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ON·IDIT

Adelaide University Students' Weekly • Volume 59 Number 22 • October 28 1991 • FREE



RAPED BY THE MEDIA

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ON DIT PRODUCTION NOTES

On Dit is a weekly newspaper produced by Phil Oakey and Giorgio Moroder for the Human League Fan Club of the University of Adelaide.

The Editors have complete editorial discretion, but the views expressed in the paper are not necessarily those of the Editors. As Nirvana once said on the topic, "A mulatto, an albino. A mosquito, my libido." Pretty heady stuff.

Write to us at:

On Dit

University of Adelaide

GPO Box 498

Adelaide 5001

Editors: Simon Healy & David Krantz

Piss-boy: Darien O'Reilly

Cover: Kate Juttner

Advertising Manager: Stephanie Pribil

Typesetting: Sharon Middleton

Freight: Peter 'Spuds Mackenzie' Ingman

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Congratulations to Andy Joyner for the thesis.

Take note: the last *On Dit* for the year will be next week on November 4. After that, we're going on a long holiday in the Bahamas while you have to study for exams. Sucked in!

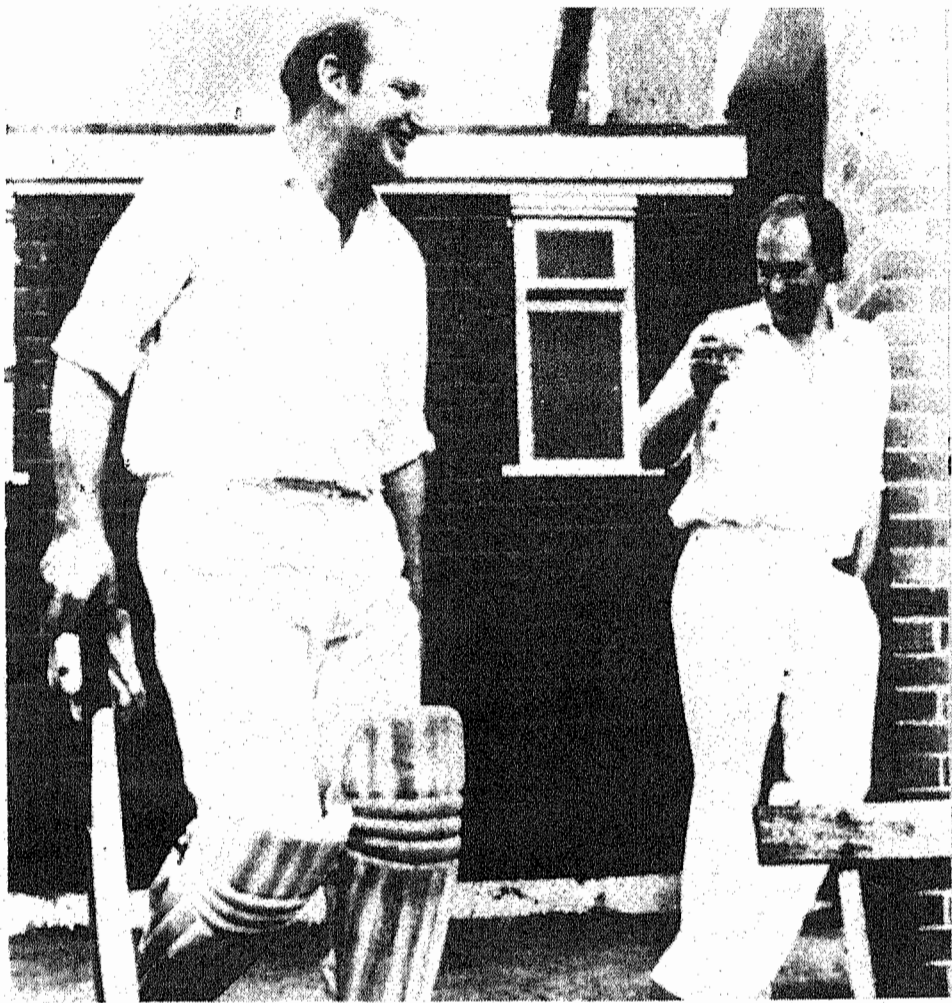


Packer Gets Stroppy. And Who are we to Argue?

Comment: A Current Affair Channel 9, 6.30 pm, 23rd October, 1991
When the Medium Killed the Message
Defending his role as a leading player behind Tourang bid for the Fairfax newspaper

group, media proprietor Kerry Packer says he is a victim of "the big lie" from Fairfax journalists.

One of the bonuses of being Australia's richest man is that you can call up the



Kerry heads out to bat for media monopoly, egged on by a close friend

country's top rating current affairs show (which happens to be on your own network) to clear the air on national television.

Wednesday's "A Current Affair" pitted Mr Packer against his most trenchant critics - Fairfax journalists, Ken Davidson (*The Age*), Tom Burton (*The Sydney Morning Herald*) and Alan Kennedy (*The Sydney Morning Herald*). Although Mr Packer chose the time and the place, it was a serious attempt to grapple with the issue of increased media concentration. But as a debating exercise, it only scratched the surface.

The journalists measured, more reflective approach was no match for Mr Packer's 'go-for-the-jugular' tactics on the day. They tended to speak in paragraphs, whereas Mr Packer was all 20 second grabs.

Mr Packer was all sord and fury as he accused the journalists of mounting a personal

vendetta against him.

"You've had a holiday down at Fairfax for two years. You haven't had a boss, you haven't had anyone who's made you responsible for anything. And now, all of sudden, you're saying there's going to be some people come in here and run this place like a newspaper, and you don't want it."

There was more in that vein.

In a stunt worthy of school room debating, Mr Packer produced a copy of the *Australian Journalists' Association* code of ethics and insisted that Burton read from parts about accurate and non-distorted reporting. It was a diversionary tactic but poor Burton was no match of this bullish display and eventually relented.

The intrusion of untimely commercial breaks, of course, did not help the flow of discussion. And even Jana Wendt's famed media skills seemed to desert her as she failed to curb the tide of Mr Packer's vitriol.

It was an effective performance from Mr Packer but did little to advance the media debate in this country.

Arty & Crafty

The 4th Annual Student and Staff Exhibition opened 11th October to a large audience of about 200 people, despite the long weekend. This was the largest exhibition to date with 54 exhibitors displaying 132 works. As usual, there was a great diversity in form and content. Photography 'scooped' the numbers, followed by works on canvas and works on paper. The number of craft pieces exhibited was the smallest to date, approximately 12 (depending on whether you count Susie "Fimo Queen of Adelaide" O'Brien's jewellery sets as individual pieces or not).

The winners:

Craft:

1. "Ionic Curve" by Jane Huxley (Craft Studio - resident potter)
2. "Untitled" (Olive wood vessel) by Philip Agnew (Mechanical Engineering)
3. "Crocodile" by J. V. O'Keefe (Union Steward)

Special Mentions

Jane Huxley - pot #53 (Craft Studio)

Works on Paper:

1. "Two Dogs" by Rachel Huddy (Craft Studio student)
2. "The Bridge" by Janet Kanda (Craft Studio student)
3. "Museum of Performing Arts" by Brown, Drake, Smith and Loughhead (Architecture Department)

Special Mentions

Wally Dobkins, #7 (Architecture Department)

Samantha Donnelly, #68 (Architecture Department)

Oil/Acrylic Paintings:

1. "Snake" by Mei Wong (Environmental Studies)
2. "Bill" by Peter Vass (Craft Studio student)
3. "Dangoya" by Samantha Donnelly

(Architecture)

Special Mentions

Chris Barker, #102 (Architecture)

Mei Wong, #23 (Environmental Studies)

Photography/Electronic Media:

1. "Jewel" by Jennifer O'Connor (Staff - Queen Elizabeth Hospital)

2. "Baroque" video by Kristian Moliere (Economics)

3. "Untitled" by Philip Stevens

Sculpture:

1. "Equus" by Pat Mosely (Anthropology)

2. "Untitled" Chair by Teresa Butler-Bowdon (Anthropology)

3. "Token to Hiroshima" by Yazmin Alien (Architecture)

Special Mentions

Matthew Stead and Michelle Kittel, #110 (Mechanical Engineering)

The Judges were:

• Mark Kimber, Head, Photography Department, SA School of ART, University of South Australia.

• Lucy Russell, Manager, Unibooks and erstwhile art student (NASA).

• Dr Rosemary Porooks, Lecturer, Art History and Chairwoman, University of Adelaide Works of Art Committee.

• Richard Grayson, Director, Experimental Art Foundation; artist working in many media.

Richard Grayson also opened the exhibition with an intriguing and amusing speech about fish and art (you had to be there!).

Thanks to our major sponsor, Unibooks, and our other sponsors:

• Eckersley's Art Supplies, 21 Frome Road, Adelaide

• Chateau Yaldara Pty Ltd, 24 The Parade (West), Norwood

• Denim Iniquity, 124 King William Road, Goodwood.

Jenni Jones

Abortion Survey

Abortions in South Australia since 1985
If you have sought an abortion or been involved in any way with the provision of Abortion Services in South Australia, we would like to hear about your experience.

We are recording the experiences of South Australian women who have sought abortions in recent years. We would like to talk with women who did and did not eventually have abortions but who tried to do so either in South Australia or by travelling interstate for an abortion. Women's stories have not yet been told about the process of deciding about, and having (or trying to get) an abortion. It is these personal experiences of women which will show us the barriers as well as the paths to providing better health services for women.

If you have sought an abortion since 1985, we would like to hear your story of how you went about this; How did you find out where to go? What information you were given? Did you go ahead with the abortion? If so, where did you go? What was it like? How much did it cost? What are your feelings about the experience?

We also wish to talk with health workers and others involved in counselling, referral, or provision of services to women seeking to terminate pregnancies. In fact, we wish to talk with anyone who can contribute to

creating a picture of how abortions are sought and/ or provided in this state.

All conversations will be completely confidential. You can tell of your experience anonymously and be assured that no names or identifying information will be included in the report.

If you would like to find out more about the project, if you think you might like to participate by telling about your experience, or simply by having a chat and providing information - then please phone Margie Ripper on (08) 201 3043.

If you live outside the Adelaide (08) telephone zone, phone and give Margie your number and she will ring you. If it is more convenient for you to phone after hours, leave a message for Margie to phone you at the time that suits you.

We, Margie Ripper and Lyndall Ryan, have been funded by the Commonwealth Department of Community Services and Health to carry out this study which compares the provision of abortions in three Australian states (Tasmania, South Australia and Queensland) which have different laws and different health systems. We are from the Women's Studies Unit at Flinders University.

By Dr Lyndall Ryan, Reader in Women's Studies, Flinders University of South Australia, GPO Box 2100, Adelaide, 5001.

Nestlé's: Questionable Marketing Practices

The Catering Advisory Committee is currently considering a proposal to boycott all Nestlé products in the Union refectories. David Penberthy, chair of the Catering Committee, explains.

For a company normally associated with Yogi the Bear and choc-filled showbags, Nestlé has something of a dark and sinister corporate history. Unbeknownst to most Australians, Nestlé has a 50% share in the \$6 billion per year baby milk industry, and despite protestations from bodies such as UNICEF, OXFAM and the World Health Organisation, has persisted in devising new methods of cornering the lucrative milk market, leading to widespread malnutrition, diarrhoea and death amongst the children of the Third World.

In a press release received from Community Aid Abroad, Nestlé comes in for a hammering over its baby milk marketing strategy.

"Nestlé was first in the market. As early as 1873, they were selling 'Nestlé's Milk

water, is an inevitable carrier of infections such as diarrhoea which is the biggest killer of children worldwide."

"In poor countries, artificial baby milk often costs more than half the entire household income. In Somalia a doctor's weekly salary is not enough to buy the two tins of formula needed to feed a baby for one week. Poor mothers trying to make the milk go further may overdilute the powder resulting in a vicious circle of malnutrition and infection. Bottle baby disease, the illnesses caused by inappropriate feeding, is estimated by UNICEF to kill 1.5 million babies each year."

Nestlé employ a variety of tactics to ensure that sales of artificial milk continue to rise, ranging from misleading advertising campaigns touting the alleged nutritive

"The Code defines appropriate marketing practices for infant formula which protect and promote breast-feeding while encouraging the correct use of breast-milk substitutes when these are necessary...[we] abide by the provisions of this Code in [our] marketing of infant formula products."

All of which makes you wonder why it is that the World Health Organisation is still on Nestlé's back about its three billion dollar a year milk industry.

On a local level, the only question we really have to ask ourselves is whether it is worth surviving without luxuries like Kit

Kats and Polly Waffles in order to stick it up the nasty Nestlé's people and, of course, furnish ourselves with the warm inner glow that comes from being ideologically sound. The boycott has been implemented at Flinders University and has been well received by students. If we do go ahead with the proposal we will follow in their footsteps and replace all confectionery with similar, nicer brands, and find other coffee suppliers.

I invite any comment, whether via my Law School pigeonhole or the letters pages of On Dit, on this issue.



Food" in Europe, the USA, Latin America and the East Indies... over 125 years later they are still market leaders with a 50% share."

The medical problems caused in the Third World by baby milk are immense. As CAA claims:

"Given the right help and support, over 99% of mothers can breastfeed. Breastmilk...contains the correct nutrients for the baby and it changes in content and quantity according to the baby's needs. It is

always clean, fresh and free and provides vital antibodies which protect against infections. In contrast, artificial milk contains no antibodies, may contain pathogens (even in the tin) and when made up with unsafe

supremacy of powdered milk over breast milk, to the more insidious practice of donating large volumes of milk to Third World hospitals in an attempt to get babies and their mothers "hooked" on artificial milk.

Unsurprisingly, Nestlé is at pains to distance itself from such shonky practices and denies that its baby milk has any negative effects on the children of the Third World.

In a press release dated 9 October 1991, Nestlé claims that it "...support[s] the World Health

Organisation's (WHO) International Code of Marketing of Breast-milk Substitutes, the central aim of which is the promotion of health and nutrition for all mothers and infants."

"Bottle baby disease, the illnesses caused by inappropriate feeding, is estimated by UNICEF to kill 1.5 million babies each year."

Nasty Products from Nestlé's

General Items

Nescafé (various brands)
Alevita
Alpen Blend
Bear Brand
Carnation
Caro Extra
Caterer's Blend
Cofeemate
Findus
Flomix
Food Delicacies
GoCat
GoDog
GoPet
Ideal
International Roast
Lactogen
Lean Cuisine
Maggi
Medallion
Milo
Nan
Nestea
Nesway
Papa Guiseppi's
Quik
Santa Rica
Slender
Sunshine
Tongnia

Confectionery

Aero
After Eight
Allens
Anticol
Black Magic

Blizzard

Breath Fresh
Butter Menthol
Canterbury Health Bar
Choc Melts
Chokito
Dairy Box
Fantales
Fruit Tingles
Giant Licorice
Golden Rush
Jaffas
Kandyland
Kit Kat
Kool Mints
Life Savers
Lucky Boy
MacIntosh
Mastercraft
Milo Bar
Minties
Nestlé Chocolate
Nestlé Choc Bits
Nestlé Easter Eggs
Peppermint Crisp
PlaiStowe
Polly Waffle
Quality Street
QuikEze
Rowntree Pastilles
Scanlens
Scorched Peanut Bars
Smalls Easter Eggs
Smarties
Soothers
SOS
Throaties
Tosca
Violet Crumble

Clear As Mud

Dear Editors,

In regard to your article regarding sports ground funding, there are a number of issues that need to be clarified.

Firstly, the Union has no wish to get "revenge" on the Sports Association (SA). Quite simply, the Union will not pay twice for grounds funding. The Board makes a grant to clubs for their activities, not so the SA can take it away from them again to pay their share of the grounds funding. If the SA cannot pay their one third share from 'discretionary' income (which the SA has used for this purpose for almost a decade) then the Heads of Agreement is a joke and we must renegotiate.

Secondly, the SA is accountable to its members, the students and not to the University. We run a democratic student organisation, not a branch of the University.

Thirdly, it is ridiculous to assert that it is "inequitable" for clubs with varying maintenance costs to cross subsidise each other because every student of the University subsidises sport. When you paid your Union Fee this year, approximately \$40.00 went to the SA.

Fourthly, the Union does read the SA's supposed Annual Report, but it is completely inadequate despite the fact that the bulk of the information is prepared by the Union Accountant.

Fifthly, there is no intention to "flog sports grounds mercilessly". Quite simply, the SA must be made to see that if the Union pays for the whole of the ground maintenance, then the Union should negotiate with the University on its use, i.e. the SA should put up or shut up.

Sixthly, the SA is funded primarily from the Union Fee, therefore, they must be accountable to both their members and the Union Board for the use of those funds. Total autonomy will only come when the SA is entirely self-funding and has its own capital and office space, but until then, they have a responsibility to the Union to ensure funds are used for the purpose for which they are provided.

Finally, I would ask all the student members of the SA to ask whether in fact their needs are being met or whether an attempt to "empire build" by one individual is standing in the way of this issue being resolved once and for all.

My only other comment on the matter is that if *On Dit* was really interested in presenting a story, then the comment of either myself or the Secretary Manager would have been appropriate. Since you did not bother, this is the only chance the Union has to put its case and inform students about what is really going on in the Union, which *On Dit* has so far enjoyed not allowing us to do.

Mel Yuan
Union President

Dear Mel,

Your first seven points do little more than restate the problems set out in the article and confirm suspicions that personal animosity between yourselves and the Sports Association administration is standing in the way of good relations between the Union and SA.

As for the last paragraph... can you read? If the opinions of Rob Brice, Union Board and yourself quoted extensively in

the article weren't yours, whose were they? Do you hire someone to write your material? If so, you should probably sack them, given their job performance to date.

Simon Healy

Well Done Simon

Dear Simon,

I write in reference to your article "Sports Association and Union at Loggerheads". After a couple of years with Sports Association Management and one year on Union Board, I am glad that the tension is finally out in the open. The situation is not straightforward and it's about time that someone took the time to highlight and summarise the issues. Those people now responsible for being the intermediaries certainly have their work cut out for them. All things considered, I thought the article was an accurate summary reflecting the concerns of both sides. I certainly hope the mess may be sorted out soon since it is the sporting community that suffers in the long run.

Well done,
Loretta Reynolds

Middle Class Fops

**or
Shut Ya Orifice**

Sirs,

I suppose that my experience with the underprivileged classes is limited. After all, I was a member of Kiwanis (a community service club like APEX) for six years and a volunteer social worker with the Salvation Army (Thornbury Citadel, Victoria) for nine years. These exposures certainly pale into nothingness when compared with 4.5 months at the Elizabeth CES. Still, I feel that I have at least a glimpse of the life of these people which enables me to make comment.

What is irritating me generally is the superficial way in which this whole aspect of tertiary education for low income people is being addressed by other illustrious correspondents. There is a copious amount of "yes, we feel terribly sorry for them and they are being done an horrible injustice" going around but not a great deal on how that injustice might be corrected. Rather than spitting statistics and narrating personal anecdotes which exhibit what we already know, i.e. that there is a problem, when are all you pious do-gooders actually going to pose some solutions to the problem? We know that the correction needs to be made but no-one even suggests to us how it should be made. Or is it all too hard? Is it easier and less threatening to mouth the rhetoric rather than trying to think of some solutions?

Weeping a lot of crocodile tears is not the way this inequality will be corrected. If your correspondents are truly committed to righting this wrong, they would be telling readers how they think it should be righted not whimpering in their beards muttering about class and private schools. It seems to me that a lot of this comment is coming from condescending middle class fops. Back to the real world, people. Put up some solutions or shut your whinging orifices.

Yours sincerely,
Warren P. Block

P.S. To Desperately Wanting Warren - you have obviously never seen me in the flesh.

Gullible Champions of the Working Class

Dear Dave Roussey,

It is with sadness and great personal anguish that I reply to your barbed insults. As a "puerile and banal oxygen thief", I wrote in to see what sort of wanker would reply to my narrowminded tripe. Thank you, Dave-baby, for taking the bait. My letters to Danny-boy never got the achieved result, but you have brought me joy by indicating that there are still gullible champions of the working class cause out there in reader-land. However, there are a few problems that I have with your moral crusade.

Firstly, to increase my political intelligence, I must, according to you, be able to mock myself. So, here goes:- Mock, mock, mock, I am a pooh, I am a minda-winda, I am a Spazz-dick. Mock, mock, mock, I've got girls germs. I played kiss chasey in year four. Mock, mock, mock. So there you go, Dave, up goes my rep.

Although I am probably not allowed to tell, the process of changing forms from a first year into a much more mature and worthwhile second year is an ancient ritual steeped in tradition. A series of highly philosophical questions are asked by "Burgo" and the luscious Adriana. Failure to get the right answer results in a horrifying punishment involving greased pigs, a picket fence, jello and Dale Baker dressed as a stern schoolmistress. That, Dave, is how one becomes so wise.

Finally, I regret your insinuation about Peterborough, the charming and idyllic country setting that it is. Why single out Peterborough when you could have chosen Nungikompeta, Mudamuckla, Iron Knob or Buckleboo.

In conclusion, thank you, David, for bringing a little ray of sunshine to an otherwise dull Monday.

Love and a fatherly pat on the shoulder,
Benjamin Dubé
1st Year Law / 2nd Year Arts

Loony Creationist

Dear Sir,

C. Nedin's attack on creationist Dr Dmitri Kouznetsov (7/10/91), is so far over the top that it serves to confirm the deeply religious attachment bordering on the fanatical, that is often the hallmark of devotees of evolutionism. Nedin implies that the international science journals for which Kouznetsov is a Board member are somehow second-class, and are 'not taken by any institution in Australia'. Fact: The first interstate uni I called (Queensland) have the entire set of the prestigious *International Journal of Neuroscience* (which incidentally once devoted a complete issue to Kouznetsov's work) on their shelves. How can Nedin be trusted?

Kouznetsov did not get his American accent working for the US creationists (whom he has only known for about a year), but with colleagues in commercial US research laboratories, for whom he consults, and from American derived English-language teaching in Moscow. He has also spent time in the US lecturing on his research at Yale and UCLA. And his conversion to Christianity only came two years' after his 'scientific' conversion. So much for the

snide insinuations. Also, the US Institute for Creation Research (Nedin has the name wrong) did not pay one penny towards the tour. Nedin's statements about Kouznetsov's arguments on mutations were definitely, positively as wildly inaccurate as the rest of his article, but I will be charitable and allow Nedin some difficulty understanding the speaker's heavy accent.

Dr Carl Wieland,
Creation Science Foundation
Qld, Australia

Paper Waste

Dear "Incessant Wasters of Papers",

I am writing to express my extreme anger at the excessive amount of complete garbage shoved in pigeon holes around the campus. One only has to look in the waste paper bins near the shelves of pigeon holes, and it doesn't take a genius to see that 99% of students ignore most of it (e.g. students election propaganda and the recent sexual harassment quiz). Come on "Incessant Wasters of Paper", cut the crap and in turn save trees and release us from the torture of having to empty our pigeon holes into the bin.

Yours sincerely,
Al McLennan
James Deed
Squizzy Bryars
Muzza Fisher
Tim Morris
Marcus Cooling

P.S. Please note the use of recycled paper!

Bend Over, I'll Drive

The Editors,

I write as regards the article on Prostitution and other matters by Peter Goers, "On Dit", 7th October.

I would suggest that before the State Government concedes that Prostitution is unstoppable, 'genuine' attempts to stop it should be made. Penalising prostitutes has failed to curtail the activity due to economic necessities it is argued. However, why have no attempts been made to penalise those making use of the services of Prostitution? That is, penalising those who enter the activity by choice rather than penalising those who enter as a result of socio-economic circumstance. Penalising those demanding the activity is also more attune to the reality of the situation, with Prostitutes being psychological victims of an activity in which they are financially forced to involve themselves.

Suitable penalties may involve fines and public exposure of offenders in the media.

If the community no longer sees Prostitution as abhorrent or exploitative, then it should be legalised. However, if it is legalised because it has been decided that it cannot be prevented or policed, then questions must be raised regarding the integrity and sexual objectivity of our Legislature. Is society's historical inability to eliminate Prostitution and its gutlessness in trying to control the demand for it a result of most positions of power being male dominated?

As far as attracting tourists and boosting the economy by legalising Prostitution is concerned ... well, I guess that is a nice complement to the State Government's other tourist attractions, gambling and petrol burning ... I mean car racing.

Jo Lee

**SAUA President
Natasha Stott
Despoja**

Welcome to the last edition of On Dit and SAUA Columns for this year. (This is actually incorrect. This is the second last On Dit. Eds). I realise that students are gearing up for exams and that due to pressures such as overcrowding, understaffing and a lack of resources within the University that this year has been one of the harshest for Adelaide students.

Despite these pressures, student support for SAUA activities and protests has been wonderful and clear messages have been sent to the Government, the media and to

the University about student concerns and interests. I hope that this effort will be maintained next year.

STA Rally

Congratulations to over 1000 Adelaide University students (out of 2000 students) who participated in the STA Rally on Wednesday, October 23. The Rally began on campus, stopped for speeches at Parliament House and successfully concluded at the State Administration Building. The Minister for Transport, Frank Belvins, has agreed that a compromise can be reached and that a 'flat fare' for students and all concession groups is likely. He congratulated student organisers and NUS(SA) on a rational and clever campaign.

Overview

Over the coming year students and student representatives will be faced with some of

the biggest challenges to the Higher Education System ever. It is mandatory that students reject further corporatisation and narrowing of the Higher Education System and that diminishing standards are challenged. This means protesting when your lecture theatre or tute is overcrowded; when your academic concerns are not being addressed; when library books are on a month waiting list and when you have to line up for two hours to use computers. These are some examples of complaints I have had through out this year and have conveyed to the University administration and the Government.

We now pay for our education in the form of HECS (or up front fees if you are a Non Award or overseas student), and more than ever we are entitled to a system that is accessible and equitable and that delivers the best education standards that a country

which proclaims to be a 'Clever Country' can muster.

A more complete overview of the year will appear in the next On Dit if there is one! And look out for the final SAUA News for 1991.

Ta

I thank those people who have assisted me over the year and wish the best to Susie O'Brien for next year. My heartfelt thanks to Mel Yuan (Union Prez, Monica Carroll (SAUA Project Research Officer), Misha Schubert (EVP) Sathish Dasan (NUSSA Prez), Carla Stacey (NUSSA), the OSA, Andrew, Haroon, Mario, Kate, Paul, Mel C, Susie, Kirsty, Melissa, Denise, Anita, Paul D, Bec, Su, Libby, Sharon, Anne, Catherine and of course MUM!

**Women's Officer
Annabel Crabb**

Blue Stocking Week - This week, extending from Tuesday 15th until Friday 18th October, was designed to celebrate and increase awareness of women's involvement in tertiary education.

In general, the week was successful, with guest speakers, films and forums providing some very stimulating ideas on a range of subjects from the peace movement to women's role in education. In addition, plenty of guests at the launch spent a great afternoon listening to Rebecca Bailey-Harris, Foundation Professor of Law at Flinders, and taking advantage of the complimentary

champagne. This was all accompanied by the wonderful Annie Harper and her guitar.

Another big event was the film night, where a select but very distinguished crowd watched two spectacular contrasting films; the acclaimed Dutch feminist film "A Question of Silence" and the low-budget, American college 'trash' film, "Summer School Teachers". Thanks must go to Jamie Skinner and David Donaldson for their help with the film night.

Possibly the biggest rating event of the week was the long-awaited Women's Pub Crawl, starting at 6 pm in the Uni Bar, with about 30 keen starters and terminating about 9 hours later at the Austral Hotel with a hardcore membership of 5. Solidarity was strong during this hilarious evening, the high point of which was the mass mutilation

of the very booby Raunchy Girls poster in the window of the Old Lion. Our satisfaction of this feat was not shared by the very beefy, very testy, very angry bouncer who invited us to leave quite quickly.

Riding on that high note, a great evening was had by all! The opportunists among us took advantage of Friday's Blue Stocking Week stall, which handed out information, badges, stickers and, courtesy of our generous benefactors, Libra Fleur, free tampons and pads. Libra Fleur has been very supportive in the past also, and have once again come up with the goods to provide women students with their non-chlorine-bleached range, which was much appreciated by those who are accustomed to paying through the nose for this necessity. Thanks go to Libra Fleur for their continued benevolence, and for

those who would like to stock up, we still have a generous supply of sanitary pads in the SAUA office.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all those involved for making Blue Stocking Week a success; I would also like personally to thank Wendy Sharpe, Liane Buchanan, Jo Mills, Amy Barrett, Cathy Picone, and Andrew Fisher for their help, support (and Golden Gaytimes) over the week.



**Education Vice President!
Misha Schubert!!**

SRSC Meeting

Natasha and I have called a meeting of the Student Representatives Standing Committee for Wednesday lunchtime. The SRSC is a standing committee of the Association made up of student representatives on Faculty, Department and University committees. Its role is to coordinate student representation within the University and to facilitate a flow of information and support from the SAUA to individual reps. So if you are a newly elected faculty rep who hasn't heard from us yet or simply an interested general student please feel free to come along at 1pm.

Student Transport Concessions

Last Wednesday saw the successful second phase launch of our campaign. The fight continues to have the state government's budget decision to remove student concession fares from 1992 overturned! After an

impressive turn out of 2000 students gathered in front of parliament house to hear speakers including SAUA President Natasha Stott Despoja, hundreds of angry students continued on to the State Administration Centre to protest outside Minister Blevins' office. Media coverage of the event was very successful but as yet we have had no word on whether the decision will be rescinded.

Student Complaints

The number of student complaint cases that I have been approached about continues to increase! The frequency of complaints, particularly about the quality of teaching in the Arts, Law and Engineering faculties has prompted office bearers to discuss how the SAUA can better lobby the University to take the issue of teaching quality seriously. We will be mooting ideas in the next few weeks, so if you have any ideas please come along to tomorrow's Education / Services Standing (ESC) meeting or see one of us personally.

ESC Meeting

Tomorrow at 1pm meeting in the SAUA Office please come along!

Kylie Minogue gives birth to 1972 Volkswagen - Hawke denies responsibility.

London: Kylie Minogue gave birth last night to a one-tonne mechanically sound 1972 Volkswagen. The green superbug (which is as yet unnamed) has provided the answer to a question which had been plaguing the world for months - where did that gut come from?

Now that we've got your attention...

Applications are now open for

- **Orientation Helpers**
- **O'Camps**
- **O'Week**
- **Host Scheme**
- **O'Ball**

**Apply now in the SAUA.
Do it for the kids.**

1992 Orientation Counter Calendar.

Yes, that's right! Fill in the questionnaires situated around the University, put your answers in the pigeon hole and then go see the Registry for your free trip to Bali. The Eds.

Well Howe About That!



Angry students await the arrival of Mr Howe

Brian Howe

Live in Concert

Brian Howe and Shane

Macgowan of the Pogues have

two things in common - they're

a bit famous and have extremely

ugly teeth.

The resemblance ends there, although Howe does travel in a limousine or two- just like a rock star! The other points of reference you should know about Howe is that he 'sprays it when he says it', he's a Left Minister, the Acting Prime Minister, and is currently doing the dirty on Medicare-Bastard!

At the invitation of the AU Labor Club, Howe was in town for the HV Evatt 'lecture which no one ever attends'. This is a fact related more to the rather pedestrian posters than the guests. Nevertheless, Howe is rather renowned for giving two sorts of answers - 'long and boring' or 'short and boring'. At this event, he was to give no answers at all - much to the chagrin of several people up the back. 'You answer by your silence!' they angrily shouted as busy Mr Howe left. Sitting down the front, I was just glad to get through the entire speech without getting spat on.

The interesting part of *The Event* was more related to the personel than the man. There were lots of grey suited men with dark glasses and walkie-talkies. A balding plain clothes type told me he was Hawke's hairdresser. While we waited for 'the man that the dentist forgot', I chatted to several ASIO types. One of them tried to tell me

Judge Clarence Thomas was just a bit of a lad fucked around by those no good little 'L' liberals. After this, he marched over to the 'Resistance' stand, shot all of them, and then wondered out aloud if all feminists should be 'dunked' to see if they're witches.

As Mr Howe's limousine poked its little face through the gates, everyone got a bit excited. You could tell he was powerful

because of all the hangers on and security types that surrounded him - just like a rock star! They all got out of the big cars with really serious expressions on their faces. It

by Sam Maiden

was all a bit exciting. A lone protestor started yelling stuff like 'Why did Labor introduce

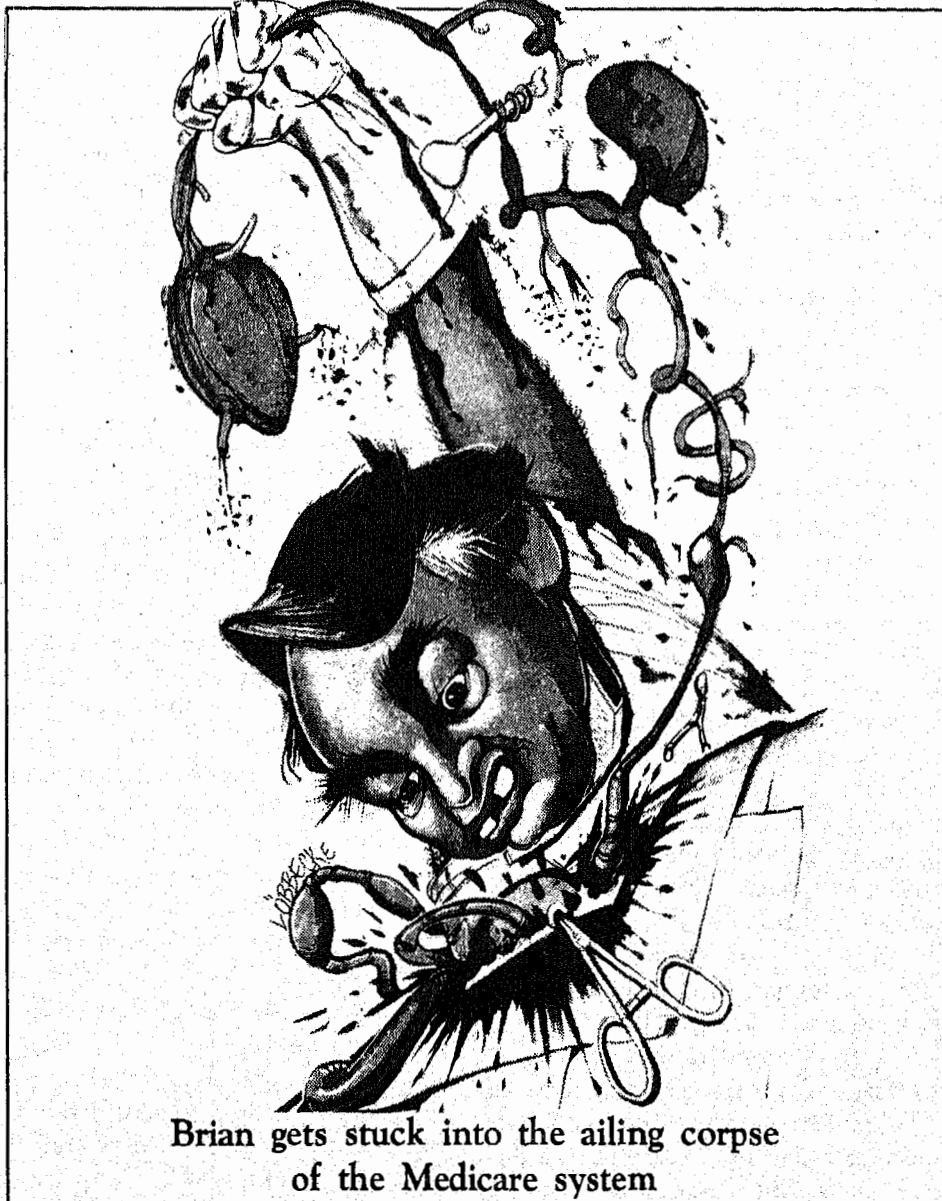
HECS?' and 'Your faction (the Left) doesn't care about anyone' and 'We're (?) from the SAUA'. So, I think we should all vote Liberal next time and see what it's like to

be properly fucked over. The ASIO man was really pleased by the lone protestor. 'Thank Christ!' he said to me, 'If there's not more like that I'll be out of a job!'

Everyone marched up the stairs, Howe and then the journalists. Christ, some of them dress badly. It's not like they're all on AUSTUDY or something. Mind you, Howe's mean looking press secretary looked like she was. She looked like she'd taken some pretty serious drugs in her time. The reporter from *The Australian* who once made me look like a dickhead in the national press (it's not hard) was wearing his usual ugly suit and boot Doc Martins- what a subversive he is, eh! There was some country lass blonde type wearing a disgusting lemon ensemble and clutching her dictaphone. We got a few thrills from whispering loudly about 'what violent and illegal things we had in store for Kemp on October 24th'. 'It's going to be big!' I shouted surreptitiously in her ear as her eyes widened and she quickly jotted down some notes.

Actually, I tell a lie about Howe spitting everywhere. Although half way through his speech there was this kind of white saliva stretched between his upper and lower lip. I was pretty shocked to hear he used to be a Uniting Minister- that's a bit of a worry! Maybe The Lord told him to forget about a free health service. Perhaps they could leave Medicare as it is and start siphoning off a bit from the collection baskets. Frankly, Jesus (being a Marxist) would find this a pretty groovy idea.

So, Brian talked about Evatt, the 'no pain no gain' approach to the economy, and scrambled eggs. He kind of got into the groove at the end but it was really a bit of a dog's breakfast. Paul Keating is far sexier, of course. Labor bastard type Paul Abfalter was getting on like a faction on fire with Brian after a few happy snaps were taken. He announced after brief consultation that Busy Brian had no time for questions post speech. Somebody up the back started shouting again. Mr Howe, however, Had-Left-The-Building.



Brian gets stuck into the ailing corpse of the Medicare system

Does Electricity Give You Cancer?

EMF: It's Unbelievable!

Electricity is an essential component in the functioning of our lives. In the past 50 years, because of benefits to our quality of life due to ever improving electrical devices, there has been a significant increase in the use of electrical power.

This increase results in a need for greater electrical distribution systems. The need for power companies throughout the world to seek permission to build more high voltage transmission lines has prompted debate from the increasingly knowledgeable public about possible health hazards from exposure to 50/60 Hz electric and magnetic fields - commonly termed as electro-magnetic radiation (EMF).

Research Vs Statistics

Dr Michael H. Repacholi, Chief Scientist at the Royal Adelaide Hospital, has researched on a scientific level that the link between cancer from exposure to 50/60 Hz electrical and magnetic fields at levels occurring in our environment has not been established to lead to cancer in humans.

However, the links found between, for example, workers from electrical occupations having a higher mortality rate through leukaemia than other occupations most certainly leads to cancer. However, Dr Repacholi concentrates on scientific evidence regarding the nature of cancer, which is also inconclusive.

How could overhead power lines cause cancer?

Dr Repacholi acknowledges that not even our knowledge of cancer is conclusive, hampered by the lack of evidence on how normal cells are transformed. However, some causes of certain cancers have been defined, and all of these agents share a common denominator of affecting DNA, the genetic material.

In cases investigated with children living in homes near low voltage, high current wiring (high current configurations) have a two to three fold higher incidence of all cancers (mainly leukaemia) than children residing where there is low current configuration. Thus, exposure to high currents suggest that the associated magnetic fields were the 'common denominator' causative agent.

Reports suggest that cancer from overhead power cables could be caused by the weak oscillating magnetic fields loosening bonds between metal ions and some proteins in the body, yet there is as much evidence to discount these theories as there is to support them.

However, Dr Repacholi criticises the modes of study and experimentation in such reports, and maintains that since 50/60 Hz

fields have photon energies, many orders of magnitude lower than the energy needed to break macromolecular bonds in cells, *Scientists felt that such fields could not possibly cause cancer.*

Former CSIRO scientist Les Dalton widened the scope of the argument by stressing the dangers of continual exposure to radiation, drawing attention to the use of X-rays, Visual Display Terminals (VDT's) and domestic appliances, and argued that safety standards should be set and powerline radiation research given more attention, as being a serious potential health risk rather than a source of procrastination. (*Bulletin*, 21/5/91)

He sees EMF as also potential environmental pollution, and calls for investigation into alternate forms of energy, which is yet another issue stemming from the EMF debate.

However, while the scientific debate rages, decisions have to be made. This article acknowledges the potential danger of 50/60 Hz electro-magnetic fields, and accepts the validity of concerns expressed by available evidence. Yet, when money and public

health risks are involved, the scientific debate turns political.

Research by Australian Governments

Headed by Sir Harry Gibbs, the *Inquiry into Community needs and high voltage transmission line development* (1991) commissioned by the NSW Government and presented to the Minister for Minerals and Development, investigated both environmental and health aspects of transmission line development.

Many criticised the Gibbs report on its findings which led to an inconclusive recommendation that Australians should adopt "prudent avoidance". Yet, Sir Harry Gibbs merely studied the inconclusive scientific data available, and any other recommendation would have been a conclusive judgement that not even scientists have enough data on which to judge.

ETSA denies any connection between overhead power lines and the increase in rates of cancer as suggested by Victorian studies. The Victorian Government, however, is setting up a panel to investigate possible links between power lines, magnetic radiation and cancer. However, researchers stress this is not just a matter of the potential dangers

of overhead power lines, but of many industrial and domestic appliances.

Australian Governments share this concern with power companies and Governments all over the world.

Dr Repacholi is also a member of the International Radiation Protection Association (IRPA), which has set Exposure limit guidelines and has recommended protective measures, mostly in developing standards of safety and 'prudent avoidance'. As this is a world wide issue, such an association is vital in the research.

Thus, researchers in this study stress the need not to panic, yet results are disturbing enough to continue research.

What can be done?

At the risk of oversimplifying the problem, there are three possible alternative policy approaches as suggested by M. Granger, Morgan. (*Scientific American*, April 1990 pp 92 - 95)

1) To conclude there is not enough evidence to warrant any action. This is ludicrous in light of the evidence presented.

2) To conclude that there is a basis for concern, and adopt a position of 'prudent avoidance', which means limiting exposure. In effect, this means putting away the electric blankets, or placing the alarm clock on the table across the room instead of on the bedside table. 'Prudent avoidance' does not mean moving house just because there is a power line nearby. Yet this, in effect, sees us avoiding something we do not even understand to be a danger, yet the threat should compell us to become more cautious.

3) Conclude that we face a serious health problem and commit substantial time and money to an aggressive programme of limiting field exposures, which, in effect, means for example, placing distribution lines underground, which, if done correctly, can reduce magnetic fields dramatically. Unless anticipatory engineering and economic studies are undertaken now, wasteful and ineffective effort can be expected in the rush for protective measures if and when experimental evidence someday clearly links these fields to health risks.

Yet taking any more action than 'prudent avoidance' would be very expensive and economically most firms and organisations just cannot afford to take the risk of investing in a danger only supported by inconclusive evidence.

Thus, 'prudent avoidance' can be the first step in acknowledging this problem. In deciding what action should be taken, people must consider both the available evidence and their own values. Yet, in decision making where evidence points toward some kind of risk, conclusive evidence is needed, yet at the moment only 'prudent avoidance' is recommended.

Yet in public decision making, it is difficult being 'prudent' with uncertainty. Public Risk management tends to treat things as either dangerous or safe, with no middle ground. Thus, until conclusive evidence is presented, no policy can be adopted.

However, the policy of 'prudent avoidance' has been used in Oberon, NSW, where farmers are suing to stop a proposed transmission line from passing through their land because they believe it will reduce livestock production and crop yields. Yet the NSW Electricity Commission has already spent millions of dollars on a new power station for the line. This highlights the inadequacy of 'prudent avoidance', and the danger of inconclusive evidence in both the law and policy making.

The difficulties in decision making - Conclusion

Every source researched for this report had the same conclusion - although there are studies suggesting an association between exposure to 50/60 Hz fields and cancer, others do not, and present data does not conclusively establish any human health risk from exposure to these fields, and more research is needed.

Thus, the overall issue seems to create problems of definition. Any conclusive report must define the natures of cancer, biophysics and cell formation, as well as having clear directions and guidelines in the study of this on a political level in order to create policy.

Effective and conclusive decisions need to be issued, on an as yet, inconclusive debate. We should not abandon this problem and place it in the 'too hard' basket because of inclusive evidence, especially with such overwhelming reports of cancer in certain residencies and occupations, as discussed.

Despite scientists and politicians telling us it is admirable to have concern, and thus we should exercise 'prudent avoidance' while further study is carried out, is, at this stage, the only viable direction we can take. The public must also have this issue drawn to their attention not to create panic, but as a means to stimulate debate and use public pressure to promote further research and concern for a problem which could either be a serious future health risk, or a source of much unnecessary attention.

Jane Eckermann

Challenging the Aboriginal Stereotype

Aborigines are too often portrayed as problematic. They are stereotyped as lazy, dirty, drunk and no-hopers. After spending a few short days in two small country towns with largely Aboriginal populations in western New South Wales, this view has been shown to be grossly inaccurate, denying Aboriginal people the respect and positive portrayal they deserve.

Wilcannia, a town whose population is over half Aboriginal, has developed a reputation as a problem town. It is portrayed through the media as teeming with racial tension. A town where one's physical safety is at risk. There is continual reference to the problems of Wilcannia, including alcoholism, inadequate housing, violence and vandalism.

A visit to the town reveals that this portrayal is blatant sensationalism by the

that make good news stories.

There are many positive things in Wilcannia that are overlooked. The town's school for junior primary children is a template for a positive learning environment. The Aboriginal culture is recognised and incorporated into the curriculum. Children go out bush with Aboriginal elders to learn about native plants and animals. These experiences are then transformed into books which become their readers, enabling the children to learn to read through texts that are relevant to them.

The central school has performed their own adaptation of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. The children mimed as a narrator told the story as in traditional Aboriginal performances. Due to its success, the community has written and performed three plays, with a fourth on the way. Entitled 'Mixed Relations', they portray the problems that are faced in their community in order to help explore and resolve them. The ABC has expressed an interest in the plays, and hopes to film them and put them on air.

Two hours drive from Wilcannia is another town with a large Aboriginal population called Menindee. This town does not receive



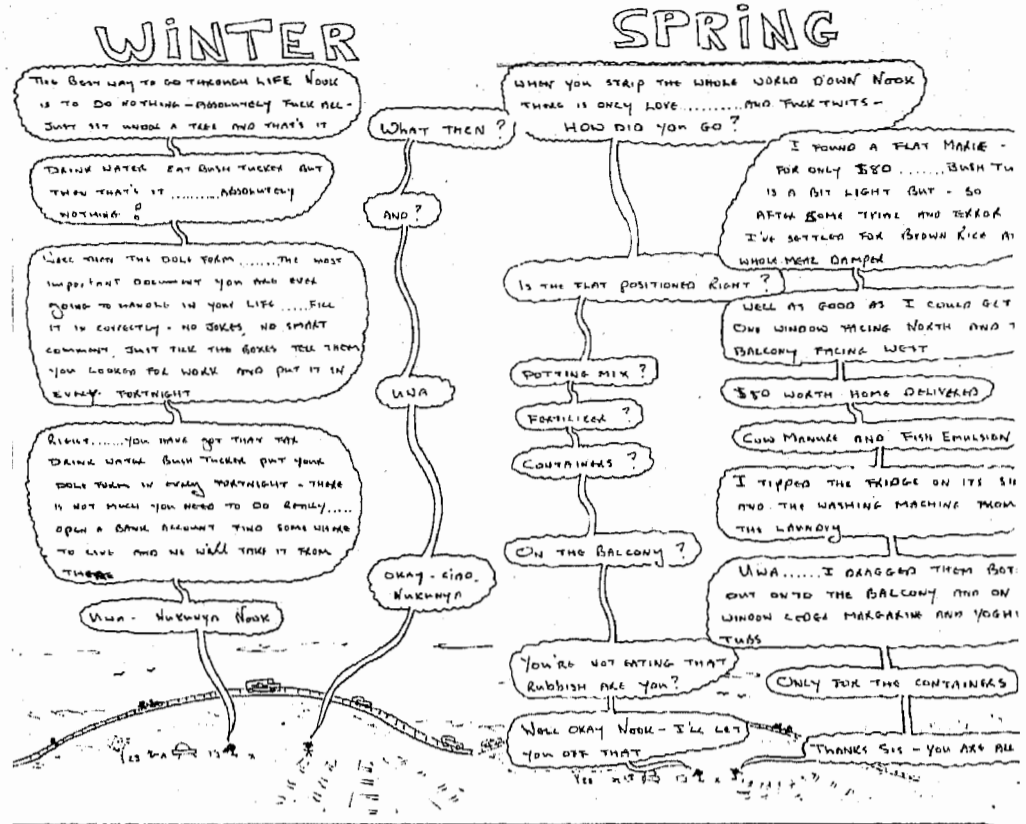
Chatting to the locals

media. Wilcannia is a quiet country town. The people are largely friendly and helpful, willing to stop and chat with passers-by. The town itself has much character, it is located on the banks of the Darling River and contains many old heritage listed buildings.

The town has no viable economic base, resulting in high unemployment and high consumption of alcohol. Yet, while the existence of problems in Wilcannia cannot be denied, the media has blown them out of proportion and reported incidents entirely out of context. For example, arguments between two men, one who happens to be Aboriginal and one who happens to be white, are labelled a race riot. The media comes to town searching for drunkards and scenes of destruction. Consequently, they ignore the majority of the population and the positive aspects of the town. It is only the violence and negativity of Wilcannia

media attention as it is just like any other small country town; nothing interesting ever happens. The Aboriginal and white populations live in harmony together. By ignoring towns like this and concentrating on the problems that exist in towns like Wilcannia, the wider Australian society receives a distorted, unfavourable view of Aborigines.

While the value of traditional Aboriginal culture is generally acknowledged, it is seen as divorced from the contemporary Aborigines, something that was lost in the past. If we can link what our society values in the Aboriginal culture with present Aborigines, the continual negative portrayal may be reversed. A remnant of the local traditional culture of the Wilcannia, Menindee area, that of the Barkindji tribe, includes Dreamtime stories. You cannot appreciate these stories fully by reading them in books, it is necessary to hear them



being told by the individuals who understand their significance. Sitting around in a circle one night, listening to a Dreamtime story told by an Aboriginal woman, eight young adults totally enthralled by her words, was a very moving and enriching experience. Through talking to Aboriginal people,

experiencing their culture and seeing the difficulties they face in their lives, it is possible to destroy the negative stereotype that exists and replace it with respect and understanding.
Kristin Martin
Amanda Brook

Queensland- The Struggle Continues

Since 1967, when the road to self-determination for Aboriginal peoples was cleared by 90.2% approval in the Census count and Commonwealth Powers Referendum, it has been far from smooth driving.

Nobody will deny that there were setbacks under the Bjelke-Petersen regime, that's for sure. Even before then, though, it was bad! Like since 1952 Torres Shire - you know, far, far, far North Queensland - has been run by an administrator! You might think that's a long time between elections! So did a lot of Torres Strait Island peoples. Finally, elections were held early this year.

Then there's the Queensland Aboriginal Communities situation. The small urban centres (ghettoes) - ex-missions and reserve settlements turned into limited Local Governments and electorally excised from their surrounding incorporated Local Government Authorities (LGA's). These 14 former reserves in our State operate under the Community Services (Aborigines) Act 1984 - 90. Funny that "former" - they still seem like reserves - or concentration camps - to the people living in them!

The Goss government's Land Rights legislation is a sham! It merely grants inalienable freehold over the land they live on to Aboriginal people living on the ex-reserves. They say, "Big Deal!" They feel like they've been given nothing they didn't already have.

Their complaints are about how originally these reserves were much larger and about how they've been whittled away over the past 100 years. They worry about not being able to hunt in National

Parks which they will own under the new Land Rights Act, but will rent back to the State Government for peanuts! Don't forget, people living up in the Cape still hunt about 50% of their food!! That might sound odd to you as you visit the local supermarket, but there aren't supermarkets in Coen, Normanton, Old Mapoon or Laura.

Recently, a lot of attention has focused on the Gurinji at Daguraju, the Old Wave Hile Station in the Northern Territory. Their successful tactic in getting their land back was to sit down and squat it, offering to pay Lord Vesty "a little bit damper, sugar and tea" to buy back their land. That tactic seems to be simple and realistic option open to Aboriginal people in Queensland today.

Surely the logical outcome of the "out-station movement" is to gather up the dispossessed clans - the Lama Lama from around Silver Plains on Princess Charlotte Bay; the Wuthathi and Ku kuy'au and tribes from Temple Bay and Shellburne Bay - and move them back. Publicise the terrible stories of their dispossession - recent dispossession that took place in the 1950's and early 1960's! - and simply have them squat their land, demanding title. In the face of a three pronged Aboriginal Long March through Cape York would Wayne Goss dare send in the State Police to arrest people and remove them - again - from their lands? Would he dare? No, he would not!

Now is the time to apply Guevarist Doctrine, "create two, three, four, many Vietnams" to the Aboriginal struggle in Cape York!

Peter Poynton

Rip Rip Woodchip

There was a time when the RSL meant no more to me than the group that Bruce Ruxton, interfering busybody extraordinaire came from. Unfortunately, now that acronym stands for something completely different and far more sinister.

Today, RSL stands for Resource Security Legislation, a proposal put forward by the Hawke Government to allow the timber industry to log old-growth forests. Bob Hawke first raised the matter in Parliament on 12th March, 1991, when presenting the Labor Government's Industry Statement. Environmental groups were quick to react with universal condemnation. The outrage was intensified by the fact that Hawke had specifically promised to them that such legislation would not be enacted. Greenpeace felt that the situation typified the Hawke Government's attitude to the environmental movement and decided to pull out of the Ecological Sustainable Development (ESD) working groups which had been set up by the Government. The ACF considered doing the same but compromised and only pulled out of the Forestry working group.

This strong reaction is extremely well-founded once the outcome of the legislation is considered. The intention of it is to provide security of timber supplies for major new industrial and processing projects worth more than \$100 million. This means that any company with the right amount of cash will have complete access, for a set period

of time, to national forests once an assessment has been done and it has been granted "resource security".

The assessment would be a joint Commonwealth-state venture, with it covering all areas extensively, including environmental, cultural, social and economic issues. However, the major problem is that this would be a once-off assessment and if

investment. The claim that \$5 billion will be invested in the industry is enough to make the recession-hit Government sell their own grandmothers. So, instead of working towards a plantation based industry which will be better environmentally and economically in the long-term they want to sell our national forests cheap.

However, the claims come without any

"If, for example, the community suddenly decides that a certain piece of land must be protected, the Commonwealth will have to pay compensation to the timber company involved. In effect, we will have to buy back what should automatically belong to us all"

any errors occur, it will then be too late to revoke it. If, for example, the community suddenly decides that a certain piece of land must be protected, the Commonwealth will have to pay compensation to the timber company involved. In effect, we will have to buy back what should automatically belong to us all.

The reason that this legislation has been proposed is due to pressure from the forest and timber industry who have long argued that it is essential in order to guarantee the supply of raw materials and thereby create an environment conducive to long-term

guarantees that even with the legislation in place, the proposed investment will proceed. Naturally, any investments would be subject to normal market forces and considering that in approximately 5 to 10 years, woodchips from overseas plantations will flood the market it is extremely uncertain whether Australia will be able to compete.

The native forests in which logging already occurs are home to a number of rare and endangered species and thousands of native plants. Resource security would lead to further explanation of these areas and it is likely that clearfelling and burning will

permanently alter their structural and floristic composition, lead to the extinction of species restricted to those areas, and expose some species which have their highest abundance in those forests to local extinction. In my mind, the short term economic gains are just not worth jeopardising any species' extinction.

The real concern of many conservationists is the belief that resource security legislation is the thin end of the wedge in the resource exploitation debate. The fact that the Government keeps saying that it will not be extended, particularly to the mining field, seems like a case of protesting too much. Especially considering that the Business Council of Australia, which is the umbrella organisation for big business, has made it clear that it expects to extend well beyond forest resources to include such things as oil exploration, mining and even access to the ocean as a cheap waste disposal option. If we don't stop it now, it is hard to say where it will end.

The whole rationale behind "resource security" is fundamentally flawed. It is hard to understand why the rights of private companies override those of the broader community. Having free access to something that belongs to us all with the right to exploit it for their own financial gain seems extremely abnormal and basically should be stopped.

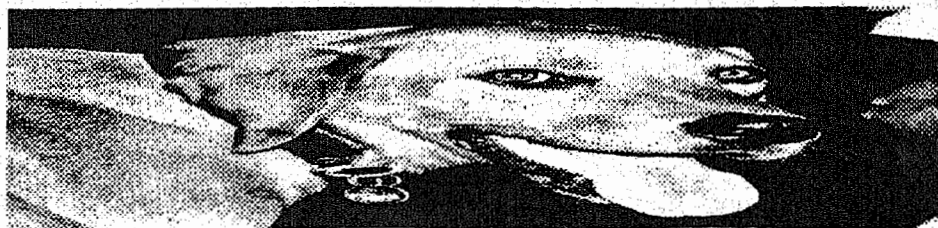
Jo Mills

**Forget Paul Simon...
he's crap.**

After the Grand Prix, the Crown and Anchor Hotel will play host to Australia's best unsigned Spanish language band.

**Grand Prix Sunday
Crown and Anchor (east end of Grenfell St.)
In the Beergarden**

**CERVEZA Y PUTAS
playing with ethnic teen sensations
BABAGANUSH**

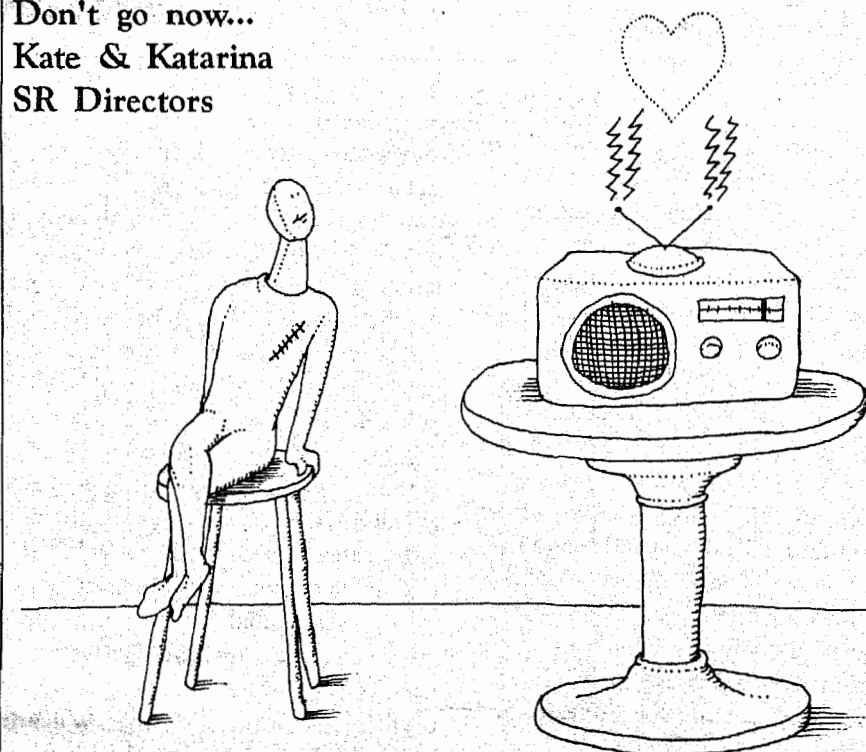


Nuestro Propio Animal

Tune into your heart.
Attention!

Student Radio needs presenters for 1992. If you're interested in having a show, don't hesitate to apply. Pick up application forms in the SAUA and return them as soon as possible. We're also looking for people to get involved/trained during the holidays.

Don't go now...
Kate & Katarina
SR Directors



Tune into your heart.

Back in the Good Old Days

Berkeley in the Sixties
Union Cinema
Directed by Mark Kitchell
\$3

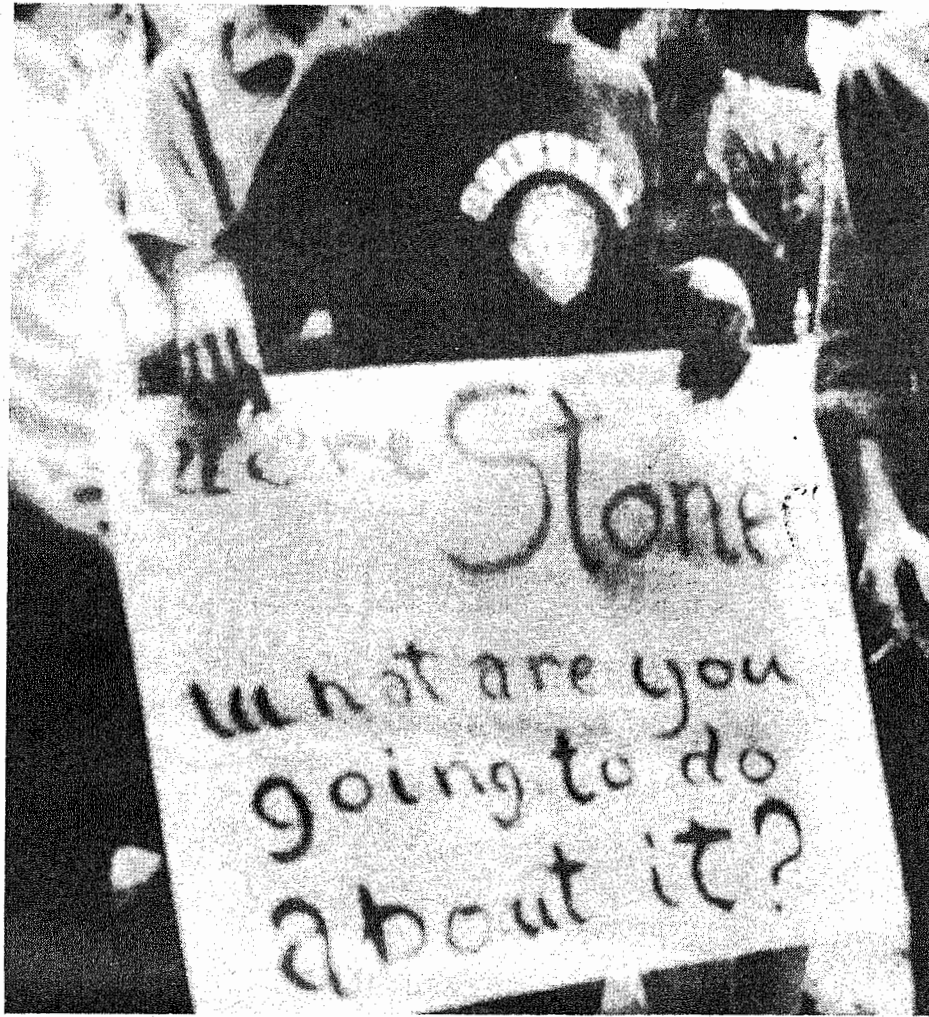
1968 in America
Charles Kaizer
\$5.99 in hardback (!!) at a
rather incredible book sale.
300 pages

In times of academic
peril, I'm fond of reading
big books, going to the
movies, and writing lots
for *On Dit*.

'Researching' things that interest you is often far more valuable than essays on WWII. So, next time your tutor pesters you, remind them it's the journey- not the final destination. Also try to look real deep and intense when you say this. If this doesn't help play the 'What is?' game, useful for those who haven't done the reading, i.e. "Yeah, but *what is* history / science / politics (insert relevant subject)". Thus *1968 in America* and *Berkeley in the Sixties* were both (for me) Essay-Avoidance-Tactics. Both were also incredibly rewarding and funny documents.

The sixties continues to fascinate us. As magazines instruct us to rush out for liquid eyeliner and slip into a tasteful pair of Pucci leggings you could be forgiven for a sense of déjà vu (although you probably couldn't unless you're really old, in which case pucci leggings are probably a bad idea). Anyway, today's music, fashion and drugs are all promoted with references to the sixties. Advertising has co-opted a movement that often rejected materialism to sell everything under the sun. Another example is the Virginia Slims ad- 'You've come a long way, Baby' which use 'feminism' to sell cancer sticks. *1968* and *Berkeley* serve to document the politics and emotions behind the 'groovy' clothes and music.

Berkeley in the Sixties really is a classic film. Its analysis of the student movement during the sixties is inspiring funny, and ultimately sad. The majority of the film is news footage intercut by interviews with the students today. The chronological soundtrack - from



"today's music, fashion and drugs are all promoted with references to the sixties. Advertising has co-opted a movement that often rejected materialism to sell everything under the sun"

Little Richard to The Grateful Dead and including 'This Revolution is Live' is a strong feature. Visions of plump teenagers in Edna Everage glasses being dragged down stairs or sliding down after the hoses were turned on, are worth the admission price. There's lots of visual and anecdotal humour. Especially from Black Panther leader Bobby Seale. He succinctly describes white America's panic at his group as he said "They didn't need to say anything. Their faces showed it all- 'Niggers! With guns!'"

History is often striking more in its similarities than differences. The early shots of the Berkeley gates look awfully like our own. The nice white middle class students look a lot like us too. And the speech by a University administrator about Universities being the factories and students being the raw materials sounds a hell of a lot like Dawkins or Liberal Kemp to me. Today, we are not so incensed

by these statements. Or if we are, we don't do much about them. Most of our rallies are poorly attended because we have 'other things to do'. The mass protests and euphoric exchange of ideas during the sixties seem far removed from our own experience.

It's too easy, however, to mythologise the sixties' student movement. They treated women in a very old fashioned way. Student

Democratic Society (SDS) leader Mark Rudd, is lauded in Kaiser's book. Sara Evan's *Personal Politics* recounts him laughing at his girlfriend's 'chick-lib classes'. A great failing of Kaiser's book is that it ignores women.

In desperation, I scoured the index- not a reference! Women in *Berkeley*... described how their secondary status shaped them as feminists. The film also documents how many of the ideals were lost along the way, and the splits within the movement.

The section on the Black Panthers is

good. One of the speakers looks like a much younger version of the man who plays the junkie in Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever*. Knowing Lee's interest and strong links with Black Power movement, it's possible the man is one and the same. If anyone knows, feel free to accost me or write to *On Dit*. There is another shot at a 'Be-in' that I swear is a young Bill Murray, so maybe I've been studying too much (hah, hah). As many reviewers have stated, the film suffers for not interviewing Mario Savio.

Kaiser's book has a lot of information on Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy for obvious reasons- they were both assassinated in 1968. One of the students in Berkeley says that as soon as they believe in someone, 'Boom', motioning with his hand like a gun to his head. There is a beautiful excerpt in Kaiser's '1968' from Martin Luther King's final speech on the day before his death (p144):

"Well, I don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days ahead. But it don't really matter with me now, because I've been to the mountain top. And I don't mind. Like anybody, I would like to live a long life. Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned with that now. I just want to do God's Will. And He's allowed me to go up to the mountain top and I've looked over, and I've seen the promised land. I may not get there with you. But I want you to know tonight that we as people will get to the promised land. And so I'm happy tonight. I'm not worried about anything, I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Today, U2 slap pictures of King on promotional T-shirts while Jenny Morris destroys Janis' "Piece of My Heart" and the Red Hot Chilli Peppers play Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues".

At the end of 1968, Kaiser recounts an interview he had with Dylan in which he says of that year:

"All those things deaden you. They kill part of your hope. And enough of those blows to your hope will make you deader and deader and deader until a person is existing without caring anymore..." (1985)

The tragedy of *Berkeley* is also of broken hope. The revolution they felt they had begun, which seemed to be mirrored in France and Czechoslovakia's Prague Spring turned out not to be one after all. While they spoke for renewed links between the intellect and the heart, many of the generation's later actions seemed to demonstrate a short memory. Kaiser, however, is optimistic.

"For me, at least, I hope the memory of that trauma and of all the others of 1968 will not begin to fade away, so that our dream to make a better world will once again become more vivid."

Sam Maiden



Gender Stereotyping in rape

The "Complicity" of Allison Nitschke

By Maria O'Brien, with thanks to Vicki Wayne and Rebecca Bailey-Harris. I extend my sincerest sympathies to the family and friends of Allison Nitschke.

Susan Brownmiller commenced her now famous study of rape with the assertion that "it is nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which all men keep all women in a state of fear" (15). Despite the gender-neutral language of the statutory crime of rape, it remains overwhelmingly the case that "what is wrong with rape is that it is an act of the subordination of women to men". Regardless of the claims of the law to objectivity, rape is an inherently "gendered" crime and one that is uniquely manipulated by the media and the criminal law to effect social and sexual control of women. This is nowhere more clearly apparent than in the recent tragic death of 18 year old Allison Nitschke, and in the media portrayal of the incident, which sought to show her as in some way complicit in her own violent murder.

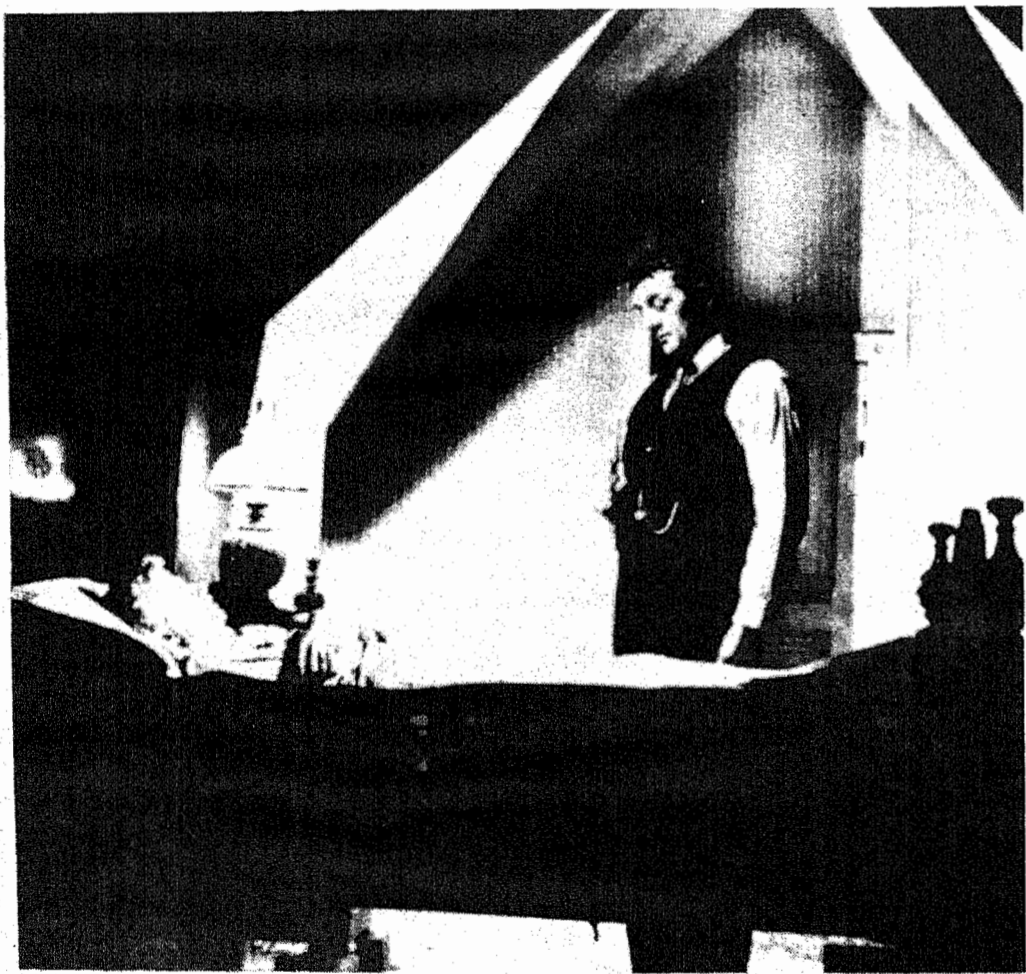
The fundamental flaw with the current treatment of rape by the law and the media is in the Myth of Female Sexual Precipitation (Edwards 49), which implies that women in some way bring rape upon themselves, and exploits this (erroneous) belief to inhibit true female freedom. Susan Brownmiller explains that what she terms Victim Precipitation "does not hold a victim responsible, but it seeks to define contributory behaviour... in effect, an unlawful act has been committed but had the victim behaved in a different fashion the crime in question might have been avoided" (353). Specifically, this is evident in the stereotypical construction of the crime as "stranger-rape", and in the construction of a model of female sexuality which renders the victim complicit therein.

The Myth of Stranger-Rape

The myth that rape is perpetrated by strangers on women foolish enough to put themselves at risk in an isolated or dark place is used to limit the geographical and social freedom of women. Fear of rape, which Susan Griffin has termed a "male protection racket", acts to reinforce the need of men in women and the value of traditional patriarchal family structures to keep women safe from other men, incidentally keeping them passive, chaste and at home. In spite of the potent myth of stranger-rape, it remains the case that a woman who is raped is as likely as not to meet her fate at the hands of a male relative or friend than a total stranger: somewhere in the vicinity of 50% of rapes are in fact committed by persons known to the victim (Graycar 329, Smart 92), not in a dark alley or isolated area but in the home of the victim or the perpetrator. By implication, the

perpetrator in the majority of rapes is not an imbalanced psychopath, but someone of similar socio-economic background to the victim. Brownmiller concludes that "the typical [American] perpetrator of forcible rape is little more than an aggressive, hostile youth who chooses to do violence to women" (176).

Carol Smart also emphasises that the idea of women provoking a spontaneous rape by their conduct or behaviour is further undermined by the large percentage of rapes that are in fact premeditated. This reflects



"Rape stands apart in the criminal law as being the crime where the victim and her sexuality are on trial. The male mythology of rape follows the victim from the crime itself to court"

the powerlessness of victims, the reality that "... the danger or threat of rape resides more in the fact that women in general are the objects of male sexual or aggressive feelings than in the fact that particular women make themselves vulnerable or encourage attack

(Smart 92).

The Allison Nitschke murder - an attack apparently initiated in her own bedroom, and for which a fellow St Mark's resident has been charged - thus does not conform to the stereotypical stranger-rape case, but rather to the reality. Contrary to prevailing stereotypes of female 'carelessness' contributing to rape, the sad reality is that there is nothing Allison could have done to prevent her attack.

The Notion of Female Complicity

In a rare cogent moment, the House of Lords once asserted that "all householders are

herself. In no other crime does the notion of "deserving it" or even "wanting it" exist: the victim of a robbery is not seen as complicit because he or she is ostentatiously affluent and therefore asking to be robbed; it is not asked of victims of so-called "bikie massacres" what they were doing in an obviously volatile environment, nor is it implied that they were at all irresponsible in somehow bringing about their own deaths.

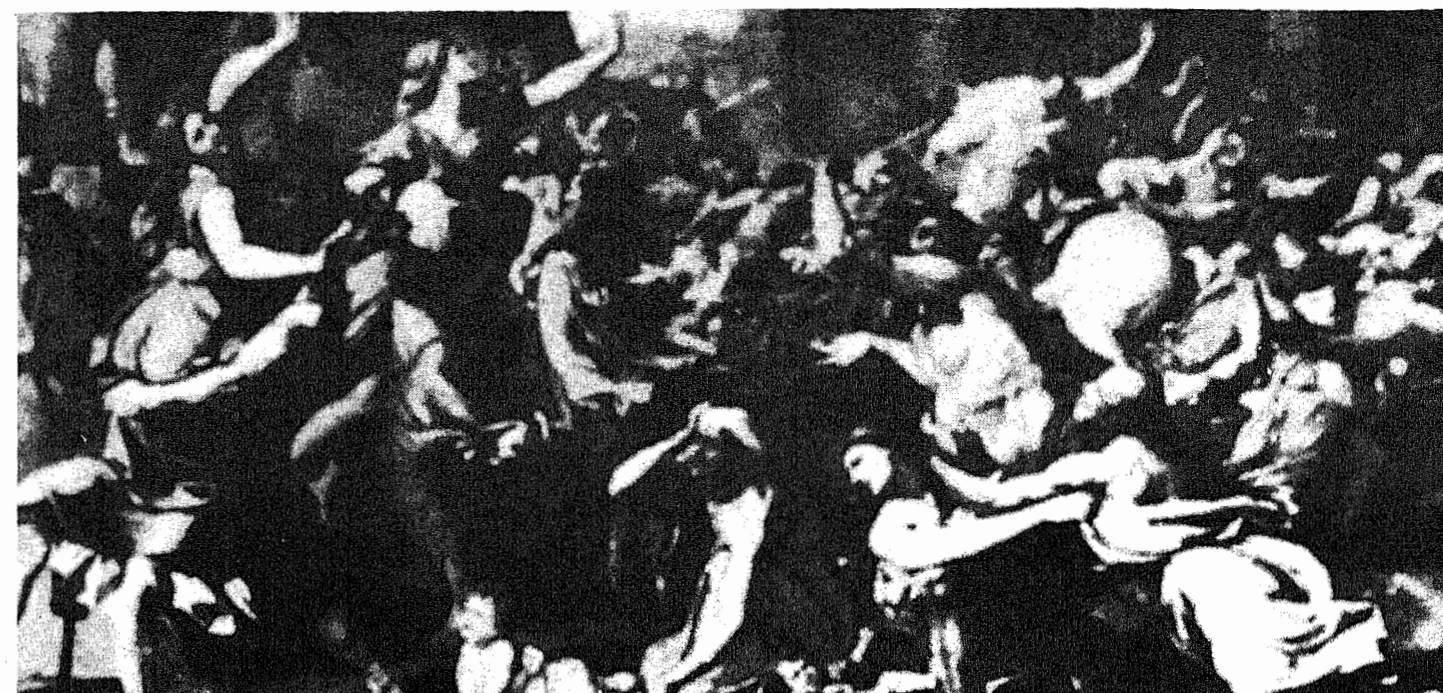
Rape stands apart in the criminal law as being the crime where the victim and her sexuality are on trial. The male mythology of rape follows the victim from the crime itself to court where "cloaked in intricate phraseology, the male myths of rape appear as cornerstones in most pseudoscientific inquiries into female sexuality ... they deliberately obscure the true nature of rape" (Brownmiller 312). Susan Edwards writes (at 50) that "in a rape trial, it is invariably the case that a model of female sexuality as agent provocateur, temptress or seductress is set in motion ... from Hale to Hailsham this view is apparent from observing judicial utterances in court". Specifically, "case law announces its preparedness to protect women who are 'true' victims of sexual assault ... but the complaint is much more likely to qualify if her behaviour is congruous with the appropriate female sexual and social role". Juries are particularly prone to be influenced by "contributory" behaviour on the part of the victim, as "they are composed of citizens who believe the many myths about rape, and they judge the female according to these cherished myths" (Brownmiller 373). Edwards concludes that "the claim to 'male protectiveness' within the law is more correctly seen as the control of the sexual behaviour of women via defining ideologies".

Perpetuating the Stereotypes: The Reporting of Rape

The criminal law is yet to deal conclusively with the murder of Allison Nitschke, but the media has given the case a hearing that served only to reinforce the gendered nature of rape and the myth of victim complicity. Due to their tendency to highlight superficial details (such as age, attractiveness and hair colour of the victim), press reports make no attempt to "situate the specific selected incident within its determining socio-cultural context" or to analyse "the socio-historical and material processes which have produced both the present form of sexual relations and the ... consciousness of these existing relations as 'naturally' based" (Smart 91).

The media does not merely fail to regard

potential victims of an habitual burglar, and all females those of an habitual rapist". The distinction is commonly made that, unlike the householder, the rape victim can be in some way complicit, can deserve the attack or, to a greater or lesser degree, bring it upon



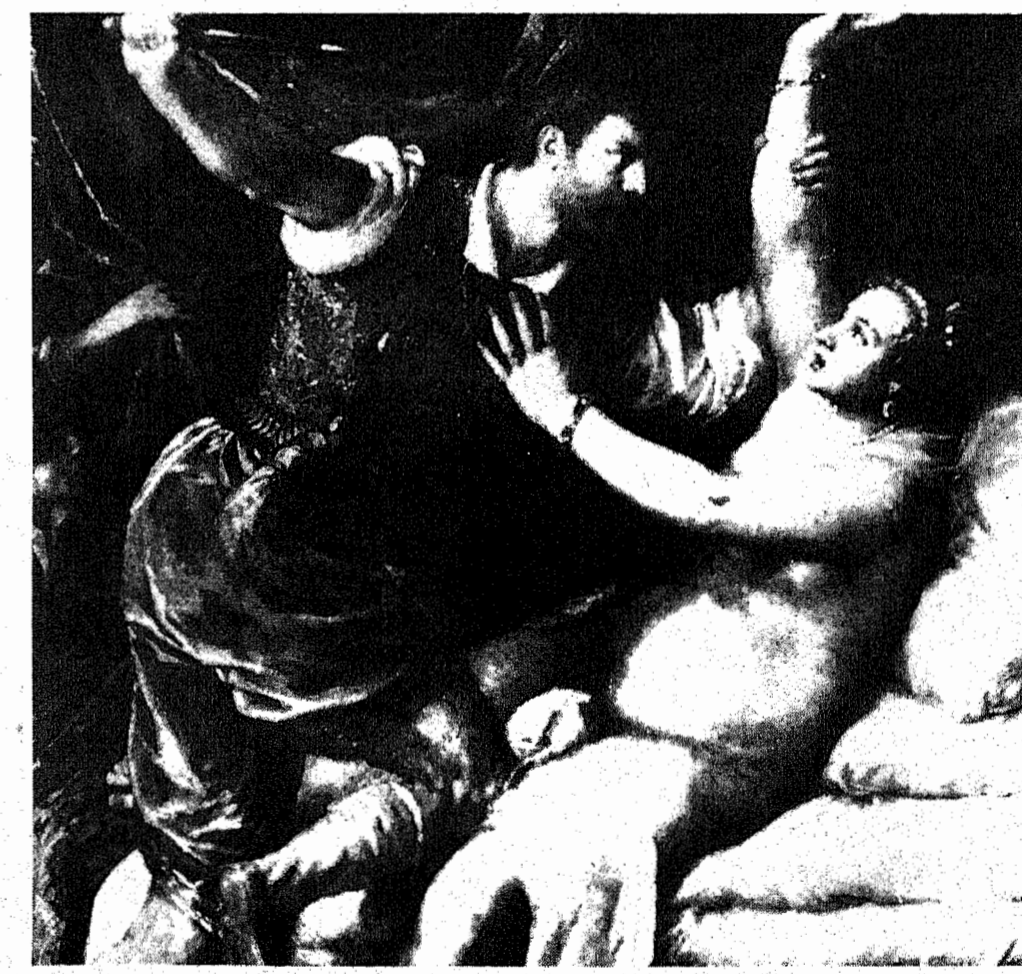
the social context of rape critically, but it actively perpetuates the stereotypical assumptions about women in rape. Carol Smart further asserts (at 91) that "... the general form and content of rape reporting have served to further confound a rational understanding of rape as well as to indirectly conspire to perpetuate women's social and sexual subordination by producing rape reports which serve as both a form of sexual titillation and as a veiled 'warning' to non-conforming 'independent' women ... as an implicit form of social control."

Rape reporting used to titillate, to isolate and to warn was evident in the media reaction to Allison Nitschke's murder. Television news reports showed tasteless and unnecessary footage of the retrieval of her body, as well as tasteless and unnecessary close-ups of items of her intimate apparel found nearby. The concentration on the details of the dumping of the naked body at a specific location serves to isolate the crime from the multitude of acts of violence against women, from which the crime is thus established as distinct rather than fundamentally related.

Perhaps most unfortunate was the concentrated portrayal in the media of the specifics of the victim (and comparative silence about the accused): Allison as a caring and considerate girl, a good student involved in a three-year relationship with her childhood sweetheart, whom she reportedly intended to marry. *The Advertiser* of 24 September headlined its front page report of the murder with the assertion that Allison was "a perfect treasure", who loved life and God. I don't deny the truth of any of these statements, I merely challenge their relevance: the inference is, of course, that Allison deserves to be protected by the law because she subscribed to the model of female sexuality it requires in order to establish a "real" rape. Impliedly, had Allison been a party girl, or been regarded as slightly promiscuous, the law and the media would see her as in some way complicit. As in so many other rapes, the analysis and the conjecture has concentrated entirely upon the victim and upon the victim's behaviour: rumour and speculation has been to the effect that she had or had not been drinking, or that she had or had not locked her door, that she had or had not invited her assailant to her room. This ignores fundamentally that the liability for the crime will rest entirely with the perpetrator, if he is found to possess the requisite mental element, subject to any extrinsic defence that

may be raised, such as insanity. Technically, a woman cannot be complicit in her own rape, but the bizarre speculation in the press as to Allison's whereabouts on the night of her death (whether she had been at a party all night or out with her brothers and, in either case, as to whether she had been drinking), would indicate that in practice this is not necessarily seen to be the case.

The prevalence of rape in our society is a disgrace, but equally damaging to women are the male myths of female behaviour and sexuality which remain integral to the crime.



"rape is a form of mass terrorism, for the victims of rape are chosen indiscriminately, but the propagandists for male supremacy broadcast that it is women who cause rape by being unchaste or in the wrong place at the wrong time"

Susan Brownmiller asserts that men "prefer to see rape as a woman's problem, rather than as a societal problem resulting from a distorted masculine philosophy of aggression" (400). The reality remains, tragically, as Susan Griffin characterised it in 1979; "... rape is

an act of aggression ... it is an act of violence ... and rape is a form of mass terrorism, for the victims of rape are chosen indiscriminately, but the propagandists for male supremacy broadcast that it is women who cause rape by being unchaste or in the wrong place at the wrong time - in essence, by behaving as though they were free" (21).

If any party is complicit in the rape of women, it is surely "the media ... [which] ... serves to socialise women into tacitly constraining and limiting their own forms of behaviour and social activity" (Smart 102).

cannot be raped". Obviously, then, in the event that Allison Nitschke was sexually assaulted after she was murdered, the defendant cannot be convicted of rape. The theory behind this is that a dead person is not capable of giving consent; but surely where the victim has been murdered they have been rendered incapable of giving consent, which seems stronger than the "reckless indifference as to consent" required by the Criminal Law Consolidation Act for the requisite mental element in rape. In the recent case of *R v Riley*, the murderer of seven-year-old Shaun Phillips was convicted of attempted rape of the boy before murdering him, but on the authority of Van Beelen (and because sexual intercourse could not be proved beyond reasonable doubt to have taken place before death) Matheson J acquitted Riley of the rape that took place after the vicious murder. The victim in both instances was bound and gagged (and legally incapable of consent due to his tender age), but in the interim he was killed because the accused claimed "I wanted the boy dead first before I fucked him". I see no material distinction with regard to consent in this case; it seems illogical that there is no crime in the latter act, where there would be under US law.]

Notes

1. Criminal Law Consolidation Act 1935 (SA), s48.
2. Catherine A MacKinnon "Feminism, Marxism, Method and the State: Toward a Feminist Jurisprudence" quoted by Graycar at 330; at 345 Graycar submits NSW Bureau of Crime Statistics indicating that some 98% of reported rapes are committed by men.
3. Graycar quotes NSW Bureau of Crime Statistics as showing that in only approximately 25% of rapes was the assailant totally unknown to the victim.
4. Hill v Chief Constable of West Yorkshire [1989] AC 53 at 62.
5. (1973) 4 SASR 353.
6. (1989) 149 LSJS 256.

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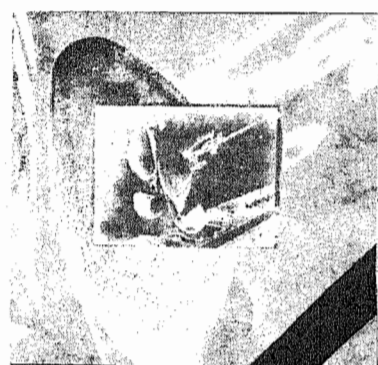
[The notorious *R v Van Beelen* is authority that rape of the dead is not a crime: Bray CJ, Mitchell J and Zelling J asserted (at 409) that "necrophilia is no offence at all, except, perhaps, the common law misdemeanour of interference with a corpse, since the dead

ALBUMS

to many as "that band which Morrissey likes". Yet, it is only recently that they have found recognition and success.

This album was released last year and features the singles "Come Home", "How Was It For You" and the re-release of "Sit Down", the three songs which have led to their increased popularity. It is a good dose of British pop music, and if you like the singles, you will, no doubt, like the album. My only criticism would be that it is a bit insipid and wimpy in parts, but overall an enjoyable listen.

Richard Vowles



On Every Street Dire Straits Polygram

Hardly a surprising release from Knopfler and co. Rather, it is a reprise of several of the styles from previous Straits' albums. Admittedly, Knopfler's country influence is far more pronounced here than on previous efforts, largely as a result of his Nashville associations, but on the whole, even this fails to save the album from play-it-safe mediocrity. Tracks such as "Calling Elvis", "The Bug" and "How Long" are simply awful, burdened by the corniest of country's corny clichés. Other tracks fare a little better, such as the pleasant ballad, "On Every Street" and folksy "Iron Hand", but the overall tone of the album is so laid back so as to send even the most hardened insomniac into a coma. The only time the album shows any signs of life is when Knopfler does what he does best and lays into a tasty guitar solo, with "Fade to Black", a wonderful, original slow blues, and "You and Your Friend", obviously benefitting in this regard. The intro to the subsequently awful "Planet of New Orleans" is a brilliant display of Knopfler's guitar talents and one wishes the whole album to be like this. One for the yuppies and slow elevators.

Paul Lauritsen

Slinky Milltown Brothers Polygram

You know that feeling when your Granny serves up brussel sprouts: decline in appetite; sick feeling in your stomach. Milltown Brothers duplicate this very feeling. It's nice to hear a band not taken up with such trivialities as what they're going to wear, so when the music is bland and directionless like this, it's kind of sad.

This is not to say that Milltown Brothers are all crap (despite the dodgy name), it's just typical, post-baggy-pop, inoffensive in limited doses, and even hummable at times ("Which way should I jump?", "Never Came Down Again"). The whole album just wafts by with no particular high points, and no particular low points.

Marvin

Slinky is altogether not awfully adventurous. Much like brussel sprouts, really. Steamed-vegetable-pop.

Fiona Dalton.

Jungle Fever Stevie Wonder BMG

Jungle Fever is the soundtrack to Spike Lee's new film of the same name. This is Stevie's best album since *Hotter than July*, which was released over ten years ago. The album can be split into two. Five of the tracks are laid-back typical Stevie Wonder ballads. The strength of the album lies in the record's other six tracks. Stevie Wonder hasn't been this funky in a long time. The single title track is an African chant-like song about inter-racial relationships. The boppy "Chemical Love" is an anti-drug song. The best two tracks are the funk-filled dance tracks, "Gotta Have You" and the angry "Each Other's Throat". Stevie Wonder is back with a vengeance. The only thing that confuses me is why the hell did a blind man make a soundtrack to a film he can't see?

Jack K.



Ruby Catfish EMI

Don Walker, former keyboardist and songwriter in Cold Chisel, has trodden the long dusty road of rock and roll like none other. Ten years and as many albums with Chisel, his songs have become the soundtrack to a generation, and now he's back with some new songs in a new band called Catfish. Their first album, *Unlimited Address*, was a disappointment, being rather bland and unmemorable, but the latest release, *Ruby*, is better.

This is because *Ruby* finds Walker returning to basic rhythm and blues that he is best known for, unlike Walker's contemporary, Barnesie, who is sinking further into a commercial sandpit of West End Export girls with tight leather miniskirts, and drunken lads with one hand on their Winfield Reds and one hand on their jockstraps.

Ruby is a smooth album with Walker's cool vocal style epitomising his typically contemporary Australian songs, such as "Jericho Road", "Ruby" and "The Year That He Was Cool". One feature of the album is the variation that is achieved with the songs, from basic blues numbers to ballads and to some more rockabilly songs.

His band on the album is an interesting line up with James Brown's old drummer, Tony Cook, and rhythm guitarist Ronald Laster. Together with Adelaidean bass player Paul Burton, they provide much grunt from the rhythm section, further enhanced with

Walker's piano. Dave Blight of Cold Chisel harmonica solo fame is also on most tracks blowing some great bluesy melodies to give a real Australian flavour to the album.

"Johnny's Gone", the first single, is a focal point of *Ruby*, and overall, although the songs aren't going to jump out and hit you, they are well worth a listen for anyone yearning to revel in soulful and melodic rhythm and blues.

Peter Psaltis

Space I'm In The Candy Skins BMG

Space I'm In is the debut album from The Candy Skins, a band hailing from Oxford (home of Ride) in England. The album has been produced by Pat Collier who has also worked with the House of Love and The Wonderstuff. This is the best debut album I've heard so far this year, with every song being great.

The album opens with "So Easy", a great song complete with some ferocious wah-wah that instantly makes the Wonderstuff spring to mind.

The first single, "Submarine Song", is next and the wah-wah is still plugged in. The band's sense of humour is revealed with lines like,

"I'm not drowning, I'm just going under swimming's not my scene, anyway" and the chorus

"and I walk through your dreams dig your flowers and your submarines" Make of it what you will.

"Black and Blue" sees the Beatles meet the Stems in a song which is based on '60s protest songs and basically asks how far one is prepared to go with one's belief or whether one is just in love with the idea of being a protest singer.

The next song, "Never Will Forget You", is comparable to the Someloves or Power of Dreams, and continues to show that this band can write great pop songs.

"Freedom Bus" is a great tongue-in-cheek pop song with one of those choruses you find yourself singing along to on first listening.

"Without Love" is described by the band as "Peace, Love and Wah-wah". What more need be said?

"She Blew Me Away" destroys all the happy sentiments of "Without Love" in a story of obsession in love:

"I'd burn your house down, just to make you come around."

"Third World Blues" is a happy tune with not so happy lyrics. It's followed by "Not Sad To See You Go" another groovy number, this time about falling out of love.

"For What It's Worth" is an old Stephen Stills penned Buffalo Springfield song from the '60's, which they do very well, and the whole album is nicely tied up with the title track, "Space I'm In":

we'd be good together if you don't say what you've done you could come around again tell me things have just begun.

Richard Vowles

Greatest Hits The Jam Polydor

What can be said about an album like this? Not much. The greatest hits of one of the best post punk/new wave bands ever. Including their first single, "In The City", as well as other classics such as "The Eton

Rifles", "Start!", "That's Entertainment" and "Town Called Malice", to name a few. If you haven't got any of the Jam's records, this is a great place to start.

Richard Vowles

Two Sides The Mock Turtles Siren/Virgin

Believe it or not there are some bands in England at the moment who were around before 1989. Many of these have only recently gained popularity, sheltered by the ever widening Madindiebaggychester umbrella. A few, such as James have strongly rejected this embrace, and continue to produce excellent records. Others, such as The Mock Turtles, seem to have believed their own hype. True 'indie' music (if we must label it) has something that, for many, sets it apart; a certain style, swagger, confidence, originality, integrity - independence perhaps? I don't know. I do know that a wah-wah pedal and a funky drum wont do the job alone.

Two Sides is mainstream pop. As such it is a very nice listen. The first two tracks, "Strings and Flowers", and "And Then She Smiles" in particular are sweet fluffy rainbows that make you want to tap your feet and smile. "Can You Dig It" is about as catchy as songs get.

Buy this album for its beautiful cover. Better still, keep listening to SA-FM.

Nic Gilbert.



Passion Grace and Serious Bass Sydney Youngblood EMI

This is Youngblood's second album following his successful debut which spawned 4 international hits. Youngblood is a black soul singer very much in the tradition of Marvin Gaye and Smokey Robinson.

The album opens with the catchy first single "Hooked on You". A number of tracks including "Wherever You Go" and "It Ain't Easy" are almost carbon copies of Marvin Gaye during the *What's Going On?* period. Most of the songs continue in this manner, with strong vocals and modern drum beats.

One unusual and out of place track is an acapella version of Elvis Presley's "Teddy Bear" which definitely highlights his excellent voice.

It's rare to find a black artist who actually sings these days, because 95% of them are rapping.

Jack K.

Brotherhood The Doobie Brothers EMI

Do you ever wonder why some of the best bands of their time have to go and bugger everything up by either reuniting or by hanging around for so long that they're too old to get it up, and their audiences are more concerned with superannuation and stock market fluctuations? It seems that the answer is money. The Doobie Brothers join the ranks of The Rolling Stones, Paul McCartney, The Who and every member of the Travelling Wilburys by recording an album of polished, over-produced Corporate

Rock.

This is the sort of stuff that conservative FM radio thrives on. Nice, catchy, predictable guitar hooks, boring, repetitive drum rhythms, and sickly sweet vocal harmonies. In fact, every song reminded me of "We Built This City On Rock 'n' Roll" by Starship: it stays in your head all day, but for all the wrong reasons. A couple of songs aren't too nauseating and have the potential to kick along quite well, but thanks to the blatant use of synthesiser gadgetry and horrific over-production, they are pulled down into the mush with the rest of the album.

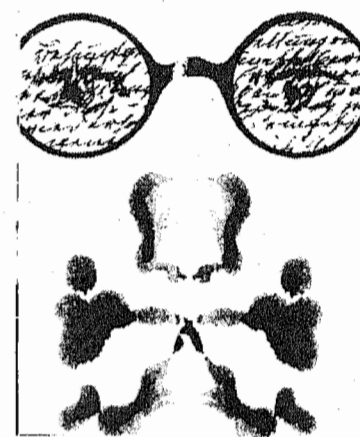
Maybe the scariest part is the album cover. It consists of six heavily-dressed young boys posing against a wall. A duck is nonchalantly perched on the head of the shortest boy. The word "Brotherhood" is scrawled across this stirring scene. Think about it.

If ever a soundtrack is released for the Steve Vizard Show, this should be it.

Stuart Symons

nor does it claim to be. Polyester has given a number of these bands the chance they deserve, and more power to them all.

Alex Wheaton



Freudiana Freudiana Records / EMI

After listening to this 1 1/4 hour epic, and being totally struck by its sheer brilliance - I tried to contain my feelings for it... I can not.

"Shocking" is the first description that comes to mind, then perhaps, "REALLY Shocking". Freudiana redefines bad music with blinding passion.

According to the sleeve notes (a catchphrase I picked up the other night),

Jesse Reynolds

Reaching Nirvana



Nevermind Nirvana Sub Pop / Geffen

Core! What a fucking brilliant band! What a fucking brilliant album!

Now that I've got that out of my system, I guess I'll start being rational. With their second album, Nirvana seem set to eclipse Mudhoney, Tad, etc. to be the jewel in Sub Pop's crown. Only problem is they seem set to do a Sonic Youth and go to a nice commercial record label. *Nevermind* is through the David Geffen Company, by 'special arrangement' with Sub Pop. Yeah, Geffen gets all the money, Sub Pop gets a logo on the album, no doubt...

This is Nirvana's most accessible work to date, but they sure as hell haven't 'sold out'. There is much less of the metal edge prominent on *Bleach*, and the vocals have improved heaps. As a whole, it's not as intense as *Bleach*, but there are some brilliant tracks. The single, "Smells like

"Freudiana is the brainchild (oh no!) of songwriter and musician Eric Woolfson who hit upon the idea of researching the life and works of Sigmund Freud with a view to their musical potential."

"Oh God! Who'd bother," was the most accurate comment I received. It really sums up the whole situation. I mean, what sort of halfwit would "hit" upon this idea and hang on to it for more than, say, a minute or two, let alone going ahead with it and having the lack of pride to actually release the piece of shit.

Alan Parsons (cringe) produced this album (which is perhaps why it's so terrible) and most of the vocals are by Woolfson (along with Leo Sayer, the Flying Pickets, Frankie Howerd and the like). So, it's not so surprising that it sounds very much like Alan Parsons Project, only more pretentious.

They made a musical of it too, and gosh, I'm really anxious to see it!

Their lyrics don't seem to be the result of any detailed research into Freud's life and works, more like quarter of an hour at an encyclopedia.

It's really quite depressing to see such a waste of a well-distributed album; why couldn't this opportunity have been given to the Gadsflys or something?

Jesse Reynolds

Teen Spirit", is a hor song. It has an authentic grinding chorus, and broods sullenly in between. Real teen angst from a 'been there, done that' point of view. Nirvana have also discovered the art of 'slower bits', in songs like "Lithium", and the acoustic "Polly". Personally, I prefer the tracks where they say bugger the slow bits, but I guess they make the album more accessible as a whole. "Territorial Pissings" is a prime example of sending the slow bits to hell, and pushing the levels into the red. The bass and drums are frantic and pounding, the guitar tuzzes, screeched and grinds, and the vocals are reduced to the garbled roars of spluttering vocal chords towards the end... Best track on the album.

There haven't been too many albums I've bought at lunchtime and listened to half a dozen times that day. I'm still listening to it.

Noodles Romanov

EPs & Singles

beliefs about human nature have just been irrevocably shattered, and Gazza himself tells us:

*I've paid my debt to Society,
But I'm not the citizen they want me to be...*

showing us that his only equal in modern music is that other bad-boy philosopher of rock, Jim Morrison. With prophets like these to guide and enlighten us, who needs religion, drugs or brains?

The music isn't much to speak of- the usual dance crap, not band for its kind, I guess.

J. Mackinnon

**Hear Me Calling
The Barracudas
Shock / Dog Meat
7"**

A couple of old tunes, recorded back in '81 and '82. "Hear Me Calling" is a pretty basic, punchy 'alternative' guitar song. The B-side, "She Knows" is in the same vein, but is catchier than the A-side. Similar sound to Celebrate Rifles-type bands.

This is pretty good.

Twisty



**Biscuits
Living Colour
Sony Music
EP**

This EP is a further display of the immense talents of this great young black band, possibly the greatest rock band on the planet. Featuring six studio covers and live versions of previous material, the record plays upon Living Colour's strengths as a live band. "Desperate People" (live), is truly awesome, far superior to the studio version on *Vivid*, more than adequately demonstrating the band's ability to combine punk-like aggression with music school chops and be more musical than either the punks or the shredders. The studio covers possess a similar, if toned down, quality, sounding very much like inspired first or second takes. Their takes on James Brown's "Talking Loud and Saying Nothing" and Al Green's "Love and Happiness" hold up surprisingly well in comparison to the originals. The EP's downside is the rather embarrassing reggae version of Hendrix's "Burning of the Midnight Lamp", but, that aside, the EP is great value for money (30 minutes for \$10). And, of course, "Desperate People" alone is worth the price of admission.

Paul Lauritsen

**Point
Brokenhead
Seaside
EP**

Another Melbourne band that seems to be heavily influenced by the American

independent scene, particularly Dinosaur Jr. and Tad. Their first single received critical acclaim in the States and has sold well. This EP surpasses the single, both in the songs and production. The first engineer they worked with told them they were too bloody loud to record, which gives you an idea what this EP sounds like. Fuzzed out and spattered with wah-wah, there's not too much room left in the grooves for more noise. Not bad for a three piece. The songs show some great writing skills, the achilles heel being the vocals, a bit like J Mascis without the guts.

Overall, a great piece of vinyl, with "Crazy", "Friend" and "Karma" being the tracks that really stand out.

Marvin

**Barnaby
Green Beaver
Shagpile
7"**

The first single on Shock's new label for nasty, loud, boozy bands and what a way to start. Green Beaver would sound at home on (and sell a lot of records for) Sub Pop in the US; they still retain their individuality, but. "Barnaby" is a great song, it's hard to pinpoint just why, but it certainly makes it. "Lucy" on the B-side isn't far behind. This band also has a whole lot of material ready for an EP, including a few that I think surpass "Barnaby". If they venture over from Melbourne again, go and see them live- a bit sloppy round the edges (not a band to waste their drinks rider), but well worth it.

Marvin



**Pregnant for the Last time
Morrissey
EMI
EP**

Yeee-har! Well not quite, but Moz has gone just the teensy - weensiest bit rockabilly. This quite possibly has a lot to do with his new backing band: a rockabilly group from North London. He takes them on tour with him too, APPARENTLY. Not that I'm upset that he cancelled his Australian dates due to sickness. No, I'm not upset at all- I'm furious.

For all of us who missed out, though it's little comfort, the CD single of "Pregnant..." includes 2 live tracks recorded in Holland earlier this year. One of them is a corker version of "Disappointed"- hear a real crowd cheer when he croons "this is the last song I will ever sing...". "Pregnant..." however, is jolly, it bounces along with Morrissey's sonorous voice also sounding curiously jolly. While it's nothing to write home about, it's still incredibly nice. "Pregnant..." also seems to witness the rebirth of Moz's wit. Where has it been, you ask? On holiday perhaps, or maybe it also 'got sick' (Grumble, Snarl, etc).

Fiona Dalton.

**Live Demons
Powertrip
Shock / Dog Meat
7"**

Four live tracks recorded in 1983. Some early Jeff Dahl material is displayed here, very thrashy and fast, which is, of course, a good thing. The songs lose a lot due to the sub-standard live recording, but "Demons" and "Die" would have undoubtedly been good slamming tracks. Also features "I Got A Right", borrowed from The Stooges.

Early '80s US stuff, sure. Basically of historical interest now, as there are plenty of bands peddling this kind of stuff and doing it better these days.

Interesting, though.

Twisty

**Revolver
Hut (Import)
EP**

Revolver's front man, 19 year old singer/songwriter/ guitarist Mat Flint could indeed be described as, erm, confident. But, hell, he's got a lot to be proud of. English newcomers Revolver's first release is nothing short of brilliant. The obvious Ride/My Bloody Valentine comparison quite possibly sells this EP short of its individual beauty (psst: I like it). Sure, Revolver aren't doing anything new but when it's as good as this, who cares?

The single "Heaven sent an angel" is 4 1/2 minutes of inspiring rapturous emotion. The fourth track, "Cherish" is a glowing flame that evolves into a rampant bushfire of Sonic Youth-esque guitar bits with Mat Flint's celestial voice gliding effortlessly above. What's more Revolver have the most beautiful direct teen love lyrics since well, the last most beautiful direct teen love lyrics.

Revolver- they're just as pretty as Ride, they have four incredible pop/noise songs and they certainly know how to rock. Track this down and buy a copy, buy 4. If heaven sent an angel, then God sent Revolver.

Fiona Dalton

**Nowhere to Go
The Original Sins
Dog Meat
7"**

Another cool release from this quartet from Pennsylvania. The A side is a really mean pop tune, sort of thrash / power pop with an organ, and limitless energy. The B side is an acoustic ballad, I presume to show a little diversity, and that they can compromise. On red vinyl. Great single.

Marvin

**Time is Mine
Shotgun Rationale
Shock / Dog Meat
7"**

From Minneapolis, USA, Shotgun Rationale feature ex-Replacement Bob Stinson on occasional guitar. "Time is Mine" is an old song, recorded in 1980 by the singer's old band.

Stand-out track of the three presented here is "Wheel of Fortune", a very fast, loud song. As is "Erie Sponsibile", which has a great guitar solo. As the sleeve note says, "I suggest this record be played loud so that people will think that all you care about is rock'n'roll." With a philosophy like that, these guys must be OK.

Twisty

**Escape
Gary Clail On-U Sound
System
BMG
7"**

Who can honestly claim not to have been deeply moved by the disturbing philosophical insights contained on Gary's first release, "There's Something Wrong With Human Nature"? Not I, for one, so I eagerly snapped up the latest release from this modern-day Descartes, hoping for some more clues as to the secrets of the human psyche, and I was not disappointed!

*You can run, run, run, buy you cannot hide,
Cos the enemy is deep inside...*
chants the chorus, sending a chill down the spine of many listeners whose deepest

(Keep Your) Eyes on the Roadie

Have De La Souled out? A live report on fans, black people, and rap culture in Adelaide

De La Soul Wednesday, October 9th The Old Lion

What a disappointment! I should have known. For Elvis' sake, I should have known. I should have listened to my grandfather that time when he said to me, "Adriano, non aspettarti troppo, perchè sarei deluso. Mangia i spaghetti, invece." Which, translated, means, "Adrian, don't get your hopes up too much, because you'll be disappointed. Eat your spaghetti, instead." Did I listen? No. Now I must pay the price, yet again.

De La Soul. The most innovative, talented, cool, hip, different, brilliant, inspiring rap group in the world were playing The Old Lion. It was sold out. These caused mayhem in the Virgin Megastore earlier that day, when they came along to sign autographs.

This was going to be good. This concert was going to be something special. I could just tell. Their two albums had turned rap music on its "Nike-Air" head. These guys were funny and laid back, with the most creative, refreshing sampling ever recorded. I could just imagine how superb (thanks Shaun) their concert was going to be.

What a disappointment! My grandfather was right. The higher your expectations are, the deeper the slash left in your heart by the dagger of disappointment. The same thing happened to me when I saw *Terminator 2* - the hype was too much and the movie was downright ordinary (- sorry Liz). I was shattered after seeing that movie, and I am shattered now.

Here's what happened at the De La Soul concert:

I got my spot right near the front. Too Strong, an Adelaide outfit, and Sound Unlimited Posse, a Sydney group, were the first two acts. Both were quite impressive. The DJs' samples were easily heard and the rapping was clear from both groups. By 10.15 pm, SUP had finished and it was now time for the big one. If they start at 10.30, we'll get a good, ninety-minute show, I thought (knowing that the Old Lion had to shut at midnight).

Time passed. We waited. I perspired, along with all the other anxious bodies at the front. More time passed. 11.00 pm. No sign of De La Soul. The dagger I spoke of earlier had begun to tear through my shirt. No one can play for less than an hour and expect to put on a good show.

Anyway, a few roadies came on stage, and the already excited crowd became feverish. People suddenly started cheering and screaming.

I then realised the irony of the whole event, the irony of the whole rap phenomenon here in Australia, in fact. It's the old favourite, the Bandwagon Principle. Most people at the concert didn't even know what the three members of De La Soul look like (except that they're black, of course). I reckon some people would have gone home happy after seeing those three black roadies go on stage to check the equipment.

You see, all they want to see is black people, dude.

I looked at one guy, who was screaming his tits off, arms waving in the air.

"That's not them," I said.

"So?" he yelled back.

Exactly.

I now understood. It wouldn't matter if De La Soul only came on for ten minutes. All they needed to do was say "Yo!" a few times, do a bit of "scratching", throw in the odd "Chill out" for good measure, perhaps sing their hit single "Ring Ring Ring" and

the people in the front would have piddled right down into their Air Jordans with delight.

In fact, in the end, De La Soul did little more than this.

All in all, they played for about fifty-five minutes. The only songs which they sang completely, from start to finish, were "Ring Ring Ring" and "Me Myself and I", the last two songs. The rest were intertwined in medleys. I hate medleys.

The show was at breakneck pace. The smooth, relaxed rappers we hear on the records were nowhere to be seen. Instead of playing for two hours, taking their time, mixing the show up a bit, playing entire songs and saying some funny things in between, De La Soul decided it was going to go full-bore for an hour and try to make it look like something exciting was happening up there on stage.

Remember the music, boys? That's what you're up there for. The music. Unfortunately, the samples which are so essential to their songs were mostly inaudible. All we could hear from the DJ (Mase) was the basic beat. We couldn't hear the whistle in "Eye

Know", or the samples from "Saturday in the Park" or "Grease" in their latest single "A Rollerskating Jam Named Saturdays". I mean, what is the point?

Posdunos and Trugoy spent as much time playing kindergarten games with the crowd, as they did singing. You know, when they try and get crowd participation and say, "Everybody say 'Yo'" and the crowd goes "Yo". This is fun the first couple of times. But when nearly half the show is spent doing this, one starts to wonder whether we bought our \$21 tickets to hear them sing, or whether we paid so that they could hear us sing. There are only so many variations of "Yo" before it becomes boring.

Finally, the biggest let down of the evening. They didn't bring the Adelaide Crows scarf out on stage with them, the one I gave them earlier in the day at the Virgin Megastore. They had promised they would. They next time a rap act comes to Adelaide to play live, I think I'll give it a miss, and go and visit my grandfather instead.

Adrian Tisato



Too Sick To Race

There are destined to be many Grand Prix shows this week, but none as tasteless or poorly performed as the "Too Sick To Sing Gigantic Prix Spectacular".

Too Sick To Sing have been around since 1983 (which, I guess, means they're only 80% as bad as Fear and Loathing). They went into semi-retirement in 1988 after a wave of public hatred threatened to destroy the band, but re-emerged in 1991 with fortnightly 'practice sessions' on Monday nights at the Century Hotel, appropriately

entitled "Too Sick to Practice".

Now they're back, playing a fully-blown Grand Prix show at Limbo's on this Thursday October 31. According to the cagy yet overblown press release, "contestants will battle for the honour of being the inaugural TSTS World Champion (i.e. Giganticest Prix). The gruelling course is being kept under wraps, but is rumoured to involve a stage, tyres, something silly to wear, and beer."

Your correspondent has never had the

privilege of witnessing Too Sick To Sing live. However, every single person I spoke to who has any knowledge of the band holds them in utter contempt.

Their press file speaks volumes:

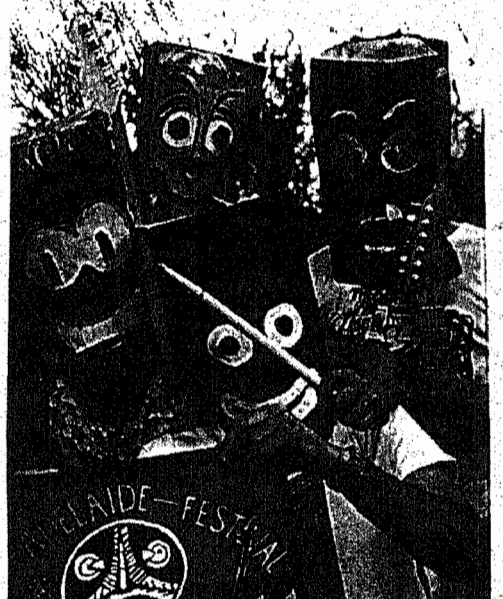
"Fair dinkum, these guys are horrible!"

On Dit, March 1987.

"A bad joke which has festered into something truly hideous..." *The Advertiser*, July 1987.

On Dit has absolutely no tickets to give away for this Thursday's Gigantic Prix Spectacular... even their publicity department can't do anything right.

Simon Healy



Meanwhile, Back in London...

Morrissey
Hammersmith Odeon
4th October, 1991

Steven Patrick Morrissey played at Hammersmith for the second concert of his five date (second leg of his) UK tour. The venue is comparable in size to Thebarton and was not quite packed out. It's seated and its security is fucking tight or, in the words of some immortal, "so ugly".

The show started just before 7.30 pm with support act number one. This band was called Shit-House- at least, it may as well have been. It was obviously suffering a dire identity crisis, unable to determine whether it was hillbilly, punk or just plain fucked up. The audience didn't suffer a similar difficulty though, either way they were shit.

The second support act was Phranc. Much vaunted (and flaunted) by Morrissey, this "all-American, all-Jewish, all-Lesbian" musician was of a calibre not expected in

a mere support spot. The music was folk, and, quite simply, absolutely superb. When listening to her the words "Michelle" and "Shocked" were definitely ones that sprang to mind. Phranc displayed the same skill, talent, originality and clarity of message with which that other songstress is so amply endowed. Some members of the audience were even moved enough to present her with flowers originally intended for The Man Himself. What higher praise can be bestowed?

So you gather she was good. No, you gather she was great. Undoubtedly someone who must be destined for a very shining career herself.

And so she left and so we waited, tense and in awe (or at least, I was). The bouncers were doing a very effective job of restraining all fans from moving to the front (which was later to be a point of contention between Morrissey and the bouncy-types).

The tape stops. The lights dim. Breath is held as all present quiffs quiver in anticipation. We desperates shiver excitedly in our recently acquired t-shirts and hushed, nervous giggles float up toward the darkened stage. A brief shuffling of figures is heard and...

we spring out of seats in a simultaneous action as that Object of Lust/ Passion/

Adoration/Admiration/Beauty is suddenly shown up in the stage lights.

Orgasm is narrowly avoided as our eyes feast on that slackerly slender figure dressed in black denim jeans and jacket, transparent blue shirt and heavy-rimmed glasses (indulge me here, please).

The first song on the playlist is "Last of the Famous International Playboys" and this audience comes afuckinglive! This momentum is maintained too, right throughout the whole set as He plays his terrific songs and (discard your fashionable prejudices for the moment) he does have a few you know, e.g. "Last of the ...", "Sister I'm a Poet", "Alsation Cousins", "Disappointed", etc. Even those that aren't so good- "Driving Your Girlfriend Home", "Interesting Drug"- he magically transforms into brilliant pop. He's woven a spell on us and we will never be able to shake it off:

Such things I do

Just to make myself less attractive to you

Have I succeeded?

Well, not yet!

Too fucking right!

Halfway through the concert, as the bouncers drag off (rather violently) an eager fan within the sight of Morrissey, his comment on the state of security is passed and he and

his (terrific hillbilly) back-up band leave the stage "for two minutes to sort this out". They return and the bouncers in the crowd retreat (took the bastard. Let him sort out his own fookin' security). But they're not needed anyway. In a fit of supreme insanity, I join the rush to the stage but two songs and one broken rib later I decide I'm probably better off gazing from afar.

We are on the seats, on each other, off our heads. This show is being videoed. Hopefully, we'll be able to buy a copy later.

Our Idol returns for the encore in yet another transparent shirt of a different hue and the seats once more get a pounding. The concert ends with the inevitable clamour of fans stuggling onto the stage to hug Morrissey before being snatched away by the aforementioned bouncers who've regained some of their humour. Ah, some things never change.

This concert was a completely religious experience and undoubtedly the best experience of my concert-going life. Cross your fingers that he reschedules your dates because he is one man you don't want to miss.

The obsessed rantics of a fanatic? I should bloody well think so!

Jennifer Duncan

RapLoveGangSick



I recently spoke to Guru, one half of Gangstarr, a Brooklyn rap duo consisting of DJ premier and Guru on vocals/lyrics. Gangstarr started off in 1986 recording on an independent label, following this they collaborated on a track for Spike Lee's *Mo Better Blues* with Brandford Marsalis. They have recently been signed to Chrysalis records and have recorded an LP *Step In the Arena*, which is doing very well in rap circles. Their new single "Lovesick" has just been locally released and is a funky little song smothered in horn-samples making it sound like a 90s version of Atlantic/Stax soul.

Guru says that he got his education in the streets and his major influences were his family and his experiences in the street. His family told him that he would grow up to be a bum and just to prove them wrong he went to college.

He grew up listening to funk, jazz and big band music. When I asked him to describe Gangstarr's music he described it as a combination of samples and beats, with an emphasis on groove. We got on to the topic of sampling but he wouldn't reveal who they took their samples from. He regards sampling as an art form and implied that

they only took obscure samples rather than well known ones. "Rappers use unique techniques and producers, it is very original and funky."

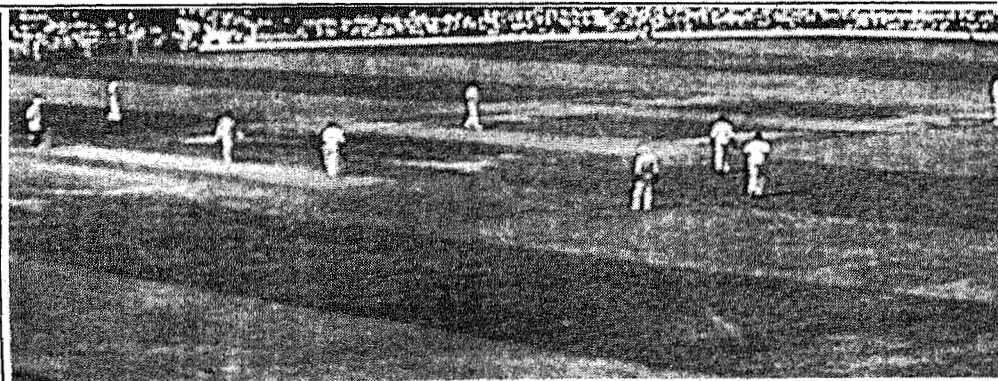
I asked him what he thought about other rappers. "They only talk about themselves: 'I'm the Mac/ I shot 20 motherfuckers' etc. I am not phased by that stuff. Growing up with gangsters, I know that they don't talk too much, they don't wanna show their face on the street, let alone brag on a record."

When asked about what influences his lyrics, he stated that he writes about things that have happened to him and about the environment and destruction.

Gangstarr have done production work for a number of artists, including Neneh Cherry, Slam Slam, Dream Warriors, Wendy and Lisa and Ice-T (a track for the new gangster film *New Jack City*). Guru had a lot of praise for *New Jack City*, calling it very realistic because on the East Coast anyone can get killed, not only those wearing the wrong colour.

If you want to check out Gangstarr listen to the new single "Lovesick", which is getting plenty of airplay on JJJ and is very popular amongst homeys at the moment.

Jack K.



Triple M fm 93.7 STEREO

TOP 21 WEEK ENDING: October 20

Pos.	Artist	Record/ Format	Label	LW
1.	Clouds	Perry Century CD	RedEye	-
2.	Pixies	Trompe le Monde LP	Liberation	1
3.	Kim Salmon & the Surrealists	Essence LP	Polygram	9
4.	Swervedriver	Raise CD	Creation	-
5.	The Wonderstuff	Never Loved Elvis CD	Polydor	-
6.	Right Said Fred	"I'm Too Sexy" S	Liberation	21
7.	Cosmic Psychos	"Dead Roo" S	Survival	-
8.	The Gadsfys	The Gadsfys EP	Phantom	6
9.	Mudhoney	Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge CD	Augo-go	-
10.	Club Hoy	Thursday's Fortune LP	Festival	14
11.	The Bats	"The Black & the Blue" S	Flying Nun	-
12.	Primal Scream	"Don't Fight It, Feel It" 12"S	Creation	-
13.	The Cenobytes	Demo: "Jellyfish"	-	-
14.	The Cramps	Look Mum No Head CD	Warner	-
15.	Velocity Girl	"I Don't Care If You Go" S	Summershine	-
16.	U2	Negativland CD	SST	-
17.	The Doves	"I Wouldn't Know You From the Rest" S	WEA	-
18.	Be Brave	Demo: "Bring the Rifle"	-	13
19.	Billy Bragg	Don't Try This At Home LP	Liberation	3
20.	The Cult	Ceremony CD	Beggars Banquet	-
21.	The Millards	Demo: "Wearing Grandma's Dresses"	-	-

THE TOP 20+ONE SHOW
TRIPLE M-FM 93.7 SATURDAYS 5-7pm

This chart is compiled from the number of actual plays in the preceding week

Blokes You Can Trust: Cosmic Psychos

Daniel Kearney spoke to Cosmic Psycho drummer Bill Walsh, and found out that he's a highly intelligent and articulate man who just likes to rock out... man.



Cosmic Psychos frolic in the fields

Normally, when you find out you're interviewing a band's drummer, you resign yourself to asking lots of questions and getting lots of grunts in return. Not so with Bill Walsh from the Cosmic Psychos, who managed to evade a dodgy phone line and stumbling questions, and still tell me a whole heap about the band, Europe, marriage proposals and even guitarists.

After taming the tape player and overcoming Telecom's inadequacies, I started off by asking about the Cosmic Psychos tour of Europe and their experiences there.

Bill Walsh: There's a pretty organised and dynamic live circuit there, which is populated by mainly American bands, like Nirvana, Mudhoney, Sonic Youth and others, and a few Australian bands, like ourselves, the Beasts of Bourbon and the Hard Ons.

On Dit: How do you find the audience reaction compared to home?

BW: Well, I guess the audience reaction is more a function of how well the band plays, or how the audience sees the band.

For us, generally the audience reaction is quite similar in Europe to Australia. Because we've been there three times, now, lots of people know about us, they've bought the record, and liked us a live band.

OD: People in Europe don't have trouble getting the records?

BW: No, we've got licensing deals with European labels. The last four records have been manufacture locally in Europe. Initially, the kind of people who make it their hobby to collect indie records, heard about the band through our first EP exported from Australia. On the strength of that we got a licensing deal for the first album. The we kept asking for bigger advances for the next record, and they continued to sell, so we were quite happy to go there for a couple of months each year.

OD: Have you got something similar in America?

BW: Yeah, it's a much tougher place to make an impact on, I mean, they have so much good music of their own. There are pockets in the US where indie bands are

really popular, but then there are pockets where people listen to roots music, or soul music. We do alright. The first time we were there (last year), we played to fairly big crowds, particularly in Seattle. Probably that was more to do with the fact that Sub Pop had licensed one of our records, so we had a bit of a profile there.

OD: Were you playing headline gigs, or supporting other bands?

BW: We played with other American bands, but we tended to headline the shows.

OD: You didn't play with anyone like Mudhoney, etc. when you were there?

BW: No, Mudhoney are good mates of ours and we were going to play with them, but Steve at that time was just getting ready to go back to college, and we just couldn't organise it. We were going to do some shows with Nirvana in England last year, but our tour schedule was too tight, and they couldn't shift theirs, so it didn't happen.

OD: You did some recording in the States, with some help from Mudhoney ...

BW: Yeah, there's a couple of them

singing on the new record. We recorded the whole album there. We recorded there because we wanted to use Butch Vig (Nirvana) to produce it, I quite like the stuff he does. We went over there (Wisconsin) for a week, recorded in four days, mixed down in three days.

OD: It's been a bit turbulent for the band, what with the guitarist problems How did all that come about?

BW: Well, Peter, our old guitarist and original member, he just got sick of touring, I think, and he wanted to have a more retiring lifestyle. He left the band after the second tour of Europe. Ross (Knight) and I coaxed him back in, but his heart wasn't really in it. Meantime, he was living in Sydney, we were down here (Melbourne) and we'd started jamming with Robbie Watts, the current guitar player. We just liked him, his guitar playing, it was like he added a fresh element to the band, so we just decided to go with him.

OD: I saw you last time you were in Adelaide, and Robbie jumped up on Ross' shoulders and started playing guitar with his teeth and you kicked them both off stage ... did that sort of thing happen before Robbie appeared?

BW: No, we'd never done that. Peter was much too self conscious to want to do something like that, whereas Ross and I were probably the two outgoing guys in the band, Peter was fairly shy and retiring. That was just a spontaneous thing....

OD: You don't plan to do a stage show like that normally?

BW: It just depends on how we feel we're playing, and how much we're getting encouraged by the crowd to do stuff like that. I don't think Robbie's ever been on anyone's shoulders before, playing guitar with his teeth....

OD: Next year, you're touring Australia with L7. How did that come about?

BW: Yeah, it looks like it. We know and meet all these bands because we do a similar kind of circuit. There are bands who are fans of the Psychos, and we're fans of them. We sort of do the same thing, even though they play their music and we play ours. We're pretty chummy with the girls from L7, and for some reason or other they want to marry us. They really want to come to Australia, so we're going to tour together. It think it's in March or April.

OD: I hear you're doing a split single with L7, covering each other's songs. Has that happened yet?

BW: It's gonna be a Sub Pop single. We did 'Shove', and they've done 'Lost Cause'. It's the only cover we've ever done, and it's coming out on Sub Pop in November some time.

In the meantime, the Cosmic Psychos are touring Australia to promote the new album, *Blokes You Can Trust*, released (on Survival Records) on October 21. A single, "Dead Roo" is available now. After the show they played at Le Rox on October 24, they are about to piss off on a 26 date US tour, possibly to return happily married.

Noodles R.

The AXEMAN



Well, it's been a busy time in the courts lately... The Crown & Anchor Hotel has been knocked back in its bid to have ethnic sensations *Cerveza y Putas* and *Babaganush* play a Grand Prix show on the balcony... a beer garden bash has been decided upon... The Front Page, who burst on the scene with mega-publicity, have been somewhat emasculated by last week's decision from the Licensing Court that they couldn't sell grog over the GP Weekend. Further, they have been prohibited from trading until Nov 22nd, the date of their next visit to the Court... down for the count or on the comeback trail after a few setbacks. Perhaps they could try booking a few good bands if they do come back...?

After troubles at Flinders Uni, bands are being booked by Zep Boys bassplayer Warwick Cheatle. Just to show he's on top of the experience, and really cares, the Flinders end of year show is Karaoke Night. What a twat!

Its 14 years since the release of that fuckin' mind boggling album *Never mind the Bollocks* by those funsters The Sex Pistols. US College magazine "Rat" 'proves' that Beatle member Paul McCartney is dead, sparking off Transatlantic furore (1969). And, in 1987, Mushroom Records announces Kylie's single "Locomotion" is their biggest selling single ever, claiming over 100,000 copies sold.

The latest venue to claim some superb new talent is the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel at the top of Port Rd, who have a bit of a bash coming up on Nov. 8th. Featuring (they claim) members of the Exploding White Mice, The Crazies, The Coneheads, etc, etc are *The Born Losers* & *The Uninvited*. Two other bands complete the bill: *Kultural Kompost* and *By The Vespine*.

Seen by some hundreds of brave souls last week were one of the most intense bands around; *Cosmic Psychos* were truly awesome- and a great time was had by all...

New Theatre Company for Adelaide

Australian drama is something that we do not see enough of. But someone out there is trying very hard to address this problem. His name is Chris Simpson, and he has got a group of people together under the name Insurgent Management. This is a theatre company of which he is the Artistic Director, and his purpose is to present Australian plays to Australian people.

The second aspect won't be that hard (there are a lot of Australians around in Adelaide) but the first might be a bit of a challenge. After the wells of David Williamson and Michael Gow are dry an audience can only take so much of *King O'Malley* or *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* before they start going to Melbourne to see the Moscow Arts Theatre. But Chris Simpson plans to change all that. No cultural cringe for Chris! I spoke to Chris late last week about his goals and aspirations for the newly formed Insurgent Management. How did Insurgent Management spring into existence?

"Insurgent Management started out of necessity, I guess. I went to Sydney and tried to find work over there in theatre and film. I found nothing. I spoke to Alexander Buzo while I was over there, and said that I dearly wanted to do his play. He said 'Sure, go ahead.' Mostly it [Insurgent Management] was the need to do Australian plays, some old, some new."

Chris Simpson is a small man, who speaks well and shows every sign of having worked

challenge for Emily as well because by the sounds of things the stuff she's done at university has been lighter, whereas this is taking real work... what I've seen of her work is very, very good."

Publicity for the show has been helped by a collaboration between Chris and one of Adelaide's most exciting new graphic designers, Gavin Klose. After meeting Klose and telling him about Insurgent Management, Chris was pleasantly surprised to find Gavin interested in what Insurgent Management was doing.

"When I told him [Klose] my ideas he was quite excited about it all and said, 'Okay, let's go ahead and look at some different designs...' firstly the concept of Insurgent Management and what my philosophies and things were.. and then on we went to this show and the design and publicity for it."

And what are these philosophies lurking behind the Klose-designed business card?

"I don't wish to offer theatre to people who see it all the time...even though I'd

love them to come along... but why preach to the converted? I'd like to gain access to students who have studied these plays but never seen them. High

"If I found out who knocked down the House of Chow, I'm going to kick his arse."

in both professional and amateur theatre. And indeed, he has some sort of formal training...

"I spent one year at the Western Australian

Academy for the Performing Arts, I was accepted into a musical theatre course and I spent 1990 there. I guess it's probably best to say that I was thrown bodily from the Academy. I had a somewhat rebellious nature... hence Insurgent Management. I don't believe that many of the people teaching theatre studies should be there. Because somebody has been previously a great director in the past doesn't mean that they can necessarily teach."

After being ejected from drama school, Chris came back to Adelaide. He went back to his old job (he is a fitter and turner by trade) and then went to Sydney, as people inevitably do. He went down to Melbourne, and got a small part on an episode of the ABC's programme, *Embassy*. After that it was back to Adelaide again. He started to look for two Australian plays that he could produce. Already having chosen *Norm and Ahmed*, he then found *And The Best Man makes Three*. Choosing the cast was the next challenge.

"I'd seen Brian before- I knew Libby Branford from working on *Kiss of the Spiderwoman* - Emily Branford I saw at a Footlights theatre production, and I realised that I had immediately found my Tracy for the second play. Edwin Hodgeman was initially going to direct, and when he heard the girls reading he said, 'look no further, you've found who you need.' It'll be a good

School students, uni students. And then say, 'Here's a piece of Australian theatre. Why is it relevant; is it relevant?' Let them decide. And I'd like to take theatre into the workplace. I'm a fitter and turner by trade, and I remember the first time theatre was brought into the workplace... it was great! I left school, I was just this guy from the suburbs, did my apprenticeship, hung out with the guys, and theatre didn't really interest me."

So how does a man who professed to a total disinterest in theatre come to be living in the Festival City and running a theatre group?

"I came to Adelaide for the first time in 1985. A friend of mine rang me and said did I want to go down to the Adelaide Grand Prix. We drove down here from Sydney, and I just fell in love with Adelaide. I thought it was a great place. It's intimate. It's got everything that Sydney hasn't got. The city's great because it has retained a lot of its original structures; that's probably one of the beauties of it. If I found out who knocked down the House of Chow, I'm going to kick his arse."

Chris went back to Sydney, picked up all his worldly goods, and came to live in Adelaide. He arrived in early 1986, and settled down to a relaxed lifestyle.

"Yeah... I enjoyed Maslins by day and the Festival by night. It was just magnificent.

The Festival!... the Fringe!... I got work in my trade, and started doing amateur theatre. I got some minor leads. It was great."

Having fallen in love with Adelaide, Chris has been here ever since, excluding the time he spent in Perth. His decision to create Insurgent Management has not been without risks. It is an entirely self-funded project, and if it falls through, Chris Simpson stands to lose a great deal. He is currently

taking a Small Business Management Course, and is positive about the future. He is hoping to mount a larger production that will take place in the new year, involving more people and a devised piece on marriage breakdown. If I was to define his outlook, I would say that he is an optimistic realist. Certainly in Chris Simpson, Australian theatre has found itself a bright new advocate.

Chloë Fox



On the Border

Border Country is the new Theatre Guild play currently showing at the Little Theatre at Adelaide University. The play was written by Adelaide playwright and writer Anne-Marie Mykyta.

The genesis of the play was, according to Anne-Marie, ten years ago when she was struggling to understand the cultural barrier which existed between herself and her Ukrainian husband:

"*Border Country* began in those sleepless nights when my husband wept in a language I could not understand, but it grew through all my observations of young men who tried to cope in this new country with the demands of their parents and their old culture forever holding them back."

The initial inspiration for the play is now its director: Myk Mykyta, who views his intimate personal knowledge of the play as an advantage:

"I feel that I know the genesis of almost every line in the play, and sometimes I can almost hear the various people who were involved in Anne-Marie's and my lives speaking them."

Border Country is set in Adelaide between 1964 and 1966 and deals with various problems and issues in the life of a Ukrainian

immigrant, and his assimilation into Australian society. It premiered in Adelaide on October 24, and will be showing this week from October 30 to November 2, and then from November 6-9. Look for a review in next week's *On Dit*.

2 CLASSIC AUSTRALIAN PLAYS

1. AND THE BESTMAN MAKES THREE
BY PATRICIA JOHNSON

2. NORM AND AHMED
BY ALEX BULO

PROUDLY PRESENTED BY
INSURGENT MANAGEMENT

\$14/\$9 BOOK AT BASS

TANDANYA THEATRE
OCT 30-NOV 16 BEGINS 8PM SHARP

'Differently Chronologically Abled' People

Rose Above the Odds
Vitalstatistix Theatre Company
Waterside Theatre, Port
Adelaide
Season Closed

Being old is no laughing matter. Unless, of course, you're seeing the latest production by the Vitalstatistix Theatre Company, *Rose Above the Odds*. Starring Bridget Walters as energetic old person Rose, this play poses the question: "Is it possible to be a geriatric and a winner at the same time?" The answer, of course, is in invigorating, life-affirming "Yes!" which comes at you like a gust of bracing sea air (etc.), with the audience being served up such all-time favourite platitudes as, "You're only as old as you feel". But wait, before you turn away in youthful disgust, be advised that *Rose Above the Odds* is actually pretty good.

Rose, who describes herself as "chronologically differently able" (guffaw, guffaw, she's such a card), leads the audience through the fulfilment of her senescent dream: to climb a Himalayan mountain (pick a peak, any peak).

Walters does well as the gently senile Rose. She mixes battiness, fragility and zest to just the right degree, conveying the archetypal granny who believes there's more to life than apple pie and dribbling onto flowery frocks.

Lola McHarg delivers a solid performance as both daughter Betty and fogey-chum Marj. She neatly communicates the tension she feels being the "responsible" person caught between free-spirited mother and daughter. McHarg also performs the entire

play with what appears to be an honest-to-God broken arm. What a trouper!

But it is Vitalstatistix Co-Artistic Director, Ollie Black, who gives the best performance of the production, as the granddaughter who views her grandmother with a mixture of respect and concern. She injects real energy into the play and keeps things moving along nicely. She also co-wrote the play with director Andrea Lemon.

The other two cast members, Therese Cashew and Christine Shaw, do well as general scenemakers, filling any role as the need arises. They also provide the music. Shaw's clarinet playing left a little to be desired, but Cashew's percussion was excellent. Their singing was a highlight of the show, coming as it did in short gasps and high-pitched Peruvian yelps.

The set was simple and effective, revolving around the central motif of an orange-red rose. The props consisted largely of flower decorated suitcases, which were used to great effect; they made great Himalayas. Oh, and I particularly liked the dressing gowns worn by the cast.

There was no lighting beyond 'house lights down, house lights up', but this did not seem to detract from the play.

It is the script, however, which makes the play interesting. It possesses what sophisticates term a "non-linear narrative structure" or what unkind wags refer to as a "sloppy storyline". The play moves easily between different ideas with the music generally providing the necessary linkage. Perhaps this "lateral movement" is intended to reflect Rose's reduced mental coherence. One element of the play which does not



work, however, is the use of gen-U-ine excerpts of old women talking about what it's like to be aged. These passages are interspersed throughout the play, apparently at random. And they're crap.

Generally, however, *Rose Above the Odds* is funny, although the largely female, largely older (without being especially elderly) audience thought it was funnier than I did. Unlike me, everybody else seemed to find an exploration of geriatric anatomy absolutely hilarious, but I guess it's just that I can't relate to coming to terms with having flaccid breasts.

Also worthy of note is the puppetry. Ollie Black skillfully manipulates an old woman puppet in a manner which can only be described as brilliant. With the result that extreme venerability is conveyed without

using a "qualified" actor who's likely to drop dead on stage.

One final note: *Rose Above the Odds* is not the same as the mini-series which screened on Seven recently: "Rose Against the Odds". So, if you go along expecting to see a boxer's tough and struggle-filled life, you're going to be pleasantly suprised.

Rose Above the Odds is short, lasting a mere hour and fifteen minutes and at \$15 (\$8 concession) it ain't cheap, but this is professional theatre, so I guess that makes it OK.

Director Lemon has succeeded in producing a play about old people and aging that retains wide appeal. Not just a play for people facing arterial failure and liverspots. Worth seeing.

Nick Smith

Mathematics & Social Control

Breaking the Code
Independent Theatre
Theatre 62
Until November 7

Breaking the Code is what is known as a biographical drama, which means it's true. The play is about Alan Turing, and he was one of the most brilliant mathematicians of his generation. The play tells the story of how Turing broke the German Enigma code during WWII (singlehandedly saved Britain from the Hun, etc.) and then went on to break the moral codes of 1950s Britain by foolishly admitting to the police that he was "having an affair" with a 19 year old called Ron. Turing was ordered to have therapy to cure him: the injection of female hormones. It didn't work. But after this, his life went downhill and finally he took his own life.

This production of *Breaking the Code*, a South Australian premiere, is simple and uncluttered in its staging, using the big black hole that is Theatre 62 reasonably well. The use of the sliding doors was occasionally effective (particularly right at the end), but generally looked like necessity, as they were performing without a box set.

While the set was unobtrusive, which is how it should be, the lighting was possibly the worst I've ever seen, anywhere. There was one stage in the first act where the lighting person went into a frenzy and whizzed through all the lighting cues in succession, right in the middle of a scene, presumably until they found the right one (unfortunately, they were wrong, you still couldn't see the faces of the actors). Long conversations between people whose bodies were lit up to the chest but whose faces were in darkness were common. I know it is an actor's responsibility to find their light, but from where I was sitting it seemed there were times when the search for light would have been hopeless.

Fortunately, for the lighting crew, the performances were, on the whole, strong enough to penetrate the gloom. David Roach is excellent as Alan Turing, showing some of the amazing vision which Turing must have had, his passion for mathematics and his impatience with the hypocrisy and conventions of British society. I felt his outbursts of anger at authority, society and British law seemed out of character, since Roach's performance was for the most part geared to the idea of the classic shy,

stammering maths genius with no social skills and an inability to communicate with others. However, the strength of the writing, and Roach's ability to tune into Turing's love of ideas, carry him through.

The rest of the cast is entirely overshadowed by the dominance of Turing- it is very much his story- but do well in support, although some of the accents worried me. Accents, though, usually do.

Breaking the Code is deftly constructed and beautifully written, showing us both sides of an interesting and complex personality: his private life as well as his work, and the way the two intersected to shape his personality. It gives a glimpse of what perhaps it is like to be that extraordinarily gifted, without making him any less ordinary and human. It is also good to see a mathematician on the stage- it is so extremely rare to find such characters or subjects in a play that it makes a startling change. Something new at the theatre; amazing. While the mathematics Turing was into was on the very highest level, it is explained (when it surfaces) in terms that even a maths veggie like me could understand. I could even understand why it was so exciting. Which is not something any of my maths teachers ever did for me.

Breaking the Code is a bit pricey at \$8 concession, but worth a look. I guarantee you'll survive the maths, although the Theatre 62 seats are more of a challenge.

Mardi McConnochie



Vice-Chancellor in Pants Down Lust Frenzy! PIX!

Gallery

Union Gallery, Level 6, Union House - "Graduating Architecture Students Exhibition". Opening Friday, 1st November, 1991, 6 pm.

Major projects:-

- East End Market Development
 - Waite Agricultural Institute Expansion - new facilities
 - Barossa Valley Hotel V Conference Centre. Closes Friday, 15th November.
- Gallery hours: 9 am - 5 pm, Monday - Friday.

Pssst! Wanna buy a small item?

The Union Gallery has recently received stocks of small, exquisite glass, ceramic and other small items from the Jam Factory at much lower prices than other stockists, especially for members of the University community. Ideal for Christmas gifts. Enquiries: Union Gallery, Level 6, Union House, Telephone (08) 228 5013.

Left Alliance

If you are tired of the same old political groupings on campuses, tired of the Rhetoric but no action. Then it's time for a change. Left Alternative IGM, Jerry Portus Room, 30th October, 1991.

Student Christian Movement

A time of reflection/discussion on different theologies. Come to Meeting Room 2, Level 5, Union Building. 1 pm Thursday, 31st October. All are welcome.

Singapore Students' Association

The Singapore Students' Association will be holding its Inaugural General Meeting on 8th November, 12 - 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. All are welcome!

Film Society

On Wednesday, 30th October at 7.30 pm, the Film Society is screening a series of three surrealist films: Paris Asleep (1923), An Andalusian Dog (1928) and Viridiana (1961). \$4 membership.

Good Times

Tuesday, October 29th

7.30 pm Cinematheque Film Programme in Union Cinema with "Raw Nerves" (Directed by Manuel De Landa, USA, 1980, Colour, 29 mins.) and "Providence" (Directed by Alain Resnais, France, 1977, Colour).

Melbourne Cup Lunch

Tuesday, November 5th from noon - 3 pm in Union Bistro. See the big race on the big video screen. 3 course buffet lunch for only \$12 which includes a glass of champagne.

Book now at Union Bistro or phone 228 5858. See the race on the big video screen.

To the low-life who stole my CDs from the office on Sunday: I know what you look like and I even know your name, so return them anonymously to the SAUA, the security office or On Dit by Friday or I'll hunt you down and your life won't be worth living. We both know who you are. Keep looking over your shoulder. Love, Simon

THE AUNTY RAELENE BENSON & HEDGES,
BENNETTON, ROTHMANS, FORD, CALTEX,
UNION-CARBIDE AND FOSTERS
BENEFIT SHOW

Grand Prix Sunday

7pm till late! Free food

GOVERNER HINDMARSH HOTEL 59 PORT RD.

THESE COMPANIES NEED YOUR SUPPORT SO PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY

Zoe in :
SPOT THE MISTAKE

Zoe and her friends are at the 5th stop in a women students' full on heavy duty pub crawl when they are rudely interrupted. And not for the first time, either.

hi!! are you ladies alone??



SEVERAL POSSIBLE ANSWERS:

- no, big guy, you're alone
- your arithmetic could use some work
- yes (sob) all alone! SAVE US, SAVE US!!
- Fuck off
- no, the boys are at the back setting out the last dude who asked that.

send in your response next week and win a fantastic prize!

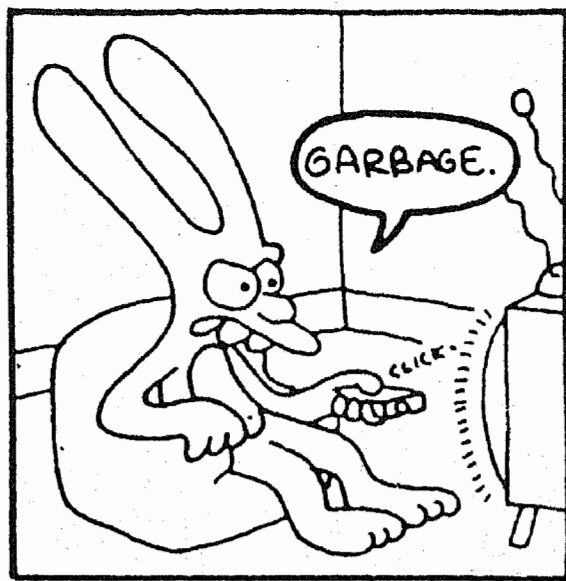
Zoe in :
the Terror
of
DRUGS

Zoe goes to a nightclub and someone gives her something and on the way home she fell in love with 2 police persons, a bus stop and a really grody hydrangea bush.
mmm s ♪ ♪



TN 1991

this week in SPORT



Spring is in the air yet again. The sun is shining brightly in the deep blue, the shorts are brought out of retirement, the legs are exposed to the mirth of all and the beergardens are opened for another season of love, fun and frivolity. Love floats gently through the air striking unwitting victims at will whilst children run gaily through the parklands, down the backstreets and generally get more and more mischievous as the season develops.

The thwack of willow on leather resounds around the parklands as the men in white cheer another slashing coverdrive, the squeak of Dunlop Volleys on Rebound Ace as tennis dreams are played out all around this beautiful city of churches and the sizzle of flesh on barbecue becomes the suburban norm. Johnny and I both agree that spring is grand, life is easy and cocktails are there to enjoy. Lazing around the pool on a Sunday afternoon with *Where's The Pope?* in the background, fun in the foreground and a tall cold one on our lips, we reminisced about the best, most playful, adventurous and drug free times of our lives. That's right the Big C: Childhood.

Who hasn't looked back on their past with fondness and at least a certain measure of embarrassment? Which one of us hasn't regretted not living up to their childhood dreams such as captaining Australia against the old enemy, winning Wimbledon or simply becoming an allround, unbeatable beach volleyballer with a great tan? We know we have but we're willing to put it all behind us and get right back to where we started from.

Childhood games were both simple, nasty, full of self gratification and the most wondrous ego boost this side of eccy. Childhood games also had the ability to transcend borders and timeframes so that you could face who you wanted when you wanted. Games such as the 8 year old Johnny Matthus versus Jimmy Connors in the decider of the '75 Davis Cup. Johnny, with a strained hammy and little big game nous, coming back from two sets to nil down to win a titanic struggle in a little over 12 hours. Scoreline read 0-6, 1-6, 12-10, 18-16, 42-40. "You beauty," screamed the crowd as they poured onto the centre court and lifted their new hero onto their shoulders and off into the sunset with the beloved and highly sought after trophy clasped high in one hand. The neighbours were always amused but you knew one day that this was not only achievable but highly likely.

Of course, the old enemy always received a damn good, but once again a highly unlikely thrashing. Times such as chasing 528 on a fifth day turner at the SCG against the wily Underwood, Lock the master of the gripper, and a whole battery of wise seamers.

Australia, 1 for 54, Murman into bat and watches while the middle and lower order crumble to 9 for 60, then joining forces with Jimmy Higgs, cannily farming the strike, routing the bowlers, storming to victory and the Ashes.

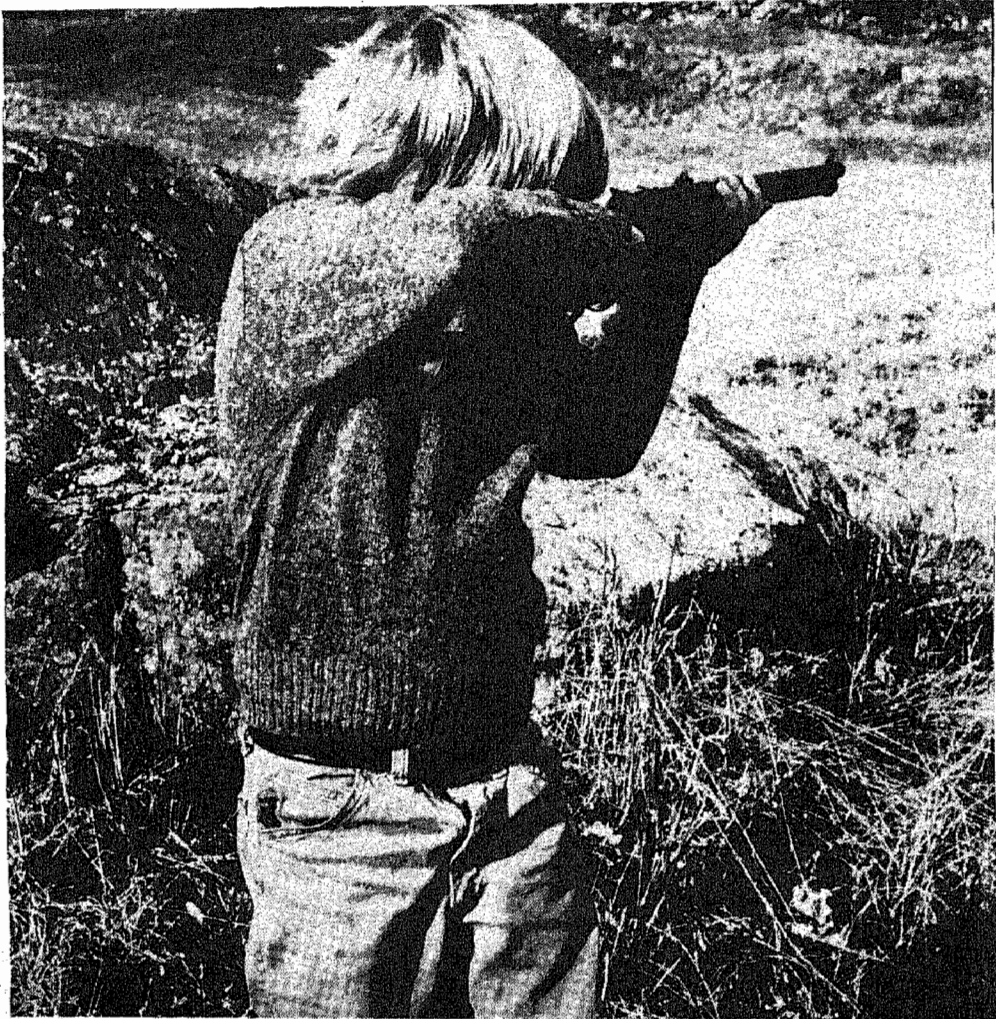
But closer to home were the simple games that needed no bats, sticks or balls. All these games needed were brains, a few willing bodies and a complete lack of caring. Games such as Hide and Seek, Chasey, Brandy and of course the biggy: Tricks. Tricks was one of the few games that even kids were scared to play. The object was much the same as Hide and Seek but consisted of one unlucky sod being blindfolded, led out of the room and then in the other room all the lucky ones could hide, set up traps and generally try to do as much damage to the seeker's psych and physical wellbeing as possible. The old ball falling on the head when door was opened, the well known and extremely well loved ball into the midriff as the seeker blindly fumbled about the room were commonplace but highly effective. Other loved tricks were the bashing of door into the seeker's face when opening, the toppling and tying together of their shoelaces which invariably led to much mirth watching the seeker try to get up and the best one of all, leaving the room behind the seekers back and watching TV. It wasn't unusual for the seeker to turn and run in sheer panic and terror. Ah, the good ol' days.

Murder in the dark was another fav. This was the game to piss your pants in. The game to cringe in the corner whilst the psychotic murderer dragged his/her club foot through the house and the glint of moonlight on knife was highly visible. This was the game to get to know the new kids on the block in all their anatomical glory whilst we circled the altar and ritually slaughtered them on each dark of the moon. Those were the days when fun was fun and not satanism. Where have they gone?

Cricket

That very same day childhood was discussed, improvements to all sports were discussed and toasted to. Cricket naturally enough was the first to fall under the hammer of our righteousness and our very reasonable law and telecast changes.

The thoughts flew thick and fast and were approved the very same day by our very neat and dear friends, Peter "One-Stump" McConnell and Richie "Kermit" Benaud. Now there's a lot of cricketing and umpiring experience between those two fine, majestic and venerable geezers. Ah, what cliches can flow from their lips, what pearls of wisdom pour forth and what appeals are turned down.



Johnny plays hard but fair in a game of 'Tricks'

Great ideas for both television and to increase spectator enjoyment from this already hands up who's got a stiffy game/sport. Innovations that will for the first time allow everybody to get the prime view, the birdseye view and of course the fans view of the intriguing and ongoing battle between willow and hand stitched leather.

First on the list was naturally BoxCam. With the advent of StumpCam, UmpCam and Manycam, BoxCam is the natural successor and combines all the advantages of the above with an unprecedented view of the game, the bowler and the inside of the batsman's trousers. Imagine the controversy that BoxCam will create. "BoxCam leads to moral decay", says Rev Nile. "All BoxCam does is give impressionable youngsters their first view of grown up male genitals and this will invariably turn them into child molesters", explains Fred, the champion of social morality. What BoxCam will do is give a view of the game only and only if the batters zipper is undone and Channel 9 always after new angles has snaffled this idea. Richie "Kermit" Benaud has already drawn up plans for a 0055 number so that interested viewers can telephone their teasings through. All teasings will be played over the grounds loudspeakers so that the batsman can hear. Hopefully this will lead to more grown men crying on

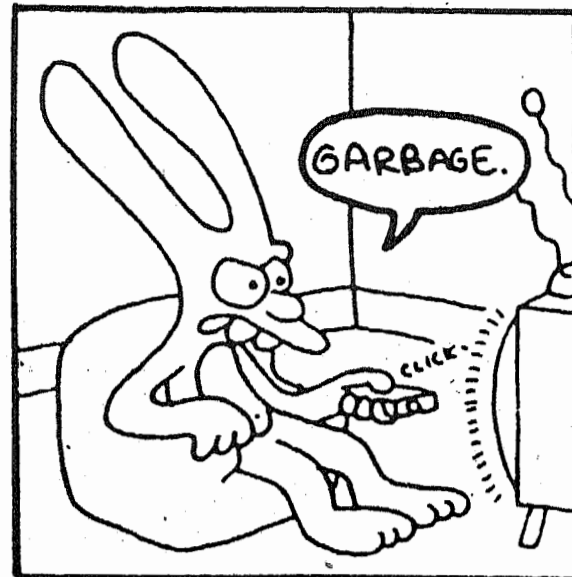
TV; this of course will free our souls.

Next on the list was FanCam. This innovation will see a teenie weenie Cam attached to a random fans head. The fan will be selected from those on the hill so all views should be highly entertaining or at least slightly wobbly. Imagine the excitement this Cam could create amongst viewers and commentators alike. "And its over to Bill Lawry" Bill excitedly crossing to FanCam as the fan wobbles up to the bar for another batch of lager and a couple of plastic trays to whack them onto with Bill screaming into the mike. "Did you see that Richie. That has to one of the biggest outfield rounds ever bought!"

Imagine the delight as we see from the fans view, the lineup to the toilet and his/her stealthy creeping behind a tree to see a person about some turnips. Big Brother eat your heart out. This Cam would also pick up all witticisms that the Hill abound with. "Fwoaar get a load of that" "Aveagoyamongrelbugga" and of course the omnipresent "Did I miss something?". This would bring the great and noble game back to its roots.

Last but definitely not least will the encouragement of one commentator of the two to tease the other commentator mercilessly. Topics will include the cricketing *continued overleaf...*

this week in SPORT



past of the commentator, his general views on life and his accent. For example, the first shift might see Kerry "Tradesmans" O'Keefe versus Ian "Nunbait" Chappell. O'Keefe would start with "at least I haven't sworn on teeve, Ian" which should prompt the proper response of either a) Ian punching Kerry, or b) Who's captained Australia, Kerry you complete failure and still backfisting him.

This would also lead to the introduction of perhaps the best rule developed on that fateful Sunday, that of that there should be more blatant aggression on the 22 yard battlefield. A bumper from say Curtley Ambrose might warrant a few personal insults from the batsman whilst receiving a throattearer from Chetan Chauhan would warrant running down the pitch and flaying about his head with the flat of the bat. The umpires could also get in on the act by punching constantly appealing bowlers just as they're about to leap into their delivery stride. This idea was enthusiastically received by "One Stump" McConnell, a grand and true representative of all men in white.

These rule changes and telecasting changes can only lead to the betterment of cricket as a whole and I hope that they receive the proper airing that they so rightly deserve.

Local News

Speaking of cricket which we have been leads us onto local news and results. It's good that the third captain, Jamie "Stigmata" Siddons, in 3 years has had as much success with the golden oldies as did Digger and "Ookesy. Speaking of Digger, why the fuck is he still in the team. The man is a joke, a farce and a throwback to the times when SA was the laughing stock of the cricketing world. Even Zimbabwe mocked Digger's penchant for hooking and his penchant for nerdness. I'm not saying he is as bad as Pinebox Matthews but least Pinebox didn't have to move interstate to get a game.

Don't the selectors realise that to make SA Great Mate, you have to plump for youthful talent not wiseheads who can't reach double figures in a day. Perhaps Digger, Pete "Council" Sleep and a few of the other oldies should go back to the

Mother Country, play a season or two in Lancashire Leagues where perhaps the true bounce of the concrete wickets won't confuse them too much. Or move to South Africa where it seems any old person (stress the old) will probably be playing the rest of their natural lives out. Eg Clive "DingDong" Rice is 42 and likely to captain South Africa in the near future, Kepler "Mr Spaceman" Wessels is 54 and still opening for Natal and calls have gone out to Tony Greig to come out of retirement and the mental institution to lead his place of birth in both test cricket and commentating.

Turning to footer. Of course when we say footer we mean the Clones. Huge and bonus news for the Clones is the departure of Knuckles Kerley to Westies and the departure of Bruce Lindsay, Danny Hughes, Tommy Warhorse and Trevor "Clizza" Clisby from the squad. The defection of King Kerls means that West will run through brick walls in the first half of the season but will ultimately fall at the final hurdle due to his complete lack of understanding with regards to the modern game and his poor, broken

wonky fingers.

The departure of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse means the average age of the Clones squad drops by 7.3 years but this isn't enough. Drop "Old Man" Mickan, "The President" Bruce Lindner, "Mr Suspicion" Bruce Abermethy and "go on Simsy hit the bastard" Hart as well and the Clones would have obtained their secret agenda of making the squad so generic that not even "Kingo" Taylor can tell them apart. Confuse, baffle and then conquer should be the Clones motto. Only through non-identity comes strength, only through boredom comes intelligence and only through speed comes speed.

To finish, congrats to the Clones for coming ninth. Only Cornesy could have made this team so wonderfully mediocre yet so stylishly dressed. Ninth is not bad if you like coming ninth but we here at the sportsdesk remember only two axioms. Winners are gridders and losers can please themselves and we remember country members. Think kids and find wisdom.

Johnny & Ethel

S P O R T S C L U B S

The Writer Touch Competition was wrapped up with a presentation dinner on Wednesday, 9th October. The following awards were presented:

President's Cup - G. Williamson (Outstanding service to the Club)

Team of the Year - Div 1 'Untouchables'

Most Enthusiastic Team - Div 6 'Afterburners'

Fish Award - S. Wilkinson (Most Tragic Act)

All-Stars Team of the Year - K. Lienert, L. Wallace, M. Lamont, L. Morris, P. Dedes, A. Sutton, K. Dipen, D. Jackman, A. Wellington, D. Crowley, P. Seacombe, C. Lamb, P. Carmody, D. Bruce, Manager: R. Larkin, Coach: J. Mitchell.

Team Awards

Div 1 'Untouchables' (finished 2nd)

Best Male - P. Carmody

Best Female - S. Misirlis

Best Team Player - M. Arthur

Most Improved - T. Bright

Div 3 'Gropers' (2nd)

Best Male - D. Bruce

Best Female - K. Dipen

Best Team Player - K. Dipen

Most Improved - K. Wicks

Div 'Black Adders' (2nd)

Best Male - D. Crowley

Best Female - C. Buivads

Best Team Player - D. Crowley

Most Improved - J. Anderson

Div 'Uni-Corns' (2nd)

Best Male - P. Doyle

Best Female - D. Cashmore

Best Team Player - C. Zahner

Most Improved - G. Packer

Div 2 'Leapers' (1st)

Best Male - S. McKean

Best Female - P. Dedes

Best Team Player - G. Crilley

Most Improved - P. Dedes

Div 'Raiders' (3rd)

Best Male - N. Coombe

Best Female - M. Desilva & S. Derider

Best Team Player - C. Lamb

Most Improved - M. Desilva

Div 'Injured Groins' (5th)

Best Male - N. Fejer

Best Female - M. Lamont

Best Team Player - R. Chadwick & L. Mappletoft

Most Improved - B. Rounsford

Div 'Afterburners'

Best Male - J. Millford

Best Female - K. Lienert

Best Team Player - D. Jackman

Most Improved - L. Wallis

Congratulations to all the teams, and good luck for Summer!

Adelaide University Badminton Club Report

The Badminton Club here at Adelaide Uni has had a pretty great year thus far. Most of our fun has come out of our social events of course. Add to that the occasional 'out of town' tournaments, or weekend bashes as they have otherwise been known to become. The *Freshes' Welcome, Committee Vs The Rest Soccer Match, Quiz, Bowling & Video Nights* are essential events that we've come to experience on our social agenda.

On the competition front, our troops have ventured to Millicent, Kadina, and most recently, Berri. In addition to being an excuse to get out the house for the weekend, these country tournaments have proven to be successful judging by the number of trophies our adventurers returned home with.

In addition, the metropolitan winter competition has recently been completed with mixed results. Our "C" Graders which mostly consisted of first timers did quite well considering their handicap to finish 4th on the table. The "B2's" had a real battle with tough opposition and conceded to be 7th (not quite last). With a little more success, the "B1" team made the finals playoffs, but without their regular

strongmen succumbed by 20 points in the semifinal. Our number 1 lady of the team was, however, rated top player for this division in the season. Congratulations Pauline Harper. Leaving the best 'til last, the "A2" team were minor round premiers and went into the finals on a roll. Unfortunately, this didn't carry through all the way. The "A2'ers" finished runners up upon losing the grand final by 30 points. Heather Jones, their top girl, did manage to finish the season as 3rd best player of the grade.

Applause should also extend to Mark Zorzetto who won the 'Cooper's Cup'. This huge thing, which is the size of, and looks like a dunny, goes to the best and fairest player of all the grades. Not a bad effort for a 'C' Grade part time 'B' Grader.

Just remember that the club isn't all competitive based. Practice sessions are held at the Adelaide Uni Gym on Monday and Friday nights, 7.30 - 9.30 pm. Coaching is offered in a variety of forms for those that see a potential to improve. You can simply turn up at practice or else contact Mark Zorzetto in the evenings for those who are somewhat shy (ph: 31 7980).

Mark Zorzetto
Joanne Secombe