it lives!
After polls predicted for weeks the demise of Sir Joh, the Government retained power. With only 39 percent of the vote the Nationals obtained a majority and will rule for another three years.

This victory, however, is far more significant than that of the last election in 1983 when the Nationals obtained power in their own right for the first time.

With claims of corruption, crookery, lousy loans and assorted backroom deals, and prominent business and party figures turning against the Government, the Nationals still managed to win, increasing their vote.

This indicates such a rigidity of voting intentions in Queensland that no matter how successful an election campaign the Labor and Liberal parties wage, they will not succeed in ousting the Nationals from power under the present electoral system.

Thus it is more imperative than ever that the gerrymander be abolished by Federal intervention.

The Hawke Government has two options available to it—either the use of its External Powers (the same power it used to stop the damming of the Franklin River) to implement a fair electoral system in Queensland; or to initiate a referendum.

The Prime Minister said last year that he would end Queensland’s gerrymander. He has done nothing. Pragmatism means gutlessness when you’re trailing in the polls, and an election is looming in 1987. The Hawke Government is unlikely to use its constitutional powers to intervene; it would be the political loser in any prolonged debate over State rights.

A referendum, therefore, is the only hope. While referendums are notorious for receiving a negative response from the populace, this is usually due to a lack of consensus among the Federal parties. It is unlikely, however, that the Federal coalition would oppose a call for a fair electoral system, especially since Sir Joh is a thorn in the sides of both Howard and Sinclair.

A referendum would provide some hope for electoral justice in Queensland. Inaction by the Hawke Government provides none.
The tally room at 6.30 p.m. on November one was in a state of expectant chaos. Although your writer arrived earlier, I was denied entry, not having a security pass - the police were ferociously firm in their denial (to my surprise) - and as I left the building, Tom Burns and entourage arrived. All had straight faces. Mr Burns’ expression was austere but firm in their denial - I was surprised to see some netball players in and out of their broadcast vans. All channels were broadcasting live, and it seemed as if each had brought ten times the equipment needed - although granted it was well-organized. There was some political disaster and as I left the building, Tom Burns and entourage were broadcasting live, and it seemed as if each had been prepared for the television, and a floor swarming with politicians, hacks, journalists, all interviewing and debating and speculating. The ABC and Channel Nine had built their own semi-enclosed studios in the room, while Channel 7 and TVO had opted for the more open approach. Quinten and Andrew, Des and Paul (and Dr Wiltshire), Frank and someone from Channel Nine (couldn’t see because of their political) struggled to appear composed as their freer counterparts from radio and newspapers ran around and shouted at each other on the floor. Clem Jones was amongst them, talking to someone or other, and I was surprised to see some network Canberra journalists scurrying within. Wayne Goss towered over them, and took long, composed strides through the crowd - his seat was secure, and Alan Jones, complete with strawberry pink polo shirt emerged from behind and headed straight for the crowd.

In a system reminiscent of an Aldous Huxley novel, officials wore white, the media blue, and visitors (and assistants to Mr Wright) yellow. Each was confined to their own domain, although there were leakages. Amongst the yellow was the greatest collection of hacks I had ever encountered. What struck me as interesting was the number of pretentious young teenagers - (probably someone’s children) all elegantly dressed in reefer jackets or stocking, cheering as mumbling or daddy or someone won a seat - at that age most of my friends were still on dragsters. As John Moore was interviewed by a newspaperman, Martin Teeni walked past in pin-striped blue, a Queensland badge on lapel. He calmly smiled. Barron River his electorate was six thousand votes in his favour - I wondered how many national parks were left there. Journalists began milling around a podium obviously set for speeches. Four police watched from a window in the tall building at Peter Beattie’s seat in and out behind the tally-board. It was evident Labor had lost, and the Liberals hadn’t done as well as expected. New Warburton initially smiled as he gave his speech, there was still a din, so many gathered around television monitors to hear. People seemed less interested when Sir William Knox spoke. Sir Robert Mathers stood in the one position for what seemed hours, methodically chewing gum and staring at the board, occasionally chattering to a colleague. When he had finished, Jim Wailey from “Sunday” ran after him along with Laurie Oakes - later to score an interview for their program. Those yellow passes I had followed earlier applauded, cheered, and yelled support. A cameraman looked discontented. The supporters disappeared somewhere upstairs, and the tally room began to wind down. Now people spoke of other things.

Outside the Premier’s Jaguar backed up to the door, and three dismally trendy fifteen year olds dared each other, and then ran to the Premier to ask for his autograph as he appeared. As I was leaving, I heard Lady Flo asking someone to ride in another car, as it appeared to be a relative (a boy - quite homely - about 13), was dying to have a ride in “the jag.”

Stunned silence filled my lounge room as the numbers went up Saturday night. However, JEFF WALTERS saw political disaster and victory in the flesh. A demoralised view from the tally room.

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December. This means that the incoming Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, and Activities Vice President will start work in the Union a week before they officially take over, and the outgoing Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, and Activities Vice President will stay on for one week after they officially finish. The official changeover date is the 3rd December.

As it was late in the day and there were many items left on the agenda, it was decided that the Union should hold another conference, after exams had finished, to discuss the problems of communication within the Union. This conference will be held on Friday 26th November, in the Old Whitlam Room and will begin at 10 a.m. All are welcome to attend and participate in the discussions.

**Results of the Annual General Election 1986**

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The Government proposal to irradiate local fresh food meets the public digestion with pique and confusion. What ends up on the dinner plate demands an individual choice. Hansard debate, company bidding and incomplete scientific study. What does irradiation mean for the human organism and the community?

Irradiation is conceptually different from any food processing to date. It ionizes, kicks out electrons and releases charged particles called “free radicals”. These react again to create the “URP” or “unique radiolytic produce”. Information available to the public leaves thirty-seven of these products unnamed. The ones we are aware of, benzene, peroxides, formaldehyde, are toxic when eaten regularly.

Spokesperson Colin Philips, at a recent press conference on the issue explained that the sort of chemical changes occurring in human tissue confronted with a nuclear blast occur identically in foods subjected to irradiation. The URP is a post-irradiation product. The URP is a half-phenomenon. The emphasis of the report rests on the effects to the human immune system to date.

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The economic cherny, dangled in front of the public, produces a different colour under scrutiny. Food sits on the shelf for longer then turnover of perishables such as fruit, vegetables and meat will decrease. Accepting import of foreign irradiated food competes almost too well with local produce. This is already a fact. Coconuts from the Philippines, which may or may not have been irradiated, sell under the Woolies label at prices cheaper than Australian coconut. Senator Macklin at the Senate Democracy Party predicted serious imports into local agricultural production should irradiation be allowed.

If the farmer bears the cost of the project so also does the consumer as taxpayer and shopper. Food prices may increase whilst government subsidies and lend are offered to private enterprise. Senator Macklin also warned that the companies being considered as tenderers for the project carry unscrupulous foreign trade.

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The economic cherny, dangled in front of the public, produces a different colour under scrutiny. Food sits on the shelf for longer then turnover of perishables such as fruit, vegetables and meat will decrease. Accepting import of foreign irradiated food competes almost too well with local produce. This is already a fact. Coconuts from the Philippines, which may or may not have been irradiated, sell under the Woolies label at prices cheaper than Australian coconut. Senator Macklin at the Senate Democracy Party predicted serious imports into local agricultural production should irradiation be allowed.

If the farmer bears the cost of the project so also does the consumer as taxpayer and shopper. Food prices may increase whilst government subsidies and lend are offered to private enterprise. Senator Macklin also warned that the companies being considered as tenderers for the project carry unscrupulous foreign trade.

The Government proposal to irradiate local fresh food meets the public digestion with pique and confusion. What ends up on the dinner plate demands an individual choice. Hansard debate, company bidding and incomplete scientific study. What does irradiation mean for the human organism and the community?

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Apart from being coach of the Australian Rugby Union Team, Alan Jones is an outspoken leader for the New Right. JEFF WATERS digested a recent speech by this man who has mixed sports and politics into a powerful rhetoric.

Not until this semester had I known much about Alan Jones.

When in New Zealand a couple of months ago, I, a person usually indifferent to the antics of those on rugby fields, found myself swept away in a tide of nationalism due to the presence of the Wallabies in that country.

In pubs from Queenstown to Auckland, from Ohakune to Blenheim, I found myself defending the actions of Alan Jones - a bloke I'd heard had a radio programme somewhere down south, and had somehow been involved in politics.

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Interesting was not the word.

Alan Jones, a Queenslander, studied Literature and Political Science at Queensland and Oxford Universities. After working at Brisbane Grammar School and The Kings School in N.S.W., he became Director of die National Country Party in 1975. He was later Senior Adviser and Speech Writer to Malcolm Fraser while he was Prime Minister, and is now Coach of the Wallabies.

Mr Jones was speaking at the seventh annual Sir James Duhig Memorial Lecture arranged by St. Leo's College.

A crowd of about three hundred clean-cut old boys (and their pristine wives) joined scrubbed up Leo's boys at Mayne Hall to listen to Mr Jones speak of that great evil to die hard working conservative - "The Australian Malaise".

"Massive, burdening and extravagant government expenditure," Mr Jones said, "has lead to punitive taxation in which those who do most, risk most, and succeed most are taxed to pay Australians ... who do nothing."

"And it simply doesn't make sense ... to find the productive sector so discriminated against in favour of the unproductive sector," he said.

"Our obligation really is to see that we create an environment intellectually and industrially in which people seek to be successful and profitable. That is the most beneficial way ... that we can secure the country's future," he said.

"But we are confiscating ... the returns of those who generate wealth - that's what the fringe benefits tax is about, confiscating wealth from the middle class for distribution to unwanted government functions ... the extent to which, people today feel they are working for the government," Mr Jones said.

"I wonder ... whether the taxation system, isn't being used as an instrument for the ideological change that some people seek," he said.

"When are we going to reward those who can stand up and say I've never had a handout from the government?" he said.

Mr Jones said he was against free education, against full workers compensation, against holiday loading, and against penalty rates on public holidays.

Little wonder he coaches Union rather than Leag­ue.

Mr Jones called apartheid "a legitimate grievance for minorities to exploit".

"Everyone with a grain of intellectual honesty knows that apartheid, abhorrent though it is, is not the dominant concern of the international community, certainly not the dominant concern of free people, let what's at work in South Africa, is an attempt by forces with a common ideological com­mitment to contain and overcome the anti-commu­nist forces inspired by the government ... in South Africa," he said.

He said that government violence in South Africa was provoked so as to disperse the government, and then justify violence by the opposition.

Throughout his speech, Mr Jones displayed his obvious talent for rhetoric, and with brilliant metaphors, examples, and in particular a poem supposedly composed by one of his students, he stunned the audience - all except for the lecture's chair­man, Sir William Knox, who (probably) reeled from the lecture's chair­man, Sir William Knox, who (probably) reeled from
With only a few weeks of lectures and exams left, students will now be contemplating what they will be doing for the holidays. For a large group of students it is more a case of where can I find some vacation employment, rather than where am I going for holiday this year.

Students next year will have the added disadvantage of not only having to find the financial resources to cover their Student Service Charge ($162 - 1986 level), their 1987 accommodation, transport, textbook and general living expenses, but also of covering the new additional administrative fee (which is really a tuition fee) of $250.

Therefore, clearly for some students the vacation period is not only a time to relax and enjoy a well earned break from Uni, but also a time to earn some money to supplement their meagre incomes.

The following are some hints for obtaining some vacation work:

• By far the biggest employer is the Catering Industry. The vacation period nicely overlaps with the traditionally busy time for the industry, the Xmas and New Year party/function time. Students who have catering experience should contact any of the major hotels or function centres which at this time will require extra staff for their function sections. Just call in at their main desks and either fill out an application form or ask if it's convenient to talk to someone from their Personnel Section.

If students have no catering experience but are keen to find this sort of work, then maybe they should contemplate doing one of the free Catering Courses offered at the South Brisbane TAFE College of Tourism and Hospitality. Information on these courses is available from the Welfare Office.

• Students with experience should contact:
  Queensland Catering Company 369 4499
  Queensland Performing Arts Complex
  240 7554
  Pandora Function Lounge 356 9466

• The Queensland Public Service offers a limited amount of clerical positions, ring 224 0414 and ask them to send you out a Vacation Employment Application.

• The University of Queensland employs a few students over the vacation period in their Buildings and Grounds Section and in the Enrolments Section. To contact the Staffing Section in the J.D. Story Building, call 427 4371.

• The Queensland Recreation Council usually requires staff to supervise their summer camps at Tallebudgera, contact them 221 4905.

• Factories such as:
  Jupiters, Restaurants, etc
  The XXXX Brewery - 369 7733
  Golden Circle Cannery- 226 6733
  Queensland Catering Company 369 4499
  Queensland Performing Arts Complex
  240 7554
  Pandora Function Lounge 356 9466

* Factories such as:
* The University of Queensland Union operates a Part-time and Vacational Employment Service for students. This service contacts and liaises with Island Resorts, Entertainment/Amusement Centres, Restaurants, Function Centres, Mining Companies, Factories and Shops etc, in an attempt to arrange student employment. So students should make sure that they register with this office before the finish of this semester. The service operates out of the Welfare Office, Level One, the Union Building.

The office has:
• an information book on fruit picking in Australia
• address of employers to write to for employment
• employment offers coming in from Dreamworld, Jupiters, Restaurants, etc
• information on TAFE Catering Courses

Casual Employment.

Have you ever had hassles with your boss in a casual job? Have you ever felt furious because you were underpaid, but knew that if you complained, you'd be sacked? Have big fat ugly bosses ever treated you like dirt because you were just a casual employee?

If you answer yes to any of the above, you might be interested in knowing exactly what you are able to do to help yourself, and what sort of powers your boss has.

Jane's employers refuse to pay her triple time on Sundays and public holidays, but she doesn't kick up a fuss about it because "some money is better than no money."

"Because casual work is so hard to find, I'm not willing to make a fuss," Jane said.

The Welfare Officer for the University of Queensland Student Union, Ms Diana Cogill, said she has received a number of enquiries from students about their casual work.

"Some students complained about employers who promised to pay them by a certain date and didn't, who forced them to do tasks which they should not have to do; who underpaid them, or who didn't pay them award rates."

"We might get an enquiry from someone who's being paid as a kitchen hand but is doing the work of a waiter," Ms Cogill said.

"Or sometimes shonky employers employ someone, and then they move from town; that happens a lot in things like market research," she said.

Ms Cogill agreed that casual employees were usually reluctant to do anything about their problems. Another reason why some students were unable to do very much about problems with their employers was because often they worked under another name, or received cash-in-hand so they wouldn't lose their TEAS or Social Security benefits, Ms Cogill said. If students did this they had very little redress on their employers, she said.

In Queensland there is a State Award, which sets conditions about wages, and a State Award Inspector to administer and police the Award.
Special occasions. Win tasting. They buy it. They rain it. They taxi it. They'll be there. The Crest. Gym $10.00. Thank you for coming. There isn't the rare pub crawl, and that once in a year event: THE ICC BALL. If you've never been you're a lo-

Collegians also have a great affinity with food, whether eating, throwing, frosting, belching, or re-
gurgitating it, and certain food-stops play a vital role in every college's life... The Villa, The Pazz, McDonalds, and Greasys. These businesses thrive because of the less-than-gourmet standard fare pre-

-Collegians leave campus once or twice a year for
-Smut. They love it. Inter-college relations are
dominant majority on campus, and they devote
their entire University career to the pursuit of
-excellence. Nothing more and nothing else. These
trends of student virtuosity are the P.J.'s, Mum and
Daddy's Pride and Joys, otherwise known as the
Leisure 7 Snacker Set. With a GPA of 6.6, no wonder
they are always in the library, hugging all the best
seats and borrowing all the books.
-They alone, keep Orobronze's multi-million dol-
lar empire afloat, with their oh-so-essential sun-
dresses. It's never too late. It's never too late. It's
never too late.

Every morning they alight from the 7.50 a.m.
BCC bendy bus, having knocked each other over in
the rush to sit in the bendy bit and with an eager
sense of purpose they rush off to their 8 a.m. lecture.
In their Leisure 7 poo-brown sneakers, co-ordina-
ted with one another, they get to the front rows of the
lecture theatre. You may laugh, but scientific tests have
shown that sitting in the front rows of lecture thea-
tres correlates with improved academic perfor-
-mance is uppermost in
-Collegians leave campus once or twice a year for
-middle-aged housewives in obscure health clubs and
-gyms in the backblocks of suburbia. Or for
-those with more paedophile tendencies, in the play-
ging fields of countless schools across the land.

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lar empire afloat, with their oh-so-essential sun-
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Barnes and Dynamic Hypnotics roll on forever.)

"It's now 10 o'clock. The bar is closed. Would you please finish your drinks and vacate the premises." Then they roll on (literally) to Cafe No-one for a rip-roaring rage of a good time.

Do you know who we're talking about yet?

FRIDAY: Victory night. After dinner at Jo-Jo's/New Orleans, they head on down to that racy, re-done Edward Street pub to emulate their older yuppy heroes with hedonistic fervour. Bring out the pearls. Friday night brings on a bewildering number of choices. A veritable smorgasbord of nightclub nasties. What to do next? For the wealthy, the Riverside Centre offers classy and value entertainment. As well it provides the opportunity to mix with the cream of Brisbane's yuppy set. Can't afford that? Then it's the Underground. (For those not in the know, that's the regular term for The Underground.) Here they can swirl gin 'n squash, bacardi and coke, Heineken and West Coasts until the cows come home, they puke, or it closes.

SATURDAY: If they're lucky it's a Tats Day. Four times a year Eagle Farm opens its gates to a flood of elegantly groomed ladies and gentlemen for this legendary race meeting. If you've got the right contacts, you too could be part of this momentous occasion. The idea is much the same as anywhere else: drink as much as you can, and talk to the right people. "Race? Horses? You mean there are horses here?" If they do realise that there are races to be won and money to be won, they might be lucky enough to win some, which is promptly re-invested in more piss.

Stomachs start rumbling, and for the best steak in Queensland they head towards the Brekky Creek pub. The Regina re-visited. What's wrong with Australia???? Can they have a good time unless they have three gallons of beer tipped over their designer originals. Don't worry. Mummy will buy another one. Back to the Underground again.


On the G.P.S. Faggots' calendar, the pinnacle of the year is Schoolies Week on the Gold Coast, which they return to with increased zealous drunkenness every year. Eleven months of the year are spent dreaming and fantasising about the week of December the 2nd. The rest of the year is but a bottomless black hole compared to this week which ends all weeks. God forbid the day the Brindle sinks into the sand.

Sadly, for many, this group is inaccessible. If you didn't go to the right school, you haven't got a hope babi.

The final group, which cannot be neglected, comprises numerous sub-categories and followings. Due to student apathy these alternatives remain the minority on campus. Their guru and champion is that amazing Radio Station 4ZZZ. mother to the ostracised and dispossessed. Labelling this group is difficult, however we have chosen to call them the D.O.G.S. - Dispossessed and Ostracised Group of Students. Clothes: Anything black, bleached, bare, bizarre, non-conformist, non-descript, eccentric, comical, outlandish, amorous, nude, indigo, emerald, scarlet, sepia, old, new, ripped, torn, teared, treated, dyed, dreadful, op-shopped, innocent T-shirts, barefoot, happy-shoe, winkie-picked, booted, thonged.

Hair: Black, white, blond, red, pink, gelled, un-gelled, moussed, balled, no-hawked, flat-topped, greased.

Alcohol and drug preferences: Anything that gets them out of their tree, off their faces, legless, limbless, blind as a bat pissed as farts/newts, stoned, coned, smashed, ripped, cheeky, befuddled, intoxicated, merry, squifly, plastered, muzzy, obfuscated. Just like anyone else.

Hangouts: The Love Inn, The Terminus, Morticia's. The R.E., the GSA, Activities, Semper, Clubs and Socs, the Student Union, Main Refect (shoving pamphlets down people's throats), the Bistro, and Triple Zed.

Causes: International Socialists, Animal Welfare, Save the Ducks, Save the Daintree, Gay Solidarity, Democratic Rights, Rent-a-Crowd, Civil Liberties, Help our Turkeys (SOT), Save the Creperie, Land Rights for Legumes, Vegetarians Anonymous (VA), Campaign Against Persecution Of Red Smarts (CAPORS).

Obviously D.O.G.S. is the most diverse, and interesting group on the University of Queensland campus. Because of this it is impossible to cover the entire spectrum of their activity and behaviour. It is important however, to establish the fact that these D.O.G.S. have varying degrees of conviction about their lifestyles. Some are in it because it looks good, tastes good and feels good. These are pseudos. The rest have firmly established and commendable beliefs which are the motivation for their behaviour.

So there you have it. None of them are perfect. All have need decay, and all "forget" to put the new toilet roll on the holder, but wars and all, it's a campus full of crazy funsters.
Nearly a third of the Women's Studies subjects at the University of Queensland will be axed if two staff members are not replaced in 1987. One staff member is on leave and the other has resigned.

The courses under threat are GT115 (Gender, Power and Politics), GT240 (ext.) Women, Political Philosophy and Ideology, and PD219 (Philosophy of Feminism).

Despite the Academic Board's stated commitment to maintaining and expanding Women's Studies subjects, virtually nothing has been done to ensure that replacement staff will be available to teach the three subjects.

A first round offer to replace the lecturer in Government has already been made, yet the advertisement for this position did not make the ability to teach "Marylou's Very Special Course" a prerequisite for employment. Yet the University supposedly has a responsibility to continue one of these courses as part of a jointly offered and central course in Women's Studies. Government 240 is the only political science subject offered in the major by Queensland.

A very large meeting was held on campus last Thursday to discuss this issue. The following motion was passed unanimously:

'In the light of the increasing status and importance of the discipline of Women's Studies, and the fact that Queensland University has been a pioneer in this field since 1971, this meeting deplores the fact that some Women's Studies units may be offered next year, and demands that University resources be made available for the continuation of all current Women's Studies subjects. The meeting is particularly concerned at this stage about the subjects GT115, GT240 and PD219.'

In April of this year a motion was passed by the Academic Board which expressed its concern to maintain and expand teaching and research in Women's Studies subjects. The same motion asked that the possibility of appointing a Women's Studies' co-ordinator be looked at. The University has also recently appointed an officer for equal opportunity issues.

The University of Queensland was a leader in this area, and the presence of this University in such an innovation is highly significant in terms of its overall status, and its contribution to Women's Studies. Were Queensland University unable or unwilling to continue to provide a subject on women and politics either of the other universities would be eager to take over such a commitment, being particularly strong in this area.

A recent report to the University Senate noted that this course had "highlighted a more substantial existence of academic talent and scholarship relationship" than has so far been recognised.

Yet as the report also notes, the University continues to frustrate its staff and students by failing to support teachers of Women's Studies with assured post-graduate and formal recognition of their teaching and scholarly achievements:

"Had (two senior scholars who initiated Women's Studies units) and other women staff not been obliged to locate for more secure posts, the University of Queensland would now be leading in this expanding and increasingly respected field of scholarship.'

Women's Studies is an internationally taught and accredited academic discipline, but like many other areas of human interest and activity is relatively new to the University. For example an engineering degree in manufacturing was only established at U.Q. in 1979.

Women Studies has a long history in the United States, where there are nearly one hundred undergraduate courses offered. In other countries the discipline has grown rapidly in the past two decades, and it is supported by many active journals and publishing houses.

Leading academics in many fields are now recognising the need to consider feminist perspectives.

The University of Queensland was a leader in Women's Studies in Australia, and the first subjects were introduced in the early seventies.
We are seen as being more approachable, and word quickly spreads out beyond even those students who are doing our subjects. Of course that means extra demands on time and energy.

These extra demands mean that time for research and writing which would normally enable a staff member's status to improve is severely restricted. Departments frequently refuse to give any or proper academic and financial credit for teaching Women's Studies units, even though these subjects have full University status.

One staff member also pointed out that because the staff teaching Women's Studies were usually junior and temporary, the subjects themselves were seen as being transitional. Like women's knowledge itself, these units are faded in and out of a degree, and there is no continuity to encourage potential research students, or to encourage staff and students in general to regard Women's Studies as an intrinsic aspect of the subject.

As the report to the Senate on the status of women noted, Women's Studies plays a crucial role in the transformation of the image of women and the maintenance of their knowledge.

"It is of course as part of a worldwide move to counteract women's invisibility and/or misrepresentation in scholarship and teaching that the new academic approach of Women's Studies has been developed... Women's Studies plays an important part in the status and image of women on campus."

Women teaching Women's Studies offer significant role models to their students—female and male—and it is important to remember that women's contribution to and participation in academia has only been formally recognised during the last century, and many fields of work and study are still only just opening up to women.

Certainly many strong prejudices against women's rights to teach and be the subjects of study in the University remain, although it is accepted without question that the 3,499 after subjects taught at the University deal with "universal knowledge", which in practice is mostly that of men. For example, one student reported that they had been told by a member of the Government Department that they would not accept GT115 as a pre-requisite for their advanced course, even though GT115 was officially listed as a pre-requisite for that subject.

Similarly an honours student was told at a recent interview that while the department did accept women as postgraduate students, it was generally reluctant to do so on the basis that they were "unreliable" and "wasting their own and everyone else's time.

The question of the threat to Women's Studies then relates to much more than dropping a couple of units which have been extremely popular.

The problem is a much broader one, dealing with an issue which these subjects themselves address: the relations of power which determine what is and is not studied at University, and what and who have status and authority in the University and the wider community.

It has a concrete aspect too: departmental willingness to honour the Academic Board's stated commitment to the continuation and support of Women's Studies at this University, and their commitment to actually employ women to teach these courses.

Women's Studies at this University, and their commitment to actually employ women to teach these courses, and in the subjects themselves, there is much which challenges the traditional priorities and status of those who presently hold power in these departments. It is in fact a perfect example of how the practical and ideological transformation of society—to take account of women's perspectives—is being obstructed and resisted by many of those in power, even in those places where instruction is supposed to thrive.

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Would the female driver or passenger of a white
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between that car and a bicycle rider at 8.30 a.m.
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Pope paraphernalia. Everything from tea towels to rubber-b"ollers.
What kind of sell-out does
commercialism bring? KEVIN
Solway's attack on modem
Christianity in light of a popularized
Pope... Is there hope for us?
We can only hope there is.
But looking at the level of mentality in modern
Christianity, it would seem that we have very little hope.
At least, if the coming visit of the Pope is anything to go by.
A "popular" Pope should not be a surprising phenomenon to us, as Christianity has been
popularizing itself for nearly two thousand years. Virtually the only person in the whole of Chris-
tianity who was not popular was Jesus himself. He of
course, was largely a failure while he lived, with few
followers, fewer still who understood him, and
many, many enemies. But then, he was not a man to
make compromises, soften rules, and be "nice" to
people. He was a man on an errand, a man with a
message, and a deliverer - regardless of the con-
sequences - grave consequences for him.

The truth is something that hurts, so the truth is not
popular. It follows that not is a truthful man popular.
People have a truthul man as much as they
don't need death itself. However, they do love to be sup-
ported, and love the man who supports them. This
man is like a lover, a kind, popular soul with
a reassuring smile. And this is the face of modem
Christianity. This is the face of the Pope.

But I ask you, what's all this noise for? Should it be dressed-up seductively and put
on display? Should it smile and do everything to please the client? Is religion really something for the
masses, like the latest thing in contraception? Surely, if the way to spirituality was broad, Jesus
would not have said that it was narrow.

This must be said, so let it be now said; that what
Jesus did not make known as "Christianity" is what
what Christ came to adult. Modern Christianity turns
everything around to suit themselves. They firstly
create a God in their own image, then promptly ask
him to work as a servant. Rather than searching for
and believing in Truth, they place their belief in
dogmas. Rather than believe in what Jesus believed, they prefer to believe in the historical man, and that,
historically, he believed in a "God". But they neither
understand Jesus, nor the "God" he professed to
have faith in. "Christians" have made themselves
safe by putting Christianity as a distance. They have
made it into something historical, which becomes
more diluted with each generation.

Truth, or understanding of the world, does not
interest the modern Christians in the slightest.
After all, striving towards an understanding of
Truth is not an easy thing. It necessitates change,
and change is very painful. It does not bring hap-
piness, but instead brings suffering. "But I am too
weak" says the Christian with relief, and recoils into
my own well-being, then I would think that there is
at least some hope for them. But in contrast, they say
me write for others, could not love for God? Nothing
could be more loveless some. It is one thing to put
man from over-eating; but to get palpitated, on
and confected sex is this horrible.

These poor creatures only succeed in making a
fool of God, and the spiritual man. The priest, or the
Christian leader is a total abomination. They do
not want to make sure nobody has the gall to
ventures out and try to understand. They do all in
their power to make people content with what they
are, and with manner believe that the thought that a person may be so prepossessing
as to wish to learn the Truth. They would much
prefer people to remain content with the "family" like a herd of cows. Just as a physician bungles a case to
make himself indispensable, so the Christian leader
democratizes men, to make himself indispensable.

Modern Christians talk so much about Gods - in-
finitive grace", but we never hear anything about what
is required in order to attract it. They almost
regard it as their birthright, thinking that nothing
should be required of them in order to possess some
spirituality, but that God should do everything. It is
surprising that they do not pursue their rights up
against God, and initiate a lawsuit against him
concerning grace.

Modern Christianity loses all its morals with the
help of mildness, grace, promise, hope, God is love,
and so on. The true Christianity is anything but
happiness, on the contrary it is an affliction, the
greatest affliction. A truthful man can be sure of
never running into the problems of being a popular
man. In fact, the popu1ality of a man is a good
indication of God's Spirit. And I draw hope also
from the less truthful. But as with all things in Chris-
itanity, it has been turned around and completely
vast interpolated.

Just consider, as things are today, if the Pope
becomes much more popular he may even make it
to heaven before Ronald Reagan.

Is there meaning beyond the
media image? How is the life
of the untended Polemobilist?
QUENTIN DIGNAM responds to
Kevin Solway’s attack on modem
Christianity and concludes that
Christianity is not a flocking
T.V. screen.
If the Pope arrived in Brisbane this month as
Jesus entered Jerusalem one Palm Sunday some
years back, you wouldn’t need a ticket.
He might need some bail money though. Just
imagine this Polish migrant coming to town with
a mob of unemployed factory workers
who pinch a nearby ute and drive him up
and down the Mall, radio blaring, while they
scatter decorations from shop windows onto
the streets in front of him.

It won’t happen like that. This time it’s a media
event and a public performance so each handshake
will be simulated, every T.V. crew organised. Even
the portable toilets have been ordered. For many Aus-
tralians Christians this high profile tour is both an
embarrassment and a distraction. Why confine an
image of Christianity which bears about as much
resemblance to the situation of your average Chris-
tian as the royal wedding does to the domestic life of
Mr and Mrs Sunnybank?

Well, it’s 1986, this is an information society and
you might not even be able to find a compact
recorder or compact disc. The image makers will distort the
meaning of Christianity but they might bring some
benefits too. Many Aboriginal and Islander people,
for example, see in their meeting with Pope not
just a time to tell their story to an international audience
but a chance to see a religious leader who has
already spoken strongly for the rights of indigenous
peoples in Canada and South America.

Perhaps we all find in Christianity what we look
for. Certainly the Pope’s visit might remind us that
our concerns need to extend beyond the Western
alliance, that our commitments might be more
significant tasks than keeping the America’s Cup.
God is not so close with less competitiveness than the
Brasilia Olympics would have generated, this visit will
even remind us that we’re part of a common humanity
struggling for love and dignity. You could do worse
for the price. Some bemused viewers, languishing in
front of the T.V.’s through the full time be-
tween the Melbourne Cup and the Ashes series
might even pause to think what life’s about. Such
reflections can’t do much harm either.

For the Christianity which this Pope preaches is
not "God is in heaven and all’s well with the world" but
"God is in the world, looking for helpers, be-
cause the place needs some attention". Augustine
put it simply: "Without God, we cannot; without
us, God will not".

There are other versions of Christianity of course—
like the ones Kevin Solway attacks. Many Christian
people are saying: "be docile; consume; don’t ask
questions; don’t worry about truth, meaning, justice
or human rights". And, yes, Christianity is always
being made to "fit in" with the values of its sur-
rounding society - whether to make Christians more
comfortable or to bolster the establishment
with illusion of divine approval. Yes, too, Christians
are immune to compromise and hypocrisy.

Neither are they the only ones who suffer from
the mass. (Just ask some Labor voters who the
make of the Federal Government.) The lack of
and the cop out are not the only truths about Chris-
tianity. That’s why Kevin Solway’s sweeping gen-
eralizations about "Modern Christianity" and "Mo-
 dern Christians" are so unhelpful. Yet I take
his point; the credibility of Jesus it often depends on the
credibility of Christians; and many of us are not
too convincing.

For that reason alone I’m encouraged by Kevin
Solway’s calling us to task. I’m nudged along by his
high expectations of the Christian faith. We need
people like him, Christian or otherwise, to keep us
challenging injustice and hypocrisy in our society.
They’re not all card-carrying members of
the Christian churches and they won’t be basing for
a ticket to the papal mass; but they will appreciate
some words from a spiritual leader who has come
to see not to sell but to encourage and to chal-

enge.

By contrast, Kevin Solway’s account of the search
for truth seems grim and forbidding. As the satirists
remind us, the churches can wear some of the blame
for negative thinking (“In the beginning was the
Word, and the Word was: ‘No’” or “Stop it or you’ll
blow your mind”). Seeking and speaking the truth can
be lonely and costly, as Jesus and his followers
found. Yet it can also be liberating. “You will leam
the truth”, Jesus told his followers, “and the truth
will make you free”. That’s why some of us are
willing to give it a go.

So, when all the trinkets are being hawked about
and the crowds are being kept in place by dollar
coppers, spare a thought for that poor bloke in the
middle of it all trying to get some good news across.
Unlike “Queensland Unlimited” and the royal wed-

ing, the papal visit will be optional viewing. And, as
with any story that makes it to the screen, there’s
more to Christianity than what they tell you.
It is often said that there is nothing inspiring in the local music scene. Considering the fact that the barriers to this happening are enormous (not only is it a feat of perseverance and endurance to become inspiring but as soon as a band does they pack their bags and go to Sydney), this probably has to be expected. As always, blanket statements like this are not correct - if you take the time to look you can always find something interesting and entertaining. At the present time this is certainly the case, and if you forgo the weekly parties and travel to one of the few and far between venues in town you will find this to be true. But this is not to say that it is true in all cases - far from it: there is more bad than good, but as long as some are good all is not lost. But be quick, Brisbane bands break up and regroup at a staggering rate.

In compiling this the writers tried to be fair and objective, but we gave up and wrote what we thought was true. Thus quite a few bands have received entirely unflattering treatments. You can't please all the people all the time, and we haven't. We haven't reviewed all of Brisbane's bands, there are constraints on size and there are some we just have not seen. We've tried to be as exhaustive as possible, so if "you" have been missed out, sorry, but...

After all is said and done there are several worthwhile bands in our fair city who can easily fill the gap left by Headstones, Voodoo Last, Ups and Downs, Vicious Kits, Kents, etc, who all migrated south in the last year. The one good thing about local music is that, no matter how few worthwhile bands there are, there is always someone coming up to fill the shoes of those dearly departed - even if you have to stomach some utter trash to find them. But that's Brisbane isn't it?

ALOHA PUSSYCAT

A strange mix of trash, 60's punk, 70's new wave and their tangled tongues. Very competent musically (meaning they can play their instruments). Their music is a bit predictable but this is a drawback of their style which is largely unavoidable. They used to be the Grimstone, and now - as when they had the old name - they provide a good, if very loud, right out.

ATOMIC BIKINI

Are they the pop music face of the anti-nuclear movement or just people who like ironic names? Whatever the answer they are not very exciting either musically or visually. Nice bland pop but that's all - as far as explosive reactions go they are more solar than nuclear.

BOXCAR

A three piece with two synthesizers (around fifteen thousand dollars worth) and a vocalist are not overly stimulating. Where is the human element? A press of the key can give you the London Philharmonic or any other sound you want. Uninspiring, artificial, poncy and a total waste of time. The best reason for a musical revolution.

CERAMIC EGGPLANTS

Now, awe-inspiring, fabulous. What more can I say. Easily one of the best bands in Brisbane. Can you imagine Morticia Addams replacing Grace Slick in Jefferson Airplane? Well Ceramic Eggplants are a pretty good attempt. They could easily be pictured playing at the Fillmore West in 1967: Californi-a psychedelic-a. This is not to say they are derivative - far from it, although their influences are obviously from the late 60's era they have the freshest sound of any Brisbane band. Fantastic singers, fab music, a wild keyboard player and an exciting stage presence.

THE CHRYSALIDS

A trio which plays new wave rock/pop better than others from the same stable in the Brisbane scene. They play the power pop well, making up for their occasionally bored look stage. They also do a number of Cure covers.

CRUCIFIED TRUTH

One of Brisbane's best political bands. Crucified Truth were around three or so years ago, and are now reformed, because of the political climate [1], with the same force and vigour as before. They play well together and have a fine sound, especially the lead singer who has an especially forceful approach. Much better than other bands trying to fit the mold.

DANGER MICE

Yuk. Velvet Underground meet The Smitts meet standard new wave pop played badly. Band members dress in vastly different styles and this lack of any cohesive image is reflected in their music. Dull is the word, and it even shows on their faces.

DEMENTIA 13

More 60's punks, who can't remember the 70's. Worshippers of the "Pebbles" albums, The Sanddells and The Doors. The musical equivalent of a grade horror flick: not great culture but definitely entertaining. Griffidi Uni drop-outs to complete their "credible image". See them at the next Anti-Vietnam Rally.

FUNADDICTS

This band is a little more "strictly party line" than the Furious Turtles in the revival of the ska revival. This manifests itself as a rather ridiculous self-parody which the band are not conscious of. Their own songs all sound the same and even their covers suffer the same. Entertaining, but not for the right reasons.

FUNKY NIGEL

This band only exists when all individual consti­tuents of its very free-floating membership are sober at the same point of time. Being very inebriated (legally or illegally) is their prerequisite to "playing" and often a prerequisite for the audience to be able to bear them. Absolutely arious - and proud of it. The lead singer's stage act is something that must be seen.

FURIOUS TURTLES

Are these guys still around? Were at their "popu­larity peak" around two years ago, and have played infrequently since, which is a pity. Furious Turtles were the best (and still are) the best of the Brisbane
tta revival bands. Tight and fun to listen to. They also include a healthy dose of social commentary which is well thought out and sound, as opposed to other “political” Brisbane bands. See them if you get the chance.

**THE GIRLIES**

Fun! The Girlies have to be one of the best sounding and most watchable bands in Brisbane. They play early seventies rock from the American perspective, something like the MC5 or The RAZORZ. Hard and fast they definitely are, and they play as a group making the sound surprisingly full. This is what separates the great from the good in local bands – and they put across a lot of energy and enthusiasm, especially the singer and the lead guitarist. A band that has to be seen!

**GONE TO CHINA**

Intense. Intense. Intense. This band seem more stressed than David Byrne and this exactly mirrors their music. Don’t even think of seeing them if you suffer from high blood pressure or music depression – the result could be fatal. But if this isn’t a problem then “Gone To China” are one of the best, most innovative, and musically talented especially the drummer) Brisbane bands. Where good Brisbane music would be if the progression in the early 1980’s had not been stunted by too much 60’s revivalism. F.A.B.

**THE GREY**

Apt name. Caught between Paul Weller and Robert Smith – what a situation to be in. Try too hard to have alternative credibility and are a bit too obvious about it. Taken for what they are they aren’t too bad but they’re not too good either.

**THE GROOVY THINGS**

One of Brisbane’s most polished bands. Plays Late sixties, early seventies near American rock, with the right feel, the “groovy” feel. The right, full sound is extremely pleasing to the ear. The band can play to a wide audience and are real crowd pleasers. A lot of charisma on stage, as well as a lot of hair! The best band in this music genre in Brisbane at the moment. Definitely worth a look, bound to go places.

**THE HOWLING MOONDOGGIES**

Rock and Roll in its most down and dirty form. No pretensions, no posturing and they play for the audience. Simply great fun. Remnants of the Home, worker with the same sound and energy. The Moon-doggies play across the colour table, playing both black rhythm and blues and white rock and roll as it was meant to be played, with soul and feel. The drive and power they inject into their music is equalled by their talent. A great local rock band. Get down!

**THE JIVING GARGOYLES**

Sixties American punk, played from a traditionalist point of view, as opposed to the “old” Dementia II, who played with an Eighties sensibility. However, it’s bad, extremely watchable/danceable, and as can be expected they do a cover of the Doors’ “Light My Fire”. Take a peek.

**KAN KAN KAOS**

Big sound. Very tight and extremely good at what they do – which is play hard ‘alternative’ rock. If you don’t like straight guitar music then stay well clear, because the guitar is the basic source of their sound. Formed from the ashes of Presidents Eleven, one of the most popular bands Brisbane has seen, Kan Kan Kaos certainly have a wealth of experience behind them. Unfortunately they tend to be a bit traditional perhaps because they’re getting on in years but on a good night they are definitely entertaining.

**LEMON FABS**

This lot are getting quite popular, and are one of the few bands in Brisbane which play listenable “alternative” oriented pop music, which is also very danceable and even infectious. Quite polished in their playing but they suffer from not being able to maintain a stage presence, especially their guitarist who probably wouldn’t move if you put ten thousand volts through him. Worthwhile seeing.

**HOTEL BRESLIN**

Hotel Breslin are very entertaining and one of the most original of a crop of Iggy and The Stooges derived bands. Very accomplished musically for Wynnum boys, and their singer is a rather humorous chap, though a little uncoordinated when drunk. If they wanted to they could be very popular.

**LOVERS IN BUNKERS**

“Lovers” have gone through many personnel changes but the present line-up is perhaps the most promising. They have been around a long, long time and thus they are more than competent musically and can reproduce their sound very well live. Their greatest problem is that they are too imprecise both in their songwriting and stage presence (which does for visual entertainment what necrophilia does for sexual intercourses). All things considered they have a deal of potential – especially on record – as they do play good, but not necessarily inspiring, music.

**MUNGA BEANS**

Late sixties, early seventies hippiedom meets near Alice Cooper theatrics. Not as bad as it sounds, the Mungabeans are more than competent musically, and definitely a lot of stage presence. The sense of fun creased on the stage is equalled by their proficiency and honesty”。 Unashamed and quite original, definitely a band to see. Pick up the single for a yellow version of the one stage show (the B-side is more indicative than the A).

**THE NASTIES**

Sixties British influenced rock band. Well presented and quite slick, if not a touch pretentious. But drsa to ignore. A cut above other groups in the same mould. But that isn’t saying much.

**ONE BIG UNION**

Bad, bad, bad. It’s stuff like this that is giving the punk movement a bad name. Originally the Jam influenced Downtown 5 who switched to sweet pop so fast that even the Jam switched from their original punk sensibilities to something more pop oriented. This lot is a copy of sixties pop. They appear polished and practiced but are severely limited by their choice of music and thus are dull and unoriginal.

**PERFECT SECRET**

An eighties band copying the late seventies/early eighties copy of sixties pop. They appear polished and practiced but are severely limited by their choice of music and thus are dull and unoriginal.
THE PHEREMONES
I imagine half the members of this band would dearly love to be in a psychedelic pop band like The Suburbs or The Moffis and the other half wouldn't. Thus there seems to be a clash of interests and the result is ho-hum music that is neither here nor there which you feel you've heard before anywhere. Despite this they can be listened to but essentially so can anything that makes a noise.

PINEAPPLES FROM THE DAWN OF TIME
"Pineapples" main claim to fame is appearing on the home of middle class alternative Brisbane Radio, KPRR. Otherwise, they are a no no. a bad band trying to play the Velvet Underground. Few redeeming features – I can't think of any at the moment. Dub is definitely the scene here, but I advise you to take a sedative instead – it's much less painful.

POST NO BILLS
An intense but flatly neo-punk band (whatever that is). They play very loud, disjointed, disjoint music with proficiency and talent (uncommon traits). Very terminal, slow punk with glammy overtones. Quite good fun and clever, but what they do is their hair before playing would make Stefan curl up and die – something they might think would be a good thing. The band have recorded a cassette and are well worth seeing, although on stage they appear dwar­fed by their enormous drum-kit.

THE SANITY ASSASSINS
A new band, and at the moment one of Brisbane's few thrash bands. Fast, aggressive, a lack of pretension and entenaining. A large repertoire of 40/60 seminal, slow punk with glammy overtones. Quite good fun and clever, but what they do is their hair before playing would make Stefan curl up and die – something they might think would be a good thing. The band have recorded a cassette and are well worth seeing, although on stage they appear dwarfed by their enormous drum-kit.

SCRUFF THE CAT
Powerful! The lead singer has a great voice while the rest of this three piece are equally skilled in their instruments. Stage presence is at times magnetic, and there is a refreshing lack of artificiality that cuts through other people/groups striving for the same image. Go for a look, I'll be surprised if one finds nothing in them.

SENTINEL
This band do a Killing Joke cover so they must be good. Unfortunately this is not exactly the case – they appear caught between glam-punk and Nick Cave death music and can't decide the essential problem when you equally like two restrictive clas­ifications. They should forget about fitting into categories, hairstyles and "a look" and concentrate on their music. All in all a fairly entertaining but self­restricted band.

SHADOW FACTORY
After a self induced image-change greater than Olivi­via Newton-John's, Shadow Factory have emerged from the cocoon that was Zoot Allures to become one of the most professional, promising, potentially successful and interesting bands around. Often there is a little too image conscious in their music and not music-conscious enough and thus tend to be more atmospheric than rock 'n' roll, but this probably is their exact intention. Very good if you're in the mood, and you can sample their sound on their new single.

THE SPIDERS AND THE FLY
Admittedly I have not seen this lot for quite a while, because I found myself crying over the three dollars spent the first time to see them. Sixties British in­fluenced rock with uninspiring covers and dull origi­nals. A reasonable hit with the equally uninspiring middle class Brisbane mods.

THE STRAND
Not a mod band as the name may suggest. Definitely a sixties band, playing nandy covers. Should have been around two years ago when the music was more in vogue. Competent and acceptable but not overly inspiring. The highlights is the drummer doing a mean, shredderish version of "The Crusher".

THANKS FOR THE FISH
Another example of one of the rash of lacklustre political bands inspired by a political climate, which is equally uninspiring. This band gets a great deal of work, and good comments, but I can find absolutely no reason for either. They play well enough but they are boring on stage. Their best feature is that they have their hearts in the right places but even in this respect they are pretty naive – liberals playing at being socialists. The best advice I can give them is:
1. Make the music stimulating and
2. Take a course in Marxism.
This is easier than they deserve but not much.

WRITERS NOTE
As mentioned in the preface "Brisbands" break up and reform quickly. Also, since the writing of this article a number of the above have disappeared.
While you were on holidays, we were changing... our address.

The Byte Centre can now be found at the more accessible location of 49 PARK ROAD, MILTON.

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YOUTH AFFAIRS
CONTACT CENTRE
Housing, employment, legal services, education, health and recreation. This is a cross-section of the range of subjects on which information is available at the new Youth Info Line in Jane Street, West End.

The service, resulting from International Youth Year, has received a Commonwealth Government grant of $150,000. As its name suggests it aims to educate young people aged between 12 and 25, although this is not a strict span on opportunities, rights, benefits and how to maximise their chances of success with personal goals.

But it has not been set up to benefit only city dwellers. A SMS self—information referral service will soon be introduced placing their country cousins from throughout the State in touch with the latest information important to them.

The Info Line has a staff of three who also travel throughout Queensland informing young people of its existence and aims. "What makes us different is that we cover such a large range of topics so that people don't have to phone several different places to have their questions answered."

"We are basically a one stop information service which stores a great deal of data on a computer. It holds government and non-government information so that we can give everyone a list of options relating to his or her needs."

The service doesn't offer solely a telephone service: wherever the door is always open for anyone in need of a typewriter, photocopier, help with a school project or just a venue for a meeting.

"Our job is to increase and equalise access to education, employment benefit you should telephone your nearest Social Security office to get further information if you think you may be eligible."

FULL-TIME
From 1st July, 1986, full-time students who are doing a course which attracts an educational allowance, e.g. TEAS, ASEAS, SAS, etc., are NOT eligible for Unemployment Benefits.

This means if you are in receipt of an educational allowance or would be getting such an allowance but for the income of your parent or other support from your family, you would not qualify for Unemployment Benefits.

Students who are eligible for TEAS or other allowances but did not receive these payments because of non-compliance with the conditions of payment, e.g. unsatisfactory academic progress, are also precluded from obtaining Unemployment Benefits.

The Department of Social Security is located at 1713 Limestone Street, Toowong, and provides a service to residents of the western suburbs. If you require further information regarding Unemployment Benefits, the Department serves. These will be:

1. Unemployed
2. Fit and available for work
3. Willing to work and take reasonable steps to obtain work

You should telephone your nearest Social Security office to get further information if you think you may be eligible.

VACATION LIBRARY HOURS
All libraries will reduce their hours of opening to vacation times on the last day of examinations in the departments which each library serves. These will be:

CENTRAL LIBRARY From 26/11/86 to 22/2/87: Monday: 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. and Tuesday—Friday: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES LIBRARY From 26/11/86 to 22/2/87: Monday—Tuesday, Thursday—Friday: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

UNDERGRADUATE LIBRARY From 26/11/86 to 22/2/87: Monday—Friday: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

LAW LIBRARY From 27/11/86 to 22/2/87: Monday—Friday: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

All libraries will be closed during weekends, except:

HERSTON MEDICAL LIBRARY Monday—Thursday: 8.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., Friday: 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Saturday—Sunday: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

P.A. HOSPITAL LIBRARY 8.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., Thursday—Friday: 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m., Saturday: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sunday: Closed.

Please see the noticeboard outside other branch libraries to check the date of change of times of opening.
And just when you were convinced that Brisbane is a cultural wasteland with no musical entertainment, along come ten good bands to prove this assumption false.

The ten bands played as part of the national day of rallying against the Federal Government's proposed introduction of tertiary fees next year. The $250 will be compulsory for all tertiary students, and is not means tested. Nationwide rallies were held on August 24, and a Battle of the Bands competition was organised as part of this.

The winning group, Thanks for the Fish, showed remarkable skill and tightness with their dance songs. The fast energetic introduction was a good start to their short set, and they then launched into some well-played funk. The female lead singer at times croons, at other times belts out songs which show not only disco but blues, jazz, and soul influences. Thanks for the Fish are a versatile band, and can go from distortion to smoothness with equal ease.

The first runner-up, Lovers in Bunkers, also have a female vocalist, who manages an extremely good vocal range. This band have at times a hard, sometimes sparse, guitar sound, but also use extensive keyboards which add a lot. The music ranges from being almost ambient to a rich melodic powerhouse of sound.

Scruff the Cat, the second runners-up, do well as a guitar boys bands. They are extremely competent and confident with their instruments. The lead singer has a strong voice, the drummer is imaginative; these boys have a good time on stage. Even though the songs may be a touch too long due to the guitar solos, they have the energy and enthusiasm to appeal to the audience.

And now onto the rest. Boxcar produce snappy electric-pop, relying on a drum machine and keyboards. They are visually entertaining, but the music at times lacks content, and is a bit empty. Mockingbird Lane contains three women (good to see such a high percentage of women onstage) and sound like a cross between We've Got a Fuzzbox and We're Gonna Use It and the Poison Girls. Atomic Bikini, yet another band with a female (lead) singer, play rhythmic pop songs, with easy catchy melodies, and good harmonies. And Ceramic Eggplants - more female vocals over 60's sound soul/pop. This band have psychedelic keyboards, and a wonderful sax sound, which adds the finishing touches to their full sound.

And of course there were the revitalised 60's garage bands, in the form of The Groovy Things, Hotel Berlin, and The Jiving Gargoyles, who came complete with Doors and Aretha Franklin covers. Good to dance to, but not particularly interesting.

Various music industry organisations sponsored the evening, and the winners won a total of $3,000 worth of prizes, including a studio time, a video, equipment, gigs, and other assorted goodies. The ten judges came from all facets of the entertainment industry, and judged the bands on musicianship, originality, presentation and potential.

So, who knows? The next Go-Betweens may be in this lot. Keep your eyes out for vinyl from Scruff the Cat, a cassette from Atomic Bikini, and 4ZZZ's "State of Emergence" compilation album, which Thanks for the Fish are on, as well as thirteen other bands. The bands mentioned here are just a sample of some of the Brisbane...
MORE BLANK THAN FRANK: Brian Eno

Brian Eno will be remembered as one of the greatest musical innova-
tors of the twentieth century, and this record serves as testimony for this.
More Blank Than Frank is a compilation of Eno's favourite mu-
sic from his four solo albums be-
tween 1973-1977. Considering each of these albums is a comple-
tely original entity, each covering a specific phase of his innova-
tion, my first thought was that this LP would have absolutely no contin-
uing, being simply a mis-matched collection of songs. This is not so;
not only does it flow from track to track, but it remains evidence of his
enormous talent.

It would be highly suggestive that one song is better than another but
"Here He Comes", "Taking Tiger Moun-
tain", "Backwater", "The Great Pretender", and the brilliant "Kings Lead Hat"
combine to form "aerial sculpture" at its fi-
est. I would have liked to have seen
"Third Uncle" and "The Fat Lady of Lim-
bourg" included, but what is featured is
considerably more than adequate.

Another incentive for purchasing this record is the Russell Mills' art that
accompanies it. This artist, who also did the cover of More Blank Than
Frank, has released visual interpretations of songs from the album. This
is very satisfying.

Brian Eno has, over a long career which began in the 1970s, created
some of the finest music of the last two decades, and his influence on the
world of music has been enormous. This compi-
lation is an excellent and representa-
tive sample for either the initiate or de-
tender of honesty and compassion in
the music of the last two years. More Blank Than Frank is remarkable

Overall this is a good example of the best that Country music has to offer
down to earth entertainment. And mother

LIFES RICH PAGENT: R.E.M.

R.E.M. is distinctive, it is a glorious
sound of folk, country and rock all
sung with a sixties sound, it is a music tempered
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Another incentive for purchasing this record is the Russell Mills' art that
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Brian Eno has, over a long career which began in the 1970s, created
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Overall this is a good example of the best that Country music has to offer
down to earth entertainment. And mother

OUTFITS CADDILAC: Dwight Yoakam

Get back to the country is Dwight's message, and after listening to this LP, it seems great advice. After last year's new wave of country-influ-
enced artists, it is refreshing to find someone's playing traditional coun-
try music among the Dwight thanks The Blasters, Los Lobos and
Maria McKee (who sings a duet with Dwight on one of the tracks in the
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"new-wave" yet this is a pure (if there is such a thing) country record.

He obviously prefers the originals like Jimmy Rodgers and Johnny Cash something警惕ed in Alabamas like the
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fects this, "Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town", and "Heartaches By The Number" are featured and all given a fresh rea-
ding by Dwight and Friends. His own songs reflect the traditional style, all having the locomotive/horse track beat, picked out melody on guitar, fiddle back-
ings and nasal vocal delivery.

The lyrics are surprisingly good
both interesting and well written and
they too cover the traditional subject of
unrequited love and workday blues. He
managed to create the expression of
honesty and compassion in both
the words and his singing, espe-
cially in a song called 'Miner's Prayer',
about his coal-mining grandfather.

The best of a good bunch of songs are
'Hot Yonk Tonk Man', "It Won't Hurt" and "Guitars, Cadillacs", but these are
simply the outstanding ones - the re-
minder are far from mediocre.

The conversely traditional flavour
of this LP may bring claims that it is not original, but this would be unfair.
Not only is it original in its musical approach to the traditions of the genre, but
Dwight's 'lost of line' is remarkably non-
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MORE BLANK THAN FRANK: Brian Eno

Brian Eno will be remembered as one of the greatest musical innova-
tors of the twentieth century, and this record serves as testimony for this.
More Blank Than Frank is a compilation of Eno's favourite mu-
sic from his four solo albums be-
tween 1973-1977. Considering each of these albums is a comple-
tely original entity, each covering a specific phase of his innova-
tion, my first thought was that this LP would have absolutely no contin-
ually, being simply a mis-matched collection of songs. This is not so;
not only does it flow from track to track, but it remains evidence of his
enormous talent.

It would be highly suggestive that one song is better than another but
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"Gibbo" and "Chappelli" spend Australian social fabric. Secondly, sporadic social movements are inherently conservative, and what we are about to see. The Players, administrators, women and the players, are probably enjoying themselves, and sing accordingly. The rest of the boys, like southerners, seem to agree with him and play accordingly. They sing songs with lyrics like "I drank enough of everything so put this flower to sleep, baby, you sure had me/4 I escaped by the skin of my teeth/4 and "Oh, well, some day they'll know in Balmoral why they look even better in noth- ing at all".

Maybe I'm giving the boys a hard time. Maybe I shouldn't listen to the record a few more times. But why bother? The music is neither original, intelligent or inspiring. What's more, it's boring. A rather inessential album not likely to be featuring highly on your record-buying list.

GIANT: The Woodentops (CBS)

This is the long awaited debut long-player from this Edinburgh beat combo formed in 1984. It seems that after a fragmentary his- tory of various members joining and leaving, they've finally cast their net together and come up with an album that beats the pants off most this crop of music. Although they've been spinning for a few years now, the Woodentops have only been known to descending earth by their two most recent singles "Move Me" and "Hit Come". Despite the ad- vantages these two songs on this album it is nevertheless 12 inches on vinyl worthy of your attention. Leaders of The Smith-type jangly guitar fashion who do n't rush out to muck around with The Woodentops.

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all the major city, suburban and country restaurants.

The Courier-Mail has faith in Queenslanders' stomachs: "In the shadow of the Keating cut-backs, as the dinner dollar shrinks, it may seem overly optimistic to launch a Good Food Guide. But we believe people are still interested in eating out- and eating well - and that a guide such as this is more relevant than ever."

So if your tummy's rumbling, and you're itching for a good feed... this book will definitely tickle your palate.

The Courier-Mail's Good Food Guide is available from most newsagents - recommended price is $7.95.

THE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTIAN ROSY CROSS: David Foster
I was tempted to label David Foster's The Adventures of Christian Rosy Cross "a playful romp through the procrastinations of 14th Century Rosicrucianism" - but thought better of it. The label is, in a way, misleading.

Cover notes proclaim the book an "iconoclastic account... at once a curious satire on the self-consuming world, an ethic for the drug user" and it is, at least in part, all of these things. Foster has done for Rosicrucianism what Umberto Eco did for medieval monks in The Name Of The Rose - a scholarly ramp couched in the terms of fiction - but here the parallel ends.

Cataloguing the adventures of Christian Rosencreutz from birth in 1378, "blue with blood and white with nasal grease", the novel tells a tale of the circularity and the nefarious activities of the Dominican and Franciscan brotherhoods; of the corruption of the medieval Catholic church and the iniquitous inquiry and of the alchemical search for the philosopher's stone that would enable the transmutation of base metals to gold.

Yet the novel is no expose. It is a fable - an alchemical handbook, a bawdy tale, a revealing history, ultimately a curious satire on the self-consuming circularity of philosophical speculation which becomes an end in itself. "Bullshit" snaps Christian, "believe that, you'll believe anything".

You don't need a background in medieval philosophy to appreciate Christian Rosy Cross. It is strongly written, well researched and the humor is a constant surprise, a delightful scattering of monastic home-truths, one-liners and anachronistic Australianisms that is not unlike receiving a vegetation wafer at High Communion.

"That which is extrinsic and corruptible (says Pal) must be separated from that which is intrinsic and incorruptible."

"I'll say this", says the Prior, "you're a nice turn of phrase for a man whose spent a lifetime in the laundry".

MARK TAYLOR

LATITUDES: Edited by Susan Johnson and Mary Roberts.
U.Q. Press: $12.95

"Latitudes - New Writing from the North" is a precise title for this collection, which ranges from masterful to competent, but conventional, short stories; from autobiography to memoir to "biographical essay".

It's the sort of range you'd expect in response to an advertisement in state and national papers for "contemporary writing by Queenslanders". That's just the sort of ad the editors placed. They chose these twenty-five stories from over six hundred submissions.

At the recent Warana Writers' Week Thea Astley said that she once thought you were instantly demeaned as a writer if you named the Queensland countryside as the setting for your stories. She was writing in the "sacred" climate of Jacaranda Atlas. Mt Isa, Cloncurry, small mining towns and grazing country provide the locations for many of the stories, but the majority are set in Brisbane.

In all these locations there is that characteristic Queensland feel: glove-boxes that won't shut, doors that stick, carpet mould, incipient dry rot. An enforced recognition that humanity is fallible, that the illusions of a colder climate are going to melt or moulder up here.

This collection considers the latitudes of time as well as space. Anthony Huntington's cacophony of description, "Another Friday Night", follows Malick's easy and elegant "The King's Life". Malick's novel's essential theme is itself a memory of some greater, now lost, coherence to life.

Thea Astley, Emel O'Neill, Gerard Lee, Thomas Shapcott, Mary Bishop, Mark Overett and Phillip Neilsen are among the twenty-five writers chosen by the criteria that "the best writing jumps off the page". It is predictable that any reader will disagree with a few of these choices, particularly those bearing the heavy and inescapable Huntingtonian bootprint.

However the percentage of the non-descript is low in this collection. The majority ranges from the surprising to the very good, and combines to provide a delightful collection.

ROBYN BROWNROST

TEN BEST SELLERS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF Queensland BOOKSHOP

GEORGE JOHNSTON - A BIOGRAPHY: GARRY KINNANE, Nelson, $29.95

ALLAN BORDER - AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: Methuen, $19.95

CASEY: W.J. HUDSON, Oxford, $35.00

BREAK IN: Dick Francis, Pan, $7.95

THE WELL: ELIZABETH JOLLEY, Viking, $19.95

HEROES: JOHN PILGER, Jothanante Cape, $33.95

ADAM'S EMPIRE: EVAN GREEN, Pan, $26.95

AMPOL AUST. SPORTING RECORDS: Ampol, $29.95

LAKE WOBEGON DAYS: GARRISON KEILOR, Faber, $24.95

JAMES DUGH: T.R. BOLAND, U.Q.P., $40.00

From A Piece of Cake, a collection of drawings by Mary Leunig (Penguin $9.95)
Nuclear weapons are designed with great care to explode only when deliberately armed and fired. Nevertheless, there is always a possibility that, as a result of accidental circumstances, an explosion will take place.


**BOMBS OVER CAMBRIDGE** In July 1956, twenty miles northeast of Cambridge, England, a B-47 crashed into a "storage igloo" containing three Mark 6 nuclear bombs. That the blazing jet fuel didn't ignite the bombs' TNT triggers was a "combination of tremendous heroism, good fortune, and the will of God," in the words of an officer who was present. If it had exploded, said another, "part of Eastern England would have become a desert."

**BOMBS OVER GREGGS** In 1958 a B-47 accidentally jettisoned a nuclear weapon into the vegetable garden of Mr Walter Gregg of Mars Bluff, South Carolina, damaging various members of the Greggs family, five houses, and a church. Tourists carted away most of the bomb fragments. After that all Air Force crews were ordered to "lock" their bombs onto their planes.

**BOMBS OVER GOLDSBORO** During a B-52 airborne alert in January 1961 a "structural failure" caused two twenty-four-megaton bombs to fall over a farm in Goldsboro, North Carolina. "Only a single switch", said nuclear physicist Ralph E. Lapp, "prevented the bomb from detonating".

**BOMBS OVER SPAIN** In January 1966 a B-52 loaded with four twenty-megaton bombs smacked into its refueling plane over Palomares, Spain, crashed, and burned. One of the bombs sank into the Mediterranean Sea, sparking what has been called "the most expensive, intensive, harrowing and feverish underwater search for a man-made object in world history." After weeks of activity by thirty-three navy vessels and 3,000 men of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, the midget submarine Alvin spotted it under 2,500 feet of water.

**BOMBS OVER ARKANSAS** In September 1980, during routine maintenance of a Titan II missile in Damascus, Arkansas, an Air Force repairman dropped a heavy wrench socket to the floor of the silo. It bounced and struck the missile, causing an explosion which blew off a 740-ton concrete-and-steel door and catapulted the warhead 600 feet through the air.

*From The Little Book of Atomic War by Mare Ian Banich*
The Theatre assistants assigned to him. A cynical policeman tired to the inept fatuation for Helena a much worthier underground. Eventually Fred succeeds in wooing her into the sordid clime of the unground. The British were not to be oudone by the U.S. and Ken Russell produced a stunning version of the Who's rock opera. Tommy and Alan Parker combined with Bob Geldorf to bring Pink Floyd's The Wall to the screen to assault the sights and senses.

The eighties saw the emergence of a vital new film maker in David Lynch and his Ractor Head is still stunning audiences today. The French produced a innovative director in Jean-Jacques Beineix whose Dive, still rates amongst the top cult classics of today, as does Lloyd Skby a Russian Director, Stave Tsukerman and filmed in New York. Terry Gilliam's Brazil, was too much for the U.S. distributor who "shelved" it until it was sneaked to the L.A. critics who overnight voted it the best film of 1985, and assured it's rightful place in Cult History... Alex Cox also showed that the Americans could still deliver the goods and his Repo Man, was one of the most popular repeats of the 80’s. Two other innovative U.S. directors proved they had talent but the public in Brisbane did not take to their work as did others like Abel Jarmusch who had a black comedy in Stranger Than Paradise, the British edge was finally seen in the seventies... Mid- seventies saw the bizarre Mexican Director shock and stun with El Topo and The Holy Mountain.

By the end of the seventies audience interest was becoming shock proof, and the pendulum swung back to escapist, allied with music, and the longest running cult film of them all took over, The Rocky Horror Picture Show, which then lost its crown to the antics of John Belushi and the music of The Blues Brothers. The British were not to be outdone by the U.S. and Ken Russell produced a stunning version of the Who's rock opera. Tommy and Alan Parker combined with Bob Geldorf to bring Pink Floyd's The Wall the screen to assault the sights and senses.

SUBWAY: Schonell Theatre

Subway is set in the Paris Metro, a sanctuary for a disparate group of characters who find in the labyrinth a refuge from the confines of the real world: a roller-skating pickpocket, a wealthy native, some musicians about to get their big break and a cynical policeman assigned to him. Entering Fred (Christophe Lambert) entering the subway, having just stolen documents from the husband of Helena (Isabelle Adjani). He attempts blackmail but finds his intention for help is useless, there will also be several films which haven't been seen in Brisbane for years if at all.

The Centre Cinema has always attempted to provide Brisbane filmgoers with a variety of cult, classic and independent films. Blunt Focus added to the screening of locally made films and first releases of independent and experimental films. However, the development of a successful independent film venue or the informed and willing audience requires an encouraging environment where as all non-mainstream arts has occurred through the involvement of people other than money, and the cruel reality is that financial viability is a necessary element of the process. Until recently this has not been a reason to cease screenings because of the involvement of people. The people known as the Blunt Focus Collective have carried out their administration, publicity and promotions and screenings without pay in order to subsidise the running of the cinema. But pressures on the Community Arts Centre to improve their financial state have been passed on to their tenants. As a result our continued use of the Cinema depended on our receiving a grant from the Australian Film Commission. The AFC, which supports runs - an independent film program in each of the other major capital cities refused our grant proposal. We don't feel so bad. Each year at least one hopeful group asks for some crumbs to develop some aspect of film culture. Why can't all alternative cinema support itself in Queensland when we provide a similar Marsden program to successful alternative cinemas in other major cities? How does a film culture which informs and entertains audiences rage in other states? Which comes first the film venue or the informed and willing audience? Certainly an encouraging environment would be a pre-request. But the Queensland solution to alternative arts is to stamp it out quickly – no more little nasties. The Queensland attitude can be changed.

Show your support for the little nasties and come along this month to see your favourite and future favourite flicks as Blunt Focus goes for broke in November.

FRI 14 NOV
7.30 - Lola (M)
9.30 - The Tenant (M)
SAT 15 & SUN 16 NOV
5.30 - Metropolis (G)
7.30 - Lola (M)
9.30 - The Tenant (M)
FRI 21 NOV
7.30 - Stranger than Paradise (M)
9.30 - Spinal Tap (M)
SAT 22 & SUN 23 NOV
5.30 - Bike Boy (R)
7.30 - Stranger than Paradise (M)
9.30 - Spinal Tap (M)
FRI 28 NOV
7.30 - Super Monster (G)
9.30 - Eraserhead (M)
SAT 29 & SUN 30 NOV
5.30 - Touch of Evil (M)
7.30 - Super Monster (G)
9.30 - Eraserhead (M)
A STOPPARD DOUBLE: COMEDY: La Boîte

Conflation of two shows, only on stage, but for the audience, which is left bewildered, chasing some obscure, quite humorous plot, which they can only just catch the tale of.

La Boîte's latest, "A Stoppard Double Comedy", brings a tangled, but somewhat amusing, double from the English playwright, Stoppard, to Brisbane.

Stoppard himself accurately describes his work: "My pieces should be untouched by any sense of purpose or usefulness." he says.

And so it is with these two: After Magritte and The Real Inspector Hound. Beginning with Inspector Hound, the double billing starts off slowly. So slowly in fact that after ten minutes, we are left sitting there, embarrassed, while a rather obese man in the audience loudly eats chocolates; we are not quite sure whether he is in fact part of the play, or just another member of the audience. In any case by the time we realise that he is a character we are all very impatient from the wait.

It turns out that he is Moon, a theatre critic, who proceeds, with his colleagues, Brindal, to give a rather witty commentary on the proceedings on the real stage, from his vantage point in the front row of the audience. The two, after an extremely confusing turn of events, end up participating in the real play, making reality and fantasy indistinguishable.

The Director, Martin Toften, says: "The audience have questions of reality and fantasy, of self-determination and the lascivious, but he does not attempt to answer them. He leaves us to draw our own conclusions."

And indeed one leaves the theatre with an annoying sense of confusion: "What was that all about?"

Meanwhile back at Chloe's all your closest buddies were looking with a typical uni pranks on you, and laughing before you arrive. These guys are a riot! And what do they have, lets look through the arched window and find out.

Well the short one closest to the wall looks like a spectacle arrangement of Australia's debut entrants in the world long range missile competition.

KOOKABURRA CAFE

I think Given Terrace has more restaurants and eateries than any other stretch in Brisbane.

Although very distinctive because of its other stretch in Brisbane, it is reknowned for its three dining levels as well as its tables set out in the back area in a garden setting. The restaurant opened in 1983 and the menu has only changed a little. For regulars however, the specials offer an extensive variety to keep them coming back.

Our visit to the Kookaburra was most enjoyable, while my palette was truly satisfied. For entree I had fresh asparagus in plety with boue blanc sauce. I was in a pity of four and she shared one plate of black legged crab between us. I don't think any other restaurant would have shown as much generosity.

For dessert we had chocolate pud with a chocolate sauce, crepe suzette and a mango dessert with ice-cream. Yummy!

In fact the Kookaburra is a establishment created by fun and laughter, as well as being casual and quite cheap. It is an Australian café with the cafe's namesake.

MARGO TRACY
(Inc it also has the best pizzas in Brisbane - Ed!

Peter Greenwood portrays the surrealistic and paranoiac Birdboat hilarious, aided by David Barrie's witty portrayal of Moon.

The actual centre-stage play is inject with innumerable incredible twists, mistaken identities, hidden identities, and disaster crimes.

Set in an isolated manor house, the play has all the elements of a true thriller. Or maybe a farce. With an inquisitive character, a play which lies somewhere on the stage for the duration of the performance, a magnate, a policewoman, deserted cliffs, fog and dead swamps. The Real Inspector Hound is destined to be a jumbled labyrinth of a jungle.

"It was on such a night as this..."

Unfortunately the humour is often slow and disjointed, although we hear some marvelous one-liners... about the upper class house party at Mul­doon Manor: "Cruising the rock pool of sexuality...", "and this is where Simon gets the chop."

The cast have tried bravely to bring this comedy to life, however it languishes under a confusing irrelevant plot.

The second half of the double, After Magritte, begins slowly as well, and is so full of bizarre juxtapositions and images that one loses all sense of sensi­bility. Unfortunately it is not carried off quite as well as Inspector Hound, per­haps because in many places we are unable to understand what the actors are saying.

The central idea of After Magritte is that of a one-legged footballer hopping through the rain with a tortoise under his arm. Adding to this are other images, including a flat-footed representative of law-and-order, an elderly female tuba player and ballroom dancer, something of a one-legged footballer hopping through the rain with a tortoise under his arm. Adding to this are other images, including a flat-footed representative of law-and-order, an elderly female tuba player and ballroom dancer, an extremely confusing turn of events, the actual centre-stage play is inject with innumerable incredible twists, mistaken identities, hidden identities, and disaster crimes.

Meanwhile back at Chloe's all your closest buddies were looking with a typical uni pranks on you, and laughing before you arrive. These guys are a riot! And what do they have, lets look through the arched window and find out.

Well the short one closest to the wall looks like a spectacle arrangement of Australia's debut entrants in the world long range missile competition.

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A STOPPARD DOUBLE

COMEDY: La Boite

Confusion reigns. Not only on stage, but for the audience, which is left bewildered, chasing some obscure, quite humorous plot, which they cannot only just catch the tale of.

La Boite’s latest, “A Stoppard Double: Comedy”, brings a tangled, but somewhat amusing, double from the English playwright, Stoppard, to Brisbane.

Stoppard himself accurately describes his work: “My pieces should be unclothed by any sense of purpose or usefulness,” he says.

And so it is with these two: After Magritte and The Real Inspector Hound.

Beginning with Inspector Hound, the double billing starts off slowly. So slowly in fact, that to about ten minutes we are left sitting there, embarrassed, while a rather chiseled man in the audience loudly eats chocolates: we are not quite sure whether he is in fact part of the play, or just another member of the audience. In any case by the time we realise that he is a cast member we are all very impatient from the wait.

It turns out that he is Moon, a theatre critic, who proceeds, with his colleague Birdboat to give a rather witty commentary on the proceedings on the real stage, from his vantage point in the front row of the audience. The two, after an extremely confusing turn of events, end up participating in the real play, making reality and fantasy indistinguishable.

The Director, Martin Follen, says: “Stoppard raises the question of reality and fantasy, of self-determinism and the last ism, but he does not attempt to answer them. He leaves us to draw our own conclusions.”

And indeed one leaves the theatre with an annoying sense of confusion: “What was that all about?”

Meanwhile back at Chloé’s all your best pals from college are playing one of their typical pranks on you, and eating before you arrive. These guys are a riot! And what do they have, let’s look through the arched window and find out.

Well the short one closest to the wall under the picture of the Eiffel Tower. “Eiffel” they call him after the shape of his body. He scoffed a lasagne and a drink. He had a wide choice of fillings in single, double, or triple decker sandwiches. After that he still had enough change out of five dollars to afford lunch at the main refectory the next day (and that’s incredible).

The one with the red hair and freckles they call “Greeny” because they all failed the pilot’s entrance exam. He wasn’t very hungry so he had a sandwich and a drink. He had a wide choice of fillings in single, double, or triple-decked sandwiches. After that he still had enough change out of five dollars to buy corn on the cob, broccoli, and boiled potatoes—all with lots of butter.

For desert we had chocolate pudding with a chocolate sauce, crêpe suzette and a mango desert with ice cream. Yummy!

In fact the Kookaburra is an establishment created by fun and laughter, as well as being casual and quite chaotic. It is Australian as the cafe namesake.

MALCOLM TRACEY

Our visit to the Kookaburra was most enjoyable, while my palette was truly satisfied. For entree I had fresh asparagus in pastry with a buene blanc sauce. The actual centre-stage play is injected with innumerable incredible twists, mistaken identities, hidden identities, and consequences.

Set in an isolated manor house, the play has all the elements of a true thriller. Or maybe a farce. With an inquisitive char-lady, a victim (which lies prone on the stage), a marvelous creation of the performance, a maniac, a police inspector, deserted cliffs, fog and deadly secrets. The Real Inspector Hound is destined to be a jumbled labyrinth of a jungle.

“It was on such a night as this...”

Unfortunately the humour is often slow and disjointed, although we hear some marvellous one-liners...about the upper class house party at Muldoon Manor “Crustaceans in the rock pool of solitude”...and “this is where Simon gets the chop”.

The cast have tried bravely to bring this comedy to life, however it languishes under a confusing irrelevant plot.

The second half of the double, After Magritte, begins slowly as well, and is so full of bizarre juxtapositions and images that one loses all sense of sensibility. Unfortunately it is not carried off quite as well as The Real Inspector Hound, partly because in many places we are unable to understand what the actors are saying.

The central image of After Magritte is that of a one-legged footballer hopping through the rain with a tortoise under his arm. Adding to this are other images, such as a fastidious representative of law-and-order, an elderly female tube catcher and bedroom dancing on an ironing board.

It has the potential to be funny. But something doesn’t quite click.

STEFANIE WOOD

CHLOE’S

RESTAURANT

If you are hunting along Coonan Street, Indooroopilly, in peak hour traffic, and you are not familiar with the whereabouts of Chloe’s Restau­rant or the right-hand indicator in Dad’s new car then you will probably find yourself on the other side of Taylor Bridge and the Bris­bane River. From there if you take the right-hand indicator in Dad’s new car then you will probably find yourself on the other side of Taylor Bridge and the Bris­bane River. From there if you take your first left under the railway and follow that road about one kilometre, then you will come across this truly amazing church. Which, at night, when lit, looks like a spectacular arrange­ment of Australia’s debut entremets in the world long range missile com­petition.

KOOKABURRA CAFE

I think Given Terrace has more restau­rants and eateries than any other street in Brisbane.

Although very distinctive because of its winding sign, it is the Kookaburra Cafe.

It is renamed for its three dining le­vels; as well as tables set out in the back area in a garden setting. The restaurant opened in 1983 and the menu has only changed a little. For regulars however, the specialties offer an extensive, va­riety to keep them coming back.
WISHING YOU WERE WHERE?

He lies in bed with scrambled brains,
Electrodes on his bed, and who knows what in his veins?
He looks kind of serene, like he was before he fell.
Half-way from Heaven, half-way from hell.

Stark white against the white, white room
Mythos and medics juggle with his doom.
"Is this the One we knew so well?"
(Hear the nurses cry!)
"Falling from so high, into hell?"
(Hear the doctors sigh!)
"How crammed into a spartan cell?"
(Hear the sinners cry!)
"Landed there from whence he fell?"
(Hear them all ask: "Why?")
Now he lays there, burnt out and bare, with absent, bloodshot eyes.
"Dragged or Damned?" the headlines read,
"God's been paralyzed."

(News Update: And God has just mumbled something in his beard!
Good to hear he's still alive but the message is sort of weird.
Indeed, for a guy who's supposedly omniscient, it's positively queer.
Just rolled his and hiccuped, saying "Wishing you were here." )

(Street Quote: Acid! Coke! Hey you! What's your style?
Want to try a shot? 'Cmon, don't just smile!
You're bound to love those morals you've so vaguely priz ed,
Now that Heaven is Hell, and God's been paralyzed!)

(Gossip Column: Some call it heresy and say "He's a fraud."
Some, citing heresay, say "God is bored."
Some call it silly, some call it unique,
Like a saint to be a sinner, like a fried to be a freak.

(Press Release: God's still horizontal, pious divinity spread-eagled.
Nurse's calming and a careful embalming, keeps him rigorously regal.
They say there's the chance of a release, tissue reactions the big fear.
And all he'd said in 48 hours "Wishing you were here.")

(News Update: Enscored amidst machines, steel and glass efficiently breathe and bleed.
With withering tubes and dialyse tubes, it seems he'll never be freed.
But his PR people assure us it's temporary, that there's nothing to fear.
"We'll be mobile soon, then maybe a book, or a tour or perhaps a change of career.")

I walked out onto Main Street, just to taste some fresher air,
But the vapours were still hanging around and the tree limbs were all bare.
And the good citizens, trapped inside gas-masks, didn't seem to care.
"Wishing you were here?" they all mumbled, "Wishing you were WHERE?"

BRENDA O'MEARA

TO A TALL TREE

Oh twisted giant of lofty height
How can I aspire to thy might?
For I am but a man
And know not of your steadfastness

Can your branches snap?
Or merely stand sentinel on high air?

Such grandeur - of knowledge must be born
How I wish I knew the way!
To converse as if you were man too

Are you the past?
Do you feel time?
Is this your yesterday - And the Morrow your now?

Companion or foe is cold wind?
Does the embrace or chill?
Defiant is your stand?
Or do you welcome such a blow?

Suspended are your leaves
From passing rain
Has he passed before?

I quest for thee
If only my veins and yours could link
Would I of past ages learn?

Will in dreams, I know you
If so, let me sleep!

PAUL CALDWELL

Admiring under dim lights
Breeze over well-worn words,
Read and rewritten in the same breath,
Understand,
In an off-hand kind of way.

Shrifts of cumulonimbus light -
Like Roman colonnades -
Beam down from the heavens above,
John my brow
And drop the fords of palm
That dapple this desolate beach.
Small, insubordinates
Lap the shore-line,
That dapple this desolate beach.

Bathe my brow
And drop the fords of palm
That dapple this desolate beach.
Small, insubordinates
Lap the shore-line,
And the distant sky,
Pull of mechanistic wonder,
Is strangely empty
Devoid of life.

LOVE SHOW

Beyond the realm bordered by this barrier, lies the other side,
A domain fortified by your imagination, adventure your guide.
Confronting your fear, pondering the degree of excitement draws you close,
You've opened the bottle, now committed to the dose.
Nothing as you have ever known before, assaults your foremost thoughts.
Regalia of leather, attire drawn from closets of ancient mortals.
Reason escapes, Dare incites tremors deep within,
Forced energetic fusion, image science, cement you certain.
Fear. Pain from inflection, bonds dree you tight,
Ecclesi drawings strength from the night,
Flesh bares the bruises, from tools marked with death.
The thin margin between them is love on a breath.
The night slowly dies with the passion in tow,
It was only a fantasy, a lustful Love Show.

THE FALCON

"They eyes flicker, then pause and grow bigger,
A gauged branch bursts to a deadly black figure.
A blinder feathery follows an intimacy of being,
No other creature could see what he is seeing.
Then suddenly the sun's rays change and we all see a glee.
A swallow is harking, not aware of the hint.
Tight claws dig in as a flurry of wings,
Spar the hooded falcon upwards, the swallow still sings.

Astronautics inimicable sends him into the sun,
Preparing the hunter for a swift deadly run.
Cruising through air the speed of the bird,
Such unsurpassed pace, nothing is heard.
They bank and they turn and spin and our the scope,
Poor little swallow, feathers stark on his pate.
As quick as his best with ancestral bred style,
He has not the speed, nor has he the gale.

A smack of flesh echoes, blood drips to the ground,
A thrill battle cry the only audible sound.
He throws back his crest and makes for his limb,
The wind slowly drops and the day starts to dim."

RAY HALPIN 25 13th October, 1969

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RAY HALPIN 25 13th October, 1969
Dear Editor,

I wholeheartedly agree with the sentiments expressed by S.F. Glover in her letter in the last edition of Semper (No. 7 of 1986). The malaise that the writer of the letter describes is one that I too have observed in my years at this University. I believe however that the "Golden Age" of student radicalism of the 60's and 70's, inevitably involved in discussions on the employment of the University as a social institution.

I could not agree more with the suggestion that the radicals and the students themselves that the University is "the only interesting reading produced by the 1986 Union Election." I am afraid that I cannot see a role for the student in the world at large, other than being at the forefront of change. I do not think they were ever the norm. The radicals that did exist may be regarded as a minor aberration in the dreary history of the university as a social institution.

Universities have always been institutions where a predominantly middle class intellectual elite are trained to assume positions of power within society. Of course the liberal education which universities provide also has almost, by itself, a liberal, a democratic, a liberal basis. But basically this is its function.

One of the first duties of a student is to question the function in society for as long as they remain at the apex of an educational system which, I believe, needs to be changed.

D.N. ADDERT

Jenny Symonds

Dear Editor,

As every student will know, since the budget decision to reintroduce tertiary fees, there have been a number of petitions calling on the government not to go ahead with the proposed fee increase. Recently a leaflet was put on the undergraduate library notice board signed by a few fees but also opposing government spending "millions" on foreign aid and suggesting that the government could "take care of Australians first".

Community Aid Abroad wishes to improve the students' position that the tertiary fees are the result of the government "saddening" moves on overseas aid, is not based on fact. We believe that the ACCC's investigations give far too few avenues to overseas development. C.A.A. recognizes the legitimacy of most of the arguments put forward by the AIDS fees movement, many individual members in fact are strongly opposed to fees. The leaflet in question, however, puts forward arguments that are irrelevant to the fees issue and are not the views of any identifiable group involved in the fight against fees. It appears that an unknown individual or group has used the debate to disseminate their own National Chauvinistic prejudices.

Community Aid Abroad is committed to raising awareness about the problems of the unequal distribution of the world's resources and the consequences of these problems. Consequences such as overpopulation, underemployment, overuse of resources, poverty, health problems, pollution, lack of food. We wish to expose the dishonesty of those who spread myths about Australian monetary "new wealth" on overseas aid. In fact Australia's foreign aid spending falls well short of 0.5% of GDP recommended by the U.N. The amount spent on overseas aid was further cut in the same budget responsible for the tertiary fees.

The attempt to use an issue of genuine concern to students to propagate narrow-minded anti-communism prejudices must be deplored.

Tony Litos
Community Aid Abroad

Dear Editor,

I refer to your article in the most recent Semper "Education – How Free Should It Be?". If you must use the name of the allegedly Pink Floyd in your articles, at least do the band justice, and reference their music and its fans the country of giving their songs their proper titles. Pink Floyd have never written a song called "We don't need no education". The title of the song to which you are presumably referring is "Another Brick in the Wall Pt II". How can your paper expect to maintain credibility when it makes such floundering errors as these?

James Weaver
St. Leo's College

Dear Editor,

In reply to your article of September 11th, 1986, we the Refectory Ladies would like to point out a few facts not true. Firstly, working on the Outlet Counter, Registers and Sandwich Room we have only one (1) permanent lady who happens to be the Supervisor, all the rest are casual who are stood down in the slow periods and semester breaks. Kitchen area is also have very few permanent staff and work mainly on casual basis. Before Joshua Barnes publishes his next article on the refectory, we suggest he takes a trip around the scence and gets his facts straight before passing judgement.

Perhaps when visiting the Physiology Canteen he may refrain from wearing rose coloured glasses, as the staff there are on average around the ages of the staff of the Refectory. Perhaps Joshua Barnes would like to take part in proving the services expected of the Refectory Ladies during the rush hours of 12 - 2 O'clock, and see if he can improve on the speed in which the ladies work, then perhaps he may think again before knocking the standard provided in the Refectory.

Whilst we part agree that the Physiological Canter's could be more pleasant to eat in, you must remember that the age of the Refectory is considerably higher than both the Biology and Physiology Canteens. The Refectory does need modifying and maintaining costs being considerably high could add to the loss of profit. The Biology Canter, after only eight years is collecting bills for maintenance so perhaps might be a good idea if a few years you take another trip to the Physicology Canter and see if it is as appealing to you then, when the chairs, tables and carpet etc. need renewing.

Fair Go!

Tony Litos
Community Aid Abroad

Dear Editor,

I was to bring in this hill, which was necessarily composed of law and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the house of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they did not. For my part, I could I as soon have called Celcius, or the Doctor as astronomers, and they would have understood me full as well, so resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only in the historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, attaining them now and then with little epistles, but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I answered their expectations; and many of them said, that I made the whole very clear to them, when, God know, I had not even attempted to lord Marcellus, who had the greatest share in inducing the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but at his words, his periods, and his allusion were not near so good as mine; the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me.

Lord Chestertfield wrote this to his son on March 18, 1717, adding that "this will ever be the case."

Ludvik Bass
Professor of Mathematics

Dear Editor,

I'm probably more conscious than many readers of the differences between the groups mentioned - differences which tend to be blurred by overly broad and not especially meaningful categorisations. I've also observed first hand how such categorisations when misapplied have shaped and sometimes seriously skewed academic perceptions of individual churches, including my own.

Most seriously, the term "Fringe religion" itself News perceptions, for it carries an implied judgement on not just the status but also the "worth" of the groups so labelled. In regard to Christian Science, as one scholar has put it, "it is the only trend that has not only left to dubious conclusions, but has in many instances prevented the most useful questions from even being asked."

As a result, sociologists among others have tended to miss the heart of Christian Science - the deeply Christian, however unorthodox, commitment it represents.

In an age when almost any serious religious commitment is regarded as suspect - and sometimes for good reasons - it makes even more sense to view Christianity in its beginnings was dismissed as "Fringe religion."
If you thought that Barbie doll, America’s favourite toy for the past 37 years, was just a capitalist tool, shame on you.

If you thought Barbie was a means of conditioning children or become insatiable consumers of clothes and appliances, and of reinforcing old-fashioned female stereotypes on little girls, think again.

Recent events in the Canadian state of Newfoundland have revealed that Barbie is ideologically correct. Unbeknownst to almost everyone for all these years, Barbie is a greenie.

In fact, Barbie is so radical that she’s been pulled off the shelves of shops in Newfoundland and become the subject of protest matches.

The trouble started last month when Marie Vincent, an upright citizen of Newfoundland, was beating through her daughter’s Barbie Shopper and found this story, entitled Amid Snow and Ice:

Barbie is particularly concerned for the pretty seal pups. She has come to help protect them from the ruthless hunters that slaughter the young seals for their soft, white skins.

Well, the snow hit the fans. Mrs Vincent called Washington, DC, and went on air saying that seal hunting had been the way of life in Newfoundland for years “and lots of Newfoundlanders enjoy a good meal of flipper soup.”

While the story hit the airwaves, the company was considering reportage as Barbies don’t marry for her good looks.

“The giffs of this album. It’s completely atypical of a capitalist tool, shame on you. If you thought that Barbie was a means of conditioning children or become insatiable consumers of clothes and appliances, and of reinforcing old-fashioned female stereotypes on little girls, think again.

Vincent, an upright citizen of Newfoundland, was leafing through her daughter’s shopping list in the toy department store and became the subject of protest marches.

The Minister for Fisheries, Mr Tom Rideout, declared that Barbie’s story was “continuing to upset people, but it’s the first time we heard about it”, he said. “We are unable to publish. We’ve been offering travellers the bounty of the Philippines since the time of the Spanish Galleons.

Thirty-four percent of both sexes believed adults became fiends-minded from study.

Mr Tupper said that the assaults were not for personal gain or to the increasing uncertainty of the age, and was in line with current trends towards religious.

“People can’t cope with uncertainty, they look for structures,” Mr Tupper said.

If you think you’ve heard it all about New York’s perils, try this headline: “Monkey Mugged On Fifth Avenue.”

The victim was Mr Mike, a two-year-old simian which suffered a stroke a few months ago. To pay the vet expenses, he and his owner, Anthony Agnello, of Connecticut, have been begging on the streets and have lowered the vet’s bill to $500.

They were outside Sak’s department store when a man stopped and asked if he could hold Mike.

Another man came up and held Mr Mike while the first man held a knife to the monkey’s throat.

“Hey man, you better give me the money or I’ll cut the monkey’s head off,” he said.

Agnello reached into the collection basket and gave the mugger $100.

The High Court in Edinburgh has sentenced a 37-year-old policeman to five years’ jail over a series of assaults that took place between 1978 and March this year. The court was told that during that time, Charles Hay had terrorised women in the suburbs of Edinburgh because he kept assauling them so he could steal their shoes. His victims ranged from a 16-year-old girl to a 66-year-old woman. In the case involving the girl, she had been walking home carrying a kitten when Hay attacked her, pulled her to the ground and took off with her shoes. In another case, he had attacked and stolen the shoes of a woman walking home after a political rally. Hay’s counsel told the court that the assaults were not for personal gain but because of his client’s driving need to obtain the shoes of his victims.
Would he be more careful if it was him that got pregnant?

The Rhythm Method
It's not reliable, but then who is?