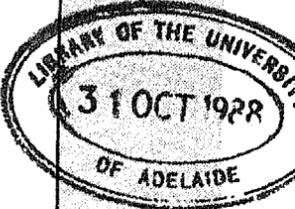


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Publication No. SBF 0274

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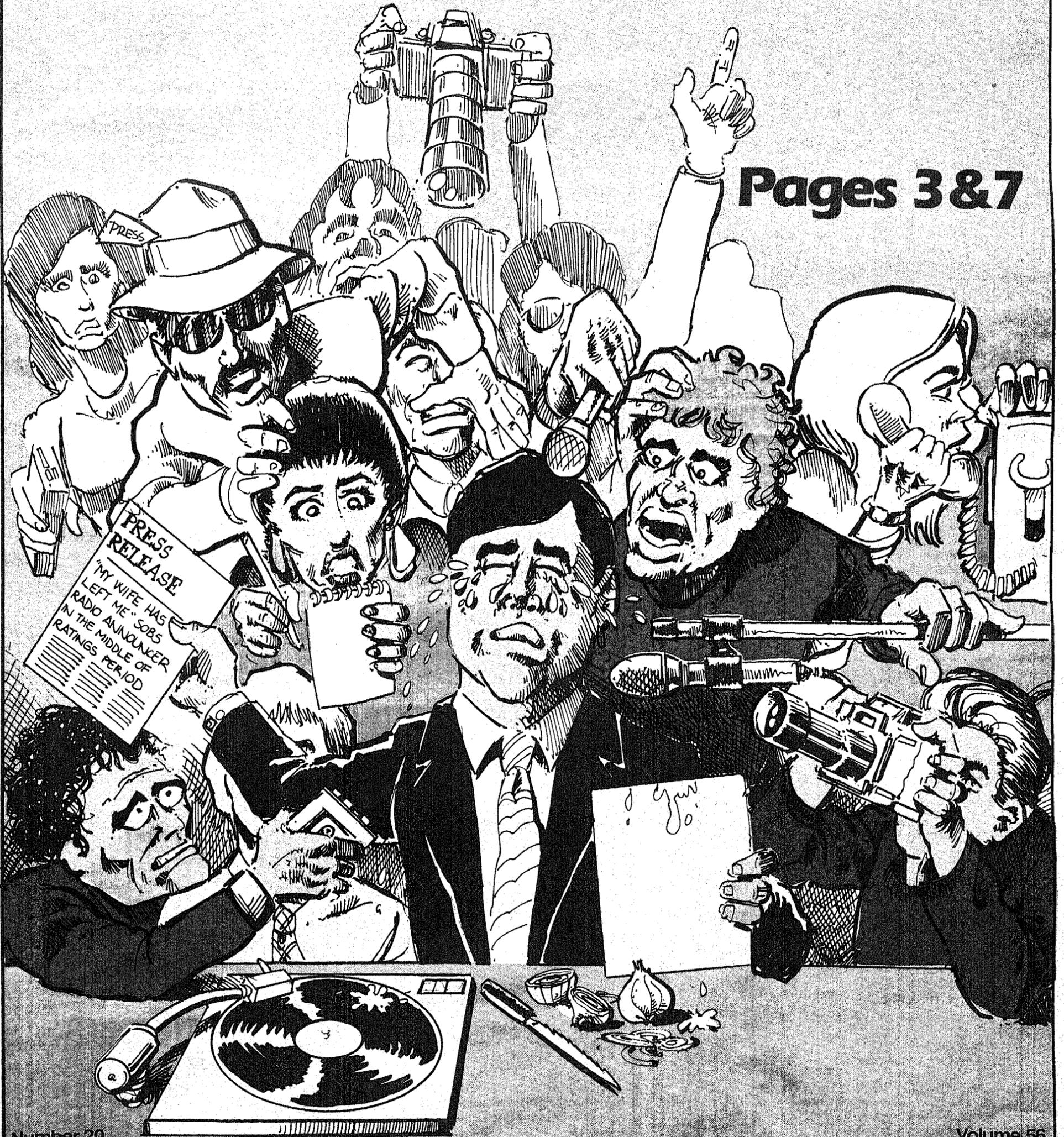


ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

OCTOBER 24

TEARS AND FEARS FOR S.A.'S PRESS

Pages 3 & 7





The Tiser's 'Spycatching' exploit

Does an unsubstantiated allegation that a Russian diplomat is a spy mean that Adelaide's defence secrets are under threat?

You and I would probably not draw that conclusion but one man last week did. His name is Piers Akerman and he is the editor of *The Advertiser*.

Mr Akerman, or Spycatcher as we shall call him, was recently appointed from Sydney by Rupert Murdoch, and he appears to have brought the Murdoch sensationalist news treatment with him.

Under the headline "Defence industry 'at risk'" and "The KGB and the SA connection" his newspapers lead story last Thursday claimed there was a security risk to Adelaide's defence industry because a man alleged to be a Russian spy visited here.

Spycatcher Akerman worked so hard at beating up this story that not one of the journalist's who had written it was willing to be acknowledged as author.

In the journalistic trade Mr Akerman's approach is known as finding a local angle. The story came from Canberra, with a second-ranking Soviet diplomat in Australia, Mr Valery Nikolayevich Zemskov, called a press conference to deny allegations in the *Reader's*

Digest that he was a spy. But to Spycatcher Akerman's fertile mind this was not enough of a story, so he directed his staff to find out if the man had ever been to Adelaide - which *The Advertiser* refers to as the "nation's defence capital."

So his journalists then called the Soviet embassy who said Mr Zemskov may have been to Adelaide.

Bingo! The Spycatcher had the story. Man who denies he is a spy may have visited Adelaide.

He then linked it up with the very old story that Russian fishing boats may be given permission to refuel and restock in Adelaide, and got some quotes from a couple of defence contractors.

Now he had a front page lead which began "Serious concern at the possible level of KGB activity in South Australia has been raised by major defence contractors."

"The fears follow allegations that the deputy chief of the Soviet embassy, Mr Valery Nikolayevich Zemskov, is a master spy.

"If Adelaide was at risk because Mr Zemskov may have been here, just think of the danger in Canberra where Mr Zemskov lives. Every defence secret must be in the hands of the Russians by now".

Student players stage a bid for education

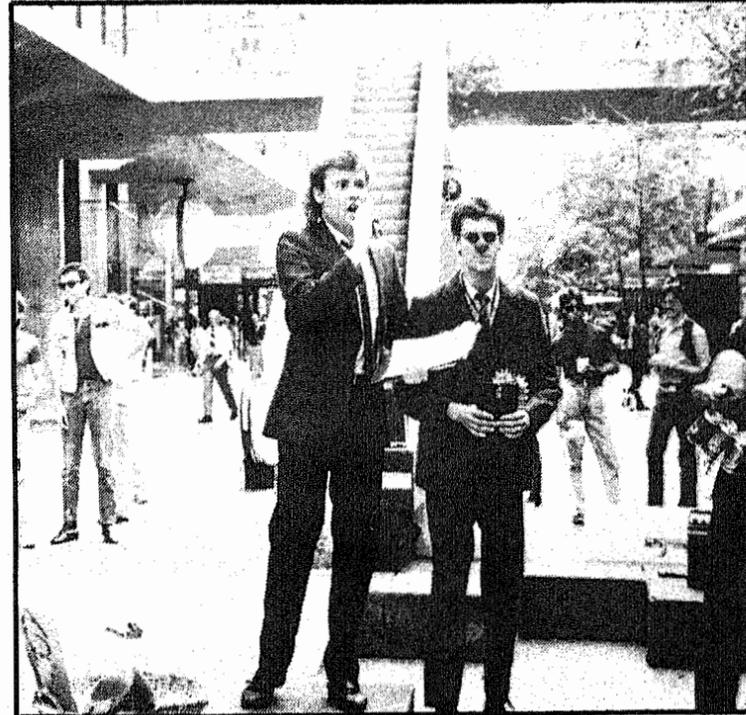
Major figures in Australian business and politics made an unsuspected visit to Adelaide university last week - courtesy of students.

As part of an anti-fees protest organised by activists from various SA campuses, a group of Adelaide University drama students donned black suits and devils ears for a dose of satirical street theatre.

After introductions and bravado on the Barr Smith Lawns, students followed 'the leaders' - Bob Hawke, John Dawkins, Paul Keating, Rupert Murdoch and a beery John Elliott - to Rundle Mall for the education "auction of the century".

A ranting, bell-nose M.C. - a kind of vaudevillian ring master - assembled more than a hundred students before turning proceedings over to a zealous and besuited auctioneer.

Then, it was on - with the vocationally meagre Arts Degree first under the auctioneer's hammer. After some fierce bidding - bidding that became more severe as market 'valuable' courses went up for grabs - the government team raked in large quantities of money only to pass it on to the business team (wearing



Students auctioning off Adelaide University in Rundle Mall last week

the same strip). The vehicle: a cunning, recurring, right-wing play.

Later, other degree courses were hawked - including science, law, computer studies and the much sought after business degree - before the Big One ... the whole of Adelaide University with the South Australian College of Advanced Education thrown in for good measure was sold.

Said demonstration co-organiser, State NUS President, Michael Scott: "The main message we want to get across, through the street theatre, is that students are opposed to all attacks on education - especially, the

intrusion of private enterprise. "Clearly, students are still angry about the (graduate) tax and the government's plans to rationalise and restructure".

Said another: "We hope that today proves educational to the public because this is what this Government's educational reforms are all about - opening the way for control by big business and government, to the detriment of education".

After the sale the 'devil leaders' lead protesters down Rundle Mall to the Stock Exchange, with a mainstream media contingent eagerly in tow.

Clubs may disown Law student group

The official status of the Law Students Society could be abolished today if a motion to be put to the Clubs Association Council is passed.

At a meeting scheduled for lunch time, Clubs Association president Monica Carroll has said she will seek to disaffiliate the club because of its outstanding debts.

The society owes the Union about \$2,700, \$1200 of which, according to Carroll, has been owed since 1983. The remainder has accrued since 1986.

This was despite the fact that the Society had continued to receive annual grants - as do all clubs - from the Clubs Association.

"This is not a threat, this is serious", Ms Carroll said. "We are doing it because we feel we must maintain a degree of financial responsibility".

Ms Carroll said that the action of the Law Society "tended to suggest that they think they're above other clubs".

Ms Carroll said that the move was designed also to protect the Society's office bearers, who risked legal action under the Clubs Association constitution if the money was not paid.

The Law Society, she said, is in the process of paying back the debt, but it was a case of "too little, too late".

Ms Carroll, who is also an *On Dit* editor elect, said an executive member of the club told her last week that the society had the money but wanted to use it for other things.

Law Students' Society president, Joe Carney, said they didn't.

"Prior to about 8 days ago everything was hunky dory. I don't know what's brought this on", Mr Carney said.

"We're not disowning the debt, we're striving to pay it off ... Our indebtedness has been reduced by a third this year".

Mr Carney said the Law Students Society had paid off \$600 of the debt over the last fortnight.

We were wrong

In last week's edition of *On Dit* we referred to Dr Bob Dare as a professor and the chair of the Arts Faculty, he is the Dean. We apologise for any embarrassment caused.

Student radio will stay

Rumours that Student Radio would be scrapped once SUV shifted to Luminus House were "absolutely untrue" according to SUV Director Ms Jill Lambert.

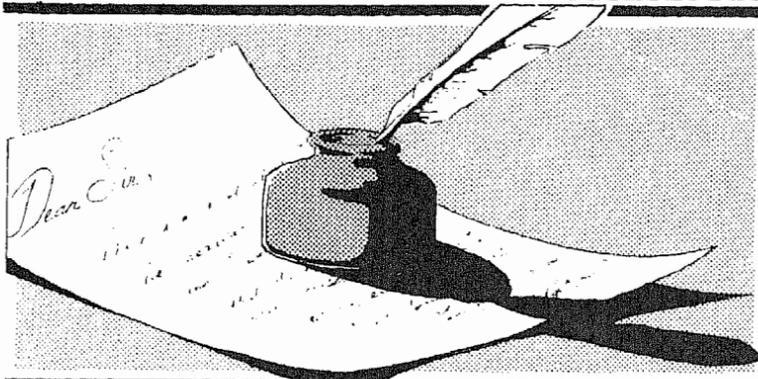
"Student Radio is likely to have better accommodation (in Luminus House) than it has now," Ms Lambert said.

"Student Radio has produced some of Australia's finest media people." Ms Lambert said there had been some problems with Student Radio

but that these would be ironed out once better training programs were implemented.

"I would like to see Student Radio be the tail that wags the dog, whereas at the moment it seems to be the other way around. But we are thinking more positively about Student Radio than ever before."

SUV Radio will be moving to Luminus House on North Terrace during the Summer Vacation break.



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).

Observant Ducks

Dear Editors,
Uni students might enjoy extended lunch breaks, but they are not always unprofitable.

Last Tuesday lunchtime, while the rest of the world sat sunning itself and indulging in idle chatter, one Nigel Wilson exclaimed "Oops!", strolled casually to the river's edge and plucked a drowning infant from the murky clutches of the Torrens.

Where was Nigel when Dr Duncan needed him?

Yours sincerely,
The Observant Ducks.

Left wing propaganda

To the Editors,
While completely supporting B.N. (National Action Posters, 12/9/1988), I would like to address an issue of similar concern - Left wing propaganda on campus.

Throughout this campus one finds a disturbing amount of this material both posted on billboards and walls, and - more disturbingly - spray-painted upon various buildings and walkways. (Here I am of course referring to Resistance propaganda - 'Eat the Rich', and similar rhetoric). This material, and the sentiments expressed thereupon, are equally offensive as National Action posters - if not more so, when one considers the tacit approval given to these organisations and their vandalistic publicity methods which seem to emanate from some quarters (from within the SAUA and elsewhere).

It seems that the Left is more than ready to condemn the actions of 'rival' organisations, regardless of the fact that it has used the self-same methods to the point of overkill. Regardless of B.N.'s political leanings, I feel he has exhibited an unforgivable bias, and hope that I have redressed this unfavourable situation.

Yours,
S.A. Spellacy

Once again ...

Dear Eds
We the undersigned wish to express our disappointment at the grave inaccuracy arising in an article entitled "Rumblings in the SAUA" in Phantasmagoria, 3 October.

The article referred to two supposedly competing groups neither of which in fact exist. The AU Education Action Group was launched on Tuesday, 11 October in the Union Cinema at 1 pm. Many enthusiastic people participated in the formation of this, the sole and united action group which is central to the organisation of education campaigns on this campus. The most significant activity in which the group is currently involved is the "Big Education Sellout" - A Rally for Public Education. Come along and bid for your favourite department/degree/institution, as Public Education goes under the hammer. Meet at 1.30 pm, Barr Smith Lawns, 19 October.

We would like to take this opportunity to point out to the On DIT editors, the importance of the role of

the media in campaigns as vital as that surrounding the Public Education issue. We feel that articles such as that which appeared in Phantasmagoria, containing destructive misinformation can only serve to weaken the unity which we have been building during the course of 1988.

Yours sincerely
J Litherland, E Aspinall, K Ragless, S Hopkins, N Meyer, G Hastings, M Scott, S Jackson, P Gibbard

Faux Pas

Dear Editors,
As a Law student I was intrigued by the letter by Sebastian Springfield - Burnside, entitled "Law School Elite" appearing in last week's *On DIT*.

The letter's main thrust and ostentatiously, supercilious tone was superficially convincing as a product of the Law School.

I feel obliged, however, to point out two small but revealing *faux pas* in the text of the letter that cast grave doubt on Mr Springfield-Burnside's credibility as a Law student.

The sixth "fact" he lists states: "We look better and talk nicer" (sic). I believe no genuine Law student would ever have made this self-contradicting statement, which I find offensive. As everyone knows, Law students "speak more nicely" than anyone else.

Distressingly, there is also a reference in the penultimate paragraph to other "faculty's" (sic) which should have read "faculties".

My conviction is that Mr Springfield-Burnside is an imposter - perhaps a grammatically starved Economics student or some gruesome aspirant to the Medical profession. I have never heard of him.

Yours inscrutably,
Geoffrey Griffith,
Law School,
Burnside.

Reclaim the night

Dear Eds
As you are no doubt aware, Reclaim the Night is back!! On Friday, 28th October, a march will be happening, starting at Rymill Pk. and ending with a Rally at Victoria Square. A Women's only dance is being organised for after the rally.

Getting down to the business end of organising this event, it has become clear to us that we are in need of some dollar donations. What we need money for is the hiring of a hall, hiring of P.A. systems, electricity for Rymill Pk and Victoria Square, posters to publicise the event and of course, we need money to pay for refreshments at the dance!!!

As a Reclaim the Night march has not been held for 3 years, we do not have a 'slush fund' to fall back on this year. Although we are aware that most Women's services around the state do not have a lot of money throw about, we feel that this march is important to all women as it highlights the anger we as women feel about Rape and Child Sexual Abuse and the need to 'break the silence of sexual violence'.

We hope that your organisation will be able to contribute some money to help finance the Reclaim the Night march and dance and also help publicise the march by placing the enclosed leaflets in a prominent position where women will read about the event.

Please make cheques payable to Reclaim the Night Collective and post to c/- PO Box 903, Norwood 5067. If you want more information regarding the march you can phone Zarna on 363 0262.

Thanking you in anticipation.
Yours sincerely
Karen Armstrong
for the Collective.

Uni food, have your say

One of the greatest topics for debate at University concerns the standard of the food and drink services provided by the Union.

Union Management is of the opinion that because the food and drink provided at the present level of quality is actually selling, this is representative of what you, as students/staff, actually want. It is only by strong student direction that they are prepared to diversify or cater food tastes not being met.

It is up to the users of the catering services to tell management what they truly want to have provided. As the new Chairperson of Catering, I have issued a questionnaire which will give you the chance to express your ideas, complaints or praise. Most importantly, it will tell management what you want to see done with catering and provide the necessary tools for change.

I urge everyone to take a few minutes when they visit the Refectories, Cellar, Bistro or Gallery Coffee Shop, to fill out a questionnaire form. It is only by your participation and input that your needs and wants can be catered for.

Yours sincerely,
Cameron Bell,
Chairperson,
Catering Advisory Committee.

Self defence

Dear Editors
It was disappointing that the free self defence introductory class for women which was held recently by the University was so poorly attended. However, considering the lack of notice and publicity to students, such as the Womens' Officer of the Students' Association, it is amazing that anyone turned up at all!

The fact that people despite this did attend, and that many more were asking about it, shows that there is a strong demand on campus for such an initiative.

It is extremely important that free self-defence classes be available to women, in the light of the rape earlier this year, and a number of attempted sexual assaults on the university grounds. In view of the fact that they were approved by a large number of students in a petition concerning the improvement of the safety of students on campus, including better lighting facilities, it is a real pity that the University could not get it s act together.

Kim Pedler
Womens' Officer

A parable

Dear Editors,
Here is a parable; the parable of the not-so great affair of the jungle juice. It was the Keith Moon Memorial Jungle Drum Society which spread the news. A tax of twenty jugs of jungle juice was to be squeezed from each hardworking young animal learning to survive in the jungle.

There followed a euphoric period of action and protest largely at the Committee stage. The efforts of militant monkeys even engendered comparisons with the Jungle Juice Rebellions of an earlier decade. Stunning success was followed by stunning silence.

The monkeys could achieve nothing in this hotbed of animal student activism. It seemed that years of good breeding had evolved a new species of animal students with meek genes (or moleskins).

The Yumas - Young upwardly

mobile animal students straightjacketed the militant monkeys (even though they were not all loonies). Along with the sloths and worms they ignored protest and prevented serious pressure. Even the monkeys stopped struggling when the jungle juice tax was finally passed in the the Kangaroo-Parliament.

The moral of this story is simple. Silence may be golden but the Tremeloes were not fighting against fees or student apathy. Break the silence.

Paul Schoff,
2nd Year Arts/Law.

Just a few clarifications

I would like to clear up a few inaccuracies in one of the 'Letters to the Editors' titled *I hid from the Jehovahs Witness: A Confession!* (*On DIT*, Sept 12, Vol. 56, No. 15, p.8).

Firstly, the name of the Creator is misspelled. God's name is spelled JEHOVAH, not Jehova.

Secondly, Witnesses do not try to save souls "from eternal Hell" (line 14). A tormenting Hell is not a biblical teaching. Hell (Sheol [Hebrew], Hades [Greek]) is the common grave of mankind, a place of inactivity.

Thirdly, the reason why Witnesses call on the doors often, is because their work is life-saving. Matthew 24:14 indicates that in the last days the '...good news of the Kingdom will be preached in all the inhabited earth for a witness to all the nations and then the end will come'. Witnesses adhere to Jesus' command and they preach in 210 lands.

The message is urgent, for biblical prophecies point to our day as the time when God's War of Armageddon will annihilate all the wicked ones, leaving behind only those 'who call on the name of Jehovah' - Acts 2:21.

Finally, I would like to point out that the Witnesses do not come to collect money from people. The amount one pays is to cover the ink and paper cost of the offered magazines.

Our main goal is to start free home Bible Studies with those willing to listen. I encourage the ones who 'hide around the corner, curled upon the floor' (line, 7,8) to uncurl, face the Witnesses, ask them kindly to put away the magazines and base their message simply on the Bible. I guarantee that the Witnesses will be only too happy to do so. I urge the ones who have not yet spoken to the Witnesses to give them a go.

Joanna Slupnicki.

Silent Scream

Dear Editors
It was unfortunate that more people didn't attend Right to Life's information presentation Monday lunchtime of drama, and the film "The Silent Scream". It concerns me that our society has adopted such a "throw away" attitude that we can view the "termination" of "inconvenient" life as acceptable, or can actually judge a life's value.

Interestingly, of the 4000 or so abortions in SA annually, probably less than 5% are due to the possibility of serious medical complications, more are carried out on young (20-30 y.o.) women for whom pregnancy would present an inconvenience professionally.

Perhaps you may accuse me of not knowing what I'm talking about, or maybe my views are unimportant, being a male in what is viewed today as essentially a women's issue.

Admittedly I don't know a lot about it, but I feel that having seen an ultrasound film of an abortion; seeing a child being torn apart in a most gruesome way, and seeing film of "aborted" children qualifies me sufficiently to understand its inhumane nature.

I thought after the film of those I know who could have been "terminated" because of disability and wondered if these people are really of such "inconvenience" and asked myself how we can examine an unborn child and decide whether or not its life is "worth" living.

Pro-abortionists should stop dehumanizing abortion by looking at it in scientific and philosophical terms (trying to assess "when the foetus is conscious", etc) and instead consider the rights of the unborn child, and its worth, in a more realistic way.

I'm not against the "woman's right to her body". I am opposed to the discrimination against, and abandonment of the unborn, and I am against keeping women in the dark as to the true nature of their child and of abortion.

A Human's Liberationist.

Sad irony

Dear Editors
Your recent article on Harvey's report on the University's English Language Assistance Programme seriously misrepresents both that Programme and the Student Counselling Service.

While it is true that a wider variety of language services could be offered with greater staff resources, the service that is currently provided by the Language and Learning Skills Tutors represents their informed judgment of the needs of the student who seek their help. While it would be desirable, with increased staffing, to have the option of providing large scale assistance through classes or other group media, this would not obviate the need for individualised tutoring, which will remain an essential component of any enlarged language assistance programme.

Harvey's denigration of individualised tutoring, and of individualised counselling, is no more than personal prejudice unworthy of serious study, and paradoxically, quite at variance with the obvious success reported in the accompanying case studies.

The publishing of these studies represents, on both Harvey's part and on yours, a grave lapse of ethical standards. Both counsellors and language tutors are punctilious in preserving the confidentiality of their work with students. Case reports were provided to the author of the report only under positive assurance of confidentiality among members of the Equal Opportunity Board, and only on his insistence that they were needed by those members for a really understanding of the nature of the student's needs and of the service provided.

It is a sad irony that a presumably sincere attempt to secure for students a readier access to language assistance should do so in a way so destructive of student confidence in two effective and caring services. Both deserve better reporting by the authors of both the 'On DIT' article and of the original report.

While the case for more extensive language assistance programmes is being considered every student may be assured that request for language assistance will continue to secure ready and effective help.

D Davey
for Don Little
Director



Tailored Keating returns to the fray

The Golden Boy's Back. Our superior, arrogant, uppity, cajoling, abrasive, cocksure, tiresomely clever, Federal Treasurer, Paul Keating, returned home from overseas last week to the relief of a jaded Labor caucus.

Clad as usual in tailored European suit, Mr Keating entered the fracas over the 'wage-tax trade off' - perhaps cacophony would be a better word for it - with his usual heavy hand.

If the word "tough" is the most over-used, hackneyed, catch-all word in the political journalist's lexicon, it's used to describe Keating more than anyone - he's had the energy, the courage and, the *toughness*, to make the hard decisions over the last five years. And cop the flack

He's been a central figure - perhaps the most dominant - in the government's attacks on what were until recently referred to as "sacred cows".

(Journalist's no longer talk of 'culling sacred cows', the cows have all been culled. The political agenda has changed. And it is in this respect that the regime of Hawke and Keating has been truly revolutionary).

If Hawke's been the leader, it's Keating that's projected the air of authority. Alongside Keating's crispness and his gloss, the pontificating Hawke seems entirely unconvincing.

It's Keating, too, that's constantly in the news. Even when he was out of the country there was much Canberra Press Gallery speculation as to what he would say and do when he came back.

Even in absence, he's news.

But what truly is the nature of the much-admired

On Dit

EDITORIAL

Keating toughness and moreso, what is it to be tough in the bearpit of Federal Politics?

Of course it amounts to more than a fast mouth and the ability to lie with quick-footedness and conviction, but it is a question of style not substance; of how a politician carries his policies (and achievements), rather than the policies themselves.

Moreover, there is a bias in the gearing of those policies.

In Australia in the 1980s the issues of high capitalism - such as currency and interest rate fluctuations - set the agenda and it is the ability of politicians to manage them that is seen as the central indicator of their success. The commensurate social effects are of less importance.

The problem with this is that since about the advent of Thatcher and Reagan the economic strategies have been seen almost as givens, and the toughest politicians are those who have the gall to reign in education, health and welfare.

To this end, the Government's economic ministers - Keating, Dawkins, Button, and Walsh - are painted as

the toughest in the Federal Cabinet.

The debate about economic tactics contrary to the rationalist principles which are dominant, is depressingly limited. The far right have moved to fill the vacuum left by the Labor party's rightwards shift, and the betterment of social conditions could hardly be said to be central among their concerns.

The likes of Andrew Theophanus (hardly a major figure) and Nick Bolkus (recently subdued by a promotion) have made murmurings. At a Broad Left Conference a few years ago Theophanus spoke of the social advantages of an expenditure-lead recovery, of a path out of the economic malaise by macro-economic expansion.

But it was a lone voice.

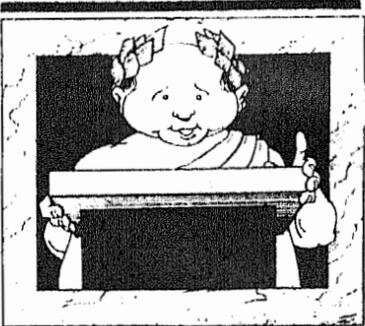
One remembers a *Sunday* television program reporter's stroll around the last Labor Party Conference, and the Left-wing delegates, mostly Gaelic, in their middle-age and garbed in goblin green and floppy collars.

Meanwhile, the effects of the conventional economic wisdom continues to bite. The gap between rich and poor in Australian society is increasing - the real argument behind Hawke's repeated opposition to a wealth inquiry - and the education and welfare areas are feeling the pain.

But in an age in which political resolve - toughness, if you will - is judged by other things - such things are of less than major importance.

Richard Ogier

Chilean plebiscite an undemocratic farce



FORUM

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

Some are touting the recent plebiscite in Chile as a great advance for democracy in the country. CISCAC's DAVID PENBERTHY has doubts.



and context of the plebiscite was an insult to democracy. On the surface, the October plebiscite seems a great liberal reform. Certainly, the laws of press censorship were loosened.

Opposition candidates in the United Coalition for the NO Vote were granted a luxurious ten minutes each night to state their case. Some even included footage of the military coup led by Pinochet in 1973 against the democratically elected Popular Unity coalition of Salvador Allende.

Yet apart from these cosmetic niceties, the whole thing was a sham - a fraudulent piece of brainwashing to polish the public image of the dictatorship.

The actual plebiscite sounded like an idea from a Garcia Marquez

novel. If Pinochet had won he would have extended his rule for a further eight years, giving him a mammoth twenty-three year term in all. Having lost the plebiscite, he can stay on as President for another fifteen months and is then committed to holding free and democratic elections in December next year.

The really comical part is that while Pinochet cannot run as President again, he maintains the two most influential posts in the country for the rest of his life: Head of the National Security Council and Generalissimo of the Armed Forces, plus a life position as Senator.

It is important to remember that the power base of the Chilean regime

revolves around the Doctrine of National Security and the Constitution of 1980. The idea of protecting national security originated in the United States and has been invoked to justify military and political intervention in Vietnam, Nicaragua, Mexico, Guatemala and so on.

Pinochet adopted this doctrine with more flare than his fellow South American dictators, all of whom, apart from Stroessner in Paraguay, have now crumbled. Not only does he argue that Chile is at war with communism, he has enshrined this cold war mentality in a document that really puts the 'con' into 'constitution'.

The 1980 constitutional plebiscite, widely held as fraudulent,

introduced a series of draconian measures that will outlaw any organisation or political party which "criticises the family", "advocates class warfare" or "threatens national security". Remember, Pinochet is the Head of the National Security Council and the Army. It is quite possible that he will decide that the 1990 government is a threat to the nation and give orders to the military - that is, to himself - to 'restore order'.

It seems unlikely, however, that Pinochet will be allowed to continue with his highly centralised system of rule. He has stacked all government bodies with military figures - remember the Minister for Communications, General Echavarría, who assured Alan Bond that the phone system was not tapped? But the increasingly revolutionary actions on the streets of Santiago after the plebiscite indicate that people have had enough.

The opposition in Chile is a disaster. There are sixteen parties, ranging from the Communist Party to the Christian Democrats, and although the NO vote gave them common ground, the future looks bleak. When the people stopped celebrating and started protesting that Pinochet should step down, no political party endorsed them.

It was a matter of days before the left began to call for his resignation.

Given the new boldness of the Chileans after their first whiff of democracy in fifteen years, it seems likely that most opposition parties will simply have to force Pinochet into repudiating the 1980 constitution and the Doctrine of National Security in order to restore real democracy to Chile.

The tragic lesson of 1973 should remind those determined to reform the society that it will be impossible unless the U.S. backed military and business classes are dealt with first.

Surveys, concerns and the grand Scheme



ALAN FAIRLEY
Students' Association researcher

The Federal Budget brought down in August gave substance to the threatened reintroduction of tuition fees for higher education. Amidst some 'sweeteners', the key announcement was the go ahead for HECS - the Higher Education Contribution Scheme, or tertiary tax.

The introduction of HECS means that all new and re-enrolling students (with very limited exemptions) will be required to pay an amount of \$1,800 a year for their education as of January 1st, 1989. The fee can be paid upfront (ie with a 15% discount for the rich), or repaid through the PAYE tax system at one of three rates. Unfortunately, we still haven't seen the actual Bill, so full details of the scheme are unavailable. Material will be available from the Student's Association in enrollment week detailing aspects of the scheme which may be of immediate concern to our members.

Government spokespersons are promoting the scheme as one which supports their pretensions to a social justice strategy. The full context for this within the education sector was summed up by the Minister, John Dawkins, in the *Australian* on August 24th, 1988: "What the Budget means is a new deal for higher education in Australia which will see a solid commitment to equity, quality, growth and access."

Most people get worried when any government talks about "New Deals". There is certainly nothing about the HECS scheme which suggests that the deal about to be dealt to currently underrepresented groups in higher education can affect the reality of playing with a stacked deck. Common sense alone dictates that offering indebtedness to lower socio-economic groups, among others, is unlikely to be a successful strategy.

Survey of Year 12 Students

A recent survey of Year 12 students in New South Wales provides an indication of how a broad cross section of the community will react to fees in higher education. It was conducted by Suzanne MacAlister, the Research Officer for the Postgraduate Student Association at Macquarie University.

The data collected shows that the perceptions of Year 12 students reinforce many of the arguments we have been raising in opposition to the reintroduction of fees. But more than this, it is the "Comments" generated by the survey that give a fullness to assessment of the likely impact of fees for certain groups. I'll look at these shortly.

It is useful to note at this point that this sort of survey can only present a limited view of the ongoing impact of fees. The counterbalancing factor, however, is that quite often the 'voices' that come through a process such as this are more indicative of real social concerns than the platitudes of policy makers. Our experience of predicting the likely impact of the imposition of the Higher Education Administration Charge (HEAC) a couple of years ago suggests that this most certainly is the case.

Of Year 12 students surveyed by Dr MacAlister, 448 said they wanted to gain post-secondary qualifications. They came from schools covering both Private and State Systems and covered a wide range of socio-economic groups in the Sydney metropolitan and outer metropolitan areas. Of these students, 67% said they would have to reconsider their plans for higher education should the tax go ahead. Private school students were the overwhelming majority of those who said the tax would make no difference.

Students surveyed were almost equally divided between girls and boys. The data indicates that there will be a disproportionately negative affect on women students. Similarly, students from State (called 'public') schools will be harder hit than those from private schools.

Apart from the question of continuing on to post-secondary education at all, it is necessary to look at the real choices available to students making the transition from Year 12 to the higher education system. The survey showed that there

would be a marked effect on the choice of course based upon financial considerations (ie opt for shorter, therefore cheaper courses). Once again it is young women, and state ('public') school students who realise that their real options are being constructed for them. The government's rhetoric about access and equity doesn't really touch this sort of social imperative.

Student Concerns

The concerns of Year 12 students expressed in the survey's 'comments' section demonstrate a broad appreciation of the implications of fees in the form of a tertiary tax. Impact based upon class background is clearly demonstrated.

"I think that to tax people for education is criminal. Education should be a right for everyone, not just a privilege for those in a situation that would already have given them advantages anyway."

"If having to pay higher fees for a 'better' course will be necessary, obviously less wealthy families will opt for a less expensive course."

"It will lower the education of the country with those who are at the middle-lower range chickening out, and with those who are poor not being able to study at all."

"I believe an education should be free or the underprivileged will lose out."

"Only the rich will be able to afford tertiary education; it causes too much debt."

The fear of debt is particularly significant, ranging from the terse "I don't like debt", to more specific problems for the high school graduates.

"A debt would probably cause great conflict or distress within my already tense familial situation. I want education but would feel terrible pressure if I knew I had to repay a debt."

"Only the richest people will be able to do courses - the others will be in debt."

"It would happen just a time when the young person has to think seriously about the high cost of houses and mortgages."

"The proposed tax affects the person at the most difficult stage of his/her life - young and newly employed."

"When you leave Uni you are just trying to get started in the world but the debt would make it even more difficult in an already competitive world."

Students from working class backgrounds know full well what the future holds for them. It is sobering to compare these perspectives with the policies being promoted on their behalf by middle class University graduates in government.

"A debt would make it practically impossible for people like us from working class families to attend any kind of course."

"The debt is fairly large to pay back, and for students from disadvantaged areas as that I come from, the students just can't do it ... This would not give a fair go to "us" the disadvantaged students."

One respondent, a girl of southern European origin, added another social imperative to the equation.

"You ask me to get married with a debt?"

No doubt the government has a special equity programme in the pipeline ready to deal with just this sort of social pressure.

The students also commented in broad terms on the significance of the imposition of HECS. Strong statements were made that the policy would be detrimental to Australia's interests in the long term, and that education should not be reduced to the status of a commodity.

Who Benefits?

A significant factor in the government's success in winning support for the tertiary tax was their capacity to win over sections of the middle class to the pre-fees position.

One private school student's comments in Dr MacAlister's survey hints at the reasons for this success:

"I am not poor. I think the tax is a good idea because it would reduce the competition and I would get better marks."

This rather cynical perspective is one that Kenneth Davidson, the Economics Editor of *The Age*, has emphasized several times over the past couple of years. As long ago as 1986 he put it this way:

"Given that 'superior' schooling

no longer operates as a guaranteed passport to higher education, and that higher Year 12 retention rates will intensify competition for tertiary places which are now the necessary precondition to achieve or maintain high socio-economic status and acquire top jobs, the 'iron law' of privileged groups attempting to maintain position is likely to intensify and take different forms. Thus the battle ground of the hidden agenda has shifted from education resourcing at the secondary level and the associated arguments for privileged based on freedom of choice and fiscal justice for those who choose the private alternative, to the question of restricting the numbers seeking tertiary places through the introduction of fees or private universities, on the grounds that this will improve equity as free tertiary education has not improved the relative position of students from lower socio-economic backgrounds. The hidden agenda behind the strong support by those who would willingly pay fees for the tertiary education of their children is the fact that the cost of 'crowding out' the growing proportion of students from low socio-economic backgrounds who qualify for entry to tertiary education is more than repaid by the reduction in competition for tertiary places, and in the smaller numbers of graduates, which has the incidental advantage of protecting the value of the degree of diploma credential"

It is hardly surprising then that one of the most important tactical decisions the ALP pro-fees lobby made when pushing for the tertiary tax was the denial of evidence that the abolition of fees by the Whitlam government led to increased access for previously disadvantaged groups - particularly women, and the working class.

As we get closer to the Parliamentary debate over the introduction of HECS it will be interesting, and no doubt depressing, to listen to Dawkins et al promote the scheme on social justice grounds. It is a pity that a few year 12 students couldn't participate in the debate.

Sexist language powerful



KIM PEDLER
Women's Officer

Language is a great deal more than just a means of communication. Sexist language which is used in lectures, tutorials, and on the street, is political. It arbitrarily and habitually defines relationships by gender, and so continues to reinforce discriminatory social structures. An example is the implications of using "man" to mean "man and woman", which are that she need not be mentioned; the male is the norm and the female the derivative. However, the work "man" can mean either "man", or "man and woman". "Men" on a toilet door clearly does

not admit women, but are women necessarily excluded from a volume entitled "Distinguished Men of Science"? To use "man" in two senses is simply confusing, but it has more serious implications.

Many women feel excluded and discriminated against by such supposedly generic terms. To rectify this, humanly, humankind or people can and should be used in place of mankind. "Supervisor" and "Chairperson" should be substituted for "Chairman" and "Foreman".

Appeals for non-sexist language are often dismissed as attempt to 'interfere with the "natural" evolution of the English language.

However, as society changes, there is a resistance to accompanying changes in the language, called the "linguistic lag". There have been important changes in the status of men and women which have affected our daily activities, yet many people, including many lecturers, continue to use language which reflects the stereotypes and sex role politics of 20 years ago!

In the light of this, feminists are

asking that our language be modified, not only to include women, but also to make it more workable and less ambiguous.

Language is a very powerful tool, and feminists utterly reject the notion that the male view is the norm. If it is too cumbersome for lecturers to say "him or her" or write "s/he", then surely it is just as easy to "her/she" as "him/hc"! The effect of continuing to utter masculine pronouns when women form half the population is to continue to discriminate against women.

POWER AND GENDER IN MEDICINE

"A man and his son were involved in a motor car accident. The father was killed instantly; the son, critically injured, was rushed to a nearby hospital. As he was wheeled into the operating theatre the surgeon exclaimed: 'I cannot operate on this boy, he is my son!'"

How do you explain this apparent paradox? (If you do not think that there is a paradox, then you are one of a rare enlightened few.)

Arts Public Meeting

**Want to discuss
with the Dean
proposals to change the shape
and revise the courses of the
Faculty of Arts?**

Here is your chance

**Wednesday 26 October
1.10 pm
Napier 101**



Fear & loathing in Waymouth Street

If only Adelaide had a press worthy of the city. Former Adelaide journalist and On Dit staffer ROBERT CLARK returned to his home city and was struck by what he sees as the shortcomings of our three major papers.

A well-travelled friend of mine is in the habit of describing Australia as "the West Wyalong of the world". This charming analogy is probably unkind to the people of West Wyalong, and it is certainly not as true as it was all those years ago when our bright young things routinely fled these philistine shores for the civilised world overseas. Yet it underscores Australia's marginal place in the scheme of things and the barren, hick aspect we often present to our northern hemisphere "betters".

Personally, I like to think of Australia as "the Adelaide of the world" or, better, Adelaide as "the Australia of Australia".

Truly, to me the comparison suggests Adelaide's plight in the national order: lower middle class ranking, population barely keeping up, struggling in a predatory environment to hold its own against mercenary go-getters on every side.

Similarly, Adelaide craves recognition at a higher level and its citizens are constantly primed (a la SA Great/Advance Australia/Celebration of a Nation) to crow at every success. Like Canberra, our influence beyond our borders is slight. We have not (the accident of Bob Hawke's Bordertown birth aside) produced a national leader or even a High Court judge.

Just as Aussies are defensive over criticisms from outside, Adelaide people are highly sensitive to carplings from both east and west, more so since Western Australia overtook us to become the "fourth state".

The point I am getting to in this roundabout way is not just how Adelaide stacks up against the rest but that it has a problem in the way it views itself and the world around it. That problem, overwhelmingly, is the Adelaide press.

While Adelaide's electronic media outlets are much of a muchness with their interstate counterparts, it is the sheer awfulness of Adelaide's three major newspapers that set it apart - and back.

I'm suggesting here this is not some unfortunate local phenomenon, but a powerful impediment to the state's intellectual, cultural and economic well-being, no less.

For while bad newspapers are the rule in this country outside Sydney and Melbourne, the tragedy for Adelaide is that it has always set great store by the relative quality of its intellectual and cultural life. And now, more than ever, it needs a quality press.

The history is familiar to us: from the genteel - planned, even - foundation of the free colony in the 19th century to the fabled pace - setting reforms of the 1970s and the sensible, earnest pragmatism of the 1980s.

The Festival is established and indeed, world-renowned, our education system - including this University - is as good as anywhere. Then there was that New York Times accolade from a vesting journalist: "the last moderately well-planned, moderately contented city in the world". And so on.

I would suggest at this point that a good - not great, a good - newspaper is one that would report widely and critically, analyse on occasions in depth and generally give play to the ideas and debates which affect or potentially could affect the community.

In this formulation, *The Advertiser*, the city's flagship journal, gives up somewhere around the notion of "report", if that is the word for the rehash of the press release of the day and a ream of AAP copy.

It is not just that the paper treats its readers as idiots, it is spectacularly stolid as a result. Nor that it has actually gotten worse since the Murdoch takeover (although this is not a feat to be taken lightly). Nor is it the increasing illiteracy ("Earlier detection of cancer hoped for" is a favourite heading). No, what really stuns me about the Waymouth Street "Thunderer" is that those hired to make up its news papers seem to be totally unencumbered whatsoever by any news sense.

The most famous example is probably the Cabinet secrets-for-talk-back incident involving then-Minister Chris Hurford in 1986. Hurford, you will recall, thought Jeremy Cordeaux (that other fatuous local media institution) might be interested in swapping SDN air time for some Cabinet secrets.

This proposed monumental breach in Cabinet confidentiality was considered by the Tiser brains trust as worth a mention in the back page gossip column. Two days later, when the nation was up in arms over the affair, it had the audacity to suggest it had 'broken' the story.

More recently *The Advertiser* devoted all of a sentence to the revelation that Bob Hawke's golfing

partner George Shulz had dictated not Australian policy but the press release announcing it.

If you still have doubts, cast an eye over the layout. The unexciting stories are squeezed into lonely slivers among pages of ads, or crowded up into corners. At *The Advertiser*, advertisers rule, OK?

Or course the biggest event to hit local journalism this decade apart from Cordeaux's marriage breakup - has been the shotgun marriage of the 'Tiser' and *The News*. After years of competing in bingo, naming the footie team of the year and indignation over the road toll, the pair are now happily ensconced together in Waymouth Street. At least there's no doubt now over who controls their bastard offspring, the *Sunday Mail*. Still the editorials thunder the virtues of free enterprise.

Naturally, the Tiser earns more of our attention because, well, it's supposed to be a good paper. A tabloid like *The News* is free of such awkward pretence. *The Advertiser* has declined to such depths one would almost expect *The News* to appear readable; sadly, this is not the case.

The News is attracting a lot of outside attention these days, including that of the Trades Practices Commission. Is it a genuinely independent, Rupert-free zone? This is a question best answered by Roger Holden, the editor himself, who demonstrated no doubt his independent turn of mind during the rapid rise from desk sub to editor at *The News* in three years flat.

Finally, if we can despise the Tiser and loathe *The News*, what of the Mail?

It used to be said it was the best sporting paper with a 96 page

wraparound to be had for 25 cents. Prices have gone up. Honestly, it is hard to credit that the Mail is the work of a group of apparently literate, apparently educated adult human beings.

Yet an intelligent, lively, informative, critical press should not be merely some journalist's fancy. To return to my theme, we need it.

Most of this state is commercially useless. We have neither the mineral wealth of the West nor the climate and position (ie, closest to Japan) of the North. If we're ever to get out of the rut we're in, we're going to have to exercise our brains. A cargo cult Godsend like the Grand Prix or a submarine contract happens all too rarely.

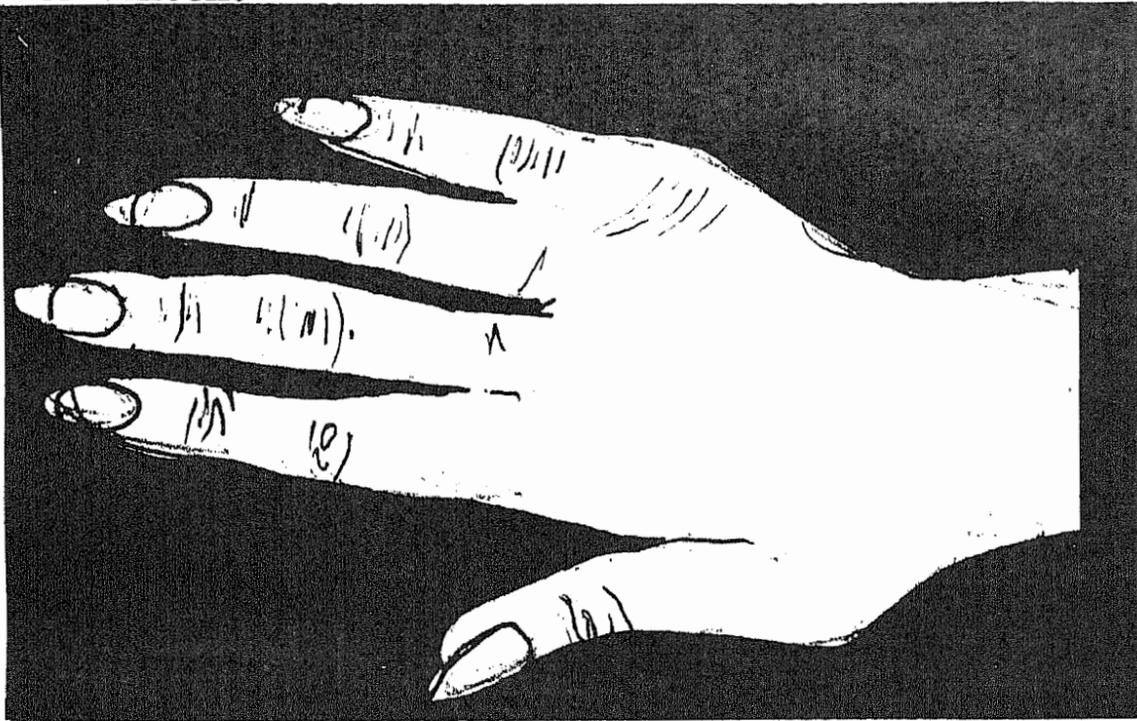
The choice then, recognised by everyone outside the mining industry, is to develop our intellectual capital. Possibly the world-beaters at *The Advertiser* realise this but I doubt it. The output of their daily labours suggest the concept is entirely alien to them.

But a culture of intelligence desperately needs a quality and - dare I say it - adult forum for discussion and revelation. The rest of our intellectual infrastructure is already here.

It's up to the wise men of Waymouth Street to open up their papers. We badly need something more than the simple-minded titillation and waffle they offer. Unless they spend some money on a few decent senior staff and allow them to write for over-12s, Adelaide's struggle to compete and even survive is going to be that much harder.

If not - and frankly the chances are dim - Adelaide is destined to continue its slow grind on the road to - shall we say, West Wyalong.

For Vincent



She walks away down the suburban drive, shoulders bowed and gain unsteady. See the green wool jumper dragged and pulled at the corners, the way it flaps at her knees? Her legs look so short, unfairly short. She has a cigarette in her right hand. Only the long carefully manicured nails tell you that she retains a love of self. I used to dread seeing her again, terrified her nails would tell me she no longer cared at all.

With her back to us she walks to the house you can't see her face. I'll describe it for you. Its round and old, her skin is poor, pitted and freckles gone dark. Her nose is bulbous, greedily fleshy, but her eyes are fine, set deep, humorous and intelligent, cynical. The cheeks are plump and her ears neatly formed. A wide mouth beautifully defined by rich sensual lips. But she hasn't her teeth in today. A small chin which is cleft to give the face strength. No, she is not

pretty or petite but she attracts men like bees to sweet wine.

This is the last sight of her. Drooping, sore and ancient looking, she is forty-six years old.

My mother was hardly known to me. I met her when I was almost grown, she was in another life. We couldn't reach each other for many years - we met at the wrong time. But later we loved. She was smart in her mind but her heart always betrayed her.

Born to a country family of all girls at a time when housewife or whore were the only choices, she struggled to find a feminine solution. Of course she failed. I am the legitimate one she left, my brother is the illegitimate one she kept. We are not an ordinary family.

This is all history. You know she's dead. Alcohol, cancer, a broken heart, the coroner named them all.

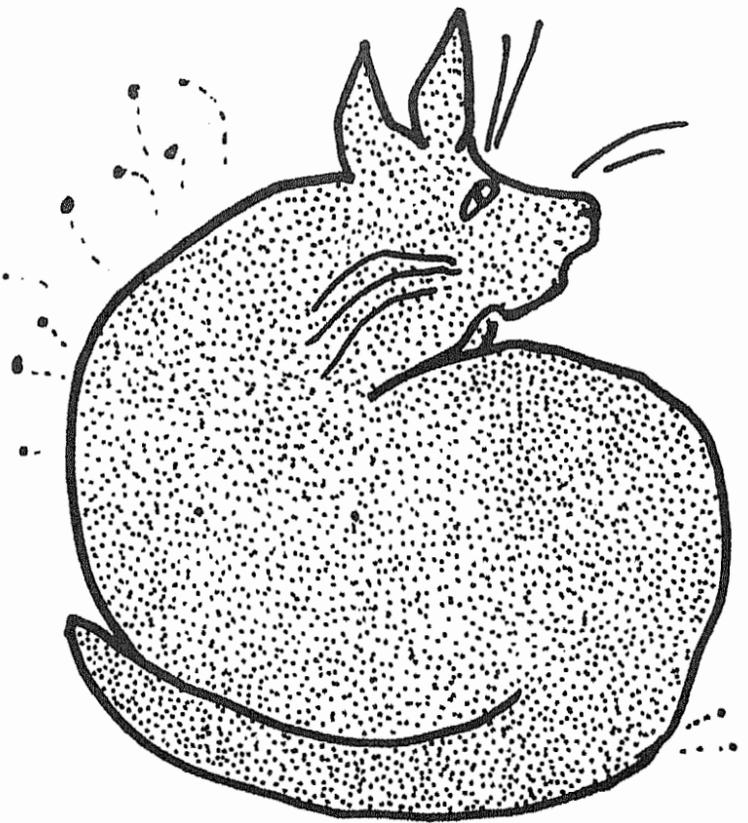
We went, my brother and I, to the city morgue to tell them they had the right body. They need to know these things. A small room with large curtained window, we stood huddled at one end. They surprised me, I thought the curtain would open from the other side but it drew open right next to me. Her dark suffused face, blank of everything, cut tears from my heart. We clutched close as animals in fright while the official asked if this was the person we had signed for. Yes.

Later they send her to us in a box through the post. We took her home to lie with her mother and sister in the desert farm lands of N.S.W.

You can not take the past back and I don't ask it. I loved and hated, despised and admired her. She gave me life. And I hope she was right, I hope there is no more suffering.

Jessica Polson.

27 Million Fleas



There are 27 million fleas on my cat, well maybe not quite. There are 267 flies on my vegemite and toast, perhaps one or two less. My garden has 234 billion snails and the garbos pick up my rubbish once a century. You think its funny! Not much.

Its been 30 years since the government sent me a cheque, and then it bounced. God knows it isn't easy. But there you stand, rent book in hand and ask for two weeks' rent. You've got to be joking! Two weeks rent? I haven't got enough money for an hour's rent.

In the clothes basket 2,000 pairs of socks wait to be sorted and they are all different shades of grey. 300 dogs are sitting up in my bed waiting for their dinner, or it might be supper.

The remote control is on the blink so I have to change the channel by hand for the herd of camel in the lounge and the take away says they can only supply a measly 800 kaffa. And you want the rent. I ought to ignore you. I should let you have this place back and see how you'd like nearly 1/2 a million frogs in your loo ... all of them with the runs. That would teach you.

But today I feel lucky, so I'm in a good mood ... lucky day for you too. So I'll let you leave that rent book here with me and I'll look it over. If it seems to be in order I'll send it on to the government and perhaps in a decade or two they'll send you a cheque. If its not in order me and me mates will be coming to stay with you for a fortnight. Right?

Jessica Polson

QUIETUS EST
ONIELUS EST

*to die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream -
ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what
dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this
mortal coil,
Hamlet act III*

"And I hope there is no more suffering." That is what I said when I purged my mother's death from me. I hope there is no more suffering. For that is what she wanted, peace after a life time of struggle with herself and others, so that is what I wished for her. A banal and easily found phrase. They praised me for it, I praised myself.

But last night I had a dream. In my bed under the window I lay down late and pulled the blankets up tight around my chin. It has been a hard year already, each night I grasp greedily at slow coming sleep as I toy with the thought of that ultimate sleep. The sleep she now has, he now has, they all have. A sleep never to be woken from. Perchance to

dream ...

They sink me down in a deep, dark hole; dank and close, smelling of rats and rotting cabbage. I am on ropes, bound shoulders and thighs, stiff as a board. Thick, slimy clods of earth fall long distances onto my stomach and streak my hair. "Wait", I cry, "wait until I'm on the bottom, you have not finished yet, wait at least until I lie in the place you have chosen for me. Please wait."

But the train is rushing, too fast to stop, almost too fast to breathe. To move from carriage to carriage I have to suck in a mouthful of arctic air and strain along the rail until my feet finally rest on the repelling step of the next door. Inside it is easier to breathe but the air is foul with putrid blood. Every passenger butchered and tortured, their bodies contorted into gargoyle faces. But where is my brother? Where is Vincent? Slipping to my knees in a pool of steaming horror he is found - eyes gummed with blood, face split open ... and the bags are pushed and distorted from inside as the things they contain struggle to be free.

Cat bodies mould into the thick red carpet, legs stiffly lifted to the ceiling, claws extended. Blue rats clutch and bite at my dress, climb in my hair and dig at my breast. Suddenly the

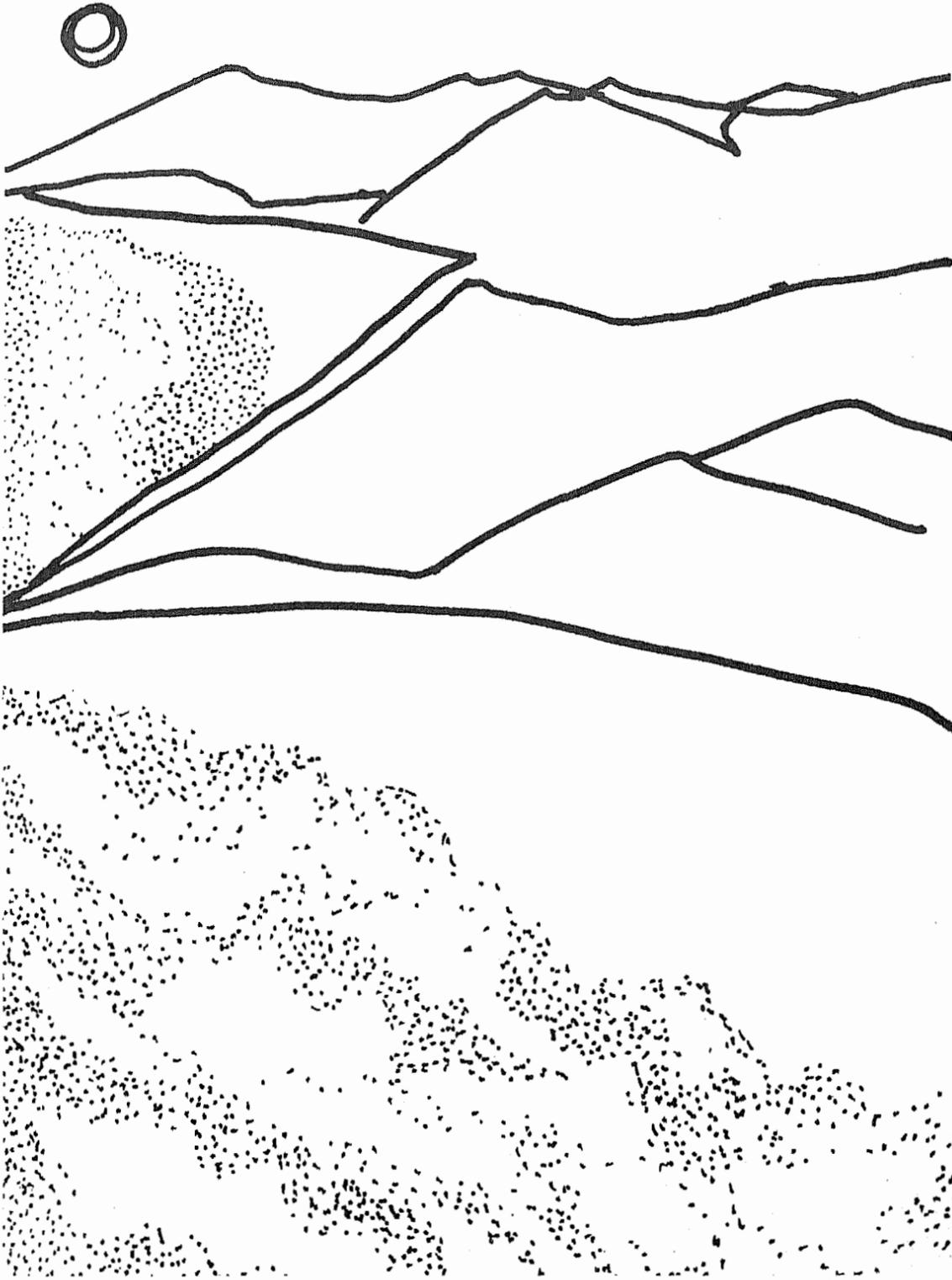
bags burst open spilling their contents onto the kitchen sink. Huge hairy spiders jump from drainage board to floor and lift their front legs off the ground, waving them round to find me.

One stiffens and moves crab like toward my out stretched hand, the light flickering across its black and white striped body. Salt water sears my lungs, burning my throat, pulsing from my nose. The surface is just beyond my finger tips. I can see the boat's bottom and watch the faces peering down at me, hands waving cheerfully in the sky above. I am sinking, down through the cold water with my eardrums bursting and my tongue severed ...

And as I see the next scene floating up to spin me into its awful vortex I remember, and I know. This is death, I am dead. THIS IS THE SLEEP.

Jessica Polson





REMEMBERING REMEMBERING

The cove spreads only about half a mile at its widest, curving gently between two sea points to form a cup of still water. She set her tent in a valley between scrubby sand hills, sweeping away the prickly remains of autumn flowering. Soft rolls of brown sand showed a path to the bench. A book in her pocket slapped the white thigh as she folded out thick bedding and arranged a candle.

July is very wet and windy on the Gippsland coast: she shouldn't have been there. The tent might be flooded. It might blow away. Black, heavy rains to soak her clothes and the fire could die ... the fire could die. Even the pages of the book would get wet and stick together. No one knew she was there.

The cold woke her at dawn. She ventured a smooth arm into the grey air to fetch the quilt back over her body.

Midmorning, the sound of someone moving heavily. His shadow fell on the green sky of the tent, she watched it caress the sloping roof, gliding to the entrance. A large square hand grasped the bottom of the flap to hold it steady as the zip flew upward. She didn't move.

He came into the tent on all fours, the wind making his coat billow. Brown beard and hair streaked grey, huge violet eyes. A gust caught the pages of her book opening it to the well worn line. Down came the zip. He

sat in a corner dripping onto the end of the bed, hands clasped in front of his knees, watching her ...

Sun flickered in through the window, she could hear the children giggling and wondered if escape was possible. She pulled the quilt hopelessly round.

His hands were moving again, pulling off the wet jacket. Canvas shoes went neatly side by side, one sock in each. Jumper folded, trousers laid over her bag. No underpants or shirt. Again on his hands and knees he crawled toward her, prickling up as he neared.

She opened her lips to scream knowing a blow could cut the sound. Musty, stale and taste of salt. He breathed into her mouth and through her nose as he pinioned her body with his. She buried her nails in a fist full of flesh as his fist pounded into her face and fingers grappled in her vagina. She vomited over his back.

The thin walls shuddered and slew sideways in the storm. Two bloods mingled on the floor, running into the rust brocade of her bag. Her mind lay tangled, as mutilated as the broken wrist, screaming as he thrust into her. The welts on his back oozed.

Remembering, terrified, she rolled over and pressed into her husband's body surprising him by the contact; touching was of the past.

Jessica Polson

Possessed (for Paul)



Oh yes madly. It was mad, insane, to love as we loved, so far apart and obsessed. It was not fair, for you - boy burning - to be the love when I wanted only your poet touch. But yes you loved me too and stove long to love me yet. Much harder for you, against the tide, than for me to whom love is the very medium of life.

We walked so close, something I thought and they were your thoughts ... exquisite thrill of possession, I asked like a prisoner of the harem to be the victim. Always the sacrifice not seeing the act despised. I know now and must turn away. Was there anything then that was not throbbing love, distorted gifts of power?

True love does not die, nor is it born. Like space it has no direction or home. We are migratory birds. We sit in our rookeries, unknowing, ignorant of the waiting until the feeling stirs. It has been with us always, it was with our mothers and with her's and so back to creation. Thus with me, my love lying quietly behind the bars ready for you.

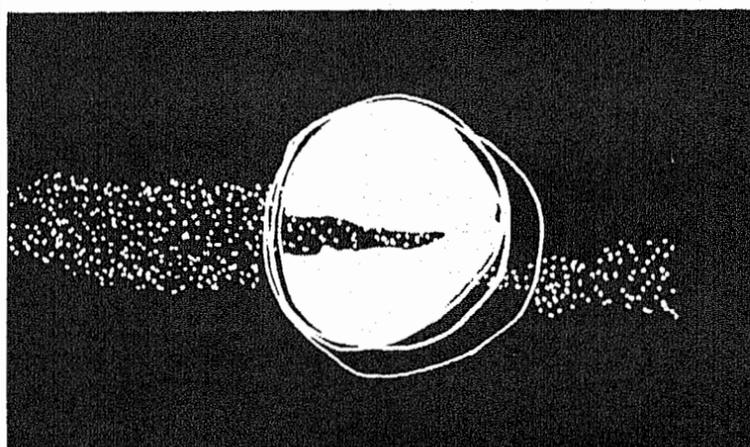
The feeling stirred such a chord I thought it would last for ever. True love does not die. Nor has it. I love you though the chord has fallen so low it can hardly be mine. I love you though our love is in vain, was always in vain.

Memories of beaches long and flowing drives and puppies with patches and soft warm beds price together the measure of our time. I wrap them in tissue paper and lay them down. You, I know, have lost them long ago. True love never dies.

But if true love never dies neither does the fog clear or possession slack its embrace. The miss cued lines, the punishing need, even the poet touch remain the bars to separate us. You will not call again, will not share hours with a work or weather the silent storms. You will not call again in faded jeans and red beard to wring my heart and read Camus. I am in your possession as surely as you were never in mine, but it can not be seen. You are gone.

True love never dies.
Jessica Polson

US



I dreamed I thrust deep into the warm ribbed woman, felt her breath as dark and hot on my neck as I feel your sponge on me now. I dreamed she dreamed of me, could feel my hard insistent flesh fill her hungry vacancy. We strove together to strive together. Reached the same plane of need and angry desire with the wetness spreading as far as her thighs could part. I swung back rhythmically, her spice ran down my leg calling me back while my tongue searched her mouth for the echo ...

But your sponge does not dream and nor more do I. I sit in the bath to let you clean behind my ears, scrub my nails and wash my knees. You chatter about lunch and complain when my teeth are lost - I complain too. We live here together, you and I. At eight I wake and you are arriving. The day is passed in a hundred small necessities, like this bath, and we remember to smile at each other. At night

you travel home on the bus, read a magazine, eat a frozen dinner, wait for your life. I stay here, listen to piped music, eat a frozen dinner, wait for my death.

I have seen your breast as you stoop to help me rise. Some days I can smell the warmth of your crutch. You've washed my body a hundred times and know even the number of hairs I have left.

But you are a nurse. I am a patient. I am old, you are young. My memory won't let me dream any more and you have no memories. One day you might see desire in my eyes and you will think I am dreaming again. I will be indecent. The desire will not be the dream though ... its only hunger for the contact of another. I have seen your body, but we do not talk. You have seen me naked, but we only speak in proper phrases. I'm only waiting for death, I'm not dead. Please talk to me.

Jessica Polson



Madly I Am Possessed (for Jessica)

Madly I am possessed
To share hours with a word
That may leave me yet
distressed

And, when not, still pass
unheard.
Such moon-made shores of
solitude
Are wave-wrought mortal sand
Which, in wandering, allude
The moment's whiter face, and

It is so, Life's curse,
For me, boy-burning the day
And bedding my night with
verse,
To conceive what I would say;
To say there is no second
choice,
(no other tide-turning course ...)
I hear the poet in this voice
And, too lonely, mention no
remorse;

Gladly I am obsessed
In silent-storms the word begat;
Still, I look to calm a rest
From this, in saying that,
Tho' I think it all the world
And part of Heaven, too,
My art is moderately held
In comparison to you

Jessica Polson

Shakespeare's Hamlet was not a Renaissance man.



Of course not. With "his doublet all unbrac'd; no hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd, ungartered, and down-gyved to his ancle"* it's obvious he didn't shop at the Renaissance Centre and Arcade.

Because there, just across North Terrace, you'll discover your class of merchandise for discerning tastes. Fashion, food, giftware and so much more. Take a look. Like Hamlet, you could be mad if you don't.

RENAISSANCE ARCADE

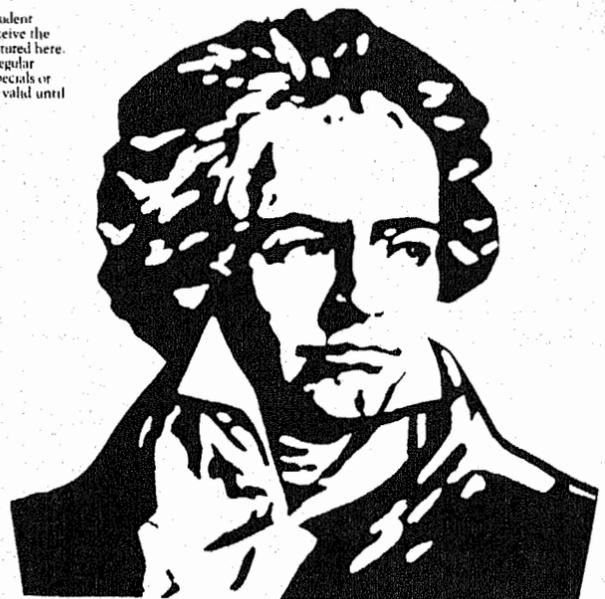
Dimonds Picture Framers	15% off the regular price of framing and our fabulous range of prints! Sorry, sale items excluded.	15% OFF
True Blue Australiana	10% off Australian giftware from our imaginative selection. What a great idea for Christmas!	10% OFF
International Handcrafts	Hand-crafted Christmas gifts, clothing, rugs, bedspreads, cushions and jewellery from developing countries. Distinct and individual!	COME & BROWSE
Direct Travel	Come and find out more about this very special offer! Includes interstate coach and Air International travel.	Singapore \$790
Photo Savers	Bargain priced photo processing on 110, 135 and 126 colour film. Only \$7.99 for 24 exposures. Beat that!	\$799 24 exp.
Standard Books	20% off all textbooks in our Oxford-Cambridge shop. Thousands of titles to choose from!	20% OFF

RENAISSANCE CENTRE

Health Balance	10% off B-Complex vitamins to help fight stress and L-Glutamine to aid concentration. A timely saving before exams!	10% OFF
Grande Leathergoods & Australiana	5% off all items except our already low-priced specials! Buy now and save.	5% OFF

*'Hamlet' Act II, Scene I.

You must present your Student Identification Card to receive the specials and discounts featured here. Discounts apply only to regular merchandise, not daily specials or markdowns. All offers are valid until October 29th, 1988.



**RENAISSANCE
CENTRE & ARCADE**

Both sides of the bridge in Rundle Mall.

RE 4825A

LimeLight

Chasing the late-night ratings

Tiltation vs Castigation

Robbo versus Kennedy.
On *Dit's* **ANDREW MARSHALL** looks at the differing styles of the late-night news show hosts.

Clive Robertson says he's not the sort of person who craves attention, but some time over the last two years he's inadvertently become a "personality".

Abandoned to the wasteland of late-night news by perplexed Channel 7 executives the irascible newsreader began not only reporting, but making the news. By shaking up preconceptions about the role of newsreaders, Robbo has created a whole new genre of T.V. show.

Robertson doesn't like his job, the people he works with or, it would seem, the world. On-air colleagues are berated as dull-witted (or just plain dull) and news stories are tossed away for being flippant, pointless or boring.

"What you see is a man coping with something he's not really crazy about", Robertson emoted on Graham Little's SBS talk show, *Speaking For Myself*. "There is a great conflict between me and what news is. I am not a news person and if anyone calls me a journalist I generally hit them."

This conflict between Robertson and, well, everything, goaded him into pummeling the *Newsworld* format until it suited him. The end result is a curious mix of news, music, current affairs, guest interviews and most importantly, Clive Robertson's opinions. Whether by facial expression, innuendo or outright abuse, Robertson castigates the world.

"If we were given a synopsis of what the world would be like, a prospectus ... I would have rejected it. Most of us would ... I've been unconvinced of this world ever since age four ... and the world has to suffer for it."

It is Robertson's attitude that sets *Newsworld* apart from the norm, and if Channel 7 management don't like him sending up the news, then the ratings keep them quiet. Clive has set the precedent for his own unique style of late night television, and made the 10.30 pm time slot his private domain with consistently high ratings.

"We move in interesting times" proffered Robertson, commenting on Glasnost and the current Russian hospitality. Interesting times indeed, when viewers turn to an unashamedly idiosyncratic new source. Robbo doesn't pretend to be objective, and it is this honesty that attracts many viewers. The real magnet, however, is his complex and unpredictable (some say unstable) personality. Every aspect of the show is given the Robertson touch; his musical taste, his passion for trains, his fetish for sound recording on quiet country roads. Watching *Newsworld*, you cannot help but notice that Clive is not your average bloke.

He gladly volunteers that "news is basically boring", and seldom watches his own program - "I don't think that it stands analysis" he adds. Radio is Clive's primary source of information,

and his first love (he started on ABC radio 10 years ago and still does the Saturday night program on Sydney station 2UE).

For a man with no ambition, Robertson has been astoundingly successful. Then again, this may not be such a great contradiction. The success of *Newsworld* can be greatly attributed to Robbo's attitude - he doesn't give a stuff. Not worrying about consequences has freed Robertson from the shackles of objectivity allowing him to concentrate on producing an interesting, informative and entertaining program.

With Channel 7's *Newsworld* resurrecting late night television audiences, rival channels raced to get their snouts in the ratings trough. Channel 10 backed a lame duck with Don Lane's short lived *Late Night Australia* but Channel 9 didn't muck around - they went straight to the top.

Graham Kennedy's *News Show* started with a whimper. Initial ratings were poor, a fact attributable to an uneasy tension between Kennedy's burlesque style of comedy and 'hard' news presented by his offsider and 'straight man' Ken Sutcliffe.

Within its highly rigid format, the show lacked the spontaneity of Robertson's *Newsworld*. Indeed, the highlight of *News Show* was the regular Monday night "T.V. Archives" segment, dedicated to playing clips from Kennedy's legendary Tonight Show.

Graham Kennedy is, however, not one to rest on his laurels - the beginning may have been a little rusty, a little nervous and a little forced, but the King's comic brilliance is not to be underestimated and doubts about his title rapidly disappeared taking with them only lingering lack of confidence.

Kennedy's appeal lies on a foundation of risqué humour. He is continually stretching broadcasting laws to the breaking point - ambiguity and innuendo are handy tools for the comic, and when things look like overheating, Kennedy plays dumb, demanding to know what all the fuss is about.

Blue humour may be Kennedy's ally at the moment, but it also brought about his downfall more than a decade ago when a suspect crow imitation ('fark fark') caused him to be unceremoniously booted off-air. Gra-Gra hasn't mellowed over the years, if anything he is more outrageous - it is, perhaps, our tolerance that has changed.

In no time Kennedy was clocking ratings with disconcerting ease, understandable when you consider that his appeal ranges from peers (Kennedy is 54) to those just old enough to stay up to 10.30. Every Wednesday the ratings for both *News Show* and *Newsworld* are compared on air - a pointed reminder to Kennedy and his audience that the show was formulated with one thought in mind - defeating Robbo.

As the weeks go by - and Kennedy's ratings continue to grow - comparison between the two shows become more difficult. Subtle changes to the *News Show* format meant less attention was being paid to the 'hard' news stories with

a corresponding increase in human interest stories (a misnomer as most are about animals). The logic is simple - you can't laugh about death, famine and war - but pandas, now that's another matter.

Despite the fact that "Fei-Fei makes Gra-Gra go puke puke", the Bicentennial Panda visit has done a lot to oil the cogs of *News Show*.

"I've got a panda" exclaims Kennedy - "I'm fattening it up for Christmas". A deadpan Sutcliffe muses (on cue) about the panda birthday party, "I wonder if she blew out the candles?" Kennedy delivers his line like the old pro he is "with all that roughage I bet she could blow out the windows".

It is now Kennedy's turn to set the pace - with *News Show* rating (on average) better than *Newsworld*, the 'King' can relax. His return from retirement has been vindicated and with a comfortable lead on Robertson (except in Sydney where Clive has a large and loyal following), Kennedy can afford to experiment. Indeed, there might be a time when Kennedy does away with the news all together.

"I think there should be a separate show that contains all the news about pandas, and the news about Royal people showing their gussets, stories about the Loch Ness Monster, people who grow (gesticulating) huge marrows and giant watermelons, the running of the bulls, frogs that can whistle and two-year olds with Phd's in mathematics, but I don't think they should be on our show", Kennedy lamented after a particularly bad item.

For the moment though, all is quiet on the *News Show* front - at last, as quiet as can be with Kennedy around. When the King returned to Melbourne studio where he had worked some thirteen years ago, Kennedy got out of his seat during an ad-break wearing his shirt, jacket and joystick - to the delight of the audience.

It makes little sense, given Kennedy's antics, to compare the sober, languid, introspective Robertson - carefully picking through the day's news - with the squirming, gesticulating, bug-eyed "naughty boy of Australian television" - the old master of 'nudge, wink' comedy.

Unlike Kennedy, Robertson seldom refers to his unlikely rival, and given that *News Show* was initiated specifically to slow Robertson's success, it cannot be considered out of that context. Equally though, Kennedy has become successful in his own right, with a totally different audience and ratings that often double those of Robbo's show.

Regardless of how the shows compare, however, credit must be given to Robertson for creating a late night audience with a creative, witty presentation of some very ordinary news.

Both Kennedy and Robertson are stretching the boundaries of a traditionally conventional area of television, both are questioning preconceptions in a battle that has only one sure winner - the viewer.



Clive Robertson



Graham Kennedy

More great specials Hamlet should have acted on.

Act I - The food

Grumpy's Save on Grumpy's delicious meals and refreshments! Renaissance Arcade.

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Bravo Coffee Lounge \$3.50 is all you'll pay for Spaghetti Bolognese, Side Salad and a soft drink at Bravo! Coffee Lounge, on the First Floor in the Renaissance Centre.

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Free Coke

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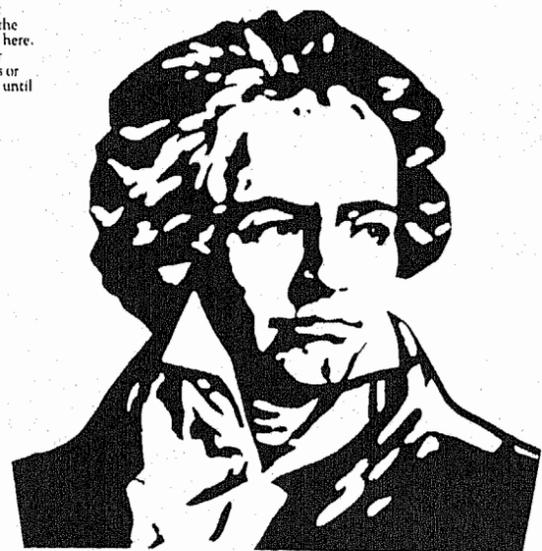
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Half Price!

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RENAISSANCE
CENTRE & ARCADE

Both sides of the bridge in Rundle Mall.



Blah!

With Alex Wheaton.

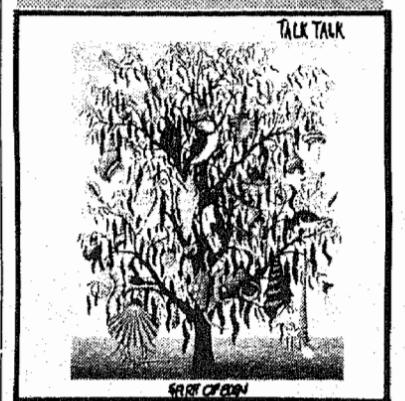
- Vince Jones, King of the lounge lizards strikes again - last week he sacked his band's alto saxophone player. Tall, shaven-headed young Ian Chaplin, got the boot for "taking one solo too many" away from our man, according to sources close to the band. Real investigative stuff, huh?
- Monday 24/10. 1936 Bill Wyman of Rolling Stones and little girls fame is born (BOF). 1966 Beach Boys release the excellent single "Sloop John B".
- Tuesday 25.10. Born 1942 Helen Reddy. Born 1944 John Anderson (Yes).
- Wednesday 26.10. How Anarchic!! In 1966 The Beatles smoke some dope in the toilets before receiving their MBE's at Buckingham Palace.
- Thursday 27.10. Wiped out in one plane crash - sounds familiar doesn't it - on this day in 1977, three dead Lynyrd Skynyrd's, ending their future as a boogie-woogie rock'n'roll band. And, Simon Le Bon (who?) of Duran Duran turns 30.
- Friday 28/10. Plenty happened, but 1969 Elvis Presley awarded his 60th million seller with "Suspicious Minds".

1977 Move over fat guy!! The Sex Pistols release the subtly brilliant album *Never Mind the Bullocks*.

it refers only to the heated pools and warm lagoons he must be used to dipping into in his Caribbean paradise.

From all lyrical and liner note inferences I can glean, Buffet is really happy with life at the moment. Well good on him, but he has nothing to say but repeat how good life is.

This he does with a variety of musical styles from 'down home' blues to rumbas and sappy M.O.R. With the exception of *Great Heart*, with its pleasant up bear chorus, Buffet and his *Choral Reefer Band* (my, my, how kitsch) has produced an album which is rather lifeless.



SPIRIT OF EDEN

Talk Talk
EMI

by Richard Wilson

You thought *Talk Talk* were dead? Unfortunately you're wrong. Hollis, Friese-Greene and Co have resurfaced with *Spirit of Eden*, their fourth album in eight years.

The path they were heading down on *The Colour of Spring* appears to have widened into a semi-major freeway.

At times sparse, at others cluttered and tuneless, the album meanders around for 40 minutes in a maze of self-indulgence and despair.

Another brilliant cover by James Marsh masks an album that commercially, at least, will be a disaster. Just six songs, three of those fused together to form a mammoth 22 1/2 minute drone on one side.

Talk Talk? Drone drone.

ORIGINAL BLUES CLASSICS

Facsimile rereleases through Festival Records

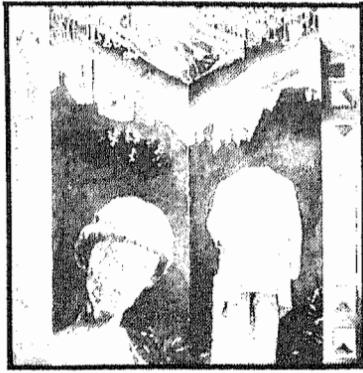
by Alex Wheaton

- *Trouble in Mind* King Curtis (Tru-Sound/Fantasy/Festival)
- *Willie's Blues* Willie Dixon with Memphis Slim (Prestige Bluesville/Fantasy/Festival)
- *Sonny's Story* Sonny Terry (Prestige Bluesville/Fantasy/Festival)
- *Brownie's Blues* Brownie McGhee (Prestige Bluesville/Fantasy/Festival)
- *Alberta Hunter with Louie Austin and her Blues Serenaders Chicago!* *The Living Legend* (Riverside/Fantasy/Festival)

These are the first five releases of (I hope) a planned catalogue of blues recordings to be released in Australia.

Congratulations to *Fantasy Records* (the US licensee) and *Festival Records*, who have faithfully reproduced the recordings, labels, and sleeve artwork of these five LP's. These formerly hard-to-get recordings cover a wide range of styles within the blues; their presence is a boon for those who revel in 'the blues'.

King Curtis. Acclaimed as a classic when it came out, this 1961 recording



THE SOUND OF TREES

Schnell Fenster
EMI

by Richard Wilson

Formed as a result of casual jams among old friends, the current line-up of Phil Judd, Nigel Griggs, Noel Crombie and Den Elzen took shape in early '86.

The songs are just some of the many that have arisen in the sessions since then.

When bands collect an album from assorted recordings over a long period of time, the end result tends to often sound like a sort of compilation album, as it does here, with no particular thread or mood running through.

Despite this, *The Sound of Trees* is an impressive debut dabbling in many styles. As you might expect from ex-members of *Split Enz* and the *Swingers*, the album is easily accessible, but with a frantic quirkiness that marked the work of these bands.

From the commercial funk of *Love-Hate Relationship*, through the pseudo-rockabilly of *Skin the Cat* to the relentless *Sleepless Mountain*, the album is a collection of hits and near-misses.

In three words - buy, listen, enjoy.

RAINBIRDS

Rainbirds
Polygram

by Mat Gibson

Pop this may be, but it stands out like a cat in a plague of mice.

Variation, a certain unpredictability with chord changes and progressions, a vocalist who doesn't attempt to force passion into her voice and an

of the master saxophonist shows the fine line between blues and elements of jazz. Here we have the glossy, brassy New York clubland blues sound, with Curtis playing alto and tenor saxes. On this recording Curtis sings the blues, and demonstrates his wonderful vocal abilities. What are possibly the standards for the songs *Nobody Wants You When You're Down and Out*, *Bad Bad Whiskey*, and *Ain't Nobody's Business* are contained here.

This record is a must for serious collectors and music buffs, Curtis' finest hour before his untimely death on 13 August 1971.

Willie Dixon. Not usual *Willie Dixon* material on this LP, but an interesting piece nonetheless. Here he teams up with the illustrious Memphis Slim on piano, and the recording is a showpiece for Slim's talents.

Dixon plays it calm and gives his guest and his band plenty of room for manoeuvre. Consequently, there's less of the hard edged, gruff *Chicago* r'n'b sounds here than Willis is usually remembered for. Dixon contributes most of the songs for this album, but they are not among his great works.

Sonny Terry. Gettin' back to roots! In essence, a simplified call and response interplay between Sonny's vocals and his harmonica, punctuating his very 'down home' blues style.

unusual mix of instruments (for pop that is).

There are funk influences, blues influences, folk and occasional flashes of German beerhall accordion.

There are enough catchy tunes to please the dance freaks and many more contemplative ones. This group shows great potential, even if their lyrics rise only marginally above the norm. They could produce a high quality were they to abandon their synth keyboards and go back to basic instruments, particularly an acoustic bass and guitar

ROACHFORD

Roachford
CBS

by Mat Gibson

After backing several major artists in British Tours, notable Terence Trent D'Arby, *Roachford* have the necessary credentials to earn them copious press interviews and space on lost of record bar walls.

Within the pop world for this is truly a pop album, this attention will be well deserved for their attempts to develop a marginally different sound, in the same way D'Arby did. Theirs is a decidedly hard edged approach, utilising squealing guitars and chunky percussion that is half way to hip-hop.

Lead singer Andrew Roachford (the band's namesake) possesses a voice well-suited to this slightly soulful funk pop but there is little that is unique about it apart from its obvious capacity for volume.

Some nice pop tunes, hooks and choruses. A good pick for the dance floor punter.

BACK TO YOURSELF

The Handmedowns
Greasy Pop Records

by Alex Wheaton

Another strong and competent release from *Greasy Pop Records* this time a mini album of feisty pop/rock from Adelaide's *Handmedowns*.

This is the first release from this conventional three piece band (guitar, drums, bass guitar) and it certainly establishes the credentials of Rohan Belton as a very deft and able songwriter. In particular *State of*

I'm Gonna Get on My Feet's Afterwhile has lovely breathy harmonica with 'plonking' guitar underpinning it.

Sonny's vocal delivery is straight ahead, the impression is of a 'back-porch-jam' recorded by accident. It rambles and rolls, the band are called in to "get on down" and the famous Sonny 'whoop' makes a showing. This is archetypal rural blues.

Brownie McGhee. This is the surprise package in our little collection. I've never been a fan of the famous Sonny Terry/Brownie McGhee partnership, but this is different. Alone, McGhee really gets the chance to show his style; Terry takes very much a backseat. Two guitars and harmonica complete the sparse musical accompaniment to McGhee's storytelling. Settled back and at ease, he taps his foot and picks out a selection of his tunes, including the much-covered superb *Killin' Floor*. This is a 'comfortable' blues record, good listening material.

Alberta Hunter/Louie Austin. Old time music and traditional Chicago music hall arrangements this is a nostalgic LP; a metaphorical carpet bag of swing, jazz and blues. A blast of dance music from the style of the 1930's crooners and big bands, the catchy tunes are shared between Louie's piano and the horn section (notably clarinet and trombone).

Musically, not to all tastes, however these grand women were both in their 70's when this recording was made in 1961.

Confusion and *When All the World was Young* show their flair and class.

Sounds on this record are below par, however, much would be added by better recording and better production. The band come on like Elvis Costello meets the *Smithereens* (it's the best comparison I could come up with) and shows there's certainly a place for them and their ability.

It would be fair to say that *Back to Yourself* doesn't fully reflect the *Handmedowns*: live they are consistently enthusiastic who show much more of their enthusiasm and dynamics.

BLUE BELL KNOLL

The Cocteau Twins
EMI

by Mat Gibson

The Cocteau Twins are the leaders of the avant garde non-pop synthesizer movement.

Through numerous years, albums and E.P.'s they have yet to compromise their standards or attempt to create chart success. Their artistic credibility is based on a partially experimental use of synthesizers and a wholly experimental approach to singing.

While she sets out to be an inarticulate as possible, the almost whimsical vocal wanderings between clefs are nonetheless harmonious and captivating.

Moreover, it fully compliments the usually swirling and layered keyboards and gentle, delineated percussion.

Accusations of self indulgence are often levelled at them, but their worldwide 'underground' following would seem to contradict this. It is certainly studied, crudite music, but neither inaccessible nor preoccupied with any sense of artistic self importance.

HOT WATER

Jimmy Buffet
WEA

by Mat Gibson

The title of this album might lead one to believe the Buffet was offering something perhaps a little controversial. Don't be fooled, I think

A troubled tale of the afterlife makes it big

BEETLEJUICE
Hoyts, Regent Cinemas

by Scott Wythe

It's refreshing to be reminded that the U.S./Hollywood can still produce films with some semblance of originality. *Beetlejuice* (spelt Betelgeuse), if nothing else, is certainly original.

Although probably aimed at teen audiences director Tim Burton's bizarre mix of comedy, horror and melodrama proves to be highly entertaining. The opening scene is a good example of the film's bizarre style: a wide, slowly panning shot of a quiet country town which glides gently in to focus on a quaint, hilltop house.

Just as the audience realise that the house, like the town is a small-scale model a huge black spider crawls up over the roof. Such nasty surprises occur throughout the film and consequently one is never really comfortable.

Beetlejuice is the story of a newly-wed couple, the Maitlands (Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) whose idyllic life is transformed into a confusing afterlife when they are killed in a car accident. As ghosts they are forced to remain in the attic of their old home when the super-trendy Deetzes move in and start redecorating, with a little help from their Soho-chic interior decorator Otho.

After the Maitland's feeble attempts to scare the new arrivals away fail, they call on Betelgeuse (Michael Keaton) for help. His offer of a free demonic possession with every exorcism is just too good to ignore.

Michael Keaton is superb in the pivotal role of the 'bio-exorcist', his character being on once hilarious and frightening.

Of course not everything goes according to plan and Betelgeuse turns out to be a rather unpleasant character.

The Maitland's transition to the afterlife is rather undramatic with things changing only marginally for them. After death they simply have to deal with more extreme versions of what they would encounter in real life.

Beetlejuice is actually a very funny film with the humour being only slightly offset by several moments of horror.

Director Tim Burton began his career as an artist and Walt Disney animator and carried his infectious imagery into his first feature film, the successful *Pee Wee's Big Adventure*.

The extraordinary visual effects in *Beetlejuice* certainly reflect his background and are a highlight of the film.

It's satisfying to see a worthy film enjoying box-office success and, being well into its second month of screening in Adelaide, *Beetlejuice* is doing just that.

Robin Hood's country jaunt with the mob

MIDNIGHT RUN
Hindley Cinemas

by Michelle Chan

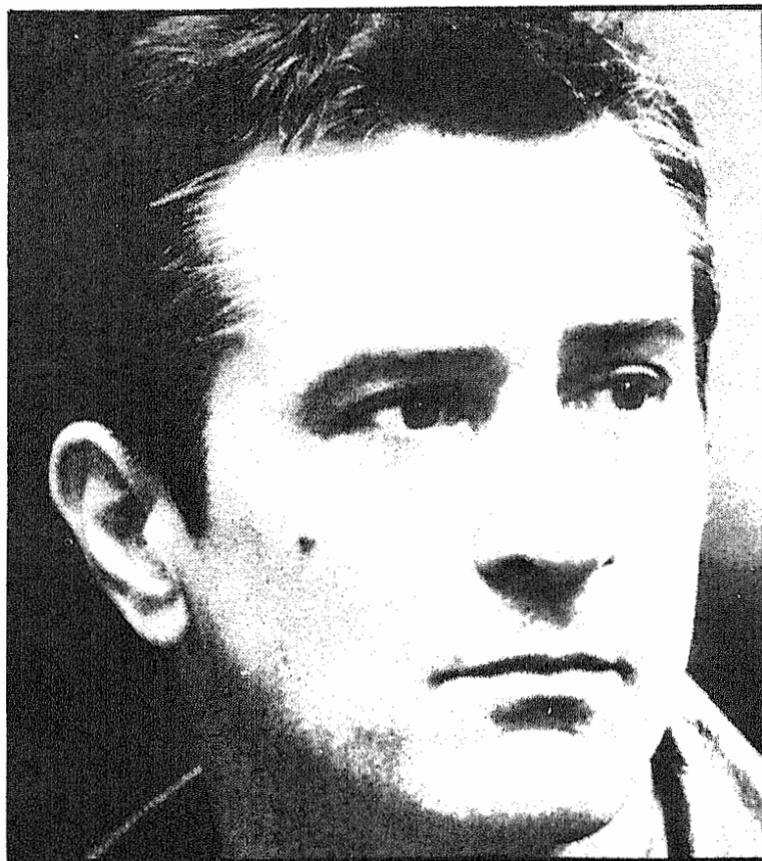
There's still nothing like a good old-fashioned action movie from the Tinsel Town dream factory, and *Midnight Run* is just that. It's an even-paced adventure yarn with plenty of dash and drama, interspersed with liberal helpings of humour.

Robert De Niro (*The Untouchables*, *Angel Heart*) is Jack Walsh, a former Chicago cop who now earns a living as a bounty hunter, capturing those who jump bail and returning them to Lu's bondsman for a modest fee.

Jack has had enough of this miserable business, so for his last catch and \$100,000 he agrees to track down Jonathon "the Duke" Mardukas (Charles Grodin from *Catch 22* and *The Couch Trip*).

Mardukas is the erstwhile accountant of Jimmy Serrano (Dennis Farina), and when he discovered he was working for a big time Chicago mob boss, there was only one thing to do: Mardukas embezzled \$15m of Serrano's money and gave it to charity.

After being arrested and skipping bail, it's now up to Jack to bring him to Los Angeles in 5 days - a seemingly simple task. However, the "midnight run" from New York turns into a dystopian (but hilarious) cross country steeplechase by plane, freight train and automobile. The two are pursued by a persistent rival bounty hunter, Serrano's bungling henchmen



Robert De Niro

and an increasing band of police and FBI incompetents, all of whom serve to make Jack more determined than ever.

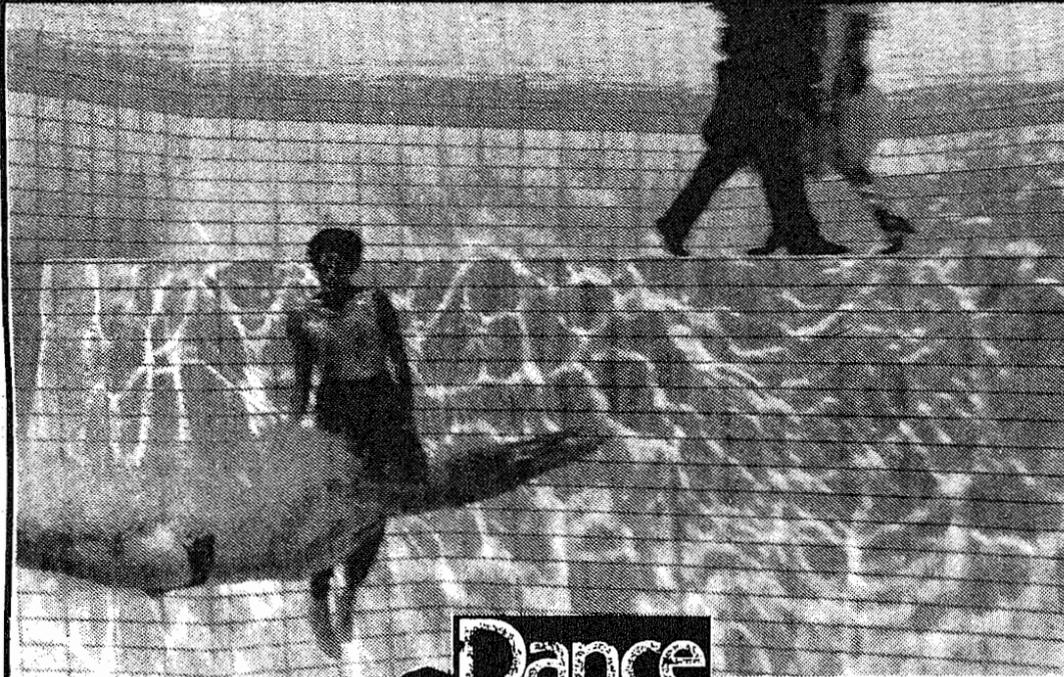
De Niro is an unusual choice for the role of Jack, but he displays a refreshing ease with comedy which ultimately is just what the part needs to bring it to life. He is consistently sardonic and cynical, and is perfectly suited for the role.

As Mardukas, Jack's antagonist-cum-buddy, Charles Grodin is a convincingly congenial and amiable Robin Hood type who causes Jack much distress but also reveals to him his vulnerable side.

The combination of De Niro's sarcasm, Grodin's benevolence and a comic, sprinted script has resulted in an entertaining, action-filled movie which is one of the better of its genre.

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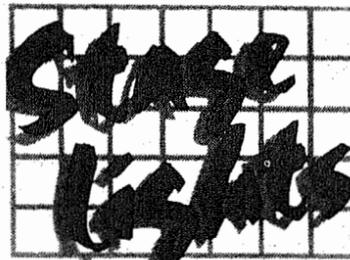
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The Devils Gateway
Red Shed
Flinders University Drama Centre
Season Closed

by Steve Jackson

The Devils Gateway is further evidence that potent theatre forces us to re-examine our beliefs and how we interact with others

The Devils Gateway had this potency through a mix of heavy satire and feminist politics that was a credit to playwright Sarah Daniels and the extremely fine and sympathetic realisation by the predominantly third year Drama Centre cast.

The set created an excellent atmosphere. Minimalist and metaphoric, it was well used by director Charles Parkinson.

Set in London in 1982 the play concerns the lives of women in two working-class families who are coping with male-cast lifestyles. Betty Clayton (Alison Sheridan) and Enid (Ellen Freeman) are two middle-

aged women whose daily housebound grind receives little acknowledgment or thanks from the men in their lives.

Their repression is echoed in Betty's daughter, Fiona, (Jennifer Anderson), who has married her way into the middle classes but not out of patriarchal domination: her hands are still in the sink. Betty's mother, Ivy (Catherine Purling) has long realised male chauvinism but old-age prevents her from externalising the freedom she has found in her head.

The Greenham Common Womens Peace Camp is used throughout the play not so much as an anti-nuclear message (although that certainly exists), but as a symbol of liberation for these women.

The cast was magnificent. Ellen Freeman as Enid displayed impeccable comic timing and a relaxed assured stage presence. Alison Sheridan combined Betty's awkward submissiveness with a growing desire to liberate herself. It was a finely paced performance that invited empathy from the audience. These two women worked well together and the scene in which Betty gets stoned for the first time was naturalistic, funny and memorable.

Catherine Durling as Ivy looked every bit of 83 years with a sharp mind and a big mouth. Jennifer Anderson swapped between the roles of a feminist social-worker and Betty's daughter, in what would have been an interesting dramatic challenge for her as it was entertaining for us. Catherine Mobley played Enid's daughter with a pleasing amount of cynicism and special mention must go to Stephen Smooker who played the four male parts in the play. In all of them he was unrelentingly despicable: a credit to him.

Activities Council present
END OF TERM SHOW
 with the

COCKROACHES



and local support act
Handmedowns

Union Bar
Friday October 28
9pm - 1am

Tickets now available from Students Association Office
 A.U. Students only \$3
 Other Students \$5
 Public \$7
Limited tickets, be quick

ACTIVITIES FOR WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, OCTOBER 24TH 1988
Tuesday, October 25th, 7.30pm German films in Cinema "Prostitute" directed by Tony Gamett, U.K. 1980 (98 mins) and "Bremer Freiheit" directed by R W Fassbinder, Germany 1972 (87 mins). Discussion paper by John McConchie, film theorist. \$5 for last three week season.

Friday, October 28th, 1pm-2pm Activities Council concert on Barr Smith Lawns with "Clack Clack". Ska band from Flinders Uni. FREE!!!

6pm-9pm Student pianist in Union Bistro.

COMING ENTERTAINMENT End of Term Show in Union Bar with "Cockroaches" from Sydney and local support "Handmedowns". **FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28TH 9PM - 12 MIDNIGHT.** Tickets from Students' Association Office, on sale now!
AU Students \$3.00
Other Students \$4.00
Public \$7.00
BE QUICK OR MISS OUT. LIMITED TICKETS.

ORIENTATION '89

Orientation Week is earlier next year due to semestrisation.
 O Week - February 20th - 24th
 O Ball - Saturday, February 25th
 The SAUA has made the following appointments:
 O Week Director - John Lindsay
 O Ball Directors - Maddy James and David Blakeney.
PLEASE SEND YOUR IDEAS ON ORIENTATION WEEK TO THESE PEOPLE IN THE SAUA OFFICE.
ENROLMENTS '89 Due to the earlier start of the academic year, enrolments in 1989 will be held in the Union Building from Tuesday January 31st - Monday February 6th. More details soon.

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.

COMING EXHIBITIONS Union Gallery/Coffee Shop, Level 6 Union House. Monday to Friday 10am - 5pm.
The Face of Learning, October 27th - November 4th.
SA School of Art Graduate Printmakers Exhibition. Exhibit A - November 23rd - December 7th.

FOR SALE Bass Amp, Roland 60W Super-Cube. Hardly used. \$450. Ph: 295 7558.

THE JURY SYSTEM 2 people who have served on 6 juries between them will discuss what the criminal justice system looks like from the jury box. Is it theatre or justice or what?
 Wednesday October 26th. 1.10 pm.
 Ligertwood Building Lecture Theatre 1.
 All welcome. Organised by *Broad Left Law Group*.

PERSEUS, THE HERO Presented by SACAE, Magill Departments of Drama and Music.
 Performances Saturday, 29th October 2.30 pm.
 Saturday, 5th November 2.30 pm and 7.30 pm.
 Hartley Playhouse, SACAE Magill - Lorne Avenue, Magill, 5072.
 Cost \$3.00 (child), \$5.00 (adult)
 Bookings Ph: 333 9455
 Includes Black Light Puppetry.

FOR SALE Sony Walkman WM-F55 FM/AM Stereo Cassette Player. Almost new. Cost \$220. Sell \$150. Ph: 265 4028.

SHARE HOUSE: Glenelg. Easy going, roster free household. Fully furnished. No bond. \$60/week - rent assistance available from Housing Trust to F/T student. Ph: 295 7558 AH.

LIBRARY COMPUTER SYSTEM. As has previously been foreshadowed a test is to be conducted of a commercial automated library system for possible purchase by the library. An element of this test will be the public use of the system and views of users will be sought.
 The Dynix Library System will be available for general use between the 25th and 27th October, at selected public access terminals in the library. Interested members of the University are invited to use the system as the library catalogue and to complete a questionnaire. Instructional leaflets will be available and library staff will offer assistance at the designated terminals.

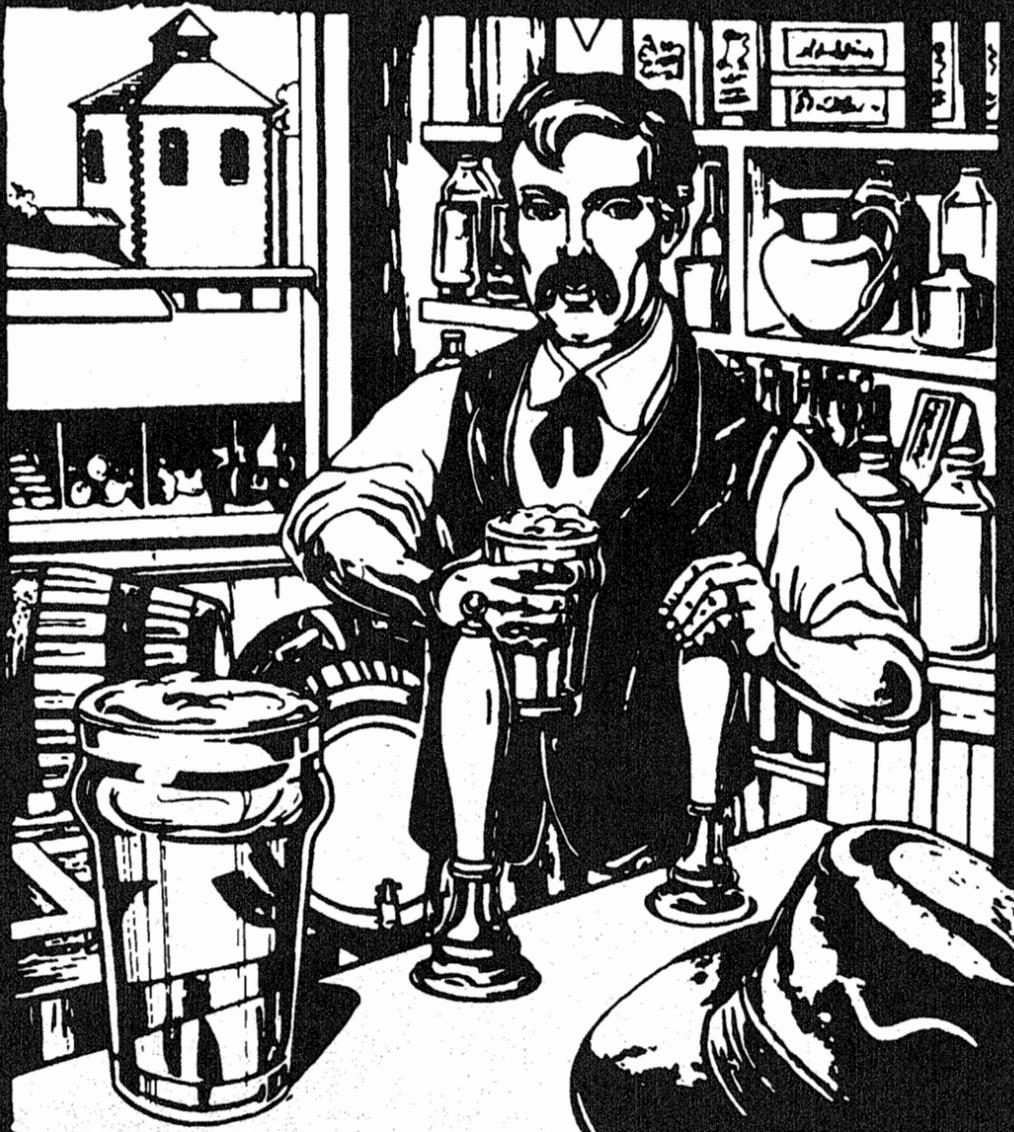
LUTHERAN STUDENTS FELLOWSHIP This Thursday (27th October) we will be having a worship service to wrap up our activities for this term. Chapel. 1.05 pm. All Welcome!

FOR SALE 23" Repco racing bike, all alloy parts, light weight, 4 months old. As new. \$350. Ph: 373 1825

S.C.M. "Atheological Consultation on Racism" was the theme of a recent conference in Zimbabwe, attended by Don McArthur. Come along and hear about his experiences. Wednesday, 26th October, 1 pm, Meeting Room 1 (Level 5, Union Building). All welcome.

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SUN: Jeff & John

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