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Is the "first come, first serve" quota system really fair? Story inside.



# ON-DIT

Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly • Volume 59 Number 5 • April 8 1991





even as  
we speak

## Adelaide Press Discovers Adelaide University

Apart from the annual piece on Prosh- "Zany undergrads get up to all sorts of highjinks and tomfoolery for charity"- the Adelaide press has long neglected to cover campus events with anything resembling depth or clarity.

It seems that both *The News* and *The Advertiser* have changed their tune somewhat and are now taking a bit more interest in goings on at North Terrace.

Maria O'Brien's St. Mark's article was picked up with relish by *The Advertiser*, who had a field day with its images of "primitive initiations" being "rife at colleges", words which, incidentally, did not appear in Maria's article but were attributed to her anyway. Despite the fact that journos Jenny Turner and Simon Evans basically paraphrased the *On Dit* feature, they did emphasise St. Mark's obligation to abide by University equal opportunity policies and recognised the gross gender imbalance in the college's administration.

*The News* ran a story shortly after O-Week on the so-called "Uni Abortion War" which is apparently "looming" over our heads. Whether reporter Anne Denney actually witnessed any of the "bitter confrontations" between the Pro-Life and Pro-Choice clubs I can't say, but the tone of the article suggests that an otherwise peaceful O-Week was marred by a series of ugly scenes in which Pro-Life Club President Jack Snelling was berated and abused by students enraged by his impressive collection of plastic foetuses.

What the article really shows is not what happened during O-Week at the abortion stands but Jack Snelling's paranoid Catholic version of events, as recounted to Anne Denny. The abuse, Jack said, was "something we expected...it doesn't make me nervous." And, Denny presumed, there would be more abuse and more confrontations in the future.

*The Advertiser's* piece was not in the same vein as *The News's* abortion beat up, but the two articles were similar in that they both

indicate an unwillingness on the part of Adelaide's papers to cover any campus events unless they involve zany prosh pranks, foetus-wielding puritans or deranged spooners pissing down fresher's throats at the JCR. Such articles only serve to prop up the public perception of University as some kind of mysterious sanctum or medieval oasis which is somehow separate from "the real world".

It would be heartening to see our papers covering other campus issues and broad education issues. For instance, Adelaide Uni is one of the most dangerous parts of Adelaide at night, yet there are no stories on campus security. Also, last week the Australian Vice-Chancellor's Committee found that Universities across the board are over enrolled by %5, meaning there are 600 students too many at Adelaide Uni. HECS has resulted in the diminished participation of aborigines, women, immigrants and the working class in higher education. Despite the fact that we now pay for our education, tutes are bigger than they were four years ago. Why doesn't the press look into something substantial for a change instead of concentrating on the wacky undergrad stereotypes?

## Student Newspapers After the Mergers

The recent amalgamation of South Australian campuses has left student newspapers in a state of flux. The creation of the University of South Australia (unfortunately acronymed "U.S.A.") has seen the arrival of a new rag, *Crescam*. As SAIT is now part of the USA it seems probable that SAIT's paper *Ego* will go by the wayside, and the merging of the City Campus with Adelaide Uni will see *On Dit* supersede City's paper *Crow Magnus*.

Both *Ego* and *Crow* have been around for some thirty years or so and have maintained loyal readerships within their campuses.

Unlike bigger student mags such as *Honi Soit* at Sydney Uni, *Farrago* at Melbourne Uni, UQ's *Planet* and *On Dit*, papers like *Ego* and *Crow* have traditionally been unable to run stories concerning events off campus. Government departments, educational institutions and lobby groups inundate bigger student papers with press releases and phone calls, and record companies, cinemas, and theatres give them all manner of freebies. Smaller papers have always been ignored and consequently have



specialised in news coverage of events particular to their campus.

Whether or not this coverage will continue remains to be seen. USA's *Crescam*, although three issues young, seems to be of the same ilk as some of the daggier student rags from the Eastern States, being run by a couple of student politicians and NUS hangers-on whose concept of publishing owes more to 1968 than 1991 (ie lots of lefty clichés about oppression, written like a sermon and laid out like a pamphlet). For instance, in its efforts to (presumably) promote student unionism, *Crescam* printed two pages of minutes from a student council meeting which provided no clear or relevant information regarding campus issues and how they effect USA students. It will be a pity if *Crescam* fails to follow in *Ego's* footsteps and provide decent news for students.

Similarly, *On Dit* now finds itself in a position where it has to cover not only *Crow's* territory at the City Campus but also Roseworthy, CASM and Waite. At the moment, *On Dit* is not distributed to Roseworthy, and due to distance Roseworthy students have no real immediate access to *On Dit* in terms of submitting articles or letters to the editor. Given that Roseworthy's student newsletter has been shut down due to the mergers, Roseworthy students now have no source of news and no real access to *On Dit*. Students not studying at the North Terrace campus cannot reasonably be expected to shell out \$251 for a service they have no access to.

Moves are apparently afoot to establish some kind of communication between Roseworthy and *On Dit*, but it still remains to be seen whether events at the other Adelaide Uni campuses will be picked up by *On Dit*.

## Crap Article of the Week

The Appeal section in Tuesday's *Advertiser* has come up with some of the most embarrassing articles in the history of journalism, amongst them the memorable Woodward and Bernstein style investigative piece about who should pay for dinner on the first date. Last week Appeal reached its zenith, with a ripper of a story titled "I am Woman", written by a strapping young cadet who will recently celebrated her eighteenth birthday. The article was accompanied by a snap of its author looking particularly winsome as she braced herself for the years ahead, the good times and the bad times, whilst standing next to a rather attractive shrub. I would have extracted some quotes for your amusement but I was unable to read beyond the third paragraph. Needless to say, her life has been very full so far, and despite the plethora of obstacles life throws up before a young woman in the nineties, what with the recession and so on, she is sure that the future will bring happiness and success, if coupled with the requisite amount of ambition, selflessness, commitment, fun, etc etc etc...

David Penberthy

**contents: carbonated water, sugar, colour (150), food acid (338), flavours, caffeine**

- 2 Media Watch- David Penberthy sounds off on whatever comes into his head
- 3 News
- 4 More News
- 5 Haroon Hassan talks to Ian Gillfillan about controversial new prostitution legislation
- 6 A couple of ads
- 7 What?
- 8 Fan Mail
- 9 More Letters (including the latest opus from Warren Block)
- 10 Letters and a very important editorial
- 11 Getting pissed and/or pissed on at the Residential Colleges. Marksenfest, oompah and Alice Thorpe at the beach with St. Anne
- 12 Corporate scum lean on Volvos at Oakbank. Tom Cawley and Simon McKean mingle with the landed gentry
- 13 Simon Healy gets tipsy with the wrinklies in the conclusion to the Digger Pub Crawl
- 14 Cover Story- Michael Dwyer asks, is the quota system for University subjects ethical?

- 15 Cover story continued
- 16 Isn't that Michael Dwyer a wordy chap!
- 17 Burn Baby Burn Disco Inferno- it's the records section!
- 18 Rory McLeod's tour previewed by teen idol Paul Schoff
- 19 "The Killer Awoke at Dawn..." The life and times of Jim Morrison as told by Louise Basset
- 20 The Axeman inflicts a few sharp cuts, Alice Thorpe tells us what's on, and something else.
- 21 Fillum- *Flirting* and *Edward Scissorhands*
- 22 Fillum- *Alice* and *Sleeping With the Enema*
- 23 Books- *Crush* and *How to be a Successful Student*
- 24 Chloë Fox talks to Syd Brisbane, succesful young actor
- 25 This Week in Sport with Johnny Mathhus and Ethel Murman
- 26 More Sport- does Greg Matthews really deserve to live?
- 27 I wanna be stereotyped I wanna be classified
- 28 Bunyips Bunyips Everywhere and not a drop to drink



# Women in Sport Week: Throwin' Some Darts and Swimmin' Some Laps

Women in Sport and Recreation Week is THIS week, April 8-13. It will be celebrated state wide, including on Adelaide University campus. It is an attempt to encourage women to participate in activities which they may not of had the opportunity to before, to learn new skills and above all to have heaps of fun! There is also an emphasis on recreational activities this year such as bike riding, darts, & dance. These activities don't require you to be a super fit sporting person, but they can be just as enjoyable and refreshing as other spots.

Women are extremely under-represented and discriminated against in sport in Australia. Despite various Government initiatives, it is clear that women still do not

have the same sporting opportunities that men do. Women are out numbered three to one in the participation in Australian sport. Women's sport receives unequal funding, access to coaching, facilities and equipment. Women are also underrepresented on decision making bodies.

Often the media has a lot to do with the perpetuation of stereotypical images of women in sport, such as women's sport being boring or less 'action packed' in comparison to men's sport. We end up hearing a lot about male sporting 'heroes' and not a lot about the various women who excel in their own sporting areas. The portrayal of less women being involved in sport leads to a definite lack of role models for aspiring

female athletes, thus continuing the cycle of women's underrepresentation in sport.

Or perhaps you believe that women aren't as good as men at sport (they lack the aggressive streak that men inherently have?). Statistics show that this view is totally incorrect, as 42% of the gold medals won by Australian Olympic teams were won by women, even though they only constituted 20% of the total teams.

There are lots of activities planned for the week, and several Australian and world champion women will be on campus, so get involved and have fun! More details available in the SAUA.

Amy Barrett

## Program

### TUESDAY

**1pm** Bike Repair Workshop. Bring your bike to the Games Room to learn how to fix it (even if you don't want to bring your bike-home anyway). FREE

OR

**1pm** Volleyball on Barr Smith Lawns  
**2pm** Wing Chung Kung Fu. Try this martial art which was originally designed by a woman. (Games Room). FREE

### WEDNESDAY

**1pm** Fun Run along Torrens. Meet by the foot-bridge. Win free passes to the Bodyworks.

OR

**1pm** Volleyball on Barr Smith Lawns.

### THURSDAY

**1pm** Come & Try weights at the Uni Gym. Get shown how to use

all the uni gym weights room. OR

**1pm** Volleyball on Barr Smith Lawns  
**2pm** Wing Chung Kung Fu (Games Room). FREE

**3pm** Darts. The #1 ranked women's darts player in Australia, Deb Watson will show you how to master this traditionally male dominated sport. (North Dining Room). FREE

### FRIDAY

**1pm** Come & Try Weights at the Uni Gym

OR

**1pm** Volleyball on Barr Smith Lawns  
**2pm** Women in Sport & Recreation Week special guest speaker: Shelley Taylor-Smith, the women's world champion marathon swimmer. Buffet lunch to be served. (South Dining Room). FREE

### SATURDAY

**10:30am** Dance workshop. Try a combination of dance styles including rap. No experience needed. (Madley Dance Space-off Kintore Ave). \$4.

**10am** Surfing. Learn to ride the waves, with guest Dawn Fraser. (Moana Beach). FREE

### PLUS

- Think about joining a sports club - there are heaps to choose from.

- The uni gym holds aerobics classes every day at 12:45pm - have a try.

- The Union has squash courts on level 5 of the Union building, rackets available in the union. Grab a friend for a quick game of squash.

# Brutal News Ltd. Sackings

Rupert Murdoch's News Ltd. is using "cruel and humiliating" means of retrenching staff in Melbourne, placing the working conditions of all its employees in jeopardy.

On Friday News Limited was due to pin up two lists informing staff whether they did or did not have a job.

### "Vicious, Cruel and Humiliating"

Described by the Victorian State Secretary of the Australian Journalists' Association (AJA), Michael Sutherland, as "the most vicious, cruel and humiliating tactics ever heard of", one list was to name the journalists the *Herald and Weekly Times* wished to continue and the other, those whose services were no longer required.

### Voluntary Redundancies Sought

News Ltd is seeking seventy voluntary redundancies from its editorial staff, allowing them only approximately 24 working hours for staff to decide. This clearly prevents staff from making any real choice and prohibits them from seeking legal, financial or industrial assistance.

### Workers Vote Against Strike

Despite these contemptible Murdoch practices, journalists

voted against a motion to strike 108 votes to 79, on the grounds that they believed that News Ltd was deliberately provoking strike action in order to begin sacking staff.

Understandably journalists face a dilemma. They are reluctant to risk their employment as there is a shortage of jobs available due to the high concentration of press ownership in the country, however, stronger industrial action is called for by the AJA if Murdoch is to be seriously challenged.

### Illegal Trade Practices?

The AJA has requested a recommendation from the Industrial Commission that the lists of names not be published and further negotiations are due to take place over the coming week.

The closure of the *Sunday Herald* and what amounts to the sacking of 70 journalists closes another shameful chapter in the history of Australian newspapers and signals a continuation of Murdoch control.

### Natasha Stott Despoja

Natasha Stott Despoja



Doyen of the South Australian Women's Cricket Team, J. 'Slasher' Holland punches one through the off side. Watching helplessly are WA fielders J. Holland (point) and J. Holland (square leg)



An extremely attractive Advertiser worker with a leather tie contemplates his future as a part-time music teacher



# Compulsory Beer & Rugby For All

With Ed Sullivan winning the AUU Board by-election in a landslide, politicians on both campuses are preparing to have a good hard look at themselves

## BY-ELECTION PROVISIONAL RESULTS

There were 710 valid votes cast in the Adelaide University Union By-Election. First preference votes were as follows:

Peter Boord	25
Kirsty McKenzie	161
Paul Cummins	27
Tim Davis	112
Ed Fitzgerald	385
Informal	4
Quota was (50%+1=)	356

Ed Fitzgerald therefore exceeded quota on first preferences

I therefore provisionally declare Ed Fitzgerald elected to the casual vacancy on the Adelaide University

Union Board.

Polling in the By-Election appeared to run smoothly, with turnout above average. This was largely due to the large turnout at the Roseworthy Campus. However some minor problems arose. They were:

1. A few people thought the ballot paper was unconstitutional as there was no provision for 'No Candidate'. Whilst the Student's Association Election must have a box for 'No Candidate'; the schedules in the A.U.U. electoral regulations DO NOT provide for this.

2. A number of people voted without being either enrolled students or individual members of the A.U.U. Their votes were not

counted, and I understand the Union will investigate to see if the problem was ours or theirs. As all suspect votes were checked with Student Records, I suspect the latter.

**"The Union will investigate to see if the problem was ours or theirs"**

3. One student apparently had concerns that as his personal details appeared on the outer envelope, there was a risk that his voting intentions would be

discovered.

Counting can be viewed by anyone at all from the public gallery. Counters and the Candidate's Scrutineers can assure you that the outer envelope is checked off against the latest Student roll, opened (if valid), and deposited anonymously in a pile of inner envelopes. I assure you that your vote is absolutely confidential and I hope that your suspicions did not deter you from voting.

4. One student, Mr Andrew Norris voted twice. Neither of his votes were counted.

I am writing to Mr Norris to ask him to provide a satisfactory explanation for this behaviour. As

usual, if the reply is adequate I will report this to On Dit. If not, further action will be taken.

I will be making a full report and a number of recommendations to the next Union Board meeting. Any comments, submissions, or appeals will be considered and reported. These can be made, in writing, and left for me in the Union Office.

I would like to thank students and especially the staff of the A.U.U. for their co-operation.

**Andrew Lamb**  
Returning Officer

# Could It Happen Here?

MEDIASPEAK with NATASHA STOTT DESPOJA

Australia has the highest concentration of press ownership of any country in the western world. This dubious distinction is afforded to a nation that is moving, in its attitudes, politics and legislation, towards the erosion of a liberty that has been hard fought and is still being fought for, in countries around the world.

Current examples, both local and overseas, demonstrate a shift from liberal principles of free speech, press and intellect towards suppression and censorship.

Re-opening the censorship debate in America is the publication of the latest Brett Easton Ellis, novel; *American Psycho*. It contains graphic descriptions of sex and violence. It has managed to offend women's and religious groups, animal liberationists and homosexuals. It has yet to be afforded with any printed commendations, indeed Ellis' previous novels, *Less than Zero* and *Rules of Attraction*, while cultish, have not enjoyed rave reviews.

It is certain to spark debate about censorship when released by Picador this month in Australia. Already its price tag has increased from \$12.99 to \$17.99 and a limited distribution of 3000 copies has been imposed.

Current debate on campus, through channels such as *On Dit*, the Students' Association Council and the Media Standing Committee (MSC), has revolved around the sensitive topic of press independence.

Campus newspapers represent one of the only alternative forms of media in this country. A few years ago *On Dit* was proudly boasting - "*On Dit* - MURDOCH FREE", and Universities supposedly symbolise enlightenment. As pointed out in the last MSC Minutes (21/3/91) "if free speech and debate cannot take place within a

University, where can it take place?"

This is the dilemma for many students: how to reconcile completely unfettered student media with other enlightened ideals such as progressive non-racist and non-sexist guidelines?

Dictating guidelines to the media no matter how progressive, is no way of ensuring the acceptance of these ideas instead you make a mockery of them if our way of enforcing them is by creating an illusion of a completely non-sexist and non-racist campus.

Restrictions (outside the confines of the law) cannot be placed on our press. To regulate the content of *On Dit* is to regulate intellect and people's minds.

Voltaire claimed; "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

This encapsulates a liberal view of intellectual freedom, for essentially, that is what we stifle when we suppress or censor in any way.

Universities should in no way support restrictions on intellectual freedom and that includes not housing a student newspaper that is monitored by the President nor any student representatives within the Association (as has been suggested and does take place at other Universities around the country).

We do not want a situation where the press simply reflects the beliefs of Students' Association "Leadership" through regulations or editorial interference. It does not matter whether the aims of that leadership are essentially good or worthwhile, because leadership changes and the extreme logical conclusion of this argument allow for the imposition of totalitarian measures within an institution.



After a busy day of "interrogating" a few ideologically suspect troops, People's Hero Josef sits down to write the following morning's *Advertiser* editorial, watched over by the Representative of the People's Collective, Keir Semmens



# Prostitution

Ian Gilfillan is attempting to reform prostitution legislation. Haroon Hassan talks to Mr. Gilfillan about the proposed changes and the attitude of the community towards prostitution.

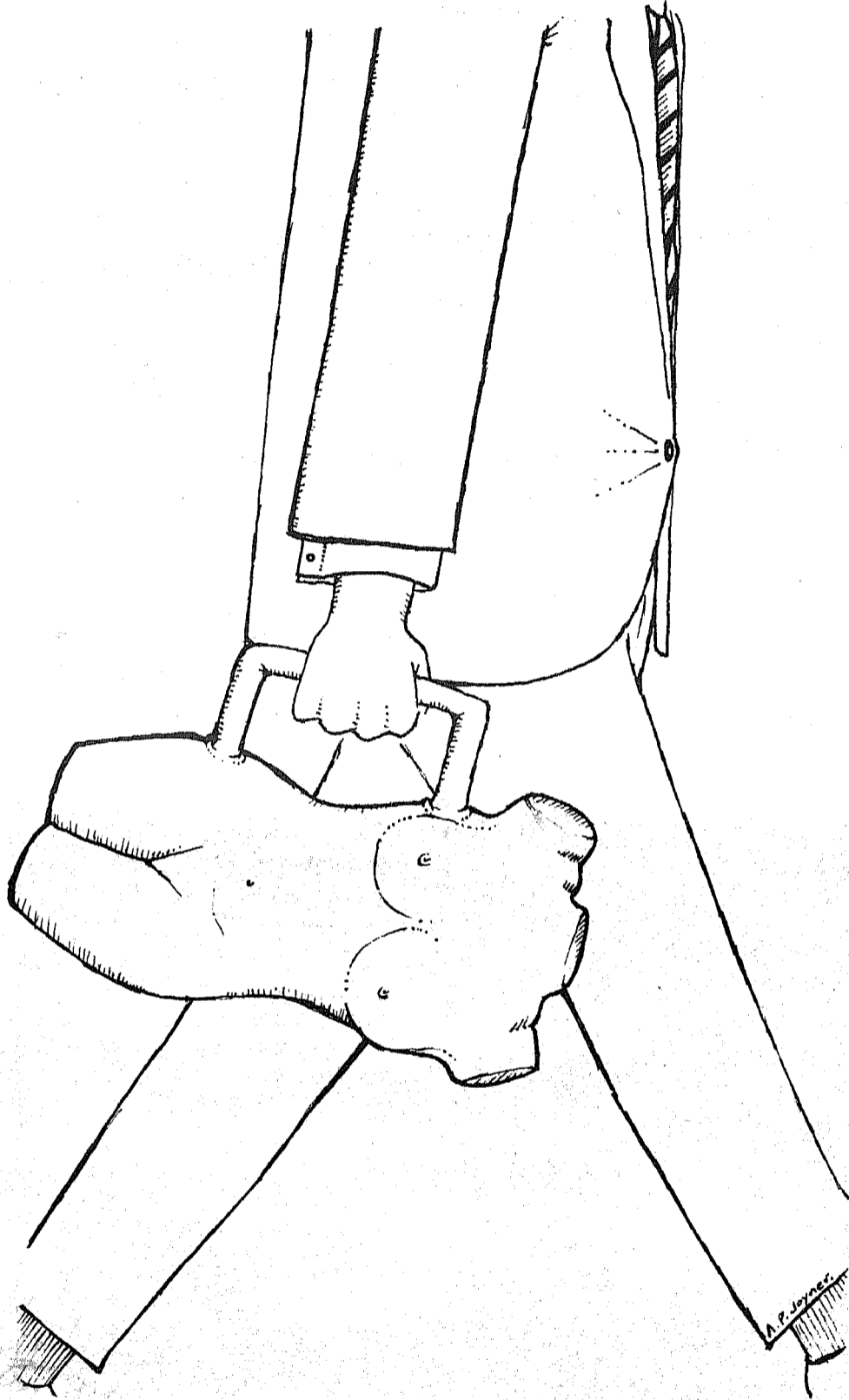
Prostitution in Australia has long been associated with our larger cities, in particular Sydney and to a lesser degree Melbourne. Names like 'Kings Cross' and 'The Wall' conjure up the more seedy and undesirable traits of a profession which society supposedly frowns upon and morally abhors. Sydney's bustling high class bordellos reflect the more (dare I say it) acceptable attitudes towards escorts and paid sex in our community, however our large cities are by no means the only places where 'butterflies of the night' prosper through their nocturnal activities.

Many of us would be shocked by some of the research that has been performed into this long running trade. In South Australia alone, vast sums of money are invested into sex related services every week. This is an industry which is completely outside the law and is largely left to its own devices. At present, Ian Gilfillan, Hon. Member of Legislative Council and the State Parliamentary leader of the Australian Democrats, is proposing a private members bill to legalise and therefore regulate the prostitution industry in South Australia.

I choose the word 'industry' for a number of reasons. Research by former Adelaide University Professor of Law, Marcia Neare suggests that some 40,000 men buy sex in South Australia every week. At an average price of \$50, this points to an average weekly turnover of some \$2 million. An annual income of over \$100 million which in the eyes of the law, does not exist. It requires little imagination to ascertain how this money is used. Much of it must find its way into organised criminal networks which in turn fund drug purchases and form a vicious criminal circle.

This raises several important questions about prostitution and its current criminal stigma. South Australia remains the only state in which prostitution is a crime. Despite this, convictions are surprisingly low. The reason being that the cost in terms of police resources far outweighs the \$100 fine that is imposed on a charged prostitute. There have been three amendments to prostitution legislation since 1836 which have achieved nothing. To be fair, however, there has never been, in all of recorded history, a successful piece of legislation to outlaw prostitution. Even in the 4th century, St Augustine compared prostitution to a palace sewer in recognising they were both "... foul but necessary".

As members of society, we should look objectively at the issues being placed before us rather than dismissing them with moral high handedness. For many people, prostitution is an unsavoury practice, however, we must acknowledge the great demand for this service and the threat it poses if it remains unregulated. Essentially, Mr Gilfillan is attempting to reform legislation and educate the community in the necessity of these changes. Several academics recognise the need for a new look at this neglected issue. Roberta Perkins' article "Protecting the Community" and The Australian Institute of Criminology by Dr Paul Wilson, Susan Pinto and Anita Scandia "Prostitution Laws in Australia" both point



to the inadequacy of current legislation. At present there is a blatant abuse of the rights of prostitutes as human beings. They have no legal status and therefore no legal recourse to report ill-treatment and discrimination by clients, pimps or even the police themselves. The only victims in this legal wrangle appear to be the prostitutes. They remain repressed not only by the law but have no legal rights whilst they are working, furthermore, they are trapped in a field of potential criminal organisation and subversion. As discriminatory as it may be, it is the female prostitutes who are arrested, charged, strip searched and interrogated, not the other involved party - the (usually) male client. Is this not blatantly unjust?

As a society, we condone service industries like stripping and pornography and allow poisons in the form of cigarettes

and alcohol to be distributed to young and old alike. Is it not hypocritical to deny what is, in effect, a service industry which aims to meet a growing demand for safe paid sex? Instead of attempting to legalise and regulate this industry as we do in other sectors, we insist on ignoring its existence and, by so doing, we are all guilty of supporting the abused, repressive and discriminating legislation that is in effect today. In this way, are we not guilty of condemning many women on the basis of mere prejudice?

On Dit spoke to Mr Gilfillan about his reasons for presenting the new bill to Parliament.

OD: How do you view the prostitution issue on a personal level?

IG: The issue is like a double edged sword. I have a legislative responsibility to rid the community of repressive

discriminatory laws. On the other hand, there is the issue of morality and, at present, that is where our opposition is coming from. However, one must realise that laws aren't meant to legislate morality.

OD: Do you feel that policing prostitution is a productive activity at present?

IG: It is ludicrous to tie up valuable police resources which are already over stretched in the time consuming and costly exercise of harassing women engaged in prostitution. It is an activity that occurs primarily between two consenting adults and is regarded as a victimless crime in which the only perceived criminal is the prostitute.

OD: In light of that, do you feel that South Australian law is discriminatory where prostitution is concerned?

IG: I would point to the fact that South Australia's current policing of prostitution discriminates almost exclusively against prostitutes. Bearing in mind that 95% of these are female, the law therefore discriminates against women. It must be changed.

OD: What about the health risks involved in prostitution? Have you considered these issues in your proposed legislation?

IG: There is a growing concern in the community over health issues with the advent of AIDS as well as other existing sexually transmitted diseases. The bill contains stringent health requirements that can only be properly monitored by making prostitution legal. The health of the community has to be protected.

OD: Finally, what is your view on the possible involvement of organised crime in prostitution?

IG: There is a great potential for organised crime to be involved to a large degree in illegal activities of which currently prostitution is one. While I recognise not all prostitutes and brothels are involved in organised crime, there are elements present at various levels without doubt. Legalisation and proper licensing will, I believe, go a long way in decreasing this potential.

Mr Gilfillan has been working on the bill since the middle of last year. Unfortunately, private members' bills have a poor record in terms of success. If it is successful, it will not come into effect until early 1993. The bill aims to legalise the industry and establish working codes and regulations. This can only be a good thing in the light of the problems that plague prostitutes today. We are left to ponder the question ourselves. Do we continue to ignore the demand for safe paid sex and fail to regulate an industry? Which is of greater importance to the community, the reformation of inadequate legislation which ignores basic civil liberties or moralistic rhetoric? Only time will tell.

The Adelaide University Democrat Club will present a forum discussion on the proposed legislation on Monday, 15th April, 7.30 pm in the Union Cinema. The panel will feature working prostitutes as well as Mr Gilfillan and other prominent figures.



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# President Says: Show Us Ya Shoulders!

**El Presidenté**  
Natasha Stott Despoja



## Teaching Standards

This issue was highlighted in *On Dit* last week with an article by the Education Vice President, Susie O'Brien, and a news article about the SAUA teaching survey.

In an attempt to evaluate teaching standards within our institution with a view to reforming areas requiring change the SAUA developed a teaching survey. Initial findings from the 593 responses reveal that; at least a third of the "teachers" were rated below average; there is a perceived need for training and retraining programs for academics; and, that sexist attitudes within the University are prevalent.

The statistics will be further analysed over the coming weeks and a summarised form of the survey will be made available after that. This issue is one of the major education issues of the 90's with discussion involving the role of tertiary institutions, ie; is their commitment to research (as outlined in *The Advertiser*) or to quality teaching, or both?

## Austudy

At the sitting of the Federal Senate on April 9th the Australian Democrats will move a motion calling for sweeping changes to Austudy legislation. They are calling for a review of student eligibility guidelines. These include;

- Increasing the Austudy rate for students over 21 from \$113.25 per week to \$138 a week - the level of adult unemployment benefits;
- Lowering the age for students deemed independent from 25 to the normal age of 18;
- Increasing the threshold under the spouse income test from \$12,150 a year to \$18,150; and,
- Increasing the personal income which students can earn before their Austudy amount is affected.

The current Austudy legislation is out of date and is based on the mythical notion that parents are responsible for the financial

well-being of students well in to their late teens and beyond. Student Associations, NUS and the Federal Opposition should support this latest attempt by the Democrats to review this legislation and introduce reforms.

## Cheap Footy! It's a Goer!

Last week I mentioned that students at Adelaide University were missing out on concessions to SANFL and AFL matches. Unlike secondary school students and students at the University of South Australia, Flinders and Adelaide University students were obliged to pay full rates due the absence of a blue sticker on their students cards. Good news! The SANFL has approved concessional entry to Full time students and unemployed people and identification will be made using your normal student card. Prices are as follows; (SANFL) Minor Round - \$3., Major Round - \$3.50 and Grand Final - \$11/\$9. (AFL) Minor Round - \$4.

## Sometimes I Get Real Stroppy: Self Defence

Self Defence classes for women will be held this semester, as a tangible attempt to achieve campus safety goals.

Women's self defence is not just about learning to kick an attacker where it hurts. It is about teaching women to value themselves enough to believe that they are worth defending, and creating a presentation of themselves which is strong and confident and hence less likely to be attacked, harassed or intimidated.

### REACTIONS

Many women can sense danger or fear in a lot of situations, including social situations, such as dates, yet they don't trust their gut reactions. One of the valuable tools which women are taught to use is their 'gut reaction'. When women get gut reactions they need to learn to acknowledge these feelings and take control of the situation. Self defence classes are an opportunity for women to share their experiences, and discuss their own strategies for dealing with various situations which have worked for them and learn new ones. Opportunities to role-play some of these situations are provided so that women can

put some of the skills that they learn during sessions into practice.

Self defence classes are a way for women to locate and use anger productively and positively to combat violence, and to learn assertive verbal and physical skills.

The classes which the Rape Crisis Centre runs (and which we were given a taste of in Orientation Week) take into account the varying abilities of women in the class and provides and a supportive atmosphere for trying out these new skills.

### RUN

These classes will be run during first semester in two separate sessions, one lot on Wednesday at 3pm & the other on Friday at 3pm. Places are limited, and there will be a cost of \$10 for the 8 week course. The course will begin in the week starting April 29 and will run until the week ending June 21. Put your name down in the Students Association NOW.

PS: If you miss out this time or can't make the time; there will be more classes in second semester.

Amy Barrett

## Women's Officer: Short as a Bit of a Short Thing

**Women's Officer**  
Amy Barrett



### NUS NATIONAL WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

This conference is coming up at the end of April, and will provide participants with a valuable opportunity to share ideas & experiences with women from other Australian campuses. I will be speaking about the referendum which we had at Adelaide Uni last year to change the Women's Officer position to that of an Equal Opportunity Officer and letting women from other universities know how a well executed campaign managed to save the Women's Officer!

### ACCESSIBILITY

Remember that any student who wants to discuss any problems or gripes, or anyone who just wants more info on women's activities, campaigns or resources, then drop into the SAUA anytime, or leave a note for me in my pigeonhole there!



**Women in Sport Week**  
A Bloody Enormous thing brought to you by the SAUA and proudly sponsored by Bodyworks.  
To prove it, their logo is below!  
See mammoth news story on Page 3 for all the details, and do your very best to get involved.

**BODYWORKS**  
FITNESS > GROUP



## Get Serious

Dear Editors,

Ignorance is strength was the caption so cleverly chosen for last week's cover of On Dit. Since there was no explanation for the picture of execution by gunfire on On Dit's cover, let me hazard a guess. Perhaps it was ...  
• to make us think, before escaping by delving deeply into On Dit's exposé of life at Adelaide Uni.  
Or perhaps it was ...  
• to make us sick, because the pictorial brutality rested very uneasily on On Dit's tone of let's have fun while we're at Uni.  
Either get serious or lighten up.  
Joslyn van der Moolen  
3rd Year Politics

Dear Ms. van der Moolen, The cover you refer to is related to the cover story in that edition, comparing the world today to the world envisaged by George Orwell in his book 1984. "Ignorance is strength" is one of the slogans used by the totalitarian government in the book, and this concept is further discussed in the article, along with the slogans "war is peace", and "freedom is slavery".  
Eds.

## Shameful

Dear Sirs,

I was interested to note the report on the SAUA page of the last edition which mentioned complaints about the University's publication "Disabilities Count". Having communicated my concerns about this booklet to the University and received only a token, placatory explanation for several worrying aspects of it, I was pleased to see the issue raised in this forum.  
My concerns about the publication are twofold - firstly, over the ignorant and clumsy equation of disability and race and secondly, over the cover photograph of an "able-bodied" student impersonating a wheelchair user. For a booklet aimed at proclaiming the understanding of disability and a commitment to disabled students it has failed miserably on both counts. I have difficulty understanding why more care was not given to the writing of the booklet and an attempt was not made to ask a disabled student to pose for the cover photograph. Obviously, the University did not consider time spent in such a way to be a necessary or useful part of compiling a booklet on disability. The actions of the photographer and the Registry in this regard were shameful.  
Yours in disillusionment,  
J. Lamb,  
2nd Year Science

## Jesus Christ!

Dear Editors,

I did not die on the cross so that students could have a week-long budge three weeks into Semester One.  
Yours in holy peace,  
Jesus Christ

## Condom? What Condom?

Dear Eds,

Where is my bag-of-tricks?  
Enrolment week: being somewhat impecunious at the time, I was unable to fork out the requisite pesos to the SAUA. For this, like a naughty boy denied dessert for not eating his greens, I did not get my Union showbag. No problem, I (foolishly) thought, I will get it next week when I pay my fee.  
The following week: cheque in hand, I head towards the State Bank at University. "I'm sorry, sir. No bag. Go to the library to get your student card revalidated." Okay, to the library it is for a new sticker and hopefully my bag of tricks. No bag? What the fuck? Diary? Condom? O'Guide? Vouchers? An empty bag even? No such luck.  
Who is responsible?  
Yours apathetically,  
Patrick White  
2nd Year Botty Scratching and Nose Picking

P.S. Great paper! etc. etc. etc., with all that sycophantic fawning.

## I'm a Huge, Great Wanker

Dear Dear Editors,

First, let me commend you on doing such a wonderful job with this year's On Dit. Keep the good work up and the sky is the limit. My only gripe with your esteemed, immensely enjoyable paper was with last week's Roaring Jack article. I mean, to finish an article with "Rock and Roll" in bold type is just a huge load of toss. You might just as well put "I'm a huge, great wanker" across the bottom of the article. That sort of puff'n'onsense is for the clenched fist brigade, not a seemingly 'energetic' (?) folksy' band like Roaring Jack. I know that Richard Nolan and Jodie Wilson wrote the article and I know that editing goes against your grain, but please, I'm begging you, please baby, cut the rock wank right out. Ship it out the door, send it to summer camp, but edit the fucker out.  
Loving you from a distance,  
Chez Shocking Bloke

P.S. Keep the fine work up and am I the only person in the world to find Roaring Jack abysmally dull? P.P.S. I have that certain indefinable something about me, don't you think?

## 8 Acre Spread

Al Thorpe,  
C/- The Dear Eds,

Al, my main man, I find it truly amazing that under the category of New Music, you have placed the release of the Eurhythmics Greatest Hits.  
Does a re-release constitute new music? Does a hastily cobbled together, let's drag more money out of fans, compilation make a

new release?

The answer is plain and simple. If you're going to write about new music, write about new music. Greatest Hits albums deserve a place of their own - say an 8-acre spread with a few sheep and goats near Paralowie, but not in a prominent place where people can read it.

Yours consistently,  
You can't call me Al, Al

## Touched by the Hand of Choose Groove

Dear Eds,

Piers Gillespie obviously has the intuition of a flea and the sense of humour of a gangrene, as evidenced by his article which attempted to persecute cover band "Choose Groove" (On Dit, 25th March, 1991). The music was meant to be "tacky" and "clichéd", and Piers was obviously the only one who missed that point because everyone else at the first Bar Night was revelling in it and basically having an excellent time.  
The comment about Piers "thinking" the male lead singer was male (presumably because he had long hair) was really Dad-is, I'm sure he's run off to get a short-back-and-sides already. Are you in the Lions Club and Apex too, Piers? Also the statement that the band was paid "to musically plagiarise, to cheat, to copy, to steal" brings Piers into the realm of Defamation Law, despite the On Dit editorial policy of no censorship.  
Finally, you know where you can stick your three packets of Arousal, Piers.  
Yours groovily,  
Choose Groove

P.S. You are also a condescending turd for telling people what they should and shouldn't like.

## Whose side is she on?

Dear Editors,

As a non-student that happened to read this week's On Dit, I think that Piers Gillespie certainly deserves hearty congratulations for the article that appeared in this week's edition. It really did bring out into the light the way in which otherwise talentless bands such as "Choose Groove", can draw huge crowds to listen to their poor rehashings of great original songs. I particularly like the exposé of a number of Adelaide bands ripping off the South African music style, while startlingly original bands such as "The Jaynes" receive little or no attention.  
But I do think that Piers did not go far enough in the scope of the article. The shameless exploitation of a particular style of music has long aggravated me. I mean look at The Rolling Stones: these talentless nobodies had the nerve to record a whole four albums of songs that were principally R & B covers. Remember Eric Clapton, Eric Burdon and the Animals, Led Zeppelin? What unimaginative

boring wankers. The temerity these long haired, androgenous, nightmares had, to play nothing but blues for so many years. They must think they fooled us all. But oh no, you weren't fooled, were you, Piers?

Actor-playwrights can hold their heads high after reading Piers' article, proud in the knowledge that they have both written and acted in their own plays. They must pray at night, thanking God that they don't have the misfortune to belong to some bunch of plagiarising half-brained chops such as the English Shakespeare Company, who are so mindless that they actually have to perform a play that was written in 1608! But the ESC have sunk further than that! They are actually performing a stolen, thieved, copied, unoriginal piece of work! Yes! Shakespeare in fact pilfered "Coriolanus" from Plutarch's "Live of the Noble Grecians and Romans", which was translated in 1579. The scum. Every one of his plays and sonnets should be burned - as should all unoriginal works and genre pieces.

So, thank you Piers Gillespie, for being one of the last bastions of purely original thought in this increasingly "borrowed" world. I can count on you to block your ears when a band plays a cover, I know that every recipe you use is one of your own, I need not doubt that all of the information in your essays is of the most perfect originality. Although, I have never met nor seen you, I can intuitively tell that the way in which you dress will be so novel and unique as to put those fools that follow fashion to shame.  
Piers Gillespie - you are my god. I worship you.  
Yours (with the utmost of sincerity),  
Montague Withnail

## Piers Takes a Hammering

Dear Eds,

I am writing to you in reference to the article in the last edition of On Dit written by Mr. Piers Gillespie. For the benefit of your readers, the article slams "crap cover bands" and in particular the band "Choose Groove".  
I write to you because I believe Mr. Gillespie has rather unfairly condemned "Choose Groove" (hereafter CG). Mr. Gillespie suggests that CG takes "it all seriously - too seriously". How seriously did Mr. Gillespie take his article? He writes, "These guys are getting paid over \$300 to musically plagiarise, to cheat...", & he continues with, "If they did it at study they would be out on their respective arses." Mr. Gillespie, for starters, the dictionary definition of plagiarise is "to take the writings, thoughts or ideas of another and call them your own" (as taken from the Australian Concise Dictionary). CG has in no way ever called the songs their own. The use of the words cheat & fraud also imply things about CG that they have never said. They aren't trying to deceive their fans and their fans know they aren't the original bands they are copying. Yes, Mr. Gillespie, copying. I admit

## Smatterings of Obscenity

Why didn't you Getamungstitt? Dear Students of Adelaide Uni,

Last August elections, my Getamungstitt colleagues and I planned

CG does copy. I also admit every student at our great institution also copies. We copy notes from lecture boards, we copy ideas into our own works. And we do this not to cheat or deceive anyone but to learn. After 3 or so years we may do research work and come up with ideas solely our own, but to begin with very few of us come up with brand new theories. It is the same with CG and the other cover bands. They need to learn how to be a band by playing covers, and then when they have learnt enough they can write their own songs. Give them time for this Mr. Gillespie.

In the meantime, Mr. Gillespie, as you stated in your article, you are a minority and there are many more people than yourself who do indeed like to hear, dance and to sweat to cover bands playing cover music. Who knows, in ten years CG may be as big as INXS.  
Yours Sincerely,  
James Smilh.

## Women's Officer

Dear Editors,

I understand the rationale behind the Women's Officer position. I consider myself a feminist. Women are discriminated against in our society. They suffer from the problems and situations some of which Ms Barrett outlines in her column; sexual harassment; a lack of childcare facilities; gender exclusive curriculum and language as well as inadequate campus security. These campus based problems are only a reflection of the discrimination women suffer in the wider community. Women are discriminated against because women are traditionally powerless; their powerlessness has been maintained through unequal pay; job opportunities, sexual stereotypes and violence. To begin to redress this discrimination positions such as the Women's Officer are essential.

Ms Barrett justifies the existence of the Women's Officer position on the fact that women are discriminated against, however, she then goes on to say that men are discriminated against which, logically, suggests a Men's Officer is warranted.

Personally, I find the idea of a Men's Officer both unwarranted and ludicrous. But there are others who are not so easily convinced. If Ms Barrett understands her role she must undertake to explain in a more understandable and logical fashion why we have a Women's Officer, how women are discriminated against on and off campus and why we do not have and do not need a Men's Officer.  
If she fails to do this she runs the risk of undermining the important position which she holds.  
J. Holland

## Smatterings of Obscenity

Why didn't you Getamungstitt? Dear Students of Adelaide Uni,

Last August elections, my Getamungstitt colleagues and I planned

an executed a brilliant, hilarious, original and funny campaign for the benefit and entertainment of you, the students of Adelaide University. This involved no small sacrifice on our part, spending hours and hours getting amungstitt for your benefit. And what did we get? - Not one of the 15 positions that we ran for. And this by-election - same story! Well, fuck you, Adelaide Uni students!

I'm so fucking livid at your ingratitude. I hope the fucking Liberals get in - then you'll be sorry. The Getamungstitt party slave, plan, pray and ingest dangerous contraband in pursuit of your welfare, and then you kick us in the teeth! Well, don't fucking expect me to make the next election interesting. Oh no, no more jokes or witticisms or sparkling gems of the comedic art from me anywhere. So, if you want any laughs at the next election, you'll fucking well just have to stare at your own genitals.  
Love from  
Paul Getamungstitt LL.B, BA

## Faction Fighting with the Getamungstitts

Peter and Paul have taken the name Getamungstitt in vain. They seem to suffer from the delusion that Student Politics bares some relevance to the world in which we live.

We knew that if we didn't act soon they would be lost to us forever and suffer the eternal damnation of being normal. That's why, in our infinite GOD given wisdom, we have decided upon an intensive drug therapy program to get them back off the rails. As Job was made to prove his faith to the Big Puppet Master in the sky, so shall Peter and Paul be made to prove their allegiance to the Getamungstitt cause. HE who provides excuses for the incompetent, succour to the feeble minded and lame at heart, and megabucks to the Bakers, has decreed that they shall take for forty days and forty nights. In a strangely neglected passage the Bible tells us that on the eighth day GOD said, "Let there be weed!" and, since HE always got his mysterious way, there was weed. HE saw that it was wicked and said as much.  
We believe that there is a message here for us all but like most obscure Bible messages it could be used to justify anything and probably isn't worth the papyrus on which it was written.  
Yours in religious Ecstasy,  
Richard and Greg

## Dynamic, Living Culture

Dear Editors,

Published in this week's On Dit was a letter by Matt Hawkins, titled "Penberthy Not Such a Bad Fellow After All".

He made a number of comments to which I feel I must respond. If Matt really believes Aboriginal students should not be offended

by the article, then he lacks understanding and does not appreciate how the O'Week publication was received by students.  
His remarks that the advert could only help the long-term cause of Aboriginal people is outrageous. How could it? It was a negative use of stereotype. If people wish to ridicule the Young Liberals then they should not use Aborigines to do it.

His argument that it was a legitimate piece of humour, begs the question "legitimate to whom"? I found the tone of the piece original and simple in its style, not to mention its racist overtones. Furthermore, David has not been hounded nor asked for a further apology, as seemed to be implied. The Aboriginal students' letter questioned David's presumption that it was acceptable to use those materials for the publication and that there was no excuse for his actions.

Also, I draw your attention to what has become journalistic practice. Whenever Aboriginals speak up on most issues, they are branded as activists. Where other people speak for themselves or their cause, they are simply people expressing an opinion, or they are perhaps lobbyists. We are people with fair causes and concerns, but because we are Aboriginal we must be 'activists'. The core of the problem is people's attitudes. It is very hard to change people's ideas when they fall to see the underlying issues which need consideration.

The idea of directing our energies towards other things is valid. Perhaps it is time that it was brought to the attention of all members of the Adelaide University community that there is an important Aboriginal perspective to sensitive issues of race and prejudice which non-Aboriginal authors should seek before espousing their point of view.

Finally, Matt's letter was also hurtful to me and an insult to my people for the following reason - Why did he spell Aborigines and Aboriginals with a small 'a'? (David also used this dated technique and it was not appreciated). Was it part of editorial policy to do so? "Asian" is not spelt with a small letter 'a'. Indians from the America's are not spelt with a small 'i'. As a legacy of colonisation, the word Aborigines has been imposed on the Indigenous peoples of Australia. Non-Aboriginal people should grant us some human dignity and always use the capital 'A' for Aborigine and Aboriginal.

Aboriginal people are part of a dynamic, living culture and we are survivors of your ancestors' destructive policies. Everybody would achieve something by acknowledging this today in some respectful way.  
Yours sincerely,  
Matthew Bourke

## Shut the Fuck Up!

Dear Fellow Students, Please be quiet in lectures! - A. Def Resher

## Warren - Drain on the Public Purse

Dear Eds,

Who the fuck is Warren P. Block? Can we have a photo of him, please, so we can talk to him in person. The amount of letters published in On Dit so far this year by Mr Block amounts to five. Five letters in four issues, Mr Block's batting over a thousand. Ony! But let's get down to basics. On Dit has an annual budget of around \$70,000. In 1991, the Editors expect to publish 24 editions, with 7,000 copies made of each edition. So, it comes out to about \$3,000 per edition. Not too bad, really. Well, assuming Warren Block continues with his perfect score, taking up, say 1/8 of a page per letter, in each of the 24 issues of a 24-page paper, he's gonna chalk up some bucks. If each page costs \$3,000 + 24 = \$125, and Mr Block's letters take up 1/8 of a page, then Mr Block will end up costing students \$125 + 8 = \$15.63 per edition. 24 editions, 24 x \$15.63, that's about \$374 per year! Just to hear from Mr Block. That's taking up the Union fees from almost 1/2 students. Seriously, kids, is this worth it? Demand accountability from your student representatives, demand value for your union fee. As students who pay for On Dit, we want, NO, we DEMAND, some answers.  
Love  
Twisty

## Another Bloody Long Letter from Warren

Sirs,

This week I had my first exposure (so to speak) to student democracy with the Union By-election. It was an extremely interesting process which seemed to rely on a less than awe inspiring campaign by all of the candidates that ran for one whole page in one edition of our exalted, reputable periodical. It is obvious that none of these people are serious about getting my vote (who wants it, I hear you scream). Before this week, all these aspirants were names on the inside back page (in pretty small print at that) of our honourable tabloid, inoffensively noted as "5 nominations".

None of these ambitious politicians has shown their face in my presence. None have offered to kiss my baby (if I had one) nor to espouse what they stand for to justify their election. The wonderfully incisive cover given to the issue, by a correspondent who remains nameless, lasts for a whole 23 cm of column and describes the candidates in a way that effectively says that a vote for anyone other than Labor is a wasted vote unless there is a some wildly precipitant misdirection of preferences or one studies at Roseworthy.

Less than full information about these people with such directive comment from the media leads me to feel das Universitates Volk would be better off leaving the whole matter to the politicians and the

party(ies) to sort out. After all, they are the ones who wish to acquire a seat in the Reichstag, oh, I am sorry, I mean the AU Union. Who would better know what is good for us than they?

So, I have no idea who these people are or what they really stand for and I am expected to make an informed, intelligent, preferential vote at election time. (Do I hear someone shouting "Get real!" from the Gallery?). Then there is the voting system itself. Yes, I did vote after all. Naive fool that I was, I expected to be able to cast an anonymous vote. If one has faith in the two envelopes system, I suppose that I did vote anonymously. Consider that there is no compulsion to vote and yet the System still needs to have my complete details almost down the colour socks (yes, socks! - not those other things) I wear. This information is needed to mark me off the electoral roll Voting is not compulsory. Why do they need to know whether or not I voted? To stop electoral fraud, I hear you answer. What fraud? The electors hard pressed to know anything about the candidates anyway. Who but the most twisted mind is going to want to vote more than once anyway (if they want to vote at all)?

And what happens to all those double envelopes? How can I be sure that they are all not steamed open to see not only who voted but also for whom? This information is then recorded in a big computer somewhere which is may (sic) then used for more sinister purposes, who knows? I discussed this with the polling officer at the booth at which I voted. She looked at me as if I were a paranoid freak. I assured her that I was not a freak. Her attitude to the whole matter was: It's really not that important. And that may sum the whole aspect of by-elections up in a nutshell.

I was enduced (seduced?) with the "have a say in the spending of my \$251" propaganda to exhort me to vote. This is the only exhortation that made me consider that it might be worth my while. (There's one borne every minute?) If this current experience is indicative of how by-elections are conducted, no person could take the process seriously. It seems to me that every election needs to be taken seriously and seeking to convince electors why they should be elected, the electors may take it more seriously and overcome their apathy. If it is not then the whole notion that Union delegates are representative is rubbish. We may as well put our faith in the Chancellor and let him rule for our benefit.  
Goodnight,  
Warren P. Block

## Well Knock Me Down!

Dear Editors,

"Misquoted" was the word that first came to mind when I read your editorial column last week. Yes, I did refer to the M.S.C. as "dickheads", and yes, I did say "knocking down". However, a fair

evaluation of the Council minutes will show that I went to great pains to point out that "knocking down" referred to the M.S.C. motions and not the members.

On the occasion in question, Council was requested to ratify 41 M.S.C. resolutions of which all were funny, none were worthwhile, and many cast nasty aspersions. Needless to say, Council did not support these motions. However, this incident brought up debate about whether it was viable to have such meetings where time, effort and expense were treated so frivolously.

I said "Yes". I claimed that if M.S.C. wanted to behave like "dickheads", it was their decision, and that attempts to stop this would merely antagonise and curtail the media. As a result, I proposed that we simply "knock down" meaningless motions but let the meetings continue. The use of the word "dickhead" is equivalent to saying foolish fellows, but as we have seen in the pages of On Dit, the use of a colourful vernacular is well supported.

It's funny, isn't it, how a campaigner for editorial freedom and the continuation of M.S.C. meetings can be portrayed as a foe? Still, the discretion afforded to editors who call their column "... outright lies".  
Sincerely,  
Mario Dreost

## A Totally Ludicrous Letter

Mister Editor,

It has recently been brought to our attention that the loathsome and unruly past-time of snipe flexing has become rife in and around this sacred institution. Although we are not at liberty to divulge our sources, we feel it only proper to warn newcomers to this fine establishment of this sinister, highly addictive menace.  
Discovered by a group of diligent oracles known only as "The people who like stupid humour for the sake of stupid humour". This sport/practice dates back to the pre-encephalophonium era. In its original form the participant would lie on their back, feet in air whilst clutching a cherry tomatoe in their belly button. After three and a half minutes (as counted silently by repetition of the word snipe) the participant would then lurch forward violently and using all their mental power, will a group of small birds, housed in an aquarium at their feet, to flex as one. Apparently, great warm, fuzzy, purple feelings were generated by this act and the subject quickly became hooked. Hence the first reporting of this sad phenomena. Bastardization of the original act (as described above) has taken place and presently numerous and varied actions may accompany the art of snipe flexing. More recently, the act once primarily practised by bodybuilders and ornithologists alike, has claimed more young American lives than crack cocaine. As related to our organisation by a hardened flexer, "Oh man, it's just soooo ridiculous it bugs me out in a largish way." It is hard to believe that a sport once proposed for the



Winter Olympics in 1966 could have, in such a short period, gotten so out of hand.

Concerned students should be fully aware of their own bodies at all times and should avoid high risk behaviour such as, wading in the River Torrens in yellow rubber boats and a nightgown with the alphabet on it. Enclosed is a list prepared by our organisation of danger signs to look for. Remember ... your mother may be a snipe flexer!! Check that you and/or your peers - have not recently begun growing:

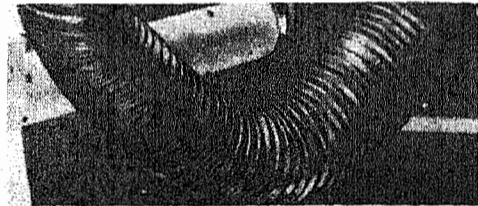
- a) feathers
  - b) a long spindly beak
  - c) both the above
- keep your ears and eyes open for:
- groups of 4 - 5 snipe twittering in circles
  - the sounds of the words ... "1, 2, 3 Gentlemen, Flex your Snipe".
  - yellow buckets of nesting material labelled in fine black crayon "Nesting Material Only".
  - fellow students/family members suddenly, and for apparently no reason, saying to you (fingers on nose) ... "Fuck off Wankerhead" or "Tiddles, it's my seed I love".
  - trees suddenly growing in your pencil case
  - bull rushes appearing where they once were not.

Because of the multiplicity of actions potentially encompassing this addictive past-time, the above are only some of the tell-tale signs.

You have been warned, say NO to Snip Flexing.

Yours in solidarity and nasally voices with back up harmonies,

**Personages Against Snipe Flexing**



### False Mario 1

Dear Simon and Dave,

I would just like to say that I did indeed call you dickheads, and soon you will feel the wrath of my blunt instrument.

Lots of love and kisses,  
**Aldo Mario Dreosti**

P.S. At least I do not have a funny haircut!

### False Mario 2

Dear Eds,

Regarding your editorial from last week where you accused me of calling you guys dickheads ...

You guys are dickheads!

The blunt instrument I shall bash you with will be a can of Dave's hairspray.

I shall then make you eat your pathetic editorial as well as Charles Dicken's "War and Peace".

If you do not apologise directly, I shall never read your poor, pathetic, post-pubescent, parody of a paper. I shall instead just sit on it to stop my arse getting wet on the Barr Smith Lawns.

With malice,  
**Councillor Mario Dreosti**

Dear Eds,

### False Mario 3

Sorry guys, I apologise for calling you dickheads. I don't know what came over me. I know that you are really nice, clean boys. As for knocking you down, I couldn't do that to a pair of gentle, kind boys like you. I will also play "Peanut and the Stiffy" as soon as is humanly possible.

Yours lovingly,  
**Aldo Mario Dreosti**

### False Mario Friend

Dear Editors,

I have a very distressing revelation to impart. It is my sad duty to confirm that, yes, Mario Dreosti is, in fact, a paranoid schizophrenic with a multiple personality disorder.

Yours in deep regret,  
**Dr Jacobi,**  
A friend  
"Psychiatrist to the Stars"

### False Mario 4

Dear Eds,

Regarding last week's editorial in which you quote me as having called you "dickheads". Your accusation is correct.

I have no defence. I cannot say you misquoted me as the records show it. I can not say you took it out of context, I really did mean it when I called you "dickheads".

It makes me wonder, thus, what am I doing writing this piece of drivel? Probably it is because of I am full of my own self-importance; after all, I belong to the Liberal Party. I shall not apologise for having called you "dickheads", Granpa John (John Kerr, bless his Union Jack boxer shorts) said I was born to rule and dominate people with funny haircuts, acne, bald spots, dermatitis and bad breath. So, fuck you, dickheads.

**Aldo Mario Dreosti**  
2nd Year Philosophy  
Failure at Law!

The Editors would like to point out that the real letter from Mario Dreosti appears on the previous page. Funny enough, we also received all these letters, purporting to be from Mario, but delivered by other people, some of them even attempting to emulate Mario's fluent and concise writing style, but with little success.

We would also like to add that we both like Mario, and realise that his use of the phrase "knock them down" was merely a term of endearment and did not imply or threaten physical harm to either of the editors or their families.

**Toys in the Attic**

# Soil Erosion and Increasing Salinity

## HECS

As we see it, soil erosion is the major problem facing Australians, particularly students, in the '90s. HECS, Ausstudy and decreased tertiary funding all pale into insignificance compared to the sheer horror of gully erosion or a major soil slump.

## Attractive

Soil erosion is closely linked to the extensive land clearance that has been common practice in the past. Without attractive and useful vegetation to protect the soil, it becomes extremely susceptible to erosion. This erosion can occur in several forms.

## Oppression

Without a protective tree canopy or nice solid groundcover, rain can strike the soil directly, causing "rain-splash" erosion. This loosens the soil. Then

the water runs off in the form of groundwater, and with no vegetation to unite the soil against oppression or slow the flow of water, the soil is carried off with the groundwater. After a period of time, gully erosion will occur, with the runoff cutting deep gullies into the naked and fearful earth. Once the problem reaches this stage, it is hard to control, as well as landscaping your farm/garden/windowbox most unattractively.

## Elicit

But don't lose hope! Something can be done. You can start in your very own garden, by planting some flowers, or perhaps even native shrubs and ground-dwelling plants. Not only will this halt soil erosion, but will also make you the envy of your neighbours, and will probably elicit admiring comments like "My! What an attractive and erosion proof garden!"

## Farmer

Your next step should be to head out

into the country, identify areas of need (eg wheat fields), destroy existing vegetation and replace with economically useless but sturdy shrubs. This may initially cause anger and consternation among land owners, but they will surely calm down after you explain the situation to them. Even so, try to do it at night when the farmer is asleep.

## Recreational Anglers

As well as soil erosion, land clearance has other associated problems. One of these is salinity. With increased runoff in catchment areas, Salinity levels in river water have been known to increase alarmingly, along with levels of heavy metals, pesticides, agricultural chemicals, recreational angler sand power boat users. This sort of thing is not good.

## Double Strength Stout

The main area that increased salinity will impact is the tourist trade. A good example can be found in our very own

state, where the water is often indistinguishable from a crate of double strength stout. Unfortunately, it is not even half as alcoholic. This situation means that people are often reluctant, or even frightened, to visit our great state. How often have you heard the familiar jibe "Adelaide water is totally fucked"? With clean water, it is estimated that the tourist trade would increase by 3000%, with people flocking to enjoy the Barossa, the friendly small-town atmosphere, the Torrens, Mt. Thebarton, the Compass Cup, our very own Ann Wills, and the many other attractions of South Australia.

## Think

Think about it.

## Editors

**Dave Krantz**  
**Simon Healy**



# Up The Khyber

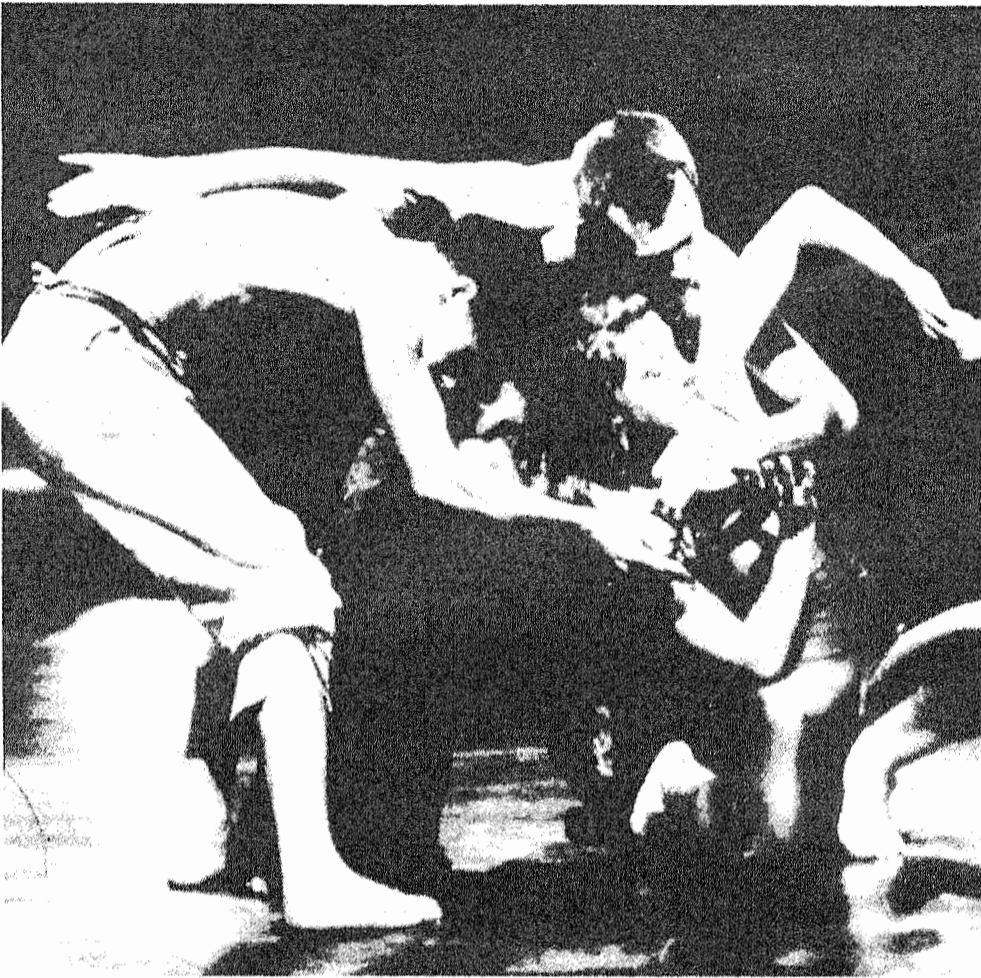
## Alice Thorpe heads off to St. Annes for a beach party

Behold a bright, bubbly, boozy but brilliant bash and you have the Beach Party, held at St Ann's last Saturday evening. The party cost \$16 if you knew you were going before the night, or else it was a scummy \$20 for unlimited access to voluminous quantities of alcohol - and not just to consume either.

On arrival at the function your attire would have been in a healthy state, but thereafter - forget it! Your best perfume or aftershave rapidly became Y'ves Saint La Bier extraordinaire. To begin with it was a case of shrinking away from any bolsterous young male sporting a cup of anything containing liquid as countless cup holders repeatedly approached exclaiming, "My, you don't look wet yet!" (a black top tends to look dry when it's not). Then it became a matter of revenge!

One of the great things about the event was that a variety of faculties were represented. The St Ann's inmates stood out in their wet t-shirts bearing the "St Ann's Beach Party" design, and you could not miss the Med students with zinc smothered on their noses. Strangely enough on this occasion the Engineers of the future could not be distinguished...or maybe that was just because everyone was getting into the grog... (just jokes guys!)

As with the usual "Skulduggery" scenario the loos were pretty much unisex. Also similarly the whole place was swimming by



the end of the night. Even the packed dance floor was drowned in beer and cider, but it didn't really matter, as the patrons were too. The music was good, and many classic hits were played along with appropriated numbers such as Stevie Ray Vaughan's "Pipeline". The St Ann's residents had obviously spent much time with the decor-arranging banners and painting items such as "The Beach Towel," which were then displayed in the dance area. About 100 people attended this year's Beach Party. Numbers were down on the previous year's show, which attracted more like 1200. Nevertheless a good time was had by all and at least this year there was more room in which to manoeuvre just in time to avoid that last cup of flying beer.

Following recent allegations against the gentlemen of St. Marks who deny it all...

Be it known to everyone  
For more of the same fun

All fair damsels know  
That they may safely go

To the Marksensfest  
On 14th April which doesn't rhyme.

See you there!  
Alice Thorpe

# Annexe the Sudatenland and Invade Poland

Sunday, 14th April, heralds a quite remarkable and thoroughly spectacular cultural event in the Adelaide calendar of social happenings. You may already be suggesting such glorious events as Bob Neil's birthday, world peace, or something of such magnitude, however, it is none of these; we speak of none other than the unequivocally dynamic and annual "Marksensfest" - St Mark's college's celebration of German culture and tradition at its finest!

Now, let's not generalise here; just because it is a function run by the somewhat infamous St Mark's university college, it does not mean that "Marksensfest" is a typical and highly intoxicated university event, in fact, it is far from it. "Marksensfest" is a day of stimulating and exciting festivities with a traditional German theme.

If you attend this unforgettable and utterly inspirational event, you will have the immense pleasure of being entertained by The Adelaide Village Band playing traditional German Oompha music, and treating your taste buds to an exotic range of German cuisine including authentic German sausages, and both pigs and a sheep on the spit. Oh, and of course, the delightful range of exotic beers! Such fine beers available include Copper Head, Lion Pilsner, Lion Stingo, Coopers beer and a variety of home brews lovingly brewed and tended by St



Mark's students themselves.

Tickets to the "Marksensfest" are limited, therefore, in order not to miss out on this totally opportunity, prompt purchase of tickets is urged. They are very reasonably priced at \$25 considering one is entitled to unlimited quality entertainment, fine cuisine, and a spectacular range of exotic beers (that's right, all you can eat and drink included in the price of your ticket!). What's more, upon entry to this cultural extravaganza, the college presents each guest with a free beer stein to keep as a reminder of the day.

If you are interested in the "Marksensfest", inquiries can be made by calling the St Mark's office on 267 2211, or tickets can be purchased at the SAUA Office at Adelaide University.

"Marksensfest" will be held on Sunday, 14th April at St Mark's College, 46 Pennington Terrace, North Adelaide, and will commence at 12.30 pm. St Mark's College urges each and every one of you to indulge yourself in a wonderful day of German festivities which will leave you with many fond memories and the desire to return for many years to come.



# Oak Wank

**On Dit's intrepid reporters venture into the twilight zone...**

For anybody unaccustomed to commitments before 10.00 am on any given day of the week; getting up at 3.00 am on a public holiday, is a bit of a mind-boggling experience. At about 3.45 am, after a good hot shower and a shave, we stand in front of our cupboards pondering the clothes which we probably haven't worn since the third full moon of the previous year. Then wearing all the most expensive clothes that we own (whether they actually go together or not doesn't really matter at Oakbank) and feeling a little bit silly, we head out to the car to begin our pre-dawn odyssey.

Mercedes Benz', more Range Rovers, Jaguars, borrowed Range Rovers, Pajeros, Volvos and even the odd bus. The traffic jam actually leads to a muddy paddock in the hills which doesn't actually seem to exist for more than two days a year. After waiting outside the gate for an hour, generally freezing, drinking and watching the sun rise, we are finally allowed to enter.

"Orifices", or at least that's what their scrunched arm bands appear to read, herd us into a parking area. Whether we wanted to park there or not is irrelevant, so to, it would seem was the fact that we got up at



**A group of aspiring merchant bankers ponce about for the camera**



**Up nice and early with matching jackets- Mmmm**

Having arrived at our pre-determined meeting place (which no matter where it is, it seems to be stuffed full of other people doing the same thing. Hint - next year, avoid the Mobil, Glen Osmond Service Station), we get out of the car and "Oh no! massive chambray overload!!" The whole area is a blur of the same shade of blue, Country Road and a splattering of R.M. Williams. Some people are actually silly enough to buy new outfits to wear through the mud, horse shit and rain of Oakbank. Sales at David Jones, Country Road, R.M. Williams and all other chambray, tweed, japara and driza-bone merchants boom. Little do they realise that you can get quite good coats and trench coats, albeit occasionally from St. Vinneys and Red Cross for about \$10 - \$20.

We then pile back into our cars to join the 5.00 am freeway traffic jam, consisting of Range Rovers, daddy's Range Rovers,

3.30 am to park where we wanted. A large barbecue, several eskies, and myriads of seemingly identical deck chairs roll off the trailer ready for breakfast. This breakfast tended to be more liquid than anything else. It largely consisted of beer, champagne and Tequila (there were a few pieces of bacon and a couple of eggs for anybody who was remotely interested in food).

It's now 9.00 am and we're feeling rather wonky, we realise it's two hours before the first official event. These events seem to have something to do with a mob of large hairy beasts running around in circles with silk embroidered little twits perched precariously on their backs trying to flog them to death with a nasty, nasty whip. One does wonder why these dopey animals don't just roll over and squash the silly little buggers. It's going to be a long day.

We look up into the sky and watch the rain begin to fall on our precious attire (yes, it

actually seems that Driza-Bones have a use ... unless somebody else has pinched them). The ground becomes muddier, the horses become even soggy, and we look down on our once valuable shoes, the muddy bottoms of the C.R. trousers and, God forbid!! Muddy Range Rover tyres! We begin to wonder why we are doing this to ourselves.

Off we head to the members enclosure, to run back and forth through the gates collecting twenty to thirty members "pass outs" for friends who haven't managed to wrangle some kind of members pass yet.

Members Passes ... funny things really, we didn't actually see a real one, just passes like "member's guest", "someone who knows a member's guest", "I saw a member's guest", "I had a member's guest" and an obviously offensive yellow card which allowed you into all the members areas without actually saying you had anything to do with a

We got answers like:

"I love Oakbank, because we're, soi Yuppie." Sad truth.

"It's a chance to show off my Yuppido." Yeah, right.

"I came here for one thing and one thing only ... sex." This one's got hopes.

"To get real, real pissed." An Engie.

We wandered back to the wagons for lunch, and faced queries about that rather large witches hat wedged under the trailer. This was also about the time when those poor people who drove turned from the bottle to the "Nippys" for relief from an inevitable afternoon hangover.

After lunch, we wandered a bit more, lost a bit more money and literally bumped into a few more people. By about five or six o'clock most of the passengers have raging, screaming, thumping hangovers and are demanding to be driven home. We packed



**Meat market in the Members Bar**

member.

As we move into the comfort of the members bar and out of the rain, our shoes now only have to contend with beer and beer cans. This place tends to resemble more of a pick up joint than a place where people go to act like a bunch of snots out of a "Tatler" magazine.

We wander back outside, "Great, it's stopped raining", but the wind's picked up and the wind chills factor brought it down to -60 degrees C. It's walky time ... That time when we wander around from car to car bumping into people we haven't seen for yonks, saying things like,

"Oi, Hallo! ... How arre yoi!", "I haven't seen yoi for soi long!", "What arre yoi doing?" (Like with your life) a question most Arts students avoid answering.

Along our way, we had the chance to ask others, why they come back to Oakbank?

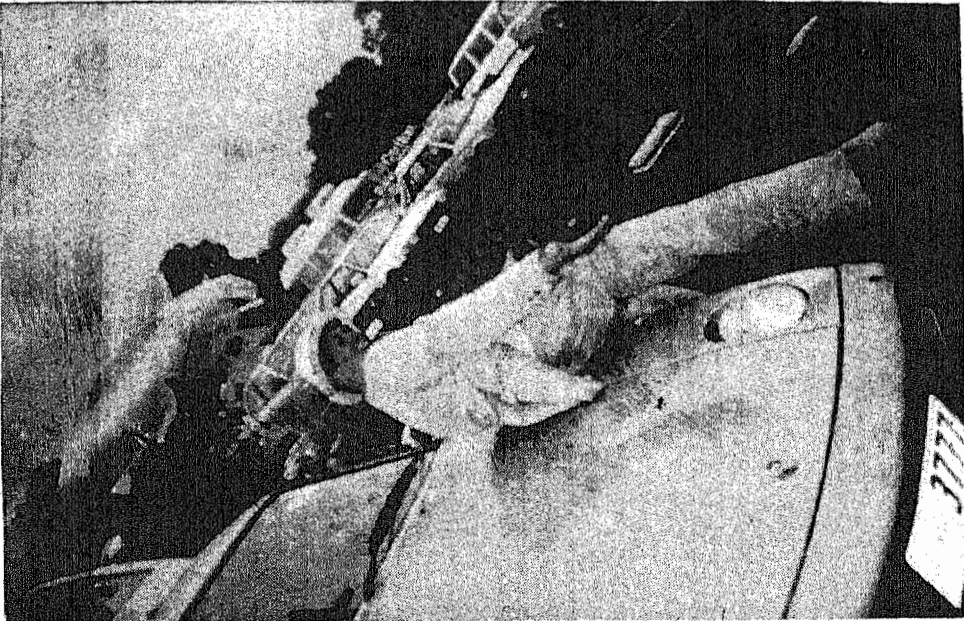
up and headed in the direction of the exit gates. Those who were clever avoided traffic by nipping out the back and finding a way home down Greenhill road. Those who thought they were clever got hopelessly lost trying to.

Despite all this, for reasons we will probably never understand, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and so did most of the other 60,000 that went. We will be back with a vengeance next year.

Horses? Did we hear you ask about the horses ...?

Yeah, well, we saw a couple of those too, but we couldn't work out where they fitted in.

Tom Cawley  
Simon McKean



**Nice suit, pity about the car**



# Onward Into No-Man's Land

We continue our romp through the land of Digger pubs with Simon Healy. The epic conclusion to the award winning Digger Pub Crawl.

## SPORTSMAN'S HOTEL

Tame and almost empty, with a magnificent jukebox. Everybody immediately orders \$4.40 shnizzels. Let's face it: all the interiors are starting to look a bit similar by now. But by way of individuality, this one has 'SH' monogrammed onto the carpet.

Through a side door is the ambitiously-named 'Bottle Dept.', which has very little apart from 30 flagons of Coolabah, a lot of UDLs and reds of the quality of Rovalley Rich Port. Rovalley Rich looks like one of the most frightening refreshments ever offered to person or beast.

Ben Buzzard eats his Hawaiian Shnizzel with a paper serviette stuck into the top of his shirt. The authenticity of this man is beyond question.

No-one who has ever played competitive sport hangs out in the Sportsman's. I wonder where Grenville Dietrich drinks?

I order a Steak & Mushroom Pie for \$5.50 which was a little dry to say the least, but served with 4 hearty vegetables. I washed it down with a butcher of West End Draught: a good complement to stodgy food.

While tucking into my counter meal, I notice a rather glazed-looking digger next to me. He had maintained the same distant expression since we walked into the pub, but unexpectedly strikes up conversation with me using the immortal words "Kids these days." HONEST! I take an immediate liking to him. Sadly, the rest of our conversation is indecipherable.

Ultimately, I come to the most difficult part of any relationship. I realise that despite our initial attraction, communication is breaking down (i.e. I can't understand a damn thing he's saying). Our relationship has no future.

We leave.

## GOthic

A horrid full-length wall picture of a Scandinavian mountain scene is prominent, obviously attempting to inspire the patrons into spontaneous renditions of "Do Re Mi" and "I've Just Met a Girl Called Marla". The Gothic seems flat & dull, but maybe that's just the way we feel at the time. I require a rest, albeit briefly, so the Goth is the first pub I haven't had a drink at.

The Gothic is certainly not gothic, but does have padded cane chairs with sturdy solid backs: god knows why.

A TV in the corner shows the Trots. Ben Buzzard goes down in a screaming heap on two called Born Ugly and Bamway.

## PRINCE ALBERT

Any pub which leaves the door to the front bar open is too inviting to outsiders to foster a genuine digger pub atmosphere. The guy behind the bar does, however, call me "cobber". Success at last!

Speaking of success: Ponies! For 95c! I love this place! They only had four pony glasses, but that scarcely seemed to matter. The Prince Albert was the first pub where they didn't give me an incredulous/furious look when I asked for a pony. It has a wonderful atmosphere and an ugly carpet. Recommended.

Spied the Norwood v Sturt game on TV 20 minutes into the third quarter. Scores:



## "We run over tables, chairs and room fittings with reckless abandon"

Norwood 10:11 71  
Sturt 4:5 29

I cry out "Yeahhh! 1991: Year of the Redleg!", or something similar. In retrospect, this seems more than a little foolish.

## DUKE OF BRUNSWICK

Younger crowd. As we approach the pub and see the benches outside, we decide that 'digger' is not the word to describe this pub. Paul (no second name: a late arrival) uses the word "confrontational". A drunk nearby draws after him, "Oi tend to use the word a fair bit masself, mate." Hilarious.

Two excellent pool tables are inside, neither of which are being used. In general, a nice place to settle back and drink oneself into a state of entropy.

There are two diggers playing chess in the corner! They look like philosophy majors who do a bit of REMM-site work in their spare time.

"Paranoid" followed by "Cherry Pie" blare out of the jukebox. The Duke is a Rock'n'Roll pub, no mistake, but strangely enough, there's a Hindu Love Gods poster on the wall.

Michelle Marmoset and I win a game of pool despite playing appallingly. Christmas

Kate is so angry at doing an air shot that she dismembers Francesca, the beanie of disgrace. Francesca, for those who didn't come across her on the O'Camp, is a doll with a toilet-roll holder for a dress. The sort of thing one finds in Grandparents' toilets.

David Krantz and Kate Juttner arrive very late (hence no animal surnames), and I order a butcher to sniggers from Dave. Dave proceeded to buy Kate the FIRST PINT OF HER LIFE. A momentous occasion.

The Rock'n'Roll continues non-stop on the jukebox with "Sweet Child O' Mine" and more metal.

After an epic stint at the Duke of Bruns, the pressure mounts for us to move on. Kate is encouraged to finish her pint:

David K.: "Go on Kate, get outside of that."

Michelle Marmoset: "It's only a pint. It won't hurt you."

Kate succumbs.

## GILBERT

As it turns out, the pub of pike. Non-descript boring pub which gives the impression of being half-closed. However, after a few minutes, most crawlers retire to David K's place to eat fairy floss. Only Michelle Marmoset, Rebecca Rabbit, Darien

Dog, Kate J. and I stick it out. We talk about the highlights of the crawl, which were definitely the SNAGs at the Edinburgh Castle and the free biscuits and cheese at the Launceston. I choose not to drink because when I called my mother she warned me about the potential damage to my liver.

The most worthwhile generalisation to be made from the day is The Rule of Digger Pub Television: They tend to prefer the footy to SBS documentaries.

We attempt to piece together Francesca, who was almost abandoned in the Duke of Brunswick. Shame!

## ROB ROY

Spacious and relaxed with a PIANO! Great fun! The strains of "Take My Breath Away" and "Groove Is in the Heart" fill the air, while David's toy frog is gridironed around the room recklessly.

Michelle Marmoset claims there is a man at the front bar called Bluey.

We run over tables, chairs and room fittings with reckless abandon, and the bar staff look on slightly disconcerted, but powerless. The Rob Roy is a fun pub, but it was soon time to leave before we wore out our welcome or destroyed the piano.

It seems apparent that the staff are not used to entertaining either University students or pub crawlers.

We proceeded to alter our itinerary by giving the *Saracen's Head* the swerve. Any pub which has large, mean-looking bouncers out the front has missed the point of the digger spirit. Instead, we diverted to:

## THE ORIENT

"Working Class Man" plays as we walk through the door. This is a good sign. Mood is reasonably okay, although I suspect that if there were more regulars and fewer crawlers present, this may not have been the case.

The chalked-up menu on the wall includes "Bangas (sic) and Mash". They don't mess around with their food at The Orient.

Christmas Kate writes on my note sheet, "Simon and Kate have an argument over the spelling of Schnitzel (sic)." She then realises her mistake and concedes defeat. The correct spelling is, of course, *shnizzel*. The trick is saying it as one syllable.

A number of crawlers soldier on with beers that they never really should have ordered and admit to feeling quite sick.

I decide that I've had quite enough lager for one evening and approach the bar with some trepidation to order a Lime & Soda. I successfully buy it and retire to my seat without getting bashed up.

The Orient is a friendly country pub in the heart of the city, with its decor in the '50s and heart in the mid-'70s. As if proof was needed, the locals program "Lay Down Your Guns".

Instead, we lay down our beers. The pub crawl is over. However, there's scarcely a need for tearful farewells, partly because we're too butchered to realise that it's actually finished, but partly because we've formed an intractable bond which is closer than friendship: it's mateship. Mate.



# The Ethics of the Quota System

**Just how fair is the quota system? Michael Dwyer looks at the quota system, how it affects students and staff, and the justifications behind it. What are the ethics of the quota system?**

There are none.

The justifications all come back to pragmatic reasons - of resources and the particular preferences of departments. The ethics of the first-come-first-served system are apparent, but not at all convincing. In the last issue of ON DIT, the feature sought to draw a comparison between the world today and that envisaged in Orwell's "1984." If you found those arguments unconvincing - don't worry - the system of quotas at this university is evidence enough.

Quotas are in place to limit the number of students in courses, disciplines, and individual subjects. They restrict YOUR CHOICE and ultimately YOUR CAREER DIRECTION.

There are three types of quotas: course quotas; restrictive quotas; and distributive quotas. Course quotas are administered by SATAC and the corresponding faculties - all students have been part of these quotas. This article is not concerned with the process of admission, but how your choices are limited once you arrive. This is done through the use of distributive and restrictive quotas. In the past, an 'in spirit' reading of Clause 3 of Chapter XI of the Statutes led to the practice that any student who had fulfilled the entry requirements for a Faculty was free to enrol in any subject offered by that Faculty, for which they held the prerequisite. In more recent times, Clause 15 of Chapter XXV (the 'do whatever we like' clause), has been used by Council to impose quotas at will. The university does acknowledge (it can hardly not) that quotas are undesirable, and all applications must satisfy the requirement that the "... imposition of a quota cannot be avoided." This requirement has not nearly been satisfied. Secondly, the use of the 'first-come, first-served' (FCFS) mechanism for distributive quotas will be challenged.

Are quotas avoidable? The arguments put forward by departments for quotas are many and varied but most come back to financial resources. The villains are, surprisingly enough, Paul Keating and John Dawkins. Across the whole higher-education sector enrolments this year are up at least 10%. Funding has steadily decreased over the past three years. This means someone is going to suffer - ie the students. Governments are doing a wonderful job of encouraging students to go on to tertiary education - except someone forgot about the money. The result - quotas on subjects and more students have less choice. Funding for tertiary institutions must become the issue for students in the 1990's or the quality of YOUR EDUCATION and the worth of YOUR DEGREE will plummet. Budding student politicians and NUS take notice.

Firstly we need to understand the supposed difference between restrictive and distributive quotas. Restrictive quotas exist where resources do not allow all students to be accommodated. They are called restrictive because they apply to the only subject offered by the department at that level. This means that you cannot study in

that subject area at all - eg Human Anatomy I. That these quotas exist in areas of indisputable economic value - medical sciences, biochemistry, physiology, computing science, economics, commerce etc., is indicative of incredible hypocrisy and short-sightedness on behalf of those in charge of funding as well as a distortion of the justification for our special-love HECS fees.

Distributive quotas were approved because they do not stop a student from studying in a discipline - you must be allowed to do, for example at least one level II History subject, if not your first choice. The justification and method of implementation of distributive quotas are considerably more dubious than for restrictive quotas. While most arguments about distributive quotas apply equally to restrictive quotas, most of



the article will concentrate on the distributive system.

Although officially distributive and restrictive quotas are fundamentally different, this is only a matter of word manipulation. While distributive quotas don't stop you studying first year politics, the subject matter of Australian Politics I, Politics and Society in Western Europe, and an Introduction to Political Thought (all Level I Politics subjects), is so disparate, that students are stopped from studying in distinct subject areas. The distinction that allowed distributive quotas and justifies their method of implementation is too vague.

Distributive quotas are only three years old - having been introduced following the move to semesters in 1989. Prior to this departments offered holding subjects. Instead of enrolling in 'France 1948-1945 II', you enrolled in History IIA, and the depart-

ment allotted your subject options by its chosen method - in the case of History, by ballot. With semesterization, these holding subjects were abolished, and some accountability has been introduced. The Faculty of Arts petitioned the Academic (Educational) Matters Subcommittee [A(EM)] in late 1988 for Council to allow distributive quotas and to delegate authority for their imposition to the Faculty. This succeeded.

Their reasons were:

(a) specialized skills of staff make response to student demand a threat to the quality of education.

(b) different class sizes mean some students will receive more attention.

The principle adhered to was that it was more "educationally sound" to distribute students than to distribute staff. That staff

popular material, their value as a lecturer must be questioned. A better way to react to student demand is to employ more contract staff and use more team teaching. The Federal Government's 1987 higher education policy discussion paper suggested a reasonable level for the percentage of contract staff at lecturer level and above to be 20%. The University of Adelaide policy stipulates only a minimum of 10%.

The greatest problem exists not with Lecturers, but with the number of tutors. Enter a minefield. At this stage we need to take a look at each department. Departments that implemented distributive quotas in the Faculty of Arts in 1991 were English, History, Politics and Philosophy. The Faculty of Performing Arts also has provision for the implementation of distributive quotas.

#### THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

In my interview with Professor Penny Boulhema, Head of the Department of English, on a number of occasions she tried to escape responsibility by claiming that (a) department adherence to Faculty policy prevented the department from not implementing quotas; and (b) Faculty policy prevented the employment of casual tutors unless it can be justified in terms of staff:student ratios. Both accounts are inaccurate. Quotas may be not implemented at the will of the department, and casual tutors may be employed if the department can justify that demand requires - but as a result of the FCFS system, no-one knows the actual demand, and the system is therefore self-preserving. Quotas in the Department of English are the result of a number of factors - increasing student:staff ratio, pressure on staff to produce research, and a decision by the department to have one lecturer per subject - thereby increasing variety but reducing numbers in each subject. While she admitted that team teaching was an option, weak arguments were used to suggest that having one person in control of a subject produced greater intellectual coherence (help, what does this mean?). The arguments here, as with most departments were resource based, but whether the tag unavoidable can be reasonably applied is disputable. It would be more accurate to say that it is more convenient for staff to have the present arrangement.

#### THE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

The Head of the Department of History, a well-known (after the English interview) open-minded Dr Martin, expressed both resource problems and quality of teaching as the reason for their distributive quotas. The resource problems were as above, however the predominant reason for quotas in the Department of History is that they believe that in specialist 2nd & 3rd level subjects only the lecturer should take the tutorials. This is a practice that curiously only appears necessary in History. Other departments cope quite happily (eg Politics) with tutors at 2nd & 3rd level, and Dr Martin was careful not to suggest that this

practice was deficient in any way. Although Dr Martin's past attitude towards casual tutors could have been interpreted (in his view mistakenly) as not being entirely complimentary (see his letter to On DIT - 4 March), he took some care to agree that many of the departments casual tutors "would be perfectly capable of tutoring at 2nd & 3rd level." Then why not? If students were aware that they would not have Austin Gough as their tutor for 'The Second World War' and were still prepared to take the subject, then the department's own philosophy seems somewhat irrelevant. Dr Martin agreed, although maintaining a philosophical objection (see again his letter). Additional problems in not having quotas include an uncertainty as to resource needs - eg bookshop orders, library resources etc. Dr Martin did note however that other subjects operated this way. The Department of History has been top-heavy for a number of years. Their two Professors increase the cost of the department and reduce available funds for other teaching positions such as tutors. One Professor is due to retire this year, and the other in 1993. If they are replaced with contract staff at Lecturer level, this will result in a saving of \$60 000 a year. This money should be available to provide full-time tutors and could pay for two of them. Thus the tag of unavoidable does not appear to have been tested sufficiently thoroughly.

#### THE DEPARTMENT OF POLITICS

Both Dr Mayer, Head of the Department of Politics and Dr Carol Johnson, Lecturer in Australian Politics I emphasized resource

## "If an academic is only capable of teaching unpopular material, their value as a lecturer must be questioned"

problems and quality of education. Politics also has a policy of one lecturer per subject, with a maximum workable number of students being 200 per subject.

This contrasts starkly with 65 in English and 50-60 in History. Why this disparity? Casual and full-time tutors are deemed acceptable to tutor in 2nd & 3rd level subjects. She sounded a warning however that casual tutors do prove a problem in that they are not obliged to provide advice to students outside tutorial hours - although most do - the result being more work for the course co-ordinator. However, in her subject Australian Politics I (quota 200) she would be happy to teach more students with the guarantee of additional full-time tutors. University policies would allow one tutor to add about 80 places (a 40% increase) to the quota - this would go a long way to supply demand (estimated at about 350). The cost would initially be about \$25 000. This is not a lot to ask given the immediate benefits.

Given that the over-demand for Australian Politics I had been apparent for at least three years, I asked if the department had made any plans to cope with this over time. Happily it has. A new lecturer will arrive later this year and will teach in the area of Australian Politics. Furthermore, Wayne Cristaudo is teaching a new level I subject this year, partly to relieve pressure on Australian Politics I.

Dr Johnson also raised an important issue of the method of funding. Funding is based on EFTSU's (equivalent full-time student units) but as these are unknown until

## "It should not be the job of more able students to stimulate tutorials"

after enrolments, and funding levels unclear beforehand, there is a problem with finding casual tutors at short notice.

When I questioned Dr. Johnson about the somewhat dubious definition of "distributive" subjects, she explained that while the Level I subjects were fairly specific, other similar options existed at Level II/III with no quotas. For example, Public Policy in Australia II/III are considered as some kind of alternative to Australian Politics I. Of all the departments, Politics comes out the cleanest.

#### THE DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

The Department of Philosophy implemented a quota on Argument and Critical Thinking I in 1991. Dr David Bennett assured me however that the quota would not apply in 1992 or beyond and was purely a way to limit numbers in a trial year for the subject.

#### WHY FIRST-COME-FIRST-SERVED?

If we do concede that some distributive quotas are necessary, the question still remains - why first-come-first-serve? I have already disputed the distinction between distributive and restrictive quotas, but regardless of whether you agree on that point, I see no reason why the Faculty of Arts pursues a policy of merit selection for restrictive quotas and FCFS for distributive quotas, other than general laziness. They have proved through use of the merit system for restrictive quotas, that if they care enough, the resource implications of a merit system can be met. The equity arguments they put forward are insubstantial and suffer political bias.

There are significant problems with the existing FCFS system. While queuing for tickets to a U2 concert is (perhaps) part of life, admission to the subjects that will decide your future is significantly more serious than admission to Memorial Drive. When the Barr Smith lawns become a tent city as students camp overnight to get their preferences, we might consider whether this is how a university should be run.

The FCFS system attempts to be equally unfair to everyone - but it fails. It also exacerbates the already bad confusion and waiting on the first day of the enrolment period. It removes one of the last incentives to bother to do well, and is at odds with the selection process for virtually every other part of the education sector in this state. The system that should be there is some variation of academic merit - and you don't have to be against aboriginal land-rights to support this. So what arguments were used against the merit system, and for the FCFS system?

1. It is too resource intensive  
This problem seems peculiarly localised to a handful of departments in the Faculty of Arts. Dr Mayer believed that the main problems with implementing the merit quota for Australian Politics I in 1990 had been that the admission information required did not exist, and that there was a problem with equating matriculation scores with previous tertiary records. While these are problems, other departments have been able to cope for some time, and the equating of matriculants and students with tertiary records is done every year for the purpose of admission to Faculties in the first place - and is certainly not impossible. All one needs to do is divide the quota into a certain number of places for straight matriculants,

## "Enter a Minefield"

and a certain number of places for consideration of tertiary record. The last 20% of places could reasonably be reserved for such consideration. Equating matric. scores with tertiary records only has to be done with Level I subjects anyway. Dr Mayer conceded that FCFS was not necessarily the best way to implement quotas, but suggested that it was not the worst way either. Merit quotas are implemented in all subjects with restrictive quotas (eg Psychology I - enrolment >500) including situations where there is a flow on effect from those students who missed out on one quota (Human Anatomy - Psychology). But it is much easier to pass on the buck for administering the system to students so it is not surprising that departments and Faculties might go for the FCFS option. A merit system for level I subjects requires for most places, only a copy of the class list with SATAC admission (matriculation) scores in merit order and an ability to count. The system at level II/III is more complicated, but not unlike a system that was operated by the Department of History for about 20 years. A merit system would see students apply to subjects with quotas prior to the formal enrolment period as they do now. Students would be asked to list preferences - in the same way that they used to in the ballot system. But instead of randomly picking names, the students would be selected on their previous results. Subject lists would then be published and students on these lists would enrol as normal. There are a number of benefits of this system. No queuing would be necessary and it would eliminate the disadvantages faced by country/disabled/working/part-time/mature-age students and students with child-minding obligations, under the FCFS system. I would suggest that 80% of places be decided on merit and the remaining 20% as special entrants and compassionate cases. Equivalent systems have worked in the past and in other institutions. Merit provides a far more clear cut criteria for selection.

#### 2. Academic merit is inequitable

Professor Boulhema argued that the role of a university is not merely to pander to the top X% of students and forget about the rest. She suggested that this would be the result of a merit system. This argument denies the very justification for distributive quotas. A merit system will still result in all students being able to study in a particular discipline at any level, but the most able students - that is those whom we can only assume will make more use of the limited places - will get their first choice in preference to less able students. By imposing quotas competition is introduced - but this is only healthy if it encourages and rewards those students who put in the effort to do well. There is no way to be equally unfair to all students because some students are simply more able and some simply have a better work ethic. In trying to do this, the system discriminates against more able students. Especially now that we pay HECS, there is added pressure to the effect that students who perform well should be the ones rewarded with the limited places available. This point was conceded by Dr Martin and Mr Ian Brice (Executive Member A(EM)). If the University expects people to believe the propaganda that they aim to excel in all areas of endeavour - it must apply at all

levels. Professor Boulhema and Dr. Johnson also disputed whether individual subject results or academic merit (respectively) were necessarily indicative of ability. In the case of level II/III English subjects, a student's mark in English I must be a fairly good guide as to their aptitude for English - if not, you must question the validity of English I. The quotas in politics subjects exist at level I, so that the majority of applicants will be school-leavers. Dr Johnson questioned whether matriculation results were indicative of specific ability in Australian Politics, and if they did not sometimes say more about the school and social background of students. A less generous translation by an anonymous staff member, is that Dr Johnson would prefer not to have 200 private school students in Australian Politics I. Dr Johnson also argued that politics was rarely studied at matric. level and that a student did not require 366 (1990 cut-off) to succeed in Australian Politics I. While Dr Johnson objects to the matric system, it happens to be the accepted benchmark throughout all other areas of the university, at other institutions, and to decide admission to courses and restrictive quotas. It should not be the role of individual departments to assess the value of matric. and have in effect what is not too short of a multitude of de facto entrance policies for the University, more or less because of the political views of a department or individual. It is interesting to note that Dr Mayer said that he had an open mind on this subject, but noted that an aggregate matric score was not necessarily a valid indication of ability in Australian

## "Students do not exist to justify the continuing employment of academic staff"

Politics, although it indicated a general aptitude for the B.A. course.

But the assessment buck has to stop somewhere, and the government has decided it is Yr 12. The University as a whole has acknowledged that some high schools appear to be statistically under-represented at the University. To remedy this situation, various special-entry schemes, particularly Fairway, were implemented. All Fairway and Special Entry students are supposed to be automatically admitted to level I quotas using places held in reserve. If Dr Johnson is unhappy with this system, it is not her job to go on a personal crusade with the Australian Politics I quota, and it should not be an aim, far less a justification, for FCFS quotas. Despite this, a FCFS system does not guarantee that the students in the quota will be of any greater spectrum of abilities anyway.

3. A merit system will create elitist subjects  
If some subjects are obviously more popular and useful than others, these subjects will have students of higher average ability than less popular subjects. The objection is that this is unfair to both Lecturers and less-able students. It is also unacceptable to punish more able students because of deficiencies in the teaching ability of a department. This amounts to blatant manipulation. It should not be the job of more able students to stimulate tutorials - that is the job of the tutor, particularly if departments insist they are also the specialist lecturer. If a Lecturer can only teach an unpopular subject, that they get the less able students is something that they should



**Quotas Continued...**

have to bear themselves. It should also be the responsibility of lecturers to make their subject more appealing by altering its content and/or altering their style, not the students responsibility to cope with a lecturer who has been there for twenty years and still teaching the same material and refuses to adapt their own approach and areas of expertise.

**PRE-ENROLMENT BLUES**

Apart from being discriminatory against more-able students, the FCFS system suffers for its pre-enrolment system. Here Heads of Departments are in dispute. Mr Andrew Taylor, after consulting office staff considered English pre-enrolment to cause a great deal of unnecessary inconvenience in 1989, while if History's Dr. Hainsworth is to be believed, it would have to be the best thing since the Staff Club Happy Hour. This year, Dr Boulhema did not have any complaints, while Dr. Martin believed it to be appalling. The reaction from most students who queue for hours and still miss out on their preferences, is not nearly as ambiguous - the FCFS system is farcical. Information regarding quotas for the next year is still not sufficient in some cases. This poses a particular problem for school-leavers, unaccustomed to University bureaucracy and intransigence. The argument that FCFS rewards those who read their student guide and those who show enthusiasm is outrageously frivolous, and in the latter case relates more to whether you live close to town.

The problem of keeping waiting lists was also cited by Dr Martin as being exacerbated by the FCFS system. If a student missed one quota and took a less preferred option, and subsequently a place was vacated in the first quota, a domino effect resulted, and contacting all students involved was a horrendous task. Dr Martin was also concerned that students who did not receive

their first preference often ended up not doing History at all. The possible effect of attrition was a concern of A[E]M when the distributive quotas were originally discussed in 1988. Dr Martin estimated that up to 100 students decided not to study History at all, due to the FCFS system. The system of distributing students has fallen down, as students have shown that they are unwilling to subsidise poor options and lecturers.

Dr Martin also regretted that while the previous ballot system allowed all Level III students their first preference, this could not be guaranteed with FCFS. Dr Martin also said that fewer students received their first and second preferences with FCFS than ballot. But both ballot and FCFS introduce unnecessary chance that academic merit avoids - either you did the work, coped with the subject and got the marks - or you didn't.

A number of departments argued that a benefit of FCFS was that students knew their subjects prior to enrolment, which eliminated the need for some amendment to enrolments. While this is true, the alternatives are not sufficiently unpalatable to make this a strong argument.

**THE DEAN OF ARTS**

I put a number of questions regarding funding to Dr Sellick. There are two main sources of funding for teaching - the long-term departmental profile and the casual teaching fund (Dr Sellick said this fund was about \$250 000 last year, but will be significantly higher this year). The profile of a department is the number of permanent staff at full-time tutor, lecturer, senior lecturer level etc needed to teach students. I noted that a number of departments, including History are top-heavy with Professors etc. Dr Sellick suggested that the University is constrained by DEET to have at least a 20:80 non-tenured:tenured staff ratio. (I believe there is some confusion here

between RAG [Resource Allocation Group] funding, which covers more than academic salaries [eg equipment], with policy on percentages of tenured/non-tenured staff). Interestingly he also mentioned that in Melbourne the use of contract staff to react more quickly to student demand is far more extensive. Dr Sellick noted that the ageing of the tenured academic population that had rapidly increased in size in the 1960's is a problem as current trends are harder to accommodate. But when I mentioned that History is about to lose a Professor, Dr Sellick said that he expected the Chair in History to be filled at its current level, because of a perception that there is a link between the well-being of a discipline and having a Professor. My point is that this is a gross extravagance given that everyone is crying poor.

I posed the question of the distinction between distributive and restrictive quotas and Dr Sellick agreed that it was not as distinct as one would like it to be. On the question of whether if students were willing to have casual casual tutors in level II/III History & English they should be allowed to take the subject (providing resources allowed), Dr Sellick questioned whether students necessarily knew what was best for their education in the long run.

On the question of FCFS, Dr Sellick said that while he believed that Council would have preferred a merit system, for resource reasons the Faculty preferred FCFS. On further questioning however, Dr Sellick admitted that "it certainly is possible" to operate a merit system.

**NEW APPLICATIONS FOR FCFS DISTRIBUTIVE QUOTAS**

A dangerous trend emerged last year in this regard. A precedent argument was used on a number of occasions to add credence to applications note esp. Arguments & Critical Thinking I. It is very worrying, that new applications do not appear to be receiving

the same or adequate scrutiny as the original submissions did 3 years ago. Quotas are only a band-aid and not a solution. They should always be viewed as a temporary last resort, and should never be allowed to become accepted as normal administrative procedure.

The system of distributive quotas was instituted primarily because of insufficient funding. Students must not accept downgrading of their education due to funding cuts. But some departments are not doing all they can to offset these difficulties. Despite the protestations of some departments, not all quotas are made by God, (sorry Rory) and they are avoidable.

Even if we must have quotas, there is no must about FCFS. It is a system which helps no one except departments keen to have fewer administrative responsibilities and it is actively discriminatory. Furthermore, it is at odds with the aims of the University, and more appropriate systems of allocation do exist. No system is perfect and every system must discriminate on some basis - merit may not be the best, but it is better than standing in a queue. A merit system requires more effort, but that effort is justifiable. The Faculty of Arts will be discussing distributive subject quotas at its meeting on Wednesday of this week. Now is the time to make your displeasure (if any) known as a comprehensive review of the quota system is due later this year.



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On Wednesday April 10 at 1pm  
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**Lived to Tell**  
Eleventh Dream Day  
Atlantic/WEA

This is the second release on a major label for Chicago 'college' band Eleventh Dream Day. *Lived to Tell* is catchy, full of energy, aggression and emotion. Recorded basically live in a tobacco barn at Cub Run, Kentucky, it's a varied album, due in part to song-writing contributions from all band members, no doubt. It encompasses blues, aggressive rock (particularly the unrestrained, menacing at times, lead guitar) and country. The wonderful lapsteel on "Trouble" makes it one of my favourite tracks. "It's Not My World" cannot be ignored. According to Janet Beveridge Bean, a founding member of the band, it "... has a gut-grabbing solo.

**Auberge**  
Chris Rea  
WEA  
7"

The publicity says something about Chris Rea unleashing this new release on his adoring public. I dunno about that, but he has made a well produced, mildly bluesy commercial single. My main complaint is "Auberge" is too long. It needs more variety to sustain such length.

The B-side, Hudson's Dream, shows off some fairly sedate but competent blues lead work and some nice swirly organ. Very unadventurous, but competently made.

Daniel Kearney

**Nobody Knows**  
Paul Brady

Paul Brady was completely unknown to me when I listened to this single and I wish he had remained that way. Not that this is a bad song as such but rather it commits the cardinal sin of rock. It is excruciatingly boring. Brady is obviously a man who had had a severe personality by-pass. He sings in dulcet tones reminiscent of fell MOR "talents", Chris De Burgh and Chris Rea, only with less distinction, a feat I had considered, heretofore, impossible. The music, itself, is also quite nondescript, drowning in a sea of overproduction and tacky drum machine sounds. The last thing the world needs is another "artist" who is this tedious.

Paul Lauritsen

**Out of Time**  
REM  
Warner Bros

Bit of a surprise, this one. As its title implies, REM's latest album is quite a departure of the band's previous offerings. Don't expect the jangly guitars and exaggerated vocals which characterised earlier albums. Instead, REM has gone off at a far more sweeping, melodic, and instrumentally dense tangent.

"We were all hearing different instruments in our head," says vocalist Michael Stipe, "and whether or not we could play them we wanted those sounds."

Well, they sure got some sounds, from New Orleans saxophonist Kidd Jordan to string and horn players from the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, even to Henry Mancini's flugelhorn player, whatever the hell that is! Kate Pierson, in her never ending quest to stuff up as many good songs as possible, stamps her annoying whinge on

It's one of those grand, epic rock songs that every band needs". Unfortunately, very few bands can come up with an epic as inspiring as this one. This song really moves you.

This album has no duds in it - there are some particular highlights, but overall, it holds together better than most bands could hope for. The band also gets away from the supposed 'indie' jangly guitar sound that many artists have forced on themselves. *Lived to Tell* has a great range, from menacing electric to alluring acoustic, blues slide and almost cajun lapsteel. If your idea of 'alternative' (yurk - I hate using that word!) guitar bands is REM, or that one song being regurgitated out of Manchester, perhaps you should give this a listen. Meanwhile, I'm off to see if I can dig up some of their old stuff!

Daniel Kearney

**Rain Tree Crow**  
Rain Tree Crow  
Virgin

A more generous individual might say this album had its moments. I found it about as exciting as I imagine Chemistry lectures on a Saturday night would be. The bulk of the album was synthetic, lifeless drum machine with very unimaginative synthesiser work. Occasionally, this was spiced up with some brass, Hammon organ or guitar work, but not nearly often enough to make up for the boredom endured everywhere else.

It sounded, in parts, as if Rain Tree Crow as trying to get something like a mellow version of Pink Floyd's last album, but the attempt was so sterile that it ended up sounding like the sort of music that a manic depressive would like to commit suicide to. I can't tell you much about the lyrics, because I didn't have the patience to listen to them. I guess this record will appeal to some people, particularly really boring people, but I can't imagine anyone wanting to buy this album at today's outrageous record prices.

Lauchlan Mackinnon

**Kill Uncle**  
Morrissey  
EMI

Oh Manchester, so much to answer for. Morrissey's third solo album since those glory days of the Smiths is, dare I say it, rather predictable. This time, Mozza has discarded writer/producer Stephen Street in favour of one Mark Nevin, plus producers Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley who produced a few tracks off his recent "Bona Drag". The end product is not bad ... but it's not entirely startling either.

On first listen, "Kill Uncle" passes by without much impact at all, not too difficult since it's only just over thirty minutes long! But, second and subsequent listens establish a few tracks as growers.

"Our Frank", the single, is a tuneful little ditty, rather catchy and basically typifies Morrissey's general musical style since the Smiths. Unfortunately, it's the only song on side one with any appeal. "Sing Your Life" sounds as though it belongs on a Christian Television advertisement, and listening to "Mute Witness" you get the terrible feeling that one of the members of ABBA has ducked into the studio and taken over the piano.

Side two, however, is more promising. "Found Found Found" recalls memories of some of the more arrogant attitudes of earlier Smiths' songs. In fact, over all, the whole feeling of the second side is remarkably Smithsish (for want of a better word *Smithsonian?*-ed.). "Driving Your Girlfriend Home" contains some very beautiful acoustic guitar, as does "(I'm) The End of the Family Line" - two very beautiful songs, especially when accompanied by Morrissey's quite exceptional voice.

Musically, he has made greater use of

**Doctor Jeep**  
The Sisters of Mercy  
WEA  
12"

Off their new LP *Vision Thing*, this track is in the same old Sisters mould. "Lord" von Eldritch or whatever he wants to call himself once again sounds as if he's trying to avoid putting any effort into singing. Perhaps he's trying to out-laze J Mascis. This song pumps along; driving guitars, pipe-



Morrissey- Get out your black clobber

piano and strings. He seems to be exploring some quite diverse musical styles - often to the detriment of this album. I found myself wondering how he could be serious about some of this - he's shown himself capable of much better.

Lyricaly, Morrissey definitely has not lived up to his potential ranging from vaguely amusing to downright pitiful:

... Give us a drink, and make it quick,  
Or else I'm gonna be sick...

Charming. However, there's the expected mordant content in some places. This could be for better or worse, depending on how much you appreciate his rather pessimistic view of life.

All in all, "Kill Uncle" is a reasonable listen, but certainly not outstanding. If you miss the Smiths, then it's worth buying just to hear him moan:

... And if ever I wanted to cry  
Then I will, because I can ...

Come back Johnny Marr - put him out of our misery.

Fiona Dalton

organ style keyboards, crisp female backing vocals, all in the traditional "goff" genre.

This time, however, the head of the listener will undoubtedly start banging up and down. Another interesting feature is the B-side, a very rough live recording of "Knocking on Heaven's Door". Recorded live in Bremen in Eldritch's adopted motherland of Germany, it's not a bad version of an oldie and comes complete with heckling crowd noises. Yeah, these guys aren't ashamed to wear their sunglasses at night, and why should they be?

Rock on, kids.

Twisty

several tracks as well.

The result? A diverse collection of songs, from the funky groove of the opening track "Radio Song", to the oscillating melodies of the instrumental "Endgame". "Low" broods and smoulders, threatening to, but never quite exploding, while the meandering guitars of "Country Feedback" support Michael Stipe's emotionally stirring lyrics. The commercial pop sound of "Shiny Happy People" contrasts sharply with the Lou Reed-like monologue of "Belong".

A pleasant and listenable album which shows REM's continued maturing and development as a band.

Stuart Symons



REM- Far too serious for their own good



### Mixed Up The Cure WEA

I don't quite know why WEA gave us this album to review now, having released it before Christmas, but I thought I'd do it anyway. I tend to approach remixed "best-of" albums with hesitation because often remixed songs (and especially extended mixes) lose the impact and punch of the originals. To some extent the songs on *Mixed Up* did lose some of their original dynamism (especially, the essential Cure songs "Inbetween Days" and "Close To Me") being more drawn out and sometimes lapsing into musical and vocal backstreets, but these songs are so good to be with that any new version is one for the collection.

Smith's vocals on the remixes are better, on the whole, sung with more feeling and sensuality, and rehased bass lines are brought up in the mixes, adding kick to a sometimes lacking, drum machine rhythm. The album maintains interest over its long duration, being dominated by really good Cure melodies, as in the emotive "Caterpillar", but there are a couple of absolute gems on the album including the first song "Lullaby", a great remix of "Lovesong" and the new song "Never Enough". This song is a listening point itself, including some great guitar riffs in contrast to lighter synthesizer sounds of much of the rest of the album.

On the whole, a good dosage of Cure every now and then doesn't hurt anybody and *Mixed Up* is a refreshing experience, essential for all Cure-heads and well recommended for anyone stuck for what to buy for an eighteenth birthday pressie.

Peter Psalfis

### Hidden Charms Willie Dixon Festival

Willie Dixon is a legend of post-war blues. As a composer, he is responsible for many all-time blues classics. As a performer, he played bass on many seminal recordings, including Chuck Berry's early 50's songs for Chess Records. This album, however, is no addition to his legend. Released overseas 3 years ago, it has only just been released here. I can see why it was withheld for so long.

The album is misguided from the outset in its intention to present Willie Dixon, blues singer. Quite simply, Dixon is not up to the task. He spends most of the album straining to keep in tune, leaving little room for expressive performance. He has always been known as a support player and composer, not as a front man. The blame, however, does not lie entirely with Dixon.

In his attempt to produce a modern sounding blues record, producer T-bone Burnett has shaved off all the rough edges that make the blues so appealing. The performance is too smooth. The playing is confident and assured but never daring, allowing for no excitement or emotion. The only signs of life occur in the unremarkable slow blues "I Do The Job", which sounds exceptional in these surroundings. Dixon, like many other legends, has failed to deliver on the promise of that legend.

Paul Lauritsen

### Used and Recommended By ... Various Artists White Label Records

*Used and Recommended By...* is Melbourne Public Radio Triple R's third compilation of Australian acts and it lives up to the quality of the other two. This album features 15 Australian acts performing some of the best Australian songs ever released, overall this is a good piece of vinyl, but it does have one or two letdowns.

The Church, The Seekers and The Easybeats are some of the great bands who have their songs covered on this record,

even AC/DC and The Angels get a guernsey on this one, but some will question the need for both of these bands to have two songs included, even though they are the better songs from these illustrious bands.

The bands performing these songs include The Whippersnappers, Not Drowning, Waving and Paul Kelly and the Messengers, but by far the highlights are The Celibate Rifles performing the John Paul Young scorcher "Where the Action Is" and The Hollowmen reinterpreting the God classic "My Pal" and improving it by providing the only two touches which God did not or could not include, understandable lyrics and a violin solo.

Ian "Bigger Than Most" Von Trapp



Not Drowning Waving - Afraid to rock?

# Rory McLeod Comes To Town

## Paul Schoff, in an On Dit scoop, previews Rory McLeod's second visit to Adelaide.

It is strange how a sequence of apparently innocent and unconnected events often are innocent and unconnected. Within a week of hearing Rory McLeod on 'The Noise', I had received his latest album, *Footsteps and Heartbeats* to review. Then he performed at the Uni Bar. The next day I sat down to have a chat with him. Was it chance or was it fate? That was to be my first question, but it sounded too tacky.

This all happened last year and now Rory is back to play at Club Foote next Saturday. Is this just another coincidence? You only realise the true extent of shame in the music industry when someone with the charisma and talent of Rory McLeod is not a superstar. In fact, he does have loyal live following in Britain and has been subject[ed] to critical acclaim. One connoisseur found in McLeod's music that "... amusingly exaggerated regionalism is de rigueur, indicative of a supposedly rootsy integrity withstanding the prevailing tide of transatlantic homogeneity". In translation, that means he sings in a cockney accent. Such dribbly intellectualism does not sit with Rory. He is a busker - a musician of the people. "In China," he said, "I took out the harmonica and played to people ... there were buskers in the street, blind folks playing music - so, I ended up just dancing with the people."

Rory McLeod is a weird percussionist. He is a multi-instrumentalist, sort of a gypsy Mike Oldfield (although that is an image I would wish on no-one). He started his gig wandering among the crowd playing the foot-jolting "Travelling Song". Harmonica is the instrument he seems closest to. Rory uses his tremendous vocal range to embellish harmonica tunes with whooping harmonies. Apparently, this was not his innovation: "Pygmies in Africa with flutes play and sing at the same time." Rory whistles superbly. My theory that whistling is some sort of cockney birthright was proven when he said "My old man whistles a bit like that, but he's not as jazzy as me." And I bet the pygmies would be blown away by Rory's mean acoustic and bottleneck guitar style. In concert, Rory tackled an unpronounceable instrument from Thailand which he called the bamboo sandwich. I asked about the special talent required to create skiffle from an ancient free reed instrument. "I just picked it up and made my own music on it which is what anyone might do."

Rory's songwriting philosophy is best summed up by his comment that "Elvis Costello writes some good songs. Not all of them. Sometimes he's a bit obscure." *Angry Love* was Rory's classic second album. The intrinsic tension in the title meant that I could not resist asking that question about mixing politics and love with music: "Definitely it's politics in all the songs - you can't avoid it really." Would he follow the Billy Bragg model of using his music as a campaign tool - would he name names? "Where I live we've been fighting evictions and I'm



A picture of the charismatic and intelligent Rory McLeod

part of a community that's angry, so I bring that anger with me. I can't separate that from my life and I can't ignore it. If I sang about trees - people do write poems about trees - then I'm ignoring a lot of things. Ignoring something is propaganda."

In "Pauline's Song", Rory mixes a tale of first love with a serve at the Tory Governors in the school system, and turns it into a dance song.

Rory McLeod is a charismatic and intelli-

gent performer, an honest songwriter and an immensely talented musician. He sings a bit too. A Rory McLeod show promises an evening of virtuosity, dance songs, humour and conscience:

"I suppose they may expect me to be funny - maybe I will be, maybe I won't. I'll just do what I do, which is be myself in the end."

Paul Schoff



# Gross Lewdness and Lascivious Behaviour

Like so many before and after him, Jim Morrison's death ironically served to create a flourishing growth industry. Jim's poetry and his band *The Doors* album sales have become a profitable legacy, the business of selling *The Doors* can only be expected to gain momentum with the 20th anniversary of his death on 3rd July.

Whether your personal opinion of Morrison ranges from that of TISM's parody "Morrison Hostel", which portrays Morrison as a pseudo-intellectual wanker, or the adulation of his biographers in "No One Here Gets Out Alive", the impressions Morrison left still demand recognition.

*The Doors'* influence is enduring; "No One Here Gets Out Alive" ascended to No. 1 on the bestseller lists, *Echo & the Bunnymen* acknowledge *The Doors* as a major influence having released a cover version of "People Are Strange", there are two *Doors* revival shows performing in Australia and "Platoon" director, Oliver Stone's film of *The Doors* is due for timely release this year.

The Cimetière du Père Lachaise is Paris' fourth biggest tourist destination. It boasts the graves of Oscar Wilde, Chopin and Bizet, but it is Morrison's grave which remains the cemetery major attraction. This grave has become something of a macabre shrine to the "live fast, die young" pop cliché which Jim embodied. It is covered in the graffiti, bottles and decaying flowers of thousands of fans who annually make the pilgrimage to his grave.

million mark in sales in the Summer of Love.

Although the band members maintained an unusually close professional relationship and adhered to a stringently democratic decision-making process making them very much a 'group', Morrison was publicly perceived as the star, and it was Morrison who propelled them to a position of notoriety and earned them a niche in rock history. He satisfied all the prerequisites for pop icon status (short of Andy Warhol painting his likeness), equalling and perhaps, this year, usurping Monroe and Dean. Morrison worshipped Dylan Thomas and aspired to a drunken, libertine lifestyle. He was inspired by Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Stein in his vision of a creative, totally liberated and anti-authoritarian lifestyle meant to result in full artistic fulfillment. Twenty years on, many regard him as a rebellious hero in an era of rebellion. Morrison was continually pushing against restraints and seeing what he could get away with. He often treated friends as through they were part of an anthropological experiment, mentally recording their reactions to any new stunt he attempted.

He was a complex figure, viewed as poet, sage, hooligan and a phallic, leather-clad stage presence, at least until his body was bloated by his major vice, booze. Morrison was quoted as saying: "I drink so that I can talk to assholes ... This includes me," and if

he wasn't drunk, he was usually permanently stoned. His vices soon diminished his sex symbol status, at least according to longtime girlfriend Pamela Courson, who wrote in lipstick on a mirror: "Some rock star, can't even get it up." Drink eventually rendered Jim bloated, overweight and even more destructive. He had always sought to shock, one friend recalling the time he went into a public library with Jim and later found him urinating between two aisles. During a particular virulent binge of alcohol and drugs, he fell two storeys, bouncing on his head on Sunset Strip. Nevertheless, he managed to walk away.

*The Doors'* stage act was certainly innovative in its time when one, for example, compares it to *The Who's* standard guitar smashing. Morrison loved to manipulate and provoke his audience and he was always fascinated by the possibility of inciting them to riot. After a now notorious concert in Miami in 1969, he was convicted of gross lewdness and lascivious behaviour after abusing police and provoking the audience asking, "Do you want to see my cock?". It seemed Morrison had reached his legal limits and he'd definitely stretched his boundaries in other ways, the Miami conviction was an all too clear signal of his imminent demise.

His death was in character; controversial and sensational. The days preceding it were

spent in unusual happiness in Paris, the focus for his vision of a creative, liberated lifestyle. He allegedly died at age 27 from a heart attack. The conspiracy theory which was prevalent in the '70s aided the descriptions of the mysterious circumstances surrounding his death. A representative from Jim's record company found only Pamela Courson, a sealed coffin and a death certificate with only one signature - and Pamela couldn't remember who it belonged to. There was no autopsy or other witnesses. When the news emerged, Jim was safely buried in the Père Lachaise. The Elvis-like rumours surrounding his passing were abetted by the fact that Jim had often mentioned escaping an image which had become suffocating by taking off for a long holiday.

Today the band which once personified rebellion is unfortunately most commonly noted for its more commercial offerings, SA•FM fodder like "Light My Fire", and "Riders on the Storm". Critics still dispute the band's contribution to rock music, on the one hand embracing them as adding new intellectual and poetic depths to rock, whilst others view them as abominably overrated and see Jim as a cruel, selfish, insensitive prat rather than an idol.

Oliver Stone's upcoming movie is sure to rekindle public interest in *The Doors*. Stone personally sees Jim as a poet creating music which transcended rock.

**"If he wasn't drunk, he was usually permanently stoned"**

*The Doors* originated from the UCLA film school where Morrison, as a student, met keyboard player, Ray Manzarek. Surrounded by the hippy culture of Venice Beach, Morrison first impressed Manzarek with his lyrics for "Moonlight Drive". Ray recruited John Densmore and Bobby Krieger, most suitably from his meditation class, and the band was complete.

The band's name was inspired by William Blake who wrote "When the doors of perception are cleansed, man will see things as they truly are, infinite". This was abbreviated in the title to Aldous Huxley's drug travelogue *The Doors of Perception* and the band further shortened it, retaining Blake and Huxley as two of their music's intellectual influences. Astraud's theories of theatre of confrontation contributed to Jim's stage performance whilst Elvis and Sinatra remained his favourite singers. After endless gigs at such noteworthy venues as the "Whiskey au Go-go", *The Doors* released their first album in 1967 and surpassed the



**"Do you want to see my cock?"  
-Jim Morrison to eager crowd at Miami, 1969**

Val Kilmer ("Top Secret", "Willow") features as Morrison and is sure to capture the reptilian lothario's physical appeal. Meg Ryan ("When Harry Met Sally") plays Pamela Courson as a spoilt, dependent flower child, living her life through Jim. Kyle MacLachlan, who plays the memorable agent, Dale Cooper in "Twin Peaks", yet again settles for an unconventional role as *The Doors'* keyboard player, Ray Manzarek, complete with long hair and sideburns. *The Doors* promises to be one of 1991's most fascinating (and possibly hyped up) movies, given the quality of Stone's previous films and his passionate defence of his and Morrison's common experience of a life in the '60s revolving around rebellion, artistic pursuit and experimentation with drugs.

Louise Bassett



# The Axeman

• Were's the Band? Where's the Pope are getting their shit together for a fresh onslaught on Adelaide. Complete with a new guitarist and drummer they're contemplating a change in musical direction. Surely a key to this is their new guitarist, former **Exploding White Mouseketeer**, Jack Jacomos. If that's not bad enough with this incestuous bunch, The Mice, The Popes and Uni band **My Love Pumpkin** are shortly to play together in a major presentation at Le Rox. Stay tuned, wired ...

• Sydney based country-funsters **The Happening Thang** are currently playing around town - also recording their batch of their

latest songs at a North Adelaide recording studio.

• A reply to Andrew Wright, Zookeeper, who scored a few cheap points in the last *On Dit* ... Fuck off! The Axeman may occasionally attempt to right the world's wrongs, but don't hold him responsible for the Editors' complete and unfettered cock-ups!

• They've played their last, packed their bags, now Adelaide's premiere metal band **Bezerker** are moving to London to further their musical career. Sound familiar? Here we were all this time thinking they missed English weather, English beer, English cuisine,

English people. See ya.

• This Week in Music: Nothing happened (much) ... oh, except in 1967, it was announced that **Beatles** publishers had licensed 446 cover versions of 'Yesterday'. Now, back to the coalface.

• **Killing Time** are tipped as the next big thing in Australian music ... so how come you never heard of them? Head Honcho from WEA Records flew to Sydney from the States to check them out! A very uninspiring and arrogant shit he was too!

• Greasy Good Friday happened last week. 8 bands playing a no alcohol, no drugs, daytime, underage show. Ho hum; the Axeman wasn't there, natch.

• **The Clowns of Decadence** were one of the stars at this year's O'Ball. So why aren't they playing around the place? Singer Mark Fenech knows why - he assaults police officers over a little matter of unpaid parking fines - they lock him up - the band goes down the gurgler for a while. Henceforth, shall they be known as the "Clowns of Desipience" (look it up, you intellectual twat!).

**Competition: the first student to present a correct definition of "Desipience" to the SAUA will win a free lunch with Barry Salter ... Barry Who? Or a kick in the vitals C/- Dave Krantz, whichever is more pleasurable.**

## What's In

What's news and what's in this week ... and remember, if you want any info about songs or groups whether they be old or new - in or out, address enquiries to me and drop them in the contributions basket just inside the door of the On Dit office.

### New Music

There's a new single called "Blow Westerly" from **Red Not Blue** - (red alert, philosophy student joke - ed.) Well, that's true, isn't it? (EastWest Records)

**Chris Rea** has a new song called "Auberge" - unless that's the name of something, this word is not English. In fact, the closest thing to it, according to the Oxford Dictionary, is "Aubergine" which is another word for that wonderful purple fruit eggplant. Hmm ...

(EastWest Records)

There's this single out called "Obscurity Knocks" by the **Trash Can Sinatras** - maybe it'll be big news soon when obscurity knocks (scuse the pun) ... (Polygram)

**Nick Barker** is expected to make a strong follow-up to his debut with his second album "After the Show". (Festival)

**Beautiful South** have just hit the beautiful land of Oz, and being in the country should help them promote their new album *Choke*. (Polygram)

**Jesus Jones'** new album *Doubt* containing the single "Right Here Right Now" is now available through EMI.

Following her recent success at the ARIA awards, **Wendy Matthews'** album *Emigra* has hit the charts and is on its way up. (Polygram)

The **Rolling Stones'** new album *Flashpoint* is well and truly out. It contains the best of the Stones live on their Steel Wheels tour. Tracks include their dubious newie "Highwire", and all the groovy oldies - "Start Me Up", "Little Red Rooster", "You Can't Always Get What You Want" and countless others ... (Sony)

### Forthcoming Music

It's time for all those closet **Boy George** fans to emerge from the woodwork as the Boy once again makes his bid for success this time with a new image, and a band called **Jesus Loves You**. Their new album is out now.

### Classical

There has recently been a whole new line of Classical titles released under the *Cadenza and Deluxe Cadenza Classical Series*. There is a huge range of cassettes and CDs available. (Castle Communications)

### New Various Artists Things Available

There's *Yo!...Let's Go* which includes "16 (Into the Night)" (**Junior Tucker**), "Opera House" (**Malcolm McLaren**), "Sadness Part 1" (Enigma) and "Just Another Dream" (**Cathy Dennis**). (EMI)

*Wiggle 'n' Sweat*, the competitor, will be out soon with "I've Been Thinking About You"

(**Londonbeat**), "Wiggle It" (well, now that's obvious), "Gonna Make You Sweat" (and so is that!), "Sucker DJ" (**Dimples D**), "Step Back In Time" (**Kylie Minogue**) and "Throw Your Arms Around Me" (**Hunters and Collectors**) ... And there is much more - check it out ... (RCA)

If you're a true House bug, then you may like to know about *Megabass 2* - Contains two medleys, which are both really long and contain that fraction of all the songs you hear in clubs, but they're shorter - so you don't get bored as quickly as you would listening to the whole song ... e.g. the medleys include bits of "Total Confusion", "It Is Time To Get Funky", "Jack Your Body" etc. etc.

### Video News

If you missed The Crows' first huge victory, then guess what? You can still see it on video! *First Blood* is the appropriately titled whole four quarters of the **Adelaide Crows** first win in an A.F.L.

### Premiership Match. Concerts

If you read this on Monday, you can still catch the **Bhundu Boys** tomorrow night (Tuesday, 9th April) at the Old Lion.

See the **Divinyls** at Thebbi Theatre on 13th April.

### Enquiries

Marty - Bob Geldof's album *The Vegetarians of Love* has been out for a while now, and contains "The Great Song of Indifference", as well as the new single you mentioned "Love or Something". Did you catch Bob hosting the ARIA awards? A friend of mine rumoured she saw him basking in a Melbourne shopping mall recently ... (Polygram)

### Something to think about ...

"This snake-skin jacket is a symbol of my individuality and belief in personal freedom"

Sailor, *Wild At Heart*.

(Thanks to Ellie at Brashes)

Al Thorpe

## Psycho Therapy

### Cosmic Psychos Tivoli Saturday, 23rd March

The Tiv looked like a refuge for Adelaide's tired, hungover people, and so consequently, the bands ended up performing a variety of stage acrobatics to try and enthuse them. *Life After Reagan*, a definite second in both acrobatics and consequent crowd reaction, stood out, mainly because they were so bloody loud! Sure, I admit my head was a little tender at the time, but I reckon they were louder than the Psychos (and nowhere near as pretty). LAR tried valiently, putting the cricket on TV, offering a beer to anyone who'd dance for a whole song and the singer even tried singing while standing on his head, but all to no avail, really. They just sounded like The Mark of Cain to me!

The Cosmic Psychos had a little more luck. They launched into favourites such as "Back in Town", "Lost Cause" and "Can't Come In" with the vigor you'd expect from the Psychos. A highlight was the almost theatrical satire "David Lee Roth" including some charming pseudo-masturbation of Ross Knight's bass, complete with plenty of beer froth. The Psychos were pretty intense, and to their credit played enthusiastically into a third encore, despite a surprisingly lacklustre crowd. I went with expectations of a pretty wild crowd (à la Painters and Dockers) but witnessed only one paltry attempt at stage diving, better described as a stage hop.

The 'Slcko's' antics on stage made up for this, though. During the second encore, Peter Jones climbed on Ross Knight's shoulders and unleashed a full on "Look at me, I'm a guitar hero" solo, playing behind his head, with

his teeth etc. etc. until Bill Walsh abandoned his drum kit and cut it short by sending the pair crashing to the stage, accompanied by unpleasant crunching noises. Even after this, they came back and played a little country ditty.

"Oooh, wasn't that nice" one of them said. "We've got to go now, we have to get up early in the morning, you know."

I could rabbit on about how good they were, but all I'm going to say is next time they play here, I'm going. See ya there!

Daniel Kearney

## Ghosts from the Past

### Choirboys Old Lion 22nd March, 1991

What's wrong with the Choirboys? Hasn't anyone ever heard of them? A small but dedicated group formed a half circle around the Old Lion Ballroom stage to witness some quality original Australian rock on Friday night. The familiar tunes from the 1987 release *Big Band Noise* sent fans into nostalgic

frenzy, transforming them into amateur rock stars/head bangers. The new material (except for "Rendezvous", as the commercial radio stations have already familiarised us with that), from the not-as-yet-release album was enjoyed yet not cherished, after all, their honest, Aussierawk'n'roll style has not altered.

It was like a private party, really, the band portraying a matey relationship with the audience - and we all had a really good time, man.

Jane Eckermann





# Woody Allen makes another film pretty similar to all his others

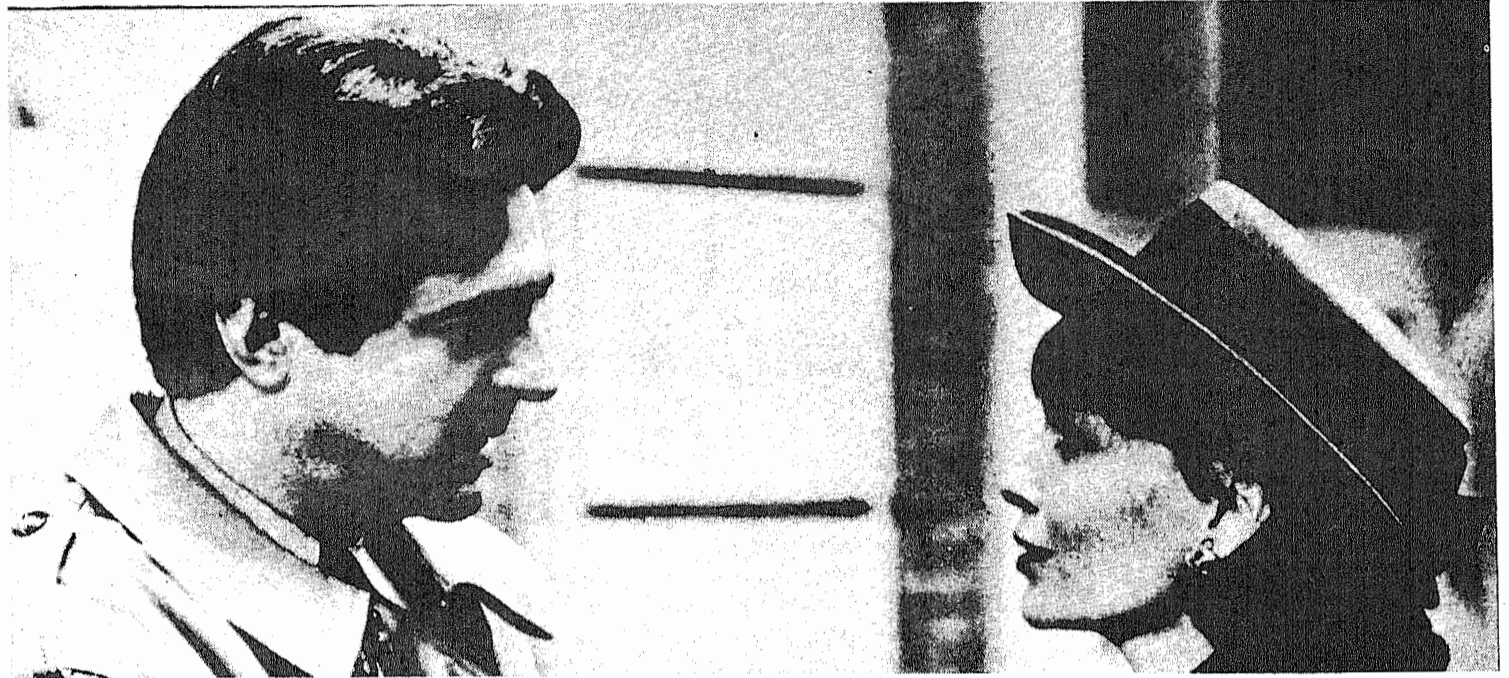
## Alice A Woody Allen film Greater Union

Welcome to New York, again.

Woody Allen must really love New York. Not just the love-heart bumper sticker love, but a complete obsession with the city. New York has become as much a part of Woody Allen as an Oedipus complex.

His latest film Alice is no exception. Set in the streets of Manhattan and Chinatown. A comedy about the trials of a good wife going through a crisis in her life. Simple enough, except there has never been a mid life crisis like this before.

Mia Farrow plays Alice in her eleventh picture with Allen. As is usual for Allen, the cast is an ensemble cast. However, it is hardly what one suspects as an Allen cast. William Hurt (I love you to death) plays the husband, Alec Baldwin (Hunt for Red October) plays a ghost. Joe Mantegna (Godfather III) plays Alice's lover. Cybil Shepperd (Moonlighting) makes a small appearance. Blink and you may miss Judy Davis, who gets to make her picture with Allen, just. Keye Luke (Gremlins) plays Doctor Yang, a naturopath come alchemist whose ancient herbs are a key element of the film. The cast, however, seem to be forgotten in the wake of Mia Farrow. Not that her performance is brilliant, but more that they just don't ap-



pear. Alice is a classic Woody Allen character. That is, he would be playing the role if it called for a man. Alice is neurotic, Catholic, has a problem with her mother and is a hypochondriac. Who does that sound like?

Sound familiar? About as familiar as New York? Unfortunately, Alice is as familiar as New York. Allen is on home territory here but rather than offer a new perspective on old material, you leave feeling that you have seen it all before. Basically, because you

have. This film has such a familiar feel to it you may as well be watching a Woody Allen festival. He puts reality on hold to achieve laughs with meaning, but not to such great effect as his earlier films like Sleeper or Zelig, or even his episodes in New York Stories. Mia Farrow is Woody Allen, even to the point that she speaks like him.

All things considered, however, it is a good comedy. Woody Allen fans will be in old territory but for anyone who hasn't seen

his earlier work it is well worth watching. Perhaps the best recommendation, with a caution, comes from one gentleman who laughed all through the film, even at the serious moments. As the house lights came on, he found them a touch to bright, then ran for McDonalds.

Maybe they were Doctor Yangs herbs as well.

Mark Knight

# Toilet Block

## Sleeping with the Enemy Hoyts Cinema

Even more exciting than being privileged in viewing the thrilling premiere of "Sleeping with the Enemy" (be the first one to see it - along with 500 others), was the fact that I'd actually inadvertently won something from SA•FM, after acquiring tickets from my flatmates' girlfriend.

With getting through to 11 600 still just a distant dream (ultimate fantasy-being tenth caller through), I squeezed into a vinyl Hoyts seat with the movie watchers enemy - a crunchy packet of chips, tolerated the inevitable SA•FM propaganda, and finally settled down to see what Julie had to offer after her enlightening performance in the modern Cinderella.

"Sleeping with the Enemy" evokes those paternal feelings for the oppressed. A thriller in "Fatal Attraction" style, the viewer is constantly aware that the enemy could strike at any time, and would do so in a pretty violent way.

Julie Roberts' character, Laura, leads a pathetic existence in a seemingly idyllic lifestyle, with her handsome, rich, successful psyche husband in a beachfront home, architecturally comparable to a large suburban toilet block, which is furnished in the inevitable cold, black marble and shiny septic surfaces. It is like a kit lifestyle -

everything is theoretically perfect.

The dark imposing portrayal of Patrick Bergin as her husband is reminiscent of the classic evil element, forever lurking in the shadows, controlling and monitoring her life, her mind, her every movement, as well as demanding meticulous housekeeping skills - accountable to the last fleck of dust.

He is attentive, loving and protective of Laura, but to such an extent that he believes he owns her, and can control her feelings by the will of his own brute strength and patriarchal charm. He believes his violence can be forgiven by Laura, who is too terrified to object to his fastidious demands and chauvinist rules.

Laura escapes by feigning her own death, by drowning. Hubby had forced her to go sailing to overcome her fear of water, as she had almost drowned as a child, so when the storm raged, she jumped ship (with the aid of YMCA swimming lessons), waited a while attached to a buoy while the husband mourned the loss of his slave (suffer, you bastard), collected her prepacked things from the toilet block and set off for a new life via Greyhound Bus.

Hubby's ingrained evil influence lurked wherever she went, Roberts remaining nervous throughout the performance. She began a new existence in a town of Apple Pie and Community Spirit, with the boy next door becoming her lover. Ben (Kevin Anderson) was her link to sanity - providing her and the audience a security against the



inevitable return of evil husband to collect her and take her back to toilet block.

The inevitable climax was embroiled in high emotion - who should pop in to see Laura after the country fair but hubby, with a gun to make sure she was glad to see him.

A movie well worth a look, with moments of humour as well as the underlying fear, coupled with poetic justice - but don't sit next to anyone with long fingernails or a chip packet.

Jane Eckermann



# Unexpected Twists

## Flirting dir. John Duigan Academy

John Duigan's "Flirting is distinctive for many reasons, not the least of which is that it is a product of the Australian Film Industry and, with the exception of English Actress Thandie Newton, is an all-Australian venture. Although the A.F.I. has been criticised for the sporadic nature of its output, as opposed to the "another week, another film" nature of American studios, I say let them take all the time in the world if that is what is necessary to produce such gems as this one. Newton's sensitive portrayal of Thandiwaye, combined with the charismatic and talented Noah Taylor as Danny Embling provide highly articulate vessels for Duigan's voyage of exploration through, not only the experiences of growing up, but also the grey areas between stereotypes. Between conformity and rebellion they attain a degree of acceptance of themselves and their world; between sleeping and waking there is space for their dreams; and between naivety and experience, they suspend a time which they make their own, for flirting.

In this film, the second in the trilogy which began with "The year my voice broke" we find Danny at boarding school, in 1965, defying convention by virtue of his individuality alone, and hence, sticking out like a sore thumb. This is hardly to be wondered at as, in his philosophical approach to life,

he regards the macho pastime of rugby as "an anthropological experience," and his status of "school dag" as an invaluable service to others, providing them with a focal point for their petty insecurities, which, as is alluded to by his calm, aloof manner, he is above.

He puts up with the teasing and the nicknames, such as "bird" paying them only half his attention, and instead escapes to a landscape of dream's, in which he crosses the lake to the girls' boarding house on the other side.

This space Duigan allows his characters for dreams and wishes endows a poetic and ethereal quality to the longings of an individual trapped in a rigid schooling system. The typically Australian tradition of tall poppy harvesting would be just as relevant to an overseas audience, and Danny's strength just as inspiring.

In his refusal to compromise his dignity, and his individuality and strength, he finds his female counterpart in Thandiwaye (Newton).

At first it would appear Duigan's message is a subtle one of conformity, as the two encounter nothing but trouble, in the form of sadistic schoolmasters, prefects and the ignorant prejudices of their peers. In the Girls' head prefect Nicola Radcliffe (Nicole Kidman), and her boyfriend, Jock, the rugby hero of the boy's school, we see all the accepted w.a.s.p. characteristics to which Danny and Thandiwaye provide stark contrast.

However, as the film progresses, we come to embrace their differences, realizing that

whilst those who are "accepted" are tired of each other, and stifled by convention, Danny and Thandiwaye are free to grow, and find their true identities. Even though their relationship, and all the things that school-boy gossip inevitably, and unfoundedly attribute to it, earns them the eventual respect, and awe, of their colleagues, they side-step this bind, and find their own levels. To this end the cinematography allows great effect as more and more the two characters form the central focus for the shots, around which other characters now seek to place themselves.

Again, Duigan, not content merely to subvert our preconceptions, now reveals greater depth in the perfect Nicola, and a more adventurous side to a seemingly snobby character. Sharing confidences over shop-glasses of vodka, the two adversaries become friends, establishing a common bond in a love of adventure. Kidman's acting which, up until this point has been slightly forced and unnatural, regains credibility, and as the two toast 'to risks', the film reaches a turning point.

The notion of the transitory nature of relationships, established in "The year my voice broke" is reiterated here as Thandiwaye unexpectedly has to leave. The poignant dialogue evinces pain and pathos as Danny reflects that "...Fate is not a lady...but a tide to events, sweeping us along.." and that all that you can do is "...grasp the hands of a clockface" and "steal time" for a brief moment.

Apart from brilliant and detailed character portrayal through dialogue, a mood not

unlike Peter Weir's "picnic at hanging rock" is engendered by masterful shot composition. This ethereal quality is evident in shots of the lake at night, with Danny and Thandiwaye silhouetted against a predominance of black and moonlit blue.

Similarly, the idea of memories of the "smell of rotting wood" of old school lockers and a slow motion sequence of the schoolgirls waving Thandiwaye goodbye as they walk off into a street where evening is falling all reemphasises notions of growing up and change and the pain it can bring, and the encapsulation of brief moments in time that life on, in our memories.

The film holds unexpected twists which I won't give away, as part of the effect, as Nicola puts it, if the "shivery delicious" sensation at that which is new, as well as squirming in our seats at that which is so acutely familiar that we are embarrassed.

Duigan has once again succeeded in portraying staunchly individual characters, through a distinctly Australian film that finds a ready audience with anyone who has ever thought beyond a stereotype.

Like the brief smiles and abashed glances that form part of the act of flirting, the relationship seems also to be over too soon; but through Danny, we see beyond the sadness, to the "larger worlds" the experience divulges, wherein Danny, Thandiwaye and all of us can find place, and the longing serves only to enrich the experience even more.

Mel Sander

# Hedge Clippers

## Edward Scissorhands A Tim Burton Film Greater Union Cinemas

"Edward Scissorhands" is one of the most intelligent fantasies to come to the cinema in a long time.

Director Tim Burton's clever blending of Gothic fairytale with middle American suburbia somehow renders believable the concept that the surreal is actually a part of our everyday lives.

The moral of this modern-day "Frankenstein" is that the world is full of people who are different (maybe not as noticeably as Edward) and that we should learn to accept their differences and treat them with more respect.

Edward- a creation of an inventor whose untimely death did not allow him to replace Edward's scissorhands with the real thing. He is readily acceptable (at first) into the home of Peg and Bill Boggs and their children, Kim and Kevin.

The gossiping bored housewives who live in the Boggs' street are at once enchanted and wary of the newcomer. Soon, though, his gentle, honest nature, not to mention his skills as a hedge sculptor and hairdresser, wins the women over and he is welcomed into their lives as a refreshing change from the everyday monotony of soap operas and gossip.

Little by little, Edward's innocence becomes something to be exploited, especially by Kim's boyfriend, Jim, who sees Edward as a threat for Kim's affections.

One thing leads to another and Edward's newfound sense of popularity is replaced by hostility from all sides. The residents turn against Edward and their view of him changes rapidly. Soon, he is seen as a dangerous, out of control monster.

Tragically, the "ordinary" American suburb cannot accept that which is different and Edward is driven away.

Johnny Depp is magnificent as Edward- making us laugh one moment at his naivety, making us sympathetic to his plight and making us sad when he is run out of town.

Vincent Price in a cameo role as the inventor, is splendid as he parodies his 1960's horror movies.

Tim Burton's direction of Caroline Thompson's screenplay is masterful. His use of incongruity and exaggeration to reveal the way modern society treats outcasts is, at times, over the top but it works well.

The audience is swept along with Edward's sadness and we leave the film with the uneasy feeling that despite everything, the world will never be a happy place until we learn not to be prejudiced and hostile to that which is different. However, like all good fairytales, "Edward Scissorhands" is most enjoyable, even if he did not live "happily ever after".

Mardi Michels





# I've Got My Orange Crush

**Crush**  
**Fremantle Arts Centre**  
**Press 1991**  
**\$14.95**

"I've got a crush on you sweetie pie"  
or  
"Where I come from crush is a place where sheep wait to be castrated".

The word 'crush' has many meanings all of which have a place in Brenda Walker's novel, winner of the 1990 Tag Hungerford Award for fiction.

Tom O'Brien, co-narrator of Walker's novel, is a social justice barrister, living in inner city Perth. He was once a legal partner in a tall glass building, but now he survives by defending such questionable clients as Frank Plausible and Albert Flower.

Into his life, and eventually his 'room to let', surges Anna Penn, "Art student", dyed red hair, thin black dress, scouts belt and Jesus sandals. Tom recalls:

"She stood on the mat and looked at me hard out of blackrimmed eyes like someone who has read about hard looks in cheap novels," - but "Crush" is no cheap novel.



On one level it is a murder mystery probing into Tom's past life with the twist that the story which Anna is writing just happens to be, strangely, on the same subject (a story within a story). It is also a love tale of sorts and the links between Tom and Anna's relationship and Tom's past become increasingly complex.

I was caught up in all of this but the

greatest impact for me came from images and details in the descriptions of the clubs and cafes which the characters frequented.

I felt I knew the Limbo Club with its obituary toilets (on the wall "Goodbye Wendy - Sue, there'll never be anybody like you). And there was the L'Alba Cafe (Alfresco's?) owned by Tom's friend Theo, with its roller-skating waiter, where the girls

all drank and wore short blacks, visited by the occasional "Tulle gown" in a limousine.

It was a strangely unsettling novel and made more so by the unnerving eyes which appear at the beginning of each chapter. It was a short novel, only 127 pages, but with so much "crushed" into it. Recommended.

**Laura Miller**

# How to be Successful

**How to be a Successful Student**  
**Jill Dixon**  
**Penguin**  
**\$8.99**

Authoress, Jill Dixon, has drawn on a career of experience in education to produce a book purporting to present a means of "making effective study part of your life - not all of it". Dixon covers a wide range of topics of interest to secondary, tertiary and mature age students. Specific emphasis is given to methods of time management, coping with deadlines and exam stress. It is claimed that Dixon's strategies maximise your chances of passing, while still leaving time for family, friends and recreational interests. There are no magic formulas for success, however, just a list of practical methods of increasing your efficiency as a student.

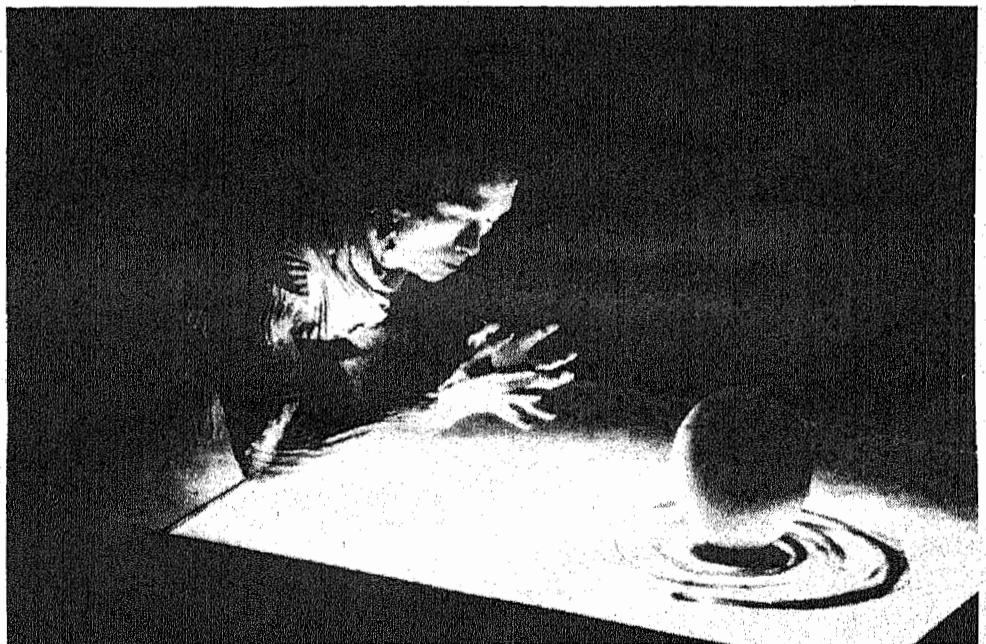
Throughout the text, Dixon emphasises the importance of goal direction, both career-wise and on the level of reading and essay writing. Clear goal direction is a powerful extrinsic motivation to study, thus it is an advantage. The practice of studying "not because you like it, but you like where it's going to get you" is an important aspect of the writer's strategy. The obvious conclusion drawn is that the advice of a student counsellor would be of value for those seeking a better focus on their

direction.

Although some students may question Dixon's emphasis on the pursuit of clear goals, the improvement of study skills is of interest to most of us. The writer notes that such skills rarely come naturally and can be easily learned. The "trial and error" approach is the basis for Dixon's whole philosophy on study, allowing the student to create a method of "hitting the books" which best suits them. The system of relying on a religious work schedule is dismissed in favour of developing a pattern of study which suits your lifestyle, remaining open to safely accommodate a family crisis or pub-crawl.

Oviously, efficient time management is essential for the maintenance of any study schedule, and this is dealt with extensively by the writer. As any tertiary student knows, subject teachers rarely co-ordinate deadlines, and it is important that study time is organised in advance to compensate for clashes of interest. Efficient means of reading, note-taking and essay writing are dealt with in individual chapters. The basis of a time management diary is also discussed, including a list of goals for each day. The amount of success one obtains in fulfilling the schedule they have set themselves may be correlated with changes in such variables as study environment, level of relaxation and concentration span. Ultimately, a student may define their most efficient work regime from this information.

Time management is given additional focus in Dixon's discussion of exams and



exam preparation. The practice of last-minute cramming is dismissed as ineffective by the writer, again giving emphasis to the merits of advanced preparation. Dixon's coverage of exam study and methods of survival is both practical and thorough, exposing the best means of attack in one comprehensive chapter. Stress, anxiety and performance are also examined, with a discussion of relaxation exercises and anxiety control. The concise discussion of this topic is representative of Dixon's attempt to present a format of informal, easy reading.

While at times vague (and occasionally patronising), the writer succeeds in presenting a list of practical solutions to many of the problems a student may encounter. Much of the information included would be especially useful to new and returning students, with chapters being devoted to both of these groups. With close attention paid to methods of time management, *How to be a Successful Student* presents a means of minimising conflict between your personal life and your studies.

**Matt Denby**



# SYD'S AWAKENING

Syd Brisbane, Flinders Drama Centre Graduate and Actor Who Takes His Work Extremely Seriously, talks to Chloë Fox about *Spring Awakenings* and the pressures on The Kids.

Although a small man, the energy and dynamism of Syd Brisbane fills the room. He is an actor, one of the bright young things that have been turning up with unprecedented frequency in the State Theatre Company's ensemble. During the 70s and the 80s, there appeared to be a lack of young South Australian performers in the State Theatre Company. Instead, graduates from NIDA (National Institute of Dramatic Art) and similar institutions trod out boards, returning to their home states when they were ready to face audiences there. But with the advent of Simon Phillips, things have changed. The Flinders University Drama Centre, probably the most respected Drama School in the State, has seen many of its graduates taken under the wing of Phillips and his Company. One of these people is Syd Brisbane.

That is not, of course, his real name. His real name is Ian. Syd was just a nickname which stuck. Syd has performed in many notable Red Shed productions, amongst them the acclaimed *Road*. He performed in many STC productions last year, the one he enjoyed most being *Restoration*. This year, Syd has a major role in the upcoming *Spring Awakening*, a sensitive portrayal of adolescence. He will be playing Melchior, one of the teenage boys around whom the story revolves. I had a chance to talk to Syd last week, and asked him how he felt about the play, his character, the "new-look" STC under the guidance of Simon Phillips, and, of course, *Twin Peaks*.

Syd is serious and well-prepared young man. When I asked him to tell me a bit about the play, he pulled out a piece of paper and began to read..

"The play is about life and death, pleasure and pain, right and wrong, belief and disbelief, free spirit and control, good and bad, success and failure, tabu and omen, security within the social hierarchy...." And so the list went on.

WOW!

That is a lot of things for a play to be about!!

In fact, it sounds just like religion!!!

So, as you can guess, this looks like it's going to be a pretty deep and rather meaningful play. Don't let this put you off though - there is a significant comic element within the play, and interesting subject matter. The play's story centres around a group of young men dealing with the problems of youth, and delivers a stern indictment of middle-class morality. Written in 1891 by German dramatist Frank Wedekind, *Frühlings Erwachen* (Spring Awakening) was first



**"Kids today are being taught a dead culture, a dead religion, dead social myths"**

performed in Leipzig in 1906. In 1931 it was performed in London as *Spring's Awakening*, and then in 1961 as *Spring Awakening* at the progressive and controversial Royal Court Theatre. This is the second time that South Australian audiences have had the chance to see the play - the first time being a student production in the late '70s.

I asked Syd if the controversial nature of the play is still what it was. In these days, it seems that what was once a startling exposé of human sexuality and passion - a play that was steamy enough to ban for over fifty years - could be just another insight into the world of the teenage male. But no. Syd Brisbane maintains that *Spring Awakening* is just as shocking and incisive today as it was when first written. People now have just as many problems dealing

with sexuality as they did then, and Syd suggests that those problems are even more difficult in the post-modern world of today than they might have been in the 60s.

One of the things that we talked about a lot about was the effect Syd's character has had upon him. Syd says he has learnt more than he could have possibly imagined from the boy he plays, Melchior. "I have this weight on my shoulders," he says. The problems of adolescence, which so often escape our memories as we grow older, have been revisited. Syd feels that he has stepped into the awakening consciousness of a young man, and that this return to that certain psychological state has been both rewarding and depressing. "Maybe, I don't know, maybe I even feel like a sadder person. I've learnt to challenge more; to

question."

The rehearsal process has, he remarks, been satisfying. Under the direction of Cath McKinnon, a renowned South Australian dramatist, the whole cast has developed a feeling of solidarity and positive progression. This will hopefully be transmitted to the audiences. McKinnon is, by all accounts, a competent director who is clear about what she wants from her ensemble, while at the same time allowing them room to move on their own. Syd enjoys working with her, and has also had a rewarding time working with Simon Phillips. "The thing about working with Simon, is that he's fun, great fun, and he treats the whole rehearsal period as a good fun, exciting time."

Syd Brisbane feels that he has achieved an invaluable amount while working with the State Theatre Company, and they in turn have not regretted their decision to take him on. While working with them, and in particular on the this production, Syd has absorbed more than he thought possible about himself as an actor. "Pushing further..through emotional barriers, striving to go beyond oneself as an actor all the time..." One of the things he feels he has truly learnt has been honesty. "You have to be honest; trust the other actor. Go more with the moment, be open to receiving what the other actor has to give you."

Syd Brisbane is a young man who seems to have an assured future in front of him. He is a dedicated actor, and when work in the industry been scarce, Syd has driven taxis, worked behind a bar and had fun with mud brick labouring. He thinks that it was probably Leo who killed Laura Palmer, but he doesn't really care that much. Playing Melchior in *Spring Awakening* has to him been more than just another job. When he talks about young kids and teenagers, he becomes angry and sad at the same time. He feels that their problems are his problems, and that for this period of time - at least while he plays Melchior, and possibly beyond - that those problems matter a lot to him. "Kids today are being taught a dead culture, a dead religion, dead social myths. Society is changing so much, and their education has to change, too. And.. you know, these kids are too busy growing. There's a pressure to survive..."

*Spring Awakening* opens on April 16 at the Playhouse. I think that this will be a production to see; and a performance from Syd Brisbane to watch.

**For Example  
Et Cetera  
Space Cabaret  
Club  
April 5-20**

The Caberet Club, I think, tries *trés* hard to be *trés* classy. The artists in the Et Cetera company tries very hard to be very entertaining. Neither really succeeds.

The company's 4 men and 2 women start the show by appearing among the audience (what a New Idea) with a naff opening number involving a blindfold trick shooter. It misses its timing and telegraphs its punches. Like most of what follows it is neither overtly new or interesting. There are some good sight gags among the clichés, however, some of them very well executed, some...well... Each segment is apparently taken from a short story or late-at-night Flash by one of the company members. It's mime, though they use voice-over on a

couple of occasions.

A certain foxy lady I know left in dismay at the interval, saying the mime was simply awful. I would disagree - it wasn't going to win any awards, and it was a bit rough in patches (surprisingly since they first performed it in 1989) but on the whole not objectionable. Her move was wise enough though, because the second half had little to offer, except a tract on the dominant species of life on Earth - grass. There were some good lighting effects and clever props, and at least they knew when to stop. There is a feminist overtone, I think, for those who want to find it, but on the whole it was a pretty pretty and pretty empty evening. They'll win no awards for innovation.

The worrying thing is lots of people seemed to think it was the bee's knees. If you have \$25 (\$18.50 for the ticket and money for a beer and some nachos) then there are some worse ways to blow it. Go along slightly sloshed and the bright lights will razzle and dazzle and captivate you. Like a roo in front of a road train.

Marc Hudson.



# this week in SPORT

• by Johnny Matthus and Ethel Murman

## •Crow Fever

The Crows could have been contenders for the greatest glittering prize in this great wide brown land, but now they're a national joke. They'll never see the last day in September except from the comfort of their own loungerooms. Come September the only cup they'll be clutching will be ceramic and full of Bonox and bitter tears. They've been exposed for the pack of generic brand ordinarys they really are.

All Carlton had to do was kick the ball higher than 6 feet in the air and the Crows backline crumbled like the miserable ground-dwelling moles they really are. No big men fly at Football Park. 'Your turn' cried Kernas to Jon Hanger Dorotich, and the only thing that stood in his way were a few one-legged seagulls lost on their way to Adelaide Oval. All the Crows smelt was the faint whiff of Dencorubas Kernas or Hanger climbed onto their shoulders, all they saw were dangling pairs of Pumas, all they heard was the Umpires whistle and silent stands. The Crows defence not only are a miserable bunch of ground dwelling sloths without a map, but they lack AFL commitment for the red leather.

They haven't the pride or desire to pull on the guernsey, but who has? Just look at the joke they call a strip. Hungry Jacks should take a close look at the Crows uniform and decide whether they should sue. What the Crows need is a man who's not afraid to look like a Whopper salesman; a man not afraid to wear crap clobber. They need Rudi Einstein Mandemaker to come back from the Satellite City. He plays for the 'Dogs and he's used to looking like an A-Grade fashion joke on a Saturday arvo and he'd give the Crows Forward line the touch of class it desperately needs. Rudi's got the quick mind and the fast hands the Crows need in the goal square.

If the Crows backline was small and slow then the forward line are a study of lizard-like alertness on a cold day underground. They never saw the ball against Carlton let alone got their lillywhites on a long bomb into the square, before pivoting like a ballerina and skewering a sausage roll.

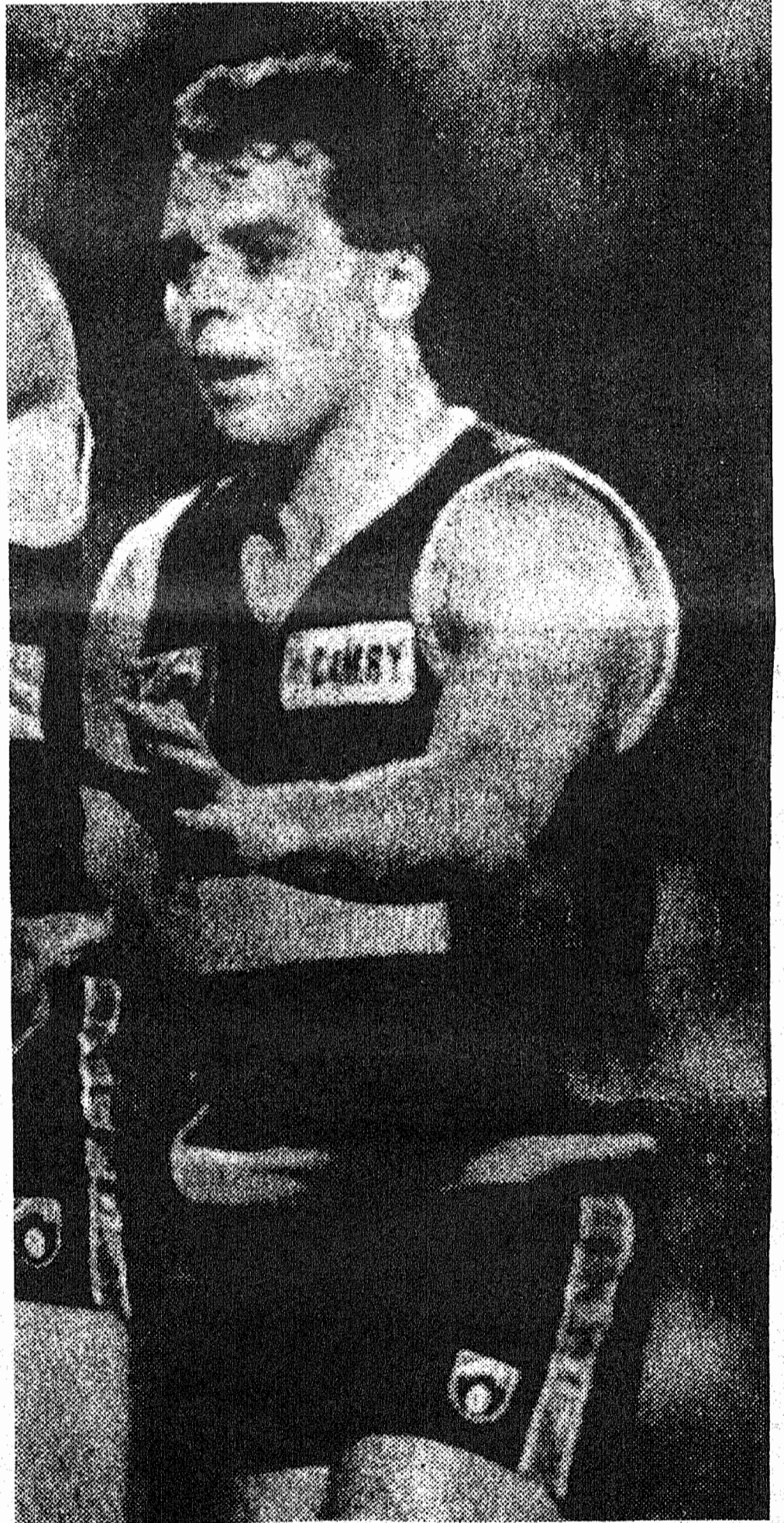
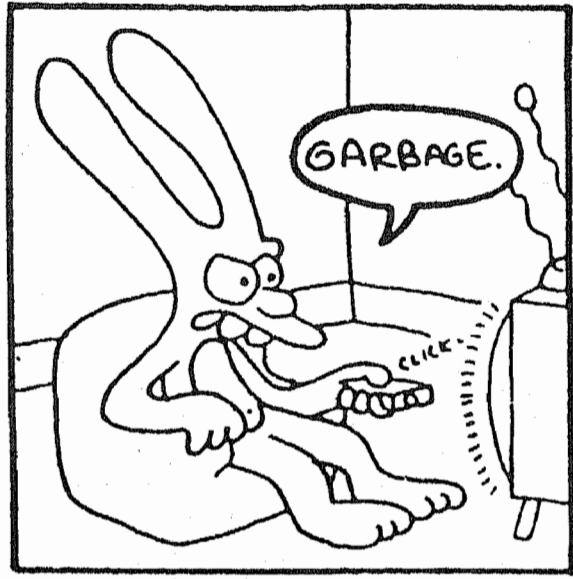
When the Crow run on division rested in the forward lines they took a pillow. They

took several. In fact they had a whole goddamn tea party on a four poster bed while the Carlton Blue Mean Machine rebounded time and time again. It's not enough for Darel Hart to have comittment at the ball if he can't get to the drop of the ball until ten minutes after Kernas has posted another major. As the Immortal Captain Blood (Jack Dyer) says "he gets where the ball ain't." Hart lacks the certain something necessary to succeed at the highest echelon of the game: namely the ability to run, nay jog, a 100 metres in under two minutes. We're not talking about running a four minute mile here, but he's got to get out to the middle before three-quarter time.

Speaking of sedentary, Chris Bones McDermott springs quickly to mind. He's too busy showing the members his nickname to put in the hard yards. The only reason he gets to the middle for the Opening bounce is because he is still trudging off the ground after the last Crow debacle. Bones McDermott must be pole-ing Coach Cornes to get a guernsey as skip of the Almighty Crows.

Not that any of the others stand out as leadership material. The Crows are blander than Mum's Chicken Soup. They've got less character than an NUS Conference floor. No wonder Coach Cornes releases such strange and wonderful team placing prior to game. He can't tell one from the other. He doesn't know whether he's looking at a half back flanker or a forward pocket. Is it Rob Jameson or John Klug, Simon Tregenza or Romano Negri, Darren Bartsch or Scott Lee? Who hired these no-names. Did the Crow Coach thinktank just clone Michael Murphy 52 times?

Here's to ya Alan Shiel for your article after the first Crow win against a hapless fat lethargic Hawthorn for recommending that the Crows all should get a medal. I agree Alan; your incisive and perceptive judgement has swayed me again. Give them a medal and better than that, print their names and home addresses on the back for when we all forget who they are. Goddamn, get the Adelaide City Council to license the Crows. They're nothing but lost dogs so let's treat them like lost dogs. Call out the Catcher and pack them off to the dog pound.



## 'Twenty heroes cover themselves in glory'

The biggest joke in Australian Rules is not the Crows but the euphoric, parochial, knee jerk crud that has been written about them. And there is no better example than failed Opera critic Alan Shiel's effort in the Saturday 'Tiser after the Crows defeated a lacklustre, overweight Hawthorn side.

By ALAN SHIEL

Give 'em a bonus. Give 'em the badges of honor. Give 'em the Town Hall. Give 'em a Camry each. Give 'em anything.

Inscribe their names on an honor roll, and emboss them in bold gold.

And roll out the red carpet and the Rolis-Royces for Tony McGuinness and David Marshall and Romano Negri and Andrew Jarman and Simon Tregenza and Nigel Smart and John Klug... and the whole beautiful bunch: 20 heroes who covered themselves in glory.

They were magnificent, bloody magnificent!

And the sense of pride they engendered in South Australian football will earn them appropriate respect for the rest of their lives.

With the gratitude and reverence New Zealanders reserve for their All-Blacks and South Africans maintain for their Springboks in rugby, South Australians will say of each of these mighty men: "He was one of the original Crows, who humbled the..."

Hawthorn at Football Park on March 22, 1991.

FOOTBALL

with Alan Shiel

'Would you like any fries with that?'



*this week in*  
**SPORT**  
 second record  
 breaking page



**end of an era as Bill Ponsford dies**

Australia's cricket lovers were deeply saddened to hear this week of the death of Bill Ponsford, prolific run scoring machine for Australia from 1924-1934. In 29 tests he scored 2 122 runs at 48 (7 100's) with a high score of 281\*. A remarkable record at Shield level included two scores over 400 for his home state of Victoria, and 5 413 runs from 43 matches at the

healthy healthy average of 84. A master of spin bowling, Ponsford is perhaps best remembered for his 266 run contribution to the current Australian record for the second wicket (with Sir Don Bradman) of 451 made against England at The Oval in 1934. The stunning run fest against the hapless England attack took just 5 1/2 hours.

**You could win a valuable and informative sports library!**

Due to the overwhelming sense of generosity in our hearts and our sense of outrage at the current lack of respect shown to the great number sevens of past Australian teams both Johnny and I have decided to initiate a competition to engender respect for this much-maligned position. The prize will be of course equal in all respects to the value of the number seven position. The prize is the be all and end all of all cricketing texts: 'Cricket' written, nay lovingly penned, by Tony Greig. This text is used widely by all Cricket Academies around the world and to quote some of it's many fine reviews:

- "Cricket is the definitive cricketing book," - Wisden 1977
- "A source of inspiration and my finest teacher," - Dean Jones 1990
- "A great cricketer becomes a great author," - Bhagwat Chandrasekhar

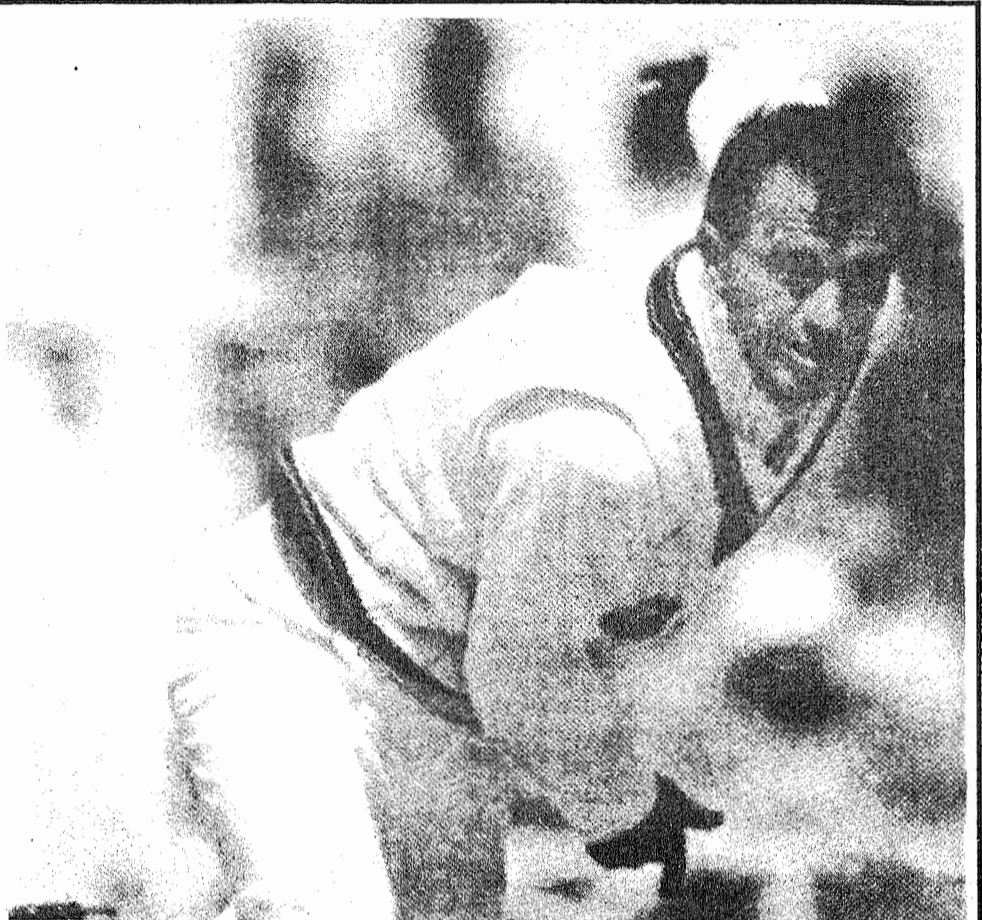
The Question-Who is the worst Number Seven of all time to wear the baggy green cap of Australia?

Certain rules apply. The farce must have represented Australia on 3 different occasions, be an allrounder or wicketkeeper and be hopelessly inept to the nth degree.

Certain qualifications make the perfectly woeful number seven and these were displayed wonderfully in such giants as Tommy "Terror" Vivers. His record stands as a beacon to all budding No. 7s: 21 tests, 813 runs at 31.2 HS 67\*, 33 wickets at 41.7. Tommy described himself by saying "I'm a tidy and economical off-spinner but I lack penetration at the highest level of the Noble Game."

Neil "Hospital" Hawke, Ray "Arm ball" Bright, Greg "Pinebox" Matthews, and John Inverarity spring to mind with pressing claims for the mantle of the slimmest contributor to their respective sides. Glovesmen of the calibre of Kevin "Slippery" Wright (4 tests, 63 runs at 10.5, 22 dismissals) and John "Enforcer" McLean also are worthy recent entries who batted like they still had the keeping gloves on and the helmet on back to front.

Entries can be dropped off at *on dit* or the SAUA and results will be published in 1 or 2 weeks. Good luck and keep punching.



It was good to see the Australian selectors give Pinebox Matthews the treatment he deserved in the Third Test against the Windies Indies by dropping the bastard. Pity they selected this excellent contender for Australia's worst number 7 to tour in the first place..

**Lets spend four hours together**  
 • a short note from the Adelaide University Golf Club

Golf: A game, a great game. A game you should play. The game to play if you like hitting small balls into small holes.

The A.U.G.C. is holding their Annual General Meeting on Tuesday 9th April in the North-South Dining rooms beginning at 8pm. The emphasis of the meeting will generally be administrative but will be done with a sense of frivolity rarely seen at any A.G.M. Prospective Members are welcome to attend as we will be offering an insight into what the Club has to offer and what the Club is all about (which is mainly golfy in nature). Video nasties will be shown while elections for the new executive committee are rigged and the winners will be shown to have a majority of over 700,000. As well as perjury, vote rigging and standover tactics there will be plenty of FREE grub, FREE lubricant and golf balls to be given away. Hopefully Marcus Wallman who will be presented with the dirty poo brown jacket and inaugural trophy has organised the free balls to be DDHs and not shitty orange Apollos.

As Ashley Flavel (Generallissimo) says come along, bring your friends and have a great time.



**From the diamond**

• a shorter note from the Adelaide University Baseball Club

Our little mole near the top of the Adelaide University Baseball Club has passed on this top secret information to us at great cost to itself.

Training will commence on Sabbath morns at Our Lady of the Cross playing fields, Waite Institute, Fullarton Rd at the just and morally correct time of 10.30 am. Infidels not attending will be hunted down by their consciences and the Witch-Hunter General and burnt.

Crusades against the Saracens will commence Saturday 27th April in the year of our lord 1991 and shall not finish until the pure Knights from the A.U.B.C. have emerged victorious clad in cloaks of ermine and glory.

Annual General Waysgoose will be in the Castle Lady Symon in the room named after the valiant Sir Jerry Portus (845-917) on Friday 12th April. The appointed time is 1pm and all Crusaders are requested to remove their sandals and leave their squires at the drawbridge.

If thou dost still have enquiries alleviate thyself by engaging Sir Chris McGowan on 31 1235 or Lord Darren Miller on 346 2319.

Long live King Richard the Lionheart.





# NO MORE GODDARDS FOR B.M. ALLEN, LLB

## Video Killed the Radio Star

• Original bands and theatre - Attention!  
• We'd like to give you the opportunity to be a part of our bi-weekly spot on 5UV. We are interested in up-coming theatre productions and gigs and demo tapes.  
Contact: Michelle on 339 4612 or Katie on 339 2706.

## For Sale

### Backpack:-

70 litres; internal frame; cordura material; zip away straps; excellent condition - \$125 o.n.o.  
Contact Matt 298 3261

## For Sale

### Doc Martens:-

1 pair original Docs; black 3 hole; size 8; excellent condition - \$60 o.n.o.  
Contact Matt 298 3261

## For Sale

### Sony Portable CD player D-100

fully programmable. Can be incorporated with Hi-fi system - \$250 o.n.o.  
Contact Matt 298 3261

## Out they go!

### Crazy Crazy Crazy!

## Friends of the Earth

Come along to the South Dining Rooms, Level 4 of the Union Building, on the 10th April, 1 pm for Campaign Discussions and for speakers on alternative technology and the Lake Eyre Basin.

## Evangelical Union

Tuesday, 1.10 pm, Union Cinema.  
9th April - "Be Transformed" Romans 12:1- 21 Mike Hey.  
16th April - "Law, Love and the Future" Romans 13:1- 14 Mike Hey.

## Adelaide University Golf Club AGM

Dear members/prospective members,  
Welcome to the Adelaide Uni Golf Club. We are looking forward to another exciting year of golfing and social activities. Our Annual General Meeting will be held on Tuesday, 9th April at the North/South Dining Rooms, commencing at 8.00 pm. The emphasis of our AGM is threefold:

- (i) We give members an insight into the club and what it has to offer
  - (ii) The elections for the new executive committee are held
  - (iii) Non-members interested in joining can do so on the night.
- To add to this, we will be:
- providing plenty of free food and drink
  - giving away golf balls

• presenting Marcus Wallman, our Club Champion with the inaugural Trophy and dirty brown jacket. So bring along all of your friends and come and have a great time.  
Ashley Flavel  
President

## Hells Bells!

Free Rock'n'Roll presentation  
Part 1 - Wednesday, 10th April  
Part 2 - Thursday, 11th April. 1.10 pm Cinema

## Humanist Society

Professor Graham Nerlich will present a talk on Existentialism between 1 - 2 pm on Tuesday, 9th April in the North/South Dining Rooms. All are welcome.

## Big Fun

Professor Smolicz and the Board cordially invite you to attend a lecture by Mr Maximilian Soliven, Jurist, International Political Analyst, and Publisher. Editor of The Philippines Star (Manilla) on the topic Can Australia be admitted to the "Asia Club"? The lecture will be held on Tuesday, 16th April at 1.00 pm in the University of Adelaide, Napier Building Lecture Room G03.  
Please direct enquiries to Ms Elizabeth Balan. Telephone 228 5788 or 228 5628.

## The Adelaide University Theatre Company

Persons interested in all aspects of theatre production are invited to an inaugural General Meeting on 10th April, 1991 at 1.15 pm in the Jerry Portus Room to discuss participation and establishment of this new club.  
Enquiries: Wayne Eckert (Psych); Maryanne Nesil (Anthro)

## Amnesty International

Letter Writing on Tuesday 9th April at 1pm. In the Jerry Portus Room.

## Broad Left Law Group

shows Reefer Madness on 8th April 7.30pm in the Union Cinema. FREE. All welcome, even if you're not a Law Student or a Broad Left sort of person. That's right, even ideologically suspect people can come and see it!

## Film Society AGM

Tuesday, 16th April, in the Jerry Portus Room at 1.10pm.

## More Bohemian Intellectuals

Lit. Soc. Playreading  
Auditions for "The Tempest".  
Meeting room 1, Thursday, April 11 at 1pm.

## CISLAC

(Community in Solidarity with Latin America and the Caribbean) presents John Rice, talking about his experiences in Guatemala. Thurs. 11th April 1pm Conference Room, Level 5 Union Building.

## Theatre Guild

The Theatre Guild's next production "Vinegar Tom" by Caryl Churchill opens on the 10th of April in the Little Theatre at the University of Adelaide.

The play looks at the role of women in 17th century England by comparing the loves of various women in a small village, and their dealings with the local "witch". The story is placed in a framework of contemporary songs that offer an ironic feminist commentary on the central action.  
"Vinegar Tom" opens for a two week season on April 10th. Tickets are \$12/\$8, available on 2285999 or at Bass.

## Production Notes

*On Dit* is published by the SAUA. The opinions expressed within may not necessarily be those of the editors, though some of them may be held at least partly by one or both of the editors. This particularly applies to any editorials we write, which will express the opinion of whichever editor happens to write it, and be totally against the opinion of the other editor.

Editors: Simon Healy & David Krantz

Advertising: Steph Pribil

Typesetting: Sharon "typesetter" Middleton

Frate: Peter Ingman "I like to drive"

Something Else: Andy Joyner

Special thanks this week go to no-one at all, because I've just run out of space.

On Dit is printed by Murray Bridge Press.

# Party until you feel a little bit tired and ready for a lie-down

Activities Week beginning Monday, April 8th, 1991

## Tuesday, April 9th

7.30 pm Cinematheque film programme in Cinema with "Cherith" (Dir. S. Barrett, Australian, 1988, Colour, 26 mins.) and "Day of Wrath (Vrens Day)" (Dir. Hair Dryer, Denmark, 1943, B/W 98 mins.).

## Wednesday, April 10th

1 - 2 pm The Winners, Union Voucher Scheme on Barr Smith Lawns. All prizes to be drawn and announced. You need to be there with student card to win the Trip to Bali from Student Travel or one of 3 Union Fee refunds. All other winners will be honoured, with winners lists publicised. Special guest, George Donikian, Channel 10, who will pronounce some foreign words for us.  
6 - 9 pm Wednesday session in Union Bar with "Johnny Steele" solo singer guitarist. Will play requests. Free.

## Friday, April 12th

1 - 2 pm Lunchtime concert in Union Bar with "Basso Continuo" from Melbourne.  
6 - 9 pm Pianist in Union Bistro.  
9 pm - Midnight "Rory McLeod", British singer/songwriter to perform one of two shows in Union Bar. Free to AU Students, \$6 Guests.

## Coming Entertainment

Life Games on Barr Smith Lawns April 16, 18; "Beehive or Else" from Sydney; in Bar; 1991 Graduation Ball at Hilton on May 4th. "Doug Anthony All Stars", Wednesday, May 8th. Campus Battle of Bands - forms now in Union Office.



BRING  
BACK  
HANGING

# Bunyip Peril

RESPECT  
YOUR  
ELDERS

## Barry Salter Competition attracts thousands of entries!

### The Winner! Barry Salter's mother wins a dinner with her son!

Dear Eds,  
I ask my little Bazlet this same question every morning when I make his lunch for him. "Baz", I say. "What do you actually do for a crust?" The best he can come back with is "Erm, well, I organise parties, windings, hoe-downs, shindigs, you know, RAVES. It's all for the kids. Hey let's face it. This is the 90s', and the kids want to rock out, mumsy!" What this means I do not know. "Well Baz", I said, "when I said to get a haircut and a job, I meant a real job, not one of those cushy Union Public Service type jobs". Fuck knows what he actually does.

Yours etc., Mrs. Salter

### Censored

Barry Salter likes to [CENSORED] put three or four [CENSORED] cigarette lighter [CENSORED] Then he [CENSORED] and goes about his merry way.

This letter had to be heavily censored to remove libellous statements about Mr. Salter. After removal of these statements, the entry was only a shadow of it's former self. We all had a couple of chuckles about it in the office though.

Eds.

### Nouveau au Go Go - A whole Shitload!

Barry Salter - Ba'ree S'oal'ta (noun)  
Defn.- A person who hires shocking bands with crap names.  
- A person who fumbles a bit but smiles a lot.

- A mythical silver haired man purportedly seen wandering the Lady Symon Building shouting "hire Nouveau Au Go Go a whole shitload".

Job Defn.- To write badly and keep the cover band industry afloat.

### Eat my BMW

Barry Salter performs a vital role as a producer/consumer. In return for his three to four hours of arduous "coffee motion social interaction" (read interdepartmental friction with other office parasites), he receives a meagre pittance to enable him to create employment for other producers. (Such as German BMW factory hands).

Lots of Love,  
C.R.E. Eldridge  
History Dept.  
P.S. Can I have the prize without Barry? You pay and I'll bring my own guest.

### Bloody Persistent

Mr Salter occupies a point in the space-time continuum. He keeps a large number of component atoms in slower motion than are found in the surrounding atmosphere, yet in faster motion than they are in even denser mediums (such as concrete). Moreover, Barry also works as an organic energy converter transferring the organic produce of various smallgoods (IN) into energy and manure (OUT).

Cor, no wonder the Union pays him so much!

C.R.E. Eldridge

P.S. Can I have the prize now? I could do with something to eat.

### Thanks Barry!

Dear Dickheads,

Yes it's me- Mario again! I know what Barry Salter does... he is my script writer and public relations manager.

Mario Dreosti, SAUA Councillor

P.S. Thanks Barry for helping me with the spelling and grammar.

We also received an entry from Andrew Lamb, but it didn't answer the question, so we left it out. Thanks to those who did enter.



## Spotlight on Stupidity

Two prime examples of monumental stupidity this week. The first is a review of *Cyrano de Bergerac* from a student paper called "Bezerk". Anyone who thinks that the film is a "great remake" or "the French version" of the Steve Martin film *Roxanne* should be taken outside and shot.

*CYRANO DE BERGERAC* is on at Greater Union Street Sydney. Gerard Depardieu who is in *Greencard* is *Cyrano*. *Cyrano* is the French version of *Roxanne* which starred Steve Martin and Daryl Hannah. This film is in French with English subtitles. It is also a much more classic version. Well worth a look in, even to see Gerard Depardieu at work again.  
A great remake.  
8-10 hours.

Another ludicrous blunder was spotted in *The Australian* on Saturday. In the magazine section there was an article about William Hurt. When talking about his role in the film "1984", it described the film as being an "adaption of the novel by Aldous Huxley". Surely anyone who has even studied English at school knows who the novel was by.

"Spotlight on Stupidity" is looking for media blunders to publish. If you notice any outrageously foolish things in the print or electronic media, please drop them into the *On Dit* office.

## The Friendly Skyscraper.

