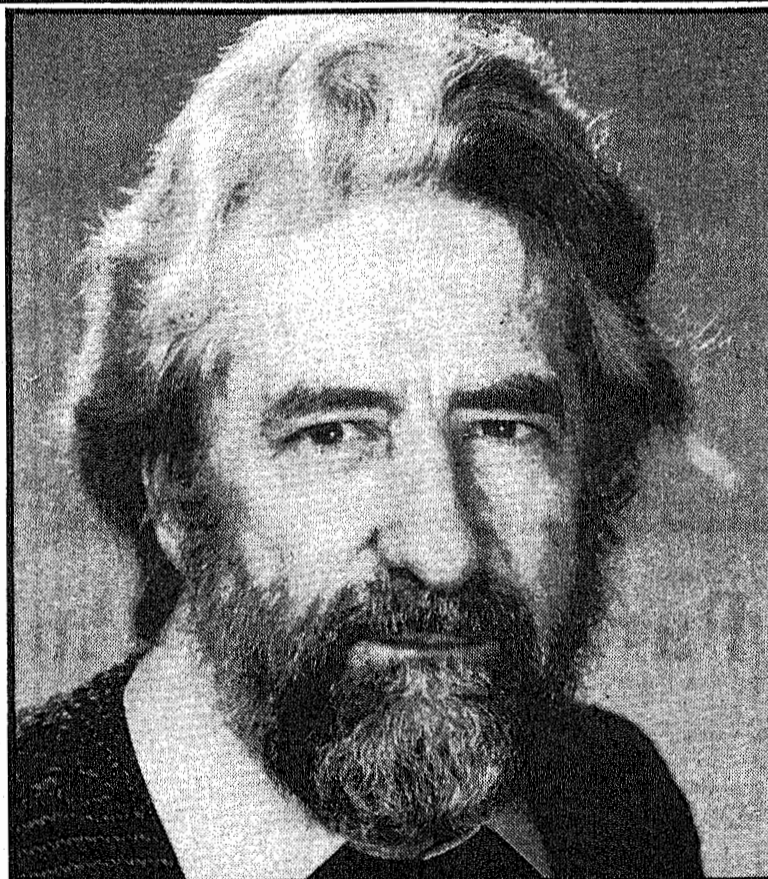
Kenny Lucas and his mate Kevin who undoubtedly passed valuable coaching tips to Griff throughout the season, and Mr and Mrs May who have been attending Uni football matches since the grandstand was built. Also Patron of "Hold-Your-Bowlies", Brian was there and still on his feet after an early start as the Grand Final Breakfast that morning where the culinary delights of Chef John Hemsburg were appreciated by all.

After three or four hours sleep it was off to Griffs on Sunday for a BBQ where champagne, beer, premiership ladders, dog shows, scoreboard signs, premiership shields, Sty Councillors, dozing

football co-ordinators and Boz Statistics, all appeared in a delightful orgy of colour and confusion.

Then late in the evening those still on their feet were off to a Disco to pump themselves up for Monday's Day at the Dover where the Grand Final Glory was relived with the screening of the pirated video of the Grand Final, courtesy of the Riverside Football Club.

Since then several players have been seen to abstain from alcohol for periods of up to 5 hours and the euphoria is just starting to ebb. Now we can't wait until September 19th 1987 when we will do it all over again.



### OBITUARY

The students of the Department of Architecture would like to express our sympathy at the passing away of Professor David Saunders

early last week. Professor Saunders was a well respected and well liked member of the Faculty by all staff and students. We will all sadly miss his invaluable work within the department.

## Karate results

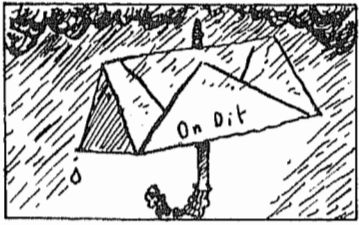
On the last weekend of August, members of the Adelaide University Karate club journeyed to Millcent for the south-eastern Invitational Karate Tournament.

Our teams first success came when Michael Smith and Tim Pattison completed the double, first and second respectively, in the combined white and yellow belt kata competition. A commendable performance was put in by Melinda Sebestyen who came fourth. Tim Pattison then repeated his previous

success by placing second in the combined white and yellow belt kumite (sparring) competition. Loc Nyguen put in a spirited performance in his first competition.

This success was quickly followed in the next kumite division. Ben Pattison and John Mena completed the double first and second respectively, in the combined green and brown belt division. The full team consisted of B. Pattison, T. Pattison, D. Egan, M. Sebestyen, L. Nyguen, J. Mena, N. Korunaratne, M. Smith.

# Third-hand Festival of Arts thrashed by VFL Grand Final



## LETTER FROM MELBOURNE

by Terence Cambridge

One of the most futile and wasteful exercises imaginable would be to attempt to stage an arts festival in Melbourne during September, the climax of this football-obsessed city's Australian Rules season.

But that, of course, is exactly what Melbourne's arts administrators have just spent the last three weeks doing.

The Melbourne arts fraternity has long suffered an inferiority complex about not having its very own arts festival.

So this year they finally gave themselves one.

Curiously enough, rather than opting for a brand new arts festival, Melbourne decided to buy a used model - and a third-hand one at that.

The Spoleto Festival, which finishes in Melbourne later this week, was founded in 1958 by the Italian conductor and composer Gian Carlo Menotti. It took its name from small town in Italy's Umbria region which was its original home.

In 1974, however, Menotti packed up his Spoleto Festival lock, stock and barrel and took it to the United States where it was adopted by an obscure town called Charleston in South Carolina.

Now Menotti has found another home away from home and has brought his peripatetic festival to culturally-deprived Melbourne,

thoughtfully including on the program two of his own operas, *The Medium*, which he describes as "a play of ideas," and *The Telephone*, which one critic described as *opera for the musically deaf*.

Spoleto's senior vice-president, a Mr. Luciano Bini, explained it to the local newspapers as follows: "Adelaide has a festival, Sydney has a festival, even Perth has a festival! What have we got? Moomba which is hardly art. Melbourne needed a festival where Melbourne's best could be shown to the world."

But, as it turned out, Spoleto has hardly managed to show Melbourne's best to Melbourne, let alone to the world.

Adelaide needn't worry about being outdone in the festival stakes by Melbourne's effort because Spoleto has been almost universally ignored.

It had all the typical ingredients of a successful arts festival: a couple of prestigious overseas orchestras; one or two world premiere performances of "challenging" new plays; a "dynamic" Spanish dance company; and a big-name star, the ageing *enfant terrible* film director Ken Russell, who directed Puccini's opera *Madam Butterfly* by setting it in a brothel in wartime Japan. But despite all this, Spoleto never really caught the imagination or even the attention, of Melbourne.

I blame it on the timing. Holding the festival in September when the whole of Melbourne is either at the footy or staying inside out of the cold was surely an act of either plain madness or deliberate sabotage - maybe the Spoleto administration was infiltrated by the iconoclastic, Picasso-pinchng Australian Cultural Terrorists.

In Melbourne, an arts festival transplanted from overseas was never going to be able to compete

for the public imagination with the football finals.

The finals, of course, were the real festival: an indigenous, passionate, mass celebration of the community's culture and traditions.

While Spoleto had the Royal National Ballet of Spain performing the Greek tragedy *Medea* (prompting one critic to declare "Frankly, *Medea*, I don't give a damn"), far more impressive classical dramas were being played out each weekend at the Melbourne Cricket Ground and VFL Park arenas before 60,000 to 100,000-strong choruses.

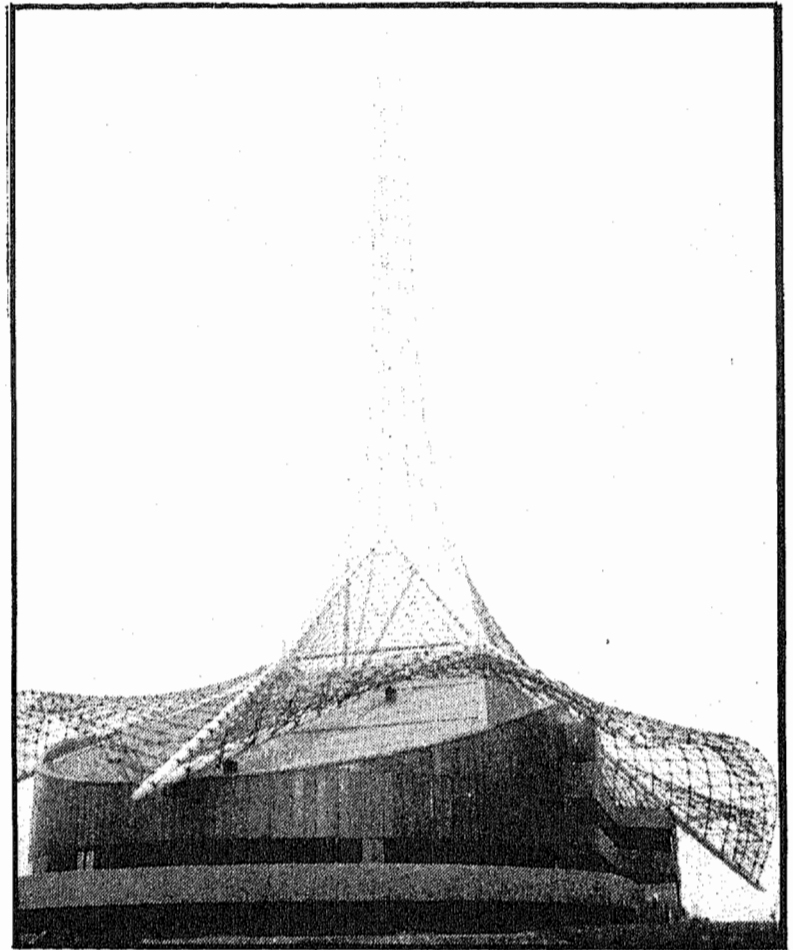
Maybe the fact that football dominates Melbourne's emotional and aesthetic sensibility so thoroughly explains why the squat, cylindrical Victorian Arts Centre has apparently been designed as a miniature replica of the MCG.

Sunday's Grand Final at the MCG between Hawthorn, the team everybody in Melbourne respects but no-one loves, and John Elliott's Carlton, the New Right of Australian football, was the final act in this year's football drama.

But for many in Melbourne the highlight of the finals was the fairytale campaign waged during the previous three weeks by the underdogs Fitzroy.

When Fitzroy was crushed by Hawthorn in the preliminary final, *The Age* gave pride of place to a quirky *cri de coeur* by Barry Dickins:

"Fitzroy, insane terrier-men; half mad-pig and half-hobgoblin; a weird hybrid, a cross-pollination of demented dingo and just a hint of redback spider; who are these charming cherubs and country boys who smile as they walk up to Madame Guillotine, who cheerfully have their heads cut off for a kick of the footy? What is the footy?"



The Victorian Arts Centre - modelled on the MCG?

"It is nothing but sustained belief in the abstract notion that life is better than death; that having a go is better than dropping your hands and allowing the grim reaper to lead you off to worse stadiums than VFL Park... A lot of us have no home or money or future; we are not beholden to moneylenders, nor are we acquaintances of entrepreneurs. We are the mugs... Fitzroy is the Phar Lap of football; a beast with a broken heart and possessed

of an antiquated attitude toward authority."

In short, Fitzroy's doomed campaign for its first Grand Final place since 1944 had everything the Spoleto Festival lacked.

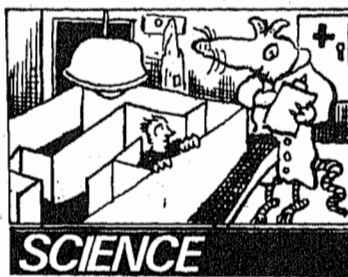
As another of Melbourne's leading football critics, Martin Flanagan, put it: "The Fitzroy challenge was as close as football could get to a people's crusade and for a few weeks Melbourne had been a brighter place for it."

## Doing the time warp



Members of the College of Blessed Herman the Cripple, otherwise known as the A.U. Society for Creative Anachronism, gave this display of fighting, chivalry and grace last week on the Barr-Smith Lawns.

## The Age of software shoes



### SCIENCE

by Mark Douglas

From the United States (where else?) comes yet another insane and expensive item of apparel for the fashion conscious.

Scientifically designed to provoke maximum mirth and ridicule, Puma Shoes America has come up with a must for the Yuppies. Computerised running shoes. No folks,

this isn't a bad sequel to the old Walt Disney movie "The Computer Who Wore Tennis Shoes", but an honest to God, as sure as I'm standing here, stupid invention!

If you've got a fast \$US200 not doing anything you can buy a pair of these marvels. Your money will buy you a pair of running shoes complete with an extra box shaped heel, a 45-page user's manual, a three-foot hook-up cable and software (no, computer-phobes, software doesn't mean socks or padded underwear).

The proud owner then simply slips these on and performs the heel-computer to determine the wearer's average jogging pace and motion style.

The enthusiast can then remove his sweaty shoes and plug them straight into their personal computer. It will duly print out how far the jogger went and how long it took. It will also tell how many kilojoules have been burned.

It is believed that the original plans for the shoes included a capacity to play the theme from *Rocky* when the wearer was sprinting and the funeral march for slower runners.

The idea was abandoned however because the manufacturers thought that such frivolity would tend to make the consumers feel foolish - whereas wearing computerised running shoes would not. Obvious really!

## The 'Tiser vs the MFS



### MEDIA MINDER

by Moya Dodd

Just how much is your Advertiser worth?

Rather a lot, it would seem, if the

recent actions of the Metropolitan Fire Service are anything to go by.

The Advertiser last week decided to end the time-honoured tradition of free newspaper deliveries to the emergency services, such as the police and the fire brigade, much to the chagrin of the boys in red at the Wakefield St. station.

The firemen, whose salaries range from \$24,000 to \$43,000, were apparently so upset by the prospect of having to pay for their daily ration of half a dozen papers that those in the communications sec-

tion threatened to withhold information from the Advertiser if it was axed.

Needless to say, after two days our fearless morning broadsheet, displaying all the grit and fight we are used to seeing, backed down and restored deliveries as before.

But the firemen don't get it all their own way. After all, they do have eight weeks annual leave in which they must buy their own 'Tiser, and one assumes that during the rest of the year, it is subject to the new fringe benefits tax.

# Post-graduates and the Union: let's act together

Mark Leahy  
President, P.G.S.A.

Although we are all part of the same academic community and despite the similarities which may exist between us, there are a number of important differences between postgraduates and undergraduates. That is not to say that either type of student is better than the other - simply that differences exist which provide the two groups with different sets of advantages and problems, both requiring specialised representation at the level of student politics.

One essential difference is the fact that postgraduates - on the whole - spend their time producing research, rather than consuming it. According to the Hills-Johnson Report, up to 75% of research at universities in Australia is performed by postgrads. As such, the distinctions between postgrad and academic are not as defined as that between undergrad and academic. Postgrads inhabit the shadowy, purgatory world between student and staff. Indeed, for many the distinction is further blurred by the fact that they perform that other task of the academic: teaching.

Yet, though we perform necessary and innovative research, as well as teaching, we are far from the realms of academic salaries. Those lucky enough to be on Commonwealth scholarships exist below the poverty line. We are also vulnerable to exploitation, being a diverse group, dispersed throughout the University, having little contact with other postgrads. Indeed, a major problem for postgraduates is that of isolation. Also, the Student Union, while it ostensibly acts in the interests of all students - and it



Mark Leahy, PGSA President

often does - is comprised predominantly of undergraduates, who have little or no knowledge of postgraduates. The University Administration recognises the distinction between the two groups, and the need for separate representation, when it requires both undergrad and postgrad representatives on its committees.

I am not suggesting that there is anything inherently wrong with the SAUA - I am not attacking the Union in any way. I am simply saying that postgrads have separate and specialised problems and interests which require an effective organisation set up to meet those needs.

This is where the PGSA comes in. It is also what makes the PGSA's organiser-researcher a valuable and necessary asset to postgrads. The OR is the only paid officer of the PGSA - all the rest, including

the President, are volunteers. Deprived of our OR, as we have been during the last 12 weeks, while the Union subjects us to a drawn-out review, we are inefficient and unable to meet the needs of the University (which often calls upon us for advice) and of our members.

We hope that the matter will soon be resolved - after much fighting and lobbying and consultation upon the PGSA's behalf. There are members of the new Union Board who are more sympathetic and understanding of postgraduate needs and it is hoped that they will respond to the present crisis of postgraduate research-organisation support in a way which reflects this sympathy and understanding.

Then we can begin to act together, as a community, rather than as separated and polarised groups, working against each other.



**Deadline for letters to the editors is 12 noon on Wednesdays prior to publication. All letters must be signed and include the author's telephone number. Pseudonymic letters must include the author's full name. Letters may be edited for legal reasons, or for reasons of clarity or limited space. Please keep letters concise.**

## In defence of the fee

Dear Editors,

The generalised report of the GSM on the Admin Fee has not adequately represented reasons for the acceptance of the fee by myself and other students.

Firstly there is no such thing as 'Free Education'. It is and always has been 'Taxpayer Funded'. Once this has been recognised, the question must be asked "Is it fair that the average person earning \$18,000 per year should subsidise the University students who will easily surpass earnings of \$18,000 and quite likely earn double that amount?"

Middle and Upper Class Welfare is the stated objective of no political party though it is the effect of Taxpayer Funded Tertiary Education as all the surveys of the Socio-Economic mix of Students at Tertiary Institutions confirm.

An up front payment imposes hardship on many students and can act as a barrier to entry. This problem is one of the "method of payment" rather than the payment itself. The introduction of a Graduate Tax would allow the fee to be paid over a period, beginning five years after the completion of one's course. This allows the fee for Tertiary Education to be levied at the same time as the person gains the benefits of their Tertiary Education. As it is levied as a

fixed percentage tax surcharge, it will not impose an unbearable financial burden no matter what one's circumstances become.

A Graduate Tax recognises the benefit gained by the student from their education, restores welfare to being the province of only those in need and does not discriminate by placing the burden on the students when they can least afford it.

Secondly the Students' Association stand in opposing the Admin Fee and not the compulsory payment of the Union fee is hypocritical. Both fees are of equivalent sizes and must be paid to study at Uni. Logically they would both then provide the same barrier to entry. In fact it would seem more responsible to oppose the payment of the Union Fee then the Admin Fee as most students come to Uni for an Education which can be achieved without the subsidising of refectories or of unused craft studios, but can't be achieved without Administration.

Hugh Martin



David Walker (left) and Hugh Martin, student and board member of the PGSA, discussed the fee.

## Students condemn the fee

A General Student Meeting in the Main Refectory last Wednesday passed a motion condemning the Government's administrative fee proposals and calling upon the Government to withdraw the Bill introducing the fee. The meeting was attended by just over 100 students, and at one stage, just before voting took place, a question count, and then a resolution, was required. A GSM requires 100 people for quorum.

The motion was passed by a vote of 114 to 10. Speakers against the motion, David Walker and Hugh Martin, were invited and invited when they finished speaking.

The meeting is the first stage of a campaign opposing the \$250 fee. A general meeting will be held this Wednesday from 8 to 10 in the Senate Chamber, Parliament House.

The GSM debate centred around fear that the administrative fee will be increased beyond 100 students over the next few years, and the strain that paying the fee will be for students on benefits.

Parliamentary Secretary Walsh's 1986 proposal of a fee of \$4,000 was voted and read as an argument against the administrative fee, while the speaker, David Walker, argued that \$250 represented only a single percentage of the cost of a year's education.

**RESEARCH OFFICER [P.G.S.A.]**

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION  
ORGANISER RESEARCHER

(Part-time - vicinity \$17,000 per annum C.O. 5.)

The Adelaide University Union is seeking to employ a Researcher to carry out work for an affiliated organisation, the Postgraduate Students' Association (P.G.S.A.).

The P.G.S.A. represents the interests of over 1,200 postgraduate students at Adelaide University and is a highly effective and highly regarded representative body on the higher education scene both within the University and nationally.

The Organiser Researcher is the prime resource of the P.G.S.A. and is expected to:

- initiate research and assist in policy formulation
- prepare a regular newsletter
- plan and co-ordinate campaigns on major issues affecting postgraduates
- take a high profile in relation to the University's decision-making system

It is a part-time position for up to four days a week and would ideally suit a person undertaking postgraduate studies.

The Adelaide University Union is an equal opportunity employer.

Written application should contain education, work experience and personal details and be addressed to: Mr. Robert Brice, Secretary/Manager, Adelaide University Union, North Terrace, ADELAIDE, S.A. 5000. Applications close: 13th October, 1986.

**ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION**

# SICH: bridging the welfare gap

Is your course preparing you to work in the health or welfare fields?

Should it be? Yes, and Student Initiatives in Community Health is a national student body which is trying to change courses to really educate students, in the mean time SICH attempts to fill the gap between health/welfare courses, and reality.

It was initiated by medical students in 1975, and during the last decade SICH has spread to all states of Australia. It incorporates students from a wide variety of disciplines. A.U. SICH organises workshops and seminars on topics such as RSI, manic depressive psychosis, irradiation of food, etc.

A Vacation Placement Scheme, with some funding from State and Federal Governments evolved and has been highly successful. This scheme co-ordinates the placement of students in community health/

welfare settings for a four week period during vacation time. The limited funds are available to assist students with expenses such as travelling.

SICH encourages students to take some responsibility for their own education. Students have the opportunity to use their initiative, and to express their own ideas in their placements and with the campus club.

There will be a SICH gathering for all interested people at 5.30 pm Friday 3rd October 1986 in the Gallery, 6th floor, Union Building. Representatives from some participating organisations, and previously placed students will be there. There will be food and beverages available. For further information leave a note in the AU SICH pigeon hole in the Clubs Association or ring Deb Taylor on 263 4323 or Ceridwyn Owen on 344 7530.

## Why I can't move to Cuba

Dear Editors,

If I like Cuba so much, I should save up and move there, seems to be the gist of a letter of 8/9/86. This simplistic idea fails on two major counts. Firstly, moving to Cuba would not change the political, social and economic system in Australia that makes me yearn for more justice. Leaving the country, or even moving to the bush to some hippie commune, is little more than a cop-out and an avoidance of one's responsibilities to speak out and act against injustice. Moving overseas would not stop aboriginals dying in police custody. It would not eradicate leprosy or petrol sniffing. It would not prevent people like Alan Bond or Holmes-a-Court expropriating hundreds of millions of dollars from the workers in Australia (and overseas, for that matter). It would not address the lack of the right of free association in this country, which was further restricted with the BLF derecognition bill.

To address these problems, and the many, many others present in this capitalist society, one must struggle to learn, educate and affect change. This is best done in an organised way, in league with others of similar persuasion, by becoming active in a political party. The party to join should be one that raises and discusses the problems presented us, and that proposes solutions and directions. The party not to join is one such as the Liberal Party or the ALP that is a part of the problem by working to maintain the system of exploitation that we labour under.

But there is a second, less moral reason why I can't pack my bags for Cuba. Because Cuba is the only country in Latin America with a comprehensive system of social security, no unemployment, free health and education, cheap rent, and a growing economy, many people in Latin America would also like to move there - far more than the small island could accommodate. For that reason, immigration into Cuba is restricted. Cuba is living proof that there is life after capitalism and that it is more just, more free and a whole lot more rational.

Peter Sobey  
Mechanical Engineering

**The Phoenixian Restaurant**

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

TUES - SUNDAY  
12 - 2.30  
DINNER 5 pm  
CLOSED MONDAY

**THE CURRY QUEEN**

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

## The fight against the fee

The 1800 turnout at the anti-fees rally last Wednesday was larger than expected, but still represents less than 7% of university and college students in Adelaide.

While the marching, banner-waving and slogan-chanting was a happy reminder of days gone by for some, and a new experience for others, one disappointing aspect of the rally was the tendency of some speakers and sections of the crowd to alienate other demonstrators.

Those who went to private schools for example, came in for some insulting treatment because of their advantaged background.



While demonstrators may object to the lack of opportunity for those from less privileged backgrounds, they, the organisers and the speakers would do well to remember that most university students, at least at Adelaide University, have had the advantage of a private education.

These are the people upon whom the success of the anti-fees campaign depends. To alienate them on the grounds of their background is to eat away at the support for the campaign.

A successful campaign is going to require numbers and unity of purpose. If the organisers lose either of these they will inevitably fail, and in this context they must be prepared to put political differences to one side and concentrate on those things which will unite students in their objection to the fee, not divide them over background or political conviction.

Anti-fees campaigners would do well to bear this in mind. To overturn a decision of a government which decides first and consults later they are going to need all the help they can get.

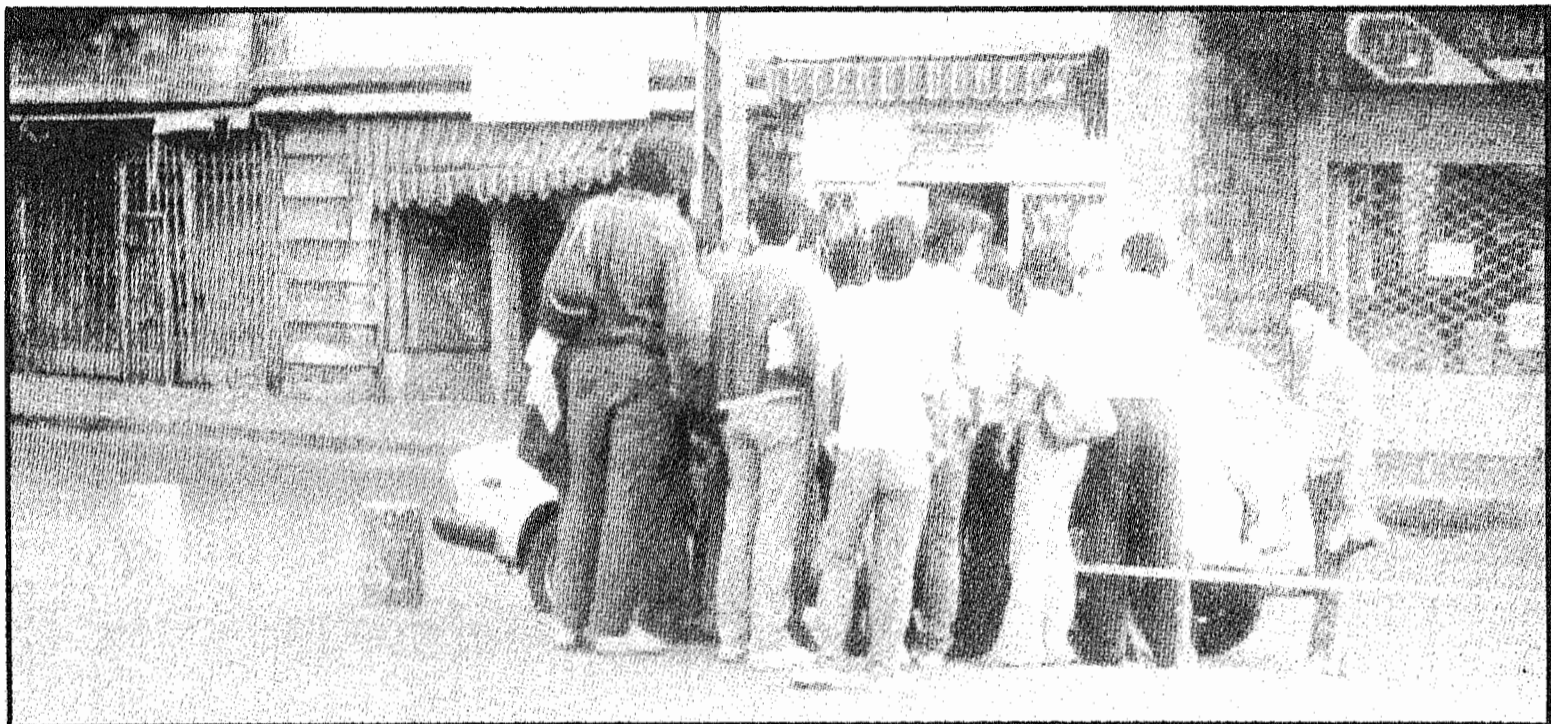
Moya Dodd  
Paul Washington

# South Africa's friend and ally

### FORUM

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

This week **ANDREW SANDFORD** argues that the relationship between Israel and South Africa is one which threatens the effectiveness of the proposed international economic boycotts.



West Bank Palestinian labourers bargain for work with a Jewish employer in Jerusalem

South Africa has an ally. A friend, which shares much in common with it, and which is capable of undermining the effectiveness of proposed international economic boycotts.

The spotlight on South Africa has shown the world the shadow of apartheid in that country. Less publicised, however, is apartheid created in the Middle East - the segregation of Palestinian Arabs and Jewish colonialists in Israel. This is a view expressed on both sides of the political fence. Hendrik Verwoerd, former South African Prime Minister put it bluntly, "Israel is an apartheid state". Bishop Desmond Tutu, on the other hand, has refused numerous invitations to visit Israel because, he said, the regime on the West Bank is akin to apartheid.

Both states are based on notions of racial superiority. In Israel's case, Zionism, considered by the United Nations General Assembly (resolution 3379) as a form of racism, is the underlying ideology responsible. Zionism must not be confused with Judaism however. It is a fact that half the white population imprisoned in South Africa in protest against apartheid are Jews.

The social structures of South Africa and Israel show striking

The Israeli economic infrastructure, such as organisation of the workforce, shows strong resemblance to South Africa's. The 1948 expansionist war drove 90% of the Palestinians from their land, and their villages and farms were destroyed. This created a large class of landless peasants whose labor is exploited in the industrial and domestic sector. The numbers were swelled after the 1967 annexation of West Bank and Gaza Strip.

In these occupied zones the disenfranchised population forms the basis of a migrant work force (90,000 - 15,000 people, about 10% of the total population) which commutes into Israel proper, although the people may not stay there overnight. This situation parallels that found in South Africa.

The migrant workers receive a third to a half the rates of pay that Jewish citizens receive for comparable work. Migrant workers must obtain registration, however, because numbers are limited, and due to high unemployment (30% in West Bank, 1985) many must work

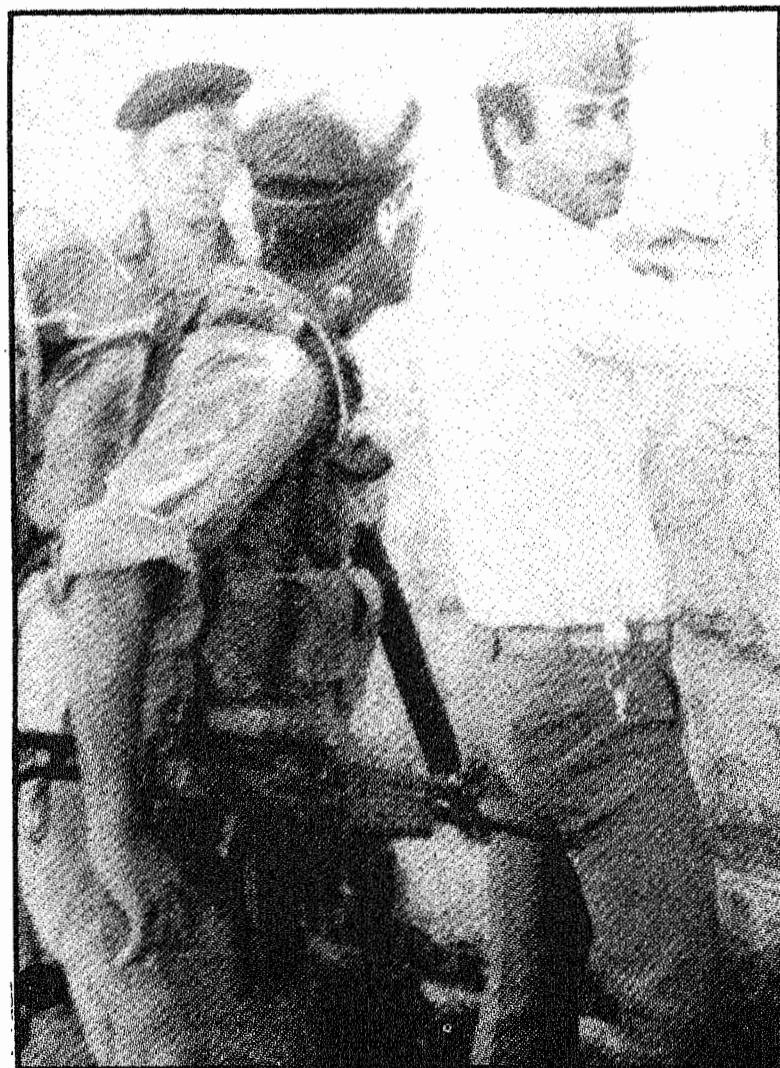
occupied zones) or are not permitted to enlist in the Defense Forces.

Political repression in Israel has many features of the South African experience. Whereas blacks can be imprisoned, without charge, for 14 days, and rearrested immediately; Palestinians can be imprisoned without charge for 18 days, and rearrested immediately. Both amount to continual imprisonment without trial. It is illegal to display both the flag colours of the A.N.C. and the Palestinian colours.

The similar situations of both countries has led to mutual recognition of common interests, and this has led to close diplomatic, economic, and military exchanges. Israel in 1968 formed an Israel - South Africa Friendship League, whose first president was Meinahem Begin himself. In South Africa, it's equivalent, the Man-to-Man committee, was formed, whose first acts were to arrange a meeting between Pik Botha and Israeli Ministry. Since then diplomatic exchanges have continued.

Similarly, trade between the two nations has been increasing in the past decade. Israeli exports were valued at \$(US)28.7 million (1974) to \$(US)104 million (1984). According to the Israeli Trade Attaché in South Africa, 600 companies are involved. South African imports show similar values, mostly of steel and coal. Furthermore, by 1984, Israel was the second largest provider of new investment to South Africa (Haárete, 6/7/85).

More problematic, however, is the use of Israel as a conduit for South African exports. Semi-finished products are sent to Israel where they are finished, given "Made in Israel" labels, and shipped to the USA or EEC (where they also receive 40% trade discounts). In February 1985, a South African delegation led by Finance Director General, Joop de Loor, discussed expanding South African



Israeli troops detain an Arab worker in occupied territories

credit to Israel in return for Israel's re-exporting of South African goods to the USA, bypassing proposed boycotts. The resulting Free-Trade Agreement between the two nations is an effective loophole for any economic boycott of South Africa.

Perhaps there is something we can learn from all this - the failure of

single-issue media responses to truly deal with a situation. After all, the attention on apartheid in South Africa was perhaps only generated when it began to threaten the existence of the status-quo. The media's "ethical stance", (is revealed as) another "issue" for public consumption, whilst 'inconvenient' issues go unnoticed.

**"The migrant workers receive a third to a half the rates of pay that Jewish citizens receive..."**

parallels. All citizens of South Africa are classified according to their skin colour, or "racial background". Similarly, after the first Israeli expansionist wars in 1948 identity cards were issued which distinguished Jewish citizens and non-Jewish citizens. In 1967 after the annexation of the West Bank, Gaza Strip and Jerusalem, another set of identity cards were issued which distinguished citizens as non-Jews and citizens of the occupied zones, without the full rights of Israeli citizens.

illegally. Consequently half the population of Palestinian men from the occupied zones have been arrested at sometime in their life, comparable to three-quarters of South African men arrested in similar circumstances.

Social Security Benefits are not only restricted to full Israeli citizens, but also eligibility is greatly dependent on participation of a family member, or even a close relative, in military service. This precludes Palestinians, who are either not full citizens (in the

# We that have done and thought

by Jessica Tascher

*We that have done and thought...*

W.B. Yeats

Slipped and drowsy he opened the door, as every morning, to see the day and greet his god. Time showed in the lichen on the sheltered side of the stone hut and in the countenance of the dog who stood at his side. She was the third to stand in the early light with the old man. The first had been adopted as a stray, the second accepted as a tribute to the first. This one came as a matter of course.

Turning from streaked winter he shuffled into the single room to kindle an awakening fire and push a kettle over the new flame. Not quite disturbed brown blankets pulled up and tucked in, clothes carefully hung on nails in the wall, the leather chair cleared of papers and dusted. He moved to the oak table, scrubbing its stained surface and poor scant dishes with the same indiscriminate rag. Slowly round the floor he swept, bending bitterly against the rack of his age to scoop dirt into the hearth. The routine never altered - only lengthened or shortened as the seasons revolved.

His ablutions tended in a corner near the door, he threw the sullied water outside and manoeuvred close to the fire, sitting awkwardly for the sake of arthritis. Even the chipped cup was difficult to wield; twisted hands, knuckles swollen to

time in grateful obscurity. The old man sat silent and drank his tea. Finished, he levered himself out of the chair and picking a battered coat, scarf and hat from the nail row called the dog. They left the door closed but not latched.

W.B. Yeats died on the 28th of January 1939. The old man had been approaching middle age then. From the first anniversary of death he had walked to the grave to show his respect. So too today.

**"Word by word he wrenched a poem from his memory and recited to his companion..."**

Watching the slow plod of one foot in front of the other he felt each step jar through old joints. Mud and sand lapped together on the ancient track, conceiving a melting world as water swirled in rivulets toward the sea.

The old dog walked intent, as old in her life as the scarecrow at her side. Scarf and coat clung to the old man's labouring chest as the wind ripped past trying to pull the few remaining hairs from under his crushed felt hat. Word by word he wrenched a poem from his memory and recited to his companion. But the dog walked on unheeding, head to the wind, coat plastered to her body.

There are seven miles from the bay on Ross Point, where the old man's shed stands, to the church in Drumcliff where Yeats lies under grey marble. The old man died at the end of the fourth. Tiredness took him suddenly, pushing him to the ground, leaving him dead before the mud soaked his trousers. Rain spattered into his open mouth, dribbled into his ears while the path flowed round him spilling over his fingers and seeping into his shoes - earth reclaiming the insensible mortal coil.

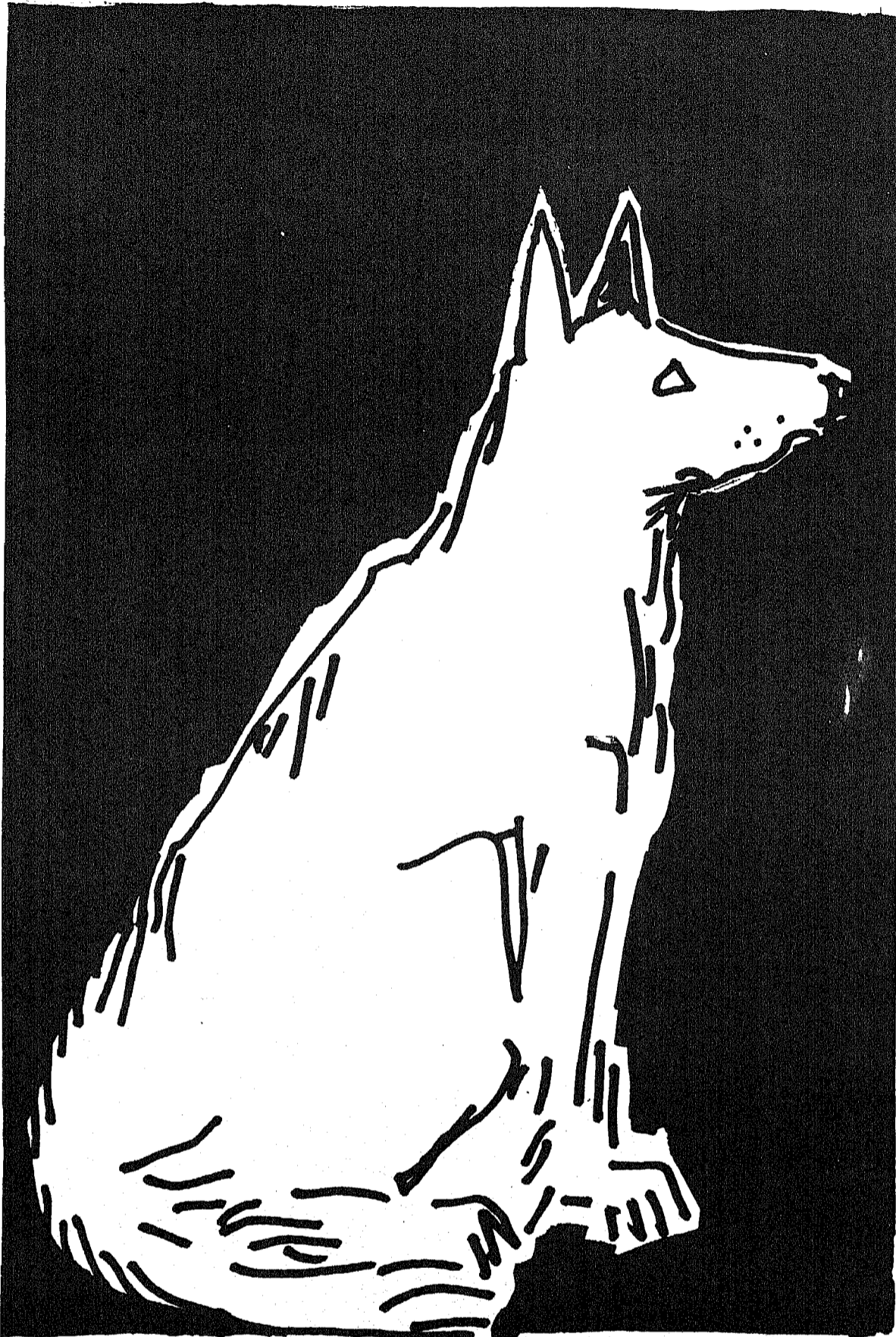
The dog knew death. She knew she was alone and no-one would come for either of them. She curled close to the old man's cold face and buried her nose in the collar of his coat.

A fisherman found them. The man and the dog, stiff and cold and dead...unmourned together. Two lives split thin upon the ground.

**"Turning from streaked winter he shuffled into the single room to kindle an awakening fire..."**

the size of walnuts, clutched stiffly at the slippery enamel. When he pissed he used a stick to hold the thin trickle of urine away from his body because he could no longer grasp the shrunken member. His clothes and body smelt of brine, it was easier to fetch water from the sea - than haul it from the field.

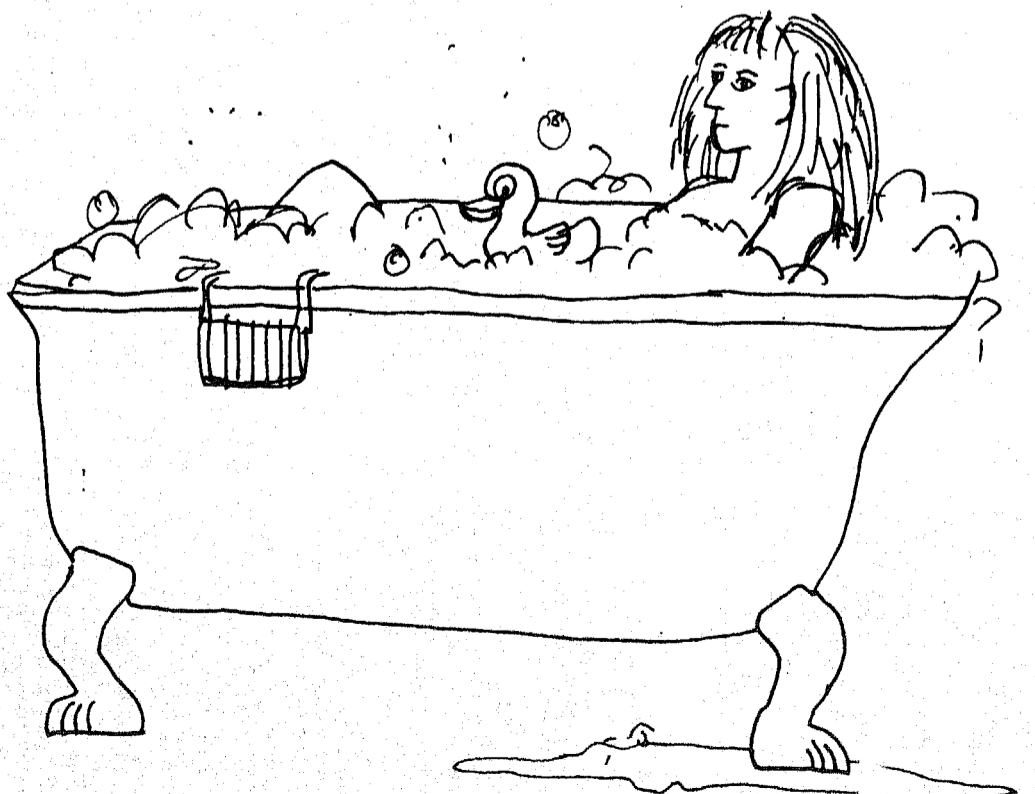
He poured some of the pale, milky tea for the dog. Drops dripped down the wall mingling with the dried remains of a thousand other dog-bowl splashes. The windows, grown grey and lined as they aged, kept these and all other ravages of



## TO A GIRL IN A BATH

You fell in love  
 With a tongue that could pronounce a French dessert  
 You fell in love with a crisp English shirt  
 And you learned to drink labels and wear price-tags  
 And you learned the litany of racehorses and summer residences  
 But you could not learn  
 To forgive a kick in the head  
 Even if the shoe were Italian  
 Or a poke in the eye  
 Even if the glove were English  
 Will the ambulance go faster for a hyphenated name?  
 Try binding your wrists with an old school tie.

Christopher Heffernan

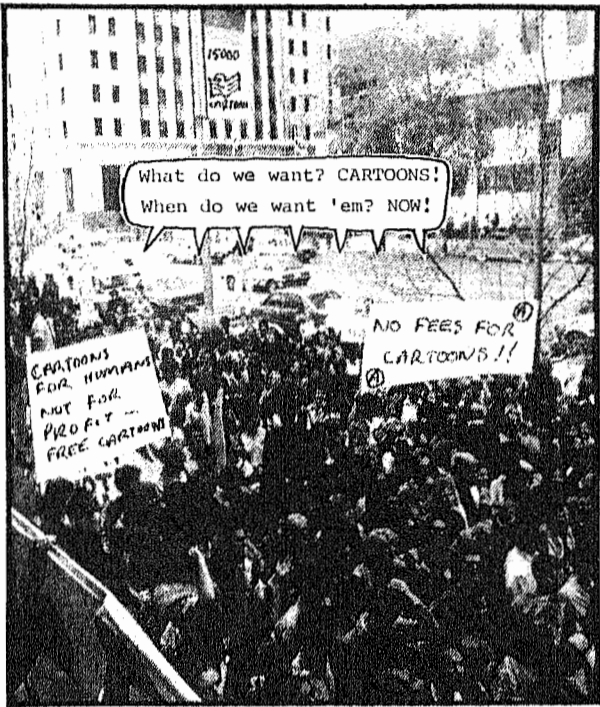
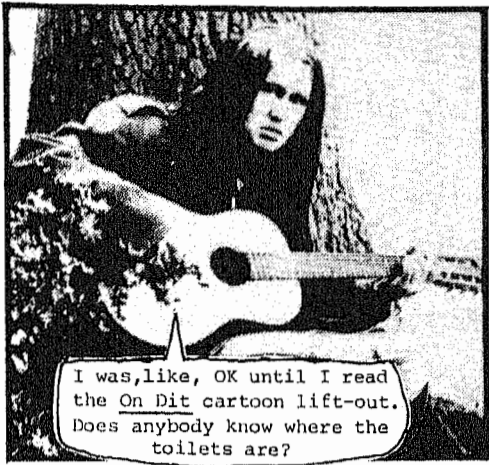




On Dit's cartoonists present

# 1986

through their eyes

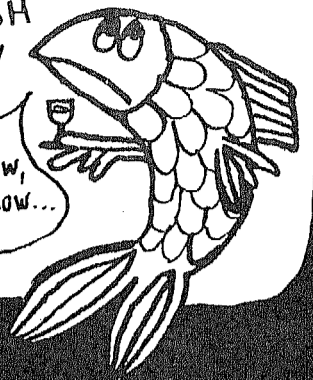


# Jonquil the Fish meets FREDDY LOWENSTINE and his Amazing Tumbling Volkswagons with Uncle John's Aphids for Peace

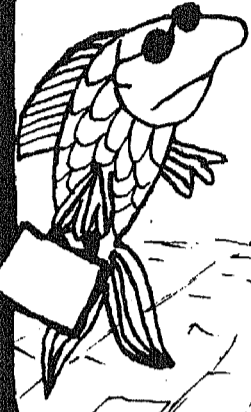
BUMPER TRIVIAL EDITION

OR 1986 THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT STILL IS

with MORE IN JOKES THAN YOU CAN THROW A FISH AT!



It is well into third term and Jonquil, Fish student at Adelaide University decides that it is about time she attended a lecture...  
... pity she got distracted...



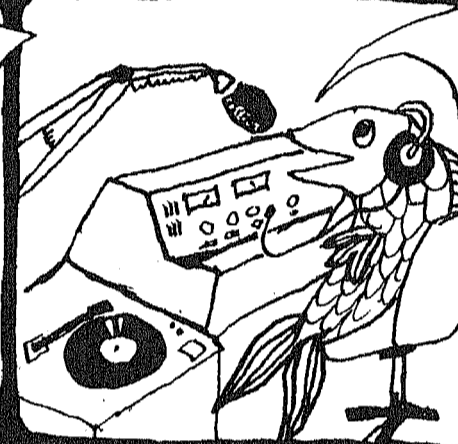
You're such good friends, rescuing me from that lecture. How can I repay you?  
Come to the APHIDS FOR PEACE Annual Night out, Jonquil!



Oh wow, how am I ever going to become as credible as you are?  
go out and crash the car, darling...  
Oh, lordy...

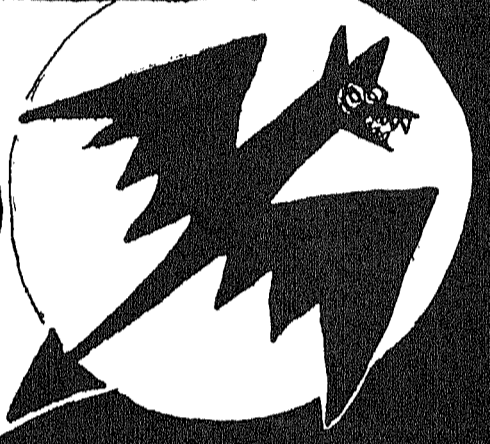


BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKSIES  
Life is oh so difficult for the academic fish in 1986...

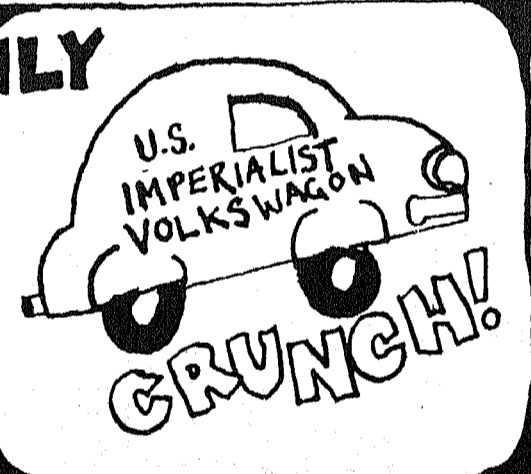


yeh! That's right, kids! If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again...  
Now for a song by Freddy Lowenstine and the Amazing Tumbling Volkswagons - Art Punks on Hype!

What was that?  
That was an inkspot that metamorphosised into a bat and flew away with the story line  
Oh! did we have one?



SUDDENLY  
Oh, here we go again



Jonquil finally regained consciousness...

Where am I?  
Relax! It must have thought you were an Arab state...

The shock of being bombed for no logical reason has transported your being into second term... again... your name isn't Libya, is it?

AND GUESS WHAT WEEK IT IS, KIDS...

Noble as ever, Jonquil decides to run for the position of persons officer with the 'complete and utter, nasty bastard party'

Hi! I'm Jonquil Fish and I'm running for persons officer on the Bastard Party ticket

Naff off! You're a right wing communist liberal with no dress sense and you're being funded by the K.G.B...

Oh! Am I? Thankyou for informing me...



But life is not all defamation for little Jonquil... there's Parties...

Gee, Jonquil! I think that sitting in the hosts bathtub is the best way getting thrown out of parties were found yet!

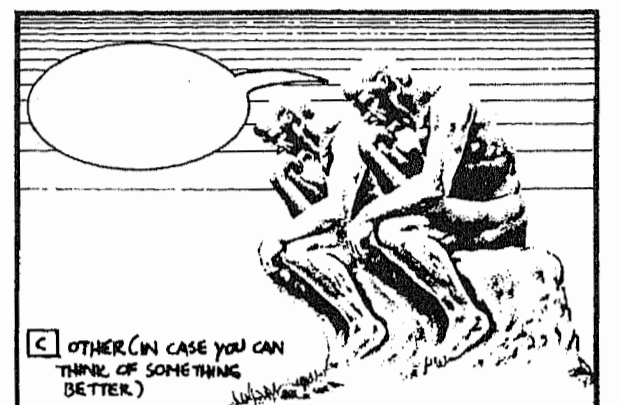
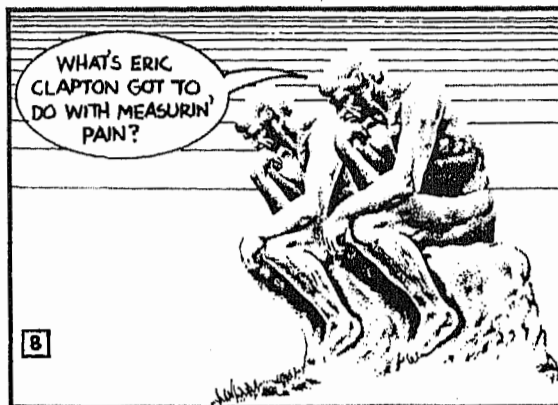
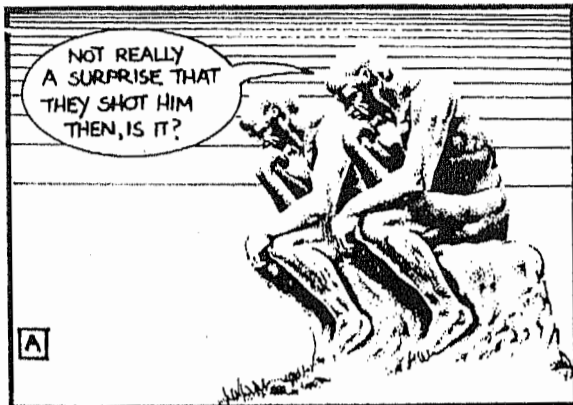
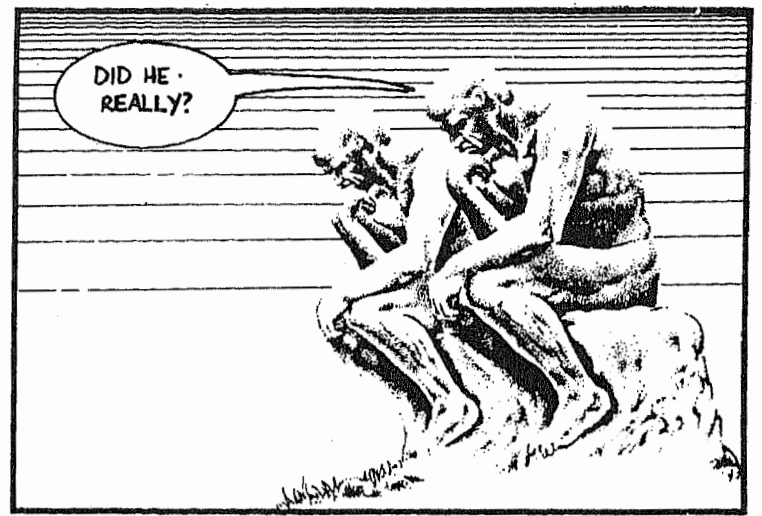
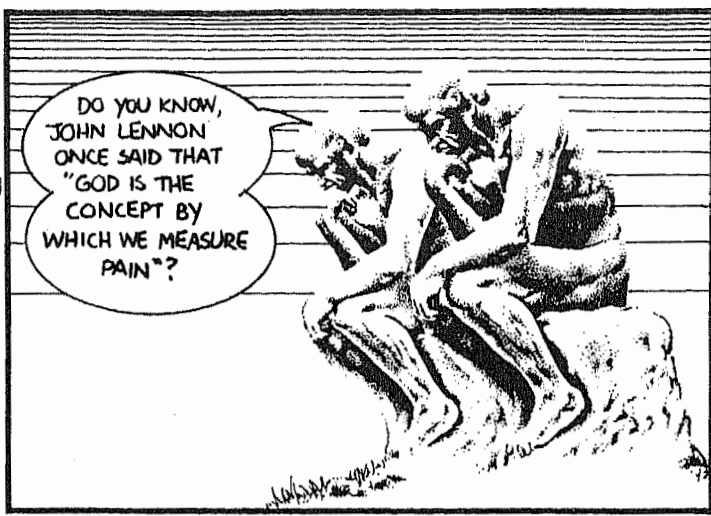
Coffee Shops...

And if you're still enrolled by third term - Exams...

Strange girl, that one...  
Yeh, drinks like a fish.

# MULTIPLE CHOICE IMPRESSIONIST COMICS

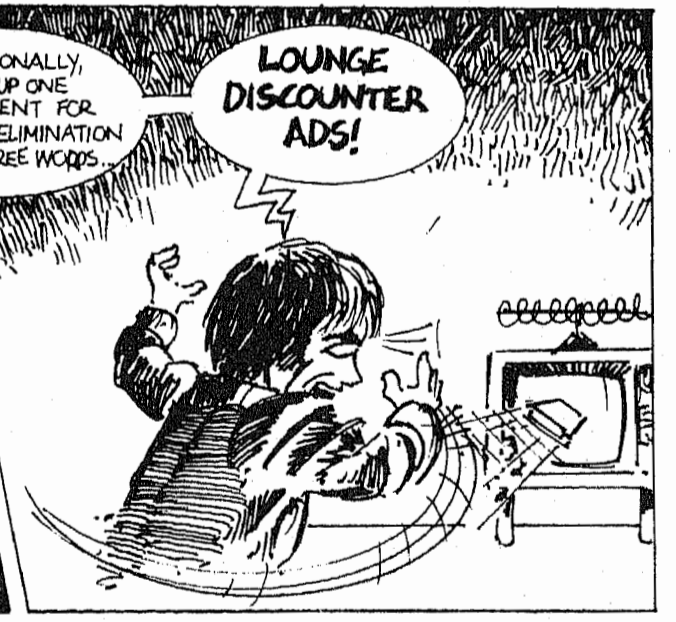
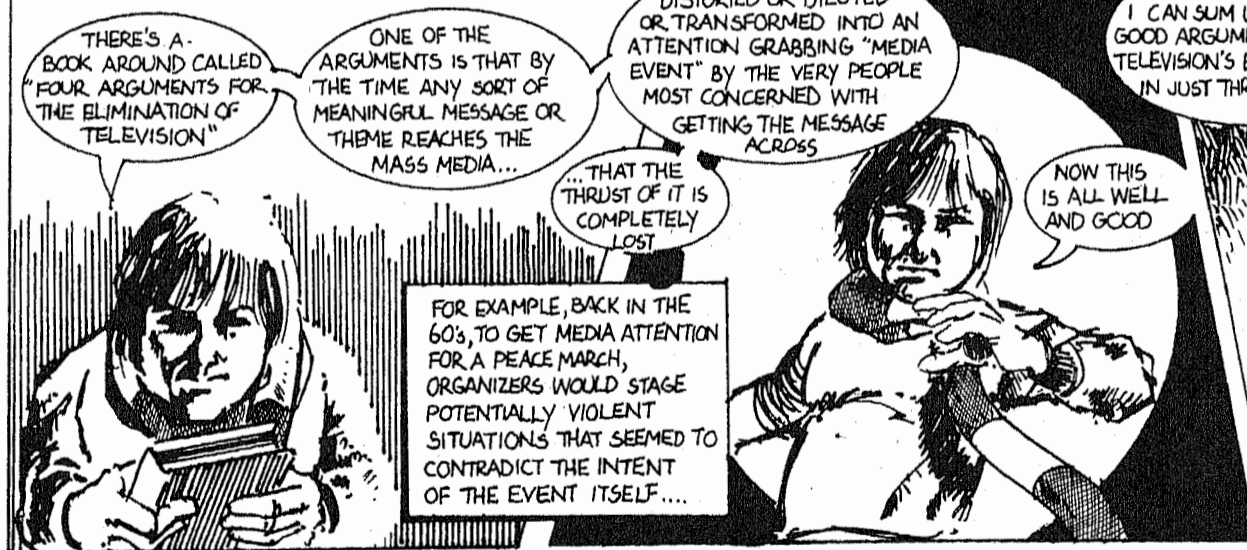
THIS IS IT! A WHOLE NEW CONCEPT IN COMICS (UNLESS, OF COURSE, SOMEONE ELSE HAS ALREADY THOUGHT OF IT)! IT'S SO EASY! ALL YOU DO IS READ THE TWO PANELS ON THE RIGHT, AND THEN CHOOSE THE PANEL WHICH YOU THINK MOST APPROPRIATE FROM THE TWO BELOW. OKAY? HERE GOES!



## ANGRY RED PLANET

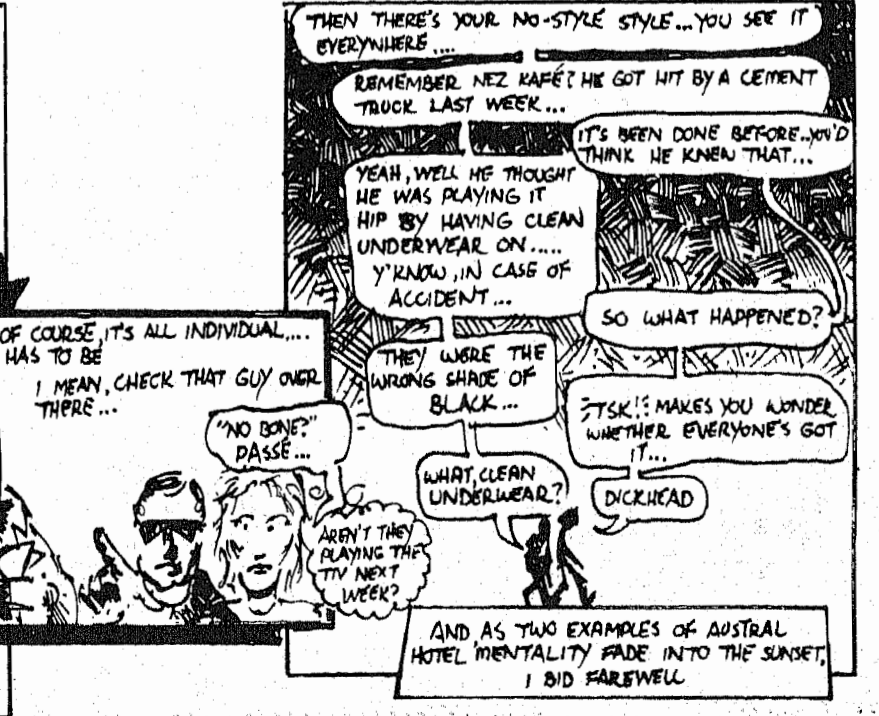
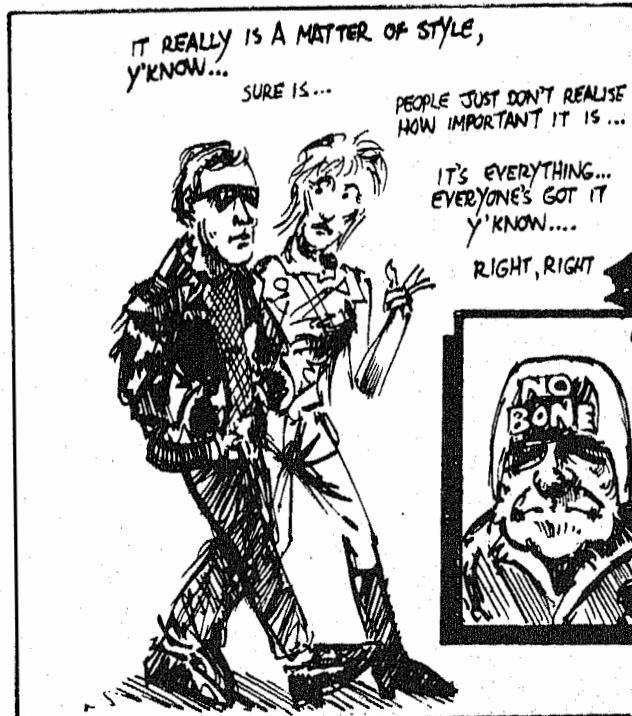


## CATHODE RAY CATHARSIS



## THE MEANING OF LIFE...

...AS DISCUSSED FROM THE EASTERN END OF RUNDLE ST.





Once upon a time in a land full of glory, splendour and grandeur, there lived a group of boys called 'The Monotones'. They were a totally new concept in music; original, dirty, sleazy and fe'kin' good! But wait; the land of MTV was not too proud of these 'boys in black'.....

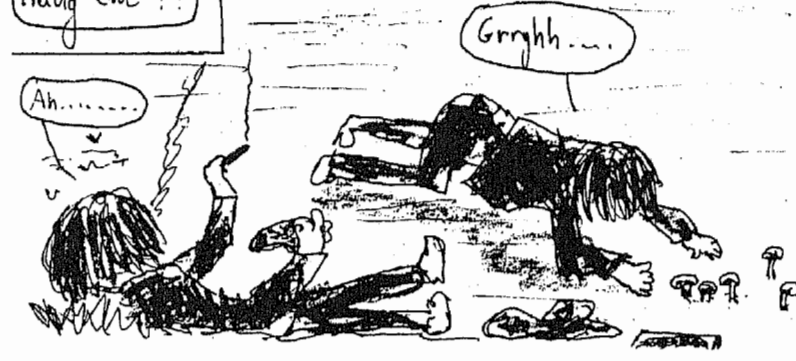


Later that night, they played their first gig: Raw, vibrant music. Slashing guitar riffs... Throbbing Rhythms. No Synthesizers!!



Demonic Devil Worshipers! Castrate them and feed their things to the Devil! Satan's spawn is with us!! I'm disgusted, offended and sickened by them! Obscene vile hoodlums! Off with their 'koojoomas!'

All over this fine, patriotic country, people rose up to abuse these boys: Did they care? No f'king way!



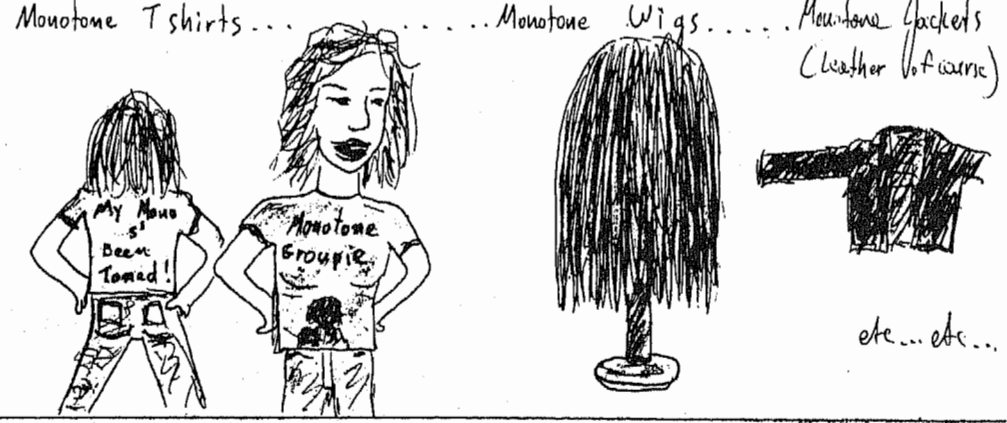
The Boys were happy.... Playing, frolicking, shing....



A couple of Days later, on National Television.



"My fellow.... Americans (Hold it up higher!) Ever since I could pee-pee I hated Communists; yes sree! Now, our country is in the grips of another fascist horrible influence! Yucky!!! Un-American music is turning our children into mindless, childlike morous. Why should I care? Because I do care! That's why! I am not a vidout 'man' by any means, but when people mess with me, us, you, we blow the fuckers up! Yes sree! You remember Whitlam (?) Well we took care of that! Now, what are we gonna do about them Monotones?"



The older generation were ofcourse repulsed; .... and many died as a result.



Overnight, the Monotones had been transformed to Mega Successful Rock Stars. But, all was not well in the rock industry however, and the Monotones were now playing to winos, tramps and soon... no one!



WAIT! Something incredible was happening; so incredible that even m Adelaide - 'Australia' - we would feel the effects of... horrible, seedy effects... cont.?

'Crack' found in Ronnie's room....

# 1986: THE YEAR THAT WASN'T

IN THIS HIGH-PACED, INFORMATION PACKED WORLD WE LIVE IN, WHERE MUCH IMPORTANCE IS PLACED ON THE COVERAGE OF WORLD EVENTS, IT IS SURPRISING THAT THERE ARE CERTAIN KINDS OF EVENTS THAT GET VIRTUALLY NO COVERAGE AT ALL. i.e. THOSE THAT DON'T HAPPEN. (ACTUALLY, COME TO THINK ABOUT IT, THE MEDIA IS ALWAYS REPORTING IN DETAIL ON EVENTS THAT NEVER ACTUALLY HAPPENED, OR AT LEAST, MAKING THINGS THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN SOUND LIKE THEY HAPPENED.) ANYWAY, HERE IS A BRIEF ROUNDUP OF SOME OF THE MORE/LESS INTERESTING EVENTS NOT TO HAPPEN DURING 1986... (SO FAR)...

THE WORLD WAS NOT TOTALLY FREAKED OUT WHEN ALIEN BEINGS, WHO HAD BEEN SNEAKING DOWN AND OBSERVING OUR PLANET FOR CENTURIES, LANDED IN WASHINGTON AND BITTERLY OPPOSED THE 'STAR WARS' PROJECT, ARGUING THAT THERE WAS ALREADY ENOUGH JUNK ORBITING EARTH AND CAUSING A TRAFFIC HAZARD... AND THEIR FLYING SAUCER INSURANCE ONLY COVERED NATURALLY OCCURRING SPACE DEBRIS...

PEOPLE DID NOT STARE IN AWE AT THE BEAUTY OF NATURE AS HALLEY'S COMET BLAZED ACROSS THE SKIES...

PAUL McCARTNEY DID NOT REMEMBER HOW TO WRITE GOOD SONGS...

WELL KNOWN MAX GILLIES LOOK-A-LIKE, BOB HAWKE, DID NOT MANAGE TO CONVINCING THE AUSTRALIAN PUBLIC ONCE AGAIN THAT HE WAS A REALLY NICE GUY...

PAUL KEATING DID NOT SAY, "TO HELL WITH TERNARY FEES... I'M RAISING TEAS TO EQUAL THE AVERAGE AUSTRALIAN WAGE!"

GOING OUT RAGING SATURDAY NIGHT MARY?

SURE FRED... IT'S NOT AS IF I HAVE TO WORK AT A PART-TIME JOB TO EARN ENOUGH MONEY TO LIVE ON OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT...

THE BUDGET DID NOT FORCE UNEMPLOYED PEOPLE TO WORK FOR THE MONEY THEY GET. NOR DID IT FORCE PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE OR POLITICIANS TO WORK FOR THE MONEY THEY GET...

SEE, CHARLES... WHAT A HARD DAY'S WORK I DID IN PARLIAMENT TODAY... ALL THAT FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE... I'M JUST TOTALLY EXHAUSTED.

FOR THE FIFTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR, NO ONE SHOT THE POPE...

I FORGIVE YOU

BANG!

THE MEDICAL SHOCK OF THE CENTURY DID NOT OCCUR WHEN DOCTORS DID NOT DISCOVER THAT WHAT THE ACRONYM "A.I.D.S." REALLY STOOD FOR WAS 'ANYONE IN DARK SUNGLASSES'... AND THEREFORE PEOPLE SHOULDN'T BE DYING FROM IT AT ALL!

WAKEY, WAKEY... EVERYBODY UP... THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

15,107,635 AUSTRALIANS DID NOT WIN X-LOTTO. (IN FACT, SOME OF YOU READING THIS NOW MAY BE AMONG THEM.)

EVERYONE IN AUST. BECOME MILLIONAIRES AUST \$ GOES THROUGH ROOF P3

AND REAGAN AND GORBACHEV DID NOT HAVE ANOTHER SUMMIT MEETING AND GET ALONG SO WELL THAT ON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA, THE PRESIDENT ANNOUNCED HIS DIVORCE FROM NANCY AND SUBSEQUENT MARRIAGE TO THE RUSSIAN LEADER...

IN OTHER EVENTS NOT TO HAPPEN IN 1986: A CURE FOR DEATH WAS NOT DISCOVERED... SYLVESTER STALLONE DID NOT STOP MAKING MINDLESSLY VIOLENT MOVIES... THE SECOND COMING DID NOT TAKE PLACE... THE ENTIRE CAST OF "DYNASTY" WAS NOT WIPE OUT WHEN A LIGHT AIRCRAFT CRASHED INTO THE STUDIO WHERE THEY WERE FILMING... AND TONY BARBER WAS NOT EATEN BY A RABID GOAT. BUT WHILE A LOT OF GOOD THINGS DIDN'T HAPPEN IN 1986, A LOT OF BAD THINGS DID, LEADING TO WIDESPREAD REGRET THAT 1986 WAS EVER STARTED AT ALL...

... AND THUS LENDING CREDIBILITY TO THE "PEOPLE-AGAINST-STARTING-1987" MOVEMENT. (THIS DIDN'T REALLY HAPPEN EITHER.)

STOP THE PASSAGE OF TIME BEFORE IT KILLS YOU

WELL GIVE YOU 1,986 PERSONS WHY NOT TO 1986

DOWN WITH

**Satisfaction Guaranteed**

If you have not been absolutely overjoyed with 1986, just return the unused portion to the place of purchase for a full refund.

OFFER EXPIRES DEC 31 (1986)



Realising their time had come, the Monotones once more changed music history. Drawing straws, one member had a hispanic haircut and was untouched by the surgeons knife. The remaining three however, followed Mrs. Babootas advice and had their koojoomas 'cut off'. Only now could they change their names, sing in hysterically castrati voices and lead monotone no 4. onto the dance floor. Alas, the white suit, slick back hairstyle and mausea dance floors were now immortalised! Incredible isn't it?

The sad part to this story is that our own Adelaide too was affected; horribly! Violently! Remember this 'true' story next time you are sprinting past you know where... The Monotones.....Believe it,.....or not.....

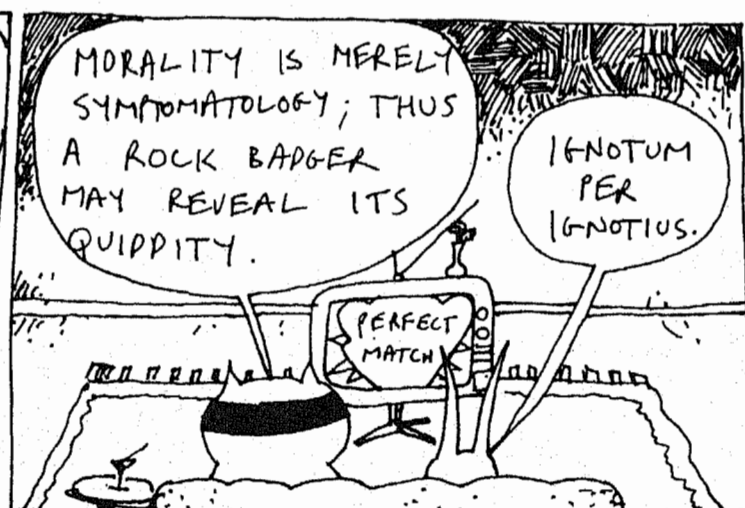
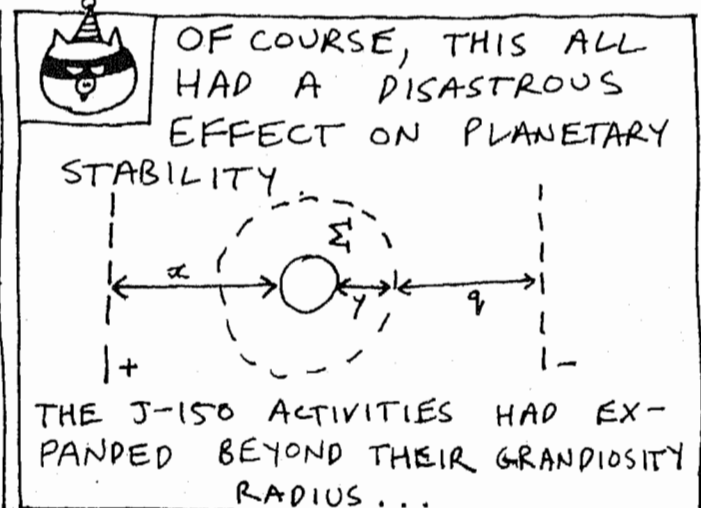
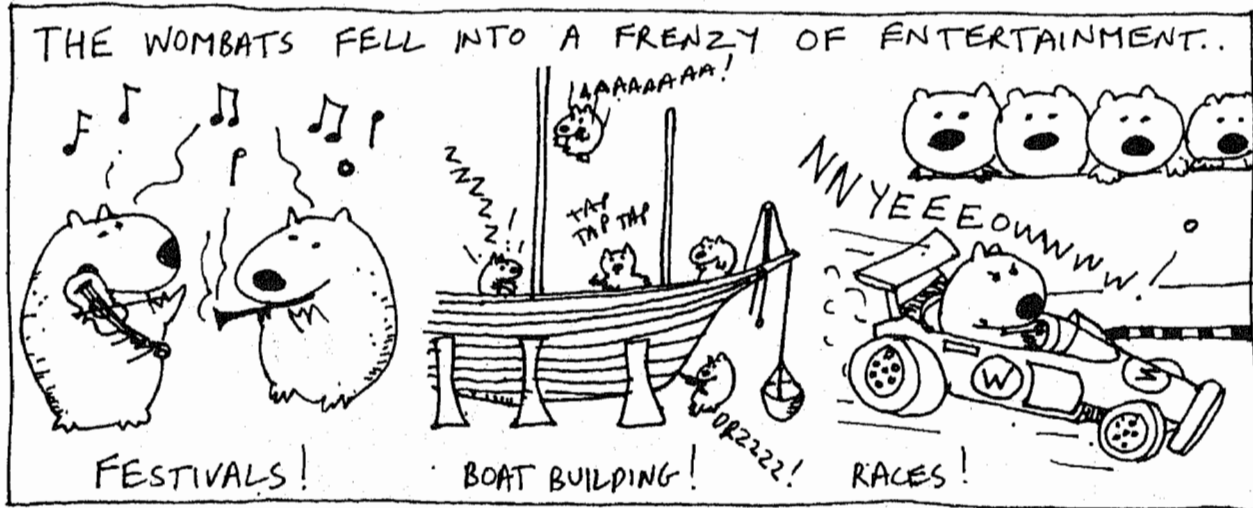
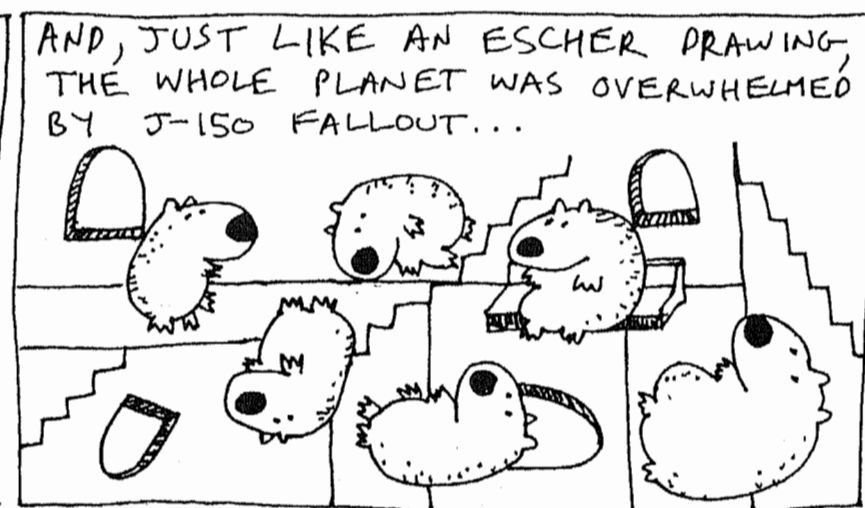
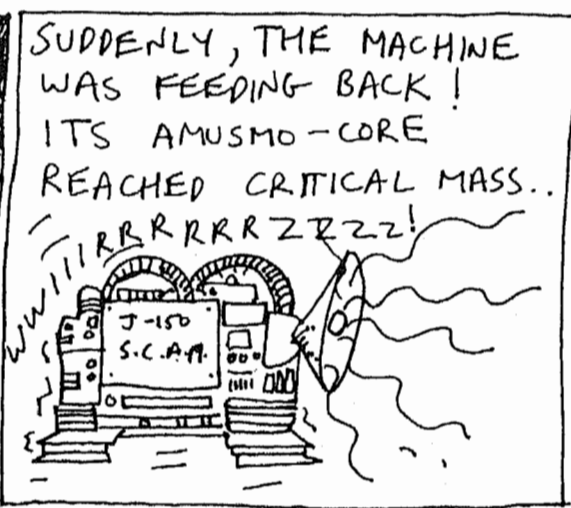
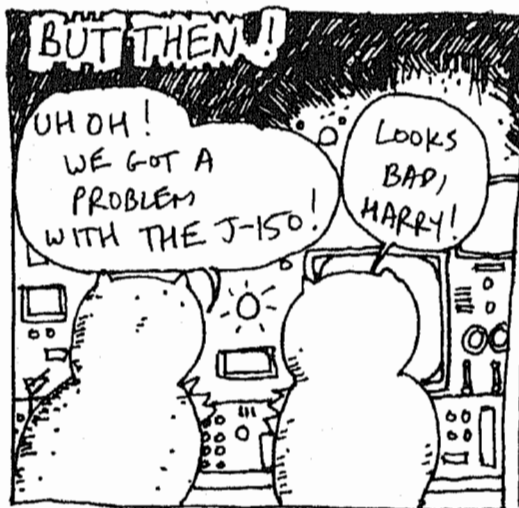
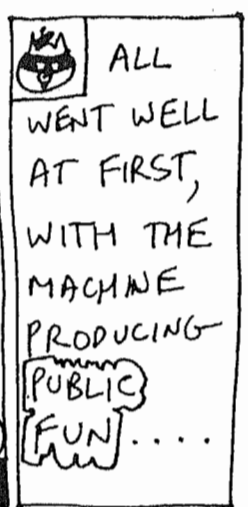
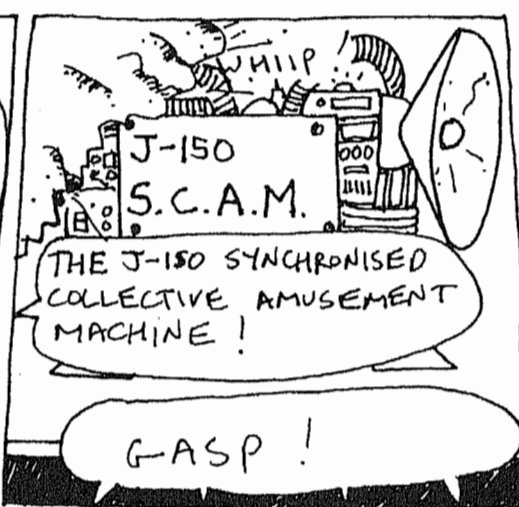
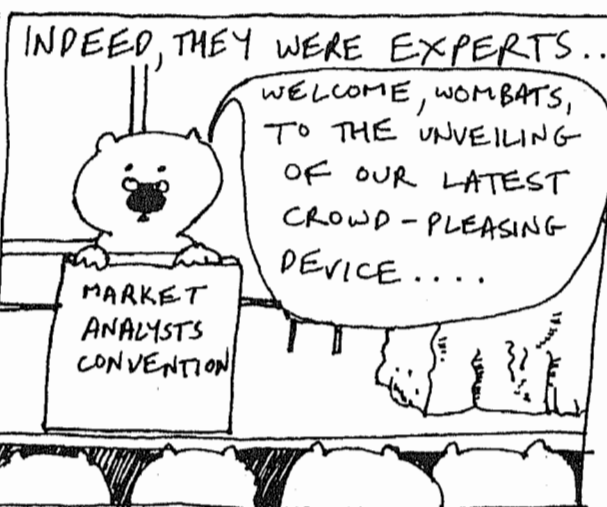
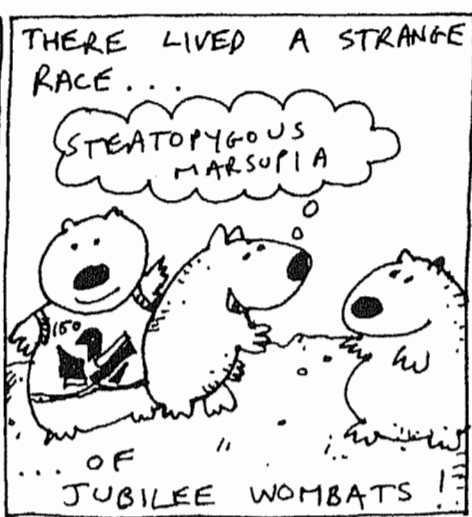
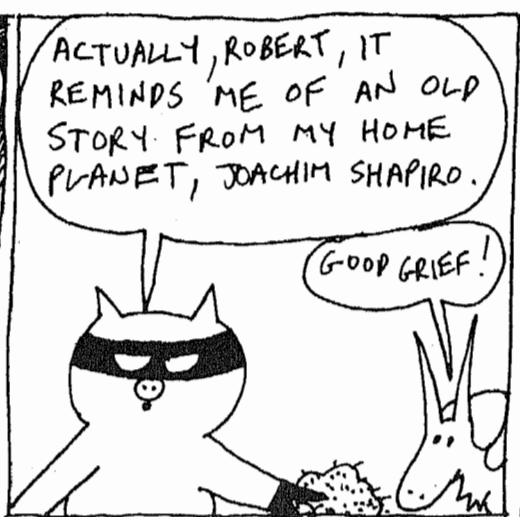
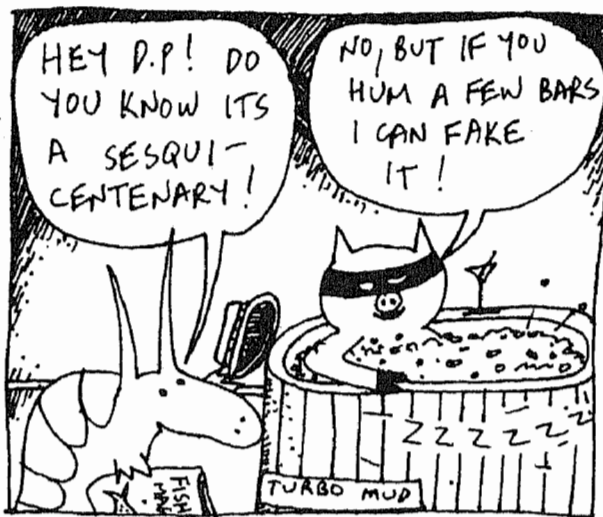
"Well you can tell by the way I use my walk, I'm a woman's man (?) no time to talk... That's okay; you can look the other way..."

Party Quote: "Gules have to give me a minute; I'm Rio not sure, it could even be at My Place....."



# DANGER PIG!

AND THE TALE OF THE JUBILEE WOMBATS



# Limelight



## Daddy Cool to Mondo Rock: Ross Wilson is still booming

**Ross Wilson is enjoying the feel of success, with *Mondo Rock*. JOE PENHALL spoke to Wilson about the band's latest album.**

Ross Wilson is a man who should, more than most people in the Australian music industry, understand what it's all about.

From the hazy days of *Daddy Cool* in the seventies, to the cooler success of *Mondo Rock*, he's never been far out of the charts. Two years ago he made a record with his wife, Pat, which was an immediate success. The last *Mondo Rock* album, like the others, soared up the charts. It seems that everything he touches turns to gold, or even platinum.

This month *Mondo Rock* released their latest album *Boom Baby Boom*, and launched yet another successful Australian tour. While in Adelaide, Wilson spoke with the benefit of experience (and probably a few drinks) as he reflected upon his career, and explained the new album.

"I haven't always had success... I had a group in between *Daddy Cool* and forming *Mondo Rock*, called *Mighty Kong* which completely bombed... I think people still wanted *Daddy Cool* and I

wasn't prepared to give it."

"The mention of another group, as opposed to a solo project, prompts the question: "Why the fixation with groups?"

"I think about that sometimes... I think it's because I like the interaction, it's hard to find people that you can get on well with, musically but when you get the interaction it works really well..."

**"...its hard to find people that you can get on well with musically but when you get the interaction it works really well."**

"On a song, you can get all these other ideas which you'd never have thought of yourself. See I'm not a very accomplished musician by any means... I write songs and I concentrate on singing, but as far as playing an instrument goes I'm hopeless. Harmonica is my best thing," he laughs.

But if this smacks of modesty Wilson is not without his measure of honesty. "I rely on other

people... but it works the other way too. Eric (McCusker) rushes off songs for *Mondo Rock*, and he can't sing them all that well - so that's why HE prefers being in the group," he chuckles.

McCusker is the band's lead guitarist and wrote all but a few songs on the latest *Mondo Rock* album. Wilson explains that it's an album that not only are they pleased about, they are even relieved.

"It's a very up to date album...it's probably our best yet - which is a relief." By "up to date" he could mean that it's full of clapping drum machines and synthesizers (which, as it turns out, he does). However, he could also mean lyrically, because for the first time the band is confronting 'issues', and in this age of 'awareness' and social consciousness in pop, the band refuses to be left behind.

Encompassing topics as diverse as Nuclear Holocaust and Roman Polanski, the album also shows an awareness for Wilson of his position, at the age of thirty-nine, in the rock industry.

"There's a song about Roman Polanski called "Roman Holiday" which is about being trapped by your own notoriety, which has happened to him, and which is something that has certainly happened to me. If you're in a Rock 'n' Roll band you're supposed to conform

to the myth of 'anything goes'... If you're in a rock band you're supposed to be all 'wild' and 'out there' somehow, and you're allowed to get away with it to a certain extent," he explains with an irony that hints at a character and intellect sadly misrepresented in the tacky cover of the album, and the lyrics of the title track (something about "Moon", "soon" and "Boom" - horrible).

**"If you're in a Rock 'n' Roll band you're supposed to conform to the myth of 'anything goes'..."**

Of the album title he explains "We started off with that title track, and it prompted a few other songs that tie in with it... It became a springboard for a few other ideas.

"It's a pun - we're Baby Boomers, I was born in 1947, so there's songs about that generation, and it links up with another song, 'Rise and Fall' is about the possibility of the end of the world and the bomb - well, the

"Boom" relates to that as well."

"Primitive Love Rites" is another track related to the title, but with a more obvious connection...

"Things haven't really changed, people go out, dance around to 'Jungle Rhythms' (intoned in Tarzan voice), get pissed, have a fuck... then you get all these intelligent western people saying 'Isn't the population explosion terrible?'"

As Wilson explains "We're inundated with all this sexual imagery... and there's this tension between social responsibility and sexual impulse, then there's this sort of 'community values' and there's the 'great rock 'n' roll myth' that... anything goes," he points out, still with irony, but with the mixed air of a bewildered rocker, and a seasoned contender.

It is this hypocrisy - the hypocrisy of a society that condemns overt sexuality yet refuses to cast the 'star', whom it has created in any other role than a highly sexual one that most occupies him. It is in fact, in his own words, the "thread that runs through the album".

"These are the issues which concern us" he says. "But we try to do it with a bit of humour... we try to submerge the issues a bit... It's cynicism, but with a smile".





The Freeling family enter a place known as "The Twilight Cone"

## Horror sequel enters the twilight zone

**POLTERGEIST II: THE OTHER SIDE**  
Hindley Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

As sequels go, *Poltergeist II* is not bad considering a lot of the pulp follow-ups to movies these days.

It explains a lot of the scenario and background behind the Tobe Hooper original and in a way it is less a horror film and more a textbook-movie on *Poltergeist*.

The film takes off with the Freeling family (minus their eldest daughter for some reason) who are living with the mother of Diane (Jobeth Williams) who is played by Geraldine Fitzgerald. It is now four years later but things are about to go bump in the night again.

We find out that Granny Freeling is clairvoyant and has interesting little conversations with little Carol Ann who is also sort of psychic and "special", and this is why they want her.

When a huge cloud glooms over Granny's place, flashes of light appear and it starts raining we know "they're back!" However, *Poltergeist II* doesn't have many ghosts haunting around (except in one scene) but the terror this time is supposed to be real and takes the shape of the Reverend Henry Kane (Julian Beck in his last movie), a hideously scary Freddy Krueger type without the finger-knives, whose corrupt power guides the forces of "the other side."

You see, he's been living for quite a while and all the dead bodies under the Freeling house at Cuesta Verde were never "put to rest". He's responsible for all the psychic-unrest and poltergeist-interactions that have been haunting the Freeling family.

Craig T. Nelson as Steve Freeling worries if he can hold the family together. He and Jobeth Williams *ad lib* in a number of scenes and really get into their characters as Henry Kane tries to break the fam-

ily apart and possess little Carol Anne, who must log up a huge phone bill with all those "very long distance" phone calls.

Will Sampson as Taylor supplies some comic-relief to the film and also offers a lot of mystical-mumbo-jumbo which has been written into the script, rather similar to the mystical-nonsense which was crammed into the sequels *Amityville II: The Possession* and *Exorcist II: The Heretic*. Sampson plays a native American shaman who helps the family fight "the beast". Zelda Rubinstein as the clucky clairvoyant Tangine is also on hand to help out.

The director is Brian Gibson whose first film was the 1983 New Wave cult-movie *Breaking Glass*. He has a strong feel for *Poltergeist II* but just doesn't have any idea of how to build suspense (like Anthony Perkins directing *Psycho III*). The production is clearly Spielberg-influenced, probably not enough, but more Spielberg-flattering.

One memorable scene is where the young Robbie almost gets strangled by his own braces. A lot of the narrative structure to *Poltergeist II* shows a message to the American masses of the strength of the family unit as the Freeling family must pull together to fight the evil forces.

The climax of the film takes place at their old home at Cuesta Verde where they enter some kind of twilight zone-limbo world between living reality and the mystical-spiritual world. The family fly around with the beast (looking a lot like an *Alien*) swooping down. When their hands grab together and a spear goes into the beast, a light glisters, and we see Granny come out of a melting-hot white light - the family has "become one" and defeated the beast. The E.T. connotation here is almost risible. One patron yelled out "They can go HOME now" in an E.T. voice. It was none too soon.

## Rejuvenated 60's flick is definitely "somethin' weird"

**DOUBLE TAKE MEET THE ASTRO ZOMBIES**  
Classic at the Fair Lady Theatre

by Alexander Grous

"Hey man, somethin' weird happened the other night; saw some arse-hole lookin' guys mutilating people!"

"Shit no! Oh, you stupid fuck, what you saw was Double Take Meet the Astro Zombies! The film at the Classic."

"Oh, right, yeah, that was it! The story about an Australian chemist being commissioned by the 1988 Bicentennial Authority to build the perfect Aussie humanoid. Wow, you're sharp man!"

"Yeah, sure am! Cop this; these three Yanks, Chief Colon, Rick Rock, Chuck Buckets are all CIA men who try to find this mystery chemist. What they don't realise is that they are all deadshits, and we laugh at them!"

"Hey?? What are you on man?"

"Hear me out!"

"Okay man..."

"Right, like, they try to find the 'gorgon mutilating people, but at the same time, this incredibly stacked oriental bird called Tit Zang Low is trying to do the same. She's got like, these dudes helping her; Spick and Spam!"

"Horseshit!"

"No man! The baddies and the goodies are all trying to find this dude, and there's people dying everywhere! Blood, guts, knives,



"So this was the creature responsible for more panic than Ernie Sigley making his comeback"

"gurgles, it's really wild stuff man!"

"So what happens?"

"Well, some Russian agent, Vladimir Boryortitsoff, has these tapes of the doctor you see, and..."

"What doctor?"

"The chemist man!"

"Oh, right..."

"The wildest part about the film is the schizoid dialogue man! Four actors are at the back of the theatre, and actually synchronise a new script to this like 60s flick. Good days them..."

"You mean the whole script has been re-done?"

"Right man! Hey, don't you read this paper? We talked about this in

an interview with one of them actor dudes last week!"

"Sorry man, last week was like, non-existent!"

"Anyway, the movie's truly hysterical man, with lots of good gags, continuity mistakes..."

"Con - what?"

"Never mind man, take my word for it, this movie is wild!!! Oh, you'll like this, there are also experiments with people man!! Totally tripping!"

"So you reckon I should go?"

"Shit yeah!"

"Check ya' later man...wild... laughs...blood...gags...actors... mistakes...Zombies...too much..."

## Fast and gory horror-comedy: graceful trash

**VAMP**

Academy Cinemas

by Mathew Lowry

Despite the never-ending cliches on late night telly, vampire movies keep getting made, each claiming to introduce some new "twist" to the story. One can get some quite bizarre results, ranging from classic horror to absolute trash. *Vamp*, the third blood-sucking movie this year, is a "horror-comedy of sex and violence" which seemingly heads towards both extremes at once.

Three students from an American college descend into the dark depths of a large city with a purpose - to hire a stripper for their fraternity party. What they find is the After Dark Club, and a great deal of trouble from Grace Jones and her vampire friends. They run the Club and violently dispose of those customers who didn't tell mommy where they were going, just like our Dynamic Duo plus sidekick. Things don't work out for either side and it is to the film's credit that the heroes don't all live happily ever after (or even live).

So this is not a "feel good" movie. The unfortunate American teenager style is painted heavy-handedly over a sometimes exotic world of passion and violence. If seeing someone's neck savaged isn't your scene, forget it; some of the violence is very fast and quite gory, although often let down by second rate special effects.

The contrast of the two styles is unexpected, and gives the film its originality. Like many aspects of



I'm not just a pretty face

this film, however, it is inconsistently portrayed, leading to an offbeat style of humour. This idea worked well in *An American Werewolf in London*, and *Vamp* shows quite a few similarities, but often the humour is forced instead of funny.

Grace Jones supplies animal passion and ferocity reminiscent of *The Hunger* or *Cat People* in her inadequate role, which is a pity as she seems well-suited to this part. More screentime is given to the three teenagers, played by Chris Makepeace, Robert Rusler and Gedde Watarabe, and when Makepeace and Rusler have the scene they do quite a capable job, despite the unoriginal roles. Watarabe, on the other hand, overdoes it as the deadshit with a lot of money and no friends, and detracts from this aspect of the movie.

A quirky movie with a few laughs, a few shocks, some good ideas but an overall unevenness.



## Freebies!

*On Dit* and Greater Union have copies of the *Ruthless People* soundtrack and free passes to see the movie to give away to students.

The first five students to come into the *On Dit* office and tell us the names of three other films which Bette Midler and Danny De Vito have starred in separately previous to *Ruthless People* will each receive a copy of the album (thanks to CBS record) and a duo-freebie to see the movie.

The next ten students will each receive a single ticket to see the movie which is currently showing at the Hindleys.

## Learn to photograph the stars!

A four-week course of 2 lectures and 2 field nights, Practical Astronomy and Astrophotography, starts Thursday 3rd October and runs for four consecutive Thursday nights.

Enquiries: Phone: 31 3906.

## CINE SCENE

Jamie Skinner



### UNION FILMS IN THE LITTLE CINEMA:

Two films, Wednesday 1st October, 7.30 - 10.00 pm.

*Reefer Madness* is a pure 'high camp' and completely hilarious 30s exploitation film. It stars Dave O'Brien, Dorothy Short and Carleton Young in this 1939 U.S. drama about the dangers of marijuana, the "weed from the devil's garden". Campy melodrama which is hysterical in 1986. Runs for 66 mins.

*The Exterminating Angel* is a Mexican surrealist film which is definitely not for the squeamish. Luis Bunuel's 1962 Cannes winner stars Silvia Pinal, Claudio Brook, Augusto Benedicto and Jacqueline Andere. *El Angel Exterminador* is in Spanish with English subtitles and runs 90 minutes.



Linda Kozlowski from "Crocodile Dundee"

**Crocodile Dundee:** Australian answer to *Raiders*. Paul Hogan stars in this 'heroic epic' of a man surviving a crocodile attack, and conquering the world in the process. (Hoyts).

### DOUBLE TAKE MEET THE ASTRO ZOMBIES:

Rib-tickling laughter and hilarious nonsensical fun is to be expected in the most unusual double-act to hit Adelaide this year. Four comedy performers live in the theatre provide their own soundtrack to the B-movie *Astro Zombies* in what is a riotous cross between live-comedy and cinema. The show has been held back until October 4 so be quick because it isn't worth missing. (Classic).

### NINETEEN NINETEEN :

Get out your analysis couch and come out of the closet, sex and suicide but it all ends less sadly ever after.

(Classic at the Fair Lady).

### SHORT CIRCUIT :

ET meets Radio Rentals and Snow White. Predictable, good, funny - aimed at a fun market, not a thinking movie. (Academy).

### FILMS WHICH START THIS WEEK INCLUDE:

John Irwin's action-adventure *Raw Deal* starring Arnold Schwarzenegger and Kathryn Harrold (Hoyts, October 2); *Psycho III* starring Anthony Perkins with Diana Scarwid and directed by Perkins (Hindley, October 2); *Legal Eagles* starring Robert Redford, Debra Winger and Daryl Hannah (Hindley, October 2); and *Oxford Blues* (Academy, October 3) starring Rob Lowe.

# A lovely cinematic exquisite that's crisply equivalent to Forster's novel

## A ROOM WITH A VIEW

Hindley Cinemas  
Chelsea Cinema

by Dino Di Rosa

Reading between the loins, E.M. Forster's third novel *A Room With A View*, which was first published in 1908, can be said to be a seminal work of romanticism with a small 'r'.

On the scale of the great novelists, Forster is tantalizingly situated somewhere between the Henry James's of late last century and the D.H. Lawrences of early this century, when Romance became romance and life and love behind the literary exquisiteness of bodices and petticoats were at last explored for all their carnal, spiritual worth. This place of Forster's between the cup and lip of twentieth century literature makes for some extraordinary ripples and overflows within his work, most notably a *A Passage to India*, where Adela Quested's mysterious ordeal in the Marabar caves bore the power of a universal event. *A Room With A View* has similar, smaller ripples and overflows, but as Forster's lightest, least significant novel, possessed nevertheless of a fine sense of comic seriousness, it's ripe and willing for translation to the screen, where more than in any other art the themes and characters can be given flesh and dress.

Director James Ivory, producer Ismail Merchant and screen-writer Ruth Praver-Jhabvala have been working on pictures together now for the past two decades, and they must have come to their work on Golderest Films' *A Room With A View* with some sense of ease and play after struggling somewhat with their movie versions of the Henry James novels *The Europeans* and *The Bostonians*, which were released in 1979 and 1984 respectively.

Their *Room With A View*, however, is a lovely cinematic exquisite that's crisply equivalent to Forster's own literary exquisite. In this tale of a young, near-ripe English-woman named Lucy Honeychurch who finds herself all in a sensual "muddle" over her experiences in the heat and lust and art of Florence, the movie-makers have paced and expressed superbly the life in the novel, even down to using title-cards as wryly as Forster titled his chapters.

The movie's pleasures, which are simple, have a literateness to them as well as a physicality about them. This is how Forster describes the nature of Lucy's virginal time at her favourite instrument, the piano: "The commonplace person begins to play, and shoots into the empty



Maggie Smith and Helena-Bonham Carter in "A Room With A View" - "romanticism with a small arse"

room without effort, whilst we look up, marvelling how he has escaped us, and thinking how we could worship him and love him, would he but translate his visions into human words, and his experiences into human actions. Perhaps he cannot; certainly he does not, or does so very seldom. Lucy had done so never." The way she is directed to play the scene, the cute Helena Bonham Carter as Lucy - romanticism with a small arse - does Beethoven with her mouth agape, as if she were receiving some great god, while the mellow priest Mr. Beebe (Simon Callow) watches on, rapt and not a little concerned. One likes to watch.

While in worldly Florence, Lucy is chaperoned by her all-too-spinsterish and aunt-like elder cousin Miss Bartlett (Maggie Smith, who purses splendidly the cracks round her lips), and the two being ladies without a pensione room with a view, they are granted one by two gentlemen, the queer Mr. Emerson (Denholm Elliot) and his fresh son, George (Julian Sands).

The social intercourse that this opens up with the earnest George and with the Latin landscape renders Lucy a little confused, moved by the atmosphere but frustrated by her bourgeois upbringing and her own sense of morality. The girl can't help it: "For a young man his face was rugged; and - until the shadows fell upon it - hard.

Enshadowed, it sprang into tenderness. She saw him once again at Rome, on the ceiling of the Sistene Chapel, carrying a burden of acorns. Healthy and muscular, he yet gave her the feeling of grayness, or tragedy that might only find solution in the night."

"Love felt and returned, love which our bodies exact and our hearts have transfigured, love which is the most real thing that we shall ever meet, reappeared now as



Denholm Elliot as Mr Emerson the world's enemy, and she must stifle it." Lucy settles back in England, if brittle she can after all this, in salubrious Surrey, with her well-to-do kin.

Forster makes a moral, even realistic point when he has her being untrue to herself and her sex when she decides to become engaged to an upper-class twit named Cecil Vyse, who has a like grip on his and her honour. How can she have fallen in love with this walking stick of a young man? "He was mediaeval. Like a Gothic statue. Tall and refined, with shoulders that seemed braced square by an effort of the will, and a head that was tilted a little higher than the usual level of vision, he resembled those fastidious saints who guard the portals of a French cathedral. Well educated, well endowed, and not deficient physically, he remained in the grip of a certain devil whom the modern world knows as self-consciousness, and whom the mediaeval, with dimmer vision, worshipped as asceticism."

In the most self-conscious performance in the film, the fine new English actor Daniel Day Lewis is so promising that he has been compared to the great Gielgud. And while he has a shy beginning, when one can see him acting and he knowing it, he gets better and better and his acting has the play and

immediacy of a theatrical performance. As evidence of his gifts, Day Lewis has elsewhere played a homosexual mod. of all things, in the promising forthcoming *My Beautiful Laundrette*. Look out for it.

Things turn in the story and life and love find their natural conclusions. Lucy is lectured by her knowing elders to give George the good love they both want and can give. Mr. Emerson, the old soul of the novel and the film, says to her, "I only wish the poets would say this, too: that love is of the body; not the body, but of the body. Ah! the misery that would be saved if we confessed that! Ah for a little directness to liberate the soul... Now it is all dark. Now Beauty and Passion seem to have existed. I know. But remember the mountains over Florence and the view." And yes, the film ultimately has George and Lucy back in Florence, married and in a room with a view to something or other, and loving happily ever after. (Forster I think ruins this illusion with his Appendix, which is like a "Whatever happened to?" synopsis.)

*A Room With A View* is pretty much all of a piece, a comfy chair of a movie with splendid views. Tony Pierce-Roberts improves on his lens-work in *Moonlighting* and *A Private Function* with beautiful, pellucid images, and the costume designers Jenny Beavan and John Bright inform the themes and characters with their subtle and intelligent designs. Not that this movie is a masterpiece. While most of the cast's manners (mannas?) are beyond reproach, Miss Bonham Carter in the central role is not yet in season as an actress or indeed as a beauty. Ivory and Praver-Jhabvala (all these hyphenated names) were a touch indiscreet with their choice of Kiri Te Kanawa singing a mellifluous Puccini aria for the opening credits - it's too passionate. And the full-frontal bathing scene, while meant to be jolly good fun, goes on too long and is somewhat at odds with the film's buttoned-up sensuality. But as a sort of companion piece to this season's other "masterpiece" *Hannah and Her Sisters*, where the work concerns itself with passions and art without ever really being passion or art, *A Room With A View's* consummateness is nice and affirming-bracing. By all means see it with someone you would like to see more of.



Maggie Smith plays Miss Charlotte Bartlett



Imogen Annesley and Peter Phelps from Don Crombie's "Playing Beatie Bow"

## Beatie Bow is wet & weak

PLAYING BEATIE BOW  
Academy Cinemas

by Belinda Oswald

With a storyline involving such features as travel through time and the use of psychic powers, *Playing Beatie Bow* possesses the ingredients to make it an intriguing, entertaining film. Add rich and varied characters, brilliant cinematography and a carefully detailed set and one would soon be planning *Playing Beatie Bow II*. However, *Playing Beatie Bow* is downgraded by mediocre, tedious script and a wet, weak performance by the female lead.

*Playing Beatie Bow* follows in a line of successful period producers, including *Breaker Morant*, *Sara Dane* and *Robbery Under Arms*, produced by the South Australian Film Corporation. (If you're onto a good thing stick to it, right?) It is best described as an adventure-fantasy and centres upon Abigail Kirk, "The Stranger" transported 100 years through a time warp to fulfil the Bow family prophecy.

Imogen Annesley takes the female lead of Abigail, a "thoroughly modern miss", who finds herself in the Rocks of Sydney during the 1870's.

Her performance seems pretty bad considering she's "worked hard at the business of acting for 10 years" as stated in the production notes for the film. She says "I didn't think I'd get the part" - agreed - perhaps she should have admitted "I shouldn't have got the part". Although stunning on the screen, Miss Annesley delivers her lines with little creative energy as reflected in a voice which borders precariously on a monotone. She tends to gloss over potentially witty remarks and wise-cracks in a script very short on laughs.

Better performances are found in the supporting cast; notably the juveniles. Thirteen year-old Mouche Phillips (*Butterfly Island*) is delightful as Beatie Bow, a spunky, headstrong girl burdened with the Bow family gift of "second sight" which draws Abigail back in time. Nine year-old Damian Janko, as Gibbie, the sickly, weedy brother of Beatie, also gives a creditable performance for one so young.

The tempo of the film is given a well-needed injection when Abigail is kidnapped in the streets and taken to the Rock's most notorious brothel. This trading place for human flesh is run by a grotesque social-reject called "Madam" played by Su Cruickshank who fits into the role perfectly.

Dear Abby remains at the brothel until our hero Judah (played by former soapie star Peter Phelps) comes gallantly to her rescue. If this sounds corny to you, you're right - it is. But it doesn't stop there. The soppy reunion (surprise! surprise!?) of the two lovers at the end is also enough for you to bring out the brown paper bags.

Director Donald Crombie (*Caddie*, *Robbery Under Arms*) does his best with Peter Gawler's script based on Ruth Park's award-winning novel. Gawler, making his debut in feature film-writing gives the time difference little emphasis and in doing so misses some potential knock-out comedy skits which could have improved the film's appeal.

Only fleetingly does Gawler comment on the difference between the society of then (1873) and now (1980's). He attempts to contrast the close-knit loving unity of the Beatie family with Abigail's disintegrating family unit characterized by divorce and single parenthood.

Much of the damage incurred by the script and Miss Annesley's performance is patched by the richness of the recreated world of 1873. Production designer George Liddle's work on the set and costumes is fantastic. *Playing Beatie Bow* uses one of the greatest and most elaborately detailed sets built in Australia. It was constructed by an army of 23 carpenters and 8 painters in 10 weeks. The set authentically recreating the squalor and filth of the Rocks a la 1873, which was the dockside haunt of vagrants, pimps, beggars and cut-throats.

Spectacular cinematography gives *Beatie Bow* added warmth, colour and charm, and Geoff Simpson deservedly won cinematographer of the Year for his work.

The value of *Beatie Bow* lies in its authentic re-creation of colonial days in the Rocks area of Sydney and is worth seeing for this reason.

## Chilling Delta blues in Cooder 'Sudern' drama

CROSSROADS

Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Alexander Grous

"Shhiitt man! Sit your ass down here and play me some good home Sudern Mississippi Blues! Aint notin' as good as dem Sudern Blues!" Well does the sound of steel strings and bottlenecks make you tingly? Does the name Ry Cooder make you go "Oohh" and "Aahh"? If so, then *Crossroads* could very well be the movie for you.

In tracing the 'love' a young gifted classical guitar student feels for blues music, *Crossroads* also traces the music back to its roots in Mississippi; a region called the Delta region, where the legendary Delta blues originated. This is blues in its rawest, truest form, unadulterated and sacred. Unfortunately, it later spawned a horrible offspring called rock n' roll, but not all parents are responsible for their offspring, are they?

Ralph Macchio (*Karate Kid*) plays the frustrated classical guitarist in search of an elusive song he wants to record. This is an old blues song of the 1920s, and only one person can help him: Blind Dog Fulton, also known as Willie Brown played by Joe Seneca. If Eugene helps Willie escape from the nursing home he lives in, he will teach him the song. He must however, take him back to Mississippi; back to the crossroads.

It is here that young blues musicians sell their soul to the devil in search of fame and fortune. Willie has a debt to settle with this 'villain', and the movie is a documen-



Ralph Macchio and Joe Seneca jam it up from Walter Hill's "Crossroads" - "If you don't play no harp you don't get no pussy"

tation of both a boy in awe with his music, and of an old man with a heavy burden on his soul.

*Crossroads* has some chilling Delta blues, which are played both hauntingly and incredibly smoothly - this is what Delta blues encapsulates. Ry Cooder is a maestro of the slide guitar, and his genius emanates throughout the movie as you listen to his weeping, lamenting guitar work. Ry Cooder is no stranger to musical scores of this calibre, having composed and played the music for another classic confrontationist movie, *Southern Comfort*. Words are no praise for the brilliance of this folk-blues legend, his music is testament enough.

Those who see the movie, please

do not become impressed with the guitar playing ability of Ralph Macchio, for it is all the studio musicians and "extras" who play every note that Macchio 'plays'. Let's give credit where it's due! Macchio merely looks like he's playing! The guitar duel at the end of the movie is 'electric' to say the least, and could be seen as "Heavy Metal meets the Blues."

If you want to see "candy-assed white shit blues", then don't see *Crossroads*. Willie plays his harp because "If you don't play no harp you don't get no pussy" - as he says, and this combination of blues harp with cataclytic slide guitar make this film memorable. No rock n' rollers please, this movie's for serious enthusiasts of blues.



"The Astro Zombies"-miraculously its on video



VIDEO

For any devotees of bad taste, Yes! *The Astro Zombies* (circa 1967) with John Carradine is out on video (for the last 2 years at least!) on the now defunct label of King of Video but you'll have to search hard because most shops won't have it. Who would want to watch *Astro Zombies* in its original form anyway?

CIC-Taft Video will release the whodunnit-comedy *Che* (reviewed in *On Dit* Vol. 54 No. 8); Sergio Leone's *Once Upon A Time In The West* and *The Man Who Knew Too Much* from *The Essential Hitchcock* on October 10.

The teenpic-comedy *Grandview U.S.A.* starring Jamie Lee Curtis, C. Thomas Howell and Patrick Swayze plus the sentimental drama - *Windy City* starring Josh Mostel, Kate Capshaw and John Shea will

be in the shops from October 14 on CBS/Fox Video.

Alan Rudolf's *Choose Me* starring Genevieve Bujold, Keith Carradine and Lesley-Anne Warren and the Ivan Passer comedy, *Creator* (reviewed in *On Dit* Vol. 54 No. 10) starring Peter O'Toole are now available for rental or sale at \$24.95 on C/EI-Premiere.

Warner Home Video will release the John Landis comedy *Spies Like Us*; the Clint Eastwood movie *Honkytonk Man*; the comedy *Peewee's Big Adventure* and *Movers And Shakers* starring Walter Matthau, Charles Grodin, Steve Martin and Gilda Radner into the shops the first week of October.

The unreleased Disney-pic, *The Journey of Natty Gann* starring John Cusack and Meredith Salinger will be available in the stores from October 10 on Touchstone Home Video.

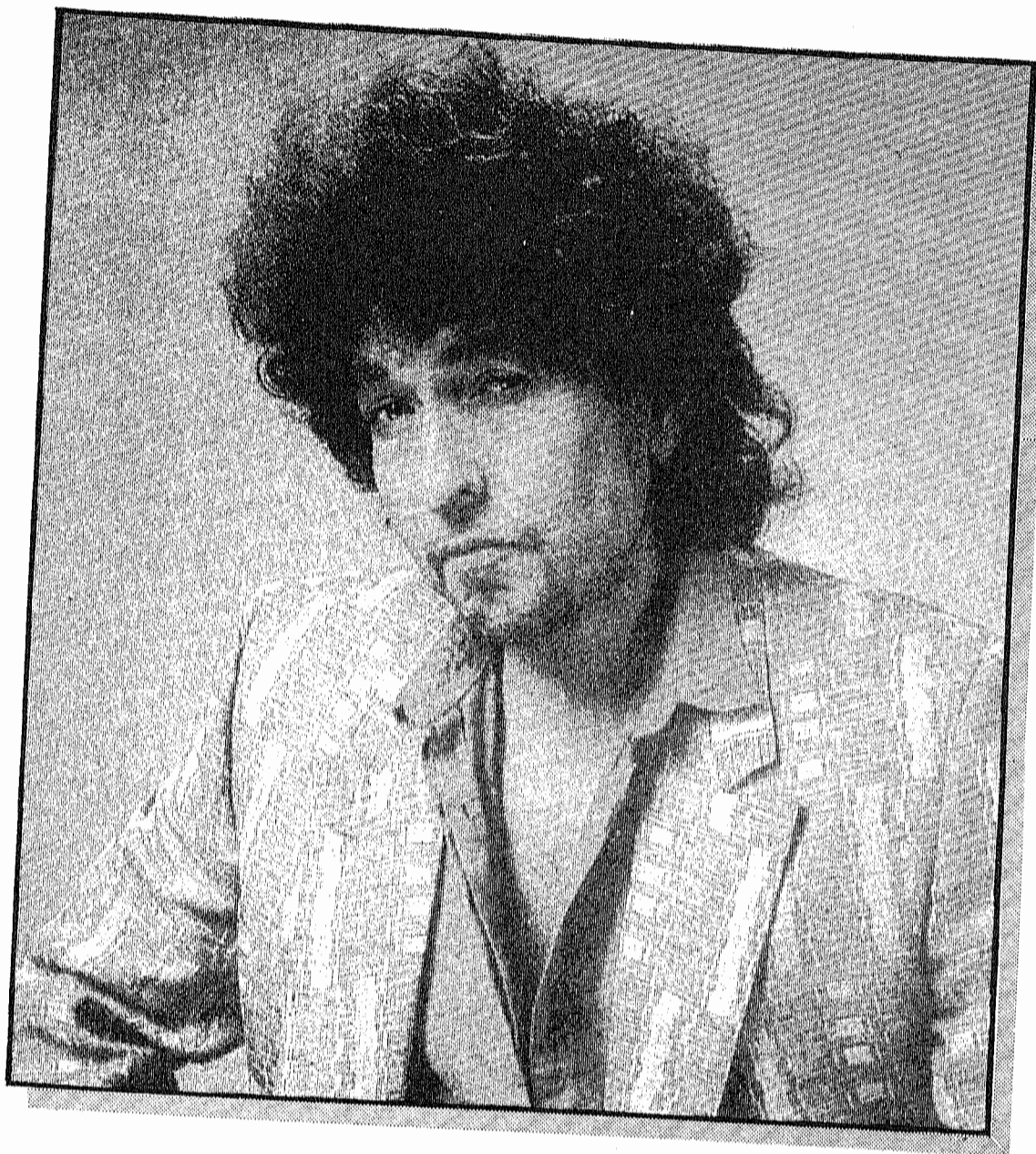
Cannon Screen Entertainment

will release the Scottish adventure-comedy *Restless Natives* starring Mel Smith and Ned Beatty and Wes Craven's *The Hills Have Eyes Part 2* (which I hope is better than the first one) on October 8.

Other new videos now out on the shelves include Alfred Hitchcock's *The Trouble With Harry* and the Steve Gottenberg comedy *The Man Who Wasn't There* on CIC-Taft; the Michael J. Fox comedy *Teen Wolf* and *Pavlova - a woman for all time* on Filmways/K\*Tel; Horton Foote's *1918* starring Matthew Broderick on CBS/Fox; Lewis Gilbert's *Not Quite Jerusalem* starring Joanna Pacula and Jason Robards Jr and the Sylvia Kristel adult-drama *Mata Hari* on Syme Home Video; the cult-thriller *Nomads* starring Pierce Brosnan, Lesley-Anne Down, Anna-Maria Montecelli and Adam Ant on Premier Home Entertainment and a *Star Trek Double Feature* of two television episodes, *Plato's children* plus *Whom Gods Destroy*, on CIC-Taft.

Jamie Skinner

# A hint of the Dylan of old



**KNOCKED OUT LOADED**  
Bob Dylan  
CBS

*Knocked Out Loaded* proves an apt title for an album which opens explosively with "You Wanna Ramble", propelled as it is by T-Bone Burnett's driving blues guitar. It is not an album for the musically light hearted or cult pop junkies, but a gutsy collection of heavily blues and gospel infused rock.

It is remarkably like the rock and roll Dylan was producing 20 years ago when he permanently altered the possibilities of folk and rock music. As one critic points out: "In that epoch, the reach of his influence seemed so persuasive, that he was virtually changing the language and aspirations of popular culture with his every work and gesture. But Dylan hardly got started in rock 'n' roll before he stopped."

After his much publicised motorcycle accident of '66, Dylan withdrew from recording and performing, emerging in '69 to begin a powerful decade of folk rock. To many this lapse was unforgivable and their hopes are that *Knocked Out Loaded* represents a reclamation of the riotous and dense music which made *Highway 61 Revisited* such a fiery and menacing album.

Yet considering the vagaries of Dylan's past, it would be most unlikely of him to attempt to repeat an era of his own music. Certainly it is rousing and extremely fresh with Dylan launching himself into the vocals with the kind of spontaneous passion that has endeared his voice to millions, but it falls quite short of a 'new sound'.

Joining him on vocals are the only permanent musicians on the

album, his five backup singers, who, whilst providing a strong gospel theme for the album, seem a little out of place on a few tracks.

It is always hard to tell whether it is the arrangement or the original written song which is of poor quality. For "Under Your Spell" and "Maybe Someday" I am inclined towards the former, but on Kris Kristofferson's "They Killed Him" it is both. The song dies soon after it begins. It deals, verse by verse, with various peace loving freedom fighters who are assassinated, Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King etc. Yes, yes, all very noble, but when each verse ends with the over-emotional cry of "They Killed Him" and a chorus of shrill youngsters interposes with some praise of Gandhi, the song becomes an embarrassment to listen to.

Other songs do much to erase the memory of this complete raspberry. The single "Got My Mind Made Up", with Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, "You Wanna Ramble" and "Precious Memories" which has Caribbean drums and rhythms thrown in to battle with gospel harmonies. Also noteworthy is the lengthy, story-like "Brownsville Girl" written with playwright Sam Shepard. A series of half-drawn, half-sung remembrances of movies, dream-like scenes of small town life and ruminations on fading heroes, forsaken love, hope and deaths, it may become the only long-remembered piece on the album.

Whilst lyrically inferior and musically superior to 85's *Empire Burlesque*, *Knocked Out Loaded* will prove a hard-to-adjust-to style for most listeners, even Dylan die-hards.

## 5MMM going upmarket?



GIGS

**GARDEN PATH  
HAPPY PORPAK  
BELLIGERENT SLAVES**  
5MMM Spring Thing Party  
September 20

by Alex Gunther

"Winter is dead and it's time to get your head out of bed because it's on again, it's party time at Triple M."

Such was the on air plug for the spring thing fundraiser gig held recently at the Norwood studios. So our offbeat radio station is going upmarket? You see an attitude of antigrav arrogance has haunted most Triple M presenters for years now, although talking to a few of them on the night I found them slowly more willing to make the music accessible. Why not? There will still be the usual listener involvement.

Organiser Paul Garson said the party was a great success and he has another one planned already for the end of the year. About 400 people went, mostly said antigrav Austral type people but a generous sprinkling of businesshead jazz freaks and bearded bikies were there as well.

The music was thrash.

The *Belligerent Slaves* didn't sound tight vocally although their demonic drumbeat kept the crowd wriggling. *Happy Porpak*, a much younger band, played virtually the same material although it was done with more perfection and some very interesting guitar riffs.

*Garden Path* stole the show, though.

Top billing and a successful first album might have helped but they played their instruments with more sensitivity to make up for the poor



acoustics and that alone made all the difference.

Bigger and better things are in store for this band but for now they

are planning a trip to the U.K. Pity they won't be back in time to play the next MMM show on the 21st December.

## Al Cohn steps out

AL COHN  
Richmond Hotel

by Richard Ogier

Tenor saxophonist, Al Cohn, is not a many-coloured improviser, nor is he one of great intensity.

But this is not to suggest limitations in his playing as much as to indicate the parameters of his art. His sound is based on the creation of rolling, hypnotic lines, that reveal the power of understatement in every tailored phrase. Even when the tempos are quick, the sense of understatement is never lost.

This does, of course, fit the style of celebrated local pianist, Ted Nettlebeck, who easily played the best he has over the last couple of big jazz gigs (The Superband and Red Rodney concerts). At his relaxed and sensitive best, Nettlebeck's solos and accompaniment - the terms are indeed interchangeable, in the style of Bill Evans they were often indiscernible - provided Cohn with a gently constructed back-cloth.

Drummer Lawry Kennedy was

also inspired. Gone was much of his characteristically intricate cymbal work, in favour of a more straight ahead swining style. In combination with bassist Dave Siedel, he gave the music a rock solid base.

But, Cohn himself was the highlight of the evening. After some cautious moments at the outset, he relaxed in to the rhythm section and soloed superbly on Cole Porter's "I Love You". This was closely matched by his work on "Don't Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me", and "You Stepped Out of a Dream", which took the music to it's highest point at the close of the second set.

His renditions of "Emily" and the classic "Body and Soul", amply revealed his ability to interpret a tune with creativity and individuality - to reshape and recast rather than merely to recite it.

This was greeted by cries of adulation from an enthusiastic and affectionate audience who roused the saxophonist to an encore that ebbed and flowed in the characteristic style.

## A series of Queen hits

A KIND OF MAGIC  
Queen  
CBS Records

by Joe Penhall

"Queen" is an unusual band in that in their thirteen years in music, they never once come unstuck chartwise, and rarely failed to produce uncompromisingly high standard rock and pop music. This album is no exception.

Featuring songs from the brilliant film "*Highlander*" the music is powerful and emotive, and often stirring in the best Queen/anthem tradition, and fits the film per-

fectly. However as an album of eleven well crafted songs it also works well, and showcases Freddie Mercury's as-ever fine vocals, and excellent performances from the band as a unit, (with a notable return to minimal keyboards and maximum guitar sound) as well as each member's ever improving songwriting.

Brian May's "Friends Will Be Friends" and John Deacon's "One Year of Love" are marked high points of the album, and easily eclipse the singles, while the album is probably as a whole the best the band had produced since 1981's "*The Game*".

# 'Fantastic Toys': two views

FANTASTIC TOYS  
Australian Dance Theatre  
The Playhouse

by Mark Leahy

*Fantastic Toys* is an exquisite piece of theatre and a testimony to the strength, vitality and innovation of the Australian Dance Theatre.

Those critics who have dismissed the work - a typical conservative Adelaide response - seem to be labouring under two misapprehensions. Firstly that the work is a piece of ballet - it is not (and those expecting 'pure' dance will inevitably be disappointed); it is a potent interweaving of dance, drama, music and mime, which extends boundaries rather than working within them. Secondly people will be similarly disappointed if they expect a traditional, logical narrative; the work's potency derives from its surrealistic and obsessive imagery, its juxtaposition of the realistic and the bizarre, rather than a coherent story-line. As choreographer, Nigel Kellaway, remarks in the program notes; "*Fantastic Toys* is a narrative inviting your individual interpretation. Underlying each action are many alternative truths." In this sense, the audience actively participates in the creation of the work, rather than passively consuming it.

It is an extremely demanding work for the dancers - performed without a break and requiring a diverse range of emotional skills. Tia Propocz and Phil Callaghan are wonderfully vibrant as the sister and brother, conveying a multitude of ideas and emotions with seemingly effortless skill.

Guy Detot's performance as the shadow is superb and, in many ways, holds the piece together, providing an element of continuity in an otherwise diverse work. Perhaps his character can be read, in some ways, as the artist?: controlling and constructing much of the action, with an ability to both reveal (as when he removes Phil Callaghan's mask) and be deconstructed, himself, (as when the other dancers turn on him).

However, it would be wrong to simply single out a few dancers. The choreography, which is full of variety, is superbly performed by all of the dancers - especially in the dream-like scenes, where one gets the impression that they had a great deal of input into their individual and quirky characters.

One of the piece's major strengths is the music, by Sarah De Jong, using Mozart's *Requiem* as a base. It has some very beautiful and exciting moments and could very well stand on its own. It enhances and expands upon the ideas communicated by the dance-drama and has a haunting quality which lingers



Guy Detot and Meredith Kitchen with Lisa Heaven in the background in ADT's production 'Fantastic Toys'.

FANTASTIC TOYS  
Australian Dance Theatre  
The Playhouse

by Terence Chan

Having seen the Australian Dance Theatre's latest full-length production *Fantastic Toys*, it is almost easy to feel a sense of fulfilment and uplift at life's tragedies. But then, *Fantastic Toys* is full of paradoxes.

At the centre of the drama are two couples, one a sister and brother, whose incestuous love-hate relationship is set in counter-point to the other couple, a bride and groom. But *Fantastic Toys* is no psychological drama - far from it. It has no theme; rather, it makes certain statements. For example, it makes the statement that the images of their world which people conjure up in their minds and the

images which they present to the world are used as a means of coming to terms with their emotional and psychological predicament. In themselves such statements are not particularly original; the originality is rather in the making of these statements.

Instead of stripping away the layers of clothing to reveal the bare emotions through the dancers' movements, choreographer Nigel Kellaway cuts these images to pieces and then glues them together again so that they are transformed by some magical process of choreographic metabolism. The result is that the images are allowed to speak of whatever emotional truths lie within them in a language which is wholly unpredictable, at times self-contradictory, yet entirely believable.

For all the talk about images (not to mention cutting and gluing), it would be wrong to describe *Fantastic Toys* as a collage. Kellaway's vision is not a painter's one, nor is the impact of his images purely visual. The experience of seeing *Fantastic Toys* is essentially a sensual and physical experience. What makes *Fantastic Toys* interesting is that it tries to present a series of emotional states in such a sensual and physical way.

To a large extent it succeeds. Where it is in danger of failing is when Kellaway tries to cut up too many images into too many pieces before reconstructing them. At those times too many things are spilled onto the stage and the choreography appears to have lost its focus because the chemistry of the actions is not right. However, when the chemistry is right the effect is stunning. The point is whether it is possible to get away with a momentary loss of control if there is sufficient intuition in the choreography and in its execution, and if so, does Kellaway have that

intuition and spontaneity in his approach. I am inclined to think that the answer to the first question is "yes", but I will reserve my judgement on the second one.

It is obvious in any case that the cast has no shortage of spontaneity. From their point of view, *Fantastic Toys* is an enormously demanding work, both technically and emotionally. It is not enough that they are good dancers, they must also be able to give dramatic credibility to their actions. It is this credibility which gives a sense of reality to all those fantastic gothic underworld images that abound there. The dancers bring to their tightly-disciplined performance a physicality and sense of touch without which their characters would only be cardboard figures in interesting costumes.

In *Fantastic Toys* the ADT has moved decisively away from the view of dance as an abstraction and distillation of experience through movement and form towards a more holistic approach to dance. The lasting impression of this production is of its freshness in an attempt to create and develop a new dance aesthetic.



From left: Antra Hood, Lachlan Moyle, Barbi Jurczyk and Martin Penhale in the A.U. German Club's sell-out production *The Physicist*, by Duerrenmatt.

**Abbie's**  
SECRETARIAL  
SERVICES  
PTY LTD  
TYPING\* COPYING\*  
WORD PROCESSING\*  
BINDING ETC.  
**10% STUDENT DISCOUNT**  
**371 0688**  
196 Anzac Highway, Plympton, South Australia 5038.  
Telex: AAB9216 FAX: (Group 3) 257 536



# START AT THE

Edited by Doctor Who, Narbert the myxamotosis-inflicted bunny and Zagreb the Polish zookeeper.



## Ex-ter-min-a-tor

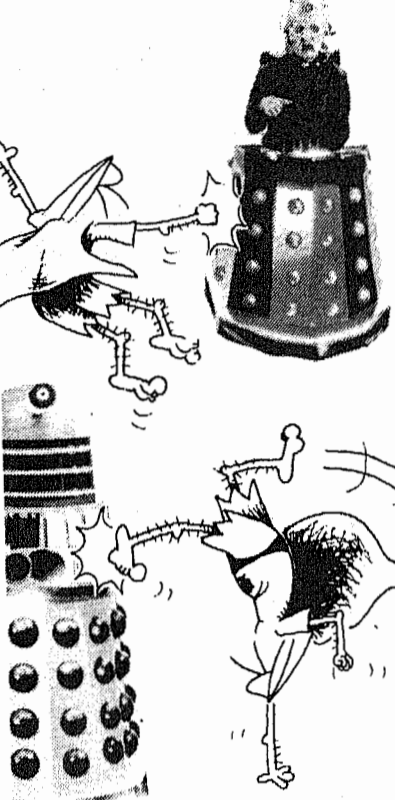
Doctor Who materialised in the *On Dit* office last week, grumbling about "problems with the old girl". Actually, we thought that Sarah-Jane Smith looked quite healthy, but anyway, after kicking the tyres of the TARDIS, swearing Time Lord oaths a bit and adjusting a couple of doohickeys, the Doctor relaxed enough to pass on a juicy morsel of gossip that he had found out about in the future. "A little known part of your budget - which was heard about all over the Galaxy - was that Peter Walsh had intended to hire private investigators to catch welfare cheats. However, your Social Security Department was horrified by this, and threw it out of the Budget only one day before it was announced, to the annoyance of Peter Walsh".

"He was then made an honorary Dalek."

## The Last Stand

We have decided to put our caption competition out of its misery. The overwhelming response had taken so much collective effort that the University Council felt that it was adversely affecting student study habits.

Well, who won? The judges were staggered by the uniform quality of entries - they were all terrible. "I've seen more taste-



## Ex-tri-cate

A book launched last month in Britain, called *Can I Count On Your Support?*, features stories of the odd things that can happen to politicians on the campaign trail. MP Jerry Hayes, for instance, was doorknocking in Portsmouth and was greeted at one house by the tallest woman that he had ever seen. She was also the only woman that he had seen who had a five o'clock shadow. He managed to ask, "Are you a Conservative?" to which the person replied "To be perfectly frank, I'm not sure what I am."

MP George Young recalled

the story of a party worker who apprehensively approached a house that had a vicious dog in the yard. An upstairs window opened, and the party man explained his business to the woman who leant out. "Yes, we're Tory," said the woman, and the man thanked her, while the dog was attacking him. The woman advised him to "kick his balls", but he declined, saying, "We don't do that sort of thing in the Conservative Party." But the woman insisted "No, it's all right. Just kick his balls." To stop the onslaught from the dog, the man finally gave in, and did so. Then he noticed the

two tennis balls lying on the ground.

## Ex-ci-tate

BDF Australia, a public relations firm, is to market condoms for men who experience premature ejaculation (those who are before their time?). The new condom is thicker than your common or garden one, reducing sensitivity.

The product, endorsed by the Cybermen, will be marketed in Oz using a poster that shows a cartoon of two women chatting as a condom runs past them. One says to the other, "He's a bit thick and he lacks sensitivity, but he really lasts the distance."

ful, more eloquent wry humour on the wall of the bogs," said one. A number of entries were unprintable, a few were litigious, but most were just forgettable. (This is our way of thanking everybody that entered). Anyway, we thought that the pitiful following few were the least pathetic:

"The gas...er, de-lousing chambers are in the next corridor."

"Antarctic Acclimatisation Team, prepare to enter the freezer." (Both by M. Buvka)

"Screening for Arabs in the Israeli Army is an exhaustive process."

"In Imperial, that converts to just under two inches." (Both by V. Thune)

"Sorry Bob, Mal's been declared the biggest dick at Oxford but the sculling record is

still up for grabs."

But the winner is...

"We're still waiting for the chair and the representative from the Guinness Book of Records." (by V. Thune)

You can collect your prize from the *On Dit* Office. Speak to Enzo about your night out together.

## Disease of the Week

This is a slight twist on our old Death of the Week item. Now we will be bringing you the most horrible sicknesses and diseases that we can find, all in glorious black and white.

This week our star illness is kuiu (pronounced koo-yoo), which is mostly developed by cannibals, so its unlikely to become the next trendy designer disease. The kuiu virus lives nowhere but the human

brain, and can only be contracted by eating the cortical flesh - hence the individual problems for cannibals. Anyway, sufferers turn into cackling idiots, and cannot stop laughing. (It is known informally as the laughing disease.) The cannibals, who eat the brains of their dead enemies to gain their strength and wisdom, are so crazed with laughter that they eventually die of malnutrition. There is no cure.

## Personal

Wanted - One broadminded couple. He, tall, dark, sensuous Virgoan, with a clean bill of health. She, statuesque, flame-haired, gold-flecked green eyes, must be willing to work with animals. Leather dealer ideal. Apply *On Dit*, ask for Kris.

FASTER THAN... UM... SOMETHING THATS REALLY FAST, MORE POWERFUL THAN... ER... ABLE TO... AH, FORGET IT... ITS ALL JUST EXAGGERATION ANYWAY...

# CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

in THE RETURN OF THE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE Pt 9

TWO BUTTOCKS SOLDIERS HAVE SNEAKED THEIR WAY INTO THE WHITEHOUSE, WHILE SOMEWHERE IN THE NEVADA DESERT, WHO SORT OF HATED TREVOR IN A WAY THAT

