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on dit

Volume 53 Number 21



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AND THE MANCINI BROTHERS!

50 hogging the limelight

While all the poor students sit around contemplating exams, an *On dit* editor with twenty editions under his belt can afford to contemplate his navel and his newspaper.

Mostly I'm bloody dissatisfied with myself and enormously impressed by most of the people around me.

If I haven't done what I wanted to, then the volunteers who actually write the paper have excelled themselves in a way which papered over some of the cracks. Unpaid hacks, dedicated lunatics, all give up a great deal of time to produce these pages when they should by rights be writing essays, drinking beer or sleeping. They write about Rik Mayall and Susan Ryan and Michael J. Fox and Martha Davis and Greg Mackay, fees and *Mad Max* and dolphins and suicide and rip-offs and singles. They draw pictures, lay out pages, give solace and suggestions. Thanks. I could say a lot more, but I hope to say it to you face to face and one by one. I'm not quite so consumed by ego as to think you did it for me; I admire you because you did it for the paper.

Best of all in 1985 was the sight of so many new faces in a newspaper office which, as another ex-editor put it, had been "surviving on the same old bunch of people for three or four years." Many of that mob have now moved on, but their places are being filled by promising new talents who learn quickly. I hope that process continues.

These people have restored my personal faith in *On dit's* direction in the past four years. We know what we should be doing - a mixture of articles short and long about events on and off campus, serious and weird and amusing, the straight reports and the stories on nights at the wrestling, all spiced with cartoons and wrapped between colourful covers. We just need more than 1985 has been able to provide.

A few 1985 achievements besides the new faces: tight layout, an absence of political bias (mostly ... but then there was the SAUA page), more colour, a budget surplus, a series on fifteen years' worth of campus changes which worked out better than I'd ever hoped. I wished I'd stirred a bit more; the campus needs it rather badly.

I enjoyed it as I hope my co-conspirators did, even though it gave me a great deal of pain in the first two terms - never more so than when 3,000 *On dits* went up in flames at the hands of a disgruntled advertiser seven hours after the last of us hacks had fallen into bed knackered from the effort of laying it out.

The short list of people to be thanked is not that short...

The ever-cheerful **Graham Hastings**, for devotion above and beyond the watchamacallit in the early months of the year, for news and features and 4 am layout, ambience music and keeping Peter Sobey out of the editorial hair.

The unbearably lively **Moya Dodd**, for that campus phenomenon *Where It's At*, no women's soccer articles and keeping her omnipresent ego within bounds while she goaded me to do better.

Mark Davis for encouragement, advice and example.

Jenni Lans, for all of that plus bright makeup, weekly tidying and masses of wonderful, morale-boosting cheer for editor and writers alike. Lucky Xavier.

Muz, for encouragement, example, no makeup and a shave last month just before he last went to bed, plus those horrible 7.15 phone calls (and to G'hurt for not peeing on the papers).

Jo Davis. A marvel.

David Israel produced money and Ron Tomlian produced covers, both in large amounts.

Jaci Wiley advised, goaded and even wrote between essays, while

Brian Abbey wrote lucidly on politics, proving again that academics can mix it with the students in a uni rag. **Adrian** waited.

Peter Meehan laid out quietly, drew, and made the rest of us feel somehow much better. **Peter Reeves** was brilliant in six-hour bursts.

Then there were the Young Ones: "Phlegmatic Man" **Paul T. Washington** with the marvellous name and the capacity for swimming in the deep end; **Joe Penhall** and **Jamie Skinner** who organised whole pages; **Justine Bradney**, whose competence inspired us to attempt the first *On dit* three-colour cover; **Jon Nolan**, the newshand; **Alison Mahoney** who just did it while we sat around; **Graham Lugsden**, who found his feet and **Mathew Gibson** who would have found his in a week or two.

There were also the Old Ones: **Gleeson**, who told us how colourful we were and wrote the world's latest story; **Tim Dodd**, who wrote the world's latest column; and **James Williamson**, who smiled, got married and smiled even more.

Dino DiRosa blasted every film he saw out of the water in long, elegant paragraphs, **Ronan Moore** kept the theatre pieces coming, **Andrew Stewart** churned out rock in first and second terms, **Mike Gibson** interviewed dragon-ladies, **Robert Clark** got Greg Mackay offside (no bad thing) and churned out good copy just ahead of outlandish deadlines, **David Ballantyne** did his darkroom thing, **Alex Hancock** lent a shutter, a smile and even an article. Meanwhile, somewhere in West Lakes...

...the comic strip which came under the door on Saturday mornings belonged to somebody obsessed with posteriors, who might very well be **Troy Dangerfield**.

Also in there scribbling were **Tom Morton** and his word processor (but not his deadline machine - never mind, it was bloody alright when we got it), **Richard Wilson** (now the expert on refectory food and your pocket) and **Ron Fergusson** who kept an eye on the academics after **Michelle Clark** had intimidated an entire library.

Phillipa Schroder lusted after negro dancers while **David Bevan** and **Tricia Hensley** were defeated by the remoteness of their respective campuses. **Richard Ogier** was also defeated, if only for a while, by a now rather damaged stobie pole somewhere on the Parade. Whenever anyone visited his hospital bed he was surrounded by women...

Athens helped less directly and just as usefully: **Heinz Roth**, who finally escaped the tyranny of the student politicians; **Ian Withall**, who didn't yet still looked cheerful (David Israel kept him happy); **Mhairi MacPherson** who let us buy things; **Devin Clementi**, who offered droll advice; the people behind the SAO desk who put up with a tense editor; **Tony Snell**, who was a student politician but not a pain in the arse (just a Liberal).

Norm Greet survived *On dit* and **Alex Castles** helped us survive defamation, university bureaucracy, copy shortages and other things which can't be mentioned here. **Barbara** appeared in third term to proof-read the paper.

Brenda Wilton saved an editor's sanity and offered the best possible advice.

To all the others I've missed and those who offered small favours and kindnesses during the year - thanks.

And to thousands of readers whose act of kindness in deciding the thing was worth reading, spilling coffee on and lining budgie cages with was the nicest happening of the year, my appreciation. Without you, none of us would have been able to do it.

- David Walker

Peace studies boost terrorism, says spook

A former intelligence analyst said last week that he couldn't imagine a better way to de-stabilize the West "than to subvert education by peace studies."

Pat Jacobs, author of a new book *Operation Peace Studies: War in the Classroom*, has attacked primary and secondary school peace courses as undercutting "the right of children to develop the issue themselves". They also undercut "the complex relation between parents and children," he said.

"It can only alienate students from their parents, from their schools and from society. That in turn will intensify political alienation and that does lead to a subculture for terrorism in our societies."

Pat Jacobs is not the author's real name; only his publishers know his true identity, though the public is

being told that he has a special interest in political terrorism and subversion and that he researched and analysed documents for three months before writing his book. A union spokesperson who denied Jacob's claims commented that it was "strange to respond to somebody whose real identity we don't know". But Jacobs says conventions followed by writers of his background and a desire to prevent the issue becoming personalised prevent him revealing his true persona.

These matters don't prevent Jacobs from being critical of peace studies. "It doesn't call for reflection, thought, individual effort or understanding. It is just recycling of certain key points."

"I don't think children should be used as educational, social experi-

ments." And the intricacies of East-West diplomacy are too much for students to understand.

"It's an unfair educational load on students, especially at primary level. It's unforgivable. It's just blatant brainwashing. It's morally and ethically unacceptable."

"There's no evidence of any kind at all that men and women are basically peaceful. The underlying fallacy of peace studies is that if you teach students how to be peaceful they will be peaceful."

He added that the method of teaching peace studies would make students less loyal to parents, teachers and country.

And he was concerned that real social problems and injustices such as working-class unemployment were being overlooked.

\$2.3 million each minute

COMMENT - BRIAN ABBEY

Recently I received a draft copy of the curriculum for a Politics course that's going to be introduced in Year 12 in South Australian secondary schools. It's proposed that the course will start in 1987 and it has been prepared under the guidance of an expert party of social science teachers in the South Australian Education Department. It appears to be quite an impressive course, one that is long overdue for introduction into our schools.

At about the same time I noticed, in the press, news of the publication of the annual survey of world expenditures on armaments prepared by the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute. This is a well-respected institute and analysts all around the world look forward to the publication by SIPRI of the latest news about the arms race.

When I say we look forward to its publication each year, it's not because we're expecting any good news. This year was no exception: we learnt that in 1984 the combined total military expenditures of all countries was \$A1,208,000 million. That's an increase of four per cent over 1983.

Figures of this magnitude are pretty hard to interpret in day-to-day terms. They tend to run away with us, perhaps to blind us. Think about it this way. The world total arms bill is between five and six times Australia's estimated GDP for 1985-6. That works out at about \$2.3 million each minute. This expenditure and the combined cumulative expenditure that has preceded it has been enough to produce something like four to five tonnes of high explosive for every man, woman and child on this planet.

An even more striking way of translating these figures is to realise that if we started spending money at the same rate on providing clean, safe water supplies for all people in the world, it has been estimated we'd have achieved that goal after only five days. And if we decided to spend at the same rate in bringing direct food aid to hungry people all around the world it appears it would take us less than three days to eradicate the immediate threat of starvation. If we decided to spend at the same rate on supplying primary schools and teacher training so that everybody in the world could have a basic primary education it would take us three days to achieve that. If we wanted to ensure that family planning services and adequate maternal health services were available to every person in the world we would only have to spend at that rate for one-and-a-half days. It is a chilling comparison.

Whether you think this vast arms expenditure each year is due to extraordinary human stupidity or whether you think it's all in aid of the preservation of entrenched and sinister interests is another discus-

sion. However you explain it, the arms race looks to me like a catalogue of folly and, increasingly, a recipe for our destruction.

Thinking about this, I decided to turn back to the secondary Politics curriculum to see what a student who'd taken that course would have learned about the arms race and about associated problems. I found in the curriculum three sections which would bear on the problem. The first one is on international political organisations; it helps the student to understand the purpose and performance so far of organizations like the United Nations, for example. The second unit that would be useful covers superpower relations since 1940 and the third is called "The Politics of Arms Control". To me they look good.

The question of what, if anything, schools should be doing about peace studies is a very vexed one. It attracts strong views, both for and against. On the one hand, parents and teachers and groups from churches and teachers unions in many countries have been working for quite a few years on developing peace studies curricula. Much has been done in Australia. I have seen quite a few locally-produced resource kits and curriculum outlines designed to help teachers introduce peace studies into their secondary schools.

There seem to be two approaches. One of them focuses on the immediate need for disarmament and proceeds by exposing young people to the horrors that would flow from a nuclear war if one were to be touched off. The other sort of approach attempts to explain why the arms race operates as it does. It looks at all the causes of human aggression and conflict and attempts to teach the student what sorts of things we need to do to remove the primary cause of war. Whatever the differences in approach in all of these curricula and kits and so forth, they all seem to agree that it is pointless educating children for the future if we don't teach them about the principal threat to that very future.

These groups have met with quite a deal of opposition. They have come in for some very sharp, stinging criticism, particularly here in Australia in the last year or two. They've been attacked in journals like *Quadrant* and through the education columns of *The Australian* and in other publications and media presentations.

The criticisms seem to be mainly these. The critics see peace studies as having a one-sided political motivation; in short they think it's a communist or left-wing plot of some sort. They claim that students of peace studies would never be adequately informed about the menace that the critics believe world communism presents to us.

The second sort of criticism is that peace studies and an introduction to

the horrors of war may well weaken young people's attachment to their country at a time when, to be realistic, it may still be necessary for these same young people to be sent off to fight in theatres of war, near or distant.

And the third criticism suggests that peace studies or anything of that sort is educationally unsound. It goes on to say that the topic is necessarily one that arouses very strong emotions and is not therefore a suitable means of teaching people clear, logical analysis.

For my part - although I think that peace studies or anything similar would need to be introduced into schools in a very careful way - I can't agree at all with the criticisms that I've just been speaking about.

As to the political bias criticism: surely the remedy is open development and debate about curriculum outlines and about the materials to be used in schools, not suppression of the topic. Surely we shouldn't turn away from the problem because there is the risk of political bias: we should learn to counter any bias that may appear.

As to weakening people's patriotism: it does not necessarily follow that making people more aware of the antecedents and costs of war will make them less prepared to fight for a good cause, should it be necessary. It seems more likely to me that they will, however, be doubly vigilant in defence of peace and more alert to the growth of the forces which undermine it.

And as to it being educationally unsound to study emotionally-laden topics like this - well, I can't buy that one at all. I happen to think that young people (in fact, people of all ages) tend to learn best, tend to give their best attention and their best effort, when the subject matter is something that they recognise as being of real emotional and practical significance for them. If we're going to keep emotionally-laden matters out of the school curriculum then we're going to shield the young always from the matters of greatest significance for the community that we are preparing them to live in. Once again the appropriate remedy is open public debate of what's to be taught and how it is to be taught.

Ultimately, as with all such debates, you'll have to make up your own mind about where you stand, but it might be worth remembering that by my calculations while you've been reading this the world has spent nearly \$7 million on continuing the arms race. I don't mind telling you where I stand as an educator. I'm with the Japanese Teachers' Union. After all, who knows better than the Japanese the horrors of modern war? They thought it important enough to write into their constitution that "we'll never again teach our children to go to war".

This article is an edited transcript of a UVV broadcast by Brian Abbey.

Kiwi right trying to keep gays closeted

Those who believe that New Zealand is a bastion of progressive views on such issues as nuclear ships are in for a shock: nearly 40 per cent of voting Kiwis have signed an anti-homosexual petition.

Homosexual activity is illegal in New Zealand, and a Labor Party member's bill for its decriminalization has touched off wild debate and a highly organized conservative campaign.

Members of the right-wing National Party have begun to turn against the bill as a result of a carefully organized campaign led by an Auckland builder, Keith Hay.

In his efforts to keep gay people outlawed, Hay has placed newspaper advertisements which cry: "New Zealand be warned. Stop the killer disease AIDS. The homosexual lifestyle is a death style."

Hay's petition is centred on parliamentary electorates in an effort to pressure politicians into defeating the bill, the *Guardian* newspaper said last week. It added that the petition is the centre of a growing campaign targeting politicians who are perceived as "loose on moral questions."

A new political bloc which observers say is the fastest-growing in the

country, the Moral Right, has emerged as the issue has grown and the petition has attracted signatures. Last month 800 flag-waving hymn-singers delivered 91 boxes of signatures to the top of the Parliament House steps. The boxes bore labels declaring "The People Have Spoken"; their bearers sang "Amazing Grace" and wore red-white-and-blue sashes declaring them to be "For God, for Family, for Country."

So far Hay's petition has attracted some 831,000 signatures, and it is receiving vigorous support from groups such as the US Moral Majority and the new home-grown Coalition of Concerned Citizens.

An Auckland University political expert, Dr Barry Gustafson, has warned that such a campaign could be supplied with unimaginable human and financial resources by right-wing groups.

Keith Hay already boasts of "a network which even the police and the security services haven't got."

He adds, "I could tell that's going on in every part of New Zealand just by lifting the phone."

Hay has now set up a body called Exodus which aims to "reform" homosexuals, but few are coming forward. This saddens Hay's forgiving soul. "We want to help these

homosexuals," he says, "yet they don't want to be helped. All we can do is pray."

But more than just praying is going on in the New Zealand Parliament.

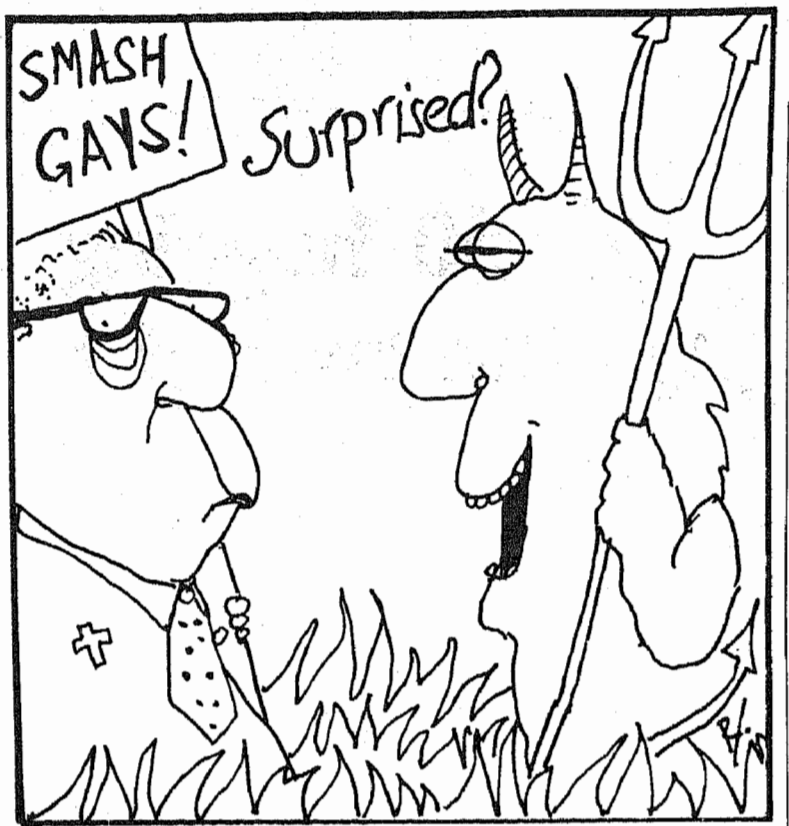
"All I know," National MP Norman Jones told the House, "is that if the Good Lord wanted us to procreate the race through the rear, he would have put the womb down there. We are not animals." Jones's views on oral sex have not yet been reported.

Parliament-goers and newspaper readers are also being treated to details and pictures of rectal injuries, supposedly sustained during gay sex. National Party MPs have told tales of "unbelievably crude acts."

Fran Wilde, the Labor MP who placed the decriminalisation bill before Parliament, has received a carefully written letter from an Auckland Christian calling her "a revolting slut."

"If I were in power," it reads, "I would birch you publically until you lapsed into unconsciousness."

Wilde is not yet in danger of being birched, and her bill is likely to pass by a slender majority, abolishing the provisions for a 14-year gaol sentence for private homosexual acts, but amendments are likely to prevent a lowering of the age of consent to 16. The age may even be raised to as



high as 20.

Wilde is also advancing factual arguments in an attempt to undermine the current hysteria, but she has been surprised by the "sheer obsessionism" of the campaign against her and her bill.

"The arguments are so emotional; it's very difficult to counter them", she reflects.

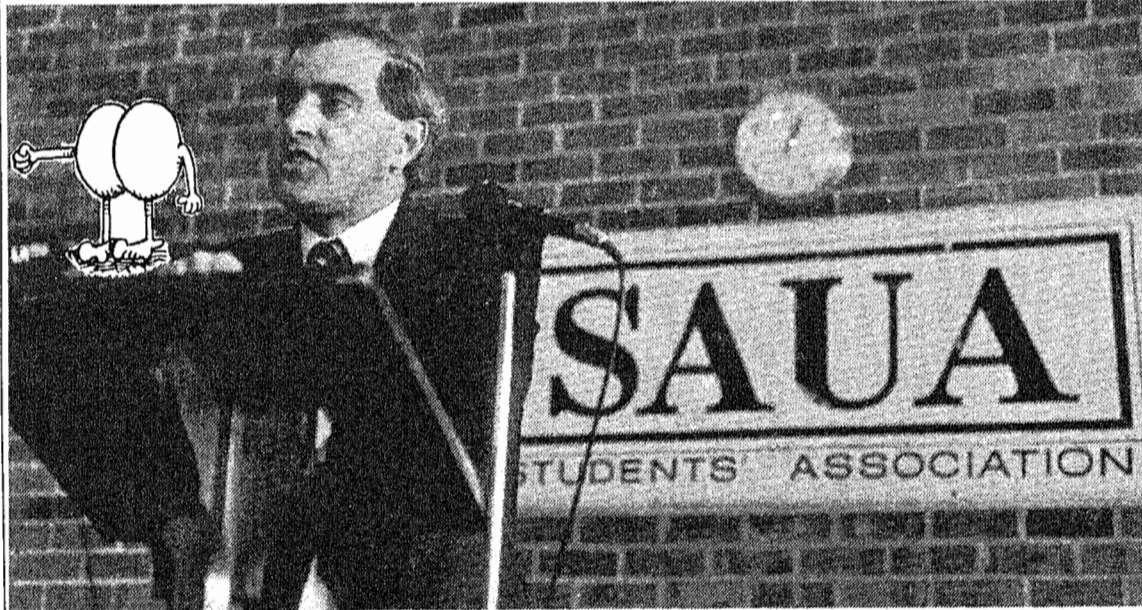
"They had set the tone of the debate, so that if you are in favour of decriminalisation then you are against the family, decency, motherhood, God.

"Sometimes I challenge them on their stance on male-female incest and would you believe it, their answer is 'Well, at least that's normal sex.'"

Wilde has now told reporters that she feels sick at the actions of her opponents, and says she has never seen such an obscene sight as Keith Hay, surrounded by boxes of petitions, telling the Prime Minister and the "gentlemen" of Parliament to beware.

"They are the ones who are the perverts," she says.

- David Walker



Olsen speaks...Childcare Centre says funding is a federal matter

Olsen speech stumbles into the federal arena

Under a Liberal state government South Australia will experience "a fundamental change in direction", said Opposition Leader John Olsen, in a rushed Mayo Refectory speech last Friday.

In what was essentially a pre-election address, Olsen spoke for just twenty minutes and answered questions for ten, before the developing Mary Beasley affair over the future of the state's ombudsman called him back to Parliament House.

Olsen told over 200 lunching students that a federal Liberal government would increase visa charges only for new overseas students and not for those already in the country.

And he predicted that federal Liberals will not adopt a policy in favour of tertiary tuition fees, although federal leader John Howard is believed to support them. Olsen says he is personally opposed to such fees.

During question time, Olsen asserted that funding for campus child care would be continued under a Liberal state government. Students' Association President Greg Mackay suggested last week that the current state government had "blat-

antly mishandled" the Childcare Centre's application for continued funding.

But a Childcare Centre spokesperson told *On dit* this week that the current funding difficulties were a purely federal government matter involving only the Federal Department of Community Services. She said they had nothing to do with either of the state political parties.

Speaking in the Helen Mayo Refectory Mr Olsen gave an overview of some issues which the Liberal Party will tackle in the forthcoming election.

Mr Olsen elaborated on privatisation policies, saying that measures would be careful and moderate. He considered present Government monopolies in several areas to be inefficient and wasteful, citing examples of where the private sector could compete.

"In the private sector, school contract cleaning would cost \$6.85 per square metre whereas the government charges \$11.00 per square metre. Retail nursery outlets run by the Department of Woods and Forests are a duplication of outlets by

the private sector and should be abolished," he said.

The Auditor-General has estimated that by 1990 about \$2 million per year will be spent by the Government in areas which Olsen says could be handled by the private sector.

Olsen further suggested that it was pointless to give a Government monopoly to a private monopoly, indicating that fair competition was an object of privatisation.

South Australia suffers more youth unemployment now than three years ago, despite Commonwealth Employment Programmes, he asserted.

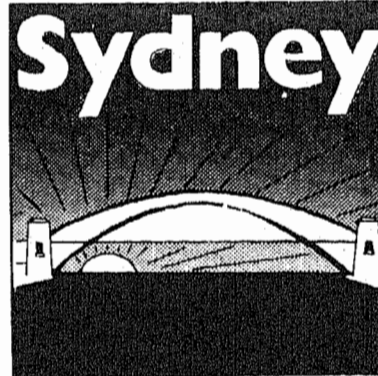
"At a cost of \$1 million, the Government has to stop applying band-aids on problems. Small business has the flexibility and capacity to expand capital flow and create jobs."

Mr Olsen said he would review payroll tax which puts pressure on small business.

The thirty minutes would have allowed little room for a planned debate between Olsen and Premier John Bannon, which was called off when Bannon declined to attend.

- Phillipa Schroder and David Walker

NSW exams victims of a paper heist



Exam time is looming. And if you think you've got problems, spare a thought for the New South Wales students who are about to sit their higher school certificate (this State's equivalent of matriculation). Two weeks ago a thief broke into the N.S.W. State Government Printing Office, forced a security guard to open up offices where the exam papers were kept, and stole an unknown quantity of them.

Now, as exams are beginning, N.S.W. education authorities are still feverishly setting new exam papers and printing them in time to replace those papers which the the Board of Senior Studies believes have been stolen.

To add to the confusion, it was not easy for the Board to tell which of the

350 different exam papers the thief had stolen. Only the English and Mathematics papers, which had been removed from the store room for packaging, were believed to have been beyond his reach.

The thief laid his plans well. The night he broke in appears to have been the last night before the H.S.C. exam period when the printing office was not staffed. (When State Parliament is sitting it works all night). The N.S.W. Minister for Education, Rod Cavalier, has assured students that the H.S.C. will go ahead and that no student will suffer due to the break-in. Where there is any doubt about the security of the papers, the exams will be reset.

The puzzle of the episode is why the security guard, John Wright from Metropolitan Security Services, so quickly submitted to the thief's demands.

Though the thief told Wright he had a knife, he did not display it. However, Wright was unarmed and the thief tied him up before he left.

Cavalier has guaranteed "every possible human endeavour" will be made to ensure that the new, rushed exam papers are error-free.

Last year's H.S.C. was marred by mistakes which were printed in the exam papers for several subjects. Nervous students don't want a repeat of that.

Send soon for TEAS

If you're intending to include TEAS benefits in your life next year, you should remember to apply as soon as you know your 1985 results.

So says Chris Gent, of the Adelaide TEAS office, who warns that those who wait for March 31, 1986 before lodging their forms will be paid later than their punctual counterparts.

He wants early lodgments which will ease the delays for students applying at enrolment time.

And he warns that every student should lodge a form, without trying to assess their own eligibility.

TEAS application forms and guides to completing them will be sent to all

1985 grantees. Those who are hoping to receive their first grant in 1986 will be able to collect from the North Terrace TEAS office in early December.

Fares allowances for independent students from country or interstate will not be granted in 1986 unless the student is travelling home to his or her spouse.

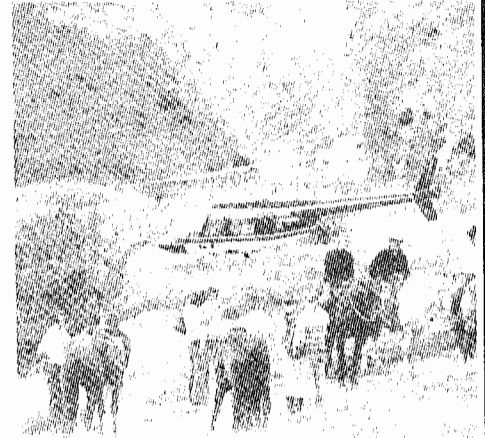
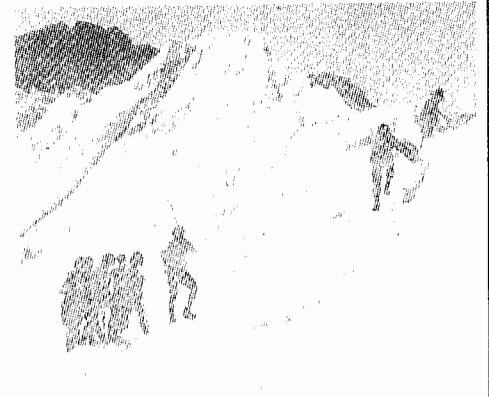
Students applying for the first time in 1986 as independent grantees on the grounds of two years' self-support must provide evidence of two years' employment or registered unemployment or receipt of Social Security benefits within the last three years (not the last five, as previously).

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New right dazzles, old left hassles

At a time of widely-acknowledged student inertia, Adelaide University's Postgraduates' Association is making waves - and making its mark. ROBERT CLARK reports.

When students speak, does the university listen?

The Postgraduate Students' Association says yes, looking back on a year of impressive successes.

At a time of continuing financial stringency, they have forced the university to change its funding plans in two major areas.

In May the Vice-Chancellor agreed to continue funding for the Women's Studies and Research Centre. And in August the university agreed to divert "windfall money" to pay for tutors.

As mundane as they seem, PGSA organiser Lance Worrall describes them as landmark victories.

Carol Johnson, the association's representative on the all-important Executive Committee, puts it more directly: "It shows what students can do if they get off their bums."

The PGSA has 1200 members and a budget of \$23,000.

By contrast, the claims of the Students' Association, with a budget of around \$80,000 and membership of about 8,000, are more modest.

President Greg Mackay says the SAUA's greatest on-campus success this year was in securing an after-hours Reading Room.

Mackay gained this for agreeing to support the commercialisation of the library, where the Reading Room

moves into the present ANZ site and ANZ moves across the Hughes plaza, to be joined by at least one shop.

The SAUA also campaigned successfully against plans to reduce quotas in Civil Engineering (by five places) and Architecture (by four places out of 30).

Mackay said the Association helped in gaining teaching funds by "speaking up in committees" and putting the case to "the right people."

The postgraduates' campaigns were rather more diverse.

It began arguing on behalf of the Women's Studies and Research Centre at the end of 1983, hearing that its funding was uncertain.

They joined with Women on Campus in enlisting the support of others such as women's networks, women MPs (including Senator Ryan!) and the media.

Their planned picket of this year's graduation ceremony became a celebration when they were notified, on the morning of the demonstration, that funding would continue. In effect that victory means the centre will be here for some time to come.

The battle over teaching funds also unfolded slowly.

Said Johnson: "We had been concerned for some time that funds would be cut even more and [that the cuts] would fall on tutors."

The 1984 tutors' budget was reduced by \$347,000 - or 10,000 tutorial hours - with a promise by the working party of the Deans to quickly restore it.

Quite the reverse was proposed and funding looked likely to fall to about half the 1985 figure.

Once again, letters were written and submissions were made to the network of committees which run the university. Meetings were held and articles were run in *On dit*.

At the same time, the postgraduates learned of plans by the university to establish "Teaching Assistantships", where, once again cuts were falling on students.

Presently, research students receive scholarships or awards to support themselves and are paid extra for tutoring. The scheme proposed - already operating at the University of Queensland and Wollongong University - would offer postgraduate students about \$6800 a year to be full-time researchers and full-time tutors.

So the postgraduates organised a memorable "Auction of Tutors". With then-Union President Gary Martin as auctioneer, and most of Adelaide's media in train, they offered themselves "for sale" in the Mayo Refectory, with "bidders"

primed in the audience.

Department and faculty heads who did not absorb that message soon had another to consider.

PGSA President, Ray Gatt, wrote a polite letter notifying them that industrial action was being planned if money was not allocated to the Teaching Fund.

They understood, and the message was taken to Deans and to the Executive Committee.

"Windfall money" was diverted to the tutors.

As for the assistantships, the final decision has not been made, but one senior academic said, pointedly, "they are not talked about much now."

Carol Johnson said university decision-makers were now much more aware of the problems of postgraduates and were trying to make more scholarship money available.

The academic - who spoke to *On dit* only on condition that he not be named - said it was now realised that the postgraduates could mobilise themselves and act as a force.

By contrast, he described the student representatives as "under-prepared. Some of them really do seem to be out of their depth. They also lack the tenacity required to be constantly writing letters, attending committees and so on."

How else do the postgraduates and undergraduates differ?

Carol Johnson suggests that the different bodies are composed of students not only of differing ages but from different eras.

"Many of the post-graduates have had experience of a Liberal Government. They have taken part in campaigns against cuts in the past."

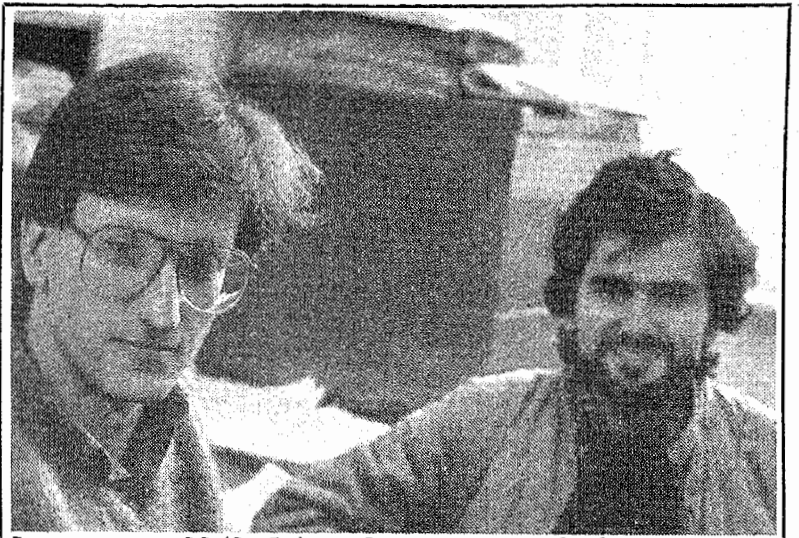
The postgraduates operate, according to Worrall, on the principle of consultation. "Extraordinary general meetings were held all the way during our campaigns."

Mackay says this is not possible for the SAUA, with its massive membership. It tried to work with student representatives on committees.

Yet Michelle Clark, the Education Vice-President, said she was still trying to find out from departments the names of their student representatives.

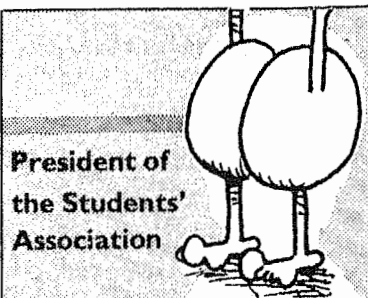
Mackay said: "We are trying to get the best deal for students on this campus in terms of funding."

A member of more than half of dozen committees - although the attendance record shows he has missed a quarter of Executive Committee's meetings - he says he works by "making students' disapproval known to the relevant committee to try to get some positive action."



Lance Worrall (left) and Ray Gatt of the PGSA

Big A speaks for last time



Greg Mackay

The last week of term is a time to reflect on what has happened during the year. It hasn't definitely been a year of activities and change, with all proceeding successfully. As Students' Association President, it is impossible to do all the work required and I have been

fortunate to have two hardworking Councils whilst in office. A list of all the people who have helped out in Orientation, Prosh and other events would take up a considerable amount of space and all their efforts have been very much appreciated. I would especially like to thank the office staff (Mhairi, Jo, Ed and Marion), Anthony Snell and Davids Darzins for the support they have given me over the past eighteen months. All of these people contributed much of their time and energy to ensure a smooth and fruitful year.

In 1986, Anthony Snell will take over the reins and I wish him every success in his endeavours. I have no doubt that he will be successful in making Adelaide University a better place for its students. Best of luck.

Every inch a Vice-President

Michelle Clark, Education Vice-President.

The closing of another academic year also means that the new Students' Association and Union Board hierarchies will be ending their first terms in office and perhaps this milestone should not pass without comment.

As we all know Greg Mackay will vacate his seat on December 31 so that Anthony Snell can take over (which means that Greg is still President until then; something that Anthony has perhaps forgotten). Anthony will be determined to show that a new broom is in the place by having the Student Activities Office redeveloped to accommodate the rather cramped conditions that exist at present. This proposal is a good one and hopefully next year the office will run a lot more smoothly than it has in the past. Students will be able to obtain information quickly and efficiently from the front desk, which is exactly what is needed.

Though Martin has proved popular with "On dit" readers, by getting his name in the letters page as well as his column, a word of advice to letter writers: nothing can penetrate the Martin's skin, so be ruthless when criticizing him in the future!

Union Board has been interesting with the left calling the right dogmatic and the right calling the left childish, while on lookers laugh at all the "children" playing a supposedly grown-up game. Perhaps all the Board members need reminding that they were elected to run the Union efficiently not to squabble amongst themselves about trivial things.

Now looking at my efforts as Education Vice-President, a lot of work needs to be done with requests to Overseas Students' visa charges and I, amongst others, have written to the Federal and State Education Ministers, Susan Ryan and Peter Shark, informing them that something must be done

Equal whites in Cuba?

Helen Boyle is an aboriginal activist and convenor of the Sydney-based Committee to defend Black Rights. She explains to GRAHAM HASTINGS that when she visited Cuba this year she found a country that has effectively eliminated racism.

Aboriginal activist Helen Boyle is attacking the Hawke Government for its continued betrayal of her people.

She says that Aboriginals are becoming frustrated by the ALP, which they had believed to be a "friend". They are looking to more radical solutions to their problems.

She says that the Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, Clive Holding, has tried to deceive a subcommittee set up by the UN to defend the rights of indigenous people into believing that the Australian Government had implemented the principles of its National Land Rights package.

"Fortunately there was an independent Aboriginal delegation there to give a more accurate picture."

Boyle also cites the recent closing down of the National Aboriginal Conference when, after years of "acting as an ineffective advisory body", it began to speak out against the Hawke Government.

She says that the Aboriginal movement has learnt a lot since the move-

ment first reached prominence in the sixties.

"We no longer expect the UN or some radical black nation to come in and intervene on our behalf." She says that the movement now understands that racism can only be overcome by the international struggle of indigenous people to overcome imperialism.

"In America they killed Malcolm X when he began to realise that the world was not a case of white versus black. He soon came to the conclusion that there was a more powerful enemy, and that it was the rich and the powerful and their vested interests."

Boyle says that her recent visit to Nicaragua and Cuba had left her with mixed feelings about a reconciliation between blacks and whites.

While in Cuba she visited a school set up for Namibian children who fled Namibia following the South African invasion of their country. Their parents were massacred by the

South African army.

"The students there re-enacted the massacre. There were young men and women standing around. Then there was shooting and explosions and everyone fled in all directions, some falling down to die. Then slowly the survivors returned to pick up their dead. They piled the bodies in the centre while a Namibian woman sang of their suffering.

"It reminded me of all the massacres that my people have suffered, of how much black people all over the world have suffered. Whites cannot imagine the pain. I wanted to get away from the white members of our delegation. I wanted to be alone and cry."

"What I saw in Cuba and Nicaragua was not just a dream. It was real progress and progress not from a magic formula but genuine political commitment and hard work. It gives you faith back in humanity and in people to see a society where blacks and whites are treated equally."

Govt. skims \$43m aid

Starving Ethiopia's marxist government will earn over A\$43 million this year from charges on foreign grain donations.

And an Ethiopian shipping official has charged that the money so earned is being spent on "guns and ammunition to fight Eritreans and Tigrayans."

The *Christian Science Monitor*, which has exposed the amount of revenue earned from overseas aid, says that the new figure is twice what the Government was previously believed to be earning from port and handling charges on grain.

It quotes another shipping official as confirming that "the Ethiopians

are making a great deal of valuable foreign currency from grain paid for by people all over the world."

Although ports everywhere charge fees, and while the Government incurs expense in distributing the grain, port charges in the Ethiopian port of Assab are reportedly 25 times as high as those in ports and neighbouring, famine-hit Sudan.

The claims have angered officials in the United States - which now claims to be feeding half of Ethiopia's eight million famine victims - and in Rome, where the United Nations' World Food Program is based.

Officials of the Program, which helps co-ordinate grain distribution,

say they have now successfully negotiated with Ethiopian leader Lieutenant-Colonel Mengistu Mariam for a cut in the charge.

But that cut will still leave Ethiopian ports more expensive than other African counterparts.

Private relief agencies may soon be paying just over \$5 per tonne net fee to unload and store grain in Assab; they presently pay almost \$20 net fee.

The government is also charging a two-dollar "supervisory fee" on grain shipments, plus an "agency fee" on ships in port of over \$4,000 for the first two days in port and over \$1,000 on succeeding days.



Disturbed adolescents need beds

Dear Sir, The article from Sue Coles on the state of, and trends in, the provision of mental health services in South Australia raised several important points...

What is not so easily understood is its reporting of developments in the adolescent mental health area which, even if not totally inaccurate, do create an impression that is at odds with the real situation in South Australia.

Sue Coles asserts that the recommendations of the Smith Report are being implemented; this is true. What is also true is that only some of the recommendations of the Smith Report are being implemented.

Until three years ago South Australia had a facility which provided inpatient psychiatric services exclusively for adolescents, a facility which was separate from general hospitals...

The size of the unit mentioned in Sue Cole's article is also a mystery. Twenty beds is over twice the size of what is apparently planned for adolescents.

As I have said, Sue Cole's article raised important questions. It is unfortunate that her research provided answers that were less than accurate and which made the current and planned situations, particularly in relation to adolescents, appear to be better than they actually are.

At present there are no dedicated beds for emotionally disturbed adolescents in South Australia. These people in need of such a service find their way into adult hospitals, or into paediatric beds, a situation identified in 1961 by Dr W.A. Crammond...

C.T. Morgan-Jones, R.P.N. Arts

Firefighters' dream

Dear Editor, The other day I was working my heart out in the undergraduate section of the Library on level two, sweating away happily because the air-conditioning is non-existent...

I suppose I must be totally mad to think that, in a smoky burning library, I won't be able to find my way to the fire escape stairs, find a key, pull out part of a railing, unlock the window and then open it along with sixty other people.

Perhaps they don't want us to escape, but to stay and fight the fire with a fire extinguisher.

Sorry about this outburst. I think I need a good holiday.

Yours sincerely, Peter Hill

P.S. I almost got hit by a truck the other day, but I knew he didn't want to hit me 'cos he had Dodge written on the front of it.

B&C "puerile crap"

Dear Sir, On dit has had its problems recently in the form of some inflammatory criticism from a blow-waved young Law student (consumed equally by pyromaniacal zest of his own ego). This provoked a reaction amongst those aware of it almost amazing as the one this virtuoso of self-promotion gains from spectators by scoring somewhat incredible tries whilst in a comatose condition...

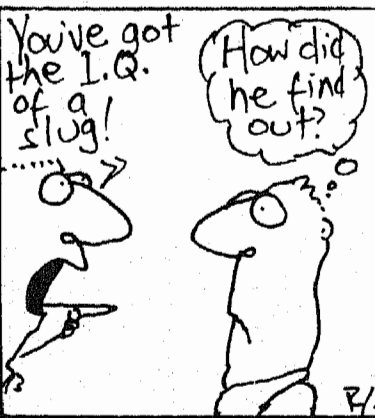
Bread and Circuses has long been an integral part of Adelaide University student life, and in the past has brought us classics (lacking taste perhaps, but with a definite touch of class) such as the infamous "Lady D" coverage. However, B&C has slumped dismally, nay, pathetically into sublimity. "Tasteless" can be funny (as has been shown in the past), but B&C has on the whole reached an unbelievably pointless level of banal tastelessness.

One of the chief contributors to this state of affairs is the alleged cartoonist R.F. Grant. The opinionated infantile drivel that this man puts out must rival Dr Goebel's best efforts at blatantly senseless (and inherently unfunny) poisoning of the media. Put simply (yet again) R.F. Grant - give it up! Leave the writing and drawing to those who:

- (a) are literate; (b) have an IQ greater than that of a slug.

As for Monk and England - get it together eh? - you're about as funny as John Cain and as interesting as B.A. Santamaria.

Yours truly, Mark O'neill and two other signatories



Campaign to show your anger

Overseas students have been victimized for too long. It's time to do away with fees for overseas students altogether. It is up to the Hawke Government to show that is capable of giving an education - free - to all who want one.

But let's not hold our breath. The Hawke Government is now deporting overseas students who haven't paid their fees. The number of actual deportations vary, but at least six have occurred recently and dozens of people have been served with deportation notices.

And if that isn't enough, the government aims to increase fees for overseas students, "to cover the full cost of their education", an estimated \$10,000 by 1988. Every student knows too that the fee increase for overseas students is the first step toward the introduction of fees for all tertiary students.

Even bypassing the fees issue, life for students isn't all that rosy. TEAS payments are currently substantially below the poverty level and don't look like increasing if Senator Ryan's message is any indication. Ryan said, "...we could provide an immediate rise



Hugh claims 'critics' are thinking backwards

Dear Sir, I am writing to inform you that I have been reading the article in On dit regarding the 'critics' of the SAUA. The article is a masterpiece of puerile and tasteless journalism. The author, who is clearly not a student of the SAUA, has managed to distort the facts and present a completely false picture of the situation. The 'critics' mentioned in the article are not 'thinking backwards' as you claim, but are simply providing a balanced and informed perspective on the SAUA's activities and the role of the Council. The SAUA's actions have been nothing short of disgraceful, and the Council's involvement in these actions is equally reprehensible. It is time for the SAUA to be held accountable for its actions and for the Council to be replaced by a more representative body. I am sure that you will agree with me that the SAUA's current leadership is incapable of managing the affairs of the SAUA in a responsible and transparent manner. I am sure that you will also agree that the SAUA's current leadership is a disgrace to the SAUA and to the students of the SAUA. I am sure that you will also agree that the SAUA's current leadership is a disgrace to the SAUA and to the students of the SAUA. I am sure that you will also agree that the SAUA's current leadership is a disgrace to the SAUA and to the students of the SAUA.

Acclaim for Hugh

Dear Editor, On reading that jolly tale by the Vice-Fuehrer (Finance) I was reminded of this hilarious incident concerning myself.

I was walking my dog, Cue, on a local football field when we heard a shout from behind. It was the caretaker, holding a shovel full of Cue's dirty deeds which he suddenly hued at us, crying (or so I thought) "for Cue". What he said in fact was "fuck Hugh".

Yours, Col. D.D. McNaughton (ret.)

in the level of TEAS but the (budget) strain has to be eased considerably before we can provide increases." (On dit, October 14, 1985). Perhaps Ryan hadn't thought it was a matter of priority. Maybe she should ask the Ministry of Defence how they get their budget allocation. It certainly got more attention than the education allowance.

It's time for all students to take active measures against fees and for an increase in TEAS. Unfortunately the SAUA has done little to protest against the attacks on overseas students. We need a campaign that will register our anger at the way the Hawke Government is treating overseas students, and we need to continue the campaign against the introduction of tertiary fees because that threat hasn't gone.

- Christopher Spindler (Resistance)

Hire the best person

Dear Editor, I feel the redress of female/male ratio by "positive discrimination" is abhorrent. The future employers should be looking for the best person for the job. What often happens in, for example, University staff applications, is that women who are not qualified for the job get on the short-list merely because the university is required to put them there, not because they have the necessary skill and experience for the job.

Surely, most women would prefer to be accepted on the grounds of suitability rather than being the "token woman" of the staff.

Discrimination is a difficult area to unlearn, but armed with the most capable women for the particular job we have a better chance to educate.

Our future employers will see the convenience and necessity of having the best staff available. After all, society can't go around educating us then not allowing us to work to the best of our abilities.

The notion of positive discrimination is a sincere one but I don't want any special chances because I am female; I don't need it.

- Joëlle Casse

The Libs' hippie stage

Dear David, As a concerned first year student I would like to express my concern over the antics of the campus Liberals. Are we to believe that Mr Mackay really believed that John Bannon was going to put aside the running of the State, the Grand Prix and his imminent reelection to attend a General Student Meeting, given that G.S.M.s this year have tended to be attended predominantly by seagulls (who aren't as yet fighting for the right to vote).

Even more distressing is the fact that students' money is being used by the Liberal-controlled SAUA to publish some gratuitous "Let's get John Olsen elected" propaganda. Surely, the cost of this publication would just about equal the massive \$97 that the SAUA Education and Welfare Services Standing Committee has spent on campaigns (they have a campaign budget of \$2,500 a year) in this, the year of increased overseas visa charges and repeated threats of tuition fees. It is time the Liberals re-committed themselves to their alleged platform of concentrating on welfare and education issues.

Sadly the Liberals' biggest claim to have done anything worthwhile this

year, Prosh, has been tainted by the crass and insensitive way the Prosh proceeds were handed over. Incredibly, the proceeds were handed over to Freedom from Hunger in, of all places, the bistro whilst the self-congratulatory Liberals and guests were consuming a meal at, you guessed it, students' expense.

I am, however, greatly relieved to hear that the Liberals have overcome their fixation about masturbation. Has Hugh Martin finally lost his virginity and found sex? Could this explain our Finance Vice-President's recent barefoot romps around campus? Is this a new Liberal consciousness or just a transient hippie stage?

Love, peace and flowers, Samantha Horrocks

P.S. How did Olsen lose his tooth? P.P.S. Why did you publish a photo of Hugh's bedroom?

We printed the Martin photo because - for the second time this year - he ordered us to under the SAUA's powers. What more can we say? - Ed.

That face seems familiar...

Dear Editor, I have long been amazed at the exploits of the Students (liberal Careerists) Association. There seems no end to their list of non-failures. By doing nothing they have even been able to save money.

But their latest feat really is beyond the pale. Fancy outsmarting Hawke (by four months!) and the Sikhs by getting Rajiv Gandhi to appear on campus last Thursday. Sans security!

Smooth work, boys. Maybe there's a job for you in Pretoria.

Regards, Fascinated

Patriarchy specificism hits campus Where It's At reeling

Once again by not understanding all the facts On dit has shown itself to be incompetent. I am pleased however that even On dit staff read other campus publications. The article I wrote for Proper Ganda entitled Life wasn't meant to be hazy was designed to illustrate how male doctors abuse women in their prescriptions of tranquilizers by,

- (a) regarding women as more neurotic than men and hence discriminating, (b) not providing proper explanations of their diagnosis and treatment to women,

(c) not understanding the conflicts and demands placed on women due to our often combined roles of homemaker and worker etc.

When going to a doctor with the same symptoms, women are more likely to be given minor tranquilizers, while men are more likely to receive other treatment. Dr Robert S. Mendelsohn M.D. in his book Malle(e) Practice explains "Clearly, sexist behaviour is at the heart of the medical abuse that women face."

My article was intentionally "sexist" because male G.P.s are abusing women and female G.P.s due to their greater understanding of this sexist profession seem to listen more closely to the hassles women face without simply prescribing "expensive and risky happiness pills" (p. 60 Malle(e) Practice)

I find it very disconcerting that On dit feels the need to discredit others without actually printing the context meant in the article.

I would like to conclude by pointing out that the taking of these drugs is a serious problem. I do not appreciate the way my article was trivialized in On dit and perhaps at some stage you may like to read it for the reasons it was written.

We worry about drug abuse in terms of illicit drugs such as heroin, cocaine etc., but it may interest you to know that in Australia approximately one in three adults have used these drugs at some time, and that between four and seven per cent of men and 18 per cent of women use them daily.

- Lucy Schulz

Can I have your attention please.

See that you have the correct examination paper, and that it contains the right number of questions. Candidates are reminded that some questions are printed on both sides of the paper. If you wish to speak to a supervisor, you must stand up. You must fill in your attendance slip and place it on the right-hand side of your desk. The front page of your answer book must be filled in, but your book must remain closed.

You may now read the question paper and make notes on the scribble paper provided, but do not write anything in your answer book.

If those words do not bring at least a touch of nervousness - if not brutal, pounding dread - into your heart, then you are not a typical university student.

They are uttered, as they have been for eleven years now, in the clipped, stern, military tones of John Schumacher, Chief Supervisor of Exams, also known as The Invigilator.

Who is this man who has so much power over students at the most crucial times in their university career?

John Schumacher is an ex-Air Force flight sergeant who started supervising exams with his wife Melva in

"That stern man who frowns down on exam victims every November thinks they're the backbone of Australia..."

1964 as a favour to a friend who was stuck for labour. Enjoying the work, he returned each year and was invited to assume the Chief Supervisor's role in 1974 by a university administration who, he says, were after someone with "ten or twenty years in him."

If the Air Force was his life for over a quarter of a century, the dedication, the desire for discipline, order and high standards which it instilled in him have been carried proudly into his new role. It may seem strange that while students are preparing for the ideas of tomorrow they are watched over by a man whose mind is disciplined and whose ideas are mainly military, but that's how it is. John Schumacher is a straightforward man with straightforward views. The job doesn't stress him; he simply does it with a positive attitude and a rule book in hand. The hardest thing about it is finding good supervisors. This year's bunch are good, he says; he has been rostering and organising them for six weeks. Their

John Schumacher is THE INVIGILATOR

The man who introduces your nightmares

He's the man with your life in his hands, but John Schumacher - The Invigilator - thinks students are the greatest people on Earth. DAVID WALKER talked to him.

training he leaves to wife Melva ("the Head Lady"), who must ensure that every supervisor knows the rules for the conduct of the examinations as laid down by the University's Senate. He is predicting a smooth year.

There are students who hate the sight of him, who regard his monotone, almost robot-like delivery as the sound of a torturer at work. But he says more students love him than hate him, and why not? Many at least realise that he is merely doing a job, and if exams are terrifying experiences to many, then at least Schumacher's presence brings to

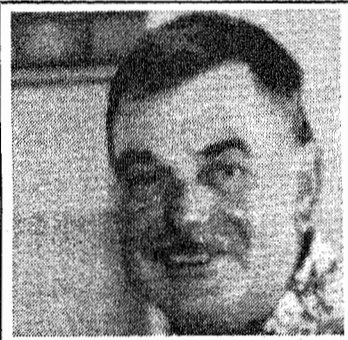
"First year they say 'there's the chief bulldog, grumpy old bugger...'"

them a regularity which allows concentration on the matter at hand.

"I'm there for the general student welfare," he says, and he believes it.

"I think the students are there [to finish] the year's work, and I'll do my best to see that everyone gets a fair chance. I'm there to see that they all pass - I hope.

"You get the odd ones in who are rowdy, who kick up noise," he explains. He disapproves of those who celebrate loudly at the end of a one-



hour exam while others continue to struggle through three-hour papers; such people disrupt what should be a smooth-running operation.

"Those ones that go 'Yippeel Yahoo!', they're the ones that glare next day when the other ones go out yippeeing and yahooping. Get the idea? I've got to keep that down, that exuberance.

"I can understand a student spends twelve months working, doing study, study, study, swotting for exams. 'Thank God it's over!' they go. But I've got to try and control it."

To hear this man talk about students is to wonder whether it's not us who are the bastards. You see, that stern man who frowns down on exam victims every November thinks that they're "the backbone of Australia."

"They are coming up, they are our future leaders. It doesn't matter what

they're going into, engineering, medicine, law ... even the B.A.s. They're the ones who are going to grow up and be directors of companies and things like that. I am for the students, for the students who are there to be something."

"When I first started you couldn't tell the boys from the girls..."

It's an awful weight to have on your shoulders, isn't it? Just as well he never had the chance to become disillusioned with the people over whom he watches. Ironically, he has never seen a university lecture in his life. Having left school after completing his third year, he sees the products of years of education in areas which he does not pretend to understand. He has no regrets, and says the Air Force, serving in Japan and Korea, was richly rewarding. It taught him a discipline which pervades the conduct of the exams, and any supervisor who breaks that discipline by slackening their dedication, is, as he puts it, "shoved out".

It was much harder to keep Centennial Hall running as smoothly as an aircraft engine when he took on the job in 1974.

"When I first started you couldn't tell the boys from the girls. They had the long hair, and they were all dirty and scruffy and they couldn't care less. Today they're very neat, very clean, and the one that is scruffy stands out. They're all dedicated, or at least ninety-nine and a half per cent."

He stands and watches over students, and never wishes he could avoid putting them through it all. If study hasn't prepared them, there is nothing he can do about it. "I'm only pleased to see them there trying to

"He has never seen a university lecture in his life..."

better themselves, to build themselves up and to go further ahead."

His only major crisis came eight years ago when nineteen examination papers were brought face to face with ninety students. He seems surprised that the students were so happy to have their moment of truth delayed, but "they thought it was great."

He's seen many attempts to cheat. He will absolutely not discuss the subject.

Most of the year Schumacher works in a wrecking yard - "I enjoy stripping cars and things" - plays golf, fishes, enjoys his home, his garden and aviary. He is a contented man.

Even occasional abuse from students doesn't shake him. His military service as a sergeant allows him to cop it, to take no offence, to explain calmly that he is simply following the rules.

"They usually come to when you tell them these things", he says. But his wife Melva will tell you that it hurts her to see it. As far as she's concerned, he does a wonderful job. He's not hard, merely firm.

Not all students are abusive; they mellow, like anyone else, with time.

"First year they say 'there's the chief bulldog, grumpy old bugger'. After a while, they get to know me, and a few of them say 'G'day'. Three years, four years: 'G'day, how are you?'"

He doesn't like talking too much about events in the examination room, a hangover, perhaps, from the days when loose lips sank ships and shot down aircraft. One student burnt an examination paper, says Melva. He said his piece and was asked to leave; the supervisors aren't allowed to touch a student. His photo was in *The News* that evening.

Melva is particularly saddened by the sight of blank exam books. But the satisfaction of a job well done keeps her going. It's an interest which she never thought she'd have.

When Melva looks out over a crowd of nervous examinees, she sees only "heads"; she has too much paperwork during exams to see more.

But John is different.

"I see a great crowd of lovely people. They are the future and I wish them all the best. They are the greatest. I'm very proud to see them."

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Will to

live, wish

to die

Adelaide University has seen, and whispered about, a spate of suicides this year. What causes it? What can be done? Who is most at risk? ALISON MAHONEY investigates.

"He was the last person you'd think would do it. He was the sort of cheerful guy you could sit next to at a meal and have a good chat to - you'd stir him, he'd stir you."

These were the sentiments of one uni student whose friend committed suicide earlier this year.

The knowledge of suicide occurrences within the university is somewhat cloistered; however Norm Greet, a university student counsellor, says there have been at least five suicides this year.

Suicide rates are rising in an alarming way. According to a Bureau of Statistics report the suicide rate of males aged between 15 and 24 has increased by 370 per cent in the past 24 years.

The female suicide rate for the same age group and over the same time period increased by 180 per cent.

There has been a huge increase in the number of suicides, but why do people want to engage in self-destructive behaviour; why do they want to kill themselves?

According to an article in *The Australian* recently, "despair, depression and stress are the main reasons for an alarming rise in suicides among young people throughout Australia."

Also commenting in the *Australian*, Megan McLeod, the Executive Officer of the Australian National Association for Mental Health, suggested that "the increases may be seen as a direct result of frustration and the sense of hopelessness experienced by a generation raised in the nuclear age, due to our 'fast lane' society and the threat of global war."

"A student with a 'scaffold laugh' will laugh 'as if they don't care about life' ..."

Causes of suicide are somewhat diverse and it would therefore not be fair to generalise. Norm Greet spoke to me about suicide, his claims as to what causes it, and more importantly how he as student counsellor treats potentially suicidal students.

According to Greet the number of suicidal students coming to him "would be about 15 in a year."

Greet acknowledged the fact that there are many symptoms, but the two he notices most often are depression and what he terms as a "scaffold laugh". A student with this symptom will laugh "as if they don't care about life." Greet said that the term "it'll be the death of me" is

another symptom. Greet says that this shows that they have been thinking about death.

According to Greet, "everybody at some stage or another thinks about their own death. I don't know of anybody who has never thought of killing themselves, even if it was a long time ago."

Greet has been a psychologist for twenty-five years and says that "in the time I've been a psychologist I haven't had a suicide, which is basically because of the belief system I've got that life is worthwhile."

If a very depressed, potentially suicidal student comes to Greet and says, "my life's awful" he immediately investigates the situation of that person.

Greet believes that "the very fact they have come to me usually means that there is some vestige of hope in their lives, that they want something to happen to change the sadness or depression they've got."

Greet says for the confused student to feel at ease with the idea of counselling, "the main guideline is ... to accept the fact of their situation."

Greet says to such people "I respect your right to kill yourself if that's what you want ... but personally I get really upset when people want to kill themselves, because I believe there are so many other alternatives."

The next stage is to find out how far their thoughts of suicide have gone and, if they intend suiciding, how do they wish to do it.

If someone wants to take an overdose of pills then this means they are searching for peacefulness ... or if they want to shoot their brains out they are trying to be spectacular and looking to shock and horrify someone."

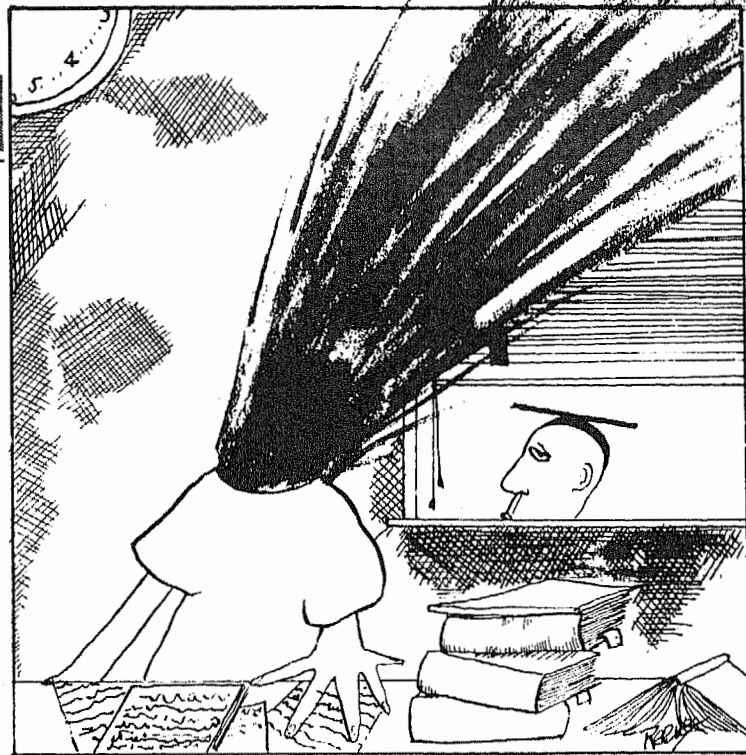
Greet says the majority of such suicidal students believe they can't "bear the pain any longer - to be dead is much better than to be alive."

As a psychologist Greet says that "we learn depression at an early age and we learn that people will look after us." Student depression can therefore be seen as an extension of this. "They realize that depression is useful because pressure can be taken off you and the rest of the world conforms to you because of your depressed situation."

Many students would either be familiar with suicidal feelings or the opposite - they would ask why do people suicide?

Greet offers one explanation. "They say that society has nothing to offer them, that society is in a mess, and they can make no movement in or out on society."

Apparently this is a frequent excuse but Greet has difficulty understanding their thoughts: "if you say 'society is bigger than me and I can't make



a dent on it," then why conclude that you should kill yourself - you should be thinking, 'Okay, society's in a mess so I'll devote my life to trying to straighten it out.'"

Some students cry out that they should never have been born, and Greet believes that this is an introspective thought given to them by parents.

Greet explains that with the belief that they are not important many struggle to be important and if they don't succeed they then tend to agree with the thought that they should never have been born.

Another factor which Norm Greet sees as important, is that of loss and bereavement. He believes these two factors "are a great source of the belief that I may as well be dead."

Many people feel that without the person they have lost life is just not worth living.

Greet believes that "they may try to manipulate the death by saying that

"I'll kill myself and then they'll be sorry."

One last cause of suicide according to Greet is that "if a child grows up with hateful, pressuring parents they may, when they grow up, feel that they should kill themselves and then their parents will regret how they were to them."

Greet says that "the pressure of the final two weeks of term increases the prevalence of depressed suicidal people."

Suicide has enormous effects on the family and friends of the suicider. Speaking to an acquaintance of two of the men who suicided, it was obvious that the effect of suicide was quite profound.

"It was a complete shock, you couldn't imagine a more successful, popular bloke," said one friend of a 25-year-old student who committed suicide earlier this year. The causes of his suicide are not that apparent to his friends yet it is obvious that the effect has been enormous.

However different patterns emerge in the second case, that of a 22-year-old student, according to a friend he was "outgoing and friendly but never really seemed fully part of groups he wanted to belong to."

He was an apparent chronic depressive who had undergone psychiatric treatment as an adolescent. Yet to all those acquaintances around him such matters were invisible.

The tragedy of the situation is that help is readily available to those students who require it. Here at uni there is the student counselling service, while across the road is the Royal Adelaide Hospital with its Departments of Psychiatry, social services and welfare.

Greet comments that "there are so many society and university pressures, as well as that of parents, on young people, that it really does make you wonder whether life is worthwhile."

He also believes that a student's

background is of major importance in the occurrence of suicide.

"If you have had a secure and stable background then you can usually foresee the possibilities and opportunities, whereas if you have not experienced that type of life this pressure of society and family can take over your mental capacity."

Dr. Alistair Woodward, a lecturer in Community medicine, believes "one of the interesting things is looking at suicide rates in different social groups." He comments that "suicide is a rather difficult subject to classify."

Dr Woodward explains that in certain societies there are "social pressures not to describe a suicide as such, because of the social stigma then attached to it."

Dr Woodward points out that a recent study in Melbourne found that the "highest frequency of suicide occurred in the adolescents who resided in affluent areas."

He comments that "the frequency of suicide is in part determined by the accessibility or availability of instruments."

Dr Woodward believes that "people who have greater access to alcohol, drugs and fast cars are more likely to be successful in an attempt to suicide than people who may feel as depressed and miserable but don't have such access to certain resources."

Dr Tony Davis, from the Department of Psychiatry at the Royal Adelaide Hospital, believes there are many causal factors related to suicide, and that suicide by no means is restricted to those in the 15 to 24 age bracket.

The causal factors, he says, include loneliness, unemployment, alcoholism, living in urban areas, suffering from terminal illness or psychiatric illness or a deep interpersonal crisis.

Dr Davis comments that suicide is often related to being divorced, separated or widowed, especially in the higher age group categories. Suicide is not uncommon for men over 45 and women over 55.

Dr Davis also stresses the fact that approximately 80 per cent of all those who suicide have at one time or another had a psychiatric illness such as severe depression.

People do not realize how many others are in such dire straits as to commit suicide. Dr Davis told me that the RAH alone would get two to three patients per day who had tried to commit suicide.

The course of treatment prescribed for such cases may be medical, or related to community welfare.

Dr Davis believes that somehow everyone needs to be made more aware, firstly of how to recognise someone who is in deep personal crisis and near suicidal, and secondly, of how many avenues of help are available.

Dr Davis says that one thing really annoys him - how much funding is granted to high-technology medicine to increase it even further, yet preventive medical disciplines such as psychiatry, community welfare and psychology are often neglected in the financial area.

Although this is one area in which help could be given to try to alleviate the number of suicides, Dr Davis believes that suicide will always remain. As long as there is society and life, there will be people who have "the will to live and yet the wish to die."

FAMINE ONLY KILLS THE POOR



Shipping bags of grain when disaster strikes is necessary, but it never solves the problem. CHRIS BRAZIER visited an African village to discover a quiet hunger that will last long after the dust of the latest emergency has settled. And now, a year after the famine hit world headlines, he suggests some ways to ease the problem.

The widow leant back against the mud wall of her compound and gestured at the bowl of baobab leaves in front of her.

"Since our millet ran out", she said, "we've been living on those". Suddenly the tranquillity of the scene, so striking after the flurry of activity in the other family compounds, took on a sinister aspect, as if it were haunted by the ghosts of her hunger.

Her face still looked young. But she was too resigned, or perhaps too poor, to wear the headscarf that the other village women favoured, and

"There is plenty of food in Burkina Faso, just as there is in Ethiopia - if you have the money to pay for it..."

the child who pulled at her breast was listless. "I work the land alone but for my eldest son. He's a good boy but we can't do enough on our own, the lack of food makes us weak. Sometimes I gather wood and sell it to buy a little millet. And I ask other people to help my children with their grain. But what kind of life is that? If only we had millet I would be calm."

The widow lives in a village that has never yet experienced famine. Lying in the south-east of Burkina Faso - a good two hundred miles away from the famine regions of the Sahel - it will probably never hit our headlines. Yet there are few people in it who feel free of the fear of hunger, of worry about the grain dwindling in the family store. And their daily grappling with those worries shook me far

more deeply than any of those distressing pictures from Ethiopia and Sudan. Because for all their power, those television images of hollowed faces and emaciated limbs are like bulletins from another planet. It's hard to sense them as real people, feeling just as we would feel in the same situation. Instead they're passive victims in a medieval canvas, as a camera operator frames them on gnawing worry about next month's ween soap operas and the sports highlights, how can we be expected to get a full sense of their humanity?

But there, in the village, I made friends - even though I was there myself as part of a team filming for television I laughed with people, asked about their lives and told them what I could of my own. They asked about my "village" - who worked in my fields if I spent all my time writing, and how did I manage to eat if I didn't have any land? I cuddled their children and watched their faces. And then I went back to my hut to realise that while I could just fly away from this dusty land, for Mariama and Hassita there was no escape. They were left with that gnawing sorry about next month's meals, about the millet shrinking in the granary and the rains that were six weeks late.

Once I had flown back to the West - a whirligig of consumption and comfort, there was one question that people asked me first: "but what did you eat?" It's a common-sense query: if food is short, then how do all the aid workers and the journalists get by?

The answer, of course, is that there was plenty of food in Burkina Faso, just as there is in Ethiopia - if you have the money to pay for it. Just three miles away from the village I stayed in was a town where there were not only grain and vegetables on sale, but meat, too, French bread, and Western tinned food. It is poverty that starves people to death or stupefaction, not a callous whim of nature.

This idea that nature causes famines has great intuitive power - it appeals to our sense of drama and myth, this blight on the land beyond all human control. But droughts and floods only kill the poor, only tip over the people who have already been pushed to the brink.

Hunger is not a one-act drama. It is a war of attrition that wears people down over the years, a war of which we witness only the final battle. To an Asian it might mean selling a little more land each year to pay off debts to the village moneylender. To a Latin American it might mean coaxing life from marginal soil that becomes more degraded with every planting. To an African it might mean the gap between the last harvest and the next becoming wider every year.

And the stars of this drama are not only the victims shaking their fists at the unrelenting heavens. There is the local entrepreneur who buys up grain at harvest time and then sells it back at an inflated price to the same farmers when their food runs short.

There is the government which puts all its energy into export crops for the West, which sees development as a matter of prestige, building dams and cathedrals in the desert instead of mills and wells for the villages. There are the aid agencies and international organisations which ignore women. There are the politicians with no commitment to social justice. There are the Western banks and the International Monetary Fund, which force developing countries to act as laboratories for monetarist experiments so extreme that even Reagan and Thatcher would never dare inflict them on their own countries. There are the superpowers which peddle their

arms and then use conflict in the poor world as part of their global chess match. And, ultimately, there is you and me for allowing this unholy machine to continue crunching on.

World leaders are not going to wake up tomorrow converted to the cause of social justice, nor will global accountants suddenly see that the welfare programmes and food subsidies which seem like frills to them can be life and death to a woman like the widow. And the solution to world hunger depends very largely on the progress we make in our own societies in pursuit of justice and equality.

"But what has social justice got to do with it?" you might ask. "Doesn't the solution lie in agriculture?" Some people certainly claim that it does. The World Bank's answer, for instance, is for the Third World to grow more crops for export to the West and thus earn the foreign exchange to buy development as well as good. But it doesn't take an economic genius to see that if poor countries grow more cotton or coffee they will be competing against each other for the same customers - the more they produce, the faster prices will fall.

Another answer we are often offered is that scientific progress in agriculture will enable us to grow more food for the hungry. This is a compelling idea - and not just because we all have some residual faith in technology as a cure-all. When I was a child, India was the symbol of hunger in much the same way as Ethiopia is now. My grandmother conjured up starving Indians in the corner of the room to spur me into eating the food on my plate. Yet today high-yield strains of rice, developed in laboratories, together with the intensive use of irrigation and fertiliser, have meant that India produces enough in theory to feed all its people.

A miracle of science it may be, but it hasn't eradicated hunger - the poor still suffer from malnutrition all over India, while their government sells grain to Russia. Even the latest official figures show that Indians receive on average only 93 per cent of the calories they need. And, since there are millions of people who eat very

"Hunger... is a war of attrition that wears people down over the years, a war of which we witness only the final battle..."

well, that figure is a confession that there are many millions more who are severely undernourished.

So growing more food does not, in itself, end hunger. And, as if to back that up, recent studies indicate that the diseases of poverty - such as diarrhoea and dysentery - contribute even more to malnutrition than the lack of food, particularly in children. What has to go in tandem with growing more food is a commitment to sharing out what food there is much more fairly.

When my mother and father were children they too were urged to eat the rest of their meals. But the spectre called up in front of them was China, which had suffered famines caused by drought and flood at a rate of more than one a year for centuries. But the Communists made feeding their vast population the top priority after the Revolution. They learned to live with their climate by using flood water to irrigate the droughts, and they made food a basic human right instead of an act of commerce. The result is that, whatever you might think of its social system as a whole, China now feeds 22 per cent of the world's population on just seven per cent of the world's land.

Changing their priorities at home is

one thing, but developing countries also have, for once, something to bargain with in the world at large. The debts they have incurred are now so large that, ironically, the Western financial system actually depends on them. The threat of default thus gives at least some developing countries a power that they have never had before: some genuine leverage on the global economic system. And although Fidel Castro's campaign for all Third World debtors to default is unlikely to succeed, he is certainly right that the Latin American nations who owe the most have to stand together - and stand together, too, on behalf of Africa, whose debts are not huge enough to give them the same power, but whose repayments are just as crippling.

Third World governments, then, have their part to play. But where do you and I fit in? For a start we can eat less meat. I originally became a vegetarian seven years ago because I realised that pumping grain into cattle was a grotesquely inefficient way of using the planet's good resources:

"I originally became a vegetarian because I realised that pumping grain into cattle was a grotesquely inefficient way of using the planet's resources..."

an average of 16 kilos of grain and beans, for instance, are fed to cattle to produce just one kilo of beef. And I still see refusing meat as an act of protest, a conscientious objection to a system with waste at one end and starvation at the other. As much as 40 per cent of the world's grain is fed to livestock, as well as 40 - 50 per cent of its fish and 25 - 40 per cent of its dairy produce. And crops in Latin America still go to cattle destined for the meat-heavy diets of the US - rather than to the local poor who need it so badly.

Vegetarianism is not in itself a solution. But it does at least provide an opportunity to talk to people about the food issue, to raise their awareness of the problem. And those opportunities crop up all too rarely in the years when there isn't an Ethiopia or a Biafra in the headlines.

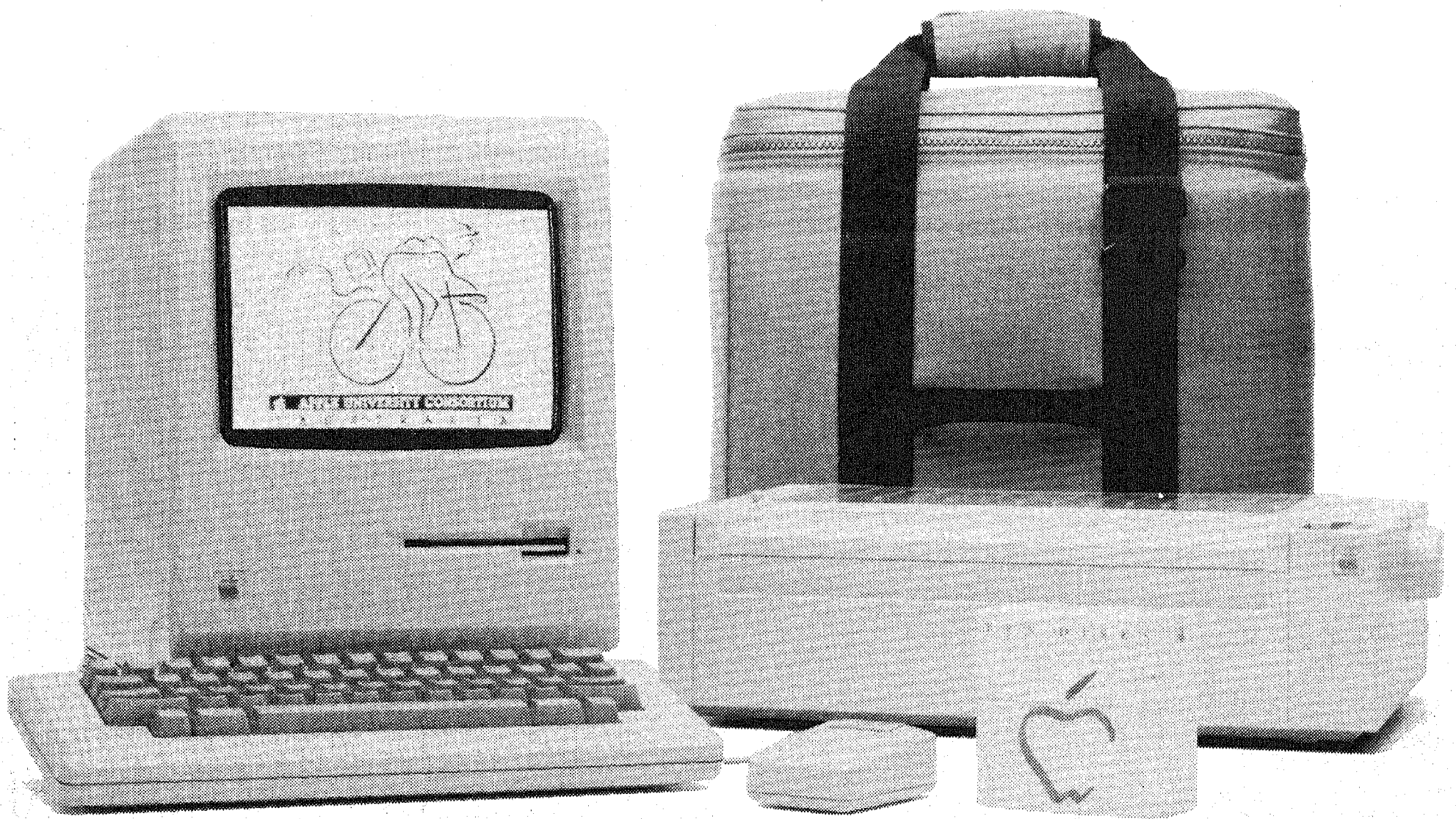
In fact raising people's awareness may be the most vital thing we can do. There is a fund of good will out there at the moment just waiting to be tapped - the live Aid phenomenon has at least given people the sense that they have a part to play. But at the moment it tends to stop at the idea of emergency food aid, which barely papers over the cracks in the system - just as Victorian mill-owners used to set up charities to alleviate the misery that they'd caused in the first place.

Bob Geldof has enough spirit to rail at governments for their refusal to take the famine seriously. And he could fuel his anger by looking at figures which show that the West gives food aid not when it is most needed, but when that food can't be sold for a high price on the world market. To his credit, too, he has begun to see the need for long-term development aid. But if only he and that vast audience behind him could take things just a little further, could recognise that it is the governments we vote in, the economics we condone, the lifestyles we lead, which ultimately produce hunger.

Back in the village the rains have come at last. They are weeding the fields now, scraping carefully around each millet seedling as it struggles upwards into the light. Watching last year's grain disappear. Waiting for the world to wake up.

-New Internationalist

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Innocence is Bliss

You may not have heard of Barry Otto, but he is rapidly gaining recognition as the lead actor in the newly-released Australian film *Bliss*. DINO DIROSA found him a man capable of bringing a novel character to cinematic life.

"Actors are story-tellers; you have to tell stories."

Barry Otto is talking of his role as Harry Joy the blissfully innocent Good Bloke who tells long stories and goes to Hell and back to ultimately find real *Bliss*.

The award-winning film comes from Peter Carey's award-winning first novel, and I can think of no other actor who could personate the withdrawn, almost legendary Joy as well as Otto. He finds the innocent wisdom of, and in, Carey's admirable prose, and makes it his own: "He exhibited a blindness towards the faults of people and the injustices of the world which should have been irritating but which seemed to have almost the opposite effect: his very blindness reassured those around him and made them feel that their fears and nightmares were nothing but the products of their own overwrought imaginations."

That's the Carey narrative. Otto has a palindromic for a name, and either way you look at him, he's Barry Otto - your typically selfless modern actor, wont to shading a certain

"This is one film Brian Brown or Jack Thompson didn't get. It was my turn."

character but averse to defining his own. Nevertheless there are similarities between he and his Joy, he says.

"I guess I could sort of relate to Harry because he was my age to start with and there were parallels then. I won't go into personal details, but, you know, a broken marriage, and Harry leaves his family and then meets someone and falls in love, and I guess that happened to me."

Theatre has hitherto been Otto's main line of work, and it was there that Carey and director Ray Lawrence (who'd been collaborating for some time without success on adapted

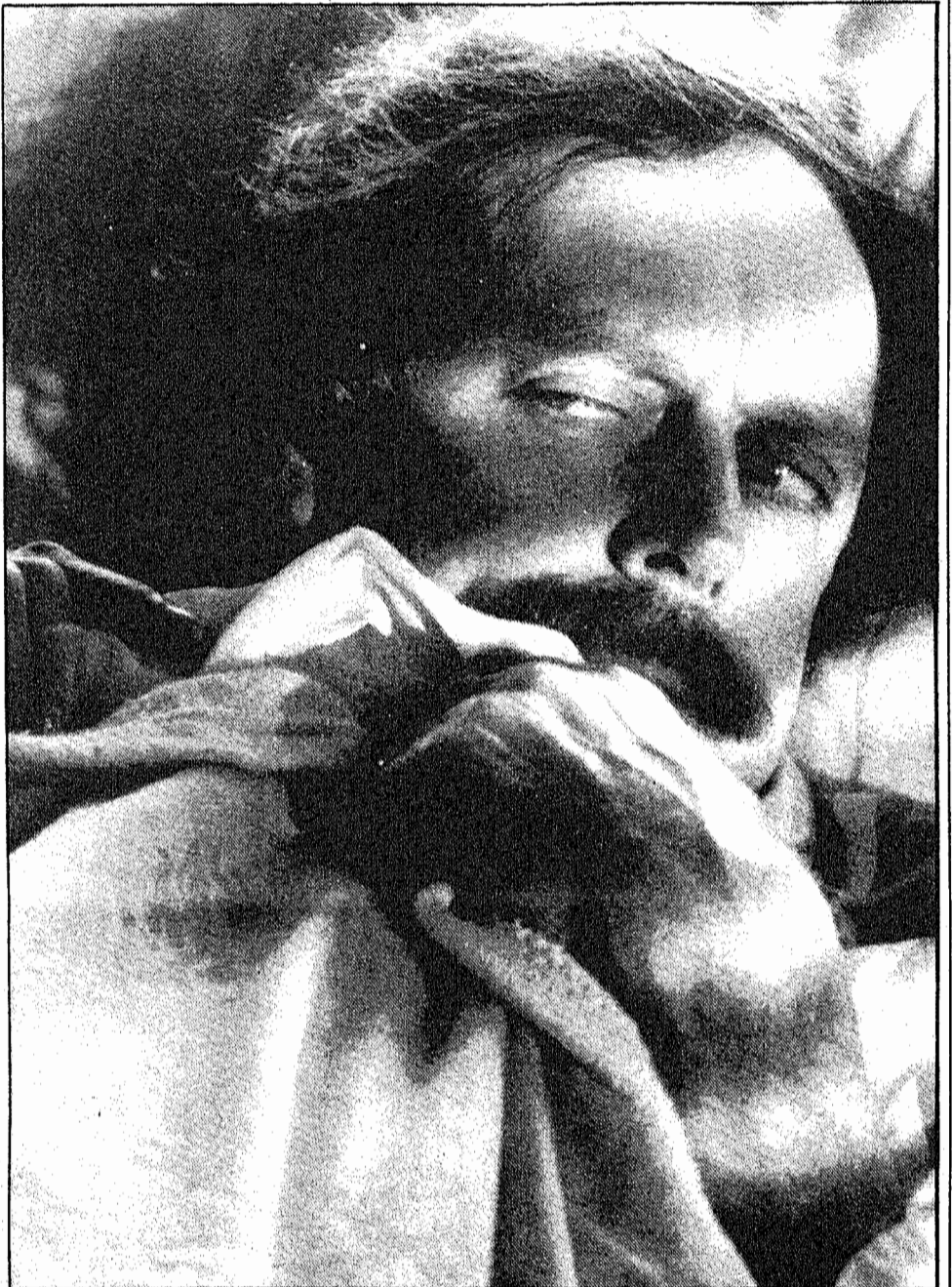
screenplays) saw Otto, and thought - Harry Joy, whose first lead role in a film this is, had a positive working relationship with the both of them, and he sees Lawrence and the novel equally as the driving forces behind the movie.

"With Ray Lawrence we had a really good understanding. It's wonderful when your working on a film script like *Bliss* and you've got a subtext that's the novel. It was all there for me, really, from Peter Carey's wonderful novel. So I carried the book around a lot and related back to see how it was condensed into a film script.

"Lawrence is someone who is prepared to take risks, and there are not too many people in the country still prepared to take risks. If he'd given the film to (I won't tell you the name of a couple of casting people in town) various casting people in the country, it could have had a well-known Australian actor (and you probably have an idea who I'm talking about) playing the lead. And then it could have had another female lead that we all know about, or one or two of them who've been in ten or fifteen films in this country, to play Bettina.

"But, no, he took a few more risks and sorted out his casting a little further than that; he wasn't doing any automatic casting from one film to the next. He took months and months to cast the thing until he could put together a group of actors around him that he really liked and thought could do the job -- and I can tell you it's the most capable piece of casting that's even been done in this country. We wined and dined and talked about the film for at least six months, and we waited a year to see whether the money - the \$3.4 million - was coming through, and when it did we went to work."

It's been anything but bliss for *Bliss* since it was in the can last year. There was that now famous walk-out by French critics at Cannes, the film's consequent re-cutting; and frustrations in distribution. Lawrence and Carey had had trouble even getting anyone interested in other adaptations of the latter's work, and they saw in *Bliss* a chance for a serious, contemporary Australian movie that would cut through a cross-section - and it appears now to be doing so. Barry Otto has been blessed with a relatively minor role in this one battle in the war of attrition that is Australian filmmaking ("I was lucky I guess. This is one film Brian Brown or Jack Thompson didn't get. It was my turn."), but he's the Joy in *Bliss*.



Barry Otto braces for DiRosa interview

Where bar stools fart and clocks talk

BLISS

At Hindley Cinemas
Reviewed by Dino DiRosa

Bliss invites you with its sense of self-fulfilment, and you may (if you give it a chance or two) even find it self-fulfilling. Considering the trouble of its coming, I was surprised to discover how beautifully composed and self-contained and fresh-looking it all is, as if those who made it had full rein to do whatever they wanted, how they wanted. Reading the Peter Carey novel (he adapted the screenplay with Ray Lawrence, who took it upon himself to direct for the first time) concomitant to seeing the movie gave me to understand the creative harmony in which *Bliss* manifestly could be and evidently has been made, far away from the board-rooms and business lunches. That it exists and Adelaideans and New Yorkers are seeing it in happy simultaneity suggests that it is a triumph of Australian film-making. And yet...

First published in 1981 and since popularly reprinted, *Bliss* was Carey's first novel, and to me it has as much to do with the transition from short-story writing to long prose as it does with Carey's pet obsessions and Big Themes - it's about a writer writing more, I think, than it is about life and death, heaven and hell, good and bad, etc. In this story about Harry Joy, an advertising man who has a revelatory short death, there's a pleasurable sense of wise yet innocent sentences becoming thoughtful paragraphs, paragraphs crystallizing into vig-

nettes that you can tuck away in your head, vignettes forming parts for which there are no particular narrative reason, parts adding up to a bloody good novel. Each development takes a longer shot of the happenings, ultimately realizing a sense of, well, bliss. Here is a very random sample of the Carey pithiness:

"Harry Joy was thirty-nine years old and believed what he read in newspapers..."

"Alex Duval was a man of principle who had decided, a long time ago, that men of principle can never win. Yet he hoped and feared he was wrong. He voted for the Communist Party and rewrote his conference reports every Saturday morning. He ate cakes..."

"The bar stool farted when he sat on it. She tried to tell herself it would have happened to anyone..."

"Did I move?" says the clock. "Look at me." "yes, you moved." "I am perfectly still," the clock insists, "you're crazy. You're imagining things..."

The movie *Bliss* has the same manner of development evinced by Carey's way of writing, the same languid humour, the same light cynicism (parenthetical observation rather than value-judgment) and charmed hopefulness (the myth of cancer is risible). All this spells pleasure, but it all comes from Carey's nib, not originally from the filmmakers. I don't want to seem over-critical, but the facts are that *Bliss* is not very much more than a visualization of the novel, and that Ray Lawrence is no auteur, more like a defiant but selfless cutter-and-paster. (More data on this film's remarkable conception: from those approached to direct *Bliss* there were Fred Schepisi, who

would have been the best choice, and Milos Forman, who would have been by far the worst). However, I like (almost love) what I see.

The film opens with a Vision Splendid (a young hooded woman with crucifix, floating along a flooded place), the holy mother of Harry Joy's "rich, brown" story-telling. Immediately, at this story's end, we are introduced to Harry and his family, of whom we are to see much more later. Shortly, Harry is to cark it in the garden, of an apocalyptic heart attack, and in his death throes he has the sensation of leaving his body to experience a timeless purgatory, only to come back and assume his body, alive and drenched with rain. This sequence, achieved by exhilaratingly high crane shots, is as smoothly captured on film as it was subtly evoked on paper: Harry's and the audience's experiences come from one and the same point-of-view.

He becomes the sloppy, withdrawn pivot of a most dreamily and nightmarishly dialectical Land of Nod. He sees everything in a new light - it's the strangest renaissance. For no rational reason other than a very real fear of the unknown, he vows from now on to be good, and he takes notes on the evil that he knows to be around him.

"Hell", as Sartre wrote, "is other people", and Harry gets it all down on paper: the infidelity and ruthless ambition of his copy-writer wife, Bettina (Lynette Curran), and likewise her American, meat-hooking boy-friend; the quasi-Madison Avenue materialism of his teenage son, David (Miles Buchanan); the easy, trendy radicalism of his daughter, Lucy (Gia Carides); the confused and confusing

theism of a priest, the Reverend Des (Paul Chubb); the identity crisis of his colleague (Tim Robertson); the nervous breakdown of a business associate (Bryan Marshall) whose wife is withering away with cancer; and the terminally, but funnily enough not visibly, cancerous condition of his favourite bartender (Jon Ewing). These are all good performances, Carey's people dramatized.

Barry Otto should be commended once again for the way he takes the legend of Harry Joy to almost mythic proportions without forsaking the man's reality and ordinariness, because this really is a case of an ordinary man in extraordinary situations. This Good Bloke who believed what he read in the newspapers witnesses an Antipodean world in which everything is as it seems. From this single naïve perspective we're meant to be watching the objective forces of society: cancer, adultery, "New York," "South America", petroleum, cockroaches, salt, cocaine, money, incest, insanity, industrialism - they're all here.

What tempers Joy's experiences is his involvement with a part-time prostitute, "Honey" Barbara (the simply ambrosial Helen Jones), a naturalist who's in every sense good for him (and us). There's something legendary about their subsequent life-long coupling - mythic and unreal, as if it could never have happened, like a fairy tale well told. Though *Bliss* the movie is not about movie-making in the way that *Bliss* the novel was about novel-writing, the fiction is the same. Ignorance of either or both of these modern Australian classics would indeed not be bliss.

New life for uni sport star

Mark Duffy, ex-Adelaide Uni student, has moved from invisibility to sport with a new band and a single which JOE PENHALL says is "fresh and stark".

Sporting Life emerged from the ashes of *Invisible Mendez* when, in late 1984, singer and songwriter Mark Duffy made a demonstration tape which subsequently earned a record contract with Polygram Records. The result is *Sporting Life's* debut single, *Cry Baby Cry*. Described by Duffy as "soul-based", it features Kate Ceberano on backing vocals and the six members of *Sporting Life* playing bass, drums, guitar, keyboards and a saxophone.

The band first played in January of this year in Adelaide where Duffy graduated in Law/Economics at Adelaide University. Soon afterwards *Cry Baby Cry* was recorded with the help of music veteran Joe Camilleri, who produced a number of versions before the band decided to use the original demo tape, plus embellishments. Duffy explained: "The demo felt better ... we'd captured something on the demo."

However, with the departure of three members soon afterwards, the band must decide whether to rebuild the band as before to make touring possible, or to simply use session

musicians when they're needed.

Duffy explains "I don't want to be known as just a studio band" but admits that when using session musicians the line up can be changed "without hurting anyone's ego in the band".

The band have made a video for the single which, according to Duffy, far from reflects any type of *Sporting Life*. The name of the band was chosen for its "fresh and energetic" connotations and sound, and it is in a sense Duffy's ideal of the band's music.

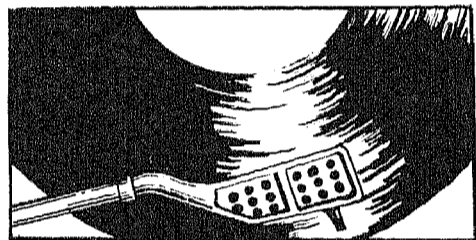
Judging by the single, he's at least half right. It's fresh and stark, with a certain tension, further enhanced by Kate's tortured vocals, described by Duffy as "...Big bits of wailing that are really nice."

"It's getting more airplay in Sydney than in Adelaide at the moment, but that's o.k. 'cause hopefully everyone will pick up on it now the video is out."

Whether it does remains to be seen; however a tour and more of the same standard of music should auger well for the band's future.



Mark Duffy



DISCS

MINX

Album by **Toyah Wilcox**
On Portrait
Reviewed by Joe Penhall

Having enjoyed little chart success in this country in recent years, Toyah Wilcox has just issued one of her most powerful and artistic statements yet. *Minx* is a rare, poignant refusal to accept the world we live in as it is, and shows a marked lyrical and (at times) musical progression from her first single *I Want to be Free*.

THIS IS ENGLAND

Single by **The Clash**
On Epic
Reviewed by Joe Penhall

Once again Joe Strummer's sneering lips part to deliver a timely judgement:

"This is England, land of a thousand stances... This is England, this knife of Sheffield steel..." With an eerie, heaving synthesizer riff and dramatic drum programming flanking characteristic roaring guitars and snarling vocals, this is up-dated, slowed-down *Clash* with icing for the sweet-toothed.

LITTLE CREATURES

Album by **Talking Heads**
Reviewed by Matthew Gibson

Somewhere, deep inside the music industry, there's a basic flaw. It runs something like this. They assume a song won't sell and they don't bother to try. They assume one will and they flog it to death.

Following the recent success of their live *Stop Making Sense* album, you'd expect something very, very similar to follow, right? Well, just remember who we're dealing with here. It's not the *Pointer Sisters* but the thoroughly individualistic *Talking Heads*, with David Byrne up front. Given that his personal form of reality can only be alluded to, it is highly unlikely that we'll ever see anything exactly like *Speaking In Tongues* or *Remain In Light* again.

The band has discarded its socially aware art-school covers for a simple and youthfully pleasant painting of the band, some mountains, trees, munchkins, space ships and some meaningful quotes by a priest from redneckville.

From the very first listen I was really impressed. Although catchy tunes usually pall on me, the tracks on *Little Creatures* are a big

exception. This is because their catchiness derives not from a monotonous use of a chorus but from the music's clarity and punch.

Even more unusual about the album is that Byrne's lyrics are at last "making sense", with the possible exception of *The Lady Don't Mind*. Not everything has changed, of course. The music is still angular and intricate, the film clips clever and zany and David Byrne yelp, whoops, heh heh, grunts and peep peeps his way through all but one track.

There isn't one poor song on the album and three or four which will be excellent to hear performed in their upcoming Australian tour.

THEODORE AND FRIENDS

Album by **The Adventurers**
On Chrysalis
Reviewed by Joe Penhall

The debut album for this new Dublin band is a surprisingly adept collection of ten songs with some of the most intriguing and exciting pop to emerge this year. Their fast, guitar-based pop, marked by ringing vocal harmonies and uplifting melodies, showcases the admirable songwriting of the band resulting in at least three potential singles, and some truly exciting tracks.

The opening track, *Always*, is a good example of song-writer Pat Gribben's ability to produce a stunning chorus in an energetic and catchy song. In this same vein is the first single, *Another Silent Day*.

One of the band's strongest features is vocalising of Terry Sharpe and Eileen Gribben.

Sharpe's voice, thin and often quite high is perfectly complimented by Gribben's, resulting alternatively in soft harmonizing and a hard powerful edge on some songs.

A high-point of the album is *Love In Chains*. Hard and fast, it is another example of Gribben's fine song-writing, and lends weight to the band's name.

The Adventurers are a creative and powerful force and show potential for some classic rock/pop music. *Theodore and Friends* is only the beginning.

IF I WAS

Single by **Midge Ure**
On Festival
Reviewed by Richard Wilson

"We don't want to write about 'trucking down the highway', and 'I love you', and 'life's great'. That's boring. It's all to do with atmosphere and feelings. The music and lyrics have to go together obviously."

So said Midge Ure a few years back. But the *Ultravox* frontman seems to have forgotten that statement in his latest solo venture, *If I Was*. Taken from his soon to be released solo album, *The Gift*, the song is quite a commercially-orientated little piece. It reached number one in England, and could chart fairly well here too. It's a smooth, meandering piece with a Paul Young-sounding bit in the middle. He's even shaved off his moustache!

Ultravox fans may be somewhat disappointed, but the B-side and parts of the video hold some hope for the rest of the album.

GREAT FOOD 'BY JINGO'

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Do Re Mi

Concluding TOM MORTON'S
interview with *Do Re Mi* bass
player Helen Carter.

On dit: How do you go about writing the songs?

Helen: It varies. We tend to work in blocks where we'll write four songs at a time, and all of them will start with an idea of a bass line, and then we'll go through a period where, say, Dorland will have a whole lot of ideas for melodies, or Deb will come up with these great lyrics or whatever. But then we'll go into the studio and work it out and then everything changes, so a song which say starts off with a bass line will end up being a *Do Re Mi* song and not a Helen Carter song. There's definitely no formula which we've stumbled on for song-writing, which is a pity in a way, because we do tend to be slow.

I think it's probably only geniuses that ever realize how to do it - you know, you can try everything, like staying drunk for three weeks, and it just doesn't work - you just end up feeling really terrible with no songs ... We do tend to write a lot from the bass and the drums up, which I think is a good thing, for this band anyway, because rhythms are so important in the music.

On dit: Is there anybody who's particularly inspired your bass playing?

Helen: No ... I think all inspirations or influences that affect the band come from everything that we hear, rather than any specific type of music. I didn't sit at home and practice along to *Beatles* records when I was little or anything like that. The first type of music I started playing was '77 punk, but that was just because everyone else was doing it and it was the music around at that time. I've never tried to develop a style along the lines of anyone else's style.

On dit: How necessary was it for you to make the leap from only getting played on public radio and independent FM stations, to commercial FM and AM?

Helen: We're very grateful to public broadcasting because it really helped get our name around, in the sense that we want to be recognized for, rather than the commercial stations going "Oh wow here's a great single from *Do Re Mi* wow wow wow" and so on, and totally disregarding what the song's about. It's a good balance to have, I think - you can't make a living out of playing music unless you get some sort of commercial success.

I think being on shows like *Countdown* and all that sort of thing is quite valid, in that you can't deny that sort of audience your music because you think it's a stupid program - I mean there's zillions of people out there who watch it and can't help it if they're 12. That'll probably look a bit stupid in print, but they can't help it if they can't go out to see us at the venues we play at. Quite frankly, it bores me to tears sometimes and really upsets me to have to play to a bunch of yobs who are really drunk, and all they're interested in is getting a look at your tits or yelling out obscenities ... so it's nice to be able to play to an audience that isn't perpetually drunk.

Ralph may lure Aussie Aileyens

Ralph Glenmore is a prominent dancer with one of America's leading dance troupes. He talked to PHILLIPA SCHRODER about the allure of his chosen career...

In New York, "Aileyens" follow every performance and know all the dances. Audiences scream and applaud the whole way through and often demand a second encore, says Ralph Glenmore, a senior dancer with the currently touring Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre.

The Company has a high energy repertoire which involves dancers in a wide spectrum of movement and dance styles. Ralph believes that a good audience can inspire more energetic dancing. He recalls a performance in Athens, Greece in the amphitheatre of the Parthenon. "It was at night with a full-moon, the Acropolis was lit up and people surrounded us. It was fantastic." Atmosphere is vital, he feels, and he perceives being on stage as like being in fantasy land.

After five years with the Company, Ralph is keen to expand his talents and sees choreography as the next step. He has some stories in mind but feels shy about trying them out.

Between rehearsals he likes to spend time around the theatre observing everything which goes on. Eventually he wants to try acting, an interest which first inspired him to explore Art.

As a boy he wanted to be in the movies and majored in visual arts at school. This interest in singing and dancing led him to audition as a singer for a show when he was nineteen. From there he had parts in several Broadway shows, but he found Broadway too limited in the style and quantity of its dance.

In 1981 he joined the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, where he enjoys the range of dance and music mediums offered. He sees the Company as a graduate school and anticipates returning to school where he can develop his

other talents. Ralph wants to explore acting and determine whether comedy or drama suits him. He also wants to teach dance one day.

Travel was also part of the allure of joining the Company. On tour all year, both overseas and around the United States, there are only six to eight weeks scheduled off for the dancers. When at home, in Washington D.C., Ralph encourages young members of his family to take an interest in dance; he is the only member of his family to have become involved in the Arts.

On tour, Ralph copes with a draining lifestyle through a strict diet and exercise routine. He says that although age is a threat to dancing, it can be offset by techniques and exercises developed to promote suppleness, compounded by beginning at an early age, usually before twenty-one. Also, the Company rehearses every day for four hours plus a ninety minute ballet lesson.

Many of the Ailey dancers come from the Repertory Ensemble, a second company founded in 1974, which enables young dancers to experience live performances.

On joining the American Dance Theatre, a dancer learns specific dances initially and later becomes a cover, and then an emergency cover, should someone leave or become injured. As a senior dancer, Ralph can perform all the dances; however seniority is awarded by the number of years involved with the Company. Members of the Company are subject to a renewal of contract every twelve months and most stay about five or six years, sometimes longer.

Since the American Dance Theatre began in 1958 with seven members led by Alvin Ailey, it



has commissioned 150 ballets. Today it has thirty members who perform 18 ballets. A new dance is choreographed every year.

After Australia the Company goes to China where it performs in three cities. For Ralph the

future looks busy with performances going through Christmas and New Year. He plans to stay with the Company, continuing to learn the mechanics of theatre while waiting for an opportunity to explore choreography.

Still exhilarating after 27 years

...while ROSEMARY KOERNER found the Ailey experience both exhilarating and fascinating.

The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre provided a spectacular evening's entertainment in their colourful and energetic programme. The first thing which struck me was the athleticism of the dancers. It was difficult not to notice the gyrating hips and chests! Although this is a modern dance company its entertainment value is not stifled by the artistic or intellectual element which occurs so often in other companies. It is most likely that Ailey's Broadway experience taught him this lesson.

The company began as Alvin Ailey's dream 27 years ago and has blossomed into what is today one of America's leading modern dance companies. In the 1950's the dance world was in an explosive mood with new frontiers for everyone in both the areas of classical ballet and modern dance ... except for ballet-trained negroes. Classical companies, in all their elitism, rejected them because they were black, but modern companies absorbed them because they were good. Previous to this modern dance had been very distinct from classical ballet, but suddenly a fusion occurred and one of the products was Ailey's company.

In America, in the fifties, choreographers and dancers not permanently associated with one of the few large companies frantically rehearsed for several weeks and gave a one performance season yearly. 1958 proved to be a year different from the usual for a small group of dancers/choreographers which included Ailey. The audience went wild and the critics began to rave and so by the end of the year a full-scale concert of the new Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre was staged. Twenty-seven years later it encompasses the splendid professional company, two junior performing companies and a prestigious school of dance.

The Adelaide season encompasses three programs of which I saw the first. This included: *Night Creature*, *Treading*, *The Stack-up* and *Revelations*.

Night Creature is an exuberant display of bodies, clad in diaphanous and shimmering costumes reminiscent of those omnipresent night creatures, moths. Ailey's choreography made the dancers appear like puppets whose strings were firmly attached to Duke Ellington's col-

ourful jazz. The dancers were not only exponents of three fused dance styles (classical, jazz and modern) but proficient mimes, which transformed *Night Creatures* from simply a performance to a rivetting and entertaining show. Many of the movements appeared to be derived from everyday actions making *Night Creatures* easy for us to identify with. The usually huge chasm between performers and audience seemed narrowed to a small chink.

Treading is a dance by a post-modern choreographer, Eliza Monte, set to the contemporary music of Steve Reich. This piece is like a moving sculpture as the perception of two bodies moving on a stage is lost by the entirely modern choreography, the costumes which blend into the dark skins and the lighting which gives the effect of Infinity with the hypnotic background music. The pair are more animal or bird than human in their fluid and sensual pas de deux. This piece shows abundant evidence of modern dance's acceptance of gravity by the movements on or near the floor, whilst in ballet, dancers still try their utmost to defeat it.

The Stack Up is an energetic and colourful dance about the American city streets today. The tough guys, the lonely guys, lovers' tiffs and lovers' love all have their bit to say (or dance) to the contemporary rock music of black artists. Mime is heavily drawn upon once again but the dancers' eye focus is more often than not within the stage and the chasm between performer and audience gaps widely.

Revelations is the company's signature work and was one of the earliest pieces in its repertoire. Set to traditional negro spirituals, Ailey drew on his own childhood and adolescent memories to explore the Afro-American spirituality. The dancers' joy and exhilaration in portraying their own heritage pervades the audience and the gap between performer and audience is narrowed once again.

The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre is a totally professional company which lends itself to an exhilarating and fascinating evening's entertainment, yes, even here in this little backwater of the artistic world, Adelaide.

Humour, pain, heaps of class

THE TOUCH OF SILK

State Theatre Company
At the Playhouse
Reviewed by Ronan Moore

The Touch of Silk is a surprising Australian play written in 1928 by Victorian Betty Roland. It is surprising in the fact that it is not marked by the melodrama that one would expect from a play of that era.

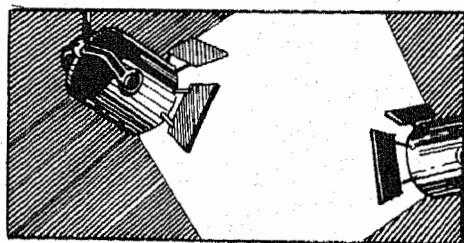
It concerns the plight of a young Parisienne who has been uprooted from her native city and brought to rural Victoria by her Anzac husband. She got off to a bad start when she came and now, ten years later, we still find her suffering from the strains of a strange people and a harsh land (and boredom!). The play itself is a tragedy as we follow Jeanne to a sacrifice that would have been harsh indeed, to be branded, wrongly, as a whore.

The characters and events are believable, as anyone who has lived in the country will attest. Betty Roland was skilful indeed in crafting a piece capable of standing the test of time. It is not a bludgeoning piece; it is rather a softly spoken, kind and at times humorous play that should be performed more regularly. Surely this is a piece that is worthy of the term classic rather than some of the so-called Australian classics?

Credit must go to Keith Gallasch, who has thoughtfully directed the piece and who has avoided melodrama and gross acting. The humour is in the script and Gallasch has carefully extracted it. Dina Panozzo excelled as the young Parisienne Jeanne. She has proven herself in many ways this year; she is truly an actor worthy of greater roles. Peter Finlay was good as the Anzac husband Jim and his stage Mum, Natalie Bate, is truly painful, so well does she play her part.

If there is to be any bad criticism for the production it would have to be for David Kendall, playing Alexander Ritchie. If you are going to use an accent, should it not be restricted to one county, Yorkshire or Armagh, or at least one

country, Scotland, Ireland, England?
I highly recommend *The Touch of Silk*, an entertaining evening at the Playhouse.



STAGE LIGHTS

Ronan Moore

The Touch of Silk, still on at the Playhouse, is a good early Australian drama with a good set! Who is this Samela Harris person anyway?

Stephen Sewell's *The Father We Loved on a Beach by the Sea* opens November 7 in the Little Theatre. Don't miss this chance to see a powerful and evocative drama concerned with the nature of radical politics and a family growing up in the 50s and 80s. November 11 marks the 10th anniversary of Gough's sacking and as such this is a fitting time for this production. Sewell wrote this in response to Kerr's coup.

November 14, at Troupe, *The Life and Times of George Tudor*, written in collaboration with the company by Gavin Strachan. A murder mystery farce musical comedy with a strong song and dance element. Set at a wake, so wear black! Free night November 13 for concession holders. Grab this chance to see Troupe.

If you haven't already, arm yourself with a Fringe program and a Festival program and figure it all out. It's going to be big and great. Thankfully it has nothing to do with S.A.'s past, a relief for our 150th!

A local Orwell's classic tale

Not often does a local writer produce a science fiction novel which can compete with the overseas offerings. But that's what Adelaide's Kurt von Trojan has done, says DAVID MUSSARED. So why isn't it being pushed in local bookstores?

Sherman is afraid. Every time he uses one of the Teltrans booths to transmit himself across the nameless city in which he lives he feels that he is being killed. That he is being duplicated and reassembled over and again. Everyone he knows seems to be changing, becoming crude facsimiles of their former selves.

His psychiatrist pooh-poohs his phobia of matter-transference. She tells him he is suffering from 'transing syndrome', and must confront and overcome his fear of the booths. In a world where automobiles are banned, where even bicycles are illegal, "transing" is the only alternative to walking. Sherman has sufficient self-doubt to listen to her respectfully, but he side-steps her "cures" and remains a convinced pedestrian...

The heart of von Trojan's first novel is a classic tale of the "it's the rest of the world that's mad, not me" variety, and it is artfully written. He employs SF's now familiar teleportation gimmick, presenting "transing" as a convincingly revolutionary breakthrough which dominates his near-future society utterly. Everything from TV dinners to people are transed, but for some reason the all-powerful Teltrans Authority has failed to issue promised comprehensive booth directories. Malcontents, moronic "chimps", roam the night streets mugging passers-by, and thrill-seeking transing addicts "shoot" themselves to random destinations - to the annoyance of the powers

that be.

The Teltrans Authority has become a giant quango which employs ninety per cent of the anonymous nation's workforce, but Sherman, an ex-automobile designer, is one of the unfortunate one in ten. He is unemployed, reduced to surreptitiously modelling clay replicas of bygone motoring marques to amuse himself. He is a gloomy loner, depressed by the government-censored television programmes which are edited clean of all references to motorised transport. As an outlet for his loneliness he attends single parties, detesting their fatuity yet needing their consolation.

Von Trojan's book is reminiscent of George Orwell's 1984, or of Anthony Burgess' *Clockwork Orange*. An all-intrusive state presides ghoulily over a raw mass of inadequate humanity. The characters battle futilely against a torpid suburbia, a fleshly haze of demeaning degeneracy. Ugly and neuroses-racked, they wither entropically away whilst the state disappears behind a wall of red-tape and psychological brutality. Sherman is a reluctant hero, but as his suspicion of transing develops into an obsession he becomes a one-man vanguard against Teltrans, turning the Authority's very ubiquity against itself.

Governmental response is swift and cruel. Sherman's mind is rinsed and he is returned, cowed, to his place in society. But he has started something, and both he and the reader

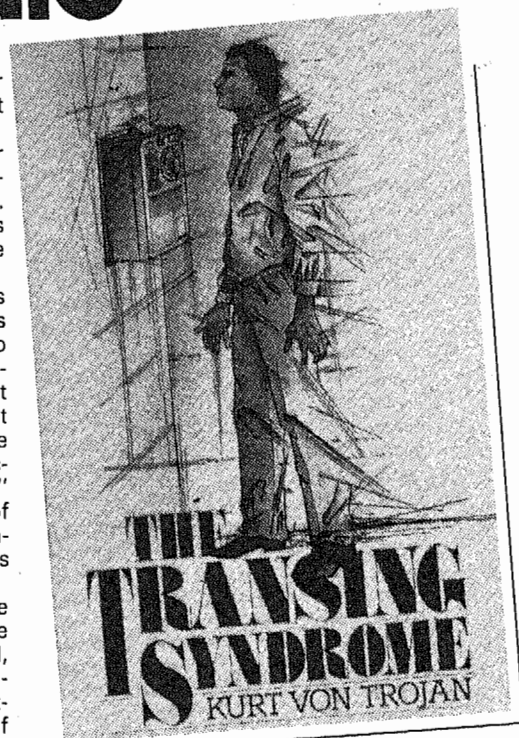
finish the book still wondering lamely whether it really is the world, or just poor Sherman, that is mad.

The story of Sherman's pathetic struggle for dignity is starkly poignant. He is a frail, wavering individual facing monolithic despotism. Riddled with self-doubt, he is haunted by his own sense of inadequacy, and he shuns the petty pretensions of gullible humanity.

Rather self-consciously, von Trojan has drawn on his own experiences in writing this novel. A Viennese-born Adelaidean, he fled to Australia during the bitter years of post-Nuremberg depression in Europe. His earliest memories are of Hitler, "the omnipresent father figure", and he recalls the collapse of the Nazi Reich, "the day when they took the pictures and cut pages out of our school-books," with illuminating clarity. "We learned of Auschwitz and Belsen, what they had hammered into our heads only yesterday was today monstrous and wrong."

Years later, working as a nurse at Parkside Mental Hospital - "in civilised Adelaide" - in the 1950s he witnessed patients being "kicked, beaten and lifted from their beds by their testicles". Remembering such scenes while a Reuters correspondent in Europe covering some of the Nazi war-crimes trials, he developed an avid cynicism toward all ideologies, a skepticism of institutionalised authority which pervades his book from cover to cover.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about *The Transing Syndrome* is that it is a local product of international quality. It is rare indeed that Australian science-fiction can compete on an equal footing with the reader-fodder foisted onto the Antipodean market by US and British



publishing barons, but von Trojan's work can be favourably compared with the best-selling English-language SF in the world today. For that reason alone he deserves a Cinderella run in Adelaide's bookshops.

"The Transing Syndrome" by Kurt von Trojan is a Rigby book which costs \$5.95.

St. Elmo's Yuppies

ST ELMO'S FIRE

AT Hoyts Regent Cinemas
Reviewed by Jamie Skinner

It had to happen didn't it? At long last Hollywood has made a film about, yes you've guessed it, yuppies.

And they're a rosy-cheeked bright-eyed bunch fit with porsches and appartments to illustrate their sort. An ensemble of young talent more informally known as the brat pack play the yuppies who've just graduated from uni. They are seven friends out in the real world facing the problems of marriage, money, love, drugs and profession. The film starts off with our sappy seven walking across a campus lawn dressed in black graduation gown and there's hidden emotion ready to bounce off the screen from their smiling faces. No sooner than is this scene over and we are shocked (but merely slightly stunned) to see one of them in an accident from drink-driving. This is the first of various crises that our 22-year-old graduates must face, pouring out their emotions at a middle-class dive called St. Elmo's Bar.

Baby-faced Emilio Estevez yet to be seen in *Tex* and next in *Repo Man* plays Kirbo the typical lover-boy law student who drops out for a former med student (Andie MacDowell) who's already got a boyfriend. He isn't a character because he spends the entire movie trying to impress her - this is sweet and sickly celluloid.

Little seen newcomer Demi Moore (*No Small Affair*, *Blame It On Rio*) features prominently as the eccentric extrovert flirt Jules who's tasted,

smelt and smoked some of the more finer qualities of America and would rather pretend that she is dating her boss on the way to success than grip reality and have a 'real' career. She's definitely an on-screen darling with her Cyndi-Lauper like voice and cute look. She's a character because she's suicidal according to the film.

Judd Nelson (*Making The Grade*, *The Breakfast Club*) plays the unlikeable budding politician Alec who's not as pretty as Greg Mackay but then again we can't all be. He's the group's problem solver and is rewarded by being able to beat up his best pal and get away with it or dump his girlfriend and still expect her to come back. Ally Sheedy plays his girlfriend who Alec wants to marry so that he will stop playing the field - the reassurance of a regular girl is what keeps him going but he's not a character because he's so false - his actions might be good to look at but off screen he wouldn't have any real friends.

Ally Sheedy (*Bad Boys*, *The Breakfast Club*) isn't a character but an appendage to Nelson. She's bits and pieces of a real person - she's just a plain naive love-indulged trendy. If she lived in Adelaide, you'd catch her at the Robin Hood on a Friday night.

Rob Lowe (*Hotel New Hampshire*, *Class*) plays Bill, the misfit of the group who's already got a wife and a brat. He's a saxophonist and lives in a caravan and has made a mess of his life and he's about the only persona who hasn't been glossed up for the screen. He's about the only real character in the film and not surprisingly audiences will find him the least interesting.

Mare Winningham is Wendy the welfare-



Yuppies

worker with a rich mummy and daddy but still a virgin and must escape from her parental pressure and do welfare work. She's apple pie with sugar and spice but not much cream. She has the natural attraction of opposites by being hooked on Billy. She's not a character because she's all things neat and nice.

And the last of the septet is Kevin played by Andrew McCarthy who bedded Jacqui Bisset in *Class* and is next seen in *Catholic Boys*. He's a cynical chain-smoking writer who has suppressed feelings about love. Can he be gay? Nah, not in this movie he ain't. If he had been, then he might have been a character.

St. Elmo's Fire tries to formulate characters in a character-study along the lines of *The Big Chill*, *The Breakfast Club* and John Sayle's *Return Of The Secaucus Seven*. Instead they are over-characterised and prettied up too much for the big screen. Director Joel Schumacher who previously has done ghetto-blasted comedies like *Car Wash* and *D.C. Cab* does significantly better with *St. Elmo's* but in the process of celluloid transition has drawn his characters too spotless and stereotyped that they merely become heroes and heroines, not real people.

ST. ELMO'S FIRE Soundtrack

Reviewed by Matthew Gibson

St. Elmo's Fire - the passion burns, the synthesizers bark, the sheep are fleeced and the musos laugh all the way to the bank. *St. Elmo's* is the latest film from America, aimed at college girls and boys. With an accompanying sound track.

The music is about as exciting as glandular fever. It follows the commercial pop pattern with a few half hearted attempts to deviate. The soon-to-be-a-smash-hit single, which is also the title track of the album, features Mike Parr's strained to the limit vocals.

The list of sound tracks like these goes on and on and one blends into another. Without big U.S. bucks for advertising and "top 20" stations like 5KA and SAFM this album wouldn't sell. It will though, and it's a shame when there are great bands like *Jaluka* who get next to no air play, and receive little remuneration for their outstanding musical efforts.

Spielbergian ideas redone

COCOON

At Hoyts Regent Cinemas
Reviewed by Jamie Skinner

If director Ron Howard has the intention of flattering the hell out of Steven Spielberg with *Cocoon*, he didn't intend to hide it. The Spielbergian ideas in *Cocoon* have been nicely integrated into a storyline which is as warm and wholesome as *E.T.*

But somewhere along the line Howard, who gave us last year's mermaid tale *Splash!* and churned out the comedy *NightShift* in 1982, got carried away. Howard is redoing bits and pieces of Spielberg and throwing in a bit of *On Golden Pond*. There's the coastal seaside *a la Jaws*, the similar story and saddening Martian creature from *E.T.*, the oldies made young again *a la Spielberg's Twilight Zone - The Movie* episode, and the closing special effects reminiscent of *Close Encounters*. It's as if Howard has turned Spielberg blockbusters into a

formula: Spielberg hit A plus Spielberg hit B equals blockbuster movie.

Instead of using kids to tell the story, we have a group of ageing and dying senior citizens. It's set in a Florida retirement village where an ensemble of Hollywood veterans play the superannuated ol'folks. They are played by Hume Cronyn (*Brewster's Millions*), Don Ameche (*Trading Places*), Wilford Brimley (*Country*), Maureen Stapleton (*Reds*), Jack Gilford and Jessica Tandy. It's not that their minds are defunct - it's just their bodies which need a service. Death is certainly rearing its ugly head for some, and all these timeworn oldsters have to look forward to these days is a game of cards, some ballroom dancing, chatting about yesterday and for the fellas, an occasional sneak-in next door to use the neighbour's pool - risky, but "what the heck".

And this is where the fun for the old folks begins. The estate has been hired by a group of divers (who are really amiable aliens) who have returned to Earth to bring back their friends who were left behind thousands of

years ago (sounds familiar?). They are Antareans - extra terrestrials in human skin, the leaders played by Brian Dennehy (*First Blood*, *Gorky Park*) and Raquel Welch's daughter, Tahnee. Steve Guttenberg plays an annoying boat-hirer who rents his boat to the Antareans only to find some funny things going on board. He gets involved with Tahnee and the human and Antarean actually make love - or make something, I'm not quite sure what. If there's a sequel, it might be interesting to see what comes from their concourse.

The martians in human guise go diving for the cocoons - the rock-shelled, egg-shaped pods which conceal their hibernating fellow extra terrestrials - and they store them in the swimming pool which Cronyn, Brimley and Ameche are using.

The pool becomes a source of rejuvenation for timeworn trio, bringing new life to their old bodies. This produces brilliant bouts of break-dancing, rapid bodyhealing, revived libido and Olympic-like watersports and diving.

However, as with *E.T.*, things start to go



wrong. Everybody in the retirement home finds out about the fountain of youth and in a mass swimming spree, the cocoons are damaged. The Antarean's mission wasted, the pods are returned to the sea for safety and they are invited to go home with the Antareans where they will live forever.

And alas, like in a fairytale, they go. Guttenberg's boat is uplifted from the sea, up to a giant spaceship which bears thousands of glimmering lights, with a real close encounter with the Coast Guard. In this closing scene Howard is trying to give us a heavenly message, as they fly higher and higher. They are going to a place where they will live forever in eternal harmony - it's as if they have all died and risen to an Antarean Eden in space.

Lutheran Students Fellowship

On Thursday we will be meeting for an end of term, end of year worship service in the Chapel, so ... why not come along, join in and get some great inspiration and motivation for your exams. It'd be great to see ya there! 1.05 pm.

Juggling Club

Despite tricking you last time, this week, for certain, juggling will be happening on the sunny Barr Smith Lawns amid the birds, the bees and the munching of sandwiches. Tuesday 1 pm.

Coming Events

Union Entertainment

Melbourne Cup Day - Tuesday 5th November in the Bar.
End of Year Show - Saturday December 14th on Barr Smith Lawns with Jimmy Barnes and Divinyls. Ticket details soon.

Beach Party

Don't forget! The greatest raging beach party of all time takes place after exams on Saturday 23rd November. This once in a lifetime absolute bash will be happening at West Beach (near the West Beach Surf Life Saving Club), with all the raging starting at 8.00 pm. All welcome - be there. P.S. BYO.

Resistance

Saturday, November 9th, 2.00 pm. *Thatcher's Britain*. A look at Britain today with a video on the role of the cops during the British miners' strike. Also showing the film *Burning an Illusion* showing the radicalisation of a young Caribbean woman. Saturday, November 23rd, 10.00 am. Peace and solidarity seminar. Guest speakers from the Philippines, South Africa and Central America. Panel discussion on nuclear disarmament, black rights and overseas students. Films and lunch available. Small cover charge.
Both events to be held at the Resistance Centre, 78 Hindley St.

General Notices

A.U. Sailing Club

Sailors and Deviants Wanted.
The 1985/86 sailing season has just commenced. The University Sailing Club has two LW Sharpies available for experienced sailors to race. University Sailing Club members can sail at the Glenelg Sailing Club where a large fleet of LW Sharpies regularly race. The Club also has boats available for use by members over the summer.
The 1986 Intarsity is to be held in Tasmania. Positions are available for competent helmsmen and crew seeking pre-

America's Cup training. Egotistical authors stay away. Wealthy sponsors more than welcome.

If interested contact the Sailing Club through its pigeon hole in the Sports Association Office.

Watch out for the Sailing Club Post Exam Iron Man/Maiden Championship and Beach Party.

Hosts Wanted

In January, 1986, two young teachers of English from China will be coming to work in Adelaide for the year. From their stay here, it is hoped that they will be able to improve their English and gain experience in local schools. As well they will be able to improve their understanding of Australian culture by direct participation in an Australian home and in community life.

The programme is being organised by AFS Australia, an organisation which has been associated in the past with secondary school exchanges.

As part of the programme, the teachers will be placed in Australian homes, and so AFS is currently seeking people willing to host a teacher. As a host or host family, you are expected to provide room and board for the teacher. In return you are guaranteed a tremendous, international experience from which you and your friends and family will all benefit.

If you are interested in hosting a teacher and would like further information, please phone the following people.
Sandra Chynoweth 267 5104
Kathryn Woods 344 5954
Ali Watts 333 2982
Joan Buttery 268 7780
(These are the home phone numbers).

Union Entertainment

Monday

1.00 pm. Videoscreening in Union bar.

Tuesday

1.00 - 4.00 pm. Clubsport video show of sports around the world. Coverage includes boxing, darts, motor racing, wrestling, waterskiing, plus music. Union Bar.
6.00 pm. Science Fiction Club video in Union Bar.

Wednesday

1.00 - 4.00 pm. Clubsport videoscreening in Union Bar.
6.00 pm. Music students performance in Bistro.

Thursday

1.00 - 3.00 pm. Videoscreening in Union Bar.

Friday

1.00 pm. Comedian Anthony Ackroyd in Union Bar ... "A deeply disturbed individual...". Free.

8.00 pm - midnight. Tooheys Draught Grand Spree of Entertainment with *Hey Daddy*. Free to A.U. Students, \$3 Guests. Complimentary Tooheys Draught stubby to first 120 people entering venue from 8 pm. Door prizes.

Saturday

8.00 pm - 1.00 am. Activities Council and Tooheys Draught Grand Spree of Entertainment with *Rockitt 88* including *The Boosters* and Sue Barker plus Anthony Ackroyd.

A.U. students \$4.
Guests \$5.
Complimentary Tooheys Draught stubby to first 120 people entering venue from 8 pm. Door prizes of Tooheys fridge packs, with 6 pack beer, and sun visor and T-shirt.

Opening Hours of Union - November '85 - February '86

Union Buildings will be totally closed:
Christmas Day 25/12/85
Proclamation Day 26/12/85
New Year's Day 1/1/86
Australia Day 27/1/86
Generally closed over period 20/12/85 - 1/1/86 inclusive apart from working days for Bank, Student Travel, Pharmacy and Bookshop.

Union Administration, Student and Sports Offices.
Closed on 19/12/85 - 6/1/86.

Catering Areas

Mayo Refectory:
8.30 am - 6.00 pm 4/11/85 - 22/11/85
8.30 am - 5.00 pm 25/11/85 - 28/2/86 except 23/12/85 - 1/1/86.
Regular hours from 3/3/86.

Upper Refectory
Closes on 25/10/85, reopens 3/3/86.

Cellar
Closes on 25/10/85, reopens 3/3/86.

Wills Refectory
Closes on 22/11/85, reopens 3/3/86.

Bar & Bistro
Closes on 19/12/85, reopens 28/1/86.
Bar open noon - 8.00 pm weekdays:
4/11/85 - 19/12/85 & 28/1/86 - 28/2/86.

Union House Regular Hours
8.00 am - 8.00 pm weekdays 4/11/85 - 20/12/85
8.00 am - 5.00 pm weekdays 6/1/86 - 25/1/86
8.00 am - 8.00 pm weekdays 28/1/86 - 28/2/86
8.00 am - 10.30 pm weekdays 1st term, 3/3/86 -

Gallery Coffee Shop
Closes 13/12/85, reopens 10/2/86 or 17/2/86
(to be confirmed).

Craft Studio
Closes 13/12/85, reopens 3/2/86 or 10/2/86
(to be confirmed).

Squash Courts
8.00 am - 8.00 pm weekdays 4/11/85 - 19/12/85
8.00 am - 8.00 pm weekdays 28/1/86 - 28/2/86.

Union Bookshop
Open regular hours until 24/12/85, then reopens Thursday, 2nd January, 1986.

Student Activities Office

The Student Activities Office (and Students' Association and Clubs and Societies Association) will be temporarily relocated during November/December whilst renovations are made. It will be housed in the enclosed area at the southern end of the Wills Refectory in the space formerly occupied by the Union Shop. The services offered by the Union Shop have been incorporated into the Adelaide University Union Bookshop on a permanent basis.

Student Representatives Standing Committee

Meeting will be held in the Upper Refectory on Wednesday the 30th October at 6.30 pm. Pre-meeting drinks and supper will be provided.

WHEREABOUTS

A FREE COMMUNITY INFORMATION SERVICE USE IT!
OFFERING OR FLATS HOUSES LOOKING FOR SHARE

RING US 51 3867 — 51 3868

MONDAY - FRIDAY
9.00am — 2.30 pm

SATURDAY
9.00-11.30am

DANGERPIG!

-AND HIS CONSORT- CARELESS ROBERT

AS THE END OF THE YEAR DRAWS CLOSER, D.P. FEELS OUT OF SORTS...

ALORS! D.P. - LE COLEUR; C'EST ALLE' DE VOTRE VISAGE!

OUI, MON AMI...

JE ME RAPPELE... PARDON, ..

[I REMEMBER... EXCUSE ME]

.. JUST GET RID OF THE SUB-TITLES, BUDDY! THIS STRIP IS SUPPOSED TO STIMULATE LEARNING!

I REMEMBER A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE, DURING MY LONG JOURNEY FROM JOACHIM SHAPIRO...

[ZANG!] [GOOD GRIEF, D.P. THE COLOUR IS GONE FROM YOUR FACE!] [YES, MY FRIEND]

FOR THOSE WHO CAME IN CARDBOARD BOXES.. JOACHIM SHAPIRO, FAR OFF PIG PLANET..

"DESTROYED.. D.P. ITS SOLE SURVIVOR .."

IN HIS CRYSTAL SPACESHIP.. "LE PORCEAU MOUCHEN"

SO, -WHAT HAPPENED?

I FOUND MYSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A HOSTILE *SPACEWALKER!

GASP!

SURRENDER PIG! HA HA HA HA

(* FOR : SPACE-GHOST WHO WALKS)

IT TRIED TO SAP MY LIFE ENERGY WITH ITS DEADLY BLUE PENCIL RAY!

ZAP!

LUCKILY, I SURVIVED

TIME FOR A QUICKIE, D.P.

O.K... UM.. -AND CYCLING BLUE WITH COLD AND FEAR OF HEIGHTS. THE FLIGHT OF FANCY MEETS BENZ'S MERCEDES IN THE NICK OF TIME..

AND NOW, HOLIDAY TIME!

'BYE GUYS!

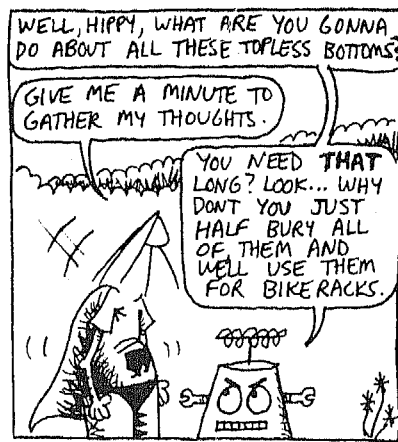
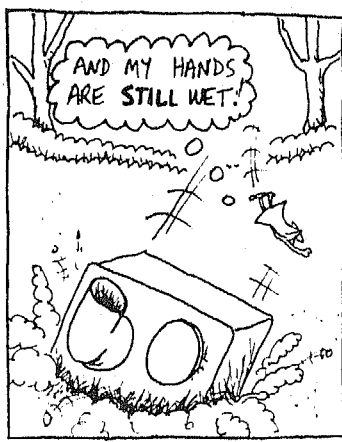
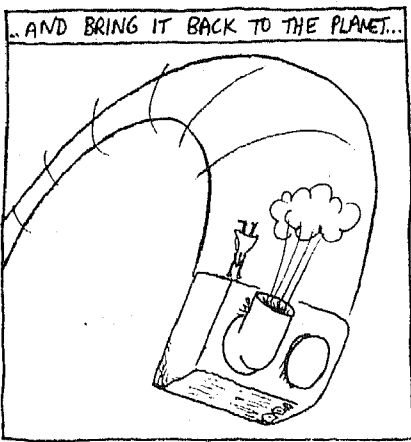
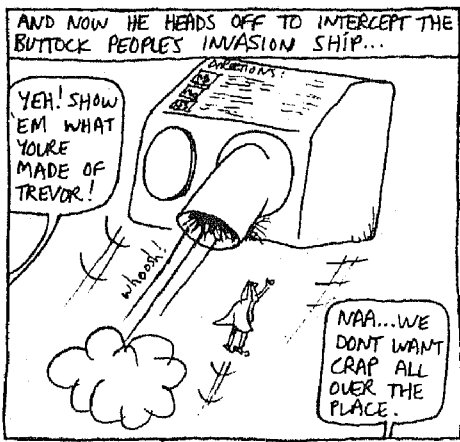
AU REVOIR

© BABEL OCT '85 * PUMPKIN GYMKHANA -THURS. 10pm SUV* BY THE MANGINI BROTHERS

THIS IS IT! THE CHEEK-QUIVERING CONCLUSION TO THIS EPIC TAIL! [sic]

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

THE SEARCH FOR TREVOR
Part 2654138715629
(OR DOES IT JUST SEEM LIKE IT?)
TREVOR IS BACK IN HIS BODY
AND HAS REGAINED HIS POWERS...



(BY THE WAY... TREVOR NOW PREFERS TO WEAR HIS CAPT. ADELAIDE UNIFORM WITHOUT THE HOOD, AS IT TENDED TO RESTRICT HIS VISION. AFTER ALL, SUPERMAN NEVER WORE A HOOD AND NOONE EVER REALIZED HE WAS REALLY CLARK KENT.)

