

MEAT
MORE
MEAT

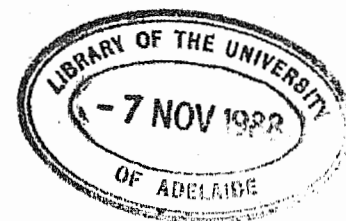
The Ticker

SMOKE 100'S
OF
CIGARETTES

NOT A WORD OF TRUTH INSIDE

FERGIE IN ADELAIDE DRUG HEIST

Another
Royal
Scandal



Jesus wore nappies-
and was here last week!

SPACE ALIENS
TAUGHT MY
DOG TO KNIT!



Lassie comes home
- DRUNK!

ITA ON ORAL SEX:

does it give you bad breath?
does it make you lisp?

**ADAM AND EVE
FOUND IN ASIA
- still alive!**

**DOCTOR KEEPS WIFE'S
SEVERED HEAD ALIVE
She died of cancer in '85**

**FREE On Dit
lift-out
inside**

WEATHER: CANCELLED DUE TO POOR TICKET SALES

The tale of the DREADED LERGIE

Once upon a time a Major's wife gave birth to beautiful twin daughters, and named them Fergie and Lergie. But, in a freak mishap when the babies were just a year old, a misplaced dingo entered their plush Kensington home and snatched the younger (and prettier) of the twins. She was never traced.

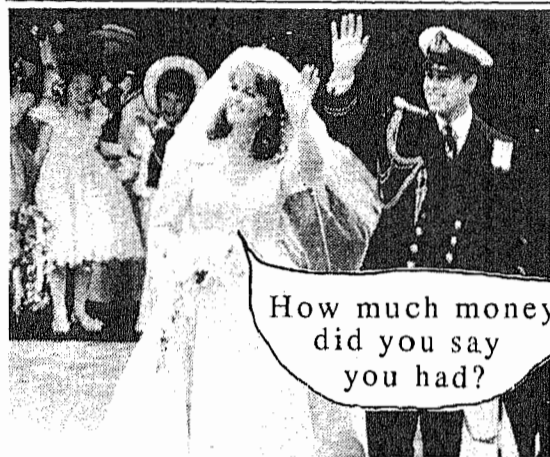


So, as the young Fergie was lovingly brought up by her grieving family...

Her twin sister Lergie was forced to live the life of a street-kid, eating out of rubbish bins and mixing in bad company.



Meanwhile her sister Fergie was raised in the best circles, and married quite well...

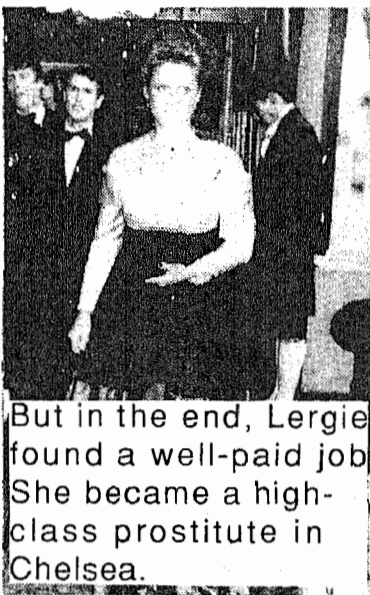


How much money did you say you had?



And (after a polite interval) the Royal twosome looked set to become three.

BUT ALAS!! After a long and difficult labour, the sweet heart of a nation made the ultimate tragic sacrifice to the House of Windsor, thus saving the life of the seventh in line to the British throne. The Royal Establishment desperately needed someone to find the mysterious Lergie (if she was still alive)



But in the end, Lergie found a well-paid job. She became a high-class prostitute in Chelsea.

So they hired the best

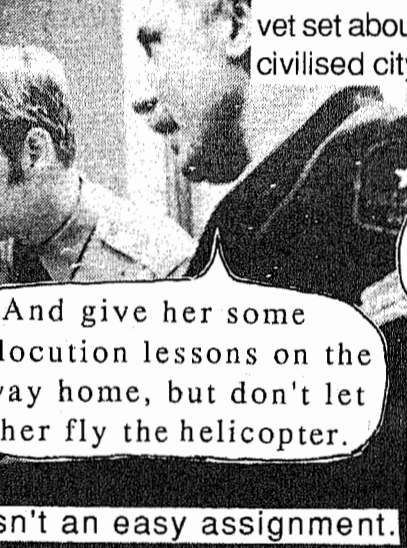


They drew first blood, not me.

RAMBO!



You've gotta hunt her down and bring her back. We can't announce the Royal birth until we have a mother.



And give her some elocution lessons on the way home, but don't let her fly the helicopter.

It wasn't an easy assignment.

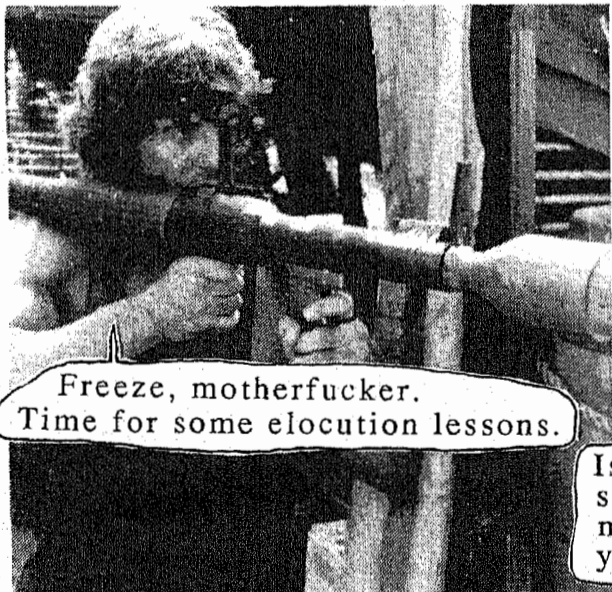


How does an iron-pumping brain-dead 'Nam vet set about a genuinely difficult task in a civilised city?

Which way to the bus stop?

LIKE THIS!

After a week of frantic searching in every brothel in London...



Freeze, motherfucker. Time for some elocution lessons.



Is that a Russian RU-12 state-of-the-art 'and-'eld missile launcher, or are you just 'appy to see me?

But there's a PROBLEM. How do you turn a London hooker into a Duchess overnight?



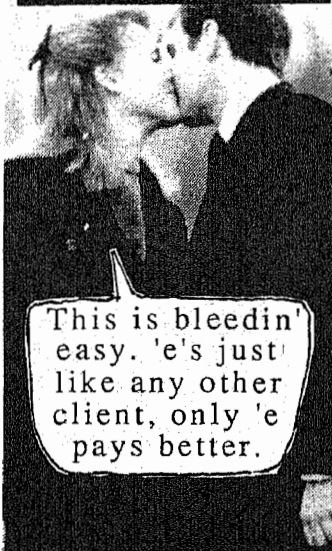
She meets the family...

SMILE, Charlie.

Shutup, Diana.

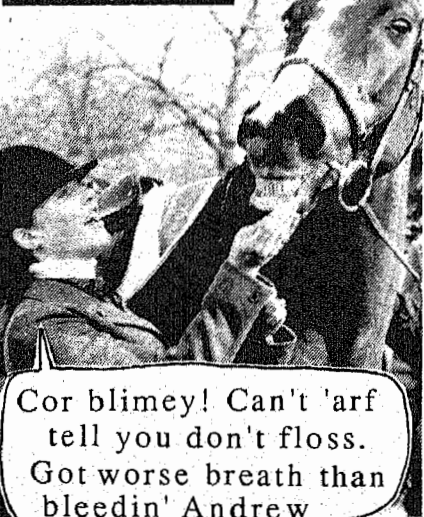
Poor Charles has never been the same since he was bugged at Timbertop.

Poses for photos...



This is bleedin' easy. 'e's just like any other client, only 'e pays better.

Learns the finer points of etiquette...



Cor blimey! Can't 'arf tell you don't floss. Got worse breath than bleedin' Andrew

And a few other duties of office.



Do you always retire the servants like that?

After two weeks of intensive Royal training, both Lergie and the newest Windsor were finally ready to face the world.

And no-one ever knew.



Shut up or I'll send you to your mother

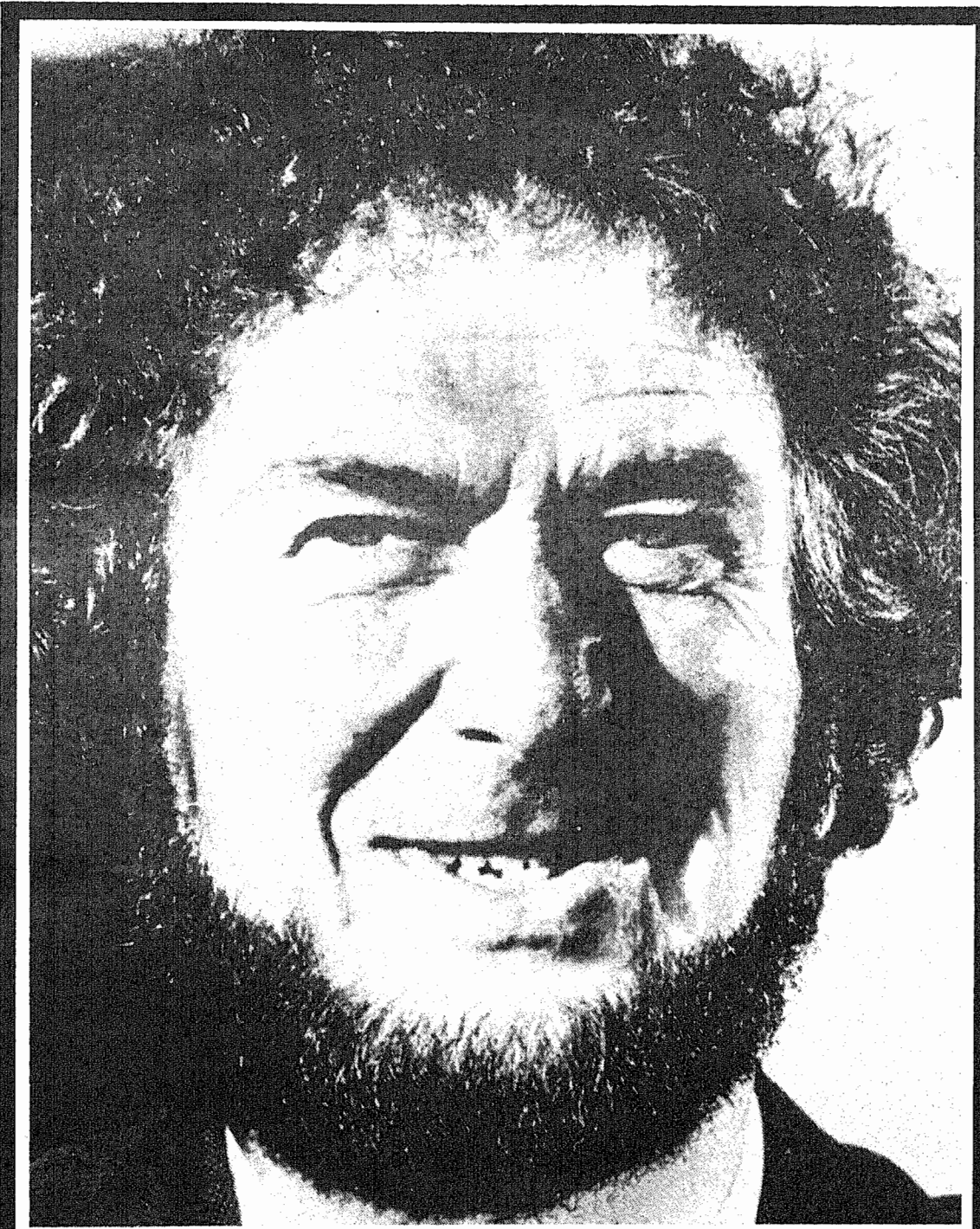
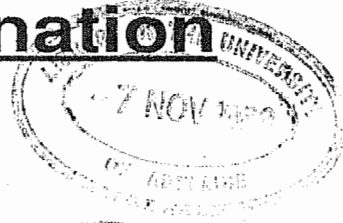
NEXT WEEK:
Lergie in Australia.

Parrot hubby recalls wedding night woman claims

HEROIN DEATH PLUNGE VICTIM

RETURNS AS PARROT

Proof of
reincarnation



A Swiss college professor has claimed that her dead husband has been reincarnated as a parrot.

"My colleagues thought I was crazy until they heard the bird - my husband - speak for himself," Dr Hilda Von Peck told On Dit.

"Now they agree with me that this is the best proof of reincarnation yet."

Dr Von Peck bought the parrot from a mail order company six weeks after her husband Emil was crushed on a Bern footpath by a heroin addict who fell out of a twelfth floor window.

Although she didn't know it at the time, the bird's papers showed that it had hatched the day after her husband died.

"The parrot was very expensive and the breeders guaranteed that it would talk," she said.

"I decided to call him Yves, and I tried to teach him to say it.

"But he kept screeching 'Emil, Emil' even though I'd never mentioned my dead husband's name in his presence."

As time passed, the parrot actually began to act like the dead man, said



Mr Emil von Peck?

Dr Von Peck.

And as its vocabulary increased, it even started to reminisce about their married life.

"Last week he started talking about our wedding day, so I got out our wedding album and we went through it together," she said.

"When we got to the honeymoon, he started to squeak and squawk so much that it was almost like doing it all again.

"I am just thrilled that Emil has returned to be with me."

ANTI-GRAFT LAWS

We'll strike say cops

by Lewis Terry

SA police officers are threatening state-wide industrial action tomorrow over Government moves to legislate against the long-established police practice of accepting "tips" from members of the public.

A police union spokesperson said yesterday that tipping was a "legitimate and recognised" component of police force salaries, and was one way the general public could show its gratitude for the valuable role police played in fighting lawlessness and corruption.

Typically, a tip paid to an officer if he or she agreed to "turn a blind eye to some activity, or to otherwise facilitate an accused person's ultimate acquittal," the spokesperson said.

"While gratuities are not specifically mentioned in the police award, they are a recognised and legitimate component of every

officer's salary," he said.

"An understanding of the high level of tipping in the law-enforcement industry was integral to the recent Arbitration Commission decision for a three-year freeze on wages at the 1987 level."

The spokesperson said a meeting of police officers this week would decide whether to accept the union's recommendation for a two-week work-to-rule ban on non-essential tasks.

If the ban was imposed, police officers would perform only work which was classified by the Department as being "essential" such as filling in forms and sitting around in patrol cars wearing sunglasses.

He said tasks considered peripheral to the efficient functioning of the police force, including routine apprehension of criminals and crime-prevention, would be totally banned.

How does a retiring world leader find a little peace and quiet?

It's not easy! says pretty brunette Ronnie Reagan. Especially when you've been in movies, and pretty successful in politics too.

Ronnie will retire soon from the Presidency of the United States of America, and has given *The Tickler* this special glimpse at the disguise he will use to guard his retirement from newspaper people and autograph hunters. (And head hunters too, he giggles).

"Dustin Hoffman did the hairstyle, and the beard is made out of an old broom head", Ronnie explains.

Ronnie began his career as an actor in second rate Western movies, and ended it as the President of a second rate Western country.

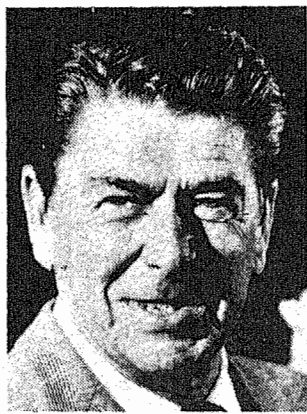
"Only here in America where we make no distinction between the movies and the real world could someone like me have become President", said Ronnie.

(He whistles a few bars of *The Star Spangled Banner*).

And what is Ronnie going to do in his spare time now?

"Nancy has bought me a soldier set to get me through my second childhood", he laughs. "So I'd like to play lots of war games".

"And Monopoly too."



Ronnie, the retirement Rambo

WE ARE WRONG

Readers should be warned that none of *The Tickler* is true or designed to give offense. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is purely coincidental. So please, don't sue us, cause we don't have any money.

Ex-cleric has astral travel plans

Former Adelaide cleric John Phlegming has sent shock waves through the Catholic church by becoming a Hare Krishna.

In yet another bizarre twist to his religious career, the man thousands of South Australians know affectionately as "Father John" was last week spotted in Rundle Mall wearing sandals and orange robes

and carrying a small drum.

Asked to "move along" by a member of the Adelaide City Council Krishna Hit Squad, he replied: "Chant and be happy."

Although he has not yet officially resigned his membership of the Catholic church, Phlegming is believed to be living on a diet of dahl and mung beans.

Sources close to the former Anglican cleric say that Phlegming will soon change his name to Sri Bagsful and his hoping to engage in astral travel. He has reportedly placed himself under the spiritual guidance of His Celestial Holiness Bagwash Sri Raggedknees and is sleeping on a bed of nails in order to give up sex.

STOP PRESS

Earthquake kills 2 CPA's

An earthquake measuring 137 on the Richter scale rocked the Adelaide stock exchange yesterday, upsetting local trading and killing two passing cost accountants.

The market was otherwise stable.

JESUS WORE NAPPIES

...and he was here last week

Distraught wife tells A DUCK ATE MY HUBBY

By Gordon Strewth
Feral ducks breeding on the Torrens are killing up to three parking inspectors a day, according to the distraught widow of a man found dead near the Footbridge last week.

Colin Trevor Flop, a 43-year-old parking inspector, was still dressed in his brown feather-smeared uniform when he was found by Vice Squad detectives on Friday.

An autopsy later revealed that he died of severe blood loss and shock. In an exclusive interview with On Dit Mrs Flop claimed that the feral ducks had escaped from Adelaide Zoo. They had been reared in the lion's cage since birth and become imprinted to the lions, adopted a carnivorous diet and assumed predatory behavioural patterns.

Mrs Flop's claims have fuelled speculation that ducks may have been responsible for the death of Dr George Duncan in May 1972.

"It obviously wasn't the cops 'cos they've been acquitted," she said. "I wouldn't be surprised if these ferocious man-eating carnivores developed a taste for human flesh way back then."

However, a police spokesperson dismissed Mrs Flop's claims as "feather and down" and denied that any Vice Squad detectives had been near the University Footbridge last Friday.

"If three parking inspectors a day have been eaten by wild ducks, I'm sure someone would have told us by now," he said.

"But no-one's complained, so either no-one's missing them or they're not missing."



Astonishing new research on the Shroud of Turin has revealed that Jesus wore nappies.

Results just released by the Institute of Religious Anachronisms show that the so-called shroud contains traces of ink forming the words 'Stork Nappy Service' in one corner and 'Ring 2189218 for service' in another.

Researchers also claim that they have found the remains of certain stains, which were later described by the Vatican as 'positive proof that our Lord and Saviour was truly human'.

Research team head Professor Johnsons claimed his study had

shown how well-made the Nappy of Turin was in comparison to other brands.

"It's thicker, fluffier and two shades whiter," he told On Dit. "No more tears."

However, other academics have pointed to the fact that the Stork Nappy Service only changed its telephone number to 2189218 last week, meaning that Jesus could have been on earth as recently as last Friday.

This confirms reports last week of a bearded nappy-clad man with bleeding palms and feet accosting strangers outside picture theatres and handing out tickets to 'The Last Temptation of Christ'.

MED SCHOOL MURDER SCAM

Dissection horror

Two senior Anatomy lecturers have been arrested and charged with conspiracy and body-snatching after police raids exposed a macabre Medical School murder racket.

A leading Adelaide plastic surgeon, an undertaker and a corrupt gravedigger are also alleged to be involved in the scam, in which human remains were sold to the Anatomy Department for dissection by students in practicals.

Police say that the racketeers supplied bodies of murder victims and in some cases the amputated limbs of hospital patients and workers in industrial accidents.

The scam was uncovered when a third-year medical student, who lost his arm in what he thought was a freak shark attack while he was washing up, recognised the arm he was dissecting as his own.

Police from the Missing Persons Bureau have cordoned off the Frome Road laboratories and are scouring the body bins in the hope of finding the Beaumont children.

"You never know who might be in there," Chief Inspector Clouseau told On Dit.

"There are a lot of one-armed and one-legged people out there who could be in for a big surprise."



Kylie and the Bush Tucker Man (inset).

KYLIE'S BUSH TUCKER KID

By Dan Dingo
Major Les Hiddens has a bouncing bush tucker baby boy, and the mother is none other than neighbours queen and pop princess Kylie Minogue.

her stomach, the agent said, and Major Les's dishy nosh-up had proved irresistible.

And the Bush Tucker Man's recipe for winning Kylie's heart?

"First I tantalised her tastebuds with an entree of poached croc eggs in eucalyptus sauce," boasted bush-bunker Les.

"Then I wore down her resistance with a wombat bouillon made with water taken straight from the Lap in Adelaide.

"The main course was a ripper - rack of kangaroo stuffed with lizard gizzard and with saltbush and spinifex side salad.

"The final straw was goanna milk custard, garnished with Sturt's desert Pea - a well-known outback aphrodisiac."

Les is too shy to discuss what happened next.

"Moonlight and goanna milk just took its natural course," he said blushing.

"Joey popped out of her pouch nine months later.

"We're thrilled to bloody bits."

And the last word on lanky Les's bush tucker recipe for wooing starlets in the scrub?

"Possum said she wanted the recipe to take home for her Mum," he said.

Prof Bende: 'Skid marks all over the world'.



The world will be twice as wide by the year 2000 as a result of the shithouse effect, according to Adelaide University's world shithouse authority Professor S. Bende.

A build-up of untreatable sewage, largely produced by the United States, will eventually double the earth's diameter, he said.

Professor Bende told a conference of shithouse experts last Friday that American shit was particularly difficult to treat because of the amount of fast food Americans consume.

"This stuff's bloody chocka with chemicals," he said.

"We're talking about crap that can barely be digested by the human system, let alone the sewage system or the ecosystem.

"The greenhouse effect is nothing compared to this."

He explained that shit had become an American phenomenon to the point where they virtually had a monopoly on the stuff.

"Shit is practically synonymous with modern America," he said.

"Chrysler is shit. Coca-Cola is shit. And the White House is full of shit."

Professor Bende predicted that by the year 2000 sunshine would be a thing of the past and northern

airports would have to dig skychannels to enable aircraft to take off and land.

And he said that climactic effects would follow as the shit evaporated and eventually precipitated on neighbouring countries.

"They're gonna to leave their skid marks all over the world," he told On Dit.

In the wake of Professor Bende's claims, environmental groups on campus have proposed that Adelaide University be declared a "shi-free zone".

Signs have been erected outside campus toilets asking students to please shit elsewhere.

SAUA President John Ridgway said that he'd utilised the University Footbridge but "the Popeye man wasn't very pleased".

"Students should wait for Popeye to pass before passing anything themselves," he said.

Leabrook man accuses Duchess

FERGIE STOLE MY

DOPE PLANT

An irate Leabrook resident claims that the Duchess of York stole his marijuana plants during her stay at Rochester Street, Leabrook.

Arts student Rodger Allisun said he saw a plump, red-headed woman scale his back fence last Tuesday night clutching a handful of plants.

"I swear it was her Highness - I recognised her dress from the TV," said Rodger.

"It was only in the morning that I noticed my prize female plants were missing," an outraged Rodger said.

"I think it's ridiculous that the Duchess of York had to resort to petty theft from a poor student to feed her habit.

"You'd think that they'd cater for her needs without having to rip off the proletariat," he said.

A Norwood CIB spokesperson said that they were investigating the claim as a routine matter.

"However we fear that the culprit may have fled interstate," he said.

"I sympathise with Mr Allisun's plight - if the Duchess had come to us we could have assisted her.

"Our drug safes are overflowing since Inspector Noah left the force," he said.



Popeye 'nuke - powered'

Serious concerns at the possible level of KGB activity in SA have been raised in a top secret report to the Ministry of Defence.

The fears follow allegations that the River Torrens tourist boat, Popeye, carries long range surveillance equipment and has a nuclear capacity.

An ASIO communique to the Ministry of Defence, received by The Tickler discusses the possibility that Popeye has been captured since October 1986 by a reactivated KGB operative, Mr Leonid Ashkenazy.

Popeye may have become a Soviet intelligence facility following a sale of the boat to an anonymous buyer in late 1986, simultaneous with American negotiations to renew the Pine Gap lease. Popeye may be a comparable installation to Pine Gap, ASIO fears.

ASIO investigators have made repeated efforts to discover information about Popeye, which is believed to carry its intelligence gathering equipment in a specially designed winged keel.

Since an assignment as a Vietnam military adviser Ashkenazy has been preparing for the Popeye mission working as a movie extra in productions such as Apocalypse Now and the Rambo series, the communique says.

Popeye's new and sensitive role in intelligence gathering may explain the reduced level of nocturnal activity in the vicinity of the River Torrens in recent months.

SOVIETS EAT TRAPPED WHALES

Soviet whale rescuers received a nasty shock yesterday when they arrived to save two California Pink Whales stranded in Arctic ice floes.

They arrived to find the remains of the whales being made into traditional Eskimo Pie.

Rescuers realised something was amiss when they were greeted by the Niphenfalk Eskimo tribe sitting on two large black skins singing "Bye Bye Eskimo Pie".

An embarrassed Soviet spokesperson said, "There seems to have been a misunderstanding - they thought we were coming for dinner".

"First they offered us Eskimo Pies and then whale porridge and the crew were so hungry that when they saw there were no queues, they tucked in and washed it down with vodka," he said.

After a confused exchange between the Russian-speaking Soviets and the Gushgihgigns-speaking Eskimos it was established that the whales had

gone to the great Snowgod in the sky.

The stranded whales have been the focus of world-wide attention as their plight has been beamed onto 900 million television screens around the world.

As a result the thawing of relations between the superpowers has suddenly come to a halt.

President Reagan was scheduled to meet the rescuers and award them the Purple Fart Medal for bravery, but now White House officials are tight-lipped about the President's movements.

"He has been called away to an important Senile Dementia Conference and asked to appear as the Keynote speaker," said a White House spokesperson.

But they refused to reveal where the Conference was taking place.

The spokesperson expressed disgust at the Russians' gluttony.

"Those damn mammal-munching Pinko poofter bastards - this is the best reason to nuke them we've had in a long time," he said.

Lunar madness

MOON IS A SPACE CREATURE'S SKULL



The moon isn't a planet at all, but the orbiting remains of a giant space creature, according to a top scientist.

Dr Davros Spock stunned a conference of leading astrophysicists last month when he announced his findings, based on calculations of the density of the moon's crust.

"The moon is not made of dust and stone as we have thought," he told his astonished colleagues.

"Beneath a surface littered with rubble and meteor debris, the moon is a substance very much like bone. And it has cavities which could

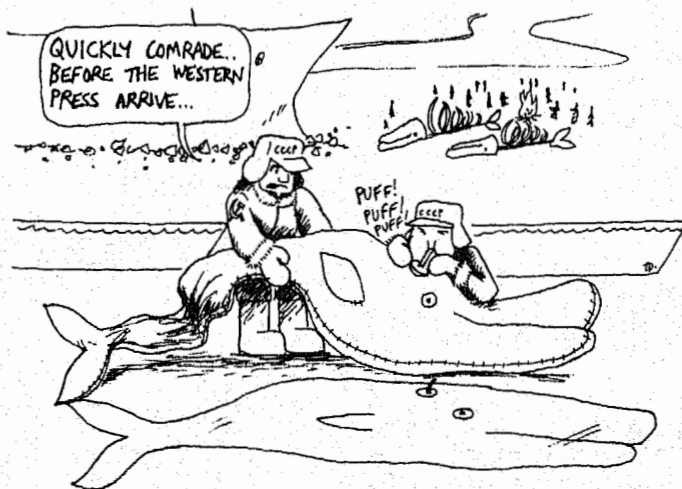
only be openings for eyes, mouth, ears and a brain."

Dr Spock's mind-boggling discovery was initially treated with some scepticism, but copies of his speech and data have since been snapped up by his colleagues.

Spock believes the moon is in fact a gigantic form of space life which we never knew existed until now.

"These creatures may have thrived many millennia ago," he said.

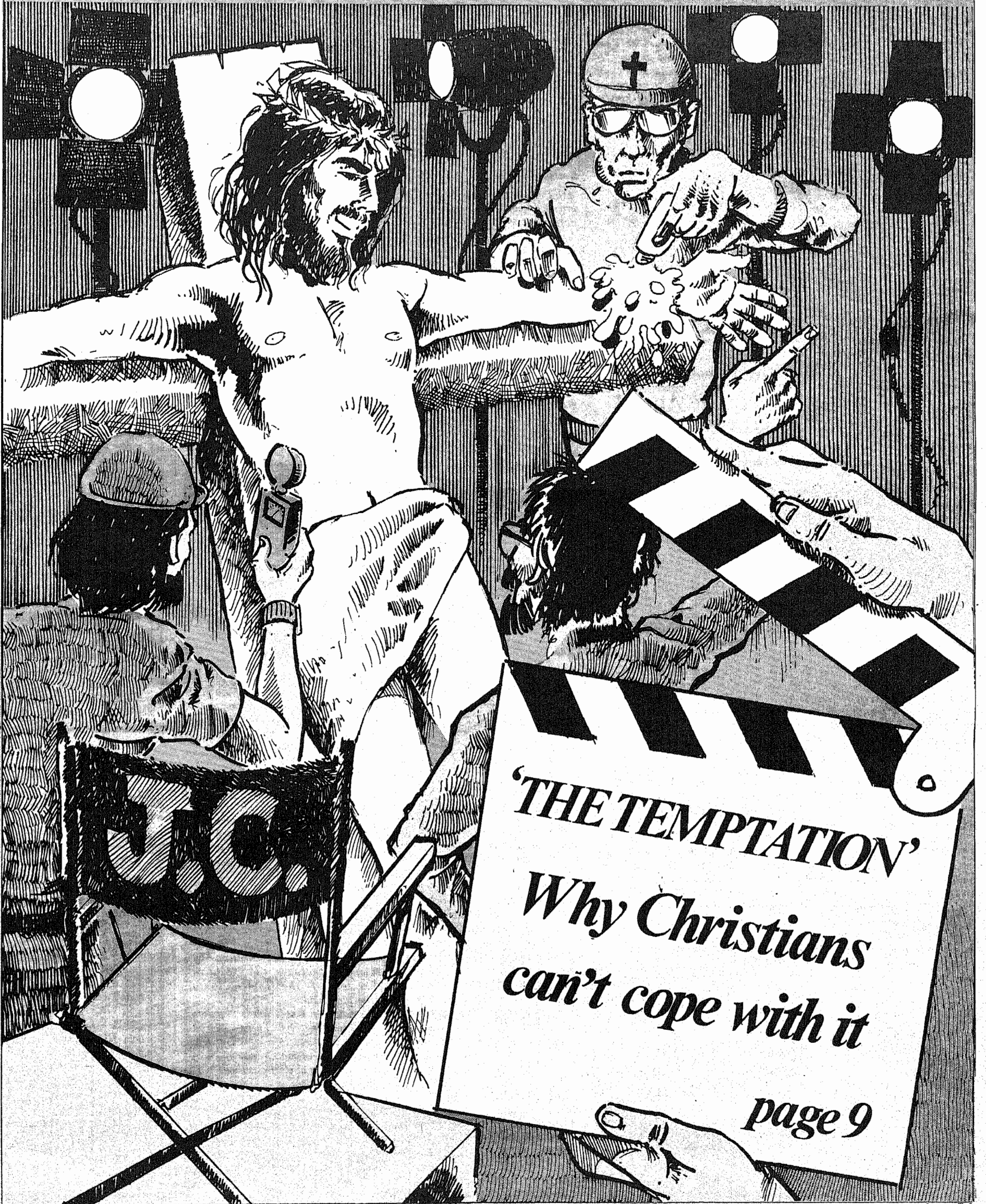
"They were an enormous size, but they lived in the weightless environment of space where size was immaterial."



On Dit

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

OCTOBER 31



Brother, can you spare a yuan?

China, already well acquainted with one evil of free enterprise, inflation, can consider itself a paid-up member of the capitalist club, having now encountered unemployment and the dole.

In what amounts to an attempt to dismantle Mao Zedong's guaranteed job for life or "iron rice bowl", Beijing is allowing workers in State-run companies to be sacked, and that is creating a pool of jobless.

In the north-eastern industrial city of Shenyang, where the first unemployment office opened this week, 667 workers were put off, some because of poor performance and others due to the closure of inefficient plants.

Some workers, dissatisfied with their jobs, refused to renew the five-year contracts nearly all employees have been required to sign since 1986. To cater for the new phenomenon of unemployment, the Government is experimenting with a dole, paid as an insurance benefit, and funded by companies contributing 1 per cent of their total payroll bill.

Once unemployed, a worker can receive from 50 to 75 per cent of his or her former wage, as well as free medical care, for up to two years.

In Hangzhou, south of Shanghai, more than \$A40,000 has been paid to about 1,800 people without jobs. As well as the government benefit, some also receive subsidies from their former work units for the first three months they are unemployed.

A Ministry of Labour official, Ma Dingchang, said the welfare payments were important as the unemployed "may have difficulty making ends meet until they find other jobs."

More than 2,000 people are unemployed in Hangzhou, most because they have been sacked.

- Sydney Morning Herald

Less than Fatal

It takes a publicist to catch another out. Historians have been muttering darkly that Robert Hughes' *The Fatal Shore* goes over the top in its portrait of Australian penal colonies as Britain's South Sea gulags, precursors of 20th century concentration camps.

But ranged against the promotional skills of the Sydney-born, New York-based *Time* magazine art critic, who hears them? And more, who cares?

Babette Smith cares. What she unearthed from her own research for her book, *A Cargo of Women* (University of NSW Press) flies in the face of *Fatal Shores* central thesis.

"I don't dispute his facts," she says. "Convicts were flogged and there was brutality. But Hughes selects worst-case examples to build up a picture which distorts the truth."

Cargo recounts how 100 female convicts were transported in 1829 in *The Princess Royal*, a vessel the size of a Sydney ferry, and traces their lives in their adopted country. "Most of them were poor and illiterate," Smith says. "They were also tough, streetwise survivors and, by my reckoning, at least 80 per cent did.



KEEPING UP

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

better than they would have, had they stayed in England. They stayed out of trouble, they married and had families, and lived long lives." One, a teenager from a London workhouse, bore the future Archdeacon of the Diocese of Maitland.

Another, Susannah Watson, great-great-grandmother of *Smith and Jones* would later declare that transportation was the best thing that ever happened to her. "If that's how she felt about it, it's not for us to make her as a symbol of British oppression," says Smith. "These were women who in the main saw their chance and took it."

- The Bulletin



After the Age of Leisure

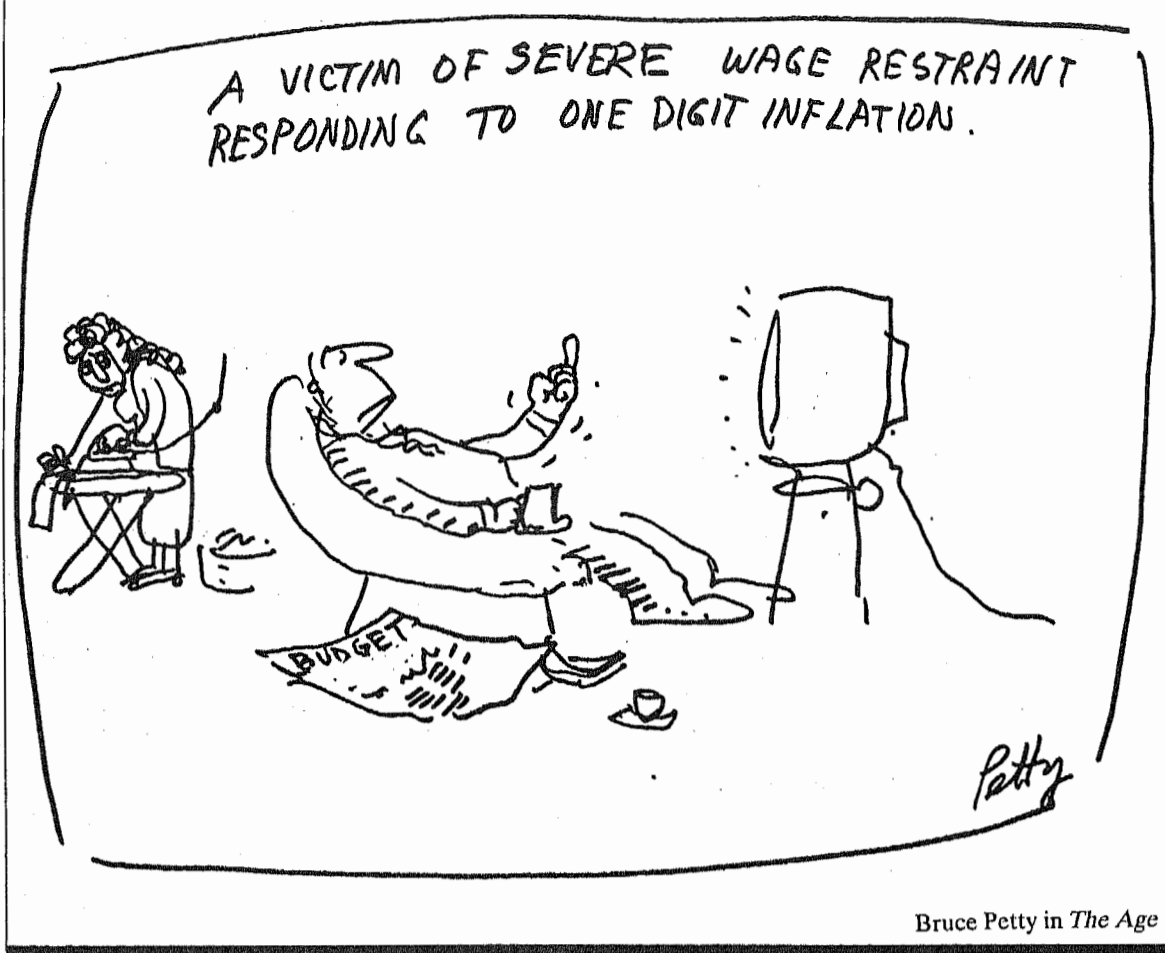
Bonnie Klein no longer has time for aerobics, jogging or tennis. On weeknights, she isn't home early enough to cook dinner. She has given up reading novels and women's magazines. Instead, her bedtime fare is likely to be *'Modern Healthcare'* or *'The Healthcare Executive'*.

As assistant hospital administrator, Ms Klein, 42, is one of a growing number of mostly white-collar workers for whom "hours on the job" long ago out-distanced time allotted for eating, sleeping and recreation put together.

Ms Klein, for one, arrives at the office before 8 am, doesn't go out for lunch and rarely leaves before 6.30 or 7 pm. At least one week per month, she is at her home computer at 5.30 am, completing material for a 9 am meeting. On weekends she frequently makes the 80 minute round-trip drive from her home in Malibu to her office to drop off or pick up work.

By working early in the morning, Ms Klein says, she maximises evening and weekend time with her husband and two daughters. But she never resents the number of hours required to do her work. "I love what I do. And when I'm engrossed in a project, it's hard for me to stop just because the day is over."

And Ms Klein doesn't feel guilty.



Bruce Petty in The Age

"Most of my social structure revolves around friendships at work and with parents of my kids' friends. And, frankly, everyone else is working the same number of hours.

Historically, building a business or getting promotion always require hard work. But for several decades after World War II, American companies had few rivals in the marketplace and most office workers expected no more than an eight-hour day, including lunch. Today, greater number of professionals are vying for the top of the hill (workers with post-graduate degrees have more than doubled in past 10 years).

"Working longer hours is a solid trend. There's no question about it," comments pollster Louis Harris, who has been tracking social change for more than 40 years.

A recent Harris poll found the work-week increased to 46.8 hours in 1987, up from 40.6 hours in 1973. During the same period, Mr Harris noted, leisure time shrank to 16.2 hours weekly, down from 26.2 hours. In another survey, Harris determined



that professional people work 52.2 hours weekly, with small-business people putting in 57.3 hours per week.

Marketing expert Faith Popcorn agrees. "We're seeing people start work earlier and work later in order to keep up. They don't want to look like workaholics, but they need the extra hours, so they get up at 5 am," she said.

Among the reasons for the new workaholicism, experts commonly cite increased competition, technological advances (efficiency-increasing equipment that makes it possible to do more work) and budget cuts (that have left fewer workers to share the load).

Some point to our drift from a manufacturing to a service economy. In service businesses, such as law, accounting, management consulting or executive search, "The way you differentiate yourself from the competition is by giving clients

tremendous service, going way beyond an 8 am to 5 pm orientation", observes Caroline Nahas, managing Vice-President of Korn/Ferry International.

- Los Angeles Times

North of Johannesburg

Lost in Central African rainforest, Gbadolite, a languid village of mud huts and dugout caves changed radically after Mobutu Sese Seko, a native son, became President of Zaire.

A rare invitation to dine with the President revealed some of the changes. As a Mercedes rolled slowly through the palace grounds here, a guest caught glimpses of statues in ornamental gardens, a family chapel and a gazebo overlooking a lagoon.

At a marble-tiled terrace, voices rose from banquet tables set against a backdrop of illuminated fountains. Livered waiters served roast quail on Limoges china and poured Loire Valley wines, properly chilled against the equatorial heat.

"Bon appetit," said the 58 year old President.

More than 20 years after seizing control of his country, Mobutu has come home. The son of a cook and a hotel maid, Zaire's leader is building an edifice here that some call "Versailles in the Jungle".

Lavishing money on a home town is not unique to Zaire's President. In Gabon, President Omar Bongo built a \$2 billion railroad to his village, Franceville. In the Ivory Coast, President Felix Houphouet-Boigny is building an edifice in his tribal capital, Yamoussoukro, that is generally accepted to be the largest church in the world.

Standing on the marble terrace as workmen laboured in the background building a new, four-storey palace residence, the President said he was annoyed by recent declarations by Michel Camdessus, the executive director of the International Monetary Fund.

Camdessus, whose job is to police overspending by Third World leaders, declared to a West German newspaper last month that much of the Third World debt problems was due to corruption.

"There is corruption on those countries," Camdessus declared. "There are people there whose limitless egoism pushes them to deposit their money overseas, which incurs a terrible flight of capital."

Camdessus did not mention

Mobutu by name, but the Zairean leader said he had heard the criticism before and he denounced it as "scandalous".

"I don't subscribe to the opinion that African leaders are irresponsible about the development of their countries, that they waste available capital, they keep their money in foreign bank accounts," Zaire's leader said at the palace. "Me, for example, I have invested here in Gbadolite."

Over the years, journalists have compiled a list of Mobutu's overseas real estate holdings: a 16th-century castle in Spain, a 32 room palace in Switzerland, and residences in Paris and on the French Riviera and in Belgium, Italy, the Ivory Coast and Portugal. The State Department has estimated his personal fortune at \$5 billion.

When asked recently about the suppression of Zaire's only opposition party, the man whose face is stamped on every coin and banknote in the land suppressed a small smile.

"How can you imagine, for a single instant, that a political leader who is so loved by his people, as is my case, that he would oppress the people who adore him, who find in him the expression of discovered peace?" the President asked as his advisers nodded their heads.

- New York Times

Conspiracy of one

After the trials, the appeals and the books about the trial - and a million hectares of newsprint - Peter Wright, the spycatcher, has backed down from a central claim in his book.

Spycatcher details a plot within the security services against the then Labour Prime Minister, Mr Harold Wilson.

Mr Wright, who has retired to Tasmania, portrayed himself as an innocent approached by an already organised and 30-strong group of conspirators.

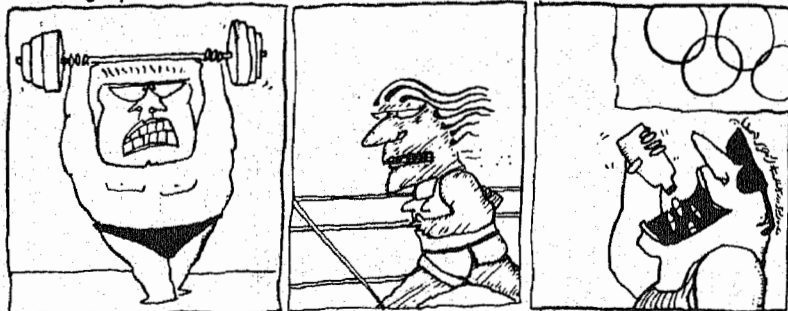
But in the BBC interview [recorded six months ago but shown last week] Mr Wright revealed that he had been the prime mover in the plot, with only eight others involved.

He admitted sections of the book dealing with the conspiracy were unreliable.

Indeed, when pressed to say how many of the conspirators were really serious about the plot, he responded: "One I should say. Really serious."

- Sydney Morning Herald

The Olympic Motto...



Stronger

Faster

Higher

Oz studies beat the margin

by Paul Washington

A new centre to develop and encourage Australian studies has been established in Adelaide following recent approval by University Council.

The Adelaide Centre for Australian Studies follows upon a 1987 Federal Government report, *Windows onto Worlds*, written by historians Kay Daniels and Humphrey McQueen and literary scholar, Bruce Bennett.

The report emphasised the need to give an Australian context to tertiary studies, and to understand the place of the varying disciplines in Australia - to Australianise the curriculum.

Dr Russell McDougall, Lecturer in Australian Literature in the Department of English and a member of the Centre's management committee, said that the establishment of the Centre was a "hangover of politics that led to Australian studies being marginalised in the fifties and sixties".

Though marginalisation is no longer the case, he said, people working in areas of Australian studies were working within their

discipline without a forum for interdisciplinary study.

Therefore the Centre would be a "focus for interdisciplinary Australian studies and a focus for different kinds of study", he said.

Though housed at the University in the Department of English Language and Literature, the Centre will involve groups from outside the University such as the History Trust of South Australia, and the Departments of History and Australian Studies of the SA College of Advanced Education.

As its first project the Centre hopes to establish a regional database to locate and record resources available in South Australia to make them available to people working in areas of Australian study in all disciplines.

Dr McDougall said that eventually students might be able to undertake studies with an Australian dimension in association with the Centre.

The first Director of the Adelaide Centre for Australian Studies is Dr Rob Sellick, currently Chairman of the Department of English. Dr Sellick is away on conference leave.



Dame Roma Mitchell

Fifty years and still going strong

by Gavin Williams

Dame Roma Mitchell has been re-elected as Chancellor of the University of Adelaide for a second five year term.

Her new term of office begins on November 1 and expires in 1993.

While her association with the University has already spanned half a century Dame Roma said she was pleased to continue as Chancellor.

"I didn't feel any trepidation when I got re-appointed even though this is a difficult period for tertiary institutions.

"This is a good time to be re-elected because continuity is a very important consideration."

Dame Roma said the major problem Adelaide University faced was the attitude of both the Commonwealth and State Governments.

"Education seems to go in cycles. When I was a student we had to fight to stop having courses like

pharmacy and physical education removed, it now looks as if this may be the case again."

She added that while the Graduate Tax wasn't a step in the right direction it shouldn't stop people furthering their education.

"Philosophically speaking, free tertiary education was a terrific advance, any change to this must be considered a step backwards.

"Some people may be disadvantaged by the new tax but anybody who is confident of their own abilities and who is keen enough will go on and study anyway."

Dame Roma also questioned whether the extra positions made available by the tax would actually go to people from lower socio-economic families or whether there would simply be more places open to everybody regardless of their background.

Literacy report causes furore on campus

By Richard Ogier

Amid mounting off-campus interest, the University Equal Opportunity Board has endorsed a controversial report on student support services.

The report, by Philosophy tutor and Post Graduate Students Association representative, Mr Stephen Harvey, found that one in five Adelaide University students had less than the minimum literacy skills needed to complete a degree.

It said that campus help services required a massive injection of funds, a fourfold increase in staff allocation, and that they needed to be moved from the Counselling Centre in the Horace Lamb building.

At a meeting of the Equal Opportunity Board on Friday afternoon a list of four recommendations were passed suggesting that the University set up a working party to investigate the provision of english language and study skills support.

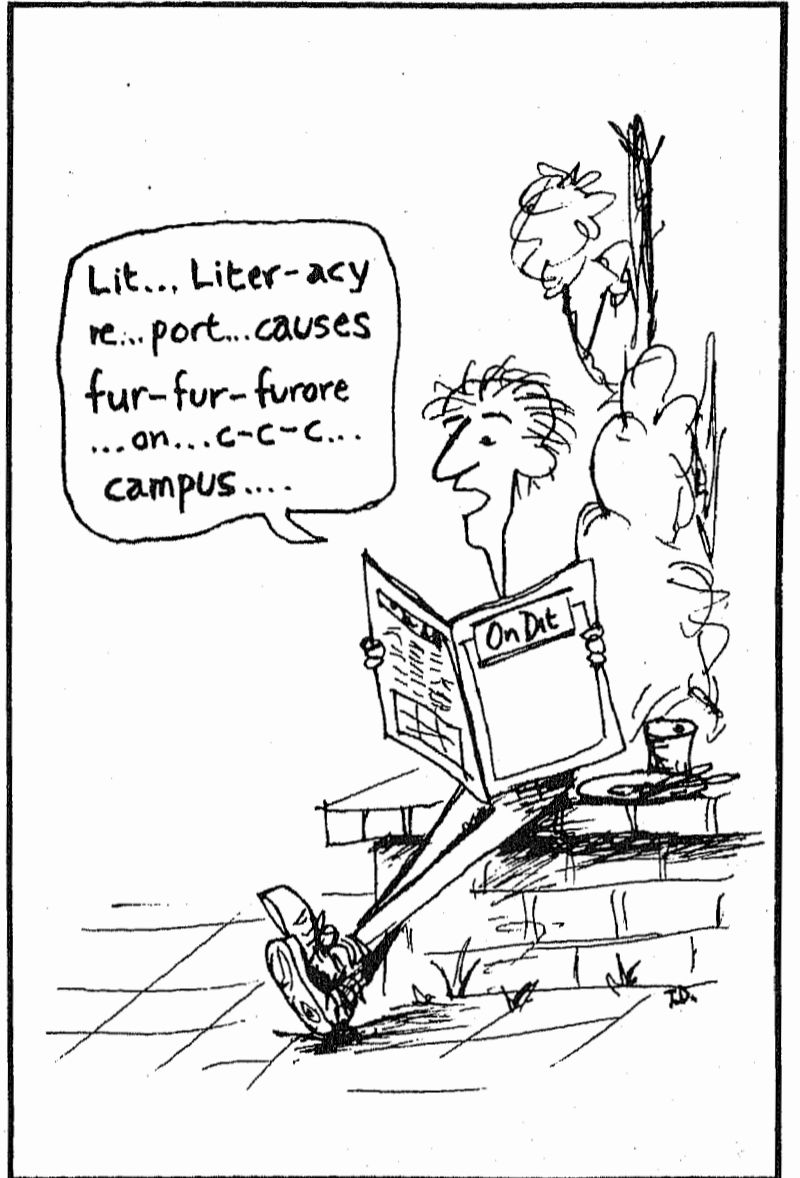
A two-page document released after the EOB meeting, says the working party should be convened by the academic registrar, Dr Elizabeth Dines, and have completed its investigations by next April 30.

It says the party should review the adequacy of support with special reference to its location, administration, and co-ordination.

Mr Harvey said he hoped that the Campus Counselling Centre would have been moved from the Horace Lamb Building by January 1, 1990 - his report recommends the Barr Smith Library as a possible location.

In line with the Dawkins Green Paper on Higher Education, Mr Harvey said the university had the opportunity of pressing the Federal Government for special funds. The Dawkins Paper, he said, opened the way for Government funding to remedial and bridging courses.

Since a draft copy of Mr Harvey's paper was reported in these pages on October 3, it has attracted wide



off-campus interest. Following coverage in *The Advertiser*, five radio stations contacted Mr Harvey for comment - all of which he declined.

"I've been anxious not to participate in a public debate prematurely", Mr Harvey said.

In a letter to *On Dit* last week acting director of the Careers and Counselling Service, Ms Denise Davey, said Mr Harvey's report was "no more than personal prejudice

unworthy of serious study" and a "serious lapse of ethical standards".

Acting Registrar, Dr Elizabeth Dines, said she would accept the role of working party convenor but it was "not possible at this stage to say how the processes of any review would operate".

At what was reportedly a heated meeting, Dr Dines and Mr Harvey discussed the contents of the report in its draft form, after it was first reported in *On Dit*.

Family pressures blamed for high child suicide rate

Pressure on the family is to blame for much of the high incidence of child suicide in Australia, according to a leading psychiatrist.

Professor of Child Psychiatry at the University of Adelaide, Professor Robert Kosky, has recently completed research with colleagues which indicates that one in every six or seven adolescent deaths in Australia is by suicide.

Nearly one Australian child deliberately commits suicide every day, the research has found.

But rather than advocate an increase in the number of psychotherapy-trained professionals as a solution, Professor Kosky believes community programs for young people should be fostered.

Society expects too much of the family, Professor Kosky says, when the community has a major nurturing

role to play.

"In the early parts of the century ... groups such as Scouts and Guides, the YMCA and YWCA, provide(d) young people with real life challenges.

"Unfortunately, I think there is currently a rather cyclical attitude to these sorts of groups when they offer an opportunity for young people to have peer associations away from family problems".

Professor Kosky's research also found that:

* Sixty percent of suicidal children have a history of being physically abused.

* Symptoms of depressive illness such as sadness, irritability and sleep disorders were high in the suicidal groups.

* Suicidal behaviour can readily be associated with personal experiences of loss and hostility.

* There appears to be a link between suicidal behaviour, and alcohol and drug abuse.

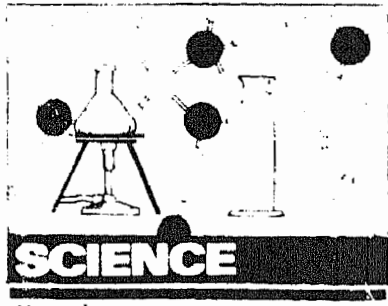
Professor Kosky's research found that some families were more prone to child suicide than others - social class, migrant status, family size, school problems and peer group pressure, were all factors.

"Our research shows that families with suicidal children are generally families under stress from economic strain of sickness", Professor Kosky said.

Most of those families, Professor Kosky said, had received little social support.

Professor Kosky is the Foundation Chair of Child Psychiatry in the Adelaide University Faculty of Medicine and has been widely published in the child psychiatry area.

Ozone : aerosol, holes in the sky and cancer



SCIENCE

Kym Lawry

Ozone.

A word that brings thoughts of aerosol cans, holes in the sky and skin cancer. These associations have been guaranteed by the high profile given to the topic by the mainstream media. It seems that the world's major industrial powers are finally accepting the need to act in response to the depletion of the ozone layer, but whether the changes have been swift enough to avoid serious long term damage remains to be seen.

Ozone is a significant gas in limiting the amount of harmful ultra-violet radiation that reaches the earth. It does this via a process known as photo-dissociation.

When an ozone molecule is exposed to UV light, the three oxygen atoms that combine to form the ozone molecule may split into two pieces. This process requires energy, which is supplied by the absorption of a photon of UV light. This absorption process is responsible for the protective nature of the gas. In a subtle irony, photo-dissociation also

plays a part in the processes that are causing a reduction in the quantity of ozone in the atmosphere.

Chloro-fluorocarbons (CFC's) are used in many industrial applications. More than one million tons of these gases are poured into the atmosphere for periods of over one hundred years. After about five years in the troposphere (the bottom layer of the atmosphere), they are transported to the stratosphere (the next layer up) where they photo-dissociate.

The breaking up of the CFC molecules occurs in such a way that free (single) chlorine atoms are produced.

The chlorine atoms react with ozone molecules in a cycle that converts the ozone into oxygen. At the end of the cycle, the chlorine atoms are still free. The net result is that the ozone molecules are removed from the stratosphere and chlorine atoms are free to begin the process over again.

In this way a single chlorine atom may destroy hundreds of thousands of ozone molecules during its residence in the stratosphere.

The chlorine atoms are eventually removed by combining with other atoms to form "reservoir" compounds such as hydrochloric acid, or chlorine nitrate, in which form they cannot attack ozone.

The so called "hole" in the ozone over the poles refers to the dramatic drop in the ozone concentration that occurs during the spring in these

The magnitude of the threat that the depletion of ozone poses to the earth remains to be seen, but the long life that CFC's have in the atmosphere suggests that it may be some time before the recent measures aimed at limiting their use have a significant effect.

The fact that CFCs were first suspected of being the root cause in 1974 demonstrates how slow governments are to react to warnings of environmental damage.

Last week, a South Australian government spokesperson was gleefully proclaiming (while "Always look on the bright side of life" was playing in the background) that the green-house effect would result in Adelaide becoming the centre of a new Australian tropical paradise.

There can be no doubt of the present Labor government's abandonment of serious environmental protection when one of the most serious threats to the planet's climate is welcomed as a boost for the all important tourism industry.

Their delight may not be so great when they realise that the decrease in the ozone may make it too dangerous to enjoy the sunny climate anyway. regions.

The cause for this is thought to be a complex mixture of dynamical and chemical effects that result in chlorine atoms being liberated from the reservoir compounds, increasing the amount of ozone each chlorine atom can destroy.

EDUCATION REVIEW

SAUA rep could mount legal challenge

An Adelaide University Students Association officer will seek legal advice on behalf of a student because he believes a Department of Social Security questionnaire to the student is unreasonable.

Education and Welfare Officer Mr Michael Korndyke said last week that questions included in the DSS literature were irrelevant and an "invasion of privacy".

The questionnaire, concerning eligibility to unemployment benefit, was sent to a part-time arts student. It as a standard departmental document which has been in circulation since 1985.

But according to Mr Korndyke, the question which asks the student to name his or her "school, union or student body activities", is "irrelevant".

A spokesperson for the DSS, Mr Robin Miller, said the question sought to gauge whether a person was genuinely seeking work.

"If a person is involved in a lot of student activities - like the student paper - that may be stopping them from putting time into looking for a job", he said.

Mr Korndyke said he would "assess the legal position" and consider mounting a Student's Association case against the Department.

However, Union Accountant, Mr Peter Von Maltzahn, said he was not an "active element" where clubs and societies were concerned.

"The Union Accountant is not involved in the affiliating or disaffiliating clubs", he said. "It is entirely the responsibility of the committee (of the Clubs Association).

The motion to disown the Law Students Society was passed last Monday at a meeting of the Clubs Association Council by 22 votes to 11.

The motion which was put by Ms Carroll, was seconded by the Archaeology Society.

OS students adviser appointed

To help overseas students cope with campus life the University has appointed a special Overseas Student Adviser.

She is Ms Vivien Hope, formerly an Education and Welfare officer with the University Union.

Ms Hope will assist overseas students with financial, academic, legal and cultural matters.

The position has been financed by the Malaysian Australian Tertiary Education Scheme (MATES), set up in 1986, under which the Malaysian Government provides full-cost support for about 30 students a year, from the University of Sans Malaysia.

The ins and outs of the Law Students Society

The Adelaide University Law Students society was disaffiliated from the Clubs Association last week - but the way is open for its reinstatement.

Clubs Association president, Ms Monica Carroll, said that if the Law group could stage a fund raising exercise that was "dinkum", the clubs Association could be convinced to reaffiliate the club.

The University Union, Ms Carroll said, would also need to be convinced that the money making effort was "genuine".

A Flinders first

Flinders University has appointed its first female professor.

She is South African-born, Dr Gina Geffen, who takes up the position of Professor of Psychology and Director of the Neuropsychology Research Unit at the Julia Farr Centre, next month.

Dr Geffen is also the first person to move from the position of senior tutor to professor at Flinders.

Why so long for the University to appoint a women to such a senior post?

"Partly because Flinders is relatively new (founded in 1968) and is quite a small university", Dr Geffen said.

Marxist student released from Indonesian gaol



HUMAN RIGHTS FILE

STUDENT RELEASED Indonesia : Isti Nugroho

An Indonesian university student siezed by authorities early this year for selling a Marxist-Leninist book has been released - but only after he was tortured and barred from seeing his parents.

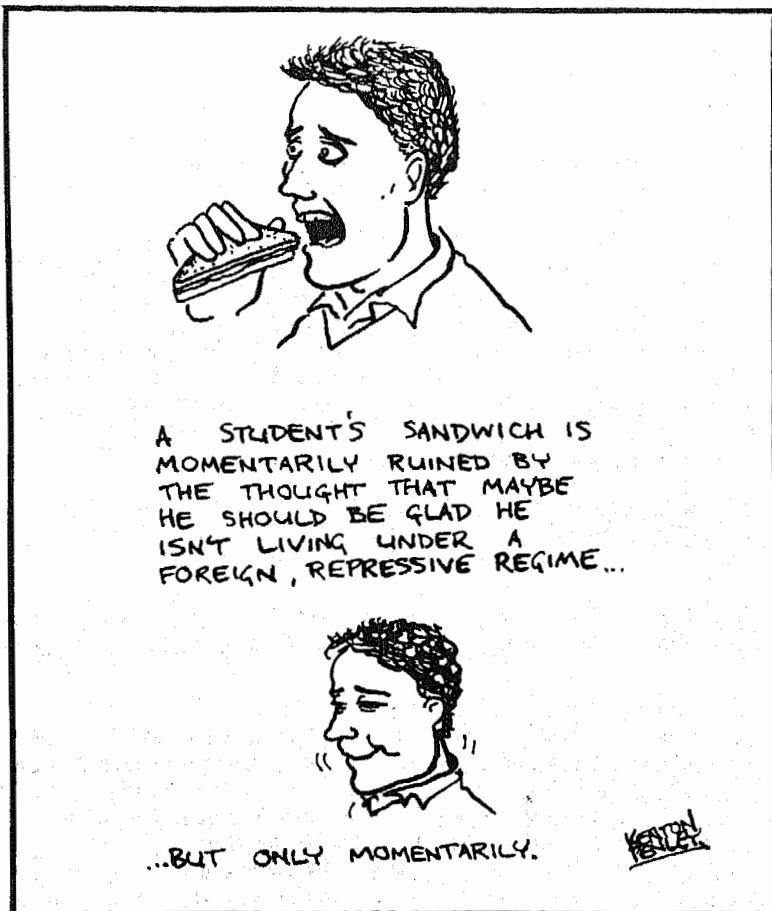
The student, Isti Nugroho, was detained by the military in June outside the Physics laboratory where he worked at the Gajah Mada University in Yogyakarta, central Java.

Together with sociology student, Bambang Supono, Isti was imprisoned for possession of more than twenty copies of the banned book, *The Glass House*, and for holding discussions without a permit from the authorities.

In the *On Dit* of September 12, this column reported that human rights authorities in Indonesia feared that Isti and Supono would be severely tortured - fears confirmed since the students release.

It is not known whether Supono, seized 10 days before Isti, is still in detention.

News of Isti's release came to Amnesty via its Norwegian arm



after inquiries were made by the Norwegian embassy in Jakarta at Amnesty's request.

He was tortured by military interrogators immediately after his release - punishment that was seized after he was forced to accept the charges against him.

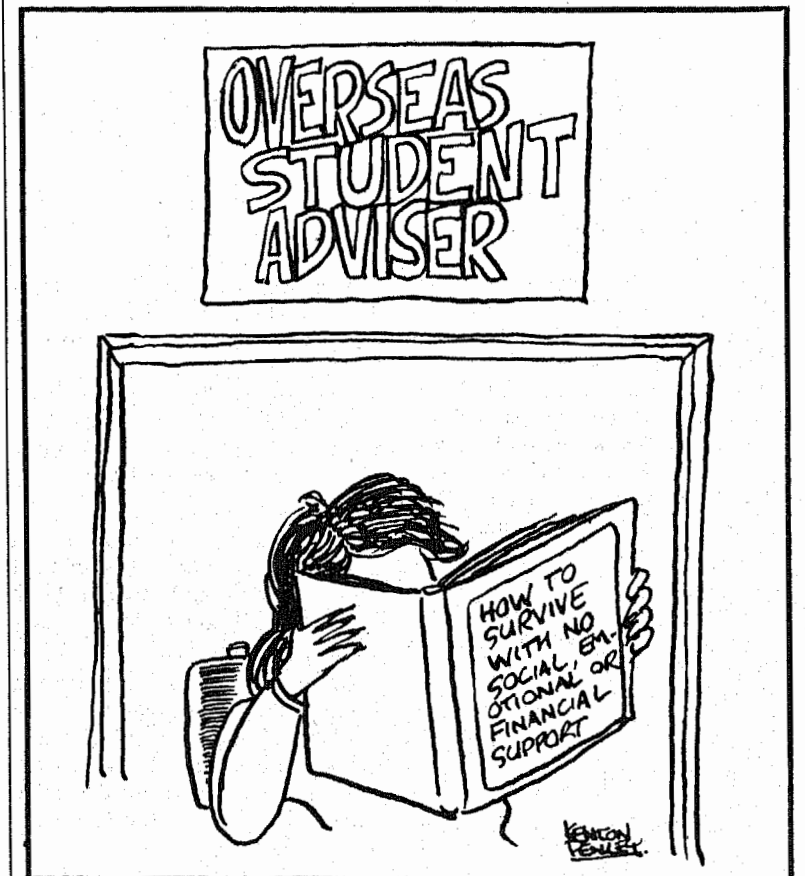
The author of the banned book, Promoedya Ananta Toer, was himself been detained without trial from 1966 to 1980 because of his links with the Indonesian communist party, Partai Komuis

Indonesia (PKI).

Every book he's ever written has been banned in his home country.

When the PKI was banned in 1965, after a coup attempt, it was the biggest communist party in the world outside Russia and China. More than 500,000 supporters were killed during the failed coup attempt.

Amnesty knows of at least one other student detained for selling *The Glass House*, but his whereabouts is not known.



So long, and thanks for all the fish

As the academic year draws to a close and students are either frantically attempting to finish essays or frantically sitting in the bar trying to forget them, the On Dit eds offer up the final edition for the year.

Yes, we've had a good time, and hope that what we have produced has given a few enjoyable moments.

It would be nice to be able to say we did the entire 21 editions all by ourselves, but in the interests of factual, objective journalism, we can't.

We've had people help us to layout, co-ordinate articles, write them, draw cartoons and covers, take the paper up to the printer, typeset, proof-read etc etc and so on. This is not a task even two people can do alone.

Thanks must be offered to a large number of people. To the photographers - Jamnes Danenberg and Richard Falkland. Jamnes took the shots of Geoffrey Robertson, for which he will achieve some immortality on this campus. Richard took all the photographs for the election week, thus managing to piss off a few polities!!

Also to Alex Wheaton, who took on the unenviable task of winding his way up to Murray Bridge at 7am each Monday. He drives like a maniac, and is currently being considered as a contender for this year's Grand Prix.

The music people also deserve a pat on the back, although they continuously complain about the lack of space they are allotted - and maybe they are right, who knows. But they have tirelessly written reviews, interviews and worked hard to bring you the music pages week after week.

On Dit

EDITORIAL

All layout is done over the weekend, beginning on Friday nights. Anyone passing the office at 4am Saturday mornings can see three or four persons sticking little bits of paper onto bigger bits of paper so that On Dit will be easy to read and look classy.

It's a huge and complex task, helped only occasionally by a bottle of red wine and midnight flits to Greasy Joe's. To all the layout devotees, we thank you.

The pretty colours on the covers of On Dit do not grow there by themselves. Cutting colour plates breaks the back and strains the eyes, but is absolutely necessary. Justine Bradney has cut the last term's colour, and prior to that it was who ever happened to look least busy in the office. To those blind, stooped colour cutters, thank you.

The Editors face the difficult task of finding some 60 features over the year. Thus we rely on the many talented persons available on campus and off to help us, so we are eternally grateful to this year's feature writers.

Then there is the rest of the paper to fill. We plead,

we beg, we grovel. We hope that all those people who have had articles published were not too offended by our sub-editing (slash and burn, the red biro runs amok), and that maybe, just maybe, they have benefitted.

Typesetting is perhaps the most tedious part of putting together On Dit. Typesetters don't even have the thrill of reading our exciting articles - they've spent the week prior to the edition typing them all up. Typesetters also tend to be incredibly patient and understanding, can read even the worst handwriting and correct spelling errors without thinking about it.

Yep, they are talented people.

Our typesetters, Georgina Matches and Sharon Thomson have managed, over the year, to type all of On Dit as well as SAUA reports, advertising copy and occasionally, student's essays. Much appreciated.

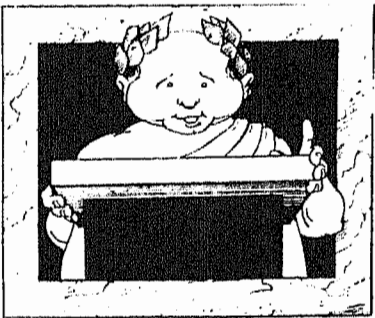
We must also thank Anne McKewen, the SAUA's admin secretary. She is the person that pays the bills and generally keeps chaos from getting a foot in the door. Anne also grants huge favours, has excellent taste in music and a great talent for computer games.

Last but not least, thanks to our printers, Standard Bridge Print. They may have had one or two laughs at our expense, but we know that they have a deep and sincere respect for On Dit - right guys?

Finally, good luck with the exams, the essays and the drinking bouts that normally follow the end of third term.

Sally and Richard,
On Dit Editors 1988.

USA elections - are they just hot air?



FORUM

What's the substance behind the balloons and brouhaha of the US elections - is there any? On Dit asked expatriate American academics PETER MAYER, LYNN MARTIN and FREDERIC ZUCKERMAN.

Peter Mayer

You may have heard the story recently on the ABC of a man from Texas who went to a New York City meeting in which a 'Great Lady Program' was being discussed.

The program's name conjured up images in his head of the Statue of Liberty, so he was puzzled that all the discussion revolved around the hiring of extra police. Eventually he asked, and was told that in winter homeless women in the Big Apple sleep on the grates in the sidewalk which provide ventilation for the Subway system because the expelled air is warm. To protect these 'grate ladies' from theft and molestation while they sleep, it was being proposed to hire extra cops.

What I find most dismaying - and ultimately disturbing - about the marathon of many months which will shortly put Bush or (decreasingly

probably) Dukakis in the White House, is how little discussion there has been in all that time of the desperate state in which Reagan policies have placed the American economy and society. The recent anniversary of 'Black Tuesday' was an occasion for several commentators to note that the fundamental problems of the American economy, especially its vast balance of payments problem and its consequent dependence upon Japanese lending, have not changed since the crash.

If America is content to live on 'tick', it appears equally unwilling to face honestly the re-emergence of widespread poverty and hunger. Since Reagan came to power in the early 80s, inequality in America has grown sharply.

In 1969, the top 10 per cent of all families in the US received about 29% of the nation's income; they had about 57% of its net worth. Their real average incomes rose by 37% between 1977 and 1988. Between 1969 and 1982 the share of the bottom 60% fell from 32% to 28%; they had about 5% of the nation's net worth.

Over the decade 1977 to 1988, the real average incomes of the poorest fell by 10%.

The starkest impact of Reagan policies can be seen in measures of hunger and infant mortality. During the 1960s and 1970s concerted programmes of government intervention virtually eliminated the problem of hunger in America. Cuts in welfare budgets in the 1980s have seen the return of malnutrition and hunger. In 1985, the Physician Task Force calculated that 20,000,000 Americans were hungry.

There are two groups in particular which have been hard hit: women and children and the elderly. One stark marker of the toll under Reagan is the rise in infant mortality rates from under 10 per 1000 to over 11; non-white infant mortality rates in the nation's capital are worse than they

are in Third World countries like Cuba and Jamaica.

For all their flaws, Lyndon Johnson's "Great Society" programmes did eliminate most hunger in America; in eight years, Ronald Reagan has created something one would have thought impossible - the "Grate Society". What seems clear is that, as they thread past the beggars and the homeless on their city streets, most Americans don't want to know how bad things really are and wouldn't vote for a candidate who raised it as a campaign issue.

Dr Peter Mayer is a Senior Lecturer in the Politics Department.

Lynn Martin

A recent article in *The Australian* quoted Winston Churchill: "If one is not a liberal at 20 one has no heart; if one is not a conservative at 40 one has no head." The article went on to suggest that American university students demonstrated they had no heart by their overwhelming support for Ronald Reagan in the 1980 and 1984 elections.

The evidence for this election indicates that many students will not bother to vote (which might indicate that they have no stomach).

Either alternative would have been inconceivable when I was a student in the 1960s. To be sure, American universities then had conservative students, but they were a small minority of usually born again Christians who maintained a low profile.

In contrast, nowadays the liberals and the leftists have disappeared from many campuses. The popularity of conservative and right wing causes and groups on American universities indicates that the students have neither heart nor head, attracted as they are to mindless super patriotism, irrational and uncharitable

fundamentalist religion, and selfish yuppy values.

This was Reagan's program - country, god, and profit - and it is the weapon that George Bush aims at Michael Dukakis. As indicated by Bush's lead in the polls, the American people believe that he is right on target, and Dukakis is forced on the defensive: "Yes, I am patriotic. No, I'm not a liberal; well, at least I'm a liberal in only some things."

The retreat of liberalism and the advance of conservatism in American politics will probably be a temporary phenomenon. After each of the major wars of this century the American public and politics have become conservative. World War I was followed by Harding, Coolidge, and the Roaring Twenties, the Eisenhower presidency and the Cold War came on the heels of World War II, while the present situation lies in the wake of the war in Viet Nam.

Because America lost in Viet Nam, the retreat of liberalism and the advance of conservatism might be longer and stronger than previously. Perhaps not.

The politics of university students mirror these trends. In the 50s, during the Eisenhower presidency, universities were dimly dull; students focussed their attention on gaining admission to those assinine social organisations, sororities and fraternities, whose main function seemed to be organising party raids.

The leftwing student activism of the 60s and early 70s followed, which then led to the conservatism of the 80s. Now in 1988 indications are that students may not even bother to vote.

Perhaps their cynicism indicates that the conservative advance is already waning. Good news, indeed, but it might be too late for Mike Dukakis.

Dr Lynn Martin is a reader in the History Department.

Frederic Zuckerman

The Democrats are undoubtedly feeling deeply frustrated as election day approaches. Michael Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen are more able and better presidential and vice presidential material than their Republican opponents George Bush and Dan Quayle. Yet the Democratic flag bearers' popularity is steadily eroding against the Republican tide.

It seems to me that there are several major causes for the Democrats' woes, few of which are of their own making and most of which are beyond their power to neutralise. The limitations of space permit me to address only three of the most serious obstacles to a Dukakis victory in next month's elections.

First among the Democrats' problems, is the booming though skewed American economy which is bolstering the American middle class's standard of living. While it has paid a considerable price for its prosperity - the requirement of two income households with the consequent collapse of the family circle and the massive selling off of American assets and real estate to foreign investors, for example - these appear to be costs it happily bears in exchange for a comfortable lifestyle.

The contentment of the middle class is particularly important in the United States where voting is not compulsory and sadly where, as a result, relatively few Americans take advantage of this right.

Those who invariably do are America's self-satisfied middle and upper income groups, the very people most likely to support an incumbent political party that has given them so much material security, especially since Reagan's Democratic predecessor could not boast of the same accomplishment.

Dr Frederic S Zuckerman is a Senior Lecturer in the History Department.

A tall tale but a true one



**JOHN
RIDGWAY**

Students' Association President

This has been a very rewarding year for me. When I started in student politics at Adelaide Uni, David Israel, Michael Fox and Kathy Edwards virtually held the SAUA together by themselves. There was very little general student involvement.

One of the first priorities I had when I came into the job was to get more people involved. The Association is far more effective when there are more people around doing things and the success of the SAUA this year can be attributed to the broader participation.

Student representation in the University is becoming more effective, awareness of social issues is growing and we organised the biggest rally since the Vietnam War. We have had several successful campaigns this year and the hard work is continuing. Note the child care and sexual harassment campaigns. I'm sure this will continue next year, good luck to all of you who will be involved next year.

As this is my last column I would like to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to some of the people who have helped me this year.

Firstly, I would like to congratulate all those concerned students who have got involved in the Association's work this year giving so much of their time and energy in the service of the

University community.

My heart felt thanks to Lisa for her care and support throughout the year. Georgie, Sharon, Alan and Anne, the Students' Association staff. Your helpfulness and friendliness makes the office a great place to work in. Sally and Richard - it's been fun, thanks for indulging me.

Mark, Anthea, Michael, Sathish, Maria, Mark and Michael, Foxy, Dizzy and Mum and Dad for making it all possible. There are many others I should mention but On DIT readers don't deserve it.

For all those narcissistic spooners who struggle to find peace in the material world, I want to tell a story a wise old woman once told me.

There was once a wealthy merchant who had a strong, clever son who dreamed of being a great man. He spent many hours walking in his fathers garden enjoying all the beautiful plants and flowers imagining all the great things he would do.

The time he spent working and walking in his fathers garden was the happiest time of his life.

One day the merchant's son decided to leave his fathers home and travel to the court of the Royal family. Soon after he arrived he was put to work as a scribe in the service of the treasury. He didn't really like what he was doing and he realised he would have to do something to come to the notice of the King.

The young scribe spent many hours trying to meet the right people, spending much time socialising with people he barely knew and didn't really like. After a few years he was offered the job of Keeper of the Records and took the job even though his eyes were already feeling the strain of being a scribe and The Keeper of the Books had to read all the scribes work.

He spent many hours going over

all the records checking the books and worked very hard.

He sometimes thought of the time he spent working in his fathers garden, and felt happy, but only when he found time to sit quietly for about 20 minutes. In his new life he never seemed to have any spare time.

One day the Bookkeeper was going through some ancient records and a parchment fell out from under the book's binding.

This parchment had been lost for generations and told of the location of an ancient sceptre.

The Keeper of the Books demanded to be taken to the King. The King was so grateful he made the man his second adviser.

This was the sort of thing the young man had dreamed of. However, even still the man felt uneasy. He had all the wealth that accorded to his high office and was kept in great luxury.

He made many new friends and many maidens in the Court sought his affection. He had everything he ever dreamed of but still he was uneasy in his heart. He wondered if he really liked himself after all those years and after all his success. He was never sure whether other people like him for himself or because of his position in the Court. So he fulfilled all his dreams but was never happy.

The wise old woman explained to me that there are three lessons we must learn and our young friend failed the first lesson.

"We may never find peace and comfort in the things we do in the world and in what we become before we find it in our own hearts. The first lesson is find peace in your heart then that love will fill your whole being", she said.

From this understanding the second lesson of how to find love in other people comes easily, but that is another story.

Have a good life.

The Silent Scream - an exercise in scare tactics



**KIM
PEDLER**

Women's Officer

It was extremely fortunate that more people did not attend the hysterical and over-dramatic presentation by Right to Life last Monday week (*On DIT*, 24 October). The film which was shown, *The Silent Scream*, is an attempt to use scare tactics to persuade viewers that women should not have freedom of choice over their own bodies. However, contrary to the view put forward in the film, there is absolutely no evidence to prove that the foetus is conscious to pain, let alone "screaming", when it was supposed to have done so.

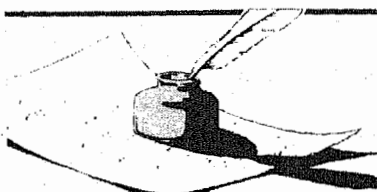
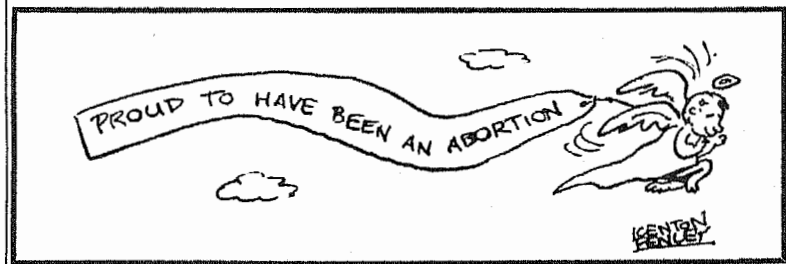
The film is merely an emotive attempt to cloud the issue. Abortions in South Australia are performed within strict medical guidelines, and are not performed when the foetus is older than twelve weeks. They are performed for perfectly valid reasons, such as the condition of the woman's physical

and mental health, and her financial means of support. When it is considered that many women fall pregnant due to events beyond their control, such as rape or contraceptive failure, I submit that the rights of women over their own bodies are greatly more important than those of a foetus before the age of 12 months.

The implications of the anti-abortionist argument are extremely dangerous for women. To use contraception is also preventing pregnancy, and "killing" many, many potential foetuses. Therefore, to extend the anti-abortionists' argument, we should not use contraception, and either not engage in sexual activity, or be prepared to spend our whole lives rearing children like our grandmothers and great-grandmothers!!

It is the woman's body which is occupied by the foetus for nine months of pregnancy, therefore she should be free to choose when and if she decides to have a child. It is the woman who is often left responsible for the development of another human being, which is arguable one of the greatest responsibilities known to us.

If she does not feel up to accepting this responsibility, then she should not be forced to by people who call themselves "human liberationists". To deny women this freedom of choice is indeed to deny all the gains women have achieved in the past three decades.



LETTERS

Disaffiliation

Dear Editors

At the Clubs Association Council Meeting, 24/10/88, the Law Students' Society was disaffiliated from the Association by a substantial majority. This decision was made because of the Society's 5 year old 'bad debtor' record. The debts totalled \$2,866.38 and were comprised of a debt dating back to 1983 and a recent debt.

The Union was in a position to take action against individual members of the LSS, and indeed this was a case of history repeating itself, as the former Union Accountant had seriously considered legal action against individuals in the Society a few years ago.

The Clubs Association has been generous to the Society - we kept passing large grants in order to help it function while paying off the debt. Sadly, the Society sporadically paid of the debt, preferring to spend the money it had on other things (a 1987 Executive member admitted as much to the Union Accountant).

Had the Association not disaffiliated the Society, it would have been informing all clubs that the LSS deserved special treatment. The issue was not only one of undesirable attitudes; it was also one of whether other clubs should subsidise financial

irresponsibility.

At the meeting a Left Law Student spoke against the disaffiliation, claiming that there were people who wanted to change the Society. That was fine, but since these same people had abolished membership fees for the Society, it meant little chance of paying off the debt.

Law students should not be resentful of the Clubs Association - it had no choice. Rather, they should consider why members of the Society chose to behave in an obstructionist fashion at the meeting, called people who didn't agree with them 'wankers', displayed unwarranted hostility, and made false claims about the Association's policies. The Clubs Association Executive's case was based on substantial factual material as opposed to the Society's personal approach (which was also manifested in the week before the meeting).

If any person wishes to see the document I prepared on the case for disaffiliation, copies are available from the Clubs Association Office.

Monica Carroll, on behalf of the Clubs Association Executive.

End of an Era

Dear Editors

Last Monday, a Clubs Association general meeting voted to disaffiliate one of the larger and older clubs on this campus for alleged financial mismanagement. The meeting did not seem to be appraised of the true facts, instead voting to get rid of a club perceived as elitist in this university, an unfair description of many of its members. It is one of the few clubs that successfully integrates its faculty and department representatives to ensure a close

working relationship with staff. It has conducted its faculty and department elections over the past few years to the end that its students have not recently been under-represented, something of which virtually no other faculty or department club could boast.

It was also the club, which in the 1930's allowed women to join it after a debate, led in the affirmative by the present Chancellor, Dame Roma Mitchell. It is a club with a proud past and, I hope, a great future.

In 1983, some academics, one not even from the University took charge of and directed the Law School Centenary Revue *Star Laws*. In executing their grand vision of theatrical effects etc they lost nearly \$20,000, almost half of which was attributed to the Law Students' Society. At the time the Union negotiated an arrangement with the LSS, as satisfaction of the debt, whereby the LSS sold its vending machines and paid off the deficit at a rate of \$65 per month by granting a lease of its own space in the Ligertwood Building.

This deficit (the 'word' debt is unfair) is now just under \$1,300 and will thus be extinguished in under two years. It doesn't take much to realise that the deficit would be zero by now if the LSS had been able to retain its machines.

So would the real debt. In 1985 an admittedly extravagant Law Ball at Juliana's at the Hilton lost over \$2,000, due mainly to the Hilton's late requirement of property insurance and security guards being paid for by the LSS. In the past two years this debt has been reduced by over \$500 and this year a further \$600 was to be paid off - leaving about \$1,000 to go -

however, certain cheques, for which the LSS never signed have disappeared and "will not be reissued".

Anyway - my sincere congratulations to Luke Cornelius for running the meeting well, to the 21 voters who voted knowing none of the facts, to the movers of the motion on the successful completion of a ridiculous vendetta, and my personal thanks to Monica Carroll, who did me the honour of assuming that I might speak rationally and well enough to sway the meeting, and so raised hell and high water to ensure that I had neither voice nor vote at the meeting.

Paul Black

Education Vice-President Law Students Society Law/Maths/Arts

Whose Gallery Is It Anyway?

Dear Editors

It appears that fee paying students of Adelaide Uni are not welcome in the Gallery unless they make a purchase there. At least this is what we were told whilst eating our lunches there and so made to feel unwelcome. The pretext for this rebuke was our leaving lunch wrappers on the table. We think whoever manages and presumably authorises (if in fact this was the case) their employees to so rebuke fee paying students should recognise a few truths:

The fee paying students who grant you your very commercial existence have the unmitigated right to eat whatever they please purchased from wherever they please in any part of Union House, they do, after all, pay \$206 a year for the privilege.

The fee paying students of Adelaide Uni have already paid once for the use of the Gallery. There should be no further requirement of payment.

Signed

The fee paying students of Adelaide Uni.

Surprise Yourself at the State Library

Dear Eds

Oh sure - I had a surprise on Saturday when trying to borrow a book from the State Library. The only book that was actually on record that I wanted, was not kept in town but at three of the suburban libraries. It was only then, after enquiring on how to obtain this volume, I was told it would take 12 weeks to move a book from one part of Adelaide (eg Noarlunga) to the City. It doesn't even take an hour on the bus. Very helpful in January, for an essay that is due in November! Some service to the community.

Catherine Ordway
Arts Department.

Hmmm

Dear Editors

In response to the letter in issue 20 titled *Just a few clarifications* - STUPID CHRISTIAN!!

Signed Calvin

Kate

JFK (I'm alive)

Elvis (so am I)

Concerned observers.

The unforgettable spirit of PNG

JAMES PREST and ANN FORDHAM visited Papua New Guinea earlier this year. Below are their differing accounts of a society torn between its traditions, and the march of Western ways.

There was the boat, old and rusty, looking as if it had done the journey many times. It was low in the water, crowded with about 30 local people and the supplies they had bought from the markets in town.

We called to the crew and they happily stopped the boat and helped us on board. They were in no hurry - typical PNG style - but looked surprised to see us. We were the only white people on board. Usually whites lived in a different world to theirs, rarely sharing in their daily life.

After paying our 5 kina (\$8.00) we passed down our packs to a Papuan who was standing in the hold near the front of the boat; they were dumped on sacks of rice and other supplies.

The crew closed the hatch with wooden beams. Over these they laid a heavy tarpaulin which they took great pains to secure tightly. This seemed like a lot of effort, but the crew explained that it might get a bit rough, this was hard to believe because the sea was flat and calm.

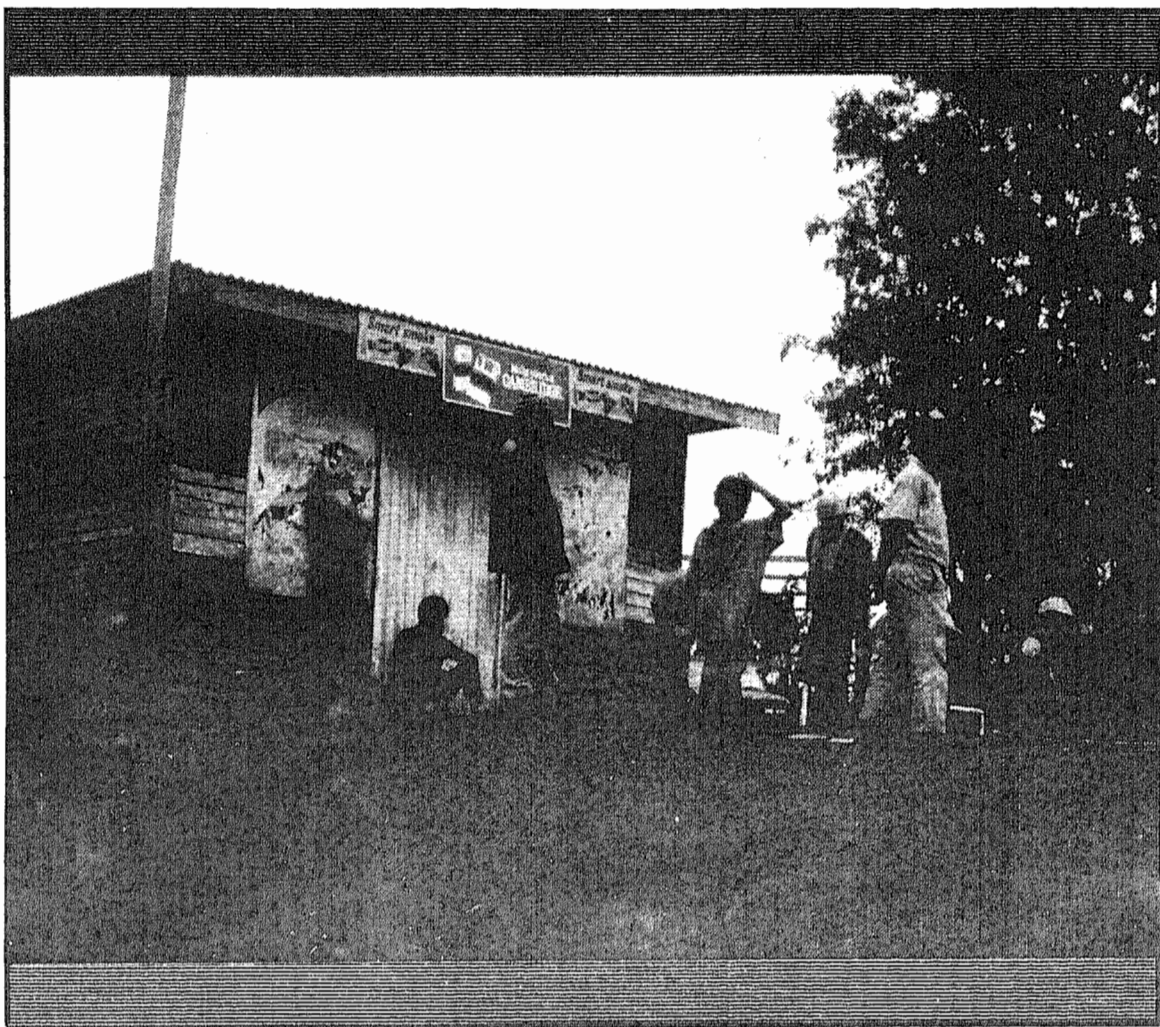
Kar Kar island, our destination, loomed in the distance, an ill defined dark mass. The journey was expected to take 5 hours but the land looked to close for that.

The boat reached across the harbour through murky water. Tiny tropical islands were dotted about, densely covered with palms and trees, their ground surface covered in rotting debris.

I sat with two friends on the deck in the hot sun in shorts and t-shirts. It was 32° C. Looking back towards the shore, the coast-line curved around to a distant point. Mountain ranges arose immediately behind.

But this was one aspect of PNG - a land that seemed young and dynamic, with diverse rainforest, fast rivers frequent water-falls and hill-sides with unreasonable drops.

PNG is inhabited by a people with timeless traditions living in isolated communities. Development has been



slow as European colonisation has been hampered by the terrain, climate and malaria.

The native people have managed to retain their pride and integrity, although they've lost some of their cultural identity due to western influence.

The boat had now moved out of the harbour into clear blue water. A long narrow tropical island slowly stretched out beside us. It had white beaches unlike the other islands where there was no sand at all.

Most of the passengers sat in the back of the boat in a sheltered position. We sat right at the front near the bow. The people around us spoke in Melanesian Pidgin English, a language with a limited vocabulary but which nevertheless reflects the humour and personality of the people.

One of my travelling friends wasted no time and began talking to a group

of them.

They lived on Kar Kar, population 30,000, where coconuts and cocoa were grown in cleared plantations and exported. Many of the islanders worked on these plantations. The rest of the island was natural rain-forest.

Their view of the world showed their limited experience. Most of them had only a few years of education and had not travelled far. We described to them places in PNG which we had recently visited that they had only heard of in conversation.

The wind strengthened as we moved out of the shelter of the islands and the sea was blown into white crests. The waves swelled around the boat and a fine spray blew over us. To avoid discomfort, we climbed to the roof of the boat and sat with the seven or eight people who we had talked to on deck.

Friendships started. They wanted

to know all about me and my life. After this they were keen to help me learn Pidgin properly, so everything around us on the boat and in the sea was described in English and then Pidgin. I had a phrase book which I used to dry different expressions and sentences on them.

They were patient teachers and always laughed. They said they wanted to take us back to their village and teach me with pen and paper into the night all the things we had touched on in the boat.

The weather worsened and the sea became wilder. Our boat was being thrown about in the middle of a huge ocean and there was not much that could be done about it. The wind gained force and the sea rose. Water surged over the boat onto the deck and the roof of the cabin.

The crew were concerned. They doubted the boat's ability to handle

such a heavy sea. This was no ordinary trip, the weather was rarely this bad.

We changed our direction so that we met the waves head on. The group of us were perched on the top of the boat and we watched the oncoming waves. We tried to anticipate the impact of the next wash and gauge how hard we would have to hold on.

As I sat clinging to the mast one of the crew strolled down to the bow of the boat to secure the anchor. He copped the full front of the waves as he leant over the railing. All his movements were low and calculated and he constantly re-adjusted his balance to the boat's unpredictable movements. As I watched I thought "he can't be doing this", it seemed beyond the limits of human capability. But to him it was a normal part of life and he was calm about it. If he had fallen in, it is doubtful that we would have been able to turn the boat around and pick him up.

The rest of the crew were also unaffected by the conditions; they were mobile and calmly performed each necessary task.

They made me stand up for better balance so that I would not get thrown off the boat. All the way the guy next to me had been shouting in my ear "Hold on tight".

The sea had now reached its worst and was gradually subsiding - giving us more freedom to move. The crew slipped back into talking in their mother tongue (pidgin) which was unique to one half of Kar Kar island. There are over 600 languages in PNG.

Their voices were clear and swept through me. I thought of how well they fitted in with the sea and the activity. They chattered and laughed and even though I could not understand what they were saying, the feeling of PNG was captured.

Ever since I'd got of the Air Niugini plane and seen the PNG pilots, hosts and hostesses I had tried unsuccessfully to communicate and understand them. But on the boat I had found the real and unforgettable spirit of PNG.

Ann Fordham

PNG's struggle for independence

Before I made it to Papua New Guinea, I heard a lot of stories about a pretty violent place.

There were endless tales of *raskal* gangs, huge razor wire fences, and death threats. A friend told me about his expatriate uncle's guard dog, Satan, and about the escape tunnels he had under his house. Another guy laughed, and told me how his brother almost died of cerebral malaria.

My guidebook claimed that tribal warfare and commonplace. "Highlands football" it said. I read on, and discovered that in a major highlands centre, payrolls are flown in because it is cheaper than the continual ambushing of the armoured transports.

The racist perception of PNG as a place where axe wielding cannibals carve each other up with axes is a wild exaggeration. It also is one which ignores economic imperatives in an unequal country with serious unemployment and no dole.

Most of the population are not affected by the violence of the urban centres. Likewise, the sensible traveller will encounter no trouble.

The locals don't quite know how to deal with the cheapskate whitey.

Their image of a white is modeled on the expatriates they see every day climbing out of four wheel drives walking into banks with heavy attache cases.

The scarcity of dodgy western travellers in PNG means that they continually receive long, extended stares. PNG isn't set up for mass tourism. The only hotels cost about \$130 a night. The country appears to be by-passed in the rush to exploit more distant and exotic lands.

But PNG is pretty exotic. You can easily find yourself sitting around on tropical islands drinking coconut juice, playing songs on a beat-up guitar, and taking ridiculously corny photos you could easily sell as postcards.

Or you might find yourself taking a wild, stormy ride on a ferry that looks more like a refugee boat to a volcanic island. Then you could find yourself snorkelling above amazing coral formations lying just ten feet from shore...

But this is starting to sound too much like a tourist brochure. What's it really like in New Guinea?

Everywhere in PNG one comes across bizarre juxtapositions of

Western and Melanesian cultures. Walking from one village to the next in the Highlands, I met a guy going barefoot wearing a Rambo t-shirt and, at the same time, a hat promoting Elizabeth Arden.

Throughout PNG there is evidence of a worship of Western lifestyles. When asked, most villagers would dutifully reply, "Australia? Great place: rich country!"

In one place, I met an old man, a highway worker. Staying overnight at his roadside village, I say that he was insisting on wearing his yellow hard-hat at all hours. I realised that hard-hats are a major status symbol in PNG.

At the huge, isolated Ok Tedi copper mine, a major industrial dispute blew up recently over precisely this issue. Unskilled workers were fighting for the right to wear yellow construction helmets just like their foremen.

Evidence of cultural dislocation is everywhere. The Australia (or Darwin) beer culture has been readily adopted by PNG men. Most towns have large warehouses that deal solely in Brownie's Numbawan (#1) Bia - Papuan's finest ale.

In one village I was lucky enough to come across an initiation ceremony. Beer again dominated the scene. People were dancing around in a circle lit by the headlights from four wheel drives to a mesmerising drum beat. They wore tradition ceremonial garb, apart from their nouveau cardboard headdresses.

One character obviously off his face, was attempting to dance around the circle in the wrong direction.

Smoking is a status activity in PNG. Everywhere aggressive advertising from brands such as "Smart Smoke" cover the stores. Often the only products advertised are cigarettes. There are no health warnings. More widespread (and probably less necessary) are warnings about trendy diseases like the Awkaed Immun Difininsi Sindrom. Pinned up elsewhere, one sees the occasional reminder that "Wife beating is a crime".

The traveller is unlikely to have numerous gastronomic experiences in PNG. In the towns, salty grease-fried dough balls and indescribably cuts of meat pass for fast food. Out in the bush, apart from the odd taste of various weird and wonderful tropical

fruits and vegetables, one must learn to deal with the delightful stodgy monotony of kau-kau (sweet potato). If you fail to develop a liking for this, then there is always the ubiquitous local combination of "Tinfis" and rice.

"Tifnis" is imported tinned Japanese mackerel. The rice is an expensive variety of Australian white rice that PNG is forced to import under an aid agreement with Australia. Despite this fact, the rice is dressed up as local rice, by giving in the name "trukai" (real food).

These kinds of contradictions carry over into the realm of the government's development policies. The PNG government's desperation for revenue has led it to waive widely accepted national development principles and involve itself in resource exploitation projects directed by transnational corporations where little benefits every accrue to locals.

PNG's timber industry is dominated by foreign operators who make routine use of creative accounting procedures in order to avoid ever having to pay royalties to the

Continued on page 8

Liberal forces face Apartheid's strength, built over decades

AU Student KRIS HANNA visited South Africa earlier in the year and was struck by how deep the colour divisions are under Apartheid.

It is difficult for us to conceive a government in the style of the South African regime. Totalitarian is the most apt description. There is almost total control over education, the economy, weaponry, and most importantly of all, the media.

"Liberal" newspapers are tolerated but under the complex restrictions of over 100 laws governing publications. For example, when newspapers protested against censored material by leaving black spaces amongst the print, regulations quickly criminalised this action.

But the most frightening thing about the regime is that it has barely begun to fight.

Many South Africans are actively working for peaceful reconciliation, but the task of peacemakers such as Archbishop Desmond Tutu and Allan Boesak (Secretary for the World Council of Churches in SA) is made difficult by various means of repression. Arrest as a political tool is common.

The opposition United Democratic Front (UDF) was all but banned earlier this year. With the peculiar logic of the Afrikaner government, the organisation is permitted to exist, provided it "does not carry on any activities or acts whatsoever" without Ministerial permission. The intended effect is demoralisation as well as containment.

Changes are being felt in which society. Each faces a personal choice and there are basically four options.

i) ignore the oppression and enjoy the fruits of it - the easy option,

although shortsighted. The "system", by way of indoctrination and censorship encourages this choice.

ii) actively support the regime - again, it has its material reward, in defiance of change.

iii) actively working against the regime - means forsaking the satisfactions of conventional career and personal life. Intercepted mail and telephone-calls, living stealthily and the threat of arrest must be faced.

iv) leave the country - an increasingly popular choice for those who have the qualifications or connections.

It is a grim situation. A miracle would be needed to bring about peaceful transition in South Africa. Polarisation of views increases. For those more directly involved in the situation than we in Australia, much patience and fortitude will be needed.

Many readers will know of the institutionalised policy of "separateness" - Apartheid - which affects the daily life of every person in South Africa.

The ruling National Party came to power in South Africa in 1948. Seeds of anger and despair sown two generations ago continue to press their shoots above the surface. Black consciousness, burning resentment and white liberal support continue to make cracks in the structure of apartheid.

Use of the terms "black" and "white" have racist overtones, but such language is hard to avoid when writing about a country where the categories and sub-categories imposed upon South Africans at birth, are so rigidly defined along racial lines.

The exploitation and repression in South Africa originated with European colonisation. Wars were fought for the land and the native

inhabitants lost. Hence white people governed all.

One of the great battles, at Blood River, where much Zulu blood was spilled, is still celebrated as a national holiday. Those who have considered the Australian Aboriginal situation may find interesting parallels.

Initially, many Australians might ask, "if there are 28 million non-whites and 5 million whites, why don't things change immediately?"

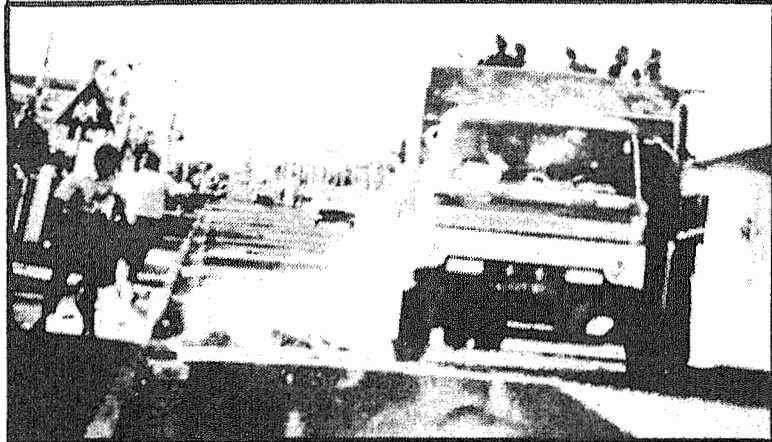
The answer lies in one of the most brutally efficient regimes in the world today.

Several years ago a "National Security Management System" was introduced, providing a structure from community to federal level to resist change by means of force. Under this scheme, Town Councillors, Police and Security Policy meet regularly to discuss matters such as who needs to be watched and how spies may be employed to gather police information.

Further illustration lies in the design of new townships. For example, Khayelitsha, near Cape Town, will house half a million people (some local, some "relocated") within the next two years.

Road width is determined by armoured vehicle requirements and huge Football-Park type lights provide that "we're always watching you" look. Incidentally, homes are mostly the size of the average Aussie lounge-room.

Yet, for all the military might of the Government, a historical revolution is proceeding. Some educated, young black activists foresee collapse of the regime as imminent. International trade sanctions are quickening the process. But the will and capacity of the regime ought not to be underestimated.



The development and fortunes of PNG

From page 7

government. This stands in stark contrast to one of the goals enunciated by Michael Somare when the nation won independence, that "PNG's resources will be exploited for the benefit of Papuans."

This pattern of development, where the locals share in little of the benefits, is replicated at Ok Tedi. Here, locals have secured only minor and temporary employment in return for losing their land and suffering severe cultural disorientation. The mine has had seriously adverse effects on the environment, especially on the Fly River. Cyanide spills, involving in one incident, over one thousand 60 litre drums, have destroyed ecosystems downstream for kilometres, destroying the livelihood of locals.

I left PNG, as sick as a village dog, wondering about its future. Should we be worried about our government steadily reducing the annual aid grant to PNG? I'm not too certain about this, but it certainly is symptomatic of our government's attitude to PNG.

Papua New Guinea is being forced to deal alone with 14,000 refugees from neighbouring Irian Jaya, victims of a vicious war and displaced by land expropriations for an unworkable settlement scheme.

James Prest



The truth about

EMPTATION

Christian anger at the controversial movie, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, stems from a failure to face the questions it raises, according to On Dit's JONATHAN HAINSWORTH.

The firestorm controversy that the movie *The Last Temptation of Christ* has ignited is leading Christians to ask the usual wrong questions about Jesus. Was he more human than divine, or vice versa? Did he ever feel lust for a woman? Was he really bodily resurrected from the dead, or just spiritually, or not at all?

These are all modernist questions and will not bring you an inch closer to the real Jesus. This remarkable historical figure was a lot more remote from us than people will admit. So remote that the truth about him has long been ignored by the mainstream churches. I would suggest that those of fragile faith do not read this article, because it is one of the few times that information about the real Jesus will appear in the media.

The new movie is basically a liberal's idea of Jesus. That the Messiah was a reasonable man who



preached a universal message of love, and who dies atoning for Man's sins. While on the cross he has an hallucination (the last temptation of the title) in which he gets married, makes love, grows old etc. In fact Jesus was in the mould of most historical figures who believe that they are the greatest person of their

generation. The historical Jesus was not more interested in settling down to a humble, domestic life than Napoleon, Julius Caesar, or Bob Hawke.

Jesus was a conservative in the sense that he was a purely Jewish figure who believed in the Ten Commandments, the Mosaic Law, Satan, heaven, hell, and his people's dietary restrictions. He was radical in his approach to the concepts of divine love and pacifism. He received this teaching from the liberal Pharisees led by the great Hebrew teacher Hillel. What made Jesus unique was that he fused two separate religious traditions; the 'Suffering Servant' of Isaiah, and the Book of Daniel's Messianic superman who will liberate Israel. But it is a paradox. How can

you be both the martyr/hero of Isaiah, and Daniel's master of the world who smashes the enemies of Israel?

Before I answer that question, and reveal what Jesus of Nazareth was really on about, consider this. The only reason we've even heard of



Christ is because of a political upheaval in Rome in the early Fourth Century that had unexpected and far reaching consequences. The emperor Constantine decided to legalise, and grant special privileges to a tiny sect, the Christians. They were so insular, and despised, that three hundred years after the execution of their founder they only comprised five per cent of Rome's population. Because of imperial patronage the Christians were able to gradually take control of the apparatus of government. While they may have started small they had the advantage over the pagans of being disciplined, and organised, like the Bolsheviks. Once they gained control of the army the Christians mounted waves of persecutions against the people who had formerly tortured them. The Roman church set up a totalitarian state, in which individualism was crushed. However elements of this super-state was imbued with much of the ethics of Jesus, and to our modern perceptions it might have seemed a more civilized place than pagan Rome or Greece.

But is this what Jesus wanted - what he died for? Since his death, and more particularly since Constantine's conversion, the problems of the world have not been solved. Christianity, like most of the world's religions has spawned intolerance, genocide, misery, oppression etc. Should we blame Jesus for this? Conservatives claim that Jesus dies to save Man from sin. They are right, but they only know half the story.

In every Christian church you attend the Ministers and congregations will be singing and praying, unaware that their faith is like a jigsaw with a missing piece. The question is not whether Jesus was resurrected, or whether he lusted in his heart for female flesh. The ultimate question is why did he choose to die? Jane Everett comments in her review of the Scorsese film that the Jesus story, theology apart, is poorly structured. She argues that is a weak drama to have a super-Messiah perform all those miracles, and then die so pathetically. She's absolutely right, and the irony is that Jesus would have agreed with her.

Jesus of Nazareth was a part of the tradition of Jewish apocalypse. This is a literal belief in the end of the world. The two other major figures of this branch of Judaism were John the Baptist, and Paul the Apostle. Jesus' ministry was based on two things. That the end of the world was going to happen very shortly, and that Jesus was going to return to earth as God's messiah and set up a new immortal Kingdom. Those who had followed him would become



citizen/angels of this new world. Those who had rejected him would be cast into the fires of hell. Before the end Jesus would suffer as a simple, humble Rabbi. But come the apocalypse he believed he was to return as King, to rule the new world.

Jesus sent out the disciples to preach the Gospel of the Apocalypse: "The Kingdom of God is at hand!" He told them that they would not reach all the towns before the end came. But the would-be Messiah was mistaken. The apocalypse was delayed. So in a desperate move

Jesus went to Jerusalem believing that his atoning death would trigger the end of all history, and the beginning of the new Kingdom. But Jesus was mistaken again. He dies in the belief that he is about the return to earth as a supernatural monarch, to judge the living and the dead. If you re-read the Gospels with this knowledge, you will find that for the first time they now make sense (except John which is the Gospel least concerned with historical accuracy).

This of course is bad news for the Churches because it means that they have based their whole faith on a mistaken idea of what Jesus was about. If he was resurrected then it would have been a punishment - facing the complete failure of his purpose for dying. It is why the Jews were unimpressed with him. Unlike the Gentiles they knew that Jesus was a fanatic about the apocalypse. When he was proved wrong there was no reason for the Jews to convert to the offshoot of their faith called Christianity. Jesus' ethics lived on and they have contributed to the world's betterment, but his all-compensating solution to the Man's problems (tear it down and start again) was based on a misunderstanding of cosmology. The world is a speck in the universe, not its centre in which God and Satan battle for Man's soul.

The real Jesus is worthy of Shakespeare, or at least a film. He is both inspiring, and tragic. Until Christianity faces the historical Jesus it will never resolve its problems. It will continue to betray itself, and tear itself apart over trivia. Jesus was a man, not God. He died to bring about the end of the world, and he was wrong. Catholics, Lutherans, Eastern Orthodox, Baptists, born-againers, Quakers, etc all think they have a monopoly on the truth about Jesus. In fact none of them knows the real reason he chose martyrdom. One day they will pay for this, in some cases willful, ignorance. Something will be unearthed. The historical Jesus will come back to haunt them. Israeli soldiers will discover a long forgotten tomb in Jerusalem. It will contain a crucified skeleton of a man wearing a crown of thorns around his ancient skull.

See page 18 for Jane Everett's review of *The Last Temptation of Christ*.

The very best of the best in Croweater City

The jingoism of things like the Grand Prix and SA Great aside, we all know dear old Adelaide's got a helluva lot going for it. Here we give you the best of the best. A team of On DIT reporters sought out the best in everything from pollies and beer to bookshops.

Politician

Name three members of the state Opposition front bench. Can't do? In a state in which politicians often operate on a kind of benevolent witch-doctor principle: the less they tell us of what they're doing the more likely it is we'll like it, Opposition Education spokesman Rob Lucas stands out. Not only has he had the running on the state tertiary education debate in recent months, a couple times he's made it. Who knows, one day he might even make Liberal Leader - when in Opposition, perhaps the most difficult job in politics. To be sure, he'd make a better television performer than the doe-eyed, rather wooden, John Olsen.



Footballer

Gary Macintosh despises Victorians. Several attempts to lure him to the fame and fortune of footy in the Big Smoke have brought emphatic - often colorful - rebuttals. Even those who rile at the Redlegs have a certain if grudging respect for the bullish Norwood centre. True, he plays rough - very rough - but he plays clean. When he bows his head and drives at an opponent like a Wild Man unleashed, he invariably sparks the sort of excitement that makes football compelling to a wide audience. Why the Aussie fascination with footy? Players like Greg Macintosh are central to any explanation.



Newsreader

Why is it that Adelaide newsreaders are so often pompous - or ugly - or both. It's something I've often pondered. The best of the commercial stations has to be Kevin Crease and Rob Kelvin on Nine; Crease because there's something definitive about him - he comes off as a newsman that cares (maybe it's those furrowing eyebrows) without over doing it, and Kelvin because, well, he's so natural. Still, our "best" award has to go to Jane Doyle on the ABC. Not least because the news programme itself is so much better than the rest but because there's a warmth about her - she's just so likeable - that makes even the most depressing third world news seem easier to bear.



Lebanese Tucker

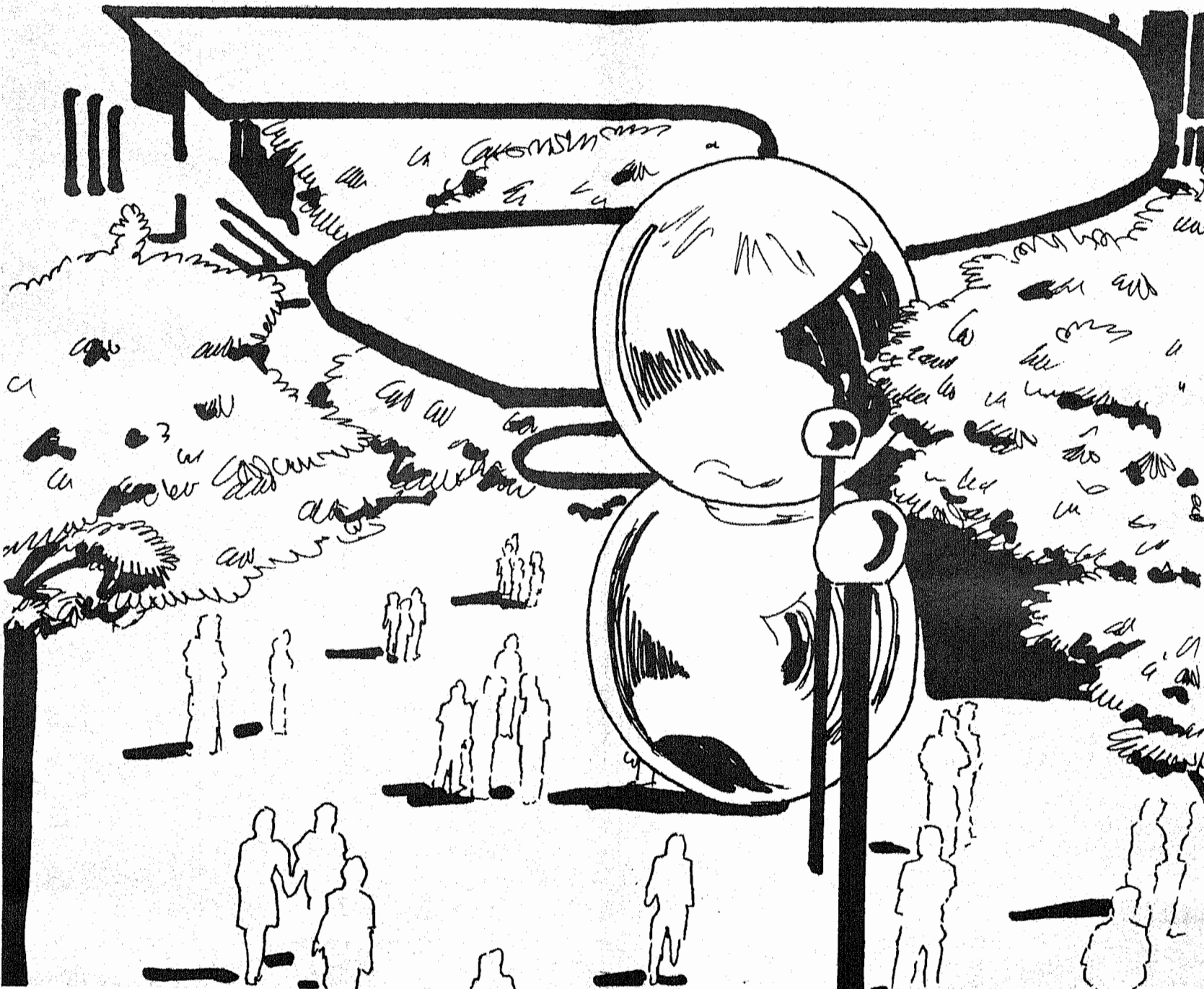
Lebanese food (or 'Lebo' or 'Leb') is the ideal student take-away - nutritious, tasty and cheap. Sam's no-frills Lebanese cafe on Payneham Road must be about the cheapest there is. There are no menus, no table cloths and the floor is unashamedly laminex. But five dollars gets you a mixed platter as good as you'll get anywhere - and it's big enough to feed a 36-er. If you feel like indulging your sweet tooth after that, try a delicious Bogasha (pronounced Bog-AR-sha), a slab of rosewater custard wrapped in filo pastry moist enough to eat with a spoon. Hello Dolly Lebanese, 123 Payneham Road St Peters.

Poet

One might reasonably wonder how Adelaide ever came to be so aware of itself as a seat of the arts. Sure, "Colonel Light's regimental rectangles" border a hype-heavy Festival for a couple of weeks every two years, but what underwrites this conceit the rest of the time? A lot of the self regard seems to me to be lacking in detail. So given the task of identifying Adelaide's best poet I hoped I might find that Peter Porter or Les Murray had once holidayed here for long enough to justify an extravagant claim on one of them. Never mind. The 1986 anthology of SA poetry, *The Orange Tree*, contains a

good selection of contemporary local poetry. Most of the poets represented here are attached to the Friendly Street group, which keeps a low profile and sponsors some good work. If SA poetry has a contemporary centre Friendly Street is probably it, and unless one keeps an eye here and on publications in the *Adelaide Review*, it's probably quite possible to overlook SA poetry altogether. John Bray, Robert Clark, the University's Rob Johnson and Andrew Taylor, and Jeff Guess all make good reading. Rob Johnson's "Returning from the Beach", John Bray's "Dilemma" (which rhymes), Andrew Taylor's whimsical

"Whistling in the Dark", and Jeff Guess' "Replacing Fuses in the House of Cards" - We wrote one single poem, against the weight of notebooks and strange public expectation - are among poems I've enjoyed. I don't recognise an *oeuvre*, and if I was to pick an Absolutely-the-Best SA Poet I'd be making it up. In any case, if we should die of love, Peter Porter has suggested, it will only be love of syntax; there is some good SA poetry and *The Orange Tree* (Wakefield Press) is a good point to begin from.



Public Sculpture

When they took away the Rundle Mall Balls about 18 months ago for an in-service check up, there were people wandering the length and breadth of the Mall - lost. Where to meet in a Balless Mall? Truly people's art, they're functional, serviceable, aesthetically pleasing and oddly arty enough to stroke the image we have of ourselves. The decor is aesthetic and the back-ground music is normally a pleasant, muted Gregorian Chant. Definitely my best bookshop. Imprints bookshop, 80 Hindley Street, City.

Chinese take-away

The best Chinese food joint in Adelaide has to be the Tai Hoong Cafe, at 93A Glen Osmond Rd, where your small change will buy you a filling meal. Long soup, for example, goes for 45 cents a bowl. From there, you can take on a chicken chow min (\$2.20) or a sweet and sour pork (\$2.70) with a bowl of rice (30 cents) or a sarray stick (55 cents). And if you've still got room you can lash out on dessert - say, fruit salad and icecream for 60 cents. The menu offers a good selection and the prices are a pleasant throwback to the 60s.

Bookshop

Adelaide has more than a hundred bookshops - which is fine by me - but the best would have to be Imprints Bookshop, Hindley Street. The nice people behind the counter (usually Greg) are well-

acquainted enough with the needs of book-obsessed people to leave them alone. I have spent three hours at a time wandering around looking at books I didn't know were available anywhere - let alone Adelaide. All Imprints books are carefully chosen so you don't get things like *How To Hypnotise Chooks*. The decor is aesthetic and the back-ground music is normally a pleasant, muted Gregorian Chant. Definitely my best bookshop. Imprints bookshop, 80 Hindley Street, City.

wooden elephants greet you at the door, coral light shades dangle from the ceiling, Hawaii-ropicla lamps sit on the table ... sound absurd? You have a choice of about eight styles of coffee and they make lovely brandy-snaps. Also, watch for the women who serves - no-one has yet seen her in the same outfit twice.

Advertising campaign

For a beer company - what else? Beer being beer, you can't sell it by making it a different color, or putting in power steering or an en suite bathroom. So ads are everything. And the West End Export campaign has been an undeniable success. Masterminded by SA Brewing's Warwick Duthy and the Young & Rubicam ad agency, its most memorable element was the second TV commercial in the series. John Swann, and band, four slightly tough-looking women and a waiter in t-shirt and bow tie, all singing "Live It Around" and partying on in a big Sydney warehouse. The spot ended with an uncanny, echoing laugh. The follow-up spots haven't been quite as good, but the campaign is doing very nicely, thank-you. If only SA Brewing's mates at Elders would let them sell the stuff seriously outside the state.

Card Shop

For sheer range the card place on the first floor of the Gallerie, directly above the international food fair, is hard to surpass. Yes, there are bigger card shops in Adelaide - at Norwood nestled among the yuppie health food and gift shops, for example - but for the card giver with an eye to the diversity of the would-be card getter, the card place invariably has what you're after. It also has Peter. Peter's the kind of guy who offers to wrap your present when you go into buy a card or gift paper for it - and enjoys himself doing it. But a word of warning. He's also a man who knows what he likes so prepare yourself for advice some would call outrageous - if you ask for it. Anywhere that's so obviously adventurous in its choice of

Radio personality

The ratings-chasing marriage break-up aside, 5DN's Jeremy Cordeaux is probably the slickest and most professional we've got. Thank goodness he's moved from SKA where his perception of a younger, 'hipper' audience made him do some very strange things (or maybe he was just following orders). Some of us get tired of the simplistic (need I say, Right-leaning) political lecturing, however. Of course there's a lot who don't. Nowadays many people want their media to be more and not less opinionated - witness the popularity of Hinch. All that said, we've given the *On DIT* best award to the ABC's Keith Conlon. Conlon is a rare bird indeed among 'frontmen' in that he seems to have a genuine knowledge of a variety of issues and, like his afternoon equivalent, Phillip Satchell, a preparedness to canvass them. The result is listenable and balanced radio that is always intelligent.



Busker

Even if he's rarely seen gracing our Rundle Mall these days, how could we give it to anyone other than Glynn Nicholas. Anyone who can attract a street crowd of the size he can, at the pace he can, has got to be a rare talent. And, I mean, he got his busking start in dear old Adelaide. Nicholas is a master of all manner of mime, dance and stand-up comedy but it's the famous Flea Circus that puts him ahead of the rest.



Academic

Best on the basis of what - teaching or research? As students, struggling to keep space of one of the most inefficient teaching formats ever devised - the lecture - do we really care how many papers the scholarly one holding forth in front of us has published. In a word, No. Politics Department lecturer Doug McEachern's lectures are about as systematic as any you'll come

across - tight, organised, lots of information. The antithesis of the pick-up-the-thread-wherever-I-left-it (if I can remember) style the weaker academics tend to have. Brian Abbey, also of the Politics Department, is unique because he writes, often. You'd be surprised at just how hard it is to get academics to contribute to these pages. Surely, to be able to put an opinion or a body of facts - however complex - into a readily digestible form, quickly, is a test of effective

communication; something that's essential to good university teaching. Others we reckon deserve a mention: Michael Bradley, of the Philosophy Department for his immaculately lucid expositions, Barry Westburg (English Department) for entertainment value (Sally), Tom Burton (English Department) for being so readily understandable. His lectures have been known to receive applause!

Beer

controlled brewery at suburban Leabrook. To this drinker, Coopers beers are hard to beat for flavour. Sure, there are quality beers brewed inter-State whatever you might think of Fosters supreme John Elliott, it has to be said his lager is a clean and well-made one, with reasonable flavour. But it's not immediately recognisable in the way Coopers brews are - especially the cloudy, Sparkling Ale, known to many devotees as 'lunatic soup'. Yet we've decided to give our best beer award to its sister brew, Cooper's Finest Export Lager (in the 345 ml green bottle). It's a lightly brewed beer with wonderful balance and flavour and it's 4.5 per cent alcohol content means you can knock back more than a few - standing up. Something that can't be said for the Ale, which has an alcohol content of 5.8 percent.

Amateur company

Had to be Murray Park at Magill CAE. They have been so successful in the past eighteen months that they are now virtually semi-professional. They are currently touring interstate and school's clamour for seats. They have never asked for a cent of Government assistance.

Amateur production

The Guild's *As You Like It*. One schoolgirl from Morialta told the cast afterwards that she had every intention of hating it beforehand, but had come out of it raving about Bill S. and June Barnes and saw it again. Gale Edwards liked it too. She was seen to smirk at least once.

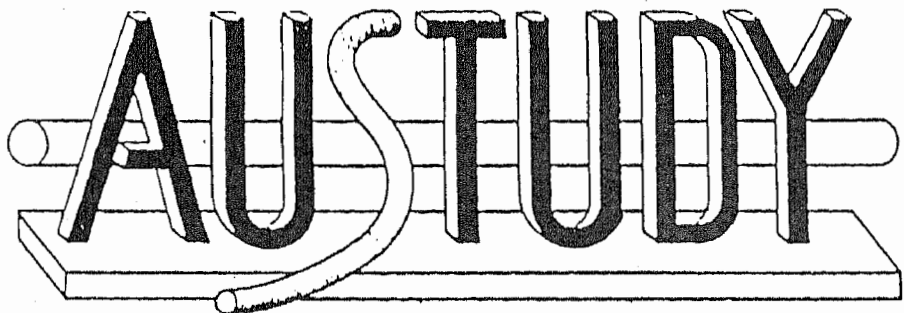
Production

Seagull. Exquisite play almost flawlessly performed. Lear might have gotten the gong but for the Duke of France, who should have stayed there. *Popular Mechanicals* got the bronze. Lloyd-Webber's train set gets the Souffle for giving the shortest aftertaste of pleasure.

Actor

A fait accompli. Lear will be long remembered.

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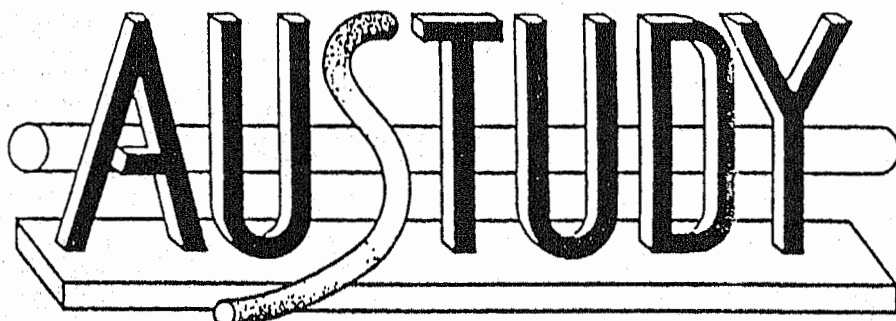
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LimeLight

Joe Satriani - stringing it along

Lead guitarist with Mick Jagger during his recent visit to Adelaide, Joe Satriani, is an ace among rock players. He talks here to AL GROUS.

The name Joe Satriani may not yet be a household word, but to those that know music, he remains a guitar prodigy, particularly in respect to his blistering electric guitar work. Having taught such names as Steve Vai (David Lee Roth Band), Kirk Hammett (Metallica), Larry Laronde (Possessed), Phil Kenter (Laaz Rockit), to name but a few, he is regarded a guitar guru, epitomising not only musicianship of the highest calibre.

Joe Satriani has recently come to the attention of the Australian public as lead guitarist for Mick Jagger on his just completed tour of this country, and this has coincided with the Australian release of his instrumental album *Surfing With The Alien*. He is not bereft of touring experience however, having toured extensively solo, when he is not in the studio adding the finishing touches for the likes of Greg Kihn, Tony Williams, and John Gibson.

Talking to Joe Satriani, when he was recently in Adelaide for the Mick Jagger concert, he explains the link between his present album, and the last one he released in 1985, "Not Of This Earth".

Note was his second album, the first being a rather obscure EP he pressed in limited quantities some years ago.

"Many people try to compare both of the albums, but I don't see one as an extension of the other," Joe explains.

"Sure, they are both pretty metaphysical in title, but this is the truth, honest. The reason why I chose to persue that avenue of music- in title and content I guess- was because I am involved in reading about metaphysics, philosophy, meditation, science fiction, and I also see a lot of science fiction movies, so its not altogether foreign to me or my personality."

"The title *Not Of This Earth* for the previous album comes from a movie, which was probably one of the worst science fiction movies ever made, so when my friends and I would be up late at night, it seems that this movie was always on, and it was only natural I guess that our album was named after it."

"*Not Of This Earth* explains Joe was also a way of letting his friends who he had lost contact know that there was still something there



between them.

You see, as they walk into a record store and see the title, its like an instant flashback of the nights we would jam, sit around etc.

"It was my way of still reaching out them, for I can't seem to get in touch with many of them, and I can see them laughing as they see they come accross the record."

Joe's latest album follows along the theme of 'outer space' and he explains how the album came about.

"The concept started when I knew I wanted to record something, and I started to get a song going, and the title just popped into my head. I then started to write a song to the title of the record, and the album

evolved from there. A friend of mine from the record company had the nickname "The Silver Surfer", and so the concept of an alien, coupled with this guys nick name clinched the record I guess."

What many people may not know about Joe Satriani is the extensive theoretical training that he has, which enables him to dissect the fretboard and utilise everything that a theoretical background can instill in a musician.

"To me, theory is a second language," Joe says. "I studied under the great jazz pianist Lennie Tristano, whose philosophy was that if you made one mistake, you were out of the door, and I remember well some of the fifteen

second lessons that I had. The flip side was that if you went well, you would be in there for two hours, as the others lined up outside waiting for their turn.

"Theory depends very much on the individual, and education effects everyone in different ways.

"I mean, if Jimmy Hendrix had live, and he had mastered theory, who is to say that he would have been any better? He had such a unique way of playing, and his anatomy of the guitar was just incredible. It does come down to individuality."

"What musical training did for me though, was that it enabled me to listen to something and know how to play it straight away, or at least to

get a grasp on what is happening."

Joe has maintained a close friendship and bond with Steve Vai, who he tough from scratch, and is now one of the world's most accomplished rock guitarists.

"Steve and I have always been like soul mates, and it is quite funny, in that we were attending the same high school in New York, where Steve was a couple of years younger than me.

"Who was to know back then that I would be doing what I do, and that Steve would be where he is. I mean, man, no one could have convinced us back then that I would be touring Australia as lead guitarist for Mick Jagger."

A big part of Joe's life is now firmly entrenched in the Bay area of San Francisco, where he both plays and teches guitar. Teaching is a very important part of his life, and forms an intergral part of his musical involvement.

"Sure I love to teach. Its a way of transferring something that you have to others." Joe says.

So does this guitar guru discriminate as to who will walk through his door?

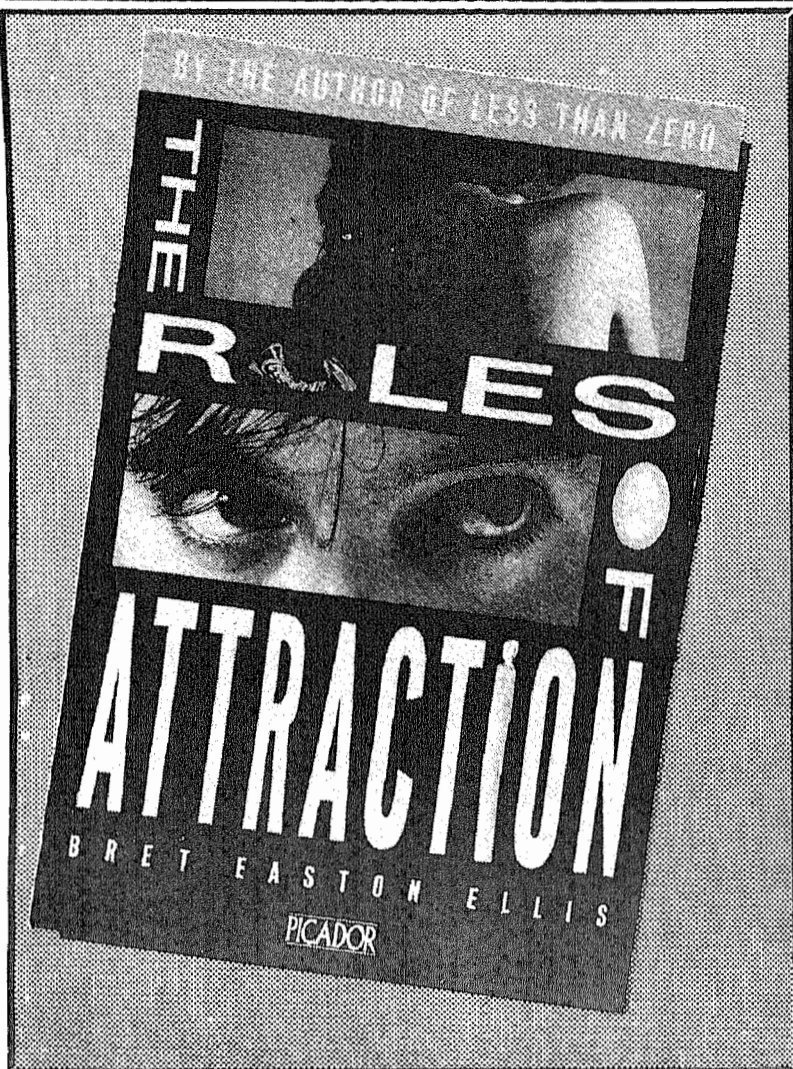
"Hell no," he exclaims. "I don't what experience, skill or anything like that they may have. It could be a beginner, or a very advanced player. What I will decide upon however, is whether they walk through my door the second time! Whether they do depends on who they are, how they handle themselves and all that."

I asked Joe how his involvement with the Mick Jagger tour came about, and how he enjoys being the front man with the wielding guitar: He explains.

"I was introduced to the Mick Jagger band through Doug Winbers, the present Jagger Band's bass player. He is a mutual friend I guess, and after he saw one of my performances in Chicago in July of 87, he reported back to Mick, and about four months later after they got in touch with Steve Vai's office, he recommended me to do the job.

"Well, four months later Doug saw me again in LA, and just as I was about to do an East Coast tour I got a call asking me to come and audition for the Jagger band. Everything seemed to go pretty well, we all got on OK, and the rest you know about; here I am!"

For those of you who went to the Mick Jagger concert, you would have enjoyed over two hours of the old and the new, and you would have heard Joe Satriani adding his touch to some immortal Stones classics. His musicianship is unquestionable, and this is one name that you will definately be hearing more of.



Sex, drugs & rock'n'roll in empty world

THE RULES OF ATTRACTION
Brett Easton-Ellis
Picador

by Sally Niemann

Brett Easton-Ellis' first book, *Less than zero*, has achieved cult status. His second book, *The rules of attraction*, is like a volume two of *Less than zero*, but more depressing. Some of the same characters reappear - Clay, who believed the emptiness and nihilism of his life would be changed once he went to College, returns in this novel just as lost and bored as he was in the last. College is not a centre of great learning and entertainment.

Sex, drugs and rock'n'roll still feature as the main forms of passing the time. Perhaps the bitterest message from Easton-Ellis in this novel is that, try as you might, it is impossible to communicate in a society where the laws are at best arbitrary, at worst, non-existent.

Written as a stream-of-consciousness, each character within the book expresses their desires. Paul loves Sean, Sean loves Laurel (but not enough to pay for the abortion she eventually has to have), Laurel loves Victor, Victor loves Jaime...and so it goes on, like

some sort of sexual food chain.

The result of this chain of lust is that everyone is dissatisfied but no-one lets on. They hide behind their raybans and cocaine, playing it cool, failing their courses - one character commits suicide when Sean leaves a party with Laurel.

As in *Less than zero*, these people have nothing to lose and thus have no sense of value.

Sean never pays for anything - even when his dealer tries to machete him, he still refuses to pay. His wealthy family continuously pour money into his bank account, yet he never spends any of it. Why? Because what thrill is there to be had from buying things when you have mountains of money? Far more entertaining to steal or to get others to buy for you.

The emptiness begins with Laurel telling of the way in which she lost her virginity - pack raped at a party - and ends with Victor's sarcastic comment "We are the world".

Each generation has its voice and commentator, some louder than others. As Kerouac voiced the desires and actions of the 50s generation, so I think does Easton-Ellis. The picture is depressing but not hopeless, and the novel is one which should be read by anyone even remotely interested in the joys of being under 30 in the late 80s.

Jennings honest, nostalgic, observant

SAVE ME, JOE LOUIS
Kate Jennings
Penguin Books

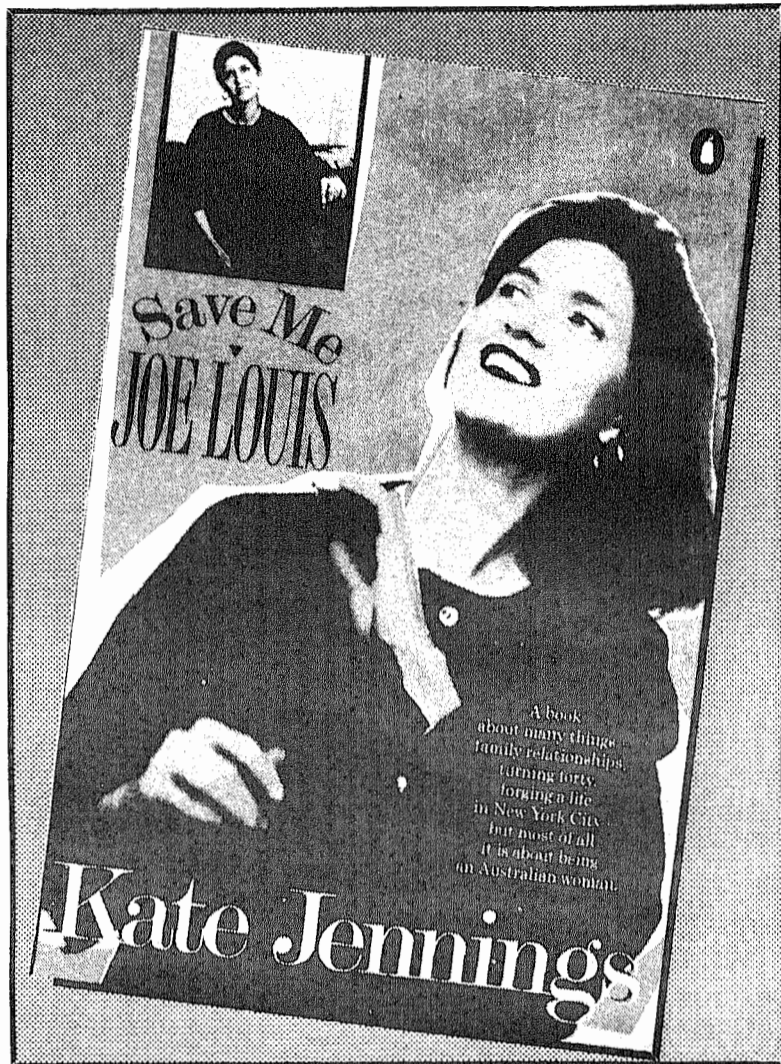
by Annette Robertson

I like Kate Jennings' honesty. I also admire her fortitude. A self-confessed misfit, she leaves Australia; its Ockers and racists; to forge a new life for herself in New York, which is beset with a different type of ugliness. The Americans can be as bad mannered as Australians. There is violence, gross materialism and pollution, and she wonders why she has left home. Unlike the anonymous young negro who prays to Joe Louis as the death chamber fills with gas, Kate Jennings has no saviour. Only in desperation can she self-consciously pray to a "greater scheme of things".

Kate Jennings has fashioned a collection of stories, some published previously, into an autobiography which attempts to exorcise her feelings of alienation.

She is a good observer of place, time and nuance but in the occasional generalization, she loses objectivity. The school reunion at Griffith is an example. Perhaps her classmates would not agree with the American bumper sticker "Prosperity is our divine right". But because they are middle-class and self assured she categorizes them as bland and puts words into their mouths. She is not being fair. She is far more benevolent to the American woman who at forty-four has chosen to become pregnant, but their chance meeting corresponds with Kate Jennings' new found maternal instinct. Previously she regarded having children as some kind of 'populate or perish' plot, instigated by men to keep women subservient.

Kate Jennings writes well but not consistently. I particularly enjoyed her description of Norwalk's public beach, where a mural on the amenities block is the only reminder of the halcyon days before pollution.



Kate Jennings has the courage to say that she will never come back to live in Australia. She admits to nostalgia, but that is all. She also admits that she is ambitious, slightly envious of the female commuter who talks marketing jargonese. Despite America's faults, she admires the people's capacity for change 'of heart, lifestyle and ideology' and therefore chooses to make America her home base.

Kate Jennings has probably matured as she has written these stories. If they are not always entertaining for the reader, they have

been therapeutic for the writer. She has come to terms with the choices she has made. The feud between her and her mother is finally resolved. I suspect that it is one of the reasons why she left Australia in the first place. Kate Jennings' wanderlust is a legacy of her mother's discontent with her lot in life. She admits that her mother's dreams of travel and adventure "are a bad fit on me" and she is determined to make it alone.

I believe that Kate Jennings has exorcised a lot of ghosts in her first book and that she has successfully made it on her own.

Don't buy this book - it's far too expensive

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS
Collins Publishers

by Joel Magarey

"The ultimate cultural reduction ... the iron rations of literature in a knapsack" is how the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* has been described. Collins have released a new edition of their concise DOQ, and while its knapsack is not so full as Oxford's, the rations taste just the same.

Oscar Wilde complained that *Most people are other people. Their thoughts are someone else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, and their passions a quotation.*

yet there is, I think, fun, stimulation and pleasure to be got from the perusal of such a dictionary, not to mention a great many tastings of history. Stuff Wilde.

Fun Wodehouse:
He spoke with a certain what-is-it

in his voice, and I could see that, if not actually disgruntled, he was far from being grunted.

Stimulation. Proudhon:
If I were asked to answer the following question: 'What is slavery?' and I should answer in one word 'Murder', my meaning would be understood at once. No further argument would be required to show that the power to take from a man his thought, his will, his personality, is a power of life and death, and that to enslave a man is to kill him. Why then, to this other question: 'What is property?' may I not likewise answer 'Theft'.

to which compare to Montesquieu:
Liberty is the right of doing whatever the laws permit.

Pleasure. Keats:
Already with thee! Tender is the night.

History. Churchill:
I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.

or Woodrow Wilson: *'America is the only idealistic nation in the world'* (1919)

After the pompous apologia, the goods. I wouldn't actually recommend buying the Collins dictionary. You can buy the Penguin DOQ, which has more entries, for around the same price (\$8 - &10).

In the cheaper range there are the Collins and Oxford pocket versions, the Collins being the more quotations for money in that instance.

In the more expensive range, are the Oxford Concise, which has 2000 less entries than the Collins. Then there is the Bloomsbury DOQ with only 2000 more than the Collins, yet costing forty bucks.

Lastly, the Oxford DOQ costs sixty five dollars, but probably has in it as many as 20,000 quotations, and would be a real treasure chest, ever-re-filling well, or whatever, if you're decadent enough.

We still need O-Guide

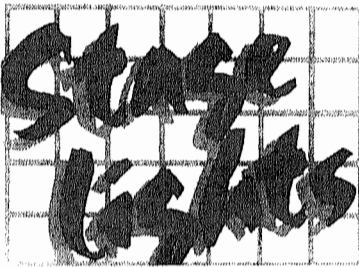
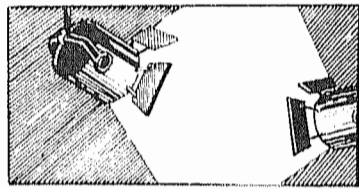
articles

If you don't submit them, we'll just have to run the same tired old articles all over again.

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Chekhov's *Seagull* the best STC production for the year



THE SEAGULL

State Theatre Company
Season Closed

by Graham Lugsden

Nina: What are you writing?

Trigorin: Oh, nothing much. Just making a note. Got an idea. An idea for a short story. A young girl has lived in a house on the shore of a lake since childhood, a young girl like you. She loves the lake like a seagull, and she's as free and happy as a seagull. But a man comes along, sees her, and just for the fun of it destroys her like that seagull there.

Nina is a young actress and Trigorin is a middle-aged writer of note. Together they catalyse the two main themes of *The Seagull*: the crushing of idealism and the aims of art. In a noble Russian manor estate by a lake, Nina, her childhood love Konstantin, Konstantin's mother Arkadina and Arkadina's love Trigorin play out these themes in Anton Chekhov's first great comedy.

Konstantin aspires to be a writer as good as Trigorin, but only when he actually becomes a successful author does he realise the vacuousness of his original ideals. Trigorin was not a worthy role model. He crushed his seagull, his lover Nina, and so tainted his art. Rather than become another Trigorin, Konstantin takes rather drastic measures to ensure that his works are never perverted by a loss of idealism.

The idealism that is inherent to the work was to the fore in Aubrey Mellor's STC production. It is not always so. Unfortunately, while all recognise Chekhov's ability as a dramatist, directors have often grossly misrepresented his comedic intent and style. Sometimes the translation is to blame for significantly incorrect artistic judgments, but often it is because directors miss the author's point entirely. A good example is Konstantin's estrangement from, and possible betrayal of, his artistic ideals, which is seen too often as the outcome of his failed romance with Nina. This is palpably wrong. The disillusionment is artistic, not romantic. The failure in love only adds to his depression.

Directors as far back as Stanislavski took this approach and then construed that *The Seagull* (or plain *Seagull*, as Aubrey Mellor calls it) is a tragedy, suppressing the bits which contradicted this and ignoring Chekhov's own plea that it, *Uncle Vanya* and *The Cherry Orchard* were comedies.

He was incensed by the wilful and accidental misinterpretations of his play, first by the Moscow Art Theatre and later by virtually all of the English and American productions which followed. In the West we have the added filter of translation, which has often added a mysterious gloominess to Chekhov's works, as well as an undesirable air of quaintness. Thus for instance the various modes of address in Russian are sometimes laboriously reproduced. A director may insist that a character is called 'Petya Nikolayevich Sorin', instead of just asking them to say 'dear Peter'. The result is a confused audience and a mangled author.

Aubrey Mellor did right then to not only commission a new translation but actively collaborate on its realisation as well. It was largely worthwhile, with the exception of the naming business. A large slab of text from Act IV which was deleted by Stanislavski and never used hence was restored, the lines were sympathetic to Chekhov's lyricism,

the flow of speech had the rhythms of natural English rather than translated Belgian tourist brochures and the tone was, at last, mostly free of that annoying glumness.

If the translation was better, then the direction was not quite as surehanded. Mellor's program notes gave no indication of his intentions. (A historical sketch of the progress of the play is the domain of the dramaturg, not the director). What originally inspired Mellor? How did his view of the playwright inform his production? Did he see it as a comedy, as its author insisted, or a tragedy, as many have seen it since?

His inspiration had to be found in his work and here it was clear that he supported the comic vision. It was indubitably the correct choice. *Seagull* was triumphant successful, a heartwarming and delightfully funny play, and the STC played it beautifully.

The lines approach poetry, sparkling yet contemplative. Mellor has elicited the humanistic essence of Chekhov, and his actors captured the deep warmth in their characters. Lindy Davies, as Arkadina, has the blousy and boozy matriarch down to a T. Steven Vidler is likewise perfecting the angry young man, making Konstantin strong yet pitiable. John Howard, as the writer Trigorin, looks and walks more and more like Cleese with every production, but that may not be a drawback; he had the best timing and the most presence. Terence Crawford was impressive in the supporting role of the schoolmaster, as was Michael Habib, who had a tiny role and no lines but some of the best laughs. Most impressive of all, though, was Edwin Hodgeman as Sorin, Arkadina's brother, who was quite perfect as the wizened and wise uncle to Konstantin. His characterisation was unfaultable and his death scene was exquisitely effected.

This was the best production of the year to date for State. Better may still be to come. Gale Edwards has Williams' *The Glass Menagerie* in hand. 1989 bodes well.



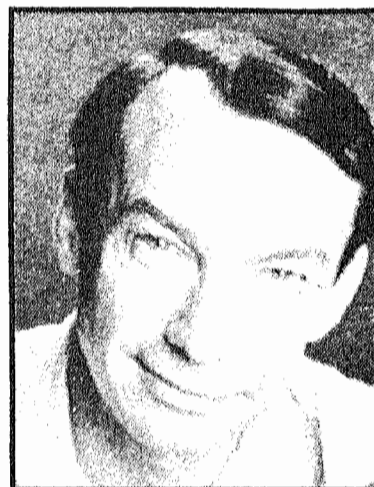
Don Barker



Lindy Davies



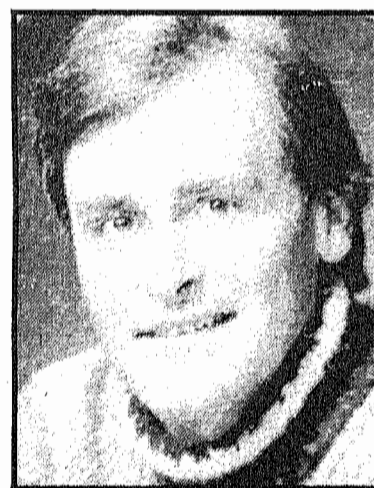
Daphne Grey



Edwin Hodgeman



Sarah O'Donnell



John Howard

Champagne - the cup runneth over



WINE

Ben Vagnerelli

No wine has universally captured the imagination and the market place in western society as much as champagne. And both the image and the contents of the bottle are of interest.

Champagne is the name of a northern region of France. It was near this district, around 1670 in the Abbey of Hautvillers that a Benedictine monk named Dom Pierre Perignon perfected the process for making sparkling wine.

It was known for hundreds of years that fermentation of a grape juice in an air-tight receptacle produced a fizzy wine, one that would make the 'cup runneth over'.

In the 10 years that Dom Perignon took to perfect the process, he utilized the thick, punted English bottle to minimize the constant risk of explosion, developed the Spanish cork and wire seal, and was the first to fully appreciate the manipulation of the second ferment in the bottle to reproduce effervescence.

In this time, Dom Perignon became almost totally blind, and legend has it, that when he finally unveiled the secret of champagne he ran through the monastery screaming, "I have seen the stars sparkle", after the wine effervesced in his face hence the name sparkling wine.

He also developed what is still the premium blend of base-wines for champagne, namely Pinot Meunier, Pinot Noir and Chardonnay. It was another 150 years, however, before widow Bolinger perfected the technique of remuage by which the dead yeast hulls are removed from the wine, to allow it to be clear in

appearance.

A few of the common terms encountered are, methode champenoise - the traditional method by which champagne is made which involves the addition of sugar to a base wine prior to the secondary fermentation in the bottle.

Charmont refers to the bulk method of production in which the secondary fermentation takes place in a pressure tank and bead is the trail of bubbles released from the bottom of the glass. The persistence of the bead and its smallness indicates the authentic methode champenoise.

Brut: contains less than 1% residual sugar by mass.

Cuvee: contains more than 1%, but usually less than 4% residual sugar.

Sec: an American term meaning the same as cuvee.

Appellation: a very contentious issue in Australia at the moment. It refers to a law in France, first proclaimed in 1911 which established boundaries to the wine making regions of France, and hence those producers permitted to use the regional name.



Scaling down the compact disc

Record companies are jockeying for position over a new addition to sound technology - the CD single. **ANDREW MARSHALL** reports.

It gave voice to the Beatles, and just about every artist from the Stones to Motown - three minutes of history, emotion and energy pressed into a neat, black disc. And all within the average teenager's budget.

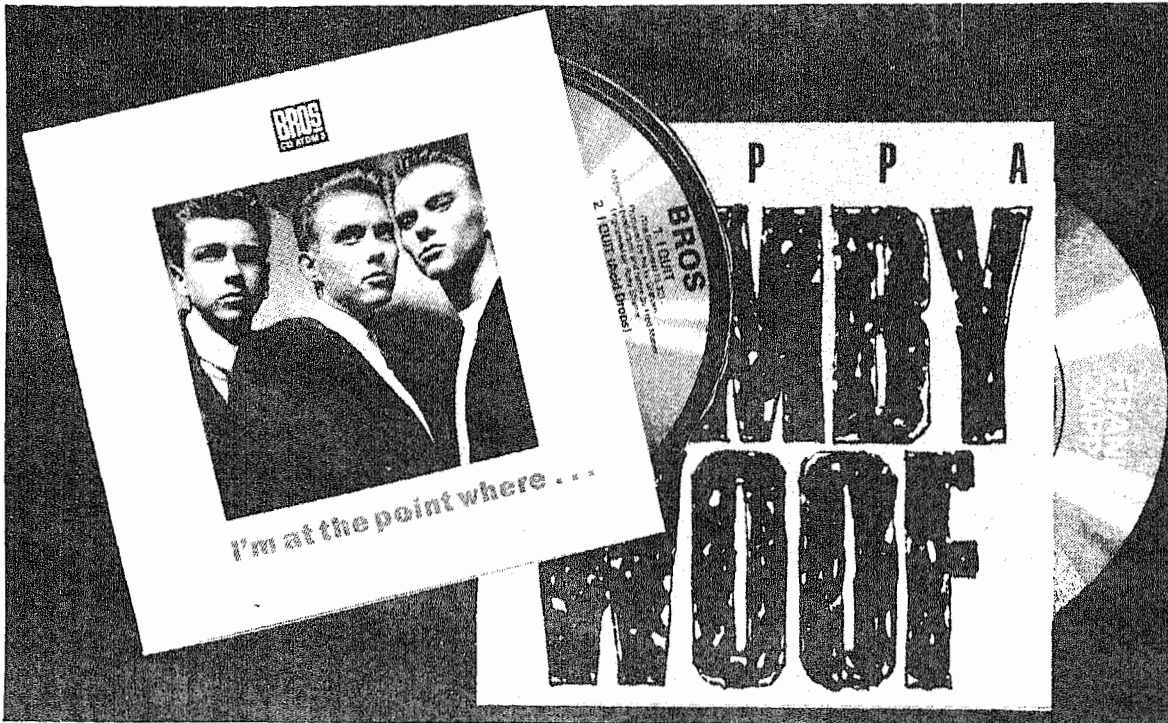
The single was born in February 1945, a perfect medium for the new sounds of rock n roll and destined to become an essential tool for a whole army of musical trailblazers. A recent edition of Rolling Stone magazine paid homage to the top 100 singles, singles like *Anarchy in the UK*, a catalyst for, and a documentary of, a musical revolution.

Despite its gradually waning popularity, the single has remained at the forefront of musical innovation, a fact recognised by the sleeve notes of REM's *Dead Letter Office* album - "a single has to be short, concise and catchy, all the values that go out the window as far as albums are concerned."

But, there are criticisms, too. The same sleeve notes continue, "no matter how lavish the packaging, no matter what attention to detail, a '45' is still essentially a piece of crap purchased by teenagers". It is for this very reason that the single didn't originally figure in the planning of the CD.

There can be no doubt that CD technology will replace the 'snap, crackle and pop' of vinyl - when, as in the States, digital meets analogue in price, flawless sound and sparkling separation are tough to beat. In all the enthusiasm over the impressive new technology, the single looks like becoming a casualty of the technology race.

But if the vinyl single is dead (or dying), its spirit lives on in the new 3-inch CD, "the most compact of compact discs". Originally used exclusively as a promotional device, the new format has become an enormous success overseas where record companies are predicting a redefinition of recording habits to suit the CD singles (which allow up to 20 minutes of music). Re-mixes, B-sides and tracks not available in any other format are included in addition to the single and make it (currently retailing at \$9.99 though WEA has plans to drop the price to \$6.99) good value.



CD - Compact disc. Standard 5-inch album.

5 inch CD single - The same size as a CD album, but only containing three or four songs.

3-inch CD single - The new CD format gaining popularity overseas. Contains the single plus B-side and possibly re-mixed or bonus tracks.

CD-V - The same size as the standard CD, this format offers five minutes of full motion video as well as twenty minutes of audio (not currently available in Australia).

CD+G - All CD's have a subcode which allows the storage of hundreds of still pictures when used with the right equipment. This format is still in the experimental stage, but would allow photos, album notes, sheet music and many other visual possibilities to be played with the use of CD+G adaptor.

DAT - This controversial format is to audio tape what CD is to vinyl. So far the only album released on DAT on Australia is *Kylie Minogue*.

Sam Clarke, promotions manager with Polygram Records in Adelaide, is one of the more enthusiastic supporters of the new CD. "They're not just one-off promotional items or novelties, they're becoming a major part of our catalogue - even to the point where we are in the process of releasing classical CD singles on the 3-inch format".

However, Clarke's enthusiasm is not shared by all members of the music business. Debbie Levai from EMI Records did not recognise CD singles as a viable proposition in Australia. EMI have tested the marketing strategy.

"We've just released the first of a range, about 13 titles. By Christmas we should have between 20 and 25 releases on the 3-inch format. They've been shrink-wrapped with a

'spider' adaptor for use in the normal CD players".

The most promising point that arose in discussions with those companies that are supporting the CD single was their support for the release of Australian artists on CD.

Polygram only has about 4 or 5 Australian artists (Sharon O'Neill, Mondo Rock and the Radiators are the most noteworthy) but is adding to this list continually. With a large amount of back catalogue material released through the "Four-Play" range of CD's, CBS has a more impressive list of Australian artists, including the Screaming Tribesmen and the Black Sorrows.

With most record companies either in the middle of, or just finishing up pre-Christmas meetings to determine marketing strategies, this is a time to

consider the options and weigh up alternatives. While it is hard to ignore the success of the CD single overseas, local demand needs to be closely monitored. For the new format to be successful attention needs to be directed towards public awareness, an area poorly neglected at the moment.

Polygram recognises the problem and intends to focus energy on minimizing confusion about the new format and making the transition from vinyl as smooth as possible.

"The biggest problem is marketing and merchandising in-store. A lot of retailers are a little bit frightened about how to display the new product and rather than taking the bull by the horns and maybe creating a CD single section, they tend to throw them in with the other CD's and the impetus is lost."

Rod Smith, manager of CBS Records Adelaide agrees, and sees the Christmas period as the acid test.

"Most retailers are going to have to sit up and look at the way they display stock very, very quickly. Once they come out of Christmas and discover there have been huge sales in CD's generally they'll have to rethink their situation."

Some of the reluctance to support CD singles may stem from the fact that they are, like their vinyl counterparts, not a totally lucrative part of the business. Apart from rare cases (a new Kylie Minogue single for example) singles are used almost exclusively as a promotional tool, to create awareness for the current album, which, according to Clarke, is "where the real money is".

Smith agrees, "it's the same situation with the CD single; at \$7.99 (current CBS price) it may seem expensive against [vinyl singles] but we're virtually making no money out of that at all - just enough to cover costs, and that will always be the case".

Even so, perhaps singles are a 'necessary evil'. Without them the record industry would have to seek a less efficient and more expensive form of promotion.

The realisation of this fact, seems to have spurred development of the CD single.

Confusion about the myriad of formats at the moment will undoubtedly cause problems for supporters of the CD single. Besides the 3-inch CD single there is a 5-inch version (currently the most widely used in Australia) and a CD-V, a CD single that incorporates five minutes of full motion video (not yet available in Australia).

The 3-inch CD single can be played on an ordinary deck with an adaptor, or on the new Sony mini-CD players soon to be released into the market-place.

To reduce some of the confusion, Virgin Records is about to start a promotion with Sony, the makers of the new players to increase awareness of the 3-inch single. Wendy Aldridge, national press officer for Virgin Australia, outlined their market with less than 10 established artists and initial sales have been disappointing.

As Sam Clarke points out, "I think that if you went out into the street and asked 10 people what a CD single was, at the moment you would be lucky to get one person who knew".

rock bands singing songs of rebellion to adolescents.

It might be worthwhile here to point out that *No Speak* should not be confused with the *New Age* catalogue of music that is currently being embraced by alternative lifestyleers the world over. *New Age* is slow, primarily synthesized music concerned with peace and tranquility. Critics, however, describe it as 'sleepy elevator music'.

The sound of the IRS *No Speak* series is based firmly in the rock idiom. It just seeks to go beyond the banal lyrics and three-minute 'single' structure of traditional rock albums being produced today.

The first *No Speak* release is a collection of four albums by four quite different artists.

While Miles Copeland disappears to count his money and choose the next four acts for the *No Speak* catalogue, it remains to be seen - will instrumental rock become the style of the 90s as he forecasts, or will something totally different and less noble be the fashion to finally replace the production factories of Stock, Aitken and Waterman.

As they say in the classics, only time will tell.

MUSIC TOO GOOD FOR WORDS The IRS No Speak Series

by Richard Wilson

Back in 1979, a small-time manager and entrepreneur called Miles Copeland decided to start up a new record label. Copeland took the innocence and thunder of the 60s and coupled it with the ever-changing sensibilities of the time.

The result was International Record Syndicate (or IRS) Records. The last nine years have seen the label present to the world bands like REM, the *Go-Go's*, *The Alarm*, *Timbuk 3*, and *Wall of Voodoo*.

Recently, Copeland came up with another visionary idea, and commissioned a series of albums that didn't fit into the standard rock music formula.

The result this time was *No Speak*, described by Copeland as "an instrumental rock label for the 90s."

The *No Speak* series is targeted to people firmly rooted in rock'n'roll who have a hard time connecting with jazz or classical, but have trouble with

dummy) was threatened with instant termination of their performance.

• Don't look for inspiration here - **Monday 31/10.** 1987 *Mushroom Records* announces its biggest selling single ever - *Kylie's Locomotion*; over 100,000 copies sold (think of how many that means now!)

• **Tuesday 1/11.** 1970 *Abba* make their debut in Sweden as the *Fest Folk Quartet*.

• **Wednesday 2/11.** Born in 1944, keyboard maestro from *Emerson Lake and Palmer*, *Keith Emerson*.

• **Thursday 3/11.** *Adam Ant*, who changed his name from the very boring *Stuart Goddard*, born on this day in 1954 (that didn't save him though).

• **Friday 4/11.** Born 1956, died 17/6/82. *James Honeyman-Scott* of the *Pretenders*. *Chrissie Hynde*, the *Black Widow*, strikes again.

• Coming soon, don't you dare miss American band *REM* who will be fab, groovy, etc etc. If you don't believe me, ask *On DIT's* *Gavin Williams* who is certainly a one man fan club, and may well be their biggest admirer this side of the Pacific.

• Also, the *Smithereens*, who are due to play a *Le Rox* in November and are easily as good!

• Adelaide band due to begin playing out again after a lengthy absence, *The Philistines*.

• After returning from London, former *Spikes* member *Ian List* felt the urge to play the music he'd written and recorded whilst overseas, so he's putting together a band. Featuring the *Guru* of *Greasy Pop*, *Doug Thomas*; the *UV's* are rehearsing their material and expect to lurch into view within a month. A three guitar line-up, ugly ...

• Will the O Ball directors be out looking for international acts to play for a load of pissed students for O Ball '89? One should hope so.

• *Stop Press* - *Smithereens* re-scheduled for January, as they are busy finishing recording their next LP.

• *Mark Knopfler* of *Dire Straits* fame has taken a turn back to the roots. The blues persists, almost as popular as ever and Knopfler has teamed up with young Englishman *Steve Phillips* to record an album of blues material. Phillips is a talented instrumentalist who has recently been hand-crafting his own line of acoustic and electric guitars.

• Sounds like the best thing *Special K* has been involved in for a decade or more

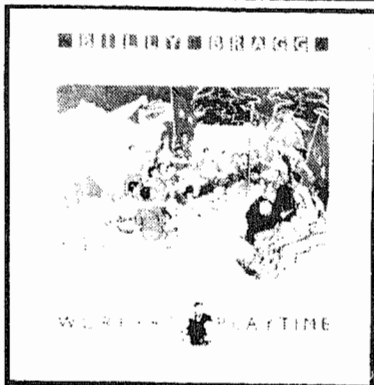


BLAW!

With Alex Wheaton.

• State of the nation: based on number of records in the charts, Australian music shows figures of 22% for singles and 30% for albums. Adelaide's charts give 17.5% and 22% respectively. What does it all mean? It means *NXS* and *John Farnham* are millionaires.

• As part of their end of year festivities, Melbourne Uni held a competition for the best rendition of *Louie Louie* (*Richard Berry* 1956). Prize money of \$1000 was duly snapped up by *Funhouse*, one of the nine bands in the competition. Bet it's the easiest 'grand' they'll ever make!! Incidentally, any band that wandered into *Wild Thing* (same chords,



WORKER'S PLAYTIME
Billy Bragg
Gol Discs

by Mat Gibson

Billy Bragg must be in love. It's the only reason I can find to explain the quantum change in musical direction since his last work, the brilliant *Talking With The Taxman About Poetry*.

This collection of banal love songs with their accompanying tepid, gutless musical arrangements would tend to suggest that he is no longer a political soul in torment, true love having tamed his fiery breast. Whatever the reason for his new found approach to songwriting, the results are disastrous when compared to material recorded only 18 months earlier.

Gone are the heartfelt vocal inflections and scratch and scrape electric guitar that were his trademarks, replaced as they have been by gentle background strummings and a middle-of-the-road style piano. Pianist Cara Tivey also performs a considerable amount of the backing vocals and neither her piano nor her voice are worthy of such prominence and hardly suit Bragg's more earthy style. (Perhaps she's the love interest!)

There are no spirited folk songs like *Greetings To The New Brunette*, none of the raw political expressions along the lines of *There Is Power In A Union*, or *Ideology* and certainly no aching love songs of *The Saturday Boy* or *Levi Stubb's Tears* ilk. The material reflects but a shadow of the dynamism of his previous work. There is simply no pace, no energy or unleashed frustration. Perhaps he has just mellowed with age.

Sadder still is the passing away of Bragg the urban folk poet for Bragg the largely innocuous lyricist. With the exception of *Rotting on Remand* and *Little Time Bomb* (easily the album's best track) the lyrics are unremarkable, devoid of the humorous turn of phrase and incisive social commentary that we are used to. The times he does attempt to match the poetic genius of his earlier works, the lines seem out of place, too contrived.

The last song on the album *Waiting for the Great Leap Forward* may give some insight into Bragg's overall temperament at the time of recording the album. It's something of a reworked political manifesto coming as it does after the defeat of Britain's Labour Party for who's victory he worked so hard. The lyrics give the impression of disillusionment, both with his own ability to influence people through music, and the pace of return to socialist principles in Britain.

The second half of the song does pick up considerably in style and tempo and the desperate vocals show signs of the Bragg of old. For the album, however, it is a case of too little, too late.

UPTOWN
The Machinations
While Label Records

by David Monk

This is a fascinating record; whenever it starts to bounce along it crumbles, and when you give up all hope it starts to twinkle again. Promising beginnings give way to

bland choruses and the whole thing becomes an exercise in trying to stay calm. This band can do better.

Uptown is generally insipid; there is no bottom end on the mix and the rhythm instruments tend to have a windy sound as well. *The Machinations* seem to have been aiming at a controlled sensuality, but generally wind up with too much of the first and not enough of the second.

At the other end of the scale, the vocals typically fail to communicate and attain an aura of ethereal disposability. There are some exceptions to this; *Cars and Planes* and *Normal* (the most consistent song on the album) spring to mind. The other songs of note are the singles *Do To You* and *Intimacy* which are closer to the effect that the band seems to be trying to achieve.

The Machinations are on the verge of losing the ability to write catchy songs and *Uptown* reflects this. Which is a pity, because they have tried hard, and have some memorable songs to their name.



VERY GREASY
David Lindley and El Rayo X
WEA

by Mat Gibson

This is the fourth album since David Lindley left his place at Jackson Browne's right hand side to pursue his solo career.

Little has changed since the first *El Rayo X* album. He's still making the cheesiest up tempo reggae/ska/pop and doing it with great casual aplomb.

Lindley is second only to Johnathan Richmond in mastery of corny yet highly infectious tunes and lyrics that are often so cute you could pinch their cheeks.

Lindley works with a variety of instruments to obtain his somewhat off-beat sound, but its essentials are crisp guitars, exotic percussion and a jaunty electric organ.

Very Greasy runs on double doses of both energetic fun and whimsy and for this reason it will be far more successful in warmer climes where beach parties are the dominant cultural events.

A supremely enjoyable album.

RATTLE AND HUM
U2
Festival Records

By Tony Stavanton

The world's greatest rock band has just released their latest album and it's a beauty. It is a double album (for a single price) with both new material and live recordings from their recent tour of America.

There are ten new songs, three live versions of past hits plus four live cover versions. While the new songs were not recorded live it's difficult to tell the difference as they are such good musicians that everything has that 'live' feel.

U2 sound better than they ever have. Just as energetic and new as on *Boy* all those years ago. *Desire*, the first single, really rocks along whilst others like *Angel of Harlem* are more subdued. With the exception of *Helter Skelter Rattle and Hum* is easily their best album. The movie should be great too, if the album is anything to go by, and next year's proposed tour will be magical.

SHORT SHARP SHOCKED
Michelle Shocked
Polygram

by Mat Gibson

Michelle Shocked first entered the world musical arena with her album *The Texas Campfire Tape*, a private recording done by Peter Lawrence on a Sony Portable one night at a Texas folk music festival.

She drew immediate wide attention for neat poetic vignettes, casual homey vocals and clever guitar rhythms. Her first studio album *Short Sharp Shocked* is very much in the same vein.

The arrangements are fleshed out occasionally with percussion, or bass, or organ but the folksy feel is never lost or diluted.

Shocked shifts between straight folk to cajun, country and bluegrass, handling all with a nonchalant ease of familiarity.

Lyrical she is often quite melancholy and occasionally humorous or cynical. Always, though, she is subtle, economic and very poetic. Both musically and lyrically *Memories of East Texas* a recollection of her mispent Texas youth and *Anchorage*, a song of love and friendship, are the standout tracks on an understated and very successful album.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF BEING OURSELVES

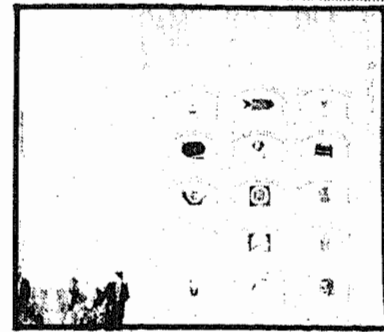
Mark Germino
BMG

by Mat Gibson

Mark Germino is principally a poet, one whose work deals with the tragedies of ordinary existence; of peoples lives wasted, of loneliness and the inability to communicate. On *Third Coast Rag* and *Propaganda Requiem in A* his subject is society and politics, but he never descend to polemics and catch phrases.

Poetically, he is very articulate; musically, not so. *Caught in the Act of Being Ourselves* leaves the impression of confusion. While he shows he is capable of dealing with a number of musical styles, the radial shifts from one tack to another give the impression that it was recorded over a very long period of time; changes that can leave the listener feeling a little disoriented.

The worst that can be said of Mark Germino and *Caught in the Act of Being Ourselves* is that it shows great promise.



OUR BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY SWEETHEART
Camper Van Beethoven
Virgin

by Gavin Williams

Little known in Australia, *Camper Van Beethoven* are cult favourites on the American college scene. Like *REM* before them, they are being groomed for mainstream acceptance and *Our Beloved Revolutionary Sweetheart* is their first step toward major success.

It's a weird mixture of several musical styles. Talking folk, punk, country and western and rock and roll they unify these different influences into a glorious sound which most people missed because of their anonymity in Australia.

MELISSA ETHERIDGE
Melissa Etheridge
Festival

by Mat Gibson

Etheridge starts her songs with her acoustic guitar and her stormy, deep voice and adds little; a bass guitar, percussion and occasional overdubs such as electric guitar or keyboards. She keeps it simple and allows her clever guitar rhythms to take musical centre stage. That is, if you ignore her vocals.

This is not an easy thing to do. She has great vocal power and doesn't let it go to waste. It is very raw and quite gravely at times, not unlike Bonnie Tyler's. However, it suits her passionate and often raunchy lyrics. Love songs all, they are sexually quite explicit in parts but not in a tasteless way.

Mostly she is just very emotional and the theme of emotional heartache gets a thorough going over. Of particular note are the tracks *Bring Me Some Water*, *Watching You* and the epic *Late September Dogs*. A well constructed, unusual album.

UNLIMITED ADDRESS
Catfish
WEA

by Mat Gibson

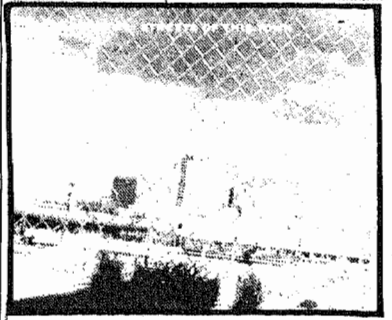
Listeners to top 40 stations may be familiar with the first Catfish single *When You Dance*. A slightly abrasive pop song, it augured ill for the upcoming album.

However if you expect nine more glitzy pop/rock songs you are in for a most pleasant surprise.

Don Walker (ex *Cold Chisel*) describes their music as essentially "blues, with perhaps a bit of circus music thrown in".

The music lies between pop and blues, and has a unique appeal as it drifts in and out of truer blues styles in tempos both gentle and fast. The most notable tracks, *Subway*, *One Night in Soviet Russia*, *Backyard* and *Prewar Blues* will probably never make it to the mass airwaves.

A combination of interesting lyrical themes and very accessible yet subtle music (plus an occasional blistering harmonica solo) gives them a really positive lifeforce.



STREETS OF TOWN
Steve Forbert
WEA

by Mat Gibson

It would appear that the last five years have not been good to Steven Forbert. His voice and his lyrics indicate that he's been dealt some humiliating and cruel blows about which we can only guess.

What he writes is often bitter or bleak and the desperately sad way he performs songs such as *I Blinked Once* and *Mexico* makes it difficult to listen to him too often. However, that he has been successfully able to convey his past emotional distress to vinyl is significant in itself.

His emotional honesty is well backed by a musical earnestness. Primarily this album is Steve and his acoustic guitar, well fleshed out by a group of very sympathetic musicians.

There are some great tunes here, both up tempo and mellow, but none of the slickness that dogged his past works. A very fine album, easily his best.

Last Temptation "like a vision"

THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST
Hindley Cinemas

by Jane Everett

I am an admirer of the American Director Martin Scorsese. Two of his early movies of the 70s, *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver*, rank with the very best films I have ever seen. Two other films, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and *The King of Comedy* are both brilliant dramas questioning American society, and its culture.

But in the last few years Scorsese seemed to have lost his way. He made a minor dark comedy called *After Hours* from a script that was adolescent and beneath his talents. Then he scored his first big commercial success, *The Colour of Money*. This was a sequel to the 1960 hit *The Hustler*, once again starring Paul Newman as the pool-shark 'Fast' Eddie Felson. Though it did well at the box office (it also starred Tom Cruise) I thought it was a boring mess.

Despite a fine performance by Newman it was utterly inferior to the original, and it made me wonder what Scorsese would do next.

The announcement that it was going to be a life of Jesus Christ did not fill me with much hope.

Jesus tends to be too off-putting a character to make a film about. People try and emphasise the sin (*King of Kings*) or the epic nature of the story (*The Greatest Story Ever Told*), or the politics of the period (*The Day Christ Died*), or go for a simple message of universal love (*Jesus Christ Superstar*).

Whatever aspect these films have attempted to explore, they have all come tumbling down like the walls of Jericho when it comes to depicting Jesus. Why? Because he is a bore. The story starts well: Jesus the miracle worker, the leader of his people, etc - a humourless hero for sure, but he seems to be someone worth following. But then for some reason Jesus allows himself to die.

Theologically this may be correct, but as drama it is a great letdown. The 'Resurrection' is of little help. Why doesn't Jesus appear to his enemies, like the Romans, and show them that they have not killed him. That would give the story a more punchy and satisfying ending after all those spectacular miracles (It's how Homer would have ended it). But no.

Instead, Jesus disappears into the clouds, and that's where most moves made of his life go, up in holy smoke. Pasolini made a radical try at a Marxist Christ in *The Gospel According to St Mathew*. Yet this is a film more fun to read about than to watch (zzzzz!).

Scorsese and his screenwriter Paul Schrader (*Taxi Driver*) have based their Christ on the novel *The Last Temptation of Christ* by Greek author Nikos Kazantzakis, who also wrote *Zorba the Greek*.

The novel is an often turgid, sometimes brilliant story focusing on the conflict between the needs of the spirit, and the flesh. Kazantzakis created a Jesus who is all too human, and at first only dimly aware of his divinity. The author has re-made the impersonal, superman of tradition into a weak, fearful, indecisive man so as

to build dramatically towards the climax when Jesus overcomes all earthly temptations and redeems Mankind by dying for our sins.

While this makes Jesus a more interesting character, in no way is Kazantzakis' prose easily transferable to cinema. I despaired that Scorsese would end up with a turgid, sometimes brilliant movie. Certainly many of the critics have taken this view.

In fact Scorsese and Schrader have produced that extremely rare commodity, a masterpiece. It is faithful to the novel, but Schrader has stripped it of pretentious symbolism, and tortured theology. From his excellent script Scorsese has made one of the most powerful, and entertaining films I have ever seen. For days afterwards my thoughts returned to scenes in this remarkable film.

On a miniscule budget Scorsese beautifully, and meticulously recreates 1st century Judea. It is a cruel, dirty place full of casual violence and political oppression. Into this setting we are introduced to the man Jesus. He suffers from headaches, feelings of guilt, visions of blood.

Jesus wanders in the desert searching for his purpose in life. After meeting with John the Baptist (incisively played by Andre Gregory) he comes to believe that he is the Messiah. He spreads a message of love, but the people do not respond. He performs miracles, but his message is lost in the excitement. Finally he decides to be a mystical martyr for humanity. Judas alone of the disciples is brave enough to betray

his master to fulfill this divine plan.

However, while on the cross Jesus is rescued, or so he thinks, by an angel, in the form of a young girl. She claims that God does not want his only son to die. Jesus is transported from the cross to safety, bewildered but relieved. He marries Mary Magdalene, has children, grows old, lazes around in the sun. As he tells the angel, he has never in his life felt such contentment. Being an ordinary person and not the Messiah has cured him of his headaches.

But of course it is a false Eden. The girl/angel is really Satan, and Jesus is succumbing to his last temptation.

Though the film is harshly realistic, the gliding camera work, and jagged editing, flows by like a dream, even at times like a vision. Fred Nile has it all wrong. This is a film that makes you want to go back to church.

The character of Jesus is for once a genuine hero that we can care about. When he comes down from the cross, we are glad. The brutality of crucifixion has never been more shockingly dramatised, and we want him saved from this ordeal.

The final shot of the film is one of the only times that the primitive, mythical power of the religious imagination has been successfully captured on celluloid.

A lot of the credit for this film working as well as it does must go to Willem De Foe. Excellent as he was as the villain in *To Live and Die in LA* and as the martyr/hero in *Platoon*, neither film prepares you for the power and subtlety of his Jesus. He has to give speeches that coming out of a lesser actor's mouth would sound

corny and embarrassing. He has the difficult task of convincing us that he is both a nervous, confused man, and the Messiah of the world. He accomplishes this without fuss or hamminess.

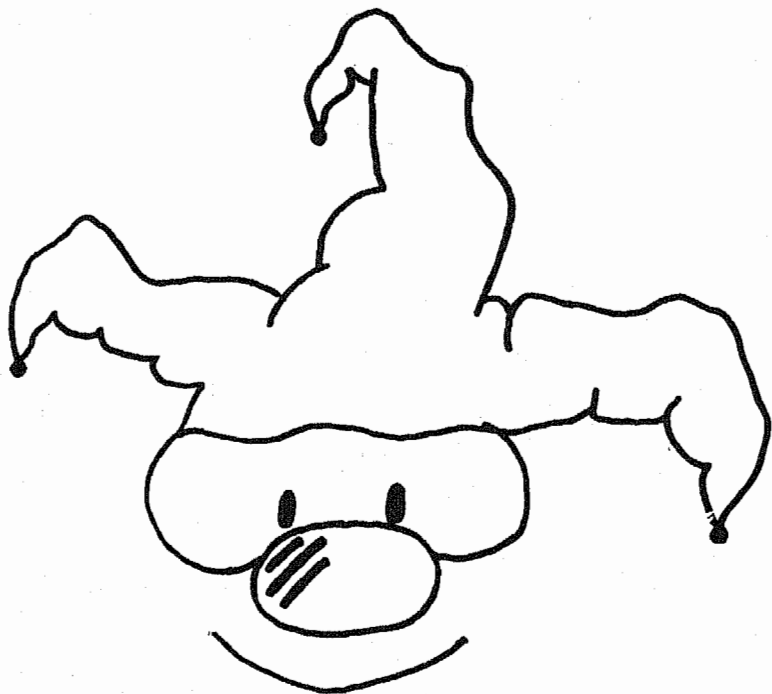
De Foe is ably supported by Barbara Hershey. She is both luscious and touching as Mary Magdalene. David Bowie has a good, tough tantalisingly brief scene as Pontius Pilate. The young girl who plays the false angel is imbued with just the right balance of divine innocence and girls-school diction. The ever reliable Harry Dean Stanton is superb as the apostle Paul, a mixture of the saint and the fanatic. Only Harvey Keitel is inadequate as Judas. It needs a fiery personality. Keitel is too absorbed in the Method, too dry, as if he lived on a diet of sand.

The main controversy of *The Last Temptation of Christ* surrounds the scenes in which Jesus, in the throes of death at Golgotha, is tempted away from martyrdom, from the burden of being God's only Son, into living the life of a man - lusting after women, getting married, having children, growing old, dying a man.

The consideration that this last temptation is inspired by the Devil - and then rejected as such by Christ - has of course been lost amid the collective cries of those who wish that that aspect of the historical Jesus not be explored.

Whether *The Last Temptation of Christ* survives as a work of art is thankfully not up the censorious censures of the conservatives, but up to time and the acceptance of civilised individuals.

WHY DID THE
SHOW GO ON?



A UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE THEATRE GUILD JUBILEE PRODUCTION

DIRECTED BY PETER GOERS

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 4, at 6.00pm & 8.00pm ♦ SATURDAY NOVEMBER 5, at 6.00pm & 8.00pm

LITTLE THEATRE, UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

TICKETS: \$6.00/\$5.00 BOOKINGS: BASS OR 228 5999

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE THEATRE GUILD GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES THE SUPPORT OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE FOUNDATION

POSTER DESIGN: DAVID MURTAGH

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY COMPUTERS

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

AUSTUDY 1989. Austudy has moved. The new address is: Austudy Tertiary, Department of Employment, Education and Training, 5th Floor, Da Costa Building, 68 Grenfell Street, Adelaide. Telephone: (08) 224 6433; (009) 112338 (toll free country students).

All continuing students will receive a form in the mail. If you haven't received one by December, pick one up from Austudy or from your local CES office.

You are encouraged to apply as soon as you know your results. The quicker you get your application processed, the quicker you get your money.

Remember, with the new semesterisation system, that each subject you choose next year will have a points weighting. You must have a minimum of 9 points in each semester to qualify for Austudy. You will be ineligible for Austudy if you have less than 9 points in a semester.

If you have any problems come and see the EWO's. We will be here in the holidays and may be able to help you.

Maria Schuman (EWO)

Just Defence Seminar. Saturday, November 5th at 1 pm (till about 4.30 pm), Catholic Diocesan Centre, Wakefield Street (behind St Xavier's Cathedral).

This seminar, organised by the Quakers Peace Group, will explore alternative defence strategies for Australia. The impressive list of speakers includes:

Kym Beazley (Minister of Defence), Senator Jo Vallentine, Ken Davidson (Correspondent for the Melbourne Age), Peter Jones (Research Assistant to Jo Vallentine). For more details phone Barrie Halerow: 278 2710.

Update. The South Australian Branch of SANA is to produce the December issue of SANA's national newsletter, Update. We would welcome contributions on matters of interest to SANA members. These should be with us by November 1st. Help with typing would also be much

appreciated. If you are able to help or to contribute an article phone 271 6082.

End of Year Social. This will be the last SANA newsletter of 1988, so please put the date of November 27th for the End of Year Social in your diary. We shall be going to a restaurant in Adelaide, so if you are interested in coming along, call Laurie Campbell a few days before.

20 YEARS OF CHILD CARE. As a kid, did you attend "The Nursery" (Gilberton) or "The Centre" (Rose Park) that are child care establishments run by the University of Adelaide Preschool and Nursery Centre Inc. The Association will be celebrating its 20th Anniversary in February 1989. If you would like to be on the mailing list for celebration information, please contact one of the following people: Margaret Hosking (BSL, ext 5069 or home ph 332 8826); Pat Henlow (332 1791); Kate Lewis (344 8963). Come along and meet some old friends!!!

FOR SALE. Fender Telecaster, USA model, \$900. Ovation Acoustic-Electric \$650. "Acoustic" 50W amplifier - suit guitar or keyboards \$450. Ph: 269 7223.

OBSERVERS TO NUS COUNCIL. The Students' Association is entitled to send observers to the Annual Conference of the National Union of Students at Ballarat CAE (December 12-16, 1988). Any student interested in applying for observer status must do so in writing by Friday 4th November. Applications should be made to John Ridgway, SAUA President.

Appointment of observers will be made at the meeting of SAUA Council convened at 6.15 pm, Thursday 10th November. Please see John Ridgway for more information.

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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.

WOMEN AND POLITICAL ACTION FORUM. Women getting it together at Glandore Community Centre, 25 Naldera, Saturday November 26th.

1 pm. \$2/4.
Workshops on - Education, work, TU's, sexuality, feminist theory, aboriginal issues, welfare, immigration, environmental issues.

Wheelchair access - sign language interpreter. For creche ring 364 0036 by November 19th.

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DanceWORKS

"...one of the
dance highlights
of the year"
- The Bulletin



*Nanette Hissell
David Gordon
Sue Hezley*

FANCY DANCING!
FEATURING MUSIC BY GONDWANALAND

ADELAIDE

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November 9th-12th 8:30pm • Tickets \$15, \$9
BOOKINGS: Bass or Dial N'Charge
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NO-ONE, AND WE MEAN NO-ONE, CAN TURN IT ON LIKE "THE COLONEL"!



At The Colonel Light Hotel there are three things we'll guarantee you won't get — ordinary beer, average food and lousy bands.

We've worked hard at brewing one of the best beers you'll ever taste and



put it together with the kind of food you'd travel miles for.

And the quality of our bands speak for themselves. Just look who we've got playing this week!

The Colonel Light Hotel — definitely not your average pub!

THU. 3: FOOLING THE FAT MAN
FRI. 4: THE BLUES HEELERS
SAT. 5: THIS HOUSE IS JUMPING



The Colonel Light Hotel
Light Square, Adelaide. Telephone 231 4044

Lion Beers on tap.

PHANTASMAGORIA

The last

Here it is, the final edition - the last, the ultimate, the end. No more Phantas. But I'm sure you'll all get over it.

And I'm sure you've all got your jollies knowing that editions 20 and 21 have been totally computerised.

Watch it

Something to watch out for next year. Rumours afloat say there will be yet another campaign against complete editorial discretion for On Dit and B&C. While these campaign always lose, a body of support is needed to ensure



Final chance

This week is your very last chance to pick up Siesta tickets. Rumour has it that the M rating of this movie is because you get to see Isabella Rossilini in her knickers. Quite worthwhile if you ask me. But get in quick.

Missed out

You have missed out on the chance to win the U2 album, so bad luck - it seems as though all good things must come to an end.

they do. Start waving your banners.

Challenge

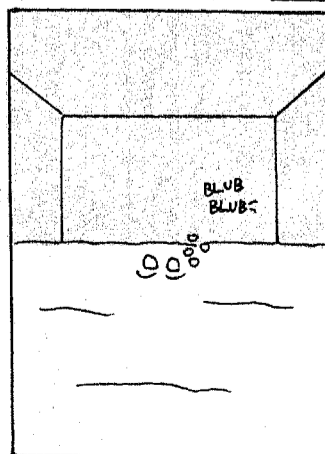
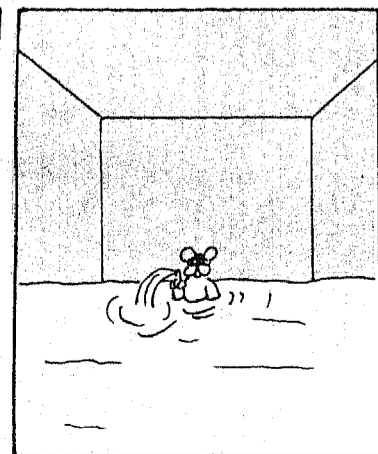
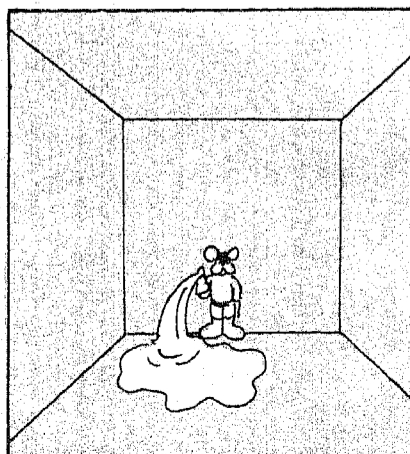
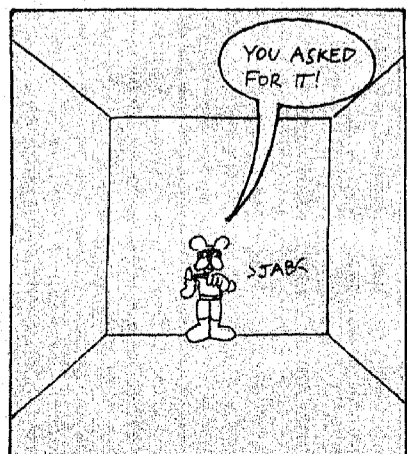
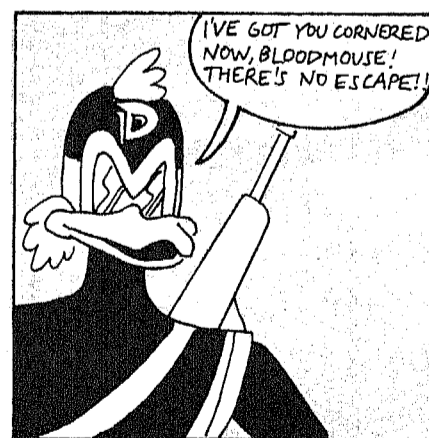
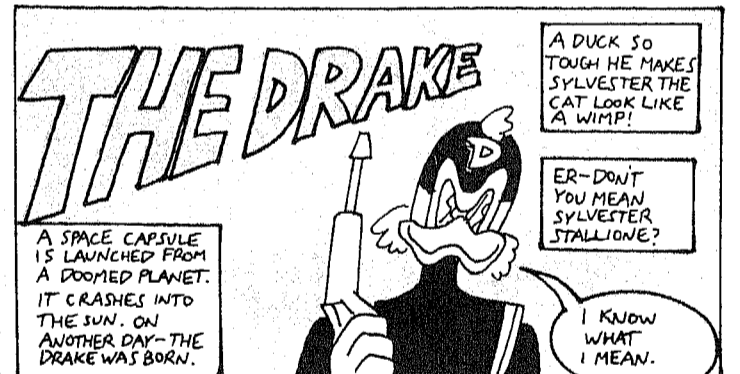
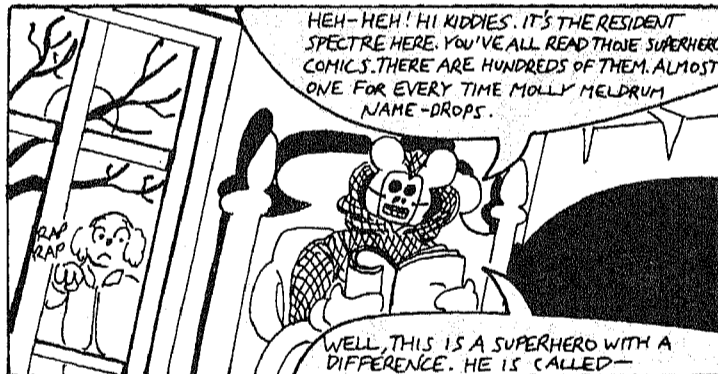
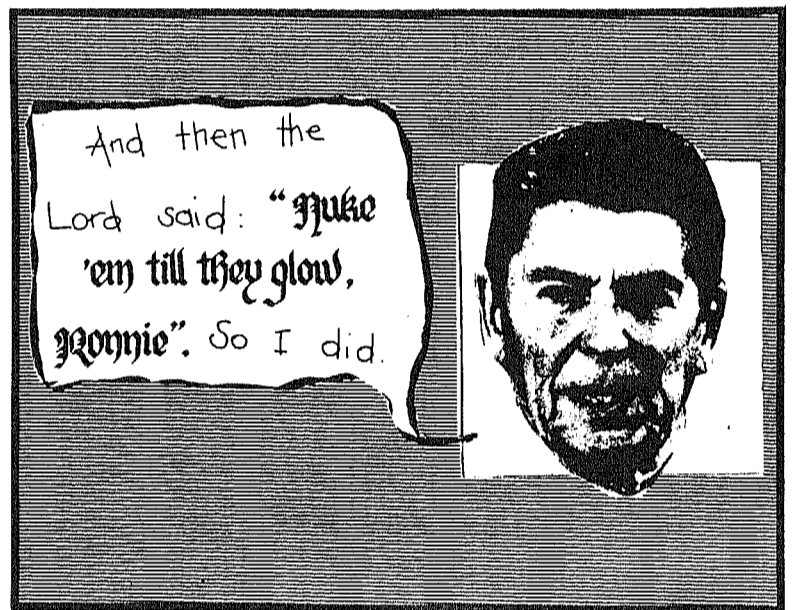
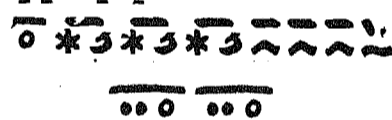
Adelaide Uni didn't look too good in last year's University Challenge, but they are brave enough to try again. Paul Black, Andrew Southcott and Christine Sloan can be seen on your TV at 8pm, this Thursady. Apparently the Flinders team (who did quite well last year) didn't put up a fight this time around.



Tell me it's not true

Remember the outrageous sight of two writhing, naked bodies under the 5UV stairs reported on the page in second term? well, we received an anonymous note exposing the people involved.

Their initials, apparently, are AP and JD. What, John Dawkins and Andrew Peacock, in the raw, on this very campus? I can't believe it.



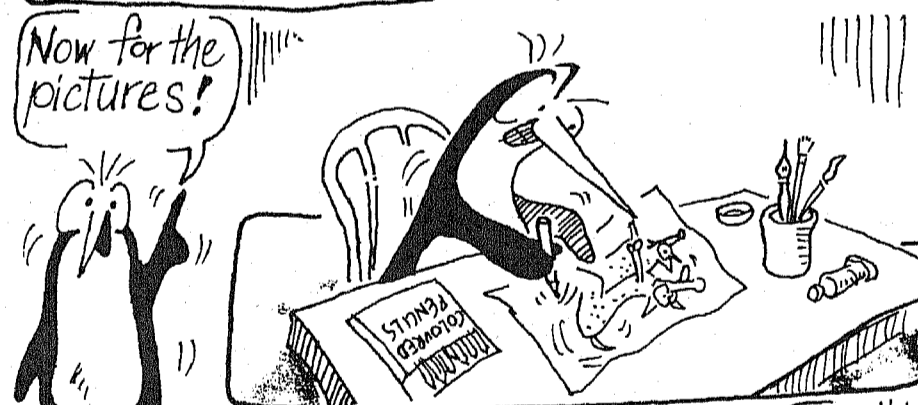
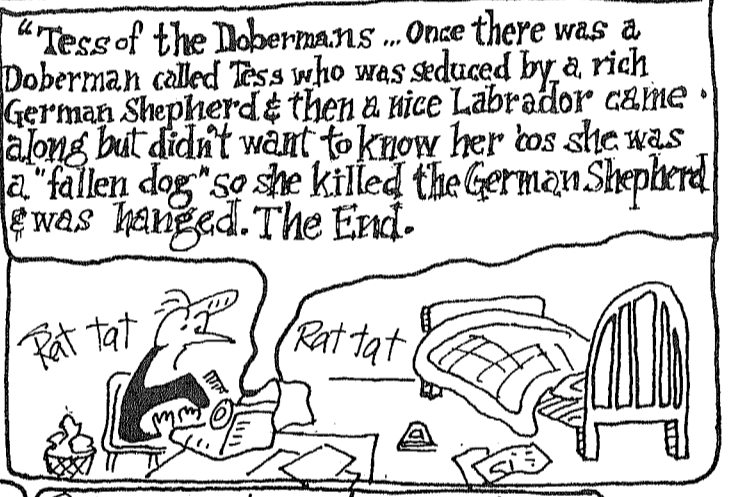
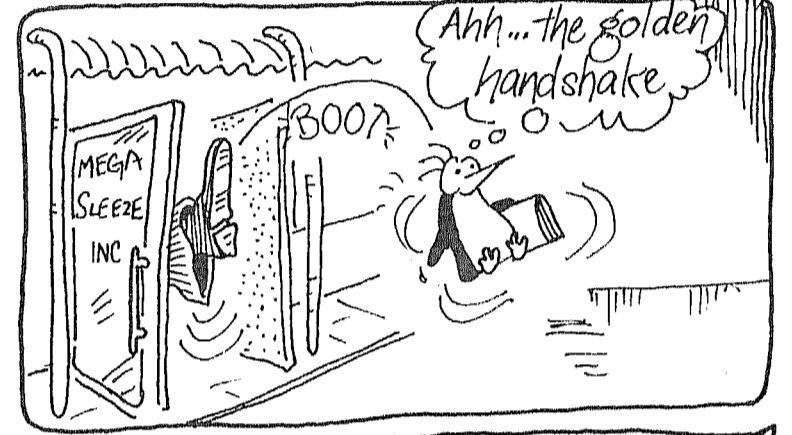
THE FALL & RISE OF RUDI

"TESS OF THE DOBERMANS"

HI KIDS! As our story opens, we find that it's some years since Rudi Penguin left Uni. We find him hard at work in one of those obscure jobs that graduates get, highly regarded, but of no real consequence...



A string of failed relationships behind him, a future of 9 to 5 ahead, Rudi is far from being the happy-go-lucky little penguin of his University days...



So Rudi finally achieved enormous wealth & became incredibly famous & got invited to lots of groovy parties...



MORAL! If you are part of an obscure minority, then, Nobel Prize-wise, you've got it made...

MEANWHILE, in Stockholm...

Your week by the stars



with
Karma
Happening

Scorpio (October 24 to November 22)

A matter that has raised uncertainty or apprehension concerning a business arrangement or your situation at work is clearing, and by November 5 you will be overjoyed by a final solution. This Saturday, put a week's wages on the first horse in race six at Victoria Park. It can't lose. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Sagittarius (November 23 to December 22)

A top ranking personal or financial issue you have tried to side-step since June will have to be faced on November 5, as you have reached the end of your patience, or very simply wish to find out just where you stand. This Saturday, put \$500 on the second horse in race six at Victoria Park. It's a sure thing. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Capricorn (December 23 to January 20)

You will be amazed by a pleasant upturn in your private life, a meeting or a favour on Saturday PM. On November 5, put this month's house payment on the third horse in race six at Victoria Park. It's a cert. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Aquarius (January 21 to February 19)

Someone who made such a great impression on your last week or a project which caught your attention could slide within reach in a most unusual or lucky way by November 5. This Saturday, put all your housekeeping money on the fourth horse in race six at Victoria Park. I know it looks like a donkey, but I've fixed it with a couple of mates. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Pisces (February 20 to March 20)

Someone from your past could be in touch on Saturday PM, which is delightful for socialising or reviewing a complex plan, as you could come up with an ingenious idea. On November 5, use all your credit cards to back the fifth horse in race six at Victoria Park. It'll be home by lengths. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Aries (March 21 to April 20)

If various complications in the past few weeks have slowed you down, either on personal or professional levels, you will find it easier to handle various matters as people rally to your cause on November 5, however make sure you do not demolish your chances by a rash statement. This Saturday, overdraw your cheque account and put \$500 on the sixth horse in race six at Victoria Park. Send ten per cent of your winnings.

Taurus (April 20 to May 20)

You could be in a sentimental mood on Saturday, which outlines a charming message, fascinating revelations or an unusual bargain if shopping. This Saturday, sell your car and put the money on the seventh horse in race six at Victoria Park. You won't regret it. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Gemini (May 21 to June 21)

A burning issue you have analysed in depth for a long time but failed to resolve could suddenly take you off guard on November 5, and you may find it impossible to deal with it rationally. This Saturday, hock the furniture and bet the lot on the eighth horse in race six at Victoria Park. No worries. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Cancer (June 23 to July 24)

You can proceed confidently with meetings or a special chore on Saturday. If single, you may be delighted to hear from that certain someone in the afternoon. On November 5, put your shirt on the ninth horse in race six at Victoria Park. You'll be a winner. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Leo (July 4 to August 23)

A visit from a relative or an outing you postponed along with a project last week is still on top of your agenda with a major success and a swift completion near November 5. This Saturday, rob a bank and put the loot on the tenth horse in race six at Victoria Park. You'll be an instant millionaire. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Virgo (August 24 to September 23)

This week marks the last chapter of a difficult cycle of vexations, disappointments and obstacles that have obscured your life in the past few years. This Saturday, snatch the payroll at work and bet it on the eleventh horse in race six at Victoria Park. Jackpot! Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

Libra (September 24 to October 23)

Life will be considerably brighter next Saturday, with more outings, frequent visitors and a few trips out of town. If single, this could mark the beginning of a delicious romance or bring you a proposal of marriage. Buy a printing press and forge \$100 bills. On November 5, go to the racecourse and bet it all on the last horse in race six at Victoria and bet it all on the last horse in race six at Victoria Park. We'll get rich together. Send ten per cent of your winnings to me.

CELESTE A REAL GOER!

By Randii Highlife

Astonishing revelations and a riot of rumour and speculation have followed the surprise engagement announcement of two Adelaide celebrities.

Well-known reviewer and arts commentator, Mr Peter Goers, will marry the eccentric recluse and gossip columnist, Miss Celeste Chalfonte, daughter of the founder of the famous Chalfonte nightwear and accessories empire.

The liaison is thought to have begun shortly after Mr Goers wrote in a letter to the Adelaide University newspaper *On Dit* that he would like to have a baby by Miss Chalfonte.

But a onetime Chalfonte family physician says this may not be possible since he performed sex change operations on both of them nearly ten years ago.

Dr Cliff Hanger came out of Chalfonte-financed exile to tell *The Tickler* that Mr Goers had been born Peta, and that Celeste had once been a contender for the 1972 Australian Olympic men's weightlifting team.

"Peta's operation was a shame", said Dr Hanger. "She had a great singing voice".

"The Chalfonte family made her have it done after the butler caught Peta and Celeste kissing under the mistletoe one Christmas. Grandma Chalfonte was a real puritan", he said.

"Peta was taken in by the Chalfontes as a serving girl, when her migrant gipsy parents tried to sell her as a slave. And when Grandma caught them she threatened to disown Peta if she didn't have it done."

"And then, when Celeste turned 18 she had the operation done too, to get even".



Celeste was always named Celeste even when she was a boy, according to Dr Hanger.

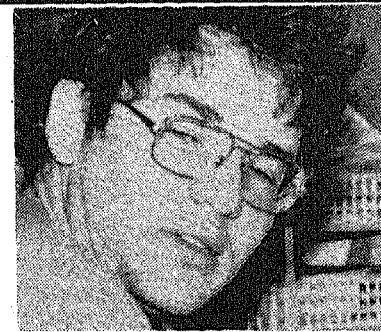
Suggestions from sources close to the pair include the possibility that the ceremony, planned for next

Saturday, can be considered to be a shotgun wedding.

Despite Dr Hanger's prediction Mr Goers is convinced he is pregnant, friends of the couple say.



In halcyon days



The morning after



Final illness

Finally at rest

MUSSARED, David Keith Llewellyn - Died slowly of boredom in Canberra after a particularly dull weekend on 31/10/88. Sadly missed by publicans everywhere. Rest in purgatory.

Mr Mussared's long time friend and associate, **Mr Gary U. Nickorn**, remembers "a beer bottle without a bottom":

My first sight of David K. L. "Muz" Mussared was of a short, squinting midget peering pugnaciously at me through the smoke and noise of the Union bar. A moment later my red and blue vertical striped sweater bore the hue of a yellowish green sludge and Muz lay prostrate upon the floor - a position I associated with him even at his funeral.

OBITUARY

I can claim a modest role in the beginnings of his distinguished literary career, having encouraged him to contribute his first poetical juvenilia to the pages of this esteemed rag.

Little then did I foresee the accomplished wit of "Brass Orchids", the savage editorial scalpel in *On Dit* or the eminent political correspondent of latter days.

On Dit alumni recall the eloquent rhetoric of his Friday night harangues, the piercing judgement of his news sense, and his deft skill on the Headliner (which still bears the D. K. L. Mussared memorial dent, sustained when once used as a

shotput).

The chaotic state of the On Dit layout room during 1983 was tribute to an indefatigable industry, that in its single minded determination to get things done perhaps lost sight of the ever-growing and enclosing whirlpool of entropy.

But David was never happier than when relaxing in the front bar with a beer. He once compared his capacity to absorb beer to a camel's ability to carry sustenance in its hump.

Truly he was a beer bottle without a bottom. And if today, in a flight of whimsy, we were to imagine his rotund frame metamorphosing imperceptibly into an oak cask, I do not think he would object.

Vale D. K. L. M.
Bibere Multos Bacchus.

HAWKE WILL COME HOME BY A BIG HEAD

A TIPSTER'S GUIDE TO AUSTRALIA'S PREMIER RAT RACE

Your guide to the Melbourne Saucer

Bob Hawke - out of The Lodge by Next Year.

Seasoned contender with advantage in close finishes because of oversized head.

John Button - out of Trouble by Not Being Found Out

Stamina doubtful after Port Adelaide Cup, when jumped fence and mixed with fillies from rival stable.

Paul Keating - out of Touch by Rich Mates

Clocks up a real good time. Travels well over this distance with generous allowances.

Irina Dunn - out of Home by Next Week

No running ability, but could win on protest.

Robert Wood - out of The Senate by Pommy Descent

Scratched on quarantine advice.

John Cornwall - out of A Job by Loud Mouth

Scratched after a stewards' inquiry.

John Bannon - out of Trouble by No Opposition.

Yawn.

John Howard - out of The Race by Sheer Incompetence.

Forget it.

Wilson Tuckey - parentage doubtful.

No ability, but could win on knock out. Steward's swab positive for Bubonic plague.

Andrew Peacock - out of The Pool by Peeping

Well-groomed, with shiny coat, but a little long in the tooth, and way too long in the solarium.

Ian Sinclair - out of Penury by Signature.

Slippery contender. Will run flat out in the wrong direction.

Jeff Kennett - out of Office by Four Seats.

Came frighteningly close to winning Victoria stakes despite foot-in-mouth handicap.

Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen - out of Court by The Skin of His Teeth.

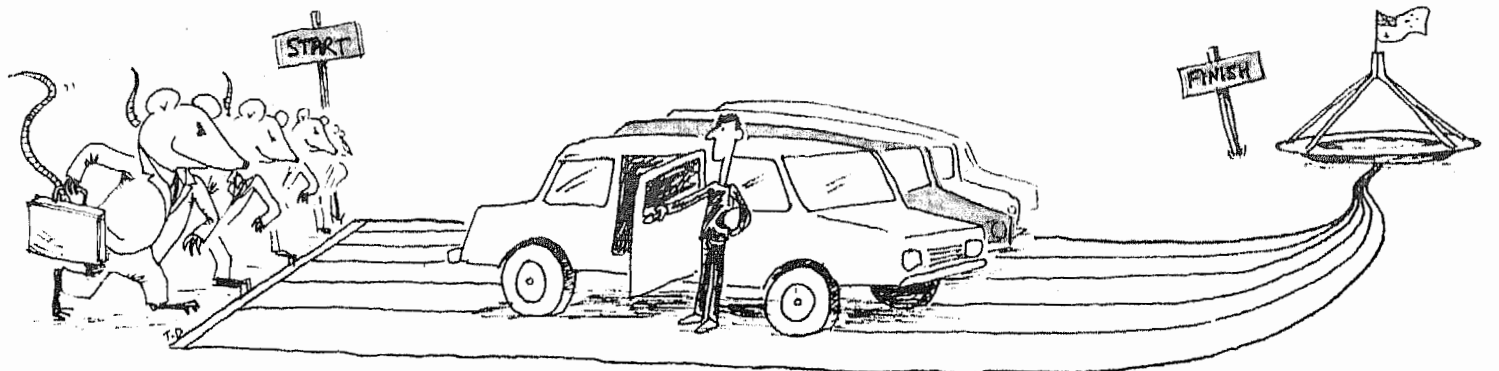
Burned-out nag, but could improve if blinkers removed.

Robin Millhouse - out of The Democrats by Bad Judgement.

Scratched after taking steward's job.

Stan Evans - out of Contention by Suspicious Circumstances

Unexplained stable fire may have ruined chances.



Farnarkeller stripped

Olympic farnarkelling champion **Dave Sorenson** has been stripped of his gold medal and banned for life after he admitted to taking drugs.

Sorenson was forced to admit that he had taken steroids after a random breast test revealed that he used to be a woman.

And in an exclusive tell-all interview with the Tickler, Sorenson's estranged wife has revealed that the star farnarkeller began taking drugs at the age of 7 as a schoolgirl in Adelaide's western suburbs.

"At first it was just coke and crack, but as she got older she got onto the

really hard stuff," Mrs Sorenson said.

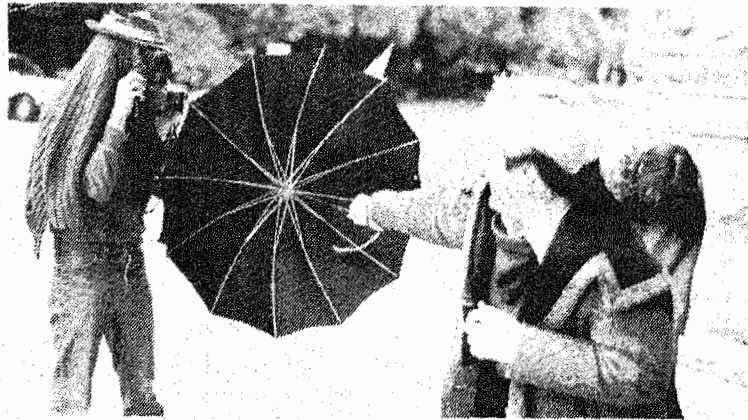
"When she was 10 she tried steroids and by 15 she really was one of the boys.

"At 18 he took up farnarkelling and went straight to the top. This is a terrible blow for him. Farnarkelling is his life."

Sorenson's shocked team-mates yesterday expressed their disbelief at the revelations.

"Fuck me dead! I shared a room with him - or was it her - in Seoul and I had no idea," exclaimed fellow arklor Wayne Bruce.

"She just threw herself around the grommet like the rest of us."



Mr? Sorenson fights off the media

KYLIE MOLE TIPPED TO PLAY FULLBACK FOR COLLINGWOOD

POLO PONIES IN OUTBACK LOVE TRYST

CHESS MASTERS ORGY SCANDAL: 2 DEAD, 3 MISSING

** PIX INSIDE **

HI-JUMPERS CHANGE ROOM HI-JINKS - PIX

