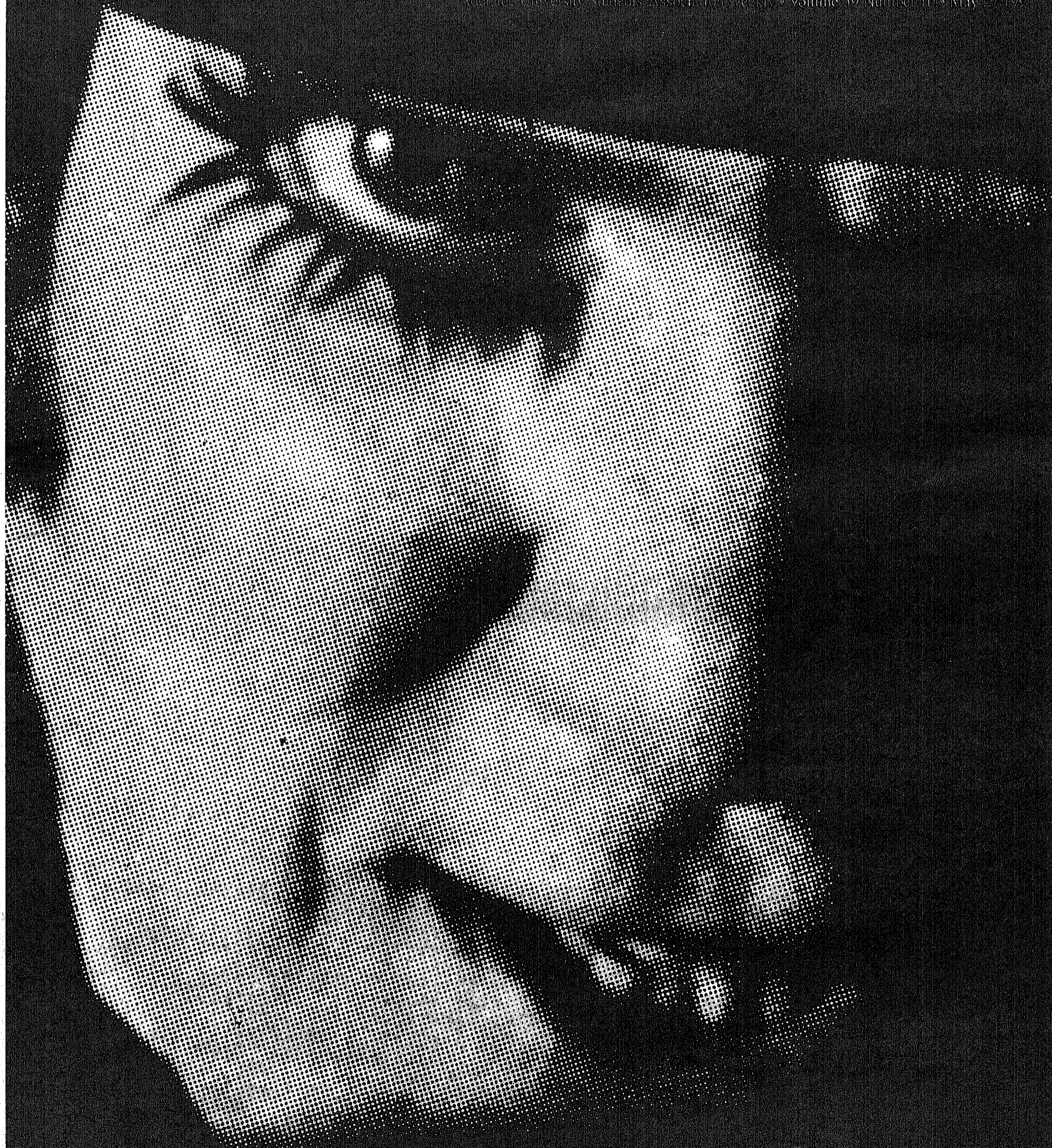


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# ON·DIT

Adelaide University Students Association Weekly • Volume 59 Number 10 • May 27 1997



# violence



# Ted Trilogy Vol. 1 - Sex

## "sex bomb, my baby, yeah"

Up till now I have been just pissing around, readers, being a kind of a literary nomad, commenting on things fatuously, superficially, gratuitously, as they took my fancy. But there comes a time in a writer's life when he suddenly becomes acutely aware of his own mortality. And that time came for me, the other day, when I realised that "I can't get no satisfaction", to quote ol' rubber lips. I needed to create something of lasting social value, something with real exchange value when I front up to the pearly gates with my long johns and my kit bag, with St. Peter a.k.a. Charron asking to see my I.D., eyeing me suspiciously, sussing out how much of a fraud I was in life, and which queue I belonged in. I did not want to end my life in the express lane, with 8 items or less to my credit.

So that's why I am going to take the next three weeks to be very wise about the three most important things in a young person's life, Sex, Drugs and Rock'n'Roll. This will be your old Uncle Ted being so deep and meaningful, violins will begin to play, the earth will move, Social Security counter cheques will rain down on life's squatters like manna from heaven.

I once thought that Sex would be the first thing that I would get right in life. Then, drunk from endless heady orgasms whenever the whim took me, I could fill the dead space in-between perfect fucks to fine tune my drugs and my music. Pig's Arse I would. Fate, Kismet, Godhead, or whoever you wish to attach the title of Chief Cruel Bastard to, obviously had other ideas for my willy. Like me, my pecker has been on the dole for most of its working life, and the dreams we both shared about magnificent simultaneous orgasms with gorgeous women from all walks of life remained just that. Dreams. Wet ones. Sticky. Lonely.

He blamed me for not performing my self marketing function properly, and I said to him, What's the point if you let me down at the critical moment? For years we have been like an old married couple, arguing like cats and dogs, wondering why the hell we have stayed together for all these years.

I used to tell girls, Oh, him? He's just something I picked up at the joke store. See how rubbery he is. I'd embarrass him in front of women to get him back for all the times he refused to play cricket at those vital confidence-making-or-breaking moments. It was only by disassociating myself from my 'little guy' that I managed to hold my head up in public. Oh the Shame, as young Sylvester would say to his Dad when he found out his father shouldn't catch mice.

But like that old married couple, we would patch up our arguments, put on our best faces and venture out to Pubs and Cubs, Parties and Barbeques together, pretending to be madly in love, really only fooling ourselves. Then we would go home together and have boring sex in the 'missionary' position. "Why don't you use your right hand?" he would cry. "Why do we always have to do it in the shower, just after you brush your teeth?"

The problem was that we liked different things. He is a breast fanatic, I am into faces.

We have finally compromised on necks and shoulders as some kind of common ground, upon which we can run a mutually agreeable kind of fetishism. As the graffiti on the wall said... "A man without a woman is like a toilet without paper- you have to finish the job with your hand." It was only after me and my recalcitrant dick called a truce that my love life became steamier than Sophia Loren's armpit. (Sex joke. What did JFK say to Jackie O. the day he got shot? Not tonight dear, I feel a headache coming on. Har. Har. Groan.)

So this would be the first lesson I would offer to those love addicts out there in Seriousland. Come to terms with your own body. When you get home of a night, slip into something comfortable, like a jacuzzi, pour yourself a drink and allow auto-erotic feelings to take over your body and soul. Go on, pour another. Think of playing guitar naked, by yourself, on precipitous cliffs. Think of playing guitar naked, by yourself, on precipitous cliffs. Think Tarzan (or Jane since this advice applies equally well to women). Think Self. Yeah. And make a serious attempt to find out where the sexual preferences of your *gonaddes d'amour* really lays. Don't assume that your Willy (or Wendy in the case of women) will automatically dig vintage

champagne and rough trade like you do. I have known punk rockers to have nervous breakdowns when they have found out their love truncheons actually prefer Debussy to Dead Kennedys.

When you do actually meet someone, you know, NICE, don't stuff it up by coming on too strong. Don't play hard-to-get, play damn-near-impossible-to-get. Fake impotence/frigidity. Its always a real gasser when the other person thinks you are dead meat, n'est ce pas? Then casually pull *The Story of O* from your hip pocket and suavely remark "Did you know this magnificently written masterpiece has an anonymous author". Don't ever offer to show girls your pornography collection. In these enlightened times, you'll have to do better than that, buddy. I've found that flashing around a copy of *American Psycho* provides all the foreplay needed. Be sensitive to the mood that prevails. Avoid words like 'penis' and 'vagina'. Too brutal. I find "shaft of sensation" and "front bum" to be socially palatable euphemisms for those ugly little bits of raw fritz, don't you?

Now I'd like to clear up a bit of fuss about the G spot (Yes of course I read *Cleo* avidly). Apparently, this is the button that you press to produce deep vaginal orgasms rather than silly superficial clitoral ones. Or so Ita

Buttrose would have me believe. Personally, I'd like to think that there is more to good sex than button pressing, or following some American therapist's magic formula. I'd like to replace it with my own humble discovery, the T-zone (T for Ted, of course!).

The trouble with the G-spot is that it's just a spot. You damn near need to strap a telescopic sight to your prepece to find the body thing. The T-zone is a much more relaxed concept, since it covers most of the outside of our bodies. Like the Mandelbrot set, you can never discover all of it. Cool idea, isn't it? Once you've found the T-zone, follow all those tiny little hairs straight to the G-spot, using your tongue and copious amounts of ice cream, liquid paper, or whatever falls to hand. Easy, huh. (Beware of haemorrhoid ointment that has gone past the use-by date, though, it tastes terrible).

Finally, on the subject of safe sex. This is a contradiction in terms, thank the Lord, so lets just leave it that way. Amen.

And my attitude to children, which are, of course, a result of sex, (really, it's true, I absolutely FREAKED when I found out) is as follows... leave 'em alone 'till they turn 16. Then let them have the truth, that humans are created by Storks fucking, and blaming it on Rio.

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# Joining The Army

Government proposals to change the Defence Force and create a Ready Reserve which will target students and farmers has met with resistance from student groups.

SAUA President Natasha Stott Despoja believes that the government is abdicating its duty to improve resources by seeking the easy way out and not addressing the genuine problems of underfunding which exist.

Ms Stott Despoja states;

"Students can not help but be attracted to offers of tertiary scholarships in return for reserve training as a way of softening the blow of the Higher Education Contribution. However, this is another move away from accessible education for an Australian community which pays taxes precisely to contribute to the public good."



Students of the future?

# Big Merv Speaks Out

The American Ambassador to Australia, Merv Sembler, told the National Press Club that George Bush is an "internationalist to his bones" in a flag-waving speech the day before Anzac Day. His claims have been met with scepticism in the light of the U.S.'s rejection of a regional security dialogue.

Australia could rely on the U.S. to maintain a "forward deployed military presence in the Pacific throughout the Bush Presidency and well into the 21st century", Mr. Sembler said.

The "emerging" security concept in the Pacific-Asia region is "co-operative vigilance". Mr Sembler said this was not a prescription for organising the region but a description of how the U.S. will "inter-react" with its allies.

Essentially, co-operative vigilance will be about "responsibility sharing". This would seemingly involve a degree of financial sharing in addition; Mr. Sembler said co-operative vigilance meant "doing what we're doing today with less" and involved nations showing "a credible degree of self-reliance."

Attempts by Senator Evans to establish a regional dialogue for security talks have been rejected by the U.S. on the grounds that

existing bilateral agreements have served their function well and will continue to do so.

"When it comes to our regional security view we have an existing mechanism that is adequate and has worked for years...it is the United States' view that if it ain't broke, don't fix it", Mr. Sembler said.

However, there is widespread speculation that the U.S. has rejected the regional dialogue because it fears the U.S.S.R. could 'get into the game'. While denying that this was the case, Mr. Sembler said the Soviets still maintained a "significant military power projection in the East Asia area".

The United States' administration's internationalism is brought into question in the light of some of President Bush's past statements:

"We are Americans. We have the unique responsibility to do the hard work of freedom, and when we do freedom works."

George Bush, January 1991

"We saved Europe, cured polio, went to the moon and lit the world with our culture."

George Bush, 1988

Matthew Ryan

# Those Nasty CFCs

Activities such as sunbaking, surfing and playing sport could all be things of the past by the year 2050, according to a statement made recently by Australia's expert on melanoma cancer.

Prof. Bill McCarthy, of the melanoma unit at Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, says that if ozone depletion continues at its present rate, it will be impossible to step outside without "space suit type" clothing and adequate eye protection within 70 years. Without it, one would be able to feel their skin burning immediately upon stepping outside, making prolonged outdoor stays extremely uncomfortable.

The ozone layer, at an altitude of ten to fifty kilometres above sea level, has been significantly depleted over the past forty to fifty years by chemicals known as chloro-fluorocarbons, which are common as propellants, refrigerants and in foam. The ozone layer is extremely important to life on earth, through its ability to block out harmful ultra violet rays, which are responsible for sunburn, skin cancer, eye cataracts and biological mutations. The ozone depletion theory was first suggested in 1974 by two American scientists and then confirmed in 1984 when a huge hole in the ozone layer above Antarctica was discovered.

Studies between 1979 and 1986

showed that a decrease of 2.5% in world ozone levels has occurred. It has been estimated that for every one percent decrease in ozone, skin cancer amongst light coloured people will increase by 5- 7 %. Thus, based on these measurements and estimates, skin cancers could rise by 20% in the immediate future, with no foreseeable respite.

CFC molecules take approximately seven years to reach the upper atmosphere, and then react with ozone for over 100 years, meaning that CFCs released in the early 1980's will only now be making their impact.

According to Prof. McCarthy, there is little people can do now to stop the damage, apart from avoiding D.F.C. containing items such as foam trays and packaging, and returning old fridges and airconditioners to manufacturers so that their CFCs can be recycled. Cars which have airconditioning should have their CFCs collected for recycling when they are serviced.

AU Friends of the Earth have more information available on ozone depletion. Contact their clubroom (5th floor, Union Building) any lunchtime (Monday-Thursday) and pick up some free literature.

Craig Smith

**Coming Soon!**  
**Elle Dit, the women's edition of On Dit.**  
Contributions are invited from women at Adelaide University.  
Just drop into the SAUA and look for the *Elle Dit* contribution box.  
Get involved!

# Beer and Pizza

Using Elle Macpherson to sell a beer and pizza night would have to be one of the most innovative advertising campaigns ever embarked upon.

To use a scantily clad female to sell a totally unrelated product has to be one of the oldest and most outdated forms of advertising but this is no excuse, given the ever increasing trend away from such forms of advertising.

AIESEC and the AUES decided to use Elle because she is such an attention grabber; in marketing parlance, an excellent 'moment of truth'. The theory behind this is that the first moment of truth is supposed to draw an onlooker to the second moment of truth whereby the onlooker is informed of the product to be sold. So in this particular case, Elle is supposed to draw the passerby's attention to the poster, they read on and discover that there is a beer and pizza night for all to attend.

However such strict adherence to marketing theory overlooks the obvious social ramifications of the juxtaposition of a female body, Elle or otherwise, with such a salubrious event as a 'beer and pizza night'.

While AIESEC and the AUES agreed in principle that if a photograph of something is taken out of context then it may be sexist, they disagreed vehemently that this is what occurred in this particular situation.

Furthermore while the AUES agreed that there was no direct or even indirect connection between Elle Macpherson and beer and pizza, they disagreed with the proposition that their juxtaposition of Elle with beer and pizza may be sexist.

And herein lies the difference between those who construe the article as sexist and AIESEC and the AUES, who do not.

While these two student bodies believe that there is nothing at all sexist about using Elle MacPherson to advertise a beer and pizza night, they have ignored the simple fact that Elle is a woman and that they have used a woman's body to sell a beer and pizza night.

The response of AIESEC and the AUES was uniform- we were only using Elle to draw attention to our poster, we were not using her body.

However there can be no mistaking the fact that Elle is a woman and that AIESEC and the AUES did use her body to sell their beer and pizza night. Given that the unfortunate woman has been branded with a Pizza

Haven logo is even worse.

Only one conclusion can be drawn from an advertisement that juxtaposes a woman's scantily clad body with the details of a beer and pizza night, that is, the advertisement is sexist.

Amy Barrett, the SAUA Women's Officer, has labelled the advertisement as highly inappropriate.

Furthermore Ms Barrett stated that the advertisement was on the whole quite unfortunate in that two student groups within the University had to resort to this archaic form of advertisement in order to attract attention to this particular event on their social calendar.

In the past AIESEC advertising has been conservative and aimed at a particular audience, consisting on the whole of AIESEC members, the poster in question was an attempt to break out of this mould and attract people from different faculties to this particular night. Hence the change in style. Unfortunately AIESEC and the AUES chose a particularly old and reprehensible form of advertising.

While AIESEC and the AUES stated that they did not deliberately choose to be sexist and that they did not believe that this particular advertisement is sexist, this is no excuse.

It is evident that while particular actions may not be viewed subjectively as sexist they may, in fact, be sexist to those looking at them from an exterior perspective. Growing social awareness of such implicit forms of sexism has not been reflected by the AIESEC and AUES poster.

As Ms Barrett pointed out, sexist forms of advertising are no longer accepted by the community at large let alone the Adelaide University community, a supposedly forward thinking and progressive academic institution.

Tom Cox, President of the Clubs Association, said that it was not acceptable for student clubs to distribute sexist advertising. He indicated that the Clubs Association executive would be looking into the issue of sexist advertising and that they would probably formulate a policy with a view to the possible prohibition of such material in the near future.

The law of copyright poses a further problem for the AIESEC and AUES poster. While this issue was not raised with either AIESEC or the AUES, it would be interesting to know whether or not they sought approval from Cleo (where the picture first appeared), Elle MacPherson or her agent to use the photograph of Elle to publicise their beer and pizza night. Furthermore the branding of Elle with a Pizza Haven logo is an implicit endorsement by her of Pizza Haven. One wonders whether AIESEC or the AUES have the power or authority to do this.

It is refreshing to note that while AIESEC did not consider sexism to be an issue at the time of the publication of the poster in question, they have stated that they will consider the possible sexist content of any further publications.

Interestingly enough the poster was designed by a woman:

Ben Burdon



The Offending Ad

**THE DANCERS  
CHOREOGRAPHER**

New dance works - 'PLAYING WITH FIRE' and 'GOOD AND MAD WOMEN'. Physically exhilarating and thought provoking.

May 16 - 18  
21 - 25  
27 - June 1  
8 pm nightly

The Balcony Theatre  
120 Gouger Street

Book at ADT. Ph. 212 2084  
Prices - \$14, \$11

**ETSRA**

Adelaide  
**HILTON**

**Australian Dance Theatre**

**simethi**  
DESIGN

## Hell of an Intellect

Dear Benji,

Seems like you've become a bit of a cult leader doesn't it?

Wow! Imagine being brave enough to stand up to the big bad eds at *On Dit*. No wonder closet anarchists like G.S. Davidson have followed your example and come forth from their holes crying decency and boredom.

Your quest to transform *On Dit* into a 'mature' publication is, I sincerely hope, fruitless. Please remember, Benj, this is University, the only place you are at liberty to do almost exactly what you like, when you like. And who wants to be mature (or for that matter, bored and decent, like G.S.) anyhow. It's simply conforming to the flock. The reason most of us at Adelaide University pick up *On Dit* is to read the deranged, sexual, non-meaning and perverted bits so why don't you add some spice to your rather mundane life? And if you don't like it, no one is forcing you to read it, and whether you like it or not, *On Dit* has stimulated some heated responses from you anyway.

If it's maturity you're after go out and read the *Bulletin* or better still, subscribe to *TIME* magazine (I hear they have a great free dictionary on offer and it doesn't include that naughty f-word). I thought using *The Advertiser* as an example of a decent broadsheet was rather admirable - Gosh you must be a hell of an intellect to read such esteemed literature.

Love Sonja-Jade  
Psychology.

## I Love Warren P. Block

Dear Warren P. Block,

Why don't you apply to the editors for your own column in *On Dit*. It would save space in the letters page for people who really have something to say. Maybe also, it would give the editors a chance to decide whether such an article was worthy of publication. I'm all for freedom of speech, but sir, half the time I can't understand you anyway. O.K. so this is a University, but *On Dit* does circulate among the masses of other people in Adelaide, and I'm sure, like me, they would appreciate it if you didn't use such unnecessary polysyllabic words.

Do you spend a large amount of time composing your articles? Are you a student or just an interested party? I would enjoy finding out about the man behind the poison pen. If you want, I'll do a feature on you, next semester, just contact *On Dit* if you're willing. By the way, you sounded so much like my Dad when you complained about the F-word. I mean its just a word, I use it regularly to exclaim, describe, or as a sign of aggression.

Could you fill in this questionnaire as background info for my feature (Drop it into *On Dit*).

1. What does the P stand for?

Lots of Love

Jodie Wilson xxxxx

## Castration With Garden Implements

Dear People,

In reply to Mr. Hodges latest stand against offensive four letter naughties (13.5.91), I just thought I'd say a few things. Firstly, I agree with Mr. Hodges on the point that there seems to be an overzealous tendency to use the "word", but on the other hand, who really gives a shit? I recall a line from Mr. Hodges' own letter which states that people are "not caring enough to make a stand" (in reference to a most amusing competition in Bunyip Peril based on the "f-word").

And that's just it, most people don't care.

If Mr. Hodges really finds offense in the word, why not just read the nice frilly-bits and ignore the rest? But I suppose one might say, that one shouldn't have a need to omit reading certain parts of *On Dit* because of certain words, and that one should be able to read the whole thing without such a worry. But, what if one doesn't mind the occasional slanderous vulgar connotations and the odd bit of titty and willy, aye? Oh, I guess that's a bit of stiff shit really, isn't it Mr. Benjamin "I should be a movie censor" Hodges? shall we all conform to your desires?

Secondly, I really don't think that the majority of *Advertiser* readers expect to find that 'most esteemed F-word' plastered all over it, simply because it's not the done thing for such a publicly accessible information source to do, silly billy. (Besides, there's probably a whole load of legal constraints banning such a thing). So why does *On Dit* do it? Maybe because it doesn't have wide-spread circulation and because it is not restricted by narrow minded 'god save the queen, my shit doesn't stink' arseholes. If *On Dit* did what every other newspaper did, then what would be the point? Again there is some sort of insinuation of conformity. I mean, Mr. Hodges, if everyone was castrating themselves with garden utensils, would you? (That's a rhetorical question Mr. Hodges, but I'd be most interested in your reply). Take all the movies made that make use of the fabulous magic word. There's a whole shitload of them, and they're usually a tad more offensive than *On Dit*.

Thirdly, in regard to the eleven students that sent in entries to that incredibly funny Fuck-competition, I must say Mr. Hodges, that it is about time you pulled your fist from your arse, and realised that there may have been only enough room for eleven incredibly funny entries on the page. What if there were hundreds of students who had even more incredibly funny ideas but just couldn't be bothered submitting any? You never considered that, did you Mr. Roger-Dodger Hodges? No of course not, because everyone on campus shares exactly your opinion don't they?... bullshit they do. And just maybe, there

were others who thought it rather worth a chuckle too. But that thought never occurred to you, did it?

Also why do you seem so eager to blame the whole problem on David and Simon, when at least they're not bigoted gits, and actually publish things as they're intended, (although sometimes it is a load of pig swill). If anything it would reflect the diverse range of personalities of the people who write in, rather than Dave or Simon's neglect for all things decent. And really Mr. Hodges, was there any need to state the fact that you will be graduating from your course in the minimum required years. Does that really mean anything, or does that just make you feel special? I wouldn't even be surprised if you went to a private school. Just you and the boys. I guess that would make you kind of special too.

So to finish, I think you should have taken a leaf out of Mr. Block's book and presented an argument directed more at the use of the word in question, rather than at the people who use it, (and print it). But quite apart from all that, I'm sure you're a fuckin' good bloke, Mr. Hodges.

Yours in goodwill,  
Johnny Knob.

P.S. If you're so worried about the level of immaturity in *On Dit*, you only have to put up with it for one more year.

P.P.S. "Sonic Life" is a piece of crap.

## Boys Club a Myth?

Dear Editors

Being my first year here in Adelaide and at Uni, I have been told that *On Dit* is exclusively for males only, and that women are made to feel inferior if they enter the office. Well I shall defend this rhetoric. The Clubs Association Executive is guilty beyond compare as every position is held by a male. Talk about the boys club now.

So for now on I disregard grapevine gossip which circulates around this campus. All students have to do is examine *On Dit*'s production notes to realise that many women are mentioned and thanked by the Editors.

Sincerely  
Marié Turner  
1st year Arts

P.S. Simon - I think you are rather gorgeous...

## Surfer Rosa

Dear Editors,

Please allow me to express my gratitude to Dave Roussy, Sam Maiden and M.G. for their support of my letter (6/5/91). I must assume it is support since none of these people attempted to deny or refute the fundamentals of the argument. It's a pity though that all those who have expressed personal support for my letter may not have the confidence to express themselves

publicly through *On Dit*, but then why should they expose themselves to people like Dave Roussy who can come up with nothing better than a personal attack so as to avoid the real issue?... but then that surely is the essence of oppression.

I feel however that some clarification on my behalf is due. It was certainly not my intention to denigrate the issues of racism, sexism or any other minority or disadvantaged group. The letter was intended to address the neglect of coverage of economic disadvantage in University entrance schemes and question the likelihood of this being addressed since many Adelaide Uni students benefit from the present system. My comment regarding Maria O'Brien was to place the motivation of this cause into some perspective. As Sam Maiden quite rightly points out, financial disadvantage is often a consequence of some other suppression. It is a pity that this had not been reflected in articles in *On Dit*.

I don't feel that it is too much to ask Dave Roussy to address the issue and not abuse me with his condescending and sarcastic, but very well phrased and grammatically correct, diatribe. That as a consequence of my letter, he has offered to write an article for *On Dit* makes it clear that he has taken me seriously regardless of the irrelevance of his letter. He has helped me achieve my objective and I thank him!

Finally I'd like to suggest that my letter was not as difficult to understand as Dave Roussy and Sam Maiden have made it out to be. That it was interpreted in a different manner by four different people was probably because it threatened different home truths for each of these people.

Daniel Bertossa  
Economics

P.S. Who appointed Warren P. Block to the position of "Supreme Champion of Everybody". The boy must have two dicks - he's that big a wanker.

## Obnoxious Little Fucker

Dear Eds,

In reply to Daniel Bertossa's impassioned plea for justice and equality. I wish to inform him that my heart bleeds for him. I agree with him whole-heartedly, why should you write articles on Apartheid, or the Kurds and their sorry fates, while you ignore the "gross injustices" that confront the tertiary system in South Australia. Who cares if 100,000 people just died in Bangladesh, or the fact that children in Iraq are dying from disease and famine. These "petty perceptions of injustice and unfairness" just pale into insignificance when you consider that only one third of Adelaide Uni students are from public schools. It is a wonder that this has not been brought up at the United Nations.

It is also good to see that Daniel

has not shown any bias in constructing his scholarly critique. Unlike many others, Daniel has shown himself to be above using simple stereotypes when describing students from private schools. At no time in his carefully constructed article did he stoop to being so low to drag out the old "everybody at private schools' father owns a BMW" or that "little Johnny only got through because of his mummy's money". Statements such as these show little comprehension of reality and make the writer's argument so much more ridiculous.

Well Daniel, I have some news for you. Although it may have slipped your mind. I will remind you that those little tests that you did at the end of year twelve are actually what determines whether you get into University or not. Now things might have changed since I did Matric, but at no time during my exams was the question asked "What car does your father drive?" or "What is your membership number at Oakbank?" There was also no opportunity for attaching a cheque to my exam paper.

So really Daniel my opinion of you is that perhaps you have a bit of shit on your liver. Calling people names and implying that all rich kids are thick and that all public school students are Rhodes Scholarship material is really just a big wank. Until you grow up and get rid of your inferiority complex, you're just going to be a painful little shit.

And although I agree with Daniel's letter, I still wonder - is he a truly-rooly nice person, concerned about inequality or is he really just an obnoxious little fucker who is pissed off because he can't afford anything from Country Road.

Yours sincerely  
Ben Dubé

1st year Law/2nd Year Arts

P.S. By the way, don't bother searching out a member of the social elite and seeking a comment. Most of them have lots of money and don't give tinker's cuss about injustice in the tertiary education system.

## Sag Soundly Refuted

Dear Eds,

The Union Board at its meeting in April passed a non-smoking policy for Union areas, including the Bar. The primary reason for this is the health and safety of staff needs to be protected. The Union is a responsible employer and cannot neglect this responsibility to its staff, nor can it impose different conditions on staff in each area. Office staff work in a smoke free area but bar staff are expected to suffer continuous passive smoking.

This is not an issue about the health and comfort of patrons and members, it is about a smoke-free workplace. However through the democratic process students are being consulted through the Gen-

*Death in Brunswick* continued ex Split-Enz Phillip Judd (unless, of course, there is another). However, by far the most outstanding thing on this soundtrack is "Carl's Confession", which is the same sort of traditional European music that features throughout, but with one exception; it contains a voice-over which could almost be described as a soliloquy, in which a somewhat distressed youth confesses all his sins to his mother:

"...Oh Mother, I'm sorry, I caused this, I know it. I wanted you dead..."

He then goes on to describe some rather gruesome occurrences in which he and his friends killed a man and bashed up an old dead woman, and in which one of his acquaintances had his head chopped off. He

finishes off with the memorable line "...and now you're a vegetable and it's all my fault."

Quite a burden to have on one's shoulders. Perhaps he would feel a bit happier if he sat down and had a quiet listen to the rest of the soundtrack.

Not having actually seen *Death In Brunswick* as it isn't on in Adelaide yet, I don't know much about the movie except that it involves something about immigrants in Melbourne. However, I do know that I shall be seeing *Death In Brunswick* when it does come to Adelaide as I want to know all about the bizarre things Carl got up to that have caused him so much distress.

Catharine Abell

### Real Life Simple Minds Virgin

The four of us couldn't agree over the value of the Minds' tenth effort, *Real Life*. The good guys believed it was an extension of the souly beauty of *Street Fighting Years*. "Bullshit - there are crickets in the background and Peter Allen's in there as well" said the silly one. "Yeah, Barry Manilow's in there also and Jim Kerr's getting fat" said the other.

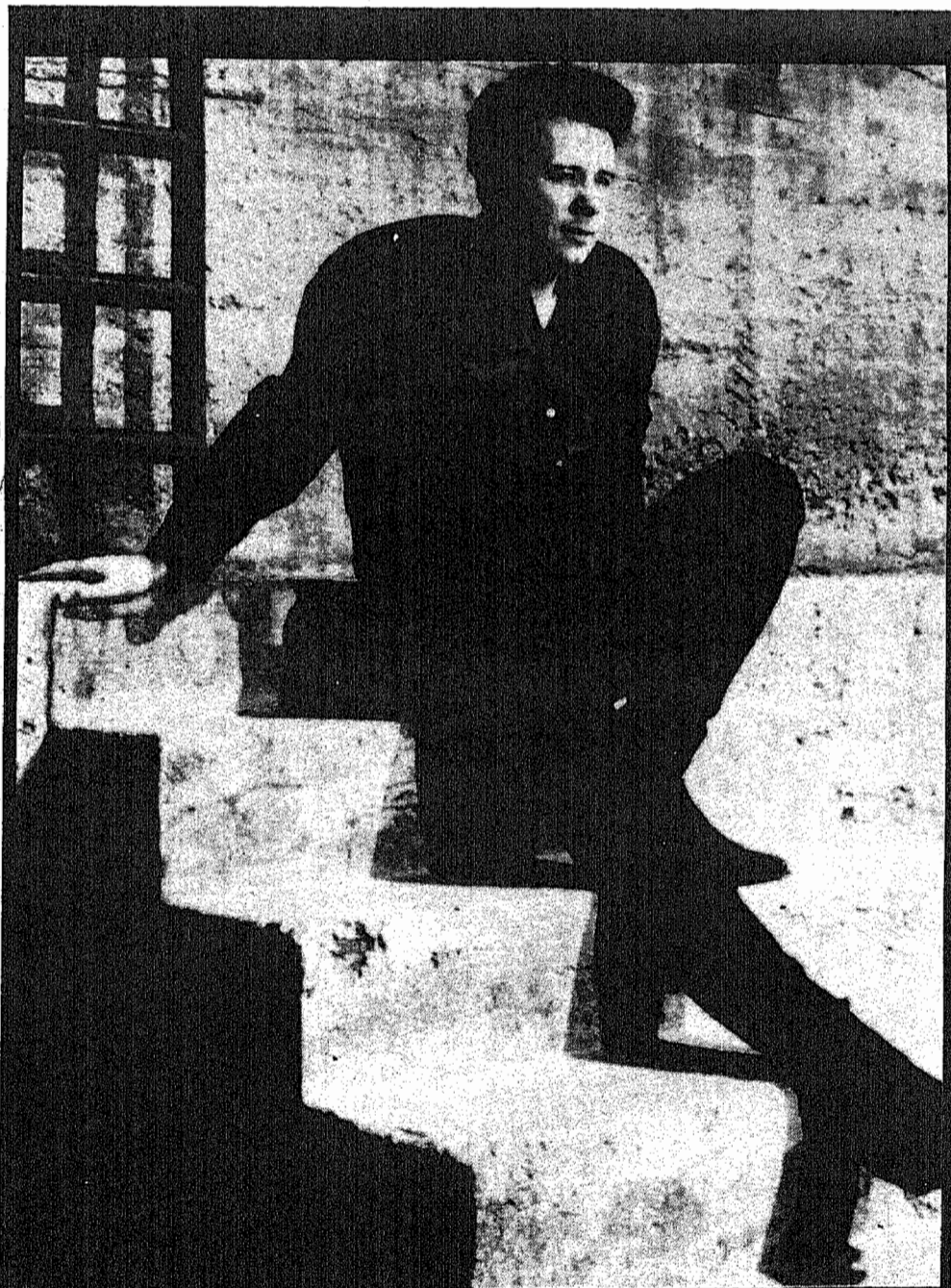
No, no, no: *Real Life* is a journey into an intimate selection of meaningful lyrics and forceful rock. The rumour that the record company stuck a Manchester sound in front

of every song is totally repugnant. Granted, its methodical genre of uplifting yet similar styles is repetitive, but I happen to like this stuff. It is a step beyond *Street Fighting Years* with less pomposity.

"Well I think the album cover's a bit bland", said Robert. The bad guys said it doesn't offer anything new, which as mentioned has a tinge of validity to it. "Yeah, it doesn't go anywhere - no crescendo - they've sold out."

So I kicked these ex-friends up the date and went to bed, and guess what I listened to. These guys can do no wrong. Vomit, spew said the other one.

Ted Piotto  
Silly Bengier  
Matt Cooke  
Piers Gillespie

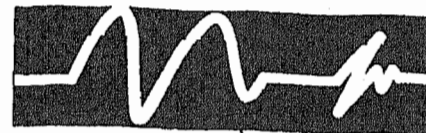


Jim Kerr: purveyor of "meaningful lyrics and forceful rock" or just a fat, ageing prat?

Top 21  
May '91

**MIOS**

ADELAIDE ROCK MUSIC INITIATIVE



1. The Artisans
2. Mandelbrot Set
3. The Killjoys
4. The Happening Thang
5. The Plague
6. The Hummingbirds
7. Hoodoo Gurus
8. The Whippersnappers & Friends
9. Ratcat
10. The Glory Box
11. Club Hoy
12. Blades of Love
13. Toys Went Berserk
14. Pure
15. The Backsliders
16. Tall Tales & True
17. Squeezebox Wally
18. Blue Ruin
19. The Mark of Cain
20. Breeze Lorries
21. Auntie Raelene

Bold type denotes local bands

Demonstration Tape

Live at MMM: *Dream So Hard*  
"Michael Told Me" CD Single, Festival

*Saddlepop* CD, WEA

*Ten Men in White* CD, Shock

"If A Vow" Single, rooArt

"Miss Freelove '69" Single, BMG

"Sweet Sweet Love" Single, Festival

"Don't Go Now" Single, Waterfront

"Precipice" Single, Shock

"Da Da Da Da" Single, Festival

Demonstration Tape

*Sensory* LP, Aberrant

Demonstration Tape

*Sitting on a Million* LP, Sandstock

*Superstition Highway* LP, Polygram

*Squeezebox Wally* LP, Au Go Go

"Shotgun Hips" CD Single, Comtrol

*The Unclaimed Prize* LP, Dominator

Demonstration Tape

Demonstration Tape

## Tear Down the Toucan!

The Wall Club, 181  
Hindley Street  
Preview Evening,  
Thursday, 9 May

It sounded like a good idea. Survey some of the most attractive young women in Adelaide, asking them what type of image/atmosphere they would like to see in a NEW nightclub. Invite them (and a couple of friends) along to the preview and if they liked what they saw, they'd be back (followed by a long queue of men).

If the address sounds familiar, it's because The Wall Club has taken over residence from that old stalwart, the Toucan. The market research bit indicates that the owners are aiming for a slightly more up-market clientele than previous clubs at 181.

The Preview party was slow to warm - maybe they should have given free drinks to those invited. Instead, the owners had their own party (champagne etc.) upstairs off the floor continued throughout the evening, as the DJ played danceable and non-danceable tracks.

The biggest attraction of the night was the two sexy, blond, black-bra twins wiggling

it out in the centre (and the debate over whether they would end up with the New Kids stomping just around the corner.)

The price of drinks was average (\$4 for Crown (no Corona!) and the same for spirits, \$1 for water). The bar lighting was UV; the average sized dance floor looked huge with only a few bodies twisting and stomping; the smoke machine was standard, as were the lighting displays.

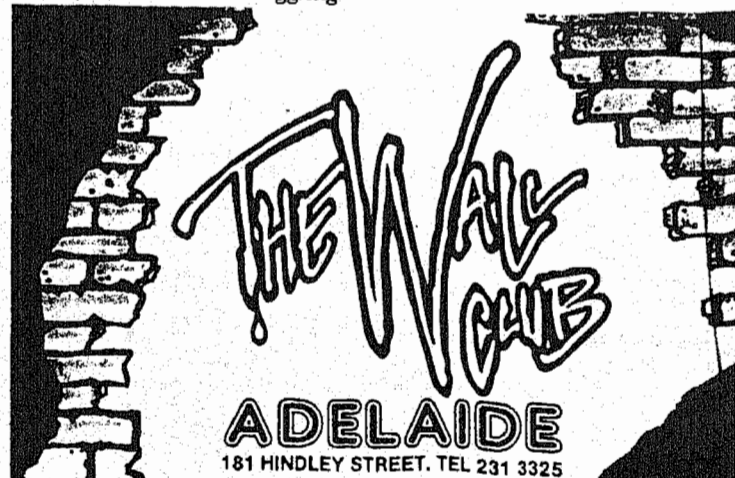
The bland interior didn't say much about The Wall Club, except for the wall sized mural - "The Wall Club" (a la Pink Floyd).

In fact the decor hasn't changed much at all from its previous alias. Certainly it was a let down for some of the invited, who had requested a little bit more sophistication in the night club scene, or at least something totally different.

Entertainment planned for the next few weeks, includes "Wall To Wall Dancing" nights, "Over 21 and Up The Wall" and a "New Year's Eve Party Night" (in June?).

The Wall Club seems pretty average compared to Adelaide's existing night clubs. Certainly nothing original. The evening's music included that Pink Floyd classic, but all in all, there's nothing much slick about The Wall Club.

David Kilmartin



mon ideals come together basically to advance progressive politics in the student movement.

I would have thought that before rejecting membership the State Member for Spence, Michael Atchinson, would have at least checked his facts before writing a letter based on falsehoods. I believe the only reason my application was rejected is because of the numbers game that is practised by some members of the Labor Party.

Yours fraternally,  
Scott Wilson  
2nd Year Politics

### Stroppy, or Kick My Ass

Dear Editors,

I am an honours student in commerce. My course involves a considerable number of essays. Being a relatively poverty stricken student I cannot afford my own computer, thus I have to use the faculty computer rooms after hours, so the department has given me a key to the computer rooms. As I am only an honours student they would not give me a key to the department, so on weekends I have to ask the security guards to let me in - which is fair enough.

The security guards generally grumble a bit, but realise that I am a serious student and let me in.

On Adelaide Cup holiday Monday, having essays out of my ears, I decided to come into Uni to use the computers. Being a holiday I had to ask the security guards to let me into the department. I was shocked when told that they wouldn't as it was a holiday and Uni was closed. When I asked how it was different from a Saturday or a Sunday I was told simply, 'it's a holiday, it's not Saturday or Sunday.' As you may have realised this guy was on the ball! They then informed me that if it were a Saturday or a Sunday they would gladly let me in. I then tried to find a more substantial reason for the difference in policy between weekends and holidays - as far as I can see the departments aren't open and people generally don't work on either. Then it came to me, holidays are for specific purposes. It was Adelaide Cup today, so it's my duty to go to the races and try and lose as much money as possible - perhaps I could even win enough to buy my own computer! Next Queen's Birthday, with this special significance of holidays now in mind, I will spend my day bowing and curtsying in front of our family's 20 inch portrait of the Queen.

The security guard then proceeded to tell me that someone from Victoria had wanted to get into the Library, but they couldn't let him in as it was closed. How appalling, I mean, they give people permission to use the library after hours all the time - even to non-University members! Perhaps realising how lame his whole argument sounded, the security guard cut off my protestations by saying 'it's

policy and if I let you in my boss will kick my ass.' Well Mr. Security Guard, perhaps it's time your boss's ass, or whoever makes these ludicrous rules up, was kicked.

David Allen  
Commerce.

### On Dit Becomes Vis

Dear Editors,

Upon first arriving at University I decided I might try my hand on one of the many arcade games displayed in the Refectory. After half an hour of heated clashes with electronic nasties, an astute friend of mine pointed out that what was in fact on the screen was little more than a 'demo', and in order to play, money had to be inserted. What silly billy I'd been. After half an hour I'd done little more than waste precious study time. Perhaps through this letter, others won't fall into a similar trap.

A. Twit

Imagine our surprise!  
Eds.

### Can't Afford a Car

Dear People,

Why should I be subjected to other people's exhaust fumes when I choose not to drive? I don't break wind in other people's cars and rarely throw up on their seats, so why should I suffer? Filthy disgusting habit anyway.

I.M. Seerius

### Where Have My Leafy Friends Gone? Oh How I Mourn Their Passing...

Dear Sirs,

Does anyone remember a time when, on the lawns between the Zoology Department and the Barr Smith Library, there were a number of tall, beautiful trees which provided shade and relief for the eyes from the monotony of the harsh, barren wasteland which the area is now?

Eighteen months ago, surreptitiously, during the holiday period, these trees were removed, without warning, from the lawns. Apparently, they were diseased and posed yet another threat to occupational health and safety. The many months and barrels of poison that were required to finally kill off the vigorous stumps of these trees places doubt on this diagnosis and the occupational injuries sustained by students and staff in the form of melanoma over the period since the trees have been absent, has yet to be calculated. However, be that as it may, the trees are now gone. Questions were raised by concerned people, on returning from their holidays, as to what was to be the fate of the now desolate area but the only response from the authorities was a vague mumbling about long-term planning and replanting.

At the end of 1990, when the trees had been removed for almost a year and the authorities had done nothing, members of the Zoology Department took it upon themselves to plant 5 small gum trees in the lawn. Once again over the holiday period, these trees were removed. This time silence greeted the questions of the irate zoologists. If the authorities would have preferred Poplars, why didn't they say so? If they resent people taking the law into their own hands, why didn't they get their own act together? The zoologists tried again. Once again the trees mysteriously disappeared.

Why?

I don't need to remind anyone of the environmentalist arguments about the importance of trees and while it can perhaps be argued that ten or so trees in the middle of Adelaide will not make a great deal of difference to the greenhouse effect, I fail to see how they could possibly make things worse. If they do not make our environment healthier they will at least make it more pleasant. All I am asking for is an explanation. Even if the Poplars were diseased the new gum trees certainly were not and I can not understand why they have persistently been removed.

Anita Butler  
1st Year Arts

### Complete Load of Shite

Dear Darren,

The fact that you continue with your blind assault on our music tells me that something is wrong. The comments you make are the product of an impure mind. You are obviously unfinished as a person and as such impure. You are an unfulfilled human being, and have clearly not been yet enlightened as to where your true allegiances should lie.

This is not your fault. You are sheltered from the real world by an insurmountable distance. Distance which impedes the passage of thoughts, feelings and opinions from around the world. This slows your growth as a person, and as such has left you conservative.

I once was just like you. I tell you this to let you know there is still hope - you can be changed. As I myself was changed!

I'll never forget the time I cleaned the wax out of my ears and could hear those sounds coming from far away across the seas. Even across such distance, they came to me. They called me. They chose me to be their messenger. They chose me to spread the housey word. And so I plead with you - open your ears. Close your eyes. Throw away all that is guitar and follow us! Feel our music. Let it touch you, as I let it touch me! And then you shall realise that we are all one. We are one with the beat and we are one with humanity, the beat being the life beat of our race. The rhythm is our home. Rap is the way. Groove

is the path, the path that people the world over are following, and have been following for some time. We can only hope to catch up.

I tell you all these things in the hope that you, and others, may open your ears and close your eyes and feel at peace with yourself, with your soul and with house.

Yours, forever funky,  
Mark Giglio  
(the spaced out hip house  
junky)  
Electrical/Electronic Engineer-  
ing  
SWAT TEAM OFFICER  
TROOP INC.

### Cutting!

Dear Editors,

I cannot protest strongly enough against the disgusting collage titled "phallisy". Being uncircumcised, I feel discriminated against by the lack of foreskins in the artwork. Sheathed or not, it is still a penis.

L.R. Riding Hood

### Rock Star Writes

Dear Eds,

I must say how happy and relieved I was to read your article on Fairstar the Funship. I had never given it a single thought just how much money was to be saved. Thank you Bunyip Peril. THANK YOU ON DIT!

Morrissey

P.S. With all the money I've saved I'm going to buy some dance records and the new season's range of Fila, Nike, and Adidas. I mean it wasn't my fault! Johnny wanted me to write those lyrics in 'Panic' and look at the prick now; prancing around with E-lec-tron-ic; bunch of poser wankers. Don't worry I'll be back! My latest project is to team up with the Queen to do a rap version of "We Are the Champions" and also with Slade to do a medley of Come On Feel The Noize/Hand in Glove. If I can exhume the corpse of Sweed old Sandi (Shaw) I should be able to do it to these bastards!

## APOLOGY

A letter was published on page 7 in the 13 May edition of *On Dit* headed "Insecure Young Men" and purporting to be written by Jon P. Nolan. The letter was not, in fact, written by Jon Nolan, and the representations made in the letter were not Jon Nolan's. *On Dit* apologises to Mr. Nolan for the printing of the letter and for any distress its publication may have caused him.

### Letters Policy

- Letters should be reasonably brief (250 words or so)
- Letters should be typed or neatly written
- Real name and contact department must be supplied
- Names will be withheld on request
- Defamatory bits will be removed if we feel like it
- Thanks for coming

## SAUA President



**Natasha Stott  
Despoja**  
Oppressor of millions,  
despoiler of fallow  
land

A fortnight in the life of the Students' Association....wrote a letter to the State Minister of Education, Mr Mike Rann about illegal fees and were told that the Crown Solicitor had adopted a new definition of fees, thus late enrolment fees, such as the \$100 at Flinders, are not considered illegal....Also wrote to Mr Dawkins to express general dismay over the state of our education system especially over-enrolments and the lack of Austudy....involved in the organisation of a National Day of Action on May 30 to protest about Austudy and the death of the "clever country"....attended University working party meetings to discuss improvements to our long and arduous enrolment process, hopefully next year's will be speedy and easy....had a relatively short SAUA Council meeting (2 hours!) where everyone presented their reports, a Prosh Director, Mr Peter Hill and Prosh Complex Show Director, Mr Darien James Buzz Thurston O'Reilly, were appointed and the date for Prosh 1991 was set for August 16....A

SAUA News was produced and distributed with smiling overbites displayed on the cover....Went to an Education Committee meeting....Received the findings from the Union Survey which demonstrated that many students live below the poverty line, averaging \$170 p.w.....looked into problems associated with City Campus students who are disoriented and having problems with some lecturers....attended a meeting at the Equal Opportunity Commission regarding the 1991 O'Guide....went on a Security Night Walk with the Campus Safety Committee to monitor lighting, shubery and general security provisions on campus...discussed the SAUA Sexual Harassment Campaign...ruminated about Performance Agreements and Strategic Plans with the University....spoke out about the injustice of \$82 000 car packages for Chief Executive Officers in the University staff and the idea of putting students into the army....saw lots of students for Campaign Complain....and enjoyed the long weekend (ha ha).

**The Next Students' Association Meeting is a Special Budget Meeting to discuss Budget allocations for 1992 - all students are welcome to attend on Wednesday, May 29 at 6.15 in the Chapel Board Room, in the Lady Symon Building.**

## EVP Susie O'Brien

**HECS & HIGH COURT CHALLENGE**  
The Higher Education Contribution Scheme (HECS) is being challenged by the National Union of Students (NUS) to determine whether or not the passage of the legislation governing the scheme was outside the powers granted to the Commonwealth Government by the Australian Constitution. The plaintiffs (Wilson and Deverall) from NUS are seeking to invalidate the charge on the basis that it is a tax and must be viewed in the context of S. 55 of the Constitution

which governs tax legislation. They claim that Chapter 4 of the HECS Act is inconsistent with S. 55 and so is invalid and unconstitutional.

Considering the huge amount of money the Government is reaping from the Scheme, they are likely to put up a spirited defence.

NUS is lodging their leave of appeal (which means that if it is granted they get a date set to appear before the High Court) early this week.

It is estimated that there is a 50/50 chance of winning as it depends on legal interpretation as to whether HECS is a benefit or a tax. Most commentators feel that NUS are unlikely to be successful, and if they were, it is doubtful that it would result in a long term

solution to the problem of funding for Higher Education.

The Students' Association will be mounting a campaign against HECS in the next few months, in particular pressuring the government to account for the money they are receiving from students. Initially HECS was justified by the fact that the money would be poured back into the Higher Education sector which is not happening.

### AUSTUDY

I am the Adelaide University representative on the Cross Campus Education Action Group which is co-ordinating the National Day of Action on May 30th.

Please get involved on this day:

1. Rally (dress in black to signal the death of the clever country) 12.45 Barr Smith Lawns or 1.10 at AUSTUDY office, Grenfell Street

2. Come to our table outside the Mayo Refectory (Barr Smith Lawns) and send a fax to Dawkins telling him how pissed off you are.

The AUSTUDY issue has been attracting a lot of media coverage. It is nice to get some response from a few of the many press releases Nat and I send! The highlight was the Higher Education Supplement in last week's Australian (May 22). Thanks to Rohan Sullivan for covering students' views for a change!

## Women's Officer Amy Barrett

### WOMEN'S HEALTH

This Tuesday, May 28 is International Day of Action for Women's Health, and a range of on campus activities will take place. All day Tuesday at the University Health Service (in the Horace Lamb Building) the two female doctors will be available specifically for women to see about any particular concerns regarding their health. Take the opportunity to drop in.

There will also be a speaker at the Women on Campus meeting at 1.00p.m. in the Women's Room discussing "Women's Health - Controlling Our Own Bodies". Also on Tuesday, there will be a stall outside the Refectory with posters, stickers, pamphlets and information on women's health.

Women's health is an issue because women experience the health care system in Australia in a fundamentally different way from men. Women use health services at a much higher rate from men. Prejudices based on gender stereotypes affect the health care that women receive, and women generally have little control over the health system, and their own personal health. Women's position within the health care system is therefore linked with women's position within society. Tertiary institutions continue to reinforce this discrimination.

CONTRACEPTION is one of the obvious areas where the responsibility still falls largely upon women. Yet, women still do

not have access to a form of contraception that is 100 percent reliable. Women are still subject to contraceptives which produce serious side effects.

SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES, while affecting both male and female, have serious repercussions for women. Some infections such as Chlamydia and Gonorrhoea, can cause infertility, and others such as genital warts may increase the chance of developing cervical cancer.

CERVICAL CANCER is a disease which specifically affects women. Hundreds of women die from it each year.

STRESS has a significant impact on women's health. Women are particularly vulnerable to stress due to such factors as discrimination in the academic and employment environment. Women's lack of control over certain aspects of their lives leads to nervous tension and depression.

EATING DISORDERS such as anorexia and bulimia are frightening health conditions which occur principally in young women. Some authorities consider the disorder to be psychological, resulting from an inability to meet familial or social expectations, i.e. health=slimness=happiness.

PREGNANCY, AIDS, SMOKING, BREAST CANCER & DOMESTIC VIOLENCE, are all further areas which have a unique impact on women's health.

Women's health is a real issue, and you have a right to demand thorough and specific medical attention.

• Know the facts about women's health issues. Read the comprehensive booklet "Your Health Is In Your Hands" produced by

the NUS Women's Department.

• Consider alternative natural therapies, such as acupuncture, aromatherapy, reflexology, massage, and naturopathy.

• Attend doctors or health clinics who have specific knowledge or skills in dealing with women's health.

Dale Street Women's Health Clinic 7 7033

AIDS Council of South Australia 223 6322

Adelaide Rape Crisis Centre 363 0233

Sexually Transmitted Diseases Clinic 226 6025

Elizabeth Women's Community Centre 252 3711

Southern Women's Health & Community Centre 384 9777

### WOMEN'S FUN RUN

The Women's Fun Run on Wednesday 15th had an impressive turnout of about 20 participants. The race was officially started by the Executive Officer of the Australian Association of Women's Sport & Recreation, Shirley Brown.

The prize winners were:

1. Chris Amery (Obstetrics & Gynaecology)

2. Debbie Lange (Medicine)

3. Miriam Palmer (Law)

Other good efforts were made by Sadaka Amemiya, Sally Hewitson, Melissa Schliens and Sarah Zetlein.

The enthusiasm of some participants was so great, that they are going to meet regularly on Wednesday lunch times by the footbridge to go for a leisurely run!



Participants in the fun run



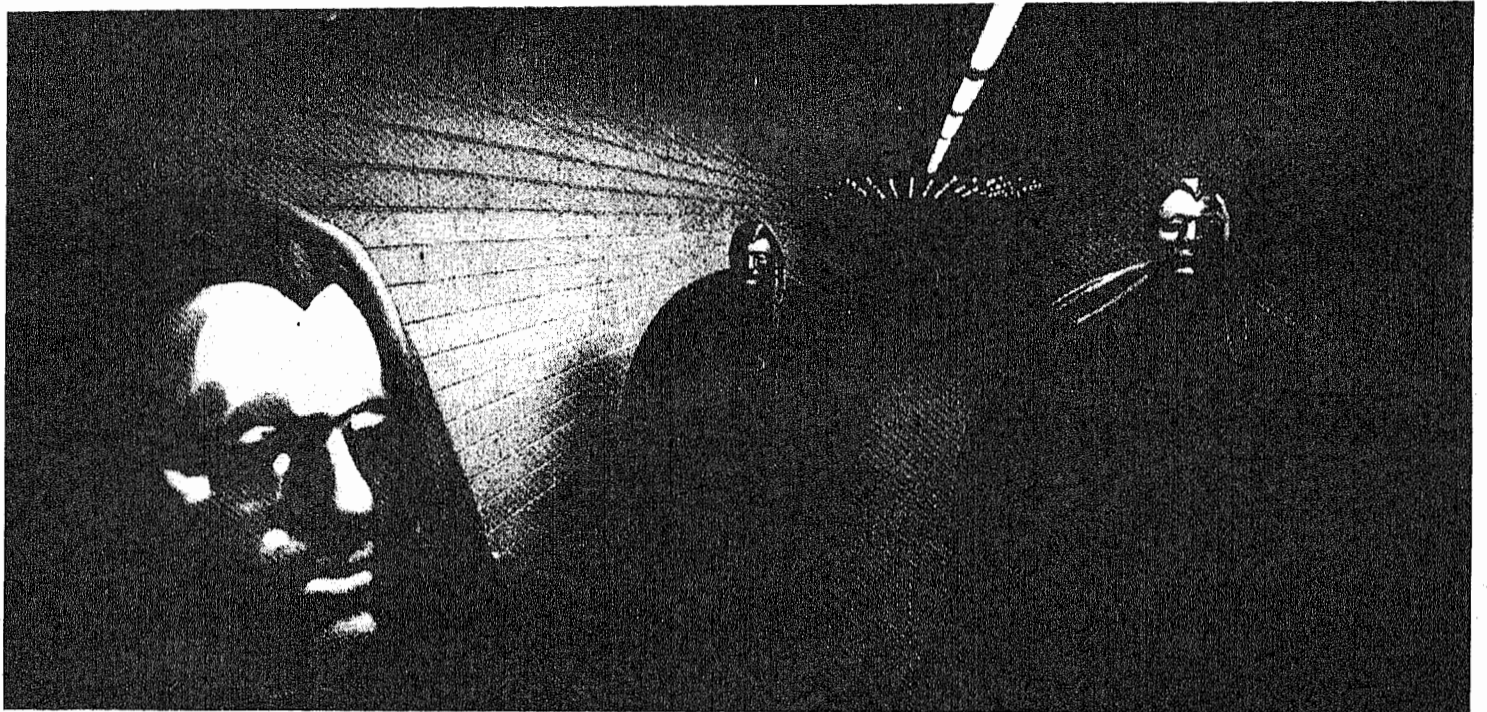
# Non Stop Lycra Action

Stretch Mark One  
Saturday May 18  
Lion Theatre  
55 long minutes

Naturally anything involving Nike Air Jordans (those overpriced sandshoes) is incredibly difficult to take seriously. This may go some way to explain why I spent most of this arduous 55 minute extravaganza either yawning or with one eyebrow raising up to the top of my head and falling over the other side. Put more simply, this was a bit of a wank really.

No matter how much existentialist intellectualism this performance is dressed up in, it remains lacking in any real content. While the costumes were incredible and technical aspects excellent, 55 minutes of tortured lycra and nothing but the aggravating tinkle of metro music left me with one foot on the coma bed and the other foot catching up quick. Definitely a case of the lights were on but nobody was home.

On entering the Lion Theatre Bar we were regaled with a fragrance somewhat akin to burning flesh. I never quite identified the source of this. Perhaps a few smart theatre goers had spontaneously combusted to save themselves from this awful orgy of lycra. More likely was that some avid hipster was having his expensive sandshoes burned off after too much shuffling on the dancefloor. The crowd in fact proved more interesting than what was to follow. The high cheekboned pale thin ones were in abundance, as were bushy tailed boys with nouveau concentration camp haircuts. Sitting in front of me was a poor soul who seemed to be slightly annoyed by the girl next door to him lusciously slurping his ear lobe. Impossibly cool however, he carried on his conversation regardless- quite an interesting feat visually. Finally he waved her away and she floated off



to sit with her mates down the front.

From the opening it was clear we were going to be assaulted with enough flashing lights to leave anyone flailing and frothing in the aisles. Later there was enough laser to burn off any unwanted nasties. *Stretch Mark One* was promoted as "no words just incredible ever-changing images". A more helpful explanation may have been 'come here on mind-altering substances and you may find this mildly interesting.'

The opening scene involved a bunch of lycra clad bodies with what appeared to be huge black tits bursting out of their heads. The Titheads proceeded to move moodily about the stage and rip big bits of lycra off the wall. This went on for far too long before one of them ripped the tit off another one's head. That's O.K., I thought, maybe it'll get better.

My sinking heart was briefly buoyed by the appearance of what appeared to be a five feet tall replica of Ricky May's underpants in living black lycra. The mobile undies sang

some bluesy number which proved most amusing. It also urinated in the corner (this was mimed thank God) and chased a toy dog about before jumping on it rather violently. More Y fronts appeared, and proceeded to leap and dance about madly. This was all subduedly intriguing but again the costumes and lighting were the only brief flicker of quality entertainment. The metamorphosing lycra shapes devoured members of the audience and played with balls for a long time. The effect of the little actors standing up in the big Y fronts with their little heads straining through the lycra was amusing in a way I don't think they really envisaged.

Following the leaping Undies were more intriguing lycra creations, including a monolithic white thing that looked like a giant ribbed condom. Was it a subliminal safe sex show? Perhaps then it would have some merit. Pondering this thought, my sensibilities were assaulted with the final insult: Air Jordans. If the whole matt black techno

feel wasn't eighties enough, the homage to these status symbols- the ugliest shoes in the world- did the trick nicely. Little lycra people in red and black zoot suits to match their fat sandshoes did psychotic kickboxer impersonations. Little silver swords finished a piece that would have done Van Damme proud.

So what did it all mean? Perhaps the final display of self congratulation, when they shed their lycra balaclavas and for no apparent reason told us their names, was the important bit. "I'm Alastair" one of them droned. Despite the costumes it seemed to be one drawn out masturbatory movement piece. Pitifully after 55 arduous minutes it failed to achieve anything. I do wish people would enjoy their drugs at home or not request I witness their recretaion of inanimate objects come to life.

On a positive note, perhaps I can close by saying some their legs looked great in lycra body stockings.

Sam Maiden

## Call Me Madam Therry Dramatic Society

I happily toddled off to see the Therry Dramatic Society's production of *Call Me Madam* not expecting much. And I wasn't disappointed! An all-singing, all-dancing extravaganza of singing and dancing! (With occasional acting to fill in the fiddly bits).

The acting from the two leads was solid and they did well with a script that Dr. Frankenstein couldn't have animated. Carole Mitchell, playing American socialite-imperialist extraordinaire, particularly impressed me with her ability to sing like a real American, just like Ethel Merman, only not dead.

The rest of the singing, I was reliably informed by young companion (who knows more about these things than me), was again solid, if not inspired; except for the juvenile lead, Albert Colbert, who treated tunes like they were a cake of soap in the shower, (and I don't mean he rubbed it up and down against his lithe, young body). And while we're on the subject of somewhat painful things involving juvenile leads, why (oh why, he slipped into parentheses emphatically) was it necessary to have him reprise his

sole solo song four times? Surely Irving Berlin could have written him another one? Or is it just that director, Murray George, thinks "It's a Lovely Day Today" is the best song since Colette's "Ring My Bell".

The American accents were generally O.K. (if somewhat irritating- I mean, Jesus, the Australian nationalist yelps, don't we get enough of that shit on television without having to put it on the stage as well!?) There were the inevitable occasional slips. Likewise the stereotypical Central European accents were consistent (if doubly irritating, because, to my knowledge, no-one actually speaks like that.) However, it was unexplained why the crown princess of Lichtenbury spoke with an unconcealed Australian accent, while her parents, cabinet ministers and fellow citizens all spoke with similar accents. Was she educated in NSW with Prince Charles?

The set was not bad, neatly conveying a sense of several different places (which is what sets are all about, right?). And the scene changes were achieved with a minimum of fuss. (Which is what scene changes are all about, right?)

The lighting, I was not so keen on. The lighting director must have thought he was designing lights for cabaret and not theatre.

The perfectly-circular spotlights which made the stage look exactly like it was being lit by perfectly-circular spotlights, made for a damn unnatural looking Lichtenburian (Lichtenbourgeois?) sun. And there were more shadows on stage than Cliff Richards could poke a guitar at. (Obscure musical allusion for you there, kids.)

The music was...very appropriate for the age. As the press release puts it; "among the many songs in the show are the evergreens "Can You Use Any Money Today" (Toady?) and "It's A Lovely Day Today". (Ah, it's good to see that old favourite making a welcome resurgence, and another one, and another one...)" (The press release goes further but good critics (or even this one) can't depend too heavily on press releases, can they now, readers?)

Anyway, back to the music, if you enjoy music considered hip in 1950, then you'll like this. What more can I say?

And now to something I have mentioned before. The script is an absolute dog. The humour was pathetic; the jokes stood out like, well, something that prides itself on standing out a great deal. They sounded like they were meant to be accompanied by a drum roll. The number of funny jokes (and jokes that had some kind of vaguely natural

role in the stream of narrative) could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and a hand that has recently slipped under a band-saw at that.

The actors struggled to invest their 'parts' with character, mostly in vain. Why anybody would want to dredge up this old monster ('sensationally popular musical' according to Mr. Press Release) is beyond me. Perhaps for money. The tickets weren't that cheap (\$10 concession) but there was nearly a full house. But, unlike me, the forest of grey heads seemed to enjoy it. They even laughed at the jokes. It was typical elderly audience. Some of them talked so much during the play that I almost screamed at them: "This is theatre, not fucking bingo!". And above me, from the dress circle, came strange noises which I can only assume were the crashes and bangs of incontinent oldies bolting for the toilets to purge their tired bowels... but I digress.

If you enjoy crochet as a spectator sport and look upon the 1930s as the good old days, then this play is for you. Likewise, if you're a raving Irving Berlin fan. I'm not.

Nick Smith

# Writers Cramp

## Amnesty International's 30th Anniversary

**"I detest your views, but am prepared to die for your right to express them" said Voltaire.**

This belief in freedom of expression is not shared by many governments around the world who hold people in gaol, often without laying charges or even the pretence of a trial, merely because they hold disparate views. People are imprisoned for criticizing the government or because they have raised the issue of human rights violations.

They may be held incommunicado, be subject to torture or execution, or they may join the growing ranks of the "disappeared".

Extra-judicial executions frequently occur, whether carried out with implicit or overt government support. These executions are deliberate killings by police or military forces, or by units set up specifically without supervision or accountability, or by death squads acting with government complicity.

Such actions occur despite a growing body of international human rights agreements that hold governments accountable for their actions.

It was from an effort to mobilise public opinion against such injustices that Amnesty International was born. This week the human rights organisation, which has more than one million members and supporters in over 150 countries, commemorates its 30th anniversary. It grew from an Appeal for Amnesty in a newspaper article written by London lawyer Peter Benenson on May 28th 1961, which focused on "The Forgotten Prisoners". Benenson and his group of lawyers and writers wanted to publicise the plight of those they termed "prisoners of conscience", those imprisoned or restrained on the basis of their political, religious or other conscientiously-held beliefs, or because of their sex, language or ethnic origin, and who had not used or advocated violence.

Amnesty International's mandate calls for the release of prisoners of conscience; advocates fair and proper trials for all political prisoners and for those detained without charge or trial; and opposes the death penalty, torture and other cruel or inhuman or degrading treatment of all prisoners.

The mandate is based on the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which was adopted by the United Nations General Assembly in 1948 and subsequently incorporated into the constitutions of many countries. The Declaration includes the right to freedom of opinion, expression, conscience and religion, the right to freedom from arbitrary arrest and detention, the right to a fair trial, and the right not to be tortured.

According to Amnesty International's 1990 annual report, prisoners of conscience

were held in at least 71 countries, and deaths from torture or ill-treatment while in custody were reported in 40 countries during that year. Since its inception, the organisation has investigated or adopted more than 42,000 cases; last year there was action on behalf of 4,500 victims worldwide, and nearly 2,000 of those cases were closed.

Amnesty International's main weapon is the power of the written word. The International Secretariat in London researches allegations of political imprisonment and torture through media reports, government statements and releases from lawyers and other human rights organisations. It sends delegations to the various countries which investigate cases by interviewing detainees and government officials, and by observing trials to ensure they meet internationally recognised standards (including public trials and the right to appeal against convictions). Cases can then be publicised, and thousands of letters, telegrams and faxes sent to government ministries and embassies to appeal on behalf of the prisoners. Local Amnesty International groups "adopt" particular prisoners and write letters urging their release or proper treatment, as well as personal correspondence to the prisoners.

Amnesty International supports prisoners in countries with a wide spectrum of political climates. In order to maintain financial and political independence and impartiality, it does not accept government funds for its international budget; instead it relies on donations and individual subscriptions. Local groups do not take up the cases of prisoners held by that group's own government, and do not work on behalf of those who have advocated violence, since it could then be open to charges of supporting terrorism.

Aung San Suu Kyi has been under house arrest in Myanmar (formerly Burma) since July 1989. Her crime is that she is considered a political threat by the military government, since she is General Secretary of the National League for Democracy (NLD). The NLD is the country's largest legal political party and won over 80% of votes in national elections in May last year. Despite this, it is the military which has ruled in Myanmar since staging a coup in September 1989.

In 1956 the ruling party of North Vietnam relaxed restrictions imposed on the press during the cultural repression of earlier years. This encouraged the publication of many new journals and magazines. A year later the authorities changed tack and initiated a clamp-down on "subversive" publications. The poet and writer Nguyen Chi Thien was one of those sentenced to imprisonment for helping to publish a literary magazine. After two years in gaol he was released but subsequently placed in a "re-education camp" for another three years, and from October 1965 he was detained for nearly 13 years until his release in 1978. He continued to write poetry critical of the Vietnamese government's policies. For this he was again arrested in April 1979 and today remains in gaol "awaiting trial".

Cases like these have been taken up by Amnesty International and provide a con-

London, Sunday, May 13, 1990



IN THE FORGOTTEN PRISONERS... (Caption describing the portraits of prisoners of conscience.)

ON BOTH SIDES of the Iron Curtain, thousands of men and women are being held in gaol without trial because their political or religious views differ from those of their Governments. Peter Benenson, a London lawyer, conceived the idea of a world campaign, APPEAL FOR AMNESTY, 1961, to urge Governments to release these people or at least give them a fair trial. The campaign is to-day, and "The Observer" is glad to offer it a platform.

## The Forgotten Prisoners

There is a growing reality of political prisoners in the world. In the past few years, the number of prisoners of conscience has increased in many countries. In the United States, the number of prisoners of conscience has increased from 100 in 1980 to 1,000 in 1989. In the Soviet Union, the number of prisoners of conscience has increased from 100 in 1980 to 1,000 in 1989. In the United Kingdom, the number of prisoners of conscience has increased from 100 in 1980 to 1,000 in 1989. In the United States, the number of prisoners of conscience has increased from 100 in 1980 to 1,000 in 1989. In the Soviet Union, the number of prisoners of conscience has increased from 100 in 1980 to 1,000 in 1989. In the United Kingdom, the number of prisoners of conscience has increased from 100 in 1980 to 1,000 in 1989.

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Advertisement for Coty Airspun Beauty Powder, featuring a product image and promotional text.

Advertisement for the Observer Weekend Review, listing various articles and authors.

Advertisement for a scientific review, titled "NEW SCIENTIST IS THE NATIONAL REVIEW OF SCIENCE TODAY".

tinuing challenge for groups devoted to protecting our fundamental rights. Although the 1990 report stated that nearly 3000 people were sentenced to death the previous year in 62 countries (including the USA, Iran and Nigeria), it also noted that Cambodia, New Zealand and Romania abolished the death penalty for all crimes, while in Hungary and Nepal it was abolished for crimes committed against the state.

Those imprisoned testify to the importance of correspondence and public appeals in putting pressure on governments everywhere and sustaining hope in the prisoners themselves. In October 1990, Ali Kilic was released from a Turkish gaol after six and a half years' imprisonment for being a member of the Communist Party. In letters to the Prospect Amnesty International group that adopted him, Ali told of torture while in police custody to elicit a confession from him. He wrote of his continued hope for true democracy and human rights in Turkey, saying that "even if we belong to different

nations, on the subject of human rights we are talking the same language".

In 1977, Amnesty International received the Nobel Peace Prize for its work. The Nobel Committee stated that "The world has witnessed an increasing brutalization and internationalization of violence, terrorism and torture.... Through its activity for the defence of human worth against degrading treatment, violence and torture, Amnesty International has contributed to securing the ground for freedom, for justice and thereby for peace in the world." To maintain such optimism is vital, and Amnesty's hope is that people everywhere will continue working to ensure governments realise that encroachments of fundamental human rights will not be tolerated.

Michelle Chan

# Jack And The Beanstalk

## LIFE, THE BEANSTALK AND EVERYTHING

Jamnes Danenberg explores the Beanstalk Cafe and in between doing dishes and bumping into old friends spoke to the Co-ordinator Tim Jenkin. Jamnes: The last time I saw you Tim we were busking together in Dam Square in Amsterdam, now you're running the Beanstalk. What happened?

Tim: Well it all began whilst I was still travelling in Europe; a group of ten people were offered the lease on the old Hare Krishna restaurant in Hindley Street as a joke, but surprised the guy by accepting it for a month's trial. They got a few other people involved and it went from there. When I returned I found a lot of people I knew were involved and they needed more help, so I got into it and eventually was appointed Co-ordinator.

J: So what is the Beanstalk, and what makes it different from other cafes around town.

T: Well for a start it's a democratically run, non-profit motivated, no-smoking Cafe. The food is as environmentally friendly as possible - probably about 90% of it is organically grown, and is donated or brought from local growers. It's all vegetarian, and there's always Vegan meals available.

J: So what can people expect?

T: Well, it's got a very relaxed, laid back atmosphere, a quiet earthy oasis in the middle of the city. It's entertaining just being there, and there's a lot of information accessible about the latest events, culturally, socially and politically. Thursdays and Fridays there's live music, acoustic performers on percussion or bands like the Bedridden (who play here regularly), but people are always welcome to bring in their own instruments and jam any time. There's also poetry readings regularly and a whole lot of other things.

J: Like what?

T: Well, we have Rob Howe and his drum making workshops, a library of publications that people are free to read on all kinds of esoteric subjects and also a bookswap, not to mention games such as Chess, Backgammon, etc.

J: So what is the philosophy behind Beanstalk?

T: It's a mixture of influences really, there's no one dominant ethic like there was when the Krishnas ran it. I suppose we are just trying to practice what we believe in, most of us coming from a background of involvement in the environment/ peace/ social justice/ feminist movements.

J: What are your aims and objectives then, and how do you reconcile your ideals with the practical realities?

T: We're trying to promote vegetarian food as a tasty and nutritious alternative to the mainstream meat and two veg. diet of most Australians. In the process we hope to create a positive communal setting that serves as a meeting place for exchanging and networking ideas on making our future environmentally sustainable.

We hope that by creating and developing co-operative decision making processes and sharing responsibility we will provide a model for other community groups to follow. We're also providing a place where people can eat cheaply and healthily in a multi-cultural environment that simultaneously offers a venue for a wide spectrum of community-based arts and culture.

As far as putting ideals into practice we try to be as environmentally friendly as possible. Nothing is wasted - even our food scraps are composted and containers recycled. All chemicals that we use for cleaning, washing etc. are environmentally friendly and bought in bulk to minimise packaging.

The food as I've mentioned is almost all organic, locally produced using sustainable techniques. When other ingredients are purchased we shop according to the Ethical Consumer's Guide, so you won't end up drinking Coffee from some right wing military dictatorship for example.

J: What are your clientele like?

T: We have a wide range of people coming in from all walks of life. Most people are reasonably young though, working students or unemployed. We've had a lot of travellers coming in here from Europe, it seems that word has spread by word of mouth amongst the hostels, a couple of people even came in and said they'd heard about the Beanstalk in Nepal!

J: What are the future plans for the Beanstalk?

T: Our future plans include developing the Cafe's facilities, hopefully expanding into the upstairs section and promoting that as an alternative venue for musicians, artists, craftspeople and local community and environment groups. Consolidating our internal structures is another priority, and expanding out into the rest of Adelaide.

We've already begun, doing catering for functions and events like the Hiroshima Day Peace March, where we catered for over 2,000 people.

We think it's important that we build links with Community Gardens and other grass roots organisations so we can support each other. Eventually we'd like to become fi-

nancially secure enough to enable us to pay staff, but that's still a long time away.

The Beanstalk Cafe in conjunction with On Dit are giving away two double passes for dinner for two at the Beanstalk. The first two

people into On Dit on Wednesday after 11 am that can name the three most effective means of sustaining a totalitarian government will get one!



## World Environment Day

World Environment Day is fast approaching. WED is an international day for the environment celebrated around June the 5th each year.

In Adelaide events have been planned for June 1st, centred around a march, leaving from Victoria Square at 11.00am, and wending its way to Rymill Park where there will be a festival. The festival will have music, street theatre, speakers and workshops.

There will also be stalls run by various environmental groups.

These activities are being organised by the Environmental Youth Alliance, a group which has been formed to unite and support young peoples' environment groups in schools, Universities and the wider community. The group meets at 5.00pm on Wednesdays at the Conservation Centre, 120 Wakefield Street in the City.

# All Is Revealed

Alex Wheaton examines *The Secret Country*, a book by John Pilger

It's the time of Sensational Developments, as the daily newspapers like to scream at us from their front pages. GOLD TAX DEAL, HAWKE KNEW!, BURKE RESIGNS and other blackened phrases betray the tension of events unfolding in Perth (and elsewhere) between Laurie Connell, Brian Burke, their accusers, and Government figures.

In the background, our captains of industry and a bevy of politicians of all creeds scan the morning headlines whilst taking their coffee and wonder how long they've got. How long before revelations in the west force them to resign, blab to the Commissioner, or simply disappear? So why is this all such a big surprise?

The surprise is that matters have taken so very long to come out into the open. By and large, the Electorate (those of us not privy to the wheelings and dealings) have an enormous capacity for sticking our heads in the sand. The big surprise is to read a book published in 1989 that outlines the plan and names the names. Not for nothing has the phrase 'W.A. Inc.' been bandied around for some years now. In the same way that Woodward and Bernstein blew the whistle on Tricky Dicky Nixon back in the '70s, Pilger has written about topics which the newspapers would not speak of. In a single chapter in his book *A Secret Country* John Pilger pulls together the threads that explain the rise of the present Federal Government. Simply entitled "Mates", the chapter does much to illustrate the nexus between big government and big business.

Pilger, an expatriate Australian now living and working in London presents *A Secret Country* as an alternative history of Australia; a potted view of events in our country since white colonization. Beginning with a brief examination of the Australian ethos - the idea of a fair go for all, he uses this ethos as a yardstick for an evaluation of the Australian Way Of Life. Chapter Two "A Whispering in Our Hearts" deals with our civilized solution to the problem of the original inhabitants of this land. By the use of but a few salient examples he shows the campaign of genocide waged against the Aborigines, and demolishes forever the nauseous fallacy of a peaceful coexistence. The Myall Creek Massacre of 1838 was but one of many atrocities committed by white settlers against Aborigines, but is, as pointed out by Pilger, unique in that it "represented the only time whites were convicted and hanged for the murder of blacks." It is Pilger's contention that for the vast majority of black Australians things have only marginally improved. Wholesale massacre has given way to a system of 'justice' whereby arrest and death in custody are the common punishments for transgressors of the white man's law. John Pilger's account concludes with the Bicentennial Celebrations in 1988; as Bob Hawke spoke "families of those who have died in police custody threw flowers into Botany Bay."

Naturally, these are precisely the sort of exposes many would expect of a journalist such as John Pilger. Over the years he has become the *bête noir* of Australian investigative writing, labelled as an irresponsible, opinionated, and in some cases out and out 'commie'. Along with men such as Brian Toohey he has done much to offend the Establishment and much to sully the honour of the Australian way of life. It becomes clear through the course of the book that the 'Lucky Country' with its 'fair go' ethos is, at least in the author's eyes, a myth. It would be missing the point merely to consider him a rabble-rouser.


One of the pervading themes in Pilger's book is the culpability of the media. Thus when writing of the Whitlam Years, Pilger makes much of the role of the press in the downfall of that government, and condemns their efforts during the election campaign which installed Malcolm Fraser. For those of us who remember the press coverage during those Days of '75, it makes fascinating reading. Again in his expose on the Mates he outlines the willingness of the media to tow the official line. Few people are aware that the present boss of the ABC, David Hill, is a Hawke crony of old. Thus, when Pilger clashed with the PM during a 1987 ABC-TV interview immediate steps were taken to downplay the incident. John Pilger's account is both chilling in its claims of collaboration and coverup, and hilarious in its telling. The irony of having his then boss David Hill as one of his chief persecutors is not lost in the retelling.

*A Secret Country* is perhaps in this case Pilger's document of revenge. Certainly he holds nothing back in his character assassinations; portraits painted of men such as Laurie Connell, Sir Peter Abeles and Rupert Murdoch are biting yet couched in such a way as to avoid libel. It's a pity the comic book character of Brenda Brush and her supporting role in the current Royal Commission were not acquaintances of Pilger's. For all its enjoyment (and I believe tall poppies need the occasional pruning) there are aspects of the book that require the reader to be on guard; whilst lambasting the Fairfax and Murdoch monopolies Pilger feels free to quote articles from their publications in support of his arguments. Is this acceptable practice? The author would perhaps suggest that with the concentration of media ownership it could hardly be otherwise. Even so, care is needed, for in seeking to give us the 'untold story' John Pilger has combined personal accounts, anecdotes and media reports with his empirical evidence. As with any work of this nature it is necessary to check and evaluate every step of the way. He has pulled together disparate threads and shown us another interpretation of our country and its recent history. The accuracy displayed so far in the West Australian Circus has been gratifying; but another question so far remains largely unanswered. Why has the nation's press so far not told the story? After all, I know what next weeks headlines are likely to be.



JOHN PILGER



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# Violence and Censorship

David Krantz looks at violence in the media and censorship, in the light of *American Psycho* and *The Silence of the Lambs*

The recent furore over Brett Easton Ellis' *American Psycho* has once again raised the issue of violence in the media. Adding fuel to the fire has been *The Silence of the Lambs*, a film directed by Jonathon Demme. Both examples contain scenes of explicit violence, the majority of it directed at women, and have outraged various social interest groups.

They are the shocking edge of media violence, but are they really any different from many other books or films that have gone before them? Are they really controversial or are they simply cleverly crafted to attract media attention? In this particular debate it seems that the outrage and controversy has served the opposite purpose to that which was intended. *American Psycho* is getting massive amounts of free publicity, making it a guaranteed best seller. In Australia it has now been given an 'R' rating, making it available sealed in an attractive plastic wrapping, and only to people over the age of eighteen. To say that this will prevent people under eighteen from reading it is like claiming that no-one under eighteen has ever been served in pubs, or seen a pornographic movie, particularly since the book was available for about three weeks before being classified.

What exactly is it that makes *American Psycho* so shocking? There are numerous other books that offer equally explicit violence, sexual violence, and just plain ugliness. They were not all written recently either. Books such as De Sade's *120 Days of Sodom* and Octave Mirbeau's *The Torture Garden* are freely available yet never raise a murmur. These books would be considered outrageous if written today, but seem to have become respectable classics through the process of aging. *The Room* and *The Demon* by Hubert Selby experimented with the idea of facile and meaningless violence. Amok Press publications in England offers up a steady diet of splatter-porn, paedophilia, satanism, neo-Nazism and all sorts of other unpleasant things.

Similarly with *The Silence of the Lambs*. While being violent and disturbing, one could see an Arnold Schwarzenegger film, or one of the endless *Die Hard* movies, and see a lot more violence and death, and certainly a much more impressive body count. What's more, you would see a lot more people smiling and laughing as the stiff's pile up in the corners.

The common thread with both *The Silence of the Lambs* and *American Psycho* is the context in which the violence is used. It is senseless violence, with no motive or reason, apart from the deranged minds of the main characters. By picking up a spy thriller or watching an Arnie movie, you are entering a world where violence may be explicit and even omnipresent, but is neat, clean, decisive and always for a reason, be it power, revenge, or any of the other motivating forces behind human activity.



This sort of clean, 'sanitised' violence is everywhere in the media. Watch and cheer as Arnie blows away the bad guys! Blam! Blam! Bodies hit the floor! Things explode! etc. Which sort of violence is a reflection of our society? Sanitised violence is unreal, whereas scenes in *American Psycho* leave the reader with a queasy sick feeling somewhere in the pit of their stomach. Sanitised violence can even make you feel good, something *American Psycho* or *The Silence of the Lambs* is extremely unlikely to do.

able violence and sexual depravity against other people (women). This assumes that men are just waiting for the right spark to set them off on a spree of sexual violence, and does not credit readers with much intelligence. If critics of such literature can read it, or extracts from it without being adversely affected, other undecided people should be able to do the same. A spokesperson from the National Organisation of Women in America even went so far as to describe it as a "how to" book on chopping up women.

**"Brett Easton Ellis is making a handy living by outraging the latest 'right on' ideology"**

Sanitised violence seems to glorify violence much more than Easton Ellis' book does. It is action packed, resolves problems, and is usually performed by a 'good' character. In contrast, *American Psycho* describes violence, but does not seek to make it, or the character performing violent acts, attractive. People seeking to ban or control the book seem to feel that reading it will make people (men) rush out and commit acts of unspeak-

The realm of acceptable sanitised violence, however, contains more than its fair share of violence against women. In the blockbusting film *Total Recall*, there is a scene where the main character's wife attacks him. She fails and cowers defenceless in front of him, pleading that they get back together. "Consider it a divorce", he says as he shoots her with an extremely large gun. People in the cinema cheered, and the line was also

included in the shorts for the film, so presumably it was found to be attractive to the movie going public. Why is this more acceptable than causeless violence a la *American Psycho*? Surely both are depicting violence against women, yet one is labelled as outrageous and the other is deemed so acceptable it is included in promotional material.

This brings us to the question of censorship. Should films, books, or indeed anything at all be censored? And if so, who would decide what is unsuitable, and what criteria should be used? The whole idea of censorship smacks of some sort of "it's alright for me to read/view and censor it, but God forbid that anyone else should get their grubby hands/eyes on it" philosophy. As Elizabeth Young said in *The New Statesman*; "The pro-censorship faction tends to be shamelessly inconsistent and self-serving. Imprecations against male writers and attempts to ban pornography, other than lesbian erotica, describe a war-torn territory, where being right-on is an increasingly precarious high-wire act". There is no reason that people should not read or view whatever they wish. If something offends you, do not view or read it. People who support censorship are using the fact that something has offended them to attempt to stop other people from experiencing it and deciding for themselves. It projects an image of the general public as some sort of giant mindless beast that will be driven into an anti-social killing frenzy when fed with 'unsuitable' material.

Regardless, Brett Easton Ellis, in particular, is making a handy living by outraging the latest "right on" ideology. The feminist backlash against his book has achieved the exact opposite to what it was intended to do. Satisfying as it may be to sit around being collectively outraged, it is not going to stop people from buying the book, even if only to see if it is as bad as people say. The media attention aroused by the book has ensured that it will sell like buggery.

Confusing the feminist argument are several female novelists, going beyond simplified feminist ideals. For example, Jane DeLynn's forthcoming novel *Don Juan in the Village* is a story of predatory lesbian conquest. In it the narrator takes over the societal role that is traditionally held by men. It will be interesting to see how this book is received by women's groups.

The outrage and calls for censorship over *American Psycho*, *The Silence of the Lambs*, and indeed any book or film are misdirected. There are many examples of violence in film and literature, and these two examples are by no means the worst. The 'outrage lobby' are bringing themselves down with simplistic arguments, and by allowing themselves to be drawn into the press circus in the first place. They are providing free publicity for a disturbing facet of our society, and no doubt Brett Easton Ellis is sitting back and watching with glee as the money rolls in.

# BRET EASTON ELLIS' 'AMERICAN PSYCHO': WHEN TOO MUCH IS NOT ENOUGH

Recently given an R rating by the Chief Censor, New York author Bret Easton Ellis' latest novel *American Psycho* has provoked unprecedented media attention and complaints about its violent content from feminists and minority and disadvantaged groups first in the United States and now in Australia. Steve Jackson read the book and found not a pile of violent pornographic filth but a carefully enunciated philosophy that Western society is boring us, literally, to death.

'Dying is nothing, you have to know how to disappear'

Jean Baudrillard *Cool Memories*

'But at least we've managed to be through with something: the secret of "sexuality". Sexuality is no longer repressed, but no longer desirable. It is what's left to be desired when desire amounts to nothing...Endlessly talked about, tested and scrutinized, sexuality is now mass produced as a natural instinct. Collectively "treated", individual sexuality actually self-destructs. Made predictable, satisfaction becomes superfluous. Pleasure turns into a chore, and a bore. Instead of enhancing the deepest mysteries in humankind, it turns us into dogs.'

Sylvère Lotringer *Overexposed*

At a trip to the Bronx Zoo, 26 year old Wall Street Financier and random (not serial) killer Patrick Bateman, offers a cookie to a small boy watching lazy penguins (to the sounds of piped penguin muzak). He stabs the boy in the throat, barely ten feet from his mother, and stuffs him behind a bin. Bateman reflects, "Though I am satisfied at first with my actions, I'm suddenly jolted with a mournful despair at how useless, how extraordinarily painless it is to take a child's life. This thing before me... has no real history, no worthwhile past, nothing is really lost."

Bateman then acts as a physician tending the boy he has just stabbed. Police arrive and push him away.

"I feel empty, hardly here at all..."

He has learnt to disappear.

Later in the book, Bateman, at yet another of the endless series of restaurants that dominate *American Psycho*, listening to yet another one dimensional female character confess her love for him, lets loose with a philosophy straight out of the darker more pessimistic corners of the New York avant-garde:

"...where there was nature and earth, life and water, I saw a desert landscape that was unending, resembling some sort of crater, so devoid of reason and light and spirit that the mind could not grasp it on any sort of conscious level and if you came close the mind would reel backward, unable to take it in. It was a vision so clear and real and vital to me that in its purity it was almost abstract. This was what I could understand, this was how I lived my life, what I constructed my movement around, how I dealt with the tangible. This was the geography around which my reality revolved: it did not occur to me, ever, that people were good or that a man was capable of change or

that the world could be a better place through one's taking pleasure in a feeling or a look or a gesture, of receiving another person's love or kindness. Nothing was affirmative, the term 'generosity of spirit' applied to nothing, was a cliché, of some kind of bad joke. Sex is mathematics. Individuality no longer an issue. What does intelligence signify? Define reason. Desire-meaningless. Intellect is not a cure. Justice is dead. Fear, recrimination, innocence, sympathy, guilt, waste, failure, grief, were things, emotions, that no one really felt anymore. Reflection is useless, the world is senseless. Evil is its only permanence. God is not alive. Love cannot be trusted. Surface, surface, surface was all that anyone found meaning in..."

Shortly after this almost painful philosophical ripoff, Ellis launches into another snatch of Bateman creed straight out of *semiotext(e)* (NY Postmodern Journal):

"... there is an idea of a Patrick Bateman, some kind of abstraction, but there is no real me, only an entity, something illusory, and though I can hide my cold gaze and you can shake my hand and feel flesh gripping yours and maybe you can even sense our lifestyles are probably comparable: *I am simply not there.* It is hard for me to make sense on any given level. Myself is fabricated, an aberration. I am a noncontingent human being. My personality is sketchy and unformed, my heartlessness goes deep and persistent. My conscience, my pity, my hopes disappeared a long time ago (probably at Harvard) if they ever did exist. There are no more barriers to cross. All I have in common with the uncontrollable and insane, the vicious and the evil, all the mayhem I have caused and my utter indifference toward it, I have now surpassed. I still though hold onto one single bleak truth: no one is safe, nothing is redeemed. Yet I am blameless. Each model of human behaviour must be assumed to have some validity. Is evil something you are? Or is it something you do? My pains constant and sharp and I do not hope for a better world for anyone. In fact I want my pain to be inflicted on others. I want no one to escape. But even after admitting this- and I have, countless times, in just about every act I have committed- and coming face-to-face with these truths, there is no catharsis. I gain no deeper knowledge about myself, no new understanding can be extracted from my telling. There has been no reason for me to tell you any of this. This confession means nothing..."

If there is any reason to censor *American Psycho* as the Office of Film and Literature Classification has done recently, it is not for the series of closely detailed accounts of sex murders, child killings, beggar bashings, taxi driver slayings, axe frenzies and the straight forward porn-genre description of a threesome, but rather the blatant and unnecessary tracts of post modern philosophy as way of justification or explanation of Bateman's behaviour and the world in which he lives. The phrase 'surface, surface, surface' is so utterly facile and banal one can only agree with Norman Mailer's assessment in *Vanity Fair* that Bret Easton Ellis has some difficulty in controlling the material and needs this formula formulation to justify it. This is unfortunate because the passages are largely unnecessary (except to help reviewers such as this one in summarising the philosophy behind/in this novel). They repeat what has already been demonstrated and detract otherwise from a

challenging work that demonstrates deep philosophical beliefs about the demise of consumer-centric society. These ideas are astute and wholly justifiable ones. This society, in particular the 'advanced' consumer driven sectors such as New York promotes perversion and obscenity according to Bret Easton Ellis. This drive to extremes, the elimination of anything before or after the pure facticity of each event, the total obsession with the moment of capture of objects whether they be the state of the art stereo, a prostitute or a lover, the devolution of memory and the corresponding absence of moral judgement (the irrelevance of moral judgement), is the result of a world overloaded with objects and more significantly the centrality of objects in providing human satisfaction. The problem which I believe Easton Ellis is attempting to pose, is that a world where the inanimate is the ruler (and in this New York inanimate includes women) is characterised by *boredom*.

So in *American Psycho*, there are endless descriptions coming from Bateman's narrative about the exact labels people are wearing (faces are never ever mentioned except in a violent context). There are lengthy lists of consumer items Bateman has bought. These lists, overloaded with detail are more often

than not juxtaposed with equally detailed accounts of sex murders of women in an eerily similar prose style. Also in painful and barely readable detail are descriptions of new restaurants that have opened, their decor, the lengths required to book a table (one scene of 6000 words contains nothing but telephone conversations between Bateman and his dining companions about which restaurant they will dine at) and the extreme culinary combinations they are serving. Again Easton Ellis leads us by the philosophical hand here, and has Bateman at one restaurant eating a dish that reminds him of a gunshot wound. Food and death. The extremes of consumerism. Thank you Peter Greenaway. Take a bow.

Just as the reader finds themselves skipping these obsessively accurate consumer lists and how to hints on every thing from wearing vests correctly to shaving and facial skin care, so later in the book in particular do you begin to read the accounts of Bateman's murderous frenzies with less interest, indifference and then ultimately boredom.

The reader, like Bateman, becomes overexposed and bored by the excessive, compulsive, neurotic consumerism and the compulsive, senseless murders. After you've killed a woman, dismembered and sexually assaulted and tortured her in every way possible where are you going to go for 'kicks'? After you've read about it again and again what then? What emotion then? Constant outrage? No. The reader's mind begins to behave like the maid who cleans the blood (and odd body part) off the walls of Bateman's apartment with a passive industriousness. In particular one scene where Bateman is totally wired on cocaine (and refers to himself in the third person in the narrative), and shoots a busker, a cab driver, a police officer and his apartment block watchman, is notable for its banality. The reader by this time cares little that someone has died and so when Bateman, decides after the Uzi spree to confess his dementia to a 'friend' (Harold) via telephone, finds him not in and leaves the confession on the answering machine, the reader's

indifference matches the eventual reaction of Harold-he treats it like a very flat joke. This is a black comedy.

Harold actually goes further to suggest that one of the people Bateman kills earlier in the book is alive and well and dining in London. The objectification of every character into brand names confuses identity-people constantly mistake Bateman in restaurants for someone else. He may be 'prep perfection' according to his friends but his obsession with perfect consumption displaces his personality until he is 'not there'. He is indeed one of a class of super consumers who are not there.

The episodic nature of *American Psycho* is instrumental in creating an unsettling mood. Each chapter is self contained-there is little or no cross references in Bateman's life. He has several lovers, his psychopathic nature passes unnoticed by his 'friends'. When they are together they talk about food, clothes, women ('hardbodies')-interaction never occurs. When people talk to him, Bateman thinks about killing (which he regards as a useless and boring act), XXX videos, music he enjoys, the recent episode of the *Patty Winters Show*. The only time Bateman ever gets remotely enthused about anything is in three chapters about his favourite bands, Genesis, Whitney Houston and Huey Louis and the News. His enthusiasm for these ultimately lifeless and plastic inanimate bands is a fine piece of social observation by Bret Easton Ellis. The most dangerous music does not come from satan wielding devil loving guitar noodling heroes or from swearing black power corporate rap acts but from the banality of rainforest desked boardrooms where sound concepts are designed. This is music designed to destroy feeling, desire, hope. This is Bateman muzak.

One of the problems with assessing a book like *American Psycho* is its obvious and pervasive male-ness (phallogocentric?). It addresses male readers about a male world written from a male (pure testosterone??) perspective. The soul-less boredom that pervades the book and Bateman's personality that seeks to show advanced capitalism social's indifference to the perversion and obscenity that it promotes through the market place (everything is/are you for sale) works through a phallogocentric perspective that attempts to displace an alternative male critical perspective. It is if Bret Easton Ellis is rubbing out (male) faces in the filth until we (men) are part of it and cannot step outside of it. We can only passively accept.

Initially after having read the book, I found it difficult to pass a critical judgement on it

until I went back and tried to unravel the process Ellis used to write it. I could not step outside the world Ellis had implicated me in. This book is therefore successful in suspending judgement on the most bizarre of subjects. Mission accomplished Mr Ellis. You can treat this as a recommendation if you so wish.

The layering of restaurant, office, murder and shopping scenes designed to make any meaning implode and irrelevant (other than to show that this is how life is) is however a masculine device for men. Feminists who have been outraged by the book (in particular the National Organisation for Women in the US) have found no meaning implosion in the text, no sensory overload; no boredom. For them the meaning of *American Psycho* is clear-it seeks to legitimise in some way, violence against women and other minority and disadvantaged groups. The very act of publishing a book such as *American Psycho* is an act of legitimisation.

Women are not addressed as readers by Ellis but due to the saturation affect of the writing on men are able to offer a critical perspective. The question remains however whether feminists and censors in attempting to impose a meaning on *American Psycho* are indulging in an ideological mirror creation exercise. Are they creating a meaning for the text that merely is a reflection of their own ideology-a process of ideological self legitimisation?

Whether the above is true or not, there is a tendency for people, sadly, to judge literature without actually having read it. If the aim of *American Psycho* is to induce an intellectually stoned stupor through a perversion overload, then reading the bits in isolation that may offend Ms Average person is plain bloody minded stupidity. It has to be read in its entirety.

Examples of such cretinous activity have already occurred on national television. Witness on the 25 May edition of ABC's *Lateline*, host Kerry Stokes and Dr Anne Summers, Australian expatriate and NY editor of three women's magazines, admitting during discussion of *American Psycho* that they have not read the book, only snippets. Laugh then at the breathtaking hypocrisy of Anne Summers stating that notwithstanding her general ignorance of the actual text that *American Psycho* has no literary merit whatsoever, but, nonetheless, she would defend the right to publish it.


How appropriate that people who have not read the book, be caught defending the right to publish it. Is this not the indifference towards perversion that Bret Easton Ellis is writing about?

But the ironies of the *American Psycho* saga do not end here. If this society so described by Bret Easton Ellis has no secrets about perversion (and is therefore obscene) then the idea of wrapping this book in plastic and restricting its sale as though it contained something hidden that certain people should not see is absurd. We are trying to hide what we already


are!  
'Fortunately, stupidity remains the sanctuary of the referent, the indestructible refuge of meaning...He who believes in meaning will perish beneath the irony of appearances.' Jean Baudrillard

Consider those who seek to ban or censor this book so buried.


## American Psycho.



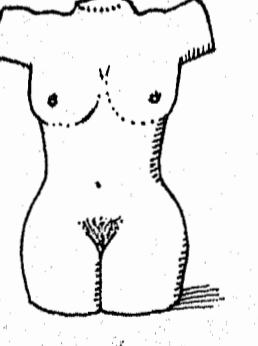
Suits.




Booze.




Coke.



Women.



Wealth.



Slaughter.

### symbols from an alternative lifestyle.

by A. Jayner 1991

# Small Woolly Animals That Don't Talk Much

Dave Sag talks about *The Silence of the Lambs*, a Jonathon Demme film now showing at Academy

As the opening credits begin to flow, you are immediately made aware that *The Silence of the Lambs* is going to be no ordinary cop film. There is a unique sense of menace and manipulation which drives the film and sets it aside from other films of its genre. Here is a contemporary thriller which is thankfully unmarred by clichés.

The film opens with Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster), FBI trainee, running through the woods. Immediately you begin to ask yourself, Why is she running, and from what? It is soon made clear that she is in training, but even so, you can not escape the feeling that she is being pursued. This feeling persists throughout the whole film in one form or another. In less than ten minutes the impression is conveyed that Clarice is someone who deserves your respect. She is very clever, perceptive, tough as nails, and totally committed to her sense of what is right. It is interesting to notice the emphasis that both central characters place on politeness. Clarice Starling is courteous and polite even under the most extreme pressures. Dr Hannibal Lector (Anthony Hopkins) is also a model of courtesy. He is the perfect villain; clever, resourceful, articulate, physically powerful, and insane.

The interaction between Lector and Starling is what makes *The Silence of the Lambs* such an intense film. Lector is about the only male in the film who treats Starling with unwavering decency. Crawford, her boss, while not overtly lecherous like many other male characters in the film, still manages to treat Clarice in far too offhand a manner to be likeable.

Lector is both patronising and complimentary. He is polite and almost supernaturally perceptive, but continually attempts to shock Clarice; not out of any sense of malice, although he radiates malice by the tonne, but out of a catlike desire for game playing. He is portrayed as some kind of renaissance man with an ear for music, an eye for fashion, and appreciation of art, and a seeker of the more civilised things in life. He initially sums Starling up as "not more than one generation away from poor white trash" but soon begins to respect her intelligence and her integrity.

From the moment they meet it is Lector who has the upper hand. Starling, and consequently the audience, has been briefed/warned pretty thoroughly by both Crawford, and Dr Chilton, the repulsive, leering, head of the asylum where Lector is contained. She is given several warnings, "Don't get close to the glass", "Don't receive anything he gives you", "Don't give him anything except for soft paper, no pens, no pencils." and most importantly, "Don't give him any personal information". As Crawford makes perfectly clear, "You don't want Hannibal Lector inside your head". So when they do meet, what happens? Lector's opening move is to request



that Starling show him her ID. He requests that she move closer and closer to the glass, and despite having been warned on at least three occasions not to, she does. Slowly and one by one, he makes her disregard the warnings she has been given. He gives her a towel when she comes in out of the rain; he literally talks a neighbouring prisoner (Multiple Miggs) to death; and eventually he begins to extract the details of the death of her father, which she still remains upset

hers is as sure a sign as any that he admires and respects her, that she has passed his test, that she has won his game.

*The Silence of the Lambs* is not an especially violent film. It is however an especially gruesome film. The autopsy scenes, the photographs of mutilated victims, and the nasty deaths of Lector's guards are indeed very graphic and quite gory, and at the same time they are all too real. The true horror lies in the acts of violence which we don't get to

any acts of violence. There are no jumps here. This is not to say that there are no surprises: Lector's escape will remain one of the classic tales of terror for years to come.

The contrast made between Lector, the cold, calm serial killer/cannibal, and Buffalo Bill, the serial killer being hunted by Starling, is overwhelming. Bill is not a nice man. He lives in filth and squalor and skins his victims, all of whom are female. Just why this is so becomes clear by the end of the film, but needless to say this is not the exploitative, misogynist film it could easily have become. What Bill does to his victims is in many ways no worse than what Lector did to his. We respect Lector however for his brilliance and cunning. We can only despise Bill, though, because he is so squalid. It is this curious distinction between the good loony and the bad loony which I found to be interesting. When Lector says at the end of the film "I'm having an old friend for dinner", and then sits and watches as Dr Chilton gets off a plane and walks past, you feel a sense of "Good thing too, the bastard deserves it," and you smile to yourself.

The scene where Bill is sitting at the top of a well, reciting "It puts the lotion on its skin, or else it gets the hose again" is less than amusing. You feel a real sense of what is happening to his victim, as well as what has happened to her over the last few hours.

All in all, Demme has produced a master work. Jodie Foster is superb as the tough, but sensitive FBI trainee. She is not infallible, but she is damn clever. Watching her calmly dismiss a roomful of leering cops was pure pleasure. She is certainly the strongest character in the film. Her conviction to her cause, and her refusal to be put down or treated as a "mere woman" could make her character the feminist icon for 1991.

She makes the transition from trainee to agent well before her graduation ceremony at the end of the film. The first half of the film is continually cut in with shots of her in training. Later however, as she closes in on Buffalo Bill, and as she opens up more of her childhood to Lector, these training sequences stop and her real life ordeal begins. The close up shot of her and Crawford's handshake after she graduates shows us a handshake between equals. She has earned the respect of her peers and her superiors, not to mention Lector who in parting admits that the world is far more interesting with her in it. By the end of the film we know instinctively that Lector is doomed, but that Clarice Starling has only just begun her new life.

*The Silence of the Lambs* is not a story of good versus evil. It is more a story of self discovery and a woman coming to terms with her past, ready to move on into her future. It is also the best film I have seen so far this year.

"watching her calmly dismiss a roomful of leering cops was a pleasure"

about, and her early childhood fears. The information he gives her in return is either coded in the form of simple anagrams, or cryptic advice to point her in the right direction while forcing her to think. The fact that she is helping Crawford hunt down a serial killer who skins his victims is largely irrelevant for most of the film, and is simply a vehicle for the interaction between Starling and Lector. The touching of his finger on

see. When Dr Chilton shows Starling a photograph of a nurse who Lector attacked, we don't get to see it. We do however get to allow our imaginations to run riot.

There are no creatures jumping out of cupboards, no sudden swells of music combined with sudden acts of horror or violence. The real skill of this film is that you know what is happening. Demme's direction gives you at least half a minute lead time before

# Ruthless Parodies of Childrens Culture

**Bedtime Stories with Paté Biscuit (and Bongo)**  
**Glynn Nicholas and Shaun Micallef**  
**Angus and Robertson**  
**\$7.99**

Glynn Nicholas' rise to prominence on *The Big Gig* has led to the release of this unique collection of short stories. Containing transcripts of sixteen memorable tales from Paté Biscuit's repertoire, *Bedtime Stories* offers a world of tastelessness and perversity only touched upon by traditional fairy tales. Featuring generally consistent themes of mutilation, disease and human degradation, the book is faithful to Paté's original televised presentations. Nicholas and Micallef's bizarre stories are once again accompanied by Pam Abbey's distinctive illustrations, graphically embellished with rich anatomical detail. Covering a wide range of political and social issues, this compilation tries hard to be universally offensive.

Disturbingly packaged like a children's book, the true nature of *Bedtime Stories*

becomes obvious as the reader begins to peruse it more closely. Those who fail to notice the frumpy transvestite adorning the book's cover will soon be enlightened by the dubious subject matter of the stories inside. Although predominantly written by Nicholas, among the most distinctive tales were penned by Shaun Micallef. It is Micallef's story "The Fish Who Was Naughty" that opens the collection. The horrific tale of a young swimmer's encounter with a large, carnivorous fish, it sets the mood for succeeding homages to poor taste.

While most of the stories exploit Paté's callous delivery and comedic perspectives on tragic events, some incorporation of social issues is apparent. "Henrietta the Hen", for example, offers an interesting insight into the lives of four battery chickens - their maggots, deformities and ambitions for farmyard reform. Environmentalism is ex-

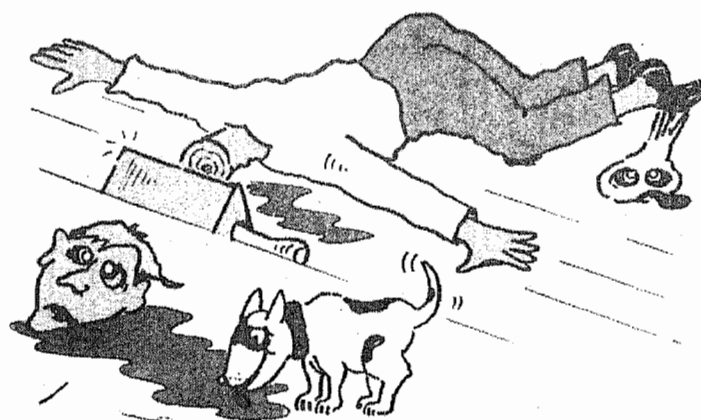
plored in "The Boy Who Thought He Could Fly". Dealing with one boy's quest to possess a Lesser Spotted Sea Eagle, it climaxes with the foolish lad plummeting from the bird's lofty perch, "his body (crunching) onto a rocky outcrop, narrowly missing the haystack that might have broken his fall." Clearly illustrating the evils of materialism, and nature's sanctity, Tommy's unfortunate end serves as a memorable social statement.

"The Hideously Repulsive Duckling" relates a tale of polluted waterways, genetic mutation and the attitude problems of a particularly ugly swan. The angry bird's ensuing reign of terror affords the writer ample opportunity to include a greater element of violence and mindless titillation. Dangerously testing the bounds of overkill, writer Shaun Micallef explores new depths of bad taste. Following a parade of atrocities involving, amongst other things, nuclear terrorism, the title character explodes in a feak air pressure accident (illustrated convincingly by Abbey).

While political topics are explored, it remains obvious that the basis of Paté's appeal lays not in her social conscience, but in her ruthless parodies of children's culture. Lacking the visual impact of their original presentation on *The Big Gig*, Nicholas and Micallef's stories rely mainly on their gruesome content or cheap sexual innuendo to occupy the reader. Obviously due to the literary format, more subtle elements of the writers' satire have suffered in translation.

The merits of rehashing old material may be questionable, but its packaging within the context of a book should at least be recognized as restrictive. Despite this transition to print, Nicholas and Micallef's stories retain their basic qualities, and will probably entertain fans of Paté's distinctive style. Although arguably at its best in limited doses, the humour contained in *Bedtime Stories* remains representative of Nicholas' popular character.

Matt Denby



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### SINGLE OF THE WEEK

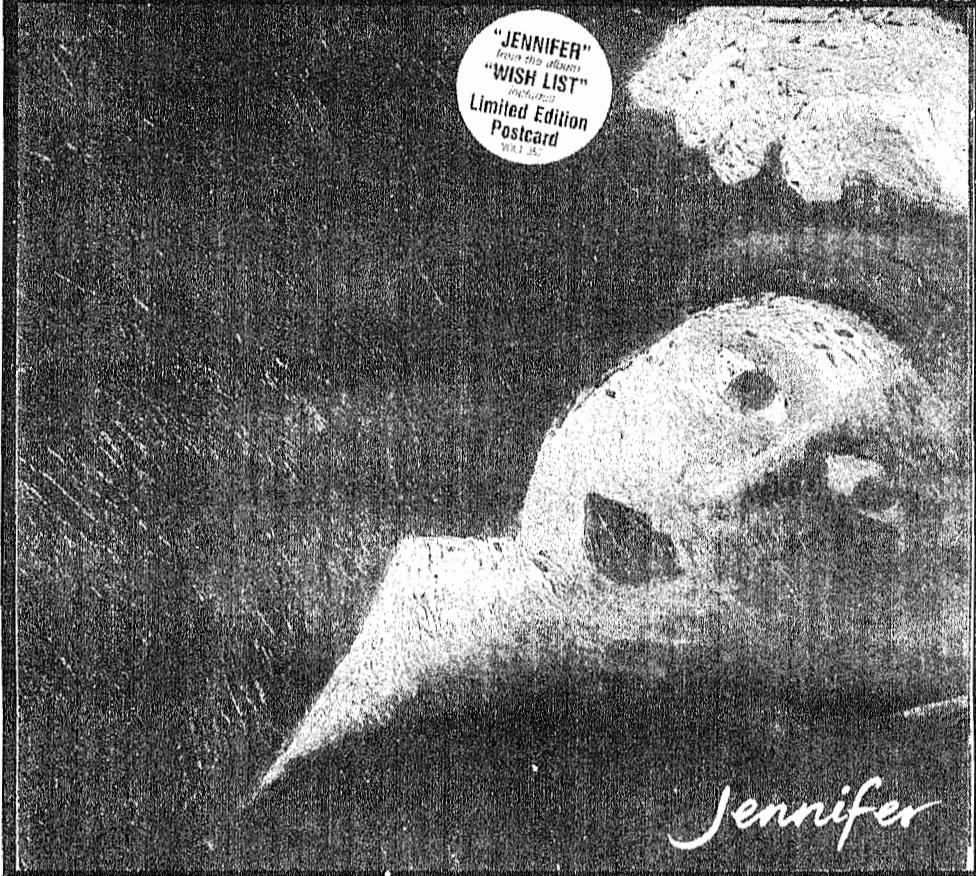
The Falling Joys  
Jennifer  
Volition

The first time I saw The Falling Joys was at their show at University early last year. There were two songs which really impressed me that night, one was their version of The Cure's "Just Like Heaven", and the other Suzie Higgle introduced with "This is a song we wrote on the train on the way over, we'll try it out on you, it's called 'Jennifer'." It was nothing short of brilliant.

"Jennifer", like so many Falling Joys' songs, is close to being the perfect pop song. If you already own the album *Wish List* and are thinking that there is no point in buying this single, you are wrong! The B-side is "Robinson Crusoe (Francais)". That's right, "Robinson Crusoe" sung in French, and I thought Suzie Higgle's voice was sexy in English!

If you don't own any Falling Joys' records here is a great way to get into Australia's finest pop band (they shit on The Hummingbirds live!) and if you do, buy this one for the B-side.

Richard Vowles



Heaven  
Chris Rea  
Warner

Taken from the new *Auberge*, "Heaven" is a slow, nondescript track from a similarly uninspiring musician. It's not that it is a bad work and the guitar, faintly reminiscent of a moody Ry Cooder and having a slightly Hawaiian tone, is very soothing, giving a peaceful, easy atmosphere. Yet it is this lack of precision and dynamism that prevents the song from acquiring the power of such artists as Ry Cooder or even Mark Knopfler, the lyrics like the music are easily forgettable.

The instrument B-side "Theme From the Pontile Journals" is mildly more interesting yet still tediously bland, the meandering, sedate guitar rendering it in the category of Elevator music.

Tim Beaumont

Sinful! (Scary Jiggin' with  
Doctor Love)  
Pete Wylie (and The Farm)  
Virgin

A pretty average single with a particularly silly name.

One of the "wo-woo"ing 'scallies' behind The Farm now takes centre stage for more of the same.

"Sinful!" has been released before, and with its quasi-political lifestyle lyrics, it is quite a good song.

If you like *Spartacus* you'll like the "Scary Jiggin' with Doctor Love" mix. It manages

to out-Farm the Farm. I'm not sure this is such a good thing.

Nic Gilbert

Eleanor Rigby  
Nursery Crimes  
Rattlesnake

Having just changed record companies, Nursery Crimes have now put on vinyl one of their favourite live covers. Presumably the reaction to the song at live shows prompted the band to do a studio version. Although not as close to Zoot's version as some have claimed, maybe a live recording would have been a better release. Nevertheless, it's a great single, and coupled with a typical Nursery Crimes imperfect love song, complete with hyperactive drums, as a B-side, is a fairly good buy.

Daniel Kearney

Mozart's Sonata #3  
Scatterbrain  
Virgin/EMI

This release is an interesting follow up to the witty, "guess-that-riff" single "Down with the Ship". It is an instrumental heavy metal version of one of Mozart's most well-known pieces. As such, it comes off as rather silly, especially in light of the seriousness with which the band approaches it, but I guess that's what Scatterbrain is all about. In spite of myself however, I found I quite enjoyed this, although I'm sure its novelty will disintegrate after a few listens.

The B-side contains two tracks from the forthcoming *Live from the Basement* disc, both of which are quite good, but Scatterbrain's style is limited, and the songs become quite repetitive. However, Scatterbrain's sense of humour manages to raise them above the thrashing hordes.

Paul Lauritsen

Kids of the Century  
Halloween  
EMI

Halloween are a fast but melodic heavy metal band, similar in style to Iron Maiden and Queensryche. This, their new single, is another in the environmentally aware "what-have-we-done-to-our-world?" style and is, therefore, admirable in concept but reeks of bandwagon jumping. However, this type of lyric content is certainly preferable to the usual, clichéd "dungeons and dragons" or "baby-look-at-the-size-of-my-willy" metal fare. Musically, however, it is quite clichéd. Although the hook line is quite catchy (especially for a metal song), it ultimately grates and, if you're an avid metal fan, you've probably heard this riff, with slight variations, on every Iron Maiden album yet released. The B-side is an exceptionally heinous version of Elvis' "Blue Suede Shoes", probably intended to show Halloween's soulful roots, which succeeds only in showing how soulless they truly are.

Paul Lauritsen

Sing Your Life  
Morrissey  
EMI

Once upon a time, I was a Morrissey follower. However, the great amount of admiration I had for this man is now virtually non-existent. Retirement to a darkened hovel somewhere in Manchester is a damn fine idea. It couldn't be worse than this, his new single.

The B-side is a cover of The Jam song "That's Entertainment", which isn't actually that bad, though the rough edges of the original have been brushed aside. Morrissey's cover is more acoustic and produced.

"Sing Your Life" is probably the worst song from his new album *Kill Uncle* (and believe me, that's no compliment). Complete with a '50s sound, not even Morrissey's melodious voice can save him this time.

Fiona Dalton

Carrying A Torch  
Tom Jones  
EMI

What's new pussycat? Well, nothing as far as Tom Jones' ailing career is concerned. Collaboration with Van Morrison has produced "Carrying A Torch", a soft rock ballad that defies praise.

The flipside, "Walk Tall (Valley of the Shadow)" is also crap.

J. Hirihito

Word of Mouth  
Mike and the Mechanics  
EMI

The title track from the Mechanics' latest album and follow up to their rip-snorting, chart-buster "The Living Years".

"Word of Mouth" itself is a lacklustre song and deserves little attention, however the B-side is an interesting autobiographical look at the band's career entitled "Let's Pretend it Didn't Happen".

J. Hirihito



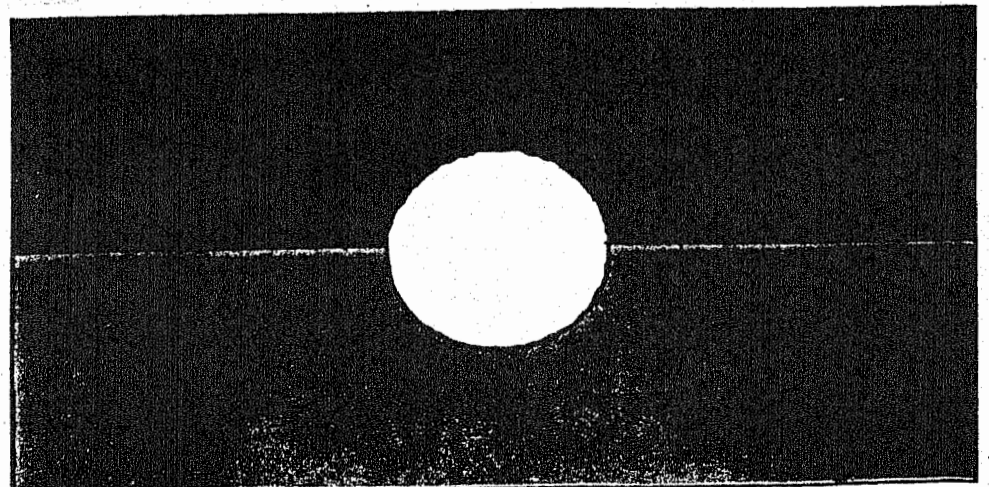
## A Big, Important Thing

The Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music (known to the in-crowd as CASM) and the AUU (known to virtually everyone as a wonderful organisation which cares deeply about students and their wishes) are about to stage what can only be described as a "dynamic night of entertainment" (quoting from the press release).

1991's inaugural Nunga Night will be held on Saturday June 8 from 7:30 until well past any sensible person's bedtime. It will

feature The Miminees, Headwind, Aces Wild (seen at the Battle of the Bands on 24 May), Members Only, General Public (get the feeling these two bands are confusing the issue?) and CASM Blues. Special guests still secret as of the moment of writing are also to be anticipated.

This is merely a skeletal outline of a night which promises to grow to monstrous proportions, so call CASM on 228 5705 for more information as the date approaches.



### Herb Alpert North on South Street A & M

"Herb Alpert?", I hear you ask. "Didn't he die years ago?" Apparently not, and this offering from the man who brought us such classics as "Tequila" and "The Lonely Ball" is, amazingly enough, pure club-dance music. Now I'm not usually one to advocate the virtues of dance music, but this is really quite good stuff. Rather than "sampling" (stealing?) other people's ideas, he sets up a dance groove and plays some intelligent, creative trumpet over the top of it, creating some good melodies as well as a catchy, danceable rhythm. I admit that dance music is a necessary evil these days, but if more people followed Herb's example of creativity and improvisation, it could well become a respectable form of music in itself, rather than just something to keep the clubbers and teenyboppers happy.

Jeremy Mackinnon

### Midnight Sun The Choirboys Mushroom

If Choirboys albums were placed inside a time capsule, our grandchildren would have a clear impression of the state of society today. Just as Chagall painted Russian realism, the Choirboys paint a picture of Australian society. I found the meaning of life in the 1987 album *Big Bad Noise* - life is a series of struggle, hard work, and sometimes reward - all in the face of human spirit! Luckily I was introduced to more spiritual means in finding the meaning of life, but in the meantime the Choirboys were apparently floating between here and the U.S. creating *Midnight Sun*.

Four years is quite a while to wait, boys. Yet *Midnight Sun* represents four years of experience and new ideas while retaining their huge, sweaty guitar sound, the same sound which made them so popular, especially live, as well as portraying a wider picture of the Choirboys' view of society. Their fetish with escapism, best seen in "Run to Paradise", is again portrayed in *Midnight Sun*, most notably with "Rendezvous".

The Choirboys had a huge task in maintaining the standard of *Big Bad Noise*.

"Midnight Sun" is a more polished effort, while retaining their trademark of 'rock realism' in the songwriting. It is a fast paced album, with a few sluggy spots, such as "We Can Dance", but in this case, any criticisms (such as the exclusion of "Sweet Seduction") are overshadowed by the general originality and quality of the album.

*Midnight Sun* includes a portrayal of the apathy which is seeing our society waste away in "We Believe" as well as a version of their commercially failed single, "Empire", now called "Our Empire Falls" - obviously influenced by their trip to the U.S!

Choirboys tell it like it is - we are living in a crumbling mass of broken dreams, loneliness, poverty and disillusion (best seen in "Romance Street") - but they manage to portray it in a positive way, by encouraging individualism and the fighting spirit - as in "Rise Up- Just Hold on until the End" which will probably be their next single.

Judging by the quality of *Midnight Sun*, I

will expect a sell out at the Old Lion next time they do an Adelaide gig, (if they decide it's worth their effort coming!) instead of the dismal handful in March.

This is a band you can sit down and absorb the meaningful lyrics to, or jump around on the dance floor to. Something for everyone.

Jane Eckermann

### The White Room The KLF Liberation

The KLF were once the Timelords and released an atrocious thing called "Doctorin' the Tardis", which was about as exciting as listening to "Star Trekkin" while having a cerebral lobotomy. When I first heard *The White Room*, apart from the familiar songs "What Time is Love?" and "3 a.m. Eternal", I found that on a first listening the rest of the album was rather uninspiring. I mean those two singles send the crowds at dance clubs into states of sweaty and frenzied ecstacy. The other seven songs are completely different (keeping in mind the songs were penned between 1987 and 1991), ranging from the intensely beautiful and moving "Justified and Ancient", to the highly nocturnal (?) "Last Train to Trans-Central". (Listen to it and you'll know what I mean).

On listening to the album as a series of unrelated songs and expecting more of the same as the singles, forget it. The songs are linked by the opening lines of "Justified and Ancient" and ideas about some home-made tribe called the Mu-Mu, so you'll know not to take the band too seriously (I mean, they're both holding sheep on the inside of the C.D. cover), and for some reason the whole feel of the album is very much nocturnal (there's that damn word again) and on this level the whole album works. There's no Tardis Matutating in the background and sure, it's a bit of a wank, but who gives a shit? The KLF are not looking for musical credibility, but they're not banal anus-hole music for the ears and the body, so please close the mind and see your doctor if pain persists.

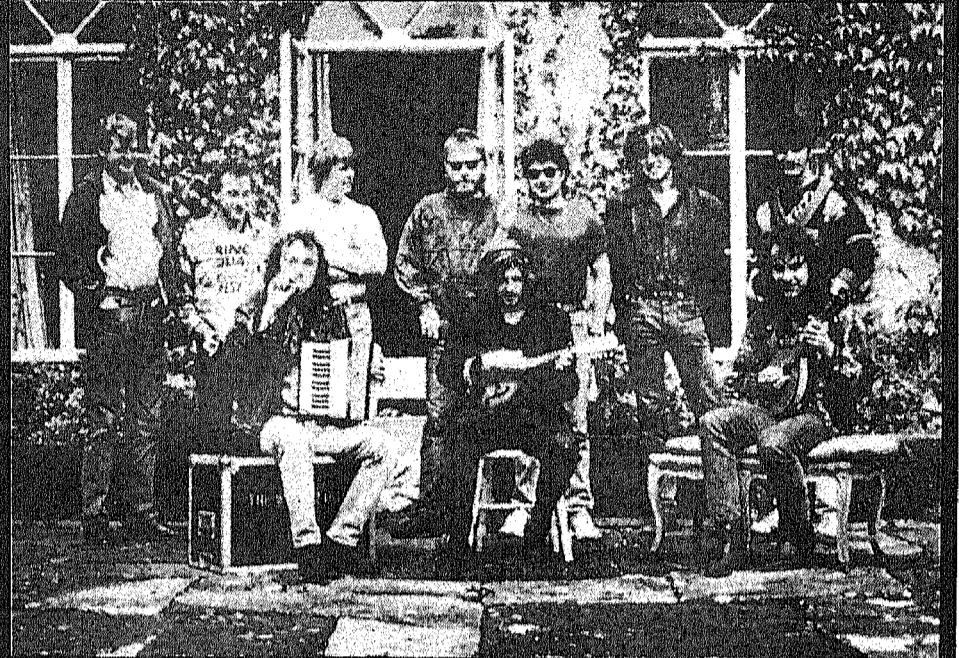
Matt Cooke

### Ultra Under Jeff Dahl Triple X Records

The former frontman for the Angry Samoans has almost returned to those days in one sense - his new album could well get him a couple of law suits, and an excommunication. With help from a couple of the Chemical People, he has released an album which, if released in the early '70s, probably would have made him a hero. He is obviously influenced by the Stooges, and gets a sound they would have been proud of. Now, however, you have to search for this, and his other records, all released on fairly small independent labels.

The album is characterized by driving and overdriven guitars, with a nice amount of fuzz. A remake of "Cherry Bomb" is a fine example of this, with only the lyrics bearing similarity to the original. Most songs on the album are in this vein, with a couple of exceptions. He has included a piano ballad, as he has also included acoustic songs on previous albums. It's not bad, but I personally think Jeff should stick to what he's brilliant

### FUCK WHAT A NEAT RECORD The Best of The Waterboys '81-'90 The Waterboys Ensign



The timeless celtic beauty of the Waterboys is encompassed well in *The Best of The Waterboys*. Inexplicably the Waterboys have not achieved the commercial success that they have so richly deserved. Nevertheless the influence of The Waterboys on numerous country/ folk/ rock'n'roll bands is unmistakable. From Edinburgh to Dublin to the world the Waterboys have remained distinctively unique, maintaining the naked traditional celtic sound. The obvious showcases of the collection are the favourites.

"Don't Bang the Drum", "And a Bang on the Ear", "Fisherman's Blues", and a live recording at Glasgow of Old England in 1989.

The Waterboys' beauty has spanned a decade, influencing today's traditionalist Dublin/ Celtic sound of Hothouse Flowers, etc. etc. The Waterboys will be forgotten because of their lack of world wide success but always remembered by those who value the hybridisation of traditional music and rock, something which has been done by the Waterboys without equal throughout the last ten beautiful sounding years.

Piers Gillespie

at, rather than what he's just good at. (This is a subtle way of saying most piano ballads make me barf.)

Another great song is "Junkies Deserve To Die", a much more sensitive and personalised song than the title suggests. (Well, as sensitive as grinding fuzz-rock gets.)

"Mick and Keith killed Brian" is a good example of how to get sued real good, alluding to interesting sexual habits amongst the three, and a few other unsavoury bits.

Finally, a "Thought for the Weak", courtesy of Jeff Dahl:

"There ain't no salvation - just a painful circumcision."

Hmm. Cutting stuff!

Dazza, the gerbil unplugged

### Roger McGuinn Back From Rio Arista

Back From Rio is the former Byrd's first solo album for 13 years. Most of the songs on the album could have come off of any Byrds album due to jingle-jangle 12 string guitar sounds and trademark layered vocal harmonies. Guests on the album include Tom Petty (who features on the single "King of the Hill"), Elvis Costello (who wrote a new song "You Bowed Down") and Michael Penn. Many tracks sound remarkably similar to Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. In fact there was a time when McGuinn was driving down a highway and heard a song

by the Heartbreakers on the radio and racking his brain trying to remember when he wrote it. There is no doubt that the Byrds and McGuinn were highly influential to a number of bands including REM, the Eagles, the Church and Tom Petty. If you like any of the above named artists or want a change from dance music, listen to this record.

Jack K.

### Death in Brunswick Original Motion Picture Soundtrack WEA

The majority of music on this soundtrack is basically ethnically inspired instrumental music; the kind of stuff one would expect to hear at The Glendi. These merry tunes leave me with a relaxed, optimistic feeling somewhere inside, while in my mind I can picture myself somewhere in Spain or Greece dancing around with a whole lot of happy villagers dressed in national costume. This is very good music to listen to when you are depressed, upset or under severe amounts of stress.

There is also an excerpt from Mahler's Symphony No. 5 "Adagio" which, although I know nothing about this kind of music, I found mellow and relaxing and really enjoyed listening to. Interestingly enough, the title track "Death in Brunswick" is by

continued overleaf

eral Union Meeting.

I refute Dave Sag's comment that the Board is attempting to deny students their democratic rights. Union regulations state that the GUM should be held on the Barr Smith Lawns or Union Hall in the case of bad weather. This is exactly what we are doing. Dave's attempt to hold the GUM in the cloisters or Mayo Refectory is blatant self-interest only disguised as a democratic principle.

Hell hath no fury like a vested interest. The Cloisters is conveniently located near *On Dit* and the Mayo Refectory is one of the few Union smoking areas. Why not hold it in the non-smoking Upper Refectory?

In years past the Mayo Refectory has been a favoured venue for GUMs as quorum can be easily reached, as Dave says, by those who just happened to be buying their lunch.

Three hundred and thirty students (including one individual who signed twice) signed the petition, whereas quorum for a GUM is fifty. If students are genuinely concerned then I urge them to attend, especially those who signed the petition.

Union regulations exist to ensure that democratic principles are upheld.

Bad luck Dave.

Mel Yuan  
Union President

Dear Pres,

We fail to see how the proximity of *On Dit* to the area where the GUM is held will affect voting patterns.

Yours in confusion,  
Eds.

What?

Dearest Si and Dave,

I am a heterosexual 296 year old smoker. I usually smoke tobacco in a pipe but, when in an adventurous frame of mind, venture into roots, lichen, birch leaves, fungus, manure, rafia, asbestos, used surgical dressings and fireworks. O how I long to bong in the Uni Bar dressed as King Kong.

Give me a break, change your name to Jake and let me smoke in the Union Bar, Bucko.

Yours, Happy, Healthy and Horny for ever.

Bruce the Loose Moose.

P.S. Do you like Milli Vanilli and vanilla milkshakes?

Wet Arses All Round

The Editors

The heartache! Gloom, gloom and doom!

Using imported German Wehtarss meters, the Health Commission has declared the Barr Smith Lawns too damp for comfort, and the University administration, fearing a spate of expensive haemorrhoid claims, has followed the advice of its legal and insurance

experts and will relocate the biology frog pond to the area.

Special regard will be given to the plane trees' requirements, and new aquatic flora will be introduced. It is hoped that ducks will visit from the Torrens.

But I like it the way it is. I really do, and so do lots of other people. It's charming, it's soggy and it's my favourite space. It's got soul. I wish it could talk.

Hands off!

Muddled but unbowed  
9th year Fartchitectlawnomic  
Science

Rare Complaint

Dear Eds,

It is rare that one is forced to complain about University employees. By and large University staff are at all times friendly, polite and extremely helpful. However, a recent encounter with one of the University's groundstaff has prompted us to compose this letter of complaint. The individual in question is responsible for cleaning the debris that is left on the Barr Smith Lawns at various times throughout the day. To make matters worse this is not an isolated incident. This particular staff member has continually acted in a manner which is unacceptable to members of the student body and has tarnished the otherwise sound reputation of University employees. Considering that students fund the University and therefore pay staff wages to certain extent, we find this individual's behaviour to be rude, confrontational, and reprehensible. Admittedly, students tend to be careless with their rubbish and it is an issue that should be addressed. However, this does not give this employee the right to harass, verbally condemn or otherwise intimidate members of the University community.

The incident that we witnessed occurred on Tuesday the 21st of May. At this time a group of us were sitting on the Barr Smith Lawns when we were approached by the "gentleman" (?) in question. At this point in time he proceeded to remove rubbish from around us. He then, in what we initially assumed was "occupational enthusiasm", made an attempt to remove the remnants of our lunch. In doing so he not only hit a student with his rake, but refused to apologise, removed part of someone's lunch and referred to us as "pigs" when he was questioned about his overly aggressive behaviour. Why an adult would act with such immaturity and belligerence is a mystery to us. The fact that this "grim raker" persistently acts in this fashion is a cause for concern. As a result, we as union members believe that Union Board and other relevant bodies should investigate this in greater depth. The actions of the individual in question are unjustified and in our opinion appalling and unnecessary.

Yours in disappointment,

Haroon Hassan  
2nd Year Arts  
Mario Dreosti  
2nd Year Arts  
Param Khera  
5th Year Medicine  
Rachel Osman  
2nd Year Arts/Law  
Ben Hall  
1st Year Economics  
Anna Howell  
2nd Year Commerce

Whoops!

Dear David and Simon,

Regarding my letter last week about the Prostitution Debate.

It made no sense at all to those who read it, simply because it was based entirely, not on "WORDS" but on "MORALS".

No apology is necessary; as anyone could misread my handwriting. I understand that my handwriting is nothing to write home about; write home with perhaps, but certainly nothing to write home about.

So just to clarify my argument last week: I was on about M-O-R-A-L-S and not W-O-R-D-S, Suzannah Carter.

My previous letter paralleled (sic) the "crumble of morals in society with the crumble of society itself." - Not the crumble of words, although I'm quite sure that the dismantling of the spoken language of humans would catapult society into total mayhem!

Since that 'moral-filled' passage was the real "Oomph" to my letter, the misinterpretation took the wind somewhat out of my sails.

While I save for a typewriter, I wish Suzannah Carter to understand my argument.

Thanks guys  
Peter Wilson.

Porn Magazines and  
Sweaty Palms

Dear Peter Wilson,

You are indeed a very patronising man. In your reply to Suzannah Carter Re: Prostitution (*On Dit* 13/5/91) you present an image of yourself through your language that was not at all complimentary. Are you in fact a 45 year old man with a collection of porn magazines and sweaty palms? Do you know anything at all about either prostitution or women? What you were saying was complete codswallop! Prostitution is not WRONG. It might not be right, but it is not wrong, nor an issue for either you or me to decide. And, referring to what you wrote - of course prostitution has its victims. But people are also victims of death, life, cars, animals and marriage. These things are not "wrong". You argue that the prime reason of prostitution is SEX. Well. Obviously there is good old fashioned rumpy involved here. But there is so much more than this! Not only do prostitutes fulfill a certain role within society, (ie: so that total losers don't have sex with sheep) there can be no doubt that

many of these women are forced into prostitution through sheer financial desperation. Many women do not have work skills, and the time and money required to acquire such skills can be highly prohibitive. It's not a question of, "wow I like rooting; I'll be a prostitute". No. It's a question of, "bum, no rent money, no savings, no skills, no supporting partner, three kids, lots of bills. Oh dear. I might have to be a prostitute". How our social frame work - "the system" which is made for men, by men, that is at fault. It is this social system which forces women to make this choice. It's not WRONG. It's life. So, Peter honey stop being a pompous bigot. No, leave it to me.

Yours lovingly,  
Chloë Fox.

Kumar's Land of Gourmet  
Delights

Once upon a time in a land far, far away (Vietnam) there lived two beautiful people named Jessica Luu and Huy Luu under the very oppressed conditions brought about by the actions of the Viet Cong. As a result they were left with two options.

1. Join the Viet Cong (the 'if you can't beat them, join them' option) or

2. Migrate to Australia and run the Asian food section of the Wills Refectory called "The Flaming Wok". (For some strange reason the name "Kumar's Asian Food Palace" didn't sound too good to the Catering Committee.)

Not surprisingly, they chose the latter option.

"The Flaming Wok" is open between 10.30 a.m. - 3.00 p.m. and between 4.00 p.m. and 6.00 p.m. during the academic year. The Luus (they are not husband and wife, but brother and sister) have run the Asian Food section for the past two years. Within their limited resources, they have tried to add a bit of variety to the kinds of food being sold by having a 'special' dish every day. Union members and patrons who are health freaks should also note that all dishes are MSG free except for the 'Steak and Black Bean Sauce' dish.

Jessica and Huy are always looking for ways to improve their food and services. So please do not hesitate to direct any constructive, reasonable and feasible suggestions and comments that you may have to them. I am sure you will find them very understanding.

Flaming Wok... please consider.

Yours in Union,  
Kumar Kanagasabai  
Chair, Catering Committee

Driftnets are Fun

Dear Jo Gilbert, Environment Officer,

Please tell us, in the next issue of *On Dit*, what you have actually done while in the position to make Adelaide Uni campus a more en-

vironmentally friendly place.

Don't tell us about the seminars or conferences you have been to, what books on the environment you have bought and read, what you'd like to urge other people to do and please don't tell us about Union or SAUA policies and practices already put in place before you took office. How is Adelaide Uni an environmentally better place since you took office?

Also please tell us about Green Week. Was there one? If so, when did it occur, what happened, what was the result, how much did it cost, where did the money come from and give details on how it was spent?

Also how much money all up have you spent as E.O. and on what was it spent?

Thanking you,  
Roberto Giorgio  
Candidate E.O. 1990

Dangerous Communist  
Subversive Writes!

Dear Clare,

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to respond publicly for Michael Atchinson's M.P. (Spence) refusal to accept my application for party membership.

Originally, prior to my application to join the A.L.P. I rang the Spence office and spoke to you. At no time during the discussion did you inform or imply that my application would be rejected. I informed you at that stage that I was a member of Left Alliance whereby you responded that you could recall a Left Alliance Austudy table being present at O'Week. Considering we were on the stall next to you (the anti-abortion stall) for 2 days it shows that you have a good memory.

Anyway as to your assertion that I was refused membership under 4(a) of the A.L.P. (South Australian Branch) I would like to point out a few facts to you.

Rule 4(A) states that membership is open to residents "who have associations with no other political party or auxiliary thereof". It goes on further to state who are the prescribed political parties and auxiliaries. At no stage does Left Alliance appear as a proscribed political party or auxiliary. Guess why - perhaps you could also inform your boss, Michael Atchinson, M.P. that Left Alliance is not a political party nor is it an auxiliary of any party. I stated this to Michael Atchinson when he hand delivered the rejection of my application. In the letter he stated that Left Alliance was a proscribed auxiliary of the following political parties: Democratic Socialist Party, Resistance, the Communist Party of Australia and the New Left Party. I can imagine that these assertions would come as a complete surprise to the above named organisations. Left Alliance is not an auxiliary of any political groups but is made up of individuals who through com-

# the AXEMAN

When you want to slander, defame, abuse and verbally assault, why waste time with the amateurs? There's only one Axeman... thank god.

• Now, never let it be said that the Axeman doesn't enjoy a good fight, but in the interests of common decency the aforementioned superhero has refrained from entering the ongoing debate in *On Dit* about cover bands. Concept bands however are fair game, not being covered under the Geneva Convention, Fair Trade Regulations, or The Norman Schwartzkopf Rules of Precision Killing. They say it's about audience demand, sympathetic rendition, and heartfelt tribute to the oft-missed brilliance of yore, but that's bullshit.

It's about money, and the chance for technical proficiency to cover up a complete lack of songwriting ability. All of which is OK, but with a modicum of humility please. The Australian Doors Show pulled 700 willing souls to the Tivoli recently, and that's OK too, but the news that they now have their own fan club is just too much. 'Total Wankers' was the phrase that sprang from the lips of one punter subjected to their sense of overwhelming self-worth.

• Bite your bum, bite your bum, bite your bum... um, er... the **Exploding White Mice** are now without the services of Paul, and are consequently seeking a new singer. So, if you're long haired, ugly, and can sing, apply now- ask *On Dit* where. No wigs!

• Edwina Lucas is knocking them dead with her big harmonies lately, so it's no surprise that several visiting luminaries have invited her over to Melbourne on the promise of several good gigs. She thought they said 'come over and pluck'.

• This Monday marks a moment of real worth in the annals of pop culture: on 27th May 1957, "That'll be the Day" by Buddy Holly and his **Crickets** was released.

Tuesday is just another day, but it does mark the birthday of **Kylie Minogue** (23), **Steve Strange** (32), and **John Fogerty** (46).

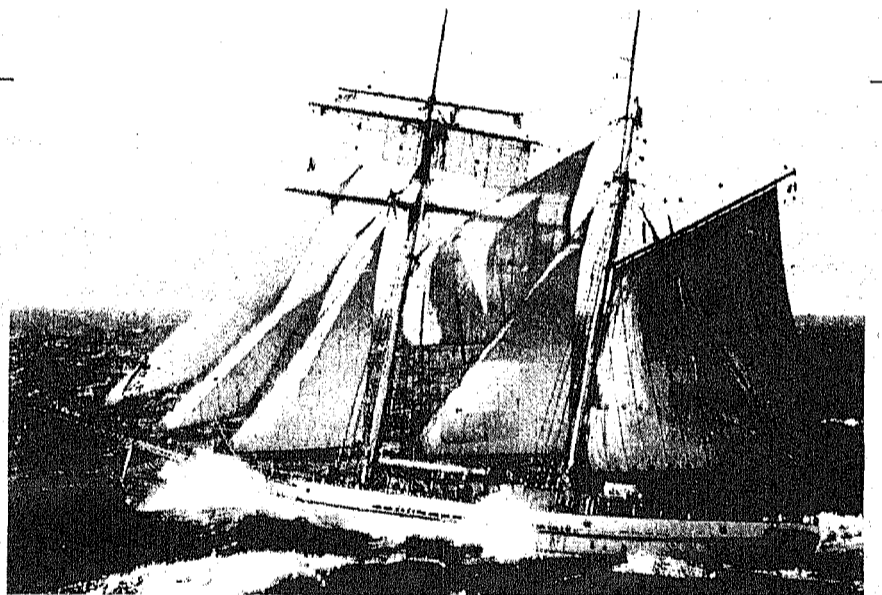
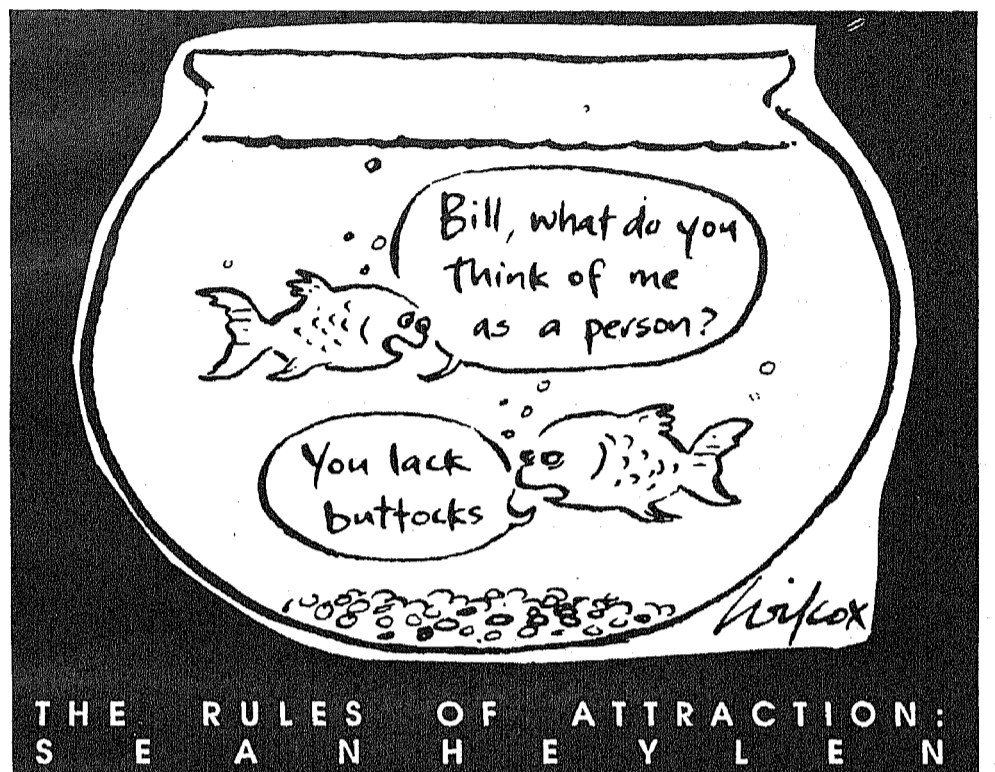
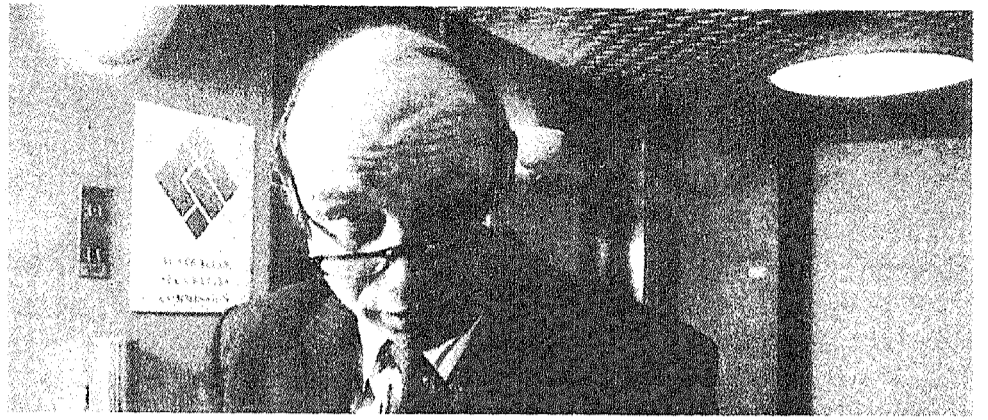
Wednesday, and it's 49 years since **Bong Crisbey** recorded "White Christmas".

• **Austentayshus**, who's tall and ugly and wears sunglasses at night abused one biker and one bouncer too many at the Smithfield last weekend. So, they punched his fucking lights out...and it ended with a bang.

• It's never over until it's over, and where could that be more true than at a Battle of the Bands competition? Fresh from a 4-0 drubbing last week, the **Raindogs** didn't get seen as they played too early. **CASM Entry Aces Wild** were relegated after a 0-0 draw with the crowd, and **Perestroika** had to throw in the towel after failing to find the playing field, but did impress some with a superb assassination of Abba's "Ring Ring".

Which left **Choose Groove** and **Choose Grunge** as finalists for the cup (of flat lager). 3-3 at full time, and while the **Groovers** were unable to string together any original moves, the **Grungers** seemed hamstrung by injuries and brain damage, but in the dying seconds of extra time thumped one past the judges and came away winners of Heat One.

Heat Two this Friday, hopefully including no bands with 'Choose' in their name.



"It was clear that he deeply regretted the passing of square-rigged ships in which earlier generations of seamen had received their basic training. He believed that, denied engines and complex instruments, men had developed a sense of their own resources - physical, nervous and technical, and an almost spiritual sense of fellowship and interdependence" (Jim Hogan, *Outward Bound*, speaking of Laurance Holt, co-founder of *Outward Bound*).

Those who read the recent *On Dit* article on Australia's national sail training ship, "Young Endeavor" may not be aware of SA's own, and far more accessible sail training vessel, *One and All*. She took part in the 1988 *First Fleet* Re-enactment and now operates year round in SA waters. This winter she will head for the sun, voyaging to the *Whitsundays* via Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane and the Great Barrier Reef. She will depart Adelaide July 14th and return October 29th. The length of each leg of the voyage varies from 3 to 10 days. Anyone aged 16 and above is eligible to apply. Passengers are expected to work alongside the professional crew, learning sail handling and basic navigation 19th century style, eventually sailing the ship by themselves with only loose supervision.

Cost: \$100 per day, all meals, bed linen and wet weather gear inclusive. A 10% discount applies during the Queensland voyage for those staying on an extra 7 days or more. Subsidies may be available on application to the *Sail Adventure Foundation*, *One and All* supporters or your service clubs and businesses. Those who participate in a voyage of 7 days or more stand a good chance of returning as volunteer crew on day trips out of local ports.

For more information and reservation forms contact the *One and All* office; 117 Lipson St. Pt. Adelaide 5015. Ph. 475144



Just a few of the thousands of unemployable desperadoes trying out for lead singer with the **Exploding White Mice** (see above)

# Mozart Madness!

## ROCK ME, AMADEUS!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart owes much of his popularity to the self-indulgent, melodramatic and fallacious bastardisation of his life's events in that tremendous film *Amadeus*. It just is not true that Salieri killed him, plotted against him or stole his music; nor is there evidence which portrays Wolfie as a giggling, nose-picking fould mouthed California-accented bonk-rat. European Universities are now giving whopping grants to outraged historical researchers who are obsessed with setting the record straight. Who gives a toss? The important goal *Amadeus* achieved was that it brought Mozart's fabulous music into the homes of millions who previously thought that a basset horn was a fat horny dog. On 24 & 27 April and 1 & 4 May the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra and Co. presented a mammoth tribute to the bicentenary of Mozart's death with overtures, concertos and symphonies a-plenty, and of course the inevitable Requiem.

Entree in the first concert was his fourteenth Symphony, written when the precocious little bugger was 15. The orchestra - at this stage faced with four of these Mozart-only concerts, a Master's Series on the 8th May and a season in the pit - had obviously not wasted too much rehearsal time on such less consequential works and it showed here. The harpsichordist got off to a ratty start and the cellos and basses were half a beat ahead for most of the fourth movement.

The effort of the villain who obviously was playing the horn for the first time was like fingernails down a blackboard - only Phil Tufnell at short cover has ever made more mistakes in one session. The violins also had a little trouble with intonation. Regrettably the orchestra did not retune or change horns for Angela Hewitt's performance of the piano concerto in B-flat K456. Ms. Hewitt, resplendent in a swept back cocktail thermal blanket - gave a subtle and stately rendition, generously ignoring the horns' impression of an epileptic bull in a china shop. She demonstrated an admirably precise technique and a very concentrated and intelligent interpretation. Conductor Nicholas Braithwaite was an excellent accompanist and all augured well for the rest of the season.

I hope the person who dropped the champagne bottles in the foyer at the emotional climax of the second movement is able to find a new job. The other inconsequentiality *Serenata Notturna in D K239* was breezed through quite nicely, but was little more than a warm up for the 39th Symphony. More rehearsal went into this and the orchestra became a more cohesive unit accordingly, playing more confidently, intelligently and neatly. The whole work was a tribute to Braithwaite's mastery over this music, maintaining, especially, excellent balances between instrumental groups. Generally the mood - as it should be in Mozart - was one of passionate restraint: the finale of the fourth movement was a real burster.

Appetite whetted, I expected big things of the second concert. The gang pounded its way through the Idomeneo incidental music

K366 & K367 and then the Steinway was rolled out for Angela's second run, in the piano concerto in B-flat K595. Mozart wrote this wearily resigned and nostalgic work at the end of his life and the mood it creates is almost one of farewell. Relying less on showing off passages and more on subtlety of expression and interpretation this concerto is one of the loveliest ever written but by no means boring. Ms. Hewitt showed what a truly gifted interpreter she is, bringing out an astonishing amount of detail yet maintaining a rigid architectural shape. She was again well supported by Nick and the troops, who had obviously done some hasty horn department restaffing.

The blue-rinsers were at their happiest in the 40th Symphony. The da-da-dum, da-da-dum, da-da-dum-da (y'know?) and the beginning had everyone singing along. The playing was generally much better than in the first concert - who's to say whether the orchestra had got into the swing of Mozart or were wearily resigned to hundreds more of it?

*Amadeus*. Right from the beginning the orchestra made it clear that we were on a turbulent and dramatic vogue. The violins were occasionally a little too aggressive, especially when in dialogue with a pianist who was more sensitive than passionate, and it was this that proved to be a slight limitation of the reading. Ms. Hewitt (this time resplendent in a scarlet and midnight black lunar landscape number) did let some of it hang out in the mini-cadenza at the end of the third movement but a little more of this risk-taking was what this - Mozart's most romantic of concerti - needed. The third piece on the programme was the Jupiter Symphony, a piece so revolutionary that scholars cannot begin to comprehend what Mozart would have done if he had lived past 35. The ASO gave a confident and vigorous, if slightly lumpy, reading which had the blue-rinsers in a frenzy of conservative approbation. Again the violins were plagued by some lack of coherence and intonation on entries between mezzo-piano and mezzo-

colour. All of this took a step back in the *Kyrie*. Entries and phrasing were a little soggy and intonation and colour were occasionally fuzzy. All this, one trusts, was due to the choir being doubled in size for the occasion.

All was redeemed in the *Requiem*, a work which had catapulted Mozart to god-status, even though he only wrote two-thirds of it himself. (The other third was NOT written by Salieri). It is a fierce, often brutal work, exhilarating and exciting, occasionally showing great tenderness, piety and pity. All of this is alleged to show that Mozart has resolutely confronted death and accepted his own intransigence and the transcendental - the world beyond. Crap. The work, along with the three symphonies and four concerti presented, just goes to show that Mozart was the greatest dramatist ever to hum a tune (including Verdi and Handel who didn't write one symphony between them.) The orchestra and choir were far too big and belted everything far too loudly, but who gives a stuff given how exciting it was? The singing was infinitely better than in the *Kyrie*, with the choir showing enormous concentration and perseverance to survive Nicholas' often grindingly slow tempi. There was perhaps a shade too much soprano; there was definitely not enough tenor - they were only audible in the big fugues because they were doubled by the cellos or violas. The slow tempo in the *Confutatis* meant that the sopranos and altos were gulping for air indiscriminately mid phrase. Despite these quibbles it was the choir that was the big winner of the performance, as the ecstatic and warm applause at the end showed. Soloist Rosamund Illing, Elizabeth Campbell, Thomas Edmonds and Robert Dawe were asked for plenty and delivered much. Tommy muffed the *et latronem exaudisti* entry in the *Recordare* and left his triller at home: both only worthy of comment as he is normally a flawless Mozart tenor. Robert Dawe was hauntingly sepulchral but the encroachment of time is taking its toll on his range. Nicky really let the orchestra off the leash and the result - combined with a slap-happy Mel Waters at the helm of the ugliest organ in the world and the bellowing Grads - was some of the loudest sounds I've ever heard at the Town Hall.

Once Nick got the orchestra going he largely ignored them to concentrate on getting a sustained fortissimo from the choir, and this he needed to do because once his back was turned, so to speak, the orchestra went berserk. He could not seem - or maybe he did not even try - to get the whole battalion down to a genuine pianissimo at any stage. Generally his direction was typical of the approach to Mozart over this series. The orchestra played reliably, lustily, enthusiastically, occasionally heavily and romantically but most of all refreshingly non-authentically.

Why was there only one concert of the Requiem when five would have sold out at twice the price? Congratulations to all involved, but I've had enough Mozart for ages.

James Mullighan

"It is a fierce, often brutal work, exhilarating, occasionally showing great tenderness, piety and pity"

Whatever the case, the occasional movements when they were let right off the leash were as gripping as the quieter, more poetic passages, were beautiful. This was the first real tragic/dramatic symphony written and much of the playing demanded of the orchestra is fast and furious. When let go in these passages, the sparks flew and even the basses kept up most of the time.

By the time we reached the third concert we were into some gutsy stuff with each concert placing more and more demands on the orchestra. Opening proceedings was the 11th Divertimento, another reasonably forgettable and straightforward work with few surprises, except for the occasionally inattentive bassist. It is a bouncy, lively and witty work which was a good choice in that it gave a chance for many individuals in the orchestra to grasp a bit of limelight. A good example was the flawless and sensitive oboe work in the first movement.

The piano concerto in D minor K466 is the best concerto of the best concerto composer. It's a work full of the passionate and vigorous moods which permeate

forte. Generally, however, this was an intelligent yet exhilarating reading of one of the greatest Symphonies.

As if I hadn't had enough (and I hadn't) there was still another 2 1/2 hours to go of the Mozart gluttony. The amazing Angie (dressed by Cadbury Black Box) presented the piano concerto in G Major K453. The first two movements were the best thing about the whole series and encapsulated everything about Braithwaite's sensitive accompaniment but especially Ms. Hewitt's wonderful Mozart playing - warm, rich, sensitive, subtle, caring, meticulously detailed and with amazing precision; over the four nights you could have counted the mistakes on medium pacer Azeem's left hand.

Surrounding this concerto were the *Kyrie K341* and, to keep everyone happy, the *Requiem, K626*. A full strength ASO (well, full strength for eighteenth-century music) was joined by a choral army called the Graduate Singers. This, however, was not the Grads of old - a chamber choir famous in Adelaide for lightness of sound, light entries, phrasing and intonation, and a crisp bright

# AUSTUDY

## Why aren't the kids getting what they want?

A Call to Reform  
by Susie O'Brien

A recent press release from Department of Education, Employment and Training proclaimed Austudy students the most highly taxed sector. NSW Labor MP, Mr Roger Price explained that Austudy students with part-time work lost one dollar of their allowance for every two dollars earned in excess of \$4000. When normal tax is taken into account, this represents an effective tax rate of 75%.

This fact was uncovered in a House of Representatives Standing Committee Report on Education, Employment and Training. They also found out many other things students have been saying for years!

For example, that:

"At present the Austudy benefit plus the allowable personal income falls well short of what it actually costs students to live."

Further, that "It is both illogical and unjust that the Government has set levels which do not enable students to meet their cost of living, particularly those students who receive no parental support".

Not only is the amount of the Austudy benefit grossly inadequate, but the scheme itself is over complicated, illogical and packed with anomalies.

Most important is the fact that Austudy was designed as a "supplement" to other forms of income, yet to most students it is a means of survival. As Prue Walker from the Women's Housing Collective explains, the government cannot deal with the practical reality of their policies, and so there is a denial that many people are flat broke and starving.

Further, even though Austudy is meant to be a supplement to other income, the scheme restricts the ability of Austudy recipients to earn other money. At present students can only earn \$4000 a year in part-time work before their Austudy is reduced. This means that (single) students can, at most, earn \$9,905, which is \$2000 less than the government has recognised that it costs students to live.

Another serious problem with the scheme is the fact that a single independent adult on the dole receives \$25.70 a week more than their counterparts on Austudy. (This does not even take into account the many students on Austudy who do not receive the maximum amount). Surely this is a significant disincentive to study!

The scheme further promotes severe inequities. For example, a single parent (usually a single mother) who received a sole parents' benefit from the government cannot receive Austudy. Instead they are granted a mere \$30 "education allowance" per week. If the single parent's source of income was from a private employer, they would be entitled to \$8,330 per annum on Austudy benefits.

Among other groups disadvantaged are those from overseas with qualifications not recognised in Australia. DEET however recognises their degrees, and consequently

due to the strict eligibility criteria, these students are unable to receive Austudy for retraining.

Further problems arise from the overcomplicated regulations, so that many students who may otherwise receive Austudy become ineligible.

For example there are three course levels:-

1. TAFE courses (not including Associate Diploma).
2. Associate Diplomas.
3. Graduate Diplomas and Honours Degrees.

Currently students are only eligible to receive Austudy for one course at each level, for the minimum amount of time in each course. Students may move "up" but not "down" the course levels. Particularly this disadvantages students wishing to upgrade an Associate Diploma to a general degree. It is hard to see the point in such cumbersome regulations.

This gives some idea of how nonsensical the Austudy regulations are. More specifically there are 3 aims that have been highlighted by student groups as the most pressing. These are as follows:-

1. The definition of Independent Status. At present, among other criteria, a student is classed as independent if they are 25 years old. Considering that most social and legal definitions of independence is age 18, this regulation is ridiculous. To assume that students are dependent on their parents until they are 25 is archaic to say the least.
2. Increasing the Personal Income

**"The Austudy benefit plus the allowable personal income falls well short of what it actually costs students to live."**

Threshold. At present students, as mentioned previously, are only allowed to earn \$4000 before their Austudy is reduced by 50 cent in every dollar earned over the \$4000. Campaigners are aiming to have the threshold raised to at least \$8000.

3. Spouse Income Test. The spouse income test slash (from \$18,150 to \$12,150) in the last budget has left many students in dire financial circumstances. This should at the very least be raised back to the previous level.

The Cross Campus Education Action Group, composed of student representatives from South Australia's 3 universities, is one such group lobbying for these changes. Other demands include the abolition of academic progress rules, the reintroduction of a \$300 Incidentals Allowance, and publicity of the availability of Health Care cards.

These suggested reforms have been recommended by some extremely influential groups in the community, such as the aforementioned House of Representatives Standing Committee whose recommendations almost mirror those listed above.

The Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee, in their 1991 report "Foundations for the Clever Country", also suggested that the Austudy benefit be increased to the adult unemployment benefit level.

The Democrats have been the most supportive of students needs; their current move to disallow some of the 1991 regulations in the Senate was a brave attempt to move the Austudy debate back into public arena.

So, considering the enormous pressure on the government to reform the entire Austudy scheme, *what are they going to do?*

At a recent NUS Education conference, Jim Groves, policy adviser to Peter Baldwin (Minister for Education) explained that at most we could expect from the 1991 budget is "minor running repairs". He went on to say that the government is aware of the problems with the Austudy scheme, but that the costs involved were the barrier to reform. For example, decreasing the age of independence to age 18 would supposedly cost 700 million dollars alone. The government is actually looking to cut the education budget rather than increase it.

The government is supposedly committed to equity in higher education but in light of the current bleak economic climate, we are told that it's simply not possible. Students are forced to feel greedy and selfish in demanding adequate financial support during their studying years. It's like a cake, Jim Groves said; you can cut it different ways but it won't get any bigger. If the government was serious in their commitment to higher education, and to leading Australia out of the recession it's about time they put their money where their mouths are. Students have a right to demand free, accessible, equitable education, and must ensure that the government meets

this demand. A reform to the Austudy scheme would be a good start.

The National Union of Students has proclaimed the 30th May a National Day of Action for Austudy. The Cross Campus Education Action Group is proposing the following activities among others for this day.

- A rally outside the Austudy Offices 115 Grenfell Street at 1.00 p.m.
  - A Fax and Telephone jam of certain Senators and Ministers.
  - A wreath to be presented to John Dawkins signifying the death of education.
- Contact the following members for more information, and get involved.

Susie O'Brien  
Education Vice President  
Students' Association of the University of Adelaide

Ph: (08) 228 5406  
Fax: (08) 223 7165  
Dennis Voight  
Education Officer  
National Union of Students (SA)  
Ph: (08) 410 0114  
Fax: (08) 410 0891



# Good Value from the Kids

**The Comedy of Errors  
Araluen Youth Theatre  
Price Theatre, CPA  
Season closed**

One of my favourite parts of each Come Out Festival is the Youth Theatre Roundabout. Some of Australia's best youth talent is showcased here, backed by their local and interstate companies. Those featured this year included the Corrugated Iron Youth Theatre from Darwin, the Araluen Youth Theatre from Alice Springs, the Unley Youth Theatre, 'Extensions', the youth dance theatre of Dance North from Townsville, and the Canberra Youth Company.

From various reports I'm told that the production that I was sent to review, *The Comedy of Errors* by the Araluen Youth Theatre was the best of the lot. Tackling this play was ambitious, but on the whole it was adeptly handled. Shakespeare's tale (just for those who have temporarily forgotten or lost the plot) of twin brothers separated at sea with a parent and a twin slave each was warmly received by the mostly primary school aged audience.

The cast struggled a little with the Shakespearean language to begin with, but things soon fell into place. Katie Reilly and Tara Welsh were excellently cast as the twin Antipholuses of Syracuse and Ephesus and their respective Promios (Rebecca Van Riet

and Kate Noye) gave amusing and enjoyable performances. The only other shining light was Lucy Slattery playing Antipholus' wife Adriana. Her cold and snooty characterization contrasted well with the jollity of the sets of twins.

The simple black and white contrasting backdrop was striking. It managed to call attention to itself for its excellent detail whilst not intruding into or destroying the specific setting of the play. Lighting too was well designed and operated by the real technical honours went to the costume designer. I know it's generally pretty uncool to gush about costumes, but these were damn hot! An array of brightly coloured, authentic merchant costumes, all superbly detailed, added a finesse to what was at times an amateurish production.

Direction was at times a little too ambitious, forgetting at times that things such as 13 year olds and sultry, vampy walks in 4 inch high-heels don't mix.

But for its faults, the Araluen's *The Comedy of Errors* fell neatly into the slot between good youth theatre and ho-hum adult theatre. And for just \$4 who could ask for better value?

Misha Schubert

# Puppet Master

**Richard Bradshaw and his  
Shadow Puppets  
Lion Theatre**

Praise the Lord! This was actually entertaining, funny and put a nice big smile on my face. Richard Bradshaw is clearly a master of his trade. His puppets come to life with with, humour and (heaven forbid) A PURPOSE. I sat surrounded by the giggling of innocent babes. I laughed, I cried, a twinkle came into my old, tired, jaded life- sadly it ended far too quickly.

On entering the auditorium my person was assaulted by a legion of gurgling Munchkins. Aside from parents I must have been the only person over 4 feet there. On my left was Thomas who pounded by arm in all the funny bits and grinned madly even though we had not been formally introduced. Briefly I entertained thoughts of cutting his sandwiches into funny shapes and sewing ugly appliques of trains onto his library bag; thankfully I regained my composure and focussed on the play.

Bradshaw was an incredibly likeable, affable chap. He skillfully entertained us with shadow puppet stories which ranged from traditional stories to his own creations. All were linked by the common thread of his personal values, and damn fine ones at that. The human figures were all portrayed as rather stupid and the animals reigned su-

preme. Considering that in general puppets have never really fried my vegie burger, the mood was extraordinary.

Bradshaw's theatre was also educational! Midway through he broke off to explain how the puppets worked and how to make your own in several simple steps. We were provided with a brief history of shadow puppets and shown puppets from all around the world. When Mr. Bradshaw returned behind the screen we all had to yell out the country to which the puppets belonged. Turkey! I shouted cheerfully before I was told this part was for the munchkins.

The real enjoyment for me however was the indoctrination of these babes with good sound ideology. The peasant made fun of the richman, little coloured fishies got over their racial differences and made stripey fishies. there was also a dreamtime sequence which had wonderful colours and voices courtesy of Mr. Bradshaw. Like all moments of joy it was over too quickly. The performance succeeded not only because of Bradshaw's talent and expertise; more importantly he clearly loved what he was doing.

In short, it was absolutely wonderful, and there were absolutely no Air Jordans in sight.  
Sam Maiden

# Political Assassination for Fun and Profit!

No-one seems to have seen the results, but everyone is claiming many different and wonderful things as a result of the Union survey.

Jon Gill, Caroline Mealor and John Wells from Parting Company said in a sizzling interview last Thursday that it clearly demonstrates, above all else, the overwhelming demand for comedy at Adelaide University.

Their answer is *Secret Schnapper*. While candidly admitting that they're only in it for the money, Parting Company's huge, enormous, rather big & floppy success with *Be Afraid... Be Very Afraid* in 1989 gives them a pedigree more immaculate than your average Royal corgi, and so they have every reason to be confident that their record-breaking eight-show season will make them huge sums of loot.

Bolstering the Parting Company's ranks for *Secret Schnapper* (to replace those who have parted company: tee hee) include Leisel Underwood, Gina Tsikouris and David Stig, who are all described as fresh, young, beautiful and enormously talented (not necessarily in that order). It's scarcely necessary to point out that Cate Rogers (Choose Groove singer, for those without a social life) will be the season's biggest drawcard, and yes, her suc-

cess has caused rifts within the group.

The biggest shock in interviewing the members of Parting Company is that PC stalwart and mascot Ben White was actually responsible for the assassination of Rajiv Ghandi (a crime which he later admitted personal guilt for).

"We had a joke in the show which depended on an assassination, and gags about John Lennon are wearing a bit thin by now, so we decided to send Ben off to get Rajiv and make the joke more relevant."

A comedy troupe who take their humour more seriously than a guerilla terrorist organisation are certainly to be commended, but is death funny *per se*?

"It depends on how you die," they replied as one. Given that cruelty features in so many Parting Company gags, few people should walk into *Secret Schnapper* expecting to leave unmolested.

Watch out next week for more *Schnapper* revelations, and an exclusive sneak preview (get out of the theatre, Peter Goers. You're not invited) of the show itself.

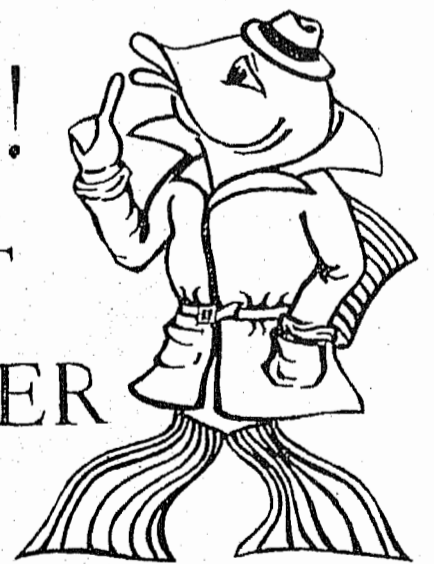
By the way: Never, ever go on a houseboat with John Wells.

Simon Healy

"Be prepared to laugh- be prepared to laugh a lot!" *The Advertiser*

AS  
PARTING COMPANY PRESENTS

SHHH!  
SECRET  
SCHNAPPER



A NEW COMEDY REVUE

LITTLE THEATRE, ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY  
(Enter from Victoria Drive)

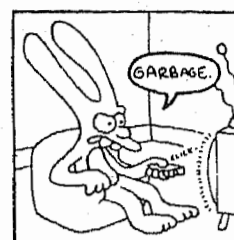
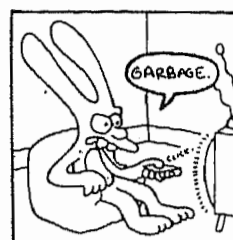
June 5-8, 12-15 • 8pm • \$6/8

For bookings, ring 272 8085 or call in at the SAUA Office

*Parting Company easily meets the standards of Wogs Out of Work and the Doug Anthony Allstars"*

Melissa King, *The Advertiser*

# This Week In SPORT



## 9 a side Association Footer Bedlam.

Sunday the 26th of May saw one of the best gatherings of soccer talent ever seen since Escape to Victory. 8 teams came, saw and some slightly conquered whilst others unfortunately played the role of the bridesmaid. A classic example of this latter group were On the Team whose ineptitude was matched only by their unquenchable enthusiasm. Losses of 4-0, 1-0, 3-0 didn't dampen their spirit or their never say die attitude. This attitude was best summed with the quote of their pacy leftwinger, Andy Spam, "never say die, never give in and therein endeth the lesson." It was a cardinal shame that this attitude overwhelmed certain members of the team so much that instead of the reserves wearing the dressing gowns and warming the bench, they were instead tearing up and down the pitch carving gaping holes and wreaking havoc in the oppositions own half. After a count was down, On the Team were found to have 11 players and red cards flew in all directions which the canny team captain Simon Healy decided to accept all of. The count was a mere formality as Habis Habishan were already up 2-0 and peppering the goalmouth with lusty strikes from 25m, wily headers in the box and scintillating scissor kicks from all over the field. Much joy was had when Dave Krantz booted the ball away from the onrushing striker and it found Dave Penberthy. The vast crowd on the terraces roared and invaded the pitch forcing a slight postponement of the game as the fans were hauled off Ben Allen and the pitch itself. Several arrests were made: mainly for loitering with intent and the slaughter of the hapless On Dit 9,10 or 11 continued. Solace was found in the demon drop and so was courage. The next game saw a flurry of opportunites go begging and if not for a lack of ability and staunch defence their account would have been opened. Paul Champion decided that a clean sheet means a lot to a guy who sleeps on the floor and generously backpassed the ball to the opposition keeper from 4 metres out. Fun was had by all and deciding that winners were grinner On the Team followed the fortunes of Habish Habishan as they continued on their merry way pillaging and generally striking fear into the hearts and minds of the terrified onlookers. Something had to be done and done it was. Dave Sag was traded to Inter in exchange for two Jurgen Klinsman badges and a sports psychologist Dr Andy was brought in. "Mumbo jumbo!" cried new team captain Ingman but with the difference between scratching for glory and standing on the dais being mental toughness the move was justified. The team felt confident, strong and lageder as they stalked out onto the pitch once more. Luck seemed to be on their side as the ref was

Mexican. Penberthy sat the team down and quickly taught them a smattering of conversational Spanish in the hope that by casually bantering with the ref On the Team would reap the penalty benefits. This gambit failed as yet another red card appeared from seemingly nowhere and was waved gaily by the ref at Ben Allen for what appeared to be a perfectly legal challenge on the refs parentage. 15 minutes and 3 goals later a disappointed On the Team were informed that their presence wasn't required in the semis. A tragic end to a wonderful afternoon and if another tourney is organised be in it. A big well done to the organisers, players and supporters for a totally enjoyable day even if the results weren't exactly what we had come to expect from the mega talents.

## The State of Origin Clash.

The big question for the above match is how much influence will Ken Cunningham have on the final result. Ken has had one of his more consistent seasons so far and is looking virtually unbeatable in every department. His use of the cliché has just been superb, his deft use of the delaying stutter has been a pure delight to watch, he has been closer to poetry in motion than anybody has a right to be. We feel here at the sports lounge that he will be worth 4-6 goals to the Croweaters. Ted Whitten must be cacking his dacks knowing that he doesn't have man to match up against KG now that neither Salmon or Brerton will be catching the coach with the rest of the lads. Don Scott has said that he wants the matchup but he doesn't have the fluid beauty that is KG on a good day. And what a good day we feel he will have. Kernas isn't the dangerman, the nippy rovers aren't the problem for the Big V, Bones with his nose isn't the problem, its KG who is the Dangerman and if the Big V go down in a screaming heap then they shouldn't come crying to us.



Ken Cunningham - SA's Focal Point

### Swimming and Throwing.

The Adelaide University Waterpolo Club wants you and your rifle like right/left arm to come out, join in the fun and toss the small red ball around. Waterpolo is the game for you if you enjoy swimming but find laps of the 25m or 50 m pool particularly dull. The winter season is just about to start and the club will welcome with open speedos anybody who wants to give the sport a whirl. Training takes place on Sunday morns at the Adelaide Aquatic Centre between the ungodly hours of 8 and 10 am (surely there is a law against this sort of caper, Sports eds) whilst tussles with other likeminded clubs occur on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. There are different teams for males and females so if you're at all toey for a game either turn up with your towel to training or put

The Adelaide University Footer Club goes crazy bananas.

Maddern, Neil and Bloch Productions proudly present for your total enjoyment a funfilled, informative and frivolous Quiz night to be held on Wednesday May the 29th. The grand stage for this event will be the Upper Refectory in the Union Building (level 4) and what a fine stage it is. Large, comfortable, scenic and with a rustic charm reminiscent of the Duke of Arundel's cricket ground, the Upper Refec on this Wednesday will be the place to be. Kick off is at approxiamately 7.30 pm but if you want a table be early as at this price they'll walk out the door. Entrance fee is \$7 but with the prizes available it is a steal. eg. Kilos of chocalate, fine wine, good conversation, electrical goods, games, etc etc. Questions range from the brain teasers all the way to physical challenge. Naturally bar service will be available. So organise yourself and attend this mighty event with more friends than I can poke a stick at.



# C. ALLEN'S UNGRATEFUL SON HAS HIS ALLOWANCE CUT OFF

**Adelaide University Labor Club**  
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING  
Wednesday 29th May 1.10 p.m.  
Napier GO3  
Ground Floor, Napier Building

**AIESEC A.G.M.**  
Elections for President and the directorate will take place this Wednesday at 1.10p.m. in the Eric Russel Room. Elections for minor positions will occur next week (Wed 29th May) Same time, same place. Nominations for minor positions must be in by Friday 24th May. Note: The new AIESEC office is in the Capita building (corner North Terrace and Pulteney Street)

**AUSFA - SGM**  
The Adelaide University Science Fiction Association is having a special general meeting to elect a new treasurer. The meeting will be held in meeting room 1 (level 5, Union Building) at 1.10 p.m on Monday, June 3rd, and is open to everyone. If you have read a science fiction or fantasy in the last six months, come along. If not, but you are remotely interested in fantasy or science fiction come along and get involved. If you can't come on Monday, meetings are held regularly at 1.10 on Mondays, Meeting Room 1 (Union Building).

**A.U. CATHOLIC COMMUNITY**  
Mass is celebrated by Fr. Michael McShane, at 1.00p.m. every Wednesday in the Chapel (upstairs in Lady Symon Building)  
All Welcome.

**E.U.**  
Tuesday 1.10p.m Union Cinema  
Exodus - Frank Ahlin

**SEX AND THE AIDS COVER-UP**  
Love, Sex & Dating Part II  
This talk will examine further aspects of sexuality such as the AIDS epidemic;  
Homosexuality - can it be overcome? Can a Christian be a Homosexual? Is Masturbation OKAY? Satanism, Sexuality & Perversion: and other topics.  
Presented by Rory McDonnell and Campus Challenge. Free Coffee/Tea.  
Wednesday in the Union Cinema, 1.10pm.

**Science & The Bible - Part 1**  
When examining the genesis model of the world, the adntediluvian (pre-flood) environment as described in genesis 1 -7 explains many unanswered questions. These are discussed in light of recent scientific discoveries as a prelude to part II next week. Cinema 1.10p.m. Wednesday 29th. Presented by Rory McDonnell (B. Ag. Sci) and

Campus Challenge - Tea/Coffee provided.  
**Science & the Bible - Part II**  
A talk about creation versus evolution from a scientific perspective. Cinema 1.10 p.m. 5th June. Presented by Rory McDonnell (B. Ag. Sci) and Campus Challenge - Tea/Coffee provided.

**Accommodation Good Times!**  
We're looking for an interesting responsible person to share our great house in Hyde Park. It's close to absolutely everything, and it's only \$54 a week + expenses for a big room. If you want to know more, phone Michelle or Fiona on 274 1284.  
P.S. You don't need to pay any bond!

**Amnesty International Adel. Uni. Group**  
Letter Writing Meeting Tuesday, 28th May at 1 p.m. in the Jerry Portus Room. And also to celebrate the 30th Anniversary of Amnesty International there will be a candlelight gathering on the steps of Parliament House at 5.p.m. Come in and join in the celebration for a worthwhile cause.

**ATTENTION LITSOCCERS!**  
Kulcha Meeting Coming Up! Ring Marc Hudson 297 6539 for details. Tuesday 28th May. A Midsummer Night's Dream Play reading in the Little Theatre 7 pm. \$2 for Lit Soccers  
Wednesday 29th May Meet another form of party animal at the ZOO VISIT. Gather at the Barr Smith Lawns 12 noon  
Saturday 1st June Dinner at DON GIOVANNI's 6 pm. Eat first and then move to the Austral for drinks! Ring Stephanie Pribil 264 7886

**A.U. Mountain Club**  
100km cycle tour, SATCA event Sun May 26th, 8.00a.m. Williamstown. Contact 373 0585  
Pakistan - India trekking slide night. Armchair walking through the Himalaya. One screening only. Fri May 31st, 7.30 p.m. Union Cinema. All welcome. Enquiries Wade Stevens 373 0585  
Bungy Jumping. Murray Bridge. Sun June 2nd. Cost \$50. Contact Shane Harris 276 5051  
Orienteering Day. Especially for beginners, or to brush up on map n' compass skills ready for the August "24 Hour Walk". Sun, June 2nd. Contact Tristen Branson 79 6830  
Cross-country ski night, Mt. Thebarton. Tues June 4th. Highly recommended to prospective skiers in July. Contact Shane Harris 276 5051  
**Air Power**  
Tuesday, 21 May at 6.00pm.  
Grp Cptn B.J. Espeland Air Power Studies Centre. The Gulf War: A

Watershed for Air Power? Politics Common Room, 4th Floor, Napier Bld followed by carpet bombing and dinner at the Union Bistro.

**PHILOSOPHY CLUB**  
Philosophy Club Meeting : Thursday, May 30th at 7.30 p.m. Rm 527 Hughes Building. Speaker: "Political Form & Cognitive Style - A metatheory for tantric yoga" Wine and cheese provided. All welcome - Dinner in Bistro from 5.30 p.m. onwards.

**Uni Ski Trip to Mt. Buller**  
Includes 6 days & 5 nights in snow accomodation, lift, lesson & ski hire for 6 days, breakfast & dinner and transport. When: 22nd - 27th September (Mid 2nd semester break). Where: 'Ace of Clubs' Ski Lodge, Mt. Buller. How Much: \$637. Ring Peter now to reserve your spot on 3811115

**WANTED; ARSEHOLES**  
Members of Snudemenko to contact re loss of sense of humour. There are believed to be about 90 in existence but sightings are rare. Anyone with any information pertaining to this matter is requested to come to THE CONFERENCE ROOM, LEVEL 5, on TUESDAY 21st May from 1 p.m. - 2.p.m.

And for those of you wanks who think comedy is just telling jokes: Did you hear about the man with no arms and on legs who swam the English Channel. Cleverdick. Well that was about as funny as watching your own house burn down.  
On Sunday 2 June the University of Adelaide Theatre Guild will present a reading of *Promised the Earth*, by Dr. Douglas Muecke. The reading will take place at 2pm in Urrbrae House at the Waite Institute, as part of a programme of centenary activites for the historic old property.

Where: Urrbrae House (drive through the western entrance to the Waite Institute, off Fullarton Road, opposite Urrbrae High School). When: Sunday 2 June, 1991 at 2 pm. Cost: \$5 - this includes afternoon tea. Theatre Guild members are admitted free. Details: Theatre Guild Office (228 5999)

**GOLIGHT LIGHTING HIRE**  
Hire of Professional Lighting & Sound  
Equipment at Competitive Rates. Catering for  
• bands  
• parties  
• club functions  
• promotional displays  
• anything  
Phone Tim Marshman on 312891 a.h.

**Fun Times and Ridiculous Sexual Acts**  
Monday, May 27th  
9 am - 5 pm New Painting 1991 Volume 1 A - M Exhibition in Union Art Gallery. Oil on Masonite by Andrew Steel. Continues until Friday, June 7th.

**Tuesday, May 28th**  
7.30 pm Cinemateque film programme in Cinema with "The Mass for the Dakota Sioux" (Dir. by Bruce Baillie, USA 1964 20 min) & "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (Dir. W. Herzog)

**Friday, May 31st**  
6 - 9 pm Guitarist/singer "Christopher Roberts" in Bistro. Free.  
8 pm - late AU Battle of the Bands in the Bar with "Subterranean Clover", "Stranger's Kiss", and "This Dog Bites" plus others. All students and guests free.

**Coming Entertainment:** "Great Big Opera Co" from Melbourne, "Happening Thang", C.A.S.M. Benefit Bar night, and sensational band "Cerveza y Putas"

**WANTED**  
A returning officer to oversee the conduct of the Union and SAUA annual elections, scheduled to be held in late August. The position is responsible for ensuring that the elections run smoothly and are well publicised, from calling for nominations through to a weekend spent counting votes. A generous honorarium is paid to the person for the hours and responsibility involved. Those who are interested should forward a short letter to:  
**ROBERT BRICE,**  
**SECRETARY/MANAGER**  
**ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION**  
**C/- LADY SYMON BUILDING**  
**APPLICATIONS CLOSE ON 10TH JUNE 1991**

**PRODUCTION NOTES**  
On Dit is the weekly newspaper published by the SAUA. The editors have complete and unfettered editorial control etc. etc.  
Editors: David Krantz & Simon Healy  
Advertising Manager: Steph Pribil  
Typesetting: Anne McEwen & Catherine Tsimmeris  
Freight: Peter "shinpads" Ingman  
Office Menial: Darien O'Reilly  
Special Thanks this week go to: Anne Whittall, Kate Juttner, Steve Jackson, Michelle Gillam-Malone, Sarah Milton, Dave Penberthy, Dr Andy, Rachel Doyle, Twisty, Karin Harris, Asha Meyer, Mary Simpson, Tim & Lois, Adrienne & Philip, Rachel Healy for the bookcase (and just for being you), Angela Krantz (sorry about the money I owe you), Penny and the other OSA soccer competition organisers, our opponents, Bob for the Sunday morning jokes, Paul Champion, Dave Sag, Dawn from the PGSA, the vulture and anyone else that I've forgotten.

**FRIENDS OF THE EARTH**  
Mon, May 27th 7.30 p.m. Union Cinema  
Discuss the future of the nuclear issues network in Suoth Australia  
Wed, May 29th 1.00p.m. South Dining Rooms Jim Puckridge: Conservation of endangered Lake Eyre Basin  
Sat, June 1st. World Environment Day. Assemble at Victoria Square, 10.30 a.m. March to Rymill Park, 11.00 a.m. Stalls, Speakers, Bands.

**FOOTLIGHTS AUDITIONS**  
Wednesday 2pm-4pm  
Little Cinema, Union Building  
For more fun times and information, phone Matt on 2127052.

**Classifieds are free to students or student groups**

LADEN WITH  
GRATUITOUS  
OBSCENTIES

# Bunyip Peril

BY ROYAL  
APPOINTMENT  
AND AS READ  
BY GOD

## Uni Dabbles in Social Darwinism

It has been revealed to Bunyip Peril that the University is running a top secret experiment in Darwinism, using the innocent kiddies in the child care centre as subjects.

What is outwardly a service offered by the Union is actually a sadistic child torture centre being run by the Genetics department. Children have been disappearing or dying unexpectedly for quite some time, with their parents being offered large sums of money to keep quiet. Bunyip Peril spoke to one distraught single mother, a Ms R. Pikknik. Her son Arthur had been attending the child care centre, for some time when he died suddenly. "I noticed he had been a bit quiet", she said. "Normally he's such an active child... you know, running around, practising piano,

playing sport, shoplifting, doing graffiti, participating in gang warfare with his little friends, that sort of thing. It was only when he started to smell that I suspected."

The head of the Centre, a Mr Goebbels, was contacted for comment. "Errr... sorry, what did you say... bzzzz... bad line... beep beep clunk", he said frankly. An inside source revealed that the kiddies were being put through obstacle courses, deprived of sleep, and set upon each other in hand to hand combat, in a facility known only as "the pit".

Statistics collected are being used to prove the theory of survival of the fittest. The Barr Smith library has apparently expressed interest in developing a similar system using library patrons as subjects.

Can you spot the obvious mistakes?

Track machines will be working along the railway line between Mitcham and Mitcham railway stations from 0001 to 0630 commencing on Thursday 22/05/91 and until Friday 24/05/91 (both dates inclusive).

The Authority wishes to advise that this work is essential maintenance work which cannot conveniently be carried out at any other time and regrets any inconvenience which may be caused.

1052170039/22.5.A

## Tax tuft cost £60

**A** SHAVEN headed man who had tufts of hair with the words "fuck the poll tax" cut in was fined £60 by magistrates yesterday.

Unemployed Wayne Steventon, aged 21, said after the case: "It's a free country and I think I should be able to say what I like with my haircut. I had a haircut which read 'fuck the police' last week, but I had to shave it off before I came to court."

Magistrates at West Bromwich heard that Mr Steventon was spotted by two police offi-

cers in Wednesbury, West Midlands. The words were clearly visible from 20 yards.

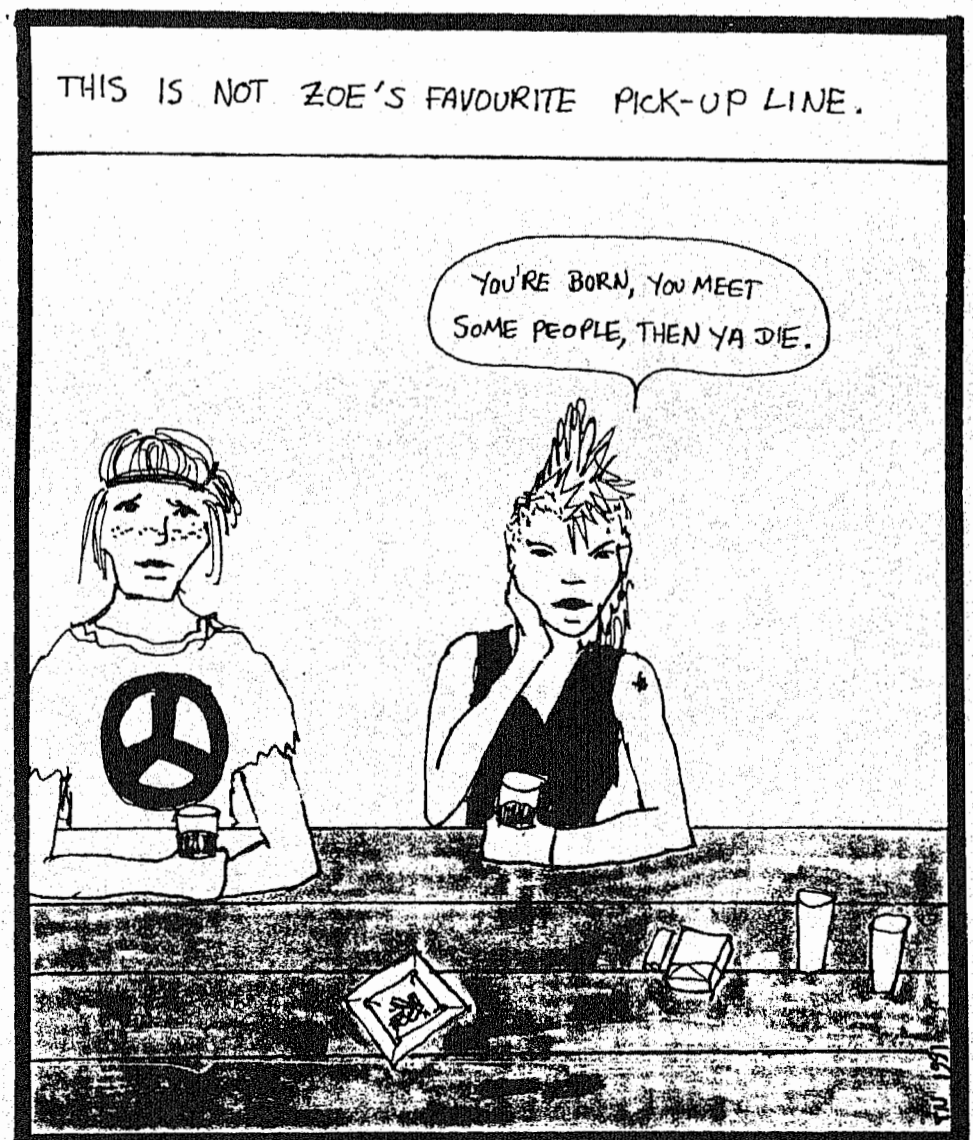
Damian Hayes, prosecuting, said: "The officers told Steventon to cover the haircut up because it was offensive, but he refused and was arrested."

Mr Steventon, of Tipton, West Midlands, admitted an offence under the Public Order Act.

He said later: "I'm not going to pay my fine, or my poll tax and I'm planning another offensive haircut. I don't care if they send me to prison for it."

Send in your own ideas for what words to shave into your head, and win a free haircut at Arturo Taverna! Honest!

## Irrelevant Happenings In the Life of Zoe the Sometimes Cool



# AUSTUDY

NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION MAY 30TH

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STUDENTS MOURN THE DEATH OF THE CLEVER COUNTRY

## Did You Know

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- the average Austudy rate is \$25.70 less than the dole!
  - a student on Austudy receives \$2000 dollars per year less than the Government has recognised it costs Students to live!
  - that the money you pay in HECS is not going towards schemes like AUSTUDY!
  - that Austudy Students, working part time are the highest taxed sector at 75%!
  - that Austudy is designed as a supplement to other income but that they restrict you from earning this income!
  - That Students must demand adequate financial support from the government while studying
- 

**GET INVOLVED AND GET SOMETHING DONE!**

SEE SUSIE O'BRIEN IN THE SAUA FOR MORE INFORMATION.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE CROSS CAMPUS EDUCATION ACTION GROUP (SA) AND THE SAUA

# AUSTUDY

NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION MAY 30TH

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STUDENTS MOURN

THE DEATH OF THE CLEVER COUNTRY

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## RALLY WEAR BLACK

12.45pm MEET ON THE BARR SMITH LAWNS

OR

1.10pm OUTSIDE THE AUSTUDY OFFICE

115 GRENFELL STREET

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FAX OR PHONE DAWKINS

**AND TELL HIM TO GET STUFFED!**

BARR SMITH LAWNS ALL DAY

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