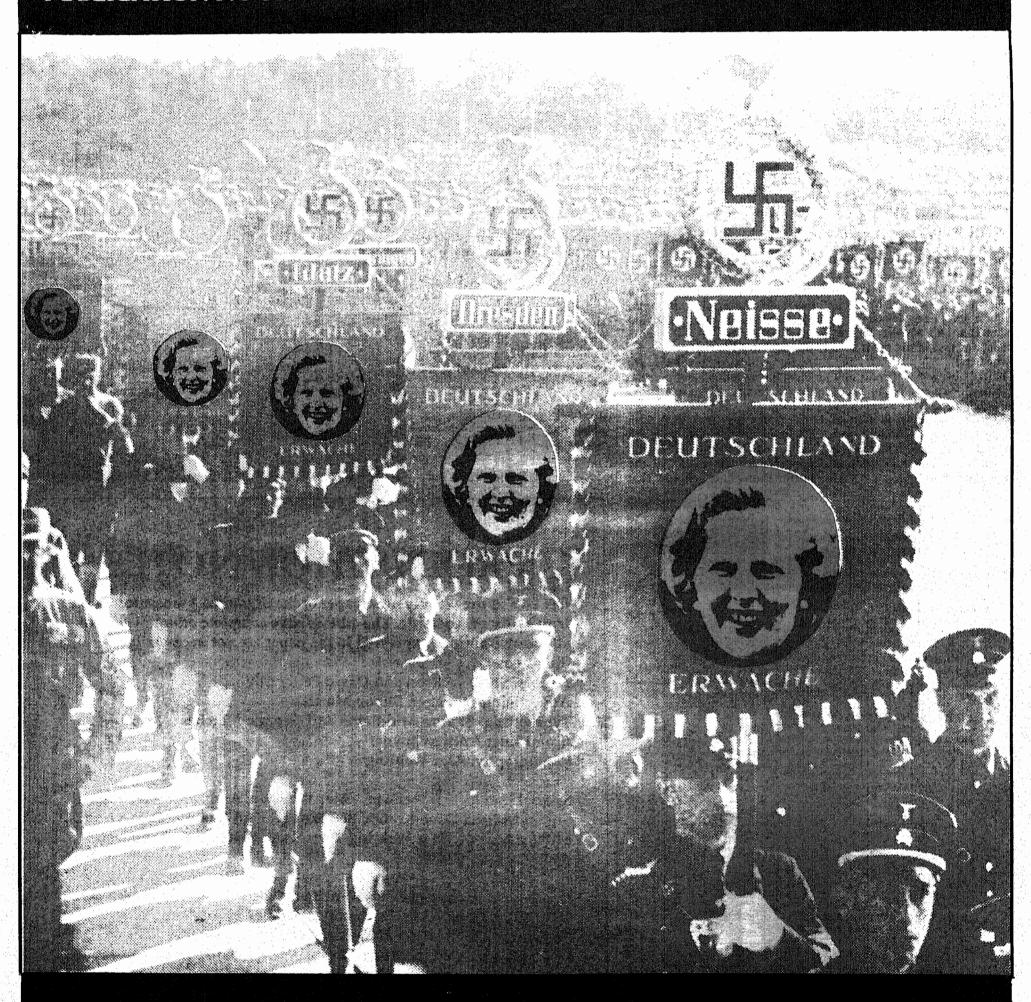
Weekly Tone War Sandary

VOLUME 58 No. 7 APRIL 9
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ein reich, ein volk, ein poll tax

The Editors and David Krantz wish to sincerely apologise to all Moslems for the offensive cartoon that appeared on the back page of the February 26 edition.



KRANTZ AND BASSETT "We Will Not Be Censored"

It has been rumoured that moves are afoot to censor or possibly shut down *Bread and Circuses*. Complaints were made to the SAUA President, Wendy Wakefield, after the 4th edition, edited by Louise Bassett and Dave Krantz, appeared last Thursday.

Wendy Wakefield denies that the broadsheet will be censored in any way.

"The SAUA constitution states that the editors have complete and unfettered editorial discretion, provided the material printed is not defamatory."

A number of people have claimed that *Bread and Circuses* is offensive, describing it variously as "filth", "pornography", and "a waste of money".

SPHINCTER

The articles that caused most concern were the story about Rock Buttock, a "slut" whose anal sphincter is penetrated by a fist, and the photo essay depicting two nude men in a shower. One of them was resting his penis on a knife blade.

The first edition of Bread and Circuses featured a centre spread in which the same two men were depicted languishing on a grand piano, riding a bicycle and reenacting the shower scene from Psycho. The men were nude in each of the shots.

ENID BLYTON

Dave Krantz denies that Bread and Circuses is offensive.

"It's just good clean wholesome fun. It is not pornography- it is art. Noone has complained about Scretnth, and I find that offensive. Everyone has a naked body. Enid Blyton has been churning this sort of stuff out for years, except her material has racist overtones."

POINTS

When questioned about the references to anal penetration in Enid Blyton books, Krantz makes a number of points.

"Maybe Enid does not say it explicitly, but veiled references are interwoven in the text, particularly the Noddy and Big Ears scenes."

CONTEMPT

Krantz has nothing but contempt for his critics.

"They're all small minded puritan bastards. A term of national service would do them good. And that's what they'll get when I become President."

A lot of Krantz's critics are Christians, but he denies that *Bread and Circuses* is sacrilegeous.

"I feel that the complaints from Christians, rather than being the result of any anti-Christian content, are the result of the holier-than-thou attitude that Christianity seems to promote among the people that turn to Christ for a spiritual crutch. I myself play cricket for a church cricket team in a Christian league."

CRICKETER

Krantz mentions as an aside that a cricketer from the Enfield Church team was reported on a headbutting charge during the last season.

"Only a minority of Christians are genuine. Most of them pay lip service on Sundays and then go home and abuse their pets like the rest of us."

If any attempts are made to censor or shut down *Bread and Circuses*, Krantz will not be too upset.

LIE DOWN

"I am fully prepared to lie down without a fight and devote more time to my studies."

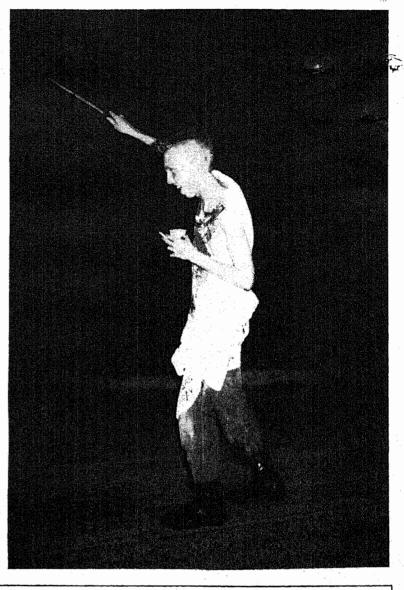
Louise Bassett was unavailable for comment as she was adjudicating a debate at the time. Dave believes this fact strengthens his argument further.

"This is further proof of the community spirit exhibited by the editorial team."

FUCK

By way of final comment, Krantz added:
"Fuck."

David Penberthy



UNION DIARY

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ANY OTHER SUGGESTIONS

PLEASE LEAVE THIS FORM IN SUGGESTION BOXES IN THE
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WILICII WASN'T INCLUDED THIS YEAR

I DON'T USE THE UNION YOUCHER SCHEME

I DO PARTICIPATE, I USE ALL, OF THE VOUCHERS
I DO PARTICIPATE, I USE SOME OF THE VOUCHERS

OR IN THE UNION OFFICE ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE LADY SYMON BUILDING THANKYOU FOR YOUR INTEREST

BARRY SALTER PROMOTIONSIACTIVITIES MANAGER

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

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Bromiding: Andrew Joyner Photography: Alex Webling

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No edition over Easter. See you at the pub, eds. If you go to Oakbank please drink and drive.

Bashings on campus.

A disturbing number of students have been recently attacked on and around campus.

At least three men have been attacked on campus over the last few weeks.

A student was bashed on Saturday March 31st outside the library. A security guard told On Dit that the student was Asian and was attacked by "a group of rockers". It is unclear whether there was any racist motivation behind the attack.

On Wednesday March 14th, two med students, Stephen and Matthew Worthly were mugged by a gang of youths. On Dit spoke to Stephen about the attack.

"I'd just been studying in the library with my brother, and we went to catch the train home at about a quarter to nine, walking towards Kintore Avenue. We were up by the Chem Labs [the Bragg Laboratories at the back of the

Union Building]. It was before day light saving and had only just got dark. There was a group of about six guys, and they just stood there. They were all quite young, one of them was about eight years old.

"One of the chaps approached us. He was the biggest one there. He approached Matt first, and asked for a cigarette. Matt told him we didn't smoke, so he stood right in front of me and said 'Have you got a cigarette mate?', and I said the same thing."

"We just tried to avert our eyes and walk away, and next thing I know, there was noise, and we were basically tackled and brought to the ground."

The gang was not armed, but attacked the two men with a series of punches and kicks.

"They must have been either drunk or stoned because it was a pretty poor attempt at an attack. They really didn't connect many punches. We mainly got cuts and bruises from being pushed onto the ground. It was such a shock. It wasn't until I started running away that I actually realised what had happened."

"We had two bags, and my brother dragged one of them off me. I turned around after we'd run about twenty metres, and they'd grabbed my bag and ran down towards the

Stephen was quick to praise Security for the assistance they gave him and his brother.

"Security came after about a minute and a half. I guess those guys have got quite a bit of ground to cover. They said they've had quite a bit of trouble with groups coming into the Uni."

"It's a joke when you can't even walk through your own Uni and do some study."

An engineering student was brutally attacked in mid-March at St. Marks College. His injuries were so severe that he has required facial surgery.

If you see anyone acting suspiciously or hanging around on campus at night, do not hesitate to report it to Security on the Hughes Plaza. And try to carry a couple of cigarettes with you-just in case.

David Penberthy

Apology to Piers Akerman

In our edition of 2 April 1990, we made reference to Mr Piers Akerman, editor of The Advertiser. We unreservedly apologise for our defamatory and untrue remarks concerning Mr Akerman. We regret any distress caused to Mr Akerman and his family and accept Mr Akerman is an entirely reputable and proper media personality.

Boat Club glory.

The Adelaide University Boat Club once again performed well at the National Regatta in Tasmania on March 31st.

The scenic Lake Burrington Rowing course, with steep hillsides covered in native forest, was once thought to be among the best rowing courses in the world. However, on the day of the finals of the National Championships, it was plagued by gale force headwinds, making the course almost unrowable.

In the final of the Mens Under 23 National Championship coxed fours, Adelaide University was beaten by 0.25 seconds (about 2 feet over 2000 m), to come second.

The winning crew was last year's Australian Junior Crew, who proved to have too much combination in the rough weather. Many of last year's Australian

representatives trailed Adelaide University by 2 - 4 lengths.

Success was also enjoyed by the South Australian crew in the Women's Youth Interstate Event. Adelaide University had one member in the victorious crew; Kate Slatter (Maths Science, 2nd Year).

There were over 500 competitors at this year's National 4 King's Cup Regatta, which was dominated by clubs from Queensland and Victoria, although in the King's Cup race, Western Australia showed itself to be an up and coming force, coming a credible second. The crew was coached by a former Adelaide University Boat Club 'great', Tim Willoughby.

Another Adelaide University veteran, John Bentley, stroked the Queensland crew into third place. Victoria, however, was too strong for the other states, to win for the sixth successive year.

The club is always looking for competent oarsmen to help further succes in future years.

Union Voucher Draw

What do you get if you put a collection m e d i a personalities, a microphone, some students and the Minister of Fun in jovial overdrive together on the Barr-Smith lawns? That's right, you get the Union voucher draw, in all its hilarious glory.

When I say Jovial overdrive, I mean JOVIAL overdrive. The light banter was flying thick and fast between Barry Salter and various

celebrities, including Jane Doyle (where does she shop for clothes?), Stilgherrian from JJJ, and Tony McCarthy from 5AN who wore a cap constantly, a fact explained by a brief head exposure revealing a distinct lack of hair.

Cameo appearances were also made by assorted bank and travel representatives who hammed it up with attempts to pronounce various non-Anglo names. ("sounds like a cricketer," commented one as his turn came to give away lots of cash.

One of the highlights of the show was the slinky blonde assistant, Alex Wheaton, mysteriously yet alluringly hovering in the background dispensing Easter eggs and prizes.

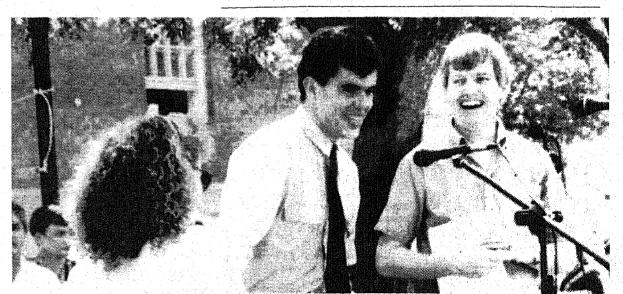
Also fun was the regular hurling of aforementioned candy into the crowd of adoring students, promoting seagull-like frenzies.

If one became bored at any point, diversion could be obtained by

imagining the reactions of students who were drawn for trips to Bali, lots of money, Union fee refunds etc. and weren't there to collect them. Ha Ha!

All in all, a good lunchtime thing to do.

Dave Krantz





Keep giving 'em shit

To the Eds.

I've got two things I want to say about last week's (2nd April, 1990) On Dit.

Simon Healy's caustic review of "Quatsi" contained both truth and untruth in large quantities. Yes, "one got out of Quatsi exactly what one brought into it", viz., in Healy's case an opportunity for him to use his literary abilities in a squanderously destructive way, inventing clever but toilet walltype insults about the show. To say that Quatsi took itself seriously is completely opposite to what I perceived. Their advertising said that one should get whatever meaning you wanted out of the show - if you didn't want to construct a meaning then don't. Personally, I found the action by the cast immensely amusing, and I found it refreshing to see something which didn't try to force down my throat some boring view point.

I don't give a frog's fat arse that the concept for the show might be dated. Christ knows the English speaking world has had to put with Shakespeare re-runs for the last four hundred years. At least Quatsi was something experimental on campus for a change. I thoroughly enjoyed the "nightmare sequence" - a bombardment of film, images, art, music, et al, which most of us knew about quite well but which raised emotions, thoughts and memories which pushed one's information processing capacities to an exhilarating limit.

Creativity on this campus is a rare "commodity" amongst the greedy mentality possessed by the large number of "bread-heads" these days. Scretnth were being creative. Simon Healy is also clearly an intelligent and creative writer. I just am a little concerned to see such a review if it has an effect of suppressing creativity.

Inventing hilarious ascerbic insults is fun, but if one is not careful one may turn in to Clive James.

Why did ;you waste three pages printing the subjective impression of one person's experience of "the 80's". I mean, it's nice, interesting and controversial (although in parts tasted a leftv adolescent like intellectualism), but is it worth three pages? A filler, surely: I hope for more useful, informative articles in future.

Paul Cummins

Mostly I like your paper keep giving 'em shit, there are a few self important wankers on campus who need

We Are Not Sorry

Dear Editors.

I wish to raise two points with you. First, I notice you received a letter of complaint from a Dr Omar Lum, regarding your treatment of Islamic people in a cartoon you published. Correctly, you have apologised to all Moslems for your bigotry and blasphemy. Dr Lum also pointed out that we have almost 200 million Moslems in the Asian region. There are thousands of Moslems in Australia. According to government figures there are also 2,880,000 Christian people in Australia, who regularly attend Church, do their best to follow the teachings of believe that the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, is the inspired word of God as revealed to

In your overtly sarcastic and abusive mini-section - "Thought for the Day" (not even an original title), you have ridiculed the Bible by taking selective scriptures totally out of context, and created religiously bigoted jokes from them, e.g.: "cop this lot" (also a very creative piece of literary expertise).

You have grossly insulted and blasphemed not only God Himself, but also every Christian person in Australia. This pseudo-intellectual prejudice must not be allowed to continue, or go unchallenged. You have the obvious right to a free press. You do not have the right to slander, ridicule or defame any group of Australians who choose, by way of our own freedom, to believe in Christianity.

We demand an unconditional apology immediately.

The second point is that of M.A.N.L.Y. I agree that these people have gone overboard in the extreme in the way they have verbally attacked women. There is one point which really troubles me though, and that is whether M.A.N.L.Y. is composed solely of persons of the male gender.

In my experience, the most severe critics of women, across the whole spectrum of activities, are other women. For instance, "How can she wear that?!!", or "Would you look at the way she's throwing herself at him!". Flippant, I agree, but unfortunately very true and very widespread. Much more so than among males.

One only has to have been employed in a hotel or club, to notice the difference in graffiti between male and female toilets, when one is asked to check them both at the end of the night. The female toilet walls are always more graphic, with words such as "slut", "mole", "whore", etc, and more twisted in content. Often they are much more soiled than the male toilets as well.

So please don't attack males out of hand, when disgruntled females may be involved as well.

Yours faithfully,

Peter Robins

P.S. I am not a member of M.A.N.L.Y., I am a private citizen who acquires your paper from a hotel near my place of employment.

It would be easy and entertaining to take you to task over your poor effort to conceal the sympathy you feel for the anally retentive cretins in MANLY.

But we won't.

As for your demand for an apology, sorry- you're not getting one. The bible quotes on the back page of On Dit come straight from the Bible. Basically, you are suggesting that we censor the word of God, and we are not prepared to do that.

You may believe that we are taking the excerpts out of context, but isn't this exactly what people like Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson do to justify the arms race (see the Book of Revelation). Isn't this what Terre Blanche and other Nazi Afrikaaners do to justify apartheld (Cain slaying Abel in the book of Genesis)?

Why not just turn the other cheek? Yours sincerely, Eds.

Plagiarism

Dear Editor.

I am angry at recent allegations in the Advertiser that plagiarism by staff at the University of Adelaide is more rife than student plagiarism. On what evidence are these allegations founded? In my twelve or so years as Chairman of the Department of Zoology, and my oneand-a-half years as Dean of the Faculty of Science, none of my colleagues was ever accused of plagiarism, nor to the very best of myknowledge ever indulged in it. On the other hand, a number of students were brought before me who had been detected as cheats or plagiarists. My practice was to frighten the living daylights out of them. threaten them with severe disciplinary action, and warn them that if they were ever caught again the direst consequence would result. I kept no records, never had the same students before me, and took no further action. so far as I was concerned, the matter rested there.

However, unless the evidence is published that staff plagiarism is indeed more widespread than I believe (and greater than student plagiarism), or a public apology is made to my to my maligned colleagues, in future I shall keep records and refer all student misdemeanours to the appropriate administrative body.

I should add, by the way, that in my own department student plagiarism is not high, the vast majority of my own students have been and are extremely ethical, and that you indirectly malign my students in a way that I also find distressing.

Publish the evidence or apologise. WD Williams Professor of Zoology

See SCRETNTH for FREE!

Q: How do you get into performances for free?

A: Say you will review it in On Dit! Why did Simon Healy bother going to the first Scretnth performance, "Quatsi", last Wednesday week? Maybe he thought he would be 'culturally enlightened' or even entertained. The fact that Simon was not doesn't worry me in the slightest. The issue that greatly worries me is the fact that Simon was not going to go to Quatsi unless he could get in for free.

Is this the type of person that is going open-mindedly review performance, Art or whatever? I hardly think so.

Secondly, Simon, people do have ideas of their own and may not have been at Limbo's to see their interior designer's slides not the Artisans. It seems to me that you assume that because you see some idea elsewhere, and then a reproduction or the use of the same image it has been plagiarised. This was done in the Footlight's review of Exploding Sacred Cows. Get your facts right, Sime!

Quatsi was a success. Approximately 70 people saw the performance and conclusions draw both sides of the fence. Those who thought it was bad had constructive criticism in their evaluation, unlike your egotistical wank.

Scretnth, I hope shall grow. Not as a performance art group, but as a medium in which people can express their ideas.

Scretnth is there for everybody, not just for the people who understood their article (On Dit #5).

Jason Bootle 2nd Year Arch. St.

The SCRETNTH vendetta

Dear On Dit.

Some of the audience (well one) went to see Scretnth's performance with one thing on their mind; wanking, and that's what they got; a wank. I was delightfully shocked to hear that Simon Healy found the performance so pleasurable. It seems that Scretnth has provided as it promised, the ultimate alternative entertainment (and a truly safe sex). It titillates me to think that via the use of a collage of clichés and copied scenes, Scretnth, without doing anything that Simon hadn't seen a thousand times before, was able to make him come. Thankfully Simon was sitting on his own during and after the performance and didn't come on anybody (although Scretnth did object to cleaning up after him).

I must conclude then that Quatsi was a great success, you may remember our important message; it doesn't matter if it makes you feel good or bad as long as it makes you feel.

Scretnth has provided the alternative entertainment - Healy has provided the alternative interpretation.

Wank on Simon, Paul Turbitt, **Engineering Department**

Simon Healy-voice of truth

Dear Eds.

Praise to Simon Healy for stating what Scretnth was really about - wank. I went to see them because I really like performance art, and thought it sounded interesting. I came out \$3.50 poorer and a mere 20 minutes later.

If anything, Simon was being kind. It was embarrassing, pretentious, humourless and above all boring.

Scretnth will die a natural death; thank goodness we have someone on campus to recognise a big fat con when he sees it.

Katle Fisher Science

SCRETNTH- Not too bad really

I am appalled by the review of Quatsi in the previous edition of On Dit. It

blatantly falls within a contemporary "standard" of art criticism which appears to be commonplace within the 1990s. It seems more aptly titled - "art destruction".

This kind of reporting combines elitist attitudes of high order art, coupled with reactionary overtones representing the possible existence of a sense of humour within the critic (who seeks eternal entertainment of the

unemotive kind).

It is characterised by an attitude problem whereby the critic approaches works in absolute defensiveness and is ossessed by the eternal concept of the fear of fear. It results in "critiques" that reflect that the reviewer is hedonistic and is having an ego trip expressing how "supposedly" competent (and obviously superior) opinions and attitudes can be expressed with flair at the expense of the subject.

I personally find it disturbing that On Dit published a review written by someone who obviously has no history or interest in Performance Art.

I personally found "Quatsi" rather interesting at times. It was, at times, proceeding to develop a plualistic collage of multilayered imagery and concepts. However, it shifted into long periods of literal and symbolic action that became overloaded and cancelled its concepts out, leaving the participant as merely an onlooker.

I personally understood "Quatsi" as a statement about the source of life being perceived as something higher and unattainable and the ignorance of man in terms of salvation. Man's necessity to justify, rationalize and in turn bring order into disorder was the ultimate

theme.

The primitive level of competence of the review left itself wide open to be mocked, due to its lack of substance. It left no room for opinion or response, and it consisted of a mass of ignorant statemetns lacking any integrity or intelligence. Mr Healy should have spent much less time talking about and partaking in processes of masturbation and more time looking at the intentions of Scretnth in terms of Quatsi.

Jayson Lennon

Health Dis-service

Dear Readers.

Being a fulltime Uni student and being in a great deal of pain due to falling off a horse on my back on ah ard track the day before, I thought it wise to visit the Uni Health Service. Sensible? No, a waste of my time.

My appointment was for 4.20 pm. At 4.40 pm the doctor wandered out to the secretary and realised she should have seen me. The secretary then asked me if I would be able to come back the next day. I was not impressed. She said I could then wait and see how long the other patient would take. I waited. At 4.50 pm the doctor came out and asked me there what was wrong. I told her about the slight concussion, intense back pain causing a limp when walking and the difficulty changing position. Her words of wisdom?

Well, it happened yesterday, you look fine. If you're worried, go to RAH casualty.'

I pointed out that spines can be tricky things and I would prefer to know if

there was any permanent damage. "We close at five," enthusiastic response.

Here we have the crux of the matter. This is simply not good enough. Obviously, they are understaffed and under-funded, yet this attitude apparent is insufferable. What is ;more, I am not the only one. I know of others who have suffered at the Health Service's hands. A friend with a virus was told he would be fine, and developed a secondary ear infection. Another doctor (private) found it inconceivable he was not prescribed antibiotics. I hope my decision to "go public" result in a rapid transformation in the quality of service

Yours faithfully, Michelle Bayliss

there.

"Death Wish" Healy Dear On Dit.

As my death wish, I want you to know that: No. 1, the Scretnth performance of Quatsi was brilliant and No 2. I was not a member of the cast. Basically, Simon Healy has his head in a hole in the ground which is filling with water and drowning his ability to recognise art.

A member of the audience of Quatsi. T. Davidge

In defence of U2, Pink Floyd, etc, etc, etc, ...

Arch.

Dear Eds. I am addressing this letter to the authors of "The Best and Worst of the 80's" (2nd April), whom, I'm sure, would like to know that I got a good laugh out of

most of it. However, the big slab in the

middle involving the music industry, contained a few sore spots.

Firstly, to say that Pink Floyd's "The Final Cut" is "hopelessly unhip", is I guess, a fair comment, but I don't believe it was ever intended to be. also to say that it comes "from the days when the Floyd had something to say", shows up the hole in the authors knowledge of the band's history, as this is their second to last album, and relatively recent. Hardly the "good old days"!

You also listed PF in the "worst live act" list, which I think shows a distinct lack of respect from the reviewer. PF have a worldwide reputation of having one of the best (if not the best) lighting and effects shows in the world, and with a store of power music to boot.

With U2 charging \$40 a ticket, I honestly can not believe that any concert goers were left feeling "ripped off". At least charging \$40 made sure that all the shit half-hearted fans stayed outside. I personally thought it one of the best '89 concerts (if not of the 80's) and presumably so did many other Adelaide people (and AU students), who were prepared to fork out the \$40 to "sell out" both nights. What's more, B.B. King opening the show was fantastic. And so was his neck breaking trumpeter.

In general, I thought that most groups and soloists who had done OK for themselves were put down in the shit pile. Such as: Van Halen, Paul Simon, Duran Duran, Richard Marx, Dire Straits, Phil Collins, Dragon, Jason Donovan, U2, Sting, Pink Floyd, Michael Jackson, Kylie Minogue and Robyn Williams and Peter Weir (both of whom were Oscar nominations for

Sure, reviewing is very subjective, but it is obvious that this reviewer let his/her (no offence to either MANLY or the Womens Libs) own personal views severely dominate the article. We never heard the end of REM. Funny disco that all the best male vocalists (excluding Bob Mould) and over half the best female vocalists also received Best Video Clip. "Sonic Youth" and "The The", both of which in my ignorance I have not heard of, certainly did fairly well for themselves in the review, along with a horde of smalltime up and coming bands and soloists.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that the smalltime and up and coming acts. don't deserve recognition or support, but I just can't see that the "Flaming Groovies" (for example) put or show than U2, Sting, Dire Straits, Madness and Pink Floyd.

Steve Materne 1st Year Maths Science

P.S. Apart from this, I thought the whole On Dit this week was a vast improvement on the last few weeks. Keep it up! I like it!

THE BRILLIANT SIMON HEALY

Simon Healy is brilliant! Reading his review almost made sitting thru Scretnth (& paying \$3.50) worth my while! Lisa Hancock





Good One, Chloe

Dear Mr Turner,

This expression applies to you! "You should have been a haemorrhoid because you're such a pain in the arse.

When will youngsters like yourself - men and women - stop being so boring and predictable? Al, baby, we've heard it all before. I think you should realise that no one has to lose when women gain.

Do you sit at home at night measuring your willy? Do you abuse all hell out of men who wear flowery shirts? Do you use the words "woman/girl" as insults? ("Don't be such a fucking girl, mate...") I think you might - and, if my assumptions are correct, I think I should tell you that you are now a strong contender for the "On Dit Turd of the Year Award 1990". Strong competition is evident in several groups - Mr John Dawkins is a hot tip. I will be giving the award in the Women's Room on June 1st. However, you might have some problems accepting the award. If you walk into the Women's Room and can manage to make your way past all the love-making lesbians writhing on the floor, then you certainly won't get to the podium - one hundred trillion burning bras will be thrown around your manly bod as soon as you can say, "I am boring and predictable".

Hope to see you there. Yours horribly sincerely, Chloë Fox.

P.S. Anyone who want to tell me that this is a "typical vindictive feminist response" should have the sense to realise that if things like Mr Turner didn't write their silly provocative letters, then I wouldn't have to defend 50% of the human race and write back.

There are problems in the Union

Dear Uncle Steve and Uncle Dave,

Congratulations on your coverage of the industrial unrest in the Union. As someone who served a three year term on Union Board and knows many staff members, I am always interested in the way Board conducts its affairs, especially in relation to the workers who serve it so well.

Witnessing the Board meeting of April 2, I was disappointed by the Union President's contribution. The Union President is required to 'play a vital role in the day to day running of the Union; the person in this position must consult with all relevant persons, unions, and associations in the decision-making processes, and must work with and supervise the Union Secretary Manager. The Presidential duties are clearly stated in the Union's Policy Codes. Every source and piece of information relevant to matters on which the Union Board is to make decisions, must be presented to Board as it is the ultimate decision-maker.

At the Board meeting on Monday night, Andrew Hamilton was unable, on too many occasions, to provide lucid and unequivocal answers to questions on staff matters posed by Board members. Accountability is not an optional extra in the Adelaide University Union; the Union President and the Union Secretary Manager must give Board members a clear picture of the activities they undertake in the daily administration of the Union so that Board can make informed, responsible

The discussion on staff matters revolved around the House Supervisor/Operations Manager matters. I won't go into details about this but it should be noted (as one Board member pointed out) that Andrew's name was largely absent from the Secretary Manager's information sheet on negotiations w occurred over the issues, yet industrial relations is an area in which the Union President is supposed to be extensively involved.

If Andrew wants to persuade Board to agree with his and the Secretary Manager's views and activities pertaining to industrial matters, he is certainly going about it the wrong way. Board cannot agree with courses of action undertaken on its behalf if shallow reasons are given for these actions. The outstanding example of this was Andrew's reply to Alan Fairley, Federated Clerks' Union member, when Alan contended that the Secretary Manager and the President had broken the Union Policy Codes by not consulting with the FCU over the position of Operations Manager. Andrew declared, "I interpret them (the Policy Codes) as they have been followed."

unsubstantiated astonishing, This

'explanation' justifies nought apart from the belief of staff members that management feels it does not have to answer to them. If the President and Secretary Manager have adequate grounds for their stance on industrial issues, it is not apparent from Andrew's evasive answers to questions put to him at Board meetings. These answers yielded little information and engendered dissatisfaction and confusion.

Finally, I wish to draw attention to the Secretary Manager's attitude to the staff stopwork meeting a few weeks ago. In a report to Board he described the staff meeting as "wildcat", yet this legitimate meeting was conducted in an orderly fashion and staff regretted the inconvenience to students. I hope such comments will be kept out of future reports to Union Board.

Monica Carroll

Orrsome

Dear Steve and Dave,

We have a question for Doug Orr (re his letter in On dit, April 2nd, 1990) - who wrote the letter for you?

Students Opposed to Doug (SOD)

On Dit Sucks

Dear editors,

Brickbats to the crew at "On Dit" for this week's publication (2nd April), I felt the overall standard this week was depressingly low. There are two articles in paticular which struck me as alarmingly poor. I see no reason why Adelaide University students should have their intelligence so disgustingly insulted by your writer's condescension.

Firstly, there was Paul Schoff's review of the "Born on the 4th of July" soundtrack album which treated the reader with such unashamed contempt. Paul Schoff intimated that there were orchestral extracts on the album which were of interest, yet went on to say "...but no one who might buy this album would have enough concentration span to get that far-so I didn't bother." Really! Are we all brain dead imbeciles? What do you take the average intelligence level of a university student to be? Are you so supremely intellectual and cultivated that to discuss the virtues of the orchestral extracts would be a waste of your words as our (seemingly) extremely limited intellect would be unable to cope with its magnitude? Somewhat akin to dangling pearls before swine, no doubt? Whether the album was to your taste or not or whether you consider its content to be too subtle for our simple tastes is irrelevant! The students as readers have a right to expect the review to be full fair and unbiased, regardless! I had always been led to believe that a journalist should (ideally) present the facts in a manner which neither condescends to (therefore alienates) the reader nor which may prejudice the reader's opinion, thhrough unfair bias. Can we please see less of this in On Dit's pages?

Secondly was the 'feature' (?) article "The Best and the Worst of the 80"s" This article was, quite possibly, the worst (or best, depending on one's point of view) example of subjective, self-opinionated, pseudo-intellectual, pseudo-esoteric, "I'm so culturally aware" journalistic dribble that I have yet read. This article should be a prime candidate for the Worst pieces of Journalism in the 90's", should such a list be completed in ten years time. I know what I believe were the best and worst political events of the 80s, what were the best albums, films, books etc. etc. Ad nauseum, yet I feel no compulsion to compile them into a list and publish them under the pretence that it is a serious list with a humourous, sometimes satirical bent to it. I feel no need to demonstrate in such a public manner that I too have impeccable taste and a vigorous social conscience combined with an ability to articulate my opinions in a coherent, highly readable form.

Why then does the author feel the need to proclaim to all what an incredible combination of social conscience, flair and impeccable taste in the arts he/she has? This list is in no way "definitive" as everyone has their personal opinions on who or what should receive these auspicious" laurels. Why then should three pages of print spac, which could have been better employed, be consumed by such an irrelevant self-indulgent for an article?

On top of this the article managed to contradict itself on a number of occasions, with perhaps the most flagrant contradiction

involving Rolling Stone magazine. The writer considered it to be one of the worst magazines of the previous decade, written by "totally talentless writers all over the age of 35" (is the critic in any position to pass such judgement?) Yet Republican Party Reptile is listed as one of the best fiction novels of the 80s. Was it not published in Rolling Stone in serial form? Presumably, Republican Party Reptile was written (if the aforementioned generalisation holds true) by a totally talentless writer over the age of 35!

Yours sincerely, Patrick White (the younger) 2nd Year Arts St. Peter's Old Collegiates

SCRETNTH Wanks Again

Dear Editors, SIMON!

1. Prepare yourself for a pin-stripe

Grab a cane and a seeing eye dog

Place a vacuum cleaner to your eyeball and suck your brains out.

4. Then, write a review in 'QUATSI'. ...Oh, you've already done it.

Sorry, PEACE, LOVE, AND FLOWERS, SCRETNTH

Rosebud Moonshine Turtledove (School of

More Wank From SCRETNTH

Dear Editors,

IT'S ALRIGHT SIMON, WE'RE ONLY

Oh, so you didn't like it. That's a pity. Still, you didn't like it before you saw it did you? QUATSI was good, effective, and praised generally. Anyhow, a few lines of poetry will outline the situation:

While them that defend what they cannot see, with a killer's pride, in security,

OUATSI blows their mind, most bitterly. For them that think deaths honesty

wont fall upon them naturally, like sometimes must get lonely.

A question in your nerves is lit, yet you know there is no answer fit,

To satisfy and show you not to quit, to keep it in your mind and not forget

That it is not he or she or them or IT that you belong to.

While some on principles baptise to strict party platform ties,

Social clubs in drag disguise, outsiders they can freely criticise,

Tell nothing, 'cept dewey idle eyes that say 'God bless it"

WHILE ONE WHO SINGS WITH HIS TONGUE ON FIRE, GANGLES IN THE RAT-RACE CHOIR,

BENT OUT OF SHAPE FROM SOCIETYS PYRES, DARES NOT TO COME UP ANY

BUT RATHER GETS YOU DOWN IN THE HOLE THAT HE'S IN.

My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards, false goals I scuff,

At pettiness which plays so rough, I walk upside down inside handcuffs,

Then kick my legs to crach it off and say 'OK, I've had enough...

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU SHOW ME?" -Who else is still handcuffed?

Don't reject what you came to see blindfolded Yours,

Chris Barker Architecture

(One of the director's "lacking artistic vision".)

Krantz- the new messiah

Dear Ms Editor Persons,

I am writing to you with the support of 50,000 signatures I whipped up to petition support for a brass statue, of which I have included proposed plans to be located on the Barr Smith Lawns to honour our selfproclaimed Demi-God, a legend in his own lingerie, spokesperson to the down trodden and pillow of society ... Mr David Krantz.

Please don't be mistaken by his cushy St Peters existence, driving the car his parents gave to him; he really is a rebel - the James Dean of the 90's, the Steve Vizard of Adelaide Uni, the Monet of cartoon strip humour. Our wonderful ed of Bread and Circuses is qualified to run for parliament, with the cutting wit of Paul Keating and the ability to wear the Country Road of

boots (Docs) without making a fashion statement.

I have collected all his works and it's not true at all that too much of the same thing is droll and pretentious. I'm not suggesting that he be given a Gothic Cathedral, just a brass statue to this greatness. The poor lad admitted on Uni radio the state of his finances, "I can't afford records"; maybe we could make a collection for him on a public holiday declared in his name or just channel the funds of the Uni Bar to support his parents' rates and taxes. The poor lad has no time to work to afford proper clothes because we make him run B & C by popular demand. Why should he be forced to wear the same clothes and earrings for weeks on end. He shouldn't have to be wasting his time in such futile acts, he is a genius and should be recognised as such. Volunteers should wash his clothes and pay for the privilege. What is the world coming to when a guru is forced to live as a mere mortal. The David Krantz Refectory, Krantz Lecture Theatre 101, Krantz the Circus, Bread of Krantz, David's Bar, the Mitchell-Krantz Administration Office; a statue is another obvious method to recognise his magnitude.

A. Dork,

Second Year Sandcastles/Crayons and Krantz Theology.

Long Live Pink Floyd

Dear Eds

I am writing to point out an obvious error in your "Best and Worst of the 80's" shit.

Upon reading/treating this (treating refers to something done to sewage), I noticed that you had entered Pink Floyd under the worst live act? Surely, this is just a printing error, and should

read "Best live act"? Yes? No? if this is not a printing error, then could the author (?) please explain what they expected/missed/went to/

And, while I'm here, may I suggest that all those people who don't appreciate your paper either submit some "good" ideas and write some articles or Fuck Off!!

In my opinion, the paper is quite good, although not perfect (hey - what is?). As one witty person put it - "Not quite as good as sex!" So, rather than criticize all the time, why not contribute something, rather than stupid comments about the trying paper?

Yours neutrally, RJB (the maggot)

Nose Job

Many thanks to the person who let the large, heavy Barr Smith Library door swing into my face. I'm really beginning to like my new, multicoloured, bulbous nose. Why, this could lead the way for a major role in "Sesame Street" or even "The Muppet Show"! Who nose! After the pain of having a profile like Julius Caesar has diminished, I may laugh about this some day (although, I'm worried the darn thing will fall off!).

Visnja Prtenjaca Music

ALLRIGHT!

Dear Allen Turner,

Your letter is the biggest load of cliched shit we have ever come across.

To begin with, you obviously have no idea of the true meaning of feminism. You have stereotyped the feminist in an appalling way. We both regard ourselves as feminists, yet we are not "bra-burning lesbians" as your letter

claims (in fact, we are quite beautiful!). The equality we want is not based on physical appearance. You wrote that "if women were supposed to be equal they'd look like men". We wouldn't want a moustache like yours, anyway, women just want to be considered as equals, and receive the same opportunities as men.

Your argument is stupid. It is based on clichés, ignorance and name-calling. You are one sad specimen!

I feel sorry for any girl who has to put up with your chauvinistic views. What exactly would you want from a girlfriend or wife - to be a subservient bonking post??

As for your attack on the "On Dit" editors, a magazine written to suit your needs would have to be none other than "Playboy".

We quote: "Lighten up", Allen, and grow up!! Kate Juttner- Arts/Law Inga Vedig- Arts



SAUA **President** Wendy Wakefield

OSA Column

Suieetha

Selvamanikan

Barr Smith Library

Have your lecturers told you that books are on reserve, but when you go to the library, you find that they are not there? I have received complaints from students who have encountered this problem. I don't know as yet where the problem lies. Whatever it takes though, its about time it was rectified, as it seems to arise every year. As a first step, I will be meeting with Ray Choate, University Librarian on Tuesday.

Hi everybody,

As you all know on Saturday 24 March the Overseas Student Association (OSA) held its Annual General Meeting to elect the new committee for 1990.

The meeting opened with the outgoing President, Treasurer and NLC representatives presenting their reports for the previous year. This done, the meeting got down to the serious business of approving necessary constitutional amendments. These were to create 3 new positions on the committee as well as to move the date of the AGM from March to October. There was vociferous argument over this last point but, in the end both motions to amend

The voting for committee members was carried out in three

If you are having problems, please come and see me or leave me a note, and we should be able to do something to remedy individual cases.

Bread and Circuses Complaint

I have received a complaint about the last issue of Bread and Circuses. Before I received this complaint, members of SAUA Council expressed some concerns about a previous issue, so I have already drawn the Editors'

phases. First, for the position of

attention to SAUA policy, including sexual harassment. The SAUA Constitution states that the editors have complete and unfettered editorial discretion (except that they cannot publish defamatory material), so we cannot censor publications. Complaints are taken seriously however, and it will be discussed at the Special meeting mentioned

SAUA Council There will be a Special Meeting

President Siva Kumar Vice-president (campus) Joanna Teh Vice-president (executive) Quek Ngee Meng Secretary Chee Mun Women's Officer Ai Boey Treasurer Chiew Hwa **Sports Officer** Aag **Publications** Yu Mei **VibesEditors** Sujeetha and Asha **General Committee**

Mathew Thomas-Phillip, Soh Lai

Leng, Lim Meng Check,

Cho Keat, Khong Wee

of SAUA Council to discuss NUS Conferences, the establisment of Grievance Academic Committee and a Bread and Circuses complaint on Wednesday April 11 at 6.15pm in the Union Boardroom.

The next meeting of SAUA Council is on Thursday 19th April, at 6.15pm in the Union Boardroom. Come along if you dare! (that includes you Richard). I know its the mid-semester break, but everyone is welcome to come along and participate.

Special mention goes to Lai Leng who helped to get Vibes, the OSA newsletter, off the ground last year as well as organise most of the OSA's activities during Orientation Week. Lai Leng was. nominated for President but declined to run. She did run for a committee position and was returned with the highest number

The AGM wound up with lunch prepared and provided by the outgoing committee.

On behalf of the new committee I would like to thank the members of the old committee for an excellent job last year and wish them all the best for 1990.

Sujeetha Selvamanikam

the constitution were carried.

President, then for the executive committee members and finally for the five general committee members. The presidential debate was spirited with both candidates, Siva Kumar and Lim Meng Check, and their vice-presidential running mates fielding questions from the floor. When put to the vote the meeting elected Siva "energy, Kumar for his enthusiasm and belief in the OSA." Joanna Teh defeated Mathew Thomas-Phillip for the position of campus Vicepresident, while all other were returned candidates unopposed.

The committee for 1990 will be as follows:

Women's Officer Natasha Stott Despoja

Women in Sport Week a Great Success

Women and Sport Week 1990 Torrens Fun Run Winners

Congratulations to....

- 1. Heather Smith (Electrical Engineering)
- 2. Melissa Bailey (Zoology)
- 3. Aija Brumby (Philosophy)
- 4. Loretta Reynolds (Law)
- 5. Penny Wong (Law)
- 6. Kathleen Swalling (Law)
- 7. Linda Talbot-Smith (Civil Engineering)

Prizes for the three winners are free memberships to Nautilus and Lady Nautilus. Other Runners up win guest passes to Nautilus and Kerry O'Brien.

Thank you to all the Women who took part, it was a great afternoon.

Natasha Stott Despoja Womens' Officer SAUA





OnDitPleasant

Earlier this evening, as we were walking across the cloisters, we heard a gentle rustling up in a tree. We looked up into its green and leafy branches, and were surprised and delighted to find a little possum, nibbling on some tender shoots. It cocked its head and looked at us inquisitively. The sweet little fellow did not run away, but kept nibbling away casually on his evening snack. It was hard to say who was the more curious- us or him! For as he nibbled away, his eyes did not wander from us. However, he was not dining alone. Much to our delight another little possum crawled down from a higher branch, and joined him in his feast. They munched munched together like two little furry friends.

You know, so few students are aware of the

wealth of joys one can find falling in the cloisters. Apart from our marsupial

little feet as the kiddies go toddling across the cloisters, going about their daily business. Finger painting, pottery, playing with Fuzzy Felt and Lego, and pretending to be grown-ups, an astronaut, a firefighter, a mummy or a daddy... the tiny tots live their lives with a happygo-lucky zest which many of us have either lost or tackers give us all hope. It may be a tired old sort of a saving, but the children are our future, and we should cherish them.

It was sad to see the poplars being cut down earlier this year, but those pesky little branches were

down, somebody might have got a nasty bump on the head. chums, there are all sorts The University people care of other heart-warming about us, and the men who cut the trees down were There is nothing nicer very sad, but they were than the pitter-patter of only doing their job. We noticed that some of the from the child care centre trunks still have little shoots popping out. Tiny green tips, no longer than your thumb, moistened by the dew of daybreak.

Isn't Mother Nature a wonderfully strong thing? Its never ending cycle turns every day. The sun shines, the waves crash, the possums munch, the shoots come sprouting through, and this is the forgotten. These little state of the Australian print media.

> Have a pleasant day. **Steve Jackson David Penberthy**



WARNING

Concessional travel on scheduled services operated by the STA is conditional on having a Full Time Student sticker and a Valid To 28 Feb. 91 sticker affixed to the exterior of the laminating wallet of your University photographic student ID card. Please note:

· Only cards with stickers in good condition will be accepted. Tampering with stickers will void the concession and normal penalties will apply.

 Use clear plastic tape or a plastic protective wallet (available from the STA Tickets Office) to protect the sticker. It is the student's responsibility to maintain the sticker in good condition.

 If the stickers are damaged do not remove the remains of the stickers.

a. Membership records of the Barr Smith will replace the expiry sticker,

b. The full-time student sticker will be replaced by the Concession Pass Office, Ground Floor, STA House, cnr. North Tce. and Bank St., Adelaide if:

i. You provide a copy of your fee statement indicating your full time status and that all fees have been paid,

ii. remnants of the Full Time sticker are present on the card,

iii. you sign a statutory declaration stating the reason why a replacement is required.

iv. a \$2.00 is paid.

Simon Healy replies.

The Mass Media: the easiest people's profanities). way of offending the largest number of people in the shortest space of time.

Watching the behaviour of the Scretnth mafioso attempting to make up for their conceptual bankruptcy by sheer weight of numbers as the letters deadline approached on Wednesday was increasingly hilarious. Picture the scene:

"Write this, Terry: 'I-Was-Not-A-Member-Of-The-Cast (even though I'm friends with one of the directors).' Nah, don't include that last bit...'

Most of the letters betray an immaturity and insecurity on the part of the Quatsi participants in their inability to respond to criticism with an intelligent, reasoned argument. It is also worth noting that none of the letters, with the exception of Paul Cummins', do anything to establish that Quatsi was worth a pinch of shit artistically (while we're being scatological, we might as well shift focus onto another part of the anatomy: it seems that Scretites are so witless

Of those letters worthy of reply: Paul Cummins: Your attempt at being balanced is admirable and isolated, but if you find looking at exactly the same thing for 5-10 minutes "exhilirating", then I worry about your boredom threshold.

Jason Bootle: Are you seriously asserting that a reviewer will not give an open-minded review because he/she has a free ticket? That's virtually every review printed in a major newspaper in the country out the window. You'd better write and tell them.

Jayson Lennon: You accuse me of being "elitist", ego-tripping and regarding myself as "superior", and go on to use undefined terms such as "art destruction", "eternal entertainment" (what does this mean?) and "pluralistic collage". These are essentially meaningless in the context they are written and so unhelpful to anyone with a non-specialist training seeking to enter into the debate: a blatant example of elitism. As for my that they must even parrot other alleged lack of interest in

Performance Art, I was not prepared to let the basic assumptions of Scretnth go unchallenged: would you object to a negative review of 'Allo 'Allo from someone who had no interest in innuendo-ridden sitcoms?

Chris Barker: One of the major literary events of the century. Its mere presence on the On Dit letters page is insulting. I demand inclusion in a major Poetry Journal now.

As for the rest of the letters, their puerile attempt to manufacture a 'controversy' out of mere personal insults is pathetic, and reminds me of nothing so much as the socially maladjusted and psychologically troubled boy who sits at the back of the class saying rude words until someone pays him attention. Barely even worthy of one's pity, and certainly not worth engaging in the dullest slanging-match imaginable.

Sleep well and don't read too many dirty magazines.

Lotsa love, Simon Healy

How NUS Neglects the Interests of Students

George Karzis loves the National Union of Students. George is a member of the Australian Labor Party. George loves NUS because, in his own words, "It is a Labor-Unity Melbourne-based bureaucracy."

George is in the august company of Resistance, the Young Liberals and the National Civic Council in making this dry observation. Admittedly, he sees the make-up of NUS as a cause for celebration, and the other three groups see it as the main argument for the Union's immediate destruction.

There is certainly more than a grain of truth in his words. You have all had \$3.90 extracted from your Student Union fee to pay for NUS membership, and many of you probably don't even know what NUS is. It would be cynical to attribute this ignorance to student apathy. The blame for this lies fairly and squarely with the National Union.

There has been a depressing lack of communication, particularly in South Australia, between the NUS hierarchy and its student members. NUS has the potential to be a powerful body that responds to and leads the education debate in Australia. However, it suffers from a gross lack of accountability and an absurdly bureaucratic structure which impedes the swiftness

It would be irresponsible to call for the destruction of NUS, as forces on the extreme left and most of the right have done repeatedly since the Union was formed in 1988. The Union is a lynchpin in the fight against voluntary student unionism and a reliable source of information on all higher education issues.

However, if it does not rectify its lack of accountability and its sluggishness in addressing government attacks on higher education, it will be easily branded as undemocratic and ineffective, and will crumble within two years.

affiliated with NUS. This means that NUS represents. or should represent, three-quarters of a million students.

In terms of its commitment to automatic student unionism, NUS is impeccable. At the national conference held at La Trobe University last December, the Liberals ran the the pole, only to have it burnt down by virtually every other faction at the conference.

Liberal delegates made predictable and unimaginative comparisons between automatic union membership and East European totalitarianism, describing it as "Australia's own Berlin wall." It was clear that the Union hierarchy and the vast majority of delegates and observers were not prepared to tolerate any attacks on student unionism, and the Liberal motions were overwhelmingly defeated.

In a speech at the NUS conference, Minister for Education, Employment and Training, John Dawkins, outlined the statutory guarantee the government has given NUS to protect

"If a state government was to override a student union at a tertiary institution, and as a result a student union was denied funds, we would recover those funds from that state conducted. Damian Smith understates the importance of the

NUS deserves praise for its good work in acquiring this guarantee from the government and ensuring that student services are not eroded by the undermining of student

It is unfortunate that this is the only fundamental achievement of NUS to date.

The term NUS should be a household word. In 1988, everybody at Adelaide Uni knew about NUS- an affiliation campaign was held, and the campus was saturated with material outlining the advantages of joining the National Union. Since then, it would not be unfair to say that the presence of NUS has stagnated to the point of non-existence. The story is the same on virtually every campus around

In the interview below, Damian Smith argues that this is the result of NUS not publicising its work sufficiently. The problem runs deeper than this. There is a lot of work that NUS simply doesn't do.

Smith claims that "[The union] takes very strong political stances on education matters." Whilst it is true that the Union does take a strong stance, there is an enormous difference between taking a stance and acting upon a stance.

On paper, NUS has admirable policies on virtually every



issue. It supports free education, the increase of AUSTUDY to the same level of the dole, automatic student unionism, it Almost three-quarters of Australian campuses have oppose racism and sexism, and so forth. It falls down in that its policies do not translate into effective political action. Without buying into a crude Marxist interpretation of political action ("To the streets, comrades, let us strike while the iron is hot!"), there is a tendency in NUS to ignore the power of rallies and street demonstrations. This sort of traditional "The only good union is a voluntary one" flag up political action has a valid place in the student movement. In some instances, NUS has deliberately attempted to sabotage demonstrations organised by independent student groups, such as the SAFE (Student Action For Free Education) teams in the Eastern states. NUS organised a public meeting at the same time and on the same day as an anti-HECS demo in Melbourne, and at a demonstration held there last April, it attempted to redirect a rally when non-NUS activists were

Traditional methods of demonstration have worked in the

past- but only in tandem with lobbying, pamphleteering and other forms of political action. NUS should look more closely at the power of rallies in the fight for a just education

Another major problem with NUS is the less than democratic manner in which its national conferences are national conference- it sets the policies and decides all office-bearer and lesser positions

for the following year.

In her opening comments at the December conference. 1989 NUS President Lisa Neville said:

"There are bound to be conflicts, which is good...it is indicative of the dynamism of NUS. It is essential to resolve them and find the common ground.

If backroom deals, number crunching and outrageous slanders and conspiracy theories constitute a democratic resolution of conflict, then the conference was a success. The entire event was dominated by fear and loathing. As James Greentree from NOLS (the National Organisation of Labor Students) said of the trench mentality in the caucuses: "People were racked with visions of screaming Trotskyists covered in oil hurling themselves towards the podium."

A lot of this paranoia is understandable, but when it leads to gross abuse of the democratic process, it becomes a

Greentree admitted that the broad left faction, Left Alliance, commanded 48% of the vote on the conference floor, and still failed to get a single motion or office bearer up. This was due entirely to a deal struck between NOLS and the Independents, who locked Left Alliance out on every

When asked whether this was undemocratic, Greentree told me that:

"This tactic by NOLS and the Independents will not create a 100% Union but a divided and divisive one. NOLS and the Independents did get 50% plus one, and within NUS this is democracy, but it may be a limited form of democracy. My concern is that the factions didn't have a very constructive approach, they were very hierarchical internally, and were dominated by a cold

The main problem with this system is that ordinary students who have voted for delegates end up with their interests being completely lost in a haze of petty political game-playing. There is an undeniable gu between the interests of ordinary students and the interests of student representatives at NUS. The process of policy making comes down to a squalid bun-fight in which factional hacks count heads, whisper figures under their breath and drag their comrades away from the coffee

machine so they can vote. It is a shame that NUS has not yet realised its full potential. It could easily make itself accountable by setting up actual NUS clubs on campus, which would be responsible for organising forums, debates and social gatherings, and keeping its members informed as to all developments in the education debate. At our University, the least that NUS could do is hold regular public forums, like a sort of question time. at which its office-bearers could explain what NUS has been

Perhaps they could also tell some of us what NUS is. David Penberthy

David Penberthy spoke to **NUS Education Officer**, Damian Smith.

OD: The National Union of Students is now two and a half years old. What would you say have been its main achievements in this time?

Smith: The Union was set up very much in a context in which the big things that were happening in higher education out of the decision making process on the conference floor, haven't done as much of that as we have in the past. But that at the end of 1987 were the forthcoming White Paper and the and consequently got no office bearers up and no substantial advent of the tertiary tax. Our first year, if you like, was motions. Do you think that if a particular faction commands taken up with the thrust of the white paper, amalgamations, and the imposition of HECS. A lot of our time had in a sense been spent reacting to initiatives that began before we were around. That was unfortunate because it meant that we of the NUS Conference to me is merely a will work, we'll use them. At Murdoch University students haven't been able to go out and strike out from new agendas convoy for what students on campus have voted for in had a protest camp about AUSTUDY. They had great media. as much as we would have liked. I think what we have done is that in the last year....is ensure that the concerns students a separate body from the delegates who are elected on would support. I do take a very pragmatic decision about have traditionally raised, concerns about quality and equity, campus by PR elections. They're elected on campus on a what strategies we use. Whatever works for the particular have for the first time been taken into account in a whole range of educational policy decisions. The key area where I've noticed movement in the last six months has been in AUSTUDY. Our main achievement has been putting students into a position where we are actually going to achieve real equitable gains on AUSTUDY.

government that if the Liberals legislate for voluntary are conscious of the fact that they are there to represent problem than a left/right problem. It's something that we've student unionism, the ALP will act to protect the existing people who elected them, and if that means that they vote a had hanging with is for twenty years. automatic student unionism system. Can you explain how this will work?

Smith: What we asked for from the government was for Wales, where the government looked like introducing VSU. the particular policy stances they were going to take. All we wanted was to make sure that the student unions had with universal membership will be made available to it, conference. Why wasn't there a public gallery? and that will actually cost the state government money. We're quite happy with the situation. It means that student

any University or College campuses during O- Week. Why to see the conference couldn't get in. has this been allowed to happen?

Smith: I think one of our problems has been distribution and organisation of material on campus. I think we get a lot of good ideas, the question for us is how to execute them so that students on the ground can be involved with them, and can play a part in what our activities are. It's been unfortunate on occasions that our distribution channels and our people channels haven't done what we all would have liked. The fact is we're still a very young organisation with a lot of teething problems. O-Weeks around the country were a lot better for NUS this year than they were last year. We covered a very large number of O-Weeks around the country, especially in New South Wales and Victoria. I tend to think that as each state branch develops a little more and develops more resources we will be able to do that, and it's unfortunate that we weren't able to do that. I don't think that means we're not doing anything, it just means we're not explaining it well enough, and certainly not moving down channels which will allow more students to get involved. I think we have to do that. I accept a criticism that we may not have not done all we could have done, in terms of getting people involved, and that's something we're certainly very serious about changing this year.

On Dit: I see your point, but I've spoken to a lot of students, especially first and second years, who don't even know what NUS is.

Smith: Yeah, I know that is a problem. I've been in more referendum campaigns than you would care to shake a stick at. It's always very difficult to explain what we are. To an extent we're never going to explain it to everyone as a lot of people aren't going to take the time to find out, and that's fine, we will represent them just the same as we would people who are interested. But obviously the more people

that are interested the better we're going to go, the more there was a very, very tough debate about the question of we're going to perform. But you're right- in the past we industry funding for higher education. If you want to talk haven't done enough on that regard, and I could only say that about higher education, over the next couple of years that is

there was a feeling, particularly on the left of the ALP and in community on that. People fought that out on the floor, and a Left Alliance, that the conference was not democratic at all, democratic majority decision was made to support a because of the deal that was done between NOLS (the compulsory levy on all profit making industry to fund higher National Organisation of Labor Students) and the Independents. The whole of the left was completely locked over a third of the vote it is undemocratic that they don't have more input?

Smith: It seems to me that people have a very strange view AUSTUDY- if it is that some of those methods of protest delegate elections. I don't accept that the NUS conference is a lot of people got involved, and that's the kind of action we platform, they stand on a platform whether it be right, left, issue at the time is what we do. When that can involve a lot centre or nothing, and they should follow that platform of people it's great. If people say that because we don't use through NUS conference. I think in the past, one of the traditional methods all the time we are a bad organisation. I problems particularly with AUS [the Australian Union of reject that.... I think that the student movement as a whole. Students] was that people didn't do that, they went to not on the left, right or anything, is still coming out of a time conferences on their own and didn't take notice of who when it had unsophisticated methods regardless of what its On Dit: NUS has also reached an agreement with the elected them. I think NUS is getting around that. Delegates orientation was. I think that's more a student movement certain way at the conference then so be it. I think it's a lot better to have people following the mandate they were given, rather than saying "well...I'm here, I'll make deals on the them to investigate how they could use their constitutional floor, I'll trade, I'll horse trade...". I got the feeling at the powers to allow student organisations to keep doing their NUS conference that people went there knowing why they condemning the actions of the Chinese government. job. That was particularly in the context of New South were elected, whether it be left, right or centre, and adhere to

On Dit: One of the things that I was disappointed with at

Smith: Well, where we get a hall that's big enough and facilities. If they had at La Trobe we would have been more job on that. On Dit: I'm not sure how familiar you are with the than happy to do it. The only other thing I would say on that situation in South Australia, but over the last couple of years is that we have had, over our time with NUS, a lot of misinformed. and particularly the last few months NUS has had a less than disruption from the extreme right. We have had people from public presence on campus. There was a well-organised the extreme right, people whose sole aim in life is to come debate about education policy a few days before the election, along and disrupt, and they were doing that by not being but apart from that NUS hasn't really been publicly active at observers or anything but just turning up and disrupting either Adelaide or Flinders Universities. There have been no things. I certainly wasn't prepared to see that continue. forums, no public meetings, and there were no NUS stalls at Unfortunately that did mean that a lot of people who wanted



1990 NUS Office Bearers, L.-R.: Damian Smith NUS EDUCATION OFFICER: Kate Deverall NUS PRESIDENT: Andrew Wooldridge NUS GENERAL SECRETARY: Brigid Freeman NUS WOMEN S OFFICER: David McConnon NUS SERVICES & WELFARE OFFICER.

Where we can get a venue that allows for that, we'll do it. made of NUS is that the Union places excessive attention on the way it works. the student services side, and not enough on the political and education side. There's a feeling that NUS has somehow been depoliticized, that there is a wariness towards taking strong and popular political action.

Smith: I disagree with that for the simple reason that if it were I wouldn't be a part of it, because my particular interests are not in services. I'm a very passionately believer in the education work of the union, and anyone, regardless of their politics, will admit that. We do take very strong political stances on education matters. The fact that last year

the issue that is still to be determined. NUS now has one of On Dit: I was at the NUS conference last December and the clearest and most concise stances of any group of the education. That to me is pretty strong political action. If you're referring to traditional methods of protest, then we is no decision that those methods are ineffective. It is an assessment that on the particular issues we face at the moment, those methods aren't the way to go. If later this year- and I hope that this year we'll see a major campaign on

On Dit: NUS doesn't seem to give very much attention to international issues. Last year after the massacre in

Square there was absolutely nothing put out by NUS

Smith: There was. Obviously we put out a major statement on that, which received some media coverage around the country. We participated with a lot of other student concerned would continue to do their job without the conference was that if you weren't a delegate or an organisations in shutting down our operations for a period of interruption. The government has given us a legislative observer, you weren't allowed onto the conference floor. time in sympathy. But what we chose particularly to do was guarantee that if a state government introduces VSU the There were a few people who were students and therefore with the future of Chinese students in Australia, we spent a same amount of money that the student union would have members of NUS who weren't allowed to enter the lot of time working with the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade on the question of Visa extensions. We expressed our sorrow and outrage at the action, and made a public cheap enough for us to do that, we'll be in like a shot. The statement to that effect, and we said the best thing we could unions can continue to do their jobs and it doesn't matter fact of the matter is that the sort of places we get on do was to use our links and representation to try and make what the politics of the day are. That, for us, is all we've ever campuses around the country don't generally have those sure no students have to leave. I think we did a pretty good

On Dit: I'm sorry about that, I must have been

Smith: I have got no problem in admitting that NUS doesn't take a great many stances on international issues. We don't think it is necessarily the best way to use our resources. We still do, for an organisation our size, have a limited budget, We have to make a decision about what to work on and what not to, and the yardstick we use is not just whether it's relevant to students- which is a bit of a dodgy debate to get into, because the logical extension is that anything coulcd or could not be relevant to students- but...we ask if anyone else is going to take up those issues. On some things, like AUSTUDY and HECS, if student organisations didn't take them up noone else would. On a range of other issues, other groups are interested and do a very good job in debating and discussing them. Where other forums exist, people should get involved in them if they want to discuss those issues.

On Dit: Just in closing, a friend of mine, George Karzis, recently told me that he loves NUS because and I quote "It is a Labor Unity run Melbourne-based bureaucracy". What would you say to that?

Smith: Ahhh...George is a colourful individual. He get a 1.2% swing towards him [in the seat of Wakefield], so I guess he's not a bad judge of political character..... but the fact of the matter is, ummm, one part of that statement is true, NUS is Melbourne-based, that's where our national office is. In terms of the political factions within it, sure there are a lot of people from the Labor Party involved in it. I'm a member of the ALP and I'm proud to admit that. But if George is trying to imply that decisions within NUS are made on the basis of Labor Party allegiances, he is wrong On Dit: One of the other criticisms a lot of people have and I hope he corrects his misapprehension. That's just not

She's mot

gone yet

The Political Time bomb that is the Poll Tax has landed at **British Prime** Minister Margaret Thatcher's feet. Its an issue that threatens to hang around her neck like a noose in the (expected) 1992 elections. Steve Jackson identifies the competing forces.

Margaret Thatcher has been in desperate political trouble before. In 1981 as unemployment nearly doubled due to her strangulation interest rate policies, her popularity

early and unlikely return. But the Falklands War turned the Conservative majority of 26% (14 654 votes) to a Labour situation around and Thatcher won easily in the 1983 majority of 16.8% (9 449 votes).

1985 saw an historic crisis - the year and a half miner's strike. Labour looked in good order after this and ran a challenge to Thatcher when the Party meets in November are faultless '87 election campaign, but Thatcher again won in the air. The likely challenger is dumped Defence

Two times down, two times up again. To suggest that 1992 will see the end of Maggie is to underestimate her appeal, her policies and their effects.

The poll tax fiasco, as it is fast becoming, is however the greatest threat to her government in its 10 year history. The tax is an excellent example of Thatcherite ideology and politics in action. Thatcher has scrapped the traditional, local council revenue raising housing rates scheme (based on land and building values) and replaced it with a flat per person tax that the government estimated would be around 278 pounds per year, per person. For poorer constituents that represents a 30-40% rise on last years rates.

Many councils are facing difficulties in imposing the 'average' tax on house holders. High interest rates, inflation and reduced government spending have meant that many councils including frugal Tory-controlled ones, are imposing poll taxes up to 250 pounds over the government estimate. In addition, many people are refusing to pay the tax. In Strathclyde, the largest shire in Scotland, 350 000 people face legal action for refusal to pay the poll tax imposed last year. If this trend were to spread to England, where most councils have only recently imposed the tax, the new system would clearly be inoperable.

The tax is clearly inequitable and this has been reflected on Thatcher's popularity. A recent Guardian poll stated that 78% of people polled thought that she'd "gone too far". In the nine months since June 1989, the Conservative Party has dropped 8-10 points (depending on which poll used) from early40% to early 30%. Labour is polling with over 50% in recent polls. The recent Mid-Staffordshire by-election necessitated the resignation of Housing Minister John

plummetted and the British Labour Party looked set for an Heddle, and saw a massive swing to Labour turning a

These sort of figures are testing the nerve of the Conservative Party. Rumours of a serious leadership Secretary Michael Heseltine.

A lot of complete rubbish has been written about Thatcherism, running from the extreme 'death of the world and the left as we know it' versions through subtler (but vague) explainations stressing her rhetorical technique, to more traditional 'divide and rule' explainations. All these explainations have some power.

Thatcher, it has after been said, is a conviction politician; level. No-one likes to be in debt. an Iron Lady of action. The Falklands War, more than any other event set this myth in place. Once a policy is in place there are no alternatives: this is crucial to her image of appeal. She dominates Cabinet and government. Opponents to her policies within Cabinet are unceremoniously dumped, The three outstanding examples of this are Thatcher's sacking of Michael Heseltine over the Westland Aircraft affair in 1986, Sir Geoffrey Howe as Foreign Secretary in 1989 and Nigel Cawson as Vice Chancellor of the Exchequer, also in 1989.

Of the twenty-nine appointed in 1979, only five ministers policy because of it. currently survive in office.

As Tory support for Thatcher declines, so does the feeling that there is no alternative. Waiting in the wings is Tory MP Michael Heseltine, who freed from Cabinet responsibilities has been quietly building Tory support through exhausting speaking tours of backbenchers constituencies.

These backbenchers have a right to be nervous about the electoral impact of the poll tax. But it should be remembered that nearly every Thatcher initiative in the sphere of welfare and government tax and expenditure has proved unpopular with the socioeconomic groups it has affected. Come election time, however, this has not translated into a Labour

It is necessary therefore to examine how Thatcher in the past has maintained electoral support. The answer lies in a cunning mix of cynical political pragmatism, and radical individualistic ideology known ubiquitously as Thatcherism.

A lot of complete rubbish has been written about Thatcherism, running from the "death of the world and the left as we know it" theory, through subtler (but vague) explanations stressing her rhetorical technique, to more traditional 'divide and conquer' explanations.

this is attractive in the increasingly violent, urban Britain.

analogies when selling economic policy.

level. While it makes for dubious macro-economic policy, shares). Her housing privatisation programme swung (red?-

But Thatcher has been down before. To suggest that the one obvious weakness being the decline in manufacturing ribbon) Labor Council Estate areas to the Conservatives end is nigh is premature, since the figures here do not investment wrought by an approach that prioritises controlling external debt over domestic manufacturing levels, it appears plausible at an everyday 'common sense'

Thatcher's image as a 'conviction, no-alternative' choices to some, while attacking crucial areas of Labour politician, pledging to make Britain great again, combines with competitive and morally regressive economic and social initiatives that cleverly tap into British cultural traditions. even if it means weakening the talent of the Front Bench. This fusion of radical, neo-libertarian economics with the commentators have noted, those beneficiaries have been cultural traditions is, I suggest, pragmatic and ad hoc, not carefully calculated. Thatcher has courted the wealthier

> Each fusion remakes these cultural traditions, entrenching her economic policy with it. In this way the times under Thatcher are 'new' and the Left must initiate a different

while removing an important area of social control from Labour dominated Councils: a double edged sword.

Thatcher's poll tax follows in a long line of policies that have had these two complementing aims: giving economic support, i.e. Local Councils. Thatcher's housing and education policies have undoubtedly been beneficial to some, but as numerous academic and daily tabloid Labour vote at the expense of poorer Labour voters.

It is necessary therefore to reassess the poll tax issue in light of these observations.

Thatcher's unrelenting stand on the issue confirms her as a conviction politician. The poll tax, as a flat tax (per head) fits in neatly with her rhetoric of everyone paying their way,

of rewarding individual achievement. (Englishness=wealthiness).

It places extra financial pressure on Councils by making them responsible for billing and collecting the tax, despite it being a government incentive. The poll tax therefore, acts as an incentive for councils to reduce services to lower the tax and maintain local appeal. It will further the welfare burden on the Labour family and individual, but (she hopes) will not affect the wealthier Tory/ ex-Labour, neo-Tory

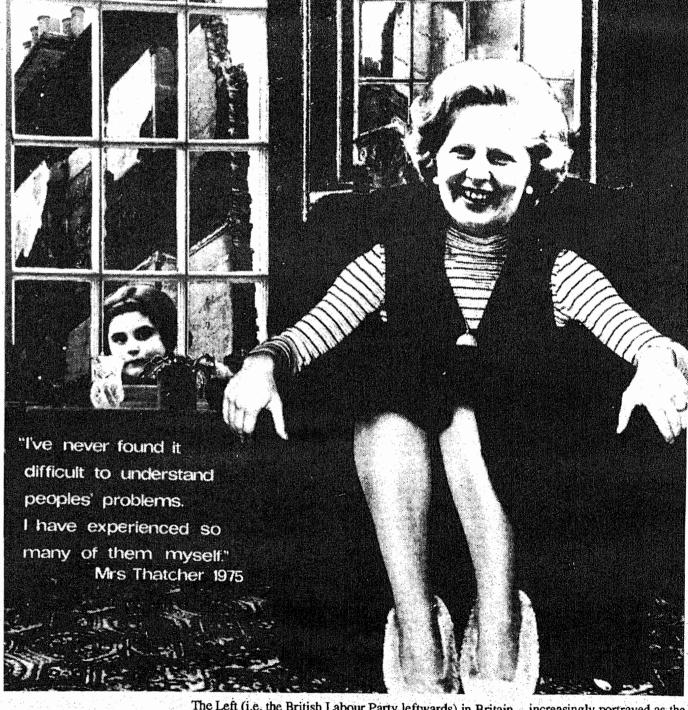
Unfortunately, Thatcher, inflation and high interest rates have contributed to local council budget blow-outs. Tory councils are feeling the pinch, the poll tax has risen accordingly, affecting Tory and Labour voters alike.

Unlike many of Thatcher's policies, the poll tax is running into serious popularity trouble within Tory constituencies. At a pounds-and-pence level, it is looking very shaky, but as the recent Federal election in Australia has shown, Thatcher and the party must continue to perform badly for them to lose in 1992.

This, it must be said appears very possible. With mortgage interest rates of 15and-a-half percent, inflation at 8%, sluggish business

Kinnock's performance is still being criticised as being not dynamic enough, but after the disaster of the Wilson/ with caution. Unfortunately this means that if '92 is Labour's year, Thatcher's legacy will live on. Privatised housing, education and industry cannot be salvaged by Labour. The manufacturing sector is now a class one emergency, and while some government initiatives will obviously be needed, the excursion by Labour into the creaking free market that short leash.

It's a pity Thatcher isn't on the same one.

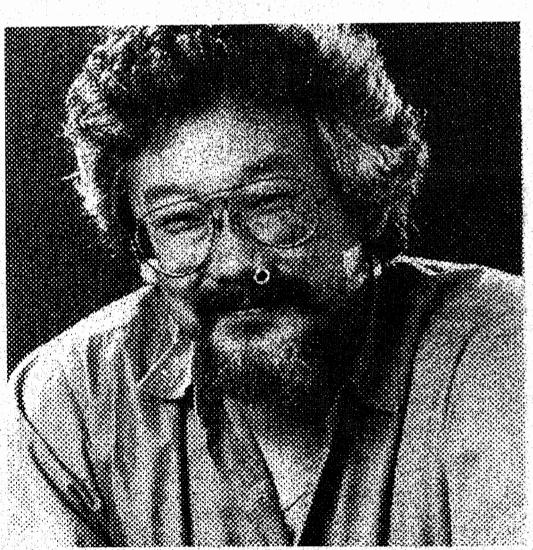


The Left (i.e. the British Labour Party leftwards) in Britain increasingly portrayed as the architect of a brutal society and needs to be wary of over stressing the 'New Times' idea more callous than a fuedal lord, 1992 looks like being All these explanations have some power. Thatcher has however, While the times are indeed different, Thatcher's Labour leader Kinnock's year. different appeal for different groups- a fact which has policies have a clear divide-and-rule motive. This is an old nullified the unpopularity of some of her measures. Some strategy. While Thatcher uses 'British' rhetoric to win crucial values elements however are these. First, she stands support, much of her appeal comes from much more basic for 'Old England' and traditional family values: duty, stuff: pounds and pence. It is this element of her support Callaghan government, the BLP policy these days is proceed responsibility, law and order. For the (older female) voter that appears to be breaking down in her poll tax initiative.

In 1981 when unemployment was streaking upwards, the Also, Thatcher's 'family values' rhetoric taps into a Trade Union Council was at the forefront of opposing forces. tradition of self-reliant, stiff-upper-lipness that permeates Thatcher's unemployment inducing policies in 1980-81, large sections of Britain's traditional working class. (which saw the manufacturing sector share of GNP drop Thatcher 's pre-Victorian welfare measures are clothed in from approximately half to under a quarter) devastated the Thatcher has created will be, in all likelihood, done on a very this rhetoric which is often combined with the second heartlands of this union movement. Opposition to Thatcher important factor in Thatcher's popularity, her use of domestic weakened. The Wapping Printer's Strike further destroyed Trade Union political clout. Thatcher's privatisation programme has converted wealthier Labor voters to The idea of paying your way and 'tightening the belts' to Thatcherite thinking ('popular capitalism') by making them 'pay the rent' is a familiar one to the British at a domestic wealthier through a 'selective sharing' of old state assets (i.e.



SUZULIS Rescue



The skins of frogs have very crude thermal receptors, so that they can tell the only difference between large variations in temperature. Take an ordinary frog into a bucket of icy water. Its thermal need to be told twice that it is freezing. Exit frog.

The classic 'boiled frog' experiment: (please don't try this at home, kids!)

The same thing happens with very hot water. But now the fun begins. Drop a frog in a jar of water at room temperature and then heat it over a bunsen burner. The temperature will rise only gradually and so the frog's thermal detectors will not detect the change. Try telling the frog, "Hey, Mr Frog, the temperature of that water is getting up around 70°C, I think you ought to think about getting out of there pretty soon". It won't work: the frog will stare placidly into space. The water will get hotter and the frog will continue not to notice the difference. Eventually at 100°C both the frog and the water will undergo what is called a phase transformation (the water will boil, and the frog will snuff it.)

Such is David Suzuki's picture of the human condition: he must be the gloomiest optimist on the planet. My ticket is cheerfully entitled "Inventing the Future: A Strategy for the 1990s, the turnaround decade" and shows a photograph of the Professor smiling impishly as if he'd just put a boiled frog in his sister's bed. The reality of the man and his message is far different: we're in hot, hot water and there's nowhere to

Suzuki began his talk with the now familiar and all-too-depressing litany of disaster and destruction we all prefer to forget. Since the first images beamed back from space showed our planet as a tiny, fragile orb spinning gaily through the Milky Way satellite technology has given us a more intimate picture of the devastation human beings are creating on its surface and in its atmosphere. Vast tracks of agricultural land are turning into desert and large areas of the Amazon rainforest are literally on fire. Cities can be identified from space as blurry patches of brown smog ("When I was in high school," Suzuki quips, "they told me that air was a colourless, odourless, tasteless gas. Now I'm not so sure."). Millions of tons of toxic waste is illegally dumped into the world's oceans or on third world countries, and over 8,000 of Canada's lakes now contain no plant or animal life due to the effects of acid rain. For 8 years, Ronald Reagan insisted that this was simply due to normal tree respiration! Randy Hayes predicts that in 30 years there will be no wilderness left on the planet outside national parks and preserves, and while 90 - 100 million people are born per annum, total global food production has been dropping steadily for several years.

The point is that, like the frog in the experiment, we with our five senses, can't defect radiation, acid rain, atmospheric warming or exposure to toxic chemicals, and so we keep cranking up the heat. "But we're smart!" Suzuki cries. "We have scientists with machines to tell us these things! Why don't we listen to them?" The reason, he explains, is what he calls our sacred truths: beliefs, values and assumptions which we cling to despite the fact that they are the cause of our environmental peril.

Sacred Truth No. 1: Human beings out of its pond and are somehow above, or separate from nature. Most of us live in man-made environments, drop it straight Most of us live in man-made environments, whether in cities or on farms. We tell ourselves that we control nature and mould it to our purposes. Even though all the fish in Lake Ontario are dead, somehow this doesn't affect humans. (11 secret toxic chemicals in receptors won't every glass!) The fact is, Suzuki stresses, that the amount of air and water the land in finite. He boasts that after half an hour on the platform his body contains oxygen molecules that were a part of each and every member of the 4,000 strong audience. Ooh, yuk! You might say, but we do share the same air and the same water all over the planet? We don't swim in your toilet so don't you piss in our

Sacred Truth No. 2: Through science we can understand and control the planet. Science is not the saviour and cannot provide this knowledge. The reductionist revolution of Newton's time was based early this century with the discovery of synergistic interaction. Even though the separate elements of a system may be fully described and explained in isolation, they can display new properties and new behaviour in interaction with each other not predictable from theoretical knowledge. Some scientists estimate that there are 30 million different species of life-forms on the planet - so far only 1.4 million have been named, let alone studied in detail. Even in fruit-fly research, which Suzuki describes as a 'sexy' field of study, after years of Nobel prize-winning research time and millions of dollars fending. Scientists can breed fruit flies with wings growing out of their eyeballs but they Reduce the amount still don't know how they survive a normal winter. In the face of the complexity and diversity of life on earth, the rationale of converting a messy 'wild' forest into a tidy 'normal' one is sheer insanity. But of course Robin Gray will say "these forests are crying gases come from out to be felled," and with 3/4 of Australia's rainforests already gone the Daintree is Suzuki's view all being sold off as real estate.

Sacred Truth No. 3: Economics. should be free and Economists, Suzuki says, are the last group cities should be of educated people who still believe in perpetual motion machines: infinite growth, restructured to put infinite goods, infinite markets. Economics shops and essential is a human fiction totally unrelated to the services within easy bottom line of human life - biological necessity. For instance, despite the massive environmental damage it caused, the Exxon-Valdez oil spill went down on the US GNP as an economic plus: the repair and clean-up operation created jobs and profits for private contractors. We are living on a 'global commons' of limited resources, but this fact never appears on the economists' balance

Sacred Truth No. 4: The notion of progress measured by growth. Under capitalism economic growth is not only a desirable goal, it is a necessity to the proper functioning of the system. Growth has become an end in itself and therefore (in theory) has no end. "But," Suzuki asks, "when do you ever have enough?" He applauds Gorbachev for finally revealing the lunacy of the arms race. 15% of the world's military spending would be enough to solve our major environmental problems and yet the US military budget exceeds environment spending by 300 to 1. The real war, he concludes, is to save the planet. 20% of the

world's population consume 80% of its in our spiritual relationship with nature you resources, an Australian child consumes 50 could almost feel the earth move. Yet as the times as much as a child in India or presence filed sheepishly out towards the Bangladesh. And yet right after the federal carparks, stopping on the way to collect an election, Max Walsh announced the need for armful of recycled-paper handbills from economic growth. Exponential growth is the various environmental organisations, one got creed of the cancer cell, and economic that horrible sinking feeling that the morning growth is the cancer that is destroying the after it would just be back to (big) business

These deeply-held beliefs must be thrown practice, he sums up this principle as the promote tree-planting had an almost

three r's: reduce, we drive cars by walking, riding a bike or using public

30% of greehouse cars alone. In public transport radically walking distance. We must move away from the 'disposable society', in which a styrofoam cup which keeps one drink warm for five minutes will be

the earth for the next 500 years. Instead Gray. But in his "Strategy for the 1990s" his garbage can be reduced by revising emphasis was almost entirely on poor Suzuki is a powerful and charismatic

speaker. During his tirades against growth economics, many of the well-fed, wellclothed, well-housed and well-heeled members of the audience greeted each this was due to consumer action. In an successive volley of his attack with interview on ABC radio on the weekend, a making "the turnaround decade" an enthusiastic clapping and cheering. "Down Johnson and Johnson representative said environmental reality. with growth economics!" cried the the decision had been based purely on shareholders. "Reduce greenhouse gases!" economic factors - the product was losing cheered the motorists. When, during question against its competitors. When asked if time, Suzuki spoke of the need for a change environmental considerations had had any

Suzuki's stress on the power of the out, Suzuki insists. What we need is a radical conscientious consumer was an admirable change in the way we think about our planet example of anarchist individual and in resources - we must learn, in his responsibility in action. His emphasis on phrase, to "think globally, act locally". In grass-roots movements to reduce waste and

spoke in Adelaide

names, he attacked

damning way than

plans to build a

coal-refining plant;

Economists...are the last group of educated people to believe in perpetual motion machines: infinite growth, infinite goods, infinite markets. Economics is a human fiction totally unrelated to the bottom line of life...

he hassled out thrown away to create waste which will lie in Exxon, the Reagan administration and Robin containers and shopping more selectively. frustrated consumers religiously preserving Once you get started, Suzuki enthused, you their shopping bags and devotedly seeking start to feel so superior, you just can't stop! out environment friendly products on the

supermarket shelves. Suzuki noted with some approval that Johnson and Johnson had recently stopped producing disposable diapers, and hoped that

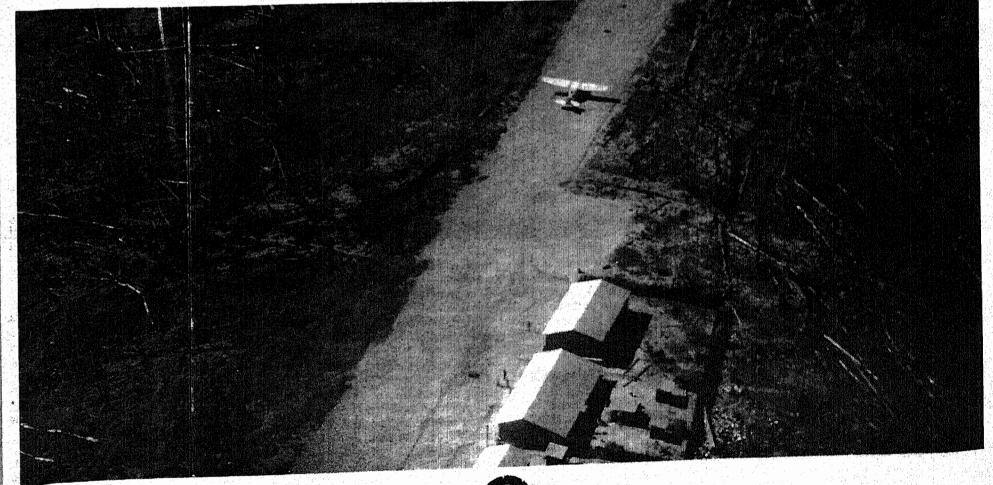
influence the gentleman in question replied

Suzuki was approached before the lecture tour by environmental groups concerned to encourage a boycott of the Mitsubishi Coporation due to its involvement in various large-scale logging operations in Malaysia, Papua New Guinea, Brazil. The Philippines, Chile and Suzuki's province of Alberta in Canada. Professor Suzuki failed to mention Mitsubishi by name in the lecture let alone call for a boycott of their products, though to be fair, he did raise the subject in his public appearance in Rundle Mall.

Nevertheless, environmental groups were disappointed at his response. Moreover, his concession that increased unemployement the may be an unavoidable consequence of serious environmental action indicated that impression that he had pulled his the social repercussions of such a change in thinking were for him a secondary issue. punches somewhat.

Last year, Suzuki was practically, preaching revolution. This year, with the worldwide discrediting of communism through the events in Eastern Europe (at least in the popular conception), the Marxian baby governments and has been thrown out with the Marxist the whole capitalist bathwater, while the one-party communist system in a few state and the centrally-planned economy m o r e have died deserving deaths, the Marxian comprehensive and critique of capitalist economies is now, more than ever, of fundamental importance. this time round. particularly in the environmental debate. While the multinationals, big-business and Bannon in a rather the governments that endorse and encourage them are responsible for the large-scale as emcee when he damage, they are not the ones who actually, criticised the state's physically cut down the trees or dump the waste into the oceans. It is as workers, as much as consumers, that the power of the people can make itself felt in the struggle to save the environment. Instead of confronting loggers who are after all only trying to earn a living, the environmental lobby should be providing support for loggers and other workers who refuse to co-operate with environmentally destructive ventures.

Suzuki's shift of emphasis onto the consumer end of the 'free' market seems to indicate a reluctance to confront these issues head on. Grass-roots "local action" movements will only go part way towards



being with nothingness sam devine

vision in black whose polo neck skivvy was sprinkled with what seemed from a distance to be bits of dessicated coconut. It was dandruff. She drew on a cigarette, exhaled, and looked over her shoulder and out through the kitchen window. There was a trellis outside with dead bougainvillea hanging from it, but it was night, and she could not see it, and, for that matter neither

I looked for the tap. She leant against the cupboard, flanked by two sinkfuls of domestic tyranny. I dared not move towards the mound of filthy plates, lest one fall and smash. Loud music was playing in the plate." lounge. There were lots of people in there, but it seemed quiet where we were.

I could just make out the tap handle. It was by an old coffee tin that had been filled with rubbish. She took one last drag on her cigarette and, stubbing it out in the tin, went to pour herself a glass of water. I found myself saying:

"It's just there by your hand."

"What is?" "The tap, it's just there ..." I explained. "It's just there by your hand."

"I know."

I wanted to get a glass of water. My throat was as dry as sandpaper. I had barely managed to spit out the stupid information about the taphandle. It felt so dry that even the slightest utterance would have seen me expectorating clots of blood all over the lino in front of the vision in black. She could tell I was parched. I swallowed loudly and

There she stood by the grimy pots. A my sleeve - it rubbed off the side of a dirty plate and when I licked it, it tasted like fish. Her nostrils flared. She smiled and said:

> "His true Penelope was Flaubert, He fished by obstinate isles; Observed the elegance of Circe's hair Rather than the mottos on sun-dials." She was looking at my grotty cuff. "Fish sauce," she explained. "It smells rich, doesn't

"How did you know it was fish sauce?" "Because I live here. I made it for tea. Anyway, even if I didn't make for tea, I could still tell it was fish, by the odour. You were disgusted when your wrist brushed the

"Oh. You shouldn't recite Pound." "Why not?"

"He was a fascist."

She began to smirk. "So what?"

Her manner was pugnacious, bordering on insulting. I could not help but react at her flippency - anyone who tacitly endorses the rise of European fascism and the deaths of millions of people cannot be excused.

"Pound and Eliot were both fascists. They worked for Mussolini, doing layout for some journal or ..."

"Yeah, but they were great poets." "You know that Mussolini was allied with Hitler? Hitler, as in Nazism? Manic anti-Bolshevism, anti-semitism, massive militarisation, the worship of Norse gods, rabid individualism, all sorts of Nietzschean

ratbaggery ..." "See this? Come, look." Her left ear was

"What do you mean, 'that side'?"

"Fascism." She smirked again. Reaching into her pocket she produced a packet of cigarettes -Gitanes - no doubt carefully chosen to match it was her. She had worked hard at vanguard. cultivating an unkempt appearance. One of those people who washes their hair with solvol and splashes a bit of water on their face in the morning, making them look like new born babies, all moist and crusty. Her because neither do I." She lit up a Gitane black stockings were threadbare and and sucked on it pensively. "You see, it laddered. Judging from the antiquity of her struck you at first as something strange, scent her entire body had been swathed in something amusing. You probably thought, mothballs for years. Her suede jacket lay on the floor, peppered with ash from her party animal, or ... cigarette. She held everything in disdain. Everything I said was met with a bemused grin, but I persevered.

"As I was saying, you can't be ambivalent towards fascism. It's utopian to say that well, you were wrong on both accounts. because somebody is a poet his poetry is not because I didn't decide to do it, nor did you political. Everything is political."

"What do you mean, everything is

"Well, that everything has a social and economic basis which you can't escape

"What, even this?' She spat in the sink.

"Tell me, what are the objective social, historical and economic conditions that gave the result of historical contradictions

town to have coffee with a Marxist friend.

Blood trickled down my nose and into my cup. We both agreed that my assailant was the real victim, the victim of false consciousness. However, my nose still hurt, and I often wondered if the working class the skivvy and the dandruff. There was a which flocks en masse to football matches, musty odour in the room. At first I thought it but never to our forums on the teachings of was the fish, and sniffed my cuff discreetly. Antonio Gramsci and their relevance to But when she walked towards me I realised Australia - really deserves a revolutionary

"False consciousness, hey?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have no idea why you spat in the sink."

"That's the whole beauty of it, you see, "Hey, wow! This girl is really crazy! What a

"No, I didn't actually ...'

"... or you probably thought 'Ah, this girl is really up herself, and she decided to do that for effect. What a poser ...' etc, etc, decide to wander in here like a suave revolutionary, trying to save the world with a dinner jacket that is so deliberately tatty that you have to hold it together with badges saying "No US intervention in Nicaragua" and "Victory to Fretilin" and "Free Nelson Mandela" and ...

"Hey, why don't you shut up?"

"Well, is your arrival in the kitchen tonight

What I was saying wasn't garbage."

"Garbage? Christ! Everytime I come to one of these "left" parties, some zealot corners me and starts spewing garbage everywhere. Last Saturday some guy took my lighter, claiming he had to send it to a Basque separatist friend in Bilbao."

"Look, ignore all that. It's not some kind of ego trip. Marxism gives you analytical tools to work towards the improvement of society, a society where men and women work there is no unemployment, no class division, and no..."

"What, the grand solution?"

"Yes. If you don't have some kind of methodology that lets you analyse not only events, but you as an individual and those around you, then you're fooling yourself." "So, I'm fooling myself then?

"Well, you have no analytical outlook, so yes, you're fooling yourself."

"All right, then, tell me what you mean with that badge, "Free Nelson Mandela". What do you mean, 'free' him? Free him from what?"

"I would have thought that was obvious." "You really aren't doing Nelson a big

favour by wearing that badge." "What? If you believe that living in a South African prison cell is no better than living as a free citizen, you're insane."

"OK. Say there's a revolution in South Africa, they release Mandela, he goes home to Winnie and the soccer team, and the ANC be indifferent when you live thousands of bring in a new constitution guaranteeing one miles away from Soweto." vote, one value, and a programme of

not what colour their skin is."

"Tomorrow, in other words, is simply another today.

"Crap. You see, as a Marxist-Leninist. believe that ...' "But what's the point in pretending to be a

Marxist-Leninist, or for that matter pretending to be anything? You see, it's all so arbitrary, despite what the weather might be like, or how we might feel at the time, or only in looking like I was trying to think, what we want to achieve, or what your without the ravages of alienation, where precious objective and historical social conditions' might demand ... you see, none of these factors really give us any grounds for choice, so there's no point in pretending we are anything. We choose without having any kind of credo or touchstone guiding our choice ... and because there aren't any it's stupid to pretend there are, and say "Aah! I made the right decision!", because there cannot be a right decision, or a wrong the corridor, towards the musical throb of the decision, only a decision. That's why you're believing in Marx, who by my way of

"That's the most banal garbage I've ever heard. But I suppose when you live in a comfy maisonette with running water and

"No. It's impossible not to be indifferent.

centuries of dialectic reason and socialist theory blown apart in one fell swoop. Not to mention my badge collection, which, in the past, has broken the ice so nicely at university gatherings.

She was smirking again. I tried to think "discussions like this are valuable because they test my commitment to Marxist-Leninist ideas", but I couldn't, succeeding and failing miserably.

"Would you like another glass of water?" she asked.

"What difference does it make?" I replied. She filled the glass and passed it to me. We stood together in silence for about ten minutes, until I said:

"Let's go into the lounge with everybody else for a second."

We walked out of the kitchen and down party. I saw my friends. Some were laid out fooling yourself, tricking yourself into on the floor, others were dancing. I went over the stereo and turned the music off. thinking is as much a beared icon as Christ There were groans of disapproval. An uncomfortable silence washed over the party. People stared in confusion.

I raised the glass to my lips, and drank the water down slowly. My final swallow was SBS on the tele it's easy to sit back and make clearly audible. I looked around the room at wimpy intellectual judgements based on their faces and then suddenly and for no little cosmetic packages of information we apparent reason hurled the glass across the receive through the fascist media. God, it's room, smashing it against the wall. Splinters just the most apathetic rubbish. It's easy to of glass showered the party. I could hear people screaming as they struggled to remove the sharp slivers from their skin.

It was their faces that struck me the most



bougainvillea, which was stupid because, as I have said, it was dark outside. Buy my eyes dragged me away from pathetic floral excuses and towards her blackness. If she stood in front of the window she would vanish, and the coconut shreds would hover in the air like white flies.

"What are you looking at?" she demanded. "Oh, I was just ..." I stopped talking and broke into a deep cough. She looked on in interest. I walked towards the sink and

"I'm going to get one of Stalin for the other side. I believe in balance." "What, like a yin-yang of twentieth

century dictators?" "Yeah."

"That's really stupid and pretentious." "Not half as stupid and pretentious as getting all worked up about fascism simply because I recite some Ezra Pound."

"You can't be as flippent as that. If you grabbed the taphandle and promptly drank casually dismiss attrocities of that kind in the two glasses of cold water. I put the glass name of art, literature or whatever, you may down and saw a streak of brownish slime on as well throw yourself over to that side

repeatedly. I tried to look at the pierced and a small swastika dangled from it rise to my act of spitting in the sink?" "Probably false consciousness," I said.

Pathetic, I know, but I had to resort to it. Like last week, when I was selling copies of Nazi terror?" The Socialist at the Elephant and Castle. The cover story was about immigration. A couple of tall lads wearing overalls and big black because you don't know what you wanted. boots muttered something about nips, so I That's why your throat went dry. You wanted politely explained that there will be no a glass of water and you also wanted other freedom until the proletariat sets aside its things, like to make an impression as a ..." prejudices and unites in the struggle for punched me in the face, and I staggered into glass of water and also make conversation.

reaching their dialectically inevitable conclusion? What made you decide to wander in here like Daniel Cohn-Bendit and The classic Marxist-Leninist excuse for any start drivvelling on about the dark forces of phenomena not covered by the methodology. fascism and the need for vigilance against

"All I wanted was a glass of water."

"Yeah, well that's where you're wrong,

"Look, just lay off, OK? I wasn't trying to global socialism. The taller of the two make an impression, I was trying to get a

nationalisation of industry, what would you think of that?'

"Obviously it would be fantastic."

"Well, I don't think it would make any real difference, because regardless of what happens to Nelson Mandela there is no way he can escape the absurdity of existence, and the chaos of life ...'

"Unless there's a socialist revolution led by a conscious elite acting on behalf of the ... "That still won't solve the chaos though."

"Of course it will. There is no comparison between the racial hatred that now exists in South Africa and the society of tomorrow,

want to fool yourself, be my guest."

I wished I was back at the Elephant and It restores your faith in the need for a absurdity of my existence. vanguard. But the bleak and belligerent world of the existentialist cuts a bloodier swathe, ripping through the achievements of where people will be seen for what they are, the greatest thinkers. One and a half

It's absurd. While I sympathise with your They were distorted, not in pain, but in affection for Nelson, I just can't get confusion, terrified as they searched in enthusiastic about the grand solution, absurd Marxist-Leninist desperation for the because it's a farce. I just try and carve my objective and historical conditions that gave own path through the insanity. But if you rise to an old comrade of theirs smashing a glass against the wall.

By this stage, however, I had gone. Castle, At least when you are smashed in the following white flies into the black garden, face by an urban proletarian you walk away to pick bougainvillea, and slowly come to feeling all the more intellectual because of it. terms with the inevitable and undeniable

Sam Devine



The Death Benefit

The use of the death penalty is a fundamental violation of human rights. Amnesty International regards it as the ultimate cruel, inhuman, and degrading punishment and opposes its use in all cases. If used disproportionately against the poor and is often used as an foundation or principle of justice. instrument of political The Unfairness of the Death Penalty repression.

The Right to Life

The death penalty is nothing more than the premeditated killing of a human being by the state and at the heart of the debate lies the question of whether states should have right. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights proclaims that "Everyone has the right to life" and that "No-one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhumane or degrading treatment of punishment." Amnesty International believes that the death penalty violates these rights.

If hanging a woman by her wrists until she suffers excruciating pain is rightly condemned as torture, how does one describe hanging her by the neck until she is dead? If administering 100 volts of electricity to the most sensitive The Question of Economy parts of a man's body evokes disgust, how should one react to passing 2,000 volts through his body to kill him? Does state sanctioning make such inhumanity justifiable? Those governments that impose the death penalty do not so much deny its cruelty as attempt to justify it as necessary. In some countries it is considered a legitimate means of preventing or punishing murder. Elsewhere it is used to punish drug trafficking, political violence, adultery and economic corruption. Whatever purpose is cited, the idea that government can justify a punishment as cruel as death conflicts with the very concept of human rights. There are means which may never be used to protect society because their use violates the very values that make that society worth protecting.

Deterrence and Retribution

One of the most common arguments proponents of death penalty give in support of capital punishment is its deterent value. Countless studies have shown this as fallacious. For example, murderers rarely consider punishment before acting. Most murders are committed in acts of violent rage when the murdererer was hardly thinking of what might happen to him in a year's time. Other murders are committed under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Approximately 14% of murderers commit, or attempt to commit, suicide after the act and the death penalty would not deter these crimes.

Another common argument is retribution: By taking another life the murderer forfeits his/her own life. The death penalty in practice has shown just how unfairly and arbitrarily executions are dealt out. No criminal justice reintroduce the death penalty in California. It has been system is capable of deciding fairly, consistently and infallibly who should live and die. The argument of for life. retribution is often a thin veil for masking a desire for against racial minorities, it vengeance - while the desire for vengeance can be The Reality understood and acknowledged, it cannot be used as a

Marcus Clark writes: "It is pointless to talk about using the death penalty with caution, and only for certain crimes. Human Rights abuses cannot be dealt out fairly. There has never been any fairness in how the death penalty is applied. It has always been directed at the poor, and at minority groups; for example in South Africa between 1947 and 1966 of the 121 men sentenced to death for rape - one hundred percent were black. In the USA since 1930, 89% of the 455 prisoners executed for rape were black. In Virginia 55% of those imprisoned for rape were black but between 1908 and 1962 only the blacks were executed."

In the USA the quality of legal representation can be crucial in whether or not a death sentence is imposed. Most endants on capital charges cannot afford private defence lawyers and are assigned low-paid, court appointed lawyers which often results in an inept defence.

How can human life be measured in dollars and cents? Sadly, those who support the use of the death penalty often revert to an argument of economy: why should the state pay for long term prison sentences when criminals could be executed? Yet even this argument is not as simplistic as it would seem. If we examine the costs of sending a prisoner to his death in the USA (no other western country apart from South Africa still uses capital punishment) this argument can

The legal system in the USA is such that it tries to prevent innocents being executed. Therefore if a trial ends in a guilty verdict then a post-verdict hearing (before a jury) is held to determine what the penalty should be. There is then an

automatic review of the case be the state's highest court. Afterwards it may be reviewed by the lower Federal Court and finally the Federal Supreme Court. This complicated process may take up to 12 years and all along the prisoner is held in death row - sometimes in a special prison with additional costs. About 10% of those tried under a capital offence are given the death sentence which means that in 90% of the cases the prisoner is given a long prison sentence

According to The Sacramento Bee (28/3/88), in California the Chief Assistant Attorney General had estimated that each death penalty case had cost at least one million dollars to prosecute. No executions have been carried out in California since 1967 but it has cost the taxpayers more than one billion dollars during 16 years of legal and political battles to estimated that it costs about \$93,000 to imprison an inmate

The horror of the death penalty comes home when one begins to realise the reality of its practice. Take electrocution for example. Electrocution was introduced in the USA in 1988 on the grounds that it would be more human than hanging. The prisoner is secured in a specially built chair,

Electrocution produces visibly destructive effects on the body's internal organ; the condemned prisoner often leaps forward against restraining straps; the prisoner may defecate, urinate or vomit blood. The flesh blisters and burns in the vicinity of the electrodes and eyewitnesses report a smell of burned flesh.

and the electrodes are attached to the prisoner's head and leg. Powerful surges of electric current are applied for brief periods. Death is caused by cardiac arrest and respitory

Electrocution produces visibly destructive effects on the body's internal organs; the condemned prisoner often leaps forward against restraining straps; the prisoner may defecate, urinate or vomit blood. The flesh blisters and burns in the vicinity of the electrodes and eye-witnesses report a smell of

Although unconsciousness should follow the first jolt of electricity, there have been cases where this has not happened. When authorities in Lousiana electrocuted Willie Francis, a 17 year old black youth in 1946, he survived the first attempt. An official witness said "I saw the electrocutioner turn on the switch and I saw the (prisoner's) lips puff out and swell, his body tensed and stretched. heard the one in charge yell to the man outside for more juice (electricity) when he saw that Willie Francis was not dying, and the one outside yelled back he was giving it all he had. Then Willie Francis cried out, "Take it off. Let me breathe." Afterwards Willie Francis repeatedly said, "I felt a burning in my head and leg, and I jumped against the straps. I saw little blue and pink and green speckles." A new death warrant was signed and he was executed a year later after a US Supreme Court ruled that this second execution would not violate the US Constitution

Towards Abolition

Abolition is gaining ground- over 40% of countries have abolished or do not use the death penalty. Yet too many governments believe that they can solve urgent social or political problems by executing prisoners. To quote Marcus Clarke: "It is only when human rights are enshrined in practice that...(a) country can begin to make freedom a reality and not just an empty phrase." Steve Anderson

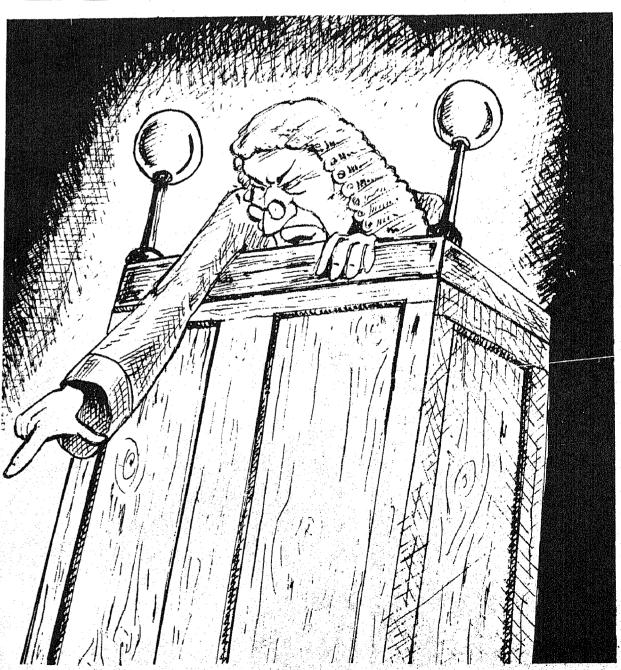
Acknowledgements.

Editions of the Amnesty International Australian Section Newsletter and articles by Dr Marcus Clarke.

When the State Kills - Amnesty International 1989

In Beirut, Lebanon, 1983, Ibrahim Tarraf fought his execution to the last, screaming his innocence. He had been convicted of murder. The death penalty is often described as an important deterrent against crime, but it is wrong to assume that those who commit serious crimes do so after rationally calculating the consequences.







lhe hainanese chickeniice pedlar

DY **Vincent Hong-**Chuan Cheok



His Arrival

"Too-Too-Ah! Too-Too-Ah!" his sonorous cries came, regular as clockwork at 4.30 in ready for the next strike-up. Despite his age complex surrounded by various adjoining the afternoon Monday to Friday. If he was he was quite handsome in his features, factory buldings and tenements of different not feeling asthmatic he would punctuate and accentuate the enticement with the more ancient Chinese scrolls. His eyes appeared plan. One could rightfully conclude that they appealing "Ling-Ling-Sing-Sing-Ah! Ling- large for a Chinese. This was perhaps a were constructed or replaced over the years Ling-Sing-Sing-Ah!" But more often than relative effect against his shrunken stooping as circumstances dictated or permitted. In not the cries were interspersed by dry frame. They flickered, like a duplex this assortment of buildings and outwhooping coughs associated with aching titillating hologram, between tearful buildings are located the corporation's tuberculsoed lungs. The debilitative pain was moroseness and sensual enlightenment. service and repair workshop, spare-parts succoured by constant draws on his Abdullah Alternating presumable between memories shop and various panel-beating, spray-37 cigarettes. There was a cigarette more of endless penitential toil and imnnumerable painting, welding, chrome-plating and often than not hanging from a corner of his sufferings, and psychic visions of the release mouth. If he was in motion in a waddling to come from this illusion of the physical sidling gait, with both his arthiritic frail Self. His shirt-cum-jacket was unbottoned as hands grasping the bamboo pole that is usually and his singlet rolled up to his breast. The Rain Tree straddled over his right shoulder, he would For the oppressive tropical afternoon heat is iust allow the ashened end of the cigarette to at its peak this time of the day in the town The industrial complex is bare of any trees, fall off on its own accord. It was a balancing areas. act in more ways than one-balancing a circular aluminium container tray at each end The Locality of the bamboo pole and rancously advertising his arrival between puffs (hands- The Cycle & Carriage Corporation's is at least 60 feet in height with a lustrous free) on the cigarette. Each draw of the industrial complex is on a 5 acre rectangular verdant labyrinthine canopy to match in deleterious nicotine felt indefatigably good block. It has an eastern frontage on Batu diameter. Once a year it would burst out in a against the heavy load and the energy- Road which is a main thoroughfare and a flourish and glory of little pink peony-like sapping consumption. One suspects that as a western frontage along Tiong Nam Road. flowers. It epitomises what a raintree should dernier ressort the weekend relief would Kampunk Bahru lies across from Batu Road be: majestic in fortitude, stature and come by way of opium den sessions if itw as and Kampunk Tiong Nam lies behidn Tiong a good trading week. He seemed much Nam Road. The corporation sells cars and chirpier on certain Mondays in anycase. Any trucks of various makes. Quite conveniently sympathetic buddhist soul would wish in both from a commercial point of view as these circumstances that this unfortuante well as asthetically pleasing the showroom is man would have all his remaining mondays located along Batu Road. On the latter point come after opium-high sundays. How else the residents of both Kampung Bahru and can one by inured to the unbearable?

Description of the Man

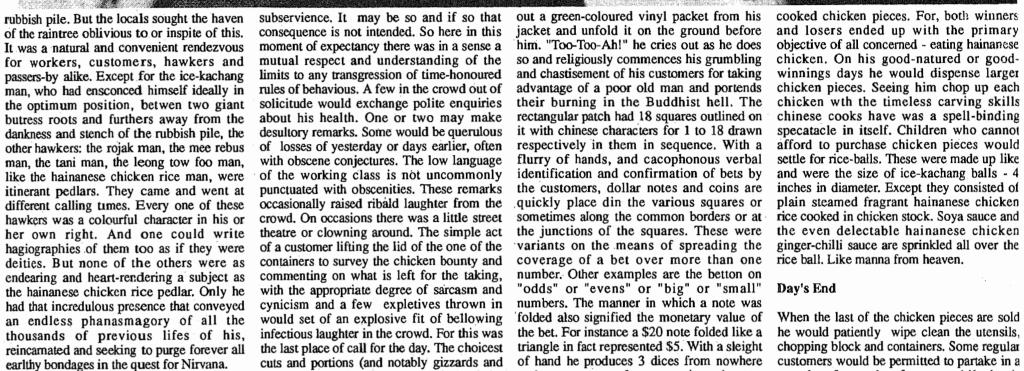
His weathered bombay-topee (bombay showroom windoes on saturday pasar bowler) seemed discordant with his sombre malam nights. At the right-hand corner of grey unprepossessing southern chinese the showroom shop-front is a driveway to a invocations to shinto spirits were still coolie sum-foo garb. Nobody knows why which leads into the industrial complex been made. Whether it was indeed sacred is only the Hainanese and their neighbours the proper. Entering past the showroom building perhaps irrelevant. The fact is it provided a North Vietnamese have adopted this tropical the driveway turns left (south) for two-thirds head-gear of the english sahibs as their own, of the width of the block then turns right It looked heavy and was certainly oversized (west) towards the rear of the block. But a of the tropical afternoon heat, Like most

utility however for he always had 2 or 3 block. Thus the driveway is an internal sigcigarettes tucked in the topee-band, ever zagging roadway within the industrial reminiscent of fukienese nobility seen on sizes and make. There was no apparent overt

Kampunk Tiong Nam nearby, most of whom

haggard wizened face. It was not without building space from te norther side of the upholstery workshops leased to independent sub-contractors of the corporation.

or any plants for that matter, but for a huge raintree on the convex side of the second junction of the driveway; that is where the roadway turns west from south. This raintree jurisdiction. This raintree has obviously even more, it has spiritual authority. Whether this is because people who became acquainted with it were over-awed by its grandeur or because it stirred up deep-seated animistic or Buddhist beliefs of the metaphysical is is hard to say. There is an unobtrusive informal altar at the eastern base consisting of a small can only dream at best of travelling in public dilapidated red plaque with faded gilded taxis, would gaze in wonder and amazement Chinese lettering and a mauve china joss at the spot-lited automobiles through the bowl filled with sand in front of the plaque. There is always a modicum of fresh joss stick ends stuck in the joss bowl, signifying perfect arbour for respite from the incessant blaze of the hot tropical sun and the langour on his diminutive figure. If it provided a building space before Tiong Nam Road it public areas in the east the surrounds were good sunshade this was not evident on his turns right (north) again terminating a unkempt and there was the abiquitous



The Waiting

He would set his load down at the usual spot. As if by edict unspoken it was always Routinely he would lean his bamboo pole acrostics were crass. However unless it was against the tree trunk, roll up his sleeves and finish off a cigarette or light up a new one. enough chickens would have been budgeted Neither his regular customers nor the gods for this last if no the most important place of would deny him this brief interlude. An somnolence idling in the shade, would hav passive fascination. congregated around him by then. Eagerness and expectancy were written all over their The Game faces in a universal language of expression. They knew him well and he knew them well. the apparent form it takes as submission or magician he would squat flat-footed, whip intended to be purchased in any case of the

with obscene conjectures. The low language of the working class is not uncommonly crowd. On occasions there was a little street cynicism and a few expletives thrown in juiciest tender chickens may have been sold call. Those in the crowd who did not

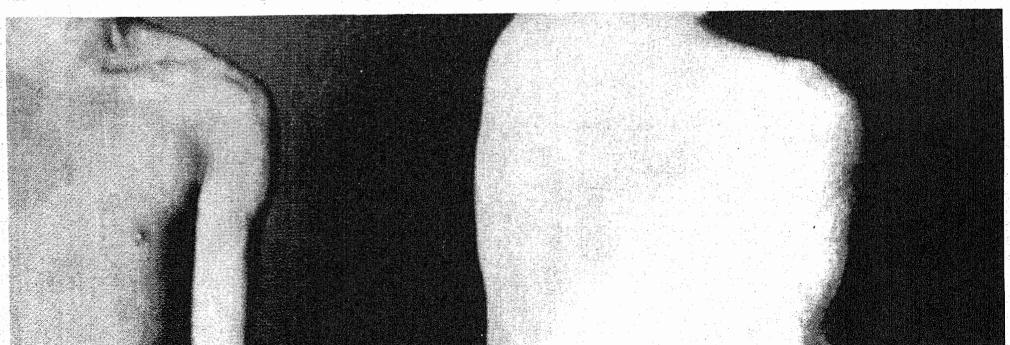
The last puff taken would be taken with a for Harmony. Westerners often misinterpret crack his finger bones. Then fluent like a or paying twice or more for what was

subservience. It may be so and if so that out a green-coloured vinyl packet from his consequence is not intended. So here in this jacket and unfold it on the ground before moment of expectancy there was in a sense a him. "Too-Too-Ah!" he cries out as he does mutual respect and understanding of the so and religiously commences his grumbling limits to any transgression of time-honoured and chastisement of his customers for taking rules of behavious. A few in the crowd out of advantage of a poor old man and portends solicitude would exchange polite enquiries their burning in the Buddhist hell. The respectively in them in sequence. With a flurry of hands, and cacophonous verbal identification and confirmation of bets by punctuated with obscenities. These remarks the customers, dollar notes and coins are sometimes along the common borders or at of a customer lifting the lid of the one of the variants on the means of spreading the ginger-chilli sauce are sprinkled all over the containers to survey the chicken bounty and coverage of a bet over more than one rice ball. Like manna from heaven. "odds" or "evens" or "big" or "small" numbers. The manner in which a note was would set of an explosive fit of bellowing folded also signified the monetary value of When the last of the chicken pieces are sold infectious laughter in the crowd. For this was the bet. For instance a \$20 note folded like a he would patiently wipe clean the utensils. the last place of call for the day. The choicest triangle in fact represented \$5. With a sleight chopping block and containers. Some regular cuts and portions (and notably gizzards and of hand he produces 3 dices from nowhere innards are relished as delicacies) of the and as a matter of custom gives them to couple of rounds of craps while he is yesterday's loser (if he was there) for him to earlier that day. The plethora of imageries, commence the game of chinese craps. innuendos and puns about the chicken's Yesterday's loser, or whoever th dice thrower parson's nose abound in the chinese language might be, and in the course of the game that reserved for him at his appointed hour. in this regard. Most of these quips and taks is passed around in a semblance of a the securing ropes of the 2 aluminium rotation, would cajole and rattle the dices in an unusaul day, for there are no real seasons cupped hands, sway his arms to the left and take a short breather, he took this occasion to in the tropics to complicate sales turnover, right or some other individualistic rhytymic load was lighter at the end of the day he was movement, andutter the time-honoured wearied from the day's commerce, and incantation of either "Too-Too-Ah!" before strenuously erects his postuer, he adjusts his flinging the dices into a chinese rice bowl anticipatory crowd of regular customers, understand the hokkien dialect, and in placed near the vinyl patch for this purpose. aroused from their state of torpor and particular the non-chinese, watched with The result of each throw is greeted by the strust off to achieve that rhythm in his gait expected tumultuous response of joy or that he found the most comfortable as a dismay from the crowd. Some punters stuck human beast of burden. Occasionally when obdurately to their lucky numbers. Others bet at random to catch the wind of fortune. The bets were never big. It was inevitably This brief moment of contemplation was deeper gasp as if not to waste a single iota of understood by all involved that the gambling traditional in orientation etiquette. This nicotine. The flicking away of the cigarette was just a means of adding an element of exercise repeated thousands of times in one's butt was the get ready signal. Typically he thrill and suspense to the simple pastime of life instilled or programmed patience. One would then stretch out his arms together eating snacks between meals. It was a simple of the many essential ingredients in the quest before him with his hands enjoined and then equation of eating for free from the winnings

cooked chicken pieces. For, both winners and losers ended up with the primary objective of all concerned - eating hainanese chicken. On his good-natured or goodwinnings days he would dispense larger chicken pieces. Seeing him chop up each chicken wth the timeless carving skills chinese cooks have was a spell-binding afford to purchase chicken pieces would settle for rice-balls. These were made up like and were the size of ice-kachang balls - 4 inches in diameter. Except they consisted of rice cooked in chicken stock. Soya sauce and

customers would be permitted to partake in a attending to the cleaning-up. Eventually it is time to call it a day and to commence the journey home. He strikes up a cigarette. Carefully he angles the bamboo pole through containers whilst in a squat position. He makes a heaving motion, for although the position and the straddle of the bamboo pole for an even balance of the load and quicly his chest condition dictated he would pause to expectorate phlegm. One wonders what goes on in his mind in the journey home. See the doctor perhaps? Or a gratifying ponder that the journey's end is not too far away?

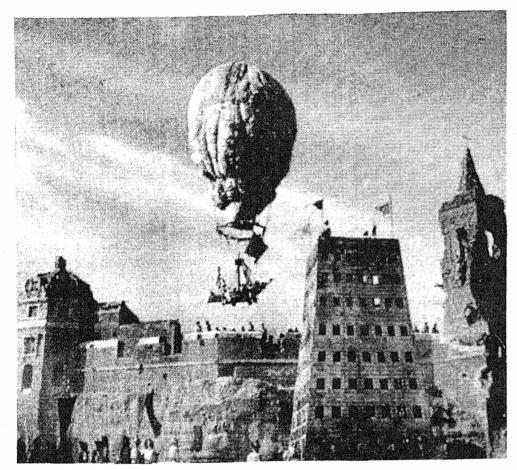




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A Gift of Wings Richard Bach Pan Books \$12.99

From what I have seen, a potential Richard Back audience can be divided into three parts: (i) those who have never heard of him, (ii) those who dismiss him as a writer of New Age fairy tales and (iii) those who worship his work.

Whatever category you belong to, Bach's new Australian release A Gift of Wings should tempt you. This collection of fortysix short stories is a happy marriage of mysticism and realism, and covers a variety of situations and characters. The one common link between the stories (and with Bach's books Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Illusions, A Bridge Across Forever, et al) is the subject of flight. Hence the title.

A few of the stories can be read for entertainment's sake only but some, such as "School for perfection", force the reader to think on a deeper level (Philosophy students take note!). Most of the stories combine the two factors, "Across the country on an oil pressure gage" being an example. In it, Bach recounts the flight he made in a 1929 Detroit-Parks P-2A Speedster biplane from North Carolina to California. Quite an entertaining story in itself but it has the added dimension of teaching Bach (and therefore us, the audience) an important lesson. The lesson? Read the story to see!

This is where I must point out that, as well as being deep and meaningful, these stories are also a showcase of interesting characters. We are lucky in that we need not move from the armchair to meet them. My personal favourites are Drake the Outlaw, from "School for perfection" and "Found at Pharisee", and Bette, the title character in "The girl from long ago". The former is the head of a flying school where ... flight had become a true and deep religion,... Nothing mattered more than reaching out and touching the perfection that is the sky." Drake's dedication to his job, faith in his pupils and pursuit of perfection are endearing, yes, but I must admit that he makes me feel inadequate. On the other hand, Bette is unconditionally inspiring character; she is the wife and mother who proves to be an eager adventurer outside the cocoon of her home ... a case-in-point of never judging a book

by its cover! Of course, there are other characers to meet: the salesman on the San Francisco to Denver flight in "People who fly"; the dauntless Stu MacPherson in "Barnstorming today"; the flippant student in "Let's not practice" ... and, most importantly, Bach himself. Each has a lesson to learn, and in doing so, they teach us something about ourselves, if we are willing to learn.

As mentioned earlier, all of these stories have the common denominator of flight. This could be seen as either a strength or a weakness. Bach has a passion for - or rather an obsession with - flying, aeroplanes and the sky; I suspect he has gasoline pumping through his veins. As a result of this obsession, we are inundated with references to Cessna 140s, Fokker D-7s, JN-4s, etc., descriptions of various aerial manouvers and bits of the secret code of pilots and air-traffic controllers. This is all very cosy if you happen to share Bach's enthusiasm, or better still, his technological knowledge. If, however, you have no more than a passing interest in flying and you are ignorant of the laws of aerodynamics, then the reading can become tedious. In fairness to Bach, I must point out that he is aware of his tendency to overdo the aerial aspect. He shows this, and a sharp sense of humour, in the final story, "Letter from a God-fearing man". The title character confronts a pilot, saying that "Somebody has to tell you people who fly airplanes how tired the rest of us get of your constant talk about flying." Well said, you may think ... but wait until you hear the pilot's reply!

A few words of advice before you read A Gift of Wings. A map of the USA is helpful so you know exactly where you are "flying". Racing through the book tends to blur the stories into one long and confusing tale, so try to read only several stories at a time. Remember to read the introductory "It is said that we have ten seconds"; it is my favourite part of the book, basically because it contains the line "You survived because you decided against quitting when the battle wasn't much fun" - quite relevant to uni students, I dare say.

For Richard Bach addicts, this book is a "must have". For those who have never heard of him, and those who wish they never had, then A Git of Wings would be a good starting point.

Stephanie Pribil

DOES THIS THAN YOUR UNSIGNED ROCK BAND?

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O.D. ADEL



Your TV diet

with Ted Serious

April 9-15

Isn't it amazing that otherwise strong people often seek the guidance of others, in regard to some very ordinary, everyday matters. A prime example of this is with regard to diet and TV. Perhaps the reason is that well determined people are very poor at getting in touch with what they really like. Those weaker members of our tribe are actually a lot better at knowing what they REALLY like. They may have a lot of trouble resisting chocolate, but they can also tell you much more about enjoying that heavenly brown wax than the toughies.

So it is with TV guides. I realise that those of you who will follow the TV diet herein are probably the STRONG ones. Yes, you, with the gold medallion nestling in your chest mat. It's you who I can help the most, because you are basically tasteless. Stick with me baby, and you won't reveal your lack of 'TV savvy' during some critical phase of the mating manouevres which we know run your life. Also, wimps, this is your diet too. Read this, and you will never have to suffer those 'what a NERD' comments at parties when you suavely mention that you watched the Logies and thought Julian Lennon did a good job of handing out envelopes. Perhaps you could even get good enough to form a meaningful physical relationship with the aforementioned Jock based on TV.

First, the wimps. What you need is a dose of Don Johnston each week. And have we got a great introductory offer for you! If you watch Miami Vice each Thursday on 10, I guarantee a 3 inch increse in your mental pectorals before you can say Testa Rossa'. This week as an introductory offer, we have, at no extra cost, the second part of a two part mini-series starring Don J as a drifter. Don combines \$1500 designer suits with a street hoodlums sense of cool, and has this uncanny way of making you think that he's seen it all before. his penchant for the red Ferrari Testaa Rossa makes you wonder how he could afford a \$200,000 car on a cop's salary. Real designer violence. They even play Iggy Pop soundtrachs on a couple of episodes (take your hat off when I mention royalty. Infidel!)

Now, the Jocks. First, repeat after me, slowly "Isn't it great, Robbo's back." Look. Guys, we all know you are Keith Martyn admirers (a truly horrible thought), but to pull the

intellectural girst, you will need to profess to like the sex-slobsymbol of the late eighties, Clive Robertson. Elderly, cyncial, grouchy and paunchy, Clive Robertson is world-weary in a way that the other Clive (James) wishes he could be.

But this artificial division of the viewers into Jocks and Nerds is slightly unrealistic, I admit that. (What about Wallys, Eggheads, Hippies ...) It was clear that some kind of unbiased, statistically oriented, double-blind test was called for, so I ventured forth to an average late-night party at a friends house. After 'clearing away the cobwebs' (a thinly veiled euphemism for stimulation by external chemical agents), this intrepid reporter began to ask indepth questions to this carefully screened sample of local white

Martin, a strange mixture of hippy and hoodlum, first gave the classic "I don't do TV" kind of spiel. I pushed harder, and then he admitted a pehchant for Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles (4pm SAS 7) calling it a "fully bogus rad cartoon". Pushed even harder, he thought Steve Vizard has that 'Donahue' feel, like right in on Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (Friday 7.30 pm ADS 10). If you haven't seen this one, you should, he says.

Next was Belinda, an attractive young blond-with-brains type. Belinda lives at home and so is subject to certain limitations ('Oh no Dad! Not the channel 9 news again.'), but still got time to watch Count Duckula, the vegetarian vampire. This is the only children's program she watches, a bit strange for someone studying early childhood education. It isn't even on my copy of the TV guide. What about Sesame Street, Belinda? Nope, she is into E Street in a big way (7.30 ADS 10). This is not a surprise, because her good looks suit this kind of family pornography completely. Belinda is a modern child: she says "it's hard to make a choice so you switch channels all the time." Is this 'Telephenia'? I know the feeling.

As I type this, my Kylie poster looks down at me. In it Kylie has her arm around Madame Tussaud's wax look-alike. But which one is the dummy? Oh thanks Trev. I've just been brought some coffee and some Tiny Teddy's by my flatmate. Isn't it cosy here. Me, you a warm cuppa and the box. That's what it's all about. Really back-to-the-womb stuff. Look, now I'm making the tiny teddies have simulated sex on top of my PC. Give it to me, bearface. Oh, sorry got a bit

carried away there. Where were we, that's right, escapsim.

Grant, the next interviewee, got into the swing of things right away, and began to rave about a movie called 'Razor's Edge', which tells the story of a guy trying to find his l'essence de vivre in Tibet, and finally realising that he was on the wrong track, etc. Very esoteric according to Grant. The closest thing that this weeks viewing offers for Gra is 'Jesus of Nazareth' (12 noon SAS Monday 9 April). Grant also likes Toward 200 (Tues 8.30 SAS 7), which attracts "a whole lot of full-on futuristic people". Dig it.

Talking about futuristic people, don't miss Conan the Barbarian, which is a multi-lavered paleolithic futuristic fantasy, based on a cave boy who sees his mother killed, works out at the local slave-gym, and then seeks to avenge her death. Those of you clever enough will see that it is he who really lusts after his mother, that seeks to kill his father. Just recycled Greek mythology with a male bimbo star that came to Hollywood fifteen years ago without a word of English, and is no better off today. The three stooges may have invented the term 'musclehead', but like all advanced concepts, it never really

matured until a sutiable messiah emerged. Arnold Schwartzenegger, Neantherthals Unite! Go on, Make my Aeon, sucker.

I interviewed Helen, a slight, charming hippy girl. She said she didn't watch TV. End of interview.

The last person I spoke to was Damien, who had taken some of my feelings toward the Box, and taken them to their logical extreme. He was a totally flaccid individual. One day he chanced upon David Stratton's Movie of the Week, on Monday night, and watched that until it moved to another time slot. Damien is the antithesis of Belinda. Choice rules Belinda totally, to Damien choice is an alien, western concept. Damien is Tao, Belinda is Now. Damien leaves his TV on SBS, permanently. He considers the electronic ether as Valium. Damien sits through LA Law because it is usually on when he visits his friend.

Now to my Ultra-Hard-Core Regimen. (Ptooie!, as Normal Gunston used to say) Rule One. Take your favourtie soap and ride it to the holt. It it's EastEnders, you've got Dirty Den's death to cope with. If it's Santa Barbara, the Capwell's wedding is almost about to happen. It doesn't matter which one, just BE LOYAL, BE VERY LOYAL.

Rule Two. Choose your news and treat it like the GOSPEL. No talking during the first ten minutes, hey, who said dieting of any sort is easy. Sure, if you want to watch Keith Martyn, go ahead. Just don't tell me about it. (KM will surely go down as the biggest twerp since the legendary GIBBO).

Rule Three. No snacking

between meals. The pre 6 o'clock shows such as Wheel of Fortune (5.30 pm SAS 7) and even the Auntie's Afternoon Show are extra calories your mind doesn't need. If you must nibble, eat visual celery like ABC news update, or an SBS current affairs.

Rule four. Watch at least one Stratton-approved movie per week if possible (Wed 6.30 pm SBS for Cinema, repeated at 10.15 Sunday, and TV movies only on SBS at other times). This especially applies to you, Arnold.

Rule five. Watch one show which you think is COOL, GROOVY, and HIP. This may be the David Stratton movie, in which case you are probably not mentally overweight and do not need to be on a TV diet, anyway. One example, my current favourite, is Group One Medical (9.30 am SAS 7). This show has such tasty scenes like the excision cancer, skin electrejacualtion of obese paraplegics. But you can find you own 'cool' show, can't you

Damien.

Finally, the Movie of the Week would have to be Shalako, the worst spaghetti western ever made. The lip-sync on this movie is so bad it makes Kylie Minogue's miming look like a speech therapy class. In this British copy of a Clint Eastwood film, Sean Connery ponces about the Spanish countryside chasing the WORST Indial chief in any move ever, including F-Troop. Again, I must warn you against smoking cannibis prior to this

Till next time Ted Serious.

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Born on the Fourth of July

an Oliver Stone film

Greater Union

Scenes From the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills

a Paul Bartels film

Trak

Oliver Stone's "Born on the Fourth of July" is the work of a flawed genius.

This film always threatens to be so much more than a retrospective Vietnam guilt-purge film but is continually thrown back into patriotic "I love my country" sentiment. The anathema of American patriotism that Stone embraces seems the director's real passion, even if a reticent one. "Born on the Fourth of July" is not battle-based but home-based. The aftermath is examined in the same manner as "Coming Home" (the 1980 film with a pre-breast implants Jane Fonda and an extraordinary performance by Jon Voigt). There are similar explorations of the disabled veteran's sexual utility. "Coming Home" was successful because it concentrated on the lives of the three protagonists. It didn't have that awful compulsion to analyse the nation's culpability through the suffering of its central character. It set about showing small-scale revelation and because of this it had real dignity. Previously, "Platoon", "Full Metal Jacket" and "Hanoi Hilton" had to analyse the whole moreal vacuum dilemma as it was the epicentre of the battles which appeared in such bloodied form throughout. In "Born on the Fourth of July" the focus is shifted from home to battle and the return home. The epicentre is nationhood. The notion of the main character being born on American Independence Day is kitsch even if it is based on the real life of Ron Kovic (who

Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverley Hills is a disgustingly funny and obscene film. Directed by Paul Bartel, whom you'll probably remember for Eating Raoul, Bevery Hills has slicker dialogue than Raoul but the characters are again subliminally insane beings. And I mean really twisted. Jacqueline Bisset is Claire, a washed-up soapy star (known during her halycon days as Hilary). Claire's husband, Sidney, died from selfstrangulation during ejaculation. He finds "death just isn't the same without Claire", but he's "found a nice little home for them in Hell". Claire is attempting to resurrect her flagging career, stave off the advances of the "hire-help" and ignore the apparitions of Sidney.

Staying with Claire are Anne (who's exterminating her own home as a form of "post-divorce trauma) and her brother Peter, a playwright whose latest offering "Nocturnal Admissions" provides many elegant soliloquies (ie. two versions of cutting off your balls in the name of love and monogomy). Peter has just married a bleak Porno Queen call Tobelle. She appears in a discreet film entitled "The Bride and her First Knight". Tobelle becomes the fantasy of anything slightly mobile (including the family dog Bojangles) and she's not adverse to performing doggy-style herself. If this film sounds slightly smutty. it's really smut with class: the ultimate integration of sex and erotic dialogue. Frank's love poem to Tobelle where he deems



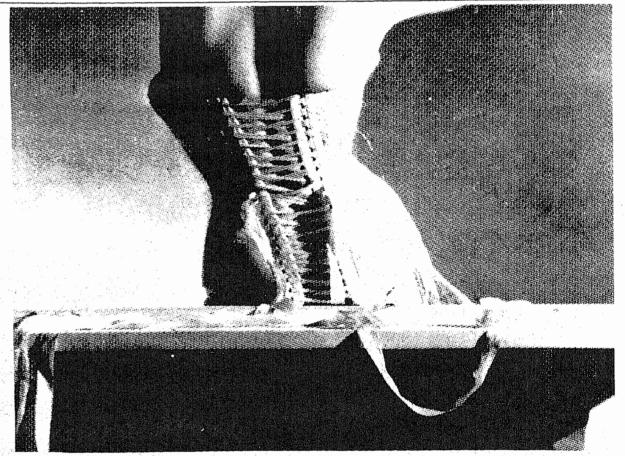
collaborated with Stone in adapting the screenplay from his novel). Did they have to open the film with such a parading of what is surely nothing more than a trite coincidence? Even more sickening was the family gathered around a broadcast of John F. Kennedy and Mom saying, "I had a dream and Ronny, you were speaking to crowds and saying great things". In fact, I coud have done without Kovic's mother altogether, even if she was prophetic. I think his mother stuffed up Kovic more than American intervention in Vietnam. The film's most triumphant scene is when a drunk Kovic yells out "penis, penis" to his mother who has an epileptic fit at the mere mention of the "Big P", let alone the sight of a catheter-attached member. This film does not deserve total

cynicism, however, as it boasts some chilling visual imagery. This credit is due to the editor and also to Stone. In parts, especially the scenes where Wilson is killed and Kovic shot, the colour variation of soft and hard lens and speed are exquisite. They are just perfect and the film's redeeming quality. The rest of the film lacks the aural intensity and tautness of cameraangle which these few moments possess. The veteran hospital scenes similarly convey the stench and apathy of under-funded and under-staffed death camps. The film wanes when Kovic returns to his family setting. All the familiar clichés of physical/mental adjustment were there. I much preferred the scenes, later, of veterans in Mexico as these possessed a real atmosphere of prostitution, alcoholism and selfloathing. At least there was a

representation of loneliness that was effective and not romanticised.

This can't be said of all of the film - crashing Nixon's Convention in 1972 and Kovic confessing the killing of Wilson to the parents stank of re-hashed heroism that didn't sit easily on Tom Cruise's shoulders. Cruise had a kind of earnest appeal but sometimes lacked the requisite anger of the character. His was a director's performance - you could see Stone milked out the character through clever scripting and camera shots. "Born on the Fourth of July" seems the ideal vehicle for Stone's forté of revisualising the displaced Vietnam veterans. At times, though, the sentiment seemed more diplaced than the men themselves.

Emily Boase



her a "chocolate mama" with a "nasty heart that beats the wrong side" is typical of the perverse screenplay. Sample this: "Tobelle says that compared to my father, I'm hung like a rhino", or "I can't believe you're in love with a rerun when, baby, I'm prime-time", or "He reached into dark parts of my continent that I didn't even know I had". It's not the odd line that's outrageous - most of them pained me they were so funny.

The characters themselves are developed with style - Claire's "purge and binge" philosophy being the only tangible piece of Hollywood she has managed to perfect. There is a fantastic scene with chocolate cake and lust where Claire's main concern is that her "thinologist" will discover her chocolate indulgence. The foibles of the characters are blown up by director Bartel to the point where the film becomes farcical.

In fact, it is very reminiscent of a Jacobean comic farce bordering on the tragic. The housekeeper, Rosa, is an Indian whose mystic expostulations provide the most bizarre link for the film. I can't really say it's a satire on life in Beverley Hills because it's so inflated it's more "a satire of a satire". "Scene from the Class Struggle in Beverley Hills" is a real riot and an irreverent delight.

Emily Boase

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Spellwhy

Alex Webling had a short talk to Rod Mason, Spell Why's saxophonist and manager, about the band and what winning the 1990 Battle of the Bands means to a young band.

On Dit: Was it more the exposure, or the possibility of cutting a single which first drove you to enter?

Rod: We really just wanted some exposure, it's very hard for a new band to get shows without it, because managers of venues

would rather take a band with a known following ,than take a chance with an uncertain 'quantity'. As we got closer to the finals we started to get offers from people associated with venues which previously hadn't even been remotely interested just two months before. Of course, the recording time will be useful because we have a couple of strong originals, which could be single material.

OD. Talking of singles ,in the set you played last night(Battle of the - Bands), there was a wide range of styles, does the band have any one style by which it prefers to be labeled.

Rod: I don't know, we have seven members in the group so there are seven different influences on it, but the beat could probably be best described

as Jazz-fusion.

OD: You also manage Spell Why, have you had any offers to take over the management, now that you've won?

Rod: Yes, we had two offers last night, and I'm in two minds as to whether or not we take the offer, on the one hand,I don't like the idea of some stranger taking over and making money out of us after we've already done most of the hard work getting gigs whilst we were relatively unknown, but I concede that a professional manager would probably have more contacts than I do, and I could certainly do with the spare time, since I have a full time job and play with Just Kidding





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God offers us total forgiveness through the death of Be commands us to submit to Jesus as Lord of our

This Easter, we invite you to find out more about this. The Evangelical Union (BU) is presenting a luuchtime talk on 'The True Meaning of Easter' on Tuesday the 10th of April at the Union Cinema ou Level 4 of the Union Building from 1.10 to 1.50 pm.

The speaker will be Geoffry Bingham, an experienced Bible teacher, former Principle of the Bible College of South Australia and Director of New Creation Ministries.



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The Eldorados

Adelaide in recent months has been witness to a rockabilly revival and the spearhead behind this interest is the local band, The Eldorados.

The Eldorados have been grinding out their own style of rockabilly covers and originals for roughly six months and are enjoying a good deal of success for such a misinterpreted form of music.

To the public, The Eldorados are rockabilly, end of story, but they don't tag themselves on such and insist on a wide variety of styles, ie. Hillbillly, Rockabilly, Blues, Elvis, psychobilly and the list goes on.

With a great guitarist, singer (rhythm guitar), double-bass player and drummer, The Eldorados are talented band and easily the best rockabilly outfit

Several bands have toured to Adelaide claiming to be rockbilly legends in their home states and have been concisively blown away by The Eldorados, which has led the band to serious interstate touring plans, to take place within the next two months, so catch them while you can. they'll be playing this Wednesday at Limbos with Melbourne band The Chicken Hawks.

Nathan Barnes



AXEMAN'S Jazz



•Fresh from a Sydney tour, The Mark of Stan (sorry, Cain) play what may be their last Adelaide gig. Uni Bar this Thursday night will stomp and holler with guests Where's The Pope? (guitarist Geoff's last performance!) and Love Fever (please Satan, make this their last...). Presented by the Ministry of Fun and recorded by Student Radio 5UV (natch) this should not be missed.

•Performing in Melbourne for 2 weeks from Easter is Adelaide's Aunty Ralene - bless their cotton sox.

•UK funsters Jesus Jones pissed a lot of people off by not showing up in Adelaide during their Australian tour. On Dit, sniffing interviews and photo opportunities, are sending the undeserving miscreants Bootle and Healy to Melbourne to chase up the

•The Axeman knows that there's nothing new about popular music, but fuck it! there's a limit. Triple J are playing a band called Con Carnes' song 'Puss in Boots'. A more plagiarist, rip-off bag of shit he's never heard. Subliminal riffs heisted and pasted together from Led Zep's 'Immigration Song' and The Cramps 'Tequila' (among others) make this number an immediate nominee for the Golden Pus Award.

•OK. That obnoxious ex-YTT turd Jamie Redfern turns 33; Stu Sutcliffe (Beatles) dies in Hamburg in 1962 and Neville Staples (Fun Boy Three) turns 34. Thought you could get away without this week's dates, eh? Well David Cassidy has a birthday on Thursday (who?); and Al Green - the r 'n' b singer not the basketballer

·Last Thursday's 'Entertainment' cover story in the 'Tiser certainly amazed a lot of people. Yes, Andi and Andi in all their permed glory: "The Americans like our look, they like our accent, they like the fact that we are young. In Adelaide we cop shit for how we look, but over there, they get excited." Over there, they get excited over the organ music between innings at the baseball, too. The Axeman had no idea such mediocrity deserved attention, and sneered "...they're welcome to each other..." Now, turn to BOTCHAT...

•'If you should see them around, just send them home to mother'...Young bands vying for attention around Adelaide include the magnificently named Handsome Devils and the slight more rockersilly *Eldoradoes*. May their saddle sores turn to weeping boils.

The Artisans • Live University Bar 30th March

The Artisans have described the Union Bar as a stadium and when they play there it's like a U2 soundcheck, three people up the front going "Turn it up! Turn it up!" But this time about 200 or so people were there to see them 'strut their stuff'.

The band glided off with Jesus and Mary Chain's Darklands and Orange Juice Artisans with crowd involvement peaking with blinding renditions of Joy Division's Transmission and New Order's Run.

The second set started off with an absolutley brill version of Barry Ryan's Eve of Destruction, bands jangly brand of pop. stripped down to just vocals and guitar. Other stand out songs where Do it Clean (Echo and the Bunnymen), Made of Stone (Stone Roses) and Everybody Thinks He Looks Daft (Wedding Present).

Musically, the Artisans played brilliantly, again, tight being the operative word. The bands stage presence is not all that exciting except for harp blower Jim. whose dancing has just to be seen. A real crowd pleaser.

Two originals were played in the final set, Truth and Single Simple Reason, high lighting the

The gig finished on a retro note with the Tom Jones classic, It's Not Unusual, capping off a fine night of British indie pop.

Jason Bootle





The Best of the Velvet Underground The Velvet Underground Polygram

The Underground released its first album in 1967, and lasted, with Lou Reed as a member, on through 1970. The music the band created during that brief time, however, has had an impact on the course of popular music that is rivalled, among the group's contemporaries, only by the work of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan.

The sheer range of the group's influence is extraordinary. Among the artists who have covered the songs on this album are: REM, Bryan Ferry, David Bowie, The Cowboy Junkies and Echo and the Bunnymen. More significantly, The Velvet Underground essentially invented the notion of underground or alternative rock and roll.

This compilation includes the netherworldly epic-like "Heroin" which is a stark and amoral journey through the mind and soul of a drug addict. "I'm Waiting for the Man", "Run, Run, Run" and "White Light/White Heat" are exuberant studies of miminalist rock and roll. "Pale Blue Eyes", "Stephane Says" and possibly the two best-loved Lou Reed songs, namely "Sweet Jane" and "Rock and Roll" help make this 15 track compilation a thorough one whilst still being very accessible to those who have never listened to the Underground before.

If you don't like The Velvet Underground after listening to this then go back to your Stock, Aitken and Waterman automatons, where you belong you phascogale.

Simon Andrews

Negative Waves Bored! Dog Meat Records

There is an amazing amount of good press concerning this record from a bunch of Geelong layabouts. First listen: just another punk band. The I discover they have supported Iggy Pop, Sonic Youth, the Ramones and Dinosaur Jnr. Another listen. Now some songs at one moment have me tapping my feet, the next thinking What noisy muck!' But deep down something nags me about Bored!, so I sleep on

The next day I again listen Lo! I see the light! (and the Heavens filled with legions of Angels, and leach Angel trumpeted to the Glory of God, and all men rejoiced, and then the Angels trashed the trumpets and kicked in the PA). Negative Waves is definitely a sleeper, slowly growing on you with each listen, until suddenly pouncing and stealing your purse at knifepoint. Bored! play great white trash noise/annoy the neighbours music and understandably this is not everyone's cup of tea (and very boring in excess) but some moments are absolute magic. Their version of "Whole Lotta Rosie" would make Bon Scott slam dance in his grave and you could swear Motorhead are doing "Remedy". Their only problem is that with the faster songs they sometimes try to be better musicians than they actually are, so end up sounding amateurish (like covers bands who

have to slow down in the hard bits). This aside, the record makes you want to thrash to your hearts content. Great fast Australian rock with inane lyrics by a band of idiots. Punk's not dead, it just went to Geelong for a bit.

James Nuttall Aged 5 1/2

The Badman is Robbin Hijack **Epic Records**

This 12" lifted from Hijack's forthcoming album, "The Horns of Jericho", contains three great tracks. The first, after which the 12" is named features a clever incorporation of the Batman theme, although we tended to think that this theme was "done to death" last year. DJ Supreme provides some furious scratchin' to liven up the track, that even Cut Master Swift would envy.

By far the best mix is on Side B with "Hold No Hostage". DJ Supreme unleashes some wildstyle scratchin' which incorporates, a bit too often though, the South London posse's name.

The last, "Doomsday of Rap", is a fast hardcore hiphop track with vet again DJ Supreme producing a 'bumrishin' Wildstyle Solo".

This record is a definite necessity for any of yo' homies out there ... Rating 8 out of 10.

Geneviève Marjoribanks and Andrew Beveridge.

Black Betty 12" Ram Jam Epic Records -

Black Betty by the 1970s group Ram Jam, typifies all that was vile in the music of that era.

An amazingly stereotypical song: that unknown quantity, the black woman, who's "always ready", certainly places this song firmly in the 1970s.

Featuring the original, the remix and the remix-edit, this 'gem' of the tail end of glam rock fails to differ in sound, despite the desperate attempts of two different producers. The steam coming off the fingers as they circumnavigate the guitar strings, the spangled hair getting caught in the sticks as the drum solo thunders makes us realise why being a youth of the '80s and '90s is an honour not to be shunned.

Rating 1 out of 10 - Death to

Geneviève Marjoribanks and Andrew Beveridge.

Lost Lonely and **Viscious** Roddy Ray'Da **Festival**

It would seem that Roddy Ray'Da has a lot of difficulty staying in one place having been a former member of the scientists, Hoodoo Gurus and The Johnnys. This is his first album and his back-up band, the Surfin' Caesars, includes the rhythm section of the Celebate Rifles. Lost Lonely and Viscious is a very fun rock and roll record which reminds me of the Ramones and early Jonathan Richmann and is full of recycled guitar riffs from the 50s, 60s and 70s. The album is full of songs about killer vampires, pirate women, beat up cars which don't go and virus' from outer space. Most of the lyrics border on the ridiculous and made me laugh, e.g.

"I put a mousey in a trance and into the grave

I'm sorry pretty baby but the mousey can't be saved"

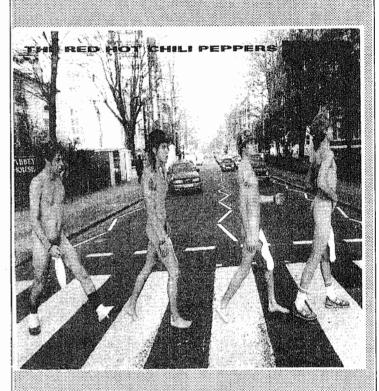
from the 12 bar blues of "Night Stalker", which comes complete with Chuck Berry guitar riff (this song is almost a complete re-write of the Johnny O'Keefe song "Real Wild Child" which Iggy Pop recently recorded).

The first single off the album, 'Dynamite Party" is a hard rock song with a catchy singalong chorus, which, with a bit of airplay, might even be a hit. Other tracks include the glam rock of "Nuclear Love", the grunge surf rock of "I Love You Baby" complete with toy piano solo, and "Girls Go Maniac". Bear Huggin Love" is a rockabilly country song which wouldn't seem out of place on a Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper album (it's the type of song you would play at a barn dance). "Naughty Boy" is a song which copies the Bo Diddley guitar shuffle and is about an alcoholic youth trying to discover the meaning of life (I think).

I must admit that although in many ways this record is a joke, I thoroughly enjoyed it and most of the songs had me up dancing (nothing beats good old rock and roll to dance to compared to acid house) and singing along.

7 out of 10. Jack Kyriacou.

Record of the Week



Mothers Milk The Red Hot Chili Peppers \mathbf{EMI}

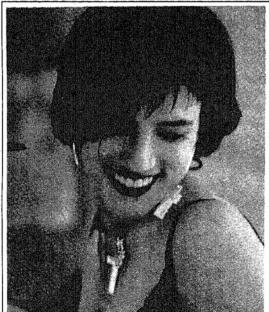
I like a band who have the attitude that prompts them to print on their record cover "13 Great Songs, etc" sticker. Funny guys The Red Hot Chili Peppers have a sense of humour - what else could cause the funking brutal adaption of song like "Higher Ground" and Jimi Hendrix' "Fire" (with uncanny vocals). This is not to say that they should be dismissed a series of trendy jokes, the album has plenty of great tracks: "Punk Rock Classic" steals the whining lead into "Sweet Child O' Mine" in a brilliant piss take; "Johnny, Kick A Hole In The Sky" begins with a strangled version of the Star Spangled Banner and "Magic Johnson", a fast jerky rap over a rhythmic freight train, is self-

LA Lakers, fast break makers, Kings of the Court, Stoke 'em back, don't take us, Back to back, it's the baddest fact A claim that remains - intact! M-A-G-I-C, Magic cut the funk

All teams pray for peace but he don't give a fuck.

But "Mothers Milk" does contain more accessible songs, like 'Subway to Venus" and "Knock Me Down". Do not be fooled into assuming TRHCP's are only idiots who like to play thrashy guitars, they are a bit more versatile, but only a little. This album is what you would expect from four young Americans with tatoos and amps: It is loud and puerile, the gratuitous cover being an example. But who cares? It is fun and cool and dumb. I like that,

(A Libran who enjoys waterskiing, raging and meeting people.)



Water Martika CBS 12"

The slow, relaxing trickling of a stream with the sound of a pacemaker gently dubbed over the top. Ambient House? Fat chance, buster.

The song itself jumps out as subtly as a man wearing a yellow raincoat in the parklands, and turns out to be quite a good rip-off of latter-period Madonna, with a guitar solo on one of those funny Spanish acoustic guitars that the Gipsy Kigs use. Furthermore, after hearing it twice, I couldn't remember a single line, which is always a good sign with this sort of music; although I have an inkling that she says "water" once or twice.

"Exchange of Hearts" isn't worth wasting a sentence on, and the two songs on the B-Side see her remaining true to her roots (ho, ho, ho: cheap sexual allusions make the world go round) by doing Spanish language version of "Toy Soldiers" and "I Feel The Earth Move". They sound exactly like Spanish-language versions of the songs we all know and ... um ... know.

The most interesting thing about them is the fact that she sings the words "Oh Baby" in English, which begs the question: isn't there a Spanish equivalent? Does this inability to display affection explain why they're all torturing and killing each other in Latin America?

Martika: Anthropological significance you can dance to.

Simon Healy



Solidarity Group Adelaide University



Inaugural General

Meeting Tuesday 1pm Games Room

The Chief Executive of ANC Solidarity Group (South Australia) will be talking about violence in South Africa

A/U. FILM SOCIETY



AND TWO SHORT FILMS:

FLATLAND

HARDWARE WARS

WEDNESDAY 11 APRIL 7.30PM

LITTLE CINEMA (LEVEL 5 UNION BUILDING)

MEMBERSHIP \$3.00

All Welcome

Activities Week beginning Tuesday, April 10th, 1990

Tuesday, April 3rd

7.30 - 10.30 pm Cinematheque Film Programme in Union Cinema with Roger Corman Double Feature. "X - The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" (USA, 1963, col, 80 mins) and "The Masque of Red Death" (USA, 1964, col, 86 mins). Films introduced by Shane McNeil, Lecturer in Film and Media, Magill and Sturt CAEs.

Thursday, April 5th

1 - 2 pm Jazz in Gallery Coffee Shop with "Fiddlesticks". 8.30 pm - 1.30 amPre-Easter Bar Night with "Mark of Cain" (last AU gig before overseas), "Where's the Pope?" and "Love Fever". Special priced Tequila. AU Students \$5, Guests \$7.

Second Activities Programme

Deadline is Wednesday, April 18th at 5 pm for second Activities Programme to cover May 1st - June 9th, 1990. It will list activities planned for Union Building. All clubs should send information to Barry Salter in Union Administration Office before deadline for inclusion.

FOOTLIGHTS IS BACK!

All cast members and anyone else who is interested in participating in productions this year are welcome to come along to the FOOTLIGHTS A.G.M. in Law Lecture Theatre 1 (First Floor, Ligertwood Building) at 1:15 on Wednesday the 11th of April.

The committee for 1990 and productions for the rest of the year will be discussed at the meeting.

If you have any problems contact Geoff Griffith through his pigeonhole in the Law School.

NOWSA

The Network of Women Students In Australia is holding its annual conference in Sydney this year. Any women interested in participating can come to the NOWSA club AGM on Tuesday, 10th April at 1.10 pm in the Women's Room. Any queries contact Sarah Hopkins - 352 8279.

Required

Kitchen hands/Cashiers to work part time 17 - 19 years. Telephone 276 6365.

Friends of the Earth

General Meeting, Thursday 12 April 1.00pm in the Games Room, Level 5.

On the Agenda:

Treeplanting (winter is the

Ideas for Green Week (on Campus this semester e.g. stall, videoscreening, screening)

For Sale

HP-75 Portable Computer, Printer and Manuals, useful for advanced calculations. Cost new \$2300. This week only, yours for the bargain basement low of \$750. Phone 265 4028

YOUR UNION BAR/ BISTRO

Bottles and Casks available at most hotels and liquor stores TRY SOME TODAY

And why not?

Bot Chat



with Salmonella Harris



STROLL

TAT TAT

LOOK! A

DARKIEL

LOOK OUT HOLLYWOOD

Andy and Andy take Hollywood by storm! Hometown boys make good! BOT CHAT digs up the dirt on these well groomed, streetsmart young lads. An old schoolmate of A & A's tells us that Andy "Duke" used to have the surname "Dyke" until he changed it in his quest for success. One of the Andies, upon being asked about his monolithic

haircut, replied "that's rock'n'roll, man." Heady stuff indeed; the kids are alright!

ATTENTION STARFUCKERS! First 10 people into the ON DIT office on tuesday after 1pm can win a free double pass to see "The Thrips" at the Venue. All you have to do is kiss the large photo of Andy & Andy we have in the office-



Wank On

The finest minds at University have been working on Scretnth's question; "How do you know if you're asleep or awake?"

Best answers so far:

If you're awake, you try to crawl out of your pool of vomit.

If you're asleep, you refuse drinks.



STUPIO OLD BASTAROS!

WELL BUGGER ME!

GEORGE "numbers" **KARZIS**

George Karzis became Prez. of young Labor on the weekend at their AGM. Seen heading towards the meeting - large busloads full of Georges' friends clutching shiny new membership cards with bewildered looks on their faces.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK

i have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

-Genesis 32:30

PURSE 1

No man hath seen God at any time. -John 1:18

And I [god] will take mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts; but my face shall not be seen. Exodus 33:23-

