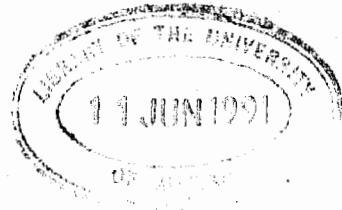


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Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly • Volume 59 Number 11 • June 3 1991



TRAVEL BROADENS THE MIND

We go in search of Survival in London, Culture in Australia, and Dracula in Romania

MORE VIOLENCE

A female analysis of *American Psycho*, and revelations of gross misogyny in Science Fiction

PLUS

Ted Serious advocates drug use, *Happy Days*, *The Doors* and the unexpected revival of student activism



TED'S TRILOGY VOLUME 2

"Say YO! to drugs. Support operation Whoa!"

What's the best way to avoid hangovers? STAY DRUNK. HA. HA. HA. Hey, did you hear about my drug problem? I CAN'T GET ENOUGH. HA. HA. HA. I can hear you laughing out there; I bet you think drugs are a joke, don't you? WELL, THE ONES AROUND HERE ARE. HA. HA. HA.

Sorry about that, folks, couldn't resist a bit of a laugh could I? But what about all the people who have died from drug overdoses? SERVES THEM RIGHT FOR NOT SHARING. HA. HA. HA.

No, but really, I had intended to talk seriously about the large-scale use of disturbing quantities of marijuana, BUT MY MIND'S GONE BLANK SINCE THAT LAST CONE. HA. HA. HA.

Hey, what have haemorrhoids got to do with drugs? NOTHING, BUT THEY SURE TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THEM. HA. HA. HA.

By now you are probably saying to yourself, I wonder how long he can go on like this? JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING. LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CONE. HA. HA. HA.

If you have stuck with me this far, you are probably not a totally narrow-minded fuckwit, so let's cut the bullshit and talk turkey. I always tell those really bad jokes to get rid of those jerkoffs who have already made up their minds about drugs, and are really just arguing for the chance to call me bad and immoral. So why don't we start thinking about drugs in an intelligent, non-emotive manner?

Drugs can be one of life's pleasures. If you have no problem with this statement, then skip the rest of this article. I do not want to preach to the converted. If you are still a bit dubious, but have an open mind, read on. You might learn something.

Ever since chimpanzees and gorillas discovered the joys of eating rotten, fermenting fruit in front of David Attenborough, primates have been getting drunk on a more or less regular basis. People are quite different from animals, though, because they have developed culture, which is a kind of externalised, shared body of information. Wolves and tigers also have social organisations, but are quite able to hunt and survive alone. They rely on a sort of low-level hard-wired intelligence we usually refer to as instinct to tell them what to eat and how to catch it.

In contrast to this, humans rely much more heavily on shared culture (of which so-called 'civilisation' is a recent manifestation) to perform these vital functions. We take much longer to grow up than other animals, and rely on complex education systems to equip young humans to live within, and eventually pass on, our culture/civilisation.

the same applies to chemicals. Inside every person, there is a veritable pharmacy full of mood altering, performance enhancing, psychoactive drugs that would make any dope fiend envious. It is only natural that the aforementioned externalisation of instinct into culture should be accompanied by a similar externalisation of hormones into

manufactured drugs.

That's right. People were meant to MAKE AND TAKE! GROW AND BLOW! There are many people in anthropological circles who believe that analysing human culture without including drugs, especially alcohol, in the equation, produces skewed and inaccurate conclusions. People have used drugs recreationally as long as they have used them medicinally. In fact, moderate recreational drug use makes people happy, thereby preventing health problems before they start, especially stress related ones. Recreational drug use should be seen as lying on the same axis as medicinal drugs, curing people before they get sick. The same dosage rules apply. Large amounts of medicine can be as harmful as lots of street drugs. Ask any homeopathic therapist.

There is a cultural parallel in the computer industry. A battle is raging right now between RISC chips and CISC chips. RISC stands for Reduced Instruction Set Computing. This means that the hardware becomes less important (i.e. simpler) and the software assumes a larger role. This is what culture and civilisation do: take on more of the jobs that our animal instincts used to do. They take some of the pressure off our overloaded hormone systems, and help us to cope with modern life. They also increase diversity of thought. Timothy Leary once thought that LSD would save the world. It is an indication of how bad things are now that the acid going around these days is such shit. Ask any old hippy what *real* acid is like, man.

Besides, coping with drugs, notably alcohol, is a symbol of adulthood and a source of many yarns. Many of the memorable things we do as foolish youngsters involve episodes of drug-taking ("... remember when I met Gavin for the first time. I was s-o-o-o pissed, I threw up all over his corduroy flares...").

If our society won't adopt realistic attitudes to drugs, how will you tell your children the one about that amazing time you took 20 Gold Top mushrooms and still managed to watch a movie with your parents without freaking out and telling them that their wallpaper was alive and breathing, and how could they stand it any more?

Drug culture has enriched our language to a remarkable degree, mainly since the 1960s, and the visual hallucinations caused by lysergic acid and psilocybin have resulted in the popularisation of 'psychedelic' patterns and colours. Drugs have also influenced the art world, notably the Colour Field and Action painting schools in particular, and abstract expressionism in general (e.g. Tuckson in Australia, Pollock in America). However, the influence of drugs can be seen in paintings from as widely diverse sources as Francis Bacon and Salvador Dali. Arguably, this popularity resulted in the current revolution in chaos theory, and fractal shapes. I humbly suggest that fractals are so popular not only because they describe nature so well, but because they have the surreal aesthetics of a drug trip. And chaos theory would never have progressed without fractal

shapes to describe it.

Drug withdrawal programs, like weight-loss schemes, ignore the cultural ramifications of the phenomenon they seek to 'cure'. You cannot expect people to resist cream buns when they must live in a Balfours-based society. Similarly, drugs are not going to go away, so people must be taught how to use and enjoy them wisely.

So the next time someone questions the needle in your arm, ask them how much cask wine they drink every night. They wouldn't

expect businesses to go back to using slide rules, so why should they expect you to strictly adhere to a one-drug philosophy? They are chemical Luddites and should be vigorously opposed. Cultural change has the curious property of being irreversible, no matter how many religious fundamentalist prohibitionists try to deny this fact.

Your Dr. Feelgood,
Ted Serious, M.D.

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Smoking GUM

Photo: Libby Drew Artwork: Libby Nettle

On Thursday the General Union Meeting to determine the issue of smoking in the bar was held on the Barr Smith Lawns. The meeting was poorly attended, possibly due to a clash with the Austudy rally being held at the same time.

Speakers included Roger Clarke (Bar Manager), Richard Shipton (staff rep.), David Sag (student), and various others.

The motion, which read "That smoking continue to be permissible in the Union Bar until such time as required by Legislation to become a non-smoking environment and that this be Union policy", went down 90 votes to 60, much to the disgust of a small group of chain-smoking hecklers.

A petition organiser, Mr David Sag, said after the vote "once again the Union has perverted the course of democracy by ensuring that students were quite rightly attending the Austudy rally, which was scheduled on the same day, at the same time. The Bar is doomed". He continued to say that a "smoke-in" was being considered in the Bar sometime after it became a non-smoking environment, as a form of protest.

David Krantz



Aaaaah... Marlboro!

Ho Hum

LABOR CLUB AGM

Results:

President: Kirsty McKenzie
 Vice-President: Jack Snelling
 Secretary: Andrew Harden
 Treasurer: Paul Abfalter
 Assistant Secretary: Nadine Lambert
 Media Officer: David Roussy
 Women's Officer: Liane Buchanan

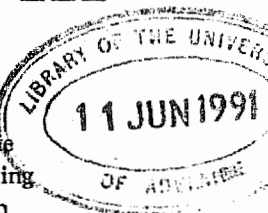
The AGM was completely unlike any Labor Club AGM in living memory in that the factions didn't attempt to stack out the meeting in order to get their candidates up, and everyone seemed to more or less agree on the positions.

Back-room deals were done beforehand to ensure that there was no acrimony about positions at the meeting. There was a notable absence of hacks elected to the executive.

After electing the executive, the Labor Club passed a motion on the topic of abortion supporting a woman's right to choose and condemning the Brindal Bill.

Labor Club representatives were only too eager to comment after the meeting, but none of them had anything interesting to say.

Simon Healy



Austudy National Day of Action

Photo: Libby Drew



What do we want? Austudy reform! Who wrote this shit? NUS!

On Thursday, the Austudy national day of action occurred. This was organised to protest the inadequacies of the Austudy scheme.

Activities included a rally, a fax and phone-in and the presentation of wreaths mourning the death of accessible education. SAUA Education Vice President Ms Susie O'Brien said of the day "it was a great success. We had 400plus students on the rally, and a great response to the fax and phone-in".

The rally gathered on the Barr Smith

Lawns and moved off to the Austudy offices on Grenfell street, with students chanting slogans and singing a wide range of politically aware ditties. At the Austudy offices wreaths and a coffin were presented to the government. Speaking on *The 7.30 Report*, SAUA President Natasha Stott Despoja described the Austudy scheme as "government duplicity and rhetoric of the worst kind".

David Krantz

Talkin' About...Transport

The devastating air pollution caused by burning oil wells in the Middle East is a dramatic manifestation of how the burning of fossil fuels has been polluting the environment since industrialisation began. We contribute to this pollution every time we drive our cars.

The mode of transport we choose is one of the most effective means we have of reducing our personal negative impact on the environment. 30% of Greenhouse gases are produced by car-driving alone. Australia has the highest per capita rate of carbon monoxide production in the world. The fact is, cars do not belong in cities. Yet, most people never question their 'right' to use cars. Here are some other reasons for rejecting them:

1. Cars are deadly projectiles. More people have been killed in automobile accidents than have died in all the wars of this century. Accidents cost the Australian community \$6.2 billion every year.

2. Cars are a blatant example of Third World exploitation by western and westernised nations. The car manufacturing industry and things like road building, which partner it, consume enormous amounts of natural resources, many of which are taken from Third World countries. In cases where the industry is taken overseas, this enables workers to be exploited in ways which would be unacceptable in places like Australia. About 1% of people in the Third World own cars, compared with an average of 40% in the West.

3. Cars are expensive for the individual. If your primary concern is your own pocket,

even this is reason enough to reject cars in favour of public transport and the occasional taxi. It only takes a week or two of trying this out to demonstrate how much money you can save by rejecting the car.

Public transport in its present state is inadequate and needs improvement. It does not cater to people with physical disabilities, it does not cater to people with luggage, it does not cater well to parents with babies, it does not serve late-night travellers. Yet, until demanded to, the STA is not going to improve its services to the public. In fact, it is steadily downgrading them.

Not only is the STA taking guards off trains and closing railway stations, there is talk of further reductions in numbers of services and the abolishment of concession fares except during 'peak' hours. Forcing people to depend more on cars is environmental vandalism.

It will be our fault if the STA succeeds in its attempts to downgrade its services. Students and the rest of the public need to start using the STA in greater numbers and thus demand improvements.

Over the next few weeks, Friends of the Earth will be conducting a survey around campus to find out how people get to the University, what options are available to them and how much the average student spends on transport. Please contribute to the survey and help pressure the government to improve public transport.

Melina Wait

Another Scoop For On Dit! Gilbert Throws in the Organic Tea-Towel! Dolphins Weep! Trees Fall! Etc!

Dear Eds,

In answer to the 4 probing questions Roberto succinctly outlined in his letter, in the last On Dit, here are my equally succinct answers.

- I'm here
- I'm here, you're not
- No
- \$1,000 on books, posters and fun games.

However, I find I am unable to continue this sterling effort. I hereby resign.

Jo Gilbert
Ex-Environment Officer

Arses Totally Safe

lick My Ass

Our heart bleeds for 'Stroppy'. However, if he is as he claims a serious student and wishes to gain entry into buildings after hours, then he should do what other serious students do. Front up to the Hughes Plaza Office with a note-letter from his/her department and carry his/her Student Card.

No ID no entry, that's the rule. Makes sense to me.

Well done Security Attendant, and no arse will be kicked.

R. Roney
Superintendent
Facilities & Security

Fucking Losers

Dear Hassan, Big Wuss Mario, etc, etc,

Oh deary me - that nasty man should be given one hundred lashes for his immoral conduct. How dare he partake abominable behaviour to the likes of you? Could this incident be a successful platform for possible electoral success? Let's hope so. It's about time this University returned to some traditional values such as manners and discipline.

- You fucking losers! Don't you realise everybody laughs at you? Such an outward display of snobbery in front of your peers is an outright disgrace.

Sincerely shamed,
Your Parents

I'm Toey!

Dear Eds,

I am writing to complain about the ignorance of many drivers in the University grounds. I have almost been hit by speeding cars on several occasions while attempting to cross zebra crossings. Drivers must slow down and give way to pedestrians crossing or about to cross on these. Also, there is a speed limit of 15 km. The usual behaviour is for drivers to hoon down the road and then rudely gesture to any pedestrian who dares

cross in front of them.

Perhaps security officers could enforce these rules by giving out fines for speeding and not giving way to pedestrians, not just parking infringements. After all, a parked car is no danger to anyone's health and safety.

Yours sincerely,
J. Steward-Crompton
Health Service

P.S. Look both ways when you cross the road!

What?

Dear Sam Maiden,

What the fuck is wrong with my shoes?

Michael Jordan

Pandering to a Sick and Perverted Minority, or, 'Tug Me Off With Horse Liniment'

Dear On Dit,

As a self-righteous, opinionated wanker, I would like to protest in the strongest possible terms about the use of such filthy and disgusting language as "intercourse", "penis" and "vagina" used in "Fast Food for Serious Thought" in last week's On Dit. These revolting words could easily have been replaced by "fucking", "schlong", and "twat". In using these words, the so-called writer Ted is pandering to a sick and perverted minority of conservative or excessively Christian students.

I would also like to complain about the title of the article about censorship and violence. David Krantz' decision to call it "Violence and Censorship" as opposed to "Tug Me Off with Horse Liniment" clearly shows he is trying for a few cheap laughs from those people who find simple and relevant titles amusing.

I will never buy On Dit again.
David Dale
Arts

Gallant Effort

Dear Eds,

In response to the letter appropriately titled "Schnell" in the May 13 edition of "On Dit", I would firstly like to congratulate Clare Kemmett on her admirable, holier than thou defence of State Member of Parliament, Mick Atkinson. Atkinson, the middle aged crusader of Young Labor would indeed be proud. Her gallant effort comes as no surprise considering she works for him. In fact, it makes me wonder if she actually wrote it.

I would like to point out, however, that this letter, by no stretch of the imagination, should be taken as Gospel.

Membership to the ALP cannot be denied on the grounds that the person was a member of Left Alliance. Left Alliance is a student organisation that has no affiliations with any political party and is a

totally independent body.

If what Kemmett says is correct (and that can only be with Divine intervention) then she and the man that appeared under the title of "Right Wing Nazis ..." Jack Snelling, would also be in breach of the ALP rules. Kemmett and Snelling both belong to, and are quite active, in the Prohibition Club. It would be just as valid to call the Prohibition Club an auxiliary of National Action. If people are unfamiliar with the Prohibition Club, they are the ones that disregard contraception and had little plastic foetuses all over their stall during O'Week.

Atkinson, in his letter addressed to the Left Alliance member whose membership to the ALP was refused, grouped many progressive and left wing forces together. In effect, he called them the collective enemy of the ALP. I would like to make it perfectly clear that the deeds and the reputation of Atkinson or his followers should not in any way reflect on the Catholic community in general.

Alek Argirov

Carter The Unstoppable Letter Writer

Dear Jason Bootle,

The Carter (Unstoppable Sex Machine) rave review worked, I brought "30 Something": a working class national anthem.

Space didn't allow you to do full justice to their genius, which should have wide appeal to alternative/independent music fans. They thumb their nose at everything from racism, royalism, religion, and alcoholism, to urban poverty, domestic violence and the privileges of wealth. Di and Fergie, Glen Campbell and even the Bugle Boy from Company B don't escape the lashing.

Anti-vivisectionists will cheer to: "Spend your money on sprays and lipsticks

Tested on bunnies, girls, strays and misfits"

contained in that inditement of society's crass commercialism, "Shopper's Paradise". Antichrists will give ovation to the "born again atheist" tone of "Billy's Smart Circus (for the bleeding hearts ... Stick your head down the lion's neck)".

Those of us courageous enough to admit to adolescent suicidal tendencies, or anyone of fat bastard age 25 who remembers The Smith's "Nowhere Fast" (of 1985!) will appreciate "Falling on a Bruise" and "The Final Comedown".

"I've been run over by cars, and To prove it here's the scars, On my wrists" and "This no star bed and breakfast And solvency abuse make me Feel like throwing myself

Off the kitchen shelf". But these lyrics just give you something intelligible to spout as you crash around the lounge room like a runaway firehose to the fantastic

music.

There is no such thing as Dr Seuss!

(Very un) fat bastard,
Wade Stevens
(Current Unemployed) SM

Having a Good Bash at the Cod

Dear Chloe Fox Darling Sugar-pie,

I am, in point of fact, a 20 year old, 3rd year Biological Science student. I have a humble collection of 'Australian Magazine' magazines. I acquired over summer in NSW, much for their interesting stories. Added to this is my dust-collecting dog-eared (dog-eared?) MAD magazines which are on a 10 year lone (sic) from a childhood friend.

My hands do get sweaty occasionally (sic), but only as I walk onto a football field for my hometown 'Cats' but surely their (sic) is no sin in that because it aids in taking stronger marks during the game. That is the only suggestion to me you get correct, unless a 25 year age gap is next to nothing in your opinion.

Your opinion of my thoughts being Codswallop is ... your opinion. (My brother once caught a cod and gave it a mighty wallop to get the hook out of its mouth. As I wasn't there, I can't compare walloping a cod with ... never mind.)

Your letter contained a quite decisive stand: "Prostitution is not WRONG." backed up by the illogical support you have of this very definite statement: "It might not be right", (chuckle in the rear stalls). (Slight shuffle of papers - voice cracks slightly) "but it is not wrong". (Hoardes (sic) of laughter from the Balcony and Dress Circle.)

(Realising her stupid mistake, forgest script and rants:) "It's not an issue for you or me to decide".

(Cataclysmic laughter as she leaves stage, face in hands).

Another page from the Chloe Fox School of Logic:

Prostitution has its victims. Everyday life has its victims. Things in everyday life are "right". Hence: Prostitution is right. (incessant applause).

Well done honey-bun, youuuur'e clever!

But seriously dear little Chloe, Cupcake, you're missing the point, as did Suzannah Carter et al. I'm quite aware that many women are "forced" into Prostitution; and yes you're quite right about the monetary pressures and so forth.

I agree.

Go home and read my other letter again, Sugar-Sweet-lovey-dovey-honey pie-waffler.

Peter Wilson

P.S. My patronising language is not normal. My friends have commented that in conversation I often adopt the "honey" line when explaining something basic. I suppose this can be perceived as sexist by some people, and I apologise for my last letter in which I appeared

to assume that all prostitutes are women. They aren't and I know that. No excuses, I'm sorry. (O.K. Sarah ?)

Toss Off With Wonder Boy

Dear Mr Twit,

Thank you for sharing your experience with all of us, for I too fell into the same trap. For some six months of my first year, I played an old video favourite ("Wonder Boy") on a daily basis. I continually managed to astound myself, playing for hours on end (wasting snails, buzzy bees and other "electronic nasties") without using a single coin! Then, one day, as I stood before my electronic temple, cursing my inability to pass a certain point of the game - ever - I realised that people were laughing at me. Confused, I turned to them and with a voice that demanded answers, I said "What?" "My God, you are such a knob" one of them cried. "Yeah" said another. "It doesn't work without money, you obnoxious, smelly, fresher prat." Ashamed, I ran from the Refectory, followed by their cruel jeers - "Hamster Penis, Farty Face, Smelly Botty, Stupid Twat who's oblivious to reality."

Since that awful day, I had not been able to venture anywhere near the Union Building without complex disguises and accents to match (Terrence, the transexual, travelling toy trader is my favourite). Imagine my surprise when I read your letter. I realised at that point that, 1. there are others who, like me, have made the same, honest mistake, and; 2. I am not the only person who's genitalia resembles that of a hamster.

Mr Twit, I cannot thank you enough. You have given me the strength to venture forth into this cruel world as the intelligent, perceptive and really quite good looking person that I am.

Thank you.
I. Toss-Off

P.S. Rather than express my gratitude to you with money, I have decided to share with you a "pearl" of my wisdom, in the hope that both you and others may benefit from it. So, here it is:

Trick your neighbours into thinking that you own a dog by carrying large packages of dog food into your house every week, and, by barking late at night (I find around 1 - 2 am quite effective). If they are still not convinced, tear up some of your clothes and leave them in the backyard. Then, when you see your neighbours in their backyard, walk outside and curse your "dogs" actions loudly. They will be convinced you own a dog!

Imagine our surprise! You have won a Cornflakes packet full of TNT.
Eds.

It's a Dogs Life

You Can't feed a dog on Austudy. Bullshit. The Average mongrel on \$40 a week has enough money to get his food for the week and take his Bitch to the movies on a Saturday night. This raises the Question how many dogs are on Austudy.

Is the Hawke Government wasting your money on so called poor underprivileged poochs (p.u.p.s.). In last weeks demonstration did you see any dogs marching? At the risk of being "specyist" I tell all dogs who are a part of the Adelaide University student fraternity to go home to your Kennels and think yourselves lucky.

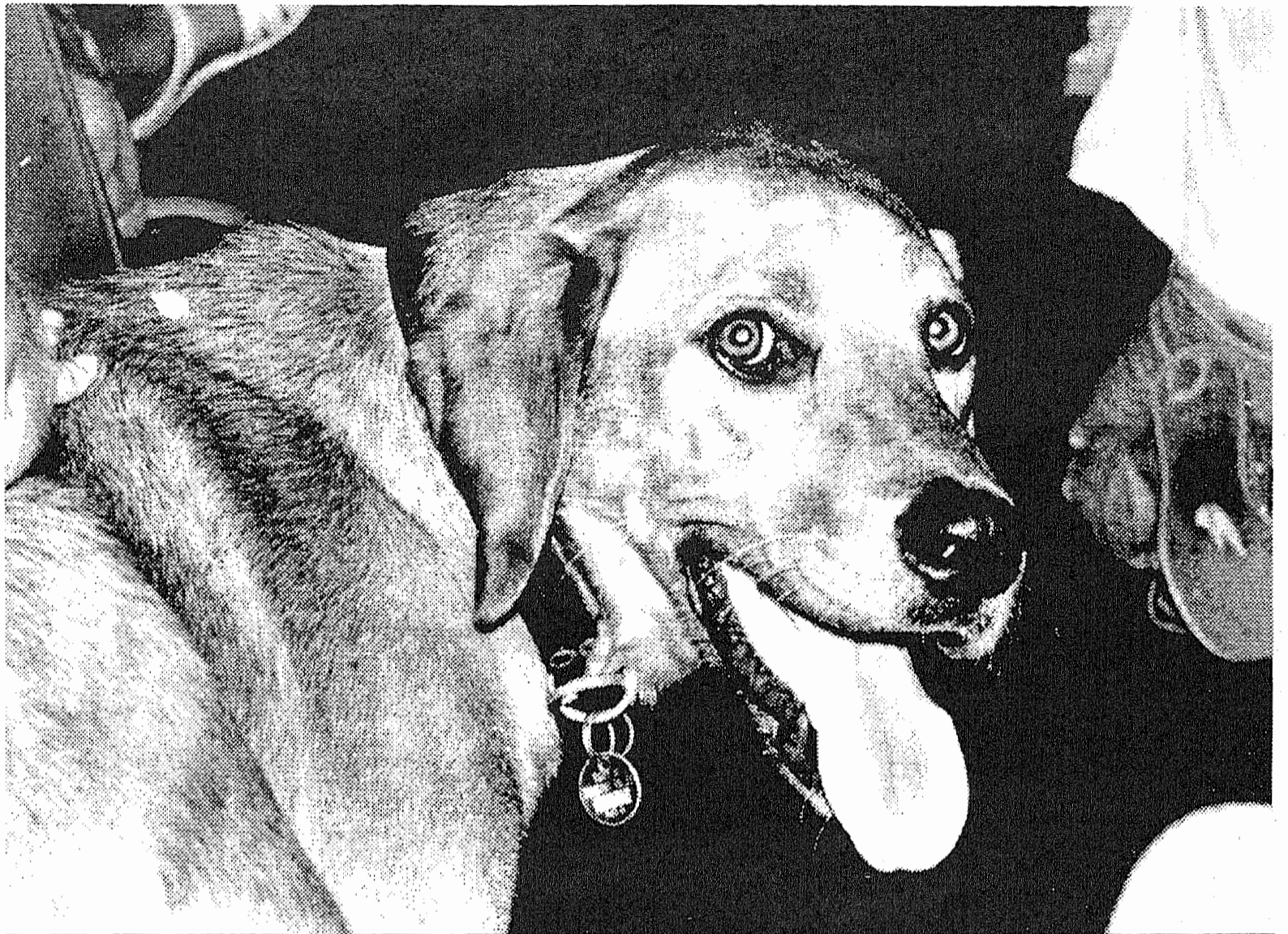
Ben Cohn
Economics

Shmuck

Dear On Dit,

I asked my friend (an Arts student) the other day whether or not he wanted to go surfing. He said no because he had to much work to do. I couldn't help but piss myself laughing. What a schmuck! Maybe he should try Engineering.

Yours,
Ezza
(An Engie)



Woof! Where's my cheque?

Sperm Count Low In Med School

To dear fuckstick (who took the pinball machine away and hasn't fixed it yet),

Can you please get your fucking act together and replace the pinball machine ("Cosmic Princess") or another form of arcade ecstasy to the south wing of the medical school a.s.a.p. (as soon as possible [just in case]). The future med students of tomorrow need to keep their sperm count high.

Much appreciated,
Flipper

P.S. Who ever the fuck broke it owes us quite a substantial bum lick.

Poor Quality From the Mighty STA

Dear Dave and Simon,

We've had complaints already that the Full Time Student validation stickers supplied by the State Transport Authority for Uni ID Cards are of even poorer quality than last year. To quote from the Suggestion Box this week:

'Having just had my Student Card confiscated by some STA conductor fascist because the expiry sticker was worn, or as he put it "mutilated", might I suggest you print the stickers so that the ink doesn't wear off so easily.'

Of course, it's not the poor old Library's fault because the stickers are supplied to us by the STA and

they are not very receptive to our complaints. Last year, they supplied a protective folder (advertising SGIC, so maybe that's why they couldn't provide them this year).

Can I ask you to put something in On Dit, please, warning people:-

- Not to show ID Cards with last year's sticker or with no sticker because most STA conductors will confiscate them.

- To protect their stickers with a piece of clear adhesive tape.

It isn't the Library's fault and complaints should be directed to the STA, which might help to reinforce our own endeavours to get them to improve the quality of their validation stickers.

Let me know if you want more details.

Cheers
Alan Keig

Cheers Alan! How about some pints up at the Bar sometime?
Eds.

BSL Looney

Dear Eds,
Haugh!
Haarrghh!

They are amongst us, In the lectures.

In the library.

Android clones from Outer Space!!

Here are the facts as we know them.

During the mid-semester break, certain of the academic, administrative and library staff were taken away by Aliens, and are being held in suspended animations near the

Van Allen Belt. They have been replaced by ghastly automatons!

So exact are these horrible replicas, that only their lack of belly buttons, and their secret battery panels can give them away! But we know who they are, and we know what they are.

They hate giving extensions. They give us unheard of assignments, couched in the most outrageous terms. They laugh and sneer when you try to explain the late return of some boring book covered in coffee rings and wine stains.

Ask them what love is, ask them anything, but ask them to go! Tell them that we don't even need the originals back, tell them that Earth is a tiny, green, peaceful place, and that they can have no use for us!

The horror. The horror.

Yours,
Annoyed
Shit-faced, way down in the
BSL.

It Must Be Mushroom Season Again

Sirs,

Oh the anguish! The weeks of insufferable agonising! But the story must be told.

First, they're going to invent an anti-gravity machine, and lift us all a metre off the ground. Then rotate us all upside down, and jiggle us till all the money falls out of our pockets.

Next they run around and collect all the cash, and buy up the world's aspirin factories.

Now, they turn off the machine, dropping us all on our heads. Eve-

rybody has a headache.

And now...they sell us aspirins at a billion bucks a piece! Wealth beyond dreaming!

We cannot, we will not, be part of this thing. Call us Judases, we shall not care.

The public has a right to know.

Benny the Ball (not my real name) and six other former members of the Secret Think Tank of the Economics Dept.

They're Sayin' he's a Radical

Dear Peter Wilson,

In reply to your letters about prostitution. It seems very puzzling to me that you recognize the "importance" of the issues involved in prostitution and yet continue to blatantly ignore them. Prostitution is a practice that has been around for centuries. In all of this time there had never been a successful method of controlling, or for that matter, eliminating it from society. I don't believe that society should ignore problems that it doesn't want to deal with by expounding moral rhetoric. You have chosen to dismiss the issue with the "moral high-handedness" that one is reduced to for want of logical argument. If you insist on debating the morals of prostitution then do so, but at the same time please try to comprehend the issues at stake.

At present S.A. is the only state in which prostitution is illegal. The decriminalisation of prostitution that is outlined in the Gilfillan Bill aims to change this. Why you may ask? Quite simply, centrues of

prostitution, it is (like it or not) a part of society. In light of this, we have two choices. Firstly, we can choose to ignore it and brush it aside as you have chosen to do. Alternatively, we can seek to regulate the industry which it has become and protect those who choose to participate in it.

If this Bill upholds the largely ignored civil-liberties of sex workers then I give it my full support. At present, those individuals involved in sex services are discriminated against and are left with no legal recourse. Is it moral to condemn an individual on the grounds of their freely chosen occupation? Furthermore, do any of us have the right to impose our values on others? If men and women desire safe paid sex, then why not provide it, without a social stigma attached, in away that is legal and equitable to all those involved.

I respect your right to object to the upcoming legislation but I also respect the rights of sex workers and their clients to engage in sexual activity. Rather than being narrow minded, perhaps you should consider what the sex-workers had to say during the panel debate on decriminalisation held last month by the A.U. Democrat Club, or weren't you there? Sex workers are people just like you and me and deserve the same opportunities and rights. The Gilfillan Bill is desinged to deal with social realities, perhaps you should too.

Haroon Hassan
2nd Year Arts

Editorial Comment:

An Alternative to Football

It's that time of the year again. The run-down period into examinations. Swot Vac is a mere four weeks away. You're in serious trouble, and you haven't done nearly enough work.

So why worry about it? Unless you're one of the 1,000 or so trying to get into law, a last-minute frenzy of study will be sufficient to pull you through, which leaves your time available for other things. Two of the more potentially entertaining events this week, the Union Smoking GUM and the Austudy rally, almost cancelled each other out.

The rally was an example of what can be done when students make a concerted effort to actually organise and promote rather than divide

and bicker, while the GUM was exactly the opposite.

Was the appalling timing just a coincidence? We will probably never know, but the main problem the GUM raised was not one of smoking in Union House. It was one of participation in the Union. When only 150 people turn up to vote, some questions have to be asked about the extent to which the Union is involving students in its structure.

The mere fact that they compulsorily withdraw \$251 from most students' accounts at the start of the year does not mean that they have achieved active student involvement in, or even tacit acceptance of, the policies they enact, and, more importantly, the

way they go about enacting them.

If decisions are given a royal edict by Union Board and then presented to students as a *fait accompli*, only students who understand the political structure of the Union, and hence are fairly close to the seat of power anyway, will be able to object. The vast majority of students are on the outside of this power game. The GUM, despite getting the result Union Board wanted, was a horribly failed public relations exercise for the Union.

By the way, did you know that there is a Freddy Krueger™ 0055 number which you can call? I discovered this when looking for a phone number to call which would reveal the results of the SANFL matches to me. Sadly, only AFL

results are available, which can only be regarded as a sad indictment on football in this state. And incidentally, wasn't it the most lacklustre, hopeless interstate game last week? The Crows at their embarrassing scarcely compared to the bunch of Port Adelaide rejects who supposedly represented the cream of South Australian talent from around the nation. Look, nothing against Mark 'he tries hard, honest' Micken, but there are half-a-dozen ruckmen in Victoria who can beat him week-in, week-out. Haven't we produced a single class player above 195 cm in the last five years?

Before I get too far off the track, the Union put on a bloody good show for Battle of the Bands on

Friday night. An interstate visitor commented on the quality of the venue; yet sadly the Bar goes unused on most weeknights and even many weekends throughout the year. A Bar at University inevitably has to cope with the impossible position of trying to be all things to all people, but ultimately the only answer is to establish a firm identity and stick with it. With the removal of the pool tables and (almost all of the) dart boards, the sensible move would seem to be to head towards becoming an upmarket live band venue. There are too few of them in Adelaide.

Anyway, best of luck with your exams, and remember, the only way to avoid working too hard is to avoid working at all.

APOLOGY

In the issue of *On Dit* for the 6th of May 1991 there appeared a photograph of Mr. Jack Snelling under the heading of "Right-wing Nazis Get the Upper Hand".

On Dit accepts that Mr. Jack Snelling is not and has never been a supporter of any Nazi party or group. *On Dit* wishes to express its sincere regret to Mr. Snelling and to apologise to him for the embarrassment and distress which has been cause to him by the article.

The Great Inequities Debate Continues...

Daniel's argument a load of shite

Sirs,

Oh to suffer the slings and arrows of mine enemies. What raw nerve is it that I have touched in Comrade Daniel Bertossa that makes him spit such puerile invective? Is it that he thought that with one letter he could change the way people think? All praise be to Ben Dube who brought Comrade Bertossa's pious rhetoric back to reality!

The fact that there were a number of interpretations of the Comrade's missive shows that his message was not clear nor well argued. Comrade Bertossa's emotional response to the criticism he has received shows that he is not arguing from the brain but from the heart. To argue from an emotional rather than logical base creates the perfect opportunity for anyone to cut his rhetoric to pieces.

In the Comrade's original letter, our attention was drawn to an "inequity". There was a somewhat unconvincing scenario (the single parent, etc.) and an emotional plea (just short of an harangue) for some correction. There was no practical solution presented, no tangible, concrete way in which the "inequity" might be corrected. This in

my opinion shows no real commitment to the problem. If there were a real commitment, a possible solution, concrete and practical would have been presented. But no, instead we are treated to a holier-than-thou attempt to shower (share?) guilt.

Comrade Bertossa has confirmed his less-than-intellectual approach to his problem by not considering and answering criticism so much as responding with paranoid, personally directed revilement. Such an approach kills his credibility (if there were any to be killed in the first place).

It seems to me that the Comrade has a reasonable message. But please (I repeat), let's hear some persuasive argument backed up by credible evidence.

Oh, and no-one appointed me anything. Nor did I claim either expressly nor impliedly to have been appointed anything. Another example of personally directed revilement on your part.

Yours sincerely,
Warren P. Block

P.S. For those who are interested: 1. Not every letter I write is printed. The Editors know their job. 2. All the words I use are in the dictionary, you intellectual sloths.

St. Peters Waiting Lists Unreasonably Long

Dear Mr. Bertossa,

I am certainly glad to see that you've been putting your underprivileged little hand to work here, an not just in writing annoying articles either.

May I just add to the point that Mr. Dubé made last week; the question of discrimination against "disadvantaged" students is a load of SHIT.

There is no reason why any able mind in this country can't sit itself down and study for those five big headaches at the end of year 12. Assuming that one's parents can afford a textbook and the light to read it by anybody can pass.

Obviously you HAD the brains to join us here at Uni, so I'll congratulate you on that.

But seriously Danny, let go of your dick and face the facts. Money makes the world go around (second to sex, of course) and there's no two ways about it.

CASH MATE! "Reddies" - \$\$\$ - are what we live for, and it rules our lives. That's why we're here studying not just to better ourselves as human beings - to make money! "Oh no!" you protest. Funny that you're studying Economics Dan! - mustn't be interested in money at all!

A bit of a hint pal, get your name down for Saint Peter's College NOW, the waiting list is hell - just ask my parents. Anyway, we can't have these intelligent plebs running around uni breathing on our chambray shirts and leaning on my duco, so who cares if they're discriminated against!

Well I'm sure that all of you who are rich enough to have learnt to read (eh Dan!) will agree with me. So good luck Dan, keep up the good, moral, work; for event the poor are rewarded in heaven, and I'll see you for a burger and fries in a few years time.

Yours sincerely - just trying to stir some shit

I.M. Rich
Mech.Eng.

P.S. Who let this wanker into Uni anyway????

Another Straight Left to the Spleen

Darling Danny,

Yes, I do agree with your argument - there is socio-economic inequity in Australia. Unfortunately your pretentious letter is going to offend as lot of left-minded people who feel that feminism and racism are important issues as well. Why attack people like Sam Maiden and myself, who share your concerns? Although it wasn't your

intention to offend people, intentions and effects are clearly different things. (Just ask Dave Penberthy.) I resent your implication that my comments about your shoddy English were irrelevant - good, clear and concise English needs to be introduced into Australian political debate. You don't have to make enemies of those who would support you - I extend a hearty invitation to you to come with me and shoot some Liberals.

Yours,
Dave Roussy

On Dit Letters Policy

- Letters should be;
- Brief
 - To the point
 - Neat
 - In English
- Letters should include;
- Real name and Contact Department (can be withheld from publication on request)
 - Substantial cash bribes
- We will remove;
- Defamatory bits
 - Our clothes
- Thanks.

Sacks With Mysterious Bulges

Michelle Chan continues her roaming around the known world.

As the train rumbled towards the Romanian border, I sat listening to my fellow passengers gabbling away, but conversation was a little difficult. They didn't speak any English, the only Romanian I knew was *ardei umpluti*, and the result was a rapid honing of sign language skills all round.

They were very accommodating, though: when I boarded the Baltic Orient Express in Budapest (so much for romantic names- these seedy compartments even made Turkish trains look luxurious by comparison), there wasn't a single seat to be had. But these guys made room for me, fed me and generally saved me from a night spent in the rattling corridors with sleep interrupted by self-appointed Dream Police.

They'd obviously been in Hungary for a bit of a spree (or were things in Romania just worse than I'd imagined?) and their luggage consisted solely of groceries: an enormous plastic bag containing what must have been 10 kg of sweets, a dozen tins of meat and about 20 jars of Nescafé. During the journey, they sculled cheap beer and Pepsi, throwing the bottles out the window with gleeful abandon.

In Brasov, the trolley cars lumbered around the streets like gloomy lost souls. This was the heart of Transylvania and the place could have done with some Rocky Horror Show livening up. The streets were flanked by ugly grey highrise apartments. Old men sat playing chess in the park off Strada Karl Marx, the children were far too rueful for their own good, and the latest fashions were straight out of some austere 30-year-old mail order catalogue. No one approached with surreptitious black market offers; even the wild-eyed gypsies begging for lei outside the hotels were easy to discourage. Everything seemed lacklustre and resigned to fate, as though people were stoically waiting for something they knew would never happen.

The medieval town of Sighisoara was full of charming spires and remnants of the old fortifications. Signs were trilingual (in German and Hungarian as well). Narrow cobbled laneways ran between rows of pastel painted houses whose doors and shutters were flung open invitingly. An ancient corner building near Piata Lenin had a weathered balcony carved with a multitude of faces. There were as many horse-and-carts as cars here: they trundled by laden with potatoes and mounds of dusty coal. Our search for lunch proved an almost impossible task, since none of the putative restaurants or cafés actually served food (although you could buy beer and strong coffee easily enough).

The old folk resembled their Hungarian counterparts: stolid-looking, dressed in dreary shades of grey and dark blue. The women wore coloured floral head scarves and traditional long, bright skirts. One lady stood on the pavement selling huge cloves of garlic strung together on twine. A bakery offered enormous heavy loaves for 7 lei, and there was a crowd 4-deep at the counter waiting

for some chewy bread. The shops were a sorry sight, as though kept by ascetics and filled with row upon row of dusty, empty shelves. Sometimes, there would be a handful of tins of peas or jars of pickled vegetables whose labels betrayed their pre-War origins. One clothes store had a display of fantastically outdated shoes and handbags- even the Queen Mother wouldn't touch these. Another was bereft of all merchandise except a broken transistor from the McCarthy era, proudly mounted in the window on a carpet of yellowed newspaper. People milled about the lovely streets but they seemed sad or indifferent - or maybe it was just sheer boredom. There was nothing to do.

I caught a bus to Bran Castle with some students from Cambridge. I was on the lookout for Count Dracula while the guys were hunting for some suitably nubile vestal virgins to sink their teeth into. They decided the old geezer must have been doing his job, because the nearest thing they saw were dumpy, middle-aged housewives in navy kerchiefs trying to flog off some appallingly kitsch wooden souvenirs.

OK, so Dracula didn't really exist, but Vlad Tepes did and is something of a local hero. In the 15th Century, he headed resistance to Ottoman invasion attempts, which is one reason why Romania is not known for its Turkish baths. Anyway, the Dracula legend is a pretty good tourist drawcard and Vlad did have a fetish for skewering the heads of his victims on stakes.

Like everything else I saw in Europe, Bran Castle was enmeshed in the latest in designer scaffolding. Inside there were carved oak chests, gruesome torture weapons and those obligatory bubble relief maps which the Romanians love so much, which look more like failed attempts at baking. Dracula was nowhere to be seen, but then it was daytime and he was probably holed up in a nice easy coffin somewhere.

We had missed the one bus of the day back to civilisation and were forced to walk home. The miles passed easily and we scanned the clouds clustering the mountain peaks for signs of rain. The cornfields were pale and ripening and the paddocks strewn with haystacks. Old farmers in layers of thick grey clothing laboured with ancient sickles and horsemen in Cossack-like black hats rode past, their oiled saddles lined with cream-coloured fur. Horsedrawn carts plied the roads, carrying harvested crops, cut grass and sacks with mysterious bulges. They were driven by cheerful men, their faces red with cold, who raised their caps at us. If it wasn't for the automotive dinosaurs that occasionally spluttered past, Transylvania might still have been in another century.

Michelle Chan



I have come to suck your blood

SECOND ANNIVERSARY
MEMORIAL FOR TIANANMEN
SQUARE MOVEMENT

June 4, 1989



Time: 7:30 pm, Tuesday, June 4th, 1991.
Place: Around the Freedom And Democracy Monument,
Peace Park, North Adelaide. (off Sir Edwin Smith
Avenue, opposite to Adelaide Children's hospital)

The sponsors of the activity call for broad support and participation from all walks of the society. Please come and show the solidarity with the forces in developing countries representing the worldwide trend of democratization.

ADELAIDE TO LONDON: THE CHEAP AND (ALMOST) PAINLESS WAY

Katherine Read, a graduate of Adelaide University, discusses the merits of heading over to London to live and concludes that you should grab your old kit bag and head out of this town quick smart. Read on and discover what to do when you hit the high road for glory.

Arriving in London in early January with a two year working holiday visa was an immeasurable shock to the system after packing my backpack in 38°C temperatures. Friends commented, Why go to London in winter? Why not when it's warmer? Why go at all?

Sensible concerns, but winter in England was the change I was looking for. Who cares how cold it was when Big Ben formed part of the local skyline? And despite what many articles have said, few people travel over here with the idea of expanding their careers, but merely to obtain a job in order to pay the bills and do some travelling. This in turn means that working in a less-skilled area eliminates a great deal of stress and provides a chance to have a sabbatical. Think of it as a kind of rest period where maybe you can return home to Oz with a clearer picture of what you'd like to be when you've 'grown up'.

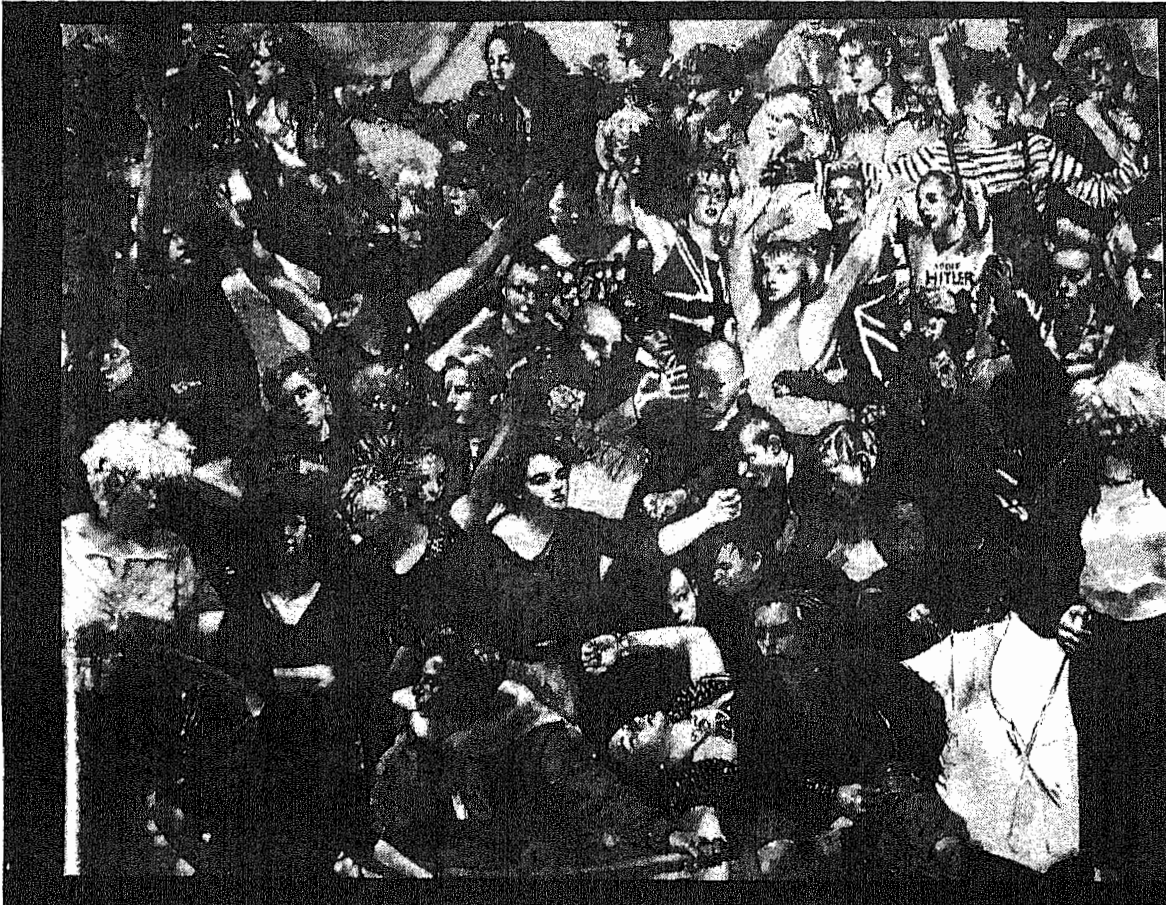
Landing here in January does seem a little strange. Summer is at least six months away, and there are three months of freezing days that get dark very early to look forward to. My idea was to have as drastic a change as possible and have the warmer, longer days to look forward to. At the moment there are now red tulips and yellow daffodils lining the fence, which is a heavenly way to anticipate the summer.

Locals are familiar with the sight of Antipodeans who arrive in the relative warmth of July to work for a year or so, only to leave after the depressing cold of November sets in. A winter arrival gives you a much better chance of finding your way around before the hordes of tourists arrive from Easter onwards.

Unfortunately, a lot of the manor houses and castle grounds are closed during the winter, but the thousands of museums and galleries are not. By gazing at the Parthenon frieze in the warm British Museum in February you'll be getting all the indoor sightseeing stuff over and done with before the weather improves and guilt sets in about spending all your time indoors.

Journeying to the other side of the world does seem pretty frightening initially, but, despite the current recession, there's no lack of jobs to be found. Forget about trying to conquer the advertising or business world. Concentrate instead on nannying, bar work, waitressing or housekeeping.

These sound like, and indeed are, pretty humble occupations. To be truthful, they



involve doing things that no human being enjoys doing- cleaning, washing dishes, dusting, changing nappies and cooking to strict guidelines. Chores that would normally be relegated to every 4th Sunday arvo (and that's only if you're feeling energetic and bored) will now become your full time occupation.

Drudgery notwithstanding, the work is not as depressing as it seems. If you decide to live in with the family you're working for, there are many positive aspects. Namely, you will have a wealthy, comfortable residence, usually close to the city and in a much better suburb than you could normally afford. There'll be no electricity or grocery bills to worry about. Your weekly wage is yours to do what you like with, and most families are happy to give you help and advice when needed. After all, they want you to stay with them.

If, like me, you have barely two dollar coins to rub together, don't think you can't get over to London. There are agencies in Australia which specialise in finding you employment with suitable families before you arrive at Heathrow. Naturally, there's an element of risk. There is no guarantee that the nice family who have called and written to you several times will not turn out to be completely and utterly awful. This in fact happened to me. I arrived as a nanny for three children, but after two and a half incredibly long weeks of being treated like a second-class Cinderella, serious doubts

about the wisdom of my move began to arise.

Thankfully, the London agency was extremely understanding, and I landed my current job after two days. They even offered me a sofa to sleep on if the present employers decided to turf me out! Looking back on it, it was naïve of me to expect the family and job to be fantastic, but my own bad experience taught some valuable lessons -namely confidence and assertiveness. If the job stinks, Get Out Straight Away. You WILL find another one. Besides, I have found out with gleeful satisfaction that my first family have gone through three nannies in three months! Another valid point- the problem is not always to do with you.

If you decide, and can afford, to just turn up in London, find an agency and hope for the best. You won't be disappointed. Australian and New Zealand girls are extremely sought after. The English view us as harder workers than the locals, less likely to turn up our noses than the Americans, and with better senses of humour and common sense. Whether this is true or not is not for us to question, just to exploit! It would help your case immeasurably though, if you do a nanny or a bar and waiting course. Qualifications, even of a general kind, are viewed very favourably.

However, what of London itself? Are jobs worth it? Is there any real differences between England and Australia? To put it

simply, London IS worth it. With perhaps the exception of New York, it is the only city in the world where locals and foreigners alike say that no matter how long you stay here, you haven't seen or done a fraction of it all.

First and most importantly, the Underground or "Tube" has to be conquered. It is very well laid out, and tourist guide books and restaurants list their closest tube station. Despite the traditional grumbles of the local commuters, it runs quite efficiently with trains every few minutes. One tends to lose all bearings when travelling underground, and it seems quite strange to step from the arty/ grotty Camden town markets into sleek Knightsbridge to do some shopping. The system consists of lines which tend to cross one other at some point. By purchasing an all day ticket you could manage to tube your to all of London's great landmarks.

Restaurants and pubs are in abundance here, but the strange drinking hours still leave me baffled. The cheapest meal to be had, apart from greasy takeaways, is the average pub lunch. Restaurants tend to be expensive, but it is wise to walk a little further away from the ones located closest to the tourist attractions, and you'll have a pretty good chance of eating cheaper and meeting a few locals as well.

Nightclubs are intensely fashionable, and dance music rules the airwaves over here. A copy of the weekly London magazine *Time Out* lists all gigs for all types of music. The mix of people here is of all nations. In any tube carriage three or more languages can be heard, and many Oz and New Zealand accents, especially on the Northern and Jubilee lines. All tastes in food, fashion, music and entertainment are therefore well represented.

London's West End theatres are mostly located around Piccadilly and Leicester Square amid restaurants, record shops and movie houses. A half price ticket booth in Leicester square sells tickets for the same day, or alternatively, there is a usual queue outside the larger theatres for "returns". These are pre-booked tickets that patrons have returned for some reason or another, and can be repurchased for the same night. The line of people is usually about twenty times greater than the actual number of tickets. This we discovered to our cost after standing for two and a half hours in the

Lock The Doors and Throw Away the Keys

Ben Burdon went to see *The Doors*, the new Oliver Stone film showing at the Academy. He came back to *On Dit* and went in with the boot.

Is Jim Morrison a rock and roll legend or a drunken poet?

In his Elektra Records bio Morrison said the following about himself, "I have always been attracted to ideas that were about revolt against authority. I like ideas about the breaking away or overthrowing of established order. I am interested in anything about revolt, disorder, chaos - especially activity that seems to have no meaning. It seems to me to be the road toward freedom - external revolt is a way to bring about internal freedom. Rather than starting inside, I start outside - reach the mental through the physical."

While he set himself up as an intellectual and a poet, Morrison so confused his art, his genre and his medium that he imploded.

The medium was the Doors, taken from "the doors of perception" and he used his medium to solve his riddle, "there are things known and things unknown and in between are the doors..."

To get through the "door of perception" Morrison used excessive quantities of women, drugs and alcohol to set himself free, so that he could explore his psychic consciousness, thinking that "the path of excess leads to the tower of wisdom".

Morrison soon became a victim to the catalyst for his psychological self examination.

It is arguable that the Doors were a distillation of their time. While their music was raw yet poetic it was also angry but seductive. The stage show was pure hedonism. Especially dramatic, performance theatre at its best. Jim Morrison's stage presence was sensual yet charged with strength and energy. The reaction to their debut album, "The Doors" and its follow-up, "Strange Days" was overwhelming. Stage performances became Bacchic supplications to Dionysus.

But like Janis Joplin and Jimmy Hendrix, Jim Morrison was unable to divorce his personal life from his flamboyant stage persona and art, music and poetry became one.

Out of this, a conflict arose between Morrison, the Lizard King intellectual and Morrison, the pop idol. Alcohol abuse, drug abuse and women abuse became a path to poetic insanity and populist adulation; "everyone wants my dick".

In the twilight of his life, Morrison came to be rejected by his friends and his fans - those who demanded hit singles, those who demanded art and those who demanded revolt against authority.

After the production of *LA Woman* Morrison escaped to France, to write poetry and film scripts and died, aptly enough, like



Moody and enigmatic? Or just a stupid drunken arsehole?

a beached whale on the shore of his discontent.

Oliver Stone's *The Doors* traces the history of the band from the heady heights of the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles to the seedy nemesis of Morrison in a Parisian bath tub.

each way. If one started off disliking Morrison and doubting his intellectual ability then the movie confirms these suspicions. However, on the other hand, the movie can also be construed as a glorification of Morrison, the rock and roll legend.

"Complete with the obligatory wide angle desert scene"

Stone has couched his parable within the terms of a subtle dichotomy, between Morrison- the legend and Morrison- the loser.

But in doing so, Oliver Stone has a bet

Why the blatant catering to populist appeal?

Easy, sell lots of seats and get another Academy Award.

To date all the biographical material about

Morrison has been a glorification of his drug abuse and womanising while borrowing heavily on the "tortured soul" label to promote Morrison's poetic 'ability'.

This treatment of Morrison has much populist appeal and it is not surprising that Stone draws on this.

It would take a gutsy writer-director to denounce Jim Morrison for what he was - an abusive, drunken, self indulgent, self opinionated boor.

Given that Oliver Stone invariably uses safe topics as subject matter for his films it is not surprising that he toes the Jim Morrison-hero line in *The Doors*.

Which poses an interesting question - should movie makers attempt to reflect or create society?

Given Stone's self confessed interest in the 60s and what it represented why didn't he make a film about Janis Joplin, Jimmy Hendrix or Martin Luther King?

Leaving theories about Oliver Stone - movie maker aside *The Doors* is on the whole passé. *The Doors* tells us nothing we did not already know about Jim Morrison, it is a rehash of old material.

What *The Doors* is, however, is a luscious recreation of the era. Footage of the Sunset Strip and Venice Beach resplendent in 60s decadence is excellent, while Stone's recreations of some monster concerts are quite brilliant. Stone however tends to glorification of drug induced escapism in his portrayal of Morrison's private life.

Val Kilmer as Jim Morrison is superb-moody, withdrawn, self absorbed and obnoxious. Frank Whaley and Kevin Dillon are adequate in their respective roles as Robby Krieger and John Densmore, while Kyle MacLachlan is brilliant as the enigmatic Ray Manzarek.

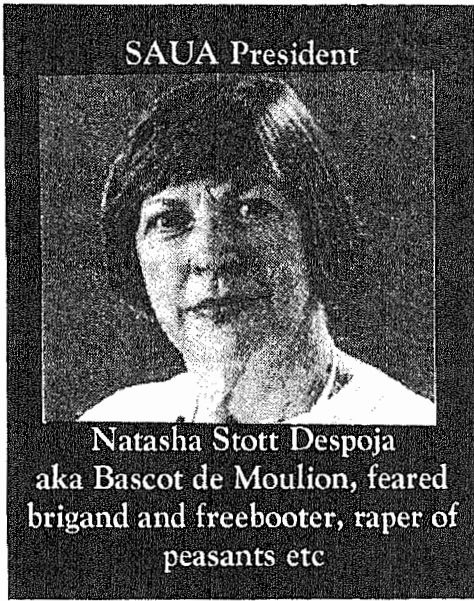
Meg Ryan, as Pam, Morrison's long time lover, is Sally, from *When Harry Met Sally* but resplendent in 60s hippie beads. Whingeing, whining but with the added characteristic of abused lover.

Complete with the obligatory wide angle desert scene and close up of a lighted match, the photography is technically excellent but marred by some blatantly touched up landscape shots in the opening scenes.

Perhaps the saving grace of the entire film is a cameo appearance by Billy Idol. Originally cast in a major role, Idol's motorcycle accident intervened and he appears in a brilliant cameo, complete with crutches.

While Stone has named his film, *The Doors*, perhaps he should have named it *Jim Morrison - The Man, The Legend*, as the film is a farcical portrayal of the Doors as an entirety. Ray Manzarek has delivered a broad side at Stone, complaining that he has focussed entirely on Morrison and reproduced the rest of the band as two dimensional figures.

Ultimately *The Doors* is a safe glorification of Jim Morrison and his personality cult.



SAUA President

Natasha Stott Despoja
aka Bascot de Moulion, feared
brigand and freebooter, raper of
peasants etc

A Week in the Life of the Prez

Attended a 5UV Working Party Meeting to discuss 5UV proposed conversion to an FM license ... convened a Media Standing Committee to discuss guidelines for Student Radio ... had a SAUA Council Meeting to discuss Election Dates and then a very long SAUA Council Budget Meeting to deter-

mine the budget for 1992, this budget will then go through the Union's budget sittings to be finalised in October ... had a meeting with the State minister for Further Education, Mr Mike Rann...spoke at the National Day of Action on May 30th, protesting against the state of our education system, the day included sending wreaths to state and federal politicians, a rally, speeches outside the Austudy office and fax and telephone jams of Government Departments ... had a meeting with Tasmanian Senator Robert Bell, Democrat Education Spokesperson ... saw students for Campaign Complain ... more next week ...

AUSTUDY Campaign

Congratulations and thank you to all students who participated in last week's AUSTUDY Rally. Adelaide University can be proud of its initiation of public education campaigns this year. The Log Of Claims which was delivered to Parliament House on Thursday calling for reform of the current AUSTUDY provisions, has been responded to positively by the State Minister for Employment and Further Education, Mr Mike

Rann, and with a call for an Independent Consultancy by the Federal Minister, Mr Peter Baldwin. The latter's response seems a waste of tax-payers money when the Government has already conducted a House of Representatives Enquiry into Education and AUSTUDY which, although it has some serious faults, also possesses beneficial recommendations. The worrying suggestion that AUSTUDY be turned into a loans scheme has been made: such a scheme would discriminate severely against students from backgrounds which have a tradition of non-participation in tertiary education and affect those students who don't come from privileged backgrounds.

Careers Service

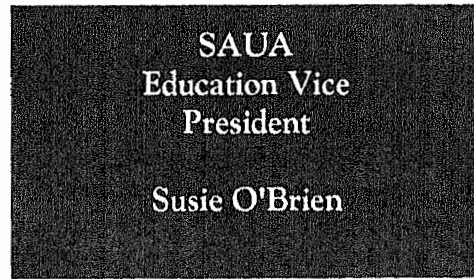
If you are wondering why the Careers Service has disappeared, it hasn't! It has been re-located next door at the former College site. It is on the ground floor of the Hartley Building, No HG8, just past the cafeteria when heading west after walking through the Scott Theatre entrance. Joanne Pimlott is the new Careers person-in-charge.

New Policies on Conduct, Assessment, and Grievances

Last year the University approved new Student Conduct, Assessment and Grievance Procedures policies. We have copies of this very important information in the SAUA Office, so come and pick it up to know your rights.

General Student Meeting

On Wednesday, June 12 at 1pm, the SAUA is hosting a General Student Meeting on the Barr Smith Lawns (Union Hall if it is wet). The motions put to the meeting will deal with HECS and related issues. This issue affects everyone: we are now all paying for our education and this money should be going back into our education system as the Government promised when it introduced HECS. That is not happening so we are suffering over-crowding, understaffing, and many other problems. Don't just sit back and be exploited by the Government - come along and have your say.



SAUA
Education Vice
President

Susie O'Brien

AUSTUDY RALLY!

Thanks to everyone! We did it! 400 + students! For your information here is a copy of the letter attached to the wreath which was placed on the steps of Parliament House.

FROM THE STUDENTS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

We, the students of South Australia, present this wreath to display our mourning for the "Clever Country". Representing the death of free, accessible and equitable education in Australia, this wreath is a symbol of the struggles of all students. Most of us have had to battle every day of our studying lives just to survive.

The rhetoric of the "Clever Country" has not been translated into reality for students. Every institution in the country tells the

same story: chronic overcrowding, inadequate teaching standards, drastic understaffing, and buildings that are health and fire hazards but the difference is that we are now us paying for our tertiary education. In the context of the Government-engineered recession, we are told that we are being greedy and selfish in demanding the barest minimum standards. Why is the Government looking at decreases to the Education Budget? Doesn't it realize that the Higher Education System is a sound investment? Doesn't it realize that this is an investment it cannot afford not to make?

There is an exhaustive list of demands that we would like to make, but here we are just asking for a Federally funded financial support scheme that fulfills its aims of "promoting equality of educational opportunity and improved educational outcomes."

Today we are presenting this wreath to show you how much students are hurting.

We are sick to death of a financial scheme to assist students being kept to an absolute minimum on the basis that it is only a "supplement". At least allow us to earn a reasonable amount of other income: students are prepared to meet their costs as much as it is possible for them to do so; they want to work.

Please give us some incentive to study by ensuring that the level of AUSTUDY benefits is more than the dole, and that the amount is more than the Poverty Line.

Please give us a scheme that genuinely reflects the realities of our lives. Those of us who are single mothers and fathers desperately need more than \$30 a week AUSTUDY. Those of us who are rural students do not want our parents' income based on last year's income as it is rarely a realistic reflection of the real income of our rural families.

Please realize that we are not dependent on our parents until we are 25: many of us are fully independent at 19. The recession is ensuring that even if our parents wish to assist us, many are not in a position to do so. Why should tertiary education be limited to those whose parents are privileged enough to support their children's tertiary studies?

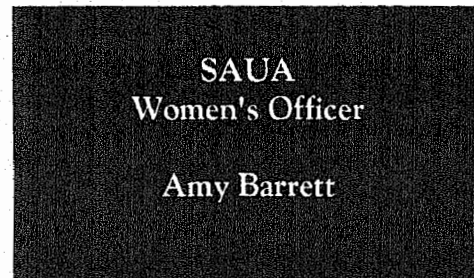
Please recognize that the over-complicated regulations such as that which holds students may only receive AUSTUDY for the minimum number of years for our course, and that we may only receive AUSTUDY for a maximum of six years. Accept that this ensures that some of us who desperately need AUSTUDY are therefore are not eligible.

In particular we would like to present the following Log of Claims as the basis of a review of the AUSTUDY Scheme.

1. That the Commonwealth develop clear policy objectives for the provision of student financial assistance.
2. That the annual level of the personal income test threshold be increased from \$4000 to \$8000;
3. That the automatic independent age be decreased from 25 to 19, ideally 18;
4. That the annual level of the spouse income test threshold be increased from \$12,150 to the level of the parental income test (currently \$19,300);
5. That benefit recipients be eligible for the stated duration of their course plus one extra year;
6. That a fourth course level for Associate Diplomas be included under the academic progression criteria.

We, the students of South Australia, join with our fellow students from all over Australia in mourning the death of the free, accessible and equitable education system in our country and hereby call for these reforms to the AUSTUDY Scheme.

Susie O'Brien on behalf of the students of South Australia



SAUA
Women's Officer

Amy Barrett

International Day of Action for Women's Health

Vicky Hissock, the Research and Information Officer of the North Adelaide Women's Community Health Centre spoke to the women on campus group in the Women's Room on the development of the Women's Health movement in South Australia.

Information Kits were handed out to students all morning and any students who didn't pick up the NUS booklet one Women's Health is in your hand's can pick one up in the SAUA.

The University Health Service, was involved with the day of action, by providing

extra appointments for women students to see the female doctors.

The Health Service (ground floor of the Horace Lamb Building) is there for all students and has both male and female doctors available. Last year Dr John Setchell was appointed as Director and a number of improvements have been made to the Health Service. Nevertheless, it is important to find out what women students feel about the range of services. As part of a women's health campaign for 1991 we are calling for feedback from women students about their perceptions of the Health Service and the Counselling Service for which Dr Setchell is also responsible.

If you are happy with the services you have received we would like to know, but if there are any areas in which you think the Health Service and the Counselling Service could make improvements we require this information. That was, the new direction the Service has been taking can be maintained and possible innovations made for the improvement of women's health care on cam-

pus.

This is an important opportunity for women to have a say about whether they feel their mental and physical well being is catered for by the University. Their views on the Health Service are particularly important as recent statistics show that women students frequent this service more often than male students. Comments should be made in writing, and put in the contribution boxes in the SAUA Office, Women's Room.

Coming Soon

Elle Dit

Start Writing

PROSH 1991

Attention. The 1991 Prosh Committee is now in motion.

Prosh is about organising awesome events to raise money for charity. If you want to be on this year's Prosh Committee meet in the SAUA office at 1.15 p.m. on Friday, 7th June.

Enquiries can be made to Peter Hill (Chem. Eng.) or Dave Roussy (Psychology).

American Psycho debate still rages

Radical feminists are not the only groups to be leveling criticism against Bret Easton Ellis' much publicised *American Psycho*. Sam Maiden discusses the role of censorship in the context of this most controversial novel.

Censorship has always been a contentious issue, and this year has seen a lot of attention focussed on it. Last week *On Dit* covered the saga of *American Psycho*, the new novel by Bret Easton Ellis which has met with widespread condemnation for its graphic violence.

The novel has come under attack from many different sections of the community and is now on sale in Australia 'wrapped in plastic'. However it is important to point out that this is not a 'feminist plot', and to address the rationale for censorship, if one is to champion the novels right to be published.

This year has seen the issue of censorship raised in many areas. In music the debate continued over lyrics in heavy metal music, and 2 Live Crew records were restricted from sale in America. JJJ weathered a wave of sackings following the 'Fuck The Police' saga, and at Melbourne Uni conservative forces attempted to censor damaging references to themselves in the currently left controlled student newspaper. This action is helpful to understand the nature of censorship; all of it, even in music, basically boils down to political manipulation.

Ellis novels have always sought to shock and have become progressively darker since *Less Than Zero*. Many will remember this book as the sanitised film version, which bore little relation to the original text. *American Psycho* is in many ways a concentrated version of all the violence and nihilism lurking in the background of Ellis' previous work. It is understandable that many people have been shocked and outraged by the book.

However, attacks on the book have not (as last weeks article somewhat implied) been the preserve of feminists and wowers. Some women have attacked the book, but it is misleading to attack the censorship faction as being the preserve of 'rampaging feminists'. Many women have in fact championed the book, or at least its right to be published.

Those who have attempted to limit the books sale have come from all walks of life. It is easy to dismiss their problems with the book by personal attacks on their fun/groovy quotient. Many are disturbed by the increase in crime against all people; not just women and have a right to express these beliefs. While there are no simple answers to these things it does seem clear that perpetrators of violent crime have often referred to books and films as 'guides'. Andrea Dworkin once wrote that pornography is the theory and rape the practice. However this is not to suggest that everyone will turn into an axe wielding maniac on reading an offending book. Researchers have found that violent people tend to be attracted to violent material and this may reinforce some unstable peoples violent ideas.

My personal opinion is that our culture

is full of violence and so selective or even wholesale censorship would not cure the problem. But the people who worry about the linkage of culture and violence have a right to be heard, even if you do not support censorship.

Having read all of Bret Easton Ellis' work I do not feel it is correct to dismiss his new book and its message by attacking his ability as a writer. Although Ellis is no Tolstoy his previous work, in particular *Less Than Zero*, met with critical praise and big sales. All of his books can be a bit 'Jackie Collins with Doc Martens' at times. On a superficial

level they appear to be trash with hip clothes, lots of designer drugs and 'underground' references. Despite this sometimes annoying level of pretension there is a method to his madness. He really is for the most part digging around this superficiality and condemning its boredom and lack of intelligence. Much of his writing has a clear satirical edge and an understanding of peoples motivations.

Ellis wrote his first novel at the age of 20 and was hailed as a new Fitzgerald; electrifying and exceptional. While this is surely a bit overdone Ellis does have a clear

message; the '80s were crap. (Surprise surprise).

It is correct that censorship can stimulate sales. Although in America the book shot to the top of the best seller lists and then plummeted, Australian bookshops can scarcely keep up with the demand. While Ellis' original publisher dropped the book, forfeiting a \$300 000 advance, others are clearly not opposed to making a buck out of Ellis' slick murderer. Coverage of the saga in *The Australian*, *The Independent*, *Lateline*, *Sunday Age* and no doubt *On Dit* have helped this. While some, including last weeks article, have argued that censors have failed because the book has sold, this is not completely the case. Firstly, many have boycotted the book, and sales may drop off quickly like they did in America. Secondly, and more importantly, it is vital that these issues are discussed in the press. Raising the profile of worries about the linkage of culture and violence is surely positive if we are to have healthy debate. Richard Neville on ABC *Lateline* surprisingly condemned the book, deciding that "a line has to be drawn somewhere". A female reviewer defended the books use of unrelenting violence to strip away the common "panning away of the camera" during violent action. This, she thought, served to render the character without exit from his truly brutal nature.

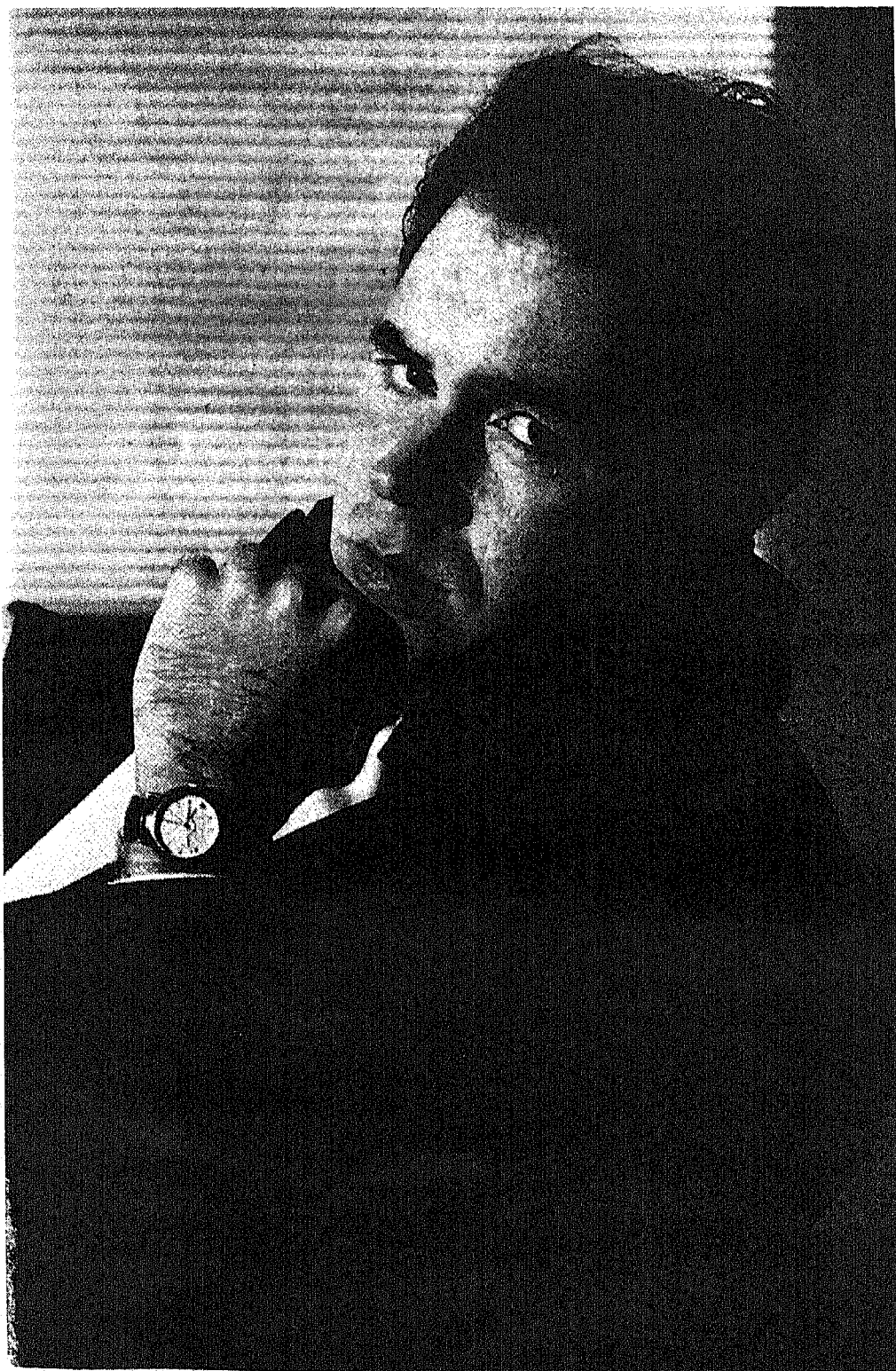
People will of course make money out of the debate. At one Adelaide bookshop an enlargement of a newspaper article has been placed prominently with an enticing "YOU DECIDE" scrawled in red text. Although the salesperson told me that he felt the book was Ellis' final desperate attempt to enunciate his increasingly dark vision of the '80s, the business is happy to see the book sell madly. This is a pretty succinct view of Ellis' evolution as a writer. *Less Than Zero* and *Rules of Attraction* all included violence; graphic suicides, snuff movies with 13 year olds. Bateman is perhaps a distillation of all the authors disgust with the '80s all concentrated into one ugly guy.

So while the book may or may not be of literary virtue, it does provide an unrelenting vision of this periods obsession with violence. On assessing those in favour of censorship it is important to note the diversity among their ranks and treat their motivations with a little respect. It is impossible to discuss any 'feminist' policy on this book, because there are as many as there are women. Ellis wrote in the *New York Times*

"we're basically unshockable... this generation has been wooed by violence both real and fictional since childhood"

Banning this book wouldn't really change this, even though life might be far more palatable if it could.

It is correct that censorship can stimulate sales. Although in America the book shot to the top of the best seller lists and then plummeted, Australian bookshops can scarcely keep up with the demand.



**Awesome (You are My Hero)
Ya Kid K
EMI**

Can you rhyme anything with Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles? Well, neither can Ya Kid K. The oft repeated line in reference to the Ninja Turtles, "You are my hero, and what is your name?", is the lyrical high point of this song. However, turn to side B and "We can save the world if we stay together", along with Spunkadelic and every clichéd line ever written. "Creature of Habit" is the worst song in the entire history of rap music.

This is a very bad 7", do not buy it!
Geneviève Marjoribanks and
Andrew Beveridge

**Till I am Myself Again
Blue Rodeo
EMI**

"Till I am Myself Again", the first single from "Casino" was written when Canadian Band Blue Rodeo "Stopped playing for a while" and writer / singer Greg Keelor discovered what the band meant to him: the whole experience was "a bit despairing". Still, it is a strong single with a good mix of guitar drums and keyboards led by a confident voice. It's very easygoing and more than listenable. Together with the B side these two songs almost make up the better part of a pretty ordinary album.

Anna Kerrison

**Green and Blue
Club Hoy
IFWEWF**

Comprising of Penny, Julia, Bernie, Vincent, Grant, Edmund Vance and John Napier, but mainly just Penny and Julia, this band sounds really girly. The four songs on the double-single release are written from a very female perspective- "Green and Blue" is a motto for all those green-eyed, long-clawed girls on campus; "Da Da Da Da" is so high and fast that it sounds acceptable, spirited and girly even on 33 revolutions per minute; "Danny Said" ("So good to see you, I thought you were dead") has well structured lyrics, reflecting a continuity throughout this short but sweet (and girly) release. Really nice cover too.

YOURS UNWITTINGLY,
S.'IMD'P. & T.'URKEY'F.

7 Inches

**Caravan
Inspiral Carpets
Liberation**

'Caravan' opens with an unpredictable yet surprisingly catchy bass-line. This drives the track, sometimes clashing with Tom Hingley's mellow vocals, but making for a very punchy pop song. The 'What? Noise Rethink' remix is more suited to the vocals, drifting along aimlessly. It sounds as if someone has hooked the whole song up to

a wah-wah pedal.

The highlight is saved for the B-side. 'Skidoo' (all eight minutes of it), is classic line. It also has fantastic guitars and challenging lyrics. Most of all, it showcases the falsifa organ at its swirling, whirling and curling best.

As a whole, this 12" offering does not possess the rawness, intensity or youthful arrogance of the incomparable 'Life' LP (but then, what does?). It is still a damned good listen.

Nic Gilbert

**True Love
Pat Benatar
EMI**

Benatar's latest release is a blues album featuring covers of old blues tunes that influenced her, and some originals in the same idiom. To give the record a stamp of authenticity, Benatar hired the Roomful of Blues horn section. Their assured swing permeates the proceedings. The results, however, are nowhere near the level of Roomful's own releases, largely due to the restrained air of the performances. To her credit, Benatar has attempted to inject a sense of humour into the album, which makes it fun but it is ultimately too light to be anything more.

Paul Lauritsen

**Casino
Blue Rodeo
EMI**

Casino, the third album by one of Canada's most popular bands, Blue Rodeo, went to the top of the Canadian Charts and thanks to the first single, "Till I Am Myself Again", made it to the US Radio and Records Top 40. This first single is the best on the album followed closely by the more uptempo "What Am I Doing Here" (B side to the single) and "5am (A Love Song)". Following the first three songs the album continues with a disjointed variety of sounds ranging from a slow, almost country, "Montreal" to heavier rock, ("Trust Yourself", "Two Tongues" and "Time") culminating in a rockabilly, "You're Everywhere".

Here is a band that makes use of all its instruments and tends to over-use the keyboards. Some songs are okay, but I would have enjoyed the album a lot more had it cut down on those horrible keyboard lead breaks.

Anna Kerrison

Indie Stars the Falling Joys are coming back to town this week to play at the Tivoli on Saturday and Sunday night with Hot New Indie Combo Clouds (no, not Of Decadence).

Falling Joys are pictured left

**Schubert's Dip
EMF
Parlophone**

Well, garrotte me with a bendy Gumby, but this a damn fine c.d. I know very little about this band apart from what I've read in girly magazines, so I know very little about this band. Except that they are relatively young, have been compared to both Jesus Jones (yippee!) and New Kids on the Block, and, in spite of the latter, they have a modicum of talent.

If you haven't savoured the delights of "Unbelievable" then I'm afraid you must have had your head shoved firmly into a recently opened tin of Whiskas' Whittings with Pilchards. If you have, then good on

you! You're likely to be just as pleased with the rest of the c.d. It follows along similar musical lines to "Unbelievable" with the only negative point being the same continuing, nauseating themes: love, young love, betrayal, divorce, axe-wielding psychopaths...

The names of the songs will prove this point: "When You're Mine", "Girl of an Age", "Admit It" etc., but this does not matter. In fact the sounds that EMF have created (from the monotone chord structures of "Girl of an Age" and "Travelling not Running" to the "I've got really runny diarrhoea" sounds of "Children", "I Believe" and "Admit It") almost contradict and play in opposition to the underlying themes. I would almost call it Love Music with attitude if it didn't sound so protentious. So

I won't.

EMF have created a sound which, like Jesus Jones (the best band in the world, so there) is energetic and instantaneous. They have also used this sound to play against mainstream pop etiquette (ie: have you noticed the muffled "what the fuck was that" running continually through "Unbelievable"?) and yet play straight into the hands of pop conventions (hence their mainstream success). They have taken it one step further with their sudden refusal to grant girly magazine interviews in order to see how their music works in isolation of the image. I guess you could call this pretentious too, but show me on unpretentious 'pop' band and I'll show you a group of chimpanzees with concrete blocks for heads.

Matt Cooke

Into Paradise? Cor, wot a Laugh

Ian Richardson had a bit of a yarn with Dave Long from Into Paradise and discovered that they did not name themselves after the famous O-Bahn interchange. Fuck hey?

Me: So, are you the new Joy Division?

Dave Long: Mmmm...we're not really like Joy Division...I can't see us making another "Closer". I mean, that's a brilliant and very moving album...(goes on to lasciviously praise the inspirational qualities of the Cure's "Faith", the first Velvet Underground LP...you get the idea).

Into Paradise write the sort of songs introverted, depressed people describe as "uplifting" and everyone else describes as "miserable" and "a real party-killer". I'm not sure what I expected from their lead singer, Dave Long, (the man responsible for such lines as: "I've come to the point where I've got nothing left in life") but it certainly wasn't what I got: a jovial down-to-earth chap with an Irishman's gift for unilateral conversation. Which was a good thing really, considering the line from Bourne-mouth (latest stop on their English tour) was so crap I couldn't understand much of what he said at the time. Oh well, I think it went something like this.

Me: Your band's name is a bit ironic really, isn't it?

DL: (Hearty guffaws) Yeah...we were actually called "Backwards Into Paradise" originally which I got from reading "The Picture of Dorian Gray". I had the book open and on one page was the word 'backwards' and next to it on the facing page it said 'into paradise' - it suddenly struck me as a good band name. I guess Backwards Into Paradise was more appropriate for us but people had trouble understanding it and we got sick of trying to explain it, so we dropped the "backwards". We still had problem, though: Going into the studio for our first album our new producer thought he would be working with

a Hare Krishna act!

Into Paradise have recently switched record labels from tiny London independent Setanta to humungous Irish independent Ensign, home of Sinéad O' Connor, World Party and the Waterboys. Do they get shunted to one side amongst heavyweights like that?

"Not at all. There are actually only seven acts on the whole label so they really devote a lot of effort to us. The two guys who own it are perfectly accessible and seem reasonably into what we're doing. It's good at Ensign, having record company sympathy as well as worldwide distribution".

Into Paradise have released two singles, "Blue Light" (which won Single of the Week in the NME over "She Bangs the Drums") and "Change" and two albums, "Under the Water" and the new one "Churchtown". I can't vouch for the others, but Churchtown is a fine work of anthemic, miserably-uplifting passion. Given Into Paradise's guitar rock orthodoxy, so they have trouble getting exposure in dance-kerrazzy England?

"For sure. In England it's always been very fashion-conscious with "scenes" flowering up and dying almost by the month, and we're definitely out of step with this dance-rock thing now. We've managed to build up quite a big following just by touring there a lot though. That's the thing about a lot of these new English bands now. They've been going a few weeks, they give their song to Paul Oakenfold (tres hip London DJ) and suddenly it's a hit, but they can't actually play live!

We've not after fame, though, we just want to make good records, and our records are timeless, they're gonna go on and on and on..."

Churchtown Into Paradise Ensign/Festival

"Into Paradise": the name conjures up images of strobe lights and Suzanne Vega samples but this is one new band conspicuously free Soul II Soul drumbeats and gushy one-luv sentiments. For an "indie" band, everything about Into Paradise is refreshingly conventional: dark clothes, cold, clean guitar-driven sound and David Long's sung-like-he-really-means-it vocals. Mr Long's quavering, desperate bellow is the focal part of all the songs and the key to this band's "emotional scope", as my wanky yet eerily

accurate press release has it.

Lyrical, it gets pretty haggard (e.g. "It's the dead zone, the only zone that I know"), but far from wallowing in self-pity, Into Paradise sound defiant and strong in the face of bitter experience. Many of the songs are almost anthemic, in a Goth kind of way (check out the chorus of "Dreaming" or "Yesterday's Men" for some classic Dragon!) although the subjects matter is miles away from Gothic tales of deliverance and nephilism. Into Paradise can certainly write a good tune and their impassioned confessions are quite affecting.

Ian Richardson

See Into Paradise interview
this page

Fuck What a neat record!

Jesus Jones Doubt EMI

1989 saw the new age in English pop dawn- the fusing of dance rhythms with biting guitar noise, while maintaining strong pop sensibilities. Three top 50 singles and a silver album saw Jesus Jones end the year as a new musical force. The release of their second L.P. has confirmed this strength.

Taking off from where the last album left, *Doubt* exudes a diversity in style that *Liquidizer* lacked, but still continues the unique sound which Jesus Jones are renowned for.

"Trust Me" opens the account with its sonic barrage of guitars, gravelly vocals and whining vocals, but ends prematurely, which is possibly its strength. "Who? Where? Why?" and "International Bright Young Thing" radiate catchy pop melodies and

danceable rhythm, where slow, moodier moments are found in songs "Nothing To Hold Me", "Blissed" and the anti-Thatcher rhetoric of "Welcome Back Victoria".

Apocalyptic noise rules in the brilliant sounds of "Stripped" and "Are you Satisfied?", with the only slur on the album being the repetitive "Two and Two", a punky burst of guitar who's lyrics and sound seems a wee bit shallow.

Jesus Jones have attacked the international airwaves with *Liquidizer* and continue to do so with *Doubt*. A fine album of pop extremes.

Jason Bootle

Jesus Jones will be performing one show only at Le Rox on Wednesday 5th with Adelaide groovers My Love Pumpkin.



**The Martyr Mantress
Boy George
Virgin/EMI**

Side A definitely contains a better selection of songs than Side B. "Generations of Love" (Oakenfield Mix) is a good smooth opening song, and "One On One" (Brydon LP Mix) has a good Latin beat to sway to. "Love's Gonna Let You Down" (Popcorn Mix, whatever that means) offers vocal versatility yet lacks punch essential for good dancing.

Slowly the songs start to become monotonous with the exceptions of "I Specialize in Loneliness" and "Bow Down Mr.", the latter being a Hare Krishna chant, which, despite its unoriginal lyrics, offers a refreshing change to the boring house songs preceding it on Side B.

Basically, the album lacks variety. Take away the house beat and you're left with dull lyrics and disparate synthesised sounds like the worst of Howard Jones. Boy George's singing saves this music; it is sexy, smooth and moody. Despite this, the album simply becomes too repetitive for attentive ears, and favours itself to background music. I wouldn't recommend you rush out and buy this album, but then again I won't be giving it away.

Andrew Ramsay

Arriving late at record collection at the On Dit office usually means missing out on getting an album to review. But during my last visit, after all my fellow reviewers had dived in to grab their favorite artists, lay on the table a sorry looking vinyl copy of Boy George's latest LP, *The Martyr Mantress*.

It's not surprising that this album was avoided because the cover is a quagmire of pretention. The record sleeve is decorated not only by a black and white picture of Andy Warhol, but also by a photo of a Hare Krishna ironing his shirt. It's a shame that the album is covered by this dated mess, because the music it contains is reasonable.

Boy George's gentle, unobtrusive voice overlapping a tame house beat initially makes good listening. The lyrics are generally love-tunes which only adolescent romantics could take too seriously.



Triple M Top 20 Plus One

Week ending May 26th 1991

Artist	Title	LW
1. Bedridden	<i>It's All Fun and Games</i> CD (A) Round	10
2. Clouds	<i>Loot</i> EP (A) Redeye	4
3. Ned's Atomic Dustbin	<i>Happy</i> EP CBS	15
4. REM	<i>Out of Time</i> LP WEA	11
5. GSD	<i>Wildebeast</i> Demo Tape (A)	-
6. The Crystal Set	"Thrive" S (A) Red Eye	13
7. Batteries Not Included	<i>Infatuation</i> LP (A) BNI	17
8. Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine	<i>30 Something</i> LP Rough Trade	2
9. Paul Kelly & the Messengers	<i>Comedy</i> LP (A) Mushroom	-
10. Able Tasmans	<i>Hey Spinner!</i> LP Flying Nun	-
11. Bad II/Clash	<i>Rush</i> EP CBS	-
12. Auntie Raelene	Demo - "The Lionel Long Song" (A)	12
13. Tubby Justice	<i>Storm In A Teacup</i> CD (A) OG	3
14. Sea Stories	<i>Wide Eyed and Dreaming</i> LP (A) IRS	7
15. Inspirial Carpets	<i>Caravan</i> EP Mute	5
16. The Artisans	Demo - "The Bin Song" (A)	9
17. My Love Pumpkin	Demo - "I Don't Care" (A)	19
18. Dinosaur Jr	<i>Green Mind</i> CD Blanco y Negro	-
19. Chris Bailey	<i>Demons</i> LP (A) Mushroom	-
20. Jack Frost	"Thought That I Was Over You" S (A) Redeye	-
21. The Millards	Demo - "Marvel" (A)	6

**Experience Live & Foxey
Lady
Mary's Danish
Festival**

*Support freedom of speech, freedom of choice
Abolish apartheid*

*Love your Mother
and always remember, skateboarding is NOT
a crime!*

This was written on the back of the album, and upon seeing it my suspicions were immediately aroused, but then a band who have toured with the Red Hot Chili Peppers can't be all that bad, even if they do have U2-esque tendencies... can they?

"They've thrived on their heterogeneity and fused their diversities into a new sound - a steaming, careering brand of rock and roll!" claimed the press release. Well to be honest, on first listening I thought this album was crap, with the exception of the first track, an instrumental called "Tracey in the Bathroom Killing Thrills". Maybe this was due to the fact that the singer's voice really annoys me. "Tracey..." is a great tune with a racing bass line, some groovy guitar and definite psychedelic overtones.

There is nothing particularly "new" about the sound of Mary's Danish to my mind, it's just aggressive "rock'n'roll". I must admit however that this album did grow on me. It was recorded live in March last year and includes the single "Don't Crash the Car Tonight" which received quite a bit of airplay when it first came out. It also includes a studio version of "Foxey Lady", hence the title, which is great until that stupid woman starts singing. In fact the whole album is meant as some sort of tribute to Jimi Hendrix, which explains the title and the art work. I wonder what Jimi would think.

Richard Vowles

**John
McLaughlin Trio**

Thebarton Theatre
Saturday, 18 May

A musical event the likes of the McLaughlin Trio's will be a long time coming to Adelaide. That is not to say that this was the ultimate performance for the group, as it was rather workmanlike and floundered at times. The fact remains, however, that this trio's workmanlike is streets ahead of most of what comes through Adelaide.

The show consisted mainly of new tunes, most coming from the acoustic guitarist/guitar synthesist's latest album. The material could best be described as a bizarre marriage of ethnic and jazz sounds, although ultimately it is impossible to categorise.

The show began slowly with McLaughlin obviously grumpy and dissatisfied about something, which reflected in the lacklustre performance of the first few songs. By the middle of the set, however, things were on track and by the encores the group was flying.

At times it was hard to believe that there were just three people onstage as the sound was so huge. Bassist Dominique La Piazza and percussionist extraordinaire, Trilok Gurtu, proved themselves more than a musical match McLaughlin, with Trilok particularly shining with his unusual approach. He plays his entire kit with his hands, save the hi-hat, but it would be next to impossible to tell the difference from a regular drummer.

Highlights were many and varied but possibly the ultimate highlight was a quirky vocal percussion "duel" between McLaughlin and Gurtu. At the end of the performance, the (relatively) small yet appreciative audience gave the John McLaughlin Trio a standing ovation. It was a stunning performance.

Paul Lauritsen

This HUGE Man!

Big Jay McNeely, man who blows the tenor sax very hard, is coming to Adelaide on Wednesday night. A precursor of the rise of rock'n'roll with his stage antics in the late '40s and early '50s, Big Jay's blues, R & B, be-bop and jazz have earned him international acclaim.

He has a disturbing tendency to wander out of the theatre during a gig and entice the audience down the road, occasionally entering onto public transport to entertain

the commuters from stop to stop.

If you head down to the Old Lion on June 5, you should see a 62 year old man arching his back, honkin' like a wild thang and proving that there's nothing like a big saxophone to keep a man young.

You can pick up *Jay Walkin'* on ABC Records, and you can get tickets to see Mr. McNeely from The Old Lion, B-Sharp and CC Records for 20 Bart. Be there.

Simon Healy



The Big Man looks mean

The Complete Picture Deborah Harry & Blondie EMI

It's funny how the old is better than the new, although Debbie is a bit older now, her old music is classic and has her own style incorporated in it. However, now she rarely writes the songs she sings and compared to the hits of the past, rather KA/SA•FMish. Yet, if you are young and innocent and have only been exposed to the new Deborah, have a listen to this album for a taste of Blondie.

Jodie Wilson

Alias Alias EMI

SST records' company credo certainly applies to this overproduced dross - corporate rock still sucks. This kind of stuff has been done to death but the Americans lap it up like goat's milk. Very frightening indeed.

Paul Lauritsen

In Pursuit of the 13th Note Galliano Talking Loud/Phonogram

A listen to this, the first real nineties soul classic, brings to mind shades of the Style Council's *Cafe Bleu*. This is not surprising since Robert Galliano has been making ample use of Mick Talbot (Merton Parkas, Style Council, The Bureau) and Steve White (Style Council, The Redskins), plus a collective of the sickest post-modernist musicians to come out of British Club Culture.

Galliano brings together such a variety of styles that it has been categorised under the Acid Jazz mold, and fortunately this label may encourage the blind sheep of the rap, hip hop, house scene to listen to some actual live real music!

Don't be fooled into thinking that Acid Jazz is derived from such transient crazes as above, because soon followers of these will be grooving to Galliano, and others such as The Young Disciples, the James Taylor Quartet, the Brand New Heavies and A Man Called Adam, sooner than you can blow the froth of your capuccino! Where do you think the new cropped hair look that all the Manc's are sporting in the clubs came from?

Galliano is, in his basic form, a jazz poet, so obviously the music is quite mellow, but still danceable. It should appeal to you if you can deal with sounds that say something lyrically, and truly musically.

Every song on "... the 13th note" is different, like "Sweet you like your favourite gears" is basically a scat song, and "Reviewing the situation" is inspired by the Artful Dodger. "Coming on Strong" just gives me a lump in my throat, you know when you get excited about a song ... listen to "cemetery of Drums" really careful.

Otherwise, this album is so groovy that I doubt whether I can explain the rapture generated from it in the meagre column, so often wasted on crap output from useless controllers of drum machines.

Jodie Wilson



My Love Pumpkin, winner of Adelaide Uni's 1990 Battle of the Bands

AU Battle of the Bands: A Progress Report

Best forgotten.

Noodles Romanov and his Band of No-Goods were an under-rehearsed shambles, with a talentless (if sexy) bimbo singing (or pretending to).

Nevertheless, they were exactly what the crowd needed by this stage of the evening: a mindless punk band thrashing away on pathetically inadequate equipment.

Noodles Romanov couldn't play their instruments very well either, or didn't get the opportunity to (they were beset by technical problems), but they were *fun*, a concept the previous two bands had left behind. The kids were slamming like they'd never slammed before, and the band got it together for long enough to perform hot versions of "Hazy Shade of Winter" and "Piranha".

If Noodles Romanov kept their perfect record intact by never playing again, they would pass into Adelaide 'crap band' legend along with the Merging Groins.

However, in case they *do* play at a party you're going to, take a couple of six-packs and every hallucinogen you can lay your hands on, and have the night of your life. You *won't* regret it!

Needless to say, Subterranean Clover won the night easily; final scores:

Subterranean Clover	301
This Dog Bites	239
Noodles Romanov & His Band of No-Goods	187
Strangers' Kiss	179

See you next Friday night for the third round of War in the Forest with Cerveza y Putas, plus various contenders for their crown.

Simon Healy

the Axeman

• Tacky, I'll tell you what's tacky. Fancy that anyone should attempt to deify a malicious, two-bit, failed guitar god huckster. Fancy indeed that The Axeman should be given a whole page to fill up with puerile drivel. And a photograph; I mean, why include a photo of some twat who looks like the mentally defective offspring of Donald Duck and Phil Collins? Further, imagine publishing in jest a photo of members of one of the country's finest Regiments. Doesn't anyone take the armed forces of this great nation seriously anymore? And on the same page as this petulant poop, doesn't anyone take the Axeman seriously anymore?

• Tacky, I'll tell you what's tacky. Fancy that Jeremy Mackinnon thought he could sneak one past you, the most discerning readers in the country, and claim in last week's edition that Herb Alpert wrote "Tequila" and the "Lonely Ball". All right,

maybe Ball was a typographical error, but a bunch of one hit wonders called The Champs recorded the classic wailing sax hit "Tequila" in 1958. So cheesebreath, get it right!

• Cheesy, I'll tellyou what's cheesy. This week marks 13 years since the world premiere of the musical movie *Grease*. In Los Angeles, California of course. Oh, and a fair number of flabby bums celebrate birthdays too. Among them: Tony Hadley (Spandau Ballet), Charlie Watts (Rolling Stones), Suzi Quatro, and Prince... zzzz... worth waiting for, was it?

• The Axeman thinks it's just as well you were warned that one of Adelaide's most overlooked bands is now splitting up. Yes, that's right, The Artisans are calling it a day. Conducting a mini interview, The Axeman's assistant Simon Healy gleaned the following totally original insights from

erstwhile manager Gavin Williams.

Why the split?

"Musical differences."

Future plans?

"...its all up in the air..."

Solo projects?

"...certain directions are being considered."

What did you think of the last Metallica album?

"*Master Of Puppets* was much better."

The Artisans one last gig is scheduled for Fri 7th at Club Foote, with the Mandelbrot Set.

• Meanwhile, Aunty Raelene are a late entry in the currently running Campus Battle Of The Bands, but at the moment are playing two full weeks of shows in Melbourne, and mixing down new recordings of their freshest ditties. Their first show back will be in Heat 4 at the Uni Bar on Fri 14th (thanks, Guru).



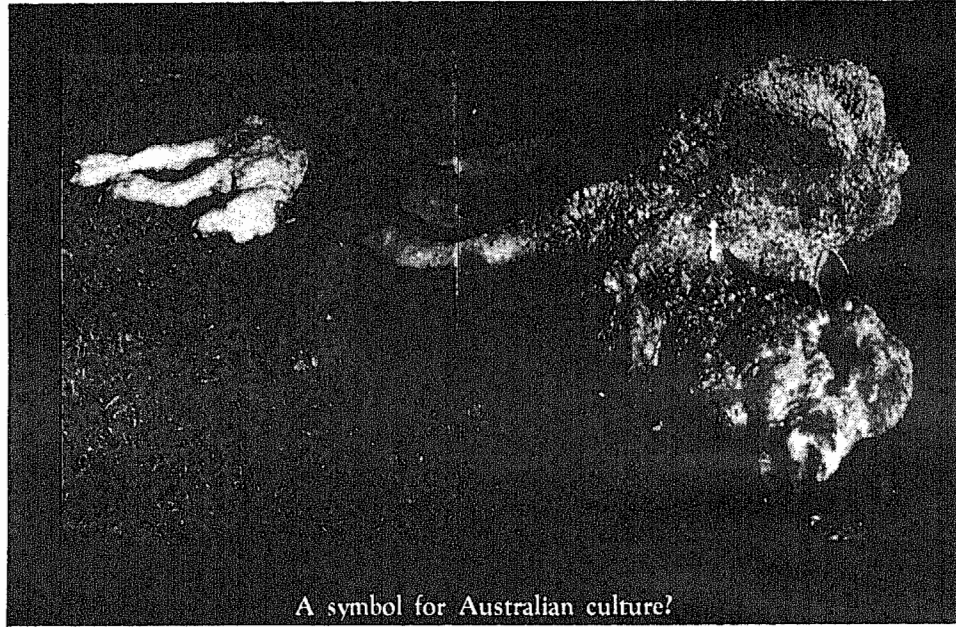
IN SEARCH OF... AUSTRALIAN CULTURE

Is Australian Culture a contradiction in terms? Mark N. Storm takes us on a tour of the great cultural icons of the world... without even leaving Adelaide.

There is an old joke. We all know it, we've all heard it before. It goes like this: 'What's the difference between Australia and a dish of yoghurt? The dish of yoghurt has a living culture'. And we laugh. Why do we laugh? Jokes like these are not found funny because they are lies. No, they are found funny because we think there is a grain of truth in them. So, I ask myself: is it so very true that this country of seventeen million people can't generate its own culture?

To find an answer for my question, I looked at myself first. I drink Coca-Cola, wear Levi jeans, listen to rap music, have a (reversed) baseball cap on my head, watch *The Simpsons* and have a Harley-Davidson T-shirt. My watch is made in Japan and my English brand Reeboks are assembled in Indonesia. The money in my wallet is printed and designed in this country and features famous historic personages of this Great Southern Land, and is called 'dollars'; a word derived from Spanish-Arabic speakers. The alternative used to be 'pounds'. This fact reminds me of this nation's colonial heritage; originally a cesspit for England's unwanted social failures, later cleaned up with industrious Germans, Irish, Chinese and the odd English 'free born' or two. Aborigines? Who are they? Oh yes, that's right- they're supposed to be the perpetual social embarrassment that the rest of us Aussies are trying to sweep under the carpet. But I'm getting off the track of my quest for the truth...

I decided I'd pursue the answer over dinner. I thought of phoning out for pizza, but decided on Kentucky Fried instead. As it was just around the corner, I didn't bother with the Ford. On the way past the Shell and Caltex service stations, the ones just



A symbol for Australian culture?

over the road from the Chinese Takeaway which is next to McDonalds, I saw a video shop and decided to get one with my chicken for the evening. After ten minutes or so of browsing, I decided upon *Rambo III* and *The Little Mermaid* - I'm a man of diverse tastes.

Watching *Rambo* always reminds me of warfare and politics. We like a good scrap in this country, don't we? I mean, we've fought Boers, Germans, Turks, Germans again, Japanese, Malaysians, Koreans, Vietnamese and Iraqis - although we didn't get to kill any of them. By the way, they eat Vegemite... Vegemite! That's it! There's something that's undeniably Australian. I think. Hang on... didn't the Poms invent something called Marmite a few decades before we got the same idea...? Whatever... dinner over, videos finished (*The Little Mermaid* is so cute- that Dane, Hans Christian Anderson is a great teller of stories!), I

watch what's on my Sony television. Oh great... *Rage!* Madonna's such a bitch and Hothouse Flowers are so great in their Celtic/ Irish folksy-cum-blues style! Those rap dancers can really move and I love the way INXS pound out their style of Rock and Pop.

I'm tired. I think I'll go to bed. Yep... time to hit the old futon - great for the back! I've got a busy day tomorrow. I'm taking a girl out. Her name's Rachel. She's a lovely girl. Her mother's an Irish Catholic and her father's a German Lutheran, but they think there's some Jewish blood in there somewhere about three generations back... I'm not sure where I should take her. Movies are such a tired old cliché for the night out. Maybe a play? *Phantom of the Opera*? No. Too expensive! It'll have to be a movie. *Edward Scissorhands*, here we come...! And after the movie we can pop in to this place I know where they make

great pancakes and Vienna coffee....

I guess I'll marry her one day- if she can handle a guy who teaches English and Ancient European History. A registry office wedding, I think, just to avoid problems with the relatives - I'm a kind of non-aligned, independently-thinking Christian with Buddhist leanings. My father doesn't quite approve, but then, he converted from Methodist to Judaism anyway. (Must have something to do with him being of Slavic descent and being born and raised in Hungary before coming out here...)

Where was I? I've gone right off the track. Oh yes. That's right. I was trying to sort out whether it's true that this country can't generate its own culture or not. Well, frankly, I don't know. I suppose you could chat about it over a beer while you're having a barbie, but what would be the point? Your mate would say "Stuff culture, let's just kick the footy around!" and you'd think "Footy? No way! I prefer cricket!" And then the two of you would just end up going on about what you saw last night on *A Current Affair* with that Czechoslovakian-descent lady, Jana Wendt.

So, maybe there isn't an answer. Unless you want to get sophisticated and claim that Australian culture is an amalgam of customs and ideas and products that somehow works within a capitalist democratic framework. Does that mean we've got a culture? I suppose it does- kind of 'bubble and squeak' culture, a bit of this, a bit of that, all thrown together and cooked up. The flavour changes every day with all the leftovers that get mixed in, and it doesn't really taste of any one thing. Still, it is nourishing... and besides, it never gives you a pain in the guts.

Mark N. Storm

LONDON continued

freezing February rain. Touts walked up and down the queue, offering tickets for one hundred and ten pounds EACH. My patience snapped and I yelled out, "Have you rip-off merchants no conscience?" Needless to say his reply involved me having sexual intercourse somewhere else.

There is always the staid, sensible option of prebooking your tickets, but who knows what they'll be doing in ELEVEN MONTHS' time?? Do they still want to see Lloyd Webber's *Aspects of Love*? Will they even remember that they wanted to see it?? For the smallest shows it is not as ridiculous but plan for the 'biggies' a year in advance.

What England itself offers is a sense of history lacking in Australia. The tininess of the place is an additional bonus. When travelling around the countryside, it really doesn't matter if you get lost, because chances are you'll end up at another village or castle of equal historical interest and

significance.

The dense population also means that each county has its own individual distinctions and accents. A few weekends ago, a friend drove me in her VW to what was originally going to be Dover. Somehow we ended up on the wrong motorway, and found ourselves at the fabulous Leeds Castle instead. Our total lack of direction has yet to disappoint us!

Don't be misled into thinking that London and England offer you little in the way of cultural surprises either; the smaller things that provide the greatest culture shock. What the locals consider a drought here is if it doesn't rain everyday, jumpers (or 'sweaters') take at least four days to dry outside, and the postal and transport services crumble into a heap when it snows. They don't shower as often as we do- my family reckon I'm paranoid because I wash myself every day! Pop into the newsagents around the corner and your eyes will be assaulted with at least one hundred choices of women's magazines, not to mention thousands of different chocolate bars and sweets. The

English eat more confectionery than any other nation, so don't come over here expecting to lose weight. Another thing which surprised me- there are precious few public loos, and when you can find them, you have to fork out 20p for the privilege. Shop assistants and clerks are often quite shabbily dressed and can take their time to serve you.

On the good side, famous brand name sneakers are considerably cheaper, as are tapes and CD's. The local people here are friendly and willing to help you out with directions or to have a drink with. There are also plenty of other Aussies and Kiwis to meet here, as you drift towards their homesick barbecues and flat-warmings. Grab a copy of the free TNT magazine as it contains heaps of advertisements looking for holiday and touring mates, houses to share and jobs of all kinds. Often the street you live and work in has a lot of people like yourself- over here to see England and Europe and to do some daytrips on weekends.

The Big Bonus is that Europe is very close, and very cheap to go to. Weekends

can be spent in Paris, Amsterdam and Rome, and international travel isn't considered to be anything out of the ordinary.

So, if you want a year or two to travel, lose some stress, make some interesting friends before settling down to a career, house or marriage, then get over here ASAP. Dust off your passport, save for a plane ticket and go for it. Everyone knows someone who has come over and has contact addresses of relatives and friends, so loneliness won't be a problem. Of course it won't be all fun and games, but the old cliché of becoming a more developed character will certainly come true as you prepare to see a bit more of the world. You won't regret it.

Katherine Read

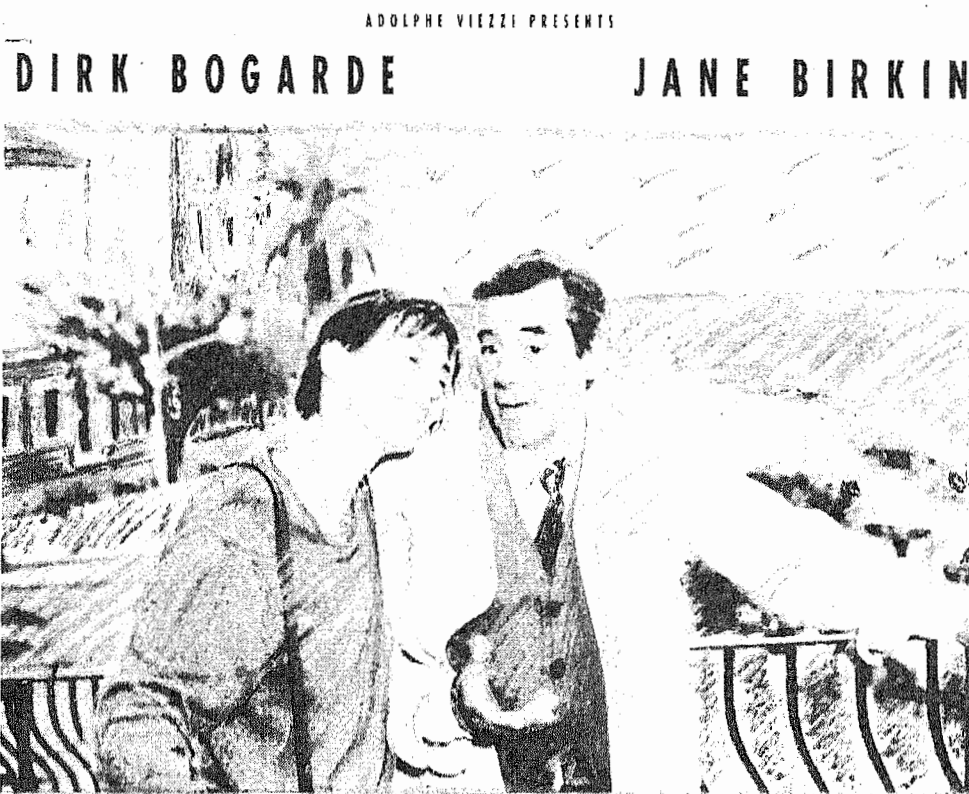
Nice film, needs a car chase

The French are famous for their wines, their attitudes, and their boring films. As Dave Sag found out, *Daddy Nostalgie* by Bertrand Tavernier simply continues that tradition.

Daddy Nostalgie
Directed by Bertrand Tavernier.
The Trak Cinema.

I went and saw *Daddy Nostalgie* with absolutely no expectations, and left the cinema two hours later with that awful feeling you get after having been on a bus for twenty four hours. *Daddy Nostalgie* is a pretty, warm, charming film with a lot to say about life and death, but it is just too boring.

I counted not less than six patrons who had at some stage in the film fallen asleep. I too fell victim to the soporific effects of *Daddy Nostalgie* and managed to catch some well deserved snooze time. Aside from this one major flaw in the design of the film, *Daddy Nostalgie* is not so bad. The story concerns a young writer of "sensitive" films whose father is recovering from open heart surgery. She spends most of the film with her father who by all accounts was something of a selfish prick throughout most of his life. Her mother, played brilliantly by Odette Laure, spends most of the film being quietly neurotic, while Tony, the dying father, spends his time trying to rediscover the daughter he never really knew. Sensitive,



sensitive, sensitive. This film would have been overloaded with sentiment and teary eyes if it were not for the skilful interjection of some light hearted, almost comedic moments, some of which were worth waking up for.

The cinematography is beautiful and almost makes the film worth seeing, if you like France that is. The acting is superb, with entirely convincing performances by Dirk Bogarde and Jane Birkin as father and daughter. Perhaps it is because they are so convincing, and because they are so sad for a lot of the film that the film does not work. No one likes to watch people stay unhappy for two hours. Sure they laugh, but as someone famous once said, "They're only laughin' on the outside."

There should be plenty of reasons to go and see this film, but it unfortunately lacks the sort of subtlety or intelligence to keep an audience interested. It contains such a strong undercurrent of despair that it seems designed to turn people away. The points it makes are a bit too obvious, and have been made by other films in a far more satisfying manner.

Dave Sag.

The Australian Dance Theatre

- "It could have been worse"

Mischa Kubancik bounced along to see the latest offering from the Australian Dance Company. As Australia's best regarded Dance Company, they still have a lot to learn.

The Australian Dance Theatre is supposed to be the figurehead dance company in South Australia. It is therefore extremely disturbing when one has to grab the sides of the chair and forcefully persuade that part of your brain that wants to get up and take flight, from doing so. Scary is probably a better way to describe the situation. However, this may be a bit harsh; in fact, I'm sure it is.

The first piece of the latest ADT season (*The Dancer's Choreograph*) was actually very good. In fact it might even be called brilliant by some. Susan Peacock created an interesting and humorous piece about women. "Good and Mad Women" is a feminist piece

that looks at some of the different roles that women are expected to play. Anything from sex goddess to cleaning lady. It set the evening off on a high note; unfortunately, it went downhill from there.

The second piece was a repeat from the last season. "A Tale of Obsession and Ordinary Madness" the first time around was chaotic, funny and extremely entertaining. This time it was disjointed. It may be because the intimate theatre was a bit too intimate, or possibly because the dancers were different from the original time. For those people that had not seen the piece before, it would have been fine. However, when a company repeats a performance in

such a short time they must expect that comparisons will be made.

So far the show is cruising along, perhaps with slightly less steam than it should have had, but nonetheless, a nice night out. The last piece ruined it.

"Playing with Fire" brings to mind one particular reference. For anyone that might remember the Footlights revue "Less Than Zebra", cast your mind back to the opening scene. Blue lights wash the stage, four actors enter and begin running in place chanting "I am a performance artiste, I am a pretentious wanker". Then they begin to recite names of important people in theatre history. A send up of performance theatre at its wankiest. "Playing With Fire" was the real life version of this. There were long, drawn out silences, meaningful staring into the distance, reciting of poetry, lighting the stage on fire (isn't there a ruling about open fires in public places?) and even blue lights. Now, I have absolutely nothing against performance theatre, or experimental thea-

tre or even existential theatre. But when it comes to boring theatre, I must draw the line. John Utan is just a little too post-modern for my taste, I'm afraid. What he was trying to say was (kind of) clear. The intensity of different kinds of relationships can be like "playing with fire". The effect was lost because of all of the other clutter and by the end of the piece, all I could think about was how impolite it would be to walk out in the middle.

The first piece is worth seeing, and the second piece is worth seeing if you didn't see it the first time round. But perhaps leave during the second interval. Or not-the experience might be more enlightening for you than it was for me. Perhaps I'm being a bit harsh-but it was pretty tedious.

THE DANCERS CHOEGRAPH is playing at the Balcony Theatre on Gouger Street until Saturday. Go along to see it if only for Susan Peacock's brilliant piece. Oh, and dress warm-it gets pretty chilly in there.

Mischa Kubancik

These days are all...

Simon Healy fulfilled a long held ambition by getting along to see *Happy Days*, a ripper of a play by Samuel Beckett. He only now can fully appreciate the futility of his life.

I squirmed excitedly in my seat last September when the STC announced details of their 1991 season. *Happy Days* is a text I have had great fondness for ever since Year 12 days of yore, and I had waited for many years to see it professionally staged. Simon Phillips and Ruth Cracknell haven't let me down.

Samuel Beckett's vision was profoundly bleak. He was also a genius.

While pessimism clings to the rather childish belief that happiness is an illusion, Beckett's philosophy was infinitely beyond that. Action, inaction, thought, speech, habit, fortitude and progress are *all* just a charade. They encompass everything we take to be meaningful in our lives.

So what's the point of getting this woman and sticking her in a bloody great mound of dirt? It would be unbearably pretentious in the hands of any other playwright, but it allows Beckett to keep a character in the middle of the stage while he slowly strips her of every last illusion.

She can't run away to engage in petty

conversation or to play a spot of tennis. There are no entrances or exits. She's dying, and by the second act she well and truly knows it. It's not enjoyable. Of course it's not enjoyable. In large tracts, what's happening on stage isn't even interesting.

But by stripping away our myths about life (*lots and lots of really important things happen*) and our myths about the theatre (*there is meant to be character, action and entertainment*), Beckett forces us to think.

Doesn't sound like much of a rock'n'roll party inferno so far, does it? *Happy Days* epitomises a commitment to ideals above entertainment; as such, its short Adelaide season was inevitable, and only giving it a brief run was clever programming on the STC's part.

Beckett plays are destined to be unpopular from the outset with Adelaide's enormous "culture is a night out at *Cats* and art is a David Williamson play" contingent. Even given this fact, his plays are notoriously difficult to stage. Taking on

Happy Days is among the most arduous tasks imaginable for Director and Actor alike, with no financial rewards at the end of it; which is exactly what makes this production so elevating. It has a few imperfections, but it's got genuine spirit behind it.

The set was surprisingly similar to what I anticipated, with a large, craggy and impressive mound of dirt suspended above the regular stage area, and jutting out into the first rows of the audience. One guy in the very front row spent the entire performance with his feet up on the stage supports, which showed a lack of respect for the artifice of the theatre which I'm sure Beckett would have approved of.

Playing the character of Winnie (the one who spends the entire evening entombed in the mound, desperately trying to keep the action going) is one of the ultimate tests of any actress. It's a part which requires the ability to perform meticulous stage instructions and deliver finely judged lines (without prompting from any other characters) while enduring emotional and physical degradation.

Ruth Cracknell is excellent. She plays Winnie as a haggard middle-class woman, possibly a slightly different slant to the original script, which suggests that the character might be more proletarian and effusive. The only weakness in this approach is that it can allow her lines to slip over into more genteel realms of middle-class significance, whereas Winnie is actually a base woman; 90% of what she says is meaningless tripe.

The other surprise in the production, ironically making it *less* commercially attractive, is how depressed it is. It is possible to play *Happy Days* as a tale told by an idiot, by simply showing a woman who continues to be mindlessly jovial despite the obvious horror of her situation.

However, Phillips has opted against this approach. Depression and defeat are evident from the first few minutes of the play, and they slowly envelop Winnie's whole demeanour. When she wakes at the start of the play, she announces, "Begin, Winnie" as a kind of self-motivational phrase to help her get up. However, even at this early stage, it's obviously a painful battle.

By the second act, her most pathetic hope is that she might continue to exist by continuing to talk, but she's got nothing left to say: "There is so little to speak of. One speaks of it all."

The audience's attention is really starting to wander by this point. Winnie's living a non-life; she's saying pathetic, stupid catchphrases over and over again to pass the time. Your attention can't help but wander. This is one of the many ironies which makes up *Happy Days*: when the curtain first went up, I was thinking "Wow, what a wonderful set, what great acting, I'm so pleased I'm finally seeing a Beckett play," but within half an hour I was staring around the auditorium in boredom as well. Why? Because *Happy Days* encapsulates the activities which everyone does every day of their lives, and there is nothing more tedious than seeing the minutiae of one's own life revealed.

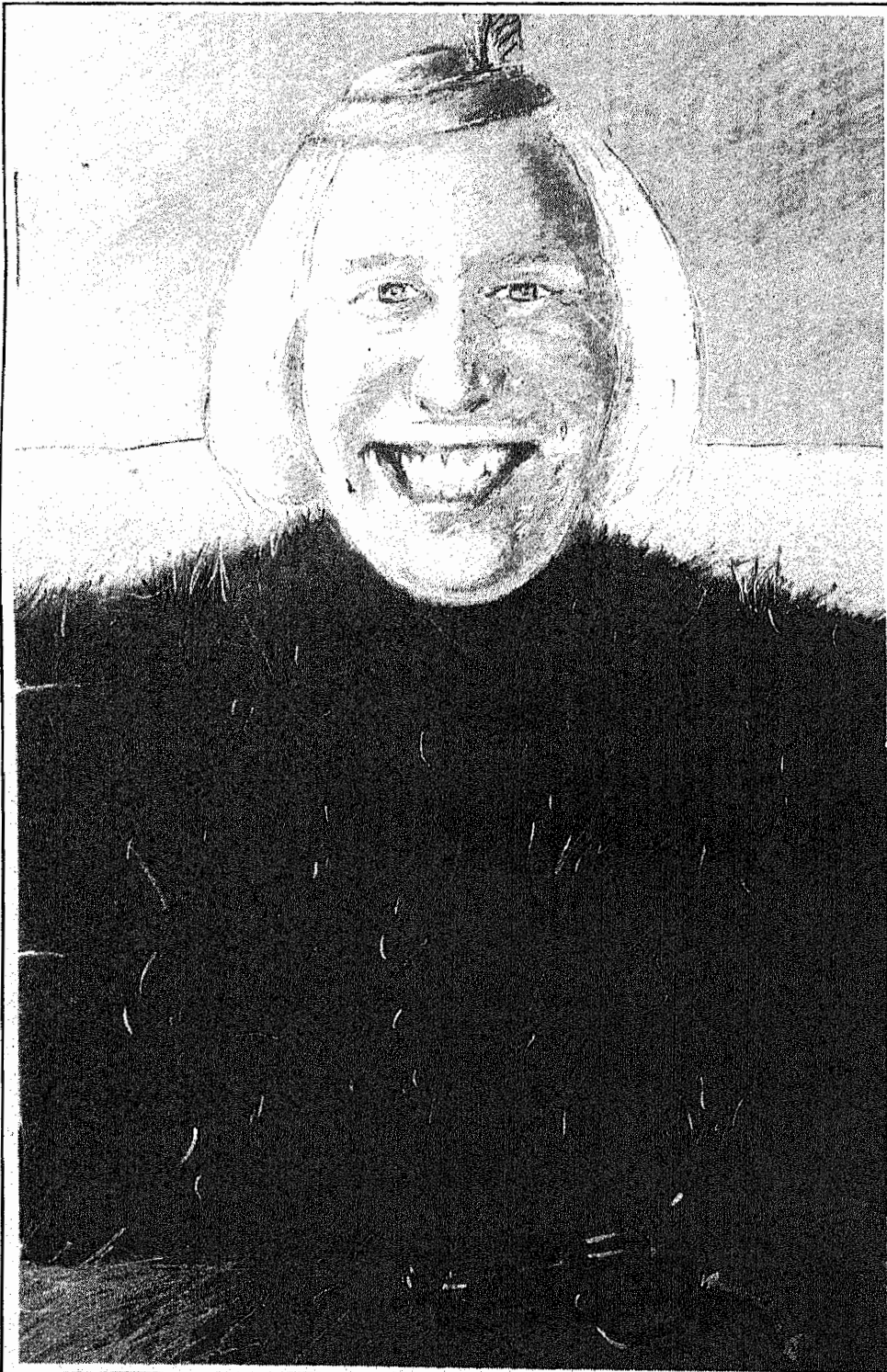
Similarly, there is nothing more terrible than the realisation that the wriggling, squirming, impatient audience directly mirrors what is

happening up on the stage. Both sides of the border consist of people desperate to keep *action* happening so that their illusions will not fall into question. The only difference is that Winnie cannot run away from the uncomfortable truth (surprisingly, very few people walked out). Winnie fails in precisely the same way that we fail. She cannot even convince herself that her existence is of any substance until Willie comes climbing over the mound to see her at the end of the play.

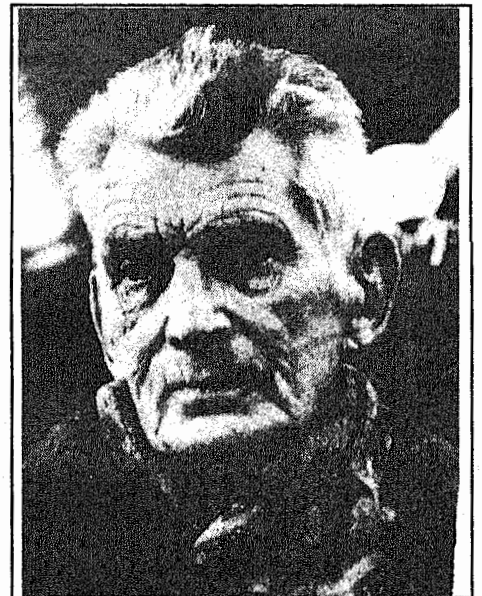
Look, I know you're going to find this hard to believe, but *Happy Days* honestly isn't a pretentious play. Peter Brook's comments are spot-on:

"There is after all quite another audience... those who do not set up intellectual barriers, who do not try too hard to analyse the message. This audience laughs and cries out, and... leaves his plays... with a light heart."

The fewer preconceptions you have about life and theatre, the more you'll enjoy *Happy Days*.



Ruth Cracknell is up to her neck again



Samuel Beckett - Dead Writer

The notion of a woman buried up to her waist in sand fretting over whether she's brushed her hair or not is an hilarious one. So is the idea of a woman exposed on the top of a mound and buried to her neck telling her husband to "Put on your hat, dear... it's the sun." Virtually no-one laughed at these absurdities, however, because everyone does equally absurd things every day of our lives.

Perhaps, Ruth Cracknell spoke too many lines in pursuit of meaning rather than playing them for their inherent absurdity. This fault only really became evident in the first half of the second act, and was soon corrected: the last half-hour of the play provides the evening's biggest laughs.

Overall, it's virtually impossible to fault either the concept or the execution of the Sydney Theatre Company's production of *Happy Days*. Simon Phillips has established himself as a fine director with strong instincts, and no doubt the production will meet with far more popular acclaim in Sydney than it has here.

As for Samuel Beckett, he's been buried fully underground for a little more than a year now. His words will continue to "leave a stain upon the silence."

Dancing to all points of the compass

IDENTITY - DANCE NORTH EXTENSIONS Price Theatre

Ideas Central to notions of Identity have found expression in just about every form of literary work we encounter. They pervade our society, detectable in everything from the Bible to Broadway, in response to those questions that we as humans never tire of asking ourselves - who we are, where we are going, why we are here, if in fact we are at all, a morass of answers, some intelligible, some not, seem to scream out to us from all theatrical and literary extremes. However, as the performance "Identity", by the Dance North Extensions Troupe from Townsville proved, sometimes the best way to say something is simply not to say anything at all. When these questions are presented in a ballet, there is scope to digest the subtleties, appreciate the superb skill and co-ordination that dance requires, and to endow the performance with one's own interpretation, letting the visual spectacle express the meaning is often just as pertinent as language.

In the first piece, "Identity", choreographed by a member of the troupe, the dancers, in predominantly grey-blue and green performed movements of a fairly "mechanical" nature, effectively portraying notions of humans as nondescript cogs in a vast machine, all designed simply to perform a function. To this end, a variety of gymnastic movements including "walkovers" and "wheelbarrows" (always knew it'd come in handy!) were utilized, enabling us the chance to assimilate the concept of tedium and monotony, and from them realize the danger in letting our desire for an ordered, mechanized society overtake the invaluable role of the individual.

Sequences wherein the entire group divided and each division performed one stylized, synchronised action, until at last one member broke away, emphasised the need for the individual to escape such confinement. But again, the movements themselves allowed for wide interpretation. This piece, written in collaboration with the dancers, bore their individual stamp, and the music by Peter Gabriel was conducive to alternately stilted and continuous movement, indicating the inherent complexities and variables the search for one's own level dictates.

Allowing the dancers to break away from traditional ballet's respect of the space of individual dancers, so that many movements were performed with dancers "leaning" on one another focused on the idea of our need for companionship. To enhance this, in the final sequence many dancers "pained-up", each two-some performing in mirror-image of each other. The contrast from this dance, en masse, with couples dancing together linked by hands, or identical movement, to the dancer without a partner was highly evocative of further questions, as to how necessary it really is to "belong" to others to establish our own identity.

Whether or not they fitted in to this grey-green world, and mere misfits or simply lone entities became a matter of personal interpretation, but on the whole I believe a driving motive of the need to express oneself became evident and was well-received.

By contrast, the next piece, "de Groovy", to the Deelite song "Groove is in the heart", unlike the previous piece did not emphasise a notion of individuals fitting into any particular space, but allowed the dancers to relax, have fun and just get funky!

It was an unexpected treatment of a theme, as it was set in a dance-blub, evident by miming of "drinking" in between "dancing". Although there was a degree of dancing in twos, those who maintained their own space performed to the audience, and obviously enjoyed it. It was a little out of what might be considered the ordinary - at times, each dancer moved to his or her own rhythm, and steps were often quite contemporary, such as you might see at a club (if you know some specky movers!) At first this was disconcerting, but it was all part of the point, that each member establishing their own "groove" was more important than uniformity. And no anorexic waifs these, there was guts to this dance, and I liked it.

All the same, the first two pieces, mainly comprised ideas of the company, whilst innovative and somewhat avant-garde, seemed less confident. Moves were at times shaky, and at times too abruptly ended.

Yet again, then, we were surprised, for the curtain rose to the searing strains of "Carlorffs" "Carmina Burana", and the spectacle that greeted us, was the entire troupe in costumes of a medieval, Eastern-European appearance; as much as we had enjoyed the first two, we hadn't seen nothing yet. The dancers attacked this more orthodox ballet with gusto and the result was spectacular.

The costumes, designed and produced by 4 people from the troupe, including a couple of mothers of the dancers, were as ornate and elaborate as anything you might see in a State Theatre production, if not more so; not bad going for a bunch of Townsville mothers' sewing machines! The "dreamers of piece" wore gauzy pinks and purples, while vagrants and rustics were bedecked in scarlet and black chain-mail-type costumes. The four deities of Earth, Fire, Air and Water wore browns, orange, blue and green with ideograms on their backs, while Psa the dragon representing destiny was a vision in black. Altogether, imagine every colour of the Rainbow and all the hues of a sunset and you have some idea of what we saw.

Part of the impact, aside from this spectacle, was the simple storyline of this piece, "the traveller's tales". It told of the creation of the world, which we later discovered was all a product of the choreographer's imagination, and not, as we had first thought, folk-lore. To this end, the Deities were always present, and their watching of the activities of the vagrant mortals was evocative of omniscient Greek gods. The main action involved a vagrant mother's search for her child, kidnapped by the Gods. As the ballet unfolded this tale, the deities moved a cord over an ideogram traced on the

backdrop, to which pins were affixed, so that by the end, the entire "journey" of the ballet had been plotted.

Somehow, this helped rather than hindered the theme of a search for identity, as it is easier to view one's own inner struggle in perspective with those of a lone individual battling fate, cunning deities and a dragon!

Part of the effect may simply have been the more traditional form of ballet this comprised; for undeniably this was the most beautiful and fluid of all three pieces. The flowing movements of the maidens, representing calm and contented characters who grew with the seasons demonstrated the traditional ballet movements, and something in the leaps and lifts this afforded lent itself just as effectively to the "struggle" scenes.

In seeking her child, the mother often danced solo, observed unbeknownst to her by the Gods. To this end, many beautiful pas-de-deux were used to convey a perhaps fatalistic idea that we are perhaps not as alone as we may sometimes think.

Conversely, when the child, whom the gods dress as a clown is seeking to communicate to the mother to whom she has been rendered invisible, her frantic leaps and acrobatics convey a well-understood message of frustration and a need to be "heard" by the individual.

The dance ended with the two being reunited, and served to portray strongly the

individual who pits their strength against adversity by winning out, and satisfy the "happy ending" that we all secretly wanted.

Much to our delight, we attained an impromptu press conference with the Troupe. Not only do these dancers study full time as well as dance, but their ages, a maximum of 22 were as young as 12!

While Erik chatted to the girlies I got acquainted with the lads in tights (it's a hard life) and we were both impressed with the openness and genuinity of these intelligent and talented demons.

In all, we were led to commend them for their innovation, and applaud the major work, performed with vigor, confidence and high drama. The dance and movement were spot on, continuing on during an agonising two minutes without sound! The Anguish of Karina Smith as the mother was excelled only by her superb dancing. As a whole, the company's ensemble presence on stage, the sheer mass and colour, attributed the performance with a dramatic excellence you are unlikely to encounter in many other youth productions.

This thoroughly magical performance exemplified not only the often overlooked beauty of ballet, but the manifest talent of a highly competent dance troupe.

Mel Sander
Erik Chmielewski

Keeping it in the Family

The Homecoming La Mama La Mama Theatre

Do you know that feeling you get when people in front of you start acting very emotional and weird, and it makes your flesh crawl? I'm quite convinced that this is the aim of Harold Pinter with his plays. He goes beyond the sitting room drama, into the realm of the deeply disturbed psyche. This feeling is strung out by La Mama in their production of "The Homecoming".

For those of you not up with "underground" theatre in Adelaide, the La Mama theatre has a stage area roughly the same size as a family living room. And a seating capacity of around forty. It is truly "intimate" theatre. For this reason the stage was perfect for their production of "The Homecoming" as one felt unnervingly like one was in the same room as a group of steel springs, ready to snap at any moment.

The play is a study of the tensions existing in an all-male household, and what happens to those tensions when a dangerously unbalanced outsider (and a woman to boot) comes into contact with them. This family of weirdos includes violent Max, violent Lenny and violent Joey; and repressed Sam and repressed Teddy. The power structure existing between them is clearly defined.

Enter Ruth, who attempts to control the family through her sexuality. Her presence is (here's that word again) unnerving from the outset, and the struggle for dominance between Max, Lenny and Ruth is done in the characteristic Pinterian mode - silently.

I was very impressed with the acting. Christopher Corin as Teddy, the homecoming son, was brilliantly controlled. He had one -insufficient adjective-moment when confronted with his wife erotically kissing his two brother. Frank Foster-Brown was suitably repulsive as Max, and Roger Newcombe as Lenny was also good, despite a rather strained voice. Rob Simpson, who played Joey, LAUGHED ON STAGE.

Other than this one slip-up in mood, director Tony Moore has succeeded in creating a taut feeling to "The Homecoming" by playing on the sexual repression of the men. He also played the part of Sam, who I felt was a very important character, but seemed reluctant to feature him prominently. This is probably because he did not want to appear a raving egomaniac, but I feel it would have worked better if he had given Sam more to do. In the final riveting scene he does little more than grip the wall.

The grubbiness of the characters environment was shown well with the setting and costumes. Something that appealed to my sense of detail was the little red make-up

Continued overleaf-

Keeping it in the Family
continued...

marks on Max's nose, indicating his glasses. The lighting, while simple, nevertheless managed to surprise with snap blackouts.

"The Homecoming" is a very disturbing play. To see aggression swell up into violence and psychological torture as the characters vie for (don't laugh) sexual dominance was amazing. The character of Ruth, Teddy's wife who "comes home" with him, was something of an enigma. My female companion was sickened at her blatant use of sexuality for power, as well as the blatant exploitation of her sexuality by the men for their power.

If there is a company that can make this type of theatre work, it is La Mama. While the play is not strictly enjoyable, it is both disturbing and challenging. I was highly impressed (even though the man selling tickets made me buy a programme, but gave a complementary one to Peter Goers...)

David Mills

Spectacular Puppets

The Reading Boy
Handspan Theatre Company

Although only an hour long, "The Reading Boy" is a lighthearted, entertaining puppet show that leaves you with a 'warm fuzzy feeling' inside as the lights go on in the auditorium after the performance, a play that inspires nostalgic reminiscing to the time when you too were 6 years old.

It was written by John Ramervil and performed by The Handspan Theatre Company as part of the 'Come Out' festival. Apart from the lead role, the cast were all puppets and the visual allusions that were created by the puppeteers were very spectacular. At one stage, it actually looked as if Reading Boy and the crow were flying through the air. But apart from the visual affects, the play produced some very entertaining one liners and had a story line to match.

It centres around a boy, Reading Boy (performed by Hugh Waylard) who develops a strong attachment to a general knowledge book entitled "Enquire within upon everything", or "Enquire" for short. Being an environmentally friendly family, they, once a month, take their old newspapers to the recycling plant, and yes, you guessed it, this particular month "Enquire" was mistakenly bundled in with the newspapers and taken off to the plant.

Upon discovering this, the radical skating dude Reading Boy skates off towards the plant to retrieve his beloved book and this is where his story begins. He is followed by a talking black crow, the narrator of the story who often frequents Reading Boy's rubbish bin. After noticing Reading Boy climb out of his window, the crow becomes a bit suspicious and takes it upon himself to act as Reading Boy's guardian angel/crow for the night.

After a lengthy flight, the two finally make it to the plant and fall into a sea of newspaper. Despairingly, they begin the search for "Enquire".

However, instead of discovering it, they are discovered by the plant's robot. He perceives that the two aren't made of paper and concludes that they must be thrown out. However, upon hearing Reading Boy's tale

Where Was Bouncer?

"Neighbours" at the
Contemporary Art Centre until
May 26.

"Neighbours", an exhibition of works by ten contemporary Australian artists, is the kind of show one can only hope never to see again.

It takes as its theme an interesting and expansive (if only all too familiar) subject, that of suburban life, and renders it insipid trite and banal. It diminishes rather than enlarges one's sense of civilisation. That this is POSSIBLE - to trivialise the trivialis at once testament to the exhibition's failure, and also somehow inconceivable. Suburban living IS an interesting theme, with enormous scope for intelligent, witty analysis. It's relevance is unquestionable as David O' Halloran points out in the catalogue "Our state museums are heavily adorned with Australian landscape paintings of the 19th and 20th centuries... In general, the subject of the Australian landscape that is the depiction of the bush or nature seems inappropriate, perhaps even fraudulent, for today's artists, as most Australians have their backs turned to the 'interior living' as we do in our coastal capital cities... A more relevant landscape would seem to be the urban or

suburban landscape".

Yet this exhibition fails to make the necessary leap from concept to execution. Indeed, the cliched, embarrassing and clumpy nature of the majority of works exhibited arouses serious suspicion as to whether or not these concepts ever really existed at all.

"Neighbours" as a whole is an apparently pointless articulation of rather laboured surfaces, which functions neither as celebration, denunciation or even simple evocation. Although this shallowness of vision characterises the entire exhibition, never is it more obviously manifest than in the work of Andrew Petrusевичs. The sheer fatuity of his paintings is beyond compare. As if a picture of a coffee pot with "damn fine" scribbled underneath is not bad enough, exhibition goers are further subjected to a (mercifully brief) series of so-called "Daubist" works, including "Mouse Daubism", "Turneresque Daubism", and "Casual Daubism". Any attempt to justify the mere existence of such nonsense is bound to be funny, and so it is when David O' Halloran nobly describes them as celebrations of "the idle daubings of the Sunday modernist Painter, 'doing their abstract art', whilst poking fun at the pretensions of contemporary 'high art'.

Things fortunately don't get much worse -

they can't - although Petrusевичs' sub-zero standard is maintained by most of the other exhibiting artists. Mick Ward's visually convincing, totemic sculptures (composed of plastic children's toys, in football team colours) are amusing and quirky for an instant, then quickly sink into a peurile, infantile sentimentality. Reg Mombassa's miniatures are as ultimately meaningless as the snapshots they represent. Their cutesy-wootsy tininess is an obtuse, gormless gimmick. And so it goes... The absolutely desperate viewer may find some consolation in the playful (if meaningless) energy of Robert Rooney's "Silly Symphony 6 (Zebra slices)", or the relative sophistication of Janette Moore's "Suburban Pieta".

"Neighbours" fails to acknowledge life beyond the banal; if you like, it majors in minors. And really, why bother? The revival of existing themes (in this case, themes largely derived from American Pop), is not necessarily a gratuitous folly. The intelligent re-evaluation and reinterpretation of artistic precedents can of course be intensely original, and lead the way to further innovation.

Unfortunately such intelligence and originality is not to be found within the walls of the Contemporary Arts Centre this month.

Steve King

of woe, takes pity on him and helps him to find his book. The robot finds many books, although none were "Enquire". This comes as a disappointment to Reading Boy (although the edition of Playboy that the robot located inspired a ripple of laughter from the youngsters, and a gasp from their parents!) And just as the search was proving fruitless, the robot came up with the goods. Now, you may expect that they lived happily ever after, although this is not so, and here comes the twist in the plot.

And what was the twist? See it and find out.

The ending seemed a little pessimistic to two 18 year olds and we couldn't imagine what it must have done to the hearts of the youngsters, but we should have had more faith. For in true storybook style, Reading Boy did in fact live happily ever after. You see, the puppet show was just a bed-time story that Reading boy's mother was reading to him! So, tucked up in bed, Reading Boy succumbed to the land of dreams, the lights in the theatre came on and everyone lived happily ever after, the way it should be!

But just because two 18 year olds enjoyed the show doesn't mean a good time was had by all. The play was directed at kids, and so we asked ourselves "Is it what the kiddies wanted?" Well, after consulting two gangsters in the lift afterwards the conclusion is, Yes, even Dad enjoyed the show. *The Reading Boy* is an all round fun show, where a good time is guaranteed for all.

Simone Hall
and Tara Pearce

STUDY IN THE STATES!!!!



UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE STUDENT EXCHANGE PROGRAMS 1992

This is your chance to study at the University of California or Washington State University in 1992 as a no-fees exchange student.....

INFORMATION MEETING

NORTH DINING ROOM
LEVEL 4, UNION BUILDING

FRIDAY JUNE 7
1.15pm

For details of the Exchange Programs and the opportunity to meet current U.S. students come to the Information Meeting or contact Margot Storer, International Programs, Room 444, Level 4, Wills Building (228 5252)

Sure it is violent, but is it art?

Extreme violence and misogyny are nothing new to literature. Bret Easton Ellis has whipped up a storm with *American Psycho*, but is the controversy warranted? Dave Sag was offered the rare chance to review a novel which, although first published in 1977, offers up proof that worse scenes of violence, especially against women, have been around as *Literature* for many years.

The opening paragraph of *Eat Them Alive* was enough to convince me that here was no ordinary book. Pierce Nace has managed not only to destroy the English language with his curious use of simile and metaphor, but also to produce a work of fiction more violent, more outrageous, and more misogynist than any other book I have ever read.

The story concerns a young man by the name of Dyke Mellis, a self confessed murderer, torturer, and thief. While out in his boat, a-sailin' in the Caribbean, there is an undersea earthquake which opens up great cracks in the earth. From these cracks come forth thousands of man sized praying mantises. Following a series of less than credible trials, Dyke partially domesticates the largest of the creatures and trains it to respond to his spoken commands. After feeding everyone from the local village to these creatures, and discovering a potion which renders him repulsive to the mantises, Dyke sets himself up as ruler of the island. He then proceeds to train up a whole lot of beasties and takes them to Colombia where he exacts vengeance upon the four bad guys who left him for dead, castrated in a Texan field, eleven years ago.

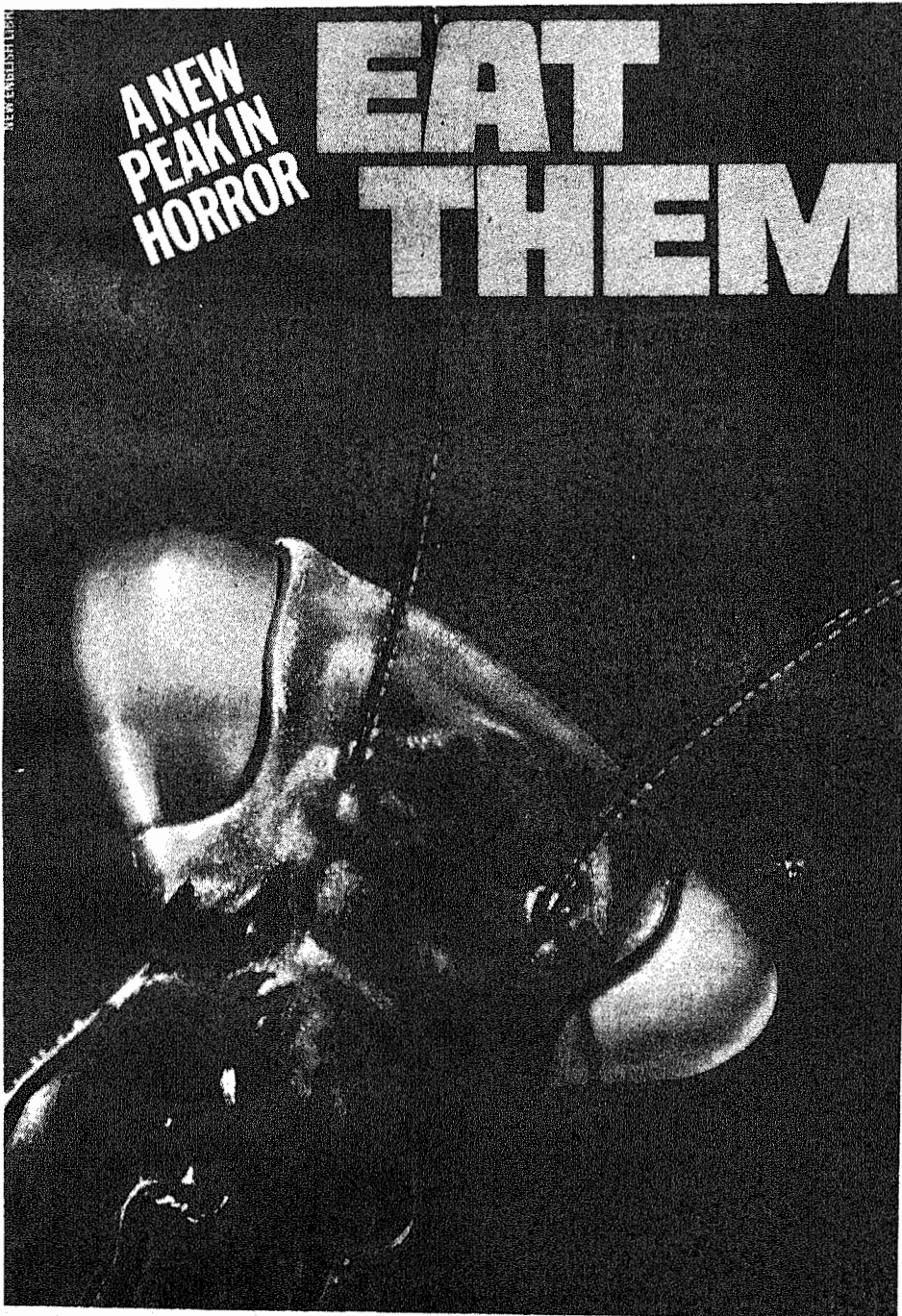
To say that Mr Mellis has a few screws loose is an understatement. To say that Pierce Nace is a sick, sick bastard who should be boiled to death is probably not going far enough.

"At a distance from the others but not far from the rock on which Dyke stood, the mantis dropped the girl and then landed upon her, holding her helpless by the power of his feet that stretched from her face to her toes. In one sweep of his claws he disrobed her."

He continues in this vein.

"The girl was crying, pleading hopelessly: 'Myli, Myli where are you? Save me from these green things' But there was no one to hear her, no one to respond to her cries.

"Dyke felt his own body glowing as he



looked upon the loveliness of the girl, the slender brown form, the perfectly moulded breasts that were as comely as the flowers in Dyke's jungle garden. God what a delicious meal those breasts would furnish for

the hungry mantises! What tastiness they would put into a beast's stomach!

"And the other woman-parts would be succulent too, Dyke was sure. If the beasts did not appreciate the sight of this fully

developed, completely captivating female body, then Dyke would thrill to the sight for them. And he would try to watch every eating of a female hereafter. It was far better than the eating of men, though he had enjoyed that more than anything he had known in eleven years.

"He stood up on the rock, raised his hands high, placed his feet wide apart, and shouted 'This is beauty, this is happiness, the kind of enjoyment I never expected to experience again! God, I'm hot all over, I'm rich, I'm magnificent, I'm a human being with human joy all over me.'"

He then goes on to describe in over one thousand words the whole process of eating this woman. Why a mantis would feel the need to snip off breasts one by one, or insert its head up her vagina is quite beyond me.

"Watching, Dyke thought, God, I think I could eat that part myself. I could never touch a woman's privacy otherwise. Perhaps sometime I can share such a part with one of the beasts when he eats it."

I can only assume that Pierce Nace is a sexually, and socially frustrated, if not retarded, individual. The violence documented in this book makes Brett Easton Ellis's *American Psycho* read like a children's book. As far as a writing style goes, Mr Nace lacks one. Choice lines like "The insects eyes widened", and the disturbing trend of giving each sentence it's own paragraph, make this book almost unreadable. The dialogue is pedestrian, the carnage overdone, and the inability to come to terms with the most elementary forms of grammar is laughable. This is the sort of novel a twisted male year 10 would write. The fact that it was published at all only inspires me to try and write something myself, as obviously these people will publish any old crap. I can not defend this book. It should never have been written. If you see it in a book store steal it from the shelf, and hide it in the store somewhere and do us all a favour.

AS
PARTING COMPANY PRESENTS

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Parting Company easily meets the standards of *Wogs Out of Work* and the *Doug Anthony Allstars*
Melissa King, *The Advertiser*



STUDENT REPS GET IT ALL OFF IN NUDIE SEX ROMP

They're broad, they're left, and they hunt in packs

The Broad Left Law Group is showing "Frame-Up II", the story of Tim Anderson and the Australian system of justice, directed by David Bradbury.

Wednesday, 5th June, 1 pm, Room 113 of the Law Building (ground floor - at the end of the corridor).

Broom Broom

For Sale
Holden HQ Premier Sedan, 6 cylinder, auto, many extras, urgent sale \$3,500 o.n.o. excellent condition. Phone 384 6698 after 5.30 pm.

Smoky Houses

CISLAC (Community in Solidarity with Latin American and the Caribbean) presents "The Houses are Full of Smoke", a documentary series examining US intervention in Central America.

Monday, 3rd June - Guatemala; Thursday, 13th June - El Salvador; Monday, 17th June - Nicaragua. All held in the Conference Room (Level 5, Union Building) at 1 pm.

GALA

The next meeting of the Gay and Lesbian Association will be held on Wednesday, 5th June at 1.10 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. All gay and lesbian staff and students and friends are welcome to attend.

Bible Bashers Cell Out!

EU Meeting, Tuesday 1.10 pm, Union Cinema. Frank Ahlin - Exodus.

Ever thought about checking out a cell group? This is a time when a group of people meet together to study God's word, talk, share, pray and enjoy each other's company!

They are loosely organised into faculty groups, but your faculty doesn't need to be a prerequisite for joining a group - go to whichever one suits your timetable!

Monday: 2 - 3 pm EU Room (anything); 10 - 11 am EU Room (Arts)

Wednesday: 1 - 2 pm meet Maths Lawns (Maths Science); 1 - 2 pm meet Cloisters (Engineering); 2 - 3 pm EU Room (Music)

Thursday: 1 - 2 pm lawns outside Napier (Arts); 1 - 2 pm around the corner from Medical School Office (Med)

Friday: 1 - 2 pm LG 21 (Eco/Law); 10 - 11 am Meeting Rom 1 (Science); 12 - 1 pm turn right at Medical School Office (Med).

First year cell groups are also underway, come and check out the EU Room for details (Lady Symon Annexe, up the stairs and across from the Union Administration Office).

Typey type type

For Sale
Electric typewriter, Olivetti Praxus 35, correcting capability, as new \$175. Phone 267

Red-hot computer action!

IBM Compatible 286AT. 1Mb of RAM. 48Mb memory; monoscreen.
Dot matrix printer including DOS programs and mouse. \$2200 o.n.o. Call Shanti on 344 3753.

Wanna grow up to be, be your debater

-The Pixies

DEBATERS
Please return A and B Grade entry forms to Maria O'Brien (Law) this week.

Band together

Band Practice room. Make a shitload of noise, 5hrs for only \$25. In the city. Hindley St. in fact. Ph. 4101026 any time.

Wanted

Poverty-stricken masochists willing to pretend that they are members of Snudemenko. Will pay good rates. Applicants must be prepared to learn by heart at least 56 hours of Monty Python skits to bore the shit out of everybody. Paper plane skills useful.

5 cents?

That's right, 5 cents!
We're crazy!

That's the amount we'll give you for coming to see heat 3 of Campus Battle of the Bands on Friday in the Bar!

Featuring!

Cerveza y Putas, Spanish sensation! Greatest unsigned band of the century! Last chance before the start of their stadium tour of the world!

Plus!

Other bands!

Latest from Party Central

Monday, June 3rd

9 am - 5 pm New Painting 1991 Volume 1A - M Exhibition in Union Art Gallery. Oil on Masonite by Andrew Steel. Continues until Friday, June 7th.

Tuesday, June 4th

7.30 pm Cinematheque film programme in Cinema with "Orpheus" (Directed by Jean Cocteau, France, 1949, B/W, 86 mins).

Wednesday, June 5th

5.30 - 8.30 pm "Brett Aplin" to play piano in Bistro.

Thursday, June 6th

1 - 2 pm Lunchtime concert in Union Gallery with "Classic Ensemble". Violin and piano. Free.

Friday, June 7th

1 - 2 pm "Great Big Opera Co" from Melbourne in Union Bar. Free lunchtime concert.

6 - 9 pm Guitarist/singer in Union Bistro.
8 pm - 1 am Campus Battle of the Bands heat 3 in the Union Bar with "Seven Reasons Why", "Jhettison", "Erg", "Cerveza y Putas", "Pogo" and "Ramshackle". Come and support your students performance on the Union Bar stage. We pay you 5¢ to come.

Saturday, June 8th

7.30 pm - 1 am Nunga Night in Union Bar with "the Miminees", "Headwind", "Aces Wild", "Members Only", "General Public", "CASM Blues Band" and special guests. Presented by Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music. \$5 students/concession, \$8 Guests. Special benefit show to raise funds for UCLA Exchange Student Fund - Rhonda Grosvenor.

Coming Entertainment

AU Battle of the Bands Final - Saturday, June 15th; Happening Thang; End of Semester Show.

PRODUCTION NOTES

On Dit is the weekly newspaper published by the SAUA. The editors have complete and unfettered editorial discretion, although the opinions that appear in the paper are not necessarily their own. Cheers! How about a pint or 17 down at the pub?

Editors: David Krantz & Simon Healy
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Typesetting: Sharon Middleton, Anne McEwen and Catherine Tsimiris
Freight Maestro: Peter "creme de menthe" Ingman
Scapegoat: Darien O'Reilly

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On Dit is printed by Bridge Press.

NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

1991 BUDGET MEETINGS

The proposed meeting dates of the Finance & Development Committee to consider the 1992 operating and capital budgets are as follows:

DATE (1991)	TO CONSIDER
Monday 29 July	PGSA, Activities, Clubs Association and respective Capital
Tuesday 30 July	Gallery, Students' Association, Catering (Capital Only) and respective capital
Wednesday 31 July	Craft Studio, Sports Association, Theatres, Union and respective capital
Friday 2 August	Waite, Roseworthy, T.I.C.C.C., Overseas Students and any other applications

The above meetings will start in the Union Board room (The Chapel of Love), first floor Lady Symon Building.

If there are any queries, please contact Peter Von Maltzahn, Union Accountant, on 228 5401.

this week in SPORT

By Johnny Matthus and Ethel Murman

Is sport sport or a game of life and death? Johnny and Ethel are somewhat disturbed and a great deal amused about the loss of life and limb that has happened this past week in Perth and the Isle of Man. Reports from both centres read more like a report on a minor border skirmish between Angola and South Africa: 6 dead, 7 wounded.

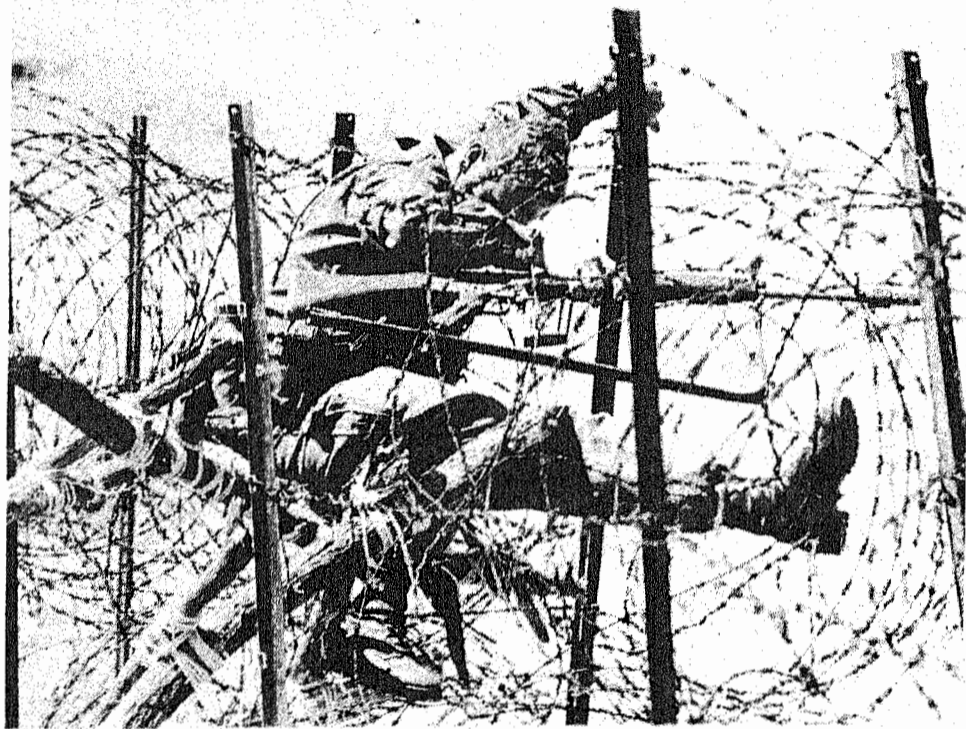
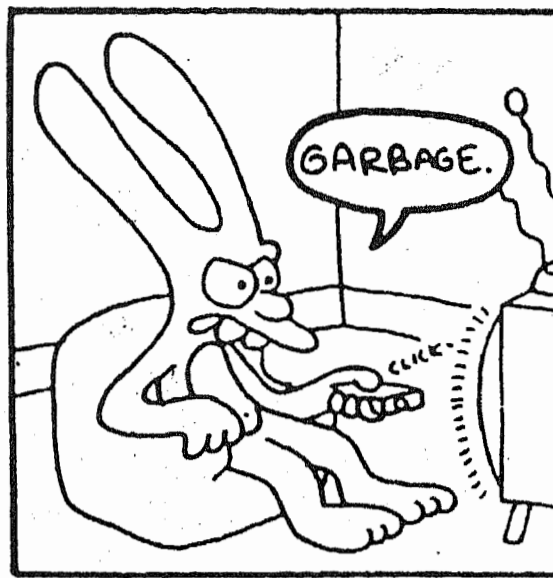
Is this sport or just a good reason to die? Are these sportspeople too busy living on the edge to care whether they live or die? Are all sportsfolk on a one way trip to oblivion with nobody trying to stop them?

Perhaps they all took Victorian footer coach Billy Goggin to heart and thought that they were in the trenches. Billy said and said it proudly about his charges that if he had to be in the trenches with anybody, it would have to be these gallant boys that humbled the Croweaters on Wednesday. Does this mean that Billy wants to die or does it just mean that Billy wants to once in his life feel a sense of mateship and maybe go uphill gardening?

Add Ted (Mr Footer) Whitten's piece of nonsense that Footer isn't a game but another battle in a long, bloody, ceaseless war between Vic and SA and it makes us think that players aren't players but soldiers. If they're soldiers deck them out like soldiers. Paint their faces green, give 'em helmets and guns, dig the fucking trenches and let them have each other out from 60 metres with the crowd baying for blood. Give the crowd the right to decide whether a player lives or dies and make sure they use it without fear or favour!

In Perth the 16 nation Golden Oldies Rucker Union Tournament is being held. It's for over 40's, gives them a chance to run around, be tackled, recapture their glory days and more importantly die of various heart ailments. 3 dead and 7 hospitalised is our sort of Rucker; not for the sort of piss down the back of my trousers sort that our failed School system is breeding. We need more folk willing to die for the jumper, more folk that have the pride necessary to talk endlessly about how they lost their right leg to a crushing tackle from a 280 pound second rower from the wrong side of the tracks, more folk that are playing for the pure and undiluted love of the game not the namby pamby pros who play for dollars. We need more players prepared to flesh out the spirit of the game, and to flesh out another couple of pineboxes.

On the Isle of Man the body count is rising faster than it did at My Lai: 3 dead in 2 practice sessions, 159 dead over the last 20 odd years. We're trying to change the prevalent idea that the Isle of Man Grand Prix should be run over a track that has steeper cliffs than the Great Australian Bight and that no crash barriers other than those made of reinforced concrete are allowable. The race and track coordinator, Ian Brady was quoted as saying that the percentage of deaths a year wasn't high enough and that he would like to see a minefield layed on the home straight. "That would set the bastards straight", Ian said, "and while they're at it every crash should be filmed and replayed at least 6



Sometimes it can be difficult to get the ball out of the square

times an hour in slo-mo." We here at the sportsdesk would like to see a race and not a fucking snuff movie every time we turn on the telly.

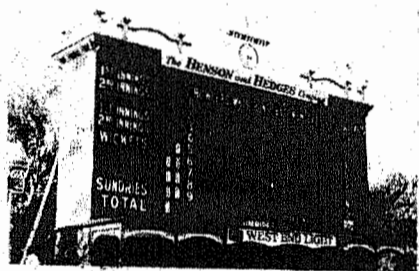
Speaking of pride in the jumper, what about the Camry Clones. Jeepers, let King Kerls have a go at them. Let him install some pride back in the jumper even if the jumper is crap. That's what the Clones need, some hardhitting, run through walls types. Types that have pride in their jumper,

types that love the club more than they love life itself, types that would sooner die than give Tony Lockett an easy touch. The Clones need these players to force the ball out of the centre and give the forwards first bite of the pigskin. They need some player to make the supreme sacrifice and die for the club. Install some pride, some love but more importantly install some fear into the opposition.

The Adelaide University Football Club presents the Blacks Ball.

What a social occasion is coming up kiddies. The Footer Club is presenting it's annual hoedown, the Blacks Ball, once more on the 15th of June for all folk who wish to attend. Rumour has it that this event is more fun than you can poke a stick at with large amounts of singing and dancing occurring. The band playing is Gumbo Ya Ya (don't blame me) and the dress is strictly black tie. The ticket price is all inclusive and tickets can be bought from Dr Fred Bloch room G34 in the Napier. (Ext 5529). The Ball is being held at the Burnside Town Hall but is being held.

SCOREBOARD



Saturday the 1st of June saw some titanic struggles between Uni and their opponents. Blood was spilled, injuries occurred, there was pride in the jumper but most importantly there were 6 out of 8 wins for the Blacks.

A7 - Once again the heart and soul of the club handed out a drubbing. This time SPOC felt the wrath of the Posse and crumbled in a big way 15.18.108 to 15.12.102.

A1 - The wicked witches of the Westy went down in a dingdong battle with Kilburn. 10.10.70 to 19.14.128. The game was closer than scores suggest.

A1R- Kilburn ran out to tumultuous applause and cheers and in the space of 100 mins were handed a Footer lesson, humiliated and jeered off the ground. 13.7.85 to 6.5.41.

A4 - Tried and tried darned hard but just didn't have the firepower up forward needed to convert the opportunities against a staunch Mitcham. Kernas come back and come back now. 5.8.38 to 19.18.132.

A4R- Coming along nicely. Looking forward to September with a

smile on their faces and glee in their hearts, the 4 res flooded the goalfront and their shorts in winning 12.15.87 to 2.5.17.

A7R- Went to Saint Peters College and left a little later after savagely mauling SPOC and humbling them somewhat. Could these boys go all the way? 17.9.111 to 6.6.42.

A8 - The lads from Ingle Farm made the trek to Park 10 and left empty handed and emotionally distraught after copping a hiding 20.8.128 to 9.9.63.

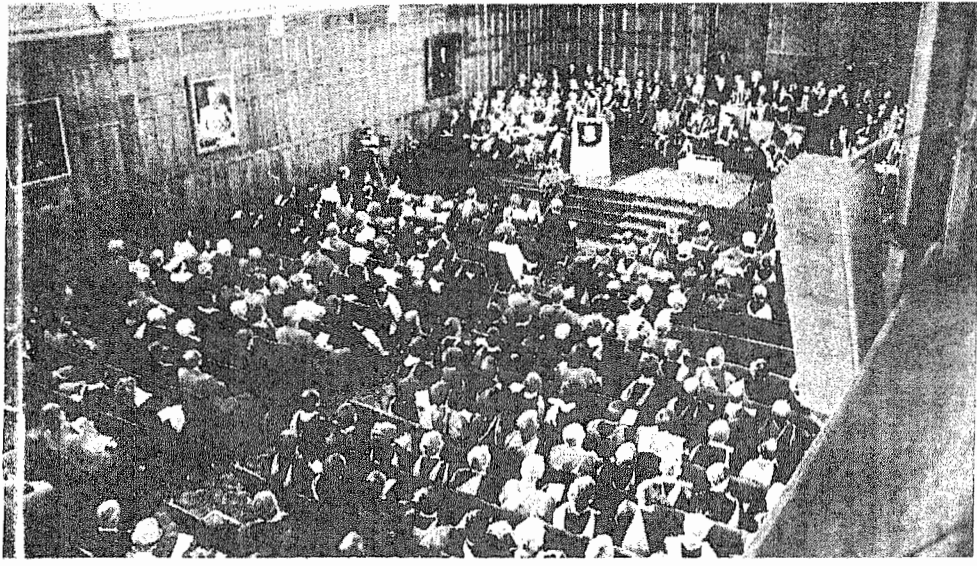
A8R- The mosquito fleet was in scintillating touch and cut the defence to ribbons with pace and courage. 13.10.88 to 5.3.33.

BRING
BACK
HANGING

Bunyip Peril

RESPECT
YOUR
ELDERS

Anyone attending a Graduation Ceremony would have noticed one outstanding fact about it; the speech was shit-boring and totally crap. Let's get some entertainment back into graduation. Here is a sample speech designed to be delivered at a Grad. Ceremony by Natasha Stott Despoja, SAUA President.



Hands up who's got a stiffy?

To whom it may concern,

It there's one thing I've learnt at uni, it's sincerity. After a political movement, always wipe from front to back, and here's a diagram to help you.

[Diagram]

Y'know, there's nothing worse than seeing the human body abused. I believe that children are the future, but you won't find the crypto-fascists who run this joint sticking up for such noble principles. We have got to maintain our anger. Take the ramshackle mess that passes for a Law School - please. A law student came up to me the other day and said "Can you give me a dollar for a cup of coffee?" - so I bit him! But seriously, ladies and germs, it's not all beer and skittles, you know. (Makes a fart noise) Who did that? (Turns to face Registrar) Frank was that you? You need a cork up your bum. I always said being Registrar was all puff and wind. I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love - I'm in love

with a wonderful man. (Holds up a picture of Flavor Flav - turns it around to show Andrew Lamb). I think it was Albert Camus who said, "On your gut you little Algerian bastard!". An education is a struggle - a lot like the struggle of the Algerian people, in fact. However, it seems that the anger of the '60s is now behind us. Whereas people once took it to the streets in protest for civil liberties and social justice, nowadays the only people taking it to the streets is The News. (Hits self on head with rolled up copy of The News and says "Boing"). My life has changed so much. I remember during my teenage years my first tentative explorations of my increasingly feminine form, my fingers wantonly caressing the swollen bud of my womanhood in a way that my body could not deny, leading to a convulsive cathartic release - hands up who's got a stiffy?

Good luck, graduates.
Thankyou and goodnight.

RIPSNORTER!

Bunyip Film

Death In Mexico
Snuff Productions
Mexico City

The latest in top quality movies from Snuff Productions, this is a film with everything. Action, laughs, suspense, scenery and, of course, murder. The plot revolves around Pedro, a street kid who leads a happy go lucky life scavenging around on garbage tips, until one day he is offered a film contract which literally changes his life. The film is apparently based on a true story.

One cannot go any further without mentioning the special effects. Director "El

Pimpo" has surmounted the difficulties of a low budget to bring some stunningly realistic effects to the screen, particularly in the death scenes which seem to occur frequently throughout the film.

The title role of Pedro is played by, funnily enough, a street kid called Pedro, and it is his first role. Despite his inexperience, he turns in a great performance. The expression of terror on his face in the penultimate scene, where he is hacked to death with an axe, is so real. A great method acting performance.

Unfortunately Pedro is apparently not available for speaking, or even walk-on, roles in any future productions, so we will not be seeing this raw talent again. El Pimpo is, however, not concerned. "There are plenty more where he came from", he told a reporter from the Mexico Times.



Future Film Star?

Irrelevant Happenings in the Life of Zoe the Sometimes Cool

