

ON DIT

No issue date was found in this issue



RC/E
378-05
05
06



inside? plenty.

ENERGISE YOUR SENSES

10PM

5AM



HARMONY

OPENS

SEPT 19

◀ CLUB BAR ▶

BRENDON ◀▶ THE SYSTEM AD

(HOT HOUSE & GROOVY GARAGE)

◀ HIP HOP CAFÉ ▶

PATRICK ◀▶ GLACIA

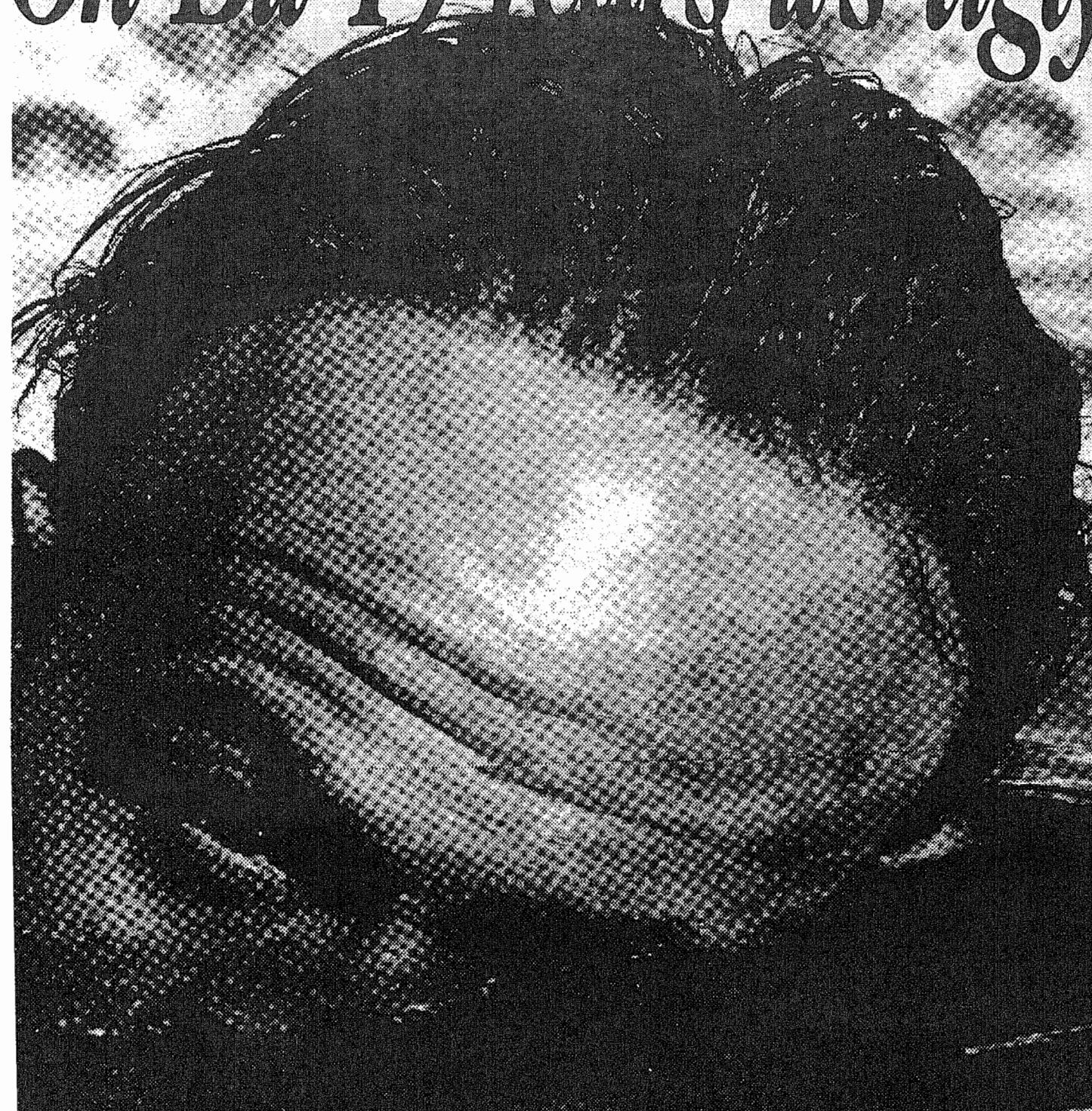
**POOL ROOM
HAPPY HOURS**



**▶ PINBALL
CAFÉ LOUNGE**

**ADMISSION \$5 BY MIDNIGHT. \$7 AFTER. PHOTO ID REQUIRED
GRIFFINS HEAD HOTEL.
HINDMARSH SQUARE. CITY.**

On Dit 19 rears it's ugly head



Production Notes
EDITORS ! Sam Maiden & Vanessa Almeida
PLAYTHING ! Darien O'Reily
FREIGHT! Guhan Sabapathy
ADS! Dean mmmm
Page
PRINTERS ! CADILLAC COLOUR WEB
THANKS! Annabel Crabb, Monica, Chris Joyner, Nick Smith, Nadine Lambert, Jo Mills, Richard, Fiona, a n d Georgina, Andrew, Tony Rodrigez, Blue and White and all those nice people at the med ball

4 5 News Barr Smith Blues, Open Learning, Change afoot in the Union
 6 SAUA
 7 Aerospace
 8 9 Full Election Results Pix!
 11 Letters
 13 From the Vault
 14 15 Wierdo File
 16 17 Nick Smith investigates Frames
 18 19 20 Creative binanza
 21 Elle Dit get involved!
 23 New Cartoonist joins On Dit
 25 Perfume investigation
 26 27 Music
 28 29 30 Theatre
 31 Classifieds
 32 Myzone

CAMPUS NEWS



Tell the Barr Smith to go shove it today!

Just say no to Barr Smith's evil illegal fees

The saga of illegal fees continues, with the Students' Association focusing on the \$30 so-called 'non-refundable handling charge' imposed by the Barr Smith Library.

SAUA Project/Research Officer Monica Carroll wrote a comprehensive article on the subject for the August edition of the occasional SAUA publication *SAUA News*, demonstrating that charges such as that of the library contravened the *Higher Education Funding Act 1988* and the Department of Employment, Education and Training guidelines that were issued last year. The DEET guidelines were formulated in response to widespread complaints from student unions that universities were flouting the conditions under which they receive funding - the act expressly states that no fees other than the Higher Education Contribution Scheme can be charged. DEET approved charges that were not compulsory to courses and charges in the way of fines and penalties.

In the August 10 edition of *On Dit*, one news story dealt with the illegal fees issue and reiterated the illegality of the Barr Smith Library 'charge'. It is clearly a fee used to cover administrative costs (and dubious ones, at that, as it seems that the 'handling' which includes shelf searching doesn't tend to have a basis in fact as many students who have found their books lying on the shelves could testify) and raise revenue. There was no library response to the *On Dit* article. At its meeting of August 25, the SAUA Council passed a motion condemning the library for charging the illegal fee and called on the Librarian Ray Choate to have the fee abolished in accordance with the DEET guidelines. SAUA President Susie O'Brien has communicated the resolution to Mr Choate, and the SAUA is awaiting a response before it takes further action. It is hoped the library will not take the cynical measure of changing the fee into a fine. Meanwhile, it continues to accumulate ill-gotten gains.

Sam Maiden

OPEN LEARNING INITIATIVE TO BRING IN VSU ?

The Open Learning Initiative announced in the recent Federal Budget has come under fire from student unions for a number of reasons, including its aim to push mature-age students off campuses to make way for school leavers, and charging of up-front fees and extra costs. The less obvious but just as

serious aspect of the scheme is its introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) by failing to provide OLI students with a student support structure.

It is contradictory that a Labor Government should be implementing VSU, as Labor governments have consistently

supported the right of students to organise in unions which all students are required to contribute to. This is in direct contrast to the Liberal/National Parties' policy of seeking to undermine this universal membership base and hence the effectiveness of student unions. Now that Dr David Kemp, Opposition spokesperson for Education, is aggressively promoting VSU, vowing to dismantle student unions in their present form and prevent the charging of a compulsory fee (although stating at the same time that a Liberal/National government will allow universities to charge students any number and kind of fees they wish) the Keating

Labor Government could be expected

to have a pro-student union stance. However, OLI will effectively deprive its students who will be studying through technological mechanisms (such as radio and television) of basic student rights. At the present, students studying off campus (known as "Distance Education"/"External" students) belong to student unions. They receive benefits from their union such as representation, legal and tax advice,

"It is contradictory that a Labor Government should be implementing VSU, as Labor governments have consistently supported the right of students to organise in unions which all students are required to contribute to."

regular publications, and second-hand book services. OLI students will all study off campus, but they will not be enrolled in a university and thus will not be members of a student union. There will be no student structure to promote their interests and defend their

rights, despite the fact that they will be paying an up-front fee equivalent to HECS and will be charged extra for additional tutorial and academic support.

In the current education climate where students are being subjected to increasing financial pressures and have to be vigilant so that their interests are protected, OLI's moves for VSU set a dangerous precedent. Student unions will be lobbying strenuously for the Government to demonstrate an understanding of the issues at stake and recognise OLI students' right to support and representational structures.

Vanessa Almeida

Management Consultancy proposals include radical Union restructuring

Tonight, Monday 14 September, the Adelaide University Union is to make a decision on the Management Consultancy Study it commissioned in June this year.

The outcome could radically alter the way the Union operates, taking staff and industrial relations decision-making powers from the 18 elected student members of Board and giving them to the Union Secretary/Manager who is at present accountable to Board for his actions in these areas.

The basic aim of the study was to "Examine the senior decision-making structure of the Adelaide University Union with reference to the authority of and relationship between the Board, its Executive and Senior appointed management ..." (page 3 of the report). As noted by Paul Mabarrack, the consultant who undertook the study, "This study has focused very much on industrial relations and staff matters. I believe this was what the Board had in mind, and none of those consulted had any view other than to support this focus" (same page). Given the industrial

troubles in the Union over the past couple of years, and the Secretary/Manager's apparent inability to deal competently with industrial relations, the report's thrust is warranted.

The report puts political activity in a negative light, seeing the need to take politics out of the Board's activities as one of the major solutions to problems within the Union. It cannot be denied that political bickering takes place at Union Board level, however, 'political' cannot only be equated with bad qualities - decision-making is political in that there is debate over different ways to approach issues, and students on Board are going to reflect their political views in the way they vote. Not everyone is going to agree on what the Union should do and where it should go, but that is not a good reason to denounce the political nature of decision-making processes. Likewise, the recommendation that the voting staff representative on Board should be a staff member with no voting rights so as to avoid "conflicts of interest" is misguided. A staff mem-

ber is on Board to look after staff interests and that is why the position has voting rights.

Currently the student representatives on Union Board have the last say in decision-making. Board has the right to hire and fire, makes personnel decisions and decisions on industrial matters, and directs the Secretary/Manager Rob Brice. In the Policy Codes the Secretary/Manager is accountable on a daily basis to the Union President and ultimately to Board. An Executive committee looks at matters in depth and advises Board. If the Management Consultancy Report's recommendations are adopted, Brice will have the authority in staff and industrial relations matters, and will not be directed on these matters by Board as is the case now.

The appointment of a Personnel Manager is also recommended, which is an indication of how unsuccessful the Secretary/Manager's track record is regarded in this matter. However, Brice is being paid by students' money to handle personnel matters, and the addition of another management position to the Union

will mean money unnecessarily spent on building up the Union's bureaucracy. Last year Brice was given a pay rise, which should make the Board and all members of the Union expect better value for their money. More, not less, direction of the Secretary/Manager in personnel matters is obviously needed. Greater emphasis should be placed on the Secretary/Manager's obligation to provide sound and thorough advice to Board members so the recent industrial fiascos will not be repeated.

If the Management Consultancy Study's recommendations are adopted at the last meeting of the outgoing Union Board, it looks as though students can expect limits placed on their right to run their own union.

Sam Maiden & Vanessa Almeida

Still no spouse travel equality

Paul O'Grady, a Labour MP in NSW, has been fighting to obtain spouse travel allowance for his partner since 1988. The reason Paul is having difficulties is that he is gay.

I spoke to Paul about the issue and some of its implications.

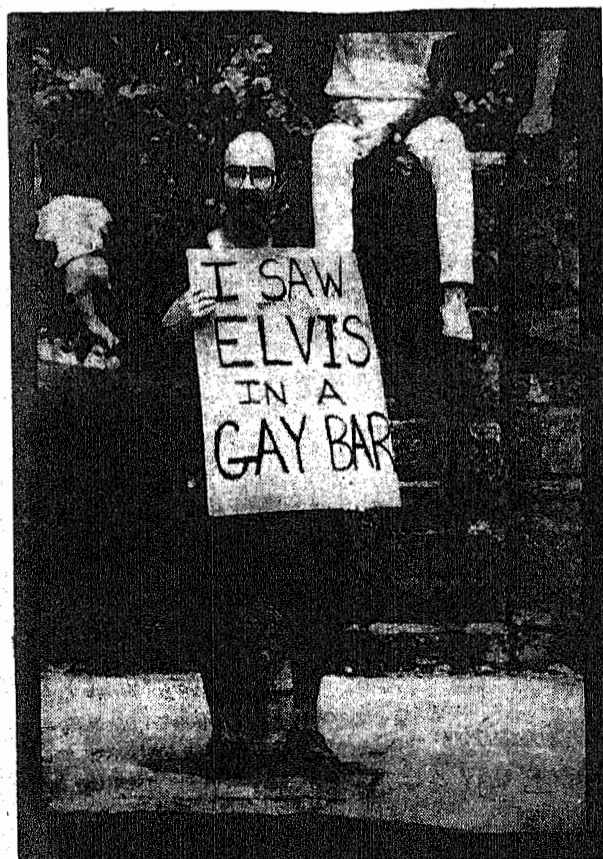
"I started trying to get the allowance in March 1988. Unfortunately they have never been able to resolve the fact that my partner is male. This has meant I can't take my partner where heterosexual members can. The ruling doesn't only affect homosexuals, but single parents in parliament who are unable to take their children with them. You see, the definition of the defacto relationships act is couched entirely in heterosexual terms, reflecting society's general inability to deal with the rights of gay people.

"I have been to the president of the Legislative Council, the Premier, the remuneration tribunal, as well as speaking with the President of the anti-discrimination board along the way. Four and a half years later and nothing has been decided. I mean, surely if the rule is good for one, it's good for all, if it's not good for one it's not good for all.

"The NSW Premier has finally written to the anti-discrimination board seeking a report on the matter which will give him an opportunity to deal with the issue and will hopefully lead to a round table conference on it."

Only this year it was resolved that homosexual airline hostess/stewards should be allowed the same spouse travel allowances as those who are heterosexual. Maybe this is a step in the right direction, only time will tell.

Richard Vowles



President

**PRESIDENT
SUSIE O'BRIEN**

Election

Congratulations to all those elected in the recent student elections. I will be pleased to represent Adelaide University at the NUS Conference in December (NUS is the National Union of Students), but I first will be glad to have things in here back to normal! The 1991/1992 SAUA Council had its final meeting last week, and the new Council will start from the 14 of September. Tony Roediger, Bec Shinnick, Maddie Shaw and Liane Buchanan have a big year ahead of them; I'm sure the SAUA will thrive under their leadership.

Thankyou

I would like to thank the 1991/92 office bearers very much for their dedication and commitment this year. I feel that this year's Council has worked together very well, has had productive meetings, a progressive direction and generally a good time. My thanks especially must go to Annabel who has been especially supportive, and has performed well in a difficult year as Women's Officer.

University Council
University Council (the peak management decision-making body) has finally passed the new academic year/structure guaranteeing students swot vac for the next

five years! A victory for the SAUA! The 1993 budget was also discussed and a new framework was created for more transparent resource allocation.

The Council also accepted a report by the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Academic) on a review of undergraduate general degrees, but did not accept the recommendations there in.

Student Affairs Committee

We had another bumper meeting last week, and achieved almost nothing!

- The issue of changes for student materials (manuals, field-trips, course material, etc) was discussed. The acting Academic Registrar met with the Department of Employment, Education and Training to clarify the position, however, the act is almost unenforceable as it is ambiguous. The matter has been referred to the Vice-Chancellors' Advisory Committee for advice.

- The Academic Deputy Vice-Chancellor has written to all academic members of staff regarding accessibility. The answers would be interesting, but at least we have started an awareness of the need for academics to be more accessible to students.

- The Registrar circulated a letter suggesting that students in the Union should pay their own insurance costs for postgraduate work despite discussions centering on the responsibility of the university to support students in this way. The matter remains unresolved.

- We're having the second half of the meeting on Friday just to get through the agenda!

International Students

Quite understandably the Overseas Students Association (OSA) is concerned about the claim of the Registrar that they were consulted prior to the university deciding to change tuition fees for Overseas Students on the basis of load. Although the OSA agrees in principle with the decision, it does not feel that it has adequately been consulted as to how the change should be implemented. They believe that the extra fees should not be levied on continuing students because of the extraction of these students and the sudden financial burden this places on students.

Disabled Students

The Student Affairs Committee has supported a move to have all disabled students sign a form at enrolment indicating any particular needs for assessment purposes. This is to ensure that the university is aware of any special needs and can plan to effectively meet these students needs.

Quotas

I am currently distributing to Arts students a survey asking their views on the relative merits of the various quota systems - 1st come first served, academic merit and ballot draw. The response has been excellent and thank you to all those who have filled them out so far.

Supplementary Exams

The University is considering a proposal to change the system of supplementary exams. Among the recommendations are that the academic transcript should show both the primary mark and the supplementary mark for exams on academic grounds. Secondly that a common policy be set to ensure that all students who have made a reasonable

effort may do supplements. Thirdly that supplements should be in December not January, and fourthly that only doctors from the University Health Service may issue medical supplements.

Department of Education

The Vice-Chancellor was suspected by *The Australian* of planning to close the Department of Education, and has only just officially denied the rumour. The Dean of Arts, says Professor Marjoribanks in a letter to the General Staff Association, and he are having "on going discussions about the future staffing profiles of all Departments within the Faculty". Sounds ominous indeed!

Open Learning

I have attached a paper written to all Presidents urging them to address this issue.

Counselling

I met with the members of the Adelaide University Counselling Centre and spent a fascinating hour discussing some of the issues they address and looking at forging closer links between the SAUA and such services.

Other

- I addressed Education Committee as co-convenor of Student Affairs Committee.

- I have a copy of the *Little Report* - very interesting reading.

- I'm helping some Economic students with a grievance.

- I spent hours and hours counting Union Boards. Some staff time and money must be spent as the Union should not be relying on the good will of their students. Perhaps they could find it with money from their poker machines?

Environment Officers

Well, this is it... the last report designed to ensure our accountability to you, the masses who voted us in, trusting us to do our utmost to earn our weekly \$6.66. If you feel we have somehow betrayed that trust: too bad! We're leaving! But before we go we would like to relive a few fond memories with you all, of our successful and not-so-successful ventures...

- * have pursued recycling (paper, bottles, cartons, cans etc) on campus. Bottle & can bins should be coming soon, and the Barr Smith Library has added to its collection of paper bins.

- * campaigned against; the proposed Federal Resource Security Legislation, the succession of STA cuts on various radio stations, rallies & in various submissions, & have campaigned FOR the Democrats' Threatened Species Bill.

- * promoted bikes and bike facilities on campus - held regular "Bike & Breakfasts" and have worked with the Security Branch to identify safe areas for more bike racks - which should appear on campus very, very soon!

- * held a GREENWEEK notorious for its successful "boycott the BS Library photocopiers" campaign, and a large mobile hung down the Union Building Stairs and a GREEN lift-out in ON DIT

- * participated in the successful SOLIDARITY WEEK, organised by a variety of Uni Clubs (all the right left ones, of course!)

- * held interviews with: Ms. Susan Lenehan, State Minister for the Environment; Senator Coulter, Leader of the Australian Democrats; Ric Teague, Customer Services Manager for the STA; people from the S.A. Waste Management Commission; Professor Woolhouse, Director of the Waite Institute; Phil Allen, Director of CASM, and various other representatives of off-campus community groups.

- * spoken on environmental and social issues at conferences and public forums, as well as attending the ECOCITY and STUDENTS FOR SCIENCE AND SUSTAINABILITY conferences throughout the year, presented the Genetic Engineering Conference with the ACF

- * have sat and argued on University committees such as the Parking Committee and the Occupational Health and Safety Unit

- * initiated a group of students to draw up a working draft of an umbrella Environment Policy to present to the University

- * drafted a comprehensive Environment Policy for the Students Association - which has been passed

- * hosted a fortnightly Radio Show, RHAPSODY IN GREEN on Student Radio

- * held a successful raffle and designed a Consumer Guide to help promote the environmentally sound products donated.

- * ...and there are others, which if you can remember, treasure...

to the soppy part - we thank everyone who has supported us throughout our stressful year; to name a few Fiona Chambers, Marica, Goose, Tania, Jo, members of the Anti-Apathy Collective, the crazy staff in the office, Monica Carroll for her zest, Annabel Crabb for persisting and just being generally inspirational, and Susie O'Brien for her support, advice, and for shutting her eyes every now and then...

Good luck to the incoming E.O's - Tania Collins, Jo de Silva, and Andrew Wait. Believe us, they will do a bloody fantastic job!!! But in case you are suspicious, don't hesitate going in the office and giving them a swift kick for encouragement. We certainly will be...

We've had a great time, glad you came along for the ride!
Cath & Jo.



Women's Officer

Here it is ; the very last ever Women's Officer's column from me. As of this week, the reins of the most powerful position within the Union substructure have been handed over to the very capable Liane Buchanan. Congratulations to her on her election landslide, and I wish her the very best for next year. As for me, I'm moving on to more modest things - to Union Board to form my own crazy faction with fellow lunatic Ms. Samantha Maiden. Yahoo!

THE YEAR IN RETROSPECT...

This year has seen plenty of good things happening on and off campus for women, as well as some not so good things. Highlights definitely include the NOWSA Conference mid year, which was a week long bonanza of women speakers, entertainers and guests from all over Australia. The 'NOWSA tapes' are still in production - as is the NOWSA newsletter including the minutes of the plenary session.

We have also partied our way through two Blue Stocking Weeks, which incorporated sessions on

violence against women, women and peace, humour against sexism, as well as bus tours, film nights and the ever popular free tampon giveaway stall.

This year's Orientation established what I hope will be an ongoing tradition ; the installation of a sexual harassment contact officer to go on O'Campus. The Women's Officer also has a role in running sessions for leaders on sexual harassment awareness. I also hope that the women's liftout in the O'Guide will be maintained - with specific articles for overseas women, lesbians and mature aged women, amongst others. Obviously, the marathon O'Week women's party, popular event that it is, is a life fixture.

Bunfights over the year have been numerous and rewarding. Beginning with the battle of the foetus replicas in O'Week, I was soon to move onto by far the biggest dispute of the year ; the Cyclops affair. Still proceeding as we speak, this action was initiated by about 40 staff and student complaints and is attempting to establish the right of all women students to live and work in an environment free of harassment and abuse.

On a University level, there have been plenty of shady dealings and new developments. My year on Equal Opportunity Board and Women's Advisory Group, and more recently the Student Affairs Committee, has put me in touch with plans for the future of Equal Opportunity on this campus. Let's face it, in a University whose Council is less than 20% female, and which features the astronomical figure of ZERO female Deans and a similar deficiency of female professors, equal opportunity has to be a big issue. For students, plans are underway to adjust the currently very messy grievance procedure for sexual harassment and other complaints.

Other stuff this year includes the prams and public transport furare, self defence classes, collaboration with the Women's Adviser to the Premier on a "Young Women" submission, and a rash of campaigns and action on the misrepresentation of women in the media.

There is still plenty of action to come. I am still working on the heady possibility of having feminist law guru Dr. Jocelyne Scull on campus, after her appearance at the Women's Information Switchboard's media day conference. Also there is the bumper Elle DIT to come ; that week also featuring some NOWSA flashbacks.

But for now, all I have to do is clean out (read "hose out") the Women's Officer's office.

A couple of people are just crying out to be thanked for their help and support over the year. They include ; Amy Barrett for her herbal stress remedy, the entire NOWSA collective, Monica for all the crazed good times, Sam Maiden for always being more weird than me, and all of Women On Campus just for being so cool. Also to Susie for all her hard work and practical support, and Anne, Sharon and Catherine. A special thankyou to several silly boys who have provided me with side splitting laughs all year. So there! See you round.

Annabel Crabb
1991/2 SAUA Women's Officer.

AEROSPACE

One of the largest air shows to be held in the Southern Hemisphere is coming to Avalon Airport, forty minutes away from Melbourne. Beginning on October the 21st and running for 4 days, over 100 companies from different countries have agreed to participate in Aerospace '92, and it's expected that another 100 will join them soon.

What's caused a huge uproar among a number of groups has been the fact that the display of aeronautic equipment is between 70 to 80% military based. The show is being actively supported by the Federal Government, with Paul Keating describing it as "a valuable commercial opportunity in this part of the world", the Victorian government is also helping the organisers foot the enormous \$5 million bill by kicking in \$1.5 million of its own to help meet costs.

In response a 'Stop Aerospace Campaign' is being organised by members of the Disarm the Skies Campaign Coalition. The Coalition comprises a combination of peace, church, women's, environment and social justice groups from all over Australia. As they point out, the knowledge that \$25 million is spent on the military, in this country, per day makes it easy to empathise with their case, especially given the fact that by the government's own admission Australia faces no military threat. However this is not the only fact which rankles, neither does the knowledge that this money is spent, not on

essential services such as housing and adequate food and childcare, but instead upon developing lethal toys.

The arguments so often used by apologists who catalogue the spin offs of military spending such as roads, airports and technological developments simply do not wash, given that the money spent on arms could be far more effectively and efficiently spent on the basic needs of the population. In an interesting piece of research, economist Ruth Sivard found that out of the 57 countries in the world whose rulers or elite governments were kept in power by the force of the military, all but one could be classified as 3rd world countries.

Australia is an attractive location upon which to centre a military build up. Aside from a (relatively!) stable economy we boast considerable resources, not to mention the considerable boost we provide in terms of arms expenditure, it's been estimated the Australian Defence Force will spend a projected \$3 billion on aircraft at Aerospace '92.

Needless to say the push does bring to the fore a number of ethical issues. For a start there is growing resentment of the fact that by supporting the arms industry, Australia is not only sanctioning but indeed assisting in the proliferation of human rights abuses in countries neighbouring ours. Thailand, Fiji, China and Indonesia are just a few examples of countries whose military spend-

ing has increased in proportion to the human rights abuses which have occurred over the past 10 years.

The link between militarism and environmental degradation has also been a cause of much concern. The military industrial complex is the largest polluter on earth. Recall Agent Orange, napalm, the oil spills and fires during the Gulf War, if you'd rather not, consider Maralinga or the 33 million litres of water pumped per day from the Great Artesian Basin by the Roxby Mine endangering what are already fragile oases. The ramifications of dabbling in the arms trade appear clear cut, as do

the lessons we've learnt. So why Aerospace '92?

V. Almeida

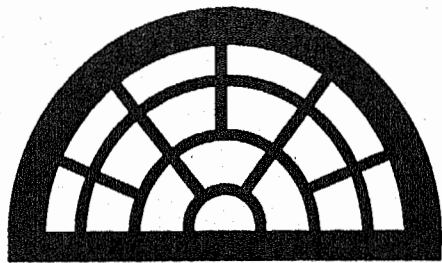
Interested in the 'Disarm the Skies' campaign? You can come to the demonstration against Aerospace. October 21-25, Avalon Airport. A camp will be organised and billets can be arranged.

Sign the petition against Aerospace.

For more information on Australia's involvement in the arms trade, write to: The Stop Aerospace Campaign, P.O. Box 222, Fitzroy, 3065. (A small donation to cover costs would be appreciated, only if it can be afforded.)

DID YOU KNOW ?

- In the 45 years since WW2, military weapons have killed more than twice as many civilians as soldiers. Most of these civilians have been women and children.
- The weapons industry is the largest source of pollution in the world?
- The weapons industry creates less jobs than almost any other industry?
- The weapons industry results in higher taxation, inflation and interest rates?
- The weapons industry cost 2.63 billion dollars per minute globally?
- The space and aeronautic equipment that Australia uses costs 1.6 million per day?
- The weapons industry costs the average worker 3-4 years of working time in military taxation?



FIRST CHOICE??

Are you confused about full fee-paying courses for postgraduate study?

Are you unable to do a course because of financial, bureaucratic or any other reason?

Have you chosen not to do a fee-paying course because it does not offer value for money?

The Postgraduate Students' Association wants to hear from you.

Phone 228 5898, drop in or drop us a line.

Election Results Bonanza

PRESIDENT

De Jonge 103
Williams 68
Crabb 945
Roediger 1444

EDUCATION PRESIDENT

Balfour 645
Schinnick 1344
Hill 346

ACTIVITIES VICE PRESIDENT

Lambert 607
Dragovich 256
Shaw 1319

WOMEN'S OFFICER

Liane Buchanan declared elected

ORIENTATION DIRECTOR

Darien O'Reilly
Nick Dunstone

VICE

STUDENT RADIO

Jo Daniel and Jesse Reynolds 887
George Selvnera and Rachel Osman 828
Samaras Mydlak 173

ON DIT

Dalton Safe Vowles 763
Skriva 428
Polasek and co '217
O'Connor and Wait 462
Dyer Gillespie 482
Simpson 26

SAUA COUNCIL

Neil 'spazz' Pahuja 105
Tiana Nairn 73
Mac Duncan 92
Stephen Chiong Jiew 159 (OSA)
Guy Olding 20
Adrian Karras 20
Lachlan Strapps 42
Alistair McEwin 49
Patricia Casbarra 18
Libby Blakemore 154 (United Students)
Ting Ba u 278 OSA
Suzanne McCourt 224 (United Students)
Nick Roussos 55
Andrei Gostin 73

Nadine Lambert 184 (Unified Team Centre Left Labor)
Helen Ayres 21
Marian Clarkin 40
Paul Darzins 14
Jason Chatterton 15
Daniel Bertossa 67
Tori Dixon Whittle 149 BMT
Michael Wait 125 (Unified Team/Left Labor)
Ty Newnham 136 (Left Alliance)

EDUCATION SERVICES STANDING COMMITTEE

Mac Duncan 142
Stephen Chiong Jiew 173
Joanne Williams 169
Michael Wait 223
Lachlan Strapps 63
Marian Clarkin 81
Justine Jay Vaz 121
David Patten 34
Sujeetha Selvmanikam 134
Denis Voight 218
Libby Blakemore 285
Suzanne McCourt 285
Andrew Harden 59

ACTIVITIES STANDING COMMITTEE

Mark Giglio 284
Neil Pahuja 485
Suzanne McCourt 303
Jason Chatterton
Andrei Gostin 70
Tori Dixon Whittle 175
Tracy Skehan 273

WOMEN'S STANDING COMMITTEE elected-

Maddie Shaw 794
Rebecca Schinnick 276
Nadine Lambert 139
Ty Newnham 275



Part of the Team that will bring you On Dit next year-Richard Vowles and Georgina Safe have a victory hug as unidentified street lunatic jumps into frame

National Union of Students Conference DELEGATES



Plenty of paddles but they're still up the creek



Newly elected Orientation man Nick Dunstone induces a mass exodus of students from the cloisters

Drive-by Love in Special

Quek Ngee Meng 302 OSA
Susie O'Brien 424 independant
 Scott Wilson 208
 Jeremy Huppatz 68
Anthony Roediger 419 United Students
 Kate Hillier 182
 Gervaise Heddle 35
Jo Mills 234 Unified Team/ Left Labor
Tze Kai Wong 254 OSA
 Denis Dragovich 151

UNION BOARD (18 positions)

elected.

(please note again that some candidates with low first preferences can get up earlier when eliminated candidates preferences are distributed.)

1. Maya Thillakkannu 187 (OSA)
2. Anthony Roediger 160 ("Love to have a beer with the Liberals")
3. Ting Ba U 149 (OSA)
4. John Jiew 142 (OSA)
5. Annabel Crabb 142 (Unified Team/Lefty)
6. Daniel Bertossa 127 (Unified Team/ left Labor)
7. Scott Wilson 99 (Left)
8. Sujeetha Selvamanakium 110 (United)
9. Desiree Novack 137 (Roseworthy)
10. George Karafotias 81 (Liberal)
11. Samantha Maiden 84 (Left handed, Dyslexic, Vegetarian)
12. Helen Rooney 133 (Roseworthy)
13. Peter Hill 94 (Loopy Engineer)
14. Eric Chmielwski 82 (Sporty)
15. Michelle Nancarro 60 (Waite)
16. Rebecca Schinnick 69 (United)
17. Michael Nissan 84 (Med Student)
18. Nadine Lambert 45 (Team/Centre Left Labor)

ELIMINATED

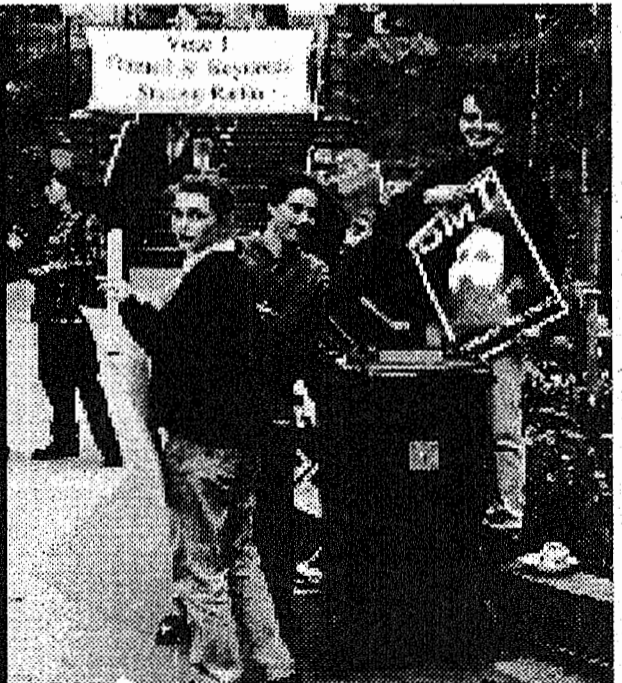
Mark Giglio 77
 Adrian Howick 6
 Iachlan Strapps 32
 John Kyrmis 36
 Matthew Bourke 30
 Simon McKean 35
 Joanne Dodd 14
 Stephen Kern 53
 Georgina Matches 25
 Andrew Wait 40
 Tori Dixon Whittle 60
 Adrian Karras 4
 Matthew Savas 17
 Ty Newnham 20
 Madeline Shaw 43
 Jeremy Huppatz 24
 Sam Nelson 2
 Stephanie Bolt 7
 Darrel Goh 48
 Paul Abfalter 45
 Tim Davis 26
 Trudi Molenaar 11
 Dave Sag 40
 Gervaise Heddle 9
 Patricia Casbarra
 Chris Escourt Hughes 86
 Alistair McEwin 24



Richard Vowles confuses everyone by ripping down his own posters



Annabel Crabb now-"Lyn' on the beach perpetratin' a tan so a brother with the tools can bake her a flan"



**BMT teamsters George Karafiasco and Tory Dixon Whittle score at least a couple of votes by throwing their posters in the bin. Nothing could save Gervaise Heddle
 Left: Tania Collins and Vanessa laugh at their ballot forms**

Nestlé, Wyeth and Mead-Johnson are making a killing from bottle-feeding.



Twins.

This mother breast-fed only the twin on the left. The bottle-fed twin on the right died the next day. *'Use my picture if it will help'* she said.

'I don't want other people to make the same mistake.'

Four thousand babies die every day from unsafe bottle-feeding.

NESTLÉ, WYETH and MEAD-JOHNSON continue to break the World Health Organization's Code on the Marketing of Breast-Milk Substitutes. Their unethical promotions put profits before infant lives by deliberately undermining breast-feeding, the only complete form of infant nourishment.

You can make them stop - and help save infant lives.

Boycott Wyeth, Mead-Johnson and Nestlé!
Don't buy any of these companies' products until they comply with the W.H.O. Code!

For more information contact the Baby Food Action Group,
Community Aid Abroad, Vic. 156 George St., Fitzroy, Australia 3065
Telephone: (03) 289 9444 Fax: (03) 419 5318



Underage and Unhappy with gross discrimination.

Editors of On Dit (Sam & Vanessa),

Unable to endure the unfair and unjust treatment I have received since I began studying at Adelaide University any longer, I have been forced to write to 'On Dit'. Few of you could imagine the prejudice that is encountered by students that suffer the affliction of being ... I can hardly bring myself to write it ... *under eighteen*.

Aside from the problems encountered in the Uni Bar and not being able to enrol to give blood during O'Week, the peak of age prejudice is present in the lifts of the Napier Building.

"No person under the age of 18 years is permitted to operate this lift."

Constantly I am forced to stand in the lift, patiently waiting until someone presses my button (please read this in the politest possible sense). Occasionally I have summoned the courage to request a fellow lift traveller to operate the lift for me, lest my age cause me to act irresponsibly and press all of the buttons or some similar horror.

Of course, I could simply walk up the stairs, but it's really the principle of ageism which must be addressed here.

Sandy Pitcher
17 years and 5 months
1st Year Arts

Horror movie right there in my On Dit

Dear Eds,

We are continually being exulted to become the "clever country". In light of this I find it incredible to believe a comment made by Nina Cambell in her article last week entitled "Horror Movie (right there on my TV)". Nina claimed that, "Entry into courses will be based on ability to pay, not educational merit. (While the move away from entry on merit is a positive step for increased equity and access, the full fee paying nature of the initiative contradicts this). While the key issue is the free structure I find it disturbing that Nina applauds moving away from educational merit as a test for entry into any university degree. While people should not be excluded from a university course because of their inability to pay the line must be drawn somehow to fill the finite number of places available. Equity and access are fine ideals but the truth is that the limited number of university places requires some kind of entry restriction and the moving away from educational merit as the basis for that restriction appears to be dooming universities (even external ones) to a standard of mediocrity. If Nina is not advocating educational merit (or the ability to pay) as criteria to get into a

Letters

All epistles must be in our hot little hands by Thursday Lunchtime. They must include your full name and contact department and probably \$10. So send em' in! Thrust them into the SAUA contribution box, throw them into the On Dit office-under the door is just fine, or even post them to us here at Adelaide Uni GPO BOX 498. We're waiting..

degree course then what method would she prefer, a lottery?

Jeremy Thorpe
3rd Year Economics/Law

Rob De Jonge rides again

To all the Science students at Adelaide University, I got the Bronze medal. Congrats to A Roediger, and A Crabb. But where were you during the election week. I say this to the Science students as they were most probably more a less hibernating (sic) in the toilets, doing an (sic) Science experiment.

Next year guys if you are wanting a Science Prezident (sic) you should VOTE ROB. My campaign starts today. I found out the results today. 103 beautiful votes.

I beat the other Science student, who inevitably is one year older than me by 103 - 68 = (working out here) by 35 votes.

Now the run down of the Thursday and Friday of election week.

Thursday (Day 4) In total this was my biggest day of voting. I ended up with 91 votes. This is because a beer was given away with every vote that people obtained. Thanks Darien O'Reilly for the beer. I had 65 at the start of day 4 and then I caught the bus home and was invited to the Unified Teams party in Halbert Street. But, I didn't go. I decided to head down to McMahons Tonsley with 50 bucks in hand. I had a few drinks, then a few more and by 3 am I was getting on with some chick that I had never seen before. Anyway I was dragged away from her by my best friend and he says to me that I shouldn't get on with ugly, fat chicks like her when I have a girlfriend.

Friday (day 5) So 4 am I got home and I got up in the morning and I was singing

"Mayday Anthem" going Mayday Techno, Mayday Techno, Mayday Techno, Mayday Techno and my Mum and Dad said I should go back to sleep as I was not in a fit state to go to Uni. So I didn't go. I missed out on getting my beer from the boys in the bar in the football pool I must of (sic) polled 108 votes out of the games out of 154 rounds. This is 5 more than my 103 votes I obtained for President. This means without me going to Uni on Friday I got 12 votes for doing nothing. Anthony killed the voting with 1444. (nice number) he polled over 53% of the votes. Next year I hope to get as many as him. It is good to see that the University is naked without all those posters. On Dit should produce some of me and put them all over the place. Then when election week comes rip them all down. Anyway, thanks to all my voters so far just going to P&I from Maths I have thanked 20 people.

See ya.

Rob de Jonge (President 94)

Unimpressed with Cleo

Dear Sam and Vanessa

I buy Cleo more out of habit than inclination, and have done since I was about thirteen. In that 7 years or so I've probably managed to soak up more than my fair share of the notion that a negative body image is part of being female.

Somewhat surprising in light of this is that I was taken aback by the recent Cleo spot on television advertising the wares of the October edition. I'm wondering if there are any other people as annoyed as I am with the recent Cleo ad.

The ad features the old sand kicked in your face scenario at the beach, only this time it features a woman in the role. The guts of the ad is Zelda comes in for a rough time at the beach from another woman because her body is

"hideous" Naturally, only the Cleo Summer guide can help her get rid of the "flab". All is resolved of course when Zelda diets, exercises and presumably uses whatever whatever other helpful hints Cleo has to offer (surgery? bulimia?) to fix herself. Her male cartoon counterpart then croons "You're a real woman now"

How can a magazine which claims to have an awareness of eating disorders and the damage women inflict on their bodies run ads as negative as this. The October edition promotes the following edition as including an interview with "Beauty Myth" author Naomi Wolf. I have long suspected that Women's magazines print articles on anorexia, bulimia and compulsive dieting more as a how to guide than a self help remedy, and this ad seems to lend weight to this little theory of mine. I'm so sick of all these ads where women are set up in such a competitive, negative way. Take the "Safer than your own best friend" tampon ad as a prime example Cleo has often sparked controversy with their ads but this one isn't funny in more ways than one

Kate Fallon
3rd year

Big Laff caption competition entries

1. I really hate it when the wife show me off
 2. So you must be the dulleyed llama
 3. For only the fifth time in four millenia, three llamas and two people meet in one place.
 4. Mama I - So Annabel, this is your way of avoiding total public disgrace! Disguising ourselves as giant penis warmers!
 - 2 - Oh have a spit Matthew
 - 1 - Only if Mr Bannon over there wanks my neck.
 5. Attention, Do you not know your own Eubrer?!
 6. Amigos Para Siempre
- Aidar, Ben, Steve and Vasco de Llana**
c/o Ben Kozel, Zoology.

More big laff caption competition entries

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY REPUBLICAN
ASSOCIATION

INAUGURAL GARDEN PARTY



BRITISH HOTEL
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16
6PM ONWARDS
ALL WELCOME
QUERIES? PH. 2647886

Artists:
Sarah Long
Jodie Scheer
Max Palombo
Matt Edwards
Luke Matousec
Chris Mulheam
Leigh Courteney
Agnieszka Serajin
+ other artists

Bands:
the earthmen
truck train tractor
fireside
bernard shaw

Saturday 19th September
Adelaide University Bar
Level 5 Union Building

Photo Courtesy of Sarah Long

THE BEDRIDDEN



BIG DOG
ATE MY BIKE

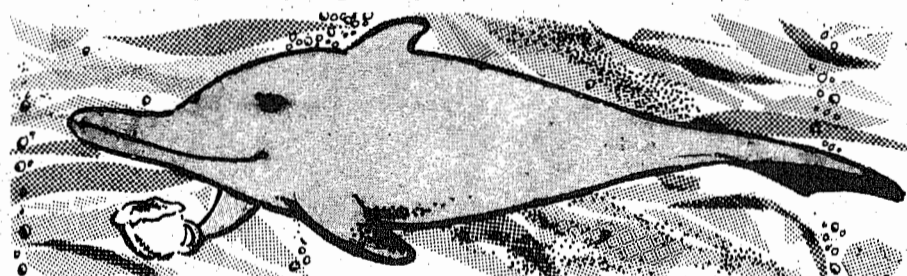
CROWN & ANCHOR HOTEL

Grenfell st.

SUNDAY 20th September 1992

5 pm ish

CAPPUCCINOS HAVE NEVER TASTED SO IDEOLOGICALLY SOUND



Underneath the Union Hall is a coffee lounge cool enough to satisfy hungry students of any political or personal persuasion.

Our comfy couches respect any body shape.

Our food tastes great, no matter what your race, colour or creed.
Our pinball machines are guaranteed non-racist and non-sexist..

The jukebox is user-friendly.

So forget the hassles of crowded refectories...
we're open from 8.30am every Monday to Friday.

Students of the world unite!

You have nothing to lose but your hunger.

ADELAIDE
UNION

CATACOMBS

It's not what you think it is...

Commemoration Address

Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is both an honour and a pleasure to deliver this afternoon's Commemoration Address. As a scientist, I am especially delighted to have the opportunity of making some remarks to graduating arts students.

This occasion of high ceremony marks the official recognition by the University of the academic qualifications achieved by the students in this Hall, so may I start by offering my sincere congratulations to all graduands, and also to parents who may be present. As the father of four children, I well appreciate that the educational path is rarely trodden effortlessly by the student without the support of the rest of the family. Well done everybody!

In receiving your degrees from this University, you graduates join the ranks of a highly distinguished group. Adelaide University graduates include, for example, two Nobel prize-winners that I can think of - there may be more. I have in mind Howard Florey, who manufactured penicillin, and Lawrence Bragg who invented X ray crystallography. Perhaps like Florey, or Douglas Mawson, who was Professor of Geology here before the war, you too may one day have your face on an Australian banknote.

Not only do you join distinguished company, you receive your qualifications from one of the finest Universities in the world. My first experience of the Australian university system dates back to the mid-seventies, when a young man from Adelaide - albeit a graduate of another university not far from here - became my PhD student at King's College London. It rapidly became clear that this young Australian was head and shoulders above his UK and US counterparts. Indeed, to this day I have found no student both brighter and better prepared for academic work.

I should have discussed this case as a lucky freak were it not for the fact that a year or two later I was sent another Adelaide student - this one I am happy to say a graduate of this University - and he ran the first student a close race. When I moved to Australia myself a couple of years ago, I was astonished to find that most Australians seriously underrate the quality of their Universities. The situation was well summed-up by a young woman from Queensland who works in my area of research - quantum gravity. She told me how she too had not appreciated how good Australian universities were till she went to Cambridge and had to tutor the undergraduates, and then she realised how behind they were compared to their Antipodean counterparts.

It is not my intention to stand here and criticise British universities. Some of them are still quite good in spite of Mrs Thatcher's best efforts. But I do want to emphasise that an Australian education is one of the best available anywhere in the world, and I hope that both the public and the politicians have the sense to recognise the fact, and to protect the system from unnecessary disruption.

Getting a degree obviously represents the culmination of a student's effort. I well remember as a young lad asking my father why people went to university. "To get a degree," he replied. Well, that is true in a sense, but a very narrow sense. The University experience should amount to much more than a course leading to a qualification. In our increasingly materialistic society, where value tends to be measured more and more in terms of money, notions like cultural value or educational experience are often derided. Yes, getting a degree is important, and is usually an essential first step in a professional career, but I hope all graduates take away with them more than just a certificate.

There is also a sad misconception that education ceases with a degree. According to the popular sausage-machine model of higher education, Universities take in eager young students, bright-eyed, bushy-tailed and relatively empty-headed, and

turn them into wise and knowledgeable graduates who are trained and ready to take their place in the community - and to begin paying off their HECS loans.

I think it was Socrates who was regarded as especially wise on account of the fact that he had an inkling of all the things he *didn't* know. A degree is only the beginning, not the end, of your educational development. There are always new things to learn. For in spite of the high quality of Australian education, it shares with most English-speaking countries a lamentable failing: it allocates students to two almost disjoint camps: the science and the arts.

Many years ago, the writer C.P. Snow wrote a book about "the two cultures". On the one hand were the scientists, and on the other the literary intellectuals. Communication between the two groups was almost non-existent. Many scientists, noted Snow, would have a keen appreciation of the arts, but few arts graduates wanted to know any science. Most closed their minds to science altogether. The very word "intellectual" became attached almost exclusively to the arts and literary fraternity. It was the latter who set the agenda on all the important issues in public intellectual life. Snow looked forward to a time when a new 'Third Culture' would emerge to bridge the gap between the arts and the sciences.

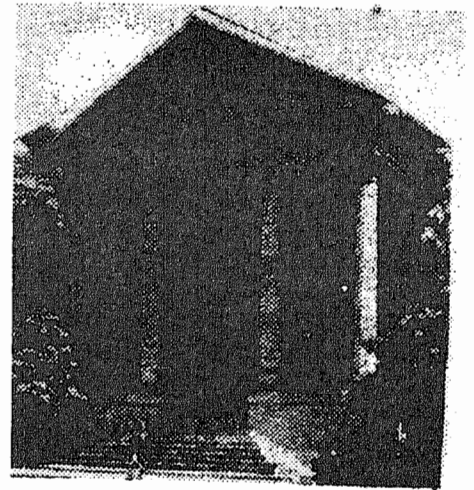
Alas, there is very little sign of this happening. When a former British Minister of Education - one who was held up as the intellectual heavyweight of the Conservative Party - went to visit the James Clerk Maxwell building at a Scottish University, he is reported to have asked, to the consternation of his hosts: "Who exactly was James Clerk Maxwell?". And Maxwell is the scientist from whose mathematical work followed the theory of relativity, the discovery of radio waves and all of modern electronics. A subsequent Minister of Education made no pretence at intellectual breadth. "I never did any science at school," he admitted. At least he had the decency to add: "And I've always regretted that."

These are not isolated examples. Britain is today witnessing the dismal spectacle of the literary set launching a hysterical and tasteless counterattack on scientific values and scientists themselves. Some of you may have seen an article of mine in yesterday's "Weekend Australian" celebrating the announcement last week by NASA of one of the most exciting and momentous discoveries in the history of cosmology. A satellite by the name of COBE has measured tiny variations in the temperature of the background heat radiation which bathes the whole universe, and is widely believed to be a relic of the big bang which gave birth to the cosmos 15 billion years ago. The ripples in this background heat seem to be the primordial precursors of galaxies and galactic clusters, without which we would not be here. Reprinted alongside my article was an essay by Bernard Levin, a well-known British columnist and intellectual, essentially rubbishishing the entire cosmological enterprise, and

dismissing such distinguished scientists as Stephen Hawking and John Wheeler as over-excitable boffins.

Levin's outburst is not the first. Well known writers such as Fay Weldon, Auberon Waugh, Bryan Appleyard and Ludovick Kennedy have also recently lashed out at what they see as scientists seizing the high ground of intellectual endeavour from their literary counterparts. And writing best-sellers to boot. What silly nonsense this is. How damaging this Anglo-Saxon schism between the sciences and the arts has become. Fortunately, Australian intellectual life has so far remained relatively free of the sort of bickering and snobbery that has been occurring in Britain and the United States. At the time of Isaac Newton, in the early days of The Royal Society, no significant distinction was made between the sciences and the arts. Both were integral parts of human culture.

Sometime during the last century or so, the separation occurred, though less so on the Continent of Europe and in the



Middle and Far East. Increasingly, science has come to be associated with gadgetry and exploitation, while the arts have remained pure to the call of culture. Yet, science is as much a cultural activity as it is a technological or economic one. And nobody can call themselves properly educated if they qualify in the sciences of the arts alone.

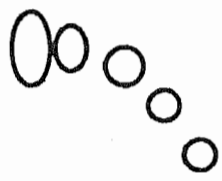
The biologist Richard Dawkins recently wrote of his astonishment that a THES survey of "essential texts for the educated person" made no mention whatever of science books. Epoch-making works such as Darwin's *Origin of the Species* didn't rate a mention. Yet the work of Darwin, Newton, Maxwell, Einstein, Schrodinger, Heisenberg, Crick, Hubble, Godel and others have literally reshaped our intellectual landscape and dramatically transformed the way we see ourselves and the university we inhabit. Books such as *Godel, Escher, Bach* by the computer scientist Douglas Hofstadter, reveal the way in which the music of Bach, the paintings of Escher and the paradoxical mathematical theorems of Kurt Godel interweave and enrich each other in an enchanting manner. Hofstadter is one of the few writers today who have attempted to cross the widening divide of the two cultures, and if there is a message that I should like you to take away today, it is a plea to continue learning - certainly in the arts, but don't ignore that other great pillar of our culture too.

My theme has been that intellectual life starts, rather than ends, with a degree. But I don't want you to imagine that you will learn only from the so-called experts. Even in your chosen specialism you will undoubtedly find out many new things from ordinary men and women who have not had the benefit of a formal higher education. I should like to recount a story told me by the astronomer Fred Hoyle. One day he and a well-known astrophysicist, Tommy Gold, were travelling in Ireland. Now I should explain that Hoyle and Gold are internationally renowned for the expertise on the subject of time. Most of us grow up with a notion of time inherited from Newton, who wrote of "absolute true and mathematical time, flowing equally, without relation to anything external". Well, in Ireland they have a rather different definition of time, sort of more flexible. And so it happened that Hoyle and Gold were due to catch the midday train from a small and remote station in darkest County Cork. Being typically absent-minded professors, they cut things a bit fine, and rushed onto the station in a panic. Hoyle spotted in dismay the station clock showing five minutes past twelve. "We've missed it!" he moaned. But then Gold glanced down the platform and saw another clock. This one showed five minutes before twelve. While standing there bemused, Hoyle and Gold were approached by a whistling station-master - I won't attempt to whistle in Irish - and Hoyle immediately challenged him. "Why does your station have two clocks showing different times?" he asked. The station-master smiled. "Well, now," he said, "what would be the point of having two clocks if they told the same time?" Ladies and gentlemen, thank you.

ANTHONY ROEDIGER

**Sitting Down
and
Selling Stout**

Who's
for a
Pint
then?



**GIVE A
HAND**



**NOT
JUST A
HAND
OUT**

Your donation will go to self-help projects in some of the world's poorest countries.

Giving practical assistance like seeds and tools helps people grow their own food. It means they don't rely on handouts.

So please give generously when our volunteer collectors call soon.



**FREEDOM FROM
HUNGER
ANNUAL APPEAL**

SAUA PRESIDENT

DIMENSIONAL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

DIMENSIONAL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

DIMENSIONAL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

NEUROSIS NEUROSIS NEUROSIS

TOTAL TECHNO MADNESS

PROGRAMMERS: HMC + PADDEE

Every Thursday from September 10th
Adelaide University Bar

TOTAL TECHNO MADNESS

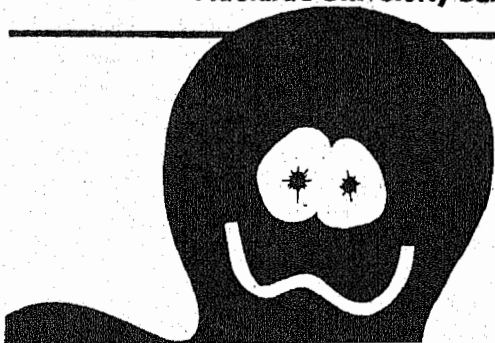
PROGRAMMERS: HMC + PADDEE

Every Thursday from September 10th
Adelaide University Bar

TOTAL TECHNO MADNESS

PROGRAMMERS: HMC + PADDEE

Every Thursday from September 10th
Adelaide University Bar



Knowledge is Power

Meow?

Rick the Rhesus Monkey rediscovers Twentieth Century appetites.

I've heard it touted by various writers that the human race is superior to the animals partly by virtue of its voracious curiosity. Homo sapiens sapiens wonders how things work; we are constantly taking things apart in our heads to see how they fit back together. If it wasn't for this supposedly brilliant character-trait, we are told, we would still be in the trees, blinking myopically at the moon. And this is probably true.

But, alas, this rampant curiosity makes us not the most noble species on our planet, but the most stupid and the most suicidal. For all our clever cars and talking boxes, we still haven't realised what a demon Curiosity really is.

Take Rick the Rhesus Monkey, for example. He is so close to you or me, genetically speaking, that there is a fair chance he has the same blood type. That's why medical researchers like filling him with chemicals and the like, poor bugger.

Rick, our distant cousin, is looking for food in the forests of South Asia. He's hungry - monkeys always are, aren't they? (When they're not fucking, that is.) A member of his pack or tribe or whatever, called Robyn, is scrabbling energetically with her bare hands at a small hole in the ground. Rick is curious and goes to see what Robyn has found. Robyn defends her hole; Rick is insistent; they fight for it. Pig-headed male dominance wins the day and Robyn is forced to forage elsewhere, much to her annoyance.

The hole turns out to be an empty snake burrow, long-vacated except for cobwebs - but that's not the point. Rick was curious. He was *curious*, for God's sake - and that's a human trait, isn't it? If Rick was so bloody curious, then why wasn't he driving a BMW and doing lunch at the Mandarin Duck Bistro along with all the other so-called superior beings of our planet? Curiosity: an eager desire to know.

Greed: an excessive desire, as for wealth or power. The key words here are 'desire' and 'excessive / eager'.

To know and to have are really the same thing. Primitive societies have often believed that to know a thing's true name is to have power over it. This 'true name' business might have been a metaphor for knowledge in general: if you understood something, you could own it.

These days it's the same. Know how something works, and you can build your own and possess it that way. Stealing it is easier, of course, but an ignorant thief is never successful. It ain't easy to break

into five houses a week and get away with it; ask anyone in jail.

Either way, if you know where the food is or what makes it work, you can get it any time you want. And curiosity helps motivate us to penetrate the outer edges of our territory and invade that belonging to someone else.

Physicists smash atoms apart in the name of abstract knowledge. In a perverse twist, some wave the banner of 'possible future benefits' to make sure the politicians and entrepreneurs keep funding them - and they're labelled hypocrites! Those who study the heavens, likewise; and chemists, botanists, mathematicians, and linguists, etc. All scurrying about hoping one day to discover cold fusion, or the perfect econometric model, or the cure for cancer, knowing that, should they do so, they will become the King or Queen of the Primate Heap thus guaranteeing the well-being of their descendants forever and ever amen.

Primitive urges, once again. 'Possible future benefits' are what it's all about, people.

As for 'excessive', there's nothing 'excessive' about these primal desires. They're just there, and they're as

'eager' as hell. The body tells you all the time to grow, to eat, to reproduce, to protect the genetic heirlooms. We're all animals, underneath the Swatches and perms. Only the power of our minds keeps us in check. Without the superego (the annoying voice in our heads that tells us we're all no-good shits), we'd

still be throwing rocks at each other, instead of nuclear missiles.

Greed is nothing more than curiosity stripped naked, free of all obtuse self-deception, because:

Curiosity is Greed.

Remember Rick? He was curious, sure, but not because he had a sudden intellectual urge to study other forms of fauna in his environment. Robyn, he thought, might have found something to eat - and he wanted it dead 'eagerly', you can be certain of that. So, next time you hear a rumour about Cheryl and Steve, remember that deep down you are really keeping tabs on the availability of a potential mate. What's that new building going up on the corner of North Terrace and From Road? Who cares? - just your id, which can already smell a Chinese restaurant in the making. And remember that you only want to be an engineer because it guarantees a position high up in the pack-hierarchy.

Money = power.

Power = food and sex.

Food and sex = a happy id.

We are all animals! Rejoice and be free ...

LAD

Quote of the week:

"I kill to eat, like every other animal. I make music, like the birds. I shit on the ground, like the bears. Is there anything more marvellous than knowing this?"

"I only go wrong when I start philosophising and explaining."

Robert Anton Wilson



FRAMES festival of film and video

Frames is a bi-annual Adelaide festival of independent Australian film and video. Opening on Thursday, Frames appears for the first time in the new multi-format (which means it screens video just as well as film) Mercury Cinema, with all its associated wondrous technology.

This year also sees the first time that Frames stands apart from the Adelaide Festival (remember that circus earlier this year?) so you might actually have time to go and see something this time round.

Frames is one of only two Australian film festivals, the other being in St. Kilda, which screens solely Australian work. And as the most important art media in Australia today are film and video, Frames, with a policy of only screening films made in the last two years, should provide an effective insight into the State-of-the-Nation. If there was anything you ever wanted to understand about this wide, brown or small, urban land of ours (depending upon your perspective), then chances are you'll find it here.

The Frames festival is Adelaide's only authentic film festival, as the term is generally understood. Unlike the Adelaide Film Event

where you can see a different film every night, in a real festival you can sit through ten straight hours of cinema, everyday for six days, and catch perhaps fifty different films a day. Which is sure to give you a new perspective on film, even if it's only undying hatred of any moving picture.

Frames will screen in two cinemas simultaneously; in the Mercury's own 186-seat cinema and in the Media Resource Centre's "intimate" 50-seat cinema. So unfortunately you can't see everything. Although some films get two screenings so if you're clever enough and you work it out right, you can watch enough films to keep you going for at least a week!

The Festival comes at you in a series of sessions, each session lasting about two hours. In that you might see as few as two films or as many as sixteen. A number of the sessions have been poked and prodded until the films therein loosely fit a theme. These include "Totally Animated", "Fun", (fun!), "Off the Wall", "Bizarre", "Oral Story-telling and Aboriginal Television" or "Personal Documentary". Alternatively, you can go to a session which features a random selection of Australian independent cinema.

And how much is this grab-bag of filmic fun? It's actually pretty reasonable. If you buy a multi-pass which entitles you to see five (5!) sessions, then you're getting a sesh for just four (4!) bucks a slice. Best you'll get.

And if even that's too rich for your blood, there are three interesting looking forums (fori?) on Australian cinema which are FREE. But what's the standard of the films like? I watched two of 'em to find out; "Redheads" and "Holidays on the River Yarra", like a number of other films in Frames, share a general interest in young people, particularly the effect of the recession on said young people.

"Redheads" is a commercial offering somewhat out of place in this film festival. It stars Claudia Karvan and Catherine McClements... the two roles fit their roles... they have dyed their hair an unconvincing red.

The plot goes a little like this: a young woman, Claudia Karvan, has sex with a lawyer, shortly after which he is murdered, (it's a hard life being a lawyer). She witnesses the murder but escapes. The murderer wants her back to discuss a few matters.

And Catherine McClements plays her, Claudia's, lawyer. Why exactly Claudia Karvan should need a lawyer, I won't tell you. Half the charm of this film lies in the ambiguity it opens with. Once all the facts become clear, except, of course, the identity of the murderer, "Redheads" slows down considerably.

This film has been described as tropical noir, which means, for those less well versed in cinema, that it's film noir which is a European cinematic tradition involving gloominess, strange camera angles and a general lack of light combined with a tropical setting, namely Queensland. Oh really?

It's only partially successful. The director, Danny Vendramini, tones down the bright sun over land sunshine and gives the cinema-goer a number of strange glimpses of the film, through all sorts of spooky camera angles. But any pretence of genuine art



cinema ebbs away half-way through the film. The cinematography of "Redheads" devolves to a simple mechanism for driving the plot (which isn't bad, but isn't great). And even the plot loses its way somewhat as "Redheads" slips gently into being a female "buddy" film; Karvan and McClements take time out from escaping from a maniac hell-bent on their demise to share each other's lives and discover that they're not really all that different after all. Yes, well. "Redheads" which nicely ties in Queensland's secret yearning for graft to add depth, ends in a slightly silly fashion which tends to

reduce the significance of all that has gone before.

"Redheads" represents an interesting direction for Australian cinema but is not terribly effective.

"Holidays on the River Yarra", (nice pun), on the other hand, another film which carries on the "youth-in-trouble" theme, is considerably more successful. This film is based upon a true story that any writer would have

given his/her right arm to have thought of: In Melbourne in 1983, several men were arrested in a sea-side pub and charged with conspiring to overthrow the government of



the Comorros, a small group of islands off Africa.

That's where the truth ends and the fiction begins. Two young men, Mick and Eddie, become drawn to this group of would-be mercenaries through their contact with a racist organisation for whom they daub racist slogans on walls at \$40 a time. To Mick and Eddie, poor and unemployed and bored, this mad journey takes on the appearance of a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for adventure. Their pathetic struggle to find the money they need for the trip and to justify their worthiness for this glorious mission leads to terrible consequences.

"Holidays on the River Yarra" perfectly captures the frustration and despair of young people like Mick and Eddie. But this is really Eddie's film. "Holidays" centres on his desperate struggles to prove himself to his more confident friend, to the racists and to himself.

This is one of the most excruciating films I've ever seen and I mean that in the nicest possible way. Eddie's inability to articulate what he feels is almost almost too painful to watch. He answers most questions about his life with a futile shrug of his shoulders. He doesn't know what he wants and, what's more, he doesn't know how to get it. The tension builds up and up and Eddie is unable to deal with it or even express it.

Where "Redheads" trivialises its content with a devolution to the traditional buddy film format, "Holidays" goes the other way. It is, in some ways, an anti-buddy film. Best friends, Mick and Eddie grow

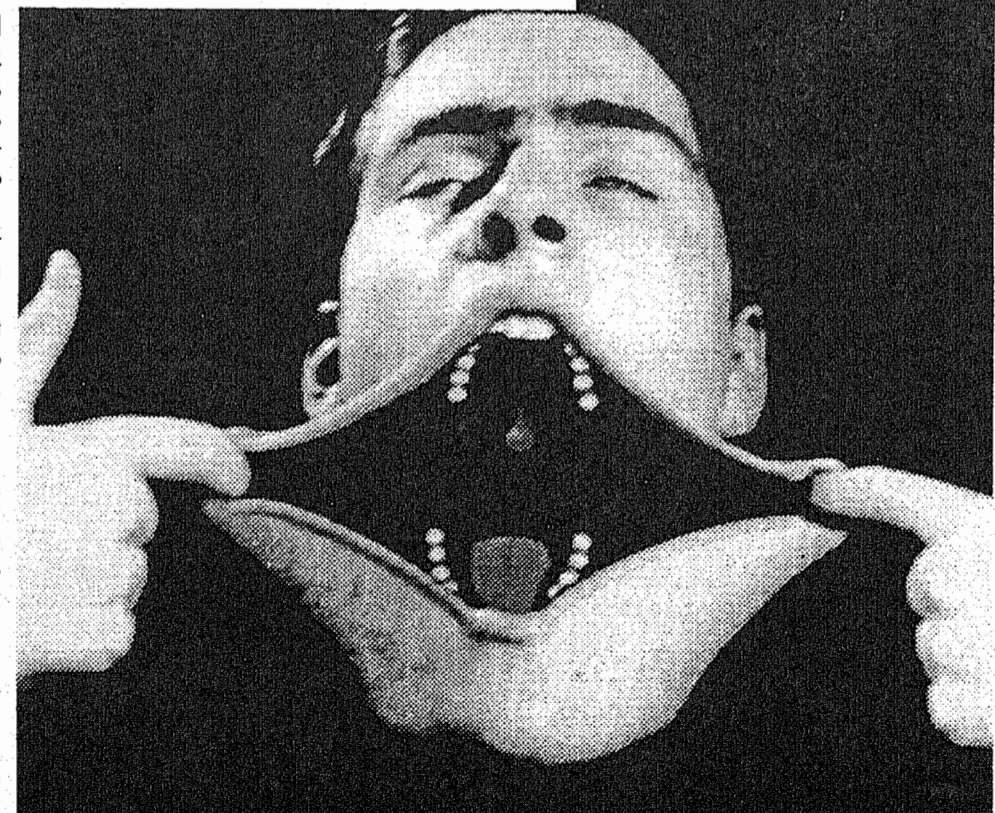
apart over the duration of the film and discover themselves not only to be leading pointless lives but leading pointless lives, alone.

And where "Redheads" ends stupidly, the resolution to "Holidays" is poignantly, magically complete.

"Holidays on the River Yarra" is an unpretentious film with no fancy tricks and traps. It's skillfully written, acted and directed with the result that this is one of the absolute-must-sees of the Frames festival.

But even if you don't fancy this excellent fare, there must be something here to interest you.

ON DIT
has 10 double passes to the Frames sessions to the first 5 people on Tuesday at 1pm and Thursday at 1pm who come to the On DIT office and tell us (A) why they want them and (B) bring a framed photograph of themselves in for our perusal



He and me

He & Me

His words are painful, like daggers piercing through my flesh to the soul. He chooses them carefully, pauses momentarily, voices them hesitantly. I ask him questions, my voice calm, seemingly controlled. I fight back tears, try to listen carefully, try to understand. But with the force of each word weighing even more heavily on these bare, weary shoulders, the defences crumble. I shudder, tears fall, I can no longer stop them.

He hangs up the phone and drives around to my house. With his arms around me we talk and talk some more. He leaves near midnight. Drives away in his new Saab. I feel like some woman in a movie who smiles, sure she has got her man but foolishly does not realise that their days together are numbered, the attraction of 'the other', of the new, of the exciting, of the different, of the easier will win out, and he will soon be in the arms of 'the other woman'. I sleep restlessly amidst the heat.

And I am scared. She is attracted to him. She brought him aside, she told him so. I know that feeling, that feeling of being attracted to him. I felt it but a year before, standing in his kitchen one summer night, surrounded by his friends. I knew no-one, I barely knew him. He gave me a smile, a wink and I felt special. Later he led me away from the crowd, to his room, to his place, to his space, and there we talked and lay together, until the morning came.

But as is natural, things change. At the beginning everything is ideal, perfect pure happiness. Passion sustains commitment. Novelty pervades reality. Later everything becomes harder, more of a struggle, more unlike 'love'. But I know we have to face something more than love, for things to be real, for things to be 'us'. And I want him to understand an 'us'. I smile half heartedly. "Yes, all well and good Rachel!" I tell myself, "but he has to consider it worth the effort". And I stare into a darkness that seems infinite, impossible, too everything. And I am scared. I feel I know nothing.

I don't say anything to him. I keep thoughts locked away. Unsure. Apprehensive. Unhappy. Meanwhile I am dying inside. Slowly turning and churning every best thought, until there is emptiness. The tears still want to fall but I refuse to let them escape. I block them out. Tight expression. And I sit staring at a blank computer screen. I want to write but no words flow. I am dry. I am a river with no water, no vehicle to the sea, no vehicle to the land, no happiness.

The next day I meet him in town. He seems happy, laughs loudly, talks perfectly, he holds my hand, he is so perfect, so perfect. But he has that look, that look that says he is

rushing back to work, after a quick consolatory kiss goodbye and a promise to call me later. As he walks out, Julian and Sam walk in. They sit, order, smile. We talk. The conversation flows from politics, to art, religion, then sexuality. We suddenly laugh, lean back in our chairs, realise how serious we have been. The clock hand has turned two circles since, Sam jumps up, time to go. We both agree, rise slowly, brush crumbs off laps, and depart. I leave Julian and Sam peering through a jewellery shop window and I, mind burdened, walk through the heat to home.

And I am caught up in him. I know I must speak, but to burden is to dramatise, is to ask for something he is not willing to give, and this is something I never want to do. I hesitate, pace up down and around my house, head hurting, eyes lowered, skin pale. The phone rings. His cheery voice touches my ear. He is telling me about his new client, the secretary's birthday, the mystery phone call his partner received "probably his wife checking up on him again", he laughs. I sort of nod, say little, a bit of a 'hum', 'ah' here and there, and then he asks how I am. "Not too good", I reply.

I drive down to his house. The sun is going down, shadows cast over my path. I park the car, lock the door, knock on his door. He is the only one home, takes me swiftly in his arms, leads me up the stairs to his bedroom. He tells me he now realises how much he feels for me, says he loves me, says he is not going to leave me, tells me all this while he is slowly undressing me. I succumb to his strong arms, to his whispering words.

He leads me down to the ocean. The night air brushes up against our bodies. I smile, laugh into the darkness, squeeze his hand. The black water bubbles an invitation. We undress, plunge into the salty depths, ride on the waves, let my body be still, rest buoyant against the current, stretch my sight towards the sky, toll out to the stars. I feel so weightless, at the mercy of the sea, so floating away, yet content to be so. I feel I know now where 'we' are going. I feel it's just ride with the waves, let our bodies feel out new horizons, our love can grow into something beyond petty fights, jealous moments, selfish dependency. He comes up from behind me, grabs me around the middle, I turn and lay my wet lips. He shivers and the sensation travels right through me and he says, "I know, I will always love you Rachel. You are like a part of me."

The week he comes, I go to a friend's birthday party, have a few drinks, a few laughs, a few superficial bobbling with the usual crowd. Anything really, anything important, anything that has the potential of being hitting becomes a distant thought. He

leave near 3am. The streets are subdued, almost silent. I stare at the black stretch of road ahead. Neither of us could be bothered talking above the radio. We let the music fill the car and our minds. He stops outside the front of my house, turns off the engine, turns off the lights. He falls into my lap. I stroke his hair. I whisper words into his ear. He laughs, raises his head, kisses my chin, asks me how I am. And I am feeling better, I say, better than ever before, better about me, better about you, better about us. "Good", he says, "I just want you to be happy".

Then everything turns bad. Not bad, but really bad. It is not so much 'I don't love you anymore', that I hear him telling me, but stuff like 'I'm confused', 'I need some time alone'. And he walks away, and I am left alone in the darkness listening to the blind bang against my window, coerced by the wind. I rock myself slowly to sleep.

I ring Sally the next day. She listens to my tears, to my anguish, to my pain. There is a line of people waiting to use the phone in the David Jones Powder Room, but I ignore them all, let the tears fall, let the pain speak. And I keep coming back to 'her', that woman that perhaps started all this, that gave him an alternative, that 'confused' his mind. And what does he mean when he says he feels good when he is with me and not when he is without me? And what is this hole he keeps referring to? And why doesn't he want me to help him? Sally has none of the answers. And the problem is he doesn't either. And she tells me I mustn't give up on the things I do believe about myself, and I know she is right but I can't quite remember what those things are. And she tells me I can't sit around and wait for him to maybe come back, and I know she is right, but I don't really feel like doing anything else. And she tells me he has a lot of problems, a lot to work out, and that he has to do it alone, and I know she is right, but I want to ignore all that. I am powerless, an insignificant weight in the world of confusion, of people problems, of relationships gone wrong. And I remember the waves washing over me, the power of the sea, the power of his arms around me and his words: "You should look up at the stars sometime Rachel and then you will realise how small your problems really are, you will realise how small and unimportant we all really are".

So I sit here, small, staring at the stars, letting the breeze flow over my face, thinking of him, small, staring out of his window up into the starry night sky, playing his thoughts through my mind. "I am not looking up at the stars," I am surely thinking, "I am looking at the stars, I am looking at the stars, I am looking at the stars".

© 1998 by the author

On Dit Creative Supplement

Love Lost - Love Found

Pondering, wandering -
Travelling, back and forth.
The miles we've travelled
Home - but yet together.
The children we have,
The unborns we've lost
I've now met many,
Some with, and some with-
out.
I'm without my children -
But I live with love
The scenes I conjure
Memories filmed - but not
etched,
Upon my mind.

One woman I met lost
eight
Yes eight - dead - by what
'Fred'
I do not know.

She wasn't insane - she
could not -
She could not live - outside
with her pain
But we shared
Because we both cared.

For a moment or two - we
listened,
We both - I think - heard
the inner voice,
The one - that only the lost
know
She was tough, she had to
be -
A societal leftover,
Living with many men - an-
guished by their rejection

Now I can listen

PS Only those that have
heard can listen to the
voice that is heard, but tells
a story deep beyond the
mind of the normal. I ask
you. Are you different - or
unique.

M. F. Costello

SLICE

• a purple sheet of reason
a lonely wishful sigh
you hold me tight within your
arms
and watch the colours fly

• every day you enter me
creepy crawly teasy thing
i feel as though i should hide
away
but i'm addicted to your sting.

• sweet caress and poison
link
your eyes rage blue and
green
i close my mouth to steal
your tongue
but i only suck in a scream.

• my neck is stained by your
purple kiss
yet i feel no sense of shame
for i have the need to make
you bleed
and ride high on your wave
of pain

• you're not the girl that i
wanted to know
when i took your hand that
day
but you pierced my heart
with a perfume dart
and turned my blood from
red to grey

• there is a hurt so deep and
dark,
no apologies can reverse
the bitter pain and red
bloodied stain
that haunts me sick here
under your curse.

Sean Humphries

Evening Storm at Uni

The rain pours down
Gently

Over my head
And I think of
All my friends
Of their lives
Their talk
Their ways
And my essay
of 2000 words
Due
Thursday
Undone today
But ready
In my head
I think of rain
of friendship pain
And wasted days
I think of guys
And parties
And empty circles
On the lawn
Of lost
Depressed
Individuals
With nothing concrete
Nothing set -
Lives unfixed
Spinning
Randomly
Up and down
Brick stairs -
Of lighted lamp posts
Empty library rooms
And overdue books
Of littered grounds
Parking fines
And pads of notes
I think of me
Somewhere
In all this
Mess
And wonder
Whether
I belong
Anywhere
Underneath
It all
Or if I am
Lost
And falling
Like the rain
Which pours
Gently
Down
Over my head

Alison Barton

Going, going,

Radio songs, variations on a
theme,
Running out
of options now.

The walls consist of cigarette
ads
from bygone eras, collectors'
items.

An old cappuccino machine
creaks
like the passing trams. The
air

is addicted to nicotine.
Thinking in yellow, peeling
nostalgia.

Walking through the inner
suburbs, as if
turn of the century houses
could give pointers.
Too reliant on old sunlight.

Even the weather is deployed
by the city.

Terminators in its video ar-
cades are ready.

Appointment at the town hall,
it

won't take long,
the ricochet, the numerals
falling.

Monica Carroll

A Trip to the Beach

Golden stretch

Of honey
Sun
That laps
And licks
Its dripping
Tongue -
Absorbs
My spirit
And my soul
Which,
Tingling fresh
In waters cold
Of glistening spray -
Pushes forth
In words
And waves
That burst
And break
And drift
Away -
And trees smile back
At passionate clouds
Which
Reaching hard
Just can't connect -
Embraced
By hills
And beach
Instead
And houses
Join with sea
And sky
To form
A ring
That flitters by
And flushes
All its
Fire
Within -
To where
I splash
And cry
And sing
of love
And life
And
See - through
skin.

Alison Barton

Hotel Season

I couldn't bring myself to kill
the spider
huddled near a shoe, ugly
but pathetic.

I never kept a diary, if I had
it would have been thrown
out to sea.

Nevertheless
the pages assemble them-
selves -

your love of foregone con-
clusions,

of writing the script
and then refusing to play.

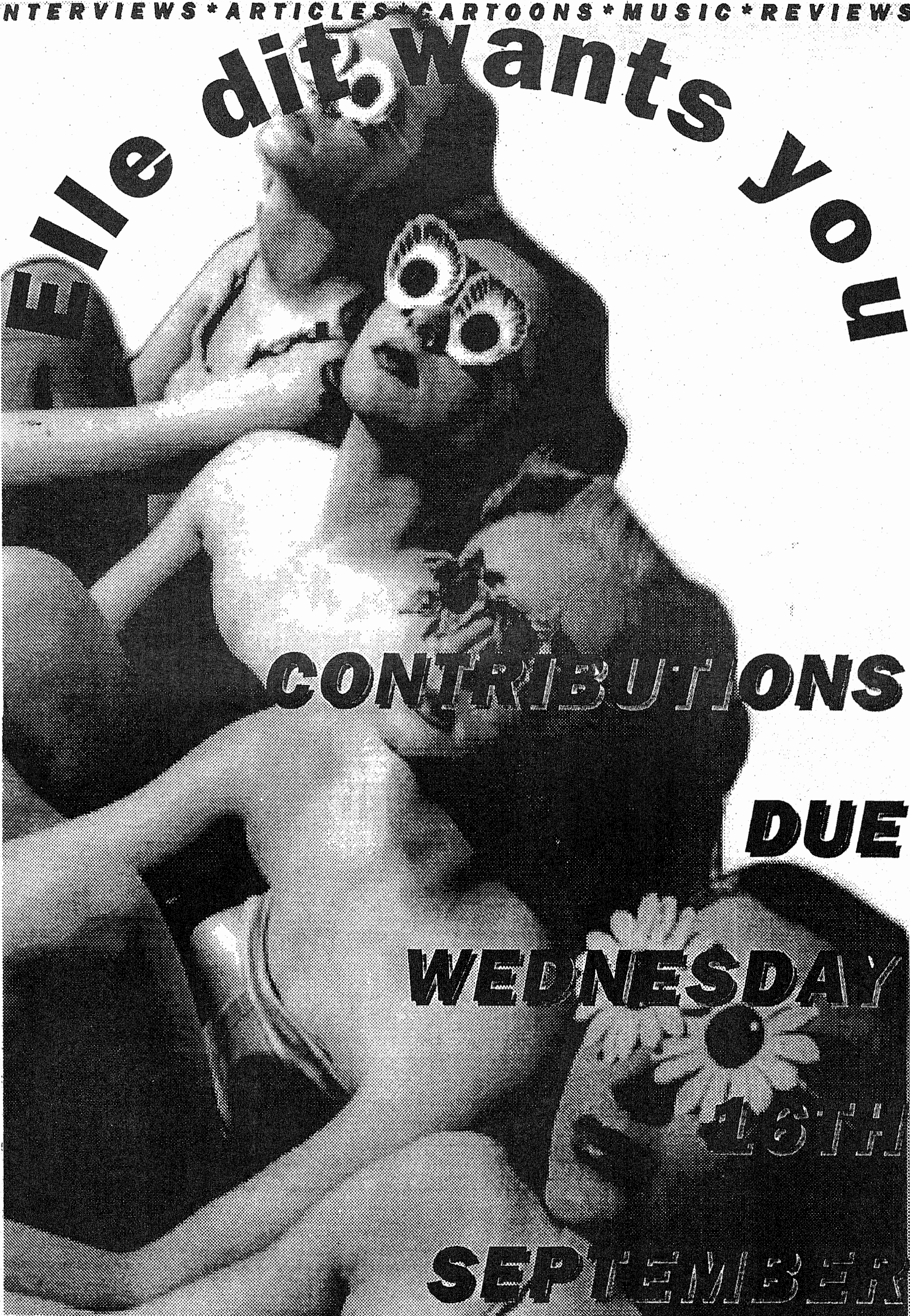
The unspoken
imminence of your depar-
ture.

I can still hear
as in a foyer,
your footsteps
resonant
with indifference.

Monica Carroll

INTERVIEWS * ARTICLES * CARTOONS * MUSIC * REVIEWS

Elle dit: wants you



CONTRIBUTIONS

DUE

WEDNESDAY

16TH

SEPTEMBER

Union Activities for week beginning Monday September 14th 1992

Monday September 14th

9am - 5pm "Process" exhibition in Union Gallery. Huge retrospective by Adelaide community activist "Jim Cane" who attempts to show something of the problems of the reality of survival as a green artist in Adelaide in the 90's. Continues until September 25th.

Tuesday September 15th

7.30 p.m. Film screening in Union cinema of "1900" with Robert De Niro, Gerard Depardieu, Donald Sutherland and Burt Lancaster. Director Bernardo Bertolucci, 243 mins. Free to members, starts 7.30 p.m., finish by 11.15 p.m.

Wednesday September 16th

6 - 8 Classical music in Union Bistro

Thursday September 17th

6 - 8 pm Brett Aplin, pianist in Union Bistro

9pm - late "Neurosis Dance Club" in UniBar organised by URS and the Union as another 4D production. Small door charge.

Friday September 18th

1 - 2 pm "Greg Williams" free lunchtime concert

6 - 8 pm Classical music with "Jacob Plooi" in Union Bistro

4 - 7 pm Anything Goes in UniBar with acoustic acts

9pm-late Bands in UniBar

Saturday September 19th

End of Semester period show in Bar

UniBar TOOHEYS Special

All stubbies of Tooheys Red, Blue and Old are on sale at \$1.80 instead of \$2.50 in UniBar after 2.30p.m. until closing each day until end of semester.

COMING SOON

"Def FX" (now coming to UniBar on Wednesday October 7th)

Annual Student/Staff Exhibition in Union Gallery

Your opportunity to exhibit in your own Gallery on campus from October 6 - 16 1992. Entry forms in your Activities booklet or from Paul Hewson in the Union Gallery or phone 228 5013. Entries close September 18th.

the earthmen truck

train tractor fireside

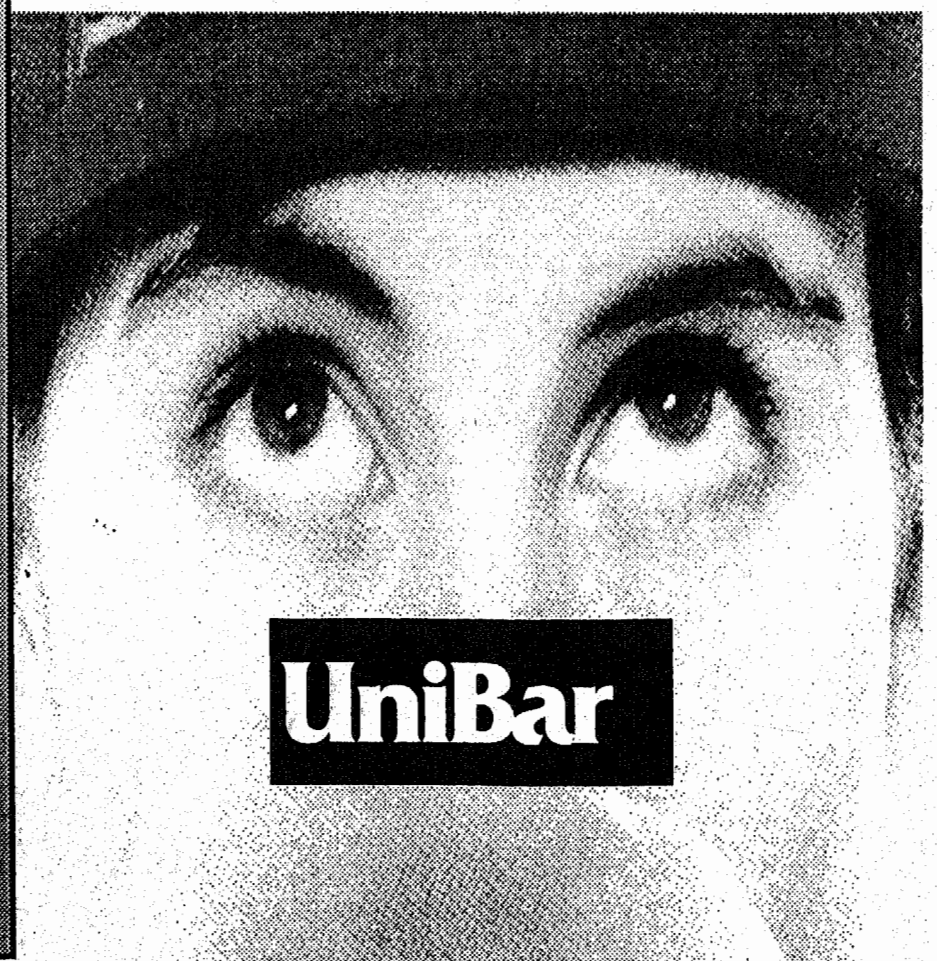
bernard shaw

UniBar

Level 5 Union Building
University of Adelaide

Saturday 19th

September



MIKE'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

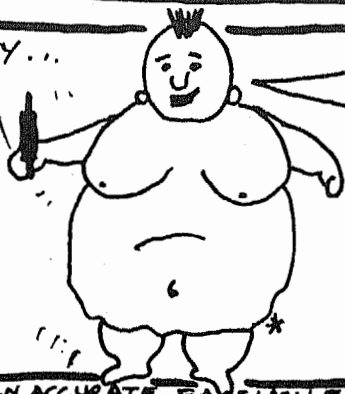
BY HEPBURN '92



MY NAKED MIND WAS RIPE FOR THE CLOTH OF EDUCATION. BUT MY INNOCENCE WAS NOT PREPARED FOR THE SHOCK OF REGURGITATED RULING CLASS BULLSHIT PERPETUATED IN THE ROOMS AND PLAYGROUNDS OF ... PRE-SCHOOL ...

I DID NOT WANT TO GO. HOWEVER, MY MOTHER BESEECHED ME TO. IN A HEART WARMING SPEECH, SHE CONVEYED TO ME HER HOPES AND DREAMS FOR A BETTER LIFE - EDUCATION WAS A PASSPORT TO THIS.

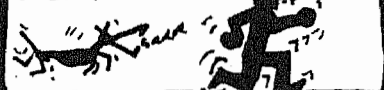
IN REALITY...



OFF TO SCHOOL YOU LITTLE SHIT. OR I'LL FLAY THE SKIN FROM YOUR BODY, SEPARATE YOUR SOLAR PLEXUS FROM YOUR RIB CAGE, AND TEAR AWAY YOUR EXPOSED HEART. I WILL THEN LEAVE YOU THERE, IN CONSIDERABLE PAIN, AND WATCH GLEEFULLY AS YOU ATTEMPT TO BREATHE. HAHA

DEMONIC LAUGHTER

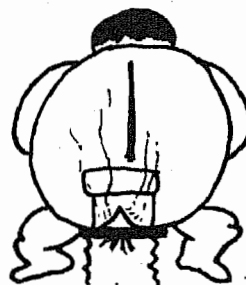
MUM'S FRIENDLY PERSUASION CONVINCED ME OF THE MERITS OF EDUCATION. HENCE, I QUIETLY WENT TO SCHOOL, BOUYED BY HER WORDS...



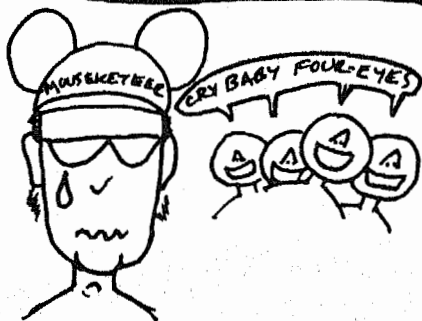
*NB. NOT AN ACCURATE FACSIMILE OF MY MUM - SHE HAS ALWAYS BEEN QUITE SVELTE ACTUALLY - SORRY MUM YX

ENTERING THE SCHOOL WAS MUCH LIKE ENTERING SOME HELLISH DOMAIN. EVERYONE STARED HATEFULLY AT ME, AS I WALKED WARILY TO THE ONLY VACANT CHAIR IN THE CAVERNOUS CLASSROOM...

THE CHAIR IN FRONT OF ME WAS OCCUPIED BY A BOY-MOUNTAIN. HIS ODOUR STRUCK ME INSTANTLY. HE EMITTED A FARTY SMELL THAT BEELZEBUB'S BUM WOULD BE PROUD OF...



HE GREETED ME WITH, "FUCK OFF FOUR EYES". I TOOK OFFENCE TO THIS, AND DID WHAT ANY SELF-RESPECTING YOUNG MAN WOULD DO - I CRIED. THIS PROVED TO BE A SOURCE OF UNLIMITED JOY FOR MY COLLEAGUES...

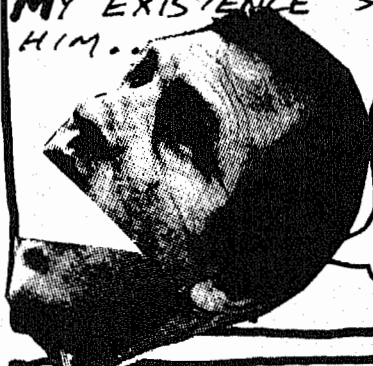


I THEN REALISED THE NAME BEHIND THE SMELL...



... JOHN HEWSON

MY EXISTENCE SEEMED TO DISPLEASE HIM...



BEHIND THE SHELTERSHED AT PLAY-LUNCH, FOUR-EYES. I'M GONNA KILL YA. IF YA PIKE IT, I'LL KILL YA GRAN.

AS I WAS VERY FOND OF MY GRAN, I SHOULD HAVE FELT COMPELLED TO ACCEPT HIS INVITATION. BUT, BUGGER IT...



ONE WAY TRIP TO BRAZIL. TA!

HOWEVER, THE PLANE WAS DELAYED, AND HEWSON DISCOVERED MY CUNNING PLAN. WITH HIS CRONIES, HE RACED TO THE AIRPORT. THERE WE MET. I, MIKE - SON OF WAGE-SLAVE - PREPARED FOR BATTLE. HEWSON RAISED HIS PAW (FATTENED ON THE MEAT OF THE PROLETARIAT) AND WAS PRIMED TO STRIKE...

BUT SUDDENLY, IN A SURGE OF CREATIVE FERVOUR...



... A FLYING SAUCER ENTERED THE STRIP... NB. THE AFFECT OF NAUGHTY DRUGS KICKING IN DURING THE PRODUCTION OF A COMIC STRIP.

THE PILOT JUMPED OUT...



HI! I'M STRAWBO FREDBERRY. I'VE COME FOR YOUR LIDER.

NB. HIS NAME BEARS NO IMPORTANCE ON THE STRIP. HOWEVER, I FEEL THAT IT IS IMPORTANT TO DEVELOP INTER-GALACTIC RELATIONSHIPS WHEN ONE CAN.

WITH HIS RAY EMITTING RETINAS, HE DESTROYED EVERYONE, BUT ME...



... AND A PRE-PUBESCENT KYLIE.

AS THE SUN SET, THE WORLD SIGHED WITH RELIEF AS HEWSON COULD NO LONGER FIGHTBACK (!), AND HIS EVIL DOMINION HAD ENDED...



... LITTLE DID MIKE KNOW THAT HE HELD THE HAND OF THE GREATEST EVIL EVER UNLEASHED ON THIS PLANET... TO BE CONTINUED

JIM BEAM

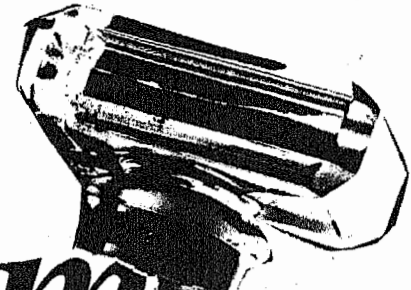


JAMES B BEAM DISTILLING CO • CLERMONT • BEAM • KENTUCKY

© COPYRIGHT

APB 18312-A

All about perfume



Wine is not the only seductive olfactory experience. What about perfume?

A self appointed sensory evaluation committee made up three boys, all Roseworthy trained went to investigate perfumes.

Of particular interest was seeing if those amazing glossy magazine advertisements implicitly promising a heightened sexual performance were true to word. Regretfully I have to report no perfumes were found to change the prospects of romance, wealth and beauty for any three of us. None the less the perfumes were interesting. Researching the perfumes uncovered some startling and unexpected results, the first being the attitude of the counter staff. The first shop we went to was The Body Shop and the staff were entirely suspicious of our intent, to the extent that we could not touch anything until the shop attendant saw our identification, rang and checked her supervisor and made us promise that we wouldn't take notes. I appreciate that the three of us were not displaying typical consumer behaviour. Three boys interested in perfume is rare, especially when armed with blotting paper and notepads. The counter staff over-reacted to us however. The next startling an unexpected result was that once we were finally sampling perfume essences, we found perfumes that we recognise as some people's signature aroma. One in particular, dewberry, is very distinctive and overpowering and I specifically remember it because one woman who used to frequent wine tastings would upstage the wines with her dewberry to the stage you couldn't smell the wines.

Myers - Here we had a pre-arranged appointment. We were also more careful to apply a moderate approach to our intentions, having learnt our lesson in The Body Shop. To no avail. The counter attendant with the pancake layer of make-up (thick, off-white and flat, matt finish) treated us like we had the plague, and again we were left standing around, looking very out of place until the supervisor was rung and brought to the counter. The icy, aloof treatment we received from the supervisor really didn't help either and it took a half an hour to gain her confidence and gently persuade her to let us sample some perfumes. Once this was achieved, we three boys did actually enjoy the opportunity to sample perfumes as well as listen to the genuine enthusiasm and lifelong experience the supervisor had with perfume. Again, like The Body Shop, we would all smell a perfume and immediately bring to mind the memory of someone who wore it all the time. In fact I have found it difficult when I find a perfume on one person that I associate with someone else. It's confusing, and it's hard to disassociate the perfume from the original wearer.

I feel critical of some of the propaganda we received from the various counter staff for example "A perfume smells differently on

each person." Complete crap, each person smells different, the perfume remains the same, the perfume is not the reason for the different aromas. The only exception to this is how a perfume sets off different aromas over a period of time. The different aromas used to make up perfumes have different volatilities, and some can be repected earlier than others, i.e. top notes come first then middle notes then base notes are the longest lasting.

"You can only smell three perfumes at the most." If I can sample 70 wines before reaching my limit, I am sure I could sample more than three perfumes and still manage to make sense of them. One counter attendant was so insistent that I wouldn't sample more than three, I had to identify the three perfumes as being musk, floral and amber and hence I got some credibility for being able to discern between one or the other. I appreciate that for the uninitiated it might be difficult to pick different perfumes but a little bit of exposure goes a long way.

"Perfumes help mask your own odours." Perhaps they do, but what about complement your own aromas. I find this line is part of the 'hate yourself, hate your body the way it is, buy our product and live up to everyone else's expectations' style of advertising. The portrayal of skinny models as the 'norm' for women is part of this.

John Martins - Having learnt that the truth has no place in a department store, especially around the cosmetics area, I adopted a different approach. I marched up to the counter and declared that my girlfriend has said if I don't buy some expensive perfume for her, she won't speak to me (a complete lie). Within no time at all, I was just about swimming in perfume samples. So I can recommend to all readers that if you wish to indulge in some perfume sampling and you're in a hurry, use this approach. In the wine industry, at tasting cellars I have never had any trouble in getting a tasting of the full range of wines on offer, pure curiosity with no intention of purchasing has been a good enough reason and wine is not gender dedicated so everyone gets a fair suck.

The perfumes.

"Having learnt that the truth has no place in a department store, especially around the cosmetics area, I adopted a different approach. I marched up to the counter and declared that my girlfriend has said if I don't buy some expensive perfume for her, she won't speak to me (a complete lie)."

Chanel No. 5 - we all like this one. Complex blend of floral characters, some musk evident. Chanel 'Cristalle' - Didn't like this one, too green, too grassy, too raw, and pungent. Rochas 'Byzance' - Not good. Too subtle. Some amber notes but generally nondescript.

Yves St. Laurent 'Opium' - Divided opinions on this, mainly due to the different attractions we all had to the various personalities we each know to wear this. It has a clever name.

YSL 'Y' - Divided opinions again, some thought it was too light and floral, others thought it was complex and different.

Elizabeth Taylor 'White Diamonds' - Like the woman, its not fresh, a bit past it perhaps. It certainly gets the award for the most effort in packaging.

Clinique 'Aromatics Elixir' - This was truly disgusting.

Jean Patou 'Joy' - The most expensive perfume in the world, 365 aroma ingredients. It is complex yet well integrated, yet definitely not worth the money.

Cacharel 'Lou Lou' - This was fantastic. Fruity floral and musks are cleverly combined, it works well even though it's a non-traditional mix.

Cacharel 'Anais Anais' - Not bad, but not exciting, obviously very floral but little else, and not particularly complex.

It was noted to us that the two main styles in a person's choice of perfumes is to pick a select group of perfumes, often only one, as the standard to be worn at all times. The other style is to have a range of perfumes that reflect a wearer's season or mood i.e. greens and florals during summer, ambers and musks during winter or one perfume for day-wear, another for evening. The majority of wearers adopt the former style we are told.

One last startling and unexpected result to come from the study of perfumes is the price. To pay over \$50 sometimes \$100 for 10ml or less of material that comprises only 5-20% active ingredients I find absolutely horrifying. Hearing the stories about how such and such aroma can only be picked at 4 a.m. on the morning of a full moon or by women over 70 years of age on some obscure island in the Indian Ocean did not justify the expense.

Last comment. Any chemist will know that it is dead easy to analyse a perfume through some aromatographic device to precisely determine the composition, but this doesn't

guarantee you will make you own successful perfume blend. If it's perfume composed of many different aromas, or wine composed of many different blends or a book composed of many different words or a song composed of many different notes, the skill for the blender is not knowing the starting materials, but knowing how to bring together the components into a popular composition. This is the truly creative and imaginative human input. Thanks to John McDonnell and Jim Martin for their assistance on the day.

Other notes.

Permaculture Update

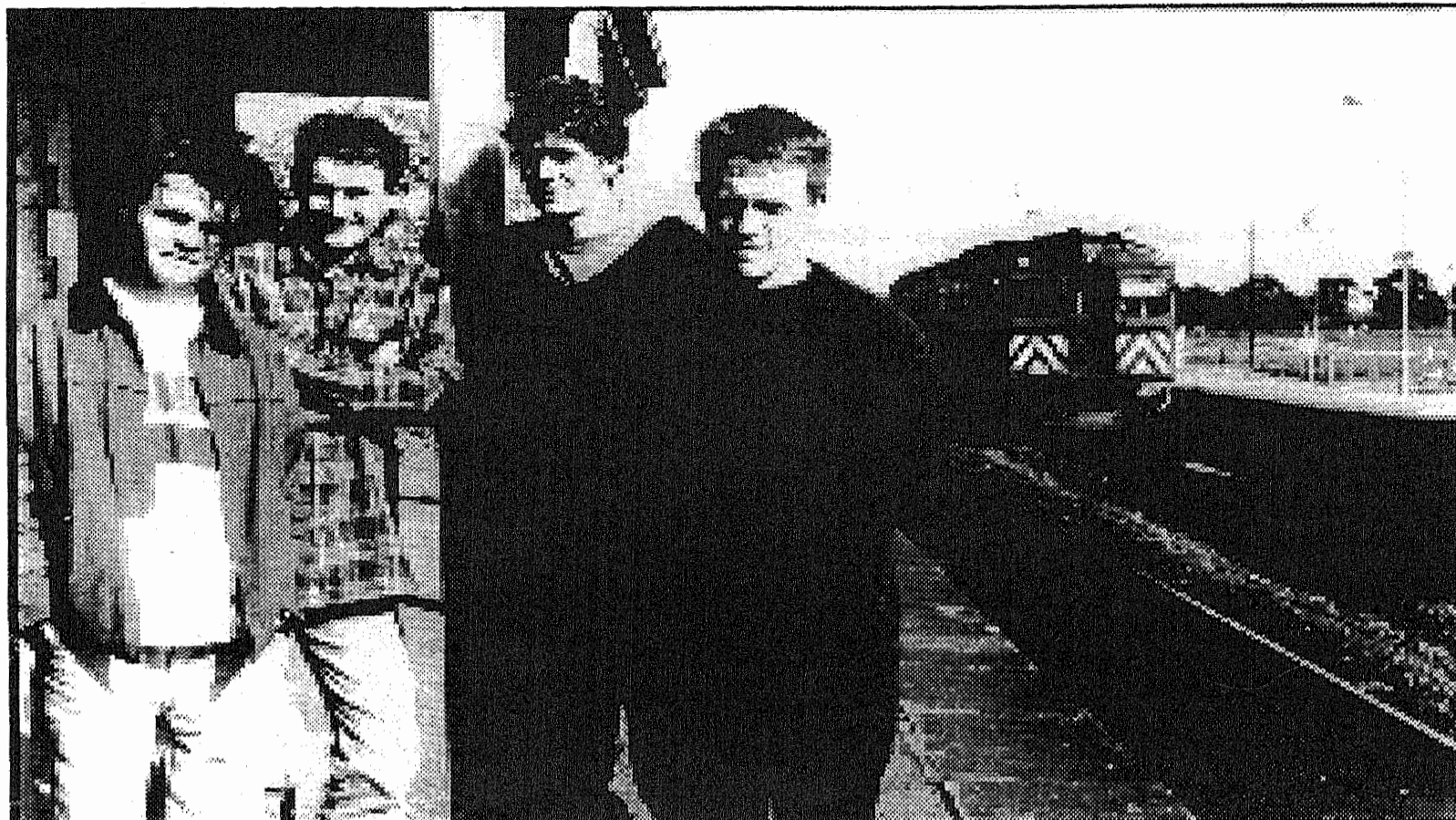
The Brookmans are having their spring open day at their property on Sunday 20th September, 2 p.m. - 5 p.m., at Clifford Road, Gawler down towards the river.

Next Wine Tasting

Caon Tucker Classic Wine tasting, see current Adelaide Review for details.

Word of warning for uni students. Last year at the same tasting a first year student, who shall remain nameless, turned up to this. He went straight to a table tasting whiskey and when it was pointed out to him that it was best to finish with whiskey rather than start he replied that he needed a 'palate cleanser'. Only a short time later, but enough time for many more 'cleansers' this student found himself pinned down by a large number of Hyatt staff who took offense at his abusive language and drunken behaviour. The police likewise took offence. The Roseworthy students who last year had the opportunity of working and/or tasting at this function are finding the invitation a little hard to come by this year, not surprisingly. If anyone is thinking of going either wear a 3-piece suit and tie, or don't mention the words "Adelaide Uni".

BEN VAGNARELLI



Truck Train Tractor

"We still haven't really decided what to put on the single"

"It's a bit of a moot point at the moment...(laughter)..we might split up before we decide."

Only nine months into their life as a band, the members of Adelaide group Truck Train Tractor are experiencing a problem most bands don't have at all, or at least not until well into their musical lives.

After a mere four gigs and a demotape, they're preparing to release their first single through Melbourne's highly sought after indie label, Summershine records.

Even after their first show at the old Queens Arms back in May, the small group that had gathered for the event realised with glee that Adelaide hadn't seen anything even vaguely similar to this since perhaps the (sort of) demise of the Artisans. But it's wrong to compare them to the latter. Slotting in somewhere amidst English popsters the Pastels, the Family Cat and the Wedding Present, singer Karl sounds like Stephen Pastel as he subtly warbles above some very beautiful guitar noise.

Sat in a room around some very dodgy recording equipment, Karl Melvin (singer, guitarist), Brett Bennet (guitar), Martin Richardson (drums) and Tim Mortimer (bass) chat happily about their forthcoming single, other bands, curry and just about anything else that comes into their minds. Y'see, not only do they produce brilliantly non pretentious guitar pop, but they're rather good at wondering several miles off the conversational track. As I found out.

Tim: "We're recording in two weeks and that's going to be a Triple A-side single, released hopefully late November."

Karl: "Things always get lost (amongst the many releases) in December around Christmas, so if we don't release it in November its going to be January."

Brett: (sounding disappointed): "Oh...I think we should aim for the Christmas no. 1 slot!"

Tim: "Maybe we should do a Christmas song"

Martin: "A Christmas album!"

Tim: "Yeah 'Have Yourself A Truckin' Little Christmas'."

Brett: "Remember those albums 'The Sounds of Hope and Happiness' that Channel 10 used to do?"

Martin: "Vaguely, yeah ... with Fat Cat on them ..wasn't he going to be our bass player?"

Tim: "Nah, our vocalist"

Brett: "Until Karl discovered that golden larynx"

Karl turns a suitable shade of red.

Tim: "Yes, well I think this is going to transcribe very well."

Indeed. It's a widely held misconception that just because a band is from Adelaide it's impossible to have any notable impact. Ignoring the fact that Adelaide has smaller crowds (and fickle ones at that!). TTT has proved that a local band with ideas and motivation is less handicapped than they may believe.

Tim: "Just in general, I think that Adelaide bands are a bit uptight 'cause they've got the world against them, or so they think."

Brett: "Yeah, they're hung up more than anything."

Karl: "That's the thing, a lot of bands are sort of shitty with us around Adelaide because we got signed after such a short time. But that's because we bothered to send summershine a tape. I mean they'd only ever received one tape from an Adelaide band before. We just bothered to send it in knowing who to send it to and then all these

other bands are like 'Fuck! How did they get signed'. It's ridiculous.

Tim: "But we are doing something that noone else is doing, which is the other half of it."

Karl: "And the other thing that I'd like to clarify is that its not, in essence, a record deal. All Summershine are paying for is the pressing and distribution, 'cause we're paying for the recording and everything and we'll be lucky if we get that back. It's similar to what the Jaynes did with their record. There's no reason for other bands to get jealous 'cause if they bothered to send tapes to appropriate labels they might get attention as well."

Tim: "Summershine is really good though, its attracting attention all the time. RooArt tried to sign the whole label over just because they wanted to get their hands on Autohaze."

Karl: "Polygram have got an interest in it too, but Summershine as well as being distributed in Australia are also distributed by Caroline Records in the UK, so its not just an Australian label."

With not only Australian but a possible overseas listenership beckoning, in a similar vein to the Wedding Present's recent cover version extravaganza, TTT aim to play a different cover every show. A permanent fixture of the band's repertoire for some time now has been Donovan's "Catch the Wind" resplendant with two minutes of tangled feedback at the end - something even the aging rockers who wrote the song may not have intended, but would be suitably impressed with. Or should be.

Brett: "The idea is to get enough covers so eventually we can do a TTT covers only evening", (he smiles wryly).

How do you choose your covers?

Brett: "We'll do anything really."

Tim: They get changed a bit though, because they end up sounding like us, they're kind of simplified.

Particularly striking amongst covers thus far is a 45 second version of Neil Young's

'Keep On Rockin' in the Free World' and Bob Dylan's 'It's All Over Now Baby Blue' as well as the obligatory Weddoes cover (Kennedy). Forthcoming delights include the Velvet Underground's 'Heroin' and Rod Stewart's 'Maggie May'.

A bright spark in the room at the time thought that a TTT cover of "The Power and the Passion" would be a particularly good - an idea the band warmed to enthusiastically. As far as other future plans go there's a show at the Unibar on the 19th of this month with the Earthmen (from Melbourne). Fireside and Bernard Shaw, as well as a support with Sydney's Swirl on the 16th of October. For the moment however Brett is intent on talking about his pastimes,

Brett: "I like a bit of gardening and I've recently taken up swimming."

Karl: "Tim's hobby is the Mandelbrot set" What about you then, Karl?

Karl: "I sleep in,.... I eat curry."

And they're off again, talking about curry, the Ukraine and people that write letters to the Advertiser. You can say many things about Truck, Train, Tractor but 'they take themselves too seriously' is definitely not one of them.

Apart from "Starforce USA" (a satire on the Gulf War). What can we expect the songs on the single to be about?

Martin: "Vengeance, Violence"

Karl: "Sex"

Brett: "Drugs"

Martin: "Death"

Tim: "Curry"

Brett: "Swimming"

Tim: "Gardening"

Karl: "The Mandelbrot Set"

Tim: "Yeah particularly that song 'Come Ye Stroll through my Curry Garden'...based on a 16th Century poem."

Of course. Keep on Truckin'.

Fiona Dalton

REVIEWS ALBUMS SINGLES music

"Jesus He Knows Me"

Genesis
Virgin Records
CD Single

One of the prime exponents of adult rock returns and what a little beauty it is. Genesis is one of those groups that I find desperately hard to like. Don't these people know when to go into early retirement? It would be extremely easy to just denounce all the turgid, reticent, middle-aged rock star pomp and plastic condescending concern for the little people that this record spits out. Phil Collins is a rock star of the first league. He can go nowhere without being mobbed by mindless fans.

He has billions of dollars to his name and the sort of smug power trip to accompany it. It's this sort of attitude that permits bands like Genesis to release a record called "Jesus He Knows Me" and expect to change. The thing is this isn't the first time Genesis has pulled this trick on us. They did it once before with "Land of Confusion" but that at least didn't sound too bad.

This time around we've got Phil and his cohorts attempting to disassemble the myth that if in doubt, God will help you out.

It's a fair enough comment, but coming from someone so conceited as Phil you wonder how he could possibly know or honestly care about it. Take the world's conscience of your shoulders, Phil. You're a pop singer, not a god.

The song itself is very standard mainstream pop fare. Expect nothing out of the ordinary. There is a tried and true formula to Genesis. It's one that sells. Middle aged "adults" will most probably take this one to heart. Oh, and Phil, if Jesus knows you then perhaps you could get him to have you over at his place just a few years early.

Rohan Thompson

Don't Sweat the Technique

Eric B & Rakim
EMI

"Don't Sweat the Technique" is the first single by Eric B & Rakim from their new album of the same name. Since their debut in '86, Eric B & Rakim have continued to release tracks which both devotees of hip hop and fans of other music styles can enjoy. Throughout the late 80's and into the 90's their musical style has evolved without losing the original old skool sound.

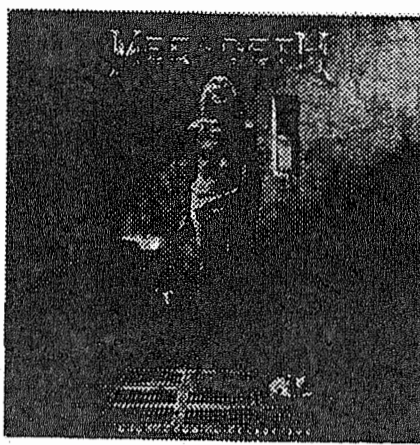
"Don't Sweat the Technique" is a funky track which shows new direction in their music style. With a funky bassline, a fat horn section, hot trumpet solos and the classic rapping style of Eric B. This is an infectious groove, the influences of this acid jazz movement are unmistakable in the rhythm and keyboard sections of this track and are even clearer in the fat brass sounds.

The 12" single contains six different versions with remixes by Simon "the funky ginger" Law and Mr Lee on the A - side the funky ginger club version is my favourite. It is impossible to resist the funky rhythm and I cannot listen to this version without being caught in a jazzy spell.

If you like hip hop, get this! If you like the music on the acid jazz and Talkin' Loud labels, get this! If you like good brassy jazz, try this. If you are one of those people who says "another crap rap record", then at least give this a listen, you may find yourself pleasantly surprised.

Overall, this is an excellent track and would be a worthwhile addition to any good music collection.

LB.



Megadeth

"Countdown to Extinction"

It is with a leary heart that I commit pen to paper on the new Megadeth LP. Despite keeping the same band members for more than one album and kicking his heroin addiction, Dave Mustaine just couldn't seem to get this one right. This shoddy collection of tracks has the WIMPIEST sound I have ever heard on a so-called metal album.

If you've heard the singles that are getting radio airplay, "Symphony of Destruction" and "Foreclosure of a Dream" and figured, as I did, that they always play the crappiest songs on the radio and therefore the rest of the album has got to be better - think again. For the first time, Dave has let the other band members have major creative input into the material. Big mistake. If this is the best they can come up with, I recommend he tells them to fuck off and play what he tells them to next time. However, I don't think it's a matter of just putting out a bad release. I think it's yet another example of a good band being corrupted by greed and the MTV generation.

Who would have thought Mega Dave would follow their hated arch-rivals Metallica in making a dash for the cash? Well, I hope he's satisfied with his ill-gotten gains while ex-fans the world over try desperately to sell their copies of "Countdown to Extinction" to any suckers willing to pay. How can it be satisfying playing live to a crowd where the majority can't recognise any of your earlier work? What happened to the killer riffs, the blazing solos, the battle field drum lines? I saw them in concert last year, Nick Menza is an awesome drummer.

How can he endure this lazy, boring drek? Marty Friedman is one of the best guitarists you could wish to have in a speed metal band, and yet he's not allowed to play jack shit of any interest whatsoever on this pathetic album.

Fans of old Megadeth - If you are even considering buying this LP, please listen to it first. You'll thank me when you don't end up wasting your money. Personally, I'll just listen to their old stuff and try to forget this one. R.I.P. one of my favourite bands - following in the footsteps of Meballada, Mega Def Leppard have truly lost it.

Regimental Bastard

Skew Siskin

"Skew Siskin"

I got this CD knowing absolutely nothing about the band, for whom this is their debut album. It turned out to be a quite good hard rock LP with the classic European rock sound a' la D.A.D. (Skew Siskin appears to hail from Germany). Unlike D.A.D., Skid Row

etc. with their Imitation Female (Im) vocals, Skew Siskin actually has a female lead vocalist who does a very reasonable job, quite a welcome change for this type of band in my opinion.

The music itself, while not being my preferred style, is competent and energetic, and I think any fan of the hard rock genre could not go too far wrong with this one.

It's a good value CD, with 12 tracks for a total playing time of 58 minutes, with all tracks being comfortably listenable. Their gender reversed cover version of "All Day and All of the Night" leaves a little to be desired, though. Overall I give it a thumbs up, definitely a bit more bite to it than the bland fare that passes for hard rock in general these days.

Bastard Regiment.

Chainsaw Kittens

Flipped out in Singapore (Mammoth)

The Kitten's main influences consist of the New York Dolls and Cheap Trick. (Yes, they were a good rock band once, believe it or not). Butch Vig produced their album. Tyson Meade, their singer, looks like Frank!N!Furter after a really heavy night which included raiding his grandmother's wardrobe. Yes, this isn't your average band! This is their second album, consisting of songs with some 70's rock structures, but predictably clean, forceful production. There are some cool 3 - note riff - solos, and good solid rock - guitar.

In amongst all this are consistent hop drug references; Tyson may do well to remember that a number of his idols are no longer making records for that reason. Then of course there is the possibility they simply are hip drug references, and that his loony mind-scramble lyrics are simply the product of a few natural mis-wirings!

All in all, a pretty cool album, stand out being "Connie I've found the door" and "Flipped out in Singapore".

DJK

Wait - I've got it. Tyson looks like Lorraine Bailey!

Colourhaus

Water to the Soul

(East West)

Well, here's a little word from Sherrie Krenn, of this outfit.

"I never wanted to do dance music or be perceived as bubblegum", says the 21 year old.

"So I told them, I won't sing this. That's not what I'm made of. I hope I'm a bit deeper than "I love you, la la la".

Well, Rodger me senseless with a dodgy bio if I didn't encounter drum machines, bubblegum vocals and corny love songs.

Well, it continues, Colourhaus apparently are "a bit left of centre, more on the edge".

Krenn apparently has an "independent nature" because she has a funny name. They think it took bollocks to do an 'office tour' to get a record deal, but hey, no one actually plays live anymore do they, not without a backing tape?

Like a serious version of Girlfriend. Avoid at all costs, boycott stores that stock this, riot, buy a NOFX records!

DJK

PS - Apparently Sherrie is Australian, raised in Tasmania in fact.



Twelve Angry Men

Twelve Angry Men Royalty Theatre 2nd-5th September

Attention all law students! (and anyone on jury duty). Reginald Rose's "Twelve Angry Men", performed by the Therry Dramatic Society, is a thoroughly captivating and inspiring drama. Set in 1950's America, Rose's strong script brings together all their personal prejudices, frustrations and desires of twelve very different men in a jury room. Together, these twelve men must decide unanimously on the guilt or innocence of a poor, young, nineteen year old man, tried for murder.

The central character is Juror No. 8, (no names are given), played by Beverley Vaughan, (also played sensitively by Henry Fonda in Sydney Lumet's brilliant 1957 film version). It is this man who stands alone from the other eleven men in deciding that there is "a reasonable doubt" in his mind that the accused is guilty. What follows is 'a character study of men in crisis', as a 'guilty vs non-guilty' tug-of-war ensues. It quickly emerges that most of the men have not thought about the details of the trial very deeply and that their main aim is to get out of the jury room as soon as possible. The frightening reality is that were it not for the actions of Juror No. 8, the

accused would have been packed off to the electric chair all too quickly. As it turns out, the twelve men, despite some angry and personal exchanges, manage to dissect the contradictions of the witness accounts from the court hearing. After much heated debate, they return a 12-0, 'not-guilty' verdict.

tension and anger between the men was built up too quickly. The result of this was a lack of variety in the way the men related to each other - they just ended up shouting all the time. Having twelve people seated around a long table on stage, with five of them with their backs to the audience, presents an awkward situation for stage direction. Director Paulene

What makes this drama so enthralling is the high level of emotion that is carried through the themes of racism and bigotry which feature prominently in the play. Other themes in the play associated with, but not exclusive to America, are anti-communism, anti-intellectualism and fear of urban poverty. Terry-Beitz says that "... I hope to encourage an awareness that what we are presenting is 'what has been' rather than 'what is' a morally acceptable standard of behaviour." Unfortunately the debacle of the Rodney King trial in Los Angeles earlier this year clearly illustrates that we have a long way to go in achieving justice for minority groups.

The Therry Dramatic Society's production of "Twelve Angry Men" was not without its faults. Lines were stumbled over on occasions, a mistake was made with the lighting at one point, and the unnatural American accents fell away at times. Nonetheless it was entertaining and the happy audience enjoyed what they saw. Comparisons with Lumet's film version are unfair, yet inevitable. The film, Lumet's first, was nominated for an Academy Award and was a success, both critically and commercially. Thirty-five years on, still in black and white, it has lost none of its relevance or appeal. See the darn thing!
Stephen Clark

What makes this drama so enthralling is the high level of emotion that is carried through the themes of racism and bigotry which feature prominently in the play.

The Therry Dramatic Society is an amateur theatre company, and whilst the actors in "Twelve Angry Men" were no Anthony Hopkins, they did put on a very keen performance. In my mind, Bill James (Juror No. 4) and Michael Page (Juror No. 11) stood out as the strongest members of the cast. David Torr (Juror no. 3) was also good as the father estranged from his son, who wanted to take out his frustrations upon the accused. My major criticism of the production is that the

Terry-Beitz handled this problem well, deftly moving actors to the sides, and having them stand up when talking for lengthy periods. Terry-Beitz says she chose not to see Lumet's film version because she did not want to be unduly influenced. Fair enough. Whoever designed the set however, must have thought, such was its striking similarity to that in the film. Most of the actors also played their characters very similar to how those in the film were portrayed.

The Mirade

Miracle

'Miracle' by Tobsha Learner the latest offering from Vitalstatix, is a comedy set in a supermarket and was directed by Christin a Totos. The central character, Immaculata, undergoes a strange transition when she witnesses a miracle in the supermarket where she works. Her experience is testimony to God working in mysterious ways as 'she' speaks to Immaculata via a cash register.

This event and the miracles that ensue, change the lives of the workers at the supermarket. Suddenly all of their dreams are turning into realities.

'Miracle' is a play of contrasts. Set in the Port Adelaide area, many different members of society are depicted. Ethnics are embodied in Immaculata, Aborigines are represented through Pearl, well to do married couples are characterised by Ida and Clive, Sparks is a single mother and there is even a criminal youth. There are also the Catholics, the Protestants, the atheists and those who follow Aboriginal spirituality.

Rose Clemente, a NIDA graduate, gave a convincing and entertaining performance as Immaculata. Eileen Darley was both Ida and the chain smoking social worker, Ruth. Geoff Revell competently played six characters ranging from a wayward youth to an Irish Catholic priest and Immaculata's dead father. The comic role of Sparks made the audience laugh through her sheer bluntness. The sets and props were very impressive and created the atmosphere of a supermarket through the many stacks of cardboard cartons. The illuminated till was also a surprise. Miracle accurately portrayed the lives of workers and their dreams. Many hours of research in and around Port Adelaide produced this humorous play. It received funding as an Art in Working Life Project by the performing Arts Board of the Australia Council and as a Multicultural Project by the SA Department for the Arts and Cultural Heritage.

Marian Clarkin

A Handful

A Handful Of Friends La Mama Theatre, Hindmarsh September 3-26 \$8/\$10

David Williamson's plays are often entertaining and amusing - as evidenced by the State Theatre Company's recent production of Money and Friends. Unfortunately much of La Mama Theatre's production of A Handful of Friends was cliched and uninteresting. Surprisingly, for a Williamson play, this production didn't engage us. The play centres around the relationships and interactions between five characters - two married couples and the sister of one of the men. Russell and his wife Wendy are featured in a film by Russell's friend, Mark, who is married to Sally, who used to live with

Russell's sister, Jill. It's one of those plays where each character is somehow connected and you find out how as the play goes on. But due to some poor acting it was difficult to be interested in the characters. Because of this, the revelations that just about everyone had slept with everyone, which it seems were supposed to be earth-shattering, were far from riveting.

The play did have potential - there are some witty one liners and there is the possibility of sending up the characters who are obsessed with themselves and each other. Better direction and, from two actors in particular, better

acting were needed. The quality of acting ranged from frustratingly mechanical to convincing and self-assured. This really affected the way the play came across. When James Sloan (Russell) and Raechel Carroll (Wendy) were on stage the play was wooden and lifeless. They lacked any ironic humour in their approach to their characters. This was badly needed. The fact that the characters took themselves seriously didn't mean the actors had to take the characters seriously. They delivered their lines as if it were a play reading and the characters didn't seem to interact. However, when Rod Gamlin (Mark)

and particularly Petra Schulenberg (Sally) took to the stage the play seemed different. It was more vital and our interest level was raised. Michelle Arbery as Jill, also gave a solid performance. She lifted the scenes with Raechel Carroll and James Sloan and complemented the performances of Rod Gamlin and Petra

Schulenberg. In a scene by herself she was forceful.

Some of the problems we noticed could have been opening night stutters, especially the fact that Rod Gamlin didn't have total control of his lines and that some of the scene changes seemed unnecessarily long. Perhaps this is indicative of under-rehearsing and there is the possibility that the production will improve over the season. But to make this performance worth seeing some more fundamental changes in acting and direction are needed.

Joanne Daniell and Lorien Kaye

"Surprisingly, for a Williamson play, this production didn't engage us."



Never Ask Questions

What the Butler Saw State Theatre Company

All theatre, over the centuries, has had a number of common purposes. Firstly, theatre has been intended to educate and inform, to instruct and to instil values. Secondly, theatre has tried to entertain people to provide an escape from the banality of everyday life. But by far the most important aim of theatre has been this: to offend as many as possible, as grievously and openly as possible, particularly if those people were middle-class, whom as we all know, deserve everything they get.

In this proud tradition of affronting the bourgeoisie comes Joe Orton's "What the Butler Saw", presented by the State Theatre Company.

This farce is set in Britain in the 1960's and features members of the medical establishment in all their patriarchal glory. Senior Medico, Dr Rance, played energetically by Frank Whitten and his more junior colleague Dr. Prentice, played by Richard Piper, find time between victimising each other and their associates, to rattle off a series of little phrases which characterise the practice of medicine, and in particular psychiatry, nicely:

"Please remember, I'm a doctor", says the doctor who is undressing and raping his potential new secretary.

"Never ask questions" is the response to very pertinent and reasonable questions.

Orton tirelessly lampoons the Authority (with a capital A) which is doing everything "for your own good." And it's here that he's on solid ground. This play shows the Establishment up in all its ruthlessness and hypocrisy.

Orton's treatment of women, however, is less satisfying. Dr. Prentice's wife is a masochistic nymphomaniac for whom rape seems to be normal sexual conduct. The other female character, the young secretary, Geraldine Barclay, is portrayed as being parallel to the other young (victim) person, Nicholas Beckett. But where he is a cheeky, subversive, satyr, very much in the mould of Joe Orton himself, she is a daffy, asexual, airhead who is pushed and pulled throughout the

length of the play. But Orton does catch some of the particular menace that patriarchal medicine has posed to women: "She may mean yes when she says no - essential feminine psychology."

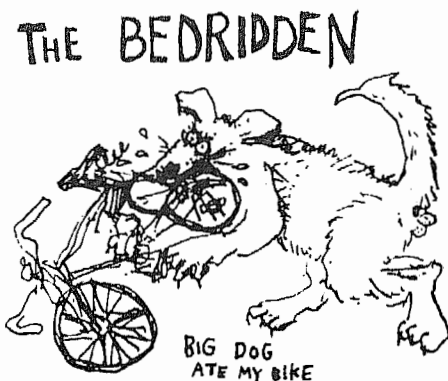
Orton's answers to the stifling Authority of the play is unlimited tolerance, which apparently includes rape and paedophilia. This tolerance is expressed in "What the Butler Saw" as total chaos. Orton is, first and foremost, a subversive. He undermines everything everybody, liberal and conservative alike, holds dear, including the theatrical device of the farce.

Orton's play has the appearance of one of Wilde's plays. But it lacks Wilde's perfect self-contained epigrammatic language. And "What the Butler Saw" possesses a great deal of physical humour which often does not work. But Orton's profound love of chaos wins through. He takes the farce so over the top into the realm of pure madness that it overcomes the inherent silliness of farce and works well.

The acting is very good all round and if the British accents slip occasionally, it doesn't really harm the production. Special mentions go to Frank Whitten as the jerky, paranoid, insane Psychiatrist and Philip Hiller as the exquisite, bullish Sergeant Match who probably has a job waiting for him in any police-force in the English-speaking world.

"What the Butler Saw" is a good production but no classic. The STC will tell you this play hasn't dated since the Sixties but the truth of the matter is, it has, though not unbelievably. It no longer affronts the middle-class, it just makes them giggle at the wonder of having naked penises on stage (mostly fully attached). It's probably worth the money but only barely.

Nick Smith



CROWN & ANCHOR
HOTEL

Greenfell St.

SUNDAY 20th September 1992

5 pm ish

Controlled Desperation

Low Daniel Keene Red Shed 'til September 26th

Sid Brisbane and Ulli Birvé are surrounded on all sides by designer Tim Maddock's sparse, cell-like set. Like the lives of the characters they portray, it is stark, bare and empty. Bored, living lives of frustration and drunkenness, their 'plan' to rob a store saves them from a total, depressing apathy. It also draws them down in a spiral of confusion and despair.

"Low" is not a dramatic cliché, contrasting one state of life with others, nor does it set up the robbery as the one significant event which dramatically changes or worsens things. Their lives are already bleak, and there is, instead, a sense of hopelessness, inevitability, and a yawning vacuum of desire and greed which they try to till, and which ultimately consumes them.

The play, then, is pervaded with controlled desperation. Like everyone else, Jay and Emma want things, covet, envy, obsess and plan. Their choice is to take and their means violent, but, trapped with them in the claustrophobic space of their "room", we don't feel ready to condemn.

The tension that builds as they prowl through their working hours like caged animals leads them to take out their frustrations on each other in frightening, violent outbursts. Their obsessive, possessive, tender love for each other is at times

violently subverted by this, and in a couple of scenes, they cruelly act out aggression borne of frustration and self-abasement. Brisbane and Birvé give us, with appalling clarity, illustration of the havoc society's "values" play in destroying what really matters.

"Low" doesn't moralize, as we see the mistakes they are making. Keene neither suggests rosy alternatives, nor embraces their choices.

As the initially bored, unemployed Jay, Brisbane is powerful in his characterisation; Emma is, not unlike Lady MacBeth, a goading influence, forcing him to confront their "vaulting ambition". And, not unlike MacBeth, once the blood has stained, more is to follow. Caught up in a nightmare of her own creating, Ulli Birvé's portrayal of Emma is moving and evokes our sympathy.

The emotional pitch is kept high and violent by the two; at times, the well-chosen four letter word works in well. But towards the end, it wears

and a few less in each sentence would probably be a good thing. For all its dark anger, some drunken scenes evoke laughter that breaks the well-directed tension effectively.

Ultimately it's a tense, sobering night at the theatre leading to a re-think of how easy it is to 'brand' people, without understanding, and a feeling that all is not right with the world. But the saddest thing of all, it's the fact that the biggest gasp from the audience came, not at the fatal wounding of one of

the characters, but at the burning by the other of a \$50 bill; a microcosm of the distortion of values "Low" succeeds well in getting across.

Mel Sanders

the saddest thing of all, it's the fact that the biggest gasp from the audience came, not at the fatal wounding of one of the characters, but at the burning by the other of a \$50 bill;



The Nutcracker

Ballet always conjures up images of old world charm. One imagines black tie Viennese aristocracy gracing a palatial theatre dignifiedly viewing a grand ballet. If you believe that to be ballet's place do not read on.

The Australian Ballet's "Nutcracker", under the superlative choreographic talent of Graeme Murphy, defies such traditions. It transforms the biographical account of Clara's life into one of heart felt pain, passion and emotion. We are taken on a hallucinatory voyage retrospectively through the life of the now ageing Clara. We see her memory of childhood terror of the night shadows. We are taken through the chaos of the Russian Revolution and the devastating impact of the death of her lover. We journey through her solace in dance from country to country until ultimately she arrives and settles in Australia. Finally, we witness her farewell dance where her hallucinations and the present come together to eternalise her memories.

It is a striking story and conventionally handled in an old school tradition. The stunning choreography and sophisticated staging of this production, however, opts for a pastiche of traditional mode solos and duets, contemporary styles, complex formation corps, film and slides. This brings drama to the ballet and extends it beyond the standard to something of a broader theatrical experience. This is a credit to Graeme Murphy and designer, Kristian Fredrikson.

The set designs are often changing in respect to the chronology with the clever use of transparent backdrops making changeovers smooth and graceful. Similarly, the costumery is of a very high standard, so that while glamorous in their own right, the

costumes add to the production in expressing and capturing the emotional shifts of mood and character. The costumery in the presentation of Clara to the Tsar and the Tsarina at an Imperial Ball, as an example, highlighted the grandeur and pomp of the era and the triumph of Clara's debut.

Vicki Attard as Clara, the ballerina, gives a thoroughly absorbing performance: mesmerising as a dancer and radiant as a character. In fact, as a general rule, this is applicable across the board. Sian Stokes, Colin Peasley and David McAllister all stand out as other examples. The dramatic duets of Vicki Attard and David McAllister, as the lovers, literally shone with charisma and dazzled with fluency. Some of the corps work, however, did not quite meet up to such standards. The same fluency was lacking in the Egyptian Arabs and the Australian sailors scenes, as examples. These were not, however, detractors from the overall standard and nor were they characteristic of the production overall.

For overall, this is a production of enormous merit. This was a "Nutcracker" that while unconventional in execution was both innovative and powerful. It was a "Nutcracker" for those people who might not otherwise enjoy ballet but still a production that would satisfy the discerning connoisseur and testimony to the deserved high esteem in which our Australian Ballet is held.

George Selvanera



Chinese ghost Story 3

Every once in a precious while a movie comes along whose naked realism and breathtaking cinematography combines to bring home a very powerful message. Such a movie is the soon to be released The Power of One, however such a movie certainly isn't A Chinese Ghost Story 3.

Brought to us by the makers of a production that boasts the highest body count of a feature length film ever made: Tusi Hark along with director Ching Siu-Tung certainly make no apology in this production, the third *Chinese Ghost Story*, through the many displays of ruthless violence depicted early in the film in the manifestation of flying heads and missing limbs.

This latest creation however not only delivers in full the expected bloody action and slapstick humour but also introduces a strong element of supernatural seduction and unexpected intimacy that for a brief moment peers through the thick cloud of lunacy and silliness the film seems to be constantly immersed in.

For the lost soul who has not been subjected to the wonders of modern Hong Kong cinema you may find familiarities by recalling the tastiest bits of *Monkey* increasing the voltage and adding more spice and in the case of *Chinese Ghost Story 3* a lot more spice. Such a composition insists on the real open mouthed, drooping tongue experience that this sort of movie deserves.

Put to sleep at the end of the last story the Tree Devil was awakened to a world where killing is simply a question of where, when and how much, where every human with hands carries a sword and an innocent stumble in a crowded street can result in a community massacre. Quite pleased with the present trends she once again inhabits the woods of the Orchid Temple merrily enticing the local town bandits with her horde of sexy, youthful she-devils promising heavenly sex but

unfortunately delivering that 'Oh Bhudda! I'm going to be eaten by demons' feeling.

To counter such dread awful nasties our two holy heros are a wise old monk with many a powerful spell and his clumsy young acolyte who is constantly at odds with his obvious attraction towards delights of the flesh. On their holy quest they are soon surrounded by deception and evil intent and happily assistance is found in a master swordsman packing a giant sword and measuring his mastery in portions of diced demon and decapitated debtors. Together they must dodge deadly hair, elude extending nails and battle the butch Tree Devil whose searching tongue, some forty feet in length, threatens to steal their hearts away their hearts away, along with a selection of other vital organs. The kissing scenes in this film certainly give a new meaning to the term 'tonguey'. Such are but a few of the multiple horrors they must encounter in order to basically end up where they started, but such is a life we can all relate to.

Recently spewing out hundreds of movies every year the Hong Kong film industry seems determined to make the most of the next five. This appreciation of a good thing while it lasts, is reflected in their films through their ability to pack into one film enough special effects, humour, blood and guts, costumes, martial arts and sex for five Hollywood productions. A *Chinese Ghost Story III* is no exception.

Bryn Liepins

GIVE A HAND



NOT JUST A HANDOUT

Your donation will go to self-help projects in some of the world's poorest countries. Giving practical assistance like seeds and tools helps people grow their own food. It means they don't have to rely on handouts.

So please give generously when our volunteer collectors call soon.



FREEDOM FROM HUNGER ANNUAL APPEAL

SAUA SCANDAL

ROEDIGER

CRABB

REVEALED AS

ONE AND SAME

Competing for the SAUA or wallowing in the piss troughs? That's the question we here at On Dit asked ourselves when we stumbled over these very candid shots of Annabel Crabb and Anthony Roediger, who were busy pointing Percy in all the wrong directions.

But the lies and deceit don't end here. We have in our possession what has become known as "The Urinal Tapes". The gathering of evidence by our intrepid reporters (Codename: BladderGate) has put the personal safety of many of our staff at risk. We can now reveal however the two top theories regarding these two charlatans

THEORY ONE

Annabel and Tony have spent years planning their dual takeover of the Union. Even we were swayed by election week skirmishes - but consider this:

- FACT 1 attended the Blue and White together-in drag
- FACT 2 frenzied boozy lunch in Jolly's prior to election week-returned to Uni and staged argument
- FACT 3 Seen constantly together at Urinals
- FACT 4 ATTENDED entire Bachelors and Spinsters ball together last year

FACT 5 Have a child called Trevor

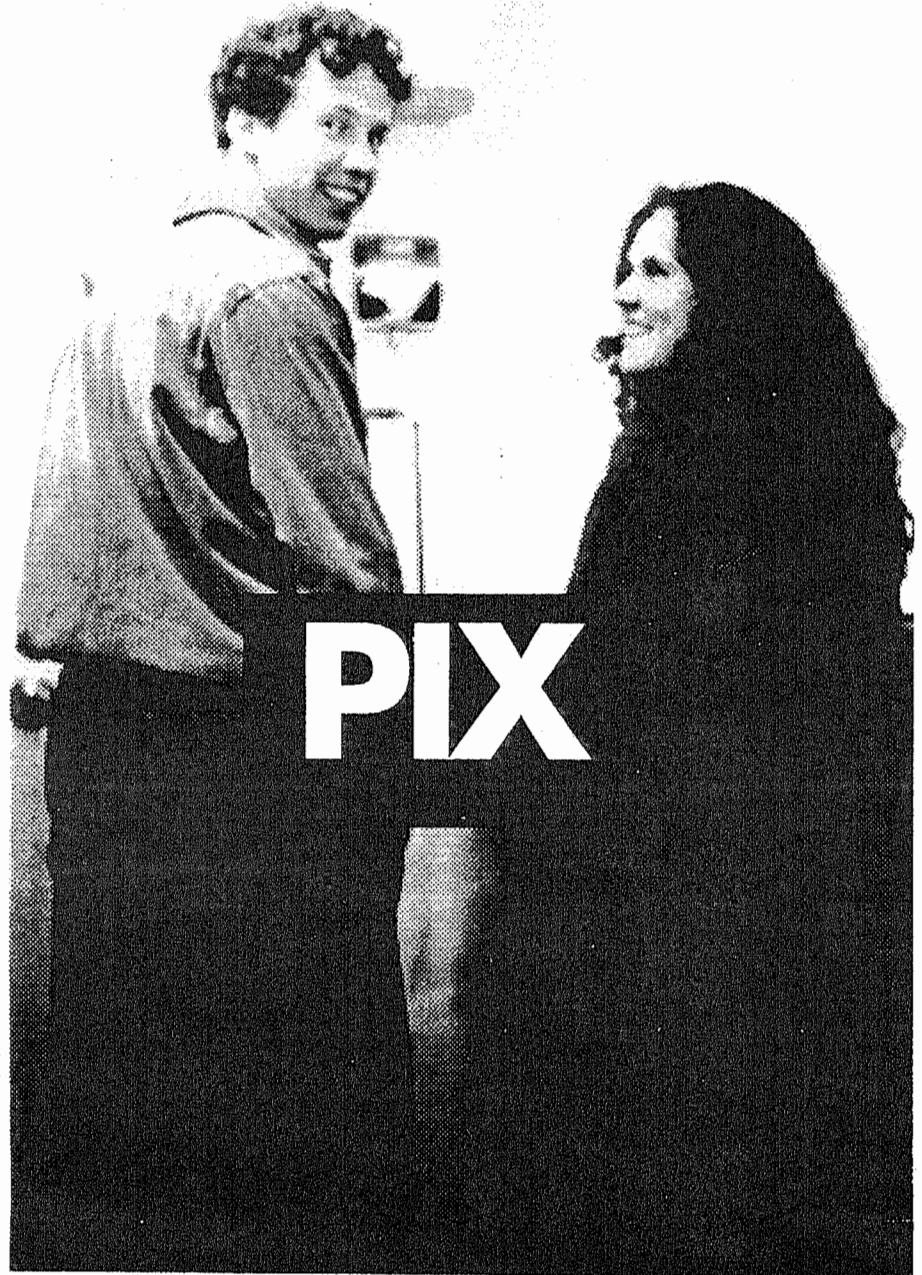
THEORY 2 PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES IN SINGLE IDENTITY HORROR

Startling new developments this weekend revealed

- *They share the same tax file number
- *Roediger looks exactly like Annabel in a wig
- *Roediger is a drag queen
- *Blood tests revealed Annabel Crabb has funny chromosomes

HERE'S THE URINAL TAPES

NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS



SHOCKING URINAL PIX

"Roediger /Crabb" exposed in crafty plot to dominate the Union. Here they caucus unashamedly in the boy's room

Roediger: So what do you think of Rob de Jonge?

Crabb: He's alright, he's got a small dick but he's alright! Casual banter at its best. The presidential team/candidates had elevated wit to its highest level while still giving the impression of being credible candidates. But even more shocking revelations were to come!

Roediger: I always thought you were a bloke Annabel
Crabb: Shit yeah, no feminist shit here!

Roediger followed this unusual request. Then his pristine Y fronts were exposed in all their beige glory. Both parties caucused hard and were entitled to a bit of r'n'r. But elections were never far from their minds!

Roediger: How are your preferences flowing?

Crabb: Naturally to the left. How are yours?

Roediger: Mine are flowing everywhere. Whoopsie!

Crabb: Jesus Tone, get a grip on yourself. (eyewitness accounts report Crabb brushing off her suede jacket at this moment) Lets not get premature about the results Tony.

Roediger: I'm getting a lot of number ones at the moment but I'm giving you number twos.

Crabb: Tony, you give everyone the shits