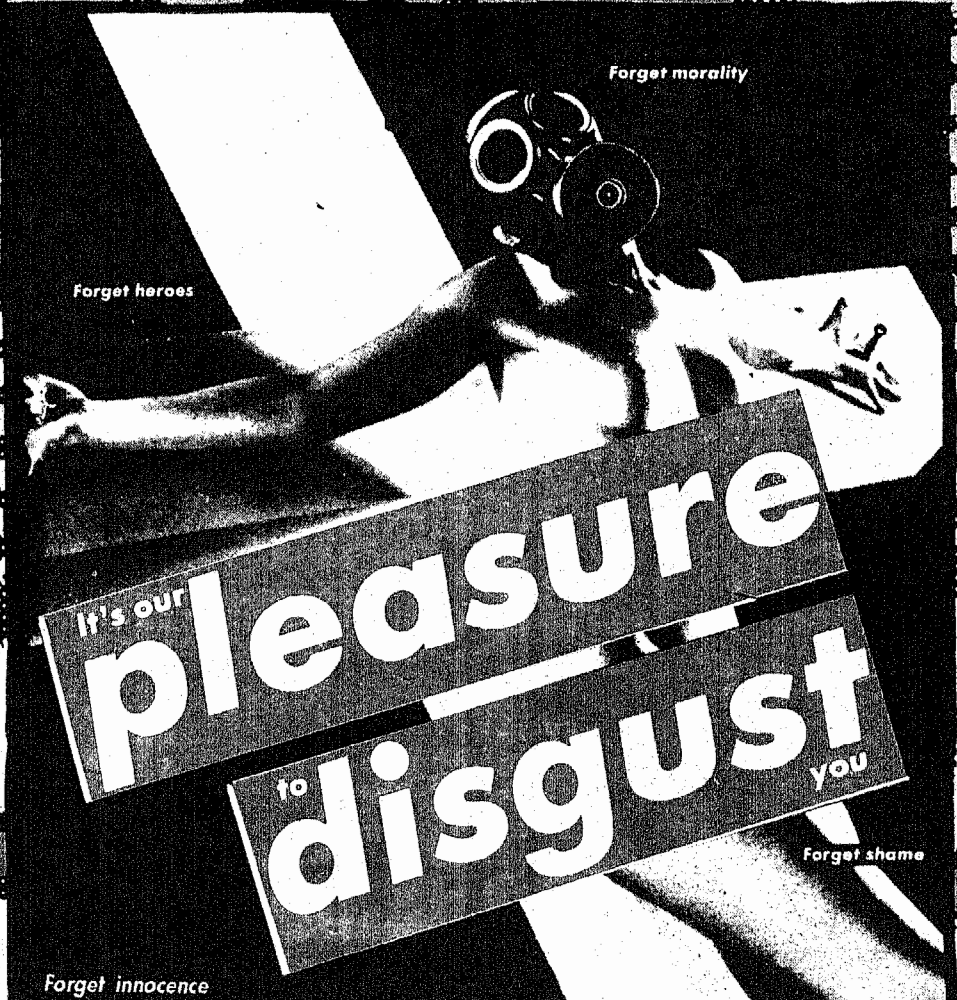


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# ONDIT

Adelaide University Student Weekly Vol. 60 No. 9 May 12th 1992



Forget morality

Forget heroes

It's our  
**pleasure**  
to  
**disgust**  
you

Forget shame

Forget innocence

# FILM SOCIETY SEMESTER ONE

## UNION CINEMA

ADMISSION TO FILM NIGHTS BY MEMBERSHIP ONLY: \$8 PER YEAR OR \$5 PER SEMESTER; LUNCHTIME FILMS \$2 MEMBERS, \$3 STUDENTS, \$4 PUBLIC

### GAY FILMS

**Chant d'Amour**  
1950 15m USA B&W NL  
Produced and directed by Jean Genet, this voyeuristic fantasy examines male sexuality when deprived of liberty.

**Fireworks**  
1947 14m USA B&W NL  
Kenneth Anger's seminal study of adolescence, sailors and sexuality.

**Scorpio Rising**  
1964 29m USA Col NL  
Also by Kenneth Anger, popular and comic figures are subverted by relying upon very fast editing between seemingly incongruous scenes.

**Victim**  
1961 100m USA B&W NL  
Starring Dirk Bogarde and Sylvia Sims, this thriller has lawyer Bogarde risking his reputation by trying to confront a gang of blackmailers who murdered his one time lover.

### THE FISHER KING

A good, old-fashioned story of guilt, poverty, love, madness and free video club membership.



ENTRY \$2, \$3, \$4

### TRANSFORMATIONS

**Metamorphosis**  
1977 10m USA Col  
An animated short based upon Franz Kafka's story in which Gregor Samsa is transformed into a giant cockroach.

**Cat People**  
1942 73m USA B&W NL  
A stylish thriller by Jacques Torneur starring Kent Smith who falls in love with a strange, shy woman (Simone Simon). Intrigue surrounds her fear that she is cursed with the spirit of a vengeful panther...

**The Incredible Shrinking Man**  
1957 81m USA B&W NL  
Outstanding special effects with an intelligent story about a man whose mysterious shrinkage forces him to view the world and himself as never before.

### LITTLE MAN TATE



ENTRY \$2, \$3, \$4

### TV MANIA

**Thunderbirds**  
1970 50m Br Col  
See Brains and Lady Penelope as you have never seen them before. Supermarionation on the big screen. A dog favourite.

**The Munsters**  
1968 25m USA B&W  
A piece of late-60's nostalgia. Relive the antics of Herman, Aunt Lily, Eddy and Grandpa.

**The Addams Family**  
1967 25m USA B&W  
Revive childhood memories of zany Fester and Thing.

**The Flintstones**  
1975 25m USA Col An  
Hanna Barbera at its 70's peak. Yabba-dabbadoo!

**Superman**  
1942 10m USA Col An  
The first animated cartoon of this popular hero. A classic.

TUES 12 MAY 7.30

TUES 19 MAY 2.15

TUES 26 MAY 7.30

TUES 2 JUNE 1.15

TUES 9 JUNE 7.30

UNION CINEMA IS LOCATED ON LEVEL FIVE OF THE UNION BUILDING: NL DENOTES FILMS FROM THE NATIONAL FILM LIBRARY, CANBERRA

# Blue Stocking Week!

May 19th - 22nd

Celebrating women in tertiary education!

## What's in YOUR Blue Stocking?

**Tuesday** : "Ages of Feminism." Women's Luncheon in the Bistro.  
**Wednesday** : Music and Stalls in the Cloisters. Get your free stockings!  
**Evening** : "Violence Against Women." Women only.  
**Thursday** : "Of course I've got a goddam sense of humour!" How to tackle sexism whilst maintaining your sanity... (and self esteem)  
**Friday** : **WOMEN'S DAY OFF!** Cut lectures and learn how to do neat things with clay and beads... And come on the champagne drenched women's minibus tour of Adelaide places of interest...  
**Evening** : **THE RETURN OF TANK GIRL.** Girls' pub crawl.

# "Funny, improbable and loyal to Bard"

The Advertiser 11/1/91

That's what they said about PARTING COMPANY's first outing into Shakespeare.

Now the madcap Adelaide University revue team who brought you "Be Afraid. Be Very Afraid" and "Secret Schnapper" go back to the Bard for more with

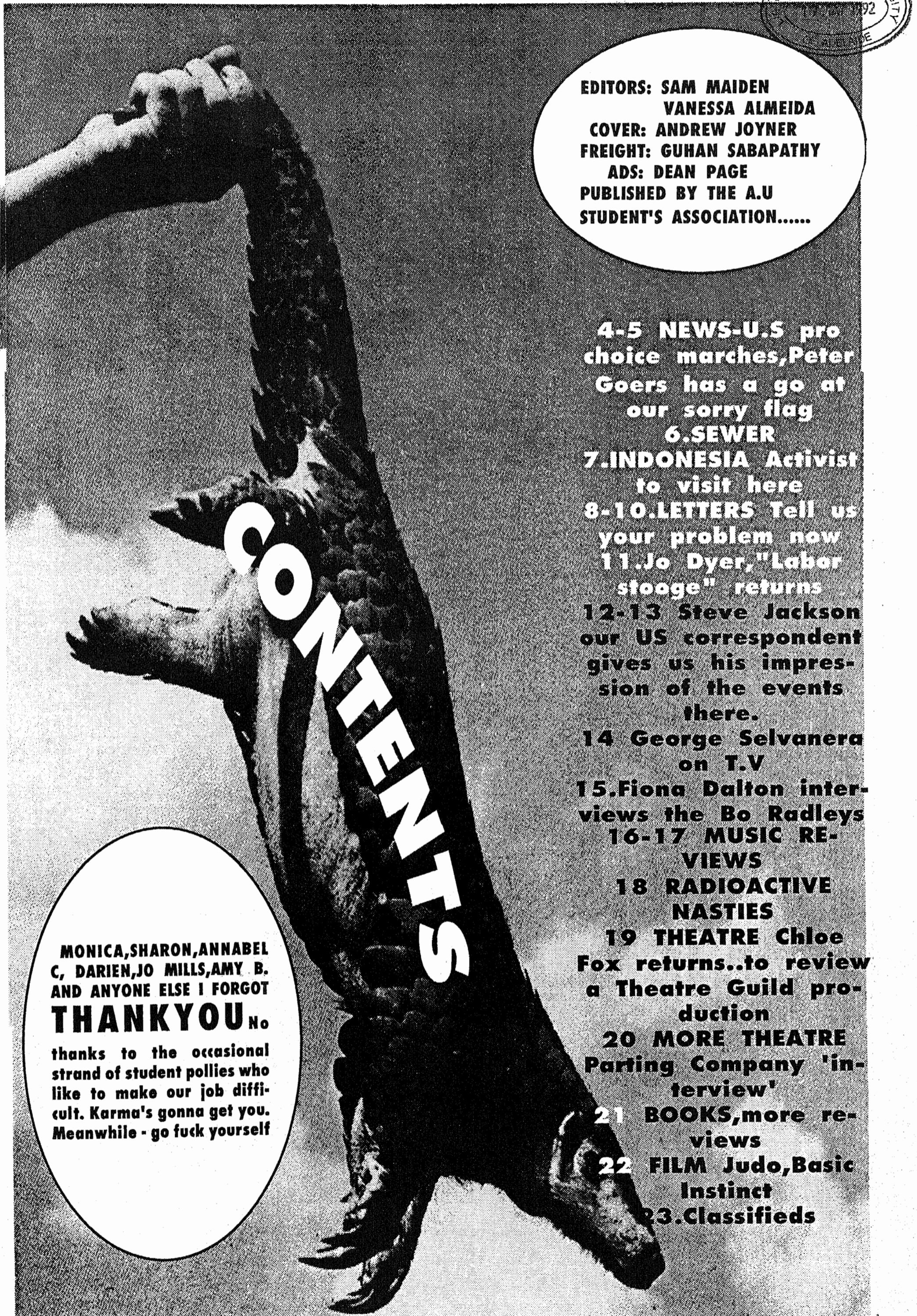
## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

So you thought Shakespeare was all Renaissance costumes and "thees" and "thous"? Not so!

As someone famous once said about something else, "It's about life. It's about love. It's about you. It's about me. It's about...us".

Don't miss Caroline Meador, Matt Hawkins, Jon Gill, Juliet Nicolle, Tim Heffernan, James Mulligan, Scott Winters, Roman Turkiewicz and the rest of the gang in a night of love, laughter, mystery, mistakes, tricks, treats and of course garden gnomes. Be there!

Little Theatre May 13 - 16, 20 - 23  
 Adelaide Uni \$8 / \$6 s.p.u. Bookings: 43 5659



**EDITORS: SAM MAIDEN  
VANESSA ALMEIDA  
COVER: ANDREW JOYNER  
FREIGHT: GUHAN SABAPATHY  
ADS: DEAN PAGE  
PUBLISHED BY THE A.U  
STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION.....**

- 4-5 NEWS-U.S pro choice marches, Peter Goers has a go at our sorry flag**
- 6.SEWER**
- 7.INDONESIA Activist to visit here**
- 8-10.LETTERS Tell us your problem now**
- 11.Jo Dyer, "Labor stooge" returns**
- 12-13 Steve Jackson our US correspondent gives us his impression of the events there.**
- 14 George Selvanera on T.V**
- 15.Fiona Dalton interviews the Bo Radleys**
- 16-17 MUSIC REVIEWS**
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- 19 THEATRE Chloe Fox returns..to review a Theatre Guild production**
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**MONICA,SHARON,ANNABEL C, DARIEN,JO MILLS,AMY B. AND ANYONE ELSE I FORGOT**  
**THANKYOU** No thanks to the occasional strand of student pollies who like to make our job difficult. Karma's gonna get you. Meanwhile - go fuck yourself

# Politics of the U.S Pro Choice Marches

## America's Choice Dilemma

"A ham sandwich and a salad, please."  
 "Wheat, rye or sourbread?"  
 "Uh ... wheat, I suppose."  
 "Would you like French, Italian or Hawaiian dressing with your salad?"  
 This is a typical conversation that a rapidly bewildered Australian visitor might have on coming to a restaurant in America.

What strikes one immediately about the USA is size and variety, in its people's cuisines, urban and natural environments - all aspects of life. So, it seemed fitting to attend Washington DC's arguably largest demonstration: the March for Women's Lives organised by NOW (National Organisation of Women) and other groups on Sunday, 5th April, 1992.

The protest is in the context of a pending Supreme Court case concerning a Pennsylvania law which restricts abortion. This court of Chief Justice Rehnquist has become increasingly conservative due to Reagan and Bush appointments. It may overturn its 1973 decision *Roe v Wade* which legalised abortion for any reason in the first three months of pregnancy.

The Pro-Choice abortion demonstration began at 10.00 am as a rally in the Ellipse, an elliptically shaped park near the White House. From there the crowd marched to the Capitol (the equivalent of Parliament House) about three hours later. The march, along the National Mall, is 2 km long. The whole distance was jammed with protesters, three-quarters of a million strong.

The events occurred in Washington's governmental district, which recalls Canberra, with parks, monuments and big public buildings.

The American capital's buildings are older; classical Greek temple and French chateau influence styles are popular. The restriction on tall buildings adds to giving parts of Washington a European flavour.

When you think about the beach you may remember walking closer to it, and seeing fellow bathers, carrying towels, beachballs, hampers and so forth. Immediately, you felt a sense of recognition in a shared pastime.

As I, the friends I came with and their dog, Hecate, in whose honour we had the sign "Labradors for Choice", got closer to the Ellipse, we repeatedly saw others with banners and placards. Streets had been closed to traffic, the atmosphere recalled the beach in its inclusive, friendly, communal spirit. The moods was not marred by a few hundred counter-demonstrators.

That Sunday was the first day of the cherry blossom season. Hundreds of cherry trees, donated by the Japanese government, ring the Tidal Basin, near the Ellipse. Their white blossoms reinforced the marchers, many of whom wore white, for visual effect.

The parks adjacent to the Ellipse were frequented by tourists admiring the blossoms and visiting the Washington Monument. There was such an



## The Abortion-rights rally drew half a million marchers

easygoing mood that at first glance I took the mounted riot police for polo players.

The rally was like a huge concert as the vast crowd milled around speaker stacks dotted across the ground. From a distant speaker, such as the one by the Washington Monument, you heard a time delayed stereo - noise from your speaker and the distant stage.

Most of the people were women, 78% (statistics are from a *Washington Post* poll, *The Washington Post*, 6/4/92, A20). But what struck me was that they were overwhelmingly white, 44%, compared to African Americans 5% and

## "other speakers were less well known but still memorable"

Asian Americans 1%. No figure was given for Hispanics, who were not particularly visible, this may be explained by their being principally Catholic. Nationally, the US population is approximately white, European American, 73% black, African American 12%, Hispanic 8%, Asian American 7%.

Focusing on colour can be an ugly obsession. Why these statistics are relevant came out in the speeches.

Speakers were chosen to represent a wide cross-section of society. A native American artist spoke her first line in Cree Indian, a Latina spoke in Spanish (to the uncomprehending audience), blacks spoke, a speaker came from Guam.

The editor of *Ms Magazine* spelled out the importance of diversity in the feminist movement, saying "We are all differently abled."

Washington DC is a black district,

African Americans comprise 70% of its 600,000 residents. There are also Hispanic and Asian minorities.

So, let me put it this way: a huge gathering of a self-professed rainbow coalition could almost as easily have been a Ladies Club in Swampboro, Mississippi.

I mulled this over, hoping to resolve questions that came to mind. People with all kinds of answers were attracted to the march, offering pamphlets.

For instance, one could buy cheque books which carried an AIDS awareness message. A leaflet from the Marxist-Leninist Party, USA, given to me by the Marxist (the Leninist was at another

ate confirmation hearings for Clarence Thomas highlighted the marked under-representation of women in public office. Thomas was approved as a Supreme Court judge amidst controversy over his alleged sexual harassment of former colleague Anita Hill. Many women have felt that the hearings demonstrated that men did not understand the harassment issue. Out of 100 Senators, only two are women, in the Congress female representation is 5% out of 435 members.

Candidates included the famous, such as Geraldine Ferraro (1984 Democrat Vice-Presidential candidate) for New York Senator, and Dianne Feinstein for California Senator. "Di Fi" has been touted as a possible future Presidential candidate.

Others were less well known, but still memorable. One introduced herself as "the only woman licensed plumber running for US Congress".

The protest ended outside the Capitol in the late afternoon. Its significance took longer to consider. The next day's *Washington Post* poll confirmed my snap assessment that the march was unrepresentative.

The point here is not to criticise demonstrators for being white, which I happen to be, but rather to realise that the march showed the women's movement as neither diverse, nor typical of America or American women.

Only a quarter of marchers came from the metropolitan Washington area (the District, and adjoining urban areas of Maryland and Virginia; white suburbs are in this greater metropolitan area). Over a third of protesters came from New York state, in all 70% were from northeastern states.

The affluent and educated were two groups well represented in the march: 35% had household incomes of \$US For a married woman only with the husband's consent: Rally - 2; Public - 63 Source: *The Washington Post*, 6/4/92, A20.

*The Washington Post* poll found that nationally 55% said they "generally

**Second-hand Flag**

One flag. One nation. One great Prime Minister. Together with many proud Australians I have stopped showing any allegiance to the current Australian flag because while it displays the Union Jack it is not really the Australian flag. How can we be our own nation with a second-hand rag of a flag? Our present wretched flag is an international embarrassment and it must and will be changed - hopefully tomorrow. The Union Jack is the rag of tyranny and the symbol of a pathetic colonial masterclass with no relevance to contemporary Australia. It is a borrowed flag well over-due for return.

"We are not British," asserted our Prime Minister recently. We are no longer second-class Britishers as our current flag indicates.

Dr Hewson and other reactionaries accuse Mr Keating to politicising the flag. This is truly ridiculous as the current flag is a political statement reflecting the politics and identity of a foreign power. Paul Keating's brave support for a new Australian flag - without the Union Jack - has made him a hero to millions of

# THE FLAG DEBATE

**Peter Goers would like the Jack Off... Here is his personal story.**

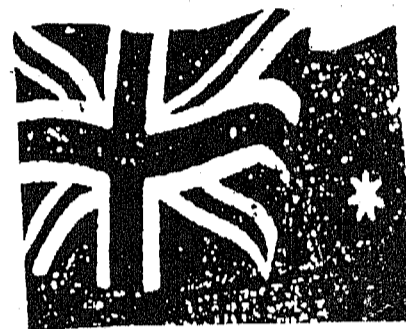
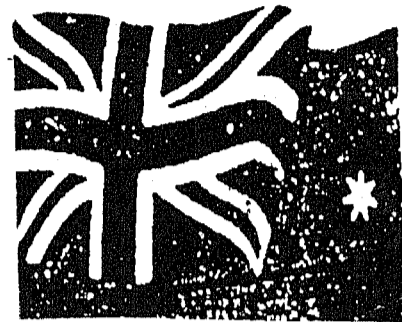
Australians. He was absolutely right to raise the flag issue on his recent triumphant Asian tour where his remarks opposing the current bogus flag were extremely well received. It is nonsense to suggest that Mr Keating's bid for a new flag is a political smokescreen diverting attention from other pressing problems. There is no more crucial issue in our nation today than the flag and Mr Keating's chicken-hearted political predecessors should have embraced this proud cause years ago.

A new flag is of absolute importance to our new sense of national identity in a new world order. Clearly the vast majority of young and free-thinking Australians wish to see the flag changed and it can easily be changed without a referendum. The then Mr Menzies changed the flag from a red to a blue ensign in 1953 without a referendum. Any old flag will do apart from our

current very old flag. The choice is easy and I offer three alternatives. (1) The Eureka Stockade Flag - the one true White Australian flag and the potent symbol of our only armed conflict against our colonial oppressors; (2) The magnificent Aboriginal flag - if the Aboriginal community would allow its general adoption; (3) The white southern cross with a blue background with either the Aboriginal flag or the Eureka Stockade flag replacing the British flag. Any of these flags will unfurl a national symbol of which all true Australians can be justly proud.

Let's follow Canada's lead and send the bloody Union Jack back.

**Peter Goers**



**Abortion in U.S continued**

supported" *Roe v Wade*, although only 32% favoured abortion simply because the parents did not want another child. These figures may not be very predictive politically given the USA's low levels of voluntary voting turnout. If the Supreme Court allows states to do so, it is clear that some would make abortion illegal, with possible exceptions for rape, incest or danger to the woman.

It's unsurprising that the March for Women's Lives was more Pro-Choice, more liberal and more Democratic than most of the USA. But one is struck by its relative homogeneity compared to American society, and its differences from that society. The march was whiter, younger, richer, more educated and more activist.

This failure to draw diverse attendance is notable given the speaker's emphasis on diversity. Cultural diversity is a rising trend in the USA. Whether one likes it or not, a 94% white movement will increasingly be unable to claim credibly to speak for America as a whole.

I do not want to belabour the point. And one could hardly fault NOW's efforts for multiculturalism, which extended to inflicting a speech in Spanish onto the baffled *Yanquis*. The factors behind the gap between demographic distribution and the distributions of political and economic power are factors which permeate American society.

Choice is predicated upon diversity, upon options. But in an evermore diverse America, those people politically active to support choice in abortion are energetic, vocal, and in your face, but not diverse. This is America's choice dilemma - a nation built on the aspiration of liberty contemplates denying it in the case of a woman's body, a contemplation in which people of colour appear only marginally involved.

**James Greentree**

# ANIMAL RIGHTS



On Saturday, 2nd May, the South Australian Federation of Animal Societies held a rally on the steps of Parliament House to mark the beginning of Australian Week for Animals in Laboratories (3rd May - 10th May) and to protest the use of animals as tools for 'scientific' research.

Unfortunately, the weather was dismal and the rally was not as well attended as might have been hoped. Vivisection has never been a huge issue in Australia but it is about time it became one. There is a growing mass of evidence that supports the argument that not only is vivisection morally wrong, it is also very unreliable and unscientific. To paraphrase Peter Singer, if they (non-human animals) are the same as us, it is clearly unethical for us to experiment on them. If they are not the same as us, it is unscientific.

It is time we put a truly honest effort into finding real scientific indicators of the human condition rather than continuing to rely on the expensive, cruel and inaccurate practising of vivisection. It is also time we found out about the issues surrounding the topic and made a concerted effort to dispense with the apathy we feel about topics that, we consider, don't directly relate to us. And don't kid yourself that vivisection isn't an issue that affects you because it does, in the safety

**"Vivisection has never been a huge issue in Australia, but it should be.."**

of the medical treatment you receive, in the safety of the chemicals we constantly pump and shovel into ourselves, and in the shocking reflection it is of our society. For so-called civilised people, we certainly do know an awful lot about barbarity.

If you want to find out more about the facts surrounding vivisection, contact the Anti-vivisection Union or Students for Animal Liberation via the Clubs Association. Alternatively, you might like to read the books *"The Naked Empress"*, *"1000 Doctors Against Vivisection"*, *"Slaughter of the Innocent"*, *"Exploding a Myth"* or *"Cardiac Arrest"*, all of which have recently been donated to the Barr Smith Library by the AVU.

**Jennifer Duncan**

# PRESIDENT SUSIE O'BRIEN

## Student Affairs Committee

I have been busy setting up meetings with various students and academics for consultation on the agenda for the Student Affairs Committee. The following is a list of issues coming up on the agenda hopefully over the next few months.

### Union

- The fate of the extension to the Union Building.
- The fate of the Schultz Cafeteria space.
- The relationship between the Union and the University.

### Roseworthy

- Student cards for continuing Roseworthy students. *Students' Association*

- A review of the Assessment Grievance Procedures incorporating timelines.

- A look at the variation from department to department of the direct cost of study for students i.e. field trips material costs, photocopying etc.

- Compulsory Student Evaluation of all Teachers and that this be used for promotion.

- Methods of ensuring the accessibility of all tutors and lecturers i.e. a list on their door of times they are available.

- A change to faculty representative procedures ensuring that the faculty takes the responsibility seriously. (and others)

### Overseas Students

- Looking at the possibility of Overseas Graduation Ceremonies and Overseas supplementary exams.

### Aboriginal and CASM Students

- A review of the University's vision for them, outlining space, funding, resources, infrastructure and other concerns.
- Computers for CASM students. The search goes on ...
- Changes to encourage a more multicultural curriculum.
- Responses to the Draft Racism Policy.

### Other

- The whole issue of student cards.
- The Maths Drop In Centre.
- University Student Guide and Calendar.

We are looking at the end of May for the first meeting. (I have not included Postgraduate concerns in this list as they have not been discussed fully as yet)

### Graduation

I presented the Occasional Address to the University's 2nd Commemoration Ceremony. Thanks to Monica, Edwina and my mother for help! I was very pleased and have had lots of positive feedback. To those who graduated, don't forget to fill in a Graduate destination survey, even if you are still here studying. Congratulations to Professor Paul Davies for his fascinating speech on the gap between Science and Arts. *Roseworthy Student Cards*

The STA (our very dear friends) it seems are not accepting the cards of continuing Roseworthy students. The University seem to think the Union should shore the costs. I think the University should tell the STA to stuff it and insist the cards are recognised. Discussion are ensuing ....

### Student Staff Ratios

The AVCC has finally realized present student staff ratios are unacceptable. The national average is 14.6 students for each academic staff member, compared to 13.4 in 1986.

### Chapman

The final report has still not yet been released. There will be a second day of action, the details of which have not yet been finalised.

### Congratulations

To the - Low Kelly and Stephanie Austin, winners of the Mrs Doris West Postgraduate Scholarship for 1992. Also, congratulations to Maria Hood for her excellent results. All distinctions in Engineering! Bloody Amazing!

### Other things I'm working on

- Quality submission.
- Incorporation of Capital funding in Institutional Operating Grants.
- An Equity plan for Postgraduate Women.
- The University financial management review.
- Cooperative Education.
- Building Review from Woods Bagot.



**The Sewer! Some of them certainly disgust the thinking person. But since most professional student polities haven't passed a subject since first year they should be free from self torment .Amen, and Hallejehaha**  
**MISHA SCHUBERT!**

### The sorry state of our library

Those of you attempting to use the library in the last few weeks will have begun to notice the effects of the 2 percent budget cuts imposed throughout the University to handle last year's budget blowout. The Library has often been a regular feature of complaint articles in On Dit, with most of the problems with its service provision being traceable to inadequate funding throughout the library. Increased usage by students in the early months of this year has meant a backlog of work in reshelving, frustration on the part of both staff and students, and lengthy queues for both the biblion terminals and borrowing. The number of photocopiers remains inadequate, and staffing levels below reasonable. In a meeting with the Head Librarian, Ray Choate I was able to get some initial figures as to the impact of the cuts. The 2 & 3/4 percent cut will leave them \$435,000 behind budget, with \$130,000 being lost from salaries, \$295,000 off books and journals and \$7,500 approximately from equipment and maintenance. To add to these woes, the library did not receive the full amount of indexation required to retain the same level of multiple copy buying. 6 staff positions will be lost by attrition, and opening hours on the weekend have been reduced from 8 to 6 hours in total. Reader services have been first affected first with lengthier queues, and items taking longer to return to the shelves. There is a backlog in technical services and repairs that will also mean a reduced amount of core materials available. The library staff are under great pressure, with a bare minimum being rostered on at any one time.

The Students' Association will be planning a campaign to call attention to the state of library facilities and to demand an exemption for the library for the next round of budget cuts. Read next week's column for more details on how you can make a statement.

### Austudy Again

This week the Federal Senate sits to discuss two proposed disallowance motions to the Austudy regulations. The Democrat Education Spokesperson, Senator Karin Sowada, is moving to disallow the 20 percent interest rate for repayments of overpayments to Austudy recipients. The move has had no official response from the office of Dr. David Kemp, the Liberal Education Spokesperson, but should the disallowance go through, there is precedent set in the Income Tax Assessment Act for payments of underpaid tax with an interest rate of 14.026 percent. Considering the financial situations of most Austudy recipients, the current 20 percent rate seems exorbitant and excessive. The second motion in the cognate debate will be moved by Brian Harradine from Tasmania which aims to

change the assessment formula for sibling rates of Austudy payments.

### Participation rates

I gave comment to The Advertiser after the release on Monday of the Office of Tertiary Education's research figures on the participation of individuals in tertiary education, and the breakdown by suburbs. Whilst nearly 70 % of those young people coming from the eastern suburbs will go on to some form of tertiary study, participation for those from the northern suburbs is as low as 20 %. The Hon. Mike Rann, State Minister for Employment and Further Education gave comment about the work yet to be done in improving access and equity within the system. I responded that rhetoric was no solution to the higher education crisis which has seen 33,000 potential students excluded from further education opportunities this year alone. Whilst it is important that members of government with a commitment to the provision of tertiary education to those from disadvantaged backgrounds are vocal on the issue of participation, their statements are hollow unless backed by lobbying for reform in the party and parliamentary processes.

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

## THE GREEN PEOPLE.

Resource Security Legislation munched up, pulped and spat out! For extremely different reasons, the Labor Bill was opposed by the Democrats and the Liberal Party - and was defeated. Hopefully for a very long time. Yeah, these deviant Greenies who don't give a damn about development have told the almighty international business community that the Australian market is unstable, unreliable, and you-had-better-not-come-near-as-we-are-in-the-process-of-drowning-ourselves! Complete and utter neurotic piffle!

How can the complete destruction of unique, diverse, native forests and inhabitants, the consequent degradation of soil due to salinity, be considered *development*? How can plundering something to non-existence within 10 years be considered *long term stability*?

What about sustainable pine-plantations? Considering the majority of the native timber was intended for wood-chipping and packaging!

This debate is far from over ... 5th June is World Environment Day! One thing we are doing is selling badges provided by the Wilderness Society as a fund raiser for the environment. We require manual assistance in selling these ornamental objects during the week leading up to the 5th. If you are interested, leave your name on the list in the SAUA by Friday (or speak to us personally)

Dates to Remember:

- Wednesday, 13th May
- EcoCity / EYA Conference(s) refresh. 3.30 pm Jerry Portus Room. Come along and exchange ideas or just come along and find out what went on.

- Bike and Breakfast. 8.30 - 10 am outside Wills Refectory. Please do not place food rubbish in the newspaper recycling bins. Thank you.

Saturday, 16th May

- Legend David Suzuki speaks at the Entertainment Centre. \$8 concession.

Sunday, 17th May

- 4.30 pm, Rhapsody In Green - the Environment Officers radio show. Exploring the implications of proposed legislation in Tasmania curbing the right to protest. "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out!"

## WOMEN'S OFFICER

### Women's Officer's Report

I hope you all had pleasant holidays... There was plenty going on at Uni over the last three weeks, not the least of which was preparations for this year's Blue Stocking Week events. Blue Stocking Week is all about celebrating the presence of women at University and all tertiary institutions.

At the moment, activities we can look forward to include: Tuesday, May 19th : "Ages of Feminism" luncheon (NUS organised)

Union Bistro. Tickets must be arranged prior to the event, so please see me beforehand if you want to be included.

Wednesday, May 20th : **Lunchtime**: music in the Cloisters, plus several stalls ; a Blue Stocking / Women on Campus stall with Blue Stocking Week information and free blue stockings, a Feminist Cake Bake stall (all contributions welcome!), and a clothing jumble stall.

**Evening**: Violence against Women Forum 6:30pm Little Cinema.

Featuring a women only discussion of the various manifestations of violence against women, including a panel of representatives from various groups involved with the issue : These reps. will be from the Women's Advisory office, the Women's Electoral Lobby, Women against Demeaning Images, the Adelaide Law School, women's shelters and crisis care groups.

Friday, May 21st : the Women's Day Off. Including a champagne bus tour of Adelaide places of interest for women.

Other activities during the week will include a workshop on gender specific language and how to combat it, and all sorts of fun times on the Women's Day Off. This day is aimed at encouraging all women students to take the day off, cut lectures and join in on all sorts of one day craft and leisure courses and activities organised by NUS(SA) and your friendly SAUA. This should be a great day and a beautiful opportunity to get our hands around some therapeutic clay, learn to massage or do anything that sounds vaguely like fun.

More nasties...

Other than that, other things that have been going on include a vast smorgasbord of sexual harassment complaints. A worrying thing really ; I'm not sure whether sexual harassment is on the increase or there are simply more women ready to take action about it. Either way, I utterly encourage any woman who feels that she is on the receiving end of behaviour that is inappropriate or offensive to contact me or the Equal Opportunity Unit (2285692) so that we can help do something about it. You can contact me on 2285406 during the week at the SAUA office.

It is especially disheartening when the offensive behaviour complained of is perpetrated by students themselves. As beneficiaries of what is supposedly a more progressive education than our student forebears, it could be expected that contemporary students would have a more advanced comprehension of issues such as sexual harassment. To have to waste time pursuing harassment complaints against other students is frustrating when our efforts should presumably be devoted to changing the outdated attitudes of those who have not been exposed to the same alternatives in thinking. In any event, all I can do is repeat my encouragement to women who are unhappy about the way University treats them to do something positive in order to take part more fully in their own education.

Meanwhile have a good week and don't forget to mark down Blue Stocking Week ; 19th - 22nd May ; in your diaries.

Annabel Crabb

SAUA Women's Officer.

# MORE TURMOIL IN INDONESIA

**In light of the impending visit of Indonesian activist Dipa Ramelan to Adelaide University, the following article examines the perils of political activism in Suharto's Indonesia.**

Paul Keating has recently visited Indonesia, honouring the country with his first visit as Prime Minister. In a recent speech to the Asia-Australia Foundation, Mr. Keating said that, "Australia's attempts to forge new links with Asia will be based on the guiding principles of nationhood, democracy, fairness and personal liberty." But the question that should be asked is how the Australian government can forge links based on personal liberty, with a country that has a human rights record as appalling as Indonesia's.

The Indonesian government has been condemned throughout the world for its murder and repression of peaceful East Timorese protestors. Since the Indonesian invasion and annexation of East Timor in 1975 an estimated one third of the population was either killed during the invasion or by war induced famine and disease in the following years.

Less well known that the East Timor situation is the brutal suppression of activists within Indonesia itself. Indonesia is governed by a tiny elite controlled by President Suharto and his family - all election candidates are personally selected by Suharto. While these upper classes live in comfort and wealth, the living conditions of the general populace are the worst in the Asia-Pacific region. For example,

- 80% of Indonesians now live below the poverty line
- 89.23% have no access to safe drinking water
- the Infant Mortality Rate is the highest in the region, at 87 deaths per 1000 births
- unemployment is currently running at 66.77%

- one of the policies of the Suharto government is to expel farmers from their land to make way for golf courses and other tourist developments. The compensation usually offered in such cases is roughly equivalent to the price of a packet of cigarettes.

Despite widespread belief, there is considerable anger, and resistance in the Indonesian community to the premise that these conditions are inevitable. However because of the fact that the power is held by a minority, any dissent is met with immediate repression. Students in Jakarta, Bandung and Yogyakarta are today serving long prison sentences. Their 'crimes' include walking out on a lecture by a former general; reading and distributing books by Indonesia's foremost novelist; and participating in a protest against increased electricity rates.

Despite the many life-threatening risks involved in political agitation, many people in Indonesia are actively struggling for democracy and an end to the human rights abuses. One such activist



is Dipa Ramelan. Dipa has been very active in the student, human rights and environmental movement in Indonesia. In February he was asked to attend a UN session on human rights in Geneva, and to speak on Indonesia and East Timor. He has been touring in Europe over the last few months and is currently in Australia.

Environmental Youth Alliance and Resistance is touring Dipa around Australia, and he will be speaking at Adelaide Uni Cinema on Thursday, May 14 as part of the tour. He will be detailing the human rights situation in Indonesia, and will speak about the role of activism in resisting the Suharto regime. In particular, he will be speaking about two international campaigns.

The first of these is the campaign to free 10 imprisoned Indonesian students. The 10 students are:

**Bambang Isti Nugroho** - From a poor family in Yogyakarta. The Government indictment accused him of telling a study group "the government's development program favours the middle class, that women in the countryside are worse off than women in the towns, that economic development has not yet reached the lower classes and that the system of government is very undemocratic." He was also charged with possession of books by Pramodya Ananta Toer, although he replied that he had bought these in the period before they were banned. He had also invited Australian academic Keith Foulcher to give a talk on "literature and society", of which the government disapproved. Sentence eight years.

**Bambung Subono** is from the Sociology Department of the Gajah Mada University. He was arrested for selling copies of Pramodya's books at a play performance. Sentence seven years.

**Bonar Tigor Naipospos** is from the Sociology Department of the Gajah Mada University. He was accused of advocating "Marxism-Leninism" and of encouraging groups of people to sell books by Pramodya. Sentence eight years six months.

**Mohamad Djumhur Hidayat**, a student in physics and technology faculty, charged in connection with an August 5, 1989 walkout by students at the Bandung Institute of Technology from a speech by Interior Minister retired General Rudini. The articles under which they are charged make it a crime "deliberately to express in public hatred and animosity towards, or contempt for, the Indonesian Government." The students claim that the visit was a provocation by the University administration, which had been criticised by students. Immediately after the charges were laid, all students were expelled. In all six Bandung cases, sentences handed down were more severe than those requested by the prosecutors. Sentence three years three months.

**Arnold Purba**, a geophysics student, charged with taking part in the walkout. Sentence three years.

**Ammarsyah bin Syahbuddin**, an electrical technology student, charged with taking part in the walkout. Sentence three years.

**Fadjoel Rachman**, from the faculty of chemistry, charged with taking part in the walkout. Sentence three years.

**Bambung Sugiyanto**, a civil engineering student, charged with taking part in the walkout. Sentence three years.

**Enin Supriyanto**, charged with taking part in the walkout. Sentence three years.

**Beathor Suriyadi**, arrested for taking part in a march to the National Assembly in 1989. The students were protesting against an increase in electricity costs.

Police blocked the march and arrested hundreds of students. Sentence four years six months.

Resistance and Aksi, an Indonesian solidarity group, are taking up this campaign locally.

The second campaign that Dipa will focus on is the protection of the island of Siberut. Siberut is an Indonesian island covered by tropical rainforest. The indigenous Mentawai people still live in a subsistence lifestyle deep within the primary rainforest. Their home is being destroyed by logging, transmigration and re-settlement programs, and Palm-oil plantations.

Plans have been laid for 100,000 hectares, one quarter of the island, to be logged in preparation for palm-oil plantations. There are reports that the private business interests of these plans are connected to the business empire of President Suharto's youngest son.

The Indonesian government has plans, starting early this year, to move people from Java to Siberut. The first sight for transmigration will be a Taillele where 17,000 hectares have been prepared. But what visiting Indonesian officials describe as "empty land" is in fact not at all "empty" but inhabited by the indigenous population.

All together 10,000 families are destined to arrive in Siberut. If this goes ahead it will place a great strain on the natural ecology and will overwhelm the culture of the Mentawai people.

Particularly horrific is the "bachelor plan". Here 2000 bachelors will be transmigrated with the intent to dilute the island of its indigenous racial stock. The local people of Siberut have expressed their horror at what has been described as institutionalised rape.

This campaign is being co-ordinated by Down to Earth London, and taken up locally by the Environmental Youth Alliance.

For more information on these and other campaigns that Resistance is involved in, contact Adam or Alison on 231 6982, drop in to the Resistance Bookshop at 34 Hindley Street, or visit our stall on Tuesday lunchtimes outside the Refectories.

Dipa will only be in Adelaide for 3 days. Given the Keating government's attitude toward human rights issues in Indonesia, this may be the last chance to hear Indonesian dissenters speak, so catch this International guest speaker at one of these three dates:

- May 13 - Flinders Uni, 1p.m.
- May 14 - Adelaide Uni Cinema, 1 p.m.
- May 15 - Resistance Bookshop, 34 Hindley Street, 7.30 p.m.

A.U. Resistance Club

## Athena starwoman

Dear depraved editors at On Dit and fellow siblings,

One grim morning, after awakening from a deep coma in my torture chamber, I decided to flick through the 13th April 1992 edition of On Dit to see if there was anything remotely worth reading in it amidst the usual piles of literary sewage that tend to fill the pages of this puerile publication. Suddenly, as I was doing this, I noticed an article on page 11 about that extremely sick and perverted television show "Supermarket Sweep". Barely able to contain my excitement and stop myself from weeing in the satin evening dress I was wearing at the time, I read the article and after I had finished doing this I found myself on the verge of a psychotic attack. "At last!" I shrieked dementedly as I accidentally knocked my morning cocktail of rat poison and fuming sulphuric acid onto my lap in all my excitement and transformed myself into a eunuch, "Some bright sibling has realised the horrible truth about this weird show, about how it is nothing more than a devious plot by the powers-that-be to turn us all into anencephalic zombies!" In fact, my siblings, after pondering the matter further, I soon realised that the whole thing was probably a lot bigger than even the astute author of this article imagined. For, I rationalised, not only were Coles supermarkets involved in the promotion of this mind-rotting piece of rabid elephant's vomit but the CIA probably were as well! Think about it, my siblings! As the people of this fair country watched such gunk as "Supermarket Sweep", their minds would slowly degenerate and their cerebral matter would gradually take on the consistency of semi-molten and mouldy goat's smegma cheese. The connections between the few brain cells in their diseased minds that actually survived the merciless assault on them by "Supermarket Sweep" would now rearrange themselves into new patterns. As a result, people once capable of rational thought would now be transformed into mindless clones that would make a person with untreated phenylketonuria look brilliant. Unable to do anything else, they would sit hypnotized in front of their television sets twenty-four hours a day, watching endless re-runs of "Supermarket Sweep", dribbling happily and defecating in their pants as they had violent arguments amongst themselves about the price of chocolate-coated dehydrated monkey's testicles and fallopian tube spaghetti. Then, my siblings, once the takeover of their minds was complete, the Great Satan George Bush would order an attach on our beloved banana republic. People in their thousands would be caught unawares as they went blind in front of their television screens and had multiple orgasms at the sight of contestants beheading and disembowelling each other in the battle for groceries. Unable to resist, our people would be dragged off by the invaders and used either as workers in slave mines or as guinea pigs in Satan Bush's nuclear weapons tests. Pretty scary, huh? However, my siblings, all is not lost! While some of us still have our minds, we have the power to thwart this evil plan! Yes, my siblings, the time is right

to revolution! Let us take to the streets and show Satan Bush that we are not as brain dead as he thinks we are! We shall capture those responsible for this diabolical show and then, my siblings, we shall punish them for their crimes! In the true spirit of the Spanish Inquisition, these deviants shall be led naked through the streets in an auto-da-fe of colossal proportions. We the accusers shall all wear silly hats and carry Bibles and ensure that the producers of "Supermarket Sweep" are justly punished. Oh, how their wicked little bottoms shall be spanked and their bodies liberally drenched with cold armadillo semen! But, my siblings, we must hurry for time is short and even now, the forces of evil are becoming aware of my plans! Already, my enemies are closing in on me and even as I look out of my window, I can seem men wearing white coats and armed with wicked hypodermic needles approaching my front door. Avenge me, my siblings! Destroy the evil that is "Supermarket Sweep", before it destroys us all! You have been warned!

**James "The Spaceman" Brazel**  
Physical and Inorganic Chemistry

## Is that a tampon brand?

Dear Mesdames,

I write in response to the article entitled 'Gossip' in last week's On Dit. Making my position unambiguous from the outset to avoid confusion, the only thing I liked about it was the by-line. Sonja-jade is an enviable name indeed. Most impressive. Not so impressive was Ms Tomas' unswerving desire to portray the gossip in an unsympathetic light, with no reference to any reality, divorced from the one extant fermenting in her own mind. I think the time has come for society to be honest about their attitude towards gossip and consequently 'the gossip'. It is my thesis that the current social status of the gossip is not an accurate reflection of their true value or popularity. Rather than trivialise this point and the position of the gossip by castigating them as being 'small minded' or attempting to denigrate them with ridiculous and somewhat unsavoury references to the 'colour of people's undies', Ms Tomas, why not recognise that these people provide a valued and much sought after service in our society. These bearers of information throughout communities are invariably welcomed expectantly at social functions. Indeed, at the slightest mention of a new discovery, the merest hint of a hidden fact on any topic, they are actively encouraged to disclose the results of recent probes. The fruits of their exploratory labours are sought, consumed, enjoyed by all. Ms Tomas' scathing attack on intelligence levels prevalent amongst gossips ignores the obviously large capacity for retaining and remembering information, as well as a significant faculty for analysis and thoughtful critique required for success in this field. The flawed nature of her logic is further revealed by her failure to draw any distinction between the 'gossip' and the 'gossip monger'. The true gossip does not invent stories as a monger may. To do so would be to concede an inability to gather and draw out interesting, maybe titillating facts. The gossip acts merely as a conveyor of information,



occasionally spiced by acknowledged speculation. The enthusiasm with which the arrival of the gossip is greeted, especially when it is accompanied by that all-telling glint in the eye, or barely suppressed air of excitement is a telling indication of the value placed on and enjoyment derived from gossip by most thinking adults. Human beings are social animals. The gossip - maligned as he or she is - seek only to allow us to be better equipped with helpful data designed to enable the formulation of maintenance of more honest, holistic relationships.

Yours faithfully,  
**Kernpy Moss**  
Asian Studies

## No need to take fluffy

Dear T.S. Elliot,

Whilst your article was slightly amusing, it was also a piece of elitist, private school-boy crap. I am by no means sticking up for Bogans - I find Southern Sons, fluffy dice and spikey fringes just as distasteful as you. Sure, it's always entertaining to poke a bit of fun at different groups of people (Hell, I do it quite a bit myself), but alas it was not so much poking fun at a social group, but rather at a social condition.

The very first flaw which comes to mind was the mentioning of the word Salisbury. Very clever, and awfully funny. Of course, we all know that if you don't live in Medindie you will never be more than white trash.

And why do you suppose Bogans wear flannelette shirts (which, by the way, the purchase at Woolworths for \$7.98 rather than at John Martin's like yourself)? Certainly not because they seem to be the latest thing around the club scene.

You are right about some things though. Many Bogans do spend much of their day hanging around burger bars - because they are unemployed. Mummy and daddy didn't have enough money to send them off to tertiary education. And you are dead right about the dress sense. The girls do wear short tight skirts and stilettos - lots of them work as prostitutes so they can afford to send the "little shits" to school. I have seen this. The blokes snort speed because it makes it a shiload easier to come to terms with their chicks pulling tricks because they couldn't stay at school long enough to get a decent education. You even managed to get the feel of the Bogan speech in your dialogue - obviously none of them went to Saints.

Strangely, there are advantaged people who choose the Bogan way of life but many have no choice. Pay out Spooners, Yuppies, Clubbies, Goths, Mods to your hearts content. They have chosen to be this way. You can even pay out Bogans on their social habits and dress sense as I am sure they do to us, but there is no need to publish a classist article about it. You did, I notice, attempt to

throw in a comment or two about 'Spooners', I guess you didn't want to say too much in case someone put two and two together ... Haven't I seen you at Alfresco's sipping coffee before?

Love

**The Queen of Death**  
(you know ... unelegant red hair, nose ring, obviously went to a public school)

xxx

## Selvanera replies

I write to respond to the critique by Mr Justyn Peters regarding my review of the 64th Academy Awards.

While I am obviously pleased that people are reading my columns analytically, I am disturbed by the overanalysis of Mr Peters which unfortunately oversimplified points made and lead to inaccurate conclusions.

I must admit to having had difficulty in determining what the point was of the letter. Therefore, I will concentrate on clarifying those points I discerned from this letter:

(a) The fact that I criticised Mel Gibson and Fred Hollows for having opinions different to my own leading to the accusation that I was opinionated and groundlessly censorious. As Mr Peters would be aware, the comments regarding these persons were made in response to their opinions on AIDS and homosexuality. And I stand by the criticisms I made of these persons. I am a member of the AIDS Council of South Australia (ACSA) training and education division and further volunteer time to several of ACSA's working parties. Therefore, while I recognise the work of Fred Hollows in Africa, as an example, the reality is he lacks awareness on the HIV/AIDS issue, as exemplified by his promotion of false information. I am justified in making these criticisms.

(b) The issue of negative gay stereotyping. The point I was making, which Mr Peters nearly understood, was that gay rights groups should feel justifiably outraged over continued mainstream negative stereotyping, *only* because of the absence of mainstream positive role models. So, yes, while I agree that there are gay/bisexual criminals, the fact is that these are a small minority and that the media should acknowledge this.

(c) The resentment of Mr Peters being classified as a "potential rapist ... because [he is] a male". Well, I resent that tag also. I appreciate, however, that the existence of entrenched patriarchy means women are understandably vexed at continued negative stereotypes that perpetuate actual rape, harassment, general inequality, etc. that lead to such labels.

(d) My failure to be an expert in a veritable smorgasbord of different areas meaning, therefore, I speak without authority. The list, of itself, has some unusual inclusions such as dripping honey and good and bad jokes and including things such as what bores Billy Crystal, the eating patterns of termites, what surprises people, the Vietnam War and evil highlights an inability to read things in context and understand commentary. The fact remains, however, that you do not need to have written theses in areas before you can speak about them. The actuality is that while I did have considerable knowledge in many of the areas, my column per se means I am to make comments all the time on all aspects of the visual electronic media. If Mr Peters does not accept this then he will be equally upset with all editorial columns, viewpoint articles and journalists who write in areas in which they have not vast quantities of expertise.

Those were the major points of contention. I hope that I have clarified their inaccuracy.

I would like to make one comment, however. The assertion that I reveal much of myself in my writing as evidenced by the compilation of (fe)males negatively/positively referred to lists is nonsensical. Firstly, there were many inclusions upon information which could never lead to such categorisation and that upon a more thorough investigation of my tastes would lead to opposite categorisation. Secondly, I believe one must remember that the Oscar's competitiveness changes year to year. Had I written a column last year, the power houses in both the male actor in a lead role and supporting role categories would have received a greater comment. Thirdly, the fact is that this year, the controversial films and (absent) nominations involved women. Examples include 'The Silence of the Lambs', 'Thelma and Louise' and 'The Prince of Tides'.  
George Selvanera



**YEAH, I Like my dick**

Dear Rob Dejong,

Look buddy, I have photos of you giving a 69er to a starving pig (not to mention that intimate night with Flossy the Sheep), so stop the wisecracking. May your left testicle explode in a fury of sperm and blood.

**Axl**

**Are you fucking a catholic?**

Dear On Dit,

Lies! Lies! G'N'R Lies! Yeah, that's right Mr Haywood (don't worry Brooksy, I won't reveal your true identity), that's not how the interview went and you know it. Luckily, I taped it for prosperity and for just such an occasion (legal action pending). This is how the interview really went ...

**Axl:** Take a seat, Brooksy.

**Zoz:** No, this pole will do.

**Axl:** Now, what is your problem?

**Zoz:** It's that letter you printed about me and Flossy the Sheep. It was supposed to be our little secret.

**Axl:** Sorry, dude, but those polaroids turned out so well I couldn't keep it to myself any longer. The one with you using your fist was a particular favourite.

**Zoz:** I really liked the one where I used the blender, not to mention the one with the hamster wrapped in duct tape, so it wouldn't explode and the one ...

**Axl:** Er ... I really must be going now.

**Zoz:** I've got a nice teflon straw here.

**Axl:** Fuck off.

**Axl**

P.S. I started this war, and I'm gonna finish it - see you in court!

**We're gonna Make it happen**

Dear Ms Zwerner,

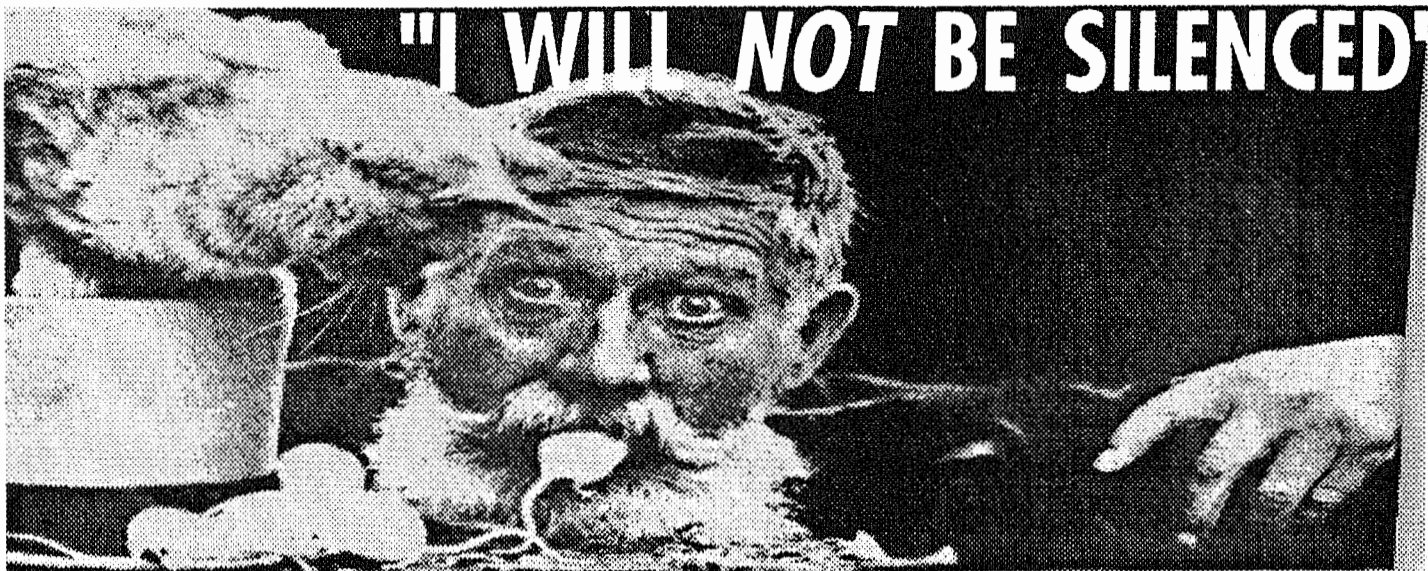
This 'speedy' reply (funny standard for judging something - or have you convinced yourself as well as your sexual partner that speed is everything) is about your pathetic addressing of C. Adamek's letter.

The first is that the fact that you assume there are only two alternatives for political leadership and given this, that you agree with N. Pickard that second best is a good choice. Have you considered that the system is at fault and should be changed? Does the analogy 'window dressing' suggest anything?

Secondly, an indicative belief is the assumption that basic necessities being valued at \$182 is an objective truth. Are you blind to manipulation? Leaving aside for the moment the political matter of your discourse, I wish to tackle some of the other, more alarming, assumptions made in your letter.

The first is in regard to what imagination is. I can only assumed from your letter that using old, hackneyed, and out of date arguments (or was it insults) constitutes an imaginative letter. Your degenerate use of gender and ideology in your letter only reveals that the present discussion on the education system is a little ahead of itself.

The style of your argument defies the idea that what you have received at University can be called an education.



The continuous use of 'Ms' as a derogatory label is insulting joke. You labelled C. Adamek a 'Ms' without invitation from that person. (Why did you assume that the writer was female?) And your oppressive use of sexuality in your letter's conclusion constitutes a form of rape. You also appear to have some illusions about your masculinity. this can only indicate that you have ignored or, more sympathetically, missed most of the education that has been available to you since you were born - are you unaware that such sexist attitudes and assumptions are no longer tolerated? Quite frankly, Ms Zwerner, you do not deserve a place in society let alone a place in an institution of higher learning with such an attitude.

You also assume that people from certain socio-economical groups will hold a certain opinion. This kind of narrow-minded thinking prohibits any constructive criticism at all from taking place. Being a science student (how's the Catacombs?) who wears Reeboks, marblewash jeans and Anthrax T-shirts (or is it Hypercolour now?), one should know better. Do you really know what the study of English Honours entails? Some of the skills available are the ability to avoid verbosity, argue using telling, suggestive points and the use of provoking structures - skills that appear beyond your comprehension.

You have shown a lack of understanding of your environment both politically, intellectually and socially. Ask yourself these questions. Do you honestly believe that you constructively criticise? Does it feel good that you can only argue with self created stereotypes made out of straw? Do you believe that threatening sexually wins an argument and impresses? And, back to politics, do you really believe that politicians are our only chance?

In parting, in case you believe that at least one of your assumptions was correct, anyone who knows C. Adamek and has read your letter is, for the moment at least, laughing at you, Ms Zwerner - especially because of your assumption that the person in question is a 'Country Road' person. I feel sorry for you Ms Weiner, because it is ignorance that is oppressive. And it is this pathetic ignorance that has created society that oppresses others in a derogatory manner.

Yours, waiting to kick your tongue out of your arse,

**C. White**  
**Honours Political Science**

N. Pickard,

It appears that A. Zwerner is in good company at this University. You wrote a very interesting reply to C. Adamek's letter. Tell me, does your reply seem an intelligent and well structured criticism of C. Adamek's proposition on reflection? Surely you can only feel embarrassed now.

I can not believe that you can accuse C. Adamek of being immature. Is maturity stated by over-reaction, use of insults, swearing, categorising in such a pathetic manner, making self-congratulating assumptions, being hypocritical and melodramatic, feeling self-pity, and being sexist? Your letter would suggest so, I'm afraid.

Anyway, for your information, you are in for quite a shock as well. C. Adamek is female and works 3 jobs; two weekly and one seasonal, as well as having the work load of an Honours student. The only problem in your regards is that she doesn't feel resentful or aggrieved because of her work load.

Also, there is one other ludicrous thing you accuse C. Adamek of: being a sexist pig. Please tell me how you work that out from her letter, or is just part of your petty personality to make such accusations. In fact, not one of your accusations are correct, including the one in your P.S. (Pathetic Shit?)

The saddest thing about your letter is that you are not an isolated incident; reading the letters section is becoming embarrassing not only because of the puerile language and arguments being used, but also because of the inarticulateness and intolerance shown. I suppose the whinging, indignation, and lack of articulation sum up the malaise that most of this privileged generation has found itself in.

**C.White**  
**Honours Political Science**  
**And my name's Iva Erection**

Dear On Dit,

Here is an article from a recent newspaper which I would like to share with you, in the hope of dissuading your readers from dangerous sexual practises. "Exclusive! Adelaide youth dies in bizarre Mixmaster incident!

The still-wriggling body of Martin Samaras, a.k.a. Axl, was found in his suburban home yesterday. Police have described it as the strangest combination of kitchen utensils and Kylie Minogue music they have ever seen. Samaras, 20, was discovered with a hand-held

rechargeable food processor in his rectum; many other appliances, which showed signs of heavy use, were also found at the scene.

"The mixer was not the main difficulty," commented a rescue officer, "it was freeing his charred genitals from the 240V power supply that made our job extremely hazardous."

Samaras' mother agreed to make a statement: "Yes, I warned him. I knew his sex life would get him into trouble ever since the time I saw him dancing around the house singing "I should be so lucky" while dismembering a chicken with an eggbeater. The scars on his penis never healed. I guess in a way it's my fault - he never forgave me for taking away his paedophile when he was 7."

Samaras left all his worldly belongings, which consisted mainly of kitchen apparatus, custom leatherware and Kylie Minogue tapes, to his ferret named 'Sausage Roll'.

Police are attributing his death to "weird shit".

Thus, I leave you all with this message, which is also a fatuous pun: "Food preparation tools and idiots with greasy unwashed hair do not mix."

**Hugh G. Rection**

**Do nice girls put things in their mouths?**

Dear On Dit,

All we hear about men is that we are so unemotionally (sic). Well, I say that women are so jealous of male's great ability to control their feelings, that they call us muscle head and so forth. Women are so pathetic that they have to break down at the littlest thing just to get some attention. Not unlike us Big Boys who don't cry at the first thing we don't like.

Also one thing that bugs me so much is when women complain about housework, it's the most easiest job in the world.

Did you know women is derived form a person who is there only to "woe men" take out the e - women.

Yours unfaithfully

**He-man**  
**Matthew Moylecroft**  
**Maths Science**





**Tartan Fling**

Jeremy MacKinnon,

It would be interesting for your self-righteous ego to learn that the Tragically Hip are a Canadian band. Their most recent album, "Road Apples" is truly excellent and definitely should be pursued, along with their earlier efforts. Keep your eyes open for a possible gig in the near future - word has it The Hip played in Melbourne recently, and if they come to Adelaide, it's well worth checking out their smouldering live performance.

As for the comment about Canadian accents in the Grapes of Wrath review, go fuck yourself. It was culturally prejudiced, totally unnecessary and just plain ignorant. If you had made an equivalent comment along racial, rather than culture, lines the repercussions would be much more serious than a rebuff. You should think twice before dismissing the vocalisations of twenty-five million people as mere annoyances.

Yours with an open mind,

**A. Canuck  
Inuit Studies**

**Glamour NOW**

Dear Tecno (sic) Twits,

All we ever see and read about music in the On Dit is crappy house-acid-techno-disco crap. Now I have had all I can bear, so either widen your fuckin narrow tastes or I will execute selective bounding and smearing in chick-poo all followers of that shit music. Should it even be called music I wonder.

Not all people Uni like the Modern Bee Gee's music at last count on average 1 in 3 people only look like geeks so two thirds of the Uni think it's shit. And I speak for those 2/3 when I say let's here (sic) more about rock-n-roll, mainstream, heavy metal, death metal, super speed thrask (sic) Satanic metal and not forgetting music to serenade your virgin goats to.

**Adam Mydlak  
Mathematics-beer-drugs-sex-  
Science Dept.**

P.S. Martin Samaras is not a virgin, just

ask Flossy the Sheep and Scruffy the Goat.

**What a MAN learns about YOU in BED**

Dear mr Selvanera,

My, my - I would never admit to know four soaps. I commend your bravery. However, as the resident expert on DOOL trivia (the other three are completely inferior), I demand to know why you ignored April's alcoholism, Robyn's severe religious hang-ups and Kayla and Steve's absurd fixation on the Civil War. The "pretty American people" theory should not be ignored. Every man in the show, whether they are spies, plastic surgeons, pool hustlers or cops, has the physique of a Greek God. The make-up, coiffures and furs that drip off the women are truly assets we, as ordinary people, should aspire to.

This aside, how could you not inform people to mention the fact that Captain Shane Donovan of the ISA, bears a close enough resemblance to Captain Imran Khan of Lahore to give a slight compensation in these long, long months of football and rugby.

In future, storylines (I have this on American authority) George, Justin and Adrienne divorce, get back together and adopt a boy. Steve gets shot and actually dies after they have a baby. Eve marries Jack, Jack falls in love with Jennifer. April marries Nick. Marlena comes back. This saves you typing it (which more people do than I care to count!).

Love,

**Anna Dimera**

P.S. Medical authorities warn soaps are a mental health hazard! If you must watch one, make it "DOOL" or "Thirtysomething". Others like "Home and Away" or "Bold and the Beautiful" are really quite bad for you.

**Why cut split ends when you can repair them instantly?**

Dear Gareth Bridges (and Patrick Clarke),

Freedom of speech, you're right, is a valuable commodity. It is also a very complex concept of which, in our society, we can have little tangible grasp. Too many times, the concept of freedom of speech as some kind of inviolable

ideological pillar has been used to perpetuate inequalities that already exist. To appreciate this, we need to look at who in effect has access to freedom of speech. It is immediately obvious that those who enjoy unfettered speech are those who have the corresponding power to have their views aired. Those who operate media monopolies, or who are appraised by our greed-obsessed society as being successful or respectable. The principle of freedom of speech, like many liberal-inspired principles, works on the plainly erroneous assumption that we inhabit a classless and completely equal world.

So, our real appreciation of freedom of speech is severely crippled by these practical difficulties in its homogenous application.

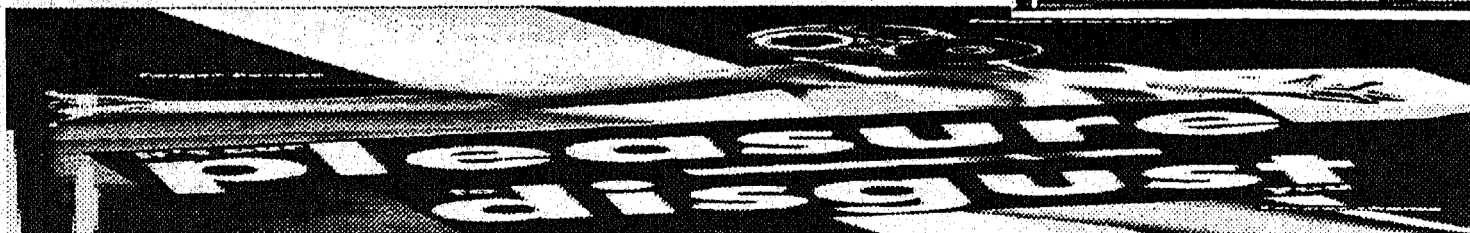
You appear not to have read the publication in question; the Advertiser's appraisal of Cyclops was not one that did justice to the complaints levelled against it. The general tone of the publication and the fact that it only addressed women directly in so far as to invite them to pose naked for the next edition was by far the most damaging feature. Cyclops intimated to all its readers that women, apart from being "cute blondes" or sex objects, have no valid place as equals either in the Engineering Faculty or in the University at large. This sentiment is most succinctly displayed in the claim that "women mean sex" (page 3). This dispute is not about women's, as opposed to men's, underwear; please do not be so patronising as to suggest that we would waste time over something similar to a John Martin's catalogue. You would do well to read the publication in question before analysing it.

Neither is it about male lust, frightening as the manifestation of that particular phenomenon may often be. It is about a student publication that steadfastly denigrates women and claims that we are neither intelligent, functional nor useful for anything but sexual use or abuse.

Should freedom of speech be so inviolable that, in order to allow a couple of juveniles to work out their teenage angst and hopelessly insecure machismo, women must endure insults and humiliation in silence? Women and men on this campus are sick of taking Cyclops with a "pinch of salt". If some circumspection is applied to the treatment of this publication as a freedom of speech issue, the result should surely be that the right to circulate misogynist trash pales in comparison to women's right to live without it.

Yours faithfully,

**Annabel Crabb**



**And now -at last..some tasty British Beefcake reveal their crown jewels**

Dear Mr Foale,

Let me calm your obviously frayed nerves and assure that I have no ulterior motives as to the establishment of some kind of all women love-zone at Adelaide Uni (soothing as that idea might be). Neither am I unduly disturbed about my job prospects or alleged lack thereof. But I would beg you to ponder this; why would I waste my (believe me) very valuable time in needless persecution of people whom I either don't know or against whom I bear no personal grudge? Similarly, why would I squander hours on very tedious paper work and campaigns, all about what is a truly boring publication?

You must think that, apart from being "one-eyed", I am also completely without any practical ability to allocate my time wisely. I along with numerous students and staff, both male and female, am taking action against Cyclops because it is offensive to women, and it is my job to see that women are not persecuted or harassed on this campus.

Please read my letter addressed to Messrs Bridges and Clarke in this edition for a more indepth analysis of this situation (if you think you can handle it).

Yours sincerely,

**Annabel Crabb  
SAUA Women's Officer**

**Probably the BarrSmith lawns**

In our most reverend-like pose, we would like to put forward the hypothesis that T.S. Elliot (writer of the "real" revelations) ought to get real himself. We would like to inquire as to where you were situated when you wrote this article. Could it have been, perhaps, Alfresco's? The Norwood Hotel? Or maybe you were reading the latest Country Road catalogue? (Did I spell that right? I apologise, it's so hard to concentrate writing this on the fluffy dashboard of my '76 Monaro - emerald green, of course - especially with all the noise the little shits in the back are making). If you haven't guessed already - we're Salisbury "chicks", and we'd like to point out that rank is no longer decided by the height of the fringe, but by the ability to have blonde hair with dark roots (a unique skill all on its own). Please, Elliot, do not get disheartened, we must give credit where credit is due. Your piece was well written and humorous - but, of course, coming from Salisbury, we needed someone to explain it to us! But to answer your question concerning the '91/'92 Labor Party, yes, they are Bogans and they didn't even come from Salisbury! Which kind of goes to show that Bogans can be found anywhere - even Alfresco's.

God be with you,

**AP & DI  
Arts**

P.S. We suggest thongs as a much better fashion accessory than moccasins.

# WORLD NEWS

and why we don't get it

Jo Dyer tells of unscrupulous doings not only in Tadjikistan but also our very own State Parliament.

Have you ever heard of a place called Dushanbe? No? The capital of Ta(d)jikistan? Not ringing any bells? One claim to fame of this city, I am informed by an avid Dan Ackroyd fan in my acquaintance, was its appearance as a rendezvous point in the cult film "Spies Like Us". Cinemagoers will, I am assured and on the evidence am equally sure, remember the brilliant, quirky pairing of the redoubtable Chevy Chase and the aforementioned Dan Ackroyd in this important classic. Those of us who have spent the last few years cursing ourselves at having missed this must-see, however, may not be so familiar with the town of Dushanbe. The question I am asking today is "Why the hell not?" Ta(d)jikistan is, in fact, the last former Soviet Republic still under Communist rule. On Friday, after five weeks of bloody battle between diehard communists and opposition forces-the so called Union of Popular Forces - the coalition of Muslims and "democratic opponents" were successful in overthrowing the regime of President Rakhmon Nabyev. Only one day after these groups-describing themselves as 'the people' -claimed victory for democracy, ominous signs pointing to the nature of possible future unrest began, with thousands rallying outside the re-

Afghanistan who in the space of one week has already banned the sale and consumption of alcohol, and ordered that all women are to dress in "Islamic fashion" could cause an outside observer to experience some feelings of disquiet. Possibly.

Such concern is not, however, likely to overwhelm many Adelaideans. Adelaideans, even if they are veterans of "Spies Like Us", are likely to be completely oblivious to the problems of this region simply because it has not been deemed "newsworthy" enough for it to make it into our paper (note the singular these days). 39 words were devoted to the startling exposition of the situation in the "World" section of Saturday's Advertiser - 39 words which provided a geographical reference point and managed to outline the course of events and inform us of the outcome. Sadly there was no room for even a quick scan of possible implications, but well, what can you expect? What we got was really not bad value for 39 words. Musn't grumble. I mean if they'd given it any more space it might have encroached on the story about John Lennon's leather jacket. Or one of those stories tackling the really important is-



view. Remember the earthquake in San Francisco a few years ago? There was a death too of what - maybe 70 people? And what did we get? Four, five days of front page stories about what happened, as well as some handy liftouts on earthquakes generally, and probably a condensed biography of Mr. Richter as well? Whole villages disappear in central Asia and the Advertiser might spare a couple of columns on page eight. The emphasis that news editors continually place on countries that have cultural experiences that mirror or are similar to ours own demonstrates a dangerous insularity and nauseating cultural parochialism. The media will spend enormous amounts of time and money asserting "the public need to know" when the smell of the blood of some hapless individual accused of a titillating crime that has wafted into their collective nose, but have apparently decided that when it comes to world news there is no such imperative.

Something that was imperative for the people of South Australia though, was, it would seem, the introduction of poker machines. After a marathon debate in Parliament on Wednesday night, the controversial legislation was finally passed - although not without a few dubious tactics by a few senior ministers. If Mario Fellepa thought that a conscience vote meant that he was going to be able to follow his conscience, he was about to be taught a lesson or two. Questionable standover tactics ensured the passage of this unconscionable - and by the time it did wend its way through the Legislative Council, most of the

learned Councillors were almost unconcious with exhaustion, boredom or both. The unanimous condemnation of this move by almost all welfare and social service agencies serve as an indication of the probable consequences of widespread presence of poker machines in our hotels. The \$1.2 billion dollars projected to be gambled on pokies annually is expected to come overwhelmingly from those who can afford it least. Michael Atchinson's cartoon in Saturday's Advertiser was horrifyingly apt, as it depicted a grinning John Bannon approaching a dole queue, poker machine in hand, saying in a relieved tone (well, I imagine it would have been a relieved tone -roll on the \$50 million of government revenue - although I concede that it is difficult to discern a tone of voice from a written word alone) "Something while you're waiting!". And I suppose we should all be very grateful for the fact that because the introduction of a new method of gambling unparalleled in its accesability is expected to double overall levels of gambling almost overnight, the government have graciously agreed to provide \$2 million to organisations committed to assist gambling addicts. What a benevolent state! Such breath-taking displays of concern not to mention logic. With all welfare and church organisations opposed to this measure, and the hotels and clubs strongly in favour, ponder on this question. To what is the government committed? The community or the cash.

**Jo Dyer**

"The media will spend enormous amounts of time and money asserting "the public needs to know" when the smell of the blood of some hapless individual accused of a titillating crime has wafted into their collective nose, but have apparently decided that when it comes to world news there is no such imperative."

cently and somewhat hurriedly vacated parliament house voicing support for the creation of an official Islamic state. This despite the opposition controlled television stations stating that only "false information" was fuelling rumours of disorder in the city. "It is not true to say that what has happened will lead to the building of an Islamic state" commentators commented. "This is not a victory for any one person. It is a victory for all of Ta(d)jikistan." Well maybe. But the enforced study of the Koran in schools already under the control of the "Union of Popular Forces" tends to suggest that it might - just might - be more of a victory for those more receptive to the idea of studying the Koran. And the behaviour of the new Government in neighbouring

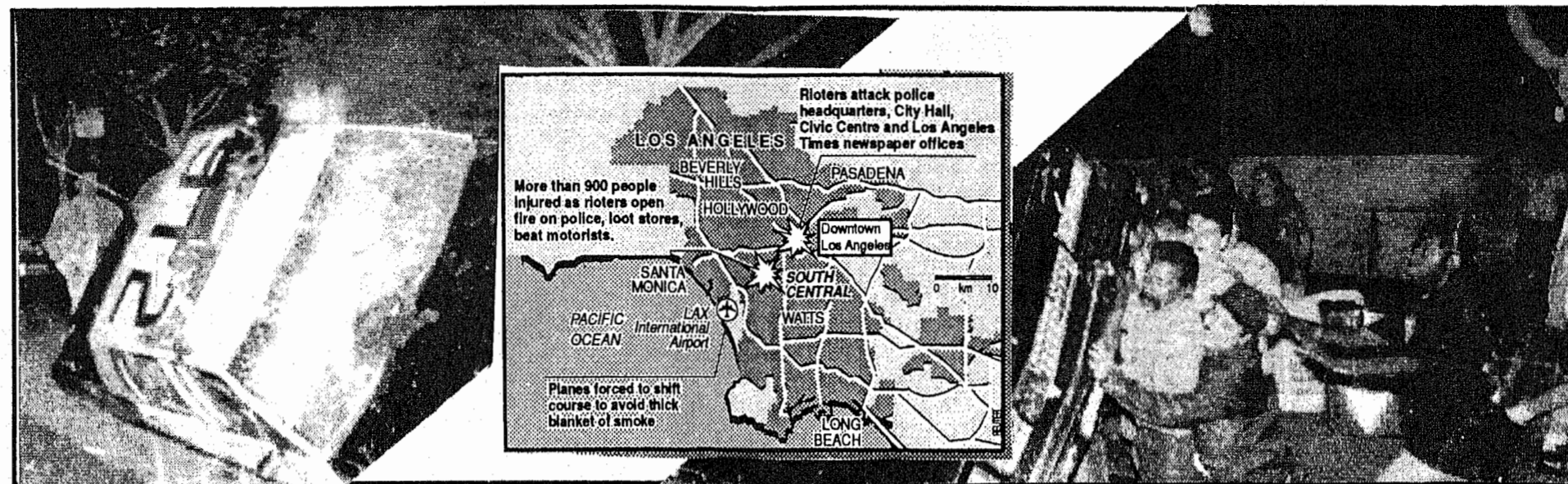
sues that have come out of the L.A. riots, like the tale of the baby born with a flesh wound after having been grazed by a bullet that hit his mother.

The issue of what papers choose to print has always been one that has flummoxed and frustrated discerning readers. The interminable human interest stories often spark howls of protest. Stories magnifying the failings of a particular political leader or party (and we've seen a few of them this week as well) bring out calls of bias. But perhaps even more than this sort of selection transgression is the utter lack of regard and interest that our newspapers display towards events and occurrences in areas of the world that are outside of their blinkered Australia/ U.S/ Europe world

# HYPOCRISY- AMERICA'S FAVOURED LUXURY GOOD

San Francisco correspondent Steve Jackson On Dit's 1990 Editor, looks at the reality behind the riots that shook the United States.

The rioting, looting, fires, deaths and injuries in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Atlanta, and other major cities across the United States that followed in the wake of the acquittal of three of the four police officers in the Rodney King trial, came as a nasty surprise to many white Americans. Certainly recent reports from the command of the Los Angeles Police Department suggest they were unprepared for the four days of violence in LA, that cost 58 lives, over 2,300 injured (about 250 remain critical), saw over 12,000 arrests, and damage of over US \$700 million in that city



**"Do you know the despair in a life of poverty?The bitterness and rage yes the hatred that becomes a part of one's inner life?Have you stopped to think about the fact that for minority America trapped in the ghettos,it has been a police state for ages?That the brutality Rodney King fell prey to is the violence and horror of our daily life in racist white America?..."**

**Ronnie Burk,letter to the San Francisco Bay Guardian**

issues of environment protection, or any other of the easy issues the American, indeed most of the Western Left, is currently touting as the key to a new equitable world.

These people are economically repressed by an economy that demands a pool of desperate cheap labour. These people are predominantly coloured because this capitalist paradise is also heavily racist, a trait deeply ingrained in the American Spirit and political culture. It is these two issues that move them.

It is the reality of the Latino and Black population's daily grind to survive in one of the wealthiest areas in the world that drives them to a seething, bottled rage. This reality shapes their politics of experience, rather than the pasteurised politics of posture much of the left indulges in and would prefer to see in these peoples. The politics of experience as practised in LA last week may be destructive, it may do those people more harm than good. But to give it a blanket condemnation is to take away the only form of expression that remains for them. Paraphrasing Martin Luther King, the riot is the voice of the unheard. It only took one visible and focusing point, a demonstrable event, to prove the injustice that they feel to light their fuse, to bring that voice. So it was with the Rodney King verdict. 5 weeks ago, I flew in low into Los Angeles International Airport. It was a memorable experience flying into LA's sandwich of hell. Above the plane was LA's infamous yellow brown smog. Below was a suffocating industrial freeway hell. In the middle of it all was South Central LA. We flew directly over Watts, the scene of the 1965 riots when 35 died. Looking down, I remember inhaling with shock at the barren streets, the small box-like dwellings, clearly run down. Even from a plane, the desolation and pain of these neighbourhoods was obvious and real. Every few blocks I saw apartment villages, grey 10 15

storey blocks, surrounded by dirt lots. Soul destroying places.

Nothing can prepare you for the shock of American poverty. Driving through the Oakland ghetto just across the bay from San Francisco and only a mile and a half from where I am presently living, I see low grey blockhouses looking very much like farm housing for animals. I see large families who live in these blockhouses of tiny units using the street and filthy lane ways as loungerooms, complete with battered chairs and a radio. Housing is incredibly expensive, government housing hopelessly inadequate to cope with the demand. What government housing I have seen is little above gaol-like accommodation. They are not houses in which to live but places where the impoverished simply survive.

I see small windows with bars over them in all these ghetto houses. Some are simply boarded up. I see 8 foot cyclone wire fences with barbed wire rolls on the top. Drug-related street violence has hijacked the only life force here, a sense of community. Dwellings become fortified, no one walks at night. Even driving at night in these neighbourhoods is a dicey proposition. Separated, isolated, these communities exist in name only, bound only through the electronic media and its pervasive consumer culture.

During the day time, the only evidence of community I see are scores of young, unemployed black men on street corners. These informal gangs, brooding and idle, were the front line in the riots in LA.

In these neighbourhoods dominated by heavy industry, railyards, vacant lots, and the common threat of violence, I do not see a white man or woman. I do not see them on the street. I do not see them come out of any houses. Riding through these neighbourhoods on the bus I am more often than not the only white. White people do not live here. They only come here to buy

drugs. This is apartheid, American style.

While the poverty of American Africans is well documented and known internationally (nations love to know about inequalities elsewhere, it helps them ignore their own), white America puts its collective head in the sand when it comes to its own. This is despite the obvious discrepancies in life opportunities. Blacks receive on average 33% lower wages than whites. Recent studies by the *San Jose Mercury*, a paper with an admirable record of covering issues concerning minorities, concluded that significant discrimination exists against blacks at entry job level. They also concluded that at every stage in the criminal justice system, blacks are systematically treated worse than whites from arrest to trial, sentencing to parole. 32% of male prisoners are black. 29% of women prisoners are black. Blacks comprise 8.5% of the total US population. In the West 23% of blacks are officially impoverished, compared with 12% of all whites. A few blacks in Law School does not make an equitable society, however much whites would wish it.

There is nothing as obscene as the thought that these impoverished, repressed peoples watch the same tv and cable programmes as wealthy whites. This programming is brimming with advertising of the luxuries and the vulgarities of life for which American and in particular Californian culture, is famous. Success, money, and happiness go hand in hand with a desperate culture, the culture of the individual defined by the corporate sign and the logo, of the credit card purchased attitude, that beats the people of South Central LA with cultural batons every day.

This was never better said than in a letter this week (May 6, 1992) to the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*, a left-leaning weekly. Headed 'Letter to a White Sister', it related a meeting of a

wealthy woman and the writer, a young male Chicano, in the streets of San Francisco during the riots and looting of late last week. The woman had lectured the author on the evils of violence, citing "we do not live in a police state". The author replies in the letter:

'Do you realise how pathetic all of you white peaceniks look lecturing to chicanos like me and black youths on how to vent our rage? You have had it all, all of your life: a healthy body, a pair of soft manicured hands, an expensive haircut, which go hand in hand with your preposterous pie in the sky politics.

Don't you realise that the problems that confront all of us are not political but economic? Have you thought about the life of that 14 year old black woman child who carted off a bag of potato chips and a 12 pack of Pepsi and headed back home at the welfare projects?

Do you decry the children of African America, Chicano America, Indian America, their heads full of televised images of white consumerist glamour, for wanting a pair of Nike, a leather jacket from Macy's, a VCR from Radio Shack, all consumer goods they will never be able to afford?

Do you know the despair in a life of poverty? The bitterness and rage yes, the hatred, that becomes a part of one's inner life?

Have you stopped to think about the fact that, for minority America trapped in the ghettos, it has been a police state for ages? That the brutality Rodney King fell prey to is the violence and horror of our daily life in racist white America? ...

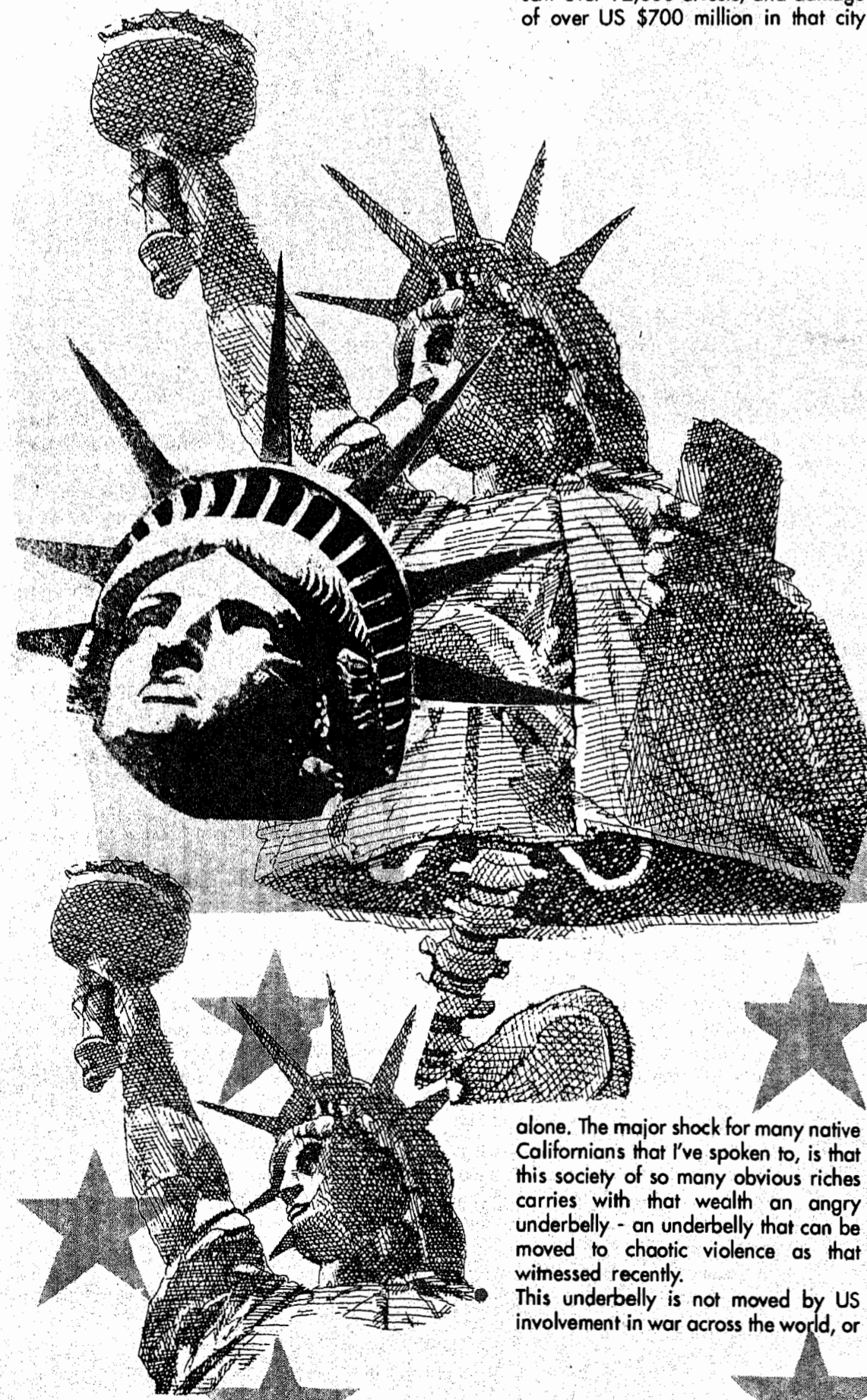
I stood in front of the Fairmont and screamed at the people sipping their Calistogas, "I hate you, rich white America!" and I meant it. Ronnie Burk, San Francisco.'

It is incorrect to assume that acquittal of three of the four Los Angeles Police Department Officers for the beating of black motorist Rodney King, after a high speed car chase caused the scales to fall from the eyes of impoverished minorities in LA with respect to the criminal justice system, further causing them to destroy the very neighbourhoods in which they live and despise. They knew and know even better now that the economic and political systems in the US are stacked against them. But the King verdict was shocking in its brazen flouting of any notion of justice. The videotape evidence showed the world that the LA Police Department had been caught red-handed assaulting a black. Stories of police brutality we have all heard. Every minority in every country makes allegations of police brutality that has been directed at them. But in the King case it was on screen.

Despite this, despite hard evidence of four officers beating a prone man for over a minute, the police walk away, the black remains the criminal - 'he had it coming to him, he got what he deserved and needed.' The jury denied what they saw and instead believed the police story which reinforced the prejudices they already held: that King was under the influence of PCP (all blacks are involved in drugs), that he lunged at the police officers prior to the tape (all blacks are a threat to the security of the community, a threat to law and order), that he did not take the stand as a witness (blacks cannot be trusted). Here was a stark reminder that when it comes to reality, prejudice creates a fantasy hyperreal that in the hands of the state becomes blind injustice.

It is also incorrect to assume that because much of the property damage was to Korean-owned businesses in LA that the riots became an opportunity for blacks to vent their own racist rage. Certainly many examples were shown repeatedly on television of blacks beating innocent whites trying to go about their business, of Koreans protecting their shops against looters, of blacks looting shops. Racist/revenge attacks occurred. Most of the shops in the South Central LA, however, are owned by Koreans. I suspect the same shops would have suffered the same fate no matter who the owner. The real issue was what was inside - consumer items, the stuff of American identity. Looting and burning was the riot response to appropriate that consumer key to identity, and also to annihilate it; to satisfy the consumerist desire stuffed in their faces every day, but also to destroy it, to vent the rage of societal exclusion.

I suspect nothing will be done to improve the situation of Los Angeles, Atlanta, and New York. President Bush is more concerned with rebuilding the small business community (a part of the problem) that was burned and looted than empower African Americans and Latinos. New stores won't help those who can't afford what's inside. For these people, the only pair of Nike, the only leather jacket, the only VCR they own will be carried out of the store through a broken window. Until that changes, the USA can only accept more riots, more rage, more politics of the impoverished experience.



alone. The major shock for many native Californians that I've spoken to, is that this society of so many obvious riches carries with that wealth an angry underbelly - an underbelly that can be moved to chaotic violence as that witnessed recently. This underbelly is not moved by US involvement in war across the world, or



# TURN OFF THAT RADIO

## The ABC documentary "Can You Hear Me" raises important questions about schizophrenia and its treatment

The BBC has made some simply stunning telemovies and drama series: 'Another Country', 'Portrait of a Marriage', 'Oranges are Not the Only Fruit' and 'Brideshead Revisited' all stand out as resplendent examples. 'Can You Hear Me Thinking?', screened on the ABC last week, is another. It was a sympathetic, even-handed examination of a family affected by schizophrenia.

Schizophrenia, like many mental health issues, has tended to be sideboarded.

**"one woman spoke of the belief that if she maintained eye contact with people she would get cancer in her hands and subsequently would stub cigarettes into her hands to release the cancer."**

An 'if out of mind put out of sight' communal mentality, has led to a range of mythology about schizophrenia. The 'Couchman' program that followed 'Can You Hear Me Thinking?', saw those affected by schizophrenia present their case. They argued against the mentality that as those affected they are incredibly violent, who are all intensely lazy and self absorbed (which I would argue is probably a more accurate description of some AU student politicians). The fact is schizophrenia affects one in every one hundred people and its symptoms vary for each individual. Some spoke of suffering delusions of heightened self worth, others of obsessive paranoia and others of fantastical beliefs. For example, one woman spoke of her belief that if she maintained eye contact with people she would get cancer in her hands and subsequently would stub cigarettes into her hands to release the cancer. The reality is a lot of people are affected and it affects them in many different ways. Clearly, the issue of causes is an important one. Both, the telemovie and 'Couchman' made evident the point, that there are no identified agreed causes to schizophrenia. Possibly it's hereditary. Possibly it's caused by a neurological chemical imbalance. To support this hypothesis, is medication used in schizophrenia's con-

trol seem to affect a similar chemical reaction. The fact is, however, no one knows for sure, except that it tends to affect young people and most tend not to recover. Consequently, what appears to be highly unusual behaviour that causes enormous stress and anguish for the person directly affected and his/her family and friends is umbrella-ed by a vast quantity of misinformation and lack of facts.

Essentially, the film embraced these points. Dame Judi Dench (Anne) and Michael Williams (Kevin) played the parents of Richard Hender (Danny), a young man who began acting differently. During a cricket match, he suddenly threw himself to his knees, feeling the need to pray. This was laughed off, but as the obsessive need to pray, to take on the board all the world's problems and to talk of hearing voices increased, there was understandable grave concern on the part of his family.

The film makes a pointed attack on the medical community for their failure to respond to concerns humanitarially, quickly and with compassion. Equally, 'Couchman's program made this point. One can only guess at how much worse this problem will become, if the GST voluntary Medicare payment policy came into force whereby public hospitals will receive even less funding. Similarly, a failure to provide accommodation and to alleviate discrimination falls at the feet of government.

Further, the film showed the problems in day to day living for those persons affected by such an illness. Judi Dench gave a thoroughly outstanding performance as the mother. Her sensitive and controlled portrayal, which so easily could have descended into melodrama,

à la Julia Roberts, was evidence of why she is such a respected actor.

Similarly, Richard Hender, as Danny gave an entirely credible performance. The exchanges between he and Judi Dench were pure viewing pleasure. The sympathy that one had for the family can not be understated. The disillusionment of a son who is behaving differently and without former focus, the disappointment with a cruel health industry, the lack of understanding to deal with the changed behaviour when they desperately love their child and want to help him as best they can and the lack of support they are given, while superbly executed was a strong general statement. More importantly, it is a statement that we, as a community, should pay very serious attention to.

Yes, there is medication available that helps control schizophrenia. A more overt consciousness, however, of schizophrenia and other mental illness is nec-

essary. An acceptance: (i) of their existence; (ii) that it does not derogate from the value of that affected individual to the community; (iii) that, therefore, we should not discriminate against those affected and not stereotype their conditions (that's a lesson that can be applied to a lot of issues); and (iv) that there be more concerted efforts at raising awareness and educating people and more efforts at providing informed support facilities for those affected.

This is what was made obvious from this quality telemovie: a film that dealt with such an important issue expertly. As a society, we have a commitment to all persons within that society. In this situation, that translates to community awareness and action, free from ill-conceived prejudices.

**George Selvanera**

For more information on this area, call the Schizophrenia Fellowship toll free on 008 803 242.



## Student Radio Programme

17th May, 2.30 pm - 12.30 am. 5UV - 531 AM

2.30 pm "Radio Free Adelaide" with Sean Norman and Paul Lobban lay prostrate to get "Heartburn".

3.30 pm Hala Atwa and Taras Majba.

4.30 pm "Rhapsody in Green" with Jo Mills, Cath Huhges and Trish Drioli.

5.30 pm Ben and Andy's Moaning Groaning Reggae Hour.

6.30 pm "The Brothers Don't Surf Variety Hour" with Chloë Fox and Adam Simpson.

Fox and Simpson give you better than sex with a throbbing and pumping melange of music; a steaming and moist-making selection which more than reflects the current state of their respective love lives. This is, of course, a total lie.

7.30 pm "Johnny Starr and the Love Muscle" with Alan Merritt and Steve Thomson. Al and Steve bring you an hour of media stories, kitchen hints, the numbers for next week's lotto, how to pass exams without trying and an interview with Elizabeth Windsor.

8.30 pm "The Story of the Eye" with Kate Juttner and Katarina Grenfell. This week, special guest Olly is programming and there's sure to be lots of Red Hot Chili Peppers.

9.30 pm Mystery Show!

10.30 pm Stuart and Max's Radio Show. Play their favourite tracks - Pixies, Descendents, and that loud and excellent stuff.

11.30 pm The second part of Richard Vowle's special on The Jesus & Mary Chain, including rare tracks and live tracks and lots of other tracks ...

**O**bstinacy and surprise go together like, er, a horse and carriage, love and marriage, rock and roll ... except they don't. Not unless they are part of pop's unruly circus ephemera - it's here where they are embraced and held dear, or at the very least they should be. This is a subject the Boo Radleys know a lot about.



# BOO RADLEYS

*Fiona Dalton interviews some real live rock stars!*

**Where to now for the band that's witnessed J Mascis projectile vomit five shark steaks?**

At a meagre three years old, this band have been through less ups and downs than your average disproportionate rollercoaster, all because of their unmov- ing belief in these two words. Phew! Is it worth it?

You bet.

"The album's gone really well. It sold about twelve thousand in the first two weeks, which is really good for us 'cause usually our singles only sell about five thousand. We got the list, too, with a whole lot of obscure countries on it - we've sold ten records in Taiwan! So, that's promising."

Boo Radleys' bassist Tim Brown sounds sincerely pleased and even a little amazed. On the phone from London where he's sat in a studio to record their new EP, "Boo Forever", he's happily chatting about how his band are finally being dealt the fortunes they deserve. The rollercoaster, it seems, has at last been reconstructed and this time there should be plenty of ups.

For history's sake, though, the 'downs' are worth talking about.

Three years ago, this group of four 18 year old Liverpoolian school buddies recorded a mini-LP, 'Ichabod and I'. At the time, the English music press passed them off as copyists of another brand new bunch of noisy upstarts from the Thames Valley ...

"Yeah," Tim says, bemused, "At the time, no one had actually heard of Ride and we'd done this mini-LP, but it was a really small independent label and we couldn't get it released quickly. But then the next thing we knew, Ride were on TV and we'd never actually heard them, so when people were comparing us to Ride, we were getting really upset."

Soon after, though, the then thriving and rather brilliant Rough Trade came to wipe away their tears. Hurrah! Deserved success was just around the corner. But it

was not to be. Rough Trade, embroiled in legal troubles up to their necks had scarce funds to extend to the battling younger members on their roll-call.

Battling is the operative word. The Boos were releasing excellent EP after excellent EP. Kaleidoscope and Adrenalin, but to name a couple, only to sit back and watch their peers (Chapterhouse et al) go all famous. Meanwhile, their records, easily heads above the rest, remained harangued by distribution and money problems, and did nothing for them. 'Grave Injustice' seems to be an understatement.

"We were really disappointed and unhappy with Rough Trade. Like last year we wanted to put loads of records out but they could only pay for two singles. We actually recorded the album for Rough Trade but they couldn't afford to put it out, so we had to get Creation to put it out.

"Creation's really good, they're a lot more enthusiastic about everything compared to Rough Trade," he pauses and I can virtually hear him grinning, "and they've got more money!"

**"we supported Dinosaur Jnr too. It was brilliant because we got to support our hero's at the time"**

Said album, "Everything's Alright Forever" is the first gleaming product of the new alliance with Creation. A fourteen track collection of moody noises, singer Sice's choirboy voice, sweet pop and damn-bugger-vicious guitar. It's like a wild animal in that just when you have them pinned down they'll break from the lead and do something completely unexpected. Like Flamenco. It veritably screams of obstinacy and surprise, and it's excellent. "With the album, we could do whatever

we wanted. We could put a mix of all the types of music we play whereas with EPs you have to get your message over a lot quicker. The album's more a variation of moods really."

A bit like My Bloody Valentine, perchance?

"We've always been compared to them, yeah, but I don't strictly agree with it. I think it's just convenience, I mean, they don't think so either, when you ask them." So what about being dubbed 'The MBV Creation can afford'?

"Ha ha! I thought it was funny at the time, though it's not strictly true!"

There follows a discussion of MBV and their many derivatives. Tim reckons 'Loveless' was "a brilliant album" and is most pleased that they were able to tour as support to MBV way back when.

"Yeah, we supported Dinosaur Jnr too. It was brilliant 'cause we got to support our heroes at the time. I think I preferred the Valentine's tour, though, 'cause J. Mascis is a strange person to meet really ..."

He said that you were his favourite UK band, too, didn't he?

"Yeah, that's funny. He did say that in some interview but he's just so strange when you meet him 'cause he's so lazy and laid back and you can't get much sense out of him, really."

"And it's quite funny," he chuckles, "'cause when we played with them in Birmingham, he threw up on stage. They had catering with them on tour and he had something like five shark steaks before he went onstage ... It would have made a great picture."

Er, right! Recently, though the Boo Radleys have kept way clear of J. Mascis and unusual rider food and have been travelling England on a co-headlining tour with Pale Saints.

"The start of the tour was disappointing, not many people came, but as it went on it got better. The London date was brilliant, like 1,300 people there!" What's the best thing been about this tour, then?

"Well, just general alcohol abuse. We had a competition just to see how many people threw up ... I think Bob, our drummer, won. But nothing that exciting happened, no ... oh, except Bob got beaten up by a bouncer on the last day. He was too drunk and the bouncer got stuck into him a bit, but then he fell over and that's where he got most of his injuries."

There's another bout of heavy drinking/touring across Europe for the next month which is soon to be followed by the new EP, the main track of which is 'Does this Hurt?' from the LP. Then on to Japan, hopefully America and possibly Australia "sometime this year". They're recording a new album later on in the year as well which well and truly rules out any chance of them getting bored.

It does, however, mean that they'll become more famous and have to make many repeats of today's activity of sitting in a room doing phone interviews for hours on end. Do they mind?

"No, not all. I mean, we don't do it very often, it's just, well, I'm actually quite enjoying it!"

Frustration, thus, is a thing of the past. The Boo Radleys' records can be as obstinate and surprising as ever. Yeah, Everything really is Alright.

**Fiona Dalton**

## REVIEWS ALBUMS SINGLES MUSIC

### Everything's Alright Forever

#### The Boo Radleys Creation/Shock

Gasps! Effects! Noise! Riffs! Er ... Flamenco! Whoever it was that bequoth 'Variety is the spice of life', was a very clever person indeed, though I doubt they had Liverpoolian combo, the Boo Radleys, in mind when they said it. Luckily (for us), however, this adage was planted firmly in the minds of this foursome upon the recording of "Everything's Alright Forever".

Up till now, we've been taunted and teased with a string of EPs, but this is it: the album they promised would exceed the limits of 'a-bit-of-alright', and into the realm of, um, 'rather excellent'. Nope, they don't lie.

The Boos contort the simple pop/noise song with abject delight, fettering it throughout with more mood changes than your average set of hormones would even dread to imagine. One moment indulging in the kind of riff-mania that would make Dinosaur Jnr proud (in "Lazy Day") and laid-back elation the next (as in "Sparrow" and "Spaniard").

The My Bloody Valentine comparisons have, and will, fly thick and fast, but whilst Kevin and his buddies seem to have immersed themselves in the joys of, er, beeps, these days, the Boo's prefer to remain in close proximity of their guitars. "Skyscraper" and "Firesky" whack you squarely in the face with their loud onslaught then, by way of apology, scuttle off to fetch a bucket of water, we regain consciousness and the rest of the song sort of washes past in a state of lethargy.

But there's more! All out noisy moments are a-plenty during "Does This Hurt?" (the new single) and in "Smile Fades Fast" quiet jangle and primeval guitar abuse are swapped between with the speed and ease of driving a very fast car. Meanwhile, "Memory Babe" wisps by with all the glories of a near perfect pop song.

Which is most fitting. The Boo Radleys are un-bending, at times brutal, breathy and bristling. They occasionally make My Bloody Valentine's 'Loveless' look like an anyone-can-do-it jigsaw puzzle. The Boo Radleys are brilliant.

**Fiona Dalton**

### Trasch Chemikaze (A New Zealand band)

The trio of Trasch, Evan Roberts, Arthur Tauhore and Mike Young, create a wholly synthesised, contemporary industrial sound, not unlike Pop Will Eat Itself's music. However, the album Chemikaze fails to deliver the effect that parts of the music seem to offer. As soon as a track picks up it either finishes or delves into some ugly, repetitive rendition of an early eighties breakdance single.

The most imaginative thing about the album is the samples which range from samples of riffs from Slayer to parts of news reports and video games. The whole album seems really to lack depth and is pretty much on the boring side. No need to rush out and buy this album.

**Alex S.**

### Greatest Remixes Vol. One Clivilles and Cole Columbia

Deeply tanned American funksters C and C (of Music Factory fame) prove how raw and intense commercial dance music truly is by remixing thirteen of their most passionately penned songs, actually singing on three of them themselves. All of the tracks on this def thumping compilation are hideously awful, ranging from the "C + C Music Factory MTV Medley" to the cover of U2's "Pride", which perhaps even Tom Cochrane could have done a better job of. This CD is complete crap, and anybody seen purchasing it should be shot down and left to die at the Brash's' Counter.

**Sean Humphries**

### Generation Terrorists Manic Street Preachers Columbia

Is glam's return eminent? If the Manic Street Preachers could have a say, the answer might be yes. Their music is sort of a cross between your average English pop band and Guns'n'Roses, quite comparable to some Queen.

Unfortunately, on this record Manic Street Preachers just don't pull it off. The songs on the album are not altogether the problem, it's more the mood of the album. The album seems to be self indulgent and full of show off guitar parts. The Manic Street Preachers have neglected to understand discretion is the better part of valour.

**Tim Neill**

### Better Days Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes Impact/EMI

Mix Bruce Springsteen and Johnny Cougar/John Cougar Mellencamp/John Mellencamp and what do you get? A pile of shit? Well, no. Well, yes, but that pile of shit does have a name and, you guessed it, it's Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes. It is my staunch belief that this 'band' is just one little (and terribly boring) part of that huge plot devised by the mainstream 'music' industry to make bands so sodding dull that the youth of today all fall asleep at their stereos so that The Powers That Be can finish fucking everything up before we have time to take any action. Not that we would take any action, of course, because

we are the Apathetic Generation, have realised that we have passed the point of No Return and we just don't give a shit anymore. But that is another issue entirely.

My walkperson is run on rechargeable batteries and it was on this very machine that I listened to this tragedy of a tape play itself out. At this point, if you are still silly enough to be reading this drivelous review, you may well be saying, "Hey, give a fuck, Jen!", but there is a point to this little tale. The point is that rechargeables have a habit of running out in the middle of your favourite tape. Unfortunately, they also work by the same principle as that Watched Kettle that never boils which means if you're listening to a hideously yawnsome tape, your batteries are bound to go on forever and ever, etc. Thus the only way I could stop listening to this crime was for the tape itself to run out. This must, in reality, have taken about 45 minutes, but it truly seemed like an eternity. As a result, the walls of my room were smeared with blood from when I repeatedly bashed my head against them. I also broke about a dozen bones and managed to rip most of my curly red locks out of my head.

I hated this tape but if you have no taste whatsoever (i.e. if you like those American 'rockers' that Bono Vox is so fond of) you may just be able to stomach it. B.S.

**Jennifer 'the balanced reviewer' Duncan**

### Love of Life (Young God through Shock) Swans

The Swans started out as a suffocatingly slow and brutally heavy noise outfit, I have a 1984 12" of theirs - I can't listen to a whole side (two songs) all the way through! The last double album of the Swans is closer to "Love of Life". Rather than suffocatingly heavy, the atmosphere is quite open and light, but with something unknown and menacing hovering in waiting. The atmospheric almost choral music and the grim abstract, sometimes mantra-like vocals are a similar paradox to the Swan's changing, searching philosophies. Bullshit? Well, you try and explain M.Gira's writing and the Swan's music. It's complex stuff.

The music itself is at times beautiful, sometimes eerie but always powerful, without being heavy. Much of it is shimmering and acoustic.

"Love of Life" and "The Sound of Freedom" are the closest to conventional pop songs as the Swans venture. The drums are almost singlehandedly responsible for the tempo changes - these are the 'upbeat' ones, I guess.

"Amnesia" is absolutely brilliant, the type of masterpiece you'd expect to hear during a surreal, mystical scene of a high quality movie of 'Excalibur'. No, shit, that's not quite it, but you get the idea.

This album is the sort that could stop a party dead. Mind you, there is going to be a time when you need this album, probably when you're feeling as screwed up as Michael Gira.

"There's no room left here for the strong."

Everything human's necessarily wrong."

**DJK**

P.S. Comes with a beaut, black, silver, embossed hard box, with room for its aptly titled predecessor about nothingness.

"White light from the mouth of infinity."



## REVIEWS ALBUMS SINGLES

## Wish The Cure Fiction Records

Having achieved commercial success in the past three years with 1989's brilliant album 'Disintegration' and to a slightly lesser degree with the rather appalling 'Mixed Up', the Cure have returned to the studio after quite a lengthy break to try to live up to their now god-like reputation.

The result is 'Wish', their eleventh album, and what a fine little snazzy collection of songs it is too, although not quite as perfect as their last six studio offerings. However, this opinion of mine is very subject to change, as Cure albums do have a strange tendency to grow better and better over time.

After one full listen to this album, I thought it was a bit patchy to say the least, and put 'Pornography' on instead to console myself. At first, 'Wish' seemed to lack any sense of direction, only held together by the now familiar "High", the mournful "From the Edge of the Deep Green Sea" and the obvious next single, "Friday I'm In Love", but given a few more listens, tracks such as "Doing the Unstuck" and "Cut" prove themselves to be almost as good as anything the band has released before.

Long time fans need not be worried - The Cure most certainly have not sold out to the masses with "Wish"; if anything, they have frightened them away.

**Sean Humphries**

## Theatre of Gnomes Tumbleweed Waterfront Records

Tumbleweed first came to my attention very early this year, when I mentioned to a friend in Melbourne that they were one of the Nirvana supports for the forthcoming Adelaide concert. Ten minutes later, I was still being told how great they were, so subsequently I expected something utterly mindblowing when I finally got to see them live. However, to my disappointment, they were far from this, being completely overshadowed by Nirvana and the Meanies, although this may possibly be due to my yobbo state of mind on the night in question. Well, come on, who can seriously listen to a new band when all you want to do at the time is bash your head ridiculously and scream "I'm a negative creep!" at the top of your voice?

Anyway, fair should be fair, and in my opinion any label mates of pre-commercial Ratcat and The Snow Leopards deserve at least a second chance. And to be completely honest - this EP is not bad at all. The first thing that comes to notice is that the band play their instruments very well, combining (dare I say) catchy drumbeats with fuzzy grunge guitars, and the occasional suppressed burst of feedback. The lyrics themselves tend to swing somewhere between despondency and absurdity, yet somehow always manage to include a very discreet reference to being completely off your nut:

*"Living life in yesterday  
And you smile on someone else's sorrow  
You live the life that create  
Why don't they all get stoned?"*

The words to this song, simply entitled "Stoned", are quite aptly complemented in the CD booklet with a cartoon of a long haired man, happily sitting on a giant mushroom working his way through a cone almost as big as his head. However, the outstanding feature of "Theatre of Gnomes" was no the artwork (although it did come close), but the final track "Shakedown", though it does remotely sound kind of vaguely just a bit similar to Ride's brilliant song "Grasshopper".

Well, there you have it - even if you hated Tumbleweed live in January, give this EP a good listen, because it is very good. There's a lot more to this band than what a bunch of sweaty yobbos will let you see.

**Sean Humphries**

## Union Activities for Week beginning Monday, 11th May, 1992

Monday, 11th May

9 am - 5 pm "Elements, Fragments and Connections" Exhibition in Union Art Gallery. Paintings, drawings and constructions by Adelaide artist Gishka Van Ree (continues until Friday, 22nd May).

Tuesday, 12th May

7.30 pm A.U. Film Society films in Cinema. This week Gay films - "Chant D'Armour", "Fireworks", "Scorpio Rising" and "Victim".

Wednesday, 13th May

6 pm - 8 pm "Edwina Lucas", Adelaide Uni's own singer/songwriter performs in the Uni Bistro. Free to Bistro patrons, meals from \$4.50.

Thursday, 14th May

1 - 2 pm "Vic Bitter and Chris" play the UniBar.

Friday, 15th May

1 - 2 pm Free lunchtime concert in UniBar with "Finger Poppin Daddies".

5 - 6 pm "Fabulous Fruit Bats" in UniBar.

9 pm - late Band in UniBar "Things of Stone and Wood" (from Melbourne) and "Strange City".

Saturday, 16th May

9 - late Animal Liberation Bar night.

### Coming Soon

"Just Kidding" and "Daisyheads", "Neptune Lolly Shoppe" and "Rumble Fish".

*Any students interested in joining a thinktank to assist with development of the entertainment programme or could offer voluntary services, please contact Gary Steele in Union Office.*

### Enter the Campus Battle of the Bands Competition

Your chance to play on the famous UniBar stage. Our campus heats to find Adelaide Uni's best campus band will be held on Fridays, 22nd May, 5th and 12th June. At least one third of your band must be comprised of Adelaide Uni students. Your band could win a paid gig, special campus prize, campus tour or even a recording deal.

Contact Gary Steele, Entertainment Officer, in Union Office to get an entry form now. Deadline for entries is Friday, 15th May.

### Union Activities Programme

Pick up your Union Activities Programme from your student pigeon hole now to discover what activities are organised for you this semester. Chance to win 2 tickets to see the "Buddy Holly Story" preview at the Festival Centre if you use the Bistro Coffee Shop voucher.

### Union Bistro Naming Competition

The Union Catering Advisory Committee thanks all those people who entered the Bistro naming competition. The Committee acknowledged the many good and imaginative ideas submitted but decided at its last meeting not to adopt any of the suggested names. There was a substantial number of people who did not want the Bistro to be renamed.

### Catacombs

Psst ... Hey, have you heard the jukebox or sat in the lounge chairs in the underground coffee lounge under Union Hall? They've got real coffee and cappuccinos, cakes and food too! Your home away from home. Open from 8.30 am.

## TV Sky (Play it again Sam/Shock) The Young Gods

The Young Gods are a Swiss three piece featuring only a drummer, vocalist and keyboard player. For this reason alone it's pretty impressive that this album has such impact. Rather than trying to make the perfect guitar sound themselves, they've simply sampled (stolen?) their fave guitar noises. Many of them looped as part riffs, creating some quite unnerving sounds. This is not industrial noise though; it's definitely rock'n'roll, albeit a warped version.

"Gasoline Man" is a sparse bluesy number, perhaps a little like George Thorogood with self respect and a sampler.

"TV Sky" is a raucous, swirly beast with some very selective sampling. You could almost believe they had a real live android playing guitar for them. The rather brutal stop/start crossing from guitar sounds can be a bit of a headspin, especially in the single "Skinflowers".

"Dame Chance" is an irritating song, but I mean that

in the nicest way. The bastards have looped the riff three quarters of the way through. Play this without getting up to unstick the stylus! The final track is a twenty minute epic that sounds like a sonic mutant Doors, but infinitely superior. Perhaps ten minutes would have got the point across, though.

It has been gushed that the Young Gods "still point the way to a possible future for rock". That's bullshit, it remains partially an artificially created product but it restores some faith in technology. Not a future for rock - just a pretty berserk tangent.

### DJK

P.S. Check out what happens to the snakes on the label as it goes around. I strongly suggest label watching at 45 rpm. Perhaps with a CD you could blue tack it on your ceiling fan, turn it to 11 and relax with a daiquiri on a banana lounge below.

P.P.S. The Young Gods are touring Australia at the end of May - and yup, you guessed it - they won't be in Adelaide.





# DOWN IN THE DUMPS

The hunt for a site for a national dump for Australia's low level radioactive waste is on, as Maggie Hine reports

**For many years, now, the Federal Government has been pressing the State and Territory governments to locate suitable sites for disposing of Australia's growing quantities of low level radioactive wastes.**

These efforts are now coming to fruition, as the States and Territory Environment Ministers have recently agreed to take part in a Federally co-ordinated study to locate potential sites for a single national repository. At the same time as the siting study is being conducted, a Code of Practice and associated Guidelines for the disposal of radioactive wastes by shallow burial in a semi arid area, are being developed by a Working Committee of the National Health and Medical Research Council (NHMRC). These documents, once incorporated into State Legislation, will set down the terms and conditions under which the chosen site will operate.

Despite this apparent attempt to resolve Australia's radioactive waste problem their are concerns held by many that the method of disposal being advocated by the NHMRC and the Federal Government is unacceptable, as it offers nothing more than a dumping option for disposal of the wastes.

The States and Territory governments agreed to the national siting study, which is being conducted by the CSIRO, in the wake of the NSW courts decision in February 1992, to ban the interim storage of low level radioactive waste at the Lucas Heights nuclear research facility in Sydney. A location that had become the de facto national repository for the wastes. This decision brought to a head the problem of what to do with Australia's growing quantities of radioactive waste. The push to find a site was given new political urgency.

Previous efforts to establish a national repository have met with a quick no thank you from potential host communities and governments. After all, no one wants a radioactive waste dump in their own backyard. That reality is illustrated very well by the political controversy and public protest witnessed in other countries, such as the UK, US and France, when governments have attempted to establish sites for dumping low level radioactive waste.

Radioactive wastes may be categorised as low, intermediate or high level wastes, and as long or short lived wastes. This is dependent upon the concentration of radionuclides present, the type of radiation emitted, the level of shielding required and the amount of heat generated during the radioactive decay process. Waste can also be of gaseous, liquid or solid form.

Low and intermediate level radioactive wastes are presently stored in various locations throughout Australia and have arisen from the use of radionuclides in research, medicine and industry and includes uranium and mineral sands tailings. While most waste is stored in places such as hospitals and even

basements below Department of Health buildings, some states already have their own central waste storage and disposal sites. In Queensland, low level waste is stored above ground as an interim measure in anticipation of a national repository being established. In Western Australia, the Mt Walton disposal facility receives some of the states low level wastes. In both cases, the sites were established on a clear understanding that no waste from other States would be sent to the sites.

It is this haphazard distribution of storage sites that has driven the Federal Government to push for a centralised permanent repository to finally dispose of the all low level radioactive wastes.

On the surface, the logic of this waste management strategy may seem acceptable. Why not have a centralised repository where all waste can be accounted for and monitored? But on closer inspection of the NHMRC Code and Guidelines, it is soon obvious that the initiative is nothing less than a poorly contrived quick fix measure.

The NHMRC Codes and Guidelines are working on the assumption that disposing of radioactive wastes in shallow burial sites is an acceptable practice. It is not. In the US three of the six commercial low level radioactive waste dumps, using the shallow burial method, were closed when it was discovered they were causing off-site contamination of water sources.

Furthermore, this method of disposal does nothing to encourage the creators of waste to minimise waste creation. Rather than encouraging them to adopt alternative clean production techniques, they are being offered a dumping option in out of sight out of mind conditions. A sound waste management strategy would encourage waste creators to adopt the "precautionary principle" in managing their operations. This principle places the onus on the waste creator to seek alternative methods of operating which avoid or minimise waste production. The 'precautionary approach' is a basic tenet in the formulation of modern environmental policy. Its ascendancy marks a shift away from the old 'permissive approach' that assumes that the environment has an infinite capacity to receive and render harmless, vast and various quantities of industrial waste.

The precautionary approach prevents the contaminates entering the environment, and the dumping of radioactive wastes in shallow burial sites in 'out of sight, out of mind' conditions hardly meets this criteria.

In fact, it was this very rationale that put a stop to the dumping of low level radioactive wastes at sea when the London Dumping Convention placed an international moratorium on such activities in 1983. For Australia to advocate and accept the dumping of such wastes in shallow burial sites is a reprehensible and irresponsible act. By their very nature, low level radioactive wastes will remain radioactive, and a health and

environment hazard, for thousands of years. Dumping of such wastes is yet another example of how we leave our waste as a legacy for future generations to inherit. In a recently released report titled "Nuclear Waste: The Problem that Won't Go Away", the Worldwatch Institute makes the following observation: "... the problem of radioactive waste can never be 'solved' in the normal fashion. Waste cannot be destroyed, nor can scientists prove that it will stay out of the biosphere if buried. Proof of a hypothesis, via the scientific method requires demonstration. Yet with radioactive waste, such proof would require hundreds of human generations and entail extensive risks. Critics ... have often noted the presumptuousness of our civilisation's willingness to reach forward in time, borrowing from the future that which we can never repay. To leave a legacy that does not merely impoverish future life but may endanger it for millenia to come, constitutes an act of unprecedented irresponsibility." (p44)

What, then, should we do with our wastes? Environment groups in Britain, when faced with this question during an aggressive industry and government push to establish low level waste dumps, reached agreement that the best method of dealing with this waste was above

ground, dry storage, at the site of origin. In this scenario, there are no 'out of sight, out of mind' dumping options and the onus is on the waste creator to minimise waste creation while seeking clean production techniques. Having the waste stored above ground in dry storage means that the waste can be effectively monitored and even retrieved if need be. Technology already exists for such waste management methods and the Australian authorities would be wise to pursue this path in preference to shallow burial with all its inadequacies.

There are no quick fixes to the problems of radioactive waste. In its rush to establish a national repository, the NHMRC and Government are promoting an unacceptable and irresponsible dumping option. Fortunately, it is not too late to put a stop to this development. The process of formulating the Codes and Guidelines is presently open to public comment. If the dumping of radioactive wastes is to be stopped, we should capitalise on any opportunity to affect the decision making process. Requests for a copy of the NHMRC proposals, or letters should be sent to the Australian Radiation Laboratory, Box 546, Lower Road, Yallambie, Victoria, 3085. The closing date for submissions is 26th May, 1992.

## CRAFT & LEISURE COURSES

More Semester One courses in May!

### CHEAP UNION MEMBERS PRICES (TOTAL COST GIVEN)

#### Pottery

Tutor - Jane Huxley  
Tuesdays 6 - 8pm. or Wednesdays 6 - 8pm.  
Starting May 12/13 for 8 weeks • Cost \$ 40

#### Meditation

Tutor - Graham Williams  
Wednesdays 1 - 2pm.  
Starting May 13th. for 5 weeks • Cost \$ 12

#### Photography

Tutor - Nick Capozzi  
Wednesdays 6.30 - 8.30pm or Thursdays 6.30 - 8.30pm.  
Starting May 13 or 14 • Cost \$ 32

#### T-shirt Printing

The Craft Studio can print t-shirts and windcheaters for clubs, bands or any group at reasonable rates. Call in with your design.

#### Haircuts

Every Wednesday between 12 noon and 4 pm. \$10.  
Book beforehand in Craft Studio.

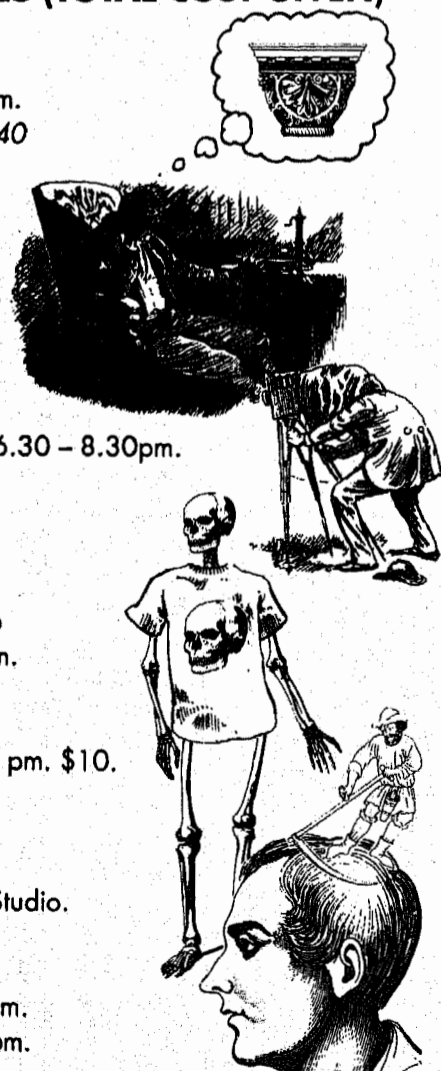
#### Massages

Every Wednesday morning. Book at Craft Studio.

#### Craft Studio Hours

Monday 11am - 3pm. • Thursday 12 - 8pm.  
Tuesday 12 - 8pm. • Friday 10am - 6pm.  
Wednesday 12 - 8pm.

See Sherry or Helen at Craft Studio on level 4 for further information.  
(ph 228 5857)



# Three Sisters

Chloe Fox reviews the Theatre Guild's latest production, Anton Chekhov's Three Sisters

**Troikal troikal troikal pass the vodka Comrade Melski. Jim Vilé's production of Three Sisters opens with a good deal of extremely Russian clapping, singing and general merriment. Into the drawing room dance a motley collection of Russians, all, of course, with some sort of problem.**

This is the thing about Three Sisters, and Chekhov on the whole. Everyone always has niggling little problems. The plays themselves are relatively plotless, in that there is never any complex form of plot development or breathtaking action.

What makes Chekhov so fascinating is that he deals with the pettiness of our lives, the futility, the delusion, the frustration and the apathy. In Three Sisters what we see is the story of three women bound in a geographic isolation from which they long to escape; an isolation representative of an emotional and spiritual isolation; an internal quagmire reflective of the external.

Chekhov is attempting to dramatise a structure of feeling, and Jim Vilé's interpretation goes a long way towards realising such a dramatisation.

This production is moving in the extreme; a beautiful and touching picture of the stagnation of ordinary life and how people attempt to cope with it. Good, sometimes excellent characterization is the keynote of the play - a technical prowess which shows rather than articulates the longing to make sense of life.

In watching this production a certain situation is revealed to us, although nothing happens to change it. Here we have the essence of Chekhov finely distilled: little will be seen to happen while much will be external and implied. The characters; these possessors of an inwards-looking consciousness are on the whole adequately played, with a few notable exceptions - some are enjoyably good, a few are forgettably banal.

Chief amongst the latter lies the enthusiastic yet misguided David Smith, whose portrayal of the doctor, Chebutykin, is intensely unremakable. His woodenness is challenged only by that of the sets, while the "drunken-doctor-misery" scene is as dull as ditchwater. Scenes of complete inebriation are hard to pull off, and unfortunately Mr Smith totally fails. The banality of the doctor's role fades into well-deserved insignificance when placed against the shining light of Amanda Shillabeer. Shillabeer's Irina, while lacking some of the polish and confidence of the older members of the group, was severely likable. She has a presence on stage which cannot be ignored, and, as she warmed to her role, the passion and frenetic joy of her character became unmistakable. The



audience reacted well to Shillabeer, liking her as much as she liked them. Irina is the youngest of the three sisters, and initially the least world-weary. As the play develops we watch her disillusion and inner misery growing, a progression that we are not privy to with the other sisters. Youth, vitality and an obvious affinity with her character are the qualities that marked out Amanda Shillabeer's performance, and made her Irina an unforgettable experience.

The remaining two sisters, Olga (the eldest, played by Amanda Finnis) and Masha (played by Brenda King) do not reach the heights that Shillabeer manages, but nevertheless manage to put in

a way that is eneteraining yet which falls short of what they could give us. Chekhov, giving his actors very little plot, made up for it by demanding a deep and rigorous understanding of character. Keeling and Andrews have not met this demand, giving us instead two roles which are merely caricatures - a fault that the part of Natalya can get away with, but that of Andrey suffers. Watching Trevor Keeling it can only be said that he seems to be holding out on us - you just find yourself waiting for more, but it never comes. Julie Andrews as Natalya is super fun, a weasel of a woman who makes everyone's lives even worse than they already were.

**" Here we have the essence of Chekhov finely distilled : little will be seen to happen while much will be external and implied."**

some excellent performances. Masha's scenes with her military lover, Vershinin (convincingly played by David Grybowski) are particularly moving, while the exchanges between Olga and her errant sister-in-law Natalya are terse, sharp and enjoyable. Of the two King achieves a deeper characterization, giving us a Masha that we can all identify with. Married to a pedantic bore of a husband, Masha's frustrations know no bounds, and to escape Kulygin's husbandly attentions, she spends a great deal of time with her sisters.

Living in the house with the three women is their brother, Andrey. Enamoured of a local girl, Natalya, he is teased mercilessly by his sisters until he shocks them all by marrying her. Trevor Keeling and Julie Andrews play Andrey and Natalya respectively, and they do it in

When an artillery regiment comes to the town, the three sisters make friends with many of the soldiers, and they begin to frequent the house. Amongst the soldiers are Baron Tuzenbach, played by Howard Sumner, and Soliony, played by John Keal. Sumner's Baron is lighthearted and free, with only one expression on his face. This expression appeared with exhausting regularity, until the last five minutes of the play when it became a wee bit agonised. Despite this shallow exterior, Sumner's character was endearing enough.

His friend, Soliony was far more entertaining, although towards the end his characterisation went slightly hay wire and was not as consistent as it could have been. Keal's energy level and concentration decreased as time went on; leaving the audience surprised when

they realised that he was actually quite an important figure in the Chekhovian landscape. The relationship between the two was not as strong as it could or should have been, resulting in vague impressions which were mildly misleading.

Finally the character of Kulygin must be mentioned. Like Shillabeer, John Edge entranced the audience, although it can safely be assumed that we did not like his character as we did the spontaneity and gait of Irina. Kulygin is Masha's husband, a boring little weed of a man who cannot make a decision; who *shilly-shallies*; who is so aware of his own morals and moralities that he will not stop to consider how the people around him might be feeling. To fall in love with this man would be to fall in love with a bucket of insecurities, self-doubt and hypocrisy disguised in the *often-invoked* name of honesty. **Men.** So it is a good thing that Masha is not in love with her husband at all. Edge gives Kulygin an almost terrible life; a fearsome reality of pedantry, boredom and self-illusion. Edge has a presence on stage which is marvellous, and while his part appears to be small, he has made it into a large one with his own dedication and ability.

This entire play is one which centres on the issue of the meaning of life. Suffused with the psychological tension between the sisters' anguished searchings and the officers' realism, it is a play that simply must be seen. Chekhov builds an atmosphere 'so pregnant and poetic that it overflows the stage and engulfs the audience.' The Theatre Guild wander through this world and take us with them on a voyage of self-discovery, drawing us to ask some mighty questions like, "who am I? Where am I going? What am I doing? Will I ever like a member of the opposite sex again?" The answer that Chekhov gave to this despair is one that came through clearly in Vilé's production - the solution, according to Chekhov, is work; work without ambition, hope or recompense. Through work would come a sort of emotional and spiritual redemption. And the Theatre Guild's production is an excellent example of what hard work can do: a convincing solid production, with minor faults, strong ensemble work, a lot of energy and a recipe for a good night out.

**Chloë Fox**

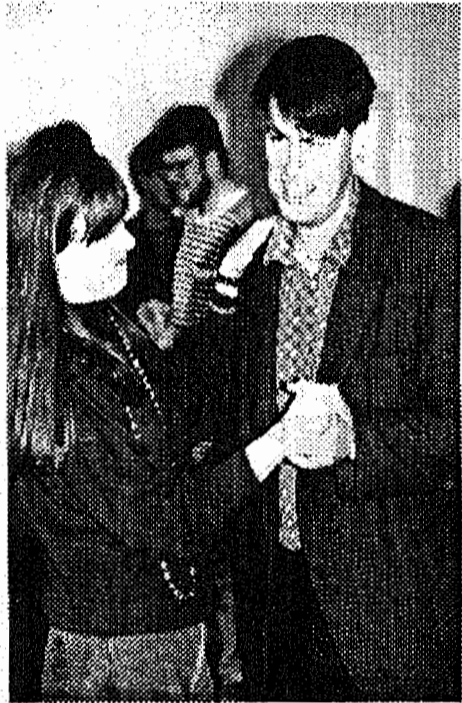


# Much Ado about nothing

**Mel Sander speaks with directors Gina Tsikouros and Cate Rogers about 'Parting Company's' latest foray .**

"Much Ado About Nothing" - opening 13th - 16th and 20th - 23rd May at the Little Theatre, \$8/\$6 SPU. Bookings 43 5659.

I couldn't believe it. Although you might assume this sort of thing only happens



in B-grade movies, I had, in reality, mistakenly taken, for my sore throat, not Panadol but Panadeine Forte, which has enough codeine to send the average small child to sleep for a good day or so. My arms ached, my head throbbed and my heart pounded. Then the phone rang.

"Oh shit," I thought, "the Parting Company interview."

After picking up and speaking into a banana, a book and a plate, I finally found the phone. In my semi-delerium, I had come up with the bright idea of calling the coffee shop and asking poor Suzanne Hall to tell them I couldn't make it. It had seemed like a clever idea at the time - 'they won't mind and surely the coffee-shop won't be busy?!' thought I, 'it's only twelve o'clock!'

Wrong on both counts!

"Listen," hissed Cate, "be at the Bistro at 5.30 pm or I'll stuff your you into one of the pickle-jars at the pickle factory!"

Egad! I thus dragged myself out of bed and arrived there early - women such as these, who will haul you from your sick bed are not to be trifled with!

Nor is this production; it is going to be one mean show! Even the flyers are tough-stiff black and white jobs, not those wimpy coloured paper bits. Cor,

these girls mean business!

The cast includes 'Parting Company' regulars Caroline Meador and John Gill, Footlights moonlighters Juliette Nicole and Matt Hawkins and Thespian all-rounders Tim Heffernan and James Mulligan; and that's just to name a few. And these directoresses(!) know their Bard. Tough and streetwise, Cate not only knew the origin of the name of the play, a play on the word 'noting', the equivalent to 'eavesdropping' in Shakespearean times, but was quick to impress upon me she and Gina had done Shakespeare with Parting Company before (yeah, before, chimed Gina. Dumbfounded, I merely nodded).

Still reeling from my drug-induced haze, I mumbled 'what's different about this - how will it be relevant today?'. Gina informed me, while Cate played menacingly with the cutlery, that there's a bit of everything: love, secrets, laughter, dance, music, fun and confusion. Also, it will be in modern dress, and some of the music is also modern.

Highlights will include Matt Hawkins "hiding in the garden", and Jon Gill pretending to be Caroline Meador. Be afraid, be very afraid!

And as if this isn't all frightening enough, dammit all, they're getting stuck into the pentameter, making the speech natural rather than being constrained by the

traditional Shakespearean rhythm. Will nothing stop these women?!

From the Company that brought you 'Be Afraid' and most recently 'Secret Schnapper', if these two are anything to go by, get your ticket now (in fact, the first 6 kids to run into the SAUA, now, score freebies!). I've got mine already - I'm afraid, I'm terrified!

**Mel Sander**



## The Whales of August

Set in 1954 on an island on the Coast of Maine, The Whales of August is a poignant play which examines the fears and desperations of an elderly group of friends as they enter the 'twilight' years. However, the well-written script isn't properly utilised by a lack-lustre cast beginning with the two main actors, Pearl Tregilgas and Dolores Lenia. They play the two sisters, Sarah and Libby. Sarah, slightly younger, has been forced to care for her blind and cantankerous older sister, Libby.

In the role of Sarah, Tregilgas fails to display the desperation and resentment of a woman still living in the past but having to come to terms with the bleak future. Rather than being overburdened with her sister, Tregilgas seems to be overburdened with her lines as she continually failed to remember them.

Dolores Lenia having very little to work with, particularly an atrocious wig makes the best with a poor supporting cast. She gives a genuine performance, tears and all, of a woman recognising the fact that life does not proceed evenly and that she must take some responsibility for herself. Comic relief is provided by Don Goldsmith as the clumsy, absent-minded but funny handyman, Joshua. Although I did wonder whether that was a tea cosy or a wig on his head.

The other actors, Ali Roberts and Don Bishop, play Tisha and Maranov, two friends of the sisters that regularly pop in for a chat.

Ali Roberts gives a lively performance as the gossiping old busybody, even though

she was thirty years too young. In contrast, Don Bishop gives a dull and monotonous performance as the mysterious Russian aristocrat.

The play is slow to begin with and even though there are some beautiful moments such as when Sarah reminisces over her life on the night of her wedding anniversary but these moments are few and far between.

The direction of the play, also by Don Goldsmith, lacks cohesion and fails to flow smoothly. The poor direction can probably be attributed to the fact that Goldsmith not only is responsible for the direction and acts but is also involved in lighting, sound, set conception, poster conception and costume.

The set was far too cluttered and left little room for the actors to move about. Don Goldsmith's production of The Whales of August could be improved with more of a commitment to the direction and exploring in depth the themes of isolation and desperation within the script.

**Patricia Casbarra**

## Driven to Murder Tea Tree Players

The Tea Tree Players are like many small community-based drama groups. They are run by a small and intimate group of people from that area for a band of loyal followers. 'Driven to Murder' was no exception. It appeared to me that everyone present knew one another, and this, rather than giving me an alienation complex, made me feel as though I had been warmly invited into the home of a close-knit family.

And family was at the base of this cloak and dagger thriller, penned by Oliver Chase and Stanley Clayton, under the direction of Beryl Blundell. Dr Helen Ferryman (Claire Van Der Pijl) is married to the quiet and docile John (Mike Phillips). Helen's daughter, Susan (Elizabeth Thompson), fears her stepfather is a gold digger, parasitically preying on the fortune of her mother. On this premise comes a sequence of blackmail, a rediscovered supposed dead husband, drugs, and ultimately murder. Who is the murderer? Suspicion falls on Helen, John, Susan, Susan's boyfriend, Michael (Peter George), his mother, Mary (Carolyn Catt) and the mysterious Mr Watson's (Don Oswald) offsider Rita (Belinda Flaherty).

Invariably, there are a smorgasbord of clues that seem to make all equally suspect, with a couple of other characters thrown in for good measure.

One such character is the Ferryman's busybody housekeeper, Mrs Parks. Fiona Margach gives a fine performance as the often humorous haughty gossip.

Likewise, Carolyn Catt is convincing in the multi-faceted role of Mary Eastwood and Don Oswald gives a suitably controlled performance as Mr Watson. Unfortunately, in the main cast there were some problems. Claire Van Der Pijl, Mike Phillips and Elizabeth Thompson appeared very nervous, often forgetting lines that were prompted for the whole audience to hear from a good Samaritan backstage. Further, there was much overacting, notably from Elizabeth Thompson and Peter George, with this probably directly related to their visible nervousness.

In saying this, however, I do not seek to appear completely negative. The set was superb, as were other technical attributes and most performances were credible. Ultimately, the chief problem lay with the handling of the script. Agatha Christie style suspense thrillers, where each sentence invokes yet another clue or red herring, must be very carefully handled to retain suspense throughout. If not, however, the play becomes a melodramatic farce, where with each telephone call or door slamming there are laughs from the audience.

The inexperience of many members of the cast and the play's unclear direction meant the performance took on the latter of the options. What must be remembered, however, is that this was not directed by Simon Phillips, starring Richard Piper, Helen Buday and Colin Friels. This was theatre by the community for the community, and while problematic, still had many positive features. So, while 'Driven to Murder' may not have been of BMW quality, it was still a reasonably comfortable bus trip.

**George Selvanera**

## BOOKS

.... "the thinking person's chocolate"



Adelaide Booksellers  
6a Rundle Mall

## Gridlock

Ben Elton  
Sphere Books

At last, Ben Elton has taken a break from writing plays (*Gasping* and *Silly Cow*) that never seem to reach Australia in order to produce his follow up novel to *Stark* - namely, *Gridlock*. Well, actually, *Gridlock* has been in the stores for six months but it has only just been released in paperback. Apparently, Mr Social Conscience didn't want *Gridlock* released in hardback at all because the result was a book too expensive for the average punter to buy. He didn't succeed in preventing the hardback release, but he did succeed in getting it priced at only ten pounds, apparently the cheapest hardback ever to be sold (relatively speaking, of course). This was very admirable, proving once again that Ben Elton is indeed a man of the people. *Gridlock* is a rollicking, roller-coaster ride of a book. The gags come just as thick and fast as they did in *Stark*. The environmental message is just as pointed. Ben Elton seems to have an uncanny knack of combining the serious with the infinitely amusing without losing pace or destroying the reader's enjoyment of all aspects of the book.

Not only is this book environmentally pure, it is also politically pure - unless, of course, you're a farty little Liberal/conservative, in which case, fuck off and hey, why are you even reading this review because you must know that Ben Elton is a right-on, liberal-leftie who hates your guts and properly so. Mr Blevins would do well to read this book, particularly pages 166-169, regarding the necessity of a good, reliable and accessible (to everyone!) public transport system and the dire consequences of living in a city without one.

I give fair warning that this is not a book

# BOOKS

to be read when (a) you have an essay due; or (b) you are on the bus or in any other public place. If you read it when writing an essay you'll be forced to ask for an extension simply because being engrossed in this book will leave you no time to do your work. If you read it while on the bus, you will become a social outcast forever as others tend not to look with favour on people who spend bus journeys writhing around in the aisles, even if this activity is caused by the hilarity of the book they're reading. The same goes for reading this book in any other public place: people you don't know may come up to you and ask you to stop giggling, squealing, running up and down the hallways shouting with laughter, leaping around with merriment and reciting prolonged excerpts from this book, etc, etc, ad infinitum.

When I threw this book into the toilet - and unfortunately, I did, though thankfully it was post-flush - I really didn't mean it in any derogatory way.

*Gridlock* is a brilliant book and anyone even vaguely into Eltonesque comedy or just about any social issue going should read it.

Jennifer Duncan

## Inside Story

Chris Masters  
Angus & Robertson  
Paperback \$14.95

Chris Masters has been a reporter with ABC's highly successful current affairs program *Four Corners* since 1982, except a brief 18 month stint at Channel 10's now defunct *Page One*, having completed his 16 year apprenticeship in the bureaucratic halls of the ABC. He started as a mailroom boy and progressed, working on *Countrywide* and *Nationwide* before finally finding his niche at *Four Corners*.

Masters book, *Inside Story*, is a natural progression from his on-camera work where he attempts to let the public know as much as possible about those that govern them, the tragedies that surround them and the personalities who are adorned by them. In the book, he takes us through seven of the biggest and most challenging stories of his career and shares with us the despair, fear and elation which each brings.

Masters opens the book by reliving the first story he did for *Four Corners*. It was entitled *The Big League* and was an investigation into the corruption that was rife in Rugby League in the early '80s. He relives the despair when the story seemed to be bogged down through lack of evidence and the reluctance of witnesses to go before the camera. This is followed by the rush of blood and elation when a remote tip fingers the Wran government as being involved in perverting the course of justice and the corruption that was evident in League. Masters continues on to tell the reader about the investigation into the Queensland Police Force which sparked the Fitzgerald Inquiry and the chilling knowledge that at the height of his investigation, the police were to set him up

on carnal knowledge charges through police lying and doctoring of evidence. Masters makes the point in his book that the Big League and Fitzgerald Inquiry reports were once in a lifetime that could rarely be repeated for newsbreaking and amount of work required. But, as if to prove his talent for investigative journalism and desire to find out the truth he follows these with re-collections of other momentous stories. From his investigation into the use of aid for starving Ethiopians by the government for military hardware, the flamboyant Dr Edelsten and his fraudulent overcharging to Medicare of services rendered, to the truth about the circumstances surrounding the death of two ranch hands after inhumane treatment on a Western Australian property. Chris Masters writes this book in a narrative tone, giving the reader a rare insight into the work and emotion behind a story that may take up to three months from start to finish. He gives us an insight into the feeling of isolation, being away from his family for prolonged periods while being hated by those he is uncovering. Along the way, Masters offers advice that any young aspiring journalist would find invaluable. Such as the use of recreations to describe crimes or events, and the substitution of actors for witnesses unwilling to go before the cameras. He particularly stresses the value of good note taking, having a well structured script and now to approach potential witnesses and informants.

*Inside Story* is an interesting look at the world of investigative journalism. Masters conveys through his writings the full range of emotions experienced while making a story, and the relief when it finally goes to air. He even takes the story to its conclusion with a description of the aftermath, whether it be a royal commission or public outrage. *Inside Story* is worth getting your hands on, especially if you are a budding journalist.

Dean Page

# Petrouchka

Australian Dance Theatre  
At the Space Theatre until May 16

Australia's foremost contemporary Dance company the Australian Dance Theatre is performing the classic *Petrouchka*, along with two original pieces. Phone the ADT direct on 212 2084 before April 10 to grab discount tickets (students \$14.90) or book at Bass.

In the first work entitled *Good and Mad Woman* the dancers explore conflict and resolve in the relationships between men and women. Says choreographer Susan Peacock, "This work is inspired by women and their sense of strength and compassion." The dramatic and often sensual piece is set to music by the likes of Prince, and a creative addition is the use of dialogue from the screen adaptation of Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Choreographer Leigh Warren describes his inspiration for the second piece *Never Mind the Bindies* as evolving from his "fascination with the ability of dance to induce a trance like state through

relentless rhythm". Relentless indeed! Six male dancers, dressed only in black, sweat it out to the *Drums of Chaos* with a mixture of pounding, ritual like unison and spectacular solos, climaxing in a frenzy of drums and movement. "The minds and bodies of the dancers become one, enabling them to push themselves beyond the normal boundaries of human architecture, which in turn releases the spirit, leaving the dancers exhausted yet ecstatic." An exhausting piece just to watch! Impressive and captivating.

After interval came the main attraction of the night, *Petrouchka*, the famous story of a group of puppets brought to life in a bitter story of unrequited love. *Petrouchka* was a Russian *Punch and Judy*. ADT choreographer Leigh Warren has given the ballet a unique and personal touch, drawing from his own experiences as a dancer. "It's a story about *Punch and Judy* but, on the other hand it is a story about dancers and choreographers, and how we are manipulated and used."

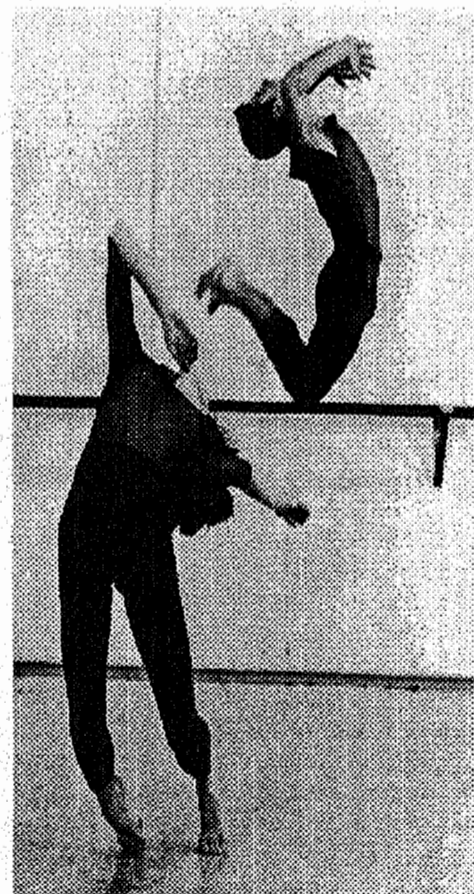
Warren was also inspired by a story of

the real life relationship between legendary dancer Nijinski and impresario Diaghilev in the original ballet *Petrouchka*. Just as the magician manipulates the puppets, Diaghilev "manipulates the dancers into doing what he wants them to do, secretly adoring Nijinski and contriving situations where Nijinski has no-one to turn to but Diaghilev". *Petrouchka*'s choreographer Fokine was fascinated by his discovery of this secret and draws it into his own interpretation. "All the original story line is there but what I have done is look much more at the idea of freedom of expression". The character *Petrouchka* rebels against the Magician's control, and as Warren himself points out: "doesn't any artist eventually rebel against any manipulation?"

Warren combines all of these ideas with a talented group of dancers to make an innovative *Petrouchka*. Stravinski's magnificent score helps to bring the production to life, as do the wonderfully bizarre sets and costumes of Meredith Russell which fill the stage with colour and imagination. But the real punch (sorry) comes from the dancers, who bring life to the puppets with tremendous skill and emotion. Guest artist Chris Shepherd is superb as the grief struck *Petrouchka*. The versatility of the ADT dancers is exceptional, and this is outstanding thea-

tre! Gripping, entertaining and provocative, and certainly not just for dance lovers!

Taasha Coates





## Basic Instinct Academy

Basic Instinct is the sexually explicit murder mystery which has shocked everyone from gay rights lobbyists to feminists throughout the world. Rumours about the violent and passionate bedroom scenes between the two main characters have been rife, months before the film was actually released.

Nick (Michael Douglas) is the typical renegade cop found in most American detective films. He is sent in to discover who murdered a prominent retired rock star, rather skilfully with an icepick. The main suspect, the deceased's girlfriend Kathryn (played brilliantly by Sharon Stone) turns out to be far more than the "casual fuck" she claims to be. What makes the movie are the bizarre twists to the plot which are added every few minutes that stop everyone in the audience having any clue as to who could have done it. Every single one of Kathryn's friends is a murderer at one stage in her life and Nick himself has a dirty past. Everyone *but* the butler is a suspect.

The female lead in the film is exceptional. Kathryn, the manipulating bisexual authoress makes the film. Gone is the 'bimbo' type woman or the dumpy but intellectual murderess. Kathryn is a graduate in psychology and portrays a new sexuality in the 'vamp' stakes.

Although it seems Stone has been typecast as the stunning seductress, her gorgeous face, perfect body and incredible mind are an essential part of her ability to lure and mentally toy with those who threaten her. Nick is lost in desire the moment he sets eyes upon her and his sexual fixation leads him that much closer to becoming the victim.

Kathryn's female lover, Roxy, adds a new dimension to both plot and to Kathryn's own deeply complicated personality. Nick's relationship with Beth, the police psychologist, is also to be watched carefully. Is all as it seems?

Although the raunchy skin flicks are prolific, they are essential to the storyline and are very realistic and tastefully done. The only setback to the film is the near rape scene saved only by the fact that the woman ends up enjoying being dominated. The film could be described as typically Hollywood and it does have its corny moments but this is compensated by the brilliant acting and unusual way of portraying the hero and villain that Douglas and Stone bring to their characters.

The film's high points are that it is both intelligent and action packed. If you are not getting utterly confused as to who killed who with what, then you are engrossed in the do or die 'between the sheets' sex scenes between Nick and Kathryn. The plot has flaws but the film is good, it's great. It's corny but somehow it all comes together. If you do work out who did it, however, please ring the On Dit office and tell us.

**Laura Miller  
Sonja-Jade Tomas**

## The Last Boy Scout Academy Cinema

Look, I'll come straight to the point. This film is complete trash and you'd have to be the world's biggest moron to pay money to see it. Even if you were the world's most die-hard Bruce Willis fan (geddit?), you'd be disappointed by the predictable storyline, corny dialogue and poor acting.

In 'The Last Boy Scout', Willis tries very hard to play Joe Hallenbeck, the kind of tough, gritty, no-nonsense private detective exemplified by Clint Eastwood in the Dirty Harry films. Let me just point out that Bruce Willis is *no* Clint Eastwood. What goes on behind that stubby face is not at all menacing (it continually reminds me of David Addison from 'Moonlighting').

Joe's got troubles, man! His wife is having an affair with his best friend, the police chief wants to put him behind bars, and his daughter is an insufferable teenage brat. Oh, and people keep on trying to kill him by blowing up cars. Is this all sounding familiar? Joe's companion is a big tough bald black man, Jimmy, who used to play Pro football and takes lots of drugs because his pregnant wife got run over by a truck and died.

So! These two happy fellows get thrown together and for some reason try to solve a case involving American Professional Football, big-time corruption, manic killers, a stripper, and a briefcase containing several million dollars! It's all formula and no originality. I sat back laughing at how corny it all was. What was disturbing was the large number of single males sitting in the audience who got off on this violent trash.

This slick representation of violence is so ... so ... *American*. There's just no other word to capture it so entirely. As far as I'm concerned, the whole darn action/adventure genre could be consigned to the rubbish heap and the world would be a far more loving, caring place to live. But if *this* is the best the Americans can serve up in the terms of culture, then I, for one, will be off somewhere else come my next overseas trip. One of the few interesting things about 'The Last Boy Scout' is that it features Bruce Willis in his new on-screen persona as a shit-kicking super-cynic. Can somebody please tell me why the Hollywood powers-at-large decided on this change of image, and why they trundle him out every time they want to do one of these movies?

Damon Wayans (of 'In Living Colour' fame) is scarcely satisfactory as Jimmy Dix. His one moment of pathos, shedding a solitary tear for the violent and bloody death of his girlfriend is one of the funniest moments in the movie. A reject from Play School could tell you that this is sorely *wrong*.

Perhaps the worst thing about this movie is that the way has been left wide open for a sequel. A sequel! What are they going to call it 'The Last Boy Scout Grows Up'?

'The Last Boy Scout' is a humungus piece of crap and all the exploding cars in the world are not going to save it.



**The Mercury cinema have given us 15 double passes to the film Speaking Parts, described as "somewhere between high-brow sci - fi and hi - tech soap opera, and this year's 'sex, lies and videotape.' If you'd like one, come in to the On Dit Office on Tuesday and tell us why. Entries will be judged by need.**

**Speaking Parts is on at the Mercury from May 14th - 27th**



## Judou Trak Cinema

Being the ambivalently proud owner of a blue belt in judo, I was expecting the similar sounding *Judou* to be either a Bruce Lee type flick or a dry documentary (narrated by Alby Mangels) on the aforementioned martial art. One can imagine my surprise and pleasant disappointment when I realised that my assigned film was actually a compelling and imaginative piece of symbolic story-telling. Set in 1920 in a village in China, the plot (and forgive me for using a clichéd metaphor) revolves around a bizarre love/hate quadrangle between three men and one woman. I refuse to divulge any more of the plot than this, for to do so would be telling, and there would be no point in seeing this lavish aesthetic feast for oneself.

*Judou* has deservedly been associated with a number of awards, including the Luis Buñuel Award at the 43rd Cannes Film Festival and the American Golden Hugo Award. It is also the first Chinese film to be nominated for an Oscar, as the best foreign language film. These awards should be recommendation enough, but considering I saw the film for free, I sort of feel obliged to write a little more (which is not to be confused with 'Othello' who felt obliged to 'right a little Moor!').

At the risk of being called an 'over-simplifier', the prominent theme of *Judou* is the phrase spoken in the film, 'what goes around, comes around'. In other words, revenge is a futile and never-ending cycle. Another concept explored with beautiful subtlety is Freud's Oedipal Complex, which is never stated, but is suggested through *Judou* breastfeeding her lover and her son's jealousy over his mother's lover and husband. A lot in this film is suggested rather than stated, such as the violence and (undeniable) eroticism. Just as Tobe Hooper's film *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* was effective because of what it implied rather than revealed (thus forcing the viewer's imagination into operation mode), 'less is more' in *Judou*. For example, sexual metaphor are constantly alluded to in this highly visual piece of cinema, with voyeuristic cracks in walls, and long tunnels (or in the words of my good buddy, the real estate magnate, Freddy Biggs: "Have you been tunnelling lately, Michael?").

The cinematography in *Judou* is superb, employing successfully the vibrant colours of a dye-factory setting: The quality of acting is very high, with *Judou* played by the very watchable Gong-Li, and her lover played by Li Bao-Tian, otherwise known as His Holiness, the 14th Dalai Lama. All in all, *Judou* is an intelligent and superbly-crafted film, well worth viewing. Oh, and for those of you whose sole criterion for seeing a film is that it has been banned, *Judou* has been banned in China, so there are no excuses not to see it.

Yours cinemacery,  
**Michael X. Savvas**

# CLASSIFIEDS

**Free seminar**

A free seminar confronting the issues on water conservation in South Australia is to be held at 7 pm on Wednesday, 13th May, 1992 at 266 Port Road, Hindmarsh (the Scandinavian Association of South Australia). Guest speakers include the Hon. Susan Lenehan MP. Following the talk, a chance for informal discussion over a light supper will be provided. Phone AIESEC on 228 4755 for more information.

**Amnesty**

There will be an Amnesty letter writing meeting on Wednesday, 13th May at 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. Write a letter and support human rights and Amnesty Bar Night, 30th May. Just Kidding and the Daisheads - Not to be missed!

**Bar Night**

Happy Patch, African Tribal Messengers, Scott Daly, Adelaide Uni Bar, Saturday, 16th May, \$4/\$5. Proceeds to Students for Animal Liberation.

**Bike and Breakfast**

Don't forget the Bike and Breakfast on May the 13th from 8:30 - 10 am outside the Wills Refectory. Bring your helmet and get a free feed.

**Adelaide Uni French Club**

French Club Pub Crawl. Everyone welcome. Meet at Austral 8 pm, Friday, 15th May.

**Gender, Sex and Violence - A Male Perspective**

A one day workshop for men examining these and other issues. Thursday, 28th May, 1992, 9.30 am - 4.30 pm. Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building. Please supply your own pen/pencil and paper. Only 20¢ for tea or coffee.

Maximum of 15 male participants so book early by phoning the Counselling Centre on 228 5663 or by calling in and registering your interest.

**Adelaide University Labor Club**

Annual General Meeting, Wednesday, 13th May, 1.10 pm. Union Cinema.

**Student Christian Movement**

Will be meeting at 1 pm in Meeting Room 1, Thursday, 14th May as we continue our look at minority groups in society. All welcome.

**Democrat Club**

There will be a General Meeting on Wednesday, 13th May in the South Dining Room (Level 4) at 1 pm.

**Notice of Meeting**

There will be a meeting of the Clubs Association Council on 12th May, 1992 at 1.10 pm in the Jerry Portus Room.

- Agenda
1. Open and Apologies
  2. Affiliations
  3. Disaffiliations
  4. Publications Policy
  5. Redevelopment
  6. Any Other Business
  7. Close

Written apologies are required by Monday, 11th May at the latest. Attendance by a representative from each Clubs Association Club/Society is expected.

**Drum Tuition**

Drum kit/percussion/tuition - all styles, individual groups. Tyson 337 3464 after 5 pm.

**Needed Urgently**

A drummer for 'Empty World', demo recorded, all originals, ready to play live. Phone Tracy on 370 9585.

**Choral Society**

Escape from your recession woes by coming to CARMINA BURANA,

presented by the Adelaide University Choral Society in Elder Hall on Friday May 22nd and Saturday May 23rd at 8pm. Tickets are \$13 and \$9 and are available through Austickets.

**Notice of Another Meeting**

Inaugural General Meeting of "STAGE BUSINESS" a new theatre club. Monday 11th May, 1:10 pm. Meeting Room 2. All interested welcome. If you can't attend please contact Wayne on 344 3221

**For Sale**

HP 75C scientific computer printer and math pac. In excellent condition. Any offer considered, ph: 265 4028.

**Notice**

Community Aid Abroad AGM with guest speaker in Meeting Room One, Level 5 (entrance via Games Room) on Tuesday, 12th May, 1.10 pm.

# Gender, Sex and Violence

## -A male perspective

A one day workshop for men examining these and other issues.

**DATE : Thursday 28th May, 1992**

**TIME : 9:30 am to 4:30 pm**

**VENUE : Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building**

Please supply your own pen/pencil and paper. Only 20 cents for tea or coffee.

\*maximum of 15 male participants so book early by phoning the counselling centre on 228 5663 or by calling in and registering your interest.\*

**The AIESEC Water Conservation Seminar**

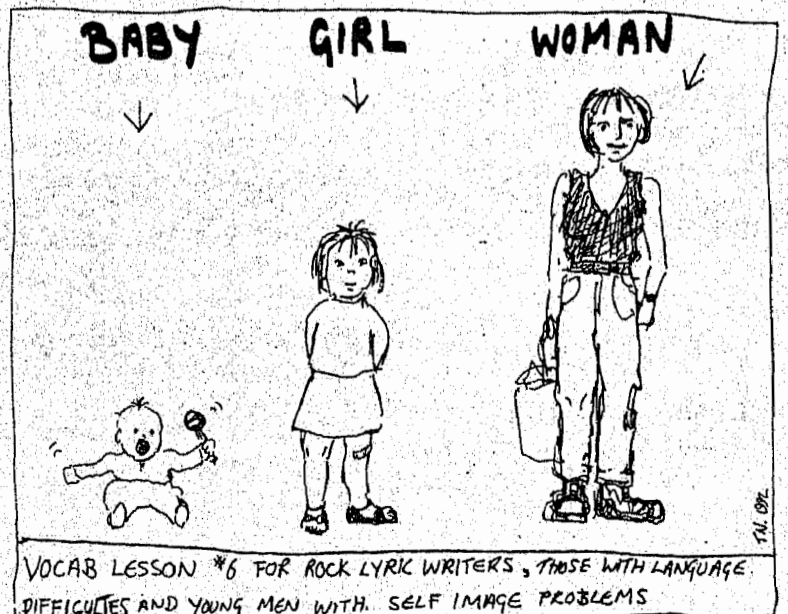
*A Seminar confronting the issues on water conservation in South Australia*

266 Port Road, Hindmarsh  
(The Scandinavian Association of S.A.)

7.00pm Wednesday 13th May  
7 Supper will be provided

**FREE ADMISSION**  
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: AIESEC 228-4755  
proudly sponsored by

Hartley Private Hospital  
17 Hartley Road, Brighton S.A. Tel. 296 8992





## Repeal the Law on Evolution-Gail Ann Williams

Ladies Against Women (L.A.W.) travels around the country enacting right wing fantasies. Bejewelled, well heeled, bedecked in pink, polka dots, and furs, the Ladies have marched daintily in parades, passed out tasteful Ladyfestos, and held consciousness lowering sessions since 1980. They've shown up in tasteful picket reception lines for "Stop ERA" spokesgal Phyllis Schlafly, the very right reverends Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell, and other heart throbs of the ruling regim. They've confronted the 'flat-footed, barefaced, media manufactured sisterly love conspiracy' by addressing gatherings of groups like NOW and the ACLU. The Ladies have had to keep a stiff upper lip, as well as other parts of their anatomies, since members of such freethinking groups tend to, well, laugh at them.

as chuck steak hard as steel and twice as dense." Virginia Cholesterol, founderette of LAW, works feverishly lobbying for the rights of the unconceived. The Ladies are scandalized by the destruction of perfectly innocent sperm cells (future soldiers) through certain masculine habits "such as self abuse or the self styled 'prophylactic' use of those little rubber penal colonies. Mrs Banks joins in the reproductive rights crusade with her seminal statement "We support the paternity rights of those men who choose rape or incest as their personal means of perpetuating their family lineage" LAW maintains that the world is only big enough for one opinion. "We are a right-to-life organisation" declares Mrs Banks. "We believe in the right to make our particular style of life mandatory for everyone." Some of the slogans and chants they use

## LADIES AGAINST WOMEN!



Ladyfestos: Request



We truly tasteful Ladies do hereby demand:

- ★ Weed out Uppity Women! Establish HULA Committee... the House Committee on Unladylike Activities!
- ★ All true change comes from the outside... amend the U.S. Criminal Code to include a dress code.
- ★ Abolish the Environment. It takes up too much space, and is far too difficult to keep clean.
- ★ Free all gals from wage slavery: It is unladylike to accept money for work.
- ★ Suffering, not suffrage! A real lady has no opinions, and if one accidentally forms, she certainly doesn't go about voting, petitioning or expressing herself in public.
- ★ S\_x is never supposed to be f\_n. Ladies, close your eyes and do your duty.
- ★ Make America a man again... invade abroad.
- ★ Protect the unconceived. Sperm is people too, yet millions are murdered every day at the hands of men practicing certain unmentionable male activities.

L.A.W. Headquarters: 1600 Woolsey Street, Berkeley, Ca. 94703

Endorsed By: Millionaire Mommies with Nannies Against Free Daycare, The Rambo Coalition, Another Mother for World Domination, Hysteria in Media, Americans Against Civil Liberties and Unions, The Save the Stoles Foundation, Peace Officers for a Police State (POPS), The Future Dictators of America Clubs, DADD: Democrats Against Dratted Disarmament, National Association for the Advancement of Rich People, Moral Monopoly, Astrologers for Star Wars, Ego Forum, Moms for Bombs, The Sub-Urban League, Students for an Aristocratic Society, Friends of the Fetus, Scientists for Enhanced Military Spending, Federal Bureau of Intimidation, Committee Against Comic Agitators (C.A.C.A.) © '88

**L.A.W. on Uppity women "You know who you are-all your sons play with dolls and all your daughters play with themselves"**

from "In Stitches"

Mrs. T Bill Banks, Lady Chairman of LAW, and a founding member of the National Association for the Advancement of Rich People warns Uppity women of the signs of consciousness raised too high; "You know who you are. All your sons play with dolls...and all your daughters play with themselves." Col. Beaugrad Lee assists in recruitment of male members. The male auxiliary LAW For Ladies Against Women, or FLAW -crusades against the hazards of wimpdom. He advises all men to be "rough as burlap, tough

**PASSPORTS FOR FOETUSES**  
**Blow your whistle! toot your horn!**  
**We love people until they're born**  
**MISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL**  
**Push us back, push us back waaaaaaay back**  
**BAN THE POOR**  
**REPEAL THE LAW OF EVOLUTION**  
**Mommies mommies don't be commies:**  
**stay at home and fold pa-**

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**JUST SAY NO**  
to other syndicates.  
**JUST SAY YES**  
to American-imported Afghani hashish, Pakistani and Burmese Heroin, Paraguayan and Bolivian Cocaine.



(Operator # 828)

GRAPHIC: Lucius Cabins  
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Why not get together with some friends soon and say NO! Say no to the draft, or work, or religion, or authority figures, or school; say no to television, patriotism, political ideologies, any of the thousand and one ways in which this society keeps you from realizing your own needs and desires. You'll find the more you do it, the more you'll like it!

**JUST SAY "FUCK OFF."  
YOU'LL GET  
A LOT OF SATISFACTION.**