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OnDit

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Adelaide's FM Radio Wank



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HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA WIPE-OUT!

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL A CONSPIRACY OF HOPE

Amnesty International was launched in 1961 to bring forgotten prisoners out of the dungeons of the world. It began as a brief publicity effort using a newspaper article, very much like this one. Its plea was to release the thousands of men and women who were imprisoned for their political and religious beliefs. These people were to be called "prisoners of conscience", and with that a new phase entered the vocabulary of world affairs. Its aim was to gather people from all walks of life to work impartially and peacefully in attaining justice.

Within a month there were more than a thousand offers of political help. Six months later, the founder, a British lawyer named Peter Benenson announced a further step in the campaign. What started as a newspaper article was growing into a permanent international movement.

Mr Benenson said that the growth of the movement indicated a great latent reservoir of idealism waiting to be tapped and that the full capacity of that reservoir would be needed if practical action were to counter the reality of political persecution. The action began when Amnesty International members contacted the prisoners' families and lawyers and sent off postcards, letters and telegrams appealing to government authorities to respect human rights. The inhumane activities of many countries were finally aired for the world to see. Country after country was subject to this new and unbiased movement.

Amidst the turmoil, a definite change of course was taking place. Although there was a constant deamning of Amnesty, a link was being established; postcards, telegrams, letters and little parcels of medicine were getting through. As a bonus, letters came back, many smuggled out of prison and past airport censors.



Pablo Picasso was an early supporter of the Amnesty International movement, to which he gave this drawing.

The 70s saw the rise of a virtual epidemic which spread globally, showing mounting evidence of the atrocities being inflicted on prisoners. Dozens of nations practised systematic torture leading to mutilation and deaths in detention. This became the prompter for Amnesty's global campaign for the abolition of torture. The voice of this movement now took on a new direction.

An Urgent Action network was set up using telephones, post office boxes, telegrams and telex machines to alert volunteers if torture was an imminent possibility. Once a report was checked, hundreds of appeals could be on their way within hours. Amnesty International became a

life saving operation. In 1977, after countless lives had been saved, Amnesty International was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. This reaffirmed the original Amnesty vision and in making the award, the Nobel Committee stated: "The world has witnessed an increasing brutalisation, and internationalisation of violence, terrorism and torture.... Through its activity for the defence of human dignity against degrading treatment, violence and torture, Amnesty International has contributed to securing the ground for freedom and for justice, and thereby also for peace in the world."

Today, Amnesty plays a specific role in the international protection of human rights. Its activities focus

on prisoners, with three main objectives in mind. Firstly, it seeks the release of men and women detained anywhere for their beliefs, colour, sex, ethnic origin, language or religion, provided they have not used or advocated violence. These are "prisoners of conscience". Secondly, it advocates fair and prompt trials for all political prisoners and works on behalf of such people detained without charge or without trial. Finally, it opposes the death penalty and torture or other cruel, inhumane or degrading treatment or punishment of all prisoners without reservation. Amnesty International does not support or oppose any government or political ideology. Its members around the world include supporters of differing systems who agree on the need to protect all people in all countries from imprisonment for their beliefs and from torture and execution. Amnesty's approach is one which promotes respect for universal principals not only at the level of governments and international organisations, but also through the concerted action of individuals working in small local groups. These groups undertake the vital work of demonstrating international concern for the protection of the basic human rights violated. Government and prison officials are faced with insistant, continuous and informed appeals, while letter after letter goes to cabinet minister and embassies quite often bearing the signatures of influential people.

There is also the possibility of the adoption of a prisoner of conscience by local groups. The background of each case is studied, and appeals are organised for the prisoner's immediate and unconditional release. In addition to working for the release of the prisoners, Amnesty International tries to give them and their families humanitarian assistance during the period of detention.

Amnesty International is financed by a worldwide membership, by individual subscriptions and by donations. Members pay membership fees and conduct fund-raising campaigns in their local

communities. Strict guidelines for the acceptance of funds stipulate that any funds requested and accepted by Amnesty must in no way incur financial dependence, real or apparent, upon any political interest or group singly or in combination, nor limit the freedom of activity and expression enjoyed by the organisation, nor direct its areas of concern. In its repertoire of worldwide connections, Amnesty has formal relations with the United Nations, UNESCO, and the Council of Europe, the Organisation of American States and the Organisation of African Unity.

Amnesty International has been referred to, in the past, as a group of "ideological saboteurs", by the Soviet journal *Izvestia*, and dubbed "a new puppet show that the communists have started" by *Rastalchiz* in Iran. The obstacles faced by Amnesty are infinite, but with perseverance and the sheer respect for human rights, great accomplishments will be achieved in maintaining the sanctity of human life.

Amnesty International
Letterthon 1990

From Monday, May 7th through to Sunday, May 27th, Amnesty International will be conducting a *Letterthon* in which we invite you to participate. The aims are very simple. Upon receiving your registration form, we will send you an individually numbered letter writing kit which will contain information on the cases of ten prisoners of conscience from different countries throughout the world. You can then write as many short and courteously worded aerogram letters as you wish to the respective governments, appealing for the release of these prisoners. For more information contact:

Amnesty International
155 Pirie Street
Adelaide 5000

Edwina Lucas
Source of information:
Amnesty International Handbook,
Amnesty International Publications
(England 1983).

THERE IS A JOURNALISM COURSE AT ADELAIDE UNI!

Do you see yourself as a budding Brian Toohey or Michelle Gratton? Or do you just want to impress everybody by getting your name in print? Regardless of your motivation, ON DIT WANTS YOU!!

We will be running a series of workshops next week for everyone who is interested in working with ON DIT. The dates and times are as follows:

Tuesday March 6th, 4:00 - 6:00
Review and Interview Technique-
Film, Theatre, Books, Records, Restaraunts etc.

Wednesday March 7th, 4:00 - 6:00
Reporting and Interview Technique for News Stories

Both workshops will include some discussion of techniques involved in feature writing, whether it be for the arts and entertainment section or a lengthy news piece.

ON DIT also needs photographers. We would prefer people with a reasonable amount of experience and a knowledge of film developing. We provide all the equipment and have access to a darkroom. If anybody is interested in taking photos for us, come into the office on Tuesday March 6th between 2:00 and 3:00.

OnDit PRESS CLUB

PRODUCTION NOTES

ON DIT is the weekly newspaper of the Student's Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control although opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

Editors: Steve Jackson and David Penberthy
Advertising Manager: Simon Morris
Typesetting: Sharon Middleton and Georgie Matches.
Bromiding: Andrew Joyner

APOLOGIES- The editors wish to make the following apologies...

1. We would like to apologise to the Muslim student who was offended by the cartoon on the back page of last week's ON DIT.
2. In the news article titled "Diseased Poplars a Threat to Safety" reference was made to a Mr. David Simon. His actual name is Mr. David Symon and he is not connected in any way with the Adelaide City Council as the article implied.
3. In the editorial the cost of the Liberals up front tertiary education fee should have read as \$1200 and not \$12000.
4. In the editorial the amount paid out of each student's union fee when their campus affiliates to NUS was given as \$5. This should have read as \$3.90.
5. To all oUr contributors- sorry about all the tykping errors,

Thanks to Jamie Skinner, Mark Gamtcheff, Alex Wheaton, Simon Healy, Jason Bootle, Sally Niemann, Andy Joyner, Simon Morris, Janet Reid and all the other writers and contributors.

If you wish to contact ON DIT write to:
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Telephone 228 5404, 223 2685. Fax 224 0464.
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TROUBLE AT THE CONSERVATORIUM

The Music School of the University of Adelaide, the Conservatorium, has never been free of turbulence. At various times the intensely competitive nature of the music business has meant personal and professional differences have divided the Conservatorium.

For example, senior musicians in this city tell of the internal rifts caused by the appointment of the now universally respected John Bishop, the founder of the Adelaide Festival. It would be wrong to present the current dissensions surrounding Elder Professor Esser as the first strife to beset the institution. But there is little doubt that it is the worst.

The Shadow Spokesperson for the Arts, Ms. Dianne Laidlaw, describes the problem as a "new low" in the Conservatorium's thirty-odd year history. She sees it as different to previous difficulties in that "the Conservatorium always had great status and now that status is gone."

Mr. Heribert Esser was appointed Elder Professor just over two years ago, after a lengthy search that combed not only Australia but Europe and the USA. Previously, Esser had worked with a provincial German Opera Company.

In Adelaide, Esser's sole objective has been raising standards at the Conservatorium, but in attempting to achieve this goal Esser's accusers claim he has only managed to alienate the majority of Adelaide's musical fraternity and harm the Conservatorium's reputation.

Laidlaw has received representations from Conservatorium staff, students, parents of students, the Adelaide University Education and Welfare Officer and secondary music teachers. From this she asserts that:

"There are grave personality difficulties, if the objective is to achieve rationalization and change and to 'improve standards'. If that is the case, it certainly isn't being conducted in the right manner and the only way that would be achieved is by winning the confidence of staff and students. If that is the objective the manner it is being conducted in is crazy."

After persistent rumblings of discontent the issue was ignited by Peter Goldsworthy in his article/letter "Death Throes of a Conservatorium" (Adelaide Review, January 1990.) Goldsworthy asked a number of questions; why are student numbers falling, why are secondary music teachers advising their matriculants not to go the Conservatorium, and why are students increasingly deferring or going interstate? In Laidlaw's words, "We are losing our gifted people... they are voting with their feet."

If accurate, these questions are important enough on their own to warrant attention. But Goldsworthy's chief bone of contention is with the assessment scheme Esser has implemented and, more particularly, what Laidlaw describes as the Professor's "extraordinarily erratic" behaviour during the 1989 final exams.

The most sensational accusation about Esser's marking claims that

two examiners gave a score of 80% and the Professor gave a mark of 0%. Laidlaw is adamant that this accusation is factual, but in a press statement dated February 28th 1990, Esser categorically denies this.

The Dean of Music, Mr. J.D. Swale, states in the same media release that "The reality is quite different. In fact, the highest mark recorded was Professor Esser's and the low mark was from another examiner."

With so many conflicting accounts something obviously needs to be done. It is the Vice-Chancellor's responsibility to get to the bottom of the matter.

Critical in Esser's efforts to raise the Conservatorium to international standards is the altering of assessment procedures; increasing the number of examiners from two to five (with every panel including the Professor).

The University hierarchy, namely the Vice-Chancellor, the Registrar and the Dean of Music have attacked Esser's accusers as being against change per se. Esser is presented as the Conservatorium's Gorbachov, a visionary leader trying to kick start a stagnated, backward music school, the ultimate objective being to place the Conservatorium in a position where it is producing artists of international stature.

Dr. Swale stated "A meeting of all our staff indicated its appreciation of Professor Esser's concern for high standards of performance. No one wanted to go back to the old system which has lagged behind other Australian and overseas institutions...The real issue behind the controversy is that standards have been raised over the past two years. Some will always find change threatening but we cannot afford to fall behind interstate and overseas standards."

When the issue was presented to February's University Council meeting the agenda contained no mention of the serious allegations Goldsworthy raised, but limited itself to the fact that the assessment scheme had changed and certain elements were dissatisfied. Not surprisingly after this less than comprehensive discussion the Council overwhelmingly rejected the need for an external review, with only Justice Olsson and two of the four student members dissenting.

Further to Goldsworthy's allegations, I have been informed of an occasion in which the Elder Professor left the room in the middle of a student's performance and then returned later to give a mark. I have also been informed of an occasion in which Esser ordered that a student receive a certain mark regardless of the opinion of his colleagues.

If these allegations are true the official Conservatorium line that the new assessment procedure "mean that marks are well moderated and wild variations are almost impossible", must be under serious question.

One would think that allegations such as these could not have been held back for so long. However, Esser's accusers point to his wide reaching authority, being both

administrative and musical director, and a prevailing mood of fear which, they claim, engulfs the Conservatorium.

Laidlaw described the difficulties staff and students have had approaching her "for fear of incrimination". On one occasion a student requested the EWO approach Ms Laidlaw on her behalf out of fear that her "career path would be prejudiced". Peter Goldsworthy (Adelaide Review, February 1990), in response to the Registrar's assertion that no one had made a complaint through the normal appeals mechanism, stated that "Most students know which side their bread is buttered on."

The prevalence of this "fear" can be seen in the fact that I have omitted the names of Esser's accusers. The Adelaide musical world is very small and being on the losing side of the battle could

effectively destroy one's career. And as Laidlaw expressed, the people who contact her are by profession musicians and teachers. "They are not political people" she said. They know they want something done, but they don't know how to go about it...they are in a foreign environment."

This makes Esser's accusers vulnerable to the University hierarchy, which needless to say is well versed in political skills, and who Laidlaw believes are attempting to whitewash the situation.

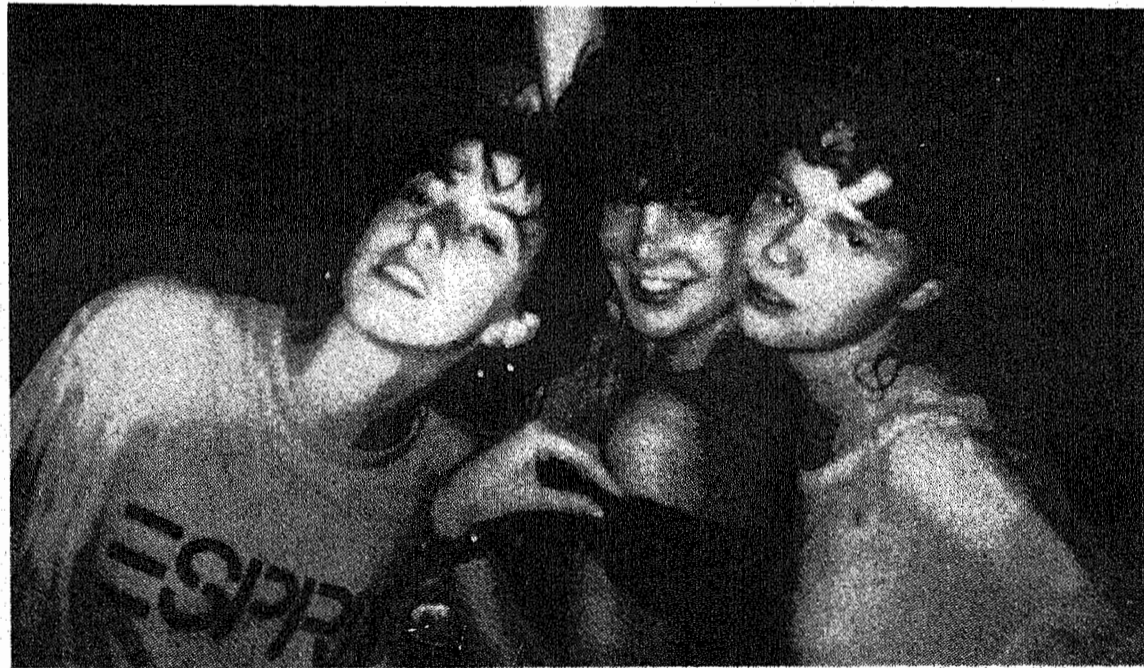
The forces opposed to Esser are not asking for his immediate resignation, only that an external inquiry be held into the matter. The University rejects this, arguing that the allegations raised thus far are not based "on fact, rather on malicious rumour." (Adelaide Review, February 1990)

This position astounds Laidlaw. "If Esser had the good of the Con at heart he would be willing to cooperate with such an enquiry. That is the story you have to tell...But to keep resisting a matter suggests there is a depth of a problem that no one wants to address and I think that is reprehensible."

Laidlaw would like to see the government undertake an enquiry or lobby the University Council to undertake one of its own, but on the condition that the terms of reference are strictly exclusive.

In writing this I am not trying to establish who is right and who is wrong in the situation. My concern is that unless the problems in the Conservatorium are not swiftly rectified they will impact on the long term health of the arts in this state.

Simon Morris



Women Vote Against Own Equality at Advertiser

At an annual House Committee Meeting of *The Advertiser* held on 12th February, 1990, journalists voted against equal representation of men and women on their union's House Committee. The meeting, convened for the purpose of 1990 elections, unanimously rejected the motion from Shirley Stott Despoja and Chris Doudle for 50% representation, on the grounds that they could worry about equality later. This is a surprising move in an office beset by industrial problems and in a union that has affirmative action principles as part of its wage restructuring.

SKULLDUGGERY '90 LEAVES CAMPUS INTACT

"10,000 litres of Beer - Drink Until Your Bladder Bursts!" And they did. Apart from the usual display of projectile vomiting and drunken sleazing, this year's Skullduggery was a relatively sedate affair. Nobody died and only two windows were broken. A rubbish bin was thrown through a library window and a small window in the Mayo Refectory was smashed.

The head of campus security, Mr Ron Roney, said that "everything went quite well, except for a couple of vomiters around the place".

Apart from the broken windows, he said that "the only problem was with a Flinders Uni student jumping around on a few car bonnets".

"My only suggestion for the future would be to have one or two first aiders on duty."

Thursday morning the cloisters were almost completely free of plastic cups. Most of the grass had turned grey and a revolting lager-and-vomit stench hung heavily in the air. We asked some participants for a comment but they were "too pissed to remember anything".

David Penberthy

NUS is active.

Dear Editors,
I am writing in response to your editorial in the first edition of *On Dit* this year. The editorial made several points critical of NUS, some of which were factually wrong and others which I think should be balanced by taking into account the political context and limitations that NUS operates within.

NUS (National Union of Students) was formed in 1987 as part of the reaction by students to the reintroduction of fees and user pays education. The previous national student union (AUS) collapsed in 1984. Up until shortly before this time AUS in conjunction with academic unions and teachers' organisations formed a powerful higher education lobby that successfully won reforms in the higher education sector (such as the abolition of tuition fees) from the Whitlam ALP Government and defended many of these reforms from the Fraser Liberal Government.

With the demise of AUS and the ascension to power of "economic rationalists" within the ALP a new agenda for higher education was set - one based on the reintroduction of user pays education, privatisation, declining real Commonwealth expenditure on the sector and a conviction in the desirability of fewer but larger institutions.

It is fair to say that NUS was already "behind the eight-ball" by the time it was formed because the basic premises of the Government's higher education agenda had already been largely set. Nevertheless, NUS has tried a wide variety of tactics to win the best deal for students - from "respectable" tactics such as conducting research, writing submissions and meeting directly with the relevant ministers to more "radical" tactics such as rallies, street theatre and occupying the stock-exchange. Important concessions have been won - for example on AUSTUDY and HECS rebates - concessions that will give thousands of Australian students significant financial assistance. The SA Branch of NUS (NUS-SA) also played a major role in preventing the State Government from introducing fees for TAFE students. This doesn't mean that we should restrict ourselves to winning concessions - we must continue to challenge any damaging higher education agenda whether it be a Liberal Government or an ALP Government. The *On Dit* editors should balance their views by acknowledging the successes that NUS has had.

The *On Dit* editors argue that NUS "has done little to encourage direct participation by the general student body". Participatory democracy is a good thing. NUS-SA recognises that direct student input into the running student campaigns is essential if these campaigns are to be successful. For example, the state branch runs its education campaigns through a participatory Regional Education Group and its women's campaigns through an open Women's Committee. All meetings of the State Executive and State Conference are open for any student from a member campus to attend. The restrictions placed on National Conference are due to the sheer physical size of the venues.

However, some level of formal representative "bureaucracy" is necessary for any national organisation that claims to be democratic. For example, if the delegate system was replaced with a system whereby every student who turned up would have a vote this would invariably lead to National Conference being dominated by students from whatever city that National Conference was held. To be democratic and financially responsible a bureaucratic delegate system is necessary. These

delegates are elected directly by students. The officers of the union are accountable to these delegates as well as the NUS Budget, Regulations, Constitutions and Policy.

With regards to the NUS membership fees it should be noted that this year's fee is set at \$3.90 EFTSU (this roughly works out to about \$2.70 per student) not the \$5 per student as cited in your editorial. This puts Adelaide University's contribution to NUS on a similar level to the grants that some individual sporting clubs draw from the Union Fee (and a tiny fraction of the Students' Association or Adelaide University Union grants). The previous national student union (AUS) set a fee of \$3.00 when at its peak in the mid seventies. This indicates that there has been a very significant real decline in the funding of national unions over the last fifteen years. Trying to run a national organisation on such a paltry fee level places severe financial restraints on the union's ability to have on-campus organisers. The union is instead often forced to rely on state and national officers liaising with on-campus students representatives and general students. This means that on many campuses it is up to the local students to take advantage of the campaign materials provided by NUS and show some initiative. After all, who understands the problems and local condition of a campus better than the students at that campus. With the prospect of \$1200 up front fees (not the \$12000 cited in your editorial but nevertheless worrying) looming there is a greater need for a democratic national student organisation than ever before. NUS is organising a campaign around the Federal election. For those who want to get involved in the education campaign look for the notices of Regional Education Group meetings on the notice boards next to the Students' Association.

Yours in Union,
Graham Hastings
NUS-SA Education Officer

Eds: It comes as no surprise that the only people who complained about our editorial are NUS office bearers. Where was the NUS stand in the O Week of such a politically important year? So much for grass roots politics.

Corruption?

Dear Editors,
How is that the so-called "left" candidates who got elected by students to the Education Committee of the University last year promising to represent the interests of students to the University Administration have now got jobs working for the University.

The conflict of interest is obvious. On one hand they must push a student line, lobby for student needs and put pressure on the University. On the other hand, their objectiveness is severely compromised by the hefty pay outs they get from their cushy jobs in the Registry.

Who do they listen to? The nebulous concept of student interests or the cost-cutting, often anti-student agenda of their paymasters in Uni Admin.

Don't believe me? Have a look at how their voting patterns have done a complete U-turn. People who got our votes arguing against Amalgamation (as it was not in our interests) now quite shamelessly promote the pro-Amalgamation stance

of the University. It doesn't stop there.

Why would committed students activists sell-out? Have a look at the beautiful stone villa in a leafy Prospect Avenue that Penny Wong and Anthea Howard can now afford. And the expensive clothes. Why give such a lifestyle up for the sakes of students - the majority of whom don't give a fuck.

From a student who gives a fuck.

Bad air in Parliament

Dear Editors,

I wish to lend my support to Mr Bruce's stand in the upper house against allowing the photographing of parliamentary members caught sleeping, nose picking or bum scratching. It is entirely unfair that a colleague snapped innocently exploring a nasal cavity or rummaging among his genitalia should suffer the public odium when other members, guilty of far more odious activities, go scott free. I refer, of course, to the parliamentary fartiers who, under the cloak of parliamentary privilege, wreak with impunity purple faced asphyxiation.

I can tell you from experience that it is pretty off-putting to have Bob Gregory return from a lengthy session with his snout in the subsidized parliamentary trough and let go with an eye-waterer that has members falling around him like he was the epicentre of a minor earthquake; and, from the other benches, Stan Evans can produce a horse and cart that would clear a quarry. Then there's the new speaker, Norm Petersen. Crikey, he doesn't half honk! You can take the wharfie out of the Port but you can't take the Port out of the wharfie. And believe me, it is no fun at all to be half way through a difficult question without notice when Don Hopgood opens his lunchbox right next to you. The women are no better either. Barbara Wiessie may look all sweetness and light, but it's every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost when she thunders one out.

As for myself, you will be pleased to know that, just like many people would have suspected, I never fart.

Yours faithfully,
John Bannon.

Yes, we have a policy!

Dear Eds,

Listening to the radio (5UV, I think) last week, I heard Janine Haines moaning (does she ever do anything else?) about the mass-media's constant refusal to cover the Democrats' economic policy statements. She said this was the main reason that the Democrats were constantly accused of being an opportunistic party and not a viable alternative to the major parties. Thus, I was less than impressed by the article beneath your editorial, written by an anonymous author, that merely continued this refusal. Please don't tell me you didn't have time to contact the Democrats, and please don't tell me that you were depending on the mass-media for your info (unless that's the truth, of course). Meanwhile, keep up the good work.

Marc Hudson

Fringe Security Problems

Dear Eds,

It is with a sense of disappointment that I write this. I am an ardent supporter of the Fringe Programme and the role it plays in Adelaide's cultural life. Nevertheless, nothing is above reproach.

Since the 1986 Festival I have been going to the Fringe Club and have had nothing but good to say for it. It is a place where a wide cross section of the community can relax, share a beer and soak up the carnival spirit, united by an interest in the artistic smorgasbord on offer.

Unfortunately, this has not been my experience of the Fringe Club in 1990. The festive atmosphere of previous years remains but a shadow of intimidation and thuggery is becoming increasingly prevalent.

On Wednesday night in the space of half an hour a male friend of mine was physically assaulted, punched three times in the face, and a female friend was sexually harassed by an unwelcome and overly amorous drunk.

This entire episode happened within five metres of three security guards. Their disinterest in our plight extended beyond ignoring us to chatting with the friend of our assailant. Whilst Security did help my "punch drunk" friend out of the dirt, and inquire what had happened, the offender was not asked to leave.

The cause of the problem is alcohol but obviously the answer is not to prohibit drinking. Likewise, the failings of security do not lie directly with the Fringe Organisation - there were enough bouncers employment to attend to the problem. The problem lies with the security guards whose complete disinterest in their work is making the Fringe Club a less and less attractive place to while away the wee small hours.

Ironically, security at the entrance is extremely tight. After midnight one can only enter the Club with a Fringe ticket; a case of closing the gate once the horse has bolted it seems.

If the Fringe Club is interested in keeping up its attendance it better solve its security problems rapidly. Luckily, with three weeks left they have plenty of time to eradicate the undesirable.

I'm sure I am not alone in hoping they do.
John Waldon

Christians Against Everything

Dear Editors,

I wish to protest most strongly about everything that has been printed so far this year in *On Dit*.

Vincent Badgerstool,
Christians Against Everything

Party

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The editorial in last Wednesday's Advertiser was as predictable as it was depressing. "Democracy Triumphs" it cheered. "The ballot box has at last replaced the gun in Nicaragua. The weekend's election promises the first fully democratic transfer of power...since 1821."

It is not surprising to read this sort of pig-ignorant misinformation in *The Advertiser*. The editor, Piers Ackerman, has a well developed ability to fill editorials with diatribe and vitriol under the smokescreen of objective journalism.

Ackerman's editorial was a squalid account of one of the most tragic periods in recent history. Large parts of it were lies. The last "fully democratic transfer of power" in Nicaragua was in 1984, when the Sandinistas won with 67% of the vote. Unsurprisingly, the United States (and Britain and Israel) branded it a fraud. But every other country in the United Nations agreed that it was completely democratic. The Nicaraguan constitution provides for a six-year term, and the Sandinistas honoured that obligation.

First of all, I should say that last week's election was also democratic. Most of the

population voted, their votes were counted, and at the end of the day conservative candidate Violeta Chamorro emerged victorious.

The problem with the election is that the circumstances in which it was held were anything but democratic. The mainstream press admitted that the US had given \$3 million to Chamorro for her election campaign, but other sources, such as American journalist Noam Chomsky, put the figure at closer to \$12 million.

But wait, cry the conservatives and liberals in unison, didn't the Sandinistas get vast amounts of military and economic aid from the Soviets for years? Sure they did. They began getting aid in 1983, after the contras had been set up by the CIA, and the Reagan Administration had applied a complete trade blockade to Nicaragua. Even the dullest exponent of realpolitik would admit this was "a logical step to guarantee the survival of the state."

And it was these two factors that assured Chamorro of victory. It was so easy for her to associate the Sandinistas with war and poverty. Nicaragua has plenty of both, but it has nothing to do with "the rule of the gun" and "totalitarian centralism" as *The Advertiser* would have us believe.

The contras ran an immaculate programme of low-intensity warfare, burning crops, blowing up schools, churches and hospitals, and killing people-

people's children. The trade embargo deprived Nicaragua of its only real trading partner, the USA, making it impossible to get the most basic of items. The whole country collapsed.

Despite these enormous obstacles, the Sandinistas managed to raise literacy, reduce infant mortality and develop a strong health and education system. But last week this was all forgotten. Chamorro capitalised so easily on Nicaragua's misery. President Ortega did not represent justice and progress. He represented a continuation of the war, the hunger, and the misery. And he lost. People can only take so much, which is why they voted for the least "provocative" party.

The media continues to bash the Sandinistas. In the past it accused them of supporting the Tianenmen Square massacre, when they had reprinted and condemned the official Beijing line on the event in the Sandinista daily, *Barricada*. Last March, when Ortega was deciding whether or not to meet with the contras to discuss the cease-fire, American networks hadn't heard news of his

decision by the time they had to go to air. They assumed that he wouldn't meet with them. However, when Ortega did decide to meet with the contras, they slipped it in on the late news. If you throw mud, some of it sticks. But then it's easy to guess what Marxists will do, isn't it?

The Advertiser is just as bad. Last Wednesday it speculated that the "Marxist" Sandinistas would not not respect the result, chiefly because of the "highly indoctrinated Sandinista army". Firstly, why are the Sandinistas always "Marxist"? Why not describe Chile, El Salvador and Guatemala as fascist states with the most dismal human rights records in all of Latin America? And secondly, how highly indoctrinated is the US army, anyway?

Everybody loves people's power behind the iron curtain. Everybody loved the Chinese students. Thousands of people demonstrated against the actions of the Chinese government out of sheer disgust at that most appalling violation of human rights. But in Nicaragua, people's power is "communism." Who went to the demonstration against the bombing of El Salvador by the US-run Christiani regime in November? Who cared about the

involvement of Australian industry with the Pinochet regime in Chile? How many people demonstrated against the death sentences imposed on the Sharpeville Six? Did anybody even know about it?

Probably not. It is not that people are callous or selfish. They are ignorant, and the media is to blame. Our media is not doing its job. It mindlessly follows the hideous syntax of the American press. Boris Yeltsin almost bursts into tears the first time he sees the Statue of Liberty. Boris is a visionary who yearns for freedom. And the Nicaraguan peasant who decides to vote for the Sandinistas, even though his friends and possibly even his family have been killed by the contras, is an enemy of freedom, a Marxist sympathiser. His poverty can be explained not by the eight year war, or the eight year trade embargo, but the rule of the "gun and totalitarian centralism in Nicaragua."

And Ackerman, with his putrid grandstanding about human freedom, should go and ask the contras about it. They'd probably shoot him. Or, then again, they might just sign him up.

David Penberthy
Steve Jackson

EDGE OF DARKNESS

A study into Sellafield, the notorious British nuclear power station, confirms that genetic damage has been caused by radiation. James Prest reports.

A recently published scientific study has come to the conclusion that an abnormally high incidence of cancer among children in a British village was clearly linked to their father's work at a nuclear reprocessing plant nearby.

The study, in the British Medical Journal, has confirmed that childhood leukaemia in the area surrounding the Sellafield nuclear plant in Cumbria, Northern England is the result of radiation induced damage to the sex cells of the male plant workers.

The study, by Professor Martin Gardiner of the British Medical Research Council's environmental epidemiology unit at Southampton University, found that the risk of children contracting leukaemia around Sellafield was 1 in 200 compared to a national average of 1 in 2000.

It compared 52 childhood leukaemia cases in the Sellafield area between 1950 and 1985 with 1001 matched "controls".

The investigator's theory is that exposure to radiation of the workers has transmitted genetic damage to children, leaving them more than normally prone to leukaemia.

The study curiously concluded, however, that the children's cancers were not related to environmental discharges from the plant, which have made the Irish Sea the World's most radioactive.

The normally pro nuclear British government called for an inquiry into the matter, fearful of reaction from other British nuclear workers.

The company running the plant, British Nuclear Fuels, remarked that the findings a cause for concern". This appears self evident given BNFL's recent announcements that it was spending 1.5 m pounds per day on new plant at the site.

Sellafield's 40 year history is shrouded in controversy. In 1957 a fire at the plant released radiation which subsequently caused 33 deaths.

170 leaks of radioactive material from a "safe" silo at



the plant occurred between 1950 and 1976. Following a series of leaks in 1986 and 1987, regulatory bodies ordered BNFL to improve procedures. Employees claimed that government monitoring equipment was interfered with in order to cover up contamination. 90% of the waste produced by the British civilian nuclear programme is stored at Sellafield. (formerly known as Windscale before public image problems began).

The official 1989 Sellafield

health and safety report admitted that 405 employees had received radiation doses in excess of the government's "safe" upper limit.

Other leukaemia clusters had earlier been identified near nuclear installations at Dounreay in Scotland, at Aldermaston and Burghfield in Berkshire, Hinkley Point, and around the Clyde (Holy Loch), Rosyth and Devonport nuclear submarine refitting yards.

Up until now the UK Atomic Authority has denied the link between the leukaemia

clusters and genetic damage in all the other cases.

Greenpeace UK called for an immediate end to the nuclear reprocessing industry and the closure of all nuclear power stations within four years.

Now that the study has proven the link between radiation and genetic damage, South Australian environmentalists have called for action to protect workers at Roxby Downs uranium mine from genetic damage as a result of radiation exposure.

James Prest

TROUBLE AT ROXBY

Dennis Matthews, a Flinders University Chemistry Professor recently resigned from the State Government's twelve member Radiation Protection Committee. The committee advises the government on worker's health and safety at the Roxby Downs uranium mine. James Prest asked him why.

James Prest : Dennis, what were the reasons for your resignation ?

Dennis Matthews: I'd been on the committee five years. When I looked at my contributions on that committee, I found that I hadn't got much to show for five years effort. And that, of course, had a lot to do with who else was on that committee.

JP: What can you tell us about the composition of the committee ?

DM: According to the Act (Radiation Protection and Control Act of 1982) all the other members of the committee are experts in various fields : radiography and X ray radiology, radiochemistry, mining, etcetera.

JP: Are you saying that they have a vested interest in the continuation of the nuclear industry ?

DM: Well, they're all connected with it in one way or another.

JP: Do you think that is influencing their decisions ?

DM : Well, I think it has to. You'd be superhuman for it not to affect your decisions. Because of the big difference between the way they saw things and the way I saw things, their judgement was being coloured by their involvement [in the nuclear industry]. Without even being deliberately biased, they were -- they couldn't help it.

JP: Is there a case for a wider membership of the committee ?

DM: Yes, particularly people

from the group who are at risk - rather than the people who are putting them at risk.

Here have a situation where you have to be careful because here are jobs and reputations and departments and little empires. You have to assume, to be on the safe side, that these people are going to be slightly biased in their approach. That's why you need a balance on the committee.

You can't have eleven from the nuclear industry and one from outside, you need six of each and then you might come up with a reasonable decision.

JP: In an earlier interview, you termed the exclusion of [Roxby] workers from the committee "paternalistic".

DM: Yes, this group of experts is saying "Trust us, we'll look after you". I think many workers wouldn't accept that. They'd rather have a say in it themselves.

JP: Roxby management representatives often say that it is the responsibility of workers to make use of the safety equipment provided such as breathing apparatus. What's your comment ?

DM : I suppose people have to have the choice, don't they. But you have to make sure it's an informed choice. If you're going to give them the choice you have to make sure they're given the best possible information.



JP: Do you think Roxby Management Services has been adequately performing its duty to inform its workers ?

DM: They probably haven't been telling them about the history of low level radiation, and in particular the history of the maximum allowable dose. They've probably been saying "Look it's 50 [mSv - Mille Sieverts] and none of you are getting anywhere near that" but not telling them that ten years ago it was 500 mSv, (thereby giving them the opportunity to ask why it was that in the past there have been such a massive downward revisions of the MAD).

JP: What has been happening internationally with regards to revision of the MAD ?

DM : About a year ago the English body which looks after this sort of thing recommended, as a result of the reassessment of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki data, a 15mSv rather than 50 mSv per annum limit. And just recently the equivalent body in the US has said "we've underestimated the effect of low level radiation by a factor of 3 to 4 times". If you work that through the calculations it also indicates a figure of 15 rather than 50 mSv.

What hasn't happened (although they've been looking at it for well over a year), is the international body, the ICRP, hasn't made a final decision. I would be very surprised if anyone involved with with ionising radiation, for example from the Health Commission, were not almost certain that in the near future it is going to be 15mSv. It's just a matter of time.

JP: If the MAD were to become 15 mSv per annum, would this force the closure of Roxby Downs ?

DM: Not necessarily, it will make it more expensive, and I think they're already having trouble making ends meet, although the government has allowed the floor price of uranium to fall. But that's not the end of it. 15 mSv is what's likely to happen in the next 12 months, but in the next ten years the limit will probably go lower.

DM : I think there's general agreement now on this Hiroshima and Nagasaki data, except it's a matter of following it through and I guess there's quite a few barriers to overcome in terms of industry acceptance. It will life very difficult for them. I don't think 15mSv is the end of the road. It'll go down to 10 and 5 mSv.

JP: Are you saying there is no "safe level" of exposure to low level radiation ?

DM : No, there isn't.

JP: Then we're not making a scientific decision ? Are we making a political decision ?

DM: Yes, the first decision is a political one. You've got to say we're accepting this or that much risk, and then calculating what is the maximum dose one can get for that much risk.

JP: Was there evidence of rational decision making while you were on the Radiation Protection Committee ?

DM: There are all sorts of rationalities, aren't there! Their idea of rational is a bit different from mine I suppose.

JP: Some people say that it would be possible to mine just the copper and the gold at Roxby, leaving the uranium in the ground ?

Would this be possible ?

DM: You can't mine the copper alone, because it and the uranium

tend to be fairly intimately mixed. There are pockets where the copper is richer, but they tend to be mixed. And you're still going to have the same health hazards from Radon gas in the mining process, even if you were to try just mining copper.

JP: Is the public at risk from the practice of transporting yellowcake [refined uranium ore] through the metropolitan area [prior to it being loaded onto ships at Port Adelaide] ?

DM: The hazards relate to the possibility of an accident. One of the scenarios involves a strong Northerly wind distributing radioactive particles that are a risk if ingested all over the market gardening areas at Virginia. I'm not aware of any real emergency plans.

JP: Dennis, how would you feel if we were to regulate Roxby Downs to such an extent that Western Mining would leave S.A. and set up in a Third World country where the regulations weren't as strong ?

DM: I think Australia basically is a Third World country.

Australia is such a Third World country, that's why all this stuff has been happening here. Many companies have been doing things here that they weren't allowed to do in their own country.

Do you remember Honeymoon with the leach mining proposal [where thousands of litres of acid was to be pumped deep into the ground to remove uranium] ? One of the big issues here was an American company coming to Australia, and more or less experimenting; doing things they weren't allowed to in the US where they had caused big problems with this process in New Mexico.

In many ways, Australia is a Third World country.

Academic evaluation needs examining

Alan Fairley, SAUA Project and Research Officer examines some of the issues linked to academic performance. The topic has come to prominence due to the Conservatorium controversy (see page three).

In last Thursday's *Advertiser* the Education writer, Brian Donaghy, presented a feature entitled "Hard lessons in equality". The article blended several themes relevant to higher education institutions. The main focus was the creation of particular needs in our institutions at this time of change in higher education policy, particularly as the social composition of the student body is made more representative of the community as a whole. Related issues are also generated including admissions policies, the nature and extent of student support services, quality of teaching, and student satisfaction with courses.

The article draws heavily on two significant documents which provide a critique of the performance of South Australian institutions. Shirley Wheeler's study of 1985 students "What Can Be Done To Help Student Succeed in Higher Education" is a comparative work. Steve Harvey's "Excellence Without Equity" deals with similar phenomena at this University. The Harvey paper initiated a University response through the creation of a Working Party to examine the provision of Study Skills and Literacy Support at the University. The Report of the Working Party was released in October 1989. It is expected that some resolution regarding the Working Party's recommendations will be made in the next month or so. It is clear that the findings of the Working Party (on which I represented the Students' Association) sustained the concerns raised in both Wheeler and Harvey's papers. The way in which the University authorities respond to the recommendations

will indicate whether they are interested in actually addressing the problems or simply attempting to cover them up.

In a future issue of *On Dit* I will evaluate the University's response to the Working Party recommendations. Despite some positive schemes, and dedicated work by key staff, the present system of Study Skills and Literacy Support was found to have major deficiencies, and the University community host to a large degree of unmet demand. Demands in the future will only increase.

Shirley Wheeler's paper provides an intensive analysis of first year students entering the five South Australian tertiary institutions in 1985 (University of Adelaide, Roseworthy, SACAE, SAIT, and Flinders University). It analyses the problems these students faced, identified strategies for overcoming these problems and looked at the conditions under which they might be successful.

The three main strategies for improving student progress in courses were identified as adequate preparation prior to entry, provision of appropriate student support services and quality teaching. The University's response to the Working Party on Study Skills and Literacy will indicate its attitude to the first two categories. Recent discussion at the University Executive Committee may indicate problems in the third area. At the most recent meeting on 14 February opportunity was sought for student input in the matter of *Evaluation Policy*

At that meeting an Evaluation policy came forward as part of the Advisory Centre for University Education (ACUE) Annual Report. Wendy Wakefield, Students' Association Representative on the University Executive moved that the policy be referred back to the ACUE so that student concerns could be discussed in more detail, and hopefully accommodated in the policy. Of the over twenty senior academics and administrators on the Executive, only one supported this request for more discussion. Most contributions from the academics reacted to the *idea* of student input into teaching evaluation and mechanisms for accountability, and didn't respond to what was a simple call for more discussion. The SAUA and ACUE will be holding discussions in any event, but it is hard to accept that Executive Committee has acted as anything other than an academics club, overreacting to a simple request for more discussion out of fear of some scrutiny and reporting on teaching standards in the University.

The actual policy pretends to deal with evaluation of "effective educational and teaching practices within the University". Unfortunately, it excludes students as a "client" group with an interest in soliciting evaluative work. The upshot of this is that the University runs closed teaching evaluations and has no capacity to even begin to assess the general quality of its teaching, or even sustain a claim to excellence in such an important area. The Students' Association acknowledges the need for confidentiality of data relating to

individual academics, but believes that the University should take specific steps to be accountable for teaching practices through the synthesising of collected data, and professional scrutiny of fundamental teaching skills.

In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, the broad student dissatisfaction with academic teaching standards at the University of Adelaide as shown in Wheeler's paper will only continue, and stand as an indictment of the University. It is a pity that the large number of committed and effective teachers within the University must continue to be dragged down by institutional reluctance to establish even rudimentary expectations in the area of basic professional skills. Wheeler uses the ironic statement of one educationist most effectively. The best strategy for getting lecturers to improve it seems is to get them to "face the front and speak clearly".

The University is, of course, a late comer to the idea of professional competence in teaching skills. Historically "research" was the basis for excellence as an academic, and as we all know; good researchers must be good teachers. Times have changed, however, and one of the positive spin-offs from the pressures being placed on the higher education system is that such a self serving idea is now redundant. Wheeler's data demonstrates that the University has a long way to go. We came in a poor last out of student ratings of South Australian Institutions in the significant categories of "The lecturers explained things clearly" and "The course was taught quite well".

Just as students were seen to need incentive to perform well, Wheeler argues that staff must see incentives in performing well as teachers:

"Where staff are not hired on the basis of their teaching ability; not provided with any teaching training; not assessed according to their teaching quality; and not rewarded for demonstrating a commitment to teaching; then they have little external incentive to improve."

The University is addressing some of these factors. It still has problems, however, in that there is no way of monitoring any improvement, or even of reporting on the improving (hopefully) situation.

It is expected that the University will continue to come under scrutiny with regard to its performance in key areas. Claims to excellence, will be sustained only if adequate levels of basic services are provided and the University can actually demonstrate that it has improved teaching in the face of evident student dissatisfaction. Student Representatives and the Students' Association will be working to see that these issues are pursued. We will welcome any input from students and other members of the University community.

Overseas students column

The first in an occasional series

Hi! A big welcome to all the new students (and those that have returned...) to start a great year at this University. This column will be published each week to keep students in touch with the goings-on's within the overseas students' community in Adelaide as well as publishing pieces of information and trivia that might be of interest to you!

Students are encouraged to join what is probably the most active club on campus - the O.S.A. The O.S.A., the main body on this University that co-ordinates, plans and to an extent funds most of the activities that overseas students engage in on this campus. Sports

days, day trips, snow trips, dance nights and cultural events are some of the areas which the club is involved in. The Association also keeps a list of information to do with scholarships and other such matters including changes to the overseas student policy in Australia. All of this information is compiled by the National Liaison Committee for Overseas Students, Australia (NLC) - our national body to which the O.S.A. is affiliated.

For those students still on the subsidised programme, you will be pleased to know that the NLC's efforts to get your fee paid in two installments has been approved by the Government. Better late than

never, I guess! Please call the Overseas Student Section of the Department of Employment, Education and Training (DEET) in Adelaide for further information on the instalment plan.

Information received by the O.S.A. this week also tells us that DEET has been a little slow this year in getting notices of payment/deposit slips out to re-enrolling students. So, if you haven't received yours - don't panic! You should receive your notice by the end of the week.

Important notice: This does not mean that the payment day has changed. It is still the 15th of March. Please contact the Department of Education if you are unsure of your obligations.

Sathish Dasan

New Aspects

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women's officer

natasha stott despoja

The Women's Officer position exists because women face difficulties and situations on campus that men do not have to contend with to the same extent (if at all). These include sexist and sexual harassment, gender-biased curriculum, rape, inadequate security provisions and a lack of childcare facilities.

The role of the Women's Officer is to promote women's participation in all areas of campus life. This is done by removing any obstacles that impede women's participation as well as providing incentives for increased participation in such activities.

The most important aspect of the Women's Officer position is that it is accessible. I am located in the Students' Association Office and am available for a coffee and a chat. I have access to information on topics ranging from sexuality and health to law and employment. Stickers, posters and badges are freely available and I have an impressive collection of tampons and condoms for those willing to ask for them.

I act as a trained Contact Officer in sexual harassment cases, which means I can represent students involved in complaints as well as offer

advice.

CHILDCARE

During enrolment you probably noticed a childcare survey being conducted. The aim of the survey was to establish the need for an on campus childcare facility. The survey is being undertaken by the Union, University and the Students' Association.

Distribution and collection points for the surveys include the Students' Association, Student Records Office and the Education Welfare Officer's office. I encourage any student parents on this campus to fill out a survey, which is due back by March 30.

The answers will hopefully help determine future development of the childcare services on campus.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday afternoon, 7 March

International Women's Day Party: Food and drink provided. Speakers! Gallery, Sixth Floor, Union Complex.

2-8 April

Women and Sport Week 1990. Fun Run and Self-Defence Classes. Guests Sportswomen, Speakers. Stay tuned.

Natasha Stott Despoja
Women's Officer

A special thank you to those O'Campers who endured the trials and tribulations of the Trivia Night presented by Leonard Schmegmar and Nancy Humperdink. This event was proudly brought to you by the SAUA and our sponsors Addler Elevator Shoes and Ex-Lax.

postgraduate student's association

mark Leahy

The Postgraduate Students' Association (PGSA) was formed in April of 1965; at its inaugural meeting fifty five postgraduates were present and passed a motion creating an autonomous postgraduate association, whose primary aims were the "representation of the interests of postgraduate students to the Administration and others" the "obtaining of benefits for postgraduates" and "the promotion of academic and social contact between postgraduate students".

For the first few years, the PGSA functioned primarily as a venue for postgraduates to meet and discuss concerns. A number of speakers

presented papers on various issues (eg. in 1966, the then Attorney-General, Don Dunstan, gave a speech on "Justice for the Small Man [sic]").

In 1969, University Council formally recognised the PGSA and a liaison committee was established between the Vice-Chancellor's Office and the Association. This provided a means of communicating student concerns to the University decision-making bodies. During the seventies, the University began to realise the legitimacy of student representation and created a number of postgraduate representative positions on various committees.

Shortly after, this representation flowed through to undergraduates.

The PGSA has continued to represent the interests of postgraduates over the years, effectively ensuring postgraduates have a voice within the University and outside (to governments, working parties, etc.). We work in close liaison with the SAUA, arguing on behalf of students in a variety of issues (eg. intellectual property, democratic structures, research maintenance, students services). Much of our effectiveness over the last few years has been due to a unified undergraduate and postgraduate front in the promotion of student interests, especially on

Executive Committee and University Council.

The Association has a miniscule budget (\$43k) and is staffed by one Research/Organiser. Each year the PGSA presents a budget to the AUU Board, which decides the final allocation. Usually unrealistic cut-backs are imposed upon our budget; for example, we only have enough money within our publications line for one and a half newsletters (compare this to SUPRA our counterpart at Sydney University, which has three staff and a budget of \$250k).

Despite minimal resources, we shall continue to represent postgraduate as best we can. The

Association will be organising a series of seminars and meetings in future months, as well as continuing to participate in programs such as the ACUE's seminar on supervision practice (which we held last week). We are also investigating better means of communicating with postgraduates off-campus (eg. the Waite Institute).

If you have any specific problems, feel free to contact us on Ext. 5898. We shall be having an AGM in March and details of this, as well as our current activities will be sent to all postgraduates and Honours students through our *Postgraduate News* soon.

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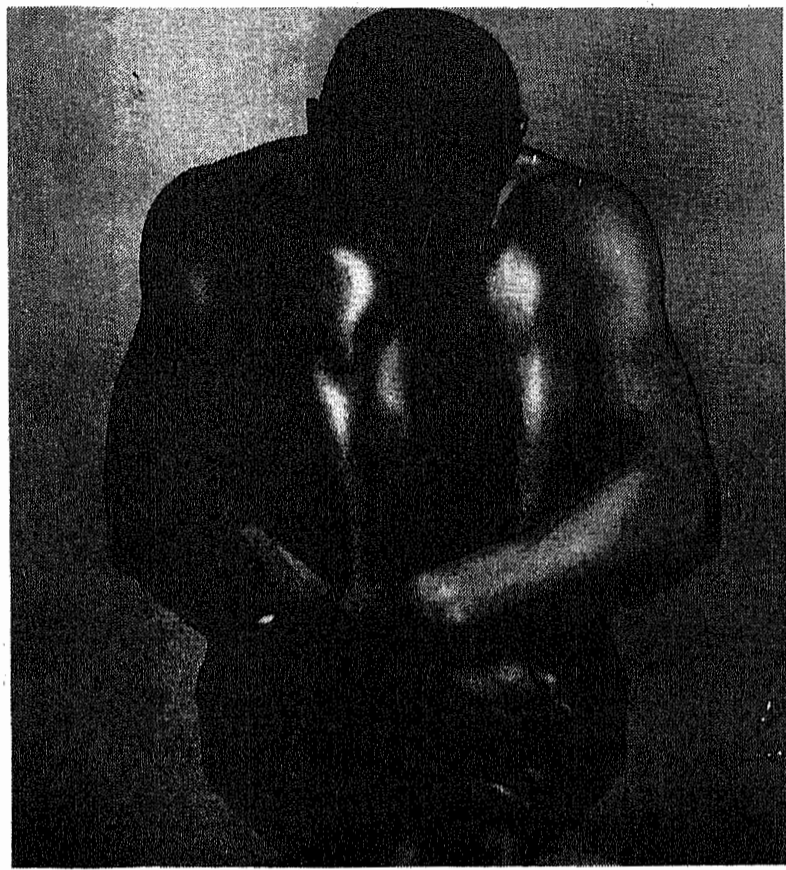
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gays and lesbians speak on solidarity and understanding

As the anti - AIDS sexual puritan backlash deepens, solidarity amongst gays and lesbians is becoming increasingly important.



The word Homosexual is an adjective used to describe the sexual attraction to one of the same sex. Homosexuality, as a natural variation in (human) sexuality, has been around throughout recorded history. For much of this time homosexuality has been seen in a negative light - sinful, evil and more recently as a mental disorder. Nowadays, though, it has come to be more widely accepted. Accordingly, these homosexual people have become more open and visible.

Gays and Lesbians - the words that are generally accepted to describe homosexual men and women respectively - are everywhere! Some places, they are just a little more obvious (eg. in Sydney and San Francisco). They are even on the campuses in Adelaide. A famous study on sexual behaviour - the Kinsey Report - has indicated that approximately 10% of the population have homosexual inclinations (and this is only a conservative estimate).

Sexuality, in general, is a difficult issue to deal with, and this society does not promote awareness and discussion of certain sexual issues and differing sexualities. It is then up to the individual to work out their own sexuality and this may take years of agonising soul-

searching. Some, though, work through it more easily. More often than not, these people have worked their sexuality out by discussing it with other people.

One of the primary roles of the Gay and Lesbian Association is to offer people support and a forum to discuss sexual issues relevant to them in a totally non-threatening and non-judgemental way. This service is primarily offered to those who are unsure of their sexual identity.

GALA has been around on the campus for quite a few years. It was formerly known as GaySoc, and recently changed its name with an increase in wimmin members.

It is hoped that this year will be even more successful in its aims and objectives than previous years. All previous members are encouraged to re-join and those who see the need to be a part of the group are encouraged to join. Contact can be made through GALA's pigeonhole at the Clubs Association Office or through GayLine (Ph: 232 0794 between 7.00 pm and 10.00 pm nightly and leaving your name and contact department).

Members will be notified of times and places of meetings, when some membership has been secured and such events are organised.

Good luck to all students in the forthcoming year, regardless of your gender, race, sexual orientation, socio-economic upbringing or political affiliations.

camp america needs you!

Summer camp - the American myth. Everybody has heard about it or even seen movies, but not much is known about this standard cliché. For starters, it isn't just a yuppie experience. There are camps all over the states that cater to most socio-economic backgrounds. The YMCA camps are the most notorious, but there are several others - some with religious affiliation, community centres or community service based. Most of the local community centres offer a day camps set-up, but it is the boarding camp that attracts the most attention.

The boarding camp season runs for ten weeks from mid-June to the end of August and takes kids between 5 and 17. Most kids think two weeks is the minimum time to spend, however, most would prefer to stay longer. This could be because camp offers the chance to meet other children of the same age without the competitive atmosphere at school. It also means no parents and although the dreaded younger/older (fill in as applicable) sibling may be there as well, the two never rely have to acknowledge each other. It is the activities that really make the camp though. Don't be fooled, camp is not easy. Most start the day between 7-7.30am and go through until 9.30-10pm. The day is filled with non-stop activity so by 10.00 most children are more than ready to sleep. Those activities depend on where the camps is geographically located, whether in the mountains, on the waterfront, or the plains and what each camp is geared for, such as horses, arts academic pursuits and so on. If the camp is geared towards 'general activities' there will probably be a little of everything offered.

next to the activities the counsellors are what really determine what camp will be like. They must be energetic as well as patient, and a wild and off the wall sense of humour doesn't go astray. being a camp counsellor is not an easy job, but it can be very rewarding. If the other staff members are fun people (as they most likely will be) then everyone is like a big ole Walton's family. Becoming a camp counsellor is not too difficult. There are a number of organisations that have been developed to help people become counsellors, and one such group is Camp America. They put people in contact with camps that are suited to their skills and where they will be most needed. It is a way to experience camp and have the option of being able to travel around America when the camp season ends.

Don't be fooled, camp counselling is hard work, and at times very stressful, but it is where you can make the best friends you will ever have and also have a lot of fun. If you are interested in applying for a position as a camp counsellor, contact the STA on Level 4, Union House, but hurry because applications close on 15 March, 1990.

Holly McKnight

international women's day is march 8

The Women's Officer of the Student Association *Natasha Stott Despoja*, writes about the importance of International Women's Day and invites all women to it's campus celebration.

International Women's Day has been seen as a time for asserting women's political and social rights, for reviewing the progress that women have made, and a day for celebration.

March 8 is International Women's Day and it has been celebrated by women around the world since early this century. IWD was proposed in 1908 at an international socialist women's gathering by Klara Zetkin, a leader of the German Social Democratic Party. This date was proposed because working class women in the New York clothing trades had heled successful strikes twice on this date. In Australia IWD was first celebrated around 1928.

IWD started at a time of great social crisis, therefore inheriting a tradition of protest and political activism. From the turn of the 20th Century, which was the time when women were entering paid work, women's employment was very sex-segregated and the wages terrible, thus sparking off industrial disputes.

At this time women didn't even have the right to vote. So women from all social strata began to campaign against this, especially throughout Europe, Britain and America.

IWD expanded as the years went on and became actively celebrated in many countries. Women throughout the world viewed IWD as an opportunity each year to press for their demands. Over the years the date altered from time to time depending on the current situations in each country.

The demands women were fighting for were ones such as: an eight hour day, a basic wage for the unemployed, annual holidays on full pay, opposing night work for health reasons, and equal pay and increased opportunities for work and education. IWD has experienced many ebbs and flows as a day that helps to push women's issues onto the political agenda. Women continue to see IWD as an important occasion for reviewing, restating and regularly acting on the political, economic and social rights of women.

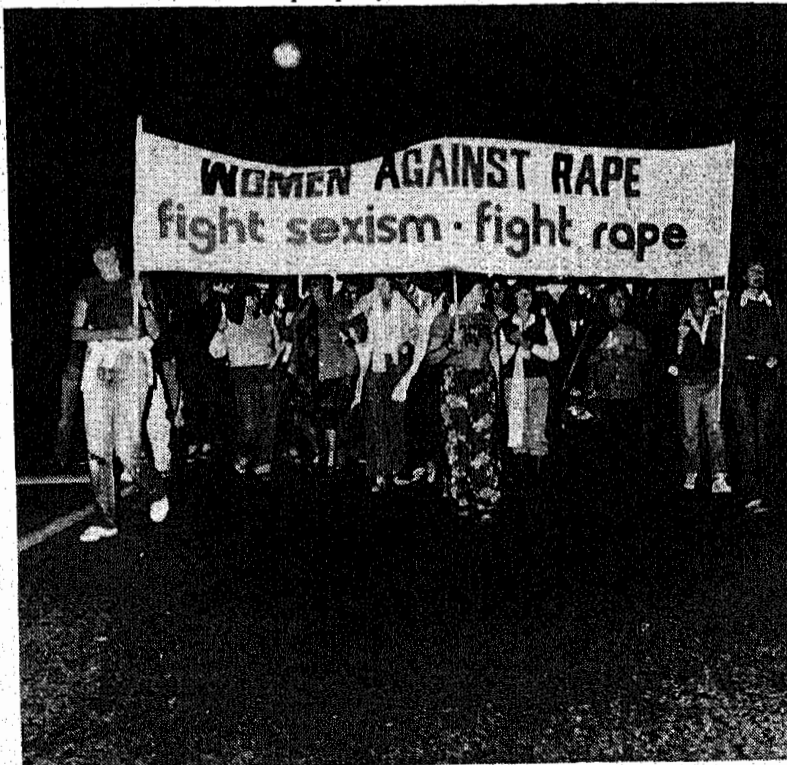
Since the first march in Australia in 1928, the numbers of women participating have been increasing. IWD is now an established event and has a particular date on which it is held each year. On March 8th, 1978 there was a large protest in Sydney demonstrating about the impossible housing conditions for young women. March 8th is now known as International Women's

Day. It continues to focus upon all issues important to women, including sexuality, class, and race. IWD is an important event which all women should learn about and support.

This year's IWD is being celebrated with an on campus party

in the Union Gallery (Level 6, Union House) in the afternoon. Food and drink will be provided and all women are welcome. Stay tuned for more details.

Natasha Stott Despoja
Women's Officer



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March 7 - 17 7.30 p.m.
 (excluding Sunday & Monday)

Little Theatre Adelaide University

Tickets from BASS or at the door



safe
sex
is

good sex

David Penberthy finds out exactly how much fun you can have with a piece of rubber in your mouth.

AIDS is a topic with a tendency to bring out the most dreary and predictable platitudes - "It's an issue that faces us all", "AIDS is our responsibility", and so forth. Whilst such observations may be founded on the most perfect wisdom, there is a depressing feeling that somehow the whole question of sex is reduced to a clinical act performed with as much rubber as possible.

It should be obvious now that safe sex is not an advertising slogan from the health department, but a way of life which everybody has a social responsibility to adopt. The problem is that not everybody has adopted it, and that many of the campaigns mounted by the Health Department are not going to encourage people to adopt it. Scare tactics such as the Grim Reaper image and the "One Prick and You're Dead" slogan do more to confuse the AIDS issue than educate people and encourage them to lead a sexually fulfilling and socially responsible lifestyle.

It was refreshing then to talk with Janine Mackay from the Melbourne Theatre Company, Out Theatre Inc, about their "All Thrills, No Spills" cabaret. Their show deals with the importance of safe sex in a most unpredictable and enlightening fashion. Rather than pontificating about safe sex - "place condom over member in order to survive", the show has a refreshing message - "think, then get your gear off and have a hell of a good time".

"It should be obvious now that safe sex is not an advertising slogan...but a way of life which everybody has a social responsibility to adopt."

ON DIT: What sort of venues has "All Thrills, No Spills" played?

Janine: We're playing at the Fringe as a part of their schools programme, but in Melbourne we've done mostly campuses. Last year we were funded by the Health Department of Victoria to do metropolitan campuses, and that went very successfully.

ON DIT: Have you had any problems in South Australia with performing at remand centres? You probably know that in prisons here, condoms and syringes are not freely issued.

Janine: We've been doing remand centres in Victoria and we wanted to do the same here in South Australia, but we're not allowed to because of that. On a ministerial level we've been rejected.

ON DIT: With a show specifically about sex and AIDS and the various problems that these topics raise, has the show been received with a lot of controversy, as other AIDS related projects have been in the past?

Janine: No, this one hasn't. At campuses it's been received in much the same way it would be by an audience at your Uni. We've played at remand centres, health centres and prisons. Basically we're promoting safe sex as being fun.

Sex now, for everyone, is safe sex. The two words should be synonymous. The point that we're trying to make is that safe sex is fun sex.

ON DIT: Do you think that most people see safe sex as dull?

Janine: Yeah... they see it as being really restrictive and putting a damper on the fun. That certainly isn't the message we're putting across in the cabaret. It's not the way we see it at all.

ON DIT: How do you actually deal with the issue of safe sex in the show? How graphic does it get?

Janine: Very graphic. You don't really need nudity, but it is graphic. It is a cabaret, so by utilising that format we make it completely accessible to our audience. It's a deadly issue but we deal with it through comedy. It sounds strange, but you can sit back, enjoy yourself and have a really good laugh.

"we promote their [latex squares] use...but from a very sensual and erotic perspective."

ON DIT: How are the various themes dealt with in the show?

Janine: It's a whole series of scenes and songs that deal with safe sex and the alternatives to penetrative sex. It's quite liberating I think. We're saying, through comedy, that if you want to have oral sex or if you want to have penetrative sex, use a condom or a dental dam.

ON DIT: A what? A dental dam?

Janine: Yeah, have you heard of them?

ON DIT: No, I can't say I have actually.

Janine: Well, it's a latex square that you can use for oral sex. We promote their use in the show, but from a very sensual and erotic perspective.

ON DIT: How much fun can you have with a bit of rubber in your mouth?

Janine: A lot of fun. People need to make a shift, and not see it as a negative thing. You can incorporate a lot of the safe sex techniques into sexual play. You've just got to use your imagination.

ON DIT: So the cabaret takes things like condoms and...dental dams, which are usually seen in a fairly clinical light, and portray them more as sex toys which do not impede but enhance sex?

Janine: Exactly. We deal directly with sexuality. Everybody has a sexuality, so it's applicable to everybody. Everybody who sees the show will get a few tips. We deal with drug use as well, not in a promotional way, but we acknowledge the fact that there are people out there who use intravenous drugs and that they need to practise drug use in a responsible way. It involves basic things...use a clean needle, and if you haven't got a clean one, use bleach to clean an old one. As with everything else, it is dealt with in a humorous way. It's the recreational users who are the most likely to be unprepared. They aren't as familiar with the health problems involved, or with things like needle exchange programmes. We also deal with STDs, because they are increasing rapidly.

ON DIT: There's a joke about a man who goes to the clinic and comes out relieved that he only has a dose of the clap.

Janine: (Laughs) Yeah, well STDs need to be looked at also. There's a real lack of awareness. People are unaware that you have to use a condom with anal sex, and also for oral sex. With women especially, the occurrence of STDs is definitely increasing. Women are obviously practising oral sex without condoms.

ON DIT: I still find it hard to believe that you can write a catchy tune about Pelvic Inflammatory Disease.

Janine: Well, not about that.

ON DIT: How would you contrast your message about safe sex with the sort of Grim Reaper scare tactics used in the past by the Health Department?

Janine: We basically want to counteract that. As you say, they're scare tactics. We want people to be responsible, to not be passive but to be actively engaged in protecting themselves.

ON DIT: Do you see a lot of heterosexism in many AIDS awareness projects?

Janine: Yes. People still want to blame drug users, blame homosexuals, basically those people not in the mainstream of society. This is foolish. The virus is not selective.

ON DIT: Is it hard to balance the didactic with the entertaining in your show?

Janine: One of the big downfalls with education theatre is that the message is often very clear but the entertainment value is lost. People don't want to be preached to.

ON DIT: Did you work with any HIV positive people in producing the show?

Janine: Our director, Trevor Kent, recently died of AIDS. In our show we emphasise the necessity of protection for people who have a choice. Now Trevor didn't have a choice. When he contracted AIDS, nobody knew about it. After learning he had the disease he committed the rest of his life to educating people about AIDS. We worked at Fairfield (a Victorian hospital with a large HIV-positive ward) for a while.

"Sex should not just be seen as just...a 'fuck'. There's much more to it than that."

ON DIT: Do you think sex has been dehumanized... in that it is now presented in a very clinical or mechanical way?

Janine: Umm...yes, I guess so. I think we counteract that, however. The show centres on erotica, it centres on sensuality. Sex should not be seen as just... a "fuck". There's much more to it than that. Safe sex is so simple and just as enjoyable. You've just got to go for it and have fun.

After the sexual freedom of the sixties and the liberating writings of the anarchist Dr Alex Comfort whose "The Joy of Sex", "The Joy of Lesbian Sex" and the "The Joy of Gay Sex" smashed the hideous moralism that struggled to deny any form of sexual pleasure, AIDS pushed it back into the closet again. The work of Out Theatre Inc can only help to alert us to the need for a safe sexual lifestyle and more importantly, a rewarding and satisfying one.

David Penberthy



THE LONG AWAITED FM RADIO REVOLUTION

JJJ is finally in town, KA-FM is now nauseous in stereo and SA-FM have added more ridiculous competitions to their already overtaxed quota. MMM is nervous that they may not survive after the recent changes on the FM band, but as Steve Jackson reports, SA-FM is the radio station with the most to lose after the FM Revolution.

Assessing radio is a difficult task since it is impossible to avoid judgements that reveal more the listening tastes of the writer than the actual merits of the station's programming. My music taste is impeccable however, so read on.

Good music radio does not need ten competitions an hour to keep me interested. If I wanted to win amazing amounts of cash then I'd go to the local TAB and throw a few thou' on a nag. This immediately puts KAFM and SAFM in the gutter radio category since they, burdened with playlists that would only make a deaf chimp jump up and down in their cage, need ridiculous competitions in order to survive.

SAFM are particularly disappointing in this regard. When they began broadcasting their image was one of a station that would not play tacky music even if it was sitting on the top of the charts. Sadly the Lowest Common Denominator factor took over, and predictably enough this occurred after the mid-80's when they held album and popular song surveys. Their deathknell as a creative and challenging programmer came after *Stairway to Heaven* was voted number one by some competition-happy flannel shirters. Also Dire Straits became the "best band since the last best band since the Beatles."

KAFM is even worse. Struggling from years in the AM wilderness their move to the FM band comes as they settle on a Golden hits format that makes no pretence to promote new music. This is perhaps a stroke of genius on their part since today's charts carry little inspired or innovative music. They are doing little to help the situation however. The similarities in format between SAFM and KAFM are unmistakable however, being an emphasis on Top 40. It is this that has precipitated the emergence of blatant "listen all day" competitions which have more to do with promoting business sponsors than serious music. Either way the emergence of the radio competition has come from formatting similarities necessitating the need to buy listeners. It is also a show of cynicism that reveals the true priorities of SAFM and KAFM. They are slaves to the ratings game, the most misleading game of all.

It is against this stagnant and conservative opposition that the JJJ rat will wreak ratings havoc. While SAFM's programming could at best be described as conservative, JJJ concentrates on the cutting edges of music and that music which Marius Webb and the dj's think *ought* to be

heard.

"Its got attitude. By that I mean we choose very carefully what we play. We won't just play what is popular," said Webb. Nunga music is one excellent example - "we play a lot of that music...we think that you should hear it because its important culturally and actually we think its pretty damn good...its got soul."

Having listened to JJJ for the last week I am convinced this will occur. Most discussion of JJJ's coming to Adelaide has focussed on the effect on public radio station MMM, that JJJ's broadcasting will have.

MMM is starved of funds. It receives no government assistance and survives to a great degree on subscription fees from MMM listeners. MMM believes that JJJ will overlap programming and hence take listeners away from MMM.

Marius Webb, head honcho at JJJ disagrees: "it will fit very neatly between the other two [SAFM and MMM]."

While Webb is worried about the lack of local content from both Adelaide and Perth he adds that JJJ is a music station and Australian music tends to be more identifiably Australian than Adelaidean or Melbournean for instance. This is an interesting thought since JJJ obviously prioritises what could be broadly termed folk music. They play a lot of African music for example. Yet Webb feels that there is little difference musically between the Australian cities.

It is difficult to assess this judgment. While the Adelaide scene has a musical focus it is doubtful whether you could call it definitely Adelaidean. Webb believes that lifting the programming from Sydney will have little impact on listeners. The local scene still needs promoting however.

This is where MMM comes into the picture. As the station with the highest proportion of Australian content amongst the Adelaide stations (45% average as against JJJ's 20%) and as the station that promotes local music in particular the local scene has much to lose if MMM was to lose listeners and hence subscribers. The problem is not so much a question of losing subscribers due to a programming overlap but a loss of MMM listeners due the new listening choice in JJJ. None of the Adelaide stations can claim to cater for the 'youth market'. The argument that JJJ is harming public radio since it is targeting a market that is already saturated is a spurious one. Before this year

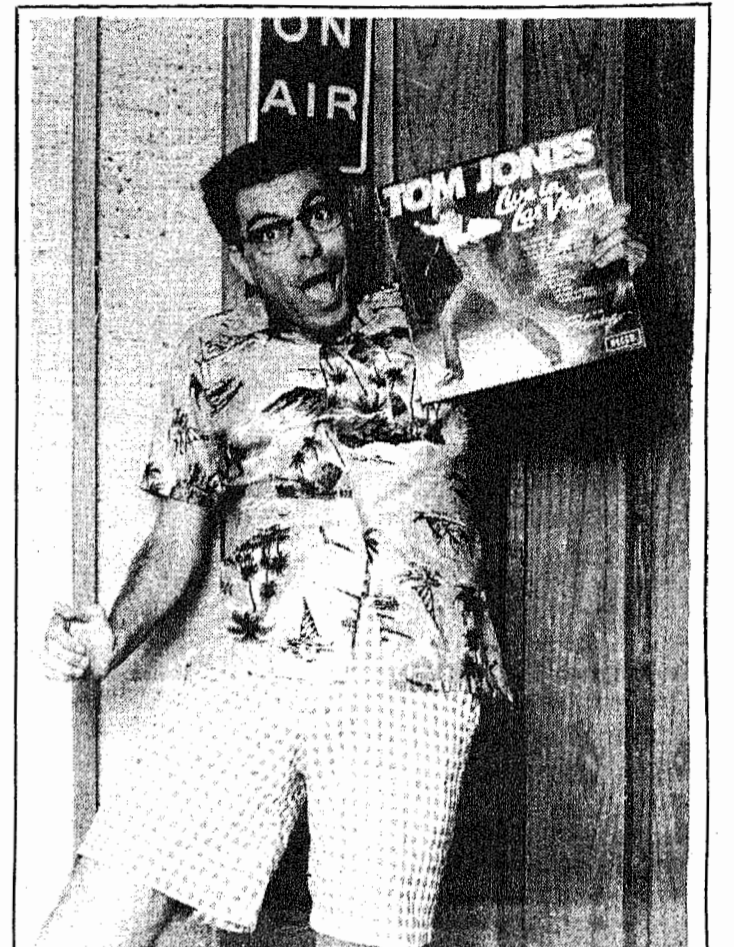


FM listeners either tuned to SAFM out of sufferance (we'll give them the benefit of the doubt) because MMM was too "left field" or stuck with MMM and its idiosyncracies. JJJ as a station with "attitude" and an identifiable and progressive attitude to programming, is likely to take those listeners who are fed up with the inconsistencies of MMM but prefer to hear music that challenges and therefore shun SAFM. Doubt remains whether those listeners are the ones that make up the bulk of MMM subscribers.

Both Suzie Walton from MMM and Marius Webb noted that in the first weeks of JJJ many people would tune to JJJ out of curiosity. While Webb believed that many would tune back to their old station, Walton from MMM saw the first weeks of JJJ as a critical time for the precariously financed MMM, since it is possible that listeners may change stations and never change back.

MMM objections to JJJ rely on the belief that both stations are targeting the same market. Examination of the stations top 100's from 1989 reveals a certain overlap but also some vital differences. In particular MMM plays a great deal of music by Adelaide bands. While JJJ will play music by Adelaide bands the emphasis in programming is altogether different. A likely scenario for MMM is that special interest programmes will not see a decline in listener numbers, but other more general music timeslots will suffer at the hands of the excellent programming of JJJ. It would be logical to assume that those programmes such as *Local and Live* on MMM will continue to have similar listening levels after the coming of JJJ as before, since it is the only vehicle to hear local uncontracted bands. In particular MMM has timeslots devoted to folk, jazz, environmental questions, heavy metal and country and western. Devotees of these programmes are unlikely to alter their listening habits.

No, I believe that MMM's fears are unfounded. While they will lose listeners, the arrival of JJJ in Adelaide should have little effect on those aficionados who tune in religiously and subscribe. The real losers of the JJJ arrival in Adelaide will be SAFM and personally I think that's a very good thing. The cynicism of their listener-grab techniques is as breathtaking as their playlist is mediocre. I hope they go down with all hands.

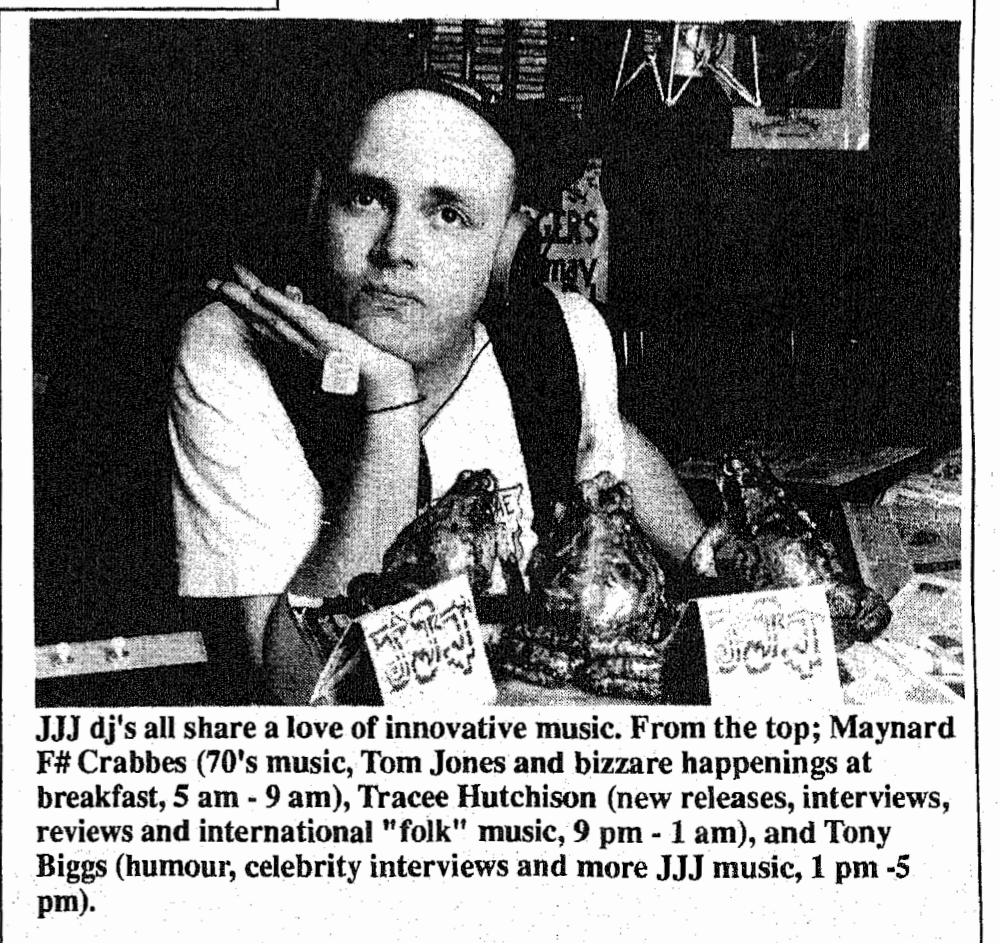


1989 JJJ Top 20

- 1 love will tear us apart Joy Division
- 2 throw your arms around me Hunters and Collectors
- 3 uncertain smile The The
- 4 that's entertainment The Jam
- 5 blue monday New Order
- 6 holiday in cambodia Dead Kennedys
- 7 how soon is now The Smiths
- 8 talking to a stranger Hunters and Collectors
- 9 birthday Sugarcubes
- 10 a forest The Cure
- 11 cattle and cane Go Betweenes
- 12 shivers Boys Next Door
- 13 this charming man The Smiths
- 14 rock lobster B 52s
- 15 song to the siren This Mortal Coil
- 16 alison Elvis Costello
- 17 anarchy in the UK Sex P'stols
- 18 london calling The Clash
- 19 primary The
- 20 waiting for the great leap forward Bill

1989 MMM Top 20

- 1 green REM
- 2 blind ear Celibate Rifles
- 3 brave Kate Cebrano
- 4 the black swan The Triffids
- 5 sense Tubby Justice
- 6 seaweed evans Seaweed Evans
- 7 raw like sushi Neneh Cherry
- 8 peep show Siouxsie and the Banshees
- 9 claim Not Drowning Waving
- 10 cosmic thing B52's
- 11 everyone The Everys
- 12 martha's vineyard Marthas Vineyard
- 13 kite Kirsty MacColl
- 14 loveBuzz Hummingbirds
- 15 clak clak Clak Clak
- 16 so much water so close to home Paul Kelly
- 17 doolittle Pixies
- 18 shiver Jenny Morris
- 19 battlesick Mark of Cain
- 20 get that charge Twenty Second Sect



JJJ dj's all share a love of innovative music. From the top; Maynard F# Crabbes (70's music, Tom Jones and bizzare happenings at breakfast, 5 am - 9 am), Tracee Hutchison (new releases, interviews, reviews and international "folk" music, 9 pm - 1 am), and Tony Biggs (humour, celebrity interviews and more JJJ music, 1 pm - 5 pm).

the very smooth bachelors

The Bachelors from Prague play the Little Sisters Cabaret March 3 - March 7 at 9pm. Steve Jackson caught up with keyboardist Bruce and percussionist Justin and asked the bleeding obvious.

The Bachelors from Prague are bringing a more finely crafted act to Adelaide for this, their second Fringe Festival. Appearing with the Bachelors is well known jazz vocalist extraordinaire Billy London. Bruce (keyboards) revealed that extra material had been written for the show especially for Billy.

"Basically it will have an undulating look... all kinds of breasty looking things," said percussionist Justin.

approach to the arrangement of their material that has made them so popular with live crowds. They are renown for assessing a crowd's mood and arranging their material accordingly.

"We've never had that pressure of being a normal band, ya know?" Bruce starts drawing as he speaks.

The Bachelors are a true band in that there are no guitar heroes backed by session musos, or a vocalist who demands undivided attention. The political focus of

"even if you are a po-faced twat you will probably end up at the end of the night slapping those Hush Puppies all over the floor"

"We never have songlists when we do a normal gig. The Festival is something special, and so this time we've got something worked out." Not that it matters. Last Fringe the punters were up on the tables knocking back the lager at a great rate of knots. This time there'll be extra lighting and the sound will be BIG.

"Its good for us. It keeps us fresh."

Nevertheless the Bachelors will retain that largely unstructured

vocalist Henry Maas' lyrics reflect the musical approach of the band: do it your own way and don't assume that the 'tried and tested' ways are the best to use. Its certainly politically left field but its a politics of personality more than anything.

Every band member contributes material and when performing live all members of the band have and use the ability to whip off a wild or woolly solo that has the punters hands numb from clapping. When

the band first performed they couldn't play very well at all.

"Its been a long road" said Justin, "we don't think of ourselves as hot jazz players."

"Na. We're not out to impress anyone. We rely less on the theatre aspect, its the music thats important...Everyone has a shot. There is freedom in arrangement... If its going, go."

On vinyl less live spontaneous energy is evident than their live shows. Nevertheless both albums released so far (Energetic Cool, and their new Birth of the Fool) come highly recommended.

"The band works best live. We're still trying to capture that on

recordings. Its a difficult question," mused Bruce. The next album will be a studio album followed, possibly, by alive double set.

This is no serious jazz outfit. "We can't take it seriously. We just can't help ourselves," said Justin with wide eyes and a big grin.

"Jazz when it was in its heyday in the late 50's and early 60's was a wild form of music. It was all happening, but now its become all studied and correct. Everyone expects to turn up and sit down. He does his bit and then he does his bit and its all very polite. You clap after each solo y'know?...Its becoming a dead art form."

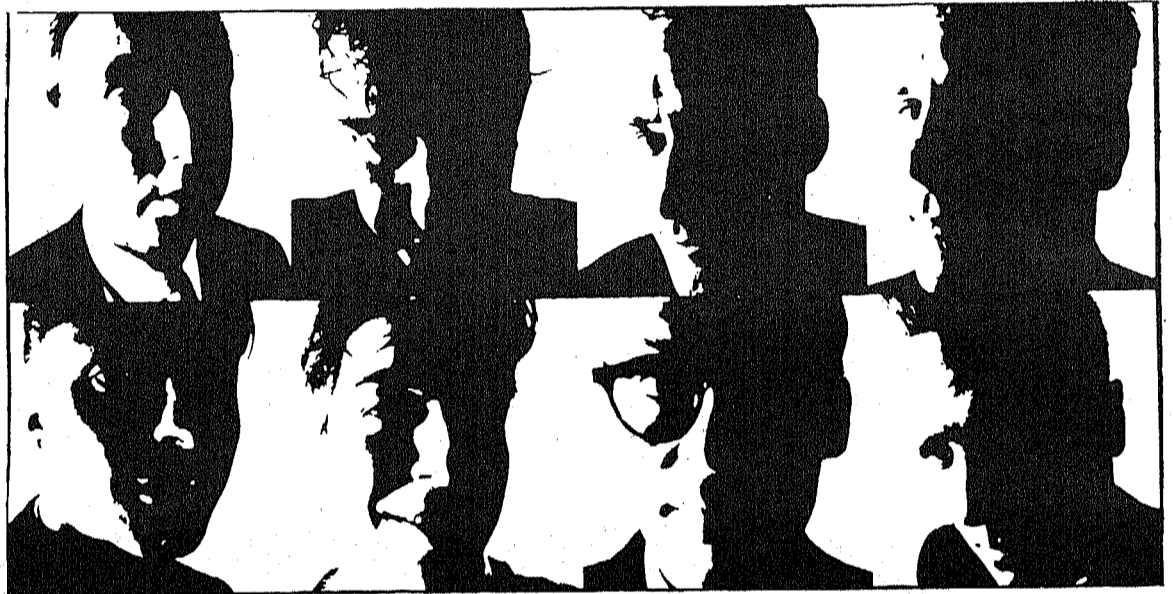
Absolutely goddamn right. I

worked in such a venue that had that awful rubbish. It was like listening to goldfish swim.

"It goes into the concert halls, and stops relating to people's lives. It becomes accepted and then dies. Quite the young poet is Justin.

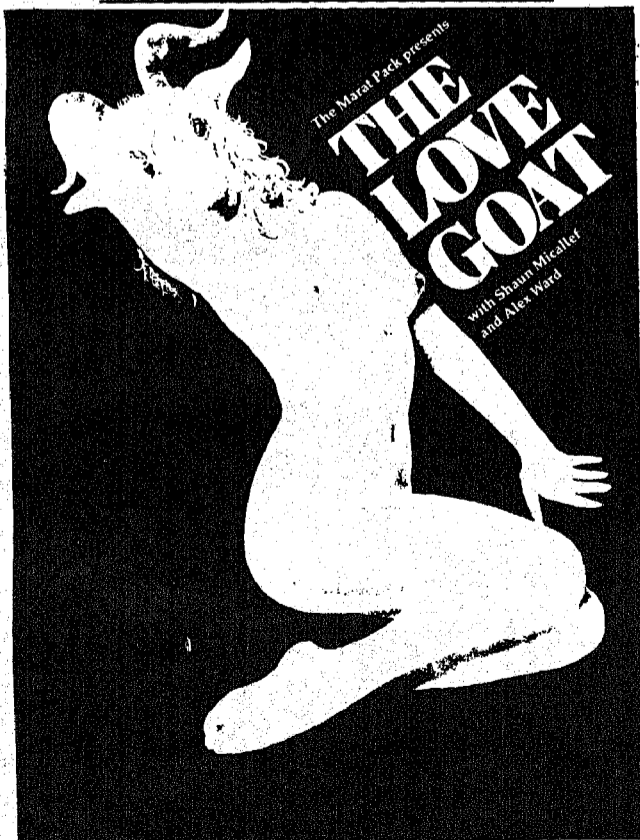
But this band is designed to make you dance and even if you are a po-faced twat you will probably end up at the end of the night slapping those Hush Puppies all over the floor.

Steve Jackson



Goat a bit shaggy at the edges

**The Love Goat, The Marat Pack
Governor Hindmarsh Hotel
Feb 28 - March 17 at 8 pm.**



The Marat Pack is back again with another slash and burn comedy spectacle, The Love Goat. Alex Ward, Shaun Micallef and James Neate have come up with an amusing if patchy show that includes sketches of inspired brilliance, and others which seem poorly rehearsed and often targeted at their group of ex-Footlights ex-Law School friends who seem to be at every show, laughing wildly at virtually everything. Billed as "...a formidable force to be reckoned with...this intellectual team is capable of doing anything it decides to do..", the Marat Pack seems to have decided to do more of the same. A lot of the gags had the audience in stitches. But a lot of the gags fell flat, chiefly because of sloppy delivery and incestuous content.

Alex Ward and Shaun Micallef have worked together for a number of years now, usually with Francis Greenslade (now with the State Theatre Company and appearing in Marat/Sade), and often with Anthony Durkin. After a variety of successful shows with Footlights, which in those days was very much a Law School- based enterprise, they starred in the critically acclaimed Not One But Two, Beckoning Gullet and Bishop Takes Knight, and on 5MMM as "The Comedy Crystal Set".

The Love Goat uses the same format as their other shows- Alex Ward is the fall guy and face puller, and Shaun Micallef is the

intellectual and cynical wit who denigrates everybody except himself. James Neate, also an ex-Footlighter, adds a pleasant touch as pianist, dancing bear and general victim of abuse. The trio works well together largely because of the long standing working relationship between Ward and Micallef. Their is a very obvious understanding between the two- they anticipate each other's movements and gags with a sharpness that can only come from years of experience and genuine comic genius.

The sketches that were good were very good. The show opened with heaps of energy- Shaun schmaltzed his way through "What's Up Pussycat" accompanied by the crassest backing music I have ever heard (basically a series of high- pitched squeaking noises), and then launched into some top notch genital humour. Shakespeare was dealt a few severe blows- "his penis mightier than his sword....oh, sorry, there's a space there, his pen is mightier than his sword", and James Neate is brilliant in the Bard meets Public Enemy sketch, rapping out "...now is the winter of discontent..". Alex Ward made a superb Mr. Squiggle, drawing a greenish blob of phlegm on the page and then apologising about his cold, and "The Love Goat" theme was almost as tacky as Shaun's "Pussycat" love goat theme, especially with the revolting singing doll which at first seemed

to be a feat of ventriloquism but turned out to be a well-synchronised tape recording.

Unfortunately, this tightness only came through in certain parts of the show. Some sketches dragged on and on- especially the mimed version of Dicken's "A Christmas Carol", and others were just not funny. The streetkid sketch was particularly predictable. It is not a question of it being sexist, racist, classist or whatever "ist" you care to mention, as The Advertiser reviewer did. Nothing is sacred in a genuine revue. It is stupid to interpret a gag as some sort of fascist conspiracy, but the sketch just wasn't funny.

The Francis Greenslade routine was done to death and, although a lot of people laughed wildly, it seemed to be another case of performing for friends rather than the entire audience. A few people at my table had never heard of Francis Greenslade and consequently couldn't see any amusement in hearing tape recorded jokes by this mysterious figure.

Out of fairness to the Marat Pack, it was the first night, and as the season goes on the show will get tighter and the cast will bounce off the audience more. Despite the incestuous overtones and sometimes slack delivery, go and see The Love Goat, as close as possible to the end of the season.

David Penberthy

LUNACY AND REVOLUTION

The Peter Weiss play "The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade" has much more to it than a very long title. It traces the lives of two of revolutionary France's most colourful characters, the infamous accomplice to Robespierre's Reign of Terror in 1793, Dr. Jean Paul Marat, and the lascivious and perverse Marquis de Sade. Simon Phillips is directing this rich and extraordinary play in his debut with the State Theatre Company, in what promises to be a highlight of this year's Festival.

First performed under the direction of Peter Brook in 1964, the State Theatre Company's production of Marat/Sade is a 1990 Festival of Arts highlight. David Penberthy spoke to newly appointed STC musical director, Ian McDonald.

ON DIT was fortunate to speak with the musical director of MARAT/SADE, Ian McDonald, who shed more more light on not just the play but the problems faced in capturing the themes of sanity and human freedom in the score.

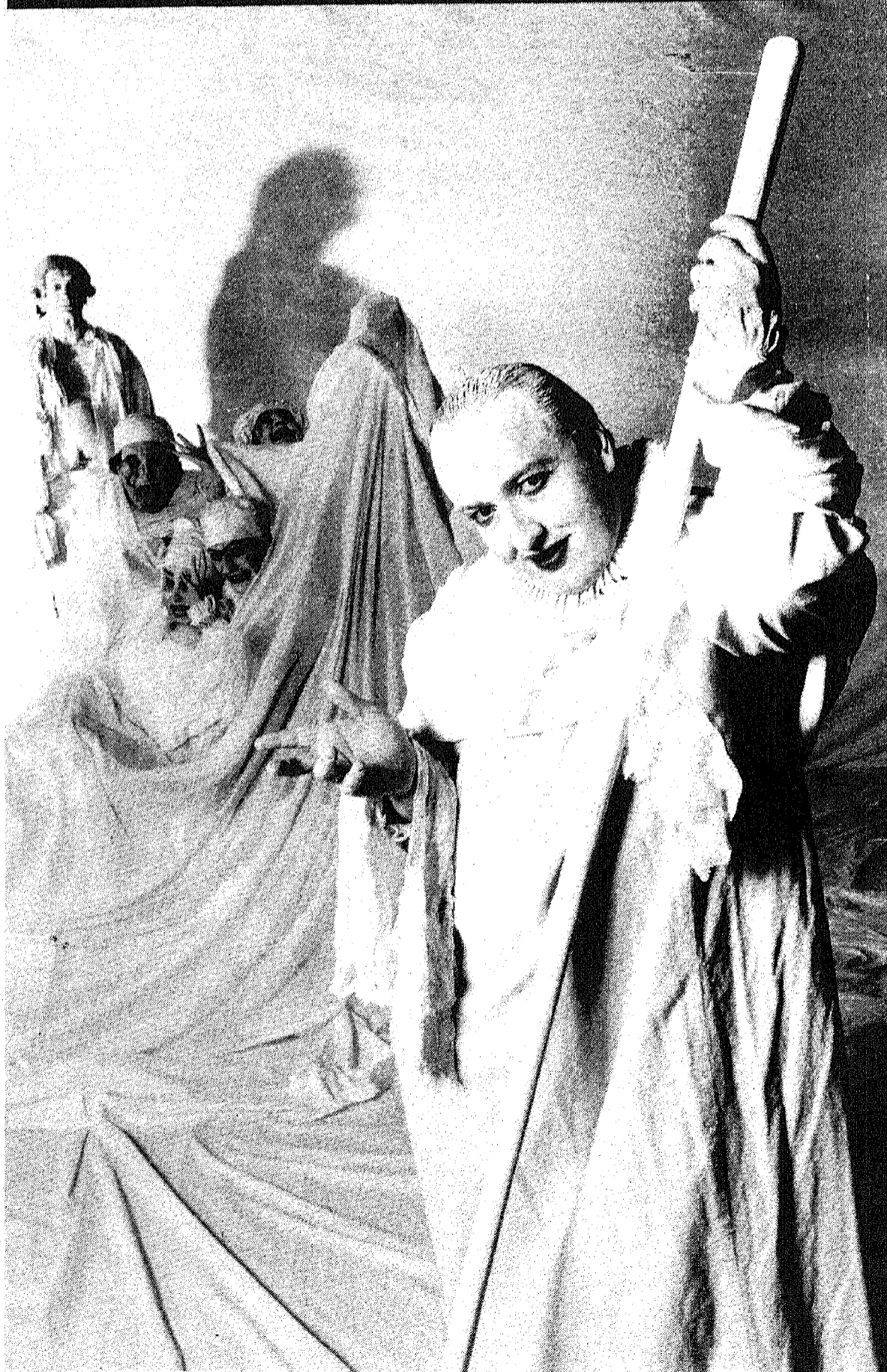
ON DIT: Does the play take place solely in the bath house, or does it trace the entire life of Marat and de Sade?

Ian: Essentially it features the Marquis de Sade who is in the institution as a patient. He has written a variety of plays and gives parts to the patients. The play we are doing traces the life and assassination of Marat, telling a story that happened in 1793, up to his death in 1805. It's an historical tale, but for them it is quite immediate history. Notions of freedom and free will are new and exciting for them.

"The play looks at the extent to which the individual can bring about social change, rather than a conscious social movement."

ON DIT: Is there an overt political message in the play?

Ian: Well, Sade stands by on the side and keeps certain reins on the performers. But he's very cleverly set up, he almost tells "if you want to go out of control here, then do it". By doing that he's giving them a really important political message. The play looks at the extent to which the individual can bring about social change, rather than a conscious social movement. It asks whether a new group can overthrow an existing order and replace it with something different that provides for the needs of individuals. Often those who lead the revolution have an attitude to power similar to those they are trying to overthrow.



ON DIT: How are you going to capture the less than savoury nature of the protagonists in the musical score?

Ian: The score was originally written for an orchestra, with another group of singers who stood on the side and commented like a chorus. The inmates of the asylum participated too, but not in a musically sophisticated sense. We have a much smaller cast, however, and this forced some changes. In some ways I was pleased because the score seemed a bit dated. I'm sure it would have been fantastic in 1964. (The Peter Brook production.)

ON DIT: How will you change it then?

Ian: The play comes with very strict copyright laws, so we can't! But with no orchestra we decided to get the music from the cast. We checked around, and found someone who plays the guitar, someone who plays the recorder, and I play the trumpet. All the actors, apart from the principals, double as musicians. In effect, the loonies provide the score.

ON DIT: How did the non-musical cast members find it?

Ian: It was almost like occupational therapy in a mental home. There's so much theatre there, because the actors will concentrate so hard on their one contribution, and then.....CRASH!!-they strike a cymbal. But for it to be chaotic they have to play as well as possible, and then take it back a bit. This captures the mania and insanity, without sounding like a general disorganised noise.

"Often those who lead the revolution have an attitude similar to those they are trying to overthrow."

ON DIT: What sort of preparation has the cast done for this?

Ian: We've watched videos on mental disorders, especially where music is involved, to get that idea of the strength of the single note.

ON DIT: Is the role of the score too often seen as secondary to the play?

Ian: I think there's a kind of old school feeling that music is essentially incidental and not much more elevated than sound effects. It has been neglected, but new technology and new thinking are changing this.

David Penberthy

FRENCH CHAINSAW MASSACRE

ARCHAOS- Circus on the Edge
Wayville Showgrounds
March 7-11, 13-18 (8pm)
March 10, 11, 17, 18 (2pm)

I always did like the French, even though they did blow up the Rainbow Warrior. Now I forgive them entirely - because they have bought us ARCHAOS, an exhilaratingly bizarre spectacle; a circus which is entirely terrifying, wildly amusing and for those who enjoy living on the edge, is slightly dangerous too. Especially if you happen to be sitting where I was. You might define Archaos as circus, and you'd be right, it is a circus. But is Fred Nile simply a Christian man? No, of course not, he's a dangerous

fanatic. And that is exactly what these people are, and it's wonderful. Woven in amongst the disturbing, awesome, new - wave circus of Archaos is the more traditional stuff: sweet-faced women swaying gently in the air, men on stilts, all that sort of thing. But what will keep you really gasping - whether you're laughing, incredulous or terrified - is the sheer unexpectedness of it all; the vicious surprise and the hair-raising humour of this company and its various feats. When did you last see a clarinetist hanging upside down on a rope, high

in the air, tootling casually away on his instrument?

Archaos is three things: "art, anarchy and chaos." There is no plot, no story; but is there ever in a circus? No. But there is a sort of recurring theme; that of dominance and subservience. The two jugglers are not just chaps who chuck skittles to each other, certainly not. One is the master, immaculately dressed in a dinner suit - the other is his chain-bound slave, his man-dog, and the skittles are the bones..... Everyone is an underdog in Archaos (no one more so than the man with the blue eye-shadow and the jockstrap) EXCEPT the two chainsaw freaks. These two men enter frequently, cackling vindictively and chasing a toy car. I suppose that if you wanted to get horribly into depth you could say that these men represented the futile authority of a semi-anarchic sphere. But I just took them at face value: men wielding chainsaws with corrugated iron strapped to their backs....and that was quite enough to deal with anyway.

One thing about this show is that you won't get bored. Sitting in the large tent on a hot Summer's night

you might become hot, sticky, and uncomfortable but you WON'T BE BORED. You will live in the world of Archaos for two hours, and you won't have time to think of anything else. Only two people in the audience dared to think about anything else actually - me, and the biker sitting directly opposite me: we were thinking about our lives and if we were about to lose them. This was because we were nearly blow-torched to death (or thought we were about to be) by manic French stagehands. Gee, it was fun, hem-hem, cough cough.

Seriously though, this is something you can- and should - take all the family to. (Just avoid the chainsaws and the blow-torches and you can always bang the \$7 programme over you childrens' eyes when the men with ribbons around their willies come on.) I was surrounded by entranced and ecstatic eight - year olds; the tent was full of them. Anyone and everyone can enjoy and appreciate the pure technical brilliance of these performers, their tight, controlled and well-directed displays, and in particular their total professionalism. If they made

mistakes in their juggling they started again. When a rather agile man fell from the trapeze (and NOT on purpose either) he just chuckled, climbed back onto the platform and tried again. In Grenoble, France there is an actual circus school, where individuals develop their particular art to the highest degree, and I'm sure that a few of these people must have gone there. Oh Lord and I nearly forgot to mention the band, who were very competent, especially at making loud noises to hide the screams of the audience. None of the performers ever speaks, so the dialogue is provided by the music, and the music says everything that needs to be said. The only time one of the performers ever spoke was right at the end, after all the final bows. One of them produced a grotty piece of paper out of his pocket, read it through under his breath a few times, and then shouted vigourously, "you weel cohm agaiyn !!!" The audience cheered wildly. The man was right - I will go again. If you see ONE thing during the Festival, please, let it be ARCHAOS. You will live (just) not to regret it.....

Chloë Fox.

THE CRAFT STUDIO

The Studio is available for use to members of the Adelaide University Union.

There is an excellent reference library, slide collection and projector, hand tools, pottery wheels, kilns, sewing machines and other facilities for all crafts offered.

Craft Studio Level 4 Union House
Telephone (08) 228 5857

Our haircutter is David from Scissors on Whizzors. He is available to cut your hair on Wednesdays by appointment from Midday \$10.00 Students

Within the Studio is the Darkroom of the Photography Club. Membership is available for \$18.00 for Students and \$32.00 for others.

The Studio is open at the following times

Monday 10.00am - 3.00pm
Tuesday 12noon - 9.00pm
Wednesday 10.00am - 9.00pm
Thursday 12.00am - 6.00pm
Friday 11.00am - 6.00pm

CRAFT & LEISURE COURSES
SEMESTER 1 TERM 1 & 2 STARTING MARCH 12TH UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED

ART & CRAFT COURSES

Beginners' Photography
Sue Cameron
6 weeks
6.00pm - 8.00pm

Pottery
David Pedler
8 weeks from 14 March
Wednesdays 6.00pm - 8.00pm

Silk Painting and Sewing Silk Clothes
Pauline Muir and Carla Heuzenroeder
8 weeks from 13 March
Tuesday 6.00pm - 8.00pm

Lingerie
Nan Sellick
8 weeks from 14 March
Wednesdays 6.00pm - 8.00pm

Beginners Sewing
Nan Sellick
8 weeks from 12 March
Mondays 1.00pm - 2.00pm

More Advanced Sewing
Nan Sellick
8 weeks from 16 March
Fridays 1.00pm - 2.00pm

Fabric Printing
Jenny Hogben
8 weeks from 15 March
Thursdays 7.00pm - 9.00pm

Chinese Brush Painting
Yong an Zhan, David
8 weeks, starts 14 March

PRACTICAL COURSES

Bar & Waiting
Roger Clarke
7 weeks from 12 March
Mondays 6.00pm - 9.00pm

Public Speaking
Tony van Kalken B.A.
6 weeks from May 9
6.00pm - 8.00pm

Car Maintenance
Paul Gunner
8 weeks from 12 March
Mondays 6.00pm - 8.00pm

Fast & Effective Reading
Judy Fawcett B.A. Dip Ed
6 weeks from 20 March
5.30pm - 7.30pm

Study Skills and Essay Writing
Judy Fawcett B.A. Dip Ed
6 weeks from 19 March
5.30pm - 7.30pm

HEALTH & FITNESS

Yoga
Reva Brice
10 weeks from 15 March
Thursdays 6.00pm - 7.00pm

Meditation
Graham Williams SA Meditation Centre
5 weeks from 14 March
Wednesday 1.00pm - 2.00pm

Massage
Gerard Menzel
8 weeks from 13 March
Tuesdays 1.00pm - 2.00pm

Tai Chi Club
Gerard Menzel
Tuesday 2.15pm

Alexander Technique
Graeme Piercy
8 weeks from 14 March
Wednesdays 5.30pm - 7.00pm

mudhoney

"...a literate band that builds houses...."

One of them has a degree in English. Another is a carpenter. Men of paradox? Paul Champion spoke with them before their show at the Old Lion.

"Hey, don't start dialling, 'cause we're gonna do some serious dialling later, so we don't wanna call attention to it."

So says Mudhoney guitarist Steve Turner, preventing singer/guitarist Mark Arm from using a phone in the Old Lion boardroom to phone his mother in Seattle, where it would be around 4am. Or at least stopping him from doing it until the band has completed the interview. They do not habitually make international phone calls from their venues. The band finds other ways to escape from the stress of touring, for example, by buying things over the phone with stolen credit cards, especially corporate cards.

"We usually try to find the corporations like Exxon", explains Mark.

"Exxon- we target Exxon because of the oil spill. We've pretty much boycotted them."

"We've also targetted Marineland because of cruelty to Flipper. Just recently one of them died in captivity, and I fucking said, no more, you know? Marineland is on our list." Mark looks deadly serious.

The band later confesses to being less than serious on this point.

"We eat at McDonalds", states Steve, "but only because we have to."

Mudhoney have been too busy in their brief career recording two critically acclaimed albums, the EP "Superfuzz Bigmuff" and their self titled LP, and playing shows worldwide to carry on a serious global campaign of eco-terrorism.

The band formed in Seattle, Washington at the start of 1988, consisting of ex-Green River members Turner and Arm, joined by Matt Lukin on bass and drummer Dan Peters. They are all veterans of a remarkable number of other bands, some of which they still play in. Steve leads the number count, having been involved with seven others as well as Mudhoney. He speaks quite highly of some, such as Love and Respect who he describes as "a more socially and ecologically aware band." None of the band seem remotely surprised by the success that Mudhoney has so quickly enjoyed, especially in comparison with their previous efforts. Steve offers a simple explanation:

"That would be the pure genius of the four collective parts."

Dan also seems comfortable with that explanation.

"It's a gift, you know, when you get four incredibly stylish young dudes."

"Most bands hope for..."

"They hope to have egos as big as our own...." says Mark.

"No, let's be serious here," says Steve, looking earnest. Most bands hope to have one person as cool as any one of us."

"If we weren't in bands right now we would have people begging us to play with them."

"They'd be lining up around the block..", adds Steve.

Dan chips in, "They'd wanna play

with either one of us."

"How can they play with either of us? There are four of us...I mean, he dropped out in fifth grade."

Steve is quick to add "He's still a genius though."

Having dealt with the reason for their apparently swift success, fielding a few questions on Sub Pop Records promised to be no problem. Sub Pop is the record label based in Seattle which is currently drawing attention for the high standard of its releases. So why the sudden rush of creativity from this small city?

"There were bands before that but they weren't putting out records, because there was no outlet for records. It's only since about 1987 that local bands started working on it."

"It's nothing special," says Steve. "The media really hypes it up. There's definitely some good bands there. When we tour around the states I'm amazed at how shitty some bands are. It's complete bullshit much of it. But there's a lot of bullshit in Seattle too."

"Europe was pretty bad", Mark says. "I've always thought that England sucked. But last time we toured we got to choose some bands and we played with some really good bands, like Thee Headcoats (sic) and The Telescopes. We also got to play with some mediocre bad bands, but if you play in Germany and France, chances are you'll get stuck with some hack heavy metal band who don't even know how to turn on their equipment".

Mudhoney are enthusiastic about the support bands they are playing with in Australia, primarily the Proton Energy Pills, a Sydney-based band.

"I think we're really lucky to get them," says Steve. "We could have been stuck with a lot worse bands, not that they're bad at all. I think



they're fucking cool."

Other supports include The celibateRifles, Where's The Pope? and band favourite, Lubricated Goat.

"Lubricated Goat are fuck ups- no doubt about it...", says Steve admiringly. "They are amazingly fucked up... I liked their first record a lot."

Not surprisingly the band finds no difficulty in accounting for how they have managed to secure an Australian tour. Once again, Steve leaps in with a ready answer.

"Steve Pavlovich [the tour promoter] wanted to lose a lot of money. And he's managing it so far."

"All the money from our show in Melbourne was lifted. Most likely by the staff. So go piss on the Diplomat Hotel's doorway."

"If you stay in the Diplomat," says Mark, "pee in the pool."

"That's what we did" adds Steve.

Aside from the success of their two vinyl releases, Mudhoney are equally well known for their unpredictable and frequently

chaotic live shows, most famously documented in the near legendary show where the band invited the audience to join them on stage, a story Steve is reluctant to discuss.

"Don't talk about that story, it's a boring, dumb, stupid story."

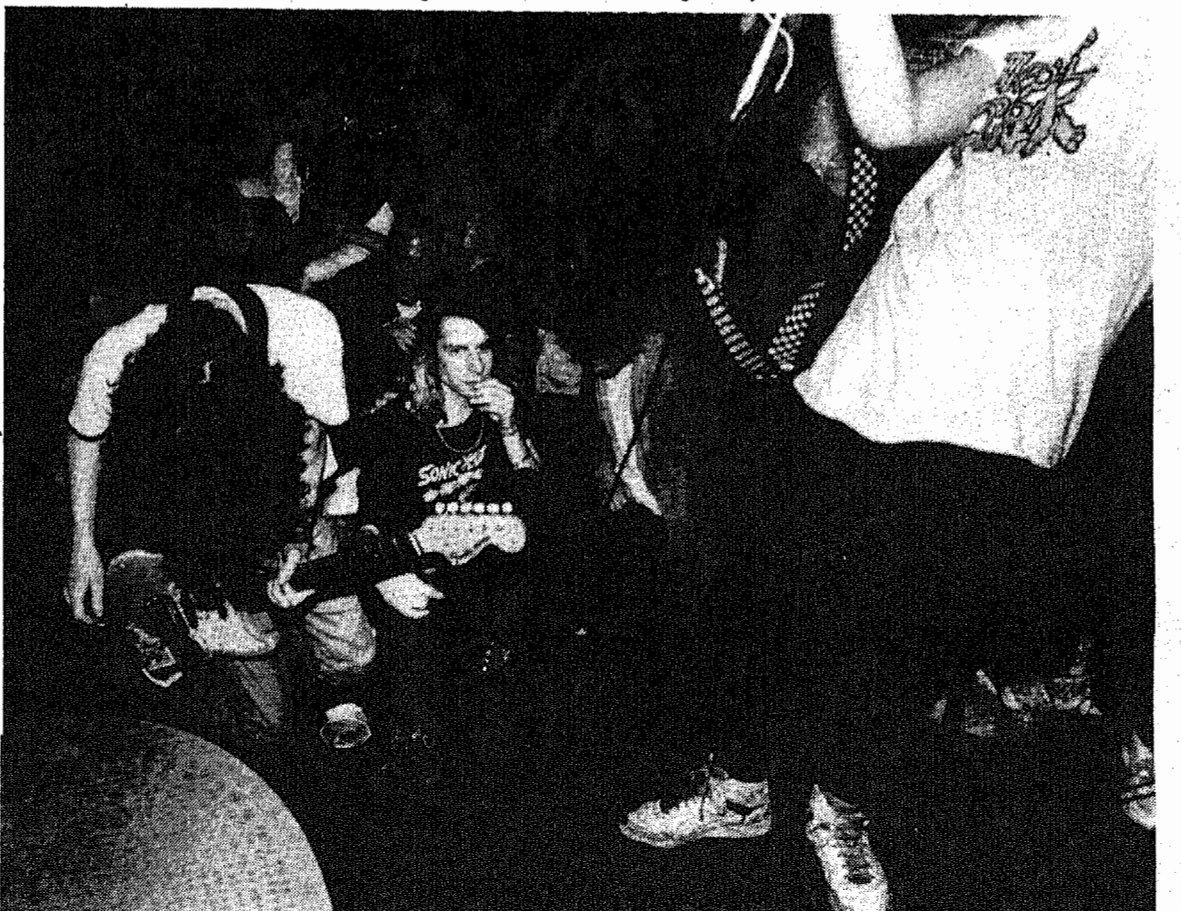
"Nothing would have been made of it if it hadn't happened in London. I did a headstand on stage the other night. That was a glorious moment in Mudhoney's history."

Steve says "The night before Mark kissed me on stage. They were glorious beautiful moments."

The band has little conception of what an ideal gig would be like, although Steve ventured that it would be one where "stuff happens" and one that would "come out in a beautiful blur I can't remember the next day."

None of the band felt confident about putting on a good show in Adelaide, partially based on the fact that their last two shows had been good.

"We didn't really have a sound check" explained Steve.



Angry Nude and Stupid Miss Dorothy and His Fools in Love

Independent

Any band that covers *Too Good To Be True*, *The Edge of Reality* and that Neil Diamond classic *Crunchy Granola Suite* is worth a listen. This album features spot-on covers of all three and is guaranteed to have you half-naked atop the sofa with the sound on 11, disturbing the local Neighbourhood Watch after a long night at the pub. This is party music. The 'Nudes in Love' are a hot cab/jazz 7 piece plus vox that like to see punters knock over the tables and flap like a freshly caught fish in a bucket. Greg Ham (ex-'Men At Work') on sax is at home with a bunch of talented jazz-trained musos who are part of a growing jazz revival in Melbourne and spreading around Australia. This is not blue-rinse blah-blah jazz, however. This is the 90s equivalent of the jazz that the Beats of the 50s drank, sang and danced to.

Miss Dorothy's voice proves that he (yes, *he*) doesn't need an audience to dive on, lick and visually assault in order to make an impression. He covers the album's cool set with ease. Of those, *Too Hot* (written by pianist, John Thorn) is particularly memorable, but all the tracks (5 covers, 5 originals) are best listened to with a Scotch in hand and a smile on the face.

This album is an irresistible winner and demands buyers check them out at the Little Sisters during the Fringe (Monday, 5th March - Sunday 11th March at 11 pm). Just take a towel and have a drink or three first. Steve Jackson.

Liquidizer Jesus Jones

Food/EMI Import

Jesus Jones are a new English band who don't need categorisation by me - they conveniently list their influences on the inner sleeve, and their heritage, from The Byrds to Public Enemy, from Neneh Cherry to Rapeman, is impeccable.

Their music is dance music put through a concentration camp so that it emerges incorporating samples (from telephones ringing to armies goosestepping), thrashing guitars, Mike Edwards' (aka Jesus H. Jones) supremely sardonic, mocking voice and, most importantly, choruses that stick and just don't let go.

From the very beginning, you realise that you're in the presence of evil genius, as the Jones boy sneers on "Never Enough":

So you want to be happy?

Well, don't you know happiness is

Never Enough.

Similarly, on "All The Answers" he sarcastically intones at the object of his disgust "I'm so please for you/You've got all the answers". Make no mistake: they're arrogant, cocky bastards - and all the better for it.

Anyone who, after hearing this album, doesn't go around with half-a-dozen choruses buzzing uncontrollably in their head for the rest of the day is suffering from cerebral damage.

"Liquidizer" (with a picture of a food processor exploding on the cover!) is brilliantly produced by Craig Leon, who did the Ramones' first album. It's not that much of a landmark in music history, but it's certainly revolutionary.

I genuinely believe that this is the commercial future of music, i.e. tarted up bands will be flogging watered-down versions of this sort of sound around the charts in five years time. But why wait? Jesus is just a (import) record store away. Simon Healy



Some Kind of Philistines The Philistines

Greasy Pop

Some Kind of Philistines, at only 13 minutes, is even shorter than The Philistines' first album *Bloody Convicts*, and it's pressed on lurid green vinyl. Fortunately, there has only been one line-up change since their last album - old drummer Nick Bruer being replaced by Steward Tabert - and the familiar "increase base and volume" line still remains assuring that, green vinyl or not, this will be a great album.

From the first song I was taken aback by this album. The Philistines remains a 60s inspired garage rock band but they have gained considerable polish and this album is, to sum up quickly, quite brilliant. I feel this is the best Australian record for some time.

Of the six tracks on this album five are unquestionably top-shelf, while one, *Amsterdam*, lacks the sophistication of the other songs. Still there are no bad songs and this record could represent an important turning point in G.P.R. sales.

But there is one negative aspect of this release; it seems that The Philistines may have become disillusioned with the music industry. Having produced two great albums and having moved from Tasmania to Adelaide to Melbourne and then back to Tasmania while failing to gain widespread recognition along the way would leave a bitter taste in anyone's mouth. This bitterness is manifested on the back cover: "Thanks to anyone who gives a shit."

Needless to say, I feel that all fans of guitar-based music should appreciate this very complete example of the genre. So, why not make an addition to your record collection. You never know, you could be buying a collector's item. Shane Carty

Behind the Eight-Ball Thunderhead

Festival

Woo Yeah! Rawk'n Roll! Tattoos, Harley Davidsons, long hair and leather jackets. Emerging out of this 'totally bitchin' brew of badness thrusts Thunderhead; the new Demi-Gods of the heavy metal arena who will apparently topple Guns 'N' Roses.

This became very evident to me after just one listen. Firstly, because their vocalists voice sounds like Paul Stanley, and secondly, because they have such deeply touching and thought-provoking titles like *(You Don't Keep Me) Satisfied, Life In*

The City, Take Me To The Limit and *Just Another Lover*, which, coincidentally, has an absolutely mind blowing chorus (gag!)

I've got a pistol for Action

I'm gonna use it on you girl.

But then it dawned on me! These guys are not going to make it big. Not because of their crappy cliché drenched kick-ass rawk'n roll, but because they didn't abuse any blacks or homosexuals.

Jason Bootle

Two Nice Girls self titled

Festival

Texas, that large flat expanse of unpleasantness, has produced a fine three-piece band in "Two Nice Girls". Self-evidently one of them is not nice but all three have distinctive club voices and musical ideas in the style of Carole King. The songs are not standard folk fare. "I Spent My Last \$10.00 (on Birth Control and Beer)" has a plaintively phrased harmony, a raucous singalong featuring the Hetero Honky-Tonkers and a dash of Nashville slide geetar.

"Before that last heartbreak
Nothing made me more sick
Than a hairy-chested
Cheap double-breasted
Suited man with a hard dick"

It is the finest example of the lesbian country and western genre I have ever heard. "Sweet Jane (With Affection)" is an intricate grafting of "Love and Affection" by Joan Armouredplating onto Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane". Its bizarre I know - its like Stipe and McCartney, Chaka and Imran Khan (I Field For You) or maybe Kylie and Michael (?) But it works. Its strength is subtlety. Production is unobtrusive as production should be. With its intimate sound and consistent intelligence "Two Nice Girls" is worthy of attention and airplay. (Fat chance).

Paul Schoff

Giant The Woodentops

Festival

This is the kind of album which requires minimum participation from the listener in that you could listen to it anytime at all with comfort. This is what music is about; enjoyment, without any overexertion on the part of the listener. "Giant" is an incredibly mellow album, which has a driving force behind it. This moving feeling creates a real optimistic mood, duly reflected by the lyrics.

With song titles such as "Get It On", "Good Thing", "Shout" and "Love Train", you may be misled to believe that the Woodentops are an incredibly diverse cover band. However, they are thoroughly original and refreshing. "So Good Today" scrapes in for the highlight of the album, yet everything else runs in practically the same vein. The only gripe about "Giant" happens to be that the lyrics tend to become slightly repetitive, but other than that, this is a fine bit of vinyl.

Jodie Wilson

Flubber Souled American

Rough Trade

With any luck, when you pick this album up to read the song list the record will fall out of the slot, which has been cleverly placed at the bottom of the sleeve.

At the start of the first track somebody coughs and after that the album's musical content is downhill all the way.

The lead guitar sounds like he's playing in the bottom of a 44-gallon drum, the drummer forgot his drum kit and is using one of those little stands of cutlery sets that you get from K-Mart and the lead singer sounds like he has a rubber band around his testicles.

This band can't decide whether they're country or blues and, quite frankly, I don't think anyone will care. It has all the sparkle and competence of a Liberal Party campaign and deserves to do just as well.

Simon Andrews

Crash Politics Tails Of the Freshmen?

rooArt/Polygram

Sydney's *Crash Politics*, rooArt pioneers, present a strong case for evolutionary theory on their *Tails Of the Freshmen?* 6 track ep. Having grown another guitarist, they also have refined their sound extensively since 1988's *Mother's Intention*.

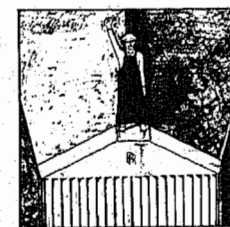
They remain upfront and intense, but are now mostly able to rely on the strength of the songs as much as their ability to be chaotic and aggressive. Above a sound now more dense and directed than thrashy, Stuart Paton's singing has improved enormously. The band's lyrics are reasonably interesting, even the lost ex-lover laments. "Whatever It Takes", the ep's highlight, is a passionate plea for personal understanding -

"You got problems and I got mine

I don't care about yours
cause I care about mine."

Patrick Allington

Robert Wyatt



NOTHING CAN STOP US

Nothing Can Stop Us Robert Wyatt

Festival

Robert Wyatt is a one-man multicultural centre. The nine songs and a poem on this record are an eclectic collection reflecting Wyatt's own world view. *Born Again Cretin* is an accidentally topical interpretation of Mandela's imprisonment, with a curiously McFerrin-esque backing. Wyatt is an urban musician, but urban in a peculiarly British sense of urbanity where different cultures survive

uneasily as separate entities. This is one ironic consequence of imperialism and is quite different to Australia's multiculturalism. Wyatt seeks to decentralise musical culture. So, we get Dishavi - a Bengali group singing *Trade Union* as a rallying acla to fellow Bengali workers, but almost paradoxically, Wyatt includes mass songs, *The Red Flag* and *Caimanera* - the defacto Cuban National Anthem. These can only be intended to break down cultural barriers. I suppose his point is that music should communicate - he would say 'must' communicate - across different yet coexisting cultures. As a bonus for listening to this difficult but ultimately rewarding record we are given *Shipbuilding*. This Elvis Costello song was originally released by Wyatt in 1982 as a sadly ruminative response to the Falklands debacle. An unemployed ship-yard worker balances his joy at the prospect of work with his dismay that the ships he will make are instruments only of destruction. In Costello's magical phrasing we should be 'diving for pearls' rather than dying for governments. Argue with that and you're crazy. Wyatt sings like Den from Eastenders in his hypnotically plodding version which makes Costello's own seem grossly melodramatic. This is no easy listening. Apart from the songs themselves it forces you to think about the whole philosophy of popular music. Paul Schoff

loveBUZZ Hummingbirds

RooArt

The Hummingbirds, for those with determinedly closed ears, are a Sydney-based guitar pop band.

They've released three excellent singles onto the Australian indie scene over the last couple of years, and they're here: "Blush", "Get On Down" and "Alimony" are visions of pop perfection infinitely superior to similar attempts by overhyped British bands. For the first-time listener, they're a chance to totally Flip Your Wig, but for the long-term fan, the serious business is the new stuff.

They Hummingbirds write great pop songs *because* they don't have musical tunnel vision. They realise that "I Wanna Be Sedated" is every bit as much a pop song as "Love Shack", which lends them a musical depth and lyrical wit that most can only wonder at. "She Knows", "House Taken Over" and "If You Leave" are embarrassingly perfect compositions, and the incredible thing is that they make it sound so easy ... Hearing this bunch of fundamentally intelligent popsters sing

I scrape my knuckles along the ground

Intellectually, I'm lost and found
on "Barbarian" is a special delight. Of course, they're taking the piss out of the rest of the Australian music scene much more than themselves, but only they'll be clever enough to notice.

"loveBUZZ" (crap title, mediocre artwork, but no matter) is a bonus length LP of 14 songs going about 55 mins, and this is its biggest problem. There needs to be more variation here than is required in a standard-length LP. In many ways I'm pleased that it hasn't gone through the roof commercially, so The Hummingbirds won't be straightjacketed by success too early in their career.

Simon's heartwarming tendency to add dive-bombing super-grunge guitar where it is least expected provides at least one avenue for future experimentation. Producer Mitch Easter has really made "loveBUZZ" shine - next time, I'd like to see them get a little dirty.
Simon Healy



The Hate Inside Beasts of Bourbon

Red Eye Records

Collected from their second album sessions, this is a double single set of the rudest, guttiest urban blues around. The depth of sound is huge (and ugly) and Tex Perkins aims his vocals to hurt. They do.
Best Track: "Hard For You".

Survival and (Less Than I) Spend Proton Energy Pills

Waterfront

First two singles here: very fast and very guitar-dominated. This young Sydney band are a blast when seen live. "Survival" is not well-recorded and doesn't really do them justice. "(Less Than I) Spend" hits the spot OK - fanciful guitar production by a *Dinosaur Jr* person, and couple of good songs to boot.

Dream On 98 Degrees

Mighty Boy Records

"Dream On" is no better and no worse than many current singles around. Dance music with a fast funk/jazz sound; lavish production and great harmonies. Should gain commercial airplay but probably won't.

So then, *Beasts of Bourbon* gets you angst and despair; *Proton Energy Pills* for full-on energy; and *98 Degrees* puts you in the dance groove. You work it out...
Alex Wheaton

Just Because You Can't See It... ...Doesn't Mean It Isn't There Kim Salmon & The Surrealists

Black Eye Records

One time leader of influential Australian band the Scientists, Kim Salmon and his Surrealists pant and grind their way around the vinyl.

Just Because ... starts off with what is the best track on the album, *Melt Pt. 1*. The track has an incredibly groovy bass line and drums, layered with gritty guitar play and panting vocals. An absolute killer!

The other tracks on the album come across like an obscene phone call; vocals pant seductively to the bass and drums whilst the guitar grinds on regardless. The melodic *Sundown*, *Sundown*, hypnotic *Sunday Drive* and the groovy *You're Gonna Die*.

The album will not appeal to everyone because of its alternative nature, but if you are looking for something different, this is definitely worth listening to.
Jason Bootle

Unexploded The Twenty Second Sect

Greasy Pop

It's the bottom of the ninth innings at Shea Stadium, bases are loaded and you're called to the plate.

Strike One: you're listening to ten hopeless songs made for tone-deaf people.

Strike Two: this record contains lyrics of the calibre of:

"Take my mind, wake my thoughts,

I can't stop thinking about boys in skimpy shorts."

Foul: you notice that in the photograph they wear the same clothes that they wore in the photograph on their last album. (Sometimes you feel that old socks, which have absorbed much of the wearer's sweat, may have a spiritual presence that, in some strange way, may correlate with the creative capacities of the wearer.)

Strike Three: Liz Dealey's voice.
Three strikes and you're out!

Shane Carty

Intolerance Grant Hart

(SST Import)

Grant Hart's first solo offering after the split of Hüsker Dü is almost alarming in its lack of similarity to anything his old band recorded.

Hart was always the more optimistic and commercial songwriter in Hüsker Dü (making it all the more mystifying that he cannot get a local release), and "Intolerance" is at least as digestible as, say, the new Midnight Oil album is likely to be.

The dominant instrument throughout is, surprisingly, not the guitar or drums, but the organ which can be, by turns, joyous ("Roller-Rink"), reverent ("She Can See The Angels Coming") or swirling and desperate ("The Main"). The range of instruments used is also quite staggering for a man whose songwriting previously focussed heavily on guitar-bass-drum. Piano, xylophone, acoustic guitars, miscellaneous percussion, harmonica, whistling ... and I'm certain that I heard a dentist's drill at the end of "You're the Victim" ... nah, must've been imagining it.

The record opens, "All Of My Senses" and "Now That You Know Me" set the tone for the album and simulate how it must feel to walk out into the sunshine after being locked in a dark room - blinding at first, but fresh and alive.

Unlike his ex-cohort Bob Mould's (quite brilliant) "Workbook" LP released July last year, "Intolerance" is more of a collection of songs than

an album with a conceptual flow. But what songs! And lest he be accused of playing it *too* straight, the twenty seconds of noise which opens the album would be enough to put off AOR radio programmers, and the closing 100-second "Reprise" is seriously bizarre.

Apart from the inexplicable omission of a lyric sheet, I recommend "Intolerance" with no reservations.

Simon Healy

Read My Lips Jimmy Sommerville

Festival

What happens when a Tin-tin look alike explores the possible avenues created by Kylie Minogue, but actually incorporates some kind of socially conscious theme throughout? Well, you may end up with something in the line of Jimmy Somerville's latest, aptly titled "Read My Lips", for it brings to mind your standard "I can dance and sing and write my own songs, and I like raging, and waterskiing, and absailing...." However, Jimmy is able to alter his own voice without the use of technological aids, and when he restrains himself from generating his trademark fire-alarm resonance, he actually submits a surprising variety to an album that would otherwise venture towards being terribly bland and polished.

There is no doubt that Jimmy has an incredible voice, as we have heard from his time with Bronski Beat and the Communards. He is able to exhibit his skill as a songwriter on this album, and tends to focus upon the issues of prejudice against A.I.D.S. victims and those in high risk groups.

Even so this album is not particularly inspiring due to the fact that quite despondent lyrics are placed in a dance music format. However if you enjoy your music pre-packaged, co-ordinated and polished then this may interest you.

Jodie Wilson



Sunday Afternoon Barbeques Where's The Pope?

Greasy Pop

Where's the Pope? have released their first album and it's a bit of a buzz saw baby. "Sunday Afternoon

BBQ's" is the title and in line with this delightful idea they've recorded songs such as their own "We Want Your Beer", "An Afternoon With Where's The Pope?" and US band Gangrenes' "Alcohol".

Where's The Pope? play fast and hard and the guitars sizzle from one track to the next. The sound is excellent without being outstanding - it's extremely well recorded and solidly representative of their live performances. Drums are the standout, they drive this record along at its maniacal pace and solidly emphasize the furiously delivered vocals.

In line with its no-holds-barred approach, *Where's The Pope?* seem to be portraying themselves as a skate-thrash band, aiming their aggression at the young and active.

If there's one criticism of "Sunday Afternoon Barbeques", it's that there are no standout tracks: variation is limited and the band have not as yet developed their songwriting or arranging skills. Such a mono-dimensional approach over an album can be tiring.

However, *Where's The Pope?*, along with *Mark of Cain's* "Battlesick" album of last year, prove that Adelaide musicians can punch it out with the best of them.

Alex Wheaton

Blue Sky Mine Midnight Oil

7"
Powderworks

Like a true aficionado, I went into this record harbouring a sackload of complaints against the Oils (eg. why hasn't Pete Gifford resumed his rightful bass-playing position?).

It's tempting to dismiss "Blue Sky Mine" as another 'injustice by numbers' song, and the occasional grindingly obvious line like "the balance sheet is breaking up the sky" tends to reinforce this. However, its sentiments are less obvious than the likes of "Beds Are Burning" or "Put Down That Weapon", and Warne Livesey's production is superlative, keeping the bones of the songs uncluttered and so creating a vast space for the band to work in.

The killer blow could convince the most hardened cynic: at the end, Garrett sings (and I mean sings, like never before)

*We've got nothing to fear
In the end the rain comes down...
Washes clean the streets of the
blue sky town,*

and all of a sudden, the fog lifts, and its undeniably GREAT. And that's just it. No matter what they do, I will always be able to forgive the Oils, because they are the best band Australia has ever produced. End of petion.

Simon Healy



AXEMAN'S JAZZ

plus club. Divine (Glen Milstead), however, is just dead. He/she died two years ago this week.

O-Ball 90 looked like a big success to the Axeman, who detected only a few flaws. Crowded facilities, warm drinks, flooded toilets, bad food, some great entertainment and stinkingly oppressive heat combined to make it a memorable event. Of course, none of this appeals to our hero, who was spotted outside the fence with an esky full of ice colds taking in the sights. Thanks to all concerned, especially Messrs. Coopers and Sons.

Unbeknowns to many, American band *Mudhoney* blasted their audience into submission on Tuesday night before trashing their gear and swandering into the crowd. Whispers suggest they may return after having had a vast amount of cash ripped off while in Melbourne. More shows need to be scheduled to make up the deficit.

Support band for *Mudhoney* was the much fancied *Where's the Pope?* Upon hearing that they can't decide whether to split up or replace key personnel, the Axeman considered auditioning for the job, but eventually decided it just wasn't worth the bother.

An exhaustive search of the files reveals birthdays this week that can't be missed. Eddy Grant and David Gilmour are part of the 40-

Meanwhile, the most popular *real* band in Adelaide begin to wind up their affairs before touring interstate, then holidaying before European shows. Yep, it's *The Mark of Cain*, who were treated so shabbily as support to Spy vs. Spy at the Old Lion on Friday. Whilst industry hacks and hopefuls sucked piss, TMOC worked very hard on and off stage under trying circumstances - and that's just not good enough organisation by the touring agency - it's exploitation. Spy vs. Spy were bloody good though. Spies interview and live feature in On Dit next week.

It's five years (count 'em) since *USA for Africa's* "We Are the World" was released, selling eight million copies on its day of release.

Tour News- *The Mad Turks* are back from Melbourne to support the release of their new album "Toast". They'll be showing off their new bass player Phil who they found hiding around the dives of Melbourne.

Finally, a proposed tour of OZ by the USA's *Butthole Surfers* has been rescheduled. Naturally the Axeman told the band that September was a better time to tour - and worse still, they listened.

AUTER DETOURS... CINEMATHEQUE 1990

The first Cinematheque program for 1990 has been curated by Shane McNeil, lecturer in film at Magill and Sturt Colleges. Shane originally planned a program called *Cinema of Exploitation* but discovered that many of the films were unavailable or too costly to screen. He has come up with a highly original and eclectic season which he describes as the extremities of genre. It will be called *Auteur Detour* or *God! Told Me To Go* and features obscure work by well-known directors and deviations from an auteur's usual work as well as little-seen cult works.

The politque of auteurism and the conventions of genre have proven to be the two central pillars in the foundation of contemporary film theory. *Auteur Detour* and the *Extremities of Genre* is an attempt to present a stimulating film programme that examines the 'twilight zone' where these often mutually exclusive philosophies both meet and diverge.

Thrill as you witness famous filmmakers work outside their

chosen genre only to transcend generic conventions and emerge thematically triumphant! Laugh as you watch films that destroy generic expectations only to resurrect a new form of genre from the rubble! Cry as you observe codes of genre so definitively established that they easily overwhelm any attempt at a personal artistic statement! Precariously poised on either side of a seemingly endless chasm, the battle between auteurism and genre still rages as the respective critical camps pitch tents on a journey not yet completed.

The first screening will be a special O'Week preview on Tuesday, 27th February at the Union Cinema at 7.30 pm and will be Larry Cohen's *God Told Me To* (a.k.a. *Demon*). There will be a break until after the Festival and screenings will start again on 20th March with a film by Luis Bunuel, *Land Without Bread* (Las Hurdes), his only documentary. It is an effective and disturbing record of poverty, disease and neglect in the wretched Las Hurdes region near the Portuguese border of Spain.

However, it is not without a good dose of the anarchic wit and irony we have come to expect from Bunuel.

Other films to be shown in the season include *Even Dwarfs Started Small*, regarded by Werner Herzog as one of his most important films, if not his best. The following week Edgar G. Ulmer's *Detour* will be screened. This black and white film, made in 1946 and shot in just five days is generally regarded as the greatest 'B' film ever made and the first road movie. *Detour* is far more intense and stylish than the run of the mill, low-budget picture, and as claustrophobic as any fatalistic melodrama.

Later in the season there is Woody Allen's first film as a writer/director, *What's Up Tiger Lily?*, which originally began life as a B-grade Japanese spy thriller. As a self-reflexive spoof of the then popular Bond films, Allen decided to remove the film's original soundtrack, re-edit some of the scenes and substitute his own comic dialogue, which only faintly synchronises with the action on the screen. Allen treats

the action-packed, over-sexed, spy-thriller genre as a kind of *object trouve* - allowing him to try out his verbal humour in a movie.

Other films sure to attract interest are two Roger Corman features, *Masque of the Red Death* and *X: The Man with the X-Ray Eyes*, Hitchcock's only comedy, *Mr and Mrs Smith* and *Touch of Evil*, arguably Orson Welles' best film. Producer Albert Zugsmith gave Welles his long-awaited chance to gain direct a film in Hollywood after his exile into the wilderness. Welles the writer responded by turning out the sleaziest story imaginable, leading the viewer through the creeping decay of America's fringelands and bordertowns. He seemed to be aiming at a portrayal of an excess that knows no limits. *Touch of Evil* was the last film Welles made in Hollywood, for it was after this that the studio heads ran him out of town for good.

The last film in Cinematheque 1:1990 is *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. It is a sweeping chronicle of modern British history from Boer War to

Blitz, as seen through the eyes of the archetypal figure of Colonel Blimp, a bellicose, illogical, reactionary reject from *Dad's Army* who satirizes the dangerous folly of the military caste. The film speculates dangerously (for the time) that a war may not be worth winning if it involves a fundamental sacrifice of personal values. Recently voted best British film ever made, this masterpiece will be presented in its newly restored, original form.

The 12-week season costs only \$15 and also entitles you to a membership of the M.R.C. for that period.

Shane McNeil

AUTEUR DETOURS

An incredibly strange season of one-hit wonders

- underground classics
- neglected masterpieces

• famous first films

• cult favorites

• obscure documentaries

• under-rated short films

AND THE EXTREMITIES OF GENRE
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Allen - Polanski - Antonioni - Corman
Godard - Resnais - Powell and Pressburger

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Marlon Brando acting in a film for
more than 5 minutes (but for less
than \$5 million)

THRILL TO
a film by Godard that even your
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crimes and misdemeanours



Woody Allen's "Crimes and Misdemeanours" is one of those really uncanny productions that leaves you feeling taken aback. I was taken aback because after having seen so many Allen films and been disappointed by his last film (the very melancholy "September") I thought I knew this funny prune-faced man quite well. Yet, in "Crimes" Allen surreptitiously hit me on the back of the neck. There are the usual Jewish/Manhattan lifestyle games (engagements, parties, affairs). There are the expected moments of Allen introspection. But this

film boasts savagery as its main energy. It's incredible but the insidious lies and loss of conscience which the main character, Judah Rosenthal, experiences combine to make this the hardest hitting of any of Allen's works.

Consider the plot: a successful yet troubled doctor approaching mid-life crisis has an affair and then when things get sticky wants to bump his mistress off. I was genuinely surprised that such a crude storyline could work. But the film works in spite of the unlikely scenario. The main plot

is juxtaposed cleverly with the life of Allen's screen character, Cliff Stern. Cliff is a film director who is similarly unhappy in marriage and vainly attempting to seduce his assistant producer Halley Reed, played by Mia Farrow. Allen hasn't performed on-camera since "Hannah and Her Sisters", and the film benefits from his acting style which favourably permeates his script - quirky and always cynical. Cliff's afternoon sojourns to the cinema with his niece where he felt like he was "playing hockey from school" were lovely.

Allen is attempting to juggle massive themes here, like infidelity and traditional religion.

The intertwining of small misdemeanours with the most heinous of crimes leaves the audience bereft of their logical ability to distinguish between the two. The murder seems eventually forgettable as a married man kissing someone who is not his wife. The conclusion of the film where the two central characters meet and the distillation of experience occurs is absolutely vital for the film's success. I haven't seen an Allen film that disturbed me so much because of its pessimism and genuine sadness.

As a social commentator, Allen always seemed to have a wry optimism - but in this film there is none. No-one gets their just desserts and no-one falls in love with the right people. Of course, the gravity of the film's persistent themes to not censor the humour - the dialogue is, and I think wonderfully, blacker than black. Cliff Stern's sister retelling how her lover defecated on her face; Cliff stealing James Joyce's lines for his love letter and Alan Alda's disgustingly self-serving dialogue as "New York's Big Producer Pervert" are all extremely hilarious. The film is a scary one, particularly because of Martin Landau's characterisation and gratifyingly this is one Woody Allen film that really reaches out.

Emily Boase

shirley valentine



On stage, Shirley Valentine is a solo piece, a one-woman tour de force. The transition to screen has meant the appearance of the other characters from Shirley's monologues, and a substantial screenplay has been built out of the dramatic reflections of her stage reflections.

The adaptation and transition of the character out of her permanent post in the kitchen to all the places and scenes she talks about works well in the first half of the film. We see Shirley, the bored but mentally lively housewife talk to her kitchen wall, but also in a café chatting to her friend the

feminist, in shops buying lingerie, in a posh hotel comparing school tales with ex-school prefect-turned-hooker (Joanna Lumley) and in her street of solid, respectable middle class tedium. This is necessary in a film where you can't stay in a kitchen for 45 minutes, even if you do move the scene somewhere exotic, like Greece, for the remainder.

No doubt Pauline Collins could keep one entranced for hours with her wonderful delivery, sing song regional account, and her wide-eyed look of lively amusement. Only Julie Walters, who was the definitive educated Rita could

equal Collin's blend of frustration, exuberance and dry, sparkling one-liners so convincingly.

Unfortunately, for those who have seen *Educating Rita*, the film tends towards *déjà vu*. The audience at the preview screening was composed almost exclusively of grey-haired couples who hooted and gasped with split-second accuracy at all the right moments. They obviously enjoyed themselves, one irritating lady especially displaying irritatingly uncanny exactitude in predicting the characters lines before the rest of the audience got

to hear them. I think she was also the woman who laughed loudly at the Cutex advert (you know, the ice down the trousers) beforehand; the entrance of Shirley's self-obsessed, post-teen daughter who demands this and that with no regard for her mother gave this woman in the audience more than usual cause to exclaim with horror. It's not pleasant to be with a group of people who act as if they hadn't seen a film for twenty years.

Notwithstanding the audience, the film escaped to Greece in the second half where Shirley goes on a hard-earned holiday to 'find herself' with a girlfriend on a Mediterranean island. When the friend disappears with a man she met on the plane, Shirley (predictably) has a romance of her own with restaurateur Tom Conti (every frustrated English menopausal woman's idea of a sleazy Greek lover), who does his appallingly clichéd but funny Latin lover routine, further endearing himself to his captive audience.

In film form, the ending tended to predictability, despite some funny scenes along the way, and a couple of surprises. This is a film which sticks to its limits, and has not been overly camped-up or exaggerated. The self-mocking tone of the director (as much as this whole genre of English films by Willy Russell) is something our American friends still haven't mastered.

Geoff Griffith

Tales of the City Armistead Maupin Black Swan

When *Tales of the City* (Armistead Maupin) was tossed my way, I did not truly believe I would find time to read and review it. But I did manage to read *Tales of the City*; the book had conveniently short, compact chapters, never more than 2.5 pages in length. Each chapter related one event or introduced a new character, so that one could almost visualize a pyramid of characters and events emerging from Chapter 1. (These short chapters were originally written as a daily series for the *San Francisco Chronicle*).

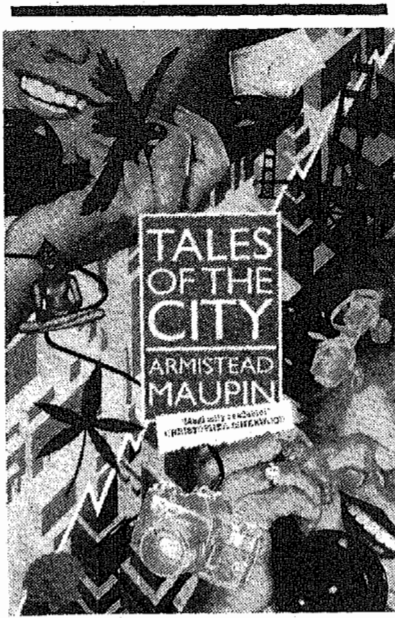
Chapter 1 begins with Mary Ann Singleton, a secretary from backwater Cleveland on a holiday in San Francisco. She decides to not return to Cleveland, but remain in SF. In the following chapters Mary Ann meets up with an old friend Connie, finds a studio apartment on Barbary Lane, and lands a job with Halcyon Communications. Along the way, the reader meets Anna Madrigal, the mysterious but kind landlady; Mona Ramsey, the flatmate from downstairs; Michael Tolliver, Mona's gay friend and temporary room-mate;

Brian Hawkins, the waiter from across the hall; Edgar Halcyon, the boss; Beauchamp Day, Edgar's son-in-law who works for (or against?) the boss; DeDe Halcyon-Day, the boss' daughter; Frannie Halcyon, the boss' wife; so on and so forth. Each character appears chapter by chapter, until the reader is familiar with them. Everyone (or so it seems) stalks the straight and gay bars in search of a partner or a one-night stand. They either hurt their partners, or are hurt by them.

But the story doesn't get predictable. Characters meet up coincidentally (or do they?), turn out to be straight, gay, or occasionally bi-sexual. There is no room, however for categorizing characters, or judging them. Everyone's vices are forgivable in San Francisco. It is, after all, SF in the 1970s, where free love, peasant clothes, funky discos and Mao Zedong t-shirts are IN. Humour and tragedy are mapped out side by side, and every chapter is immensely readable. I became lost, however, in descriptions of American culture (or the representatives) ... Dynamints? Sally Kellerman? Grey Gardens?

A well-structured 'Tale', (best of all) realistically possible to read. Rush out and get a copy if this is your cup of tea.

Isabella Ho



The Pan Art Dictionary Vol 1. 1300 - 1800 Erika Langmuir Pan Books

Erika Langmuir has produced an art dictionary akin to a concise encyclopaedia of art. The dictionary is aimed at students of Western art history and generally interested readers. It would make a useful companion for any

enthusied and frequent patron of Art Galleries.

Information is factual and concise and entries vary in length from a few lines devoted to a lesser known artist to several pages about artists of great calibre. Entries include brief details of the artist's personal life, with more detail given to artistic development including training and important influences on artist's work. Also touched upon are political circumstances that may have affected an artist's work, such as the succession of Popes during the latter half of Michaelangelo's life, who shunted him back and forth from Florence to Rome. As a consequence his two mammoth projects, the mausoleum for St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome and the facade of the Medici Chapel in Rome were never completed as Michaelangelo had planned.

However nothing is mentioned of Michaelangelo's habit of stealing into a small mortuary every night while still a boy, and spending hours dissecting bodies and making studies of human anatomy to give his work a previously unseen realism.

A brave attempt is made to clarify frequently and ambiguously used terms such as "classical", which can mean several things depending on

whether it is used in a normative, historical or descriptive sense. Brief and interesting accounts of how various terms came to be commonly used are also given. For example, the term Baroque was originally used in a derogatory sense to describe work that deviated from classical styles, but is now neutrally used in reference to various art forms of the 17th Century.

To describe art well is a difficult task, especially when one is limited to a few hundred pages in which to write about hundreds of artists and numerous styles. Yet Langmuir manages, often in a single sentence, to capture the essence of an artist's work, as in her description of the pictures of Hieronymous Bosch which she describes as "...fantastically peopled with a nightmare world of shifting forms and inconsistent scale, elegantly painted with sometimes lurid colour effects."

A simple and effective cross referencing system is used between entries. As scope of the dictionary is limited to western Europe and the Americas, a more appropriate title might be "A Dictionary of Western Art 1300 - 1800." All in all, it is a concise, informative book and considering the price of most art books is also good value at less than twenty dollars.

Kate Giles

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Bot Chat



with
Salmonella Harris

"GET THE FUCK BACK OR YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY"

Who *hired* these gorillas? What are they meant to be protecting? Certainly not the *crowd*, who they're more likely to pick fights with, and the serving staff have never been in serious danger.

Anyway, Skullduggery 1990 was alarmingly predictable, and garnished the usual polarised reactions from people, depending on taste. A small sample:

#1: "WAAAAAARGH! this is fuckin' AMAZING! I'm SOOOOOO pissed!"

#2: "This is *so sad*.. I can't believe what I'm doing here."

Damage was kept to a bare minimum, and the switch from cans to cups, if anything, tended to make it a more sedate affair.

Predictably, one had to surf a wave of beer and urine to get to the toilets, but the facilities themselves seemed relatively intact by the end of the night.

The standard of serving was higher than last year (ignoring the egomaniac thugs who patrolled the top of the tables), and the beer was (here comes the exciting bit):

- a) drinkable
- b) cold.

Shocked? I was.

The only disappointment was that the cider, which was very tasty, ran out so early. And from what I saw, any rumours spreading beforehand that soft drinks would be served were totally unfounded. Not that anyone really missed them.

99% of people there were only interested in engaging in the age-old tradition of drinking, pouring drinks on other people, and sleazing. The fact that there seemed to be a higher percentage

of freshers and males this year only accentuated that, but made life difficult for Mr Sexually Frustrated 1st Year Science Student trying to 'get a score'.

As for the 'free entertainment', whenever you see 'top live band' on the ticket, you know you're in trouble, but this was pretty seriously scraping the bottom of the barrel. I wish I'd remembered their name, if only in order to avoid them like the plague for the rest of my life, but a more predictable, blandly-played set of covers you could not wish to hear anywhere. They even played "Summertime Blues"!!! Of course, I sang all the lyrics ("I'd like to help you son, but you smell like a goat"), danced my tits off and went beserk anyway. Who wouldn't?

As for the uglier side of Skullduggery, I saw *nobody* vomit (this is true), which is well down on last year, and one fight, which is the first I have witnessed in three years.

The way the pricing is now structured, most people are *not* going to get their money's worth of alcohol, and therefore go for 'the event'. This is significant, as it means that Skullduggery will never die, although we will no doubt have to endure another plague of 'they're trying to take Skullduggery from us' candidates at this year's elections.

Apart from the bouncers, this year's event was as well-organised as it's going to get. But then, I'm bound to be generous- I managed to stay dry.



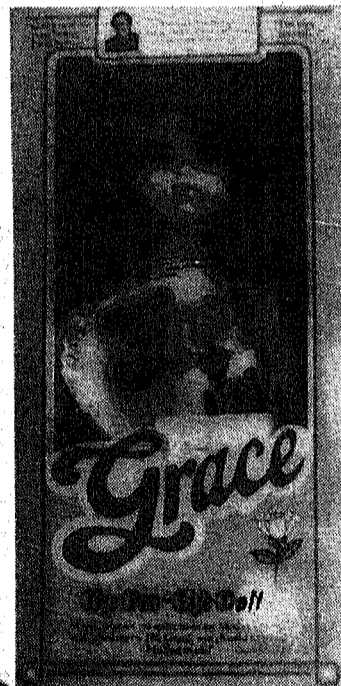
Snippets from yesteryear.....
Boy meets girl at Skullduggery

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK....

A few people seemed to think that last week's biblical extract was our own invention. How dare they suggest such a thing! We only use extracts from the Good Book. Read your Bibles, heathens! Anyway, this week's divine snippet is dedicated to Vincent Badgerstool from Christians Against Everything.

".....Hath he not sent me to the men that sit upon the wall, that they may eat their own dung, and drink their own piss with you?"

Isaiah 36:12



NEW PRODUCT

Available now from "Praise the Lord" merchandising, it's **Grace**, the Pro-Life Doll! On squeezing Grace, she delivers an anti-abortion message and a song by Pat Boone. No God-fearing chillun of Christ can afford to be without one! And remember- show *your* respect for the sanctity of human life- bomb an abortion clinic today!



MARVIN IS A DREAM! HE WANTS TO MAKE SOUP OUT OF MY UNDERWEAR...

HOW ROMANTIC! RONALD TOLD ME AS LONG AS HE HAS A FACE I'LL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO SIT!



Left school?

No job?
No money?

Then fuck off.

GnatWest
THE FRANK BANK