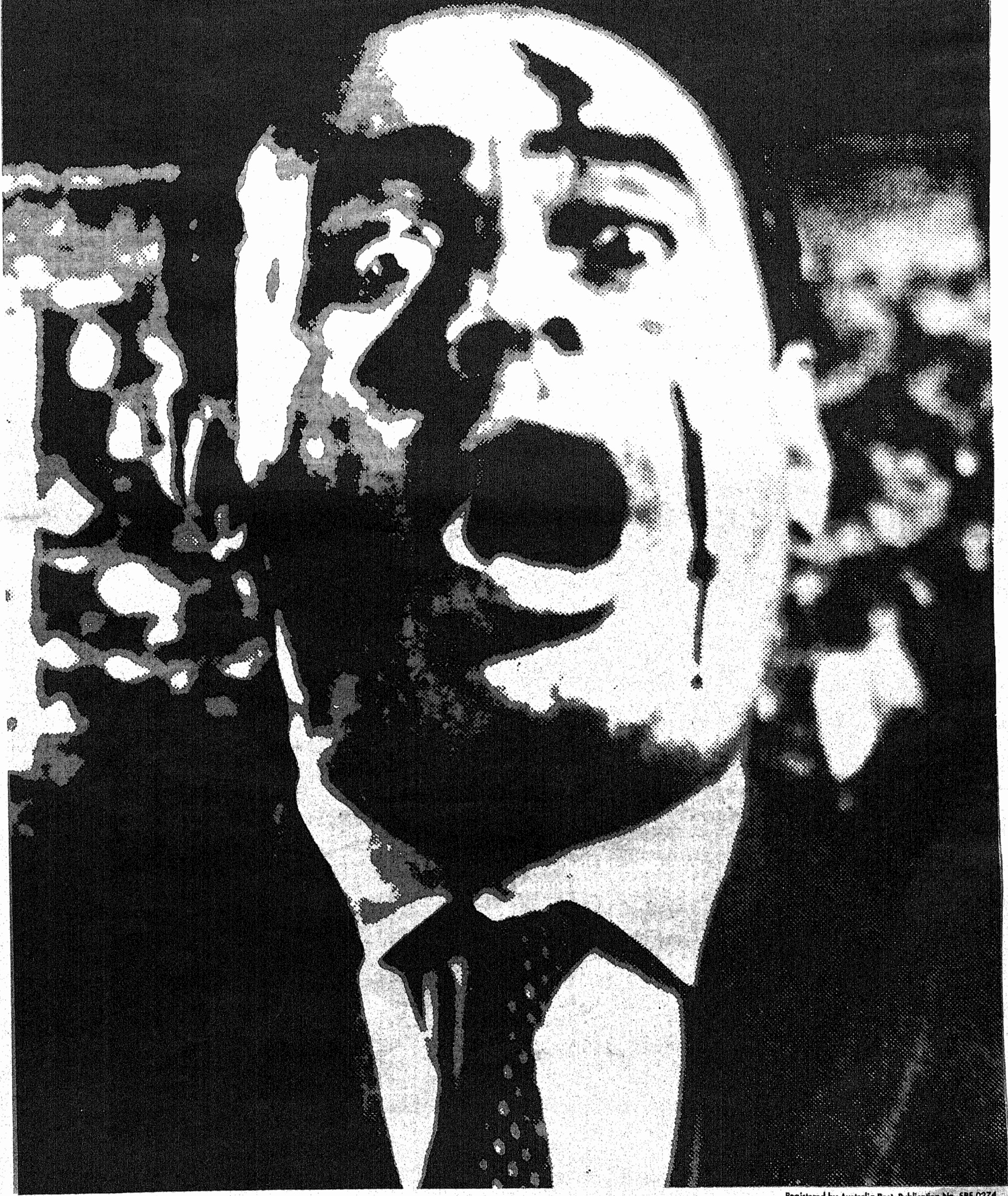


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21 MAY 1991

ON·DIT

Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly • Volume 59 Number 9 • May 13 1991





The Post Modernist Wrestling match in our lounge rooms

Twin Peaks vs The Singing Detective.

I was going to do an article about cars this week, and reveal my true muffler-shop mentality, but I was unfortunate enough to visit a friend's lounge room in the middle of a heated battle involving a large cask of red wine, two stubborn-as-hell women, and evidence re the relative merits of Twin Peaks (TP) vs The Singing Detective (SD). I decided to end the blue by stating that The Simpsons defecated on both of them. Cold icy stares all round. I guess I had misjudged the seriousness of these two Amazonian combatants. Thoroughly embarrassed, I stuttered out that I would make their fight the subject of my next article, which seemed to placate them, although they still didn't act very friendly after that so I left, my pride suffering cuts and abrasions. I'll show those bitches, I said to myself, loudly. Women, hell who needs 'em anyway. Just a bunch of bimbos, I heard my voice say to the patron saint of Foot-in-mouth disease. I felt pretty silly. I felt the urge to adjust my carburettor, away from all that bourgeois semiotic budgie droppings, the sort of thing you expect from a Magill Campus Media studies wanker, groggy from the shock of finally becoming a 'real' University student. But a promise is a promise.

The magnitude of my task frightened me, and I am as hardened a media analyst as you would find drunk, in any hallway or kitchen at parties. I mean we are talking

Yuppie Peakheads vs Lefty Potterfans. We are talking Special spunk Copper vs Thinking Womens heartthrob Michael Bambon a.k.a. Phillip Marlowe. Am I right or am I right?

Well they are both ostensible detective/thriller stories, with a whodunnit theme, baddies and goodies, and murder suspects. They are both examples of the best contemporary TV that their respective countries of origin have to offer. They both contain significant po-mo, self-ref features in their stories and scripts. They both revolve around manuscripts, the diary of Laura Palmer and the missing original copy of the Singing Detective last seen in a shoebox. They both refer to popular entertainment art forms, SD using the pulp detective novel, TP using the television soapie. They each contain both surreal and stereotyped characters and situations of the kind that populate pulp novels and TV soapies in ample abundance. They both allow imagination and reality to be equal partners in the plot, a sort of Gabriel Garcia Marquez principle which I thoroughly approve of, and enjoy immensely. SD uses Marlowes flashbacks to his childhood, and imagined scenes from his novel. TP uses Agent Cooper's dreams, aided by some scary camera work.

Now I don't want this to be a forum for those people who prefer English shows vs those people who like American Shows. There is no room for that sort of prejudice

here. If you are one of those media bigots please leave the room. Put up or shut up. This is not the forum to compare 'Married with Children' to 'Are you being Served'.

I mean we know that Pommie shows emphasise detailed character development, and Yankie shows use trickery like weird plots and bizarre backdrops. Lets ignore these transatlantic differences and concentrate on measuring pure intelligent entertainment value, including some weighting factor for gratuitous titillation.

Both Dennis Potter and David Lynch have excellent pedigrees. I'm not asking you to compare 'Blue Velvet' with 'Pennies from Heaven' directly, but they were undoubtedly the best black, po-mo works of their type at the time, and both made extensive use of the indigenous popular music of the eras in which they were set. Nice one fellas. Potter's postmodern touch is to blend Marlowe's horrible reality in the public hospital ward seamlessly into his flights of imagination, which he projects upon the other patients and medical staff. Lynch's post-modern feature is his use of absurd dialogue and situations stolen directly from a thousand soaps, inserted directly in straight country town scenarios, in a very surreal way. Yes, surreal is definitely the right word.

Potter explores Marlowes childhood as a means of explaining his schizoid outbursts of imagination, and perhaps even the reason

for his horrible skin affliction. Lynch makes no attempt to give some explanation for Cooper's weird modus operandi which combines Tibetan mythology with Western para-psychology. This is a pity, but it does increase his sexiness and mysteriousness, I guess.

Characterwise, TP has lots of them, suspects and red herrings everywhere, just like good Agatha Christie stories. In fact there are so many characters and complex interrelationships that it becomes more of an intellectual exercise, rather than an emotional thing as real soapies are. The viewer must therefore love the process of the finger of suspicion continually moving, rather than get tense waiting for the solution to the crime. This concentration on process rather than product is very Taoist, and makes me wonder if Lynch has been experimenting with different belief systems lately. Agent Cooper certainly has. This concept of living life in the present characterises the mood of several recent American films e.g. Rumblefish: Paris, Texas.

So lets summarise so far. Potter charms us with his historically accurate wartime scenes of Marlowe's childhood, and his romantically baroque scenes from the book, straight from Pulp Casablanca. He also shocks us with the horrible reality of disfigurement, disease, derangement and death in England's public health system. His money-hungry wife is said to represent Thatcher's effect on England, so he is making a very political statement, as Greenaway does in 'The Cook, the Thief...'

Lynch charms us with lots of kooky American Characters, stereotypical to a tee, with dialogues and punchlines to match, utterly charming and hilariously funny, in a weird way, and with authentic American post-kitsch decor. If he is making a political statement, it is lost on me, although he may be poking fun at Western thought habits, by having the hero use intuition and Taoism rather than hard nosed cop-style logical deduction.

In a country such as America, where treading on the flag is a capital offense, Lynch's making fun of Yogi Bear lumberjack characters and small-town-nesses may be just as subversive an act as Potters more graphic and sexually explicit use of dirty-bandage imagery, especially since it must appear obvious to even the straightest American citizen that some parts of Twin Peaks seem expressly designed for people to smoke marijuana to, and giggle madly every few seconds or so.

So here is the Umpire's decision, readers. No correspondence will be entered into. My decision is final. The result is a draw. Both these programs are funny, black, and totally absorbing.

I would now like to see Michael Gambon co-star with Dennis Hopper, directed by Wim Wenders, with Gambon as the Tsar and Hopper as Rasputin. Gambon could be even more evil than The Thief in his treatment of the serfs. Hopper could be even more sinister than Frank as he played the satanic oracle to the Russian throne. It could then be made into a soapie called 'Steppe by Steppe'.

Love, Ted.

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Occupational Health and Safety Under Review

2 MAY 1991
OF ADVICE

Occupational health and safety are not being met in some areas of this University and it is reported that as much as \$20 million dollars worth of improvements are required in order to meet these standards. A report commissioned by the Office of Tertiary Education (OTE) last year and undertaken by the firm Woods Bagot, identified many areas in need of improvement on the North Terrace campuses of the City Campus, then SACAE, the SAIT (now University of South Australia) and Adelaide University. The Report estimated \$70 million dollars would need to be put into safety upgrading and made recommendations pertaining to fire escapes, air-conditioning, electricity, tutorial and lecture theatre sizes.

The University, however, finds itself strapped for cash and unable to provide the necessary funds for improvement. According to Professor Larry Frakes, University Executive member for Physical Resources in a recent report to the Executive;

"There is a strong commitment by the University to address the shortcomings that have been identified with various buildings on campus. However the resources necessary to undertake these tasks are just not available."

The University's Executive is to arrange for an Officer from the Department of Employment, Education and Training (DEET) to attend the University to discuss the financial implications of solving these problems.

The Executive said that it may become necessary to consider closing down "areas of buildings, or to curtail traditional activities,

If occupational health and safety directions are to be observed implicitly".

In a Law lecture recently a Lecturer announced to students that, due to the poor standard of the theatre, that if students were prepared to complain to the Registry he would be happy to lead the way.

The Woods bagot report in Volume One gives an overview of safety provisions and detailed assessments of facilities, and space utilisation. Under Section 6.2, Maintenance Condition and Refurbishment, it is stated;

"A suggestions of a maintenance backlog of some \$70 million in buildings at the University of Adelaide alone must be viewed with great concern." (Cushway)

Volume 2 gives a brief assessment of each building on the North Terrace site.

In terms of fire safety the University's lack of fire isolated stairs and alternative modes of egress from the scene of fire as the most hazardous features of the University Buildings. It is a requirement that multi-storied buildings of a certain height have sprinklers fitted (ie; the Napier) according to Mr Cameron Stott of the Metropolitan Fire Service suggests that installation of sprinklers in buildings that do not require sprinklers could offset the problems associated with open stairwells and limited exits.

The CSIRO Building, which is full of petrol chemicals and fume cupboards, is used by staff and students yet is the responsibility of the CSIRO and is located dangerously close to University Buildings. University laboratories

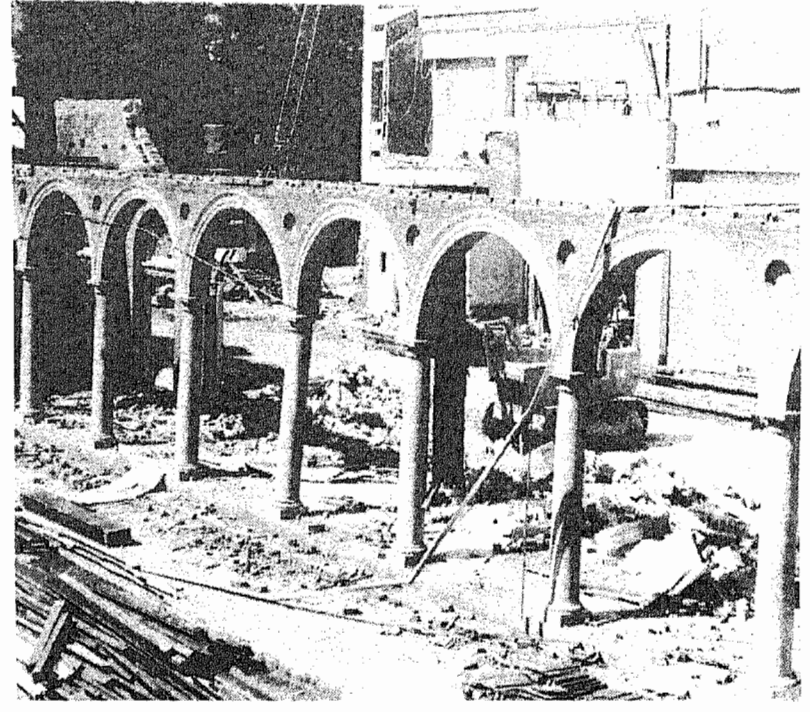
also have highly flammable substances and solvents which are stored in them and yet do not all have fire protection.

Water supply to the University is described by Mr Stott as "dreadful". Improvements, such as in water pressure, water mains, long fire mains and the addition of "boosters" are incredibly expensive. The Ligertwood Buildings improvements will include a new booster in the underground carpark which will pick up hydrant points around the area. Only two of the University's Buildings, the Medical School north and the Schulz, possess water tanks on roof level, which are considered amongst the best ways of firefighting.

Improvements to fire safety have been taking place over a period of years. In the case of the Barr Smith Library they have replaced the fire detectors, have installed a Master Evacuation Control Panel, enclosed the main stairwell, fixed some doors with devices designed to set up compartments to cut off smoke and flames in the case of fire and new hydrant points were installed when the new entrance building was completed in 1986.

The Hughes and Wills Buildings have been fitted recently with Master Evacuation Control Panels, and the Fisher and Jordon Laboratories and the Oliphant Wing are the next in line for this installation.

\$2 million has been allocated for fire safety provisions such as sprinklers and safe stairwells. Fume cupboards around the University generally display poor airflow, proximity to spillage risks, and water taps located inside their structure. Some have been upgraded (in the case of the Waite



Yike! Looks scary

Institute) at a cost of approximately \$40 000 per cupboard.

There is a plan to develop better water resources that would ring the campus.

There is a SAUA representative on the University's Occupational Health and Safety Committee which liaises with the Building's Branch.

Students on Faculty and Departmental Committees have a vital role to play in bringing occupational health and safety issues to the attention of their Faculty. Areas, such as the Library, which have "rabbit warrens" calls for regular monitoring of its safety provisions. Similarly, the Union needs to be aware of its safety features, despite the recent building of the Union Complex. Health and Safety Associates Australia completed a Risk Appraisal Audit of the Union in 1990. Risk areas

identified included the kitchen (due to a lack of regular cleaning of the kitchen cooking exhaust ducting) and On Dit due to the unsavoury personal habits of editors and the abundance of papers strewn around the floor!

Millions of dollars are required in order to complete many of the suggested improvements and in practical terms it will take a long period of time to implement these improvements.

Students wishing to complain if levels of safety are inadequate in their Faculty should speak to their faculty representative or the SAUA president, Natasha Stott Despoja.

Ruckus At Melbourne Uni

Students at Melbourne University have demanded the sacking of their Union President Andrew Landeryou, and General Secretary Keir Semmens.

On Tuesday the 7th last week, approximately 1000 students demonstrated and voted for the

sackings 800 votes to four. There was originally to have been a General Union Meeting on this day, but a petition was produced with the signatures of 64 part-time students, asking that the motion be deferred to referendum. The required number of signatures is 50, and so the motion has gone to referendum, despite the fact that only 49 of the signatures were later found to be genuine. An amendment has also been added, that the Farrago Editors be sacked. One of the Editors, Chris Francis, described this as a

"revenge motion".

A group called Students Against Corruption claim that the two officers, both members of the university Labor Club, are incompetent and negligent in their duties. On Dit spoke to Maria Boucher, a member of SAC. She alleged that they had failed to carry out their duties, as well as using their positions to promote their own political agendas. Among other allegations, she said that "Keir has been misusing his power as Farrago editor... We believe that they are incapable of carrying

out their duties". SAC say that they are not trying to sack Messers Landeryou and Semmens because of their politics, but because of their job performance.

As a result of allegations made by members of SAC, 8 writs have been issued by Mr Semmens for libel. When asked if he would be issuing any writs, Mr Landeryou said that it was "not the sort of thing that [he] would discuss with an On Dit Editor".

Mr Landeryou described the campaign to sack him and Mr Semmens as being "waged by an

ultra-left group, with some support from students. It is a wild and vicious and hateful campaign against us". He believed that the large majority vote at the demonstration in favour of the sackings would change at the referendum.

David Krantz

NUS - Not supporting its own Policies?

Tasmanian Democrat, Senator Robert Bell and South Australian Democrat, Senator Meg Lees are seeking to disallow the following 1991 Austudy Regulations: 5, 61, 63, 68, 71, 82, 85, 88, 95.

These include

- Regulation 5 the age limit for Austudy;
- Regulation 68 the qualification for the independent living allowance on the basis of age;
- Regulations 82, 88 Parental Income Test;
- Regulation 95 Spouse Income Test.

The National Union of Students

(NUS) originally was not going to support the Democrats in this move. The reasons for this are based on the alleged repercussions of the disallowance of the regulations. NUS President Brigid Freeman claimed at the Education Conference last week that if the Democrats disallow these regulations, the whole act will be ineffective and may cause the discontinuation of Austudy Regulations for up to 6 months. This is not the case according to the Democrats. SAUA Education Vice President Susie O'Brien, who attended the conference, said that she was "outraged" at the misinformation from Ms Freeman.

In a telephone interview last Tuesday, it was Senator Robert Bell's opinion that the Labor Party had been misleading students. He explained that in early May, the Senate has to pass the 1991 Austudy Regulations (these regulations have

been actually used by Austudy Administration although they are not current as yet). In seeking to disallow the 1991 Regulations, the Democrats are merely attempting to put the former 1990 Regulations back in force. This would principally mean the spouse income test would remain at \$18,150 not \$12,150. He reiterated that the disallowance of the specific regulations would not challenge the Austudy Scheme as a whole.

Moreover, Senator Bell explained that the Opposition had not pledged support, so it was unlikely to go through. The Democrats were aware of this possibility, but were mainly concerned with putting the issue back in the public arena and stirring up the politicians inside Parliament.

The Democrats also propose alternative regulations which the Government can put in place at any time. These regulations almost

exactly mirror NUS policy. As Geoff Dodd, Research Officer of Senator Meg Lees said last Tuesday, "NUS has absolutely no basis on which to vote against its own policy".

The proposed reforms suggested by the Democrats include:

- Changing the definition of "independent" to apply to students who are 21, not 25.
- Increasing the "independent" Austudy benefit to the adult dole.
- Increasing the Spouse Income from \$12,150 to \$18,150.
- Increasing the amount which students can earn without their Austudy money being reduced from \$4,000 to \$10,000, and excluding the money earned over the Christmas holidays.

The March 1991 House of Representatives Standing Committee on Education actually suggested some of these reforms itself. Even the Australian Vice Chancellors Committee in their

paper, "Foundations for the Clever Country", recommended the level of Austudy benefits be increased to equal that of the adult unemployment benefits.

Owing to intense lobbying (mostly from South Australian student representatives), the original decision not to support the Democrats was overturned at an NUS National Executive Meeting.

SAUA Education Vice President Susie O'Brien told OnDit, "A problem that many students perceive is the fact that some of the national executive members are from the National Organisation of Labor students. Some feel that this restricts their ability to challenge and to criticise the Labor Government. All NUS office bearers are there foremost to support and protect students and their rights. Some need to be reminded of this fact."

Green House Not a Dance Party

Of all the current environmental issues, the Greenhouse Effect has been described as potentially the most dangerous to mankind's survival.

But recent surveys have shown that public understanding of the theory behind the issue is extremely low, with one misconception being that the Greenhouse Effect is caused by ozone depletion! But surprisingly, the theory is extremely easy to understand and there is no reason why anyone shouldn't have (at least) a basic understanding of it.

The Greenhouse Effect is basically a natural process, in which various gases in the upper atmosphere trap the sun's heat, thereby maintaining the surface of the Earth at a temperature ideal for life as we know it. But, ever since the Industrial Revolution, the concentration of these gases has been steadily increasing, thus leading to a gradual temperature increase. These gases, now known as "greenhouse gases" include methane, nitrous oxide and carbon dioxide.

The effects of the Greenhouse

Effect are particularly severe. Not only would there be an overall air temperature warming of 1.5 to 4.5 C, sea levels could rise by up to two metres (due to warm water expanding) and Arctic/Antarctic ice sheets melting) but there would be dramatic changes in world weather patterns, including a widening of the tropical climatic belt, which would be catastrophic for agriculture.

Though many people dismiss the Greenhouse Effect as 'greenie nonsense', substantial evidence already exists in favour of it. If you would like to know something about this evidence, or how you can help prevent the dangers of the Greenhouse Effect from becoming a reality, be sure to attend the Friends of the Earth meeting this Wednesday (15th May) at 1.00 p.m. in the Union Cinema. Andrew Lothian (author of the book 'Understanding the Greenhouse Effect') will be presenting a talk titled 'The Greenhouse Effect: Why it matters and what can be done', and there will be an opportunity to ask questions. All welcome.

If you can't attend the above meeting and would like more information, feel free to drop into the FOE Clubroom (5th Floor of the Union Complex) any lunchtime and pick up some free literature. **Craig Smith.**

Elle Dit is the annual women's edition of On Dit. It is a chance for all women at university to voice their opinions and display their creativity! If you would like to play a part in this year's edition through writing, sub editing, layout, artwork, please come to the special meeting on Tuesday, 1 pm. The Womens' Centre is downstairs in the Cloisters (on the left side if your facing the Torrens!). If you haven't been there before, come and check out the excellent study room, kitchen and lounge - which is about to be completely repainted, revamped, etc. There is also a room to change babies (nappies - not the child) and beds to lie down on if you've had one of those days/weeks/experiences.

Elle Dit is your chance to have your say, show your artistry, get your name in print. There will be a box in the SAUA (cloisters - other side) to put any contributions or ideas. Printing date will roll on faster than we ever want it to, so start thinking now about what you want to do. We welcome contributions by women about absolutely anything that takes your fancy, especially campus issues. If you're stuck for a topic, we will be working out a list of titles we would be interested in reading about it.

Non Stop Parking Action

The following notice appeared in Dairy on 17/12/90.

The Physical Resources Subcommittee of the Executive Committee have asked that responses to the trial be sought from the University Community through Dairy and On Dit. Any persons wishing to respond should send their written comments to the undersigned by 31/5/91.

The following measures are aimed at reducing the volume of through traffic across campus, to reduce speeding and to improve pedestrian

safety. The trial will be evaluated over several months to determine how successfully the objectives have been met.

A closure of the Western Drive is under consideration. Subject to being able to provide turning bays for vehicles, the roadway will be closed at the pedestrian crossing between the Physics and Architecture Buildings. Through traffic will be possible for emergency vehicles and articulated vehicles. Parking will remain essentially unaffected.

From Kintore Avenue, entry to the campus will be via Gate 13 as at present, however, this gate will

become one way only. Through traffic will exit at Gate 15 at the south west corner of the SACAE City campus. The roadway between the Physics and Darling Buildings will be a no through road.

The southern section of the Western Drive will be entered from Gate 20 which will be changed from a one way exit to a one way entry. The exiting traffic from the Western Drive and Goodman Crescent will be via Gate 21 with a left turn only into North Terrace.

**L.D. Cushway
Council Delegate for Parking**

Slightly Annoyed

Dear Editors,

I am slightly annoyed at the attitude of the Union Board on its handling of the issue of a non-smoking bar. I think that the students who use the bar should have been consulted about the issue upon us. Maybe we could come to a compromise, that is having a smoking section in the bar. If this is not to your liking, maybe the bar could keep the balcony open longer. If I am not allowed to smoke in a bar, I'll probably not go there.

The student union claims to be a body that shuns discrimination. The introduction of a non-smoking bar, I feel is a discriminatory action against smokers. I agree with Amanda Steele, that the bar can get smokey, I think something should be done about it, maybe smoke extractors, or better, ventilation, but to ban smoking is an overreaction.

Jason Hawkes

P.S. What's next - no drinking in the Uni Bar.

Bizarre Level

Dear Eds,

The great anti-Smoking Campaign seems to have reached a new and bizarre level in the Mayo Refectory. On requesting an ashtray today, a request that a staff member courteously tried to assist with, I was informed that as it is the plan to ban smoking in the Refectory, there were none available, and the suggestion has been for smokers to "ash on the floor". I found this disgusting as people have to eat in the Refectory. Admittedly, smoking, too, is a disgusting anti-social habit, but the concept of dropping ash and butts on the floor is worse. Either smoking should be banned openly in the Refectory or facilities provided to ensure all users of the Refectory can enjoy the most pleasant environment possible.

Michelle Freeman

Let It Rip!

Dear Mr Luxury Yacht Filthy Smoker,

I can't see how Mr Shipton's claim that passive smoking is as bad, if not worse than active smoking, is a lie. Yet, if it was, it could by no means be an intentional lie.

Good try for an attempt to undermine someone's letter by slander, Lux (what, did your parents not like you?).

The truth is that the passive smoker is worse off because he/she has the bloody sense to choose not to smoke. By whose authority does the smoker have the right to puff the cancerous stuff into the non-smoker's face?

If I were to stand on a table and pass wind into your face, you would be offended, right? Do you know, that it is less healthy to blow gaseous nicotine into your

lungs in comparison?

If you insist on defending your right to waft around the unhealthy stuff in my face, because it 'relaxes you', 'you need it', 'it's trendy ... whatever, then I wish to know where you work so as to be able to stock up on beans and let one rip right in your face, because I sure as hell would think it hilarious!

Oh, Kent Leach: a 'Chronic' disease is one which stays with you for ever. It is silly to say that one 'used to have chronic bronchitis'.

Randolph Stow

Suicide Solution

Dear On Dit,

I thought that whilst everybody is kicking up a fuss over the proposed Non-Smoking Policy for the Uni Bar, that I would add my own contribution of meaningful crap to the pot (cooking pot, that is). Having been a non-smoker for several years and now being a smoker, addiction aside, I believe I can give any unbiased opinion. The whole purpose of the policy seems to be centred around occupational hazards for Bar Workers. In my mind, the Bar Workers should be more concerned about being mugged by a riotous mob of drunken students than passive smoking. For that reason, I would propose a ban on drinking in the Uni Bar thus creating a Uni Milk Bar. In the event of this bill not being passed, there are a number of ways that Bar Workers can avoid passive smoking:

- take up smoking, thereby changing their ailment to active smoking.
- wear industrial strength gas masks which could change the Bar into a Kurdish safe haven.
- do aerobics while serving at the Bar so that nobody can refer to them as passive, therefore making them active smokers, a line of argument which couldn't be disputed in a court of law.
- fuck off and do us all a favour!
- slit their wrist and completely bypass the possibility of lung cancer or any other disease for that matter.

Now, I enjoy a good fag just as much as the next bloke (cigarette, that is) and it is discrimination like this which is exactly the same reason for the uprising of Nazi Germany.

Daniel Brady.

More Smoking Fun

Dear Eds,

Last week a petition calling for a General Union Meeting to discuss the No Smoking in the Union Bar was forwarded to the Secretary Manager of the Adelaide University Union. The Union has accordingly called the GUM to be held at 1pm on May 30. Instead of holding it in the Mayo Refec, a place where students naturally congregate at lunch time, they have ruled that the GUM will be held in the Union Hall, opposite the Barr Smith lawns.

A motion was put at the last Union Board meeting to

recommend moving the GUM to either the cloisters area, or in the event of rain, the Mayo Refec. This motion was overturned. The Union knows that in order for the GUM to be successful in overturning the decision of Board, there must be a clear majority of 100 votes. By attempting to limit the number of students in attendance at the GUM, the Union is essentially trying to deny all students their democratic right to have their say and to voice their opinions. Union Board is determined that their resolution go unchallenged and are using their knowledge of the political system to ensure that the GUM is a failure.

Whether you are a smoker or not, your vote at the GUM is vital if Union Board is to be taught that they can not continue to fly in the face of the students' wishes. The Union is your Union. You paid out good money at the beginning of the year to have effective representation and as a member of the Union you should be helping decide the policies which ultimately will affect you. I urge you, on May 30, buy your lunch and then head on over to the Union Hall opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, have your say, listen to the arguments, and then cast your vote. Do not let Union Board continue to make a mockery of student representation.

Dave Sag.

Gutter Language

Dear Eds,

In reference to Benjamin Hodges' plea for a bit of restraint in using gutter language, you have to admit that he has a point, regardless of whether or not in your opinion he is capable of putting an argument together. Just what is the point of continuously using this sort of language? It loses all its impact and basically just fills up space. Are you that desperate to fill up space? Perhaps if you didn't print incoherent articles/letters full of the 'F' word, your printing costs would go down. Then you wouldn't need to print Dianetics ads. Why are you in financial straights this early in the year anyway?

Ian Dillon
3rd Year Arts

Bored and Decent

To the Editors,

Bravo Warren P. Block! Brave Benjamin Hodges! It's about time some of us bored decent readers stood up and gave you two a serve of "Stick it up your jumper, please". I have often sat and wondered if I was the only wouser at this place and I'm glad I'm not!

How about some maturity on your part and also a survey to find just who at Uni loves the "Eff word" thrown around like a ball at the footy.

Yours sincerely,
G.S. Davidson,
Arts

Little Boys

Dear David and Simon,

Good! You got the point!

I am in point of fact, beyond struggling with the basic tenets of logical argument, little boys; rather, you two have little pennies that occasionally go ... 'plink', albeit one edition later.

Also, I will graduate next year after being here three years. How long have you guys been here?

And Bunyip Peril, my friends, listed only eleven people with the unfortunate humour you both possess (I must admire, however, the Eddie Murphy quotation, and I re-enter it in for this week's competition under the name of "Healy-Krantz").

Now, how many people are there at Adelaide University? A few more than eleven, I'm afraid.

You don't seem to realise that perhaps the other (X-11) students stare blankly at the back page and think: 'Hopeless', not caring enough to make a stand. Which is fair enough, since many think you blokes are beyond any decency, considering your reactions to Mr Block's and my letters, which have simply asked you to consider any possibility to present a mature newspaper.

Which makes me wonder. Why doesn't "The Advertiser" publish your most esteemed F-Word? Be careful answering this because I possess one hell of a retort.

As for "Sonic Life" ... Que?

Drugged out, non-meaning, sexually deranged cartoons are pathetic. Who writes-draws that crap?

Once again in reply to your unfunny paper,

Benjamin Hodges

Extremely Funny

Dear Eds,

Whilst perusing your latest, extremely funny edition of On Dit, I came across a very interesting cartoon in Bunyip Peril. Can anyone explain what the hell it all means?!!

Yours in confusion,

A. Evans

Fucked if we know!

Eds.

Depraved Ecstasy

Dear Editors,

Congratulations are in order for your inclusion of the excellent article "Sonic Life" in the May 6th edition of On Dit magazine. This article, which was a most bizarre and inane piece of literary sewerage, greatly appealed to my warped and perverted sense of humour and had me in convulsions of depraved ecstasy for hours. Further inclusion of similarly twisted articles would be greatly appreciated.

Yours in eternal depravity,
James Brazel,
Physics Department

Doing Lenin Proud

Sirs,

I read with interest the letter in last week's On Dit written by Daniel Bertossa. I became so enthralled that I could almost hear the Internationale straining in the background and voices of oppressed workers shouting for joy about the resurgence of the Revolution. Here was the discourse of a true hero of the people. Comrade Lenin would have been proud.

Back to the real world. The music died down and the euphoria of all this equality gave way to the realisation that I was sitting at a table in the refectory not some state sponsored workers canteen at the tractor factory. Comrade Bertossa's diatribe railing against the Middle (Privileged?) Classes is worn out hyperbole. There are thousands who have gone before expressing this economically underprivileged stuff. Some have built reputations on doing so. The impact of such oratory has long since dissipated - in our current society anyway.

There is no doubt that there are people who are economically underprivileged. The existence of our exorbitant welfare system exemplifies this. There is need and there is suffering. All of which is relative when compared to other countries in the world. There is an old adage that goes "No matter how badly off you think you are, there is always someone in a worse predicament".

Is Comrade Bertossa the self-appointed champion of the economically underprivileged? Does he perchance come from this background himself? Or is he a mouthpiece for the middle class left seeking to salve some wealth guilt by trying to spread it over the rest of us? I would be interested to see some better argument than the extreme example trotted out. How many candidates for our sympathy really come from single parent families living in a single room living off a loaf of bread and a can of baked beans shared amongst seven?

I am a supporter of equal opportunity and free education but I will not support exaggerations or exceptional examples being presented as the norm. This is what Comrade Bertossa is attempting to do. In the Mixed Economy, division of resources will always be inequitable. I hate to admit it but that's life. If there are people who want to change this state of affairs then fine, let them try. In trying though, let us see some real commitment by producing persuasive argument backed up by credible evidence, not some rehash of Marx supported by the one-in-a-million case.

If you want my support for your cause, Comrade Bertossa, you are going to have to do better than presenting your pious rhetoric dressed up in feigned social concern.

Yours sincerely,
Warren P. Block

Back to Life, Back to Reality

Dear Daniel Bertossa,

Maybe Alice Thorpe knows more about the inequities of the University entrance system than broader socio-economic injustice, and consequently didn't want to flaunt her ignorance. You would do well in trying to do the same. Obviously, you know a lot about the real world, Daniel, I do so admire your division of students into two mutually exclusive groups. If you have looked into research in this area, why didn't you write an article for On Dit? If you don't, I will.

Just because a grievance is small doesn't mean it's petty. Women's issues and racism - coverage of both of which you took exception to - are neither.

Just what does this passage mean.

"Although I agree with Maria O'Brien ... is she ... concerned about inequality or ... have she and her feminist friends found they are no longer happy with the suppression of the plebs, they now want gender equality" [sic!]

I can extract no sense at all from this shoddily written and expressed passage. Have Maria O'Brien and other feminists been responsible for oppressing the lower classes in the past? Is that, indeed, what you are saying? If not, what?

Finally, Daniel, some advice:

a) learn to write clearly and understandably;
b) engage your brain;
c) write an article about socio-economic background related to entrance to tertiary institutions in South Australia.

Then I'll take you seriously.
Dave Roussy
Psychology

Cartier Welding Offspring

Dearest On Dit,

While Daniel Bertossa's letter (6/5/91) points out an area of obvious inequality, he has a bloody strange way of going about it, the logic of denigrating other people's oppression to establish your own as the biggest and the best is quite beyond me. The old game of 'my life's worse than everyone else's' is a pointless exercise in derisive and inverse snobbery, hardly useful in focussing attention on solutions.

The BMW welding upper classes would no doubt be comforted by Daniel's deft and economic usage of words to alienate not only women (half the population) but anyone who doesn't have the same racial background as his own. Most annoyingly, he is insulting all the people who would probably be the first to sympathise - the effects of racism and sexism logically lead to women and/or non anglo saxons to be represented in the poor at much higher percentages.

The major failing of Mr Bertossa's

letter is that it fails to understand that we don't all fit into one nice neat table. 52% of those who are discriminated against because of their financial background would logically be women. In fact, far more women live below the poverty line and are single parents than men. For the last couple of years, I have received AUStudy and therefore live below the "poverty line", I also live in a society in which women are raped, harassed, and discriminated against, who are you to decide which oppression I have felt more keenly?

I'm sure the Editors would welcome anyone writing an article on social inequality and how it results in Adelaide Uni being populated by the Cartier wielding offspring of the rancid upperclasses. But before Daniel reveals he is 'bored shitless' by others perceptions of inequalities perhaps he should take a look at the bigotry of his own arguments.

Sam Maiden

What BMW?

Dear Editors,

Like Danny Bertossa, I agree that a large percentage of people from working class and low income backgrounds are disadvantaged by the current tertiary entrance and school assessment systems. I think something should be done as soon as possible by both SSABSA and SATAC to investigate the inequities that exist between students of different socio-economic backgrounds and the entrance into tertiary institutions. People in poverty have been identified in the state education system as a disadvantaged social group and steps are being made to broaden the educational opportunities available to this group.

However, I think Danny's use of broad generalisations where private schools and their students are concerned mars his otherwise intelligent letter. I was one of the students who spent some of my school years at a private school and neither my father or many private school students' fathers drove BMW's. Many parents could not afford to keep their children at a private school for "two maybe three tries at Matric" and several of my private school friends had jobs during their Matric year. I am working part-time to pay my way through University, and many other students have to work in part-time jobs to continue their University education, whether private schoolies or "plebs", as you called them, Danny. Maybe Danny does not realise single parent families in the low income bracket occur at private schools as well. So, Danny, when you next slow the injustices in the Uni entrance system, don't slam everyone who went to private school. You know, some of us are nearly as human as you.

MG

1st Year Electrical Engineering

Leisure Suit

Dear Editors,

Almost brought to tears by the personal insults, due to the letters published in the May 5th issue replying to my letter, I said, "Gee, maybe I'd better go and buy some casual fashions. Now you mention it, Dad's corduroy leisure suit is looking a little bit frayed". But, apart from that, and not knowing why Trav doesn't sit somewhere dry, I thought a few details needed to be set straight. You never know, after this, I may even be able to stop the psychiatric counselling, incurred by the world-wielding bandits.

First of all, I was not supporting local bands, nor was I worrying about them, Adrian, Mark and Mel. I thought that was clear in the written text, that being, "why argue about local bands". You also seemed to ignore the very essence of the letter: the musical ability of playing instruments and the worrying trend of stealing music. You speak of meaningful lyrics. Okay. Suffice to say, Hip Hop Groupies, I almost forgot that Sting, one example of a large number, is a firm supporter of saving the environment who often pens topical lyrics (not to mention his ability to play guitar and piano). However, who listens to music solely for the lyrics anyway? If you're so worried about this aspect, then go and listen to some poetry readings! If the backbeat or rhythm was discarded, would you still listen to the rappers? How could you understand, for example, Tone Loc's slurred gargon anyway? One must be tone deaf.

Now, Mel et al, you say you want something to dance to? Well, so be it! I could get a piece of 4 by 2 inch particle board and continuously pound out the rhythm to a Norwegian polka on an empty Froot Loops packet. But, just like dance music, it would be neither talented nor entertaining.

As a matter of fact, you seem to suggest that you are not worried "where the rhythm came from, as long as it sounds good". Doesn't that explicitly support my argument? You actually admit that it's fine to "sample" other songs! That to anyone is cheating! Who says we have in the 90's, the "attitude" to rip-off? (When I said rip-off, that's exactly what I meant, not "sample"). Does that suggest we are harbouring a generation of technological thieves, too lazy to write their own music? Some attitude.

And as for Trav's insipid performance of supporting legalised plagiarism, I remember a certain rapper, Vanilla Ice, taking his ideas for Ice Ice Baby from Queen's Under Pressure, without their permission. Thank goodness, Ice had to pay half the royalties from the rip-off.

Yes indeed, groovers plural, who does have more intelligence? Well, if any band or person has the nous to play musical instruments and establish an original identity and style, doesn't that make them slightly more intelligent than the

plastic, artificial synthesizer and computer expert who steals, thinking he is elite, only to be caught and pay what is rightfully owing?

In conclusion, groupie hip-hoppers, when writing rebuttals in future, ascertain the facts, and only the facts. If Dimples D was fat, then I would have called her fat; overweight is not necessarily fat. Do not assume, Travis. If I was worried about rhyming lyrics, I would have written accordingly. In future, if you all collaborate and decide to help each other write a put down, just remember, I've read better humour on a Metro Gum wrapper. Personal slandering is one thing, but ignorance of the very essence of the written word, is just pathetic and a disgrace to the very academic institution you are enrolled in.

Yours sincerely,
Darren Blight
Law/Arts

Quik for Mozza?

Dear Eds,

Has anyone noticed that on the latest Morrissey single, there is a line which goes,

"Give me a drink and make it Quik?"

Moz has really lost the plot this time, I'm afraid.

Twisty

Keep Dancing Groovers

Dear Adrian, Mark and Melanie,

I don't want to get too involved in your petty argument about the merits of dance music as compared to other types of music for it is really just a matter of personal opinion. However I think your comments about local bands being "so boring" are not only unfounded but pathetic. I won't bother to ask if you have ever considered laying off the "E" one Saturday night and going somewhere other than the same old dance club and actually going to see a local band.

Despite what you think people do actually go and see local bands and there is something to satisfy most tastes. If you enjoy pop there is The Mandelbrot Set, The Artisans, or even The Jaynes. If you prefer the more Australian, somewhat heavier style there is Contrapunctus or the Handsome Devils. For fans of rackability there is the Eldorados. There is My Love Pumpkin with their own brand of cartoon punk and the menacing sound of the Mark of Cain, even Auntie Raelene who have some "punching thought-provoking rhymes" of their own! There are thrash bands, metal bands, reggae bands, blues bands, country bands, bluegrass bands and so the list goes on. Some of these "uncool" Adelaide bands have huge followings overseas, for example The Exploding White Mice and the Mark of Cain. I'm not saying that all of these bands are going to appeal to everyone, but you may be surprised to hear that

dance music doesn't appeal to everyone either. This doesn't mean that all dance music is crap. In effect you have been just as narrow minded in your letter as you claim Darren was in his.

Your comment about "those long haired spaced out junkie guitar players" was an interesting one coming from subscribers to a culture which has built up around acid. The interiors of these dance clubs are designed to enhance the experience of an acid trip and if I had to find "a spaced out junkie" the first place I would look would be at one of these clubs.

The final little gem in your letter was the statement about fashion and all I can say about that is that I feel sorry for you having to make sure you are dressed properly each day at Uni so your "friends" don't think you are uncool. But don't worry guys, nobody really cares what your opinion is either. You can keep listening to what your "friends" tell you is cool and wear the same style clothes as your "friends", and for all I care you can keep dancing too.

Richard Vowles
2nd Year Arts

Rooting in Company

Dear Caring Fuck,

Still the same problem, I see. At least when I go off to "have a root", I do it with company; Catherine obviously has the good sense to leave you alone with your fingers.

Yours without the alliterative insults,

Don't Care Much At All

Student Reps Can Think!

Dear Editors

On behalf of the Students' Association and its student representatives I wish to respond to a comment made by User Services Librarian (not 'Chief Librarian' as stated in the article) Mr Patrick Condon in the course of his discussion pertaining to Barr Smith Library matters with Alice Thorpe.

I refer specifically to the last paragraph of the page 3 news article, On Dit, No 8, May 6, 1991 and the sentence, According to Mr Condon, "People are saying, 'Oh, it's negative' and only the student reps tend to think that way." Such a blithe dismissal of the part played by student representatives fails to acknowledge not only the right but the duty they have to monitor Library changes and keep the students they represent informed of the implications of these changes.

Last year the University's Library Committee approved a number of changes to the Borrowing Rules including the abolition of three day loans and overnight loans. As part of its representative role the Students' Association expressed its opinion of the changes last year, and will continue to monitor the situation and encourage

students who have problems with the new Borrowing Rules and indeed any concern regarding the Library (including that of limited seating) to make their views known to us.

It is unfortunate that Mr Condon chooses to negatively interpret constructive criticism but the Students' Association does not exist to passively accept every decision made by the University and its services: if it did, it would cease to fulfil its representative role.

Natasha Stott Despoja
SAUA President

Achtung!

Dear Editors,

It is ironic that the Pro-Life Club Convenor is labelled a Nazi for trying to protect the unborn. It was Nazi Germany that first engaged most widely in experimentation on unborn babies, including experimentation and promoted the idea of a person's right to life being determined by his or her perceived value to society.

Yet anyone pointing out the similarities between Nazi though and pro-abortion rhetoric is immediately labelled an extremist.

We suggest Jack Snelling is further from Nazism than any of his opponents.

Bridgette Victor
Psychology
Carolyn Blaess
History

Schnell!

Why was the account of the Young Labor A.G.M. in On Dit 6.5.91 yet another absurd attack on Catholics? The "Right Wing Nazis" headline is obviously the fanaticism of paranoid anti-Catholics creating a conspiracy theory from actions that are not only legitimate but common sense.

The denial of membership to a Left Alliance member by Michael Atkinson MP, is in accordance with Rule 4(a) of Australian Labor Party rules (S.A. Branch) which states that membership is open to residents "who have associations with no other political party or auxiliary there of..." Perhaps the Socialist Left faction, which circulated this supposed persecution letter, would like to open membership of the ALP to members of the Liberal Party, Call to Australia and the (Trotskyist) Democratic Socialist Party too?

Labor Unity, unlike other factions, encourages its members to make their own decisions about social questions such as abortion and prostitution. This freedom is evidenced by the variety of opinions held by Labor Unity members in Parliament, Young Labor and the wider party.

The only places where it is "widely believed" that Labor Unity consists of mainly "Catholics who take a hard line" on prostitution and abortion is in the obsessed Young Labor Left, and, it appears, in the office of On Dit.

Perhaps the editors of On Dit

don't realise that discrimination due to religious association is illegal in South Australia, and that ridiculous accusations of 'Nazis' leaves the paper open to defamation suits.

Ms. Clare Kemmett
Arts

Hip Pocket Lust

Dear Suzannah Carter,

Sorry, honey, you're missing the point.

I do indeed agree that I "lack the insight and intelligence needed to analyse the complex nature of the issue" of prostitution; as I cannot brag of any investigation into the practise, nor do I even know any prostitutes.

But look at it this way: if ever I came to the situation of helping a prostitute to reconsider her life and to point out to her the negative aspects of her occupation (if she wanted me to), it would turn the tables against both of us if she clung to the single fact that it WAS legal, and therefore O.K.

My assumption of legal things not being accepted by the majority does not undermine the structure and nature of a democratic system; it simply states a fact; and if you think that every single law passed, has the approval of the majority of the population, then you are not particularly clever.

I hate to digress into politics, of all things, but despite having a very democratic Government in this country (and state), decisions are made by a select few who "represent" the people.

But my dear Suzannah, Murphy's Law of Common Sense will point out to a 5 year old that not every facet of that politician's opinion is a reflection of the populace. I believe the early Greeks had THE system of democracy, whereby everyone attended the meetings to air their views on all issues and to then vote on them.

I will repeat and support Winston Churchill's words: "Democracy is the worst system in the world...apart from all the rest."

But I digress.
You claimed that my argument also displayed a unique ignorance towards the reasons behind prostitution. How nice.

I hate to embarrass you, but the real "prime cause of prostitution, fundamentally" is, believe it or not, SEX!!

But not just sex, it's sex at a price; sex in a suitcase; sex as an immoral enjoyment' not as it should be: shared between lifelong committed couples.

And that was what I was on about in my last letter: The words!! Yes, you probably hate the word but you haven't answered my claims in the last On Dit that paralleled the crumble of words in our society with the crumble of society itself. You haven't answered why there aren't 40,000 sex hungry customers picketing Parliament House, demanding legalisation. I'll tell you why: most of them don't won't to make a song and dance about it. And why? Do I need to

spell it out? Because it's WRONG! That's why!

One would also have to be plain thick, not to see that prostitution has its victims. Just picture the shattered, loving housewife, learning of her husband's hip-pocket lust. But hey, it's O.K., it's legal ain't it?

However, you are quite right that I should direct my attention toward increasing occupational choices for women rather than condemning prostitution. Sure, that is a very important aspect that has to be considered. But unfortunately On Dit is only 'so' big and I wished in that letter to address one issue only; otherwise you would have relished over my solution to the Gulf Crisis and even my tips for the weekend's footy.

The way I see it, as a friend put it to me, I must "nip the issue in the bud", and not get clogged up with the side issues which, don't get me wrong, ARE very important.

In the words of Keith Green, I am making "no compromise". And finally I must refer to your description of my "witty" ideals: that childishness is something we can all do without. You're (sic) argument turned into an abuse the second I read that and I switched off.

I am merely reiterating my original letter, you're up a different tree I'm afraid.

Peter Wilson

Take the Door.. Please!

Dear Phantom-Gerbil,

Thank you for taking the brave action of revealing your identity, enabling us to express our collective appreciation of your enlightened contribution to our decor.

We appreciate the obvious sense of self-satisfaction and deep personal fulfillment that such a skilful deed must have given you; and your subsequent compulsion to share your overwhelming euphoria with the entire campus. I am sure they are all suitably impressed.

However, you appear unaware of our much-maligned door's history. You may not have noticed, but "Try and Remove This!" was in brackets with an exclamation mark, and was intended as a sarcastic comment upon the constructive ingenuity of those who persisted in tearing our sign from the door. Therefore, the sign must have been removed, once again, revealing the underlying message, when you went past, before any of our members had the opportunity to replace it. We are sorry for any confusion this may have caused you, or to anyone else, but for some obscure reason we did not even consider the possibility of attracting the attention of a pedantic zealot, with an inherent compulsion for playing "Simon Says".

Once again, we thank you for your amicable explanation of the appearance upon the door of such an eloquent citation, advocating

widespread philanthropy. We are also grateful to you for leaving us the door, someone with your laudable and fastidious aptitude for the literal, may have considered its removal.

Yours in Peace, Love and Universal Gerbilhood,

Cathryn Hughes
Friends of the Earth

Where's My Lunch?

Dear Eds,

Could someone please tell me what the university position on lunchtime is? It has been my impression that everyone had a guaranteed break between 1 and 2 o'clock each day for lunch. This year, however, having enrolled in a subject, French II, I was subsequently told that to do the option course I had chosen, I would need to attend lectures scheduled at 1.15 pm on Mondays and Tuesdays. This, we were told, was the only suitable time for all the students wishing to do this particular subject.

Whether the departmental administration could not spare the time to try to find a suitable time for all parties, or even hold lectures at 2 different times to accommodate everyone, I do not know.

Lunchtime is not only a time to grab a bite to eat, but also to wind down and have a break between contact hours. At the start of this year, I had one day with lectures and tutes running from 9 till 3. No lunch break. Luckily, I could move one of my contact hours. By having tutes and lectures at lunch, people are forced to choose between missing a lecture, or missing activities such as plays, music performances, student and club meetings, any number of worthwhile activities.

Surely students are being compromised. It should be everyone's right to be free for lunch, 1 - 2 pm, students and staff members.. It may seem like a minor gripe, but it's the little things that really annoy Uni students, I'm sure.

Ben Allen
Arts/Law

Insecure Young Men

Dear Editors,

As the readers of On Dit should be aware, recent months have seen a frightening increase in the frequency of "poofter bashings" in many Australian cities. These attacks involve groups of insecure, homophobic young men venting their frustrations on innocent homosexuals in a most cowardly, cruel and brutal fashion.

Adelaide sees its share of this homophobic violence. On Tuesday, 16th April, David John Saint died as the result of it. Unfortunately, the so-called "Fruit Pirates" responsible for this outrage have not yet been caught, and may never be.

While society's deeply ingrained negative attitudes towards gays

Here it is! Your very own cut out and keep CLARIFICATION!

CLARIFICATION

The heading "Right Wing Nazis Get The Upper Hand" on p.4, Volume 59 Number 6 of On Dit was not intended to imply that Jack Snelling is a Nazi, or that any members of Labor Unity are Nazis.

will only be redressed by education within schools, members of the gay community must take action now to protect themselves against further assaults. Education will not stop these attacks overnight. We must learn to fight back!

The ancient martial arts of the East teach effective techniques for defending oneself against aggressors. I am a skilled practitioner of Shaolin Kung Fu and possess a red belt - the highest level of proficiency. My aim is to establish a self defence group for gays on campus and elsewhere. Any interested persons can call me after hours on 337 1005.

Yours sincerely,
Jon P. Nolan

ON DIT LETTERS POLICY

Deadline for all letters is 5pm on Wednesday, otherwise they will not be published.

Letters may be edited for clarity, but without changing the meaning of the letter.

Letters should be reasonably brief and to the point, ideally 250 words or less. Remember, your letter is more likely to be published if it is short and concise.

Letters may have defamatory bits taken out to avoid large and expensive lawsuits.

All letters must include name and contact department, or they will not be published. Names can be withheld on request. Just clearly indicate this on your letter, along with your favourite pseudonym for printing in the paper.

Try and write neatly or type your letter.

Watch, Feel, Touch, Listen, Learn, Savour, Savoury, Hors d'oeuvre, Salted Almond etc.

Student's Association President



Natasha Stott Despoja, feared brigand and freebooter

campus and do not have to reflect the views of those in power. If students on this campus find that unsatisfactory it is up to them to initiate referenda or General Student Meetings to change the current Constitution.

A meeting of Aboriginal groups at the Otherway Centre on Wednesday night called for a public apology from the Students' Association and the Editors of the Orientation Guide, while requesting that the University act in regard to future publication of racist material on campus. However, the University does not have the right to interfere in student publications and the Students' Association can only offer a Disclaimer (which has been done), it can not apologise on behalf of the Editors.

Changes are being considered in relation to the Editorship of the Orientation Guide but student input or request for these changes is necessary.

The author of the satire, David Penberthy, has attended a meeting at the Equal Opportunity Commission at the matter was resolved in a way that involved future negotiation and positive discussion between Aboriginal groups on campus and Mr Penberthy.

Natasha Stott Despoja
SAUA President

City Campus Students

Amalgamations took place between the City Campus of the SACAE and Adelaide University on January 1st this year. As a result of that many students from previously identifiable city campus courses are experiencing disorientation and in some cases, discrimination. There are reports of students facing difficulties with administration and academics in regard to course changes - any student who has found themselves in this situation please contact the Students' Association. There are grievance procedures that operate at this University that are designed to protect you. For a better understanding of them or if you feel you have suffered unfairly in your field of work, ie; been unfairly assessed, use them.

Information about the University and the services it provides, given it is a multi-campus institution including the Roseworthy and Waite campuses, is available from the Students' Association in the George Murray Building in the Cloisters. A comprehensive explanation of support structures, clubs, catering and sporting groups, to name a few, can be obtained from the Union in the Lady Symon Building.

O'Gulde Saga

The 1991 Orientation Guide has caused much controversy amongst the University and wider community. Reports in The Advertiser have alerted the public to the satire on the Young Liberals and its perceived racist content however, they have failed to clearly outline the responsibilities of the Editors of Students' Association publications and that of the Students' Association Council and President. As previously pointed out, the Editors of the Orientation Guide and On Dit have "complete and unfettered editorial discretion" according to the SAUA Constitution. While the Students' Association has a Policy sexism and racism, it has no direct role in the censorship or regulation of these publications. At the recent National Union of Students Media Conference media representatives from a majority of Australian University campuses had publications that were subject to interference by their campus President or Association Executive. We remain one of the very few weekly campus publications and also one of the few papers which maintains freedom for its editors. In return they are democratically elected and accountable to all students on campus through a Letters page amongst others. They are not the reigning political group on

Elle Dit

Special Meeting to discuss this year's Women's edition of On Dit will be held Tuesday, 1 pm sharp in the Women's Centre (downstairs Cloisters).

Any women who are interested in contributing their skills - especially lay out, artwork and mac skills are invited to attend.

Are you sick to death of the inadequacies of the AUSTUDY Scheme?

Here's a chance to have your input into what South Australian students do about AUSTUDY.

The Cross Campus Education Action Group (S.A.) will be meeting in the Students' Association, Monday, 13th May at 1 pm to discuss the upcoming AUStudy Campaign.

Plans for National Day of Action, 30th May, include:-

- A rally outside the AUStudy Office to present a list of concerns and a petition from students;
- Sending wreaths to MPs to signal the death of Education;
- A media blitz.

If you would like to be involved or if you have anything to contribute, come on Monday or see Susie O'Brien, Education Vice President of the Students' Association at anytime.

It is important that students get involved to get something done!

Up the Proverbial Creek

Whilst the ALP stumbles from one crisis to another, attention has once again focussed on the leadership issue. John Hewson is on a par with Bob Hawke as preferred Prime Minister and this must worry Federal Labor.

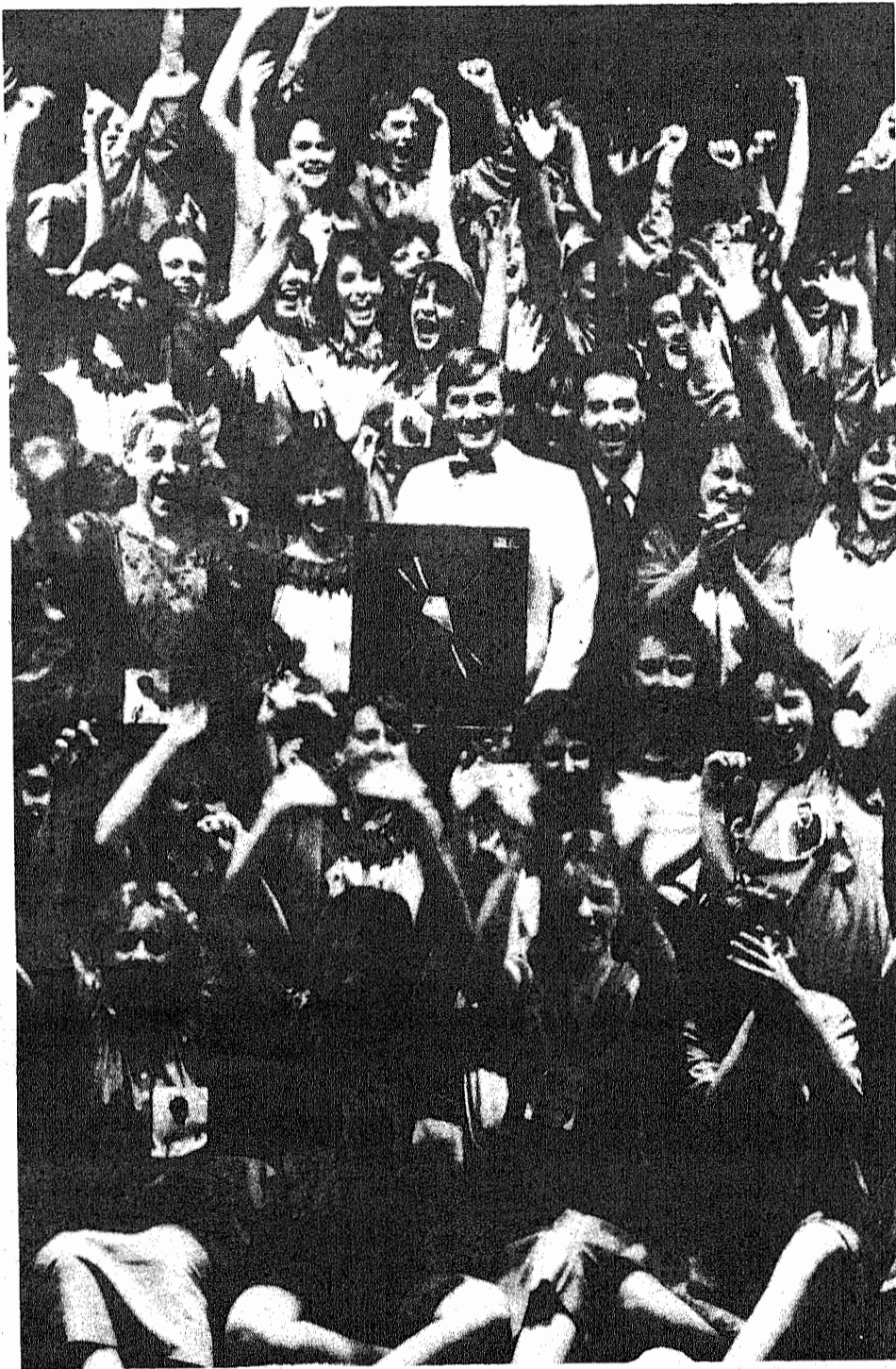
Hewson has done very little to suggest that he is a good leader. He is consistently outgunned in Parliament, and keeps a very low profile in the media. It seems the less he does the more popular he becomes. Yet he has shown the potential to suggest there is more to him than meets the eye. When the Laurie Connell donation affair hit

"Sling 'em a few shekels and Bob's your uncle. And maybe he is"

Canberra, he displayed political maturity beyond all expectations. He buried Hawke in Parliament and received plaudits from hardened Labor writers like Laurie Oakes. But this was short-lived.

Now that Hawke is no longer "Mr Charisma" or "Mr 75%" he is under pressure. Word is out that Keating will mount a challenge. His personal interview on SBS TV recently showed the more human side of the Treasurer. This attempt to soften his image is clearly the beginning of his rise to the ALP leadership. However Bob is in no hurry to step aside. But now that the old bull is reaching the end of his tether, it is no longer a question of whether but when. What must not be forgotten is that Keating may not win a leadership ballot, if and when one occurs. Kim Beazley is his main threat, but with Keating's parliamentary performances of late and his image softening process under way, the Paul Keating juggernaut will be hard to stop.

Meanwhile in the west, Brian Burke has had his diplomatic career torn to shreds. His shonky dealings in gold, diamonds, and stamp collections have left the ALP quaking



John Bannon surrounded by the collected State Bank staff

in its collective boots. \$3.5 million went into his leader's account, of which thousands have been spent by Burke himself. Apparently some even found its way into SA and Nsw for use by their respective Labor parties. Obviously the message is that Labor leaders have had close relationships with big

'em a few shekels and Bob's your uncle". And maybe he is.

Over in Victoria Jeffrey Kennett is gunning for the Premiership. Joanie "Sconeface" Kirner has just about done her bit. Her popularity is so low now that you couldn't give her away. Reinstating Kennett as leader

"After nine years as Premier he's hardly put a foot wrong. Now he's in it up to his greasy locks"

business, in particular the corporate cowboys of the '80s who seem to have come a cropper. They must have thought "sling

was the best thing taht the Victorian Liberals have done in years. He is one of the few Australian politicians with true charisma.

He is also well known as a bit of a dickhead. Anyway, with Kennett back the Libs have a real chance of wiping Labor at the polls. The question is when. Under the Victorian law, governments must serve a minimum of three years of their four year term. Kirner's three years are up in October. After that if no election is called, my bet is that Jeffrey will block supply. Would Kirner do a Whitlam and stick it out or will she go to the people? Apparently the Victorian Government doesn't have the power to do a Kerr and sack the woman, although more's the pity because a good constitutional crisis is what is needed in this country at the moment. Go on Jeffrey! Starve the bastards!

Here in SA bugger all has happened apart from a bit of action in rural affairs. Some farmers are a bit pissed off because they haven't got any money. The government's "free trade" policy has completely stuffed up our rural industry and the farmers are angry. Bannon came up with a ridiculous little document designed to help as few farmers as possible whilst giving an impression to the contrary. When the farmers sneeze, the whole state catches cold. And that is precisely what is happening now. The Royal Commission into the State Bank

"Thousands have been spent by Burke himself"

is soon to begin and personally I can't wait. It's about time John Bannon tripped over himself. After nine years as Premier he's hardly put a foot wrong. But now he's in it up to his greasy locks.

Over in NSW they've got election fever. Bob "boring as hell" Carr has no hope of even getting close to Kermit. With every Labor Government except Queensland's up the proverbial creek, Carr just can't win. Add to that the embarrassment of calling John Cain a "model Premier" just before his resignation and it's obvious that Carr is politically a dead man. If John Cain was a model Premier, then what was Brian Burke? A good financial manager? An honest man?

Significantly NSW is not in the same dire mess as WA, SA and Victoria - Labor's three big problem states. Greiner has done a reasonable job in NSW, enough to deserve another four years. And Bob Carr? He'll go the same way as Barry Unsworth. (Whatever happened to him???)

James Hall

Turkey Shoot

Our travel writer Michelle Chan tells more of her travels in various fun places overseas. Highlights include squat toilets, apple tea, severed statue heads, camera hiding good times and some mysterious South Africans in Istanbul.

The South Africans we met in Istanbul had suggested travelling to eastern Turkey if we were looking for something a little bit different. They were right.

At the Hotel Mesopotamya in Kâhta, we haggled over the price of a bed while sipping from tiny tumblers of apple çay (tea). Our room came to less than \$3 each, but there was no running water and the squat toilets were beginning to protest rather violently. In this heat the stench was becoming dangerously putrid.

It was Antiochus I Epiphanes and his infamous ego which had drawn us here. On the summit of Nemrut Dagı, a 2,000m-high mountain in eastern Anatolia, we saw his legacy: a funerary temple with enormous monuments of himself hob-nobbing with the likes of Zeus, Heracles and Apollo. Not satisfied, this vainglorious pre-Roman ruler had the mountain's height increased another 50 m. The huge seated statues have long been beheaded by earthquakes, and their magnificent 2 m-high heads lay below like scattered chess pieces, somewhat dishevelled but still looking out towards the velvet-green mountains. At dusk, the peaks were cast into five different hues of shadow and we started back for Kâhta.

We piled into the bus with a group of English hippies who were dressed in ragged patched clothes and carried colourful Indian shoulder bags. They wore their nose-rings self-consciously and had beautifully unkempt hair. I envied their lassitude. Descending the tortuous, potholed road we passed through stone villages where women in embroidered dresses rode ridiculously overburdened donkeys and 8-year old children tended the family goats. Here the young boys had the strange, intense faces of 40-year old men, although they were endlessly curious and loved posing with our sunglasses.

After a long, sweaty journey in one of those metaphysically air-conditioned Turkish buses we reached Van Gölü. The lake was a stunning shade of blue-green, surrounded by vast desert plains cut short by biscuit-coloured mountains. In the distance, the forbidding sand was dotted with the circular white tents of Kurdish nomads, who came into town to sell their handwoven kilims.

We crossed to Akdamar, a tiny island in the middle of the lake where the Armenians built a beautiful little brick-red church in the 10th century. Two jocular old men made earnest attempts at lechery while sharing their lunch with us: succulent melon, fetta cheese, pistachios and raki, the local brandy. When they offered us dope, wild visions of *Midnight Express* filled our heads and it was time for a swim.

The town of Dogubeyazit lies close to Agri Dagı, also known as Mt Ararat. If you believe the persistent myths, the Bible or even indulgent mountaineers, this is where Noah's Ark came to rest after the Flood subsided. Approaching the town, the landscape was appropriately surreal: enormous mountains fashioned from some

fantastic chalky substance coloured cream, pink, pale green and Devon-red. The volcanic peak of Ararat rose from amongst the lesser mountains and held us spellbound. Our bus was stopped by amiable soldiers toting machine guns who wanted to check our passports. A few days earlier there had been an incident involving the PKK (Kurdish Workers' Party) and several people had been killed.

In Dogubeyazit, the çay shops were full of men smoking hubble-bubble water-pipes and the women were veiled in *yashmaks*. We were conscious of our naked faces, but people were very friendly towards us. They were more likely to speak German than English. A young man named Ousman offered us tea and wanted to know why we were travelling the length of his country with such absurd-looking luggage on our backs.

We found a *dolmus* to take us up the snaking road to Isak Pasa Sarayı, a ruined palace on a plateau above the town. The road passes the Turkish Army's base camp: behind a fortified enclosure armoured personnel carriers were positioned in neat lines and jets were engaged in ear-splitting manoeuvres overhead. The Iranian border lies 35 km away.

The Isak Pasa palace is one of the most magnificent sights in Turkey. It was named after a Kurdish ruler and is a real mixture of Ottoman, Persian, Georgian and Armenian designs, its pale, washed walls blending with the hills and most of its rooms now open to the sky. We sat atop the minaret of an abandoned mosque to watch the sun set across the valley, fighting vertigo and listening to tales of travel in Iran from a Norwegian backpacker.

"On the black market, I got 20 times the official rate so everything was really cheap. I stayed in 5-star hotels built by the Yanks," he told us. Everyone wanted to go to Iran.

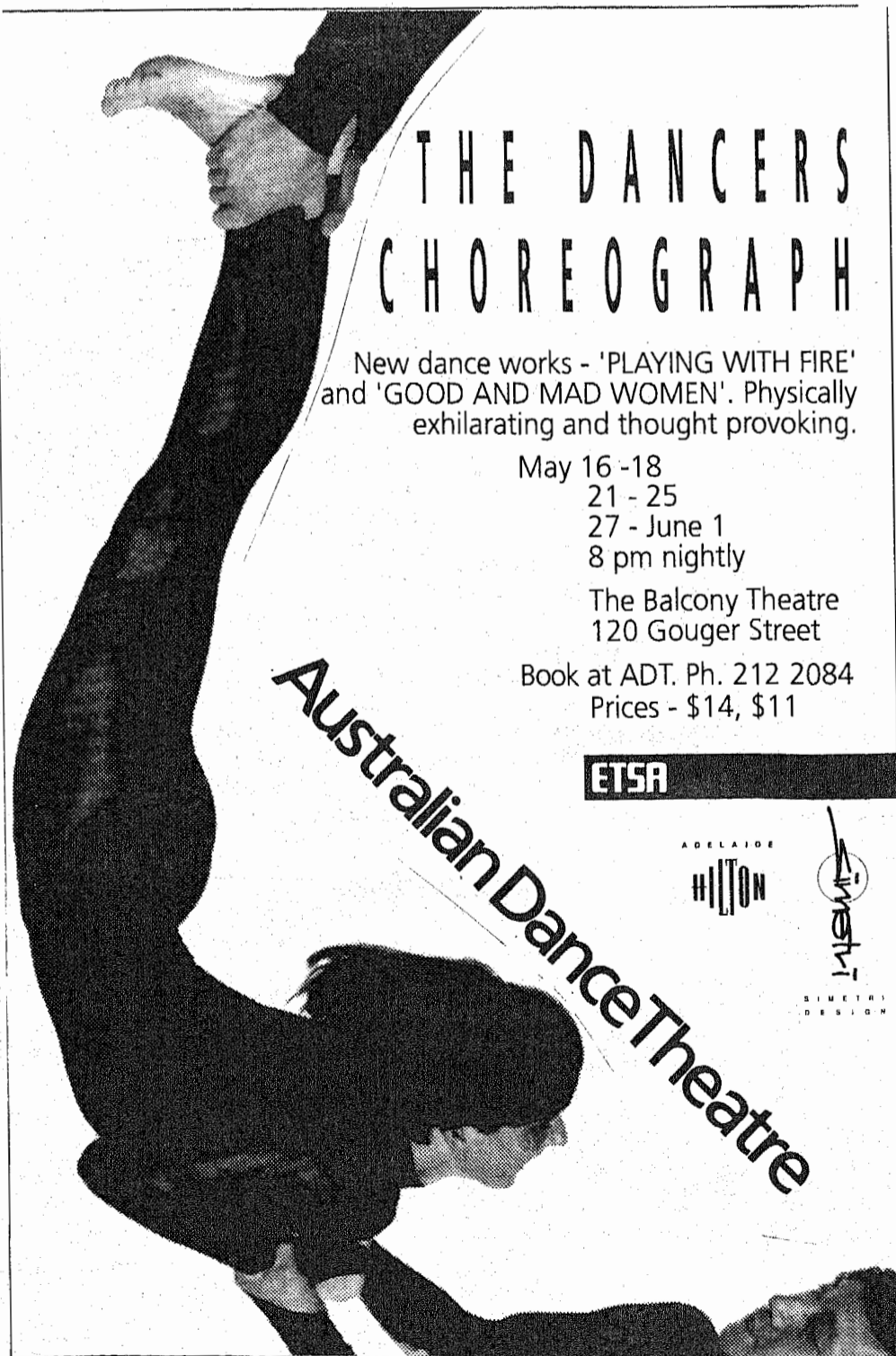
Instead, we went to Ani, an exquisite ghost town dating from the Middle Ages which lies in eerie solitude at Turkey's border with the Soviet Union. Ani is situated in the no-man's land beside the Arpaçay river, which forms the frontier, and we had hear stories of sinister Soviet soldiers patrolling the area, a ban on all cameras and "you can't even walk around in big groups or they'll shoot you".

After obtaining a permit we drove through the quarry-like land to the ruins. A soldier checked our bags but everyone had their cameras concealed under baggy t-shirts. The guide assigned to us was a dour-looking Turk who brightened up considerably as he led us to one of the frescoed churches. Suddenly, he produced a pair of old binoculars from under his jumper and motioned towards the Soviet watchtowers, which stood across the river bed in Armenia. Eagerly, we had a look: they were all empty.

People can be so melodramatic sometimes.



The kids frolic carelessly



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Fear of a Jinxed Planet

The Hoodoo Gurus released *Kinky*, their fifth album, late last month. Piers Gillespie spoke to ex-Divinyls' guitarist Rick Grossman about the release, Midnight Oil's Rob Hirst chipped in and said nothing, Maynard was given the thumbs up and the respect that everyone had for the NSW police force dropped even further.

This was because the irate policeman failed to shut the Gurus up during a recent rowdy party at Dave Faulkner's house. As the lyrics in "Miss Freeloove '69" say;

*Someone called the cops on us
but they didn't have the heart to bust
the kinky ones they found.
They checked their badges at the door
and joined the action on the floor.*

The party celebrated the imminent release of *Kinky*, an album which delivers the old Gurus sound to a begging, relieved audience. *Kinky* obtained its name from the movie *Blazing Saddles*, a puerile film which the Gurus' humour reflects well. Any look at the typical Gurus lyrics on this album and you'll understand such humour. "We all loved the movie- and we are just crazy, wild guys" Rick said.

The first noticeable influence on the album is the return to the '60s sound - an influence which was "not a conscious thing", Rick insists. Despite this, the acoustic guitar on "Place in the Sun" is markedly

similar to Russell Morris' "The Real Thing". The eerie psychedelic guitar sound is unmistakable. The majority of the album is straight out old Gurus style, consisting of silly lyrics, Dave's stylish voice and the brilliantly controlled guitars. I found this a relief in comparison to their last effort, *Magnum Cum Louder*, which went overboard on their American influences and consequently destroyed the wicked cheeky demeanour the Gurus possess. I approached Rick with this, labelling *MCL* as thrashy and trashy and immediately wished I hadn't. "I thought *MCL* was a very solid album. I don't know- personally I think *Kinky* is a better album but I still get a buzz out of *MCL*."

Kinky is mixed by Ed Stasium who has worked with Mick Jagger, Ramones and Living Colour, has the listener-friendly "Miss Freeloove '69" as the first single. The video features a 14 year old girlie gyrating across the screen. Who the hell is she? "Oh, she's the drummer's daughter- yeah, we're expecting Hinch to ring one day soon now..

her name is Matrisha". I asked Rick about the Maynard F# Crabbes saga on JJJ. Maynard has been calling the song everything from "Miss Crustylove" to "Windscreen Love":

"Yeah, we're aware of that- not that it matters. Dave rang him one morning and had a chat- I think our manager did as well."

Another song on the album, "Place in the Sun", an enigmatic and expressive Gurus effort has another family link to it; the guest vocals feature Stephanie Faulkner (Dave's sister). One wonders which family member owns the sitar- the instrument at the start of "Miss Freeloove '69", which produces the sort of music you'd use when seducing a camel.

On a serious note, I asked Rick about his views on issue or political rock groups such as U2. Obviously the Gurus have never diverted from their fun rock image. How do they see the role that such bands play and the medium they have to propagate such issues? Rick answered quickly. "Hang on, I'll get Rob Hirst".

One gained the impression that a 12

Noon interview was too early. Rick returned and continued this theme. "Yeah, Rob's right - I mean what they do is a great thing, what we do is different. We don't feel guilty about not writing things about politics... you know there are a lot of people who do it- and a lot of people who do it better than us. Sure we are just as concerned about such issues- we have just done some benefit gigs in Queensland for homeless kids. Maybe we play more humorous songs... we deal with black humour- comical issues and the like."

Rick, why is Cliff Young thanked on the album cover? Who are the Sexational Sharkettes? "Oh, Cliff Young is just one hell of a great runner... ha ha... and the Sharkettes... well Dave and I are fanatical Rugby League fanatics and the Sharkettes are Cronulla's cheerleaders... Cliff Young though - great guy, great guy."

These wild and crazy guys return to Adelaide in about five weeks. Those who have already seen the Gurus live will know that attendance will be compulsory.

Kinky Hoodoo Gurus BMG

Do you remember the days of *Stoneage Romeos*? Lest we forget- it was the Australian album of the year, probably the decade. The wickedly humorous lyrics, hard guitars, and Dave Faulkner's voice will never leave my memory. Of course, the Gurus went out too hard too early, and they failed to reach their ultimate standard in their next three albums. Equally, I remember the days spent despairing at the attempts the Gurus' made in the future. *Magnum Cum Louder* was the final straw- I still cry openly and think of the wasted vinyl when I hear "Baby Can Dance", "Glamourpuss", "Shadow Me"... oh, here we go again... (sob).

To say I was sceptical about *Kinky* was too soft- I was terrified. But... but... but - the Gurus are back! With tears pouring unashamedly, my mates and I remembered the memories of those long lost days. Produced by Ed Stasium, who has worked with Living Colour, Ramones and Mick Jagger, *Kinky* rightfully slots up there with *Mars Needs Guitars* and is incomparable to the nightmarishly bland *Magnum Cum Louder*. The golden years of the Gurus have returned. "Head in the Sand" is perhaps their best controlled hard rock song ever with the world's best ending.

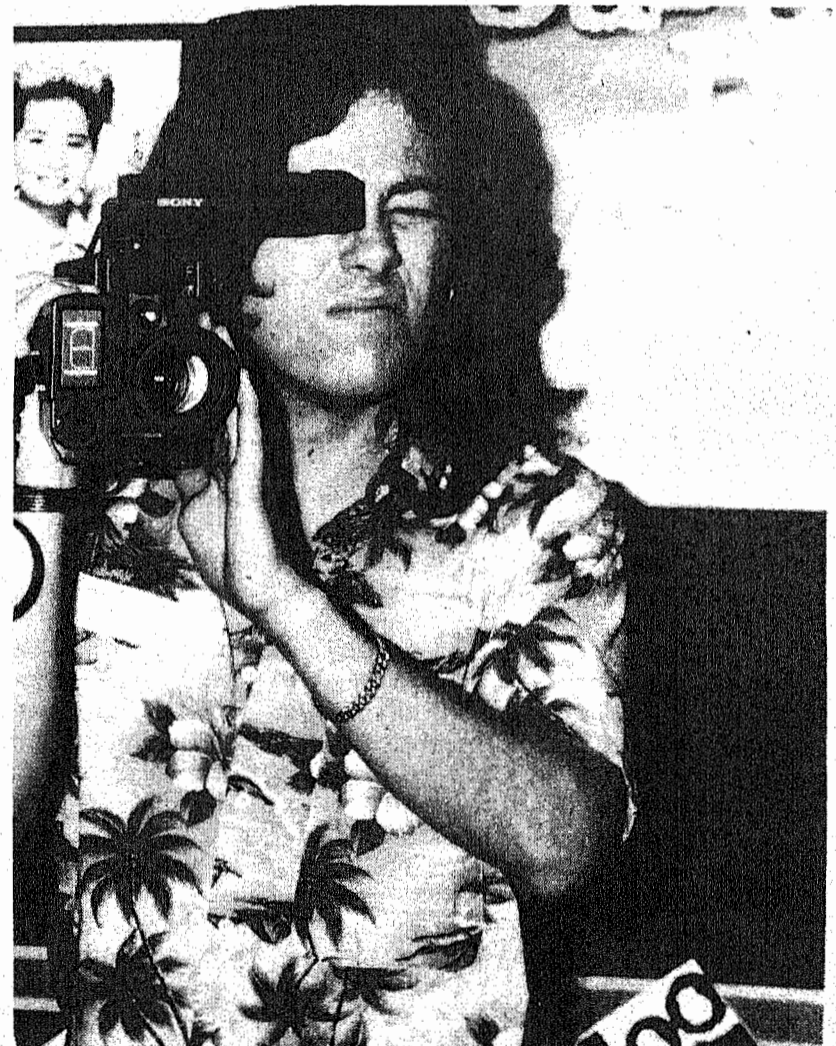
"Miss Freeloove '69" is, of course, the first single- a psychedelic guitar wound with the firm Gurus roots underpinning both the style and lyrics. "1000 Miles Away" is a cute sob story, all about airports and getting up before 9.30 am. In typical Gurus style, the lyrics are terrifically ridiculous and the backing music pretty spesh.

"Something's Coming", "Castles in the Air", "Brainscan" (which takes a lot of getting used to) and "A Place in the Sun" all earn a guernsey for their early Gurus sound, reminiscent of the early efforts like "Poison Pen", "Death Defying" and "Arthur".

However, true to Gurus style, there are some real shitters in there as well. While I am not talking Baby-Can-Dance-shitters, there are still some pretty non descriptive efforts of anguish- "Too Much Fun", "Dressed in Black"... on your way, please.

The Gurus have sprung back with a wickedly cool album and reassured many who were still crying after 1986's *Blow Your Cool*. The resultant album is not perfect, but it's a pretty decent effort after undergoing rehabilitation for writing *Magnum Cum Louder*. A courageous effort from the original surfer boys.

Piers Gillespie



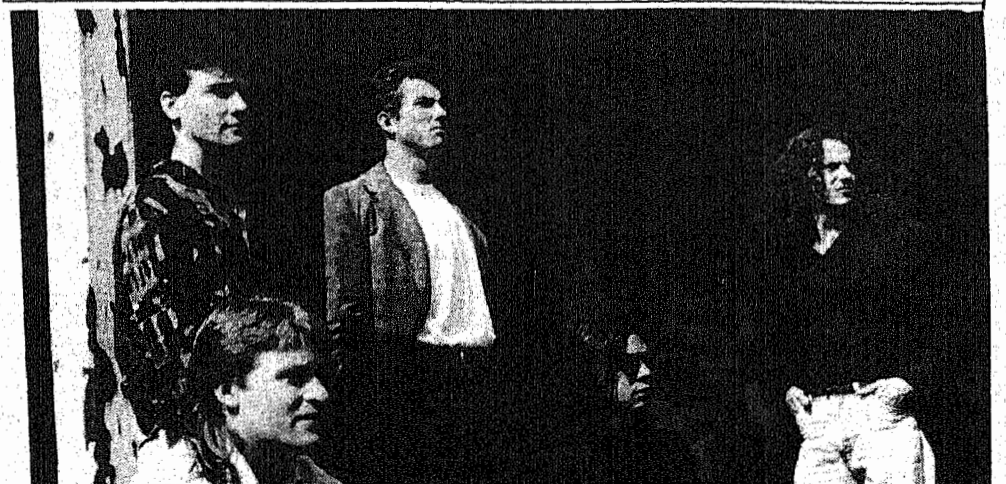
Do what you are told. Behave. Brad Shepherd is watching YOU.

CHEAP DRINKS FOR STUDENTS! (and band)

New Adelaide band, the **Raindogs**, in conjunction with the Colonel Light Hotel, have managed to come up with a Wednesday night package specifically designed for University students. In an effort to provide a mid-week stop-over for stressed out students, the Colonel Light will set up

concession priced drinks across the board with the Raindogs providing the all important groove factor.

Made up entirely of Adelaide University students, the Raindogs cover a variety of styles including Blues, Funk, Jazz and Rock, with the underlying purpose being to get people up to dance. The night promises to be a huge party and will also provide students with an opportunity to come into contact with students from another campus. So, take a night off and party- see you there!



God Returns (With Two Other Persons)

If I were to name all the successful projects that John McLaughlin had been involved in in the last thirty years, this would be an unreadably long article! In his constant quest for innovation, he has covered many different genres, making him one of the most versatile guitarists, and musicians, in the world, with one of the most amazing musical regimes yet seen.

Born in England, he first received public recognition while playing with Georgie Fame's Blue Flames. Slowly he moved away from his original blues medium and became influenced by Indian philosophy and music. At the same time he was listening to the new music that people like Miles Davis and Gil Evans were recording together. These influences lead him to Holland where he began playing 'free jazz'. It was at this time (in 1968) that he joined the Graham Bond Association and Brian Auger's Trinity, and also recorded the prize winning album, *Extrapolation*. In the following year he moved to the USA working with the Tony Williams Lifetime

band and Wayne Shorter. As soon as he began this work McLaughlin received a personal invitation to work with the legendary Miles Davis. Together with a number of other young musicians that Davis had also co-opted, they recorded the albums, *Bitches Brew* and *In a Silent Way*.

Since this earlier work, McLaughlin has been a part of the Mahavishnu Orchestra, has worked with Carlos Santana ("Love Devotion Surrender"), the London Symphony Orchestra, Paco de Lucia, Chick Corea, David Sanborn, classical pianist Katia Labeque, Dexter Gordon and Herbie Hancock (for the soundtrack to the movie *'Round Midnight*) and he has written two concertos for guitar and orchestra...just to name a few items in an almost infinite list.

The John McLaughlin Trio, who will be playing in Adelaide, (this Saturday 18th of May) has been together since 1988, though not in its current form. The change to the line-up occurred at the start of this year when previous bass player, Kai Eckhardt, was replaced by Dominique Di Piazza. The original trio released just one album, *Live*

at the Royal Festival Hall 27th November 1989 which is locally available through Polygram records). This album features different facets of McLaughlin's work in the last few years. Beginning with a very smooth arrangement of Miles Davis' "Blue in Green" and working through Indian and Flamenco influences, the heart of this music is purity, passion and innate understanding and mastery of both technique and the different musical styles it covers, making this trio sound more like an orchestra.

John McLaughlin comes to Australia very rarely, and there is a possibility that this may be your last chance to catch him, ever. More than a concert, this could be the musical event of the year!

The John McLaughlin Trio plays in Adelaide on this Saturday the 18th of May at the Festival Theatre.

Also be sure to listen to ABC FM next Saturday at 5:30 pm to hear a recording of the John McLaughlin Trio Live in Europe. **Tom Farnan**



John McLaughlin is the cute old man in the middle smiling benevolently

Those Bachelors are back

This is the debut album from a Melbourne band called Great! Their album is named the *Bachelors From Prague*. (Que? Ed.) BFP is a mix of songs which fans will recognize from past gigs. This is in part due to the fact that there has been nearly a year's time lag inbetween recording and releasing of the album. During the time, the band has had one or two major changes, of unparalleled scope in its history.

Firstly, previous drummer, Russell - no longer a Bachelor-Cook, has left the band to do some child-bearing. This loss of a player seems to have done really good things to the band. The new album is more serious, as Justin Stanford said after their last gig in Adelaide, "...it's like the band has found fourth gear...". Justin Stanford, former percussionist, is now the band's new drummer.

The sound of this album is almost a complete departure from the forties jazz idiom the Bachelors were once almost famous for, and they sound to me much more like a "band". They also seem to rely less on the domineering personality of lead singer Henry Maas and the individual talents of the band are coming out. Trumpeter Jeff Raglus sings one of the songs on the album ("Middle of Nowhere"), which is similar to someone like Style Council with a very smooth dance feel. Other songs on the album include the single "Doin' the Same Thing", "Barcelona Bop" (also released on *Live at Sing Sing*) and the funky "Matters to Me Too" (which has been part of their set for a while).

There is a real change with the new album *Great*, and the arrogance of the Bachelors is all but gone, almost warranting a new name. Maybe they'll call themselves the Phlegmatic Fathers from Prague? They're not quite there yet. Check the next album.

The Bachelors From Prague will be launching their new album *Great* in Club Foote this Friday and Saturday, 17-18 May.

Tom Farnan

MMM-FM Flavour of the Month

My Love Pumpkin

Contrapunctus

Green Beaver

Le Rox

Friday 3 May

My Love Pumpkin seem to be becoming more popular, and they probably deserve it. Despite a few technical hassles, they put in a strong and lively performance. They attracted a crowd of fairly young 'uns, including quite a few girls, who all left quite promptly after *My Love Pumpkin* finished...

Contrapunctus on the other hand, had to grab some girls, and drag them on stage. With quite a radical lineup change from the *Gone* days, including Chris Willard (Lizard Train) as guest bassplayer, *Contrapunctus* actually seem to be getting stronger and tighter. They produced the strongest version of "Two Legs" I've heard. Complete with 'I Am Bad, Really I Am' stage antics from Chris Carr, they were as entertaining as ever.

The highlight, though, was definitely **Green Beaver**. After the show, I found that they had only been together six months, and only ever played in Melbourne, which I found hard to believe. They produced a great sound, really driving and powerful, and played like they'd been together for years. Comparisons that jumped into my head were Mudhoney or Nirvana, but crossed with some really nice pop band. Confused? Well, all I can say is that (in my mind!) that mix is great, and approximately equates to *Green Beaver*. Despite rude comments about the guitarist looking like a reject from Cheap Trick, the band built up a good rapport with the small crowd. Unlike many bands of this genre, their songs were consistently good and not overshadowed by their great version of Hüsker Dü's "Dianne". The band is releasing a single, "Barnaby"

Nick Barker and the Reptiles

Have a Nice Day

Old Lion

Friday 3 May

The great attraction of **Nick Barker and the Reptiles** is that they cannot be categorised. This band is original and dynamic and their second album *After the Show* has placed Nick Barker into "songwriter" category. His diversity as a writer and his exciting stage presence elevates him and the band to being potential pub rock giants.

After the Show is a smorgasboard of Blues, Rock and even folk (i.e. using Paul Kelly's talent, an acoustic guitar and sounding mournful). With the exception of Kelly co-writing 3 songs, the album was entirely written by Barker. To understand and enjoy these songs is to accept and appreciate the talent and honesty that Nick Barker offers. Nick describes his songs as being very personal and a reflection of his own attitudes and outlooks, which explains his diversity on the album - bluesy, reflective, then angry - and then he sounds like he just wants to make a huge noise and have a great time.

Cliché dictates that the album "grows on you". Even after a couple of listens one can find oneself humming the incredibly catchy "Still Waiting" or playing that air guitar with "Won't Get You Loved" (first single released off the album) and "After the Show", or in

(on Shock) soon, and after making friends in Adelaide and genuinely appreciating the

contrast, transform oneself into a state of melancholy with "Miles to Go", co-written by Paul Kelly.

The performance on Friday night was a reflection of the album, with the old favourites "Another Me" and "Going to Pieces" sending the heads a banging, as well as a dynamic cover of the American band The Black Crowes' "Hard to Handle", which, hopefully, will finally get some support for the Crowes here in Adelaide, as they are not getting much airplay to date (*ever listen to JJJ?* Ed.).

Special guests **Have a Nice Day** have the basis for a great pub trash band. Lead singer Fiona is a huge voiced young lady who oozes with talent and stage presence. The usual mentality of "I've never heard of them, so I don't care" and "Just get off and let the Reptiles come on", did not discourage the three piece H.A.N.D. They had a great time, and so with a little encouragement and experience they should gather a decent following.

Nick Barker and the Reptiles represent a diverse musical repertoire enveloped in a gutsy, honest performance. Pub Rock is ever gaining in popularity and captures an atmosphere of perpetual "rah rah, lager-headbang - wow, I'm having a great time", where patrons can relax, have a beer, laugh at those playing their air guitars, and be treated, in the case of Nick Barker, to great rock and rhythm'n' blues.

So what of the future?, I asked the Reptiles. "We're gonna be huge", quoth new Reptile Marc, only two months in the band but already a visionary. I wish thee well, Reptiles.

Jane Eckerman

crowd's reaction, they are sure to be back.

Daniel Kearney



A rock star spunkrat leaning on a good friend

It's Still Living

The Birthday Party

This live album was recorded in 1982 at The Astor Theatre in Melbourne, and I don't quite know what to say about it other than Nick Cave's tonsils must have taken quite a bashing that night.

If you are a Birthday Party fan you could

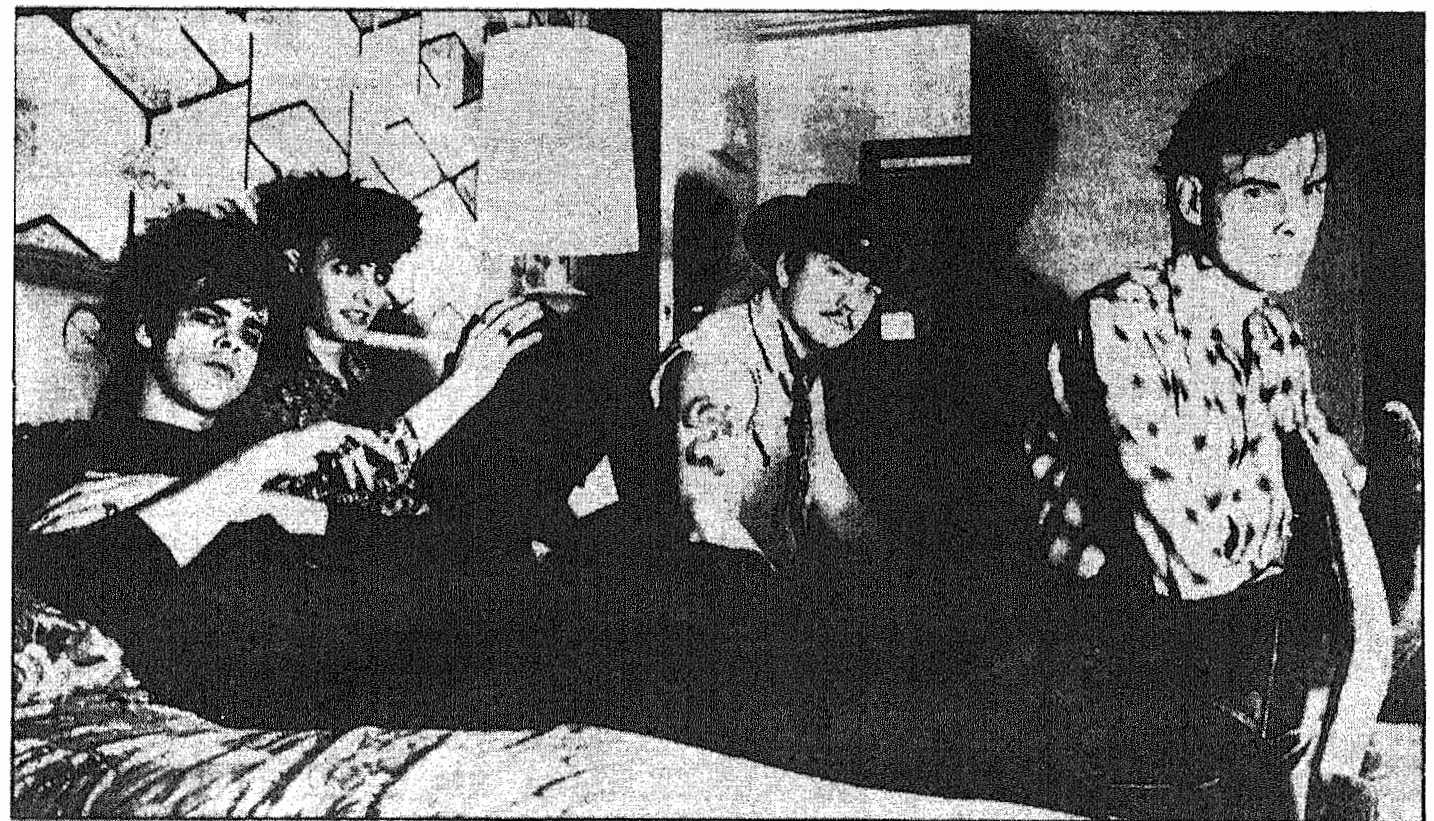
well already have this album, for it has been released before. Why the company chose to re-release it I can't say, maybe in an attempt to cash in on the success of Cave's *The Good Son* album from last year, though I find it hard to associate Cave's early material with his later albums.

Basically, then, the album is a good half hour or so worth of chanting, yelling, and screaming, in true Birthday Party style. My personal favorites are the fantastic "The Song" and the encore "Dead Joe", which is

introduced in typical arrogant Cave style: "This is not 'No Fun', this is 'Dead Joe'. Are you ready for this?" Other songs worth a listen are "Release the Bats" and "Big Jesus Trash Can".

All in all a good album. If you are a fan, buy it and if you're not, maybe you should give it a listen. Oh yeah, and it's on coloured vinyl for what it's worth!

Richard Vowles



The Birthday Party: Consistently Glorifying Heroin Use, Which is Neither Funny Nor Clever.

Demons

Chris Bailey

Mushroom Records

Watch the record spin as you fall into the abyss of boredom. The needle walks a path into a vortex of overwhelming tedium. Philosophical comments like this entered my head while listening to this record. There is nothing wrong with the composition, except it's so stagnant. Chris has failed to place any energy into the album, the result is a record that is ideal for putting people to sleep and does.

Tim Neill

The Farm

Spartacus

BMG

The Liverpoolian term 'scally' (street-tuff low-life con-man) was holding The Farm back long before it propelled The Stone Roses and Happy Mondays to stardom. Record company refusals flowed on the grounds that they had 'no image'. With such a proudly 'indie' history, The Farm are, initially, quite a disappointment.

The first thing that struck me about Spartacus was its commercialism. This album is very over-produced. We're talking a hey-Kyle-pass-the-drum-machine over-production that smothers a lot of good songs. Wading through this - by playing it unreasonably loud - I was pleasantly surprised to find a basically good album. There is certainly a lot in it. Driving

chords (liberally wah-wahed), fluttering lead pulsating rhythms, funky bass-lines, swirling synth, cat-calling coloured girls, woo-wooling scallies (ha), sampling and scratching, opinionated lifestyle lyrics - and that's just one track! "Groovy Train" is a great song, but perhaps not so good that it can sustain its 5 or 6 clones.

The album finishes with more variety than it starts. "Family of Man" and "Tell the Story" are the only tracks to suggest that Hooton/Grimes can write more songs than "Groovy Train", but they do this well. "Very Emotional" returns to the "GT" formula, but with such a great groove that my twitching feet finally forced me to forgive. "All Together Now" is a fantastic clubbing experience. When Johann Pachebele's "Cannon" soars somewhere high above the lights and the dry-ice, it takes a part of you with it. Dancing to classical music is not that far off.

Despite their violent refutations, The Farm are a dance band. Loud, through a crowded, smokey room is the only time when the production on this album is justified. In a club, it will sound magnificent. It's high time Adelaide's dance-magnates woke up to the rising popularity of independent music.

This popularity is really the problem. With it, 'indie' music becomes, by definition, less 'indie'. Money comes into it, and artists/companies compete for a larger slice of the burgeoning market. As everyone gets on the groovy train, older fans will just have to wear it. Pity really.

Nic Gilbert

458489

B-Sides

The Fall

Beggars Banquet

One of the most accessible 'punk' bands (yes, they were labelled that!), The Fall has now released a collection of single ("7" and "12") B-sides, spanning their time of Beggars Banquet, 1984 to 1989. I must admit I have mainly been exposed to The Fall's more popular work ("Victoria", "Hit the North", etc.) and I was a little dubious about two and a half hours of quite long B-sides. Here, however, is where a band can be a little more adventurous and self indulgent. Therein lies the strength of this collection. Within a certain range, you are never sure just what is going to be next. Some songs are fairly techno-pop, (without too much techno), others are a little rougher and guitar orientated, while others are just quirky pop songs. Some are great, some fall flat. It is also interesting to follow the progression of the band over five years.

Highlights are the satirical "Australians in Europe" and "Guest Informant", best described as bizarre. A must for all Fall fans who don't have the singles and a very interesting, sometimes esoteric look into the other side of a pretty neat band.

Just goes to show, Manchester isn't all that bad ...

Daniel Kearney

G.W. McLENNAN: SOUND FAMILIAR?



Why did the Go Betweens never quite make it? Who knows, but Grant McLennan is having another go. Learning from Elliot and Yeats, Grant has become G.W., so that the potency of the lyric can come to the fore. G.W. has a friend in JJJ. Consequently, they have played the first single off his new album rather a lot. The new album is called *Watershed*, and will probably sound just about as commercial as any album produced by that crazy Kiwi, Dave Dobbyn. G.W. is coming to town on Tuesday and will be playing an acoustic set of his new numbers and hopefully a few of his old ones. G.W. was responsible for Claytons hits "Right Here" and "Streets of Your Town", so his new stuff promises to be quite catchy.

If you're feeling like a dose of introspection, check out G.W. on Tuesday the 14th at the Tivoli Hotel. *On Dit* has five double passes to give away for the first five people who find an editor on Tuesday and tell them W.P. Block's favourite word.

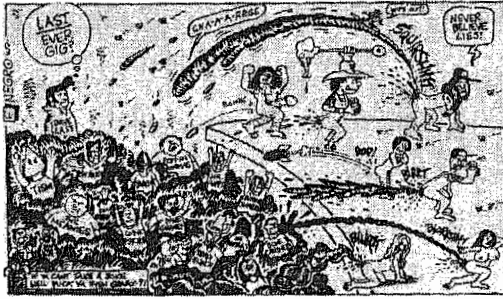
Jon Gill



Mark E. looks surly for a change

/ EXTRICATE

the AXEMAN



• Greetings slushheads, don't let the midyear blues get to you too badly, remember there's life all around you ... much admired band from the Austral, **The Handsome Devils**, currently undergoing their baptism of fire recording for a first record release... so are **My Love Pumpkin** who take time off from remixing their master tapes to play in Melbourne with the famed Nursery Crimes. Onya.

• **Killing Time**: they're loved in Triple J, "Ruby's Mind" is their current single and it's like wow!, but Adelaide couldn't give a shit! So why did less than 200 turn up to see their first ever performance in Adelaide at the Rox the other week? Oh yeah ... what is 'publicity', anyway? Add about a thousand people to that total and you've got the Old Lion last Tuesday night for **The Church** with **Stratjacket Fits**. On the whole, boring as shit, the Church's new drummer is just dandy but lacking anything resembling creativity, Marty Wilson-Piper still can't sing and Steve Kilbey is still Gooorgeous

(ooh). Straits' singer (no, his name's not important) is definite Rock Star material, and if he and Kilbey could have murdered each other undetected, they would have. Don't forget you read about it, saw it first here in *On Dit* - those two will be at each other's throats before the tour is out.

• So, if you're writing for *On Dit*, you gotta be getting something out of it, don't you? So why is Al Thorpe writing a compendium of record company rehashes masquerading as new and informative stuff? "What's In?" has all the makings of standard crap press releases - no originality here - goddamn it, Harry! Even the label names are included. Can't bite the hand that feeds, eh, Al? Furthermore, are we to believe that you, Al, are the arbiter of good taste and popularity? What's in? A job in *The Advertiser*, I guess...

• It goes (almost) without saying that the abovenamed Al would have missed the release of **The Plague's** excellent LP on Melbourne-based Shock Records (no thanks to Ellie at Brashes).

• Conducting research, the Axeman snuck up to the activities office last week to see how the Battle of the Bands competition is going. A dozen entries so far and filling fast; including the inevitable **Choose Groove**, the usual grab of hopeless wankers with band names such as **ERG**, **Aborted Dreams**, and **This Dog Bites**; a bunch who are already playing around town and don't need to be in the competition (I can you seven reasons why not!); and a Spanish Punk combo called **Cerveza y Putas** with no ability or talent, and no future.... Any suggestions that the Axeman has been asked to be on the judging panel for this memorable event will be treated with the contempt they deserve.

• Meanwhile, whilst driving back from Melbourne, Activities Guru, Alex Wheaton, managed to run over a harmless Echidna shuffling across the highway. No remorse, not a glimmer of compassion crossed his features as he related, "Got a fucking puncture". Scumbag.

• Well turdburglars, perhaps you'd already noticed this extremely pleasant piece of artwork spotted in a recent issue of Melbourne street rag *InPress*. A charming and evocative piece and not at all overstated. So who will be sorry to see the end of **I Spit on Your Gravy**? Not the Axeman, that's for sure! Those St. Kilda scum...

• Can it be true? Are those Marvellous Mirthful Marrow Minstrels (**My Love**

Pumpkin) to leave us forever in search of the filthy lucre in more lucretive (sorry) pastures? Have they conducted their first tour of Melbourne? Have they returned? Will they return? What happens next? Will the tall ugly guitarist punch out the shorter silly-looking one? Will they enter the Battle of The Bands, and (like last year) will they crash and burn at the second hurdle? So what of their vocalist and his over-developed sense of self-worth? Just a sprat in a small pond...

• The Axeman was taken aback recently to receive a demand from the Australian Musicians Union for hundreds of dollars in backdues. Never mind the fact that he's not played a riff in anger for years now, and that those simpleminded anal retentives at the Union have done nothing NOTHING NOTHING to justify their existence for even longer. So what do they do when they're not being a mouthpiece for the N.C.C.?

• Great memories of the twentieth century! This week **The Jam** released their first album *In The City* (1978), Phil Rudd of **AC/DC** says he's taking his drum kit and going home (1982), **Bruce Springsteen** marries Julianne Phillips (1985), **James 'Mr. Incoherent' Reyne** is born (1959), and **Malcolm McLaren** finally gets around to releasing the propagandist movie about **The Sex Pistols**, *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*.

What's In?

New LPs

• **Quincy Jones'** new album *Listen Up - The Lives of Quincy Jones* (Warner) is about to make even more money for this ridiculously wealthy man.

• **Jane's Addiction's** self-titled record was released on April 29.

• *New Jack City*, the original soundtrack on which **Ice-T** has been working, is out now on Warner.

• Ex-**Prince** backing vocalist **Sheila E.** has released the surprisingly-titled album *Sex Symbol* and a single of the same name.

• *The Best of The Bingo Boys* has escaped, along with an extended CD single of "How to Dance".

• If you're into sappy, pathetic love and death songs penned by an altogether unattractive wrinkly man who somehow tops the charts everywhere, then **Michael Bolton's** album *Time, Love and Tenderness* has run crying onto the streets, bolstered up by the single "Love Is a Wonderful Thing".

• **Screaming Blue Messiahs** ripoffs **The Godfathers** head further towards loonyland with the forthcoming release of their third album *The Real World* (Sony). It's going to have a single off it called "The Real World". Fascinating.

• Two box sets from the most prolific dead man in the music business, **Jimi Hendrix**, are out now on Polygram. One is a four-CD set of studio recordings, the other being made up of four live CDs.

New Singly Things

• Notorious George Bush-supporter **Gloria Estafan** from **Miami Sound Machine** has had big multinationals Sony put out new single "Seal Our Fate" for her.

• The *Loot* EP would be familiar to anyone who listens to JJJ, and is set to catapult Sydneysiders **Clouds** into the charts.

• **Sting** said in a recent interview that his fortune is spent taking his seven-member

family around with him everywhere. His new single, "Mad About You", is apparently about lust, power and jealousy; isn't every Sting song, though? Buy it so that he can afford to buy a house for his poor kids.

• The third single from **Van Morrison's** album *Enlightenment* is, you guessed it, "Enlightenment". Must be a week for surprises.

• **The Stone Roses**, one of the most exciting bands around, have released a remix of their ancient indie hit "Sally Cinnamon" on cassette along with "Here It Comes" and "All Across the Sands". Still waiting for more new material, I guess.

Forthcoming Releases

• A kinda rough guess as to when major rock stars from across the planet will inflict their latest opuses on us is as follows:

- June: **The Psychedelic Furs**
- August: **Mary Coughlan**
Matt Bianco
- September: **Ian McCulloch**
Howard 'thought you were dead' Jones
Simply Red
Beloved

Concerts

• **Daryl 'Sincerely Hoped You Were Dead' Braithwaite** at Thebarton Theatre on 31 May.

• The rumour that the **Pixies** are about to hit our shores for their first Australian tour has circulated for about the third time in six months. Have to wait'n' see.

• **Jesus Jones** playing Le Rox on Wednesday June 5, supported by **My Love 'No Secret Schnapper Left for the Pilgrims' Pumpkin**.

• In a bizarre coincidence, *Secret Schnapper*, the new Parting Company show, opens at the Little Theatre on June 5, completely unsupported by **My Love Pumpkin**.

• Two tragic missouts for Adelaide: **Julee Cruise** and **Jane's Addiction** touring Australia in June and both giving Adelaide the big swerve. Get off your butts, tour promoters.

Something To Think About

"A love which dies was never true"
(Yet another Baci wrapper, a symbol of the depression suffered by many Uni students at this stage of the Semester)

Thanks to Ellie at Brashes
Al Thorpe

It's all fun and games until someone loses an eye.

The **Bedridden**, one of Adelaide's fine but largely unrecognised bands kindly climbed out of their cots and had a little chat. Four out of the seven members yarned, had a drink and generally charmed the pants off me; the four being Dave, Benjow, Baterz and Spaemen. The **Bedridden** have been together for approximately 2 years but have been friends for a lot longer which shows up in their casual banter and the way that they write their songs and perform. The **Bedridden** have just released their first tape, record and CD which is available at all wonderful stores now. The record was largely inspired by a mix of concentrated Sesame Street viewing and Swiss Chalet Chocolate and was recorded in 6 days spread out over many months. We asked the following probing questions (and more) which were dealt with in a mature and ethically correct way.

OD- How would you describe yourself? Or could you be described as a notorious good time party band?

TB- Baterz said that they couldn't possibly be described as such but once they had a few skins nodding their heads to one of their tunes. If this was the only necessary qualification then yes they were. Benjow and Dave were a bit unsure about describing themselves but were quite willing to try. The descriptions varied from acoustic, psycho, and muppet punk through to an electric gathering of forceful and creative genius.

OD- Influences?

TB- Many many varied influences ranging from Violent Femmes through to No Means No and back to our environment.

OD- Having just released an album, did you find the studio sound different from your live sound?

TB- No, the sound was pretty much what we wanted. The producer, Terry Bradford had a good grasp of what we wanted and set it down accordingly. Very few changes had to be made.

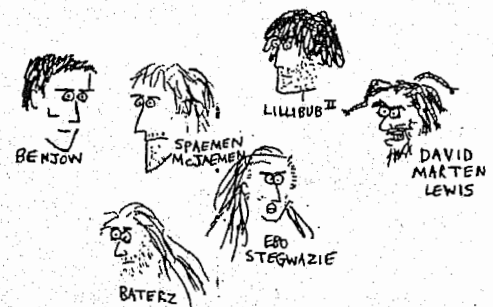
OD- With so many instruments (guitars, wind instruments, percussion, recorders etc) that the band play and no real focal point, how and who write the songs?

TB- No one person dominates either the writing or performing of the songs. Somebody will come up with a line or tune and everybody has a hand in the arranging, lyric or music writing until it sounds beautiful.

Up on stage we all swap instruments and duties so shows are never boring and it enables us to get a slightly different sound most nights. The basics remain but the extras may change.

The **Bedridden** all like Laksas, discussions about words and their origins, are looking forward to their first Stadium tour of the USA and are a band to watch and listen to. They are playing at the Bar on Friday the 17th with the Grandview Grovers and Jack Nastyface and I advice people on the strength of their album to get along and enjoy.

Darren O'Reilly



THE BEDRIDDEN

Thirty Pieces of Theatrical Silver

Question? Is the theatre relevant in this day and age of economic recession? Answer: of course it bloody well is!

The theatre can not only help our current economic institutions but can ultimately point society in a better and more wholesome direction.

The theatre has very strong but unnoticeable links with the economy of a particular country.

Many people will jump in and say that it is a one way association in the sense in boom periods more time and money through sponsorship from business and the government can be spent on a so-called luxury like the theatre.

However, lo and behold, the link is returned! Shock! Shock! Shock! When the theatre reflects complex undefinable society the economic benefits are incredible. It allows people to have a look at other people i.e. stage characters with different thoughts, morals and attitudes than their own. Many audience members will breathe a sigh of relief externally or internally that the drunkard, the spastic, the homosexual man or woman, the worker or the big business tycoon etc was only a stage character, but these people do exist and have every right to. It is our position as individuals not to place barriers against understanding (even if only partially) because we cannot handle anything seemingly different or absurd.

Economic gains from this wider understanding are obvious. The employer gains a better comprehension of the employee's general make-up and vice versa allowing from better working harmony which in turn leads to productivity and employment gains. 'Enterprise Bargaining' would be assisted by the promotion and development of more theatre in society.

The theatre is a creative imperfect art in terms of acting, directors interpretation, the set, costume, lighting and sound design etc.

Seeing such creativity in front of one-self I find (and I am sure many others do) spurs a desire to create and innovate myself.

In fact I am positive many business entrepreneurs enjoy seeing a fellow entrepreneur at work and are stimulated to bigger and better things.

Time for physical example about the theatres economics influence. In West Germany the theatre is heavily subsidised by the state and at least 90% of the population attend every week. Not bad for a country which before 'the Wall' was brought down had one of the worlds most progressive economies in terms of productivity, and had almost zero inflation. There has to be some link! The Article "Why we need drama skills" in The Advertiser April 9th of this year re-affirms many of my arguments, talking about the valuable life skills that one can learn from drama and



"Bugger me if our funding hasn't been cut again"

about transferring them to industry.

The only problem is that it seems to be focused on a managerial side eg. How can managers of industry improve our economy, our well being through doing drama. I don't think we can leave it all to them, everyone

(verbal and non-verbal), improved organisational skills and leadership. (believe me you learn a lot about organising when there is not the dollar incentive around) and greater confidence and initiative: (very relevant when we realise the extent to

"But these people do exist, and have every right to"

can benefit from such exercises, everyone needs "the capacity to view a problem from many sides to reflect on the problem and act".

There would have to be an overall greater and more wide-ranging benefit to society if the majority of the population could have "highly developed imaginations and creative potential", increased communication skills

which a recession is psychologically induced).

The greatest gain I think anyone can gain from 'the theatre' is the understanding of 'power' and it's fundamental control. Fundamental in economics - the control of the employer, the power of the union etc. All plays have 'power' in it's different forms as either a major theme or consequential theme. This reflects every individual in the

world as they try to get something from someone else. The baby has control over the mother - crying to be fed. The teenager fighting for independence from the parent who shelters and supports. The young adult trying to move up in the company. Everywhere power and control effect our everyday lives, sometimes with our realisation, the majority of times without.

With all that I have mentioned so far in terms of economic gain there is one real problem, and that is the ability of people to learn something from a theatrical production.

The growth of film, video and television (especially the crap soapy) has killed off many imaginations. Not all, but many. There are two reasons for this; the accessibility of the electronics and the fact that one can switch off totally when watching the majority of these so called shows. In my opinion, television watching has close ties with sleep itself. At the theatre not only are you on public show but everything is not so easy to comprehend, so you actually have to use a bit of brain power. A 'bare stage' becomes a whole country. The stage becomes a different place, maybe even in a different time.

Television hands it to you on a plate - you have the room, the house, the street and the whole physical city if need be. There is no challenge, the imagination has a physical example so there is no need for any effort. Sure you have to believe the actors, but on the stage you have them plus a whole shit load more.

Not all television shows are trash. There are of course many which use their 'communication' with great skill. Whether they realise the damage factor or not I am not sure. SBS and the ABC lead the way with a great number of shows presenting complex and interesting characters, thought provoking topics, different filming techniques and/or spectacular scenery to stimulate the brain.

I am not saying we need this all the time, it is good to switch off now and again but too much trash eg. the soapy and the Hollywood action/violence film can really do some damage to people and society. Ways of tackling personal problems become 'stereotyped' and are used almost blindly by the general public. But the worse crime of television is that it continually re-affirms that there is a simple solution to life - Bullshit.

Come on guys and gals let's all go to the theatre! What is wrong with it and why are you so against it? The problem lies in the "materialistic psyche". Many people say that the theatre is too expensive compared to electronic trash entertainment it is certainly more pricy but should we judge our experience by the dollar value alone. With their materialistic values many individuals want a tangible/physical "theatre box" in their laps and out of it they want to pull a "jar of entertainment", "a jar of imagination" and "a jar of thoughts".

Life is more than a buck!

Go to the theatre. I dare you!
Especially you, Mr Accountant!

Nick Clark

Everybody Dance Now

Adelaide has been accused (perhaps unjustly some would argue) of being a wasteland and especially a dance wasteland. For the next month, however, Adelaide will be the place to see some of the top dance performances in the country (world? Let's not push it.)

Everything starts off on the 16th with the Australian Dance Theatre's latest season, "The Dancer's choreograph" at the Balcony Theatre. They have only recently finished a season at the Playhouse that was a very good evening out. If you missed it, too bad, it was damn fine. Leigh Warren (the ADT's artistic director) brought back two previously performed works, "Adieu" and "Verandah". "Adieu" was, well as enjoyable as it was last time...not very. Too much existential angst for the poor brain to cope with on top of everyday angst. However, "Verandah" was light, uplifting and a good example of what contemporary dance should be... contemporary. The other dance on the programme will be repeated in the upcoming season. Chrissie Parrott's theatre extravaganza, "A Tale of Obsession and Ordinary Madness" is something worth seeing. Don't expect to actually understand the piece; it is based on works by Charles Bukowski, but it is very enjoyable and will most definitely keep you entertained.

In addition to "Obsession" this next ADT season will have works by John Utan and Susan Peacock. John Utan has choreographed short pieces in the past, but this is his first major work. Susan Peacock has choreographed several works for the company, all of which have been well done, so this one should not be missed.

Apart from the Balcony Theatre season (16th to June 1), the dance world can forward to the upcoming solo performances at the Space. Molissa Fenley will be performing not one, but two solo programmes



That's Dancin'!

during the week of 21 May. The first piece will be set to Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring", Philip Glass and Somei Satoh. The second programme deals with contrasts in space and the environment. It all sounds a bit cosmic, but if you were around for the 1986 Festival you might have seen her choreography in the ADT's "Descent into the Maelstrom". The gossip on the streets

says Molissa Fenley is pretty hot stuff. Might be an idea to keep an eye on this.

Come Out has a few dance shows on the line-up including the Centre of Performing Arts production "Extensions". For a mere \$3 it could be the best value for money on May 17.

Dance North has come south to perform "Desert Magic" at the Adelaide Uni Union

Hall. This is also good value for money at a small \$10 (\$6 conc) May 15-18.

There you have it, a brief run down of upcoming dance productions in Adelaide. If it seems like this is a somewhat pathetic line-up, sorry, go to Melbourne-it is the best we can do and you should count yourself lucky we have this much.

Mischa Kubancik

COME OUT NEWS

COME OUT! is really a-rockin' and a-shakin', yes siree and pass me my saddle. (Enthusiasm.) Here we go with a bit of a run-down on what has been good, what is good, and what will be good. White Paper Flowers (at the Playhouse until May 15) is a very beautiful and moving play, about the courage and fortitude of the Chinese during the 1989 pro-democracy movement. The acting is delicate and touching, while managing to avoid any sentimentalism or gaucheness. The play itself is innovative and courageous, while managing to retain a truly professional element. Written by Mary Hickson, the play deals with personal and political freedom, and the rewards and consequences of taking a political stand, set against a background of explosive movement, music and design in the grand tradition of Chinese spectacle.

Until May 17 in the Scott Theatre is Bekkanko-Oni, a play I mentioned a couple of weeks back. Although the story is simple, the play is a delight for young and old alike, and it would be foolish to miss out on this piece of top Japanese theatre. The play is,

as I mentioned before, about a kind and gentle-hearted ogre called Bekkanko-Oni who is shunned by his fellow ogres. He falls in love with Yuki, a blind girl who has been maltreated by her own village community. The message of the Play is that often the greatest values are to be found among those aspects of our lives which are alienating and discriminatory. This charming production draws on traditional Japanese performance styles of Noh and Kyogen to present a work of contemporary relevance.

This Wednesday until the coming Saturday (May 15- 18) will see a captivating dance extravaganza in the Adelaide University's Union Hall. Desert Magic is an energetic dance piece which is based upon an Australian theme; the result of a three year search for an Australian story. It incorporates the elements of a traditional fairy tale with thematic and environmental relevance to Australian people. It is set at the mythical dawn of time, when the magical giants who had apparently come to live on this earth encountered the hot, harsh desert and its splendidly fluctuating seasons.

Last Sunday (May 12) marked the free arts festival of COME OUT! On Sunday. People of all ages who felt like a little Sunday exercise joined in the Health Development Foundation 60s and 70s time warps. Seven dance companies were in

attendance as was South Australia's most popular bear, Humphrey. He lent a paw to the proceedings, including the visual arts workshops that were held for the under tens. Elder Park was also abuzz with caricaturists, face-painters, clowns, wandering minstrels foodstalls, a hot-air balloon and many arts and crafts stalls. Also present in the amphitheatre were Adelaide University's own Edwina Lucas, and The Jaynes. Fun fun fun!

One of the very important things coming up is ALLWRITE! This is a week-long writing festival within COME OUT! that happens this week-right now-yeah, wow, happening. ALLWRITE! provides opportunities for young people to meet local, interstate and overseas authors and illustrators in special Writer's Forums this Wednesday (May 15) at the Odeon Theatre, Norwood. Those featured include Jeannie Baker, Elizabeth Mansutti and Gillian Rubenstein. Young writers aged between 15 and 25 can also participate in Young Writers Workshops in the stimulating (oo-er) environment of the South Australian Museum. Sessions available with individual tutors include poetry with Geoff Goodfellow and play writing with Anne Marie Mykyta.

SO LOOK, GET INVOLVED. IT'S ALL THERE WAITING FOR YOU; IT'S FREE, GET OFF YOUR BUMS AND JOIN IN.

Chloë Fox

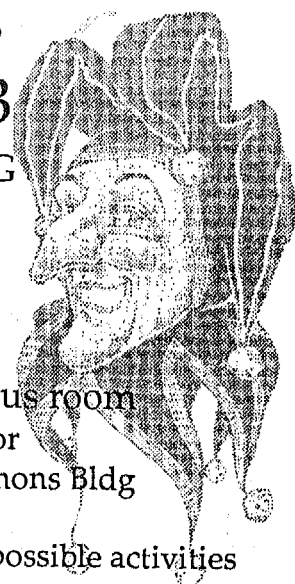
PERFORMING ARTS CLUB MEETING

Thursday
May 16th
12 p.m.

Jerry Portus room
ground floor
Lady Symmons Bldg

to discuss possible activities

ALL MEMBERS
and PROSPECTIVE
MEMBERS WELCOME



Followed by Academic Berks

Nice Work
David Lodge
Penguin

Particularly contemptuous of "isms" and "ists", Padraic McGuinness a regular columnist for *The Australian* wrote:

There is nothing more ridiculous than the pretensions of the inmates of universities and colleges, especially those who are so convinced of their own sensitivity and innate worth that they cannot bring themselves to study real subjects...

A potentially damning comment for many an arts lecturer and student! And a favourite target of this sharp, dry humoured and essentially "down to earth" commentator are the various inmates of English departments. He sniggers at those who have their "heads full of all the latest fashions and theories", claiming they have no genuine appreciation of literature at all, and describes them as smugly ideological "while having no faith in anything, peddling half-baked and ill understood smatterings of Marxism and psychoanalysis... and living in the firm belief that the rest of the community owes them a living"(!)

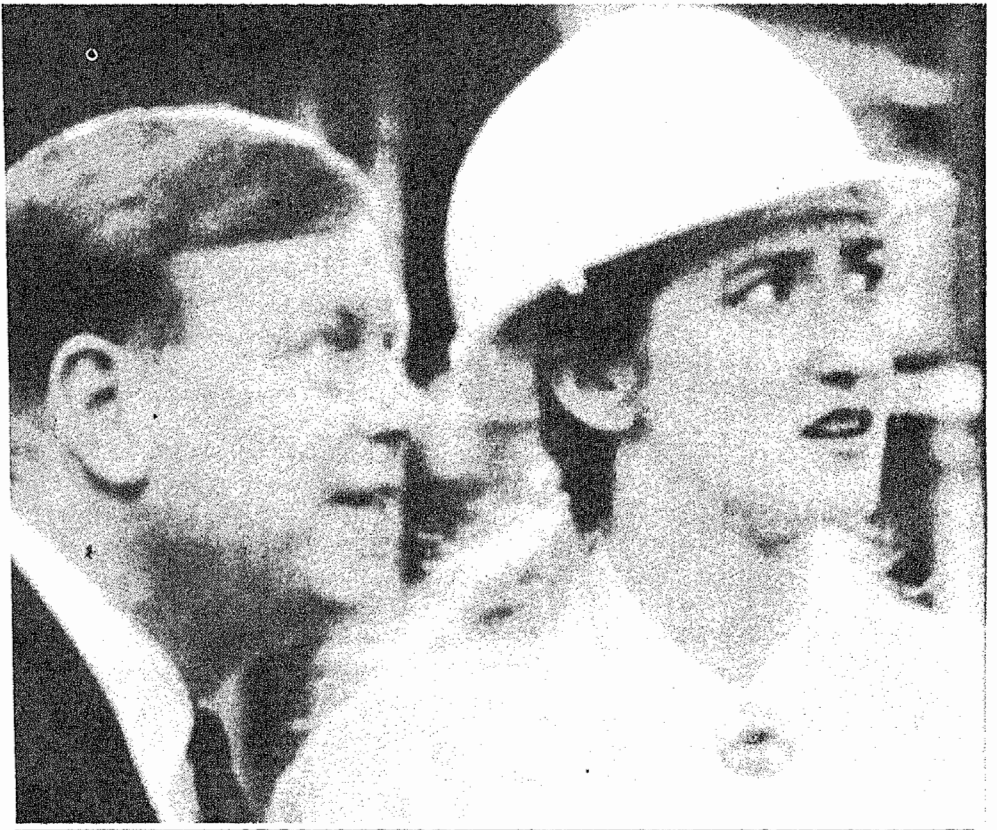
Presently topical is what has happened to our education system and the direction it will take. People often ask is arts a "real" subject and question the value of an arts degree. However, as on Triple J's recent education debate, questions are also being asked about the standards of our universities and the qualities threatened by the government's attempts to make these age-old institutions of learning more "marketable". Central to the issue is the changing nature of our universities; originally established to promote an understanding of the humanities, they are becoming increasingly business orientated.

Nice Work, a novel by David Lodge and recently televised in a four part series on the ABC provides hugely entertaining and pertinent comment on this debate. Set in Rummidge, England, in 1986, this work brings together the two very different worlds of Dr Robyn Penrose, a specialist in the Victorian Industrial Novel and Women's Writing, and Mr Vic Wilcocks, the managing

director of a Midland's metal working factory. The University of Rummidge, where Robyn works is overcrowded and chaotic. Cuts in government spending are continual, staff are unsure of their jobs, and the creed of "publish or perish" means that the teaching of students often comes second to the writing of articles; articles on subjects already covered hundreds of times or else so obscure that their value becomes questionable. The time is one of high unemployment. Expensively trained scholars go on the dole, casual jobs are so scarce that students are even forced into working in sex shows, and in the steel foundry, financial figures are below target and jobs are constantly on the line.

1986 has been designated "Industry Year". And to show that it is not merely an "ivory tower" indifferent to the "real world", the university has contributed the "Shadow Scheme". Through this, the very different worlds of Robyn and Vic are brought together - and the clash is meaningful and amusing. Robyn is to be Vic's shadow and must spend a day each week following him about as he goes on with his work. Although an expert on the industrial novel of the 19th century, coming from an upper bourgeois intellectual background, Robyn has never seen a factory or met a worker - but has high ideals and strongly sympathises with the working classes. Vic has hardly read anything, believes Britain's problems come from not buying British, and comments on the industrial action of teachers as "in-action you mean ...come to think of it, its not even an industry..". His reaction to the "Shadow Scheme" is "I don't want some academic berk following me about!"

What makes it amusing is the accuracy with which Lodge presents the various current "types" of the different facets of English society and plays with all their little idiosyncrasies. McGuinness would probably chuckle at the caricature of the Dean of Arts - not only does he wear elbow-patched tweed jackets and have a beard, but also hurries about frazzled and ponderous, muttering about various dictionaries and quoting Shakespeare! Irony and satire pervade as Lodge exposes their hypocrisies, and as the various twists and turns of the plot



A nice bit of work by Mr. Lodge

bring these initially irreconcilable "entitles" together.

On the outset the clash of these worlds is total. Robyn's lectures on the industrial landscape of the 19th century in women's fiction seem miles away from Vic's concerns of increasing productivity and decreasing expenditure. Here Robyn speaks of "phallic chimneys thrusting into the sky, buildings shaking with the rhythmic pounding of mighty engines, railway engines rushing irresistibly through passive landscape...imagery saturated with male sexuality of a dominating and destructive kind", and of women responding to industry as a "male world in which they were aliens - yet unconsciously desiring it to heal their own sense of castration and lack". In the foundry Robyn's ideals are met with little sympathy from Vic. She finds the pin-ups of "birds with tits" degrading, and the noise, dirt and the alienating nature of the work appalling. Describing her own work

as meaningful and rewarding, Robyn asks "Is money the only criteria?" Vic responds "Happiness, wisdom, and personal fulfilment won't pay the rent!"

From this point, the rest is really quite unpredictable. Lodge weaves his characters into a maze of circumstances, challenging stereotypes and delving into the subconscious. Vic has wild and erotic dreams centred in Greek mythology and acquires a certain appreciation of Tennyson. Making love is explored in its phallic and non-phallic possibilities, and love itself is questioned as a bourgeois fallacy. In the end, each learns something from the other and the "ivory tower" and the "real world" are seen to merge. To the Dean's question, "What do we have that is marketable as a department?", Vic philosophises "You don't belong on the the marketplace - stick at what you're good at - teaching". Nice work, David Lodge.

Katarina Grenfell.

Used and Abused

How to Use the Media
Iola Mathews
Penguin

Iola Mathew's book is interesting not only as a simple guide, it also details some of the more creative methods by which the media is used for people's political agendas. There is a wealth of amusing stories in it revealing all sorts of ways groups and organisations ensure that it is their concerns which receive media coverage.

Obviously there are infinite issues which may or may not merit coverage in the press. Mathews capitalises on her experience both as a journalist and involvement with groups such as the ACTU to present the best way of getting your ideas to the largest number of people. The book is an extremely simple guide to understanding the machinations of radio, television and print media. Everything from Media Jargon to "How to Write a Press Release" is skimmed over, and there is a twenty page national media directory in the back.

Much of the information contained in the book is simple and commonsense, Mathews

instructs those in a television interview "not to be afraid to ask for advice - or even where the lavatory is." There is a bonus three pages on "How to be Friends with Journalists" and even a simple guide to Media Pests. "Sneaky tricks people" according to Mathews are usually politicians and public figures. 'Shrinking Violets' are advised to seek counselling.

The best part of the book is certainly the anecdotes and examples used to illustrate this step by step guide to getting yourself heard. The term 'A Light Piece' is illustrated by an article on a three year old who set fire to his great aunt and had been banned

from the local bingo hall for constantly yelling "housey". Bert Newton explains how he used to lock the master in the cupboard at his old Catholic Boys' school.

Whether you are working with a special interest group or interested in the media, Mathews book is worth a look. It has in fact become the guide for many organisations including our very own NUS. Uni students will no doubt be familiar with the suddenly enlarged group of On Dit contributors come election time, this book details the more subtle and obscure ways the Media we read is utilized.

Sam Maiden

Sea of Silence

Steve King chats genially to exciting young local artist Deborah Drake about her new exhibition

**Deborah Drake,
"Sea of Silence"
Club Foote Gallery
Until May 30th**

"Sea of Silence", an exhibition of five paintings by young local artist Deborah Drake, explores concepts of spirituality, individuality and femininity via a rich vocabulary of traditional symbols and motifs. Drake's paintings are vivid and accessible, with considerable visual charm.

OD: What was the motivating force behind the paintings in your current exhibition?

DD: Well, I was reading a meditation book, about a lady's experiences. It was all to do with the sea, with silence. That's where it all started, I just got a small seed of an idea from there, and through my own spirituality explored it in my painting. It was a little book I picked up at a Church fete in England. The name came from there as well.

OD: Obviously, symbols and motifs are of great importance to you as an artist. Tell me about some of the elements you have incorporated into these paintings.

DD: Probably the most prominent would be the large spiral that my figures whirl around in. I had used the spiral in previous work, and it has been a spiritual symbol. Spirituality and a "life" thing.

OD: There is a lot of plainly religious symbolism, too.

DD: Yes, that comes mainly from my background.

OD: Often your canvasses, the canvasses themselves, are quite church-like in terms of shape ...

DD: Yeah. I started by investigating a lot of religious icons. This stemmed from being in England, and especially Italy. I wanted to

make something iconic, and on a really large scale.

OD: How important is scale to you?

DD: Well, in this show I kind of wanted people to be engulfed by the paintings, and being in a kind of small room as well ... that sense of being a little overpowered ...

OD: There is a picture book quality to much of your painting. Are you very concerned with narrative intentions?

DD: Yeah, well it is like a story, and kind of playful as well. Something almost childlike, I suppose. They do tend to have that quality, kind of like reading a story. Especially with the whirlpools, you're kind of reading "around" and "in".

OD: Your figures do seem to be forever

natural.

One image in particular is a bit of a feminist play, "Woman Rising". It's kind of to do with religion, the church, and how they should allow women to be freer, to take up positions of authority, even if it means for men to concede their positions ... That's something I feel strongly about ... women priests and so on ...

OD: Although a lot of the themes that you are dealing with are particularly "strong", the general feeling I got from the paintings was a sense of serenity, something almost submissive. Could you abide by that evaluation?

DD: Yes, it's kind of true, I guess ...

OD: Even figures which seemed to be

"I started by investigating a lot of religious icons"

drawn inwards, and very rarely thrown outwards.

DD: Usually drawn into the centre. The centre is either leading into another kind of world or kind of like a ... finish.

OD: Could you summarise the vortex motif as a metaphor for anything in particular, or just a general idea of being "drawn in"?

DD: Yeah, being drawn in, that would be essential, but drawn into maybe a deeper realisation.

OD: You deal almost with women in this exhibition, and with women's issues. Are feminist concerns a major component of your work?

DD: Umm, well, I wouldn't say I am essentially "feminist" ... I dealt with Woman because I am a woman. It just seemed

drowning, for example, seemed to be drowning ... happily.

DD: Yeah! (laughing)

OD: Well, what about water? Obviously water is significant in this series.

DD: Yes. Water is, well, kind of spiritual, it's used a lot in the Christian tradition, as in baptism In the Bible, water is very important, the creation, the flood ... so it's kind of a creative force, and a destructive force. It's also just a sense of swimming. What can these figures be swimming in? And you know, swimming in water, it's kind of a different world, it's kind of muffled, kind of womb like ...

OD: How about the medium itself? How much does the process of painting matter to you?

DD: When I did these, I would have said yes, that is my preferred medium, but now I'm trying to explore more broadly other mediums, to see whether or not painting is actually the best way for me to get my message across. But I do love it, it is a medium I really enjoy working in.

OD: One of your works, "Marriage of the Soul", depicts a woman in full wedding dress, gradually losing her bridal outfit as she is drawn towards the centre of the vortex, where she arrives naked. Does this reflect any interest in Marcel Duchamp's "The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even"?

DD: No, actually! But that's interesting. I'm not really all that familiar with his work ... but I can see the "similarity"!

OD: If, then, it does not reflect Duchamp's title at least, what are its more personal associations?

DD: Well, it's about the marriage of the soul. About shedding different skins. About people being in a sense married to God. The shedding of your skin until you become kind of naked and vulnerable, but also somehow happy about it.

OD: Are these general or specifically personal concerns?

DD: Both general and personal; most of my paintings reflect, like, where I was at the time, spiritually. They can also be taken on a more general level.

OD: I was a little surprised by the lack of a catalogue, or indeed almost any printed information, at your opening. Funnily enough, it didn't seem to matter a great deal, your work manages to speak for itself.

DD: Yea, well I think so. That's why I chose not to write anything about them, and because it always seems to sound really tacky. I'd rather just have a small title and then a painting. There will be catalogues I'm sure ...

Not Over Until...

Starting 18th May (this Saturday) is Mozart's greatest opera and the greatest operatic bonzerama of all time: Don Giovanni. Lyndon Terracini who mesmerised Adelaide as Sweeney Todd and swung from tree to tree in the Barossa Festival is bound to do a fabulous job. The other cast members are also pretty damn good.

But the best thing is that whilst Adelaide's glitterati are paying \$60 each you and your student card can get in for \$12! Just turn up at 7pm on the 18th, 21st, 23rd or 25th or 6pm on the 28th and

student rush it. Don't miss out. Sure it's opera, but firstly so was all the stuff from Bugg's immortal Rabbit of Seville, and secondly you'll never see so much sex and

violence on stage in three hours again.

Don has 2065 scalps under his belt before the curtain even rises. Also, and more importantly for you I hope, it's some of the best music ever written and

some of the all time classic tunes ever heard, most of which were, inevitably, in Amadeus.

James Mullighan

**"you'll never see
so much
sex and violence
on stage in
three hours again"**



What exactly are you suggesting?

Power Hungry Yank Bastard

Class Action
A Michael Apted Film
Academy Cinema Centre

The phone rings at 5.30 pm on a rather nondescript Wednesday afternoon. It's Chief Healy, and he informs me that my attendance is requested at the Academy Cinema Centre for the premiere of *Class Action*. While my journalistic expertise (sic) lies with music, anything seems more interesting than an evening of dubious politics readings and I accept the challenge.

This whole movie premiere scene is new to me and a bit of a mystery. What happens at a premiere for Christ's sake? Do we rub shoulders with *High Society* and snaffle glasses of Moët? Do we share cones and beads with bearded hippy film buffs and discuss the technicalities of Godard's lateral tracking shots in 'Weekend'. Most importantly, what do I wear? Tails? Tux? Country Road? Jeans? Kaftan??? Checks wardrobe - no tails or tux; nothing navy blue, khaki or striped; and a kaftan would look plain silly. Thus, unwashed and unchanged, your humble servant trots off to the Academy.

Upon presenting myself at the cinema, I am entrusted with a wad of press-release info which, despite making my arm sore, makes me look important - a man with a mission. As I glance at my fellow patrons, I am struck by the fact that they just look like a bunch of people going to a movie. Not much of a big deal really at all (lucky I didn't wear the tux!). After perusing the goodies in the showbag, panic starts to set in as I realise that there isn't so much as a gnat's nasty of information about the film I'm about to see: heaps of stuff about other new releases, but about as useful as an ashtray on a motorbike to this pleb. Maybe I should have braved Anne Wills' earrings and watched *Movie Scene* so I wouldn't be flying blind. However, I am not daunted, though somewhat perturbed by the 102 FM flag on the floor. Hm...mm...m...

A stiff called Neil Humphries welcomes us, and cracks a few private jokes about \$100 notes under the seats, which everyone apart from myself seems to get. Am I missing something? Then it dawns on me - I am surrounded by 102 FM listeners!



Scenes from the class action in Beverly Hills

Aaaahhh! Stay calm, look cool, man. The audience obviously got their premiere tickets through a 102 FM competition. Forgive them, for they know not what they do. Since I'd forgotten the customary bag of boiled lollies to throw at people, I decide to settle down, and watch the movie.

It's probably just as well that I did, because *Class Action* is not a bad flick at all. Director Michael Apted adds several interesting twists so that interest is maintained throughout what could have been a somewhat predictable courtroom drama. Gene Hackman stars opposite Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio in a power struggle between father and daughter at home and in the courtroom.

Good roles have been pretty thin on the ground for Hackman recently, although he has received acclaim for his roles in *No Way Out*, *Mississippi Burning* and *Postcards From The Edge*. Mastrantonio is less widely recognised for her roles in *Scarforce*, *The Colour of Money*, and *The Abyss*, but she certainly proves her worth as a sensitive and intelligent actress in *Class Action*.

Colin Friels lines up alongside these two in a most unexpected role, far removed

from his characteristically Australian parts in *Malcolm*, *High Tide* or *Ground Zero*. In *Class Action*, Friels plays a slick, though corrupt, all-American yuppie lawyer. Critics may argue that he has sold out to America along with Mel Gibson, Nicole Kidman, et al; but so believable is his portrayal of a cunning and sordid power-hungry yank bastard (particularly the accent), that it took me several minutes before I recognised him.

However, it is Gene Hackman's excellent portrayal of Jedediah Ward which really makes the film. Jed Ward is a strong and charismatic lawyer who shuns the glamorous high-powered law firms to work privately as a defender of civil liberties and crusader for the underdog. In this case, he is suing a major car company for damages to be awarded to a victim of the company's poor electrical design in a certain model. You see, when hit from behind when indicating a left turn, this car will explode. Bummer. Thus Jed Ward is David fighting the corporate Goliath.

But guess who's defending the car company? You got it - Jed's daughter, Maggie Ward. Maggie isn't on the best of

terms with dear old dad, because he's been known to have indulged in a bit of slap 'n tickle with the odd family friend or three. Mrs Ward's death from a heart attack doesn't help things and father and daughter are embroiled in a bitter personal battle which spills into the courtroom.

Maggie's research, however, digs up a lot of dirt on both the car company, and her law firm. Thus, she is forced to choose between her ethics as a lawyer and her desire for increased power. After the suspense of uncovering and hiding vital evidence for the prosecution and the use of some demoralising tactics to discount the key witness, the whole thing starts to get a bit corny and predictable. Without wishing to give it all away, everyone lives happily ever after and our faith in Truth, Justice and the American Way is restored.

Considering the bloody ridiculous prices we are expected to pay to see movies these days, it may be wise to wait until *Class Action* is played on a half-price Tuesday. My advice is to go and see it, but leave after the final court scene, because the last 60 seconds or so, are pure Hollywood mush.

Stuart Symons

A Break With Tradition

Traditions and Visions Film Festival
Academy Cinemas
Season over

Once again the Traditions and Visions Film Festival showed a broad cross-section of international films, reflecting diverse approaches to cinema from Australia, Poland, Taiwan and the USSR amongst others.

Canto a la Vida, by Chilean director Lucia Salinas Briones, was indeed a 'Song to Life'. By juxtaposing interviews with music, poetry, dance and news footage, the film offered a

rich and moving tribute to the one million people forced into exile by the dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet. The feeling of what it is like to live as a displaced person was conveyed through the narratives of seven Chilean women which came across almost as poetry. Immense pain, regret and nostalgia were integral to their experiences and the longing to return to the 'Land of Flutes and Cousings' was overwhelming.

Interviews with folk singer Isabel Parra, Hortensia de Allende, the widow of the murdered President, renowned author Isabel Allende and others revealed that their hearts were always elsewhere and life in exile meant existing as an orphan in every

sense. Until she could return to Chile, "Wherever I find myself, wherever I am, I will always be passing through", sings Parra. They lived for 'the glory of returning to their country'; until then, time became meaningless.

In December 1989, Chile held its first democratic elections in the sixteen years since the coup, during which an estimated 4000 people "disappeared". Returning to Chile was at the same time joyous and painful. Nostalgia gave way to harsh reality, the sense of displacement was heightened: at first a mask had to be worn to hide the feeling of being exiles in their own country. All this was transcended by the euphoria

of return, of finally being home, although for some exile meant a permanent displacement. The film is at once a testament to survival, and although the underlying anguish is unshakeable, ultimately it conveys the triumph of human courage.

The U.K.'s *Ping Pong*, directed by Po Chih Leong, did not have the same success. Elaine Choi sets out to execute the will of Sam Wong, an influential force in London's Chinatown, whose legacy deliberately attempts to reaffirm the waning position of Chinese traditions in his family's life. The family is not pleased: Sam wants his body accompanied to its final resting place in the Chinese village where he was born; the

bequest of a large grocery store causes open conflict; the foppish eldest son refuses to manage a traditional Chinese restaurant; and Elaine is caught in the middle.

Although there are some amusing moments, such as Elaine's visit to the Chinese Embassy, overall the film is bogged down in hackneyed stereotypes and a rather limp script. Nowhere is there an original character, many scenes appear drawn and clichéd and the acting is merely perfunctory. After a while it didn't even matter who Sam Wong was trying to call the night he died. The sense of mystery is lost and the audience's interest cannot be sustained. This was all disappointing because the plot actually showed some promise.

Kurosawa's *Dreams* is further testament to his prowess, although the direction is a little uneven. The film consists of eight separate stories which illustrate the wonder of childhood, nostalgia, longing, guilt and pure joy. 'The Peach Orchard' is a lesson in man's destructive effect on the environment and a warning that beauty can be lost forever. A young boy laments the cutting down of a peach blossom orchard, and the gorgeously clothed spirits of the trees recreate for him the magic of the blossoms now gone. His wonder is captivating.

In 'The Blizzard', four explorers lose their way in a snowstorm and are unable to find their base camp. The scene where the men, breathing heavily and moving like somnambulant ghosts through the snow, is beautifully realised. The stories about the threat of nuclear destruction and its horrific after-effects sit awkwardly in this collection, and are the weakest both in terms of stilted dialogue and direction. However, there is a marvellous image of Mt. Fuji, apparently erupting but in fact the 'red' is the exploding nuclear reactors behind. A returning soldier emerging from 'The Tunnel' finds the phantoms of his comrades following him, unable to come to terms with the fact that they are dead. Like the soldier, we are left in uneasy contemplation.

'Crows' is quite brilliant. Martin Scorsese is Van Gogh, wandering through the swirls and colours of the painter's fabulously recreated landscapes. The bridge, the provincial houses and the wheatfields are all visual marvels, and we also learn the real reason why Van Gogh cut off his ear. Kurosawa is still an innovative force with the power to dream and delight us with those dreams.

Michelle Chan

Production Notes

On Dit is the weekly newspaper published by those nice people at the SAUA. The editors have unfettered and totally rampaging editorial discretion, which they use like maddened field animals. The views expressed in the paper may not necessarily be those of the editors, in fact they are probably not. Oh well, you can't have it both ways, can you?

Editors: David Krantz and Simon Healy

Advertising Manager: Steph "It's My Desk" Pribil

Freight: Peter "Bamix" Ingman

Typesetter: Sharon "Holidays" Middleton

Cover: Andy "ridiculous nickname in quotes" Joyner

Office Menial: Darien "fat talentless bastard" O'Reilly

Special Thanks this week go to: Anne Whittall, Kate Juttner, Sally Foster, Caroline Sullivan, everybody at the party (particularly those bearing gifts), Steve Jackson, Dave Penberthy, Brett Allen, B.A.D. partied out machine Allen, Simone Hall, Jean Hall, Terry Hall, Mum, Dad, apple pie, cherry pie, Tom Warhurst, Tom Farnan, Sonja-Jade, Frank, Grandpa, Miro, Larry King, Benjamin Hodges and some other people as well I'm sure.

On Dit is printed by Bridge Press, who are as good a bunch of people as you'll find anywhere in Murray Bridge.

Paradise Lost

If you've ever read (or more likely been forced to listen to) the first chapters of Genesis then you know all about John Milton's "Paradise Lost". Well, no. One of the two is boring, laughable, self-contradictory and believed literally by some people you'd rather not have as neighbours. The other is around 2,00 lines of blak verse in iambic pentameter (five 'feet' of an unstressed syllable and a stressed syllable per line) with outstanding images and characters. No prizes for guessing which is which.

Paradise Lost was written between 1658 (ish) and 1663(ish) by John Milton who worked as a press secretary for Oliver Cromwell during the English Civil War and the Commonwealth. His zeal for study and writing in lousy light cost him his eye sight, and so it was his wife who committed Paradise Lost to paper. It is divided, nowadays, into 22 books. It opens with Satan and his fellow fallen angels on a burning lake in Hell nine days after a failed rebellion against God. Satan calls a meeting at which it is decided that the fallen angels hopes lie in Earth - either in corrupting Man or seizing it as their own. God is aware of the plan and sends the Raphael (the angel, not the turtle) to warn Adam and Eve once more not to eat anything from the Tree of Knowledge. Adam is told of Satan's rebellion and of his creation. Where's Eve? Off doing womanly things! (Milton does not subvert the misogyny of the creation story - Adam exists for himself, Eve for him.)

Eve demands to be allowed to cultivate the Garden on her own and Adam acquiesces. Satan manages (as we all know) to get her to eat. They both feel wonderful and sleep blissfully. When they awake they have Hangovers from Hell. Satan returns to Hell and tells of his success. Then everyone

gets zapped into lizards. Meanwhile twin monsters Sin and Death, who had let Satan pass the Gates of Hell on his upward journey, make their way to faith. God sends Michael to Earth and he tells Adam what will happen to Man. Adam and Eve leave the Garden....

Sounds incredibly boring, doesn't it? Pious and long winded and a poor second behind bungy jumping with a long chord off a short sky scraper. "Sounds" is the though - if you hear Milton's phrases read by someone who knows how, I swear you'll be blown away. Also, God doesn't come across as sweetness and light. Here he's a tyrannical megalomaniac who is also a sycophancy-junkie. It's Satan who you could have a beer with. It's Satan who champions the individual. (This is one of the major questions of Milton criticism - pretty much everyone who's anyone has had their two cents' worth, especially in the twentieth century. What did Milton intend, and does it matter? What did Milton achieve? and so on and so on, you know what academics can be like.

Anyway, the Literary Society is staging a performance of the most 'dramatic' book, the second this Wednesday, May 15th from 7.p.m. in the Gallery in the Union Building (you know the cavernous space at the end of the coffee shop where there are paintings and sculpture instead of tables).

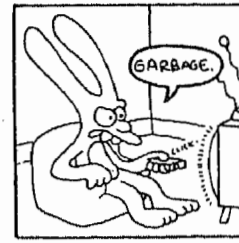
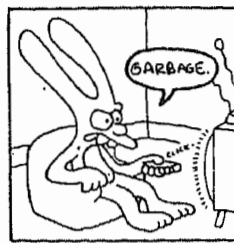
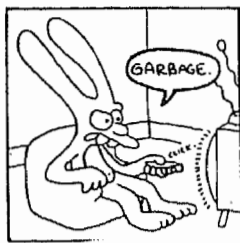
Some fine actors will be in action as Satan, the angels who advocate various courses, Sin and Death, who guard the Gates of Hell, and Chaos whose realm Satan must cross on his way to Earth.

This is a rare opportunity to see and hear a lively part of the epic poem of English literature. Admission is a mere \$2, tickets at the door.



A member of the Sydney based group "The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence" peruses a copy of "Paradise Lost".

This Week In SPORT



With Johnny Matthus and Ethel Murman

Let Your Racket Do The Work

Big news in the game of the cult of personality this week, this month, this goddamn year is the return of Bjorn 'One Eye' Borg to professional tennis. One Eye's backhand may have had John 'Hatemail' McEnroe muttering into his racket and stomping the nearest linesperson, but when it came to business, One Eye found himself resorting to the defensive lob when the boys in pinstripes from the local merchant bank called around. Subsequent bankruptcy has forced the man with the most ridiculous headband in tennis to pull on the bouncy boots and strap the hand back to the racket.

It has been revealed to This Week in Tennis that One Eye is so poor he can't even afford to play with a graphite PIXS mega pound ultra wide super serve. Instead the silly Swede is playin' with a wood racket. Well, Ethel and I reckon he's playin' with a couple strings short of a full set if he reckons that a piece of old wood strung with Scandanavian cat gut is going to beat a four foot wide Yank racket developed by the Pentagon.

Who is he fooling? Most tennis players play from the baseline these days 'coz their rackets can touch the front net while they shake hands with their family in the front row behind them. Gone are the days when court speed meant anything in the final analysis. These days it's just stand and deliver. Just programme the racket, stand back and suck on a few lemon barley waters. This leaves time for the more important things a tennis player has to do in his or her life. He or she can put in practice for the arduous rounds of after dinner speeches after the inevitable tour wins (thanks racket) by arguing with the Match referee about the beeping line machine. They can compare arm measurements (most tennis players look like one arm gorillas), change balls, design a new line of over-priced polo shirt tennis wear for those stupid enough to afford it and exchange meaningful glances with the aristocrat mega boygirl Monaco jetbimbo who insists on calling your name every time your racket is about to serve.

Look at Andre 'Wanna be a Swans Full Forward' Agassi. The man spends more time on his hair than he does on the court. His racket is up at 5 every morning hitting the baseliners between the tram tracks for two hours before breakfast. And where is the showpony? He's in bed. And what's he doing? He's hitting the deep top-spin lob with the jetbimbo!

Look at Monica Seles. This Week In Tennis has been told that without her racket she can't even walk. Further, she can't even talk. Worse, she can't even grunt without wielding the graphite. The racket runs her life. F'Chrissakes she has to use both arms even on her forehand-the racket just won't let go. Her recent loss to Steffi Graf was due to the fact that her favourite racket had been experiencing family prob-

lems and had been out on the piss the night before.

The boom service industry in tennis right now is racket therapy. Send the carbon club for a session on the leather lounge with Fred Stolle. Fred understands the mental makeup of the modern racket. He understands the meaning of a catgut crisis. He'll give a racket that's droppin' the passing shots into the net a solid session in the float tank, followed by aromatherapy and a reflexology massage courtesy of Betsy Nagelsen.

One Eye Borg should take note of this. If he thinks he's going to get his backhand past a fully rested graphite racket that's

The NBL arrivals lounge.

Big news from the court of tallness this week is the after match interviews given by Coach Cole of the Newcastle Falcons. As all dyed in the wool sportsfans will remember and remember all too well, Coach Cole was sacked from the '36ers for enjoying the odd joint before games. Well it looks like after all this time he hasn't realised that good drugs and serious basketball interviews don't mix. The Perth Press politely questioned Coach Cole after the debacle against the Wildcats (114-80) and were treated to a masterly display of stoned verbal wanderings eg. discussing the recession, the mentality of politicians, how he would run the NBL and run it damn well, labels for catfood products, the shape of trees at night and how much he could go a pizza with the lot. But then who could blame him for overindulging with some of Smoking Joes finest with the Falcons running at 2 and 3 after 5. There has been huge and rather violent verbals here at the sportsdesk about whether Basketball actually qualifies as a sport or just as a handy way for tall, athletic Americans to pass the time whilst waiting for citizenship. Basketball brings many other questions out for informed and enlightened discussion such as: If Basketball wasn't around would freakshow alleys be more popular? Why do they have small boys grovelling on their knees on the floor for most of the game? And if it is for the purpose of wiping the sweat up, wouldn't it be easier to gainfully employ a janitor? Or do the small boys have some deep, mysterious role to play in the psyche of the coaches and players? Are the youngsters there solely to give the stressed out coaches a rampant stiffy? Why do the ridiculously dressed team mascots prance like uncoordinated Spanish Dancing Horses up and down the sidelines obscuring the paying patrons view? Why the mascots in the first place? Are they there to lure more youngsters into the respectable field of sweat wiping? Why the music in the background? Is it because the game itself is no more exciting than an NUS conference, an NUS office bearer, or indeed NUS itself? If the patrons that attend have to be primed by music why don't they save money and go



Monica's racket wins another tournament

direct to a great Aussie pub and white boy/girl shuffle til they make it feel right. The problem with the "game" is that it promotes an insidious invasion of American ideals into this wide, brown land of ours and I for one don't want to end up down that street screaming for more aggressive Dee-fence.

The basket is so low that most players have to stoop to put the ball into the basket and the taller ones quite often topple to the ground like a freshly logged pinus radiata. The 3 point line is so close that the girl in the canteen can score at the far end 9 times out of 10 and quite often does much to Lindsay Gaze's disgust. Naturalise her and do it in time for the Barcelona games and put some pride back into the green and gold outfit.

ATTENTION

Get those results in, Sports Clubs. Don't be tardy. Bit of bliff in your latest sporting encounter? Johnny and Ethel want to know. Strained a calf? We'll write it up. Haven't won a game yet? We'll let everyone laugh at you. Random urine testing introduced in your sport? Drop us off a sample. Just drop on in to the On Dit office and tell all, or leave a message, clearly addressed to Johnny and Ethel.

Come one come all.

A General Meeting/ Shindig will be held at 1.30 pm Friday 24th May.
Venue: The Games Room. Union Building.

Discussion will include whether to change the name to the Adelaide University Ping Pong Club, election of office bearers, social games and graces, buying tables, future competitions extending playing times and any other business eg establishing underground network to publish banned literature.

Any interested folk who haven't already joined feel free to toddle along and attend. Members, non attendance will result in Anthony Myers sending the boys around. The hitting of balls will still happen between 1.30 and 6.00pm in the Games Room on Fridays. If you want to join in feel free or if you have any enquiries don't hesitate to call Anthony at odd hours of the night on 346 3184 or leave a message in the Sports Association.

STUDENT REPS IN SEX ORGY SCANDAL

PIX NOW AVAILABLE \$14.95 PLUS P&H

Evangelical Union

Tuesday, 1 pm Union Cinema,
Gospel talk - Frank Ahlin.

Amnesty International Adelaide Uni Group

General Meeting, Tuesday, 14th
May, 1 pm, North/South Dining
Rooms. Human Rights in East Timor.

A Christian-Muslim Dialogue

Muslim: Imam Selim Sezgin
Islamic Society of South Australia
Christian: Father Jeffries Foale,
C.P.

South Australian Council of
Churches

Moderator: Reverend Eric Heller-
Wagner

Unitarian Church of South Australia
Thursday, May 23rd, 1991, 1 - 2
pm, Games Room, 5th Level, Union
Building.

Organised by the Multifaith
Association of South Australia,
University Chaplains and Religious
Societies.

Adelaide University Community Aid

Abroad

Malaysia - a talk and slide show
about development issues and
culture in Malaysia. Friday, 17th
May, 1 pm, Union Cinema. All
welcome.

Bargain Good Times!

The Film Society will be screaming
'Night of the Living Dead' and
'The Hustler' on Wednesday, 15th
May at 7.30 pm in the Union
Cinema. It will only cost \$4 to join
to see this fantastic double bill as
well as all other films screened by
the Society this year!

Friends of the Earth - Another action packed week.

Monday, 13th May, 7.30 pm - Union
Cinema. FOE Nouveau and Adelaide
Uni FOE present speakers and
discussion on "The Nuclear Threat".
Wednesday, 15th May, 1.00 pm -
Union Cinema. Andrew Lothian -
Talks on the Greenhouse Effect,
why it matters and what can be
done.

Wednesday, 22nd May, 7.30 pm -
Union Cinema. Part II of Joint FOE
presentation on the Nuclear
Industry - focussing on alternative
possibilities.

Student Christian Movement

Marlene le Brun will speak on
Aborigines and the Criminal Justice
System. Thursday, 16th May in
Meeting Room 2, Level 5 of the
Union Building. Everyone welcome.

Love, Sex and Dating

"Love, Sex and Dating. If it feels
good, do it?" A talk discussing
relationships and morality for
today's students. Can we just
"coverup" with a condom? What
will be the end result of an immoral
lifestyle.

Sponsored by Campus Challenge.
Wednesday, 15th May - Union
Cinema - 1 pm.

Writers' Group

Inaugural Meeting, Thursday, 16th
May, Union Cinema, 1 - 2 pm.
Organised by Lit Soc. All welcome.

Litsoc

Tuesday, May 14th

Want to come to a party? Buy
your ticket for Tapas from our
table outside the Union Building
from 1 - 2 pm and then join us for
lunch on the Barr Smith Lawns.
Film Visit - Silence of the Lambs.
Meet in Uni Bar at 5.15 pm. Tickets
\$5.00 for Lit Socers, \$5.50 for all
others.

Wednesday, May 15th

A performance of Paradise Lost
(Book 2) in the Gallery, Level 6,
Union Building from 7 pm. \$2 -
tickets at the door.

Thursday, May 16th

The Writers' Group (See Nick
Smith's classified)

Sunday, May 19th

Tapas Party (see other classified)

Get Lost

A performance of the second book
of Milton's

Paradise Lost

in the Gallery, Level 6, Union
Building

Wednesday, May 15 from 7 pm, \$2
- tickets at the door.

This is a rare opportunity to hear
the full beauty and power of Milton's
epic poem - don't miss out.

Ho Hum

The State Education Committee
cordially invites you to attend the
next meeting. The SEC. is a
committee of the National Union
of Students (SA branch), which
serves as a forum for student
issues concerning education in
general.

For more information, first contact
your campus education chair or
Denis Voigt, NUSSA Education
Officer on (08) 410 0114 or (08)
267 1989 after hours.

Wanted

Third person to share snow lodge
at \$180 per week for whole snow
season in Perisher. Travel with
companions on large attractive
bus. Please call Ian on 276 5709.

Lost

Sense of humour. Contact any
member of Snudemenco if you
find it. We would like it back as
we are desperately boring.

Monday, May 13th

9 am - 5 pm "Numerical Imperfections" Exhibition in Union Art
Gallery. Oil on canvas by Victor Dellavia. Continues until Friday, May
17th

Tuesday, May 14th

7.30 pm Cinematheque film programme in Cinema with "The
Seventh Seal" (Directed by Ingmar Bergman, Sweden, 1956, B/W, 96
mins.)

Thursday, May 16th

1 pm "Edwina Lucas" to perform in Gallery Coffee Shop.

Friday, May 17th

1 pm Lunchtime concert in Union Bar with "Stanleys Dance" funk
band from Melbourne.

5 pm Last chance to lodge your Campus Battle of the Bands entry
form in Union Office.

9 pm Free entertainment in Union Bar with "Bedridden", "Grandview
Groovers" and "Jack Nasty Face". Free to A.U. students, guests \$5.

Saturday, May 18th

8 pm - late Amnesty Benefit night with "Handsome Devils", "Edwina
Lucas" and "Seven Stories". AU Students \$5, Guests \$7

Thursday May 23rd

1 - 2 pm Classical Wind Quartet in the Gallery Coffee Shop.

Friday, May 24th

1 - 2 pm Lunchtime concert in the Union Bar with "Ducks on the
Wall".

8 pm Campus Battle of the Bands heat one in Union Bar.

ATTENTION ALL CLUBS!

The Clubs Association still hasn't
received contact lists from a
number of clubs. Consequently,
we don't know who to send the
mail to. Until we receive your
contact lists we will have to
continue storing your mail in the
box in the Clubs
Association. But
to make it easier
on yourselves,
and us, simply
pop in to the
Clubs Association
office with your
contact lists.
The following
clubs have not
submitted 1991
contact lists and
should rectify this
as soon as
possible.

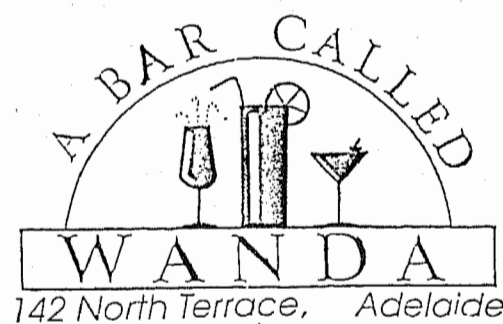
Art Adrift
Art Well Moored
Anthropology
Society
Bahai Society
Caesar Youth
C a m p u s
Challenge
CASM
Community Aid
Abroad
C h e m i c a l
Engineering and
Material Science
Society
Choral Society
Cricket History
Club
Barry Bertram
Slush Fund Club
Dental Students
Society
Dramatic Society
E c o n o m i c s
F a c u l t y
Association
Esperanto
Fabian Society

Geography Society
Geology Society
History/Politics Club
Humanist Society
International Law Students
Islamic Students
Malaysian Students Association
Medical Students Society
Music Students Association
Microcomputer Club

Notice is hereby given of a
General Union Meeting to be
held at 1 pm Thursday, 30th
May on the Barr Smith Lawns or
in Union Hall if the weather is
unfavourable. The business to
be discussed is as follows:
"That smoking continue to be
permissible within the Uni Bar
until such time as the Bar is
required by Legislation to
become a non-smoking
environment and that this be
Union Policy."

Robert Brice
Secretary/Manager
Adelaide University Union

Network of Women Students in
Aust. (NOWSA)
Odyssey Club
Iliad Club
Overseas Student's Association
Photography Club
Seventh-Day Adventist Students
Society
Stage Company
Students for Christ
Students for Satan
Students for Baal
Students for Wagner
Students for Elton John
St Anne's College Club
Vietnamese Students Club
Women and Law



Phone 4101315

University Night- Friday night

\$2.00 Cover Charge

1/2 price drinks between 9 and 10pm

Specials throughout the night until 5am

Band, DJ, Video Screen

Dance competitions and record giveaways,
compliments of Warner Records

Saturday Night- Ladies' Night

6.30 - 10pm

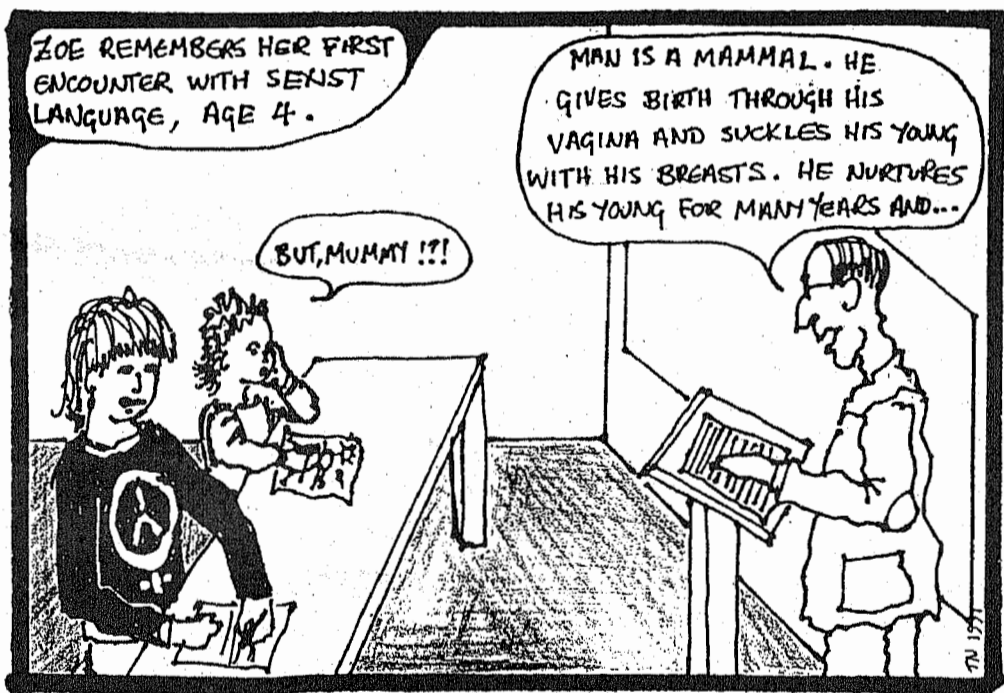
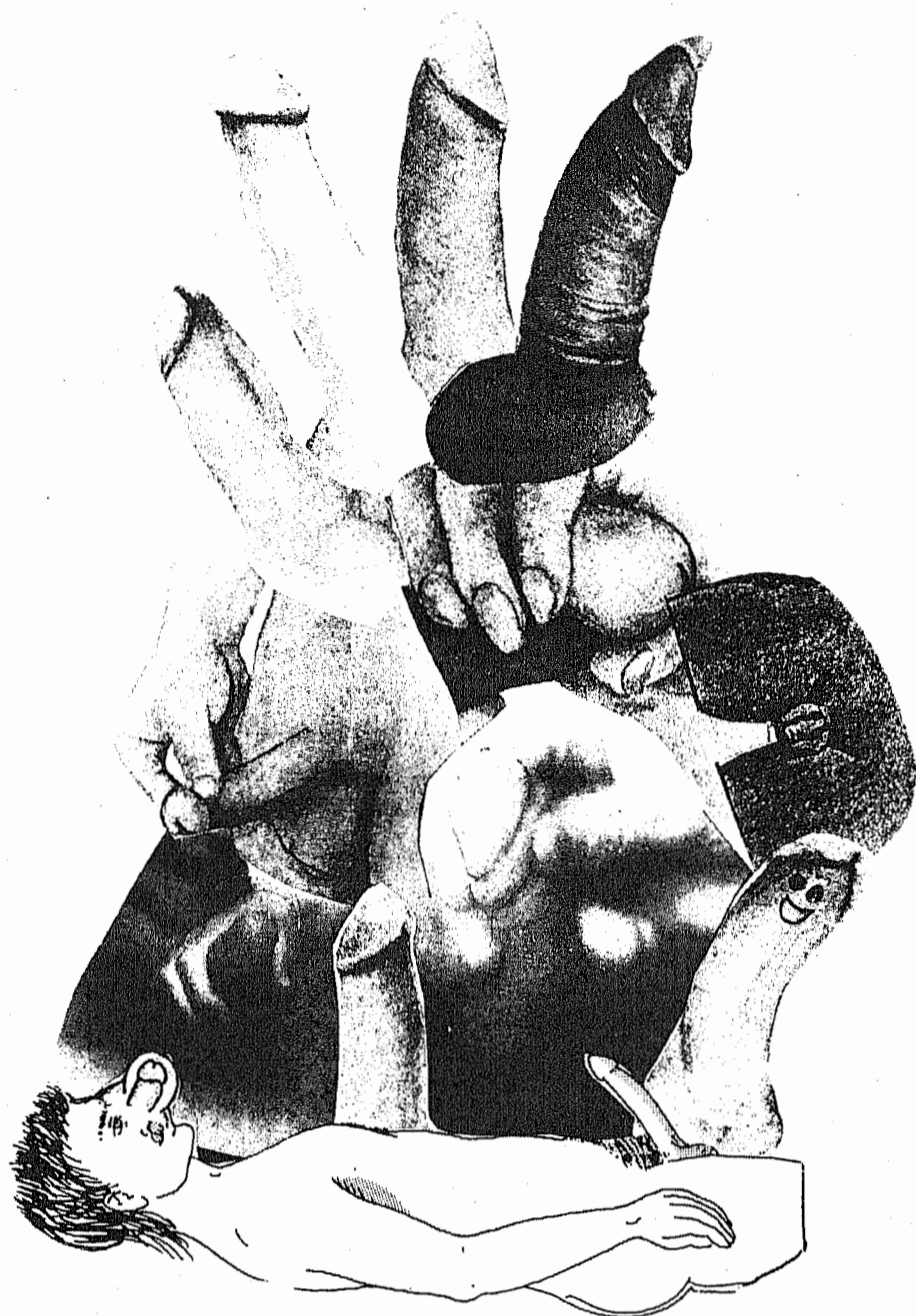
All Male Revue

3 course meal, plus champagne on entry
Group bookings only

Phallicy

Why is it that every billboard I see, every movie I watch and every magazine I open has some exposed female body dangling before my eyes? Is the world becoming lost entirely to a bunch of leering, little, beady-eyed, sweaty palmed men who think they can exploit females for their every whim? I'm not talking about those poor misguided Peep-A-View girls or even the West-End Bimbos trashing themselves for some pompous politicians and sleazy businessman desperados, this crap is staring us in the face daily and I am sick to death of it. It seems the world of advertising and even media in general is a man's domain where women have become (and really always were) articles to be used to promote and sell at the discretion of male opinion. Are people really going to rush out and buy Decoré shampoo because a semi-clad model was fondling it in the shower? Using sex as a selling strategy certainly gains a successful response but, hell, it takes two to tango, so why do we so rarely get full frontal shots of men coaxing us with their masculinity. to buy Diet-Coke or Palmolive Soap? Probably because most females would not really relish the sight anyhow. I am not, by any means, condemning the entire male population as a bucket of backward slime, for most men would agree that female exploitation is unfair and degrading, but there still exist a few in high places who refuse to treat women as more than a marketable commodity. It seems the answer is not to stop the degradation (this would be impossible) but to get even. This collag e entitled "Phallicy" is my tribute to those few chauvinist men who refuse to go back to their sludge pens where they belong.

Sonja-Jade



EDWARD SHNITZELHANDS
 A MAGIC TALE OF AN AGING ROCK STAR WITH BIG HAIR WHO
 BEFRIENDS A KOALA AND THEY FORM A BAND OF TWO



LADEN WITH
GRATUITOUS
OBSCENTIES

Bunyip Peril

BY ROYAL
APPOINTMENT
AND AS READ
BY GOD

Fairstar Fun Times In Your Very Own Home!

Ever had dreams of going on your very own Fairstar the Funship cruise? Lazy days and red hot nights with a bunch of other sex starved boring arseholes?

Well do we have a deal for you! Have your very own Fairstar the Funship cruise in the comfort of your own loungeroom, and at only a fraction of the cost. Simply follow this easy step by step instruction guide.

1. Go out to your nearest video store and hire as many crap movies as you can get for about \$3.70.

2. Buy a set of deck quilts, and maybe some tennis or cricket equipment.

3. Drink a glass of salty water to make yourself feel ill.

4. Relax in your loungeroom in a deck chair.

5. Call all your friends, get them to dress up as bank clerks and come over to bore you to death.

6. Do not have sex for about 14-15 days.

Simple isn't it!



Non Stop Party Action on the Funship!

The Pig

"Grunt, grunt"
"Grunt, grunt, grunt"
"Reeeeeet! Reeeeeet! Reeeeeet!"
Door opens.
"Wilbur! What are you doing to that pig!"
"Nothing Mother."
"Well, that's alright then."

The Fridge

He crept through the darkened void. Ears ever alert. The floor creaked. He stopped. Shifted his weight carefully. No sound. Nothing. No one woke. He moved on. Eyes peered vainly into the dark. But all was black. He moved on, relying on the ingrained memory of the place he had travelled a million times before.

Senses ever alert. Heightened to an intense tension. Sound where none exists roared through his ears. And then a change. Faint yet perceivable. The faint sound of his footsteps now changed from the enclosed hall to that of a mighty space, a charm of darkness. He moved on slowly. On foot softly placed in front of the other. And then he changed direction. He knew where he was again. Out of the endless corridor where length and time has no meaning. To the left he turned. Not just to the left. But ninety degrees to the left. There is no room for error here. He moved on. And down. Down the stairs. Wooden stairs with worn carpet. Creaking stairs ever so faintly yet a scream in the darkness to his ears. He moved on slowly and with the care of an assassin. Care against nobody's ears. Nobody was there to listen. Only the corpses of the night entangled in the blissful web of sleep. Locked against the world by barriers of wood, steel and stone. Drowned in a pool of black.

But still he moves on. Cautious to the extreme. His mind's own paranoia builds monsters from the air, spies from the sky. But is he really wrong. Thousands of eyes stare at his existence. Some fearful, some incomprehending, some not caring and some oblivious to what has passed before their eyes. Eyes? They see not as we know it. If we could see what they saw, we would be confused. Some see similar to us, yet some may only perceive that which is night, and that which is day.

His eyes peered through twin bullet proof shields which distort that which is real and filter out the destruction and hate in the world. And they peered back. A mouse, paused fleetingly in its hyperactive flight and then was gone. It used a thousandth of the caution of that which it watched, yet still it made no sound. A spider on the ceiling was oblivious to his passing. The cockroach that strayed out to far upon the step saw, and then saw no more. And he moved on. The stairs ended and with this great moment in human history, so a light appeared. Not just any light, but a red light. Not in any direction but to the left, ninety degrees to the left. Exactly. Not a big light, but just a small one. A warning light. A bullet hole in the night spewing red blood out into the infinity of space. This is the light that screams "I am here". This is the light that screams "I am the fridge". He moved towards the light. Carefully. Quietly. He came to the light. Its shadow on the night exposed the naked handle. He pulled the handle.

"Reeeeeeeeeeeeeeeet," it screamed and opened. A blast shook his body through great convulsions. The muscles in his eyelids were crushed by the shockwave. The earth trembled. A wave of light flooded the room. Raping the darkness. Forcing it to retreat to the boundaries of existence, where grey prevails and the two forces co-exist. And then his eyes adjusted. He was walled in by light. The illusion was shattered. Wherever

he saw light was not, darkness prevailed. Encroaching. Ever waiting to be returned to its rightful domain. He looked back into the fridge. Climbed in. Closed the door. Here is light. Cold light. He was alone with light. No peering eyes. Only the rasping of his breath. Those small vapour clouds. He was alone. But no. The fridge had not been empty. His cold blue hand found an even colder, wet packet. A packet of bacon.

He looked at the packet of bacon. It wasn't always a cold, wet packet of bacon with a plastic skin. Once it was alive. It once moved of its own accord. It didn't have ingredients of pork, salt, preservative (226), colouring, but of DNA, Amino acids, protein, blood, living cells. Once it was a being.

"I want the pig," he whispered.
"I want the pig," he said.
"I want the pig!" he shouted.
"I want the pig," he screamed.
"I want the pig! Gimme the fucking pig! I want it now!"
"Grunt, grunt."
It came faintly from outside.
"Grunt, grunt, grunt"
"Snort"

Slowly he opened the door. Stared through his misted twin bullet proof shields. A pig stood outside.

"Grunt! Grunt, grunt, grunt, grunt, grunt, grunt, grunt!"
"Nothing mother."
"Well, that's alright then."
Dean Pluckhahn
Science

Que?



The Immaculate Reception.