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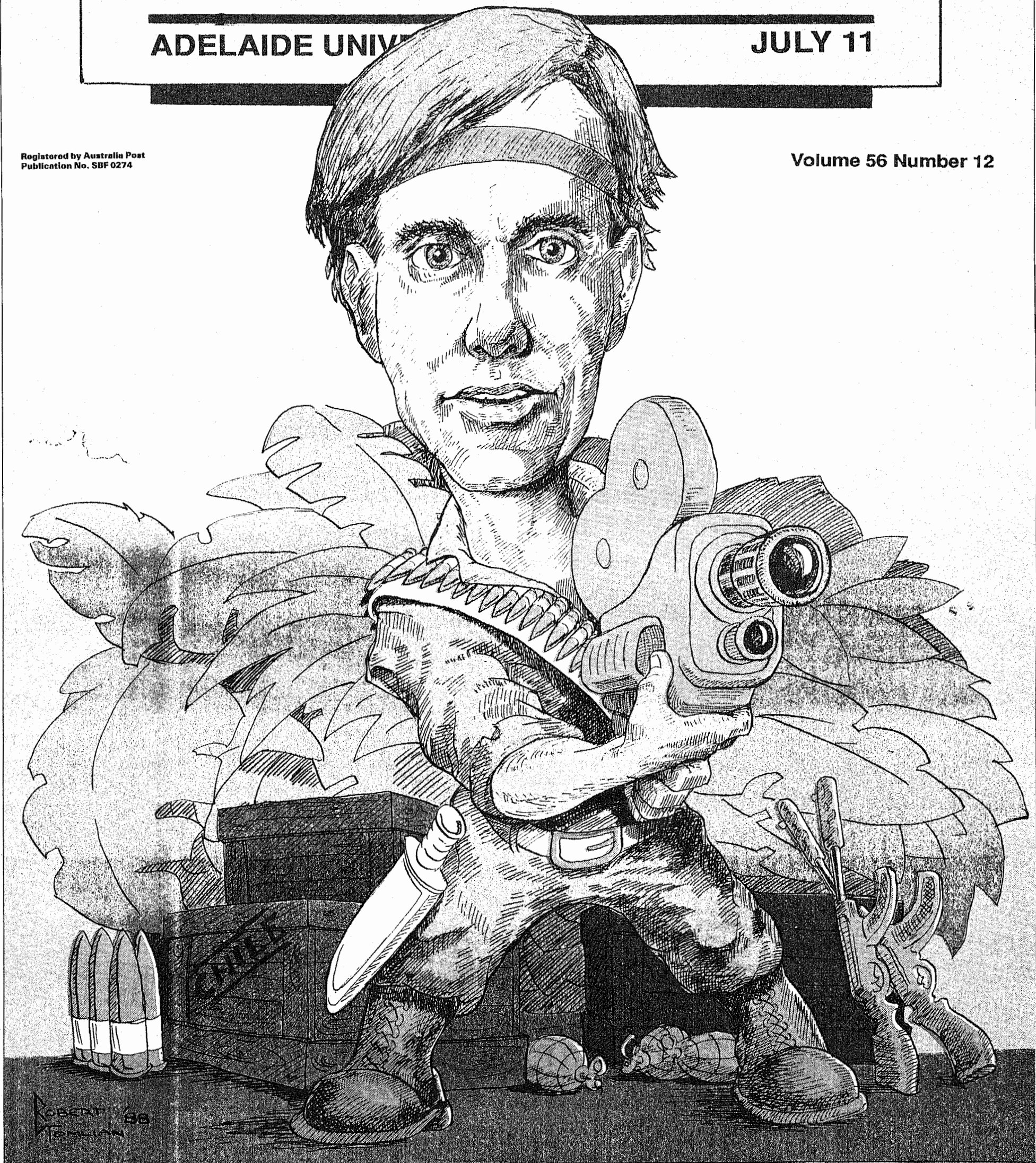
On Dit

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

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FILM AS POLITICS

DAVID BRADBURY INTERVIEW PAGE 7

The Last Generation and the Crash

P.J.O'Rourke doesn't have much admiration for his won generation - the sixties people. One of America's best essayists, he let it all hang out earlier this year in *The American Spectator*. Just bear in mind that when he says "us" he means the middle-aged US...or does he?

Ever since the stock market went to the bathroom last fall, a lot of us have been pretty busy - talking our broker pals down from window ledges and convincing friends in the junk bond business to shut off the Porsche and open the garage door. We've been so busy that we may not have noticed Black Monday, Blue Tuesday, Black and Blue Wednesday, etc. marked the end of an era. Neo-poverty means curtains for the Yuppies, a.k.a. the Me Generation, a.k.a. the Dr Spock Brats. Everybody born between WWII and the early sixties is finally going to have to grow up. It's all over now, Baby Boom.

Of course, the collapse of the Reagan Pig-Out wasn't the only thing that did us Boomers in. There was massive drug-taking, which turned out to be a bad idea. Maybe drugs make you a better person but only if you believe in heaven and think John Belushi could get past the doorman.

And having sex with everyone we could think of - this broke up our first two marriages and gave most of us chronic venereal diseases and the rest of us obituaries. And then there was us, just being ourselves - "finding out who we are", "getting in touch with our feelings", "fulfilling our true inner potential" - frightening stuff. You'll notice that now we're running out to see Fatal Attraction so we can moon over a nuclear family and cheer for traditional morals. It seems like that boring middle-class suburbia where we grew up was swell after all. The problem is, we've spent all our money on cocaine and Reeboks and we can't afford it.

What went wrong? We were the generation of hope; the generation that was going to change the world; the biggest, richest, best-educated generation in the history of America - the biggest, richest, best-educated spot in this or any other galaxy. Nothing was too good for us.

It took thousand of doctors and psychiatrists to decide whether we should suck our thumbs or all our toes, too. Our every childhood fad had global implications. One smile at Davy Crockett and the forests of the temperate zone were denuded in the search for raccoon-tail hats. When we took up Hula Hoops, the planet bobbed in its orbit. Our transistor radios drowned out the music of the spheres. A snuffle from us and Life magazine was sick in bed for a month. All we had to do was hold a sit-in and governments were toppled from the Peking of Mao Tsetung to the Cleveland of Dennis Kucinich. "We are the world," we shouted just a couple of years ago. And just a couple of years ago we were. How did we wind up so old? So fat? So confused? So broke?

The truth is our generation was spoiled rotten from the start. We spent the entire 1950s on our butts in front of the television while mom fed us Twinkies and Ring-Dings through strawberry Flavor straws and dad ransacked the toy stores looking for 100 mph streamlined Schwinn, Daisy air howitzers, Lionel train sets larger than the New York Central system, and other novelties to keep us amused during the few hours when Pinky Lee and "My Friend Flicka" weren't on the air.

When we came of age in the 1960s, we found the world wasn't as perfect as Mr Greenjeans and Mrs Cleaver said it would be, and we threw a decade-long temper tantrum. We screamed at our parents, our teachers, the police, the President, Congress and the Pentagon.



KEEPING UP

The current wisdom, compiled & annotated by D.W. Griffith.

We threatened to hold our breath (as long as the reefer stayed lit) and not cut our hair until poverty, war and injustice were stopped.

That didn't work. So we whiled away the seventies in an orgy of hedonism and self-absorption, bouncing from ashram to bedroom to disco to gym at a speed made possible only by ingesting vast quantities of Inca Scratch-N-Sniff.

Even this proved unsatisfying, so we elected President Reagan and tried our hand at naked greed. We could have it all - career, marriage, job, children, BMW, Rolex, compact disc player, another marriage, more children and a high-growth, high-yield, no-load mutual fund.

Actually, for a while, it looked like we could have it all. As long as we didn't mind also having a national debt the size of the Crab Nebula, an enormous underclass making its living from five-cent beverage can deposits, and currency that the Japanese use to blow their nose. But now our economy has the williwaws, and our Youth Culture has arthritis, Alzheimer's, and gout. Life's big VISA card bill has come due at last.

The Baby Boom has reached middle-age. It's time for us to pause, time to reflect, time to... OH GOD, DARLING DON'T DO IT WITH A GUN - WE JUST REDECORATED THE BATHROOM!!

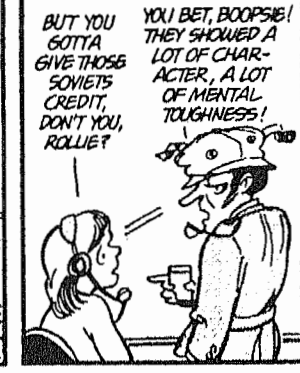
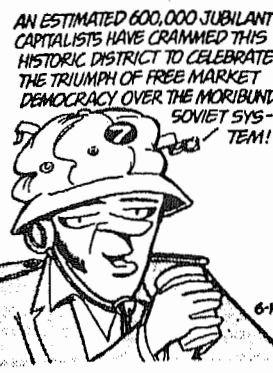
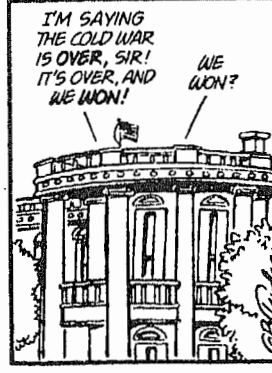
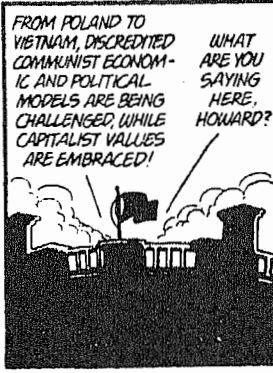
...time to evaluate the contributions that we, as a generation, have made to a world which presented us with so many unique advantages. Contributions such as...uh...um... BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ Times up! Well, some of the Beatles' songs are really great. (Although, technically, the Beatles aren't part of the Baby Boom).

Wait a minutes, I hear discussing noises. Civil Rights, you say? But the Civil Rights Movement was founded by people a lot older than us. Harriet Tubman, for instance. We Boomers did start the Peace Movement. That was a big success. The Vietnam was only lasted another eight or ten years, once we got the Peace Movement going. Then, darn it, the Communists took over South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia and killed everybody they could get their hands on just like General Westmoreland, that pig, said they would.

So I don't think we can count the Peace Movement as a major contribution, especially not as far as the former citizens of Phnom Pehn are concerned. Our political commitment, however, really changed things. You can tell by the quality of the Presidents that we used to have, such as Truman and Eisenhower, compared to the quality of the Presidents that we got as soon as the Baby Boom was old enough to vote, such as Carter and Reagan.

And our idealism has made a difference. Ever since Live-Aid all the Ethiopians have had to do the Jane Fonda work-out to keep from larding up around the middle.

Let's face it, our much-vaunted rebellion against bourgeois values meant we didn't want to clean the bathroom. All our mystical enlightenments are now printed in Hallmark greeting cards with pictures of unicorns on them. Our intellectual insights led to a school system that hasn't taught anybody how to read in fifteen years. All we've done for the disadvantaged is



It's all over!

How did the Cold war end? Garry Trudeau's US comic strip *Doonesbury* (the one good thing in *The Australian*) reveals a different side of America...

gentry the crap out of their neighbourhoods. And now we're about to lose our jobs...

Keating V The Rest of the World

The aging but still-evangelical high priest of Australian economic journalism, Max Walsh, penned this neat little summation of the local situation last week (a summation in which is contained one of the month's worst mixed metaphors).

One of Paul Keating's throw-away lines at the Hobart conference was the claim that when next year's Budget comes around the Australian public sector will be smaller - in relative terms - than at any time since Gough Whitlam came to power. Perhaps Mr Keating was too modest.

The Australian economy is tracking towards the smaller public sectors in the way that Mr Keating has Australia positioned.

When Labor came to power in 1983 the total public sector was 35.6 per cent of GDP. The Commonwealth's share represented 28.9 per cent.

In the first two years of the Hawke Government, Commonwealth Budget outlays climbed to 29.9 per cent before the balance of payments figures brought the Government up with a sharp jerk. Since then, it has cut back Budget outlays each year.

The next Budget, which will cut spending by 1.5 per cent in real terms, will be the third in a row to cut spending in real terms. It will bring the total contraction to 4.5 per cent - from 30 per cent to under 26 per cent.

(Total public sector spending has fallen from 36.8 per cent to under 36 per cent but, because of cuts to the States of Commonwealth funds and borrowings, the State contribution to real cuts will now accelerate.)

The first Whitlam Budget lifted Commonwealth Budget outlays from 23.8 per cent of GDP to 28.9 per cent.

This was the way Labor was supposed to govern; by increasing the "social wage", an expression which

basically means using a government's taxing powers to redistribute income within society, Mr Keating has moved the other way with a vengeance.

He has had the balance of payments problem as persuasive weapon for reversing Labor's traditional role.

In the process, he has pre-empted much of the ground which John Howard sought to occupy.

Smoking and the Rent Control principle

So what's the Rent Control principle, you ask? It's the principle that sprang into operation when, in 1947, politicians in New York bowed to tenants' pressure and extended wartime price controls into permanent housing regulation. It meant rent or perhaps one-third of all New York apartments would stay below the market rate. Intended as a social good - it was a rule to keep prices down - rent control has had a number of repercussions.

As New York writer William Tucker described recently in the US's *New Republic* magazine, the cut in the number of uncontrolled apartments has given The Big Apple a permanent housing shortage. Meanwhile, again in Tucker's words, the tenants in the rent-controlled apartments would rather nail their feet to the floor than leave. No matter that the apartments are leaking and cracking because the landlords no longer have any reason to maintain them.

Rent control brought quite the opposite effect to that which the regulators intended.

So what's all this got to do with smoking?

The *Financial Review*'s US correspondent, Greg Hywood, explains all. Since New York imposed strict anti-smoking laws a few weeks ago, the beneficiaries have been the smokers.

The new laws - designed to prevent non-smokers being exposed to

"passive smoking" - require most restaurants to reserve at least half their tables for non-smokers. But since there are a lot of groups with a mixture of smokers and non-smokers, restaurants tend to over-compensation for the smokers. It is, Hywood writes, less hassle that way.

So, as he describes, some restaurants are now almost empty in one half as non-smokers queue for tables in the other half.

The best way to get a good table in The Apple is now simple: smoke. Lest you wonder, the closest *Keeping Up* comes to smoking is when one of the editors (not reveal which one she is) scatters cigarette ash over the half-prepared pages on *On Dit*'s layout weekends.

PRODUCTION

There will be no edition of *On Dit* next week (July 18) as the typesetter will be in use for election material. The next edition of *On Dit* will appear on July 25.

On Dit is a weekly news-magazine. It comes out every Monday during term (except for public holidays and election week). Edited and published by Sally Niemann and Richard Ogier.

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Freight and a much appreciated bottle of wine: Alex Wheaton

Photography: Richard Falkland and Alex Hancock

Cover cut by: Benjamin Hunter

Thanks to all the music people who put together a very attractive rock supplement; Bridge Press; car thieves (in advance, for the pleasure we will get when we torch them); and...well.. to all gothic princesses everywhere, to whom the centre-spread and back page are dedicated. May all your dragons be well slayed.



Ann Vasson



Katrina Steer



Andrew Bishop



Stephen Gettees

On the tax, it's either fight or give ground

by Richard Ogier

The student movement needs to set down its specific objections to the graduate tax if any progress is to be made in the fight against it, according to Michelle Grattan.

Ms Grattan, the Melbourne Age newspaper's chief Canberra correspondent, said the "free education cause" had been fought and lost. She said that from the point of view of practical negotiation, students would be best advised to tackle the government on the details of the scheme.

Ms Grattan's views were one of three "expert" opinions sought by *On Dit* last week as to what angle the student movement should take in the run up to the August budget.

It is then that the government has promised to introduce graduate tax legislation.

"I think that the graduate tax will come," Ms Grattan said. "I think that students have to accept that the totally free education cause is lost."

Ms Grattan said she saw little point in the proposal of pushing for a 12 month delay - recently floated in these pages by Flinders academic Dr Andrew Parkin - as this would simply help current students rather than cater to the Government's professed aim of "getting the system right".

"I can't see a great benefit in delaying," Ms Grattan said. "Students should not win on this point. The

Government is set on getting the system going pretty quickly."

Ms Grattan said that one reason why the debate had slipped from wider public view was that "in these conservative times in which user-pays is fashionable, students don't have a great deal of (community) support in saying that there should be no charge."

Nevertheless, what students needed to do was "set down what you feel are the aspects of the proposal that are going to hit people unfairly or that need to be adjusted for some other reason."

"A negotiation tactic to give some sort of acceptance in principle might put you into a useful position," Ms Grattan said.

"It's hard to predict exactly how that would be taken but I would have thought there was a good chance that it would be seen as a sign of reasonableness."

Ms Grattan said that such a position would give students and the Government a basis for discussion.

According to Dr Dean Jaensch, Reader in Politics at Flinders University, the essential problem for students was that they were facing two policies - the graduate tax of the Government and the opposition's preference for up-front fees - one of which was "almost certain to be implemented".

"The bottomline is that students need to pick the one that is least

painful," Dr Jaensch said.

"The other alternative is to fight this at the electoral level by targeting marginal seats like the environmentalists did at the last few elections."

However, unlike the environmental movement, students were not on a "tide" of public support.

Dr Jaensch said that adherence to the principle of free education need not be ditched but that if a compromise position wasn't considered it would be tough for students to make gains.

Alternatively, Dr Greg McCarthy, who lectures in public policy at Adelaide University, said the student movement should stick to the hardline stance dominant in the Adelaide University Students' Association.

"I think the student line sounds right. If the student protest continues to take them (the Government) front-on they will recognise that they have to give some way."

"I think that if you go for a middle-ground position the Government will want to push you back further. They're used to dealing with factional (situations) in which they have to make compromises. If you start making compromises first they'll try and take the compromises further."

"So I think that students are right here; to take the hard-line, to demonstrate more and fight them all the way."

Campus division over graduate tax

by Michelle Chan

Only a quarter of students in an *On Dit* survey conducted at Adelaide University last week unequivocally supported a free education stance.

Students were asked whether they thought the student movement should maintain its support for free education unconditionally, or whether it should accept a trade-off with the government by agreeing to some form of graduate tax if it was coupled with an industry levy.

This follows the endorsing of the Dawkins' principle of user-pays by cabinet and the ALP National Conference. At that conference, Victorian Premier Cain proposed increasing the corporate tax rate from 39 cents to 40 cents to generate education revenue.

An alternative is an increase in government expenditure on education from 0.99 per cent of GDP to one per cent, as it was under Fraser and Whitlam, to provide the necessary funds.

Three of the thirteen students interviewed by *On Dit* asserted free education as a right. Katrina Steer, an agricultural science student, said: "Everybody has a right to education and the government should give us the right to have the education. We all pay taxes in the end so I think the government should provide us with that opportunity to get free tertiary education."

Catherine McGregor, an Anthropology/Politics student, was more explicit: "I think we should fight to keep free education - it's a moral issue, an issue of principle. Education should be free - it should be a right of every citizen in the democracy. We don't [pay for it] at primary or secondary level and I don't see that we should at tertiary."

I think tertiary education is no longer a luxury - it's a basic. An undergraduate degree is as basic now as secondary education was a few years ago."

Many who backed a compromise thought this was the fairer or more feasible option, but there were obvious and diverse dissatisfactions with the proposed form of the tax.

Steven Gettees, an Economics student, said "Students should pay a bit because they benefit from it." Anna Svigos, an Arts student, also supported "a compromise rather than free education because although I'm not paying for education, I don't think it should be free."

Andrew Bishop, an Arts student, agreed with the trade-off. "I don't

think free education is possible because you've got too many working people in your average jobs it would never allow. We're lucky in what we've had over the last 10 years."

"I'm willing to pay something towards my education because I believe it's going to get me somewhere," but he found some of the fees proposed, especially for Law, too high and showed "the power of money...and I don't think that's entirely fair."

Ann Vasson, an Arts student, said: "It's not fair if we get completely free education because everyone has to pay. The capitalist society these days is a user-pays society, so it's only fair that we pay and put something towards our education. I certainly think a graduate tax isn't the best answer. I definitely think there should be some industry or corporate tax."

Another Arts student, Sharon Kemp, also believed "we should pay for what we use but it should be in a different way rather than the graduate tax and that scheme - I don't think that's right. A trade-off would be a compromise. It would be more of an understanding between the government and the students". She found the tax "fair enough" but said talk of a 40 per cent discount for those who paid upfront was unjust.

Tanya Pfiffer, a science student said: "Maybe we could have a trade-off. I like the idea of free education but in today's society it's not altogether practical. It would be wise if it could continue but I don't think other people are going to agree to it".

Two students who preferred not to be named, thought a graduate tax would "keep people out who aren't putting their best in or who are just wasting their time here," and compared such students to "dole bludgers" who were wasting other people's places. One of them said that since some sort of fees was inevitable, "if we just make a compromise with [the Government] we're probably better off in the long run anyway whereas if we go totally against it they'll probably bring in something far more severe."

They disagreed with raising the corporate tax rate but one suggested "a graduation tax of \$8 in our salaries because we get the larger per centage of income when we leave anyway compared to most people."

They said they thought the proposed scheme as fair, pointing out that "if you don't earn over a certain amount, you don't even pay for it."

\$\$ cut may cost students

A University decision to cut the Sports Association's annual grant could mean a \$15 increase in the Union Statutory fee.

The University has told the Sports Association it must now meet the cost of all grounds maintenance, a total of \$94 000.

Convenor of a sub-committee set up to deal with the University on this issue, Mr Peter Zeleny, said that the Sports Association would be seeking a withdrawal of the University's decision.

"It is distressing that the University is behaving in this way," Mr Zeleny said.

"The University has not been thorough in working out what it could do to raise extra money."

"I think it is shocking, because students are vulnerable and that is being taken advantage of."

Mr Zeleny said the decision had been made without consultation and

that it could possibly be a legal breach of an agreement made some months ago between the University and the Sports Association.

The agreement was that the University would fund all maintenance of the West Beach sports grounds.

General Secretary of the Sports Association, Mr Colin Pickering, said that a three to four year phasing in of the plan was required before the Association would be able to meet the cost.

"There was no prior discussion on how further cuts would be implemented," he said.

The recommendation to stop the maintenance grant was made by the University Finance Committee.

A letter from the University Bursar, Mr Peter Burke, states that the University Council had received and accepted recommendations made by the Finance Committee concerning the University's 1989

budget. It said that "negotiations and investigations should proceed to determine detailed aspects of the implementation of the budget reductions."

According to Mr Zeleny and Mr Pickering, that meeting had not yet occurred.

The Registrar of Adelaide University, Mr Frank O'Neill, said that the decision by the University to stop paying the maintenance costs had been made and that the Sports Association would have to be "more responsive".

"The Sports Association has many opportunities to fund the maintenance of the grounds," Mr O'Neill said.

"It can get the money by being more entrepreneurial, or by more effective management or by placing a higher levy on students who play sport."

"The Union may decide to increase the Statutory fee."

Old Uni tower to get a facelift

by Rebecca Lange

The Mitchell Building's 120 year old tower is finally about to receive a face lift.

Mr T Molnar, the Building's and Estates work manager, said the tower "will look exactly the same as it does now but with a sound steel sub-frame inside it."

Wood currently used in the construction of the tower has rotted to the extent that the nails supporting it can be pulled out by hand, and in order to keep it from falling apart while it is moved

workmen have had to construct an internal steel frame.

Mid this week a crane will be brought in to lift the tower off the roof.

Mr Molnar believes work on the tower will be finished by next week, depending on the weather conditions.

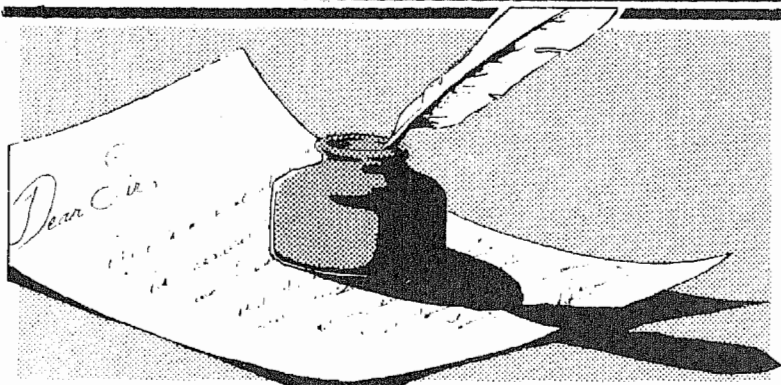
It will be another three weeks before the tower is returned to its original position as the front section of the Mitchell building roof must be retiled.

Before work could commence on

the Mitchell building, permission from the Heritage Commission had to be obtained as the building is historically protected.

Permission was granted with the proviso that the exterior was not changed.

Maintenance carried out on the tower will cost \$75 000, while tiling of the front section will cost \$67 000. The Buildings and Estates Office has received a grant of \$30 000 from the Heritage Commission and it is hoped the entire building will soon be retiled.



LETTERS

The deadline for Letters to the Editors is 12 noon on Wednesday. All letters should include the author's telephone number. Anonymous or pseudonymic letters will only be considered for publication if the author's name and phone number are included (not for publication).

Bourgeois Bigotry

To the Editors,

Recent correspondence to your worthy publication has prompted me to take up pen and paper and air my views.

Why should it be that in a supposedly intelligent and enlightened environment such as Adelaide University that such petty bourgeois hypocrisy is so prevalent? In my naivety I expected to encounter a scholarly brotherhood of intelligent academics at such a venue. To my dismay and disgust I have found that the subtle class bias in the workforce exists in combination with a discipline snobbery which is flaunted at every opportunity.

The friendly rivalry between students of the various disciplines has exploded into open confrontation and argument, as pointless as the bias which propels this mentality.

I think that many of the more vocal medical students will be shocked to discover that not all students in other disciplines are frustrated medical school hopefuls who did not achieve entry to the school. The entry requirements for the medical school are not set because high intelligence is of paramount importance in the field, but merely to control the number of medical graduates entering the workforce.

Perhaps your parents are also to blame, forcing you to enter a particular field and for putting you on a pedestal. Do medical students really desire to spend their lives with sick and dying people? I can think of nothing more depressing. Perhaps it is the ego-masturbation of prestige that you seek? (I apologise to those med students who enrolled for ideological reasons).

Why is it that readers of *On Dit* have to put up with bourgeois bigotry and ignorance waved in our faces week after week? Most people I questioned are sick to the teeth of this petty bullshit.

Stereotyped role playing, defined decades ago, may be the most important part of University life for many of these egotists, but don't they get tired of peer group approval seeking? Break free from your peer group and develop as a true individual. Who cares what Jeremy, Trent and Nathan think of you? Be yourself, not what you think your friends or parents want you to be. But most importantly try to resolve your petty differences and leave space in *On Dit* for spontaneous, intellectual discussion which we can all benefit from.

In the hope that maturity and intelligence will prevail over bourgeois bullshit and peer group pressure I now end the letter.

Signed,
A Typical Arts Student Fed Up With This Bullshit.

Editorial awry

Dear Editors,

The final sentence of your last editorial ("Report reveals lessons to be learned", *On Dit* 4/7/88) was ill-considered and, I suspect, a sell-out on the principle of free, accessible education.

There's no denying that the report prepared "with haste" by the post-

graduate researchers on campus security is admirable. But really, Richard, how can you draw an analogy between their preparation of a report about a local problem for a university council and the response of NUS to the Federal Government's Wran report? The problems are poles apart in magnitude and political complexity!

Are you suggesting that NUS should have accepted the tertiary tax but negotiated a few concessions?

And is your twee and nostalgic "If only NUS had..." the beginning of a snide and personally motivated campaign to discredit the fledgling National Union?

If so, let it be remembered that the S.A. branch of NUS organised a protest rally the likes of which we have not seen since the Vietnam war. Nor was there anything interstate to match its impact and effectiveness in raising public awareness and support. NUSSA has continued to work hard on many levels to maintain the campaign against a tertiary tax on students.

What is *On Dit* doing to support FREE accessible education? What has happened to Sally's "rise and resist"?

Jacqui Howard
Postgraduate student
Deakin University.

Right-wing diatribe

Dear Editors,

Why must *On Dit* degrade itself by filling page two with such inane right-wing diatribe?

Of course political activists concentrate on attacking conservative, reactionary regimes (or should I say "our friends"). It is a natural reaction against having our so-called "enemies" sins relentlessly drilled into us from birth by the television news service and newspapers.

If activists have always shown such favouritism it is because official sources of information have always been so restricted, narrow-minded and biased. It may be the case that your average political activists, or just politically aware person, knows more about the evils of various right-wing tyrannies, but I am sure the average Australian citizen still regards the bad guys as the "Commies". Why criticize the few, small attempts made to redress this gross imbalance?

Yours sincerely,
Danielle Clode

P.S.: I like Americans too - in America. And I like them being independent. It's just a shame they don't like anyone else getting in on the act.

A poetic slip

Dear Editors,

On page 2 ("Keeping Up") of the July 4th issue, some lines of verse were attributed to Auberon Waugh. They were actually authored by Hilaire Belloc and came from the poem "Peter Goole, Who Ruined his Father and Mother by Extravagance" in his collection of *New Cautionary Tales*.

Yours faithfully,
M.E. Scrafton,
Dept. of French,
Flinders University.

A little blood

Dear Editors,

I wish to reply to the letter sent in by Becky Radcliffe and Olivia Hunt. First, let me state that this letter positively reeks of an attempt just to start an inter-faculty war rather than a serious critique. Whether or not this is true they both deserve the utmost contempt for their attempt to spread a gospel of petty prejudice and hate, and to invoke the name of God in doing so would give the Pope heart palpitations.

Anyway, as the song says - "if you want blood, you got it". There is too much of their pathetic dribble to rebut fully in this short letter, but here goes.

To say science students are under-achieving garbage, I know many science students, myself included, who could easily have obtained entrance into medicine with our matric scores, probably at the expense of idiots like those two.

What the hell kind of parties do first medical students have if science student parties are disgustingly decadent?

Maybe Med students play "pass the parcel" or "musical chairs", or maybe they play a spot of bridge while sitting around the pool. If I may I would like to suggest that Becky and Olivia try going to one of our "disgustingly decadent" parties, or even a pub crawl, they might enjoy themselves.

As for being slovenly or slatternly, not all the people in the world can afford (or have parents that can afford) to buy all their clothes from Country Road or have them bordered in sterling silver thread. Try considering how fortunate you are instead of criticising others less fortunate.

I'm so glad that Becky and Olivia have experienced Uni for so long that they can so effectively make such sweeping generalisations. Try waiting longer than a term before you excrete more verbal diarrhoea.

But enough of constructive criticism - Becky and Olivia, go and suck leper's cocks for lunch. If you're not sure how to go about this, have a practice next time you're doing an anatomy prac.

Greg Lewis,
2nd Year Maths Science.

P.S. Can you at *On Dit* please review the new Van Halen album, "OU 812"?

Cerebral constipations

Dear Editors,

Is cerebral constipation taking over "On Dit"? Is it an fact about to become a force greater than the AIDS epidemic? Well, it certainly seems like it. When are you guys going to stop printing all these fucking "let's see which faculty we can slag of this week" letters?

I mean, it's just going a bit too far. What is the average IQ of these students anyway? To judge by some of their literary skills, I'd guess it must be equal to that of half an onion, or thereabouts.

If they are "mature" enough to be admitted into Tertiary study in the first place, why do these same jerks have to insist on proving that they are socially inept and can't cope with the fact that they're not Buddah?

Okay, so the Celeste Chalfonte saga was good for a bit of a laugh. Perhaps the initiator of that line of thought which created such a cult following and inter-faculty rivalry had a masturbation problem which his GP told him could be cured through practising the art of letter writing - who knows?

But it's old hat now guys, and I am just getting a teensy-weensy bit bored with it all and just a tad embarrassed that there are so many plebians running around here who probably bought their admission certificate into University on the Black Market.

I mean, let's be grateful that we've been given the opportunity to further our education and divide our interests in different fields. But if the sensitive and obviously malnourished egos in the likes of Becky and Olivia and Co. can't cope with the fact that there are others on campus with different interests and objectives, then for God's sake, just piss off and try sprouting alfalfa for a year or two.

So, how about it, *On Dit*? Can you forsake printing crap letters for just a little bit? (If you stuck for decent contributions you can always start a "Dolly Doctor" column and see how you go).

Yours (probably) in vain,
Josie Gugis,
(Guess which faculty I'm in!)

P.S. Dear Becky and Olivia - obviously you overrated your literary capabilities - my advice is to try another form of occupational therapy.

Warning

On Friday the 24th of June, the MSS held their Inaugural Bicentenary Ball at the Burnside Town Hall. It was a great evening enjoyed by all. However, one dickhead chose to spoil my night by "permanently borrowing" my black tie dinner jacket, from the back of a chair, during the last dance.

As the coat contained my wallet, keys and a pair of glasses, this act totally screwed up my evening. Thanks. You only made one error; unbeknown to you, a rather drunk looking 3rd year Med student in the corner wasn't as drunk as he seemed.

He wrongly assumed you were a friend of mine, getting my coat as we left. Like myself, he has given a written statement to the Norwood C.I.B. So, unless the coat is returned with the other items to the Adelaide Uni security office, or my house, immediately, further police action will be taken, and, best of all, I will announce your name in next week's *On Dit* edition.

Yours thought provokingly,
a pissed off Eco-student.

Continue the Union Cellar

Dear Editors,

I also share the concern of many students over the future of the Union Cellar.

As a member of the Union Board, I have endeavoured to remain informed of the deliberations between the Union and the University of Adelaide concerning the Union Hall and the Union Cellar. At present no firm plans have been made, indeed, discussions are only in their formative stages. So there is latitude for student input to ensure that their interests are safeguarded.

Since the members of the Union Board have been made aware of the concern of many students in regard to the Union Cellar, I am sure they, and myself included, will do all possible to ensure the continuation of the Union Cellar.

Yours faithfully,
Michael Vorin.

A Griffith protest

Dear Editors,

We are writing in response to D.W. Griffiths comments about the protest at B.H.P. staged recently. We are not of the opinion that the protest was part of a "completely unselective" campaign as Griffith suggests, and would like to make the following points:

1. Use of the phrase 'commercial arrangements with' disguises the distinction between direct investment in a country (as Australia does with Chile) and trading with one.

2. Australian trading with the Soviet Union does not support that country's economy in the same massive proportion that Australia's investment in Chile does.

3. Australian companies are the major foreign investors in Chile. Thus people in Australia are able to directly pressure the Chilean government by encouraging divestment from General Pinochet's regime.

Following *On Dit's* recent publication of four articles condemning the human rights abuses occurring in Chile we find it somewhat perplexing to read comments representing a negative attack on people acting positively upon what they have read in this paper. If there is no point in protesting about human rights abuses, what point is there in running a regular column about them?

We believe you do have to start somewhere.

Yours faithfully,
Sarah Court,
James Prest,
A.U.C.A.R.E.

Students reject user pays

Dear Editors,

I find it most interesting that you published the comments of Dr Parkin (*On Dit* 20/6), an academic from Flinders, and that you did so at this time. That you did begs a number of questions.

Why is it that the ALP feels the need to attempt this form of pressure on students? Is the resolve of the ALP weakening in the face of growing community support for students? Will the Government offer a true period of consultation over a number of areas of education policy?

Students have rejected user-pays methods of funding education. We see nothing at all that is good in the Wran proposals. Contrary to Dr Parkin's views, students and the wider community have been effectively mobilised in opposition to these and other proposals put forward by governments for higher education.

We would, of course, appreciate more time to organise even stronger opposition. However, we are not interested in working out details or fine-tuning - in short, students will not do the Government's work for them. Students have nothing to gain by abandoning their strong position on the Wran proposals so that concessions can be sold to nervous but principled ALP members.

Yours sincerely,
Jim Wellmore.

Students' Association President
Flinders University.

Editorial inaccurate

Dear Ms Niemann,

It is incumbent for me to respond to your Editorial which appeared in *On Dit* on June 27, 1988.

The article "The Student Housing Outrage" is inaccurate and misleading in a number of ways.

Student Housing for University of Adelaide students is managed by the University's Non Collegiate Housing Board. The membership of this board comprises three persons nominated by the Union Council, three tenant members elected by the tenants and four persons nominated by the University Council.

The University provides the Non Collegiate Housing Board with an annual grant which is currently \$124,000. The allocation of this money to students in need of financial assistance for rental support is at the discretion of the Non Collegiate Housing Board. In 1987 the Non Collegiate Housing Board used the whole of its grant to rent houses in McKinnon Parade and Finnis Street from the University. Recently, the Non Collegiate Housing Board vacated some houses by agreement and has leased other properties within a reasonable distance of the North Terrace campus for use by students.

Most of the proceeds of the sale of the North Adelaide properties will be used to fund a debt incurred when Security House in North Terrace just opposite the University's main gate was purchased in 1986. This purchase has benefited students by providing study accommodation directly for postgraduate students and in general assisting to relieve overcrowding of other academic activities on the North Terrace campus.

The University of Adelaide allocates for many students services. These are the cost of the Careers and Counselling Service and the Health Service and grants for the Centre for Physical Health, maintenance of sports grounds, Non Collegiate Housing and Child Care Centres. This expenditure is in order of one million dollars in 1988. The only item which it is proposed to reduce in 1989 is the allocation for maintenance of sports grounds. This reduction has only been made necessary by the large reduction in government funding to the University of Adelaide in recent years.

F.J. O'Neill
Registrar

Representation not frustration on campus

Readers may have noted the letter sent to me by the Registrar, Mr Frank O'Neill.

In it he mentions the \$94 000 cut in funds that has been proposed for 1989 Sports Association funding.

The news that \$15 may have to be added to the Statutory Union Fee may upset a large proportion of the student body - and reasonably so.

No-one from either the Sports Association or the Union have been offered any advice as to how best they could find the funds, they were given no notice that such a recommendation was to be made to the Finance Committee, and since then the 'meeting' that the University Bursar, Mr Peter Burke, was intending to arrange, has not eventuated.

Once again Union employees as well as students are uptight about the lack of consultation involved in the decision making process. The Finance Committee does not have a student representative on it, but major

On Dit

EDITORIAL

decisions are still made that will obviously affect students.

While I am not attempting to treat this episode as a cloak and dagger event, it should be noted that the final decision was made at the last University Council meeting, and it was made very quietly.

The issue was 'unstarred', and it seems some effort went into giving it a very low profile.

In a situation where decisions must be made quickly, it is understandable that the entire University body cannot be involved in the consultation process. But one would hope that the immediately affected bodies would be consulted - in this instance the Sports Association - during the decision making process.

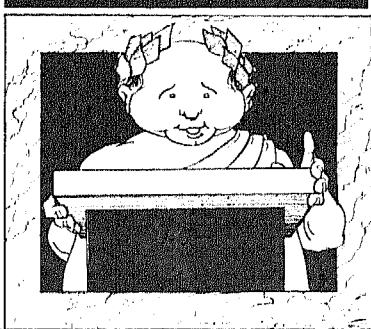
At a time when Universities are expected to be expanding, or endeavouring to expand, Adelaide University seems to be moving towards the 'slash and burn' approach.

We all have to live with financial cut-backs. Surely it would be more efficient if the University and the Union could work together to implement relevant changes, rather than being forced into public wrangles.

Sally Niemann

Stop, consider the Christian case

Anglican Chaplain Rob Forsyth recently gave a series of campus lectures which were organised by the Evangelical Union. Here, E.U. members DUGALD McKITTRICK and ANDREW COHEN offer a personal perspective on the talks.



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

Two weeks ago, members of the Evangelical Union organized a week of lectures explaining Christianity. Rob Forsyth - Anglican Chaplain to Sydney University - was flown in to communicate the gospel in the clearest possible way. Posters and banners were put up, and a real effort made to invite people to the talks. The Christians were asking the university community to STOP, AND CONSIDER CHRIST. What follows is the essence of the message, based on the talks.

Who am I?

You may be someone who rejects the whole Christian message and thinks the answer lies in the so-called common-sense-reality of Western humanism and science. But if you look seriously, the real answer to the question "Who am I?" within that framework is: "an accidental collation of atoms". This denies you any human worth, but if you can live consistently with that, okay.

The Christian answer is that true identity lies in a relationship with the living and true God. So to understand the truth about me, I have to understand the truth about God.

You are created by someone else, not just a blind process. Someone of infinite intelligence, power and goodness: the living and true God.

Psalm 139:13-14 says: "For you created my inmost being; You knit me together in my mother's womb.

I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; Your works are wonderful, I know that full well;"

Or, as a New York subway graffitist wrote, "God made me and God don't make junk". That's true for all of us. In understanding that we are created, we understand our real dignity and value. Our purpose is found in our relationship with Him.

So far good news. Now a problem. You are at heart an enemy of God, because "...although they [we] knew God they did not honour Him as God or give thanks to

Jesus came and stood among them, and said "Peace be with you." He showed them the nail wounds in His hands (from the crucifixion) and the spear wound in His side. Then comes one of the great understatement of the bible: "The disciples were glad when they saw the Lord." Imagine that situation!

It happened.

One of the disciples, Thomas, was not there when Jesus first appeared. Thomas was a sceptic, and said "unless I see Him, I will never believe?"

Eight days later Thomas was with the disciples. Jesus came again and turned to Thomas. "Put your fingers here, and see my hands; and place your hand in my side; do not be faithless, but believing."

Thomas answered Him "My Lord, and my God!"

He was speaking to a man raised from the dead, but still a human being. He called Him God. God is no longer hidden but has revealed himself in the humanity of one of us: Jesus. Thomas also called Him Lord. He recognized that if Jesus has been raised from the dead, He has the right of authority.

Jesus said to him, "Have you believed because you have seen me? Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe."

Living 2000 years after the event, we can't see Jesus as Thomas did. But it makes no difference. The recorded testimony of those who saw and touched Jesus replaces our own direct experience of seeing. You have available in the bible a public document, written so you can share in the same faith that Thomas and the others had. The gospel writer John says: "these things are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and that by believing you may have life in His name."

Jesus offers us life, and commands us to bow before Him as Lord and God. You must do something about that.

Be Reconciled to Your Maker

God is in the reconciliation business. He is not a force or an influence or some abstraction from this universe, but He is personal. He is into relationships. He is not passive, but has taken the initiative.

Recognize your need for reconciliation. You may simply be unaware of any need for reconciliation. You may be aware that there's a problem ("me and God... I don't think I've done too well there..."), but you've no idea



Rob Forsyth - campus lecture series

how to solve the problem. Realize the dreadful state of your own rebellion, and the tragic consequences of being unreconciled.

You've only one life - don't blow it. The consequences of an eternity not reconciled to God are disastrous. God will eventually let His enemies have what they've always wanted - to be without Him. His enemies think that's freedom. It's like being a member of the anti-oxygen club - you think it will mean freedom from breathing. It means death. We think it will be great to be our own bosses. We don't realize God is the source of all life, meaning and fulfilment.

If you are sent into eternity without God, you are in hell... forever guilty. Leave out the images of fire and pitchforks. The reality is worse.

Recognize the possibility of being reconciled to God. He has not left it up to us to try and find our way back to Him - groping, hungering, searching. God has come all the way to meet us.

What stands between God and man is guilt. Not guilt feelings, but objective, real guilt because of our failure to honour God as God and to give Him thanks. That's the failure from which the other failures have come. That is what blocks the way between us and God, but God removes them, in Christ. How?

Jesus lived a life of complete love and truth. He obeyed God fully. He is without sin - the one perfect person. But He became sin for us.

What was His becomes ours. That is what we are talking about when we say God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself. He has dealt with the problem between us and God, as He has

taken the consequences of it, and borne it to death for our sake.

An illustration from the battle of the Somme, France, 1916:

"Suddenly, a box of grenades fell to the floor of the trench. The fall had knocked the pins out of two grenades. In four seconds they would explode. In that crowded, enclosed space the effect would be disastrous. While some stared in horror at the small metal objects, Billy McFadzean pushed himself forward and threw his body over the grenades. A moment later the live grenades exploded and McFadzean was dead. In giving his own life, he had saved his friends, for only one other man in the trench was slightly hurt."

That is exactly what God has done for us in Christ. He has made Him who knew no sin to be sin for us. The only difference is that McFadzean did it for his friends - Christ has done it for His enemies.

Take hold of God's reconciliation

Receive the forgiveness of our wrongs, which Christ has dealt with. It's good news! To become a Christian pray to God:

Admit that you've been wrong, and acknowledge that the source of your identity is - not a religion - but a relationship with the true and living God. Ask God for, and receive, a quittal and forgiveness, through the dying and raising of Jesus.

Give God the realistic place in your life. Say to Jesus as Thomas did: "My Lord and my God".

If you want to talk to someone further on this matter, contact the Evangelical Union (pigeonhole in the clubs association office.)

All are welcome at our public meetings, Tuesday lunchtimes, North Dining Room.

Student's Association budget in the black



ANDREW LAMB

Finance vice-president

The 1989 Budget just approved is substantially larger, due to the decision to employ an Education Research Officer and the cost of membership to the National Union of Students. Our E.R.O. is the most valuable staff member in the S.A.U.A. and both he and N.U.S. are indispensable given the government's attacks on the Education Sector.

Don't be fooled by Dawkins' letter to students: The Graduate Tax does

Due to a combination of management and sheer luck, I have bought the Students' Association Budget of about \$220,000 in, \$486 in the black.

S.A.U.A. Summary

101616	76284	Administration	25332
4100	6389	Activities Standing Committee	-2289
1550	1728	Bread and Circuses	-178
1000	3139	Council	
-2139			
4850	2762	Education Services Committee	2088
5450	5790	Orientation	-340
11990	13518	President	-1528
500	328	Prosh	172
24290	26344	Student Radio	-2054
-1800	11780	Printing	-13580
60950	61523	On Dit	-573
0	4482	National Student Union	-4482
214496	214067	S.A.U.A. Total	429

nothing for equity and access in Education. It is merely a fund raising exercise. The Treasury can and should pay for Education not the

individual student. Students must reject the user-pays system: Why should people pay a greater tax rate just because they use the public sec-

tor more. The Government's fiscal problems may diminish; but the right of all people to free accessible Education never will.

Arrgh! Name it

How embarrassing! In last week's *On Dit*, an article appeared in my name entitled "Bannon attempts Uni coup". I didn't write it. In fact, it was John Ridgway's SAUA President's column.

So, please note that the comments in that column were John's and not mine. This is particularly important since some of the views are probably not ones it is appropriate for an employee to project, whether they are valid positions or not.

But the most embarrassing bit is the final section of that article. In effect it looks as though I am congratulating myself, among others, for the work we have been doing for the Security on Campus campaign. Pushy maybe, some people even suggest arrogant, but clumsy I'm not.

In future all of us in the Students' Association will make sure we write our names on the bottom of articles for this paper...won't we John!
Alan Fairley

Student unionism must be protected

This year the National Union of Students has been under a sustained attack from right wing students across the country. The right wingers continue to claim that "NUS is a left wing front" despite the fact that delegates to NUS are democratically elected from and by the students on member campuses.

History has shown that without a national union, students are not adequately represented at the national level. Since the collapse of AUS, the Federal Government has been able to introduce the Higher Education Administration Charge and the Higher Education Contribution Scheme. In 1982, AUS successfully stopped the Fraser Government from introducing fees and a loans scheme designed to replace TEAS.

While the National Union is being formed it is irresponsible for



JOHN RIDGWAY

Students' Association President

the right of the student movement to oppose affiliation to the Union when students are under attack from the Federal Government.

In NSW, the right wingers have been more destructive in opposing the Union than in any other state. At Sydney Uni the Liberals accused

the Union of being controlled by Palestinian left wing lesbians. They peddled their lies about the Union with complete disregard for the democratic nature of the National Union.

The scare campaign they ran at Sydney set the tone for the right wingers across the state. As a result, Sydney Uni, UNSW and ANU did not affiliate this year. Liberals on this campus also have tried to oppose affiliation to NUS. In the by-election earlier this year, Juanita Lovatt, Nick Boyd-Turner and Alicia Vidion all campaigned against the National Union. They used similar rhetoric to the Right in NSW claiming it is run by Palestinian lefties. Students on this campus fortunately were not fooled and support for NUS was overwhelming.

The National Conference is the peak decision making body of the

National Union. Students at their annual elections elect the delegates to National Conference. This body of elected students from all over the country determine the policy of the Union for that year. This body also elects the office bearers and executive for that Year. Right wing students, both Liberal and National Civic Council students, can run in election like anyone else and if they make up a majority they can control the Union for that year.

The fact is the Liberal students are opposed to unions like the Liberal Party oppose unions in principle, preferring instead voluntary associations. The Liberal Party in NSW, for example, is attempting to make student unions voluntary as a first step in an attack on the trade union movement. Voluntary student unionism would destroy the student movement on this campus and across the country. Putting an end to student representation,

student activities and student services. There is no doubt that student organisations are a necessary pre-condition for an enriching social life on campus providing the bar, refecs, sporting clubs, bands, clubs and societies of all kinds and many other services.

Obviously the destruction of the student movement would suit the conservatives. Students are one section of society which asks questions about the world and therefore tends to be progressive.

The elections are coming up and Lovatt's Liberals will probably run as independents again, but don't be fooled. They have opposed the National Union in the past and they will in the future. A voice for students needs to be protected.

Protest defended

Dear D.W. Griffith,

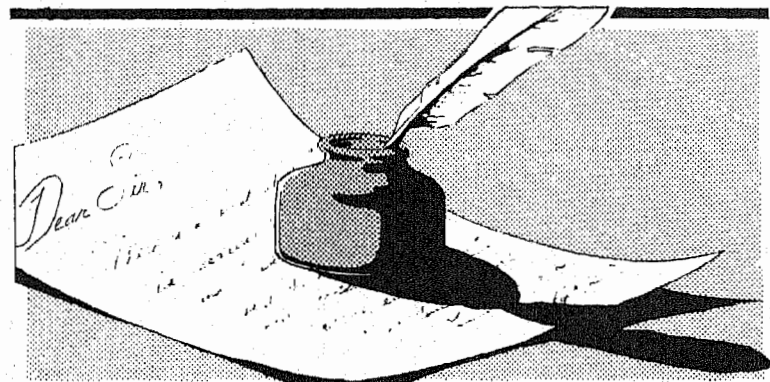
Before you pontificate further about the possible anomalies of political morality, consider the absurdity of your argument.

The student protest against BHP's billion dollar Chilean investment has obviously amused you. However, the alternative that you suggest is much more comical and naive.

Do you suggest that we embark on a witch hunt for the world's greatest evil? Perhaps we should draw up a checklist and conduct a series of demonstrations, starting with those really nasty coloured despots in the Dark Continent right through to the more benevolent dictators like that old "cream puff" himself, General Pinochet.

If you researched your article you would have found that CISCAC (Committee in Solidarity with Central America and the Caribbean) organised the protest. As CISCAC is committed to national liberation struggles in Latin America it would look unusual if we attacked Eliot for dealing with the Soviets.

Before you make sweeping statements about Pinochet the "cream



LETTERS

The deadline for Letters to the Editors is 12 noon on Wednesdays. All letters should include the author's telephone number. Anonymous or pseudonymic letters will only be considered for publication if the author's name and phone number are included (not for publication).

puff", I urge you to remember that Chile is at the forefront of terror in South America, using psychologically and sexually perverse techniques to destroy civilians. I know plenty of Chileans that will vouch for that.

I realise that you recently included a Patrick Cook article lampooning Alan

Bond. Despite this feeble attempt at objectivity, you could still learn a lot from journalists Cook has worked with, by replacing your dull criticism and blatant calls to apathy with a positive style that offers solutions.

So D.W. Griffith, if you are serious about journalism, reflect on the

absence of research, mature argument and integrity in your article.

I say integrity because you are not D.W. Griffith. Your lofty moral judgements are made with the protection of a nom de plume. It is fine to denigrate the actions of others but cowardice to hide your identity.

David Penberthy

'Uni' lateral thinking

Dear Editors,

Your coverage of the State White Paper is commendable. It should alert students to the fact that it is not only staff interests which are threatened by the proposals to re-structure tertiary education in this State.

The response from the Minister's spokesman is predictable. He either fails to grasp the point or deliberately deviates from it.

I would have thought it fairly obvious from the wording of our advertised 'warning' that it was directed to potential applicants for positions here and not to incumbents. We are obviously able to communicate with our members without resorting to an advertisement in the press.

There might be an oblique admission of an intent to impose unfavourable conditions on new staff in the spokesman's claim that 'there is not intention to impose unfavourable conditions on existing staff' (my emphasis). It is, however, more than misleading to make the latter claim when the White Paper clearly wished to impose quite inferior conditions on existing staff. It may guarantee continued tenure, but the conditions attached to that tenure are extremely unfavourable.

In general, I was impressed by the accuracy of your reportage, having suffered in this respect at the hands of the *Advertiser* on several occasions. There was one intervention, however, which has brought me into disrepute in some quarters.

While I have succumbed to such Australian diminutives as 'deli' and 'kindy', I still insist on 'university'. You attribute not merely one but two 'unis' to me, using inverted commas to give veracity. Should the proposed restructuring occur, I will probably be prepared to use the abbreviated form.

Yours sincerely,
John R. Robbins,
President,
University of Adelaide
Staff Association.

BUY YOUR TICKET BEFORE JULY 31 AND YOUR HOLIDAY MAY BE PRICELESS

ADELAIDE-SINGAPORE-LONDON-NEW YORK-LOS ANGELES-MELBOURNE-HOME \$1760!

DROP IN TO STUDENT TRAVEL AUSTRALIA, IN THE ARCADE, LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE



Death and music down South

David Bradbury's new film South Of The Border chronicles the struggles of the Central American people through their music. On Dit's DAVID PENBERTHY spoke to him during his recent promotional visit to Adelaide.

Music has always been a means of popular expression but in David Bradbury's new film "South Of The Border" music is a weapon. In the struggle for national liberation in Central America it has become a powerful and threatening force against authority.

David Bradbury worked as a radio journalist at the ABC after graduating from ANU in 1972. He felt stifled by the conservatism of Auntie and devoted himself to filmmaking. After the success of his film *Frontline*, the story of Australian cameraman Neil Davis - which won Best Documentary at the American Film Festival - Bradbury travelled to Central America where he directed the award-winning "Nicaragua - No Pasaran!" and "Chile - Hasta Cuando?"

South of the Border shows how the New Song movement in Central America unites people in struggle. David Bradbury believes that despite the adversity of this struggle, there is, as the music indicates, cause for celebration.

On Dit: When it comes to making a documentary, why do you have such a particular interest in Central America?

D.B.: I'll always have a fascination with Central America because it's so much further down the track than Asia and other parts of the world that I've been to. It seems to be more aware of what's going on, and its social and political systems are more advanced than anything I've seen. Their concept of socialism and revolution equates approximately with my own...

O.D.: Which countries specifically?

D.B.: I've been influenced by the attempts in Nicaragua to create a new society, with a new way of dealing with individuals that is not based on greed and self-promotion.

O.D.: Had you always planned to film in Central America or did it sort of occur this way by accident?

D.B.: Well, I sort of discovered Nicaragua when I went there to do some research on Graham Greene. I hoped to make a film about him. However, in Nicaragua it was still the time of the 'secret' war, when contra funding was still covert. When I met with Graham in his apartment in France we had a wonderful conversation and he convinced me that I would be better off making a film about the achievements of the Nicaraguans and the Sandinista Revolution.

O.D.: In *South of the Border* you concentrate on the music and avoid any kind of blatant political analysis or didacticism.

D.B.: The politics is in the music. Audiences would probably turn off if I looked at the situation from the same stance as *No Pasaran* say. Since so much expense and energy goes into film making I don't think there was much point in following the old format. It's better to give audiences something to excite and entertain them. You know, a lot of people are turned off by documentaries because they regard them as being a bit too didactic.

O.D.: That's what I meant by blatant didacticism. I saw the film last night, and I think that you success-

fully avoided making some kind of soap-box rant, but still made it didactic. There were heaps of subtle touches that made powerful statements. For instance, the sign saying "Welcome to Democratic El Salvador" that was juxtaposed with a shot of the Salvadorean soldiers facing machine guns at the peasants.

D.B.: Sure. There's no real contradiction between entertaining and educating.

O.D.: How do you approach a film like this one? Do you just go in cold?

D.B.: In the case of Nicaragua and Chile we did. With this one we had a few contacts, because I'd been back to Nicaragua a couple of times and knew the musicians, and also having been at the Cuban Film Festival where we saw some musicians we thought we might use. But generally it's a case of doing things on the run. There's a frustration sometimes of dealing with people's philosophy of 'mañana' (tomorrow) and their unpredictable attitude to time. We come with a Western concept to time and commitments, but when you're making a film things like time are really limited.

O.D.: It's pretty infuriating but they still go out of their way to help, don't you think? Not the banana Napoleons like that fat shit from the Guatemalan Army, but people like the guy who lived in the dump and took you to his house made out of junk.

"There's no real contradiction between entertaining and educating."

What about the Coco river region along the Nicaragua/Honduras border where the Contras are active?

D.B.: Oh, that's a pain, but we had press passes from the Honduran military, and a letter of entry from the Sandinistas that we kept well hid(den) when crossing other borders. I think danger is a preoccupation with people back here because they lead such a comfortable lifestyle.

O.D.: It's a stereotype thing too. If I tell people I've lived in Mexico they usually ask about the ferocious banditos and all that crap. How do you get around presenting stereotyped images of Central Americans? I see a lot of people with good intentions who get trapped in all sorts of wanky stereotypes.

Some Americans and European students I met in Mexico City had been coffee picking in Nicaragua for two weeks and they came back talking about the Kingdom of God on earth, saying things like, "They're all just so together and hip and they don't care about bourgeois concepts like punctuality..." You know? The type of people who the Sandinistas call the Sandalistas.

D.B.: Yeah, that's probably fair. And I think that's why we have avoided stereotypes, because we spent enough time there and travelled all around the place. The only thing that concerns me a bit is that by concentrating on the issues I do in Chile, or the new film, is that you make it seem that the situation is like that all the time. If you keep your mouth shut in Chile, and don't strike, or sing the wrong song, you'll be OK. People don't show that there are three quarters of the population who remain apathetic, albeit often through fear, but of course in a film like this you concen-



The movie in the making; Bradbury second left



From Bradbury's *South of the Border*. This time, "the politics in the music."

trate on the particular problems at hand and certain dramatic events. Because film demands that you make it dramatic. You can't just show that life goes on normally for some people and try and balance each shot of, say, contra atrocities at the wedding, with a shot of the lovely beaches on Nicaragua's Caribbean. A lot of the feedback I get from people is still questions like "Does that happen all the time?"

O.D.: It's pretty naive to think that a journalist can be objective though.

D.B.: Not only that, but the big difficulty in Australia is to get even basic ideas across in this society without being perceived as an apologist for socialism. It's frustrating to examine a social change that most of us can't even begin to lock into here. People can't envisage how a nation of three million can just rise up and begin to determine its own future in the face of hostility from the most powerful nation on Earth. Similarly in Australia,

people think we have to tow the line of what U.S. capital or Japanese investment demands.

O.D.: There are lots of parallels with Australia now and Latin American countries such as Mexico after the oil collapse in the mid seventies, when the notes started to turn into coins and everything came to be seen in terms of 'national economic objectives'.

D.B.: Especially Chile five years ago, when the free trade kick started and they invited the foreign banks in. It was great in the short term, with an initial influx of foreign capital, only to find that it was shipped off back overseas. Lots of pretty buildings go up, but it's not productive, no real jobs or goods are generated for the nation, only for the foreign investor.

About one in every three Japanese dollars coming into Australia is buying out Australian companies. All we get is a token amount of pay-

ment whilst the real profits stay in Japan. There's a big similarity between Australia now and Nicaragua when leading Sandinistas like Comandante Tomas Borge were students. The liberal and conservative parties in Nicaragua were virtually the same. The country has been sold down the river to the USA. There was a need for some kind of rigorous alternative.

O.D.: Do you see that in Australia?
D.B.: Not yet, but I could see a Chilean-type situation. Not a bloody coup, but authoritarianism creeping in as the economy slides and unemployment rises.

O.D.: Do you think students would play a large part in resisting that authoritarianism, as they do in Chile?

D.B.: I noticed lots of posters for a Chocolate Ball down at the Uni. I find it a bit disappointing that the Chocolate Club is one of the biggest on campus. It's pathetic that their main concern is something as facile as chocky bars.

"It is my destiny to ruin all I come near"

Lord Byron, one of the greatest poets in the history of the English language, was born 200 years ago. MONICA CARROLL commemorates.

George Gordon, later to be Lord Byron, was born January 22, 1788, in London. Byron's father was 'Mad Jack' Byron, a Guards Captain from a distinguished but dissolute English family, and his mother was Catharine Gordon of Gight, a Scottish heiress.

The marriage of 'Kate' and 'Mad Jack' was an unstable one.

"He seemed born for his own ruin and that of the other sex", Byron later wrote of his father, and George was to consciously and unconsciously emulate aspects of 'Mad Jack's' behaviour.

'Mad Jack' took his wife and baby son to live in Aberdeen but soon deserted the domestic scene. Catharine was given to extremes and her son grew up in an atmosphere of financial worries and bizarre behaviour. Catharine's less endearing habits included the smashing of china and the wielding of fire irons while uttering threats.

George's problems were compounded by his physical deformity from birth - a clubbed foot. His mother added to his sense of insecurity by referring to his lameness and occasionally taunting him with the fact. Although George suffered physically and emotionally from the handicap, it motivated him to succeed in athletic pursuits and played its part in his adult achievement of literary and public success.

After George's tenth birthday his uncle (known as 'the Wicked Lord') died, and he inherited the family title, becoming the eighth Lord Byron. This status did not bring with it the financial security Byron and his mother expected; his uncle had deliberately squandered part of it, depleting his nephew's inheritance. Nevertheless, it meant the old life could be discarded, and Byron and his mother left Scotland.

Byron's plunge into the literary world commenced at Cambridge University where he engaged in pleasurable pursuits and wrote poetry instead of studying. His first volume, *Fugitive Pieces*, was privately printed but the great majority of volumes were consigned to the flames on the recommendation of his literary adviser, the Reverend John Becher. The eroticism in some of the poems was too much for the Reverend John.

Byron's first published volume, *Hours of Idleness*, (aptly named) 1807, drew a hostile anonymous attack from the *The Edinburgh Review*. Although the volume was a typically immature first poetic offering, it did show promise in parts. The harshness of the reviewer - Henry Brougham, was unjustified and it could have halted Byron's literary career before it began.

Byron, however, was a resilient individual. Undeterred, he worked on a poem, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. His ability to respond to attacks with a fighting spirit was to distinguish him throughout his career. This refusal to succumb to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune also ensured he overcame his despondent and dark moods.

The poem (published March, 1809) is a satire influenced by those of Alexander Pope for whom Byron had high esteem. Unlike Pope's

incisive satire, Byron's poem can be likened to a battering ram. He thunderously declares his intentions: *Fools are my themes, let satire be my song*

Among the "fools", Byron included leading writers of the day. Scott, Wordsworth and Coleridge were pilloried for alleged dreariness and banality, while 'Monk' Lewis was dismissed for his "spectre-mongering". Later Byron was to admire these writers but for now his brushness was even extended to his own guardian, Lord Carlisle, who was accused of "paralytic puling" in his literary efforts.

From 1809-11 Byron travelled through Europe and Asia Minor, and in the course of his visit to Greece he accomplished the athletic feat of swimming the Hellespont. When he returned to England he was confronted with the news of the deaths of his mother and two of his friends; these provoked in him a gnawing sense of futility which was partly alleviated by his introduction to the literary world.

The poet Thomas Moore (who had challenged Byron to a duel because of derisive personal references in *English Bards*) befriended the young lord and arranged for Byron

"This image of the mysterious, haunted hero conflicts with the social whirl in which Byron was only too eager to be caught..."

to meet some of his literary friends.

Byron's introduction to the world of politics came when he took his seat in the House of Lords as a member of the Whig Opposition. In February, 1812, he delivered his famous maiden speech in which the Government was denounced for attempting to introduce the death penalty for machine breakers.

The Industrial Revolution had thrown many workers on to the scrapheap, and Byron created a sensation in Parliament with his impassioned plea for members to recognise the conditions which drove the workers to such actions.

His next two parliamentary speeches were controversial ones promoting Catholic Emancipation in Ireland and the liberty of the individual to speak freely. Byron, however, did not remain in Parliament to build on this auspicious beginning. He was essentially an

aristocratic dabbler in politics, perceiving his future to lie elsewhere.

In March, 1812, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* was published and of the reaction it catalysed, Byron was to say "I awoke one morning and found myself famous". The poem was informed by a strong sense of individualism, and its brooding, restless hero caught the imagination of the literary world. Here indeed was a new poetic voice.

As well as receiving literary acclaim, Childe George was feted by high society. The character of Childe Harold was perceived to be a mirror image of Byron's personality and character. This image of the mysterious, haunted hero conflicts with the social whirl in which Byron was only too eager to be caught.

Byron may have cut a romantic figure but the role of the stranger and outcast does not convey an essential part of his lighter qualities. Generally, he tended to be a high-spirited man and his letters convey his essentially witty personality with its keen sense of irony. The notion of Byron as the melancholy loner does not represent a satisfactory picture of the man; even Thomas Phillip's 1814 portrait of Byron depicts a zizzical rather than haunted face.

Never one to lack the company of the opposite sex, Byron found himself surrounded by a new host of female admirers as a result of his fame. One of these was Lady Caroline Lamb, whose temperamentality bore an amazing resemblance to that of Byron. Her nicknames convey this; as well as 'Fairy Queen' she was dubbed 'Young Savage' and 'Devil'.

Lady Caroline was an educated woman and a disciple of the German literary fashion 'Sturm und Drang' ('Storm and Stress'). This intent was to prove prophetic with regard to her relationship with Byron. She became his sparring partner in addition to being his mistress.

Initially she described Byron in her journal as "Mad - bad - and dangerous to know", and their relationship was one of energy-sapping extremes. Byron and Lady Caroline deserved each other but he thought otherwise. He became weary of her obsessive behaviour and her demands for locks of his pubic hair - readiness to fall into bed was the only form of forward behaviour he accepted from women.

Byron's affair with Lady Caroline was not to end on an amicable note - for a considerable time she was to haunt him after the manner of a vengeful spectre. Their relationship had given rise to scandal, and Byron's flouting of social convention continued with a semi-incestuous relationship with his half-sister Augusta. This illicit passion was to endure although Byron continually regretted the fact that he had found the companionship he needed with someone who was related to him.

Such an aberrant relationship was not without its recriminations for Byron. His sense of guilt never departed from him and clouded his perception of his destiny. He always maintained he had been created for his own downfall and that of others - partly a legacy from a Calvinistic boyhood nurse, partly from his knowledge of the wildness in his family background, and partly from a childish penchant for shocking people.

In 1814 Byron published a bitterly anti-Royalist poem, *Lines To A Lady Weeping*. This triggered a hysterical condemnation from the press; he was denounced as an atheist and traitor, and likened to Richard III. Byron took all of this in his stride, declaring himself to be a Republican although at this time such notions possessed the whiff of brimstone in England.

It was in 1814, too, that Byron embarked upon a disastrous course by marrying Annabella Millbanke, Lady Caroline's cousin. Seeking a way out of his dilemma with Augusta and desiring a stable existence, Byron had initially proposed to Annabella and been refused. Byron knew Annabella was incompatible with him (he once referred to her as "cold supper") but he proposed again and she, seeking to reform him, accepted.

Annabella was in direct contrast to her adventurous cousin Caroline; although educated, she was naive and self-sacrificing. She sought to give her husband a refuge from the censorious world and fondly assumed her husband's relationships with his half-sister to be nothing more than devoted friendship.

Annabella was ill-prepared for Byron's accumulation of debts, his surly and self-pitying moods, and

"Byron's exile from England had elevated him to the status of arch-villain; now it was dangerous to even glance at him..."

his bouts of drunkenness which hid remorse for his relationship with Augusta.

Byron placed Annabella in a no-win situation; he married her to receive the devotion which now aggravated him. His justification for his behaviour - "It is my destiny to ruin all I come near" - was a grandiose way of abdicating responsibility for the times in which he had behaved so irrationally that Annabella feared for his sanity.

Notions of destiny aside, Byron proved he had absorbed only too well his mother's lessons in punishing others for one's own failings.

Approximately a month after giving birth to their baby daughter, Ada, Annabella left Byron.

Lady Caroline was quick to seize the opportunity for revenge by informing Annabella of Byron's

affair with Augusta. Byron's fame quickly turned to infamy and the London social scene was buzzing with all manner of salacious tales about Byron and his behaviour.

Seeking a less oppressive climate, both meteorologically and socially, Byron left England for Europe in 1816. He had written a number of fine poems, among them *The Corsair* and *She Walks in Beauty* but a more profound poetic development was to occur abroad.

As news of Byron's imminent departure spread, one section of the press struck this parting blow:

*He goes, in foreign lands
prepared to find
A life more suited to his
guilty mind.*

Byron went to Switzerland and it was here that he met another English poet and *bete noire*, Percy Bysshe Shelley, in May. A bullied misfit at school, it is possible Shelley developed his compassion for and empathy with the downtrodden from such experiences.

Expelled from Oxford for his atheism, vilified as a traitor to his class and country for advocating the cause of the downtrodden and calling for Ireland's freedom from the English yoke, this aristocratic rebel was already an ally of Byron's.

Influenced by the philosopher Rousseau, Shelley revived Byron's political interests. Rousseau was a democrat who deplored man's exile from nature and believed in human potential to achieve greater knowledge and create a new human existence. Under Shelley's influence, Byron began to expand his poetic themes.

Even in Europe Byron could not escape the tattle of English society. Rumours that Byron was being a 'wicked lord' and living scandalously were rife due to the empty speculation of English expatriates and the malice of Byron's enemies in England. In fact, Byron had one mistress at this time - Claire Clairmont, the step-daughter of the radical philosopher William Godwin.

Although younger than Byron, Claire was not another Annabella. When she became pregnant by him, it was portrayed by others as another case of Byron's abuse of innocence, although Claire had pursued him and was an avowed enemy of marriage. A daughter Allegra was born but the two had separated, Byron recognising his inability to provide the kind of support an intimate union needed.

It was in Switzerland Byron began *Manfred*, a Gothic poetic drama in which the hero is a Faustian character. Alone in his Alpine castle, Count Manfred possesses a heightened sense of good and evil and is frustrated by his mortality.

He is also haunted by the memory of "some half maddening sin" and this is an incestuous love; Byron continually dwelt on Augusta and his remorse is far removed from the picture of the hard-hearted libertine his enemies were fond of painting.

Byron's exile in Europe continued with wanderings in Italy. Staying at an Armenian monastery in Venice (unlike Shelley, Byron was not an atheist but an agnostic fascinated by religion) he finished *Manfred*. He also wrote one of his best short poems, *No more a-roving*.

Byron decided to spend some time in Rome and unwittingly provoked a ludicrous scene on the roof of St Peter's.

Finding herself in Byron's company, Lady Lidell, a pillar of society, warned her daughter, "Don't look at him, he is dangerous to look at." Byron's exile from England had elevated him to the status of arch-villain; now it was dangerous to even glance at him, as if he were some new Gorgon.

Apart from irritating encounters with parochial puritans, Byron benefitted from his stay in Rome, writing stanzas for the last canto of *Childe Harold*. He had been working on the poem's extension for a long time and in this last canto he achieved an expression of the human predicament as he saw it. Humanity is "a false creation" and our only compensation is "our right of thought".

The return to Venice saw Byron pass his thirtieth birthday on January 22, 1818. In his mid-twenties Byron had been considered a young Apollo in looks and manners, providing the European writers of Romantic fiction with a model for their heroes, and inspiring the fashion of wearing open necked 'Byronic' shirts. 'Apollo' was now bloated and possessed less vitality but this heaviness did not extend to his mind.

He had recently written a lively Cossack poem called *Mazeppa* and he now began his famous poem *Don Juan*. The poem was published within four months. Its reception was a mixture of literary praise and literary controversy.

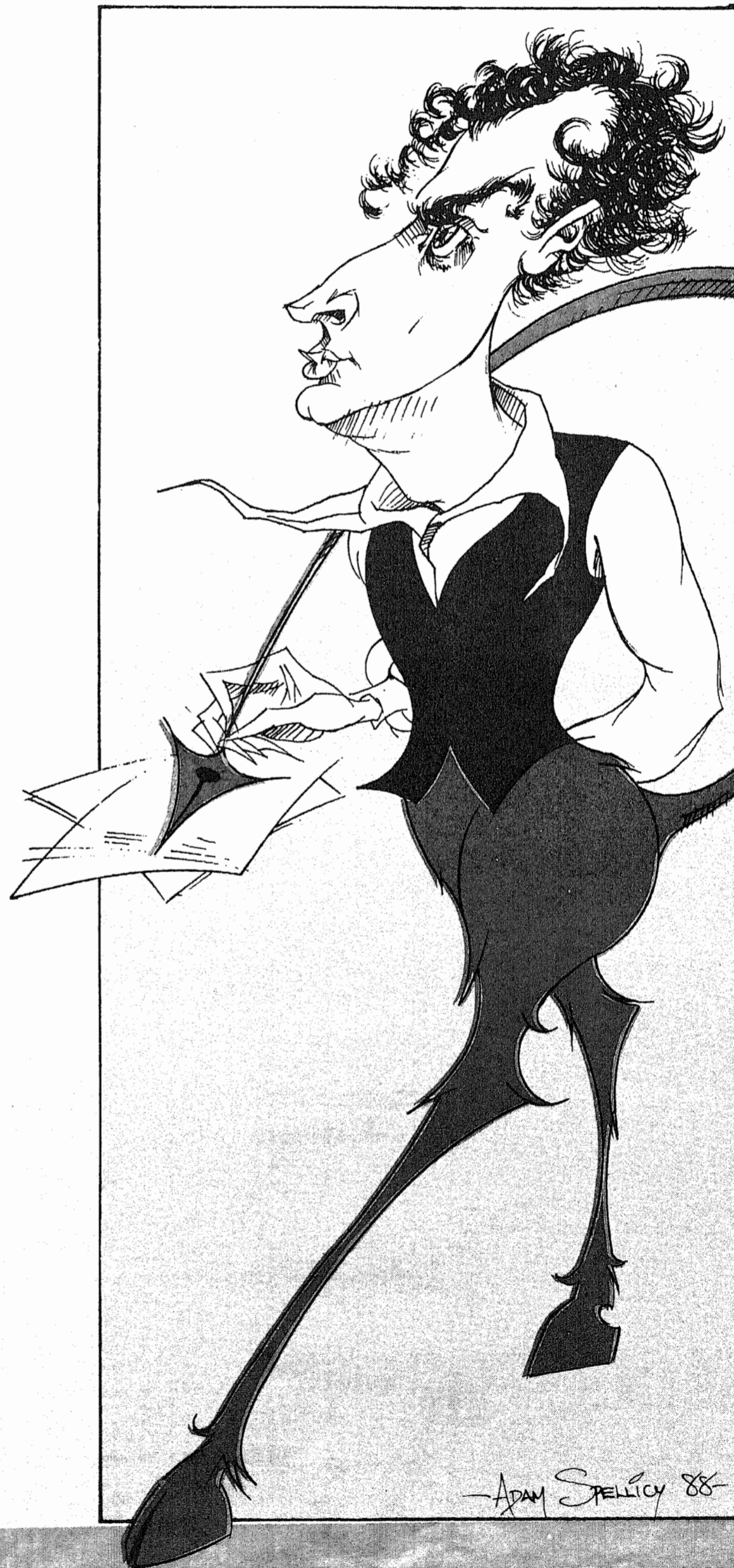
Against the background tale of the legendary Spanish lover Don Juan, Byron made ironic observations on life, pilloried aspects of English society, and satirised individuals. The poem is engagingly witty, especially where Byron settles old scores. In Canto One his ex-wife Annabella is satirised as Don Juan's pious and pedantic mother:

*Some women use their tongues - she looked a lecture,
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily*

Some critics could not accept *Don Juan's* employment of commonplace and colloquial language in a poem, and his aggressive rejection of social niceties. *Blackwood's Magazine* went so far as to adopt a high moral tone, declaring Byron's mockery of Annabella to be "brutally, fiendishly, inexplicably mean". In fact, Annabella laughed heartily at her ex-husband's witty portrayal of her as Donna Inez.

In 1821 Byron's literary output increased and it displayed a creativity which proved *Don Juan* was not Byron's literary swansong. His *Vision of Judgement* was a satire which successfully punctured the English Poet Laureate Robert Southey who had written a satire on Byron. Needless to say Southey's poem rated a very poor second in the battle of the satires.

Byron also wrote four poetic dramas - *The Two Foscari*, *Sardanapalus*, *Cain*, a *Mystery*, and *Heaven and Earth*. The last two concerned themselves with Biblical themes treated in an unorthodox manner by Byron. These shocked the critics and the public alike, proving that Byron's maverick personality and character had no intention of mellowing.



The poet at large

.From a Letter to R.C. Dallas

January 21, 1808

"...I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum: I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for noone was in pain for me but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temperament at the same moment..."

From a Letter to S.T.Coleridge

Piccadilly, Oct., 18, 1815

"...Last spring I saw Wr. Scott. He repeated to me a considerable portion of an unpublished poem of yours-the wildest and finest I ever heard in that kind of composition. The title he did not mention, but I think the heroine's name was Geraldine. At all events, the "toothless mastiff bitch" and the "witch lady," the description of the hall, the lamp suspended from the image, and more particularly of the girl herself as she went forth in the evening - all took a hold on my imagination which I never shall wish to shake off...I do not know that even "Love" or the "Antient Mariner" are so impressive - and to me there are few things in our tongue beyond these two productions..."

From a Letter to Tom Moore

February 28, 1817

"...If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me - I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it is my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other - the times and fortune permitting - that "like the cosmogony, or creation of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages." But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out. I have, at intervals, exercised it most devilishly..."

Al grabs a cab in the Big Apple

New York's cabbies are a strange and unique breed writes intrepid traveller ALEXANDER GROUS, who visited the city earlier this year.

"To many of them, a cab is just a place they can urinate in, defecate in, have sex in, take drugs in, or kill each other in."
New York taxi driver, on some of his passengers.

New York City: a stark, towering monument to man's captivation with tar, steel, glass and concrete in a combination that yields the conglomerate jungle of Manhattan. Criss-crossing this monolith like fingertips are avenues and streets the bleak grey colours of which are broken by the gleaming yellow cabs that dot them. Incessantly moving parts in a city already furiously on the go, it's as if they would come to harm if they stopped for more than an instant.

The New York cabbie is a strange and unique breed. In a city of some 14 million people and crime, drugs and violence beyond many people's comprehension, these 'chauffeurs of the masses' battle their way from location to location in order to earn their weekly income - sometimes referred to as 'blood money'.

Angelo Desalvo is one cabbie who epitomises the breed; tough, knows New York City as if he planned it, loves the place no matter what, and would rip your head right off if he thought you were trying to cheat him out of the fare.

"I've been driving these streets here for thirty five years," he says as

we stand still at traffic lights on 52nd street. "There isn't anything that I haven't seen or heard. These people may look like ordinary commuters out there, but I know better! Many of them are pigs and animals I tell you!"

He pauses and rests his hand on his well-developed paunch. In this cab he's supreme ruler. You enter and depart from his world and only the length of your journey dictates the time spent in his kingdom.

"I love this city," he exclaims suddenly. "I've got six grandkids, and raised all my own kids here. Sure there's a lot of sewage on the streets, in the form of pimps, drug dealers, scum, porno shops and kids being used as hookers, but this is a huge city, and it's bound to be worse than your tiny town - yes?"

As we drive past the towering billboards of Times Square he gestures right with his hand.

"That's where many of them hang around, and where the toilet of the city should be. Just pull the chain and whoosh; finito."

Asking Angelo about the night shift, he grins and shakes his head. "What, you think I'm crazy? That's when all the basket cases crawl out. Uh-huh, I've been here 35 years by not doing the night shift! Many younger guys, okay, but for me no. I could tell you stories! Ha! You wanna hear about the night shift, eh? Well, my son-in-law used to drive the night shift. Wanna know why he stopped? Turns out one night he gives this peroxide blonde a ride from 86th street, and he's thinking all the time, 'Gee, this one's quiet'. When he goes to let her off at her stop it turns out that she had cut her wrists and bled to death in the back of his cab. Ain't that

sick? No respect, I tell you. And you wanna know about the night shift!"

Later that night, sitting around the table at an all-night diner, I'm talking to a couple of cabbies that work the night shift. In between 3 am coffee and cigarettes, they tell me of New York City's nocturnal habits.

"I love doin' the night shift," says Peter. At 25, he left his job as a construction builder to drive cabs. His tall, heavy frame and crew-cut might make him intimidating to many, but certainly not to most of those he drives around at night.

The insides of a cab is interesting in itself: dark, worn seats spilling over into an equally worn sea of glass and, in most cases, a grill alienating the driver to a large degree. 'Money through the slot' becomes a similar apparition as you get into many cabs. Usually, the only items visible are the cabbies' ID badge and number - and the back of their heads. Should you be from Australia, you can in almost every case be assured of a warm welcome.

Cabbies in New York City are without a doubt the best source of information and news. They know exactly where to take you, legal or otherwise, and can tell you who to find, and so on. They will even offer advice if they think you're going somewhere you shouldn't be - and suggest alternatives.

On the way to the overcrowded, overpriced, and understaffed JFK airport, the cabbie was a Polish driver of incredible precision, he would swerve the cab into spaces Einstein's theories of time and space would be at a loss to explain.

"Take me for example," he shouted as we stopped within millimetres of another car's bumper. "I

came to this country with nothing in my pocket twenty years ago, and now I know and can drive around every crack in New York. Being a cabbie is the only job here that allows you total freedom to drive around and just stare at the sights of NYC as you pick up people, drop them off, pick them up drop them off..."

I lose track of the conversation as he steers between two trucks that appear to be separated by nothing but a small space of air.

"The trouble with you Australians is that you have it too good down there. Here, hah! We've got cities to make your eyes pop out! Don't you just love NYC? Sure we got crime, don't everyone? Sure we got pollution, don't everyone? What, you telling me Australia don't have these things?"

The one thing that any visitor to this city will notice is that most people have an incredible passion for New York City, and wouldn't ever leave. It goes beyond patriotism for the country, it is a love for the city. Much else is irrelevant for New Yorkers. The cabbies are no exception. They more than anyone see, feel and are threatened by the little microcosm of New York that steps into their cabs day and night. And yet they love it. It's all part of the magic of life in this metropolis.

"It's funny ya know. At night time, all de creepies come out. Sure ya get de people coming home from a night out, but it's also lots a creepies. About two weeks ago, I pick up dese two hispanics, and they tell me to look forward all de time, or else. I could hear rustling and stuff, and lotsa talk in Spanish. Well, after I drop 'em off and get

back to base, I see on de news how dese guys get busted with a kilo of coke as dey stepped out of a cab. My cab! Ain't dat a joke!"

Rick, the other driver, is a bit older and has been driving cabs for the past eight years.

"I guess the good part about the night driving is that it's so varied compared to the day time," Rick adds. "In the day you get a lot of the business crowd and stuff, so it's pretty much the same. At night, however, no two passengers are the same. Last week for example, this huge black guy gets in and brings in these two dames. Really made up with lots of make up. Well, he tells me to keep my eyes on the road and just keep driving, as he hands me a \$100 note. I'll tell you, those three could have rewritten the Kama Sutra! They were at it for about half an hour, and then they were out.

"You have to be careful though, because some time ago, there was this spate of cabbies getting murdered and robbed, so you have to use your judgement as to who looks dangerous."

Asking about how they protect themselves, Peter and Rick both laugh rather coyly.

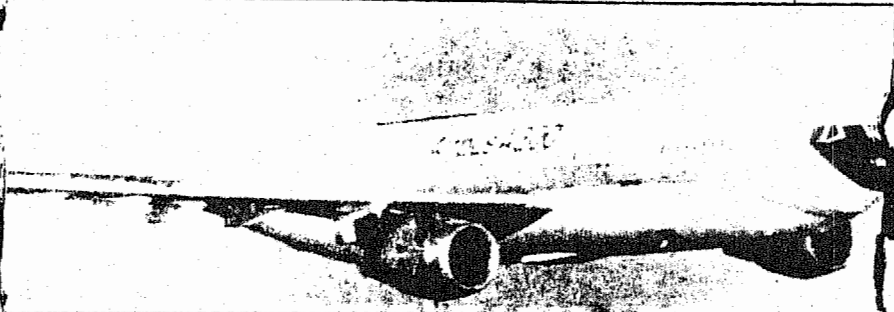
"Let's just say that if I knew I was gonna go, dey would go with me," says Peter.

With so many cabs in New York City, you get the feeling that no other cars come to the city. But this is understandable when you realise that the lack of parking and congestion means it makes good sense to leave your car far from the city during peak hours. Cabbies obviously use this to their advantage.

290 DIE IN JET

US blames pre-prosh-prank for missile attack - Iran blames both of them.

Plane down
TEHRAN



MANAMA, Bahrain, Sunday - An Iranian Airbus jetliner carrying 290 people crashed into the Strait of Hormuz today, touching off a new potentially explosive crisis in the Persian Gulf.

Iran claimed the plane had been shot down by the U.S. Navy with the probability of all aboard.

Washington denied involvement, but admitted that American forces had shot down an Iranian F14 in the Gulf, and had sunk or damaged two or three ships, but they weren't too sure.

Later on Sunday, the Pentagon admitted that they had shot down the plane, but only because they were tipped off by a group of supposed Pro-US, anti-Muslim Iranians calling themselves PROSH '88.

A U.S. official said the clash occurred some time after a U.S. warship had gone to the assistance of a Danish supertanker torpedoed by an Iranian gunship.

It was there, according to U.S. officials, that they received a call from the errorists PROSH '88 claiming that they

The Pentagon is starting a full investigation into PROSH '88, in conjunction with the CIA and ASIO. According to the radio operator on the USS Vincennes, who took the tip-off call, a person the background was heard to say "I'm dry as a lime-burner's boot. Chu us a can of Fosters!" The Pentagon refused to rule out the possibility that the group PROSH '88 was being funded by Australian sources.

The Prime Minister, Mr Hawke made a statement today "Aaaaaahh, the bloody PROSH wankers, who do they think they are? Stuffing up our reputation! Aaaaaahh, I'll see that they get sent to Tasmania for this...aaaaahh... bloody dickheads!"

Rumours from the Department of Foreign Affairs seem to point the origin of PROSH '88 to Adelaide, but when asked, a Department official refused to affirm or deny it. The spokesperson, Mr Zar Brazil, said that although PROSH '88 seemed to originate in Adelaide, could not be sure from where "Adelaide is a big town", he said.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE FOUNDATION and DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS

FOUNDATION LECTURES

AUSTRALIA and the PACIFIC ECONOMY

Monday 11 July — 6.15p.m.
Asia's Giant: Where does Japan go now?
Dr Peter Drysdale
Horace Lamb Lecture Theatre

Friday 15 July — 6.15p.m.
China: Asia's Next Giant?
Dr Ross Garnaut
Horace Lamb Lecture Theatre

Friday 29 July — 1.10p.m.
Pacific Challenges to the U.S.
Professor Paul Krugman
(Joseph Fisher Lecture in Commerce)
Elder Hall

Friday 5 August — 1.10p.m.
Too Little, Too Late: Australia's Future in the Pacific and the World Economy
Professor Helen Hughes
Elder Hall

Members of the University Community, Alumni Association, Foundation and the public welcome.
Admission Free.

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER YOUR LECTURER READ?

...this?

I agreed that it was essential to drive the inhabitants out of the Bet Horon road. The population of Lod did not leave willingly. There was no way of avoiding the use of force. The inhabitants of Ramleh watched, and learned the lesson.

...this?

Honour Road - w^o population of Lod did not willingly leave and there was no way of avoiding violence the use of force. The inhabitants of Ramleh watched and learned the lesson.

...or this?

that it was essential to drive the inhabitants out. We took them on foot towards the Bet Horon road. did not leave willingly however. There was no way of avoiding the use of force. The population of Lod

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Limelight

Once Sylvester Stallone had an acute instinct for myth-making. These days his talents are buried under a sea of cinematic mediocrity. JANE EVERETT looks at his new release *Rambo*, in the context of a career in decline.

The career of Sylvester Stallone has been a sad decline. In the early 70's he was one of the most promising new American actors. It is forgotten today that he was mentioned in the same breath as Al Pacino and Robert DeNiro.

In the first *Rocky* (1976), Stallone gave a touching, bravura performance. Unfortunately this was followed by a series of cinematic disasters, both commercially and artistically. By the late 70's, Stallone was a 'has been'. He rescued his 'movie stardom' by writing, directing and acting in an appalling sequel; *Rocky II* (1979). This second film was a betrayal of what the first film was supposed to be about. It did not matter. Stallone was on the way to being the 'King of Sequels'.

It seems that whenever Stallone stumbles on quality he must destroy it. In 1982, on a break from playing the boxer, Stallone appeared in a clever little thriller called *First Blood*. Based on a good novel, it had a simple, but brilliant central irony. The town John Rambo is provoked into destroying is exactly the sort of redneck community that *did* give its Vietnam Vets a welcome home. These are the hicks who cheered and defended American soldiers when they were accused, and convicted of atrocities. Because these hicks have mistaken Rambo for a troublesome drifter, and persecuted him, they unleash upon themselves exactly the sort of killing machine that they had always supported and admired.

I had only two quibbles with *First Blood*. One was that Stallone was too good an actor to waste himself on Rambo. It is a part with very little dialogue, and dimensions. David Caradine would have been perfect casting. The other aspect I objected to was changing the original book's ending. Rambo is killed by another 'Rambo', his old Colonel; letting him live, in the film, was a sentimental give-away to

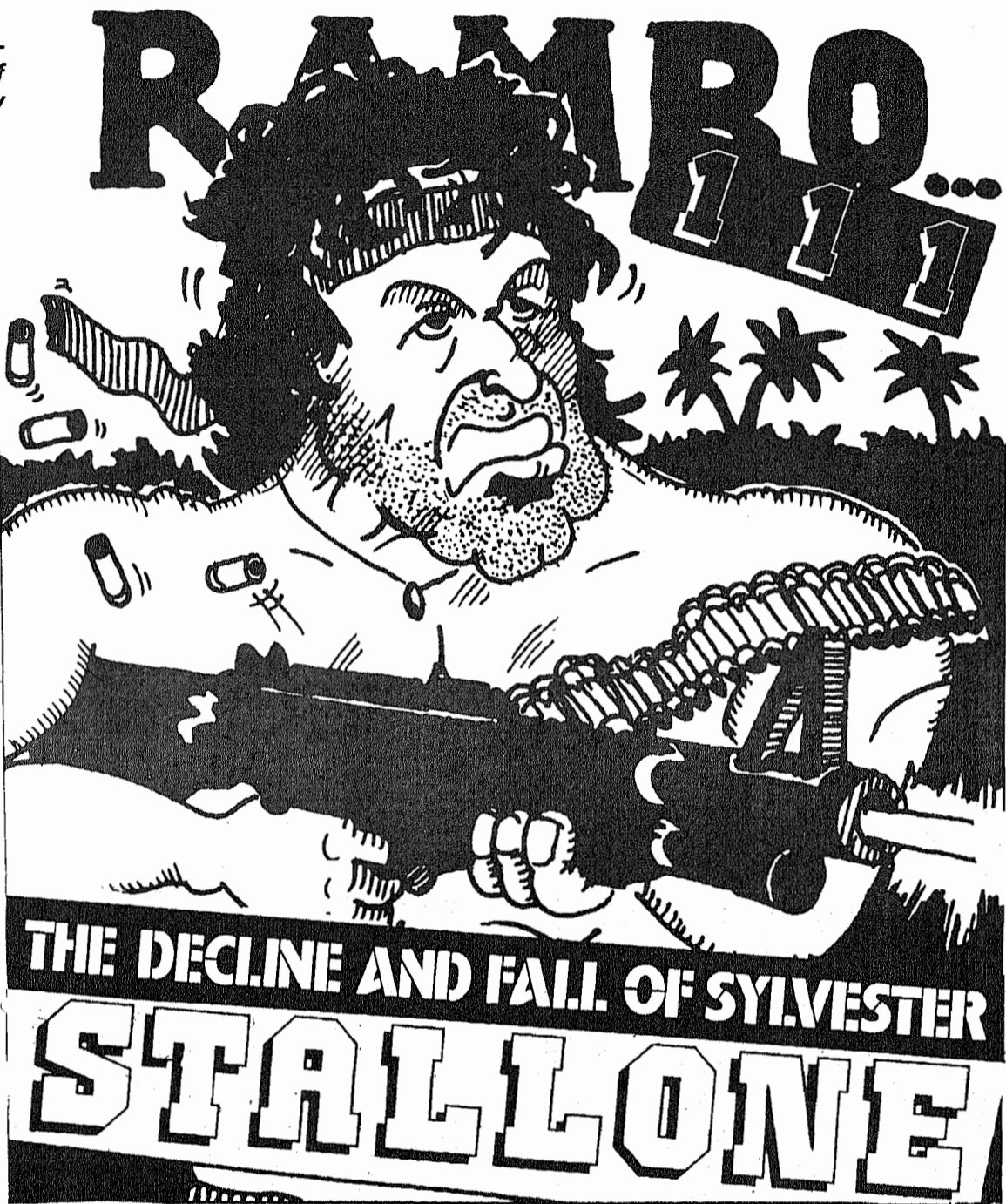
'Rocky' fans.

How little did I realize that *First Blood* would end up looking like *Citizen Kane* compared to the sequels that were to follow. The first film only made money in Australia (the reason Stallone visited here to publicise the second sequel) but the star wanted to play the character again. This time he would be a 'hero'. No more of this 'ironic anti-hero' shit that turns off the voters...er...audience! No more mister nice guy! If my lumpen fans want blood, and revenge, and victory in Vietnam, thinks Sly, then they will foam at the mouth watching *Rambo - First Blood Part II* - and they did!

The original point of the Rambo character was destroyed. The second film became Stallone's first non-'Rocky' hit. My main objection to the sequel was that it was a poor action film. I love violent exploitation films. But this was flat, tedious and ludicrous mess. Its central theme about getting M.I.A.'s back from Vietnam was a good idea. It even made a good film - *Uncommon Valour*, with Gene Hackman and Patrick Swayze. But big bucks made another sequel inevitable.

Rambo III is as bad as I expected. The script, obviously written in an afternoon, has Rambo penetrating Russian-occupied Afghanistan to rescue his old Colonel (Richard Crenna). The film opens with a poorly edited stick fight and it's down hill from then on. Stallone as a writer never passes up an opportunity to resurrect a cliché you have not seen for years, and then do it worse than anyone before - that's some sort of achievement!

In this opus the Afghani rebels speak excellent English, are fearless and incorruptible. There is a cute boy (I hoped he would die but no such luck) who loves big Rambo. The Russian commander is of course a Nazi with a poster of Lenin on his wall, instead of Hitler. There are the setpiece action



scenes, always badly filmed, and always overdone.

Stallone does not seem to realize that suspense is diminished in an action film if only the hero can shoot straight, because the Russians are in dire need of target practice. Is this the reason they have lost Afghanistan? So much for the formidable Red Army. At one point Rambo sneers "I'm your worst nightmare!" No argument from this critic.

But there is good news. *Rambo III* has been a complete flop in the U.S. This will be the last sequel. It cost 73 million dollars. It will be lucky if it makes half that amount. Stallone's aim, as far as his market is concerned, is off-target. He has misjudged the public mood. The Russians are leaving Afghanistan. They are preparing for the last minute helicopter take-off from their Kabul embassy. Does anyone seriously expect the rebels, most of whom support the Ayatollah, to institute democracy? About as much chance as the North Vietnamese doing the same - none. Poor Sly.

He has come out with a Red-baiting movie in the dying gasps of the Age of Reagan. Audiences are flocking to the Arnold Swarzenegger film *Red Heat*. Clever Arnie plays a Russian cop tracking down a drug dealer in the U.S. This is the image audiences want of the Russians, people just like us, even if they do eat steroids for breakfast.

Stallone will no doubt lick his wounds and return to our screen as Rocky again. The sad thing is that Stallone has lost both ways. He no longer takes

himself seriously as an actor, so why should anyone else? Now his lumpen following have turned against him, if the multiple failure of *Cobra*, *Over The Top* and *Rambo* is anything to go by.

It is often asked what is the use of an Arts degree. In Stallone's case it might be the saving of him. Because he lacks a rounded education in the arts, in literature and even in film, he is paralysed by his mediocre obsessions about the 'American Dream'.

"It is forgotten today that he (Stallone) was mentioned in the same breath as Al Pacino and Robert DeNiro."

The condescending press made a lot of noise about how surprisingly intelligent and articulate Stallone is. He always was, but fails to answer the question as to why he appears in bullshit like 'Rambo III'.

For all his wealth and connections, Stallone is trapped by his ignorance and his undeveloped taste. Unknown to most people, and certainly his 'fans', is that he still has aspirations of becoming a great actor, to fulfill his early promise. He should go back to college to study History and English. Then he might be as sickened by the waste of his talent as we are.

His career is very sad, but very typical of American culture.

No heartbreak - just a Shaw thing

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

Independent Theatre
Season Closed

by Graham Lugsden

Shaw began his career as a man of letters, first as a music critic, championing Wagner, then as a drama critic, introducing indifferent London audiences to Ibsen, and only later as a playwright himself.

With his journalistic training and concern for social reform - he was a co-founder of the Fabian Society - and influenced by the Satirist Samuel Butler, Shaw was able to use conventional techniques to his own ends, subtly reversing standard theatrical practices to shock a society grown fat and complacent under Victoria, into a re-appraisal of itself.

Shavian theatre lacks black-hatted moustache-twirlers and flat Aryan heroes who always get the girl, because Shaw was infuriated by the petty hypocrisies and massive inconsistencies of English society, and refused to allow the nation of shopkeepers the luxury of a warm, satisfied glow from another gushing testimonial to their importance.

Of course, he always entertained the punters while he quietly rendered their lives meaningless, and it is his linguistic brilliance which we remember most of all, but amongst the coruscating *bon mots* and piercing insights, a little bit of us notices that the goodie has become the baddie and then vice versa. Surface appearance means little.

Heartbreak House, a later work and the one which Shaw considered his best, tells of Captain Shotover, a retired salt with brine for blood



Independent Theatre's Shaw - actors Allen Munn and Rosie Johnston

whose hobby is inventing new forms of dynamite and who runs a bizarre open house for his various eccentric rellies.

His flirty and flighty sister, Hesione, lives with him and keeps the ship on an even keel (literally - the entire back half of the house is the rear end of a galleon, complete with groaning timbers, mullioned windows and poop deck above).

Her husband, Hector, chats up impressionable young ladies with stories of fulsome bravery, but is too modest to tell them of his actual courage. Hesione's sister Ariadne appears from a spell overseas, but neither Shotover nor Hesione recognise her ("You can't be my daughter. She's asleep upstairs"). Into the uproar walks a polite but naive young lady, Ellie, her dotty father, her father's benefactor who is also Ellie's suitor, Ariadne's brother-in-law who is madly in love

with Ariadne, and a burglar.

In one evening, this zoological household puts up perfect strangers for the night, dispenses marriage advice ("Don't do it. You're too old"), hypnotises half its guests, exposes a brace of insecure egos, reveals a few nastier ones, satirises commerce, discusses the power of money and love, holds a whipround to save the burglar from having to rob them, invents some ingenious machines of war, and is nearly blown up in a Zeppelin raid. Confused? Shaw's extraordinary achievement is that the evening passes slowly, and there is an impression that nothing actually happens (perhaps a shade too slowly - Acts I and II lagged a bit, and interval was most welcome). And of course, there are the beautiful lines - "We do not live in this house; we haunt it," or "All we need are travelling expenses on the journey of life."

Independent Theatre are now firmly established, with an impressive and well-patronised recent history, including *Lady of the Camellias*, *Candide* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Their resident director, Rob Croser, can be well pleased with his company's past efforts and this production furthers their reputation. Graham Nerlich, as Shotover, had a gift of a role, but he made it his own. The characterisation, such as the rolling gait which all sailors adopt ashore, and the vocal intonations, were unimprovable. Nerlich ought to be declared a National Living Treasure, so warmly and effortlessly did he command his scenes and win the audience. He did it earlier this year in the Guild's *As You Like It* as Duke Senior, where he caught the eye of Gale Edwards. Has he missed his true calling? You will be doing yourself a disservice if

you miss whatever he appears in next.

Nerlich dominated, but he received good support from Rosie Johnston as Hesione, David Roach as Hector (who bears an amazing resemblance to Jack Lemmon) and Jo Peoples as Ariadne. Alas, the same cannot be said of Anne Doherty, as Ellie, who was at the same earnest level all night and varied it not a jot; Alan Walden, as the burglar, who was often incomprehensible; and Greg Hay, as the mooning brother-in-law, who was just silly.

The ship set was most impressive; I.T. always seem to spend a fortune on magnificent creations for the Little Theatre. The effects were also good, although apparently much of the final night audience had either not read the program or not bothered to follow the plot, for they seemed quite perplexed by the bombing effect, poor dears.

Or maybe they thought it was the band in the bar upstairs coming to their finale. Will the Union never learn? They have been criticised in these columns before for not ensuring that one event does not interfere with another, and still performances are almost overcome by a few bods armed with a Strat and a Marshall amp, two floors above. How difficult is it for a Union staffer to politely ask Roger Clarke not to schedule a band before 10.30 pm on some Saturdays?

I.T. deserved better, and they deserved a better review from the morning chipswrapper, which was inexplicably negative. There is little enough really strong amateur theatre in Adelaide, and to kill it when it does come along with injudicious pettifogging is very sad. Parochialism is alive and kicking.



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Blah!

With Alex Wheaton.

• Hello kiddies, it's your uncle Al again. Aunt Sally and the gang in the office have been saying some naughty things about me - so big poos to them. For all you trivia shits, here's the expurgated pages from my Rock 'n' Roll Diary.

• Monday 11 July: 1969 Rolling Stones release their best ever single *Honky Tonk Women*.

• 12 July: Celebrated Aussie blues-rocker *Matt Taylor* who looks older than Reagan, turns forty today. Kiss person *Eric Carr* has his 35th birthday also; I have no idea which one in the band he was (let's face it - it doesn't matter much anyway).

• 13 July: Unlucky for some? Just 2 years ago *Boy George* got arrested for possession of heroin.

...and...is it only a year since dribbling *Kylie* released her earth-shattering version of *The Locomotion* (yes it is).

• 14 July: 1942 Chris Cross of *Ultravox* is born.

1980. Suicide by hanging - the untimely demise of the rather talented *Malcolm Owen*, singer with U.K. 'punk' band *The Ruts*.

• 15 July: Birthdays...more of 'em! *Vincent Furnier*, best known as *Alice Cooper*, but he's not saying how old he is.

Trevor Horn, English producer - ex-Buggles - ex-Yes, etc. turns 39. Sometimes singer, sometimes just a happy socialite, *Linda Ronstadt* is 42 today.

• Shortly after the release of their L.P. *Human Skin Suit* Adelaide band *Bloodless* are seeking a new singer - bet there's a story behind that one. The ad I saw suggests they'd be happy with either a male or female, but the successful applicant must be able to sing 'in tune'.

• One of our (?) favourite bands is heading Adelaide's way again - *V Spy V Spy* will be seen here in early August.

• After involving themselves in Adelaide Uni's 'Battle of the Bands' *Odds On* have started playing around town. With one show at La Cantina's under their belts, they're looking for more work in the pubs and clubs.

• Deep in the middle of winter it seems like bugger-all is happening - but wrong. Pull your head out, 'coz your very own *Uni Bar* offers fine entertainment every Friday and Saturday Night.

• *The Every Brothers* have just released another ditty; the single *Paved with Gold* (and the B-side *Don't Blame the Weather*). And this weekend the Every's play with the *Desoto's* in the Bar (Saturday night).

• You're still reading this; phew...well, some dork in the latest edition of *Network* magazine writes:

"Times have changed, students now wear designer jeans and Armani jackets. The politics are white washed and weak, in fact, no-one does anything except study" (pp22). And all this navel-examination and pontification in an article on *John Schumann*....



Now that's what I call quite good



The Housemartins

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL QUITE GOOD

The Housemartins

Go! Disco

by Mat Gibson

So the Housemartins have decided to call it quits. An unwelcome announcement, not least for the fact that they never graced our shores with their presence.

For some the release of *Now That's What I Call Quite Good* may seem a last hurrah, to others a final cash-in. It's probably both, for while half the twenty four tracks are a 'best of' from their studio albums, the remaining half are 12" B-sides and live covers from their sessions for John Peel's Radio 1 programme.

If nothing else *Now That's...* is a testament to this bands melodic, sometimes soulful, sometimes crisp and jaunty rock. And a humorous tribute it is, too. Each track receives a brief commentary, some of which are banal, but many of which parody the whole tradition of liner notes.

For *The Light Is Green* they write "This song was hotly tipped as a single until we discovered no-one liked it".

A common theme is to compare each single's success in New Zealand ("In New Zealand, meanwhile, sales reached the prestigious '60' mark).

The quality of the tracks new to Australian ears vary from the brilliant opening track *I Smell Winter* to some rather unfortunate slow ballads.

Their energetic material was always their best (*Anxious, Me and the Farmer*, etc.) and it is difficult enough to understand why the B-side to *Farmer*, entitled *I Bit My Lip* was left off the album, let alone off the final collection.

None the less, *Now That's What I Call Quite Good* really is what I would call quite good.



THIS IS OUR ART...

The Soup Dragons

WEA

by Gavin Williams

"This is our Art. Useless, boring, impotent, elitist and very, very beautiful."

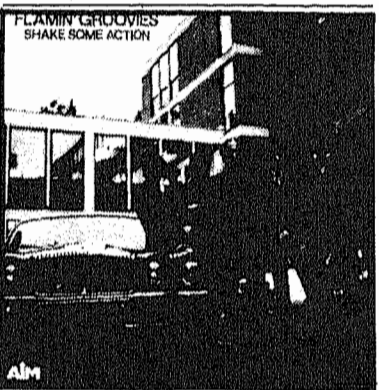
How can you dislike any group which has the guts to emblazon this on their front cover?

Apart from the cover itself, *The Soup Dragons* first album has much to like about it. *This is our Art...* (the actual title) is a searing mix of sixties' psychedelic with no-nonsense, guitar driven pop.

Not all of the tracks work but the ones that do are great. *Vacate my Space* is a complete killer and by far and away the best song on the LP. Sounding a little like the Hoodoo Gurus (I forgive them) the song starts slowly but finishes in a glorious mess of guitars and manic drumming while lead singer Sean Dickson spits out the vocal.

This is our Art... isn't without flaws, but certainly has enough going for it to make it worth while having a listen to.

Their long term success will depend largely on the follow up to this and whether they can establish a firm identity of their own. But until then enjoy this Art.



SHAKE SOME ACTION

Flamin' Groovies

AIM

by Mat Gibson

On the imminent release of a new album, AIM has rereleased the *Flamin' Groovies '76* underground classic *Shake Some Action*.

That this work should resurface comes as little surprise and had it been released in '66 instead of '76 it would have doubtless become one of the one hundred or so most memorable albums of that musical era. *Shake Some Action* literally brims with youthful poetics and willful, four chord songs all delivered with a type of energy and bar-room sensitivity rarely heard on R & B and blues recordings since.

There's something of the Beatles in this music, not just from their cover of the Lennon-McCartney son *Misery* but through a jaunty, crisp and melodic approach to their material. Yet the harder edge of their material puts it more in the league of tougher acts like *The Kinks*, *Cream*, etc.

There's something of the Eric Burdon and *The Animals* here, too, particularly on *I Saw Her* with its desperate atmosphere and Spanish minor chord melodies.

The real strength of *Shake Some Action* is its understated dynamism and its numerous stylistic shifts. Its originality and freshness, are perhaps more endearing today in contrast to current musical climates than when it was first produced. It's sequel is eagerly awaited.



MY GUITAR WANTS TO KILL YOUR MAMA

Dweezil Zappa

Chrysalis

by Andrew Marshall

Dweezil Zappa was on stage with his father, the king of freak-rock, Frank Zappa, at the tender age of twelve.

My Guitar Wants To Kill Your Mamma is straight up heavy metal. Produced by hardrock specialist Beau Hill (Ratt), the album is a cautious and calculated attempt to promote Dweezil as a clean cut guitar hero.

"I'm interested in changing the image of heavy metal," says Dweezil, "I don't drink, I don't smoke." And he doesn't even use keyboards (though he spends most of the album trying to make his guitar sound like one!). At least it's done with a sense of humour, and boy, does he need it.

The music? Trashy HM. *Before I Get Old* is competent and possibly good enough to be a single, but, like the rest of the album, it's marred by inane lyrics.

When You're Near Me is the only ballad, but the highlight of the album is undoubtedly *Bang Your Groove Thang*, a track so stupid it's good - moronically simple rhythms and flashy guitar work sit well with lyrics that were obviously thought up while sitting on the studio toilet between takes.

AMAZING WORLD

Venetians

Parole

by Mat Gibson

The *Venetians* have a sure hit on their hands. They have a particular blend of pop and rock which has good mass appeal and have come up with a number of highly marketable songs. Their rhythms are danceable, their choruses rousing and catchy and their performances tight and just original sounding enough to avoid being considered formulaic.

There are two songs in particular, conveniently situated first and second on side 1, which will received considerable airplay and lend the remainder of the album further attention.

Amazing World is straight pop but *Bitter Tears* sounds musically akin to Huey Lewis and vocally like to Big Country.

The *Venetians* break no new ground, but then nobody's asking them to. They do, however, provide the listeners of their particular musical niche with forty minutes of danceable and listenable tunes.

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THE BARTON THEATRE JULY 14 to 23 at 8pm

A monstrously moral tale

Maternity blues

THE MONSTER SQUAD

Academy Cinemas

by Kenton Penley

What most wise enjoyable crap. *The Goonies* meets *Friday Night*. What's that, you can't connect to that frame of reference? Okay, it's an adult horror movie for kids, owing a lot to "Abbot and Costello meet Frankenstein".

Humour and horror blend well, both have a cathartic effect. Build up the tension in your audience, release a bit of the anxiety in a quick laugh, then get back to the horror. Some of the stuff is a bit heavy for your average seven year old, I'd wager on your ten years old and up for this one.

Rather than Abbot and Costello we have your average cast of kids, complete with Fat Boy and fart jokes, and no girls allowed. Until the situation heats up, and the old gang of Dracula, Frankenstein, the Wolfman, Creature from the Black Lagoon and the Mummy decide, for some obscure reason, to set upon this Average American Town.

Whatever the reason, (and we're quickly told, despite their seemingly random choice of town, that the Amulet that could tip the balance of power in their favour is in the town), it seems all set up waiting for them.

A swamp for the creature of slime, a small museum for the Mummy, and a shiny black hearse with a silver skull on the bonnet for Dracula to wing it about in.

The special effects aren't bad, but a few of the laws they bend are. Dracula in the daylight! Because it is a movie for children, the makers seem to find explanations of plot irrelevant, which is an understating of their modern young



"Most wise worthwhile crap" - Frank (Tom Noonan) finds Phoebe (Ashley Frank) audience.

True to horror's worst standards as well, women don't come out of it too well. The wife is shitty with her husband, the elder sister is a prize bimbo, and the walking dead who get it in the neck are all female. Just about the only female who scores as worthwhile is little Phoebe (Ashley Bank), and even then it's suggested that this is because she's a virgin. Not that it's a moral tale, I don't think!

There are some nice twists. The Frankenstein (Tom Noonan), is the gentlest creature around, making good friends with Phoebe and ensuring her entry into the boy's club. The Dracula is one of the coolest dudes around, amusing in a quietly psychopathic way. And the Mummy meets with an amusingly

gross fate. Not a bad little horror flick, with its own humour about the genre. When Sean (Andre Gauer) pleads with his Dad (Stephen Macht) to give him the money to see the horror movie "Ground Hog Day Part 12", his father asks if the killer wasn't destroyed in "Part 11". "He gets resurrected," whines Sean defensively.

"Son, if they chopped him up into little pieces, stuck his head in a blender and mailed the rest to Norway, he'd get resurrected!" his father claims.

"Aw Dad, that was Part Six!" Fine fodder for the school holidays, even the older kids won't consider it beneath them, once they've seen it.

FOR KEEPS

Hoyts, Regent Cinemas

by Melissa Angel

For Keeps is not for the squeamish. Entry into the film requires a journey into the womb and a bit of hobnobbing with a few million sperm. The magnification of these tadpole-like wrigglers brought squeals of mirth from the largely adolescent audience I sat among.

Director John Avildson certainly likes to get you involved, right down to the very conception of this baby.

The second point of squeamishness arises from the mawkish expressions of teenage love between our heroine, Darcy, (Molly Ringwald) and hero Stan, (Randell Batinkoff). They have virtually no help from scriptwriters Tim Kazurinsky and Denise de Clue, who seem to feel that seventeen year olds are capable of little more than doe-eyed gazes and coy references to 'doing it', accompanied by self-conscious titters.

Yet even these two are no match for their parents, who's clownish antics, particularly those of Stan's father, throw the nature of the film, teetering between tragedy and farce, into confusion. Actually it is neither, falling into that category of romantic comedy. But why is it mainstream Hollywood producers feel their audiences are unable to cope with serious social issues without some sort of side-show?

Clearly this would not be the sort of stuff American dreams are made of. Following the success of *Three Men and a Baby*, it would seem that there is indeed a 'Baby Boom' and directors such as Avildson are eager to jump on the bandwagon. Last

year it was 'Nam. This year it's Babies.

Darcy and Stan are middle-class American school 'kids' with brilliant futures in store for them, both representing visions of vicarious glory to their respective parents. She is a budding journalist, he an architect.

However, plans to go to college are shattered when Darcy finds she is pregnant, and chooses the rather inopportune moment of Thanksgiving dinner to announce it to both families. This results in a torrent of abuse between Darcy's neurotic mother and Stan's boorish father, each blaming the child of the other and insisting on what is to be done, disregarding the pleas of the lovers.

Stan's father (Kenneth Mars) comes out with such charmers as 'Young lady, the sooner you learn to keep your mouth shut and your legs crossed, the better'. This gives Stan a chance to show chivalric bravado, and from here the couple take matters into their own hands.

In fact, it is the youth of the families who reveal a superior sense of adult responsibility and maturity. Stan and Darcy progress towards an evocation of real sympathy as they try to live with their decisions. Even Stan's baby sister, whose precocity and relentless vigilance would make her an excellent candidate for Orwell's Youth League, must show her father the way to wisdom and understanding.

Most of the characters are all too familiar; gawky lovers, obliging best friends, unreasonable parents, scheming blonde, unsavoury landlady. However, a thoroughly unpromising beginning unfolds into a surprisingly moving film.

Good study break material if your brain cells need a rest.

NOWSA CONFERENCE

Network of Women Students Australia

Hundreds of women from around Australia converge on Brisbane; a national gathering of women students for a weekend of furious learning, talking, working, and fun; a NOWSA conference, and everyone's invited.

DATE AND VENUE

15- 17 July, 1988.
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THEME

Women Organise

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Speakers and workshops on: • Aboriginal women's issues • The effect of graduate tax and the Green Paper on women students • Overseas women's issues • Childcare • Women networking on a national level • the survival of campus women's positions/ rooms • Women and art/theatre/film/media • Women's sport • Mature aged women etc etc

WORKSHOPS

Suggestions are open for workshop topics and papers women students wish to present at the conference. What issues are of concern to your campus? Can you conduct a workshop at the conference?

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★ Please include registration fee of \$25 (This includes 3 lunches and discounts for entry to social functions) If you send a cheque address it to: NOWSA conference 1988.

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Will you be wanting billeting on 15/16/17 July? Yes No
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FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

ANDREW LAMB

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- ★Executive Member National Union of Students (SA.) 1988
- ★Adelaide University delegate to National Students Conference 1987
- ★Chair Activities Standing Committee 1987 - 1988
- ★Organised Orientation 1988 and Prosh 1987
- ★Free Education Campaign Organiser

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- ★Student representation in ALL aspects of any university amalgamations.
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- ★Upgrading the Women's Officer position.

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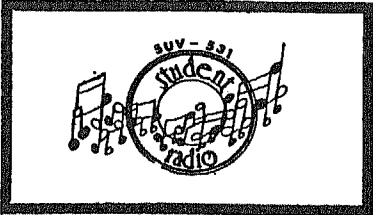
- ★Labor Club
- ★Members of last year's successful Independent ticket
- ★Union President, Ingmar Taylor
- ★Bob Neil



VOTE **1**

ANDREW LAMB

Published by Andrew Lamb 851191Z
Authorised by the Returning Officer.



STUDENT RADIO TIMETABLE

Monday
10.30 - Listen to the tide rise on the Pelican Point Hour.
11.30 - The all new reduced announcer content Black and Gold Hour - half as much as the real thing!
12.30 - The Student Radio invisible announcer hour.

Tuesday
10.30 - Avril, Jaye, Angela and Leon on the Theatre Magazine Show.
11.30 - Damien and Sam
12.30 - Bernard Rossi.

Wednesday
10.30 - Mike and Malena on the Overseas Underground Show.
11.30 - David and James on 'Selling Out'.
12.30 - Sean Reilly and the Underground Show.

Thursday
10.30 - Level 3 with Nick Gray.
11.30 - Julia, Ilse, Kathy and Bernie are Under the Affluence.
12.30 - Tiffany, Todd and Mark are the Black, the White and the Ugly, but not necessarily in that order.

Friday
10.30 - Danny De Maria with the Classic 10½ at 10.30.
11.30 - Mario Bianco
12.30 - Paul Thomas.

JAPAN SOCIETY

Volleyball and B.B.Q. - Come and join the fun! Last time the China Society won; they are really giving us some stiff competition this year, so please - TURN UP!! Food and drink available at the game. Thursday, 4th August, 1.00 pm. Maths Lawns (same as last time).

J.A.S.E.F. - Billets are needed for Japanese students from the 18th August to the 24th. Although the timing isn't the best, the experience of getting to know a student from Japan would be valuable and fun, so please, try to get involved. Leave your name in the Japan Society pigeon hole (4th floor Asian Studies), or ask for further details if you are interested.

End Of Term Dinner!! - Friday, 19th August, at Matsuri restaurant!!! **See you there!**

Reminder - Please don't forget about the Tuesday conversation sessions which are useful and fun!! Everyone welcome, especially first years. Tuesdays, 1.00 pm, Rm 534. Please try to make it!

Lecture Series: Wednesday evenings 6.15 pm on a wide range of topics, related to Japan. This is a not to be missed opportunity to raise your awareness of her modern problems.

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Alto Saxophone - preferably less than \$1,000. Ring Nigel 228 3576 or A.H. 261 1257.

FOR SALE. Sail Boards

3 Windsurfers, one design. \$500 - 600 ono. 1 Cobra Epoxy Race Board make a reasonable offer. Good condition, new, mast and boom. Phone 362 8262, after 5.30 pm.

STUDENT LIFE Weekly Meetings

4th July: Is Jesus God? and Is It Important?
 11th July: Are we different from animals?
 1 pm North Dining Room. All Welcome.

FOR SALE - SAILBOARD

Mistral competition, great all-round board, roof racks, bouyancy vest included. Urgent sale, owner going overseas. Bargain \$650 ono. Ph. Mark, Waite Ext. 2394, Home 349 5172.

LAW AND ABORIGINES

Irene Watson, Adelaide University's one and only aboriginal graduate in Law will speak at 1.10 pm, Thursday July 14th in Lecture Theatre 1 in the Ligertwood Building. Topics include:
 Working for the Aboriginal Legal Rights Movement
 Treaties and Aboriginal Sovereignty
 Organised by Broad Left Law Group. Everyone welcome.

FOR SALE

TASCAM Portastudio four track recorder with effects and, parametric EQ, double speed tape deck and more, \$800. Phone 333 2613 and ask for David.

WANTED TO BUY

Descartes Meditations 1 and 2. Tony Van Kalken. Ph. 276 8805.

Lutheran Students Fellowship

Thursday June 30. Pastor John Pfitzner talks about the effects in a congregation that results from having a high proportion of tertiary students. Chapel, 1 pm.

Attention Members of the **Simulation Gaming Association**. SAGA, the club needs to update membership records, could all members please see one of the committee members in S1. Any time possible (esp. lunches), thank you. President. P.S. Bring card or receipt of membership.

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

A.U. SURF CLUB

MEETING, Friday 15th July in Jerry Portus Room (behind Sports Association Office) at 1.00 pm. Agenda: Surf Trip to York Peninsula. July 22nd - 24th.

Fresh live Oysters from Cowell S.A. from only \$5 per dozen. Order by Monday for FREE DELIVERY (Thurs/Fri/Sat) (orders over 5 dozen). Oyster knives available for \$3 each. Phone: Rod Speck on 337 9005.

FUN FUN FUN FUN FUN FUN ON DOIT NOIDS PROOF ROIDERS.

If you've an eye for a typographical glitch, one or two hours spare a week, and the urge to get involved in your student paper, come and see us in the south west corner of the Cloisters. Proof reading is as easy as it is vital to the production of On Dit and dank-haired editors just don't get the time for it. All you do is wander into the office, anytime you feel like it, and mark corrections into text when it comes back from the typesetter - while you talk, or smoke, or plan parties...

Come and see us soon.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION FILM PROGRAM
 Union Cinema, Tuesdays 7.30 pm, Level 5, Union House.

JULY 12
 Ingmar Bergman
THE DOVE

1968, United States, BW 14 mins. A film joke which satirises the intense and serious thematic style of Ingmar Bergman. It is based on Bergman's 'Wild Strawberries', 'The Seventh Seal' and 'The Silence'.

THE SEVENTH SEAL

1957, Sweden, BW 105 mins. Brilliantly directed and photographed. Ingmar Bergman's masterpiece about the philosophical dilemmas of modern man. The setting is 14th century Sweden. A knight and his squire return from a crusade to find the black plague spreading death across their land. The knight confronts death incarnate to play a game of chess, with the knight's life at stake. One of the greatest films of the era. The cast includes Max Von Sydow and Bibi Anderson. Directed by Ingmar Bergman.

JULY 19
 Australian Women
THIS WOMAN IS NOT A CAR

1982, Australia, Col., 23 mins. A mother isolated in an outer Adelaide suburb drives a station wagon full of children to a distant beach: Imagination and reality fuse, Memory, Fear and Fantasy are interwoven as the film takes women's assigned role in the 'Australian Dream' to its absurd conclusion. Directed by Margaret Dodd.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY

1985, Australia, Col., 100 mins. A compilation film that draws upon over 200 films produced in Australia between 1906 and 1983 to tell the history of women in the Australian workforce, from the days of the First Fleet until 1983. The film juxtaposes clips from feature films, home movies, news-reels and documentaries with radio shows, diaries, popular songs, letters and interviews. Produced and directed by Jeni Thornley and Megan McMurchy.

flatmates

For people who care where they live. Flats, houses, etc., to share, or someone to share with you. Special Student Concession. Call Trudi on 236 0121 for an appointment. We are located at 297 Pirie Street, Adelaide.

ACTIVITIES WEEK BEGINNING 11TH JULY, 1988

Tuesday, July 12th
 7.30 pm - Ingmar Bergman films in Cinema with "The Dove" (15 mins) and "The Seventh Seal" (105 mins). FREE.
 Friday, July 15th
 9.00 am - 5.00 pm - Academic Remainder Booksale in Union Hall.
 1.10 pm - Activities Council presents "John Schumann Band" in Union Bar. FREE.
 7.30 pm - Jazz in Union Bistro with "Hot Cargo".
 9.00 pm - Free entertainment in Union Bar with "Casual T's". Great rhythm and blues.
 Saturday, July 16th
 8.00 pm - 1.30 am - Space Society presents "THE EVERYS" (formerly "Every Bros") and the "De Sotos". Two of Adelaide's best bands.
 A.U. Students \$5.00.
 Guests \$6.00
 Spaced-out Society representative - Alex Fiedler.
COMING ENTERTAINMENT
 "Too Many Cats", "Scat Katz", A.U. Battle of the Bands final, Spirits Appreciation Bar Night AND PROSH AFTER DARK!!
INAUGURAL STAFF AND STUDENT EXHIBITION
 Union Gallery August 23rd - September 7th. Prize money totalling \$400 will be award to the best works with an Australian Theme. Entry forms from Gallery, Union Office and Students' Association. Entries to be received by July 22nd.
ACADEMIC REMAINDER BOOKSALE
 Friday, July 15th - Tuesday 19th inclusive - 8.30 am - 5.30 pm DAILY - IN UNION HALL.
 SOME GOOD BARGAINS.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP FOR 1989

The scholarship is open to both men and women and is tenable at Oxford University for two years in the first instance. In 1987-88 it provided a personal allowance of 4368 pounds sterling a year and paid in addition the scholar's College and University fees. Applications will close with the Honorary Secretary of the South Australian Committee on 1 September, 1988. Intending applicants are advised to write for applications forms and additional information as soon as possible. O.G. Jones Honorary Secretary.

VOLUNTEER TUTORS WANTED

For new Australians with overseas qualifications and experience. These migrants have mastered the basics of English but to be able to participate in the Australian workforce need assistance in learning the specialised language of their profession. Most also need practice in becoming more comfortable with "Australian" English. Tutor training is provided. If you could spare a couple of hours per week please contact: Liz Roarty C/- Advanced English Programme for Migrants, Adelaide College of T.A.F.E. Ph: (08) 213 0176 (Monday and Wednesday).

Student Drama

The Psychedelic 60's Show. Flinders University Hall, August 6, 8 til late. \$12 and free beer, punch, wine and soft drinks. Featuring The Little Big Band.

Wednesday 13 July, 1.00 pm.

The A.U. History Club presents, as part of its series of Interdisciplinary Seminars, Malcolm W. Campbell speaking on "THE HISTORY OF FORESTATION IN NEPAL". History/Politics Common Room, 4th Floor Napier Building. Guaranteed to be interesting and informative, and wine and cheese provided. ALL WELCOME!

Concerned about the Environment?

Get involved with Adelaide Uni's only environmentalist group: Friends of the Earth. General Meeting to discuss strategy for our next campaigns. Possible ideas include Protest to coincide with 100th French N-test at Morvoa, investigating possibilities for more paper recycling on campus. Monday, July 11th, Jerry Portus Room, 1 pm.

PAPA LORENZO'S

7 DAYS A WEEK 'TIL LATE!!
EAT-IN OR TAKE-AWAY
ORDERS PH 223 4250

PASTA EXPRESS

PASTA

SPAGHETTI AMATERICIANA	\$4.95
SPAGHETTI CARBONARA	\$4.95
LINGUINI BROCCOLI	\$4.95
SPAGHETTI VONGOLE	\$4.95
LINGUINI TUTTO MARE	\$4.95
FETTUCINE BOCCAIOLA	\$4.95
FETTUCINE AL PESTO	\$4.95
FETTUCINE POLLO AVOCADO	\$4.95
TAGLIATELLI CON FUNGHI	\$4.95
SPIRALI PICCANTE	\$4.95
TORTELLINI CHEF	\$4.95

CARNE

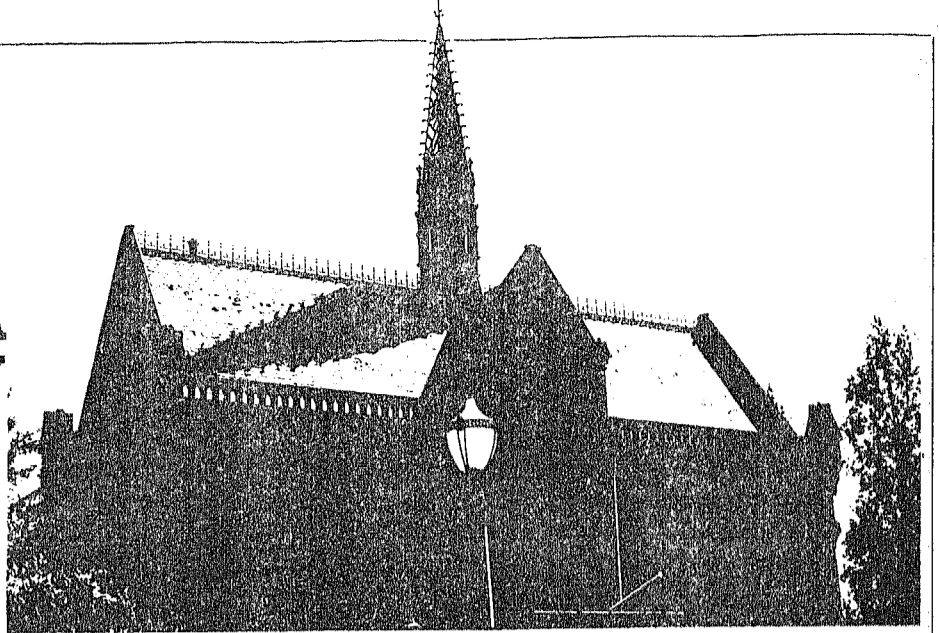
ROAST OF THE DAY	\$4.95
SCALOPINE ZINGARA	\$6.95
VEAL PARMIGIANA	\$4.95
STEAK - PEPPER	\$7.95
-DIANNE	\$7.95

PIZZA

* SPECIAL	* VEGETARIAN
* SEAFOOD	* HAWAIIAN
SMALL	\$4.95
MEDIUM	\$7.95
LARGE	\$10.95

156 FLINDERS ST (BEHIND ST. PAULS)

PHANTASMAGORIA BHWLH2INVC0BIV



Wrap your head around this one

Line up, line up, get your tickets here for the Phantas sweepstake. Yes, for one week only, you have the chance to win win win. The sweep involves you being the person lucky enough to land the name of the person who will have their car stolen from the Victoria Drive area next.

Yes, in the past two weeks Alan Fairley, SAUA research officer has had his car stolen TWICE - both times at about 9.30 am.

Paul Washington, ex-On Dit ed also had his car stolen. His was found at Port Adelaide, semi-submerged in mud.

Whose will be stolen next - or do joy-riders and car thieves only steal late model Kingswood and Valiant cars? Is it safe to drive a hoon car? Who would want a hoon car? (apart from Paul and Alan).

Is this the University's idea of fixing the campus parking

problems - it's quite efficient; if people don't own cars why in the hell would they need parking spaces? Perhaps they could arrange to have every car on campus 'removed', so that only people with tacky car alarm systems could park on campus.

It seems Adelaide University is the centre of some crime ring - what with attacks on campus, car thieves - well, one might question the value of even visiting the place. Who knows what heinous crime will be perpetrated next, and upon whom.

Whatever the situation, we have decided to make some money out of it. Here is a list of people who regularly park in the cloisters/Victoria Park area. All you have to do is pick a name out of the 'hat', and if that person has their car stolen, you're a winner!

Alan Fairley (a sure winner)
Rob Brice (Union car - not a great chance, but you never know)

Paul Washington (like Alan, quite likely - car thieves seem

to prefer cars that they are already familiar with)

Sally Niemann (unlikely - it takes skill to drive a car when you are up to your armpits in decomposing take-away food wrappers)

Richard Ogier (also unlikely - it looks like its already been stolen)

University Security (not a total loser - a short sighted car thief may mistake it for a Ford Pick-up or something)

Arna Evers-White (highly unlikely - no self-respecting car thief would be seen dead in a European car)

Meredith Poulson - (a fair chance, until the thief discovers that the car has been cursed and has a voo-doo doll hanging from the rear-vision mirror)

The winner of the sweep will not, of course, win money. All proceeds go to Paul and Alan. What the winner will receive is front row tickets on the night that we catch the thieves, line them up, and torch them. Chance in a life time.

Pandas hit the big time

I hope all you horrible panda-haters out there are happy now. Fei Fei has toddled off to Sydney - and she didn't even send me a post-card. I am deeply hurt, but seeing as there are certain people on campus who don't like pandas anyway, I don't suppose anyone else gives a hot damn (read: 'flying fuck').

I don't suppose anyone even cared when Fei Fei fell out of her tree - don't worry, Pandas only do it to get attention, as if becoming extinct wasn't enough.

Work on a weekend - bah humbug!

Guess what I saw this weekend - student pollicies, in the Student's Association!!! I was a bit startled, until they

told me they weren't actually working. Phew, I might have been forced to say something positive about them if they had been doing something constructive.

One soccer team looks much the same as another

What an idiot! A well known Headmaster of an equally well-known school situated on South Terrace in the City, took his year Four class over the Road to the school's soccer oval for a bit of a kick. But instead of an empty pitch, he and his bemused class found a bunch of foreign-speaking players practising their skills.

He promptly kicked them off the oval. The twit! He had just thrown off the world's best soccer team, the World Cup winning Argentinians. Bad luck Mister Smec. Idiot.

GRIMROD JOSCHKE (IN)

Paper Chase

PART FOUR

BY TIM HOWE

©1988 *Tim Howe*

PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON, MR. JOSCHKE.

MEANWHILE, CRIMSON HAS FOUND THE MANUSCRIPT WORTH THOUSANDS TO BOTH JOSCHKE AND JONES.

GRINKLE!!

DAMN.

ALL JONES IS DISTRACTED BY

PUT THAT DOWN, GIRL, OR -

BUT THAT MOMENT IS ALL JOSCHKE'S!

AAA!

MORTALLY WOUNDED, JONES STUMBLES BACKWARDS TO THE EDGE OF THE BALCONY AND -

BLUB

TOXIC WASTE

手操治虫カワダ

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE POLICE -

NO! LET'S CHECK ALI'S BODY - MAKE SURE HE IS DEAD

LOOK, WE HAVE TO LEAVE NOW. WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR... WE'RE GOING HOME!

WATCH FOR THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF GRIMROD JOSCHKE