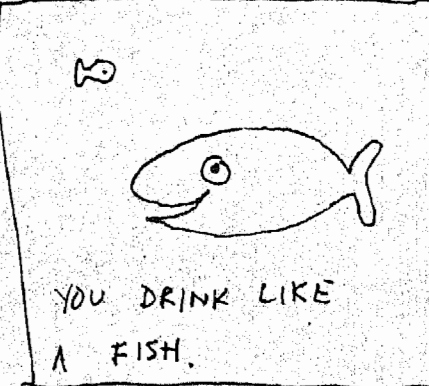
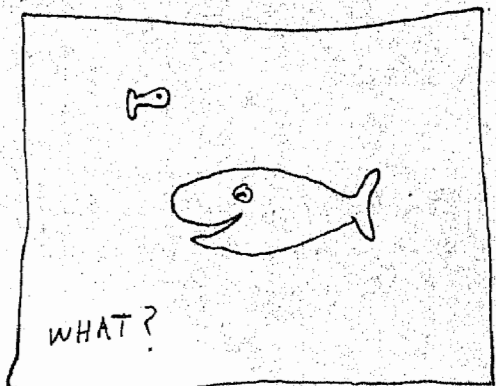
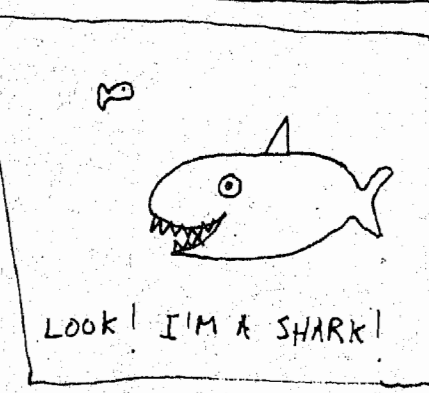
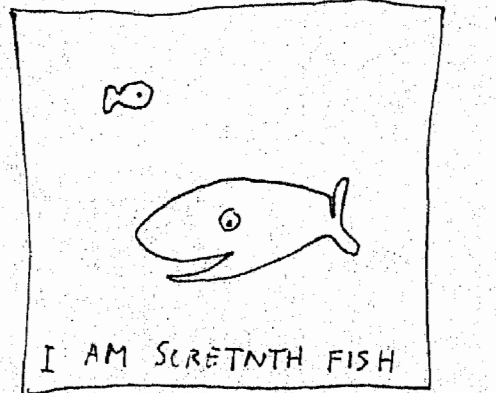
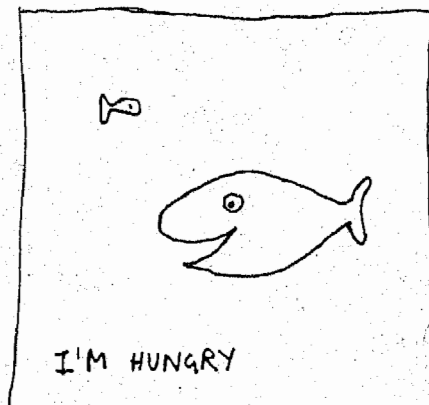
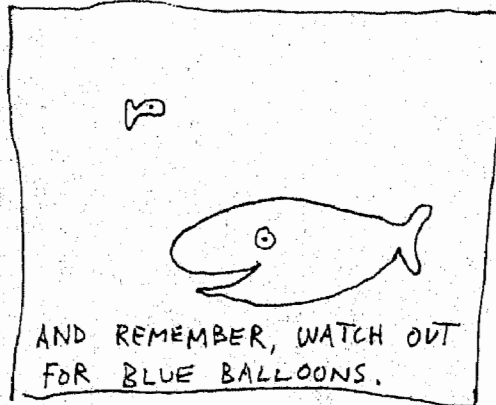
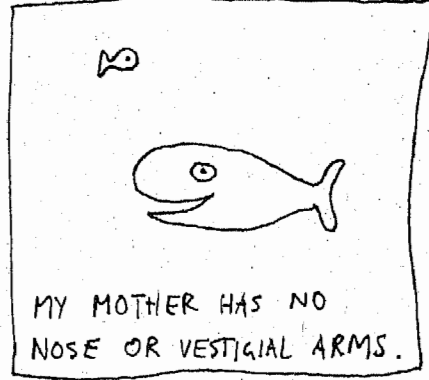
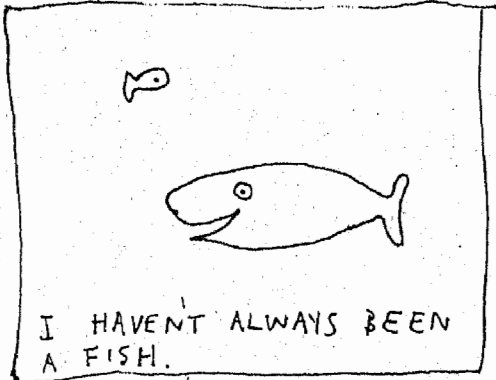
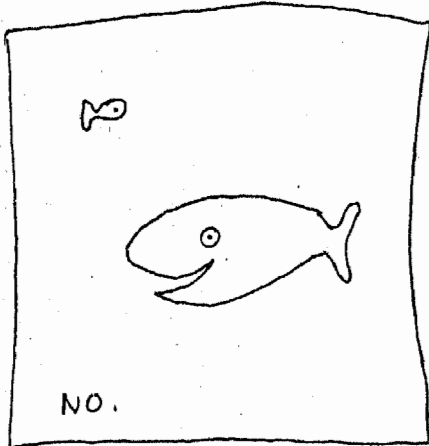
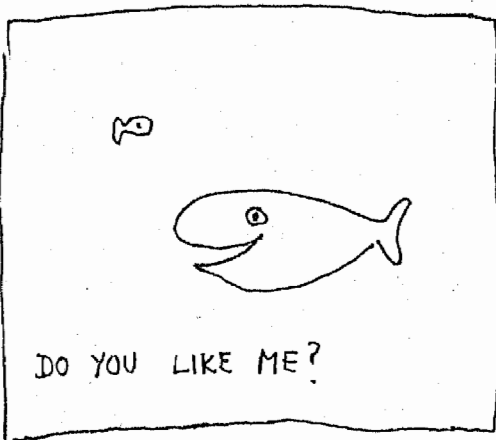


WORLD NEWS



AND HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

TRIBAL DESIRES



removed

from board

A FORMER president of Wollongong University's Student Union is expected to be formally removed from the university board after pleading guilty to two counts of assault. It will be the first time in the history of the university that a board member will be dismissed for committing a felony.

Wollongong Court heard last week that Stephen Douglas Brown, 36, of Wollongong, plied two teenage boys with alcohol and them under the guise of carrying out university experiments.

Brown was sentenced to periodic detention and placed on a \$1000 three-month good behaviour bond after pleading guilty to the charges.

The acting editor of the university's Tertangala newspaper, Mr Glen Humphries, said Brown was expected to tender his resignation when he appeared before the board.

"Stephen Brown has brought the university's name into disrepute, and deserves to be treated by the university as such a situation dictates," he said.

Mr Humphries said Brown, who was also a member of the union's finance and services committee and child management committee, had abused his position as a student of the university by asking two boys to stay overnight under the pretext of university experiments.

A former Student Representative Council president, Mr Daniel Morrissey, said it was expected that board members would pass a vote of no confidence in Brown in the light of his offence.

"Student politicians come and go like federal governments - nobody cares once the smoke clears - but in the case of Stephen Douglas Brown, the library's archives will record that he was the first student board member to be removed under the university's constitution," he said.

- JANE WORTHINGTON

NO!... BECAUSE IT'S WRONG

We have actually convinced ourselves that slogans will save us. Shoot up if you must, but use a clean needle. Enjoy sex whenever and with whomever you wish, but wear a condom. No! The answer is no. Not because it isn't cool or smart or because you might end up in jail or dying in an aids ward, but no because it's wrong. Because we have spent 5,000 years as a race of rational human beings, trying to drag ourselves out of the primeval slime by searching for truth and moral absolutes. In its purest form, truth is not a polite lap on the shoulder. It is a howling reproach. What Moses brought down from Mount Sinai were not the Ten Suggestions.

Commentary by Ted Koppel in Time

We are proud to bring you some more gems from the print media. The first article about the Union Pres. (watch out Mel Yuan) comes from The Australian, and the second piece is from the pamphlets handed out in chapel to students of St. Peters Boys School. Onya!

Get ahead in

Dr Marvin's Boots...

SACAE merger decision may cost Union \$100 000

The recent recommendation of the SACAE/Adelaide University Merger Implementation Committee to set a reduced Union fee for second, third and fourth year SACAE City Campus students may cost the Union \$100 000 if accepted by the University Council according to Union President Mel Yuan.

'It's a reason for considerable concern. The University in all its wisdom has decided that the Union fee is a merger issue and has interfered in the fee negotiations between the Union and the SACAE City Committee,' said Yuan.

Differences exist between the

SACAE and the Union's proposals for the fee structure in the 1991 transition period in the merger process. SACAE proposed that its students pay three-quarters AUU fee (\$188) and that first year students not pay the \$40 Entrance fee. The AUU proposal was that SACAE students should pay full fees and that first year students only should pay the Entrance fee. While this would be a \$116 rise on the \$135 SACAE fee, Union President Mel Yuan argues that this is fair return for the considerable increase in welfare, catering and sporting services that the SACAE students will receive in 1991.

'On top of that the Union has an obligation to fund the City (student) Committee in the transition year of 1991 like it does the Students' Association now. While figures for this are not yet exact I estimate this to be in the order of

tens of thousands of dollars.'

The MIC decision to force the compromise between the SACAE and AUU's proposals where only first year students pay the full fee and Entrance fee creates a \$28 000 shortfall on the Union's proposal of full fee for all full time SACAE students.

'I think it's highly inappropriate that the MIC impose on the Union's autonomy in this matter, particularly when it will significantly affect the Union's finances at a time when budget cuts are already occurring,' Yuan added.

The recommendation appears likely to stimulate much debate in the upcoming University Council meeting on November 4. If passed students can expect cuts in Union services.

Steve Jackson



Union President Mel Yuan

Where your \$251 Union fee will go in 1990/1

Every year candidates for Union Board promise "responsible" or "better" management of your money whilst advocating an increase in services for everyone.

The reality is that for 1991 each full time enrolled student at Adelaide University (with a few exceptions) will be paying \$251 in Union membership.

Where does it go? The breakdown is like this:

Grants to Associated Groups: 38%

This includes Activities, Clubs, Post Graduate students, Overseas students and Waite students but the majority of these funds goes towards the Students Association and Sports Association who consume 15% each. The other area of funding is the Equal Access Scheme that provides financing in the form of Fee subsidies, books and stationery and grants to economically disadvantaged students.

Operating Expenses: 47%

The Union centrally administers many of the financial aspects of

the Union such as payroll and accounts for the Union and its affiliated groups. We also run the catering facilities (refectories, Bistro and Bar which generate revenue for the Union), the Craft Studio and Gallery.

Capital: 6.5%

Capital is divided into replacements and new items. We all know about some of the areas that really need improving in lots of different ways such as the refectories, bar and bistro, so we are able to fund these improvements. The affiliated groups also use computers that need maintenance and lots of other things need to be renovated, rejuvenated and repaired.

The Rest: 8.5%

This list includes things like legal fee, contingencies, staff training and the fringe benefits tax. All the various costs and incidentals associated with running an organisation like ours.

So, that's where it goes.

Your Fee is an entitlement to membership of this Union so it is important that you get your money's worth by using the facilities that are offered. If you study late, try eating in the Bistro or if you play sport, play for Uni. or if you can paint, potter or sew try using the Craft Studio. After all you are entitled to use these facilities.

We should always aim towards

providing a better service for the fee whilst trying to lower it, but it isn't always that straightforward. However there are ways to achieve this - for example by becoming more competitive, providing a better service and maximising the amount of income that we receive from areas other than the Fee.

It is up to the Board to try and manage the Union efficiently and effectively, but in reality the only way that we are going to get ahead is if we are managers with *initiative*. Only then can we achieve what we promise.

Mel Yuan
President AUU

What bombshell for the Centre of Physical Health in 1991?

With the end of 1990 approaching concern has been expressed as to what students using the Centre of Physical Health will have to face in the new year.

Ten years ago A.U. sporting clubs used the Centre for Physical Health ('University Gym?') for 90 hours a week. In 1990 they use only 20! In O'week this year the sporting clubs using the C.P.H. discovered that each member of the club had to pay \$40 membership or the club had to return to paying the full booking fee of \$15-20 an hour. (The same fee which had previously forced the Judo; Fencing; Tae Kwon Do; and Kung Fu clubs to find cheaper premises.) As a result the remaining clubs have faced decreased membership levels and decreased playing time (eg; The volley ball club now plays for 20 weeks of the year instead of 40). The costs of the

C.P.H. (a University facility) have put the centre out of reach to the University sporting clubs - of which 20-30% of students are members.

Also, it is bad enough that any university student wishing to use the university facilities has to pay \$40 to get restricted access to the "supervised" weights room et cetera but imagine the impression created for many overseas students. After arrival in Australia with the expectation of gym facilities as part of their total education package they are expected to find another \$40 on top of the thousands already paid!

Admittedly the C.P.H. has wonderful new equipment - but where is it hidden? What does one have to do to get access to it or more to the point who does one have to be a friend or relative of the administration?

What surprises are in store for us in O'week 1991?

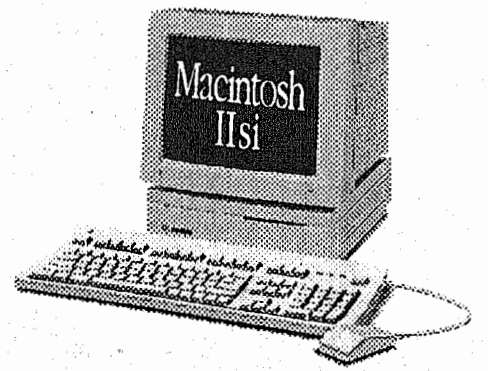
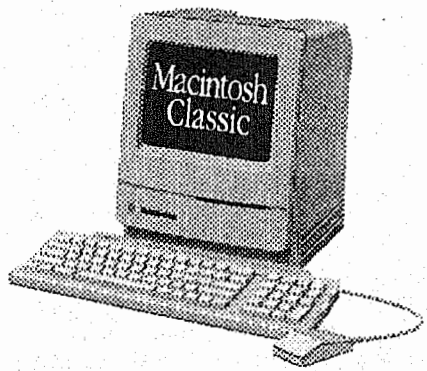
The Sports Association and Union are keen to take the matter further with University Council.

Loretta Reynolds.

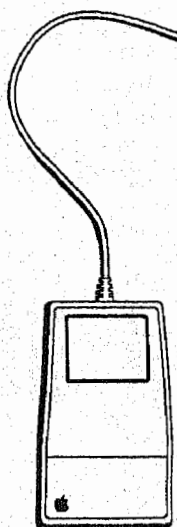
NO PRISONERS

published by G. Fest

**without the power
of the Apple Mac,
and the help of
the AU Apple
Consortium, you
would not be
reading this
paper!**



The University of Adelaide Apple Consortium,
Room 281, Horace Lamb Building,
Phone 228 5441
Fax 223 1206



Janine Haines address at Blue Stocking Week 'an inspiration'

While Women's Officers all over the state have asked women to celebrate women in education, during the last week - October 15 - 22, last Wednesday at the First State Blue Stocking Week Luncheon, women were asked to mourn.

Former Senator and ex-Democrat leader, Janine Haines, addressed a crowd of about 100 female tertiary students at a courtyard luncheon at city SACAE on the topic of the absence of women from history. Contrary to popular belief, women have few pioneering role models NOT because women have few achievements, are inferior or are not interested in pursuits other than those domestic but because history has neglected or rewritten their achievements.

Haines recounted several sto-

ries including those of Aphra Benn, Ada Lovelace, Lady Margaret and Elizabeth McArthur who were all women who had their achievements stolen by their husband or male lover. One glaring example is that of John Gould's famous illustrated guide to Australian birds. All the illustrations were in fact done by his wife - he only wrote the text. She received no accreditation.

Haines wished women to feel inspired and encouraged by the achievements of these women and to recognise that modern women were not going down the same path.

While pointing out the hazards of swimming against the tide, as one who knows personally Janine urged the women present to challenge the injustices that face women and not overlook the heritage that they had inherited.

When questions about her own advances into traditional male domains, Haines openly criticised the media as her major thwarting force. She criticised its blatantly

sexist approach towards women (specifically women politicians) and its colouring of political realities. She also quoted the archaic attitudes of her male colleagues in Parliament who were openly derisive. One example was Michael Hodgeman who was quoted on front pages around the country that she had used her "feminine wiles" on other members.

The luncheon was a successful meeting for tertiary women students. Food and drink were in abundance and what was billed as a wake for the outstanding women in education that history had forgot became an empowering event which left the women who went inspired, informed and full of respect for one of Australia's few genuinely remarkable politicians: Janine Haines.

Natasha Stott Despoja
NUSSA Womens' Officer
SAUA President-elect

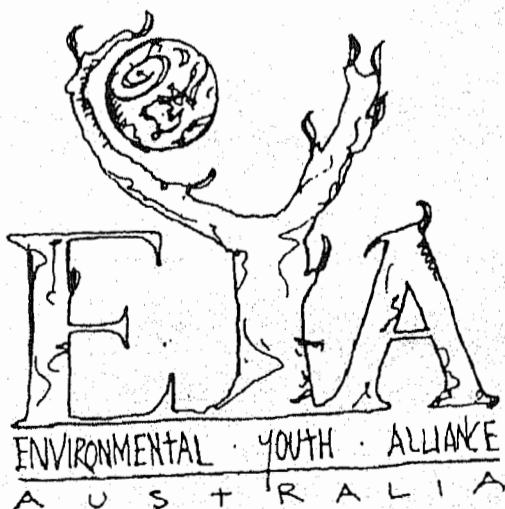


Janine Haines

Environmental Youth Alliance launched in three states • soon for SA.

Australia's youth are on the move! By the time you read this, the Environmental Youth Alliance will have been launched in New South Wales, Queensland, Western Australia and moves area also underway to form organisations in Victoria, Tasmania, The ACT and now in South Australia!

The primary aim on the Environmental Youth Alliance is to establish conservation clubs in all primary schools, high schools and tertiary institutions in Australia and to network these youth environment clubs and also to network with existing groups such as Rainforest Action or Friends of the Earth, etc.



At the tertiary level, EYA would hope to facilitate more co-ordinated campaigns on issues; between campuses nationally and across the state. One idea for example would be a cross campus environmental awareness week.

Other possible ideas for the EYA:

- A newsletter linking all the Youth Environment Groups in SA.

- A radio show on JJJ
- Information kits on relevant issues like forest management, the Greenhouse Effect pollution, the crisis in the Third World, etc.

Also, many state EYA's are taking up action on local issues, such as the South East Forests (in NSW) and Fraser Island (in Qld).

The EYA is now being formed in SA and needs your support.

On December 1st, we'll be having a first state conference to set up the EYA in SA, which will be part of building towards a national launching conference early in 1991.

State Launch: Saturday December 1st, 1 pm. Box Factory Community Centre, 59 Regent Street, City.

We're currently also meeting weekly. The group is a very open one and we need more people to get involved! For more information, please contact Louisa Foley (231 6982) or Andrew McGoran (264 2369).

Georgina Matches is going.....

Leaving behind her a trail of broken hearts and empty VB cans.

This is the woman who dirty danced with Andrew Lamb and still got a job with the FCU.

This is the woman who said "fuck off and die" more times than John Ridgway ever did.

Our Georgie.

What a woman.

What a comrade.

What a capacity for grog.

Goodbye from all the SAUA staff and students, new ones and old ones.

Extra special, teary and beery goodbye from McEmu, Shazza, Monica and Wendy.

We love you Georgie, and always will.

Don't forget to wear a nice frock. And a wet suit.



When you say yes...



say yes to safe sex.

Making the first move might be scary, but more guys than you think have sex with other guys. It's natural, and if you're safe you'll have a great time.

And what's safe? Kissing, cuddling, licking, stroking, wanking, oral sex (avoid cum in the mouth), vaginal and anal sex with condoms and water-based lube.*

For more information on safe sex and discussion groups for young gay and bisexual men, call Dean at the AIDS Council of South Australia ☎ 362 1611

* (such as KY-gel)

Produced by the Victorian AIDS Council 1990



The Trouble With Elle Dit

The idea of putting out a women's edition of On Dit has been around for some time now. It was first proposed by the club Women on Campus in 1988 to editors Sally Niemann and Richard Ogler, and again in 1989 to Monica Carroll and Mark Gamtcheff.

We decided to have a women's edition for a number of reasons. Firstly, it was an election promise. Secondly, women have historically been underrepresented in student media. Most On Dit contributors are male and this naturally reflects on the overall tone of the paper. And thirdly, we thought it would be good to challenge some of the ideas that have been around on campus this year, illustrated by events such as the recent referendum to get rid of the Women's Officer.

Annual (and in some cases more frequent) women's editions are an established norm with virtually every other student mag in the country. This is the first time On Dit has put one out. And we believe that it should be the last, at

least, if Women on Campus isn't prepared to change its tune.

The response to Elle Dit has been appalling. We have received serious complaints from women, some of them members of Women on Campus (who do not wish to be named), about the editorial organisation of the paper. The problem with doing something like Elle Dit is that it sets an unfortunate precedent. We surrendered editorial control to an interest group. We are not here suggesting that women are an interest group, but that the club Women on Campus is an interest group, and that their paper addressed issues only of interest to (some of) its members. The paper was not for women on campus but Women on Campus. If they can have an edition, why can't the Judo club, the Engles Society, or the Evangelical Union?

As a result, we have received a record number of complaints over the last week. Most women who have complained said that the paper was unnecessarily aggressive and replaced the hatred of

women with the hatred of men. Most of the complaints have been sincere and articulate. On the uglier side, we have received numerous misogynistic complaints from men who would not usually have responded with such aggression.

If the major achievement of a paper is the generation of hate and anger, then how valuable is it?

We are not saying that women's issues should not be covered. If any article from Elle Dit had been submitted to us for publication in a normal On Dit we would have printed it. More people would have read it that way. Most people, when picking up a 32 page paper revolving around one theme (which makes it a pamphlet, not a newspaper) will not bother reading it, but if we staggered these pieces over a series of weeks, the readership would increase greatly.

The other problem with Elle Dit is that no men were allowed to submit articles on the grounds that it was a paper by women and for women (although 75% of it was

laid out by three men, incidentally). As a lot of women have said over the last week, it is utopian to claim to be fighting against sexism unless men are involved in the debate and can try and figure out which aspects of their behaviour, and which aspects of society, discriminate against women.

When we laid the paper out with the women from W.O.C. last weekend, we all got on like a house on fire. Everyone pitched in together and helped one another and the office environment was a positive one. Doesn't this sort of thing illustrate that men and women can achieve things together, rather than perpetuating divisions and emphasising differences, as Elle Dit did?

On Sunday night, we ("the men's contingent") left the office and "the women's contingent" stayed behind and put the finishing touches to the paper. When we went into the office on the Monday we were surprised and upset to find that, after we left, they had put graffiti all over the walls, ranging from

"Dyke's Unite" to "Wimmin [sic] Unite Against Oppression" and "Death to the On Dit Boy's Club".

This just annoyed us. But what really angered us was the slogan "Did You Rape Your Sister?" Apart from Andy, we all have sisters, and we get on well with our sisters, and anyway, what sort of a stupid fucking slogan is "Did You Rape Your Sister?" anyway?

After spending about thirty six hours laying out Elle Dit, this was a nice display of gratitude.

Hopefully women's issues will continue to be discussed in On Dit. We're not even saying there shouldn't be another edition dominated by women's issues (although a supplement would be more readable). We're just saying that Elle Dit upset so many people that, unless there is a fundamental change of format, then the idea should be abandoned.

David Penberthy
Steve Jackson
Andrew Joyner
Dave Sag

"Ashamed" by Elle Dit

T.W.I.M.C.

Having waded through Elle On Dit I am left feeling utterly degraded and disgusted. I am ashamed to be a woman for fear of being seen as one with the majority of authors of the articles presented.

These women, not just satisfied with neutering themselves, set about to neuter the English language. What the hell is wimmin, or womyn? We are women - like it or lump it.

Believe it or not there are decent men out there who care, are not violent and make damn good lovers. Give me a damp patch any day.

The world is not out to get us. Women are women, and men are men. There is a difference, and thank God for that. The world would be dull if we all neutered ourselves.

You 'wimmim' make Campus Challenge look very attractive. I'd rather have a Bible Basher than one of you lot sit next to me, any day.

Hey - if we have to put up with a feminist On Dit - why not a Christian one?

Food for thought!
Feminine, not feminist!!

are keeping women in shackles.

However there is an issue which I feel is important to raise and would like to bring to your attention. There are two narratives in the publication which, as a feminist, I construe as being sexist, being of the calibre of discourse which only perpetrates the existing male antagonism and hostility towards feminism and feminist politics. I am referring to "Defining Oppression" and "Equal to men? No fucking way - We can do better than that!" both of which carry unnecessary vilifying overtones.

The dominant paradigm needs to be subverted, not inverted; as women we can do this without emasculating ourselves and alienating men even further from the liberating process. In many ways such narratives undermine the women's movement and such an overt display of hostility does not even provide a partial or provisional answer to women struggling to throw off the yoke of oppression under capitalism, upon which the patriarchal empire has been constructed - and hereby I am not justifying sexism as a product of historical materialism.

The aim of women united against oppression should be for gender-justice; if we are sincere about this we have to be careful that our words and actions do not downgrade men in an attempt to strengthen and empower ourselves, as this is in itself a hierarchical and elitist reaction constructed in the same way as the existing hierarchy has constructed itself.

Josie Gugis
3rd Year Arts

"Elle Dit" Sucks

To the editors of Elle Dit,
How fabulously witty and scintillating was your edition of On Dit

especially for women. My, my, how I chuckled and giggled with frolicking abandon when I read how clever the women were to substitute the 'o' and 'e' with an 'i' to make the word 'wimmin'. As I read on, my chuckles and giggles turned to unrestrained guffaws and hoots of laughter. Putting words like 'fucking', 'shit', 'crap' and renaming dictionary 'dicktionary' really broke me up. Oh gee, these wimmin really know how to make a person laugh!

The article on page 18 must have been the pinnacle, the creme d'la creme of the edition. Did you get in a professional script writer to compile such literary brilliance, or did it just flow out last Tuesday when you were all pissed on champagne in the bar? Writing 'fuck off oppressive meaning' and 'crap' must take incredible intellectual genius.

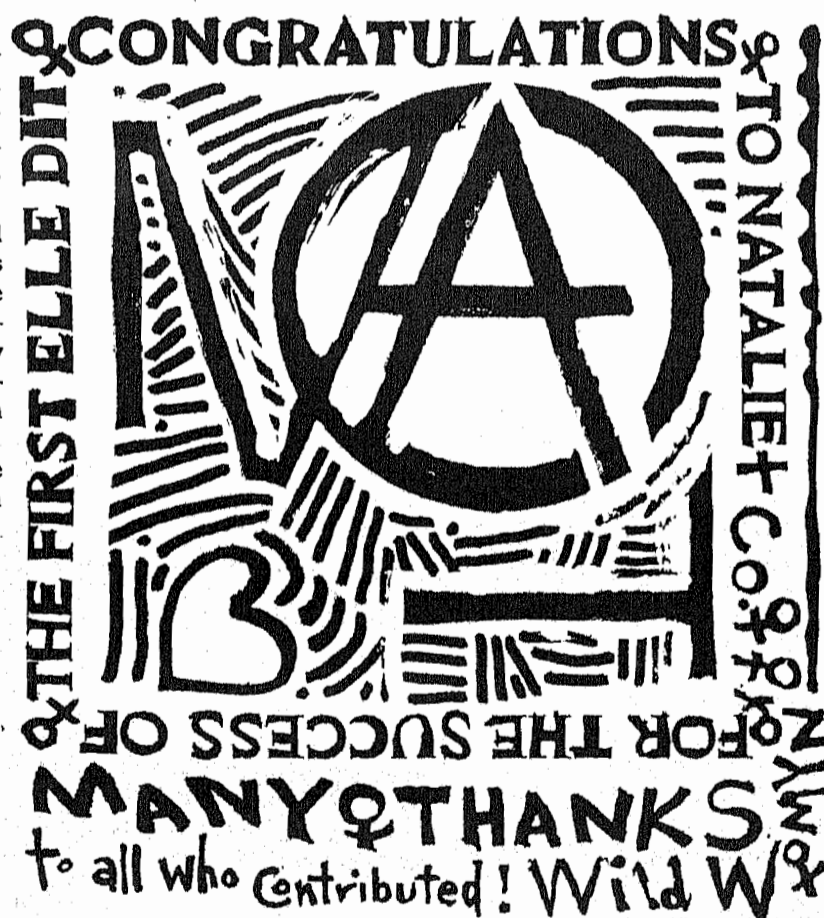
Perhaps for the next edition I could suggest something equally as hilarious in your dictionary definitions.

WOMAN:

1. The object made out of man's spare parts.
2. The creature whose role is to wash, clean, cook, smile, pick the kids up from school, and lie on their back and look at the ceiling.
3. An alternative to a hole in a mattress.

Then to make it incredibly funny, you would write over the typesetting in black text 'Men are sensational' and 'I am good because I shit on you'.

Probably the funniest part of the article on page 18 was the comment alongside the definition of womanish. 'I VALUE OTHERS AND CARE FOR EQUALITY'. This was followed of page 30 by another ripsnorter in expression. 'EQUAL TO MEN? NO FUCKING WAY: WE CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT.'



Congratulations Wimmin, you have put across your point of view with lucidity and verve. I am sure such persuasive journalism has won you a lot of male supporters. Your wit, intellectual genius and skill at literary expression are obviously hidden talents with great potential for development. Good luck in the future!
Yours sincerely
Ben Dube
1st Year Arts

Congratulations to Elle Dit

Elle Dit was a welcome expression of wimmin's voices. The contributions by Nunga wimmin, lesbians, overseas students and mature aged students offered a rare glimpse of the diversity of wimmin's experiences.

Congratulations to everyone involved.
Gaybrielle Cotton.

EDITORS NOTE - We are not in the habit of usually printing this sort of crap, but it is representative of an enormous pile of letters and comments we received this week and says pretty much what the others said.

"Elle Dit" A Step in the Wrong Direction

To the women and the Editors who made the women's edition of On Dit possible,

Congratulations on producing such a revolutionary issue; it was very liberating to read and I hope that its readership extended to the men on campus as well, so as to enrich their understanding of the politics which have kept and

Great Interview!

Dear Dave,
Great interview with Peter Blunden (Ed of the 'Tiser') in the last On Dit! It reminded me of Sir Humphrey Appleby's radio interview in "Yes, Prime Minister". Just like Humphrey, he told a load of old cobblers and told the party line. Yes, the 'Tiser' is entitled to voice its opinion, yes it should 'have a quality letters page for response - but it doesn't. If the 'Tiser' is pushing a line, it can be difficult to oppose it.

For many years, at least since 1972, the 'Tiser' has pushed the line that South Australia needs a larger population, to be developed properly, and that if we don't have more babies now there will be terrible problems when the post WW2 baby boomers hit 65. Whenever the ABS publishes population statistics you get a biased report, a quote from the Commissioner for the dying and Michael Atchison's traditional cartoon with a wife saying "I don't care what the headlines say, I've still got a headache".

So far this year I have written four times in response to such bias and, not only have I not been published, nobody with a contrary view has been published. The same goes for a shoddy article linking the pill and breast cancer using statistics that Year 10's should see through, and the kneejerk reaction of other Christians to Dr Suzuki's blame of Judeo-Christian tradition for environmental problems (a view which, as a Christian, I support).

Now is not the occasion to show why the 'Tiser's' population view is crazy - it is enough to say firstly that environmental, economic, social and international indicators point more to the need for 2 generations of one-child families than a need to keep women barefoot and pregnant; and secondly that it is just a myth that there are voracious hordes of "Kamarlans" ready to invade Australia from the north, presently eyeing off the "lebenstraum" in the Great Sandy Desert.

No doubt other readers have their pet topics of which the 'Tiser's' treatment is biased or superficial and to which response is difficult. The real issues raised by your interview are the power of newspapers and other media to influence thinking, and the special problems we face in Adelaide with the virtual Murdoch Monopoly: Long Live On Dit and the Adelaide Review!

Paul Black
Economics-Law

An Intelligent Letter (in places)

To On Dit Editors
I'd just like to say that I think On Dit has been of a really high standard this year, and I hope Healy and Krantz keep up the good work next year.

I hope you'll publish my letter in On Dit as soon as possible. I won't reveal my name because I would

be quite embarrassed.

Another thing is that I hope David Oliver reads On Dit because I've got a message for him. I THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THE SEXIEST GUYS ALIVE!!!! Now I just hope he doesn't get a big head over this. It's just that he is so sexy.

Catch ya later On Dit. dudes!
1st Year Arts Student
PS: I love David Oliver

Why I Had an Abortion and Became a Lesbian

Dear Editors,
Last week's On Dit was put out in a hurry, I bet. You two have to be the worst bunch to run this paper, since it first began.

Not only is every story/letter accompanied by a typing error; but there exist some errors that are more deliberate. Campus Challenge invited people to bring a "friend", not a "flend"; and the visions Peter Wilson were talking about, I'm sure "can not" be explained away by humanists as hallucination. Otherwise, his letter doesn't make sense.

Your title of "Eat Shit and Die, Patronising Christian Bastards" was probably not what M.R.'s friend would have wanted. Still, you have editorial control, so why not abuse it to the max by grandstanding your selfish, anti-religious ideas.

I'm not saying that your ideas are necessarily wrong, nor am I saying that those Christians are right.

But what I am saying is that your childish down-shouting and open abuse (re: Eat Shit and Die), not only unmoves the so-called 'enlightened', but also seems to have no effect on their message getting through.

This may sound like a Christian plug, but it isn't. I just seems that the Editors are in a panic and hurry to shout down, even abusively, the Christians at this Uni.

Penbarfy and Dackson, there are a lot of us out here who didn't come down in the last shower!
Rajetvbkesh Mankjheeah,
(and don't you spell it wrong!)

Dear Rajetvbkesh Thingy,
How dare you accuse us of putting typlng errors through On Dit! You stupid fuckng bastard! Anywat, why the hell should we spel your name correctly if you cant' evn spell ouer own surmamse!
Yours sincerely,
Daev and Stev.

P.S. If you had to proof read eight-page letters from Christians every week and endure the constant whinging of people like Rory who want entire editions devoted to Jesus Christ, you'd probably halt the Christians too. This is not undemocratic: we won the election, the Christian candidates didn't.

Putting the Mockers on the Big Fella

Every week when I decide to pick up the On Dit, I just can't believe the number of letters that students write against God. This letter is for all you out there who have, in one way or another, done

so. Some letters may have been in response to that of other Christians and you may think that you have succeeded in writing a "jucly" letter to mock those "unstable" (as Bill Harrison, 3rd Year Arts wants to put it) Christians. Let me put it this way. You're not mocking Christians? You're mocking God!

It is really a waste of time on our part to try to share our beliefs in On Dit. Unless God does a miracle to soften your heart, you will never believe what we Christians believe. In fact, all these replies that Christians put in only encourage you guys to study every written line to think of ways to condemn it. Some of you may say that I'm perhaps generalising it too much. But the next time you pick up a pent to try to respond to On Dit, sit down and search your heart; what is your intention? I know God in a personal way that you don't. Those Christians who wrote in will tell you the same thing too. If you have experienced God before, you will never dare to write any anti-Christian remarks.

Can you for sure say that God does not exist? What if we are right? James Gleesocke (President AUHS) and Mark Stewart (Treasurer AUHS) claimed that they asked in their hearts, "God! Can you hear us... etc. etc." (On Dit, Oct 16). I just can't believe that they sincerely did that. If you have a desire to know God, make sure it is a real desire. Again, if you search your heart and if you know that you have the right attitude, God will never turn a deaf ear. God is real and I pray that He can be real to you too. But, be humble and think of the possibility that you may be wrong. You may say that I should be humble and admit that I may be wrong. Yes! I was in your shoes and I did admit that I was wrong before God could come in and do a wonderful thing in my life.

P.S. Yeoh
1st Year Economics

Dear Yeoh,
It seems that God has pulled off yet another of his crazy miracles and has not softened your heart but your head. We suggest that you leave the county almost immediately and go and live in Utah where mocking God is against the law.
Yours satanically,
DP/SJ

Who Cares What Chifley Said?

Dear Editors,
It is indeed unfortunate that you were provided with the information regarding last Monday's Labor Club meeting as it clearly shows a negative view of the Club.

It is a pity that your informant did not provide you with some of the positive aspects of the meeting. Whilst there was certainly disagreement and debate about the elections and the leadership of the Club, there were also decisions made that I believe will see Labor emerge as a major election contender next year. The Club is committed to working towards a more effective management of election campaigns, with defined procedures and strong policies.

There will always be major disagreements within the Labor Club as within the greater Labour Movement, however this should not be seen as a negative aspect of our organisation. It was Chifley who said that the ALP was not a "mutual admiration society" and he was right, however we do agree on more than we disagree and that's what, at the end of the day, holds us together united in solidarity.

I'm afraid leaking information is something that is generally not a good thing, as indeed this case has shown. I wish to deplore the actions of the informant and state that the Labor Club is still one of the most important groups on campus.

Comrade Wong was correct in saying that the proceedings of the meetings should be kept within the Club, however even after this episode I believe that the Club is ready to meet any challenges and most importantly fight the evil forces of conservatism.

Yours in the Labor Spirit
Justin Rodney Jarvis
(Centre Left supporter and Labor Club Member)

Dear Comrade Jarviski,
Get Fucked. How dare you suggest that our article "shows a negative view of the club" when it was the Centre Left, your own faction, who broke Comrade Wongski's media ban and split the beans?

Anyway, if half the members of one of the biggest political clubs on campus are constantly bad-mouthing the club and try and sack the President, don't you think the public has a right to know? You are, after all, claiming to represent them.

We suggest that you could best fight "the evil forces of conservatism" by writing an article about how you're all a bunch of fabian arse-wipes who are too afraid to stick it up the ALP lest it harm your precious political careers.

Yours not at all in the Labor Spirit,
Dave and Steve- Trotskyist Loonies.

Lock 'em in a Walking Tent, I Say!

I'm referring to the article 'Being a Woman Overseas Student in Australia' written by Sujeetha Selvamanikam published in 21st October edition of Elle Dit.

I'm a Malaysian male and would like to make clear to all readers and other people that Malaysian men do not tag and recognise themselves as the KINGS in one society. Malaysian men treat women the way they are, not as slaves, barbarians or anything anybody would think of if you'd read the article. We respect females as we respect males just like in any other country in the world. We're neither male chauvinistic nor the KINGS of the society. We recognise women as having equal status to men. They're not locked away for life in a walking tent. They have freedom to do anything they wish. Successful women such as international writer Adibah Amin, swimmer Nusul Huda Abdullah, singer

Shella Majid are all a class above. If we were to treat them as slaves or whatever you may wish to think of, they won't exist. Also we wouldn't recognise one princess as "Raja Pernalisai Agong" nor have recognition for the best sportsman of the year and lots more. I would say Malaysian women are very independent, courageous and very determined. If a minority of them are not willing to face the world and beg for sympathy, then bad luck!!! Of course to a certain extent, males do give some females some pretty hard times but generally Malaysian men are GENTLEMEN!!!

Another point I wish to make is that Malaysia is not a country of a dead end future with racism problems. We're a multiracial society that lives together in harmony, prosperity, understanding and happiness. It is a society where if a certain individual can't face the world, the truth and hope things will fall in pieces for him/her from the sky, then the person is of no help. Institutional racial bias. If you're the kind of person that never integrates with other races, then you'll see it that way. Of course, there are to a certain extent racist problems, but isn't it so in other countries like UK and US? Malaysian respect each other's religion, beliefs, customs, way of life etc. A lot of valuable knowledge and friendships would be gained and this is the thing I treasure most.

One last point is that Australians do not label Asians as 'dumb' or 'stupid' or other bad remarks just because we are Asians. If they do, they're only joking or probably you're one. They treat us with respect as we do to them. If you're the type of person that is sarcastic and not sensitive to surroundings, then Australians will label you as such and I'm sure Asians would too.

One last comment to the writer, if you can't handle being an Asian female, then go home and live in a walking tent. You'll have peace there and never "Bila ayam bertelur, rluh sekampung!!!"
K S Lool
Malaysian 1st Year Economic Student

Population Explosion

Dear On Dit Editors,
I feel reluctant to answer the anonymous letter in On Dit (Vol. 58 No 18 Oct 1) which sought to demolish my arguments re population growth, welfare costs and Australia's lowered fertility rate. Anonymous is a gutless person.

Anonymous demands some references of work done by demographers in recent years to demolish alarmist arguments put out by the lobby that wants to push the argument that Australia needs a larger population. Here they are:-
Young, Christobel 1988, Submission to the Committee to Advise on Australia's Immigration Policies. Department of Demography, ANU Canberra.

Young, Christobel 1989, "Australia's Population: a long term view" Current Affairs Bulletin. May 9, p.9.
Belts, K. 1989, "Does Australia's

Low Fertility Matter?" Journal of Australian Population Association. Vol. 6 No 2. November. pp 102 - 121.

Anonymous has got his figures wrong on welfare spending, too (his letter is so aggressive and filled with expletives that I can only surmise the little coward is a male). In the 1990 Budget, 31.8 per cent of government outlays was allocated to social security and welfare (Financial Review 22/8/90 p.28). I don't know where Anonymous gets his 47 per cent from, but he's wrong.

Anonymous has failed to refute my claim that approximately 20 per cent of GDP is spent now in Australia on welfare and it is expected that by 2030 Australia will still be spending about 20 per cent (Kelly, A. 1988, Australia: The Coming of Age. REsearch Paper, No 194, Dept. of Economics. University of Melbourne).

I did not claim, as Anonymous alleges, that every new-born is creating enormous environmental pressure. I was merely pointing out that with the environmental damage 17 m Australians have caused, there seems no good sense in pushing on with a population growth rate of around 1.7 per cent, a rate which far exceeds that of any other developed market economy and which will add some 10 million to our population in the next 40 years. Roughly half this population increase comes from natural increase (the post-war baby boom women are still in their prime reproductive years) and about half comes from immigration.

At present, there is an economic and environmental debate going on about Australia's large immigration programme. This debate is taking place at a more sophisticated level than Anonymous seems capable of.

At present, the capital cities of Australia hold some 11 million people. An extra 10 million people added to our population in 40 years will necessitate the building of urban areas equivalent to the total of Adelaide, Perth, Darwin, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney and Hobart. This urban area will undoubtedly take up prime agricultural land, as it has done in the past (all this in an arid continent where only 10 per cent of the land is suitable for rain-fed agriculture). Agricultural activities may well be forced into more marginal bushland. These developments and the extra population, will place pressure on our wildlife and native flora (20 per cent of Australian species are headed for extinction early next century).

Anonymous obviously doesn't care about any of this. Australia desperately needs to slow its population growth rate, to reduce its consumption of resources and to switch over to better sustainable technologies. All these measures will help us to repair environmental damage (soil degradation, pollution, etc.). If we look after our own country, we will be in a better position to help poor countries.

Yours faithfully,
Evonne Moore
Centre for Environmental Studies

Vomit

Dear Editors
I am writing to you on behalf of the many people who were shocked and offended by the blatant disregard for human dignity as shown on the back page of this weeks On Dit (15/10) (yes there were many because I saw the vomit next to the upturned piles of On Dit).

Although I realise the significance of educating gays to the importance of safe sex, is it so important to promote homosexuality through phrases such as "it's only natural, and... you'll have a great time"? It almost seems as if the Victorian AIDS Council is promoting homosexuality, not safe sex.

If I place think that what they do has a place in society and is natural, let it happen naturally, rather than imposing offensive material onto heterosexuals.

Do heterosexuals need a full-page spread showing them how to kiss, telling them how good it is? NO!! Please, for the sake of humanity, leave this crap out!! from

I do not think a penis up my arse is natural'

Dear "I do not think a penis up my arse is natural"

What vibrant imaginations your parents must have to give you such a crazy name!

My parents were going to call me "Enormous glandular swelling just under the wedding tuckle", but they settled on David in the end.

Similarly, Steve was going to be called "Throbbing member yeah yeah stick it up my bot, baby" until his parents realised he would probably get teased at school.

Can't you change your name? Isn't there something you can do? Can't you kill yourself and save us all a big headache?

Yours,
Dave P.

Show Us Your Big Business

Oh woe-men of this university, I am a man I am proud of my penis And I want it published.
Mr G J Fitzpatrick

Suck My Shebulus

Hi all you satanic movers and shakers out there, just thought I'd bring this little gem from the demented tossers at Campus Challenge to your attention. "1.10 pm Wednesday 17th October, at the Torrens River there will be a time of getting to know Jesus and one another better. Bring your lunch and a flend. All are welcome."

Does this mean Campus Challenge are going down to the Torrens to engage in satanic rituals, sacrifice a virgin goat, etc etc? Perhaps they aren't so boring as we thought ...

Campus Challenge - suck my shebulus!
Andrew Brooks
1st Year Science
Official Spokesperson for the Prince of Darkness

NUS Passes Through the Eye of a Needle

Dear Editors,
I write in reference to your article "NUS and the Pantomime Camel" in the October 1 Edition of On Dit. While it may be of use to student newspaper editors to create a laugh, it is not particularly ethical or intelligent to write a story without checking the facts, and so I hope you will print this letter to show what actually happened.

Some time ago, I was approached by representatives of Freedom from Hunger, a well-known aid group. They asked if NUS could get involved, in a sponsorship capacity, with their Annual Door-Knock Appeal for 1990, the proceeds from which go to self-help projects in the Third World and Australia, especially education programs. If you are at all aware of Freedom from Hunger and the work that they do, I am sure you will agree that they are a very worthwhile cause.

As part of this sponsorship, I agreed to sponsor the Freedom from Hunger campaign launch in Melbourne (note-not a 'pageant') to the tune of \$300. However, through an inadvertent error on my part, I failed to seek proper authorisation for this amount, and I have therefore volunteered to repay this amount myself. This in fact demonstrates the sort of accountability standards which apply at NUS - I wonder if many student unions or newspapers around the country have similar standards?

I trust that in future you will abandon the dictum "never let the facts get in the way of a good story", and actually check your source. On two occasions in the October 1 edition you make fairly factual attacks on the National Union of Students, and yet you made no effort to contact any of the relevant parties. An otherwise good newspaper is marred by the lack of professionalism.

Yours in Union
Damian Smith
Education Officer
National Union of Students

Dear Damian,
Thank you for your reply.

Interestingly, I spoke to Kate Deverall, NUS National President and ALP member, when I first heard about the camel. I asked Kate if she could tell me what had happened and if it were true, as people were claiming, that NUS had paid \$300 to put its logo on a camel's hump in some sort of parade. She replied "That's rubbish" and refused to discuss the matter. If she had said what you have in your letter and explained that the money was going towards a deserving charity, I would not have written the story.

As for your claim that my article is a "fairly factual attack" on NUS, the sources who gave me the information were Paul Kennedy (Liberal), Wendy Wakefield (Left Alliance) and Melissa Yuan (Independents). You couldn't get much more objective than that, could you.

The fact that the article appeared at all has more to do with

the reluctance, on Kate Deverall's and pretty well the entire NUS executive, to tell student newspapers the truth about how NUS operates. Maybe you should write a letter to Kate.

Regards,
Dave Penberthy
P.S. I have also heard that the NUS Media Awards for Australia's best student newspapers are being held soon, and that one of the judging criteria is how closely each newspaper follows NUS policy on unionism, education, racism, sexism and so forth. We look forward to receiving our award!

Now, Another Long Letter From the Atheists

We would like to respond to two letters which appeared in On Dit on 16th October.

We would like to apologise to Gordo to whom the letter referred to below was addressed, but we would like to respond to Peter Wilson's letter.

It is not as easy to disassociate religious belief from "institutionalism, construction of hierarchy [and] strict ritualism" as you seem to believe. It is extremely arrogant of you to claim that there is no connection between religious belief and such structures when millions of theists in this and past periods have from the same premises of religious belief professed by you, found it appropriate to create and/or accept institutionalised religion. Belief in a god to indicative of a willingness to surrender responsibility for ones life to the dictation of a higher authority. Combine this with the propensity for religious belief to shift ones focus of attention from temporal, human concerns, to the supernatural, and one begins to approach an explanation for the connection between religious belief and the establishment of barbarous institutions.

Peter Wilson also threw down the gauntlet on miracles, challenging Gordo to offer an explanation for them. We would like to explain the "miracle" of the conversion of Saul which Peter Wilson referred to in his letter. This can be found in Acts IX 3:4.

3. And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined about him a light from heaven:

4. And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

In offering an explanation for this miracle one must seek an argument which carries with it the fewest number of assumptions and ancillary arguments which must in turn be justified, i.e. one should use the explanation that carries with it the least amount of "excess baggage". We have ranked several possible explanations by the amount of their "excess baggage".

1. Saul did not exist
2. Saul did exist but he was all ar
3. Saul did exist, he was not liar, but as he was riding into Damascus he was struck by lightning ["... there shined round about him a light from heaven..."] he "fell to the earth", struck his head, "and

heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

4. Saul did exist, was not a liar, and was struck by lightning by a supernatural being, but this being was Thor, not God.

5. Assuming the existence of a God, it remains more reasonable to assume that Saul was struck by lightning and fell from his horse, than to believe that this god would be concerned with an ordinary planet in an unremarkable solar system on the outer arm of a common spiral galaxy in a cluster of galaxies in such a really big place like the universe.

6. Assuming there is a god who has stumbled across us and chosen to make us the centre of his universe, why has he chosen such an inefficient means of communication (i.e. miracles) to demonstrate his existence. Surely the first - best means of communication would be to write the flaming letters across the night sky, "Hi dudes! I'm here!"

We hope this satisfies your desire that we do not "cop-out" by claiming we can not explain miracles. We would have liked a similar opportunity to explain the Biblical prophecies you alluded to, but as you copped out by not supplying us with any, this was not possible.

James Gleesocke
Mark Stewart
P.S. God does not exist
P.P.S. We have an argument to prove it, but it will not fit in this letter.

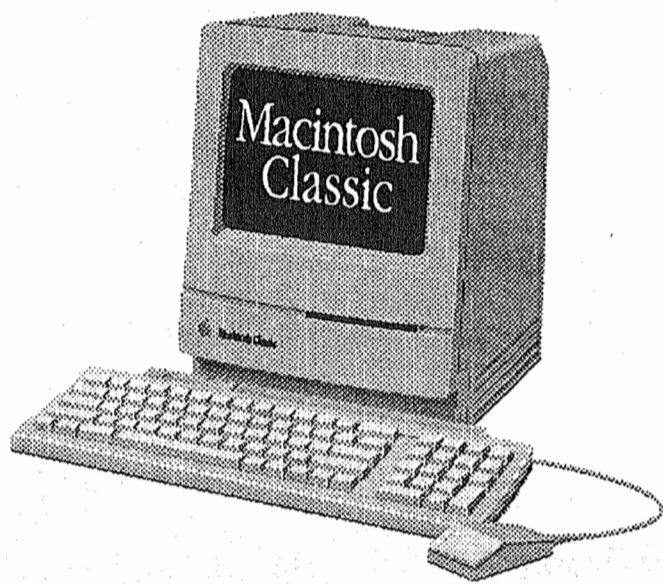
Reflections on the Crisis in the Rural Sector (or I am the Bastard Son of a Space Alien)

Dear Editors,
"Eat Shit and Die, Patronising Christian Bastards"???? If Mr. Friend was asked to give a heading for the letter he wrote in On Dit 15/10, I'm sure he wouldn't have chosen such a heading. It is not fair if a decent letter as such to be given a completely "different" heading. I think it is much better if a letter is read properly before it is published so that it can be headed as to not offend anyone. "What? Two On Dit 17s?" is a pretty good choice of a heading, by the way.
LDBSV.

Dear LDBSV,
Wow! Another person with a crazy name! Are you a computer or something?
Yours,
DPS:JODE

Dear everybody,
This is just a quick note to say thanks very much to everybody who has written in to the letters page this year. The letters have been varied and entertaining, although we have on a weekly basis received a plethora of extremely long Christian letters, which most people have expressed their boredom over. Apart from this, the letters pages have been excellent, and have certainly been a lot larger than in recent years, which is healthy. Thanks again,
Dave and Steve.

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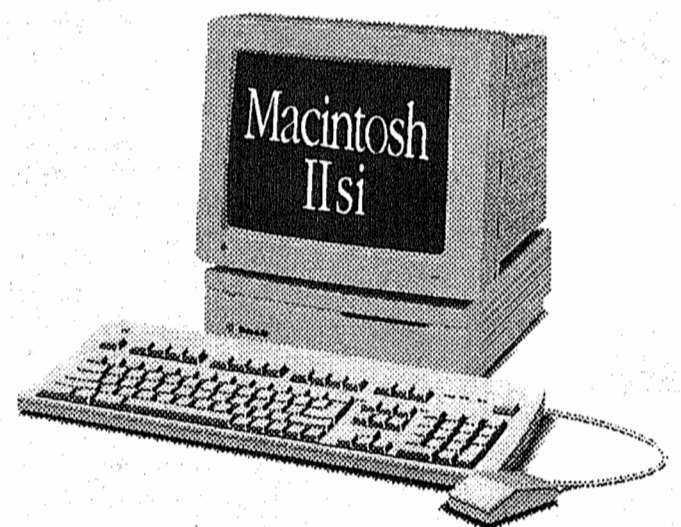
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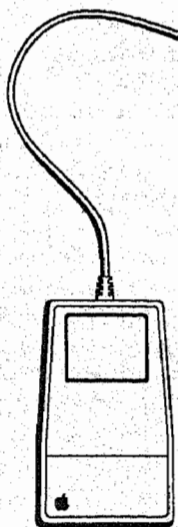
\$4450 plus screen, plus tax.



The University of Adelaide Apple Consortium,
Room 281, Horace Lamb Building,

Phone 228 5441

Fax 223 1206



Vale, Boy's Club

It is now three 'o clock in the morning on Monday October 29. The scene is a familiar one- Dave Sag sits in front of a Macintosh rabbiting on about the glories of computer software and making bum jokes, the unsung hero Andy Joyner toddles about fixing bromides, Steve paces around the room laying out like a mad beast and worrying that we won't get the paper done on time, Fay churns out another film review and swears a lot, Dave Krantz draws yet another actionable cartoon, and I sit here writing like a maniac with my fifty-sixth Stuyvesant hanging off my lip.

It has been a pleasure and a privilege to edit On Dit this year. Although we have generated our fair share of controversy- in April it seemed highly probable that we would either die through bombing (we received two death threats after the first edition) or through legal action (six threatened lawsuits after the first six editions- a perfect record!)- it has been an incredibly entertaining year.

We set out to turn On Dit back into a newspaper, that is, not just a features mag, but a paper with a readable news section providing info on campus, education and political issues. We did not want to do this at the expense of the more entertaining features section, and looking back, there has been a pretty reasonable balance between the two halves of the paper.

We are proud to have pissed so many people off- the University Administration, The Advertiser, student politicians, the National Union of Students, the Liberal Club, the Labor Club, the Independents, Resistance (of which we are not members!), the misogynists who tried to get rid of the Women's Officer, and (of course) the born-agains. Most students don't have terribly much respect for any of these groups, and it was kind of nice to give the paper a bit of a rough edge and go after some of the frauds and wankers around the place.

There will be moments that will stick in our minds for ever- the day when we were told (in response to a certain cartoon) that "Rushdie made the apology too late- You've still got time", the day when Steve hadn't slept in 48 hours, drank himself into a stupor and then engaged in an hilarious and violent argument with Penny Wong (who was planning to sue us), the day when the bromide camera suffered a melt down when we had ten minutes to go before printing, the day when Dave Sag tried to kill a moth by throwing an empty echo at it, the day when Ben Mudge turned up at ten to five in the morning with a two page article we desperately needed, the night when I smoked so many Stuyvesants that I vomited on the floor, the night when I was riding a bike in the SAUA and slammed into the Job Search board, the times when things have been kicked into little pieces through anger (camera cupboard-bromide room door (which my foot actually got stuck in)- mail bags- drinking fountain), the morning Fay split iced coffee all over the Prosh Rag which had been completely laid out and was about to go to the printers, and the countless Monday mornings when after laying out all night we calm down by playing footy in the cloisters with a stuffed toy pig.

Strange things happen when you stay up all weekend. One night we engaged in a hypothetical conversation about which animal we would choose to have intercourse with if we were forced. (I chose the chimp, Steve the duck, Andy the cuttlefish, Dave K the pig). But such things are best left undiscussed.

It's been a bloody entertaining year, and it's been a real team effort. Andy Joyner deserves immense congrats and bouquets for his selfless commitment- he has worked like a trooper all year for about three cents an hour (and has received no money for a month now thanks to our wonderful Union). Having Andy around is like having an extra

editor in the office, probably because he's got nothing else to live for. He has worked on every part of the paper and has worked damn hard.

Dave Sag deserves a special mention for being the MacWarrior, saving us from computer viruses and spending vast and unpaid amounts of time in On Dit as the general layout expert and dogsbody. Dave has also provided an approachable and welcoming environment to the office with his easy-going, low-key approach.

Thanks also to next year's eds (who we are sure will do a fucking brilliant job) Dave Krantz and Simon Healy, Dave for the cartoons, typing and sex and Sime for his prosaic brilliance and (BULLSHIT!) punctuality.

A million thanks to Fay Khoo for her commitment to the paper- Fay is an integral boy's club member, a ripper reviewer and typist and an extremely entertaining companion who gives a new dimension to the words "a bit rude".

Thanks to Pauly Champs, writer, freighter, whinger and softly spoken Aryan youth, and Alex Wheaton, freight supremo and general good guy.

Thanks to last year's eds, Mark and Monica, for being so helpful all year, Monica with typing and the odd story, and Markie with hallucinogenic design ideas and some of the best covers you'll ever see on a newspaper.

To Steph Pribil for her dedication to the books section, which was sometimes embarrassing as on most days she would be in the office three hours before us, to Sime Morris for being a great advertising manager and the resident snide political analyst, to Alex Webling for his groovy photos, to all the lay out beasts who have stayed the distance on Sunday nights (Jason Bootle especially).

Thanks also to Bridge Press for waiting patiently for us on Mondays and doing such a

good job with the printing all year.

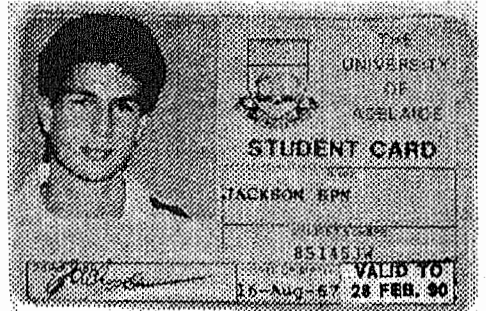
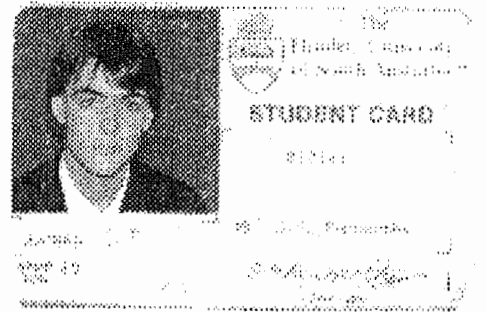
Thanks to Sharon and George for all their efforts in the typesetting department, and Anne for her help with the fiscal side. On a personal thanks to GP (tax/food/etc), and from SJ to Misch for all her support.

And to everyone else who has contributed in any way, thanks a million. We couldn't have done it without you.

Finally, thanks to you, the readers, who amongst you have consumed just over 168,000 copies of On Dit this year.

Thanks for voting us in and giving us the chance to have our fifteen minutes of fame. Enjoy this last edition- it's twice as long as any On Dit ever printed and has lots of fun stuff in it. Good luck with your exams and have an excellent holiday.

Vale Boys Club!
Dave and Steve



(The lads- age 17)

WHOOPSIE!

Executive Officer of the...
The 1989 editors regret that it has not been possible to publish this apology until the first edition of "On Dit" for 1990 and apologise to Mr. Brice for the embarrassment which he has suffered.

MONICA CARROLL
MARK GAMTCHEFF

APOLOGY TO ROBERT BRICE

Apology to Piers Akerman

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

Retraction and Apology

It has come to the attention of the Editors of On Dit that a letter published in the edition which came out on 5th March, 1990 contained factually incorrect statements regarding Anthea Howard and Penny Wong, two student representatives on the Education Committee of the University. The Editors wish to clearly state that neither Anthea nor Penny have changed their voting pattern on the Committee because of their casual summer vacation jobs with the University as suggested in the letter. Further, the Editors acknowledge that no voting has occurred in relation to University amalgamations since Anthea or Penny became employed by the University. The Editors moreover acknowledge that Anthea and Penny were employed as casual workers by the University, for limited terms, to undertake project type work. The Editors further accept that both Anthea and Penny have acted in an objective manner since their election to the Committee and have not in any way been improperly influenced by the University Administration or any other group. The Editors completely retract any implication contained in the letter that either Anthea or Penny are in any way corrupt. The Editors finally apologise unreservedly for any embarrassment which may have been caused to Anthea or Penny by the letter published on 5th March, 1990 in On Dit.

- DIUNHUIJG, ANTHEA HOWARD
- APOLOGIES- The editors wish to make the following apologies...
1. We would like to apologise to the Muslim student who was offended by the cartoon on the back page of last week's ON DIT.
 2. In the news article titled "Diseased Poplars a Threat to Safety" reference was made to Mr. David Simon. His actual name is Mr. David Symon and he is not connected in any way with the Adelaide City Council as the article implied.
 3. In the editorial the cost of the Liberals up front tertiary education fee should have been \$1200 and not \$12000.
 4. In the editorial the amount paid out of each student's union fee when their camp was cancelled should be read as \$3.90.
 5. To all our contributors- sorry for printing errors.

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

**President
Wendy Wakefield**

As this is the last On Dit for 1990 (the Editors will now embark upon the production of the 1991 SAUA Orientation Guide), it is timely to highlight some of the issues the SAUA has taken up this year.

Assessment Policies and Grievance Procedures

At the initiation of the Students' Association, Ian Brice, the Academic (Educational) Matters Sub Committee of Executive Committee produced a set of policies and appeals mechanisms on assessment and student grievances. On Wednesday, 24th October, the University Education Committee endorsed these University-wide policies by an overwhelming majority and they recommended them for approval at University Council in November. These policies and procedures are not perfect by any stretch of the imagination and I believe, from the students' perspective, they could be improved a great deal. Once they are approved by the University Council (which I hope will occur at the meeting of November 9) it is up to student and the SAUA do monitor them and make recommendations regarding their improvement. These policies define student rights including the right to:

- fair assessment
- remarking of work
- supplementary assessment
- redemption
- make complaints if they believe teaching is not up to scratch
- appeal against decisions.

For the University to articulate these rights publically is a great step forward for students, and victory for the SAUA. The SAUA must now ensure that all students know what those policies are and also ensure that these policies are monitored and improved.

Teaching Survey

We have received quite a few completed questionnaires - keep them coming in! The results of the survey will be published early next year. Please fill out a questionnaire - surveys of this kind enable the SAUA to find out the news of the students we represent.

Language and Learning Support

The SAUA caused some fuss earlier this year about the provision of language and study skills support (of lack of) at the University, and pushed for the implementation of the recommendation of the Language and Study Skills Working Party. The University has now begun to implement the recommendations, by setting up a Language and Learning Unit in the Advisory Centre for University Education. The Unit will provide support for students in English language and study skills as well as support for staff undertaking such programs in departments. This sort of service is crucial for any students who may need assistance in these areas and is especially relevant to overseas students, students from non-English speaking backgrounds and students

entering University on access schemes who do not have the same background as those who traditionally enter University.

Mergers

A lot of my time this year has been spent on (boring) merger committees. It has been worth it, however, because throughout the merger process issues of importance to students have arisen - and it is important that students have some input.

The Rest

There are a whole range of other issues which have been taken up by the SAUA including student representation in the University and particularly in faculties; various library issues from fire alarms to borrowing rules; safety on campus; the Review of Governance in the University; Austudy, particularly in relation to the NUS campaign; HECS monitoring (we stopped the release of a bodgey pro-HECS Report from the SA Office of Tertiary Education); and lots more, not to mention our usual orientation and Prosh activities.

It has been pleasing to see that many students have taken advantage of the SAUA's cheap environmentally sound photocopying service, and Work Action and Accommodation Services, which become more popular every year. I have also seen many students individually who have spoken to me about concerns they have - we appreciate hearing from you, so we can take up your concerns.

I could go on and on and on. I feel this column is a bit premature because I haven't finished working yet and will continue to work on these issues until my term ends in December.

I urge you all to make use of the SAUA services - including your elected representatives - because it is *your* Students' Association. Good luck to Natasha for her term next year.

Thank You

There are so many people who have helped me out and supported me during a very challenging year. Thanks to all the SAUA Office bearers and media bodies for working hard; thanks to "them" in the University who gave timely support to students; a special thanks to Judy and Lynette who have *nothing* to do with the SAUA and who have stuck by me and kept me sane; a special thanks to Anthea and Penny who are always there when I need them; a special thanks to Ian who has endured me at my worst; a huge grovelly thanks to the staff of the Union and especially the SAUA and PGSA staff (past and present) - Anne, George, Sharon, Alan, Monica, Mark and the EWOKS, Maria and Bruce. Without the staff, the SAUA and Union could not function, and apart from that they're wonderful people who are dedicated to working for the students.

**Womens' Officer
Amy Barrett**

**SEXUAL HARASSMENT PHONE-
IN LINE. November 10-11.**

What is your first reaction when you hear the words sexual harassment? No doubt the image which springs to mind for most people is that of an old balding male tutor who physically gropes a female student behind closed doors. It is this misconception which leads a lot of students to think that sexual harassment hasn't happened to them, or they themselves have never been a harasser. It's about time that this myth was exploded, because firstly sexual harassment can happen between ANY two people whether they be male/female/student/lecturer/tutor/ or uni staff. Secondly the behavior which constitutes sexual harassment is wide ranging, including:

- suggestive behavior such as leering, ogling and generally being a slime-bag
- unwelcome comments about your sex life
- Unnecessary familiarity such as deliberately brushing against a student, or generally sitting too close for comfort.
- Continual sexual propositions
- Physical contact such as touching, stroking, or groping.
- Sexual jokes, comments, photographs or reading material
- Forced sexual relations including indecent assault or rape.

All these forms of sexual harassment cause distress, and NO student should have to put up with such behavior, and such harassment must be put to an end as soon as it is identified - otherwise these sexist pigdogs will continue to harass others. Offenders will try to justify their actions by saying they were being 'friendly' or paying you a compliment, or they were genuinely attracted to you. But sexual harassment is not excusable. Real attraction or affection is not shown by the above mentioned behavior. If a person feels uncomfortable with the comments or behavior then that is an indication that it is unwelcome sexual harassment.

A sexual harassment phone in line is being conducted on November 10-11. All calls will be confidential, so take the opportunity to register any harassment that you have either experienced yourself, or know of. Don't just ignore sexual harassment - because it won't go away (67.5% of people who contacted the last phone-in line stated that their harassment was ongoing).

For further info and advice, contact:

- Student's Association Women's Officer (228 5406)
- Equal Opportunity Unit (2285962)
- Education Welfare Officer's (228 5430)

Overseas Students

First and foremost, I'd like to apologise for the lengthy delay in the publishing of this article - it has been quite a long wait.

Well, looks like another new lot of fresh, warm and bubbly people have decided to be the ones to put their minds together for the betterment of overseas students, by being part of the 1990/1991 Committee of the Overseas Students Association Incorporated. Elections were held on 15th September in the Games Room at 10.30 am.

Headed by our firm yet understanding chic president, Joanna Teh, we intend to live up the Kanagasabal Administration and for that matter do even better too.

Committee 1990/1991

- President: Joanna Teh
- Education Vice President: Alwin Chan
- Welfare Vice President: Ravind Thanabalasingam
- Secretary: Connie Wan
- Treasurer: Lee Joo Wee
- Activities Director: Ang Eng Khong
- Women's Officer: Asha Puvan
- Vibes Editor: Maya Thillakkannu
- Adrian Loh
- Publicity Officer: Lim Sul Lin
- Sports Officer: Penny Cheah

Committee Members: Agnes Lal, Joanna Yu, Elaine Ong, Devendran Sinnadurai, John Francis, Siva Kumar

Social Standing Committee: Catherine Loke, Joanne Chin, Fiona Price, Adrian Loh, Devendran Sinnadurai, Lim Sul Lin, Joanna Teh.

With such an outstanding Committee, our aim is to not only provide overseas students opportunities to meet and glean support from each other but also to provide them opportunities for better integration with the student population. Following our successful affiliation bid to the Union, the Overseas Students Association needs to play a more representative role, voicing all overseas students' requirements on campus, mainly under Welfare, Education and Activities. So look forward to more social gatherings, trips, sporting events, forums and International Impressions 1991.

Last but not least, to all overseas students out there, we would like to hear from you, especially from the Post Graduate Students who have limited accessibility compared to others. The President, Joanna will be at the OSA Office in the Students' Association Office every Thursday lunchtime (1-2 pm). You may leave messages too at the SAUA Office (228 5406) or leave a note in Joanna's pigeon hole at the Economics Department, Lower Napier.

Other than that, make sure you read Vibes and study lots for your upcoming exams!!

PGSA

Most of the university is now winding down as we approach the close of the academic year and undergraduates will soon be gleefully heading for the bar after last exams and relaxing around the university after handing in final papers..... Not so for postgraduates - wrestling with theses, sidestepping writer's block and/or writer's cramp and juggling research and marking commitments while attempting to get in some relaxation as well, makes this one of the busiest times of their year. Rest assured, even if on one else spares you a thought, the PGSA will not leave you stranded over the summer break. Our next newsletter will come out in early November and we will be organising some social activities for postgrads, in addition to the traditional Christmas drinks.

In particular we are hoping to see lots of you at our Postgrad Happy Hours that will be starting in November. These will provide an opportunity to meet postgrads outside your own department. Interests of postgraduate students are diverse and exciting, if people support these regular get-togethers, participants will gain a better sense of the postgraduate community as a whole and be in a position to identify ways we can support each other in the future. So come along Thursdays 5-6 p.m. in the Staff Club starting 8th November.

The success of our thesis writing workshop has led to a run on the booklet "Practical aspects of producing a Thesis" and we will need to place another order to fulfil demand. If you would like to order a copy ring the PGSA office (228 5898) and give us your name and contact department in the next couple of weeks. Closing date for orders is 23rd November.

There are still two University committees lacking postgraduate representatives for 1991. They are the University Computing Committee and the Language Laboratory Users Committee. Ideally we would like to find people who have an understanding of the relevant areas but the main thing is to have an interest and be prepared to put in some work. So come on all you closet activists out there, here's a chance for you to be involved in service areas of the university and make them responsive to postgraduate needs.

Last call to get on the postal roll for the next university Senate and Council elections. Forms are now available from the PGSA office and must be returned to the Central Secretariat by October 31st, that is next Wednesday! Time is short, so grab the opportunity now to take advantage of the postal vote system.

**SAUA Project/Research
Officer
Monica Carroll**

Welcome to the first column in my capacity as the new Students' Association Project/Research Officer. From time to time I shall be informing you of Education Issues and SAUA activities; the subject of this column is the SAUA Orientation and Planning Retreat which took place at Dzintari Latvian Campsite (an excellent facility; check it out for your next camp or conference), Normanville, from October 13-15. Many thanks must go to Wendy Wakefield for organising it all and to Peter and June Young for being such marvellous hosts.

The first SAUA Retreat was held in 1988 and, unfortunately, was not repeated the following year. This year's Retreat proved to me the need for an event whereby all the SAUA's elected representatives (including those in media and activities positions) are invited to spend a few days together in order to be introduced to the SAUA, discuss and debate issues that relate to their role as representatives, plan future directions, and simply get to know each other better. Holding the retreat in an informal and unfamiliar environment serves to stimulate and make participants more open to sharing ideas and plans with each other.

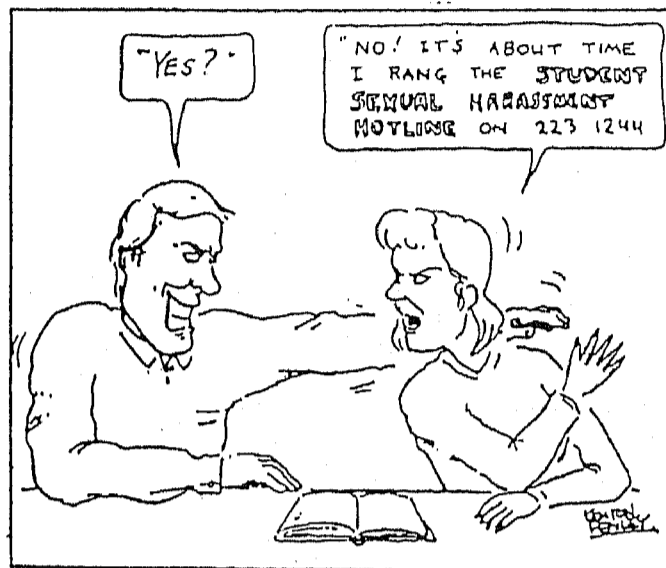
Guest speakers gave information sessions on the structure and administrative function of the SAUA (Anne McEwen), the history of the SAUA (Alan Farley), the way in which the University operates (Anthea Howard), the role of the National Union of Students (Kate Deverell), and the Adelaide University Union (Mel Yuan). Stu-

dent representatives from Roseworthy College and the City Campus of SACAE 'retreated' with us, Steven Packer (Roseworthy) and Helen Wilson (SACAE) telling us about their student organisations.

The vital planning function of the Retreat took place in the 'Brainstorming Session' in which we broke off into groups to discuss the issues that interested us most and plan policies which could be actively pursued. The five groups covered such topics as equal opportunity, childcare, the environment, student rights, student unionism, NUS accountability, Overseas Students, Orientation for different groups of students, employment and accommodation, AUSTUDY, HECS, mergers, assessment and academic grievance policy, University governance, and more. From this session came practical ideas for policies that will further the welfare of students and which will be taken up by SAUA Council and its standing committees.

The fun aspects of the Retreat - talkback radio with Bob Pucetti, sleeping in the rain, Zoom, etc - did not detract from the more serious central purpose. The SAUA exists to defend, extend, and promote your needs and rights. The many complex issues generated at University and local and national level require a sophisticated, co-ordinated approach from your Students' Association. The SAUA's activities are as good as the commitment and knowledge of its student representatives, and this is why activities such as the Retreat are crucial. Your input, too, is vital, so please feel free to see me any time you have queries about the SAUA's work or wish to become involved in the SAUA's educational activities. My office is in the SAUA headquarters, bordered by those of the Administrative Secretary and the SAUA President.

**IF YOU HAVE EXPERIENCED
SEXUAL HARASSMENT
OR ARE AWARE OF SEXUAL
HARASSMENT ON OUR CAMPUS
we want to know**



**BREAK THE SILENCE
PHONE THE SEXUAL HARASSMENT HOTLINE
ON 223 1244
SATURDAY 10TH NOVEMBER 9am - 5pm
SUNDAY 11TH NOVEMBER 1pm - 9pm
STUDENT SEXUAL HARASSMENT HOTLINE
223124**

HEY

**WANNA FREE TRIP TO
MELBOURNE?**

That's right folks, your National Student Union NUS is having its Annual National Conference in early December. Wanna go and be an observer? Go hassle the SAUA staff for an application thingy by this Friday November 2. The SAUA Council will decide the seven next meet. So go do your numbers budding student reps. Good luck.

NUS-whose money where?

**GRANDPA SEAN, AUNTIE MEL AND UNCLE JOHN
SAY**

'HOWDY KIDS!'

**COME ALONG TO OUR WHOLESOME
O'CAMP FAMILY PICNICS**

**IF YOU'RE SWEET AND NICE,
LIKE MEETING NEW NIECES AND NEPHEWS,
BECOME AN O'CAMP LEADER!**

**APPLY AT THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
APPLICATIONS CLOSE FRIDAY 9 NOVEMBER, 5 PM
FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY!**



MFP - Multi Functional Polis or Multi Faceted Problem?

Adelaide's first Community Consultation meeting on the Multifunction Polis proposal recently revealed a mixed bag of hopes and worries about the MFP. Joel Magarey takes a fresh look at the issues surrounding the controversial

The Canberra meeting at which Japan first proposed the Multifunction Polis, in January 1987, was reported to have left the Australian delegates feeling distinctly uncomfortable. Their discomfort was said to have been caused by the emphasis the Japanese had placed upon the 'leisure facilities' component of the MFP.

One can imagine why this may have been disconcerting. It may have reminded the Australian delegates of the failed 'Silver Columbia' scheme of a few years earlier, when Japan had proposed to establish retirement villages for elderly Japanese on vacant Australian land.

Our delegates may have been pardoned if they suspected that the MFP proposal was a revamped 'Silver Columbia' plan. Especially since there was, according to one person present at the meeting, a verbal request by the Japanese delegation that Australia consider giving Japan large tracts of land, free of charge, upon which the MFP would be built.

That the original idea for the high-tech city emerged within the Leisure Division of Japan's international trade ministry may have deepened the furrows in some anxious Canberra brows.

These little incidents embody what for many Australians is the main worry about the MFP - that Japan's interests may not be compatible, to put it gently, with the interests of Australia.

And it's not just holiday resorts that are at stake. At stake also is 8.1 billion of Australia's dollars - \$2.6 billion of which would come from the public purse. The Polis, which it is proposed will be built in Adelaide's Gillman region, will not come cheaply.

It is becoming increasingly thought that there is something of a dilemma in the economics of the MFP.

The MFP is seen to require a high level of foreign investment to be financially feasible. Foreign investment is also required in order to attract the know-how of foreign companies.

But with high levels of foreign investment comes the possibility that "the MFP may simply become an off-shore research and innovation station for foreign multinationals". And that is a dilemma.

The prophecies of doom and gloom merchants? Well, that quotation was our government speaking - in the form of a Bureau of Industry Economics report.

Government strategists have recommended developing (so far unnamed) "mechanisms" for encouraging foreign companies to allow technology transfer and local participation to take place.

However, academic economists continue to cast doubt on their likely success.

Even more ominous are suggestions that in some 'collaboration' situations we could actually see technologies developed by Australia slipping out of Australia through the MFP.

What economic benefits will the MFP bring? The MFP's Joint Steering Committee claimed that it would start pulling in billions within 15 - 30 years. Other economists are not so sure.

Mike Burns is Flinders University's Professor of Economics. He thinks that the claims made for the MFP are out of proportion. According to Professor Burns, the Polis' balance of payments and employment impact is likely to be "negligible". The proposed scale of investment, though it may seem huge, is simply not big enough for any significant national impact.

Yet the MFP would have economic advantages, says Professor

Burns. The main ones would be "putting South Australia on the world map" which would lead to new international trading relationships. Added to this would be a "trickle down effect" of increased demand in South Australia.

The question, Professor Burns says, is whether these advantages are worth the \$2.6 billion public cost.

But the MFP-Adelaide proposal is not just for a high-tech city at Gillman. Along with the city would come a series of publicly funded research and development initiatives, which would extend Adelaide's existing research institutions.

This aspect of the MFP would almost have to be a success. These organisations are currently so money-starved - the CSIRO being a prime example - that they generally make sure that every last cent of a research grant is utilised very productively.

True to its 'multifunctional' na-

ture, the Polis proposal has yet another aspect. The MFP is an innovative model for new urban living.

Dr Clive Forster is a senior lecturer in Urban Planning who specialises in social geography. According to Dr Forster, the MFP design has a major advantage over other city designs.

The MFP's design, Dr Forster says, would allow people to have their home, work and leisure lives all within a small physical area. Or within an "integrated setting" as he puts it.

Fears have emerged that the MFP will become an "enclave". Dr Forster, however, disagrees. The size of the polis (100,000 people) would require a "broad spectrum of people".

"I think the MFP is likely to develop more interaction with the metropolitan area than people tend to forecast," he says.

The MFP's critics are never far off.

Groups such as the Melbourne-based 'Academics Against the MFP' claim that the MFP is "special treatment" for big business and its employees. Would the government build a utopian city, they ask, for 100,000 Vietnamese refugees? Or for 100,000 average Australians? The MFP, these academics say, is "institutionalising elitism".

The MFP Task Force has replied that the point of the MFP is that it will bring economic benefits to the state and nation, which means that everyone will benefit from it. The "special treatment" is justified, the Task Force implies, because in order to bring in these benefits, the Polis must be attractive to big business.

Here we may see why the MFP debate can become so emotional. It brings out fundamental differences of approach to our 'system'.

Adelaide geographer Stuart Fraser was heartily applauded at last Thursday's Community Consultation when he pointed out, very simply, that Adelaide doesn't have either to accept or reject the whole of the MFP. It can decide to take what it wants, and leave the rest.

Should we take the research and development initiatives, and leave the rest? Or should we (could we?) take the R and D initiatives and the Gillman development, but alter the foreign investment and residency plans?

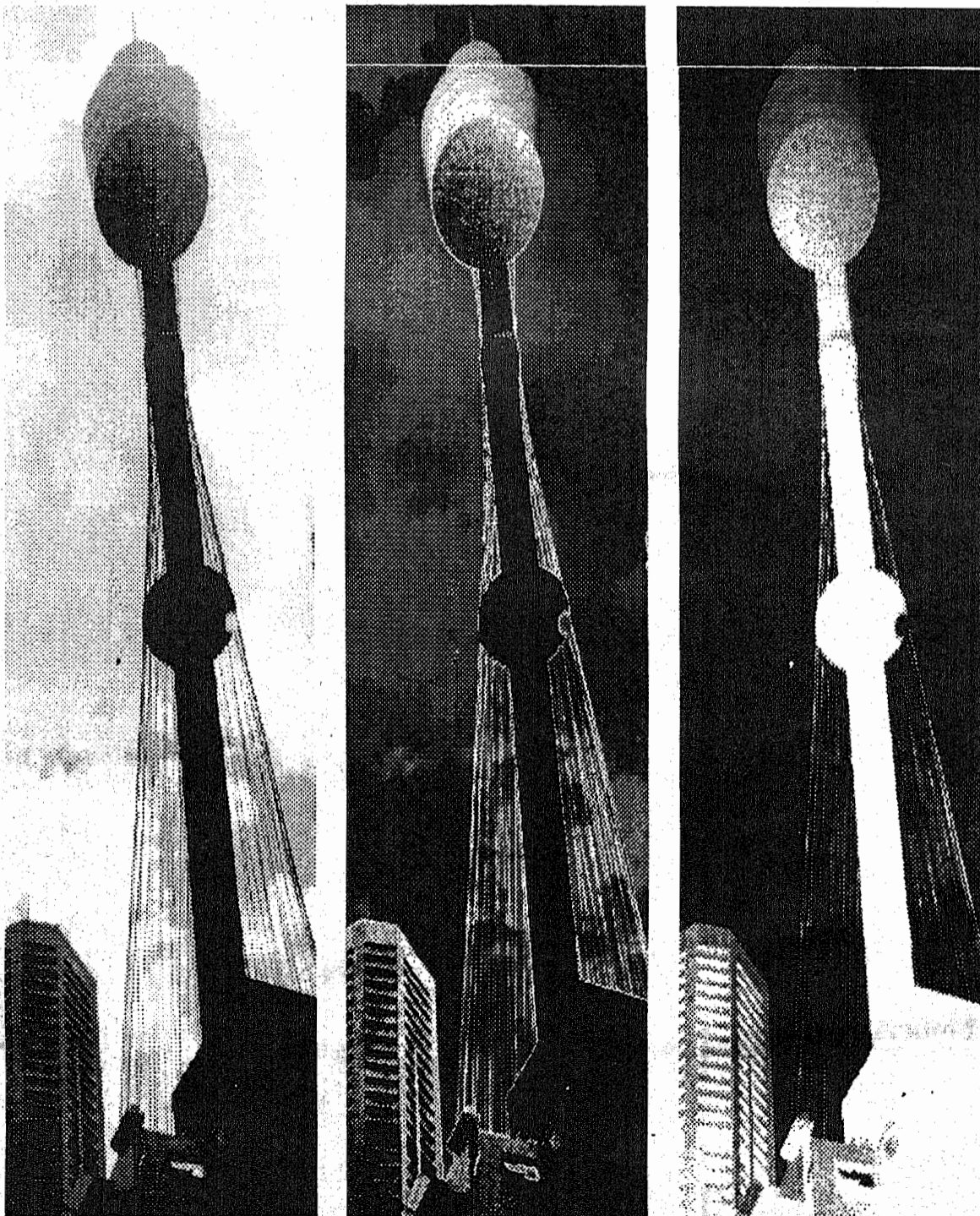
Or, finally, should we take the whole lot and pray that the good outweighs the bad?

Some things are clear. The MFP faces us at a Multi-Faceted Problem. It's our Multi-Faceted Problem. And it needs much more informed debate than it's currently receiving.

What is the Multi-function Polis?

Still don't know what the MFP is? You're probably in the majority. The MFP is a proposal, first mooted in 1987 by the Japanese Government, for the construction of an international 'city' (polis) which would centre around a number of highly specialised industries. Examples include: information and communications, education, health, corporate training and leisure. The city would have a population of 100,000, of which an unknown proportion (between 25 and 80 percent) would come from overseas.

An initial feasibility study has reported positively on the concept. The Gillman region in Adelaide has been chosen as the prospective site. A site-specific feasibility study is in process and is expected also to report positively. Construction could be due to begin late next year, for partial opening in 1993-4.



The State of the Union

1990 saw the Union take decisive steps to modernise itself. Building redevelopment, computer upgrades, industrial restructuring and the interim Presidency of Andrew Lamb revitalised a Union that had stagnated. With some members of the Union Board now examining new ways of raising revenue (including the introduction of new businesses to provide new services to students on campus) the Union Board stands poised to initiate new strategies to finance the ever increasing service needs of students. It's a period when student initiative is vital. Steve Jackson looks back on 1990 and examines the lessons that need to be understood by the new Union Board.

Industrial Issues -staff, unions, management

Without doubt the most difficult and recurrent problem that the Union Board currently faces is the question of industrial relations. This is also the issue that generates the most apathetic response amongst students. This must change since the only way this Union can stop the fee from rocketing in the maintenance and expansion of services is if student's initiate change. Staff are naturally conservative in this regard. They have their own interests to protect.

There are significant differences between a business corporation and the Union. A Corporation operates for profit and uses its human resources, (ie it's employees) to generate that profit. The relation between management and their employees is therefore based around this fundamental fact. Trade Union politics these days is therefore based at the floor level around productivity issues, the maintenance of job security and increasingly, the opening up of career paths for core employees through skill development and diversification. The concerns of Unions these days is increasingly less of an us-versus-them attitude but a co-operative one.

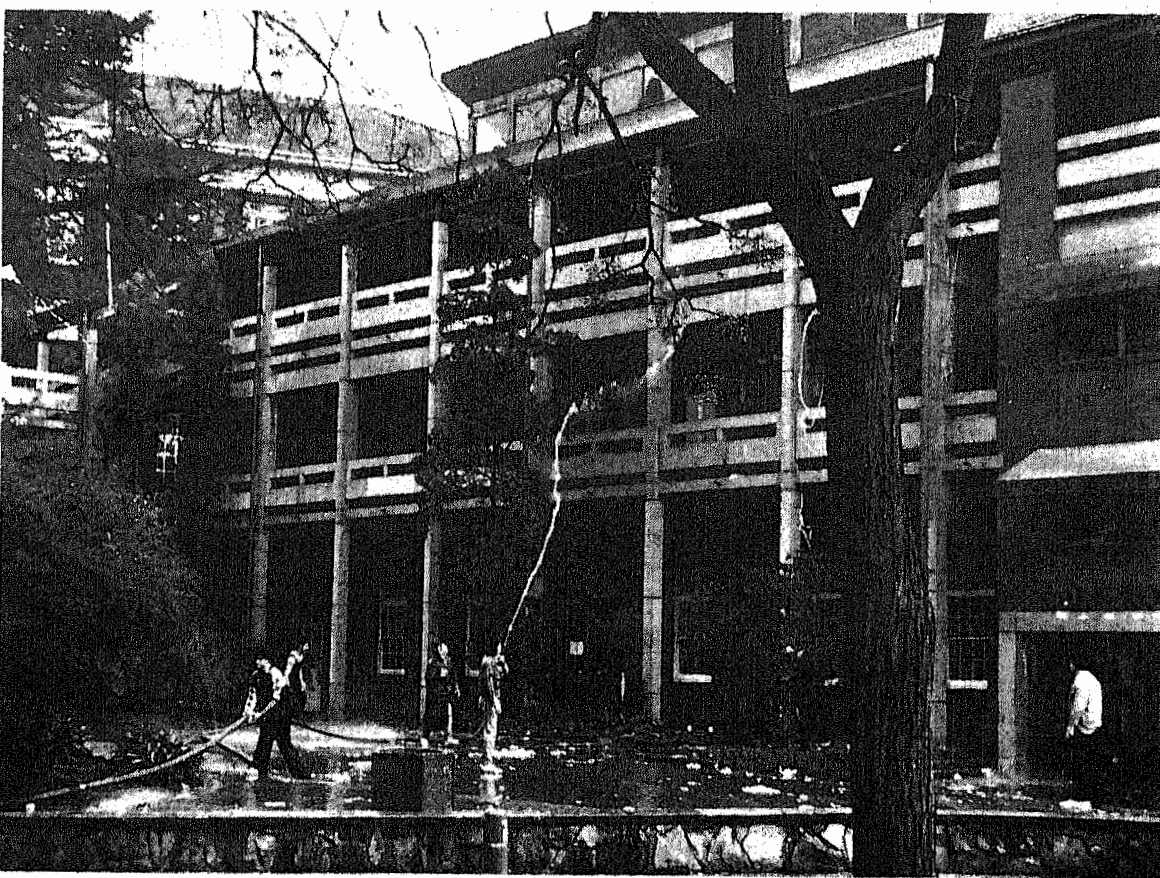
As we have seen through the period of the current Hawke Labor government and it's Accords I-VII with the ACTU, the role of the Trade Union is vastly different to the role envisaged in the mid nineteenth century. Trade Unions now are concerned with improving the competitiveness of what were once seen as their arch foes - 'the bosses'. There are many reasons for that that are not relevant here. The observation however is critical when you consider the current state of industrial relations in the

Union.

This Union is not a profit orientated body. It's Board of Management (Union Board), unlike that of a major corporation are democratically elected by the beneficiaries of the services the Board oversees and manages. This is a long way from a Corporate Board answerable only to it's major stockholders and whose only responsibility is to generate a profit.

It should follow therefore that industrial relations within the Union should not proceed on the assumption of us-versus-them particularly when it is recognised that such an assumption is outmoded industrial practice anyway. If anything staff at an ideological level should appreciate the democratic rights of students. Within the Union the Corporate staff/management relation does not exist. It is a student/staff relation. This is a service organisation managed by students not professional executives serving a profit motive. Several points come out of this that are currently valid.

First, it seems inappropriate that staff should be actively involved in the external politics of the Union. While staff do have rights (this cannot be denied) these rights need to be clearly delineated. They have the right to be consulted about changes that students wish to make to the operation of the Union. It is appropriate that they have a representative on the Union Board (this year it's Steward Richard Shipton) to represent the Staff view. It is appropriate that staff in essentially apolitical areas such as catering, cleaning and maintenance have some sort of guarantee of job security, but it is entirely and highly inappropriate that staff in politically sensitive areas take any sort of lead on political issues. These areas include the SAUA Project/Research Offi-



cer, the SAUA Administrative Secretary, The PGSA Research Officer and other staff within the administration structure of the SAUA and the Union.

Second, ultimately the balance of competing staff versus student rights comes down on the side of the Union President and the Union Board. They have the final say on the politics and service direction they wish to pursue. It's only fair that students have control of political policy.

The next few months sees vital negotiations in the area of award restructuring taking place. Students can only hope that the Trade Unions, in particular the Federated Clerks' Union adopt a co-operative tone that is sensitive to the special nature of the Union and the Students' Association.

The Hamilton Presidency

The experience of the Hamilton Presidency and his eventual resignation only served to prove that the AUU requires professional attitudes from it's student representatives. Hamilton's attempt to juggle his medical degree and the Union Presidency at a time when staff were in uproar about what they perceived as unfair management practices in relation to the creation of the position of Operations Manager was a public relations disaster for the Union that should have been avoided. Mel Yuan has made a professional start to her Presidency and the co-operative and positive attitude al-

ready apparent on the Union Board should see a far quicker response to the industrial and financial challenges that lie ahead in 1991.

Women in the Union

For the first time in living memory, women outnumber men on the Union Board. The President elect of the SAUA, the Union President and the Chair of the important Finance and Development Committee are all women. Much recently has been written about the political durability of women political representatives, particularly in the ALP. The performance of Natasha Stott Despoja, Mel Yuan and Asha Puvan will be watched with great interest.

Faculty based representation

The most important outcome of the 1990 Annual Student elections was the emergence of successful Faculty based campaigns and the demise of the established political clubs (Labor and Liberal). While this carries with it concerns that these candidates may represent a narrow interest detrimental to the needs of other Faculties, it is a sign that students from selected Faculties, in particular Engineering and Medicine, have different service and political needs. It is also a healthy sign that the move away from two party support in the wider community has touched tertiary students. This also explains the triumph of the independents, now the leading student rep group on campus. This can only be healthy

for the future of Australian politics.

Med student ballot boxes

An example of narrow Faculty interest acting against the general interest of other students is the Med student (read Andrew Hamilton) initiated trainee hospital ballot boxes (four in total). For the sake of 100 Med students, the Union has to fork out for extra staffing for this generous service. One wonders whether the Med students will only be happy with the Union when they pay no fees and have a ballot boxes by their beds at home.

Labor Club

It is become obvious that a major split has occurred within the Labor Club between the Left (who have on numerous occasions supported Left Alternative candidate and motions) and the Centre-Left. The recent Labor Club meeting where the (Left faction) President Ian Steel survived a censure motion by his own solitary vote will doubtless see a replay/rematch in the new year. The question is whether the Centre-Left can actually get organised to avoid the embarrassment of seeing the motion go down again.

This split has only strengthened the position of the Independent team (Natasha Stott Despoja, Mel Yuan, Kumar, Asha Puvan and Susie O'Brien) on Union Board.

Character is being able to eat one salted

The Story of a Woman's Life: okay as a kid, chubby as an adolescent, thin in college, thin turning fast to fat as a wife and mother, fat turning slowly to thin as a single working mother, thin to fat to thin to fat via commuter routes called Stillman and Scarsdale and Mayo.

A thrilling conversion to Weight Watchers and weekly attendances at the temple of self-control. Success and recognition. A racidivist at 37, one of those hopeless failures, never to succeed at thinking thin. Fat forever. A junkie, helpless in the fatal thrall of food.

Some people, Madellne gathered, don't review their lives by dress sizes. Some people don't decide how they feel today by how successful they avoided eating yesterday. Some people - and she knew some of these people - don't wake up wondering whether they can get through the day without doing something disgusting at breakfast, lunch or dinner. Some people are not astonished to find that their clothes fit.

Madellne was tired of the difference between those people and her - she was also tired of:

- checking out the women in the bus to see who is fatter than she was
- not buying clothes if she was thin because she could be sure it would not last
- not buying clothes if she was fat because she would soon be getting thin
- tuna fish and cottage cheese
- darting glances at the full-length mirror to skim the eyes, the hair, the lip-stick, and ankles, and blanking out shoulders, upper arms, breasts, torso, hips, thighs, and buttocks.
- approaching every man as a quiz on self-control and a final on character
- blnges, late at night, at a refrigerator that contained nothing at all that any normal person would eat by choice.

What are women like Madellne saying about themselves?

Some of us eat when we are tired, sad,

lonely, tense or frightened and it does not make us energetic, happy, loved, calm or brave. Some of us eat to reward ourselves for good behaviour (I worked hard and well this week and I deserve this food) or for pain and suffering (I had a terrible week and I need this food). We eat to nourish ourselves when we feel we have nurtured others. We eat to punish ourselves or to punish others.

And we eat to grow fat. Fat that will hide and protect the vulnerable, needy suffering person inside. Fat that will eliminate the sex problem. Fat that will give us strength and power. Fat that will find us space and privacy. Fat that will prove we can't succeed. ("Hah! You think you can be independent and self-sufficient? Maybe so - but not attractive!")

These are compelling reasons. They give us good reason to fear what we would do if ... if no food is forbidden, or illegal, if quantities are unlimited. There are painful life-long knots tied around every act of eating. It takes time to untangle. One by one, you try to remove all the special non-nutritive powers you have assigned to food and to fat. You take them back for yourself. You understand that control is not limited to the power to deprive, to deny, to despise your own needs. You can grant, allow, choose. You can choose to be hungry, choose to eat - and you can choose NOT to eat.

The process is about eating, not about weight loss. Eating comes before fat. And there can be changes in your eating.

As Madellne's story ends ...

Almost half the time I am eating only because I am genuinely hungry. I have been able to leave some food on the plate because I didn't want it all. I have unplugged the 24-hour computer that calculates calorie intake, exercise quantities, and pounds, and meters out the appropriate ration of guilt. Instead, I am looking at my body in the mirror and consulting the reports from my stomach. "I am heavier" has begun to be a statement about my body, "I have over-



eaten" is becoming the sum total of physical signals.

I bought something I saw in a store window because I loved it. I didn't need it. I was not the size I thought I ought to be. But I took away from the fat the power to deny me.

On the days when I do these things I eat calmly, with pleasure, when I am hungry as every woman can.

Inspired by Madellne Lee, "Fat is Still a Feminist Issue: Advice from a former food junkie".

Is Sweden the Third Way?

The Western press has viewed the changes in Eastern Europe as the dismantling of "Communism" in favour of "Democracy".

This has been seen to vindicate the power of the populace over authoritarian rulers and of capitalist freedom over economic oppression. The Roman Catholic church has also voiced the opinion that the countries of Eastern Europe are actively rejecting atheism, focussing particularly on the role of the church in the changes in Poland. There is also discussion about a third way, a medium between "Communism" and "Democracy" termed Socialist Democracy. In this system the wealth of a market economy is combined with wide ranging social welfare. With this in mind as a possible path for the Eastern European countries to take theorists are looking to Sweden as the role model. However, the Swedish system is not idyllic.

While it is true that Sweden has one of the highest standards of living in the world there has been a definite price to pay. The Australian idea of the Swedes as a largely happy and liberal minded people appears to be a generalisation. The disadvantage of their extraordinary welfare system (which includes allowances to all students, and free lunches at school) is, of course, tax. The highest level of tax is 72%, with the

average wage earner paying a rate of 50%. A common Swedish saying is "Born free and taxed". There is growing dissatisfaction with the current socialist government. Recently the Social Democrats sought to freeze wages, prices and all strikes for two years, arousing a great tumult of criticism. This, accompanied by a fall in real wages means that the Social Democrats are in jeopardy for the next elections. This year there have been serious strikes caused by the demand for higher wages. In March bank employees held a strike halting any banking transactions for approximately two weeks. In Stockholm there was an 8-week strike by high school teachers demanding recognition of their university training in higher wages than those of primary school teachers. The government responded by giving a minimal pay rise to all teachers. Because of this the Social Democrats have lost the support of the educated. There is also a strong anarchist movement in society which rejects the constraints of a socialist democratic system.

The history of Sweden suggests that its system cannot easily be transplanted. Its system is a result of its position as a thinly populated, ocean orientated nation with access to the markets of Western Europe. It is a country which has maintained a homogenous population, and its changing

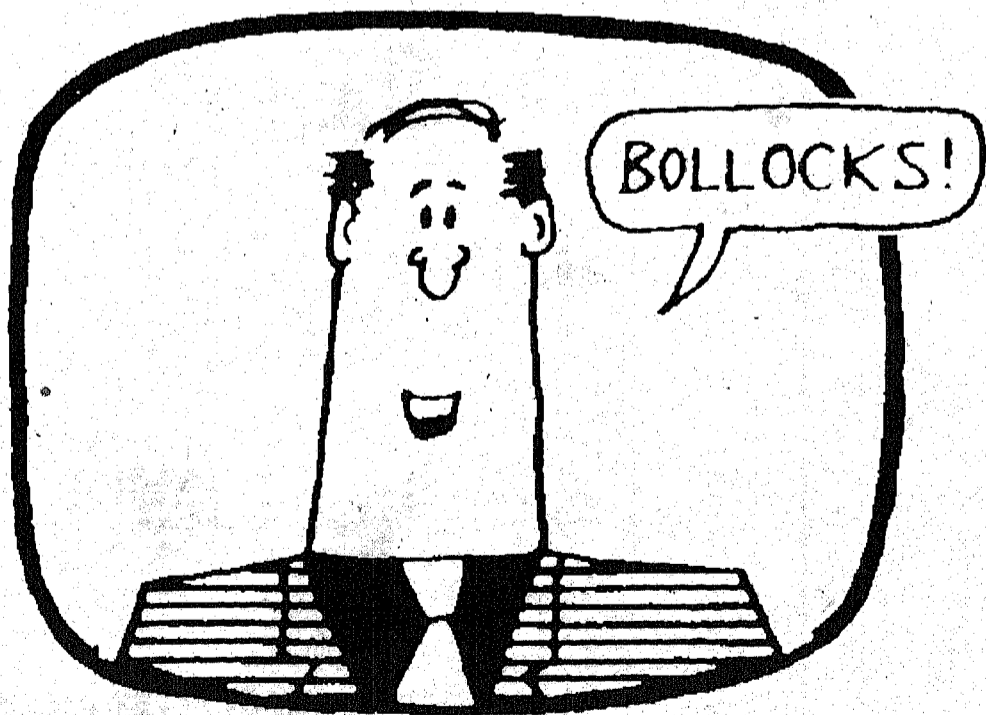
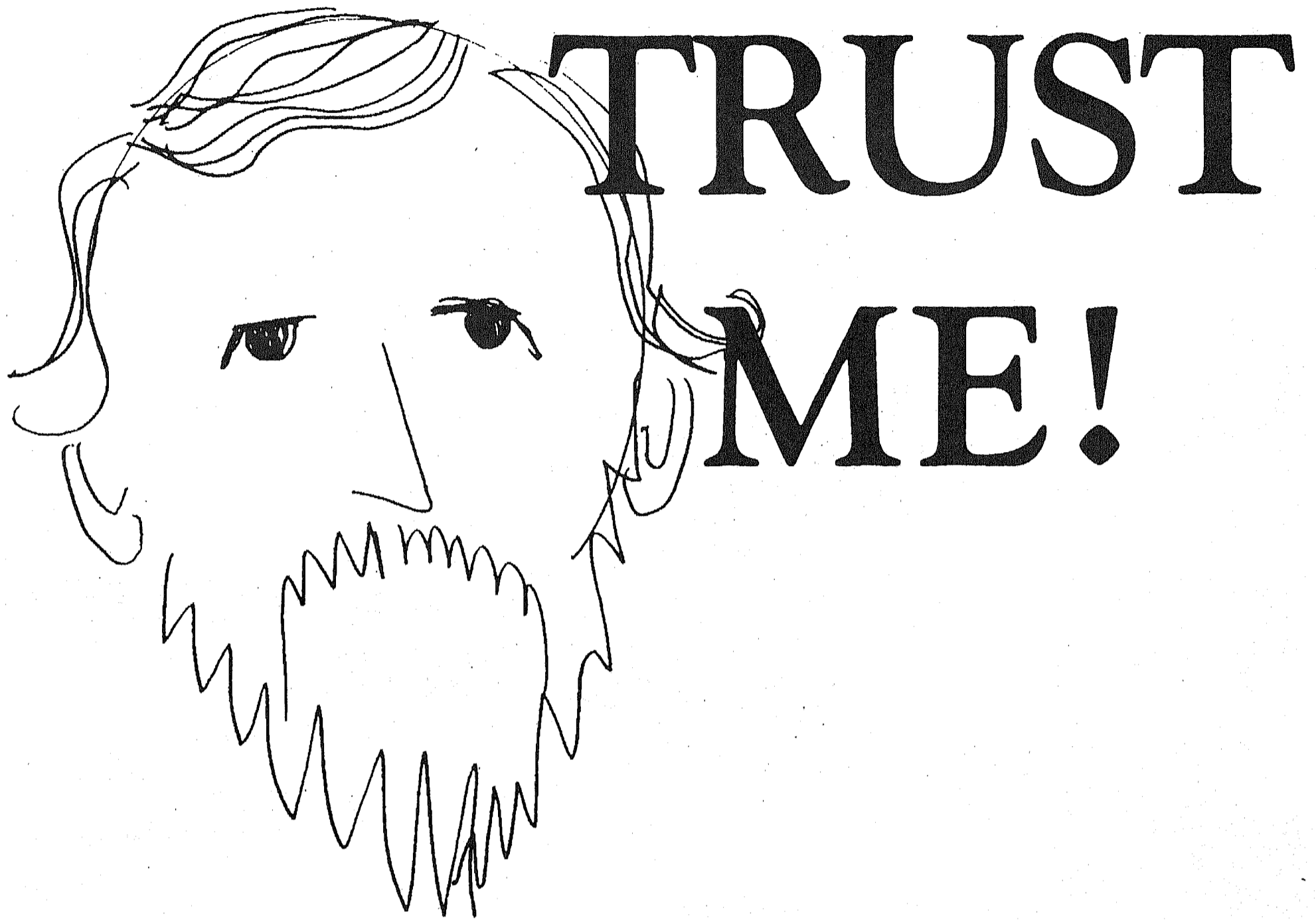


social make-up is currently causing racial tension. Refugees from the Iran/Iraq war, Vietnam and Poland arrive in Sweden and are directed as to where they should live and are placed in a community with other refugees from the same nation. These groups are frequently the targets of aggression.

Recently a bomb was planted in immigrant housing which, if it had gone off, would have killed refugees living in two apartment blocks.

Sweden may be a wealthy country. It is also a troubled nation.

Marla Sloggett



STRESS ... & EXAMS

The Health and Counselling Service and the Union have gathered together a few ideas that are printed below about ways in which you can enjoy the remaining weeks of this Academic year. If you have more specific enquiries, then you can make appointments at either the Health Service (5050) Counselling Service (5336) to seek advice or drop in to the Union for a chat with the Education and Welfare Officers (5915).

In the lead up to the end of the Academic year, it is important to not lose sight of the benefits of on going exercise, good food and proper sleep in maintaining your well being.

There is good anecdotal evidence to suggest that those people who maintain a regular exercise programme - aerobics, jogging, gym, team sports, etc. are better able to organise their daily schedules and study more efficiently. There is no doubt, involvement in exercise has the benefit of improving how we feel about ourselves. So, whatever you are involved in, keep it up.

Food has an important role in how athletes perform - in the same way, too much carbohydrate for lunch may induce sleepiness and reduce intellectual performance. Too much caffeine (coke, chocolate, coffee) will cause headaches and inability to concentrate; not the increased alertness usually expected.

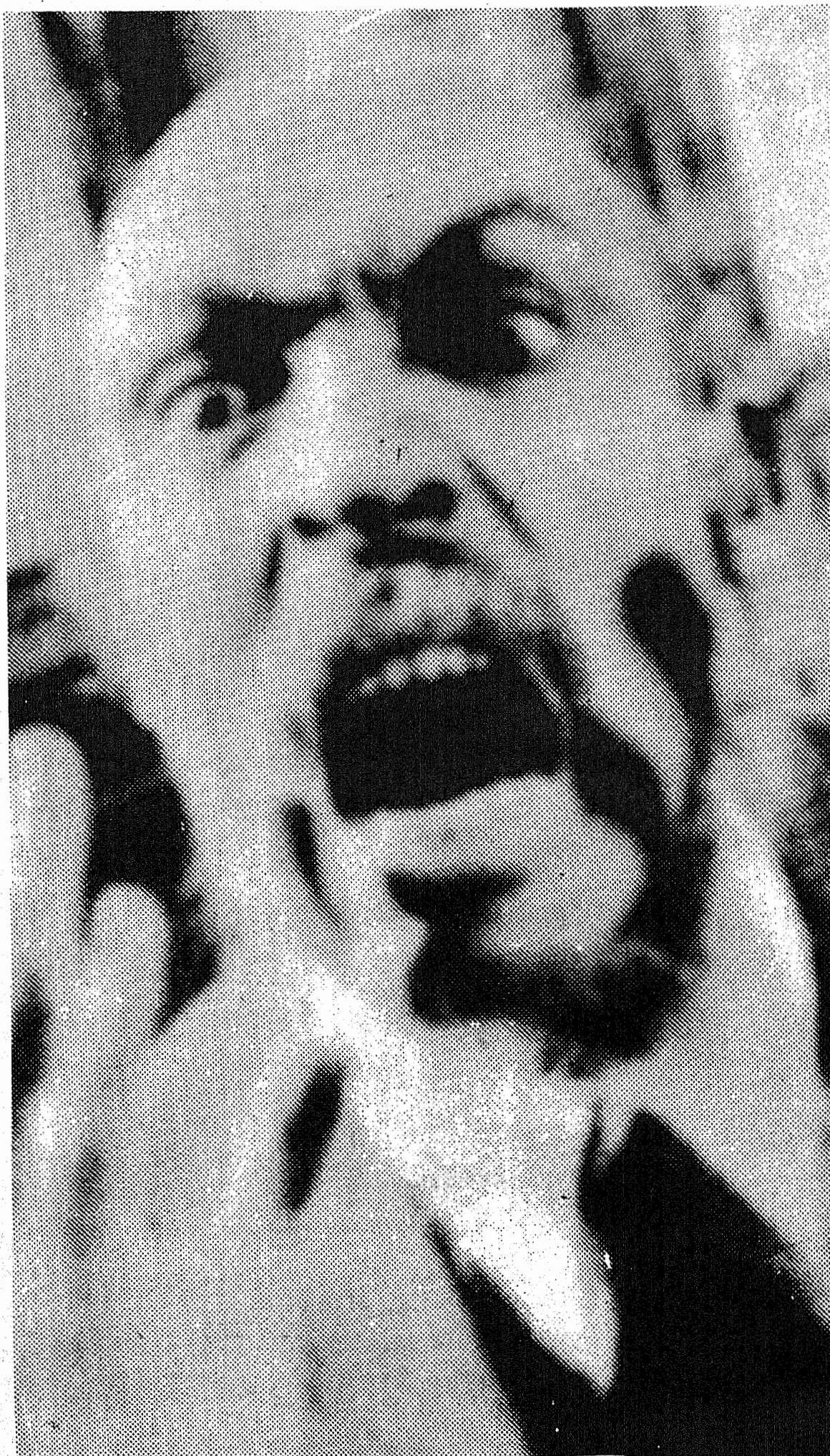
If you are finding it difficult to have a reasonable night's sleep, the following advice may help. Avoid coffee/tea during the evening and substitute milk with Horlicks before bed - it contains L-tryptophan which may help induce sleep. Leave an hour before bed free from studying or intellectually stimulating activities to allow the brain to wind down. It is not a good idea to go for a run or go to the gym just before going to bed - it is important to give yourself time to unwind.

The Craft Studio is available as an open studio every weekday. This means that all students can make use of our facilities whenever they have a suitable gap in their schedule.

Every sport is represented by a club or society on campus, but the studio is the only space available for the practising of the Arts and Crafts.

We find that many students use the studio as an aid in reducing stress and to promote relaxation. It seems that to come in here and paint a silk scarf, or produce some pottery is a welcome break in a busy day - even if only for half an hour or so. We deliberately promote a casual atmosphere, without too much emphasis on rules, tidiness, or structure.

The health and fitness part of our leisure programme is geared towards stress relieving courses, and we've found that these are always popular.



You may not believe this but when you are studying or doing an exam and you are starting to panic or you've hit a mental block, one of the most effective things that you can do is to put your pen down, sit back and take a few deep relaxing breaths. The time that you lose relaxing will be more than worth it, if you are able to calm down and access your resources. Try this simple exercise for starters;

Take a pleasant deep breath and then exhale fully and completely, making sure you get the last bit of air out of your lungs. Now breathe in and as you inhale try to picture the number 1 in your mind; at the same time focusing on the inhalation. Now exhale while mentally saying 2 and visualising the number 2 in your mind. Make sure you expel all the air before slowly breathing in again, mentally saying 3 and focusing on the number 3. Now slowly breath out fully and completely while mentally saying and visualising the number 4. Inhale slowly saying 5, exhale slowly saying 6, inhale saying 7 and exhale saying 8. Remember to breathe deeply and slowly. Once you have perfected the sequence try it again with your eyes closed.

If you would like to learn more relaxation techniques, take a few moments out of your busy schedule to come to:-

Relaxation Schedules
between 1.00 pm and 2.00 pm at
the Careers and Counselling
Centre, Horace Lamb Building.
Tuesday - October 23rd
Wednesday - October 31st and
November 7th
Thursdays - October 25th and
November 1st and 8th.
All welcome.

Apocalypse When?

Dominic Petracaro, ex-Con and now mild mannered Uni student, reflects on the nature of war and concludes that it's all probably a bit of a waste of time, effort and human lives.

As they peered out over the vast sandy expanses, the emptiness broken only by intermittent oil wells spewing forth their black gold, one American GI (to the uninitiated, a General Enlistee in the US Army) said to his Platoon Commander:

"Why are we here anyway, sir?"

"Well, soldier," the officer responded, "we are here because this big, mean country with a large population and plenty of military muscle called Iraq invaded and gobbled up this much smaller and helpless country called Kuwait, and America, I mean the International Community, will not tolerate such behaviour."

The soldier mused over this response and with reflex speed, responded to the officer:

"Well then sir, how come the International community didn't respond when we did this in Panama earlier on?"

The officer looking rather bemused and somewhat perplexed at the intellectual intensity of the question before him, replied,

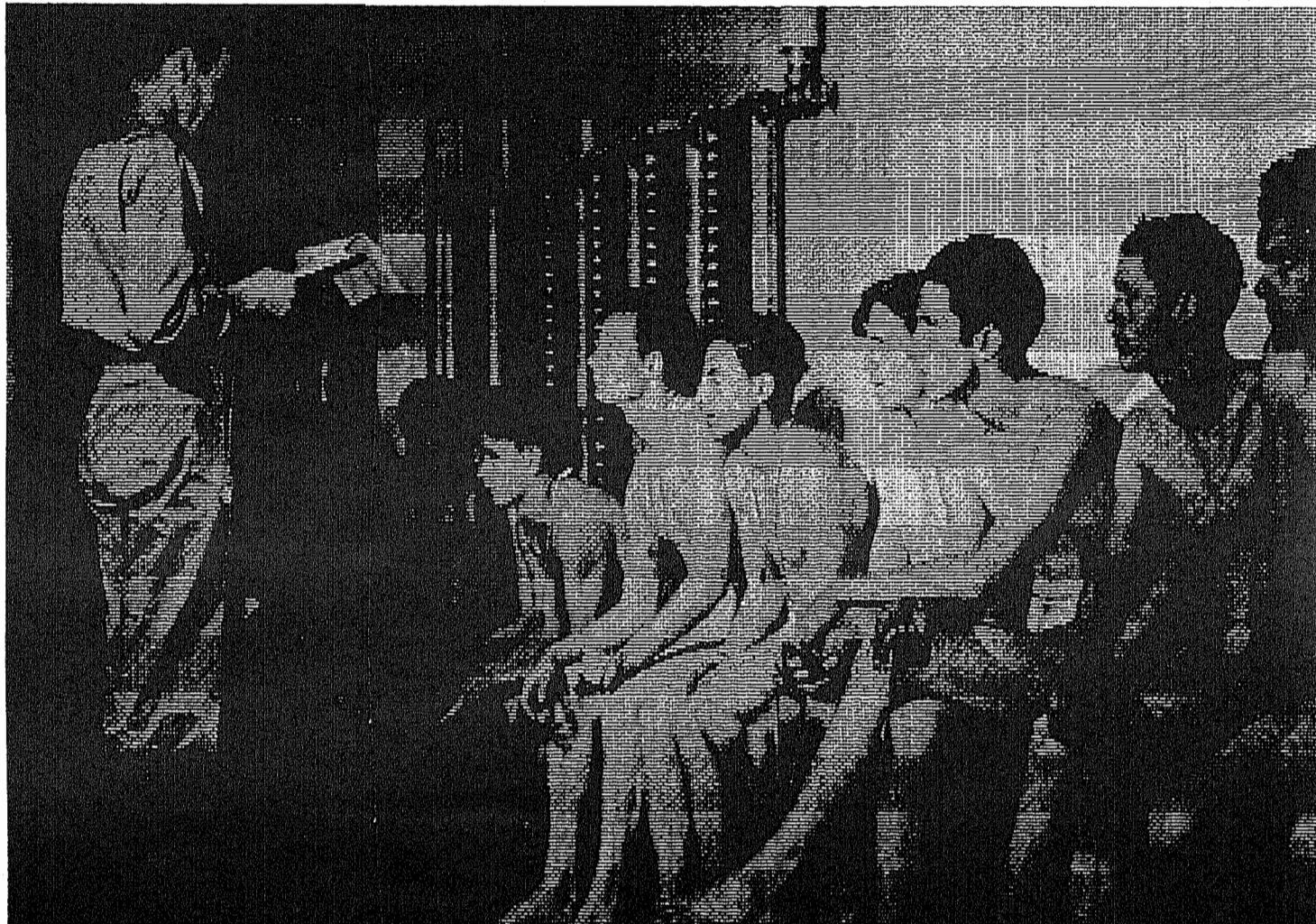
"Well, son, Panama didn't have 40% of the world's crude oil, and in any case, soldiers aren't meant to ask such questions."

For the cynics, documentary proof of this conversation is available from the On Dit office upon request. More importantly, one of the issues which the situation in the Gulf has conjured up, and so many journalists have ignored, is what is a soldier, what makes him tick (no, it's not the grenades pinned to his combat vest), and why does he do what he does?

When On Dit decided to send an intrepid reporter out to the Gulf to investigate soldiers and the art of soldiering, they ran into difficulty. They discovered that there were no reporters in On Dit intrepid enough to carry out such a mission.

The editors stated, "We can't go, we're the brains of this outfit." Dave Krantz said "No way, I'm still ducking molotov cocktails over that cartoon earlier this year; I've already had to change my hairstyle about twenty times." Dave Sag apologised and said "What if the computers break down while someones using them for personal, oops, I mean official work?", and Andrew Joyner, as much as he would have liked to have gone, said "I've got some bromiding to do, plus I've just recently entered into a long and serious relationship and it would be hard on her."

So we decided to scrap the on the spot stuff and give you a soldier's view of the Gulf conflict from Adelaide. How, you may wonder, could we accomplish this? Well, unbeknownst to many of you out there, there is amongst us one individual who as a result of being somewhat mentally deranged at the time, and suffering from the traumatic experience of amorous rejection and the desire



to teach society a lesson, ran off and joined the Australian Regular Army, to practice and perfect the art of soldiering. This is obviously the key to this plot.

In all my time in the Army I never quite discovered what a soldier was, even though for all intents and purposes, I was one. I wore a uniform. I cleaned toilets. I painted rocks, I peeled potatoes and I had a rifle, although I'm still not sure what end the bullet comes out of. Despite all this, I was frequently told by my 'superiors', "Petracaro, you dumb Dago [or words to that effect], you're not a soldier's arsehole." I now look back upon this statement with much pride.

Not knowing what a soldier is makes it even more difficult to determine why a soldier does the things he does. What does he do, one may ask - well, according to the Australian Infantry manual dated 1943, (which is the most recent printing as far as I know) "a soldier's job is to close in with and kill the enemy". I know this because my instructor told me this was my job. Had I completed four years of University then, as I know have, I would probably have asked philosophically - What enemy? Whose enemy, define kill, define soldier, define enemy? Yet I accepted this as no doubt being correct, though I never did get to kill anyone's "enemy". However, one question did burn in my mind. If perchance I found an enemy to kill, would he not in turn be trying to kill me, or would he obligingly allow me to shoot him, hack him to bits or blow him to pieces?

In the very early days of my illustrious military career, I recall attending a "fire-

power demonstration" in which the army showed off to its new generation of "lean, mean fighting machines", the destructive capacity of its arsenal. A vast array of small arms weapons (such as rifles, machine guns, anti-tank missiles, grenades, etc.) were collected and, on the command of the senior officer, their operators unleashed a deadly round of fire on unsuspecting 40 gallon drums filled with water, old vehicle hulks and the like. The display was truly impressive. I could hear some of my colleagues saying things like "golly", "gee", "wow" - "wow" was the most popular - and even the Queenslanders and Tasmanians showed signs of life... well, the Queenslanders did anyway. After the demonstration, we were allowed into the firing area - it would have done some of my colleagues the world of good to have been allowed down there earlier - to see the results of this amazing spectacle. Impressive was not the word I use to describe the scene, but it will do. I recall one of the senior NCOs (a sergeant), resplendent in his uniform, with his swagger stick and chest full of ribbons he earned fighting for democracy and to keep us safe from the Vietnamese Communist hordes, saying to me "One day son, [funny, he didn't look like an Italian] you'll be called upon to run through a hail of fire like that for your country." I had already decided that I had made the biggest mistake of my life some time earlier, upon my arrival at Kapooka in fact. This confirmed it. Suddenly I realised my job was not just to kill the enemy, it was also to be killed right back.

Yet, there were, and still are, men and, increasingly these days, women, who rel-

ished such a thought. I recall most of my "comrades" would stay up every night stripping and cleaning their rifles, even if they hadn't used them with great excitement and aplomb. And whenever I asked them why, they would answer "Because you never know!" Well, they were right. I didn't know and I still don't know. One morning I recall going to the little soldiers' room at about 3 am when low and behold one of my "comrades" came tearing up the hallway with his rifle, bayonet fixed, shouting "Kill! Kill! Kill!" - and he was serious - from then on I only went to the toilet between the hours of 6 am and 10 pm.

As we get back to our two friends in the desert, and thousands of others like them, we are no closer to discovering what a soldier is and what makes him do the things he does. Nor are we ever likely to do so. Philosophers have spent many years trying to trace the origins of war, Realists blame the rise of the nation state, Feminists blame male dominated societies; what is clear is that without soldiers there would be no wars and while there are soldiers there is the risk of war. If war erupts in the Gulf, the soldiers on both sides will have mixed feelings. Some will relish in it, some will do it from a sense of duty, some will discover (too late I fear) that soldiering was not for them. Most will be concerned with getting out of it alive - but for this ex-soldier sitting in the relative safety of the law library (it's not completely safe because there's always a danger you'll have to actually read some law) the eternal question remains - why?

To Be or Not To Be?

The Future of Drama at Adelaide Uni

Students at Adelaide University doing Drama II this year will not be able to do Drama III at Adelaide University, next year. Those few of us who feel strongly enough the desire to complete the subject at final year level can either enjoy a scenic forty-minute bus-ride to Flinders Uni - or not do it all.

In light of the recent mergers, a possible alternative is that we study certain third-year subjects, which the college would be prepared to authorise under a banner of a Bachelor of Education degree, as Drama III. In short, it would be Drama by virtue of title alone, and whilst "a rose by any other name would still smell as sweet", the idea of the name of Drama applying to a subject which would bear no relation to the previous two years of Adelaide Uni Drama study whatsoever, smells extremely bad.

When I finally came to grips with the situation as it stands, I started to feel pretty angry. Visions of close-minded academics peering down their learned noses at Drama, which has often been deemed an unworthy subject alongside traditional arts subjects such as English, French, Philosophy, danced before my eyes like the imaginary dagger that haunts Macbeth. Enraged, I armed myself with arguments in defense of Drama, which I proceeded to dispatch in the form of letters to heads of various departments, including the Deans of Music and Arts and the Vice-Chancellor. I asserted, and still do, that Drama is highly productive in developing analytical skills. It fosters evaluation, a sense of criticism, a sense of objectivity and promotes empathy and depth. Texts and plays studied correspond and interrelate to major works studied in English, History, French and Classics, enhancing any students overall Arts education.

The need for communicative skills is essential to Arts/Humanities education, and supplement the more numeric based economics education. Performance enables ego gratification for those of us with exhibitionist tendencies, granted, but its function goes deeper than that; it cultivates sensitivity required in researching and portraying a complex character such as Ibsen's "Brand", courage that "Nina" from Chekhov's "Seagull" would demand and confidence that is essential to getting up and speaking before a group of people; surely all of these are desirable aims from a higher education? With these nations as my 'vorple blades', I saught the Jabberwock of the close-minded Dean. But once I entered the labyrinth of political manoeuverings and economic incongruities that formed the history of Drama of Adelaide, I learned all was not as it seemed.

To begin with, and to be strictly fair, most of all the academics I spoke with were not against Drama. Essentially, however, funding from Canberra since the mid-70s had been diminished as student numbers have risen. Although there was some uncertainty as to which came first, Flinders opposition to Adelaide Uni Drama or the resignation of Jim Vilé, Senior Drama III lecturer, the fact remains that with this resignation the decision was effected to collapse Drama III. Thus it actually became a decision as to either keep Drama I and II knowing that there was no Drama III, or of packing the entire circus up and relocating the funds to other departments. It was in essence the money from Vilé's lectureship that enabled Drama to continue at all; wistful irony would be a good stage direction here.

To my questions about the influence of



Flinders, I met mixed reactions. Flinders have always opposed Drama at Adelaide, claiming they have a complete Drama School, eradicating a need for one at Adelaide. Not only is this ridiculous, as the Flinders course is highly specialised and vocational whilst the Adelaide course has only ever been, at best, educational with some performance, it is ironic that they have the gall to denounce our right to a drama school at the same time as establishing a Law School of their own. The point here is that a far greater similarity exists between the Law Schools, and far more competition for students can reasonably be expected then from the two Drama Schools which could co-exist compatibly, were there the money. As it stands, \$2 million less will be granted to Adelaide next year and thus even those who favour Drama III such as Dean Swale must concede that they "can't pull the money out of a hat 'coz there aint no hat".

Phooey on the government and phooey

on Flinders, thought I. Yet my fellow students and I are in a position not unlike Edmund in King Lear, cast out by the house of legitimacy, while declaiming his bastard. In short, like it or loathe it, Flinders is our only choice for Drama III next year.

So, is the curtain descending forever on Drama at Adelaide? Hopefully not. The Beasley enquiry into the status of performing arts on North Terrace, together with the resources at its disposal through the mergers, may allow Adelaide to realise the fruition of the Centre for Performing Arts on North Terrace at some future stage. Alternatively, sufficient combinations of old and new Drama courses may eventually see Drama III become a reality.

For my year, however, such is not to be the case. My best advice to keen Drama 1st Year students of this year is to begin enquiry and agitation as soon as possible if you wish to do Drama III and under no circumstances hope that it all sort out - we put our faith in the mergers, and, probably

relied on the powers that be to intuitively intervene in time to enable a creation of Drama III, a reliance which was unrealistic.

In all, I know not who to feel most sorry for, - Adelaide Uni for its diminishing resources - we the students who are forced to schlep to Flinders - the lecturers such as Bob Kimber and Paul Reubens who would dearly love Drama to continue but are powerless to effect it.

So, in a sense, I remain angry, but resolute to finish my drama education, and take this chance to say thank you to the Drama lecturers and college staff for giving us Drama, and to my fellow students who won't be going on, but contributed to the overall play.

I hope Adelaide Uni eventually succeeds in obtaining Drama III for its students; it would be a tragedy if just because Canberra is trying to tighten our belts, it also constricts our minds.

Melanle Sander

dance dance dance dance dance to the radio

Student Radio is radio produced and presented by the students of Adelaide University. It provides students with the opportunity to hear information and music which is of interest and importance to them. Students are able to learn the processes of production and presentation which are involved in radio programming. The programs presented on Student Radio address issues and musical styles not catered for by any other broadcast media. The Students' Association buys access time from 5UV (531-AM) and that time is allocated to student presenters in one hour shows. In 1990, Student Radio has run from 10pm to 1am each weeknight, and it will continue to do so until the end of the academic year.

Student Radio was established ten years ago with the primary aim of becoming a broadcaster which was able to address the unique needs of students. 5UV has offered Student Radio access time since its inception, and for 1991, Student Radio was also offered access time on Triple M FM. The 1991 Student Radio Directors have decided to keep Student Radio at 5UV for 1991 due to the low level of editorial control imposed on Student Radio by the station, and because of 5UV's explicit commitment to educational broadcasting. In recent years, much of Student Radio's programming has fallen away from its educational stance and, in so doing, has come under criticism. It is apparent to the 1991 directors that Student Radio must raise its profile and educational content next year, and these two themes underscore the proposed programming structure for 1991.

In recent years, the directors have established a radio presenters club within the framework of the Club's Association. The club, the Student Broadcasting Club (SBC), will ensure that future radio presenters will be able to be accessed via the internal mail system, meaning communication among Student Radio presenters will be greatly enhanced. All presenters will be required to join the SBC, but it is not anticipated that there will be a membership fee.

These changes to the present system are going to raise the standards of presentation of Student Radio, but there is still the problem that 5UV broadcasts on the AM band, causing difficulties for the student- aristocrats of the Eastern suburbs. So that students who have difficulty receiving 5UV's signal, and those who don't have a radio, may benefit from Student Radio, it is planned that Student Radio be broadcast around the Union building at lunchtimes in 1991. Programmes would be re-

corded as they were broadcast at 5UV, and then replayed in the same week on campus, by means of a reel to reel recorder which 5UV has offered to supply. The higher profile given to Student Radio should serve to reinforce the presenters' commitment to a high standard of radio, and also give them more immediate feedback on the radio they are presenting, while also ensuring that more students are able to benefit from Student Radio.

Why Student Radio?

We believe that these changes to the format of Student Radio will ensure that Student Radio will be a vital part of the student media in 1991. The Student Association's involvement with 5UV enables many students to gain valuable experience with radio presentation - the 5UV equipment is state of the art, so that anyone proficient in its use is in a position to work in the commercial media. Student Radio can offer a genuine alternative to eco tutes, english lectures, maths exams or maybe even the engineering sub-'culture'. Involvement with Student Radio, as with the other student media, should be an important extension of the educational experience at Adelaide University. Student Radio has played an important role in advertising theatrical, musical and other artistic performances in the past and will continue to do so in the future. An effective Student Radio does not only broadcast information to the student body, but it

provides a space for student expression to the broader community. The necessity of such a link was proved two years ago with the introduction of the HECS scheme. The vast majority of students saw the injustice of the scheme, yet 80% of the population supported the introduction of the tax. Government propoganda triumphed over the muffled student voice. Opportunities for student expression in the coming years should be broadened, not narrowed, and for students to argue against this must surely be an argument against the validity of their own views and opinions.

In 1990, haphazard campaigns were run against the student media, both On Dit and Student Radio. These campaigns found their case in the ugly resurgence of economic rationalism that seems to be rife in all aspects of our society. It was interesting to see that the rationalists had to use their imaginations to greatly increase the cost of the media in order to win even a modicum of student support (the On Dit editors salary was stated with a mysterious increase of 300%). The student media is truly inexpensive, considering that the Union

has an annual turnover of \$8 million dollars, of which the Student Radio and On Dit budgets combined account for less than \$110,000. It is a very important aspect of university life. The student experience would be significantly poorer for almost all students if the media was removed. It appears that the 1990 campaigns were run by individuals following the selfless motto, "If it doesn't help me, it doesn't help anyone." If this is truly the case, although it doesn't seem to be, then individuals so spurned should get involved with the student media. Contributing to Student Radio and On Dit is challenging and satisfying, but it is also real good fun, and the students responsible for the media are keen for any new material, especially from under-represented groups. Any thought that the student media is 'anti' any student group is most likely a reflection of the fact that no students from that group have been bothered to contribute to the media. Graham Cornes might say, "The more you put in, the more you get out", but he's a slimy used car salesman, so take it from us instead. If your particular group feels under-represented, appoint someone to liaise with, or contribute to, the student media. Those involved with the media are not complete arseholes, and really do hope that more people contribute, and especially that as many people as possible get as much as possible from the student media.

The 1991 Student Radio directors are now calling for applications for positions on Student Radio for next year. We would like all applications possible now, so that we may plan formats and train (yes train!) people for next year. The best applications will be those that plan a show which will consistently address an aspect of the student life. All applicants will be contacted and given further information.

We don't care what job-training course you're doing, as long as you're keen!

Jonathan Cox & Thomas Cox
1991 Student Radio Directors

STUDENT RADIO AM 531 5UV

Next Year

For 1991, the Students' Association has been given 10 hours a week access time on 5UV. That time is composed of one hour each weeknight, between 8 & 9pm, and five hours on each Sunday night, from 7:30pm to 12:30am. It is intended that these hours be distributed to presenters in the present format of one hour shows.

The weeknight shows will be based on a magazine-style format, each addressing a particular aspect of the student lifestyle and the running of the University. In addition to such a theme, each programme will act as a broadsheet for student activities, and those events which do not receive publicity through the commercial media. It is hoped that many of the University's clubs and associations will take advantage of this service to advertise any events they are holding, and to raise awareness of their existence. The directors hope to establish a scheme whereby representatives of clubs will be able to record segments about their activities, and these segments will be played on Student Radio.

The Sunday night shows will emphasize more individual musical tastes and experimental methods of presentation, while once again acting as a broadsheet for student events. The 1991 Directors hope that the Sunday night timeslot will allow more students to listen to Student Radio, in comparison to the late weeknight timeslot that has been used in

The Ecological Crisis: Ecology, Capitalism and the State Part IV -

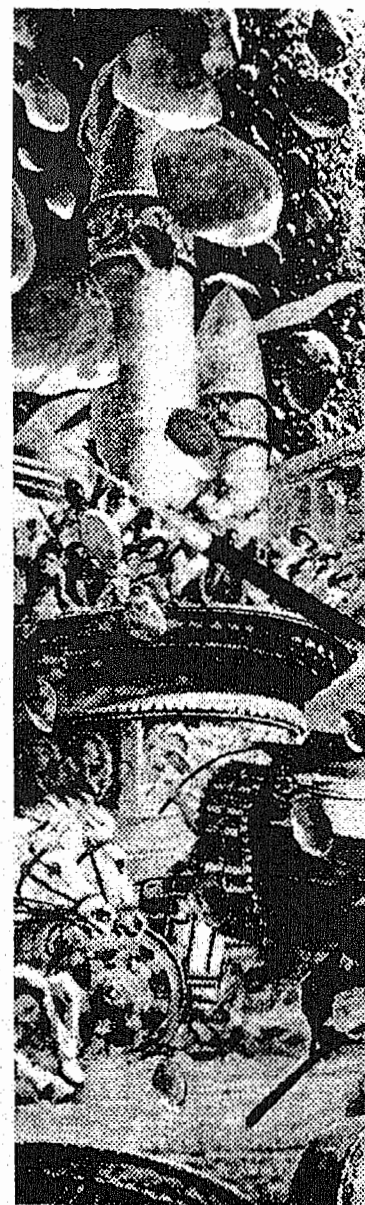
The word crisis comes from the Greek 'Krisis' meaning decision and was specifically used by the Greeks to denote the turning point in an illness, such as the high point of a fever, when one either gets better or dies. When we talk of a global ecological crisis therefore, we talk about a planetary sickness in which we are faced with a choice: reform our ways and nurse our planet back to health, or face further deterioration of the Earth.

The health of everything: our economy, the quality of our lives and the future health of our species all depend on the overall health of our planet. The global ecological crisis is the greatest scientific and political issue of our time which cannot realistically be ignored by anyone. If we do not learn to live in harmony with the Earth we face extinction or at the very least condemn future generations of our species to live upon a planet pitifully degraded and almost totally devoid of the vast majority of the many millions of life forms which it now supports.

Ecology, the Eco-Region and the Revolution of Everyday Life

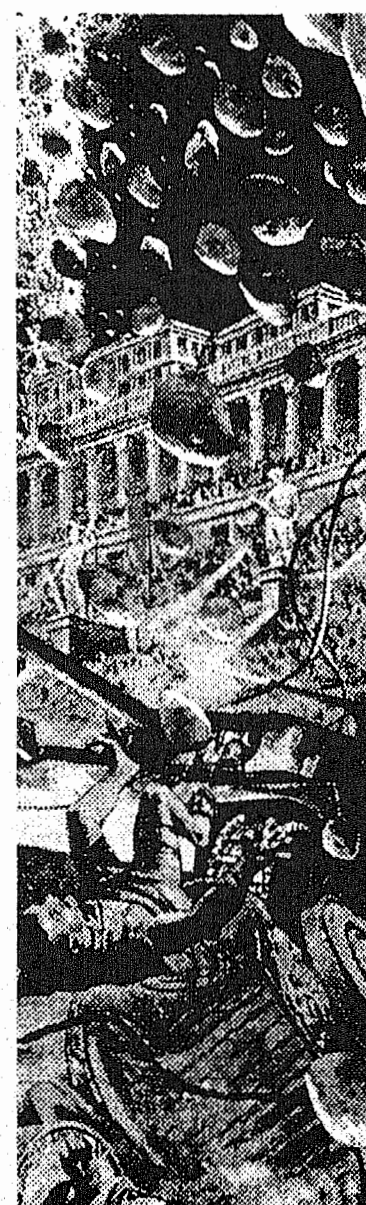
The changes we must make within society in order that we can begin to make the transition from a world dominated by multinational capitalist imperialism and the artificial boundaries of the nation-state to a society based upon the Ecologically rational concept of a global federation of ecological regions will not be realised without a local and global social-ecological revolution. It will necessitate a change in virtually every aspect of our everyday lives from the way we dispose of our domestic refuse to the way we organise our political and social institutions. In order for the social-ecological revolution to be successful there must be an ecological revolution in the everyday lives of every person, community, or city in every eco-region upon the planet.

Our artists, idealists, dreamers and visionaries must supply the people in their paintings, novels and treatises with inspired visions of an eco-regionally and ecologically more harmonious society. Our chemists and biologists must develop environmentally safe ways of providing our basic industrial necessities. Our market gardeners, horticulturalists, landscapers and arboriculturalists will learn to become a positive ecological presence in the urban and



rural landscape teaching people through force of example to respect the land and its precious soils. Our architects, builders and plumbers must take the time to learn and explain the benefits of building and planning energy-saving and ecologically sensitive homes. Our electricians must take the time to promote, experiment, install and maintain domestic electricity generators that utilise locally available clean energy sources. Our garbage and sewerage workers must press for the complete reorganisation of organic waste-management joining hands with our bio-chemists and local market gardeners, horticulturalists and farmers to provide healthy food from the efficient composting of valuable wastes which are currently poisoning our beaches and desecrating our coastal waters. Our children as well as our industrial workers must learn to love and respect the wildlife that surrounds our schools, factories and workshops and learn to monitor for themselves the overall effect that their everyday activities has upon the living environment that supports and surrounds them.

Most importantly, however, is the need to change our perception or sense of political place and space. We can no longer place our faith in capital and the state for such institutions belong to a past and profoundly anti-ecological era. A new eco-regionally orientated society demands new institutions, a new way of solving our political and social disputes. We can no longer leave the management of our ecological regions to a handful of capitalist hooligans or politicians bickering away in Berlin or Canberra, hundreds, if not thousands, of miles away from our eco-region and who in all probability have never even visited the area in which you live. A national-state system whose electoral and state boundaries bear little or no correlation to the natural bio-geography of the Earth. For only local people with an intimate knowledge of their surroundings are ultimately capable of being able to



Revolution or Catastrophe? The Social-Ecological Revolution

organise themselves in a direct organic relationship with their ecological region. The people in each ecological region must develop a sense of eco-regional consciousness - the city and the country folk again joining hands and working together to make their city a more active partner in an integrated, living and sustainable relationship with their surrounding ecological region. Our species must learn new eco-regionally informed life-styles which will bypass the out-dated conceptions of the nation-state and seek to re-define our sense of space and place in terms of the ecological region rather than in the nationalistic terms of a past era. Beside the decentralisation of our urban centres along an eco-regional basis implies a society that would have bypassed the need to wait for orders from Berlin or Canberra. The citizens of each city themselves having become responsible for the peace and prosperity of their satellite towns and villages and the overall health and stability of their surrounding ecological region. The citizens of each city-region instead of mindlessly voting for some politician in some distant house of legislature in some distant Capital could themselves meet in the central squares, boulevards and meeting halls to discuss the burning social and ecological issues of the day. The elimination of national-state parliaments and electoral boundaries would not imply a reduction of social or political

democracy, nor would the country be reduced to social chaos and disorder. We look forward to a new era of direct urban democracy where the peoples of Peking can meet openly in Tienanmen Square, as they can in every other city-region of the Chinese empire not as subjects of the artificial and centralised institutions of government and state but as equal citizens in a city of their own making and choosing designed and carefully tailored by the people themselves to the needs of their surrounding ecological region and entering into a global federation with other ecological regions. The social-ecological development of the eco-regionally defined Eco-Polis could, if there was sufficient political will, generate levels of community direct democracy that has not been witnessed since the decline of the fiercely independent cities of ancient Greece, early medieval Europe or the town meetings of the early development of the United States of America.

Likewise, the de-scaling of industrial activity to the dictates of less concentrated clean-energy systems would it is hoped imply a decline in the role of state-capitalist imperialism and multinational domination and allow for the possibility of creating a greater number of more locally and community based industrial manufacturing projects. Democracy will however only come about if the mass of ordinary people are willing to sustain and uphold it. The results of the "appropriate technology movement" which advocates a decentralised, low-intensity and community inspired approach to third world aid and where people are given complex but appropriately scaled technology that can be used and maintained at the level of the individual village community shows us that the same holds goods for communities as for individuals: That only those may be free who are able to make good their own living. Although the appropriate energy movement grew in opposition to large-scale and ill-conceived multinational in-

vestment in third world countries, the same holds good for the first world as it does the third. Towns, cities and suburban communities who are self-sufficient in basic food requirements and energy through the use of eco-regionally sensitive and appropriately scaled eco-technologies would undoubtedly provide the technological basis for much higher degrees of industrial democracy and direct community involvement in the production of basic agro-industrial necessities than has hitherto been guaranteed by the nation state and the multinational capitalist imperialism of the present day.

The immense social reconstruction of our planet can thus never be the result of the bureaucratic reformism or parliamentary politicking of the Liberal/Labor or Democrat/Republican, etc., see-saw, still less however can it be achieved by single party dictatorship of either the marxist or fascist variety. As all the major parties have come to claim themselves as the party of environmental consciousness we would do well to consider avoiding a possible era of eco-fascism, some 'green vanguard' of an all-powerful 'party of the environment'. The 'Transmigration' projects in Indonesia or the compulsory revivification programs in Ethiopia or more pointedly the enforced emptying of the entire population of Phnom Penh by the Khmer Rouge and their accommodation in brutal labour

campus in the countryside are examples of state sponsored compulsory decentralisation, the sickening failures of which are well known to everyone.

Equally the social-ecological reconstruction of society cannot be achieved via the two-party system and cumbersome national-state bureaucracies. The nation-state is a cumbersome and useless left over from an imperialist and profoundly anti-ecological era, capable only of supporting their own bureaucracies, multinational capitalist exploitation and the privileges of the rich and powerful. Already it takes the bravado of a few committed activist in International non-governmental peace organisations such as Green Peace to enforce the few paltry regulations that our politicians have deemed to pass on such affairs through the dusty windows of their environmental committee rooms. The comprehensive re-greening of Australia cannot be accomplished by a group of bickering politicians in a burial chamber under a pyramid in Canberra, however many environment regulations they may make into law.

The social-ecological revolution which will take our planet past the environmental crisis point of the present day to a new, safer and more ecologically integrated society based upon a global federation of bio-regions must involve the whole of humanity and will in time come to be seen as natural part of the biological and social evolution of both the species and the planet.

The forthcoming social-ecological revolution although born of centuries of oppression, stupidity and the blatant disregard for our environment, represents an accelerated social evolutionary process and involves the rapid modification of out-dated social, political and economic structures. Such transformations can thus never be the work of a single brain or scheme imposed from above. The social-ecological transformation must be initiated and secured from the bottom upwards and will involve everyone, not just those liv-

ing in the Capitol. Such massive social evolutionary adjustments are never the result of laws and regulations they are the collective result of billions upon billions of ecological actions by millions of separate peoples on a day by day basis all of who are striving towards an ecologically inspired social order: the people in every back yard, street, park, suburb, farm, factory or workshop, planting trees in their gardens and fields or devising new, non-polluting and ecologically integrated ways of meeting humanity's many needs and requirements.

The bio-social re-integration of humankind with nature and the development of genuinely democratic forms of political organisation can only be accomplished by people taking direct ecological responsibility at the level of each ecological region. To successfully reconstruct our planet, ordinary people must take direct ecological actions in their immediate locale, where they can effect the changes needed to secure the survival of their ecological region. The forthcoming social-ecological revolution will be the social-evolutionary product of entire humanity. Ecological Revolution or Ecological Catastrophe? *The choice is yours!*

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August 1990

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Inside the

Burmese Death Camps

Students have become a military force in Burma, as the communist dictatorship - recently renamed "The Law and Order Restoration Council" - conduct a savage purge of all dissidents.

Sally Niemann, an ex-On Dit editor, reports from the Thal/Burmese border, and speaks to students engaged in the conflict.

Three kilometres inside the Thailand/Burma border, five hundred kilometres north of Bangkok, is Thay Baw boe, one of the many Burmese refugee camps strung along the edge of Thailand.

The camp is home to some three hundred students who fled their country in January 1990. It also houses many Burmese peasants, workers and their families who are victims of the Burmese government's brutal military regime.

The students have been labelled "insurgents" by the Burmese government for their role in organizing pro-democracy demonstrations that began in Rangoon in March 1988. These demonstrations were supported by students, workers and members of Burma's eleven ethnic minority groups.

Tin Htay, a chemistry graduate from Rangoon, has lived in the camp for nine months. He refers to the 1988 demonstrations as "peaceful and non-violent" on the part of the students. The military saw it as otherwise and gunned down some eight hundred people and arrested thousands.

"The government committed grave human rights violations when students were killed and many of the women students raped", Htay said.

The March 1988 demonstration was sparked off by the government's second demonetization of Burma. "At the time of the demonetization, the people of

Burma were very angry", Htay said. "I had twenty five Kyat in my pocket, then it was announced that Burma had been demonetized. I realized I had no money at all".

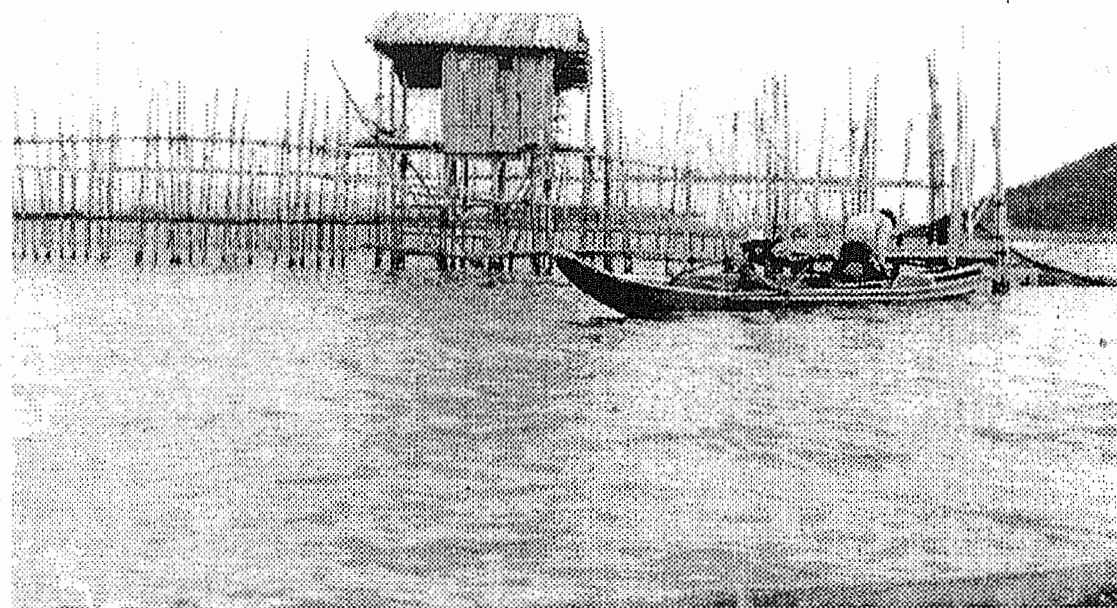
This situation was the same for all Burmese people, except those in the pay of the government. The demonetization of Burma followed in the wake of almost 28 years of misdemeanours perpetrated on Burma by the government.

On the 23rd of June 1988, all institutions of higher education were closed down for a period of two years. Recently, the government extended this suspension for a further two years, claiming that the country was "too unstable" to provide higher education.

Dawn magazine, produced by the All Burma Students Democratic Front, claims that "an educated people is a critical people, and this is a threat to dictatorial powers".

By September 1989 most students who had taken part in the demonstrations were dead, imprisoned, or living in camps just inside the Burmese border. Towards the end of 1989, the Burmese army had begun taking over these camps, so the students had no recourse but retreat over the border into Thailand. There they have no status as refugees but are treated as insurgents by both the Burmese and Thailand authorities.

As the regular Universities had been suspended, the ABSDF formed two "jungle universities" to continue the education denied



to them by the oppressive Burmese military regime. Only months after opening they were burnt down by Burmese authorities. The students now learn how to wield AK47s and bandage gunshot wounds. The Thay Bow Boe camp operates on a rotation basis, with students spending three months at the front, fighting a guerilla style war in the jungle. They then return to the camp and another group is sent to the front.

Medical supplies are very limited in the camp, and as Htay says, "everyone has malaria. In the past five months, fifty students have died from malaria, and another twenty five are suffering major gunshot wounds". The future of the camp is uncertain; Htay believes that within three months they will be forced to retreat further inland as the Burmese militia have little respect for international borders. "We are not safe as we are so close to the border. Once Burmese troops cross the border the Thai military retreat. They are afraid of confrontation and offer us no protection", he says.

The current Burmese govern-

ment, which goes by the name of the State Law and Order Restoration Council, has outraged the Burmese people as well as other countries by its refusal to hand over power to the National Democracy League, who had a landslide election victory in May of this year.

SLORC claims that any constitution put forward by the NDL will have to be approved by members of the SLORC. Also that Daw Aung San Suu Kyi, General Secretary of the NDL, must be disqualified from leading the new government. He is currently being held under house arrest in Burma. Another of the SLORC demands is that contracts entered into by multi-national companies and the Burmese government prior to the May elections must be honoured by the NDL. These contracts include US\$37m of logging concessions and US\$18m of fishing concessions. These contracts allow the stripping of natural resources from Burma. Some estimates say that if the logging continues Burma will be bereft of trees within twenty years.

The final demand of SLORC prior to handing over power is that the new government must refrain from entering into peace talks with Burmese ethnic minority insurgents. Any peaceful discussion with the ethnic minorities, could, in the eyes of the SLORC, turn the balance of power in the civil war against the military regime.

Sources within Thailand say that SLORC is currently experiencing a deterioration of support from the military as well as the civilian population. Buddhist monks have begun to apply pressure by refusing alms from families who have ties with the military regime. Heavy lobbying for a country that is mainly Buddhist. The Bangkok Post, Thailand's only English language daily, reports that some monks have

begun kneeling down in front of soldiers. This is an insult that implies the military sees itself as being higher than Buddha himself. Tin Htay sees the objectives of all those involved in the struggle against SLORC as being the restoration of democracy in Burma, the establishment of a new Burma within a federation style government and the recognition of self-determination of ethnic minority groups within the country.

Htay has chosen to join those who support an armed struggle. "The government uses violence to oppress the people; we have no choice but to use violent means in return", he says.

The leaders of the camp say "when we win", not "if we win". They have sacrificed everything to their political beliefs, including the safety of their families (Htay's brother has been arrested by the Burmese intelligence and his father retrenched from his job. Both events are a direct result of Htay's political activities).

But there is a noticeable lack of self pity or embitterment among them. They see themselves as having no choice but to fight and regard praise for their actions as unnecessary. It is not vague sympathy they need but financial support so they can obtain medical supplies and military hardware. To an Australian student body the idea of students wanting guns may be repugnant. But compare a 1% increase in annual student fees to being gunned down within the confines of your own campus and you may feel differently.

"Freedom is for those who fight", Htay says. "I like freedom. This is my objective... one day we will win".



DEATH AND WAR IN JERUSALEM

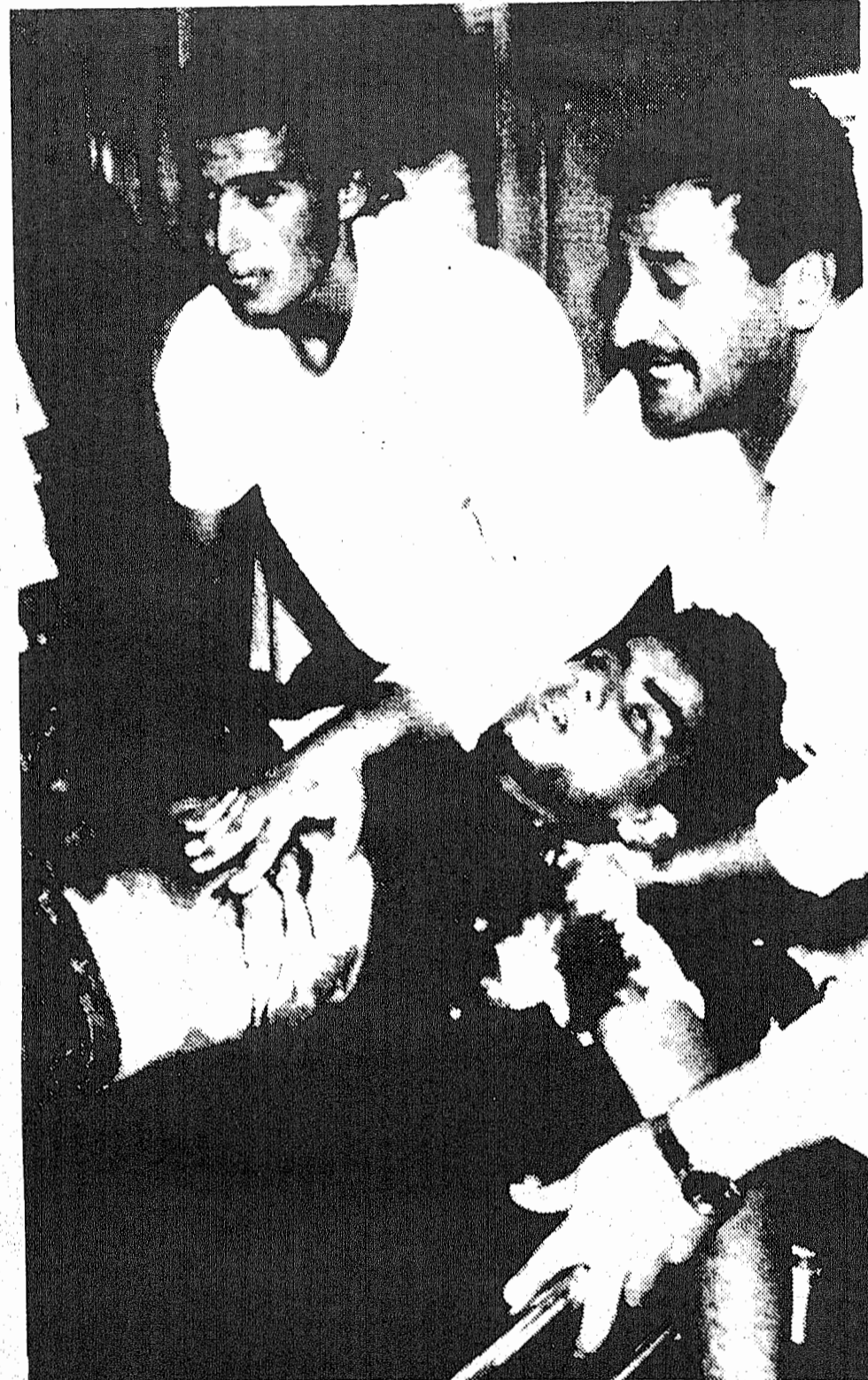
Israel is without a doubt the most hotly disputed piece of territory in the entire world. KENNETH SYKES travelled through the country and found that the divisions which have historically wracked the region will unfortunately be around for some time yet.

I arrived in the port of Haifa/Israel at 6 am on the 27th May, on a Greek ferry from Rhodes via Cyprus. Mist covered the harbour, gun ships were in dock, it was a fortified area of obvious strategic importance. Already at that time of the day you could feel the intensity of the heat and humidity that grew hotter as the day went on. Before disembarking, Israelis on board were bursting with joy and patriotic zeal to see their homeland, much to the annoyance of many young English who were woken up by their noisy enthusiasm.

Visitors like myself were a little apprehensive, more so than is usual when arriving in a foreign country for the first time. Some were worried about the customs and the notorious security check which we had all heard so much about. It was long, but Jordan, as I remembered, was no less thorough. One girl was refused entry, she had only 40 Sheqel (approximately \$32). Four men from Chile were also denied entry. In most people's minds was the news we had heard on our way to Israel, that eight Palestinians had been shot dead and numerous others wounded. The fear was that this incident could escalate into violence, a fear I would later discover was quite warranted. This incident was referred to by the Palestinians as 'Black Sunday'. Apparently, a young Israeli soldier broke up with his girlfriend, flipped out and decided to avenge his loss by stopping an Arab bus and lining up all the occupants outside before shooting them. Due to the Palestine problem, and with the surrounding countries (except Egypt) still basically at war with Israel, security is the major consideration of the Jewish state. There is a constant presence of military personnel and wherever you go you see soldiers armed with automatic rifles and machine guns. Virtually everyone gets used to this and to many they are a reassuring sight. Established in May 1948, the Israel Defence Force has developed into one of the most highly respected armies in the world. The I.D.F. is a citizen's army based on the compulsory reserve and career service of the majority of the population. Compulsory service is three years for men, two for unmarried women.

Most travellers headed for their allocated kibbutz or moshavim, I caught the train to Tel Aviv and a bus to Jaffa. The coastline of the Mediterranean, a few old, dumped cars, and kibbutz banana plantations, could be seen from my window, which had collapsed. A soldier stripped down to his singlet, sat with his machine gun over his shoulder and a woman in thin white dress, nonchalantly resting her legs upon the seat, fanned herself opposite me. So much a part of life, this striking paradox of modern, relaxed, demeanor and the ever vigilant prepared soldier. Only three days in Jaffa and Lyban terrorists attempted to land the nearby beach between Ashdod and Ashkelon. Four were killed before they even reached the shore and twelve others were captured.

"Now you see why we must be armed!" shouted the expatriot Brazilian woman who had various duties in the hostel. "My family could have been on that beach, and all



would have been murdered!" she added. More than likely quite true. Authorities perceived this as a suicide mission, the terrorists would land on the most important day, the Jewish Shabbat, while people were enjoying the seaside, and simply open fire. Killing as many as they could, but expecting to be killed themselves eventually. This is a fair indication of the astuteness of Israeli Intelligence Service and its combatant ability. The day before a bomb killed an Israeli man in Jerusalem.

"Shavvot, is the time of the giving of the Tora." For the first time since I arrived in Jaffa, the Shuk Hapishpeshim or flea market was quiet and the streets were clean. "The Tora is the first of all, the central occurrence of the Jewish people, that which stamped it with a special character and essence, and gave it its unique place in the world. The

Shavvot is a covenant, a pledge and commitment to faith but most importantly it is Jewish identity. The stand at Mt Sinai and the relevance of the Ten Commandments is a unifying factor for their sense of identity, as well as redemption, catastrophe, glory and grief the people have gone through to establish this their country Holyland." Quote from 'Jerusalem Post', 30 May.

Sometimes it pays to be diplomatic depending on where you are in the country. In Jewish company refer to it as Israel, but in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip amongst Arabs, it is Palestine. When my father served here during WW II, the whole country was Palestine. Israel is the Jewish Promised Land, Mohammed departed from here on his Night Journey to Heaven, and it is the land of Jesus. Muslim and Christian pilgrims are drawn by the conviction that 'this is where

it happened'. These conflicting beliefs, combined with Israel's strategic location, have made this one of the most hotly disputed areas in the world. Major wars have raged here throughout the centuries; the Israelites and Canaanites, the Jews and the Romans, the Muslims and the Crusaders, the Turks and the British, and now the Israelis and the Palestinians.

The last battles to rage here were the War of Attrition (1969-70) and the Yom Kippur War (1973). The War of Attrition lasted sixteen months from Spring 1969 and was caused by Egyptian shelling attacks across the Suez Canal ceasefire line. Israel responded with its airforce. There were also clashes with Jordan and general increase in Arab terrorist activity. Eventually the UN and the USA managed to secure a new ceasefire agreement. The Yom Kippur War took Israel and the world by surprise. It almost resulted in the defeat of the Jewish state. In 1973 Egypt and Syria launched simultaneous attacks on the holiest day of the Jewish calendar - Yom Kippur, The Day of Atonement. The I.D.F. was eventually fully mobilized and the fighting stopped 18 days after it was started, with the UN calling for a ceasefire.

Israeli Jews have a fascination for American paraphernalia quite apart from the US dollar and streets are named after presidents. I saw a T-shirt with 'Don't worry America, Israel is right behind you' and two F16 fighter bombers emblazoned below it. I moved to Jerusalem. Suddenly things were entirely different as is common moving from one place to another in a land of incredible contrast. In Tel Aviv music from a large PA system played into the balmy night and thousands of young people danced on the beach promenade to the Lambada and other assorted sounds. Jerusalem lacked this gay carefree abandon.

Jerusalem is probably the most fascinating city in the world, and one of the most beautiful. It is surely the holiest city of all. It can be divided into three parts: the Walled Old City, East Jerusalem, and the New City which rapidly continues to grow around both. Jerusalem means 'city of peace'. The main attraction is the Old City, divided into Muslim, Jewish, Christian and Armenian Quarters.

Within its walls you will find the holiest Jewish site, the Western Wall, part of the Temple; the third holiest Muslim site, the Haram esh-Sharif (Dome of the Rock), from where Mohammed rose to Heaven and also where Abraham almost sacrificed his son Isaac, and the most holy Christian sites of the trial of Jesus, his crucifixion and resurrection.

"On Monday 8th October, 21 Palestinians were shot dead after they threw stones at Jewish worshippers near Jerusalem's Temple Mount." The Advertiser. Judging from news editorial footage it appears to me the stones had been thrown from the Temple Mount which incorporates the Dome of the Rock and Aqsa mosques, to the Western Wall. In June and July I worked for two Palestinian run hostels on separate occasions, in the Muslim quarter of old Jerusalem, in a street that has been an Arab market bazaar for over a thousand years, not far from where the incident took place. I am not surprised by the killings considering the 'situation', as it was called by the Arabs at the time I was there. However, I am surprised that Israeli forces decided to occupy

an essentially Muslim sanctuary (realise this was the site of the First and Second Temples). In order to quell the disturbance. That they fired and killed Palestinians rather than containing the situation with other forms of riot control is pertinent, but I believe it has been a matter of policy for some time now since the beginnings of the Intifada (the Palestinian uprising) almost three years ago. There is no doubt that Palestinian stone-throwers are accurate, but nonetheless the attitude "If you throw stones you will be shot", only intensifies already bitter hatred and polarizes uncompromising hard-line attitudes on both sides. It was also reported in the paper that 17 other Palestinians were killed during the same week in the West Bank.

"The Israeli press and much of the political community there has sharply criticised the police for failing to foresee or prevent the killings." AFP. The US government now supports a UN resolution to send in observers to monitor the situation. Unfortunately, the Israeli government finds this unacceptable. Notably however, the Mayor of Jerusalem (Teddy Kollak), welcomes the idea. In a local Jerusalem newspaper when I was there, he was also photographed eating in the Muslim quarter and appealing to other Jews not to be afraid, but to attempt to integrate to establish warmer relations.

After familiarising myself with the sights of Jerusalem in the first few days, I was rather rudely initiated to the painful, stinging sensation of tear gas. It occurred after an Intifada man ran through the market, totally masked in a dark blue veil, knocking the occasional market stall over. The market owners only appeared lightly amused, however hard the IDF's response was to tear gas the area. I asked a Tea Shop owner "What was that all about?". He replied, "Who knows, would you like some tea?". The implication perhaps being these incidents are spontaneous and frequent. Certainly many of the Intifada activities I witnessed appeared to be that way. An assertion could be derived from this that spontaneously might be necessary coercive activity to avoid the detection of the Mossad (Secret Intelligence). Strike action was declared in the mornings, and Palestinian store owners would consequently close their stores as news filtered through the community. Also black flags would be raised from buildings when news of another killing was heard. Strikes were frequent and were declared in response to a killing. Everyday, however, most store owners closed at 2pm in the Arab market. It seemed self-defeating because it was their livelihoods that were suffering as a result. They desperately need to make sales each day. No one was living very extravagantly.

One day I caught a taxi (an extended Mercedes) to visit the Makassad Islamic Hospital. After some wait, but the usual courteous regard given by most Palestinians, a doctor generously gave us his time to explain the difficulties he has in treating patients since the rise of the Intifada in the West Bank. Approximately 5,000 cases in the past three years, 3,000 of those coming from the Jerusalem area, passed through the hospital.

In the first days of the uprising a standard metal bullet was used by the IDF to put down the uprising. Its velocity being one kilometre/second, small thin and streamlined. A plastic bullet of the same conical



shape and size then replaced the metal bullet as the uprising continued, three times the speed within a 50 metre range then rapidly losing velocity due to its light weight, rendering it ineffective at long distance. Next a rubber bullet about the size of a marble with a metal core took its place. Lastly a rubber bullet was utilised, fired from a canister approximately six balls at a time. This is a standard weapon carried by the groups of three IDF soldiers who patrol the streets in Jerusalem as well as the M16, sub-machine guns and tear gas.

Damages inflicted upon Intifada people (essentially teenagers) and innocent bystanders are multi-faceted, but a common result appeared to be multiple fracture of leg bones in particular, either due to beatings or being shot. Notably any one of the bullets mentioned tended to literally shat-

ter the bone, and the bullet on impact. The result being the leg is shortened when calcium cumulation reforms the bone, and this process will take a long time, leaving the person partially incapacitated for the rest of their lives.

A number of X-rays were then shown of brain damage resulting from spherical rubber bullets and conical plastic, the latter at times disintegrating on penetration leaving pieces of plastic dispersed within the brain. I found the X-rays disturbed me much more than actually meeting the patients. "If you think these are carefully selected intending to shock, I can assure you there are 5,000 downstairs with the same kind of injuries, you are welcome to look." The doctor announced. The rubber bullet, once penetrating the skull and lodging itself within the brain, invariably migrated to another sec-

tion of the brain, depending on the position of the head, eg. when sleeping. This further damaged brain tissue in its travels through the brain. This seriously affected normal bodily functions, impairing messages sent from the brain to organs, nerves, muscle tissues, etc. The doctor now operates immediately a patient shot in the head arrives, providing they are alive of course. With a couple of cases shown the projectile had entered through the eye, making surgical removal of the eye inevitable. (This happened to an Italian girl protesting with Palestinians last year). One person we met had lost one eye and the bullet had gone through the back of the head, where he had a bald patch. He was requesting further treatment in the US. No hope, no money available, fantasy-land thinking. Another case had 6 rubber bullets embedded in the face and penetrating the skull, suggesting he must have been shot at very close range.

Other serious injuries had been inflicted to bone and body as a result of beatings. Many Palestinians will tell you of family or friends who have had their bones broken by IDF soldiers using rocks to smash the bone. A 14 year old boy was wheeled in with meningitis, delirious, tossing and turning, perspiring and crying out. The doctor attended and candidly told me, "Sometimes you must use your brains, he would be dead in a week on a ventilator, this way he had a 50/50 chance." My impression from this remark was that apart from lacking adequate medical supplies and facilities and being understaffed, they also lacked skilled medical staff to prescribe the correct treatment at times.

Upstairs, we met patients who were partially paralysed by injuries from bullet wounds, mainly the legs. Then we met those who were completely paralysed. One I recall was pale, thin and gaunt. The Palestinian flag, pictures of Yasser Arafat (the guys like a teen idol to some) and 'Black Sunday' T-shirts decorated their bedsides. A friend or family member always sat by. Young men offer their unfortunate friend cigarettes, and the victory fingers sign when you greet or depart. One girl 16 years old was due to be married in a month lifted her red night gown to waist, to expose large pins protruding from her flesh to hold a totally shattered right hip bone in place. (It's unusual for Muslim women to show their body). "She'll be here a year, she just said she threw stones (proudly) and they shot her," said the doctor. The hip bone had been smashed into unconnected pieces by a bullet (he suspected a dum-dum, which are outlawed) now her leg will be shorter than the other.

Wheel chairs and medical equipment are often supplied by the generosity of visitors from other lands and ironically the Americans have been the most generous. Ironic because their government supplies the IDF with the military weapons in the first place. But no doubt the same will be said supplying Iraq and Iran someday. When these patients return to their families, providing there is a wheel chair available to get them out the door, their families must take care of them expecting no support from the Israeli government services. A Palestinian woman whose son was shot dead, sneaks in, attempting to steal and X-ray of her son. The doctor denies that it exists because he knows from experience that Palestinians hold on

CONTINUED OVER...

DEATH AND WAR IN JERUSALEM CONTINUED...

to such objects to remind them of their loss and are thus reduced to a life of grief and bitterness.

After WWI, Jerusalem, which had been captured by General Allenby's forces from the Turks, became the administrative capital of the British Mandate. In these times of fervent Arab and Jewish nationalism, the city became a hotbed of political tensions. Jerusalem was always the most sought-after area of the country for both Arabs and the Jews and the city was the stage for much terrorism and open warfare.

After the British withdrew from Palestine, the UN became responsible for supervising the situation. Its subsequent partition plan was accepted by Jews, but rejected by the Arabs. Jerusalem was to be internationalised, surrounded by independent Arab and Jewish states. In the 1948 War of Independence, the Jordanians took the Old City and East Jerusalem, while the Jews held the New City. Patches of no-man's land separated them and the new State of Israel declared its part of Jerusalem as its capital.

For 19 years it was a divided city. The 1967 6-Day War saw the reunification of the whole of Jerusalem, and the Israelis began a massive programme of restoration, refurbishment and landscaping. Those in the West Bank and Gaza Strip came under Israeli military occupation. It also brought the second great Palestinian Arab exodus as almost 500,000 left their homes, leaving 1,200,000 under Israeli control.

The Palestinian Liberation Organisation first formed in 1964, basically it committed all Palestinians to fight for their rights due

to the failure of the international community to secure their natural, as well as promised, right to an independent state, and demanded "the total liberation of Palestine". This led to Israel's refusal to have any dealings with the PLO. Groups under the PLO umbrella resorted to violence to focus world attention on the plight of the Palestinians, but such tactics did little to benefit the Palestinians themselves. Certainly this was a common image of the PLO in the wake of acts of terrorism.

In 1987, the PLO inspired Intifada began in the Occupied Territories. A policy of non-co-operation and active protest resulted in a heightening of tensions and the deaths of many Arab protestors, not to mention a great deal of unfavourable publicity for the Israelis. In late 1988, with the world opinion behind him, Yasser Arafat announced that the PLO was willing to forgo terrorism, that it recognised Israel's right to exist, and that it accepted UN resolutions 242 and 338. (To accept the West Bank and Gaza Strip as Palestinian territory.) Consequently, the US announced that talks with the PLO would begin. Israel however replied the US had given in to their deadly enemy and would never deal with the PLO.

Meanwhile, Jewish settlements continue to expand in the West Bank adding to the complexities of the situation. The original Jewish settlers believe this is part of what rightfully constitutes Israel, regardless of UN resolutions. They base their argument on biblical references and also on the military value of the area. However, an increasing number of the Jews now living in



the West Bank are not motivated by religious/political fervour, rather, they are attracted by the housing available in the region which is cheaper than that available elsewhere. To compound the problem, since

the Eastern Bloc countries abandoned the Wall, Soviet and Eastern Europe Jews are steadily moving into settlements in the West Bank as well as Palestinians being afraid of being pushed off their land.

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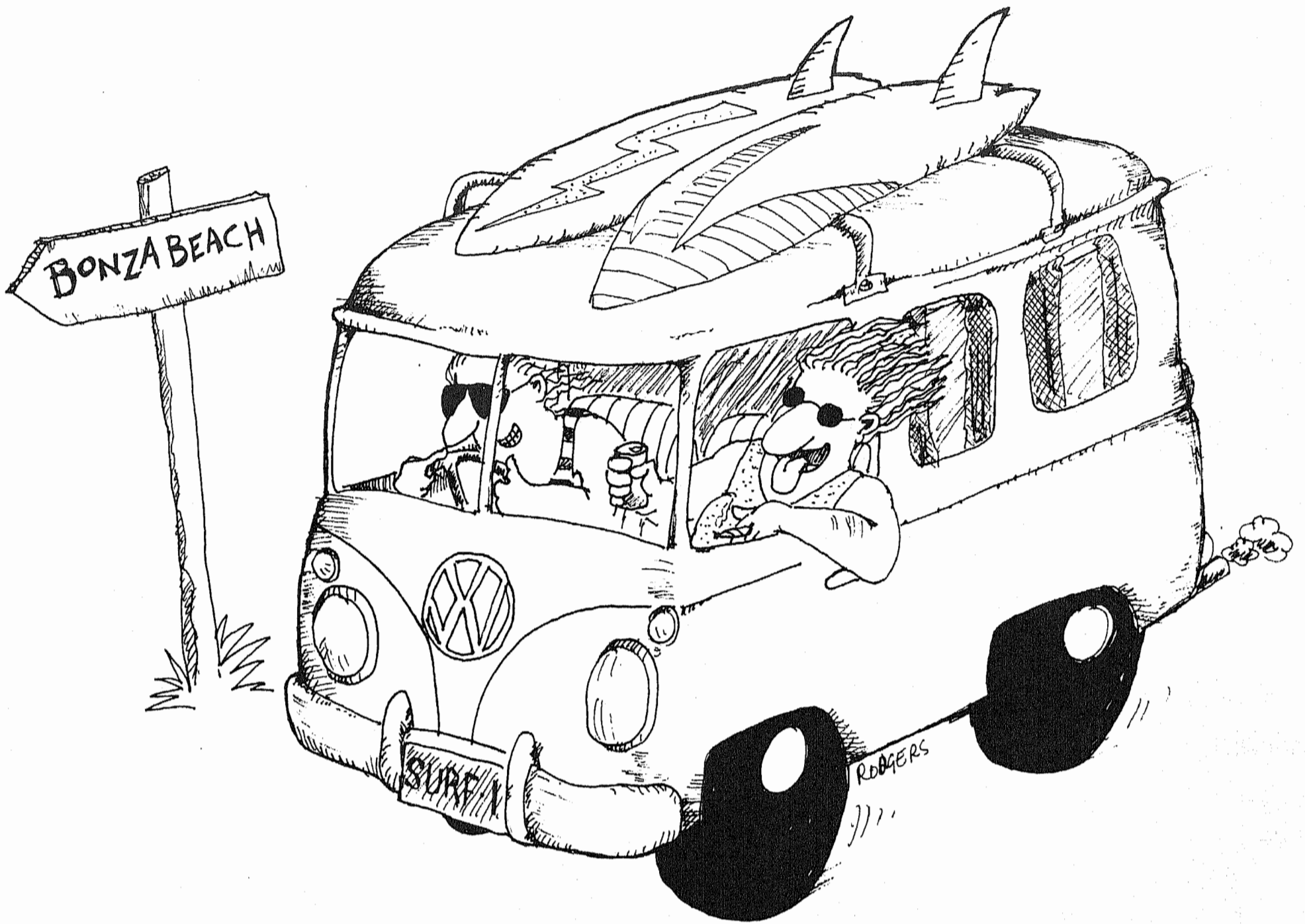
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SUMMER



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So you're into summer fun eh? Music, mezcal and more, more. There's one thing must be emphasized from the outset - go for it! Don't settle for the sedate, bland, wimpy, it's-too-hot style. What you need is a blast - otherwise you'll be stuck with rellies, chicken buffets and endless fuckin' tennis tournaments (replete with a host of twats telling you what a 'rad' time they had at the Youth Club...).

Summer is for having fun, not for waiting around wishing Uni would start again. If you choose the latter, you're a failure. Now if you work a holiday job, you absolutely must have fun. This is imperative, and what you need is the right frame of mind, soooo.... expect to pay \$20-25 for sticks, \$350 an ounce, and about \$60-80 a gram. Others: the aforementioned mezcal is a must, and Cooper's

brews get the nod from O.D.'s esteemed panel - see the blithering rubbish/review elsewhere in this esteemed rag.

All set? What about company and venue? Generally speaking, the established places you're used to are okay, but keep an eye out for the main chance - somewhere offbeat, untoward or unusual. Beach bashes, SLSCs, open parties, church halls, parkland specialities and so forth. Such forums offer the maximum possibility for uncontrolled raucous behaviour, a complete lack of parental or stuffy supervision. Cops may be a problem, but remember, they hang around in gangs and generally only beat up or arrest people walking alone or in small groups. Remember - STAY TOGETHER and avoid obvious places like Hindley Street, the Mall and the Burnside Village after hours.

Under no circumstances should you consent to a holiday with the folks in friendly Maitland or Port Lincoln or Ceduna. If worse comes to worse, buy them a goldfish in a jar for Chrissie, then point out that someone has to stay behind to feed it (Just before the folks are due back, clean the water and buy a goldfish to replace the one that died. After all, they all look the same).

Now, music. Peruse the gig guides, read posters on the street, and keep hip. Check that all your friends have made the correct arrangements... then start eliminating the possibilities. On no account should you consider high profile international "stars". The cost will burn your hand, drink prices scald your throat and the ubiquitous bouncer will catch you trying to smuggle in the mezcal. Similarly, avoid "world music"

bands like Nouveau A Go Go, who specialise in ripping off the indigenous music of Third World countries. James Morrison is right off the list. He's smug and urbane, has appalling dress sense and looks like a pickled toadfish and it's not tres chic to be caught out on the town with Auntie Velma who "just loves James Morrison".

No, you need a dose of something direct, vital and above all, LOUD. Something needs to be done to cut through the mezcal haze. Hence, volume is an essential. Go and see the Exploding White Mice, the Crazies, touring bands such as the Hard-Ons, Ratcat, Mudhoney, Sonic Youth and the Pixies. Jivin' fun can be had with Jam Tarts/Nansing or Rococo Pops. Now get into it.

The Axeman

SUPPLEMENT

WHAT I DID IN THE HOLIDAYS

starring...

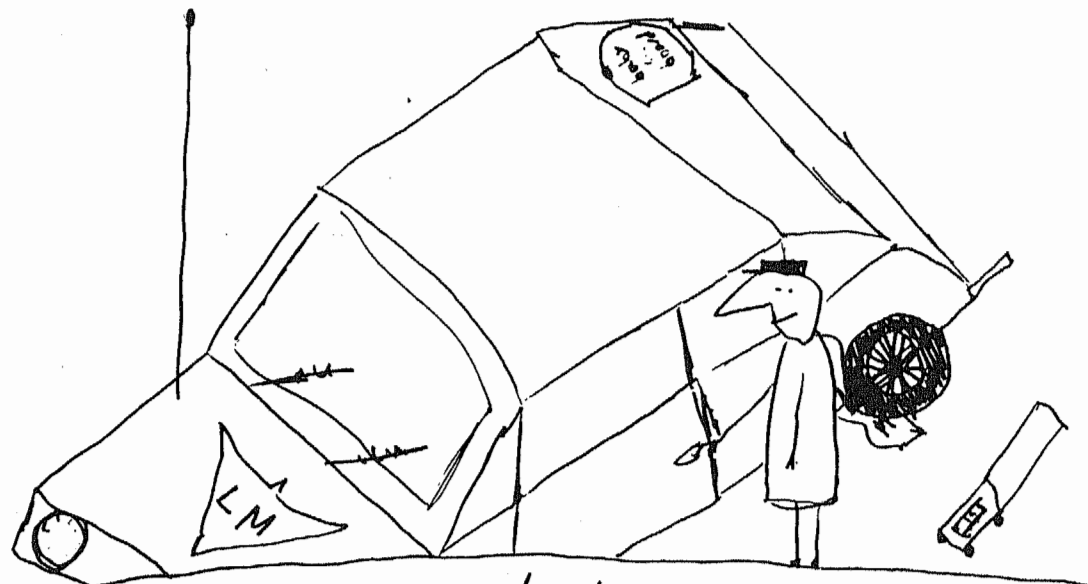


lawnmower man!

(in conjunction with the attractive 1970s typeface!)



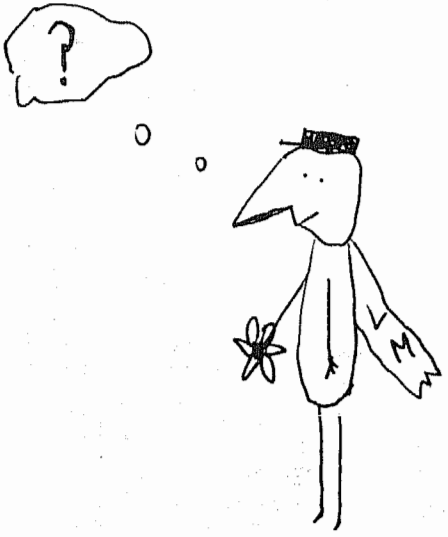
For starters, I took the phone off the hook



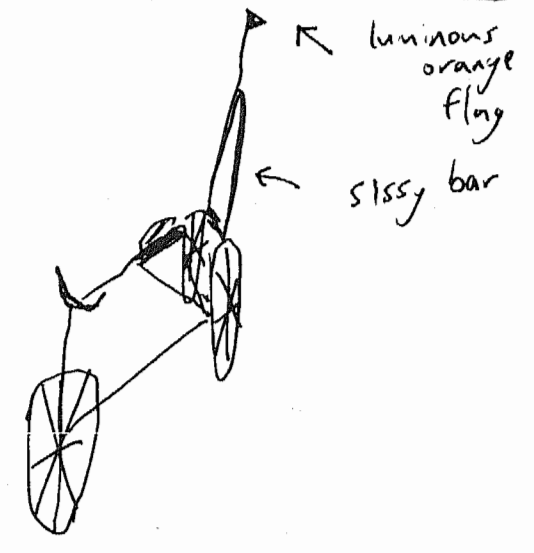
I got into my car and drove south....



It broke down at Reynella



The fan had come off

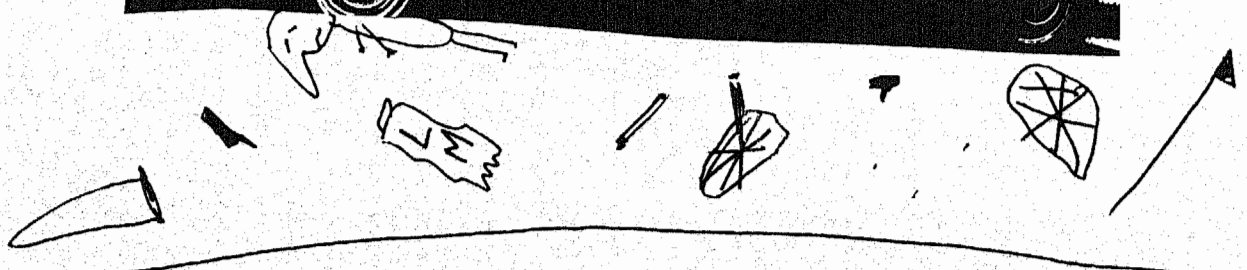
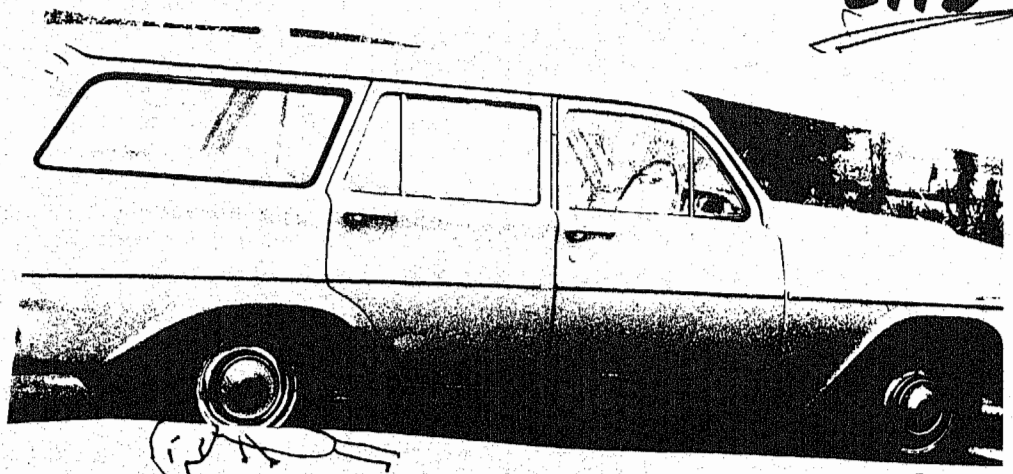


So I bought a tricycle



I set off once again to ride the Southern Vales

THE END



hot sweaty loud fun in an overcrowded room

Summer should be an extremely busy period for touring bands, saving pasty-faced black-wearers from the ignominy of being forced outside and get a tan.

By: Simon Healy (Nirvana and all bits by Paul Champion - who's sleeping in the visitor's bed tonight - just thought you'd like to know).

Most popular is likely to be THE MIGHT BE GIANTS, whose rise to prominence has been meteoric since they released their first album in 1987. Their first single "Don't Let's Start" gained splatters of commercial radio air play, and the joyously schizophrenic video became a regular on Rage.

They Might Be Giants have grown in popularity ever since, the pinnacle of their career being "Birdhouse In Your Soul" going to No. Two in England. Their latest album Flood has become a staple on the Australian Alternative Chart. They Might Be Giants don't belong with the Alternative crowd, however. Their two-minute songs are classic popular music, infused with extra wit and minus the tedious filling that drags most songs out to four minutes.

Live, they are purely John Flansburgh with an accordion, John Linnell with a guitar and various backing tapes. Their performances, then, promise to be more an intimate performance in the Billy Bragg mould than a big Rock'n'Roll Gig.

However, TMBG insist with perhaps a touch of irony, "These songs are rockin'". And they promise to kill the next person who calls them "quirky".

Sonic Youth play guitars really loud for those of you who aren't familiar with them. They belong staunchly to the underground, and yet have just signed a substantial deal with the rather rich Geffen Record Company. Their attachment to popular culture is further chronicled by their releasing a Madonna tribute record (of sorts) under the name of Ciccone Youth; and their use of Public Enemy's Chuck D on their new LP, Go.

Chances are that if you miss Sonic Youth this time, you'll regret it in a couple of years. So take the summer to get acquainted with their back catalogue, particularly the 1988 classic Daydream Nation. In preparation for their coming tour in February/March.

Crack a conversation with your local posse and you will discover that Public Enemy are touring in November. They aren't coming to Adelaide because, to quote the promoter, "they hate guys like us". The stigma of the Deep South, I

guess.

You can go and sign the petition in Central Station Records if you like. However, think of the advantages if you don't; all the eastern suburbs homeys will go on a bus over to Melbourne for the weekend. The streets will be free of crime, graffiti and other menaces to society. Whip them all, I say. Kids today have no respect for Black Nationalist Segregationalist Movements, if you ask me.

Seriously, Public Enemy are a great group, but I worry about the sincerity of many of their followers. Anyone who thinks that Malcolm X is terminator's little brother should be refused entry to the concert. Fear Of a Completely White But I Can Sympathise Strongly With Your Oppression Man City.

Largely unheard of but completely brilliant American band KILLDOZER will probably be touring late in the summer. Their violent grunge hides a sense of humour which exists entirely on the other side of sick, and a fine taste in covers. Their most recent album, For Ladies Only, consists entirely of cover versions. They crush Deep Purples' Hush, scream at Steve Miller's Take The Money and Run until it shrivels up and dies and slobbers all over Conway Twitty's You've Never Been This Far Before. They actually improve Don McLean's "American Pie" to the point of making the original redundant.

There was a kid at our school who wanted to finish the Year 12 Social with "American Pie", but he was shouted down because you can't dance to it. If only Killdozer had recorded their version back then, this objection wouldn't have arisen. You can dance to it, you can writhe about on the floor epileptically, or you can just pack up laughing. The possibilities are endless.

For a taste of Killdozer's own medicine, check out Twelve Point Buck, which includes the results of the Killdozer bake-off. I present the winning entry:

RECIPE FOR WATERMELON PIE
Ingredients: 1 whole watermelon
hardware: oven, and circular pie tin, machete.

Steps: take machete, and slice the watermelon in 8 slices...find the circular watermelon slice that best fits the circular pie tin...put watermelon and pie tin in oven (at 450). Bake for 15 minutes.

Why should genius confine itself to one art form?

NIRVANA, American Sub Pop band are also rumoured to be heading to our shores to support their album Bleach, a 100% dumb metal masterpiece containing upwards of twenty seconds of intelligible lyrics: to quote, "whoantobelevatajesmahluh" from the song "School", which we imagine has something to do with school, but we can never be sure. If Mudhoney, their Sub Pop stable mates, are anything to go by, Nirvana's live show should be a beast.

Definitely coming to Melbourne but with Adelaide dates yet to be confirmed, ALL are making their first tour here. The band is better known for its past incarnation as the wonderful punk-pop band THE DESCENDENTS, from the ashes of which ALL sprang. ALL released a live album last year entitled Trailblazer and while it isn't a classic like the Descendents' Liveage, it promises a show worth seeing.

On the local front, Ken Sykes, guitarist/songwriter with the SCREAMING BELIEVERS, is back in town after a couple of years OS. He broke his hand on his overseas jaunt, but once he's all better, a reformation could be on the cards (man).

Also rumoured is that MARK OF CAIN man John Scott will be coming/ already has come back from his Engineering station in the Middle East due to the horrible dangers there. Mind you, this is probably a complete lie - remember those rumours at the start of the year that the band had recorded, and were about to release, a second album? Elvis Presley is likely to be swinging our way some time as well.

Washington revolutionaries FUGAZI, who have been getting obscene amounts of airplay on Student Radio, are supposed to be coming some time. I wouldn't bank on it. But if they do (unlikely), and if they come to Adelaide (even more unlikely), auction off your first-born cow to see their unique strain of intelligent hardcore ahead of any other band mentioned in this article.

And that's it. You should also never wear a shirt, hat or any sunscreen all summer. And above all, DON'T, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, play SA.FM. beach volleyball.

Simon Healy/Paul Champion

MUDHONEY

"We're a literate band who builds houses": as says Steve Turner, enigmatic guitarist for Seattle band



They Might Be Giants

Mudhoney, the most successful band from that city's sub-pop stables. On their last visit to Adelaide in March, they defended the cause of South Australian's dolphins, made international calls to their mothers from the Old Lion conference room and still found time to present one of the hardest-rockingest shows we've seen for a while. Equal parts dumb metal and sub-Neil Young grunge, their last Adelaide show ended with the band kicking over their amps and singer Mark Arm swan diving into the crowd. Even if you are only scarcely familiar with their music, this is a band well worth seeing.

Mudhoney play one show only at LeRox, December 18th.

Paul Champion

VIOLENT FEMMES

This much endeared band hailing from Milwaukee, Wisconsin are scheduled to play clubs/concerts November 1990 Australia-wide. With their albums Hallowed Ground, The Blind Leading the Naked, and the self-titled Violent Femmes, (which has been described by the Rolling Stones Magazine as "a minor masterpiece of pent up adolescent rage and horniness"), this group of 'lovable rascals' should reap quite a harvest from their followers in the Lucky Land, especially from their much revered album Violent Femmes, regarded as a post-punk classic despite having never cracked the Billboard charts (which means nothing anyway). Bass guitarist Ritchie describes it

as "one of the hardest rocking acoustic albums ever made, as well as one of the most perfect articulations of the feelings every teenager has".

Their musical style is not least noted for its experimental nature. The 1984 album Hallowed Ground exudes a gospel-funk fusion which has been labelled as Christian despite its mostly secular form - containing expletives and themes such as murder (In Fool In the Full Moon they rhyme lechery with leprosy - "the way he dogged me like I was totally a jerk, I wanted to permanently pound his prick into the dirt". Christian?!). Really, they are as guilty as hell. Perhaps the most misunderstood band yet, Violent Femmes is a strikingly original band which combines folk and punk with intense fables of teenage maladjustment. Their unmistakable trademark however is the spontaneous, almost anaesthetic quality of their music, best exemplified in the Violent Femmes album with songs such as Good Feeling and Kiss Off. However one might categorise them, Violent Femmes is an unmissable act, they are a must-see/hear. Don't forget to go along to the Old Lion on 11 November at the Old Lion.

In conjunction with their tour, Violent Femmes plan to release a special compilation of their best tracks in an album entitled Debauch - The First Decade - expect 'sex, sin and salvation' - convincing? Buy a ticket before they sell out.

Fay Khoo.

If you had to choose between doing your preliminary reading in preparation for next year, spending the day with your deaf Aunt, or throwing a wizz-bang backyard barbecue with piles of fresh food and drinks on tap, which one would you take? If you chose either, or both, of the first two options, you are obviously a boring twerp and will not get an invitation to Dave Penberthy's...

It is a sad reflection on the state of the nation in 1990 that, when Australians hear the word "barbecue", they immediately think of onions, chops and snags, left to burn in their own juices on a sizzling hotplate, drowned in tomato sauce and served up with a sad looking potato salad and a wet coleslaw.

Bland, bland, bland. In Australia we are lucky enough to have a varied supply of fresh fruit and vegetables, the cheapest and leanest meat in the world, and, thanks to our multicultural heritage, a wide range of cuisines from which to draw gastronomic inspiration. Why don't we do something about it?

Over the last ten years, Australian cooking has undergone a mild renaissance. Unfortunately, this has largely been limited to indoor cooking. It's only a short walk from the kitchen to the backyard barbie, so why what is stopping us from adapting the more enlightened elements of new Australian cuisine to an outdoor setting?

So, if you want to throw the barbecue of the century, there's a few things you'll have to do.

1.) Get a barbie

There are now two schools of thought amongst the barbecue intellectuals - the Weberians and the post Weberians. It seems stupid that people own either a traditional barbie (tripod or something similar) or a Weber, as you can get different flavours with each of them and should really use both.

The Weber is excellent for roasting legs of meat and vegetables. You can experiment with the veges - potatoes and onions work well, butternut pumpkins are brilliant, but we've done everything from chokoes to squash in ours.

The main problem with the Weber kettle is that it takes a while to get the hang of it. I remember spending a good four or five hours standing on the patio watching my poor father, a man of letters, struggle in vain with a veritable armoury of inflammable-heat beads, Jiffy fire lighters, kero, brandy, and two cups of unleaded petrol. It looked like a Neil Davis photograph of the Tet Offensive. Dad toiled with the bastard kettle for an eternity, asking aloud "How many beads does this mongrel need?", "Why have all the firelighters dissolved?", "Which way is the wind blowing?", "Why has this spatula got so many sharp bits on it?", and "Where have all the hairs on my arm gone?" The guests arrived for lunch at 1:00 pm. At about 11:30 pm they were presented with a raw leg of pork, and politely thanked us. We haven't heard from them since.

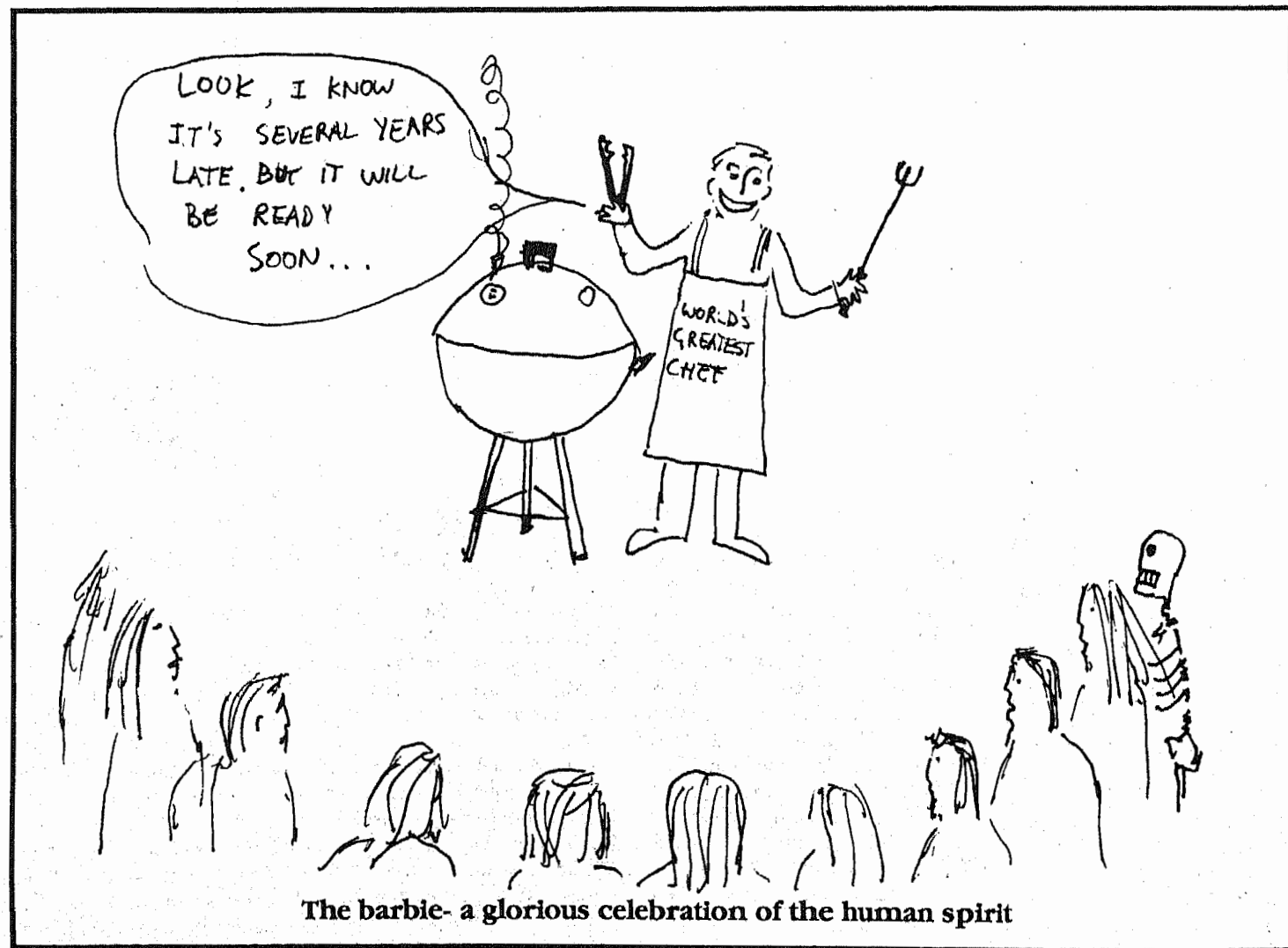
If you like your meat and veges with a smolder and grittier flavour, then the trad barbie is the go. You can create interesting flavours by varying the wood that you use. It's best to start the barbie with kindling and a few pine cones (they smell great), and then use something like mallee. Try blending in a few bits of hickory for a smoky taste.

Don't think you have to choose between Webers and trad barbies - they're both good. Just don't use gas barbies as you don't get any of those barbie-esque nuances which make the food so different from that cooked indoors.

2.) Get Some Meat

One of the biggest mistakes you can make when throwing a barbie is to invite a vegetarian. They are boring and sanctimonious

BARBECUE OF THE CENTURY!



and will spend the entire day talking about how cows have the faculty of reason and dolphins can talk. They'll bugger up everyone's day. But if by accident you do get a vego at the barbie, don't despair, as you can always trick them into eating meat by hiding mince in their carrot salad or, for the more aggressive host, pinning them to the patio and stuffing handfuls of prosciutto down their throat.

The meat you get must be fresh and lean. Try and get to know a particular butcher and he or she will see you get the right stuff.

3.) Get some Fruit and Vegies

Same again - fresh is best. Find a reliable grocer who will show you the produce before you buy it. The best place to go is the market - McMahon's, Cyrils and Cocos are excellent shops. (NB - all the stuff mentioned in the recipes below can be found at the market.)

4.) Get some herbs and spices

Whatever you do, don't use dried herbs.

They should only be a last resort if the fresh stuff isn't available. The same goes for tins - be a leigh.

5.) Get some friends

Invite people who are prepared to see the afternoon barbie deteriorate into an all-night orgy of eating, drinking, dancing and pissing off the neighbours. (NB - If your neighbours are real bastards it's good to get into the habit of having barbies when they've got their washing on the line. Maybe you could set up a Bastard Barbie Network so friends can be phoned as soon as the peg basket appears.)

OK, now you have to work out the menu. Note that the whole shebang needn't actually involve using the barbie. The salads and appetizers are just as much a feature as the hot meaty bits. When preparing a menu it's best to stick to one cuisine, if find, or else things get a little crowded. There is enough variation within each individual cuisine to make for a diverse feast.

The individual dishes themselves should not be congested by an excess of seasonings. Too many people think they can create

a "tasty dish" by throwing about sixty different spices at an innocent foodstuff. Unless the dish calls for it, don't go mad.

I've prepared three menus - Greek, Mexican and Australian - with fairly simple recipes (and a particularly curly one thrown in for a laugh). The menu is designed for eight people. Well, get your aprons on, and as the Mexicans say, "Buen Provecho!"

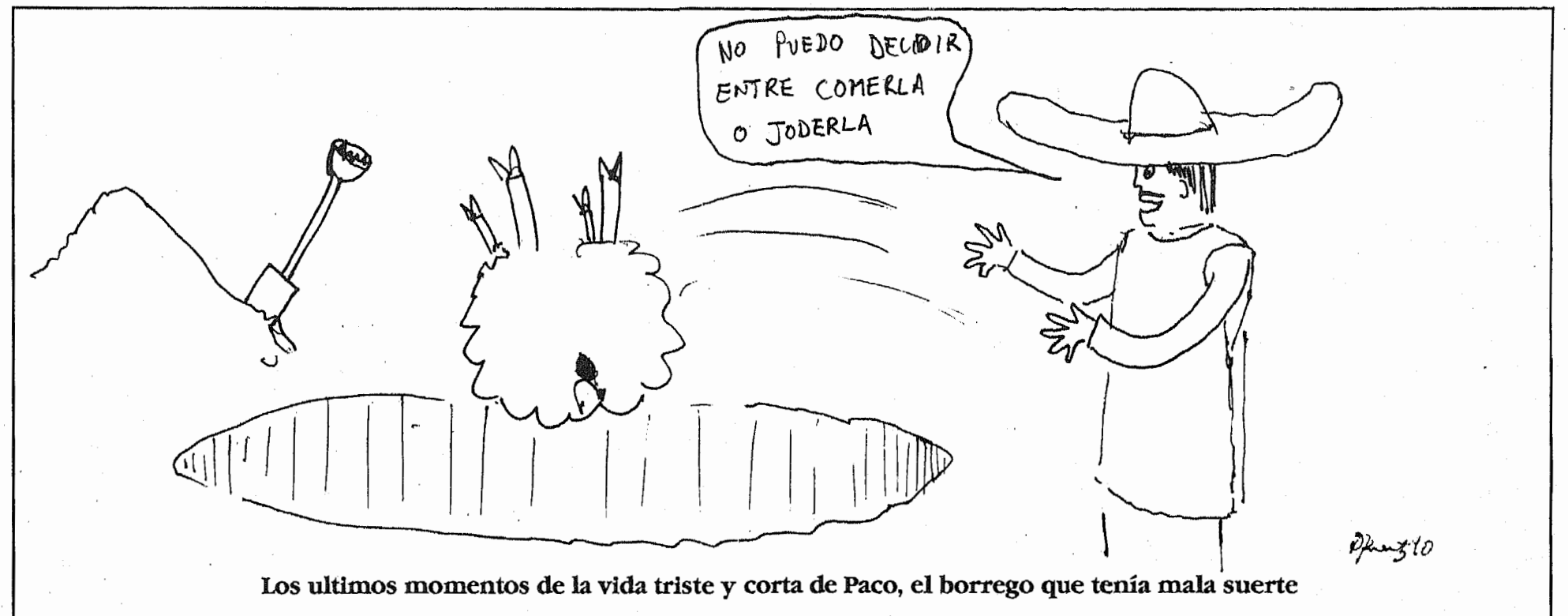
GREEK

Mezes

Mezes means appetizers in Greek. These are really easy to make and taste excellent.

Bits: 1 kg tenderised octopus, 1 kg calamari, olive oil, white vinegar, oregano, garlic, salt, 1 kg tomatoes, 2 large onions, 300 g feta cheese, crusty bread, rosemary.

Technique: For pickled octopus - put octopus in oven bag and bake at 280c for an hour or so. Transfer to saucepan full of boiling water and cook a little longer. Mix 2 parts olive oil, 1 part vinegar, salt, oregano and garlic. The water will go pink - drain about 1/4 of a cups' worth off. Take octopus



out of bag, add the oil/vinegar mix and the pink water. Serve.

For Calamari - Simply cut into rings and cook in oil and lemon on a trad barbie hotplate. Serve.

For salad - Chop tomatoes into big bits, chop onions into small bits, mix and pour enough olive oil and vinegar (2:1 again) over. Serve the mezes with lots of crusty bread.

Roast Greek Lamb

Baste leg of lamb overnight in mixture of olive oil, lemon juice, marjoram, fresh black pepper and salt. Before cooking (in a Weber - length of cooking time will depend on size of leg) rub more salt, pepper and marjoram into the leg. Serve when pinkish in the middle.

Drinks

If wine is your scene, see Steve's article. I don't know the first thing about it.

Draught beer (Cooper's of course), Ouzo, and greek coffees for after.

AUSTRALIAN

Australian food should incorporate the best elements of the region, and draw on Asian cuisines for style and flavour. It isn't hard to get the ingredients - there's about five Asian groceries in the Central Market alone.

King prawns in dill and lemon butter

Bits: 64 king prawns, 1 cup fish stock, 1/2 cup white wine, 5 finely chopped shallots, bunch dill, juice of one lemon, 250 gms butter.

Technique: On the top of a trad barbie hotplate, reduce fish stock, shallots, and wine to about 1/2 a cup. Slowly add butter and about four tablespoons dill.

Thread prawns onto skewers (four on each one) and grill over coals.

Spoon sauce over prawns and wait for the applause.

Chicken satays

Bits: 8 chicken thigh fillets, 1/2 cup crunchy peanut paste, 1 cup chicken stock, 2 tbsps dry sherry, 1 tbspn soy sauce, 2 tbsps lemon juice, 1 tspn grated ginger, 2 tbsps honey, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tspns curry powder, 1 tspn cumin, 1 tspn coriander, three drops tabasco.

Technique: Cut chicken into strips and stick them on the skewers. Combine the rest of the stuff in a shallow dish then throw the chook bits in to marinate for a very long time. Grill satays over trad barbie and spoon

sauce over as you go.

Kangaroo Fillets in Chilli and Coriander

This is another easy one - cook eight roo steaks over the coals of a trad barbie. While you do this, put the following things into a saucepan - 4 red chillies, 8 chopped peeled tomatoes, heaps of fresh black pepper, 4 cloves garlic, and a bit of oil. Cook this until it's hot, then when steaks are done, spoon sauce onto plates next to them, and sprinkle about a tablespoon of freshly chopped coriander on top. Delish.

Baked potatoes

Get the kiddies to do this. Wrap spuds in foil, chuck them on the coals, and when cooked (about two hours on average) serve with chopped chives, sour cream and, if you wish, a few slices of gruyere cheese.

Dessert

Fresh figs and ricotta cheese. A superb combination.

Drinks

Beer, beer and more beer. And make it Cooper's.

MEXICAN

(It is with some trepidation that I publish this recipe for THE GUACAMOLE FROM HELL. My Mexican host mother, who ran a restaurant, gave it to me when I went on exchange.)

Guacamole

Bits: 4 avocados (Hass are the best), juice of 2 lemons, 2 onions, 6 tomatoes, 2 green capsicums, 2 green chillies (seeded), 10 drops of tabasco, 4 tbsps mayo, 4 tbsps thickened cream.

Technique: Chop everything into bits, mash the avos (put lemon juice on them so they don't brown) and mix with the liquids. Serve with plain corn chips - not crass little bits of celery!

Chorizos con salsa verde y garbanzos

Bits: 16 Chorizos (Mexican sausages), ten green chillies, four onions, 1/2 kilo chick peas, 2 lemons, bunch rosemary.

Technique: Blend onion and chillies, set aside (this is the salsa). Soak chick peas (garbanzos overnight), boil until soft, whack in a few bits of rosemary, and sprinkle with lemon juice. Barbeque chorizos on a trad barbie.

Cochinita Pibil

(Not for the faint hearted)

Bits: A ute, a very sharp machete, a shovel, three sheets of corrugated iron, a hacksaw, twenty bricks, a wheelbarrow full of red hot coals, the address of the Christie's Beach RSL club, and a whole dead sheep with its entrails intact.

Technique: Get in the ute with a mate and drive to the Christie's Beach RSL club. Take machete and locate a largemaguey - an agave cactus. Hack off twelve long cactus leaves and throw them in the back of the ute.

Drive home and dig a hole six feet deep in the backyard. Put ten bricks in it. Pour half the hot coals onto the bricks. Line the walls of the hole with the cactus leaves so that you can't see any dirt. Saw corrugated iron into a circle so that it fits into the hole, and place on top of bricks.

Put the sheep in the hole and cover it with another circular bit of corrugated iron.

Empty hot coals onto iron, put a third circle of iron on top of the coals. Fill in the rest of the hole with dirt.

Leave for two days, uncover (at about 1:00 pm on Sunday arvo) and take out the

sheep, which by now is a seething mass of flaky, moist flesh, cooked tenderly in the smoky-sweet cactus juice.

Serve with floury tortillas, salsa verde, sour cream, chopped chillies and a mix of chopped lettuce, tomatoes and onions. This way everyone can stuff their tortillas with the filling of their choice.

Frutas frescas con limón y chile

This is sold in bags on the streets of every Mexican town. It sounds gross but it's superb!

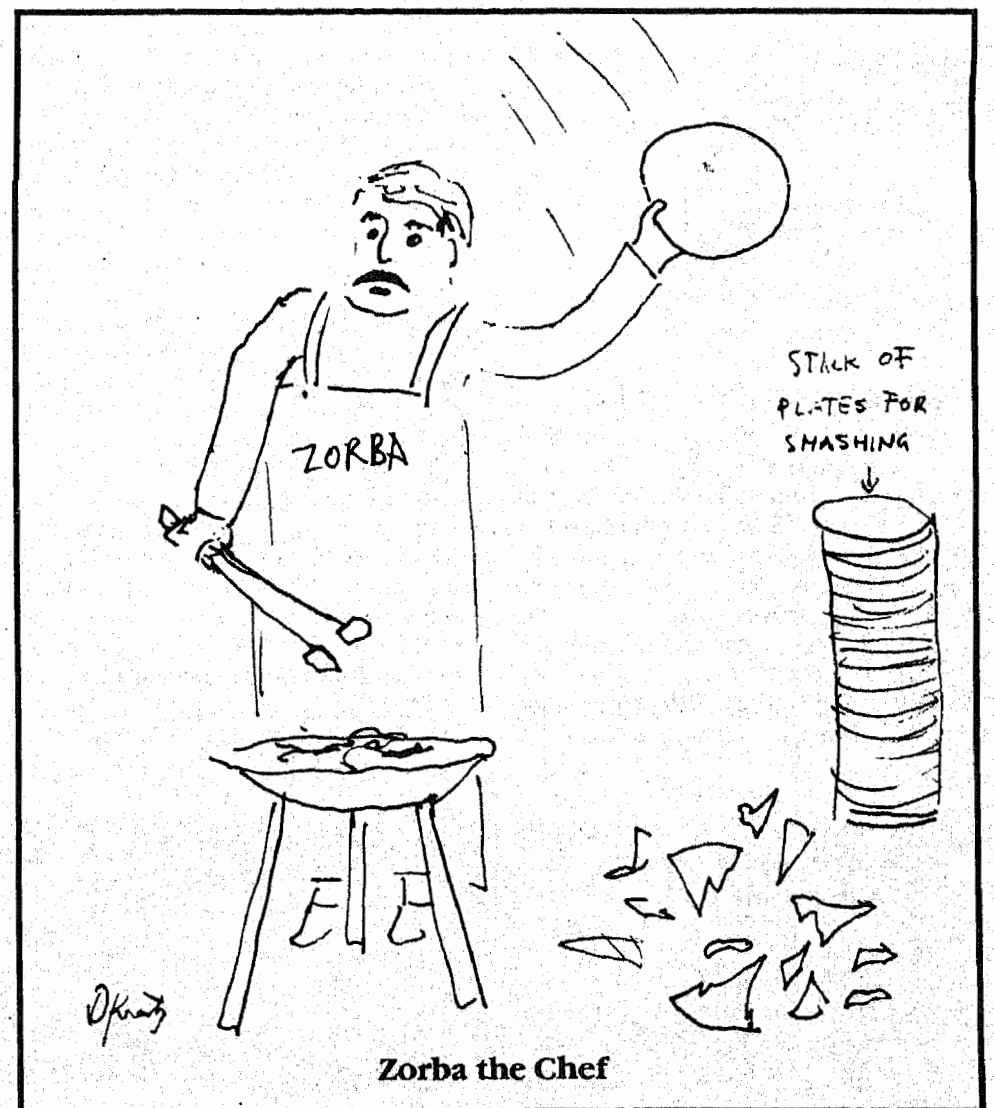
Bits: A generous mix of summer fruits - rockmelons, watermelons, mangoes, custard apples etc.

Technique: Chop the fruit up and sprinkle with chilli powder and lemon.

Drinks

If you've got a bit of cash to play with, then buy about eight slabs of Corona (that's one each).

Get a couple of bottles of Tequila, some lemons and salt. Lip, sip, suck and collapse.



MINE'S A PINT!

If you think back on the good times you've had in every summer since you were about fifteen, the word BEER will surely feature somewhere.

A lot of crap is said and written about beer- that it's fattening, that it reduces your fitness, that it makes your breath smell, that it makes you burp and fart, and so on. While some of these things may be completely correct, it is wrong to see them as negatives. Au contraire- it is for these and other reasons that BEER- our national drink for Christ's sake- should be CELEBRATED!

Who can honestly say they don't relish the thought of sitting at the beach with a group of friends and about twelve slabs in the esky, knocking back the screaming ones and belching like mad bastards?

Who can honestly say that, on the fifth day of yet another drawn test with the Poms, they don't adore the idea of standing on the hill at the Adelaide Oval, drinking beers in stereo, and throwing plastic cups into the air?

Who can honestly say that they can't wait until December, when the nights are balmy and the parties plentiful, and they can hop in their car, cruise into the local drive through and say boldly and confidently to the salesman- "Gizza a slab of VB, three slabs of Cooper's Ale, six slabs of Draught and a bag of Doritos, mate"?

Last Thursday the On Dit crew (comprising Dave and Beck Penberthy, Andy and Dave Joyner, Steve Jackson, Dave Krantz, Ben Allen, Fay Khoo, Jodie Wilson, Kirsty McKenzie and Jeremy Dixon) strangled far too many beers. Unfortunately, they couldn't get any Carlton Beers, which means the mighty VB misses out. But we tasted nine different beers, and some of them are little rippers.

So what ya gonna do when yer mates drop in? It's up to you...but our On Dit lager guide is sure to help.



•Southwark Premium

Dave Penberthy: Bistro beer. A bit of a yeasty twang on this one. Very refreshing, which is surprising considering that Southwark's other contributions to the world of beer- Bitter and Gold- are drunk primarily by wards of the state, bank tellers and people with lithium imbalances.

Beck Penberthy: Lacks zap, but produces fuckin' good belches.

Steve Jackson: The best of the SA Brewing stable. At least it's 5.5% and doesn't have the

obligatory teaspoon of sugar in every stubby.

Andy Joyner: For a start, it smelt funny. Also there was something about its texture which I couldn't grapple with any real confidence. In the end it left me more apprehensive than satiated.

Dave Sag: Personally I found this beer a bit flat. This is probably due to its general flatness. My condition to comment is becoming significantly impaired due to a few quiet ones consumed as a pre trial exercise on the bar balcony.

Fay Khoo: Thanks shltfaces, let's leave some beers for Fay, OK? (ie, none) Anyway, from past experiences, Southwark is a bit of a pussy beer, but definitely better than its cousins (hah) : Gold and bitter.

Dave Krantz: Nice bottle. Jodie Wilson. Ok, all you fucking bastards left me, whilst I was slaving my guts out at Food Discounts, and you were counting your farts, was St Morris Claret. I managed to swindle this "beer" from the arse of Dave P. and as I'm not sure whether I'll get any more beer, I'll tell you it's quite nice but please, GIZ A GUINNESS!

Ben Allen: Arriving late, Twisty leaps into

the fore. Of course, being a hardened lager lout he's already tasted 'em all in his time. Anyway, the Southwark- not my style, but if it wasn't from SA I'd probably say it was really cool.

Darlen O'Reilly: Potential cat slept in mouth feeling with this beer. Good before curries & Thai food but little else.

Mark Gammy: Quite easy to drink but after two Draughts is a bit nasty on the palate. Would be nice with Oysters Kilpatrick.

Kirsty McKenzie: I can relate to Jeremy's comment- very easy to drink copious amounts of.... which I have.



•West End Export

Dave Penberthy: Liquid tragedy. Sharing Export around is akin to sharing malaria around. As Barnsie once said, "Aaaaaaaargh!"

Steve Jackson: Bubblegum, jeans and beanies.

Dave Joyner: No one with the faculty of reason should drink this beer- that must explain its popularity.

Fay Khoo: Export is like the vomit of a cat with food poisoning- worse maybe- but some beer is better than no beer hey guys?

Dave Krantz: Fuck! An abomination.

Jodie Wilson: I hate Westend girls.

Ben Allen: Dave K. sculled mine- just goes to show he'll drink anything, rat's piss included.

Darlen O'Reilly: Jimmy Annoyobloke go away.

Kirsty McKenzie: Thank God I wasn't here to have to drink this one!

Simon Healy: Achieves the rare feat of tasting offensive even when you're pissed. A crime against humanity.

Darlen O'Reilly: One soldier down. Give me another. Dark, flavoursome, filthy & fun.

Beck Penberthy: Pretty colour, nice rich flavour.

Dave Joyner: Thick 'n filthy- full of vigour and glory. This drink deserves its own chat show.

Dave Penberthy: Not as gutsy as Cooper's stout, making it a suitable dark ale which can be quaffed, preferably in the evening with a nice piece of rare meat, with very little trouble at all.

Steve Jackson: Half way to stout. This will ruin you. Yum.

Dave Sag: It's a bloody shame that by the time I got to the yummy beer there was barely any left.

Fay Khoo: A fond reminder of the Earl of Aberdeen; not as good as Scotch Ale, but less poncy than bloody SImpatico (what a diarrhoea of a name)

Jodie Wilson: Well I don't know much about this beer, perhaps because I haven't had any but I really felt like adding my bit because I feel really left out!

Ben Allen: Not as chewy as stout. A real twisty of a drink.

Andy Joyner: Dark and dense like an unknown continent. Yummy yummy yummy I've got love in my tummy.

Ben Allen: Hey little stubble, I wanna be your girlfriend.

Dave Krantz: The whale is the largest mammal.

Darlen O'Reilly: One soldier down. Give me another. Dark, flavoursome, filthy & fun.

general decay which marks life in Adelaide? Probably.

Beck Penberthy: Reminds me of the Marlon Hotel- boganville.

Dave Joyner: A shamefully dissapointing and degenerate beer- diluted pigs swill.

Andy Joyner: More of an obtuse marketing concept than a beer this one tasted like shit - thin, flat and more than a little bit annoying.

Dave Sag: A beer, by any other flavour, is still a beer on a hot spring night.

Fay Khoo: Yuck with a capital F.

Ben Allen: My staple diet. Great over Coco Pops. Could drink this all night and probably will.

Darlen O'Reilly: Gassy gives wind, bloating shit. Lies like a decaying beached whale. Ideal if you want to turn into SWANEE if not freak these crap and drink Coopers Ale.



•Toohey's Old

Beck Penberthy: Pretty colour, nice rich flavour.

Dave Joyner: Thick 'n filthy- full of vigour and glory. This drink deserves its own chat show.

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•Swan Dry

Dave Penberthy: The embodiment of the suffering of the Chilean people. Morally repugnant, light and refreshing.

Beck Penberthy: I can't remember.

Steve Jackson: Slight Chilean nose. Saw Bondy the other day at the Mille End and bought him a round. A few rounds, actually- he said something about a cash flow problem. The beer is dry, like Bondy, in fact you'll have to drink a whole shitload of it to put Bondy in the black.

Dave Joyner: I might have to claim diplomatic immunity for this one- as I have absolutely no recollection of consuming this drop.

Andy Joyner: Not bad indeed. Clean crisp taste and it didn't give me a tummy upset.

Jeremy Dixon: A bit dry for my taste. But, considering the other Swan beers, this may be Bond's savour but then again maybe it won't be.

Fay Khoo: OK, that's the only beer you guys left me, and a half bottle at that. Big C word to describe you Cs. Swan's pretty cool though, more body and bouquet than the rest so far.

Dave Krantz: Quite wet. Incredibly pleasant- malty, tangy with some alcohol thrown in.

Darlen O'Reilly: If you like nice & crisp things eg. lettuce you'll probably want to marry this beer.



•Emu Lager

Dave Penberthy: An Emu once stole my ice block when I was up at Cleland park. Peckitty peck.

Beck Penberthy: Just like the bird, - tall, slender and feathery.

Steve Jackson: I've been drinking this a lot lately. An all-morning beer, and a good back up when there is no ale.

Dave Joyner: A fine ambassador of a beer. This could be the only threat to the Coopers hegemony.

Dave Sag: Cor, I remember the Student Radio party. More Emu Lager than I could piss. What a party. Not a bad beer either

come to think of it. Who am I trying to kid though, I'm pissed as a bastard again!

Dave Krantz: Big flightless bird, surprisingly swift for its weight.

Jodie Wilson: Emu's piss.

Darlen O'Reilly: Nondescript, boring, basically tasteless. ie. a bit like Travel Scrabble Competitions- For Noiseworks groupies only!

Simon Healy: Quite bitter but fun. A beer that swims into your consciousness and then sends you flying away on the magic faraway tree. Promise mum, there won't be any problems with driving home- it's a pizza night...



•Cooper's Pale Ale

Beck Penberthy: Yummy-yummy, lickety-lick - that one certainly does the trick.

Steve Jackson: Like the great beast God, Cooper's Ale, this baby has chewiness to burn. Less alcohol makes it an ideal in the sun beer.

Dave Joyner: Without doubt the pinnacle of true beverages. An outstanding exercise in seduction.

Fay Khoo: gentle as a mother's touch. I could return to the oedipal or anal or whatever stage for that beer.

Dave Krantz: What a great beer. I could drink this one almost indefinitely with no chance of stopping.

Darlen O'Reilly: A taste of the real thing but not quite. Fabbo, marvy, a man could drink several thousand of these & still feel like another long, tall cold one. The stuff dreams (especially about talking hairy-nosed wombats) are made of.

Kirsty McKenzie: The ale you have when you're not having a Cooper's Ale. Very drinkable.

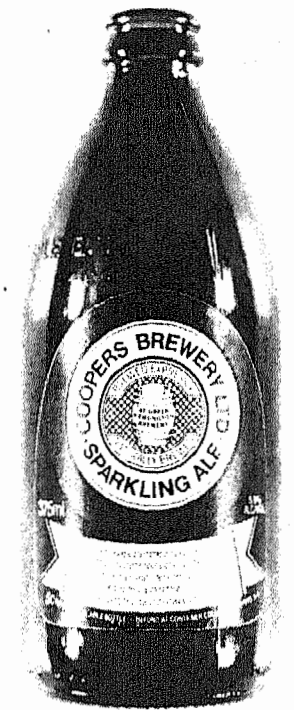
Simon Healy: I'm no beer connoisseur. I could hardly tell the difference between this and Coopers Unleaded. It's still great.



•Cooper's Draught

Dave Penberthy: Many an afternoon is spent in the Penberthy backyard with mother, father, daughter and son flat on their tits rolling about in about three hundred and ninety two empty Cooper's Draught echoes. A beer that keeps the family together.

The World's Greatest Ale...



Cooper's Ale

Dave Penberthy: I once paid \$4.20 for a schooner of Cooper's Ale at revolting nouveau riche pub in Carlton called the Lemon Tree Inn. But it was worth it.

Beck Penberthy: Absolute heaven.

Steve Jackson: The first few steps of the day I say yet again are best spent with an ale. The best beer made in Australia. This thick flavoured beauty has been the downfall of many a Rundle Street drinker. Bliss.

Dave Joyner: Absolutely no substitute- the French Champagne of Australian beers.

Dave Sag: What a fine drop. A few dozen pints of this little beast and a big boy like me could run the risk of getting totally shitfaced.

Fay Khoo: Mine's a pint. Cordon Bleu of Beers (and who said Australians were basically phillistines?)

Darlen O'Reilly: Doyen of beers. My fav should be yours. Bestest bestest beer ever invited by a very small man called Gerald.

Simon Healy: Beer is something I can take or leave. Unless I feel like getting pissed and it's Coopers. Support local industry- get shitfaced.

Kirsty McKenzie: Aaaaaaaay!! What else is there to say?

Beck Penberthy: A real winner!!! Steve Jackson Delightful mouth feel and finespider on the glass. Quite dry. A little thin on the middle palate...fuck it - its beer.

Dave Joyner: Erotically smooth and satisfying.

Andy Joyner Thankfully, pretty low on the croutons. A medium paced and extremely drinkable beer. I like it.

Dave Sag: When tasting beer, or lest be real, drinking beer, it is best first to notice the colour. This is simply to determine if you are

drinking beer or Fosters. This beer tastes like beer. It looks like beer. Surprise surprise, it is beer!

Dave Krantz: The best way to taste beer is to sniff the glass, then skull it. After applying this method to the Coopers Draught, I decided to have another. Yummy! Very nice indeed.

Darlen O'Reilly: Ales little brother, therefore no gunge damn it. Still infinitely drinkable.





summer is the time for strangling anotherie

It's summer and while it's ridiculous to think that there are seasons appropriate to strangling a few quiet ones, summer gives the student ample opportunity to gain real life experience in the drinking stakes. The only problems are when, what howand where.

On Dit recognises these problems and so in the interest of a stress free, long hot summer, Steve Jackson gives you the all-in-one guide to a cherished pasttime. Go no further.

When to drink

The initial question that all students face during the long hot summer is how to prevent themselves from drinking all the time. The solution is of course not to bother with this question but instead to worry about how you can drink all day and stay alive/mildly in touch with reality until dinner. This means pacing yourself, which is really a question of knowing what to drink at each hour of the day. This means that Vodka Martinis for breakfast are definitely out-you've got all day before you reach the shabby martini.

A typical day

The first steps of the day, if find, are best accompanied by a cleansing ale. As all students know, the mouth in the morning after the night before is best described as old shit on a dog's leg.

Tackle the problem head on, and rip the top off a Coopers Ale (find a pub that sells it for \$25-26/slab). If however the idea of meeting the maker of your undoing the night before so early in the day (ie before midday), then Champagne, bloody good Champagne, is the only way to go. This is especially so if you find a stranger in your bed/bathtub/toilet leaning over the bowl laughing at their reflection.

I recommend something like Yellowglen NV Cremant (\$13) for your average punter, 1987 Croser (\$27) for the BMW drivers amongst you or Angus Brut (\$5) for the bus catchers. Avoid Minchinbury, anything Pink or

French. Keep the French for later when you are full tilt pissed.

By now its lunch time. Invite your mates. Make sure you get the gender balance right. You better eat - you've got a long day ahead of you. (See DP's article) Don't be a bogan and have a green can while you hang over the barby, make it a beast of a GT. Don't forget the lemon. If you're out of Gordons (about \$25-nothing else please except for Tanageray) go grab some from the bottle shop. Stock up on other things while you are there. There

is nothing worse than clutching a big gin, staring at a tonic waterless fridge. Even worse if there is no Coopers to compensate. So buy that slab, stock up on the tonic, make the Gordons a litre bottle.

Over lunch, start with another quick GT and crack a fruity dry white. Rhine Riesling can be very tasty and damned cheap. A few trusty lines are Pewsey Vale (\$9-Eden Valley), Petaluma (\$14-Clare Valley) and Wirra Wirra (\$12-McClaren Vale). Avoid cask 'Riesling'. I call it death in a box.

If chardonnay matches your social pretension, either pick one for lunch that is obscure and from some ex-Lawyer/Doctors cool climate high tech maximum wank vineyard (bonus points for Yarra Valley, Northern Tasmania or Northern Hunter Valley), or go for a Jacobs Creek (\$6 max) which tastes like it came from a grape and isn't a wood/acid remix.

Make sure as you go that you keep the mouth clean with the obligatory Coopers. If you find that the ales are making you a bit

sleepy (ie you are assuming a horizontal profile), hit the mineral water while you hunt around for a light red to go with meat off the bbq. Try Peter Lehmann's 1990 Barossa Nouveau (\$10) or the 1989 Cab Mac (from Hieckinbotham also \$10). If lolly water isn't your game, wrap your laughing gear around a fizzy red. When I say fizzy, I of course mean Shiraz. A big meaty out front you bloody beauty. Avoid a whippy early drinking Cabernet/Merlot. Save that for the children. Good bets for Shiraz are Rockford's 1987/8 Basket Press (\$13), St Halletts 1986/7 Old Block (\$16/13) or Henschke's 1987/8 Mt Edelstone (\$13). All Barossa Valley wines, these old vine inky lovelies will have you going until at least 3 or 4 pm.

It's probably time now for a good lie down so take an ale to the nearest comfie chair and collapse for a couple of hours.

Now that it's dinner you can really go for broke. It's a good idea to line up a companion (or two if that is your want) for this. As any man or woman who has been there themselves, a good burst of alcohol in the bloodstream does wonderous things for the intimate tête à tête. So now that you've got the beginnings of a bastard of a burst, don't waste it on your mates. Hop on that phone, rip out the little black book, if you're desperate go down to the bus stop.

Throw down a quick ale in the shower before you limber up in the kitchen. While you cook dinner, a GT that's long on the T (because a pissed cook is a bad

cook) or Champagne is good.

Now that s/he is here, at your house, its time to make that shabby martini. It's your only hope really. Your tactic now should be to close the alcohol gap between you. (That's unless s/he has had a typical summer day as well). So grab the big cocktail shaker, loads of ice, and a bottle of Stolichnaya (\$30) and one of Nolly Pratt Vermouth. My martini technique is as follows: tip the vodka into the shaker at a reasonable belt and count one-two. Next slop in as little Nolly Prat as you can, add ice, shake lazily while you grab the martini glasses from the fridge. Pour. Drink. Repeat.

If the spirits account has been exhausted by the Gordons, then a GT that's long on the G will suffice. Or an ale. Again.

One of the charms about dinner with the one you want to be with is that it gives you an excuse to buy wine that can substitute for conversation if s/he turns out to be as exciting as the last person you thought you wanted to be with. Only spending the rent money can do true justice here. Take a trip to St Georges Vintage Cellars and say to the man, 'here's my neck, have a go'. The rent money is history.

Penfold's 1987 Magill Estate (Shiraz grown at the Magill vineyard \$35) and the 1987 Bln 707 (\$32) are sure to impress. So will the Petaluma 1987 Coonawarra (Cabernet/Merlot) or the 1987 Lindeman's St. George Vineyard Cabernet/Shiraz (\$35). In fact anything priced in the \$25 and over bracket will ruin your finances but quite possibly make your day.

After the mains at dinner you should be (if you have been following this guide to the letter) thoroughly shitfaced. Time now to throw back some French champagne or Sauternes like lolly water. Bigger it, go for Bollinger RD or a Vintage Krug (\$ One month's rent). The landlord's going to repossess your soul by now anyway so you may as well have a self satisfied smugness I've had Krug and you haven't tair as the summons is served. If you are not shitfaced then shame on you - have another GT.

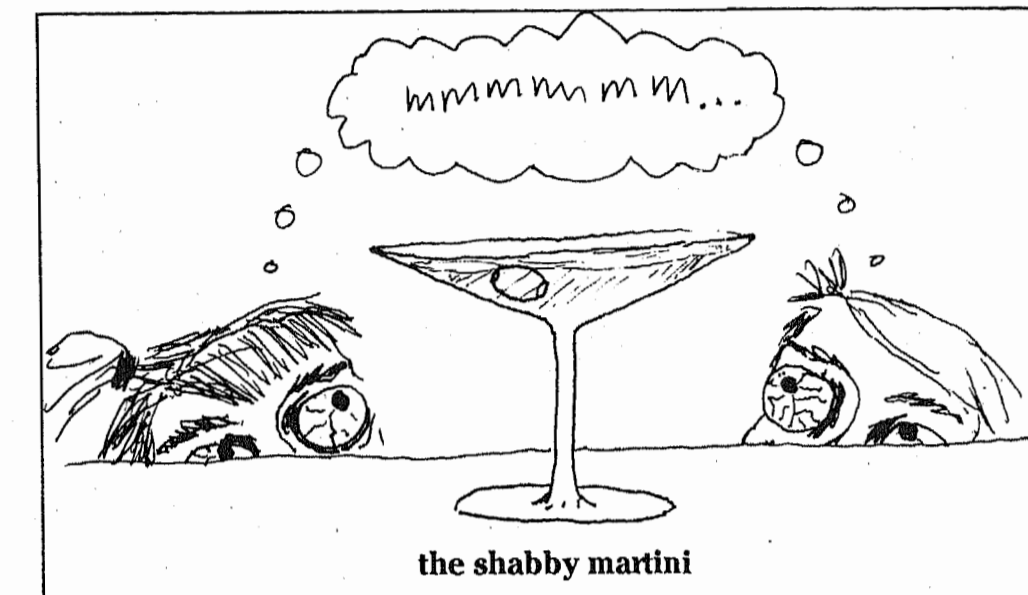
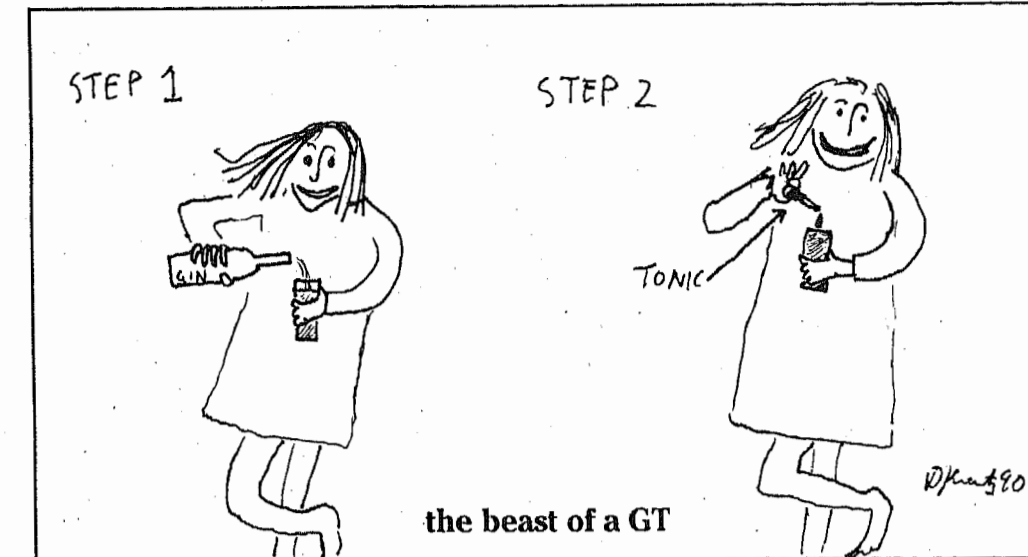
The day is almost over now so before your head starts to feel like Khe Sanh on a good day in '68 swallow some water, a couple of chilled Stollies and stumble to bed. Take your companion too. Hangovers are better with two.

Special places to drink and their etiquette

There is nothing worse than the uncool drinker. This is the one who fills his wine glass to the top a la pint of beer style, or drinks Scotch and Coke while everyone else at the table is on an 1980 Coonawarra. In the interests of your sacred image, here's a few tips to keep you ahead.

•at the beach

There is only one thing you can drink at the beach and that's beer. And if its going to be beer then it has to be a Coopers Ale. Anything else is not on. Especially not on are coolers of any kind,



sweet cider or low alcohol beer. When you drink at the beach, its important to sport the right attitude. So suck in that stomach, rest on one arm, cast a surreptitious glance around to make sure someone is watching and drain half the stubby. No no's are spilling it on your chest region (since wiping it will upset the carefully arranged oil patterns designed to reflect those curves to advantage). Also out is the use of West End stubby holders. Go for one like 'Stenhouse Bay' or something equally surf.

•at the bbq

The only thing to make sure you don't do is to ensure that the

day doesn't disintegrate into boys being boys. Watch out for the aaaaaaayy factor. Avoid sheep jokes, endless boring wanky conversations about the economy, and the AFL. If you must talk about sport boys, make it cricket.

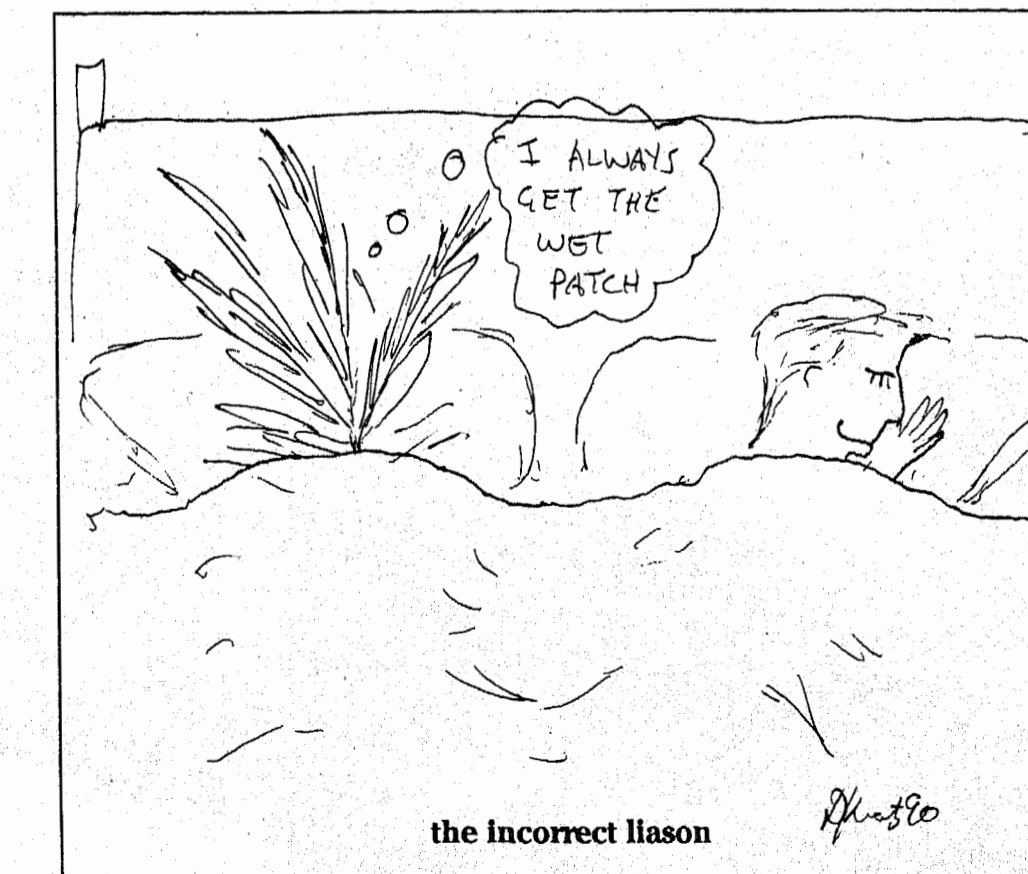
•In bed

On a hot day take the mattress outside and a cold bottle of something sweet and sticky, like Tim Knappstein's 1989 Beere-nauselese Rhine Riesling (375 ml, \$9.65), or a bottle of champagne. Don't spill it on the bed or your friends might think its something else (plaezeel)

•restaurants

In a restaurant avoid being the customer the waiters laugh about afterwards. When you order DON'T do the following.

- Ask for the waiter's advice then critlisse the wine s/he brings you.
- Ask for a Bundy/Southern Comfort and coke. You must be a bank teller.
- Order a sweet wine with your mains.
- Ask the waiter to decant a recent vintage bottle of wine.
- Ask for a sweet red.
- In large groups constantly order drinks one at a time, causing the waiter to go back and forth from your table. S/he will



eventually return with a large weapon if you are not careful.

* Also in large groups, arguing endlessly about who had the Southwark Premium when the bill comes. You must be a school-teacher.

•at the cricket

There is only three rules for drinking at the cricket. First, make it to stumps. Second, drink like an absolute bastard. Third, don't forget to watch the cricket.

Drinking to get pissed

Its been a tough summers day. You've just visited your parent and told them your years' results and they have assaulted you for several hours because you are a waste of space and will never get into Law. You get home and your housemates are in the kitchen. 'Lets get trashed,' you say. You all throw in a tenner and its off to the nearest bottleshop. 'I'll have three bottles of El Toro Tequila please, and four bottles of Lemonade.' On the way home, stop off at a friendly lemon tree and liberate a few. Go home. You know the rest.

•drinking to stay pissed for a long time see above

Two common problems associated with drinking

•the incorrect liason

If you're full tilt trashed then make the most of it. Get shabby as a bastard. Mingle for tomorrow you may be sober and the slimlined personage you spy in the corner may actually make John Merrick look like Arnie Schwarzenegger. But that's a minor detail right now. He wants to talk and he's not afraid to use his mouth. Don't let the revelation that it was the tree palm in the corner that was making moves on you last week concern you. Practice may not make you perfect when it comes to drinking and the pub liason, but at least you won't remember it in the morning. That's unless, of course you make 'the incorrect liason'.

You know that you've made 'the incorrect liason' when there is firm irrefutable evidence of it - i.e. s/he is there in the morning demanding a hangover cure. Depending on how much memory and/or promising things look, this can consist of a bottle of Croser and a massage or a couple of aspirin and directions to the bus stop. If it's the busstop then console yourself that at least you didn't wake up with the tree palm.

•the hangover

Q. What's good for a hangover? A. Drinking the night before.

There are only two ways to cure a real hangover; go back to sleep or don't drink. Every other 'cure' is a lie. A real hangover takes no prisoners and has no mercy. People who say that drinking elaborate concoctions in the morning as doing the trick obviously haven't had the hangover that removes the faculty of reason and the ability to see. Hair of the dog cures are fine if the smell

of alcohol doesn't make you gag but if you can still drink then you obviously haven't got a hangover.

What to drink to get a hangover

Most students have their favourite drinks, and resent being told that their taste resembles Dave Penberthy's socks. But for the sake of my own ego and the maintenance of general superior drinking knowledge here's the final word on what's cool and what's not.

• beer (local)

While I have sampled widely these few are ones I come back to again and again. Beers to be avoided at all costs include West End Export and Draught (sweet blerch), Southwark Gold (it may be clever but is sure ain't drinkable) and Fosters (only the taste impoverished English get a kick out of this muck).

******* Coopers Sparkling Ale**

The first choice of any self respecting beer drinker, Coopers Ale can be taken in at any time of the day. Dry, meaty and high in alcohol (5.8%) make sure that when you ask for it on tap you say, 'Mines a pint (and so is my wife)'. If you consider wrapping yourself around a few, drink loads of water otherwise you'll be the one laughing at your reflection in the toilet bowl in the morning.

******* Coopers Pale Ale**

This is Sparkling Ale's younger sibling. As someone who would rather walk home than drink low alcohol beer (As the Engineering tunes says 'Low alcohol beer, what a fucking waste, who drinks beer for the fucking taste') when you want a bit of a breather strangle one of these.

****** Southwark Premium**

The first choice before a curry night, this hoppy wonder freshens any jaded palate. I believe this beer is a great scenery enhancer, as long afternoons on the Union bar balcony have proved many times.

****** Redback**

While I hesitate to recommend a shameless yuppie tool beer, a slice of lemon in a Redback or six is mighty fine, particularly if you still have few dollars left in your rent money after the dinner on the Typical Day. Light and refreshing this is best drunk after a hot lazy day at the beach or in the Austral on a steamy night.

• beers (Imported)

For the truly pretentious and/or BMW drivers, most overseas lagers in particular are a sign that says 'hey look-even though I can buy equally well made lagers in Australia they don't cost enough. I want no change from my \$20 when I buy a six pack. Two dollar coins just spoil the cut of my Cardin suit.'

Well beer wankers, if you want to know which ones are best, go waste your money trying them, coz I'm not telling you. Just avoid Corona, it's made of peasant piss.



• shiraz (aka Hermitage)

Shiraz, for mine is the King of no worries, value for money drinking. It's an incredibly versatile grape, suited to making fruity quaffing chillable summer reds right through to oaked, inky roaring twenty year monsters (ie Penfold's Grange Hermitage). In the \$10-15 bracket any Shiraz in a good year is bound to be acceptable, but here's a few places to start that I've found excellent drinking.

******* 1988 Mount Langhi Ghiran Victorian Shiraz (\$17)**

A big classy number. A teeth stainer this one. Not a Shiraz for the blouse wearers.

******* 1987 Rockfords Basket Press Shiraz (\$16)**

Another ten year beast, this Barossa Valley number has fruit overflowing the glass. Soft and round like....

****** 1987 St Hallet Old Block Shiraz (\$13)**

This Barossa Valley number is more astringent than the Rockfords making it better suited to drinking with food than in the privacy of your own room away from your greedy friends (known as the selfish c-word bottle of wine)

****** 1987 Henschke Mt. Edelstone (\$13)**

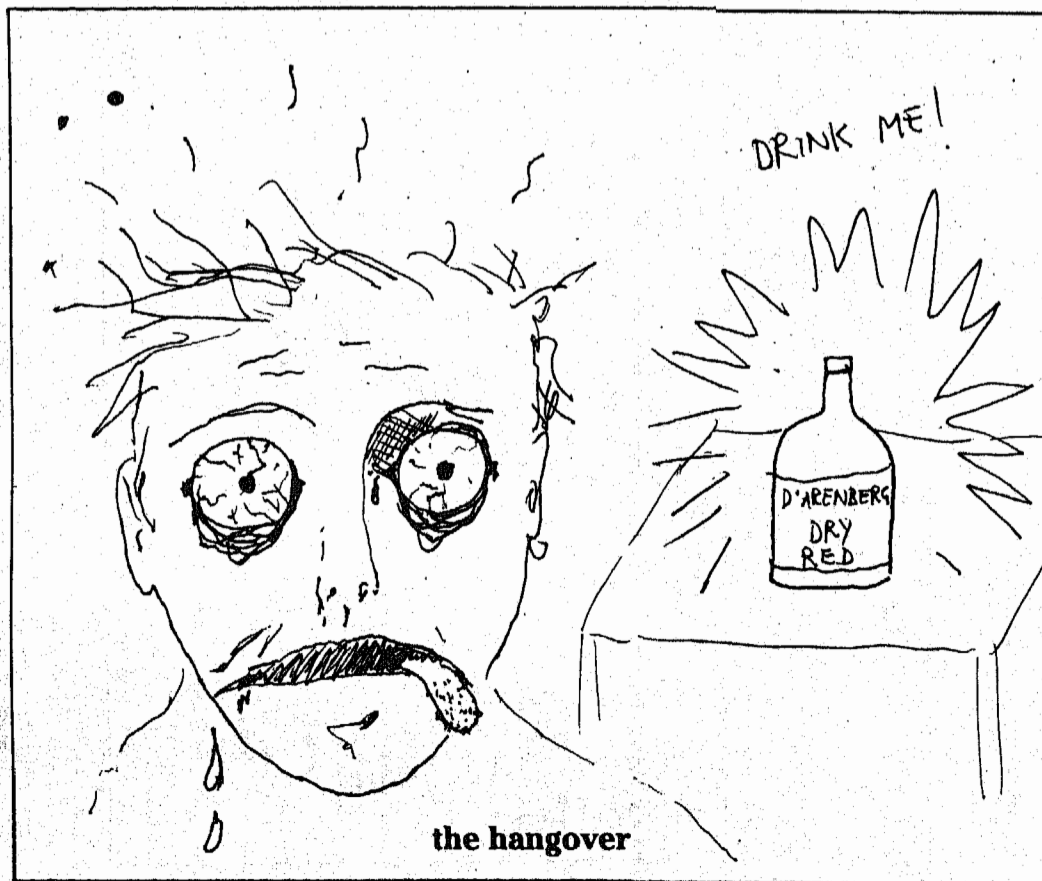
Made to age this tannic fruity freaker made using an open vat-fermentation technique is a popular restaurant standard. Order it and you won't be disappointed.

****** 1987 Penfold Coonawarra Bin 128 (\$9)**

Astringent, quality fruit wine-great with pasta. Unbelievable value. Some bottle shops have the '86 which is even better.

***** 1986/7/8 Wynns Coonawarra Hermitage (\$6)**

Astonishingly good value, this wine is an old standard that never fails. If you thought that good wine is too expensive, think again.



This stuff is cheaper than beer.

• fizz

When it comes to methode champenoise, you can either take out a student loan with Bruce Henderson and get some Krug or Bollinger or go for the increasingly better Australian versions. These days, the best are up there with the French. Fizz is the ultimate drink and you need no excuse to drink it.

******* Croser 1987 (\$27)**

Incessant mousse heralds an Adelaide Hills fizzy worth selling your grandmother for. Ideal for drinking in bed at breakfast or supper this is about as good as Australian methode champenoise can get.

******* 1986 Mountadam (\$33)**

Your going to need two grandmothers for this one. Softer, more obvious bottle age characters than the Croser, this is better drunk when you are.

****** Yellowglenn NV Cremant (\$13)**

Great value.

***** Angus Brut (\$5)**

This, for mine, is the best cheap fizzy. Well made, after what seems like several thousand bottles of this, I can heartily recommend it.

• sparkling burgundy

For a long time this Australian invention was regarded as strictly the domain of park bench dwellers. Thanks largely to Seppelts, it lives on and fortunately for lovers of this style, more winemakers are trying their hand at making it. Usually made with a little residual sugar, this is a great hangover cure or drunk under a tree after a lager frenzy barbecue. For the uninitiated, don't let the funny looks from others worry you because as it is said... the first time is the best time.

******* 1987 Peter Rumball Sparkling Burgundy**

Grab some of this. As the legendary Michael Spargo said to me 'better than virgin's blood and easier to get.'

******* Rockford's Black Shiraz (\$25)**

As Philip White says 'keep it away from the kiddies'. Made from grapes from Rocky's beastly old Shiraz vines, this roars out of the bottle and down your throat with ridiculous ease. This would convert a Moslem to drinking, no question.

***** Seppelts NV Sparkling Burgundy (\$10)**

Usually released at this time of the year for Christmas, the cheaper price tag means a crayfish will get you two. You'll want them.

• Drinks for drunks

*** D'Arenderg Dry Red (2 litre flagon \$6)**

*** Stanley Leasingham Claret (4 litre cask \$7)**

If you must be a drunk then at the very least don't drink Lambrusco or Brandivino. Drink these. Highly recommended by David Penberthy.

A cocktail party can be good, bad or shithot. The proof of the pudding is in the punch, so therefore make a punch that will get corpses smashed.

Organization is the key to a successful summer cocktail party, so get money from the invitees early and go and buy spirits needed for at least eight cocktails. Make the cocktails before the event (preferably the same day), and vats and vats of the above-mentioned punch. Make sure the guests wear black tie (ie FORMAL) and are quite prepared to sip genteely at first and then swill like bastards later. Prepare some nibbles such as fried axolotl, pickled herring and onion crepes, Bombay curry pagnuts (similar to peanuts), ground pig spine and other assorted finery.

Pick a good starting time, personally I favour 8.11pm, and play mood music. Perhaps D.R.I., or Dr. and the Crippens for a lighter feel about the proceedings, or Martika, Danii, Technotronics and so forth for a more nubile audience. And MOST importantly don't play the perfect host/hostess because as we know from evolution, nothing is perfect. (See panda's thumb for more conclusive evidence). Make sure that you enjoy yourself as much as the next person, if not more.

UNCLE DARIEN'S COCKTAILS

•Grass hopper

1oz Creme de Cacao
3/2 oz Creme de Menthe
3oz fresh cream
cracked ice
Shake ingredients and body to the groovy sounds of Roxette. Strain, strain into a champagne flute, add a scale model rain-forest and drink the bastard. Repeat process five times.

•Harvey Wallbanger

1oz Vodka
1oz Galliano
3oz Gin
orange juice, cherry
Pour ingredients into a glass, higgledy piggledy if at all possible and drink the bastard.

•Dry Martini

4oz Gin
4oz Dry Vermouth
4oz Vodka (optional)
cube of ice, olive
Into martini glass filled with ice cube, gently, sweetly and somewhat sensually pour gin. Add Dry Vermouth, stir clockwise, and guzzle like you've been in a desert without water for six weeks. Repeat process five times.

•Stingo aka Phillip

2/3 glass Brandy
1/3 glass Creme de menthe
Ice
Slosh brandy and Creme de menthe together, deposit ice down front of shirt/dress. Stagger slightly, open mouth wide and swallow whole thing like a very small anchovy from a Papa Guseppe pizza. Repeat process until incapable of rational thought.

•Bosom Caresser

2/3 glass Brandy
1/3 glass orange Curacao
egg yolk, teaspoon Grenadine, bay leaf
Shimmy with the brandy, egg yolk and Grenadine, titter about how you slopped a bit on your shirt/dress/fur. Put in glass, serve, drop trousers and scull the thing like there's no tomorrow. Repeat process until devoid of all clothing.

NO SHAME

The Dignity-Free Cocktail Party

Darien O'Reilly presents a handy guide to ambience-creation, beverage organisation and damage control, all designed to help you throw a cocktail party to remember.



•Bessie and Jessie

2oz Whiskey
2oz Advokaat
4oz milk
dollop Icecream
Slosh whiskey and milk uncertainly with icecream, put mixture down and turn up the song that's on the radio, groove around the kitchen breaking bread, rubbing bottoms with whoever happens to be there, chortle, pour mixture into highball glass and into your mouth which should be wide open. Laugh about the spillage, fall

into beanbag defacating on yourself and have another.

•Red Hot Poker

4 full measures Bacardi
Raspberry to taste (pint glass)
Go to the Crown and Sceptre hotel, order this drink and watch the barman try to stifle his laughter. Even better, order it at the Lockleys and guffaw uproariously as you get beaten to a bloody pulp by some people loosely described as bouncers. Repeat process until you lose the faculty

of speech.

•Jiminy Cricket

4 full measures Gin
Sarsparilla (Woodies Big Sars)
Ice and pint glass
Go to any pub with 37 mates/girls/things and order two for each person, play pool and watch yourself, from your position just outside normal consciousness, drink yourself into eternal oblivion, or at least oblivion for a period between 5 hours and 2 weeks.

D marijuana

R hallucinogens

L speed

J zoo

G caine isd

S k s m

Drugs have been around for years. Some drugs can be good, some can be bad. Some can send you far off into happy land forever, some just make you high for a few hours. Some of you avoid "drugs" and instead destroy your minds with alcohol. Some of you are less hypocritical. Unlike religion, drugs need not be simply a crutch to lean on, used properly, drugs can enhance your fun. People don't need to take drugs, much in the same manner that people don't need to go to the movies, most drugs are simply a recreational hobby. It is only when the drugs become an obsession that they become a problem. Every summer the message is the same, "Just say no thank you". As part of our exclusive summer supplement, On Dit has obtained a few impartial opinions on this most controversial of subjects.

MARIJUANA

Gunga In the Summer

The perfect all rounder; here are a few tips on smoking dakka this summer.

Marijuana (dope, weed, grass, mull, pot, green, cannabis, shit, hooch, dakka, dubage, whacky baccy, the list goes on) is perfect for parties, social gatherings, chats on the phone, watching TV, outings to the cinema, or listening to music. Some find it inspirational while writing essays but since you won't be doing much of that this summer (hopefully) you might have to resort to letter writing or poetry to vent your creative spleen.

As a rule we don't structure our smoking, we smoke it when we've got it. This is not to say that aren't the odd moments when the paranoia take over and the fear sets in and you'll really wish that you were straight. These occurrences usually involve persons in the form of parents, cops, or landlords.

Choosing your weed.

There are a few points to consider when it comes to selecting choice yandi. The marijuana plant is made of several parts, the good bits, the not so good bits, and the bad bits.

The head is the good bit, the leaf is the not so good bit. Of course even the not so good bits are better than no bits. The seeds and stems are the last resorts of a desperate cone head. Real smokers claim to shun this part of the plant in order to preserve some semblance of dignity, but in fact most would smoke the dirt the plant grew in when times are dry.

All those people who think they've got problems with the rising price of fuel should take time to consider the poor dope smoker. In the 1990s the average toker faces

an inflation factor of over 400% over a period of five years. This means that at the moment with good hooch selling for over \$10.00 per gram, it is more expensive than gold. This makes sense though: You can't smoke gold.

Now we don't want to point any fingers but we reckon that it's high time we marched upon the steps of the Department for Consumer Affairs and exposed the cops and their tyrannical pricing policies.

For the smoker whose stash has reached critical depletion levels,

ie run out, there will always be pipe/bhong scrapings. The sticky black resin you scrape from your favorite pipe can be very effective if not especially pleasant.

Cocktails

Grass is useful for enhancing the total drug experience. A choice cone of wicked head provides the perfect lead up to the LSD adventure. If you take speed you can get stoned for longer because you're awake for longer and can therefore smoke more. Dope is great for

calming the aggro drunkard, many people mix tobacco with their dope because it makes the dope last longer and 2. because they like it. This mixture is often referred to as "spji". Other drugs that go well with dope are caffeine, cocaine, in fact any drugs.

Your Busted!

The biggest danger inherent to dope smoking is the bust. Busts are largely revenue raisers for the state. In SA on the spot fines apply for small quantities of hooch, as compared to QLD where less than 100 grams of dope will get you a 15 year prison term. In SA it is not so much the quantity, as the way in which the dope is packaged that is the issue. If your stash is divided into "sticks" or "bags" (usually 1 gram), then you risk being done for dealing. This is a criminal offence.

On the whole dope is a fun recreational drug which should be endorsed and its use encouraged rather than frowned upon by the law and adding gold to the coffers of organised criminals such as the government, and their police.

CANNABIS - A MEDICAL OPINION

The active constituent of marijuana, which is derived from the plant Cannabis sativa, is delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol (THC). It is most efficiently absorbed by smoking: three times as much THC is absorbed by smoking as by oral ingestion of an equivalent amount. The first effects are noticed within minutes after smoking.

The physical effects of a low dose of THC include dry mouth, increased heart rate, increased appetite and thirst, and conjunctival injection (red eyes). At higher doses blood pressure and heart rate fall and pupillary diameter decreases.

The psychological effects at low doses include mood elevation and a feeling of well being, and perceptual distortion, including a sense of time being slowed down. Higher doses can affect short-term memory and cause suspiciousness, sensations of depersonalisation and derealisation, and visual and auditory hallucinations. Panic

reactions can ensue, and paranoid states can last from a few hours to a few days.

Casual smokers are often more impaired cognitively and in psychomotor tasks than habitual users. However, chronic users are less likely to distinguish placebo from active THC, suggesting that some of the effects of the drug are based on learned responses.

Chronic use of marijuana can cause lowering of testosterone levels and sperm count. Heavy smoking can cause emphysema or even lung cancer. There is no evidence of teratogenicity. (Congenital deformities.)

There are conflicting reports about whether a syndrome of physical dependence develops. One study described irritability, insomnia, restlessness, sweating, nausea and diarrhoea after cessation of long term use, but this has not been replicated.

The relationship between marijuana and psychosis is unclear. A

toxic psychosis has been described similar to other states of delirium. Symptoms of this are said to include aggression, blunting of mood, paranoid ideation and hallucinations. As to longer term psychotic states, studies have not clearly distinguished between primary psychosis caused by marijuana and the onset of schizophrenia temporarily coinciding with drug use. A Swedish study of 46000 conscripts found the incidence of schizophrenia in heavy marijuana users to be three times that of non-smokers. This study, however, failed to control for several important variables, including the use of other drugs by marijuana users.

Early writers on the subject described an amotivational syndrome in heavy smokers. The symptoms of this were said to include decreased drive, volition and ambition, also apathy, inactivity, self neglect and decreased concern about the future. This is

now thought to reflect pre-existing personality and socio-economic factors and family background.

There is a vast amount of conflicting data on heavy marijuana use. This makes it difficult to agree with unequivocal statements that marijuana is a dangerous drug. However, as with alcohol, inappropriate or uncontrolled use, particularly in association with driving or water sports can lead to risks to one's health or safety.

Solomons, K and Neppe, VM. South African Medical Journal (1989) Vol. 76 pp.102-104

TRIPS

There is a little song I sing when in a particularly good mood. It goes like this:

Some people like to smoke

some dope

Some people snort cocaine.

Some people inject heroin

Directly through their vein

but when you weigh up all the

options

There's nothing quite the same

As the zip flip flop of an Acid

Trip

To drive your mind insane

Oh yes indeed LSD (and to a lesser extent Trips, DMA, DMT, etc) is the Rolls Royce of the Drug world. Yum.

There is an overwhelming sense of finality involved in taking a trip. As soon as the little bit of paper (gel, whatever. Trips come in all shapes and sizes) hits your tongue you get the same feeling of anticipation as when diving into a pool, the temperature of which is unknown. You know what I mean, that sense of "I've done it now, there's no turning back" type feeling. This lasts about thirty seconds for most people, but soon fades - replaced by the more natural feeling of "well, come on, hey why ain't I tripping yet?". Trips can take between 45 minutes to 2 hours to take proper effect and when they do they can creep up on you. The best advice I can give for people who are taking a trip for the first time is to smoke a shitload of dope and drink heaps as well during the first hour. That way you know for sure when the Trip is working because, quite apart from the dry feeling in your mouth, you feel suddenly, wonderfully, sober again and you start taking more notice of the less significant things in your life.

So now you're tripping. You

beauty! Welcome to the most fun a person can have. There are many things you will now want to do. Some of these things will be harmless, some will be less harmless, and some will be outright dangerous. Harmless things include:

- Look at fluff for hours and giggle to yourself;
- go to the pub and drink for hours and giggle to yourself;
- go to a nightclub and drink for hours and dance a lot and giggle to yourself;
- examine the cracks in the walls and giggle to yourself;
- take more drugs (especially speed; more trips etc).

Less harmless things to do are:

- Ride a bike;
- climb short trees;
- explore your neighbourhood;
- explore someone else's neighbourhood;
- go window shopping;
- hide dodgem cars;
- go swimming.

Dangerous things to do:

- Drive (especially dangerous is driving very fast interstate - the white lines go all wobbly and on coming cars do weird things. If you must drive do it in someone else's car).
- Climb tall trees; (there is nothing worse than admiring the view, albeit distorted, from the top of a 300 metre scotch pine, and then not being able to get down.)
- Climb major architectural structures such as buildings, bridges, Eiffel Tower etc;
- visit the police station and start asking stupid questions;
- try to buy anything from a straight person;
- swimming in shark infested waters alone at night.

You will note that most of the items on the danger list are also

dangerous when not tripping. The truth of the matter is that you are safer when tripping than when not tripping if doing more physical things like climbing. While tripping you will notice that all of the motor functions your body performs automatically become more automatic. This is hard to imagine if you have never tripped before, but believe me it's true. Your ability to walk a straight line, along with other balance related things, improves dramatically, as does your stamina. A quick stroll from Unley to Stirling and back will only get wearing as you approach home and the sun has popped its ugly head over the horizon. Tripping is a generally, but not exclusively, nocturnal activity.

A whole trip will last you about 10 to 16 hours on average; during which time you will experience a wide variety of sensations. Some trips come in colour, some speed you up, some make you introspective, but all are fun. There is no such thing as a bad trip, only a wasted trip. (Do not give trips to your cat as it will die.)

More strange things happen to tripping people than to any other group of people. This gives them a different view of life which the more phillistine elements of our society tend to regard with disdain. Sucked in straight folk! You don't know what you're missing.

Unlike speed, dope, coke etc, Trips are not a drug that can be taken every day. Taking multi trips (sic) is a waste of money as all that happens is you stay awake and get tired. Only take drugs in moderation, especially trips, otherwise after a while you will become a loony.

Speed aka zip, go, zoot, fast, wizz, flizz, white, Frank.

There is nothing as exciting as getting up in the morning and having a speed laced coffee for breakfast, then sitting down with some decent guitar room a zoom zoom music until it starts to come on.

Speed (amphetamine) is the staple drug of the multiple drug user (MDU). The MDU is one who can never say enough and speed is the one drug that is probably most responsible for this. It is usually sold in "gram" weights as a fine white powder, however I have regularly come across evil smelling and wickedly strong gluggy stuff that has a pale blue or pink hue.

Speed can be taken through the nose, through the stomach (dissolved in coffee or similar), or intravenously. Injecting (known as blasting) is the most satisfactory and efficient way of getting that *bang zing tingling* feeling slamming up your spine. I find however that drinking speed on an empty stomach in particular can have much the same effect and avoids the use of needles. Snorting, I think, is stupid since a lot of the speed stays lodged in your nasal passages and is slow to be absorbed. (It also fucks up your nose.) That's a waste since one of the charms of speed is the roaring singing *I-can-do-anything* feeling that comes in the initial rush.

Speed can be mixed with any drug without fear. It's great with as much weed as you can lay your hands on and gives extra vitality and clarity to ecstasy and other hallucinogens. The only word of warning I'd give is that while drinking like a fish is not a problem when you're on the zip, often the hangover arrives while you are still

speeding. The sanctuary of sleep is therefore not an option. Also speed dries you out so when combined with alcohol you can end up feeling like the Simpson.

The most important adage to remember when dealing with the white stuff is that what it gives it also taketh away. When you are zipping like the Bullet Train, it is sometimes difficult to remember this. For every day on the go there is the day on the slow on the other side. These slow days are characterised by slowness of thought processes in particular. But the upside is that the brain races like a stallion at full gallop when you are full on speeding. This is particularly useful when writing essays in a hurry.

Taking speed requires a little forethought. For instance, if you are planning on buying a gram (price varies from \$40-60 depending on real weight, quality, whether you know the dealer personally) and taking it all yourself (what a damned fine idea), put aside a good five days. These will be entertaining days. Speed is the drug if you wanna party party party and party some more. You will get very used and attached to the dawn.

Unlike weed, trips or even ecstasy, speed takes quite a while to get out of your system to the extent that your *Frank-ness* (known as the zoot factor) is no longer apparent. You become very talkative on speed, yapping on about the first thing that comes into your head. This can lead to long and interesting monologues that may scare the uninitiated. Unless you are very cool about it, it's a good idea to avoid parents and employers after the third day of constant

turn to page 64

"And summer hath a short a

er's lease ll too date"

What is a summer book? What is it about a particular book which creates a summery mood? What books should you read over the summer holidays?

Stephanie Pribil, the On Dit books editor, presents her own personal guide for enjoyable and rewarding summer reading.

"And summer's lease hath all too short a date"... so Shakespeare tells us. Why then would a person spend fleeting summer days reading, when they could be making hot passionate love or soaking up the sun or floating on a jewelled sea or indulging in any other cliched pastime of summer?

The answer is simple. Let's face it, summer in South Australia is hot. Sex, surf, and sun may be fun for a while - okay, a long while - but think of the sweat, the skin cancer, the sunburn... Get the picture? Lying back in the shade with a long glass of Sangria becomes an attractive alternative... for a while. Then boredom sets in. This is when a good book enters the picture.

So, what then is a good book for summer? For me, summer reading has to evoke a heated atmosphere, physical or psychological, or preferably both. Or, there must be a taste of the exotic, or a sense of danger, or a touch of melancholic brooding for the past. Of course, it all has to be entertaining, too. Here are some books that fit the bill...

The Meredith Trilogy, made up of *My Brother Jack*, *Clean Straw For Nothing* and *A Cartload of Clay*, by George Johnston. I hated these books when I first read them, but I re-read them one summer and now I think Johnston's work is possibly the best statement there is about Australia. The story is basically about writer/journo David Meredith and his Melbourne childhood, his expatriate years spent in Greece and England, and his later years in Sydney. All three novels burn with summer images and have a brooding haziness about them. But forget the sangria. Read these with a cold beer.

Any of Charmian Clift's books, mainly for the deliciously hot Greek and Australian settings. "Australia Day" and "The Centre" in *The World According to Charmian Clift* are particularly apt for those red-hot bushfire days.

Few people would disagree that the beach plays a large part in the Australian summer consciousness, so Robert Drewe's *The Body-surfers* and *The Bay of Contented Men* should easily claim idle summer minds. There is both sexual heat and heated sex, especially in the former book which has titles such as "Eighty-percent Humidity" and "Baby Oil" amongst the twelve short stories collected here.

Far from being short, Xavier Herbert's *Capricornia* could offer the challenge of the summer. Set in the tropical north of Australia,

it has lust, dust, intrigue, black blood, white blood, murder...the works! There is also a four-page "cast of characters", so you need not despair when the heat warps your memory. Excellent at any time of the year, *My Place* by Sally Morgan and *The Songlines* by Bruce Chatwin are improved by summer heat in that you can feel the stories, not just picture them.

Physical and psychological heat are perhaps best combined in Kenneth Cook's *Wake in Fright*, where the outback's rough-and-tumble quickly becomes perverse and sick. I have a vague recollection of another eerie outback book called *Walkabout*, but it seems to have gone walkabout itself, so keep your eyes opened for it because it is a great summer book.

Shifting from one hot continent to another, African heat is captured brilliantly by Adam Zameenzad in *My Friend Matt and Hena the Whore*. The story deals mainly with the plight of a group of children whose lives are gradually transformed by drought, famine, starvation, war and corruption. The scenes set in the hellish heat of an old, dirty, stinking bus chugging through the desert to "salvation" are quite menacing, particularly when contrasted to the scenes of cool opulence in a five-star hotel. This book burns. Read it.

Also set in Africa is *Anthills of the Savannah* by Chinua Achebe, he of *Things Fall Apart* notoriety. The title alone makes me think of summer. The same applies to Andre Brink's *A Dry White Season*, but this one is set in South Africa where quiet Ben Du Toit becomes rabid when his friend dies at the hands of the police. *An Instant in the Wind*, also by Brink, sees the tension played out between a white woman and a black man who are stranded in South Africa's burning interior. The racial passion alone generates quite a bit of heat...

If you prefer passion and heat of Latin persuasion, read Isabelle Allende's *Of Love and Shadows* or *Eva Luna*. The title character of the latter muses that she "came into the world with a breath of the jungle in [her] memory" and from what I have read this humid, sultry atmosphere pervades the story...definitely a need for sangria here.

I am told that Gabriel Garcia Marquez has a great summer tale, but since it's in Spanish, I will have to suggest one of his English translations, perhaps *Love in the Time of Cholera*. While in the area of Central America, try to read Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*. The title indicates some of the hot

sentiment behind this novel, and the pages are crammed with images of Mexico and a complex pattern of relationships between the characters. You may become hot under the collar with attempts to decipher the Spanish, French and Latin bits, but that will just add to the summer effect of it all, won't it?

Jump the ocean, find yourself in France and read *Betty Blue* by Philippe Dijan. Hot and steamy - "37° le matin" - this exemplifies summer. Read it, watch it, listen to it, anyway you can!

The classic American summer heat book would have to be *To Kill a Mockingbird*. This one has come off my shelf for the last six summers. Another summer story from the ol' USA is John Steinbeck's *Cannery Row* which is a lot shorter than *The Grapes of Wrath* and thus makes it an easier summer read.

Alice Walker's *The Color Purple* evokes both the darkness and the brilliant colour of the American South, and since the book is a collection of letters it can be read in bits-and-pieces between other summer activities.

Summer may be a time of relaxation, and thus a rest from crime and madness, but it can also enhance the darker side of a story. For the few remaining who haven't read *The Bell Jar*, make sure you read it this summer. The opening line "It was a queer, sultry summer, the summer they electrocuted the Rosenbergs..." leads into a story that loses something when read at any other time of year.

I hated every character - perhaps with the exception of Campbell - in Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities*, but I liked the story because its New York summer setting suited the people-grimy, sticky and best forgotten. If you want to read without having to think a great deal, then this is the novel for you.

Summer would be incomplete without a vacation somewhere, and there are few better books with which to go travelling with than P.J. O'Rourke's *Holidays in Hell*. Short and biting recollections make this a must. If you want to go all the way with P.J., find a copy of his *Modern Manners: Etiquette for Very Rude People*. This is the literary equivalent of a bungee jump - once you take that first step over the edge, there is no changing your mind! With vitriolic advice on drinking, eating, weddings, funerals, oral sex, and introducing two people when you've forgotten both their names, this is the book to have when all else falls to entertain.

Obviously, summer has plenty of distractions and you may think there is not much point in starting a novel if you're never going to finish it. And bloody right you are too! So find a collection of short stories or poetry instead.

Deep Down is a good starting point, with

both poetry and prose pieces, and both men and women should react to the fairly sexual writing.

Helen Danel "hosts" a collection of short stories by Australian authors, where each story has been inspired by Jeffrey Smart's painting Cahill Expressway. A brilliant idea, I think.

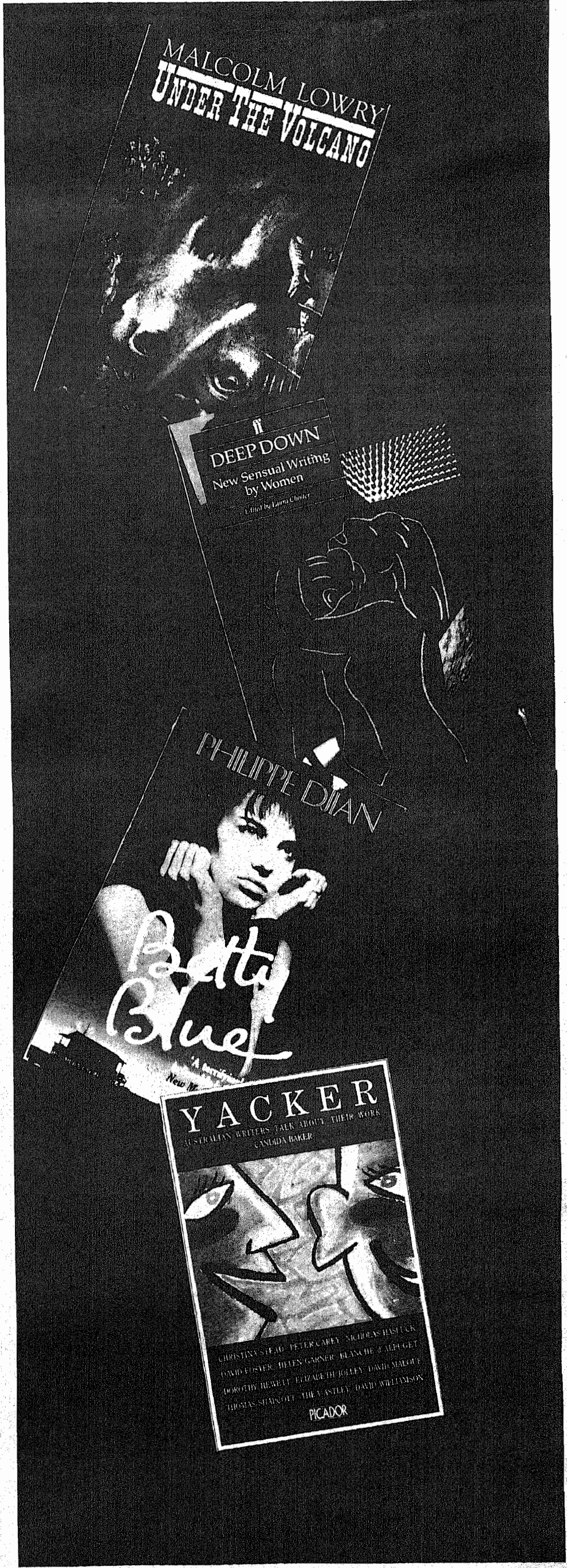
Not Drowning, But Waving is a collection of entries in The National Short Story Competition, and heat, dust and flies figure prominently in these Australian slices-of-life.

Again, those who prefer foreign heat and "exotic" locations can satisfy their thirst with *The Faber Book of Contemporary Caribbean Short Stories* and *The Faber Book of Contemporary Latin-American Short Stories*. Best of the bunch is, however, *The World of the Short Story* edited by Clifton Fadiman. Again, those who prefer foreign works will find here the work of Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Truman Capote, Milan Kundera and Phillip Roth, to name a few. Besides being "short" - and therefore easy for lazy summer days, quite a few of these stories deal with psychological, physical, emotional, national and/or local heat and pressures. Everyone can find something in this book.

So, next time you find yourself hot, tired and bored, search your bookshelf and grab a sangria (or a beer) and start reading. Who knows what you'll find this summer. It will make you appreciate summer all the more.

If you would like to get your hands on some of the books I've discussed, here's a list of prices and publishers you can take to your favourite bookstore:

- *Betty Blue*
Philippe Dijan
Abacus, \$17.95
- *The Bell Jar*
Sylvia Plath
Faber and Faber, \$14.95
- *Deep Down*
New Sensual Writing by Women
Faber and Faber, \$17.95
- *The World of the Short Story*
Picador, \$24.95
- *The World of Charmian Clift*
Charmian Clift
Imprint, \$12.95
- *My Friend Matt and Hena the Whore*
Adam Zameenzad
Flamingo, \$11.95
- *Yacker*
Candida Baker
Picador, \$15.95
- *Under the Volcano*
Malcolm Lowry
Picado, \$15.99



HOT FLICKS

Fay Khoo previews new releases coming out over this summer.

Well, kiddies, Summer's almost here again, but don't let yourself be limited by the usual sun and surf fun - sure, it's all good and fun to sit by the pool / sea sunbathing, socialising and drinking / smoking; but twenty years down the line, when your skin is more wrinkled than crepe, and you have more cancers than a Chernobyl factory worker, you're gonna wish you took in a few movies in the summer of 90-91.

So- take heed and brace yourself for the formidable repertoire of Summer Movies prepared especially for you - remember, it's hip to be in on what's goin' down: just say Neato, check your libido, and roll into the theatre in your new tuxedo.

Everyone's talkin' about - Total Recall (season starts Dec 6), this futuristic movie that cost about \$1000 billion to make, features Arnie "Hollywood-legend-and-all-round-good-guy" Schwarzenegger. Hate it or love it, this movie's gonna be bigger than King Kong (the ape I mean). Directed by Paul Verhoeven (who, as coincidence would have it, also directed Robocop), Total Recall promises to be the summer action movie. With spectacular visual effects, it is, if the previews are accurate, a mustn't-miss.

Another hot item on the summer agenda is none other than Robocop 2 (commencing Nov 8), directed by Irvin Kershner (Empire Strikes Back). Also comprising an unimaginably gigantic budget, this sci-fi action-oozing movie picks up the threads of its predecessor (the cast and crew watched Robocop a hundred times, what a great way to pass a fortnight, in order to emulate exactly its style and form), and follows the pattern of a disinterested half-man-half-robot programmed to "serve the public interest" in a crime ridden city, assisted only by his ever faithful comrade Lewis (Nancy Allen). The climax promises to be explosively pant-wetting, and despite my scepticism about sequels, I must, based on the original Robocop's mind-bogglingly captivating success, recommend this as compulsory summer viewing.

Harrison Ford in Presumed Innocent (Nov 15) also seems quite an attractive option. The shorts are eye-catching and the plot, closely based on Scott Turow's novel, anticipates a thoroughly engrossing courtroom thriller-type movie - it portrays Ford as the prosecutor who is thrust onto the other ugly side of the legal system when he is accused of murder.

Controversial Spike Lee (Do the Right Thing and She's Gotta Have It) has a new film out - Mo' Better Blues - which focusses on relationships and jazz. It is predicted to have brilliant cinematography and a quite palatable original score by Bill Lee. A must-see for music buffs, and for its salubrious blend of African / American culture.

Ghost (starting Oct 25) however, is a bit of a dicey gamble. Starring Patrick Swayze (who, after his performance as brainless bouncer in Road House, will never quite regain credibility with me), Whoopi Goldberg and Demi Moore, it has been given a whopper advertising budget. However, whether or not it will live up to expectations



remains to be seen.

Of course, summer's never quite complete without the compulsory perverse splatter schmaltz - watch out for (wait for this) Basket Case 2, more tasteless than Chinese food without MSG (On the theme of twin team-work, Dead Ringers pales in comparison); Frankenhoker - a repugnant

tale about love and disjointed body parts; and Arachnophobia (guess what this one's about?!).

So kiddos, summer promises to be an absolute scream, not to mention a gut-splitting bundle of fun. When the heat is on, rely on the flicks for a bit of air-conditioned relief and escapism. Why wait for a drunken

shmuck to provide entertainment when you can get it immediately in the movies? Don't twiddle your thumbs in between parties and hangovers, remember, the key phrase this summer is: CATCH A FLICK. Have fun. Have joy. And don't forget to Slip, Slop and Slap!

BEACH BLANKET BINGO AND BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN

*The On Dit film crew presents a guide
to their favourite summer films*

Andy Joyner

1] Summer Holiday - an extraordinarily beautiful film in which Cliff Richard and the boys drive a bus around Europe with little care for traffic regulations, pick up a conveniently matching number of girls to fulfill the appropriate domestic duties and then immerse themselves in a web of love and sixties' muzak. An added bonus is the scene in which Cliff sings a sad song in a see-through mesh top. Low on credibility, high on fun.

2] Betty Blue - One of the most charming love stories to ever appear on the screen. I saw it in the middle of winter and thought instantly of summer. A film brimming with light and heat.

3] Where the Boys Are - A muscle beach party concerning itself with wayward teenagers, sex and love, and the legitimacy of beach volleyball. One of the few beach films to be told from a female perspective (albeit the Hollywood version of 'female'). With this film, the 60's mainstream aesthetic reached the level of intense beauty that it always promised.

4] A Room with a View - An elegant, beautifully structured film which is at the same time surprisingly sensual. Yet again, a film about love and consummation.

5] Cocktail - A truly frightening cinematic experience whose only real value lies in the humour of its atrocity. But what a value it is! Tom Cruise performs with his usual ability to annoy and manages to find the S-spot (stupid, or alternatively, sleeping-spot) of every woman he sleeps with, allowing the audience to revel in a lot of sizzling hot love wrestling. Redefining genres in every frame, it also contains the real horror that is 'Kokomo'. It involves unwanted pregnancy, suicide, failed romances, and summer shirts, becoming a film so low in ideological worth that it is almost creepy. This film caused my significant viewing partner to come up with the idea of holding a dinner party at your home and before everyone arrives, disconnecting the toilet from plumbing so that whoever chooses to take a dump in the toilet soon realises that they (and everyone else who attempts to use it) are unable to leave the pleasure of their exhumed company. This fact alone makes the film a 'must-see.'

Ben 'Twisty Turny' Allen

1] Ferris Bueller's Day Off - seen it a dozen times, magic US teen schmaltz with kick. Save Ferris!

2] Pretty in Pink - similar to above, John Hughes' classic tale of teen high school love. Love the Duckman.

3] Miss America 1989 - Is this for real? How come they all want to do "Lar" at Harvard? The song and dance routines are wild. Watch for keyboard playing.

4] Up the Khyber - well, err, what can I say?

5] Summer School - token summer entry. Tits and bums take a back seat to entertaining summer jokey stuff. Come to think of it, it's not really a classic, but what the heck.

Dave 'Freak' Krantz:

- 1] Repo Man
- 2] Blue Velvet
- 3] Robocop
- 4] Bladerunner
- 5] Heathers

Rachel Healy:

- 1] The Green Ray
- 2] High Tide
- 3] Return Home
- 4] Betty Blue
- 5] Sweetie

Dave Sag:

- 1] Bladerunner
- 2] When Harry Met Sally
- 3] The Terminator
- 4] Simon of the Desert
- 5] Dial P for Pizza.

Fay Khoo:

1] Baxter - truly an incomparably ugly tale about an ugly dog. Puts new meaning into the phrase "It's a dog's life."

2] Heathers - If you don't laugh yourself silly, worry.

3] Siesta - weird but thoroughly captivating. A hot movie set in a hot country, makes you sweaty.

4] Unbearable Lightness of Being - you've probably heard all about it, now see it. Reaches the highest pinnacles of erotica and sensuality, but not cheap thrills.

5] Clambake - when is summer ever complete without a good dose of the King? An absolutely grotesque monster of a movie. Don't expect intellectual sensitivity, just lots of fun.

6] Eat The Rich - Summer, a time for dieting? Well, Eat the Rich should be a magnificently effective appetite depressant. Packed with laughs, it is a movie that should do Britain proud.

7] Room With A View - regardless of what anyone else chooses to say about it, Room With A View, for me, evokes dormant memories of scented fields, young love with the potential for unbridled passion, and mystical faraway lands. A beautifully made movie that will always hold an attraction; truly a film that transcends time and seasons.

8] Porkys - Even before I saw the movie, I smelt meat. A formidably repugnant stew of human atrocities which is also rather shamefully funny.

Dave Penberthy

1.) A Touch of Class
George Segal is the brash New York businessman and unfaithful husband, and



Glenda Jackson the curt single English woman, who, bored with her design job sets out to have a no strings attached affair. It's actually quite sad in some ways, as it becomes a steady relationship. Excellent script, superbly acted. Very funny scene in the Costa del Sol in Spain when he is disgusted that she describes his love making technique as "nice". ("Nice?! What, like getting a greeting card is 'nice'")

2.) Blame it On Rio

Morally indefensible. But Michael Caine is such a neat, understated actor. His soliloquies facing the camera are a pleasure to watch. Crap story and very suss from an ideological perspective, but then would you rather write a three thousand word analysis of the Blame It On Rio subtext, or have a few easy and slightly perverse chuckles as the beautiful people scruff about in Brasil wearing not enough clothes?

3.) The Year My Voice Broke

Best OZ film ever. Apart from the brilliantly original story line, the shots of the two kids running about in the dry fields are beautiful.

4.) The Graduate

Dustin Hoffman is very, very cool as the graduate, who gets dragged (not entirely against his will) into a relationship with the forty-two year old Mrs Robinson, who is married and is the mother of a girl in his class who he fancies. Complicated, hilarious, tragic, with a top ending that leaves resolves nothing. Almost worth watching solely for the scene in which Hoffman hides from his relatives at his graduation party by sitting on the bottom of the pool with his scuba gear on.



I Was Tortured by Joe Dolce

Jodie Wilson reflects on how her purchase of Ripper 77 at the tender age of six, and her terrifying encounter with Joe Dolce's "Shaddapaya Face" have shaped her life and her love of summer and music.

Summertime, when not being tortured by listening to Joe Dolce's Christmas album, its grooves worn through by one's psychopathic six year old brother, and not being told by one's mother to "turn that shit down" on the premise that it's oppressive to her soul, I like to partake in all listening conquest. A conquest, because traditionally, summer is a time for "summer hits".

What denotes a "summer hit"? No doubt everyone has a copy of "Ripper '77", complete with bands such as Hush, The Studs, Taste, Rumour and Supernaut. These are the compilation albums of fine music that you can buy on special at Big W. There are 90's equivalents, however "Ripper '77" has a place in my heart as, besides "Bert's Blockbusters From Sesame Street", it was my first rock music record. At 6 years of age I was proud to own a copy. A record from the summer of my life.

Nowadays, I find such records to be good stocking stuffers. What about the entourage of well-known soapie stars and news readers donating their generous 'talents' to raise money for a worthy cause. Are these "summer hits"? No, I do not believe this to be the case. The case is a carton of VB. Summer hits are the songs I play on my broken mono cartape recorder. Why should musical tastes be changed just because you are hot and sweaty a bit more often?

Summer music brings to mind music about the sun. Need I go further to explain that this means Don Henley's 'Boys of Summer', Bryan Adams' 'Summer of '69' etc. However, I feel that this kind of music need not be listened to. Summer should be treated like the rest of the year. Listen to music appropriate to the occasion. The same type of music you listen to in autumn, winter and spring. The only benefit of summer is that you can listen to

more of it.

Here are a few tips on how you can efficiently handle your listening during summer:

Situation A

Sunbaking by the pool or the beach. The best band to listen to in this context are the Violent Femmes. "Blister in the Sun" is a highly topical song that will bring to mind memories of caucasian summers. It carries a subliminal health warning for those of us who are pale blue and have to sunbake before we go pale pink.

Situation B

Driving anywhere (down the beach in summer). Listen to Ska. Firstly, listen to "Whiskey Bar" by the Baby Snakes. "Oh Oh Oh, Where's that Whiskey Bar". You may find you can make up your own words

appropriate to your favourite beverage, such as "Oh Oh Oh, Where's that Milo Milkshake Bar", or "Oh Oh Oh, Where's that Vodka Bar", etc. Also "Don Vito and the Revolt at the Madhouse" by Kortaty. This song is good for making a quick getaway.

Other good driving music is The Pixies' "Doolittle" or the Stone Roses.

Situation C

If you are really hot late at night. Reggae, such as "Montego Bay" by the Allniters or Thrash Reggae such as Hoot McKlout (see them live), or the Bad Brains, or even plain Thrash. If you want to be really hot at night go and see Roaring Jack, or better still The Pogues.

Situation D

Studying. Not something you do much in summer. Sonic Youth is great to study to, shower to, anything to.

Situation E

Getting stoned. What else - The Doors.

Situation F

Suiciding. The Smiths. Forget Judas Priest, Ossy Osbourne, Rory's Death Cult. Anyone who kills themselves has got to be sensitive enough not to listen to heavy metal.

Situation G

If all else fails, listen to Midnight Oil. If any group typifies summer in Australia (maybe 'cos they are Australian) it is the Oils. Especially 'Red Sails in the Sunset'. You can smell the sweat globules from Peter Garrett's head whenever you listen to them.

However, this summer I intend to make some money so I can buy more records. Alternatively I will invest in many blank tapes and force them upon well endowed friends to tap into the wealth of musical opportunity out there.





sticky music

What is it about a particular song that makes us associate it with summer? It can be a particular occasion on which we heard it, or the lyrics, sound or rhythm of the song itself. Here, a team of On Dit writers report on their favourite summer songs and explain why they are of special significance to them.

Stephanie Pribil

Betty Blue - Soundtrack
Every minute of it is pure heat.

Let It Go - Luba
Reminds me of a cross between William's Deep South and Hemingway's Spain - dark, sultry and passionate.

True - Spandau Ballet
It's lazy, hazy and languid. It also reminds me of my first broken heart. Sigh.

Throw Your Arms Around Me - Hunters and Collectors
Especially at night. What more can I say?

Don't Look at Me - Be Brave
Local Band, local memories, this will be my song for this summer.

Dave Sag

Eternal Flame - The Bangles
You know, it's funny but I clearly remember sitting in my conservatorium with Paul Champion, listening to a tape of one of his Student radio broadcasts, in particular Eternal Flame. I don't remember much about that day now, but the sounds still float in my mind.

Kool Thing - Sonic Youth
The first time I heard this song I was hooked. I had been awake for almost 4 days,

I had left my job, I was feeling very hyped, I wanted to party. This song changed my life.

Pictures of You - The Cure
A great all rounder, this song stirs the heart and wrenches the soul. When Bobby Smith sings "If only I'd thought of the right words ..." It means more than nothing but less than everything.

Airhead - Thomas Dolby
One of the late 1980's classics, Airhead redefines pop, redefines funk. Thomas Dolby is the white person's Prince.

Anything by Blondie (or even stuff of the latest Debbie Blondie album)
Very few boys, can claim not to have masturbated wildly at the thought of Debbie Blondie. She was and is an icon of pop, and an inspiration to many. Only Kate Bush has the power to overwhelm her intrinsic fantasy value.

Dave Penberthy

Rattlesnakes - Lloyd Cole and the Commotions
Wonderfully light, jangly guitar, groovy and intelligent vocals and uplifting melodies, Rattlesnakes is my summer album of choice. A bit of a sentimental fave - it was the only tape I had on me for two months when I was travelling in Mexico during summer '86.

Jaws of Life - Hunters and Collectors

Slightly ockerish barble-and-beer music, to be played at an unreasonably high volume. The Jaws of Life is rougher and meatier than the Hunna's other work.

Treeless Plain - The Triffids
Every song conveys a sense of heatstroke and dementia. David McComb's brooding vocals and Jill Birt's screeching organ sound combine brilliantly, particularly on tracks like Hanging Shed, Hell of a Summer and Old Ghost Rider, all of which are about regrettable/violent/fatal incidents carried out under intense heat.

Boys of Summer - Don Henley
On a sunny afternoon during swot-vac in matric, when Mum and Dad were at work, I abandoned my biology revision and rode my bike to my girlfriend's house in Parkside. We got her Dad's old tandem and a transistor radio and pedalled around the suburbs. We visited her friends at the Walford boarding house on Commercial Road, where I was kicked out by a matronly looking mistress.

We rode off on the tandem and bought icecreams. As we were sitting together in Heywood Park, Boys of Summer came on the radio. I looked at her and said, "It's our song." It was then that I realised our relationship was completely unlike any other experienced by teenagers. We were different. We were special.

But those days are gone forever. I should just let them go.

Ramonesmania - Ramones
Telephone Free Landslide Victory - Camper Van Beethoven
Give Me Convenience or Give Me Death - Dead Kennedys
La Colección - Mariachi Vargas de Tecatitlan
Tune Up - Miles Davis

It's a toss-up for number five between (respectively) the Ramones (for such summer greats as Rockaway Beach and Rock and Roll High School), CVB's demented calypso tunes and anthems like "I Was so Wasted" and "Club Med Sucks", the DK's ridiculously fast and frenetic sound, Mexican folk songs by Vargas, the King of the Mariachis, and Miles' lilting trumpet. So I'll cheat and take all five of them.

Jason Bootle

Beastie Boys - Licensed to Ill
Loud obnoxious fun. The (summer) album of all time, containing the party anthem, Fight For Your Right.
Pull out the water pistol and push your friends into the swimming pool music.

The Cult - Electric
Foot on the accelerator, window wide open, wind-swept hair, speakers blaring. Non-stop rock n'rock from 'Wildflower' through to 'Love Removal Machine' and 'Born To Be Wild'.

The Housemartins - London 0 Hull 4
Bright, positive, quirky pop. Always with a smile on its face. How can you past the fun and frivolity of 'Sheep', 'Happy Hour' and 'Get Up off Your Knees'.

The Smiths - Queen Is Dead
Old Morrissey the moaner is actually in quite a poppy and dare I say, jovial mood, on tracks like "Frankly Mr. Shankly", "Bigmouth Strikes Again", the "Queen is Dead" and the entrancing brightness of "Cemetery Gates". A flowery, bright come outside and go for a walk in the sun song. Bliss.

Pixies - Doolittle
Another all time great. Guitars, guitars and more guitars wrapped around melodies, harmonies, squealing and the harshness of Steve Albini's engineering. "Debaser", "Monkey Gone To Heaven" and "Here Comes Your Man" feature as predominant 'summer' tracks.

Mark Gamtcheff

Hot in the City - Billy Idol

Cupid & Psyche '85 - Scritti Politti

Paul's Boutique - Beastie Boys

Holiday - Madonna

[Editor's note - Mark was unable and/or unprepared to say why he liked them]



Steve Jackson

Born Sandy Devotional-The Triffids
Great debates ensue between Dave and I over which is the best Triffids album. I love them all, but BSD feels like a hot dry desert making it ideal for summer. The opening track Wide Open Road is a song of which I never tire but there are numerous others in this great album (Chicken Killer, Estuary Bed, Life of Crime). Play it loud in the hot summer morn while you down a cleansing ale.

Especially for You-The Smithereens
Side two of this album is loaded with fond memories from hot days just back after a day at the beach. Could Behind the Wall of Sleep be the greatest song The Beatles never recorded?

Human Frailty-Hunters and Collectors
Clean, beautiful tunes with Mark Seymour at his lyrical best. This Morning (last track) gets me every time. Sniff.

Back in Black - AC/DC
This album brings out the bogan in me. Great rock and roll including You Shook Me All Night Long, Hells Bells and Rock and Roll Ain't Noise Pollution. Other tracks like Give the Dog a Bone are just plain embarrassing but huge nonetheless. Play at the beach at MAXIMUM VOLUME and piss everyone off.

Automatic - The Jesus and Mary Chain
JMC go house in this one, with an incessant 120 beat/minute drum through most of the album. The first track Just Like Alice slips you coolly into the mood. Blues from a Gun is a four minute mainline of bliss. Good for when the sun is slipping down and you are limbering up for a big night out.

Alex Wheaton

I Just Want My Fun-Exploding White Mice
Surf City- Beach Boys
Wild in The Streets- Garland Jeffries
Summer Holiday Blues- Celibate Rifles
Hell Blues- Scientists
Goo Goo Muck- Cramps
Walk-Don't Run- Ventures
King of the Surf- Trashmen
Heatwave- Martha and the Vandellas
Hard for You- Beasts of Bourbon
Then I Kissed Her- Hard Ons
Boogie With Stu- Led Zeppelin
The Lonely Bull- Herb Albert/Tijuana Brass

(And anything by Herb Albert and his Tijuana Brass)

Dave Krantz

World War XXIV- Self titled
Descendants- Liveage

Butthole Surfers- Locust Abortion Technician

Suicidal Tendencies- Self titled

Pixies- Surfer Rosa

Fay Khoo

Wuthering Heights- Kate Bush
Because it's the best best best- a song for all seasons- "Out on the wily windy moors.."

ABBA's Greatest Hits- ABBA
Kings and Queens of ktsch. Super Trouper is so groovy, and Fernando evokes the highest pinnacle of sensation.

Telephone Free Landslide Victory- Camper Van Beethoven
I Was So Wasted, Lassie and Club Med Sucks are masterpieces of modern music which go down well even after countless playings.

Bust a Move- Young MC
He's stone cold rhymin' and as hot as freshly erupted love- "Lookin' for girls in all the wrong places, no fine girls just ugly faces", "you got no money, you got no car, you got no woman so there you are", and "At the end of every tunnel there's a light of hope, so don't hang yourself with the celibate rope" all stand out for their lyrical

brilliance.

and...
Surfer Rosa- The Pixies
Electric Youth- Debbie Gibson- especially "We could be together for a while". It's light, bright and gets you going for summer parties.

Ben Allen

George Best- The Wedding Present
Excellent English guitar pop, with the irrepressible Dave Gedge droning on vocals.

Story of the Clash- The Clash
Compilation of the Clash's greatest stuff. Angry young snot-nosed British punks- Yo!

Appetite for Destruction- Guns and Roses
Despite not being a huge fan of US metal, this album is huge. Loud and fast.

Ramonesmania- Ramones
Another fantastic compilation from one of the all-time great bands. Gabba gabba hey!

Heavenly Pop Hit- The Chills
Lightweight NZ pop. The most recent release here, this is a beautiful single.

Summer Pubs... around the clock drinking

Have you ever wondered whether you have the stamina to spend between 24 hours and a whole week at the pub? how long is long enough when out on the turps? Darien O'Reilly does not believe that any specific time frame exists here, and so presents the 24 hour pub guide for the perpetual drinker.

Maylands Hotel: 12-2pm

- Beer garden is great, including fountain and delightful flora.
- Hot roast beef and mustard rolls. (toasted). Yummy!
- Ale, (Coopers), Bass Tooheys etc. on tap.
- Friendly staff, rickety chairs. Good for a long-term game of staying upright.
- Very cool inside due to polished floorboards.
- Could spend a week here and still not be bored.

Sussex Hotel: 2-4pm

- Good, shady, playground-like beer garden.
- Sells beer etc. (This stuff Coopers is great for whooshing into).

Queens Head: 4-6pm

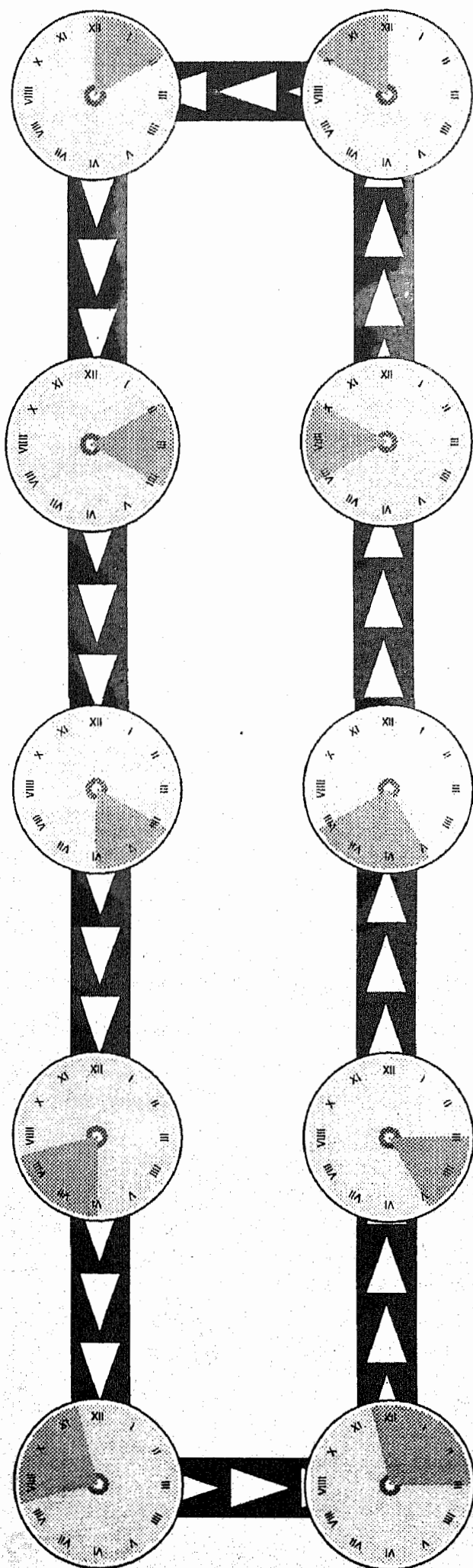
- Delightful place. Sells beer again!
- Can quaff heavily at this grog hut.
- Pool table; get on it and make jokes about penis envy.

British (Brutish): 6-8.30pm

- Head straight outside into the palatial beer garden. (Remember your mozzie repellent).
- Wonderful beer garden with cook-your-own-BBQ. So cook your own and share another little soldier over tea and polite conversation.

Exeter (Exciter): 8.30-11.30pm

- Start cranking up the yarn competitions. There is no better place for a yarn as this hotel is special.
- Coopers Ale on tap.
- Lovely beer garden with wonderfully large tables. Stake a claim and proceed to drink next month's rent and food money. Another place to spend a week or so at.



Crown and Sceptre Hotel: 10am-12pm

- Play pool, babble incoherently about a) your life b) the wars you fought in c) Your upcoming legal case, and drink Red Hot Pokers only (see cocktails) and the occasional Loony Soup.

Jules: 8-10am

- Drink cocktails all the time you're here and try to speak like a tourist the entire time.

Rio International: 5-8am

- Get out the nose-candy and order a long, tall, cold one.
- Dance like a dancing machine. Make sure dancing is punctuated with lots of "whoooooaaahh" noises.
- Whatever you do, don't think about sitting down. Just enjoy.

Century (The 100 Club): 3-5am

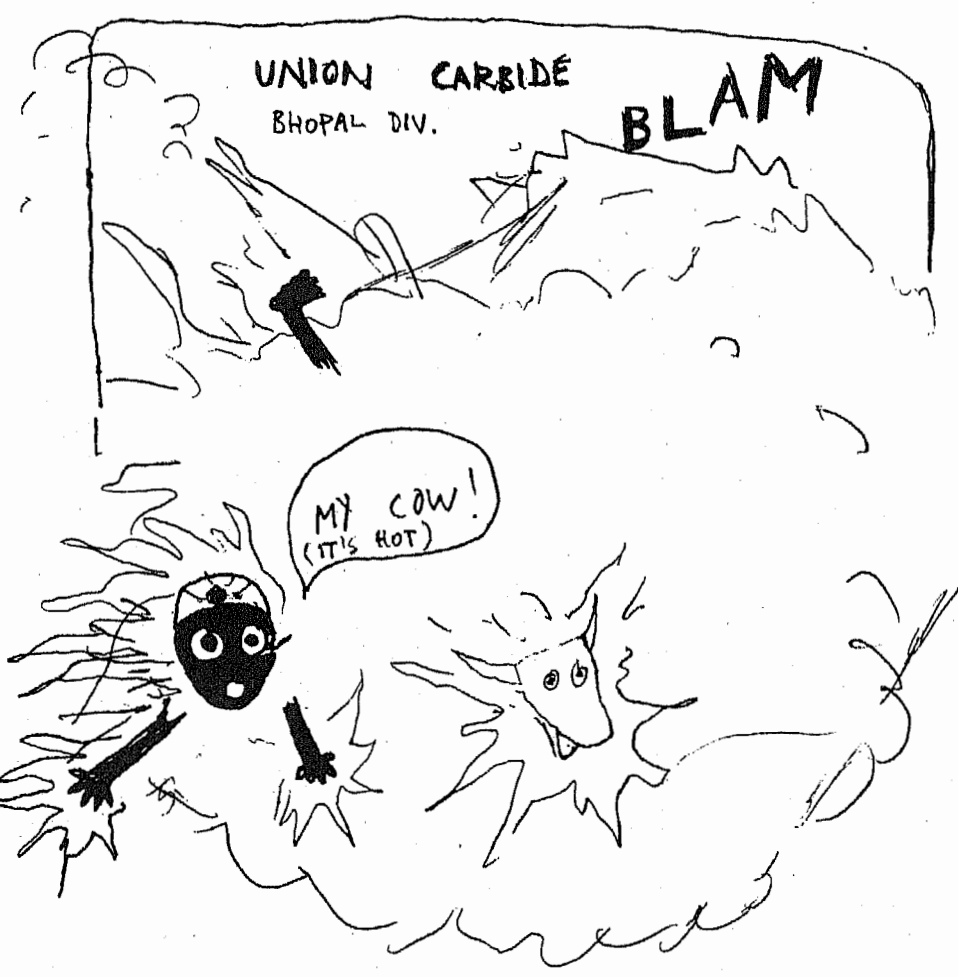
- Best visited after liberal doses of vision shortener. Still, it sells beer and has one of the best front bar paint jobs you could ever wish to see.
- Laugh a lot here, drink more.

Austral (Nostril): 11.30pm-3am

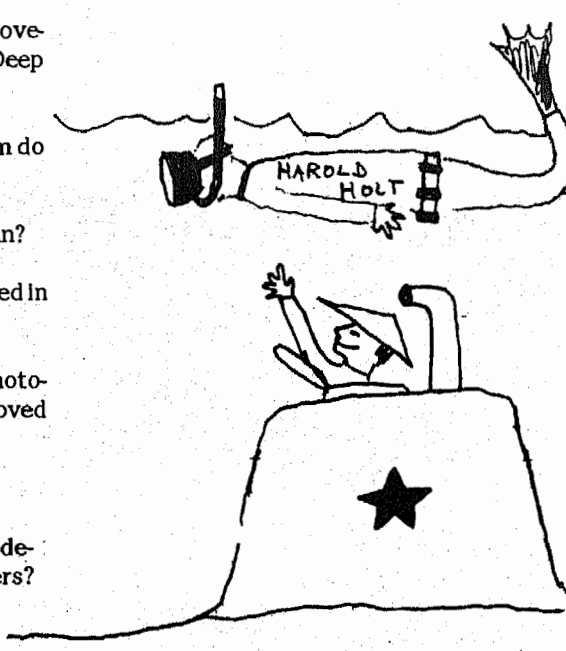
- Great place, also good as a meeting place. Met here for the films, have a quiet one, forget the film and crank up another notch.
- Super chairs. Start playing charades. Ideal pub to play backgammon or naked twister at.

Repeat this process for seven days in a row, remembering to change clothes at least once in this period. Good luck with the circuit, and remember, how you train is how you play on the day.

Let's face it- we all pretend to be savoury and upstanding human beings, but deep down inside every individual, even self-confessed puritans such as Mary Whitehouse and Fred Nile, there lurks a healthy interest in things offensive. Dave Krantz, Dave Sag and Dave Penberthy compiled a 101 question quiz for you to do over the holidays (or during swotvac if you're feeling bored and perverse). Not all the questions deal with outright filth- they range from television, film and literature to famous quotes, historical events and social phenomena. If you can answer all 101, congratulations- you're a real pervie! The answers are on the following page. No peeking, and good luck!



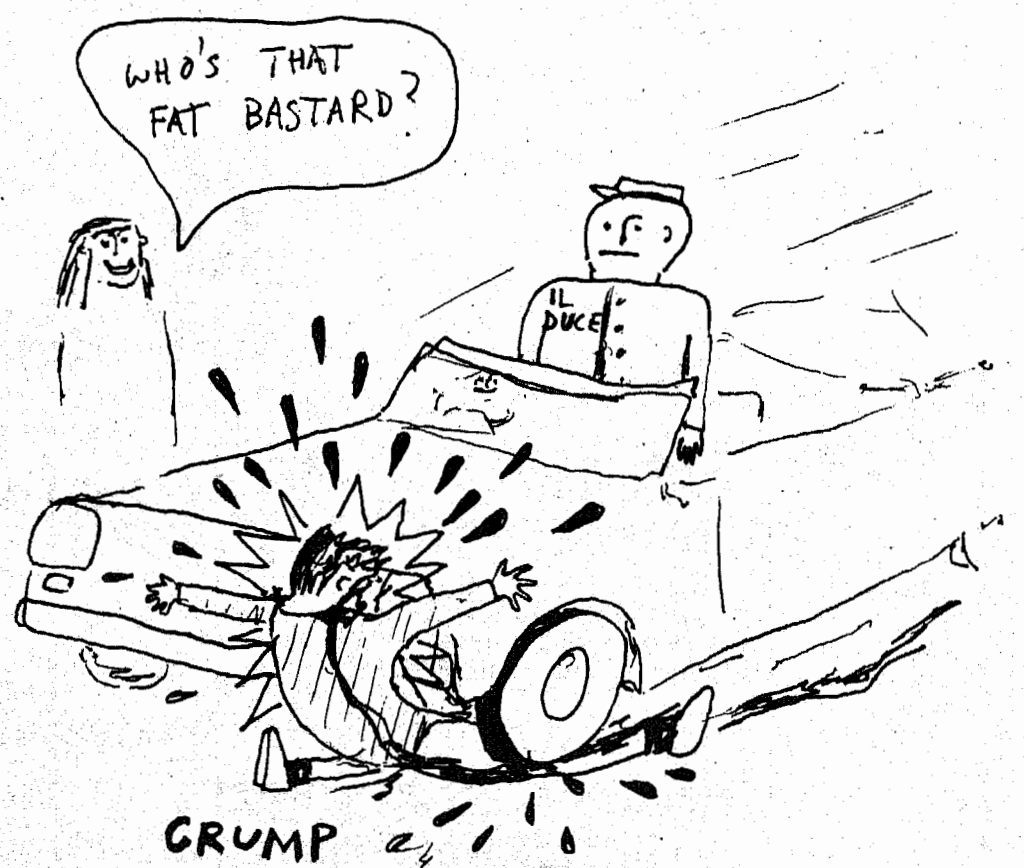
1. What does Jeffrey find in a field in David Lynch's film "Blue Velvet"?
2. What did Hitler get Eva Braun to do for kicks?
3. Which Pope had sixteen illegitimate children?
4. Who invented Ronald McDonald?
5. What was special about Linda Lovelace's character in the film "Deep Throat"?
6. What did Bevan Spencer Von Einem do for a living?
7. What does reverse peristalsis mean?
8. Which American folksinger drowned in her own vomit?
9. Which British photographer photographed himself with a bull whip shoved up his backside?
10. What phrase did Napoleon use to describe his method of dispersing rioters?
11. What is Donovanosis?
12. What was Kylie Minogue's first single called?
13. Who is the Vice President of the USA?
14. How many people died in the Union Carbide factory disaster in Bhopal, India?
15. Who said "South Africa is the last bastion of white democracy"?
16. Who is the host of "A Touch of Elegance"?



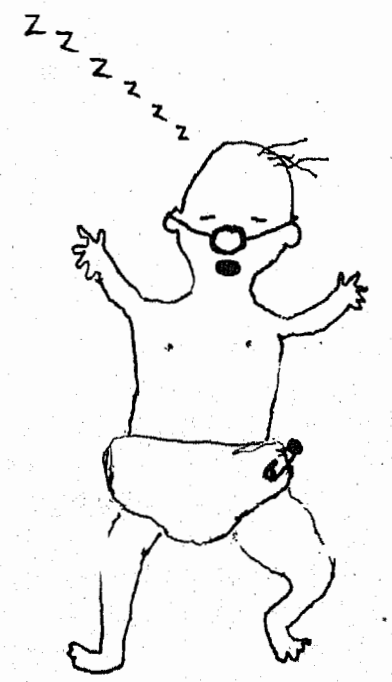
27. How much does a flagon of D'Arenberg Dry Red cost?
28. Who originally coined the phrase "Just Say No to Drugs"?
29. Who let the contras exchange drugs for weapons so they could continue their campaign of terror in Nicaragua?
30. What is a faggot?
31. Who ran for On Dit in 1990 on a platform of "keeping left wing homosexuals out of important jobs"?
32. What happened to Harold Holt?
33. When was HECS introduced?
34. Who is the head of the Reserve Bank, and is he an asshole?
35. Who was the late President of Romania?
36. Who is the owner and editor of Penthouse magazine?
37. Who was Hitler's favourite composer?
38. What does the term "scatology" refer to?
39. What is a sea shanty?
40. What are these seven words you can't say on American radio?
41. Which film contains the lines "Would you like a Beaver?" "No, I'd rather shag", and what were they referring to?
42. Who killed Sharon Tate?



17. How many times has the method for determining unemployment figures in Britain been altered by the Thatcher government?
18. How many times has this led to a decrease in the number of unemployed people?
19. What are the two things Lola wears in Barry Manilow's song "Copacabana"? 20. Who eats a handful of dog shit in the film "Pink Flamingoes"?
21. What was the Elephant Man's real name?
22. Were his deformities in any way elephant-related?
23. What are the symptoms of the disease elephantiasis?
24. What did Mussolini say when he ran over and killed a child in his car?
25. What is the origin of the word "sodomy"?
26. Who sang "Save Your Love"?



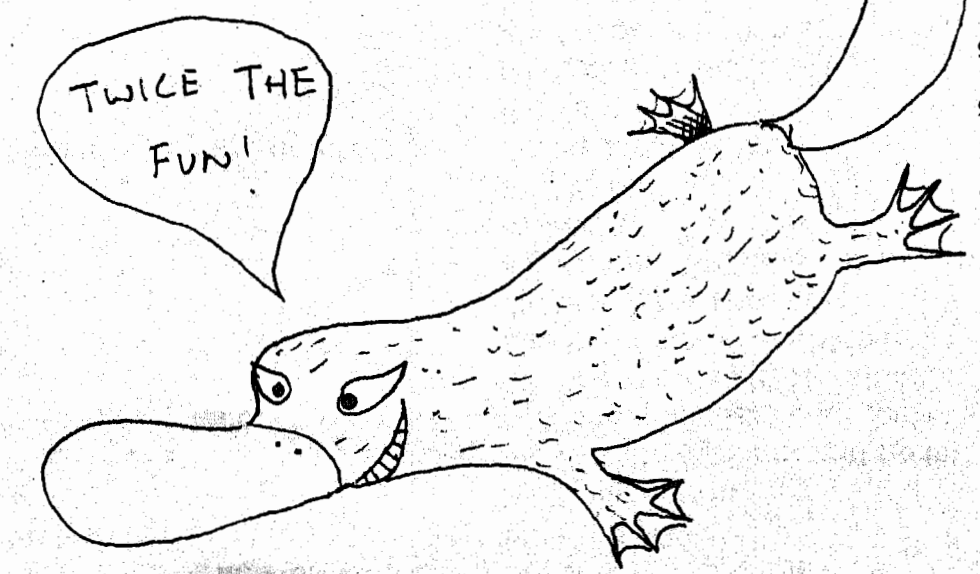
43. What goes into thirteen six times?
44. Who said "Women, can't live with them, can't shoot them"?
45. Who wrote the books Nexus, Sexus and Plexus?
46. What religion do Michael and Lindy Chamberlain practice?
47. When did aborigines get the vote?
48. What do the terms "Play the Whale", "Park the Tiger" and "Throw Your Voice" refer to?
49. Who directed "The Long Swift Sword of Siegfried"?
50. What is a colostomy bag?
51. What would you be doing if you greased your fist and then stuck it up somebody's backside?
52. Who is the host of "Family Feud"?
53. Did his son die recently?
54. What does the anagram SIDS stand for?



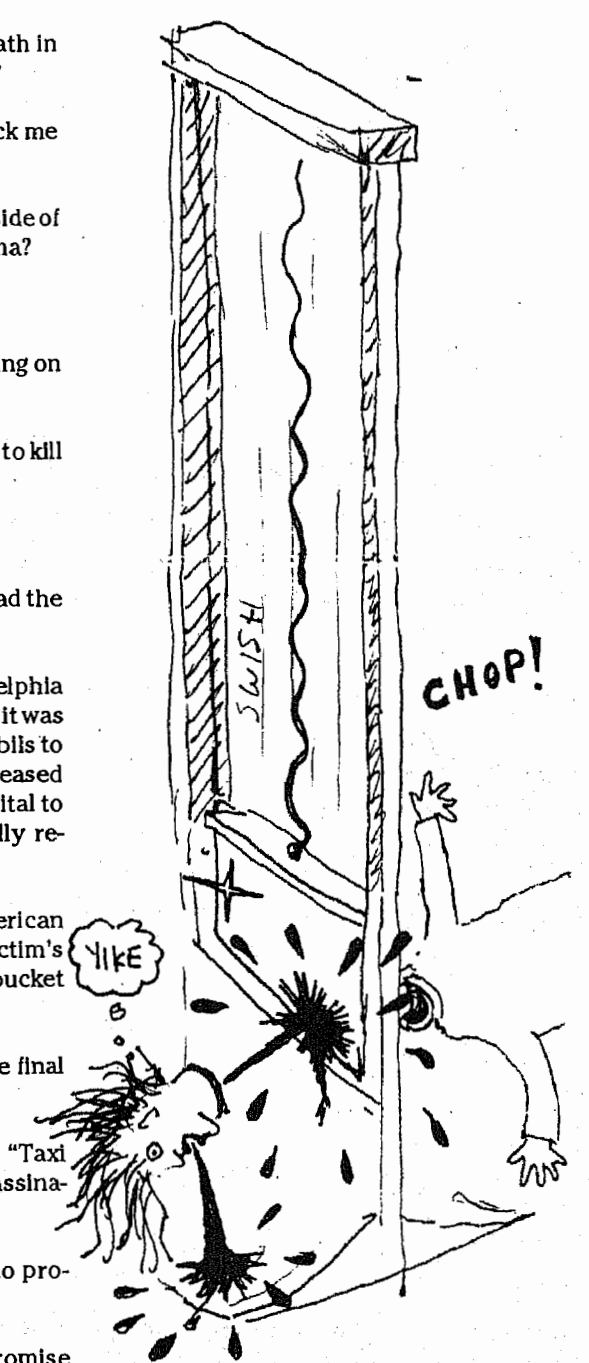
55. Who sang the lines "She was a girl from Birmingham, she just had an abortion, she was a case of insanity, her name was Pauline, she lived in a tree."?
56. Which film features the lines "Let's Fuck! I'll fuck anything that moves!"? Who says them, and who plays the character?
57. Which band sings the lines "You fucking son of a bitch, you arrogant asshole, your pants are too tight, you fucking homo, you suck Mr. Buttfuck"?
58. Who directed "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls"?
59. Which American singer has to wear a brace on her back due to curvature of the spine?
60. Who is the host of MTV, and is he a wanker?
61. What is a chip boodee?
62. What was happening to the girl in the Holeproof "Ant's Pants" undies commercial?



63. Which comic character has a trademark line "Kiss my axe"?
64. Who invented the guillotine and what was its original name?
65. Who built the Burma railway?
66. What do the letters NA stand for? (Clue- they put graffiti everywhere)
67. Is rape within marriage legal in Britain?
68. Who painted "Picture of a Virgin Being Auto-Sodomized by her Own Chastity"?
69. What is a gruffnut?
70. What is a merkin?
71. What is a Dalkon Shield?
72. What is Buster Gonads' claim to fame?
73. Does Mr. Percival get shot in "Storm Boy", and who is Mr. Percival anyway?



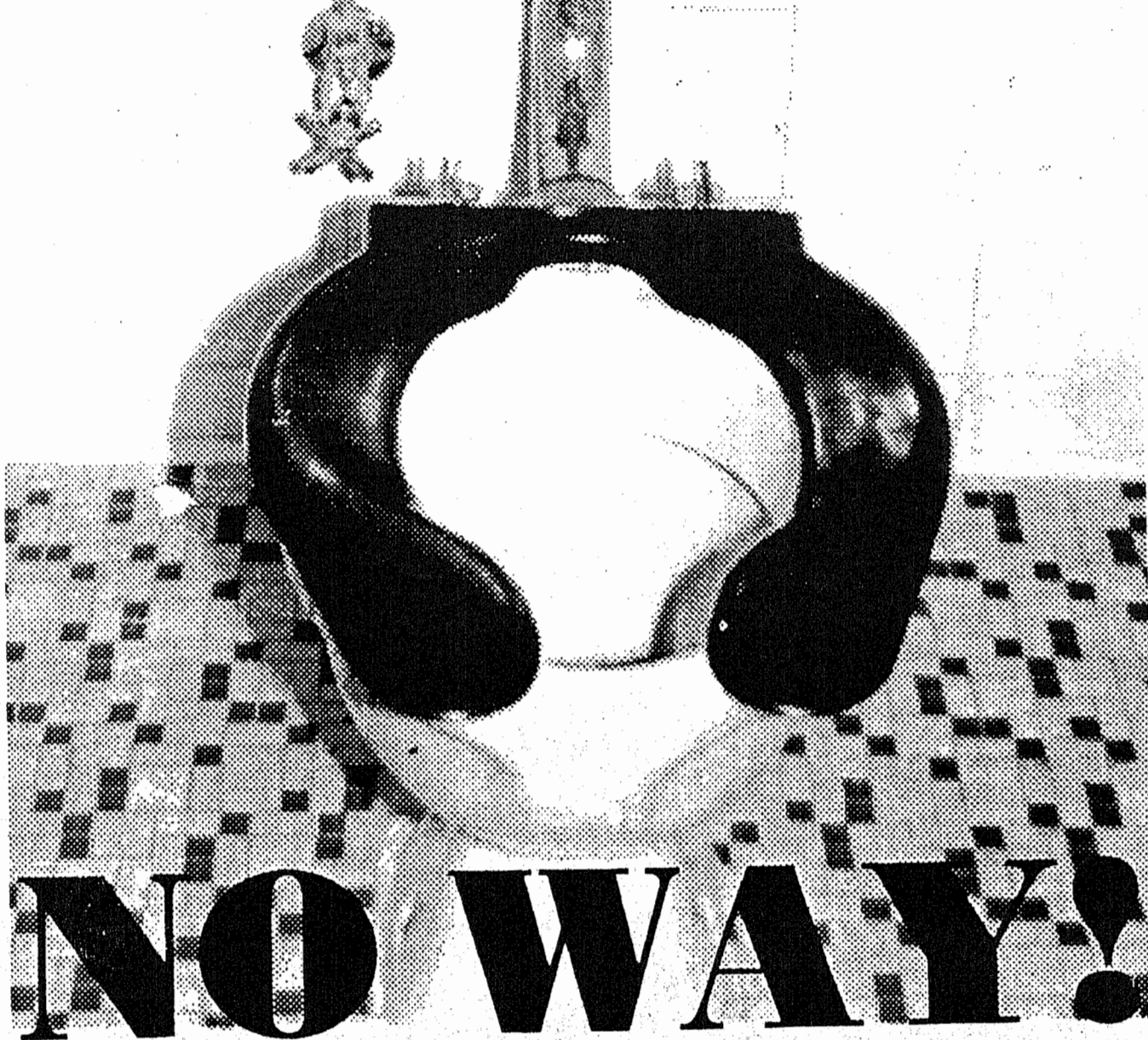
74. Who wields the implement of death in "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre"?
75. Which film features the line "Fuck me gently with a chainsaw"?
76. What was written in chalk on the side of the A-Bomb dropped on Hiroshima?
77. What is Chicken a la King?
78. What is the slang term for urinating on people for pleasure?
79. What is the name of the gas used to kill the Jews in Nazi camps?
80. Who sang "Too Drunk to Fuck"?
81. Which porn star is said to have had the largest penis in the world?
82. What is the name of the Philadelphia news reader who lost his job after it was disclosed that, whilst getting gerbils to crawl up his rectum through a greased PVC pipe, he was rushed to hospital to have one of the gerbils surgically removed after it got stuck?
83. What is the name of the Latin American torture technique in which the victim's head is dunked repeatedly into a bucket of water?
84. What amount is top dollar in the final round of "Wheel of Fortune"?
85. Who, after watching the film "Taxi Driver" sixty times, made an assassination attempt on Ronald Reagan?
86. Who did he claim to be trying to protect?
87. Which painter made his wife promise that when one of them died, the other would eat their remains?
88. What does the Spanish phrase "testiculos inflamados" refer to?
89. There is a boy in the St. Peters Boarding House nicknamed "money box". How did he earn this title?
90. Who wrote "On the Handling of Contradictions in the People"?
91. Who regularly used the word "cunt" on chat shows?
92. What did Debbie do?
93. What did Wanda whip?
94. Who owns The Sun newspaper?
95. What is the only animal which has two vaginas?
96. What does the game "Peanut and Stiffy" entail?
97. And the game "Soggy Biscuit"?
98. Who in 1989 hosted the all-nude 5UV radio show, and what was its name?
99. Which North American fundamentalist missionary group was, in 1989, found guilty by the Peruvian government of shooting peasants who rejected conversion?
100. In which book is a ballerina speared, in the most unfortunate possible way, on a long pole, due to her failure to wear steel briefs during a Japanese ballet?
101. Who were the editors of On Dit in 1990?



And now for the answers...

1. A human ear
2. He made her sit spread-legged on a glass coffee table and urinate while he lay underneath and watched.
3. Pope Innocent VIII
4. Willard Scott (weather man on NBC Today)
5. She could only achieve orgasm through fellatio, as her clitoris was in the back of her throat.
6. He was an accountant.
7. Vomiting
8. Janis Joplin
9. Robert Mapplethorpe
10. "A whiff of grapeshot"
11. A venereal disease contracted primarily by aborigines.
12. "The Locomotion"
13. Dan Quayle
14. A whole shitload
15. Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen
16. Margaret Glasbrook
17. 23
18. 23
19. "Her name was Lola, she was a showgirl, with yellow ribbons in her hair and a dress cut down to there."
20. Divine
21. John Merrick
22. No
23. All sorts of nasty swellings and bits of flabby skin protruding off your extremities.
24. "It was one life-one life is nothing in the affairs of the state".
25. It comes from the town of Sodom, mentioned in the Bible, as a centre of sin and debauchery and where anal sex was apparently a common practice.
26. Renee and Renato
27. \$5.99 from most liquor outlets
28. Nancy Reagan
29. Her husband
30. A bundle of sticks tied up with twine.
31. A.J. Neuling and Richard Phillips
32. His passion for swimming got the better of him
33. 1988
34. Noble Clark, and yes.
35. Nikolai Ceacescu
36. Bob Guccione
37. Wagner
38. Anything pertaining to excrement
39. Factory sweepings and bits of damp tuna lightly crumbed, tried and marketed with gay abandon by I&J.
40. Shit Piss Fuck Cunt Cock sucker Motherfucker Tits
41. The film is "Shag" - the beaver is a type of beer, and the shag is a dance.
42. Charles Manson
43. Roman Polanski
44. Some wit
45. Arthur Miller
46. Seventh Day Adventism
47. 1969
48. Vomiting
49. Lance Boyle
50. A conversation piece
51. Fist-fucking
52. Robert Brough
53. Yes
54. Sudden Infant Death Syndrome
55. The Sex Pistols
56. Blue Velvet- Frank, played by Dennis Hopper, says it.
57. The Descendants- "I'm Not a Loser" is the song
58. Russ Meyer
59. Dolly Parton
60. Richard Wilkins- and he is a complete wanker
61. A hot chip sandwich, usually eaten by fat poms.
62. She is being bitten all over the legs and torso by ants, so she instructs an echidna to lick them off her- "Sic 'em, Rex!"
63. Elaine the Bezeker
64. Antoine Guillotine. It was originally called "the widow maker."
65. We did
66. National Action
67. Yes
68. Salvador Dali
69. A piece of dried excrement usually found nestling amongst bum fluff.
70. A wig made out of pubic hair.
71. An IUD which was never adequately tested and which, when used, caused Toxic Shock Syndrome.
72. He has "unfeasibly large testicles".
73. Yes. He's a pelican.
74. Leatherface
75. Heathers
76. "Little Boy"
77. A mixture of dried chicken skin, pineapple, rice and flour sold at a ridiculous price in the Mayo Refectory.
78. Golden showers
79. Zyclon B
80. The Dead Kennedys
81. John Holmes (14.5 inches when erect)
82. Jerry Spiccoli
83. El pilato
84. \$1800
85. John Hinkley
86. Jodie Foster
87. Salvador Dali
88. An embarrassing ailment or a night to remember
89. He hides coins in his foreskin
90. Mao Tse-Tung
91. Germaine Greer
92. Dallas
93. Wall Street
94. Rupert Murdoch
95. The platypus
96. A group of males take their gear off and pass a peanut from mouth to mouth. If one of them gets a "stiffy" they are out. The winner is the most flaccid participant at the end of the day.
97. A group of males sit in a circle and masturbate towards a biscuit. The last one to make a deposit, so to speak, eats the biscuit.
98. Dave Stokes and Ian Groom, with regular guest appearances.
99. The New Tribes Missionaries
100. "V", by Thomas Pynchon
101. Dave Penberthy and Steve Jackson
- How did you go?
- Less than 25: Sheltered aren't we? Or maybe just normal... My brain is a space alien. I was conceived on the moon. One of me is lost.
- 25 to 100: Average, average, average. You're the sort of person who was beaten as a child, and tried to pretend you didn't enjoy it. Everone knows, so watch out.
- 101: Cocky little bastard, aren't you?

**‘SIT AROUND
ON MY FAT
ARSE DOING
FUCK ALL?’**



‘NO WAY!’

Paul Champion

EDUCATION VICE PRESIDENT

VOTE 1

NON
STUDENT
ALLIANCE

A soft place to land

Struck by Lightning
Directed by
Jerzy Domardzki

Pat Canizzaro (Brian Vriends) is the hero of *Struck by Lightning*, although at times more of an anti-hero. From the first scene, where an unlikely bust up in a school cafeteria leads to his dismissal he struts through the film leaving the viewer wondering how such an arrogant and stupid character could ever aspire to hero status. Canizzaro applies for the position of physical education trainer at Saltmarsh, a workshop for adult victims of Downs Syndrome. The director is Rennie (Gary McDonald in fine form) another education department outcast who lives as a self acknowledged failure and alcoholic. Rennie doesn't want much in life, just Jill (Catherine McClements), attractive young social worker, and hair. Unsurprisingly, Canizzaro has both.

Amidst the traumas created by conflict between these three characters, the unsuitability of adult 'retards' as fundraising attractions and the lack of support from Saltmarsh's parent charity, the lives of the Saltmarsh trainees are affected by Canizzaro's appointment. Rennie's philosophy of management is that all that can be done for these people is to provide a 'soft place to land'. Caniz-

zaro, with the optimism of youth, pushes both Rennie and experience more from life. His success is mixed, generosity and impetuosity produce pride and pain. The lives and family relationships of some of the trainees are shown in little cameos which present a wide range of Downs Syndrome situations in a quiet, undramatic way. A father finds some joy in his son, a mother is unreconciled to her daughter's handicap. The mentally disabled roles are played by both able and disabled actors but it is not obvious who is which. Gail (Briony Williams) and Spencer (Syd Brisbane) are in love but separated by necessity, Jody (Jocelyn Betheras) loves everyone, and Kevin (Brian M. Logan) loves to show everyone himself, even though the police don't really appreciate it the Prime Minister's wife (Daphne Grey) enjoys her private viewing.

Struck by Lightning is the most ideologically sound movie I have seen this year. The story is neatly and unsensationally conceived and has in its structure a naturalness rarely risked. However, unfortunately the promise of the story is not followed through in its execution. The script is uneven, with some terrible lines obviously painful to the delivering actors. The casting is uneven, with some bad acting exacerbated by the contrast of Gary McDonald's, Catherine McClements's and all the Downs characters, satisfying performances. Vriends does have a good



L to R- Pat Cannizzaro (Brian Vriends, Foster (Denis Moore) and Ollie Rennie (Garry Mc Donald)

body and a handsome face, so I suppose he will become a star, but it is a pity we don't see more of his magnificent physique, it may have justified his presence on screen a little. The directing is also uneven, with flashes of sympathy and life in the soccer scenes but overall unremarkably pedestrian. This is

a parochial film in the best and worst sense of the world. Filmed entirely in Adelaide it provides some interesting locality watching, and gave some local actors a few weeks income. As such we should commend it. However, it is bland and unappetising, not a film to join the ranks of the Australian

films we are all proud of. Ultimately it is so disappointing because it had so much potential. As it is one can only wonder where this film is going to find 'a soft place to land'.
Penelope L. Read

Outcasts and freaks

The Krays
Directed by Peter Medak
Hoyts

The Krays is a film about Ronald and Reginald Kray, the twins who grew up out of the ashes of wartime England to head a huge organised crime syndicate in London's East End of the late 50's and early 60's. They became like royalty, feared and revered. Celebrities featured in the society pages and people not to cross.

The story begins at their birth and follows through to school and to their introduction into the Maltese dominated underground as small time muscle and onwards into infamy. Director Peter Medak has created a fairly unique piece of cinema that is a mixture of "You'll never take me alive coppa" bank-job movie and a biography that manages to tell their story from a number of different view points as well as attempt to show who was responsible for turning the cock-

ney sparrows into viscous nasty spivs.

The movie begins and ends in the same manner, a hazy dream sequence that is strangely cold and which sets the scene for the rest of the film. Violet (or Vi) played with guts by Bille Whitelaw, is the boy's mother and brings them up in a world where the twins are surrounded by women. It is World War II and all the men are off doing important things like dodging bullets and avoiding tanks. An exception to this is their layabout father Charlie, a spineless loser on the run from the law and the draft. Because he is the only male role model around, the boys realise how weak he is and they take on a protector role in the family, looking after but respecting Vi, their aunties and grandma. Significantly it is the women who teach them that "Men will always be boys" and "It's always the women who have the real fight."

At school the boys are outcasts and freaks, but have been taught to fight in life for what they want, and they become indiscriminate bullies. They have to rely on each other, especially in the huge playground where hundreds of little



boys in short pants descend on Ron and Reg chanting 'fight, fight' in a scene reminiscent of the terror in 'Lord of the Flies'. As adults the boys are played by Gary and Martin Kemp, teen sex god stunners from Spandau Ballet. As dumb as this idea appears, they are ideally suited to the roles and play the parts magnificently. Even though they are not identical (one has a bum chin, the other a widow's peak) you end up only being able to tell them apart as characters -

Ron the quiet thinker who becomes emotionally confused by his lifestyle and Reg the violently explosive attention seeker. Both are portrayed with an intensity what makes them appear always just under boiling point.

All throughout, holding the boys together is Vi. The finger is pointed at her to blame for the Krays by how she struggled to bring them up against the odds and her philosophy about life. This may be the case, but it does provide the film

with a curious epilogue. Oddly though, it is never revealed if she knew what her boys really did. You get the impression she has left in the dark, even when she does things like take tea and biscuits upstairs to The Firm, who are planning to rub somebody out.

Hypotheses aside, *The Krays* is a compelling and worthwhile movie that lives up to the reputation that precedes it.

James 'The Hammer' Sanchez

Jesus Knife and the Flying Nun

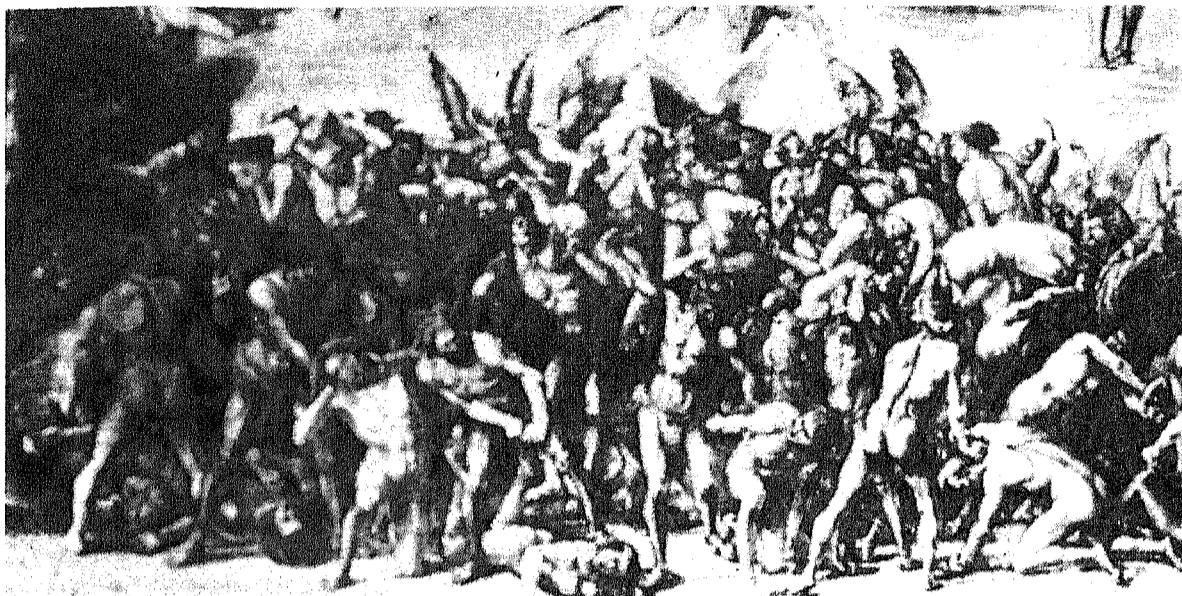
The First Power A Robert Resnikoff film Showing at Hoyts

I went to see *The First Power* anticipating a new and original horror film, but was somewhat disappointed. The film revolves around a psychopathic killer called Patrick Channing, played convincingly by Geoff Kober. When he is captured by Detective Logan (Lou Diamond Phillips) and executed, he returns as a malevolent, invincible spirit, having been given "The First Power" by Satan. He starts to possess bodies left, right and centre and kill again, using his trademark of an inverted pentagram carved into the chest of his victims. This is where Tess Seaton (Tracy Griffith) comes in as the psychic crystal-head teamed with Logan to hunt down the spirit.

The weakness of the film is not in the acting, but in the script. There are inconsistencies in the film which constantly have the viewer thinking "that's just silly",

or "why are they going into that deserted warehouse"? They are facing an invincible killer who does things like jumping off a ten storey building and running away, surviving gunshot wounds and all sorts of crazy antics, yet Logan persists in going into various spooky derelict buildings in pursuit, armed only with a small handgun and the knowledge that the lead character can't be killed. In fact, Logan seems to solve all his problems by shouting at people, threatening them or shooting them. Clichés crop up occasionally as well, such as the penchant the goodies have for deciding to split up at crucial moments, only to meet each other again and discover that one of them is possessed, not to mention the obligatory "rats" scene. The fact that Channing is the son of his mother and his grandfather brings to mind *Nightmare on Elm Street* - style Son of ten thousand maniacs/mild depressives/field animals.

Things go badly for the forces of freedom until they meet up with the flying nun, a Catholic sister with an intimate knowledge of the forces of evil. When they ask how



to kill Channing she first refuses to help, but later produces "The Jesus Knife"! This is a crucifix which becomes a large knife in true Christian fashion. Naturally, *The Jesus Knife* ends up buried in Channing in the climactic scene, staged in a disused part of the sewer system, which strangely enough contains a water-slide and a vat of boiling acid.

Despite this, the film still man-

ages to entertain with some chilling scenes, fast action and even some amusing lines. When Tess Seaton has misgivings about going to visit Channings' old home, Logan replies, "he's returned from the grave, but I don't think he's moved back in". The camera work and music create an atmosphere of suspense, and the actors perform well within the confines of the script. One thing I came

away from the movie with was a burning desire to see *Total Recall*, shorts from which were screened at the showing. *The First Power*; expect to be entertained, but not convinced.

Dave Krantz

Nice Day for a White Wedding

Betsy's Wedding An Alan Alda film Showing at Greater Union

Movies about weddings generally seem to fall as flat as burnt milk on a cappuccino, so I approached *Betsy's Wedding* with a bit of wary hesitation. I was however humorously reproached for my unfounded misgivings. Although a very (too) well-planned and structured movie, it nonetheless provided an entertaining hour-and-a-half's viewing for moviegoers. Directed by, and starring, Alan Alda from his original screenplay, *Betsy's Wedding* is an humorous comment on the very human idiosyncracies and social conventions which surround the conception and birth of a wedding.

The storyline of the movie unfolds with an ease which bespeaks experience that Alda provides from his previous movies (as writer, director and star) *The Four Seasons*, *Sweet Liberty* and *A New Life*. Starring Molly Ringwald, Ally Sheedy and Madeline Kahn, amongst others, *Betsy's Wedding* is a very zany (let's ignore this word) Allenesque depiction of human habits which seem to go hand in hand with the announcement of the union of two people.



Although (I think) slightly unlikely, the plot ostensibly succeeds. Dad (Alan Alda) is a man who has never quite gotten over his childhood habit of having an imaginary friend to 'talk to' (evoking memories of *The Shining*), and despite financial constraints, promises foolishly to make his daughter's wedding a phenomenal success. However, Betsy (Molly Ringwald), the renegade bride-to-be (whose dress sense unfortunately has not improved since *Pretty in Pink*), has

different expectations. *Betsy's Wedding* ultimately is a comedy of manners - Alda, in a roundabout sort of way, explores the status quo and the ever-present hierarchy of class as well as the gender conflict that is inevitably prevalent, consciously or otherwise. Moreover, it tacitly questions the validity of religious differences, portrayed in the father/mother-daughter relationship. Mention has to be made about Anthony LaPaglia - not for any bril-

liance in his acting, but for the sheer fact that he is from Adelaide (and as rumour staunchly has it, he has a brother at Adelaide Uni?), and has now apparently cracked the hard nut of Hollywood's celluloid exterior. He plays the Mafia-thug nephew who incongruously falls in love with the unpopular older sister. The acting is routine, although admittedly not execrable, and the result reasonably digestible.

All in all, *Betsy's Wedding* is an

above average movie which, although not memorable, will entertain. A must-see for newly betrothed and for all others, useful as an amusing study on family relationships.

Fay Khoo



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Progressive Education Team, South American Nazis, The ANC, The ANU, The NUS (God bless them all), ABC, 123, come on get down with me, lah dee dee, Solipsists, SWP, Hedonists, Skate Punks, Nazi Punks, The Nerds, Dweebs, Pinheads, Assholes, Loudmouths, Know alls, Showoffs, New Agers, Old Timers, Diggers, Mates, Blokes, Pillows, Purses, Heteros, Homos, Yiros, Tabouli, Tzatziki, Bacon Double Cheese Burger Deluxe, Greenies, Friends of the Earth, Friends of the Moon, Goldfish Fanciers, Cattle Mutilators, CIA, KGB, FBI, Aerobics Instructors, Mormons, Morons, The Reformed Church of Satan, The Holy Church of Stan, **The Non Student Alliance**, The Mark of Cain, The Ramones, The Royal Family, Episcopalians, Illegal Aliens,

STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD

ON FOOTBALL CARDS, FIATS AND PHILISTINES.

When I was a little boy the world seemed to be an orderly sort of place. Marble season went for about three weeks, or until Mark Shelton had won everyone's tom-toms, whichever came sooner. We played on the concrete in front of the school church, which was really the only suitably smooth and flat surface available. The girls played that ridiculous game with the elastic around their ankles. There were hundreds-and-thousands sandwiches for playlunch. The rich kids always had theirs wrapped in rainbow wax-paper. There were yo-yos and bug-catchers and the cars that you pulled the teethered piece of plastic through to make them go. The man from Coca-Cola came by the school about once a year and did demonstrations with the ping-pong bat thing that had the ball attached to it by string. And there were Scanlen's footy cards.

Twenty cents for six rectangles of plastised cardboard and a stick of chewy. Cards that I had twenty years ago still smell like that chewy.

If you collected the whole set of about three and a half million cards you could turn them over and piece together a jigsaw of Alex Jezaulenko taking that mark over the beleaguered Collingwood ruckman Graham 'Jerker' Jenkins in the 1970 Grand Final at the MCG. The cards, you see, had little pieces of the picture on their reverse side. Barry Price, the electrifying Collingwood centreman and one of the games greatest exponents of the running stab pass, could be turned over the pocket at the Punt Road end of the ground. Bobby Skilton was part of poor old 'Jerker's' grimacing countenance.

On the back of Alex Ruskulich was the ball. Scanlen's only ever printed one Alex Ruskulich card. I imagine that today that it sits in one of Alan Bond's art vaults, snuggled somewhat incongruously next to Van Gogh's Irises, smelling of chewy.

Little Tommy Taranto, whose father owned the green grocer in Burke Road, came the closest of anyone I knew to completing the whole picture. His Southern Stand was a bit shonky and 'Herker' didn't have all his teeth, but it was pretty good. There was, of course, no ball.

Over the years the image of Tommy's months of endeavour has stayed with me; he put all the cards together, clagged them down to a sheet of paper he got from the butcher's shop next door and carefully preserved it all behind some clear pieces of cellophane his mother wrapped the very good apples with. Its glaring central chasm bothered me though. With time however Alex Ruskulich's regrettable absence became as integral to the mosaic's composi-

•What began as a review of the film "The Cook the Thief his Wife and her Lover", by Guy Dowling, Med Student. Reprinted courtesy of Placebo magazine



tion as the cleaved limbs of Venus de Milo. I got used to it.

I am a scientist and by and large I don't care a great deal for things that just aren't right. I've written essays, reviews, reports and theses on all manner of things scientific. The purity of empirical investigation could always be relied upon to provide a solid story line. Science is easy. Science is right or wrong. It is painstaking but it is straight-forward. You don't have to get used to science. One and one is two, subatomic particles seem to behave in a manner predicted by quantum mechanics, and Fiat 850 starts motors have a fundamentally shiftfull design that causes them to blow up all the time. (Indeed I wouldn't be at all surprised if there were some essential though as yet undisclosed aspect regarding this auto-electrical nightmare's componentry that remains concealed on the flip side of our old friend Alex Ruskulich's kisser, only to be revealed when Tommy inherits the fruit-shop, sells up and makes Mr Bond an offer).

Art, per se, is not so easy; in art there is no right or wrong. As with little Tommy's jigsaw, one often has to get used to art. I have never been entirely convinced that Salinger intended for his "Catcher in the Rye's" Holden Caulfield to be dissected and analysed as such a complex character. Jackson Pollock may well be looking down from some enormous Blue Pole in the sky, pissing himself laughing. Greenaway, director of "The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover", may be similarly bemused that purveyors of fine avant garde cinema can laude a movie that climaxes with the villain being instructed at gun point to consume the genitals of his wife's dead and cooked lover. But I am sure that this is not the case. Doubtless these artists struggled in their pursuit of excellence as singularly as Faraday, Mendeleef, Rutherford and the plethora of scientific empiricists whom I so greatly admire.

I like paintings of gum trees, though not many people do. I like the (early) Beach Boys, though it seems nobody else does. I didn't like "The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover", though lots of people did. Last year I met an extraordinary fellow at an art exhibition who told me he was going to erect some Grecian columns in the back paddock of a small property he owned. He'd wait for some vandals to come by and knock them over, smash them up and graffiti on them after which he'd go down and photograph what remained. Maybe I'm a philistine, (the gum tree thing is probably a dead giveaway), but this all seemed a little strange to me. Now I am older the world seems so less ordered.

Brave New World

Piers Gillespie had too many ales with Be Brave drummer John Hastings on a hot afternoon at the bar before Touch Football practice. The result, a discussion contemplating the band, the future, Boom Crash Opera and the University English Department is below.

PG: OK, so why is the album called Willing Hands?

JH: Willing Hands was the specific name because it was the song getting the most commercial airplay and the artwork (see picture) was directly related to it. It was an arbitrary decision basically, but Willing Hands was the best candidate.

PG: What about the sales?

JH: We don't know yet - it's being distributed by Mushroom services and we are still waiting for a statement and hopefully a cheque in the future. We know it charted surprisingly well in Adelaide, but we are still waiting for an absolute figure.

PG: What catalysed your movement from Napoleon Goes Solo to Be Brave? Did you see the light at the end of the tunnel?

JH: Oh, no it was all fairly amicable. I was working with N.G.S. with the understanding that as soon as Be Brave got their act together I was out. Certainly it was an amicable parting.

PG: How much relevance do you draw on the importance of an independent label? Firstly for Be Brave and secondly for local bands that may release in the future such as The Jaynes?

JH: Essentially for us an independent label meant a purely independent release. Capitally it was a disadvantage but it enabled us to have complete artistic control - something that we would have demanded with a signing anyway.

PG: I think the strength of the album lies in its vivacity - its freshness. This was something I think you achieved to a greater degree than the other recent Adelaide band, Seven Stories.

JH: Yeah, well I think there is more spontaneity on our album because we were pressed for time - and money. Consequently, less studio time meant that all the drum and bass tracks were done in one day. Being diplomatic here, I also think we are more aggressive players than Seven Stories. Our songs are perhaps written and played more intuitively than rationally.

PG: You've recently been to Sydney. How did that trip go?

JH: Generally we were very well accepted over there. We've also been after that in Melbourne with Boom Crash Opera. The eastern states have to be done you know as stage one of world domination (ha ha).

PG: And you came back and worked with VSpyVSpY at LeRox ... how did that go?

JH: That was good ... yeah we are musically and ideologically compatible with VSpyVSpY and given the pub rock crowd patron-



age at that night, it was a forgone conclusion we would do well. We always do in environment.

PG: Which is why Boom Crash Opera repeatedly ask for you when they play - even in the eastern states.

JH: Again, quite possible. The crowds that are there to see them always receive us well. BCO are sick to death of trashy cover bands which is quite gratifying for us.

PG: Being an English One graduate myself, all I ever remember about the course was talking about phallic symbols; willies and the like. Being a final year English student yourself, this naturally developed into your lyrics ...

JH: (laughs ... drinks ... answers) You are referring to Attacks of Madness aren't you - no ... not intentionally anyway. That song specifically deals with rampant hormonal stimulation under the influence of certain beverages. It's funny really, that song line of imagery has been picked up by more than one person. It's basically a reaction against the meat market mentality in the places ...

PG: you seem to spend half your lives in - not that you are involved in any of that - monogamous relationships all around I'm sure for you boys?

JH: Oh, for sure, all members are happily involved in secure relationships.

PG: mmm ... well. Climbing, Falling is I think the best song I've heard all year ... umm ... is there any story behind it?

JH: Oh, thanks, yeah it's a love song from Chris to his partner. Chris is a soul bearing lyricist but we wanted to maintain a tough edge to it a la Hunters and Collectors, to stop it being just a limp ballad.

PG: You continually receive comment from your peers - BCO and Hunters etc, can you retain your enthusiasm when you consider some of the shit that does so well in the Australian industry nowadays.

JH: Yeah, that's always an industry constant ... you've always had absolute dribble to combat (PG: "Bang the fucking drum"?). Yeah, exactly ... but as long as the attention we are receiving continues we are confident we can maintain it - for sure. We're under no illusions; it isn't easy.

PG: Which brings us to the future? Another album?

JH: We haven't paid for the first one yet but when we do it will probably incorporate a CD next time. We'll keep doing what we are doing and as long as there is a sense of optimism for the entire program we'll keep going.

PG: OK

Be Brave richly deserve any success that comes their way. Their achievements already are particularly encouraging as they attempt to traverse the fine balance between fresh individualistic sound and commercial compromise, while maintaining the sadly dying art of great Australian rock bands.

Willing Hands Be Brave Independent

Yeah, good - really good. Willing Hands is a seven song mini album that presents a decent spectrum of what Be Brave is all about. A lucid presentation of effective Australian pub rock which successfully retains its individualistic flair whilst hinting its influences.

Willing Hands is the song getting the most airplay on Triple J and SA•FM, although the scarcity (again) particularly disappointing. Interspaced on the vinyl are such rock beauties as Still Be Around, Attacks of Madness, and Last Refrain that retain their rowdy pub feeling. This results in some terrific songs that contrast interestingly with the more sedate but enjoyable Climbing, Falling. Given that Willing Hands is an independent label effort, the achievement of such fresh, energetic quality is made all the greater. The effectiveness of using an independent label is completely realized because sound quality is not sacrificed in the name of slick production.

Willing Hands is a terrific effort, which interspaces great rock songs with more subtle offerings. The potential is superb, boys - we wait with interest.

Piers Gillespie

The Slow Club Shout Me Down Virgin 7"

Very pleasant soft pop listening from this 3-piece, with elegant acoustic sounding guitars and catchy, inoffensive chorus. Nothing too memorable, except perhaps the sugar smooth guitar solo, and backing violins.

The cover has some interesting artwork, featuring a photo of two

bizarre-looking animals, (lemurs perhaps?) rearing back on their hind legs.

The B-side, Cruel Justice, is even more laid-back, featuring a harmonica, and even sweeter lyrics. The third track, the Club Mix of Shout Me Down, is, not surprisingly, more up tempo, but does not differ considerably from the A-side. Not Bad.

Ben Allen

Post Modern Man DEVO Enigma Records

DEVO shed their bondage image some time ago. However, after listening to their latest offering it almost induces a musical state of self flagellation not unlike their previous hits such as Whip It.

It seems that DEVO are caught in a kind of never-making-it-big-without-wearing-flower-pots time warp. They just keep on pumping out tired old songs in the hope that one day they will reach stardom. Or are we looking at DEVO in the wrong way? Maybe they love being out of the limelight, because that is where they are at the moment.

What can we say about a 7 track super 12" with a collection of 6 unreleased versions of the one song? Not to mention the little title prefixes so you can tell them apart: like "pre post-modern instrumental" and "neo post-modern mix" etc.

Who gives a shit anyway? They all sound the same and with the KA-FM hit prediction panel (being the highly respected "God of Hits" that it is) giving it the thumbs up, they are sure to fall again.

The best tracks, however, are undoubtedly the remixes, not even done by DEVO, which incorporate some proven house-remix formulae as well as the old DEVO guitar 'twangs'.

Genevieve Marjoribanks
Andrew Beveridge

Edwina Lucas... "The Black Fantastic"

Edwina Lucas has been making her mark on the Adelaide music scene with her solo singing act. Of Indian-Jamaican descent, she describes her repertoire as "a cross between soul, blues and reggae-Jamaican style". She has played at the Austral, and several times at the University, stunning audiences with her rich, soulful voice. "Nearly all my songs are about sex, and female superiority", said Ms Lucas. Her set includes covers of No Woman No Cry (Bob Marley) and Anything I Own, but it is her original songs that stand out. Songs such as Overkill, a jazzy song with a hot blues riff, Snoopy's Lament, a song about lust and domination and Real Man Blues are part of her sassy and highly entertaining show.

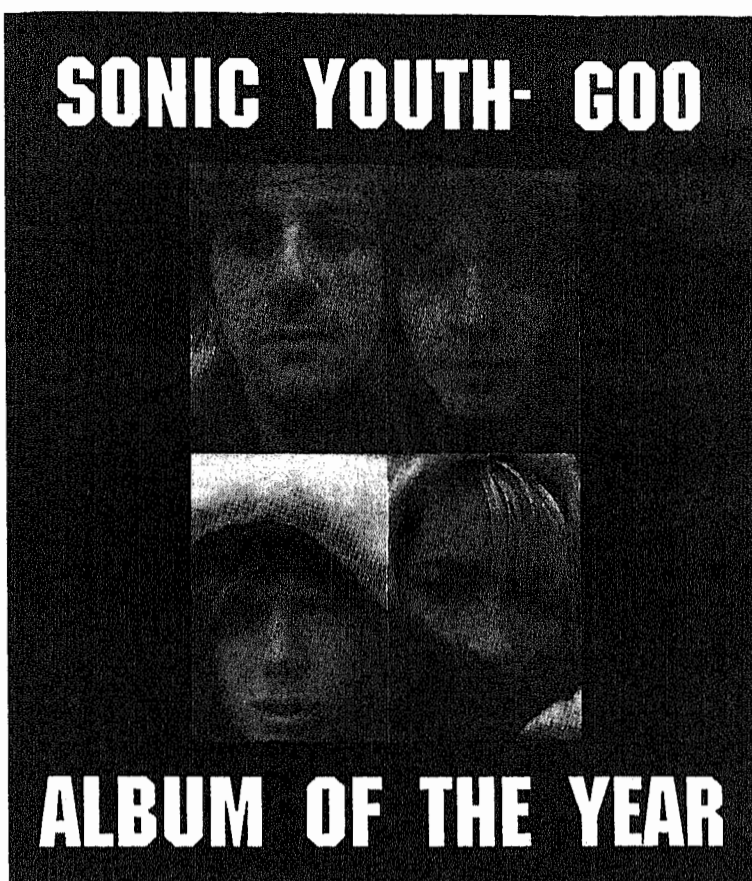
Among her influences Ms Lucas lists Jimi Hendrix, Ella Fitzgerald, the Sex Pistols, Branford Marsalis,



Sonic Youth, Bob Marley, The Clash, Jimmy Cliff, Sting, the Agnostic Front and herself. As a final comment on her music, Ms Lucas added "I'm just overall a fucking brilliant musician. And one hell of a sexy babe!"

You can see Edwina Lucas on Thursday 1st on the Barr-Smith lawns, and at the Austral on the 7th. (Wednesday) Watch out, this is one musician you'll be seeing a lot more of.

Dave Krantz



Even when we have to strive against the overcommercialisation of certain musical styles, it seems that the lesser known streams are just improving with age. Sonic Youth are suspended above any kind of prior musical experience, especially anything at the moment. Sonic Youth are a band that generate awe from their fans, and those others who taste just a little, will no doubt immediately become addicted.

Goo is incredible. It's not just an album, it's an experience and a total transformation away from reality. It echoes many earlier themes developed in Daydream Nation and Sister, but the Youth have become just a bit adaptive to the sensitive ears of corporate oppression that we all know and love. However, the issues dealt with in the album are brave and kind of radical. You've heard of feminist literature, well this is a feminist album that doesn't forget that women share the planet with guys as well.

There is no doubt that this al-

bum is brilliant, but it is the individual components which combine to make up the overall force on vinyl.

1. 'Dirty Boots'. Presented in overture fashion this song eases the listener into what Sonic Youth are about - being on the road and touring.

2. 'Tunic (Song for Karen)'. This is the scariest song you will ever hear in your life. Not the words, but the music. The words are about the parental oppression of Karen Carpenter. The music is about a nightmare, one of those nightmares from which you never want to wake up, you want to find out what will happen next.

3. 'Mary Christ'. If Sonic Youth were a dance track band - this would be the dance track. It's actually about Jesus' mother and father being called Joseph Christ and Mary Christ. Logical.

4. 'Kool Thing'. A tribute to LL Cool J, but becomes a read dig at misogynist lyrics in rap songs. But that's not important. This single is the grooviest thing that has

emerged from the American Music scene "liberating us girls from male, white, corporate oppression" since Jefferson Airplane's 'White Rabbit'.

5. 'Mote'. Every album has its ballad. I'm not sure if this is it, but the fact should be made clear at this point.

6. 'My Friend Goo'. This song is an offering from the Gods. It's about a 16 year old punk girl.

7. 'Disappear'. Eerie shit about UFO's.

8. 'Mildred Pierce'. Basically a riff bulldign up and then just the amount of tension is gathered for an anarchic explosion of noise.

9. 'Cinderella's Big Score'. Interesting - what can one say.

10. 'Scotter and Jinx'. Another song about punks.

11. 'Titanium Exposé'. A song celebrating marriage.

Be, borrow or steal Goo - it is the essential album. I want the whole thing played at my funeral.
Jodie Wilson

Bondi Cigars
Bondi Cigars
ABC

Blues, and rhythm and blues (r'n'b) have been mainstays of the Australian music scene since the 1960s. Fair enough too! They're great styles of music. A brief lurch through the history shows up bands such as Blackfeather, the mighty Buffalo, Jo Jo Zep & the Falcons, Dynamic Hepnotics, The Hippo's and Bondi Cigars.

Featuring luminaries (a chrome dome or two) from the Dy-Heps and the Hippo's, The 'Cigars just churn it out.

It's an Aussie tradition, mate - you either like it or you don't. Me, I find it all so familiar it's bland.

Alex Wheaton

CRENT
Crent
(Waterfront Records)
THE CUTTERS
A Long Way
(Mighty Boy)
FEAR OF FALLING
Your Place
(Phantom Records)
DEADLY HUME
The Hokey Pokey
(Phantom Records)

Interesting and challenging Australian music abounds at present and the Cellbete Rifles are among the foremost exponents. The Rifles' guitarist Ken Steedman (alias CRENT) brings forth an album of his own material, featuring environmentally sensitive issues enhanced by deft and loving guitar and rhythm touches. Highlights are Intestinal Beanle and Greiner is a Crent (guess who?) and the trifle waffle 9K?, a drawn out exercise in mellow simplicity - nonetheless an opus.

The Cutters hail from Queensland and develop that states' random amalgam of rural rock and urban sleaze to a new art form. Sort of like the Go-Betweens and other northern types, and a six track mini album is just about enough of this sort of thing.

Phantom Records in Sydney have come up with 2 cracking singles lately. The Deadly Hume are known for their introspective grinding approach to music and this adaption of the childhood rhyme is both moody and irreverent. An alternative favourite already, this will go down as a classic (But what does that mean?)

Fear of Falling are a bright shining pop outfit, female vocals and irresistible melodies. Why does it leave me cool? Well it's not a very good song but what there is has been lovingly made a swirling extravaganza. A braver or stupider reviewer would call Your Place a 'haunting' song.

Alex Wheaton

CANDY
Iggy Pop
Virgin 7"

It is doubtful that American post-punk would be as good as it is today if it wasn't for the broad influence of Iggy and the Stooges. Their tense, grating sound characterised US punk throughout the '80's and can be seen in such diverse bands as Sonic Youth and Husker Du. Iggy and the Stooges also played an important part in making punk a more socially aware art form and the previously mentioned bands, amongst others, have further developed this vague sense of social protest.

With such an illustrious past it is surprising that Iggy Pop's solo career has been lacklustre and innocuous. His latest albums have had a decidedly commercial bent and cannot consistently match the intensity of earlier material. The title track on this single, 'Candy' is representative of the weaker Iggy Pop songs and unnervingly sac-

charine sweet, being closer to Transvision Vamp than vintage 'Search and Destroy' Iggy.

'Candy' is a virtual duet, with the B52's Kate Pierson singing much of the latter part of the song. Kate Pierson's presence further damns the record as being a mere commercial enterprise but her striking vocals also save what is a pretty average song. At best 'Candy' could be described as a catchy pop song.

The B-side is an acoustic demo version of 'Pussy Power' and outshines the A-side in both mood and lyrics. Some of Iggy Pop's former quirkiness emerges in 'Pussy Power'.

"When it's there and I can't have it

I get real, real rabid."

Still the question has to be raised as to why Iggy Pop would write a song about domestic animals.

Shane Carty



Crash Politics
Never Too Popular
rooArt 7"

After the grungey "TV God", Crash Politics seem to have reverted to a more acoustic sound for this song. Don't be put off, there is still a very full sound and the vocals are rather tuneful. The initial chords make it sound like another "Wild Thing" song, and it soon hops up to turn into a catchy, bouncy tune.

The B-side, "Everything's Not What It Seems" has received airplay of Tripe J, and is on a par with the A-side. Nice and clean sort of hard pop/soft rock. Very enjoyable listening, this is good music.

Ben Allen

Innocence
Silent Voice
EMI 7"

Very spooky intro, with what seems to be a heartbeat in the background. Then, dance beat enters. Smooth female lyrics, soft brass backing. Without the aggressive, "ram it down their throat" attitude of some dance trax, this is more on the ambient house side. It's more likely to suit as background music to accompany idle chat than make you want to get up and strut your funky groove thing. Not really boring, but sedate. Ethereal, even. (Who knows what it means, but it always appears in pretentious reviews, so why not use it here?)

Ben Allen

Cherry Red
Lime Spiders
Virgin (7")

Suffers from the same problem as Iggy Pop's release on Virgin; that is, commercial intentions overriding artistic ability. Still,

Mick Blood's impressive vocals and the sometimes biting lyrics are worth listening to. Not a great single but it suggests that the album may be good.

Shane Carty

All Shook Down
The Replacements
Sire

Very much continuing the subdued tone of last year's Don't Tell A Soul, this (The Replacements' seventh album) is not going to be the one to elevate them to the level of superstardom they deserve. During the 1980s the band put out a series of consistently excellent records all of which received much more critical recognition than popular acclaim, and it looks like the band didn't set out here to make their breakthrough album.

The album is, nonetheless, one of the best releases of this year. Produced by Scott Litt, the man behind R.E.M.'s Document and Green LPs, the songs are marked by the quiet, almost country feel of the arrangements, particularly on tracks like Nobody and One Wink at a Time. The songs, too, are becoming more, dare I say it, sensitive. Paul Westerberg, the band's songwriter and singer who once gave us classics such as Fuck School, White and Lazy and Dope Smoking Moron, is carrying on with the more gentle and subtle style established by last year's single, Achin' To Be.

All Shook Down has its rock tracks though, like My Little Problem, a duet with Concrete Blonde's Johnette Napolitano. Maybe it would be best to be introduced to the band with one of their more assertive records released between 1984 and 1987, but it's still good to see that one of America's best and most underrated bands is putting out records well worth listening to again and again.

Paul Champlon

THE BLACKEYED SUSANS



SOME BIRTHS ARE WORSE THAN MURDERS

Some Births are Worse Than Murders The Blackeyed Susans Mighty Boy

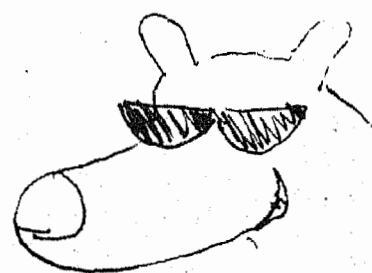
The Blackeyed Susans are basically made up from members of the Triffids- David McComb, the brooding vocalist (whose complexion makes Michael Hutchence look like Isabella Rossellini), Aisie McDonald and Jill Birt (brilliant screechy organ player).

Apparently the Triffid-people decided to get together with a few other musos and experiment with some ideas that wouldn't quite fit within the Triffid's format. In many ways the debut EP "Some Births are Worse Than Murders" (the same phrase appears, incidentally, on the sleeve of the live album "Stockholm") doesn't achieve this, as most of the tracks sound distinctly like an average Triffids song.

Not that there's anything wrong with that. The single "Don't Call Yourself an Angel" is a wonderfully morose little piece of theological crooning, and the cover of Viva Las Vegas is innovative to say the least.

It's a pity in some ways that the David McComb's vocals and Jill Birt's organ playing have become a bit pedestrian. The last few albums by the Triffids and now the Blackeyed Susans EP lack the roughness and dementia of their earlier work, particularly "Treeless Plain", "Born Sandy Devotional" and "In the Pines". Despite the absence of this tougher edge, the transition towards a more atmospheric style has not been too big a compromise. The Triffids are still one of Australia's most enjoyable and original bands, and the Black-eyed Susan's are a continuation in this fine vein.

David Penberthy



COOL AS

FUCK.

moo

Inspiral Carpets Life Liberation

Another group of young hooligans sprouting from the loins of the great Mancunian Mother. They have Beatles haircuts and groovy hooded windcheater tops which are really fashionable. They are cool as FUCK! The Inspiral Carpets have taken the 3.268 minute pop song 2nd created something wonderful. But the most important thing about the Inspirals is their

use of the Farfisa Organ - the most wonderfully uplifting instrument ever invented.

The grooviest songs are of course "She Comes in the Fall", "This is how it Feels", "Monkey on my back" and "Real Thing". The others are great too.

The Inspiral Carpets have done something decent with their music. It may reflect the typical Mancunian style of music at this time, but then they must all take the same kind of hallucinogenic dance drugs when they write their music.

Jodie Wilson

This is Serious Mum Hot Dogma Polygram

What is funnier, TISM's new album or TISM's new press releases? In the latter, I was particularly impressed with the speed at which they were able to think up Stevie Ray Vaughan (RIP) jokes.

"Will the Stevie Ray Vaughan band ever get back together again?"

"What was the last thing to go through Stevie Ray Vaughan's head when he died? His arse"

These and various other worthy epithets are dedicated to Stevie, Robbie Holmes a Court, and Elton

John (although Elton is not actually dead, TISM believes he should be.)

As for Hot Dogma, I am left assuming that the large-scale efforts to portray TISM as hip, zany and off-the-planet are essentially advertising and marketing devices. Still, when the words can be understood, TISM are funny, particularly when they launch into involved and bizarre monologues. And the liner notes essay-written some time in the future when "Hot Dogma" had replaced Sergeant Peppers in the seminal stakes-is worthwhile.

The point is, however, that the most interesting thing about Hot Dogma is the music. TISM have made an album of deceptively well



written and likeable songs, and constructed a noise around them that is loud and offbeat (hip, zany and off-the-planet. Hot Dogma is raucous pop- if it's funny, that's a bonus.

Patrick Allington

Swervedriver Swervedriver Creation

"Son of Mustang Ford", the feature song on this self-titled (untitled?) EP, is one of the most infectious songs released this year. Lyrically simple, it is almost totally devoid of pretention, yet at the same time Swervedriver manage to avoid the monotony and lyrical platitudes that are usually associated with 'unpretentious' garage rock. Swervedriver are indeed a rare talent.

The three other songs on this EP are good enough to support the brilliant first track. In fact, the last song, the languid "Juggernaut Rides", contains the best vocalisations on the record and could easily be the EP's highlight. However, "Son of Mustang Ford" contains a vibrancy that is hardly matched by any song, let alone the other songs on this album.

This EP maintains the high standard set by the Creation label but does not reach the heights of some of their previous releases, most noticeably the untitled My Bloody Valentine EPs.

Nonetheless, "Swervedriver" should still be bought by anyone lucky enough to find a copy.

Shane Carty

Do You Fancy Me? Iron Sheiks Greasy Pop Records

Hard Core Revolution Bastard Squad Blast It Records

A bit over 3 years ago The Iron Sheiks began their career by bodyslamming the hardest, heaviest rock'n'roll they could find. Motorhead was one of their favourite bands and their songs 'Road Crew' and 'Ace of Spades' became the starting point for it all.

At around the same time, Melbourne's hardcore youth were 'doccing' a band into shape. It seems their model was the Dead Kennedys; numerous line-ups later they've added chunks of D.O.A. and The Exploited and adopted the moniker Bastard Squad.

The appropriately named Squad album is Hardcore Revolution - an onslaught of doubletime slow-fast-faster pace. So it's an ol-boy's delight. If you've got what it takes to listen carefully then you'd better have some spare time - lyrics loaded with political analysis, social commentary (and a social disease or two, I guess) it's also possible to read too much into it all, but this is a slash above the average.

The Iron Sheiks are a different bunch. Do You Fancy Me? is their second offering and is a thankful improvement on their patchy work Do You Sell Beer Here? You might have noticed there's no answers here, only questions. Are they the loudest band around? Why do they use stupid bloody pseudonyms? What is the libellous blacked-out song title?

"From parts unknown, weight unknown

The Sheiks probably couldn't care, from the despoiling Acid House to the fearsome Gnarlays and thematic (TV shows again) Tour of Duty, they get the referees decision. You want junk culture, they give you what dumber people have referred to as "sonic vandalism".

So trash your Stone Roses collection, bold on the heavier equipment get some of the ugliest noise known to man. If you fancy it, check it out.

Alex Wheaton

Set Me Free Carmel Festival

With Set Me Free Carmel has once again proven how diverse her musical talents are. Lyrically this record is that of a strong and independent woman, with songs such as "You can have him" and the slow, perfect jazz piece "I'm over you". However, Carmel also celebrates love, particularly in "I have fallen in love" which she subtitled in the French "Je suis tombee amoureuse", perhaps reflecting her unaccountably higher degree of popularity in France than in her native England.

Musically this album is consistent with Carmel's past jazz and blues influences, and although tempos vary the music is generally less adventurous than previous offerings. However, the

mixture of harpsichord, congos and horns keep this an interesting record throughout. The 'hymn', "God put your hand on me" is a bit disconcerting, for after establishing herself as an independent woman, Carmel suddenly calls on God to guide her, and through Him "there is no man on earth who can lead me astray".

However, apart from this sudden religious fit, complete with organ and church hall acoustics which are admittedly very 'soothing', the album is generally very enjoyable. This is an emotion filled Jazz and Blues record, very interesting, but compared with Carmel's usual standard it lacks a 'certain something'. You'll have to buy it and find out for yourself!

Genevieve Marjoribanks and Andrew Beveridge

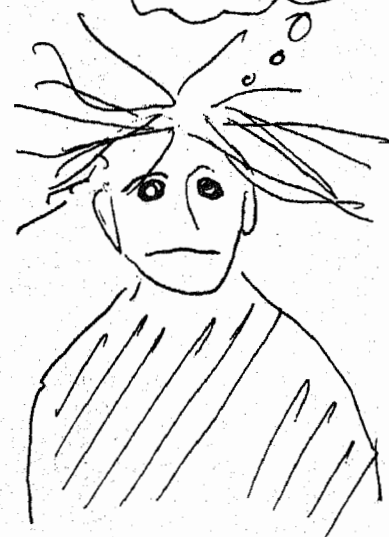
The Cure Never Enough WEA (7")

Slips back into the Cure of pre-Distintegration, about the time of Kiss Me etc. Hendrixy, very dancy, heavy guitars. Maybe it will intimidate a fifth or so generation of Cure fans.

On the flip side, 'Harold and Joe' brings to mind Lloyd Cole and the Commotions. Bob Smith shows a new side to his vocal abilities. Except for the riffs, you wouldn't associate it with the Cure after a first listen. It's quite soulful. It's also a really great song and I hope the album reflects this.

Jodie Wilson

I'M SO MYSTERIOUS





*“Where they burn
On Dits they will
eventually burn
people”*

November 23

Im free! phew!

FREE to all students
guests \$5

!!!! YOU'VE MADE IT!!!!
!! SERIOUS STUFF !!

!! BUT WILL YOU!

!! SURVIVE?

!! THE ?

!! FUN!?!?

END OF EXAMS SHOW

B.A.S.E

Friday November 23
Adelaide University Union Bar

6 Happy Hour
glasses of beer and wine \$1

6.30 - 7.45

Jam Tarts Nansing

9-11 BASE

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Jam Tarts Nansing

9-11 BASE

Leigh Warren's sense of perfection.

This past year has been full of success for the Australian Dance Theatre. Their Festival show *Beyond the Flesh* will probably tour at some point next year, the company has displayed they are not just a bunch of pretty dancers, but also budding choreographers, and the 25th year anniversary brought old and new together.

Holly McKnight spoke with the current Artistic Director Leigh Warren about the year, upcoming events and got his views on dance and its relationship to the government.

This year has seen the ADT expand its profile from being a national company to also being a community company. Warren stressed how important it is for the company to feel South Australia is home and that home is proud of them. Warren related a quick story of how the Premier John Bannon told him to be ambitious with the company. Something which Warren is very much wanting to do. But perhaps he is expecting too much of audiences. In the *Groove* season, Warren's piece *Adieu* was premiered and it seemed to have very mixed reactions. Warren admits it may have been too obscure. It is about death and time and the stream of consciousness. Heavy stuff at the best of times, but perhaps too deep for dance? Warren feels he was trying to say enjoy life:

"enjoy life while you can, don't be hedonistic, but there are things in life to be savoured. Don't worry about all of tomorrow; it may be something completely beyond our comprehension. Life is so precious - treasure it."

So for this upcoming *Sandpaper and Silk* season there Warren's *Transcent Pleasures* and *Let's Do It* pieces are being performed. *Transcent Pleasures* was first performed in November of 1989 when Warren was "possibly the most romantic I've ever, ever, ever been". It is about men and women and strength and cooperation. Not at all the existential angst we saw in *Adieu*. In the same programme, Graham Watson's *Sandpaper and Silk* is being premiered. Warren describes it as "a sub-umbilical tussle". More about men and women and how they contrast. Warren says it's tactile, that it shows "the errogenous zones are till very pleasurable even if they do contrast". But Warren also says it could be too much for the audience to take in. This is the piece that is "risky business". It is the rebel element that Warren is determined to keep in the company's style.

I asked if this rebel element was being squashed because of the government sponsorship. The



Australian Dance Theatre Artistic Director, Leigh Warren

reply? No way. Warren is adamant that the Arts need the support of the government because it is very expensive and there is no way it could go commercial.

Warren thinks the government supports the ADT despite its rebellious elements because this company is totally different from anything else in Australia. All of the other companies are ballet oriented. The ADT is not and therefore the government doesn't expect the same things. Perhaps not. We will never know if perhaps the ADT was capable of more because the sponsorship is firmly in place and doesn't look like it will fall away.

So what of this ADT uniqueness? Warren says it is his own form of contemporary dance and not like, say, Martha Graham which is described as "bone in the hair and terribly cerebral and deep and serious and very dull". The ADT is "of course, the opposite, we're exciting and vibrant and fast and fresh...". Perhaps true, but not necessarily the most flattering way to describe the queen of modern dance. But you can understand what Warren means.

He is proud of his company and perhaps a bit inflated about the standard. He sees his company as continually changing although he admits "change is a very difficult process". He wants to reach for bigger and better things "if being a flagship company means you become mediocre and boring, no thank you". The company has a long way to go to reach the height of international companies in terms of style. Technically, the ADT dancers are on par but the overall company is still in an infant stage in some ways. But the pieces are there, it is now a matter of putting it all together. In the meantime, Warren wants to "bring the finest quality contemporary dance to South Australia status". He recommends letting yourself enjoy "those beautiful dancers".

Holly McKnight

Sandpaper and Silk
Playhouse
November 8 - 18
8.00 pm

The Art of Noise Pollution

Amateur theatre is a gamble, as any dedicated theatre goer knows. It can be as painful as a prima donna with a sore throat, or as satisfying as a complimentary red on opening night. It was, therefore, with some trepidation that I approached the Centre for the Performing Arts' Small price Theatre on Thursday night for a production of Louis Nowra's 'Inner voices'. The company was The Westenders, a youth theatre company started by brothers Michael and Brant Eustice and friends in 1987. After the show I talked to Michael about the play, the company, amateur

AK: Tell me about 'Inner Voices'.

Michael: It's alive, it's vibrant, first and foremost it's bloody entertaining. It's very dark and it discusses some important themes, I've been working on the themes of power and ignorance, and the concept of noise and how governments and people in power use noise and sound as a way of crushing individual thought. Everywhere we go now there's noise, from traffic, from music, the television blaring out and I see that as a method of suppressing individual thought.

If you look at our society how do you punish a prisoner who misbehaves? You put him in solitary confinement and take away the noise so that he's forced to think, and people just aren't used to thinking.

So they're the main themes and I've pushed them very strongly which is why it's such a loud, noisy, vociferous production.

AK: With the help of the belly dancers upstairs?

M: Yes (frustrated laugh)

An amateur company lives or dies by the commitment of its members. Their satisfaction, and their goals and interests, are the first criteria that must be met for a company to survive.

AK: What are the Westenders?

M: We decided that we'd work along the lines that we'd have a halfway theatre company, for young actors who'd done a lot of theatre work and had already developed a fairly high skill level but weren't ready to embark on professional careers, although most of the people who started the company had had some small amount of professional experience. So it's like a training ground. The shows we do are in some ways quite savage, they force people to think, they try and break through the anaesthesia that seems to have crept over the people. I often say one of the Westender's goals is never to do a play with a happy ending. I have sort of a philosophy that if a play has a happy ending then it must be American and therefore probably isn't any good.

AK: Can I quote you on that?

Acting is the one career every mother warns every child to stay away from. It's risky, financially unrewarding and ego destroying, unless of course you get to the top. Who would be crazy enough to try it?

AK: Tell me about your cast.

M: John Mildren (Mirovich) has come from a background of doing a lot of British farce but he made a commitment to not doing anymore of those roles and he's turned his hand to doing a very difficult role. It's a very gross character, in many ways over the top but he's still been able to give it real believability. Jardine's been playing Peter, the freak, as we call him, but cripple is probably more appropriate. He's applied himself so well, working on the physical, the mental, the whole outlook of someone who's handicapped in a world which is based on power by virtue of physical strength.

And there's Craig Lenaine (Vladimir). I've known him since he was ten and I saw him in some of the first productions he'd ever done, and he was just awful. But he'd made up his mind that he was going to be an actor, a good actor, so he came from a base where he didn't have the natural talent that many actors have. He's constantly made himself aware of his weaknesses and just worked on them until he's cleaned them up. And I think he's a very competent actor, no, that's a terrible word to use, he's a good actor. And I find that refreshing and encouraging because it means you don't have to be naturally talented to be a good actor, you can get there by hard work.

AK: How would someone get involved with the company if they were interested.

M: Anyone who's interested in becoming a member of the company just needs to contact me or any other member. All our auditions are open, advertised in the paper, and by word of mouth, anyone who wants to be involved can be involved. Obviously when you're casting you need to cast the best you can, but there is a lot of back up to a company like this, and anyone is welcome and encouraged to get involved.

Adelaide, the Festival city, has its fair share of amateur theatre companies, some well known and respected, some shortlived and forgotten, and all competing for the same small audience.

AK: What do you think is Adelaide's reaction to companies like Westenders?

M: There's not a lot of support until people realise you've got a good product. I find that it's a very indulgent thing, people want to see good theatre all the time but

they're not prepared to offer outgoing and obvious support to youth theatre companies and down to basic community theatre groups. If people were giving more support to these companies they would be producing gradually a better standard and the people who come from these base groups are the people who are filtering into the professional groups and the more established amateur companies, and so would maintain a better standard.

AK: How would you explain the success of Peter Goers' company Jimmy Zoole Presents?

M: I think a lot of it has to do with the energy Goers himself generates into his company and cast. He's innovative with his ideas, he gets exciting actors in and he markets very well.

AK: Goers is operating his company on an entrepreneurial base, do you think that's viable for a company in Adelaide?

M: I think it's the ideal goal of any theatre company to achieve a professional financial base but in a place like Adelaide, with a relatively small theatre going population it's very difficult. Obviously there's a degree of naivety in that, but you have to believe it. Unfortunately you have to be careful that you're not alienating individual groups of the theatre going public, which some groups tend to do. I think that for a start an established groups like the Adelaide Rep are guaranteed audiences. I think that the style of production they choose tends to be a little conservative. I'd like to see them extending and being a little more courageous. They have an established base audience and you need to give them what they want to see but if you broaden that base a little more you can attract even more people.

AK: This is all amateur theatre, would you say that your interests are in specifically in furthering the quality and accessibility of amateur theatre?

M: Yes, because I believe that unless you work at that base and you further the opportunities for amateur groups to improve their quality and standard then you're not going to be able to produce professional theatre that people are going to be willing to pay more to see.

Inner Voices is at the Small Price Theatre, Centre for the Performing Arts, 101 Grote Street, at 8pm until Sat. Nov 3rd.

State Opera 1991 Season

In 1991, The State Opera will present a well-balanced season of four major opera productions. Verdi's *Rigoletto* opens the season in March, followed by Mozart's *Don Giovanni* in May, Richard Strauss's *Elektra* in August and Puccini's popular *Madama Butterfly* in October.

Students will be able to take advantage of \$10 student rush tickets for all productions, representing a large discount, as well as low subscription prices ranging from \$36 for three operas in C Reserve to \$94 for all four operas in the best seats in the house.

1991 looks set to be one of the State Opera's most ambi-

tions years, with four full-scale productions, but also one with great popular appeal. *Rigoletto*, *Don Giovanni* and *Madama Butterfly* contain much of the best-known operatic music in the repertoire, while acclaimed Australian film director Bruce Beresford's production of *Elektra* (1909) will be an Australian stage premiere of an early 20th century masterwork.

Some of the Mozart and Puccini will no doubt be familiar from excerpts used in *Amadeus* and *A Room With A View*; the season promises to be a valuable introduction for those interested in Opera.

Geoff Griffith

SPEED from page 41

speeding. They may get concerned about your excitable state, your insatiable thirst and your regular trips to the toilet to piss. ('You're a bit odd today.' 'Yes, I haven't been sleeping ho ho.')

The period after the second or third big session at the mirror well into the second 24 hours has been the downfall of many a young player. Large doses can induce a sense of extreme tenseness and even panic. Amphetamine acts to block adrenaline in your muscles causing you to feel as hard as a brick. Many an angry young man's actions can be attributed to long periods on fast. If you find that things are getting a bit tense get out on your own and pace around a

bit. Have a shower-you'll need it. You can get very very sweaty and smelly on speed. I usually shower three, four or five times a day when I am speeding. Also make sure you eat something and take lots of Vitamin B and C. All these things will help you when you come down. The savage come down can be revolting but liberal doses of THC will help you ease into the land of nod making the whole experience rather pleasant.

Above all else, get some mates to speed with you. I guarantee that you will talk about things with an intensity and humour you never dreamed of, particularly after the second day. This here drug is a social one.

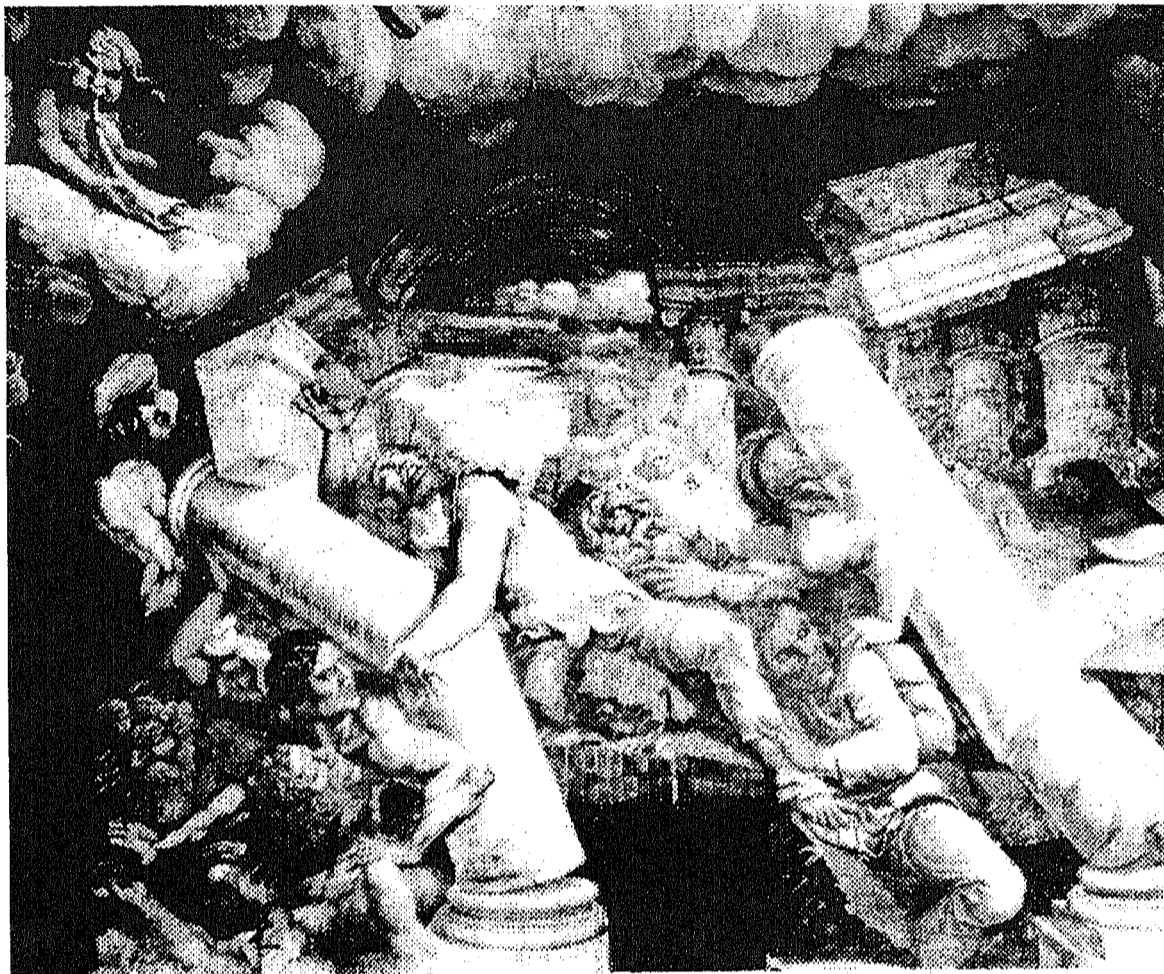
ZOOT!!

Delilah gives Samson the Snip

The old, old Sunday School potboiler of the lopping of the locks of Super Samson by the saucy seductress is currently running in an exciting and pyrotechnical production by the State Opera of Camille Saint-Saens' *Samson et Delilah*. For anyone bemused (and quite rightly) by the ludicrous plot intricacies of the recent Dame Joan farewell production of *Les Huguenots*, here is a simple story garnished with exquisite music and theatrical fireworks to prove that opera is not just for the Arty Glitterati that postured on opening night.

The opera opens with a chorus of Hebrews staggering under the yoke of Philistine oppression and whilst not actually suggesting that God had forsaken them, they certainly entreat him to finish his morning tea and give the bastards what for. Salvation is sent in Samson - a rather porcine mixture of Fred Nile, Bruce Ruxton and Sylvester Stallone, played with much finesse by Anthony Roden. After realising that his fatuous platitudes are having but little effect in liberating the Hebrews, he incites muting and the masses slay the Philistine Adolf Eichmann, Abimelech. This finished a rather bronchial portrayal by Roger Howell who was carrying the operatic equivalent of a hammy - an upper respiratory infection. The High Priest upon seeing Abimelech's body gets very cross and must maintain the mood throughout the entire performance. Michael Lewis sweats all night in this bitter role, producing what would be some marvellous singing but for the Festival Theatre's shagpile acoustics.

Samson, still as popular as a petrol price hike at a Santos board meeting, continues to swank until undergoing a hormonal resurgence as Delilah makes her lust-splitting entrance in the ancient Israeli equivalent of a taffeta cocktail gown. This is the beginning of a stunning performance by internationally reknowned Dubravka Zubovic who could seduce Robert Runcie, as much with her languid sensuality as with her beautiful mezzo. This is a voice of tremendous power and facility which exploits a vorge of 2 1/2 actors and runs the gamut of dynamic expression. Whilst laying her trap the Old Hebrew in Clifford Grout - who incidentally stepped off the Australian Opera stage at the same



time, though to slightly less plaudits as Dame Joan - sends tingles up the spine with a marvellously rich cameo as Samson's Jiminy Cricket. Despite his Evangelical Union-like protestations, Samson is even more powerfully attractive to Delilah than an Undergraduate to Prosh.

The seduction in Act Two presents some of the most magnificent music for mezzo and tenor duet ever written and is powerfully staged outside Delilah's boudoir. After much prevarication, Samson is ensnared in the doona, Delilah extracts the Charles Atlas secret

and snip snip, off with the curls.

Act Three scene two is Leigh Warren's choreographical canvas and set against the backdrop of the Gallic temple of Dugon, scantily clad and betrussed dancers are witnessed in a pouncing, gyrating orgy of Philistine profligacy which ends up looking not unlike a well-lit Skullduggery as the bodies fly and vino spurts.

Meantime Samson sits pitifully and sightlessly searching for a rhyme for Eli, eli lama sabachthani, entreating God for a return of strength to slay the lot. God presumably waits for a dramatically

opportune moment to restore the beef lost when Samson's toupee was nicked. Samson finally convinces his lord and saviour that he really does not mind pulling the walls of the temple unto himself as well as the Philistines, provided he can have the last top B, and everyone is crushed under an avalanche of polystyrene Bessa blocks, scanty sequins, shimmering scarlet cyclorama and a velvet flyer curtain. This collapse is the culmination of a decade of stage design which must take days to reconstruct and a mere seven seconds to come tumbling down.

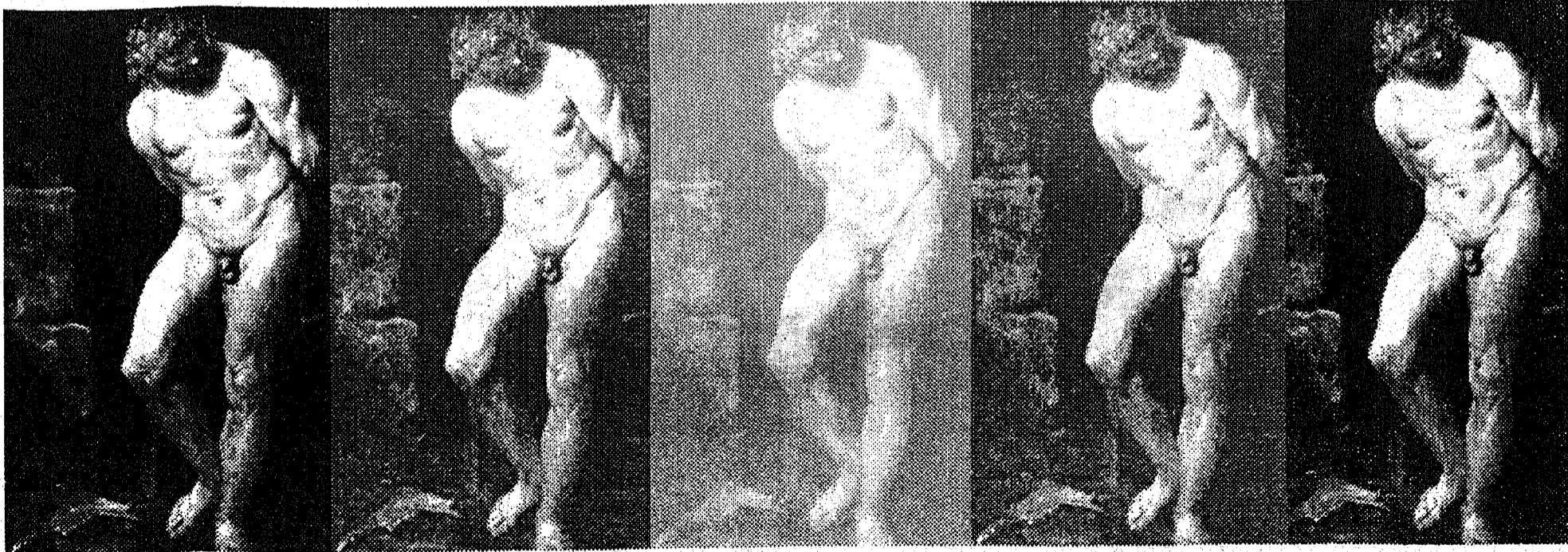
This has only been possible by the State Opera's General Manager Bill Gillespie calling in a few favours back home in San Francisco and arranging this joint State Opera and Victorian State Opera production the cost of which would normally be prohibitive.

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra gives a vastly improved accompaniment than I heard for *Figaro* with some especially breathtaking string work; I resiled completely from the suggestion that the improvement in the latter was due to the absence of one of the rank and file. That David Kram can still conduct with all those knives in his back is remarkable. He has worked the chorus well, keeping the presumably obligatory half-dozen can opener Sopranos in check. Obviously excited by the sounds he managed to fling to the back of the Auditorium, despite the murderous acoustics, he unfortunately popped one too many Valium in the first interval and Act Two tended to drag. Mr Kram got the Orchestra quite fired up in the Bacchanalian dance and Finale, but even a jumbo jet engine would be muffled in the Adelaide Festival Theatre. The Trust really must consider amplification.

Director Lindy Hume provides effective staging and the dramatic potential of the Cecil B de Mille set is well realised. In doing so, heavy demands are placed on singers with, for example, Samson often being forced to grovel for high notes whilst supine.

\$10 is all it takes for students to see this accessible grand opera - generous, considering the State Opera pays \$100 a seat to stage it. The season finishes on Tuesday the 23rd, October.

James Mulligan



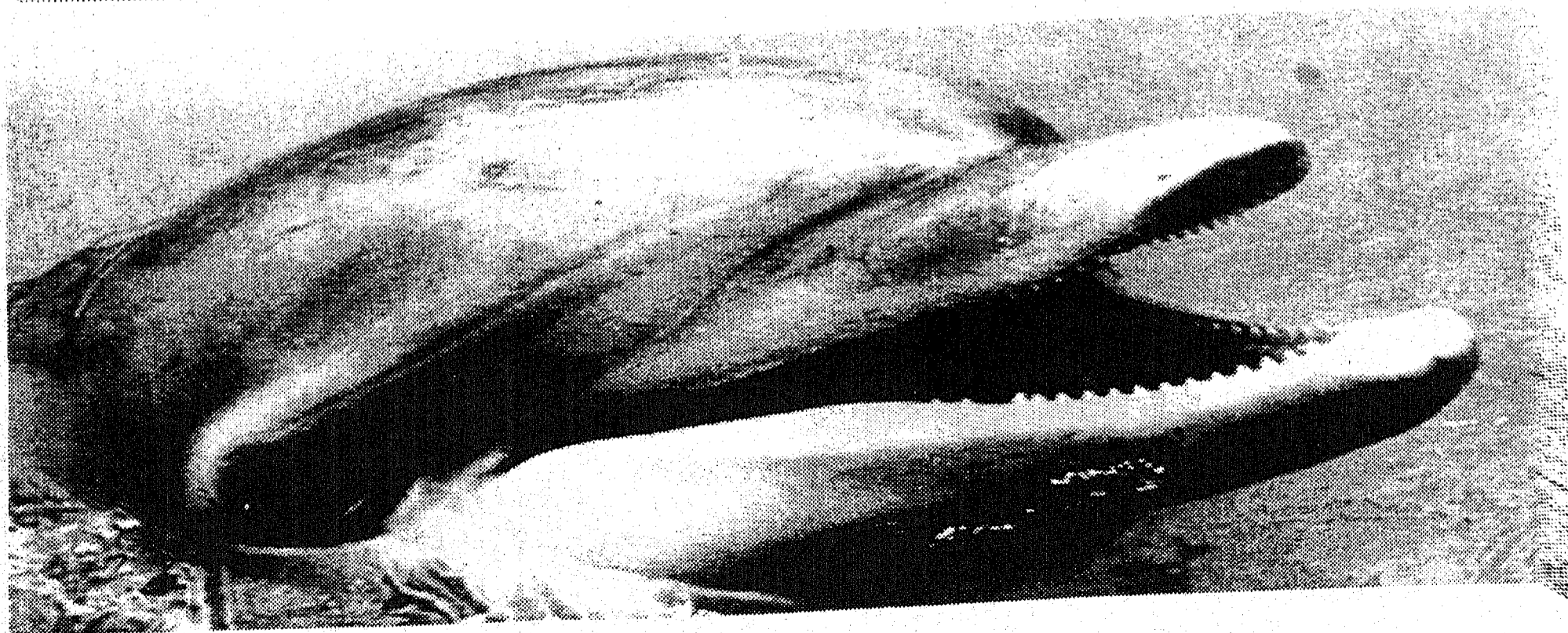
The Environment



- It's Me

- It's You

- It's Us



Do You Want To Change The World?

Are you interested in aid, third world development, women and development, environment and social change? Then read on ...

We are a group of interested students planning to set up a campus based group of Community Aid Abroad next year. CAA is an independent Australian aid-agency responding to the causes of poverty and not just the symptoms, effective aid goes beyond charity, it causes changes which promote community independence and growth. It supports the poorest of the poor in their struggle to overcome poverty and injustice.

We hope to get together sometime after exams, late November or early December to discuss what we might do. If interested, contact Jasmine Payget, Trevor Webb or Paul Barter at the Graduate Centre for Environmental Studies via pigeon hole or phone 228 4736.

1990 Christmas Show.

Monday 24 December 8.00 pm. Union Building. Featuring: Detroit Extension, Exodus, DJ. Brought to you by: AGUA, FUGA, SAITHA in conjunction with SAHYES.

Tickets available at door and Union Building on 21 and 24 Decmeber 1990.

Attention all sports-minded party people!

Wanted: people interested in attending Waterpolo Intersivity in Melbourne from December 16-22.

Costs: All teams will stay at St Hilda's College (Melbourne Uni). \$100 per person for 7 nights. (If you have relties or friends that's even better but not as much fun).

: social functions (including a toga party, Christmas party and formal dinner), registration, lunches, most dinners, pool entry, etc. \$120.

: additional costs; transport to and from Melbourne; spending money.

Experience: none required, but the ability to swim is a prerequisite. We hope to arrange some informal training after exams for anyone interested in attending.

What to do now: leave a note in the swimming club pigeon hole in the Sports Association with your name, address, phone number and knowledge of waterpolo (ie. none, lots) or contact Renate (w) 224 1802; (h) 337 3504 or Sarah (w) 224 1802; (h) 79 5261.

LUTHERAN STUDENTS FELLOWSHIP

We've started this year with a Flizz, let's go out with a bang!! Meeting: Thursday lunchtime 1-2 pm.

25 October: AGM - be there and have your say on what/who you want for next year. 1 November: lise Berner - 'Christian Misson in Pakisatan' and end of year service.

Note: St Stephen's Student Service for 4 November is being held at Concordia College's new chapel.

Next Year: Revived LSF, Bible Studies, Ministry Group, LSF commencement and mid year camps, St Stephen's Student Services.

STOP PRESS: LSF (On Campus) Breakfast. Where: In the Chapel. When: 31 October at 8.00 am (Wed). What to bring: Yourself and conversation.

AU German Club

End of Year Dinner, Tuesday, 27th November. Cost \$10.00. Reserve your ticket before Friday, 16th November from the German Department Secretary. More information in next "Wild".

Friends of the Earth

An informal end of year get together for all members and friends will be held on Tuesday, 30th October from 12.30 pm onwards on the Union Bar balcony. There will be updates on all current club activities and discussion of plans for the summer holiday. Hope to see you there!

Activities Week beginning Monday 29 October

Monday, 29 October

10 am - 5 pm Architecture Graduating Students Project Designs Exhibition in Union Gallery. Continues until Friday, November 2nd.

Tuesday, 30 October

7.30 pm Cinematheque Film Programme in Cinema with "Helen: Queen of the Nautch Girls" (Dir. Anthony Kormer, USA, 1975, Col. 32 mins) and "Black Narcissus" (Dir. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, Great Britain, 1947, 100 mins). Speaker: Shane McNeil, Independent Film maker and Lecturer in Film and Media, Magill and Sturt SACAE. Last screening for year.

Thursday, 1 November

1 - 2 pm Free lunchtime concert with "Edwina Lucas" in Union Cloisters (or Lawns).

Friday, 2 November

6 - 9 pm Pianist in Union Bistro. No show tonight in Bar. Go and check out the Grand Prix shows.

Coming Entertainment

Melbourne Cup Lunch

Buffet luncheon with 3 courses plus glass of champagne for only \$12. Union Bistro from noon. See the race on the big screen. Phone 228 5858 for table bookings.

End of Exam Show

Friday, 23 November

6 - 11 pm Union Bar. Free.
6 - 7 pm Happy Hour with glasses of beer and wine only \$1.
6.30 - 7.45 pm "Jam Tarts & Nansing" (from Melbourne).
9 - 11 pm "BASE" playing some hot funk.

AGUA Christmas Eve show

Monday, 24 December

8pm - late Union Complex show. Good music in 3 venues with reasonably priced drinks all night (plus happy hours). Tickets at SAUA and from AGUA.

PRODUCTION NOTES

ON DIT is the weekly newspaper of the Student's Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control although opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

Editors: David Penberthy & Steve Jackson
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Typesetting: Sharon Middleton & Georgie Matches
Bromiding: Andrew Joyner
Scanning & Emergency Mac-Requisitions: Dave Sag
Freight Supremos: Paul Champion

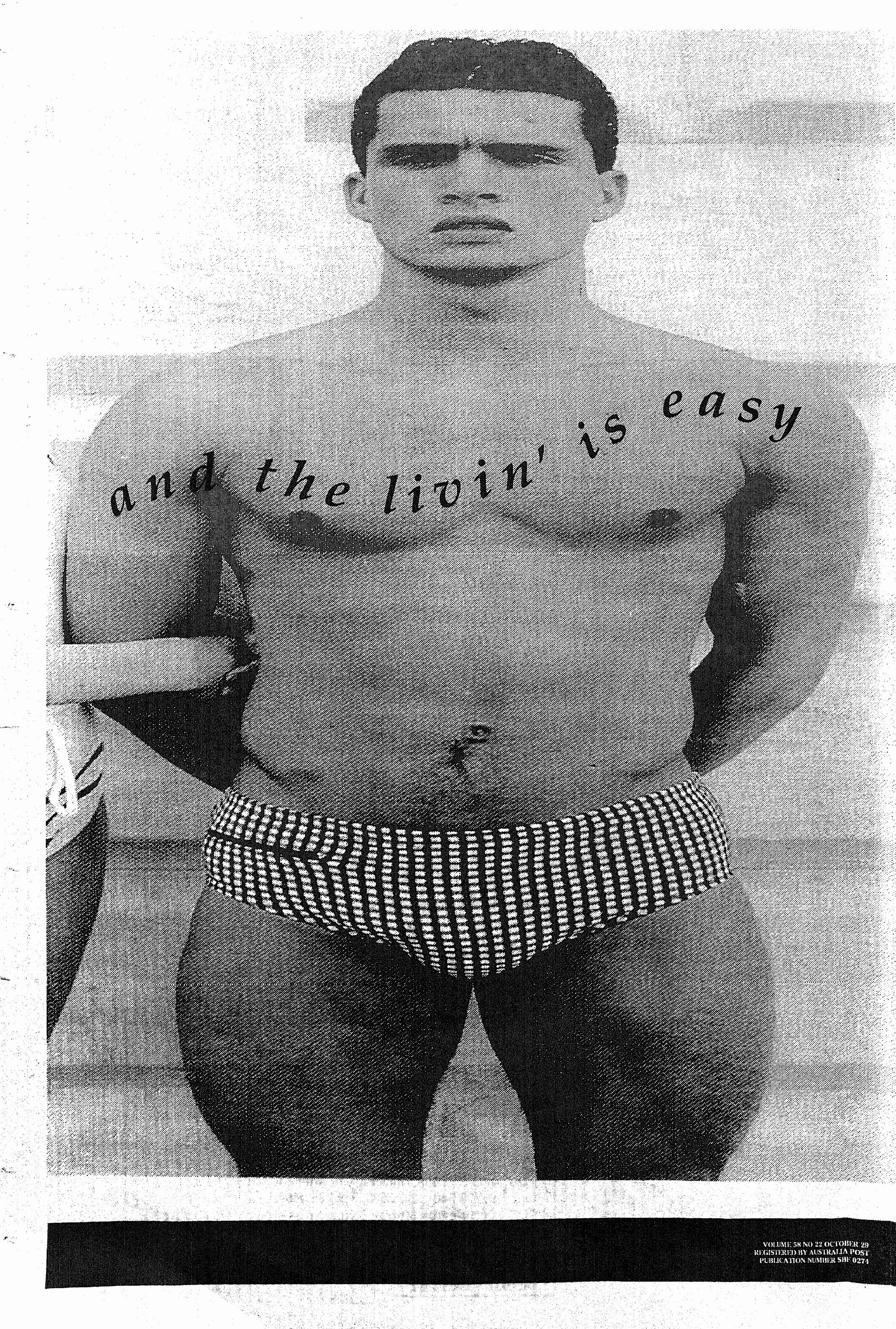
Special thanks this week to Mark Gamtcheff, Andy Joyner, Dave Sag, Dave "Freak" Krantz, Richard Rodgers, Paul Champion, Alex Webling, Fay Khoo, Jeremy Dixon, John, Richard, Darien O'Reilly, The Apple Consortium, and a whole heap more.

If you wish to contact ON DIT then sucked in because this is the last issue. If however you are desperate you can get in touch with next year's editors by writing to:

ON DIT, GPO Box 498, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, S.A.
Telephone 228 5404, 223 2685. Fax 224 0464.
ON DIT is printed by Murray Bridge Press - thanks heaps guys.



Onya Claude!

A black and white photograph of a muscular man from the waist up. He is wearing checkered briefs and has his hands on his hips. The text "and the livin' is easy" is printed across his chest in a cursive font. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

and the livin' is easy