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Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly • Volume 59 Number 3 • March 18 1991



Wrack and Ruin in the Law School

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On Dit is the weekly newspaper published by the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors like to believe that they have complete editorial control, but the views expressed in this paper do not necessarily reflect their own, although the views in a wide variety of other papers may.

Editors: Simon Healy
David Krantz

Advertising Manager:
Stephanie Pribil

Typesetting:
Sharon Middleton

Freight: Peter Ingman

Cover: Andrew Joyner

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Ben White

Alex Wheaton

Anna Worth

Chris Joyner

Chloë Fox for ensuring that trendy Rundle St. patrons don't miss out on their copy of *On Dit*

Anne Whittall in anticipation of a lovely night at The Hyatt (from both of us)

Sally Foster for having no vacancy

Mel Coad, Nick Clarke and Simon McKeown for all turning 20

The Cast of *Aye, Caligula*, particularly Matthew for his help on Saturday night

All the members of the MSC in anticipation of many fine meetings to come

Our Parents (Both Sets Again) for running this place like a Hotel

NO THANKS TO:

Norwood Football Club for spitting the dummy when greatness was within their reach. The regular season will require more commitment than that slipshod display.

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On Dit is brought back to Adelaide in the Union Car, a maroon Ford station wagon properly known as 'Mom's Taxi'

Problems at the Law School

The redevelopment of the Ligertwood Building has been accompanied by many problems. It has been a severe disruption to students, academics and staff. *On Dit* reports.

Academics in the Faculty of Law left University in November 1990 believing that they knew the conditions under which they would be working at the start of the 1991 Academic year. After one week of teaching, timetables have been disrupted, offices are still being moved, the Law Library is an acknowledged health risk and the Law School seems to be in chaos.

The consequences of the Ligertwood Building development have been so severe that on Thursday 7 March the Occupational Health and Safety Officer, Professor Anthony Moore, decided to close the entire building down. It was only on Monday morning that the building was once again rendered safe to work in. Due to various inspections which had to be undertaken before the building could be reopened, it was closed at 9am on the first academic day of the year. Aside from the Ligertwood Building being virtually uninhabitable, students and academics have had their studies totally disrupted, and arrangements for lectures and tutorials left in a state of chaos.

Professor Moore confirmed that the building was closed down following a secretary fainting as a result of dust and fume inhalation associated with the construction work.

Some students claim to have had to change their timetables as many as five times within the last fortnight. All lectures and tutorials have been reallocated from the Ligertwood Building. The disorganisation associated with the unanticipated reallocations has meant that even now some students find that they are not assigned to a tutorial group. Lecturers have freely admitted that they are cutting lectures short by five minutes to allow them to get from their office to the reallocated lectures and back. It seems apparent that students' education is being compromised for the sake of renovations.

Likewise, academics cannot be expected to work efficiently when working in an environment similar to that of the REMM site. While conducting an interview with Mr. Kevin Nicholson, Acting Head of the Law Depart-

ment, it was apparent that the air was heavy with dust, and that the dust was physically settling around the room. The air conditioning system has been shut down.

The cause of the secretary's collapse, and of the subsequent building closure, was that exhaust fumes from the crane operating on the building site were blowing through the open windows on the eastern side of the building. Apart from the open windows, there was no ventilation, and so the fumes accumulated in the building. A recommendation from the Occupational Health and Safety Unit compiled after the closure states that "the exhaust from the crane will be ventilated away from the office windows." This would, understandably, make it more comfortable for staff to have windows open, although their being open obviously compounds the difficulty with noises emanating from the work site.

It is assumed that as the construction moves higher off the ground, problems will diminish. But Mr. Nicholson expects that things will not be back to normal until at least Second Semester. The completion of the constructions is expected to occur in September, provided that the builders work to schedule. According to Mr. Nicholson and Professor Moore, the University has plans to undertake similar building operations on other sites around campus, such as the Napier Building. As Sathish Dasan, undergraduate representative on the University Council, points out, refurbishing a structure like the Napier Tower has serious implications for an even larger number of students. Professor Moore has similar concerns: "What lessons are they going to learn from the Law School before they inflict this on the Arts Faculty for a year?" he asked.

A *Notice To All Law Students* issued by Kevin Nicholson, and dated 13 March, advises law students that "incessant noise, dust, vibration and fumes have caused both office, library and academic staff great physical discomfort and, in some cases, serious illnesses (particularly respiratory)."

This, combined with the admission that there is no air conditioning in the library, is scarcely designed to inspire confidence in law students as to their own safety in entering the building, particularly first year law students. According to Dasan, first year law students are especially disadvantaged because they need the library on a regular basis, and need to become acquainted with its use.

Law Library Affected

To combat problems arising due to the construction work, plans are being made to transfer the reserve section of the Law Library to the Barr Smith Library, and extend daily opening hours in the Law Library.

Professor Moore is critical of the move as a solution for the Law Library's problems, claiming that it ignores the fact that most important research in the Law School is done amongst the bound journal volumes in the basement of the Library. It is here that air circulation is at its worst.

The Law School Librarian, Mr. Richard Finlay, has the power to restrict the number of people in the library at any one time. Mr. Finlay said that the major concern he had with regard to the safety of the Law Library was air circulation. Senior Law Lecturer, Professor Alex Castles, has said that when attempting to prepare materials for his subjects, it has been "impossible" to work in the library for more than one hour at a time. As a result, he has not been able to correct any errors or omissions in his subject materials. The quality of teaching in Law is obviously suffering, and it is neither the fault of the academics nor the Faculty's administrative staff, who are correctly identified in Kevin Nicholson's circular as being under "extreme stress". When *On Dit* called the Law Librarian and asked to speak to Mr. Finlay, the librarian who answered the phone replied "You'll have to speak up a bit. We have building works here, it's very hard to hear."

Sathish Dasan says that the effects of the building project should have been thought through first. Overall Dasan indicated that a bad foundation had been laid for the commencement of the academic year and that communications should be improved so that negotiations can occur with staff and students long before the commencement of such construction in the future, to enable adequate provisions to be made.

The resolutions made by Law School staff at the Occupational Health and Safety (OHAS) meeting on Monday 11 March state that if academic staff wish to have their offices relocated "... any additional costs incurred by any relocation should be met by the University." They also resolved that academic staff should "... indicate the expenses that they have incurred to date by having to undertake more work at home and the additional support, both financial and in terms of equipment, that will be needed by virtue of the difficulties foisted on them by the University's building works...". Should the student body be expected to support the University financially in the planning mistakes they make?

At the time the Ligertwood building was reopened on Monday, OHAS concerns included the matter that two rooms in the building had been unsatisfactorily cleaned and were without electricity. Also, the "door to outside on north-eastern side has unsealed gap where dust, noise and fumes can enter." It was advised that such problems be dealt with immediately, but the building was opened first.

The *Memo to All Law Students* from Kevin Nicholson, received in all Law pigeonholes on Thursday 14 March, also advised that many staff members will not be located in the Law Building, and may be working in other buildings or at home. This obviously inconveniences students who need to contact tutors and lecturers. The staff are in no way to blame, being inconvenienced by

having to leave their offices themselves. Mr. Nicholson asks students to be patient and "... mindful of the circumstances in which the staff, particularly the office and library staff, have been forced to contend with." Three of the members of the academic staff have been reallocated to the Capita building on North Terrace. One of those academics relocated, Marlene Le Brun, was allegedly struck by a bicycle while crossing North Terrace to reach her office. If this is true, then under Resolution 1 of the OHAS meeting last Monday, she should be able to claim compensation from the University.

So who is to blame? What individuals are responsible for the entity referred to as "the University administration"? According to Professor Moore, responsibility lies with the Registrar, Mr. Frank O'Neill, and the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Kevin Marjoribanks. Prof. Moore stated that he believes the root of the problem is the lack of understanding of the predicament of the law school in the offices of the Registrar and the V-C. "They should actually come down and have a look at the state the place is in. Frank O'Neill has at least been here twice, but it would be nice if the Vice Chancellor got a first-hand idea of the state the building is in."

"timetables have been disrupted, offices are still being moved, the Law Library is an acknowledged health risk and the Law School seems to be in chaos"

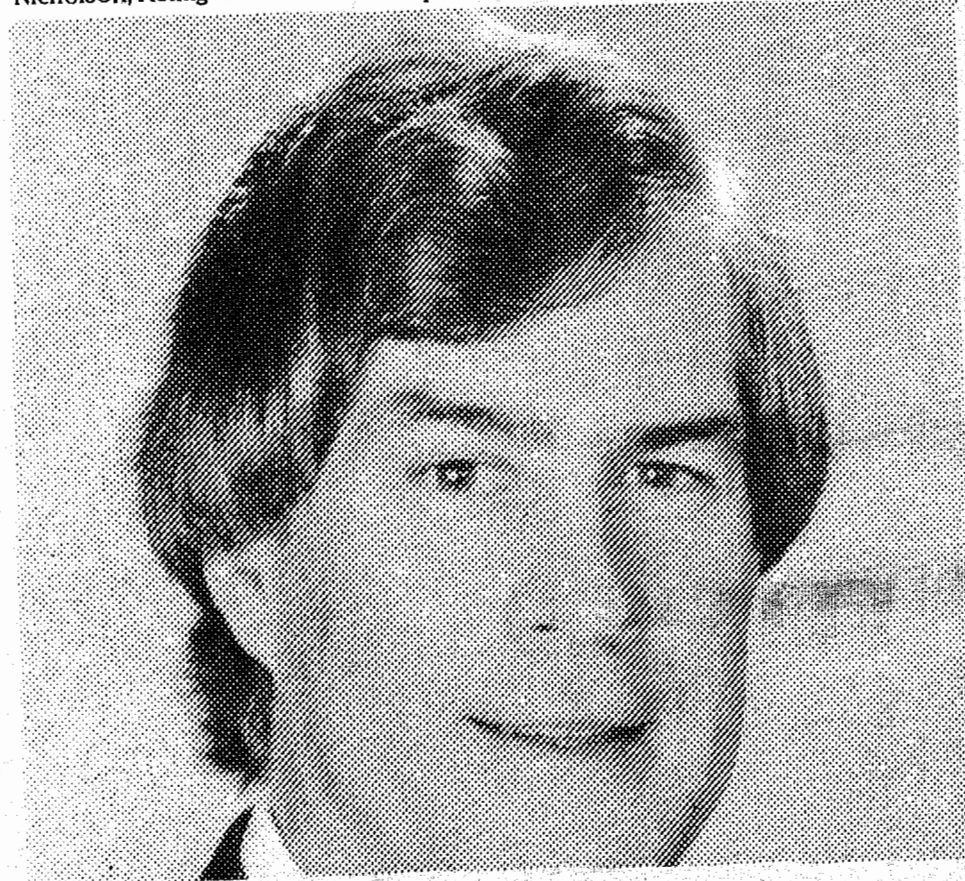
Professor Moore argued that any briefing given to Law School academics at the end of 1990 about the difficulties they would face at the start of this academic year were hopelessly inadequate. The fact that on Friday 15 March, the fifth *impromptu* reallocation of tutorials was occurring was evidence of this, he claimed.

Many Law students were still unaware last Friday where their tutorials, starting this Monday, would be held. A number of Law students have also claimed that due to work commitments, they could only sign up for tutorials on Friday of O'Week, and the Ligertwood Building's closure made it impossible for them to do so. Obviously, there have been a number of cases in which the renovations have not merely caused "extreme disruptions" to the organisation of study: they have made it impossible. As Prof. Moore said, "Students have a contract with the University, and an implied condition of that contract is that conditions will exist in which it is possible for them to study."

The difficulties associated with endeavouring to interview various representatives of Law Faculty and the University are another matter. Most of the Law School personnel are happy to comment; however, as their offices have either been relocated to places such as the Capita building on North Terrace or those normally working in the Ligertwood Building find the environment too stressful to work there, communication is virtually impossible. *On Dit* contacted Frank O'Neill's office for a response on Thursday, but has not yet received a reply. A reporter from *The Advertiser*, looking for a comment on the St. Mark's Issue (an issue which has involved no personal criticism of the Registrar), was able to arrange and complete an interview on Friday.

There will be an update on the Law School in the next edition of *On Dit*.

Alice Thorpe
Simon Healy
Michelle Gillam-Malone



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The Littlest Rebel

EVP Susie O'Brien talks about the review of degrees.

Now that education is seen more as training for the workplace and less as a general source of knowledge, it is crucial that students speak up to protect general liberal degrees when offered the chance. This is a critical time in the higher education sector: funding is being decreased as enrolment numbers in general degrees soar.

Students now have the perfect opportunity to comment as the University is undertaking a review of the general undergraduate degrees: BSc, BSc Maths and Computing Science, BA and BA Liberal Studies. It is vital that students speak up now in support of the general degrees or at least present some constructive criticism. It is always dangerous for the good old BA or BSc when the University and the Government follow the current trend and begin to question the "practicality" and "relative importance" of the general undergraduate degree.

The University's review was instigated by a meeting of its Executive Committee in 1990 and was identified as a high priority for 1991. A working party has been established, including 2 student

members: Angela Renfrey (Postgraduate) and Melissa McEwen (Honours Politics). There is no undergraduate student representation as Executive did not consider it necessary for such a student to review their own degree!

However, students and other individuals and groups are encouraged to make submissions containing their own ideas, critiques, and suggestions for change. Any student undertaking these degrees, whether undergraduate or postgraduate, can send their comments concerning any facet of the curriculum, to suggest alternative ideas, and to outline the strengths and weaknesses they perceive or just to express support for the concept of the general degree.

TERMS OF REFERENCE

The Working Party will consider the following:

1. The aims and rationale for general or liberal undergraduate studies. Comparisons will be made to other universities in Australia, the USA, and Europe.
2. The present curricula, specifically the strengths and weak-

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nesses.

3. The structure and requirements of these degrees elsewhere in Australia and overseas.

4. The desirability of non-professional undergraduate degree courses in relation to the likely needs of Australia and the world. The importance and practicality of these degrees. Whether the degrees should be 3 or 4 years duration.

5. The constraints on the pursuit of a general education such as

- (a) need to maintain a high graduation rate, especially at honours level

- (b) need to maintain international standards

- (c) the extent to which these degrees should train students to

research

(d) the extent to which these general degrees prepare students for professional degrees.

Concerned students can contact either student representative Angela Renfrey (through the Postgraduate Students' Association, ground floor and adjoining the Union Stewards' offices in the west area of the cloisters) or Melissa McEwen through the Students' Association Office (north-east corner of the cloisters). In my capacity as SAUA Education Vice-President I may also be able to advise you or answer questions, as can Natasha Stott Despoja, SAUA President.

The deadline for receipt of submissions is May 31, 1991. Submis-

sions should be sent to the Secretary of the Academic and Education Matters Sub-committee, c/o the University's Executive Secretariat, Mitchell Building. Or drop them off at the SAUA Office to be sent through internal mail.

Further information is available from the Secretary or Executive Member for Academic (Educational Matters), Room 113, Mitchell Building or phone 228 5244.

Suzie O'Brien
Education Vice-President of the Students' Association

Environmentally Friendly Fast Food Plan

McDonald's: Polystyrene Free?

Ms Susan Lenahan, SA's Environment and Planning Minister would like Australia's fast food industry to become totally "polystyrene-free". According to Ms Lenahan, SA already leads the nation in regulations banning polystyrene foams containing CFC's. She believes the next step is to encourage Australian fast-food companies to make a complete switch from polystyrene foam to a more environmentally friendly materials.

Ms Lenahan wrote to the Chairman of McDonald's Australia Ltd. urging the chain to follow the example set by its parent company in the US to switch its polystyrene foam plastic containers to cardboard. Ms Lenahan added, "I congratulate McDonald's US for this initiative and hope McDonald's

Australia will quickly follow suit."

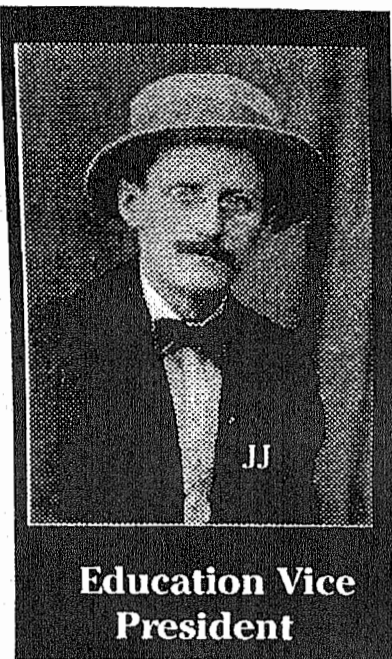
In response to Ms Lenahan's suggestions, Mr. Peter Ritchie, Chairman and Managing Director of McDonald's Australia, announced that McDonald's had been working with local suppliers on packaging initiatives and expected to follow the US lead.

McDonald's has already changed to recycled plastic for dining room trays and bin liners. Mr. Ritchie stated, "as a major Australian (?eds.) company, McDonald's recognises its responsibility as a corporate citizen and will continue to monitor and improve its environmental projects."

On Dit attempted to contact Ronald McDonald, but he is currently overseas, conducting a seminar series.

Michelle Gillam-Malone





Education Vice President

I'm Susie O'Brien, the 1990/1991 Education Vice President.

I am here to help you! You can find me in the Students' Association (the North-East corner of the Cloisters).

My job is to represent students on education issues; to present your concerns and to stand up for you all. More specifically this means:

- sitting on various university committees as a student representative (most of the university bureaucracy think it would be a better place without students so sometimes it's bloody impossible getting them to do anything).

- Liaising with various members of the Federal and State Education Sector - lobbying them the letters, meetings, recommendations, reports.

- This year I will also be closely working with student representatives from the former city campus of SACAE and Roseworthy representatives to ensure that the particular needs of students from these campuses are addressed.

- I also work closely with Natasha (Students' Association President), and other members of the SAUA to develop campaigns plus discuss ideas.

I feel that my most important role is to helping individual students with problems. So many of the other things I do are hard to see results, but when helping students with specific concerns I really feel as if I'm doing something! If you have any problems with such things as:

- if a paper is marked unfairly
- if you are not awarded a stipend and think you should be
- harassment (of any kind) from tutors, lecturers etc
- if you feel that a particular tutor or lecturer is totally hopeless
- just about anything!

You can find out exactly what I'm doing each week by reading my column in On Dit (it's not as boring as it probably looks!!) I also produce regular Education Bulletins (they'll be in your pigeon hole) so instead of using it to wrap up your rubbish or to blow your nose, read it - I urge new students to take an interest in the education issues affecting you all.

Come and see me sometime, with a problem or just to say hi.

**Susie O'Brien
Education Vice President**



Environment Officer

**Life. Be In It.
Every Little Bit Helps Campaign**

This year the Union and Students Association are sponsoring a "Life. Be In It." campaign called "Every Little Bit Helps". The idea of this campaign is that all of us can make a difference, in our daily lives, to protecting the Environment. To raise the awareness of people throughout the community "Life. Be in it." and their sponsors are holding events, expos, activities, forums each month focusing on a different aspect of the Environment.

This month's topic is "Land Care" because care for the land is important if we are to preserve our farmlands. One of the most serious problems faced by farmers is land degradation which occurs when the top soil is eroded and is compounded by removal of native vegetation. This is a complex problem that is not easily solved simply through the planting of trees. This will help, but long term solutions are needed if we are to protect our crop-producing lands and native flora and fauna.

However on an individual scale there are things that each of us can achieve to protect our home and local land environment:

- experiment by growing your own fruit and vegetables in your backyard

- If you use herbicides and pesticides, use the correct measurements to reduce possible wastage

- to reduce need for chemicals, try "companion" planting as some plants provide benefits such as nutrients and repel pests

- water your lawn morning and night to reduce evaporation

- retain as much native vegetation as possible on your block and design your garden around it

- or plant native vegetation which provides a habitat for native birds such as parrots and honey-eaters

- select plants that are low water users

- lobby your local council to plant native trees, provide recycling facilities and upgrade parks and gardens.

This month's activities include:

- World Forestry Week Launch toady (18th March) in Rundle Mall from 12-2pm with seedlings on sale for charity

- 24th March KESAB National Clean Up Day ph. (008) 024 890.

Organisations to contact if you are interested are:

- Trees For Life ph. 337 8033

- Australian Trust for Conservation Volunteers ph. 365 1612

- Greening Australia ph. 337 2646.

Jo Gilbert and Mel Yuan

Media Standing Committee Bloodbath!

At the recent MSC meeting, many worthwhile things were pondered and discussed. Among them were these fine motions, all of which were passed with little resistance. A clear majority of voting members present were convinced totally of the pressing need for the measures described below.

1. That the entire SAUA Council be damned to Hell, and that their children never be kings.
2. That the members of the MSC don't mind a drink, and in fact should have one immediately.
3. That the MSC supports the use of driftnets in coastal waters.
4. That the entire SAUA council play "the Sean Heylen buttocks game"; ie. attempt to place all the U2 albums between Sean Heylens' buttocks.
5. That the editors of On Dit and the directors of Student Radio should have direct control over the SAUA president.
6. That marriage is legal prostitution.
7. That there is a God.
8. That the entire of SAUA Council be struck by the plague, sicken, and ultimately die.
9. That the SAUA Council request Mikhail Gorbachov to return in Nobel Peace Prize in the light of recent events in the Baltic States.
10. That the MSC chairperson be addressed as "Oversturmgrappensführer" for the duration of the meeting.
11. That Education Vice President Susie O'Brien get a job and a haircut.
12. That Councillors Nicholas Hannaford and Mario Dreosti, at a date set by Council, have a game of "the peanut and the stifty". This would involve them removing their clothing and passing a peanut backwards and forwards between their mouths. The first one to get an erection would be declared the loser and be banished.
13. That Councillors Anna Lucy and Kamal Farouque be tried as a witch, and then burnt regardless of the trial outcome.
14. That Councillor Misha Schubert is far too young for that sort of thing.
15. That the MSC change from a committee to a hierarchical structure comprising a pope, two archdeacons, a bishop and a vellein or serf.
16. That the editorship of On Dit become a hereditary position.
17. That MSC member Jon Gill is not a serious young man.
18. That MSC member Jon Gill be advised to "Skate home".
19. That cussin', spittin', fartin' and a-scratchin' become a mandatory part of all SAUA Council meetings, to be pursued for not less than five minutes following the apologies at each meeting.
20. That the SAUA Council, MSC and all other sub-committees be required to have a theme song, which must be taken from the repertoire of the band Fear.
21. That MSC member Jon Gill be directed to stop hanging around with bad influences.
22. That MSC member Thomas Cox be directed to "fish or cut bait".
23. That members of the MSC take off an item of clothing immediately.
24. That the MSC make an application to become a Freemasons Lodge. In anticipation of this, a secret handshake will be concocted by the MSC chairperson.
25. That the members of the MSC become known by different names when being addressed verbally.

Thomas Cox:	Good Sir
Jon Gill:	Yorrick of Baneswood or Sirrah
Simon Healy:	Cardinal Wolsey
David Krantz:	Your Worship
Natasha Stott Despoja:	The Bascot de Moulton
26. That MSC member Jon Gill be directed to craft a sturdy barn for "yon livestock".
27. That MSC member Jon Gill be directed to refill the tankards with mead, or the nearest available liquid refreshment.
28. That all members of the MSC stand and drink a toast to ribaldry on the high seas.
29. That all visitors to the MSC meeting be sent to the brig, which shall be a corner of the room designated by the chair.
30. That any dissent to the previous motion be punished by 30 strokes of the cat'o'nine tails, or any close substitute.
31. That Councillor Jo Gilbert be declared a fool or natural idiot, and become a ward of the king.

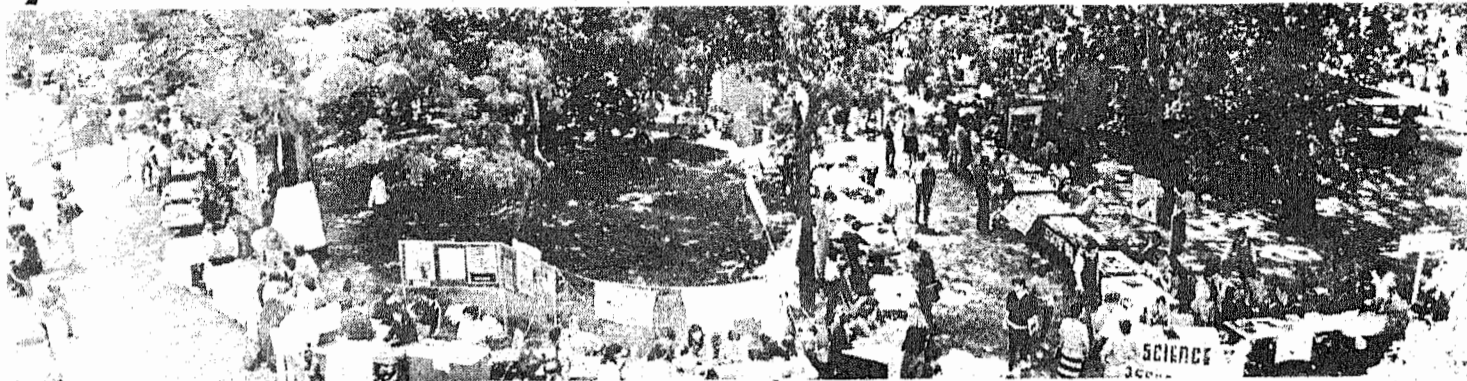
Fear and Loathing at Adelaide University

Facing up to the big wide world of Uni life after many years of sheltered and loving protection at school is, as everyone repeatedly says, quite a daunting experience.

I now understand why Orientation Week is, as *On Dit* so sweetly put it, "defined as a bit of a pissup". It is quite logical really; drink lots of alcohol as part of your first contact with Uni life, and not only will you feel relaxed and happy with University but you will also feel so ill-at-ease after downing litres of free Coopers, that making friends will be as easy as falling over and going to sleep.

However, one thing that a lot of alcohol doesn't help ease is the sheer size of this "great academic institution" (the Vice Chancellor made quite an impression upon me at his opening speech). After aimlessly wandering around the campus in search of some building with a stupid name like Horace Lamb, I started to get rather peeved. It was only on the third circuit that I discovered it, and realised that I'd passed it twice already. The maps were of little use and I felt like a real "Nigel" asking someone who probably had as much idea as me!

Apart from this rather unfortunate incident, O'Week has lived up to its



aims in making the first contact with Uni a fun one and hopefully one which reflects the lifestyle of University.

During one of my epic wanderings around campus, I happened to stumble across the very thing your eyes are now devouring; a copy of the very strangely titled student newspaper *On Dit* (I had absolutely no idea of how to pronounce that when I first saw it, but when I said the title in conversation with a group of people and they all laughed at me, I realised that it was either a very funny paper or I'd just totally embarrassed myself).

Yes, *On Dit* is an extremely cool newspaper (this is just part of my crawling up to the Editors) and I can't help but feel that much of its coolness comes from the wonderful fact that there is no editorial restriction or

editorial restriction - meaning that people can write what they feel and believe without any old fuddy-duddy, conservative, 80-year-old, power-crazed do-gooder saying "I'm sorry, but this is unacceptable for an upstanding institution such as the University of Adelaide".

Although even an open-minded young person like myself was astounded to read *On Dit* for the first time, and discover that you could write that incredibly common but still socially unacceptable word *FUCK*, and actually have it printed. Wow!

Considering all this, I was rather disturbed to read that there is some concern regarding the very issue of a free press at Uni. To my way of thinking, not only does a free press ensure that anybody who has a belief, a feel-

ing, an idea, etc. can be heard, it is also inextricably tied to the ideal of a free and democratic community, which from my limited time at Adelaide University appears to be something of central importance to both students and administration alike.

If Adelaide Uni is to remain sincere and committed to this ideal, then continuance of a free press is vital.

Now that I've said my little speech on politics, I want to finish off by saying that the name "Fresher" really sux, the Library Skills Workbook is a load of crap (gee, I love a free press) and I can't wait till Prosh Day!!

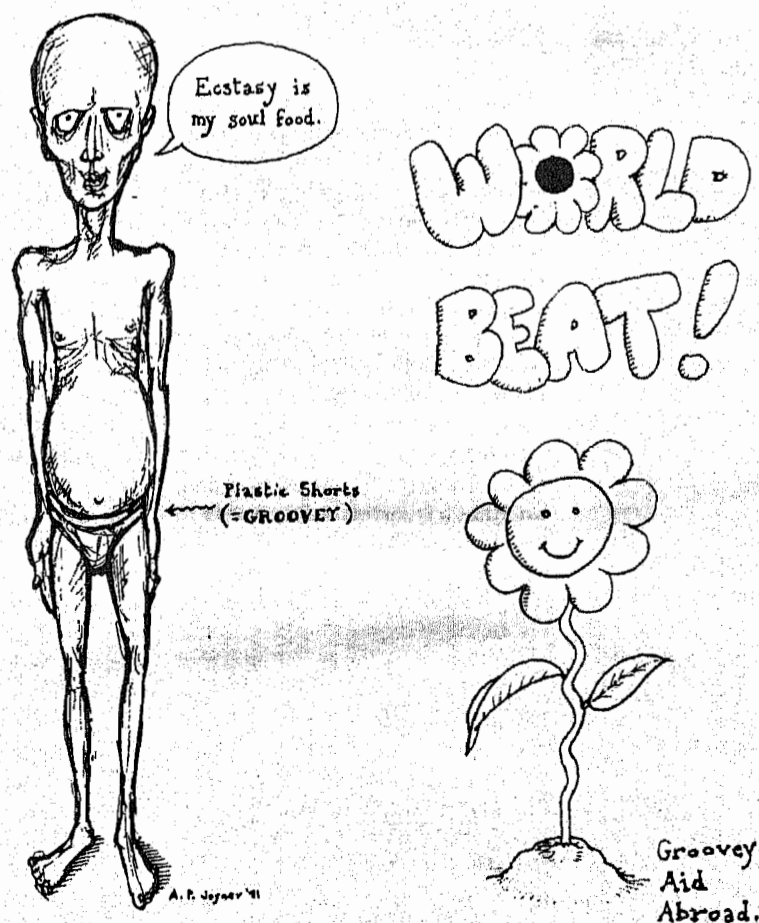
See ya,
Michael Owen

Susan's Flair

The way of covering nudity is quite a fascinating subject for me. I observe the people around me and find that, generally, they don't have any taste, let alone sense of style. Singlets are worn so that viewers are confronted with belly buttons poking out from overhung stomachs, shorts are far too big or small- recall the ever popular 'stubbies'- and footwear is just atrocious- thongs and court shoes only two offences among many. Are people aware of the word (dare I say it)- fashion. Just a few hints to follow if you have any interest in the stigma of 'groover' for the season to come.

Basically, I'd work on the principle of whatever's not available is the way to go! But if you have to make do- make sure that you don't have a wardrobe without some glamour, glitter, plastic or fake fur (so as not to offend the 'aware' among us).

Glamour is perhaps the easiest achieved, simply by utilising gloves, handbags, sunglasses, shoes and hats in their most outrageous form- anything goes, so accessorise away, preferably in the presence of mother's 50s, 60s and 70s gear shoved away lovingly



in the loft.

Hot pants in sparkling gold and silver are to be found in Rundle Street hanging expectantly next to twinkling halternecktops and maybe even stockings (if you're lucky)- so, although the Festive Season has long gone, you can still manage to pass as a Christmas Tree.

Plastic shorts are lovable- and I'd recommend buying some vinyl tablecloth material from the sixth floor at David Jones and making your own.

As for leopard skin jackets- they're still happening, and the more outrageous, the better- hunt Salvation Army Depots and second hand clothes stores for the best deals.

Well, can't give away all my trade secrets at once. Personally, I love my lime green dress for \$1 from the Red Cross Caravan at Glenelg, but then again, I've had years of practice as a groover! You'll get there yet.

Susan Duggin

Intelligence Insulted

Dear Editors,

We, the College Club of St Mark's (unanimously), object to the ill-formed, offensive and outmoded article, "Primitive Practices at St Mark's" featured in the March 11th issue of *On Dit*.

The article, written by a past resident of the College, Ms O'Brien (1988-1989), fails to give a fair and balanced view of current College life and is an insult to the intelligence of all residents, especially women.

By far the most offensive aspect of the article was the insinuation that there was "active denigration of women in St Mark's College". The claims that they are treated as "cleaners or secretaries" and that they "might as well not exist if ... (they) don't provide sexual favours for the lads" are irrational. There exists a harmonious interaction between all members of College where none are considered "matrons" and "dishwashers". Women, on the contrary, participate fully and are encouraged to organise and take part in all events which are run by the College.

The College Club Committee, democratically elected by secret ballot to represent the student body, has indeed been involved in many changes in recent years. These have not necessarily been initiated by the Committee, but often result from the changing nature of the student body. In reality, the Committee has acted positively in response to the changing views of students and many of the practices outlined by Ms O'Brien in her article no longer exist. So much for her absurd assertion that we are not a vehicle of change.

The position of Hangover Chief no longer exists. The Quartermistress is a service to the women of College, many of whom would feel embarrassed approaching a male for a condom. Ms O'Brien fails to mention the existence of a Quartermaster, whose role is to provide a similar service for the males. These by no means are positions of "victimisation", but provide a much needed service to students. College Dry Cleaner is an honorary and non-sexist position which does not discriminate against either males or females. The position has been held by a male for the last three years.

The Freshers' Welcome is a non-compulsory privately supervised event; a very toned-down version of the highly esteemed Adelaide University "Skulduggery". There is no "pissing or spitting" at this event, and this night was enjoyed by all who attended, especially the new students.

The College is not merely an institution where people live and eat together. In many instances, it takes on the role of the family. Many problems which people may face are often treated in the same manner as they would in a family through interaction with and support of other members. The strength of the current college body is the way in which it endeavours to accommodate the needs

and aspirations of students. Indeed, any problems or difficulties are dealt with within this framework.

While we concur with the right of Ms O'Brien to comment on our activities, we cannot respect her distorted and warped views. This College is certainly progressive since all students live in a close knit and balanced community.

Yours sincerely,
Sandra Kuchel
Hon. Secretary on behalf of the St Mark's College Club.

Congratulations Maria!

Dear Editors,

We are writing to congratulate Maria O'Brien on her brilliant article exposing the appalling sexual harassment, accompanied by entrenched sexist attitudes at St Marks.

Through Maria's effort we are brought one step closer to eradicating these unpleasant aspects of women's life at uni.

Gaybrielle Cotton
Jo Wilton
Amy Barrett

Congratulations Editors!

The Editors,

Congratulations for printing Maria O'Brien's excellent exposé of Primitive Practices at St Marks. I am shocked that this sort of bastardisation and the attitudes behind it are alive in this day and age and am appalled that the hierarchy responsible either cannot or will not immediately put a stop to it.

While traditions can be noble or good, the label of "tradition" is no excuse for continuing heinous, bullying and illegal behaviour.

Maria has shown great courage and I hope that her stand will not single her out for further attacks, but it is seen that she has the guts to speak up where others have submitted out of fear of becoming targets themselves.

Yours sincerely,
Tim Davis

No Congratulations at all, put away the champagne

To the Editors,

I address my letter to the St. Mark's feature, March 11 1991.

Despite Maria O'Brien's "genuine intention" not to incense the students attending St. Mark's, it is obvious that she has taken an avenue to provoke anger in order to get a subject publicised. Poor politics, Maria.

I was initially furious with the article. However, I refuse to be a part of petty public whinge on the hardships of college, by joining the author in the act of slander.

The article did undermine the hard work of Reverend Thomson (Master of St. Mark's during Maria's and my own stay there), and the endless support given by the Dean and the academic staff. The existence of which I can qualify as I was also a St. Mark's student for two years.

Victimisation in College is not tolerated. I know this through personal experience. I was involved in minor incidents in my first few weeks at St. Mark's in 1988. Even without my own direct action, the incident was dealt with immediately and discreetly before it became a problem. Such incidents (sexual harassment is only one of them) do occur during one's life, not just in the sinful halls of a University college. I have never had any animosity for those involved and vice versa. If you deal with people maturely and mutual respect develops (sic). The appropriate channels do exist and solution is achievable.

If you place nothing but selfishness as your priority, expect ridicule. The article gave no reference to the "poor girls at college" but only a pathetic personal example. Maria had no success on the College Club Executive because the student body did not want her to represent them. Votes are taken on merit of candidates, not on their sex. Why should someone be included just because they are female? This analogy is a two way street. Almost 50% of the students are female and are prepared to carry their own voting responsibility.

Obviously, Maria O'Brien had a bad experience during her stay at St. Mark's. Nevertheless, an important factor must be considered; living in an open student environment requires certain skills in personal relations - whether you are male or female.

Yours in contained anger
Jennifer Fisher
Former St. Mark's Collegian.

Maria Replies

To St. Mark's,

I wish firstly to point out several glaring inaccuracies in your reply to my article. You claim that the article was "ill informed", yet it is you who alleges that the College Dry Cleaner has been a male for the last three years. Not true: reference to the St. Mark's Lion magazine shows that the position was held by me in 1989 and by Sarah Forrest in 1988 i.e. by women for at least two of the last three years. You further assert that the Quartermistress is a service to women, and that a Quartermaster exists to service men. Again false: recourse to the Lion shows that the condom-dispensing position was held by Felicity Day and Amber Knight in 1988, and by Penny Gibson and myself in 1989. There was no male incumbent in those two years, and my experience indicated that only drunken men used the service, usually in large groups and to harass the Quartermistress rather than to plan safe sex. Why not just get a vending machine? Or should this proposal be dismissed, as it

apparently was by one male inhabitant at a College Club meeting, on the grounds that most of the girls are on the pill anyway?

However, these are fairly petty points: both the College and Jennifer Fisher missed the thesis of my article. I highlighted the inadequacy of College structures to cope with the advent of women into a strongly traditional all-male environment. There are no women academics on the Council, no Women's Officer, no sexual harassment guidelines or contact person. The College has failed absolutely to address the appropriateness of male traditions as applied to a co-educational college. I consider that the University has a responsibility to the women of St. Mark's, its affiliate institution, to ensure that some basic standards are met with regard to the treatment of women, as indeed is the case at the University proper.

Obviously, attacking me personally fails to address these fundamental issues: I don't consider that my 'personal relations' skills are in question, nor should they be. Should I (and all women) really be expected to deal "maturely" with the immature perpetrators of sexual harassment so that "mutual respect develops", as Jennifer Fisher suggests?

Finally, I would like to state that the article in Saturday's Advertiser did not appear at my instigation: I refused to be photographed for it and discouraged its publication as I consider that newspaper an inappropriate forum for a University matter.

Maria O'Brien.

Divine Right

The Editors,

The 1991 Orientation Guide content has caused quite some comment, some offence. I note, however, that the Orientation Guide issue has developed into a wider issue. This is the greater concept of Editorial Independence.

This blurring of the issue is an overreaction to what has occurred. I have written previously about an item in the O'Guide, which I thought to be inappropriate. This, however, does not mean that I am calling into question the validity of the whole range of student (SAUA?) publications. Those who seek to combine or blur these issues are making mountains out of mole hills. Granted the mole hill in this matter is a large one. It is still not so large as to become the mountain. Those who seek to make the O'Guide content the mountain of Editorial Independence are making the specific the general. The thinking that makes this precariously supportable mental journey does not come from minds able to make the comprehensive view, they would be able to keep the correct perspective and be able to distinguish between the specific and the general.

Certainly, let's review the O'Guide content so that it fulfills its purpose (whatever that purpose is ultimately defined as). Let's not confuse the O'Guide content

with the supposed need to review overall Editorial Independence. No such review is required and to suggest so smacks of thinking tainted with authoritarian paranoia (or perhaps delusions of some kind of divine right to rule?).

Yours sincerely,
Warren Block

Insurance Frenzy

The Editors,

The Issues of Editorial Independence, accountability and responsibility have recently exercised the minds of a number of "people in power".

Members of the SAUA Council have expressed concern about their legal responsibilities for what is printed in student publications. I am not a legally qualified person. I have, however, had ten years' experience as a commercial insurance broker. In that time included in my clients were the Universities Melbourne and Monash and the publishing house, Peter Isaacson Publications Pty Ltd. From this experience, I can make some relevant comments.

1. Disclaimers are of dubious value at the best of times. The insertion of a Disclaimer in a journal does offer protection but is not an unassailable defence.

2. Insurance can be purchased to protect organisations and the individuals serving in them against actions that may be brought against them resulting from content of their publications. If the University of Adelaide does not have such protection in its insurance portfolio, its insurance brokers have some explaining to do. Members of the Council who have fears resulting from these issues ought to get advice from their professional consultants. This will either reassure them that they have protection or highlight an issue that needs attention.

Your sincerely,
Warren Block

Massive Thighs Anger Engie

Dear Chloë,

I enjoyed your review of Philippe Genty (On Dit, March 11th), even though I missed the show. However, I protest most strongly of your reference of "a giant woman with massive thighs" being an Engineer's dream on two grounds.

1. If you wish to ridicule Engineers, be a bit more specific in your choice of words. I am sure that the 35% of female first years enrolled this year will not appreciate being told they are supposed to be dreaming of having massive thighs themselves. It is precisely this sort of stereotyping (of all Engineers being male, be it chauvinistic pigs or not) that seems to be plaguing student media now (like the O'Guide) and it doesn't need to happen.

2. I always credited you with being intelligent. For God's sake, pick a new target for humour. Engie

bashing is becoming so old it is almost a registered sport. Please try and be original.

Yours sincerely,
Nick Fejer

P.S. I expect you, in your intuitive wisdom, to write some stupid childish retort to this letter.

Disgusted and Pissed Off

Dear Dave and Simon,

I trust I'm not the only person writing in disgust at the conduct of the bouncers/security staff employed by the University at last Saturday's O'Ball. These rock apes took great delight in acting in a threatening, indeed overtly violent manner. At best, I couldn't see the band because of them; at worst, I feared for the safety of those up near the stage (including myself). "Oh," but they'll reply, "some people were slamming, some were trying to get on stage." Big fuckin' deal! Slamming/mashing/stage diving, etc. is a time-honoured ritual and those who don't care to indulge can stay away with no fear of reproof; more pertinently, what did the bouncers expect someone getting on stage to do? Shoot the band and piss on the audience? Nope. Odds on, they'd leap back amongst the crowd from that section of stage dominated by the bouncers.

Most of the bouncers appeared to me, at least, familiar faces; nasty pieces of work, indeed, who surface at events like Skulduggery, bar nights, and whenever the Union fears people might enjoy themselves. Their actions at the O'Ball marred what had been, for me, at least, a bloody good night out. Perhaps I'm strange, though, perhaps I was alone in forking out \$12 to be entertained rather than to see some poor bugger get the shit beaten out of him.

Yours,
Pissed Off
Dear Pissed Off,
It has come to our attention that TISM actually specified in their contract the provision of four people acting like wankers at the front of the stage. The bouncers were not there at the instigation of the Union.
Eds.

Economics Wanker

On Dit Editors,

A question to the Catering Services: Why have soft drink vending machine prices risen more than 22%? In the last two years, since March 1989, when the consumer price index (which overstates inflation) has risen only 12%??

Peter Sheppard
3rd Year Arts/Edo
2nd Year Law

Common Interest

Dear Sirs,

I shall be very grateful if you would kindly publish in your bulletin that I would like to have a penfriend (m) who plans to visit Israel in the foreseeable future.

I am confident that if someone writes to me we shall find some areas of common interest for our correspondence. I promise to answer all letters that are sent to me.

Best wishes and regards from Jerusalem. Thank you very much.

Daniel Epstein
2 Alharizi St.
92421 Jerusalem
ISRAEL

No. Thank you.
Eds.

Kumar Feel the Cutlery

Dear Kumar,

We know where all the knives have gone (On Dit 11/3). Take a metal detector over the Barr Smith Lawns and turn it on. We estimate that last year alone, over 1,500 knives were buried by students during lunch hour.

Happy digging,
The Upper Refec Crowd

Oh well, at least you've got some measure of value for your Union Fee, even if only in idle entertainment.
Eds.

Hypocrites

Dear Editors,

Young Liberals expect to rank fairly high in the demonology of the hippies who run student unions, but I must admit, I was surprised at the vehemence of the attack that appeared in this year's O'Guide.

I found the piece offensive for two reasons. It grossly misrepresented the stance taken by South Australia Young Liberals on land rights at our Federal Convention in January, and more importantly, was a shameless insult to Aboriginal Australians.

Young Liberals did pass a resolution opposing Aboriginal land rights - by two votes. However, South Australian delegates strongly condemned the motion and opposed it unanimously. This was reported nationwide, and even acknowledged by the Federal Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, Hon. Robert Tickner MP.

Peter Ward put it nicely in the Australian a few weeks after the vote when he wrote: "It has to be said that some of the loudest howls of outrage that followed the close passage of this extraordinary motion came from members of the Young Liberals themselves, especially those from NSW and South Australia."

Law School Farce

Dear Editors,

One of the funniest episodes in the series *Yes Minister* was where Paul Eddington discovers the most efficiently run hospital in the whole of England. The catch to its success is that it has no patients. When the honourable Mr Packett asks what the main purpose is behind any hospital other than the cure of the sick, the Chief Director confidently replies the employment of the administrative staff (of course!).

Like the patients of the British Hospital, it seems that Adelaide Law School students and academics have been forgotten in the exciting reconstruction of the Ligertwood Building. In planning the project last year the University Administration failed to ask us how we felt about the almost unbearable disruption all this has caused to our lives.

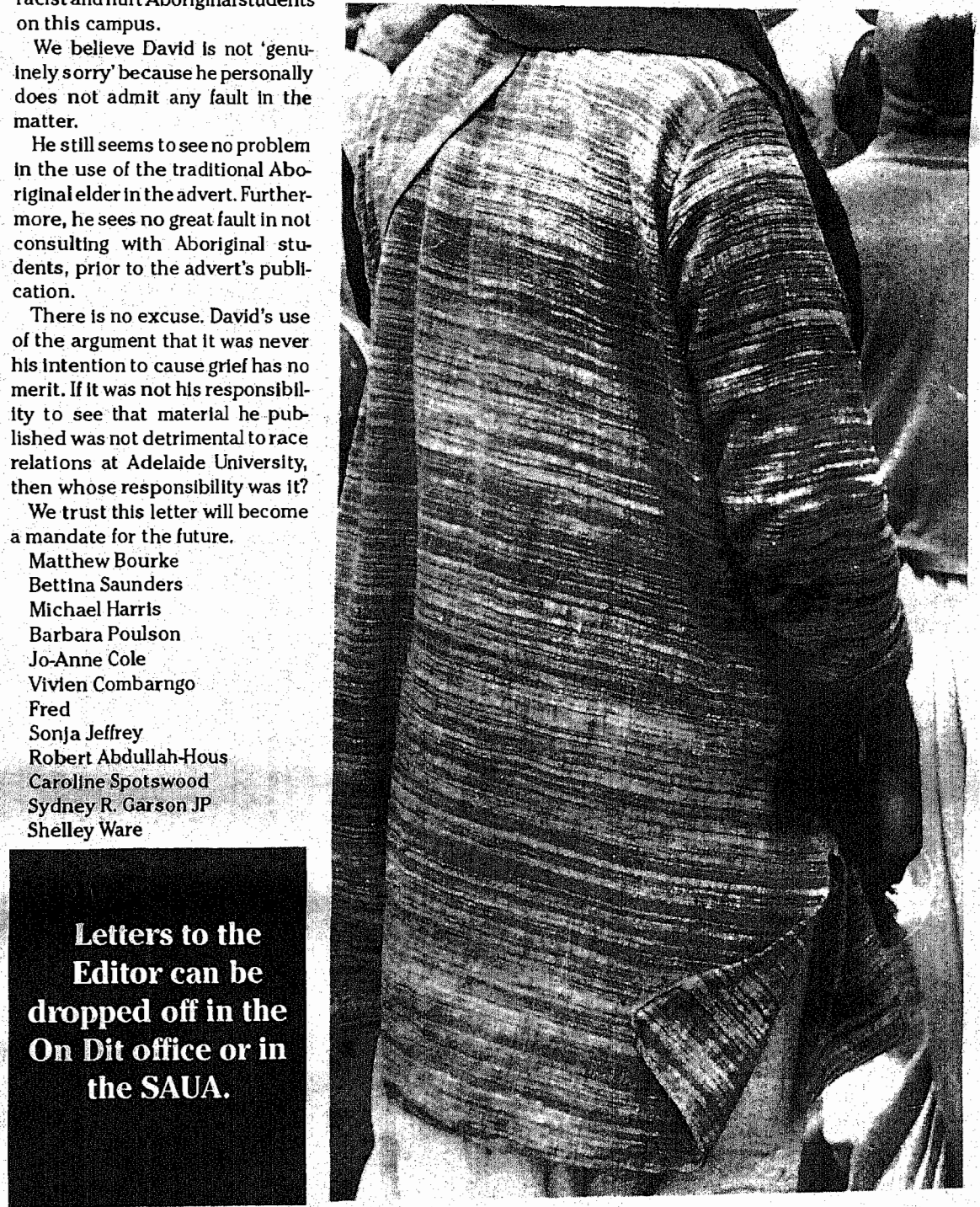
No lectures or tutorials can be held in the Ligertwood building, this means that we are forced to sprint to the 4 different corners of the University Campus (from the Engineering Dept to Horace Lamb and from the Medical School to the Biochemistry Dept) for 5-6 hours a day. The University has been struck by a mass of panting students, who stumble into lectures sweating fervently and take the first 10 minutes while valuable information is being divulged to

recover their breath.

As well as this, conditions in the law school library have become impossible. If you aren't kept constantly distracted from the copious quantities of concrete dust that fall from the ceiling, ten your concentration skills are sure to be rivalled by the loud hum of jackhammers or photocopy machines that have been placed right next to the silent study area. Oh well, at least this week the library was open. Last Thursday and Friday the Ligertwood building was closed, having been declared structurally unsound. The only access that students have to necessary reading materials is through the library, from which materials cannot be borrowed, only photocopied. Given that cases are often in excess of 100 pages most students use the library as a quiet study area, in order to read and divulge information. Given the present circumstances this seems unlikely to occur in 1991.

Let me finish by emphasizing that life as a student is harrowing enough without this sort of disruption. I can't help feeling that in the excitement of Administrative life at Adelaide University out pleas for mercy shall be lost on the ears of those who have forgotten who are their ultimate employers.

Jo Pugsley
Student Arts/Law.



Letters to the Editor can be dropped off in the On Dit office or in the SAUA.

Remember Gallipoli... Mate.

On the Friday of O'Week, about thirty hardy souls set out on the Digger Pub Crawl. A trip into the past, a recreation of the time when a beer was a butcher and you could buy a house for thruppence and still have change left over for a square meal. Simon Healy went along for the ride.

Australia's digger past holds an almost inexplicable attraction for educated members of our middle class. The intrinsic desire to regress to a more romantic era in our history, the wish to exist in a time when mateship meant something and the love of the 19th Century philosophy which said that 'life is simple and the future is bright' are all worthwhile romantic ideals.

They have nothing to do with the reasons why most people went on the Digger Pub Crawl, however. We just wanted to understand the delights of drinking a butcher of West End Draught while saying "Mate" a lot. And getting slightly tiddly.

Thirty hardy souls set off from the University Bar at about 1:45pm on Friday 8 March, and only a strong sense of mateship held most of them together until 10pm that evening. If there was a lesson learnt from the Digger Pub Crawl, it was that you don't abandon your mates in a fix. Mate.

Tattersalls: After a longish walk from the University, we enter this charming establishment near the eastern end of Hindley St. Ben Allen promptly saunters up to the bar and orders a pony (for the uninitiated, a pony is a 140ml glass- the sort of thing a serious beer drinker cannot look at without laughing). Barperson gives him a look of incredulity but obliges. Fortunately I am next and snaffle one of the four pony glasses remaining. The Tatts is certainly classy compared with what we will encounter later.

We play the 'Names of Animals' introduction game, i.e. everyone introduces themselves to the group by saying their name and the name of an animal which alliterates with theirs, e.g. Simon Snail. Everyone will be known by this nomenclature for the remainder of the crawl (when not being known as 'mate'). The ladies' is known as the 'Powder Room'.

A girl saunters up to the jukebox wearing Okes and sporting a very attractive lovebite. Have the last ten years happened? Evidently not: she chooses AC/DC.

Edinburgh Castle: The scarier pub in the Universe. Upon entering the front room, sexual harassment from the 100% male patronage was at an absolute extreme, and so we ran towards the lounge bar in the hope that it might be better. It was worse. A topless (and frantic) waitress, a lot of men in blue tops ogling and drinking, and a man at the door asking us "Are you sure you've come to the right place, then?" The female contingent understandably left immediately.

On reaching the bar, gaudy signs on the wall encouraged me to buy an Orgasm, a Slippery Nipple etc. Oh, the wit. I timidly asked for a butcher and the barmaid, the remains of a swimming costume hanging around her hips, fairly screamed back at me, "What? A seven ounce?" If I'd asked for

a pony I wouldn't have made it out alive. The four males who stuck it out sculled our butchers and left. The Edinburgh Castle was a big mistake in every way. The organisers assured us that when they went there on the trial crawl it was full of amiable Scotsmen.

Launceston: Back to familiar digger territory. The jukebox, probably unused for months, pumps out "Cherry Pie" and Sabbath's "Paranoid". They had been notified of our coming, and so had prepared plastic schooner cups for us at \$1.50. The bar staff regale us with stories, including the memorable quote, "The Edinburgh? That's a man's pub. It's not for you ladies." How true.

When we tell the barman that we're from University, he responds with a genial "There's plenty of music on the stereo for

you". Ben Buzzard (Allen) screams back "Cherry Pie!" with unnecessary enthusiasm.

We assure them that we like their pub. They're happy. Admittedly, Hell would be enticing after the Edinburgh Castle, but the Lonnie is one of the most credible, dyed-in-the-wool digger pubs imaginable. The atmosphere is very pleasant, to the point of being embarrassing.

The toilets are in perfect condition: diggers know that you gotta respect a mate's property, and that includes his dunny.

The staff actually bring us out a couple of plates of biscuits and cheese FREE! What wonderful people! Julie Jumbuck suggests that this philanthropy was caused by my letting them know that they're being written up in the University paper. This is unnecessarily cynical.

"I order a pony of shandy light for Ben Buzzard"



I relax at the Lonnie with a pizza, but unfortunately they're out of the curried pizzas (only \$2.80) for which they have become famous. The barperson apologetically shows me the pizza I will be getting in order that I might establish in my own mind that it doesn't have curry on it.

Throughout this game of show and tell, I strike up a conversation with the digger next to me in which I tell him how much I approve of his choice of pub. He's chuffed, and adds that it's good that us kids are coming along to give it a bit of a livening up. We're all striking up conversations with the diggers, and don't they love it!

After a very pleasant (and lengthy) stay at the Launceston, we finally move on to sincere goodbyes from the inmates.

It would be a supreme and wonderful irony if the Launceston became a trendy hangout for University students. Next time you're considering going to the Seven Stars on a Thursday evening, give the Lonnie a thought.

Cumberland Arms: Tara Turtle is one of the first to renege on the Gallipoli spirit and leave. The Cumble is a bit of an upmarket digger pub. It has a beer garden, and so the forces are split between the front bar (more credible) and the garden (more pleasant). There's a TAB in the front bar, and the décor is almost tasteful enough to be boring. I drink a butcher at a very reasonable \$1.10.

Darien Dugong puts Jon Bon Jovi's "Blaze of Glory" on the jukebox. Darien is repulsive.

A lady comes around offering tickets in a crayfish raffle (why don't they do this at The Austral?); Simone Sloth, Julie Jumbuck and Victoria Vixen all buy one.

The female toilets are painted in PINK, and the males are in BLUE. Absolutely unbelievable.

The Cumble sponsors Simon Trenorden from North Adelaide, a team which has neither pink nor blue in its colours.

I take advantage of their TAB facilities and put \$1 each way on True Novel in Melbourne Race 8. I win at \$1.45 for the place: True Novel came third in a race which they never showed on the accompanying Sky Channel. I have no hard evidence that True Novel exists. Wilson Phillips' "Hold On" is put on the jukebox to celebrate.

On the way from the Cumble to the Franklin we are wolf-whistled by the workers in the Suzuki showroom. I yell back "Giz a go!" They seemingly don't notice.

Franklin: Pretty ordinary digger pub. I cash in my winnings (the race results have been confirmed by now), and being 90c up, decide that my luck is running and spend 40c on 2 bingo tickets. I lose. I do, however, start a bingo craze in which a fellow digger pub crawler wins.

Digger Pub Crawl continued...

Bizarrely, there's a perfume dispenser in the entrance to the Ladies' which requires *sixpence* to be inserted. Nick Ramone (an exception was made) buys a stick of pepperoni (\$1.10). Pictures of Bradman's 1948 touring team and Trevor Chappell's under-arm adorn the walls. The crowd is tame, but still digger, and the place is fairly packed. I overhear some diggers discussing RELATIONSHIPS! It would've been over the top to meet the Turks if that sort of talk was heard in the trenches at Gallipoli.

Unfortunately, the Franklin is yet another pub without ponies; so far, only the Tatts has. I had a butcher at \$1.10.

If I develop a taste for West End Draught, I may be forced to kill myself.

The Metropolitan: The hippest digger pub so far. Also a lot cooler (in the temperature sense) than the Franklin because it's got air conditioning. The waitress politely stares at me and smiles when I order a butcher (still at \$1.10) but doesn't say anything. I look at the Wurlitzer Jukebox and *everything* is so crap that I refuse to place any money in it.

The barman, Erin, is the sleaziest person in the world. The woman at the bar still refrains from making any remark when I order peanuts (\$1), although she's giving increasingly sarcastic smiles.

The décor consists of ornate ceilings and Esperance Musk paint! Is this a digger pub? Is it FUCK! Where do these people live? Do they live anywhere?

Nick Ramone chats up a 70 y.o. white-haired cutie and engages her in raptured conversation.

Hampshire: I force the barmaid to get me a pony against her wishes. But better- far better- is that I order a pony of shandy light for Ben Buzzard! The wimplest drink in the universe! Imagine- 70ml of lemonade mixed with 70ml of light beer. Think about it- this could become *your* drink! The looks she gives me when I order it are indescribable, but she realises that resistance is useless: our minds are made up.

The Hampshire is small and crowded, with the trendies out the front and the diggers up the back.

The thing which intractably establishes it as a digger pub is the jukebox; the most authoritatively digger so far. Jimmy Barnes plays when we walk in, and Michelle Marmoset chooses Englebert Humperdinck; seemingly the only thing missing from this little beauty, untouched by the ravages of time, is the odd Vera Lynn tune.

I spot my old Drama teacher from primary school, Mr. Dunn, and decide not to say hello to him, primarily because I can't remember his first name. The toilets are unlabelled, but a large urinal establishes that they were probably designed with males in mind.

I lose the team when they leave as I'm frantically trying to make some phone calls to University in the front bar. They're going to be easily located at the Sportsman's, though.

Next week: The conclusion to the epic, with amazing scenes of chess and Rovalley Rich Port.

North Adelaide Mayhem

Last Friday night the Historical Buildings Appreciation Society Pub Crawl weaved an unsteady path through a succession of North Adelaide pubs. Our roving reporter Sean Heylen got in on the action, and got in his report in record time to tell us all about the good bits.

The Engle Pub Crawl, one of the few remaining bastions of the Historical Buildings Appreciation Society.

Over 280 pub crawl T-shirts, depicting the Phantom with a motto "the ghost who staggers", were sold before the event and at least 350 people joined the party on legs for what promised to be a drunken and debauched event. Due to the unexpected size of the crawl, it was split into two teams, with each one crawling in opposite directions.

The crawl began at the A.U.U. bar and was scheduled to finish at the A.U. Boat Club, the supposed schedule of pubs to patronise in between being anyone's guess. Anyway, enough of the facts and on with the rumours.

Your friendly neighbourhood roving reporter (me) managed to successfully stay sober, as well as see first hand most of the juicy happenings during the crawl.

The first couple of pubs were relatively quiet, though crowded, but the Kentish Arms was where the fun and games really began. Anyone who has been to the Kentish will realise just how small the front bar is, and the subsequent problems associated with packing 150 slightly lubricated people into the establishment. Young revellers began to move onto the street and a few glasses were accidentally(?) broken. In addition, a South Australian Darts Association B grade pennant and a bar stool found their way into the hands of one eager young man as he headed off to the next port of call- The Dover Castle (home of the Blacks).

A rather large group of excited lads decided that a Stanley St. residents' car would look a lot better 20 yards down the street, as opposed to in the owners driveway, and therefore acted on their testosterone and alcohol driven urge.

Unfortunately the owner of the car was not in agreement with the young men, and being a police officer, proceeded to inform some of her colleagues.

The crawl left the Kentish and headed for the Dover, where three paddywagons, two squad cars and an unmarked police vehicle were waiting. Fortunately the crawlers mellowed at the sight of the boys in blue, although the officer who acted as if he was in charge threatened one pub crawl leader with arrest "if there is any more trouble". That is to say that the alleged leaders of the pub crawl would be held responsible, and hence charged, for any damage or drunk and disorderly behaviour perpetrated by anyone who was identifiable as a pub crawler. When a pub crawl leader questioned this very questionable interpretation of the law, he was told "we don't care and you'll be the first in the wagon."

Anyway, after some discussion, no arrests were made and the officer in charge

instructed the licensee of the Dover (Frank Tasker) to cease serving drinks for 15 minutes. The crawlers promptly left for O'Connell St. and the Burger Bars.

It was not a pretty sight. Yiros, steak sandwich and burger-with-the-lot eating competitions began immediately, as did the chip fights until eventually someone yelled "more beer" and it was off to the Hotel Adelaide.

Much to my surprise, the management of this illustrious establishment were pleased to see us, and after one inebriated individual started playing "piano man" with vocal support from 100 of his newly made friends, even decided to lower drink prices especially for the occasion. Dick Jones, part owner of the Hotel Adelaide, said "these people are very well organised. I particularly enjoyed piano man. We'd love to have you back anytime."

I thought that this comment was particularly interesting considering that the Kentish, The Oxford, and later on the Queens Head of all places refused entry to crawlers. Admittedly the management of the Oxford were well within reason, considering they had caught an individual by the name of "Torka" with a bottle of Malibu which had been removed from behind the bar. After lengthy discussions between the manager, two police officers, Torka and myself, it was decided that charges would not be pressed if Torka paid the wholesale value (supposedly \$22) of the bottle. This was done and the crawl carried on regardless.

By now the two teams had converged and then splintered off into smaller groups, some of which had decided that they had found a nice pub to settle down and get shit-faced

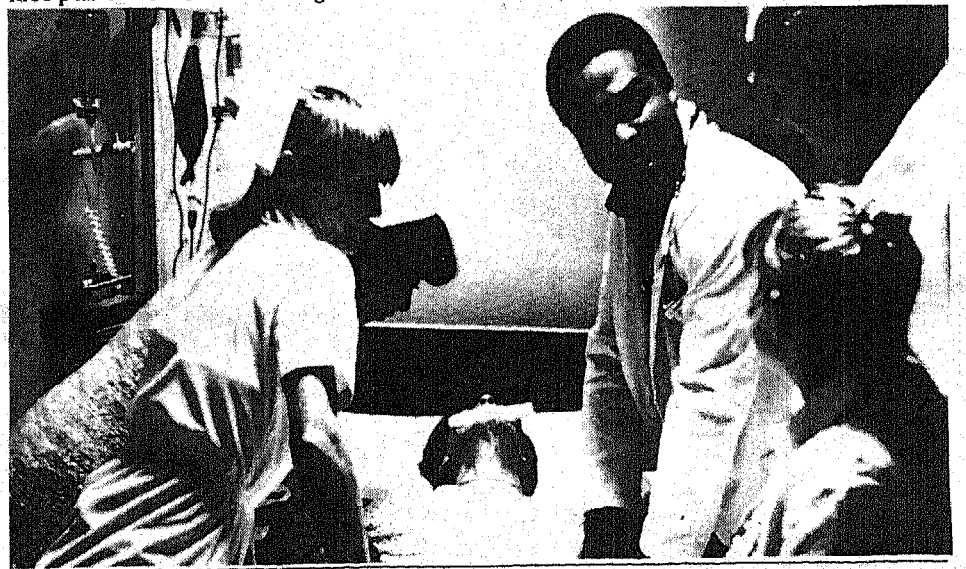
at.

On the way to the Queens Head one sortie of crawlers found a car with particularly interesting window wipers and decided to souvineer them. The owner objected to this, found a police officer nearby (they were everywhere by now) and asked the officer to "arrest the bloke in the white phantom T-shirt". The police officer, while struggling to hold back laughter and tears, explained to the resident the legal problems involved with arresting the bloke in the white phantom T-shirt. The officer in charge did not find this funny, however, and announced that if the pubcrawlers did not exit the Queens Head post haste, the arrests and free paddywagon joy rides would begin.

It was 11.30 by now and most of those left standing had adjourned to the Boat Club for a cleansing "warm-down" ale.

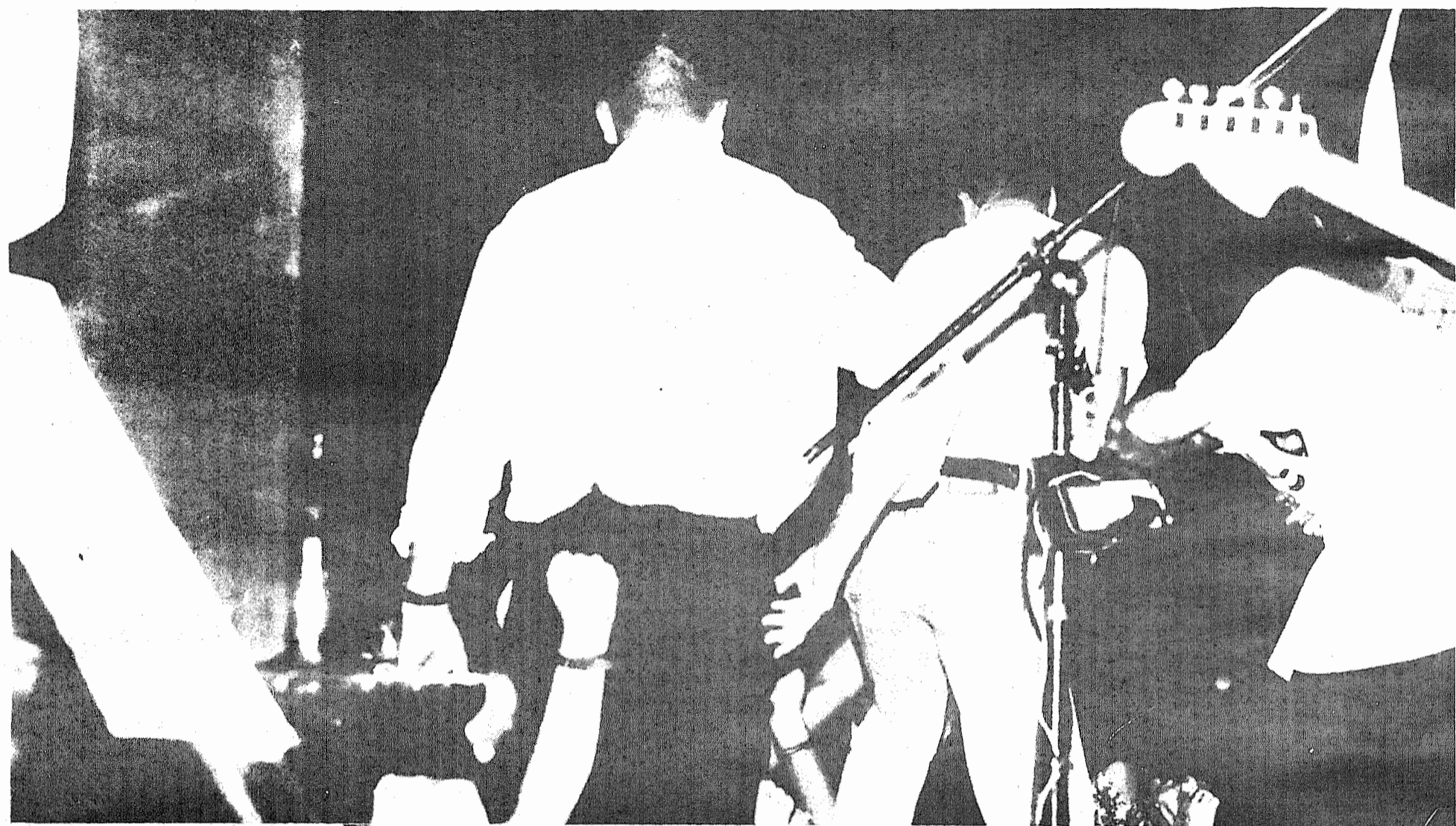
Upon chatting with the leaders, the general consensus was yet another successful pub crawl. It was particularly noticeable, though perhaps not surprising, that the female:male ratio was about 1:3 and comments like aaaaaaaay! and cor! along with some slightly more explicit wordings were unfortunately uttered by a minority of crawlers. I would like to point out that the "trouble" (I thought that this year's pub crawl was relatively orderly) was perpetrated by a minority of, shall we say, wankers, and overall the crawl was bloody good fun.

Several people asserted that this year's pub crawl will be the last. Bullshit, I say. Whatever happened to the Adelaide University students thumbing their noses at society and authority. Are the engineers becoming conservative too? Long live the pub crawl!



"Arrest the bloke in the white Phantom T-shirt"

FIST ME DEAD!



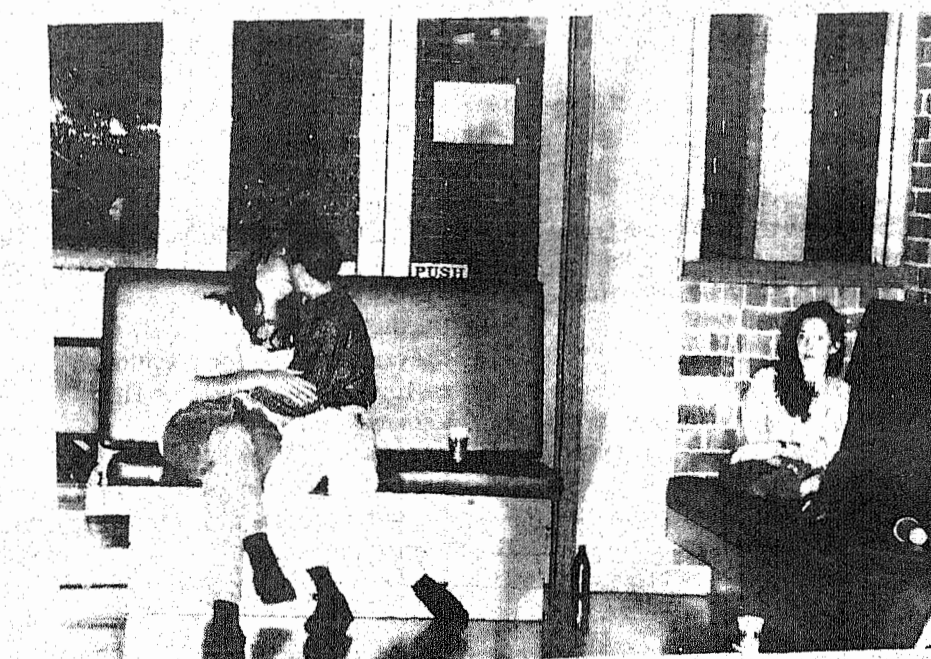
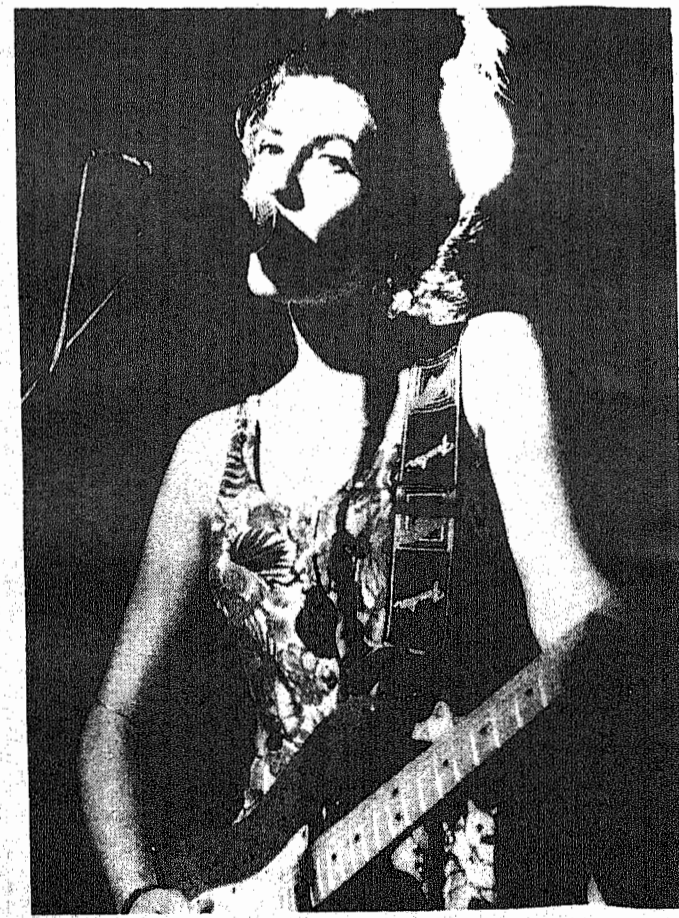
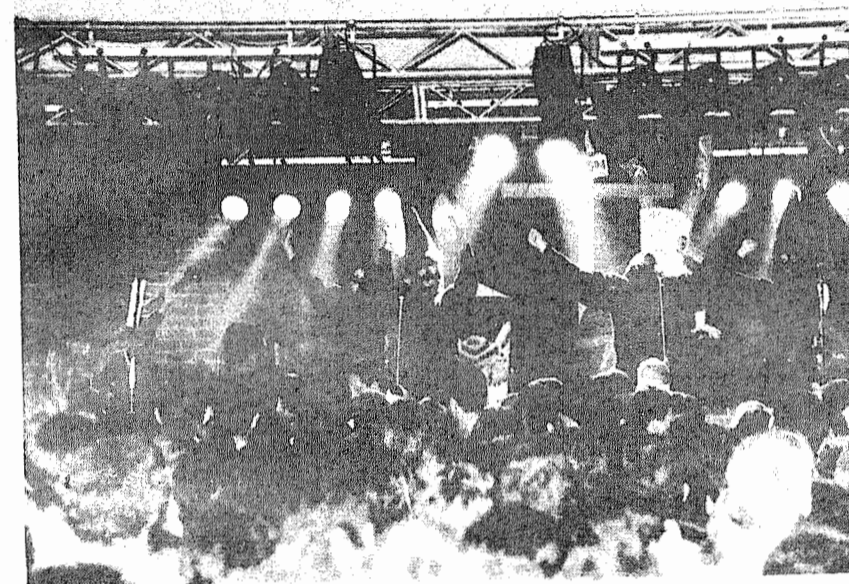
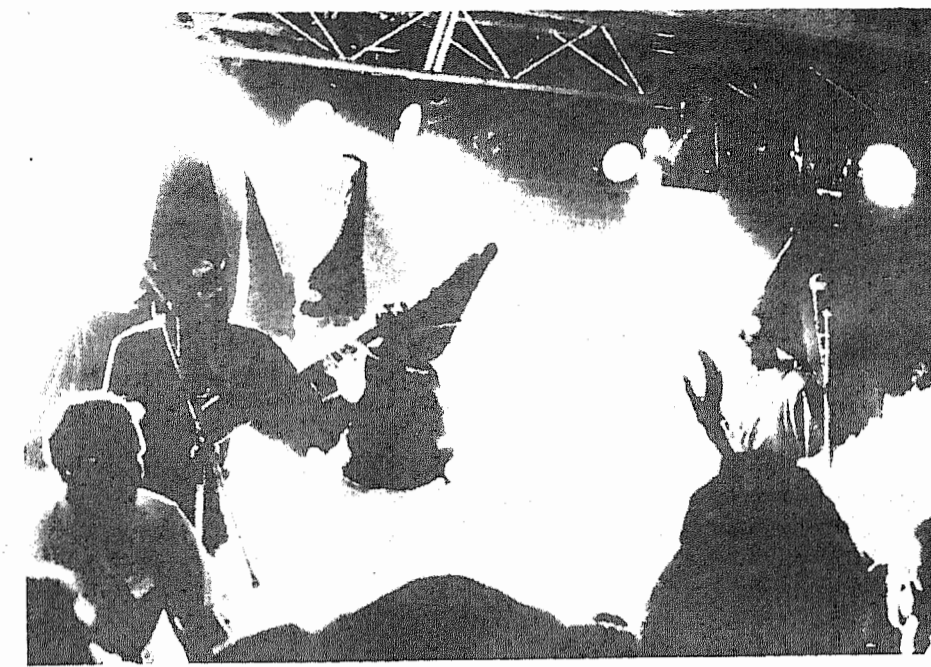
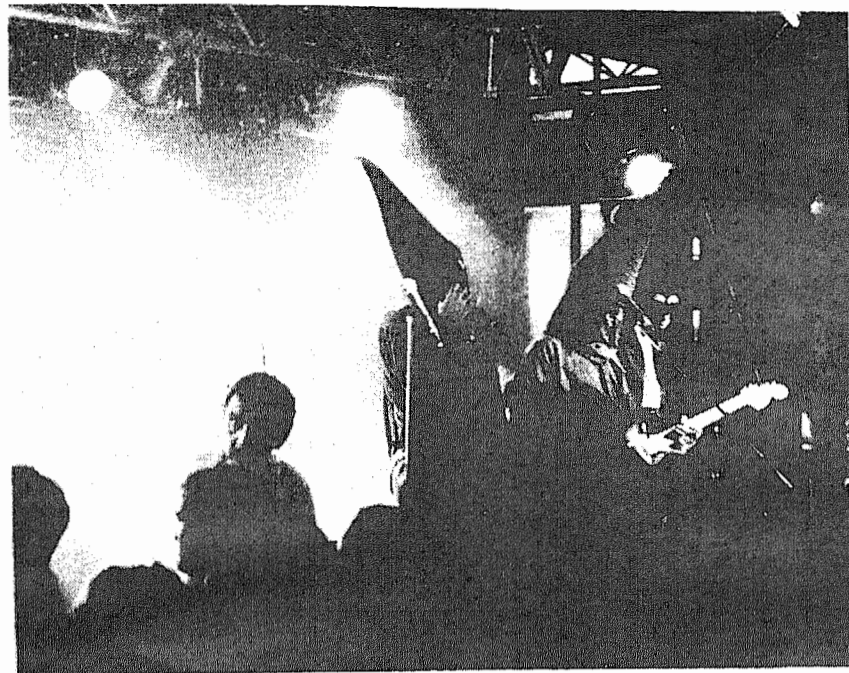
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the 1991 O-Ball. New Passions were kindled, old ones were ignored, lager was spilt, down throats and on the ground, and four stout men with extra Y chromosomes spoil everyone's fun while TISM leapt with spiky abandon into the sweaty throng.

The young Mr and Mrs Hardcore frowned with glee in the counterculture paradise that was the Uni Bar, to the sounds of alternative (oooh!) bands The Clowns of Decadence, The Spikes and The Screaming Believers.

Teeny metro heads, their minds addled in a haze of ecstasy, acieed (or at least a can of coke and a couple of sudafed), clubbed the night away in the Dance Club, a faithful reproduction of Manchester's Hacienda, or indeed one of the sets from a Doctor Who episode. Where *did* they get all that alfoil?

And down in the hold the Mayo, The Handsome Devils, The Hummingbirds and the stars of the night TISM drummed the punters into apopleptic paroxysms of delight, putting on a show which Darien O'Reilly, 50% of the O'Ball organizing team, described as "bigger than a big thing". He went on to add "I really don't mind dancing."

And, indeed, neither did the kids, as they bopped all night 'til they made it feel right, and stayed out probably a little bit later than their parents would have really appreciated.



IT'S THE O-BALL!

To Skate or Not to Skate

Australia's leading power poppers are coming to town. On DIt's Jon Gill caught up with them in Canberra and asked them some inane questions.

Last year Nursery Crimes released their first album, *No Time For That Crime*, which moved like only All Bran can, and thrust them to the forefront of the Melbourne scene. R.J. Schnapper spoke to founding members David and Phil as they prepared to support Scatterbrain.

O.D.: So, can you skate?

David: I'm a superb skater. My nickname in Melbourne is David 'The Bare Skater'. I also play guitar.

O.D.: How long has Nursery Crimes been together?

David: Ever since the Slush Puppies split up 2 years ago. We rehearsed for 8 months, then dumped our drummer and recorded the first single, "All Torn Up Inside".

O.D.: Since then you've been through several guitarists and another bass player. Do you guys smell or something?

David: No, we're just hard people to get along with. We got a new guitarist, after auditioning heaps of tryhards, who is only 18 and has never been involved with bands before.

O.D.: Any influences?

David: Not especially. You could say the Descendents, the Beatles and the

usual skate rock classics.

Keen to share the spotlight, David allowed singer Phil to answer a few questions.

O.D.: So what's happening on the recording front?

Phil: The show we're playing in Adelaide (Uni Bar, March 23), will be a single launch show, we're launching our version of "Eleanor Rigby". That single also comes with an underwater video, so that it can be played on Top 40 video.

O.D.: Isn't that blatant commercialism, releasing a remake of a 60's classic, merely in an effort to grab some airplay?

Phil: Yes.

O.D.: What about the last album, *No Time For That Crime*?

Phil: Yeah, that sold well around Australia, and now we've just stitched a deal to get it released across Europe, and we're working on an American release. Our new album should be released in about three months.

O.D.: Any change in sound from the first album?

Phil: No it just sounds better. Not cleaner, just better.

O.D.: You've been to Adelaide before,



including a visit in December when you blew the Hard Ons off stage, man. You've got a reputation as a great live act, and it's been said that you're not afraid to jump around a bit on stage.

Phil: Yeah, we like to hop around a little and our hair, our hair is simply

stunning.

The interview concluded with Nursery Crimes expounding more media release type comments, and planning to party after their Adelaide gig. The interview was over, and Telecom was the only winner.

KISS MY AXE

• TISM

Scooping it up by the bucket... for the first time the truth can be revealed... **TISM** have the best possible reason for keeping their identities secret and remaining incognito. Now the intrepid Axeman can reveal all. Think of **Spank You Very Much...** then consider the worst. Yes, **TISM** are ugly and boring in real life. The word is **GEEK!**

• GORMLESS PRAT

The problem with **The Hummingbirds** is a completely different one. Not a bad band, some of their records are very fine, but why oh why must that gormless prat sing flat and out of key?

• WHITE RIOT

This week lace up the Docs & make the Axeman's a pint, for it's 14 years since The Clash's debut single "White Riot" was released; and 3 years since Andy Gibb (know the name, can't quite pick the face!) was interred in the Hollywood Hills (i.e. shoved in a hole in the ground, dickhead).

• WHO GIVES A FUCK, SAG?

What do you call it when a review concentrates almost exclusively on the consumption of non-pharmaceutical drugs? A waste of space, probably. It also begs the question, should you believe a review based on such abuse, & should the reviewer attempt the same

condition as he suspects the majority of the audience have attained? Nice one, Dave Sag. And what sort of a name is Sag anyway?

• SPIKY THING

Whilst at the O' Ball all bands were carefully scrutinized and most passed inspection. Well, all except **The Spikes** who made the dance club sound interesting and needn't have bothered organising their babysitters.

• ONE FOR THE KIDS

Speaking of children (we weren't, fuckstick) a big rap must be given to Melbourne-based **Nursery Crimes**, who are poised for national success with the impending release of their new single "Eleanor Rigby". Yes, that's right! The old **Beatles** song will be heard at their one show only at the Uni. Bar this Saturday night, ably supported by local lads **My Love Pumpkin** and **Maelstrom**.

• KILL 'EM ALL

Lastly, **Julian Lennon**, who's based an entire career on the aforementioned Beatles, turns 28 years old this Thursday. A shame no-one cares, eh?

• P.S.

For all you non-classical scholars, it's worth noting that 'Tism' is the Attic-Greek word for 'Geek'!

The Axeman

World's Biggest Smile

Michelle Shocked
Old Lion
Wednesday 13 March



Are you lost and lonely? Have trouble speaking to people? Do you just want to have a REALLY good time? Well let Ms Shocked and the Messengers deliver the word to you. And what is the word? Well according to Ms Shocked the word is "...You gotta enjoy yourself tonight for there may be no tomorrow!..."

In her return to Australia she was duly welcomed by a full house in Adelaide and she did not disappoint. In fact when she would not come back on stage for a second encore there was a VERY large noise of upset!

At around 10:30pm as the last few scampered in (one individual in particular, very pleased that his name WAS on the door), the Messengers started up. They are, in my opinion, one of the most dynamic and yet unassuming bands I have seen live. Then the lights went low, whistles and cheers rang out and Michelle Shocked took to the stage, complete with American accent, dance instructions, stories and one of the biggest smiles I ever saw! And though I never thought I'd see it she actually had at least half the audience singing along to one of her songs!

A very strong feature of her act was her solo set. ("I brought the Messengers along so you wouldn't know what to expect...cause people used to talk about 'that commie bitch!'") The change of medium allows her to be a lot more emotional and gives a kind of freedom which really does justice to her voice. The set ended just at the right time and the Messengers filtered back on stage to help her finish the last song of the set.

If she comes back to this town I'm definitely going to see her again, Michelle Shocked and the Messengers were an amazing experience.

Tom Farnan

Fall of the State Imminent

Folk-Punk outfit Roaring Jack are coming to town. Genevieve Marjoribanks and Andrew Beveridge dismantle the Hegelian dialectic behind their tunes.

"Oppression is the bosses' creed and profit's their religion

Where are the ones who'd dare to set the cat among the pigeons?"

So go the final lines of "Cat Among the Pigeons", by one of Australia's liveliest and most socially aware bands Roaring Jack. On Friday 22 March they'll be bringing their energetic *Street Celtability* (the title of their first album) to the Uni. Bar at lunchtime.

Roaring Jack play fierce Celtic folk music, which is made particularly authentic by the use of instruments such as the mandolin, bouzouki and tin whistle in addition to drums and guitars. However, their music is the background to the internationalist and often socialist perspective contained in their lyrics. These socialist leanings were particularly evident on their last album, *Cat Among the Pigeons* in which the song "October Wind" speaks about change in the Soviet Union, and shows Roaring Jack's support of the people. While Roaring Jack sing about the problems which people experience every day, they also go beyond this to sing about people who try to change the world. Rather than merely lament about the problems people face, through their music Roaring Jack try to stir people to change their situation.

Their optimism that it is possible to change one's situation spills into all of Roaring Jack's music. If you're not in a particularly socially conscious mood next Friday then Roaring Jack will also provide



you with plenty of songs about the mere joy of life and modern romance, such as "Take-away Love" and "Her Latest Affection".

If you simply want to release some energy Roaring Jack will also cater to this need. Roaring Jack's live performances are full of

energy and will have you going from serious slamming and pogoing to reels and jigs. Their current tour is named after their latest album, *Through the Smoke of Innocence*.

If you only see one band this year, make sure it's Roaring Jack, next Friday here at

Uni., or throughout the week at various venues around town. You'll come out socially aware, happy with life, ready for romance and... exhausted!

Geneviève Marjoribanks
Andrew Beveridge

Freebie Madness!!!

On Dit has freebies galore to give away to shows all over the bleedin' place. Here they are...

1) A COMPLETE FOLK UP: At the Governor Hindmarsh Beer Garden Barbecue on Sunday 24 March from 6pm to Midnight, there will be a celebration of: a) 'Polk' (i.e. punk folk) as delivered by **Bushbrat, Jack Nasty Face** and **The Sensational Grandview Grovers**, and b) Imbibing a bit of food and drink for not terribly much.

If you're an Adelaide Uni. student, it will only cost \$4 to get in, and that INCLUDES a free BBQ and Salads and two Happy Half Hours.

Sounds bloody ridiculous? Even more so if you get into the *On Dit* office on Tuesday and tell us the name of the other Australian 'Polk' group with 'Jack' in their name. Difficult, eh? If you get it right, we'll give you one of four FREEBIES to this Sunday at the Guv. Even if you hate all the bands on display, the free meal will stop you from starvin'. Lucky eh?

2) CLUB TROPIC: Happening this Friday 22 March from 8pm until the Ecstasy wears off, *Club Tropic* will be held at the Holdfast Bay Yacht Club (off Military Road) featuring DJ & MC Orbe. Tickets are ordinarily \$10 (\$12 on the night), but *On Dit* will give you a free

ticket to the show if you come into the office on Thursday and tell us whether Constance (by whose courtesy we have the tickets) is a female's or a male's name. *Club Tropic* is sponsored by Central Station records, so it's destined to be hipper than wearing flares in Gay's Arcade.

3) STUDENT RADIO BAR NIGHT: See *Nursery Crimes* free? You bet! Come in to the office on Wednesday and ask us a question. If we know the answer, then we'll give you a ticket to the Student Radio Bar Night this Saturday, featuring *Nursery Crimes*, **Maelstrom** and **My Love Pumpkin**. We've got five

tickets to give away, so *make* it happen! The rules for the competitions are simple: no *On Dit* or SAUA groupies are eligible, and if we don't get the *Nursery Crimes* tickets by Wednesday, Jon Gill will get a smack on the bot and no correspondence will be entered into.

**A Little Time
The Beautiful South
Go! Discs/Festival
7"**

A poignant track, arising from a collaboration between Paul Heaton, one of the most promising white soul singers of the late eighties, and a mutant hybrid Kate Bush/Tammy Wynette. Not really indicative of the rest of the album *Choke*, "A Little Time" has a country feel about it. Of course, the flip side is a different story. "In Other Words I Hate You" may just counterbalance the great loss the world suffered from the disappearance of the immortal Housemartins. Look for the single with the wallpaper cover.

Jodie Wilson

**Choke
The Beautiful South
Go! Discs**

This album is like one of those innocent-looking fluffy cocktails - you knock one back, feel OK and order another, and next thing you wake up handcuffed to a gorilla in the hold of a 747 bound for Abu Dhabi. At first *Choke* smacks of easy listening but...! Spin it a few times and you won't get it off your turntable.

The Beautiful South have evolved into a big-band pop group of the best kind, all lashings of piano and Dexys horns brought together by three excellent vocalists. Paul Heaton and Dave Hemingway showed us how they sang together as Housemartins, but it is Brianna Corrigan's voice which is unique. It's sort of Kate Bush on helium or Minnie Mouse meets... (tries to think of some famous female vocalist: fails). Well, you know what I mean.

Songwriting chores are shared by Heaton and Dave Rotheray. And what songs! Comparisons with the Housemartins may be odious but tracks like "I've Come for My Award" (a jaunty little ditty about shoplifting) show their ancestry. Just as "From Under The Covers" on *Welcome To The Beautiful South* was like the missing link between "We're Not Deep" and "Hopelessly Devoted to Them", the opening track "Tonight I Fancy Myself" continues the wry observation of sex and other stupid games Heaton explored in Housemartins' tracks like "I Can't Put My Finger On It". The only dud is "Lips", an 'atmopheric' waste of time which opens side two.

Of the other tracks, "Let Love Speak Up Itself" is pleasant, with only a sharp-tongued lyric saving it from saccharine sweetness. This rather neat trick of wrapping barbed and sometimes shocking lyrics ("...but the mixture of vomit and blood crept up through my nose") in the woolly winter coat of a jolly tune surfaces on a few occasions. Delightful couplets like "Ah, life's unkind/ From poor old U2 to poor old Simple Minds" catch the listener unawares when the song itself sounds just so pleasant and boppy.

Oh, and this album opens with a sample of bagpipes playing "Scotland the Brave". Bizarre.

Richard Nolan

**Mesentery
Bitch Magnet
Waterfront
7"**

Mesentery? What the heck is "Mesentery"? Dictionary time. "*Fold of peritoneum attaching intestinal canal to posterior wall of abdomen*". Am I on the right track here, guys? All in all, this is a confusing single.

Actually describing the musical genre is near impossible - calling it mellow, brooding grunge with a mildly funky backbeat is as concise as I can get. The vocals are unintelligible - either a hoarse whisper buried in the mix, or synthesised to indecipherable frequencies.

I thought Bitch Magnet had gone overboard with the weird vocals on the B-side, but it's a different speed to the A-side. By this stage, I was so confused, I gave up!

P.S. It is a very different, interesting and good single.

Daniel Kearney

**Dull
Hard-Ons
Waterfront/ Festival
7"**

For their latest album *Yummy* the Hard-Ons have smoothed over their jagged edges and turned down the guitars with respect to the vocals. Whilst they've retained their sense of catchy melody, I fancy they've lost much of their distinctive fun'n'wildness. "Dull" is fairly representative of this trend: not exactly dull but not wildly interesting either.

Ian Richardson

**Adrenalin
N-JOI
BMG- UK Import
12" EP**

Deep, deep down in your mind, a thumping bass pulsating in time with the electronic impulses of your brain. That's the feeling you get when you are lost amidst the Techno sounds of N-JOI's four cut EP. A brilliant EP with "Adrenalin" heading the A-side. "Adrenalin" typifies the sound of Liverpool-baed techno at the moment: fast, furious and very very spacey.

This is a must for dance and techno freaks. Seriously, this EP is one of the best Techno waxes we've heard since the classic album *Live at the Brain*.

Andrew Beveridge and Genevieve Marjoribanks

**All the Colours of the World
The Jaynes**

I find that I go through stages with The Jaynes - there are times when I think they are particularly creative and other times when I just don't want to know. However, the release of *All the Colours in the World* has convinced me (again) that they are very good.

The CD is a very full and clean effort, probably because of the extended studio time at Bartel Street.

Live, the strength of the band is Tom Williams' extravagant and charismatic voice and movements, Matt Banks'

clean guitar and Eddie Kuller's strong drums. This is not the strength of the release. 'Lead Them On' for example, is not as angry or raw and 'Revolver' is just too slow. However, the release was not meant to encapsulate the pub sound and it is a great effort in its own right. 'Patchwork Work Man' displays the maturity and versatility of the band and the CD encompasses the sound of The Jaynes well. 'Coming Up For Air' is done particularly well.

All the Colours of the World is a thoughtful and commendable release, certainly one which deserves wider musical attention.

Piers Gillespie

**TISM
Let's Form a Company
Polydor
7"**

Listening to TISM's new single provided me with exactly what I'd expected - a large dose of the bizarre and unexpected. "Let's Form a Company" is certainly not your run-of-the-mill TISM song (does such a thing exist?),

but rather seems to be aiming for a more anthem-like, grander impact. It doesn't work, and the lyrics are neither striking nor funny. The greatest surprise for me though, came when listening to the flipside, "The Judaeo-Christian Ethic". A brilliant take-off of tear-jerkers like Bette Midler's "From a Distance" and "Wind Beneath My Wings", it tells the epic tale of one man's life-long infatuation with *Chumpy dog food*. The female vocalist is really quite good, and the lyrics almost equal the poetic brilliance of TISM's classic "Defecate On My Face". A tear was brought to my eye as these words emerged:

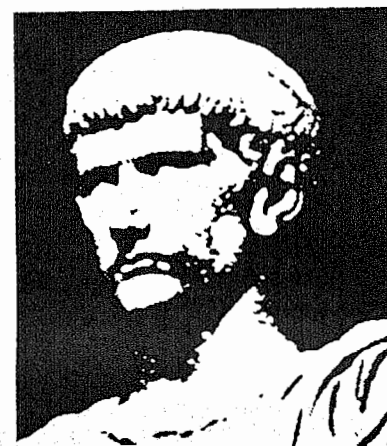
He didn't know where he was going,
But he sure knew where he'd been;
He'd been sticking it in Chumpy dog food

Ever since he was nineteen.

These aren't the worst of the lyrics and although some may find this song to be in bad taste ('scuse the pun), it is certainly worth a listen.

Jeremy Mackinnon

Adelaide University Footlights presents...



Aye, Caligula

a play in two acts by Matthew Hawkins

The true story of Gaius Drusus Caligula, the third emperor of Rome, is related by the dying poet Claudian during the last troublesome night of his earthly existence. It is a tale of power, intrigue, love, psychedelic polar bears, aubergines, old ladies and fruit. The madness of Caligula reveals a bizarre juxtaposition of the classical ideal and contemporary reality as he makes his way through space and time to arrive in Peterborough, South Australia, in search of the TRUTH.

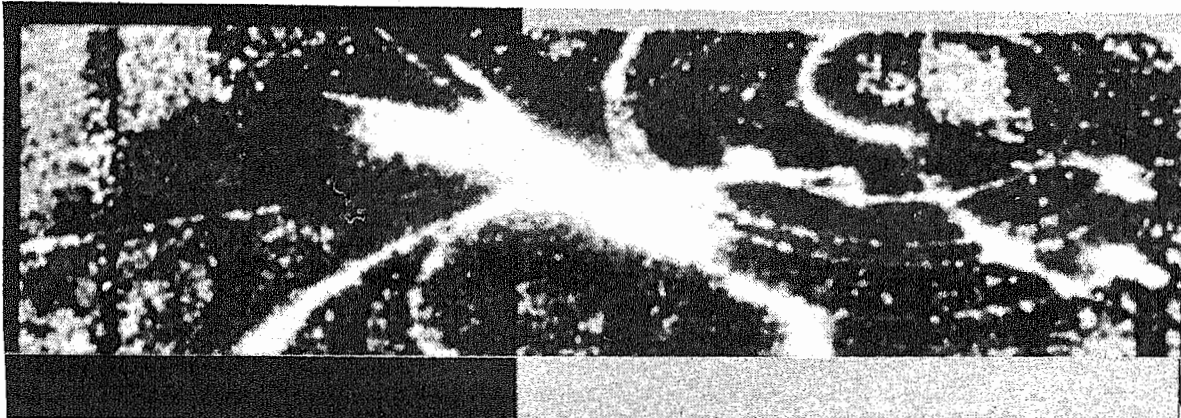
"Wonderful absurdist comedy...Hawkins is a writer of great promise..." *The Advertiser*

"The play is wonderful, a showcase of the talents of the Footlights cast" *On Dit*

Aye, Caligula
Tuesday March 19- Saturday March 23
Starts 8:00 pm
Little Theatre, Adelaide Uni
Tickets \$10 / \$6 SPU
Available from the SAUA or at the door

LOTS AND LOTS OF COLOURS

After nearly four years of frequenting the pubs and clubs of Adelaide, The Jaynes will release their debut album, a nine-track compilation, this week. Piers Gillespie spoke to vocalist Tom Williams and guitarist Matt Banks about the impending release, the vicissitudes of the Adelaide scene and a rather wild night at Victor.



"I'm definitely a boxer shorts person ... Eddie has just bought some tune boxers that he loves. We get a blast of them every now and again ... maybe we should hook them up to the speakers one day". Matt Banks smiled as he revealed this important fact.

Aside from their stylish taste in underwear, impressive Adelaide-based rock band The Jaynes deliver a stylish brand of powerful guitar mixed with the bristling melodies of contemporary psychedelic-influenced pop. They began writing and performing their own original style of music in 1987. "Ben (Abbott - bassist), Tom and I were in a school band and used to play at the Socials and things" said Matt, remembering their auspicious beginnings. Labelling The Smiths and Echo and the Bunnymen as influences comes as no surprises to those who have heard them - the poppy British guitar sound is quite obvious.

"...These guys have been sending me impressive demos since they were in their teens ... enough alone to make anyone sit up and take notice. But, as well as having songs with great hooks and dynamics, they've shown guaranteed crowd pulling ability and the kind of originality and

professionalism that have long made them stand out as one of Adelaide's major contenders for success"

Quote: Bill Weaver (SA•FM)
All the Colours in the World is the clever if somewhat arrogant title of the album. It's not the first

Tom was less elusive about the Sydney trips. "Band proceeds, savings and relics and friends helped with both aspects. It was very costly; we spent 6 months on and off in the studio. The amount for drugs alone was heaps!"

The expenses incurred while recording their first album were obviously considerable..."We spent 6 months on and off in the studio. The amount for drugs alone was heaps."

recorded effort for the Jaynes. Two of their songs were featured on the compilation Adelaide album *Churchtown* in 1989. The release features the more well known Jaynes songs and delivers a decent spectrum of their versatile sound. The album, which features a particularly clean and full sound, was produced by Tony Elliot and is markedly different from their live sound.

I asked Tom who financed the effort and the impending trip to Sydney. "We received no bank assistance. It was like - here is the product - ready! ... but no-one was interested. Luckily some Afghanistan gold miners helped out. Nice chaps, those Afghans, I thought."

Recently, the Jaynes have been playing all over Adelaide. "It's been quiet - the Karaoke bars have taken off and there is a general lack of public interest in original bands." Tom interrupts to comment that original bands have been competing against Top 40 cover bands - something that should never

and Eddie on drums in this pitch black room ... everyone was freaking out - dancing and that - then someone threw a brick through the window which unintentionally showered the stage with glass. We thought 'Shit! Let's get out of here!'" And the craziness didn't end there. "Ben hit a kangaroo on the way home and Tom and I stayed down there. Great accommodation - rats and the pigs, crusty stains, things like that."

All the Colours in the World will be released on the 20th March at Club Foote. Reason?

Matt: "Well, we always said we should have an album out before I'm 21. The 20th March is my birthday."

"So bring heaps of presents,"

said Tom, "cause we are going to be in debt for the next 20 years."

The Jaynes deserve support and special guest Edwina Lucas will be present. Any loyal Adelaide band punter worth their originality should be there.

Piers Gillespie

All the Colours in the World The Jaynes Independent Release

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Piers Gillespie

TAYLOR NEWTON KIDMAN

Flirting

A KENNEDY MILLER PRODUCTION OF A JOHN DUGAN FILM

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Picador - \$15.95

AMERICAN APPETITES is a powerful and thought provoking novel which gets better and better as you read it.

Set in affluent American suburbia, the novel opens depicting the essentially happy lives of Ian and Glynnis Mc Cullough. Married twenty-six years with a daughter, each successful in his/her own right and moving in a world gyrating with friends successful as themselves - middle-aged though youthful - dinner parties, affairs, intellectual conversations and designer houses: the Mc Culloughs are the embodiment of the "American Dream".

Ian Mc Cullough, editor of a highly acclaimed political journal and a top demographer, who laughs, "success is my problem", is sensitive, contemplative and loves his wife. Glynnis, beautiful and lively, and notable for cultivating and eventually dropping friendships with miscellaneous "arty" people, is also a fantastic cook and cookbook writer, though she argues there is

only one professional in her house: her husband. Amidst this colourful, not particularly unusual, and essentially secure and comfortable kind of life lies the power of Oates' art. With irony and sensitivity, Oates subtly explores relationships between men and women, the individual and the state, and the greater forces of free will and destiny.

Building to the unexpected climax of the novel, a terrible and irreversible moment of madness, hysteria and violence which changes their lives forever, Oates delves beyond the glossy exterior to the roots of the human condition. Living in a house made predominantly of glass, Glynnis, when woken by a violent hammering on the door at three-thirty in the morning, frightened, feels: "...our lives are made of glass and there is nothing we can do to protect ourselves....doors must be shut carefully lest they shatter or crack...". In her close portrayal of everyday life, Oates subtly exposes cracks beneath the surface of married life. Twenty-six years of married life and the onslaught of middle-age bring, despite their love for one another, questioning of habit and routine, and a maze of complex feelings - not always understood: moments of insecurity, inadequacy, disillusionment, uneasiness and suffocation. Even their daughter's move away from home to college brings a kind of tension and nervousness between them: it is the first time



alone together in nineteen years. Eventually these feelings culminate and explode in a moment of incomprehensible and essentially meaningless rage. The door is slammed in a flash and their lives are shattered forever.

The following three parts of the novel completely dismantle the former Ian Mc Cullough; revealing the past stability of his life to have been an illusion. Thrown into a completely different world, where he has to fight to preserve any sense of personal integrity and privacy, what his lawyer calls "the real world", Ian Mc Cullough is forced to leave the ivory tower of luxuriant abstract speculation to actually experience and test his own ideas. "...Existence is a matter of how you define your terms....the mind's triumph over madness...living creatures in helpless thrall to the indecipherable drama of our times...". Having previously thought it rather terrifying that unrelated individu-

als, wholly unaware of one another, nonetheless co-operated in a collective destiny, Ian becomes a victim of his own statistics. He must now struggle, often against things he can in no way control, to form a new and meaningful life for himself. With subtlety and depth, Joyce Carol Oates poses important questions. Do we control our own lives, does a greater destiny exist, what is "truth" and how much influence does the state have on our lives as individuals?

Joyce Carol Oates' characters, though they may seem a little superficial and too stylised at first, assume considerable depth and become very realistic. Her style is clear and easy to read; remarkable in its simplicity considering the maze of irony, cross-reference and intergration of ideas which lies beneath the surface. There is a lot in this novel and at times it's quite enthralling. Read it on a rainy day!

Katarina Grenfell.

Buckle On Your Swash

Tom Jones
Independent Theatre
Company
Theatre 62

Swash! Buckle! Here we go with boosies, bastards, bellowing and bawdiness! Here is amateur theatre at its best. This play is pure fun, full of all the things that make theatre enjoyable, popular and accessible. There is an ENORMOUS cast, lots of super costumes, a jolly long and complex plot, a bit of dancing and some very solid, consistent acting.

The tale of Tom Jones is an old and famous one. Henry Fielding began writing it in 1744 and finally finished in 1748. It is a large novel, a popular film, and a damn good play. It recounts the story of one - surprise, surprise - Tom Jones, an illegitimate child who, one night, is inexplicably found on the bed of Squire Allworthy. The said Squire, against the wishes of his ghastly old housekeeper, decides to keep the child and bring it up as his own son. The Squire's sister agrees to the plan, and thus Tom Jones joins the local gentry.

Tom grows up to be a fine lad - lusty, loud and loving. Bridget Allworthy marries, and produces a very nasty piece of offspring known as Master Blifil. Blifil and Tom share their tutors, their childhood days, and some animosity. This is because Master Blifil is a

full-blown prat. He never gets any rumpy, whereas Tom gets too much of it... in fact, he gets a local girl rather pregnant. But his heart lies with another - Sophie Western, daughter of Squire Western, who is a real SNORTER of a guy. The complications continue, until Master Blifil gets Tom into a tight corner (oo-er) as a result of which Tom packs up and goes to London.

From here the story gets more complex and exciting. Tom goes to London and has some more rumpy, with the charming and seemingly sex-starved Lady Bellaston. Although the play is a long and complicated one, full of different characters and subplots, director Rob Crozer has served up a delightful piece. The actors are confident and positive, even those with the small, piddly parts that are generally so unpopular. (Let's face it. All actors want massive parts. That saying about, "there are no small parts, only small actors" is a total lie, made up by desperate Drama teachers who have to cast the part of the village idiot before seven o'clock that night.)

One person who has a very large, important part - the sort where other members of the cast fall in love with you and incessantly buy you drinks - is Nicholas Bishop, and yep, you guessed it, he plays Tom Jones. Young Nicky B. is bracing and stimulating as Tom, playing the part with a certain dynamic vigour which makes him stand out from the rest of the cast. His scenes with that utter girl, Sophie Western, played by the over-angelic Lyn Wilson are particularly efferves-



cent. His scenes with the local scrubber, Molly Seagrim, portrayed by Melanie George, are not quite so convincing, but they still manage to create between them an atmosphere of RAUNCH.

Charles Mullighan, as the odious son of Bridget Allworthy, was truly facetious. As I mentioned before, Master Blifil is a total prat and he never gets to do the wild thing with women, due to his being a revolting turd. This characteristic was well developed by Charles Mullighan. I hope this is not his own predicament in life... I only ponder the question because he portrayed the part of a cunning loser so well. There were, in fact, an awful lot of Mullighans in this play. Looking at the programme I realised that it was somewhat of a family affair, with Mullighans appearing as retainers, sentries, Lords, wayside peasants, thugs and Londoners. All this between the three of them...

The women in the cast were not as strong

nor as well defined as the men, but this fault probably lies with Henry Fielding himself, who treated women as secondary to the male roles. Despite this blemish, Melanie George and Diane Chamberlain do very well for themselves, acting with energy and obvious enjoyment.

All of the crowd scenes are great fun, as are the well-rehearsed dances. The set is functional and attractive, and the lighting - despite a few moments of blackout here and there - was adequately executed. The only real glitch was the sound. The sound system in Theatre 62 is possibly the worst in the world. At very least it is the worst in Adelaide. It sounded as if a couple of guinea pigs had hopped into the speakers, and were determined to party on, and squeak until they dropped. Apart from that it was a very nice night's entertainment indeed.

Chloë Fox

Classical Farce

Aye, Caligula
Footlights
Adelaide University
Little Theatre
March 19-23
Tickets \$6/\$10

Opening night is perhaps not the best night to see a play - the cast are unsure of an audience's reaction and the nervous jitters are likely to interfere with the performance. The night before I saw "Aye Calligula", I had seen another play (which shall remain unnamed) which sent me to sleep. I had also heard rumours from a reliable source (who shall also remain unnamed) that Nick Osborne, as first spear carrier, was the star of the production. So, I was not predisposed to enjoy myself at Footlights' first offering for 1991, "Aye Caligula".

However, the play is wonderful, and a showcase of the talents of the Footlights Cast. Not denying Nick any credit, as he does indeed make a wonderful first spear carrier, with just the right combination of steely-faced indifference and warm hearted sympathy, the rest of the cast do outshine him.

The story of Gaius Drusus Caligula is told through the eyes of the worst poet Rome has ever produced, Claudian. This is his last great epic, told as he dies. Matthew Boyce, fresh from his role as Malvollo in The Parting Company's Twelfth Night, plays Claudian (with a little Malvolian essence thrown in) and enjoys the part. He provides the framework around which the play revolves - telling the story, opening and closing scenes, and filling in the gaps. This device works well.

The first act takes place in Ancient Rome, where the former First General, Germanicus, played by Matt Hawkins, encounters the Goddess Dementia, born of an aubergine (Juliet Nicolle). Dementia reveals that a plot is afoot to kill the emporor Caligula. The

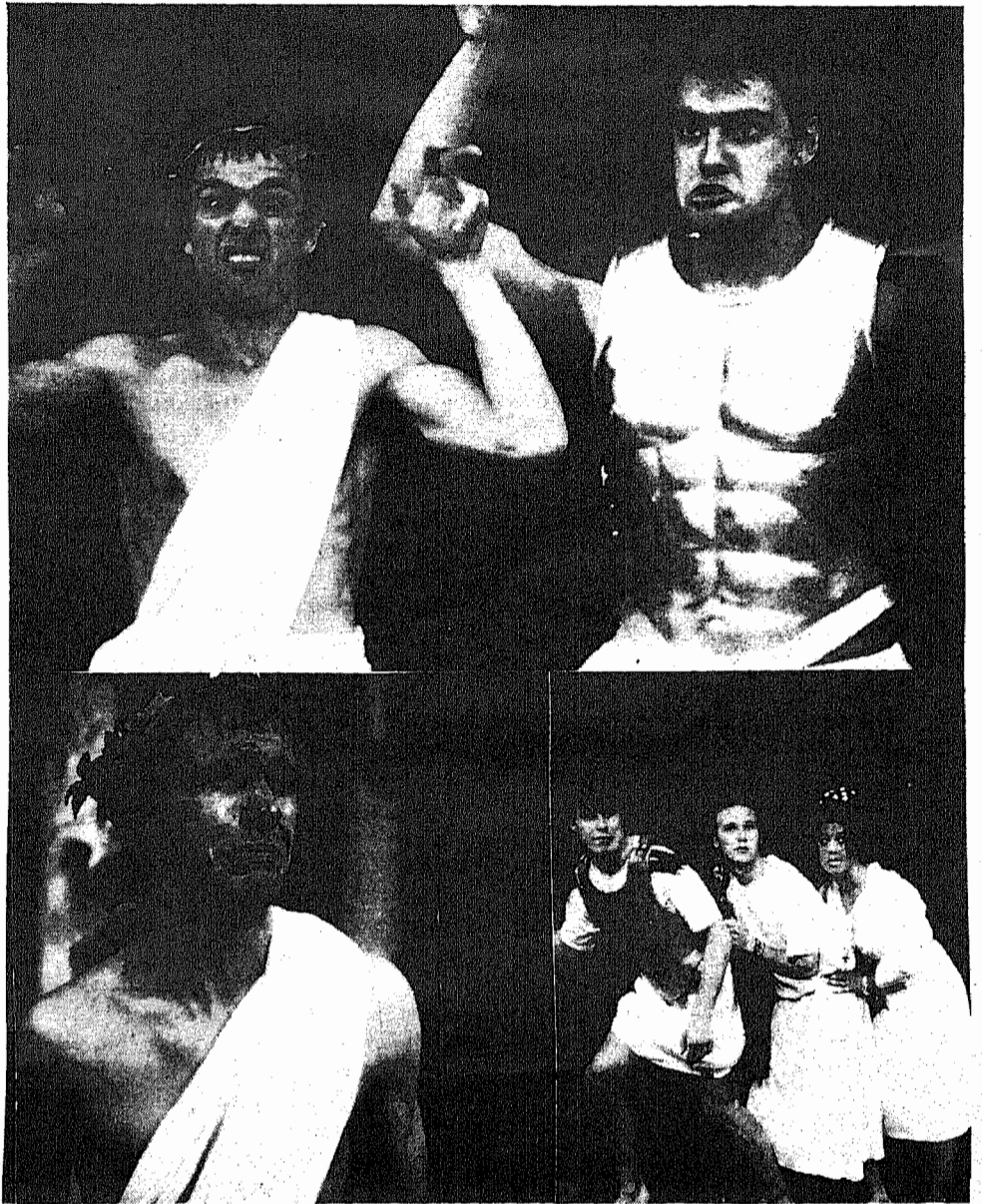
Empress Messalina, played by the very evil Libby Angel, and the current First General Castor (Dave Penberthy), in a bit of classical nasty Roman power play, hope to dispose of the Emporor and rule Rome.

Poor Caligula - he thinks he is mad, he hears horses in his head, his bread always falls buttered side down, and now his wife plans to kill him. Damien Storer does a great job of lip-quivering, head-holding and other general signs of a man who is mad, or at least a bit worried. Damien shows, once again, his acting skills in the role of Caligula.

Caligula's horrible dreams reveal to him a Rome of the future and provide one of the funniest scenes of the play. Those of you who have trekked around Europe with a Let's Go guide and an If-it's-Tuesday-then-this-must-be-Milano attitude will squirm at the biting, satirical send up of the Aussie tourist.

As Caligula ponders the human condition, he sets off in search of the Truth - which takes him to Delphi, and then, as the second Act begins, to Hades, like Odysseus before him, to find The Answer! There he meets several interesting characters. Among them are Vera (Emily Branford), who is a nasty but convincing combination of Esme from A Country Practice, your grandmother, and every barmaid you've ever met, and Vera's husband Pluto, well played by Dave Penberthy. What follows is a classic piece of farcical comedy.

Aye, Caligula is written and directed by Matthew Hawkins, who has done an admirable job. In a few places the script does let down the actors, as the first ten minutes of the play are rather slow and do not reflect the pace at which the rest of the production runs. In other areas, the acting does not support the script. This is most notable in the Delphic Oracle scene, where a potential laugh-a-minute is lost through poor interpretation. However the rest of the play races along and is truly funny. Many of the allusions to Greek and Roman history, cleverly worked into the script, were lost on some members of the audience, but a satisfactory pass in Matric Classical Studies should be enough to get you through. There does indeed seem to have been a purpose to



studying that subject!

The costumes were wonderful, with plenty of glimpses of rippling male muscles through the togas to give the audience a bit of a thrill. Some were precariously perched, and I was waiting for Caligula's toga to fall off - what was he wearing underneath? This toga stuff poses as big a philosophical question as the Scottish kilt.

So if you are wanting to join Caligula on

his journey through space and time in search of The Truth and answers to such tricky questions as "Are we mad and simply dreaming - or are we sane?" and "Why does a dropped piece of bread always land buttered-side down?", run along to the Little Theatre and shell out a well spent six bucks.

Sarah Roberts.

The Sound of Balalaikas

Coriolanus
English Shakespeare
Company
Her Majesty's
Theatre

In attending Coriolanus, I experienced that unique sensation of watching a Shakespearean production and not knowing how it was going to end. I think this was perhaps the same for much of the audience as Coriolanus is one of Shakespeare's lesser known, little studied and rarely produced plays. Some of the reasons for this are evident in viewing it, as it is long, wordy and has a rather anticlimactic ending.

Coriolanus is the story of Caius Marcius who gains the name Coriolanus due to his enormous valour in battle. We are shown

two sides to the man, his brilliance as a warrior and his ineptitude as a politician. Coriolanus despises the people, yet wishes to rule them. For his contempt, he is banished and then seeks out his former enemies in battle in order to gain revenge. However, as with most Shakespeare, all does not go according to plan, and the ending is somewhat of a let down, not only for the audience but for Coriolanus.

Eastern Europe is the setting for Michael Bogdanov's production. Against a bleak and empty set, to the sound of balalaikas, we see the drama of the revolution against corrupt communism. The correlations and comparisons are clear and Bogdanov's direction is incisive in this sense. We are shown the wavering of the mass of people and their need for leadership to unify them. This leadership comes in the 'Tribunes of the people', who are seen as heroes when all goes right and then, following their attempts to compromise, as scapegoats from every side. The Eastern Europe setting, while

politically interesting, does, however, add to the sombre nature of this consistently serious play.

While some of the staging is excellent, there are parts which are problematical, particularly in a venue like Her Majesty's Theatre. This applies especially to the crowd scenes. When the crowd is addressed, the house lights go up and the audience is included. While this may be effective in a more intimate setting, here it meant that many of the "people" were lost from sight and that during the longer speeches, members of the audience would take to looking at each other.

The fight between Coriolanus and the Volscians is, however, a superb piece of theatre. For the most part, it is Tullus Aufidius' description of the battle, interspersed with scenes of combat. Throughout the piece, women dressed in mourning quietly lay wreaths at the foot of a statue, emphasising an important aspect of war, forgotten in Coriolanus' successes, death.

Overall, the acting was of a particularly high standard, although Volumnia, as the mother of Coriolanus, could have benefited from some cuts to her later speeches which tended to be long and a little tedious. Particular mention should be made of Bernard Lloyd, who played the suave Menenius Agrippa, political beast, to perfection. Michael Pennington, in the title role, also managed to capture the temper and the pride of Coriolanus without transforming him into a one-dimensional bastard, giving him moments of humiliation and doubt.

If you want a fun night with a few laughs, avoid Coriolanus. However, if you wish to be intellectually challenged and you like Shakespeare, go along and see it. It isn't all serious, the opening scene of second half provides some comic relief, but be prepared to sit through a very long first half. Bogdanov has captured something of the present world order, just don't expect to find it funny.

Melissa McEwen

Expensive Chairs

At the Jam Factory

"Are you comfortable? Then we'll begin ..."

Have you ever stopped to think what you are sitting on? Are you sitting on the Lawns, on the Barr Smith Wall, on a hard chair in the refec, a comfy lounge in the cellar or are you reading this in the comfort of your own home? Have you ever taken any notice of those chairs around you? Are they there by choice? Did you spend hours choosing the right one? Or did they appear by no influence of yours. The point is that chairs often depict what an owner or user appreciates.

Are chairs essentially a comfort luxury? Should we rate a chair according to comfort? If so, then most of the chairs at the Exhibition held at the Jam Factory, 169 Payneham Road, St Peters, would have rated quite lowly. This Exhibition of contemporary chairs had few chairs which you could imagine curling up in with a good book, or falling asleep in and being carried into deep dreams; few would have my choice to relax in while waiting in a waiting room (not that the ones in waiting rooms are much better). However, almost all of the chairs were fantastic pieces of art. All the artists came from many different walks of life and often their individual pieces represented some of their professional influences. The prices ranged from \$180 to \$17,000, all beyond most of our budgets, however, they're still worth a look at.

What is it that distinguishes contempo-

rary furniture design from others? Mainly "the mixing of a variety of materials, natural and artificial, in single works and the resurgence of interest in the use of metal in particular".

To me the contemporary chairs represented a bazaar approach to artistic expression. There appeared to exist an animal theme which ran throughout a few of the pieces; from cats and sheep chairs, to a buffalo and crocodile chair (see if you can pick this one!). Wayne Kerkowitz's chair called "Chaise 1987-1990" had a sleek, black impression and would have made for a dynamic lounge chair for psychiatrists of the future. As pointed out to me by a friend, it hinted once again to the animal theme and could have possibly been interpreted as an elegant panther in full sprint.

Really, all the chairs were left open for interpretation and I enjoyed myself thoroughly, developing my own theories as to what they represented and setting off my imagination.

My favourite exhibit was Stefan Kahn and Michael Geissler's "Sofa". It looked comfy and was a psychedelic 60s lounge which would have made for great decor.

All in all, it's a worthwhile trip to the Jam Factory to have a look at the chairs. The Exhibition goes until Sunday, 31st March and while you're there there's plenty of other interesting works of art to browse at (although, a bit on the pricey side).

Ana Navidad

Obscene and Poetic

The Pastiche Exhibition at Club Foote is ... strange, to say the least.

I thought it was fantastic, but frankly I'm still deciding whether I'm too confused, shocked and awestruck to sum up my reaction so boldly. However, it was weird enough to keep me interested, and as long as I was interested, I was willing to sit it out and have my assumptions about reality turned upside down and my morals snatched from me, examined intently, ridiculed and flung back at me to fall battered and scorned at my feet. By the time I left, I was bewildered, shocked, in awe and totally at a loss as to how I was possibly going to put into words what I had just seen.

The exhibition consists of five pieces of abstract art and a dramatic performance. The way the art is set up in Club Foote seems impractical - it is difficult to actually locate the exhibits - but the atmosphere is relaxed and informal with plenty of seating around small tables, and the bar is open.

Most of the exhibits, although visually fascinating, confused me because I couldn't even begin to understand them. However, once I realised that I was probably better off in my ignorance, I began to really enjoy myself. I met a bizarre girl on the steps in front of one of the exhibits, and since she had trouble taking anything in the exhibition seriously, we had a great time, laughing at our ridiculous and exaggerated interpretations of the art.

However, when I got to Virginia Barrat's "linda/lou", I was awestruck. This exhibit aroused almost every possible emotion in me. It's wild! It's the redeeming piece of the

whole exhibition and to try to explain it would be to destroy its impact. A written piece, it delves into the realms of self identity and discovery through a kind of verbal masturbation. It's one of the most powerful and brilliant things I've ever read. It has to be seen to be believed!

The dramatic performance - 'Rupture' - is the icing on the cake. Nothing could possibly have prepared me for the rollercoaster ride that this performance took my perceptions of reality and morality on. I think I must have sat through the whole thing with my mouth open. It was perverse, wonderful, obscene and poetic. It totally overreached the bounds of even the exceptional imagination. I was scared at how much this performance shocked me. Two televisions displayed varying images on their screens whilst a woman sat at a table in front of them, cutting up and eating fruit. Two women, on either side of the TVs read from texts which were totally beyond my comprehension. I just let the words wash over me. I feel like I was swimming in language, away from reality. The texts were openly and blatantly obscene, and a combination of what I was hearing and what I was seeing on the TVs shocked me right out of myself. It is an incredible performance! I left Club Foote feeling emotionally battered and drained, and somehow wiser.

The Pastiche Exhibition will continue at Club foote with nightly performances Monday - Saturday until 4th April, if you're ready for something different, make sure you go and see it.

Wendy Vale

Are You A Claustrophobe? Beware!

Review of 'Central Australian Landscape' Art Exhibition of work done by Tony Figallo 68 North Terrace Adelaide

Do you like being confined to orange rooms? If so, this is the exhibition for you. Tony Figallo is currently showing his interpretation of Central Australian Landscape at the Experimental Art Foundation, 68 North Terrace, Adelaide.

Figallo's installation (self referred) takes place in a mass of 'coloured, calico lined walls' from floor to ceiling which, on first impression, seemed like a room sectioned off for construction work. Under closer inspection, I found the effect he was trying to achieve quite interesting - that of driving through central Australia consumed by stark blue skies, reddish brown soil and isolation.

A photographic image of the desolate central Australian landscape lies underneath a flap on the walls which only adds to the quiet beauty achieved by Figallo's quite unique approach.



This Week In SPORT

With Johnny Matthus and
Ethel Murman

Cricket

It's big time in the land of the cross bat. Last week in the West Indies saw triple jumping groundsmen fail to turn the game around for the Windies in the First Test at Sabina Park, Jamaica. The big size 12 imprint suspiciously short of a good length and just outside off stump threatened to make the game a total farce. Only quick thinking by the groundsmen who was drinking and not triple-jumping, saved the practice pitches and ensured that the uncovered bowlers run ups resembled a clay pit preventing the Windie pace quartet from a fourth day head hunt.

Not that the West Indies' bowlers run up that often. When they do eventually arrive at the crease to release the cherry, it's usually bowled well in their own half. It's no wonder that the Calypso Kings can't play with a straight bat. Send them all to England I say, and make them face Terry Alderman on a seaming pitch on a day when the sun barely gets above the sightscreen. Then we'll see whether Hammer Haynes with his I'll-show-you-mine-then-you-show-me-yours stance will have Richie Benaud muttering 'marvellous, simply marvellous' or 's-s-s-super stroke'.

What the Windies need is a man who can drift the ball away from the right handers, and make it grip and turn sharply back into the bat. Their 1991 attack lacks subtlety and variation. They know what they're used to and that's 60 balls an hour at the throat. What they need is another Bobby Holland. A man who will have you in your armchair muttering when he's got figures of 0-74 off 5 overs, but will have you doing cartwheels on the last day at Sydney. What they don't need is a bald poser from New South Wales wearing a fucking hat when he trundles. Greg Matthews isn't an off spinner. He's a hopeless joke. I reckon if Australia wants a useless bowler who is a handy bat at number seven then they should bring back Trevor Laughlin.

Not that the Windie crowds mind much. A ten foot rabbit could be opening the bowling for Australia for all they care. After a few Red Stripes and a goat curry for lunch, the cricket is just a damned good excuse for a bash on the skins and a blow of the whistle. There are more rhythms going when Curtly lopes in, than at a Catholic Family Planning Convention.

On the local scene, it was nothing short of strike-me-pink-KG-you-could-have-knocked-me-down-with-a-cliche, to see SA down the Sandgropers by an innings at the WACA. WA has as much chance of winning a Shield in the next five years as Greg Matthews has of drifting the ball away let alone making the bastard grip and turn. I say send Tim May to the Windies and send back Matthews in a pine box with a lid.

Track News

Big news from the Sport of Kings this week is the age old verbals about which nag can negotiate the course while the fewest pints are consumed by the punters. The little

people and the trainers, past and present, are all putting in their two bobs worth. Metaphorical blood is flowing on the hal-lowed turf this week as newcomer upstart jokes proclaim Better Loosen Up as their choice as the fastest horse with the biggest heart since Phar 'freak' Lap. Old Timers speaking over the rim of their butchers, toss other incomparables such as Rain Lover, Dulcify, Kingston Town, Tulloch and Archer into the ring.

But the men with the real knowledge, the men who get up before the sun just to get a good grip on their horse, legends such as Tommy Smith, Colin Hayes and Roy Higgins, have opted for a real dark horse. Our man with the silly hat at the track, Big Ken put the most difficult of questions to Colin Hayes and Tommy Smith.

Big Ken: Who is the best and greatest nag that you have ever seen?

Colin: The answer to this question is cut and dried Ken. It is of course the Launceston pub cat, Blu. Sadly Blu is no longer carving seconds off track records everywhere but is out to stud.

Big K: Why choose Blu, Colin?

CH: Well it takes a character as crafty as Blu to understand that the real test of whether a nag will end up as dogmeat is how many pints the punter can swallow while he, she or it circles the track. Blu knows that the real test of a horse is if you can't win, make sure the punter is well and truly shabby when the horse passes the post for the last time. This splendid feline wonder knows this better than anyone. Blu knows that a shabby punter is a poor punter, hence his longevity. Its seen more torn up tickets than you or I have hot dinners. This cat has track sense.

Big K: Last comments on this wonder puss?

CH: This cat eats horse for breakfast.

Tommy Smith, a man who knows his horseflesh, has recently retired from the dawn to dusk routine but maintains a firm grip on horse form. Big K tossed the searching question about the fastest nag to him.

TS: Well it's pretty rare that I'm in the TAB tearing up my tickets when I've put a fiver on Blu, the Launceston pub cat. Blu's strength is undoubtedly his pace off the final turn. His long smooth flanks never get caught on the rails. You can't box Blu in. When he falls he lands on all fours. You can't use a nick on the leg as an excuse to use your double barrel on this feline, thank you very much Ken. Blu's a survivor.

Mountain Club

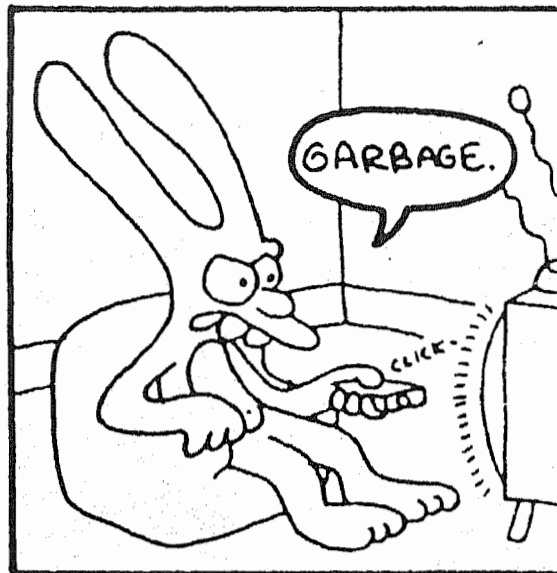
Results-

Maria von Trapp reporting

Last Saturday 12 winsome, feckless, fool-hardy young mountaineers picked up the gauntlet and slapped Africa's Mt Killmanjaro across the face with it.

The challenge was accepted and the race was on.

The matchup was close was from the word go until disaster struck at 3278 feet. Brad "Boom Boom" Ridge misplaced



Big Boaty News From the Boatpeople

Main upcoming event for all boatpeople is the annual fun get together: the King's Cup and National Regatta being held at West Lakes for the third time. This feast of rowing will be held from the 3rd till the 7th of April. The heats, repechages and semi-finals will be held on the Wednesday, Thursday. The biggies, the ones that count in the eyes of history will be held on the Saturday with the Interstate Regatta going down on the Sunday. Our very own Boat Club will take up the challenge in most sweep-oar events. Rumours that the competition will be held tightly by their conks and kicked in the butt have been confirmed by sources close to the top.

Come along and support the gallant Uni rowers guarding righteousness against the infidels. There are Uni boatfolk in every State crew that will race on Sunday so don't miss out on this one.

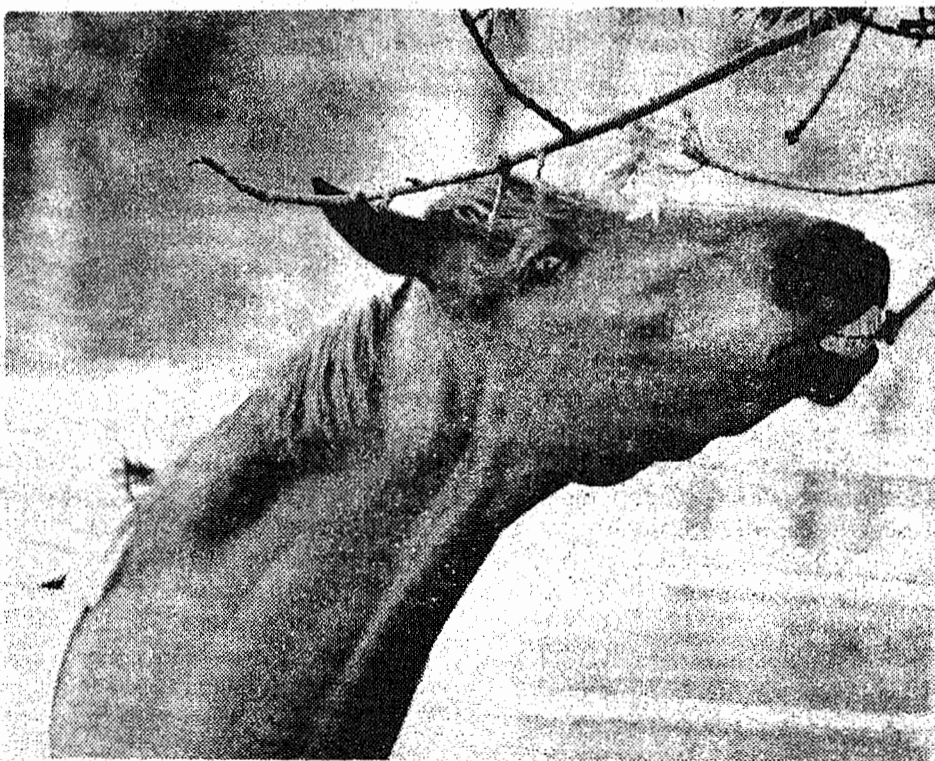
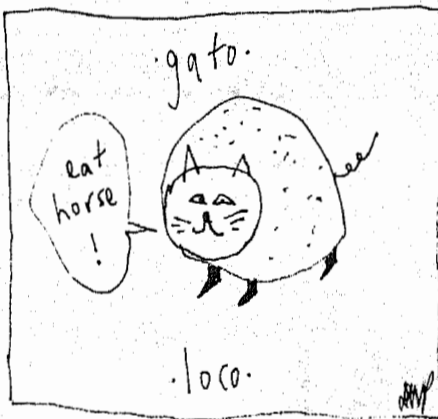
MEGA KING'S CUP PARTY

Sunday April 7th 7pm Boat Club
Admission is Free. All Welcome

Beginner's Day: Sunday April 21st 10 am Boat Club

Beginner's will need a salad and meat for BBQ after rowing, shorts, t-shirt, socks, a fresh change of clobber plus a towel.

For further information contact the Sports Association which is situated in the south-western corner of the cloisters.



Mine's a pint if I could find the Launceston

Intracellular Activity

Television
with Katarina Grenfell

There seems to be something about staying home and watching T.V. on a Friday night. Something like a stain on one's good name and about as removable as the blood on bluebeard's egg. Without even "The Simpsons" or "Twin Peaks" to plea against raised eyebrows and embarrassed, uncertain looks; the realm of Friday night television is often conceived as a dark abyss — flickering with lost and anguished souls spasmodically terrorised by the likes of Daryl Somers. Being woefully poor this weekend, I had no choice but to ignore the sirens from nearby and afar — all distinctly pumping up the jam and decided to take a journey into the recesses of this underworld. Having prepared myself for something probably very frightening and perhaps even scaring — I was not much surprised. Not only was there a double of Arnie-baby in the "Terminator" and "Conan the Librarian", but also "Tour of Duty", and scariest of all, the "T.V. Week Logie Awards". But then out of the darkness — light! Gentle, sweet and feely John Hinde presented "Kiss of the Spiderwoman"; a movie whose title had mesmerised me years ago on its release in 1985 — and left me intrigued to see it. "Kiss of the Spiderwoman" is not your average movie. It is subtle, it deeply explores its characters and their worlds, and borders on the poetic. Needless to say —



William Hurt and Raul Julia star in Kiss of the Spiderwoman

two men who share a dingy cell in a South American prison. They appear dramatically different from one another. Molina, a flagrant homosexual convicted for corrupting a minor swans around in a pale floral silk dressing gown with a towel tied as a turban on his head. He is at once extravagant, sensual, romantic, theatrical, highly sensitive and good natured. Valentin, a political prisoner, a left-wing revolutionary who has been horribly tortured, is an intellectual intensely committed to what he believes "really counts". His strict self-discipline and concern for the struggle in "the real world" often

Through them, the film explores many aspects of human nature, the individual and society, and poses questions as to the relationship between fantasy and reality. In order to displace the darkness and monotony of their cell, Molina tells Valentin the stories of films. He kind of acts them out, the leading female role at least, and tells Valentin that he embroiders them, so that Valentin will be able to see them as he had seen them. Valentin is disgusted by the film, perceiving it to have been a nasty piece of Nazi propaganda. Molina loves it purely for the emotions, the beauty and the romance. In moments of

men acted like women there wouldn't be so much violence". He also realistically defends fantasy by saying "if you've got the keys to that door I'll gladly follow — otherwise I'll escape in my own way". Gradually each becomes drawn to the other and their lives become inextricably interwoven. The Spiderwoman takes the kiss!

William Hurt was brilliant in this movie as Molina — no wonder he got an Oscar for it! I also found the use of two films highly effective. Not only did the Nazi film provide the escape Molina was looking for, but established some powerful parallels between the situations of

Warning: Contains Gross Material

Dave Krantz talks with Peter Jackson, director of "Meet the Feebles", about puppetry and pornography.

If you have ever seen "Bad Taste", made by New Zealand director Peter Jackson, you will know that he is a filmmaker with a difference. "Bad Taste", a relentless satire of splatter movies, has achieved cult status since it was released in 1988. His new film, "Meet the Feebles" is soon to be released in Australia, and you will never look at the Muppets in quite the same way again.

"Meet the Feebles" is going to be big. Made entirely with puppets, it is centred around the cast of a second-rate variety show during the lead up to their big break, the televising of their show. If it is successful they will get a TV contract.

These puppets are not the cute and fuzzy puppets generally prevalent in puppet films. They include a junkie knife-throwing frog, a walrus who deals in drugs on the side, and a rat that makes

porno movies involving a cow and a cockroach. However, director Peter Jackson said that, "the movie is not meant to satirise the Muppets and other puppet shows. It is satirising humans". One writer described the film as a "spluppet movie. A splatter movie with puppets". When asked about this description, Peter said he thought it was a good way to describe the film. "Even so, it is still a comedy movie, a black comedy".

An interesting question raised by the film is that of film censorship and classification. Australia was the only country in the world where "Bad Taste" was cut, and then it was released with an R-rating, whereas "Meet the Feebles" got an M-rating. In contrast to this is the fact that in New Zealand both films were released with an R-16 (restricted

to people over the age of 16) rating. Is something less offensive if done with puppets? Peter Jackson thinks that the New Zealand system of classification works well, but is happy that "Meet the Feebles" received an M-rating in Australia. "It is an ideal kids' film", he said.

Projects coming up in the future from this exciting young director include a zombie movie that is currently being planned, and eventually he would like to make a fantasy movie. At the moment, we should all look forward to meeting the Feebles.



Above: Daisy the Cow on location with Wally the Cockroach filming their porno-puppet epic to raise money for their television bid.

Real Ale with Dr. B. Allen

Campus Challenge

Where Are You Headed?
Angelo Badalamenti
Lawyer, Minister and Youth Spruiker
from Melbourne. Holds degrees in Law,
Theology and Ministry.
YOUR LIFE DIRECTIONS
...Union Cinema 1pm
...Mon 18th Lunch
FULFILL YOUR DESTINY
...Union Cinema 6pm
...Mon 18th Night
HOW TO BE A WINNER
...Union Cinema 1pm
Tues 19th Lunch
IS GOD REAL?
...Union Conference Room Level 5, 7pm
Tues 19th Night
CAN I TAP INTO SUPERNATURAL
POWER?
Meeting room 1 Level 5 1pm
Wed 20th Lunch
HOW TO ENJOY SPEED TO THE ULTI-
MATE
Union Cinema 6pm
Wed 20th Night
...and special guest speaker Dr. B. Allen
HOW TO BREW REAL ALE AT HOME
Union Cinema 6pm
Wed 27th Night

AU Union By-Election, March 1991

At the close of nominations, 5 nomi-
nations had been received.

They were:

Tim Davis
Peter Boord
Paul Cummins
Ed Fitzgerald
Kirsty McKenzie

At 2:00 pm Friday March 15, a draw
was held to determine the ballot
order of the candidates. The ballot
order will be:

1. Paul Cummins
2. Kirsty McKenzie
3. Peter Boord
4. Tim Davis
5. Ed Fitzgerald

Polling will be held over three days at
the at the following times:

Monday 25 March

9am-7pm SAUA
11:45am-2:15pm Airport Lounge
11:45am-2:15pm Napier Building
11:45am-2:15pm Engineering
11:45am-2:15pm RAH
11:45am-2:15pm QVH
Tuesday 26 March
9am-5pm SAUA
11:45am-2:15pm Airport Lounge
11:45am-2:15pm Medical School
11:45am-2:15pm Waite
11:45am-2:15pm City Campus (ex
SACAE)

Wednesday 27 March

9am-5pm SAUA
11:45am-2:15pm Airport Lounge
11:45am-2:15pm CASM
11:45am-2:15pm QEH
11:45am-2:15pm Law School
11:45am-2:15pm Roseworthy
11:45am-2:15pm ACH

Andrew Lam
Returning Officer
and Spam Handler

Amnesty International Uni Group

Annual General Meeting, Tuesday,
19th March, 1 pm in Games Room.

- General Elections
- All welcome

CISLAC

(Community in Solidarity with Latin
America and the Carribean)
Annual General Meeting
Tuesday, 21st March, 1 pm in Games
Room.

Students for Peace and Disarmament

Cross-Campus Meeting
Tuesday, 19th March, 6 - 8 pm in
Meeting Room 1, Level 5, Union Build-
ing.

Students for Peace and Disarmament
Inaugural General Meeting
Tuesday, 19th March, 1 pm on Gallery
Balcony.

Friends of the Earth

Guest Speaker, Wednesday, 20th
March at 1 pm, in the Union Cinema.
Dennis Matthews, formally of the Ra-
diation Protection Committee will
speak on South Australia's Energy
Policy.

Those Barmy Bohemians

Monday, 18th March, 1991
Literary Society Annual General
Meeting is at 7 pm (not 7.30 pm) in the
North/South Dining Room, Level 4
Union Building. Elections will be over
with quick. Then we Pub Crawl ...

WANT TO HAVE A SAY?

Are You interested in participating in the
management of the Union's Catering
facilities?

Here's your chance! Join the Catering
Advisory Committee. Just drop a note as to
why you'd like to get involved to:
Rob Brice, Secretary/Manager, AUU
(1st floor, Lady Symon Building)
with a contact phone number and address.

The AUU needs YOUR input.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Amendments to Enrolmet and HECS Liability Semester 1 1991

All students are asked to take careful note of the following dates and
information to ensure they are not fucked up by not doing the right
thing.

31 March Semester 1 census date. Last day to withdraw from a
course or to withdraw from semester 1 or full year subjects. You
gotta get out by this date to stop the guvment billing ya for HECS.

13-14 April Semester 1 "Statement of Enrolment and HECS Liability"
notices will be produced this weekend and posted to students on 15
April. These notices list your course and subject information to-
gether with details of your HECS status and liability for first semes-
ter. Lucky people will also have their bank balance, tax file no. and
where their children cross the street included in the statement.

29 April Last day to report the Student Records Office, in writing, if
your HECS notice got it wrong.

24 May Last day for withdrawing from a Semester 1 subject without
the withdrawal counting as a failure

23 August Last day for withdrawing from a full year subject without
the withdrawal counting as failure. If you withdraw from a full year
subject between 31 March and 31 August you will incur a Semester 1
HECS liability. You bloody drain on the nation's resources.

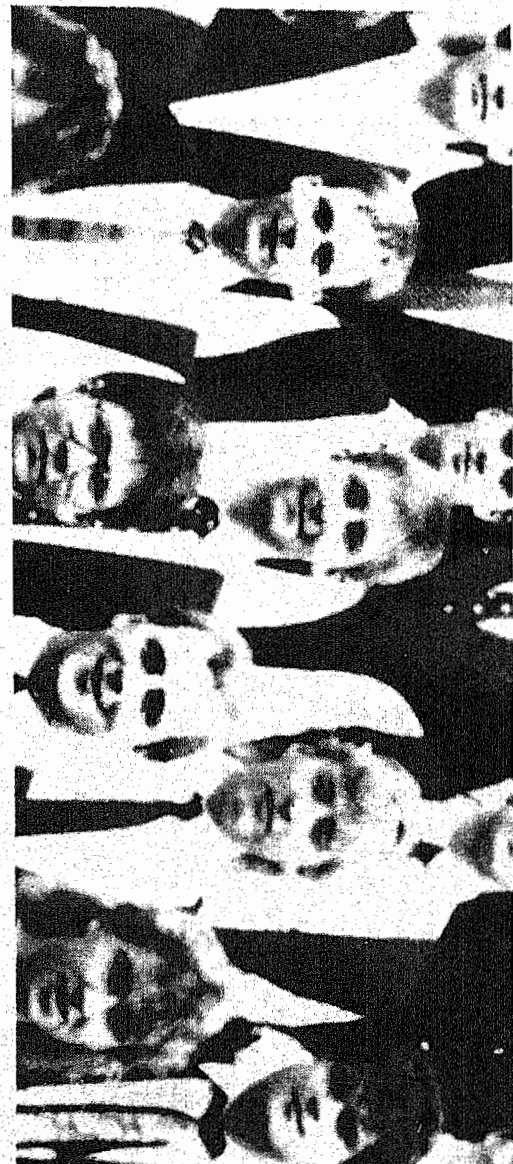
REMEMBER- your HECS liability is calculated on your enrolment at
the census dates of 31 March and 31 August. Amendments to enrol-
ments made after the census date may affect your HECS liability.

Basically, the rule is that if you drop out, you never pay less, but if
you pick something up, they'll slug you for all you're worth. Who do
you bloody well think you are, having the audacity to be a student?

F.J. O'Neill

Registrar

With slight corrections from the Eds.



REVISED LAW SCHOOL CURRICULUM LEAKED!

Due to renovations of the Ligertwood Building, the Law Faculty has been forced to extensively revise its 1991 curriculum. A copy of the new curriculum has been leaked to Bunyip Peril, and this week we have published selected excerpts. Not only have locations and times of lectures and tutes been changed about somewhat, but some new subjects have also been added to the course in response to the ever changing Law School environment.

CHANGES TO CURRENT COURSES

Torts: Lectures have now been re-located to the median strip on North Terrace (near the Anthropology office). They will be of approximately 5 minutes duration, and will be held at 3.00am. The days that the lectures will be held on are to be posted inside the locked Napier Building 10 minutes before the commencement of the lecture.

Tutes are to be held at the Stonyfell Community Youth Centre. They will be taken by Francis the talking Bunyip.

Constitutional Law: Lectures are now to be held on the Barr Smith Lawns, in conjunction with a display of mediaeval jousting by the Society for Creative Anachronism. Body armour essential. Lectures will be given by whichever student claims to done the most reading on the subject.

Tute groups have become slightly larger, now consisting of the entire course. Tutes will take the new form of a body contact sport, with assessment points awarded for

body blocks, throat strikes, tackling etc. They will be held bi-monthly in the Law School Pond, and will last until there is only one left standing, who shall be anointed the winner and awarded a high distinction.

Family Law: Lectures have been rescheduled to take place in the family room of the Williamson family, who live in Gundiwindl. The lectures will be given by their 3 year old son Wayne, and will last until he loses concentration.

The form of tutes will be slightly changed. The tutes are now to be conducted in the form of an office furniture moving competition across North Terrace. Contestants (students) will have to move heavy items across North Terrace at rush hour without being struck by vehicles. Assessment points will be awarded for the poundage of furniture moved during the 15 minute tute.

Industrial Law: Lectures will now be held next to a 900 metre tall pile of industrial waste on the Law School Plaza. No ticket, no start.

Criminal Law: Lectures will be abolished due to a lecturer shortage and replaced with a session of creative shoplifting in large department stores around Adelaide. The shoplifting group will be led by Prof. Kevin Marjoribanks, who is quoted in the new curriculum as saying "academic robes are an ideal place to hide electrical goods and small iced confections!"

Tutes will be held in the Union Building lift, and will last for the duration of a trip

from the ground floor to the 6th floor-say, 2 or 3 hours. Bring a biro and a crash helmet.

Trusts: Lectures have been relocated to the front bar of the Century Hotel due to space shortage. They will be delivered by the patron with the largest beard and/or most tattoos. Knife in the spleen is optional.

Tute times will be posted at the top of the Town Hall clock tower. Good luck!

NEW COURSES FOR 1991

Media Evasion Law: To be taken by the registrar, F.J. O'Neill. A course in avoiding those embarrassing interviews.

Course Content: I'm sorry, I can't comment at the moment.

Lecture Times: Sorry, he's just gone interstate.

Tute Times: I'll get back to you.

How to survive in a post-apocalypse study environment: Course involves survival in the new look Law School. Includes hunter-gatherer skills and a section on "how to sleep with one eye open". A essential course for anyone planning to continue with their Law Degree.

Your Lungs as a Natural Filter: Law School Library familiarisation course.

Creative Medical Claims: How to institute grievance procedures against the University. Particularly recommended for students with current respiratory complaints, or students who wish to develop one.

More excerpts next week!

Desh on Monday



Cripes! When people start talking about billions of dollars I get a funny feeling in the pit of my brain. My old teacher Mr. Crippen used to say look after the pennies, Desh, and the pounds will look after themselves. Who hasn't ben looking after the pennies then, eh? Cause those bank billions seem to have slipped through the State's piggy bank in a big way. But hang on a jiff, fellas. Let's have some collateral thinking on this.

It's the to consider what the old State Bank has done for us in the past. It's time for us to stand behind it in it's hour of need. And I'll tell you why.

When I was a little fella, I used to take my saved up frippences in a calico bag once a year to the old Stately, then called something else I can't remember, and depositing my Wrigleys under the counter, ask some dear old codger to take care of it. Did they ever tell me to push off? No. Did they ever despise the mite's mite? No fear. They treated me, a little freckled fella, with the same respect that they showed the boys in the big school.

They used to count it all out and put in a book with a mickey mouse on the cover. And jeez, I used to feel like Rockefeller for a day. I'd leave the bank, skippetty-skip, hoppetty-hop: the world all rosy and warm and tight and secure. God was in his heaven, my frippences in the bank. I am grateful for that. I look on it as a great moment in my great boyhood. A boy and his bank, hand in hand, going forward into the future together. It was so beautiful that when I think of it I get that funny feeling in the pit of my chest that if I were not a man I would allow to pour forth in tears beyond understanding. God this world is a lovely, warm, cosy, wonderful place, isn't it.

Now Banky is in trouble. It needs us all, all of us little boys grown up, to turn around and show our gratitude for days gone by. Donny and I are taking around the hat at Chessers every Friday for Timmo and the boys. No pikers.

It's Timmo I worry about. I mean he has that little boy look about him still, don't you think? From the pages of the Boys Own Annual: the four-eyed straight man to Fatty Finn. Never made it into the first XXI, but good at sums, and reliable as hell at calculating the interest: the toffe day proceeds could get if we let him have free rein. Funny, we never did get the soldiers memorial we were all working for. But we did get the honour board for old boy creative accountants. Salt of the earth, say I. Get behind them.

Desh Colqhouhnhqn

Bunyip Drugs with Dave Sag

Why is Marijuana illegal? What does the future hold for chronic smokers like me? Am I to give in to the pressures of a largely ignorant society and spurn my beloved weed; or do I instead continue on in stoned apathy, not giving a toss for the consequences both to my health (sic) and my legal status? For me of course the decision is easy. I will continue to smoke dope until I die. No amount of fines, threats, education, or incarceration will stop me.

So why is Marijuana illegal? Why do we allow organised crime and their police representatives grow fat upon our backs? Why do we have to haggle for weed at \$10.00 or more for a gramme or so when the stuff grows like a beast in almost any environment? It has been claimed that the cost of growing dope works out to less than 1 cent per gramme. Distribution via the amorphous hierarchy that is the dealer network is very

expensive. Everyone who comes into contact with the dope you buy in the bar has for the most part either bought it from someone who has "taxed" some out for himself plus adding a markup to the sale price, or grown it themselves (or ripped it off!). Most distributors have generally bought their gear in bulk from someone else higher up. If we follow this meandering chain up further we eventually end up either talking to an enterprising and cautious backyard grower, or more likely at a well respected member of Adelaide society, or the police.

So why is it illegal? The government spends a fortune sweeping up after its own laws and all the while it (as an institution, as distinct from individual members) misses out on vast sums of revenue. All this implies to me is that the government has less money to spend on other more vital issues such as a guaranteed free education, free health care, a higher standard of living for welfare recipients, and a better life for all Australians. We pay too much, you pay too much, and the government pleads poverty. Marijuana is Australia's second largest cash crop after wheat.

Marijuana has far fewer harmful effects than nicotine or alcohol. It is easy to make paper, rope, and many other things out of

hemp fibre, and involves less clearing of land to grow it commercially. It could be cheaper than wood pulp and makes better paper with far fewer environmentally harmful waste products. A very high proportion of our population smokes it on a regular basis. It does not make people violent or aggressive; it just makes them smile (and eat and sleep). How this simple weed became "the weed with its roots in hell" is beyond me.

So why is it illegal? The simple truth is we are all too busy getting stoned to give a shit. In our minds we say "Fuck it, let's have another cone and then do something about it... it's always been this way, at least it's not a criminal offence... count ourselves lucky we don't live in Queensland!" etc.

Decriminalisation only made dope a handy source of revenue for the police. They bust it, fine the users, sell it, bust it, fine us, then sell it again! The next time you have a smoke, be it a joint in the park, a small pipe on the balcony, or share an elaborately hand painted and carved fifty chamber water bhong, remember to ask yourself "Why is this action illegal, who am I a threat to, and why do they think I threaten them. Who is trying to fuck up my life?" Then award yourself a penalty cone.