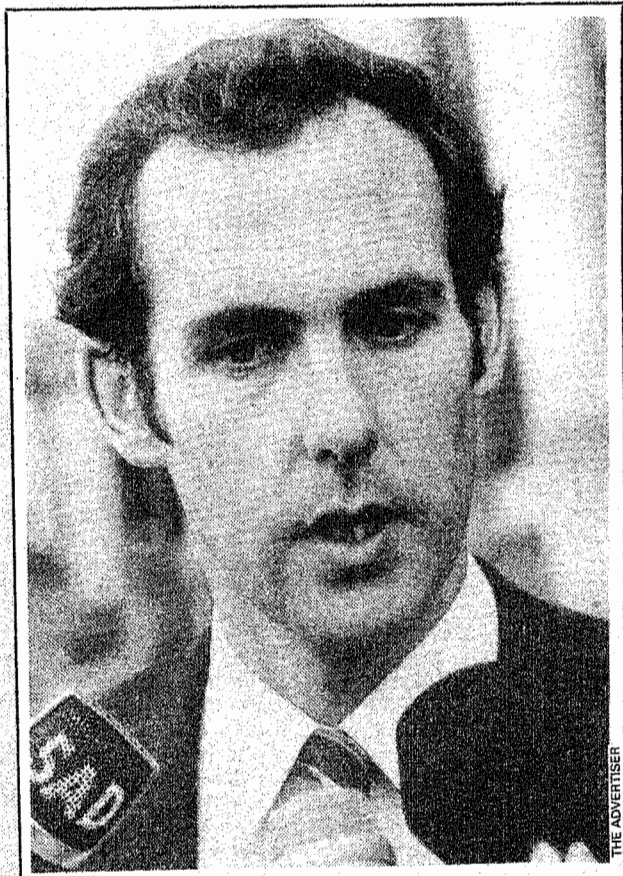


# on dit

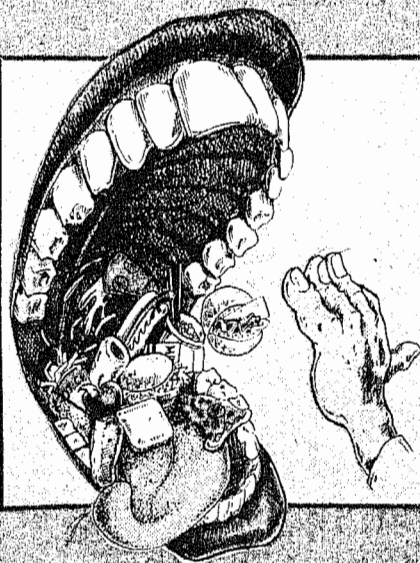


## Bob Brown warns: our rainforests threatened

PLUS



THE ADVERTISER



### SHOCK!

## MAYO FOOD IS GOOD FOR YOUR WALLET!

### THE MOTELS

## Martha Davis interviewed



## Diary



### Christianity and Captain Adelaide

Among the responses to last week's edition (for another, see *Where It's At*) comes one from the Lutheran Students' Fellowship, who this Thursday are having a discussion in the Chapel "on topics in *On dit*".

But which topics? Bicycles? *Captain Adelaide*? *Halley's Comet*? TEAS? Marijuana smoking? Science-fiction? *Australian Crawl*?

It might, of course, be something to do with our lift-out on how students have changed in the last twenty years. But the question is, do any more (or any less) go to LSF meetings?

Find out, Thursday 1 pm. Be there or be uninformed.

### Better than aardvarkelling?

Football fever has, it appears, hit Adelaide - and I don't mean the Aerial Ping-Pong Semi-Finals.

No, the word in sport this summer is Touch, according to the organisers of an intra-mural

competition planned for third term. They say that despite the name there's no violent body-contact, just a lot of fast running and rugby-style tactics. The emphasis is on playing and enjoying.

There's only one person in our office who's had much involvement in the game, and that's Moya Dodd, of *Where It's At* infamy. But as a fanatical devotee of women's soccer, a sport she describes as "better even than aardvarkelling", Dodd says Touch is nowhere near as good as women's soccer. Apparently they play at "the uncivilised hour of nine on Sundays, whereas women's soccerists play at 12.30.

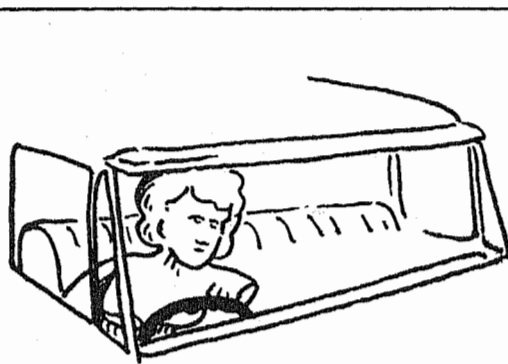
### Eleven-sided debauchery

We've received word that the Bar has become something of a gladiatorial arena recently, in a display of the sort of debauchery not seen since Roman times.

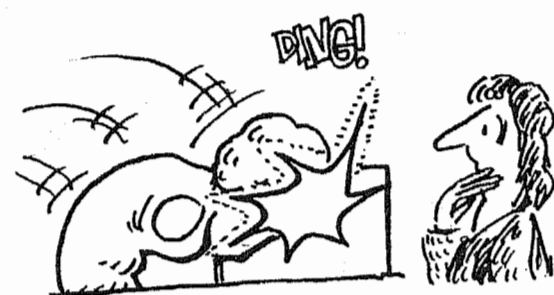
In fact the Bar has been the scene of ten-person pyramid building, a feat which takes on interesting dimensions when you find that the pyramid is made of empty spirits glasses, and extraordinary ones when you realise that it is the job of the team of 10 to empty them as well as balance them. And the most recent pyramid had an eleven-glass-a-side base - 220 shots...

But the debauchery a week or so ago is but a preliminary round. The next step is a twelve-glass-a-side effort, which adds up to 284 shots. That event is scheduled for later in the term.

Meanwhile, if you're wondering why *Dusty Covers* is a little odd this week...



THE STATUE OF VENUS DE MILO HAS LOTS OF TROUBLE DRIVING CARS.



AND WORKING CASH REGISTERS.



NOT TO MENTION JOGGING...



...OR EVEN BREATHING.

SO PLEASE, GIVE GENEROUSLY TO VENUS DE MILO; AND HER LESSER KNOWN SISTER DAPHNE.

KENNEL

## On dit is looking...

### ...for Proofreaders

You can assist us to take the bugs out of *On dit*. We need people to proofread copy on Thursday and Friday. If you have a good knowledge of English grammar and spelling we want you now. Call into our office.

### For Journalists...

We need volunteers to write news stories and features. If you like writing, you'll be welcome. And if you are considering working in journalism after you leave uni, then

*On dit* can teach you basic skills and give you advice and encouragement,

### ...for Listeners

If you listen to a wide range of radio programs - rock and classical, music, magazine and current affairs programs - and you believe you are capable of writing intelligently and concisely about radio, *On dit* wants you. We need a reliable and consistent radio writer to provide a critical guide to the airwaves each week.

*On dit* is in the south-west corner of the Union cloisters, or you can phone 223 2685 or 223 5405.

## Apology

"How campuses rejected ACTS" in *On dit* 16 (9/9/85) described Sydney University SRC ex-President Mark Hayward as having been "arrested for assaulting a councillor". This was not, we now believe, the case; rather, Hayward was the target of a civil suit for assault, now dropped. We apologise for any embarrassment caused.

In the same story Murdoch University in W.A. was wrongly identified as Monash University.

In the article "TEAS cup to be a little fuller in 1986" the titles "TEAS 1985" and "TEAS 1986" in the living-at-home table were accidentally transposed.

## Production

*On dit* is a weekly newsmagazine produced at the University of Adelaide. It appears every Monday during term except Monday holidays.

Edited and published by David Walker.

**Typesetting:** Jo Davis, Marion Ratzmer and introducing Edwina Cadd.

**Printing:** Adrien Dibben, Graphics: Ron and Rob Tomlian, Peter Reeves and his little metal box, Peter Meehan, Craig Ellis and Nick Nobody-Much, The Ghost Who Draws.

**Advertising representative** and pie contractor: David Israel.

**Photography:** David Ballantyne, Alex Hancock.

**Freight:** David Mussared.

**News and Features:** Richard Wilson, Graham Hastings, Moya Dodd, Paul T. Washington, David Bevan, Alison Mahoney, Jenni Lans, Sue Blaby, David Mussared, Brian Abbey, Russ Grayson.

**Limelight:** David "what day is it?" Mussared, Joe "I've-just-had-a-quiet-chat-with-Martha-Davies" Penhall, Mike Gibson, Dino DiRosa, the prodigious Jamie Skinner, Emma Hunt, Ronan More, Fran Edwards, Andrew Stewart, Tom Morton, Paul T. Washington, Jenni Lans, Richard Wilson.

**Columnists:** Charles Gent, Moya Dodd, Norm Greet, Ronan More, Richard Wilson, Cam Perdown, Henrietta Frump.

**Cover:** Justine "The Knife" Bradney.

**Thanks to:** Jo Davis, Karyn Lymbery, John Hepworth, John Sandeman, Doug McEachern, Brian Abbey, Rosie O'Grady, Chris Pearson.

**Deadline for articles is 12 pm Wednesday.**

**Telephone: 228 5404 and 223 2685.**

**Postal Address: On dit**

**P.O. Box 498 Adelaide 4001.**

## Dusty Covers



Fifty years of campus history as recorded faithfully(?) by *On dit*. Compiled by Henrietta Frump.

Last week I wrote about the police involvement in the occupation of the Flinders University Registry in 1974. Police have made a more recent incursion on this campus.

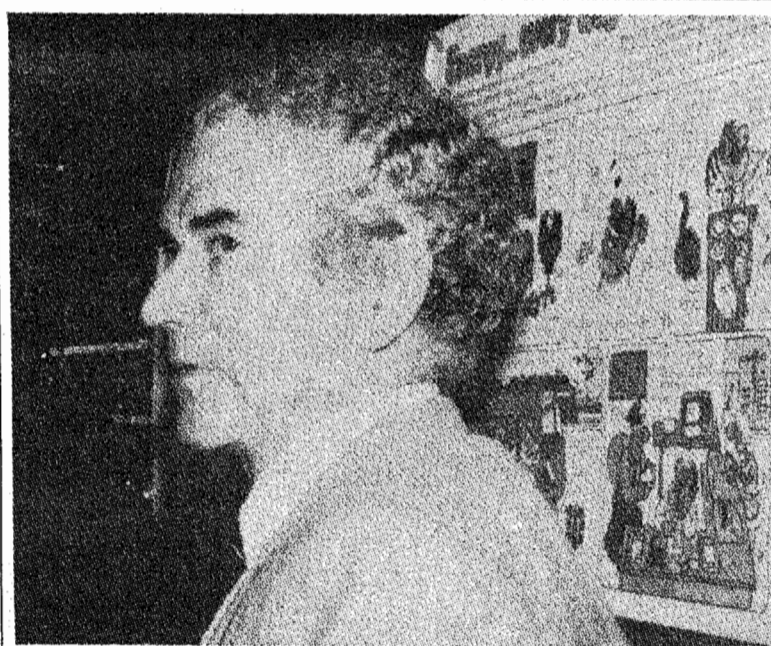
In 1982 the police were called to a seminar held by the Pro-Nuclear Association. The seminar, titled *A Mine Called Olympic Dam*, was disrupted by chanting and heckling from about twenty anti-uranium demonstrators. The Deputy Premier, Roger Goldsworthy, was speaking at the meeting in the Little Cinema.

During the meeting the demonstrators kept up a constant barrage of interjections for about three-quarters of an hour.

"Once a multinational came to South Australia..." they sang to the tune of *Waltzing Matilda*. Minor scuffles broke out between demonstrators and other members of the audience. There were several heated exchanges and at least two protesters were physically threatened during the meeting.

Pro-Nuclear Club President, Paul Franzone, called the police. A police spokesperson denied that they knew the Minister for Mines and Energy was on campus.

Franzone said he told the police of Goldsworthy's presence. He said that he later rang the police again and asked the police not to attend. "Communications broke down" he told *On dit*.



Goldsworthy, heckled to a halt

The police entered the campus and escorted Mr Goldsworthy away from the seminar.

Goldsworthy persisted in his defence of the Roxby Downs venture during the demonstration.

"If you're not prepared to listen to an opposing point of view, then there's no hope for you," he told the demonstrators.

"Uranium has no hope", they replied.

Two other speakers were due to speak at the meeting, John Reynolds from Western Mining Corporation and John Simmonds, described as a consultant on nuclear proliferation.

Neither delivered their speeches in the Little Cinema. The meeting was later resumed in Meeting Room One after Goldsworthy left.

Pro-Nuke President Franzone, criticised the tactics of the demonstrators. "It goes to show that this is a group of people who are not willing to have the other side speak their views."

A spokesperson for the demonstrators declined to comment to *On dit*.

The police were escorted onto the campus by the University Coordinator of Facilities and Services,

Mr Peter Turnbull.

He described the demonstration as "a storm in the tea cup. I think the person who was organizing the thing flapped a bit."

He said that the normal procedure would be to call the university security staff. It is up to the security staff to call the police. He denied that police had breached protocol by entering the campus.

"Normal protocol is to have police escorted by members of security staff. I escorted the police to the meeting, stayed with them all the time and escorted them off the campus again."

University Registrar F.J. O'Neill said if a police visit to the university campus was non-routine, he would be consulted.

"If it involved a student riot or political demonstration, ultimately I would decide or the Vice-Chancellor would decide," he said.

Mr O'Neill was not consulted on the day the police entered campus.

A police spokesperson said on Wednesday night that "When we have a report of a disturbance taking place (after hours) we go in and notify them (the university authorities) afterwards."

## Police hit campus as pro-nuke Goldsworthy heckled

# Woodchip fight may become Franklin II

The Tasmanian forest will soon be the scene of a Franklin-style blockade once again, according to the Australian Conservation Foundation's Geoff Law.

And Law says that a massacre of animals "the equivalent of the Adelaide Zoo slaughter occurs probably 10 to 20 times every day in Tasmania's forest alone" as bulldozers move in on the trees.

Law, the ACF's Forests Campaign Officer, visited Adelaide University last week to address a public meeting, part of a national campaign to limit Tasmanian woodchipping.

He said that a national campaign was the only course of action with any chance of success.

"Tasmanians, of course, don't necessarily want to sell out all their forests.

"On the other hand, ... any company, it seems, which rips off Tasmania's environment and costs the State money is worth backing, for the State Government.

"Once again, we need the rest of Australia to come to the rescue of Tasmania's natural environment."

The aim of the campaign is to persuade the Federal Government to "come to the rescue" while it has the chance given by export licence renewals.

"The most important thing we'd like to see from the Federal Government is the complete protection of wilderness areas, rainforests and any scraps of forest that are left in a

completely natural state."

To achieve this without loss of jobs "means getting forestry out of our native natural forests and onto plantations", said Law.

Currently, he explains, there is negligible protection of forested wilderness. "The World Heritage Area has no logical boundary at all. It may as well have been drawn by a drunk on a Sunday afternoon. [There are] completely arbitrary boundaries in some cases, apart from the fact that they have been drawn specifically for the purpose of excluding forest."

Rainforest is in a similar plight. "There's an official moratorium on logging stands of what is called 'pure rainforest' on public land. An area which has 95 per cent rainforest cover can be disqualified from being from being called a rainforest, and can be clearfelled, burned, flattened and replaced with eucalypt plantations."

This destruction and change of forests has an enormous impact on animals, which has been a major focus of the national campaign, especially in the media.

"It's not an exaggeration to say that the equivalent of the Adelaide zoo slaughter occurs probably 10 to 20 times every day in Tasmania's forests alone, and that's happening all over the country.

"The most insidious thing of all is the replacement of the habitat of these native animals with tree farms which can't support them. For the

woodchippers to call a regenerated forest a natural forest is like calling a concentration camp a housing estate.

"As far as the animals are concerned, they may as well follow the woodchips to Japan, because the Japanese, while they're quite happy to carve up our forests, actually protect their own."

The draft Environmental Impact Statement prepared by the woodchippers almost totally ignores this aspect of forestry operations, Law said.

Law believes that the final Statement will be no better. "I'm sure the final EIS [Environmental Impact Statement] will be very similar to the draft EIS, except the woodchippers will be better at covering their tracks. They'll be much more subtly biased, but the conclusions will be the same.

"As far as the right information getting to the Government is concerned, that's our job.

"The woodchippers are trying to steamroll the Federal Government into making a very hasty and very bad decision.

"The current woodchip export licences don't expire until 1988. For the Government to accede, to agree to condone another 15 years of devastation of the forest, which causes damage which lasts for centuries, sometimes forever, when they've still got time to make a considered decision, would be grossly irresponsible.



Cute - and threatened

They must grant the licences unless there is an agreement with the Tasmanian Government that none of those forests [in reserve proposal and National Estate areas] are going to be logged.

"Perhaps such an agreement is totally unlikely and unrealistic. We've got Premier Gray warning people that they've got another big fight on their hands if they try to

interfere with the advance of woodchipping.

"I can't see us getting to the stage where all the forests are protected without having to fight for them. Unfortunately, that means taking on direct action - blockades and so on. It's odds-on that within a year or two there's going to be direct action in Tasmania's bush."

- Stephen Mattingley

# "Ouija Board" hires US psychic, wins Bent Spoon

The 1984 Bent Spoon Award for gullibility has been awarded to a Victorian Government Department who hired an American "psychic archaeologist and invisible building diviner."

The Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works won its Bent Spoon named after the objects which fraudulent magician Uri Geller claimed he warped by "psychic" power - while attempting to reconstruct a 1960's homestead.

Unsure of the position of various buildings, fences and other human structures in the area, the Board hired Karen Hunt, a woman who wrote her degree thesis at the University of Indiana on "electromagnetic photofields", which she claims to have invented.

Hunt searched for the building with "electromagnetic photofield detectors", which she also called "ferrous wires".

Many laypersons might more easily recognise them as bent coathangers.

Wire in each hand, Hunt criss-crossed the homestead site, her wires separating when she arrived at what she said was the site of a long-extinct wall.

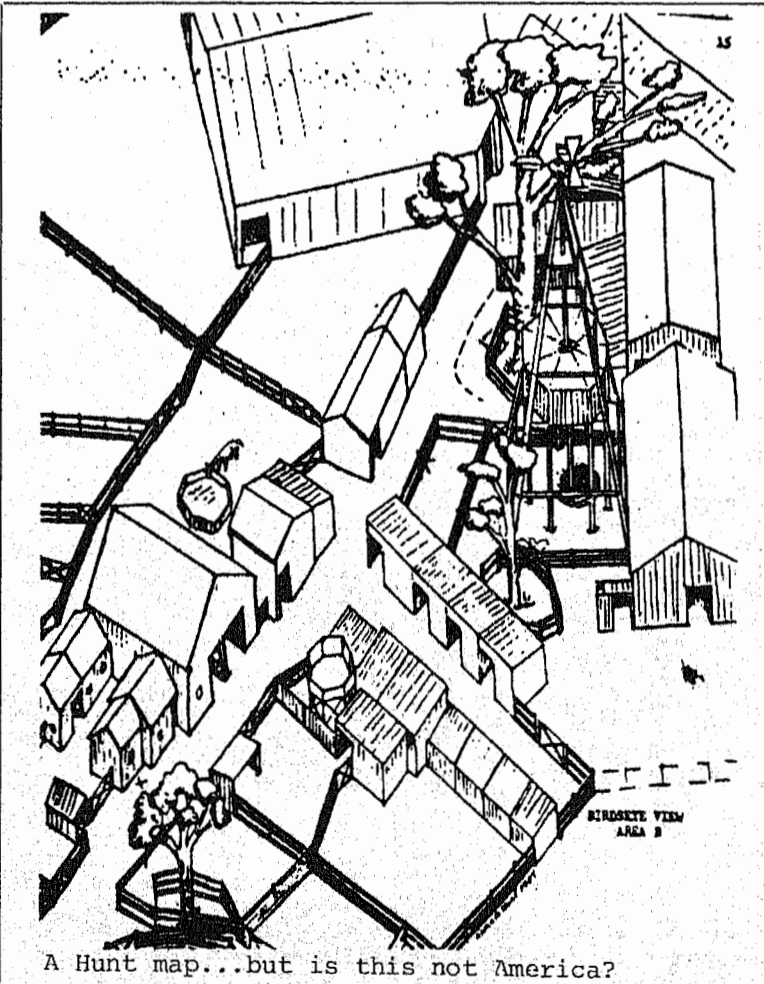
She also used the wires to detect second floors, cellars, wells, indicated by rotating wires, and graves of pioneers, which she said were indicated by crossed wires.

But was Ms Hunt the only one with her wires crossed?

It was the Board of Works who reportedly paid Hunt \$1800 for her hard work.

Hunt spent five weeks in Melbourne producing a 36-page report on the old farm which she had surveyed with her coathangers. She said she had found 129 "building and structure patterns" and made detailed maps and drawings of the homestead.

Australian Skeptics President Mark Plummer, who accused the Board of "incredible naïveté and lack of commonsense," notes that Hunt's



A Hunt map...but is this not America?

drawings look very much like drawings of farms in the American mid-west.

Hunt lives in the mid-west. The Skeptics, who note that Hunt's thesis is yet to be confirmed by any expert physicist, took her report to experts in electro-magnetic radiation, who were able to show that she was "ignorant as to the workings of electro-magnetic fields and of basic physics."

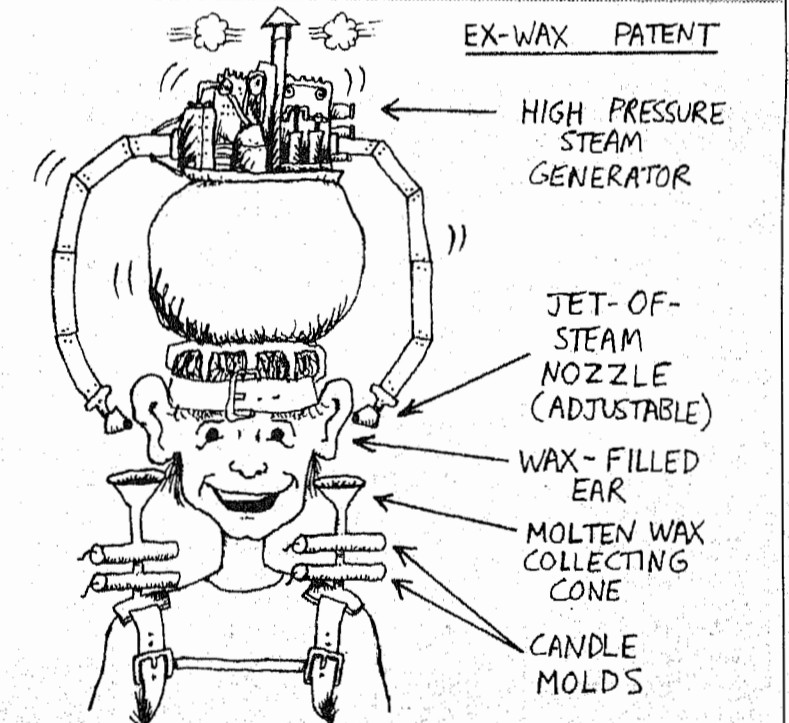
The Skeptics have also written to Ms Hunt offering her a \$32,000 prize

if she can prove her abilities at a Florida car park.

It is a challenge which she has so far declined.

The Skeptics were formed several years ago under the patronage of Sydney electronics millionaire Dick Smith to investigate so-called paranormal phenomena.

Their President now wants the Metropolitan Board of Works to desist using psychics or change its name to "The Melbourne and Metropolitan Ouija Board of Works."



# Mechanical cotton bud here soon?

Ear wax, bane of millions in the time since the dawn of man, may be a thing of the past if Dr John Eichenlaub markets his Ex-wax device.

Ex-wax, which is claimed to safely melt and remove wax from your ear canal, is only one of 75 patented inventions which were touted at the recent US National Inventors' Expo.

The ear cleaner stood shoulder-to-shoulder with Larry Moore's back-cleaning device, a circular sponge which is designed to zig-zag down a metal plate fixed to your bathroom wall, keeping your out-of-reach regions in pristine conditions. "Back Magic", as the device is called, is no whimsical amateur job: Moore and his wife have spent US\$15,000 on prototypes, trade shows and a video where a well-muscled gent struggles in vain to wash his back without gadgetry.

Moore thought of the waterbed a few years ago but never patented or developed the idea, and he doesn't

intend to be caught out again.

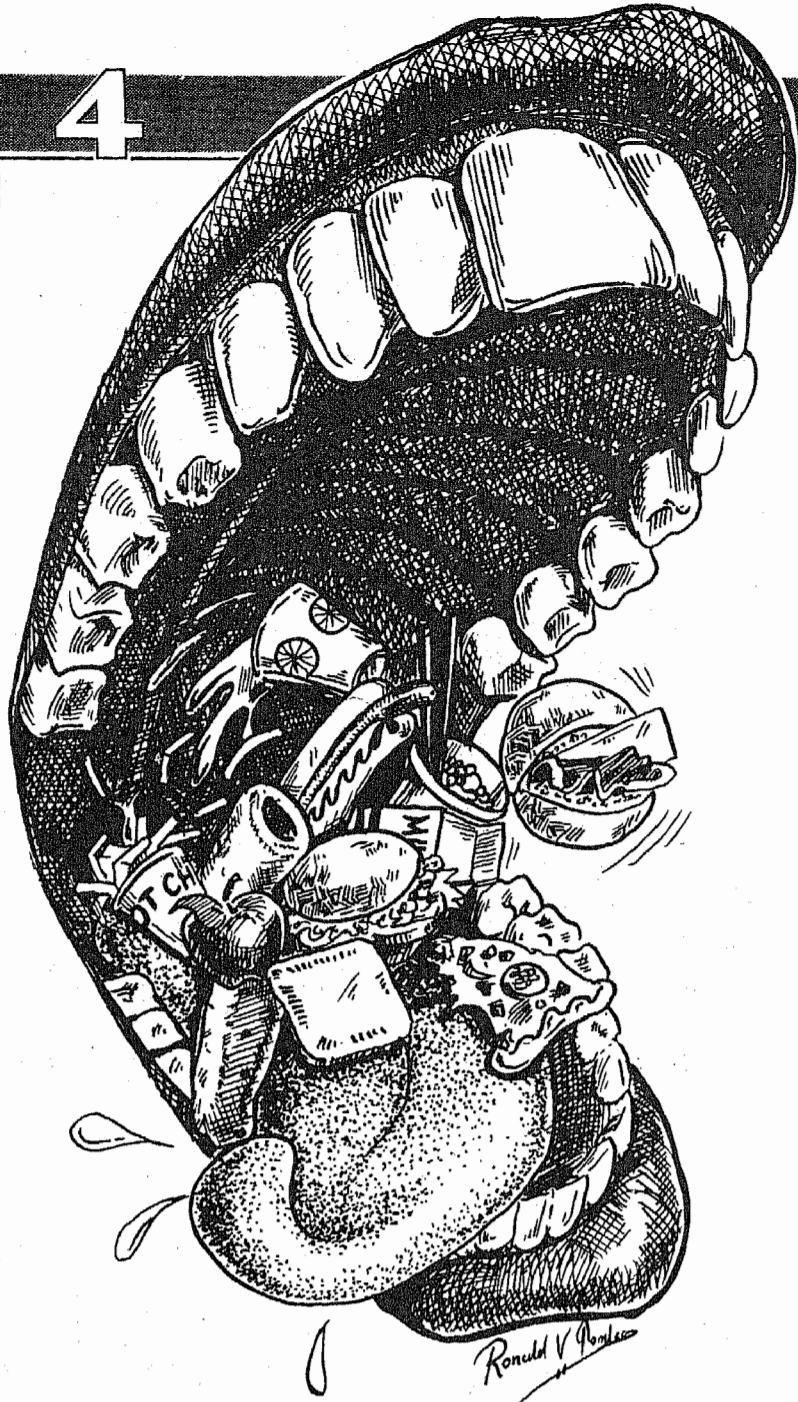
And cooks who've experienced the frustration of trying to form a perfect piecrust lattice will appreciate air force veteran Ralph Bartos's device for creating perfect shapes on the tops of pies.

Then there's the gadget for hanging pictures straight, the portable carport, and the Egyptian Hair Dryer which rolls and dries hair at the same time.

In contrast to this string of ideas from ordinary people was the game-playing vending machine exhibited by Coca-Cola. In addition to asking you to make your selections and asking you to take your change, this gizmo lets you play a 30-second video game of "Catch-a-Coke" when you finally buy your drink.

Coke has three thousand of these things in the US, and we can probably expect them here soon. But what about a Coke machine that de-waxes your ears while you wait?

- David Walker



# The cost of living on refectory food

Adelaide University's Mayo Refectory is just about the cheapest place for students to eat, an *On dit* survey of campuses around Australia has shown.

Only the University of Tasmania, with such ridiculously low prices as 30-cent cups of coffee and 55-cent hot dogs, finishes ahead of it.

The other South Australian campuses included in the poll (conducted in mid-August), Flinders and the S.A. Institute of Technology and the Kintore Avenue S.A. College of Advanced Education, finished sixth, eight and seventh respectively.

A large number of STD phone calls established that for a typical large meal, the price students pay can vary by well over a dollar (see *The Refectory Feast*).

For example, if you want a hot dog, it will cost you twice as much at the SACAE or W.A. University cafeterias as it would if you were in the University of Tasmania.

The opinion of the students who eat the food also varies considerably. In the opinion of students, higher prices do not necessarily mean better-quality food. (See *What The Diners Think*).

And what are the advantages of having the catering handled by a private firm rather than by the Union? Not very many, it appears (see *Private and Union Catering*).

This survey is not, unfortunately, the be-all and end-all. With the Australian dollar as rock solid as aeroplane jelly, the prices of the various items may well be quite different already to those quoted in mid-August. Also, the survey was not extensive. Universities such as Macquarie and Monash were not surveyed (the latter due to the fact that no-one answered the phone there). The Whyalla SAIT and the other SACAE's were also not included.

The prices are subject to variation. Apples fluctuate dramatically, depending on size and the season. Some of the other items, such as hot dogs and pizza slices also may vary in size between states.

## What was surveyed

13 regular cafeteria food items, ranging from meat pies to milkshakes, were priced. As it turned out, just four of the eleven campuses sold pizza slices, and only seven sold milkshakes. All the other items were sold in at least nine cafeterias. Prices were quoted by the respective catering manager(ess)/staff over the phone and therefore may not be entirely true (I was quoted 80 cents for a finger bun at La Trobe, which is more than 20 cents dearer than any other campus - otherwise La Trobe was one of the cheapest campuses).

## The result

All of us (except anorexics) eat food. Along with oxygen and alcohol, it makes up the requirements for life in universities. This is the final order of merit of the campus cafeterias, based on cost and comments.

### Undisputably top:

1. University of Tas.

### Value for money:

2. University of Adelaide.
3. Melbourne University.
4. University of W.A.
5. La Trobe University.

### Adequate:

6. Flinders University.

### From "cheaper to eat at home" to "unacceptably bad":

7. SACAE (Kintore Ave.)
8. Nth. Terrace and the Levels SAIT's.
9. Queensland University.
10. Sydney University.

## Drinks

Orange Juice (pure, 250 ml) was (with the exception of Sydney and Adelaide) remarkably uniform in price around Australia. No more than five cents separated one carton from another. Milk (iced coffee, 600 ml) on the other hand varied widely, even inside the same state. For example, here at Adelaide, a 600 ml carton costs 70 cents; at Flinders it costs 80 cents; and at the SAIT, 85 cents. Since they all get the milk from the same place, one can only assume the 15 cent price difference between Adelaide and the Institute is pure profit for the private catering firm.

## Private and Union Catering

The cafeterias at the North Terrace and Levels SAIT campuses are both run by Arrow Catering. The Kintore Avenue SACAE is run by Kookaburra Catering. The rest of the campus eateries are run by the respective unions.

The private firms obviously need to make a profit, and hence you would expect the prices to be higher. Indeed they are, with Arrow coming in eighth and Kookaburra only marginally better at seventh. But the quality should be of at least the same standard as the Adelaide University Union, right? Wrong! Comments from diners at the SAIT cafeteria included:

"They don't provide an adequate range of nutritional food."

"It's more or less junk food, except for the sandwiches - but they're too expensive."

"Need more staff ... they should employ students, who need the jobs."

"Don't like the catering firm - it has a monopoly (on food sales) except for walking into town (and, we presume, into the Mayo as well!), and even:

"Don't like the catering firm because they don't smile enough."

Under the threat of civil proceedings, I should point out that not all the comments were so nasty. Some people thought that SAIT food was either good or at least not too bad.

(For more comments on the actual food, see *What The Diners Think*).

Nearly all the students surveyed at the SAIT believed the range was lousy and prices too high. Despite this, both firms came in ahead of Sydney and Queensland Uni's overall - and they're run by student unions!

## The Law of Refectories

"The amount of available stomachs is not inversely propor-

tional to the price of the food."

Indeed, Queensland and Sydney universities, the largest and third largest campuses in terms of population, came in last and second-last in our price survey.

## Tasmania - cheap tucker

Lay down your glasses, folks - Tasmania Uni wins this survey hands down. Every item is priced below the national average, and the "refectory feast" also romps in as the only meal under \$3.00.

Catering Manageress, June Lucas, says that it is run on union labour, and the prices are so low because the students only pay for the wholesale price of the item, costs due to preparation, and salaries of the catering staff. What are the other ten campuses charging the students for?

## Flinders students

Not only do these students have to go to Flinders Uni for their education, but they also have to pay a lot more than Adelaide Uni students for their meals. Although seven of the thirteen survey items at Flinders are below the National Average, the savings range from one cent up to a whopping six cents. In fact, item for item, Flinders is only cheaper than Adelaide if you like hot dogs.

## The refectory feast

*On dit's* refectory feast is a typical large meal. Its price gives you a rough idea of how much a meal costs on these campuses. The feast comprises of

- salad roll (lettuce, tomatoes, etc and cheese)
- bucket of chips
- finger bun
- iced coffee milk (600 ml)
- apple

When the cafeteria didn't sell the item, we took the average price. Tasmania was clearly the cheapest (\$2.80), with Adelaide second, just scraping in ahead of W.A. and La Trobe. The SAIT (at \$3.95) was the most expensive place for the "refectory feast".

## Proper meals

Readers should not get the idea that all cafeterias sell is junk food. For Adelaide Uni students, the Mayo sells some meals, but most of the proper meals are available in the Bistrot. Other campuses also sell main meals and other assorted items, sometimes from their cafeterias.

The SAIT cafeteria serves roast beef or lamb with lettuce or relish, chinese meatballs, a soup of the day and porterhouse and ham steaks.

The SACAE provides three types of quiche, sixteen types of pies and pasties (chicken, curry, potato etc.), spaghetti cabonatti, roast beef, prawns and calamari.

Flinders has two or three roasts a week and "goulashy things". Most food is produced on campus (including the pizzas).

Queensland Uni has two chefs who make beef burgundy, Piroshki (a Lebanese dish with lamb and alfalfa) and other delights. One day a week they choose a special country and cook three different meals from it; they delight in writing up these names in foreign languages which no-one can pronounce. If quality were incorporated in our 'rating' Queensland might finish a lot higher on the overall list.

## What the diners think

Generally, diners around Australia are happy with the food their cafeterias or refectories serve them in respect of price, range and quality. There were some exceptions how-

## Don't knock the crock!

Although students complain to some extent about the cost of food at the Mayo, they themselves are partly responsible. The University purchases 3000 pieces of cutlery per year. This is to replace damaged and stolen items.

"If students were responsible" (with the cutlery and crockery), said Peter Starke, "not throwing them down on the lawns, not filling them up with paint, not bending cutlery

and sticking it in the lawn (for the lawn mower to discover), which costs us \$8,000 a year to replace, the cost (of everything in the Union) would be cheaper."

Already \$3000 worth of cutlery has been stolen this year. We could soon find ourselves eating off paper plates with plastic spoons. If you need cutlery that badly, pinch it from Johnnies' kitchen section, not the Mayo.

- Richard Wilson

University/ Campus	NUMBER OF FULL-TIME STUDENTS	HOW MANY DOES MAIN REFECTORY SEAT	REFECTORY FEAST
FLINDERS	2975	500	\$3.65
MELBOURNE	11317	6-700	\$3.37
QUEENSLAND	10473	700	\$3.65
W.A.	6702	600	\$3.21
SYDNEY	12429	250-300	\$3.49
ADELAIDE		300	\$3.19
Nth. Terrace SAIT	1891	500-600	\$3.95
Levels SAIT	1174	150	\$3.27
LA TROBE	5936	500+	\$3.95
TASMANIA	3397	350	\$2.80
SACAE	416	100	\$3.49

University/ Campus	Apple	Pie	Chips	Hot Dog	Pizza Slice	Ham Roll	Salad Roll	Finger-bun	Cup of Coffee	Iced Coffee	Milkshake	Orange Juice	Sausage Roll
FLINDERS	25	69	80	80	1.00	1.35	1.35	45	45	80	-	50	51
MELBOURNE	30	75	65	68	-	-	1.25	-	45	67	-	50	38
QUEENSLAND	30	81	75	80	85	1.15	1.15	60	45	85	85	50	60
W.A.	20	87	80	1.15	-	-	1.07	-	49	64	77	48	74
SYDNEY	40	85	70	-	-	95	95	55	50	89	-	65	65
ADELAIDE	20	68	75	95	85	1.20	1.10	44	45	70	-	45	42
Nth. Terrace SAIT	25	68	80	90	-	1.20	1.50	55	55	85	80	55	50
Levels SAIT	25	68	80	90	90	1.20	1.50	55	55	85	80	55	50
LA TROBE	20	80	60	-	-	80	80	80	60	67	1.00	55	64
TASMANIA	15	70	65	-	-	75	80	45	30	70	80	50	-
SACAE	30	68	70	-	-	1.35	1.25	44	55	80	-	50	55
<b>AVERAGE PRICE</b>	<b>25.5</b>	<b>75</b>	<b>73</b>	<b>90</b>	<b>90</b>	<b>1.09</b>	<b>1.13</b>	<b>50</b>	<b>48</b>	<b>76</b>	<b>85</b>	<b>52</b>	<b>52</b>

# Rambo's search for 'Nam POWs may be in vain

A recent Pentagon memorial service for prisoners of war and those missing in action in Vietnam has reinforced the idea that Washington believes what *Rambo* is portraying on the screen - that Vietnam is still holding US prisoners of war.

In *Rambo*, Sylvester Stallone fights his way through Indo-Chinese jungle to free prisoners whom the US government believes do not exist. The film follows others on a similar theme such as *Missing in Action* where soldiers written off as missing in action were found alive in the jungle and rescued.

Now President Reagan has declared the POW issue to be a matter of "the highest priority".

"We close no books. We put away no memories. An end to American involvement in Vietnam cannot come before we've achieved a full accounting for those missing in action."

Since 1982 the US government has been helping to fund families of the

missing to travel to events like the recent Washington service.

Last month the Pentagon listed 2464 US personnel as "unaccounted for in South-East Asia." All but one, symbolically classified as POW, have been designated as killed in action. "We act under the assumption that there is at least one American held against his will in Indochina," Assistant Defence Secretary Richard Armitage explained.

But many commentators believe that it is extremely unlikely that Americans remain imprisoned in Indochina.

US Democrat congressman G.V. Montgomery, who chaired a House investigation into POWs, said that the Pentagon analysts who brief him on the matter "can't give me a name. They can't give me strong evidence (that Vietnam still holds US prisoners)."

The number of US soldiers missing in Vietnam is small relative to the unaccounted for in World War II and the Korean War. There are 78751 US

troops still missing from World War II, and 8177 listed as MIA from the Korean War. The number of US missing also pales in comparison with the 300,000 Vietnamese for whom there is no accounting.

Many of those Americans who fought in Vietnam are likely to have been lost over the sea or in the dense tropical jungle.

Although in the last several months, Vietnam and Laos have signalled a new willingness to resolve the question, both countries deny they are holding US POWs. The remains of 13 US servicemen killed in a 1972 plane crash in Laos were flown to the US early last month.

A few days later, Vietnam indicated it would return the bones of another 26 US personnel, the largest turnover since the end of the war. Hanoi also has proposed direct, high level talks with the Reagan administration to settle the issue within the next two years.

Perhaps even more significantly, the Vietnamese recently took a US-



The POWs aren't there, Sylvester

sponsored group to a B-52 bomber crash site to search for remains. Officials in Hanoi have suggested they may allow additional US search teams to investigate other wreckage sites. Laotian officials informed the US embassy in Vietnam that they were preparing for a joint Laotian-US excavation of a crash site in that country.

The Vietnamese may yet return the remains of many US soldiers, but the numbers are not likely to be in the hundreds or thousands.

When will the US be satisfied with the number of returned remains? Asked how the administration will determine when to close the books on the missing, Assistant Defence Secretary Armitage was reported as replying: "It's kind of like enlightenment. You know when you're there."

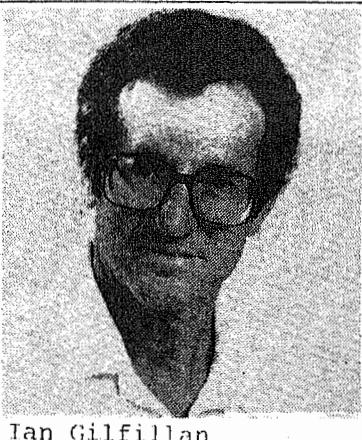
# Protect couriers, says Democrat

Legislation to protect bicycle couriers "could and perhaps should be introduced", according to Democrat MLC Ian Gilfillan.

Gilfillan was responding to a Department of Labour report last week which said that bike couriers, as subcontractors, were not legally protected from low wages or injury.

The urgent report was called for as a result of an *On dit* investigation which revealed that some members of Pace Messenger Services' "Bicycle Brigade" were earning less than \$50 for 40 hours' work a week.

Legislation to extend the Conciliation and Arbitration Act to subcontractors such as bike couriers was rejected by Democrats and Liberals in State Parliament earlier this year. A spokesperson for Minister of Labour Frank Blevins said that



Ian Gilfillan

nothing could be done to help couriers unless such legislation passed.

Gilfillan described the behaviour of courier service Pace Messenger as engaged in "almost criminal activity ... labour exploitation at its worst," and said that parent company Mayne Nickless "ought to get a fairly substantial serve."

But he defended the actions of the MLCs who voted against this year's legislation, saying that the proposed legislation would fetter business activity and raise costs in the building industry and many others.

Gilfillan said that safety conditions in particular should comply with regulated minimum standards, and that he had previously tried to have such standards incorporated into legislation.

New legislation, he suggested, was now unlikely to be introduced before the state election expected later this year.

According to Frank Blevins, the bicycle courier situation is "a perfect example of what would happen if the Liberals deregulated the labour markets."

Labour market deregulation has recently become an important issue within the Liberal Party, with Liberal "dries" such as Federal Opposition Leader John Howard suggesting that deregulation is necessary.

- David Walker

# Eve's AIDS tragedy provokes hysteria

Three year-old Eve has AIDS. She picked it up in a blood transfusion. And now at the child day-care centre near Gosford 60 out of 66 sets of parents have threatened to take their kids out when Eve is readmitted.

"They are just hysterical and unreasonable" says her mother Mrs. Gloria Van Grafhorst.

"They know nothing about the facts of AIDS at all. They take all the bad parts in the reports about AIDS and they don't want to know anything else."

The parents have certainly taken little notice of medical experts who have come forward to talk about the case.

"The bottom line is that AIDS is probably 50 or 100 times less infectious than Hepatitis B," said Professor John Dwyer who holds the chair of medicine at the University of NSW.

"We allow children with Hepatitis B into the school system and there are no problems with that."

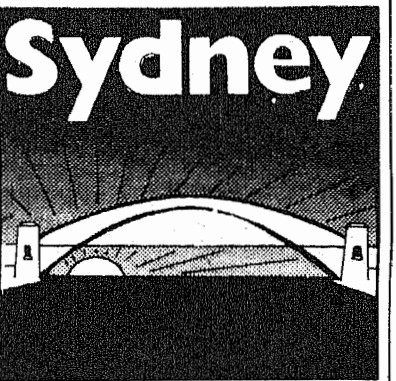
"The chances of a child picking up AIDS are so minimal that no special precautions are necessary."

Professor Dwyer believes that there is no need for other parents to be told if pupil at any school has AIDS.

That might be the cool-headed academic point of view but the angry parents at little Eve's day-care centre are not easily placated.

They have appointed a committee to make sure that Eve does not return to the day-care centre this week.

Mrs Carol Bannerman, a member of the Committee, quoted Health Department brochures which said that nearly four per cent of AIDS sufferers didn't know how they caught



the disease.

"We want to absolutely eliminate the risk," she said.

They have appealed to the Gosford City Council to postpone Eve's return to the centre.

Eve's mother, Mrs Van Grafhorst is unmoved.

"I've changed her nappies, wiped her bottom," she said.

"She's kissed me, long tongue-kisses. She's kissed my husband and she did bite her little friend but we've all been cleared of having AIDS."

"We've been told we can send her back to school and we will send her back. I desperately need to work. We need the two incomes."

Last week Mrs Van Grafhorst was awaiting the council's decision.

Eve's case is unlikely to be the last of its kind. All the evidence points to AIDS becoming more prevalent.

In New York angry parents are keeping 12,000 primary school students at home to protect the decision by the city's Board of Education to allow a child with AIDS to return to school.

Sydney is not far away from a similar showdown.

# Less OS students in NSW

The University of New South Wales, which has traditionally welcomed overseas students, will cut back on their entry from next year.

Quotas will be imposed on entry to seven undergraduate courses including architecture, medicine, and commerce.

Deputy Principal Ian Way said the numbers of first year overseas students will drop by about 23 per cent.

Way said the restrictions had been introduced to avoid local students being disadvantaged in their chance of going to university.

He said the cut was in line with the Commonwealth Government's policy to limit overseas student numbers.

Adelaide University's overseas student intake, however, will remain the same, according to the Registrar, Mr F. J. O'Neill.

"We will maintain our traditional intakes which have been around about five per cent of undergraduate courses," O'Neill said.

He described Adelaide University's overseas intake figures as "middle of the road".

O'Neill said the University has a

"positive policy of reserving at least five per cent of its undergraduate quotas for overseas students but on the understanding that those overseas students would be of the same (academic) calibre as local students."

"I'm not aware of any pressure around the campus to reduce it below that," he said.

O'Neill said Adelaide University accepts a minimum of about 85 overseas first year students each year.

At present there are about 500 to 600 overseas undergraduate students at Adelaide University.

# Food Continued from p. 4

ever. Notepad in hand, *On dit* ventured into both the Mayo Refectory and Oliver's, the (North Terrace) SAIT's main eatery, and asked some of those present for their opinion of the food.

In the Mayo, the students were quite impressed. The prices were considered reasonable and the vegetarian section was quite adequate.

Some suggestions for improvement were:

"Like the coffee, but don't like the wooden sticks."

"How about some hot desserts (for instance, apple pie)."

"Need more variety - not enough hot food."

"Would like a salad bar .. coleslaw, french salad, potato, celery and

apple, etc."

Some of these suggestions have been tried in the past, and were failures because of either lack of demand or excessive cost.

The students on Oliver's weren't quite as complimentary about their food.

"I don't think the food is healthy ... all junk food."

"With its limitations, you get bored pretty quickly."

"Need more variety."

"Like to see full meals - doesn't cater for vegetarians or Asians."

"Not enough fresh fruit."

"I go into town because the SAIT isn't value for money."

Also, when I was there, the floors were dirty, littered with cartons and

cigarette butts. There was more refuse on the tables - there were no ashtrays, but it was a smoking area. Empty cups and cartons had to double as ash collectors. The windows were grimy, and the environment was generally messy.

On the plus side, students thought the service was reasonably fast, and the soup of the day was quite nice. But on the whole, North Terrace SAIT students were not a happy lot.

It may surprise people to know that what they eat is indeed "at cost", with no profit for the Union. Our Union Board policy says that the Catering Department as a whole (Bistro, Bar, Mayo, etc.) should break even, running at no cost to student fees.

The pricing varies:

For "luxury" items (e.g. cream buns, rum and coke), the full recommended retail price is charged.

For "necessary food items", the cost is subsidised to some extent from other areas.

## Expected result

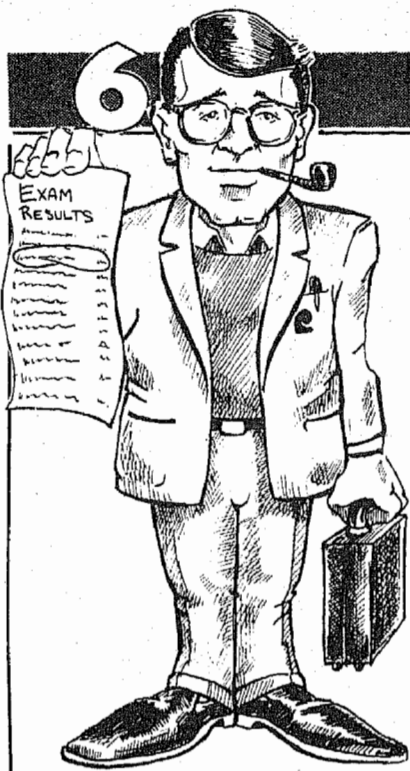
After all this, *On dit* presented the results to Peter Starke and Chris Shaw, Catering and Assistant Catering Managers of the A.U. Union. They weren't too surprised.

"I thought we would go well", said Chris with a small smile.

"We design our price structure so that we break even overall." The refectionary runs on a user-pays system - "Why should the eight or nine

thousand people have to subsidize the one or two thousand who eat here? That's why refectionary eaters pay for overheads [rather than the student body as a whole]."

The managers feel that the differences in prices around Australia are a result of the policies employed by the different student unions. The overheads may vary greatly, they said. For example, the University may pick up the cost of electricity, water, and telephones, or even part of the staff wages (not to mention superannuation, long service leave, payroll tax, etc.). At Adelaide, the Union pays all the overheads except rental of the premises. So your meat pie pays for a lot of different things.



# 1965 - 1985 HOW HAVE STUDENTS' CHANGED?



**On dit continues its series on the ways in which the last twenty years have changed - or failed to change - the campus. Your own thoughts on the matter are welcome.**

## Students "lack fire" of the '60s

**By Rosie O'Grady**

The apogée of studenthood in the sixties, though many of us were unaware of its significance at the time, was in May 1968.

Students and workers took their anti-Gaullist grievances onto the streets of Paris that month in their millions, and caused a crisis which threatened the security of the Franc as the soundest currency in Europe. Around the world, radicals took note of the power of demonstration. An air of excitement and renewed determination invaded circles of draft-dodging, dope-smoking, pill-popping student politicians.

The Moratorium movement to oppose conscription of Australian youth into a foreign war in service of the American alliance uncritically fostered by the Menzies and Holt Governments attracted widespread support on all campuses. But early in the decade life as an Australian student probably differed little from the same kind of life at the time since the end of World War II.

The major issues were the perennial ones: sex, control, youth versus authority, censorship, obscenity, freedom of speech and

**"We said, having read "The Thoughts of Chairman Mao", that we believe in the blossoming of a thousand flowers. But we did not..."**

association. The major cultural influences were American (Pop) and British (Op) with *Carnaby Street* and *The Beatles* giving a dying fillip to British commerce. There was, among the cult-inured, a French flair for Piaf, Charles Aznavous, Françoise Héry, Juliette Gréco, Sante de Beauvois, and the doomed Albert Camus.

Existentialism itself became the less-preferred option as various brands of Marxism-Leninism were increasingly debated in classes and caucuses on increasingly conscription-beleaguered campuses. Banners and t-shirts began to sprout the images of the faces of Fidel, Ché, Mao and "Uncle" Ho, much to the chagrin of bewildered parents. "The One Day of the Year" came to seem like everybody's family showdown, students started to leave home "dropping out" to share houses. The whiff of the cannabis plant began to be sensed throughout the land.

We said, having read *The Thoughts of Chairman Mao*, that we believed in the blossoming of a thousand flowers. But we did not really believe it. Like our own oppressors we knew that power was growing out of the barrel of a gun - or a bomb-bay.

Raised to accept the message of the Saturday afternoon westerns, we saw, in Indo-China, an undeclared war escalated by the Good Guys, in command of most of the hardware, and were indignant. We saw the same hardware prop up undemocratic régimes in Africa, the Philippines, Latin America.

Surrounded by affluence, described to ourselves by Keynes, Myrdal and Galbraith, we

At various times in her life a nurse, teacher, bookseller and journalist, Rosie O'Grady first came to Adelaide University in the early seventies, editing *On dit* in 1974, when Gough was PM and John Howard was a backbencher ("post-revolutionary, pre-rage"). Having taken an honours degree in Arts, she returned to uni recently to gain a further degree in law.

"I've the perfect background for a writer", she says. "I just find it hard to write."

recognised our past in the imbalances in world trade and debt, and their consequences - poverty and death by famine for millions. We debated in public the issues of birth control, under the influence of the Catholic Church and its Popes, and that of "doomsday" prophets like Paul Ehrlich and Barry Commoner.

Early in the sixties I daily attended a drab teachers' college on a treeless campus in the windy western suburbs of Adelaide. There I learnt a Protestant version of Reformation history, and the Bowlby version of child development. I was impressed with neither, and left, taking years to repay my student allowance while more sophisticated drop-outs stayed on in order to fail their exams, be expelled, and owe the Education Department nothing.

We signed-on at each lecture, and we signed-off again in a grinding demonstration of attendance on our part and mistrust and bad faith on the part of the authorities.

Among our lecturers the women wore neat perms, lace collars and a lot of lip sticked smiles; the men wore Harris tweeds with leather elbow patches or track-suits, and scowled a lot. We all existed under a frequently-reiterated threat of suspension.

Freedom of speech was tolerated, but discouraged. It was greeted with bemusement. The great residual issues of censorship and sex, pontificated on by Geoffrey Dutton and his ilk, were scarcely thought of in the government

**"When, in Paris in 1968, students and workers united in mass demonstrations against the rich, post-colonial authority of de Gaulle's republic, the flame ignited among student communities world-wide."**

colleges. What was important was where you were sent to do your teaching experience and how quickly you might expect promotion. For women, the latter question was academic, what preceded it was how soon one might marry. Girls of marriageable age still saved for their trousseaus and glory boxes and kept accounts with the great co-operative Manchester Unity - still a good idea for householders of either sex.

Bigot "jokes" were abroad, so much so that *Oz* ran columns of them to help exorcise the national wit: Why don't you offer an Aborigine a tip? He's not interested



THE ADVERTISER

in better housing.

Australians took a long time to lose interest in the Liberal-coalition which had got us into Vietnam, A-bomb tests and foreign bases, and which ignored Aborigines, the Arts, and the abolition of tertiary fees. Neither did the ALP rush headlong into the battle against conscription. It had to be given a good push by the conscript generation, and with a bit of help from Sydney Libertarian philanthropist Gordon Barton. He published "The Children of War", a collection of photographs of the impact of the war on the children of Vietnam, starting a political groundswell which is still being felt in the eighties. Barton was inundated with responses from people who, sensing the need for a third, truly liberal or liberated voice in Australia politics, urged him to form a political party. He began with a liberal reform group which lobbied government and the public on the war issues, opposed French nuclear tests in the Pacific, and urged tax reform. By 1971-72 Barton found himself at the head of the ultra-democratic Australia Party which, with the defunct South Australian Liberal Movement, was eventually to generate the conscience of the Senate - the Australian Democrats.

Gordon Barton's organ of free speech, *The Sunday Review*, later *Nation-Review*, fostered Martin Sharp into national journalism, putting them in charge of a reliable national voice for Australian dissent. It cost the owner \$1500 a week for several years, but it patronised some of the country's

best journalists, columnists and cartoonists through a bleak political patch and into the Golden Age of the Labor revival. John Kennedy had been assassinated in 1963, five years later Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy were assassinated, these voices of students, or youth, and black power had encouraged the idealism of youth in the service of reforming democracy. In Australia, resistance to undemocratic means, such as secret police, foreign bases, conscription, came first and crucially through *Oz* and Gordon Barton's papers to the general public.

When, in Paris in 1968, students and workers united in mass demonstrations against the rich, post-colonial authority of de Gaulle's republic, the flame ignited among student communities world-wide. The issues were universal:

1. University administrations were allowing police to enter upon campuses;

2. Students were demanding greater participation in university administration;

3. There was opposition to the Vietnam war on moral grounds as well as political, and some degree of support for the Viet Cong.

In Australia, the third demand was translated into Robert Kennedy-ese: no conscription without representation; no sending our soldiers to fight an unjust war on foreign soil. The ideas were as familiar as the Boston Tea Party and the Monroe Doctrine. What they drove home to us, the matinee-goers of the fifties, was that we, too, were a Coca-Colony.

Nowadays we don't seem to mind so much. I'm Alright Jack is back in the national ethos. Under real threat of unemployment, during a perceived recession in a country where nearly 15 per cent of the population lives in poverty, university students are grimly determined to succeed. They are the élite - they must succeed.

So there is neither time nor energy for political demonstration and protest. Nobody, nowadays, brings hom to the campus the awareness that national issues are our issues.

Student debate on national issues is now non-existent. There was ineffectual resistance by left-liberals to the well-orchestrated national take-over of student politics by the right during the early years of the eighties. The national monument to student interests and cohesion, the Australian Union of Students, forged by ambitious reformists and idealists in the fifties and sixties, has been dismantled by the well-patronised and disciplined conservatives of the eighties.

The students I see today are better-educated, better-developed psychologically, and better-dressed than my peers in the fifties. But they lack the fire of engagement, or the gifts of speech, which urged that generation to prominence. We cultivate a bland exterior, so there shall be no obstacle to our getting-on. Cautiously, we draw back from the precipice, and we miss forever that uncalculated exuberance in action, the passion which is the innocence, strength, and joy of youth, and the only thing which youth can offer to the world.

# "Victims of their own success"

By John Sandeman

Somewhere in the dustbins of history (the files of student newspapers) is the story of Adelaide's biggest student protest and the second most revolutionary event in the city's history.

A small army of students stormed the Flinders University registry building in August 1974 and held it for a month. The occupation started as a campaign on assessment of history courses, supported by possibly hundreds of students, but turned into an anti-US demo after evidence of defence related research was turned up when the Vice Chancellors files were ransacked.

Some of the students holed up in the grey concrete bunker felt that a popular protest became sidetracked at this point. Theft and anti-US politics became the issues in the protest. Many felt that History assessment became... well, history. AT the end of the protest only half a dozen Maoists were left to flee

**"You can be too cynical. The anti-war cause bred a true altruism among students."**

over the tin roof of the Union Building when the University administration authorised a pre-dawn invasion.

The Flinders experience tells the story of the student movement: popular campaigns directly aimed at students self interest hijacked by its own radical leaders and crashlanded.

In case you are wondering, Adelaide's most radical act occurred when a pumping station was blown up by a group calling itself the People's Liberation Army. They were hoping to sabotage a Springbok rugby game scheduled for Norwood oval. The problem was that they blew up Adelaide Oval's pumphouse.)

Like all unions, student organisations exist to protect their

After coming to Adelaide Uni in 1973 as an architecture student, John Sandeman edited *On dit* in 1978 ("it ruined my life") and then went on to even great success at *National Student* and then as a *National Times* cadet before becoming "Sydney Morning Herald" design editor. While he hopes someday to return to writing, he is currently design consultant to John Fairfax Ltd.

members' interests. The draft was against (male) student interests. Self-interest was at the heart of the anti-war movement, the largest protest movement to capture campus attention in the seventies.

Student organisations were late onto the Vietnam bandwagon, but leapt on en masse. At the start of the seventies AUS and most campus Student Associations adopted anti-war policies.

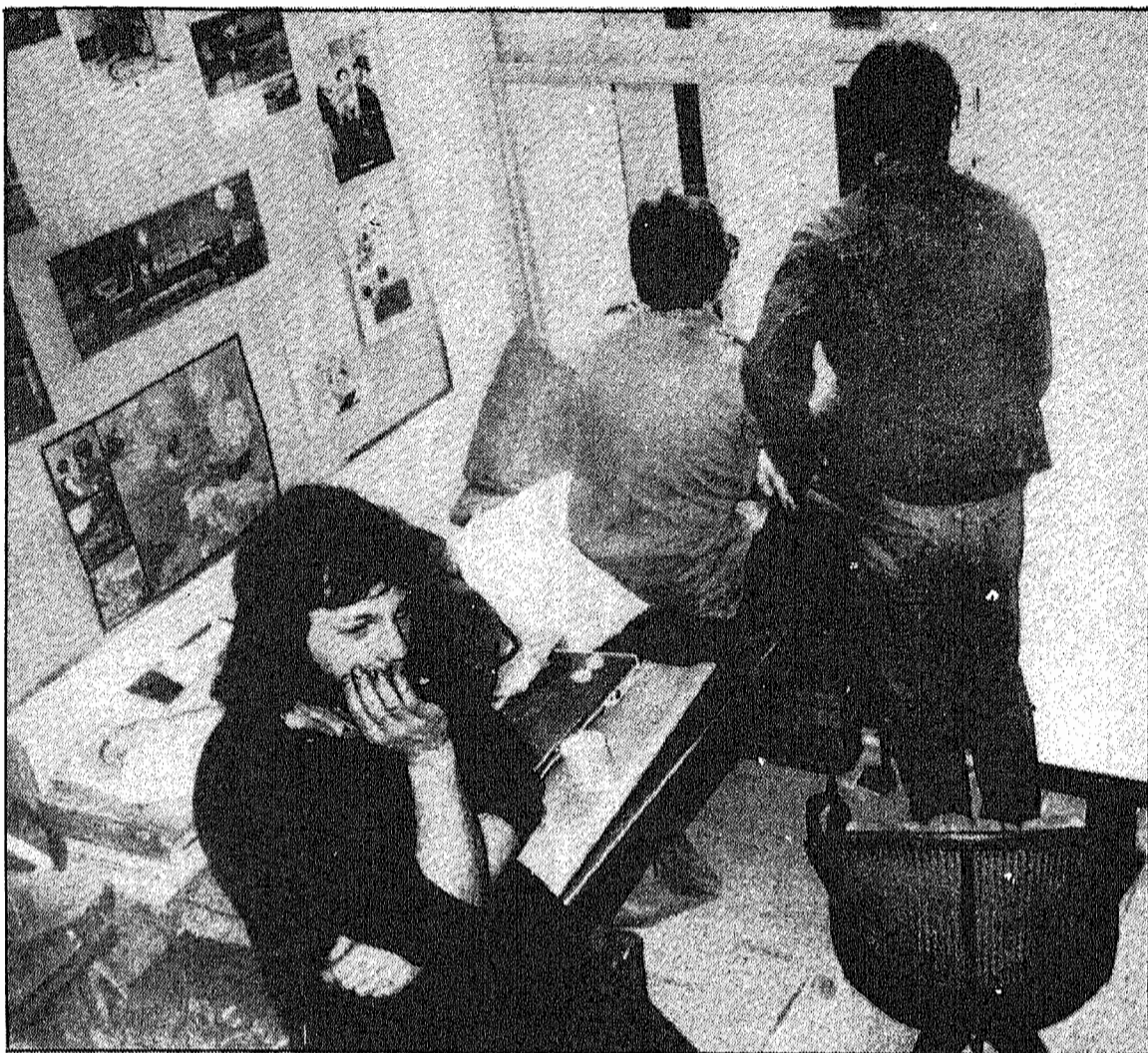
Vast numbers of students did take to walking with banners uptown once or twice a term - 2,000 at a time at the peak marched from this campus, to join the moratoriums.

That self-interest - the draft - was at the heart of the protest was tested by the prediction at the time that if the draft stopped the protests would fade. With the election of the Whitlam government the draft stopped and so did the big protests.

Other big issues of the 70's were centred on students' own interests. From the publication in 1968 of "The Myth of Equality" which outlined the appalling gap between rich and poor schools, AUS spearheaded the fight for decent schools, as well as TEAS, and the abolition of fees.

Behind the scenes feminism was gathering strength on campus. In the early seventies, the AUS feminists formed a network that was important to the early growth of the women's movement.

(You can be too cynical. The anti-war cause bred a true altruism among students. When I arrived on



Registry occupiers wait pensively for the inevitable assault

campus in the early seventies, I was told that Social Action had mustered up to 1000 students from Adelaide Uni to work on Abschol, the Bowden Brompton community school, Friends of the Earth and other loosely connected good causes. The number might have been an urban myth, but activism, like the space program, had its spin-offs.)

The Vietnam issue faded with the ending of the draft; feminism graduated into the mainstream. Without the radicalising anti-war issue even the education lobby began to dissipate. (The mass of Private school-bred uni students didn't have a deep commitment to open access.)

In the mid-seventies I can remember feeling distinctly foolish attending a demo with only twenty other familiar faces from the Students' Association. Without the element of self interest, radicalism wasn't chic. The amount of injustice in the world had hardly changed, but the threat to students' comfortable lifestyle had.

As the radical tide went out the activists on each campus were left high and dry. Mao's advice to "swim like a fish in the sea of the people" became difficult for Khaki-clad student guerillas when "dress for success" hit campus. But in the wake of the

moratoriums a radical coterie had established themselves at the head of student politics. This solid core of marxists, left-feminists, maoists and trotskyites that dominated the radical campuses (Maoists at Flinders, for example) were never representative of students.

At the end of the seventies they still dominated AUS. In 1979, as editor of the Union paper *National Student*, I was the only member of the elected full time national officers not part of the Socialist Left or the CPA student caucus.

The same heady euphoria that sustained the radical push in power - they had won the war, won TEAS, got rid of foes, established the women's movement - had made them redundant. Nothing the ordinary student fought was left on the agenda; the student activists were the victims of their own success.

As the student body settled back into post-war stupor the student leaders lurched left-wards. The ordinary student was left behind; the student organisations had been hijacked. A totally artificial pro-PLO campaign was launched by AUS in the mid seventies. It was a total failure, resoundingly rejected, and it mobilised an anti-AUS force in the Australian Union of Jewish Students which, allied with the NCC, liberals and right-wing labor,

eventually destroyed the national union.

The AUS women's department moved left also taking up many separatist causes. There were no votes there, either.

Finally, the radicals turned on student services: the AUS travel company (once the largest in Australia) and friendly. Savaged by Union leaders and trading failures the companies (a brave experiment in student enterprise) crashed.

AUS and the student radicals in general made themselves irrelevant.

Today in response to the same cultural cringe that made *On dit* use replicas of the revolutionary Paris '68 graphics in the early 70's, and to praise the Bader-Meinhof gang a little later, the campus has become conservative again.

Students are the victims of the makers of campus fashion, not only the media but the academic staff as well.

South Australia in the seventies was in a Libertarian mood: on campus students had to be more radical. In the eighties the conservatism could be exaggerated too.

In retrospect the seventies had one great benefit. Students were challenged to critically examine the status quo and many reached out to people in need. How much of that is going on on campus now?

# In the '70s "we took pleasures very seriously"

By Christopher Pearson

I first read *Brideshead Revisited* in 1966, aged 15, in my third year at Scotch. The first section of the novel: "Et in Arcadia Ego" was a model, for literate adolescents of my generation of what undergraduate life ought to be like. It involved intensely romantic friendships, studious disregard of lectures, a lot of drinking and instant admission to other adult pleasures - all against a backdrop of ivied halls.

Flinders, when I scraped in on a Teacher's College Scholarship, was a bit of a let down.

I began an Arts course in 1969: English, History and Drama. The Drama course was a disaster, and I transferred to French by bending the rules in my second year. It wasn't possible to study both History and English as majors - a stupid arrangement - so I ended up

Christopher Pearson began university at Flinders University in 1969 and finished at Adelaide in 1976. In between he marched against Vietnam and stole himself for later jobs such as teaching, research and, most recently, editing *The Adelaide Review*.

doing joint honours in English and French. I topped first-year English and, I think, my second-year French course. At the end of the two year Honours course, I had neglected to write eight essays. I left with a bad Third and studied without much success or enthusiasm for the Dip. Ed. and then M.Ed. at Adelaide. All up, an eight-year stretch at university.

Since 1976 I have had increasingly less to do with universities and with student life. In 1981, when I was employed on secondment to Adelaide at the Aboriginal Research Centre, my only contact

with students and the only occasion when I spent any time on campus outside the library was when I gave a solitary lecture.

My brief, in writing this article, was to talk about the difference between students then and now. Since I don't know very much about contemporary student life I'm going to reminisce and leave it to others to make comparisons.

As I said, after *Brideshead*, Flinders was a frost - an uninviting, bleak monstrosity of a place - not even red brick but Besser brick. Fortunately there were just enough other people who shared the same expectations. So, for us, romantic friendship, missing lectures, drinking and all the other pleasures were the order of the day. We took our pleasures very seriously. Our drinking and, even more, our sex seemed to have a sacramental quality. Both, we felt, were good for us and we tended to evangelical zeal about their benefits. It was probably a precursor of the notion

that they were ways of raising our consciousness, which arrived in Adelaide at the end of 1970.

In those years Flinders enjoyed an inflated reputation as a hotbed of radicalism. Mostly it was the Vietnam war. As well there was a chummy consensus that *people like us* that is, decent reflective,

**"Romantic friendship, missing lectures, drinking, and all the other pleasures were the order of the day."**

fairminded people could only conceivably support the Left. The Left in those days meant the ALP, but only for electoral purposes. Of self-respecting intellectuals the heavies generally divided into Trotskyites, Maoists, Moscow-liners and anarchists. How ludicrous it all seems now. Not only ludicrous, but a matter for shame. I remember being impressionable enough to feel pangs of irrelevant guilt, when told to, over Nixon's secret bombing of Cambodia at a Moratorium march. Worse, I remember feeling pleased when the news came through that Pol Pot's regime had become the

Cambodian Government. Both were refinements of the displaced, generalising kind of middle-class, ignorant bad faith.

On a bourgeois theme, university was then the place where we became self-confessed about class. At Flinders I met my first self-confessed proletarians and my first aborigine. At school, apart from occasional set-piece sermons about the privileges we enjoyed, modest affluence was assumed as a lowest-common-denominator norm. I suspect the latter view is closer to an accurate picture of Adelaide in the late 60's, despite the former's romantic charm.

The summer of 1970 and the first six months of 1971 were the days when you could buy the last Sandoz LSD available in Australia, prepared in the Swiss laboratory in dosages accurate to a microgram. At the time, I remember a good friend - who had somehow been sucked in to Transcendental Meditation - debating with herself whether she, and later her other friends, were ready for "the marijuana experience." She thought not, and, though we didn't take her hippie mysticism seriously, neither did we. But we smoked it anyhow.



## Why no women?

Congratulations on the latest edition of *On dit*, your hard work seems to have paid off. However, I have one criticism.

In the feature article *1965 - 1985 How Have Students Changed* all of the writers are male. Was there any reason for this? Are there no female students? Are there no female academics?

By failing to include women in your article you have neglected that group of people who have probably changed the most in the last twenty years. What is more, now that women make up 46 per cent of the total student population in Australian universities you have excluded, by omission, almost half your readership.

The involvement of female students in the Women's Movement in the 1970's was crucial, and an important component in the development of that movement. What about the sexual revolution, the great abortion debate, the equal pay struggle, the fight for women teachers to keep their jobs ... yes, it was that recent! The Moratorium Movement wasn't the only forum for student activists. How about acknowledging it?

Regards,  
- Collette Snowden  
(Information Officer)

*Last week's installment was only Part One - Rosie O'Grady has her say this week. We sought the contributions of other women writers, but they are (sad to say) thin on the ground, and (more happily) very busy - Ed.*

## In the shit

Dear Mr. Walker ("The Phantom"/"He Who Waiks") (Concise Oxford Dictionary),

Where is Baby Doll? Are they still in that cage, waiting for the thrice-dead ( $\times 5 + 2$ ) mystery man to release them? If so, are you sending them food parcels? What about the sanitation?! And them in there with that hulking great tyrannocerastegasaurus

## Prosh Flag "stolen" with best of motives

Dear David,

On Friday 9 August at approximately 9.30 am the four of us drove our pseudo-Adelaide City Council Commodore onto the Britannia Roundabout, set up our ladder, climbed the flagpole and "borrowed" one of the Grand Prix flags. Our plan was nearly flawless, our execution of that plan almost brilliant - in short, we got caught. The Grand Prix administrators treated the matter lightly and with surprisingly good will, allowing us to take the flag for the day for a \$50 deposit.

We returned to Uni as conquering heroes and left the flag in the Students' Office, intending to return later on to ransom it back to its owners for a donation to Freedom from Hunger. However, when we returned, we found the flag had been stolen. The Prosh Charity has lost a tidy sum of money,

because there are still enough dickheads around who get some thrill out of taking what is not theirs.

Sure, we pinched it in the first place but we did so with an eye to doing something worthwhile for a good cause, not for our own personal gain. The end result is that the SAUA has paid for the flag, the Grand Prix people are suitably annoyed with uni students as a whole and the four of us are extremely pissed off.

We appeal to anybody who knows the whereabouts of the flag to contact the Students' Office. If it is returned we will be able to auction it and give one last donation to Freedom from Hunger.

Thank you.

Yours,  
- Andrew Rice, Damian Papps,  
Robert McBride and David Row

(alias "Trixie") getting hungrier and hungrier!

If you don't bring B.D. and her erstwhile No. 2 back to the pages of *On dit* and get them out of their current mess (literally, if I'm right about the sanitation) I will personally see to it that one dark night, when you least expect it, you will suffer a visit from *Captain Adelaide!* (after he gets back into his body and saves the Universe, of course). Beware! (Evil background music, etc.).

BRING BACK B.D.!!

Yours Utterly Uttered (i.e. forged),  
A. Non(g)

(President, Secretary & sole member of C.O.C.S. (Collectors of Comic Strips))

P.S. Why haven't the Uni Groundspeople (note the non-sexist-type language carefully employed so as not to alienate the radical-feminist-type factions) cleaned dear old what-chamacallit's beard? (You know - the bloke sitting in that huge chair in front of the main Admin. building with the bird poop all over him). At the moment

his beard is a burly shade of pale blue, thanks to Prosh-type activities.

P.P.S. Just what the bloody hell is Aardvarkelling?

P.P.P.S. Someone's in the shit, 'cos I just noticed that on page 2 of the September 9 edition your address is given as being in Adelaide, postcode 4001. It's 5001, dunderheads! Or is it a spot-the-mistake-type thing, and if so, do I get a prize?

Dear Matthew,

On holiday. Yes. No. It stinks. Because it looks better that way. You tell me. Yes. No. - Ed.

## Bigger lies than usual

Dear Editor,

I feel I must take issue with David Mussared's characterisation of alternative history, in his review of Keith Roberts' *Pavane*, as "the most useless of all literary genres". He writes, "How can any intelligent person take

seriously a novel which is based on ... events that never took place". Surely "events that never took place" is an accurate description of all fiction? Perhaps David only likes fiction set in the future, about events which aren't going to take place.

'Alternative history' is simply the art of telling bigger lies than usual. Rather than being restricted to details whose truth or falsity is unknown to most people (is there really a great white whale out there somewhere?), the author feels free to change facts which are generally accepted as true. If David is ready to revoke artistic licences for his dreadful breach of etiquette, perhaps he should contact the estate of Phillip K. Dick about his classic alternative history novel, *The Man in the High Castle*.

A sufficiently gifted writer can make an "examination of the human condition" in almost any context which could arise, not just in the 'real' world. And suggesting that to speculate an England ruled by the Inquisition is "wistful" lends new realms of meaning to the word. If you don't like a particular artistic field, just say so - you don't have to spoil it for the rest of us.

Anyway, who decreed that novels have to be taken seriously?

Yours in artistic freedom,  
- David Hodson

## Granma fights The News

Dear Ed.,

If all one's news came from the Murdoch-Packer-Fairfax monopoly, one could be forgiven for thinking that Central America did not exist. The truth, of course, is always a good deal different to what we are led to believe. Where in the *News* do we read of the movement in Latin America to repudiate the foreign debt of some \$360 thousand million dollars? What of the media silence on the aerial bombing of El Salvador with napalm and phosphorous, which has now replaced malnutrition and death squads as the most common cause of death?

Alternative news sources are available but a pair of bare breasts on page three is considered more in the national (dividend) interest.

The Adelaide Uni CISCAC Club (Committees in Solidarity with Central America and the Caribbean) has finally (after fifteen months of procrastination) received our filing cabinet in clubroom S7. The Club subscribes to the Cuban *Granma* Weekly review which

is an excellent reference of events in Latin America. We shall also soon be getting a clipping service from Sydney with news from many American papers on the Central American region.

To make this information available to all those interested, CISCAC is having an information lunchtime on Wednesday September 18 in clubroom S7. Details of club members' access to the filing cabinet at any time will be sent to all members as well as being explained on the day.

- Peter Sobey



## St Thérèse Awareness Week

Dear David,

We are deeply distressed at the *Where It's At* page on which David Walker, writer of the article, failed to identify correctly the so-called "Madonna" of the centrefold in the *Prosh Rag*.

For a start, there is no St Josephine, although one, Josephine Rinaldi, is said to be in line for canonisation during her lifetime, as patron saint of supposed song-suffering. The "Madonna" in the *Prosh Rag* is in fact a statue of St Thérèse, a Carmelite nun who shivered her way to sainthood in a damp Normandy convent in the late 19th century.

It is painfully obvious that there is an abysmal lack of knowledge among the student body regarding this vital concern, hence we are taking steps to promote discussion and debate pertaining to this issue. We are in the process of applying to the Education Committee for a grant of \$500 which will cover the cost of a "St Thérèse Awareness Week Campaign". Activities planned include a badge day, a bar night featuring a massed choir, a Carmelite fashion parade of habits (the clothing variety) at the Hilton, a disco at the Carmelite Monastery, and a Carmelite food day in the Cloisters (the Adelaide University ones) in which students will get the chance to sample authentic Carmelite fare. For only \$1.00 students will receive a delicious piece of stale bread and a cup of water. In addition to all of this, a St Thérèse Fan Club is soon to be affiliated to the CSA.

Yours in Christ,  
Monica Carroll, Roger Sallis, Joëlle Cass

## CSA kicks Brown

Dear Editor,

I wish to totally disassociate the present Clubs and Societies Association Executive from the actions of members of the former Acting but never ratified C.S.A. Executive in burning copies of your newspaper.

Personally, I can only echo the comments of David Mussared, Andrew Stobie, and Matthew Wallace in condemning that despicable act.

Yours sincerely,  
Paul Horrocks  
C.S.A. President

**The letters page is an open forum for comment, preaching, dissent, ratbagery and humour. Please don't abuse it. Deadline for letters is Wednesday noon; they can be left at the Students' Association or at *On dit* in the south-west corner of the Cloisters.**

## An Elegant Reply

Dear *On dit* collective, I was tickled PINK by a letter I read from rodents the Engineering Faculty has bred

Saying: Gay guys are wimps, lesbians frigid and sexless, (They're the ones threatened by our sexual assertiveness).

They are Normal, at least statistically so.

- But who wants to be just Average Joe?

If rape, incest, bashing and meanness is their standard manly streak I'd rather make love to them and be called a freak.

When the attack on gaydom's so stupid, so blatant

The tendency in the phobic is surely latent:

They are too COWARDLY, WIMPY and SCARED to delve into what they might find is (a healthy) part of themselves.

- Christopher Street

## EAGG's undertones of Nazism

Dear David,

I agree with you about your comment on the "Nastiest Letter of the Year" printed in *On dit* last week. I don't feel that this grub, written by Engineering scums, requires answering. But I feel that if it isn't answered an impression might be given that this kind of action is condoned.

First of all let me point out that I am not gay. I also consider gay actions as sick and perverted but this is not to say that these people should be condemned for what they consider as normal.

I want to remind the members of "EAGG" (Engineers Against Gay Groups) that we live in a free society. Where the freedom is defined as the right to do anything one wants as long as it doesn't interfere with the freedom of others. So if the Gays referred to in the EAGG articles don't interfere with the EAGG then the EAGG has no right to publish such NAZistic crap.

The EAGG also claim that Gays are spreaders of AIDS and should be eliminated for the benefit of mankind. If we are to eliminate all those who propose a threat to mankind we should start with the superpowers and finish with disease carrying, flea carrying cats and dogs.

I plead with the Students' Association and the Department of Engineering leaders to seek out and expel those students who publically condone such horrendously violent actions and persecutions against a minority group of people. Just like supporters of the NAZI movement were outlawed after World War II after violating laws of humanity against the Jews.

Finally, the EAGG claims that it is normal. I am pretty sure that normal people (generally speaking) wouldn't consider or condone such action.

Thank you,  
- G.P.

## They kill mad dogs...

Dear Ed.,

I believe some comment should be made about the appalling "Nastiest Letter" (*On dit* 9/9/85). I agree with you that it probably deserved to be filed with the other rubbish, but printing it did have some merit.

It does serve, as you suggested, to show people that there are some f—heads everywhere, even on campus. I am not gay, but I know people who are and I would much rather have them as friends than

some 'straight' people i.e. E.A.G.G. members.

As for the letter itself, it really defies a sensible comment. It disgusts me that people could have such twisted minds. The writer(s) should be given something for his/her/their effort - a .22 calibre bullet to the head - or some other suitable part of the anatomy. (They kill mad dogs, so why not demented engineers?).

Finally, let me spell out my feelings towards 'the engineers'. You are not, as you claim, normal. You are gutless slime who deserve to be thrown out of the campus, the country and, if possible, the human race. There is no place for barbaric, Nazi-like heathens such as you. I challenge you to reveal your identities (as if you would) - No, forget that. Just do us all a big favour and cut your throat. Better yet, I'll do it for you!

Yours,  
- C. Smith  
who is a V.M.S.  
(Very Mad Student)

## Proper course was to alert police

Dear Editor,

I am writing, as you must have expected of many of us, to protest about your printing that death threat against lesbians and gay men in the last issue of *On dit*. Yes, it was a death threat, however veiled.

Your appropriate course of action might have been to publish the fact that you had received a letter threatening criminal violence against a section of the student body, and had forwarded the original to the police.

The letter must have been written by some pretty frightened, immature or psychotic students; I sincerely hope they are a minority.

Even if they are not, their sad threats

will not frighten me back into the closet, nor will they prevent me from associating with any friends in their department.

It's not that the letter makes me fear for my personal safety. It does, however, make me think uncomfortably about Germany in the 1930's, about Inquisitorial Europe, and about Russian pogroms.

These people should be made aware that Australia is still nominally a democracy, where our right to exist is upheld - ineffectually much of the time - by law, and that such threats against us are criminal. There isn't much that can be done about their grotesque misconceptions; I doubt if reason could impress them.

And you should consider your own responsibility, allowing such threats of violence to be published, despite your weak delicacy. Page three is not a free forum for death threats.

-Lindy Manthorpe

## We Are Normal Too

Dear Engineers Against Gay Groups Wee Are Normal,

In reply to your letter:

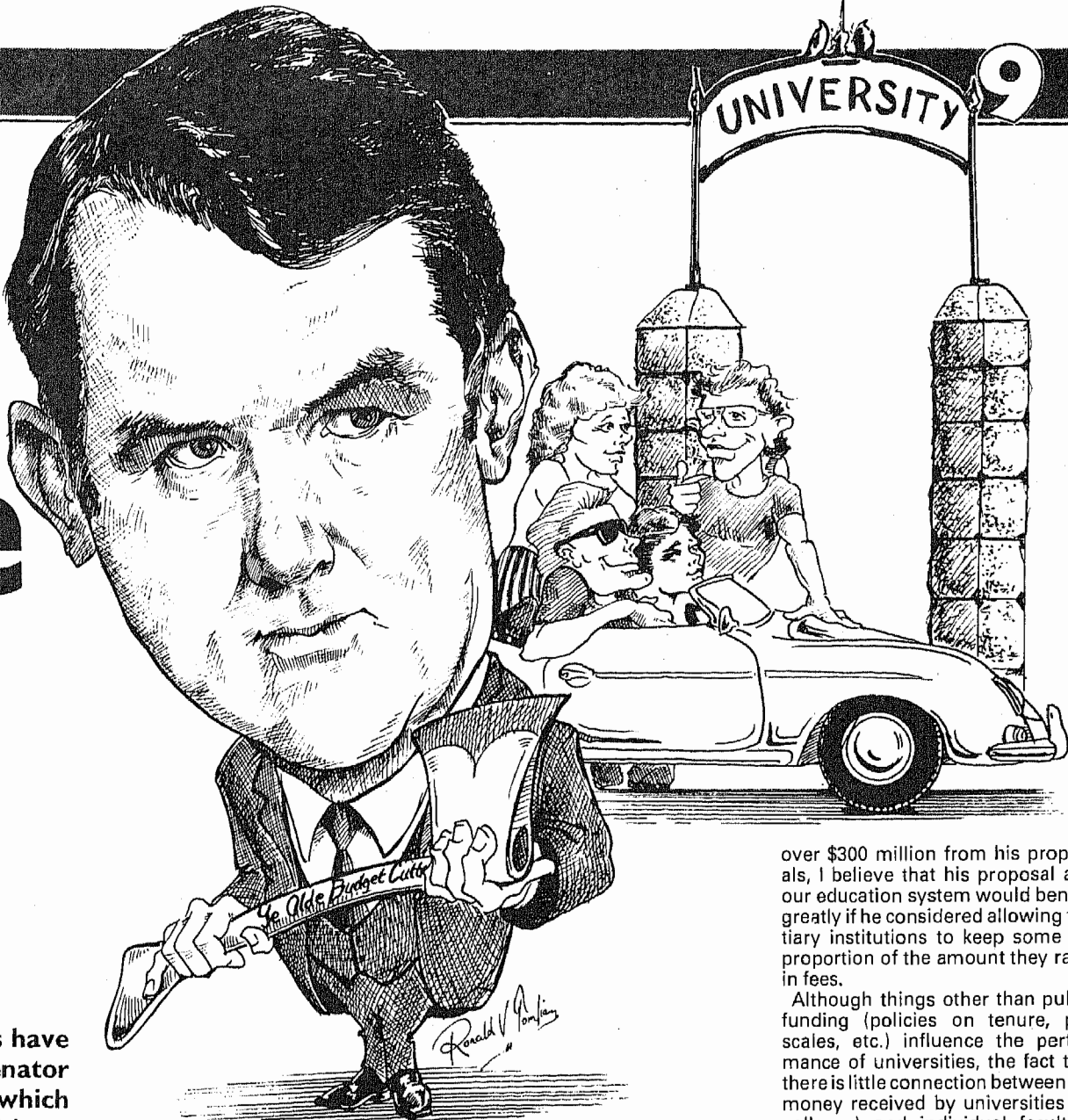
As two discerning female students of this University, who have been going out with (male) Engineering students for the last two months; may we say that never before in our lives have we met a wimpier group of frigid, sexless, cold, dull, intellectually disturbed and fish-like men not worth the air that they breathe.

Hence we decided that we would be better off to "go Lezzo", and are now engaged in a very pleasant relationship with each other.

May the seed of your loins never be fruitful in your woman's belly,  
- Lesbian Arts Students Against Engineers Against Gay Groups Wee Are Normal Too.  
(LASAEGGWANT)



# Free uni helps the rich get richer



Student newspapers and student politicians have been almost unanimous in their hostility to Senator Peter Walsh and the tertiary fees proposals which he has put forward this year. But is Walsh so demented, or are the campuses merely displaying their self-interest? CLIFF WALSH writes in support of tertiary fees.

When he first restarted the "fees for tertiary education" debate early in 1985 (largely at that time within the confines of the Labor Ministry and Caucus), Minister for Finance, Senator Peter Walsh, seemed to assume that he could rely on the basic, simple but compelling logic of the case for fees to win the day.

The second time round, in an address to the National Press Club in July, Peter Walsh recognised that logic would never sway Senator Susan Ryan or the self-interest of the education lobby, so he appealed to a wider audience to bring political pressure to bear. He pointed out to the welfare lobby (and all those who have expenditure plans thwarted by restraints on the Budget) that the introduction of tertiary fees would raise funds from the "haves" (or "soon will haves") to give real assistance to the "have nots".

The idea that society has to make choices and to reveal priorities at the margin is simply a fact of life,

**"All of the arguments are spurious, either misunderstanding or misinterpreting the Walsh proposals..."**

regrettable though it may be. It is also a fact that "free" tertiary education represents a huge public subsidy in favour of a group that are (a) likely to come from well-off family backgrounds and (b) in any event are, as a result of tertiary education, likely to become very well-off themselves. Yet Peter Walsh's second attempt to sell the idea of limited tertiary fees, generously means-tested and with loans available on generous terms to those who want them, was again attacked by the education lobby and ignored by the rest of the community.

I would like to briefly explore the logic of some of the critical responses to Peter Walsh's proposals and then suggest that the third round of the debate should focus on developing an alternative scheme that offers benefits to tertiary institutions and their students from the

## Walsh's second fees scheme

- All students to pay fees.
- Loans scheme for those unable to pay at the time of their education.
- Loans to be repaid only when and if a student's taxable income exceeds \$15,000.
- Fees to cover 15 per cent of tuition costs, or about \$1,400 per year.
- Would contribute an estimated \$325 million to government revenue.

This scheme was first suggested by Senator Walsh in a speech to the National Press Club on July 10.

introduction of fees - benefits that may help to more directly break through self-interested resistance.

Senator Walsh has been attached *inter alia* for ignoring the value of tertiary education to students and society, for threatening to undermine the idea that students should be seen as "independent", and for threatening to weaken the prospects of children from disadvantaged families getting parental support for going on with their education.

All of the arguments are spurious, either misunderstanding or misinterpreting the Walsh proposals. There is, it is true, some survey evidence suggesting that a significant number of current students would not have come to universities or colleges, or would have done so part-time instead of full-time, if fees of the \$1,400 per year or so proposed by Peter Walsh were in place.

Contrary to the interpretation of this evidence offered by some people, to the extent that these results are true, they tell us that ter-

tiary education is *not* very highly valued by many students: they are unwilling to pay as much as \$1,400 per year for something that, on average, costs society about \$10,000 per year according to Peter Walsh's estimates. Note, we are not talking about students from poor families: they would be exempted under the means-testing proposals. Nor is it proposed that society withdraw its support for education. Under the Walsh proposals, at least 85 per cent of the cost of places would still be met from public funds - a proportion which seems to me to be very generous in light of the fact that most of the benefits of tertiary education are

**"...we are not talking about students from poor families: they would be exempted under the Walsh proposals."**

captured by the students themselves out of funds provided by the majority of society who get no equivalent subsidies.

Actually, I don't believe that many who would have to pay fees would be deterred by a \$1,400 per year fee, because they know the value of education in expanding their career prospects, intellectual horizons or whatever. In the United States, fees many times greater than this are paid even for the basic liberal arts degrees: I don't think anyone would argue that the US doesn't appropriately value education.

As I have already pointed out in passing, those who claim that fees will retard the prospects of those from socially disadvantaged backgrounds getting parental support for going on with their education willfully misinterpret the Walsh proposals. No fees would be paid by those from low-income families. But, in any event, there is in my view something hopelessly inadequate in logic about this line of attack on fees - a line which, nonetheless, has been most politically potent.

Even if they had to pay them, tuition fees of \$1,400 per year would be only a small part of what keeps people from low income families away from tertiary studies. In financial terms, the foregone earnings of years in tertiary study would be

much the most important deterrent. More generally, family attitudes and expectations are likely to be critical.

Attacking these problems directly is what really matters.

It is true that the evidence suggests some "improvement" in the social composition of students since the removal of fees in 1974, but it is slight and the evidence is a little shaky. The Walsh proposals would not reintroduce fees for these students, and the revenue generated from students from better-off families might well be used to provide means-tested scholarships to help overcome some of the financial resistance of families.

True, all of this presumes that family circumstances matter, cutting across the understandable desire of many students to be regarded, and treated, as independent. There is, however, something of a quandary here. In my view, if we treat all tertiary students as independent, since they must be presumed to be going to be well-off as a result of tertiary education, they would all have to pay fees, if needs be out of government loans; to treat students as independent doesn't mean we have to treat them as being "poor" when we know that we are subsidising their future earning capacity. Nor can it be argued that future higher tax payments from educate workers would repay the subsidies. The same higher tax payments will be made by anyone who undertakes a successful investment in themselves or in property, whether publicly-funded or not.

None of the arguments I have put so far are unfamiliar. They just get ignored, or bastardised as the political pressure groups fight to retain what are rather handsome benefits to a limited section of society. Let me say again I believe that some case can be made for significant public support of tertiary institutions designed to help promote excellence. Susan Ryan has said that one of the reasons she is against fees is that they would tilt the balance towards elitism and against excellence. I think she is wrong, not only because fees have little role in deciding the background of those who get into tertiary institutions, but also because the reintroduction of fees could be used to actually encourage excellence where it is presently suppressed. This is not the occasion to present a fully articulated alternative but I would like to point out the direction we might consider.

Where Senator Walsh has talked in terms of "recovering for the Budget"

over \$300 million from his proposals, I believe that his proposal and our education system would benefit greatly if he considered allowing tertiary institutions to keep some set proportion of the amount they raise in fees.

Although things other than public funding (policies on tenure, pay scales, etc.) influence the performance of universities, the fact that there is little connection between the money received by universities (or colleges) and individual faculties, and the amounts students are willing to pay for the service they receive must have some, possibly substantial, impact on the efficiency, effectiveness and responsiveness of

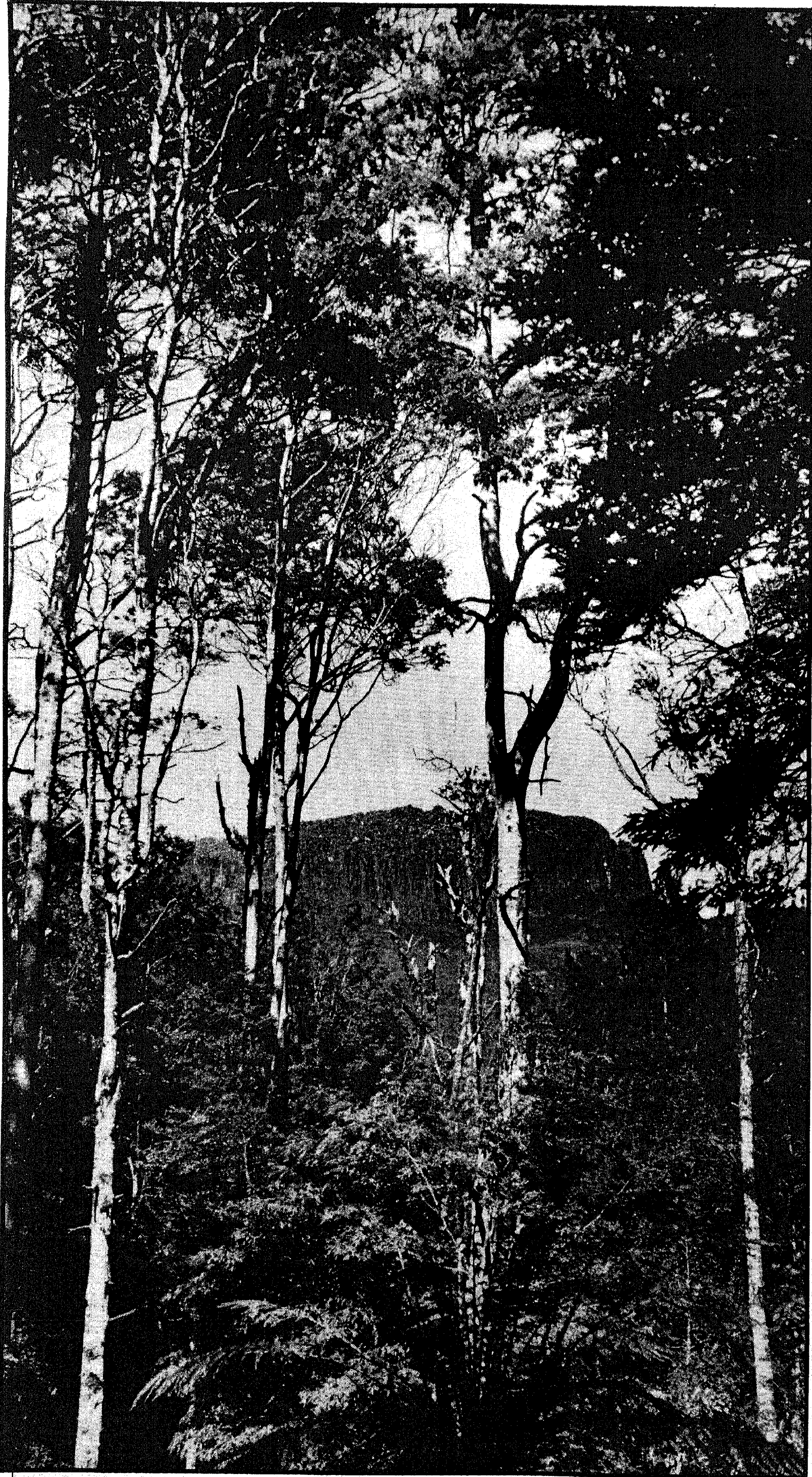
**"The only chance the tertiary sector has of getting significantly expanded funding in the near future will come from its ability to attract non-public funds..."**

tertiary institutions. There is little or no incentive to expand faculties for which demand is growing or cut back on those where there is declining demand - resources are allocated largely according to historical rules and historically established political strengths, giving strong *status quo* orientation.

While the performance of individual academics may not be directly affected by fees, the fact that educational services are being paid for directly, in part, would give students (and interested parents) more clout and might help to lead to better educational services. Universities and colleges don't have to become completely market-oriented to benefit from the improved signals and incentives that would come from some market orientation.

And to put it bluntly, the only chance the tertiary sector has of getting significantly expanded funding in the near future will come from its ability to attract non-public funds: a share of student fees would be a useful, as well as a desirable, source of such funds.

Senator Walsh was probably right in thinking that he needed support from some "counter-constituencies" in mobilising his case for tertiary fees. He is certainly right to point out the equity consequences of massive spending on tertiary education within a strongly constrained Budget. But I suspect that there is something to be gained politically from confronting the education lobby head-on, and from putting to the community, including to potential consumers, the case for using at least modest consumer fees as part of a device for helping to improve the quality of tertiary education.



# Bob Brown speaks out Greenies gear up to fight the flatteners of the forests

By the year 2000, Australia may well have lost the prime of its remnant native forests.

Bob Brown, former Director of the Tasmanian Wilderness Society, explains: "Next month Federal Forestry Minister, John Kerin, will ask Cabinet to make the most crucial decision about Australia's forests for the rest of this century."

"Less than 200 years after European settlement, only one quarter of the nation's native forests is left standing. The newest forest cutter has the greatest appetite for trees in history; the export woodchip industry shreds the trees before shipping them to pulp and paper mills in Japan and other industrialised countries of Asia."

Since it was introduced to Tasmania about 15 years ago to use the left-overs from the sawlog and pulpwood industries, the woodchip industry has expanded to the point where it far outstrips both other industries combined in wood use, but provides less than one fifth of all jobs sustained by forestry in the State.

From start to finish, woodchipping is managed in a wasteful way.

Last December, the author arranged to visit a spectacular peak on the edge of western Tasmania's renowned wilderness, Wylids Craig. The nearest road lay in the Australia

**"Magnificent eucalypts, some of the tallest in the world, rose from an under-storey of ferns ... the type of forest that had been annihilated that morning."**

lian Newsprint Mills (ANM) concession area, where forestry operations are carried out in a way typical of woodchipping.

After having our entry permit checked and signed, the boom was lifted, and we were allowed to drive in. We passed over the Commonwealth-subsidised railway line, used exclusively by ANM and then drove for forty kilometres along wide roads, carved through the forest for

**Woodchipping. It sounds almost trivial, but it looms as the greatest environmental issue in this country since the Franklin Dam. STEVEN MATTINGLEY, who has seen the threatened forests at first hand, talks to the country's "greenie" hero, Bob Brown, and examines the problems of a menacing industry.**

no apparent reason - not another vehicle was to be seen.

Finally, we caught our first sight of the Wylids Craig peak, rising above a clearfelled area reminiscent of a World War One battlefield. Burnt, shattered stumps and logs were strewn over the muddy, broken ground criss-crossed with ruts left by heavy vehicles.

On foot, we could look more closely at the type of forest that had been annihilated in the area we had seen that morning. Magnificent eucalypts, some of the tallest in the world, rose from an under-storey of ferns. We continued, passing through beautiful vegetation which anyone but the Tasmanian Forestry Commission would call rainforest.

Despite the official moratorium on logging rainforests, it will probably not survive. Even if rainforests are not logged, they are frequently destroyed by fires lit after clearfelling the adjacent area, which, if left be, would develop into rainforest. The rainforest species, often about half of the timber in such areas, are of little commercial value to the woodchippers, so are burned after the more valuable timber has been removed.

Eventually, we reached the plateau, covered in fragile sub-alpine and alpine vegetation, which, like rainforest, is easily destroyed forever by fire spreading from forestry operations. Many such areas, of negligible commercial value to the timber industry, are included in woodchip companies' concession areas despite being listed on the Register of National Estate.

From the summit there was an incredible view looking south along the range.

To the west, range upon range of mountains faded into the distance. The closest range sheltered Lake Rhona, once one of Tasmania's most beautiful and most popular lakes after Lake Pedder was

drowned, but ravaged in 1982 by a "hazard reduction burn" lit to protect ANM's concession area. Such burns are regularly lit in a vain

attempt to alleviate fire risks that threaten commercial forests.

On the eastern side of the range, running up to its crest, was a vast area of wetland which had once been forest like that which we had climbed through. The knowledge that about 400 hectares of such desert is created each week did nothing to lighten our spirits. (If the City of Adelaide were demolished at such a rate, it would take only a month for it to be razed.)

Trees are not the only things that the woodchip industry is destroying, as Bob Brown points out.

"Along with the trees, the woodchip companies are exporting the living and breeding places of the

**"It's absolutely criminal that we should be, nowadays, knowing that these archaeological sites are there, simply closing our minds to that..."**

marsupials, birds, reptiles and insects which were hapless enough to occupy the trees."

Little regeneration occurs. Most work is done by the Forestry Commission, at the taxpayer's expense, as the royalties paid by the companies are quite inadequate to cover the Commission's operating costs. Where replacement of the forest takes place, the land is usually burned, and aircraft scatter seed, mixed with poison to kill any animals.

This technique has proved conspicuously unsuccessful for many of Tasmania's diverse forest types. Even where it is successful, a forest is replaced with a tree farm of one species, which denies the habitat



and genetic diversity provided by the original.

Whilst the ravage of the forests continues, campaigns in favour of their protection or destruction are raging in the cities throughout Australia.

Conservationists are placing pressure on the Commonwealth Government to set conditions on export licences which will ensure that the public receives maximum benefit from the forests in terms of jobs, economics, scientific knowledge and recreation.

On the other hand, woodchippers are laying claim to all of Tasmania's forests, to ensure the industry can continue in its present fashion for a few more years, pouring government-subsidised profits into the pockets of the shareholders of the three companies that control all of Tasmania's woodchipping.

About 60 per cent of Tasmanians are unhappy with the way woodchipping is managed in that State, according to a recent opinion poll commissioned by the Tasmanian Labor Party.

The conservation movement isn't opposed to all woodchipping. "We're saying it must be better managed. If the plans put forward by the conservation movement, which even the companies have accepted as being rational, reasonable and very well studied, [were adopted] then it would create more jobs in the State", Bob Brown explains.

He points out the tremendous wastage that occurs under the present system. "Up to 50 per cent of forests [cut] in Tasmania have been windrowed (that means the remains of the forest have been bulldozed into piles and burned) in the past, but that shouldn't happen any more."

"We should be very well-planned in using all the forests that we do cut down."

He outlines a wiser use of wood: "The sawmillers get the best of the forests which are earmarked for cutting down. The woodchippers then get what remains of that, the people who want to make furniture and craft goods can go in and get the non-eucalypt species (that's the non-rainforest species) and the whole forest is utilised." Fuel-wood cutters could get supplies from timber that would presently be windrowed. "We would like to see that none of the forest is burned", Brown says.

The conservation movement has prepared plans to reserve areas for the enjoyment of present and future generations. This need not result in

less wood being available for other uses.

"We're particularly keen that derelict farmland, and there's quite a deal of that in Tasmania, be turned into forest plantations", Bob explained.

"It's a very labour-intensive part of the forest industry to have plantations put in."

"If that programme were undertaken rapidly, earnestly, and with government backing as well as com-

**"In Tasmania ... with the richest forests in the Commonwealth of Australia, we're seeing them cut down, chipped and exported, and paying to have that done..."**

pany backing, those forests would be available to supply all that the woodchip mills need, within 15 years."

The Federal Government can initiate these reforms by placing the right conditions on woodchip export licences.

Brown points out that "a good decision will create more jobs - that is, a conservation-based decision".

Commenting on a report by the University of Tasmania, which indicates that the woodchip industry receives a \$20 million annual hidden subsidy, Bob said: "We've got this extraordinary situation in Tasmania where, with the richest forests in the Commonwealth of Australia, we're seeing them cut down, chipped and exported, and paying to have that done."

"Politicians are responsible for that sort of thing, and it's a sad reflection of the situation in Australia in 1985 that they will still do as the companies bid them unless there is public opposition to stop it."

The woodchip companies prepared a draft Environmental Impact Statement to support their claim that all of Tasmania's forests should be felled, where it was commercial to do so. The Statement stands condemned by conservationists and

independent authorities for its failure to provide information for a sound land-use decision.

"There haven't been adequate studies on the impact on our native flora and fauna by the clearfelling that the woodchip industry engages in", says Bob Brown.

Brown points out that plants and animals are not the only things to suffer from destruction of forests. An important area of cultural heritage has been largely overlooked in the debate on the impact of woodchipping, due to the suppression by the Tasmanian Government of a report on archaeological sites in forests.

"The information leaked to us about that report indicates that when bulldozers move in on the forest, they destroy ninety per cent of the Aboriginal heritage."

"It's absolutely criminal that we should be, nowadays, knowing that these archaeological sites are there, simply closing our minds to that, keeping reports on it secret and sending in the bulldozers."

A Federal Parliamentary Library analysis of the Impact Statement indicates that it "falls far short of what should be expected ... to be able to make decisions about the renewal of export licences."

Brown says: "I don't believe the problems will be rectified, because the study simply hasn't been done."

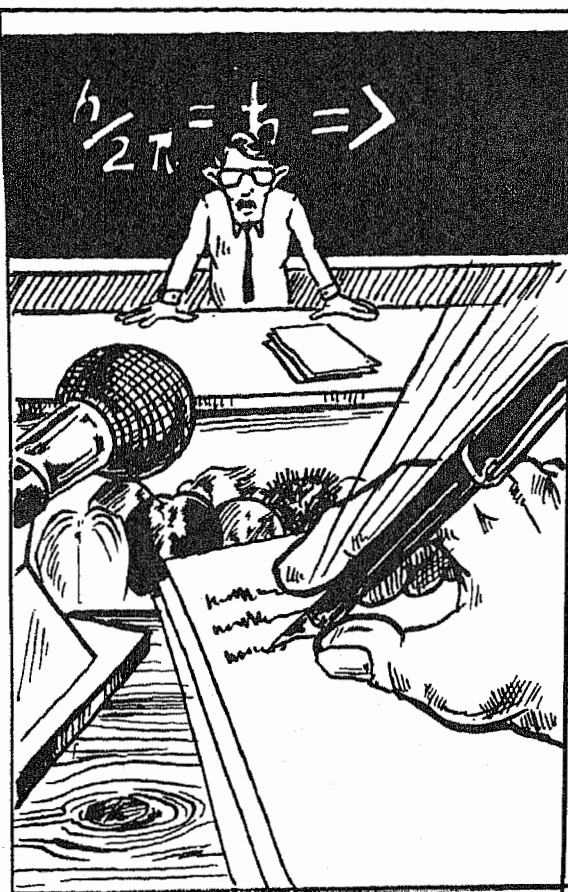
"The Federal Government, really, is going to make a political decision because the information isn't available to it."

Bob Brown comments: "Faced with an uncompromising Premier in Hobart, the easiest course for Canberra might be to levy no licence conditions at all even though this will lead to open slaughter for the chainsaws, skidders and bulldozers in Tasmania's fragile forests."

"Premier Gray has no time for the levelheaded advice that the forestry industry, including woodchippers, ought to be restricted to the 88 per cent of available forests outside Tasmania's national heritage areas."

"Few observers think the [Commonwealth] government will heed the impressive arguments for phasing out woodchip exports altogether."

Whatever decision the Commonwealth makes, it will decide the future of native forests throughout Australia by setting a precedent for Federal guidelines on woodchipping in New South Wales and Western Australia, and possibly also in Victoria and Queensland.



# Essay writing: a lefthander's guide

## Objective

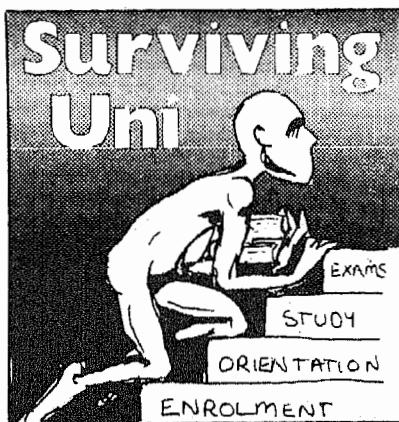
With essays counting for a progressively higher proportion of the year's marks, it is necessary to have a clear idea of the object of writing them. It is to **make your lecturer happy**. You will achieve this if you remember;

- (a) Arts subjects are exact sciences and the truth is never in dispute.
- (b) Your lecturer is an infallible guide to the truth whose lightest word is law.

The basic technique is simple. Take a speedwriting course and attend every lecture faithfully, jotting down the pearls as they fall from the lecturer's lips. Then serve the whole lot back to him with appropriate expressions of adulation. If you disagree on any point (inadvisable), be careful to give no supporting reasons for your opinion and to take a truculent tone, so that he can salvage his self-esteem by writing you off as a rat-bag. Remember, a secure lecturer makes for a happy student.

## Preparatory Reading

You will probably get a reading list on each essay topic. By previous



arrangement with the authors, all recommended passages in modern sources will be aimed directly at the topic as set and contain no irrelevant material, so selection is unnecessary, and there is no point in paying much attention to the wording of the question. They are not quite so infallible as your lecturer but are almost so; if you do spot any contradictions between different writers, it is tactful to pretend not to notice.

Ancient sources are another matter. They are, unfortunately, prone to contain irrelevant material and are often lacking in those easy generalizations which lend such a smooth

flow to an essay. They should, accordingly, be used as little as possible; e.g. don't read Shakespeare if you can read books about Shakespeare, or [better still] books about Shakespeare.

Books not on the reading list should not be read [this advice is probably not necessary, as you won't know that they exist].

As you will read every book on the reading list and nothing which is not on the reading list, it is quite unnecessary to let the lecturer know which books you have read; unless of course you think that to copy out the reading list [also your name, class, the essay topic in full, and anything else you can drag in] will add to the bulk of the essay, which may be important [see *Planning*].

## Planning

As many lecturers mark by the yard, the chief objective is to make the essay as long as possible. Any restriction on length given is just a little joke on the lecturer's part and should be ignored. Most topics do not admit of indefinite expansion (and such expansions can involve an unnecessary amount of work) so length is best achieved by saying the same thing over and over again in as

many different ways as possible [see *Quotations*]. A formal 'plan' may either interfere with this or betray it, and so should not be used. However, if a controversial question is asked, you should be careful to answer it fully in the first paragraph. This serves the immediate purpose of letting lecturer know you are on his side. If you wait too adduce the evidence first, you may find it confuses your mind and makes theorizing difficult; it may also lead you into the snares of *Originality* (which see).

## Quotations

As all books say the same thing [see *Preparatory Reading*] but in different words, and repetition is desirable [see *Planning*], a good essay should consist mainly of quotations of parallel passages from different writers. The correct formula to introduce a quotation is the words "I think that". Inverted commas should not be used, nor should works be acknowledged in footnotes [which makes the page look untidy]. Do not be afraid that the lecturer will spot that you are quoting; he does not read the books on the reading list [being omniscient, why should he?] and his memory span will probably be

sufficiently short to protect you against the unlikely chance that another student has used the same quotation. Paraphrase may be resorted to on occasions, but has disadvantages; you may fail to paraphrase correctly, or your style may be far less impressive than that of the original, so that the lecturer feels 'let down'.

## Originality

If you have followed my previous advice, you will find this unnecessary. But if you insist on inserting your own puny opinions, let the expression of them be as vague as possible; otherwise the lecturer may fear a potential rival, and your mark will suffer accordingly. Some lecturers work by average length of words rather than overall length of essay, so it is advisable to cultivate appropriate sesquipedalian circumlocutions.

## Conclusions

These come at the beginning [see *Planning*]: but there is no objection to repeating them at the end, or, indeed, at intervals throughout the text.

Well, good luck, and do let me know how you get on, won't you?

# Hawke Government foils Big Mac's kindness

Hugh Martin, Finance Vice-President

## Deregulation Increases Jobs for Students

Why is it so hard to find a part-time job? A large percentage of students need the extra income to supplement TEAS, family allowances, to make life more enjoyable and less of a struggle. However the nature of government regulation appears to be a conspiracy against students gaining such employment. The two main areas of regulation that hinder students are the "Award Payment System" and the restricted shop trading hours.

## Award Payment System

This was an invention of employees and unions to protect employees. However it is short-sighted in that protection of employees is achieved by a profitable firm to employ them. As flexibility is the key to keeping a firm profitable, so must awards be. This has not been the case and thus awards



often stifle firms.

The award states the fair wage for that employment. If I consider a lower wage to be fair for myself and a firm will employ me at that wage, the government has decreed that the unions can stop this employment. This is union tuggery and government paternalism at its worst. I gained employment by understating my age as I would not have been employed at the wage rate for my age. However in order to get a job I was prepared to accept less. My self-proclaimed God of a trade union decided to protect me by having me sacked. Thanks ACTU you're a big help.

The pay structure relies on increases due to age. This automatically puts students at a disadvantage. Part-time jobs usually require little intelligence. Thus the obvious

person for the job is the cheapest person with that intelligence. This means someone young. There is often the situation where an employee will be sacked because they have grown too old and thus too expensive. Even if the employee does not wish to become more expensive, the Government, backed by the unions, will force them. Due to labour market deregulation in Western Australia, MacDonaldis has employed 20 new people and state that deregulation nationally would enable them to employ one thousand more.

The second hardship in finding a job is the regulation of shopping hours. In America, shopping hours on the whole are freer. Thus you can find 24-hour supermarkets and delis. All manner of shops will stay open later at nights. This provides great opportunity for part-time work. If the store is open till 9.00, full-time staff will depart at 5.00 leaving the rest to others. This means people like us. With the reduction or removal of penalty rates, more shops are willing and able to open for longer hours.

- Benefit to shop owners - increased trading.
- Benefit to consumers - convenience of shopping.
- Benefit to students - more jobs.

# Excitement runs riot in Students' Association

Michelle Clark, Education Vice-President.

Included this week is a diagram of the structure of the Students' Association. Hopefully some of you will better understand how it is run and who to see if any problems for yourself arise.

## Elections

In the next few weeks you will all be receiving forms about University Council and Education Committee elections. These will be sent to your homes so please take the time to fill them in because having good representation on these two committees is really important for students. There will also be faculty elections soon but more on that next week.

## Western Entrance

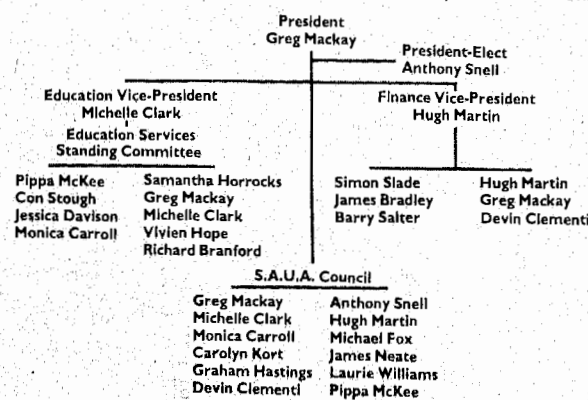
The latest up-date on the opening of the now infamous Barr Smith Door is that it may be opened by the end of this month. We can only hope!

## Meeting

The Education/Services Standing Committee will be meeting at 9.30 am on Friday 20th September in the President's Office in the Union Building.

## Exams

With the exams drawing nearer I'd like to encourage everyone to start studying. (Hopefully I'll take my own advice). See you next week.



# Limelight

Cinema · Theatre · Music · Books · Poetry · Radio · TV · Visual Arts



## At the top: **MOTELS**

**JOE PENHALL, all flustered at the thought of interviewing *The Motels'* Martha Davis, managed to turn in this piece despite it all. And he's quite impressed with their latest album, *Shock*.**

Like many eight-year-old girls, Martha Davis had piano lessons and went to school.

Unlike most, she had a guitar and the gift of a singing voice, and a songwriting ability that would bring her success and adulation in the rock band she was to form when she dropped out of school.

In Los Angeles, as everywhere else, it wasn't easy. However after seven years of trying, in 1978 a fortuitous single by a now defunct band was the catalyst required to push her and her conveniently termed "new wave" band, *The Motels* into the limelight.

*The Motels* were signed to Capitol records in 1978 during the first explosion of the new wave/punk scene. The band's saxophonist, Marty Jourard explains that after the initial enormous success of *The Knack*, with the single *My Sharona*, record companies were frenetically signing bands which were to flop as quickly as they were formed.

But the *Motels* were different. The success of their first album and the single *Total Control* was to be repeated. With the release of their latest album, *Shock*, and the new hit single *Shame*, Martha is on her fourth trip to Australia, touring with the band in the country that helped give them their first success...

It's late afternoon in the plush, modern office of E.M.I. records, and *Motels* guitarist Guy Perry, and saxophonist Marty Jourard are relaxed and happy to talk. After a laconic history of the band from Marty, accompanied by a steady stream of wisecracks from Guy, the double act is interrupted...

"You guys are interrupting! What's Davis doing here?" bawls Marty. "Oh come on Martha, we're working in here, Jesus!" moans Guy.

Introductions are made: "This is ... Marna? ... Marna Lewis?" proposes Marty. Guy corrects him: "Marna Davies!". As Marty explains our status, Martha Davis seats herself and quips "I was a student once ... now I've forgotten how to talk."

"You should see how she spells some of the lyrics ..." mutters Marty before being cut off with a sharp "Ok Marty, can we go back to the

keyboard influences?!" from Martha.

Marty finishes his potted history with: "We've made five albums, all on Capitol Records, and we've just signed for hundreds more dollars with Capitol. We apparently owe them about five more albums, so we're learning to live with each other..." he says, philosophically.

As we begin to dismember the food platter beautifully laid out before us, I ask Martha how she approaches the writing of songs.

"I just happen to write what's coming out at the time ... I once woke up in the middle of the night, wrote the best song I thought I'd ever written in my whole career, got my guitar, recorded it, and went back to sleep a happy girl. Woke up the next morning and realised I'd just rewritten David Bowie's *Time*."

**"I once woke up in the middle of the night, wrote the best song I'd ever written ... woke up the next morning and realised I'd just rewritten David Bowie's 'Time'."**

"...We just rewrite David Bowie songs" laughs Martha ... "I like the sound of words. If the words sound good then we try them. Sometimes that doesn't work either, so sometimes they have to mean something... My favourite description of how a song is written is by an L.A. band, X. They said that once a week an angel comes to their house with a song and a six-pack..."

She explains that she does not write for critics or fans, and admits that she doesn't like the idea of critics. "Anytime you go on do a show it's up for grabs - whatever the reviewer's going to say - and it can vary from anything ... whether he didn't get backstage to get a free beer, to a real, honest musical critique ... I think you have to take reviews light-heartedly,

'cause it's really bizarre when you get out on the road and you had a great time, everyone on stage was really happy - sounded good, went crazy - and then you get this reviewer who says, "God, it sucked!" Then you gotta think, "Well, maybe he was sitting in some wierd corner and couldn't hear anything."

One the subject of doing things that everyone else is doing, have the band or Martha contemplated making a film, or a "movie-length video", as is the current fashion?

"'Desperately Seeking Martha,'" intones Marty dramatically...

"'The Motels Go To Mars' ..." he tries again.

Martha admits that she wants to see the new *Talking Heads* film, *Stop Making Sense* and adds "We filmed our Thanksgiving Day one time ... but I don't like to think of ourselves as the next *Monkees*..."

Musically, the band are far from the next *Monkees*, as can be heard on the latest album. With a line-up of six members, incorporating Marty on keyboards and saxophone, Guy on guitar, Michael Goodroe on bass, Brian Glascock on drums, Scott Thurston on keyboards and Martha on guitar and vocals, the sound is

now quite heavily keyboard-orientated.

Surprisingly Marty claims "I was filled with hatred for the keyboard..."

Martha elaborates "Marty's had kind of a love/hate relationship with it (the synthesizer) because he's used to playing organs and pianos: more rockabilly, standard stuff ... I remember once he pulled a knife on it, and I could never understand that..."

Has the band had any other violent incidents in its seven or more years of touring?

"She had a bottle thrown at her in Nebraska..." says Marty, indicating Martha who still seems surprised about the incident. "It just missed my face!"

As for the future, Martha explains: "We want to tour as long as possible 'cause we got cut short last time and it made us mad."

"We got mad, you understand!" emphasizes Marty.

The band hope to tour England and Europe soon (including Italy where they spit on Martha and call her "punk") and then will return home to start on the next album when they "feel like it". It sounds fun ... "Yeah! I'll be there!" decides Guy.

### MOTELS

**Shock**  
LP on Capitol

The *Motels* are one of the few bands to have emerged from the hectic Los Angeles new-wave scene of the late seventies with their creativity intact and their music still progressing and selling well.

Seven years after their formation and first success, the band's latest album, *Shock*, stands out as an example of tempered, updated new-wave music. Fortunately the *Motels* have a strength and creativity of their own, and suffer little from the slick, 1985 production.

The stark intensity of the first hit, *Total Control* is replaced by a more composed, complicated sound, and the heavy rhythm guitars have been kept on a tight rein with the sound often dominated by extra synthesizers and the versatile lead guitar of Guy Perry.

Martha Davis' sharp songwriting is as good as ever, with her sensitive voice complimenting the mood and melody of each song perfectly. The new single, *Shame*, is probably the most representative of other cuts on the album, with notable highpoints being *I Hear Whispers* and the excellent, hard *Night by Night*.

However undoubtedly, the masterpiece of the LP is the superb *Icy Red*. Apparently inspired by the insides of Martha's garage, it is a throw-back to the speedy power-pop which typified the New Wave scene which gave the band their base. The howling guitars and sultry sitar on the verses, make a striking contrast between desolate psychedelia and upbeat new wave, and show-case the band's and Martha's creativity. Here the band's musicianship is at its best.

The album is firm evidence that the *Motels* are a rare melodic rock talent, standing well apart from the ever increasing tide of crass commercialism, or facile, bland rock.

## Overboard about Domestic Harmony

DO RE MI

Domestic Harmony  
LP on Festival  
Reviewed by Andrew Stewart

There must be hundreds of bands around Australia scratching their collective heads in disbelief at *Do Re Mi's* sudden success. If one thing has been clear from the last four or five years (at least) on the commercial music scene here, it has been that "alternative" bands do not sell records. Innovation and experiment is great - but don't think you'll sell it to the punters. Even the well-respected *Hunters and Collectors* have done little more than knock on the door, chartwise.

That's no mystery of course. With the paucity of independent record companies, with the dominance of reasonably conservative FM stations, and with a far-from-thriving live scene, there's precious little encouragement for bands with something different to offer. The temptation must be to take the safe way and concentrate on preaching to the converted. Only a handful of people within the industry, Adelaide's Doug Thomas among them, appear to dare to look any further than the limited horizons currently on offer. Meanwhile the bulk of Australian music is content to look to the UK, with its strong "indies" and radical counter-culture, for what little progressive element there is.

All the more surprising then that an Australian band could in this day and age put out a single as uncompromising and as challenging as *Man Overboard* and actually make it a commercial success. Not that *Do Re Mi* are that alternative - if one can put a scale on such a quality. Their music is a fairly basic mix of funk rhythms with free-form colouring that perhaps succeeds despite its melodic content rather than because of it. What is important is that they can apparently appeal without making the usual concessions to the limitations of the audience they now seem to have reached. And that's the marvellous quality that *Domestic Harmony* possesses. From the opening burst



of precision funk in the enigmatic *Theme From Jungle Jim* to the battery of percussion at the end of *1000 Mouths*, the band delivers its goods with unwavering intelligence.

The trait shows up most obviously in the lyrics. Strong and direct, they at times lapse into the pseudish. But at their best, they take no prisoners - and there are none better than the biting indictment of the male ego in *Man Overboard*.

"I'm sick and tired of this position ... I'm bored staring at the ceiling while you point out my flaws/I've watched the wallpaper peeling from slamming doors/You talk about penis envy, your friends applaud/What am I expected to do, shout 'man overboard'?"

It's to my (and no doubt others') eternal wonderment that the song ever found its way onto the nation's playlists - and to the credit of those who overlooked, deliberately or not, its message.

Getting back to the album, it proves conclusively, if the follow-up *Idiot Grin* weren't

enough, that there is much, much more to the band than one freak hit. With nary a weak spot throughout, *Domestic Harmony* is a triumph for all concerned. Deborah Conway has the most obvious success. Her voice soars its way through the tracks, climbing from a throaty contralto to a rather surprising falsetto with no apparent effort. It has a tremendously appealing quality about it, whether soft or strident, and is used to quite magnificent effect, best of all on the moody and threatening *Warnings Moving Clockwise*.

Understandably the rest of the band are to some extent overshadowed by her performance - but only on the most superficial level. *Do Re Mi's* musical base is the ultimate in democracy - all three musicians contribute to the sound in just about equal measure. But if it is possible to single one of them out, then I'd bypass Helen Carter's bass and Stephen Philip's innovative guitar work and plump for Dorland Bray. His drumming is perhaps at the band's creative heart, constantly eschewing

the obvious for the interesting and never allowing what are otherwise fairly straightforward patterns to settle into a single boring groove. The term "rockestra" comes to mind, used of Budgie's drumming for the *Banshees* in the early 80s. Indeed there's quite a resemblance here to that band, particularly in Bray's work and in the way Philip allows the bass to be the dominant melodic instrument and concentrates on colouring the sound, just as John McGeoch did so well for the *Banshees*.

But comparisons would be misleading. *Do Re Mi* are very much their own band. For the present they have a style that gives them access to the airwaves without throwing in the creative towel - and without being British. For the sake of a lot of excellent Australian bands who'd love to be in a similar position, and probably deserve to be, let's hope they can keep it going. If they can't - well, get out there and listen to *Domestic Harmony* anyway. You won't hear anything better this year.

## Lyrics hit squarely a political note

STYLE COUNCIL

Our Favourite Shop  
LP on Polygram

Since Paul Weller first got up England's political noses with high-powered, mod trio *The Jam*, he's been pricking consciences and scoring top-ten hits with admirable regularity. Now with the less fierce, but equally angry *Style Council* he's taken the battle right to Margaret Thatcher's feet with his so called "anti-Tory mentality" - a battle which has not always been helped by some of the more gentle, soul-based *Style Council* music.

However with the band's latest album, he drives his points home with an accuracy and power unrivalled by any so-called "political band" today.

Initially the album appears to have its roots based firmly in English power pop and soul of the sixties, with *Beatles* and *Small Faces*

(another mod band) photos in prominence on the cover. However on further investigation the band's influences are more diverse, and the album becomes a veritable catalogue of styles. From the grinding blues of *Homebreakers* to the power-pop of *Come To Milton Keynes*, to the funky rock of *Internationalists*, and some more jazz-based numbers, the songs sound like the excellent songs which the band played and disregarded in their search for their own sound - before arriving at the brilliant *Walls Come Tumbling Down*. Inspiring in its power the anthem-like plea (demand?) for working-class unity, it is the band's finest and most impassioned effort to date.

The band assembled for this album comprises Weller on guitars and bass; Mick Talbot on keyboards; Steve White on drums and D.C. Lee sharing the vocals with Weller. The production from Weller and *Jam* producer Peter Wilson is polished and succinct adding modest touches of brass and strings which give no more or less than precisely what the songs



Paul Weller

need.

Lyrical it's perhaps one of the most provocative and accurate albums of the eighties, with the bitter *Homebreakers* standing out for its perception of the real tragedy of unemployment. A joint effort with Talbot, it exposes the destructiveness of unemployment towards the home, in a manner which for sheer atmosphere and passion cannot be ignored.

The album is surely Weller's *piece de resistance* and with its debut at number one in the English charts it rekindles the timeless question: can music change the world?

## Turn on to some pointless pop

IN TUA NUA

Somebody to Love  
Single on Island

Apart from the electric violin at the beginning this sounds suspiciously like a return to disco. There's a catchy, oft-repeated chorus and a girl with a powerful voice extending it past its capabilities, but the tight, fast backing from piano, bass and drums gives it some excitement and by 1985 standards some originality. It's simple, pointless pop, and if that's what turns you on, it's probably got the edge on one or two other simple, pointless pop records out at the moment.

## Times like the Gurus

It's probably not the kudos that Dave Faulkner will most treasure when he looks back on his musical career, but *The Times of London* has given its blessing to the *Hoodoo Gurus'* brand of underground pop/rock.

*The Times'* rock critic wrote in the September 7 edition that the Gurus' latest album *Mars Needs Guitars* proves them to have "the non-chance of a truly innovative pop group."

"Faulkner's black humour pervades the Gurus' songs", wrote *Times* rock critic Max Bell.

"He distorts the pure pop genre with venom to spare on *Bittersweet* and gives a nasty insight into divorce on *Poison Pea*," Bell continued.

*The Times* also had good words for Sydney's Hot Records, "a constantly reliable barometer of good things from the Australian underground", and in particular for *The Triffids*, *The Laughing Clowns* and aboriginal band *Coloured Stone*.

The once-staid London paper, which not so very long ago covered its front page with classified ads and its inside pages with croquet results, even went so far as to suggest that the *Gurus* should have been commissioned to write the score for the latest *Mad Max* movie over American Tina Turner.

## Semen Donors Required

Healthy males who are prepared to donate semen are required by the Fertility Clinic at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for use in the artificial insemination program. Prospective donors will be required to sign a form indicating that they have not had male-to-male sexual contact or have used injectable drugs of addiction. The clinic has rooms at the Medical School, Frome Road, and at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for the collection of samples. Incidental and travelling expenses of \$15 per donation are paid. If you are interested and wish to find out further details please ring 45 0222 ext. 7310.



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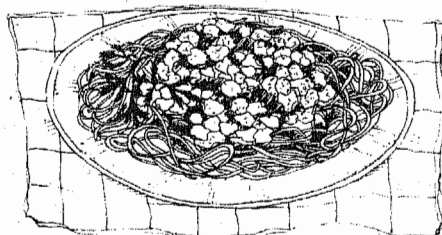
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# Dragon Lady of Science- Fiction



Dragons on her mind

Anne McCaffrey has spent much of her life writing about dragons and other bizarre subjects. MIKE GIBSON talked to this award-winning "soft-core" science-fiction author about the current SF boom.

Often in interviews, the questions you don't ask are more revealing than the questions you do ask. I was going to grill Anne McCaffrey about her age: did she, for instance, believe that she would still be writing for much longer? She is now approaching 60 years of age and may be considering retiring.

I'm glad, however, that I didn't bother. Anne McCaffrey talks with the vitality and energy of someone much younger, and apparently, with two books just published, she can't stop writing.

Her speciality is science-fiction, a subject on which she has very definite views. She labels her own writing as "soft-core science fiction" and is proud of that label, resisting any attempt to be part of the term "speculative fiction".

"I'm very glad to have the S.F. label pinned on me, particularly since I'm now on the bestseller list and the *New York Times* has to admit that many people read it. Booksellers like to have things in categories. So they plunk a lot of what is really speculative fiction ... into a convenient category, not where it should be, which is mainstream."

McCaffrey is now firmly part of that science-fiction classification, with major awards from

**"Somebody once asked me, when did I start collecting dragons? And I looked at them and said 'they collect me!'"**

the genre and the publication over the last twenty years of the famous "Dragon" books, set on the planet of Pern, where the mythical creatures are bred and flown in defence of the planet. After seven Dragon novels, two shorter stories in that series and a horse farm called "Dragonhold", you might think that she was obsessive about dragons.

"Some one once asked me, when did I start collecting dragons? And I looked at them and said 'they collect me!'"

McCaffrey is not solely a science-fiction writer. She has several contemporary romantic stories in print at the moment, one of which has just been released called *Stitch and Snow* ("It's a what if? story"). Her favourite author is Rudyard Kipling, mainly because he is the master of the short story which McCaffrey implements as an integral part of her own writing (her "Dragon" series started out as a short story).

"He [Kipling] wasn't appreciated because of the so-called Imperialism. Half the people didn't know he was taking the mickey out of them when he wrote these stories. They were too stupid to know. When the Russians invaded Afganistan I re-read *Kim* and it was as immediate then as it was when it was written in

the 1880's. And that - when you can say that about an author, then you are talking about a world-class author."

McCaffrey places a great store in the S.F. short story as well. She perceives the short story as a form of training ground both for young ideas and young writers, and sees a danger for young writers if the short story concept is lost.

"Current short story magazines are not commercially viable enough to sustain themselves. Then we would lose a very valuable apprentice ground for young writers."

Pushing ideas into a full novel form before they have been developed and expanded as short stories, she believes, can miss an essential creative step in writing.

Quality science fiction, however, is not the sole reason for the current boom in popularity of the field. Mass appeal is also a result of mass exposure.

"The readership has broadened, what with *Star Trek* and *Star Wars*; people have realized that this is something amusing, vital, interesting and not as hard to understand as they thought it was. So the readership has widened. You know people get tired of the suspense and adventure ... they go to something new. And science fiction is new."

She also squashes the concept of science fiction as especially escapist. She sees escapism as a result of any form of literature, even non-fiction. This escapism, she maintains, is not even more prevalent in science fiction: science has a relevant to today's society. Science fiction is used as teaching material in sociology classes and can't be isolated from mainstream literature. McCaffrey backs this point up with another mention of science-fiction on the bestseller lists. (She has been on the *New York Times* list six times). If science-fiction should not be isolated, then by the same token, neither should the genre's fans, many of whom are isolated in their own way.

"They were isolated before they started reading science-fiction. At least science-fiction gives them something to do and think about. The odd-ball who doesn't fit in with his peer group, the person who is by nature an introvert, the man whose mind is three jumps ahead of his contemporaries, the woman who doesn't fit into her society because she doesn't want to get married and spawn kids, these are the people who will go for science-fiction, because it offers alternatives."

Transcending McCaffrey's feelings about science-fiction are her feelings towards its growing popularity. She is "delighted that the field is getting the recognition it deserves, since that means getting on the best-seller list. Because that means more people are reading it. Not just fans."

And mass appeal will hopefully bring science-fiction beyond the bounds of a genre, and into mainstream fiction, thus removing another pigeonholing category.

## WANTED

for the return of our information leading to the return of a stolen print from the Gallery on Prosh Day, Friday 9th August.

This print is **EXTREMELY IMPORTANT** to the artist and the particular work exhibited is no longer viable without it.

So **PLEASE** help in its recovery and redeem the Gallery's, the Union's and the Students' (of Adelaide University) reputation.

## REWARD

Below is a copy of the artist's letter to the Union with a description of the stolen print.

### The stolen print

A piece of cartridge paper sized at 760 mm x 560 mm.

The viewing surface has a vaguely round grey/black smudge foil on it, sized at approximately 100 mm diameter. Smatters or spots of this oil surround this.

The paper has small impressions made in it, as if the paper had been trod on when lying on small stones.

A couple of holes pierce the paper. These are to the left of the oil smudge. Through these holes (one is about as big as a one-cent coin, another a bit smaller) pink paint can be seen.

This print is on another piece of cartridge paper masking taped to the back of the viewing paper.

I want it.

- Trevor Close

# Tinsel stars in Australia

## —but Lesley settles for locals

Lorna Lesley, actress and the Australian Film Institute's first woman chairperson, was in Adelaide recently promoting "The Settlement". JAMIE SKINNER discussed with her the importance of keeping the Oz in Australian films.

The current instability of the Australian Film Industry was forgotten on the weekend for the razzle-dazzle of the AFI awards.

But Australian actress Lorna Lesley, star of such films as *Stanley* and *The Chain Reaction*, is worried about the future of the Australian Film Industry. Being the first woman to be elected chairperson of the Australian Film Institute, Lesley, 29, is concerned about our films losing their Australianess by the importation of foreign actors in lead roles.

"In Australia ... there has always been a struggle to maintain Australian content," she says.

"We've always had to struggle for Australians to see Australians, so the battle being fought over the import of actors is nothing new."

Lesley says that American television comprises 90 to 100 per cent of American content and that British television has an English content of about 80 per cent, but Australian television has only about 20 per cent of Aussie-made material, this being mainly soapies, mini-series and game shows.

But what is wrong with getting American stars to come down under and feature in lead roles so that we can sell our films more profitably overseas?

"Without lead actors in lead roles in Australian films you'll have no basis for the industry," says Lesley.

"People perceive films through the people's image, but you have a film made in Australia starring two foreign leads (and) the film will be perceived as a foreign film."

Lesley sees the Canadian film industry as "an international joke" with renowned American films like *Porky's* and *A Christmas Story* in fact being Canadian films.

"The only basis you can have for an industry is to make sure that your actors are box office attractions," she says.

"It's the actors who attract the audience (and) investments, (and) the industry which has gone down the drain is the Canadian."

She says that the Australian Film Industry's resurgence in gaining a worldwide audience

gives our films an "identity and an understanding of this country."

"You only have to look at the films which have been the most prestigious, and they have been the most Australian."

Lesley was recently in Adelaide to promote her film *The Settlement*, in which she stars with Aussie actors Bill Kerr and John Jarratt. In the film, now showing at the Trak Cinema, she plays a forceful barmaid called Joycie who sets up house with two swaggies in a comfortable *menage-a-trois* back in the outback of the Aussie fifties.

"I auditioned for the part but found out some months after ... that the role in fact had been written for me by (scriptwriter) Ted Roberts".

She likes to play "an interesting woman who is three dimensional, has reasons for what she does and is not an appendage to somebody else."

The career of an actress in Australia these days is very limited, she points out.

"You go from being somebody's girlfriend, to somebody's wife, to somebody's mother and that's your career!"

And what does she say to Australian producers who are going to take their films overseas, to the likes of New Zealand: "Goodbye and good luck!"



Lorna Lesley

## ...two of them, in fact

### THE SETTLEMENT

Trak Cinema  
Reviewed by Jamie Skinner

It would be a great pity if *The Settlement* drowned in the pool of recent commercial holiday movies, because it really is a gem of a movie.

It is getting its Adelaide release two and a half years after it was made, and it is already available on video. This last fact does not seem to the distributors who are content that the film will run for a lengthy season.

It's set in mid-fifties Australia. Two drifters, Kearney and Martin, are feeling the effects of hard times and

scarce work. They hobble into the small country community of Cedar Creek, where they are made unwelcome by the stuffy police sergeant, Crowe (Tony Barry). So they move on and settle on the outskirts of the town, in a ramshackle hut.

Kearney is played, by veteran Aussie actor Bill Kerr (the boar hunter from *Razorback*), as a tough old swaggie cum philosopher who is prone to getting a bad case of the flu.

John Jarratt of *We Of The Never Never* plays Martin. Unlike Kearney, he is young and strong but naive and a bit of a con-artist. Whilst trying to hustle for a bottle of whisky, Martin meets Joycie (Lorna Lesley), who goes back to the hut to nurse the floundering buddy - an act she performs

with grave sensuality. Jealousy runs rampant in Martin but Joycie develops relationships with both of the Lawson-like larrakins. The three form a comfortable and respectable *menage-a-trois*, much to the dismay of many of the townsfolk.

Eventually scandal erupts with the townsfolk as Joycie's past as a prostitute is brought to a head and Martin is accused of sheep-stealing.

*The Settlement* entertains in its own simple way, very differently from most films released today. It resembles a 90-minute version of an Aussie television serial and it is of no surprise to find that both director and scriptwriter have extensive credentials in that area.

The small screen flavour of the film

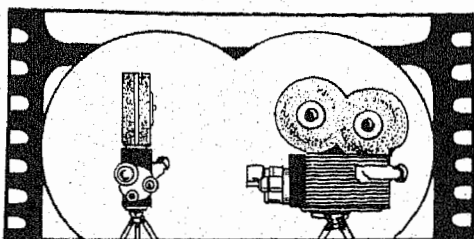
adds to its charm and warmth, but for those expecting an elegant production along the lines of *Snowy River*, don't be shocked to find that the film is light in nearly all production departments - a budget of \$1 million does not go very far. Whereas to some viewers this may be a let down, to others it could prove a welcome change from the recent, expensive Hollywood pulp of the vacation.

The soundtrack by composer Sven Libaek is a sweet, tingling score which might suit the small screen serials but is totally unsuitable and inadequate for a big-screen movie. Director Howard Rubie and scriptwriter Ted Roberts have done well with the telling of the story and

the development of the wide range of characters in the film. The performances all round are very good especially Lorna Lesley's Joycie which was perfectly written for her by Roberts.

The only real problem with *The Settlement* is that it is comedy-drama but never really satisfies either department. It really is a period-character study of the Aussie 50's spiced with amusing humour and touching scenes of jealousy, bigotry and affection. Despite its flaws, it is nice to see a genuine attempt at comedy in an Australian film pop-out amongst Oz films today mostly concerned with historical legends, futuristic warriors and scruffy dogs.

## Limelight Selection - On dit's entertainment suggestions



### SCREEN

Dino DiRosa

**Back to the Future:** Very watchable. Robert Zemeckis, the talented director who gave us the little-seen *Used Cars* and *Romancing the Stone*, has really consolidated himself in Hollywood with this (northern) summer hit. Its young star, Michael J. Fox, is like a young Dustin Hoffman - he even has the superstar's high-pitched gulp from *The Graduate*. (Hindley).

**Crazy for You:** Kids' movie, based on Mrs. Sean Penn's smash. (Academy).

**Desperately Seeking Susan:** Madonna Ciccone was cast in Susan Seidelman's low-budget Neo-Wave movie before she started making it (or them) big, and she's probably the only character in the film who comes through - though as her unattractive self, Seidelman wipes out the rest (including Rosanna Arquette and Aidan Quinn), gives them no subtext. (Hindley).

**Girls Just Want to Have Fun:** Kids' movie, based on the Wendy Richter half-nelson. (Academy).

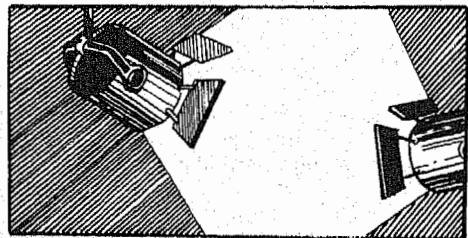
**Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome:** The third of George Miller's celebrated crash-and-burn movies, is also the biggest and the best. So big in fact that Kennedy-Miller designed to exclude it from competition against the little movies in the AFI awards. (Hindley).

**Perfect:** (Ha!) Or, *Looking for Mr. Goodbody*. Wait till it comes out on video, then you can focus on what it really is all about: Jamie

Lee Curtis' *Body* (if you're a man), John Travolta's *Body* (if you're a woman). (Hoyts).

**Rambo:** Dipshit college kids ("Intervene in Nicaragua? Fur shur!") all over America are learning their Rs. And *Rambo* is full of them. Revisionists. Reactionism. Right-wing. Ronald Reagan... (Academy).

**Rustler's Rhapsody:** The first of about five gambling gambles by Hollywood on the western, this one's supposed to be a comedy that goes where *Blazing Saddles* left (or let) off. That's cynicism if ever I've seen it. (Hindley).



### STAGE LIGHTS

Ronan Moore

*A Doll's House*, the Ibsen classic, is on now at the Little Theatre. A.U. Theatre Guild presents this rendition and it is directed by a guest director, Julia Tymukas.

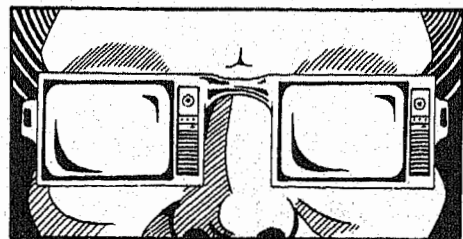
*On the Razzle* by Tom Stoppard at the Playhouse, an S.T.C. production of a play which is Stoppard's version of *Hello Dolly!* Stoppard is a brilliant comic writer well known for his fast-paced scripts.

While we're talking about the S.T.C., I heard this joke from a technician at the Festival Centre: What's the difference between the *Titanic* and the S.T.C.? The *Titanic* had entertainment.

This is the last week of the highly successful *New Moods Women 150 Arts Festival* in Melbourne. It

follows the *Next Wave Youth Festival*. Is Melbourne trying to pretend it's cultural? Most of the workers on the Festival are Adelaide people, anyway!

The German club present their theatrical endeavours soon: a few scenes from Brecht and a new play from Grips Theatre - *Voll auf der Rolle*. Both plays are in German, and are sponsored by the Multicultural Society.



### THE BOX

Richard Wilson

MONDAY 16 SEPTEMBER

Big-time TV comes to Adelaide! All three commercial stations wheel out the big event specials and shatter the usual Monday mediocrity of *Sons and Daughters* and *Knots Landing*.

Channel 10, after *First Blood* and the *Murder In Space* solution yesterday, repeats Colleen McCullough's *The Thorn Birds*. This is the uncensored version - not seen before on TV, with a whole 360 seconds of "sizzling scenes" added. It's a story of forbidden love set in 1915 in NSW. It's probably best remembered for introducing the then single Bryan Brown to his current wife, Rachel Ward. Also stars Richard Chamberlain as the love interest.

Meanwhile, Channel 9 premieres *The Far Pavillions* - 6¼ hours of deep and meaningful diatribe about trouble in India. All the critics who've seen it seem to think the acting of Ben

Cross, Amy Irving and Omar Sharif is superb, so it may be worth checking out, especially if you don't like football, which brings me to Channel 7.

The Magarey Medal is presented tonight, live from the Old Lion. It is hosted by Kevin Crease with Rick Keegan, Peter Marker but not Bob Francis. Dedicated football fans would have already made up their minds who they think is going to win, so I might as well throw in my twenty cents worth as well. Either Peter Motley or Stephen Kernahan to win, but watch out for Glenelg's Ross Gibbs - he could poll highly.

WEDNESDAY 18 SEPTEMBER

*Mad Max*, one of Australia's biggest movies and the vehicle which launched Mel Gibson to worldwide superstardom is on Channel 10 tonight at 8.40 pm. For those who haven't seen it before, the story is at best bizarre, at worst ridiculous. Find out what made *Mad Max*.

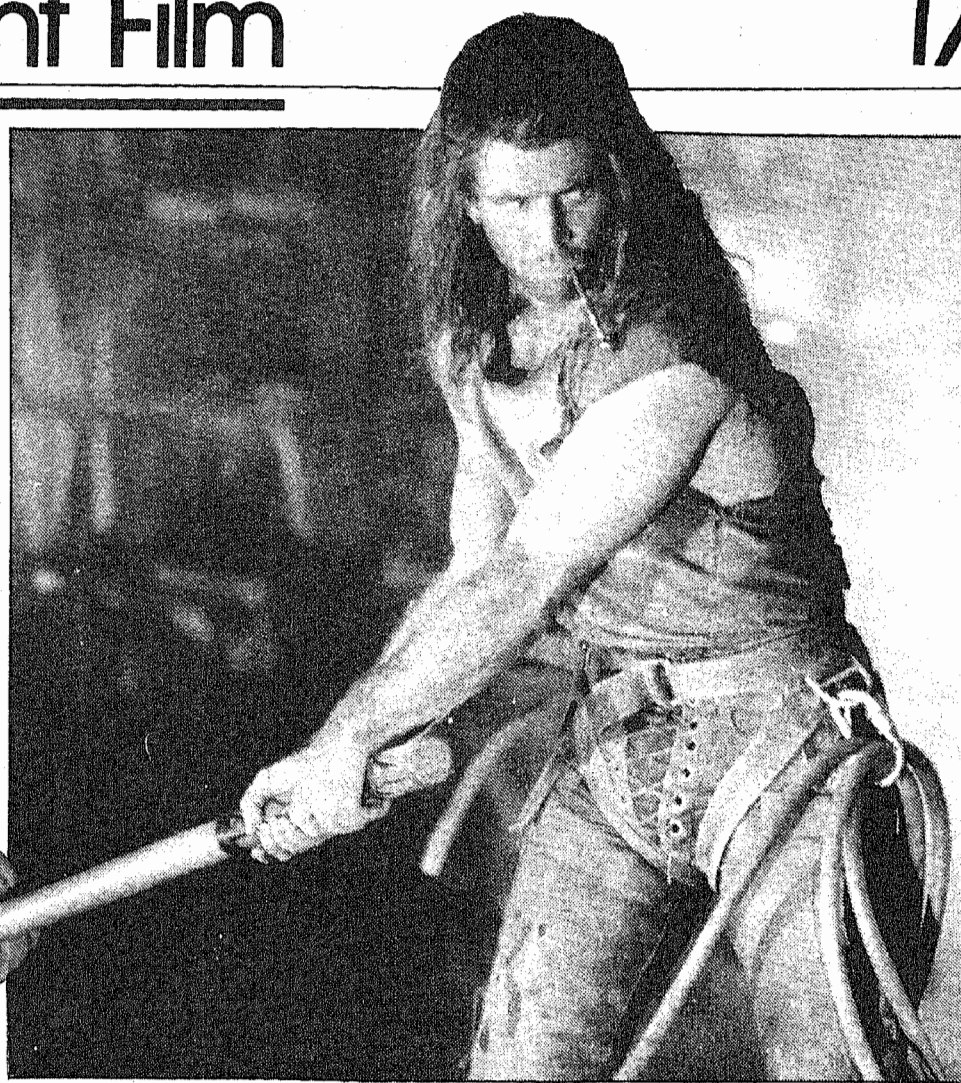
Urban society is in terminal decay. It's an arena for a strange apocalyptic death-game between nomad bikers and a group of young cops in "souped-up pursuit cars". Max (that's Mel) is one of these cops. He kills a crazed biker. The rest of the gang come to collect the remains, led by a "charismatic psychopath" known as The Toecutter. Max's (Mel's) best mate is murdered (by The Toecutter). Max (Mel) quits the police force. But the gang arrive at Max's (Mel's) house and terrorise him and the rest of his family. They seriously injure his wife (played by Joanne Samuel, who proves there's more to life than *Skyways*) and kill his baby, Sprog(!).

Max (Mel) dons his leather again, and hunts down the nomad bikers one by one in a journey of carnage and destruction.

If you're into vicious psychopaths and senseless destruction, watch it. If not, there's always the final part of *The Far Pavillions*.

Next week, I'll get off commercial movies, and look at a couple of the ABC's more exciting programs, including *Dangermouse* and *The Young Ones*, SA's latest cult show.

# Max slams Critics in \$13 million comic-book



Mel Gibson as Tina Turner's hitman

**MAD MAX: BEYOND THUNDERDOME**

Hindley Cinemas  
Reviewed by Dino Di Rosa

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, let me announce that *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome* has come and it is the third panel of one of the most typical triptychs in the recent history of movie art.

George Miller, the surgeon-artist who in earlier days had to suture the cinematic viscera that was *Mad Max* and *The Road Warrior* on his kitchen table, has had his company, Kennedy-Miller Productions, hire many more hands for this \$13 million comic-book - his co-director George Ogilvie, the theatre director who helped Miller out with *The Dismissal* and *Bodyline*, the award winning composer Maurice Jarre, and scores of imports and new people for every other department. Yet Miller's rusty, ferric vision and spontaneous, combusive sense of film technique are still very much there, still scotching you in your chair, and still for no great reason. His is a chemical, mathematical talent; *Beyond Thunderdome* is precisely as many times bigger and better than *The Road Warrior* as *The Road Warrior* was compared to the first *Mad Max* - admiring the progression, one admires the science of movie-making.

But, to break it as gently as possible, Homer he certainly is not. The third *Mad Max*, with its respectable, indeed notable, attractions, has

**"The film recovers from a stagy, discontinuous start with the Thunderdome sequence, which is unlike anything you've ever seen before..."**

nevertheless spontaneous moments of fake-poetry only Miller (and his co-screenwriter, Terry Hayes) could have beaten up, and the Feral Kid's silver-tongued "who-was-that-masked-man" voice-over in *The Road Warrior* is nothing when you compare it to the unctious post-apocalyptic broken English voice-over in *Beyond Thunderdome*. (The movie-makers would have been just as prophetic if they'd had the cast sing hymns to the cover of *Midnight Oil's Red Sails in the Sunset* album). Miller didn't quit the medical profession because he was one of those delicate artists of lore who couldn't stand the sight of blood and wanted to pursue more intellectual interests; he's still at the operating table now, cutting from this scene to that just for its particular shock effect.

So why the fatty piety? His early films (the shorts with the late Byron Kennedy as well as *Mad Max*) were auteurist, if not auteurial - q.v. the Ford, Hawks, Hitchcock copy-books. *The Road Warrior* paid homage to, or was just a semi-conscious take-off, George Stevens' *Shane* (the most recent rapture up to the Pantheon of great directors), which was in any case a kind of Galahad way out west. Yet *Mad Max 2*, as *The Road Warrior* is known here, was still so tiny and kinetic, filmic but un-epic, that one could disregard its Theme and yet proffer it as a filmic text - the movie had no resonance whatsoever but you could at last see where

Miller had his cuts, so to speak.

*Beyond Thunderdome* is all resonance, and sometimes you're left feeling unsure (many hands or too many cooks?) as to who's contributed what to what. Even so, you get the impression that Miller still has (as a certain critic wrote of him) "the jittery nervous system of an exploitation filmmaker linked to the eyes of an artist." Between *Mad Max* films it's evident Miller has been going to the movies: his colleague and mutual admirer Steven Spielberg's *Indiana Jones* pictures, *Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai*, perhaps even David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia* and Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* and Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane*. *Beyond Thunderdome* is clearly of great cinematic stock, and I think it's pretty typical movie art - indicative of what movies have been about all along - but I don't see it as a "good movie" principally because it doesn't want to be seen as only a "good movie".

As one of the film-makers was quoted as saying on the set, "There were nights when I sat down to rushes and thought it was just fantastic, as good as anything I've ever seen, with everything - costumes, lighting, sets, special effects - everything working absolutely perfectly. I really do believe that if it's not big, it'll be huge. It will be one or the other: I don't think it can be mediocre."

He was half right - it isn't mediocre, but it's still huge fun, with big reservations. It recovers from a stagy, discontinuous start with the Thunderdome sequence, which is unlike anything you've ever seen before - a geodesic stadium that plays host to the occasional to-the-death duel in which the combatants are flung about by elastic bungee ropes, with a split-second choice of weaponry or the walls.

Max Rockatansky (Mel Gibson), fifteen years since we last saw him, has just had his camel

train swiped from under him, and he finds himself in Bartertown, an autarchy of post-holocaustal debris run by various and nefarious power-brokers, who each attempt to control the economy's sole fuel - methane-yielding pigshit.

There's the giant Mongoloid Blaster, who has in a steel-bracketed papoose his midget Master (Angelo Rossitto, who 'starred' in Tod Browning's *Freaks* in 1932); Max dares Master Blaster, as they're called, to a bout in the Thunderdome, which becomes neon-lit like Madison Square Garden for the clash. These feudal-

which he's saved by tribal urchins who live in a paradisaical Crack in the Earth. They're post-nuclear Dream-timers, these children, who have descended from the survivors of an airplane crash, and who wait for the return of the mythical Captain Walker, to whom, as it happens, Max has an eerie resemblance. One of them, Savannah Nix (Helen Buday), has just attained the peceptions of adulthood, and she visualizes the legend by using a makeshift square on the end of a stick like some prehistoric movie director. She describes how Captain Walker will return and lead her nowhere people to "tomorrow-morrow-land", where there are still "high scrapers and the v..v..v..video". Max, the expedient anti-hero, insists that he isn't Captain Walker, and he strikes a compromise - he has to get back to Bartertown, which entails the peril of being swallowed up by the quick-sand dunes that isolate every community.

The Spielbergian idea of tribal children was what originally moved Miller and Co. to another sequel, and aside from the prosaic myth-making, he does with kids of the post-apocalypse what Spielberg does with the look-on-the-bright-side pre-apocalypse. These red-brown cherubs have their own kid's way of cheeky banter, and Miller brings the best out of the whole lot of them. Their names are, like their clothes, derivative: Mr. Skyfish, Gekko, Scrooloose, and Anna Goanna. And there's also a blonde Aussie version of *Indiana Jones' Short Round*, Jedediah Jnr. (Adam Cockburn), whose dad, Jedediah (Bruce Spence), is giving him flying lessons. (If, as I suspect, Spence's Jedediah is the same person as his bag-of-bones Gyro Captain in *The Road Warrior*, then fatherhood has certainly dulled him. He might

**"Mel Gibson's latest Max is the last leg of a series of firing (and firesome) roles, and he's not up to being heroic or epic..."**

lords-in-tandem - brawn's fragile nexus with brain - also try to manoeuvre Bartertown's mistress, Aunty Entity (Tina Turner), and her retinue, Ironbar Bassey (Angry "Tattooed for Life" Anderson) and The Collector (Frank "We Don't Need Another Nero" Thring), our of contention, with resulting struggles.

After all this organic cinema, Miller concludes the Thunderdome scene with one of the oldest, most clichéd props in the movies - the innocuous object (in this case a high-pitched whistle) that fells the monstrous colossus.

At and beyond the Thunderdome is when we get to the "hugeness" and "bigness" of *Beyond Thunderdome's* goodness and badness. Max's banishment to the 'gulag' (that is, the desert) begins a sunstruck odyssey from



Tina Turner as Auntie Entity, flanked by cohorts Thring and Anderson

Continued p. 18



## Max slams Critics

Continued from p. 17

as well be Joseph Cotten.) The whole movie is populated by kids and their fantasies; the S-M look that made *The Road Warrior* famous has been toned down, while the awesome story-telling has been blown up and simplified for the kids in the audience.

Mel Gibson's latest Max is the last leg of a series of tiring (and tiresome) roles in *The Bounty*, *The River*, and *Mrs. Soffel*, and he's not up to being in any real sense heroic or epic. But he's not presented to us as an icon, either, as he was in *The Road Warrior*: Gibson, seemingly lost in the plot and process of the movie, is an engagingly fatigued as Harrison Ford was in *Raiders* and *Indiana Jones*. It's a very real personation. But the myth-making that goes on around him! The spooky mumbo-jumbow which we're forced to take home with us!

As Aunt Entity, Tina Turner is Tina Turner, and who could argue with that? Wearing a chainmail gown that's slit up to the hips, a long blonde wig that goes down to her 46-year-old arse, and coiled ear-rings, she's a proud princess amid pig-shit rather than a decaying queen among drones. Possessed of a mouth that could go down on all of Bartertown, she's soulful and charismatic; when first she encounters Max she teases him by calling him "raggedy man", with a half-smile that's conscious of the camera. Later, when in the climactic clash Max leads his forces against Aunt Entity's cronies, the "raggedy man" is at her mercy, and she cackles as she spares him. Turner makes a most seductive spider.

And *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome* is a seductively big, beguilingly touchable movie. Miller, who shows intuition that you don't very often feel in blockbusters, rocks you with moments you can't explain, moments that are too obvious even for a child, moments in short of movie magic - of stupid greatness. I said at the beginning that his *Mad Max* films form a typical triptych in the movies: that is to say, when a director's work and talent gets bigger and better, blowing the overall work - and talent - out of all proper proportion. What is happening to Miller's talent - it's becoming nuclear - has happened many times in the history of the medium, but this is the first time such a thing has happened to an Australian filmmaker, and I have to say in conclusion that *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome* is perhaps the greatest Australian movie.

## Teenagers targeted in tight comedy

GOTCHA!

Hindley Cinemas

Reviewed by Jamie Skinner

*Gotcha!* is the kind of holiday movie which is a lot of fun, mixing teen comedy with James Bond excitement and a touch of Paris romance. Essentially it is catered for the teen market but as with *The Sure Thing*, *The Breakfast Club* and *Risky Business* it does not rely on the crass humour of the *Porky's* kind.

*Gotcha!* is mildly similar to *Top Secret!* and comes from the same team (headed by director Jeff Kanew) who brought us last year's hijinks and fast-pranks *Revenge of the Nerds*.

It opens on campus where a group of students are playing the Gotcha game. It's a sort of spy vs spy activity which uses guns loaded with paint pellets, based on the real-life American survival wargame. It's pretty light tomfoolery, though, compared to our own Prosh Week pranks.

The Gotcha champ is a shy eighteen year old called Jonathan (Anthony Edwards from *The Sure Thing*). Jonathan and his Mediterranean roommate Manolo (Nick Corri) decide to spend their summer vacation in Paris if for the only reason to get Jonathan womanised.

Whilst Manolo is off with a Balkan beauty, Jonathan tries to chat up a seductive, sultry Czech with a sexy gravel voice called Sasha. She is played by newcomer Linda Fiorentino from *Crazy For You* (Academy). Jonathan, who has always been better at Gotcha gunplay than getting girls, has little success. However Sasha, an experienced older woman, says with her husky accent, "I like weergens!" and Jonathan is in. From hereon in the film concentrates on their sensual affair.

However, there is a mysterious element in the character of Sasha. Jonathan knows nothing about her except that she is a courier for a spying and that she is dragging him across Europe from Paris to East Berlin and then to



Another hit for campus survival

Hamburg. This is where the film turns from romance into top gear as an action-thriller. Jonathan gets to use his Gotcha skills as he is chased by the menacing Russian agent Vlad (Klaus Loewitsch) who shoots a lady agent in his arms and chases him off a castle wall falling fifty foot into a moat. By this time, the mysterious Sasha disappears and Jonathan returns home love-lorn and depressed only, to find the bad guys after him on his own turf for something he doesn't know he possesses.

Although *Gotcha!* shifts into the thriller mode, the laughs never really cease and the film hits at anything it finds funny. Most of the laughs come from sending up nationalities and their accents: the incommunicable Spanish maid; embarrassment in a French

restaurant; Iron Curtain conditions; West German punks; bungling CIA operatives and the stereotypical American family.

Although the laughs come in fits and starts, the film is tightly directed by Jeff Kanew, well written by scriptwriter Dan Gordon and has an exciting music score from Bill Conti, reminiscent of the one he did on *For Your Eyes Only*. The exotic locations in Paris, Berlin and Los Angeles are used extensively to great effect and do the film justice.

It's always pleasant to see a couple of "fun" comedies like this one and *The Breakfast Club* during the vacation and it makes going to see a teen comedy an enjoyable experience for once.

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BY HENRIK IBSEN



Directed by Julia Tymukas  
Little Theatre, Adelaide University  
September 12-28, 1985, 8 pm  
Admission \$7.50/\$4.00 (P.S. 6-11)  
Bookings at Bass or Phone 228 5993

## Monday

**Silence Club**  
Yoga 12.30 - 2.00 pm in the North Dining Room.

**Union Entertainment**  
1 pm Videoscreen in Union Bar. See noticeboard for details.  
1.10 pm Entertainment Committee meeting in Union Office.

**Metaphysics**  
7.30 pm Little Cinema. "Prophecies of Nostradamus". Admission \$1.00 non-members. Meta-Physics Seminar.

## Tuesday

**Union Entertainment**  
1 - 4 pm. Clubsport video show. Best of sports around the world. Coverage includes boxing, darts, motor racing, wrestling, waterskiing, plus music. Union Bar.

**Silence Club**  
Meditation 1.00 - 2.00 pm in the North Dining Room.

**ANUSOC**  
1.00 pm in the Dining Rooms. Today we will join other Christian groups on campus to take part in combined service, organised by the Overseas Christian Fellowship.

**Evangelical Union**  
1.00 pm South Dining room (4th Level, Union House). Come and join in with the OCF and other Christian groups on campus in a combined worship service and hear Geoff Bingham tell us about the Grace and Forgiveness of God.

**Bahai Society**  
The Bahai Society meets every Tuesday at 1.00 pm in club room N6 (5th Level, Union House). All members welcome.

**Juggling Club**  
Having trouble keeping your balls in the air? Try juggling at lunchtime. Expert tuition available. Every Tuesday at 1.00 pm in the Games Room.

**Science Fiction Association**  
Videoscreening in Union Bar, free. See noticeboard for details.

## Wednesday

**Union Entertainment**  
12.10 pm, Union Hall. Film screening of *Beverly Hills Cop*. See noticeboard for details. \$2.50.  
1 - 4 pm. Clubsport videoscreening in

Union Bar.  
6.00 pm. Music Students performance in Bistro.

**History Club**  
History Seminar, 1.00 pm - "Okhrana" - the Russian Secret Police 1881 - 1917 by Dr Rick Zuckerman. History/Politics Common Room, 4th Floor Napier Building.

**CISCAC**  
We have finally been given our filing cabinet in clubroom S7. All the issues of the Cuban *Granma* Weekly Review will be stored there for anyone to browse and borrow. Come and have a look at 1.00 pm.

**Student Life**  
Free film, *Jesus*. Stripped of myth and mystery, the story of the most influential life in history. 1.05 pm - (no location supplied - eds).

**Footlights Club**  
7.30 pm in the Games Room, Level 5, Union House. AGM. All welcome to discuss future projects.

## Thursday

**Evangelical Union**  
Come along to our Praise and Prayer free breakfast during which J. Oswald Sanders from the Bible College will be telling us how he trained to become a missionary. 7.30 am South Dining Room.

**Student Life**  
Free Film, *Jesus...* the man you thought you knew. Stripped of myth and mystery, the story of the most influential life in history. 12.05 pm - no location supplied (eds.).

**Anglican Society**  
1.00 pm. Join us as we discuss the themes of IYY over our lunch. It's never dull. No location supplied - (eds.).

**Students for Australian Independence**  
1.00 pm Meeting Room 1, Level 5, Union House. Annual General Meeting.

**Union Entertainment**  
1.10 pm. Videoscreening in Union Bar.

**Lutheran Students Fellowship**  
1.10 pm in the Chapel. Today we have Another Ghastly Meeting, followed by a discussion on topics in *On dit*. Come along. A.U.L.S.F. meets in the Chapel every Thursday lunchtime during term for discussion, fellowship and anything else we think of.

**AUCARE**  
6 pm. Workshop to make banners and placards for use at upcoming anti-apar-

**Student notices are free on this page - so if you want a job or a place to live, if you want to buy or sell, if your club has a meeting or event coming up, then lodge your notices before 7pm on the Tuesday prior to publication. Lodge your notices in the box provided at the Students' Association Office or at On dit in the south-west corner of the Cloisters.**

their demonstrations, and to discuss strategies and activities for the next few months. At Jenny's place, 13 Rankine Road, Mile End (bus 28 to stop 6).

## Friday

**Union Entertainment**  
6.00 pm Greg Fletcher plays the baby grand piano in the Bistro.  
6.30 pm Music Spectrum in the Union Bar with DJ.  
11.30 pm Brian Moon playing your favourite songs, current songs and old classics. Yes he plays requests. Free to AU Students, \$2 guests.

## Saturday

**Spirit Appreciation Society Bar Night**  
Featuring *The Bodgies* (reformed yet again), *String-busters* (from Melbourne) and *Truck*. A.U. students \$4, guests \$5. Special price Scotch, 8 pm.

**St. Mark's College**  
JCR Dance with *Hay Daddy* (playing first) and *Monbulk Jamm*. Price \$8 which includes beer, wine, cider and soft drinks. Enter Kermodie St., Nth. Adelaide, 8 pm.

## Coming Up

**Microcomputer Club**  
Monday 7th October, 7.30 pm in Dining Rooms, 4th level, Union Building. Come and see AUSPAC and VIATEL. These services could change the way you bank, book tickets, learn and have fun. Of special interest to computing science students, people in the travel industry and medical students. Live hands on Demonstration.

**Union Entertainment**  
Saturday, September 28th in Union Bar *Do Re Mi* with *No Cause for Alarm*. Tickets on sale at Student Office from Monday 18th September, 10.00 am. A.U. Students \$5 and 1 guest only \$7. Be quick, limited

numbers.  
Coming entertainment: *Do Re Mi, No Cause for Alarm*, Malcolm Blight Football Sportsnight, *Milky Bar Kids, Screaming Believers, July 14th, The Unknown Comic and Rick Carter* (Friday Oct. 14th, Thebaron Theatre), *John Kennedy's Live Gone Wrong, Screaming Tribesman*.

**The University of Adelaide Notice to all students (except higher degree by research). Enrolment Record Form 1985**  
Check your mail box now.  
During the week September 9 - 13 forms will be placed in each student's mail box showing details of information recorded by the University for that student.  
If you have not received a form, please contact the Student Records Office, Level 7, Kenneth Wills Building, immediately.  
F.J. O'Neill  
Registrar

**For Sale**  
Synthesiser, Roland SH-1 monophonic, must sell, \$320, o.n.o. Ph: 272 1252, evenings.

**All You Punks Take Note**  
Any drummers out there who want to join a punk band and play some fast music are requested to ring Justin on 278 3172. You'll need your own kit but extras like talent, experience etc. are optional. Any-

## Miscellaneous

**Evangelical Union**  
We have cell groups going each year for the faculty groups. It's a fun time of sharing, bible study and fun. Come to either Arts at 1.00 pm on Wednesday in the Napier Building Rm 521, Engineering at 1.00 pm on Monday in the Chemical Engineering Tea Room, Law at 1.00 pm on Wednesday in the Law Building Rm 1-14, Music at 12.00 noon on Thursday in the &EU Room, Maths/Science at 1.00 pm, Thursday in the EU Room and Science at 1.00 pm on Friday in the EU Room.

**Rooms for Rent in Huge House!**  
2 large rooms (\$30 pw) and 1 Back Room (\$20 pw) for rent in Forestville. Share food and bills, big back yard and garden. Big, spacious and cheap. Contact Shaun Minahan SAO or Psych. Ph. 297 0907.

**C.A.N.E. Bookshop**  
C.A.N.E. Bookshop is now set up in the new premises - centrally located at 13 Hindley St., Adelaide (Fourth Floor). Badges, stickers, posters, T-shirts, magazines and the best selection of Antinuclear and peace books in Adelaide.

one with a drum machine may as well save us both some time by not ringing. Any beginners welcome also.

**Young Ones**  
Has anybody out there got the first three or four episodes of *The Young Ones* on video tape? I'm on VHS and am even willing to pay for borrowing it.  
Ring Dino, 269 1470, or call into the *On dit* office.

**Car For Sale**  
Austin 1800, M11, manual, dark green, registration until Jan. 1986. Runs well; only \$450. Enquire: 295 3767.

**Accommodation Available**  
Bisexual male requires flatmate (preferably male) to share house in Kent Town area. Must be of a quiet nature, a non smoker and have similar interests. Rent \$35 a week. Contact urgently Simon Mes-trov, ph. 42 8275.

**Intra-Mural Touch**  
Term 3, 1985 5-A-side mixed.  
Yes, it's on again.  
The highly successful intra-mural touch competition of first term is to be repeated this term. Due to the shortened duration of third term, we have to get the competition under way soon, so team nominations close on Tuesday, 17th September. The competition will get underway the following Thursday, 19th September.

Nomination forms are available from the Sports Association Office (ext. 5403). If you cannot get a whole team together, then contact Tony, as there may be somebody else in the same position.  
All standards of players are welcome, especially those who have never played before. We will help you to learn how to play - with the new rules recently introduced it has become even simpler.  
The registration fee for each team will be \$20, which goes towards paying referees and a small presentation to the winning team. However, the emphasis is on playing and enjoying - those teams which win just happen to get an extra benefit!  
So now that winter is over, you can all get outside in that wonderful Spring air and run off the winter staleness. All you have to do is get in Touch!

**Development Radio**  
A meeting to discuss the possibility of a regular radio programme raising development issues of University Radio 5UV.  
Where: The Meeting Room, 1st Floor, 155 Pirie Street, Adelaide.  
When: Thursday, 26th September, 7.30 pm.  
For further information contact: Roy Arnold (h) 390 1451, (w) 212 4066, or David Winderlich, 356 0295.

# DANGERPIG!

AND HIS ZANY CONSORT - CARELESS ROBERT

THE VESTA INSTANT COMIC STRIP. - THANKS TO THE S.T.A.

**Panel 1:** WITH D.P. IN THE I.C.U., C.R. ASKS THE G.W.K.I.A.\* FOR THE DIRT...  
\*BOY WHO KNOWS IT ALL

**Panel 2:** SO, MY MAN, 'OW IS MON AMI?  
IT LOOKS BAD, I'M AFRAID. WELL, GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT...  
...VERY BAD, IN FACT  
...O.K... VERY STRAIGHT!

**Panel 3:** WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE MR. PIG WILL NEED A...  
**BLOOD TRANSFUSION!**  
OH.

**Panel 4:** WOWIE KAZOWIES! BUT! WHERE WILL THEY GET THE BLOOD FROM - (D.P. IS FROM ANOTHER PLANET.)  
YES, I KNOW

**Panel 5:** C.R. LOOKS IT UP...  
HMM.. ACCORDING TO THIS, D.P. NEEDS LE BLOOD DE LA GREEN DRAGON..

**Panel 6:** SO, ROBERT, THE EVER-FAITHFUL SCALY ONE, GOES AND COLLECTS THE BLOOD, AND IT IS TRANSFUSED...  
JUST HOW I DON'T KNOW, BUT HA! SUPERFLUITY IS TRANSPARENT.

**Panel 7:** AFTERWARDS, WHEN D.P. HAS RECOVERED...  
ALLO MON AMI I HOPE IT WAS NOT TOO BAD!  
WHY, NO, ROBERT, YOU SEE...  
I'VE ACCEPTED GOD INTO MY LIFE...

**Panel 8:** WHAT WAS IN THAT BLOOD?

**Panel 9:** A BEWILDERED ROBERT AND TRANSCENDENT D.P. LEAVE THE HOSPITAL...  
BUBBA BUBBA BUBBA

**Panel 10:** BUT! THEY ARE NOT ALONE.. IN A NEARBY T.V. STUDIO...  
HEY, LOOK!  
HIT DOG!  
AIDS-SCOPE  
GRAB A CAMERA!

**Panel 11:** SUDDENLY! THE CAR IS SURROUNDED  
QUELLE SURPRIZE!  
WHY... WHY...  
HEY PIG!  
GIVE US THE DIRT!

**Panel 12:** OH NO D.P.! ITS THE 1ST SYMPTOM OF AIDS! - MEDIA PANIC!  
OOPS!

**Panel 13:** On Dit  
D.P. AND ROBERT - MORE THAN FRIENDS?  
WALKER: WHO CARES ANYWAY?  
MEM SUV...

PUMPKIN GIMKHANA - NEW PASTEURISED, LOWSALT VERSION, THIS THURSDAY, 11 pm.

# WHERE IT'S AT!

Some of the best, some of the worst, and a dash of the bizarre. Edited by Moya Dodd.

## Modern medicine

We reprint without comment an extract from the *West Wales Guardian*:

First noticed "slumped over his Ford's steering wheel", Mr. David Johns was then carried into a house, taken by ambulance to hospital, given treatment, put to bed, x-rayed, and, after a further twelve hours,

admitted to the intensive care unit, before it was discovered that he was dead, having put a bullet through his brain while in his car.

"This is a very difficult case," said Mr. Michael Howells, the Coroner. "For a long time it was thought that Mr. Johns had taken an overdose of cough mixture."



## Literate reply?

Reader response to this humble rag varies greatly, but by far the most novel tribute to last week's *On dit* (tentatively renamed *On David*) was received by editor David Walker last Thursday.

An envelope containing apparently human faeces was received via the *On dit* box in the SAUA, claiming to be a response to last week's "Engineers Against Gay Groups" letter.

"Since you published the Engees letter last week, we think you have a responsibility to publish this as well," it said.

## Roadhog Trap

More over Radar Trap. Police in Maryland, U.S.A. (of course), have discovered a new if somewhat inefficient way of deterring would-be speeders - the rolling road-block.

To prevent overtaking police cars block off all lanes of a road and solemnly and unnervingly crawl along at 55 km/h.

The police convoys spend whole days driving up and down randomly selected stretches of road.

Simple, isn't it?

## Uniphobia

Does the mention of this hallowed institution provoke you to violent rage? Does the sight of people studying give you fits?

If so, you may be suffering from an advanced form of the world's newest disease, an ailment whose virulence may yet rival that of AIDS.

The Gloucestershire Education Department has agreed that 12-year old Ronald Johnson has what a representative says is "scholastophobia", a genuine but uncommon illness. For example, even the mention of the word 'school' makes Johnson go berserk.

This column suspects an advanced form of the disease has had a grip on some uni students for many years. There's no word yet as to whether the bug can be spread by intravenous drug use.

## Odd couple

For the past six years, one of Rome's leading hard-core porn film centres, the Mercury Cinema, has stood next door to the Vatican.



Last-week's mystery US-Presidential photo was, of course, R.Reagan. Look closely and you'll see the autocue reflected in his left eyeball. Now guess which famous Marxist-Leninist the beard belongs to.

Now, however, the Mercury has found religion, and from the middle of September it will have a change of policy. In fact only one film will be shown from now on, a chronicle of the Eternal City called *Roma Aeterna*.

The debauchery of Rome's early days would have brought tears to the eyes of many blue-movie makers, so *Roma Aeterna* will cover only the second half of Rome's history - the Christian bit, from the time of Saint Paul and Saint Peter.

It is hoped that the cinema's future audience will be found among the thousands of pilgrims to the Holy City each year. (No doubt it is also hoped that the past audience hasn't been drawn from the same source).

Whilst recognizing the official non-involvement of the Vatican in the Mercury's conversion, this column is tempted to point out that the Lord really does move in mysterious ways.

## Frustration

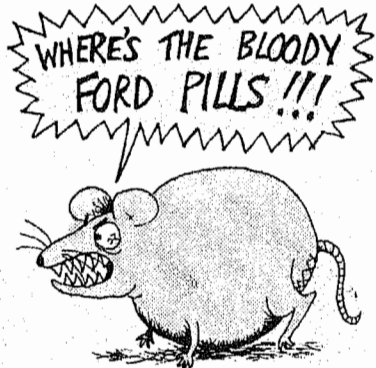
Villagers in East Java have discovered an innovative method of pest extermination in an attempt to combat a rat-plague that has devastated local rice fields.

The villagers have been catching live rats, sewing their anuses up with string, and then releasing them.

Unable to defecate, the crazed rats turn on their fellow rats [(f)ratricide?] and bite them to death before expiring themselves.

The method must work, as reports have indicated that 60,000 rats have been killed this way in the past three weeks.

We doubt that it will catch on elsewhere.

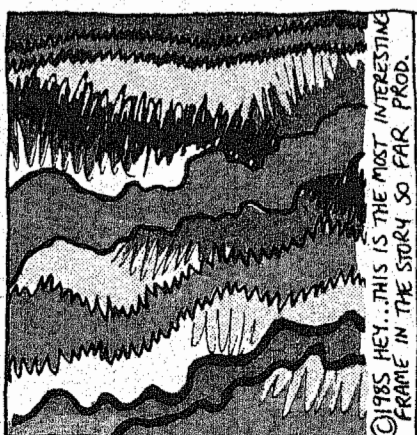
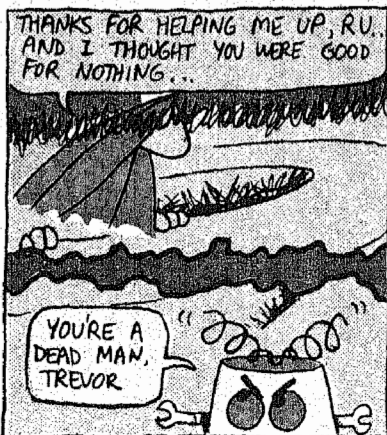
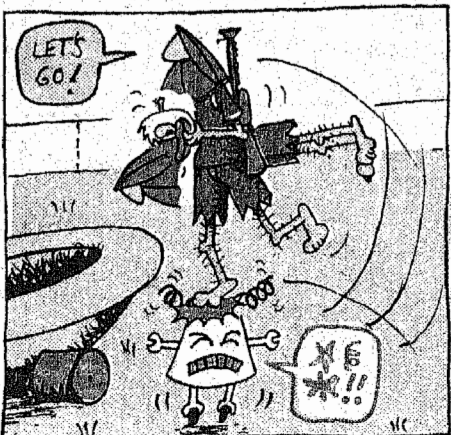
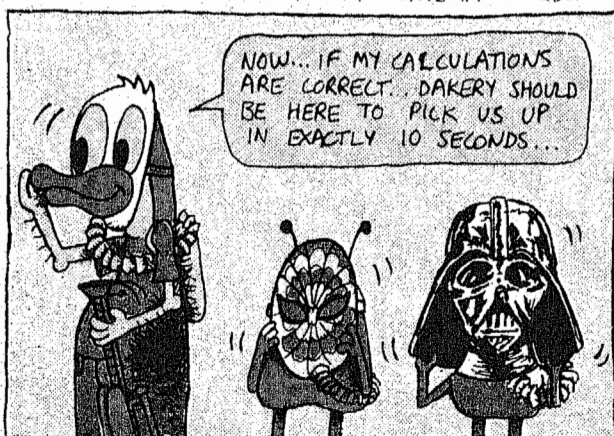
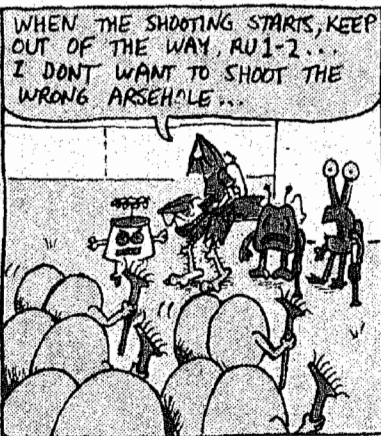


PRESENTING THE COMIC THAT CAN BE BURIED IN YOUR GARDEN TO MAKE YOUR PLANTS GROW

## CAPTAIN

## ADELAIDE

THE SEARCH FOR TREVOR Part 16 TREVOR HAS SPENT THE NIGHT IN THE HOSPITAL AND RECALLED THE OTHERS... AS THEY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE, THEY ARE CORNERED BY THE ENEMY



WE APOLOGIZE FOR THIS BREAK IN TRANSMISSION... NORMAL PROGRAMS WILL RESUME AS SOON AS WE FIND SOMETHING NORMAL TO PROGRAM.

(THE ABOVE IS A PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE TO BE PLAYED AFTER ABOUT 10 MINUTES OF STARRING AT THE CHANNEL LOGO)