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30 MAY 1994

Library Note: On Dit, Vol. 62, No. 10, 23 May

# ON DIT

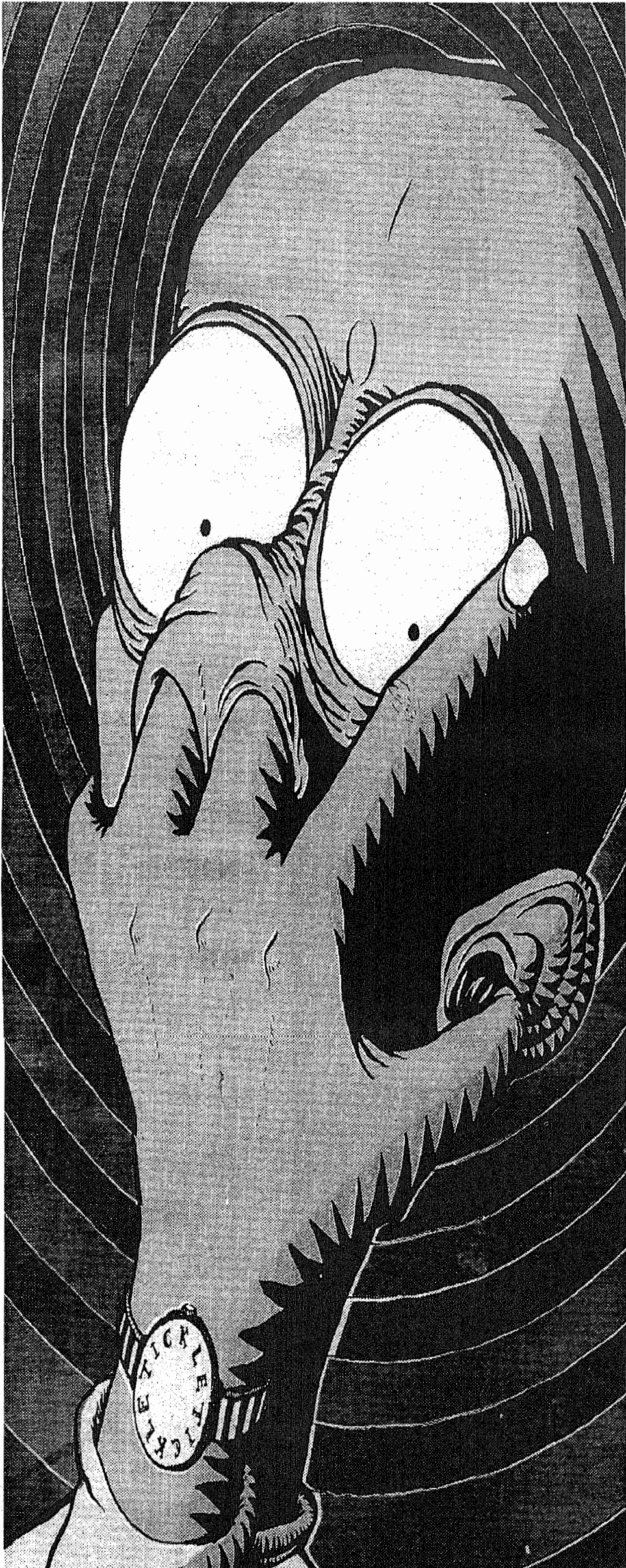
The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

23 May 1994

Volume 62 Number 10

# Editorial

At 3 in the morning, sometimes we feel like this:



## Journal funding slashed

The Barr Smith Library is staring in the face of further reductions in spending. There is currently a proposal to cut up to 15% off the budget for the journal collection. This will be done on a departmental basis: the proposal lists the current budget for each section and the proposed percentage to be cut. Physics journals, for example, which have the highest budget, will be cut by \$39 807 (15%) while dance journals which have the lowest budget will be cut by \$136 (11%).

Emergency funding from the University is needed to prevent these cuts being made. The Library Committee has asked Gavin Brown, the Vice Chancellor, for emergency funding of \$300,000 without which these cuts will have to occur as there is simply no money to pay for journals.

Indexation is the major problem: most tertiary libraries are not indexed with the

rising costs of purchasing books and journals which is far higher than CPI. The funding that the Barr Smith receives is not adequate to cover the increase in the cost of journals.

These cuts will seriously affect both undergraduate and post-graduate students. SAUA president, Bec Shinnick, commented: "While holding ourselves up as a quality institution, we can't allow such detrimental gaps to occur in the journal collections." The SAUA is requesting the Vice Chancellor to bring pressure to bear on the Australian Vice Chancellors' Committee to lobby the federal government to index libraries nationally.

But until this occurs (if this occurs), these cuts are inevitable without emergency funding.

Lorien Kaye

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## Production Notes

*On Dit* is the scurrilous rag of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control, although opinions expressed in the paper may not necessarily be their own.

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### We Love:

Long summer days, peace and liberty, Adam Le Nevez, Maddie Shaw, Fiona Dalton, George Safe, Dave Ormsby, sanity, Nikki Anderson, Monica Carroll, Judy Clover, David's Mum, Janie Thorn, Jo' Anna Finlay, Mac Duncan, pasta, Marc Peake (Happy Birthday!), Jessy Khera (Happy Birthday!), life itself, and Richard Vowles.

### A Correction:

The article titled "Queercore comin' at ya" in the Sexuality edition of *On Dit* had the following sources: NME, catalogues attached to Spitboy and Tribe 8 albums and biographies of bands featured in the albums.

# Sellick has left the building

The Arts Faculty board last week sacked its Dean, Dr Rob Sellick. Tim Gow examines the financial problems being experienced within the Faculty, and the University in general, which led to this decision.

Arts Faculty Board made a bold move towards solving its financial woes recently when it forced the immediate resignation of its Dean Dr Rob Sellick. The move was made in light of the extreme financial problems currently being faced by the faculty, manifest in the fact that 96% of expenditure was being spent on salaries, leaving virtually nothing for research grants and other necessary purchases. This has left the Faculty's balance sheet looking decidedly unhealthy over the last few years.

The May 11 Arts Faculty Board meeting began with Sellick explaining the Faculty's problems to the Board, and subsequently declaring his intent to vacate his position as of December 31, 1994. However, he also announced his intent to stand for re-election. Prior to this, at a meeting of the faculty's Steering Committee on May 5, Sellick had

past". With regard to the latter, given the hostile reception that this idea has received in the past, the only possible implication here would be that the proposition should be looked at more sympathetically than previously. The characterising feature of this report was its advocacy of the cutting of expenditure by the Faculty. According to the Dean, this could be done "only by reducing staff".

When the board was asked to comment, Dr. Wilfred Prest from the History Department moved that the Dean's resignation be brought forward to May 31. After a lengthy period of debate, this motion was passed 27 votes to 16.

This decision has two main implications. Firstly, it obliterates the possibility of the Dean being able to implement his own recommendations (although they may be implemented by his successor in part or whole). This may have happened had he been allowed to remain until the end of the year; indeed, the Dean expressed a desire to be a part of the recovery process. Secondly, it precludes the Dean from being re-elected (up until now, the Arts Faculty has elected rather than appointed its Deans). The motion to bring forward Sellick's resignation means that his departure from the position can no longer be seen as voluntary, but rather forced upon him by the board which expressed its lack of willingness to endorse him for the position.

Although it is clear that Sellick was present during the time that the Faculty's problems became manifest, it must also be noted that at no time did the Board accuse him of

It also needs to be pointed out that the Faculty's dilemma has arguably been caused by more than just its own deficiencies. In the meeting, John Robbins from the history department noted that the means for obtaining information regarding Faculty finances was somewhat outdated and ineffective. Clover concurs:

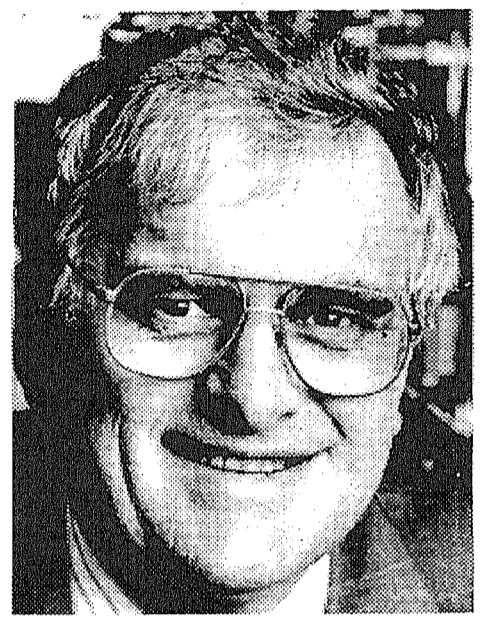
"(The University's) financial system is Dickensian in its nature. We still have people manually making journal entries in the finance department, so the budget advisor for Arts can't contact that department and get the latest figures to do with salaries in the Arts Faculty. Figures could be a month or more out of date because we don't have a proper centralised account system."

Whilst the Arts Faculty has displayed some degree of ineptitude in its attempts to live within its means, it is also widely believed that the University has also managed its funds badly, this serving to lessen its ability to fund its faculties. According to Deputy Registrar of Resources David Beecher, an audit of the University's financial practices was undertaken in late 1992. Apparently, it was less than complimentary, citing deficiencies in its managerial techniques, a need for more detailed accounting techniques and closer control over the University's building projects amongst its critique. Beecher argues that this problem is entirely separate from the current Arts faculty crisis; however this is refuted by Clover, who states that the University's Senior Management Group (SMG) has had to erode the Arts budget over the last two years, by 260,000 in 1992 and by over 900,000 last year. This would have made it very difficult for the Faculty to be able to meet its budget, as the amount of spending allowable would be subject to sudden cuts.

There is also question over the Relative Funding Model used by the University. This model, administered by the Department of Employment, Education and Training (DEET) is responsible for allocating funds amongst the faculties. Clover claims that the University is using an inadequate manifestation of the model:

"...the Relative Funding Model that has been used to decide funding is one that comes from the mid 1980s. DEET have, as I understand it, told the University that it is outmoded and should not be used by the University to decide how we internally allocate funds, yet we still use it."

Two developments have taken place since the May 11 meeting. On May 18, another Arts Faculty Board meeting was held and attended by Vice Chancellor Gavin Brown, who spoke at

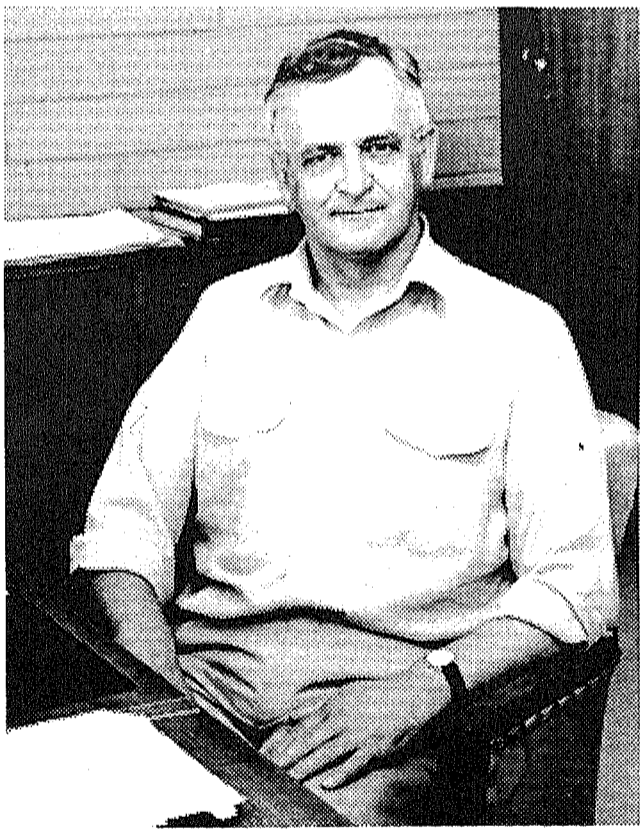


The Vice-Chancellor

length about how the Faculty should act in its current position. A number of possibilities had been mooted by three working parties; these included bringing in someone from outside the University to review the Faculty's finances, the institution of an internal audit and an attempt to achieve a significant number of voluntary redundancies. Brown's recommendation was to examine the possibility of bringing in someone from outside to conduct the review, as s/he would have no problems with questions of internal credibility. On further questioning, it was revealed that Brown has someone in mind who he has known for some time. He stated in the meeting that the person had had considerable success in dealing with Faculty finances at other Universities, and would be ideal for the job. Subsequent to the Vice Chancellor's speech, a motion was passed authorising him to look into the matter further.

The other recent development concerns voluntary redundancies. According to Staff Association President Dr. Rod Crewther, the University has offered voluntary redundancy packages to staff in all Faculties. These packages offer academics two year's salary, minus any outstanding long service leave (thus tending to favour those who have used up all their long service leave). It would appear that the University has acted quickly in initiating voluntary redundancies.

Overall, the outlook for the Arts Faculty, and possibly the University as well, looks somewhat bleak. With the problem only just having been brought out into the open and a solution not yet properly formulated, any kind of significant improvement seems some way off. The hope for students and academics would be that services don't depreciate too rapidly whilst the department looks to cut back its spending...



Rob Sellick: He's outa here

outlined details of a plan that he would like to see implemented to facilitate a financial recovery. A number of initiatives were outlined in this plan, some of which looked ominous. Amongst the most disturbing of these were moves to cut staff numbers by at least 32 positions with the process of involuntary redundancy being "essential" to the programme, the possibility of dispensing with specific areas of the Faculty creating "a reduced number of new viable departments", and the recommendation that the issue of charging fees to Australian students for post graduate research be looked at in a manner "free of the prejudices of the

being their cause. Rather, some members of the Board at least felt that he had been too passive in his financial dealings and unable to institute change when it was desperately required. This view was espoused by student Board member Judy Clover:

"The problem existed before Rob Sellick became Dean, but he could at least have insisted that the academics who comprise the Faculty account for the problem and start working with it. This is my second year and every now and again a little bit gets said about budget problems. But we were never actually presented with what was going wrong until about a week ago."



## Bec Shinnick president

Well everyone will now be starting to turn to their books in the lead up to exams. Timetables are now up around campus so do check carefully. Now is a good time to bring up any concerns you may have about your course or problems you are having with study. SAUA Office Bearers are always here to help you and can be contacted via a message with the SAUA Receptionist if they are unavailable when you come into the office.

### SAUA Budget

We had a very long Council meeting last Tuesday to discuss our budget submission to the Union. We have been very mindful of keeping the budget down whilst still providing good services and increases are relatively small. One of my major proposals is to provide a better service to external students so we can expand our help in terms of mailouts, particularly to encourage these students to use our advocacy services.

### Federal Budget

Leif Larsen (P/RO) and I have been looking at the Budget carefully. One major concern was with regard to AUSTUDY eligibility. It was suggested that some of the proposals would mean that a student's eligibility would be based on the financial year rather than the calendar year. This raised fears that students coming from the workforce into higher education wouldn't be eligible for AUSTUDY because they could well have earned too much in the six months of the year before which is hardly fair. The Minister's Office has stated that this is not the intention of the changes but rather to stop overpayments and that legislation along these lines would not result in our fears. We have been speaking with all three parties, the Greens and NUS about this and want formal confirmation from the Minister.

Other parts of the budget have introduced a rent assistance component to AUSTUDY which is of some benefit but unfortunately does not cover enough groups. Full fees for above quota places were not introduced. This proposal the SAUA was strongly against.

### Best Practice Search Conference

Suze and I attended at the University's invitation a Best Practice Search conference along with many of the Deans, most of the Senior Management Group, other members of the University community and representatives from indus-

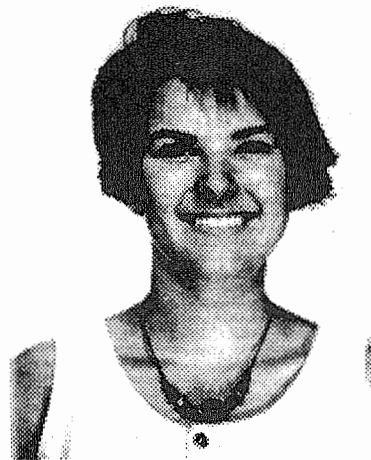
try. This was most interesting. Talks were given about Best Practice as a concept in Industry and its applicability in the University environment. Characteristics of Best Practice Organisations were discussed as including such things as leadership, vision and planning, focussing on what the goals and aims of the institution are and looking always to continuous improvement. Discussion groups looked critically at the Universities current position, and things that the University does well were highlighted as examples for future improvement whilst weaknesses and problems were flagged as issues that must be addressed.

### Library Hours

We have just negotiated with the University Librarian and the Registrar to open the Library longer during the exam period. The University has decided to shift the Equal Opportunity Unit to where the reading room currently is. Whilst we saw the need to give the EO Unit a good position to allow students to access it we were concerned about the Study Space. The University has agreed to retain some of the space for study desks with access to the toilets and to make this 24 hour access which it doesn't currently have. Further to this it was discovered that the area was in high demand especially around exam time so level 3 of the Library, including Reserve, will be open until midnight weeknights and from 10am Saturday and Sunday. This will start on Monday May 30th and go for a month, and be the same at the end of the year.

Other things I have been working on include looking at the University Plan, preparing submissions for the Quality Audit (especially about setting up a legal and tax advice service for students and improving our employment and accommodation services), liaising with the Aboriginal and Islander Students' Association, discussing common issues with the OSA, Roseworthy and Waite Student Representatives, and looking at ways to promote the SAUA better to you the student.

If you have any issues that you think the SAUA should be doing something about please don't hesitate to contact me.



## Anita Butler environment officer

### Environment Week

Next week is Environment Week. The aim is to generate lots of discussion about the future of our planet, make people think about the importance of sustainability and give people an idea about what we can actually do to help achieve it. Pick up your *On Dit* next week for a full programme of events. Some that are confirmed at this stage are:

#### Monday: The Launch

Speakers: Professor Martin Williams, Director of Environmental Studies; Professor Ian Falconer, Deputy-Vice Chancellor (Academic). Union Gallery 1pm.

#### Tuesday: Bike Bus Boot 'n' Breakfast

Outside the Union Building 8:30 am onwards.

#### Wednesday: Eco Fair

Barr Smith Lawns 11 am - 3 pm

#### Band: Wave of Noisera.

Barr Smith Lawns 1pm.

#### Thursday: Speaker:

World Environment Day  
Presented by Resistance and EYA.  
Barr Smith Lawns 1pm.

Friday: Greenbucks film screening  
and talk by producer Gabrielle Kelly: Sustainable Development.  
Union Cinema 1pm.

There'll be more so keep tuned. If you're interested in helping out in any way, please come in and see me in the SAUA anytime.

### Contribute to *On Dit*

If you have anything at all that you'd like to say about the Environment, think about writing something for next week's *On Dit*. You don't have to be politically correct and you don't have to know all the lingo. The environment is for everyone and we are all affected by its condition so environmentalism doesn't have to belong to an exclusive elite. Write down what you think and give others the chance to think about it too. Unfortunately you have to get your articles and letters in to *On Dit* by Wednesday, so get writing right now.

### World Environment Day

Environment Week is designed as a lead up to World Environment Day which is on Saturday 4th June (that's the Saturday after Environment Week). Resistance and Environmental Youth Alliance (in conjunction with a lot of other people) are organising a rally and eco fair for this day. The rally is at the steps of parliament house at 12 noon and the eco fair is being held in the Festival Centre Amphitheatre. The catch cry is "young people and communities demand environmental justice" so come along and let the Government see that it's true. This is your chance to make a difference.



## Matt Deaner acvp

Only a short bit of news this week!  
ReOrientation

The week is shaping up to be a good opportunity to 'reOrientate' yourself into University life. So far we are planning the normal type of BBQ's and bands, information from the University's Student Services will be featured and the week will climax with a huge Bar Night.

There will also (hopefully) be the opportunity to sign up with some campus clubs as they parade their wares on the lawns on the Monday. Information will be distributed to clubs this week.

There is also the opportunity to help out during the week - whether painting ban-

ners or helping to cook BBQ's. If you are interested, please leave your name at the SAUA.

### Prosh Cheque Handing Over

This is being planned to take place on the last Friday of term (before exams) and will involve drinking, music and fun to relive Prosh. At this stage it will all be happening in the bar but don't worry - we'll keep you posted.

### Budgets

The Union is at present determining its budgets for 1995 and will be soon deliberating about the amount for the 1995 Statutory Fee. If you have any thoughts about where the money you pay should go why not let us know!

The process is that everyone asking for a grant of money must put in a submission to a specially called Budget session of Finance and Development Standing Committee, which makes adjustments and sets the Union fee to be finally approved by Union Board.

Last Tuesday the SAUA submission was finalised. Hopefully this was seen to be a fair outcome for the parties involved - and although not everyone got everything they wanted, what is left is a budget that is fair and not too expansionary. There are copies of the Budget available from the SAUA if people are interested.

I will soon be publishing a breakdown of where students fees are spent in the SAUA (riveting reading!!) so look out.

## STUDENT REPS MEETING

1pm

1st JUNE 1994

WP ROGERS ROOM  
Union Building

Contact Suze McCourt  
for more information

Ph: 303 5406

# Who runs Adelaide University?

As part of the home and away round of meetings this Winter, the University Council team travelled out to Roseworthy last week to take on a fine complement of issues led by Professor Harold Woolhouse, dynamic captain and centre half forward for the Faculty of Agriculture.

The ground was firm and hard and the weather fine, so Gavin Brown, captain of the University Council, should have expected an easy meeting. However, pundits were fearful that the council, flush with the success of making the top five on the University ladder recently, would be over-confident and trip up on some of the more contentious issues.

The preparation was good as the players enjoyed a minibus ride to Gawler and a fine lunch supplied by the Opposition, but there was some consternation in the ranks as the senior players led by Brown, travelled separately by car. Otherwise known as the Senior Management Group, they had offside some of the older players and some of the student newcomers at the previous outing by changing the rules of procedures, so that they could handball most issues amongst themselves. Nevertheless, Council was fired up for

a tough encounter as some prominent stars were missing. Newish recruit, Janine Haines, was on tour in South Africa with the Australian All Star team and veteran of twenty years, Harry Medlin, was sidelined in Malaysia with Graduation duties.

The umpire for the day, Chancellor Bill Scammell, was in no mood for talking as he cracked down on idle chatter in the back flanks.

## THE ISSUES

### Arts

Best on Ground for The Issues went to the Arts Faculty for being \$3 million in debt if they don't act to prevent it by the end of 1995. With the resignation of Dean, Robert Sellick, Arts left the Council flabbergasted: hadn't the Council successfully defeated a \$15 million debt just two years' before? Unable to accept Sellick's initial suggestions of staff-slashing, Council counter-attacked with "A Review" led by "An Interim Administrator". Sceptics suggest this will bring exactly the same result.

### Agriculture

The Coach's Trophy went to Agriculture for highlighting no student facilities at Waite, lack of infrastructure at

Roseworthy, and a feeling that they have been left warming the bench for too long.

### Fisher Building

It seems like the Fisher Building is to be dropped from the playing list, as Council acted incisively to foreshadow its demise to create a "Botanic Mall" from the Conservatorium to the Barr Smith Library. This recommendation will be passed onto the Coach of the Adelaide City team, Mr Henry Ninio. One of the spectators was heard to ask where the students would study and do pracs when this townscape spectacular is finished.

### Queen Elizabeth Hospital

In response to mysterious comments by the Audit Commission (privatisation? asset-stripping? sell-out?), Council reaffirmed that the QEH was one of the favoured venues for teaching and learning, while ruling out both Football Park and the MCG for clinical medicine. Will medical students suffer at the hands of the State Government?

### Financial Management

In the final quarter Council played hard, clumsily raising issues only to see them adroitly handballed by Senior Management into "Matters Pending" - to return resolved before the next double header?

After the game, Council reviewed its financial statistics, concerned that its Malaysian Campus (did you know we had one?) was not attracting enough students. It was a relief to know it will break even early next century!

### Behind Closed Doors

Happy with the game, Council disappeared into the dressing rooms to consider those things which cannot be spoken about. However, gleaned from the Match Programme were the dreaded Clause 4C (where students get dropped from the University team, permanently, never to play again), an involuntary redundancy and the mysterious Raywood Centre, for which the University is currently before the League Tribunal (i.e. in Court!).

All in all, Council is a strange beast whose simple task is 'the governance of the whole University'. Student members play an important part in ensuring that the "whole University" continues to involve students, but if you have any further questions, direct them to Rebecca Shinnick, President of the Students' Association or get involved.

Anthony Roediger

## Wimmin's Diary: Week 10

### Wednesday 25

1pm: Wimmin On Campus. Wimmin's Room  
8pm: *Toxic Girls*. Unley Youth Theatre's premiere season of a provocative play about young wimmin's sexuality. The Space, Festival Theatre 'til Fri. 27

### Thursday 26

1pm: Resistance/Pro-Choice Forum. Barr Smith Lawns

### Friday 27

3:30pm: 'Nor ever chaste except you ravish mee': Sexual politics and Protestant Pieties." seminar by Dr Marion Maddox. Women's Studies Dept.

### Saturday 28

1pm: Pro Choice Rally.

Rundle Mall.

### Sunday 29

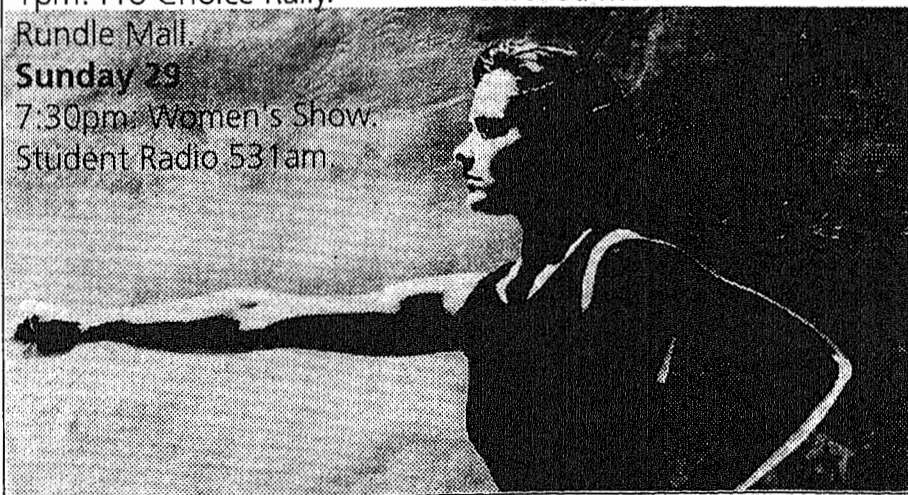
7:30pm: Women's Show. Student Radio 531am.

### Forthcoming events:

NOWSA: Network Of Women Students Australia conference to be held in Sydney, 10th-15th July. Please register with Jo in the SAUA for more info.  
Self Defence classes by Shauna Ashewood. Wed 3:30-5pm, Aug 3-Sept 23. \$20conc. Register with Jo in the SAUA. Brought to you by WOC and the Women's Officer.

### That was then

May 25 1896: first election in Australia where wimmin voted, held in SA; higher percentage of enrolled wimmin voted than enrolled men.



## What's Cooking?

For many years, students have wondered just who provides the food in all refecs, why the Union caravan appears and disappears at will and whether they are supposed to eat those edible chip cups. Union President, Anthony Roediger, hopes that this article and those to follow will keep people informed at irregular intervals of what is going on.

Many people know the Union runs Catering on all campuses (except Waite - coming in '95) as a student service. We provide 10% discount on virtually all products and use the profits in some areas to cross subsidise other outlets, for example, to allow them to stay open later to service part-time students and those on campus after hours, when times are not so profitable. Outlets vary from the Backstage Cafe to the Catacombs to cater for various tastes, and suggestions are welcome.

### Is Catering funded by the Statutory Fee?

No! and Union members will be glad to hear that the Catering section is ahead of budget and cruising along quite well, improving on past performances which the present Board inherited from last year and the year before.

At this stage the refurbished Mayo refectory is the star attraction with positive feedback from almost all users. The Catacombs, Grill Bar, Flaming Wok, vending and functions are all performing ahead of expectations - while the Gallery is spot on track. The Backstage Cafe is almost double its budgeted contribution to overheads, providing a much needed eatery in the Schulz Building.

Improving on last year are both the UniBar and the Bistro and while sales are down in the UniBar, it is still contributing a subsidy towards the Union fee. A wealth of forthcoming big name performances, including DAAS, should set up the UniBar for the rest of the year. The Bistro opens for a new term with a new menu and new image which should see it overcome a slow start and become the best place for a good meal in the Union.

In the midst of a facelift is the Four Seasons outlet in the upper refectory; without much publicity and a return to a fresh food and vegetarian focus it is below expectations, however, a marketing and awareness drive in term two should see it pick up. Figures will be available for the Pizza Hut outlet in the next article (note, this is a fee-free trial for the Union) but it is performing as expected.

### Future Projects

The next big project following the refurbishment of Union House on North Terrace is a Union refectory complex at Waite, though this is awaiting funding from the University and other potential bodies such as the CSIRO. In the long term, the Union would also like to run cafe style outlets over near Engineering / Medical School and Napier, but this depends on the University too.

### Annual Report

For anyone further interested in the Union, the audited reports and other details will be available in the Union's 1993 Annual Report at the end of June. Remember suggestions are welcome in the boxes provided ... happy eating!

**Absolutely Fabulous Hmmm...time warp**

Dear Eds,

Your recent Sexuality edition was Absolutely Fabulous - well done! I loved the cover. Congratulations also to all the contributors - the articles were all extremely well written, interesting and heterogeneous (excuse the anti-pun). I hope that every student on campus will read this very important issue.

In anticipation of the usual responses from some of the less enlightened heterosexually identifying majority, I would like to remind them of this: in this fucked up society we live in, straight issues are dealt with and raised continually and without hesitation in the media, whereas non-heterosexual issues are almost completely ignored, despite the equal validity of each. A *huge* majority of television programs (both factual and fiction), newspapers, radio stations, songs, etc. etc. won't even touch on issues affecting us, so isn't it time you sat back and let us have *our* say for a change? After all, we have to do the same for you all the time whether we like it or not.

It sure would be nice to live in a society where special editions focusing on the experiences of non-heterosexual people were no longer necessary - but we don't. If you don't like it, then you can help by being part of a new society, one that includes and accepts everyone. Otherwise, I think you've forfeited the right to complain, don't you?

Marc Peake  
4th Year Electrical & Electronic Engineering

**Outing Debate**

Dear Eds,

Regarding the debate around 'outing' in *On Dit* 62, 9 (9th May). The cornerstone of the argument "for" was the behaviour of one Rev. James Murray, Religious Affairs editor for the *Australian*. The Reverend Murray was outed by *Outrage's* Peter Blazey, for his savage attack on the G & L Mardi Gras (and all things homosexual) in an article published just prior to the Mardi Gras. *Outrage* apparently argue that Murray forfeits his right to privacy after writing such an article.

Well, how about this?

I believe Murray forfeits his right to privacy for committing the criminal offence of having sex with minors. I find it extraordinary that Peter Blazey would only report his experiences with the Rev. after the publication of an article. Having sex with minors is a serious offence that needed to be brought out earlier.

Just as an aside, I wrote to Murray personally to criticise that article in *The Australian*. He actually rang me back here at Adelaide Uni to vigorously refute my accusations of homophobia over the phone. A few days later he was outed! Boy, was I surprised.

Yours,  
Gareth Bridges  
Mech Eng.

Dear Editors,

While atheists and people from other religions are free to dispute whether the Bible is the true word of God, it does not make much sense for a Christian to dispute this otherwise their faith is blind. Most Christians do believe that both the Old and New Testaments are indeed the true word of God and there is actually plenty of evidence to suggest that this seemingly outlandish claim is indeed true.

Therefore to say that, "Paul had a number of culturally conditioned prejudices," as does Kate Leeson in her article, "Sexuality and the Church", is to say that God also has these prejudices since Paul's letters are God's own word and Paul was merely the pen used to write them. Do we really think that God, who created all of us, is prejudiced against some of His creation? Obviously, Kate is suggesting that only parts of the Bible are God's true word. If only some parts of the Bible are God's word and some aren't, then how are we to tell which is which?

I think that all Christians should return to the idea that the Bible is authoritative and true in all respects. God is eternal and therefore His word is eternal also. It doesn't change along with human opinion nor does it change to suit human fashion. However, one must keep in mind that human interpretation of the Scriptures is fallible and mistakes are made all too often. Just remember this: there is nothing you can do to make God stop loving you. That includes everybody on the planet. But there are lots of things we do that He doesn't like and that's where God's forgiveness through Christ is so important. It is just a matter of whether you accept that forgiveness.

Yours sincerely,  
Robert Whit  
Org. Chem and  
Member of the Lutheran Church of  
Australia

P.S. For those people who believe that Genesis Chapter 19 tells us that God destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah because of pack rape of foreigners only then I suggest you read Genesis Chapter 18 first and read the whole story from within its context.

**On Dit and Pride: champions, both**

Dear Editors,

I would like to thank the organisers of Pride Week and everyone involved in *On Dit* for the terrific week and the "Sexuality" issue. It was great to see so many non-heterosexual people out and about and read the stories of other people come to terms with their sexuality. I wasn't at ease enough to participate more fully in the week and I know of a few others as well. This is because we still fear for our careers and personal relationships with certain faculties and individuals being downright homophobic. I just wish for the day when it didn't matter so much. Thank you for the awareness and education

you raised during the week, Pride. There are more people supporting you than you think.

Keep up the good work!

Joe Blow  
Engineering

P.S. Now do you understand?

**Stand Up For Your Love Rights**

Dear Editors,

Congratulations on your sexuality edition. However, it is with disappointment that I note that the images used in your edition perpetuate the notion that sex is a valid form of self-expression and self-realisation only for the young and svelte.

Yours sincerely,  
Middle-Aged and Gangly  
6th Year Architecture  
(AKA Ian Robertson)

**Nit-Picking Wanker**

Dear Eds,

Congrats on a great read! (*On Dit*: Sexuality, 9th May, 1994). The articles were very informative and well argued but, I feel, somewhat missed the point.

Hoping not to sound too much like a 'nit-picking' wanker, I want to point out that this edition of *On Dit* was titled *Sexuality*. Having read it from front page to back, I found no articles even hinting at the problems faced by heterosexual persons. Many of these problems certainly overlap with those of non-heterosexual persons, but to concentrate entirely on those of non-hetero persons is perhaps not justified given such a title.

Heteros, after all, are the majority (by no fault of their own) and while I would not hold therefore that they have the right to suppress the free speech of non-hetero persons, in an edition titled *Sexuality* they should at least have some say. Just because you are *not* hetero you do not have the right to monopolise sexuality and the problems associated with it!

Cheers,  
Chris Beamond  
1st Year Arts

**Gripe-a-rama**

While the existence of Pride Week as a celebration of sexual diversity and multiplicity has my absolute support, I was disappointed as a lesbian and a woman to find the week and the corresponding 'Sexuality' edition of *On Dit* largely devoted to the celebration of male homosexuality at the expense of lesbianism and bisexuality. From the banner on the circle steps (Homosexual, Lesbian, Bisexual - in order of accorded importance), to the cover of 'Sexuality' (depicting male bodies aplenty and women as either fashion accessories or male porn fantasies), to the appalling glorification of the "gay male best friend" as woman's saviour in Rastous' offensive article, Pride Week appeared to me to be generally by, for and about men.

This is not to discount the contributions of women who did participate, but would seem to me to be rather a reflection of the

composition of the Pride Collective. How many non-heterosexual identifying women were an active part of this collective? There is an apparent discomfort on the part of many lesbian and / or bisexual women (myself included) to align themselves with a group which accords them so little importance.

If Pride Week is to be successful in the celebrating and attracting participation from more non-het women, which its constitution seems to want, an intense examination of the reasons preventing such people from participating must be undertaken.

Incidentally, is it policy or coincidence that Lesbian Day and Bisexual Pride Day continue to fall *after* Gay Pride Day, year after year?

Congratulations, nonetheless, to the organisers and participants of Pride Week for once again having the courage to challenge the omnipresent notion of compulsory heterosexuality in the public arena.

Leslie Wilson  
Arts

Dear Chris and Leslie,

It's not much good crying to us now that there was not enough straight or lesbian content in the sexuality issue. We can't write your stories for you. If you wanted to see it happen, you should have done it yourselves. Having said that, we are of course prepared to accept articles on sexuality throughout the year. We look forward to receiving your contributions.

David, Tim &amp; Lorien

P.S: Chris, we don't see why you found it necessary to make assumptions about our sexualities.

Leslie, we'd just like you to know that there were in fact more female than male contributors in our Sexuality issue.

**Strike of the complete fuckstick**Dear *On Dit*,

When is everyone going to come to their senses and realise that Blue Jeans Day is a farce?

I thought the idea of Pride was to let the gay, lesbian and bisexuals of our Uni community come out and show their sexuality and be proud of it. This begs the question, "Why the hell choose blue jeans as the item of clothing to wear to show support of gays, lesbians and bisexuals?" Hey people, hate to be a party pooper but ever taken any notice of how many people wear blue jeans on a usual day? Yeh, about eight probably closer to nine out of ten. It's like saying 'all those in support wear hair!'

Uni-ites cop a heap of shit about many issues through its various media not least of how pride is about being proud of your sexuality. About standing up and saying, "Hey, I'm gay and loving it," or "Yeah, I'm bisexual and proud of it," or even "Heterosexuality is cool, too!" Why then, in the midst of all this so called 'Pride', that a show of support for gay, lesbian and bisexuals is to be given by a common item of clothing as blue jeans? Why not hot pink or yellow?

Does this mean that gay, lesbian and bisexuals are really just hiding behind a

picket fence of blue jeans? Considering the weather pattern, shorts aren't exactly favourites at this time of the year and as many people only have blue jeans to wear to Uni it seems that there would be a severe over-estimation of supportive numbers. Do the organisers realise this and use it to their advantage? If so, does the real 'Pride' really exist? Are gays, lesbians and bisexuals quite happy to use these over-inflated numbers to say, "But look at the support we have." Come on, people, you want to be recognised or you don't. If you so desire, come out, be proud and be counted, but don't use myself and other unwilling people and everyday clothing like blue jeans to over-inflate your statistical egos.

Blue jeans wearer any day

Leslie Wilson  
Arts

**They've come to save the day**

Dear Blue Jeans Wearer Anyday, "Why the hell choose blue jeans as the item of clothing to wear to show support of gays, lesbians and bisexuals?" Why indeed?

There a number of reasons why blue jeans are used as an expression of solidarity for sexual liberation. Aside from hot pink jeans being hard to come by and a crime against fashion, blue jeans are chosen precisely because they are common. We are trying to make the point that you cannot tell a person's sexual identity by merely looking at them. On Solidarity Day, anyone wearing blue jeans may or may not be gay, or lesbian or bisexual, and this is what we want you to think about. Your best friend or your prac partner or a member of your family could be hiding this secret. Blue Jeans Day emphasises our integration with the community, not our separation from it, and shows that although our sexuality is a central part of our identity, we are still people with hopes, ambitions and interests - and fashion sense! - beyond our sexuality.

Blue Jeans Day also means that people who consciously wish to oppose the struggle of gay, lesbian and bisexual people are forced to "come out" in their opposition. In the same way as non-heterosexual people are constantly forced to make public statements to have their identity recognised, through Blue Jeans Day people attempting to deny our rights are forced to be public in their hatred.

The real "Pride" does exist - primarily in the countless numbers of students secure enough in their own identity that they don't need to hate difference.

Pride in ourselves, pride in our jeans.  
Paula De Angelis.  
Michael Woodhouse.  
Pride Week Committee.

**A scuppering**

In the weeks preceding Pride Week (including Blue Stocking Week), I scanned the pages of *On Dit* for word from our Women's Officer on upcoming events on and around campus, not to mention information on events of a national scale such as the annual women's conference to be held in Sydney

(NOWSA '94) or the International Feminist Bookfair to be held in Melbourne later this year - but in vain. Finally, I discovered a page tacked to the back of a toilet door outlining all the work Jo had been devoting to Pride Week.

Such support, while not the responsibility of Women's Officer, would have been extremely helpful in the coordination of Lesbian Day given the pressing circumstances. As far as I am aware, however, the events which Jo claims credit for having organised were not the results of her own efforts, but the last minute attempt of a few women determined to see something happen and to be represented on Lesbian Day.

While I stress it is not the job of Women's Officer to ensure the success of Lesbian Day, neither is it her place to claim credit for work which is not of her doing.

Leslie Wilson  
Arts

P.S. I look forward to hearing from Jo with regards to NOWSA '94 and the Bookfair.

P.P.S. To the best of my knowledge, Lesbian Only Workshops mean exactly that. The attendance of a non-lesbian identifying Women's Officer, no matter how supportive, is inappropriate and intrusive. I would have presumed, as Women's Officer, one was aware of this. Apparently not.

**Not a Kurt fan**

What is all this "Generation X" bullshit? Kurt Cobain was a drugged-out loser, like all of his stupid disciples. I don't mind Nirvana's music but all of this "grunge" wanking that accompanies it is a farce. Bryan was right - it "is a cop-out designed to justify being lazy and non-committal".

As far as I'm concerned, society is better off without Cobain and all these moronic "misunderstood" dickheads. If life is so bad, just kill yourselves like your 'icon' did. *No one would care* (least of all me!), although it would probably reduce the population of Arts faculty to about 30.

Fuck off and die, worthless drug-smoking scum.

Adele Koh  
Economics

P.S. Morrissey is spelt with two 's' not one as it was in the 'Generation X' article / interviews.

**Gen X response**

The Editors,

Re: Michael's comments on last week's *On Dit* on Generation X on page 20 (pictured).

For those who didn't read Michael's remarks to the first question on whether he identifies to Generation X (sic), he was more worried about picking up his import copy of "Negative Creeps" than sharing his views on the fact that he is a member of Generation X.

Sorry, Michael, but some of us do worry that we are becoming part of a plastic society and have no identity. Then, on the second question ("How did the news of Kurt Cobain's death

affect him?"), I don't understand how Michael could even think of Jimmy Barnes when asked a question concerning one extremely talented songwriter who created a catchy, mind-blowing grunge sound, especially when 'Barnesy' is packing up to leave the damn country!! He did not even comment on how Kurt Cobain's death affected him, implying that it didn't. Surely, if he had any real music taste (which, obviously, he doesn't) he would have felt some grief when he heard that the Nirvana singer, the icon for Generation X, took his life so tragically.

But then, Michael, in his own words said:

"Who needs a salesperson anyway?" Basically, Michael, *Get a life* and start thinking about issues that affect you and your generation, otherwise we'll be remembered as the generation who stood for nothing, which you certainly do.

Two concerned and angry  
Generation Xers  
3rd Year Med

**Gen X response response**

To my "Two concerned, angry" moralistic and rather witless Generation Xers of 3rd Year Med,

I'm cut to the core. What can I say? Your incisive comments have sliced into my very being!

But hang on a minute, don't I detect one or two inconsistencies in your views?? Perhaps; let's see ...

For a start, it strikes me as rather odd that the combined intellect of you two self-professed Generation Xers failed to remember just who it was that wrote "Negative Creep". So, you're big Nirvana fans are you, guys?

Secondly, I really don't think I have to justify my second response about Kurt, but what the hell. Now, consider this. Just over fifteen years ago, both Sid Vicious and Ian Curtis, two incredibly innovative British musicians, died. At that time, popular chart toppers included Chic's "Le Freak", Rose Royce's "Wishing on a Star", Yellow Dog's "Just One More Night", et cetera ad nauseam. If one compares these hit parade heroes with their deceased contemporaries, an odd patter emerges. That's right, "Love Will Tear Us Apart" and "Anarchy in the UK" are rightly seen as classics, while who really cares about the once trendy tripe offered by Chic et al?

To bring this analogy into context, the likes of Barnesy can be considered as the Chics and Rose Royces of today. Just as we're all glad that Rose Royce didn't die at the pinnacle of her career thus immortalising disco, I am glad that Jimmy Barnes hasn't died thus perpetuating the absolute rubbish he consistently serves up. In other words, my comment on Kurt (albeit tongue in cheek), was an expression of the fact that I do admire his work and that I'd much rather hear the radio station of twenty years' time playing Nirvana and relegating Barnesy to the trash can with Chic, Rose Royce and so on. Geddit now??

But, wait a sec - sorry, I forgot that, as

you so accurately point out, I have no taste in music.

Finally, I was fascinated by your description of yourselves as "concerned Generation Xers" - now, there's an oxymoron if I ever saw one! Then to compound your lack of understanding of the term, you chastise my supposed apathy regarding lack of identity and implore me to "think about issues which affect me" while you simultaneously claim to be prime exponents of Generation X yourselves. Just a hint: if you don't understand something, don't publicise your ignorance. (And *you're* trying to tell *me* to get a life!)

In my time across Frome Road, I was under the impression that most Med boys and girls had some degree of intelligence and humour (at least in my year). You two, however, possess neither. Still, I shouldn't be too harsh as you did unwittingly provide me with the biggest laugh of my week. So thanks for that.

Michael Osborn  
2nd Year Med

**Next time he's edited**

Dear Editors,

On 5th May, 1994, Union Board, sitting as the Election Tribunal of the Union, approved the Returning Officers report on the By-Election held on 22nd, 23rd and 24th March, 1994. The report was accepted on a bi-partisan vote, moved by Matt Deane, who was elected to Board on the United Students' ticket and seconded by Mike Wait, unsuccessful candidate for SAUA President last year, from the Coalition for Student Rights.

In his report, Dunstone recommends that "by-election regulations be updated .... I was having to work from two sets of regulations!" *What* can he mean by this? How can anyone pretend to run an election using two different sets of rules?

Dunstone also claims that quorum for a referendum is 1,000 formal votes (it's actually 1,500) and that a majority of 100 is required for a referendum to be successful (a majority of one vote is sufficient).

In an addendum to his report, Dunstone replied to a formal complaint by David Moxham (a candidate in the by-election). The election regulations received by Moxham and myself as we nominated contain Section 16.5 which says "Where a Union Member has lodged a complaint with the ... Returning Officer ... the board shall appoint an election arbiter ... who should be a Barrister / Solicitor or Academic member of the Law faculty." The other set of regulations only say that the Election Tribunal must consider a complaint. In other words, instead of appointing an external expert to discover the truth or otherwise of Moxham's complaint, the Election Tribunal - a body composed entirely of student politicians - decided to accept Dunstone's report, even though Dunstone's report failed to mention two of the most important parts of Moxham's complaint.

I Dunstone published a poster with polling times, dates and places. This poster said that polling was to take place

on the Waite Campus on Wednesday, 23rd March. Without any reason being given, this polling day was moved to Thursday, 24th March. Not only does Section 9.10 of the regulations issues to candidates say that "No polling station will operate on any location other than the North Terrace campus on the last day of polling", but it is also clearly against *all* fair and democratic election procedures to change a polling date, time or place that has already been officially declared by the Returning Officer! If the changing of the time materially affected the outcome of the by-election, then the Election Tribunal had sufficient grounds to declare the by-election void.

II Moxham also raised the issue of the apparent breach of Section 10.11 of the regulations. Section 10.11 is *identical* in both sets of regulations and says that each day the Returning Officer shall publish the total number of votes cast *and* the number of ballot papers issued. This regulation is very important because if no one knows how many ballot papers have been issued, there is enormous potential for stuffing ballot boxes with "misaid" ballots. While I in no way wish to suggest that such a thing has happened while Nick Dunstone was Returning Officer, the mere possibility is so dangerous that even the most naive member of the Election Tribunal should be able to comprehend it. But Dunstone's report does not even mention the fact that Moxham had complained about it!

Dunstone has said that he will never again be Returning Officer in a student election. The last word in this sorry saga must surely belong to him. His report to the Election Tribunal concluded, "I would like to suggest that David Moxham should perhaps apply for the position of Returning Officer as he is obviously much more au fait with the regulations than I am, or for that matter probably any Returning Officer in the history of election. Good luck, Dave."

Dave Roussy  
Erstwhile Candidate for Union Board

## Higher education down the shitter

Dear Editors,

Unlike Leesa Chesser (*On Dit* Issue 8) those of us in the SAUA are not prepared to sit back and watch higher education go down the toilet. It is only by constant lobbying that anything is ever achieved for students - and yes things have been achieved. For example last year we have been told that it was the SAUA's lobbying against double HECS that meant that the Democrats and the Coalition were prepared to block these proposals in the Senate. We have found that only by sitting down and arguing a point with politicians and making a lot of noise in the media can students effect change. A letter to each Senator as Ms Chesser suggests has minimal effect and is put in a pile with all. A polite letter of response is about the best one can hope for.

We found the trip to Canberra to be most useful. As our article said we spoke

to those politicians whose portfolio was education as well as to backbenchers. Many commented that they had not spoken to students for some time or at all and I see this as a real problem. Discussion does go on within the parties and only if the elected MPs and Senators are informed of our concerns can they be expected to raise them as issues. In our article we outlined the issues we raised, in particular our concern about full up front fees and the need to introduce a rent assistance component into AUSTUDY. In the Budget handed down last week both these concerns were addressed.

We are now examining the Budget and suggesting some amendments (last week an amendment was already put through the Senate to enable healthcare card holders, ie. very low income families, to receive AUSTUDY). Since meeting with them in Canberra various politicians and their offices have been quite helpful in providing us with information and offering to support some of our suggestions, particularly the Greens with whom prior to meeting them in Canberra we had had no contact.

At a time when student organisations across the country are being destroyed under the guise of Voluntary Student Unionism it is important to actually speak with the politicians, to tell them how important student organisations are and to have a student voice for our concerns in higher education. You may be interested to know that many politicians were more than happy to meet us (whether or not they were happy about our demands to provide more funding!) and many a half hour appointment turned into a 2 hour discussion on why libraries needed indexed funding or why student organisations wouldn't survive if legislation like that in Victoria is implemented or what it is like to sit in a tutorial with 19 other students, amongst other things.

Students must fight and voice their opinions. Unlike Ms Chesser suggested, I am not prepared to sit back and accept the political process as being impervious to outside input. If we don't stand up for ourselves no one else will.

Rebecca Shinnick  
SAUA President

## Unimpressed

Dear Eds,

Well, Suze and Bec met good ol' Uncle Bob Such and were assured that VSU would not be introduced. Unlike the warm inner glow that emanated in the diction of our two glorious and courageous leaders, expressing satisfaction at such sentiments. I, for one, am not convinced that we should all run around in fits of joyous celebration. While not attacking Mr Such personally, he is of that certain, rather despised breed known as a politician. And what was the bedtime story we were all told as children, boys and girls? Politicians, though they could be manipulated, could never be trusted.

The facts are that two Australian State Liberal governments have introduced the notion of VSU to the community. This comes upon the back of ten years of

Federal Labor governments attempting to reduce the equity of our higher education system. And let us not forget that the Federal Coalition have come up with some pretty piss poor efforts in response to this decline of standards - (1993 and all that).

Therefore, under such an environment, Students' Associations *must* be prepared for any measure which infringes upon the rights of that association, and not take governments or politicians on their word. If the notion of VSU is ever raised in this state, let's at least be prepared for the fight against it and not be caught napping like the poor bastards in Victoria.

Naivety, especially in those who represent us, is not a good thing.

Joe Aylward  
Arts

## Cheers for Moxham

Dear *On Dit*,

I wish to comment on Adrian Cheok's letter which appeared in *On Dit* 2nd May. I think it is unfair to punish David Moxham for running the Clubs Association (CA) in a way which he considered to be morally and, god forbid, politically correct. Whether you like it or not, just by having a constitution automatically makes the CA a political body. Rules and regs always promote political atmosphere simply because "you can't please all of the people *all* of the time".

As a member of a low-key club, I experienced nothing but help and consideration from the CA with David as President. Many other clubs in a similar position on campus have experienced problems getting assistance and grants from the CA due to other, more prominent clubs hogging the spotlight and the finance. David was of great value in giving my club the knowledge, guidance and confidence to make the club more aware of its rights and capabilities.

As for the apprehension of the fake student, there is no room for "lee-way" on campus. I don't care how old they are or how inexperienced they are, they have to learn to take responsibility for themselves. This is a tertiary institution. There is *no* excuse for undermining the rights of all other students by abusing the system. As a tertiary institution, all students should be treated as adults because that's exactly what they are. At this point, I must ask Adrian if he would feel the same way if that same student had (as a first offence) raped or bashed a fellow student instead? It may not seem a comparable concept but it has to start somewhere - rules were not always made to be broken.

Many thanks to David for his assistance during his, albeit short, reign.

Cheers  
Danielle Nilon  
Labour Studies Club

## A Quickie

Dear David Roussy,

If anyone is in a position to convene the 'Eric A. Blair: Get a life! Club', it is I. After all, I was the first person to tell Mr Blair to do so. I'm sorry you'll have to abdicate.

W. Hallinan  
Arts

## A Prosh poem

A letter to the drunken student hanging out the window of the last bus in the Prosh Parade on Friday, 15th April:  
Dickhead, do you have no fear?  
In dousing our video camera with beer  
Everything that you hold dear

Soon we will make disappear.  
Cause we're gonna boot your rear  
Up into the stratosphere  
Make a mess of your career, you  
Bastard of an engineer.  
As on tape your face is clear ...  
Gladly we will fuck you up.

from the Executive Director and  
Technical Coordinator of  
*Psycho Industries*

## Food for thought

Dear Stunned,

The 1994 Prosh was a hugely successful event that took well over 5 months of planning involving over 60 helpers and others who all donated their time and energy and combined to help raise over three and a half thousand dollars for Adelaide Central Mission's Streetlink project. Not only did Prosh provide this desperately needed money to Streetlink but it also raised public awareness to a service that is threatened by closure. This would not have happened if high profile events on campus had occurred. The event mentioned in your letter was one of these. The dinner was aimed to attract attention to Prosh and to raise money during the event as Prosh Rags and programs were exchanged for donation. No Prosh organiser actually partook in the dinner (we were too busy collecting money for charity at the time) and all involved in the actual event gave generous donations to Streetlink. In addition students walking by were invited (and did) join the gathering again - in exchange for a donation. Overall, this event, as with the other Prosh stunts and events, was successful, enjoyable to the many students that were involved as they walked down the Barr Smith steps, and highly productive in raising valuable dollars for a worthwhile cause. Let the success of this year's Prosh live on in future years.

Matt Deaner  
Activites Campaigns Vice-President  
Prosh Co-Director

## It wasn't us

To the Editors,

You know when you wake in the morning and simply don't have time for a shit and by about lunch you really are bursting to go, so I went to the toilets right by your office on the Thursday of Prosh week and found a secluded cubicle. I closed the door and saw a sign reading "Been waterbombed doing a shit?... Contact *On Dit*" and laughed, little to realise that I was the next target. About four guys threw waterbombs and 600 ml cartons full of sizzling hot water on me. Now, I understand that it was Prosh week, but one of these bombs landed right on my essentials and severely winded me! Please do what you can to expose these fuckheads as I caught a cold that Saturday, which lasted most of the holidays ... thanx guys!

"Wet Ones!", 1st Year Science

# Hate rears up its ugly head again

*At first I thought that I'd died and gone to hippie heaven. Scores of people with long hair and rings through their noses were chanting peace songs under the noonday sun. But my picture of heaven didn't contain police horses and the cavalry was coming.*

*Prospect Road formed the demarcation line between the National Action (NA) racists and the mass of hair and colour that formed the anti-racist contingent.*

*The two groups had been issuing their message in separate camps out of each other's earshot and on separate sides of the road. The anti-racists punctuated their tuneless songs with speeches against racism. A man on the periphery lifted his beard for me to reveal his t-shirt which read, "Pardon Me, But... You've Obviously Mistaken Me For Someone Who Gives a SHIT." I took his photograph and moved on. People fed babies, distributed placards and pins while listening to a migrant speaker talk about being afraid to walk the streets as a child. Across the street four police officers searched an NA man for weapons; as I was taking a photograph an officer asked to search my camera bag.*

*As I headed for Prospect Town Hall, I became absorbed in the symmetry of the huge number of police that lined each side of the road. They stood ramrod stiff, arm to arm; one facing towards and the next away from the road. Three teams of four horses moved into the centre of the road and stood by like coiled springs, one began striking its hoof along the bitumen. I took the cue and crossed to the racist side of the road.*

*The National Action leader, Michael Brander, gave a speech from the steps of the Town Hall - he wasn't tall enough to be seen over his flag wavers. His other followers carried placards which read, "Australia is not part of Asia". A masked man clutched a flag, his knuckles tattooed with the word "HATE".*

*I was looking for Eng, a Chinese student and photographer whose pictures stirred my apathy into attending the rally. I didn't expect to see him on the*



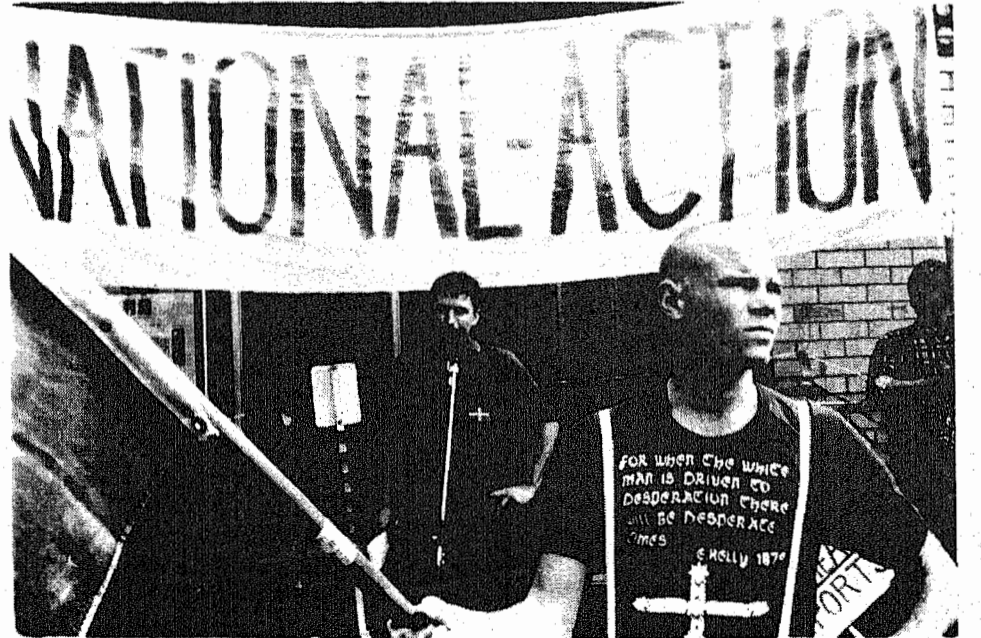
*racist side of the road, neither did the NA cronies. Upon Eng's arrival they began shouting "Go Home". I moved in to take the photos of the encounter but my hand shook with fear. Selecting a faster shutter speed I took a deep breath and continued. I was ashamed of being nervous remembering that a month earlier Eng confronted the racists with nothing but a camera for protection.*

*The anti-racist group began their march from the park down on the opposite side of the road, singing as they went. Eng stood impassively as the masked man shouted so close that he was almost spitting. A police officer came between the two and warned the NA member of provocation. A minor dispute ensued, I nodded to Eng, this was his cue.*

*Police blocked off the road as the horses stood their ground. News crews rushed around like vultures, the noise level rose, cameras clicked and a plain clothed security man nervously watched squeezing his mobile phone. The anti-racists built up their singing to a crescendo and began throwing streamers across the road. None of the streamers made it to the other side. Both parties exchanged their message, but no-one else crossed the road.*

Story: Joshua Kennedy-White

Photos: Joshua Kennedy-White and Eng Ooi





# Your degree.

What is a degree worth? Is a university education valuable in itself, or simply as a tool for economic growth? What is the responsibility of the federal government in terms of funding for higher education? These questions are becoming increasingly relevant given fiscal constraints placed upon the government due to the current bleak economic circumstances.

Once upon a time higher education was taken seriously by Australian Governments. It was highly regarded, well-funded, and was expected to provide benefits, not measurable purely in economic terms, but to the community at large. All this has changed in the past two decades.

## BACKGROUND

When Gough Whitlam entered office in 1972 a new era of social justice was ushered into Australian politics, and this extended to the higher education sector. From the beginning of 1974 tuition fees for tertiary education were abolished, and the Commonwealth Government took over complete responsibility for higher education funding. Student assistance was consolidated under the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme (TEAS) which put higher education within the reach of more students than ever before. This scheme existed until it was replaced by AUSTUDY in 1987.

When the Fraser Liberal Government was elected in 1975 federal funding for higher education began its downward spiral. This was halted to some degree when Labor took office in 1983, but apart from the odd injection of Commonwealth capital funding has, in real terms, been in decline ever since.

## THE DAWKINS 'REVOLUTION'

John Dawkins took over from Susan Ryan as Minister for Employment, Education and Training in 1987, and he has had a marked effect on the way higher education is administered in this country. He was responsible for the creation of the Unified National System (UNS) in 1989, eradicating the 'binary divide' that separated universities and colleges. This resulted in mergers and amalgamations between disparate institutions, radically increasing their size, and Dawkins' dream for unprecedented growth in student numbers was realised: higher education became accessible to more students than ever before.

Before Dawkins, higher education in this country was administered primarily through the Commonwealth Tertiary Education Commission (CTEC). While this period was far from problem-free, under CTEC tertiary institutions at least enjoyed some degree of autonomy in the running of their everyday activities, and in how they spent their money. There was more input by tertiary administra-

tors and academics than is presently the case, and as such there was a greater focus on education for education's sake than exists now. Importantly, CTEC saw the need for increased levels of funding to avert a major crisis in our universities and to make them more internationally competitive. CTEC argued that increased costs and demand were easily outstripping Commonwealth spending, and as such recommended a significant increase in funding levels. Despite the proposal being watered down to a bare minimum, the government pledged just half of what CTEC considered necessary. Even this paltry amount was not delivered [DeAngelis: 38].

CTEC protested, and promptly disappeared, to be replaced by the Dawkins 'super-department'. Higher education is now administered by the bureaucratic Department of Employment, Education and Training (DEET), with the expertise being provided by its advisory body, the National Board of Employment, Education and Training (NBEET), of which the relevant section is the Higher Education Council.

DEET is a markedly different creature to its predecessor. Decisions regarding higher education policy are no longer made by those who have first hand knowledge of, or experience in, the system. While NBEET has been influential from time to time, it has no say in actual policy formation. The decision-making process has been placed firmly in the hands of bureaucrats in Canberra, and with the replacement of CTEC by DEET/NBEET, power became concentrated primarily in

aptation to technological change is also facilitated by a better skilled and educated workforce [Dawkins: 1].

This was a clear indication of the role Dawkins saw for higher education in Australia's economic recovery. There are some, however, who are sceptical as to the extent of the philosophical theory behind Dawkins' policies, and suggest that the reasons were more to do with a quest for personal power [Stretton, DeAngelis]. Certainly, there has been some inconsistency surrounding his position on higher education funding over the years. As part of the Expenditure Review Committee he was responsible for denying much-needed funds to his predecessor, Susan Ryan, a decision which must bear some of the blame for the current crisis. Once CTEC had been disbanded, however, he had no such qualms about increasing spending on higher education (on his terms) to write his name into the history books as the man who unified and expanded higher education in Australia.

This is not to say that Dawkins had an entirely negative effect on higher education in this country. On the contrary, more Australians than ever before are undertaking a tertiary education, and access has been increased dramatically for the majority of previously under-represented groups, most noticeably women and Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students (the one notable exception is those from low socio-economic backgrounds) [DEET, 1993: Ch.9]. Universities are more accountable than they have been in the past, and many have

input of data from last year's Graduate Destination Survey, and the overwhelming response from graduates attempting to enter the workforce was that they were generally ill-prepared to do so: while they may have been receiving a high quality education in terms of academic merit (though this was certainly not always the case), they tended to lack both the communication skills necessary to secure jobs and the up-to-date industry-relevant knowledge and teamwork skills to succeed in them (this view was echoed by many employers' responses we received). In this instance, there seems to be a very good argument for taking a serious look at institutions' curricula and the bodies that guide institutional direction.

Dawkins instituted several measures which were intended to make institutions more accountable, and to ensure they heeded national priorities in their own institutional plans. He introduced the institutional profiles, which required each institution to define its "broad mission and specific goals as a basis both for gauging the resources needed to fulfil these and for assessing its performance" [DEET, 1993: 85]. In the profile the institution is expected to cover a wide range of areas including teaching and research plans, a management plan, and a statement of intent regarding national objectives, particularly with regards to equity. This profile provides the basis for all Commonwealth funding. But federal regulation has not ended here. Under new proposals introduced by Dawkins, the Australian Research Council's 'clawback' took a percentage of pre-UNS universities' operating grants to be redistributed among institutions at the discretion of the Commonwealth. However, a criticism has been that the majority of this money has found its way into the coffers of special/key centres or for research infrastructure in the older, more prestigious universities [DeAngelis: 39]. Likewise, 1% of operating grants went back into the National Priority (Reserve) Fund, to be redistributed by the government for one-off projects deemed to be of priority to the Federal Government's objectives regarding the direction of higher education in this country.

Apart from impinging upon the autonomy of institutions, the bureaucratic checks and balances implemented by the Dawkins regime have entailed that much time and money has been wasted on administrative rather than academic pursuits [Stretton: 31]. Unfortunately, while the Government has been intent on building a higher education system that will contribute to the greater good of the nation, it has not been so happy to fund it. While injections of funds have occurred, they have not matched growth in student numbers. Thus, while there were some increases under Dawkins in the areas of capital spending and grants tied to national initiatives, operating grants remained at a "historically low" level, "so even when Dawkins can claim to provide more resources than CTEC was

## In the first of a two-part series, SAUA Project/Research Officer Leif Larsen looks at the history of higher education funding.

the hands of the minister. He could take advice from the boards and committees that he appointed personally, but the decisions were his: they did not have to be reported to parliament, and parliament could not disallow them [Stretton: 31].

There is thus some doubt as to the motives behind Dawkins' push for an expanded higher education sector. The rhetoric bears all the trademarks of human capital theory, which has dominated higher education policy in most OECD countries since the mid-1980s. In his Green Paper on higher education in 1987, Dawkins stated that:

An expansion of the higher education system is important for several reasons. A better educated and more highly skilled population will be able to deal more effectively with change... At the same time, education facilitates adaptability, making it easier for individuals to learn skills related to their intended profession and improve their ability to learn while pursuing that profession. Ad-

been dragged screaming and kicking into the twentieth century in terms of being relevant to the aims and objectives of the community at large, and playing a responsible part in the attempt to turn Australia into the 'clever country'.

But this is where many of the problems arise. Should universities be autonomous, and exist for the sake of providing an educated, well-informed populace? Or should they bow to Federal policy for the purposes of better educating the workforce to aid in Australia's economic upturn? The latter has clearly been the overriding principle in government policy since Dawkins took over the throne, and it raises serious questions about the value and role of higher education.

There is no doubt that many institutions had previously been sheltered from the demands of other recipients of federal funding in terms of accountability and, more importantly, relevance. I had the dubious pleasure of working on the

# What is it worth?

allowed to provide, the universities and students were still receiving less per head in usable resources in the classroom" [DeAngelis: 39]. As a result, the quality of education has been steadily decreasing while the financial burden has been lumbered more and more at the feet of students: much of the increased funding has been financed through the Higher Education Contribution Scheme (HECS).

## HECS, USER-PAYS AND ECONOMIC RATIONALISM

Part of the backbone of economic rationalism and human capital theory is that higher education (or any pursuit, for that matter) is of no value in itself, and of no value to society other than in terms of the economic gain it brings to those who benefit [Marginson: Ch. 2]. This entails a user-pays philosophy: why, they ask, should all taxpayers fund education when only a select few reap the benefits? It is this philosophy which is at the heart of moves to shift (at least some of) the burden for funding higher education on to those who directly benefit, students.

After Whitlam abolished tuition fees in 1974, students were not charged a fee to

undertake higher education until 1987, when the Hawke government introduced the Higher Education Administration Charge of \$250. This was replaced in 1989 by the Higher Education Contribution Scheme. HECS was established on the advice of the Government's Committee on Higher Education Funding which came to the conclusion that:

on historical and overseas precedents, it is not unreasonable to expect higher education users to contribute around 20 percent of the average total costs incurred by the Commonwealth Government [DEET, 1993: 92].

However, in comparison to many other OECD countries, private funding of higher education by Australian students is relatively high [Giles, 1994: 4]. The extent of the user-pays philosophy that has underpinned the introduction of HECS was highlighted by the fact that the Committee proposed a three-tiered system so that those undertaking high-cost courses would pay accordingly, a proposal rejected by the Government.

The Government, for reasons of access and equity, made payment of the HECS tax contingent upon earning a certain level of income. This was intended to minimise the effect on low-access groups at the point of entry into higher education, and to take into account the ability of the graduate to pay. However, as previously suggested, Canberra is populated by economists: they must balance

budgets, not concern themselves too much with issues of social justice, or who *should* fund higher education. HECS was introduced for one reason, and one reason only - to lessen the financial burden on the Commonwealth. Equity was of little concern when the Government introduced a 15% discount to those who could afford to pay up front, and were least in need of such a concession. This was increased in 1993 to 25% in order to recoup some of the \$2 billion in outstanding HECS debts.

Total revenue from HECS as at June 1992 was \$446 million, and this is expected to rise to well over a billion dollars by 1995 [DEET, 1993: 92]. Given that, in 1992, 24% of the total HECS contribution to higher education was being funded directly by students, without recourse to the tax system, doubt is cast over the Commonwealth's claims that Australia compares favourably with other OECD nations [AVCC: 9]. Even much of the remaining HECS debt, currently funded by the Commonwealth, will be repaid through the taxation system in coming years.

What should be of some concern is the claim that the Department of Finance is seeking ways in which to increase revenue from HECS so that the income received (as opposed to that owed through taxation) is actually closer to the percent-

age of the course costs (approximately 23%) that it is meant to represent [NUS: 2]. This comes amid reports that millions of dollars in HECS debt will never be repaid, and are thus to be written off by the Commonwealth as "bad debts". This indicates that alternative measures of reaping HECS revenue, whether or not they bear any direct resemblance to those proposed in 1993, will be flagged somewhere down the track, probably in the not-too-distant future.

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# The World Bank

**The World Bank. Monumental fuck-up or...er...monumental fuck-up? Carolyn Deere examines its not-so-glorious history. After 50 years, enough is enough, she argues.**

1994 marks the 50th anniversary of the founding of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund (IMF) in Bretton Woods. These institutions, commonly known as the Bretton Woods institutions, have come under increasing criticism for their role in financing and promoting inequitable and non-participatory development in the Third World. In the name of aid, these institutions are displacing communities, increasing Third World debt, causing environmental degradation and subsidising multinational corporations.

In order to make these facts public, Non-Government Organisations (NGOs) around the world are organising an 'unhappy birthday' campaign. Under the banner of *50 Years is Enough*, the campaign aims to raise community awareness of these unaccountable institutions and Australia's financial support for them. In Australia, AID/WATCH and A SEED (Action for Solidarity, Equality, Environment and Development) are working with individuals and organisations to let the World Bank and IMF know that fifty years is indeed enough.

The Bretton Woods institutions were established in 1944 in Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, USA. They were designed to create "a dynamic world economy in which the peoples of every nation will be able to realise their potential in peace and enjoy increasingly, the fruits of material progress on an earth infinitely blessed with natural richness". The World Bank and IMF have failed to meet this founding principle.

The largest agency of the World Bank is the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (IBRD). The loans from the IBRD aim to raise "the standards of living in developing countries by channelling financial resources to them from rich countries". However, the reality is that a disturbing amount of these funds are

spent on projects which are inimical to the interests of disadvantaged people and the environment. This year, alone, the Bank will be responsible for the eviction of 600,000 people, approximately 1,600 per day, from their homes and land. Ongoing projects are estimated to evict without adequate compensation a further two million people. Yet the United Nations charter of Human Rights clearly condemns forcible evictions as a "gross violation of human rights".

What's more, it appears that the Bank is violating its own economic policies with increasing frequency. A 1992 report conducted by the Bank's Vice President Willi Wapenhans revealed that according to the Bank's own criteria, over one third of recently evaluated projects are failures. The report also showed that 78% of financial conditions in World Bank loans are

not only unaccountable but they are also undemocratic. The 'one dollar, one vote' system of the World Bank has meant that affluent countries have great influence over funding conditions. This has led to projects which are environmentally insensitive and in the interests of developed countries. For example, in 1983, US\$22 billion of IBRD project loans were used to promote agriculture, forestry, dams and irrigation. Energy is the Bank's second most important lending sector and the vast majority of this money goes towards fossil fuel energy expansion. In fact, only about one percent of the Bank's energy lending is devoted to end use efficiency and conservation measures.

One of the most notable debacles financed by the World Bank has been the Sardar Sarovar Dam project on the Narmada River in India. The Bank financed the dam from 1985 until it was forced to withdraw in March 1993. Despite widespread community opposition, the Indian Government has decided to complete the project. The Bank is still obligated to settle 200,000 villagers likely to be displaced by the

dam. However, dam opponents say that the Bank is not making any attempts to fulfil this obligation.

The World Bank has a record of supporting military regimes and governments that have violated human rights. In 1966, the bank directly defied a resolution of the UN General Assembly calling on all UN affiliated agencies, including the Bank, to cease financial support for South Africa and Portugal. The apartheid regime of South Africa received US\$20 million and Portugal was granted US\$10 million.

The fundamental flaws in the World Bank and IMF go far beyond the ecologically disastrous and inhumane projects they impose on the people of the Third World. There is an urgent need for a complete rethink on how current political and economic structures operate on a global level. A new approach to development is needed which allows for the empowerment of local people and the protection of their environment.

The Beyond Bretton Woods coalition calls on the Australian government to defer payments to the World Bank and IMF. We demand a genuine commitment from these institutions to implement organisational reforms incorporating meaningful sustainable development. Until these changes occur, the money that would normally go to these institutions should be redirected to Australian overseas development programmes that are community based, place emphasis on social equity and ensure environmental protection.

Your participation in our campaign is urgently needed. From 22nd - 24th July, a forum to facilitate informed debate on the future of the World Bank and the IMF will be held in Sydney. You are invited to participate in this forum together with a panel of international and national speakers. Other activities include actions, cultural events and fundraisers. We also require support for an advertisement we will place in a national newspaper in September. If you are able to contribute either time or money to the campaign or would simply like more information, call (02) 264 6090 or write to P.O. Box 652, Woollahra, NSW, 2026.

*Carolyn Deere is a member of A SEED, Australia. A SEED is an international youth network established to provide an alternative analysis to global environment and development issues.*

*References supplied on request.*



not complied with.

A matter of increasing concern is the social and environmental consequences of World Bank and IMF structural adjustment programmes. The Bank now requires many borrowing countries to undertake IMF structural ad-

# Scam of the Century

Joe Aylward did the unthinkable. He put reputation aside to appear on Australia's most popular quiz show, *Sale Of The Century*. This is his survival guide.

I must say that what I am about to share with you, dear reader, I would not wish upon my most hated enemy - not even Vince Sorrenti or Margaret Thatcher (although any progeny arising out of a match of these two would come rather close). The tale itself involves cross dressing, the spreading of infectious diseases, near all-out fights between contestants and the use of obscene and foul language and, on a personal note, the winning and the losing of thousands of dollars worth of prizes. The moral of what I am about to share with you is clear - appearing on *Sale of the Century*, just like cigarettes, can seriously damage your health.

It was not the bitter and twisted soul that you now see that woke up on the morning of March the 14th of this year, but a wide-eyed, nervous effervescent little cherub, excited at the prospect of appearing on national television.

I actually felt rather ill - continually taking tablets of Panadeine to fight off headaches which I thought were caused by nerves but, to my shock the next day, led me to end up in hospital. The headaches were not helped in the car on the way from Melbourne Airport to the studio by the ravings of a fellow contestant called John, a lay preacher from Brisbane, who prattled on in mind-numbing detail about his prostate operation. In hindsight, though, he was just as nervous as I, for we were the sacrificial lambs that were important to the success of the programme - the contestants.

We arrived at the studio and were introduced to an odd array of fellow contestants, including the bass player from the Divinyls, the director of the Melbourne Music Festival and a worm farmer from Mudgee NSW, who was probably the sanest of the whole troupe. The first shock came when I was taken onto makeup and saw Lou Richards without his wig. Having barely recovered from this, I was then subjected to all sorts of strange procedures, including the spreading of what can only be described as white cement on my face and the application of eye and lipliner. Looking like a weird cross between Danny La Rue and Frankenfurter, I was taken into the studio to await my dream.

And wait I did ... for four hours.

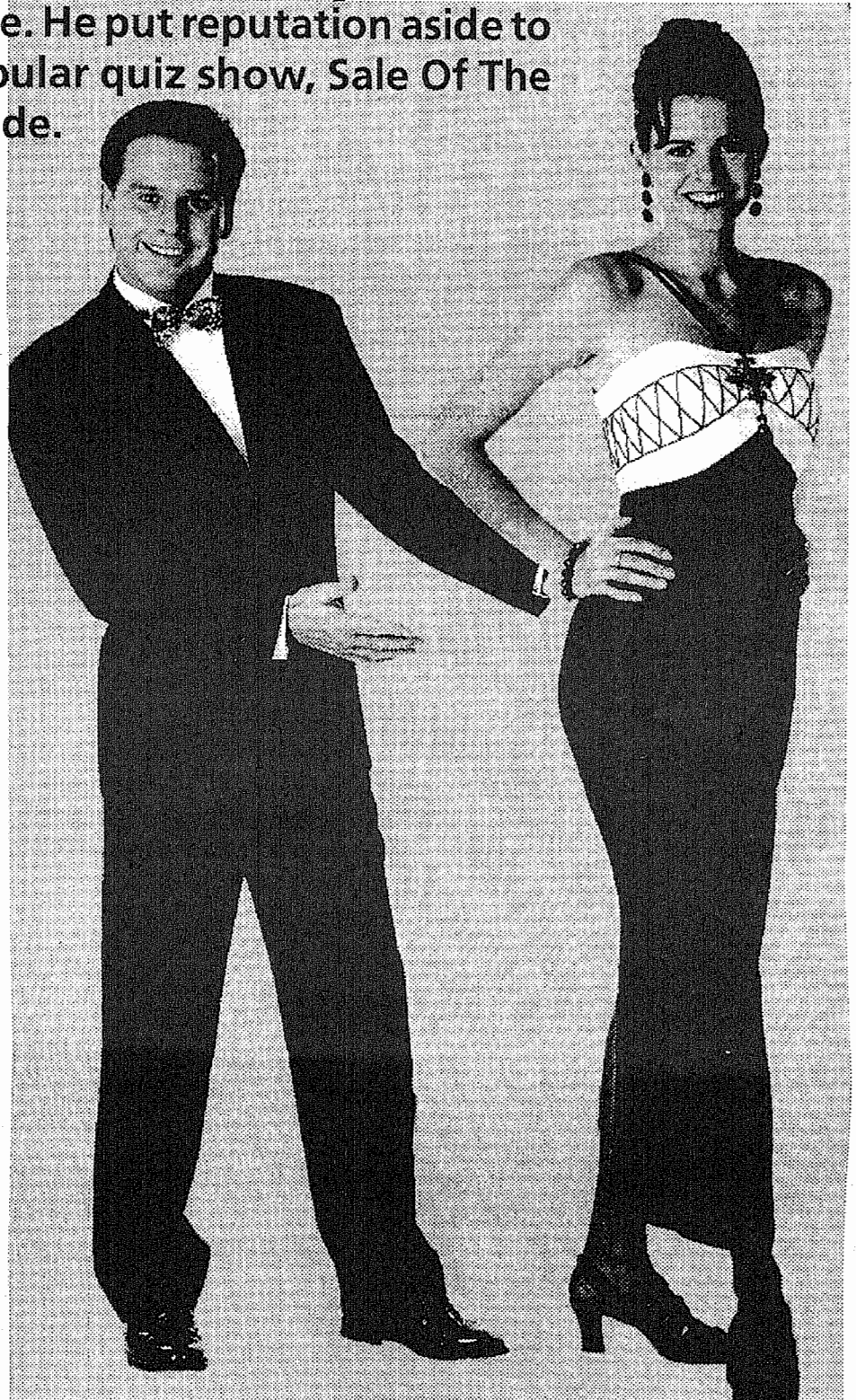
I was on the fifth and final recording of the day, which was both a good and bad thing. Good because the bloke on the first four won all the cash and prizes and bad because after six Panadeine and three quarters of a bottle of champagne, young Joe was totally and utterly blotto. The white cement on my face had set too hard and left a very good impersonation of The Penguin. The suit I had borrowed

from a friend was crumpled and shabby and looked as it was - four sizes too large. Nevertheless, the dishevelled insane-looking, drunken mess that I was, I took my place next to the Worm Farmer and a secretary called Debra.

What happened next was 30 minutes of the funniest television you would have seen had it not been for the fact that the vast majority of it was heavily edited. An example of this was, when having missed out on \$3,000 cash as a sales surprise after refusing to buy a ladies handbag, I screamed "Aw shit!" at the top of my voice, nearly rendering the sound man deaf in the process. The producer also didn't take kindly to my Homer Simpson impersonations whenever I forgot an answer to a question - "Doup!" And all the while, the camera tried to give as much attention as possible to the two women on either side of me as my drunken disposition now came across on camera like an expression of depraved madness. The producer's look of anxiety deepened at the end of the game, when not only had I turned proceedings into a farce but also won by \$17. With the producer's eyes burning with hatred, I did what any drunken git would have done and agreed to come back to do it all again.

Or, that's what I would have done, had I not woken up the next morning with chicken pox all over my persona. Regretfully, I rang the producer, who in gleeful revenge declared that a camera crew with a model nurse would be coming around to film me in bed and that my spotty features would appear on national TV, not to mention *TV Week* and *The Advertiser*. Too weak and delirious to resist, I was forced into the humiliation of reading from an idiot card while the nurse, flouting flesh and pouting obscenely, looked like a female character out of Benny Hill. My humiliation was complete when I thought of my friends from the subject "A Survey of Feminist Thinkers" forming a lynch mob, led by the marvellous lecturer Chris Beasley.

Soon after, I was taken into hospital after the chicken pox got on my kidneys and bronchial tubes. God was certainly getting his own back after reading my thoughts on what I wanted to do to the lay preacher the day before in that car going to the studio. I got out of hospital a few days later feeling a little like Winston Smith after he got out of Room 101 - a broken man. And just like what happened to Winston, I was inducted back into the system as the producer, with a notable smirk in his voice after receiving record ratings for, in the voice overs, the words "... for the brilliant young champ struck down by a life



It's a new woman!

threatening illness ..." invited me back onto the show.

The second recording was held last Wednesday. I had decided that if I won I would go and escape from the system which had enveloped my soul. Things did not bode well, though, when I nearly got in a fist fight with a lecturer who espoused the virtues of Jeff Kennet. As a budding student polmie, this was too much to bear, although, perhaps I should have dumbfounded him with logic rather than threaten to perform sadistic acts upon him with a leaded pencil and a goat. I was up against a very nice woman who had won two nights on the previous recording. She beat me by \$3 on her way to winning all the cash and prizes. The three compensations arising out of it was that I was the closest that got to her, that the lecturer got no prizes and looked even more stupid than me and that, finally, I was free after three months of the albatross of Australia's most popu-

lar quiz show. My only advice to you all if you are thinking about going on is "Don't". Rob a bank, it's a lot less painful.

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Once upon a time, a law student did something spontaneous. Her name is Sarah. Her act was the fire-bombing of a car assembly plant north of Adelaide. Damage was minimal. But that didn't matter to Sarah's parents, who, naturally enough, were quite concerned for their daughter's welfare. In the straining, worn, grey eye-balls of the law, the attempt was the thing that mattered, not the actual damage caused. The penalty was fixed accordingly. As His Honour blinked and read out the sentence, Sarah's mother wept silently into her floral handkerchief, while Sarah's father stared blankly at the azure, rather homely carpet; noting, much to his surprise, the proliferation of scuff-marks made by all these busy shoes. Strands pushed together and flowing one way presented a much different tone of azure to neighbouring strands forced to lie another way. As His Honour's sentence concluded with "...a non-parole period of five years...", Sarah's father swept his eyes over the entire carpet and realised, just before fainting, that the carpet was not a single colour, but a swirling intricate tapestry of different colours, different variations on the theme of azure. While the reporters scribbled and the stenographers madly transcribed all the dialogue, the carpet had been silently recording its version of the truth: in the passage of feet as they relayed documents, strutted forth arguments, shuffled down passages of precedent towards solution. "The answer is in there somewhere; if only I could decipher it", thought Sarah's father — and suddenly the carpet was rising and spinning in the air and slamming into his face. He woke to find his father-in-law standing contemptuously over him, so he closed his eyes again and thought back to last week's Crows game, when, sitting alone in the rain after the final siren, he pondered the absurdly tenuous connection between the final frozen state of the muddy field, spotted and streaked by precisely conceived stab-passes and random impacts, and the ghostly white numbers, immaculate and irrefutable, flickering and blinking on the floating scoreboard, interposed somewhere between the rain and the sweeping clouds.

"Five years," he said to himself, over and over, trying to understand.

Now before I get too carried away there is one thing we must get straight - that the damage done was minimal, mattered a great deal to Sarah. She wanted to blow the fuck out of the whole fucking place. I don't know why.

"I'm feeling this incredible surge of creativity," she told me a few days beforehand. "I'm going to do something totally new soon, Andy. Something unknown."

"What?" I asked. She gave me her skewed 'fuck you're so predictable' glance.

"Who knows? We'll just have to wait and see."

"OK. Cool. Do something spontaneous. Make something crazy. Surprise me, and I'll write a story about it. Give it some thought. Maybe, if you do something really freaked out, we could . . . you could sell something - your story - to the tabloid rats. You'd be -"

"How can I, on the one hand, be spontaneous, and on the hand 'give it some thought?'"

Like Sarah I am a law student; but unlike Sarah, I am typical of that caste. The concept of spontaneity confuses me. The thousands of hours I have spent in this Law school, and the thousands of hours that have led me here, have caused me to become that which I study. I am a walking and talking line of reasoning, a living body of precedent, and accumulation of facts and judgments. Nothing new can happen inside of me. Even my vocabulary is locked within this docile mass, as redundant and anachronistic as the oldest statute. 'Spontaneity' - I don't even know the meaning of the word. I apologised.

"Forget it," she sighed.  
"OK."

But it's not OK. I can't forget it. I sit here in the law library, ensconced in its stuffy musky silence, and she is all I can think about. Something is wrong. I should be studying for my Associations tutorial, but all I can do is write this story. It's disturbing. I used to feel safe down here. These towering shelves stacked with oversized law journals would protect and shelter me from whatever is or isn't out there. Immutable walls of logical reasoning. The dangerous perpetual uncertainty of life is obtunded in here. But now the walls have fractured: I peep out, and am restless.

She has confused everybody. If there is a purpose to her attempted arson, perhaps it is just that - to leave everybody guessing, hanging, clutching, wondering: to force all of us to peer inside ourselves and invent our own story, our own version of the truth. And also the pleasure of watching the burning frustration of those who will not acknowledge their own role in the creation of their version. The twisted pleasure of watching pedantic minds overheat and seize up in the scorching face of uncertainty.

Sarah's mother is the least surprised of all of us. She had thought Sarah had the propensity for violence ever since Sarah was nine, when she knocked out Tommy from next-door with the cricket bat he was threatening to 'shove where the babies come out of.' Sarah's mother had thought it quite fair that her daughter had hit Tommy, but perhaps not so hard and certainly not in the middle of the face with a solid object. Sarah's father, upon hearing of the incident, retired to his bedroom to read. Incidentally, he later befriended Tommy, coaching him in the ways of defensive batting technique. Tommy went on to enjoy a short-lived career as a state cricketer, before losing his touch and drinking himself into obscurity.

He did, surprisingly, show his face on the first day of Sarah's hearing. "Why'd she do it?" he demanded. It was mid-morning and he was sweating alcohol.

"Who knows? Don't ask me."

Then Sarah was escorted in, cuffed and all. She scanned the audience, her eyes finally resting softly on me. "Howdy," she said, like we were the only two in the room. I blushed as hundreds of eyes swivelled and slurped in their sockets towards me. Behind each pair I could feel the pressure of a story already building: tragic love affairs (Tolstoy readers), sensuous explorations of obsession (Nin readers), perverted drug-induced downward spirals (Burroughs fans) . . . an endlessly burgeoning proliferation.

"Hi," I squeezed out of my throat.

Tom nudged me with his elbow. His version was probably as imaginative as a Buckowski novel. "What's up with youze two?" he demanded. I shrugged, and he backed off. Someone below the judge's bench began reading the charges.

". . . driving without a licence, dangerous driving, resisting arrest . . ."

Who would've thought, eh?" said Tom, shaking his head. "Beyond me, how such a nice thing like her could . . . you know . . ."

"Could what?"

". . . destruction of private property, attempted arson. . ." droned the voice.

"I dunno," he said quietly, bowing his head, deferring to the other voice. He looked like little kid who was about to be told off by the teacher. "Do all this shit, you know . . . just lose it like that."

"Lose what, Tommy?" I demanded.

". . . assault with intent to cause grievous bodily harm, battery, trespass to private property. . ."

"I dunno," he whispered, now almost inaudible.

That first day there was a pile of media folk in there. But the number significantly dwindled after it became clear that the motive, if there was one here, was too complicated to spell out in the allocated space. Eventually, only one small bald man remained. He was from a leftist newspaper, and he thought that Sarah's motivation was a hate for property-owning capitalist scum. I managed to avoid him the whole time: though he almost landed on me once, after being punched in the face by a man, perhaps the owner of the property in question, who mumbled something about terrorism.

All these are the facts of Sarah's case as I saw them. The legal facts of *R v Thompson* were naturally somewhat different. They stated that a person had attempted to destroy property with a faulty device. The event was fed into the system, shaped and twisted and changed, and out came the judgement, instantly becoming the real thing. The raw data of life is fed into the system, which swaps and selects and discards: and the event itself is lost forever. The actual event is as lost to the judge as I am to myself.

And she is lost to me now, and perhaps forever. She was lost to me long before all of this. I realised this when I went to visit her in jail for the last time.

"Are you OK?" I tentatively asked.

"Fine." Then a long silence. Finally, I persevered.

"So, you call this creative?"

"Why not?" she smiled.

"Why'd you do it? Please, you've got to tell me." I narrowed my eyes and shook my head, in an attempt to convey a combination of compassion and condemnation. She laughed. "What?" I demanded.

"You. You're really going to write this story, you little shit. Though I'm not surprised, just a little disappointed. I had a bit of faith in you. I thought you might be a little more creative. Obviously not."

# THE CIRCUS

Rose always dreamt of the circus. She had this thing for women in thick flesh coloured stockings and faded velvet costumes with sequin trim. She liked the way they wound their rope-like hair into tightly coiled buns and the way they batted their false eyelashes upon landing their trapeze moves.

When Rose first arrived in Budapest she could not believe her luck. The women had the faces of the trapeze artists of her dreams. Their eyes were heavily made up with frosted blue shadow and they wore their hair knotted on top.

Travelling underground across the city also reminded Rose of her beloved circus. Everywhere in the metro smelt of hot buttered popcorn. Young boys sold it from red barrows at the top of the stations' longest escalators. Rose had never seen such escalators before.

Rose had never been to St Petersburg but she imagined it to be like this. French boulevards and Art Nouveau balustrades; salty caraway seed bread and golden pastries; Russian trains and plaintive Eastern music. The people in Budapest were very subdued but very passionate, or so Rose liked to think.

Once when she was returning from the opera late at night four young drunken people stumbled into her train carriage. Their clothes were torn and dirty, their breath, hair and skin all stank. The men had their hands roughly inside the girls' shirts. One girl was very young, perhaps thirteen. Her hair hung in greasy curls and her eyes were bloodshot. A trickle of dried blood was visible on the inside of her left forearm. Rose felt sick and very sad. The other passengers either looked at their shoes, not seeing, or stared disapprovingly. Rose left the train at the next stop and started walking back to the hostel where she was staying.

She was watched by the railway workers having beer and langös<sup>1</sup> at a roadside stall. They had begun their weekend drinking blitz, to be continued on the last train that evening back to Siberia, where most of them lived. That

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning you want to know why. Forget it. Just make something up. You are anyway. Better yet, do something totally original. The possibilities are endless." A shudder of panic rippled along my spine. I might have fainted if she hadn't continued. "But you're too scared, I know. Too scared to let your innermost self spill out into the world, where people will judge it, justify or condemn it. And you have no control over the criteria that they will apply to make their decision. Typical male fear. So you try to report the facts. If people like it, good: if people don't, then that's OK too, your idea of yourself is untouched because you apparently didn't put yourself into the story. Get your shit together Andy, take a risk and create. Let yourself go. And don't come back until this story bull-shit is over."

I leant over to kiss her but she was gone. Cool, smiling triumphant, gone. And I felt like I was the one who had actually retreated. She carried the foreground with her out of the small room.

And here I am at the end, confused and empty. I should have just started at the start and finished at the end. At least it began like a pure and simple story. But everything does: before we assess our motives, judge our desires, accumulate and compare and conclude - forever failing to understand. My face is crashing towards the dappled carpet. My last thing is to lose the desire for an exploration, to learn how to inquire without searching for a conclusion. Forget the score-board and enjoy the game. Do we need to give people the authority to make conclusions? Perhaps. If it makes them feel important, then let them. And let's all sit back and watch them confuse themselves to death. I'm going to send this story into a competition. Then I'll write a glamour version for the tabloids, titled: 'Friend tells why law student became a mad bomber!' And maybe one day soon I'll write my version, a version of myself, a real version, and send it to prison, to her.

train was notorious. Brawls, stabbings and lootings every week. *The Budapest Times* reported them.

Rose walked faster. Her breathing had hollowed. But the men were distracted by a fight starting at one end of the row of stools and Rose's body was forgotten.

Rose turned up Beethoven Street. A tram was still running but she did not get on when it stopped alongside her. The tram was brightly lit and Rose could see two fat women in headscarves and floral print dresses, an old man slumped in a single seat and a young woman who was neatly dressed in a navy skirt suit with large shoulder pads. She had a one litre plastic bottle of Diet Coke in her lap, her hands upon it.

A bell rang and the tram jolted off. The air was very, very still. Rose heard a violin but she knew she imagined it. She came to the hostel entrance. She pushed open the heavy door and went inside. Rose nodded to the concierge, the same woman who had been there that morning when Rose had left for breakfast. The woman only half-acknowledged her as she was watching a game show on the small black and white television behind the desk. Rose felt tired. She thought she ought go to the Baths tomorrow. She'd go to the Király, the heating thermal one, and soak the pain out of her bones. She'd watch the women breaststroke from one side to the other of the main sulphur pool, the ends of their dyed blonde hair getting wet. She'd watch the way they glide across the pool, the way they comb the tangles out of their hair in the sauna, the way they move silently about the salty wet underground corridors of this city, their bodies glowing in the greeny light. And she'd make up stories for every one of them...

Caught in these thoughts Rose went up to her room and straight to bed. But for once, Rose did not dream of the circus.

<sup>1</sup> Langös is a Hungarian snack food. It is a deep fried dough ball smothered in garlic butter

# Get your primals off

While recombinant DNA technology may have produced some pretty special tricks over the past decade, one obstacle has consistently confounded geneticists worldwide. Yet where the bespectacled ones all floundered in a mess of bacteriophages and endonucleases, Bobby Gillespie has succeeded in cloning the elusive Mick Jagger gene, and

Top doesn't really put one in the rock legends category, though appearing on the covers of British music rags with a coquettish post-Hutchence Kylie Minogue does a bit for the indie-cred. But how many musicians of today can claim to have outscored Evan Dando of the Lemonheads?

And that's only the beginning. Only

string of rather average albums, with Bobby Gillespie supplementing his income (or should that be intake?) by drumming for the Jesus and Mary Chain. But it wasn't until they met up with the likes of British techno-whiz Andrew Weatherall and his mates in the Orb and Hypnotone that things really started happening. That chance meeting of course resulted in the absolutely brilliant *Screamadelica* album, which took the best aspects of the Primal's indie background and fused them with techno grooves which at that stage were still the realm of the under-under-underground scene.

Yet while *Screamadelica* reaped in mega-dollars worldwide (supposedly saving a pre-Ride, Boo Radleys, etc. Creation from following fellow indie label Factory to the grave), *Give out but don't give up* sees Primal Screaming trading techno loops and twists for hot riffs and raw funk. In fact they've even enlisted the help of George Clinton (ex-Parliament Funkadelic and good pal of Prince), the Muscle Shoals rhythm section (soul legends), the Memphis horns (soul gods), Denise Johnson (Hypnotone), Jim Dickinson (pianist on the Stone's *Sticky Fingers*) and Kenny Jones (ex-drummer of The Faces and The Who). Whoa!

With such an entourage, some *Screamadelica* aficionados may feel somewhat justified in accusing the Screaming Jets of selling out by sacrificing headspinningly amazing grooves to "peddle the Stone's retreats." Bobby disagrees:

"Techno music, acid music, all that shit has its roots - it's all coming from Kraftwerk and Giorgio Moroder. So what if the roots of your music are the Stones or the Faces or Otis Redding or whoever? A lot of people have this crazy attitude that everything has got to sound newer than what went before but that's

bullshit. Music is just about expression.

"Music's how you're feeling. It touches you or it doesn't. Let's put it this way, I bought 'I feel love' by Donna Summer and 'Pretty Vacant' by the Sex Pistols on the same day."

Sure, *Give out but don't give up* does reek of its influences, but the fact remains that the Screaming Jets do it so much better than any of their other flare-toting retro contemporaries that it just doesn't matter. Songs like "Rocks", and "Jailbird" are pure unadulterated rock'n'roll, complete with bombastic sing-along choruses and plenty of opportunities for budding air-guitarists. "Funky Jam" is a testimony to the raw genius of funk-pioneer George Clinton, while "Free" sees Denise Johnson taking the vocal reins, investing levels of emotion that would make the likes of Michael Bolton cringe in shame. "Big Jet Plane" then proves that Bobby is not exactly lacking in passion either.

As the man himself says: "Whitney Houston is one of the great contemporary singers. But, I think I'm a better singer than Whitney. She can sing technically better than I ever could, but I think I get more emotion in my voice."

So is Bobby Gillespie the last true rock'n'roll star? Evan Dando, Kylie Minogue and the judging panel of the Mercury Awards all think so. And really, who else is there to fill the position? After all, Kurt Cobain's now out of the running, and Axl Rose - well, what true rock'n'roll star beats his wife?

So while *Give out but don't give up* may not pull in another Mercury award for Primal Screaming it certainly does solidify Bobby Gillespie's status as a true rock'n'roller. And whether that's a good or bad thing I'll leave up to you.

Source: NME 22.1.94

Michael Osborn



splicing out the post-*Exile on Main Street* snooze sequences for Primal Screaming's new album, *Give out but don't give up* (Creation/Sony). However, when you consider the past achievements of the man *The Face* described as "the last true rock'n'roll star," is that so surprising?

Despite taking a brief break from recording, the past few years have hardly seen Primal Screaming sitting back practicing their shoegazing. No siree. When Lou Reed once said "My day is better than anyone else's year," he obviously hadn't anticipated Bobby and the lads.

So what does it take to be a true rock'n'roller? Sure, jamming with ZZ

Primal Screaming could win the prestigious British Mercury Awards for best album with *Screamadelica*, and then disrupt proceedings in a thoroughly authentic rock'n'roll fashion by losing their prize cheque (AKA £20 000 drug voucher) and asking for another. Then on a recent sojourn in the States, keyboardist Martin Duffy, who managed to accidentally wind up in New York instead of Memphis, was knifed and didn't realise it until someone informed him that there was blood gushing from his back! Those Primals, they just don't care...

Despite these hedonistic excesses, Primal Screaming have still found time to put out some rather impressive music. Forming in the early eighties, they released a

## Give them a helping hand

The Screaming Jets shot to nationwide recognition three years ago with a catchy, noisy tune by the name of "Better". Since then the spotlight has strayed from band. However, the 'Jets continued writing, recording and playing music: extensive tours of the U.K. have made them a household name in England, with fan support also building slowly but surely in other European countries. And with first "Shiver" and now the single "Helping Hand" on high rotation on radio stations across the country, the 'Jets went on a across-Australia tour several weeks ago. Florian Minzlaff spoke to the band about the upcoming new album, overseas success and Johnny Cash.

"We're looking to put out a new album middle to late this year. For the last album, we recorded about 20 songs to choose from, so we're hoping to have

the same sort of range to select from this time around. [The album] will be a self-titled one; I think every band needs to do a self-titled album once in their career."

For several years now, the Screaming Jets have gone on extensive overseas tours, and the result has been widespread and rising popularity especially in England, "...where a lot of Aussies, and of course English people, come to our shows. We've been to England eight times; the last few tours we were headlining. We've also been on MTV there a bit.

We did fairly well in America last year, even though the 'States are a bit weird in that you're big in some parts, and then in other parts people don't know you at all. Also, in mainland Europe, Germany especially is looking good for us. We're intending to tour there again some time

in the near future."

However, the band rejects the idea of doing a 'label tour' with other Australian acts: "Without wanting to sound arrogant, we think we do better tours ourselves. These things have been tried before, and they often flop. No-one goes to them."

The Screaming Jets played the first touring Big Day Out, in 1993, but were not on the bill this year, and I asked about a rumour that the promoters were not interested in having the band.

"Yeah, I did hear comments that we weren't indie enough, which seems kind of, er, surprising to me because we were one of the most played acts on Triple J with 'Shiver'. We didn't actually get to see the Big Day Out this year because we've been either touring or heavily in the studio for the last eighteen months."

The band have no intention of missing the BDO '95, though. "We've already made special plans to see Johnny Cash. He's awesome, we're big fans of his, and I think it's huge that he's coming for the Big Day Out '95. It'll be interesting to see how the younger generation respond to him." [I'm still not sure whether there was a hint of sarcasm or not.]

Lastly, I asked how or as what the 'Jets see themselves. "That's a difficult question. I would say that we're a rock 'n' roll band, simply. When 'Better' first came out, a lot of people used to think, 'What vibe are they trying to get; are they trying to get an indie vibe, or be more mainstream, or ...?' Well, the answer is that we're not trying to get any particular vibe, we're just a rock n' roll band."

# Puttin' the funk back in it

With a trip to some of the world's more exotic locations just around the corner and a highly successful debut album under their belt, it would seem that DIG are on the verge of greatness.

Adam Le Nevez spoke to guitarist Tim Rollinson.

On Monday May 23 DIG will play what will be their last gig in Adelaide for quite some time. Following the success of their first album *Deeper* (it debuted at number seven on the national charts), they are wasting no time in capitalising on the recognition and status that they have achieved. A choc-a-block tour awaits which will see them play in Hobart and Melbourne then Europe and the United States, which means that they will be away for most of what is left of 1994.

DIG do not fit comfortably into the stereotypical mould of pop idols; shit, they only have one guitar and it's not used only to fill in the empty bits of the music. As far as popular live music in Australia goes, they are the exception to a fairly straight rule but in the last year they have gone from the fringe of the Sydney club scene to national recognition and near continual airplay. Much of this is due to their determination and hard work, touring constantly and averaging four to five shows a week. Essentially though, it is what DIG is offering that has drawn their fans to them. Guitarist Tim Rollinson explains:

"A lot of people are turning on to it because it's different to what they've been hearing on the radio recently, which most people will admit has been getting quite bland- we're offering some sort of alternative. We are lucky in one sense in that we're the first of our type - the first band to meld jazz and funk and bits of hip-hop and things like that that's actually made an impression in its home country of Australia. I think we've been given a certain amount of novelty value from some people who have never heard music like ours before."

So when this novelty value wears off, what will remain of DIG and acid jazz?

Are they the latest of novelty acts destined for the CD bargain bins at Woolworths, or will they become remembered as the first of many indigenous exponents of this style of music in Australia?

"I hope that people will be listening to what we do in the future because I hope the music will extend and keep its fresh-



ness; people hopefully will still be interested in what we have got to say. As far as acid jazz goes, I guess it is something that may go out of fashion but that depends on how you interpret the term really. If you think of acid jazz as being dance music that is performed live by people as opposed to something that is sequenced and more techno, I think there will always be a market for live music and a lot of musicians who haven't found a place to play can hopefully follow our lead. The feeling that you get from a live performance is something that you really can't duplicate. The whole point of what we do is that no performance is the same as any

other and that's why we can keep playing night after night. You can really feel the audience checking out what's going on as well and I really enjoy that. That's why what we are doing won't die; the terminology may change but the live thing will never go."

DIG certainly have a vision of the future

of music that involves change. They are highly critical of a rock and roll industry that is "fast becoming anachronistic" and does not accept 'fringe' music styles such as jazz. In their attitude as well as their music they are constantly stretching the traditional definitions of

what popular music is. Gone are the three minute formula songs designed to be digested on commercial radio and in are the extended instrumental solos, thought provoking lyrics and, to be blunt, sheer musical talent that has been lacking for a while in rock music. Moreover, no one is more important than anyone else in the largely instrumental band. There is no leader and no ego is more important than the music.

DIG revel in the openness of jazz, something that many have denounced as esotericism, where the message of the music is open to individual interpretation.

"It is thinking music for the feet and the

body. If we can get you up dancing that's good but if an audience prefers to listen then we're OK with that as well. We're concerned with both sides of that spectrum jazz is meant to be involved in. I say the riches are there if you wish to be involved with it. I prefer to play with passion so that people can be interested by the music."

Things have not been totally smooth for DIG, with their heavy schedule and recent line-up changes. Local bassist Sam Dixon joined the band late last year after Alex Hewetson left to concentrate on his other band Swoop. Obviously this caused disruption to a band which relies on the individual input of each musician but, as Rollinson explains, Dixon has fitted in well.

"The way we put songs together is really a collaborative process and Sam has been putting his ideas in as well. The longer that Sam has been in the band the more he stamps his individualism onto it. Obviously at first he had to learn the songs that we already had and he pretty much stuck to Alex's bass lines. But since then we have written five or six new pieces and he has been part of the whole writing process."

Since the release of their first album DIG have established themselves nationally as one of the most creative and exciting bands in the country. Next for them are the big-time markets of Europe and America where they will have to cut their teeth with such bands as Corduroy, Galliano and Mother Earth. But DIG seem to be ready for the challenge. They have got their shit together and unquestionably have the talent. Best of all though, DIG don't rely on glitz and image to sell themselves. They let the music do that.

## Belly to the Ground Rig Cruz

OK, so Big Black used loud guitars and a drum machine and almost got away with it, and a lot of others have tried. One thing you may have noticed is that nearly all of them eventually went back to getting some poor bastard and forcing him to keep up on the drum kit. There's a reason. It sounds a whole lot better!!!

Well, now that I've got that off my chest, to Rig. They make some pounding noise, I guess it's got to be called industrial because of the drum machine, and they sure know how to get a blazing guitar sound. If they stuck to songs like 'Buried Alive' and 'Cattleaxe' and got a real drummer, they'd be one of the best hardcore bands around. With the digital

roadie and slower songs, they get relegated to pretty neat, pretty cool.

Daniel Kearney

## The Division Bell Pink Floyd Columbia/Sony

First, let me say that *The Division Bell* is good. The spacey, atmospheric instrumentals, the catchy songs, the rousing, anthemic choruses and *that* guitar all combine to make a good album; in fact I doubt that Pink Floyd are actually capable of writing bad music.

However, this is where it ends. *The Division Bell* lacks the power and atmosphere of *Momentary Lapse Of Reason*, and the touches of eccentric genius that made *Wish You Were Here* and *Dark Side Of The Moon* such masterpieces are not to be found here. It hurts

me to say this, but it appears that Pink Floyd have used up their reservoirs of creativity and originality, and are content to fall back on proven formulae.

*The Division Bell* is still good; however, as with the fading performances of ageing sports superstars, one has become spoilt by better, and an album that is merely "good" seems disappointing in the light of Pink Floyd's past achievements. Let's hope they return to form with the next album.

Florian Minzlaff

## Manilow Smudge Half a Cow Records

What can you say about Smudge that hasn't been said? *Manilow* is a pop album, pure and undiluted. It contains several remixes of previous releases

("Superhero", "Pulp", "Divan")- which are improved upon. *Manilow* talks to your feet and made me smile.

Produced by Nic Dalton of Lemonheads and Plunderers fame, *Manilow* harks back to the fuller sound of 'Grant McLennan' days. *Manilow* is also more consistent than any prior Smudge release.

If you like sweet guitar pop, you'll like *Manilow*, if not ... why not?

Darien O'Reilly

### Freebies!

Simply drop into the On Dit office at 1.15 on Tuesday and you could win Boston *I Need Your Love*; Aerosmith *Crazy*; Big Mountain *Baby I Love Your Way*; Tony DiBart *The Real Thing*; Counting Crows *Round Here* or; Green Apple *Quick Step Dirty Water Ocean*.

# Tea for three Canadian style

It seems that, of late, Canadian three-piece The Tea Party can do no wrong. Since being snaffled up by EMI Canada in early 1993, their debut album *Splendor Solis* and subsequent singles have sold well in both their homeland and in the USA, leading to their high profile supports with acts such as Blind Melon. Jeffrey Martin (voice, guitar), Stuart Chatwood (bass) and Jeff Burrows (drums) have just completed a national tour, either selling out or going within a gnat's wing of filling venues right around the country.

I asked the lads how fortune had thrown them together. Jeffrey, so they claimed, has the best story;

Jeffrey: "We were all born and brought up in Windsor (which, trivia buffs, is the southernmost city in Canada). Three years ago, Stuart and I were in a band together back home that really wasn't doing much. Jeff was in another band based in Detroit that wasn't doing much better. A mutual friend of ours that owns a pub in Windsor was booking bands for one of the busiest weekends of the year, and one of them cancelled, so she called us. Jeff came up to where we were living, and we booked a rehearsal space. We started at six in the morning, and it just went on, it went off. All of these ideas just kept coming up. Stuart and I had been working on the seeds of songs like "The River" and "Save Me" with our other band, but the musicianship, the idiosyncrasies just hadn't been there. But Jeff brought in his ability, his power, and it was just there. We all sort of looked at each other, and it was just like, 'Wow'. We had to make the decision right then and there if we wanted to do this gig, to be a band, and we just made it."

The Tea Party seems a strangely flippant name for a band that prides itself on making serious music. Jeffrey soon put any fears I might have had about latent silliness to rest.

"For that first gig we called ourselves Grasshopper, and we got by with some dumb names for a while. But when we realised that we were doing this thing for sure, we had to ask ourselves what were some of the things that we thought about music, what we liked and what we didn't, and we decided that it was time to have a revolt against what was going on in rock'n'roll, the way that it doesn't seem to credit the audience with any intelligence anymore. So, after the analogy of the Boston Tea Party, when the Americans had their revolt, we decided to name ourselves after that."

Windsor is a blue-collar, auto factory town not far from Detroit, and it seems that growing up and living so close to this large US city has affected the Tea Party to a great extent.

Jeff: "In Detroit hard rock is huge, it's definitely not the Motown of old at all. There's barely any funk stations left there at all, but there's four really major hard rock stations owned by big corporations like ABC. It's also the second biggest blues city, next to Chicago, which had another major effect on us. From there, just getting bored with the whole classic rock '101

songs that you always hear' kind of thing, straying into other types of music."

Jeffrey: "You start out interested in the straight blues artists and then gravitate towards artists that use the blues as a part of their music, diffusing all of these elements into acoustic music. That's the kind of thing that we would like to do with electric music."

Stuart: "And then there's world music, Eastern sort of music. . . just a variety of things that we like. But every kid in Windsor is affected by that, by being so close to Detroit."

Australia has never been exactly overrun with bands and artists from Canada, a country so close to the USA from where we hear much. For this reason I wondered how hard it was for a Canadian band to be successful in the enormous American market.

Stuart: "There haven't been that many bands from Canada that have made it big in the States. Our single just got added on to 51 radio stations, which sounds like a lot but there are more than 200 in the States. You just have to keep chipping away."

Jeff: "A lot of bands don't take the trouble and can't spare the expense to come to Australia; it's so far away. But we take the approach that we're both small countries, both old colonies, have a similar sized industry."

It seems that Australian artists who yearn after any level of success have to always follow the same complicated path. Despite the similarities in Canada's and our own music industry, this isn't always the case over there.

Jeff: "It can be like that, but it's not as far to go, you do have the States down there, not like Australia. Some bands do try to go down there - there's a band called the Tragically Hip, who are just super-huge in Canada but nothing in the States, except in Texas, where they love them. And that's all. So it is a bit of a strange scene."

The Tea Party have had to weather many comparisons with bands such as Led Zeppelin and the Doors, even accusations that they are openly copying their style. Such comments do not faze the band, however, and they are happy to take them head on.

Jeffrey: "There are two ways that we approach it. If it's a journalist or just some Joe who can't see past the end of their nose, then they have a problem with perception. But if you're a person who can see that we go much deeper than just that, it's different."

Jeff: "We're not denying the influence from Led Zeppelin, but we'll deny any influence from the Doors. We're not fans of the Doors, never have been. We're just using several bands as textbooks and expanding on whatever we can. They have been a major part of our lives and something that we hold dear. It's a great style that is still being played, and other people have ripped it off far more than we have been accused of."

Stuart: "For us to use these bands as influences is almost sacrilegious, but for a

funk band to use George Clinton is considered cool. But in rock'n'roll it's completely different."

Jeff: "It's like a hip-hop act is encouraged to sample James Brown, it's like 'Don't forget your roots'."

Stuart: "Led Zeppelin could be accused of a lot of things too, if you want to be harsh."

The band have been on the road since July 1993 virtually without a break, but things show no sign of stopping.

Jeff: "For this album we'll keep touring until around the end of October, I think. And then it will just be tour, record, tour record. We'll just start over again."

Stuart: "We were talking about this the other night. Tour buses can be a drag, but they can be fun too. They certainly make you appreciate hotel rooms."

Jeff: "Travelling wears on you, but we're doing what so many people would love to be doing. We've dreamed of doing this all our lives."

The cover of *Splendor Solis* and many of the lyrics on the album seem to reflect an almost mystical influence. This led me to wonder exactly where Jeffrey found the inspiration for his sometimes obscure lyrics.

Jeffrey: "I could name you any number of authors. It ranges from Carl Young to Friedrich Nietzsche and Robert Young. At the time of *Splendor Solis* I was really

into a book called *The White Goddess*. . . it's a book by Robert Graves, it's like a grammatical history of poetry. But it also has a subtext in which he goes back to the roots of religion, paganism or whatever you want to call it, just concerned with the tangible in nature. Lyrically I like to get into symbolism like that, because it's something that everyone in the world can understand in the same language. I really try to stay away from pigeonholing the band into concerns or social habits that are just about Canada. We love our country, but we do want this band to have a universal appeal."

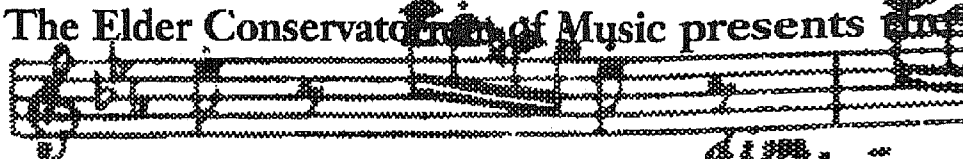
Stuart: "We don't so much write about an event, more use it as a background for the feelings behind it."

Jeffrey: "In Canada we had a stand-off on a reserve between a native tribe and the federal police and agents. These people just wanted to stand up for their land rights, which happens a lot in Canada. They wanted to build a golf course on these people's land, which is typical. And as opposed to writing about the political side of it, I'd try to write more about the spiritual side of it. The angst, the agony, the rage. Emotions, human emotions, that's what it all comes down to. The cradle of the soul."

Indeed.

Dale Adams

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# A new dimension in chaotic pop

When you think of life in Dunedin, a small town tucked deep in the south of New Zealand's South Island, you probably think: mountains, trees, beauty, silence. Keep thinking and you might come up with: boredom, frustration, distraction. This is the land of the 3Ds, one of the best chaotic noise pop bands you're ever likely to hear. In their second album, *The Venus Trail*, they take all the extremities of life on the periphery, all the serene beauty and twisted distraction, and roll it all up into one harrowing masterpiece. Almost everything is in here - the playful slacker Pavement sound, the eccentric electric Sonic Youth sound, the vulnerable Sebadoh sound, the tormented Dinosaur Jr sound. The tension is overwhelming.

"Yeah, we had a hell of a time actually trying to put that thing together," says Dave Mitchell, singer and song-writer. "We were suddenly aware how the moods would swap with every song. We just sat there going: 'well, what're we going to do?' Mysteriously, it holds together; perhaps as tenuously as life seems to. Somehow, it seems right that 'Beautiful Things' with its subtle acoustic clarity, be followed by 'Man on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown', a thundering claustrophobic mess of a song. How did they do it? 'Well,' explains Dave, 'when you're feeling pretty fucked up, you write a fucked up song, and when you're not so fucked up, you'll write something that isn't quite as grim.'

Thanks. Silly me. I'm starting to wonder whether I've perhaps been thinking a little too hard about things. After all, this is the band who list their occupations as drunken sailors, claim they met after staging a mutiny on the high seas, cite their influences as Merge,

Clive Barker and a beer Mac's Gold, and record their music in an old Masonic Lodge. As Dave explains:

"We were looking for a big room, somewhere away from the population, and our drummer was living above this giant lodge, so we just thought, you know, let's see if we can hire it." Why not, I guess.

But is everything this casual and fun-filled? I mean they're about to tour Europe with Pavement and Superchunk, meaning bigger crowds, more pressure, maybe some hard work. Will it be a struggle to keep having fun? "I've never really thought about it," says Dave. Oops, I'm thinking too much again. "Our agenda is we play music and write songs, and I don't think about it. Last time we went to America was the first time I was even aware of what the music industry is all about. Living in New Zealand, it's always been: 'you've got a guitar, you have some friends, you play music.' The moment you go overseas, it's like meeting up with fifteen million bankers with big egos, and they're all out there gambling on which horse is going to bring in the most money."

Yet the 3Ds manage to escape. "We're fine. No-one's flying over here to check us out. We get asked to do all these things. We don't ever have to plan anything or work anything out." That's OK with Dave. Everything is OK with Dave. If the 3Ds were from somewhere with cool-credibility, they would be whole lot bigger than they are. Stupidly, I wonder whether this bothers them.

"Not really. I think that the way we have grown has been pretty natural and we are still four really good friends. I think a lot of bands get chewed up so quickly because they get hyped and

thrown into the furnace too early. Nirvana becoming famous overnight and then two years later it's 'excuse me while I pick bits of brain off the floor' . . . I'd rather be dealing with life on a more easy-going level."

By now it is clear that these folk not only don't give a fuck about hype, they never thought about giving a fuck in the first place. They really are out to have fun expressing themselves. Their honesty even turns the depressing,

portrays a business-man being sodomised by a giant sewer rat. I start making connections with another New Zealander - Peter Jackson, maker of *Meet the Feebles* and *Brain Dead*.

"Yeah, he's a pretty odd one. Though big cities bring out strange things in people, they're more likely to channel their weird thoughts into work or getting lost; whereas in Dunedin you've got the view, your desk and your guitar. It's all up to the individual."



darker songs into uplifting listening. According to Dave, all this can be explained by the way folk live in Dunedin.

"The individual gets a real opportunity to grow however he or she really wants, and because the population's so small you get a lot of time to yourself." Perhaps this also explains the cover art for *The Venus Trail*, done by Dave himself, which, amongst other things,

And now these lovable individuals are off to Europe to win many an adoring heart. Seeya Dave! Have fun! "Yeah, we'll keep away from shotguns. Bye." They are taking their local, quirky, fresh sound to the world, free of any rock-star rock-from-above bullshit, and the world will love them for it.

Andrew Fisher

## Primus: Impressive but abrupt

### Primus

#### Heaven

Sunday, 8th May

After more than successful appearances at the Big Day Outs of Melbourne and Sydney, it seemed once again that Adelaide would be snubbed and that Primus would bypass our shores. To our surprise and delight, Primus arrived and played to a near capacity crowd at Heaven. The somewhat cult following that had gathered waded their way through the opening act of the Mark of Cain. Their loud and thrashy style had a number of hardcore punters begin their moshing that would later develop into quite a frenzied state.

The three-piece outfit consisting of the mastery of Les Claypod on bass, Larry

LaLonde on guitar and Tim Alexander on drums arrived on stage to a riotous reception. Their opening number, "Here Come the Bastards", had immediate impact on the gathering with this favourite from *Sailing the Seas of Cheese*, setting a high standard for the rest of the set. For just over the next hour and a quarter, Primus proceeded to produce a fucking brilliant show which, during that time, would have won over any sceptical onlooker in the full house.

With highlights aplenty, including classics such as "Jerry the Race Car Driver" and "My Name is Mud", the crowd was kept on their toes until the conclusion. "Harold of the Rocks" finished off a high charged and entertaining, yet ultimately short show.

When they went off for the second time, there was an air of expectancy and

it appeared as if it would be fulfilled when the lads burst back on. Claypod had gone bare-chested and the awaiting mass were ready to go berserk, yet ten seconds later they were gone and I, along with others, was left a little dumbfounded.

In what can be the only detraction of an outstanding performance, they were just a little too short which, in turn, meant that a few of their more well-known songs went missing. The recent increase in Primus airplay would have meant that quite a number of recent fans would have been disappointed that "Mr Crinkle" was not played. "Tommy the Cat" was also noticeably missing and was reportedly not played at either the Melbourne or Sydney Big Day Outs.

Apart from this, Primus managed to enthrall the crowd with their inventive

brand of music. The sheer wizardry of Les Claypod's bass pranks was enough of a drawcard by itself. Strutting about the stage and indulging in some lighthearted banter ensured that he was the centre of attention. When Claypod produced the trimmed down double bass that extra dimension that is Primus was displayed. Complimented by the reserved yet quite brilliant LaLonde and the energetic Alexander, Primus were an outstanding three man collective.

Overall, Primus produced an impressive performance marred only by an abrupt conclusion. If, and when they return, promoters will be justified in providing a larger venue after the surprisingly large turnout. So, if the chance presents itself, give Primus a chance and check out their wares. Fish on!

Matt Rawes

# Udderly Fabulous

Urban Cow Studio  
11 Frome St  
Open daily 11-7

The Urban Cow Studio is an inspiration for students. It is rare to see graduates establishing their own venture based on a commitment to an ideal established during halcyon days at university. It is even rarer to be inspired by the vision which is created.

It is a gallery, a retail store, a workshop and, hopefully, a focal point for artistic interchange. This combination reinterprets preconceived notions of what a studio is and removes much of the mystique prevalent in the display of items which are hand crafted and of artistic merit.

The three urban cows behind the concept are designers Simone Thomson, Cindy Clements and Sue Kreig with lone bull Mike Kreig involved in retailing and marketing the studio. The breadth of the designers' experience, consistent with their holistic design ideals, encompasses ceramics and glass, sculpture, furniture design and interior design.

The studio is conceived to allow a continuation of the studio environment which each found so valuable at university. It will also enable the group to foster a holistic approach to design, not only among themselves but also between other artists who will be encouraged to display there. In addition, they will be able to maintain their artistic integrity by controlling the marketing and retailing of their work. Their holistic and individualistic ap-

proach is their response to a perception that once their work becomes subject to the precepts of an institution or employer, their individual spirit and creative drive will become fragmented. They each revel in their youthful and spontaneous approach to creating pieces and pride themselves on remaining independent.

The Urban Cow Studio is sited in a two storey attached terrace whose velvety blue exterior highlights golden French doors and white concrete balustrades. Its modest interior spaces are characterised by mottled, lime-washed walls in vibrant primaries and honeyed timber floors. The bold use of colour does not detract from the pieces on display but, strangely, adds warmth and character. A weathered wooden dinghy, used as a display cabinet, encapsulates the essential vibrancy and freshness of the studio.

The inaugural exhibition of work, naturally enough, focuses on a whimsically bovine theme: from large ceramic salt and pepper shakers which moo as you shake, to plates depicting Larson-like cows chatting to each other and horned driftwood sculptures.

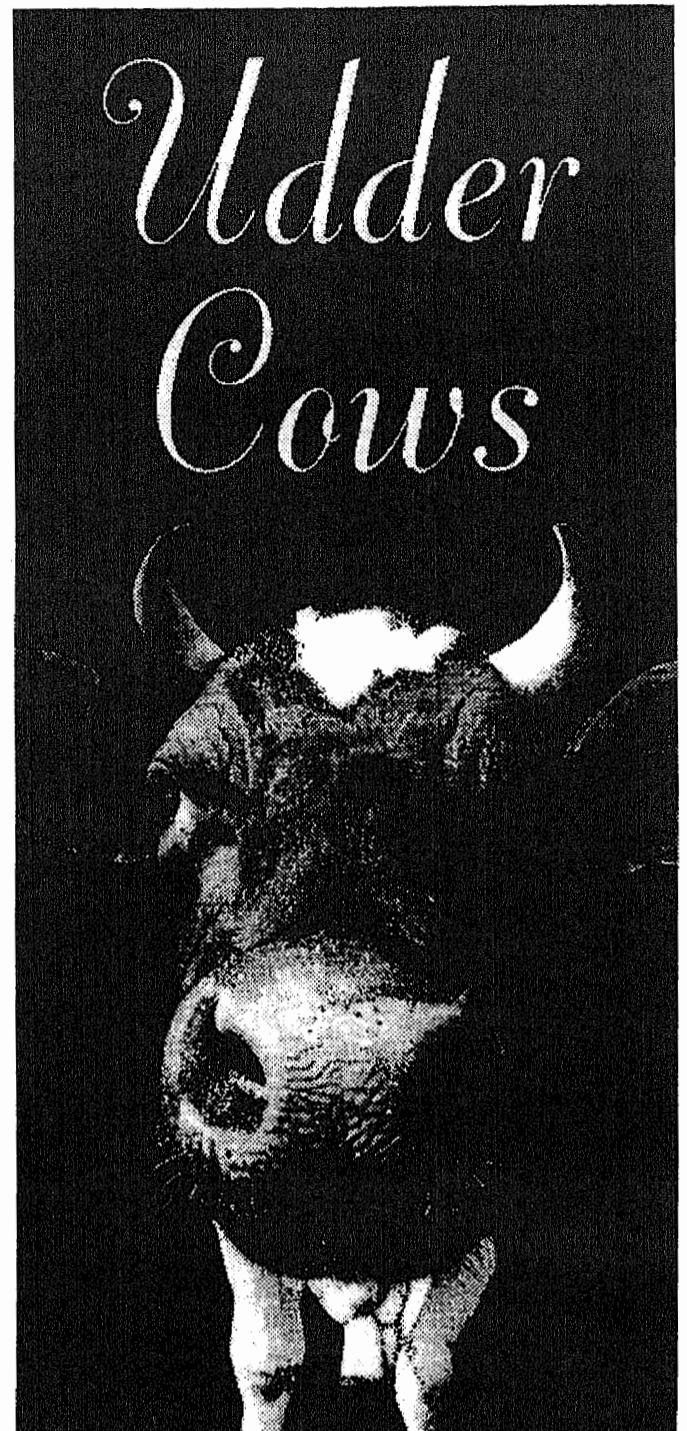
However, do not think that the studio will be your one stop shop for everything that moos. The studio will offer a diverse and ever changing range of artistic pieces in a way that is not catered for in any of the stores up and down Rundle Street. In the present exhibition there are pieces from interstate artists and expressions of interest from other artists, both local and interstate, to display works there for sale. The studio is also forging links interstate with like-minded small gal-

eries and stores which may provide fruitful results.

But what about the name? It may be unique, but...Urban Cow? In a somewhat deprecating way, the answer derives from days spent at Underdale lying on the grass by the Torrens after an all night study binge. The serene slothfulness of this inactivity led Clements to comment to the others that this is how cows must feel. Thomson chirped that they were like urban cows...And it went from there.

When next you wander up to Rundle St for a few hours of coffee and foccacia, Urban Cow Studio is on the way. You should stop by for a look. Not only is it an interesting addition to the East End experience, but also it provides a contrary example to the bleak existence we are told to expect when we complete university. The current exhibition ends Friday 10 June.

Tom Pikusa



# Family Murder Greek Style



Electra cast members strike the pose. Photo: Gerald Toh

The Adelaide University Theatre Guild presents the gripping Greek tragic drama, *Electra* in a two week season, May 25 - 28, and June 1-4.

*Electra* was written by Euripides, who lived in the classical Athens of the 5th century, under the leadership of the famed Pericles. Euripides' plays were noted for the originality they brought to the Greek theatre. In a society where women were deemed of little worth in their own right, Euripides wrote plays that treated sympathetically their women characters and the situations in which they found themselves.

Its plot taken from one of the many myths possessed by the Greeks, *Electra* portrays the dilemma of the woman of the same name who has endured an agonising family tragedy. *Electra*'s mother Clytaemnestra engineered the destruction of her husband Agamemnon, who had returned from the Trojan War, at the hands of her lover Aegisthus. In the world of ancient Greece, it was a familial obligation to see that justice was done in the event of a murder of one's kin.

In Euripides' play, *Electra* and her brother Orestes must confront the reality of their

mother's crime and their own desire for vengeance, particularly so *Electra* who has lived in poverty and despair since her father's murder. Should *Electra* and Orestes bring their mother to justice by taking her life in revenge for their father's murder? *Electra* provides no easy answers, which makes for compelling theatre.

Directed by June Barnes, *Electra* brings alive the passion of Greek tragic drama, including a thirteen member Chorus which provides the dramatic context through chanting, singing, and dancing. While a number of cast and crew members are University of Adelaide students, the production is a cross-campus effort drawing on the talents of students and staff members from the University of South Australia and Flinders University as well.

Don't miss this powerful opening to the 1994 Theatre Guild Season. Tickets are \$14 and \$9 concession. Book at Bass or through the Theatre Guild, 303 5999.

*OnDit* has three double passes to *Electra*. To claim one for yourself, come into the office on Thursday at 1pm and smile sweetly at us.

# Our very own Pearl Harbour

## *Crow* The Playhouse

Darwin, 1942. Australia's own version of Pearl Harbour is just about to happen. Civilians are fleeing and the inept military are champing at the bit to take control. Meanwhile, a gutsy Aboriginal woman named Crow is waging a legal battle of her own and struggling to keep her family from falling apart.

Thus the stage is set for Louis Nowra's *Crow*, State Theatre's latest production at the Playhouse. Although both Nowra's script and director Adam Cook's production have their flaws, overall *Crow* is an entertaining and engaging experience.

Nowra's script abounds with vitality and detail. Like an Agatha Christie whodunnit, some paths lead nowhere and others strike straight home. Part of the fun in watching *Crow* is in guessing which character details casually dropped into the stream of conversation in the first act emerge as crucial plot points in the second act. Viz: first act: Crow's son Vince is described as a boxer. Aha! thinks the astute audience member. *There's gonna be a fight scene later on.* And whaddya know? There was!

If that sense of predictability was the worst that could be said of *Crow*, then the performance of Edwin Hodgeman must be the best. A State Theatre perennial, Hodgeman really outdoes himself (and everyone else on stage) in *Crow*. He takes four roles in the play: the Governor, the snivelling public servant Taylor, the black-market dealer Wright, and Mrs Gavin, the prissy proprietor of the local hotel; and he never fails to leave an impression. Exactly why Louis Nowra specifies that a male actor plays the part of Mrs Gavin remains a mystery: however, in this case it has worked surprisingly well. Hodgeman brings depth and a touch of decadence to the role, and carries it off with aplomb.

The corollary of this, of course, is that nobody else on stage is as impressive as Hodgeman. Lydia Miller plays the challenging lead role, but appears to run out of the requisite energy and enthusiasm for the part three-quarters of the way through. Nevertheless, she has some memorable moments, including a scene where she attempts to force her son's straying fiancé into marriage.

Steve Rex Greig looks distinctly uncomfortable in the part of Lieutenant Cole, and the scenes in the second act where he threatens Crow's life are frankly

laughable. His death (which is inevitable) is also unconvincing: even from where I was sitting I could see the rise and fall of his chest. I became aware that this was not a dramatic death of a major character, but a guy on stage pretending to be dead, and doing it very badly at that.

David Ngoombujurra, as Crow's son Vince, had a propensity to mumble his lines, which meant great tracts of dialogue, as well as an exceptionally long monologue in the first act, passed by going nowhere. Claudia La Rose Bell, however, turned in a confident performance as the strong-willed Ruth. She was loud, aggressive, defiant, and I liked her a lot.

There were moments in Nowra's script in which pace was lost. The scenes where Crow converses with her dead ex lover, Patrick, were a complete waste and only detracted from the dramatic impetus of the plot. The final scene of the play also lacked oomph; indeed the second act as a whole was less consistent and powerful than the first. That said, the dialogue often bubbled along with more than a fair smattering of wit, including a gem spoken by the repulsive black marketeer Wright: "I'm not disabled. I'm just fuckin' lazy".



Crow and Ruth

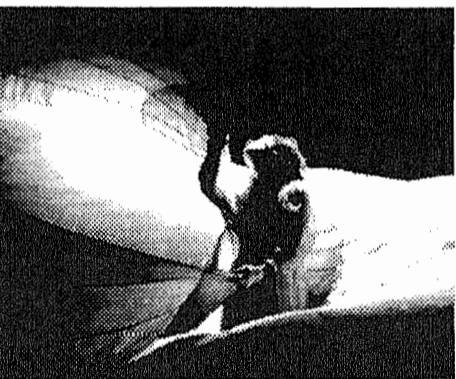
The technical aspects of *Crow* were very slick and very seamless. Brian Thomson's set marvellously evoked a burning Darwin summer, complemented by Mark Howett's lighting and Jane Rossetto's sound design.

State Theatre had a bumpy start to the year with the ill-received *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*. Although *Crow* still has some bugs in the system (of both the script and production variety), it is definitely a step forward. I'm looking forward to that next step.

David Mills

# Transporting dreamscape

## *Forget me Not* Compagnie Philippe Genty Until May 28



Parachute material is a wonderful thing. Particularly in the hands of the Compagnie Philippe Genty. Everything is wonderful in the hands, and the entire bodies, of the Compagnie Philippe Genty. They create a dreamscape, a world where, as the (admittedly somewhat wanky) programme says, "all references are banished".

The performance opens with a rippling length of material suddenly transforming into a snowy landscape. A tiny lone figure drags a sled across the stage. This figure reappears right at the very end of the show, but this time it is a real person.

The entire production plays with similarity and difference in this way. A number of motifs reappear in different forms

throughout. Humans manipulate puppets which are lifesized replicas, but it is often hard to tell the difference between the two. Tiny dolls emerge from where a person has just been. The male dancers appear larger than life with brown paper bags over their head: another image that is repeated throughout.

One of the most striking images is of a nightmarish creature which traps people. It scared the hell out of me but I loved it. But my absolutely favourite part, as it always is with Genty, is swirling parachute material. It is utterly transporting.

The one thing I found slightly jarring was a chimpanzee / woman who was forever doing odd, but often amusing, things.

While it was yet another similarity / difference sort of thing and she was acted / danced / mimed extremely well I remain mystified as to why she was referred to as the universal mother in the programme. Especially after it had said that there was no reference to the outside world. It really was a wanky programme.

After it was all over and I was standing awestruck, a complete stranger decided I looked like I knew something and asked me what it had all meant. With Phillippe Genty this is an absolutely superfluous question. Narrative? Meaning? Who cares? I was unable to give her a satisfactory answer. Go and see what you make of it.

Lorien Kaye

# An acknowledged classic

## *La Traviata* State Opera

The State Opera of South Australia's performance of Verdi's *La Traviata* is a fantastic version of one of the best known operas around. Based on Dumas Fil's *La Dame aux Camelias*, the first time it was performed, it died a death, being seen as "too controversial". That was back in 1853, when an opera glorifying prostitution didn't go down too well with the morality of the day. One hundred and forty odd years later, it's an acknowledged classic, and to say that the State Opera does it justice can only be an

understatement.

The cast assembled by Andrew Sinclair is headed by Judith Henley as Violetta Valery, the TB stricken courtesan, and Geoffrey Harris as her paramour, Alfredo Germont. Together, these two capture the mood of forced gaiety and desperate passion that Verdi has infused into his work, and their singing fires the audience's imagination. Even though Violetta's demise is inevitable, and her love for Alfredo is doomed to remain unrequited, such is the quality of performance given by Henley and Harris, that you can't help wishing that it will all end happily. They are admirably supported by an experienced cast and the

State Opera Chorus that seem to have taken the difficult libretto in their stride.

James Ridewood, the set designer, and Florin Radulescu, the conductor, must also be congratulated for adding their considerable talents to this marvellous show. The set seems to be influenced by the one used by the Australian Opera for *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with a strong centre-piece, and menacing branches that overhang the wings, and fits the mood of the opera perfectly.

The only discord in this concord is the choreography. On a stage as big as the one in the Festival Theatre, it must be a difficult feat to make it appear cramped and overcrowded. When you're con-

stantly glancing up to follow the surtitles (and aren't they irritating), the last thing you want is to have to look back and search around the stage for the leads.

That minor gripe aside, the whole ensemble deserve to be congratulated. The move from Her Majesty's Theatre seems to have done the State Opera the world of good. Now with room to move, and an auditorium that lets them make the most of what they have to offer to Adelaide audiences, the SO is flourishing. Between the *La Traviata*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream* that the AO are taking to Edinburgh, the differences in quality are hard to spot.

Michael Nelson

# It's a long way to the top

**Highway To Hell...  
The Life and Times of AC/  
DC  
Legend Bon Scott.  
Clinton Walker**

Rock'n'roll biographies are always potential literary disasters. Because they are invariably about dead people, they tend to deify their subject. Add clichéd rock journalism to this scenario and you have a bad book on your hands. Ainton Walker, despite being, among other things, a rock journalist and despite telling the story of a dead singer, manages to avoid these clichés.

*Highway to Hell*, whilst dedicated to Bon Scott, is a story of AC/DC. And this is a story that is certainly worth telling. Australia's first, and only, legitimate international band has a history that divulges much about the development of Australia's own musical tradition. Walker writes this history by tracing the musical emergence of

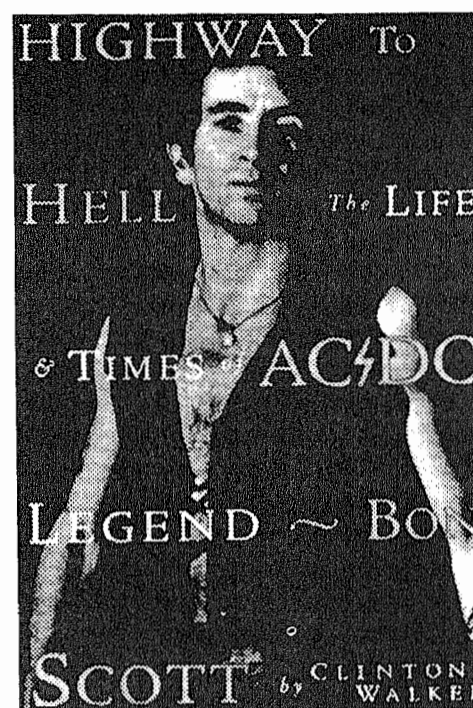
Bon and of Malcolm and Angus Young, and depicting the networks of bands and management and promotion in which they became involved. This tells the reader a lot about the infancy and the growth of Australia's own popular music scene. Walker chants the complex genealogies that culminated in AC/DC's success. The rock music scenes of the mid-to-late sixties and early seventies in Fremantle, Melbourne and Adelaide are heavily researched. As well, lucid pictures are drawn of that era's heavies, people like George Young, Stevie Wright, Johnny Young and Billy Thorpe. Not only does this fill out the background to AC/DC's rise to fame, it also reminds us that the commercial imperatives of record companies and radio stations and promoters have *always* at least compromised the musical integrity of musicians and bands.

The picture that Walker evokes of Bon is of a generous and energetic man - never a bloke to say no to a fan's request or to refuse a beer with a mate.

However, Walker doesn't attempt to shun Bon's off-stage exploits; the womanising, the booze and the drugs are not glossed over, yet neither are they glamorised. One can easily develop some sort of sympathy for Bon, who, after years on the road chasing the rock'n'roll dream, becomes sad and lonely, easily given to binges of self-abuse.

However, there is an inherent problem in writing a biography about *Bon Scott*, the singer of AC/DC. And that is that Bon became famous through AC/DC, yet his position in the group was always tenuous. Walker acknowledges that AC/DC was the project of the Young brothers, a point supported by their refusal to be interviewed for *Highway to Hell*. Would Bon have left AC/DC or have been asked to leave, had he not died?

There is no doubt this book will have a big commercial value. It provides an analysis of Bon's sordid death, something else that will attract interest. After sales have slowed, its more per-



manent value will be as a document, a contribution to Australia's ever growing and changing popular music tradition.

David Raftery

# They'll pass you by, glory days

**Glory Days  
Rosie Scott  
\$14.95**

*Glory Days* is the engaging first novel of New Zealand expatriate, Rosie Scott. It is a portrait of Auckland's seedy underworld seen through the eyes of artist and involuntary participant, Glory Day.

At first glance, *Glory Day* appears as just another fat and overwhelmingly acid-tongued woman who has happened across a bit of artistic talent. As the story progressed, however, the reader is shown more than just a still-life, the central character develops into an almost masterpiece. To the end, *Glory Day* is large in size but

magnificent in constitution.

Scott succeeds in creating a character that is profound amongst the profane. Glory has led an ugly life with a miserable upbringing in the lowest of classes. A fling with the insipid drug world and two failed marriages ... not to mention the humiliation of an overly buxom figure should have all taken their toll. As with most literary characters, however, that which does not kill will always strengthen and so Glory overcomes it and attributes it to what has made her art successful. Glory has suffered for her art and all her misery becomes a mere backdrop of the past.

The novel begins with Glory's attempted rescue of a young junkie who has overdosed in the night club where Glory sings. It then traces Glory's efforts to prevent her

life crumbling. The model that she paints in her artwork, Roxy is obsessed by her. Roxy would like to be Glory but if that is impossible, destroying her is the next best thing. Roxy's attempt to have Glory framed for the murder of the junkie paints her character as weak and desperate. She is crazed with little control over either herself or her trail of destruction. This weakness in the character of Roxy works to further illuminate Glory's strength.

Rosie Scott cleverly uses many of the minor characters similarly, drawing them in hues as a contrast to Glory's colour. Nigel, Glory's art dealer is a man motivated by money and pretension. He is devoted to Glory so as to fulfil his own dream of owning a BMW. Yet, he is revolted by her massiveness and does not see

past this to her person. He cannot comprehend the underprivileged life that Glory has led. Nigel is Glory's caricature of the artworld. Scott uses the character of Nigel to depict Glory as real-life artist as opposed to self-indulgent artiste. The mural of Glory's life is finished by flat-mate and sporadic lover, Al, and her down-syndrome child, Rina. They act to lessen the squalor of her existence and show the softer side of her character.

Rosie Scott has successfully managed to develop the idea of an incredibly charismatic central character to it's full extent. It is not really another 'portrait of the artist as ...' so much as a study of the strength of a woman when she is up against it. It is well worth a read.

Eugenie Thorn

# Travel all over the countryside

**Overseas Work, Learning  
Holidays, Adventure Travel  
For Australians and New  
Zealanders.  
\$17.95**

Do you want to get away? Do you want to work overseas? Do you want to study overseas? Do you want a rollicking good time? Well *Overseas Work, Learning Holidays and Adventure Travel For Australians and New Zealanders* may just be the book for you!

It is a concise general guide (it is a pocket-size book that actually fits in your pocket) on how to make your trip away just that bit more rewarding. The first section is a handy little guide about passports, health and travel insurance,

and all the boring nitty gritty essentials that you need to know before you set off. There was also advice on cheapie travel; for instance, the book suggests getting a job as an international freight courier for the trip over, which would save you approximately 30-50% on an economy fare. These jobs are not easy to get, but not impossible, and the book gives some addresses you might like to use, so it is well worth a try.

There are two sections on working overseas. It lists opportunities in order of region and country and also by occupation; which is great if you want to do something specific. Summer camps and development and volunteer work is also covered.

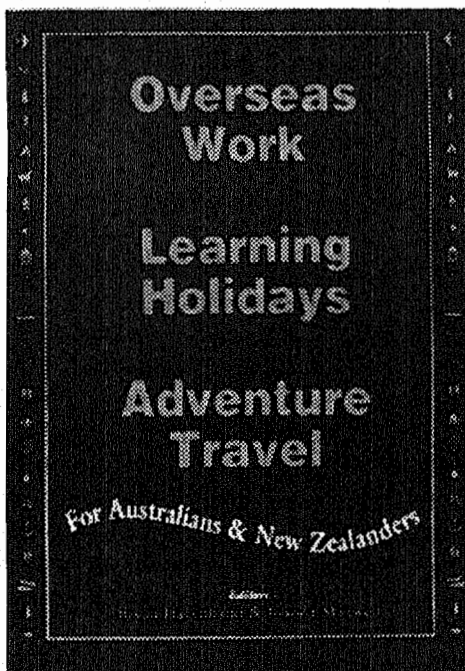
If you already have the money then adventure travel may be the cut of your

jib. There is a section on how to get your arse in dangerous positions all over the world, and it lists numerous, reputable, tour specialists.

The last section focusses on study tours. It lists institutions and agencies that offer cultural and language courses overseas. Most cost quite a bit, so it is good to have a book like this to help you shop around.

All of the sections have numerous crappy travel stories which can generally be avoided. Despite this, the book is useful and a good companion to the *Lonely Planet* guides. All the book really needs is a chapter on how to lie your arse off to foreign bosses, and get away with it.

Mike Hepburn



# Dirty sex, dirtier politics

*The Psychological Moment*  
Robert McCrum

Robert McCrum's latest offering is a great read. He does a good job in marrying some of the qualities of the crime / detective novel with an account of the glamour and the intrigue of jetsetting political and military figures. Clues dropped in the text, ambiguous phrases and entendres mix well with swanky conspiracies and press releases.

*The Psychological Moment* introduces its narrator, Sam Gilchrist, in 1982, beginning to write the story of his immediate past. Prior to this, Sam, a White House speech writer, has been prevented, for various reasons, some sordid, from disclosing his special knowledge. The novel moves on, or back, to 1979, then 1977. In this way, the significances and implications of events and relationships in the story seem gradually to become apparent. Such a narrative format lends itself to suspenseful reading. The reader is kept

anxious and is likely to be sent to earlier pages, delving into the text seeking sense in ambiguous phrases and facts which may or may not be crucial.

Much of the book documents the uncertain and often dangerous relationships he has with other characters: his father, a retired military heavy; Ruth, a brilliantly quick Australian journalist and Marshall, whose involvement in a lethal government / military conspiracy makes Sam's knowledge so controversial. It is the world Sam lives in as a political aide to the President that McCrum evokes the most ambience for.

The picture of 'boys playing games', of political buddies, is very lucid. It is presented honestly, with few apologies, but with charm. Well, perhaps only to me:

"We were like fraternity brothers, high on achievement and success, and high on each other's company. We were cool guys getting the job done without trying too hard or taking it too seriously. We believed we could get away with anything, and we did."

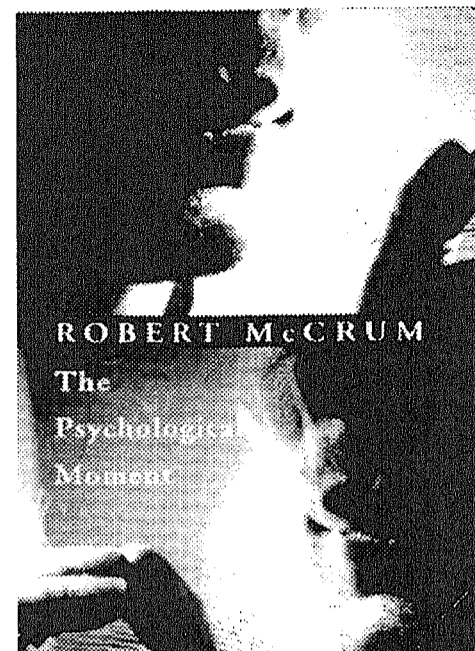
And Sam, when trying to rationalise his

extra-marital affair with Ruth:

"Why not? A bit of extra fucking never did anyone any harm ... Washington is like that. There never was a town with so much sex in the air. A healthy young man with a good digestion and rudimentary social skills could wear out plenty of belt leather inside the Beltway."

Such a philandering, jetsetting lifestyle is not without its uncertainties and anxieties and McCrum constantly reminds us of this. This is particularly borne out in the tenuous and often frustrating relationship between Ruth and Sam, both trying to balance the demands of a career with an already difficult love for each other. McCrum also emphasises Sam's ambivalence towards different aspects of his cultural baggage. He struggles over his British and American traditions, shifting ground expediently to adapt to different circumstances of his life. Interestingly, Ruth, an Australian, moves freely and is able to slot into the discourses and traditions of both colonial powers.

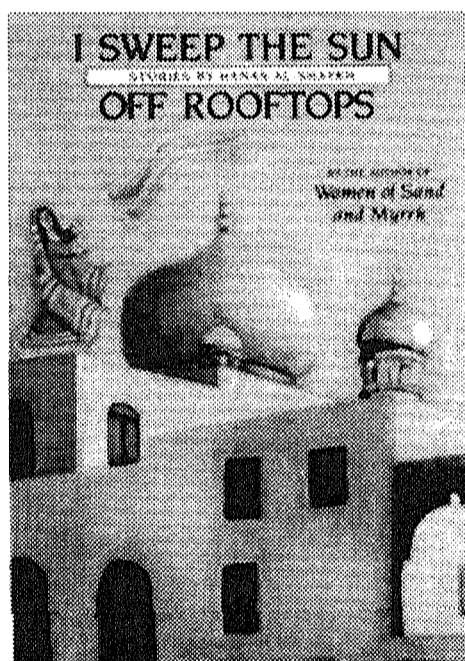
*The Psychological Moment* is a briskly-paced, easy to read novel that fuels the



reader's curiosity. As well, it provides an interesting account of the experience of lives lived in travel and in fear. The book, like the story its narrator tells, is conspiratorial; its meaning and implication only being divulged at the end.

David Raftery

# Engaging tales of Lebanese life



*I Sweep the Sun Off Rooftops*  
Hanan Al-Shaykh  
Allen & Unwin

Lebanese writer Hanan Al-Shaykh launched her latest work *I Sweep the Sun Off Rooftops* at the now not-so-recent event of Writers' Week.

*I Sweep the Sun Off Rooftops* is a collection of short stories set, with one exception, in contemporary Lebanon. Al-Shaykh refuses the feminist label which is generally attached to her work, although most stories are largely a portrayal of different life experiences of Lebanese women and are seen through their eyes.

The author reveals something of herself in an interview and in a short dialogue at the beginning of the book which helps to set the scene and to understand the more uncertain thematic elements.

The stories are varied and Al-Shaykh writes convincingly from many different view points - as a young girl betrayed and disillusioned by her mother's deceit; as a wife and mother trapped by the control of her husband; as a young woman alone in London, eager and yet terrified to escape her culture's restrictions.

In the story "A Year Passes Quickly", Bahia is a woman coping with the betrayal of her husband, Nayif, when he takes another wife. After the love she believed they had shared, she is relegated to the role of housekeeper and childminder for both her family and for the new wife. She exists as a servant and as an alternative sleeping arrangement - something she is expected to simply accept.

"LouLouah" tells the story of Sarah, a woman who is returning to visit her old village, an oppressive place that she had fled from to the city, to immerse herself in the liberation of modernity. She returns, now as a mother, to face her old and dear friend, LouLouah. Sarah had never understood LouLouah's acceptance of her own oppression, yet she discovers that for all her 'liberation' she is not as free in herself as is LouLouah. Despite LouLouah's veil, Sarah discovers a resistance she had never guessed at and a happiness within herself that she could only imagine.

I enjoyed reading about experiences and aspects of life in the middle east from the perspective of someone who has actually lived through many of them. She also incorporated folklore and fantasy within reality - a reality where a captured scorpion takes revenge by raping his captor (or was it a dream?).

Al-Shaykh's stories provided everything short stories should. The stories are innovative and clever and even educational and definitely not boring. Very believable 'realities' are created such that the stories are engaging without being unnecessarily deeply involved or convoluted. An involving intimacy is also created by the useage of internal dialogue. The stories are easy to read and yet not all simplistic. It is their subtlety which makes them so compelling. They are short and sweet - incisive, intriguing and poignant.

I recommend it as an enjoyable read, something not too heavy, not too light ...

Amanda Merry

# Struggling in Deep Water

*Black Water*  
Picador  
\$12.95

Joyce Carol Oates is a prolific and esteemed author, but as *Black Water* demonstrates, this is no guarantee of the quality of her writing. The novel recounts the tragic consequences which ensue when Kelly Kelleher meets the Senator on whom she has written her honour's thesis. The couple establish an immediate rapport and leave the Fourth of July party at which they have met to further their acquaintance. However, in his drunken eagerness to impress Kelly the Senator is

overconfident in his driving and manages to land his vehicle in a deep and isolated marsh. It is with Kelly's final moments in the dark, stinking water of this marsh that the novel is concerned. As she grapples desperately with her imminent death, she attempts to reconcile her admiration for the Senator, based on her idealised perceptions of his political acts, with her more recent experience of his corruptible and selfish nature. Her perspective on the events of the preceding day shifts hysterically as her inevitable death approaches. Memories of her family and friends are interspersed with those of the Senator, tainted by her desperate hope that he will return to save her. As panic

sets in and the water fills her lungs the boundaries between past and present, reality and fiction disintegrate.

Oates relates Kelly's tumult in a swift, stumbling narrative with do-it-yourself punctuation which is clearly intended to convey the immediacy and unedited confusion of her emotions and her sense of insignificance and helplessness in the face of destiny's chosen path. There is a sense of time running out as one plunges through the jumble of words which propel the novel towards its obvious and inescapable conclusion. Although the concerns that motivated it are legitimate, I found this narrative style irritating and incohesive. The intended effect is de-

stroyed by the constant need to reread the text in order to make sense of the otherwise incomprehensible mass of thoughts from which the novel is constructed. Having said this, however, Oates does manage to establish a powerful and paradoxical perspective on Kelly's predicament by enjoining the reader to both empathise with her and hope for her rescue while making clear from the beginning that all her struggles will be futile. Many of the concepts involved in this novel are not well incorporated into the whole and emerge as valuable only upon analysis, making *Black Water* disjointed and tedious to read.

Cathy Abell

# Wacky and tasteless

## *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* Academy Cinema

Firstly, it is necessary to point out that a pet detective is a person who solves animal related mysteries, and not, as I had assumed a house-trained investigator. This pet detective in particular is a nut. In his favour, however, he is the nut around which a moderately funny movie revolves.

*Ace Ventura* is the product of the crazed minds of Tom Shadyac (in his directing debut), Jack Bernstein and Jim Carrey. The cast includes Tone Loc and Sean Young, but all of the characters are pretty much just there for Ace Ventura to react to. Jim Carrey plays the title role and is accredited with writing the greater part of the character. You may have seen him before in *Once Bitten*, *Earth Girls are Easy* or in his TV series *In Living Colour*, which I am told was very successful. Live and learn.

In essence, *Ace Ventura* is the story of a

brilliant young pet detective, who steps in to solve the case of the missing football mascot, the Miami Dolphins, blue nosed (you guessed it) dolphin. Melissa Robinson (Courtney Cox) is the team's marketing director and stands to lose her job if the dolphin is not recovered. Incidentally, her clavicles stick out so far they cast shadows. She turns to Ace as a last resort (the honourable profession of pet detection does not receive the respect it deserves). Ace finds a stone in the bottom of the dolphin tank and follows the players around trying to find the championship ring from which it was lost. From that point the plot thickens, but doesn't improve any. Briefly, it involves a missed goal, an abduction, and a transsexual.

Sound dumb? It is. But, what it lacks in plot Carrey largely makes up for in sheer maniacal energy. He has an overabundance of what some wankers might call 'screen presence'. The man has a face of latex. He tears around the screen like a ferret on speed, bouncing happily off the rest off the cast. It's hard to describe. If

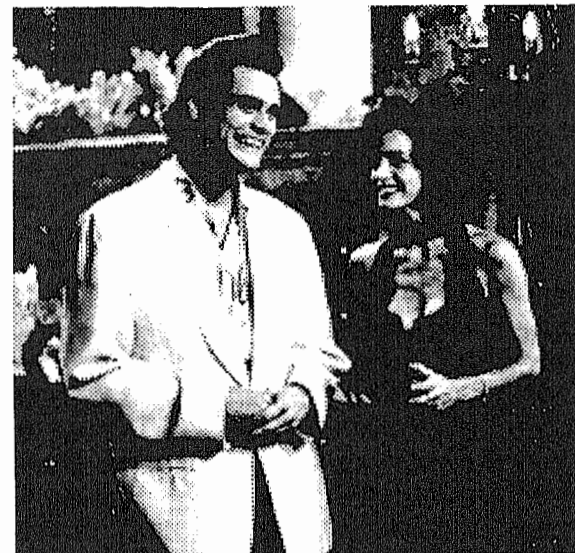
you've seen the shorts, you can pretty much guess the kind of humour with which we are dealing.

"You really love animals, don't you?"

"If it gets cold enough."

Don't be at all surprised if you find yourself saying things like "What an odd little man."

He doesn't walk, he capers. He cheerfully kicks a parcel marked "Fragile" down a hallway. He falls in a shark-tank. He spits food. He swings from a beam during oral sex. He barks. He has a menagerie in his flat, including dogs, cats, penguins, a raccoon, a macaw, some parrots, a monkey, a squirrel and a skunk. And they watch him have sex with the shoulderblade woman. And they cheer. He drives with his head out the window. He prances around a mental institution in a pink tutu. He talks with his bottom. If you are currently crinkling up your nose with dis-



Jim Carrey and Courtney Cox

taste, I can safely predict that this is not the movie for you, but I have to admit to giggling hysterically from start to end.

That's pretty much it. Comic genius or hyper-glycemia? Hard to say.

Kim Evans

# Dirty Old Bastards

## *Grumpy Old Men* Hoyts/Wallis

It is winter in Wabasha. It is, apparently, almost always winter in Wabasha - a tiny hick town in Minnesota, bordering on Canada, - and there isn't much to do. John Gustafson (Jack Lemmon) and Max Goldman (Walter Matthau) have been neighbours for the last fifty six years, and about the only thing which is keeping the two retired widowers alive and interested, apart from ice-fishing, is inventing new ways to embarrass and ridicule each other in the everyday course of life. John leaves dead fish in Max's car. Max hides by his window and uses his remote to change the stations on John's TV as John eagerly awaits the lottery results. Into the midst of these juvenile antics walks Ariel Truax, a slightly eccentric college teacher who moves in across the road. The Wabasha War then escalates to new heights as the two grumpy, stubborn and lonely old men

vie for her affections.

In usual Hollywood tradition this is yet another movie in which not particularly attractive men are leering over, and being encouraged by, a woman fifteen or twenty years their junior. Despite this it is obvious that Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau give the movie whatever life it has. Together they create an entertaining and touching picture of lifelong best friends whose competitive, abusive relationship hides their utter dependency on one another. They could do even better had they not been given two-dimensional characters and a script which in the end just reverts to being unashamedly tacky. But no, this is a movie determined to end with wedding clothes and happily-ever-afters. So, as the story unfurls we discover that Max is really the hick, thick, old fashioned one. Jack, despite having spent most of his life in Wabasha with mainly a relentlessly randy father and Max for company, is actually an intelligent and sensitive guy. And all the trouble began many years ago

over - what else - another girl. Jack got the girl, and hence all the trouble. So this time, when Ariel starts falling for Jack, sensitive Jack (who's really in love with her) holds back and lets Max (who just wants to win) step in. The situation is only saved by Jack suffering a heart attack and coming close to dying, at which stage the others realise what fools they've been and everything comes good.

It is hard to comment upon the supporting cast as they are given characters with even less depth than those of the leads. Ann-Margret is competent as Ariel, though given an inconsistent role to play. Ariel begins as an over the top eccentric, who reads her neighbours' mail and lets herself uninvited into their houses to prepare tete-a-tete dinners for them. Soon however she leaves all eccentricity behind to become a straightforward and simple gal just trying to get her man. Daryl Hannah, as Jack's daughter, isn't required to do much more than flash the occasional warm, honest smile and look ridiculously blonde, healthy

and decorative. Burgess Meredith is also capable and amusing but limited in the role of a 94 year old whose one character trait is an all consuming passion to get his leg over as often as possible in what little time he has left.

The scenery is breathtaking. It is dominated by twee snow covered timber houses and was filmed both in picturesque parts of central Minneapolis, and in interiors constructed at Prince's Paisley Park Studio in suburban Minneapolis. But best of all is the ice fishing. I'd never before seen the one-person wooden huts - ice shanties - which ice fishers build to keep them warm all day as they sit next to their hole drilled through the ice and fish.

If you're on a plane and they show this movie, you'll probably sleep through half of it. But do wake up for the final credits during which they show some of the takes which were intentionally and unintentionally stuffed up during filming. It is the best part of the whole movie.

Asha Mayer

# Nick & Shirl take the soft option

## *Guarding Tess* Hoyts/Wallis

This is the kind of film you can feel safe taking that easily-offended person in your life to see. It has humour, in the form of cranky but lovable Shirley Maclaine. It has tension, in her relationship with her reluctant bodyguard Nicholas Cage. It has suspense, it has laughter, it has tears. What it doesn't have is hot sex between the two leads. What a pity - I for one wanted to see a bit

of intergenerational rumpy pumpy but I went away disappointed. So don't get your hopes up at the prospect of Shirley and Nicholas doing the wild thing. It doesn't happen.

*Guarding Tess* is the story of the widow of a US president and her (boringly platonic) relationship with the special service agent assigned to protect her. She's pretty feisty and endearingly eccentric behaviour but deep down she loves him like a son (cop out!). So we have some wacky fights before the inevitable security breach and she is kid-

napped. At this point it gets a little nasty but everything turns out OK.

Shirley Maclaine and Nicholas Cage are both competent in their roles, leading a cast of unknowns. I recognised the fat guy from *Withnail and I* but he's never going to make it big in Hollywood with small roles like this one. There are no glaringly bad performances.

The script is a bit predictable, but there's one quite funny scene, although it's in the preview anyway. The nasty thing that happens to Shirley is really quite nasty but gore fiends don't flock to

see this or anything, she doesn't lose any blood. However it's kind of horrible and perhaps jars in the flow of the film.

The ending is really weak, accentuating the lack of substance in the script. It was a nice idea but it probably took a lot of stretching to pad it out to one and a half hours or so.

So by all means take your mum to see it if you've got the money to spare, but I wouldn't sell a kidney to see it.

Jocelyn Fredericks

# Manhunts in an urban wasteland

*Judgement Night*  
Greater Union

This movie is an action thriller which attempts to deal with a psychological theme. *Judgement Night* also juxtaposes a number of opposites. Set in Chicago it demonstrates the incredible gap between the suburbs and the city, rich and poor and law and lawlessness.

Four male friends, essentially middle class average Americans, are on their way to a boxing match. What appears to be a fairly normal night out turns sour. In an attempt to find a shortcut they turn off the expressway and end up in an urban wasteland. They end up in the 'wrong' part of town at the wrong time, a place where the police are not inclined to visit. They witness a mob-style killing and the killers, in an attempt to get rid of the witnesses, begin to hunt them. The substance of the action is the pursuit that follows.

The basic psychological theme of the movie concerns the relationships between the men and how they, as normal suburban beings cope with their new role as prey. *Judgement Night*



Emilio Estevez and Cuba Gooding Jr

asks the audience to identify with these middle class guys in trouble. How would you react in a life threatening situation? What would you do in a situation of kill or be killed? This is not a hackneyed theme at all but it is perhaps dealt with more maturely and in more depth by the classic *Deliverance*. Nevertheless I thought that *Judgement Night* was, overall, a satisfactory treatment.

The contrasts in the movie are stark. There are good guys and bad guys. The opening credits show archetypal middle America which is contrasted with the urban wasteland that forms the setting for the manhunt. This urban wasteland is exquisitely decayed and has a significant litter problem (lots of papers about the place and some very elegantly placed motor vehicle wrecks). The texture of this gritty

place is almost elegant.

The photography and production are good. The storm drain sequence is well executed. Nevertheless, the plot has some significant credibility gaps. How do the bad guys keep finding our heroes no matter where they escape to? Why, when our heroes have turned off the expressway, do they find themselves in an endless wasteland? Why aren't the police roused when the bad guys shoot up a whole apartment block? Also, some of the dialogue grates. When faced with the imminent threat of four gunmen, Cuba Gooding Junior throws iron bars to his companions and suggests "Screw the guns, if we watch our backs we'll be O.K."

Emilio Estevez (*Repo Man*) delivers a sound performance as the level headed but reluctant hero. Is he a natural hero or just a normal guy with a survival instinct? Denis Leary (comedian and author of "Asshole") is a bad guy with an attitude. His gnarled face is perfect for the role.

The elements of suspense in this movie are good as are the many stunts. It communicates a real ambience but the character studies can be faulted for lack of depth. I like the single from the soundtrack a lot.

Paul Connor

# A feast of Hitchcock

*Hitchcock on Tour*  
Mercury Cinemas

Hands up all those who eagerly await the return of Bill Collins to the small screen! Hmm - well, how about all those who appreciate old movies? If

this is you, I recommend that you race into the Mercury next Sunday to catch the last few films of the Hitchcock festival.

New prints of sixteen of Hitchcock's early films have been touring Australian cinemas for the past month and will be at the Mercury between 8th - 29th May (unfortunately, the Mercury will only be screening ten). This season is being jointly presented by the

Australian Film Institute and the British Film Institute. The purpose of the BFI is to increase public access to national and international film heritage. This is particularly welcome in the case of Hitchcock whose earlier films are often unfairly dismissed or, in fact, not widely known (I have to confess that I had not heard of many of these films).

Hitchcock's directing career began in 1926, making silent films in Britain. This festival begins with *Blackmail* (1929) -

Britain's first talkie and ends with *Jamaica Inn* (1939) - the last film he made before leaving for Hollywood (unfortunately, these are two of the six films the Mercury is not showing). The festival also includes two half hour films made in 1944 as propaganda to encourage French resistance.

Although most critics tend to ignore these early British films (which represent a third of his career), they are interesting for the early experiments in sound and direction and for the themes that crop up in his later work. Two of his favourite themes have already shown themselves in this festival. The first is a study of marriage and the exploration of what lies behind everyday appearances - *Rich and Strange* revealed a void, *Sabotage*, evil (as it is later in *Rear Window*). *Young and Innocent* is one of the earliest films to feature Hitch's love affair with the double chase theme (as well as featuring some very funny examples of early attempts to use models in special effects). This film also features one of Hitch's most famous sequences - a crane shot of a ballroom that gradually closes in to a closeup of the murderer's face, whose tell-tale twitch erupts as if in response to the gaze of the camera.

Well, as you can probably tell, these are the only ones I have seen so far -

and, in fact, they are probably the most interesting of these early films the Mercury is showing except, of course, the classic *The Lady Vanishes*. This film, along with many others in the season, reflect the growing unease in Britain over the growth of fascism in Europe in the late 30s. By the time this is published, the festival will be almost over - but there will still be time to see *Murder!* - an adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel (this film is supposed to be a forerunner to Hitch's later experiments with the contrasting styles of theatre / cinema, such as *Rope*) and *Secret Agent* - a chance to see a young John Gielgud in a tale of Alpine espionage!

The only criticism I have of this festival is the fact that it was launched by - of all people - Stan James from *The Advertiser*! Shame on you Mercury! However, those ten minutes of horror aside, this season has been and will be worth checking out not only to find parallels to Hitchcock's later more familiar films, but to enjoy these films in their own right. As shown, in particular, by *Sabotage*, the fact that these films are over fifty years old does not mean their images have lost the power to affect - and I think that's an indication of Hitchcock's skill as a director, don't you agree? (Yes, I admit - I watch Bill Collins' film presentations.)

Kirsty Buchan



A scene from 39 Steps

# Hats off for Greggy

Greg Matthews, the much maligned former Australian test cricketer, recently made one of the best moves of his career and got a new hairstyle. Early one Saturday morning over breakfast in the Hyatt, he spoke to Matt Rawes about his latest achievements and his future ambitions.

**On Dit:** Big night? (referring to the shades)

**Greg Matthews:** Can't really remember much. I think it was.

**OD:** You've now been playing first class cricket since the early eighties. What, in your mind, has been your greatest achievement?

**GM:** The tied test, without a doubt. Taking ten wickets and handling it physically. I am very proud of the fact that I was able to bowl for a day in conditions like that. The adrenalin was just flowing through my body. You find that something extra or feel refreshed purely and simply because you've taken a wicket.

**OD:** Who has been the greatest batsman you have ever bowled to?

**GM:** Toffee [Viv Richards]. He can just dominate you and reduce you to tears, so to speak. Both [Ian Botham] is pretty good at that, as well. Brian Lara is proving to be a bit of a star. I bowled to him at the SCG when he got that 277 and had him absolutely plum on 198. He hadn't played and missed at one all day and I think Darrell Hair was falling asleep. Next thing it was "Oh Jesus, oh shit, nah, not out".

**OD:** What's your favourite strip of hallowed turf?

**GM:** It would have to be the SCG. The thing I love about Sydney is when you're out on the field playing you feel as though you can reach out and touch the people, they feel that close. You can see faces and they make a shit load of noise for 40,000 people. As compared to like in Melbourne which is like a cauldron. A million faces and very impersonal. Hey, don't get me wrong, I still love playing there in front of 90,000, but Sydney has a fantastic atmosphere.

**OD:** What are your plans for your playing future?

**GM:** Play 'til I'm 50.

**OD:** The media has thrown around the idea of a move to the Apple Isle.

**GM:** I haven't heard anything from Tasmania. But everyone else keeps hearing about it except me (yeah, right, Greg - OD).

**OD:** What's the first thing that comes to your head when you hear these names:- Richard Hadlee...

**GM:** Genius bowler.

**OD:** Curtley Ambrose...

**GM:** Curtley's a bit of a dropkick.

**OD:** Ian Healy...

**GM:** Second toughest guy I know.

**OD:** Toughest?

**GM:** Allan Border

**OD:** Mark Taylor...

**GM:** Umm ... I think of ... tub.

**OD:** Dean Jones...

**GM:** Extrovert.

**OD:** Is there anyone in the cricket world that really gives you the shits?

**GM:** When you've got a group of 14 guys who hang out with each other on tour and there is bound to be some conflict but I won't drop any names.

**OD:** So, what country is the Mecca of all touring destinations?

**GM:** England. There's the history, the length, the opportunity to play at Lords. Meeting the Queen. I also loved touring the sub-continent. I got off on touring India, not because I had success there, but because I really like the place.

**OD:** Touring South Africa must be an ambition then?

**GM:** Of course and I will. I am the only guy in Australia who thinks he can make it back into the Australian team. That's the only thing that matters with the possible exception of the selectors.

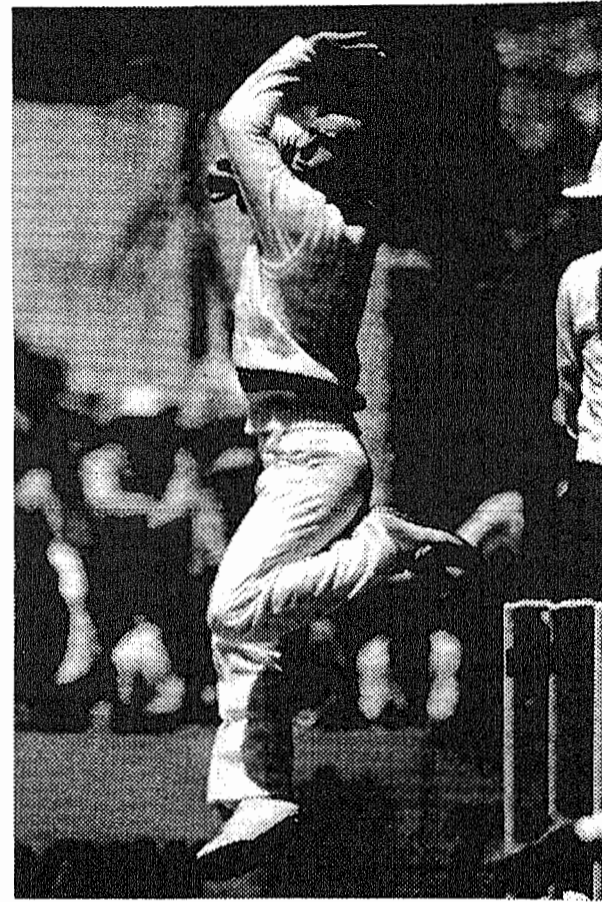
**OD:** Who do you think should be Allan Border's successor?

**GM:** I pray Steve Waugh. Bit hard for Taylor if he can't make the one-day side.

**OD:** Finally, what three words

best describe Greg Matthews?

**GM:** Sensitive, caring, generous - or 'a great bloke'!



Matthews sends one down

## ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL CLUB

### INTERVARSITY 1994

The A.U.F.C. needs players for this year's Intersvarsity trip to the University of NSW, Sydney, July 2-9.

**Cost: approx. \$585** (\$100 Rebate on Return)

**includes - coach travel to and around Sydney, bed & breakfast, social functions and games**

Those interested should contact  
Rob Pick - Ph: 332 0660



### Unibar performance of the week

At the end of full-time in the Touch State Cup Final one of the two teams entered by the Adelaide Uni Touch Club was left in a tie for the championship. Touch provides a unique solution to this problem by playing extra time until one team scores with the brilliant innovation that each team loses a player until one team loses a player until the match is decided! Chris Watteman earned this week's six pack from the Unibar by running the ball, intercepted at one end of the field, all the way to victory at the other.

Don't forget to nominate if you too want beers as well as glory eternal.



### Touch Club report

The Adelaide University Touch Club recently fielded two teams in the State Cup and managed to come first and fourth



**Buy this excellent car**

It's just right for you. 1976 Honda Civic, in good running order, engine reconditioned in 1991, only \$950 and I'm willing to bargain with you. Call me. 267 4647 or 223 2685. Ask for Lorien.

**HPM Award for Excellence in Design**

Entries are now being accepted for the award, which carries a \$1,000 prize and a bronze trophy. It is presented annually to encourage innovation and excellence among young Australian designers.

The HPM Award for Excellence is open to students aged 25 years and under who are enrolled in either full or part-time study in architecture, interior design, soft furnishings, the decorative arts or visual arts.

For further information: Jacquie Ashton / Antonia Richmond - HPM Industries (02) 361 9999.

**Poetry Performed**

"Nuts at Boltz". An evening of poetry reading, performance poetry, musical poetry at Boltz Café (upstairs), 286 Rundle Street at 7.30 pm on Tuesday, 31st May. All welcome - experienced or not. Come and share your creations or listen to others. Prizes for the funniest contribution and for the most abstract. Further information from Anna 332 1125.

**Literary Society Quiz Night**

Come and strain your brain with the Lit Soc on Wednesday, 25th May at 7.30 pm in the Upper Refectory, Level 4, Union Building. Prizes are plentiful, refreshments are available and hardly any of the questions are strictly literary. Tickets from the SAUA or at the door - \$3 members, \$4 non-members or \$16 for a table of 6 regardless.

**I wanna make a movie**

An amateur film making club is forming. Our desire is to provide a means for students to become involved in film making, whether acting, script-writing, production, animation or any other aspect of film that you can think of. So, bring yourself and your friends to the IGM to be held on Wednesday, 8th June at 12pm in the Union Cinema, 5th Floor, Union Building. See you there!

**CAA Badge Day**

Community Aid Abroad need your help for their first Badge Day which is going to be held on July 1st.

Funds raised go directly towards vital work overseas; this year's target is the Sudan Emergency Appeal. In the last two years, apart from the sheer brutality that a civil war brings, 500,000 people have died, mostly from starvation.

By selling badges on July 1 you will have the opportunity of becoming directly involved in raising funds to ease this catastrophic situation and make a real change towards a fairer world.

Interested individuals should contact Nik Ramage at CAA on 223 3405.

**Candlemaking Workshop**

Wednesday, 25th May, 1994 6.00 - 8.00 pm. \$15 includes all materials. Make two scented and decorated candles during this enjoyable evening. It's easy to do at home, so once you've learned the basic skills, you can experiment and keep yourself supplied and make great gifts for friends.

Call in to enrol at the Union Studio, or ring 303 5857.

**Money, money, money**

Students, do you need financial assistance for books, Union fees and living expenses?

Contact Education/Welfare Officer, Union Building; Student Finance Officer, Counselling Centre - opposite Horace Lamb lecture theatre; Student Counsellor, Roseworthy Campus.

**NOWSA IGM**

All women interested in attending or promoting the attendance of the NOWSA'94 Conference in Sydney or the International Feminist Bookfair in Melbourne this July are urged to participate in the NOWSA IGM at 1pm, Thursday June 9 in the Little Theatre to discuss issues of funding and travel etc. For more info call Leslie on 373 5134.

**For Sale**

Holden HQ Wagon '73. Excellent engine. Rough body and interior. Good tyres. \$650 o.n.o. Ph: 362 3262.

**Proud and Loud**

Adelaide University Pride meeting Thursday, 1.00 pm in the North / South Dining Room, Level 4 of the Union Building. All welcome.

**Study on Bulimia: Volunteers Wanted**

I am an Honours student in the Psychology Department of Adelaide University and am interested in hearing accounts of bulimia from the perspective of those with current or past experiences of this syndrome. The study will involve two interviews, each about one hour long. Confidentiality is assured. For further information contact Anna Brooks 332 1125 or my supervisor, Amanda LeCouteur 303 5557. (Note: the interviews do not involve any form of counselling or 'treatment'.)

**Audition for this:**

Auditions for the Theatre Guild's second production for the year, *On Our Selection*, directed by David Reed will be on Sunday May 29. Season dates August 10-20 (Wed-Sat).

A cast of 5 women and 11 men is needed. The requirement for the audition is an Australian poem preferably humorous and no longer than two minutes. Suitable Poets - Lawson, Gordon, Patterson, CJ Dennis.

The script which will be used is the Bert Bailey version, Currency Press, available from Unibooks.

Book a time with Jenny Evans at the Theatre Guild Office on 303 5999.

**Or audition for this:**

General auditions for Footlights upcoming production will be held in the Little Theatre, Thursday 27th May and Friday 28th May, 1 pm. All welcome.

**Discipline of Modern Greek and Multicultural Week.**

"Greek Music: An Introduction" presented by Demeter Tsounis, researcher of Rebetika music and teacher of ethnomusicology. This seminar will include a music demonstration. Monday, 23rd May, 1994, 3.15 - 5.95 pm, Schulz Building, Room 1107, University of Adelaide. Enquiries: Discipline of Modern Greek 201 2016.

**Big Mistake**

A mistake has been made in the holiday dates given in the 1994 student diary. The mid-semester break dates for this year's second semester are 19 September to 30 September not 26 September to 7 October. They are a week earlier than indicated in the diary.

**For Sale**

Return plane ticket Adelaide - Melbourne. Must sell to female. \$180. Valid till September 28th, 1994. Phone Beth after 6 pm on (08) 252 0259.

**The Universal Thang**

Universal Investment Group wishes to advise all interested parties of its Inaugural General Meeting and Launch which will be on Tuesday, 24th May in the North / South Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building at 1.10 pm. For details about how Universal can help you invest intelligently, contact Andrew Kelly on 271 3089 or come along to the Launch. All welcome to attend.

**Typing**

A new typing service is now available to you. The service enhances the presentation of Essays, Theses, Assignments, etc. No matter what size the assignment is, all work is typed professionally for you.

Work is processed on an IBM compatible computer with the option of disk storage if required. The work is printed through a laser printer guaranteeing you the best quality presentation available.

As the service is new, it offers great savings to students. You can either choose a contract rate fee which is \$10.00 per hour or \$1.50 per page (double line spacing). Feel free to compare the rates with other services of this kind. As an incentive to tertiary students, the service offers 20% reduction on your next assignment when referring the service to a fellow student.

I hope this service can be of assistance to you. Phone me now, Marisa - 43 8973, and register your name to ensure that your next assignment is given priority.

**Wanted: An RO.**

A Returning Officer to oversee the conduct of the Union and SAUA Annual Elections, scheduled to be held in late August. The position is responsible for ensuring the elections are well publicised and run smoothly from calling for nominations through to a weekend devoted to counting votes. Familiarity with the Hare Clark Optional Proportional Voting System would be a distinct advantage. A generous honorarium is paid to compensate the person for the hours and responsibility involved.

Those who are interested should forward a short letter of application to *Anthony Roediger, President, Adelaide University Union, Level 1, Lady Symon Building*. Applications close Friday, 3rd June, 1994.

**Adelaide University Women's Debating Competition**

Why do it?

In a perfect world, "what you say" would have a greater impact than "how you say it". But, as you've probably noticed, this is not a perfect world - a good presentation style and self-confidence are useful assets if you want people to listen to you.

The Adelaide University Women's Debating Competition offers women the opportunity to develop their public speaking skills in a relaxed (and inexpensive) environment.

The details ...

The competition consists of four rounds held on Wednesday night at 7 pm, beginning on Wednesday, 10th August, 1994. Each term has three speakers (but if you can't form a team, we can easily match you up with other people). Application forms are due by Friday, 3rd June. For more information, please contact Victoria Bannon (Politics Dept) or Harriet Glen (Law School / Tel: 269 1577).

**Returnee's Association**

Any returnee exchange students (eg AFS, Rotary, Southern Cross, Youth for Understanding etc) who are interested in a forming a club/association please contact Kerryl Murray (politics) or Kate Randell (Anthropology) leaving name, contact department, host country and program. Any AU staff or students are welcome.

**A roof over your head**

Students: do you need housing assistance?

Contact Housing Officer, Counselling Centre; Accommodation Board, Students' Association; Notice Board, Students' Union, Roseworthy Campus.

**Access to computers for students with disabilities**

Students with disabilities requiring access to computers are requested to contact Mr Tony Frangos, the Disability Liaison Officer, located in the Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building, telephone 303 5220. Students attending Roseworthy Campus are requested to contact Ms Sue Hine, Student Counsellor, student Services Building, telephone 303 7899.

**Students with Disabilities (Temporary or Permanent)**

Do you require assistance? Contact Disability Liaison Officer, Counselling Centre, Horace Lamb Building; Student Counsellor, Roseworthy Campus.

**student radio guide sunday may 29 5UV 531 am**

Week 1 Sunday May 15, 29 June 12, 26  
 18, October 2, 16, 30 November 13, 27, ) July 10, 24, August 7, 21, September 4,  
 2.30 All F\*ck'd Up. Andrew Fisher and Max Batten present some good loud and noisy music.  
 3.30 Flora Dalton. The sweet sound of indie.  
 4.30 Uncle Albert's Steam Powered Radio. Magazine style variety show by Alex Smith and Craig Sinclair.  
 5.30 Mystery Show. (!)  
 6.00 Grind the Pose. Social and cultural issues and comment. Paul Headley. Dale F Adams and Michael Dwyer.  
 7.00 A Twist of Lemon. Comedy by Roy Flavel and Daniel Kammernan.  
 7.30 Womens' Show. Womens' issues and music created entirely by women. Sarah Stokely Wilcox, Catherine Howell  
 8.30 Donald & Beverly Rock Adelaide. Mostly fairly noisy "alternative" music from all over the shop. With Joanne Daniell.  
 9.30 Donald & Beverly Rock Adelaide continues with Jesse Reynolds.  
 10.30 World Montage. World music and information from the Overseas Students Association.  
 11.30 The Free Pizza Show. Tom Griffith and Marian Clarkin present a magazine show featuring discussion on local visual arts and music. They also give away a free pizza on every show.

# Lunch / sex/text

These are the lucky winners in our lunch and sex poetry competition. They each win a copy of the novel *Lunch* by Karen Moline, courtesy of Picador. The lucky winners can claim their prize by venturing in to the *On Dit* office anytime from Tuesday. Thanks to all our entrants.

## Sex for Lunch

Pleased to meet you, meat to please you  
Stick a carrot up your arse  
Peas are good for stimulation  
Sucking beans, always a blast!  
Hot dog sausage, like a dicky  
Jammed between two crusty buns  
Tomato sauce, all hot and sticky  
Suck it off your sexy thumb!  
Make eyes at the salad sandwich  
Lick the mayo from your lips  
Reaching heights of naughty pleasure  
Get the movement in your hips!  
Time for sweets, your hunger's growing  
A climax very nearly reached  
Cherries, pert, like erect nipples  
Your skin is glowing like a peach.  
The chocolate donuts flash their holes  
You stumble with orgasmic thrill  
Wrestling in the raspberry jelly  
And ending with a moist, hard dill!  
It's all over, you're all wet  
Your fingers are all bent  
But sex for lunch is true delight  
And always time well spent!

A. Kenley  
3rd Year Arts

## Sexy Food - Oooh yes!

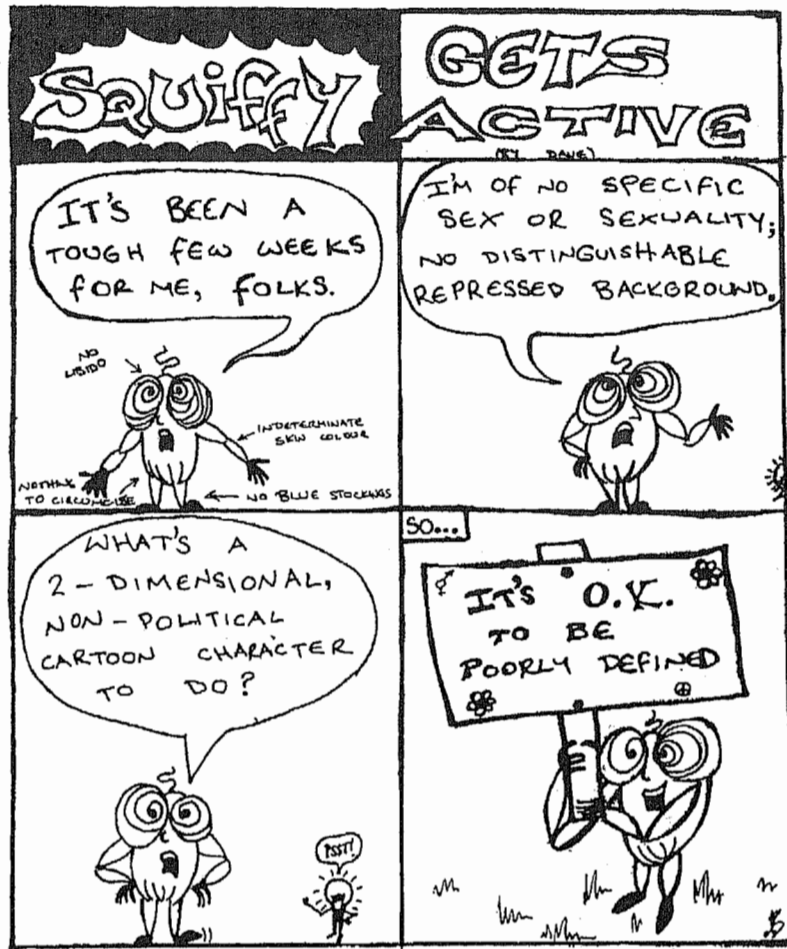
Peanut butter and jelly  
Smear on my belly  
Capsicum and roasted eggplant  
Are erotic like my luscious aunt  
Kangaroo cutlets in a white wine sauce  
Excite me like bondage with a lot of force (what?)  
Beef stroganoff with lots of noodles  
Turns me on like shagging poodles  
Food and fucking is a fantastic combination  
Like a train coming into its favourite station  
Like peaches and cream  
Like a coach and a team  
Oh dear, I'm going into the Perfect Match song  
I'd like to smear whipped cream on Greg Evans' Dong.

Kate Crocker  
3rd Year Law

## Untitled

Consume, evolve, construct  
with colours and contrast  
cast your mind at lunchtime  
to crave and create and satisfy  
an appetite with thrives on  
tang and glide.  
And lunch meets tongue  
and crunch meets soft  
and lunch meets sex.

Matt Harris  
Electrical Engineering



## KVENNAGÖNUHOLAR

(Meditation through near death experience)



*Kvennagönuholar is the ancient Nordic practice of relaxation, currently undergoing a revival throughout scandinavia. Based in Shamanism, Kvennagönuholar explores our more primitive side in a quest for a balanced understanding of ourselves.*

*In Kvennagönuholar, the subject (Nuukik), is asked to confront the depth of their spiritual awareness by an animist guide (Oraefajokylie). This is achieved using a mixture of chanting and Icelandic grain spirits. The Oraefajokylie then carefully hits the nuukik repeatedly about the head with a Vestmannaeyjar (adjustable piano stool) made from the branch of a Rooyar (Norwegian spruce), until the nuukik attains a state of unconsciousness (Sukifinjoieq). The nuukik now proceeds to the stage of Reykjanesfölkvangur, where they review their life to that point. From here progress is limited only by determination and a good sense of balance.*

Sessions are held on the first Saturday after each full conjunction of the sun with Venus. Cost: \$8, or 320 Icelandic Kroner. More information: Box 065

# Ye Gods!

## It's another competition!

To say that we here at *On Dit* have gone competition crazy is an understatement. We now give you the chance to win tickets to *Judgement Night*, as well as copies of the soundtrack of the film on CD. The CD contains some memorable duets. See for yourself:

- "Just another Victim"
- Helmet & House of Pain
- "Me, Myself & My Microphone"
- Living Colour & Run D.M.C.
- "Freak Momma"
- Mudhoney & Sir Mix-A-Lot
- "Real Thing"
- Pearl Jam & Cypress Hill
- "Fallin'"
- Teenage Fanclub & De La Soul
- "Disorder"
- Slayer & Ice T
- "I Love You Mary Jane"
- Sonic Youth & Cypress Hill

To win one of 10 Double Passes to the film, call into the office at 1pm on Thursday.

To win one of 5 Soundtrack CD's, write us your suggestion for the ultimate bizarre duet. The winning entries will be notified in next week's *On Dit*.

## STOP PRESS

"Blah!"  
said a spokesperson yesterday.