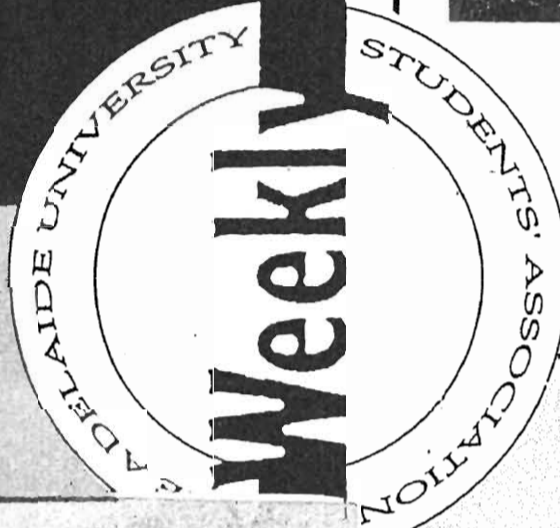


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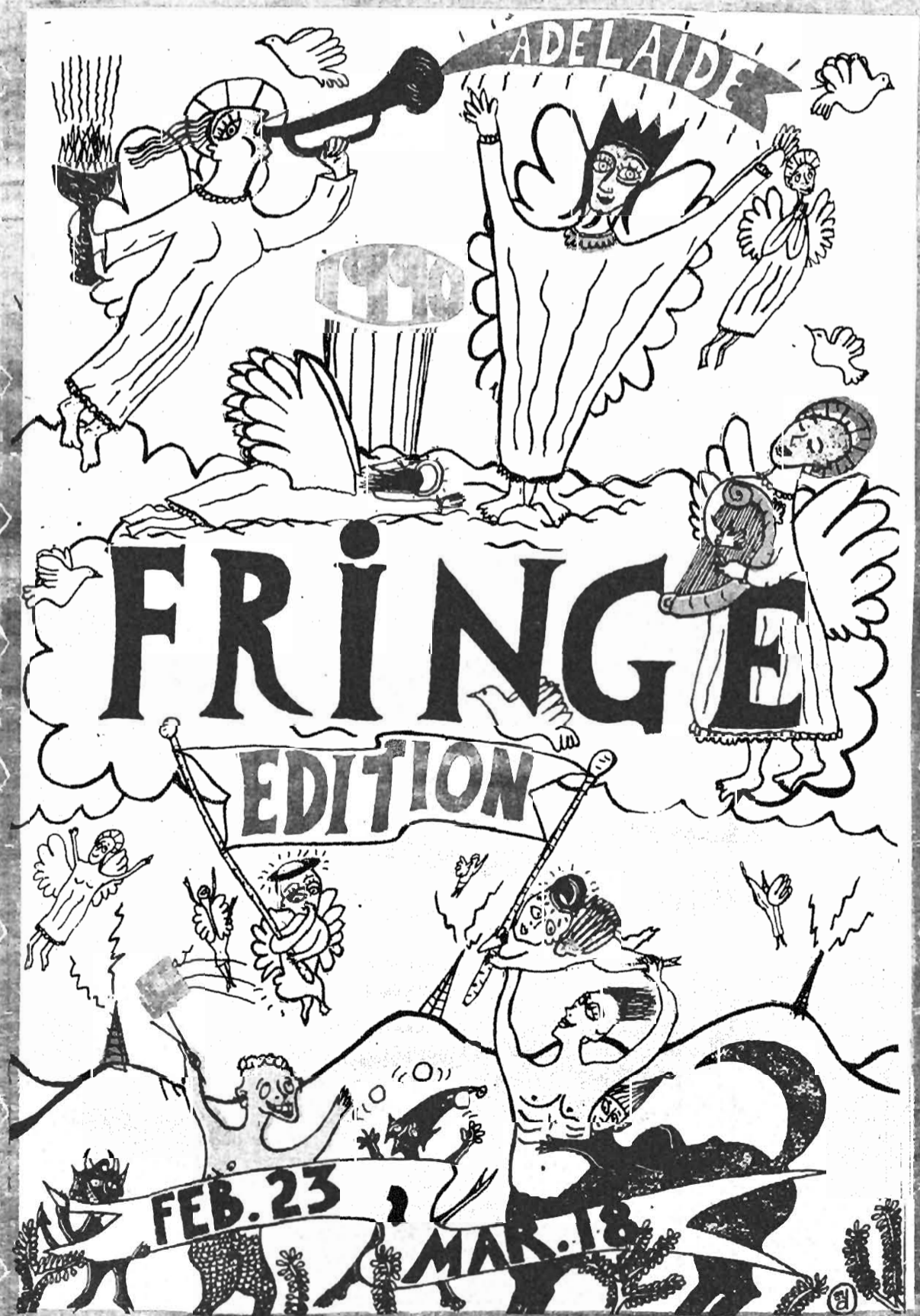
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A Night on the Piss
with the Pogues



The last decade-
we are going to die



Remembering
Samuel Beckett

WELCOME.... to the last decade

Puerile Vs the World

As we sit poised at the beginning of the last decade, Scott Turmansky muses on the nature of popular culture.

I've been giving some serious thought to going into the T-shirt business. In big block letters, T-shirts that read "The world is pathetic, puerile or retarded...". Then I'd have all these self-righteous busybodies coming up to me in the street telling me that I have a bad attitude, and why don't I just kill myself. To which I would simply reply "Fuck that. I'd rather kill you!". There is nowhere left to go. Not after the 60's, 70's and 80's.

The 60's were about hope, us, collective consciousness and ending wars and racism. It was motivated by music, in particular, drug-oriented rock and roll.

It's heroes were the social villains of the day, those who stood up and shouted ... Elvis, Lennon, Jagger, Dylan, Morrison and Townsend, were a few. The music created the youth market which was dictated by its own fashions and paradoxically sealed its own fate.

Then came the 70's. The street heroes of the 60's were now millionaires with



an intravenous drip and ten bodyguards. Everyone drove a V8, or were still at war. Heavy Metal was born, and the packaging of it became a science. Hedonism was not just an attitude but a way of life ... he who wore the higher platform shoes fucked more ... and Rod Stewart became a household name. The seventies institutionalised the weapons of the kids, namely rock and roll ... and nobody even questioned where the drugs came from.

But a ray of hope was born at the end of the 70's from the urban tragedies that occupied Britain, in the form of Punk Rock. Its energy unashamedly blatantly anti establishment, anti institution and brutally honest. The Sex Pistols were the generals of this 'new' revolution.

The great paradox with Punk was that it had to be marketed, and of course by doing this it too became instituted in fashion and big business. How long could we listen to Rod Stewart? Punk

bands became a dime-a-dozen overnight. The funny thing was that the tasteless little geeks with spiky hair couldn't progress their craft to a point where it was actually worth listening to. You can't add to reductionism ... like a Rothberg painting, the whole point of the exercise was lost as quickly as it was made.

Which led to the 80's. A decade of confusion and an identity crisis of catastrophic proportions. With the unavoidable decay of the planet staring us all in the face, post-punk fashion now mainstream, the gap between wealth and poverty widening where could the kids go to for guidance? Some joined the welfare state, others created the new social class known as yuppies, while others tried to tread the path of their parents and ended up victims of the mortgage belt with spiralling interest rate problems, while the rest ended up dying from AIDS or smack overdoses ... or forming rock bands. The age of alienation has

arrived. Lennon was shot and Jagger was a family man. Heavy Metal became a method procedure, and we lost count of how many bands came and went after making videos that offered nothing except fashion masturbation.

The cost of a bag of dope rose from \$30 to \$400 ... buying gold was cheaper, but wasn't in vogue. Ego was indeed not a dirty word, and the cocaine barons proved that.

So here we are in the 90's ... we've got more gadgetry than we can afford, and the planet is fucked. Thatcher is still around and there's a couple of real lunatics in the White House, the Third World has now got nuclear arsenals they can't afford and none of us have any trees.

You can be guaranteed that a lot of greedy little men will be lining their pockets with the money they take from the suckers who feel a need to support some charity to clear their consciences ... the Catholic church will still be up there with the best of them. So what we have got to come to terms with is the cold hard facts that success is now measured by how far we can fuck others up the arse, and keep them stupid by whatever means are necessary. To raise people's consciences will be the task, but only the down-trodden will realise this and even then it will be too late because they will be regarded as trash ... and they won't matter. Hatred can be positive, even despite its ugliness because it shows one is not entirely stupid. Puerile ... maybe, but only in the eyes of a puerile world.

We need subliminal politics ... and my T-shirts are just the thing to do the trick.

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PRODUCTION NOTES

ON DIT is the weekly newspaper of the Student's Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control although opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

Editors: Steve Jackson and David Penberthy

Advertising Manager: Simon Morris

Typesetting: Sharon Middleton, Georgie Matches
and (this week and this week only) Anne McEwen.

Bromiding: Andrew Joyner

DISCLAIMER: The apology to Rob Brice has nothing to do with this year's editors. We were told to print it by the Student's Association after it received legal advice. Special thanks this week to Jamie Skinner, Mark Gamtcheff, Georgie Matches for working on Saturday (the VBs are on their way), Alex Wheaton, Arna Eysers White, Jo Pugsley (and Mel and her boyfriend Dan for getting the felafels), Mischa Kubancik, Beck for her patience, Sally Niemann, Natalie Meyer, Andy Joyner, Simon Morris and Janet Reid. Happy Birthday Em-I'll be there next year. And again, Shazza, Georgie and Anne for being so helpful over the last few weeks.

If you wish to contact ON DIT write to:

ON DIT, GPO Box 498, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, S.A.
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Diseased Poplars a Threat to Safety

Campus poplar trees have had to be cut down because of a disease, cytospora cankre, a fungal disease leading to decay which has made the trees prone to dropping their branches, endangering anyone walking under them.

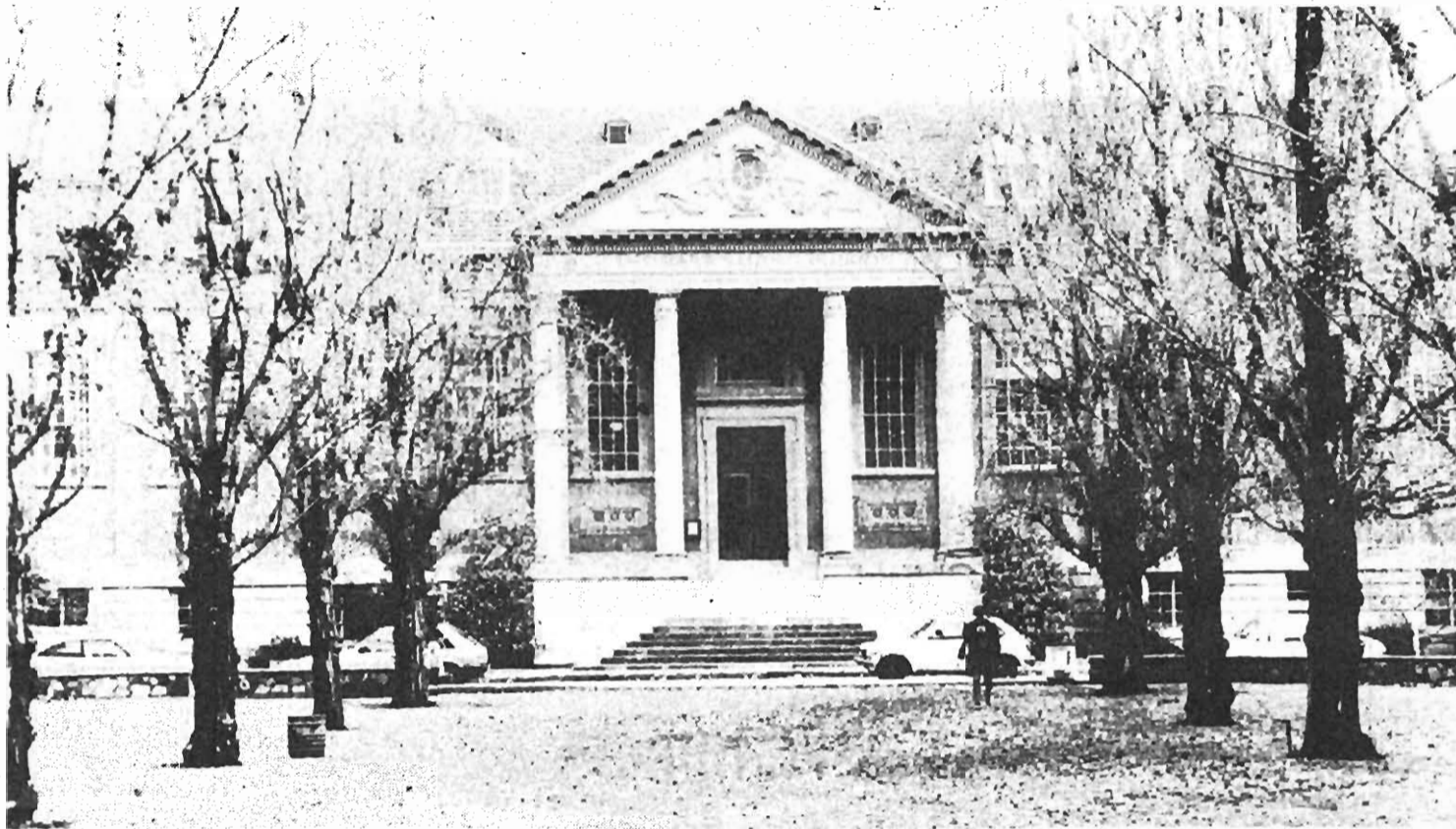
The trees, which are alongside the Maths and Engineering Buildings, have already had branches fall off and damage cars. On safety grounds the University could not accept responsibility for risk of injury to staff and students.

The trees were examined by three experts, Noel Lothian, Tony Whilehill of the Botanic Gardens and David Simon of the Adelaide City Council, who confirmed that the disease is progressive and cannot be cured. The tree surgeon who cut down the poplars advised that all trees had the disease in various stages of development.

The problem of the diseased poplars has been reported to University Council on several occasions and the removal of the trees was unanimously approved by the

Grounds Advisory Committee. Adelaide City Council has also given full approval for the removal of trees.

A landscape architect, Ian Barwick, has been appointed to produce a new plan for the area which it is intended will be available for discussion by the end of January. Anyone who would like to contribute to the plan should write to Ron Lippett, the Secretary of the Grounds Advisory Committee.



APOLOGY TO ROBERT BRICE



The editors of "On Dit" in 1989, Monica Carroll and Mark Gamtcheff, wish to apologise to Robert Brice, the Secretary/Manager of the Adelaide University Union, for an inaccurate report which appeared in the edition of "On Dit" published on 16th October, 1989.

In particular, the 1989 editors acknowledge that at all times during an industrial dispute concerning the dismissal of an employee of the Adelaide University Union, Mr. Brice acted properly and appropriately in his capacity as Chief Executive Officer of the Union.

The 1989 editors regret that it has not been possible to publish this apology until the first edition of "On Dit" for 1990 and apologise to Mr. Brice for the embarrassment which he has suffered.

MONICA CARROLL
MARK GAMTCHEFF

Gym Fees and Random Drug Tests

The University Centre for Physical Health is becoming a part of the worldwide effort to eliminate the use of drugs in sport and a part of the University effort to survive funding cuts.

With the aid of the South Australian Sports Institute, the Centre for Physical Health is adopting a policy of random drug testing that will focus on weight room users - the principal target of the project is anabolic steroid users.

An anabolic steroid is any one of a group of synthetic steroid hormones (androgens) used to stimulate muscle and bone growth. The dangers of steroid use include the development of psychosis and damage to the heart, liver and kidneys of users.

Robert Crouch, from the Centre for Physical Health, said the S.A.S.I. conducted drug test would be able to detect most drugs through the testing of a person's urine sample. But while most drugs would be detectable, he said the Centre was only concerned about the use of sports performance enhancing drugs and hard drugs. People who tested positive to these substances would be asked to seek counselling and to give regular urine samples for testing.

Mr Crouch said the possibility of detection had already made "three or four users" choose not to renew their membership and he expected "one or two more" to be either detected or deterred by random testing. However, Mr Crouch said the Centre is one of the "cleanest" gyms in the city and is keen to promote the adoption of widespread testing and educational aids to enlighten people on the risks and comparatively minor returns of steroid use.

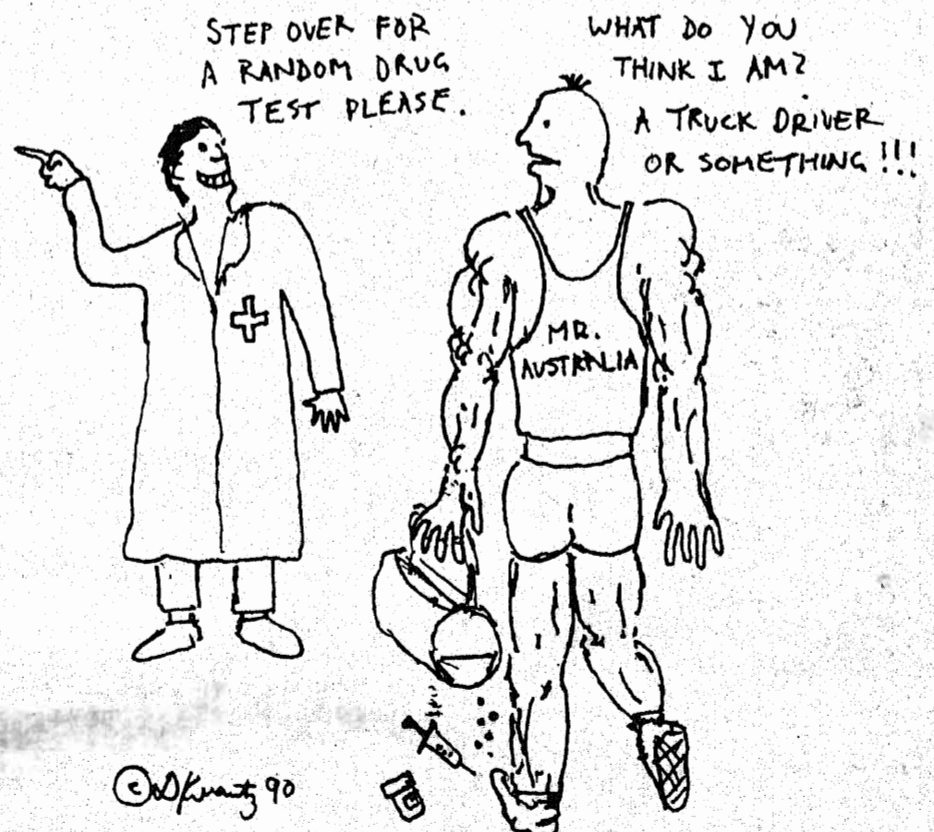
The other major change to occur to the Centre has been the introduction of a \$40 per year fee for students which covers all aspects of the Centre (aerobic classes, weight training and instruction, fitness classes, sport and recreation) but does not entitle students to use the weight training room during the peak time of 4.30 pm to 7.30 pm. For students wanting to use the weight training room in peak time an excess charge of \$40 applies.

Last year, the Centre introduced a \$15 per semester fee for weight training on top of the already existing fees for aerobics and other classes. These fees have been dropped in favour of the comprehensive \$40 fee or a casual charge of \$1.50 per visit.

Mr Crouch said the advent of fees was partly due to a drop in funding through the Student Services budget. The Centre receives about 50% of its revenue for the University's Student Services budget but because of an increase in programmes being funded through Student Services the Centre has received slightly less funding than in previous years. Attempts to gain a percentage of the Statutory Union Fee, which once contributed to the Centre via the Sports Association, have proved unsuccessful.

For more information on the Centre's extensive facilities, Mr Crouch suggests people visit the Centre for Physical Health table on the Barr Smith Lawns during O'Week.

Shane Carty



student's association

think globally
act locally-
environment
officers
ian steel and
jo dyer

Science fiction stories have long been dominated by the idea of extra-terrestrial beings threatening to mobilise and attack planet earth. Using colourful language, the authors of the various works would describe the extreme situations of danger into which we were being placed, and would speculate upon the reactions of the various governments to our somewhat disturbing predicament. The conclusions were generally happy, as international co-operation against the common enemy became a reality - nationalism, which conquered race, sex, ideology, could it seemed, be defeated by the really fear of widespread and absolute destruction by this mystery external and spookily unknown force. One can actually imagine the countries of the earth banding together in a

single political unit to stave off extra-terrestrial aggression, where under all other circumstances they had failed to do so. I would suggest that we are now facing such a crisis. For the first time the people of the Earth, wherever and whoever they are, whatever they believe, are all confronted by a common danger. The Ecological Imperative - the Environment Problem - whatever you want to call it, poses the greatest threat to us and all other life forms that we have every experienced. As yet, it remains doubtful as to whether a situation as diffuse and abstract as the ecological crisis can arouse the political imagination sufficiently to serve as the equivalent of the personified enemy aggressor. Somehow the history of humankind is so bloody and intercene that only a personified enemy seems able to produce fear and a sense of emergency. A pity - as I believe we have something very real to fear, and that we should recognise the level to which this emergency has escalated. Quite simply, our planet is dying. We are killing it. There is no external aggressor to be sure - we have become the aggressors, preying on the planet, plundering and pillaging. And perhaps the most terrifying thing of all is that there is no-one to stop us. We are free to carry on, wreaking destruction, living the

lifestyle of the indulgent and the carefree, and bequeath the bill to future generations. But if we do, we must ask ourselves if it is a bill they will be able to pay.

There are many people who are convinced that we will never be able to service such a huge debt in the future, and that if we leave it until then, it will be too large. People from diverse backgrounds and political beliefs are recognising that the time has come to stop exploiting our surroundings, and to start living in harmony with nature, accepting the fact that we are merely a part of it all, and not kings and conquerors. Here in Australia we have seen right-wing number cruncher for the ALP, Graham Richardson assume the Environmental portfolio in the Federal Government - and do a pretty good job too - the National Party forming alliance with the conservationist groups over the issue of soil degradation, and in Tasmania, we elected the Greens to a position where they held the balance of power. Without a doubt, public awareness has grown - biodegradable shopping bags appeared in our stores, unbleached toilet paper and kitchen roll graced our shelves. Now let us hope that the awareness continues to grow, and that the solutions proposed move beyond the merely cosmetic.

So what can we do? Where do we start? These are questions that have no easy answers. As students, it is obviously crucial that we become educated about environmental concerns. Last year, as a result of growing student concern about our environment, the position of Environment Officer was created by a student referendum. As Environment Officers this year, Ian and I are available to receive ideas, and our task is then to co-ordinate them and be a point of focus for those wanting to get involved and be heard. We are currently in the long, torturous and often frustrating task of drafting some coherent and relevant policy for the Students' Association, and are very receptive to suggestions. We hope to be holding activities, running campaigns, and doing everything that we can - with your help - to raise the level of environmental awareness on campus. We will also be working in conjunction with Friends of the Earth (FOE), an already well established environmental group on campus. FOE have a table on the Barr Smith Lawns during O Week, and are eager to sign up new members.

Jo Dyer and Ian Steel,
Environment Officers

fees, funding
and fun-
saw president
wendy wakefield

I am looking forward to a challenging year as it is already clear that the Students' Association (SAUA, pronounced 'sewer') will have to deal with a range of complex issues. I've outlined some of the issues that have come up to date. This column is fairly lengthy, but it will give you some idea of the type of work I do as President of the SAUA.

As Mel outlines in her column, the implementation stage of the merger with Roseworthy Agricultural College is in train. An agreement to merge between Adelaide University and Roseworthy College was signed at the end of last year. Negotiations are now underway to sort out the details of the amalgamation. The SAUA has representatives on the various working parties involved in the negotiation process.

Negotiations are also underway between the SAAU and the Roseworthy Agricultural College Student Union Council (RACSUC) in order to work out the structure of the

new representative student organisation.

There are support services for students provided by the University such as the Health Service, literacy and study skills support, careers advice, counselling, financial assistance and other such services.

It is clear that the services provided by the University are manifestly inadequate. As well as providing inadequate services in some areas, the University provides no dental or legal service at all. The Working Party to examine the Management of Sport and Physical Recreation has recommended that "the University's contribution to the budget of the Centre for Physical Health be reduced by the amount derived from fees and that the funds so released be redirected to the expansion of student services, in the first instance towards the development of the Language and Study Skills Unit". At a glance, it appears that the University is expanding its provision of student services. However, it is taking money from one student service, sport, in order to fund another. This is unacceptable, and the SAUA will be liaising with the Sports Association on this issue.

What is the SAUA doing about the issue of the level of student services generally? Besides taking up the issue through the University committee process, we are at present formulating a major campaign on the level of student services provided at this University. Alan Fairley, the Project Research Officer of the SAUA has more to say about student services in his article.

For those new to this issue, the University has moved to the system of area management as of the beginning of this year. Funding and management of each area (faculty) is now determined by the area itself, rather than be a central process.

This move has a number of consequences. One of these is the development of "agreements of performance". The idea is that each area will be accountable to the Executive Committee of the University by means of these agreements. The areas will pledge to fulfil certain objectives and will be penalised by cuts in funding if they do not fulfil those aims.

Making sure that the areas are accountable is important, and is a principle supported by the SAUA. However, the SAUA has raised concerns about the proposed performance agreements. Firstly, the procedures for the evaluation of performance of areas should have been in place before the introduction of area management. Secondly, the proposed method of performance appraisal would not make the areas accountable, as there is no provision made to evaluate the areas' performance. I will be taking up this issue through the University Executive Committee.

Non Award courses are studies undertaken which do not count towards a degree, diploma or certificate. The University decided that students enrolled in these courses would not be liable to pay the

statutory annual fee. This means that these students are not permitted to join the Union and are therefore not members of the SAUA. They are thus denied the benefits of student representation and other services provided by the SAUA. These students are also denied Barr Smith Library membership (that is, they have to pay a fee to obtain membership rights) and are not eligible for any student travel discounts, even if they are full time. One student in this position has already come in to see me. I will be taking up the issue to try to change this situation for the future.

Now for some more positive news. During O Week there are a variety of activities provided by the SAUA. These are outlined in the O Week Program available in the SAUA office. I will be speaking at the Official Welcome for new students and at various other events, including the Overseas Students Orientation Day and the Waite Institute welcome for first years with Mel. I have already spoken at the SAUA, Science Association and Catholic Community O Camps and at the Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music Orientation Conference. I am looking forward to enjoying myself at the orientation events and I hope you do too. All the best for 1990. And remember, if you have any problems or queries about anything at all come and see me, another elected representative of the staff in the SAUA.

the new
university?
education
vice president
mel yuan

Welcome to Adelaide University for 1990. This year promises to be like most other years, with a few minor differences. The first difference is that Adelaide University is now officially in the process of amalgamating with Roseworthy Agricultural College. So welcome to the "New University of Adelaide".

If you are new to the University, you may

not have heard of many of the recent developments in the higher education sector. If you have been around for a while, you have probably heard it all. However it seems that often the biggest developments occur over the summer break when all but the most hardened student reps. are on holiday. The great development in higher education for summer 1989/1990 has been the defederation of the South Australian College of Advanced Education.

The last two years have seen a multiplicity of different combinations for different models of higher ed. institutions in this state. Throughout all of the many stages of the negotiating process, Adelaide Uni. has proven itself to be less than popular with other institutions. However in 1990 we must bite the bullet as the situation we now face is an impending merger with the City campus of the SACAE. The other campuses have been

"allocated" to other institutions, with Sturt and Flinders a likely combination and Magill, Salisbury and Underdale joining with SAIT. This is the most radical and controversial step taken in this state in regard to amalgamations.

South Australia has always lagged behind the rest of the country in the merger stakes, but finally Canberra saw fit to withhold capital funding due to the fact that the state of higher ed. institutions was "uncertain". You don't need me to tell you then, why the SACAE was forced to defederate.

The upshot of the whole situation is that this campus will be engaged in talks with Roseworthy campus AND will have to negotiate with the College and its City campus. This makes for a very confusing year.

But don't worry, as despite the mess, now is the time when students will be able to set the agenda and achieve real gains for

students and their education.

Don't forget that despite all this change going on around us, the SAUA is still here so that we can hear your problems and try and get the best deal for students.

Other priorities for this year include trying to reform to some extent the system of faculty and departmental representation. I have spoken to a few students during the pre-enrolment talks about getting involved with their faculty. After all, you have to contend mainly with your faculty peers and lecturers during your stay at Uni., so it is of obvious benefit to have a say in the way it is run. This can be a really rewarding and empowering experience so make the most of it and don't ever be discouraged if the system doesn't change overnight.

Have a good Orientation.

Mel Yuan
Education Vice President

Welcome to the last decade. 1990 will be an exciting year for all students, especially on March the 24th, when students have the option of voting for a party that supports user-pays higher education, or a party that supports user-pays higher education. The main difference between the two parties is that one talks about access and equity in higher education and the other one doesn't talk about access and equity in higher education. It won't take long for you to realise how little is being done about access and equity.

Groups that generally struggle to enter university- women, mature aged students,

aborigines, the working class and migrants- have been finding it harder since the introduction of the HEAC in 1986 and HECS in 1988. Indeed, the participation of these groups has declined markedly. Students who have actually made it to Uni have been faced with a multitude of cutbacks and attacks. Tutorial sizes have increased, course quotas have been lowered and tightened, and attempts have been made to charge students for services which should be automatically provided. The \$50 fee for first year course materials in the Law school for example.

On top of this we have a National Union of Students (NUS) which is big on

pamphlets, badges and stickers, but short on political action. Although about 70% of Australian campuses have affiliated to NUS, the Union has done little to encourage direct participation by the general student body (i.e. everybody who has never been an NUS delegate or office bearer) in the Union. At the NUS conference last year the only students allowed into the hall to watch the proceedings were those who had been voted in as delegates or had applied to go as observers. There were only four observers allowed from Adelaide Uni, however, and anyone without an "official invite" was turned away. This is despite

the fact that every student paid \$5 for the privilege of joining this impotent bureaucracy.

In a year when students will be facing either a \$12,000 up-front fee, or a continuation and possible increase of the \$1,800 graduate tax, there must be more encouragement of, and avenues for, *direct* student participation.

Politics in large amounts can be incredibly boring, so make sure you have a good time this year. Go to the Fringe and get pissed.

Steve Jackson
David Penberthy

Election Watch: Election Economics

It's election time and suddenly the politicians are interested in us

It has been widely recognised by election commentators that the economy is the central issue of this election.

Well. Surprise, surprise.

Another amazing revelation from *The Advertiser* last week was that the outcome of the election would come down to the performance of the respective party leaders, Hawke and Peacock in conveying their economic policies to a sceptical electorate.

Surprise, surprise.

More startling yet is that this election is deemed as historically important due to the precarious position and direction of the economy.

I am amazed. Amazed because from what I have seen so far, this election promises to distinguish itself by its *lack* of exciting or innovative policies.

This election promises to be as boring as dogshit.

Labor is promising more Keating arrogance while the Liberal Party promises us the world will be better under them. In fact, it will be so good, that Pig Iron Bob Menzies' ghost will walk the Parliamentary halls and write Andrew Peacock's speeches. Even the rhetoric is old. The problem with this election is that technocratic economists are running the campaign while the speech writers have their brains firmly in the good 'ol days mode.

This makes for a certain inevitability of policy direction. In particular it means that monetary policy (surely the crudest way to control an economy) sits on the policy throne dictating to other social policy direction. When Keating deregulated the financial sector in 1988 he gave the already enormously influential banking sector an almost disgusting amount of policy influence. So much so that the Liberal Party admits that they can't do much about high interest rates either.

Terrific.

It is a bizarre situation when interest rates become the epicentre of political activities. As a means of controlling private sector debt, its most dramatic impact is on those families facing long term mortgages, and those stupid enough to apply for, receive and use credit cards.

This election lays siege to a credit problem. Credit is simply too easy to acquire. When people get it they moan that it costs too much.

The political problem with monetary controls is that high interest rates don't

automatically guarantee that an individual or family will think twice about applying for credit. It may stop small business expansion or speculative building construction (as it has). But loans and those dreaded credit cards are still easy to get.

The result of all this is that in this election welfare and social policies are flowing from monetary decisions. These decisions rely on market forces. The politicians can only sit, watch and respond to Treasury statistics. Gone are the days of government directing market forces.

It is no coincidence that the ALP and Liberal Parties are targetting families when they dangle the handout carrot. As a sector that suffers from expensive credit, both Parties realise that a massive swing to the Democrats (who don't trouble themselves with anything unpopular like economic policies) can only be avoided by the cynical dollars in pocket syndrome. So there's tax cuts, mortgage relief, childcare promises, etc, etc.

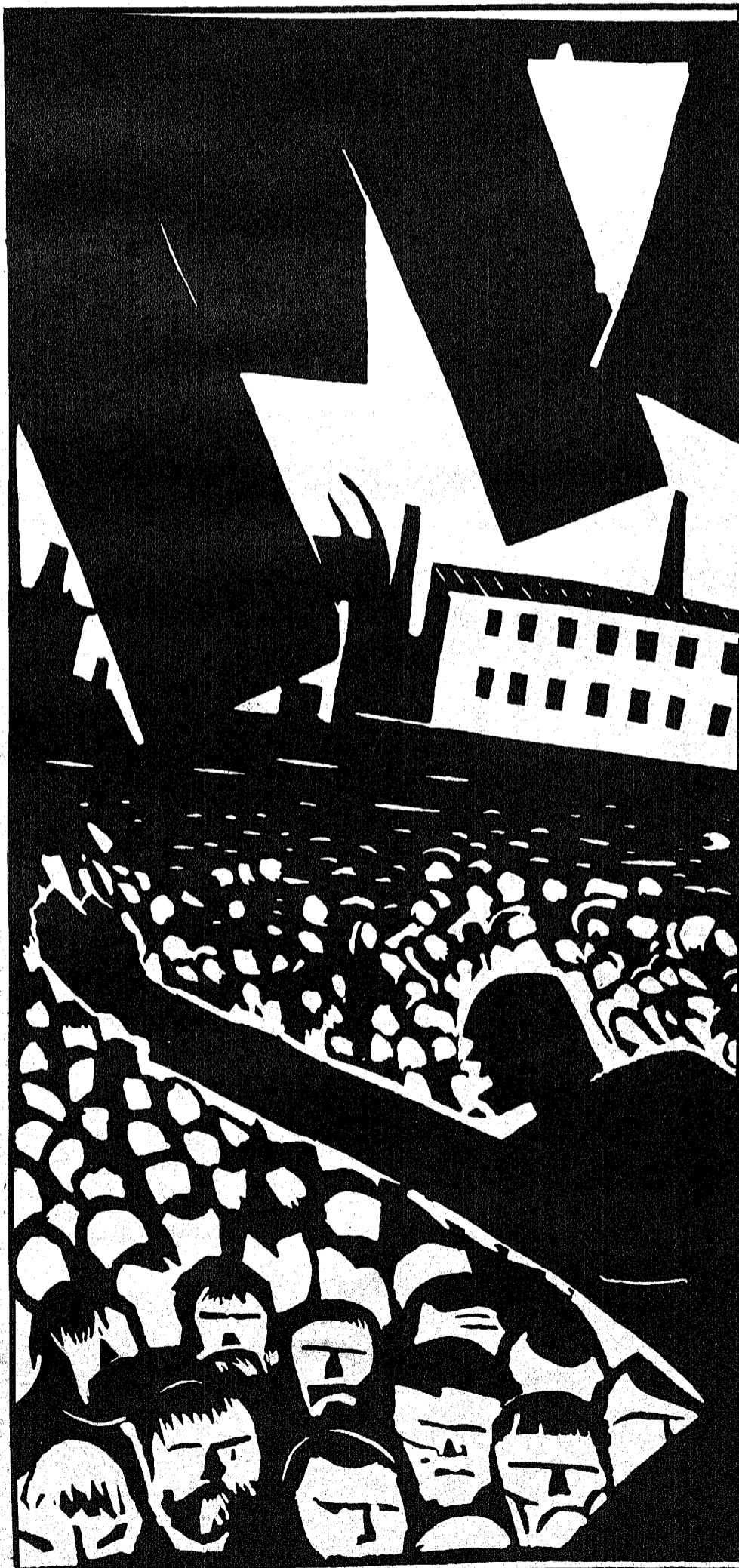
The Democrats must enjoy the economic impotence of the major parties. As the Liberals flounder due to an inability to convincingly cost their policies in a 'economically responsible way', the Democrats freed of economic concerns rely on the dissatisfaction with economically dictated morality. They tap into tertiary educated middle Australians, who are largely free of pressing economic pressures and vote in accordance with first principles: environmental protection, independent foreign policy, racial and sexual equality.

The big disappointment with the Democrats however is their lack of an alternative economic vision. It must be said therefore that their popularity in the upcoming election will be more due to a rejection of the economic reductionist policies of the major parties than to any alternative vision of their own.

At this time of great historic importance for Australia, both major parties remain bound to market forces for policy directives. The market statistics are suggesting (so says the economists) continuing high interest rates are needed to avoid a level of debt that would make Brazil look like the Bank of England.

In the face of this we can expect the political rhetoric to be long and strangely similar to the smell of an unwashed porcelain bowl as both parties try to appear wildly different yet economically responsible.

My tip? Labor by 10 seats, if only because everyone will be too bored to vote for anything different.



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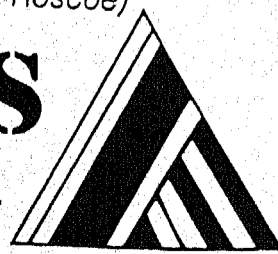
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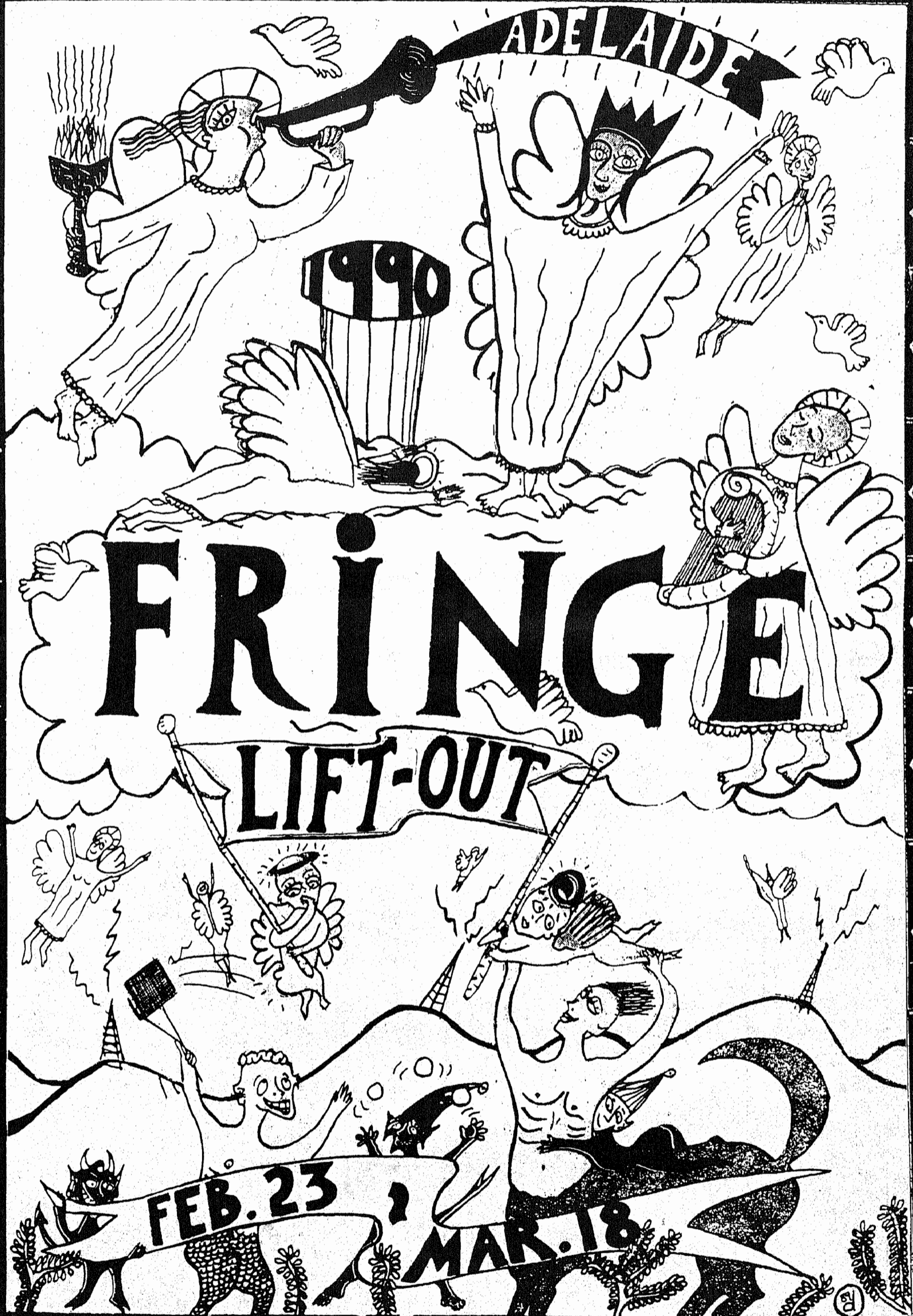
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Fringe party party party

Stay away from lectures

Veteran Fringe-goers are putting in lots of sleep in preparation for an exciting and varied programme of visual art, caberet music and theatre that will make late-night amusement difficult to avoid for the next three weeks.

A highlight this 1990 Fringe Festival is the mass migration of the cream of Melbourne caberet to the Little Sisters Caberet at the Living Arts Centre; including the Doug Anthony All Stars, Rachel Berger and the Great Big Opera Company, Bob Downe, Miss Dorothy and His Fools In Love and cool jazz outfit Bachelors From Prague.

Marat Pack return with a stand-up based comedy routine with *The*

Love Goat at the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel, while Adelaide University's own Footlights tests the limits of good taste with its revue *Exploding Sacred Cows* at the Little Theatre.

The Fringe Club is sure to be popular to anyone with a late-night thirst. Fringe acts will perform in short stints in the Lion Theatre, while the Lion bar next door will be a lager party the place to be seen the place to deny you were seen at. So pick up a Fringe programme and get some extra sleep now. Otherwise, you'll miss the third week completely.

LOVE GOAT SEX SHOCK LAWYERS CAUGHT IN ACT

Exclusive

Shaun Micallef and Al Ward are aback with a Fringe pub show at the Governor Hindmarsh Metropolis Room but are shunning publicity.

"This is the only interview I'm giving for the Fringe ... We're at an ex-bikie pub that's been done up. You know they've painted it in heritage colours of orange and yellow. What's it about you ask? Well it's about an hour long!"

The clover moan/groan Shaun and Al humour is back. Shaun Micallef is having a year away from the bar (that's legal bar) to develop his considerable comic writing skills (his scripts have been used on the *Big Gig*) and to spread goonish slapstick comedy to the Edinburgh Fringe (providing *Love Goat* makes money). Also in the line is a season in late '90 at the Space Cabaret. Anyone who has seen anything of Shaun and Al would agree that they have the necessary comic talent to pull off both ventures. Shaun sees the Fringe "as a training ground".

Shaun and Al are both ex-Adelaide Uni Footlighters. They're crowing achievement in that time was the 1986 Fringe Show *39 Steps 2 Elevators and a Lift* which as only second behind the



Doug Anthony All Stars in the 1986 Advertiser Fringe Awards. 1990 should see them go close to winning it again. Francis Greenslade who starred in previous Marat Pack shows (*Bishop Takes Knight*, *Beckoning Gullet*) is unfortunately unavailable due to being typecast as a lunatic in the STC's Festival highlight Marat/Sade. Replacing him on piano and guitar is another ex-Footlighter from the 1986 shows: James Neate.

"Contrary to the poster, there are no nude women with goat's heads, must Al Ward" says Shaun.

The show unlike *Bishop Takes Knight* "resembles a bit more of a revue ... a sick pool of ectoplasm. After Footlights you never lost that deep-shock brand of comedy", Shaun reassured Barbara Page (*Sunday Mail*) that the humour would not rely solely on obscenity.

"It's like a one and half hour stand-up with a piano".

Marat Pack will be bloody funny at the Governor Hindmarsh for 3 weeks. Also Radio Saturday Morning 10 am, Triple M "Comedy Crystal Set". "The scripts are usually written at 9 o'clock".

Steve Jackson

Adelaide is a peculiar place. For the majority of the year we lead a secure, uneventful and sometimes mundane existence, but come festivities we party with the best of them.

Last Friday night Rundle Street teamed with swarms of culture vultures, many of them dressed in black and paisley, all there to suck the marrow out of Adelaide's artistic life.

Just like the petrol heads who parade the East End annually and disappear just as quickly, disguised in Ferrari jackets and sucking on Marlboro cigarettes, I cannot help but cynically muse where all these lovers of the 'yartzt' go during the Festival-free years.

The party officially began with a parade of dancers, jugglers, stilt-walkers followed by a Fringe launch delivered by S.A.'s two royal families-the Queen (alias Gerry Connolly) and John and Angela Bannon.

To the wafting aromas of felafel, popcorn and short blacks,

numerous Fringe acts entertained the culture hungry masses. They ranged from the atrocious- the Eco Rock extravaganza, in which hippies sang odes to shrubs, to the superlative- in which Rachel Berger delighted the crowd with a list of terms used by men when urinating, and the Great Big Opera Company got a great reception with their rock arias.

But the official Fringe acts were up against it. Trying to plug a show which they had laboured over for months was difficult in the 15 minutes they were allotted, especially with poor amplification and a beat up V-Dub as a dressing room. As a result it was the

roving buskers who provided the night's best entertainment. Financially they were the evening's big winners, closely followed by Al-Fresco and the pubs.

The Austral was the site of some ugly scenes. Condous' wowsler "dry zone" concept again proved to be counter productive. The Council's misplaced zeal only succeeded in preventing the responsible drinker from having the occasional beer, which is more of a necessity than a luxury on a hot summer night, while those who wanted to drink themselves senseless did so at Rymill Park, returning to the mall later to harrass anybody who got in their way.

The Exeter and Austral were grossly overcrowded, making the acquisition of a drink a task tountermount to the pursuit of the Holy Grail. A combination of overcrowding, drunken thugs, high temperatures and the complete impossibility of buying a drink anywhere other than in two pubs led to a few disturbing scenes. A senior drinks-boy at the Austral recounted tales of smashed windows, brawls, angry bouncers venting their spleen on the occasional drunk (and the occasional not so drunk), and one staff member was forced to go home after being bitten on the leg! Hopefully Mr. Condous will soon realise that prohibition was never a very good idea after all. A word of advice Mr. Condous- "if you respect your people set them free". But I do not want to pour cold water on what was a good night. The interest the Fringe has already engendered augers well for the month of cultural festivities ahead.

Slimey J. Morris

Driller, Drugs and the Aced House Remix

Ten years as a police officer would seem an incongruous background for any artist. Driller Jet Armstrong, the man responsible for the 1990 Fringe poster, must be the most unlikely candidate for such a past. Yet he was a cop for ten years, and now divides his time between painting, playing house music and seventies schmaltz as a DJ at warehouse parties, and a pending court appearance over a charge of producing cannabis.

The Fringe poster is representative of the sort of work Driller is doing at the moment.

"It's fairly spiritual. I'm currently working on a painting called 'Acid Christ Remix'."

Much of Driller's work reflects the eclecticism and irreverence of the postmodern/age of plunder ethos. He draws on the classical tradition and subverts its lofty religious imagery by juxtaposing it with contemporary icons and symbols. However, he denies that his work is a mere pastiche preying off the renaissance and house music.

"My art is more influenced by the symbols I encounter in every day life, the kind of music I play and the associated images, the smiley face and the paisley pattern. I'm using these images to depict the crucifixion in a new way."

Although Driller believes there is a "divine inspiration" behind his work. he

laughs wildly when asked if he is a practising Christian. He sees the crucifixion in purely temporal terms, describing it as "...a scene from the Passion, something you would read about in a book."

Driller has never studied art. Indeed, he has never studied anything. Since he left the police force his lifestyle has changed almost entirely and he now finds himself on the other side of the law. It comes as no great surprise that he now views the police with contempt.

"I was recently busted for growing six dope plants and was charged with producing cannabis. Most people would have got an on the spot fine, but in my case it's a real heresy, you know, "EX-COP WITH STASH!" It's real victimisation. I used to stick up for the cops in interviews, but not any more. They put me in jail that night for four hours, and when I got the statement back they'd added things that I didn't say. I used to see a lot of that."

Apart from painting, DJ-aying and drug charges, Driller will be working as artist in residence at Norwood High and has received a grant to make a documentary about artists living in Adelaide. He has an exhibition called "Ordinary Wit" starting in the Loft Gallery on March 7th as part of the Fringe.

David Penberthy

Little Sisters Cabaret

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DOUG
ANTHONY
ALL STARS
& GERRY SADOWITZ
IN SEX AND VIOLENCE
9PM 8 - 11 MAR &
15 - 18 MAR

MISS DOROTHY
& HIS FOOLS IN
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11PM 5 - 11 MAR

7 O'CLOCK
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7PM - 12 - 18 MARCH

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Little Sisters Cabaret

Drinkies with Dot..... Miss Dorothy & his fools in love

The singer and the manager weren't at the Living Arts Centre like they promised. They were at the Exeter. Obviously. So I caught a cab and took a pint of ale off Nick's hands and sat down. Tim Lloyd plus a few of Nick's ales got up and left shortly thereafter. The manager was drinking from two glasses. Miss Dorothy (singer) was not. It was the only time. "Have a drink", I said. "OK". All set. I sort of interviewed them but it was a two man act so as the third I stayed quiet. They were quite garrulous anyway. This was, after all, a promotional visit. It started with licking, which Miss Dorothy (that's a HE - a relatively normal looking guy) has a reputation for. "Me mum said I'd get AIDS", said Miss Dorothy, "but I got AIDS once and shook it off. I wore a condom a couple of times, used a clean needle and it went away. "If people listened to the ads, they'd be okay." Manager interjects, smiles, looks a bit like the guy from the Proclaimers - the good looking one that is. "Let the poofers and junkies sort themselves out. It's natural selection isn't it?" "I mean, Jesus sent it for a reason," Miss

Dorothy adds. These guys are rarely religious. The band is a hot cab/jazz band outfit with ex-Vince Jones bass selection plus Greg Ham on sax. Leading the fray is Dorothy ("I'm a performing fuckwit".) They play well-known but rarely covered songs like *Come Fly With Me* (Neil Diamond), *Too Good to be True* and the best/worst Elvis song *Edge of Reality*. Miss Dorothy entertains between songs, pushing humour to revoltingly funny limits. "This is not boring jazz," says the Manager. While 'serious' jazz has credibility, "it just hasn't got any interest as far as the punters are concerned". "Don't get the impression we are a jazz band - we do jazz! Jazz is undergoing this sort of renaissance," says Dorothy. "People are thinking it's cool to like jazz, like its cool to drink Corona. Corona and jazz - what a combination ... and black clothes!" I caught a strangely hyperactive Miss Dorothy plus a few hours drinking at the Cargo Club. Miss D was on stage trying to merge with B# man Nigel against the back wall. The manager was pissing himself. Miss D reckons that male punters on two separate occasions had been quite violent towards him as a result of his stage act - "I licked him", Dorothy snorts. But these events are rare. "I do more things to myself than I could ever do to the audience - I whip myself with the mike lead ... it hurts!" explains Miss Dorothy. People attending Miss Dorothy and His Fools in Love get to see a tight cool band with a total dickhead up the front. This act demands your attention.

Steve Jackson



MISS DOROTHY- just a bunch of love sick fools

chewing the **BIG** weird **OPERA**-tic fat

Jon Jackson began his talk with me by saying that his brother was called Steve Jackson. "How spooky?" he whispered, "What's that beeping noise?" Yep we're goin' live, I said. Interview off to a flying start. We then chatted about the glories of live recording on the radio. "I guess I should say something meaningful," he said. Ah yes. The show. "Why is schmaltzy cabaret so popular in Melbourne?" "I think we're in an age when everything has been done...but not all of it has been done awfully well...it actually has to be schmaltzy, not pretend. It's the authentic article and it works best in Sydney."

Sydney?? What makes Sydney so special? Perhaps it was the Sydney tendency to grandstand, "We do a lot of grandstanding which I don't think a lot of people do. It is sort of what the Olympic game athletes do when they win a medal. We invite the audience into it which is really what they want..." Jon Jackson is a twenty-seven year old classically trained counter-tenor with an extraordinarily high voice. The band is all digital drop-jaw synth that sounds like 103 players. He believes that the generation gap is widening quicker in the 90's; it's a new improved, better class, acquired taste sort of an urban alienation. "There are so many people you meet who

are soulless...cold." "Yeah, yeah," I intoned "They're a little shy, and we're in the business of making them unshy." Long pause. "Right" I said "mmm yeeces." Jon Jackson likes really tacky music. Interesting boy. "but with a synthesiser that sounds like a symphony orchestra you really carry it off." No doubt about it this may be schmaltz and lots of Hollywood Bond 007 horror horror themes but by all reports it's a HUGE sound and a great voice. It will be like wearing flairs but loving it, and I bet I enjoy it. Damn.

Steve Jackson

get **DOWNE!!** with **SCHMALITZY BOB!**

Bob Downe has all the style and panache of a raffia work toilet roll holder. The silky-haired Hare-trousered crooner from Murwillimbah will be singing his way through such old favourites as "My Way", "New York, New York, New York" and the Manilow classic "Copacabana", from March 5th to 11th at the Living Arts Centre. If you're the kind of person who enjoys watching "A Touch of Elegance" and "The Bert Newton Show", then read on. ON DIT spoke with his alter ego, Mark Trevorror, the man behind the schmaltz behind the Bob. ON DIT: So when is Bob arriving in Adelaide? MARK: Next Monday. Bob's on "A Touch of Elegance" Tuesday morning and then on "The 7.30 Report". ON DIT: What, "A Touch of Elegance" with Margaret Glasbrook? MARK: Yeah, absolutely. Does anybody important go through town without doing it? Bob goes down really well on those quality shows. I'm a bit of a regular on the Joannie McGuinness show in Sydney. ON DIT: Do they sell things like Monlinoxes and skin cream on it? MARK: Yeah, and fingernails. Look, what I really want to know is how's Lionel Williams? ON DIT: Umm, I must admit I haven't followed his career too closely, but I think like most mediocre entertainers with round faces, he got the chop. MARK: Dear. One day it's kicks, then it's kicks in the shins. I'm devastated. Now wasn't Lionel working uneasily with Margaret on that sofa in a Touch of Elegance? ON DIT: I think so. MARK: So Margaret won the battle. Oh well, I can't wait to see her. Are they still using the one camera? ON DIT: I assume so. Are there elements of your own personality in Bob Downe? MARK: God, I hope not! The longer I do him the more I feel he's completely another

person. ON DIT: I heard that Bob has been appointed Dean of Performing Arts at Bond University. MARK: Yeah, the lecturers just sit around amusing each other, as there aren't many students there. The ones that are there can't speak English. But Bob's got a lot of skills he feels they can take back to Taiwan and South Korea with them. ON DIT: Is there much of a market for the classy Bacharach-esque songs you perform? MARK: Oh yes, definitely, always has been always will be. Demand tends to fluctuate but it would be fair to say that Bob is riding the crest of a wave of revival. ON DIT: Has Bob ever performed at a Leagues Club or a CWA where the audience take him seriously? MARK: No, but he gets fan letters from middle aged ladies who sometimes know it's a pass take but other times, well, you can't be sure. All they know is that they love him anyway. He's the son they'd love to have. Young student type audiences are the best to play to because they watch the most daytime television. ON DIT: Yeah, some of my friends haven't missed an episode of "Santa Barbara" in three years. MARK: That's right. I've spent the last week catching up on "The Young and the Restless" which they don't have in England. I've been there for the last two and half months with the Doug Anthony All Stars. ON DIT: So what does Bob Downe do when he's not performing? MARK: Well, we lives with his mother at the Now or Never Caravan Park in Murwillimbah. They live together in a L-shaped caravan, so they don't have to see each other. He sits around a pool sipping fluffy ducks. It's not quite as classy as he'd like, because it's an above ground pool, a Clark pool! But he's set up a nice rock garden with his mother. It's all very tasteful.

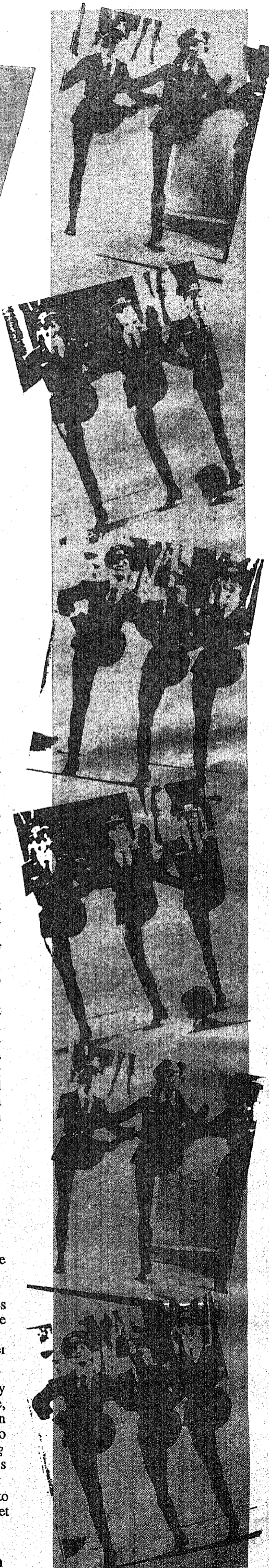
Rachel **Double-Lough** Berger

Appearing at Little Sisters from Saturday, 24th February through to Sunday, March 4th at 7 pm, (with the Great Big Opera Company) is Rachel Berger, one of the most refreshing stand-up talents from the Australian Capital of Comedy: Melbourne. I asked her what sort of men found her funny, since her jokes are often at the expense of their lesser knuckle-dragging, Export-drinking brothers. Unrestrained nervous hysterics followed. "Well, everyone really." Rachel Berger on stage wears "le just right op shop" dress and heels: "I look like the normal, well, you know, normal (laughs) type of woman!" But: "Women stand-ups don't reflect the same sort of stereotypes that women character actors do!" The result for Berger is an ambiguous presentation and nervous male spectators

waiting to laugh. Even in Perth they laugh and yet: "When you walk into Perth you can almost feel testosterone in the air!" She mentioned the Bond schlong tower too. Rachel Berger's humour plays on what she coins as 'more existential dread' than gender stereotyping. It's the global issues such as AIDS and irreversible environmental destruction which all can make us nervous that she targets. Her success live in due to an enerring aim at targets that make us nervous, male and female. Laughter reveals common fears. This way Berger unites her audience. Her skill with hecklers comes out of this: "I've got some wonderful material from hecklers!" Recently on a highly successful tour of England (including the critically acclaimed Edinburgh performances) she came across

this gem: "What do Englishmen do when they're drunk?" Answer? "They play cricket!" It is obsessiveness about common fears that drive manic depressives to become comics. "I'm a manic depressive, really," Berger laughs. She joins fine company: John Cleese, Tony Hancock, Spike Milligan, Eric Moorecombe, Peter Sellers. All mad comics together are an asylum, not however. Without sounding too new age about it, Berger described *Big Gig* as a 'supportive experience'. The lunatics running the asylum perhaps? Mad or not, Rachel Berger is guaranteed to make you laugh before you realise you've let out a secret.

Steve Jackson



Russian Madness in the Little Theatre

Today an extraordinary event occurred. I got up rather late ... and ... to be sure ... a Kidney walked out of the bathroom.

I have long suspected that Kidney's are more intelligent than people; I am even convinced that they can speak, only there is a certain musical quality about them. For some years Kidneys have been exploring music in relation to atmosphere. Described as 'chipping away at the mould of convention', the Kidney Art Ensemble creates imagery through the meditative repetition of musical design. The technique, expanding qualities of Minimalism, has been compared to the likes of Phillip Glass and Steve Reich. Yet, in the same breath, one may prefer that their more memorable creation is that least like the works of their better known contemporaries. For only the Kidneys could bring to life a musical battle at the Newcastle baths during the New South Wales Festival. A fight between Blobberama, the blobby goobly thing and fan Ching pangle rangly tang!

Returning from their trip to Hollywood during the last Festival Fringe, it seems only too obvious that an ensemble of Kidneys with such bizarre musical experience could dwell into the flamboyant madness of social reason in the diary of Gogol's madman. A madman from the public service who, as

department clerk, sharpens quills for his director, who meanwhile believes dogs can talk and is convinced it is he who is the King of Spain.

Gogol was a man of many shadows. Indeed he carried in his writing the dark shadow of the pre-revolutionary Russian public service, in which he found his illusions of a saviour knocked off the table like a fine china vase. His is not the madness of socially knowledgeable learned friends conversation in cafes ... the madness of discourse? And what are the various coffees that sound like the names of European philosophers? No ... Gogol's madness is not to be romanticised. This is a black comedy of disillusioning political forté. There is no wisdom in Gogol's madman, but only the bully of social reasoning itself. To the Kidneys it is a musical fantasy. It is the sound of sharpening quills, the semi-melodic agony and torture of thoughts, the apeshit violin. That itself is both the bizarre madness and the "Pierrot" sensuality of a plausible and all too really neighbour that hides within ourselves. "Diary of a Madman" is the madman in the machine, the machine of our world, that itself is the musical world from Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya to Steve Reich and Kidneys in the bath.

I'll follow that dog, I said to myself. I opened my umbrella and set off.

Cameron Bell

OBSESSIONS

MIME THEATRE

Interviewing Antebodies- the theatre company of Nani McMullin and Wayne Condo, made me realise that mime artists are not so dumb after all. Yet Antebodies do not describe themselves as mime artists, more exponents of "gestural theatre" and more particularly corporeal mime. Wayne Condo describes this technique as "differing from other forms of mime, in that it concerns itself with how a problem, be it physical or mental, can be expressed through the body". The concern is not with mere illusion (ie. Marceau), but with how the body moves in relation to the space and objects around it.

Their aim is to "stylize, simplify, amplify, pinpoint and purify" human movement and emotion, something the duos impressive career details suggest they are achieving.

Their two pieces of street theatre 'The Manipulator' and 'The Human Factor', performed extensively in Europe and Australia earned them such plaudits as London's Mime Entertainers of the Year (twice) and last year victory at the Australian Street Performers Festival.

Antebodies Fringe performance

'Obsession', which Nanni describes as 'an unreasonable comedy' (obsession being an unreasonably persistent idea in the mind), synthesizes the duos work on the street, in cabaret, TV and theatre which they believe will add a new dimension to physical theatre in Australia.

'Obsession' is a love story that in the words of Wayne Condo 'deals with a man and a woman who find it difficult to relate to each other in an ordinary way so they play and invent games which bring out each others obsessions'. Something all lovers and losers in love could relate to, no doubt.

'Obsessions' is not so much a play as a game.

Etienne Decroix, the founder of Corporeal Mime, saw the essential qualities required by an exponent of his technique as 'the body of a gymnast, the mind of the actor and the heart of the poet'. From my brief encounter with Antebodies I can tell you they fulfil the first two- I suggest you see 'Obsession' to decide for yourself whether they capture the intransigent spirit of the poet.

SIMON MORRIS

KIDNEY ART ENSEMBLE



DIARY OF A MADMAN

... A MUSICAL
FANTASY ???

Dancing at the Festival



"Beyond the Flesh" is the name of the Australian Dance Theatre's Festival show and it is also their first full length work for a number of years. The public and press were offered a glimpse of their work last month at the world premiere. Two short pieces were performed and they definitely caught the interest and attention of the audience. The first piece was slightly less polished than it could have been, but with over a month of rehearsals still to go at that time, the opening night will undoubtedly be much smoother. The

dancers were a bit loud on the landings and they looked inexperienced, especially compared with the dancers in the second piece. The difference between the performances wasn't less skill on the part of the first, but more a case of performance experience on the part of the others. The feel of the two pieces was entirely different; the first was young and naive while the second was more languid and controlled.

What was missing from both pieces was more solo work from the males. They were choreographed more as lifting tools for the women than as performers. They all had excellent skill and should have been better incorporated into the pieces. The world premiere was also the announcement of ADT's major sponsor, ETSA. There were many speeches by various important people, but the two South Australian dancers recently chosen for the company were never introduced, everyone was praised and congratulated, except the dancers and the programme had all the appropriate information, apart from who was actually performing. The general public, however, will be able to enjoy "Beyond the Flesh" with the full benefit of knowing who they are watching. It is an opportunity not to be missed because it promises to be an innovative and enjoyable performance. In addition to "Beyond the Flesh", the Festival has several other dance productions in the programme. The Lyon Opera Ballet's "Cinderella" is a ballet must-not-miss. This popular fairy tale

will be brought to life and even the very young will enjoy seeing it on stage. The LOB have a reputation for excellence and this programme continues that reputation. The Kosh, a British company, combines

dance and theatre to create the Australian premiere of "A Matter of Chance". This production is based on a short story by Vladimir Nabokov, adapted by Britain's Roger McGough.

The fire and energy of the tango comes to the stage through the music of Osvaldo Requena. "Tango!" unleashes the erotic and sensual aura surrounding the dance and gives Australian audiences the

opportunity to witness some of the best dancers and musicians from Argentina. "Kathakali" is the South Indian dance-drama theatre performed by the Kerala Kalamandalam Kathakali company. It is an authentic representation of a dance that is at least four hundred years old and the transformations of the performers is an event in itself which ticket holders are able to observe.

There is a large variety of performances to choose from, so everybody should be able to find something that interests them.

Holly McKnight

well as being a musicologist, and the author of several books on Opera, and a playwright.

Reading through the brief summaries of each writer in the programme is indeed interesting. One learns that the latest book of Damien Broderick, author of "speculative fiction" (fantasy?) has a new book in a genre called "cyberpunk"; Sarah Day - settled in Tasmania, where she "grew up with greenhouses and tomatoes"; young WA poet Stephen Hall practices as a criminal lawyer in Perth; oddest of all, perhaps, is Michael Symons, owner of the Uraidla Aristologist, who is "currently doing a doctorate in the sociology of food at Flinders University". In refreshing contrast, Ivan Nabokov (b. 1932, France - son of Lolita ??), who is participating in a talk on "Corporate Takeovers", notes: "Languages spoken: English, French, Russian, menu Italian, airport German. No writings or publications ever."

A special group reading of South Australian writers features Tess Brady, Jeff Guess, Lolo Houbeing, Eva Johnson, Space Demon Gillian Rubinstein, and Geoff Goodfellow - giving everyone a chance to decide for him or herself whether Mike Smithson and Hinch were justified in chasing him into the "Shame File" for calling stop work poetry readings.

The highlight of the WA group reading will surely be Tim Winton, recently canonised by one R. McDougall in his notorious "At The Beach" English course (now, strangely, retitled "Australian Literature: The Littoral Imagination" (geddit?)).

Hemingway, however, to write a "teenage novel". Entitled Lockie Leonard Human Torpedo, I look forward to its appearing on the again revamped "Marine Literature of Australia" course.

WRITERS' WEEK ADMISSION FREE
Geoff Griffith



Visual art and writing are often considered distinctly separate art forms, brought together only in picture books. Form and content, style and context mean different things in different mediums.

Members of the Multicultural Artworkers' Committee (M.A.C.) have built a bridge between these two with an exhibition of artworks with accompanying text. Artists collaborated in various ways; art to text, text to art, and in some cases the visual artist and writer were one and the same. Phillip Everett and Andrew Hill were of the latter group, Hill presenting an impactful combination of photograph and text.

An interesting blend of visuals and text was presented by Charlie Schiavone and Ivan Reharek. Entitled "The Bell" it featured montaged paper dolls as the bell, with the text written on strips representing the peal.

The standout pieces were the two which portrayed racism in our society. Kelly Scott's photograph and Patrick O'Grady's accompanying text were a powerful representation of Aborigines in custody. Steve and Nola Rostoulas' offering was in two parts: both of them montage. The first showed as its centrepiece the infamous black slave, bent low with a display of a bowl of flowers on his back, from the David Jones Spring Flower Festival. Surrounding it are articles and letters from the press which defended the display, and images of black slavery. The second piece showed the same flowerer, presided over by an African warrior, standing tall and strong. Again, depictions surrounded the centrepiece, of strong black men, proud and free.

Following the exhibition opening a number of Adelaide writers read selected works. Steve Rostoulas, Rodin Genoff, Patrick O'Grady and Phil Everett read performance works, as did Pam Maitland and Sheila Langeburg. These writers (bar Langeburg and O'Grady) have been published in various magazines and looks including Otis Rush, Friendly Street, Chronica and Tandrum Press. This was the first of four various guests. Sheila Langeburg should be snapped up by a publisher and very quickly. Her images of Africa, the pleasure and the pain of being African, were emotive and powerful.

On 1st March, overseas and interstate readers will include Nick Serius, a Rumanian playwright (who is having a play performed by Melbourne Theatre Company), Richard Allen, a New York Performance Writer, and Chilean playwright Antonio De Marco.

JO DUDLEY

WRITERS' WEEK 1990

In the past some great writers have come to Adelaide for Writers' Week. One wonders what they thought of the Festival, and of Adelaide itself, while they made their brief visit. (There were also, of course, those writers who knew Adelaide very well already.) In an idealised Writers' Week I imagine distinguished and familiar writers chatting to each other in the sun, darting amongst the palms, laughing nervously at each other's jokes. They would enjoy being there, the page made flesh, above all available to their public. Compatriots would smile in recognition of each other across the crowd, amid the stench of grass and plastic.

Best of all I think could be a mass-scale argument between them all. The famous names defending vested interests, stooping to personal jibes about each other. One could happily sit back, watch and listen.

This year it's a mixed bag - several famous, even popular authors, and a lot of other budding short story writers and the like from Woop Woop whom nobody has heard of and may never really hear of again. Does this matter? As the committee itself is heavily weighted with younger critics, writers and academics, it is natural for the younger, up-and-coming writers to catch their eye and score an invitation. And let's face it, with the likes of Suzie Mitchell, Carol Treloar, Fij Miller (Murphy Sisters), Russell McDougall and Don Dunstan in control we're hardly likely to see Milton Friedman or Jeffrey Archer rushing over.

The most distinguished visitor this year must be Michael Holroyd. His Penguin biography notes that he studied science at Eton and literature at the local public library. It worked - Holroyd was advanced \$1.4 million for his latest book - a definitive, massive life of G.B. Shaw in 3 volumes. He has also produced mighty tomes on Hugh Kingsmill, Lytton Strachey and Augustus John; feats of biography approached only by Norman Sherry's epic and painstaking life of Graham Greene, (Vol 1 published last year). Look out also for Blanche d'Alpuget at this session, better qualified than anyone to talk of the PM's "indiscretions".

Christopher Hampton is another lucky catch - he won the best screenplay Oscar last year for Dangerous Liaisons, has produced many fine scripts and translations, and is a definite Man To Watch. He will be joined in a session on adapting for the screen "Batman: The Book" (?) by frequent visitor David Williamson, whose Top Silk was a let-down last year but has a new play, Siren, already playing in Sydney.

The inclusion of more writers from "post colonial" countries (New Zealand, Philippines, Malaysia, West Indies, India, Canada as well as Australia) is reflected in the session "Culture Clash". In a similar vein, William Weaver will speak on (presumably) translation. Weaver is the distinguished American translator of almost all the significant contemporary Italian authors, (Including Pirandello, Calvino and all Umberto Eco's work) as

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1990 ORIENTATION BALL SATURDAY MARCH 3

The Pogues are renown for delivering aggressive live performances which leave the audience panting in a sea of lager and sweat. They have a somewhat undeserved reputation for being a pack of Irish pissheads who appeal solely to slam dancers with extra Y-chromosomes and Guinness t-shirts. They are, however, a deeply poetic and sophisticated band. Shane MacGowan's lyrics deal with morose existential tales of dashed hopes and failed romances, and the band complements them perfectly from sweet acoustic folk to a deep and overpowering Celtic roar. Their music, and indeed lives, are marked by timeless Irish struggles; alcoholism, religion, national determination, love.

Paul Champion caught up with Spider Stacy before their show at the Old Lion in January. As they spoke, Shane MacGowan was collapsing in the background, vomiting halfway through the soundcheck. Shane's antics are, however, just one part of the band's life, as the interview with Spider reveals.

On Dit: Do you feel that the band has an affinity for this country because of Australia's Celtic heritage?

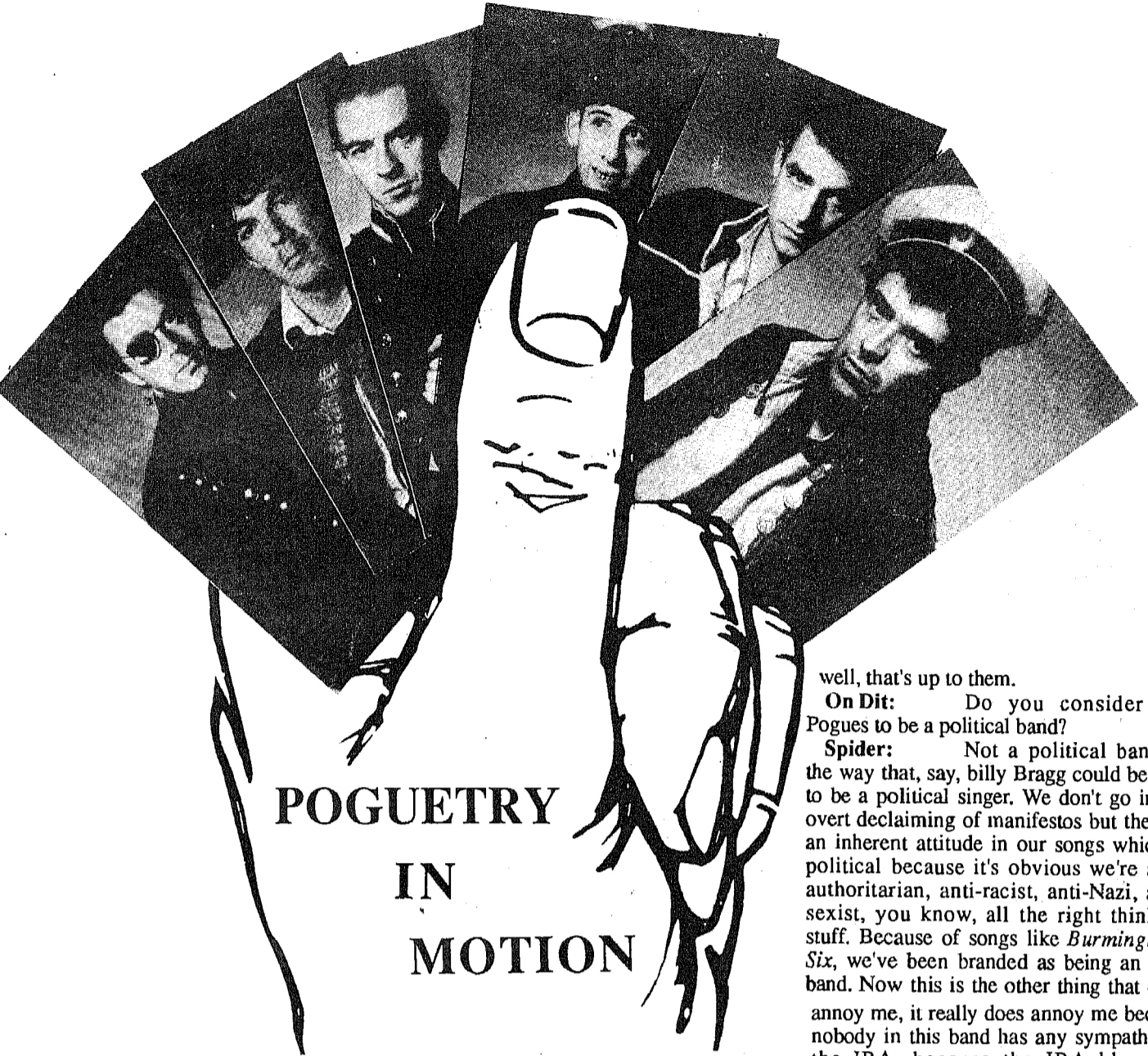
Spider: I think that accounts for our popularity in part but then again, we're popular in France. In those places, apart from Brittany in France, there's no Celtic tradition there, so I think it's more to do with the fact that we're the kind of band people like. People can relate to us, sort of reach out and tug the heartstrings, I think.

On Dit: Do you enjoy touring?

Spider: We enjoy touring. It obviously has its drawbacks. You miss your family, and some places you go to you really would rather not have seen, but in all honesty, and this is no bullshit, when you go to a place where you've made to feel as welcome as we've been made feel over here, anyone who doesn't enjoy it needs a swift kick up the arse. You get a lot of inspiration from touring in terms of writing songs, because the more you see of the world, your experience gets broader, so you've got all these different influences. On the other hand, it is very draining. It's very exhausting and you have to strike your own balance, and try to find the middle way.

On Dit: How do you think *Peace and Love* differs from previous Pogues' albums?

Spider: If I was going to lay my hand on my heart, I would say because it's not as good as the other ones. I just think it's - there's nothing wrong with us being diverse, and we've always aimed to have as broad an outlook as possible, right, but I think it got a little bit too diversified. But, you know, it's an ongoing thing, and just because I feel it's not as good, I mean, who



POGUETRY IN MOTION

gives a toss what I think. Really, everything you do gives you knowledge to suss out what you're going to do the next time around.

On Dit: What direction does the band plan to take for its next album?

Spider: Have you ever heard of N.W.A. - Niggers With Attitude? (laughs). Homicidal rap. No, that's a joke. I wouldn't mind if we did, but I really don't know which way it's going to go yet. We're just going to try and utilize everything we've encountered, stir it in a pot, and cook it all up.

On Dit: Are you planning any further collaborations with other artists?

Spider: We do a Ska number called *Murder Ska*, which is an anti-Thatcher song, and we had the brilliant idea of getting Neneh Cherry to sing back up vocals on it.

On Dit: What do you think are common misconceptions about the band?

Spider: That we're a load of drunks, and that we're all Irish. The load of drunks is sort of offensive, being thought of as Irish is not at all offensive. But we have this image of being sort of a drunken novelty act, which at times possibly you could understand why people think it, but there is a lot more to it than just that. We try to make it apparent that there is a lot more to us, which strictly speaking shouldn't be necessary, because anybody with half a brain of half an ear who listens to Shane's lyrics can see that we're not just a bunch of yobs, and so we like try to make that plain, but it's kind of boring to continually have to deny these misconceptions, so we basically leave it to people to make up their own minds and if they choose to draw their own conclusions,

well, that's up to them.

On Dit: Do you consider the Pogues to be a political band?

Spider: Not a political band in the way that, say, Billy Bragg could be said to be a political singer. We don't go in for overt declaiming of manifestos but there is an inherent attitude in our songs which is political because it's obvious we're anti-authoritarian, anti-racist, anti-Nazi, anti-sexist, you know, all the right thinking stuff. Because of songs like *Birmingham Six*, we've been branded as being an IRA band. Now this is the other thing that does annoy me, it really does annoy me because nobody in this band has any sympathy for the IRA, because the IRA blows up innocent people, and that's not right. Having sympathy for Irish nationalism, for aspirations of Irish nationalism, is totally different to sticking a bomb in a pub and blowing people up. Songs like *The Birmingham Six* have been totally misconstrued by a lot of people 'cause it's not a pro IRA song, it's a song railing against the injustice of locking someone up for something they haven't done.

On Dit: Do you think the Pogues will maintain this prolific touring and recording schedule?

Spider: If we were all about ten years' younger then yeah, we probably would. I'm the youngest member of the band, and I'm 31. There is a biological limit to how much you can take of this bullshit, so I don't know is the answer I guess.

Paul Champion

Gearing up for the Orientation Ball..... BOOM CRASH OPERA



Playing at the O Ball exclusive to the Student's Association is Boom Crash Opera. Alex Wheaton talked to lead singer, Dale Ryder

Dale Ryder is keen to see the response of the Adelaide audience when Boom Crash Opera play the O'Ball on Saturday night.

He says the band will be using a "tougher, less theatrical show - focussing more on our songs, with just a handful of lighting tricks." It's a new style they're adapting for their forthcoming attempt on the U.S. market; an album they've just finished recording in L.A. with producer Jimmy Iovine (U2's "Rattle & Hum" etc.) comes first.

The band is pleased, keen to throw themselves into their work; though as suggested to vocalist Dale, not quite the 'bright young hopefuls' they were touted as? "No, No. They may have been a marketing thing, but the band's always been the band - I don't think we've changed drastically...." He does allow the suggestion of musical progression: "I guess our sound is getting a little simpler, musically and intellectually". And that big booming percussive sound we've come to know from songs such as 'Great Wall' and 'Her Charity'?

"I think that's just Maz playing really loud, he plays the drums so hard. 'Dancing in the Storm' is different, it's like an Irish jig almost." That song and 'Mountain of Strength' will be the new BCO single, a double A-side, released next Monday.

Despite the attention being paid to them, and the expectations from the US, Dale isn't getting concerned by things. He's too down to earth for that. When I refer him to their press release which says the band is "...a mixture of Asian and European sensibilities, of logic and passion," he explains "It means I was born in India".

Yet with all the work they've done over the years a band needs an outlet. I relate a story I heard about a motel room, their manager's back yard and countless tequila slammers. It's all about the last time they were in Adelaide. Dale remembers that occasion, and the next morning's flight back to Sydney. "Well, the band likes to party a little bit.... it gets a bit boring on the road." Quite. When he's not partying or playing, Dale's more at home cooking Japanese food and reading sci-fi. Such impressive down-to-earth pursuits are being set aside however; Boom Crash Opera are going to ride the music machine as far as they can.

Alex Wheaton



Stockholm (Live)

The Triffids

Mushroom

All reports I have read of The Triffids live have centred on words and phrases like 'moody', 'shimmering', and 'slow, rumbling undercurrent of tension'.

Cue: One maniac by the name of David McComb.

DC: "ONE TWO THREE! Property is CONDEH-EEEMED!!!"

Oh well, that's another myth out the window.

Being stunned by a record is an experience as rare as it is delicious - "Stockholm" stunned me. I knew none of the songs on it apart from "Wide Open Road" (which, despite getting a marginally inferior reading, never ceases to amaze me), but there is not a sub-GREAT tune here.

Of course there are moments of subtlety: Jill Birt's fragile-as-crystal voice on "Raining Pleasure" and their

cover of Man-Weill's "Sure The Girl I Love" stand out.

But when they choose to kick hard - The Triffids can make the Ramones look like a bunch of wimps. The previously mentioned first track "Property Is Condemned", "Keep Your Eyes On The Hole" and their almost U2-esque (minus the boring speech in the middle) cover of Dylan's "I Am A Lonesome Hobo" all destroy the image most people will have of The Triffids. If you added a grunge guitar to "Lonely Stretch" and played it sloppy as hell, it could be Sonic Youth - I kid you not!

The sound is 3-D Fortress-Of-Sound Sensurround Stereo BIG, and as they say on the back cover, "There is no point in playing this album at low volume".

To finish the other inspired quote on the cover of "Stockholm":

Some births are worse than murders.
Not this one, though.

Simon Healy

Lenny Kravitz

Let Love Rule

Virgin Records

On first listen, Lenny Kravitz could be mistaken for a Love Child of the 60's. Eventually though, it is evident that although he has drawn heavily from masters like Hendrix, Dylan, Stevie Wonder, The Beatles and a variety of 60/70s gurus, Kravitz has created a sound that is refreshingly new.

It is, in effect, a message album, and if you look deeper than the simple but superb musical arrangements, the anthem of peace, love and understanding sounds loud and clear.

Let Love Rule, Freedom Train, I Build this Garden for Us, tell us that love is the answer, and as if to condemn a society without it, Kravitz sings of the consequences. In *Fear, Does Anybody Out There Even Care, Blues for Sister Morphine, Mr Cab Driver, Rosemary and Be*, he relates tales of racism, neglect, intolerance, drugs and, ultimately, fear.

Ballads such as *Sitting on Top of the World* and *My Precious Love* round off a beautifully crafted album which is one of the best so far this year. Also, he has got an ear-ring in his nose, and yes, he is married to Lisa Bonet ("Flower Child" in his ode to her). More reason to go and buy it, its "Fuck'n Hot"!

**Ghost Nation
Hunters & Collectors**

Mushroom

"Ghost Nation" sees a more compact and unified H&C than ever before, but it does not signal a marked change in direction. The irresistible swagger of "When The River Runs Dry" still packs a punch despite being flayed to death by radio (no mean feat), but "Blind Eye" doesn't stand out as a second single any more than any other song, simply because they're all so damn consistent.

Penetrate the excellent artwork (as good as I can remember for any Australian album), and there are a few flashes of innovation: the Dire Straits-ish guitar on "Blind Eye"; the realisation two minutes into "You Stole My Thunder" that it isn't about unrequited love, but drugs (*Gain a little bit - but you lose it again ... I saw the lines creeping up and down your arm*); the daring abandonment of the band's usual firmament for the wild

blue yonder on the title track, which is largely successful: the magnificent complementing of Mark Seymour and Neil Finn's voice on "The Way You Live"; and the joke at the end of "Running Water".

The sole disappointment is "Crime of Passion", which wasn't written by the band frequently lapses into banality.

The perfect summary of "Ghost Nation", however, is in the word 'familiar'. The final track, "Running Water" summarises life after environmental degradation has made the world a wasteland and sounds about as eerie as an old friend coming to visit. And that's H&C all over - they can make the holocaust seem everyday.

If I've been too hard on "Ghost Nation", bear in mind that if I was living on the other side of the world and this was the first thing I'd heard from H&C, I'd be thinking 'these guys are geniuses - who are they?', but we all know what familiarity breeds ...

Simon Healy

**I'm in a Phone Booth
Baby**

Albert King

Festival

The editor of Guitar Player magazine claims that on hearing Albert King, he has smiled, laughed, winced in pleasure, said "Amen", elbowed his neighbour in the ribs, slammed his fist on the table, stood up and hollered and even banged his head against a wall.

This 1984 Festival release didn't have quite the same effect on me, but it is a strong latter-career Albert King album. Highlights include a reworking of Robert Crays "Phone Booth", Elmore James' "Dust My Broom" (watch out for the sax) and the blues standard "The Sky is Crying".

Coming down from this rarified American marketing stratosphere, this album is a solid laid back album, and worth a listen for R & B fans.

Lauchlan Mackinnon



Axeman's Jazz

- Harry Belafonte (Mr. Banana Boat) is old. He turns 63 this week. Day Oh!
- You missed it - last weekend saw the Huxton Creepers last shows ever (remember "Pretty Flamingo"?). Over 1000 Melbournites Win the Prince of Wales, St. Kilda and they were boring, boring, gone. People left, then returned because it was an 'event'.
- Speaking of pissed, the Exploding White Mice played seven songs then retired gracefully at the Old Queens Arms on Saturday night. A singer who can't sing makes for a shambles and Paul's most entertaining contribution was swinging his microphone and almost decapitating band and punters alike.

• 11 years this week since "Breakfast at Sweethearts" was released, launching Cold Chisel's national assault on vodka importers.

• National media magnates the ABC launched Triple J-FM with a free concert in Adelaide on Sunday at Rymill Park. but what actually happened? The Axeman saw mere hundreds of people sitting around, and driving past, heard sains of the ubiquitous Adelaide Sax Player issuing forth from the stage. Riveting. And Saturday night's 'invite only' party at the Astor proved to be a mixture of ego gratification, house music, and mutual masturbation. Quaint. Is there no end to the number of blonde bimbos who infest such events? Evidently not!

**Walking Hours
del Amitri**

Festival

This is one album that is definitely a grower. After the first listen all I could think of was Scottish version of 1927, but with persistence you begin to appreciate del Amitri's heart-felt pop. *Walking Hours* is the groups second album and has seen the moving *Nothing Ever Happens* (easily the best song on the album) go Top 30 in England. Other noticeable tracks include the catchy *Move Away Jimmy Blue, Kiss This Thing Goodbye* and *You're Gone*.

Jason Bootle



Sex, Lies and Videotape

Whenever you see a film there is a tendency to interpret, to develop a unitary meaning that explains everything, that places all of the events, emotions and actions into a consistent pattern. With 'Sex, Lies and Videotape', a beautifully weighted and tightly crafted tale of the interactions between

two couples, this tendency is certainly instilled in the audience, but where the picture succeeds is in its ability to thwart the audiences expectations, to invert and contradict even within a single sequence. Even though the plot is reasonably predictable (well, the outcome at least), the film's constant juxtapositions of self-reflexiveness, bizarre dialogue ("Graham- that's an unusual name") and visual puns (When James Spader is telling Andie Macdowell of his impotence, she strokes her glass with obvious suggestiveness) intoxicate the audience, denying the passive receptiveness that dominates mainstream cinema. It is a film of texture and honesty, a film that while exploring the surfaces of representation can still produce a story of incredible emotional strength. Whenever someone declares that a film has been made about young couples and their emotional involvements, a very real fear is realised that it could be just another 'Thirtysomething' hybrid. 'Sex, Lies and Videotape' does certainly contain a lot of discussion about relationships and sex, but it saves itself from dissolving into the paperback psychology of 'Thirtysomething' by remaining relatively motiveless. Motivational resolutions do occur in the film but they are never really explicit. They lack a clarity, a definitiveness, thus leaving much of the work up to the audience. It is a film that never really concludes, its close swept away by its persistent unfoldings. Similarly it never collapses into the cold game-playing of a Peter Greenaway film. If one considers the

story, then the possibility of this happening can be seen as very high. The tale of a young yuppie couple (Andie Macdowell and Peter Gallagher), trapped in a hollow marriage which has developed into nothing more than an institute of deception, it oscillates between the sexual problems of Macdowell and the sexual voraciousness of Gallagher, who is in the middle of a violent affair with his wife's younger sister (Laura San Giacomo). Into this plot of infidelity and deception comes Graham, an old school friend of Gallagher (played brilliantly by James Spader), who has brought along his own box of plots and deceptions. Impotent, he can only achieve sexual satisfaction by watching videotapes that he has made of women talking about their sexual experiences. Plots and mediums interact as the film explodes into a scattered network of fictional layers, reflections and reversals. And yet, throughout the film, Steven Soderbergh, the film's writer, director and editor, maintains such a tight control that the audience is left entranced - impressed not so much by his clever game-playing as by the way such a styled film interacts with the emotional force of the performance. 'Sex, Lies and Videotape' is an excellent film. From the very opening credits the film challenges and mesmerizes the audience with its direction, screenplay and acting. Andie Macdowell and James Spader exude an irresistible charm, and Macdowell, with her fine balance of pathos, tension and humour, provides the film with



much of its strength. Above all else it will be a film that affects you. Its images and emotions will stay in your mind long after you have left the cinema. Soderbergh's scenes capture an essence, presenting scenarios that are both recognisable and disturbing. The shock of recognition, that is the real shock, one that encompasses the complexity of human existence and not the unitary simplicity of how we would like to exist, has never been so accurately realised.

Black Rain

If *Black Rain* had been a film of surfaces, emptied of 'meaning', focussing solely on the rapid and rampant signs of the East and West, then I might have been happy. Even though this wouldn't have led to a particularly good thriller (not perhaps a particularly good film), it would still have been a far more interesting and adventurous film than *Black Rain*. Ridley Scott has always been a director concerned with the style of his films, with their surface and gloss, and I would have thought that by setting the film in Japan, a country of signs, he could have made a film as exciting and as innovative as *Blade Runner*. *Black Rain* looks a lot like *Blade Runner*, but there is something missing. It lacks that sizzling strangeness, the clash of cinematic gears and styles that made *Blade Runner* so exciting and intense. *Black Rain*, if nothing else, is a film of lack.

For a start, it lacks originality. Despite the promise of *Alien* and *Blade Runner*, the style of Scott's films now wallow

about in the glossy commercialism of fellow ex-advertising imports. (Adrian Lynne *9 1/2 Weeks*, *Fatal Attraction* being examples). Venetian blinds and revolving fans abound. Every shot in the film is coated with a slick policy, till it seems like we're watching nothing more than a lengthy video clip. The audience is never really on edge, always readily consuming the

cinematic product that is placed before them, safe and easily comprehensible. Secondly, it lacks zest. Beneath the carefully calculated gloss of its surface there emerges a plot which is curiously routine, as if the actors, actresses and screenwriters are all following some kind of unwritten formula as to how the



Michael Douglas star in *Black Rain*

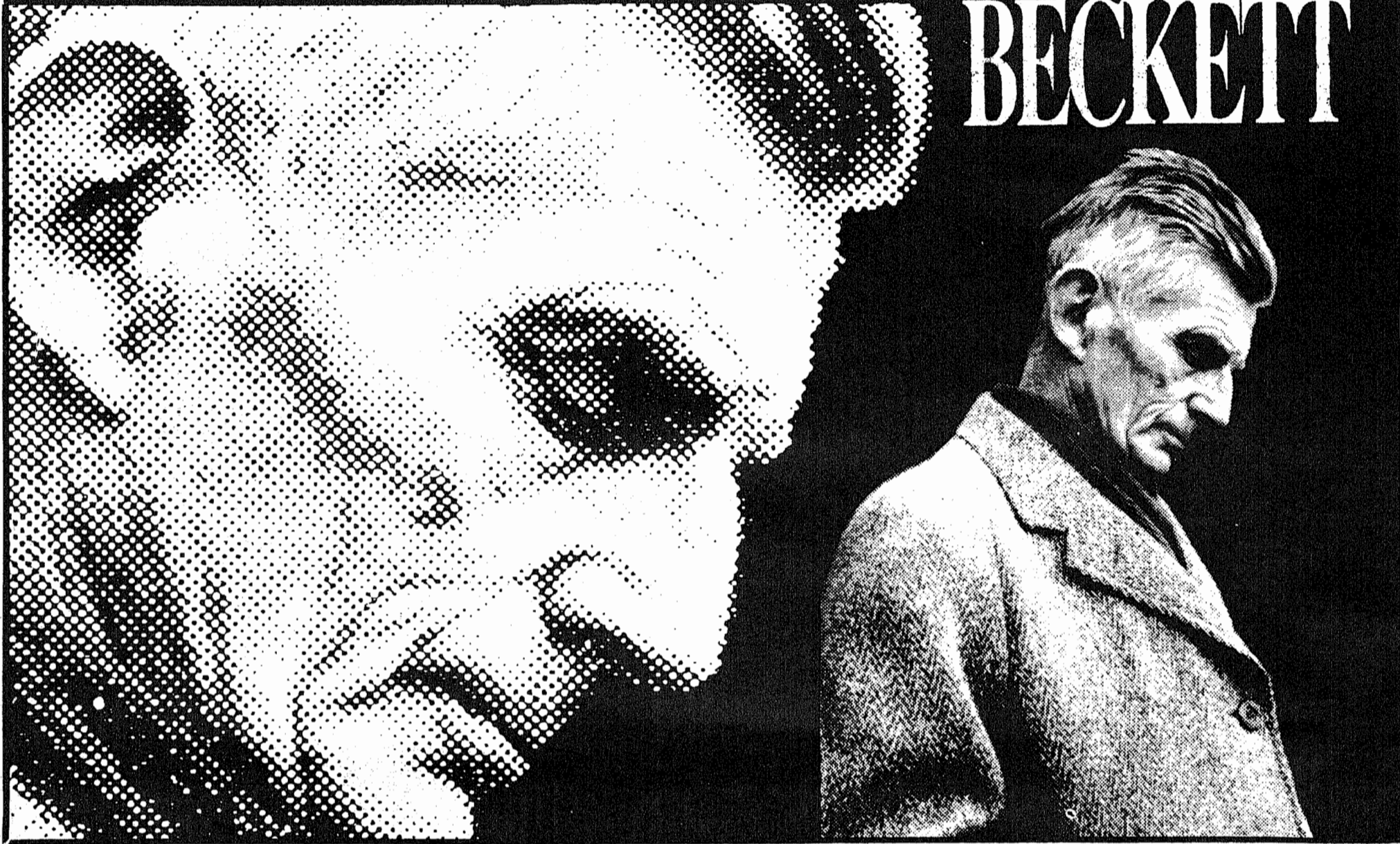
film should be made, Michael Douglas wrestles valiantly with Method Acting 1H, while still maintaining a complete inability to appear charming, or even, dare I say it, likeable. His suggested romantic involvement (if it could be called that) with Kate Capshaw, his emotional and ideological conflict with

a fellow Japanese detective all reek of a insincerity and vacuousness that is both annoying and tedious. We don't so much watch actors and actresses perform as view products of Hollywood, mainstream American Cinema going through the motions. The only notable person in the film Andy Garcia, who is actually killed off, in what is the most predictable plot

development this side of *Beaches*. It is by no means a bad film. In fact, often it is quite entertaining. But do we really have to be courteous to everything that follows the average, that sticks to the established standards, even if it does so while an extreme degree of accuracy and diligence. I doubt it.
Andrew Joyner

REMEMBERING

BECKETT



I remember seeing Billie Whitelaw's performance of a Samuel Beckett trilogy of plays in the Union Hall in 1986. She is unquestionably Beckett's greatest interpreter and her performance of "Footfalls", "Happy Days" and "Rockaby" was rhythmically accurate. She had an incredible ability to elevate Beckett's language to an incantation that washed over the audience. It was interesting then, as it is now after the Irish playwright and novelist's death, to reassess why Beckett's works deservedly spawn so much reaction. Beckett has always been concerned with basic epistemological questions and it has to be the nature of the questions asked that made me notice Beckett. It was not merely that he was an existentialist- the post-holocaust years ensured popularity for many existentialist thinkers and writers. However, the recent trend is to view Beckett not solely as an existentialist. It was more the form of the language and the imagery created by Beckett's plays, represented most typically in "Waiting for Godot", as Absurdist theatre as identified by Martin Esslin. Critics have argued that Absurdist theatre is passe, a social phenomena of the post-war years. I think it is irrelevant whether this is true or not in consideration of Beckett's works. I felt he experimented beyond the restraints of the absurdist model with his radio plays, short stories and cinema. He was truly a prolific writer up until the time of his death. As part of an audience I could never quite believe how

consistent Beckett was. His language was always reduced, intensified and simplified. Beckett never seemed to delight in linguistic beauty. Words were repeated and dialogue had no value except as a "filler-in" of time. The characters engendered the same frustration in the audience, or at least in me.

Mostly I wanted to jump down from the audience and shake the living hell out of those people who just kept talking and never changing. But this is the essence of Beckett's philosophy, the silence and the awful possibility of nothing to do is a fear so intense that everyone keeps speaking to avoid such a possibility.

It was the typically cyclic dialogue and stage directions that worked together. The plays have a musical quality because sentences are truncated and movement (specifically dictated by Beckett) is dance-like. Krapp's hands constantly waving upwards in "Krapp's Last Tape"; May's pacing up and down in "Footfalls", the rocking in "Rockaby" and especially the helpless arm gestures in the auditor in "Not I" were manifestly rhythmic.

It is interesting to see that Beckett never stagnated- there is a real development from "Happy Days" to "Rockaby". In these two plays, as in most of his works, the image of the character as a persona is dissolved. In "Happy Days" the dissolution of the central character, Winnie, is visually dramatic with the sand rising from her

waist to her neck to totally engulf her. The idea is developed with more subtlety in "Footfalls" and "Rockaby" where the characters' repetitive pacing and rocking envelops all purpose and bears more meaning than words. I think that progression is towards greater refinement of the image. The protagonists of his more recent works listen rather than talk. This is in contrast to the earlier "endgame" and "Play" where the half-dead characters are stationary and sustained only by their constant dialogue. In "Not I", Mouth must keep talking, even nonsensically, to fill in time. Seemingly silence would force her to confront her wholly solipsistic world. "Company", a very recent prose piece and a recent play "Ohio Inromptu" boast "listeners" as main characters. Their personas are shaped by the text of the speaking voice and dissolve when words cease. In all of his works, Beckett gives his characters a dribbling comprehension.

For me, Beckett's theory of the alienation of the cerebral from the physical was his most disturbing concept. Descartes doubted the concept of any external reality and this was to become a foundation of Beckett's work. Beckett admired Marcel Proust's ability to dissect memory into a non-logical formulae that is without a chain of cause and effect. In "A Kind of Monologue" and "Embers" Beckett accomplishes that same illogical dialogue of memory. The sequence of time and events is disturbingly awry.

The intelligence of Beckett is more than self-evident in his academic career and proficiency in French and Italian. Perhaps because of much of his work, notably the novels "Molloy", "Malone Dies" and "The Unnamable" seem esoteric, Beckett appears elusive as well. Curiously, those who knew him testify to his accessibility. I think that it is a strange quirk of modern attitudes to writers that they be painted as the romantic recluse. Beckett himself recognised the distinction between the public and private expectations of the writer in his radio play "Cascando", written in 1962. I admired the fact that he oversaw many of the productions of his plays and worked closely with performers like Billie Whitelaw. The idea of seeing the work through and the more grandiose notion of assuming "creative responsibility" makes Beckett appealing as a man.

In "Murphy" Beckett writes of the loss of Murphy's identity;

".....the last Mr. Murphy ever saw of Mr. Endon was Mr. Murphy unseen by Mr. Endon. This was also the last Murphy saw of Murphy."

The only way Beckett's writing will die is if he remains unseen by us, just as Murphy was by Endon. Anyone who sees a photograph of the chiselled and lined Beckett face, and the consistent genius in his works, would doubt that we have seen the last of him.

Emily Boase

Party

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provided.

Friends of the Earth 1st Meeting
Thursday, 22nd March, 1.00 pm. Little Cinema
(Level 5, Union Building).

International Women's Day
International Women's Day has been seen as a time
for asserting women's political and social rights,
for reviewing the progress that women have made,
and a day for celebration.

March 8 is International Women's Day and it has
been celebrated by women around the world since
early this century. IWD was proposed in 1908 at an
international socialist women's gathering by Klara
Zetkin, a leader of the German Social Democratic
Party. This date was proposed because working
class women in the New York clothing trades had
held successful strikes twice on this date. In
Australia IWD was first celebrated around 1928.

IWD started at a time of great social crisis,
therefore inheriting a tradition of protest and
political activism. From the turn of the 20th
Century, which was the time when women were
entering paid work, women's employment was very
sex-segregated and the wages terrible, thus
sparking off industrial disputes.

IWD expanded as the years went on and became
actively celebrated in many countries. Women
throughout the world viewed IWD as an
opportunity each year to press for their demands.
Over the years the date altered from time to time
depending on the current situations in each country.
The demands women were fighting for were ones
such as: an eight hour day, a basic wage for the
unemployed, annual holidays on full pay, opposing
night work for health reasons, and the main being
equal pay and increased opportunities for work and
education. IWD has experienced many ebbs and
flows as a day that helps to push women's issues
onto the political agenda. Women continue to see
IWD as an important occasion for reviewing,
restarting and regularly acting on the political,
economic and social rights of women.

Since the first march in Australia in 1928, the
numbers of women participating have been
increasing. IWD is now an established event and
has a particular date on which it is held each year.
On March 8th, 1978 there was a large protest in
Sydney demonstrating about the impossible
housing conditions for young women. March 8th is
now known as International Women's Day. It
continues to focus upon all issues important to

women, including sexuality, class, and race. IWD
is an important event which all women should
learn about and support.

This year's IWD is being celebrated with an on
campus party in the Union Gallery (Level 6, Union
House) in the afternoon. Food and drink will be
provided and all women are welcome. Stay tuned
for more details.

Natasha Stott Despoja
Women's Officer

Czechoslovakia
Interesting in finding out about this exciting part of
the world? Why not make a personal contact
through a penfriend aged 19-35. If interested
contact Gisèle Blanchard 47 8390 or at the
Conservatorium.

Amnesty International Letterthon 1990
From Monday May 7th through to Sunday May
27th, AI will be conducting a LETTERTHON in
which we are inviting Year 10 to 12 secondary
school students, tertiary students and AI members
to participate. The aims of the LETTERTHON are
very simple. Short aerogramme letters will be
written on behalf of ten prisoners of conscience
from different countries throughout the world.
Sponsorship money will be raised from each letter
that is written. Each participant will be issued with
an individually numbered letter writing kit
containing information on the prisoners, addresses
where to write, sample letters (that may be copied),
a sponsorship book, leaflets and instructions. The
letters will then all be collected and sent off to the
respective governments, appealing for the release
of the prisoners. The letters will add to that
international pressure needed to free people who
have been unfairly imprisoned.

Write for rights!

Come and join us...

For a registration form please ring Amnesty
International on 232 0066, or call into our office
situation on the 1st Floor, 155 Pirie Street in the
city.

Badminton Classes

Learn to play badminton' classes will start on 20
March at 12.30 pm. These classes will run for 10
weeks and the cost will be \$10. For further
information phone 228 5150 or contact the
reception desk at the Centre for Physical Health.

The AU Literary Society presents the P J O'Rourke
Drinking Binge. This serious literary research starts
in the Meeting Rooms on Tuesday 27 February at
6.30 pm. For a ticket and information see the Lit.

An incredibly strange season of one-hit wonders • famous first films
• neglected masterpieces • underground classics

TUES FEB 27 7.30

O-Week Preview
The Critic

Dir: Mel Brooks/Ernest Pintoff, USA,
1963. Col. 5 mins
Winner of the 1963 Oscar for
Best Short Film, Mel Brooks
commissioned famed cartoonist
Ernest Pintoff to create five minutes
of McLarenesque animations, while
on the sound track Brooks plays an
elderly Jewish gentleman forced to
watch some abstract cartoon before
the feature begins. A witty little satire
on experimental and "arty" movies
popular in the sixties, the film also
manages to ridicule critics who
mistake their own ignorance for wit
and wisdom.

Demon

(a.k.a. God Told Me To) Dir: Larry
Cohen, USA, 1977. Col. 90 mins
DEMON is not the sort of film to
appeal to conventional horror film
audiences. New York is hit by a wave
of mass murders. A Catholic cop
suspects a religious motive behind
all the bloodshed because each killer
explains his actions with "God told
me to...". It is almost impossible to
describe this film any further. In
fact, the film is so confusing, even
Cohen has admitted he does not
understand what some of it is
about. An extraordinary study
of Catholicism, guilt and the
perversion of the instinct to have
children, DEMON is a disturbingly
original work by a genuine auteur
who chooses to work in the derelict
slums of genre.

Note: this film is rated R and is
restricted to persons over the age
of 18 years.

AUTEUR DETOURS

AND
THE
EXTREMITIES OF GENRE
or
Cinematheque I 1990

SEE
Orson Welles gain 90 pounds
in the space of one week!

GASP AT
Marlon Brando acting in a film for
more than 5 minutes (but for less
than \$5 million)

THRILL TO
a film by Godard that even your
grandparents could understand!

Welles - Bunuel - Hitchcock - Herzog
Allen - Polanski - Antonioni - Corman
Godard - Resnais - Powell and Pressburger

Presented by the
MEDIA RESOURCE CENTRE
in association with
THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY
UNION

Screenings: TUESDAYS
7.30pm Union Cinema
Level five UNION HOUSE
UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE
(enter off Victoria Drive)
SEASON MEMBERSHIP \$15

Bot Chat



with
Salmonella Harris

CRAFT STUDIO OFFERS DELIVERANCE MEETS BUM-WIPING COURSES FREDDY KRUEGER

You may have seen a helpful piece of information in the O-Guide about the proper way to wipe your bum. Are there any people currently studying at a tertiary level who do not know how to "Wipe from front to back with toilet paper after a bowel movement"? And further, who would wipe from left to right, or use something other than toilet paper (cushion, Jatz biscuit, cheese grater etc.)?

Anyway, if you're still not exactly au fait with the finer points of faecal hygiene, the Craft Studio will be running a six-week course starting in March. If you've got a grubby bot and an interest in scatology, you're sure to find it quite illuminating. No shit.

Hey! There's a great new film out on video! Check out the synopsis for REDNECK ZOMBIES!

"REDNECK ZOMBIES- they were friendly, decent dirt farmers...but when they accidentally drink a barrel of nuclear waste, they mutate into tobacco chewing, flesh eating cannibal kinfolk from Hell!

And now the REDNECK ZOMBIES are on the trail of sophisticated city slickers, causing the most hilarious bloodbath of dismemberment and cannibalism to ever hit the screen!

There's no escape from these monstrous, putrified, radioactive freaks!"

PRATT BY NAME, PRATT BY NATURE.

If you had to choose between two candidates, one an internationally respected authority on foreign affairs, the other an

ex-publicity officer for the Norwood Football Club, who would you choose? Bob Catley may be a complete sell-out,

having undergone a complete transformation from socialist to socialite and Labor Unity number cruncher, but in

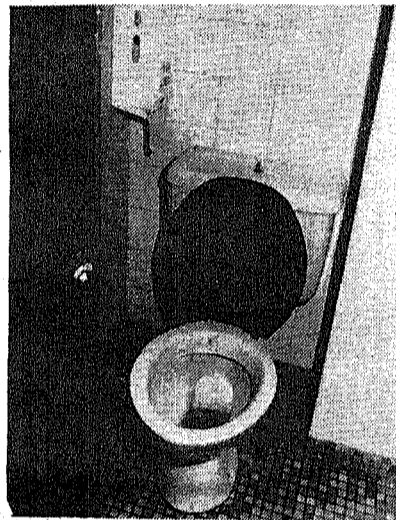
the dickhead stakes his opponent, the Liberal Michael Pratt, is streaks ahead. When being interviewed on Triple M's

magazine show "The Naked City" he was grilled about his campaign for the seat of Adelaide. When questioned about radio in

Adelaide, he referred to Triple M listeners as "the mongrel mob" and "animals." It is interesting to reflect on the antics of some

of his comrades, particularly the likes of Wilson Iron-Bar Tuckey, who would make your average Triple M listener seem meek

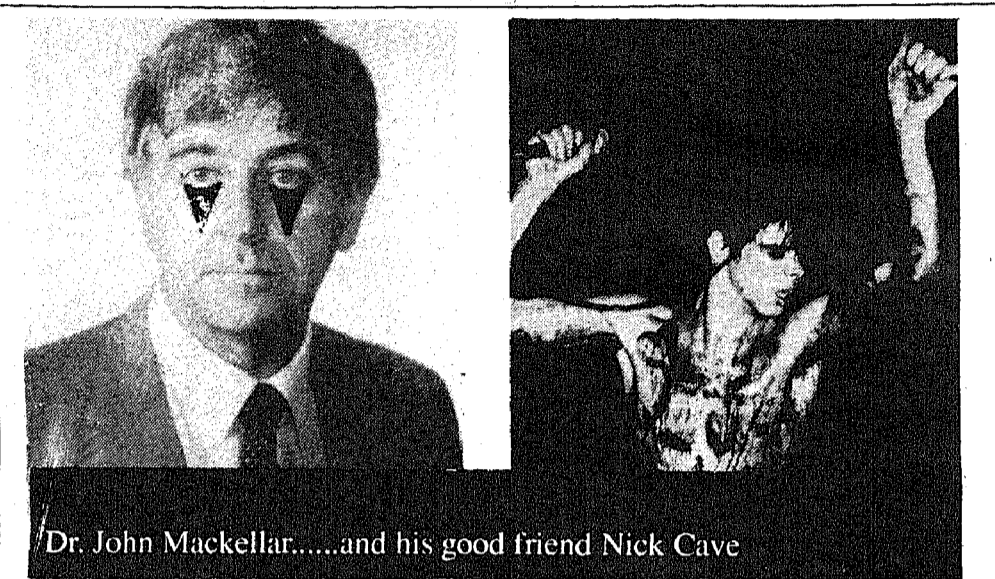
and reserved. What's in a name? Quite a lot it seems.



THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.....

In the divine tradition of Juanita Lovatt, Dave and Steve now present this week's biblical extract. Who said we didn't care about the propagation of Christian principles and moral fibre on campus?

"Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones."
-Psalms 137:9



Dr. John Mackellar.....and his good friend Nick Cave

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

The Australian Private Doctor is a rather dull publication that appears (somehow) in ON DIT now and then. Most of its contributors are involved somehow with the AMA, so it comes as no surprise that the mag is ridiculously conservative. Its editor, a Dr. John Mackellar, is however a

bit of a lad. Here's an excerpt from a recent editorial.

"As doctors, we should all have more than a passing interest in recreational drugs."

Personally, I find the thought of Bruce Shepard on acid quite terrifying.

DEATH WISH XXI

A HISTORY OF ISLAM



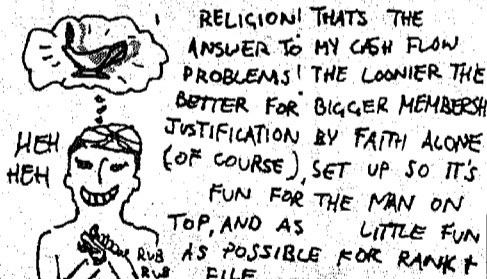
MUHAMMED HAD HAD A BAD DAY: HE'D LOST HIS JOB AND BEEN DROPPED BY HIS GIRLFRIEND.



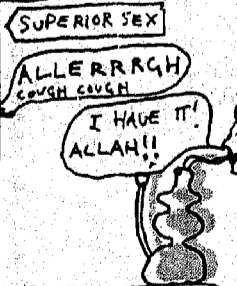
AS HE WALKED HOME TO SEE IF HIS WILDEBEEST REALLY WAS INFERTILE, HE PASSED A CHRISTIAN PRAYER MEETING.



NOT MORE THAN 5 METRES (AS THE CHICKEN AT A COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL RUNS) FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD, MUHAMMED WAS HIT BY A "DIVINE REVELATION".

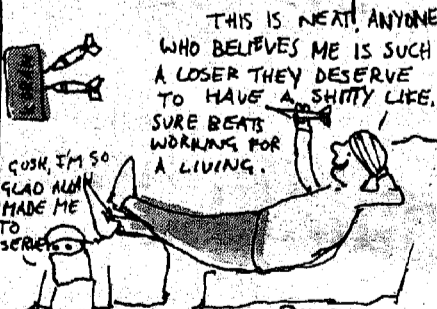


DOWN THE PUB THAT NIGHT, HE SOON HAD A NAME FOR HIS DIETY

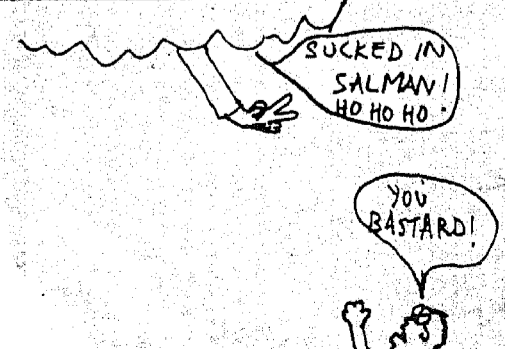


HE SET TO WORK IMMEDIATELY ON HIS HANDBOOK. PROVISIONALLY TITLED "GOOD JOKE", IT WAS FINALLY PUBLISHED AS "THE KORAN" AFTER A REWRITING TO MAKE IT AS NEBULOUS AND HARD TO INTERPRET AS POSSIBLE.

MUHAMMED'S IDEA WAS A GREAT SUCCESS.



HIS JOKE PAID OFF FOR YEARS TO COME - RIGHT UP UNTIL THE PRESENT DAY.



WHILE MUHAMMED LIVED IT UP IN VIP HEAVEN



Hermaphroditish

Sirs,
No one realises more than myself the dire necessity of maintaining standards in this age of decadence. For too long have we in the West allowed excessive freedom to those who only abuse it; the situation demands that those in authority should adopt sterner measures.

Imagine my satisfaction, then, when I heard that the notoriously liberal Adelaide Teachers' College had forbidden several girls to wear slacks at College or at the University. How much further off their pedestal will women put themselves, before they realise that they are gradually undermining what has been, since medieval times, one of our civilisation's strongest moral foundations?

However, I am worried about the College's reciprocal consistency in this important moral matter, and should very much like to be assured that a regulation does exist to prohibit full-time, undergraduate, male, Scotch Teachers' College students from wearing the disgustingly hermaphroditish kilt.

Yours,
BRUCE J. REID

DROP YOUR STRIDES, BABY!

Jenny Jones dropped off this gem from a 1961 copy of ON DIT.