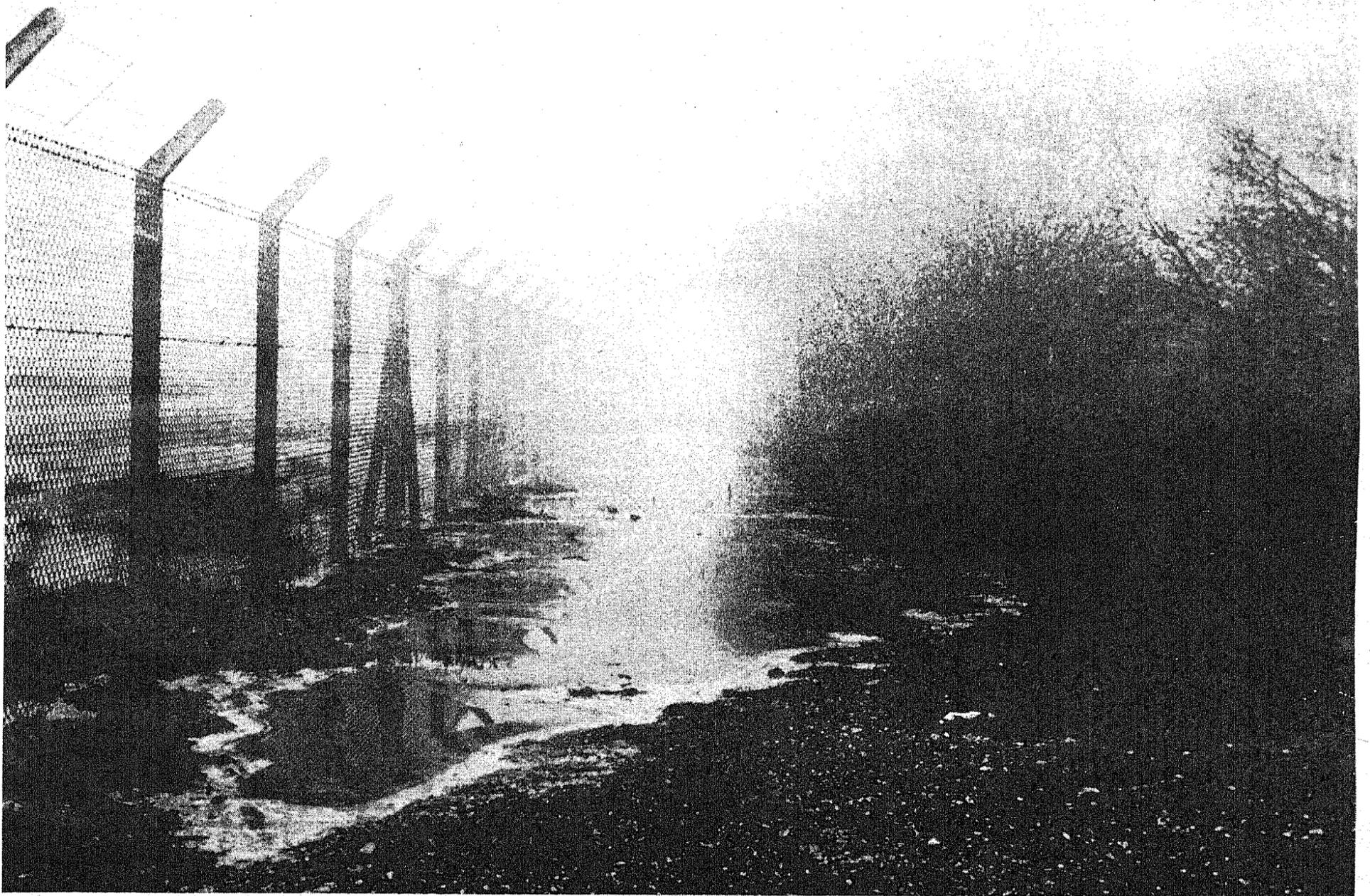


PC/E
378.05
05
C-2

ON DIT

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF ADELAIDE
12 AUG 1991

Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly • Volume 59 Number 14 • July 29 1991



ON DIT GOES TO JAIL

TALES OF LIFE ON THE INSIDE

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY

CORRUPTION, SACKINGS AND VIOLENCE



Ben and Ted's Excellent Adventure

A.K.A. Ted's Trilogy - Part III - Rock 'N Roll

Ted Serious and Ben Mudge

Well, well, well, isn't life strange and exciting. I had resigned myself to a long period of absence from you, dear readers, or is it abstinence, since you are my drug, and I am yours, as "Jesus The Lizard" Morrison once said. I was particularly disappointed that I would not be able to complete part 3 of my Sex, Drugs, and Rock 'n Roll trilogy. My tour de force had been snatched out from under me by the ogre of overseas employment. My one shot at being a semi scribe had failed to reach the target and the best I could now hope for, so it seemed, was just greater immortality instead of greater immortality.

Basically, the first two parts of my definitive trilogy have been generalised treatises on furtive teenage sexual advice and evil undergraduate drug abuse, but I've always had, you see, this paranoia that I will never get to write a really great rock review, so

my third and final statement on l'essence des jeunes choses was to be specific - to wit, I would find a great gig and write a fucking brilliant review. My hopes seemed to nosedive when I learnt that I had to go the the Middle East to work for my bread and vegemite! Quick negotiations with the boss gave me four days in London, so we hoped for good weather and a good concert.

On arrival I decided to check out a few of my old haunts, buying copies of the compulsive and compulsory Time Out, NME and Melody Maker. Lo and Behold, what should I viddy but the ugly fat bastard himself, Black Francis, straight from Dante's knocking shop, lead singer of the New Boston tea party, The Pixies. I had never been to Crystal Palace, but I only realised later that this was an open air affair, with the very real risk of getting a skyful instead of an eyeful. I was not the only one to

commit this basic error. We met two lovely French-Swiss girls at the entrance who were debating whether there was civilisation over the hill. We had to let them down with the truth - The Pixies would play in a muddy field. As it turned out, the drizzle proved to be a godsend, dampening our ardour for these daughters of the gnomes of Zurich, and allowing us to put out the proverbial undivided into the job at hand - the music.

Clever, perceptive, as always, you noticed that I said 'we'. This was because into this dismal little scenario, a single ray of sunshine happened to break through the grey and overcast skies of my future. A fellow Adalaidean, Ben, had turned up at Adelaide International Airport and we ended up sharing the same Qantas in-flight entertainments, both on our way to London.

Crystal Place is a place of great architectural

merit and historical significance, sort of like the Pom's answer to Speer's Nuremberg Stadium. Just as the hippies had twenty years ago, we found ourselves trudging towards the inevitable British sound shell, whose shape effectively focussed one's visual attention, but whose acoustical sepulchritude was entirely outclassed by the massive twin PA peaks flanking it on either side. Personally, I love sound shells and I wish there were more of them. Nissen huts too. But anyway...

As we walked closer and closer, we could hear Ride start a bracket of thrumming nuovo-psychedelics, so we walked quickly, both of us liking them quite a bit. Ride received the same kind of fickle hatred from the rock press that Northside are now getting when they first started playing 'baggy' music. They are much more enjoyable now, still baggy and E'd out but withe enough electronic shenanigans to make Kym Gordon come. A really good start, I thought to myself.

Second surprise. No beer. Wot? Yeah, that's right. So Wot does Uncle Ted do? Go into Vitamin-seeking missile mode that's wot! We are joined by 'Crow' who works on the river Thames, and who saved us from a crazy person on the train with a bottle of cheap white death. Crow does not think drugs are easy to find. Ben, too, is basically sceptical, but Ted claims it's all a matter of being a sidewalk social scientist. And its not just looking at people's pupil's either! Anyway, five minutes later, I had a tab of vitamin E and a gram of zip for our edification and subsequent perusal. Still, a lager would be fucking nice. As the E began to turbocharge my manifold, I shouted for beer to no one in particular, received a weak response and was generally a poor ambassador for my country. Please forgive me Australia. No one told me that the done thing now is to hurl Evian bottles. What has the world come to, I ask you? Mineral water! Everyone knows you HAVE to have mineral water in third world places with lousy ale. England, Oh Mother of mine. Heed my warning. Don't lose the booze.

Since I soon lost control of my criticals, due to a surfeit of the aforementioned vitamin X, the following analysis is largely Ben's thinking, and a fine bit of work it is too! Thanks mate. Sorry about the vomit on your 501's.

There's still the attempt to have a communal spiritual thing at musical events, but just how that is expressed has changed. Now in a more frustrated society, instead of people swaying and grooving with slow peacenik movements, as hippies did, people hurl themselves at each other, but still end up achieving the same thing. They still have that physical contact, not fucking each other like the flowers at Woodstock, but touching and rubbing in a very Post-Aids way. Safe but with a wild post-Thatcher anger and togetherness. It's tangle.

CONTENTS

- 2 Ted Serious and guest, in part three of the definitive trilogy
- 3 More fun with Ted
- 4 News
- 5 Letters from our readers
- 6 "If you haven't got anything nice to say, don't say anything". Our readers continue to ignore this age-old advice with a good serve of abusive letters.
- 7 Discover a great 'new' pub with On Dit
- 8 SAUA
- 9 We interview Peter Crafer, director of the Adelaide Film Event
- 10, 11 Ruckus at Melbourne Uni. We see how it panned out, and who ended up down for the count
- 12, 13 On Dit goes to jail for our art. Doin' hard time
- 14-17 The kids want to rock out! Music section includes Bob Mould interview, record reviews, and a bit about some other bands
- 18 We check out the food at Tapas
- 20 Theatre
- 21 Get out your green leotard and hie ye away to Sherwood forest for Kevin Costner and his latest film epic
- 22 Art
- 23 Classifieds
- 24 Bunyip

17 AUG 1991

It's fiercely loyal apathy of a beaten people.

It was actually only a fortunate minority of the people down the front that could see the bands, but many of the others did not seem to care less. To these folk, the people around them were just as important. Many of the fans were constantly laughing and joking as they danced, which is not all that common these days. Having a view of thousands of other like minded beautiful young groovy people, as well as the trees that surround the Crystal Palace grounds, and, most probably, the huge speaker towers, seemed to compensate partly for the distance of the bands from their fans. I did not hear any complaints.

There didn't seem to be any 'Bogans' (i.e. yobbos, westies, etc.) there. Everyone seemed to be an aficionado of the music. Totally unlike Australia. Is this an indication of Britain's class consciousness or the high (318) entry fee. I don't know, but it was a welcome relief. Apart from the wonderfully self contained swiss girls, we met a luvverly couple of Murtha Tydvil in Wales, who we were later to meet at the boozier. Even at this early stage, we both knew we had a hormone problem looming nigh. It is real lucky we are both dedicated.

A general rush away from the mostly vegetarian food caravans indicated that the pixies were setting up, so I ditched my Mexican lentil burger and moved forward, which took some pushing. Crow told us that if you follow a girl through a crowd, you never get stopped, and blimey he was right! Four girls later they started.

So what are they like? Are those oft quoted descriptions of 'post apocalyptic punk/wimpy surf metal' accurate? Are they post anything?

Think of 'Bone Machine' their opening number for their current European tour. Sure, this one played live clears sinuses, but most Pixies songs don't. Yet they are, for the most part, not wimpy. To see the crowd reaction to 'Is she weird' or sing along with 'this monkey's gone to heaven' (I've never seen so many people counting out loud since primary school) will quickly dispel such rumours. Yet I'll have to admit that Bossonova left me unsatisfied. Not wimpy or lame as such, but a wee bit folksy American, if you get my drift. Fey, maybe.

But POP definitely. Like the Kinks, who preceded punk, The Pixies use powerful pop ideas to move ears. Dinosaur Jr. do a similar thing, really. Heavy Pop, with enough voltage to satisfy us electric citizens and avoid wimpiness.

'Into the white' is just such a song, and they showed that they could produce electronic hardcore noise with the best of them. This song shows the bands' obsession with Science Fiction and UFO's. Both Francis and Joey Santiago are big SciFi buffs and reportedly hired a Concorde to look for flying saucers.

On this song and one other neither of us could recall the name of, Francis used a 'loudspeaker' vox effect twice, and sounded like Mark E. Smith's megaphone, which brings us to the inevitable comparison between The Pixies and The Fall.

Unfortunately, I am a FALL nutter, and had just given their retrospective mini LP 'A-sides' a thoroughly enjoyable listen. Can 'Is She Weird' compete with 'Cruiser's Creek'? There is some kind of poetic parity, Brix's whine to Kim's wail, Francis' bark to Smith's bite. I saw many Fall T-shirts if that

is any help. But Smith is a much more subtle, complex, subversive, historically important commentator than Charles Michael Ketteridge Thompson IV has had a chance to be. Also, when a Pixies tune twists into a weak patch, it can only go wimpy or heavy. It seems to be an inherent quality of their songwriting process. But when a Fall song seems to falter, remember the spot. Later, after a few listens, the spot will move, and finally become your favourite riff, the one you sing in the shower or at your fellow passengers on the bus. Cog Sinister Hip-Druid's stuff.

But did all this go through my head at the time? Of course not. I was a mud soaked idiot-on-Ecstasy hugging everyone and dancing manically like a died-in-the-pulp Pixies fan. To the people I hit and generally trod all over, I apologise.

Finally, they did two expected encores, one of which I recognised as a butchered version of 'Head On' by the Jesus and Mary Chain, another fav of mine. The sound died, and the intensified drizzle seemed to emphasise the fact that at 10 pm, the daylight had only just faded. Damned weird being so close to the Viking longships and the land of the midnight sun. Happy, E-ed out hordes staggered to catch the last hour before closing time and the row of night buses at Trafalgar, manned by sleepy drivers reading Murdoch's trashy newspapers.

I have lost Ben and start asking Black women if I can stay the night. Disgusting stuff, don't you think? Falling asleep on the N13 to Hamstead, I am the only person on the bus, asleep in a pool of my own puke. I miss Henley's Comer and wake up at a horrible far away place. Unbelievably the bus driver diverts the bus to take me to a returning route. It could only happen in The Welfare State, comrade. That's something Thatcher couldn't destroy, mateys.

Love from o/s
Ted & Ben



Ted is greeted by fans at Heathrow; "play it again Ted"

PRODUCTION NOTES

On Dit is the weekly newspaper published by the Students Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete and unfettered editorial control, although this is not necessarily a good thing.

Editors: David Krantz & Simon Healy

Advertising Manager: Stephanie Pribil

Typesetting: Sharon Middleton

Freight: Peter Ingman & special guest driver Paul Champion

Office helpers and general objects of abuse: Kate Juttner, Dave Sag, and Anne Whittall

Special thanks this week go to: Sam Maiden, Vanessa Almeida, Dom Petraccaro, Don from The Crown & Anchor, Ben Allen, Brett Allen, Doug Allen, Christine Allen, Mum and Dad, Angela, Delena, Ella, Stripester, Ziggy, Catherine, Anne McEmu, The Legs, Mike Whittall, Andreas Baader, Students for Students, The Lemonheads, Darien, Simone Officer Hall, Juliebob, George Karzis, Katie Warren, Nicole Gurrans, Coopers Brewery, Buronga Ridge red-in-a-box, Andrew Champion, Police Officer Cooke, Bec Penberthy, Dave Penberthy, and anyone else that I've forgotten.

Two die in tragic accident

Following the recent National Union of Students national executive in Melbourne, two NUS officers were killed and one injured in a tragic car accident. The officers were travelling back to Queensland from Melbourne when the accident occurred. David Howard and Anthony McBride were killed in the accident, and Chris Simpson is currently in hospital in a serious condition. Cameron Milner, also in the vehicle, escaped uninjured.

Adelaide University Goes International

On August 8th, between 11.00 am and 2.30 pm, there will be a large marquee sitting on the Barr Smith Lawns. Within this marquee will be an exposé of food and

travel.

AIESEC has invited a number of travel agencies and restaurants from around Adelaide onto campus to show their wares. There will be a selection of Lebanese, Thai, Chinese, Indian and Italian food and for the travel minded there will be six travel agents, including the STA, telling you where you can go for how much when.

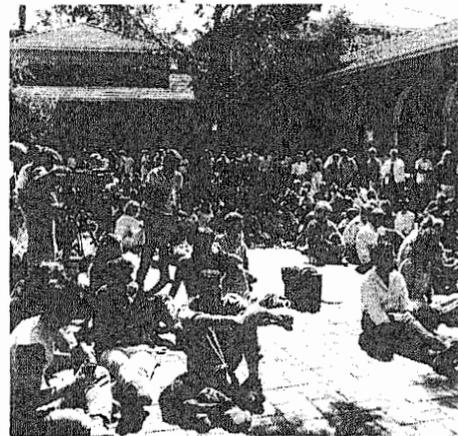
The travel advice will be on the house but the food will cost. You can buy a meal from all the restaurants for only \$5 and if you can't manage that, individual meals will cost \$2.50.

International Food and Travel Day is one of many events that AIESEC organises for students, on and off campus.

AIESEC tried to promote international-

ism whenever they can and events such as this allows the student population to experience this.

Ben Jackson
Commerce Dept.



Exploding the Engie Myth

Amy Barrett, Women's Officer, Students' Association, looks at an interesting trend of women in Engineering.

As with Engineering courses around the country, Adelaide University has always had a male dominated Engineering faculty. The factors which come with such a phenomena (Cyclops, etc.) has established the Engie myth of them all being drunken, yobbo males.

Anyone present at the 1991 Engineering Graduation ceremony, would discover the harsh reality of women's underrepresentation in that field. This year, only 12 women graduated in Engineering as compared with 105 male students. A total of 84 women have graduated from Adelaide University with assorted Engineering degrees over the past 23 years - the first woman graduating in 1968.

1991 has heralded a remarkable new composition of students in the Chemical Engineering faculty with 51% of the enrolled first year students being women - an increase of 32% on last year's figures. The other faculties of Engineering, i.e. Mechanical, Civil, Electrical and Engineering and Electronic have grown at only a slow and steady rate of about 1 1/2 - 2% each year in recent years.

So, why the booming interest in Chemical Engineering and yet only a lukewarm interest in the other fields for women students? Sue Pancer, the Project Officer for the Adelaide University women in Engineering Project suggests that there has been a worldwide trend for women to be better represented in Chemical Engineering than in the other Engineering fields. One suggests that this is because the term 'Chemical Engineering' is quite clearly understood to relate to 'Chemistry' and women high school students who enjoy or are good at chemistry are more likely to see it as a viable option - as they know what it will involve. Another factor that Ms Parker thinks has had an impact, is the number of women who are concerned about environment and pollution problems or natural resource management - and hence see Chemical Engineering as a practical way of addressing these concerns. The importance of a 'snow-

ball' effect with role models can also not be underestimated - as more and more women choose to enter chemical engineering, the more 'role-models' there will be for younger women, considering that course as an option.

So, why are so few women choosing the other fields of engineering? One woman student, a third year Mechanical Engineer, quite succinctly suggested that it was "because Engineering is fucking boring". Whilst the merit of this point is probably quite substantial, it suggests that male students have a higher boredom threshold than women - a questionable point. There do appear to be quite prominent reasons why women are underrepresented, Su Pancer suggests that there is a widespread misunderstanding about what Engineers actually do. The stereotype of Engineers in society, and one which has definitely been perpetuated by the "Engie Myth" on campus, is that they mess around with machines and cars, doing 'mechanic' type work. This misunderstanding about what they actually do result in women either considering engineering as an option and being turned off by the negative image

or simply not considering it as an option in the first place.

Many male engineering students would say they thought of engineering as an option because their father/older brother's friend/friend of family was an Engineer - and it started them thinking, or influenced their decision. With women, it is the limited role models of the above kind that may never make them think of their full career options.

Ms Pancer also considers that the fact that so few women do maths/physics and chemistry at school is a major issue, and until women are encouraged to take on these subjects at school, women won't have the pre-requisites to do engineering, even if they want to. This is a task which the women in Engineering Project is seeking to address - as with several Government and Education Department projects.

This year's results for Chemical Engineering are encouraging and if followed in the other engineering fields, we will undoubtedly notice a significantly different calibre of both male and female engineering students.

Amy Barrett



First SA NUS Media Conference

Adelaide University is to be host this year to a national media conference. Organised by SAUA president Natasha Stott Despoja the conference entitled Media and Power is the first media conference to be held in South Australia with a focus upon student involvement. According to Ms. Stott Despoja the conference will concentrate upon the media in its various forms and the power student oriented media wields given its independant status.

Workshops and forums will be held on August the 17th and 18th and the program already boasts a variety of guest speakers on various topics, ranging from youth presenters from Triple J to Bruce Muirden, president of the Australian Journalists' Association (SA).

The key note speaker for the media conference is ex-editor of the Sydney Morning Herald and the Canberra Times, Mr. David Bowman who will be speaking on the topic, Freedom of the Press.

Vanessa Almeida

Uni Band Makes it big!

Local band Cerveza Y Putas will be supporting international act Bob Mould, former lead man of the highly regarded American guitar band Hüsker Dü, at the Tivoli Hotel on August 4. Tickets are on sale for \$16 from CC Records. This could be your last chance to catch the excitement of a Putas show before their soon to be confirmed national tour. Look out for their new CD, coming soon.

Congratulations are in order

Dear On Dit,

Congratulations on your fabulous Women's edition, Elle Dit.

I was thrilled to read such an intelligent, interesting, amusing and, above all, professional publication by women, for women.

This newspaper has shown conclusively that women can produce a paper as good as or better than the general edition of On Dit.

After last year's hostile reception, I am glad to see that people on campus are now recognising and appreciating the need for and importance of a Women's edition.

Congratulations on the good work, can't wait to see the next Elle Dit!

J. Lamb
Science

Mixed Blessings

or

What About Cyclops?

Dear Editors,

Considering the bucketing that Elle Dit got last year, with which I fully agreed, I felt it only fair that I express my support for this year's effort. I certainly didn't agree with it all, but most of the articles were, at least, interesting, with some being insightful and a few infuriatingly obtuse.

Firstly, regarding "Abortion ... One Woman's Experience", there was one section of this which really made me angry, that being the conversation between the two orderlies in the lift. I strongly advise the author of this article (although it was anonymous) to seek discipline for these staff, of the strongest possible kind. How dare they openly display their prejudices in a public hospital. Perhaps the relevant organisations, especially on campus, could exert some influence in having these two made an example of, as far as maintaining the privacy of the author allows.

Making a further observation on this article, it should perhaps be considered that, despite its imperfections, the Public Hospital System offers, if nothing else, a degree of anonymity which would be lacking in a Free Standing Abortion Clinic. That is, any patient would be easy prey for pack of rabid Pro-lifers prowling outside the clinics, waiting to catch victims at their most vulnerable.

Finally, I need to make some comment on Cyclops. I was present at the Council meeting on June 14th, and despite the fact that *Freedom-of-Expression* was not denied in the removal of funding, it was certainly restricted. When you consider that a club has been singled out in removal of funding for their publication, technicalities aside, you know very well that in the cash-strapped, non-commercial world of the University, this is essentially a ban. Surely, in a University, we should be free of even *restrictions* to freedom of expression.

This aside, I am yet to discover the nature of all but one (which was hardly convincing) of the "numerous" discriminatory sections of the newsletter, despite having read it through a number of times. Would someone please oblige in letting me know of the offending sections, if necessary via a note to my pigeon hole.

I also happen to notice that "Women's Lib Motto" on page 27 of Elle Dit was

previously published in the offending edition of Cyclops. Was this some sign of acceptance of Cyclops from the Elle Dit editors?

Yours
Nigel Kernick
2nd Year
Computer Systems Engineering

Bored By Feminism

Dear Feminists,

With reference to your "Elle Dit" edition of On Dit, I would like to say that all this talk of *Feminism, Discrimination, Oppression* and *Rights ...* Bore me!

What do feminists actually want? To rule the world? The "Right" to do whatever they want, wherever and with whoever they want, and on their own terms?

I say freedom is a state of mind.

Your theories oppress women at home (at home through a conscious and deliberate choice), even more than most men would. You give no credibility to the woman in the (now not so) average domestic situation.

Why does it annoy you so much to see a woman enjoying herself at home barefoot and pregnant amongst the children and jam pots. You support all women except those who disagree with you.

I'm not oppressed. But I think that you are obsessed and obsessive, always looking for "injustice" and "oppression" and always finding it.

As it says ... "He who looks will find". Happiness and contentment elude you yet.
Sincerely,
Helen McNicol

Cheap Shot from O'Brien

Dear Maria O'Brien,

On behalf of all the "sensitive new age guys" in the Faculty of Engineering. I wish to redirect your wrath slightly. "Elle Dit" was a fitting publication in which to scold those naughty boys in Engineering about the pure trash content of "Cyclops", the AUES gutter rag.

However, your slur on the degree of Bachelor of Engineering, and the implication that all male engineers endorse the opinions, actions, discriminations and publications of the tiny majority that is the AUES committee, are both incorrect.

The last paragraph of your article, "Cyclops Rears its Ugly Head Again", is a cheap shot, belittling your otherwise erudite report, and will offend many of the more "enlightened" Engineers.

Having criticised the "dynamic duo" of Messers Hill and Huppertz for "(dragging) out a tired freedom-of-expression argument", you yourself resort to the hackneyed, stereotyped image of all male Engineers being beer-swilling, chauvinistic oafs. I had thought that this misconception was long dead and buried.

Incidentally, when I looked up "chauvinism" in the dictionary, it said "absurdly exaggerated patriotism or military enthusiasm". The word is derived from Nicolas Chauvin, a legendary French soldier under Napoleon, noted for his "vociferous and unthinking patriotism". The current (sexual) context ran a poor third.

Wade Stevens
Civil Eng P/Grad

Low Garbage

The Editor,

It was my unique experience to peruse inadvertently a recent copy of your publication.

I thought that the tenor of the contributions, and the poverty of the language employed (particularly in the letters, which often reflected a sort of yobbo gutter mentality), was hardly a shining example of what Australian taxpayers might expect from an institution allegedly devoted to higher learning and education.

It is surprising that the University authorities (if they have any say in the matter) allow this kind of low garbage to hit the streets. Has the Editor any sort of responsibility to ensure that the copy conforms to an elementary code of civilised expression?

It is claimed that of all the things that distinguish man (and perhaps woman) from the rest of the animal kingdom, the most important is his/her brain. Most of the lower animals have no brain at all. How do these qualify for the University of Adelaide?
Bernard Morris

Terrific Job

Dear Elle Dit team,

Thank you for the terrific job you did in our issue.

I particularly *thank* you from the bottom of my cliché-ridden heart, for the story "Abortion ... One Woman's Experience". I, too, encountered a grey-haired male doctor (same bloke) and a fifth-year medical student, who briefly removed himself from the room when I hysterically demanded it, but who returned and examined me despite my tears and pleas for him not to. My apologies! I didn't realise abortion was a 'spectator' - let alone 'audience participation' - sport.

Like 'Anonymous' I suffered emotional torment, even though I knew my decision was right. A challenge to Pro-lifers out there - I know I *paid* for my mistake.

I can only hope that the women who write such vitriolic Pro-life graffiti in the toilets can see their way clear to wiping the judgemental smirks off their countenances and extending a little sisterhood in future.
Solidarity

Lust For Life

Dear Editors,

It was with great surprise (and a little flattery!) that I discovered I am one of the male heavies in the Labor Club. Uncle Graham must indeed be proud! However, the idea that the Labor Club has abandoned women's rights is little more than a figment of Maria O'Brien's imagination.

If she bothered to check the facts, Maria would have discovered that seven of the thirteen executive members are women. Unless Maria wants to tar the other six women on the executive with the same brush that she tarred Kirsty McKenzie (that is, that they are little more than the manipulatables of Andrew Lamb), then Maria's argument that the Consensus Ticket has forsaken women does not stand. Nor does it stand in light of the fact that Amy Barrett, the Women's Officer, was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Consensus Ticket, clearly indicated by her

comments to me and many other people in the Club.

But what I must really attack is Maria's misunderstanding that abortion on demand is some sort of sacred principle of the Labor Movement. I should not need to remind Maria that abortion is a social question in ALP rules. That is, members are not bound by decisions of the Party with regards to abortion. This is so mainly because the Party realises that to force members to be bound by policy decisions on abortion would do it irreparable damage. It also recognises members rights to develop and articulate their own opinions on an issue which many feel much more deeply about than any other policy.

Maria O'Brien has appointed herself, in front of anyone else in Labor history, as the sole authority on Labor "principles". With Redemptorist-like zeal, O'Brien has taken it upon herself to purge the Labor Club of the heretics, condemning them into political oblivion where there will be "weeping and grinding of teeth". It seems a bit strange though that as O'Brien casts me onto the "pit", she must also condemn for eternity Chifley, Scullin, Calwell, Walsh, Mother Mary McKillop and any other Catholic who has been a supporter of the Labor Party. One wonders if there will be much of a Party left once Maria "Calvin" O'Brien has conducted her heresy hunt.

Abortion on demand has never been a "principle" of the Labor Movement and it is only relatively recently that it has become a policy. There is about as much conflict with me being Vice-President of the Labor Club and Convenor of the Pro-Life Club as there would be if the President of Friends of the Earth held the position. The Pro-Life Club is not and never will be a political club. It encompasses an opinion which in no way contradicts Labor's basic principle - a fair go for the average working man and woman. In fact, I would argue that it is more complementary with it than abortion on demand.

Ms O'Brien's hysterical rantings are in complete contrast to Melina Wait's article "A Pro-Life Perspective". I wonder if Maria would also accuse Ms Wait of believing that "women should be incubators with legs". Ms Wait's article goes a long way towards destroying the myth Maria and her cohorts like to spread about Pro-Lifers being backward males whose views of women come straight from the dark ages. The article also goes to show that being both a feminist and a Pro-Lifer is not contradictory, but rather complementary.

The Labor Movement has always been constituted of a wide variety of opinions on many issues, of which abortion is only one. If Maria O'Brien is not prepared to accept this (as most of her more mature colleagues have) then her resignation from the Club is probably best for all concerned.

Yours sincerely,
Jack Snelling
Economics

Labor Club is Crap

I am writing in response to Ms. Maria O'Brien's article, 'Labor Club: Who's Right?' that appeared in Elle Dit.

Ms. O'Brien is to be congratulated on an insightful critique of current Labor Club practices. Fortunately, unlike Ms. O'Brien, I resisted Labor Club membership despite membership with the Party, although I, like many others, will allow my membership to

lapse.

As Ms. O' Brien highlighted, a betrayal of principles is what characterises current Labor Club and Party politics: Factional deals, right wing economics and social Darwinism. This 'pragmatism', as it is alleged, represents saleable politics and necessary compromise to suit the agendas of centre left and right factions.

It is easy for these factions to compromise, given their political base i.e. an industrial view of the party: a workers' movement interested in improving workers' standards. For others, like myself, however, the party reflects a moral view, encapsulating ideas of, and promoting social welfare policies and ensuring the maintenance of personal liberties.

Therefore, it comes as no surprise, that leadership falling into the Lands of right wingers, determined to impose their own morality upon others, will be met by pointed criticism. This is not solely within club politics, but in the broader Party, exemplified by such offences as potential changes to uranium policy, emerging anti-abortion policies, privatisation of public enterprises and appalling Austudy levels.

I obviously am vehemently opposed to the 'new' Labor morality that has manifested. Many suggest then, I and disgruntled others, should valiantly work to achieving our desired ends within the party. I am not a political careerist and nor did I join the Labor party to try and ensure a policy of egalitarianism. I could join any political party with desires to change their agenda. I joined the Labor party because it was meant to be egalitarian and (foolishly) thought would be with other people of similar politics, working cohesively towards the same ends.

I did not count on becoming involved in a disgraceful factional jungle, that appears to prefer slavish number-crunching to ensuring humanitarian social change.

George Selvanera
Law/Commerce.

Sticking to your principles, or

Sticking to your sheets

Dear Editors,

As editors of Semper (the student newspaper at the University of Queensland) we were disappointed to see that so many of our compatriots printed the sexist advertisement for "Prime" Condoms.

Once we received the artwork for the advertisement, we immediately decided that it was in extremely bad taste and inappropriate for our publication.

It is unfortunate that so many other student newspapers did not stick to their principles when confronted with the requirements of their advertising budgets. We are, of course, under similar constraints, but believe that it is the role of student newspapers to educate and inform their readers, not to reinforce existing sexist stereotypes.

Robert Heather
Craig McCosker
Janie Fitzgerald
(Semper Editors)

Golden Shower for Smokers

Dear Editors,

A Message to all Smokers!

Cigarette smoke is the residue of your pleasure, it permeates the air and putrefies my hair and clothes not to mention my lungs. This takes place without my consent. I have a pleasure also, I like a beer now and again. The residue from my pleasure is urine, would you be annoyed if I stood on a chair and pissed on your head and clothes without your consent?

Smoking sucks!
Signed
Pissed off,
Alcoholic Non - Smoker.

Kids These Days

To the Editor,

I am not sure how I can actually concentrate to write this letter. The reason? I am sitting in the old original room of the Barr Smith Library.

Yes folks, if entertainment, the latest gossip, who's fucking who or the latest fashion talk are subjects that interest you, come and be educated by the little first year kiddies in this beautiful room.

As a mature age student I want to study. The atmosphere and reference of this old room lends itself to excellent study. I find that when it's quiet here, learning and working come easily. I can achieve much more in an hour here than studying at home.

The selfishness, arrogance and lack of manners exhibited by an incredible number of children in this room is of concern to me. Are they societies future drop-outs or its future successes? I am not sure, but if they show as much respect for the people they will one day work with or for, as they do their fellow students here, I don't want to be one of them.

Study rooms are provided for discussion so please children use them. Leave those of us who wish to study to do just that - in peace.

Paul Burton
RBNR Roseworthy Campus
University of Adelaide.

T. Trump on his "Blonde Ambition" Tour

Dear T. Trump,

What is your problem with blonde females? Have you been rejected too many times by this type of female, that you have developed an insecurity complex of mammoth proportions? Perhaps it is time for you to see a counsellor?!

Surely, it was totally unnecessary to single out a minority with such inflammatory remarks as "blonde girlie", implying that fair-haired girls are without intelligence, and are the only ones who have social intercourse with rich, arrogant and "whose daddy's wallet got them into Uni" boys. However, this does not mean to say that I.M Rich is such a person.

As to your insinuations about the Mechanical Engineering department, we note that you do not identify the department of which you belong. Is that because no department would have you, or that there are no departments under that rock you hide? Clearly the work of this prestigious

department is beyond your microscopic intelligence.

Blonde Bombers

P.S. Bit touchy that your blonde wife outsmarted you for all that money, are we Donald?

Long Winded and Boring

Dear Editors,

It was with much interest that I read your article in the June 17th "On Dit" regarding the General Student Meeting at the City and Levels Campuses of the University of South Australia. While the former Institute of Technology Union is always willing to entertain student representatives from other Universities at our meetings, I feel that I must correct some of the statements made by your observers in your Page Three article.

1. The claims by "Yes" campaigners that the Union supplied a free keg at the Levels is not true. The keg was supplied by one of the Levels many clubs, who wished to celebrate the end of semester. The Union's only involvement with the keg was to request that the keg be served after the Student Meeting rather than before or during the meeting. This request was acceded to and the keg served in the licensed section of the building.

2. The Council of the University of South Australia does not control the expenditure of the Union's funds as inferred in your article. The University's primary role is the collection of statutory fee and its disbursement to the Union to cover the provision of services and facilities to students. The State Government monitors the financial operation of the University through the Auditor-General.

3. The current Union Council of the SAIT Union is not as deeply divided as you would lead readers to believe. Members are not barred from speaking to the media, rather they are required to communicate in writing. This measure was adopted by Union Council after incidences occurred involving Council members being misquoted in the public media. The action was taken to protect the credibility of our members.

4. In respect of the expulsion of members of Union Council, the Union Council may expel, or suspend from the rights and privileges of membership for specified time, any member who has been guilty of misconduct or has acted in a manner calculated to bring the Union into disrepute provided that:

a) The member is first given an opportunity of appearing before the Council and being heard in his defence;

b) The vote of expulsion or of suspension is carried by an absolute majority of the Council, where an absolute majority is at least two-thirds of the members present and voting.

c) In the case of expulsion or of suspension for a period longer than two months, the member may appeal to the University Council.

5. Union Council's decisions to fill the separate and single casual vacancies which have occurred over six months were made in conformity with the constitution. The constitution clearly states that:

"10.b. Any casual vacancy occurring during the year shall be filled by Union Council for the remainder of the Union Council year."

Only in the exceptional circumstances of

(say) a number of vacancies all occurring at the same time could I imagine Union Council holding a by-election. This action would then take place only after long and considered debate by Council.

6. While our Council has postponed elections until July of 1992, we have also incorporated the proviso that if amalgamation of the student bodies is finalised earlier, for example, the end of February, then elections will be held as soon as practical, thereafter in accordance with the new constitution. It is not my intent, nor the intent of other members of Council to prolong the current amalgamation process rather, I believe, the reverse.

I hope by discussing these six points I have helped to resolve any misconceptions that have been cultivated from our General Student Meeting.

Finally, the comments of the three Presidents from the Magill, Salisbury and Underdale campuses of the University of South Australia in "Elle Dit" do concern me. I hope that they have not confused the professional nature of the operation of the SAIT Union for 'political bunfights and factional bullshit' which occur from time to time in other places. I would believe their comments stem from ignorance of the true facts and do not represent the informed and considered opinions of senior student office bearers.

Yours sincerely,
Jon Lockhead
SAIT Union President

Austudy - Newsflash

Have you received a letter/questionnaire regarding taxable income from the Benefits Control Section at Austudy? Or, Have you been asked to attend an interview at Austudy?

If yes:-

Please see an Education/Welfare Officer immediately for advice or you may find yourself in deep shit.

Call Cath Russell 228 5915 or Bruce Henderson 228 5430, offices located in Lady Symon Building.

LETTERS POLICY

- Keep it short!
- Letters must be signed with your correct name and contact department, although this can be withheld from publication on request. NO anonymous letters will be considered for publication. So there.
- Letters may be edited for clarity but not content. Defamatory bits will be removed by the sweeping hand of censorship.
- Have a nice week.
- Dress warmly.

Ale on Tap at the new look Crown and Anchor

Review: Crown & Anchor Hotel
East end of Grenfell Street.

I once applied for a job at this Hotel and was informed I was welcome if I worked sans blouse, brassiere, etc. Now, however, if you want a bit of that sort of action, its off to the Woodmans with you. New management have given a bright new face to the pub which almost sent me running to the L section of the yellow pages for Liposuction - done cheap - no one need ever know you possess breasts again.

Having thrown a bit of pink paint at the doors and enlisting the support of some cheerful yet fully clothed staff (nudity is so spiritual really, yes?) the Crown and Anchor seems to be chasing after a more outwardly genteel and - dare I say it - slightly hip audience. While this precludes many, including myself, I ventured into the pub. The whole Art Deco feel has been some what amplified. And this pub has a very special looking pool table with *red felt* - a colour is important to many players of this fine sport.

The front bar has an excellent 50's feel - tres chic - whilst unpretentious and cosy. The bar staff were most polite and ready to pour a skilful Cooper's ale, draught or light.

House wine is D'Arenberg and this can only be a good thing. Cocktails, yes, but who needs them when you've got Coopers on tap.

The restaurant has a plush red velvety sort of feel. The meals are cheap and excellent. All you can eat salad and mixed grill are available. They are also going to introduce crocodile to really pull in the Grand Prix crowds (!!).

For starters we ripped into a fine nachos which was served on a nice, white plate. The nachos was really quite innovative - what they put in the sauce is interesting.

For vegetarians they are apparently about to improve the menu. The smorgasboard salads however, and tasty homemade bread were truly satisfying.

Lunchtimes are populated by lots of business people at nearby offices and the occasional digger passes by to inform the barstaff that the Crown & Anchor is now a pooker, yuppie pub.

The Crown & Anchor has an excellent relaxing atmosphere and could very well become your next pub of choice!

Now of course you're probably thinking this all sounds perfectly reasonable, but will you actually take the plunge and venture out somewhere new? Don't we all lead



incredibly boring lives and attend the same places for a cheap feed out of laziness and familiarity? Do you find yourself venturing into Hungry Jacks and ordering a Whopper - no meat extra pickles and large onion

rings? when there is a multitude of other places to go, food to try, people to meet? If so take action.

My Love Pumpkin will be playing soonish.
Samantha Maiden

A Classic Back to Uni Offer

Save over \$300 on the price of a brand new Mac Classic 2/40

Only \$1 850 + tax

Hurry! Stock is limited!

The Univerity of Adeliade Apple Consortium, Room 2050, Horace Lamb building. Ph 228 5441



SAUA President Natasha Stott Despoja

IN MEMORY

On Friday July 26th, in a tragic car accident, David Howard, the Education Officer of National Union of Students was killed. I will be attending his memorial service in Melbourne next week as the President of the Students' Association, but more importantly, I will be remembering a wonderful friend.

David will be remembered for his good

natured and friendly and manner which made him many friends in political life, regardless of personal politics. To his comrades he will be affectionately remembered as "Howdy Doody" and his intelligence, eloquence and contribution to student representation both as Queensland NUS President and NUS Education Officer will always be appreciated.

David was a genuine and good person with a commitment to making the world a better place, something he was helping to achieve with his work making our education system fairer and more equitable.

My condolences to his family, friends and comrades. My love to Victoria, Chris, Cameron, David, Sarah-Jane, Anita, Denise and Sathish especially at this time.

SAUA Women's Officer Amy Barrett

NOWSA '91

The 1991 NOWSA (Network of Women Students in Australia) Conference was held last week (July 16-20) at RMIT in Melbourne. The theme of the conference was 'Women Educating Women - Strategies for the '90's'. About 15 women attended from South Australia and all found the conference extremely interesting.

A wide range of speakers and workshops took place, on such topics as Aboriginal women; pornography as sexual violence; feminism and post-modernism; women's health; non-violent action and law reform from a feminist perspective.

Some of the more fun activities were belly dancing, self-defence, a dance and a night at the St. Kilda Hot Sea Water Baths. The NOWSA Conference will be held in South Australia next year, so this should be an excellent opportunity to get more women involved in its planning or simply to give more SA women the opportunity to attend.

Self Defence Classes

Due to the success of last semester's

classes, there will be both beginners and intermediate classes starting on Wednesday August 21st. The classes will run for eight weeks (with two weeks off for the mid-semester break). The beginners class, for women students who have had no previous experience at self-defence, will be held on Wednesdays 1:30-3pm. The Intermediate class, for women who have previously done a beginners class (particularly for those who did a class last semester) will also be held on Wednesdays 3-4:30pm. There will be a cost of \$10 for the beginners class and \$20 for the Intermediate class. Sign up in the SAUA now!

Elle-Dit

I hope everyone got a chance to read Elle-Dit, the women's edition of On-Dit, which came out during swot-vac last semester. The feed-back has been extremely positive, and anyone who missed picking up a copy due to exams/stress etc can pick up a copy in the SAUA.

Health Service Feedback

All women students are invited to give their comments, ideas or complaints about the University Health Service so that the SAUA can ensure that the Health Service is aware of specific health concerns of women students. Written comments can be lodged in the SAUA - all comments/complaints will be confidential.

Students' Association of the University of Adelaide 1991 Annual Elections

Polling Dates

26th - 30th August, 1991, inclusive.

Nominations for the following positions will open on Thursday, 1st August, 1991 at 9.00 am and will close on Friday, 9th August, 1991 at 5.00 pm (4.00 pm at Roseworthy Campus):

1. President (paid position)
2. Education Vice President
3. Finance Vice President
4. Women's Officer
5. Environment Officer
6. Orientation Co-Ordinator
7. On Dit Editor(s) (paid position)
8. Student Radio Director(s) (paid position)
9. Eight General Members of Students' Association Council
10. Four General Members of Education/Services Standing Committee
11. Four General Members of Activities Standing Committee
12. Eight National Union of Students' Delegates

Nomination forms and further details will be available at the Students' Association Office (Adelaide Campus) and Roseworthy Agricultural College Student Union Office (RACSU) from 1st August, 1991. Nomination forms will be lodged in the Students' Association Office (Adelaide Campus) prior to 5.00 pm on Friday, 9th August, 1991, and at the RACSU office prior to 4.00 pm on Friday, 9th August, 1991.

Authorised by the Returning Officer.

Adelaide University Union Annual Elections 1991

Positions available:

Union Board 18
Activities Committee 5

Nominations Open

Thursday, 1st August, 1991 at 9 am

Nominations Close

Friday, 9th August, 1991 at 4 pm sharp

Nomination forms available from:

Union Administration (First Floor, Lady Symon Building)

Roseworthy students can collect Nomination forms from Roseworthy Student Union Office.

Annual Elections to be held 26th - 30th August, 1991.

SECURITY

There is now a new security number FOR EMERGENCIES ONLY. The new number is 5444. The stickers on University phones have not yet all been changed. The new emergency only number will enable security to respond more swiftly to genuine emergencies.

PGSA Apology

In December 1990, an executive member of the Post Graduate Students' Association made allegations against an absent colleague, Mr David Faber. The allegations arose out of disagreements concerning the conduct of Association business. At a subsequent Executive meeting in January 1991, a protocol was established regarding financial enquiries, and action was taken against Mr Faber.

It was wrongly alleged that Mr Faber was guilty of administrative misconduct and criminally offering reprehensible offence to a colleague. The Executive withdraws these allegations, recognising that Mr Faber is innocent of any wrongdoing whatsoever, and apologises for the distress and harm caused him.

The 14th annual Adelaide Film Event, a forum for the imagination.

Dave Sag had a very interesting chat with Peter Crayford, Director of the Adelaide Film Event. Here are some snippets of that conversation for your reading pleasure.

OD: Give us a run down on the history of the Film Event.

PC: Well it started at the Chelsea, back when the Chelsea was derelict, 14 years ago and we used to only screen for ten days; one weekend to the next weekend. It showed about twelve pictures. The first one was quite successful because none of these pictures were being screened at all in Adelaide. Then about four years later the Trak opened and it started screening some of the kinds of pictures that we had been showing. Then SBS started a few years ago so people could get more access to these kinds of films. Its developed since then, when it was only ten days, to this year when it runs for ten weeks and there are about eighteen or twenty films.

OD: How does the Adelaide Film Event compare with the equivalent shows in Sydney and Melbourne?

PC: There is no equivalent. There are Sydney and Melbourne Film Festivals but they are quite different. They are internationally recognised film festivals which get all of their films for free and they don't have to pay any rental. They are only permitted to screen each film once though. Over a two week period they may screen one hundred films or more. When you go you buy a ticket but you don't know what will be on. You just buy a ticket in the hope that you will get to see some good films. You do get to see a lot of good films, but you also get to see a lot of films which are not that good so it's a bit of a gamble. Here we don't try to compress it all into two weeks but we stagger it so that its easier for people to go. They don't have to buy subscriptions if they don't want to, which is the only way you get into the Sydney and Melbourne Festivals - you must buy a subscription. The Adelaide Film Event is more accessible, and more convenient. You don't have to be seeing films at 10 o'clock in the morning right through to 10 at night. You can go three times a week if you want to see everything or you can just go to films that you are interested in.

OD: Who selects the programme?

PC: Me.

OD: What criteria do you use to select films? Say for example, *The Grifters*, which I would have expected to get major commercial release?

PC: Well that's possible but it didn't get major commercial release in Sydney. It was put into a small cinema, so it wasn't a picture with a huge release. It didn't get a huge release in America either. The distributor asked me if I would screen it because he thought I would be able to get a bigger audience for it than if he released to the say the Academy here, or to Hoyts

for example. The other reason I'm showing it is that it is a terrific picture. It's a great film which often won't get a mass audience.

OD: Last year you had a huge success with *Lawrence of Arabia*.

PC: Well that was a revival. This year we have another revival which is *Belle de Jour*, a French film made by Luis Bunuel, a Spanish director who lived in France. Each year we have a revival. Last year *Lawrence* was a huge success.

OD: I went along to the premier of *Lawrence* last year.

PC: It was a great night because that is the kind of cinema that *Lawrence* should be seen in. It fits the period. We try to put



the films on with a bit of showmanship, its not just like a besa block cinema and there's the screen and bang, the picture opens. There's an overture to the film, it warms up, the curtains part, bit by bit the lights dim, and you enter the picture. We try to do that with all of the films we screen, and make going to the cinema a complete experience and not just a ten dollar outing in a dark room where you can eat popcorn and be amused.

OD: Out of all of the films that you are screening, what would be your favourite?

PC: It's very hard to say if I have a favourite because I programme them all because think that they are good films. Some of them I like more than others. I think *The Grifters* is a great film, a film that will last for a very long time and be a memorable picture for the next twenty years. I also think that a film called *Life and Nothing But*, a French picture directed by Bertrand Tavernier. I screened another film of his, *Around Midnight*, a couple of years

ago. This film is a real classic piece of film making. I won't describe it, but it is beautifully directed and acted. It's one of those films that is like a little jewel. You just feel that everything about it is exactly right. The tone, the screenplay, the script, the dialogue, the look of the picture, the pace of it. You just feel that everything is in its right place and is given its right scope. It is a picture with a very profound theme and very intense characterisations. You just feel like the film maker has grasped it properly and he has something to say. Craft is something you don't see much of anymore. Many Hollywood films are tested before audiences and then refined and cut and added to before going out to commercial release. Its not like a person saying "I am desperate to transmit my imagination about this story with these characters." The Film

Event is a forum for imagination. The films are all made by people who have something so say and they put their own personal imprint on it. Now that's been done in Hollywood, but these days there is much less of a personal imprint on a film by the film maker because there is so much money riding on them that they are geared to be money making machines. The pictures we show are not. All of them would like to be commercially successful but the impulse, the foundation of the film is the desire to express a story with characters that someone believes in, that someone wants to express an idea about.

OD: So what is your background in films?

PC: Well I went to Adelaide University and did an Arts degree and there was no film course or the study of film in any discipline at all. There was a film society and it had been going for many years before I got there. I took it over and renamed it the University Film Group. We used to show films three times a week in the Union Hall and we also used to use the Napier

Theatre 5 and show 16mm films there. We'd import films from the National Library and small libraries all over the place and borrow films. We taught ourselves the history of the cinema. In those days there were only a couple of books you could buy on film. One was called *The Films To Now*. We programmed all sorts of seasons, like German expressionist cinema and early french cinema and we'd get as many as we possibly could of the films of Ingmar Bergman. We gave ourselves a sort of grounding which was unavailable anywhere else, and paid for it all with the commercial screenings in Union Hall at lunchtimes. When I left some others took over and continued it, but a few years after them the Union took it over and started showing films to make money. They never had this other aspect to it all which was very valuable. Many of the people who come to the film event now saw those films at the Union Hall and the saw the old film festival.

OD: When you left Uni what did you do?

PC: I set up the Media Resource Centre. I wrote its first application and got its first grant. Then I was offered a job at the Film Corporation which had only just begun. I worked there for about three or four years. Then I went travelling for quite a while. When I came back I got a job as the Director of the Australian Film Institute in Melbourne. I didn't do that for very long, I didn't really like living in Melbourne. So I came back here and started up the Film Event and I've continued to do that for fourteen years. I went to live in Sydney about eight years ago but I come back each year to supervise. Once the Film Event is launched, because the people at the Chelsea have been doing it for so long and they are all so wonderfully competent, I can leave it in their hands and if something goes wrong I can fly back and sort it out but generally they are really good and know what to do.

OD: The films showing this year, were all of them made in the last year?

PC: Nearly all of them would have been made within the last twelve months except for *Belle de Jour* which was made in 1967. They are all contemporary films, and this is the first time they have been screened here. That's generally our policy. Films that are really successful at the Film Event, because we only have them for a short time, we don't mind if someone picks them up and continues running them. That depends upon the individual cinemas.

OD: How many films would you say you have seen?

PC: I don't know. I see about five per week, that's just regular releases, but I see a lot more when I travel.

OD: Peter, Thanks.

PC: Thank you.

Conversation about the other films of Luis Buñuel then ensued.

Debacle at Melbourne University

Samantha Maiden and Vanessa Almeida take a look at the series of events in Melbourne, culminating in the sacking of the President and General Secretary of the Student Union.

Students have always been fond of scandal and intrigue but the example of Melbourne University this year resembles a big budget mini series. Following an election which has been described as "a runner up for the Ferdinand Marcos Democracy award," 1991 has been a year of industrial disputes, lawsuits and referendums at Melbourne University.

The furore first came to the attention of the media after the censoring of the student newspaper, Farrago, by the General Secretary of the Union, Keir Semmens. Throughout the year the situation escalated, culminating in a referendum at the end of last semester which sacked Semmens and the Union President, Andrew Landeryou. Allegations, counter allegations and a spate of lawsuits are still flying in the fallout from one of the nastiest political fights the Melbourne Student Union has witnessed.

The 1990 elections occurred amid widespread allegations of vote rigging, misconduct and enormous unauthorised expenditure. An election tribunal, consisting of a panel of three lawyers, were asked to rule on more than a dozen charges levelled against the Labor Club/Revival team by the Left Alliance and the Liberal Club. Counter allegations were launched by the Labor/Revival team who were accused of misleading publicity, interference with ballot papers and illegal use of Student Union resources for electoral purposes. The tribunal disqualified one candidate, Hayden Stockdale, in October of 1990 for misleading publicity, this was later overturned. The next meeting saw the emergence of a Labor Club lawyer and a subsequent ten-week adjournment while the opposing forces found their own legal eagles. Left Alliance charges were not dealt with after their lawyer failed to attend a meeting. Liberal arguments were also thrown out on technicalities.

The allegations concerning vote rigging and double voting surrounding the elections were seen as especially significant by the Liberal and Left Alliance teams given that Landeryou and, in particular, Semmens won by a handful of votes. Rumours of ballot tampering began circulating, in particular a librarian who claims she witnessed someone come into the library with a ballot box and remove all the Left Alliance votes.

Geoff Dreschler, President of the Red Wedge Club (a group of Left Labor students) and Victorian State Secretary of the National Organisation of Labor Students, told *On Dit* that Landeryou and Semmens had a history of bad blood with left groups on campus. Dreschler was one of the office bearers to add their name to a flyer entitled "Labor Students say YES sack Landeryou and Semmens", which was released during the time of a referendum intended to sack the pair. The pamphlet alleged the pair had "no politics, they only understand the politics of self interest and self preservation".

The first edition of Farrago came out on 28th February with a note on the second page explaining that the black text marks running through some of the print were areas that had been censored by Keir Semmens. On account of his being General Secretary,

Semmens was the publisher of Farrago and had, therefore, the right to remove areas which were defamatory and could bring law suits against the Student Union. The material censored, however, did not appear to be defamatory. A letter criticising the right wing of the Labor Club (from a former member) was censored when it referred to a couch as "leather" instead of vinyl. Having sat on the couch ourselves, we must say it does indeed look rather luxurious. The couch was one of the purchases of the previous year's editors - one of whom was Semmens. A letter criticising Landeryou's position on the Gulf War was also censored.

At this time, the Union was also facing a number of industrial disputes and criticisms of the methods used to deal with them. The Publicity and Media Department was axed at the first Student Council meeting on 18th December 1990, at 4.30 in the morning. All the employees were sacked, even though no reason was given for the restructuring. On 14th March, a cook of some 22 years tenure to the Union, was sacked. More 'restructuring' and 'reallocation' was to follow. These actions led to stop work meetings and an excursion to the Industrial Relations Commission. While Landeryou and Semmens were slammed in the editorial and the

letters page, Labor students were criticising the pair of tactics more suited to the 'New Right' than the Labor movement.

It was in this environment that 'Students Against Corruption' were formed. The second edition of Farrago gave SAC half of the editorial page to state their claims and an article in the news section. The editorial warned,

"Better take heed Andrew, and that goes for you to Keir, ye great censoring buffoon, you're drawing serious negative Karma your way".

The adjacent SAC piece revealed the censored passages of the previous week's letter which had contained references to the vinyl couch and the alleged excessive spending of the previous editors (they had a \$140,000 deficit) including liberal doses of Cabcharge. The word "refusal" was censored because Landeryou's

"failure" to condemn the Gulf War was not seen as tantamount to a "refusal". The major argument of SAC was that Semmens was censoring for personal and/or political reasons rather than because the material was defamatory. An article regarding SAC on the next page quoted a spokesperson, Ian Wilson, as saying, "There have been a number of rumours as to the dubious expenditure of Student Union funds and the possibility that a 'jobs for the boys' staffing policy might be operating in the Union".

Many students were unhappy with Landeryou and Semmens participation in the selection of casual staff, as it was felt that not only did they lack the experience necessary to determine who was suitable for the job, but also because concerns had been raised that the questions asked during the interview appeared to have more of a political motivation. A motion to remove them from this process failed to be passed as Labor members of the Council, including Landeryou, left the room (effectively pulling quorum) so the motion could not be put. At the same meeting, Semmens power to sign cheques was withdrawn.

The 1991 Farrago editors also accused the previous year's editors of being responsible for \$4,500 worth of equipment they had 'bought, used and lost'. The list included answering machines, Nikon cameras and a large collection of expensive Dictionaries and Photography books. The accused editors subsequently pointed out the huge security problems that Farrago faced in terms of the huge numbers of people who used the offices.

Letters accusing the Farrago Editors of being blatantly left-biased became commonplace and accused the editors of shoving 'aggressive leftist propaganda down peoples' throats'.

Critics of Farrago included some members of the 'Left' who felt a biased debate was taking place in a paper which 'ostensibly represents a hugely diverse student population'.

The Landeryou/Semmens camp accused Farrago and SAC as being the domain of the ultra-left who agitated for their departure for their own political advantage.

While the censorship/bias furore accelerated, industrial disputes and student anger rose.

'Milliways', a coffee lounge operated by the Union, had been closed and replaced with a 'Smart Shop'. This action was attacked because other proposals, such as a Food Co-Op to provide cheap, nutritious food to students was touted as more 'beneficial' and a computer shop option, which included a \$100,000 sweetener on top of rent for computers available for student use, were all disregarded. Semmens and Landeryou countered allegations of corruption with the fact that an "independent auditor proved it was the best deal - on the figures".

By the fourth edition, SAC was in full flight, distributing a leaflet entitled 'Union News', criticising the 'Smart Shop' which was 'half owned by Student Services Australia and run by ex-Labor Club SRC President'. The SAC held a public meeting which decided to publicise the main allegations, including,

- censoring of Farrago by the Union
- above CPI pay increases for this year's office bearers (excluding Farrago Editors)
- the closing of Milliways and the introduction of a computer shop at possible financial loss to students
- the hiring of ex-Labor Club members for key Union enterprises
- the mass sackings of Union casual staff most of whom were students.

The editors of Farrago also held a meeting over the censorship of the paper by Semmens. "As we progress through the semester, our ability to reach the printers (ourselves and copy intact) becomes more and more difficult." When *On Dit* interviewed one of the editors - Chris Francis - he said that Semmens and Landeryou had demonstrated their hostility towards the Farrago team prior to the first edition. As well as substantial budget cuts, the editors felt that it was

Semmens and Landeryou's clear intention to close Farrago down - and that they had been informed of this during arguments they had with the pair. Landeryou and Semmens countered that they had overheard a prominent Left Alliance member boasting on 5th April, 1991, "SAC is going to destroy the Labor Club by June, giving us an easy run in September." The editors also claimed to have received an anonymous phone call which threatened, "burn down your office at the first opportunity."

Landeryou and Semmens also claim to have received death threats in the Union, and the calls were "coming from the Farrago extension".

Meanwhile, a Student General Meeting of 150 called over the censorship issue endorsed a motion,

"That this meeting request Student Council rescind any motion authorising the General Secretary to examine material in Farrago prior to publication. Further, that this meeting request Student Council appoint an independent legal firm to examine Farrago prior to publication and take appropriate steps to remove defamatory material."

The Club, a group which parodied the shenanigans of Melbourne University student polities and espoused policies of "driving wages up and our profits up within catering instead of bullshitting on and on about quality services and other nauseating crap... On campus, The Club seeks to impose its ideas on lowly students by cheating its way into power at the next Student Union elections (we've been shown how)... Real jobs will be available to those who've licked The Club's collective arse."

Members of The Club ran around Melbourne University in suits, wielding large cricket bats and bursting into meetings and lunches.

The fifth edition of Farrago was censored by the Student Council Sub Committee to ensure a fair 'special student general meeting' dealing with the problems within the Union.

One of the editors detailed further instances of political shit fights - the front of his flat and surrounding stobie poles were covered in stickers announcing, "Left Alliance Rort - you lose \$122,985 Farrago = Left Alliance". He also alleged that 'the boys' had verbally and physically threatened him, and claimed that the previous experiences of the editors included, 'houses broken into and walls urinated upon. An editor also had the wheel nuts removed from his car, something he only discovered while driving it'.

The Herald page 5, 12th October, 1989 detailed the experiences of the 1989 editors, Megan Nicholson and Kath Fethers, when a (drunk) Labor Club member deleted an entire edition from the computer, deleted all their programmes and left stealing the hard copy and a packet of cigarettes.

An article dealing with the problems within the Union was also lifted/censored from Farrago 5 together with several letters by the Student Council.

The fear of many students involved in SAC was of the writs and personal threats of lawsuits that they say was endemic at the time. Our experience with SAC members would certainly substantiate the claim that threats of lawsuits from Landeryou had them very frightened. Simply obtaining some of the hundred leaflets SAC put out was an extremely difficult operation. Two students we spoke to in Melbourne were

prepared to talk to us only if the conversation was not taped and their names weren't mentioned. In Sydney, a SAC member showed *On Dit* some leaflets but refused to hand them over. The Farrago editors had 'misplaced' their collection of leaflets and a left labor party member told us that he "had some on [his] desk but they disappeared".

There are currently a dozen or so writs pending against SAC members.

The Student General Meeting was then cancelled when an obscure provision was found in the Constitution to submit all three questions to Referendum.

- That the President of the Student Union be dismissed.
- The General Secretary be dismissed.
- That the Media Officers be dismissed (Farrago editors).

More than 1,000 students attended the cancelled SGM. The petition which allowed the cancellation was widely believed to be completely legal, but SAC members sought to legal advice as to whether Semmens was in breach of the Associations Act.

The question tacked on to the end was by Landeryou and Semmens - Sack Farrago Editors. SAC members suggested this was so it would like like one question - Vote Yes to all 3 and thus either save themselves or drag down the Editors with them. At this point, Landeryou and Semmens were facing a second SAC report on corruption evidence, the Labor students were saying yes to the motion to sack Landeryou and Semmens

and the issue was attracting widespread media attention. Landeryou/Semmens supporters released a leaflet detailing the strange alliance between Liberals and Left Alliance. Obviously, these two groups would benefit politically from the sacking of Landeryou and Semmens.

The referendum went ahead despite attempts to alter, or stop it all together. Following the aborted SGM, it was felt that the referendum would have to go ahead as one question - thus taking the Farrago editors with them. A meeting of student council, however, confirmed the referendum as three separate questions. Landeryou attempted to add a provision to the referendum to establish independent legal inquiry which would have effectively overruled the dismissal vote and allowed the pair to stay in power. Before the motion was put, however, members left the room thus losing quorum. On 23rd May, 1991, a meeting of the executive went into camera with three members present - Landeryou, Semmens and O'Brien - (a Liberal) and attempted to withdraw all facilities to the referendum - money, lawyer's office space, the Chair - Landeryou declared this motion carried even though O'Brien claims he ran from the room to break quorum. General Manager, Lawrence Cheong, nonetheless immediately acted on the order of Executive

and notified the returning officer, Samantha Sharp of her suspension.

SAC and returning officer lawyers notified Lawrence Cheong that the motion of the executive was invalid, but he refused to change his ruling until directed by a higher body.

More lawyers were brought in and the SAC was ready to go to the Supreme Court to restore funds by the Monday. A meeting of the Electoral Tribunal was also convened. The Tribunal ruled that the Executive did not have the power to withdraw facilities and it was reported that "Lawrence Choong ran for his lawyers".

Despite the ruling, General Manager Choong had failed to restore facilities by 6 pm Monday, and 50 volunteers were called in. An emergency meeting of the Executive rescinded the earlier motion at 10 pm. The results of the questions put to referendum 28th - 30th May, 1991 were as follows.

"That the President be dismissed ?" - CARRIED (3 132 votes 'Yes' to 404 votes 'No')

"That the General Secretary be dismissed ?" - CARRIED (3 278 votes 'Yes' to 304 votes 'No')

"That the Media Officers (Farrago Editors) be dismissed ?" - LOST (866 votes 'Yes' to 2700 votes 'No')

The results were confirmed at 2 a.m. that morning and jubilant SAC members reportedly marched up to Landeryou's office, in which he and his colleagues were allegedly

busy shredding mysterious documents. The students demanded Landeryou leave the building as he could no longer claim to be a student and thus had no right to remain on the premises. Landeryou obliged and clutching an armload of books and papers and surrounded by his entourage, he stepped into the lift. It soon came clear that Landeryou had

no intention of leaving the building, as the lift stopped on the next floor and he attempted to get off and climb the stairs to his office but was prevented from doing so by the students there and sent back to the lift. Landeryou then tried to get out on the floor after that but was escorted back by the ever vigilant students who then greeted him on every floor. Landeryou and his friends then spent a long time travelling up and down, emphatically declaring their refusal to leave the lift. Landeryou was finally escorted from the building by security guards at 3 a.m.

And the story doesn't quite end there. On the weekend of 21st July, 1991, the Victorian Young Labor Conference passed the following motion:

122. Call to investigate Melbourne University Labor Club
This Conference calls on the Disputes Committee to investigate the activities of

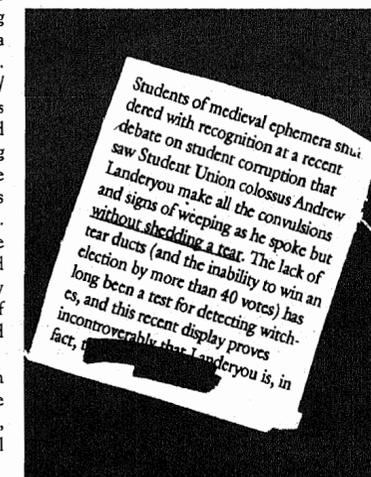
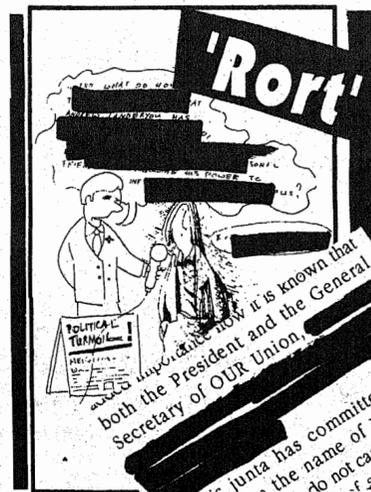
ALP members associated with the Melbourne University Labor Club and Melbourne University Student Union. This Conference expresses its grave concern at the alleged activities of these people which have included the following:

- a) physical and legal intimidation of political opponents, which has included both members of the ALP, and non-members.
- b) an approach to industrial relations which has more in common with the confrontationalism of the New Right than the consensus of the Accord promoted under Labor. These include:
 - i) the introduction of contract labour
 - ii) the use of industrial advocates associated with the New Right
 - iii) the organising of "strike breakers" for Trades Hall sanctioned industrial actions, as well as actual "strike breaking" by these ALP members. Conference notes that in many cases, these industrial actions had been supported unanimously by the Trades Hall.
- c) the advocacy of voluntary student unionism - the campus equivalent of voluntary unionism - and an apparent opposition to the national Union of Students.
- d) the apparent gross abuse of positions of authority within the student union for their own personal gain.
- e) as unsavoury willingness to work closely with the campus representatives of the ALP's traditional opponents - the Liberal Party and the National Civic Council.

The end result of these alleged activities is that both staff and students at the university have been alienated from the ALP. In many cases, being driven to a position of open hostility as a result of those alleged activities. This Conference believes that a false image of the Party has been created as a result of these alleged activities which presents the Party as being made up of a group of corrupt, self-serving individuals obsessed with the maintenance of power. The apparent activities of these people have placed them in a position where they are diametrically opposed to the ideas and ideology of the ALP. This Conference also notes with concern, the degree of media coverage this apparent series of events has received. This Conference believes that if it is revealed that the behaviour of these people has contravened the Party's rules and principles, that they should be expelled as soon as possible.

Moved: Geoff Dreschler
Seconded: Kathy Koukouvac
Opposed: Patrick Griffiths
Landeryou is still taking legal action against a number of SAC members for material distributed during elections, and investigations are being held into a last minute executive committee meeting in which a number of motions are said to have been pushed through, including a very generous redundancy package should the Union manager be dismissed. Landeryou and Semmens are not expected to return to Melbourne University.

Nb. All efforts were made to speak to both Semmens and Landeryou but they were understandably reluctant to discuss their foray into student politics.



Behind Bars

At 5:30 pm on Thursday 18 July 1991 On Dit Contributor and all round nice person Dave Sag, blundered into the clutches of the Long Arm of The Law. This is his account of "A Night to Remember".

A bit of History

Three years ago I found myself in the unfortunate position of being caught doing 75 kph down Anzac Highway, a well known 60 zone. This was the first speeding ticket that I had ever received. The total fine was something to the order of \$50 or \$60, but, due to a total inability on my part to get my shit together when it comes to paying bills, the fine evolved into a much more menacing creature. First it grew court costs and after a certain amount of bemused apathy on my part, crawled out of the primordial court soup and became a walking, talking, living, breathing warrant for my arrest.

The steady progression from fine to warrant took 7 months, and in that time I had collected another speeding fine. Nasty hey! A kindly sounding Police Officer informed me by phone that unless I paid my fine within 5 days he would have no option but to come and arrest me. I did the right thing. I wandered into the court buildings in Victoria Square and, it being so close to the central markets, entered into a bit of a bargaining match. I walked out \$10 poorer, but with the calmness of someone who has just had their warrant suspended. They were kind enough to agree to payment by instalments of \$10 per week. Nice eh?

Naturally I made only the initial payment and then forgot all about it. During the course of my work as a courier over the next year or so I managed to clock up a few more traffic violations. I decided to let these run their natural course and see what happened. It took another 6 months before the first warrant was reactivated and by then I had a few more to deal with. I went into the lion's den again and walked out, this time only \$5 poorer, but with an undertaking to pay all my fines, now totalling \$725 in \$5 weekly instalments.

Because I am crap at these things I naturally never went near the place again, and certainly did not pay them any more money. Then the Police started to arrive on my door. Fortunately I was never home when they arrived, and so they could not hassle me. It became a matter of trying to second guess their appearances and then making myself vanish. I became quite good at it, but month after month they kept calling on me. I realised that I would be pushing my luck to head back into the court offices and try to bargain for more time. I had already well and truly fouled that nest. I considered doing community service but it seemed like too much hard work. My options seemed limited.

I'm nicked!

After a hard day's fishing for carp in the Torrens last Thursday week, I returned home with my loyal house mates to have a few ales and generally relax after a bloody good day. No sooner had we pulled up into the driveway than a fawn coloured Magna pulled up behind us. I glanced around from the back seat where I had 3 monster carp precariously balanced on my lap in a specially fashioned holding environment. I saw the blue uniform and the badge, they didn't register. I thought I'd imagined it.

Very few things in this world have ever caused my great alarm. The discovery that Robert Heinlein (well known crap author and fascist) was the inventor of the waterbed was one such thing. The sight of Police Officer (I didn't catch his rank) Cooke in my driveway was another.

"Dave" He said, calmly staring directly at me, making it very plain he knew to which of the three of us he was addressing. I turned and glanced at Dave Krantz, but then realised that this canny ruse would not fool him.

"Can I help you?" I replied. Clam calm calm. Bullshit bullshit bullshit.

He politely asked me if I had any money on me, to which I laughed and replied (mumbled) "um, no, I doubt it, no."

"In that case you will have to come with me" he responded with a big friendly smile, as if this was to be a trip to the free drugs and lager hut.

"Do I have a choice?"

"No"

"Can I take this stuff inside first and get some clothes?"

"Okay. Want a hand?" I smiled. This guy was not so bad. Officer Cooke helped me into the house with deck chairs, and assorted casks of cheap red, and allowed me to get some clothes together. When all was in readiness I smoked one last cigarette and went out to the car. Ben Allen gave me some muttered advice about soap and showers, Officer Cooke made a bum sex joke, and then we were off. Dave and Ben waved from the safety of the front lawn and then went into town, told all my friends I had been arrested, and then went to the pub. Fucking bastards.

The quick release programme explained

On the way into town Officer Cooke explained to me the concept that is the "Quick Release Programme". Put simply, the powers that be would rather have criminals in prison, than scumbag fine defaulters like myself. As a consequence they apparently only force you to serve at most 20% of your actual sentence. Thus if you had a \$250 speeding fine - with 3 days default (ie if you don't pay you get locked up for 3 days) and, after the warrant has been issued, you turn yourself in at 7am, you will probably be out and about again by lunch time. Any warrants issued before that time become invalid. Therefore if you are a bit canny you can stack up your speeding fines and then just do a teensy amount of time and clear the lot. No record, no prints, no mugshot, no money.

I was informed that I would be spending the night in a cell, on my own, at the Angus Street Police HQ. This seemed better than doing two million hours community service, or forking over the remaining \$920 that I owed in fines. I smiled to myself, how bad could it be?

A few formalities

Police work to me seems to be mostly a waiting game, followed by a few quick rounds of "shift the paperwork". I was taken upstairs and sat and waited in a small dent in the wall for Officer Cooke to bring me some papers to sign. It is during waits like these that you do things like count cracks in the ceiling, and try to read small notices pinned to walls on the other sides of rooms. After this formality we caught the lift down to the basement and wandered over to the cell block.

I was asked to stand in front of a little window and empty my pockets. They carefully put my worldly belongings, two keys, one whistle, two foreign coins, and



June 1990 - Research is well underway

one address book into a small bag. I was then asked to remove my boots and take off my laces. The laces were added to the bag. It was while emptying my pockets that I remembered two things. 1) My side pockets had no bottom to them, and 2) I had no underwear on. I was then searched. This was swift, efficient, and a bit startling for Officer Cooke who reached well into my left hand trouser pocket before realising the awful truth. I had to laugh. He declined to search my other pocket. The funny thing about the search was it failed to find a whole shit load of stuff in my back pocket, and it also overlooked my belt. It came as a surprise that, when asked by another Officer if I was wearing a belt I said yes and removed it. Good search guys! I signed for my property and was led inside.

First Impressions

I collected two blankets and was then directed to my cell. Three concrete walls, one wall of steel bars. Christ it was cold. The room was dominated by the bed, and what at first seemed to be a canny hand basin with a broken tap. Upon closer examination I determined that the basin was a urinal. I could not work out how to flush it though. The concrete floor was wet. This was not a good sign and I wondered who the last person in my cell had been. Various graffiti adorned the walls. "So and so rules" was a common theme, along with variations on the almost obligatory "For a good time phone..." inscription. Some enterprising soul had managed to write in black text on a section of wall a good 3 feet beyond my reach "Here I sit, Chained to these rocks, Three small words, Pigs suck cocks". How someone managed to get up there with a texta, without being seen by the small video camera positioned outside the cell is beyond me, but they did. I was impressed.

Comfort is not a factor

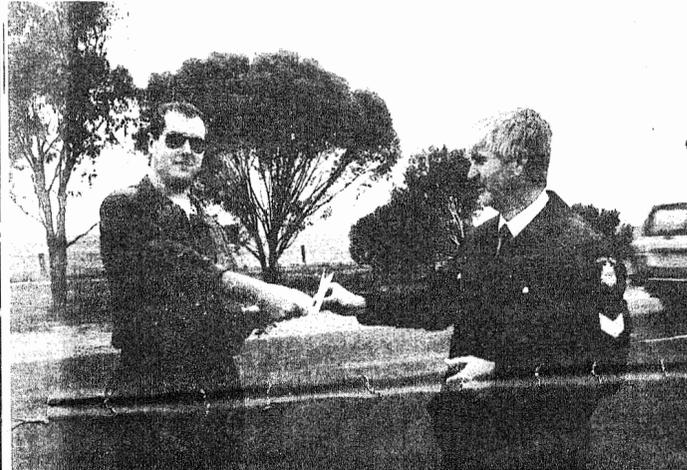
I decided that the best course of action was to sleep. I removed my boots and slid them under the bed. I lay down, unperturbed by the lack of a pillow, or sheets, and attempted to get comfortable. This was not so easy. The mattress was made out of some mildly flexible plastic which was not only icy cold to the touch, but a good ten centimetres shorter than my body. Using my jacket as a pillow, with one sleeve wrapped over my head to shut out the light, I attempted to sleep. Hah, who was I trying to kid!

The magic urinal

From somewhere above me came the sounds of rushing water, almost like a pipe had burst. I was then treated to one of life's little treasures. All of the urinals in the cells began to flush themselves, not all at once, but one at a time, so that there was this progressive *whish* sound echoing down the corridor. Pretty soon it was my turn, and sure enough. Squirt - *whish* - spray, there she blows! Spray from the urinal formed an icy mist in the air above my head which then precipitated down upon me like dew. The room temperature dropped a further 10 degrees and my head was wet. Needless to say I was not too happy. Imagine my surprise when the whole process began again ten minutes later, and then again every ten minutes after that without fail. I counted the number of flushes between the start of "Sale of the Century" and the end to determine this fact. It was about now that I really wanted a cup of tea.

Dinner

I hid away in my little world for quite a while, and somehow lost all track of time. Every so often I could hear the NWS 9 theme play in another room, and so attempted to gauge the time from that. My head was telling me that it was about 7:30 pm. My stomach was



June 1991 - Dedicated ain't I

telling me that the time was somewhere approaching midnight. I was hungry. Officer Cooke had told me that I would get dinner in my cell, and so I lay in wait for it.

After an eternity of nothing to do but get water on my head and cold toes, and with a gnawing hunger in my belly, I heard hopeful sounds. The guy in the cell next to me had turned down his dinner and I felt sure that it would be offered to me. I was right. A large man in blue overalls offered me a small pie wrapped in a paper towel. I accepted it without hesitation and took a bite. The pie was hard, crusty, and a bit cold on the inside. I was so hungry however that I finished it regardless. I was a bit taken aback none the less that this comprised dinner. I sort of expected to get a choice, and to be able to have say a salad and some pasta. That would have been my choice, but, sadly, it was not to be.

One flush later I heard the same man offer my neighbour a cup of coffee. I wondered instantly if they had any English Breakfast tea, but decided not to push the point. Officer Overalls, after having his wares rejected again by my fussy neighbour, proffered them to me. I decided that I would have coffee after all, as tea was probably right out of the question. So I scored my neighbour's cuppa. Now I don't know about you, but one

thing I can't stand is crap coffee with sugar in it. I was stuck however. I had accepted the foul brew in good faith, and could hardly call out for a stronger cup, freshly made, with no sugar and just a splash of milk. By the same token I was sitting right in front of a video camera and so felt a bit strange about the idea of just pouring it into the urinal. I decided to drink it.

The combination of one crap pie and one cup of crap, sweet coffee, rested none too well with my innards. I don't know if they expected me to shit in the urinal as well, but I'd be buggered if I was going to try. I thought about doing some exercise, but the cell floor had become no drier, so instead I decided to lie down again under two ridiculously inadequate blankets and get some shut eye.

My it sure is bright in here.

They never turned the lights off, or even down a bit. I hate sleeping with lights on. Light, water, noise, shitty food, and coffee all combined to make me restless and fidgety. I tried folding up the bits of paper towel my pie had come in to make an origami bird. I then made a paper plane and one of those water bomb things we used to make in primary school, except I had to fill this one with air. All this non stop origami action kept me entertained for a good five or six flushes during which time I kept hoping that the lights would go off. Whatever happened to the concept of "Lights Out"! Clint had it better on Alcatraz, at least he could sleep in the dark.

Strangers in the night

The other cells began to fill up slowly. I wondered briefly what these other inmates were thinking, but I had no clear idea how many there were, or what they looked like so I just lay in bed listening to the sounds of other inmates. Distant television noises were punctuated by ribald fans from the cells and then occasional laughter from their neighbours. For a while I thought they had busted an engineering pub crawl. I smiled quietly to myself.

Ya fuckin' cock suckers part 1

After more fart jokes there came a great clamouring which shut everybody up. An Aboriginal man was yelling something about respect and honour, while

someone else was telling him to shut up. Cell doors clanged shut and he stared yelling out. "Ya fuckin' cocksuckers. I got no respect for you. Ya fuckin' bastard pigs, ya fuckin' cocksuckers." He went on to describe how he did in fact have respect for most police, but not these two individuals who arrested him for pissing in an alleyway in town. Now I thought to myself, I piss in alleyways in town on occasion, and I never got arrested for it. I mean hey if you have to piss, you have to piss. Fancy locking someone up for that. It's an injustice it is, it is.

He continued carrying on in this manner for quite a while. Quite too long if you ask me. Sure he had a point to make, but shouting abuse at a bunch of obviously unsympathetic Police was getting him nowhere. More to the point however, all his carry on was not helping me get any sleep. Some people can be so selfish. Other prisoners were obviously thinking along the same, or similar lines as me. Calls of "Shut the fuck up" and "I'm gonna kill you" were stubbornly ignored as Mr Piss-In-Public continued to espouse his opinions. Eventually someone with the sort of authority of voice achieved by being on the right side of the bars had a few none too quiet words with him.

"You're a fuckin' dickhead" yelled Mr Piss-In-Public. "Yes I am," replied a youngish sounding cop. Canny use of psychology. It was a good attempt at applying theory but it failed miserably. There were only so many times that Officer Youngster could put up with agreeing to be called a dickhead. Abuse 1, Psychology 0.

Officer Youngster walked off, probably disappointed that all his after hours, well intentioned night school psych pracs had failed him miserably in the field. The yelling continued and then there came the sounds of something, I have no idea what, crashing against the metal bars. This brought a better response. Suddenly the sounds of authority filled the air.

"Does that hurt." It should be a question, but it was said as a statement of fact. The answer of course was yes.

"Good" came the reply, but almost before the "d" was pronounced came the sudden staccato burst:

"Get to the back of the cell!"

"Fuck you"

"Get to the back of the cell!"

"Fuck you"

"Get to the back of the cell!"

"Fuck you". There was a strange little click, I have no idea what it was but shudder to guess.

"Get to the fucking back of that cell... NOW!!". High drama was being played out not ten metres from my bed and I couldn't see a damn thing.

Silence is...

There was no noise for a while. I really wanted to find out what happened to Mr Piss-In-Public, but figured that it was not worth my asking. I can only guess that nothing too bad happened however because the Aboriginal Deaths In Custody Commission would have had a field day if it had. Still, with the total silence creeping through the cell block, there was plenty of room for the imagination to work. Still I was glad the noise had stopped, and decided to try and sleep again.

See ya in detox mate?

It only took about 2 flushes before the sounds of conversation brought me back to full alertness. Two men were talking in the cells next to me. They were laughing about some private joke. Another Police Officer in blue

overalls walked past and led one of the guys, a huge Aboriginal man, down the corridor to get finger printed.

"Hey Brother, see ya in detox" he called to his cell mate. This farewell was taken up by half a dozen other inmates, all of whom offered to meet up with him and each other after detox for a drink or five. They all knew each other. They knew the cops by name, the cops knew them by name. You know that feeling when everyone in the room knows a secret, but won't tell you. Hmm.

Ya fucking cocksuckers part 2

A while later, three or four flushes I think, Mr Piss-In-Public began yelling again. This time however he was yelling from behind one of the solid steel doors that formed the entrance to a much more solitary cell. His voice was muffled but still clear. He had returned to his original theme of "You fucking cocksuckers", "I got no respect for you", "Bastard pig cocksuckers" etc. He was ignored for a long time and then it seems released to who knows where.

What is behind those doors?

I tried to imagine what was inside those cells. I had no idea, but it was probably quieter and darker. Lucky bastard.

Singin' the songs of me fathers

The hours flushed past. The sounds of NWS 9 still played in the distance. After some time there was music. The man in the next cell, an Irishman born in Yorkshire as I later discovered, was singing Celtic folk songs and having a good time of it. I sat up and after a while decided to sing along. Catching the lyrics was not hard, he sang the same three songs over and over, but catching the tune was tricky. We started chatting after a while and he revealed that he had been imprisoned for calling a bunch of Police "Daft fucking cuntis". I had to laugh. We sang along for a while and then he was released.

6 days for parking fines?

The bloke a few cells down it seems was doing six days for failing to pay \$1500 in parking fines. What happened to the Quick Release Programme? Who knows.

Come on I'm bored.

Time had lost all meaning now. I guessed that it was about 6:30 am, but could have been wrong. I had no idea. I was beginning to wonder whether there was any point to me still being here. I would be let out at 9 am or so. What if they forgot, what if they decided to keep me here for a few days, fuck was I getting bored.

Out I go, and Christ is it cold.

I was released at 7 am. They made me fold my blankets, pick up my origami, and sign out. They returned my belongings and whammo, I was out in the cold morning air. I sat for a while on the court house steps and tied my boot laces. With my belt on and my laces tied, I was a free man, but it sure was cold out there. I walked home feeling a bit seedy and a bit tired, but with a confident step. It was a beautiful day. Time to go fishing I felt. This I then did, a free man with a great story for the grandchildren. Speeding Pines 0, Dave 1. Dave Sag



The Author confers with an Editor - "Sucked in bastard" said Krantz

the AXEMAN

•Hot-diggetty, it's second semester already! Now in the semester break while you lot have all been slaving over exam papers, the music business ticks along very nicely, thank you.

Several bands around town have been nominated as the next 'big thing' in Adelaide. Among them, The Eldorados, My Love Pumpkin, and The Mandelbrot Set.

The Eldorados have been playing their rockabilly stuff to large audiences all over the city, M.L.P. have attracted populist acclaim and support for their fistful of shows over the past few months, and The Mandelbrot Set have been to Sydney and recorded for rooArt Records and are now ready for their next round of vagued-out, psychedelia influenced performances.



In the red corner: Auntie Raelene

CLOWNS OF DECADENCE

Experimental Adelaide group The Clowns of Decadence have been around for a while now, entertaining the punters with their very own brand of live music theatre. Having removed the last barriers to musical success by covering their faces with make-up, they have enlarged the size of their entourage. After performing several times with Captain Col, described by one band member as a "space-aged organ-grinding whiz-kid", he has become a permanent fixture in The Clowns' circus of decadence.

Other additions to the troupe are three itinerant performers going by the names of Tot, Pot, and Wally. The trio will be joining the band on stage for an extravaganza

of juggling, acrobatics, contortion and fire eating, to name but a few of their talents.

The debut performance by the new enlarged Clowns of Decadence will be taking place at our very own Uni Bar on this coming Saturday August 3rd. Also performing are The Plague and My Love Pumpkin, two well known (and loved) Adelaide bands. Don't miss it.

On Dit has five free passes to give away to the Saturday show. To win one of your very own, simply come on in to On Dit on Wednesday and perform an *acapella* rendition of Samantha Fox's "Touch Me (I want to feel your body)".



freebie



Actually, their first Adelaide show in several months is at the Uni Bar this Friday Night, maaaaan.

•Further to the ongoing saga of My Love Pumpkin, they copped a bit of a serve in last weeks *Rip It Up* by a writer who appeared to begin the interview with the premise that the four mild-mannered lads were offensive. Thus, the tone of the article was set, and thus did it proceed. It is asserted that the Gang of Four "...abuse everything from fellow Adelaide bands to local rock journos." Surprise then that they didn't say something about R.I.U., the worst goddam free streetmag in Australia. Or did they? Was something left out?

•Demi-gods of the savage metal attack are locals The Plague, who managed to add to an already formidable reputation by being BANNED FOR LIFE from the Tivoli Hotel a couple of weeks ago. Something about a food-fight and a large tin of Milo was all that was whispered to The Axeman, who can't believe that those big boys drink that brown shit anyway.

•Some Dates, for those anal-retentives

amongst us:

Birthdays this week include Kate Bush who's 33, Doors guitarist Robbie Krieger who's 45, and Malcolm Ross of Aztec Camera who's 31. It's also 25 years since Bob Dylan crashed his motorbike, broke his neck, and put himself out of action for over 2 years. His voice never got better, but.

Remember The BoDeans? Thousands do, so how come they attracted only about 300 to the Old Lion last Tuesday Night? Totally shitful publicity by the promoter on a shoestring budget tour is the answer. It's amazing THAT many people even turned up.

•The judges of the Battle of the Bands finally got their shit together and decided Adelaide Uni's nomination for the State BoB final. Auntie Raelene got the nod because... well, supposedly because they scored higher in more categories than Seven Reasons Why, whom they tied with on the night. The real reason, of course, is that they're about a million times more entertaining.

GREG WILLIAMS: Not too clever for his own good

In the wake of the On Dit / Festival Records giveaway of 500 Greg Williams singles last semester, attention is now being focussed on his new album, *Louder than Words*. Paul Lauritsen spoke to him about his past, present and future. And some other stuff.

Greg Williams, formerly of seminal Adelaide pop band, The Everys, has gone through considerable changes since the end of that band three years ago. He has just released *Louder Than Words*, his first full length solo album, an album which differs greatly from The Everys' style, despite the fact that most of the songs were penned by Williams and Everys co-writer, Terry Bradford. Whereas The Everys were pop with a tinge of folk, Williams' new album is folk with pop sensibilities. For Greg, the chance to do a solo album afforded him the opportunity of recording Everys music his way.

"I think in The Everys, we were a bit too clever for our own good. We lacked a common approach. It wasn't the same band from track-to-track... If we played a soul song, it was the Everys using a soul approach."

Williams has attempted to avoid this lack of a consistent approach, by creating solo albums that work as albums rather than merely as a collection of songs.

"The songs don't pick on just one thing but they lean on one another... I was more interested in creating a complete work, within the constraints of money. I wanted to avoid the kitchen sink approach."

"I'm definitely more interested in honing the area I've staked out for myself because in the past, for me, I think diversity has been a drawback... I'm interested in finding an approach common to the material."

Williams has also seen the need to distance himself from pop music, describing it as "limiting". In keeping with this he is moving towards music which emphasises "restraint and subtlety" and reflects his interests in country and folk music. This restraint and subtlety will probably get a fuller airing on Greg's next solo album. The album will be the first for which Greg will use only his own material, with him penning the music and lyrics.

"The new record will be different. It won't be as clever by half. By that I mean it won't have as much to do with pop music as the Everys."

"I'm interested in finding my own personal expression with the emotional content of the music and the words working together."

Paul Lauritsen

M O U L D B O L D

Bob Mould used to be in a band called Hüsker Dü. Hüsker Dü came from Minneapolis. They have been variously described as "the most influential American guitar band of the '80s along with R.E.M." and "America's finest noisies."

They are now gone. Bob Mould, however, is still here, and he is coming to Adelaide to play a solo show at the Tivoli this Sunday on August 4, supported by Cerveza y Putas.

Bob Mould writes songs, sings and plays guitar. He's been doing these things a lot over the last ten years, with some notable results. Hüsker Dü released seven albums, counting among them such classics as *Warehouse: Songs and Stories*, *Candy Apple Grey* and *Flip Your Wig*. Their kaleidoscopic 1984 double set *Zen Arcade* was named among American *Rolling Stone's* best 100 albums of the '80s. Buy any or all of these on sight: you can't go wrong.

In retrospect, Bob Mould defines Hüsker Dü as an "insane but unselfish voice that just kept screaming throughout the whole decade."

And screaming is certainly the operative word: The Hüskers were loud and often abrasive. So why is their ex-lead singer playing solo acoustic shows on his first trip to Australia?

"When it's just a guitar and voice, with very little visual stimuli, the most important thing becomes the song. People seem to think that the acoustic show is more intense than the electric show. It becomes more emotionally striking when you take the songs down to the essence of what they are, without any other crutches to hide behind.

"I always like to mess with people's expectations."

Hüsker Dü split rather acrimoniously and controversially in 1988. Bob and Grant Hart, HD's other songwriter, never got along too well towards the end.

These days, he views the conflict as healthy: "Whatever tension between Grant and I was what *drove* Hüsker Dü, and made that band unique."

Bob hasn't been idle since the split, releasing two albums: *Workbook* in 1989 and *Black Sheets of Rain* in 1990.

The material from these two albums will form the basis of the live show; Mould understandably shies away from doing a "Hits and Memories"-style performance:

"It's definitely not an 'oldies' show. When I do the older songs, I try to put them in a context so that they make sense with the new material. Otherwise, it's like saying, 'Here's the OLDIES. Does everyone remember these?' I don't want to play 'The Sounds of Silence' anyway."

Given the quality of the songs he's written since going solo, Mould has no need to rest on his laurels. He views *Workbook* as the centrepiece of his career, and it's hard to disagree. *Workbook* was a startling personal and musical statement, drastically different from anything Hüsker Dü had recorded, and profoundly bleak in its outlook. Ageing, confusion, despair, regret and death all get a big mention. Mould typifies the reaction of those expecting Hüsker Dü Part 2:

"That was one of the responses: 'This is a really heavy record; I'm really surprised that anyone would want to make this or put it out.'

"Even the people who didn't look at it like that were a little astonished about the different guitar styles or songwriting styles that they hadn't heard from me before."

Once people were over the shock, *Workbook*

was recognised as a remarkable record: it got rave reviews everywhere, and was still getting JJJ and public radio airplay more than 12 months after its release.

Mould contents himself by saying, "It's a real special record to me."

Black Sheets of Rain emerged late last year. Much louder, more immediate, "more aggressive and more outgoing" than *Workbook*. It's an excellent record, but its general noisiness robs it of the complexity of his previous work. Its strength is in individual songs more than the entire album.

Strangely enough, his record company, Virgin, thought that *Black Sheets* was "the least commercial thing they ever expected".

Bob Mould is no longer with Virgin Records, and fairly disillusioned with record labels as a whole. His uncompromising attitude to his work is one reason why he has never been regarded as hot commercial property:

OD: Do you think you're perceived by record companies as someone who won't 'play the game'?

"Yep! (Laughs, as if realising what he's been doing wrong all this time) I'm without a record company at the moment.

OD: Are you happy selling the number of records that you do?

"Yes. I'm not sure what would happen if I sold more. I'm good friends with the guys in R.E.M., and I'm happy their record went to No. 1, because they definitely deserve it, but... so they've been on the top: what happens now? It's a very strange thing.

"I don't want to sound self-defeatist, but I'm just happy making good work. If I have a smaller audience, I'm grateful that they understand more clearly what I'm trying to do, and maybe they identify with it a bit more.

"To me success is to make a good record or play a good show, and see that people are genuinely excited about it, and that it meant something to them. The other stuff would be nice, but I think that it has its down side."

That's right, folks. Bob Mould is that rarest of



people: a thinking musician.

He is also intelligent enough to distinguish between encouraging his audience to think and doing their thinking for them.

Hence, Bob has always expressed grave reservations about musicians using their power for self-serving political ends: "I still tend to steer away from fairly overt political statements. The idea of

musician as politician has never appealed to me. It's almost like an abuse of privilege. There are some who are very good at it, but I think that more often than not, pop musicians- and that's what we are, and the forum we're dealing in- are very uneducated about what the ramifications of making political statements are.

"Somebody in a heavy metal band, playing in front of 15,000 people, who says something about the government or about homelessness or the AIDS crisis- they make some stupid statement, and they've got 15,000 kids who just like their music agreeing with their political thought, and that's a sort of scary idea."

OD: You've got the danger of someone like Axl Rose coming along and saying something about AIDS, and having 20,000 people or more cheering his views.

"That was pretty much the person I had in mind when I made the analogy.

"I would much rather provoke my audience than make a blanket statement that's definitely not applicable to everyone."

However, he's still an enthusiastic participant in political discussion on a personal level, talking at length about the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial in Washington, the 'witch-hunt' charges laid against Jello Biafra, the crushing dominance of conservatives in US politics, and George Bush's chosen replacement for the vacancy on the US Supreme Court (a "Southern Democrat-turned-Republican Black Catholic Priest" with a record of voting down Equal Rights legislation).

He talks with most authority, however, on the state of modern music:

OD: Do you see the state of music as healthy in 1991?

"Not at all. *Not at all*. It's terrible right now.

"Some of the pop stuff is entertaining, but a lot more of it is akin to a Broadway musical, like Madonna... and then there's the performers who don't actually sing, like Milli Vanilli. And Vanilla Ice... it's like a Broadway show.

"People's levels of experimentation have toned down since the '80s, because of economic factors. In America there are no real independent labels to speak of. The days of labels like Rough Trade, or SST, or TwinTone are just not happening, and that's really changed the complexion of music."

Hüsker Dü started as a band of young hopefuls when those labels were going through their heyday. While they started at the same time, and with many of the same aims, as the punk bands of the time, they were never (much to Mould's relief) lumped together with the punk movement.

Despite this, Mould's influences in first picking up a guitar are classic, almost stereotypical:

"I got a guitar when I was 15, and that was about the time the first Ramones album came out. I just thought 'If these guys can't play, and they got a record deal...' Everyone was talking about the Ramones at the time; when I heard the record, the bass was over *here*, the guitar was over *there*, and I'd never heard anything like this before in my life.

"I thought, 'Anybody should be able to this,' and I kept going from there."

These days, many bands cite Hüsker Dü themselves as an influence. It's become almost a cliché for a band to say, "We were influenced by all the classic guitar bands of the early-to-mid eighties like R.E.M., Hüsker Dü, Jesus and Mary Chain." In fact, that quote is lifted from an interview with The Hummingbirds in June 1991's *Rolling Stone*. See what I mean?

"I hear quite a bit that Hüsker Dü was, and still is, a big influence on a lot of bands, not only here but in the rest of the world, and I'm flattered by that.

"Whether it's Hüsker Dü influencing Sonic Youth who, in turn influence My Bloody Valentine who in turn are probably influencing a ton of people... it always evolves."

The evolution doesn't stop just because you hit thirty, however. Bob Mould will be playing a lot of new material in his solo shows, and will have a new album out early next year.

He scarcely deflects accusations of being workaholic, and confesses, "I'm very driven by my work, because I'm scared that one day it all may end.

"I don't go to the beach for a week to relax. I'm not that sort of person. I just get bored and aggravated."

And thank goodness for that.

Simon Healy

Haydn, Beethoven & Someone Else

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's "Meet the Music" concerto are designed to attract young people by offering a couple of old favourites per show, usually sandwiching a piece designed to challenge the listener. The 8th May concert of Haydn, Beethoven and Bartók succeeded if the high proportion of fidgeting pimply youths in the house was anything to go by.

Haydn, who obviously had nothing better to do, wrote 104 symphonies - 95 more than Beethoven but 104 more than Händel, Verdi or me. These works (Haydn's, not mine) are the history of the Classical Symphony before it was taken up by late Mozart and early Beethoven and thrown into the stormy waters of nineteenth century Romanticism. Haydn's later symphonies, with their taste, poise, refinement, wit, subtlety and moderation are what eighteenth century music was all about the essence of the Age of Enlightenment. As well as the attractive (but strangely forgettable, compared with Mozart) melodies which guarantee a good crop of blue-rinsers per performance, Haydn's symphonies are also highly intellectual. They abound with wit, humour and rhetoric which, in turn, guarantees aged non-performing music academics a chance at a doctorate to commemorate

their 50th birthdays. This performance of the 99th Symphony in E-flat was given a good clean safe and jollily romantic reading. There were too many players contracted for the performance and this, coupled with the occasionally ponderous tempo, meant that the cheek of Haydn's wit and the bite of his rhetoric tended to get lost as the sound became clumpy. Congratulations to the woodwind section for vital playing in the fourth movement but no points for the brass catastrophe just before the trio section in the third movement.

Béla Bartók's (1881- 1945) second violin concerto is a work that presents as many challenges to the listener as it does to its performers. Written in 1939 and acknowledged as an undisputed masterpiece (but not by me), it is a sinewy, drifting, occasionally frighteningly violent, often ugly, but mostly haunting work. Soloist Leonidas Kavakos' performance showed that he is much more at home with 20th century works than with the Brahms violin concerto he performed on 6th April. He responded well to the frequently large demands placed on him, especially when required to rise over firm orchestral textures in the first movement. Here he displayed a busy and adequate technique, the full force of which

was unleashed when he tore into the brutish cadenza. Nicholas Braithwaite held everything together with a lick and a promise and the accompaniment was especially good in episodes where the orchestra mocked the soloist. The second movement is richer and more tuneful (if Bartók's music ever is). Most of the movement, however, calls for a flatly bland tone of expression and extremely restrained and placid mood - there was little either soloist or conductor could do to stop it being boring. Movement three is violent, vigorous and exciting, but only occasionally attractive. As innovative as the orchestration is, I don't believe that a dropped trumpet joint is in the score.

Beethoven's seventh symphony was a welcome return to safe ground for the slightly battle-scarred post-Bartók audience. This is one of Beethoven's greats - but then again just about everything he wrote was pretty hot. Audiences, notorious for wanting something to hum or whistle after a show, struggle to remember the melodies but have no trouble recalling the rhythms of this symphony which is essentially just four dances. Because it was Beethoven, Nick did not have to feel guilty about overly-romantic interpretation - not that he let it worry him in the last month's Mozart feast. His

introduction was a bit slow, but we were belting along nicely once in the first movement proper. Mating possums have made nicer noises than some of this movement's horn entries and everyone was on the edge of their seats as each one approached. The second movement was a beautifully full and rich reading of this the second-best adagio ever written. Much care and thought went into the reading of the pounding and jolly scherzo. There was plenty of rich string playing; and specially commendable was the blistering work from the beetroot-complexioned trumpeter, Mr Frick. The finale was an exhilarating tour de force. This movement places special demands on the trumpets and requires a scary amount of precision from the horns. Despite these instruments full and piercing noise, there was still plenty of string tone in the tuttis. Perhaps it was good that so many musicians were contracted after all. Rhythmic elements dominate each movement and consequently virtuosic concentration on the part of the orchestra is required for the work to come off. That it did is a tribute to how well the orchestra is playing.

James Mullighan

Singles

Special Guest Reviewer:

Jack K.

These singles, released over the last few weeks, have been ranked in order of preference. Even though most of them should have never been released.

Baby's Coming Back

Jellyfish

EMI

Californian psychedelic band's second single, perfect pop song which is reminiscent of UK Squeeze.

Love is the Strongest

Emotion

Junior Tucker

EMI

A slow soul/ love ballad which will probably be a huge hit. Very American. B-side is a dance/ reggae tune in the style of Maxi Priest.

Set the Groove on Fire

Splash

WEA

'70s type disco/ house song; typical dance. Female in chorus, house heat, rap verse etc. B-side is an acapella version.

Foreign Affair

JT and the Big Family

EMI

House/ reggae tune. Almost an instrumental - similar to "Dub Be Good to Me". Likely to be big in the clubs.

Dangerous

Doobie Brothers

EMI

What? These guys are still going? Rock and roll song; starts off with acoustic guitar and ends up sounding like a remake of "Danger Zone".

It's Only the Beginning

Deborah Conway

Mushroom

Former Do-Re-Mi lead singer sings what sounds like a Pretenders reject.

Boxcar

BMG

12"

4 versions of the same song by Australian band Boxcar. All four versions are almost identical. Dance beat, lots of keyboards and what sounds like a constipated Middle Eastern wailing over the top.

Black, White & Red

BoDeans

Slash

Miserable guitar/ roots rock song with grunge guitars and terrible singing. Disappointing compared with this American band's previous material.

Jack K.

There's No Other Way

Blur

EMI

EP

New bands from England with neat, mono-syllabic names, part 835. Hailed as "the next big thing" by the NME, Blur combine the obligatory "baggy" sound with '60's influences, sort of Stone Roses meets The Beatles. However, unlike many others of their ilk, Blur are surprisingly versatile. This EP in as little as four tracks goes from psychedelia to bright, cheery pop.

The single "There's No Other Way", is the most outstanding track, combining clear, happy guitars with Damon Albarn's lilting vocals. Interestingly, this is produced by Stephen Street, the same bloke who shackled

up with Morrissey for his solo albums. This is Blur's second release, unfortunately "She's So High", their first, wasn't released here - but it's damn fine all the same. Blur certainly deserve your five minutes listening time.

Fiona Dalton

Godbless/ Stop Myself

Died Pretty

Blue Mosque/ Festival

That band from Sydney that a lot of people seem to like has released another single, a double A-side. Fair enough, neither song stands out over the other, but neither song really stands out. They've lost the dark, emotional feel of their earlier work, and are left with nice enough soft rock tunes. This is great background music to listen to on the radio, but after half a dozen listens, I still had no compulsion to listen to what Ron Peno was singing. I hope it wasn't important. They're a couple of nice songs, but they don't leap out and grab you.

Paxton Romanov

Pretend it's Over

King of Fools

Imago

King of Fools are the second band to be signed to the new Imago label, the other being the Baby Animals, whose single is currently rocketing up the charts like a great big rockety thing. "Pretend it's Over" starts with lots of swirly guitars and grandeur, and continues along the same lines. The B-side "Jayne Plays" sounds like a quieter version of the A-side.

A talentless (if sexy) bimbo

VOOM TO MOVE

va va voom

The Hummingbirds rooArt/Polygram

It has to be said that *loveBUZZ*, for all its charm, had its problems: "Hollow Inside", the cloying harmonies in "Alimony", the general relentlessness of its wistfulness and naivety... it all added up to a slab of imperfect pop. The Hummingbirds themselves voiced their dissatisfaction with its uniformity and if their intention was to make this LP as diverse as possible, well, they've succeeded. Eighteen months, a pregnancy, world tour and drug crazed keyboardist on from *loveBUZZ*, the Birds return to they fray, a little less exuberant, but a lot smarter and more studio-wise.

Simon, Robyn and Allana have split the songwriting duties more evenly this time round, with each playing all the guitars on their own, respective tracks. As if that wasn't enough, they've also used a plethora of new instruments, making this album is as diverse as... a big multi-coloured, multi-lingual Thing.

At the soft, fluffy end of the pop continuum, amidst all sorts of plaintive cooing, is Rob. Her four contributions continue in the

wake of "Everything You Said" - so gentle and delectable you could eat them - except that all the gurliness is tempered by Pale Saints guitar contortions on "Try So Hard" and "Say No". At the adventurist prog-rock end of the spectrum, swathed in Fender Stratocasters, feedback, power chords, distortion and general bitchin' white hot R-O-C-K is Mr Holmes. However, he hasn't forgotten his sense of fun, or his (gulp) pop sensibilities (aarrgghh!) and his heart strings are being tugged just as violently as ever. Just when you think the Hummingbirds have gone all dour, along comes "Two Weeks with a Good Man in Niagara Falls" and "Dead From the Waist Down", tumbling down the hill of adolescent love. Fear, confusion, hope and ludicrous guitar solos; these are the album's highlights.

Allana is the "mature" songwriter of the three; on "Eyes Grow Feet" and "Human Volcano" she forsakes the coy charm of "If a Vow" for the ominous approach.

"Trying to find someone not to come undone,

Running around, never touch down ...
I'm going to explode, it's not just a joking mode

Human Volcano!"

Great songs; she just sounds a little... bored.

va va Voom doesn't always squeeze your wistful melodrama glands as hard as *loveBUZZ*, but it's a fun album, littered with unexpected twists and playful sonic trinkets. The

Hummingbirds have bent over backwards to keep their music progressive and interesting and come up with a multi-faceted, long-shelf-life album with lashings of hummable pop tunes... I think we have a winner!

Ian Richardson



Dead Daisies

De La Soul Is Dead De La Soul Liberation

One could enter into a mass debate about the merit of groups which use samples of other songs to build the basis for their own songs. But I won't (I'm blind enough as it is). Sampling is now an accepted practice (art form?), particularly (and almost universally) in the rap/ hip-hop field.

And these guys are on the top of the heap. They are just brilliant. Their sampling is the best around, the most innovative by far. The majority of their samples are guitar

lines, most of which are quite obscure, although some, such as Bob Marley's "Could You Be Loved", are more recognisable.

It is interesting that they have, unlike on their first album, had to list all of their samples, and credit the respective songwriters on the record sleeve. This has been done, primarily, to avoid the legal wrangles experienced with *3 Feet High and Rising*.

So, is this album any good? My word it is. All of you daisy lovers, who fell in love with De La Soul's first album, will find that 3 is still the magic number.

Don't let the title of this album deceive you. Instead of having the quiz show as the

thread through the album, this one has a comic strip called "De La Soul Is Dead", complete with a "ding" for when you should turn the page.

Posdnuous, Trugoy and Mase are back, and as eccentric as ever. Their rapping is hilarious. But this is not your run-of-the-mill rap music. They have little interludes all over the place, they sing in unison, they joke and laugh, and they have numerous guests playing character roles in their songs.

The range of topics they cover in their lyrics is enormous, ranging from the satirical to the serious, and from the trivial to the ridiculous. They sing about love, porridge, drugs, sex, hard-core rappers, child abuse, psychopathy, house music, answering machines, baseball, and so on.

While their wit is infectious, when De La Soul tackle a serious issue, such as child abuse, their storytelling is chilling. Just listen to "Millie Pulled a Pistol On Santa".

This album really grows on you. You pick up something new everytime you listen to it.

Hopefully, the success of "Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)" in the clubs at the moment will flow into success for the album, because it's a gem. Those who have not heard *3 Feet High and Rising* should get a copy of that first. I think you will appreciate *De La Soul Is Dead* much more as a result.

Remember, this album shouldn't be judged on one or two listens alone. It's a grower, so let it grow. Then there will be no *problemo*.

De La Soul is dead... Long live De La Soul.

Adrian Tisato

Phantom Center Ferron Festival

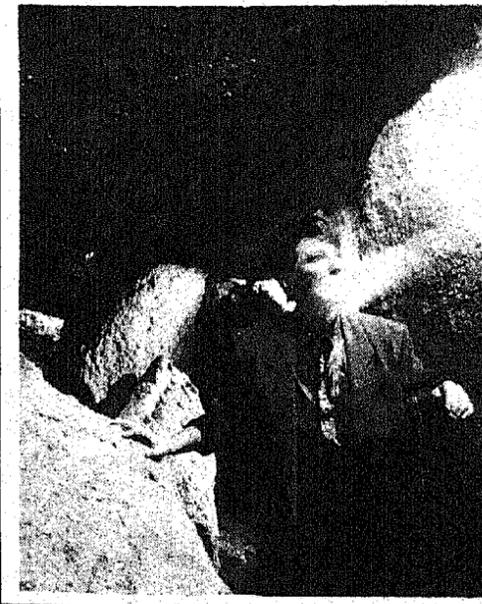
"The release of this album marks the 20th anniversary of my introduction to "people politics" at the Total Education School in Vancouver. These songs are dedicated to the transformative power of love, to proper dregs everywhere ..."

Reading the sleevenotes of the Ferron album really set the alarm bells ringing. With Fugazi CDs and a bucket at the ready, I lowered the needle down with massive trepidation.

She didn't ... excuse me ... Bbblll uuurr rrrggghh! (spit) ... where was I? Oh yes- she didn't disappoint. Ferron is a hippy and an old one at that. Crushing low-alcohol salt-reduced blandness is about the size of it- the album 5AN rejected for being too wimpy.

Ferron is, of course, a massive critical and commercial success in the US and her native Canada. You've been warned.

Ian Richardson



Cafe Tapas - Traditional Spanish food for less than the price of a plane ticket to Spain!

CAFÉ TAPAS

by Stephanie Pribil & Adam Le Nevez

Quite a few University acquaintances have visited Café Tapas and returned with different stories. Having spent seven hours there being wined and dined and wined some more by the management, we really ought to share the experience with you and then you can go along and judge for yourself.

As owner/ manager Jamie Brotherson explained, Tapas bars originated in Spain and Portugal with the aim of patrons socialising, enjoying food and wine and generally exerting themselves as little as possible. Adapted for the Adelaide market, Café Tapas is a mixture of restaurant, café and bar. Accordingly, you can drop in for coffee, drinks, a snack or a banquet- the staff will cater to your choice. The atmosphere is casual and cosy, with the tiles floors, stucco walls, bullfighting posters and decorative cured meats setting the scene for good Spanish food.

And the food is good. The range of dishes offered is varied, often exotic and constantly changing. Take note: the food is not intended for the faint-hearted or weak stomachs. The menu carries a lot of seafood dishes, so we sampled the fresh oysters (caught personally, we were assured, by Tony Ganzis, one of the head honchos), the fresh sardines lightly fried, and the calamari in a red onion and olive oil mix. Though these were tasty, personal favourites would have to be the baby octopus in sweet chilli sauce, and the prawn and black mussel combination in lemon & butter sauce. This tangy sauce makes a snack by itself when it is soaked up into thick chunks of fresh crusty bread- inelegant but delicious.

Moving away from seafood, we sampled several slices each of cured sausages, which were almost overpoweringly rich, spicy and oily. The chilli meatballs were of above-average quality, if rather hot on the palate. The tastiest meat morsels were undoubtedly the chicken dishes- the honey and mustard chicken made a pleasant change, while the Paprika chicken, served cold, was a small slice of culinary heaven.

All ye who prefer vegetarian fare- despair not! Café Tapas offers vegetable dishes that are both tasty and filling. Adam recommends the tortilla (aka potato pie) and the champignons in vinegar, while Steph suggests the slices of crumbed eggplant and sweet potato fried to perfect crispness. The list of food and each dish has its authentic Spanish name, but we're damned if we can remember any!

Good food invites- nay, demands!- good wine, and our obliging host brought out a

bottle of labelled white and unlabelled red, the latter being reasonably priced at about \$10. Café Tapas has a selection of very interesting cocktails- "Tears of Blood" being a personal favourite- and offers local and imported beers as well as the traditional sangria. Stephanie's discovery of the day- indeed the year- was Liquor 43, the Brandy and Vanilla Bean liqueur which is liquid gold, and at \$4.50 is worth every cent. We recommend that you do not leave Café Tapas until you have savoured a glass of Pedro Ximenez Black Sherry: according to Adam, each sip is like making love to a beautiful dark-eyed Spanish señorita.

For such pleasures you will pay, but not until it hurts. Café Tapas is not cheap, but nor is it highly expensive. Prices range from \$4- \$6 for entrée-sized serves, to \$15- \$30 per person for a banquet. Alternatively, you can put a price on what you eat ("Give me \$7 worth of food please Jamie") and be served accordingly, or build yourself a mammoth roll for about \$4. The management encourages you to choose what, how and when you want to eat, rather than relying on rigid menus and times, which makes a refreshing change.

While there, we entered into the spirit of "ambianté" by playing a few games of backgammon on the boards provided. The stereo played everything from Nina Simone to the Gipsy Kings. The recorded music is usually replaced on the weekend by a live band or flamenco dancers.

After seven hours of fine Spanish living, we came to the conclusion that we had had a *good time*- when the manager is sitting at your table and calling the shots, what alternative is there? However, our conclusion was confused by previous and subsequent visits. "Eat and drink as you wish", Jamie said- now, who could resist that?

VIVIAN LEES & KEN WEST PROUDLY PRESENT

MOULD

BOB

Lead Singer of "HUSKER DU"

ONE SHOW ONLY
SUNDAY AUGUST 4th
TIVOLI HOTEL
GUESTS CERVEZA-Y-PUTAS
Tickets \$16+bf from CC Records

in association with
TRIPLE M-FM
J J J
TRIPLE J
105.5 FM

CERVEZA Y PUTAS

Australia's best unsigned Spanish Band

Live without a hair net

August 4 - Tivoli Hotel

with special guest Bob Mould

Apple Macintosh and Sun Workstations

Sun Microsystem's products are now available through the new **University - Sun Shop**, located in the Apple Consortium, room 2050 of the Horace Lamb Building.

The University of Adelaide Apple Consortium - Sun Shop, Room 2050, Horace Lamb building. Ph 228 5441

D.A. Seg AUAC 270791

AUSTUDY.

WHAT'S NEW ABOUT APPLYING?

From July 1, when you apply for Austudy or Abstudy, there's a new requirement.

If you get financial support from a parent, guardian, spouse or anyone else, you'll need to supply that person's Tax File

Number as well as yours, before your application can be processed.

This is so that the Department of Employment, Education and Training can compare information with the Tax Office and

other Commonwealth agencies to make sure that all claims are genuine. More information is available at your local CES or Austudy office.



**DEPARTMENT OF
EMPLOYMENT, EDUCATION
AND TRAINING.**

Luck of the Irish

Adelaide University Footlights are back, with their production of *Erin's Daughter*. Described as "a romantically historic Irish tragi-comedy in two bits", and set in 18th Century Ireland, *Erin's Daughter* is the story of Cathy Drennan, a wild and fiery Irish girl at the nexus of physical love and political ideology. Her gaze wanders across the potato field and falls lingeringly on the debonair Hugo Paltry, a liberal minded fellow who seeks to undo the damage of English occupation. His efforts are thwarted by the evil Lord Fallington, who is obsessed, both by potatoes and also by his own expectations of the macho ethos.

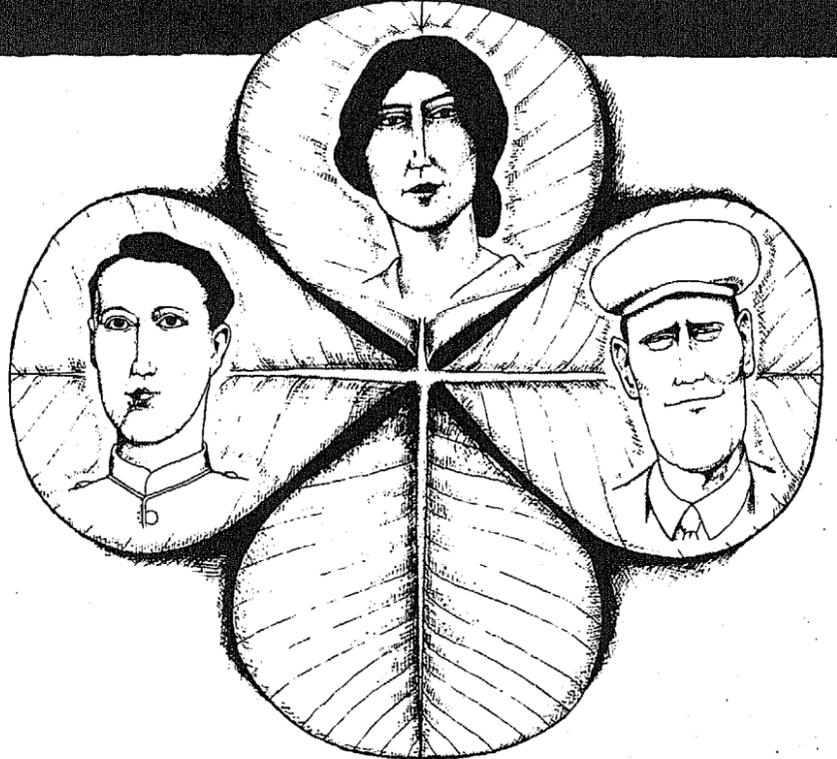
The play is written by Footlights member and promising young playwright Matthew Hawkins, who wrote and directed the critically acclaimed absurdist comedy *Aye, Caligula*. New cast members for *Erin's Daughter* include David Grybowski and Tony Samson, both from the Jimmy Zoole Company, and Nic Gilbert, from somewhere else. Audiences will no doubt recognise Footlights

member Emily Branford in the lead role of Cathy, as well as some other familiar faces from past productions.

Writer and director Matthew Hawkins describes the production as a departure from normal Footlights material. "The word 'fuck' is used only once, and even then it can hardly be heard", he said defensively. He went on to say that the play is an extension and refinement of the sort of theatre produced in the traditional revue format. "The show is full of humour, and yet deals comprehensively with serious questions of politics, religion and sexuality", asserted Hawkins. "This is not just a bunch of crazy Irishmen making a series of running potato gags".

The show opens on Wednesday 31st July at the Adelaide University Little Theatre, and runs to Saturday 10th August (excluding Sunday and Monday). The show will begin at 8.00pm, with tickets available from the SAUA or the door.

ERIN'S DAUGHTER



A Romantically Historic Irish Tragi-Comedy
In Two Bits.

JUST PUBLISHED

How to Succeed at a Job Interview

By Chris Cole and Don Cole

This book:

- provides a simple, step-by-step plan to help you succeed in getting a job;
- addresses in particular the steps leading up to, and what to do at job interviews;
- will not create a job for you – but *will* increase your chances of getting one of those available;
- aims specifically to help young Australians;
- includes a list of useful sources of additional information;
- has been written by acknowledged experts.

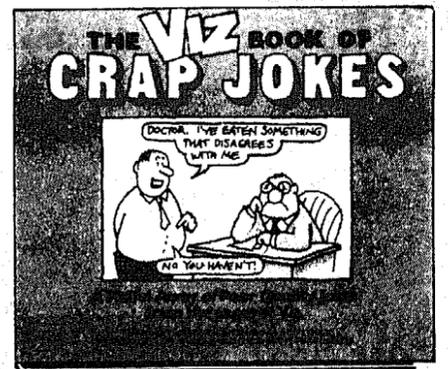
Contents:

Do you know what you want? The first step. The *curriculum vitae*, application form and covering letter. How does the interviewer see you? Preparing for the interview. The interview. Group interviews. Using a recruitment consultant. Still unemployed?

Available: University bookshop or directly from the Publisher, Gleneagles Publishing, PO Box 41, Glen Osmond, 5064. RRP \$4.95 (P&P extra).

FREE CRAP!

HURRY ... VIZ CRAP JOKES BOOKS FREE!



NINETY-SOMETHING PAGES OF PISS-POOR, 2ND-HAND, 3RD-RATE JOKES FROM THE PAGES OF VIZ ... FREE TO GOOD HOMES! We've got a bootload of these Viz Crap Jokes Books™ but now we want our boot back, so...some lucky bastards quick enough to subscribe to VIZ Magazine at the INCREDIBLE SUBSCRIPTION DEAL offered below will get one of these VIZ CRAP JOKES BOOKS FREE! WARNING: HURRY! Get in NOW for your FREE VIZ Crap Jokes Book before our boot is emptied.



UNTIL AUGUST 31ST 1991 a year's subscription to VIZ will cost you just \$15! Fuck me, that's only \$2.50 each for six (6!) consecutive copies of Australia's biggest selling pile of shit! Over the counter, you can expect to pay \$2.95 for VIZ Magazine (if there's any left, that is), AND you'd have to get off your fat arse to buy it as well. FACE IT...this subscription offer is a bloody cheap deal where you get to sit on your ring picking your nose while the postie comes right to the front door with the latest subscription issue of Viz Magazine hot off the presses!

EXISTING VIZ SUBSCRIBERS ... CASH IN on this amazing subscription offer. Just send us some money (at least \$15) along with a note telling us who you are and how you're already a VIZ subscriber. We'll credit you with another year's worth of VIZ Mags, AND, providing you've been quick enough, you'll find a FREE VIZ CRAP JOKES BOOK in with your next subscription issue of VIZ Magazine, for your trouble.

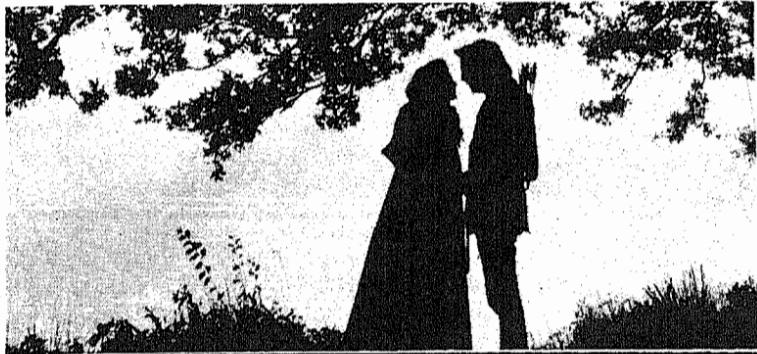
HURRY! Send money order or cheque for \$15 payable to John Brown Publishing Ltd, plus your full name and address details in a stamped envelope to VIZ SUBSCRIPTION BIG DEAL, PO Box 140 Paddington NSW 2021 before August 31, 1991. And don't forget to look both ways before crossing the road.

A Redneck Goes To SHERWOOD

Kevin Costner dons the tights for his latest film "Robin Hood- Prince of Theives", now showing at the Academy. Dom Petraccaro was there for every swashbuckling moment. Nb. Review includes architectural critique.

As I sat in the dungeon that is the law library working on my 50,000 word torts assignment - for those of you who do not do law a tort is a legal wrong, for those of us who do law a tort is strongly rumored to be a legal wrong; however, I prefer the definition of my learned cousin: "a tort is a creamy chocolate cake". In reality though, a tort is a watermelon, shaped like a cauliflower, which looks like an apple, but thinks it's an onion - "fuck I need a holiday". Anyway feeling rather perplexed by it all and unlike so many of my friends unable to tear myself away for a much needed holiday in SYDNEY- "bastards" - I decided on the tried and true fix it all: the movies.

So back in time I went to the days when men were men and sheep were extremely



Robin demonstrates his lack of skill with locks

scared, back to the days when gallant knights rode big horses, wore shiny armour and rescued damsels in distress locked in castle towers, and then proceeded to energetically pick the locks of their chastity belts. From amongst these shiny knights stood out one who was shinier than most - Robin of Loxley, the story of whose transformation from knight of the realm, crusader and all round swell egg to that of outlaw, dispossessor of the rich and harbinger of the great working class revolutions was about to unfold before my very eyes.

The best thing that can be said for "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" is that it's an improvement on that other version getting around town which isn't really saying much at all. Kevin Costner's version, with himself in the lead role, begins in a torture chamber

somewhere in Jerusalem where Robin and a few crusaders are being accommodated by their infidel hosts, naturally Robin escapes and takes with him a Saracen whose life he saves (Morgan Freeman), and is then bound by honour to hang around with Robin until he saves his life - it's all very Mediaeval. From here we have the big homecoming scene with Robin landing at Dover (white cliffs and all) and almost being drowned to death when he attempts an impersonation of the Pope and kisses his native soil.

From here the plot moves at blistering pace and Robin arrives home to find his father hanging about (literally) in the burnt down ruins of what was earlier a ghastly reminder of the architectural poverty of mediaeval England - a castle! It didn't take

Robin long to work out that something was amiss, and he was right. Enter the dirty, despicable, d a s t a r d l y, diabolical Sheriff of Nottingham (I didn't get the actor's name off the credits, but it's the guy who played the head terrorist in "Die Hard") and his half-wit cousin Sir Guy of Gisbourne (who cares?) who are actively seeking to takeover the Kingdom in the absence of the rightful King.

So Robin and Achmed (not his real name in the movie, I've forgotten it, but Achmed sounds suitably Arabic) take to the forest and meet up with a group of outlaws - now we're cooking. After the mandatory exhibition of male assertiveness and physical exertions we meet some of the gang. First John Little (no I haven't got it round the wrong way), then Will Scarlet and then a guy called Bull, why Bull you may well ask, well Bull doesn't mind showing us why and proceeds to - and I thought it was an oak tree! Anyway, Robin has no intention of living out in the forest: he has a plan, and from



Robin prepares to start the fire on a cold winters night

the top of a fallen oak - actually I thought Bull was showing off again - Robin delivers a sermon promising to fight for freedom, justice and an end to tyranny. I felt like breaking into the Star Spangled Banner but someone yelled out "sit down you idiot".

Having delivered his "declaration of the rights of man" Robin promised to return everyone to the position they were in before the Sheriff went on the rampage. For him this meant he got his lands and what was left of his castle back, for the rest this meant they got to return to live freely and enjoy all the benefits associated with being a serf in feudal England, as George Bush would say "freedom works".

From this moment on there is a change in the group, John Little becomes Little John, they start robbing the rich and giving to the poor, they build treehouses, Robin bares his buttocks and finds time to fall in love with maid Marion (Mary Elizabeth Masterantonio - I thought my name was a mouthful) who also falls in love with him, though only after observing his infamous buttocks I suspect. And of course there's lots of lusty fighting with the dreaded Sheriff's men, and the vicious Celts ("funny I'd always thought my Latin ancestors had exterminated that lot").

Eventually the group expands and the wives of the outlaws come to live with their menfolk - afterall you have to keep up morale - and the merry men become the merry persons. Head of the female brigade is Little John's wife Fanny, which raised the interesting question in my mind, if John Little became little John, did Fanny Little become little Fanny? - the possibilities were endless and I'm sure that none of them were wasted on Bull the oakman.

They were, however wasted on Achmed the Saracen who was, in keeping with his faith, a pillar of morality, not drinking, not dancing, not looking lustfully at the wenches in fact not being very merry at all - obviously his mind was intent on saving Robin's life so he could then hurry up and get the hell out of this rather ghastly film. I pondered actually what Morgan Freeman was doing in this film, there's no mention

of any Arab gallivanting around mediaeval England in the legend of Robin Hood, naturally there had to be an angle, so I decided to find it, and if I couldn't I could always make one up.

And here it is: Freeman's character is certainly the most likeable character in the film (with perhaps the exception of Bull) and reflects all that was truly great about the flourishing Arab culture of the Middle ages. That the Arab civilisation was far in advance than that of the Europeans who presumed to invade the Holy Land is well brought out in this movie, and one suspects that Costner might be out to mend fences in his own silly way after his country had just finished bombing the crap out of Baghdad. Anyway it seems like a reasonable conclusion to me, and I'm the one writing this review.

And then there's the romance which (much like Bull) pops up intermittently. And it is in this context that undoubtedly the line of the movie makes its appearance in a scene in which Robin and Marion are discussing that most elusive and beguiling of all human emotions, the one that can make you feel like you've just climbed Mount Everest one minute and in the next make you feel exactly how I felt this morning after having spent nine hours straight in the Austral hotel, yes I'm talking about the big one, the mighty "L" itself (no not libido) - Love, Amore, Amour, Lieben, etc. Anyway Robin says something about love and Marion retorts: "men only talk of love when it suits them". I was almost ready to take umbrage at this remark when I paused to survey my own "boulevard of broken realities" - "Fellas, don't you hate it when they're right".

So approaching the end of this film I'd had just about everything - adventure, romance, evil, good, death, torture, laughter (only just), sex (not me personally, but the Sheriff was having a wow of a time), and I'd seen a walking oak tree. What could be next I thought, well the last two scenes stand out as something special. First, the second to last scene: Robin, Achmed, little

Continued overleaf

Robin Hood continued

John, little Fanny and Will Scarlet, all five of them, attack Nottingham castle and why not, there's only an entire Norman garrison guarding the place.

Anyway Robin and Achmed finally get to the top of the castle where the Sheriff has locked himself in the chapel with Marion, his hag of a mother (there's a touch of Macbeth in all this), and the local God-botherer intent on a Royal marriage (Marion is the King's cousin). This scene is great, the marriage goes ahead (sort of) and the hag having determined that Marion is a virgin (what else would she be?) and would provide a son (you figure it out, I gave up) urges junior on before Robin and Achmed can break down the door - it's all very gripping - I remembered thinking well will he or won't he? Well he didn't, a certain member wouldn't come to the party - and who could blame it with a dirty great black Saracen wielding a massive salami slicer, banging at the door.

Eventually Robin breaks in through the window smashes the hag, has a duel with the Sheriff, kills him, takes Marion in his arms lays a big tonguey (is that how you spell it?) on her and is then almost killed by the hag who comes to her feet - but at that very moment Achmed breaks in and guess what? You got it - he save's Robin's life. Is that thrilling or what?

Lastly, the final scene: boy marries girl. Robin and Marion are being married by friar Tuck who makes the dreaded statement: "if anyone objects to this marriage let him [what if it's a woman who objects?] now speak or forever hold his peace". Naturally, someone objected and from a big white horse dismounts the even bigger white figure of Richard I King of England (007 himself, No. Not fucking Roger Moore, the 007, Sean Connery) - tricky Dicky himself, back from the crusades. Dicky wants to give the bride away and good riddance. An interesting historical fact which may or may not interest you, and who cares if it does or doesn't, is that Richard I almost never made it to the crusades. On his way he stopped in Calabria and attempted to steal a hawk from a peasant in the village of Milero and was nearly killed - Yo Vic.

For a one minute skit, which proportional to the film equates with the ten months Richard I spent in England during his ten year reign - and who can blame him, after all the weather's lousy, the food's woeful, the beer's hot, the place is full of Poms, they can't play soccer and their trains keep colliding with each other - Connery reportedly received between \$600,000 and \$6,000,000. Is a Royal Commission looming?

So the movie ended and I figured I'd have been better off if I'd stayed in the library after all. This type of movie has been done before and in much better fashion, take "The Princess Bride" for example, which, I for one, am not ashamed to say "warned the cockles of my heart". Costner is woeful in this movie: he should stick to playing the archetypal American hero in archetypal American type movies. If you saw "In Bed With Madonna", you know what I mean; asked by Madonna what he thought of her concert, he responded that it was "neat". Madonna was suitably unimpressed and who can blame her, the last word anyone would use to describe a Madonna concert is "neat" - Fuck I hate rednecks! That's all folks.

Waiting Room Art

**Basil Hadley
Recent paintings and Book
launch.
Greenhill Galleries
Until 4th August, 1991**

As Robert Hughes once remarked, some artists create popular stereotypes that last for decades, and others never reach into popular culture at all. Given the tendency of local patrons and critics to elevate the work of even the most banal artist, it is perfectly possible that Basil Hadley will be mistakenly recognised as belonging to the first category when, in fact, he is an outstanding example of the second. Indeed, if Hadley's track record is anything to go by, this could be on the cards: over the past thirty years he has exhibited extensively within Australia, with collections both here and abroad. There is no accounting for taste.

Hadley's current exhibition of recent paintings at the Greenhill Galleries does little to confirm his unlikely status as a "major talent" - quite the contrary. Rather than taking a position of any prominence in the Great Australian Landscape Tradition, I suspect that Hadley's uninspiring images will find their true places in waiting rooms, corporate offices and hotel lobbies.

The exhibition comprises 21 works on canvas and paper, including two screenprints, all focussing on aspects of the Australian outback landscape.

A consistent formula is clearly and painfully evident throughout a sickly-sweet blend of vivid colour, bold, clear composition and simple figurative forms, frequently set against a plain, meticulously bland background. An accompaniment of assorted "spontaneous" splatters, trickles and daubs are thrown in for good measure. Hadley's limited expressive range, like his formula composition, is self conscious, repetitive, and ultimately boring. His work is embellished by the manners of expressionism, yet gains nothing from the association. His application of vaguely expressive devices is slick and craftsmanlike, but somehow laboured and ineffective. He knows how to put a sheen on his material, but his various glosses amount to little more than a failed bluff.

Hadley's work succeeds most, if at all, on a purely decorative level. Works such as "Flame Tree" and "Pink Hillside", with their glitzy, polarized colours and picture-postcard qualities, are bound to delight a certain number of Gallery goers, critics and patrons. Yet, for all their easy, good-natured charm, they are as deserving of serious contemplation as your average wallpaper (which, after all, serves more or less the same purpose).

A sense of obscure sexuality is evident in a number of works, as well as titles like "A Nice Pair" (rah rah, good one, Basil). His swollen, bulbous hillsides, with scattered patterns of blotchy foliage, look like extreme close-ups of fungal growths on human sex organs.

Given the enormous variety of possibilities available to artists these days - technically, stylistically, conceptually - it is odd that Hadley's approach to painting is so clichéd and unimaginative. The landscape genre is, of course, an Australian favourite, and why not? We are all fortunate to enjoy one of the most unique and varied environments in the world, one which ought to be celebrated in art, and one which has, over the years, been approached in any number of equally unique and varied ways. But precisely what Basil Hadley contributes to this tradition, I couldn't say.

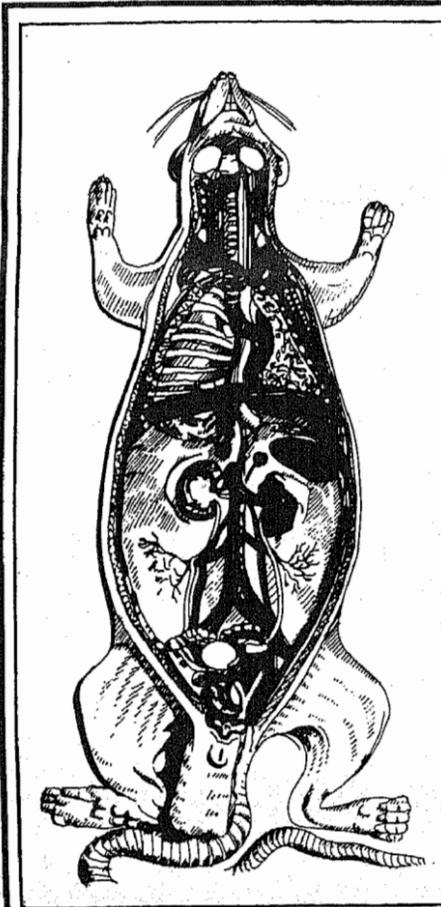
One of the beauties of good landscape painting is its ability to establish a three-way relationship between the artist, the given environment represented in their work, and the spectator. Many, though by no means at all, Australians have experienced something of the outback, whether in the form of a prolonged backpacking or four wheel drive expedition, or a weekend camping trip of the Flinders Ranges or their interstate equivalents. It's nice, then, to be able to say, "Yes, that looks and feels like Australia to me." Anyone who has travelled through the

landscape chartered in Hadley's paintings is, I think, unlikely to experience any such feeling of identification. The physical similarities are there, more or less, minus the less easily captured sensations of space, grandeur and spirituality which constitute the other half of the whole experience.

In this way, Hadley's painting has something in common with the work of many early Australian Colonial landscape artists. Unaccustomed to their new environment, and pandering to the popular conceptions of the day regarding exotic or unexplored lands, they produced grossly inaccurate and romanticised versions of the landscape and its native inhabitants. While Hadley's work is not grossly inaccurate, it is nevertheless romanticised. Or perhaps, more politely, it is stylised - fashionably stylised. His almost cartoon-like cockatoos, for example, or his scarlet flame trees with their O-shaped canopies, are just symbols for natural features, suitably picturesque, but abbreviated and unconvincing.

It comes as no surprise that the exhibition has been timed to coincide with the launch of hardback volume called *Basil Hadley*, nicely illustrated, with a text by David Dolan. The book, like Hadley's paintings, is glossy, decorative and distracting, and will probably end up in a few years forgotten and gathering dust.

Steve King



ANIMAL USE? OR ANIMAL ABUSE?

A growing number of students worldwide are saying "no" to the use of animals as tools for education and research.

- Most teaching experiments using animals are simply demonstrating already known facts.
- The method is outdated. There are now many excellent alternatives that are not only more humane, but give more scientifically accurate results.

The AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION FOR HUMANE RESEARCH is forming an Australia-wide support network of caring individuals and groups to provide information on humane education aids, provide free literature and support and encourage changes in the curricula to give every student the right to refuse to experiment on animals - WITHOUT ACADEMIC PENALTY.

I/We would like a copy of the STUDENTS' CHARTER and further information about the COMPASSIONATE NETWORK:

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

POSTCODE: _____ CONTACT PHONE No: _____

We already have a Violence Free Science Collective but would like more information about your back-up service and the literature, posters and buttons available:

NAME OF COLLECTIVE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CONTACT NAME & PHONE NO.: _____ UNIVERSITY: _____

Return coupon to AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION FOR HUMANE RESEARCH INC.
P.O. Box 779, Darlington, NSW 2010. Tel: (02) 360 1144

IF YOU ARE A CARING STUDENT join our campaign - there is strength in numbers!

I WANNA BE STEREOTYPED

I wanna be classified

Party Action Calendar

The Australian Institute of International Affairs - South Australia Branch

Tuesday, 30th July at 6.00 pm
Mr Mariano Ngor, Deputy Chair, Sudan Relief and Rehabilitation Association. "The Famine in Sudan". Politics Common Room, 4th Floor, Napier Building, University of Adelaide. Dinner at the Union Bistro.

Monday, 12th August at 6.00 pm
Hon Jennifer Cashmore MP, Member for Coles. "The Multifunction Polis". Politics Common Room, 4th Floor, Napier Building, University of Adelaide. Dinner at the Union Bistro.

Thursday, 12th September
His Excellency Mr F D Tothill, Ambassador for South Africa.

Tuesday, 24th September
Mr Alexander Downer MHR

Friday, 11th October
Hon Neil Blewitt, Minister for Trade.
Further, we have a number of speakers arranged, but we have yet to arrange suitable dates and venues.

Mr Robin Ashwin, until recently Australian Ambassador to the Soviet Union.

Dr Michael Gimmerthal, Fist Secretary, Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany. We will give you full details of all meetings in future newsletters. For further information about our programme, please call the Secretary, Mrs Cathy Candler, on 295 2071.

Getting the runs

Athletics Club AGM
The Athletics Club Annual General Meeting will be held on Monday 5th August in the Jerry Portus Room from 5.00 - 6.00pm. Please notify the club of any apologies via the pigeon hole in the Sports Association or by contacting a committee member.

Get paid for being sensitive!

The Bunday Prize for English Verse
The Bunday Prize of \$50 is offered for the best poem or group of poems in English submitted in competition. The competition is open to both graduates and undergraduates of the University of Adelaide, provided that they entered on their studies at the University not more than six years prior to 31st August, 1991.

No restriction is placed on the subject, form, or length of the poem or poems. Entries, preferably typed, must be accompanied by the name of the author in full and be delivered to the Office of the Assistant Registrar (Arts) no later than 31st August, 1991.

The prize shall not be awarded twice to the same competitor. Copies of all poems presented will be retained, and a copy of the successful entry will be deposited in the Barr Smith Library.

FJ O'Neill
Registrar

For Sale

Encyclopedia. Children's Britannica, 1991 edition. New. \$500, normally \$650. Telephone: Frances, 269 7321.

She's a beauty!

For Sale
Holden HQ Premier Sedan, 6 cylinder, auto, many extras, urgent sale \$3,500 o.n.o. excellent condition. Phone 384 6698 after 5.30 pm.

Style for Sale- Jazzy Threads!

For Sale
Clothing. Maroon silk suit with large embroidered belt. Size 10 - 12. \$300 - new \$600.

\$20 each - jeans, skirts, summer and winter, jumpers, jackets, sizes 12, 14 and 16. Telephone Frances on 269 7321.

Cerveza!

Adelaide University Spanish Club
Inaugural General Meeting will be held on Tuesday, 20th August, 1991 at 12 - 1 pm in the Chapel Board Room. Please come along and help to get this club started.

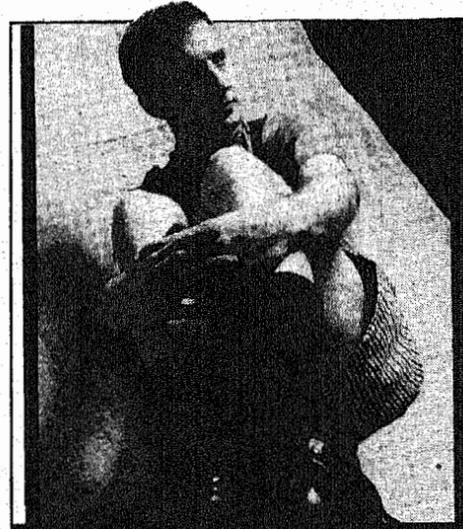
Twin overhead camshafts mate!

For Sale
1978 Toyota Corolla Sedan. Auto, air conditioned, excellent stereo, very reliable. Excellent condition. \$2,850. Phone 323 8675.

The Ukrainian Students Association of South Australia

Annual General Meeting will be held on Friday, 2nd August, 1991 at 6 pm sharp in the Jerry Portus Room, Adelaide University Union. Followed by tea at the Bistro and the display of photographs of our Students' Ukrainian Tour.
All welcome.

The Union Building is now a SMOKE-FREE ZONE



Bob Mould, looking a bit nervous about his gig with rock legends *Cerveza y Putas*.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PARTY?

Cerveza y Putas do.

Monday, July 29th

8.30 am - 5 pm Rediscover the "Catacombs", underground coffee lounge in the Union Hall Basement. Now the cappucinos, hot chocolate, mini pizzas, yiros, pasta and more. Open weekdays 8.30 am - 5 pm.

Tuesday, July 30th

7.30 pm Opening night of Cinematheque 2 "Cynicism and Melancholy" season. This week, "Teenage Babylon" (Directed by Graeme Wood, 1989, Australian, B/W) and "The Rules of the Game" (Directed by Claude Renoir, 1939, France, B/W, 110 mins.) Curator Jenni Robertson will introduce the season. \$15 for 12 film nights.

Wednesday, July 31st

6 pm - 8 pm Pianist "Brett Aplin" in Union Bistro.

8 pm Opening night of "Erin's Daughter", Footlights production in Little Theatre. Continues until August 10th.

Thursday, June 20th

1 - 2 pm Jazz in Gallery Coffee Shop with "Kym Purling Trio". Free.

6 pm - 9 pm Singer "Chris Roberts" in Union Bistro. Free.

Friday, August 1st

1 pm - 2 pm Rock comedian "Paul McKel" from Queensland in Union Bar. Smoke Free Show.

9 pm - late Rock in Union Bar with "Mandelbrot Set" and "Wintermind". Free to AU students, Guests \$5.

Saturday, August 2nd

9 pm - late Latin and Greek Association presents "Clowns of Decadence", "The Plague" and "My Love Pumpkin". Union Bar. Special priced Bourbon. AU Students \$4, Other Concession \$5, Guests \$6.

Second Semester Activities Programme

The 24 page booklet is now being distributed to your student pigeon hole with details of Craft & Leisure Courses, lunchtime sessions, Bar Nights, Theatresports, Exhibitions, special events and more. Pick up yours today.

"Boom Crash Opera" and "Richard Pleasance"

Tickets are now on sale for "Boom Crash Opera" Show in Union Complex on Saturday, August 24th from the Students' Association Office.

Tickets \$9 AU Students, \$13 other concession and \$16 General Public.

Union House Smoke Free

All areas of Union House are now "Smoke Free", including the Union Bar passageways and stairwells. Smoking is permitted on each of the balconies.

CERVEZA Y PUTAS

August 4 Tivoli Hotel (Playing First) Plus!

Special guest Bob Mould on his first Australian tour

BEULAH PARK BOOKS

SECOND-HAND, OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Australiana, Classics, Travel, History, Art, Music, Poetry, Cinema, Plays, Literature, General Reference, and a separate popular fiction section

325 The Parade, Ph. 310005 Tuesday-Friday 10.00am-5.30pm, Saturday 11.00am-5pm, Sunday 1.00-5.00pm

I WANT TO
KNOW
WHAT
LOVE IS

Bunyip Peril

I WANT
YOU TO
SHOW ME

CATHOLIC BLOCK

BALLAD OF THE UNBORN

My shining feet will never run
On early morning lawns;
My feet were crushed before
they had
A chance to greet the dawn.
My fingers now will never stretch
To touch the winning tape;
My race was done before I learned
The smallest steps to take.
My growing height will never be
Recorded on the wall;
My growth was stopped when I
was still Unseen and very small.
My lips and tongue will never taste
The good fruits of the earth;
For I myself was judged to be
A fruit of little worth.
My eyes will never scan the sky
For my night-flying kite;
For I myself was judged to be
A fruit of little worth.
My eyes will never see
For when still blind, destroyed
In the black womb of the night,
I'll never stand upon a hill
Spring's wind in my hair,
Aborted winds of thought closed in
On motherhood's despair.

I'll never walk the shores of life
Or know the tides of time;
For I was coming, but unloved,
And that my only crime.
Nameless am I, a grain of sand
One of the countless dead,
But the deed that made me
ashen grey Floats on seas of red.

**THAT MAN
DESH**

Desh Colqqquhhuqqn



**Back From The
Dead**

Ha ha, hemm, hemm, you thought I was a gonner, didn't you? But just when you thought it was safe to open your paper; just when you thought old Jaw-Jaw had gone to the knackers to become booly-base on Chesser's soup du jaw me-and-you, up I pop a day or so late to make your day. Anyway, you want to know where I've been, God love you. I was called to the corridors of power to be the wind of change in our time of crisis. "Des, my old mate," said he who must be obeyed, warts and all, "Dezzo, we need you." There can only be one answer when the slip of state is putting out the old SOS (save our sons), so I said, "What's in it for me?" No seriously, folks, I am not one to put myself forward, but when called I give of myself, mindful ever of the teaching of dear old Mr Crippen, my beloved teacher.

What times these are. They bring a lump to the heart. I myself have seen the stuffing coming out of the Adelaide Club armchairs and formerly stiff upper lips trembling in the Naval and Military. Dear God will the sun never shine again, will the dear State Banky ever again be a place up whose steps I skippetty-hopped with my piggy bank as (have I told you this?) when I was a little tacker in overalls with a rabbit on the pocket? Yes, I say.

But fellas, I never thought I'd say this, first it's wheel-in-a-woman time, Yep, we gotta face up to it like the others did with Joan and Carmel. Just look on it like getting in a cleaning lady. It's time to be brave and put a woman between us and the shredders of temptation. It's time to have that little Jenny Wren in for an interview and offer her the dig EO. Mind you, it's not like it is for ever. Job done, and with their usual grace and a little nudge from the boys, the girls go nicely back into their place. Look how Rosie the Riveter went quietly back to home and hearth after the war. If necessary you give them a touch of the old populate-or-perish whip, but mostly you just tell 'em they look good in a pinny.

There will be sacrifices. We can't go on saying it's a great State mate with a woman at the helm. It'll be more of a cosy, hand-knitted warm fuzzy State for a while.

Jenny, your hour is come.
Make that half an hour.
Just kidding.

Desh

Straight from the halls of a certain unnamed Adelaide Catholic College is this touching little poem, allegedly written by a foetus. Unlikely as it seems, this diminutive literary genius has managed to pen a pre-natal poem from the pro-life perspective, with an almost uncanny grasp of rhymes.

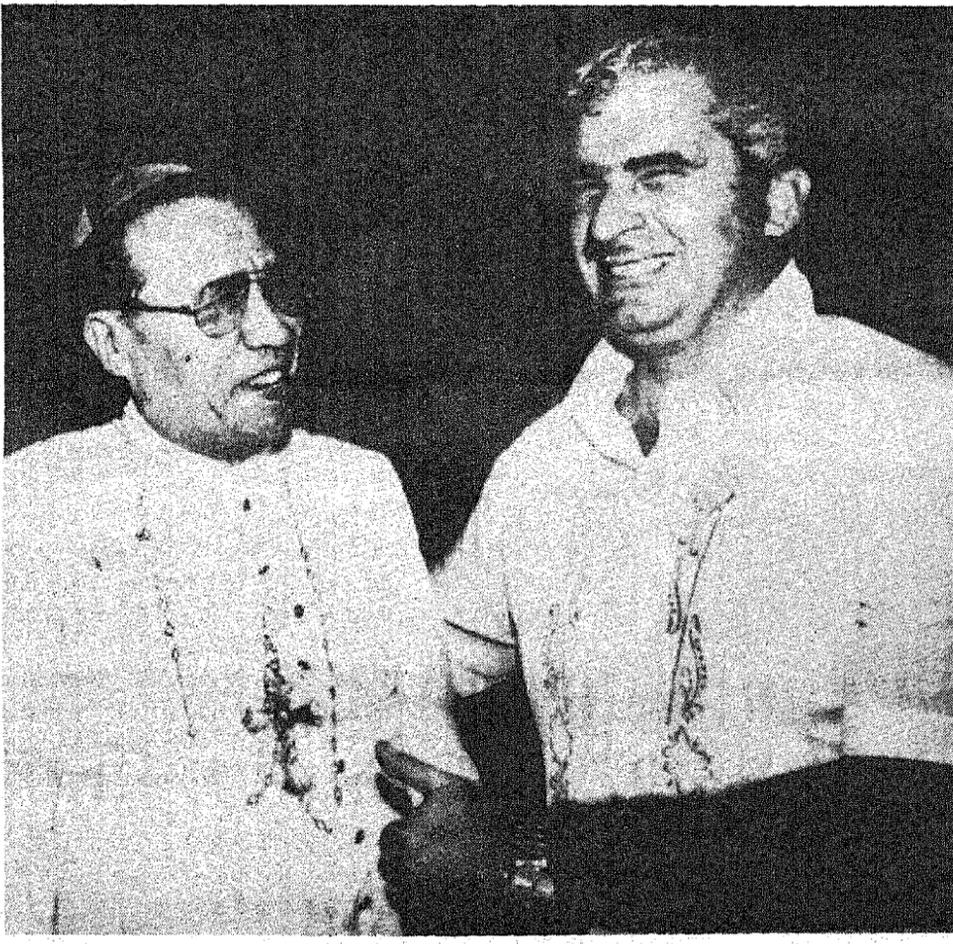
This week's Krazy Kompetition!!!
Simply write a verse to add to this poetic masterpiece and send it in. Even the functionally illiterate Bunyip team managed to come up with a couple, so here they are.

Thank Christ I'll never have to endure
A Catholic sermon's moan
I'll never watch the Fathers play
'Give the Dog a Bone'

I won't go to school
Study Romulus and Remus
But then, I can't read or write
I'm only a bloody foetus

Lyin' on the beach
Perpetrating a tan
A brother with the money
Can be your man

etc. etc.
Get those entries pouring in! The writer of the best verse wins a stylish outdoor setting for their backyard!



Fuckin' ripper competition- keep it coming Bunyip!

MICE SEEK SINGER

Auditions took place over the weekend for a new singer in popular Adelaide band "The Exploding White Mice". The frontrunner at this stage is alleged to be Adelaide University's own Steven "bath-house" Jackson, with his long hair and well known liking for simple music.

Rumours that the band are too fat, and too old, were swept aside by guitarist Jeff Stephens. "No way", he said, oiling his walking frame. "We still know how to rock, man". Other applicants for the position as singer are Ricky May and Rita McNeill.



"I reckon I'm in with a chance", said Bob Catley immediately before his audition for the Mice.