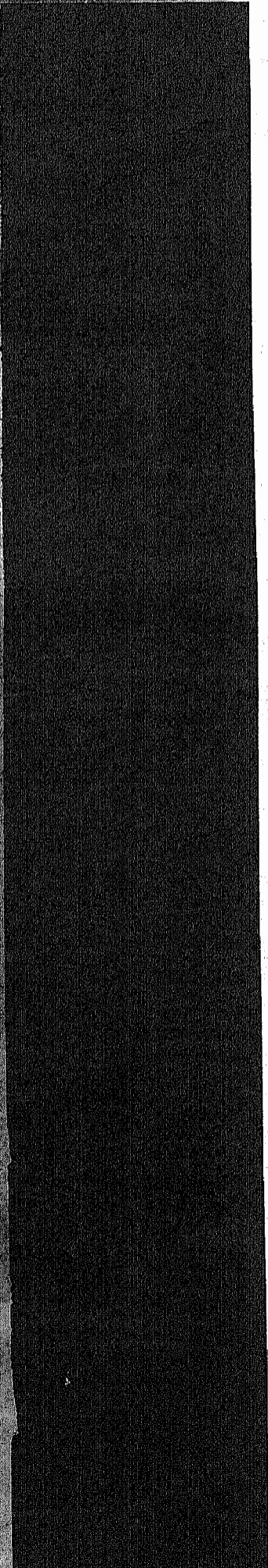
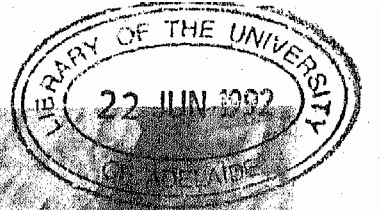
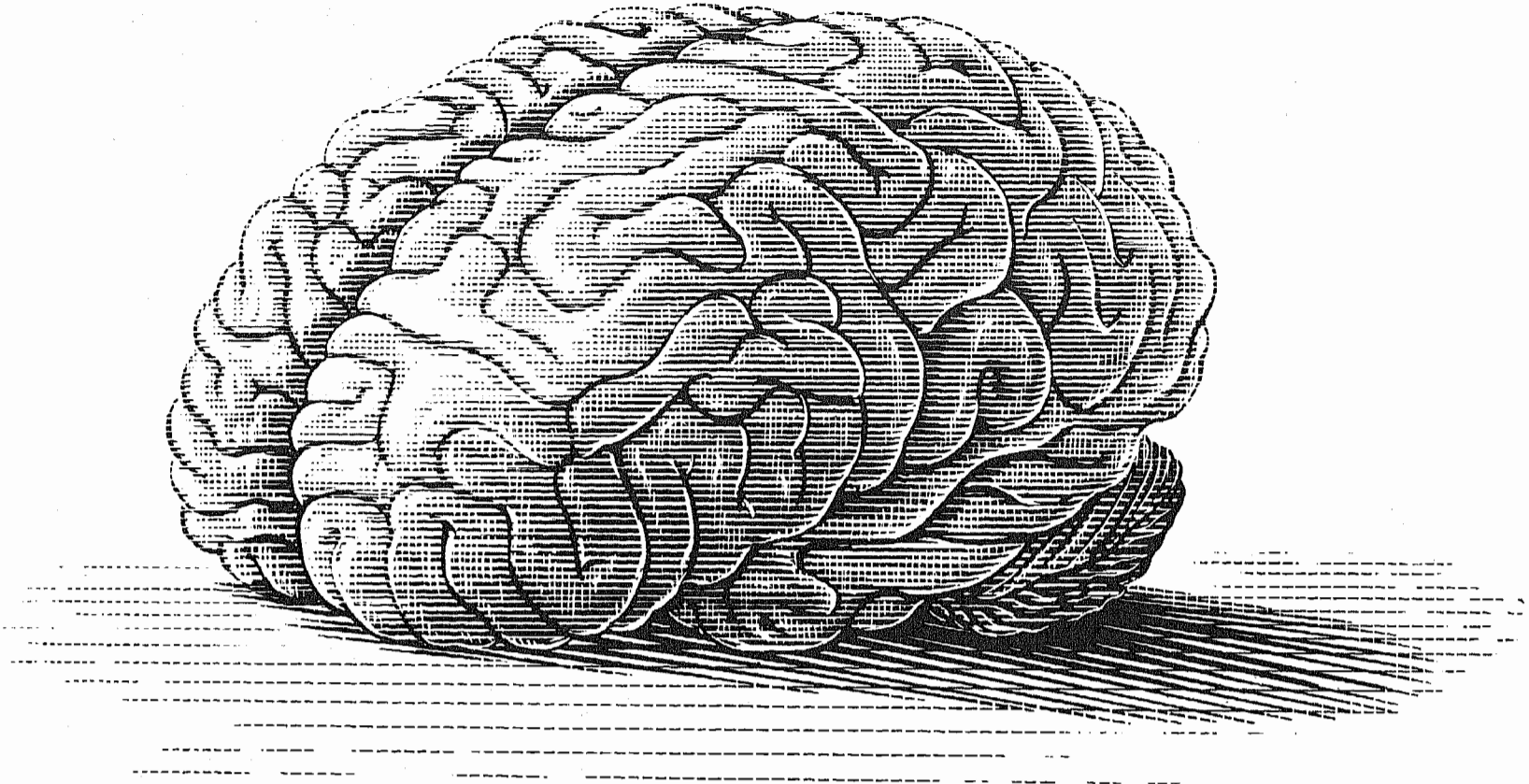


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VOLUME 12

NOWSA - ON IT'S WAY

network of women students in Australia

One of the year's most important dates for Australian student women is the NOWSA (Network Of Women Students in Australia) conference held annually in the midyear holidays. These conferences have been occurring since 1987, when it was perceived that battles going on in individual campus communities over the establishment of women's officers, women's rooms, effective policies on issues of importance to women and so forth were not isolated, but were happening on many campuses Australia-wide. Individuals or small groups of women, therefore, were simultaneously fighting the same problems, but with restricted awareness of the similarity of their plight with that of thousands of other women.

NOWSA, then, not only sought to examine issues as a distinct group of women but also to bring student women together in the identification of our common ground. It achieves this through the yearly convention of the conference, and also through the distribution of its occasional newsletter.

Necessarily, NOWSA is a constantly changing group. As there is no national control group or convenor, the actions and priorities of the network is fully flexible to adapt to the most important challenges that might face women in any particular given year. For example, the collective organising the conference this year have highlighted the situation of the women's movement itself as a crucially important topic for discussion. The new adversities that face women today combined with an ever decreasing consciousness among young women in particular of feminist critiques sees many women convinced by mainstream media and other quarters that feminism is obsolete or that women have now attained equality and therefore have nothing more to worry about. So what do we do? Faced with ever more disturbing statistics and phenomenon concerning violence against women and its constant media promotion, about the profoundly inequitable pay ratios between men and women, about the spiralling incidence of crippling eating disorders in young women who are taught that gauntness is a part of success, about the constant oppression faced by women who are further distanced from the white patriarchal norm by race, what can we do? Just forget about these nightmares and accept the assurance that any change takes time and that women are well on the way to having no hassles whatsoever...

To widen this debate, we have decided this year to stage a public forum to which we will invite non student women as well as those attending the conference itself. This will be a discussion of the future direction of the Australian women's movement with reference to changes and events taking place both nationally and worldwide.

Overall, the programme for the four days could be described as hectic.

Daily the conference provides one forum and two blocks of workshops on a wide range of issues. For each session we have attempted to find an expert woman to facilitate the discussion. The workshops range in content from women and the GST to massage to witches and political activism. Women are encouraged to pursue subjects that they develop an interest in and even run their own subsequent workshops during the week. Also, there is plenty of scope for action immediately to result from sessions; for example, a midnight sticker or poster run.

We hope that each workshop will come up with a recommendation which can then be debated and passed at the plenary session at the close of the conference. The document emerging from this session acts as a gauge of where NOWSA is at, and which issues are of most importance to women students of Australia.

However, the NOWSA conference is never all work and no fun. Every evening there is entertainment arranged for those who still have the energy to dance, sing, talk or make music. One of the most interesting evenings lined up for this year's Adelaide conference is that planned for Thursday, July 9th, one organised by Tantrum Press, a publisher run by women. This evening will include performances by many women; poetry readings, music and dancing. All women at the conference are urged to bring along their own work to show to other women.

Providing sufficient and adequate, free childcare is a very important priority for NOWSA conferences. This year we have the childcare service co-ordinated by two very capable women, and childcare will be available from 9 am daily until late at night. Providing these services at the conference itself must be done alongside an undertaking to campaign and lobby to make childcare an issue which is taken seriously nationally and in every sphere.

NOWSA also needs to take a position on issues which do not necessarily affect student women only. For example, much time was spent at the 1991 conference discussing the "Pay the Rent: Stolen Children" campaign, culminating in a decision to allocate 10% of registration funds to this effort. NOWSA recognises its responsibility as a lobby group to agitate wherever women are being abused or unjustly treated.

This year's conference is in Adelaide from July 7-10. Registration is \$40, (\$50 for Adelaide women as a travel levy), and includes an evening meal on the 6th for early arrivals, a daily midday meal, all forums and workshops, lunchtime entertainment, all evening entertainment including Friday night's dance, childcare and accommodation (by billet).

If you would prefer to register on a daily basis, we anticipate that daily registration rates will be approximately \$10.

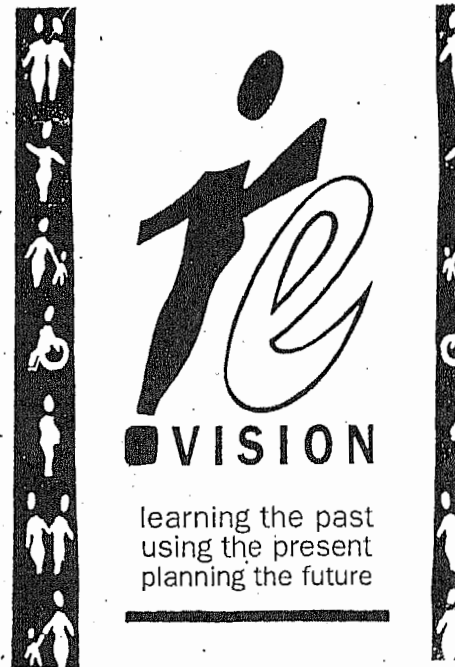
The conference will be centred at Adelaide University in our very own Union building.

If you are interested in either attending yourself or running a workshop at the conference, please contact the NOWSA collective via the contacts below. Or you could help out enormously by offering to host an interstate billet for the four days. This would simply involve providing a bed or patch of floor for the week; not necessarily a large and in-depth

social undertaking.

You can get more information about NOWSA or register for the conference by contacting your campus women's officer or representative or the women's officer at Adelaide University :-

SAUA Women's Officer
c/- GPO Box 498, Adelaide
South Australia, 5000
Ph : (08) 228 5406
(08) 228 5383
Fax : (08) 223 2412



EXAM CONFUSION

or how we lost swot vac

As published in On Dit last week, the University made a decision to start exams during the traditional "Swot Vac" week. 2,000 students (in just 4 days) signed a petition organised by the Students' Association protesting this decision. The facts behind this decision, as gleaned from discussions from the Academic Registrar, Dr Elizabeth Dines, the Deputy Vice Chancellor (Academic), Professor Ian Falconer and Examinations Officer, Cheda Nicholic are as follows:- The issue came up last year after student complaints over the holding of exams during the common week (the Australia-wide common week usually reserved for intervarsity sport, debating, etc.). Discussion at the August meeting of the Academic (Educational) Matters Sub Committee of the University's Executive Committee deliberated between shortening (or abolishing!) the swot vac week, the holding of 3 exams a day and the removal of the mid-semester break. It was publicised that the exam period would not finish until the first half of the July Common Week, and students were concerned that intervarsity sport and conferences would be affected. Staff also were keen to protect their common week for conference attendance. Consequently, the Executive Member for Academic (Educational) Matters, Mr Ian Brice (brother of Mr Rob Brice, Union Secretary Manager) executively made

the decision to start examinations on the Wednesday of week 14, i.e. 24th June. It was then reported to Executive Committee and University Council for noting. The memo sent from Mr Brice outlining these changes contained the following statement:-

"The sub-committee noted that, with assessment occurring periodically throughout semesters as well as at the end, the need for a traditional swot vac was diminished, and some institutions have no break at all between the end of teaching and the final examinations." 2,000 students signed a petition disagreeing with this statement, the signatures gathered in just 3 days. 400 students turned up to protest to the Deputy Vice Chancellor. It appears that students do value very much their swot vac period, and will go to great lengths to see it protected.

The situation may rise again in 1993 as the common academic year for the state will not be in place until 1994. The Examinations Officer, Cheda Nicholic, has said that as there is a desperate need for a 15-day examinations period, they will possibly schedule exams during the common week next year. However, for students who have sport or debating or conferences can arrange to have their exams scheduled early next year. Feedback on this situation would be appreciated by the Students' Association.

Fear and Loathing in the CLOISTERS

From the 10th to the 12th of June, the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide held a referendum on proposed amendments to the SAUA Constitution. With 505 votes cast, 417 of them 'Yes', 79 'No', and 9 invalid, the following changes were approved:

A Women's Standing Committee has been created, Activities/Campaigns Vice-President replaces the Finance Vice-President position, the Environment Officers have a vote on Activities Standing Committee, 2 more General Member positions have been added to both the Education/Services Standing Committee and the Activities Standing Committee, SAUA Council must follow a set procedure when electing students to positions, members of Council Standing Committee must turn up to the majority of meetings, and *On Dit* can have a maximum of three Editors. These changes do not mean more funds will be spent. While some students voting questioned the proposed changes being put in one motion, the support for the 'Yes' case evidently outweighed any misgivings.

For some years, it had been acknowledged within the association that aspects of the SAUA structure were problematic, but other matters took priority in SAUA work. At an SAUA planning session in May there was general consensus among SAUA Councillors that this problem should be tackled, and at two subsequent SAUA Council meetings the holding of a constitutional referendum was approved unanimously.

If SAUA Councillors were unhappy with the proposed changes, there was still time at that stage to voice their opinion to SAUA President Susie O'Brien. No-one came forward. However, late last week Education Vice-President Misha Schubert told Ms O'Brien she was unhappy with the *On Dit* proposal and asked for the referendum motion to be changed. Ms O'Brien, in accordance with SAUA referendum procedure, had arranged for information (including the single motion format of the ballot paper) to be distributed to students' pigeonholes. Ms Schubert's timing meant it was too late to recall and change thousands of information sheets.

Ms Schubert is not only SAUA Education Vice-President - she is also Women's Convener for the National Union of Students South Australian branch. She receives an honorarium as EVP, and is paid by NUSSA. One reason for Ms Schubert's failure to communicate her viewpoint to Ms O'Brien may have something to do with her seeming to spend a great deal of time in the NUSSA Office which is located in Morphett Street, western part of the city.

Ms Schubert's actions during the referendum can be said to have thrown doubt over her commitment to the SAUA. During the early stage of the voting she was allegedly overheard telling students not to vote (an SAUA referendum is valid if at least 400 students vote). One student walked into the SAUA Office and said she was going to vote because Misha Schubert had asked her not to. When it was obvious that 400 votes were likely to be reached, on Friday, the last day of voting, Ms Schubert began putting up "Vote No" posters issued in her name and that of Mel Yuan, Union President, her fellow "Independent" student political faction member. Ms Schubert told another SAUA office bearer that she was not actively campaigning against the referendum, but her behaviour can hardly be described as neutral.

As the "Vote No" material shows, Ms Schubert did not only oppose the *On Dit* change.

Ms Schubert and Ms Yuan believe the Women's Standing Committee should have the power to direct the Women's Officer. The new W.S.C. does not have this role because the committee's main purpose is to provide support (for example with organising campaigns) to give the Women's Officer more time to deal with the many welfare-oriented tasks she performs. Ms Schubert's stance is surprising, because as NUSSA Women's Convener she is not directed by the NUSSA State Women's Committee, and would be expected to appreciate why the W.S.C. should have a similar role. More so, it is reasonable to assume that she would support moves to strengthen the SAUA commitment to women. With regard to the Activities/Campaigns Vice-President position, Ms Schubert and Ms Yuan see the A/CV-P's Orientation

responsibilities as 'interference'. The A/CV-P's duty statement actually makes the Vice-President an overseer of Orientation, and the Orientation Co-ordinator must "consult" with the A/CV-P before presenting Orientation budgets to SAUA Council. It is only logical that a Vice-President responsible for activities and campaigns has a say in Orientation planning and staging.

Ms Schubert and Ms Yuan give the impression that having three *On Dit* Editors will cause a rise in the Union Fee. Not so - the payment the *On Dit* Editors currently receive will be divided among three Editors if students decide to elect three, rather than two or one. The majority of student newspapers in Australia allow more than two editors; *On Dit* (and only one other student paper) comes out weekly, and the editorial demands are immense.

Even the changes relating to the Hare Clark Optional Proportional method for electing SAUA nominees, and Council Standing Committee members' obligations do not have the support of Ms Schubert and Ms Yuan.

In 1990 and 1991, as a member of SAUA Council, Ms Schubert was involved in the disputes caused by the lack of consistent means for electing students as NUS Observers. At last year's SAUA Council Meeting of October 23, 1991, she moved the following motion: "That the election of N.U.S. observers be done by the Hare Clark Optional Proportional system of election and that an advert be placed in *On Dit* to call for applications as per Section 86 of the SAUA Constitution" (Schubert/ Shinnick). SAUA Council resolved to do this. At the following meeting, November 6, 1991, Independent (including Ms Schubert), Overseas Students' Association, and Liberal councillors disregarded the resolution and voted for the following: "That NUS Observers be appointed by NUS Delegates and that each delegate be required to notify the SAUA President by 5.00 pm on Friday, 8th November 1991 of the name of their observer." The Labor and non-aligned councillors, and student visitors who had come to address Council as candidates for NUS Observer positions protested strongly against the cynical making and breaking of resolutions, and the way in which the decision crunched out those not in certain factions. The Hare Clark system enables the election of minority candidates, not only those of the factions with 'the numbers', and this more representative voting method should be welcomed by student representatives who value democratic processes.

The line of Ms Schubert and Ms Yuan regarding CSC members only being allowed to send proxies for only two meetings is mystifying. Their view is, "The summer months are peak work, holiday and conference times for SAUA Office bearers and to restrict their ability to proxy seem (sic) short-sighted in the extreme". However, the President is the only SAUA office bearer entitled to sit on CSC; the other three members are elected from all SAUA Councillors. This committee meets over the summer break, so it is irresponsible of councillors with too many commitments to get themselves elected only to proxy their vote to other councillors for all meetings. Any change that makes student representatives do the work they should is worthwhile.

Rumour has it that Ms Yuan intends to request that an SAUA referendum be held during the Annual Elections, with the aim of abolishing the changes which students cared enough about to



EVP Schubert -controversial behaviour testing tempers in the Student's Association

vote for in a referendum held close to examinations. It is expected she would be supported by other Independents such as Ms Schubert and Haroon Hassan who are the current scramblers for position within the Independents' power hierarchy. It is unlikely that Ms O'Brien, who is also an Independent, would support the move - she has consistently placed SAUA Presidential responsibility before factional considerations.

Controversy is not new to Ms Schubert. In 1991 *On Dit* Editor Simon Healy wrote an article, "Kangaroo Courts, Theft and Ignorance, Just Another SAUA Council Meeting" for the September 2 edition. The article dealt with the alleged theft by Ms Schubert of a damaging letter written by 1990 SAUA President Wendy Wakefield. As NUSSA's 'Interim' Women's Committee Convener in late 1991, Ms Schubert issued a report (30/1/91) which read in part, "... we held a seminar today with guest speakers who included Janine Haines, former leader of the Democrats; Marilyn Rolls, Coalition For Women's Right To Choose; and Dr Sandra Taylor, Environmental Studies, Adelaide University. The sessions were highly productive with several resolutions as to work to be done early in 1992 on Pro Choice lobby work, and the day was successfully concluded with a luncheon." In reality, the seminar was cancelled. When the report came to Dr Sandra Taylor's attention, she wrote a memorandum disclaiming any participation in the fictional seminar. It would be interesting to know Ms Marilyn Rolls' reaction. It is common knowledge in the SAUA that Ms Schubert's controversial behaviour has brought her relationships with every 1992 office bearer, regardless of faction, to crisis point.

It is essential for the student body to be aware of these kinds of happenings. As Ms Schubert herself has written, "Hold the office bearers and general reps accountable: hunt them out, ask them what they have been working on, find out their opinions on various student issues."

Vanessa Almeida and Sam Maiden

PRESIDENT

Quality Funding

The Higher Education Council (HEC) is currently calling for submissions for the Priority Fund on Quality. The HEC is looking to develop a frame work around which the quality of education in Universities can be assured. We must then produce evidence of our quality characteristics. This time around the emphasis for the priority fund is on quality assurance, Asian languages, and adult literacy. Let's hope Adelaide University gets our fair share of the money this time!

Teaching and Learning Quality Project

The project is progressing well, thanks to the dedication and very hard work of

Dr Eleanor Long and Helen Limberger.

Predictable enough, they are finding many of the banners to quality are inadequate equipment and facilities.

Dr Long has already done much to react to some of the submissions - we have her perseverance to thank for white boards, slide projectors etc in some lecture theatres. Dr Long, don't leave us at the end of this project I am looking forward to seeing the final draft of this project, due out June 26th.

Competency Based Education

The movement towards competency based education methods has been gathering momentum over the last few years. Competency based learning is based on the skills that or person achieves rather than the methods through which these skill are obtained. For example, the quest of the Higher Education Council to look at what skills a graduate should have rather than to look at the process of learning that graduate has been through is symptomatic of a competency based approach to learning.

The Vice Chancellors are fighting such moves as a threat to high quality education standards, and a way of linking higher education with industry and training. It seems this is a valid fear as the emphasis is on preparing graduates for industry. The following quote comes from a participant from DEET in a recent Competency Movement Conference "It is concerned with providing all individuals entering the workforce with key skills and agreed standards of vocational competence. . ." The implications of this for higher education seem very threatening, particularly for our more generalise degrees. However, I know that the Adelaide University Medical School is already putting in place competency based learning programs, with immense success.

Open Learning

The Government has been forced to consider options for those (estimated at between 34,000 and 49,700 eligible students is 1992) who have missed out on University places this year.

Alternatives for these students include the offering of degrees by radio, TV or video cassette, under the Open Learning project, piloting at present.

The scheme has been funded by the Government at \$2 million over the next two years.

Programs in 7 different subjects will be broadcast on the ABC, with students using material prepared by a consortium of Universities.

Students will be able to sit exams and gain a credit towards a full degree.

Although the solution seems an unacceptable alternative to providing extra higher education places, it is certainly preferable to the AVCC (Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee) and Liberal/National Coalition option of full fees for overseas students.

The Industries Commission recommended this option last year but the 1991 ALP National Conference voted against it.

Student Affairs Committee

I was delighted at the first meeting, and thanks to Professor Falconer and Rex Hanney for their assistance. Thanks to all who attended! Now that I've gotten the platitudes out of the way, I'll list the business discussed. The meeting, as our first was mainly allocating further reporting on issues to be fully discussed at subsequent meetings.

Dr Dines (Academic Registrar) will report on Assessment and Grievance Procedures, Student Materials fees and other fees, the STA Cards problem and Support for Special Entry Students. Professor Falconer (Deputy Vice Chancellor Academic) will report on the CASM and Aboriginal Relocation and the CASM Computer, I will report on the issue of student evaluation of teaching and the availability of academic teaching staff. Mel Yuan (Union), Chan Yu-Shien (OSA) and Kim Cressman (PGSA) will also present specific concerns

as they come up.

We will be meeting the first Friday of every month at 9.30 pm.

Adelaide University Buildings

Following a rather odd Advertiser article proclaiming that this University had unveiled plans for a \$100 million redevelopment of facilities and buildings. The article outlined that a 10 year plan for Adelaide University was to include an amphitheatre where the Law School Pond is, the demolition of the Fisher Labs and so on. (The Advertiser 27/5/92) Unfortunately this is not exactly the truth - but you can look at some of the details of the Master Estates Plan in the Barr Smith Library. The mention of the \$100 million comes from a proposed Government plan to divide up capital grants, and to include them in institutions operating grants. This could see Adelaide University receiving \$8.5 million is an extra recurrent grant.

In any case you will be glad to know that work will begin on the Badge Building at the end of this year, and also on Napier, with Adelaide University giving \$1 million to the federal government's \$3.2 million.

Philippines Student Visit

I was delighted to meet Paolo Effraime, a student from the Philippines during his exchange with Flinders University. He addressed our NUSSA Executive Meeting, outlining the consequences of the privatisation of higher education for his country's students. He also spoke here at Adelaide University, last Tuesday and Friday on the environmental problems in the Philippines and the consequences of Australian Military Aide.

Barr Smith Library

As reported in the University Diary, the Barr Smith Library is facing losing 12 staff members and an enormous increase in borrows activity.

I have been lobbying the Deans for protection for the Barr Smith from proposed 7% budget cuts, and have placed the issue on the next Student Affairs Committee agenda.

Higher Education Summit

There will be a Higher Education Summit held at the Gazeto Hotel - at \$1000 a head for participants. The Conference has been organised by the IRR who specialise in Conferences on privatisation, and indeed this one focuses on the privatisation of the higher education sector. The high cost has proved to be prohibitive to the few students invited (my invitation obviously got lost in the mail. . .) but I hope to be travelling to Sydney to protest along with other Australian students.

WOMEN'S OFFICER

Only three short weeks away, this campus will be the host of the sixth national NOWSA (Network Of Women Students in Australia) conference. This conference has been in planning for about six months and will occur from the 7th until the 10th of July. This conference offers nonstop action in the form of forums, workshops, bar nights, film nights and other activities for women students. Also provided are a midday meal, childcare and equipment for workshops at a total price of \$50 for the week.

The daily forums and workshops are on a multitude of topics ranging from women and the GST to alternative healing to witches and political activism to women's body image. As each block of workshops involves at least ten simultaneous sessions run by women, there is bound always to be something on that will appeal to all women. Daily registration at a reduced rate is also available for those who choose not to attend the entire conference.

I urge Adelaide women to take the opportunity to attend the NOWSA conference while it is in Adelaide and not miles away in another capital city. This is truly an event which will have something for all women and it is also a fantastic opportunity for Adelaide women to meet other students from interstate.

While we're on the subject, I would also like to ask Adelaide women to take a billet from interstate while the conference is on. Around 2-300 women may need accommodation at this time, and we desperately need women who have a spare bed or patch of floor to volunteer it for the use of an interstate guest. There is no need to take responsibility for the entertainment of your billet; the most important thing is for them to have somewhere to sleep. Also, if you feel you can't afford to feed an extra person, don't worry - we can find you a billet who is willing to help out with food bills. If you think you can accommodate one or more billets, contact me or Misha on 228 5406.

Self defence courses are returning to Adelaide Uni! The beginners' course, run by the popular Shauna Ashewood, will be beginning in the first week of second semester and

lasting for eight weeks. They will be on Thursday afternoons from 3 pm till 5 pm. The cost at this stage to students is expected to be \$8 - an absolute bargain for eight 2-hour lessons. Shauna is renowned for her well rounded approach to self defence, seeing it as a distinct mental as well as physical skill. All who have studied with her agree that this is by far the best approach. For more details look out for posters or contact me in the SAUA.

Thanks for your participation in Blue Stocking Week! Many events were planned and were successfully executed, including some events which may be repeated later in the year, such as the Women's Day Off or the Champagne Bus Tour. Thanks also to those who turned up and made the Violence Against Women forum such a productive evening. Women On Campus elections have finally happened; new co-conveners are Liane Buchanan and Ty Newnham. Congratulations also to Rohnda and Julie, who are the new secretary and treasurer respectively.

A busy few weeks coming up, with NOWSA taking up an extraordinary amount of time. It's not too late to get involved, so if you get the urge, just call.....

Love and Kisses, from the big trumpet.

Annabel Crabb

SAUA Women's Officer.

GREEN FINGER

WHERE WERE YOU ON WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY?

June the 5th was the auspicious celebration of World Environment Day. It started off badly and got decidedly worse. On this day when we were all supposedly focusing in on the environment, we were harassed by many un-cool comments like; "I don't like trees." Well, that's an intelligent comment and a half! Considering we are completely dependent upon *their* health for *our* health! Negative vibes, man...

U.N.C.E.D.

Another momentous occasion, (or is it also a waste of time?) coinciding with World Environment Day is the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development, (UNCED), otherwise referred to as the Earth Summit, hosted in Rio De Janeiro. The Summit's ultimate objective is to produce five agreements which will direct the world as a cohesive body towards some form of ecologically sound "sustainable development".

A treaty on climate change, calling for decisive and unified action to control and reduce greenhouse emissions.

A statement of intent concerning the management of the world's forests-which acknowledges the essential contribution forests make to the stability of the entire planet, not just that of a localised area.

A Plan of Action; addressing urban air pollution the depletion of atmospheric ozone, global warming, the management of freshwater resources and the elimination of marine pollution from land based sources, and deforestation.

An Earth Charter, containing principles for relationships between people and nature. (very David Suzuki-ish!)

A Treaty on biodiversity to protect the genetic wealth of all natural resources.

Australia's contribution to the Conference was meant to be the Convention on Biological Diversity, which looked at living resources, conservation and sustainable use. True to form the US has decided not to sign this agreement as basically it would force them to make considerable changes. Many treaties designed to perpetuate decisive changes are being opposed by affluent established countries, such as the US, much to the detriment of the majority of developing countries. The real challenge confronting the Earth Summit is to break through the selfish bullshit syndrome which has insulated too many countries for too long to achieve a commitment to benefit the whole.

And if we do so, the next challenge is to actively implement the prettily-worded protocols. **The World has had enough of expensive Talkfests - let's DO something!**

ANOTHER CONFERENCE...

A bit closer to home is the joint A.C.F.& Environment Officer's Genetic Engineering Conference, on July 25th. It will be held in the Union Building, Level 5, for that day. If you are interested more information will be available in the Students Association Office. The registration fee will probably be approximately \$10.

Have a nice environmental life!

Trish, Cath and Jo.

Sanity and University Council

Loving 'Em Both Is Breaking All The Rules

Remember that minibus you used to take on class excursions? That was always about five seats too small, and still smelt of the Year 8 class which went to visit the Bolivar Sewerage Works last week? Well, it's making a comeback.

The sight of 15-odd fully-grown adults crammed into the tiny torture seats in one of these vehicles was horribly incongruous; none of them were even throwing spitballs at the driver or shoving little kids' heads out the window as we neared narrow tunnels. In fact, Uni Council was on tour to Roseworthy. And what a hoot it was.

On arrival, we were greeted with a noticeboard which read (to the effect of) "The Staff and Students of Roseworthy Campus welcome the Chancellor and University Council". It was simultaneously well-intentioned and banal, but far more intriguing are the questions its existence raises: Who conceived of this sign? Who actually stuck the little plastic letters on there? What is this person's job? I would be delighted to learn that Roseworthy employs a Professional Nice Person, and I can only hope that North Terrace follows suit very soon.

Anyway, after that, I must confess that my only verbal contribution in the next three hours was when I asked directions to the male toilets. Mind you, most of the interesting stuff was said by way of presentation, so it wasn't a discussion-crazy meeting.

Your two new Deputy Vice-Chancellors are Ian Falconer (taller, with beard) and Gavin Brown (more moderately vertically gifted, thick accent from unidentified part of Britain), and they spoke.

So did Professor Woolhouse, Dean of the Faculty of Agricultural and Natural Resource Sciences, whom I actually understood, which can be no bad thing. He talked about getting the previously rich Waite and previously poor Roseworthy campuses into some sort of equilibrium, and about how Waite is going to have to increase its student numbers from 150 now to around 600 by 1994, which is going to require lots of Student Service developments and all that business. And... wait for it... he said that Departments under his tutelage have started to make 5-Year Plans! The revolution can only be moments away.

The University's Estates Master Plan Volume 1, about which everyone is getting very excited, was also presented by Woods Bagot, who are way too professional for their own good. The disappointment was that it merely consisted of a summary of the next 9 Volumes, although some quite extraordinary insights are contained therein. For example:

1. "North Terrace is relatively compact and urban [and] is convenient to the city centre of Adelaide, the public transport system [and] the city parklands."

No! Wait! It gets better!

2. "The majority of buildings at the University of Adelaide North Terrace Campus are located within the precinct

bounded by North Terrace, Frome Road, Victoria Drive and Kintore Avenue."

I don't care how much they spent on this report; I say it's worth every penny.

I'm being too cruel. It does have some worthwhile things in it, including four fold-out multi-coloured maps for the various campuses. They present the 'Urban Design Concept Plan' for the University, which is what the Uni wants to do some time in the next 50 years if it ever gets the money.

One of the interesting concepts is demolishing the Fisher Building, which has been widely acknowledged as a disaster from the outset, and rebuilding it in two separate structures, behind the Union Hall and next to the Maths Building. Another idea is the proposed building of some sort of Amphitheatre where the Law School Plaza is now, and recovering the costs by getting Sonic Youth and the Pixies to play a Woodstock-style concert there (I could be wrong about that last bit).

You might have noticed that Dr Bruce Chapman has been preparing a review of AUSTUDY. The Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee had a look at his ideas and came up with a few of their own, concluding that a scheme including a grant and loan option was the best way to go.

Looking at both the Chapman views and the AVCC Paper, they seem to be basically philosophically flawed.

Chapman believes that "the justification for income support to students, put simply, is to decrease barriers to educational participation." He seems to have missed the point that students have to survive, and so decreasing barriers to their being able to afford another tin of baked beans might not be such a bad idea either.

His argument is the equivalent of saying that the justification for unemployment benefits is to reduce barriers to future employment. Of course it is, but only so far as bosses tend not to look too kindly on prospective employees who turn up to interviews dressed in rags, with needles in both arms, shivering after a hard night selling themselves on the

streets. Surely the primary point of government benefits should be to allow the recipient to exist, and maybe even eat out once a year as well. The secondary issue is directing those benefits so that they go to those who come from identifiable socially disadvantaged groups.

Chapman believes that students can support themselves unless they fall within unreal categories of 'those who can't', ignoring the fact that it is logically absurd to expect people to undertake a full-time occupation and then also be a wage-earner. The humanitarian principle of supporting those engaged in socially-desirable, non-income producing full-time work has been completely ignored.

The result of this social policy is that many people studying full-time and looking for work won't get a cent; however, once you start studying part-time or drop out entirely, the government will realise that you're not such a bad sort after all and give you Job Search Allowance. This, of course, is not a disincentive to study. Just ask Bruce. I'm sure he could tell you why.

Once Chapman's basic principle has been understood, all of his conclusions follow logically. His obsession with the 'disadvantagedness' of any given student masks the fact that virtually all students are poor. He has explained this away by reportedly saying that AUSTUDY is socially regressive anyway because graduates have a higher average earning potential than non-graduates, and so we're merely giving money to the future rich. Presumably, we should also stop giving assistance to child-care in case the litt'uns on whom we're wasting all this cash grow up to be Con Politcs. The argument could give rise to an interesting criterion for AUSTUDY assets-testing, though: we will be expected to estimate our wealth in ten years' time. Those who plan to win X-Lotto get nothing.

The AVCC runs a very similar line with its ideas for student support. It puts students on a sliding scale, where you are either:

1. A Very Disadvantaged Student, in which case you get a full grant, lots of love and both cars.

2. A Disadvantaged Student, in which

case you get a partial grant which you may top up with a loan, and a pick of the board.

3. An Other Student, in which case you can apply for a loan which the University might give you if it likes you and has any money left. You get a diamond-set stickpin and a Sale of the Century game.

The AVCC itself acknowledges the problem with this set-up. It says that the Universities should administer the third option because they are in the best position to "make appropriate and critical decisions in cases where students are known to be genuinely disadvantaged" but fall outside the first two options. This begs the question: If students are disadvantaged, how could they possibly fall outside the first two categories? Because, even if the age of independence is reduced to 21 (as the AVCC recommend), assets-testing will continue to perpetuate the myth that students are bludging off their parents, and gives them very limited scope to prove otherwise. Seeing that the upper limit for "assessed supporting income" in order to qualify as a disadvantaged student is \$30,000, and no-one who is *actually* being supported by an earning of \$30,000 p.a. could call themselves disadvantaged, it is clear that the government's assets-test are based on a fiction. The failure of both the Chapman proposal and the AVCC paper is that, rather than addressing and aiming to correct this fiction, they merely aim to redistribute the unreasonable burden students are already carrying over a longer period of time.

I'm glad I've got that out of my system. I was afraid I was turning into a politician there for a minute.

The burning question at the Council meeting last Friday was: What happened to our swot vac? The problem is that we cannot fit the national Common Week into our timetables unless we move the start of the year back by a week. What's worse, it's impossible to do so for 1993, and so the University is stuck with the same dilemma. Their planned solution this time is to give us the full swot vac, extend the exams into the common week, *but* to somehow program the exams so that people involved in InterVarsity competitions finish their exams before the common week begins. How this will work, and how the University plans to discover those who are involved with IV competitions, is anyone's guess. I'll try to keep you posted.

University Council played at the Council Room, Level 7 Kenneth 'Bloody' Wills Building, last Friday, presented by The Frontier Touring Company, The Paul Dainty Corporation and X102. Apart from the swot vac fiasco, I'll have a full review after the semester break. Although I must say now that Deputy Chancellor Sam Jacobs covering Nick Cave's "The Mercy Seat" was a particular highlight.

Simon Healy



Artists' Impression of the Maths Lawns circa 2030

SOUTH AFRICA

the violence continues still

Between July 1990 and June 1991, the Human Rights Commission found that 3,180 persons died as a result of political violence, the great majority propagated by vigilante action. Twenty-eight assassinations occurred, with twice as many failed attempts¹. Terror groups regularly strike in the townships and the homelands, with the police forces often arriving too late to prevent the attack or capture the death squads. Is this action in South Africa a reflection of the violent and anarchic nature of the society, and an indication of the direction the nation will continue in a post-Apartheid era? Is the latent tribal tension mounting, leading to an all-out war between the Zulus and the Xhosas, with the Defence Forces doing their best to end the bloodshed? Or is this a highly organised policy of destabilisation and counter-insurgency, orchestrated by the government and the Defence Forces.

In a press release from the African National Congress (ANC) Headquarters, the actions of the Security Management System was described as having a purpose of instilling a "psychosis of insecurity, mutual distrust and fear among the people in order to disintegrate the fabric of their community in the hope that this will make them more pliant"². This Management System is an alignment of business sectors with federal and regional government structures towards the common goal of counter-insurgency against the progressive political organisations, particularly the ANC. Evidence tends to indicate that the government, the South African Defense Forces (SADF) and the police forces are actively leading a destabilisation campaign through media manipulation, economic control and violence.

The inaction of the South African Police (SAP) betrays a bias of conduct. The primary objective of the SAP is to keep the violence within the townships and to prevent spillage into the white areas, thus they often act ruthlessly against even remote suspects in these districts. Conversely, the SAP pays little attention to the violence existent in the townships, even when protection is applied for in advance. Police complicity in terrorist attacks is apparent, as the following examples will affirm:

July 1990. After repeated warnings ... that an attack was being planned against commuters on a train travelling from the city centre to Soweto, at Inhlazane station, no police were dispatched to the station to deter the attackers. An attack indeed occurred and police who arrived on the scene late did not intervene. No arrests have been made.

1 September 1990. Residents suffered an armed attack ... witnesses to and victims of the attack attest to police complicity and have identified specific police officers as culpable. The SAP responded to the alarm raised four hours later.

12 January 1991. A home-owner and

a minister of the church warned the police of the clear and present threat of attack on mourners at a vigil. No deterrent action was taken. 35 people killed.³

The police use agents to carry out many of their tactics, with groups attracted by financial and political rewards, or find themselves blackmailed into participation. For example, the SAP coerce captured criminals into becoming contract murderers, dropping the charges against them in exchange. Groups of these individuals, known as Jackroller gangs, conduct generalised terror activities in the townships as well as "removing" specific political opponents of the SAP. The actions of the police are taken to a much larger scale by elements of the SAP, in its recruitment of terrorist factions in the so-called front-line states, and its fairly evident alignment with the Inkatha Freedom Party (IFP).

The Civil Cooperation Bureau (CCB) is the primary counter-insurgency organisation of the SADF, training vigilante and terror groups within and outside South Africa. The CCB and the SADF have armed and trained Renamo, Super Zupu and the Lesotho Liberation Army to name a few, whose objectives include murdering "revolutionary" personnel, cadres and to terrorize supporters. But the strongest and most active alliance is that between SADF and the IFP.

From its origin, the IFP has enjoyed status from the ruling government. Established in 1977 by Mangosuthu Buthelezi, Inkatha was allowed to meet and collect members at a time when all other black organisations were banned by the National Party. Buthelezi used his position as head of the kwaZulu Homeland to divert government funds for the maintenance of the Homeland into the running of his party.⁴ Inkatha predominantly consists of tribally-based Zulus from the Natal region, many of whom are migrant workers. Buthelezi and the IFP have mobilised these migrants through coercion and fear (i.e. threatened harm to their families, job loss, etc.) to act against ANC elements. The government's organisation of migrant workers into male-only hostels has facilitated such militancy.

Sworn statements by Inkatha members and findings by investigative journalists has established definite connections between the SADF and the IFP. Elements of Inkatha were trained in offensive urban and guerrilla warfare by the SADF under the pretence of being trained as body guards for kwaZulu leaders. These members were later posted at secret bases, to carry out attacks on anti-Apartheid activists.⁵ The SADF-trained members were also allocated to various police stations throughout kwaZulu, to pass on their skills and to act as "special constables", supplying weaponry and ammunition to Inkatha followers before any planned attack. These specially trained fighters also carried out intelligence operations to gather information



on ANC actions, meetings and plans, thereby increasing the effectiveness of raids. Analysis of press reports shows that Inkatha has been responsible for initiating two-thirds of the violent actions since 1989. In comparison, the ANC has been found to be the instigator in six percent of the cases.⁶

The government's subversive manoeuvres have been revealed through the confessions of a central official. Nico Basson, the leader of the SADF "communications" designs before the Namibian elections in 1989, stated that the Force "realised some years ago that the key to political power lay not in military might but in manipulation of public perceptions".⁷ The umbrella counter-insurgent stratagem has been dubbed WHAM: winning hearts and minds. Communications officers are present in all SADF units, and, Mr Basson boasts, their personnel have infiltrated South African media "across the board". The use of media manipulation, and especially the use of violence has been to secure white control in the post-Apartheid era.

The strategy has been three-fold. The violence aims to weaken the morale and organisational abilities of the progressive parties, with particular concentration on the ANC, as well as spreading fear and distrust amongst the supporters. Secondly, they strive to enhance support for the conservative Inkatha. Basson states that the SADF has been arming and planning all Inkatha operations. Half of the South African government's 9 billion rand defense budget is publicly un-audited, and an estimated eight percent goes to supporting the IFP. Thirdly, through the violence they hope to create tribal tension between the two largest ethnic groups, the Zulus and the Xhosas. Such inter-racial unrest and violence is hoped

to aid the international perceptions of the ruling National Party.

The dominance of the existing government has been partially circumvented through frameworks secured by the approaching Interim Government. But the National Party still maintains powerbases in the business sector, as well as regulating great numbers of allies within, and outside of South Africa that have proved to be most cooperative to their ends in the past.

The time for sanctions against South Africa has not passed, and will not be passed until the Interim Government makes the announcement that the democratic process is irreversible. At that point the pressure of sanctions will no longer be necessary. Nelson Mandela, Oliver Tambo and other primary ANC leaders continue to urge the international community - governments and individuals alike - the maintain their resolve until South Africa is certain of achieving a non-racist, non-sexist, equitable society with universal adult suffrage. We owe it to the people's of South Africa to remain firm until this day is reached.

**Dave Coleman
ANC Solidarity Group**

¹ Anti-Apartheid News, October 1991, p 9.

² Press Release from ANC, Johannesburg, 5th April, 1991.

³ *ibid.*

⁴ The Australian, 28th September, 1990.

⁵ The Weekly Mail (South Africa) 8th September, 1991.

⁶ ANC Newsletter (South Australia), p 9.

⁷ The Independent (United Kingdom), 26th July, 1991.

Ol' moonface is back...

When Donna Summer, the '70s glamour popstar, sang "Never Can Say Goodbye", who would have guessed it would return in the late 1980s in the form of the capable shrill of Jimmy Sommerville. But then again, who would have thought saying goodbye and good riddance to ol' Moonface Newton from our television screens would become a perennial impossibility, as he ascends from compulsory obscurity again and again to bore us again and again with his facile self promoting style again and again.

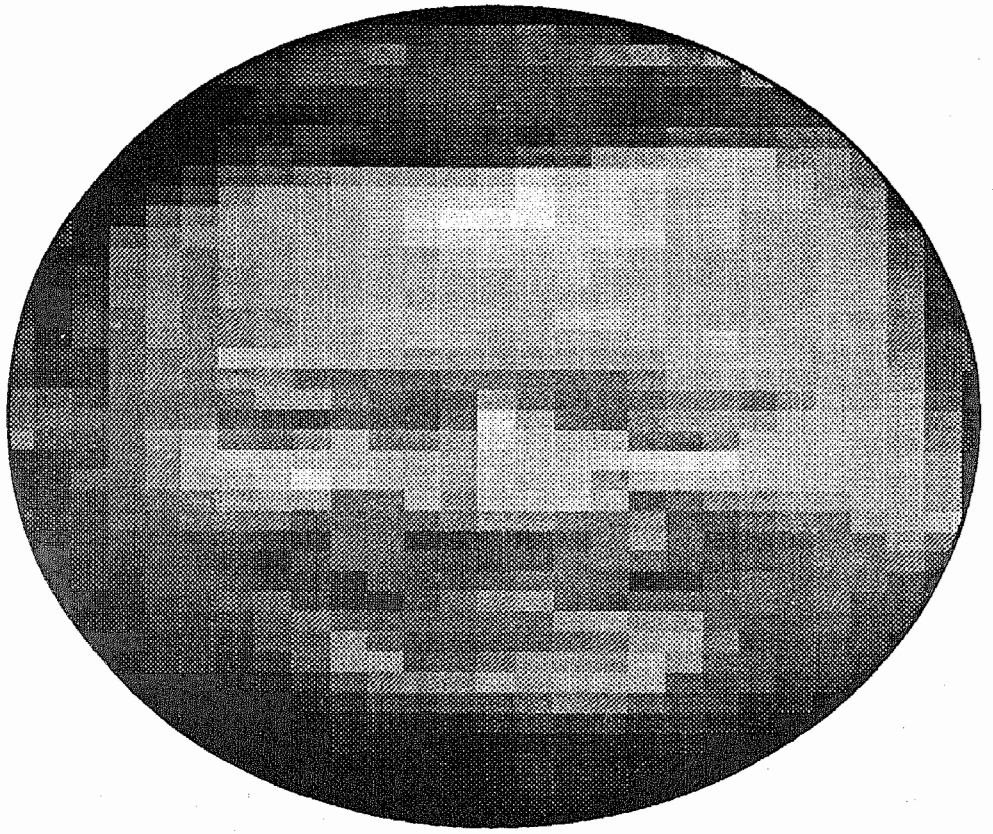
Bert Newton, the man who TV stations love to axe, is back and he's madder than before. He hosts two shows: "The Morning Show" and "New Faces".

The idea of morning shows is not a new one. "A Touch of Elegance" was among the most well known until it, like Bertie Beetle invariably always does, is given the proverbial chop. Albeit that, we no longer have "Elegance", "Adelaide Today" with Jan Beasley and "AM Adelaide" with Ann Wills and Steve Whittam are palpable evidence of their continued viewership. And, of course, there is "The Morning Show". What Bert fails to acknowledge is that television chat shows are about two way communication and not about driving a semi-trailer down a narrow one way street. He is completely overbearing in his style, blubbing on meaninglessly at 300 words per minute, obtrusively interrupting his guests and promoting himself simultaneously. These talents seem more appropriate in a bid for Parliament.

In television terms, it is of a calibre similar to Oprah Winfrey. To paraphrase an 'interview' (I use the term advisedly) she did with Shirl' (Shirley Maclaine) as she liked to call her: "Oh, yes. I remember reading your book when it was paperback. I only remember because it was at the same time I was doing filming for 'Purple (The Colour Purple)."

Shirl' quite rightly in the 'interview' gave Oprah the up yours body language technique, saying "This is what I think of your question." None of Bert's guests to my knowledge have engaged in such painfully necessary behaviour as yet, rather drowning pathetically in a maelstrom of self aggrandisement at the expense of actually effectively promoting their products, production, etc.

If that's not enough, Moonface's persona does not change at the helm of 'New Faces', a program that he hosted once before. The notion of giving young, upcoming Australian talent a break is an excellent one, but the necessity then to drag out one of Australia's oldest, annoying and talentless faces to govern proceedings, when he failed so miserably in his last effort, is as bizarre as the popularity of Mariah 'Boring as a Chickpea' Carey. Although this is in keeping with his splendiferous hosting of a midday program against Ray Martin (which was for all intensive purposes a Jenny Craig TV show), his co-hosting the Don Lane Show (after all, if Australia can't produce decent TV



hosts let's import equally awful American failures) and 'Pick A Box', which he ruled over with ever smiling wife, Patti, prior to his most recent resurrection with another boorish Australian drove horse, Mike Walsh.

Bert does not make the artists who are invariably nervous feel at all comfortable, instead relying on transparently vacuous platitudes that have the allure of cubic zirconia. Oh yes, they look like diamonds but analyse their value and you have nothing. The artists and the audience both see that, why doesn't Channel Ten? Sorry. I forgot that this is the station that has the audacity to promote 'Hard Copy', 'Inside Edition' and 'The Friday Files' as hard hitting relevant journalism.

Testimony to Bert's now desperation at remaining in the lime light (I mean it would be pretty ludicrous for him to get too comfortable in any one place given the merry-go-round-type experience of rotation of time slots, programs and necessity he currently demands) that he has taken to living vicariously through his offspring. I was appalled that on the verge of the premiere of 'Late For School' on the Entertainment (!) Net-

work, Bert in his 6.30 timeslot lauded it with praise, advertising its greatness and mentioning his son's glorious membership in the cast. I fear for the child. Could he be walking in the sludge-like footsteps of his father? After all, 'Late For School' was the most clear example of cutting edge stupidity in Australian comedy and was appropriately rewarded for its nonsense par excellence by termination. In terms of Bert, this is a sinking to the lowest depths of the sea of self.

I am really quite amazed at the way in which Australia refuses to let go of those people who were seen as being the 'originals' of our country's television. Bert Newton as an example is probably among its more tragic figures, but his face's constant reappearance is a sad indictment. Why can't we embrace some truly new faces and energise our programs with fresh, vital people with new ideas, rather than absurdly thinking that past personnel who fail and fail again can somehow come up with the goods?

George Selvanera

Union Activities for Week beginning Monday, 15th June, 1992

Wednesday, 15th June 6 pm - 8 pm "Edwina Lucas", Adelaide Uni's own singer/songwriter performs in the Uni Bistro. Free to Bistro patrons, meals from \$4.50

Thursday, 18th June 1 - 2 pm Jazz concert in Union Gallery Coffee Shop. Free.

Friday, 19th June 1 - 2 pm Free lunchtime concert in UniBar.

5 - 6 pm "Fabulous Fruit Bats" in UniBar. 6 - 8 pm "Nerissa Pearce" performs on the grand piano in the Union Bistro. Free.

8.30 pm - late Bands in UniBar Campus Battle of the Bands Heat 5 with "Mojo Rising", "Cardboard Box", "Row Jeff Row", "Egg" and "Soul Train". Free entry.

Any students interested in joining a thinktank to assist with development of the entertainment programme or could offer voluntary services, please contact Gary Steele in Union Office.

Home Brewing Workshop Learn how to brew your own beer at the Union Craft Studio on Wednesday, 17th June 6 - 9 pm. Equipment provided to get you started, plus all the know-how to brew beer exactly to your own taste. \$35 includes take home kit, tasting and trip to Coopers! Enquire at the Craft Studio 228 5857.

Hair Cuts without Pretension Where else can you get your hair cut without pretension, surrounded by works of art in progress, interesting conversation, in a convenient location, and by hairdressers who have worked in the best salons of Europe and Australia?

At the Craft Studio, of course. Haircuts by appointment every Wednesday, 12 - 4 pm. \$10 for everyone. Phone 228 5857 or call in.

Games in Union Bar By popular demand, the UniBar now has an 8 ball table and 2 dart boards. Cues and chalk are available at the Bar to play the new 8 ball table, but you will need to bring your own darts to play darts.

Bistro Coffee Shop Want somewhere warm and comfortable to have breakfast or morning tea on campus? Try the Union Bistro Coffee Shop from 10.30 am weekdays. Tea/Coffee is \$1, assorted cakes and slices \$1.40 - \$2; Doorsteps \$2.80 - \$5.50; Raisin Toast \$1.50; Quiche and Salad \$3.50; Paté and Toast \$3.50.

BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT DISSECTION POLICY CAUSES FURORE

Dissection debate- Duncan replies

W.D. Williams and M. Davies,

You put forward some opinions concerning my article opposing dissection. Unfortunately, the arguments are weakened by gross misrepresentation of facts. I wish to clear up some of the misconceptions.

1. I realise that this University does not require students to practise vivisection in Biology I, at least. Nowhere in my article did I claim that it did. The title "Biology - Dissection or Vivisection" was given to my article by the editors of On Dit, not by me.

2. Dissection does teach cruelty and disrespect for other forms of life. It is not acceptable and it is not necessary. The consumption of animals is also all of the above, but that is not the issue here. Stick to the stated arguments, please.

3. It is never insignificant when a government - be it Argentinian, Australian or any other nationality - takes positive steps to eliminate animal suffering. If they destroy native forests and eat hamburgers as well, they do no more than our own government allows. This does not detract from the worth of the measure they took in abolishing the study of dissection in their schools.

4. We strongly oppose the use of rats in behavioural studies at Adelaide Uni (Psychology I). Flinders University has already dispensed with these archaic and often unsuccessful studies as done by the students and we see no reason why Adelaide University should not follow suit. However, the use of these animals other departments can be no excuse for their death at the hands of the Science faculty.

Also, the dissection of any part of any once-living creature is abhorrent to many people, regardless of how, why or where these "by-products" came from.

5. I apologise for my discrepancy in referring to a "Head of the Biology Department". But we did see you two, the "academics" in charge of first year Biology students, so let's not be pedantic about it.

6. Students weren't told the dissections would be difficult, so why were they told that the alternative would be. Furthermore, it was made clear not just that the alternative would not be easy but also that it wouldn't be easy to accommodate students who chose not to dissect. This shouldn't be the case. An alternative should be organised and accessible to students, but it isn't.

We won't dispute that practicals should be compulsory. We dispute that abhorrent practicals should have no alternative.

7. There are viable alternatives to each student doing a dissection. They are: videos, models, diagrams.

8. A large number of medical doctors and scientists are speaking out against the abuse of animals in all areas of 'scientific research'. It is not possible to have adequate respect for an animal after you have (essentially) killed it, cut open its skin and removed its insides. If you do this, you are treating the animal like an object, not a fellow creature.

9. The photograph uses was again a matter for On Dit to decide.

Drs Williams and Davies, why when a student approached you last week about abstaining from dissection did you tell her it was "too early" for that matter to be discussed? When she approaches you again in a couple of week will you tell her that it's too late?

We demand a viable alternative to dissection for Biology I students. We demand that all students be presented with that alternative well before August 17. We also demand that information on an about the alternative be readily available to students so that they may make an informed and considered choice.

**Jennifer Duncan,
Convener,
Students for Animal Liberation**

Williams and Davies are wrong

Dear Editors,

W.D. Wzilliams and M. Davies letter to On Dit in response to the article "Biology - Dissection or Vivisection". In the June 1992 On Dit was a brave attempt to justify their position. I would like to further the anti dissection position in reply.

The opinion that the cruelty involved in carving a roast and dissecting a rat for educational purposes is equal, is not accurate. There is a fundamental difference between carving a roast and dissecting a rat. This is, that a piece of meat is totally devoid of any association that demonstrates it was once a living sentient creature (eyes, ears, nose, mouth, feet, etc).

However when a rat is on the chopping board it is easily recognised as a once living entity as opposed to a piece of meat.

I am sure that if lamb was served with wool still on people would associate this with a living creature and have trouble eating it.

The impact of this confirmed when a person wishes not to dissect yet can still "handle" eating meat. Dissection therefore is associated with and teaches cruelty.

The opinion that because Argentina causes "so much misery and death to native animals as to make their use in schools insignificant" is ridiculous. This is like saying that one should not applaud Professor Fred Hollows for his remarkable assistance to Australian Aboriginals suffering from blinding eye diseases because the Aboriginal infant mortality rate and deaths in custody rate is so high that his good deeds are insignificant.

It is foolish of the Biology I Head and Co-ordinator to assume that their opponents believe that all dissections teach nothing. Human cadavers certainly do teach students what they need to know ... about humans. Rat dissections teach students what they don't need to know ... about rats. Medical students do need to do dissections (and on humans not animals) in order to understand the subjects they will be dealing with in their careers. It is not essential for first year Biology students to develop such a complex understanding of the anatomy of rats. There is no reason why diagrams should be swept aside when learning about anatomy but not when learning about cell structures and plant cross sections for example.

The supposedly reassuring claim that students are allowed to refuse dissection and do the alternative prac was thankfully contradicted by the letter from Jill Osborne. Students are being forced to suppress any finer feelings they may have towards their fellow animals. The alternative practical, which in the words of Williams and Davies, is "not easy", is just another tactic of the pro-dissection cause.

The time has come for the Biology Committee to reconsider the necessity of the dissection practical and to change its unprofessional treatment of those students who refuse to participate. 1992 is going to be the year that such demands are clearly known.

**Leanne Larosa
1st Year Arts**

The Biology department must clean up their act

To W.D. Williams (Head) and M. Davies (Zoology Coordinator of Biology I),

• Why such a long letter? Why the closing of ranks behind outdated policies? You seem needlessly defensive on the issue of dissection in Biology I. As scientists of many years, and members of a distinctly different generation, your experiences and values differ greatly from those of an 18 year old first year student. Why do you feel threatened by the new breed of scientist, brought up in a community of ever increasing social and environmental conscience?

• Your overbearing and intimidatory remarks to young students scared about their academic careers are now a matter of record. Your personal opinions and inherent

powers as academics have institutionalised the obstruction and impediment to students forming their own value judgements about their profession and its ethics. Students for Animal Liberation, and the national body, The Australian Association for Humane Research, are not contending your personal views, we are for freedom of choice for students.

• As to your "clearing up of the misconceptions": you have merely provided a list of your own! Your second point is extremely ironic, because dissecting a rat and carving up a roast are both examples where the human is desensitised from the pain of the original, living, breathing, *feeling* animal. The human sees a dead animal before them, hears no screams as they wield the knife, so assumes there is no pain felt. They conclude no wrong is done by both these demonstrably futile activities. However, paradoxically, I myself am not (yet) a vegetarian. I would not dissect a rat, but occasionally I do eat meat. But that is my current (ever evolving) standpoint, which I am free to make for myself. The shame is, you discourage Biology I students from exercising their power of personal choice.

Point 3 is itself a "gross misrepresentation of the facts". Two wrongs don't make a right, and one wrong isn't as good as another. Your reasoning here is argumentative. It is not logical. It is a non-sequitur. Unfortunately, this form of argumentation is common in politics, but does not belong in intellectual debate. In Point 7 you reject our view that dissections teach things which cannot be learnt using other techniques, such as videos, books, scale models, etc. It is not only in Argentina, but also in many research and teaching institutions in the United States, that dissections have been abolished. That wasn't an idea of the correspondent, it was the experience of your colleagues and peers overseas.

In addition, the Civil Engineering Department uses videos to instruct first and second years in the behaviour of structural materials. Ideally, this "complex, three-dimensional problem" could be done live each time, and columns squashed and bolts sheared in every demonstration. For financial reasons, however, these tests have been replaced with videos, with no loss of teaching quality. Perhaps you could learn from our experience too.

**Wade Stevens
Civil Engineering Post Grad.**

With supporters like this.....

Dear Jill,

I did Biology I. Twice. And enjoyed it immensely both times, especially the rat dissection. Could have done with some salt though. And some spices wouldn't have gone astray. In fact, if you really want to do it right stir fry gives the best results. But don't forget the dental floss 'cause those little hairs always get caught in the teeth.

bon appétit

**Ben Davidson
4th Year at Uni
2nd Year Science**

LETTERS POLICY

*KEEP IT SHORT -300W

*YOU MUS PROVIDE YOUR NAME AND CONTACT DEPARTMENT, THIS WEEK WE RECEIVED AT LEAST ONE LETTER WHICH WAS NOT PRINTED BECAUSE IT WAS FAKE-DON'T BOTHER

*PLEASE SEND YOR LETTERS TO ON DIT IN THE CLOISTERS, THERE IS A CONTRIBUTION TRAY AS YOU ENTER. YOU MAY ALSO PUT THEM IN THE CONTRIBUTION BOX IN THE SAUA, OR C/O G.P.O BOX 498 ADELAIDE UNI

Letter of the week!!!

Dear On Dit,
(Rhymes with ?!)

I would like to pose a question and that is:- Where the (expletive deleted) has all the dunny paper gone? This would be funny if it weren't so serious.

I'm an affable bloke and when various people have told me I'm full of it, I try and placate them by having regular bombing runs. I'm also a poor 'sole who has a short shute, i.e. what goes in exits not long after, and I should just chuck the food straight down the throne, cutting out the middle man, a la Billy Connolly. I also get adverse allergic reactions to food and stress such as those created by the university environs. These reactions come without warning and therefore require a memory bank kept set aside for strategic loo locations! I had mistakenly thought that the library would provide these facilities, especially since we have health regulations.

Friday, 28th May, I called into the refecca to get a bite after 3.5 hours straight and consumed a luke-cold cup of soup and hot one of chips. I then went to the library for some late research and trouble struck within the hour. Hearing nature call, I went to the nearest male/handicapped toilet on the top floor but found it devoid of date roll. I then zipped down the staircase to the second floor but could not find a loo, so after 2 minutes headed down to the bottom floor to a known site and the first cubicle had no paper and neither did all the others!

Out I went and skidded to a standstill in another loo location and, you guessed it, no paper again. Now, in desperation, I drag out the library map and discovered that there was no student-accessible male toilet on the 2nd floor anyway and headed off for the dunnies in the far corner nearest to Torrens. No phuken paper there either! I began to wonder what devious plot was afoot to prevent me from answering nature's call in emptying my innards and then being able to cleanup afterwards.

In agony, I raced to the top floor as the pressure on my fundamental orifice was building to a crescendo, and headed for the dunnies nearest the bag room and there is absolutely no f'n need to repeat myself, the bluddy shisers were devoid of anything remotely resembling paper. I couldn't even use recycled paper hand towel because the loos have those highly inefficient hot air machines which add to our global problems. In sheer panic, as it is getting near closing time, I headed for the last known small rooms in the library, being those next to reference section and lo and behold, *no paper!*

By this time I was ashen and weak at the knees, tempted to find some hole to die in when I remembered vaguely seeing some 3 squares of date scraper lying on the floor outside, and then I saw it, through the open crack near door hinges - a roll of sorts hiding on the coat hook in the handicapped cubicle. Well, it only had about 45 cms worth and there I sat, swinging my legs like a 3 year old on the handi-throne coz it's so high above the floor, and I bleated a painful sigh as the pressure reached equilibrium. As there was not enough paper for the job, I had to tear apart the cardboard cores as well, even though they don't flush too well.

The question is, where has it all gone? Do impoverished students steal the stuff to take home? Do the ancillary staff take it home so it never gets to the loos? Does the Uni Admin hate their customers? Instead of curbing spending by academics who take home all the money in the form of computers and laser printers for their personal use and then avoid any mention of responsibility in the form of audits they take facilities away from the students. As a publicly accountable Institution, the Uni has a lot to answer for. What is the problem, guys? 16 megabucks has got to you so bad that you're prepared to punish us paying customers by holding back the date rolls?

Solutions to the problem! We, the students, don't want any paltry excuses such as "we only fill them on Mondays". How about a roll call every day, you admin

expletive deleted, or I can guarantee I can find a solution! Brown snail trails all over the carpets in the library, leading to the dunnies. A raid on all buildings by an organised student body so that the admin staff can suffer too. I want someone to take responsibility, not the loo paper!

I even looked at the Women's but I knew that, if I was even caught glancing at them, some fanatic militant feminist would have me up on assault, let alone being in there in an emergency.

Turning a normal toilet into a bidet by remaining seated and pressing the button to wash one's rear end is not a pleasant experience. Even in India, if you are lucky enough to be in the right caste, you get an arsewipe. Where's a turdburgler when you need one? I know it was a moving experience but what is the alternative? Carrying out your own monogrammed bum fodder? What about using the lecture notes we take in some subjects? The list is endless.

Yours in disgust,

Handicapped and Shat Off

Dear handicapped,

It may rhyme with 'pee' but if your thinking about the other thing your pronouncing it all wrong.

Penis Trouble

Dear Eds,

Your erect penis disturbs us. Why is it that you so soundly condemn the contents of the "Cyclops" newsletter as being offensive, when a larger than life erect penis appears in On Dit (1/6/92). If you are going to ban a publication for its alleged offensiveness, then those standards should apply to your paper as well as ours.

Oh, by the way, AIDS kills men too.

David Johnson

Jack Hoogland

Lisa Jane MacNaughton

Bernadette Petherick

Dean Duncan

Brenton Gallasch

Delphine Cantin

Amanda Harris

4th Year Mech Eng

There is nothing offensive about the human body per se. What is important is the context in which it is placed, and whether or not the person who inhabits that body is consensual to it's use. Last we heard the models whose pictures were used without their consent in Cyclops were threatening legal action. In the case of the offending member, the owner was perfectly happy to let their dick play some small role in promoting AIDS awareness. Of course men can die of AIDS, but we have already run a safe sex ad directed at males, we thought it only fair to give the girls one too. What really intrigues us about your letter is that you think penises are in themselves offensive. Considering some of the signatories are attached to one this is a bit tragic. We suggest you immediatly use what ever means possible to get in touch with your own anatomy and learn to feel comfortable with that very special part of you. Boys! Learn to love your penis!

Regarrds

Sam & Vanessa

P.S Attached to the right person they're not that bad, come on lads-cheer up.

Norm Barber writes

Dear Editors,

Thank you for printing Georgina Safe's generous story about me in the June 1 On Dit.

Other media reports concentrated on the dole-bludger angle and apparently leisurely lifestyle in a tent while deliberately ignoring other factors. Georgina's article was the first to report positive aspects of my life. It also named Gordon Kerkham, The CES course contractor, and included his advice to unemployed "If you

like sex do it for money. If you like drugs, sell them." Georgina also reported the forced psychological testing and treatment the CES selectively insists people go through or else get kicked off the dole. Despite media releases to the major media outlets, this was not reported anywhere else except in a small piece in the Empire Times.

The Messenger, the ABC and the Advertiser were too gutless to report any of this. Peter Goers tried to mention it in his Sunday Mail column, but the Editor knocked it back. On Dit, by reporting this, has done a service to the less powerful humans in Adelaide. If something wrong is being done then exposure may discourage it. On Dit is a valuable paper. You can report stories the mainstream media are afraid to. Just one correction on the article. A section says, "During the course he [Gordon Kerkham] gave a one hour talk on 'Thieves' where he repeatedly said the unemployed were thieves for being employed and on the dole. The word *employed* should read *unemployed*."

This notwithstanding, thank you for telling the story the others were afraid to tell because it challenged vested interests.

Yours sincerely,

Norm Barber

The damage drugs do.

Dear On Dit,

I'd like to thank the lovely lady who gave out the Ovaltine samples recently and my family enjoyed them immensely. The only question is doesn't there appear to be a contradiction of terms on the back of the sachet? It says that "*Ovaltine Light Break does not contain artificial flavour, colour or preservative*" but on reading further on it goes on to say "*Phenylketonurics: Contains Phenylalanine artificially sweetened with aspartame*". Now, isn't that dandy but what is this double speak about?

Sure looks as though they're a little confused to me! Thanks for the cuppa anyway, Mr and Mrs Ovaltine.

Yours thirstily but now,

Suitably Supped,

H. Amstel

Squid and Greg go crazy

Dear On Dit,

It has come to our attention that the infernally abominable decision to cut Swot Vac was made by two of our "own" (?).

These two students are hiding behind the very, very, very thin and permeable veil of anonymity. Therefore, we have decided that an inquisition is necessary. Please advise all students to prepare their alibis. Anyone with any information will be handsomely rewarded. If you have any information please address it to Greg and Squid C/- On Dit.

Greg and Squid

A R T

Shall I compare thee to a fuckin' summer's day?
Thou art more fuckin' lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds to shake the darling buds of fuckin' May
And summer's lease hath all too short a fuckin' date.
Sometime too hot the eye of fuckin' heaven shines.
And often is his fuckin' gold complexion dimmed;
And every fuckin' fair from fuckin' fair sometime declines,

By chance, or fuckin' nature's changing course untrimmed;

Buy they eternal fuckin' summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fuckin' fair thou owest
When in eternal lines to time thou fuckin' growest;
So long as men can fuckin' breathe, or eyes can fuckin' see,

So long lives this, and this gives fuckin' life to thee.
William Fuckin' Shakespeare.

AMENDMENTS TO FIRST SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS TIMETABLE

Please note the following adjustments to the timetable

Subject	Duration	Date	Time	Venue
ADVANCED OLD ENGLISH III	02:00	27-Jun-1992	09:20	Napier, Rm G03
ANIMAL NUTRITION, GROWTH & DEVELOPMENT	03:00	29-Jun-1992	09:20	Waite Campus
ARISTOCRACY TO DEMOCRACY: BRITAIN 1688 TO 1867 II	03:00	24-Jun-1992	13:50	Napier, Rm G04
ARISTOCRACY TO DEMOCRACY: BRITAIN 1688 TO 1867 III	03:00	24-Jun-1992	13:50	Napier, Rm G04
ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE	02:00	29-Jun-1992	09:20	Bonython Hall
ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE (M.COMP.SC.)	02:00	29-Jun-1992	09:20	Bonython Hall
CHEMISTRY IHA	03:00	27-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
CHEMISTRY IHE	03:00	27-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
COMPUTER SCIENCE I	02:00	01-Jul-1992	13:50	Centennial Hall
DATABASE AND INFORMATION SYSTEMS	02:00	27-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
DATABASES AND INFORMATION SYSTEMS	02:00	27-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
ENGLISH BEFORE 1066 II	02:00	27-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
ENGLISH BEFORE 1066 III	03:00	27-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
GENERAL PATHOLOGY IIID (Practical)	01:00	25-Jun-1992	15:30	Med. Sch. 2.10
GEOGRAPHICAL ANALYSIS OF POPULATION II	03:00	01-Jul-1992	13:50	Napier, Rm G03
GEOGRAPHY I	03:00	25-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
GEOGRAPHY IA	03:00	25-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
INTRODUCTION TO POLITICAL THOUGHT (A) I	03:00	04-Jul-1992	09:20	Napier, Rm G04
MEDIEVAL EUROPE LEVEL II	02:00	24-Jun-1992	13:50	Napier, Rm G04
MEDIEVAL EUROPE LEVEL III	02:00	24-Jun-1992	13:50	Napier, Rm G04
METHODS IN APPLIED MATHEMATICS II	02:00	26-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
MODERN AMERICA: FROM CIVIL WAR TO EMPIRE II	02:00	26-Jun-1992	09:20	Napier, LG28
MODERN AMERICA: FROM CIVIL WAR TO EMPIRE III	02:00	26-Jun-1992	09:20	Napier, LG28
MODERN GREECE: ORIGINS TO TWENTIETH CENTURY II	03:00	25-Jun-1992	09:20	Napier, LG28
MODERN GREECE: ORIGINS TO TWENTIETH CENTURY III	03:00	25-Jun-1992	09:20	Napier, LG28
NATIONALISM & REVOLUTION IN SOUTH EAST ASIA (A) II	03:00	03-Jul-1992	09:20	Napier, Rm G04
NATIONALISM & REVOLUTION IN SOUTH EAST ASIA (A) III	03:00	03-Jul-1992	09:20	Napier, Rm G04
NEUROANATOMY & NEUROENDOCRINOLOGY	02:00	04-Jul-1992	09:20	Bonython Hall
PATHOLOGY III (Practical)	01:00	25-Jun-1992	14:00	Med. Sch. 2.10
PROGRAMMING AND APPLICATIONS I	02:00	01-Jul-1992	13:50	Centennial Hall
SCIENCE IN BUILDING DESIGN II (ARCHITECTURE COMPONENT)	02:00	02-Jul-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall
STRUCTURAL MECHANICS IV Paper 1	02:00	29-Jun-1992	13:50	Centennial Hall
VECTOR ANALYSIS AND COMPLEX ANALYSIS	02:00	26-Jun-1992	09:20	Centennial Hall




In addition to the examinations for 5068 & 4098 on 2 July the following will be held:

ECONOMICS, POLICY AND MARKETING (MARKETING)	01:30	25-Jun-1992	09:20	NRA & B
PRINCIPLES OF MARKETING, POLICY & COMMERCIAL LAW (MARKETING)	01:30	25-Jun-1992	09:20	NRA & B

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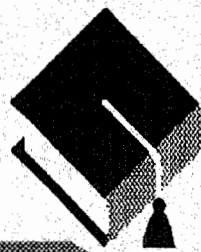
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WHAT DOES THE MEDIA MEAN



We take it that news media help us make sense of the world. That is, after all its purpose - isn't it? The media are the supreme carrier of ideological and factual meanings in our society, so it is worth asking how effectively we are able to construct our own sense of meaning from what we are offered in the dominant, popular sources of media news.

Almost all of the material from which we draw our view of the world and on which we rely to form our "own" opinions is mediated: that is, it passes through some form of information agency, such as a newspaper or television stations, a teacher, or an author. This process of mediation is central to the way in the which our knowledge and our understandings are formed. What happens when we use or consume representations of "news" in the media? Can any of it be taken as "fact" or must we undertake the arduous task of interpreting everything we read or hear?

A range of questions should be apparent about the effects of factual presentations in our media. What effects have the author's own particular preferences had on the interpretations offered? Is the material part of a continuous text, that is, *does it make sense*: by hooking up with other facts we might reasonably be expected to know; or by directly engaging in debate with an alternate opinion? The context in which media presentations are made is an integral part of the meaning that accompanies them.

Let's look at three loose "types" of mediated material: bare facts, opinions and arguments. These can be seen to form a hierarchy of contextual meaning. Bare facts are the stuff of most day to day news presentations (today such and such happened, today the PM said so and so ...), are bland in style and virtually useless as an aid to comprehension. In our headline-dominated media, it is rare that an argument is spelled out in full. Instead quotable "grabs" are made and events are reported as discrete instances rather than as elements of a more continuous "whole text". Facts, events and statements are rarely broken down or deconstructed to find out what they really mean or what connotations there might be. This even before we consider whether or not such baldly factual material is actually unopinionated.

There are no context-free facts. Take for example Keating's recent visit to Indonesia. The facts presented by headline media are: that Keating negotiated towards a fuller diplomatic relationship with Indonesia; that Suharto was less flexible and accommodating than Keating (indicating a relative weakness on Australia's behalf?); and that questions of sovereignty and human rights with respect to East Timor were not to form a serious element of the agenda for discussion between the leaders. All very well, but no discussion is made of the historical context: how Indone-

sia came to annexe East Timor; what the East Timorese thought about it; or of Australia's compliant role in the takeover. Nor is any mention made of the global context: what, for example, is our diplomatic leader (the US)'s position in this? Are we protecting the interests of the US and/or Indonesia, without due consideration for our own autonomy or that of East Timor? Can we really praise Keating's guts in raising the question of human rights if he didn't actually then engage in any rigorous argument about such matters? The bland, just-so nature of headline - or event-style journalism does nothing to disentangle truth from the clash of interests that accompany almost all occurrences on the world stage.

Bare facts and headlines are all abstractions from a narrative whole, and are worse than useless as aids to understanding or to de-contextualising meanings. They are a parody of truth, inviting us to believe (in the face of our profound ignorance) that we are informed. They are not only corruptible, they are at heart corrupt - pretending to offer truth, comprehension and certainty without sustained examination of content or context. The term "reporter" deserves particular scorn. The notion of reporting as an exercise which preserves or enhances meaning and comprehension is one which seriously neglects both the need to understand the context of a fact and the need to consider any opposition to its status as fact.

Given the constraints of space (as well as the shortcomings of fact reporting) our media are rarely the place for sustained argument or debate, except for a few influential opinion pieces. The most obvious of these are the daily editorials, but there are a number of others. The weekly food and wine columns are examples of opinionated features, as are the regular "by-lines" of senior journalists or expert commentators. The Weekend Australian is a haven for such columns: anti-academic spleen-venter PP McGuinness, the left perspectives of Phillip Adams and Humphrey McQueen, the economisms of John Hyde and the new age self-consciousness of Ruth Ostrow. In these various regular features reside important examples of the media helping us make sense of the news (and therefore the world).

They do so in a manner which is overtly positivist, claiming truth and validity for their position via a more or less coherent argument. The emergent opinion is challengable, and rightly all the more compelling if incontrovertible. Problems here are the coercive nature of the text - the author represents authority and has access to data that are not readily available to the "average reader". Also such opinions do not form part of a continuous text: the opinion is offered in a vacuum and not subject to immediate opposition, and immediacy is, after all, one of the features of modern media.

Does a third form exist to build from the work of the editorial? It seems to me that shows such as Lateline represent a break from either just-news or just-opinion style news media. It promotes argument between philosophical

opposites and, maybe, also promotes thought in the consumption of news. "Experts" from several interested perspectives are invited to debate an issue live to camera. This can result in unattractive and unproductive shitfight: an utterly useless exercise in entrenched dogmatism and spleen venting resembling Donahue, Oprah, etcetera. More often, thankfully, it elicits thoughtful and meaningful debate around the seams of disagreement.

The programs, done well, are unable to confirm winners: they are aids to our own subjectivity, providing us with a more complete repertoire of facts and arguments from which to choose. Sometimes the best they can achieve is to underline that there are often diverse valid positions to be taken. After all, truth, knowledge and meaning are as susceptible to the politics of fashion as are hairstyles. This may at least help to formulate an argument against all the advocates of technical, scientific or autonomous reason (economic rationalists, moral fundamentalists and all the other positivists): notions such as good and true can only be decided politically. But it also points to the difficulty of maintaining formal control and order over a civil society that must always be an artifice rather than a product of natural design. Better information and better debate highlight the political nature of current moral and economic "certainties".

Here is a dilemma for modern media whose role is above all to entertain and reassure the public. The sense in which the media have a mandate from us to control the spread of information is achieved because they make us feel more in touch, better informed, and more certain of our opinions and of the importance of our own concerns. Deconstructions which challenge stereotypes and the artificial nature of contemporary certainties are unpopular because they do not facilitate a simple, unitary view; yet popular news prostitutes and perverts truth and meaning. This may help explain why some of the most enduring myths in this country are allowed to continue without persecution by the mainstream media despite the lack of historical or intellectual credibility of these ideals. Although dubious, the British (racist, environment-fascist) colonial heritage is our history and attempts to revise it are unpopular. On the whole, we seem happier to have the comfort of dubious certainties than a more enlightened state in which we acknowledge that all truths are contingent and political. The media are certainly in an uneasy position.

The technical, formal nature of society - codified in moral law and legal statute and legitimised by the myths of democracy and the church is in clear contradiction to a society of plural, if unequal, views of the world all of which have some validity, but which do not cohere satisfactorily. The seams of commonality and difference are the fundamentals of public debate and the struggle for control at these points is the only news worth telling.

Scott Wasley
Politics Department

WOMEN UNDER APARTHEID

Life for black women in South Africa has always been hard. They now fight not only against extreme racism, but also against sexism and cultural degradation.

What is Apartheid?

Whites in South Africa maintain their rule over blacks through the system known as apartheid (pronounced apart-hate). Apartheid means "the system whereby racial groups (whites, Indians, "Coloureds" and Black Africans) are separated". Black Africans are again divided by the government into different tribal groups. All non-whites are classified as blacks. But the black Africans suffer most of all. Blacks have no voting rights. They have no legal means of changing their situation. Whites and blacks have to live separately - in both the cities and rural areas.

Educational and health services are segregated, as are all other services, including restaurants, toilets, bars, cinemas, taxis, ambulances, buses and trains. (Invariably the services for whites are superior to those for blacks.)

My mother, classified as "Cape Coloured", suffered under the segregation laws. One day, in a hurry to travel to work by train, she ran through the less congested gates for whites only, when seated she heard a knock on the window. The station master had come to reprimand her for her hasty actions. "You went through the white gates," he shouted. She answered saying, "That's alright, I'm not fussy." The train pulled from the platform, leaving the master somewhat confused.

" My mother classified as 'Cape Coloured' suffered under the segregation laws. One day, in a hurry to travel to work by train, she ran through the less congested gates for whites only, when seated she heard a knock on the window. The station master had come to reprimand her for her hasty actions. 'You went through the white gates,' he shouted. 'That's alright' she answered 'I'm not fussy'."

Migrant Labour System

In the 1800's, with the discovery of gold and diamonds, black men flocked to Johannesburg to work in the mines. They were housed as well as employed by the mines. Their women were left behind to tend to the land, crops, livestock and family. Those left behind in the rural areas were quite secure with the land and animals they owned and their traditional way of life - some small compensation for the meagre wages earned by the men and their long

absences from home.

Life for the women in the rural areas was made more difficult in 1913 - with the introduction of the hideous law known as the Native Land Act. This is the fundamental law which underpins apartheid. 87% of the land was allocated to the whites and only 13% to the vast black majority. In response to this law the first National Black Campaigns were run by the newly founded African National Congress (ANC). Since its introduction, this law has uprooted and dispossessed thousands of communities from their heritage and their rightful possession of their land. Due to the lack of land, many native men were now forced to work in the cities.

In the 1930's, the struggle of these

women was heightened. Community land was now declared "Trust Land" and removed from the control of black people. Culling of cattle was introduced, and communities were scattered. Many men went to the mines, to earn enough to pay "poll tax". This had been extended when it became apparent that the Native Land Act had not provided a sufficient regular supply of cheap labour. Many men had stayed in the rural areas to make the best of the harsh new conditions - now, how-

ever, they either had to pay poll tax in cash or go to jail.

The men left, and women now carried the responsibilities of the land and family and the role of men in their society was totally undermined. The traditional way of life was destroyed. Values of the past became legend to the point of being ridiculed as old fashioned. Cultural practices were questioned - these had once been the basis of the moral fibre of the black community.

The Migrant Labour System is what apartheid rests on.

Domestic Workers

Many of the women followed their men to the cities. Employment was difficult to find however, because of their lack of education and their unfamiliarity with a foreign language and culture. Through the desperate need of these women, a new industry was born, that of the domestic worker. The more affluent white families could hire not only a general worker but also cooks, Cleaners/Washerwomen and Nannies. Many of these women remained with one family for more than one generation. Some grew old in one job - earning 5 Rand a month with no pension fund on retirement. Discarded when too old, these women were often left destitute, with no money and no home.

My grandmother worked as a live in Domestic Worker/Nanny, and was therefore not in a position to raise her own children. My mother didn't grow up with her siblings either. They all spent time with different family members, staying as long as the "foster family" could afford, or could be bothered to have them. My Grandmother could rarely visit her children. Many workers get only an afternoon off each week - most of their time is spent travelling to distant black locations, with little time to spend with their

children.

These women have carried out their jobs with pride, respect - and love - for the white children and their parents. Their reward is to be underpaid, denied their own children and to be discarded when too old for further service.

Today women from the rural areas come to the cities as migrant labourers, like the men. They must obtain a pass from their 'homeland government' - and queue for hours to have it endorsed each month. Failure to do this means instant return to their rural homeland.

Through the Domestic Workers Employment Programme (established in the 1960's, Leah Tutu is Director), Domestic Workers are being trained in skills such as fine sewing, first aid, literacy and money handling. After 30 years they are still fighting for pension schemes, reasonable living wages and paid annual leave.

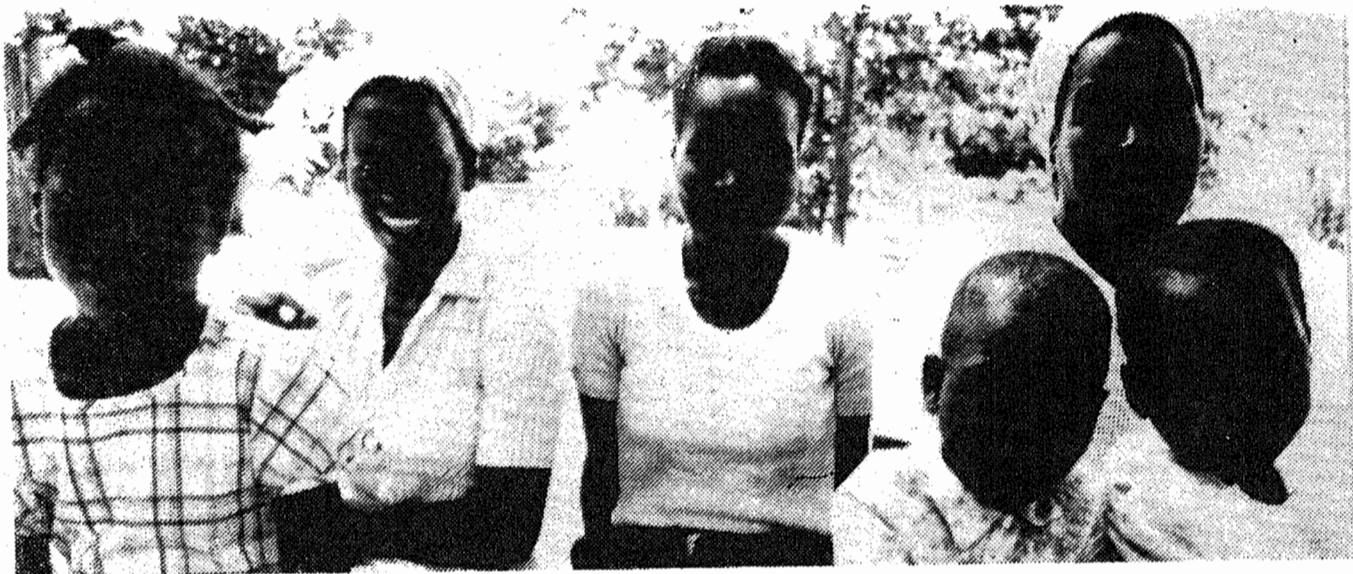
Status of Black Women in South Africa

Regardless of her age a black woman in South Africa is usually addressed as "girl". They are legally classified as "minors". Needing Male permission for anything official - if there is no father or husband, her son is then given authority over her.

Education

Black women have long struggled against oppressive social, cultural, economic political and educational barriers.

Education is expensive and many black families chose to educate only their sons, preferring their daughters to stay at home. If allowed to study, they were encouraged to take subjects such as home economics - which they increasingly rejected as an introduction to Domestic Service. Subjects like maths and physics were discouraged. Some women did take the plunge, and



Mandi is 20 years old. After completing matriculation at a private girls' college, she decided to move out of her family home, where she had received a solid Catholic upbringing, to an apartment in Burnside, which she settled into with her parents blessing. Mandi currently studies law at university, fulfilling her childhood aspirations of becoming a lawyer, though perhaps there is a parody here, for Mandi also works five nights a week as a prostitute in one of Adelaide's largest brothels. One arrest during a bust could mean a conviction, destroying all hopes of her ever practising as a lawyer.

Mandi is very demurely dressed in a long Gingham dress and flat black shoes. She is every bit as gentle as her voice and appearance suggest, although her innocence is now gone forever. She laughs behind her hand and then explains that she is always amused by the number of clients who ask what a nice girl like her is doing in a joint like this, or try to explain to her that there are other jobs out there and why is she ruining her integrity? Which just goes to show that brains and penis' can have completely conflicting values.

It appears that many clients feel that only certain kinds of girls should sell their bodies - those without much education and little ability to ever attain a job of decent moral standards. It is often a myth, held by the public at large, that prostitutes generate from low socio economic backgrounds and maintain this profession for one of two reasons, (a) they need the money to support a hard and fast drug habit, or (b) they just love having sex.

Obviously well brought up, educated females should not enjoy sex, therefore who wants to pay a sex worker who lays back and thinks of England? This seems to be the logic behind the fatherly concern clients offer Mandi, who shakes her head in disbelief at these foolish hypocrites who help pay her way through University.

The bordello existed and operated long before the first church or law court ever appeared in society, yet scandal and controversy has followed the house of ill repute through history and undoubtedly will chase it well into the next century. Common ideology, aided by repressed Victorian morals and self-righteous do gooders of the likes of Fred Nile, still bathe prostitution in seedy

red light with the illusion that all brothels are connected with criminals and drug dealers. Places where pimps feed their workers drugs to keep them active, and havens for the spread of sexually transmitted diseases, then transfused into moral society.

While many brothels do operate under such conditions, they do not all fall into the accepted stereotype. In Adelaide, prostitution is illegal, yet escort services are not, so most houses simply advertise as an escort agency. From the street, Mandi's current place of employment appears to be a small red-brick cottage, surrounded by various businesses on either side. Once around the back, the potential client encounters six foot high security fencing, a number of video monitors and an intercom system where clients are allowed access at the discrimination of the receptionist. Three deadlocked doors must be electronically opened before the client actually has contact with a 'girl', yet this security is employed for the girls' safety rather than a means of avoiding the law as the minute police arrive at the gate, all locks are immediately opened to allow complete access.

While talking to the 'girls' who work with Mandi, a sad pattern emerges. Although they range diversely in age, social class and nationality, each one has suffered some form of sexual abuse as a child or adolescent, usually at the hand of a family member. Rachel, who is 33 and is married with five children has been a sex worker for twelve years. She still cannot completely "shut off" from what she is doing and to make her job bearable, imagines she is stabbing her client in the back whilst they are screwing her. She works because she receives social security and needs the money to be able to send her children to school. Suzy is 21 and is by far the largest girl, a size 24 as opposed to the preferred size 10 or 12. She works here not because she needs the money but rather because it is the only way she can satisfy her robust sexual appetite. Suzy is a self-proclaimed nymphomaniac and remarks with a shy laugh that it is an added bonus that she gets paid for doing what she enjoys most. She is also on prescription uppers to control manic depression and exposes ugly scars on her wrists from an unsuccessful suicide attempt.

While all the 'girls' have a wealth of life experience, the most interesting and colourful past is that of Lisa, who has aged and matured beyond her 27 years. Lisa is the adopted daughter of the wealthiest family in a particular state in Australia. Her adoptive mother, an outspoken feminist, left to live in the States during the early stages of Lisa's adolescence and so at the rebellious age of 14, Lisa left home to live with her boyfriend of 16. He decided it would be fun to play "fathers" and persuaded Lisa into falling pregnant. Unfortunately, during her sixth month, Lisa's defacio, during a drunken bout, realised what a serious situation starting a family was, so no longer wanting a baby, he pushed her down a flight of stairs causing the desired effect.

Naive and scared, Lisa forgave and eventually married this selfish young man and together they had two children. The marriage ended when she was eighteen after he held a knife to her youngest son

and attempted to shoot Lisa through the head. When I spoke to Lisa, she had begun a new life. The five children which resulted through to failed and violent marriages were no longer in her care. She had given her natural mother and ex-husband custody, no longer saw any of them and wanted to actually spend some time living for herself and studying. She sacrificed her children whom she resented because they robbed her of her youth. Although Lisa has little contact with her adoptive father, she knows that one day she will inherit a large sum of money, but for someone who can't find employment because they are running from the law, that day is far away.

Business at the brothel is not how it used to be. The recession has hit hard and the clientele have dropped significantly causing a reduction in prices and less work for staff. The standard rates of \$70 per half hour, \$90 per three quarters, and \$120 for the full hour are constantly being discounted to lure the client and accommodate for a tighter budget.

Michelle, the wife of an accountant, who fancies herself as a tad of a socialite, refuses to participate in any gimmicks or pay cuts, explaining that the reason she works as a 'girl' is so she can afford all the designer clothes she requires to attend the many social functions at which her presence is desired. Her husband approves of her part-time 'hobby', as she likes to refer to it, but her children are ignorant to the fact as are members of Michelle's social circle.

When asked if any of the 'girls' had been recognised by clients on the streets, all replied that they had never encountered such a situation, surprising with Adelaide being the small place it is. Annie, a mature blonde, recalls an awkward occasion when her father came in search of a companion. His initial surprised comment had been "What are you doing here?", but when she glared at him with the same question in her eyes he quietly left and strangely never mentioned the encounter again.

Although it is not a requirement at this brothel that 'girls' produce a medical document certifying that they are disease free, all are extremely conscientious and concerned about sexual health. None of the sex workers here will so much as touch an unsheathed penis, which is more than can be said for many social partners engaging in casual sex. Drugs are banned from the premises and their possession or use at work warrants immediate dismissal.

Whereas once prostitution was relatively limited to a certain class and carried the social stigma of a fallen woman, now, though the community still remains sadly ignorant, it has become a very tangible profession for women of all wares of life. None of the sex workers with whom I spoke felt that their work was the slightest bit degrading, the unanimous opinion being rather that if clients are willing to play 'big bucks' for a few minutes of orgasmic bliss with a stranger, let the poor fools. After all, who has the upper hand, someone who has to pay to have sex or someone who is paid for doing it? Gone are the days of having fallen from grace, for now, it is not so much a case of Roxanne having to put on her red dress, than of Roxanne wanting to

Sonja-Jade Tomas

THE FACE OF PROSTITUTION

brought their ability to the surface. Before the 1940's many black women had graduated as nurses and teachers. Many of them continued their studies either within South Africa, in other African countries or even in the USA or Britain.

However, most black women desiring tertiary education must fight for places within South African educational institutions. Some even gaining entry to previously white only institutions. Limited funding and poor financial support add to their burdens.

In the mid 1940's, the first black women doctors emerged. Their example has encouraged many other women to pursue tertiary studies in many other professions - shattering for all time the white myth that black women are unintelligent, unproductive or incapable to the point of being seen as Male property. Through their struggle and their achievements they have proved themselves to be intelligent, productive and capable enough to be their own property.

Black women are now working in all areas of modern industry - yet still earn less than their white counterparts.

There are more and more black women in prominent positions in large commercial and industrial firms, as personal secretaries and receptionists. That these women have broken into a whole range of professions is proof of the fact that

they now expect a great deal more in their lives and that they are excited at their overdue development.

Women's Campaigns

The strength of Black South African women can be seen, for example, in their struggle against the Pass Laws. A pass is an identity document. It regulates where a black person can live and work. If not produced on request the offender can be jailed. Their jobs are unlikely to be there when they are released. You commit an offence if you

"Regardless of her age, a black woman in South Africa is usually addressed as 'girl'. They are legally classified as 'minors'. Needing male permission for anything official - if there is no father or husband, her son is then given authority over her.

leave your designated area. When passes were first introduced in 1913, women in Bloemfontein, Windburg, and the Kroonstad districts resisted strongly. Many were sentenced to long jail terms. Their protest was so effective that black women were not required to carry passes for the next 40 years. They were eventually introduced (quietly) in 1955 - 56.

Once again the women protested. Large numbers from all over South

Africa gathered in front of the Union Building in Pretoria to register their protest - risking imprisonment or detention. They chanted their slogan, "Stirjdom (the then PM), you have touched the women, you have struck a rock". Their resistance was passive - but it was in vain.

Other examples of the campaigns black women have fought are the 1952 - "The defence of Unjust Law Campaign" - women participated and served prison sentences in unison with their men. The 1960 Sharpeville Massacre, another protest against passes - in unison

with their men and the 1976 Soweto Uprising. In which girls participated equally with young boys. The mothers of these students suffered the disappearance (many of whom are still not accounted for), detention and death of their children.

Breaking Traditions

With these developments however come complications. With equality in the workforce comes a new relationship

with their men, at home, at work and in the community. These women now make a larger contribution to the family income. This hits at the tradition of the man being head of the family. This has caused growing tension and divorce is no longer a rarity amongst blacks. Growing numbers of single and divorced mothers have finally won the right to own their own homes. No longer is Male domination accepted by these women, they are demanding to be treated as equal to their men.

The Race is Not Over Yet

Although growing independence can be seen only as a positive aspect of life for these women, it is not to be forgotten that the system of apartheid has, over the years, destroyed many cultural traditions (whether they are seen as acceptable or not) of the Black South African community, and that these people are now displaced.

Once can express hope that one day soon these women and their people will live in peace in their country. But the dismantling of apartheid only touches the surface. What can possibly be done to restore a whole race's traditions, philosophies and human dignities - and even with the referendum, how long will it take?

Ulla Hoffman
ANC Solidarity Group



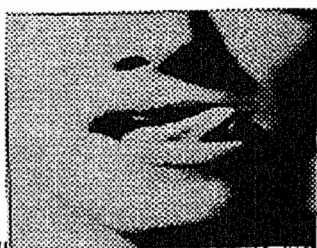


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"I think the first record I ever got was a "Sweet" compilation in Christmas 1975. No, I loved it! I used to play cardboard guitars and we used to smash them up all over the ground during "Teenage Rampage".

ROCK AAND ROLL! Meet Mark Murphy, singer and guitarist with Melbourne noisy angst-pop combo, Ripe. Seventeen years later, the guitars are real but, rest assured, they're not being smashed at the end of anything that sounds even vaguely like "Teenage Rampage". Phew! Our story begins a little later than Christmas 1975, too; infact about fourteen years later in 1989 when Mark and friends Pete Moran (guitar and vocal) and Ewan McCartney (drums) decided to bring their dreams to fruition. Their first saunter into the world of vinyl was the single "We're all trying to get there" - the first ever release from Melbourne's Summershine Records.

"It got really stuffed around though," Mark explains, "It was pressed really badly and a lot had to be recalled. It sells now in record fairs for \$25 or something...unbelievable!"

Not really that unbelievable when we consider how far Ripe have come since. Their first release "Spacesuit 42", released on Polyester records well and truly establishes them as one of Melbourne's finest. I mean, name another ssong with the line: "I want to make love with you/within the cosmos in a space-suit made for two." It was rapidly becoming apparent that this noisy five-

some with their twisted, gnarled pop, at times brutal guitars and unusual samples were going to be the (ahem) bottle of champagne among the stubbies of light beer.

Then came the album, "Filterfeed" which also lived up to expectations with its mish-mash of ideas and way-cool tunes. "It went very well, but one thing about us is that we seem to get a lot of critical acclaim but it's not yet turned into megafame. Like the EP (newie "Tough Guys Don't Dance") tiis into its second pressing but we're not yet up to that Frente stage. I think with our next album we will be. With a band like us its a much slower process, it obviously isn't as commercial. The good thing about "Filterfeed" was that it got reviewed in Rolling Stone, so people are pretty much aware of us. Its just a matter of improving everytime you do a record, we're very keen to do the next one." They are so keen that they have in fact, already started its pre-production. They are working this time with producer Tony Cohen (who mixed Nich Cave's "Henry's Dreams"). "He's renowned for bringing out the 'naturalness' of a band. With "Filterfeef" and "Tough Guys...", they're still a bit too clinical in their sound, a bit cold and affected. So the album should be a lot heavier and less layered, more upfront and natural."

Mark sounds excited by this prospect, which is understandable when you consider that the most highly-distributed album the band have appeared on Youngblood III (for which they recorded "Gaze") was a slight mess-up on the production lines. Pretend "The Ace of

Spades" had actually been written by the three wimpiest indie band and subsequently remixed/beefed up by Motorhead, then you'll get some idea of the kind of 'producer intervention' that went on.

"That was a total debacle! We recorded it down here in Melbourne and the first product of it was great, it was really noisy and it had all of this faded guitar in it, but they didn't like it. We were sort of stunned 'cause we loved it, but they obviously had different ideas. The whole idea of "Youngblood" was to try to get bands on Triple M (Melbourne's equivalent to SAFM) which could never happen. They wanted a totally different sound, so we had to go to Sydney to remix it."

"When you hear that song live, its so different, we were really quite annoyed about it. We didn't just give them any old song either, it was quite a good song, but it was just destroyed!"

Luckily this was not the case with the new EP "Tough Guys Don't Dance", a mixture of 4 quite diverse songs-the second track has even got a dancey beat! But don't worry - Ripe aren't even considering 'going dance'. For the most "Tough Guys..." consists of screwed-up pop, the odd flurry of effects and Mark's desolate crooning. "The Most" has had high rotation on Triple-J until recently, and "In a Second" is a beautiful washed-up love song. It's all rather splendid really.

"We cover lots of things, like "Filterfeed" was heavily influenced by science fiction because I read a lot of that. We try to keep it down to earth, though.

Then there's "In a Second" which is just a basic relationship type thing...I think they're mostly about vague ideas that are hard to get down properly. A lot of our songs are about the struggle of expressing yourself, haha, that kind of thing's pretty frustrating."

Frustration is probably something Ripe understand by now. After the release of "Filterfeed", Polyester Records shut down leaving them to promote the album themselves. Being fortunate enough to see them live last year I noticed that they didn't seem entirely pleased on stage. Mark explains this was due to in-band "tension". Soon after though their sampler and bassist left, and to replace the latter they recruited friend-of-band Jo-Anne Roberts. Now that the line-up is complete, they are undertaking their first Australian tour, which, unfortunately for Mark, includes flying to Tasmania. "I hate flying, so I'm going to have to take 10 valiums or something before I get on the plane. It's just claustrophobia, I think."

This could also be a problem(not to mention a huge drain on the nation's valium supply) when they go to France next year to take part in the Myden(?) festival - a sort of, New Music Seminar Thing with an audience of somewhere around 30 thousand people.

Lets hope they all leave their cardboard guitars at home.

Fiona Dalton

Daubism, Art Images Gallery Norwood

The Daubists, for those of you don't know, are a group of local artists, namely Driller Jet Armstrong, Manne Schulze, Chris Gaston and Herbert Neezel, who have achieved some prior fame for their 're-use' of the paintings of others. Last year, Charles Bannon took great exception to Driller daubing a crop circle on one of his landscapes, and legal-artistic history was nearly made, until the case was settled out of court.

All this comes back to the yet-to-be-tested question of who *does* own a piece of art? If Auntie Maude's despised muddy water colour from the 1940's appears in need of a face-lift, why not spruce it up a little? Or completely paint over it? These preliminary questions are easily answered - the hard part begins when we ask whether the original artist still has some control over their image or if the buyer of the painting may do what they wish with it. Mr C. Bannon obviously things the former, but as was shown at the opening last Sunday, the Daubists stick to the latter proposition.

So, after combing through garage sales and fetes, a whole series of "old" works have been freshened up by the Daubists and either added-to, commented cheekily upon, satirised, completed or completely re-done. Opened by George Donikian (newsreader for that channel which has the longest and emptiest news program) this latest offering has approximately equal number of works from each of its distinguished members.

Manne Schulze, Teutonic, pink-suited and a gentleman artistic heart, presents some practical uses for old landscapes. His "Country Kitchen: Kitchen utensils and metwurst on Pearl Hunt Landscape" enables us to now put Pearl in the kitchen and have her work admired each time we need the eggflifter or soup spoon, "Red Boots" has Superman, resplendent in bright red and blue leaping faster than a speeding locomotive from a boring Bill Hunt/Adelaide Hills landscape; "Recyclist at Dawn" has a little wooden figure of a unicyclist pedal as each sheet of (recycled) toilet tissue is torn from a roll on a Fred Harben landscape. A typically nebulous C. Bannon is improved in "Women's Down-undies" where a large pair of pink knickers is stretched across Bannon's "Edge of Lake Eyre". Take the paintings out of the living room and put them in the kitchen, toilet and dressing room is the message from Manne.

Driller - the bad boy of the Daubists, leopard skin hat and crop-circle suit - has taken the big step of cutting up a Bannon painting and re-arranging it into a "Daubist Corgi and Queen" - with a modified Union Jack background, the severed Bannon makes a brilliant convert on the inherent colonialism of the old school of art and a khaki-coloured seascape is enlivened with a mustachioed Venus rising from the waves in "La De Dada". Another Bannon is used by Driller in "Daubist Row" where the original (and no doubt tedious) landscape is completely obscured by a Dada-esque cow on a white background with "Sacred" writ large in red above. Driller's cutting and wicked sense of irony shines through in all his works.

Herbert Neezel has assembled a range of muddy landscapes, upon which he has pasted random glossy magazine tear-outs and pieces of aluminium foil - peeping through the modern, minutely-detailed fragments are the greys and greens of summer afternoons of long ago. Herb has juxtaposed today with yesterday, but without obliterating or permanently altering the old works.

Chris Gaston (who has an exhibition of his own at The Exeter Hotel in Rundle Street) has updated and added weight to some oldies, too. His "Permanent painting over E.F. Meyer colour by numbers - nett 20 kg" is the largest work in the exhibition and one of the most striking; and a country roadscap has had a (probably now necessary) "Approaching Hazard" sign daubed onto it.

Daubism, as its manifesto explains (inter alia) is here to:

- challenge the notion of "authorship";
- construct through metamorphosis;
- be new by the use of old;
- relegate and furphyfy;
- delegate the meaning to you to re-negotiate.

Whatever your opinion about ownership of image and whether what these gentlemen have done is vandalism or extension of art, they have set themselves an outline and have achieved it. Their works speak for themselves on these opinions - when we're shown new uses for old art, there's no room for procrastination or indignance - it's effective, new, recycling therefore environmentally sound and honest. After all, if one may re-use a good story in remaking classic movies, why not paintings?

But would you do it to the Sistine Chapel? as one fellow member at the launch posited. I reckon it's more a case of *can* you rather than *would* you - (Michaelangelo can't be improved upon, anyway!) a lot of amateur and obscure artists easily can.

Open till they sell out, which shouldn't be long.

Alan Merritt

meet the daubists!!

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN VOICE FOR INTRAVENOUS EDUCATION

SAVIVE is the South Australian Voice for Intravenous Education. It is a community group that formed in response to the spread of HIV/AIDS amongst the injecting drug user (IDU) community and operates under the umbrella of the AIDS Council of South Australia.

As a group, it serves to educate and inform IDUs on safe drug use, safe sex and the prevention of HIV/AIDS and Hepatitis B transmission. To facilitate this end, it provides support and a voice on those issues relevant to IDUs. The provision of a Needle Exchange is an example of this. The Exchange is located at the Darling House complex (64 Fullarton Road, Norwood, SA, Telephone: 362 3106 Ext. 29). On hand are clean hits for everyone and staff to educate on safe use, safe sex and safe needle disposal, while also offering an empathetic ear to any concerns and problems. It is important to emphasise that persons who take advantage of these facilities are guaranteed absolute confidentiality and complete freedom from discretion.

Further, it is imperative to stress and stress again that SAVIVE does not exist as a drug use promotion agency. It exists as a direct consequence of the spread of HIV/AIDS amongst the IDU community and therefore advocates policies intended to minimise these harms. It does this through such projects as outreach work, education programs and training volunteers to educate people through the general community.

Another approach to achieving these ends is by way of this year's SAVIVE sponsored Dance Party from 8.00 pm to dawn on 20th June at the Lion Arts Centre. The objectives of the Party are to:

- (i) raise community awareness regarding the existence of SAVIVE;
- (ii) promote safe use and safe sex; and
- (iii) raise money for the SAVIVE project to ensure the maintenance of its credibility as a comprehensive educator and provider of information and equipment for IDUs.

The Dance Party looks set to be one of the biggest events of 1992. With an anticipated turn out of around 1,000, four of the most sought after club/dance party DJs in attendance, a 6,000 watt pa, professional dancers through out the night, and the most impressive light show ever seen at an Adelaide dance party before, that fact is hardly surprising. This is a credit to the tenacity of its organisers and volunteer workers.

In keeping with SAVIVE's commitment to non-prejudice, security will not discriminate against any persons on any ground such as dress, HIV status and sexuality. Further, in keeping with SAVIVE's commitment to safety and welfare issues, information will be available on safe drug use and safe sex and there will be art work, including a 20 foot needle sculpture, designed to promote such safety concerns. This highlights, again, SAVIVE's existence as a promoter of safe drug use and not drug use generally. If it sought to promote drug taking, the sculpture would more likely be a giant ecstasy tablet or an enormous marijuana head. Rather, SAVIVE recognises that people use drugs and subsequently based on humanitarian principles provide a service to ensure that those persons at least will have associated harms minimised.

If you have any questions related to SAVIVE or their Dance Party, contact the aforementioned address or telephone number, asking for Judy Lane or KJ. Remember, that for \$5 (student entrance price) not only will you be attending an incredible event but you will also be contributing to a very worthy cause.

George Selvanera

SATURDAY 20TH JUNE
TEKNOIR
 DANCE PARTY
 LION ARTS CENTRE, NORTH TERRACE, CITY
 9PM >> V. LATE
 HMC • PETE • JOSH
 GEORGIE (DREAMING DAISIES)
 6K SOUND • WILD LIGHTING
 TICKETS \$10 (\$5 CONCESSION) • AVAILABLE AT CENTRAL STATION
 RECORDS, SA AIDS COUNCIL OR AT THE DOOR • SUPPORTED BY
 CENTRAL STATION RECORDS, TRIPLE M FM, MARS BAR, BSS AND
 THE CORE • SPONSORED BY S.A.V.I.V.E. AND THE AIDS COUNCIL
 OF SA • ALL PROCEEDS TO AIDS EDUCATION AND PREVENTION

See the Michael Leung Introspective exhibition at
 the Art Gallery of SA, North Terrace until 5 July 1992
 Admission \$3 Adults \$2 Concession Open daily 10am to 5pm
 South Ltd supports the Gallery's 1992 exhibition programme
 A Melbourne International Comedy Festival Travelling Exhibition

battle of the bands

more hot sex guitar action than anyone could possibly ask for..

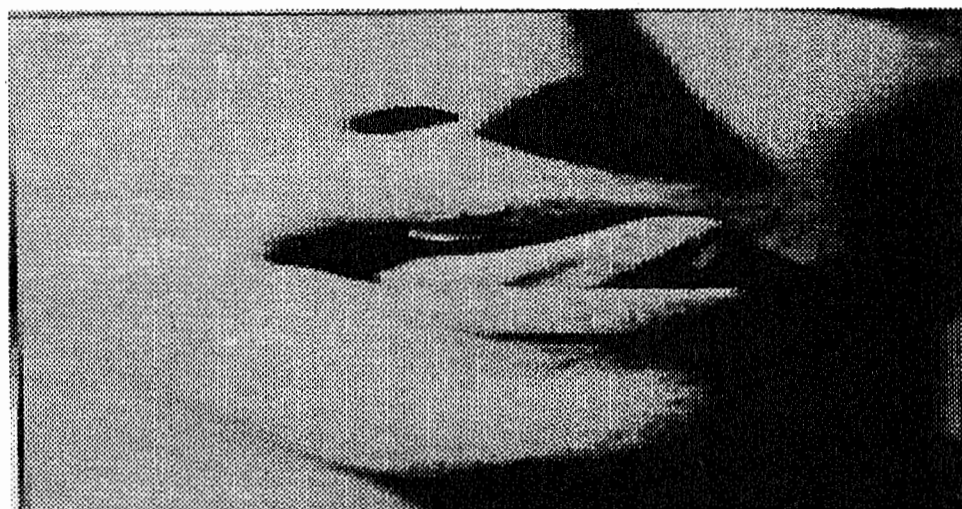
Last week saw the third and fourth heats of the Battle of the Bands held at the Uni Bar. On Thursday in heat three ERG were the first to take the stage. They played "rock" and had all the stage antics and guitar wank necessary for such a band. The highlight of the set for me was when guitarist Ben Searcy played a solo with the guitar behind his head.

Fish Lemon Eleven were next up, all nine or ten of them. They looked totally spaz and sounded even worse. A true battle of the bands kinda band. My only criticism of them being that the songs were too short and didn't have solos!

Finally the Whipping Post who played bluesy rock, long songs with plenty of soloing, and were by far the most musically competent band of the evening and deserved to win, as they did. They were also fond of grinning stupidly and dedicating all their songs "all you trippers out there"

Heat four on Friday night was undeniably the best night I've spent in the Unibar in my three years at this hallowed institution. The first band were the Undecided who have been playing around Adelaide for a while now. They were decidedly a bit-of-alright, which probably explains why their indie pop songs, all written by singer/guitarist Andrew P Street, took out the honours for the night.

The mood couldn't have changed more when second band Justice took to the stage, launching into thirty minutes of hard-throbbing-anthem-cock-rock of the finest calibre I have heard since the last time I went to The Bridgeway to see The Zep Boys. If they ever play again many a punter will be there with bells on. The highlight of their powerful set was a stirring



rendition of Live And Let Die, which saw many a lighter held aloft by many a teary audience member. What can I say - the New Guns, n, Roses only better.

Next up were Madonna's Armpits, looking like a slutty version of Aunty Raelene, they flaunted their bits in front of a salivating audience eager to see a bit of fishnet. Out of tune and out of time - probably the best band of the evening, the highlight being when their smoke machine caught on fire. Although it must be said that they too suffered from the lack of a guitar solo or seven.

J'Swansons Article were competent yet uninspiring, except for a pair of lusty red vinyl trousers and absailing crotch grabber worn by the lead singer/sax player Simon.

Saving the best till last - you read about them first in On Dit two weeks ago -

"One damn hot rock'n'roll band" - Blue Steel. B.S played a selection of "their own juicy rock compilations" and several covers, including Noiseworks, The Zombies, and a Richard Pleasance number. Fronted by the rockin' duo of the delectable Madeline and tuff rock-beast Troy, the band inspired the greatest crowd participation of the evening. Surprising then, that they came fifth. Next week Egg, Cardboard Box, Mojo Rising, Right turn into Beasley, and Soul Train will all play at the Unibar for your enjoyment and their chance to experience fame and fortune. They will battle it out to compete against Stinky Texta, The Undecided, The Whipping Post and Cat Balou in the final on 7th August.

FANS OF IRRELEVANCE



The Fans of Irrelevance (ex-Suedeheads) are a three piece band which has been together for about 18 months. The 3 members, Max Fredericks (lead vocals/guitar), Andy Williams (Bass), and Billy Warnock (Drums) are energetic musicians that have started to make a big impact on the local music scene

With the change of name the band has changed its image from another one of those Manchester cover bands to a funky/guitar pop band with a lot of promise. A lot of the Smiths, Jesus Jones, Ride, Stone Roses and Charleton's covers have gone with the typical "alternative" image. The Fans tame a Ned's Atomic Dustbin meets The Wonder Stuff type of sound. This diversified background has lead to a great sound that is especially unique for a band from Elizabeth.

If you like the liveliness of Ned's Atomic Dustbin (and you should!) and you think that Tim of Mandelbrot fame is about as entertaining to watch, as women's trench open tennis finals (between grunting base liners), then there is a chance you will find the Fans style to be just dandy. I think it is a pity that the entertainment factor is missing in a lot of local gigs (The Eldorado's can block their ears). If you missed the launch of "fall on me", of the imagination video (produced by Think-Tank) at Le Rox on Friday night for the Fans them be sure to catch them soon.

Joel Taylor

The evolution of the Brit

Economics has been the destructor of another sluggish Adelaide pub, The Britannia. Situated at the end of the Grand Prix straight where Nigel Mansell tried to lose his life blowing a tyre at 300 km per hour, the grotty little number had cocooned itself for the past 5 months evolving into (another) yawny nouveau suburban pub. Piers Gillespie was one of the most disappointed when the wraps came off.

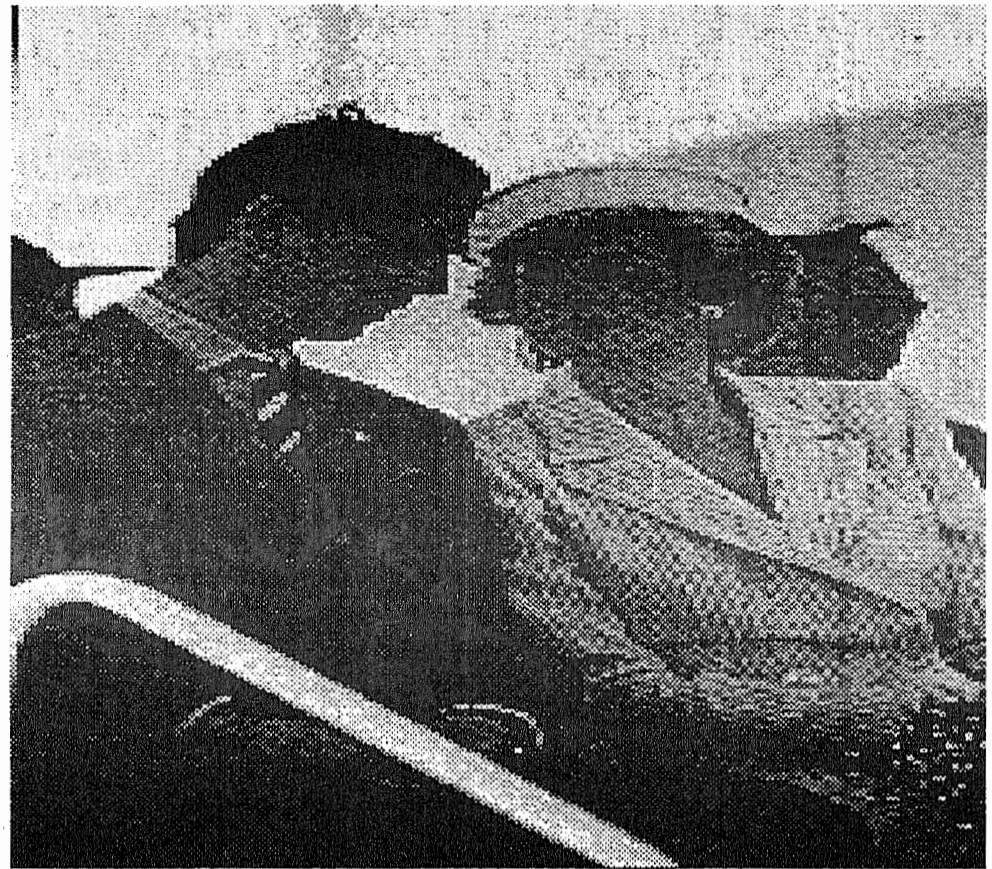
I was always going to be disappointed. The Brit was my local, the local where you grabbed a few quickies, a toastie and a few games of pool and receive change from a fiver, before wandering into town. And it wasn't a special pub. The back was never open, the side bar was never open, the upstairs was never open - it was the front bar or nothing. But that was fine - the underlying simplicity in the front bar was often missed by the average person. I mean, pre-evolution, the Brit had nothing - it had 8 bar stools, one small table with four chairs (that were never filled - sort of a physical artefact of humorous optimism by the publican) two pool tables (one was always free), a 1980 Wurlitzer and cheap drinks. And that was all. But it was the little things that made the Britannia special. The paint like a malevolent cancer creeping off the wall, the marvellously chipped bar making it look 20 years older than it actually was, the special Fonz-kick needed to obtain a free game of pool, the wall board and chalk just in case three people wanted to play pool, the free entertainment of smash-up derby just outside the window on the roundabout from hell, the pool cues warped beyond recognition and only equalised by the chipped balls and equally warped table. The simple things in the Brit,

juxtaposed against a world outside gone mad.

Here was a haven; a home with distortion and early Hendrix emanating. And then there were the regulars. Well, actually, there were only regulars. Not many people ever visited the Brit, the table and four chairs remained unused. Actually, it was quite exciting when we had visitors, and the rarity never rubbed off. Often one of us would, as a gesture of fellow human bonding, crank the Wurlitzer up just for our visitors. But the 'core' remained roughly the same. Maxie, a delightful elderly gentleman, who often squeaked in moments of inebriated joy, Frankie, Ughie, etc., etc., and Pecker. There were more and on some nights, many more, but their names elude me, trapped in my memory as images of sober and alcoholic stupidity. Pecker was the funniest, a charmer in every sense of the word. Sure, he had Korsikoffs, but, hey, the man was funny. And a real smoothy. A woman's man (just where does that term come from? Surely it rivals 'She'll be right' and 'Take it easy' as the dark proof of Australia's headstrong ethnocentricism. Why should I 'take it easy'? Why don't we say upon leaving our companions, 'Strive to excel'?, surely just as meaningless a term ... I bet our bloody current account deficit would be a damn sight better if we did.)

Anyway, back to Pecker. Pecker used to eat chairs in order to show off to the females who came into the Brit. He used to grab a bar stool and attempt to bit it in half. A true sight to behold. The stools, old and semi rusted with beer, croaked and groaned at the might of Pecker's incredible jaw. This wasn't a very regular episode - I only say Pecker do it twice, but my life has been enlightened markedly as a result.

You know, I remember the nights where, if there wasn't a stabbing, it wasn't a good night out. We'd sit there. Ughie sipping his beer and winning Bingo tickets and there it would be. Ninja-town right in front of us. The last one had something to do with an older man (A), a younger man (B), a younger woman



"Fuck you Charlie, fuck you, I'd rather die than go to a yuppie pub like that."

(C) and the barman (D) got stabbed. I think A touched C's hand. B got mighty pissed off and punched A, and D, stupidly, ran to the phone. B immediately jumped atop the bar and produced a knife Crocodile Dundee would have been proud of, brandishing it and telling D to perhaps get off the phone. He complied, and then the two underwent some sort of ritual - a mixture of hide and seek and choreographed opposites as one went one way up the bar and one went the other. We were about 10 m away, with Ughie chuckling a bit, enjoying the show and sipping his beer and playing his Bingo cards. I don't recall what happened next, but the upshot of it was when the younger gentleman got off the bar, the barman ended up with a bit of a nick on his stomach. Things calmed down a bit, the older man stopped bleeding, the barman stopped bleeding and Ughie won

another Bingo ticket. he had a real knock, a talent. At this stage, I turned around and looked at the two guys playing pool before this little repartée began. They were not regulars; they were lily-white, holding the wrong end of the pool cues (it didn't help the warp doing it this way - I've tried it) like a baseball bat, and were in the absolute furthest corner they could find. Strange Britannia behaviour, I thought.

So, I'm not happy. The Britannia has cocooned into a pub, resplendent with polished wood floors, expensive drinks and ritzy chrome chairs that Pecker couldn't indent even if he was stupid enough to try. And he wouldn't be because there is now another adornment at the Brit, an accessory that perhaps sums up the changes more than any. There are bouncers, with cat uniforms, the same as the barpeople (plural). I never thought I'd see a bouncer at the Brit; not working (is that what you'd call it?), anyway. The estapolisation of the Brit. Jesus, we've even got Karaoke on Wednesday nights with KA•FM. So, I sidled up to Pecker one night a few weeks ago, seeing him through the crowd in a corner, another species whose life seemed destined to be taken by the wandering masses. "What do you think, Pecker? ... The old Brit ain't what it used to be, eh?" He smiled, agreed and mentioned something about the urgency of having a 'Pecker revolution' to get back the pub of old. But I could tell his heart wasn't in it. Perhaps he saw the bouncer looking at his shoes, which were hardly making the grade in the new dress code. Five minutes later I saw Pecker walk out the door. The clientele evolution was complete. Pecker didn't look back.

Piers Gillespie

Intervarsity Football

This year's Intervarsity Football Championships are being held in Melbourne in July 5 - 10. Adelaide Uni is looking to take a competitive side to Melbourne.

The team is organised by the AUFC but all Adelaide Uni students are eligible. It is expected to be a great week and costs are to be \$225 which includes transport, accommodation, and the social levy. If you play football and are interested, please ring Fred Bloch on 228 5529 or see him in the Commerce Department (across North Terrace on the 2nd Floor).

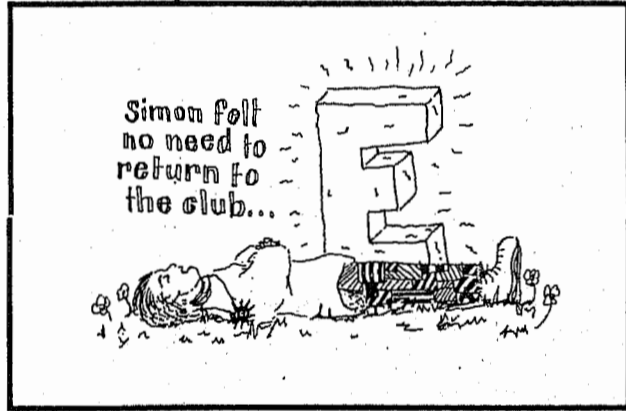
What About The Time Be Brave Independent

Now in another, local band Be Brave are enjoying tremendous success with this four track offering, "What About the Time". A sound intrinsically and individually their own (which today is not to be taken for granted), the influences of Hunters and Collectors and others are there.

The EP was worked at Sing Sing - and it shows - a sound more melodic and deeper whilst generally retaining its aggressive roots. Indeed, the only effort perhaps too full is the anthemish "Find My Way Alone". However, the other three songs more than make up for it - "Burn Like the Sun", a strongly played song with terrifically morose undertones. "Find My Way Alone" accentuates and exploits Brandwood's vocals well and Hastings aggression is prevalent. Hastings comes into his own for the drum dominated "Bring the Rifle", the song played more on the J's than the other 'in' band at the moment, Frente. It is this song which makes the CD - a quirky, happy effort on Triple A rotation for the past few months.

Be Brave nationally are slowly getting the recognition they deserve - with the imminent release of the Mandelbrot's first real effort, it will be unsurprising yet again when the local commercial stations fail to recognise something other interstate stations have been aware of for years.

Piers Gillespie



Love the Life Bass Culture featuring Geena

Fully two years after Deee-Lite introduced the world to some groovy dance vibes with wonderful pseudo-hippy lyrics, along comes Australian band "Bass Culture" who try to do much the same thing. But they don't do it very well. The vocals are insipid and the electric piano sound is *rather* irritating.

This release could have been a complete waste if it wasn't for the inclusion of the Rave Edit. It's actually quite good. And quite danceable-something to get up and shake your buns too. It features that extraordinary techno sound, the one that sounds like some poor keyboard is getting the crap belted out of it. Is this to be the trademark sound of dance music for this year? It looks likely. Enjoy it while it lasts.

David Mills

Rebirth of the Cool Dorian Mode EMI

Whoever marketed this should be shot. It looks crap. Moody black and white photos with broody jazz musician and black model ... blah blah blah etc. I had never heard of Dorian Mode before this album, which may suggest that it is not exactly aimed at the 'young adult/tertiary student' type market. Besides that, it is really not bad. Most of the songs sound really good, especially 'A Junkie for the Groove' and 'Slave

to the Rythm' (yes, the same one as Grace Jones did!). The instrumentation is fantastic and Dorian sings well. 'Let's Fly Away' is one weak track but we can always skip that using our fantastic CD technology. Unfortunately, the people who would most enjoy this probably do not read On Dit (sorry for generalising), so there's not much point going on really, is there ...

Damien Spry

What Are We Gonna Do? Dramarama Festival

Is Ringo Starr or George Harrison on this album? No, but this song has quite feasibly ripped off every Beatles riff ever created, and melded them together and crammed them into 3 minutes.

Tim Neill

Clunk Frente White Label

For "Clunk" substitute "float". This EP from Melbourne band Frente doesn't hit the ground at all. Instead, Angie Hart's amazing voice soars, sinks and shimmies groovily through the five songs on the CD. After the raw, fresh feel of "Whirled" (Frente's debut EP), "Clunk" certainly has a slightly more produced, mature sound to it. This has no doubt helped the band along the road to commercial success, but has also enhanced rather than compromised Frente's unique musical style. This is real bop-around-the-lounge-room-watering-the-flowers music. It's cute, it's hopeful, it's happy, it's very nice and I liked it a lot.

The four members of Frente all work very well together and the single from "Clunk", 'Ordinary Angels', showcases their increasingly identifiable sound. But don't be fooled by the catchy (even fluffy) melodies on "Clunk". None of the lyrics are of the "Oh-baby-read-my-lips-pretentious-crap" variety. Instead, these are intelligent and thoughtful songs. This band is well on the way to huge international fame and stardom, but they retain their individuality. What talent! What class! Buy "Clunk". Wait for their album then buy that too. While you're at it, buy "Whirled". This is a rave review.

Madeleine Shaw

I Don't Want to Live Without You Gregg Trip EMI

How'd ya be. You release a couple of singles, you're flying high and your bloody name is spelt wrong on the album cover. A real fucking confidence booster. Gregg Trip or Tripp, which is it! Since we are all in a ball of confusion, we'll call him "Tripper". Tripper, the man with the Beatles look and the fucked-up music. Track 1 "I Don't Want to Live Without You" lets him down badly. It's about as original as slice bread. Let me describe it to you. Chris Deburg's vocals meets Roxette's beat in a bar one night. After getting severely loaded, they head back to Roxies' place for a quiet evening of drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll and the rest is history. The end result being "I Don't Want to Live Without You". And it's from here Tripper gets his tag. I'm sure Tripp is short for Tripping or Tripped Out. Remember the words "shaves as close as a blade or your money back"? Well, Track 2, on Tripper's cassette, shaves as close to the Beatles as Liverpool,

and I want my money back.

"Don't Throw Her Love Away" is a bouncy Beatles-like tune and is better than the first, but it still ain't too good.

By now you're wondering why you haven't heard of Tripper or why he doesn't get any airplay, but the reasons are simple. "I Don't Want to Live Without you" is shitty and "Don't Throw Her Love Away" ain't much better.

The Hitman

Double Eclipse Hardline MCA EP

I'm sorry. I've failed you. Here I am setting myself up as some kind of authority on music and yet I can't supply you with any real insight into this CD.

The truth is I really can't differentiate between these four tracks by unknown American band, Hardline. As good ole, kick-butt, head-thrashin' rock 'n' roll/heavy metal/hard core/utter garbage, these four tracks merge into one indistinguishable meta-grind. And it's boring. What more can I say?

Only that the second track "Hot Cherie" (presumably a song about a woman who's stayed out in the sun too long) momentarily breaks the mold. It starts out with some slow and sensitive orchestral music which goes for at least fifteen seconds before the crap starts up again.

But these are fun people! The first song "Takin' Me Down" (whorr! Sounds a bit like a blowjob) opens with the line: "Mama always said you were a bad girl". Kind of makes you want to cry. I wish I'd listened to my mother and become a dentist.

This is just too hard.

Nick Smith

Four Songs Live Radioactive EP

"Live" - is that the name of the band or the state of the music? Oh, thank the Good Lord for the glorious gift of ambiguity!

Well, "Live" is the name of the band (cute, huh?) but fortunately the mental grappling for slippery meaning doesn't end there. As the listener eagerly progresses through "Four Songs" (no ambiguity there - talk about frustrated expectations!), the questions begin to pile up: the titles of the songs challenge and disturb: "Good Pain" - what does it feel like, "Heaven Wore a Shirt" - what colour and where can I buy one? and "Operation Spirit" - what the fuck is it going on about? (There is a fourth song called "Negation" but the title is sufficiently interesting for me to remark upon.) But that's the attraction of Great Art, always keeping the grey matter pulsing furiously.

But if you don't feel up to some sort of intellectual pursuit, then maybe you can just listen to the music. Which is actually pretty good. It sounds like a cross between REM and Pearl Jam. The songs are strong and varied with good drum and guitar work. And the singer's voice is clear and emotive. It's well worth a listen. But don't take my word for it. Tune in to [] which is currently thrashing "Operation Spirit" like corporal punishment is going out of style (isn't it great?). Anyway, Live - unequivocally good. Probably sound great live, too.

Nick Smith

**Divine Madness
Madness
Virgin**

Absolutely brilliant, go and buy this album today, it's neat! Twenty two songs including 'Baggy Trousers', 'House of Fun', 'Our House' and heaps of other songs. Fantastic! If you haven't got all the madness stuff already go out and buy this compilation.

Tim Neill

**The Meaning of Life
Peter Wells
Mushroom**

What we have here is the ultimate sordid Sunday Morning record. It's the record that for most of the part simply drifts in and out of sleep in fleeting bursts of semi-lucid consciousness. Finally, it prises open its sleep gummed eyes and peers at the clock and promptly falls back to sleep and dreams about how good it would have been to be a member of Led Zep. A few hours later it decides to get up and move. Out plop all its hideous appendages, yet still only manages to muster the grace of an invalid pensioner in the early stages of recovering from a hip replacement. It then waddles and stumbles into oblivion. There's really not much else to it.

Rohan Thompson

**The Majesty of Rock/The Majesty of
Rock 3 track CD Single
Spinal Tap
MCA/BMG**

The Majesty of Rock is arguably the funniest single I've heard all year, if you have a spare five dollars go out and grab it, but don't bother with the 3 track CD single, the extra two tracks are not really worth it, they aren't very good at all. One is the song, 'Stinkin' Up the Great Outdoors' which is absolutely appalling, and the other track is an interview which is neither funny or clever.

Tim Neill

**Romeo & Juliet (featuring the wild
pair)
Stacy Earl
BMG**

If you haven't anything nice to say, don't say anything at all!

Tim Neill

**Priest = Aura
The Church
Mushroom Records
1992**

It is always a shame to see a band that has produced a few good albums start to go down the tube, for it appears that this is The Church's fate. This album was nothing near the standard of their previous work and doesn't really have much to offer when compared with a lot of other music around at the moment. Most of the songs feel lifeless, and as though not much energy and enthusiasm was put into them when recording. However, the record does have about three songs which are quite good, the most notable being their single 'Ripple'. Unfortunately, this album is by no means an indication of The Church's potential.

Tim Neill

**The Life of Riley
The Lightning Seeds
Virgin Records
Single**

Ian Broudie's project, *The Lightning Seeds*, remains the best example of warm, fuzzy synthesised pop. The delightful and floaty sounds produced on *Cloudcuckooland* have been replicated in Broudie's latest release which features typically catchy and warm lyrics:-

I'll be the guiding light
Swim to me through stars that shine out
and call to the sleeping world as they fall to earth.
Better though, to not buy this, but wait for the album instead.

David Raftery

**Trouble Time
Tinsley Ellis**

Just say you have yokel cousins who live in the country. And let's say some diabolical twist of fate dictates that you must live with them for a month. Chances are in that time they will drag you along to a hoedown barn dance. And although you drag your feet and whine, you end up having a thigh-slapping, yaa-hoo of a good time because the band is quite good at what they do.

Or, say, you stumble into one of those crowded, smoky nightclubs in which some singer cries their heart out about life, love and how "She done me wrong". Tinsley Ellis could front the band in both these situations, as his work blends Blues and Country music quite satisfactorily. His vocals are gruff and raw and his guitar work is, at its best, sublime. It doesn't soar and scream; Ellis generally resists the temptation to be a guitar hero.

The Bluesy numbers on "Trouble Time" are reminiscent of what Gary Moore has been doing on his last two albums, particularly evident on "Sign of the Blues". The instrumentation is tight, with some powerful drumming and good (sparing) use of brass. But the inclusion of organ on one particularly *bizarre* track, "The Big Chicken" produces a tacky, tinny feel that is out of place on the album. It is an *embarrassing* song to listen to.

But apart from the one glitch, "Trouble Time" is a worthwhile platter. More pleasant than painful. Onya, Tinsley.

David Mills

**Dare to Dream
Yanni
BMG**

My God, but Yanni's an amazing beast. The rather large close up on the front of this album brought bizarre ideas of a modern day, male Nana Mouskouri into my feeble mind. His hair is such that it compels me to cut all mine off, and there's a furry mutant garden pest hovering on his upper lip, just begging to be Baygon-ed. I just had to find out what such an exotic creature sounded like.

Lovingly, I withdrew the insert, and browsed through the credits. Hmm. Composed by Yanni. Produced by Yanni. Engineered by Yanni. Recorded at Yanni's private studio. World domination by Yanni. I wouldn't be surprised if he took that bloody photo on the front himself!

Still trembling, I placed the CD (with the word "Yanni" emblazoned on it in large electric blue letters) into the player. I pressed play. Out came a tinkly piano instrumental, the warm (well, played) piano sounds sitting rather uncomfortably with synthesised and programmed sections more appropriately produced for a computer game. And then another one. Then it dawned on me. Yanni makes elevator music! No

bloody vocals at all. I was robbed! Anyway, the most exciting piece on this hour of pathological banality is 'Aria', simply because it has vocals (no, not Yanni!) and was used for a British Airlines TV ad. Blame that one on Malcolm McLaren. If you wish to write to Yanni (to ask him to specify the point mutation that lead to his moustache, perhaps), you can write to him via PO Box 4307, Los Angeles, CA 90078. Someone send him a fuzzbox!

DJK

**Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Conductor: Janos Furst
Soloist: Patrick Power (tenor)
with the Graduate Singers
Adelaide Town Hall**

Here's a tip for all you young, up and coming revival bands. If you can't afford the proper costumes, hairstyles, instruments, amplifiers, etc., then revive a band which:- has never toured Australia; has never been seen on television in Australia; and is, in fact, a composite of many different bands, allowing you to wear the same costumes for each of them. This sort of revival allows you to probe beyond the twenty or so years of living musical memory and even venture as far as a non-English speaking band. However, one thing you do sacrifice is image, forcing people to actually listen to the music - immediately, reducing your income earning potential by ninety per cent.

Well, let's face it. The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra has a pretty boring image. They didn't change their costumes once for the entire evening, even though they included acts from three different countries and three different centuries. The audience were all wearing really nice clothes which didn't lend themselves to perspiration and the seats were arranged so that there were no large spaces of bare floor. This 'Blast from the Past' was strictly a sit-down affair, even though one piece was titled "Lachian Dances" (perhaps the word 'dances' is used much the same as the word 'races', where people get dressed up in their best clothes to watch other creatures race. Soon the people have heart attacks through lack of exercise and later complain when their new pacemakers prevent them from entering the 'races' again.) We did spot one guy in a tuxedo quite close to the orchestra who had some spare floor to himself. He had decided to move to the groove, very nearly bopped till he dropped and had his clothes wet with sweat. We all appreciated the way he got into it, what with the way he waved that cute little white stick, the musicians responded well to his enthusiasm and we gave him a huge applause at the end. I hope he comes to more concerts.

The first half of the program was taken up by two pieces of Haydn. The Te Deum (written in the 1790's) was performed by the orchestra with the Graduate Singers. It was a performance which had much energy but the energy was dissipated through lack of tightness in terms of balance and synchronisation. The performances of the Te Deum and the following symphony (Symphony No. 48, apart from its second movement) did nothing to how the advantage of a live performance over listening to broadcast at home. The symphony's second movement, on the other hand, was exquisitely played, with the violins muted; it was as if the mutes were sprinkled with a wonder drug. The playing prised open whatever part of the brain gets deeply affected, and it stayed open for the rest of the concert, apart from the last two movements of the Haydn symphony.

Yes, the playing in the second half - the "Lachian Dances" by Janacek and "Psalmus Hungaricus" by Kodaly - was brilliant. Janacek, like Haydn, has quirky, humorous aspects to his music. The conductor failed to bring these out in Haydn but succeeded wonderfully with Janacek. The orchestra played the latter superbly; it allowed one to luxuriate in the gorgeous sound of Janacek's unique style of orchestration.

The final piece by Kodaly (by the way, has anybody heard of these composers? Alas! With the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra one can get to know composers from many different countries and eras. One event gets a hint of what these countries and eras must have been like.) brought back the Graduate Singers and introduced the tenor soloist.

The tenor was very good - he had great presence and intonation. His voice was slightly hindered by too much vibrato which may have accounted for it being not quite clear in the louder orchestral sections.

The choir was magnificent - Kodaly knew how to write for choirs, often sending shivers down the spine. It was a powerful work and definitely one which will take a few more listen-throughs to take it all in. To have one hundred and twenty or so people on stage belting out some of the loud bits was a remarkable experience.

Come along next time.

Shane Doohan

Europa Europa

Directed by Agnieszka Holland
Hindley Greater

If you call not being nominated for an Academy Award a scandal - then this film caused one. Or rather, it's not being submitted by the relevant German Cultural authorities for the Best Foreign Film category caused the stir. Of course, the American media, most notably the 'New York Times', beat it up into a story of German anti-Semitism directed against the Polish/Jewish director and her film about a Jew in Nazi Germany in defence it was claimed a Polish director and co-financing by the French make this German-language film, produced in Germany, somehow *not* German. The German magazine, 'Der Spiegel', suggests the film wasn't submitted because it breaks a German taboo by portraying a Jew, whom Germans learn in school to view as the noble, eternal sufferer, as a comical character, who would betray his own race and chase after a pretty, Hitler-worshipping blonde.

This is not audacious. It is a true story. Agnieszka Holland's "Europa Europa" does tell of Nazi persecution. I guess this story can never be told too many times. Although, I must admit, I was beginning to think it could. Like 'The Nasty Girl' which came here last year, it seems sometimes that virtually every film to emerge from Germany has this theme of 'German collective guilt'. This film is, however, refreshingly funny.

"Europa Europa" is primarily the story of Solomon Perel who continuously acts out of self interest (shock, horror, surprise!), switching sides at strategic points in the war and by doing so, amazingly managing to save his own hide.

Holland said of adapting Perel's true story to film: "I thought of Candide and those innocent and passive heroes who are buffeted by history into acting and becoming someone." Perel is such a passive hero. He's also got to be one of the luckiest bastards ever to walk this earth.

When Nazis raid his neighbourhood and kill his sister, Perel is sent East, ending up in a Soviet orphanage. There he is educated to be a good young Communist - until the Germans invade and he escapes death by identifying himself as a pure-bred German. As luck would have it, he is adopted by Nazi soldiers as an interpreter. What follows are many scenes where Perel appears constipated or otherwise frustrated while desperately trying to conceal his circumcised penis. Despite all this, he manages to get laid by a fat woman party official on a train and, while trying to give himself up to the Soviets, ends up saving his German unit from certain defeat.

As the Red Army descends on the last remnants of Nazi Germany, Perel surrenders to the Soviets and recounts his unbelievable tale. What follows would normally have had an arty film script rejected for an outrageous Hollywood-style happy ending.

'Truth is stranger than fiction' and all that Well, this film is incredibly funny and unpredictable, to say the least. An unpredictable happy ending is, particularly in this case, worth experiencing.

Gillian Schach

Whore

I wish that the multitudes that swarmed to see "Pretty Woman" last year would get along to the Mercury and see Ken Russell's new film, "Whore". Starring Theresa Russell as Liz (no relation, we're assured), "Whore" provides the perfect antidote to Hollywood's schmaltz/shit, depicting the stark reality of life on the streets, where the car that pulls up alongside you is perhaps just a tad more likely to contain a would be rapist than a knight in shining armour.

"Whore" is dealing with an important issue and its release in Adelaide is very timely, given the recent legislation introduced into (and subsequently referred to one of the endless committees of) the Legislative Council by Democrat leader Ian Gillfillan, seeking the decriminalisation of the sex industry. Whilst supporting this bill for pragmatic reasons, as a feminist I believe there are all sorts of contradictions involved in such a move. Whilst attempting to alleviate the suffering and danger of those actually working within the industry at the moment, are we simply validating a (predominantly) gender based sexual slavery, or legitimising the power of pimps? "Whore" outlines these dilemmas without attempting to, or being equipped to provide answers.

Ken Russell has adopted a very confrontational style - most of the film is a monologue from Liz, directed to the camera. This is initially somewhat disconcerting, if not distracting, but the speed with which one becomes acclimatised to it indicates its ultimate success as a technique, and dispels any early doubts about Theresa Russell's ability to carry it off. A more long term distraction is the inclusion of some horrifyingly cliched scenarios and statements. "I had to close my eyes so that I didn't see the hate in theirs." And when Liz meets a woman who provides her with her first real opportunity for friendship and gives her a book - "it was the best book I ever read - in fact it was the only book I ever read". Cringel I accept that Liz is portrayed as a stereotype - or maybe the archetype and deliberately so, so that one can get straight to the heart of the matter, examining the issues that lie therein, and not expending time and energy on peripheries/irrelevancies. Her character, her life, her circumstances are all fairly standard - young, struggling mother, escaping a violent husband, falls by accident into prostitution, has as an early awful experience due to her naivete, quickly becomes hard and cynical etc. etc. The plot is clearly not the important thing here, and relegating it so firmly to the backburner successfully and starkly focuses attention on the real point. The fact does not, in my opinion, necessitate or excuse the inclusion of some of the oldest chestnuts in cliché history. Watch out for the fate of Liz's last "trick" for all the proof you need. Beyond this irritant, the film does, albeit in a garish and obvious way, achieve its end, and operates as a descriptive piece of a slightly overblown reality.

Ultimately, most of what the (politically correct) thinking person probably thinks will be reinforced by watching the film "Whore". Prostitution is not glamorous. Prostitution is often not about sex, but about power. A lot of men are bastards. If they're pimps, they are double bastards. It is not, fundamentally, a film which is likely to contain any challenging ideas for most of those likely to go and see it. (Those whose ideas would be challenged will probably go and see 'Basic Instinct') It does, however, effectively make its point, in a manner which both holds the attention and mildly disturbs. It is a film that you should make an effort to see, and - unlike so many of the films that "should be seen", you come out of it having gained perhaps a little more than just the ability to contribute to a dinner party about it.

Jo Dyer

Romauld et Juliette

Trak

This sensitive, intelligent romantic comedy is an unexpected treasure.

For all their charms, movies in the *My Fair Lady* tradition (eg *Pretty Woman*) have lessened the potential for being engaged with the characters in two ways. They have avoided a realistic examination of the situations they portray (eg Julia Roberts' role as a prostitute in *Pretty Woman*). These films have also tended to concentrate on the male leads point of view, showing him as coming to the woman's rescue.

Romauld et Juliette spurns such easy options, giving us a story about believable characters in less believable situations; which makes it all the more charming.

The plot revolves around byzantine schemes to control the *Blanlait* yoghurt company where Romauld Blindet (Daniel Auteuil) is managing director, and Juliette Bonaventure (Firmine Richard) works as an office cleaner. To give away the plot's convolutions would be unforgivable. But for anyone familiar with romantic comedy the ending will be no surprise. If you do not want to know however, then stop reading now.

In eventually marrying each other both the rich, white Romauld and poor, black, single mother of five, Juliette are breaking with the expectations of their peers. It is clearly a mutual relationship, which complements each of them.

One of the picture's best moments is an impassioned speech by Juliette in which she initially rejects Romauld's proposal, because, among other things he is white and "you think everything is buyable".

Romauld cannot change his colour but he successfully woos Juliette, partly by showering her with gifts. But more fundamentally he demonstrates to her that he no longer regards money as providing everything that is worthwhile. He tells Juliette "you have me and you didn't pay for me."

As a backdrop to the romantic plot *Romauld et Juliette* covers two extremes of French society. The world of wealthy, chauffeured, besuited (courtesy of Christian Dior) white business executives is counterpointed with the position of Juliette supporting five offspring in a tiny apartment.

At times things get serious as when one of Juliette's sons tangles with the law. But social comment never overwhelms the picture's charm. Indeed the scarcity of sleeping space in Juliette's flat becomes a running joke.

Romauld et Juliette naturally links the contrasting milieus of the two leads. This is an interesting difference from American films which have used chance encounters to bring together rich and poor (*Bonfire of the Vanities*, *Grand Canyon*).

This film is well directed by Coline Serreau, the supporting cast is good, and the sound track sets the action off nicely. *Romauld et Juliette* is an intelligent amusing exploration of the divisions in society, and the love that can overcome them. This romantic comedy is serious fun.

James Greentree



The Hand that Rocks the Cradle

It's no surprise that "The Hand that Rocks the Cradle" is a box office smash. It is a thoroughly absorbing tale of derangement which under the masterful direction of Curtis Hanson becomes a chilling suspense thriller.

Rebecca De Mornay, who came to movie goers attention opposite Tom Cruise in 'Risky Business', comes out of an almost 10-year wilderness of anonymity in the role of Peyton Flanders. Ms Flanders is a woman who quite simply is disturbed. After a series of horrific events that result in the death of her husband and a miscarriage, a transmogrification of mind occurs.

In a powerful story of twisted revenge enters the Bartel family, who are unknowingly intrinsically entwined in the psychosis and quest for retribution. It is a case of the baby - sitter from Hell. The unfolding of the terror is a credit to writer, Amanda Silver. The avoidance of hackneyed horror in favour of a more subdued but growing uneasiness, as Peyton deviously asserts her control of the family by turning them against the mother, Claire, played by Annabella Sciorra, is a much more impacting technique.

The unveiling of Peyton's true designs as the story progresses is heightened in its terror by the deft direction of Curtis Hanson. Hanson's most renowned film prior to this was 'Bad Influence' was similarly stylish. The ability of a director to retain suspense throughout a film is a talent. Here it is his meticulous attention to detail, particularly through facial shots, and use of a dramatic score that evidence this.

Likewise, Rebecca De Mornay must be applauded for her hypnotic performance as this psychotic villain. Peyton is a striking villain by all standards; being somewhat atypical in the evil character mould. Her's is a more complex person with her final revelations completely disconcerting as the full extent of her brutal madness is revealed.

Similarly, Ernie Hudson in the supporting role of the Bartel's mentally challenged handy person gives a compelling performance as the person who has always distrusted Peyton. He suffers consequently for it in a scenario that typifies Peyton's ability to prey both mercilessly and calculatingly on the very worst fears of any parent.

On another level, as this film is contextualised into society, however, it is alarming that many strong female roles have depended upon making that character evil through some inability on the part of that woman to deal with her emotions. "Fatal Attraction", "Misery", "Black Widow" and "Play Misty For Me" all stand out as other examples. This is not to say that the films are badly made or unenjoyable. Therefore, the issue becomes one of recognising the film for what it is and enjoying it for that but acknowledging the unfortunate and unbalanced role modelling at work.

"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle" is certainly worth viewing. Fine acting, writing and directing make for a frightening voyage into our worst nightmares. This is a film where you constantly feel ill at ease as you observe the story almost hesitantly dissemble before you, building up to a final crescendo of high action and tension resolution. For anyone who enjoys a thriller, this will not disappoint.

George Selvanera

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY



Both Jeremy Stanford's empathetic portrayal of Buddy Holly and Buddy Holly's music share one thing in common, neither were overshadowed by the negative aspects that existed in virtually every facet of this production. So, whilst this show did provide a lot of fabulous live music that was performed with energy and talent, there was acting that was dodgy, a lot of unnecessary lighting changes and lack of depth of characterisation that came very close to detracting from it.

Fortunately, it couldn't. I had never realised the amount of songs Buddy Holly laid down in his brief but meteoric climb to fame. This show, especially Stanford's characterisation of Holly, helped highlight this fact. I know that most people left the theatre having danced in the aisles, singing "That'll Be the Day", "Rave On", "Maybe Baby" and "Peggy Sue". But I have to question just how much of this is attributable to the music itself and Stanford's singing and how much this was served by the quality of production. I would have to say: A lot for the former, little for the latter.

Take the script. The story of Buddy Holly is an interesting one. Beginning as a country/western singer in the small town of Lubbock, USA, he determinedly broke from this, and by a combination of force and persuasion and refusing to relent, got his music, rock 'n' roll, played, first on radio stations and eventually to the huge audiences like the one that packed the auditorium the night of his death. After laying down a substantial amount of songs with Norman Petty and playing with his band, The Crickets, albeit somewhat unintentionally, for an all-black audience at the Apollo Theatre, he went his own way, with his new wife Maria Elena, and became an artist in his own right. Performing as such, he starred with Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper in a cross-America tour. It was on his way from Iowa to Minnesota that he and the other occupants met their tragic and untimely

demise in a light plane crash.

So much more could have been done with this story. Stanford aside, characterisation was minimal. We learned very little about other characters, dialogue was quite superficial. By keeping most other characters two-dimensional, little meaning was construable. An allusion was made to the band members drinking, but instead of using this as a way of drawing out the characters and issues, it was glossed over and summarily dropped by the script.

Moments where depth was introduced to the script succeeded well. This included the real story behind "Peggy Sue", which was originally a Rumba-type number called "Cindi Lu", but at the absolute insistence of the drummer was changed to Peggy Sue to win the "affections" (to put it euphemistically) of the aforementioned girl. This type of anecdotal incident worked. Maybe the idea was to avoid depth of the script to let the music speak for itself. Well, they did, but only the latter idea was a good one.

And those accents! Horror! Hearing the Australian guttural grunt coming through the American drawl is off-putting, to say the least. Jeremy Stanford had it down well, Andrew James' "Hipocket's Duncan" was good, and as Norman and Vi Petty, James Roden and Kate Hood were mostly good. As for the others, when they succeeded it was good, when they didn't, it was a mess.

Another gripe. Although I know the '50s were a bastion for the sexists, it's the '90s now, did they really have to write a script where women were bimbos or bitches? Was it necessary to portray Maria Elena as basically superior over her husband and falling pregnant? Similarly, I think we could have done without the ex-girlfriend of Buddy who felt the urge to shrill to the world, "I'm necking with the guy with the number one song!" Yeeesh!

The scene when Holly and the Crickets were in the Music Producers office acting "cool", wearing sunnies indoors and crossing their legs in sync, was

very out of character for the show and Holly himself.

Which leads me to another query on the subject of character: Ritchie Valens.

First and foremost, Miguel Ayesa was excellent, singing and dancing with great gusto, rendering a version of "La Bamba" like, I suspect, it was meant to be played. In "La Bamba" the movie, Valens was portrayed as fairly polite, in lerv with Donna - his 'girl' ... and deathly scared of flying. In "The Buddy Holly Story", though, he was portrayed as feisty, bordering on arrogant, eager to board the plane as he's "got some chicks across the border, man!". I'd be interested to find out the factually correct version.

Since I'm on a roll, there was something else that bugged me. I can see the validity of having neon signs and images to signify New York - but having it *outside* Maria Elena's house was a bit much!

On the positive side, there were some very effective set and scenery changes including the recording studio which had gadgets and things that moved and slid etcetera.

The gig at the Apollo was particularly well done. Immediately facing us was The Crickets and all the action going on 'backstage', while through the curtains we could see one of the singers singing to what were effectively the wings but gave the impression of being an audience. We shared the utter terror the three white males must have felt, especially as the audience were under the impression that they were black. The Crickets were to become the first white performers ever at the Apollo - an all-black theatre.

We then became the audience to this show, which earned their shock and delight at our applause.

Da Lingo, Chuck McInney, Tony Mosley and Terri Taylor were sickeningly good as the four black singers who preceded Holly on stage, heckling the 'white boys' after the initial surprise at their colour. When Holly stammered "I hope you like our music tonight", a voice from backstage offered "Y'all dead if dey don't!".

The highlight of this show would have to be the re-creation of the final concert at the Surf Ballroom in Iowa. Playbills were distributed to the audience with tour dates and pictures of Holly, the Big Bopper, Ritchie Valens and Dion and the Belmonts. Introducing these acts was Laurence Coy who played a very entertaining MC.

Doug Parkinson not only delivered the goods with his voice, but he had the image and showmanship to boot!

The three stars - Holly, the Big Bopper and Valens - shared the stage to sing 'La Bamba', followed by Holly singing another song. It was in the middle of this that the lights went out. We were left in the dark with the last chords of the music trailing off. I could appreciate what it must have been like for that generation to lose three heroes who, like their music, had lived so much and died so young.

Thirteen years after the plane crash that killed Buddy Holly, Don McLean wrote 'American Pie', describing it as, "the day that music died". In all, the best things about this show enabled us to fully appreciate this and let Holly's music endure. It would have been wrong for the flaws of this production to mar the music. Happily they didn't, but I think it is mainly due to the handful of good performers working with brilliant music and a fairly dodgy script.

Mel Sander

SUNS OF HOME



The premiere of a new South Australian play by Ross Barrett.

Directed by Joanna Jackermis

A funny, entertaining and moving play.

June 26 - July 11th

Wednesdays to Saturdays at 8.00

Matinee July 4th at 2.00

At the Red Shed

corner Cardwell and Angas St, Adelaide

Book at Bass

Interview with Vita - A Fantasy Richard Piper

State Theatre Company - Midsummer Night's Dream and 'Tis a Pity She's a Whore Richard Piper is a rare breed - straightforward, well rounded, a self proclaimed 'people's actor' (while trying to avoid the cliché) You may remember him as Bob in Restoration that played in the Uni Bar in 1990 or the clown in Twelfth Night during the last festival (he also wrote the music) but Richard's latest effort - and quite a substantial one at that - is a dual schedule of Bottom in A Midsummer Night's Dream and Vasques in 'Tis a Pity She's a Whore.

OD Midsummer is a clever comedy while Whore examines incest and was banned for over 300 years. What do you see as the link between the two.

RP I think its the idea of forbidden love. Midsummer deals with the magical area - what can happen if things flower through magic to have the desired effect whereas Whore deals with the cataclysmic social events it can cause and the death and destruction that follows in Whore's case spurred on by Vasques' lust for vengeance.

OD These are two completely different characters, how do you approach them?

RP Well, Bottom comes from the inside - he has distinct character traits of my father who lives in Yorkshire - not so much a tribute as influenced by him - although my father was more successful business wise. Bottom has tended to be "grossed out" but I wanted to bring him back within the realms of a real person. With Vasques, however, I had to go right outside and come in at an angle -he's one of the most evil characters on stage, verging on the psychotic in his desire for a hideous death for people he considers are obstructing what he wants. He moves in a distinct way -you just impose an explosion on him.

OD Which do you prefer -approaching comedy or drama?

RP Both equally - I work as a rock musician as well (in the band Bouncing Czecks among others) and this provides great loading into my theatre - you learn a special rapport with with the audience, gain a kind of rollicking attitude toward theatre - not disrespectful but a slightly anarchic attitude and you relate on a far more instantaneous level.

As a musician I've played every single situation in the world, concerts in army camps, a thousand universities, places where people's attitudes are totally dictated by how you are with them -if there's any form of aloofness or attitudes towards them it just won't work.

I don't like to think of myself as just being an actor or being thought of as a part of some kind of elite - I'm an entertainer.

OD Where to now Richard?

RP Well after this season, maybe back to England for Christmas but I consider myself based in Australia now. Theatre and music and visual arts are really exciting here. I'm not the most ambitious person in the world - my only demands are that I do good work. I'm not interested in star status.

Katie Chatfield

A Midsummer Night's Dream, runs from June 23 - August 22

'Tis a Pity She's a Whore, runs from July 17 - August 22

At the Playhouse.

**Oddbodies Theatre Company
Carclew Ballroom, Jeffcot St
North Adelaide**

Vita Sackville West's rather liberal marriage was recently dramatised in the ABC's *Portrait of a Marriage*. Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville West had a relationship and this is what *Vita - A Fantasy* is about. The play is set in the 1920's when their friendship was at its height. This relationship inspired Woolf's novel *Orlando*. The play depicts both their relationship and the process of creating *Orlando*.

The writer of *Vita - A Fantasy*, Sara Hardy uses *Orlando* and the diaries and letters of Sackville -West and Woolf as source material. Most of the play's dialogue is taken from these sources.

The play explores Woolf's construction of Sackville-West's personality, life and family history into the fantastical character *Orlando*. The play alternates between scenes of the women's relationship and episodes from *Orlando*. Woolf saw Sackville-West as aristocratic, voluptuous, charming and so 'all woman', while she saw herself as a 'damp duster' (and her costume certainly looks a bit like one) teetering on the edge of madness. Sackville -West understood herself as dual, having both male and female elements. Woolf uses this idea in *Orlando* where the character begins, in 1500, as a male but over the centuries physically becomes a woman. The distinction is never absolute.

The scenes from *Orlando* add some humour and challenge traditional gender stereotypes which neither woman fitted. Briget Walters plays the character of Woolf convincingly especially in the moving final scene. This scene could easily have been tacky but Walters carries it off. Overall, she captures the idiosyncracies of Woolf's personality well. In the *Orlando* scenes the different incidental characters she plays are not portrayed with as much depth. Kim Liotta is good as the slightly ridiculous (and you can't look much else in knickerbockers) and (purposefully) overperformed *Orlando* but Sackville - West's personality is not sufficiently expressed through Liotta's slightly shallow characterization.

This doesn't detract from the overall quality of the production. The set, designed by Gaelle Mellis, is impressive in its simplicity. The doors of the Carclew ballroom open to reveal Virginia Woolf seated on a garden bench amongst masses of dried autumn leaves strewn on the floor. The audience has to walk over this performance space to get to their seats, giving a feeling of intimacy. This is enhanced by the effective, yet unobtrusive lighting (designed by Angus Macdonald) and music. While its not a must see this is a good production which we both enjoyed. Even with just two characters it certainly wasn't boring, a background knowledge of the two women's lives would be helpful, but we didn't know much and the problem was informative. The play is still enjoyable as an exploration of a relationship and the creative process of writing.

Joanne Daniell and Lorien Kaye

Vita - A Fantasy runs from June 5-20, 8:15pm

Adults \$12:00. Concession \$8:00

Bookings phone 271 0971

Breaker Morant

Adelaide Repertory Theatre

Australians love to see stories of their past, especially stories that give a walloping great thumbs-down to Mother England. Thus, we've had "Gallipoli", "Bodyline" and "The Last Bastion" to name but a few of the of the movies and television mini-series designed for us to well and truly shake off our post-colonial aggression.

"Breaker Morant" is just such a play. The tale of two Australian soldiers in the Boer War just "doing their duty", who get tired and shot by the Right Honorable Bastards of the Empire, is an engaging one. A play to make you want to stand up and shout down colonial injustice everywhere ...

Or maybe not. The Adelaide Repertory Theatre's production of "Breaker Morant" didn't stir me to take up the cause and fight the good fight. This is unfortunate.

"Breaker Morant" is predominantly a courtroom drama, but it never gets very passionate. Lawyers for the defence and prosecution squabble over technicalities; and that's about it as far as conflict goes. Perhaps the story really is better suited to a movie - in which, by use of that famous old cliché, the flashback, the viewer can find out what actually happened to bring about the present desperate situation.

To compensate, the courtroom scenes in the play version must be kept pacy, punchy and terse. To keep things kicking along, the President of the Courtmartial is a crucial character. However, this production was thrown into the nightmare situation of replacing the actor to play the President within days of opening night. Eddy Knight makes a highly commendable effort as the eleventh-hour replacement President, and one could not reasonably expect him to fare any better than he does. But the production (and especially the courtroom scenes) suffered, nevertheless.

Of the rest of the cast, John Oster gives a solid and convincing performance as Morant's defence lawyer and Jamie Black was exciting to watch as Lt Peter Handcock, Morant's offside. His stage business clearly showed a thoughtful understanding of character.

Andrew Brennan takes the role of Lt Harry Morant and plays him with a very stiff upper lip, as if he was British officer material. I half expected him to come out with, "I say, chaps!" at any moment. This confused me no end. Morant, although born in England, lived for sixteen years in the outback dunking sheep (or something). There was very little of the Legendary Australian Hero about him.

In the final scene of the play, the execution, director Frank Ford has added an interesting touch by having the executioners gun down an Australian flag with the officers. It's a dramatic way to end a play - and topical, too. It makes a good starting point for analysing this production afterwards.

"Breaker Morant" makes good use of a very versatile set, which looks very like a cell, a courtroom and an office, but never all three at once. The military costumes seemed convincing until one looked downwards to discover the boots were of all makes, shades, styles and amounts of wear. Some looked very much of the 1990s.

And while I'm being a pedant - the fake moustaches and beards were quite appalling and quite, quite obviously pasted on. Get rid of them, I say. Realism is

boring anyway.

All things considered, I could say this about "Breaker Morant": it's not too bad. There are more boring ways to spend your evenings.

David Mills

An Interview with the director of *Suns of Home*

RC: Why is this production special?

Joanna: It's a unique situation because a writer's organisation such as SAWT is assisting to produce one of their member's plays. We are fortunate that the structure of the play facilitates a low budget production.

The most important thing is that we are promoting South Australian writing, despite the cuts in Arts funding.

RC: What is your opinion of the play?

Joanna: My first impression when I read the first draft was that it was a beautifully crafted play. The play has been through a lengthy workshopping process. And I firmly believe it is very much a showcase for five excellent actors.

RC: Was it difficult to cast the actors?

Joanna: I think casting is always a difficult process. There are only five actors and they all have to be perfectly balanced.

RC: How is the production coming along?

Joanna: I'm very satisfied with the professionalism shown by the cast. The play requires a strong ensemble approach. I think that it is quite challenging for actors to work on a new text. There is always a risk involved when developing a premier production.

RC: What advice would you give to anyone interested in directing?

Joanna: Getting as much experience as possible is the obvious factor. But it's also important to have some experience as an actor. I think that having worked as an actor I'm confident that I know where actors are coming from. I would never ask them to do anything I wouldn't do myself. You have to be totally connected with the people you're working with.

RC: Why is this production important to SAWT?

Ross: The first professional production is one of our members. Other members have had short plays produced by the State Theatre Company, gone interstate or have had semi-professional productions.

RC: What is the main theme of your play?

Ross: Self-determination. Each of the characters try to assume control of their lives in their own different ways.

RC: Which medium did you write the play for?

Ross: I wrote it especially for the stage and there is a lot of emphasis on stage theatrically.

RC: Can you relate to any of the characters in the play?

Ross: Yes. I can relate to all of them. The characters are composites of people I have known and I am very familiar with the ambience of the play.

Ross: Have you got other plays being produced at the moment?

RC: No.

Randi Cernex

Mummenschanz

Her Majesty's Theatre

If you watched a show where the first thing you see is two huge hands walking - yes, walking - about on stage, which then proceed to saunter down the aisles, wouldn't you be intrigued?

If you witnessed what looked like a huge brown worm that was playing "catch" with a big red balloon and threw it to the audience so that all of you wound up participating in a bizarre game of volleyball, wouldn't you be amused?

Watching creatures that had faces made from a kind of parachute material so that, with the breeze behind them, they had a face but when they tried to move forward too quickly, it flew to the back of their heads, wouldn't you be fascinated?

If your answer is Yes, Yes and Yes, go and see Mummenschanz. It's almost too bizarre and brilliant for words.

Translated from the German, Mummenschanz means a game of chance, a jest with masks. Created by Bernie Schurch, Andres Bossard and Floriana Frassetto, and performed by Barbara Karger, Tina Kronis and Thomas Pratik, the show is filled with unbelievable images, illusions and stagecraft and you feel like you've landed in the set of Star Wars or the Twilight Zone.

Characters include creatures with replaceable blocks for faces, mouldable, Blu-Tack-like faces, boxes for heads to which things are attached and these are just the mild forms, where human forms are vaguely identifiable.

Then there are the 6 foot high ... things ... which seem to be huge inflatable wine cooler bags come to life! (Look, you have to see this to believe it!)

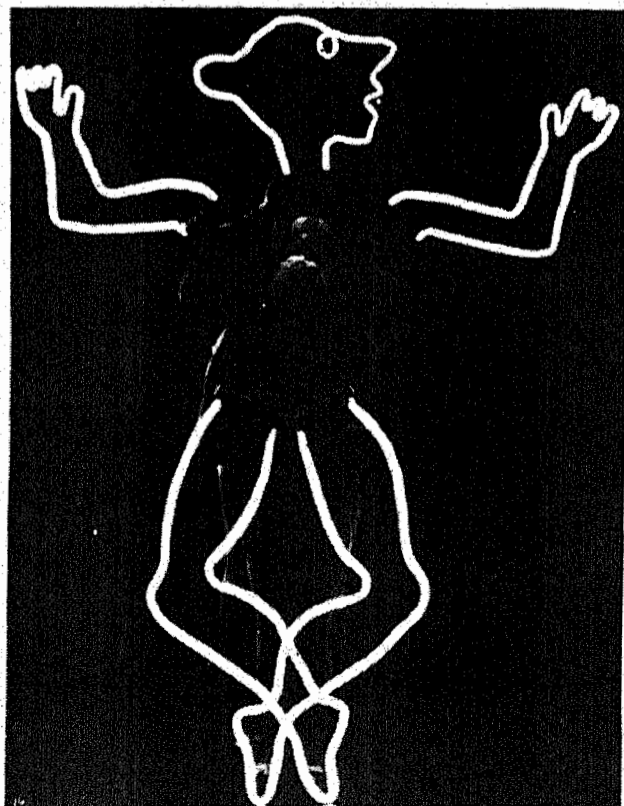
The illusions are delightful and the skill of these artists is manifest in the way a subtle toss of the head of a creature or inclination to the left or right can suggest inquisitiveness, fear, anger, surprise or joy. As you watch the show, your sense of reality relaxes and you allow the characters to take on personas.

Most entrancing is when they actually interact with each other, fighting, flirting and antagonising each other, being shy or exhibiting characteristics such as pompousness and vanity. At no point do they speak - their's is the language of form.

I felt a great sense of admiration for these dancers/actors, to be able to express fully such a giant range of complex emotions, with extraordinary grace and skill.

This is the perfect show to see while your brain is frazzled at exam time because you don't have to think - it's whatever you want it to be. You don't have to agree or disagree because the characters simply are. And you can't help, in the midst of all this visually magic spectacle, but be entertained.

Mel Sander



Rustaveli Theatre Company

The Space Theatre
Until June 20th

Theatre, at its most sublime, provokes and confronts. If done well, the communication of experience from actor to audience is executed with utmost clarity and passion. And it doesn't have to be performed in your language to be successful.

The Rustaveli Company, coming as they do from Georgia, speak Georgian. But through the scientific miracle that is simultaneous translation, not a word is lost. Not a nuance of feeling, either.

This production incorporates excerpts from three classics of the stage: Shakespeare's Richard III and King Lear, and Brecht's Caucasian Chalk Circle. As I sat, I wondered why. Why not just perform an entire play? It eventually dawned on me that this production is really just the showcase of one man: Ramaz Chkhikvadze. An ego trip for sure, but the talent is definitely there. As Richard he is disturbing, as Azdak (in Caucasian Chalk Circle) he demonstrates his skill in comedy, and as Lear he is heart-wrenchingly powerful.

Richard III could be described by all those words like chilling, gripping and thrilling. In a scene which arrogant theatre-wankers would term "simply wonderful", Richard seduces Lady Anne by the coffin of her murdered husband and then goes about ordering the deaths of his friends. However, the excerpt ends inconclusively and this is why, for me, the production was somewhat unsatisfying.

A nice change of pace came with "Caucasian Chalk Circle", which featured lots of jolly singing and a pair bungling dufuses that would make Laurel and Hardy look like really-together-kind-a guys. It also enabled other members of the company to step out from behind Ramaz' shadow, particularly Tamar Dolidze as Grushe, the vivacious young woman who steals a child to raise as her own.

After an interval in which I rested my sorely-deadened bottom, Ramaz and friends presented the best except of the evening, King Lear. O, what an agonizing play! Ramaz' portrayal of Lear not only worked, it devastated. At one point, Kent held a bird up before Lear's sightless eyes; it was a magical moment that seemed to hang in the air long after it had actually passed. It transcended.

The use of lighting was at times startling, and the music evoked an eerie atmosphere that always suggested something big was about to happen. The production was staged simply, with minimal use of sets, props and costumes. Nothing is allowed to take away from the performances of the actors.

After a surprisingly informal (unrehearsed? Surely not) curtain call, the male actors gave the audience an unusual spectacle. They sang three songs in their native language, one of which assured the audience was a tribute to Australian women. My female companion mused that for all the audience knew, the lyrics could well have been rude and sexist, something like: "Australian women, yeah, yeah, they give good head, yeah, yeah ...". But surely not, these are cultural ambassadors after all.

I trotted off home, more than happy that I had the opportunity to see the Rustaveli. If you are debating whether or not you will see the show, keep in mind that it is very much culture with a capital C. And if that sways you one way or the other, then that's probably a good thing.

David Mills

'I, Connolly: Icons and my part in their demise'.

May 20-30 Space Theatre

Gerry Connolly is an extraordinarily talented character satirist. His impressive ability to quickly adopt a particular recognisable personality was a thorough treat to the audience.

From his grotesque caricature of Margaret Thatcher to a bumbling mixed metaphor Joh through to his current infamous impersonation of the Queen, and everyone in between, there was an unanimous appreciation of the skill required to so very accurately maintain those identifiable qualities of each character.

The show, 'I, Connolly', of itself, is not your typical one person comic show, in the way of Barry Humphries and Paul O'Grady as examples. This is more an eclectic mix of characters, Connolly himself and some musical wizardry.

Under the masterful direction of Sue Ingleton, the progression of character to person to another character playing an instrument etc. works most effectively.

In saying all of this, however, the show was by no means flawless.

As someone who impersonates, there is a double talent necessary. Firstly, the person must ensure that they can adopt all of those well-known personal traits of his/her subject. On this score, Gerry Connolly is among the very best. The second, is to actually be funny. It was here that Connolly's show was problematic. Certainly, while there were some very funny lines, much of the material simply was not. The Prince Charles poem, for example, was contrived and his Margaret Thatcher, while conceptually entertaining as a critique on her complete lack of concern for the poor did not have that necessary savagery in humour for it to be entirely successful.

In much the same way, the question time for the Queen was not as witty and fast paced as it should have been.

It reminded me stylistically of 'An Audience with Dame Edna'. Gerry Connolly's Queen, however, did not have that same level of malevolent sarcasm necessary to put down unruly questions or the punchy responses to those more basic questions. Admittedly, many of the audience members who asked questions displayed enormous ineptitude, more interested in making 'heroes' of themselves in the eyes of their equally tawdry mates.

Ultimately, however, you do not walk away from 'I, Connolly' bitter and upset. You walk away recognising the unbelievable talent that Connolly is in a range of creative areas, believing that with some fine-tuning in the script department a truly magnificent show would have been had for all.

George Selvanera.



CLASSIFIEDS

AU Baseball Club

Baseball Umpires are required for Saturday matches. Knowledge of the rules is essential! \$15 per game. Contact Lainie C/- SAUA or after hours on 271 9179.

Community Aid Abroad/Freedom From Hunger

Present "AID - Making it work for the poor". A discussion on the "Do's" and "Don'ts" of Giving Aid to the Third World. Tuesday, 9th June, 1 pm. Meeting Room 1, Union Building.

AU Catholic Community

Every Wednesday we celebrate Mass at 1.00 in the Chapel, 2nd Floor Lady Symon Building. And on Mondays 1.00 we have a rosary, a simple biblically based prayer in the Catholic Community Room, next to the Chapel.

Upcoming events: 9th June, Tuesday, 1.00, Meeting Room 1, Union Building - "Understanding Catholicism". A talk by Michael McShane SJ. 16th June, as above.

Drums for sale

Set of Roger Temple blocks \$80, military bass drum hoop (Premier), tri-colour design \$80. All good condition. Phone Tyson 332 3325.

Drum Tutition

Drum/percussion tuition in groups of individual lessons. All styles. Phone Tyson 332 3325.

German Club Cabaret

Thursday, 11th and Friday, 12th June, 7.30 pm, North/South Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building.

• sketches and musical items in German and English • supper included. Tickets \$10 Adults; \$8 Concession. Available from Megan Jane Daniels on 49 7341 or at the door.

German Club

We, the Adelaide University German Club, cordially invite you to attend a dress rehearsal of our cabaret, which we will be holding on 3rd June, Wednesday at 4.30 pm in the North South Dining Rooms. The actual performance of the cabaret will be on 11th and 12th June. Please note as this is a dress rehearsal it is subject to being interrupted by the director.

History Club AGM

Wednesday, 17th June, 1 pm, Jerry Portus Room (South West corner of the Cloisters - Lady Symon Building, 1st Floor).

The History Club is being resurrected! Don't believe the crap about the "end of history". Come along.

Left Alternative Meeting

Wednesday, 17th June, 1992, 1.00 - 2.00 pm, North Dining Room, Union Building.

Republican club

Expressions of interest are invited from people who want to form a republican association at Adelaide University. If you want Australia to be a republic, or even if you are unsure or just don't know, let me know via my pigeon hole in the English Department (Level 6, Napier Building) or by phone (264 7886).

WANTED

A Returning Officer to oversee the conduct of the Union and SAUA Annual Elections, scheduled to be held in late August 1992.

The position is responsible for ensuring the elections are well publicised and run smoothly from calling for nominations through to a weekend devoted to counting votes. Familiarity with the Hare-Clark Optional Proportional Voting System would be a distinct advantage.

A generous honorarium is paid to compensate the person for the hours and responsibility involved.

Those who are interested should forward a short letter to:

Robert Brice
Secretary/Manager
Adelaide University Union
Level 1, Lady Symon Building
Applications close on 5th July 1992

Wordprocessing

Essays, reports, resumés, letters ... typed and printed on a laser quality printer. Competitive rates and fast service - \$2.50 per typed page (500 words). Contact Julie on 349 8160.

A Dry White Season

There will be a showing of the above film, as part of an Anti Apartheid campaign. All proceeds will be going to the Australian International Affairs Division of the African National Congress to support them in their efforts to keep the South African issue on the agenda.

Details
Sat June 13, 1:30 pm at the Mercury Cinema, 13 Morphett St, city \$6/\$8 including afternoon tea.

Vigil : Tuesday 16 June, 5:30 pm Victoria Square

Student Accomodation Service

(Counselling Centre - extension 5220) Students are advised of the following changes to the above service

i) The notice board outside the counselling centre (left hand side) will be utilised for Student Accomodation. Comprehensive and up to date information will be available on all categories of accomodation. Students requiring full board and/or additional information

are required to contact the Student Housing Officer.

2 A computerised listing service will no longer be provided. Students wishing to advertise for flatmates or share accomodation should continue to do so through the Student's Association.

3 The Accomodation Notice Board outside the Students Association office will continue to provide information on share accomodation etc..

Prizes For Teaching Excellence

The Vice Chancellor invites nominations for award of the 1992 Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching. The Prizes are to encourage and reward excellence in teaching.

Nominations should be made by at least two members of the following groups:

- * current students of the nominee
- * former students of the nominee
- * academic staff (self nomination is not acceptable)

Nominations must include a statement that the nominee consents to the nomination.

The nominators should submit reasons for the nomination, and with assistance from the nominee, provide a portfolio of supporting information, to include current and recent teaching responsibilities and practices.

Selection of prize winners will be carried out by a committee of 7 members.

Nomination forms and further details of the procedures and criteria, are available from Ms Daina Shaw, Executive Officer in the Vice Chancellor's Office, extension 5780.

Nominations should be received by Ms Shaw by 31 August 1992.

Amendments to Enrolment and HECS Liability Semester 2 1992

All students are asked to take CAREFUL NOTE of the following dates and information in order to ensure that they are not disadvantaged by failing to take any appropriate action by the due date.

24 July

Last day to pay semester 2 "Upfront" HECS. Students who have not paid by this date must complete a new HECS Payment Options form and must complete the 'Deferred' payment option. The new form must be lodged by no later than 17th August. Forms must be obtained from and lodged with the Student Records Office, Level 5, Wills Building.

17 August

Last day to pay tuition fees to the Office of Continuing Education for Semester 2 courses.

21 August

Last day for withdrawing from a full year subject **WITH-OUT** the withdrawal counting as a failure. (If you withdraw from a full year subject after 31 March but before 31 August, you will incur only a Semester 1 HECS liability for it)

31 August

Semester 2 census date.

Last day to withdraw from (ie delete) a Semester 2 subject(s). Deletion of subject(s) will not incur any corresponding HECS liability.

12 -13 September Semester 2 "Statement of Enrolment and HECS Liability" notices will be produced during this weekend and posted to students, at their semester address, on Monday 14 September. These notices list your courses and subject information together with details of your HECS status and liability for second semester.

28 September Last day (ie fourteen days after the issue of the notice) to report to the Student Records Office, in writing, any incorrect or missing information from your second semester HECS notice.

9 October Last day for withdrawing from a semester 2 subject without the withdrawal counting as a failure.

REMEMBER - your HECS liability is calculated on your enrolment at the census dates of 31 March and 31 August. Amendments to enrolments made after the census date may affect your HECS liability. Under the terms of the Higher Education Funding Act 1988 the following rules apply:

1. Amendments to enrolment made after the census dates which reduce your semester load **will not reduce** your HECS liability for the semester.

2. Amendments to enrolment made after the census dates which increase your semester load **will increase** your HECS liability which must be discharged in the same way as your initial liability (eg Upfront or Deferred payment option)



AUSTICKETS

is on

CAMPUS

in the

ELDER HALL

during term

(10.00 am - 3.00 pm)

BOOK FOR

ELDER HALL

SCOTT THEATRE

HARTLEY ROOM

THEBBY THEATRE

ARTS THEATRE

NORWOOD TOWNHALL

OLD LION

BRIDGEWAY

CLIPSAL POWERHOUSE

BASKETBALL

NETBALL

SOCCER

RUGBY

&

MANY OTHER

SHOWS AND EVENTS

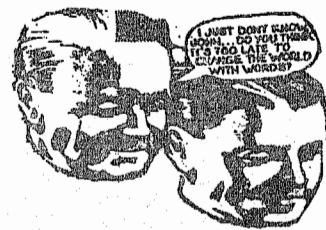
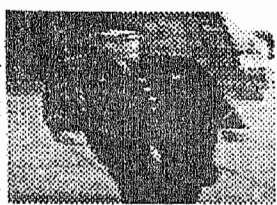
Call 131314

or call in at

Elder Hall, Austickets

Thebarton or any Brashs Music

store.



What do you call a man who writes second hand and unamusing anecdotes?

Answer-

BILL KING Adelaide's brightest column

Reader spotted a wacky sign at Novar gardens. It read "GPO MAIL ONLY"

DAY-TO-DAY AFFAIRS.

In one recent episode of LA Law humour came out in one scene. It apparently appears no subject is too sacred for the award winning scriptwriters with them poking fun at the Catholic Church. Imagine that, humour in real TV life as well as the serious nitty gritty.

MORE DAY-TO-DAY AFFAIRS.

I woke up this morning and had a shit, shower and a shave before breakfast which we all know is the most important meal of the day. Imagine the confusion that this caused the wife.

EVEN MORE DAY-TO-DAY AFFAIRS.

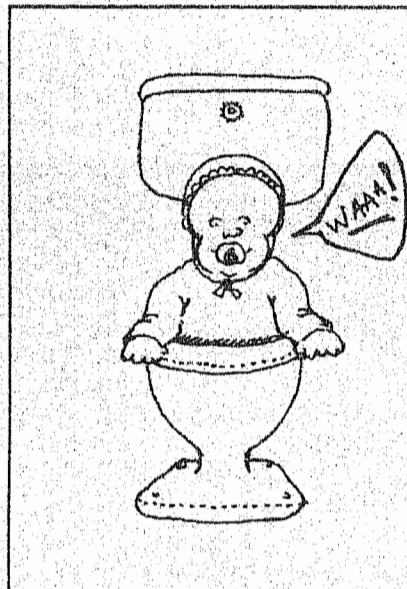
I'm having one with my neighbour. Keep it quiet please.

JOBBED HIM.

Mike Rann, the Employment Minister, had an argument with the 7.30 Report's Leigh McCluskey over unemployment figures and got slightly riled, turned around and jobbed him in the kisser. Take that Canberra! Send him to the next Premier's Conference, I say!

PARTING SHOT.

While guest compere at a parade of imported fashions at the Hyatt, Phil Dougherty, the national merchandise director for Venture stores quoted a cool \$69.95 for a plastic beaded



A Kensington Gardens lady accidentally dropped her baby boy, John Arnold down the toilet just before the baby's christening. Imagine the confusion when she didn't realise where she had put the little tacker down and ran around in a huge rush before realising that she had dropped him down the toilet.

The baby boy survived but his clothes were a mess. With only 20 minutes to get ready and all his clothes in the laundry basket, John had to be christened wearing an old Army blanket and with a rattle stuck up his bum.

Poor nipper!

cocktail dress by some sweatshop at the Port. He said given a choice between buying that dress for his wife and catching cholera, he would take his chances with the nasties.

When questioned on this somewhat flippant attitude by a member of the audience, Phil responded with, "Well, you can get fucked for starters!". Hilarity ensued!

COBAR CALLING.

I answered the telephone the other night and it was a friend from the western NSW mining town. It was fantastic!

CAR JAPES.

Thick witted husband of a regular reader from Challa Gardens reported

that her husband slept under the car last night because he wanted to wake up oily in the morning. Dense Scottish git!

CUT-OFF POINT.

I've found a new way for smokers to cut down their intake of the cancer sticks. Just pop down to Jolleys Boathouse and make a resolution to smoke only half as many cigarettes as you were before. Then follow through with this resolution and keep your hands busy. Apparently the staff there are determined to let you spend as much money as you want there!

SMOKED PIZZA.

Thirsty South Henley regular, after getting a few in, wobbled his way

home and awoke in the toilet dying for a cigarette. He then took one out, smoked it whilst eating his McCains Supreme Pizza and accidentally set the pizza on fire by tossing it into the open fire. He then had another cigarette and went to bed without brushing his teeth. What a ninny!

NOSE FOR PROFIT.

Apparently in the Martin Scorsese film, Scarface, Robert de Niro played a gangster who made money by selling cocaine. Apparently cocaine, or coke in the drug lingo, is ingested nasally.

WRUNG OUT.

After doing the dirty laundry last week, a certain Kingswood celebrity was heard to explain that some of the jeans probably needed to be wrung out or they would never dry in time.

BORN TO RUN.

Was once a rock'n'roll song sung by Bruce Springsteen.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"STUFF THE CAPSCIUMS, PLEASE"

ADELAIDE RESTERAUNTEUR AND TOUR GUIDE SUZANNE COHEN

50 THINGS THAT THEY WON'T LET YOU DO ON CAMPUS.

- 1- Stand up in lectures to take notes.
- 2- Pat the person in front of you on the head and call them by the generic name, Jimmy.
- 3- Sit on the Barr-Smith lawns and be proud of not doing anything.
- 4- Sit on the lawns and felch your neighbour.
- 5- Smoke in the Bar. In fact smoke in the Library. In fact smokebomb the tute classrooms.
- 6- Question who is Barry "nonstop, The Dancing Bear, Mr Personality" Salter and what it is he actually does?
- 7- Shave Rob Brice, the Union Manager.
- 8- Comment on the arse size of student pollies.
- 9- Mock the children in child care.
- 10- Question what actually goes into Chicken A La King or any brown stuff served in the Mayo.
- 11- Play two-up in any corner of the Library.
- 12- Tell Yoda the can lady to fuck off and die when she asks if you have finished.
- 13- Turn handstands during seminars.
- 14- Turn tricks during seminars.
- 15- Suck Dave Sag off.
- 16- Agitate for Asterix comics for the library. Between the 871.Vg5Z and 873.kunt1 sections.
- 17- Wear helmets into the State bank office for a laugh.
- 18- Ram raid the pharmacy.
- 19- Vote in by-elections.
- 20- Take laughing gas during exams.
- 21- Organise anything under the auspices of the ASC (Activities Standing Committee).
- 22- Spit gobs of hot jism on the biblion screens.
- 23- Bulldoze Hughes Plaza and replace it with free-love opium farm/needle exchange centre commune.
- 24- Get stoned with the security officers. Well, most of them anyway.
- 25- Hook your subject librarian on a heady mixture of kiddie porn and smack.
- 26- Return the Union car on time. Or drive it to Broome.
- 27- Tell Union President Mel Yuan to get a real job, a haircut and a nice frock.
- 28- Tell Operations Manager, Claude Pronol to get a nice frock.
- 29- Volunteer University PR person, Margaret Bourke as a live liver donor. Sell her organs on the black market.
- 30- Talk loudly about the bit of fleshy skin that separates your anus from your genitals and try to get people to examine it and then cut it off.
- 31- Buy eccy off Registrar FJ O'Neill.
- 32- Ask what the fuck PR person Margaret B does for all that dosh and why one out of two in the know reckon she's no vegetarian.
- 33- Swing from the trees.
- 34- Hold satanic rituals at the next Ecnemial meeting. Slaughter goats and shit on the altar-you know the fun stuff.
- 35- Release carp into the law school pond.
- 36- Dissect your prac partner in Biology 1.
- 37- Hold find your G-spot competitions during torts tutes.
- 38- Lick the bowls that the Mayo food comes in. Lick anybody that serves you. Lick the ground that they walk on.
- 39- Plunge your head into the chip fat. Plunge somebody you hate into the chip fat. Plunge your fat into the fat.
- 40- Encourage lesbian Goddess workshops in the engineering faculty.
- 41- Farl into a tube that allows you to 'breathe the wind'. Design the above tube in an engineering prac.
- 42- Make a child pulled chariot with scythes on the wheels. Ride this chariot over AUSTudy rallies. Scream loudly and daub yourself with blue paint while doing the above.
- 43- Tease the SAUA receptionist Catherine Tsimeris about the size of her hair.
- 44- Open up a cheap, quick sexchange stall in the Catacombs.
- 45- Gargle during lectures with menstrual blood then spit at the lecturer. Do anything with menstrual blood. Bleed all over the Barr-Smith circle and the knobs that inhabit it.
- 46- Burn the stewards porn mags.
- 47- Hold chicken contests while crossing Frome Road.
- 48- Have a good time with a mature aged student in your tutorial. Question why they read so much for the tutes or even just tell them to fuck off. Have oral sex with a mature aged student in the Gallery.
- 49- Hide the degrees of postgraduates up your arse.
- 50- Watch Vice-Chancellor Kevin Marjoribanks masturbate while driving home pissed and drugfucked, ask why he takes so long to write a weekly column and why he is never in his office. Too pissed hey Kev.