

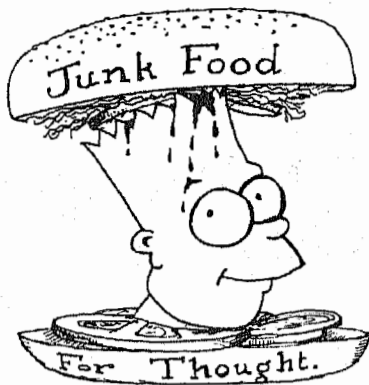
Case 1. Mr. A, a 24-year old executive, spent up to 2 hours straining to have a bowel movement before going out and planned his whole life around going to the bathroom. He limited all his activities because he feared being incontinent. His symptoms were particularly prominent when he was anxious or in unfamiliar surroundings. Although Mr. A had always been concerned about regular bowel movement, his disabling symptoms did not begin until age 21. He denied having symptoms of depression, psychosis, panic attacks, or other psychopathology. His mother was fearful, occasionally depressed, and obsessive, and his sister often spent up to an hour clearing her bowels. A distant aunt with an unknown diagnosis died in a state hospital. His father was an alcoholic.

Case 2. Ms. B, a 56-year old manager, reported "increasing anxiety about my diarrhea". She noted severe anticipatory anxiety about diarrhea and persistently searched for bathrooms in case she could not control her bowels. She restricted her work activities and often called in ill if major meetings were planned. She spent \$180 a month for parking because she feared becoming incontinent on the subway. Ms B's symptoms began without a precipitating event when she was about 50 years old and gradually worsened. She denied having diarrhea and stated that her bowel movements were, in fact, quite normal. She denied having symptoms of depression, thought disorder, panic attacks, or other psychopathology but admitted to mild checking behaviours, particularly checking the stove and doors. Her family was without psychopathology, but her mother had similar bowel concerns and spent excessive time in the bathroom.



ON-DIT





Bart Serious

At Least He's Honest

Why I like Sophie Lee
by Bart Serious

What will 1990/1 be most remembered for? Most of you might say "The war with Iraq", but a perceptive, intellectually superior minority (i.e. regular Bart Serious readers) will immediately press their imaginary buzzers and, in a flash, respond with "The Simpsons and Twin Peaks". This is not to say that these rare, gifted people claim that TV is the centre of the Home. They know it is the centre of the Universe. Their 'national anthem' is 'TV party'. To them, the Iraq war was always just another TV program competing for the ratings. And failing dismally, in their eyes. They would follow it only as others watch 'Beyond 2000', to see the latest in technology, and see the features that will appear in next year's Mitsubishi, repackaged as an electronic cruise control module, in matt black instead of 'Rat Patrol' khaki. In the 1990s, these discerning folk prefer truth disguised as humour (e.g. cartoons, soaps and other semiotic synergies) rather than abysmally obvious absurdist bullshit packaged as truth (anything ever said by Bush, Saddam, or Peter Barnett of CNN).

But The Simpsons and Twin Peaks are, curiously, not that elitist and inaccessible at all, having a cheery cynicism that appeals to a broad range of people, and serving to reaffirm the commitment of Matt Groening and David Lynch (respectively) to the black humour that resides in most of us, as an inevitable result of having survived

the 1980's, if nothing else. What has happened to traditional viewer patterns to cause the runaway success of these programs. Are we seeing a healing of the rift that occurred when the 'punk' and 'post-punk' movements split society into 'angry' and 'scared' factions. David Lynch, Twin Peaks founding director, was one of the 'angry' people, and made waves in the early 1980's with the classic 'punk' film Eraserhead, the most intelligently vicious attack on the 'cute' little nuclear family that has probably ever been made. Lynch also had a cartoon strip whose four unchanged picture frames showed a dog, chained to a post, so immobilised by his anger, that it becomes his only possible means of expression. Only the dialogue changes slightly.

Appearing together with Lynch's Angry Dog was a story of a society of rabbit-like creatures, ugly, buck-toothed, and doomed to constantly reliving past mistakes. "Life in Hell" as Matt Groening called his revolutionary cartoon strip, seemed to be targetted at those people repressed by the 1980's, rather than able to express their angst via 'punk' behaviour patterns. The title should have read 'Life is Hell', judging from the endless misery his creatures put each other and themselves through. Yet, it was a very cute portrayal of the black side of life, and it is refreshing to see the spirit of these creatures' internalised aggression being recreated as Bart Simpson, the suburban terrorist with the skateboard and bad attitude. This time, the source of Bart's

attitudinal problems can be seen as being his family, who are totally frustrating and unable to help him out of his existential dilemmas.

Like cartoon analysis, soapie analysis is difficult and serious work (dirty, thirsty, etc. but someone's got to do it ...) because both genres operate in the marginalised semiotic Outlands described by 'straight' society as 'fringe', 'punk' or most often 'childish' entertainment. Until recently, few analysts realised the emotional investment placed by otherwise 'professional' members of society in these 'comic' art forms. Twin Peaks is thus seen as the best of the new wave of 'underground' influenced programs who are not afraid to show their antisocial tendencies.

I cite the Sophie Lee phenomenon as further evidence of how seriously people take their god-given right not be serious. Sophie Lee's presence tells us that the people who watch Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck want more sex than Disney can deliver. We have grown men admitting that they sit home especially to watch her, and mothers complaining that the patch of carpet in front of the TV set grows wet and sticky with the spilt seed of their lust-ridden teenage sons, amongst whom Sophie Lee is a sex goddess. The not-so-hidden message is that it is OK to like Soapies and Sophies as well as hold down a full-time job.

Twin Peaks is not the first soapie to be absurdist and self-referential. Dedicated followers of Santa Barbera, Another World,

Dallas, etc., have watched their script writers employ both these devices with increasing frequency and severity, causing their soaps to become the only really living, growing cinematic art form that has existed for 10 years, apart from certain sorts of documentaries beyond the scope of this discussion. Soapie writers have discovered that being totally weird doesn't spoil the story line at all, thereby opening soaps to an increasingly intellectual audience. In fact, Twin Peaks is more like a David Lynch movie, with the 'look-and-feel' of a soap, rather than a soapie by David Lynch. East-Enders is the only really 'straight' soap left outside of Australia. Even Coronation Street got 'bent' a long time ago, and began to poke fun at itself.

So where does that leave us? Well, I like The Simpsons, for the same reason I like Peanuts, for its futility, psychological 'angle', and thinly veiled undercurrent of repressed violence. Bart Simpson is Charlie Brown when he finally decides to get even with Lucy, and blows her away with his Uzi when she pulls the football away for the 1,000,000th (but last) time. I also like Twin Peaks, for similar reasons. Special Agent Cooper combines the sex appeal of Steve McGarrett with the fruity madness and non-violent toughness of Dr Who, without seeming disjointed or disintegrated at all. These programs are accessible yet still cynical, which is why I like them, and why I expect you, my loyal readers to like them also.

Ted Serious

CONTENTS CONTENTS CONTENTS CON-

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 2 Ted Serious, De-coder of the 90s' 3 News 4 News 5 Animal Research in Universities 6 Letters from our adoring readers 7 More letters- Aren't we popular! 8 Big Fun 9 Media Watch with David Penberthy- The position of women in journalism, and some amusing cartoons about John Kerr 10 Overseas hi-jinks with our travel writer Michelle Chan 11 Monica Carroll looks at the life of Australian poet Michael Dransfield, who died at a young age from too much hard livin' 12 Theatre | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 13 Theatre 14 Film page- The Godfather III and Meet The Feebles in a clash of the titans with our resolute reviewers 15 Music- Classical. Lock up your Daughters and get out the cod-piece 16 Music- Be Brave, and live Jeff Healy and the Bhundu Boys 17 Music- If the Straitjacket Fits, wear it 18 Music- What's in, Records and maybe something else 19 Music- More records, plus a run down of the scally scene in Manchester 20 Sport, Sport, Sport! 21 More sport, with Johnny Matthus and Ethel Murman 22 Classify me 23 Bunyion Peril |
|--|--|

Famous Five Go Sailing

Young Endeavour's 1992 World Voyage! Nationwide search for Young Australians to represent their country.

In 1992, Young Endeavour will embark on a World Voyage visiting 30 ports of call in 20 countries and 72 young Australians will have the opportunity to proudly represent their country on this once in a lifetime World Voyage of Discovery.

The Honourable RJ Hawke Prime Minister of Australia has endorsed the participation of Young Endeavour in the Quincenary events in 1992.

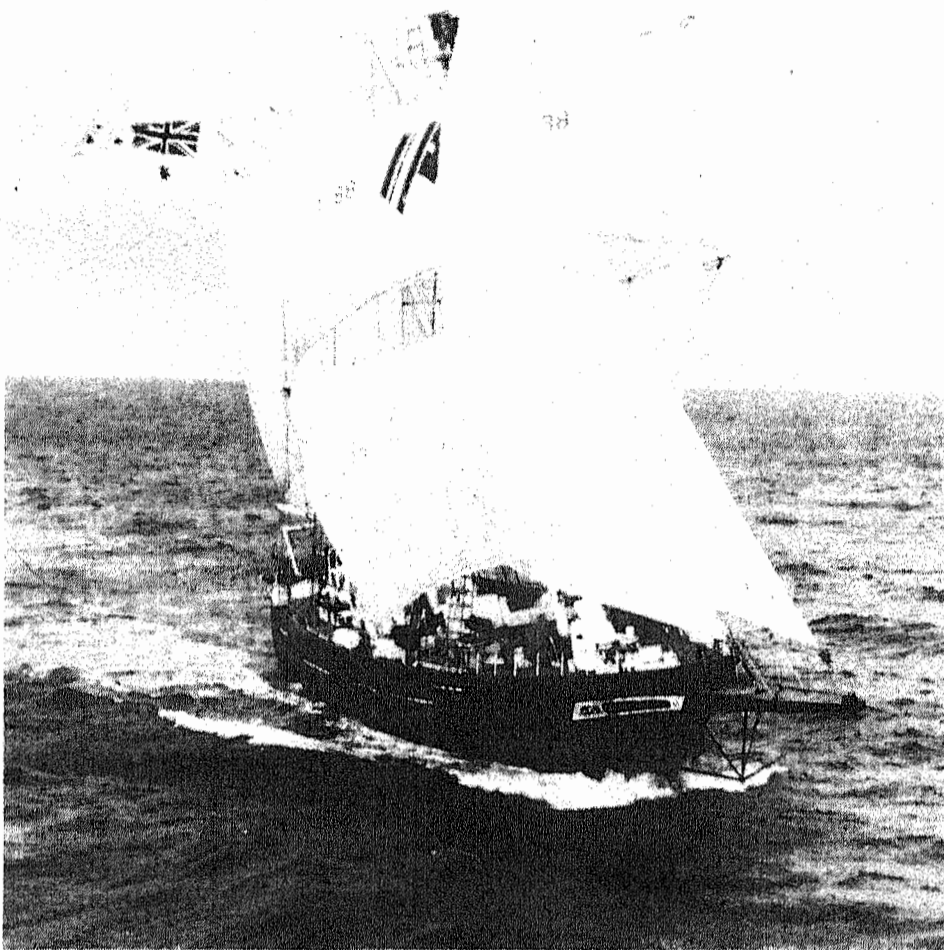
Australia's national sail training ship will depart Sydney on Monday 2 December 1991 calling at ports in the Indian Ocean, Africa and Mediterranean before arriving in Greece in March 1992. From Greece, the ship will sail to Genoa, Italy to join a fleet of sailing ships from around the world to sail to Cadiz, Spain where the gathering of Tall Ships is planned as one of the highlights of the Spanish 1992 celebrations.

From Cadiz, Young Endeavour will participate in the Grand Regatta Columbus, a Tall Ships Regatta sailing to Puerto Rico via the Canary Islands and thence to ports on the east coast of the USA and Boston.

Young Endeavour will return to Australia in December 1992 after transiting the Panama Canal and crossing the Pacific Ocean visiting a number of island nations en route.

Reminiscent of the spectacle witnessed on Sydney Harbour, Australia Day 1988, Young Endeavour will represent Australia at America's Premier event for their Columbus Celebrations on 4 July 1992 - the largest gathering of sailing vessels ever seen - in a magnificent Parade of Sail on New York Harbour.

Applications will be invited from all young



Australians between the ages of 18 to 25 with a spirit of adventure to undertake a phase of this historic voyage at an official launch to be held on Friday 12 April 1991.

Three separate crews of 24, each of 12 males and 12 females will be specially selected from all Australian States and Territories to participate in the 12 month voyage together with Young Endeavour's permanent crew from the Royal Australian Navy.

The cost of a berth is \$5,000. Financial assistance can be applied for through the Young Endeavour Youth Scheme.

Application forms will be available by contacting the Young Endeavour Youth Scheme Toll Free (008) 26 7909 or Sydney (02) 660 8933 from Friday 12 April 1991.

For further information, photographs, interviews, please contact Fran Maitland, Young Endeavour Youth Scheme. Telephone (02) 660 8933.

Barr Smith Frolics

It's not right. It's not fair, is it ...?

SAUA Councillor and Library Committee Representative Mish Schubert speaks out

If there is one thing that every Adelaide Uni student has in common, it's a personal horror story about the Barr Smith Library. If you feel confident or angry enough to report your little tale of woe, you might just be able to have some of your problems solved. The library does actually provide a "user services librarian", Patrick Condon, whose notices you may have seen on the complaints and queries board in the Barr Smith. He can either be contacted via a notice on this board, or in person and is quite a friendly and approachable chappy. (He even managed to arrange the return of Sam's library card and as we spoke began to investigate her complaints about the attitudes and behaviour of library staff.)

Alternatively, you can come and see either Natasha Stott Despoja, President, or Susie O'Brien, Education Vice President in the Students' Association at any time and they will be more than happy to try and solve your problem.

See Library horror story below

Library Nazi's Reign of Terror

Why there is no justice in the world A true! and short story

After a relaxing and totally good read in the library last night, I strolled purposefully to borrow the exciting books I had discovered - only to meet with disaster.

Owing to a rather unusual turn of events, I was the proud owner of two student ID cards. I had lost my first year card and subsequently paid for a nice new one, in which I resembled a bloated fish. When my old card resurfaced some six months later, I was quite pleased. So for the past week I had jubilantly flashed the card at busdrivers and bouncers alike, having naughtily ripped of this year's full time student sticker and placed it on the card.

So as I approached the borrowing desk that fateful evening, I whipped out the valid, although stickerless, card. The Woman At The Desk informed me that the card wasn't valid because it didn't have the stickers.

'Oh that's alright', I countered jovially, 'Here's the stickers on the old card!'

The Librarian eyed me suspiciously and snatching the two cards thundered,

'The card must be confiscated.'

Still oblivious to the woman's increasingly clear anal retentive condition, I cheerfully, yet respectfully, asked if I could just keep the card for its sentimental value and clear reproduction of my first year demeanor.

'No you can't!' she snapped with venom, and began interrogating me as to The Reasons I wanted both cards. Explaining that the card was of no use to anyone but me and couldn't borrow books didn't seem to alleviate the woman's increasingly demonic stare.

'It's just a card,' I whimpered.

At this point, the woman's head began to spin madly around and around, as she barked mercilessly about my "double standards" (!!!)

Without malice, I began to laugh uncontrollably and was promptly informed that I could, 'Laugh if you want to, but I'll only cut the card up NOW!'

Although I felt a quiet urge to lean over the desk, grab her head and smash it repeatedly into the computer terminal, I refrained, knowing this to be anti-social behaviour. Shaken, I stumbled off into the

night.

Strangely, this experience doesn't really surprise me, when it comes to the Barr Smith. Last year, I and another patron were screamed at for reading the newspapers before 8.30. 'Can't you read the sign!' the crazed worker yelled. Actually, it was a bit difficult, considering the sign was about 5 ft higher than most people's line of vision. On sitting down in the newspaper area, waiting for The Right Time To Read The Papers, we were again earbashed that it 'Wasn't time'. Informing the dear man that we just wanted to sit down was to no avail.

My most pleasurable experience with the library was during enrolment when they ripped off with \$90 of my non-existent cash. In case you are unaware, a \$30 fee applies to books returned very late. Effectively, this means even if you return the books, you still pay for them - it's \$60 if you don't. Being a moral and honest young woman, I had immediately returned my 3 books when I finally found them on moving house. Come enrolment, I was told that I couldn't enrol unless I coughed up 90 bucks. Explaining that on \$113.25 a week this was a bit difficult (Austudy! Thanks Bob!), proved

a fruitless exercise. After much discussion, I was informed by a rather officious woman in an incredibly expensive looking red suit, that 'We all have our personal and financial difficulties'. The fact that enrolling late would give me another \$40 fine, that I was prepared to pay in instalments or that paying the fine upfront would render me incapable of paying for rent, food, toilet paper was summarily dismissed.

It is worth noting that at no time in my dealings with library personnel was the 'Sorry, mate, I just work here' clause invoked. All the people I have dealt with - especially those higher up - took undue pleasure in being total shits. Needless to say, I am dubious of all this Equity and Libraries rhetoric.

So, to close, I would like one wish. Owing to the fact I cannot have my beloved extra student card in its present form (Heaven knows what evil purposes I might enlist it for), I formally request that it be cast in an enormous block of clear plastic rimmed with gold, so I might use it for a paperweight. This might also go some way in reimbursing me for the \$90 they relieved me of.

Thanks!

'An Incredibly Calm And Totally Relaxed Person'

P.S. Everything I've quoted these nasty people saying is TRUE! The derogatory personal reference flowed uncontrollably from my enraged pen propelled by a body wracked with teen angst.

Sam Maiden

Fun and Games in East Germany

Driving east towards Eisenach on a Saturday morning is a relatively hassle-free affair, as just about everybody else on the road is travelling in the opposite direction. Since German economic union took place last July, many of Eisenach's 51,000 inhabitants have taken to commuting west to shop. In their little Trabants and Wartburgs, cars notoriously unreliable and environmentally unfriendly, they head for the city of Kassel. Not all manage the 65 km journey, however, and every few kilometres along the roadside a broken down car lies abandoned.

For over forty years, until Germany's reunification last October, Eisenach was an East German border town, located just 9 km from the West German frontier. The process of almost breathtaking changes that began in October 1989, with East Germany's communist leader, Erich Honecker, being ousted from power, and climaxed a year later with full German political union, has placed enormous pressure on what was until recently the German Democratic Republic. In many ways, Eisenach personifies the problems being faced in eastern Germany.

The drive to Eisenach reveals the speed political change has swept this country, as reminders of Germany's recent division remain as yet largely untouched. It is not difficult to see where the East/West German border was. The surrounding area is mostly countryside, except for a stark line of cleared land which meanders along in a rough north/south direction. In the centre of this cleared land is a high wire fence,

intact apart from where it once blocked the road. This section has been unceremoniously forced open. Also remaining are the guard towers and floodlights which run parallel to the former border. Although no longer used, they are still an intimidating presence.

Even the most unobserved traveller would soon become aware they were in East Germany. The road is in such a state of disrepair that it soon becomes virtually impossible to drive at much above 40 km/h. Deep and ragged potholes cover the road's surface, making it necessary to ignore basic traffic rules in order to avoid the worst of the craters. The nine kilometres to Eisenach suddenly seems a vast distance.

Upon approaching Eisenach, one's first impression of the city is not how it looks, but how it smells. The pungent stench from thousands of coal fires, belching thick black smoke out of soot stained chimneys, intrudes upon the senses. It is not only Eisenach's chimneys that are blackened with soot. Just about everything seems to be covered with grime. Decay is everywhere. Buildings appear to have been left unmaintained for decades. Broken windows stay broken. Collapsed roofs remain where they fell. The external fire escape of one apartment block, about five storeys high, has completely come away from the wall it was attached to, and lies mangled along the adjacent ground. Close by, a huge pile of coal obstructs one side of a street.

Walking through central Eisenach, one is



struck by its contrasts. Situated next to a derelict building, its door smashed in, windows boarded up and graffiti sprayed across its dilapidated frontage, is a new hi-fi shop. Behind its large display window is arranged an impressive range of stereos, CD players and video recorders. The only problem is that no one seems to be buying anything. Outside on the footpath, however, a small group of people contend themselves with staring at the goods on sale. A little further along, a clothes store is being officially opened. To advertise the occasion, a remote-controlled robot is whirring forward and back by the entrance, shouting to its twenty or so spectators. They appear almost entranced by this tacky gimmick. A hawker moves among them, attempting to sell gaudy trinkets. In

a coffee house, the proprietor serves instant coffee, pouring boiling water from a kettle, while nearby, modern stainless steel equipment remains idle. She apologetically explains that her new cappuccino machine has broken down, but no one will come to repair it. Her problem seems to typify the troubles faced by those in Eastern Germany. After forty years of forced isolation, during which initiative and independent thought were punished, these people are trying to adjust and get by as best they can.

That evening, heading west, the traffic coming eastwards is continuous. After a day of shopping in Kassel, Eisenach's residents are returning home again.

John Doyle

Energy Policy in South Australia

South Australia's Energy Policy

Energy Policy in South Australia is up the Khyber. As a state, we seem to support the Nuclear Industry at every turn, with an almost total neglect of Soft Energy options. With a history of Maralinga, Radium Hill and Nurrungar, as well as the present of Roxby Downs, Port Pirie and Nurrungar, one should not be surprised that the future planned out for us by our Government is not an environmentally happy one.

Having been consistently against Uranium Mining and the Nuclear Industry while in Opposition, the Labor Party in South Australia (and in Australia) have been remarkably supportive of the industry since coming to power. The Nuclear Industry and the mining lobby have our Government by the tail. The ALP refuse to do without the money brought in by corporations such as the Western Mining Corporation and as such are bound to keep these companies in operation, whatever the cost to the rest of Australia.

As a result of this, they are loathe to do any real checking up on the environmental impact of such operations. Or, if they do, the results are not acted upon. The massive use of water at Roxby Downs is constantly called into question by environmentalists, but the Government refuses to do anything about it. (It is interesting to note the parallels here with the refusal of the Government to investigate the water supply for the proposed clean-up of either Maralinga or Port Pirie, and are even

encouraging the proposal for SX Holdings' Uranium and Rare Earth processing plant near the tailing dam in the town of Port Pirie.

In his talk here at the University on Wednesday, 20th March, Dennis Matthews discussed some of these issues. Having been previously on the Radiation Protection Board, Dr Matthews quipped that the Government seemed to think that the board was there to "protect uranium" rather than to protect against it. (Dr Matthews resigned from the RPB in protest against what he saw as the reluctance of that board to take any action to minimise the danger that workers and public at Roxby Downs are subjected to.)

With such an appalling attitude with respect to the Nuclear Industry, it is not surprising that we find our Government with an equally appalling attitude to the development of Soft Energy options. An Australian invented the cell that powered the winning car from last year's solar car race. We should be proud of that fact, except that Green had to sell his design overseas because Australia would not produce it. It was a Swiss car that won the race, and the cells were produced in Germany. Is this how we encourage the development of Renewable Energy options? Unfortunately, the answer is "yes".

In the recently released Green Paper, the Government again addresses the question of the development of these alternatives, although only briefly. They decline to invest in this area, due to such clichéd excuses

as "small research infrastructure" and "limited Government funds". Rather, they would prefer to put to use the technology developed elsewhere. It is yet to be seen if they will even do this much. (pp viii & ix, Green Paper, Government of South Australia, January 1991)

The Green Paper is addressing the question of "Future Directions for the Energy Sector in South Australia". As we do not use any of our own Yellowcake (we sell it all to nations with such responsible nuclear policies as the United States), the problem of South Australia's role in the Nuclear Industry is not addressed. Although they do put up Nuclear power as a viable energy supply for South Australia's future, with the only hindrances mentioned by economic ones. It does however, address the question of the development and use of renewable energy resources, as well as general energy use in our State. If you want to find out what our Government is gearing up to, you may obtain your free copy of the Green Paper at the Energy Information Centre, across the road in North Terrace. Submissions on the Green Paper are due in June, so there is plenty of time to write to the Government and give them your views on the Paper.

As for the Nuclear Industry, the ALP is bringing their "three mine policy" up for review very soon. It is no secret that 95% of the submissions received on the subject called for no new mines, or a phasing out of the three we have. The mining lobby, however, is calling for a free-for-all which

would result in our finding Uranium mines in the middle of many of our National Parks. It will be interesting to see who is listened to.

If we want our Government to change their policies with respect to the responsible use of energy, and the development of Renewable Resources, we will have to do a bit more than discuss it over lunch. They will not change unless we put pressure on them to do so. If you want to make a difference, come along to the Friends of the Earth Clubroom between 1 pm and 2 pm any day.

Join a Campaign and make your voice heard.

Fiona Chambers
Member,
Friends of the Earth

Animal Experimentation

During the latter part of this century, which has seen such technological marvels as space travel, the microchip and the harnessing of solar energy, there are already many exciting alternatives for teaching medical and science students without resorting to using animals as mere "educational tools". In a world desperately needing greater empathy towards other forms of life and an increasing awareness of the interdependence of the entire ecosystem, our alienation from nature is further entrenched by using animals in repetitive demonstrations of already known facts in both science and medical courses.

Throughout Europe and America, a growing number of students are demanding the right, on ethical grounds, to complete their university courses without using animals. The Violence Free Science Charter, setting out the rights of students to opt out of vivisection and dissection without penalty, has already been accepted in several universities in England.

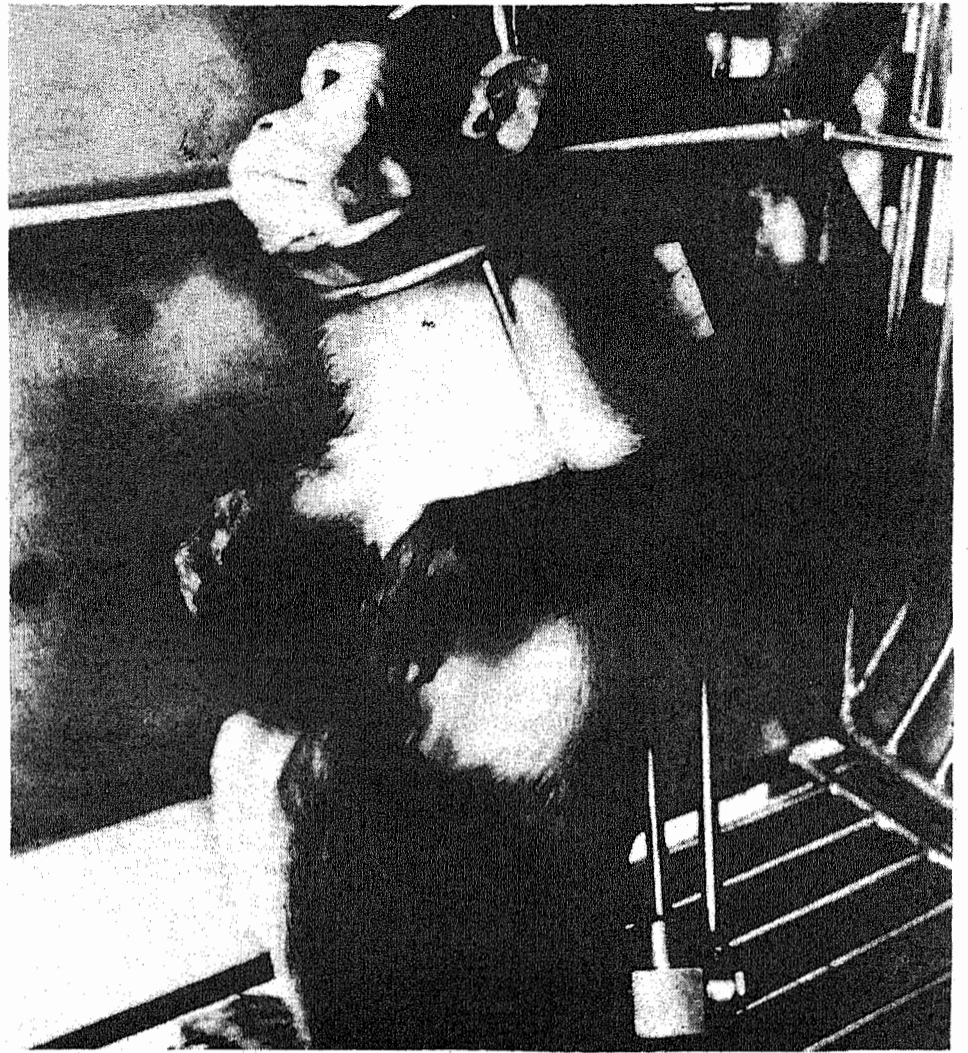
The National Union of Students (UK) conference in 1987 officially condemned the vast amount of cruel and unnecessary animal experimentation in British universities, an area of animal abuse where it is difficult to obtain any adequate statistics because a shroud of secrecy covers the estimated 80% of "unspecified" university experiments.

How many such experiments/demonstrations are being performed in Australian universities where it is, if anything, even more difficult to obtain accurate figures?

Euroniche is an organisation, based in the Netherlands, the aim of which is to create a network of students opposed to using animals in education and who are working towards the right to refuse to do dissections and animal experiments as part of science and medical courses. Through Euroniche increasing pressure is being brought to bear on university administrations to change curricula which insists on this archaic form of teaching.

Such sophisticated teaching aids as the Biovideograph (BVG) video recorder and the "Mac" family of interactive computer programmes are rapidly gaining acceptance among progressive academics and are proving very popular with students. At the University of Adelaide, the original BVG which had been donated by the Anti-Vivisection Union has been so successful that the university has decided to purchase two more. Each BVG is estimated to save the lives of about 2000 animals each year.

The Australian Association for Humane Research would like to form a similar network to Euroniche in Australia with the object of providing a back up service for



students wishing Violence Free Science/animal rights groups within universities and to put these groups in touch with each other. We do not wish in any way to interfere with the autonomy of such groups but to provide support and organisation, a guide to setting up a VFS group, and promotional materials such as a basic poster and Violence

Free Science badges at cost price.

We invite students who are disturbed and apprehensive at the thought of having to experiment on animals to contact us for further information by writing to A.A.H.R., P.O. Box 779 Darlinghurst NSW 2010, or by phoning (02) 3601144.

Elizabeth Ahlston

Careers Show

Over 5,000 people were expected to visit the Careers Show at the Convention Centre to help them in today's "push and shove" labour market according to organiser, Paula Taylor.

The show, which ran from April 4th - 6th, provided students with the opportunity to discuss career prospects with employers directly and included a seminar series.

Ms Taylor said the response had been "very positive" and the Youth Career seminars had been "excellent".

Students needed to be aware of the difficulties in getting a job during a recession since there were many students entering the workforce who did not realise no vacancies existed in their chosen professions.

"In a way, it's more push and shove, it's very competitive for the students," Ms Taylor said.

Finding a job today is based on selling yourself and students need to emphasise the individuality of the "package" they had to offer employers to differentiate themselves from hundreds of other applicants.

Organisers had received a "few comments" that some students had expected to get a job at the Careers Show. This had never been promised although some exhibitors were offering jobs, Ms Taylor said. The Australia Bureau of Statistics were accepting graduates and the Defence Forces

were experiencing "vast shortages" of lawyers, doctors and accounting employees. The Department of Education was also looking for teachers of specific subjects, particularly maths and science.

Exhibitors at the show were thinking "beyond the recession" in an effort to maintain flexible workforces. Essentially, the show intended to assist the free flow of information between employers and potential employees. It would be "sad and sorry" if this did not occur, Ms Taylor said. She cited one example where some students had thought metallurgy was something about the weather.

Holding a careers show, however, was not a sign of desperation. A show was "far more beneficial" than reading job advertisements, Ms Taylor said.

And advisor in Adelaide University's exhibition booth agreed that the Careers Show was a "very appropriate forum" for assisting students. The University was able to attract people who were planning their final years of secondary study and "put them on the right track" for finding employment in terms of the education needed. The Careers Show also allowed those who needed a change in career direction to examine postgraduate courses to provide them with necessary skills.

"People are thinking these days that if they're going to make an investment for 3 to 4 years, they want to make sure there's

CLEAR
AS
MUD.

A discussion on the exploitation of animals within our universities.

Friday 19th April

Student Radio 5UV, 531 bottom of the AM dial

8.30-9.30 pm

Speaking will be Liz Dealy (of 22nd Sect fame) from the Anti Vivisection Union

Tim Kuchul, a vet with the IMVS

David Boyd, from Adelaide University

some tangible achievement at the end," he said.

Ms Taylor point out that the \$5 entry fee applied only to non-students and that the degree to which it covered costs was "very, very slight!". She said the Expo Oz Company (the company which organised the show) would be lucky to take in \$1,000 a day.

Considering the costs of hiring the venue, PR work and phones, the entry fee was "fairly minimal".

"Overall, it's (the Adelaide Show) been successful and it's from the exhibitors that I can make that comments," Ms Taylor concluded.

Matthew Ryan

Accused Crusader

Dear Editors,

I was pleased to see a discussion of quota methods in On Dit (8th April, 1991), since this is a very important issue for students. However, I do wish that my own comments had been cut quite so drastically, for example, in respect to the rationale for First-Come-First-Served methods, and that the paraphrasing had been more thorough. I was particularly concerned to discover that I had been accused of engaging in a "personal crusade with the Australian Politics 1 quota". As I explained to the interviewer, individual lecturers do not determine subject quota methods. Quota methods have to be proposed by departments and approved by both Faculty and University Council. Yours sincerely, (Dr) Carol Johnson
Politics Department

Dr Johnson,

1. any direct use of your comments (quotes or paraphrasing) used in the article were cleared by you in the week prior to publication - the opportunity was available then to provide any clarifying information that you desired. Note that I accepted all of your suggestions at that stage.
2. my interpretation of your justification for the FCFS system for Australian Politics 1 does not require such consultation - but nevertheless was in my view an accurate analysis of our discussion.
Your particular grievance is with the accusation of "a personal crusade with the Aus. Pol. 1 quota." To put this in perspective, I was commenting that your views on the relevance of matriculation results is inconsistent with that of the University, and that moves have already been made (Fairway Scheme) to correct perceived inequalities between different secondary schools. Your justification of FCFS on the basis of "equity" then amounts to an individuals problem with University procedure.
While it is trivially true that that Lecturers do not determine the method of implementation, any recommendation by a Lecturer which corresponded with similar existing policy (eg resource problems) elsewhere in the University would be very unlikely to be rejected by any committee at any level, regardless of any extra reasons that may or may not have been emphasised at that time (eg "equity" concerns). You will recall that another of my criticisms was the lack of scrutiny being directed at new applications for quotas. But whether the justification the department used to get the FCFS approved were all equally justified in relation to your actual views is not at all certain. Given that your "equity" arguments were not really supported by any other member of your dept. (including the Head), the logical conclusion was that they were relying on a

resource justification, while you were emphasising equity - hence the comment that you were personally crusading for "equity." The official justification does not appear to be the same as your view - and it was your view that I found disturbing.
Michael Dwyer

Any Publicity...?

Dear Editors,

The article in On Dit by Michael Dwyer on the 'quota system' was indeed timely and very precise. There is no doubt that questions must be raised about quotas and the mechanisms for filling them, if students are to be assured of fairness in enrolment. It is my belief that whilst the philosophy behind the quotas is rather unpalatable, they are indeed a reality. Therefore, it is important to ensure that the system of dealing with the quotas is fair and acceptable to the student population. As far as distributive quotas are concerned, the 'first come, first served' (FCFS) mechanism is neither fair or acceptable. The problems associated with the FCFS system relate to the fact that such a method relies on students to be able to get to the appropriate Department office at the appropriate time. This favours students who don't work or have children, live close to the University and those who can run the fastest or wait in line the longest. It is an arbitrary system that cannot be allowed to exist in this institution. The alternatives also have their problems, but through some special circumstance mechanism, allowing for a reasonable number of places on such grounds, the merit system can work. Therefore, I support a 'humanised merit' system whereby people's circumstances can also help their chances of entry into a particular subject.
At the most recent Faculty of Arts meeting (10th April), a recommendation by Dean Selleck was tabled, supporting a commitment to FCFS. After discussion, including Dr Lynn Martin, Mr Andrew Harden and myself, it was decided that the Student Applications Committee would undertake to organise a review of the distributive quota entry mechanisms. Let's hope that this review will change the attitude of the Faculty and implement a fairer means for determining subject entry.
Yours sincerely,
Justin Jarvis
Undergraduate Representative
Faculty of Arts

Groove is in the Heart

We think Choose Groove are bloody excellent. Who gives a fuck what Piers Gillespie thinks anyway?
Yours in grooviness,
John Wells
Mel Coad
Sean Healen
1991 O'Camp Directors

P.S. Yes, it's true! Choose Groove

will be playing at the O'Camp Reunion on Friday, May 3rd in the Uni Bar.

Fist Me Dead!

Dear Mr "Chez Shocking Bloke",

I suggest you pull your head out of your arse and recognise a mistake when you read it. Not even the most fervent members of the "clenched fist brigade" would use such a bloated cliché and mean it, given the tone of the article. Furthermore, the title of the article was imposed by On Dit rather than chosen by the authors, giving it a hackneyed, sanctimonious air quite different from the sentiments expressed in the text. As far as being "abysmally dull" is concerned, that's your opinion - but I'd say the practice of sniping behind in-celestuous pseudonyms and a barrier of in-jokes notches up a few more points on the bore-o-meter. "Cool", sycophantic ramblings don't read very well you know. Could you please enlighten us with your idea of what real "energetic" music is? Three-chord redundant shite like the Dead Kennedys perhaps? Do you really think resorting to personal abuse is the appropriate way to criticise an article? Why don't you return to your stagnant, insular, brown-nosed world and do us all a favour, you arrogant loser?
Richard Nolan

Kumar Feel the Nolze

Dear Peter,

Thank you for your query in On Dit (18/3/91) regarding the dramatic increase in the price of Coca-Cola in vending machines. The answer to your question is simply that Coca-Cola has set a higher wholesale price and thus we were forced to increase our retail price accordingly. Coca-Cola has such a large share of the market that it has become a price setter, not a price maker and hence does not have to look at a copy of the CPI when the decide to increase their prices.
You may, however, note that:
1. The price of Coca-Cola in the vending machines is still lower than the recommended retail price of \$1.20.
2. Coca-Cola may be purchased at a cheaper price in the refectories and the vending machines in Union House for only \$1.00. So, if you want to save 10¢ and Union House is open, take a short walk there and purchase your favourite can of Coke. I know I would.
If there are any other Union Members who have any questions to ask or have any constructive comments or ideas to make (not destructive bordering on ridiculous, eg giving free beers at the bar or using metal detectors on Barr Smith Lawns to look for 15,000 lost pieces of cutlery), please pop in a note in my pigeon hole in the Law School or write in to On Dit.
Yours in union,
Kumar Kanagasabal
Catering Committee Chair

What a Wanker

Dear Editor,

In response to your article "Student Newspapers after the Mergers", David get your facts right. Crow Magnus was the SACAE-wide newspaper produced by CSACSO. Jo and crew have been around for 30 years, get real. As to your assertion that Crescam is the new rag for the USA, once again false, Crescam has only come about by a change in name from Crow Magnus and is produced by CSACSO. You further state that Crescam is being run by a couple of student politicians and NUS hangers-on. Crescam's editor is Scott Harding who is a student from a NUS non-member campus (Salisbury). David, weren't you one of the editors of On Dit last year? I think you are getting confused and perhaps are describing practices current at On Dit. The most interesting point you raise in your inaccurate article was that On Dit now finds itself in a position where it has to cover not only Crow's territory at the City Campus but also Roseworthy, CASM and Waite. I would like to point out that both CASM and Waite have been part of Adelaide University for quite a few years and I would like to ask whether this is public statement that in the past Adelaide University students studying at both CASM and Waite have not been afforded the same services as North Terrace students. Finally, I believe a student newspaper that informs students what their Union Council is doing with their money is a positive sign. It is a pity that instead of attacking student newspapers that have articles on Austudy, informing students what happened at the NUS National Conference, etc., that On Dit itself doesn't do its own reporting on what is generally of interest to all students. Insecurity at On Dit should not be justification for attacking other student organisations' newspapers.
Scott Wilson
2nd Year Politics

Eternal Whingeing

Dear Editors,

What a surprise it is to read the legendary Saints-boy-whinger Patrick-God knows I heard he had passed on-White is still with us. Mind you, I was sure his limited intellect and On Dit 1990's scathing, yet legitimate, attacks upon his credibility would have scared him into obscurity (or, at least, Magill). However, again, he returns to plague us with his eternal whinging. Poor Patrick has missed out on his little 'bag of tricks'. No free condom for Patrick. Oh, how sad. Patric, go and try some of your sycophantic-up-yourself 'fawning' on mummy and daddy, I'm sure they would love to buy you a nice, shining, brand-new condom to fuck your over-worked little terrier with. Or, better still, do us a favour, don't wear one at all, catch AIDS and die.
Stacie E. Micheal

Bring Back the Birch

Dear Simon, Dave and Haroon Hassan,

I write regarding the Prostitution article in last week's On Dit. ... what troit!
How can a society which dismisses the issues of prostitution "with moral high handedness", "condone service industries like stripping and pornography"? Simply ... it doesn't. The latter are so-called "condoned" because stupid-minded fools like you write articles about how good and necessary they are to society. Hence, they become legalised. Your sympathy trip for the poor little prostitutes being harassed, abused and treated unjustly leads me to say one thing only: they are even more stupid than you, to be involved in the first place. You also ask: "Is it not hypocritical to deny what is, in effect, a service industry which aims to meet a growing demand for safe paid sex?" No! We've just been mindless in the past to allow other perversions to be legalised. Don't assume that because something is legal, the majority accepts it. And, we are not all guilty of supporting the "abused, repressive and discriminating legislation that is in effect today." Don't try that one on me, mister!
And to the Hon. Mr Ian Gilfillan: if 95% of prostitutes are female, and all prostitutes are 'discriminated' against, then obviously women are being discriminated against! My cat could tell you that! If there's any hint of sexual discrimination in that revelation, none of us here outside of Parliament have been tricked. And if Mr Gilfillan thinks legalising and licensing will "go along way in decreasing this potential" of prostitutions' involvement with organised crime, then I can acknowledge, at least, that his brains didn't get him into parliament. And if anyone thinks that prostitution is a "victimless" crime, as little lan does, then think again. Go on, think!
And if prostitution is such a wholesome, society-accepted, morally-right industry to be involved in, then why aren't there 40,000 weekly customers rallying the steps of Parliament demanding legalisation?
Well? ... Hands up those who really enjoy sleeping with anyone ... or those who relish a dirty book or stripper. Is anyone really proud and open to stand up and say openly "Yes, I'm proud of it"? If you can't see that young teenagers are spray painting railway stations (amongst other unconstructive activities) because they are no longer allowed to be given a good whack at school by teachers, because the law doesn't allow it; And if you can't see that there are so many confused teenagers wandering the streets because their parents lived in a generation of "Free Love", rushed marriages (shotgun or otherwise) and one in two marriages ending; And if you can't see the comparisons between a convicted rapist prior involvement with

Pornography and his wretched crimes (not to mention the reformed rapist who pleads for pornography's illegalisation); And if you can't see that Legal Prostitution will simply add to all of the above, ... then you are a bloody fool. Talk about peer group pressure! If you can't lick 'em, join 'em.
Peter Wilson
3rd Year Science

Camel Dung

Dear Eds,

The Allies/US "liberated" the Kuwaites on the pretext of saving them from atrocities/annihilation. At the time, it was said that if they had owned a large pile of camel dung rather than a large pile of oil, no one would have really bothered. The present plight of the Kurds and the less than enthusiastic response by the world/Allies/US indicates just who does own that large pile of camel dung.
R. Jacobs

Ho Hum

Dear Axeman,

A pity you misinterpreted the tone of my missive where I was actually congratulating you on your, no doubt, impeccable musical credentials whilst mildly criticising the Editors on the [continued] non-appearance of a certain article/interview.
Ho hum
A. Wright

Spanky

Dear Editors,

I hope a large safe falls on Catherine Lambert from a great height. I also hope the safe is full of shit and all her friends are standing nearby.
Yours in the spirit of free press,
Caring Fuck

Letter from a Rock Star

Dear On Dit,

I would like to make some comments on last editions article titled "Talented bastards rake in the cash".
I feel it is necessary to clear up some untruths perpetrated by an obviously naive, but well-meaning article on the Adelaide music scene. Firstly, I do agree with Mr Gillespie that the "average Joe" is responsible for the state of live music in Adelaide, but the rest of the article is pure trash and lies.
Fact 1. Nouveau Au Go Go earned an average \$600 - \$1,200 per gig, not \$3,000 - 5,000 mentioned in your article (8 people in the band, a mixer, lights and PA all have to be paid for in that sum).
Fact 2. Most of the other "talented bastards" cover bands mentioned in your article earn around the same or less. Usually, these bands are very good "entertainers", unlike a lot of original bands, and all are very capable musicians.
Fact 3. As for "ripping off indigenous South African music", let us not forget that the rock + roll that Be Brave, Napoleon Goes Solo, The Jaynes, etc., play was original "ripped off" from black Americans who originated from Africa.
Fact 4. Most venue owners who have original bands and "tastless bastard" cover bands (Limbo's, Club Foote, Adelaide Uni, etc.) pay a band on what they make from door cover prices and drinks. A band that can pull '300 plus' people deserve their humble sum of money. An original band pulling only 30 people to a gig deserve only \$150. The

venue owner cannot afford to cover a band's losses, through bad crowd attendances.
Fact 5. The live music scene in Adelaide is extremely cut throat and competitive. Those bands that can't stand the heat should get out of the kitchen.
Fact 6. In the long run, if an original band perseveres, they potentially stand to make a lot more money and pull much larger crowds than cover bands.
All members of Nouveau Au Go Go have started or are in original bands, competing with the crop of fine original Adelaide bands, but unlike Mr Gillespie, we know and accept that a band's potential success or failure lies with the "average Joe".
Your optimistically,
Boyd Goldsworthy
Keyboardist
Nouveau Au Go Go

Healy is a Yuppie

Dear Eds,

Fellow yuppies unite, I say! We want no more of these half-baked chardonnay-socialists prancing around amongst the landed gentry. As a future merchant banker and part-time solicitor living a full and obscenely decadent lifestyle in Springfield, I feel I am more than qualified for University entrance. However, you can imagine my horror when I saw Simon Healy at Oakbank My grandfather, Ashley Hamilton Pastington-Smythe (God bless his soul) would have turned in his grave. Furthermore, it was revealed to me that Mr Healy owns a Volvo! This is a disgrace to fellow Volvo owners around the nation. Furthermore, I was forced to tolerate his presence in the members bar! I must say, Simon, that if you insist on coming next year you should dress more decorously. Mont jackets are très gauche and Coopers Ale, ugh! One can hardly comprehend it when there's Corona on tap. Anyway, we'll be investigating your Oakbank membership at the next committee meeting. If you want to remain one of the WASP elite, Simon, do get it right!
Yours in deep concern,
The Corporate Scum Leaning on the Volvo!

Dear Haroon,

We here at the Socialist Workers' Party regard Oakbank as the most important day of the year. We recruit most of our new members there, and that was the purpose of my begrudging visit on Easter Monday. While hiding behind the facade of a yuppie stockbroker, I was actually cleverly subverting the dominant paradigm by recruiting new SWP members amongst the kids dissatisfied with the shallow charade of hedonistic materialism evident at this horrific example of the blatantly exploitative nature of the capitalist system. Personally, of course, I was having an awful time, but at least had a warm inner glow in the knowledge that I was sacrificing my own personal enjoyment in pursuit of the glorious triumph of the proletariat. Incidentally, I do not own a Volvo, a Mont Jacket or an Oakbank membership. I am bloody rich, though.
SH

We are Made to Look Foolish

Dear Editors,

"Spotlight on Stupidity" need look no further than its own shadow for "an outrageously foolish thing in the print or electronic media" as requested last week. While I commend your media watchdog who noted the monumental error of The Australian in naming Aldous Huxley as the writer of 1984, I must also point out that the article in question was about John Hurst, not William. Ironic don't you think?

Yours,
Simon Kewell
2nd Year Economics

Dear Simon,
You are right. We are ridiculous jokes. See "Spotlight" this week, where we feature last week's column as a good example of ludicrous stupidity.
Eds.

Get Stoned with Jesus

Dear On Dit,

In regard to the article named "Prostitution" in the last On Dit, I think of the time Jesus saved a prostitute from being stoned. With the crowd of stoners around Him, He began to write in the sand with his finger. The crowd slowly, but surely, dispersed. My guess is that He was writing the names of women each of those men were involved with (only participated in a stoning - remember Python). Embarrassed, they walked away.
Who, here, is not ashamed of their adulterous sexual relationships? But I hear the Christian bashers rally: "Did He not say also - he that is free of sin may cast the first stone?"
Indeed He did. And if the anti-Christians wish to bite off and actually chew some scripture to try to flout, then they must be prepared to swallow the rest, to the prostitute He said: "Now, go and sin no more."
They should also consider that Jesus was acclaimed to be "free of sin". No doubt He has the right to cast the first stone. Thank heavens I won't be in his line of fire!
Yours sincerely,
Andrew Peters

Unfair

Dear Editors,

We feel that J. Holland's letter in the April 8th edition was completely unfair. Ms Barrett has never stated that a Men's Officer is necessary and the reasoning that since men are discriminated against leads to the assumption that a Men's Officer is warranted is extremely flawed. This is because discrimination exists within all levels of society and no one who interacts with other people can deny that. However, students already exist within the University to deal with this. Any students who are discriminated against have access to Equal Opportunity and Education/Welfare Officers who are on campus specifically to address students' problems. A Women's Officer, as Ms Barrett has stated, is necessary to address the specific needs of women. Some of these include extensive sexual discrimination, sexual harassment and rape - which is one of the most important reasons for why a Women's Officer is required. She has never compromised her position as she has never denied any of this and has only been open-minded enough to admit that men have problems too. The position of Women's Officer is mutually exclusive and geared specifically to address the problems women face on campus. Ms Barrett has a clear understanding of these problems and is working diligently. Her availability and willingness to help is unquestionable and we feel that rather than condemning Ms Barrett, we should be congratulating and supporting her on her efforts.

Up The Crows

To Johnny Matthus and Ethel Murman,
Lost dogs, eh? (On Dit, No. 5).
Ha, ha, chuckle, chuckle, choke ...!
C'aaaaaarn the Crows!
Aaaaaaaaark!
Love and cartwheels,
Camry Crow

More Mario

Dear Dave and Simone,
Sorry about Mario - we have raised a wanker.
Love
Mario's Mother (Seeshh)

Footy

Dear Ed,

I am writing in response to the article concerning the Crows written by Johnny Matthus and Ethel Murman, from last week's On Dit. After reading this article, I have come to the conclusion that these two have shit for brains when it comes to the topic of football. From start to finish, this article was wrong, apart from a few correct statements. To say the Adelaide Crows are a national joke only after two games demonstrates that this pair of writers really do not understand the game of football, especially the way they have focussed on a 24 point loss to one of the most respected clubs in the AFL. Steve Kernahan and Jon Dorotich represent one of the best forward combinations in the land, only equalled (in my opinion) to Dunstall and Brereton, and Loeve and Lockett. Part of Kernahan's and Dorotich's domination on the day was due to the immaculate delivery of the ball to the forward line, and when this happens all back lines are left in pieces. Their ignorance (Matthus and Murman) was further displayed by the way they described Hawthorn, hapless, fat and lethargic. How can they dismiss the fact that Hawthorn literally dominated the night competition and barely changed their line-up for the following weeks' game against the Crows? How can you take credit from the Crows after they inflicted the biggest loss on the Hawks in seven years of home and away matches?
To change my tack slightly, I must agree that Daryl Hart is slow and lacks commitment to the ball; and to the selectors' credit, he has been dropped. However, that is where the team's dedication, or lack of, ends. I can't help but laugh and ponder the seriousness of this article when I read that the team needs Rudi Mandemaker up forward for his speed and brains. No further comment.
I believe the Crows' introduction into the AFL is a breath of fresh air, especially for South Australian football, even though they won't succeed this year. This is clearly demonstrated by the public support and season ticket sales, which will also benefit many of the financially stricken inferior AFL clubs. Sure the media hype (especially The Advertiser) has gone overboard, but so what. The only negative repercussion of this is people like the ones who wrote the article who are too afraid to jump on the bandwagon and appear to be conformist in this non-conformist society around the university, and other social clubs. Matthus' and Murman's pessimism towards the Crows is not justified, and I ask that they take in some of the Victorian media (especially, the Channel 7 Footy panel on Sunday mornings) and hear what the true experts say in a totally unbiased manner. Crows supporters,
Tim Allen and Rich Little

Sorry Warren, no room for your letter this week

Finance Vice President

The Finance Vice-President has two responsibilities. The first is obviously 'financial'. I authorise expenditure from the SAUA budget which is granted to the Association by the Union every year. This year the SAUA has a budget of \$372442. Through this the SAUA funds, Education Campaigns, most of the running costs of On Dit, Student Radio, NUS affiliation, Orientation, Prosh and other activities. I also report to the fortnightly SAUA Council on the state of SAUA finances (we are pretty solvent at the moment).

My other role is to organise activities for students like the big

BBQ we had during Orientation. This semester I am planning with the representatives on the SAUA Activities Standing Committee to run regular cheap film nights in Union Hall (starting Thursday, 2nd May) and of course we've got Prosh on the last day of semester. For those of you who don't know, during Prosh, students go berzerk in the name of charity. The Prosh Director position is up for grabs so if you are interested apply (see ad in this issue). We are also organising with the Student's Union a "Prosh After Dark Show" to rival the "O'Ball".

If you are interested in getting involved in any of the above or have any good ideas for activities get in touch with me at the SAUA Office.

Kamal Farouque

Womens Officer Amy Barrett

The week was action packed with activities for women to join in and those who participated had fun and learnt new skills. The bike repair workshop showed us that there is more to bike maintenance than fixing punctures and oiling ball bearings. The volley ball only occurred on Thursday due to the pull out of the Life-Be-In It crew, but saw a spectacular show of diving, spiking and digging by such enthusiastic participants as Monica "SPORTY" Carroll. It was this degree of skill and coordination, that clearly explains the limited number of women who joined in, as they felt that the competition was too great. Darts taught us everything that we wanted to know, but were afraid to ask. Surfing was darn good fun for those who intended, despite the weather being a bit cool. Guest speaker Shelley Taylor-Smith, the number one world women's marathon swimmer impressed us with her stories of swimming marathons in polluted rivers and lakes around the world with jelly fish and naked men (you had to be there!). The fun-run had heaps of potential, but unfortunately clashed with the Union raffle draw as well as being on a very hot day.

All in all, the week's activities could have been more enthusiastically embraced by women students. Perhaps Women in Sport & Recreation weeks are not really what YOU want, in which case I would love feedback from women students as to what activities are desired on campus, and I'll be happy to organise them.

WOMEN'S SELF DEFENCE CLASSES

There are still a few places left for the 8 week women's self defence classes which will begin after the mid-semester break. The classes will be run by the Rape Crisis Centre, and don't focus on any one martial art, but draw on a combination of styles and skills which are of particular use to women. These skills are vital for EVERY woman to learn, and the choice of times for classes (Wednesday at 3-4:30 or Friday 3-4:30) should give a lot more women

the opportunity to join in. The cost of \$10 is absolutely minimal in comparison to the usual cost, due to SAUA subsidizing the classes. So grab a few friends and sign up in the SAUA THIS week.

CHILDCARE

What is the construction going on next to the back entrance to the union building (level 4 & 5)? This is the new University child care centre which is being built on the site of the old University Observatory. It was due to open by mid April, but now looks like it will open early May. The centre will have 45 full time childcare places available, as compared with the 30 4-hr places currently available in the Tertiary Institutions Child Care Centre (located in the George Murray Building). At this stage it is also looking like this current child care centre will also be kept open. While the University must be congratulated for making this inroad into the provision of child care, the new child care centre and the old one (if kept open) are still not expected to provide the quantity and quality of on campus childcare that students need. This conclusion is supported by the results of a child care survey which was distributed to students at the beginning of 1990, and which indicated a need for childcare well in excess of that which will be attainable by the new Observatory and George Murray site combined. This is again obvious if we compare the provision of childcare on Adelaide University campus to that of Flinders University, a uni of comparable size. Flinders provides 135 full time places for child care each week, and still has a waiting list. Adelaide University will be able to offer 45 fulltime places and 30 4-hr places, when the Observatory is opened, and if the George Murray site is maintained. Clearly this is just attempting to catch up with needs, not nearly addressing the quantity of demand for childcare services on campus. Child care is a fundamental issue of access to education, as lack of adequate child care facilities effectively denies access to education for those responsible for the care of children. In order for the University to guarantee this full access to education we must continue to demand improved child care facilities on campus.

Education Vice President

At an ACUE (Advisory Centre for University Education) Meeting last week I was astounded by the power of the media in encouraging the University to get things done. The ACUE received \$100,000 from the National Priority (Reserve) Fund 1991 in order to improve the quality of teaching and learning in the University of Adelaide. The project came about through an article in 'The Advertiser', February 22, 1990, which was strongly critical of aspects of teaching at our University.

The Director of the ACUE then wrote to the Vice Chancellor with the outcome being that a working party has been established with Professor Vernon Roberts as the convener. I moved a motion at the ACUE Meeting that the working party be convened as soon as possible. Furthermore, at the same meeting Jeff Sunderland from SUV mentioned an article he read in 'The Advertiser' about the University of Adelaide not having a code of teaching practice. As a result, a seminar is to be held sometime in the first semester on this topic.

Things can happen if the University is pressured in the right way!

AUSTUDY

I was outraged to read articles in 'The Australian' and 'The Advertiser', Friday 12 April, describing how wealthy parents were using illegal loopholes to get AUSTUDY for their children. The Government is looking to tighten the eligibility tests even further in order to circumvent this "problem".

The Standing Committee on Employment, Education and Training which has been inquiring into the viability of AUSTUDY and ABSTUDY also recommended the following:

- a widening of the assets test to include fringe benefits, superannuation, and negative geared property

- an increase in the students allowable personal income from \$4,000 to \$8,000

- changing the independent eligibility age from 25 to 21.

While I applaud the Standing Committee for these proposals it should be mentioned that the Government is under no obligation to adopt them.

It amazes me that the Government can go to the expense of a formal Standing Committee that says almost the same things which student groups have been saying for months. Actually it doesn't amaze me; I should be used to it by now! Finally they are realising that they have a duty to support University students while studying. But what are they going to do about it and about the unrealistic, inadequate, badly designed, and overly complicated current regulations?

State student union presidents and other student representatives, education and welfare officers, and research officers have formed SARAG (South Australian AUSTUDY Reform Group) in order to combine forces for AUSTUDY lobbying purposes. We are planning some activities for May so I'll keep you all informed.

LIBRARY

I don't know if students are aware of the fact that the Barr Smith Library has abolished all overnight loans and three day loans in favour of one week loans. This took effect from the beginning of this year. I am interested in hearing if this has affected students in any way. Drop a line to me care of the Students' Association.

SUV

I would like to thank Mark Knight and Jo Murphy for inviting I and Monica Carroll, the SAUA Project Research Officer, to speak about AUSTUDY on their Radio Show 'Clear As Mud'. The discussion was interesting and informative but it's a pity the politicians and AUSTUDY representative Mark and Jo invited did not want to discuss and debate the issue with us.

I wasn't so pleased with Simon

Royal who rang me at 7.05 am to appear live on his breakfast show at 7.25 but it was a valuable opportunity to publicly air students' views.

Susie O'Brien

A Very Important Notice From the Project Research Officer

In my capacity as Project/Research Officer of the Students' Association, some of the research I am currently undertaking is that into the University of Adelaide's facilities such as teaching rooms and how adequately they serve the needs of students and staff.

September last year saw the publication of the 'Higher Education Facilities Utilisation Study: North Terrace Precinct'. It was found that deficiencies in facilities have produced overcrowding in teaching rooms, inadequate office space, and building conditions without satisfactory occupational health and safety standards.

This unacceptable situation has been exacerbated by the Government's funding arrangements for tertiary institution enrolments this year: 1991 has seen record over-enrolment levels Australia-wide yet the Government is not prepared to commit funding to provide satisfactory conditions for students and staff. The highest enrolment level was that of 15% at the University of Canberra. I have not been able to obtain a figure for the University of Adelaide but it is apparent that this institution's over-enrolment is having adverse effects.

This is where you come in. The Students' Association requires any information it can obtain on the problems caused by over-enrolment at the University of Adelaide. The more complaints the better. Even if problems have been rectified, I still would like to hear about the initial situation. When students make their grievances and opinions known to the Students' Association it can assist with solving the problem. Feel free to pay a visit to the Students' Association Office, north-west corner of the cloisters, and ask to see me. Written information is also helpful.

Monica Carroll, SAUA P.R.O.

Licence to Print Money

The Student's Association calls for nominations for the positions of

PROSH DIRECTOR 1991

PROSH COMPLEX SHOW CO-DIRECTOR 1991

Nominations should be handed in writing to Student's Association President Natasha Stott Despoja. Nominations close on Monday April 29.



even as we speak

Boy's Club

On Dit has always had a reputation as being a "Boy's Club", a male dominated environment in which young men smoke cigarettes, drink and generally live out the journalistic cliché of "stopping at nothing to get the story". While this is to a certain extent true, and that this reputation discourages some women students from participating in production of the paper, it is in no way a phenomenon peculiar to *On Dit*.

In this month's edition of the Australian Journalist Association's paper, *The Journalist, Advertiser* writer Shirley Stott Despoja contributes a marvellous piece regarding the position of women journalists in the Australian print media, concluding that it is, as a whole, a "Boy's Club"... "made up of the linked arms of brotherhood."

The article is taken from a speech Ms. Stott Despoja presented at the 1990 State Convention of the National Union of Women Students at the University of Adelaide. It raises a number of salient and provocative issues, particularly the pigeonholing of women journalists into areas of reportage regarded (by male editors) as particular to the interests of women. Probably the best example of this recently is *The Advertiser* article titled "I am Woman" which was featured last week in this column as Crap Article of the Week. It makes you wonder- why is an eighteen year old, whose sound writing ability landed her a cadetship with a leading daily, directed to write a ludicrously demeaning piece of purple prose, when given her ability she would be capable of tackling any manner of stories in the news section?

Extract from "Trials of Women in Our Media" by Shirley Stott Despoja

"...In May [1990] there were 169 male journalists in Adelaide's newspapers and 67 women. At *The Advertiser* there were 89 male journalists and 25 females. And women remained clustered in the lower grades.

Using the gradings which have been superseded by restructuring, but with which some of you may be familiar: The lowest grading is D, after a cadetship. The top grading is special A plus whatever margin the paper sees fit. In May, 15 of the 25 women journalists at *The Advertiser* were disposed of evenly among grades D, C and B. The heaviest concentration of males is in grades B to A1.

At *The Advertiser* there are no women in the top two grades of

Special A plus and Special A. There are eight men in these grades. There is one woman graded A1 and 12 men. In grade A2 there are two women and 16 men. In grade A there are 22 men and seven women. Women are the marvellous workhorses of journalism, who somehow do not get the best chaff."

"...In 1960, when I joined *The Advertiser* I was the only woman in general reporting. The rest were herded into the women's department, where they did the cooking pages, answers to correspondents, a few stories of "women's interest": fashion and family, and reported on weddings, parties, that sort of thing.

The social editor and the women's editor (if the position were not filled by a man) were the only senior women on the staff. One of these women was a brilliant journalist, capable of writing anything. I am pleased to say some of her talent was eventually given recognition in the book pages- she was expert in military history- and the arts pages, but she spent most of her career finding new ways of describing the ritual white frock of formal weddings or the pale grey or beige of "quiet weddings". She was a bitter and frightened woman. I wonder why?

Somehow I escaped this rigid characterisation. Perhaps this had something to do with my Canberra experience. But I was aware, when I came to *The Advertiser*, of passing tests that had little to do with my journalistic talent. Other women had been tried and found wanting, it appeared. I'd grown up with older brothers. I knew the behaviours required to be an honorary mate.

I recognise now that I was a pet, not a threat, but for a few years I was treated rather well for my hard work, with a certain amount of respect, that entailed more than overt gallantry.

But what was overt was the discrimination against me on the ground of my gender. In the early 70s, a former editor (Des Colquhoun) was able to articulate this plainly, without fear of anti-discrimination laws. He said (and one never forgets words like these) that if it weren't for the fact that I was a woman, the sky would be the limit to my career in journalism.

Des was prone to exaggeration, but we both knew then that the limits would be far below my capabilities, however, we rated them. And so it proved, and so it has been proved, devastatingly for many other women."

"...Success for a woman in journalism often means taking on as her own the interests and attitudes of a dominant group. Whether women are writing on politics or fashion, they rarely speak in their own, independent voice, stating their own concerns, using their own metaphors.

To a large degree, women in the media are mouthpieces for male interests, even when they appear to be most self-consciously speaking as women, for women. Women in the media present the image men desire to present and perpetrate of women. Any examination of so-called women's pages and social pages confirms this.

For a female writer to break out of this situation is a radical and dangerous act, the most perilous career move she could make. She may be supported by readers who respond to what she writes, but in the mainstream media this counts for very little. Her writing will sooner or later be suppressed, as true women's writing always has been, and she and her supporters have no recourse."

Reprinted from *The Journalist*

Best Article of the Week

Although *Rolling Stone* can no longer make any claim to being "the bible of the counterculture" (and what paper that takes aging, talentless farts like John Fogerty, Robby Robertson and Don Henley seriously can?), it does occasionally come up with some good articles. Strangely enough, almost 100% of these are penned by the mighty P.J. O'Rourke, crypto-fascist, alcoholic and "trouble tourist" of considerable notoriety. This month's edition contains a brilliant Gulf War supplement featuring a piece by O'Rourke titled "Club Scud: Cheap Gas and Sober Journalists" in which he describes the whole sordid spectacle as a vindication of the "couch potato" mentality which has a stranglehold on American youth.

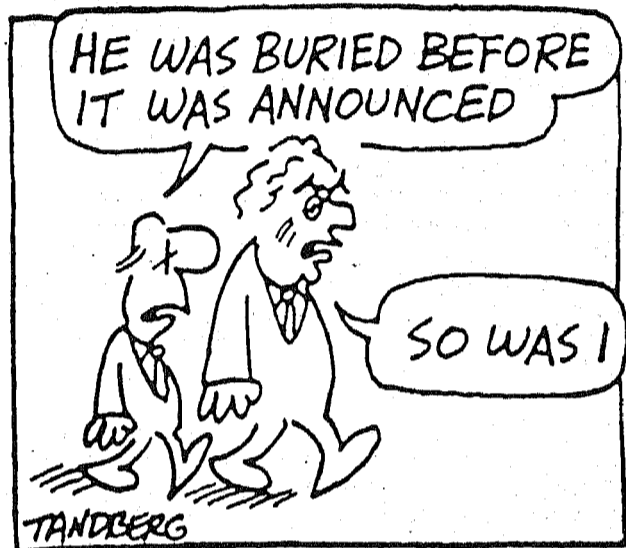
Not only did the supremacy of CNN as a source of information lend new-found credibility to the America's national pastime (viz, watching telly all day), it also ushered the Nintendo generation onto the historical stage as global defenders of democracy.

"One more thing about this generation of soldiers- they grew up in video arcades. It's no coincidence that watching the war's high-tech weapons on our TV screens is so much like watching computer games. This war is the mother of all Mario Bros., the Gog and Magog of hacker networks, the devil's own personal core dump. And our soldiers have an absolutely intuitive, Donkey Kong-honed, gut-level understanding of the technology behind it. Thank God they do. It's why we're winning."

David Penberthy

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Some very funny cartoons about the (tragic) death of Sir. John Kerr



Ron Tandberg, *The Age and The Sydney Morning Herald*, March 26



Patrick Cook, *The Australian Financial Review*, March 26



Bill Mitchell, *The Australian*, March 27

Chicken, Pigs, and the Occasional Buffalo

Michelle Chan talks about her travels to distant and exotic climes

It had taken 50 vomit-punctuated hours to reach Sulawesi from the Javanese port of Surabaya on board the "Kelimutu". Boarding the ferry had been an adventure in itself - it docked 6 hours late in driving rain, and when the harbour authorities threw open the terminal gates, the impatient, garrulous mass of humanity surged forward and somehow hurled itself up the gangways without losing anyone overboard. Like most passengers, we scrambled straight for the 4th class decks in an attempt to secure a sleeping space. As usual, there weren't enough thin foam mattresses to go around, so people holed themselves up on the floor under stairways, beside the kitchen, in the greasy eating areas. The amount of luggage strewn around was mind-boggling: hundreds of enormous canvas bags, bulging cardboard boxes bound with twine, collections of metal pots with food for the journey and piles of rumpled blankets cluttered every inch of floorspace. It was as though the entire population of Java was moving house. Later, peanut shells, empty *mee* packets, soggy rice, discarded chicken bones and the ubiquitous cigarette butts (*everyone* in Indonesia smokes) added to the pungent jumble that greeted anyone who ventured into the 4th class bowels of the ship.

Each morning at 5 we were woken by the *muezzin*, who called the Muslim faithful to prayer through loudspeakers conveniently placed above our heads. All meals were included in the ticket price, which meant that you could eat rice and an egg for breakfast, rice and a scrap of chicken for lunch, and rice with a morsel of fish for dinner. Those lucky enough to be going to Timor had this to look forward to for the next five days. I think it was the egg; in any case, I spent most of the second day in the toilets with two other ladies, retching my guts out.

Finally, we reached Ujung Pandang on the western leg of Sulawesi, the strange k-shaped island beside Borneo. From there, it was a 9-hour overnight bus ride to Rantepao in the heart of Tanatoraja, the Land of the Torajan People. Here the golden rule for those on the roads is that You Must Drive Like A Maniac. Our bus-driver didn't disappoint us - he tried his best but only *just* failed to provide a head-on collision with another bus. We both swerved violently and ended up in the ditch beside the road. Our trip was going well.

Two days later, we attended a Torajan house consecration, the *tamangrara banua*, in the village of Bonga. From the road, we walked through hills sculpted into rice terraces where we saw white heron-like birds and enormous ancestor stones. The rocky path soon gave way to thick mud and we squelched along with the villagers who had come from neighbouring *desa* laden with bundles of firewood, baskets of groundnuts and obedient chickens held upside-down by their feet.

In Bonga, the atmosphere was fantastic as the high-spirited crowds milled between the bamboo and *tongkonan*. These are wooden houses covered with intricate carvings of buffalo, sun and rooster motifs in the traditional colours: black, white, yellow and ochre. The huge roofs curve upwards at each end like the bows of a ship. All around the *tongkonan* and rice barns bustled the most colourful people:

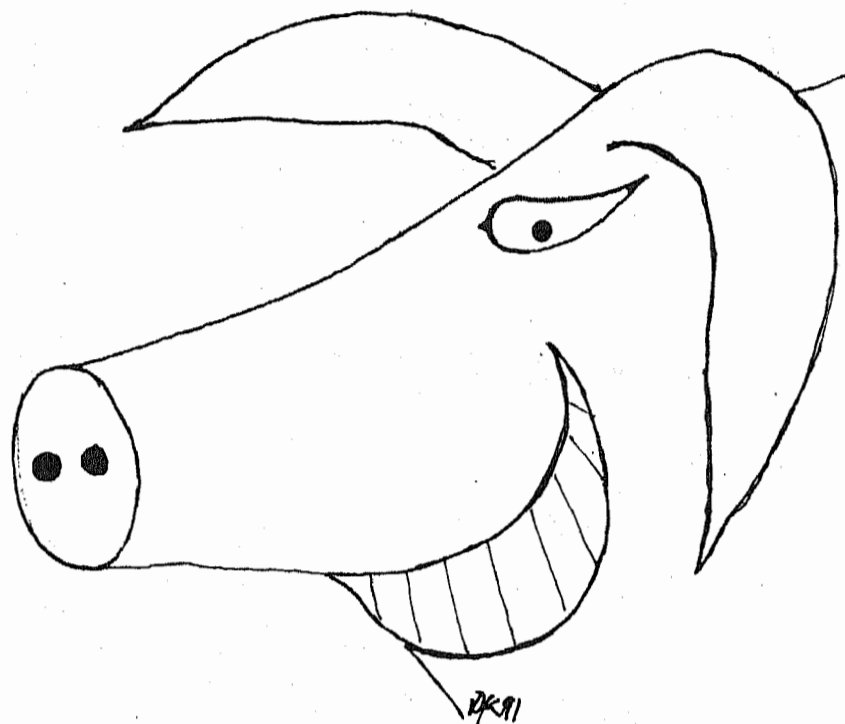
fabulously-old women with betel-stained teeth bent over pots of steaming black rice, naked grubby babies and old fogeys in black *kopia* who knocked back palm wine from long bamboo cylinders.

The village king sat on a platform opposite the renewed *tongkonan*, dressed in a striped tunic of the Torajan colours with a batik headpiece swathed about his roughened, crinkled face. He was smoking a clove cigarette. Beside him an old man blew on a conical horn made from strips of banana leaves. It made a noise like a mellow foghorn to welcome in the sacrificial pigs which arrived in a mad cacophony, lying in green bamboo palanquins borne on the shoulders of young men. The guys just kept on bringing them in, more and more, so that soon the clearing became a claustrophobic labyrinth of bamboo poles and 125 heaving, hairy pigs. Gorgeous barefooted children wrapped in floral *sarongs* prodded at the hapless animals until the humid air was filled with their ear-piercing squeals, which the men countered with exuberant whoops of delight as they went leaping around them. And this wild mêlée in an absolute quagmire of fetid monsoonal mud. It was one chaotic extravaganza.

After Rantepao's market day, we hung around to observe a *rambu solo*, part of the Torajan death-feast. Rain had made a slough of the highland roads and the *bemos* (public mini-buses) didn't even go as far as Lempo. Near Batutumonga there was a spectacular panorama of the Torajan plateau, the mountainside covered in a mosaic of terraced paddyfields dotted with fish pools, boulders and clumps of palm trees. We walked past graves which had been cut into enormous rocks, each one marked by a small wooden door carved with the customary geometric patterns.

When we arrived in the village of To'dama the funeral ceremony had already begun. Around a large clearing beside the *tongkonan*, huge bamboo platforms had been built to accommodate the family of the deceased and hundreds of mourners, who appeared as a sea of faces beneath the red and yellow banners that bore bold buffalo graphics. The centre of the clearing was a gruesome mess where sheets of banana leaves were littered with the bloody remains of slaughtered pigs and huge buffalo carcasses (24 buffalos would be sacrificed for this nobleman). A squatting man was dividing up the flesh for later distribution to mourners according to status.

A covered estrade housed the corpse of the nobleman who had died 3 years previously. His embalmed body lay in a red casket with golden suns at either end, kept company by a group of professional mourners. The male relatives of the Dead Body, dressed in black shirts and checked *sarongs*, had linked hands and formed a circle around the horns of a sacrificed buffalo. They extolled the virtues of the Dead in hypnotic chanting as they swayed and shuffled in this ritual, funeral dance. Entire villages came to pay their respects. Black-clad and bamboo-hatted, they formed procession led by their offertory animals. Men and women were shown to separate pavilions by two grandchildren clothed in colourfully-beaded capes and bodices. A group of old men blew into slender bamboo horns, followed by women in violet and



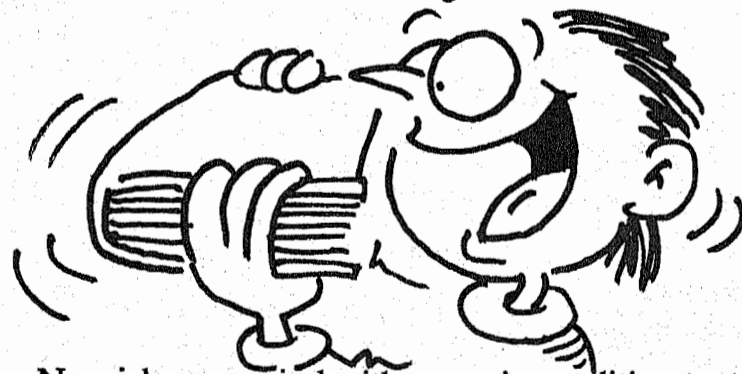
A pig, somewhat similar to those mentioned in the article

black who proffered sweet Arabica coffee, tiny ricecakes, betelnut and milky palm wine.

Behind the cooking areas, boys raked coal fires and roasted pork and buffalo meat stuffed into bamboo tubes, the traditional *pa'piong*. Buffalo skins were stretched tightly over crude bamboo frames to dry. The leather would then be sold in the weekly

markets. Night was falling and guests began leaving carrying with them hunks of meat, pigs' trotters and purplish entrails. It had been a melancholy yet frustrating day, and tomorrow we would trek down through the rice terraces to our guesthouse, a cold *mandi* and a vegetarian meal.

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Heroin Makes You Creative

Monica Carroll looks at the life and work of Australian poet Michael Dransfield

In 1973 Michael Dransfield died on Good Friday. He was twenty four years of age, a drug addict, and a gifted Australian poet, his work catalysing controversy which persists. Inflated claims made during his lifetime such as the poet Tom Shapcott's description of some Dransfield poems as "terrifyingly close to genius" gave way after Dransfield's death to more realistic assessments such as that of the poets Robert Grey and Geoffrey Lehmann who edited the 1983 anthology, "The Younger Australian Poets". Grey and Lehmann acknowledged Dransfield's 'striking verbal facility' but added 'his poetry has come to be seen mainly as an instrument for self-mythologizing.' A new book by Livio Dobrez, *Parnassus Mad Ward: Michael Dransfield and the New Australian Poetry* aims to demonstrate the importance of Dransfield's work yet does not succeed, the reasons for which I shall examine later.

Dransfield's poetry can be accused of fostering the notion that escapism is the ultimate achievement. It can be argued that he made a virtue of his heroin addiction, portraying it in almost self-righteous terms as the logical act of one alienated from society. However, Rodney Hall, poet, novelist, and close friend of Dransfield links the poet's personal and poetic stance with a rejection of the values of our consumer society and the 'Machine Age' in which we live: 'mechanarchy and computerdom, which lie at the heart of the social impotence and aimlessness suffered so generally by youth today' (from the introduction to the posthumous collection, "Voyage into Solitude", 1978). Dransfield also rebelled against the conservative Australian social mainstream of the 1960s and early 1970s which tended to regard artistic pursuits as a deviation from the male social norm. The following lines from "Symptoms" ("Voyage into Solitude") capture his sense of estrangement:

*I search for green islands, Romanticism
for human dignity, in a world that offers us
temporary lodgings.*

"Streets of the Long Voyage", Dransfield's first and finest collection of poetry, was published in 1970. As with other young poets of the time, Dransfield was in revolt against the hegemony of the established Australian literary scene. His poetry is usually accessible, colourful, and fluent. Some poems such as "The Disaffiliates" strive for a consciously dignified literary effect as is apparent from this excerpt:

*What we have learned
in the long pilgrimage to the deceiving
tongues of Delphi
was not so very insignificant.
And we remember. See us
if you will, on the Spanish Steps or at
Angostura
or somewhere discovered in an
Eastern market-town, perhaps in
Sikkim or Katmandu. You
will notice at once our self-directed
austerity. Seeking no intercession;
watching the tide turn against us.*

Such an unusual perspective of disaffection and dispossession is exemplified by Dransfield's two best known poems, "Bum's rush" and "That which we



"deviation from the male social norm"

call a rose". Opening with the casual observation *Becoming an eskimo isn't hard once you must* "Bum's rush" creates a drastic sense of social, mental, and physical isolation. The poet is not only marked as outcast by *The morphine-blue crevasse* of drug addiction: his ice-bound existence is the logical consequence of the refusal to conform. The severing of all connection with the mundane world is reinforced by the statement *you are the last of your species*. The poem moves with impassive fatalism toward the moment in which the only recourse is to the final exit of walking out to the thin ice and vanishing.

"That which we call a rose" laments the death of two of Dransfield's friends. They and the poet sought an alternative reality, choosing the city of drug dealing rooms over the city of the work ethic. These colliding realities find their most powerful expression in the second stanza:

*Waking under a bridge in Canberra to chill
scrawl
seeing the designs we had painted on its
concrete in gnawed
fresco
Venices with princes feasting while Cimabue
sank deeper into
cobweb
as the huns approached in skin boats
back in the world Rick and George on the
morgue-lists of
morning
one dead of hunger the other of overdose
their ideals precluded
them
from the Great Society they are with the
angels now*

Eloquence turns into indignation with the poet's contemplation of his dead friends and the 'respectable' world preoccupied by money and distinguished by victims,

pollution, and a selective insanity: *Innocently I dreamt that madness passes like a dream*. The poem's passionate conviction gives it an almost prophetic quality.

"Streets of the Long Voyage" is a remarkable book. Its themes of the environment, loneliness, love, what it meant for Dransfield to be a poet in the context of a conservative and identity-less Australian society, and the rejection of comfort in favour of uncertainty are expressed in memorable language which owes much to Dransfield's ability to assimilate a variety of literary styles including those of the 19th century English poet Swinburne and the great 20th century poets Rilke and Quasimodo. Unfortunately Dransfield's next book, "The Inspector of Tides" (1972), was a disappointment. The same themes are employed but they seem to be taken for granted; a minority of poems evince inspiration and possess substance.

"Drug Poems" (1972), the third and last collection published during Dransfield's lifetime, shows that his specific drug poems tended to be pedestrian even given that their fragmentary character mimics the drug experience. An exception is the disturbing "Saying Grace" (which is not included in any Dransfield collection published during his lifetime or posthumously). In the bitter knowledge that he has compromised himself by selling his land to purchase drugs, the poet merges brutal reality with ironic detachment:

*Children, do this: with sterile works
with hope
In an unmindful place
and as the farm diminishes field by regretted
field bringing their world closer
your friends drop magically away.*

The destructiveness of the fix is rivalled by that of the encroachment of the world

from which the poet has attempted to separate himself through narcotics: the loss of his farm is a microcosm of the greater loss of a green world by the devouring reality of progress.

"Parnassus Mad Ward" is a study of Dransfield's perceived influence on the new currents within Australian poetry of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Unfortunately Livio Dobrez's critical position is misguided: Dransfield's work simply does not justify painstaking scholarly analysis. A small number of his poems are outstanding but as is apparent in the 1987 "Collected Poems", examples of repetitiveness, sketchiness, self-centredness, self-indulgence, self-satisfaction, triviality, and undeveloped ideas masquerading as profundity, are not infrequent. Yet Dobrez insists on treating as artistic achievements poems which simply skim the surface. Dransfield's better poems possess interesting imagery, telling turns of phrase, and unusual observations but these characteristics do not a great (or even very good) poem make.

Dobrez presents Dransfield's work as embodying a coherent philosophy of attainment through negation. Dransfield did follow a course of willed self-destruction which emanated from a combination of maladjustment, contempt for the Australian society in which he grew up, and poetic role-playing. "That which we call a rose" is evidence of his ability to metamorphose intensely personal experience into a social critique of considerable impact. Yet the visionary quality which Dobrez attributes to Dransfield's poetry as a rule is not present: the poet voices alienation, isolation and despair, and reflects on the nature of reality but these concerns in themselves do not justify Dobrez's critical exaggeration, including one ridiculous instance where Dransfield's attitudes are mentioned in the same breath as the mysticism of the sixteenth century Spanish Catholic saint, John of the Cross. The comparison with Arthur Rimbaud, the 19th century French poet, is also specious: Rimbaud's attempts to transcend the limitations of language and his exploration of sanctification and damnation, illusion and reality, creates an astonishing depth of insight whereas Dransfield's dialectic of despair is limited in scope.

I consider Dransfield's work to be significant although its flaws cannot be overlooked. "The nature of passion" ("The Second Month of Spring", 1980) is not the most accomplished poem but as the following excerpt shows, empathy with others' anguish and deprivation crystallises the value of Dransfield's suffering:

*even when
all is changed for the better
there will be refugees
from human nature*

*and those whose growing
was crushed or reaped or raped
still come when adult come and
weep on me*

COME OUT 91

COME OUT 91

COME OUT 91

COME OUT 91

COME OUT 91

THIS IS FOR YOU! Come Out! is a biennial Youth Arts Festival aimed at you, me, even the haggard old things in the SAUA claiming to be young people. In fact, it's for everyone. From the beginning of May there will be a wealth of exciting and boisterous stuff to participate in, watch, listen to and eat. Yes, EAT! Because on Sunday May 12 there is going to be an absolutely huge festival in Elder Park, where there will be exotic and erotic food, not to mention fashion exhibitions, aerobics workshops, kite-making (for the patient people amongst us) and lots of other zippy and happening activities. A gigantic festival of free activities and en-

tertainment. I love that word "free."

During the month of May there will be a whole showcase of innovative arty-what have you to wallow in. It all kicks off Friday May 3 with various things happening. Amongst these are an art exhibition entitled *Neighbours* beginning in the Contemporary Art Centre, and *White Paper Flowers*, a play especially commissioned for the Come Out Festival about the events of the Tinanmen Square uprising of 1989 and the media images that brought them so graphically to the Australian people.

Relecting the growing strength of our cultural ties with Japan, this year Come Out brings us two



Jeannie Baker in a wistful mood

Japanese ensembles. One is a theatre group and the other is a dance group. The first is Theatre Erumu, who are presenting a piece called *Bekkanko-Oni*. Theatre Erumu are a world-class company, and certainly one of the most outstanding companies performing for young audiences. Their play is about a kind and gentle-hearted ogre called Bekkanko who is shunned by his fellow ogres. He falls in love with Yuki, a blind girl who has been maltreated by her own village community. It is a moving story which is well worth seeing. The other Japanese group is the Tjapukai Dance Theatre. Recipients of rave reviews in

Austria, France, Germany and Switzerland, this performance will be a highlight of the Festival.

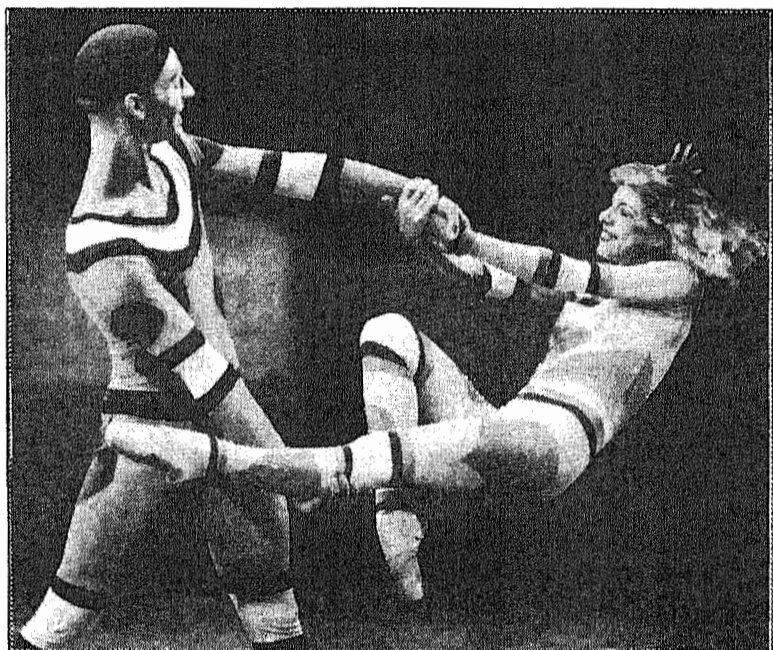
As you can see, it is all just too much fun! There is so much more to share with you, and so little time. Sigh. Despondency. I really wanted to tell you all about the face-painting. Never mind. There is always next week...or if you are a really

desperate kind of person who wants to know more about Come Out NOW, why don't you contact Carclew, the Youth Arts Centre in North Adelaide? Alternately you come and find me and I'll give you some leaflets, but then I would probably try to force you to buy me food. Well, fellow arty-farty-space rabbits, see you there in May!!!

Chloë Fox



Members of Tjapukai defy the laws of gravity



Dance North, fresh from their success on *That's Dancin'*

Repressive Community, Strong Acting, Dull Play

Question: What do you get when you put a whole bunch of talented actors in a rather lacklustre play?
Answer: The AU Theatre Guild's production of *Vinegar Tom*.

Vinegar Tom
 Adelaide University
 Theatre Guild
 April 16-20

Set in the 17th Century, *Vinegar Tom* examines the life of women in the community, a community so repressive that any deviation from the norm earns one the tag 'witch', a label which can only result in death.

Interspersed throughout the play are contemporary songs intended to provide a feminist commentary to the central action. The songs are powerful and provide a 'punch' the play would have otherwise lacked. My sole criticism is that it is obvious the actors themselves were not intended to perform the songs and it is somewhat disconcerting to see them suddenly out of character, madly gyrating to the music. (Incidentally, the

dancing is really worth seeing; the painful shuffling and overenthusiastic hip wiggling had the audience convulsed with suppressed laughter.)

The play itself is rather predictable and possesses a conclusion that lacks an air of finality. Indeed, it was only the gathering of the cast and the ensuing tentative applause that alerted me to the fact that the play was over.

The strength of the production revolves around the cast, and their interpretation of the characters is spot-on. The women play their roles with sensitivity and pathos, the men are satisfyingly brutish and unsympathetic.

All things considered, *Vinegar Tom* is not a bad way to spend a measly eight bucks, if only to see Cate Rogers of *Choose Groove* fame (Infamy?) prove that she really can sing (and bloody well too!).

Vanessa Almeida



The Queen of Comedy

Marion Hoenig is a playwright and a member of South Australian Writer's Theatre (SAWT) here in Adelaide.

A moved play-reading of Marion's plays *Eve and Adam: Live Herstory* and *The Money or the Girl* will be conducted at the La Mama Theatre, Port Road, Hindmarsh on the 21st April at 12.30 for Lunch, with the reading at 2.00 pm.

SAWT have introduced a series of "Lunch and Listen Sundays" which have proved very popular not only for members but for interested theatre goers. These are held on the third Sunday of each month at La Mama Theatre.

I conducted the following interview with Marion.

Int: How long have you been writing?

Marion: I started in 1982 with Troupe, but I've done more in the last 2 years.

Int: What opportunities are available to you through SAWT?

Marion: The main advantage to writers is the cell system where three people read your script, give you advice on your play and then you go away and rewrite it. Also, readings are held at monthly meetings, and when a script

develops further, the opportunity for workshops to improve the script even more is available.

Int: Is it beneficial in the long run?

Marion: Oh, yes. I think the cell system is excellent, but in the end, of course, you have to weigh up all the advice and make your own decisions about where to go from there.

Int: Your play, *Eve and Adam: Live Herstory*, what's the main theme behind it?

Marion: It's a comedy, attempting to dispel the myth of women being made subservient to men - ordained by God in Genesis - and to look at what the real story was.

Int: Are you religious?

Marion: No.

Int: Has this play got a feminist angle?

Marion: Probably. It's concerned with Amy who's the time traveller on a television series which is called 'Live Herstory' who travels back to show us the real story of Eve and Adam. Well, the women - Amy and Eve are the central characters.

Int: How did you get the idea to

write about this topic?

Marion: I've been tossing the idea around for a couple of years, how one could look at Eve and Adam in a different way and write a play about it. Then I read Carl Sagon's book *The Dragons of Eden*, and he talks about the Genesis myth being a form of race memory of humans' brain development. The cranium

"I couldn't see how putting cream on someone should lead to an invasion of the privacy of their body"

became larger, speech developed, humans became aware of their mortality, and so on.

Int: What type of process did you go through to write this play?

Marion: I read a book called *The Women's Bible* and I had a good look at Genesis in the Bible, and decided to make it funny. The writing began with Eve and Adam's entrance and went on from there.

Int: Your other play, *The Money or the Girl*, did you go through a similar process?

Marion: With this play, I read the

paper pretty carefully on Saturdays, and was struck by the differences in sentences and non-parole periods between robbers and rapists. There seemed to be a fair amount of leniency towards perpetrators of sexual crimes. Then I did some research at the Law Library and read some of the amazing things Judges are quoted as saying.

Int: And what do they say?

Marion: Oh, well, for example, there was one case, I think it was in England, that a father putting cream on a child's bottom was considered sort of

mitigating circumstances leading to his fondling her sexually at about the age of eight and for intercourse later.

I thought that was pretty horrendous because I couldn't see how putting cream on someone should lead to an invasion of the privacy of their body.

Then I started listening to songs more carefully. "Poison", for example, says "I want to love you, but I want it too much, and your lips are dripping with poison!" You know, as if these women are

out to eat him up, kill him just because he desires them. It's that old thing where women are seen as temptors so men can't help it. Like it's always the woman's fault.

Int: What advice would you give to any writers having trouble getting their plays read?

Marion: The value of SAWT is the cell structure. Writers, new writers in particular need feedback, some sort of evaluation, before sending it off.

Int: How do you get the ideas to write these plays? From observation or personal experience?

Marion: I don't know, things you think about, I suppose. Eve and Adam, that Biblical story has placed women in a second class position for centuries. *The Money or the Girl* arose from my anger. I guess you get an idea and either it interests you sufficiently to persist with it, or it doesn't.

People interested in joining SAWT should contact Philippa Fletcher 267 4428 or Tony Brooks (085) 57 7147.

Randi Curnez

Shocked Several Times

Here at *On Dit* we are overrun with enthusiastic young people aching to write for us. Which can only mean one thing: we've got to get brutal. We have received two reviews of the Adelaide Repertory Theatre production, *Shock*, and it's up to you to tell us which one is better. Slip your vote under the door of the office or into our box in the SAUA. The winner will receive a Gold Season Pass for the STC, and honorary life editorship of *On Dit*. The loser will be banished from our sight forever and forced to do reviews of records Jack K. won't touch. Here they are:

Shock #1: Afternoon Tea With the Great Aunts

The Rep is renowned for its productions of slightly antiquated British repertory theatre and "Shock" is definitely no exception. A traditional whodunnit, the play brings to mind the murder mystery serials of BBC Radio and distinctly reminds me of afternoon tea with the great-aunts. The matinee showing which I attended reinforced this association, with an audience of the Adelaide "blue-rinse" set who make up much of the staunch membership of the Rep. However, this same set who ensure the clockwork running of our community organisations are well organised, and this is reflected in the smaller details. The beautifully constructed box set, the careful preparation of front of house and the excellence of the technical side of the production - sound and lighting - all add to the polish of the production.

But that aside, *Shock* was a well-produced thriller. The performances of the cast were mostly creditable, although all were forced at some stage to battle with displays of extreme emotion which were over-exaggerated and therefore a little hollow. Whether this was a problem with the play itself or the

direction thereof, it undermined an otherwise enjoyable performance. Peter Rodgers makes an excellent bumbling "Anyone for a game of Rugger" Terry Dexter despite fluffing his lines on more than one occasion, and Mark Zeltz as the artist/tramp Andy Flewin offers us an equally good performance. Joanne Sarre as Jenny Rayner started weakly, but she gains strength in the final act as the angry, vengeful wife of her falsely jailed husband. The casting of Jude Morris in the lead role of Ann Marsh sat uneasily; although her interpretation of the role was excellent, her face is all too familiar from aspirin and soap commercials. The over-exposure of Australian actors which haunts our TV and film industries also extends to local theatre productions, and it was difficult not to recall the most poignant scene in *Evil Angels*: the audience recognised the judge handing down the newly overturned decision as the third Comedy Company actor in the film and fell about laughing, rather than crying. Likewise, Jude's performance suffers for this.

Although it did not quite "cut to the quick", as promised in the advertising material, *Shocked* was nevertheless a worthwhile two hours entertainment.

Misha Schubert

Shock #2: The kids aren't impressed

Your grandmother could have gone along to see *Shock* and been jolly well disturbed. But we fresh and hip kids were left somewhat nonplussed. Hey, call us insensitive, but the sight of a few bloody bodies could not have impressed us less.

The play premiered in an English seaside town in 1974, and boy, does it show. The characters, with the exception of the token leather-clad rebel, are unforgivably bourgeois. The "unpredictable" twistings and turnings of the plot, such as revelations of relationships, pregnancy and death are, in fact, completely predictable. The play is a murder mystery centred on six people brought together to celebrate a birthday, until one of them gets rather murdered. From then on everyone starts being a home detective. There are several other SHOCK! bits to follow, most of which are accompanied by a tacky burst of music and a blackout. Interestingly, the scenes that worked best were those that were understated. A nice moment was created when stewardess Ann Marsh heard an audiotape recording of her fiancé having sex with her best friend (nothing to get excited about, though - no panting, just a few coy

giggles).

The acting, for the main part, was reasonably solid, and the voice production of all the actors was excellent. In so many shows, lines and speeches are lost due to sloppy delivery - it was refreshing not to have to strain to understand what they were saying. Jude Morris as Ann Marsh exhibited a great deal of poise. The actors tried hard with the often extremely corny lines:

Jenny to stewardess Ann: "I'd forgotten ... you were in a bad air crash and you were the only survivor, weren't you?"
Perturbed stewardess Ann to Jenny: "Yes, I was the lucky one."

BLAH!

The script, however, can not serve as an excuse for Graham Andrew's frankly appalling performance as Peter Rayner. He delivered his lines with all the alacrity of a bent spoon (that is when he remembered them). Of course, if we were in his place, wearing THAT jacket, we would probably be tempted to commit theatrical suicide as well.

The plot had some fairly large holes. It is unexplained why the characters continue to meet at the scene of the crime without any apparent police involvement. There are several rather important questions left unanswered, more importantly than who killed

who, we are left in some doubt as to who was actually getting it with whom.

The script was inconsistently paced and this was not remedied by the direction. Ann's grief over the sudden demise of her lover passed away unnaturally quickly, while certain scenes centering on finger pointing and bickering seemed interminable. It was terribly unsubtle when one character died on a convenient stretcher (floor rug) enabling two characters to carry the body offstage easily. The two intervals broke the production up unnecessarily and lessened the dramatic impetus of the show, so much so that we found ourselves not actually caring about whodunnit.

The set made good use of space, but suffered from being horrifically kitsch. The yellow cupboard doors were particularly obnoxious, but we liked the wind chimes which made a pleasant jangling sound (every single time a character walked beneath them).

Luridly billed as "an electrifying evening's entertainment designed to light up the audience's senses", *Shock* was no more than mildly interesting. It is a highly trivial play and definitely not the Adelaide Rep at their best.

David Mills
Nick Smith

Chain smoking Catholic Clergy

The Godfather Part III A Francis Ford Coppola Film Mario Puzo & Francis Ford Coppola

The Godfather and *The Godfather Part II* rank among the most critically acclaimed films of the last 20 years, and the appearance of *The Godfather Part III* could easily have seen Francis Ford Coppola tarnishing the reputation of his previous works in order to cash in on Hollywood's recent craze for Mafia films.

Of course, *The Godfather Part III* is immaculately constructed and a credible addition to the canon, but a greater surprise is that it is scarcely even a Mafia film. The major theme of *The Godfather Part III* is the reconciliation of personal conscience with pragmatic decisions made in pursuit of prestige and financial gain.

Happily, Coppola has resisted the temptation to render a '90s version of the Godfather story. The mood and appearance of the film remains dark. Conversations take place in barely-audible whispers in darkened corners; assassinations almost invariably take place at night; most of the characters are too threatened or too frightened to venture outdoors terribly often. This almost-perpetual darkness gives a sense of foreboding to every scene.

Al Pacino returns as 'The Godfather' Michael Corleone, and is faced with the task of portraying a man undergoing deep turmoil while maintaining the stony-faced countenance expected of The Godfather. He doesn't turn Michael Corleone's character into an angst-ridden do-gooder, but gives a

strong sense of disillusionment.

He has chosen to make the family business legitimate, but with his violent and compulsive understudy Vincent Mancini (played with relish by Andy Garcia) itching to take power, and old bad blood continually coming back to haunt him, his task is impossible.

While Coppola doesn't abandon the amorality of previous *Godfather* films, *The Godfather Part III's* homily, if it has one, is that the all-important notion of 'honour' is meaningless to an old man who is isolated, mistrusting, and perpetually afraid for his life.

Realising that an endless examination of the internal machinations of the Mafia would become repetitive and boring, Coppola focusses much of his attention on the Catholic Church, which is unsurprisingly found to be just as corrupt and self-serving as the mob.

There are a few laughs in *TGIII*, and they are mostly provided by the sight of chain-smoking, fumbling Catholic clergy pouring out their financial woes to Michael Corleone and admitting that they were never much good at managing money. The Church is seen to operate in the same way as the Mafia: implied threats carried out with extreme violence.

The setting is 1979, and when Pope John Paul rises to power, Michael Corleone hears that "this Pope has powerful enemies". The translation is, of course, that he's going to be killed, and the plan to murder him is brought to fruition in the closing scenes.

Stylistically, there are few alterations from the previous films. The most surprising is hearing Elvis Costello's "Miracle Man" (ironically containing the line "I gotta get

out while I still can") blasting out of a mansion in rural Sicily, delightfully incongruous to the setting and the mood of the film.

However, *The Godfather Part III's* stylistic *tour de force* is at the climax where Michael Corleone attends his son Anthony's operatic debut. Simultaneously with the opera, there are various plots of murder and assassination (including one against Michael) being brought to bear. The film cuts randomly between the melodrama of the opera and the drama unfolding outside the auditorium, with the sounds of the performance blaring over every scene, ultimately creating an unbearable tension. Four separate executions occur almost simultaneously while the strains of the opera become increasingly histrionic, evoking the image that the murders are emanating from the stage. It's a masterful piece of filmmaking, the violence being implied initially, and later becoming brutal and explicit.

The conclusion to the film sees The Godfather as an withered old man sitting on a chair in the midday sun. He keels over, falls to the ground and a dog lying nearby curiously sniffs his remains. It's a fittingly humble conclusion to a wonderful saga, near-flawlessly put together by Francis Ford Coppola and wonderfully acted. Sofia Coppola's performance, which earned her a Golden Raspberry award, isn't nearly as bad as has been mooted. Her job is to stand around looking high-cheekboned, and she does this without too much problem.

Nepotism has to stop somewhere, however, and in this case, it's with the soundtrack. Carmine Coppola's soundtrack is lush, rich and completely insensitive. It swells up sympathetically during scenes of

anguish, violence and brutality, and rarely shows any understanding of the ability of music to complement the mood of the film, rather than annoy the crap out of the audience.

Apart from his failure to employ Ennio Morricone, Coppola has done a sterling job. Despite his failure to win any Academy Awards, it virtually goes without saying that *The Godfather Part III* is a far better film than *Dances with Wolves*.

And almost an hour shorter into the bargain.

Simon Healy



Puppet Frenzy

Meet The Feebles A Peter Jackson Film Academy Cinemas

"Meet The Feebles" is the new film from New Zealand director Peter Jackson, director of "Bad Taste". It is certainly a very different film, the entire cast being composed of puppets that do drugs, have sex and shoot to kill. These are no squeaky clean Muppet style mannequins with a wholesome smile, an array of family songs and a fist shoved up their innards to make them move about. These puppets are scarily human, as they cavort their way through the trials of show-biz.

The film is set during the preparation for a variety show (Meet The Feebles) going to live television, culminating in the final performance. There are plenty of laughs, particularly with the show's producer, a walrus named Bletch, as he does drug deals, cheats on his wife, and makes porno movies on the side with his rat sidekick. There is even a graphic sex scene between Bletch and a Siamese cat which leaves little to the imagination.

The cast include a junkie frog knife thrower,

a hedgehog, and the star of the show, a hippo named Heidi (wife of Bletch). The wide array of colourful characters helps to keep the film going at a fast and entertaining pace throughout, with the preparations for the show going on against a background of drugs, pornography, disease and true love for Robert the Hedgehog and Lucille the Seal (who is later drugged and molested by Trevor the Rat).

One of the highlights of the film would have to be a song performed by Sebastian (stage manager), in which he rhapsodises about the joys of sodomy, much to the consternation of Bletch. This is also the only puppet movie I have ever seen that features a heavy machine gun as a vital part of the plot.

"Meet The Feebles" is an innovative, highly entertaining film. Maybe not one to take the kiddies along to, but a must-see for anyone with a taste for the bizarre, or tired of the American rubbish that is taking over our cinemas.

Dave Krantz

"Hilariously vile..." STARBURST

MEET THE FEEBLES

M 15+ RECOMMENDED FOR MATURE AUDIENCES 15 YEARS AND OVER ADULT CONCEPTS, SEXUAL ALLUSIONS & OCCASIONAL VIOLENCE

An adult puppet movie with something to offend everybody!

From the Director of 'BAD TASTE'

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Lock Up Your Daughters

Rigoletto State Opera Company Season Closed

Rigoletto - a somewhat less than frivolous yarn of sex, deception, murder and physical deformity - is well presented by the State Opera in its recent five night season.

The opera tells of the revoltingly lecherous womanising Duke of Montua and his ascerbic hunchback, Jester Rigoletto.

Counts Ceprano and Monterone are enraged at the defilement of their respective wife and daughter, and Rigoletto is shaken when the latter pronounces a father's curse on Duke and Jester alike. On his way home, Rigoletto is intercepted by the professional assassin Sparafucile, who tempts him with an offer of his gruesome services. Once home, Rigoletto is greeted by his beautiful daughter, Gilda. Whilst he instructs his maid to ensure Gilda never leaves the house for fear she may get bonked the duke oils his way in amid much coin throwing. When Rigoletto leaves, the Duke asks Gilda, metaphorically, how her father is, pretending to be a penniless student.

Desirous of revenge, Ceprano has elicited the support of the Courtiers, all of whom are keen to see Rigoletto suffer, having felt the lash of his tongue at some stage. A cruel joke is played on Rigoletto who, whilst blindfolded,

holds a ladder steady whilst his beloved Gilda is abducted.

The Duke, who hasn't had his oats for a few hours, is overjoyed when the Courtiers present him with the trussed Gilda, and he slips off for a bit of slap and tickle. Brokenhearted, Rigoletto enters and after threatening to crack a few Courtiers' skulls, begs for Gilda's return. When reunited with her father, Gilda makes the mistake of confessing her love for the Duke and in a apoplectic spasm of rage, Rigoletto swears on the word of Monterone's curse that the Duke will suffer.

In an effort to convince Gilda that the Duke is a bit of a Julio Iglesias, Rigoletto takes her to Sparafucile's inn, where they watch the Duke feel up Sparafucile's sister, Maddalena. Rigoletto engages the assassin to kill the Duke.

The Duke's slatternly licentiousness has robbed Gilda of her will to live and (it could only happen in Opera) she decides to sacrifice her life for the Duke's. The flick-knife happy Sparafucile kills her at the height of a strobe-light thunderstorm. Inevitably, Rigoletto discovers the savage turn of events and is driven to distraction when he discovers the bleeding Gilda (who has *just* enough life in her for a final aria).

The production's greatest assets were Gillian Sullivan as Gilda and Michael Lewis as Rigoletto, especially in the beautiful father-daughter duels. Conal Coad (that's his real name) was in fine form as both Monterone and Sparafucile.

Sullivan's is a warm and consistent voice capable of producing great excitement in the upper register; my spine is still tingling from her top E-flat at the end of Act II. My only gripe is a loss of legato in the upper register, for example, in the "Già da tre lune" duet with Rigoletto.

Adelaide Conservatorium graduate, Michael Lewis' jester is a harsh and physical portrayal which leaves him plenty to work on before Gerard Depardieu feels threatened. Vocally, he is superb - a large resonant voice with plenty

**"He must be hung
like a horse
to need such a
whopping
cod-piece"**

of power in reserve for the big climaxes. His top A at the opera's end was an ear splitter.

Patrick Power had lots of fun with the Duke, especially in the *La donna è mobile* canzone (which used to be the most famous of all opera tunes until the three fellas oversang "Nessun Dorma" at the World Cup). He must be hung like a horse to need such a whopping cod-piece.

Local girl, Kirsti Harms gave us a sexy Maddalena but was swamped by Sullivan, Lewis and Power in the famous quartet.

It is always going to be difficult for a director to stage *Rigoletto* so as to match the dramatic genius of Verdi's score. Every note of the glorious music thrusts forward the action and emotional development of the characters. For example, it was the music, not the "acting" or "direction", which showed Rigoletto's rage and mental imbalance when he learns of his daughter's capture. A vigorous string ostinato pounds relentlessly until, corresponding with the deflation of Rigoletto's mood, flooding away until little is left other than a solo 'cello with the same melodic figure given quietly as he pleads for the return of his daughter. Another example is the famous quartet where the moods of the horny Duke, flirtatious Maddalena, "I told you so" Rigoletto and brokenhearted Gilda are all clearly expressed at the same time as can only happen in Opera. Verdi's score is an enormously detailed work from which it would be possible to cite hundreds of such examples; his genius is that such complex and cerebral music is so accessible - *Rigoletto* remains the most popular of the 40,000+ operas that have been written.

It is this dramatic challenge that confronts South African Director, Garth Scott-Annetts. In the programme notes, he promises that "...opulently staged and beautifully sung..." is not enough and that "...the whole gamut of theatrical device and expression..." would be explored in the production which was to be

largely concerned "...with the supernatural and paranoic features of the tale." This, however, is no less than a pompous resumé of any operatic director's job: to explore the dramatic and music-theatrical effects of a work and to shy away from merely providing a vehicle for singers to show off their techniques. As a piece of theatre, this production owes its success to the score rather than to the series of bizarre, outdated and generally ineffective theatrical tricks employed - Rigoletto's *Commedia dell'Arte* visor stuck into a spotlight, Gilda being showered with tinsel, a strobe light which left everyone sitting further forward than the second balcony with a case of suppressed giggles as well as headache, are but a few examples. As mystifying was the Duke's retinue of trim-buttocked betighted nine-year-old boys and the vision of a supine Brian Gilbertson in full stirrup position before the lecherous Duke.

David Porcelijn led the ASO well, being slightly let down by a lack of numbers in the string department, the armpit acoustics of the Festival Theatre and the perennial lack of ensemble in the horn section.

In short, this was a beautifully sung and aphrodisiacal *Rigoletto*. Be on the look out for the State Opera's three coming seasons - old Wofli's *Don Giovanni*, Richard Strauss' *Elektra* (directed by Bruce Beresford) and the ol' tear jerker, *Madame Butterfly*.

James Mullighan

ASO: The Kids Want to Rock

Spluttering, wheezing, friendless and stood-up, I staggered from my death bed to the best acoustic in the Southern Hemisphere to hear the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra open its 1991 Masters Series. The cockles of my heart were soon warmed by Braithwaite and the band as they presented a programme which three years ago would have ensured an empty Town Hall but which now guarantees a full house.

Leonidis Kavakos dashed and paraded through the Brahms violin concerto with a lovely tone and strong technique more than suited to the demands of the best violin concerto ever written. His porfissimo's, unfortunately, were achieved more by contrast to his especially beautiful quiet and introspective planissimos than strength of projection; consequently, he was lost in the occasional tutti. The cadenzas were real blister material but Kavalkos' introspection often caused the feeling that the music was being played for the soloist rather than the audience. The orchestra - much

improved over the last few years - provided a finely understated and dramatically subtle accompaniment: commendable were the dulcet tones of Paul "a lil' dab'll do ya" Millers' golden oboe.

Then it was on to the heavies. R. Strauss' "study" for 23 solo strings, *Metamorphosen*, is a fiendishly difficult as it is masterfully constructed and plenty of rehearsal time was obvious. The piece builds up for around seventeen minutes, there is an agonising pause and into eight minutes of the most heart wrenching and melancholic music ever written. It was this build up that caused the odd problem. As additional textures are woven into the piece the composer indicates a gradual increase in tempo. But by the time the climax was reached, everyone (especially the poor old basses) was ripping along too fast. This resulted in some roughish playing but more importantly, a lack of opportunity to explore the colours and textures created by the dark and rich harmonies. Consequently, the mood



evaporated from one of aching beauty and lonely desolation (as befitted mine) to one of spite and cynicism. As brilliant as the playing was, a little more concentration on the piece as one for solo strings rather than string ensemble would have helped.

All stops were out for Shostakovich's "up you Stalin" ninth symphony. The assembled throng were treated to some very tight, polished, sensitive and often

weighty playing. Braithwaite produced some memorable moments - the savageness and intensity of the final movements and the rapturous beginning of the second (complete with the seemingly obligatory horn stuff-up) were examples.

The ASO is at its considerable best when facing the challenge of such might composers as Mahler and Shostakovich. Why the hell is Braithwaite leaving, anyway?

Coming up - more Mozart than you could poke a harpsichord at, including much of the soundtrack of *Amadeus*. Come along to the Town Hall (Condous stays home) at 8.00 pm on the 24th and 27th April and 1st and 4th of May. Students can get in dirt cheap - watch this space.

James Mullighan

No Medals for Bravery

Piers Gillespie reports to us from his guarded underground bunker about Be Brave, an Adelaide band who were around for a while and did okay before going away. Now they're back and hoping to do even better.

The long awaited resurrection of impressive local band Be Brave has begun. In just a few short weeks, their return has prompted extensive local interest ... and more than a few rumours for the second time around.

"We've taken off where we finished last year... encouraging rumours abound about some form of record contract with more than one company. Such stories, while not yet concrete are nonetheless gratifying." Drummer John Hastings is under no illusions. After a frustrating extended holiday that had to happen, Be Brave are looking forward to getting back to their old routine. The unfortunate exit (unfortunate for the rest of Be Brave, anyway) of David Rostron to practice law in London left the band without a bass player. Just as the vibes, the rumours and the innuendo was reaching a breakpoint crescendo, Be Brave were forced to stop and find a new bassist. Enter Richard Allen five months later from Electric Sunshine and you'd swear that Be Brave just had a two week break. Allen fits in quite superbly; the result is a sound that is more

musical and less metronomic. "Richard is a bigger help with writing and rehearsing than David", adds John.

Interest from ex-SA*FM head honcho, Bill Page, who is now with Mushroom Australia, has been constant since the bands inception but now, more than ever, is his presence being felt. Indeed, his appearance at Limbos with another record company rep. must prompt tremendous feelings of optimism for the band. Such feelings are completely justified. Be Brave are a terrifically impressive unit, particularly for an Adelaide act. They deliver an energetic balance of fresh rock with a control and ability that belies their years. Last year's independent release *Willing Hands* achieved great success, with saturation airplay on JJJ and a surprising amount on the safe-as-houses-dribble-play-list station SA*FM.

"We lost a lot of money in making the album, but that's expected and it's something you have to do. It's the same with interstate trips but now we have some kind of a following over there as evidenced

by *Willing Hands* still selling now." Thankfully, Hastings has some refreshing comments about the music scene over in Melbourne. "It appears that there is a revitalisation of pub rock over there. It's very noticeable - at our last four gigs over in Melbourne, we played to packed houses with numbers not even comparable to Adelaide." The trend towards original rock bands being an effective crowd puller again is something Hastings says is reminiscent of "the early 80's in Adelaide" and is something which augurs well for Adelaide when the trickle-down effect eventually hits. At least then we won't have to see dribbly, cheating radio-sponsored cover bands, eh?

At this point, John interrupted and said, "Oh, I read your article on cover bands a few weeks ago - spot on, keep up the good work ... someone's got to serve it up to them." This interview was looking better and better by the minute. "Cover bands in Adelaide are reaching epidemic proportions: only four or five venues will now support local original stuff. Jesus, it's reaching New Zealand status."



The conversation drifted as the sun, the Uni Bar view and the beers ameliorated to produce the typical effect. I asked how the band coped with the 'holiday' whilst The Jaynes released a CD, obtained television coverage and played at Parliament House. Was frustration the word? "No, not at all. The Jaynes deserve their success. The amazing thing about them is, of course, their age, their musical maturity is quite amazing.

Additionally, they have obtained good management - for example, the Parliament House gig, although that's something we would never do."

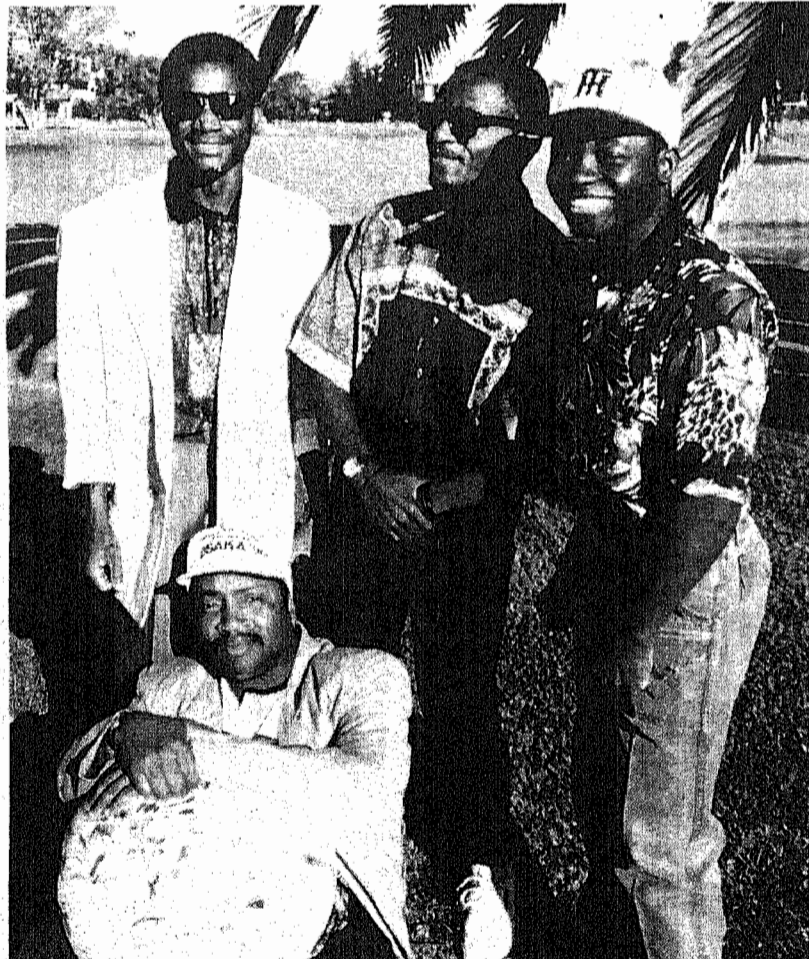
Be Brave are back. Their powerful displays of talent will once again captivate anyone who values originality.

*You tried to hypnotise me;
but I already felt paralysed.*

Piers Gillespie

Bhundu Boys "better than a good bonk"

Bhundu Boys
Old Lion Hotel
9 April, 1991



Well groovers, for those of you who missed out last Tuesday, no sympathy! You were warned, you should have paid heed, you lose! What the hell are we talking about, you might ask - the Bhundu Boys, of course. All the way from Zimbabwe, they entertained a huge and diverse crowd for two pulsating hours. The simplicity and energy in their stage presence combined with the infectious nature of their western-influenced Zimbabwean music enthused the audience into a dance frenzy. The Bhundu Boys are becoming world renowned for their interpretation of traditional Zimbabwean Jit; an interpretation which although infused with western influence and using western instruments still retains authentic African qualities.

The result: an exhilarating experience, both in music and atmosphere. Not for those who like head-banging and stage-diving, the ambience, reflected in our smiling faces, was carnival in nature. The participation of the audience, encouraged by the band, involved the singing of Zimbabwean chants, a novelty which threw everyone together and enhanced the atmosphere. The music was conducive to serious bottom-

wobbling and hip-gyrating - the term coined being "dance-bonding". Better than a good bonk, everyone left feeling satisfied and self-fulfilled.

Due to no fault of the band, one possible drawback was the language barrier. Although the rhythms inspired a positive mood,

the political and social messages were lost on a largely Australian audience. This, however, did not detract from the general enjoyment, and overall, we had a top night.

Karin Harris
Kate Juttner

Jeff Healey asleep at the wheel

Jeff Healey Band
Thebarton Theatre
Monday, 1st April

Jeff Healey and his band are a throw-back to the blues-rock of the late '60's. His playing and songs are either inspired by, or covers of, '60's material and later innovations and styles are largely

Healey did not acquit himself particularly well either. He played down one of his main assets, his soulful voice in favour of his guitar skills. These, however, did not shine in the spotlight. Healey took several extended solos but rarely did they rise above the ordinary. During the obligatory Hendrix-inspired theatrics, such as playing with his teeth and behind his head, it was obvious he was playing by rote rather than from true

"A pale imitation of his recorded work"

ignored. Despite this, his recorded work has appeared fresh and modern due to the youthful energy and enthusiasm of his performance. Live in concert, however, this energy and enthusiasm disappeared, leaving Healey's performance a pale imitation of his recorded work.

The emphasis here was on power and volume. Songs such as "Blue Jean Blues", which had received subtle and dynamic treatment on record, Healey and band bludgeoned through in concert. The Healey band, drummer Tom Stephens and bass player Joe Rockman, showed themselves to be weak, rudimentary players, making frequent inexcusable mistakes.

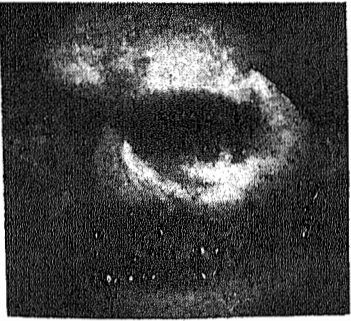
inspiration.

However, it was not a concert without highlights. Healey's voice and guitar-playing shone on the ballads, particularly "Angel Eyes", where the accompaniment was appropriate rather than a melange of noise. The band also put in a burning rendition of "Roadhouse Blues" which was marred by an overlong bass solo but soared during Healey's subtle, jazz-like wah wah explorations. Ultimately, however, the concert was a disappointment, particularly in light of the raves bestowed upon Healey by overseas and interstate press.

Paul Lauritsen

Full Melted Jacket

Hot on the heels of their way cool *Melt* album, New Zealanders Straitjacket Fits are coming to Adelaide for the first time on April 30 to party with The Church. Simon Healy spoke to Andrew Brough about this and at least a couple of other things.



How can a long-standing and enthusiastic Straitjacket Fits fan wind up looking like such a Wally?

Easy. Watch:

Me: John Collie's artwork on *Melt* is very striking. What's his history and how did you get involved with him?

Andrew Brough: Well... he's the drummer in the band.

Minus several million points. Go to jail. Go directly to jail. Do not pass go. Do not collect \$200. Studio survey says... zero.

Failing to thoroughly read the sleeve notes of a band's most recent album before conducting an interview can be the cause of much embarrassment.

Straitjacket Fits come from New Zealand, arguably a more fertile and productive hotbed for new bands than Australia. Far from being a backwater, New Zealand is leading the world in young pop bands. And leading New Zealand are... Straitjacket Fits.

Well, maybe not "leading". As their guitarist and 'second songwriter' (penning about a quarter of the songs) Andrew Brough points out, they're fairly indifferent to musical trends: "We find that it's better to put our heads down and just concentrate on what we're doing." They're fairly contemptuous of the Musical Industry and those who inhabit it for the wrong reasons: "There's a lot of dishonesty, and a lot of the music is just crap."

But they don't spend too much time on that sort of thing. Straitjacket Fits' music does what only a handful of bands in the last ten years have been capable of doing: taking the hackneyed old basis of guitar/ bass/ drums and creating something *new*.

Straitjacket Fits are sometimes dreamy, sometimes aggressive, and often both within the same song. Virtually every Straitjacket Fits song is complex, but they never lose sight of their talent for producing pop tunes.

Andrew Brough is the more 'immediate' of the two songwriters in the Fits, providing a contrast from Shayne Carter's more dense offerings.

The two songwriters'

substantially different approaches are obviously the cause of creative friction. Shayne Carter has said, "every so often one of us will look at something the other wrote and think, *blech*", and Andrew also admits to there being a competitive edge in the band:

"Sometimes it does make relations in the studio a little strained... but the positive element is that it's almost like a competition to see who can write the best songs. We respect each other's work, though..."

Andrew doesn't shirk from the Byrds comparison which has been made with his songs, saying quite candidly: "Yeah, I used to listen to them quite a lot. I really liked the densely layered guitars and vocal harmonies. The soaring quality it has is quite stirring."

When he says 'soaring quality', Andrew sounds like he means it. Apart from that, however, he's a bit of a quiet chap. He recognises that the band's stage presence has developed over the last four years, but is still far from confident about performance in general:

"When I first started, I was quite withdrawn on stage. I've changed a little, but I guess I still am sometimes..."

They know how to make a racket, but there are no axe heroes in Straitjacket Fits.

"We're quite sensitive about audience reaction. I mean, most bands are, but... you don't start to become confident unless you realise that the audience is appreciating you. Sometimes we're too sensitive..."

Don't expect them to leap up on stage and scream "Helloooo Adelaide! Are you kids ready to Rock'n'Roll tonight?"

They don't cling entirely to the 'small-town' ethos, however. They have just signed to Arista internationally, and so are set to have the best of both worlds, with Dunedin-based Flying Nun (the label that is New Zealand music) looking after them at home, while maintaining ready access to record stores in Europe and the USA.

The USA... seeking prizes in the biggest record market in the world has broken the back (and the

soul) of many bands. Guess what Straitjacket Fits are going to do?

"We're going to tour America for three months."

But does he feel any affinity for the concept of flogging yourselves 'through the States' as a means of trying to 'build up a following'?

"Well, if you've written a good song, you've got to go out and present it to an audience, but... I don't think much of it at all. It can be real hell trying. It's a real mindfuck."

The amazing thing about Straitjacket Fits is that they've only released three records. The first recording they ever put out was the "Life In One Chord" EP in early 1987. Songs from it, particularly "She Speeds" and "All That That Brings", were

of the music industry. The concept of a band going around casting aspersions on their latest release is enough to give any Record Company PR person apoplexy.

The perceived problem was basically with production: "there were a lot of really good sounds on *Hail* - you just couldn't hear them."

I would disagree with the band and say that *Hail* was an excellent record, but I *would* advise that you pick it up on CD, partly because the muddiness of the production can often make you wonder if your LP's properly pressed, but also because it contains four extra tracks which really flesh out a record that's a bit thin on new material otherwise. *Hail* also features a cover of the Leonard Cohen ditty "So Long Marianne", which makes the miserable old codger sound positively uplifting. No mean feat...

Melt was recorded in Australia and New Zealand using 'big-name' producer Gavin MacKillop (Hunters & Collectors, Shriekback etc. etc.), and his production is crystal-clear. *Melt* is, quite simply, an outstanding record.

The song from it which has garnished the most airplay is "Down in Splendour", one of Andrew's compositions. He agreed that it was the most commercial-sounding track on the album, but when asked about the lyrical subject matter, he treads very carefully: "I guess it's largely about that... when everything's looking bad, there's still some hope... I try to focus on the way people interact with each other. Being introspective and writing about relationships... is all I'm interested in,

really."

Which is true enough. Straitjacket Fits have only ever released six Andrew Brough compositions; the common point in all of them is that they reflect an introspective approach to life, using floating melodies as a counterpoint to troubled and searching lyrics. "Down in Splendour" more or less reflects this description, but maybe

still being played on JJJ last year. Four years later the songs haven't dated a second.

Longevity of songs in the 'alternative' music trade these days is no greater than in the mainstream. Will you know who sang "I'm Free" in four years time? Will you care?

"Life In One Chord" was the sort of debut of which legends are made, and Andrew's still proud of it:

"To get that sort of start was important, and we were really enthusiastic about it, but when we went running into the studio six months later we couldn't reproduce it."

The band weren't happy with *Hail* (their first album) when it came out. In fact, they commented liberally on their dissatisfaction with it at the time of its release, which says a lot about their obliviousness to the machinations

there's a rare glint of hope present: *You shouldn't have to say goodbye And wonder if this way is how it's going to be*

Andrew takes great care not to get carried away by pretentiousness, emphasising that Straitjacket Fits just write "good pop songs". However, the concluding epic of *Melt*, "Cast Stone", isn't a mere pop song. Written by Shayne, it's seemingly about the death of a friend, but isn't another "Living Years" middle-aged regret song. It builds up from a distant guitar to a cacophony of noise, and there's a bitter and heartfelt sting in the tail:

If we had that time- I'd offer one line, one eight words wide-

It was a really stupid way to go.

Andrew eagerly agrees that "Cast Stone" is a magnificent song:

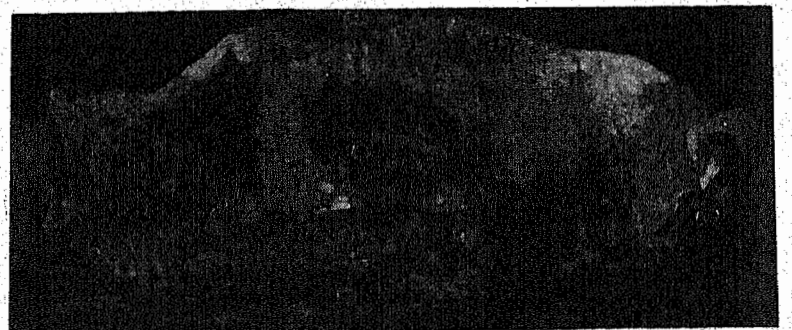
"I think the subject material was something very close to Shayne that he was looking to express. He wanted to... I probably shouldn't discuss his songs..." Andrew breaks off as if he just remembered how sacred a song can be to its writer. Straitjacket Fits songs are very personal. That much is obvious.

Straitjacket Fits are going to play their first-ever Adelaide show with The Church on April 30. Despite this, they have already toured the eastern states half-a-dozen times. In fact, they have built up such an affinity for Sydney audiences that on their last tour they stayed there for a couple of weeks, playing in pubs throughout the suburbs. An experience which they'd rather not repeat: "We wouldn't want to become a suburban rock band." Which is probably just as well; I'm not sure if they'd be fully appreciated out at McMahons. They *should*, however, be appreciated at the Old Lion.

One should be careful in trotting out lines like "best band in the world", because it can easily sound like *Rolling Stone* reviewing the latest Rolling Stones opus.

Suffice to say, then, that *Melt* can hold its head high in company with the best records released in the last year, and that Straitjacket Fits are the most exciting band to emerge from this corner of the globe in a long time. You'd be a weensy bit foolish to ignore them.

The guy who does the arty stuff will be the one sitting up the back hitting the skins, I guess.



**The La's
The La's
Polygram**

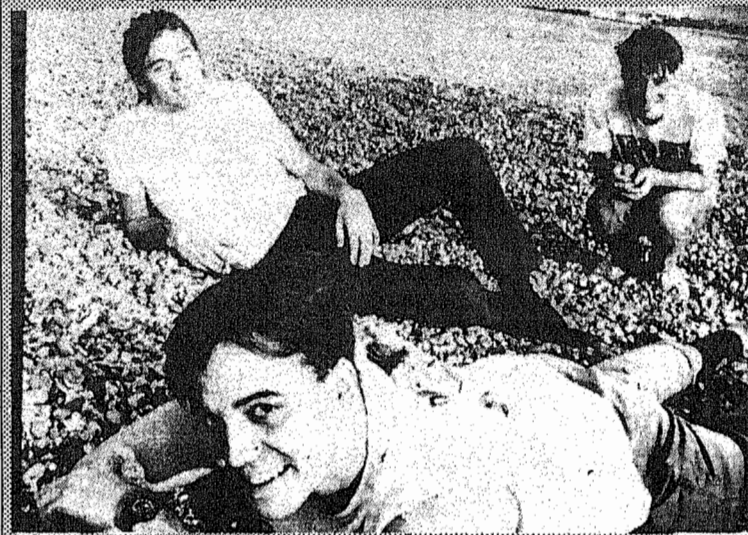


The La's pretending to be cool

The La's themselves have rejected this album because it didn't sound the way they wanted it to, but to me it is one of the best albums of the year so far.
Jack K.

The La's are a four-piece band from Liverpool who have been together for four years and released only three singles in that time. Their debut is an interesting work of mid-'60s guitar pop. The melodies are very reminiscent of a number of groups. "Son of A Gun" sounds like the Monkees, "I Can't Sleep" comes across as the Hoodoo Gurus playing a Who song. Other songs remind me of the Byrds, REM and They Might Be Giants. "Freedom Song" is a very unusual song which I can only describe as The Kinks do Zorba the Greek. The falsetto vocals on "There She Goes" make it almost impossible to believe that vocalist Lee Havers smokes 40 cigarettes a day.

What a Neat Album



The Lemonheads actually being cool

**Lovey
Lemonheads
Atlantic**

This is a very diverse album from Boston band The Lemonheads, containing an extremely varied range of songs all of which are potentially powerful, especially considering that this is only a three piece band.

Songs range from "Ballarat", which has a very thrashy beginning, but becomes quite mellow by the end. "Half the Time" resembles in parts some of REM's softer, more melodic music, while

"Steve" sounds considerably like the Hummingbirds, and contains a bit of a Joe Satriani guitar lead which, although it doesn't altogether fit in with the rest of the song, is still pretty impressive. Totally unlike any of the other songs on the album is "Brass Buttons", a Dylanish ballad which demonstrates the soulful and almost hypnotic quantities of the voice of Evan Dando.

Definitely the most remarkable things about this album are its diversity and the fact that it contains no real dud songs. *Lovey* really is one of the best albums I have heard recently.
Catharine Abell

**The Unclaimed Prize
The Mark of Cain
Dominator Records**

There are certain key phrases which must be used in any review of a Mark of Cain record. They're not mine, but they'll do.

After repeated listens to the record, I must profess my admiration for their music.

The phrases are:

- opus
 - awesome
 - anthems
 - darker aspects
 - bleakly textured passion
 - jagged rhythm
 - remorseless thundering power
 - hammer
 - uncompromising vision
- Alex Wheaton**

**Let There Be Love
Simple Minds
Virgin
7"**

One of the joys of life is considering how Simple Minds have developed and changed over the years. From 'Empires and Dance' through the heady years of 1984 - 5 - 6, to the present, Simple Minds have delivered different music every album. *Real Life*, their tenth album continues this standard. The single 'Let There Be Love' is similar to the material on the stirring 'Street Fighting Years', but it transcends such a sound, delivering a more souly feel. Jim Kerr's voice is still uplifting, Mel Gaynor is still the best drummer in the world (listen to the 12" es-

pecially) and Charlie Burchill displays terrific control. The road that Simple Minds have taken is continuing ... may it never end.
Piers Gillespie

**Mother Universe - The
Soup Dragons - Polygram
I feel better than
James Brown - Was
Not Was - Polygram
Wear Your Love Like
Heaven - Definition of
Sound - EMI**

Three new dance singles by different artists all using different styles: with Mother Universe, the Soup Dragons have gone for the same formula as on their previous

single 'I'm Free'. House beat, sixties melody and Wah-wah guitar. Not as good as 'I'm Free' but has a good hook on the chorus. The Was brothers second single from the latest album is one of the most hilarious dance tracks in a long time, African chanting and

spoken lyrics make it a very original song. The English dance band Definition of Sound latest single crosses rap with a house beat and twangy guitars with a strong chorus. It reminds me a little of Dee-Lites 'Groove is in the Heart'.

Jack K.

**Immigrants, Emigrants
and Me
Power of Dreams
Polydor**

The best thing I can say about *Power of Dreams'* first major-label release is that at times it sounded a lot like U2 or Paul Kelly. You may well ask yourself whether or not this a good thing, but if you do like either of these bands, then go and buy a U2 or Paul Kelly album. *Power of Dreams'* bland Irish pop has all the simplicity and depressing tone of these two bands, without any of the originality or strong melodies. Having said all this, "Immigrants, Emigrants and Me" is not really a band; a couple of the tunes even managed to stick in my head, but as I had to listen to the album about ten times to differentiate each song from the next, this was inevitable. An appropriate title for the album would have been Led Zeppelin's "The Song Remains the Same", as this seemed to me to be what was happening here. Instead, *POD* chose "Immigrants, Emigrants and Me", which as far as I could tell had nothing whatsoever to do with the material contained within. The press release informed me that the lead singer possessed "heaps



Power of Dreams- Daft Irish Bastards

more wisdom" than Roddy Frame, but the monotonous banality of the lyrics tells me that either he's afraid to show it, or Roddy Frame

(don't worry - I've never heard of him either) is really stupid. Many people will like this album though, and the flash packaging and relig-

ious manner in which *POD* stick to their pop formula, will ensure that it sells well.
Jeremy Mackinnon

**The Tree and the Bird
and the Fish and the
Bell
Glasgow Artists
CBS**

The story behind this album is that it is raising money for The Oscar Marzaroli Trust. Marzaroli was a Glaswegian Photographer who left behind a post war photographic record of Scotland.

The tracks on the album are songs set in, or referring to Glasgow. They encapsulate the modern Celtic spirit of Scottish contemporary music. However, there is a lot of variety ranging from folk to "rock and roll".

Featured on the album are artists such as Deacon Blue, Wet Wet Wet, The Blue Nile, Texas and Lloyd Cole and many others.

It's a really mellow, Sunday afternoon on the back porch type of listening. It's bizarre that certain cities have their own type of music. Maybe this album heralds the advent of a Glasgow sound/movement. Born in the South, return to the South ...

It's a music about innocence, about a city untouched by confusion. The music is simple, calming, yet at the same time, full of the excitement of something special.

Jodie Wilson

Who's in the House?

JJJ PRESENTS T-HOUSE

T-House: A Four Week Journey ...

"It is said that long ago in the Himalayas, having entered a Tibetan T-House, Bodhidharma flew with the dragonflies on sunlit wings, descending only when he saw stone cows moving through pools of red hibiscus. Falling endlessly through the mountains he reached their very peaks, and met with a crystal swallow holding a single lotus flower. At this moment, he understood the unified nature of existence and returned to the T-House knowing the higher consciousness which is inherent in all sentient being." CORI WHAT A LOAD OF BOLLOCKS, EH KIDS?

Welcome to T-House, for what promises to be the best dance party of the year. For all of you dance party freaks and Ravers, the talents of Adelaide's up and coming performing artists, DJs, graphic artists and fashion designers have combined to produce a four week long dance party. You can hit the groove from

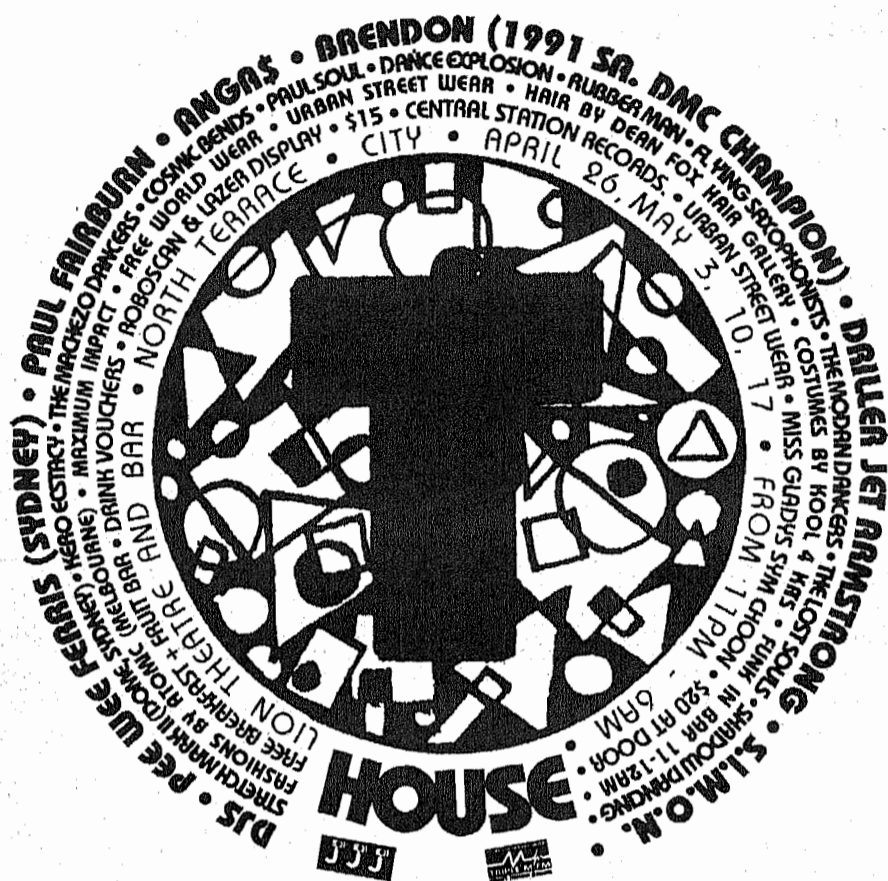
April 26th and emerge again on the 17th May at the Lion Theatre and Bar on North Terrace, from 11 pm - 6 am.

Our sources have revealed that Adelaide DJs Angus and Paul Fairburn, and Sydney DJ Pee Wee Ferris will be on the 'wheels of steel'. If this means nothing to you, there will also be a laser display and roboscan, fire jugglers (!), flying saxophonists and a rubber man (work that one out for yourself!). A free breakfast is on offer for those of you brave enough to stay on until 6 am.

So kids, get out your dancing shoes, beads and flares and 'get down' at T-House. The tickets are \$15 in advance, or \$20 at the door, but as a special treat, On Dit is giving away 6 free passes.

And hey, if you still can't make up your mind, your friendly On Dit writers will be there - so 'come on down'!

Geneviève Marjoribanks
and Andrew Beveridge



Where's my Lunch?

What's On? What's In?

What's In- A guide to what's happening around the place, in new releases, events around town, and some other handy hints on everyday life etc. etc.

New Release Music

Don't Go Now is the title of the new **Ratcat** album which is now available. This follows the success of their first single "Don't Go Now", and the release of their new single "Blind Love", which is sure to zoom up the charts soon. (Polygram)

Finally, the **Screaming Jets** have their new album *All For One* out. They have released a number of singles, and expect this new album to be a killer! (Polygram)

Fresh out of the UK, **Jullan Cope** has brought a new album titled *Peggy Suicide*. Finally justice has been done to the vast number of fans this man has - well, enough to keep them happy until his next effort is released. (Polygram)

It's true! **The Real Milli Vanilli** actually have their honest-to-goodness album out. Alas, it is known as *Moment of Truth*. It contains the single "Keep on Run-

ning". Just a note for any closet groupies who actually have the guts to go into a shop and ask for it. (RCA)

The **Roxette** album *Joyride* is out. That's really all to be said about it. (EMI)

Lonnie Gordon - come on, you've heard of her - She's the one with that song "Happenin' all over again", and her album is called *If I Have to Stand Alone*. (Festival)

Hunters and Collectors have their umpteenth album out - *Fate* (Festival)

John Mayall, the jazz artist who recently toured and had a gig at the Old Lion has a CD out, called *Looking Back*. (Polygram)

New Release Singles

There have only really been a couple worth mentioning in the last week. Firstly, **The Hummingbirds'** newie "If A Vow" is out on Polygram and probably being played on JJJ as you read this.

Hard to believe dept.: "Summer Nights" - That classy duet for **Lovely Livvy** and **John Revolva** from the legendary movie *Grease* has been re-released as a single. (Polygram)

Yo - Rappers! **Young MC** has a new song called "Pick Up the Pace". Well, not entirely new in the sense that his album has been out for ages but new in terms of "official singles". (Polygram)

Soundtracks

A few worth a mention... *Sleeping With the Enemy*, *Alien Nation*, *Black Rain* and *The Doors*, with **Val Kilmer** apparently re-recording all of **Jimbo's** oldies (the great man pulled out at the last moment due to a throat infection).

New Music Videos

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds have a video appropriately titled "Road to God Knows Where". (RCA)

"Strange Too" is the new **Depeche Mode** video (AAAaargh!! - Screams of joy and ecstasy from the birthday boy) Check it out... (RCA)

M.C. Hammer - that rapper do-gooder for the youth of America has a video out with the same title as his album "Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em - The Movie". (EMI)

INXS have a video of their "Greatest Video Hits 1980-1990"

including all that dubious new stuff along with much of their vast and excellent repertoire of older songs including "Don't Change", "Just Keep Walking", "What you Need" and "Original Sin". Unfortunately, tracks such as "Black and White" and "The Swing" have been omitted but hey, you have to leave something out when there's so much to choose from. The video has all in all about twenty songs on it. (Warner)

Now you can buy **Sam Brown** on video too. Originally called "The Videos", it has nine tracks including "Stop" and "With A Little Love". (Hoyts/Polygram)

Concerts

Robert Cray is here on 17th April and expect **Wendy Matthews** on 11-12th May.

Watch out for a new thingumie called the **Adelaide Rock Cafe** in the Lion Theatre on North Terrace, starting this Friday 19 April. It's a non-alcoholic, non-smoking venue for the littl'uns, but compensates for it by serving "cakes, cappuccinos and nachos". The first band playing at the ARC are the dodgy-sounding **Soldier**, so I guess things can only look up from there.

Enquiries

Graham - What can you get by Wall of Voodoo? Mushroom label have three titles available on LP, Cassette or CD: *Seven Days in Sammystown*, *Happy Planet* and *Ugly Americans (Live)*. And if the mood strikes you, you can always steal their first LP *Call of the West* from the 5UV record library. As to what they're up to now... lead singer **Andy Prieboy** has just put out a solo thingie called *On My Wicked Son*.

Something to think about...

"To remove softex, crush and pull through bottom opening". (Yup you guessed it! Toilet paper dispenser instructions)

(Thanks to Ellie at Brashes)
Al Thorpe

this week in SPORT

•by Johnny Matthus and Ethel Murman

The Great Game

More evidence this week from the land of pitches with strategic wet spots, that the Windies are reversing their batting order in order to confuse the less than awe inspiring intellect of the Oz pace machine. The strangest shape in the game *Curly Ambrose* took a test career PB 53 from the pedestrian Australian attack in a record 8th wicket stand of 115 with Jeff 'No knees' Dujon. The Australians could well learn from the craftiest 39 year old in the game, Viv 'Over rate' Richards, and do the same. Perhaps then the Australian tail would rise to the occasion, pick up the gauntlet, lay themselves on the line and be more than the trudging sorrowful procession they are at the moment.

If the Australian quicks wanted a quick breath of fresh air before they rolled their arms over then Alan Border should have saved them the indignity of having to go out to the middle to get it. 'Down to the local for a quick pint', Border should have said, 'Bruce needs a bit of weight on him'. When Australia are 6 for a few, the Skipper should be more concerned about conserving strength in his bowlers' legs or giving them time to bowl the opposition out twice, than about boosting the score by a couple of no balls while his quicks embarrass themselves and create unsightly animal tracks to and from the pavilion.

Don't go to the electric beer box for that last little soldier in the 6 pack if Mark Waugh gets out. Johnny M. did in the first innings at Port of Spain and he missed the humour of a Merv Hughes taking guard or the outright belly laugh potential of Bruce Reid asking the umpire how many to go. If there's one to go, Bruce, don't even bother. It's shower time as soon as the bowler lets the cherry go in line with the stumps.

It's these little things that keep you up until 6am to watch a drawn test. Like watching after a cone too many, Richie Richardson or Stumpy Boon toss up a few boundary botherers in the last over of the match. It's enough to have you scramblin' like a dawg for the record book. Just who has got the worst bowling figures at the highest level of the game? (A bag of lollies for the neatest correct entry).

Moustach Merv, was giving that record a bit of a nudge in the Second test at Guyana. Big Merv was witness to a great revelation at Bourda-he can't bowl for crap. Indeed it's a wonder he ever gets to the crease at all before the umpire, batsmen and crowd lose it completely and giggle like silly bucket bombed things. If I had my way, he'd be packin' his mo off to the District competition where he can learn a bit of line and length. Back to basics for Merv. If he reckons he can't get the top order of the Windies out (as reported in the Australian) then its back to 20 cents on a good length in the nets. Stop his ACB wages - the new word at the nets is 'hit it to win it Merv'. And if he can't hit then it's down to the Salvo's for some dog food and a mattress

for the night. Save the Hilton for the real bowlers.

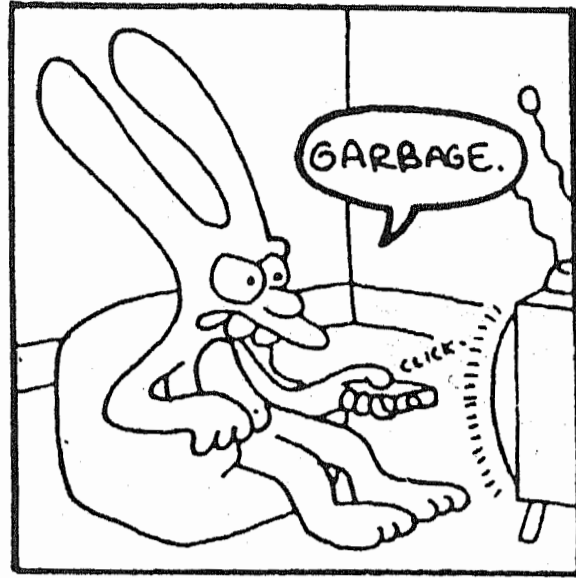
'Unfair' I hear you in reader land cry, 'what about Merv's swag of wickets in the Third test?' Well it was no swag, it was no bag, hell it wasn't even an overnight bag of wickets. Big Merv knew which end was good for his grab bag of well worn bowling tricks. At Port of Spain he bowled from the infamous no sight screen end - the end where all the spectators wear red, drink red and bash on red skins. Its the end where the ball is on you before you can lift your bat or scramble back into your crease before some bastard tries to run you out off a no ball. Its the end where the umpires forget the LBW rule. "He never saw it before it hit his pad", they surmise, 'I think I'd like to watch another batsmen'. That's the problem with the men in white in the West Indies. They're just a bunch of fuckin' hedonists who think they're still in the local park, givin' people out one-hand-one-bounce if they don't like the cut of their jib. That's not six joints in your hand umpire, it's six rocks and this is test cricket. You don't retire when you reach 30 in test cricket. You don't lose five runs when your off stump cartwheels. The batsmen here are not playin' for fun lad. They're grindin' singles out for Australia and until the umpires over in the land of the wet wicket, Red Stripe, and tribal rhythm realise that they will only have themselves to blame if the average steel drum wielding punter sees red and impulsively assaults the umpire everytime the ball passes the bat and the finger isn't raised.

If you train a rat to ring a bell for food, it will ring, eat and shit all day. Similarly, if you give batsmen out for being boring as they did to Forearms Marsh in the Second innings at Port of Spain, then the Red Stripe dulled intellect will want it all the time. If they riot in Antigua remember where you heard it first.

The Almighty Camry Clones

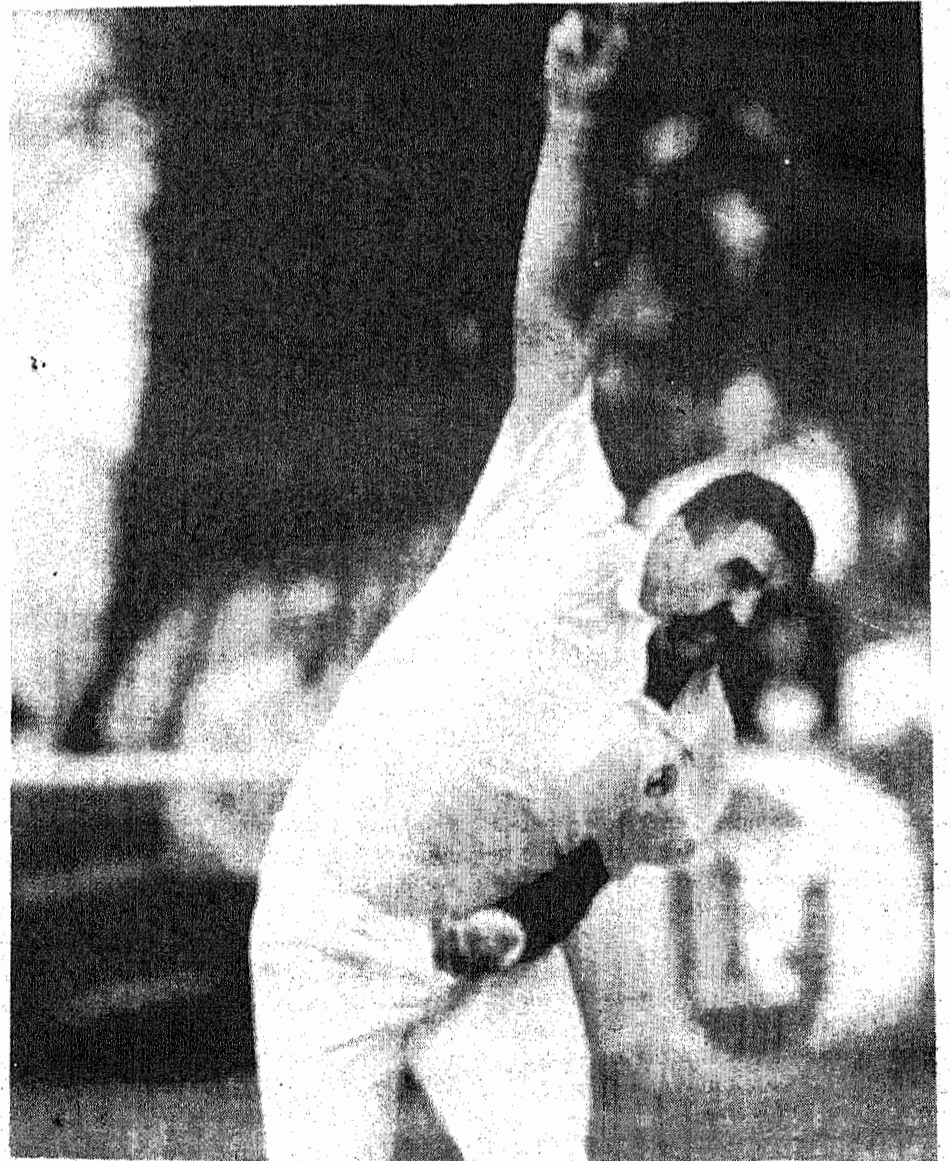
We here at the Sports desk receive our fair share of criticism, and on rare occasions take the odd letter up on its well considered advice. Not so this week. Tim Allen and Rich Little's impoverished attempt to put us in our place vis a vis the Almighty Clones shows just how misunderstood the lads from Hungry Jacks are (see page 7). We pity you and your misguided zeal. The letter lads, was no wordpiece worthy of pride of place in any magazine let alone *on dit*. It was a joke, nay a crude objectionable one at that.

The Crows on Satdy showed us, once again, their true mettle, by losing to 15 old age pensioners called Essendon by 7 goals. Of the 5 remaining 'Dons with disability pensions, 3 were dead on the field. They were still too quick for the Crows forward line. Not only were the Clones forwards short, they were too scared to step over the still warm corpses of the Bomber's



the great on dit number 7 competition
the prize: *Cricket* lovingly penned by Tony Greig

Well kids we've simply been swamped by an overwhelming amount of entries to this fine competition. To be in it to win it all you have to do is tell us who you think is or was Australia's worst number 7, and in a few well chosen words, why. You've only got until this Friday so get those pearls of wisdom to us via *on dit* or the sewer.



Merv sends another old trick down for the slaughter

backlines to get at the leather lest they fumble and be caught by a dead man 'holding the ball'.

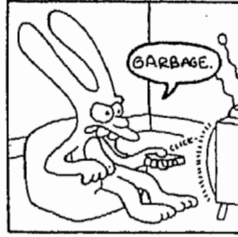
We repeat, the Clones need down at Footy Park a man with class, character and a never say die attitude. They need a man prepared to take pride in the worst guernsey in footer, they need Einstein Mandemaker.

But lets look at the pile of bilous crap they have delivered to us. You reckon we don't know the game. You reckon we've got

shit for brains. You reckon we don't want tickets for the Clones band wagon. Well Tim, well Rich, if you know footer then why does Darren "Roulette" Smith kick so many bloody points. Eh? Eh?

We know. You don't know footer for shit mate. If your godheads Don Scott and co are unbiased, then we're fuckin' badgers playin' full forward for Collingwood.

this week in TOUCH



Touch me- I want to feel your body

A brief spiel from the Adelaide University Touchy Feely Club.

Simon McKean gets off his high horse and enlightens us all about his favourite pastime.

The Winter Season is upon us once more, and the provocative sport of Touch is beckoning us all with open arms. Several teams hit the high points and reached the one that counts, the biggie, the battle for the right to call yourself number one, that last day in September, the grand final (Results, Simon. Results are what the punters

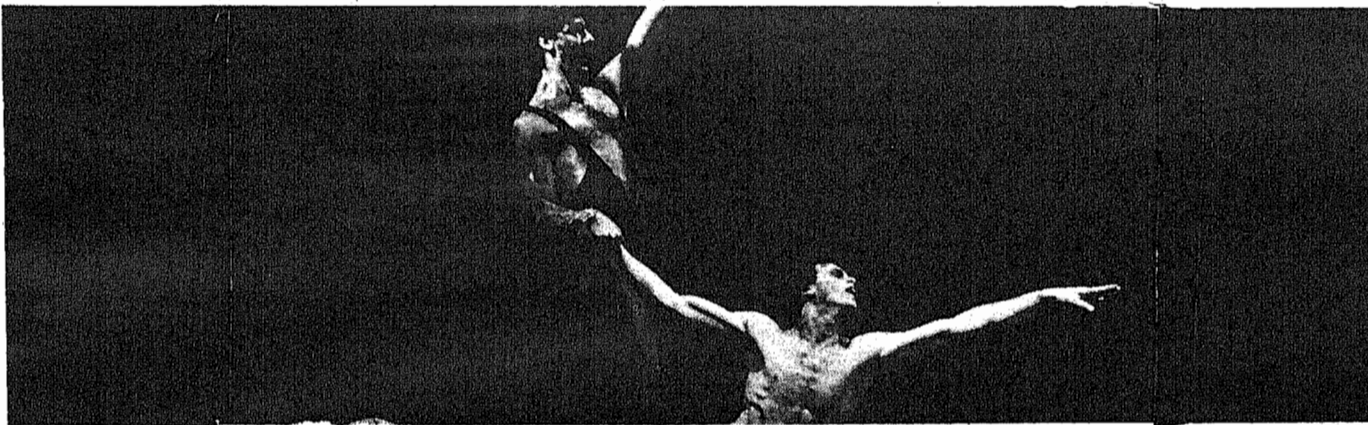
want- Eds) and with this background the Winter Season promises to be a beaut.

Simon says if you're sick and tired of blows from bullies to your midriff and head regions then Touch is the game for you. All levels of teams will be entered: that means from beginners to experts, so there is bound to be a level of Touch expertise to suit you. The teams will be of mixed parentage, sexes, and sizes and matchups will take place on Sunday mornings.

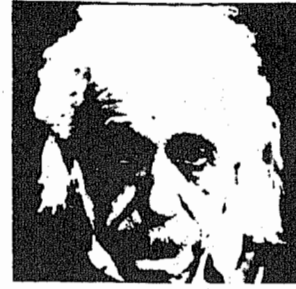
Simon says that trainings will take place on Wednesdays from 6.30- 8.00 pm at Beautiful University Oval. What glorious surroundings to run around in! A lovely view of our own Hills, a superb stretch of

the mighty Torrens to muse about and a grandstand that has a rustic charm all of it's own.

Simon says all new players will be gratefully welcomed by him personally and if you have any problems please contact him via the Sports Association. Simon says this game is a great way to make new and lasting friendships and with every new player sold with this line he will throw in a set of steak knives for free. Remember Touch is open to everybody and Touching somebody is a positive way to show that you care.



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Telephone 223 7564

Tortillas, Serrano Ham, Octopus, Spanish Ales and conversation
Cafe TAPAS
242A Rundle St., Adelaide
Telephone 223 7564

After dinner backgammon, brandy and coffee
Cafe TAPAS
242A Rundle St., Adelaide
Telephone 223 7564

Olives, Salami, Cheese Build your own sandwich for a cheap lunch

There's more to lunch on Rundle Street than Al Fresco. Go on, try something different

1/2 price Beer & Spirits 4-6 pm Tuesday to Thursday Adelaide Uni Students

A TASTE OF THE OLD COUNTRY

The Winners of the 1991 Union Voucher Scheme

State Bank \$100
R. Odekerken 913172W
State Bank \$50
Trent O'Connor 881771S
State Bank \$50
Angela Waters 805683B
Lunch with Vice Chancellor
Stefan Unuk 860871S
Lunch with Vice Chancellor
Greg Roach 890893P
Lunch with Vice Chancellor
Robert Webb 890823V
Union Fee Refund
Jenni Clark 900502S
Union Fee Refund
James Recona 881736D
Union Fee Refund
K. Downard 831101A
ANZ Bank \$150
Andrew Martin 902768V
ANZ Bank \$100
D. Crowley 881489I
Graduation Ball double ticket
Sybil Williams 912047P
2 dozen Roseworthy wines
Nicky Gameau 903338H
12 bottles of Angus Brut
Champagne
Alison White 871026Q
\$50 worth of TDK blank tapes
Nick McDonald 9144330
\$50 book voucher
Jasmine Tillinger 902820S
\$50 book voucher
Joh-Yi Foo 904027J
\$50 book voucher
Mark Preiss 901522V
\$50 book voucher
Linda Roach 913981D
Walkman Cassette Recorder
Angeline Ng 8712780
Original David Pedlar teapot
Edythe Tham 882065A
Hand painted silk scarf or t-shirt
Susan Owen 872339Z
Print from Gallery
Ian Telfer 912103P
Lunch for two in Bistro
Kevin Cowley 912603D
Coopers Gift Pack
Scott Tucker 902196I
Coopers Keg
Michelle Williams 890803D
Dozen cans of coke
A. D'Andrea 914371V
Whole box of nuts
Jamie Lawson 912074L
Farmers Union gift pack
Megan Herriot 891308V
Dinner for two at Shalimar Indian
Restaurant
Robert De Roos 880394S
Lunch for two at the Weigh Inn
Wendel Litchfield 900841P
Coca-Cola gift pack
Megal Lloyd 871346N
Lunch for two in the Bistro
Luke Starick 912243V
\$30 worth of sporting goods
Ingrid Liepe 872121T
\$20 worth of sporting goods
Peter Cookson 881163S
Campus Pharmacy gift pack
Zakiah Abdullah 895024Z
Return trip to Bali
David Hehir 911782T

**Congratulations
Winners**

Food and Drink

AIESEC Meeting, Wednesday, 1.10 pm. Eric Russel Room. Speaker from Commonwealth Bank. Food and drink provided. Non-members welcome.

Amnesty

There will be an Amnesty International meeting on Tuesday, 16th April at 1 pm in the Games Room. All welcome.

HOT LICKS!

For Sale

One funkin' hot Geetar Amp. 200 watt Peary Classic Combo. Two Channel/ Reverlo/ Phaser - footswitchable. Sell \$800 o.n.o. Telephone: Jon on 379 1443.

Non Stop Party

Adelaide Science Association AUSCa General Meeting, Meeting Room 1, Tuesday, 16th April, 6.30 pm. 1st years elections.

Gym Membership

For Sale

Full gym membership at Bodyworks, North Adelaide or Alberton. \$150 - normally \$500. Telephone: Frances 269 7321.

More Fun With Those

Barmy Bohemians!

Attention Lit Soccers

Come along to our Club 26 theatre visit to see Spring Awakening on Thursday, 18th April. Pre-purchase tickets from the Festival Centre or Bass (\$10 Club 26 members) and meet at Al Fresco's, Hindley Street, 7 pm.

Celebrate the Bard's birthday with us by joining in Shakespeare's Birthday Booze-Up on Friday, 19th April. Sonnet lecture at Imprint's Bookshop, 80 Hindley Street, 7 pm, then The Jerusalem, 131B Hindley Street. For more details, ph Marc 297 6539 or Adam 362 9361.

Tapas Dinner

Sunday, 19th May, 8 pm. \$10 for first 50 members, \$15 all others. Price includes Food, 50 litres Sangria, 1/2 price drinks for rest of evening.

Celebrate the Adelaide Cup Day

Community Aid Abroad

Community Aid Abroad are holding their 'Change Not Charity' benefit concert on the 20th April at the Living Arts Centre on North Terrace, starting at 8 pm. Featuring will be Jack Nasty Face, The Artisans, The Mandelbrot Set and Ramshackle. Proceeds will go to CAA projects in North Africa.

In the Bowels of Union Hall

Fed up with long Qs at the Helen Mayo at lunch time? Go to THE Hip Eating place - The Cellar. Located below Union Hall.

Autumn Fun Run

The Autumn Fun Run will be held on Friday, 3rd May at 1.10 pm. All Univeristy staff and students are invited to participate. The course commences on the parklands in front of the Centre and follows the Torrens to the Wier and back, a

distance of 5.3 km. Join the fun and receive a diploma for your efforts. This is definitely a fun run, so we would like to see lots of walkers, walk/runners, mothers and children, mothers without children, etc.

Free drinks will be available after the run. Team entries are welcome, minimum of 4 members.

For further information please contact the Centre on 267 2926.

Student Christian Movement

This week we will be discussing ecumerism and what should be happening at Adelaide Uni. Come along Thursday, 18th April, 1 pm, Meeting Room 2, Level 5, Union Building. All welcome.

Crafty!

Massages available again at the Craft Studio. Make an advance booking for relaxing therapeutic massage - Wednesday between 9.00 am and 12 midday. The cost is only \$20.00 for students, \$25.00 for others, and the sessions are 45 minutes. Telephone: 228 5857.

Paint some silk for Mothers' Day. Make an original scarf or handkerchief for your Mum.

... Much better than boring perfume or chocolates. We'll teach you how on Tuesday nights - no artistic talent needed for great results. \$15.00 gets you a large hemmed scarf and the skills you need. It's also fun, so come along with a friend or by yourself to the Craft Studio, Level 4, Union Building. Telephone 228 5857. Paint silk anytime we're open.

Democratic Thing

Attention all members of Adelaide Uni Democrat Club and other interested people: The General Meeting for April will be held on Thursday, 18th April, at 1 pm in the Conference room. Hope to see you there.

Anne Freeman
President

Evangelical Union

Tuesday, 1.10 pm, Union Cinema. "Law, Love and the Future". Romans 13:1 - 14
Mike Hey

Friends of the Earth

FOE is holding a tree planting information meeting with ATCV, Trees for Life, and Greening Australia. The meeting will be in the Union Cinema, 1.00 pm on Wednesday, 17th April. Come to the Tree Planting Trip on the 28th April. For information, come to the meeting or clubroom.

Get Your Rocks Off

Adelaide Uni Geology Society
Sir Douglas Mawson Barbecue.
Thursday, 19th April, Geology Lawns (behind Geology building).
Members \$5.00, Non-members \$6.50. 5.00 pm - 8.00 pm.

Left Alliance IGM

17th April, 1991, 2.15 pm. Union Cinema

More Christians

Will the real Messiah please stand up?

This talk will examine the various aspects of the world's major religions in a comparative study of their teachings, practises and means of salvation. How are they different from Christianity? Which path is correct?

Sponsored by Campus Challenge
Wednesday, 17th April, 1.10 pm - Union Building - 4th Floor, South Dining Room.

Lesbian Line

... Is back.

- by lesbians, for lesbians
- free and absolutely confidential
- counselling, support and information

Fridays, 6 - 9 pm. 223 1982

Funny as Gangrene

Snudemenko requests your attendance at their Annual General Meeting on Tuesday, 30th April in the Chapel! Starting at 2.30 pm. Also, find us in Meeting Room 1, Jerry Portus Room or the Union Cinema every Thursday from 2 pm for Comedy Videos, Audio Tapes and Books.

Tim Anderson Frame Up II

1 pm, Thursday, 18th April, Jerry Portus Room. Presented by Adelaide Resistance. Bookstall every Tuesday 12 - 2 pm. Come and get your Green left.

Yorke's Daytrips

Are you a surfer who has Mondays free and is interested in getting over to Yorke on a regular basis for some good uncrowded wave? Call Simon on 277 5925.

AIESEC's National Business Breakfast

On Thursday, 18th April, you have the chance to meet leading business men and women and your future employers.

The breakfast begins at 7 am at the Convention Centre. Tickets are \$15 for AIESEC members and \$18 non members. To secure your seat, purchase your ticket now at any AIESEC function, or the AIESEC office at the University of South Australia, B11-17, or Adelaide Uni's AIESEC office, Snuken Court Yard, Hughes Plaza. Don't miss this opportunity AIESEC is offering you!

Ideal Graduation Gift

Hand turned, hand painted, peg sized wooden graduation doll, various colours.

Rustic Revival Heritage toys, 31 Kensington Road (City end). Telephone: 31 7956

Friendship and Travel

Exchange, non academic, Australia, Canada, UK, US. For more info write FATE Program, 72 Sterling Dr., Sherwood Pk., Alberta, T8A 3M4

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Hello. My name is Stephanie. I want a copy of the Killjoy's album, "Audrey". Like, real bad. You want to help me? Drop a note into the On Dit office or telephone 228 5404 and let's see if we can make a deal.

Barry's Diary of Fun!

Monday, April 15th

1.10 pm Union Activities Meeting in Meeting Room 1 (Level 5).

Tuesday, April 16th

1 - 2 pm Life Games on Barr Smith Lawns.

7.30 pm Double horror bill at Cinematheque film programme in Cinema with "I Walked with a Zombie" (Dir. Jacques Cousteau, USA, 1943, B/W, 68 mins.) and "The Seventh Victim" (Dir. Mark Robson, USA, 1943 B/W, 68 mins.). Both produced by Val Newton. Guest speaker - Joya Stevens from Media Resource Centre.

Wednesday, April 10th

1 - 2 pm Life Be In It games on Barr Smith Lawns.

6 - 9 pm "Ovation" duo in Union Bar. Free. They do requests. Meals available. They do requests as well.

Thursday, April 18th

1 - 2 pm Life Games on Barr Smith Lawns.

1 - 2 pm Jazz in Gallery Coffee Shop with "Chica Inflatable". Free.

Friday, April 12th

1 - 2 pm "Beehive or Else", sounds of the 60s and 70s band in Union Bar. Free.

6 - 9 pm Pianist in Union Bistro.
9 pm - Midnight "Seven Reasons Why" band in Union Bar. Free to students, \$5 guests.

Coming Entertainment

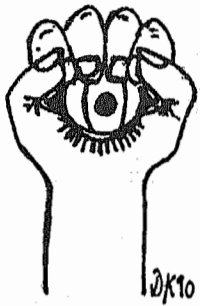
O'Camp Reunion, Friday, May 3rd; Roxus (to be confirmed); 1991 Graduation Ball at Hilton International on Saturday, May 4th; "Doug Anthony All Stars", Wednesday, May 8th, tickets available from Students' Association from Monday, April 29th for \$8 students; Campus Battle of Bands - heats on Friday, May 24th, 31st and June 7th. Forms available in Union Office.

**I WANNA BE
STEREOTYPED
I WANNA BE
CLASSIFIED**

THING
OF
BEAUTY

Bunyip Peril

GAMBLING
DEBT
LOBSTER



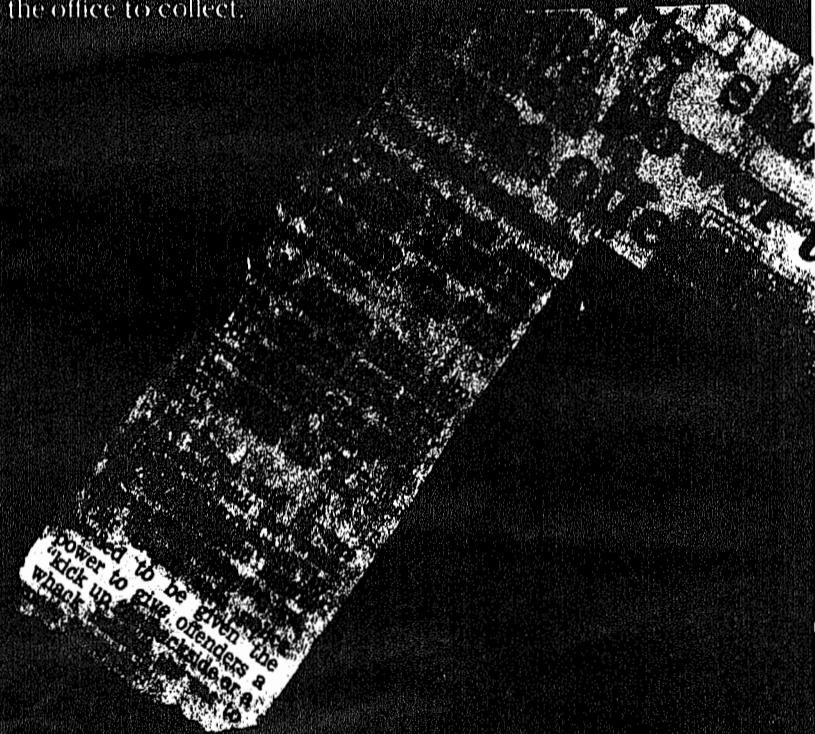
Spotlight on Stupidity

Our first item this week comes from David Dale, who writes...
"Unlike your clippings in last weeks issue, this classic piece of stupidity is not the result of a misunderstanding. It is simply the sort of thinking brought on by thirty years solid drinking down the RSL.

Perhaps there has been a misunderstanding and the good Liberal member for Eyre has ended up with a crusty bit of pus instead of a brain.

Gee, I wish that nice Mr. Menzies was still Prime Minister. Yours etc."

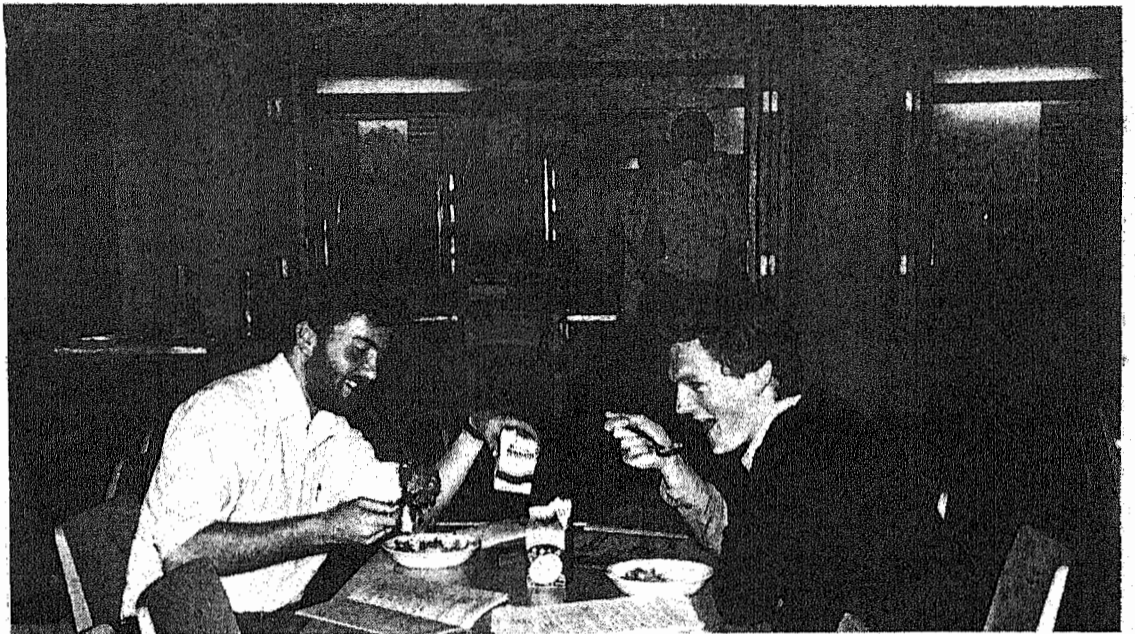
Congratulations David! You have won the purchase price of a butcher of light beer from the RSL club of your choice. Just drop into the office to collect.



Our second piece this week is the "Spotlight On Stupidity" column from last week. Simon Kewell pointed out to us that when we were castigating the Australian for their downright foolishness, we actually made a monumental blunder ourselves. We said the interview in question was with William Hurt, when it was actually with John Hurt. We felt a little foolish, and in consequence have awarded ourselves the "extremely foolish" award for this week.

Another ludicrous blunder was spotted in *The Australian* on Saturday. In the magazine section there was an article about William Hurt. When talking about his role in the film "1984", it described the film as being an "adaption of the novel by Aldous Huxley". Surely anyone who has even studied English at school knows who the novel was by.

Keep those entries coming in



CRAZY CAPTION COMPETITION

Simply title this picture of two brave souls eating in the Mayo Refec, and win a carton of lager, courtesy of ON DIT!

PRODUCTION NOTES

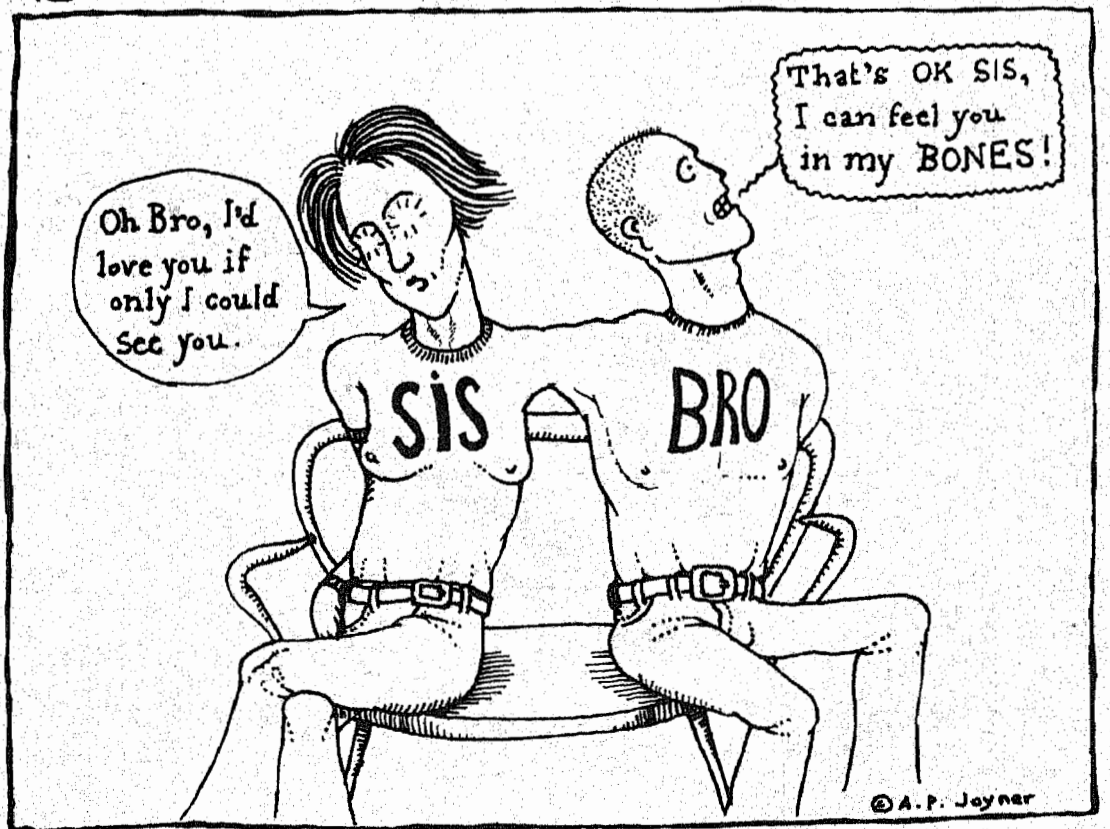
On DIT is the weekly newspaper published by the SAUA. The editors have total control over the majority of factors in their own lives, and also have complete editorial discretion, although the opinions expressed in the paper may not be their own.

Editors: David Krantz and Simon Healy
Advertising: Stephanie "organisation" Pribl
Typesetting: Sharon Middleton
Freight: Peter Ingman
Cover: Andy Joyner and Paul Champion

Special Thanks this week go to; Kate Juttner, Steve Jackson, Darien "menial tasks" O'Reilly, Dave Penberthy, Dave Sag, Dr. Andy, Simon, and Paul for that neat party on Friday night, Anne for no apparent reason, Sally Foster, Vanessa Almelda, and Jane Smythe for all the help.

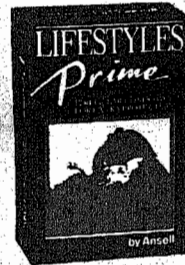
Congratulations to my grandparents on their 50th wedding anniversary.

siamese mon amour.



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(Make cheques payable to "Prime T-shirt Offer");

or (b) Please charge my Credit Card Account:

VISA BANKCARD CARD NO:

Expiry Date: _____

Please print clearly.

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Total Number of Shirts: Male Female

Name: _____

Address: _____

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