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VOLUME 56 NUMBER 2

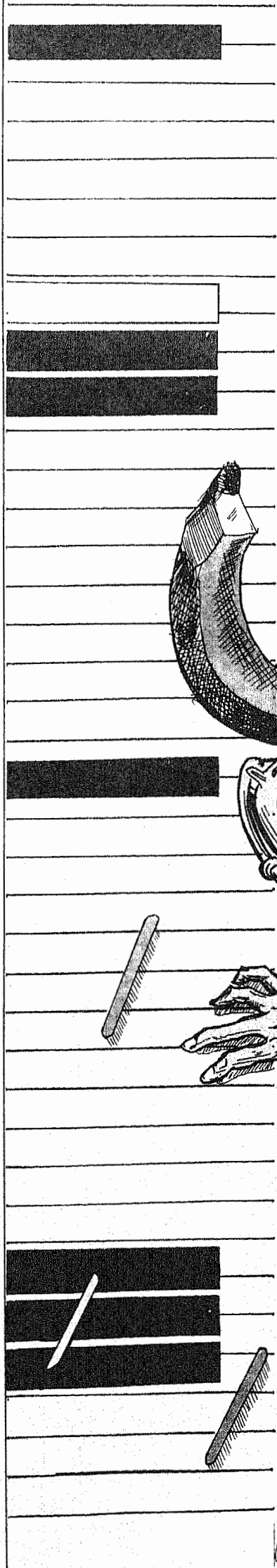
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OnDit



ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

MARCH 14



**8 Page
Festival
Liftout**

**Centre
pages**

THE SOCIETY LISTE
NI *The Sunday Morning*
 Washington Post
 The Washington Post
 The Washington Post
KEEPING UP
 The current wisdom, compiled & annotated by D.W. Griffith.

Tycoonwatch

The social change which has given Australia its 30,000 millionaires over the last few years is probably neither of those most often cited, the evil Hawke Government or the right-wing push for a flatter tax system and lower welfare spending.

Rather, it's the astonishing share boom which began in 1982.

And since that boom finished on October 19 last year, that 30,000 millionaires figure is probably well out of date by now. Since many of the ultra-wealthy rode the share boom up by borrowing money for their share-buying, the Crash of '87 has hit them disproportionately hard.

To make matters worse, businessmen as a group were some of the leading investors in share options (pieces of paper giving you the right at a later date to buy a share at a particular, usually generous, price). Those pieces of paper are mostly worthless now.

Robert Holmes a Court, whose wealth has probably been cut from over \$1,000 million to less than \$250 million in a share market which has fallen by half, is the best-known example in business circles.

But perhaps the greatest turnaround in fortunes has befallen 26-year-old Perth ex-millionaire Mark Powvey. He was Australia's youngest tycoon.

Now, reports the Sydney Morning Herald, he's waiting on tables in Perth suburban restaurant Joshua's Bistro. He wants to move up when the manageress retires pregnant.

"One needs to be employed, to earn money," he was quoted as saying.

He auctioned over half his art collection at bargain prices a few weeks ago in an effort to keep the modestly-named Povey Corp. afloat.

In other news from the filthy rich, rumours have it that Sir Frank Renouf is to auction Paradis sur Mer, the humble Sydney harbour-side cottage whose affairs made such interesting viewing for a few weeks last month.

Sir Frank, whose marital difficulties are not yet rumoured to have been caused by his manic desire to wear tennis gear at all times, was a world-class victim of the share crash in New Zealand.

The price mentioned for the house is \$20 million.

Meanwhile, The Age reports that Toorak millionaire Mr David mariner was whisked off to Melbourne's Pentridge Gaol a couple of weeks ago and strip-searched over a

Now - More Ways Than Ever Before To Protect Yourself Against Abusive Traffic Enforcement!

(Not that any of our readers would ever exceed posted speed limits...)



290 pages

How To Avoid Speeding Tickets!

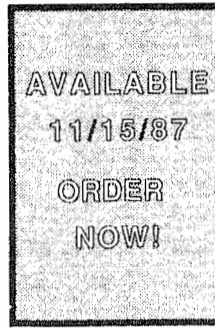
The Fast Driver's Handbook

"is an excellent book, thoroughly researched and accurate, a must for anyone who takes driving seriously."

John Tomerlin, Road & Track

"Text for Speedology 101... a logical approach to driving fast... the most comprehensive we've encountered."

Phil Berg, AutoWeek



148 pages

If all else fails, more radical measures may be required. These are detailed in:

How To Win In High-Speed Pursuit!

WARNING: The techniques and tactics described in this book were perfected by professional drivers with many years of experience in high-speed driving and pursuit situations. Do not attempt to use these methods on any public road unless you have a similar level of driving expertise. This book is *not* recommended for drivers under 21 years old.



582 pages

Monitor America

Monitor America is the most complete reference guide currently available to listening in on and understanding police radio communications. It covers all 50 states and provides a very detailed listing of all pertinent radio frequencies and communications codes, as well as a comprehensive background on the tactical communications procedures of the law enforcement agencies in almost every locality. It's an absolute necessity for anyone interested in the latest in police communications frequencies, terminology and equipment.



158 pages

Face it. Sooner or later, you may end up with a radar-based speeding ticket that you didn't deserve. If that happens, you should read:

Beating The Radar Rap

This is the most comprehensive guide available to the technical and legal deficiencies of police radar. If you got caught in a radar trap, this book helps you prepare to fight that citation. It tells you what to do and what not to do and is required reading *before* your court date. Co-authored by Dale Smith, inventor of the original Fuzzbuster radar detector. It was reviewed in August 1987 *Car and Driver*.

Only In America

These four little literary gems are such a steal that this column feels duty-bound to bring them to your attention. All are available from

Virginia's Freedom Coalition for less than \$US20, although you may have to pay up to \$US5 extra for delivery. But if you order now, you

also receive a bonus copy of *The Legal Defence Report* ("for a proper defence against any traffic citation") at no extra cost, and

there's a 30-day money-back guarantee. You can't lose except there isn't a volume on how to out-race stobie poles...

breach of a court order to stop digging up his neighbours' tree roots.

And businessman Sir Andrew Grimwade has appeared with four colleagues in the Melbourne Magistrate's Court, charged with making false claims to induce investors to put a total of \$15 million in an investment group. The case is continuing.

Electability

A mouse named Ken has beaten five other candidates to become president of the Student Union of the University of East Anglia, reports the Sydney Morning Herald. He ran on the platform of free beer and soft toilet paper and polled more than a third of the 1,500 votes cast. A pregnant female, Ken will earn \$133 a week.

Could it happen here? Would anyone notice?

In Vogue

Two Melbourne Age writers, Elizabeth Cincotta and Frances Atkinson, have compiled the following list of the top ten most common headlines in women's magazines:

How to lose 10 kilos in two days.

A new you in three easy steps.

Could you be a model?

How to apply make-up. The experts show you.

What shape is your face?

Seventy easy steps to tone up your thighs.

How well do you know your man/best friend/dog/mother?

How to cope with jealousy.

So you want to be a brain surgeon?

Why he won't hold your hand in public.

TLVs in all Directions

At the moment research into that elusive creature, the Traditional Labor Voter (TLV), is concentrating on one key question: what colour is it?

There are those who say that it's green, and always has been. They include many in the ALP's Socialist Left and Labor Unity (right) factions, with their stongest champion probably born-again tree lover and right-wing factional boss Senator Graham Richardson.

Richardson, the consummate numbers man, has ragued in print recently that the federal government's tough pro-environment stand at the last election won it an extra two per cent of the vote. It also, he says, gave something to believe in to voters wearying of the government's market-based economic reforms.

But Richardson, long regarded as the country's top super-pragmatist, has also taken to arguing that the government should stay on its pro-environment course because it's just plain right.

The reason he has had to adopt this attitude is that an increasing number of ALP parliamentarians are looking to the parlous state of another TLV the timber worker.

The ALP member for the NSW federal seat of Eden-Monaro, Jim Snow, was reported in the Sydney Morning Herald as having touched a nerve recently with a motion calling for the government to take more notice of the views of foresters in making decisions on national parks.

Snow won his seat with a healthy

swing by backing woodchippers at the election, in an area which are recently seen 80,000 hectares of forest declared national parks.

That decision closed down two sawmills.

The debate in the ALP parliamentary caucus saw Mr Snow savaged by Senator Richardson (an experience few have ever survived unscathed) and by left-winger Warren Snowdon.

The worrying thing for environmentalists is that the factionally independent and highly-respected Minister for Industry, Technology and Commerce, Senator Button, backed the woodchippers, as did at least two other members. The list of ministers who want a more pro-forestry stance on economic grounds includes not just Button but Centre-Lefters John Dawkins and Peter Walsh and converted

right-winger John Kerin. All of them point to the huge amounts of much-needed export income which the nation receives from forest products.

The Centre-Left faction's newly-appointed Resources Minister, Senator Peter Cook, has pointed specifically to what he regards as the unacceptable image of forestry industry workers being made redundant with no obvious way of continuing to support their families. Such people have been traditional Labor voters since the last century; indeed, they represent almost the classic Aussie battlers.

Richardson has always known this, but his attempts to talk through a decent solution got the diminutive senator roughed up by a group of ex-Labor forestry workers last year.

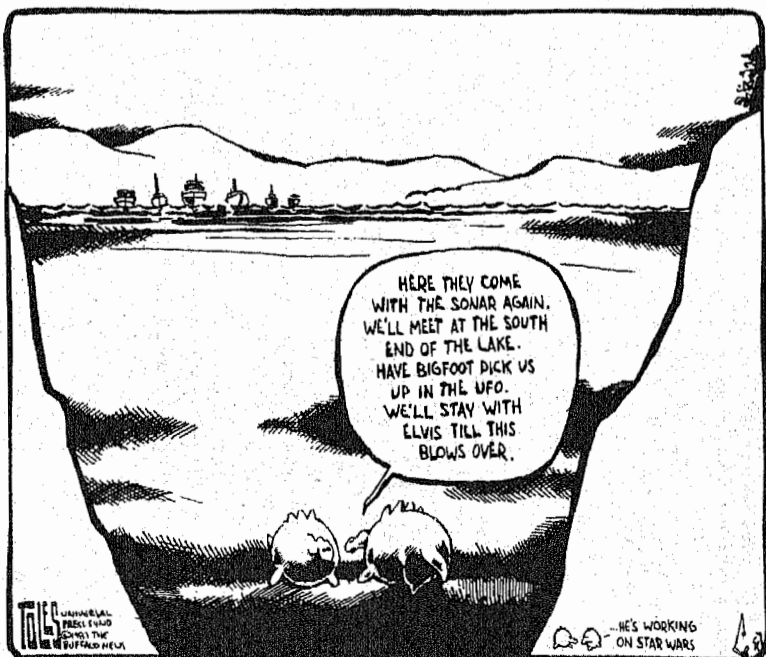
With the PR battle over forestry hotting up, his mettle is set to be tested some more.

Who's Had Who

In yet another attempt to support the probing thrust of academic research, this column brings you this extract from a new English collection of "Lay Lines" those romantic connections between, as the researchers put it, "those people

who have lain with each other and not just fallen asleep." Presented here is the string of liaisons which represents what might be called the most realistically human link between Henry VIII and Sarah Ferguson, Duchess of York.

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Henry VIII | Comte Jean du Barry | Marlene Dietrich |
| Catherine Parr | Desirée Clary | Douglas Fairbanks Jr |
| Lord Seymour | Napoléon Bonaparte | Joan Crawford |
| Elizabeth I | Empress Marie Louise | Clark Gable |
| SEcond Earl of Essex | King Joachim | Ava Gardner |
| Penelope Devereux | of Naples | Sir Gordon White |
| Charles Blount | Caroline of Brunswick | Vanessa Llewellyn |
| Elizabeth Paulet | George IV | Dai Llewellyn |
| Robert Devereux | Lord Hertford | Tessa Dahl |
| Frances Howard | Lady Hertford | Peter Sellers |
| James I | Marchesa di | Britt Ekland |
| George Villiers | Castiglioni | Rod Stewart |
| Anna Maria Brudenell | Napoléon III | Sabrina Guinness |
| Harry Killigrew | Lady Blessington | Mick Jagger |
| Barbara Villiers | Franz Liszt | Bianca Jagger |
| Charles II | Lola Montez | Ryan O'Neal |
| Louise de Kéroualle | Victor Hugo | Mia Farrow |
| Louis XIV | Sarah Bernhardt | Frank Sinatra |
| Mlle. de Fantagues | Edward VII | Carol White |
| Prince Radzini | La Belle Otero | Warren Beatty |
| Miss Chudleigh | Raoul Dufy | Viviane Ventura |
| Duke of Hamilton | Fernande Olivier | Omar Sharif |
| Miss Gunning | Pablo Picasso | Barbara Streisand |
| Lord Coventry | Eva Gouel | Elliott Gould |
| Mme. de Pompadour | Leo Stein | Vicki Hodge |
| Louis XV | Gertrude Stein | Prince Andrew |
| Madame du Barry | Alice B. Toklas | Sarah Ferguson |
| | Mercedes D'Acosta | |



From The Buffalo News (US)

Housing crisis

by Sally Niemann

University Council has approved the decision to sell a parcel of properties at the Western end of MacKinnon Parade.

The land includes three student houses, the child care centre, a house currently being leased from the University and vacant blocks of land.

A document seen by On Dit says there are currently 13 students in residence at the MacKinnon Parade houses and that these people would have to be "re-allocated".

The document goes on to say that "it is considered essential that vacant possession of the houses must be obtained before they are offered for sale."

Secretary of the Non-Collegiate Housing Board, Mr Peter Turnbull said Kathleen Lumley Post Graduate College had expressed a desire to purchase four of the student houses at the Eastern end of MacKinnon parade and Finnis Street.



Mr Peter Turnbull

"The properties were originally bought as real estate because it was though the University would expand in that direction," Mr Turnbull said.

"The University cannot afford to spend a lot of money in prime real estate subsidising student housing.

"We will acquire other properties to compensate for the loss of the North Adelaide Houses," he said.

Librarian goes

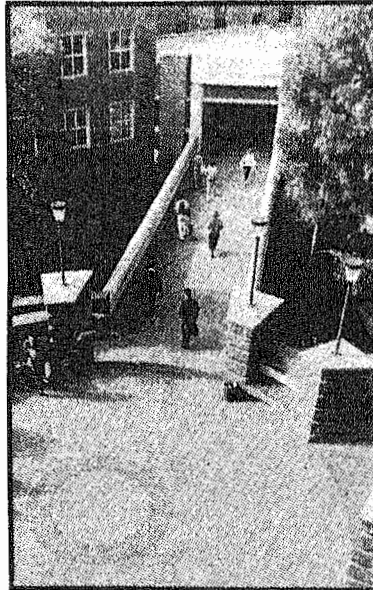
The Head Librarian at the Barr Smith Library, Mr Eric Wainwright, is leaving Adelaide University. He will take the position of Deputy Director General at the Australian National Library. Mr Wainwright said he had mixed feelings about his departure.

During his six and a half years at Adelaide he has overseen significant changes in the library.

The full advantages of recent changes to the building will not be totally felt for another two years, Mr Wainwright said.

"I believe we have done as much as we can, particularly with respect to Student Services", he said.

Changes made to the library layout, such as the creation of space for group work and also silent study with significant distances between the two areas have been, "met with some positive and negative reactions but in general have helped to improve the study and research process," Mr Wainwright said. "This year will be the test of our changes and I am sad I won't be here to see it," he said. In his capacity as Deputy Director General of the Australian National Library, Mr Wainwright hopes to help coordinate the sharing of resources and



The Barr Smith Library - losing head librarian services between the National and other Australian libraries. "I hope to contribute towards that co-operation with other institutions, and take National services out as far as possible from Canberra, which is really isolated in terms of distance and population."

Anthropology appointment



Dr John Gray

The Department of Anthropology has a new Chairman.

He is Dr John Gray who replaces Dr Adrian Peace. Dr Peace is on study leave for the upcoming year. The appointment is on a two-year basis, unless a professor arrives in the Department before that, then he/she will take over the Chairmanship.

Dr Gray says that the Department will be in a "state of flux" for at least the next year. He maintains that it will be a year of uncertainty and a time for restructuring and any new initiatives will be a response to the State and Federal Green Papers.

Dr Gray, however, sees this as a positive time for faculty reorganisation and is looking forward to the challenge of administering such changes.

Library strikes back

The Barr Smith Library has hit back at criticisms made of its operations in last week's edition of *On Dit*.

In a strongly-worded letter to the Editors, University Librarian, Mr Eric Wainwright, has accused *On dit* of "Library bashing".

"I realise that Orientation is traditionally 'Library bashing' time for *On Dit*, but I feel that whoever is hiding behind the byline of 'Un-i-watch' went a bit over the top in the article," the letter said.

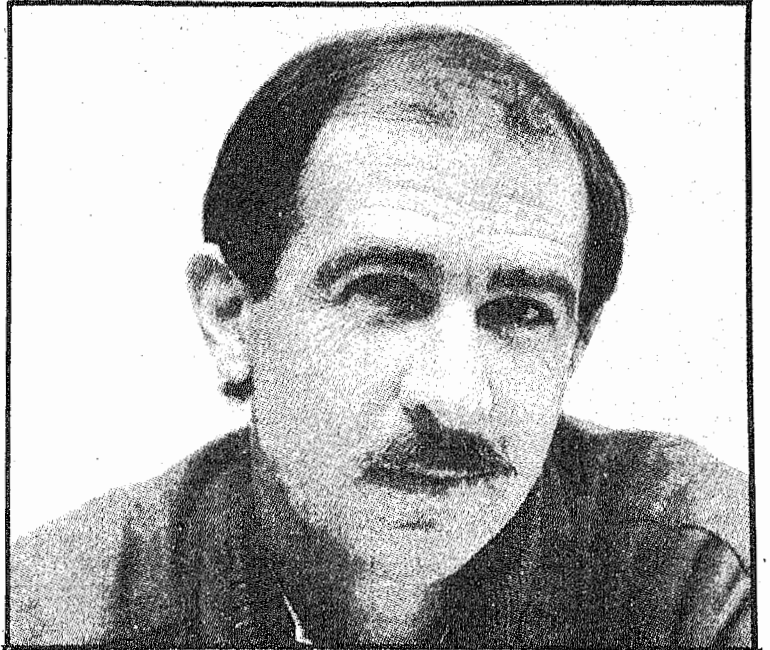
Through *On Dit's* new "Un-i-watch" column, a disillusioned and angry student last week slammed the Library for its "bureaucratic bungling and disregard for the actual university population."

"Orientation?", said the article, "anything to do with the BSL is by its very nature disorientating."

"Every March last year's students return to find that the library with which they had spent a year becoming familiar has been the test site for yet another batch of pen-pushers' hare-brained proposals," the article said.

In an interview with *On Dit* this week, User Services Librarian, Mr Patrick Condon, denied the charges made in the article.

"We realise latter year students will be a little confused by the changes, but the Barr Smith now offers greater accessibility to all students", Mr Condon said.



Eric Wainwright - attacks "unfair"

"We have attempted to soften the impact as much as possible by providing library tours and information booklets."

Mr Condon said the library now offered increased photocopying services, extra Biblion terminals and more study space.

He said that while many students had been irritated by constant rearrangement and reorganisation in the Library, the attacks levelled

against it were "unfair".

"We have moved the entire book collection. The old method (having the main collection on four floors) was illogical from a users point of view. Students would miss volumes they required. Now that we have moved the main collection onto floors one and two the sequence is logical," Mr Condon said.

The Barr Smith had again suffered a large funding cut this year.

Uni smoking may be banned

A working party has been set up to review the possibility of banning smoking in all University buildings, including outside lecture theatres and in public toilets.

A recent report by the Smoking in Workplaces Working Party says there are two main reasons as to why smoking should be prevented within the University.

Firstly, "the University as an employer has obligations for the health of its staff and students," the report says.

"Secondly, individual staff members may wish to work in a smoke free environment."

The report goes on to say that curbing smoking was a legal and ethical obligation of the University.

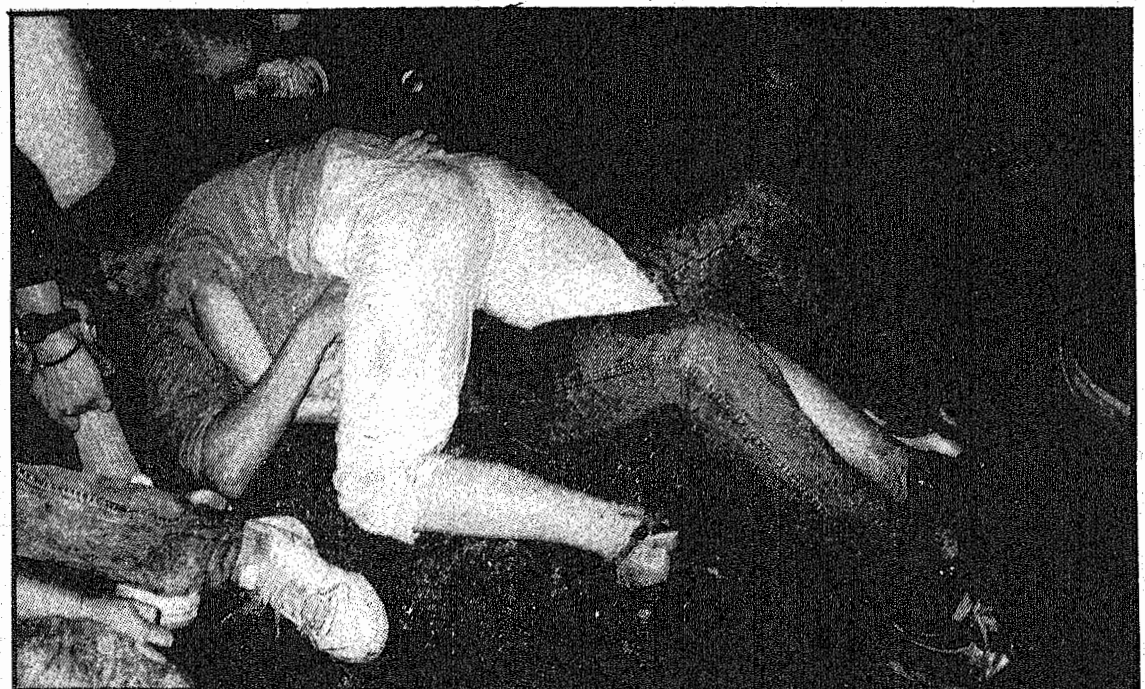
Passive smoking has been deemed hazardous by the US Surgeon General as well as the National Health and Medical Research Council.

The working party included representatives from the health ser-



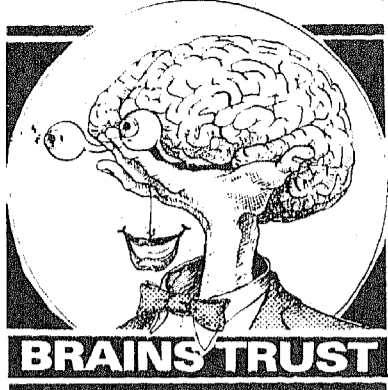
Smoking within University buildings may go assistance to those smokers (staff and student) who wish to give up smoking.

The working party will make its final recommendation to University Council in April or May.



Get her down, kick her head in, yeah!

debauched SKULLDUGGERY '88.



BRAINS TRUST

Adelaide University Historian, Mr Hugh Stretton, has branded the idea of graduate tax "ludicrous".

"If it's just an income supertax on graduates only, I think it's a ludicrous idea," he said.

"Lots of people (outside universities) get extremely expensive training and don't have to pay back the people who trained them, people who get their training in the public service, people who get their training in BHP."

"Two-thirds of the skills in our economy are learned on the job."

Mr. Stretton said there would be grave practical problems involved with the tax.

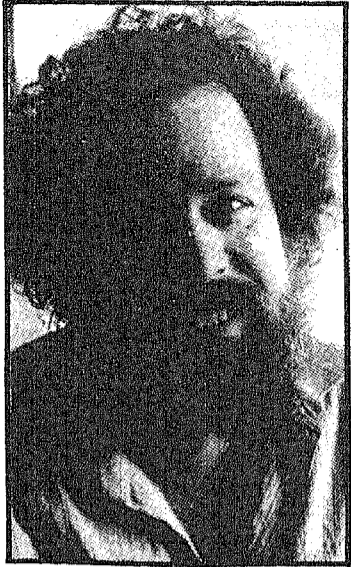
"Which graduates are you going for tax? Only graduates of Australian Universities? They'll go somewhere else perhaps."

"You can't tax me, I haven't got a degree from an Australian University," he said.

"Take any team of engineers in this country. You'll probably find that five of them have got degrees here and three of them have got degrees somewhere else. You're going to make a massive discriminating tax between them."

"On the other hand, if you tax all graduates - just because they've got graduate qualifications - what's that going to do to our chances of importing graduates."

But according to Dr. McEachern a Graduate Tax will probably be adopted by the Government.



Dr McEachern

"Why pick on graduates? I think it's probably similar to privatisation. They have a problem in reconciling money on tertiary education while trying to maintain their general economic strategy."

"Any means of transferring that cost to somebody else will be considered," he said.

Dr. McEachern said a Graduate Tax had been put forward because full-cost student fees were politically unacceptable.

Professor Walsh said a Graduate Tax would be hard to administer. But he said a bigger concern was that it would not help to gear education to economic needs.

"The argument for the pricing of education is a question of getting some signals into the system about what sort of education people want."

"A Graduate Tax narrows signals just how expensive an education is to society . . . and it doesn't signal to an institution the (educational) area into which it should be moving, in response to students and a society's perceived needs."

EDUCATION REVIEW

by Gayle Buttrose

Changes made to the Union Fee policy mean students withdrawing prior to the end of the academic year will automatically receive refunds.

Mr Richard Branford, University Welfare Officer said that in 1987 students who withdrew had to apply to the Revenue Officer for reimbursement of their fees.

"Automatic refunding of Union Fees due to students withdrawing part-way through the year is a vast improvement on previous arrangements," Mr Branford said.

For those students who withdraw this year, a formula will be used to calculate the amount to be reimbursed.

This is dependant on the course workload and at what time during the year the student withdrew.

From this year students will receive a refund cheque through the post.

Any enquiries should be directed to the Revenue Officer in the Mitchell Building.

The Barr Smith Library has proposed to tighten its demerit points system.

Under a new proposal due to take effect next year, students accruing more than sixty points during the academic year will be forced to carry them over into the following year.

In the past students have been given a fresh sixty at the start of each year, regardless of the amount

of demerit points accrued.

Librarian Joan Manners told On DIT that this system has created the problems of "certain people hanging onto books because they know that once they accrue over 59 points they can hold overdue books for as long as possible, or at least until an overdue book comes to the computer's attention and tallies up the points."

"The number of people abusing the system is not huge but it is substantial," she said.

Adelaide University debaters came first and second at the World University debating championship held in Sydney during the first week of January.

Francis Greenslade and Anthony Durkin were placed first and second, respectively, in the individual speaking division.

This is the first time the top two positions have been won by members of the same team.

Oxford University won the overall championship.

Sydney University is the only Australian team to have ever won the annual event.

Adelaide University need not be disappointed at foregoing the major prize - it was simply a piece of bark mounted on a wooden frame.

by Mark Gamtcheff

In 1987, 47 bikes were reported stolen from the Adelaide University campus. Bike thefts are a major problem on our campus. What can be done about it?

Mr Bevan Humphries of University Security advised students to leave their bikes in busy public areas.

"Students should fix their bicycles to immovable objects, preferably with a "Newbolt" lock (which can be purchased from the Bookshop for \$32)," Mr Humphries said.

He added that bicycles should never be left overnight or for days at a time as past experience has shown that such bikes are prime targets of the bike thieves.

"Few of the stolen bikes are recovered," Mr Humphries said, "as the police are seldom prepared to investigate what they regard as a minor crime."

by Rebecca Lange

A University of Adelaide Professor is tipping an "explosive expansion" for Asian Studies following this year's doubling of enrolment numbers in Japanese languages.

The Centre for Asian Studies' new chairman, Professor Gavan McCormack said 165 students had enrolled in Japanese for 1988 - compared to last year's 77.

He said to cope with the demand the centre had employed six new tutors part-time and one full-time this year.

Even so, the centre still "desperately" needed more staff.

"If the governments are serious about reorienting the national priorities by the mass-promotion of Asian language and associated studies they must realize they will have to pay for it," he said.

"The Centre for Asian Studies will undergo an explosive expansion in keeping with the importance of this field of knowledge."

"I believe our graduates are very well equipped to cope with the demands which Australia's closer political and economic ties with Asia will place on them."

He said the centre could not now accommodate any more students.



HUMAN RIGHTS FILE

Paulus Amadhila, 43, secondary school teacher.

Reverend Junias Kaapanda, 55, Lutheran Church pastor.

Andreas Shivute, 48, school principal.

Nathaniel S. Ndatyapo, age unknown, Driver/Handyman.

Paulus Ngipunya, age unknown.

Hali Mwetako, age unknown.

The six men named above have been detained by South African security forces in Northern Namibia since January.

All are being held without trial and no charges were laid for their arrest.

The six detainees are being held incommunicado at South Africa's administrative and security force headquarters under Proclamation AG9, the administrative decree which provides the basis for detention without trial.

Reportedly, all are being interrogated over allegations that they gave assistance to the military wing of the South West African People's Organisation (SWAPO).

Although SWAPO engages in guerilla warfare against South African forces (particularly the Police Counter Intelligence Insurgency Unit, COIN, formerly 'Crowbar'), SWAPO exists as a legal political party in Namibia.

However, much of its leadership has been exiled and is stationed in Anglola.

Of the six detainees, at least one has been held previously: Pastor Kaapanda was detained three times, in 1975, 1981 and in June and July last year.

Yet the Pastor was brought to trial not once.

In addition to providing for indefinite detention without charge or trial - with at least the first 30 days incommunicado - Proclamation AG9 provides immunity against prosecution for all members of the security forces.

The only proviso is that they be able to show that their actions were committed in "good faith" with the decree.

Many detainees held under AG9 have been severely tortured or ill-treated. In a Supreme Court hearing last year, several security police officers admitted they had severely assaulted detainees held for interrogation, in at least one case inflicting permanent injury.

During the trial, held in the Windhoek Supreme Court, they sought to justify the torture and assault of captives on the grounds that such abuses were commonplace.

Said one officer: "It was all right to do whatever you wanted to detainees as long as you did not unnecessarily kill them."

In July 1986 State President Botha intervened to prevent the trial of four South African soldiers charged with the murder of one Frans Uapota. He was among a number of people who had been seized and violently assaulted in November 1985.

He died after he was beaten, kicked and trampled by his interrogators.

President Botha used powers under Section 103 of the South African Defence Act to terminate the trial on the grounds that the soldiers who killed Uapota had acted "in good faith" with the Act.

The total number of people sentenced to death in recent years in Namibia is unknown. However, there were at least four executions in 1986.

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On Dit

EDITORIAL

One of the great illusions about what is sometimes called 'saturation media' in Australia is that people are getting a broad range of information, which they are not.

To be sure, your average media consumer is dealt a veritable array of images and messages daily, but the sources of that information are few. In Adelaide, the information base has long been especially narrow.

Yet, on the newspaper front, that narrowness, that minimal diversity looks set to be even further eroded - without so much as a squeak from the mainstream media besides.

Now - in fact, as of about a month ago - *The News* is being printed at *The Advertiser*. It is understood that the best (read: newest) of the News's printing presses are in the throes of being moved to *The Advertiser* and there is talk of in future years transferring the News's editorial department to Waymouth Street.

What began as a lingering suspicion is now a reality - a reality that sits uncomfortably against the public relations fanfare which accompanied the sale of *The News* to a "consortium of SA businessmen."

According to an independent inquiry into newspapers not so many years ago, it costs about \$50m to set one up, which means it is unlikely that a third - well, second - genuinely independent newspaper could be set up in Adelaide in the foreseeable future - surely a cause for concern.

If, as is routinely the boast of *The Advertiser* and *The News*, their job is to scrutinise government democracy in this State, surely they themselves should mirror that democracy. When newspapers speak as one voice - and the alarming degree of editorial uniformity between

The Advertiser and *The News* makes a mockery of the inane jargon of up-market and down-market - it is the guardian of the public interest itself which needs guarding.

To say that Adelaide needs a large-scale, investigative, campaigning media organ is a case of understatement in the extreme. That that prospect has been effectively snubbed, is the most alarming aspect of a regrettable development.

Richard Ogier

Week to highlight women's involvement in sport

Women's Week provides the opportunity for women to boost their low profile in sport writes A.U. Women's Officer, ARNA EYERS-WHITE.

Whether or not you are of the type that sits down of a Sunday arvo and watches endless hours of sport on television, you can be forgiven for thinking that women's participation in sport is limited to the odd runner and to netball.

In fact, the full representation of women in sport is not made apparent until the Olympics roll around every four years, and you wonder where all these amazing women came from.

All too often, of course, they are from countries which set such store on athletic prowess that they actually give financial support to those in training, as well as promoting a high profile in the community.

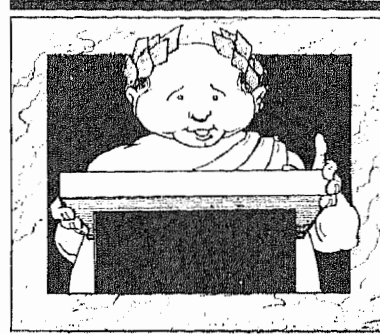
This is unfortunately not the case in Australia. We know about Glynis Nunn, Dawn Fraser and Shane Gould because they won gold at the Olympics, and then of course there's Lisa Martin, Evonne Goolagong and, er, and?

Not many of us can reel off the names of the women on the State Netball Team (equivalent of the West End 36'ers) or the soccer teams or even the Australian Women's Cricket Team, which, incidentally, is world champion in both Test and One Day Series.

The lack of knowledge about women in sport is partly due to the lack of interest shown by the media, resulting in minimal coverage of women's participation in sports. Without media access, most sporting groups have limited avenues for promotion, and many women are unaware of opportunities that are available. In recognition of this, the Australian Athletic Union, assisted by the Department of Recreation and Sport, has initiated a project to promote these opportunities, and South Australian Government has declared the 13 - 20th March 1988 as Women's Week.

The aim of the project is to "increase the community awareness and the participation and standard of performance of women in recreational, sporting and fitness activities".

When one considers that women make up approximately 51% of the population, they are remarkably under-represented in sporting and recreational activities. *Women's Week*, it is hoped, will play a part in the effort to rectify this by holding a number of highly publicised events, encouraging any and all organisations to participate, and inviting



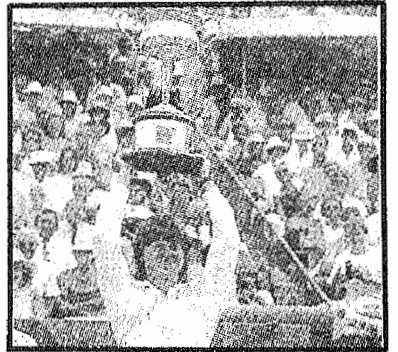
FORUM

Forum is a weekly column in which organisations and individuals explain their beliefs and activities.

members of the public as both participants and observers.

The catalyst, and hence the focus, of *Women's Week* will be the Women's World 15km Road Race. This is to be held on Sunday 20th March, and runners of the calibre of Rosa Mota and Ingrid Kristiansen will be competing.

On the same course, after the race, a 5km 'Fun Run' will be held for any women who wishes to compete. A



They will perform in the Writers Week Tent, Parade Grounds, King William Road, and bookings can be made through BASS.

Adelaide University has been invited to participate in *Women's Week*, and we are doing so at two levels. From Monday 14 - Friday 18th March, a 'Come-and-Try' has been organised in conjunction with the Mitchell Centre for Physical Health, MacKinnon Parade.

The program includes aerobics, fitness, weights, squash, tennis, karate, badminton, jazz ballet and softball. The centre is open to all staff and students, and if you've ever felt wary about trying anything on your own, this is your chance to get involved, with other first-tim-

Not many of us can reel off the names of the women... (in) the Australian Women's Cricket Team, which, incidentally, is world champion in both Test and One Day Series.

schoolgirls 'Fun Run' will also be held on Friday 18th March. These events will start/finish opposite the University (Mitchell) Gymnasium.

If these events seem daunting, and you feel you can only be an observer, don't despair. The majority of the events have been organised for the interested beginners. Activities such as surfboard riding, self-defence, ten-pin and lawn bowls, and cycling are available, as are cricket and swimming workshops.

For the less physical, the recreational events may be more your cup of tea (or Staminade). There will be fashion parades, massage, craft displays and a 'Women's Night of Cabaret' at the Fringe Club.

Slotting in there somewhere are also computer workshops, financial planning seminars and 'open house' at community centres.

A highlight of the week will be a traditional Aboriginal Women's Performance on Sunday, 13th March. Women from Mimili and Amata will perform traditional dance and song to a female only audience, in accordance with their long cultural tradition and law.

ers. To register for any of these activities, contact the gymnasium on 228 5150.

For those of you who are more recreational than sporty (or both!), a 'Picnic Race Meet' will be held on the Barr Smith Lawns at lunchtime, Friday 18th March. Teams are invited to enter, with a minimum of two members and maximum of four. A series of races will be run, including the Potato Sack race, the Egg and Spoon, Wheelbarrow and 3 legged race. Scores are cumulative, and a 'play off' will be held if necessary.

Clubs and societies are encouraged to enter teams, as are faculties, staff departments, tutorial groups or simply friends. In keeping with its title, bring a picnic basket with you and lunch on the lawns. The meet will end with a giant 'Tug-o-War' for all comers. You can register your team, at the Students' Association Office, in the Cloisters.

A full programme of events for *Women's Week* will (I trust) be published in the daily papers, but if you require information previous to this, please feel free to call on me at the Students Association Office.

ECUMENICAL WORSHIP SERVICE

"A Sense of Vocation"

Friday 18th March. 1 p.m. South Dining Room.
All welcome.

Organised by Chaplains and Religious Societies.

Take a Degree in Living!

Get into some good discussion on how you can live life to the max!

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Hosted by E.C. and Jo Umberger

Call 223 4633 or 362 8638 for more details.

Green Paper 'anti-intellectual'



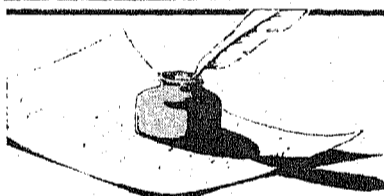
ALAN FAIRLEY
Students' Association researcher

Orientation Week for most people involves a round of preliminary lectures, and less demanding activities on the Barr Smith Lawns or over a drink or two. The Students' Association has had a bit more on its agenda than that.

Wednesday saw meetings of the University Executive Committee and Education Committee. At the time of writing we await the result of Friday afternoon's University Council. Council is the body which will give formal assent to the University position on the State Green Paper.

The Executive and Education Committees endorsed a draft submission from Adelaide University to the Minister. This basically makes the University's claim in the face of the restructuring of Higher Education in South Australia. At the Executive meeting, student representatives declined to endorse the general thrust of the draft submission, at Education Committee, student representatives unanimously rejected the draft. These were both undergraduate and post-graduate student representatives.

At point were matters of fundamental concern to students. The University's draft submission seemed to advance the interests of Adelaide University as narrowly conceived within certain academic administrative parameters. It specifically avoided embracing issues of critical concern to students. Pre-eminent here was the question of



LETTERS

Library victim

Dear Editors,

I realise that Orientation Week is traditionally 'Library bashing' time for *On DIT*, but I feel that whoever is hiding behind the byline of 'Uniwatch' went a bit over the top in the article 'What are they doing to the Barr Smith?'. Clearly Uniwatch has not been on a library tour recently, as students are voting with their feet on the usefulness of tours - last year the number of students taking tours increased by 46% to an all-time record. Similarly, in spite of a fall in student numbers, the number of books borrowed last year was a record, as was the number of reference enquiries dealt with, and the number of photocopies made also rose by 13%. In the meantime the use of the microcomputer and audiovisual services continues to boom. So we must be doing a lot right.

It has indeed been unfortunate that lack of funds has meant that building changes have continued over four years, rather than, ideally, being completed in one year. Our statistics show that since we started remodelling in 1983, the proportion of enquiries at the Information Desk which are directional in nature has fallen from 64% to 48%, so clearly the Library is getting easier to use. Now that the collections have finally been reorganised in a logical order, with good signposting, even Uniwatch should be able to find a book successfully. Even a casual look through the building would also demonstrate the improvements in seating and shelving arrangements during

the manner in which the system of higher education was to be funded in the future. Given growing public debate about the re-introduction of tertiary tuition fees it was remarkable that the University did not even state its own policy in opposition to fees.

The State Governments Green Paper strongly asserted the inadvisability of reintroducing fees, the University merely noted this concern. Effective silence in this matter at this crucial time was taken to be consent of sorts to the building dynamic favouring the reintroduction of fees. Arna Evers-White, the Women's Officer for the Students' Association and the S.A. Branch of N.U.S. was one of the student representatives at Education Committee. She suggested that "the most dangerous thing about the University's draft submission is its hidden agenda". It purported to promote the interests of the broad community here at Adelaide University, yet had not taken into account the submission jointly submitted by the Postgraduate Students Association and the SAUA on behalf of students.

Claims that broad consultation had occurred in the process of preparation of the draft submission have been rejected by the PGSA and the SAUA. Steve Harvey, President of the Postgrads described the draft as "politically naive", particularly as a result of the Vice-Chancellor's working party not having consulted widely within the University prior to its completion. He also expressed dissatisfaction with the fact that the University seems intent on pushing an ambit claim for Adelaide in the current restructuring debate. This already has minimised the potential for generating support for Adelaide's position in the wider community.

All this begs important questions in the debates surrounding both

the last summer vacation. The claim that 80% of students don't use the Library is, frankly, rubbish, and we can prove it. During the average day, between 4,000 and 6,000 people enter the Library to study, and they borrow over 1,500 items. The Library is widely known in South Australia and throughout Australia as one of Australia's leading collections and services, and I know of no other university library that has put as much effort into improved student services in recent years, at a time when library staff numbers have been reduced, for financial reasons, by about 20%.

Students need good, conveniently accessible library services, and they will be getting them in 1988. It would be unfortunate if poor *On DIT* reporting were to persuade some new students not to take library tours or to approach library staff for assistance. I can assure all new students that in the Library they will be met by friendly and helpful library staff striving to give them the best possible services in support of their studies.

Yours,
Eric Wainwright
University Librarian

On DIT Unfair

Stephen Horan, in his article, "Literature: the most human of the arts" (*On DIT* 7/3/88), raises so many large issues that it is difficult to formulate a brief reply. But in defence of reading 'theory' in literary studies I would like to make the following points.

Nowadays many readers of literature are far more aware of the realities of reading - that the "text in itself" or "the human identity of the book" is an essentialist illusion. That is, meaning is not something fixed "in" the text, but produced by readers in particular contexts or frameworks of reading.

By way of an example we might take Judith Wright's poem "Bullocky". In an article in *The Age Monthly Review* in 1986, Wright wrote that interpretations of her poem which posit "praise

Federal and State Green Papers. Professor Nerlich from the Philosophy Department described the Green Paper as "an anti-intellectual document" at Education Committee, and refused to support the University's draft response because it "welcomed" that document.

At this stage the student organisations are still asserting the basic principles they believe should govern any process of amalgamation; what SAUA President, John Ridgway contrasted to the "Institutional Pac-man" approach of the University itself. Also being promoted are basic concerns of students that have not been covered in the draft submission.

The principles jointly projected by the SAUA and the PGSA in their submissions to the Vice-Chancellor

gave six fundamental guidelines as the basis for negotiating the structure of post-amalgamation institutions in South Australia. These provide protection for current and future students at Adelaide University, while placing student interests within a broader community context:

- there should be opportunities for improved access
- each institution should have roughly equal numbers of students
- each institution should have a balanced mix of disciplines
- each institution should have a share of the technologically-based disciplines
- each institution should have the ability to attract outside funding
- management structures should be along representative government models.

Within such broad parameters it would be possible for interested parties to negotiate the profile of a restructured system of higher education in South Australia.

of the pioneers" are an "acute embarrassment" to her. While acknowledging that "the element" can be perceived in her poem, she reminded us of two things:

- 1) that there are other (now more significant) meanings and
- 2) that the poem was first written and received in a cultural climate very different from our present one. We now know a lot more about what happened during the pioneering days.

Wright is, in fact, inviting us to find a different political meaning for her poem.

This incident demonstrates, I think, that readings or interpretations of literary texts are not ideologically innocent. Different contexts of reading profoundly influence the ways in which meanings are constructed. As Wright herself makes clear, when "Bullocky" is read in the context of other poems in *The Moving Image* (1946), it can take on certain nuances which may not be perceived if the poem is grouped under a particular thematic heading, as it is in so many school anthologies. Generally speaking, as soon as we recontextualize any poem (play, novel, short story, film...) it offers itself for reinterpretation. New connections will be made and different patterns of meaning will emerge.

This does, of course, mean that all readings are partial (in more than one sense of the term), and it does mean that texts are available for feminist, psychoanalytic, marxist, post-structuralist and all those other forms of reading which Horan mentions by way of quotation. However, this need not be seen negatively. On the contrary, the fact that the text is semantically and semiotically rich enough to allow illimitable rereadings is what constitutes its claim to an interpretive history - to being enduring literature, in short.

Far from being a form of navel gazing, reading theory is a way of becoming more aware of the political potential of signs, of sharpening our critical faculties. Nor does this preclude engagement with a text, "laughing or crying over it", though depending on

Education debate on

Now begins the academic year lectures, tutes and study. 1988 is going to be an important year for students, a year of change and a year in which students need to stay informed, and be involved in the Education debate. What I do recommend quite strongly is that you place yourself on the Education Contact List we are compiling. This will ensure you will be able to receive the bulletin we will be preparing several times a term on University and Education issues.

What are the issues?

Firstly I want to warn you that students will have their enrollments cancelled if they haven't paid their Admin. Charge by the 31st of March. At the moment there are around 2,000 students that haven't paid. If you want to pay but haven't got the money, you may be able to get a loan from the university, contact the Education Welfare Officers of the Union.

The loan fund is getting very low and may run out if it is abused, so please only apply for a loan if you really need it. If you are disenrolled, there is no mechanism to have it renewed at this stage, and this is something I intend to address if the need arises.

The Wran Committee has handed down its report on Future Funding to Universities, this is being reviewed and a full report of its contents will be in the next *On DIT* or sent to people on the Education Contact List. One way or the other



ANDREW LAMB
Finance vice-president

Orientation is over, and it was one of the biggest yet. Thank you to all those who helped so much for so little. Well done Bill Smith and all the other O'Directors. Special thanks to the Activities Standing Committee. No thanks at all to George Karzis.

how we are situated as individuals in terms of gender, ethnicity, class, occupation etc., we may well have abivalent feelings about it. If this experience qualifies for us a writer's institutionalized "greatness", so be it. Reading is not a neutral activity.

Indeed, a Russian theorist, Mikhail Bakhtin, has written that "language is not a neutral medium that passes freely and easily into the private property of the speaker's intention; it is populated - overpopulated by the intentions of others". As an example of 'theory' this might well cause us to interrogate Professor Wilkes' aspiration to find access to the mind (intentions?) of Shakespeare and the other writers mentioned. And this, too, might not be a bad thing, especially if it leads us to consider the meanings which Shakespeare's plays have had and might have in different social, cultural and political formations, including our own. After all, as Mr. Horan says, literature has a "potent connexion" with life.

Jaqui Howard

Flaming Ruxton

Dear Eds,

After reading Bruce Ruxton's comments on the Bicentenary in *On DIT*'s first issue, 7/3/88, there is no doubt in mind that Mr Ruxton's ideology is nothing but outrageous right-wing sentiment. That flaming ex-serviceman with the white hat just keeps on coming up with statements that could easily be nominated for QUOTE of the YEAR. He has all the "right" ingredients to



JOHN RIDGWAY
Students' Association President

we will try to get the information to you. At this stage the agenda is very much tertiary fees paid by students. The *Age* reports that a paper by the Department of Finance dismisses alternatives to the reintroduction of fees such as a levy on industries that employ graduates or a graduate tax.

Proposing 3 options.

1. The "Efficiency/fiscal package", proposes a 50% cut in federal funding to institutions to be made up by Institutions.

2. The inbetween package reduces the grants to institutions by 25 per cent with institutions setting fee levels according to the type of courses.

3. The equity package has fees set nationally at a standard rate of around \$3,000 a year.

What the outcome of these debates will be is not clear at this stage. But we may need your support, so get on the Education Contact List and stay informed.

Remember due to limited budgets, student activities depend largely on human resources. If you have any ideas, energy or enthusiasm and would like to help out - come and see me in the SAUA Office.

A position has become available on the SAUA Education Standing Committee. A by-election for the position will be held soon. For information on running or attending any of our committees, enquire at the SAUA office.

Now that term has started, don't forget to keep up the extra-curricular activities with clubs, associations and sports. All work and no play make for a dull Uni life.

For those looking for work during term or accommodation, check the SAUA notice boards.

become the President of the Ronald Reagan Fan Club, and simultaneously dominate the Every Man For Himself Club as President, Secretary and Treasurer. As an average Australian, I have had a "gutful" of him and his compatriots.

Inessa Lane

BSL backed

Dear Richard & Sally,

Who was responsible for the reactionary article "What are they doing to the Barr Smith"? Whoever wrote it is obviously someone who has not used the library much.

The old system effectively meant that if you were researching for an essay you often had to go to three different ends of the library - a real pain, in other words.

The new system that was rubbish so much by the anonymous author is a major improvement, one that I reckon will save me about forty kilometres of walking around this year.

What is the study that the author cites? How could these people pass or do 80% of students at Adelaide fail?

Yours,
James Prest.

Deadline for letters to the Editor is 12.00 noon on Wednesdays. All letters should include the authors telephone number. Anonymous or pseudonymic letters will only be considered for publication if the author's name and telephone number are included (not for publication).

American Murdoch's on the march ~influence at 'Tiser about to bite

One year has passed since American citizen Rupert Murdoch took a stranglehold on the Australian newspaper industry - and now he's making a move for editorial control at *The Advertiser*.

A concerned member of the Australian Journalist Association, who prefers not to be named, provides these back-room details.

On the surface, not a lot appears to have happened since Murdoch added the giant Herald and Weekly Times group to his worldwide media empire. Our local newspapers, for example, are coming out much as before.

But watch out! Murdoch is on the march. His men are beginning one by one to move into *The Advertiser*. When they start to crack the whip, old Granny 'Tiser won't know what's struck her.

Murdoch now owns, either openly or furtively, virtually every newspaper published in Adelaide - despite the anti-monopoly provisions of the Trade Practices Act.

He admits to owning *The Advertiser*, the *Sunday Mail* and the *Messenger* group. Anti-monopoly laws meant he had to get rid of *The News*, which passed into the hands of a "consortium of Adelaide businessmen" headed by Roger Holden and Reg Cordina, respec-

A.B.C. had a go in The 7.30 Report only to run into a brick wall.

Politicians can't afford to offend a media monopoly. Trade unions are happy enough if their members have jobs.

It's the same story in Brisbane, where Murdoch had to relinquish the *Daily Sun* and the *Sunday Sun* last year when he took over Queensland Newspapers (*The Courier-Mail*, *The Sunday Mail* and *The Telegraph*).

Like *The News* in Adelaide, the *Daily Sun* and the *Sunday Sun* were sold to the papers' "management" in a deal involving Westfield Corporation. And the two papers are still produced, printed and distributed by Murdoch.

Editor of the *Daily Sun* is another Murdoch man, Mike Quirk, who was press secretary to South Australian Liberal Premier David Tonkin and later editor of Adelaide's *Sunday Mail*. Quirk

Murdoch is on the march. His men are beginning one by one to move into *The Advertiser*.

tively managing editor and general manager of the paper.

Where did they get the money?

Why, through Westfield Corporation, the parent group of the Lismore-based media group Northern Star Holdings - in which Murdoch's News Corporation has a 15 per cent interest.

Holden said at the time of the deal that there were no hidden clauses.

He refused to disclose how much the "consortium of Adelaide businessmen" had paid for the title of *The News* - for that was all that was sold. Buildings and plant at North Terrace remain with News Corporation. Staff alternate between *The News* and the *Sunday Mail* as before.

Links between *The News*, "proudly South Australian," and Murdoch, expediently American, are becoming more obvious all the time.

This year *The News* is already being printed on *Advertiser* presses.

It will share library facilities with *The Advertiser* and *The Australian* in Advertiser Building.

Its executives are Murdoch men to the boot-heels. *The News* springs to Murdoch's defence whenever he comes under fire.

It uses, unacknowledged, stories from Murdoch's interstate and

insists that the *Daily Sun* is "a totally independent, separate company".

Apparently the Trade Practices Commission concurs, although, understandably, many Brisbane journalists remain sceptical.

Reinforcing that scepticism was Murdoch's closing down of the 115-year-old *Telegraph*, an afternoon tabloid, early this month with the loss of 166 jobs.

Ten days later the *Daily Sun* switched from morning to afternoon publication to fill the void left by *The Telegraph* - a move of amazing boldness and alacrity for a rival company that had no foreknowledge of Murdoch's plans.

The Daily Sun is now titled *The Sun*.

Back at Waymouth Street, meanwhile, staff of *The Advertiser* are living in a false dawn. They think that they have weathered the Murdoch onslaught relatively unscathed.

They do not yet realize that they are being taken over by stealth. Murdoch is infiltrating.

First to go was Don Riddell, the cultured, liberal, but at times indecisive editor-in-chief of *The Advertiser*. He saw the writing on the wall early on and elected to accept a golden handshake.

Murdoch, as part of his destabili-

zation strategy, shifted Riddell's

inexperienced editor, Ian Meikle, to that graveyard of editors, *The Australian*, and brought the assertive David Smith down from the Brisbane *Courier Mail* to be editor of *The Advertiser*.

Meikle did not last long Sydney as editor of *The Australian*. He is now back in Adelaide as head of the Channel 10 news team.

Smith has moved up to the managing editorship of *The Advertiser*, which for the moment again has a

home-grown editor, John Shires, an old-family conservative who had seemed destined to be permanent bridesmaid at Waymouth Street.

Early in his editorship, Scales, somewhat naively, expressed the opinion that Murdoch would leave the running of the paper to local people who knew their market and were doing a first-rate job.

Murdoch, however, is not, and never has been, a hands-off proprietor.



RUPERT MURDOCH - a finger in every pie.

A hint of this came on the eve of last year's federal election when, following a last-minute telephone call from interstate, *The Advertiser* switched from Liberal to neutral in its final editorial. This became evident from interstate newspapers which had received the editorial in advance and published its original conclusion.

[Something similar occurred at *The News*, which did a back-flip with a pro-Labor editorial late in the day when it found that Westfield was backing the Hawke Government.]

Scales by now can retain few illusions about Murdoch's intentions.

The Advertiser board and editorial team had decided on a complete reformat of the paper for the New Year. The day before the first new-look issue was to appear, Scales issued a memo to staff:

"The reformat planned for tomorrow has been put on hold by Rupert Murdoch. I'm not aware of the reasons yet or for how long the reformat may be delayed".

It has not yet occurred. Other signs abound that Murdoch is about to flex his muscles.

Kym Tilbrook, a journalist respected on all sides for his balanced reporting of local politics has been pushed aside.

That has left the way clear for Murdoch man Rex Jory, a former apparatchik of Liberal leaders David Tonkin and John Olsen, to set the political agenda for *The Advertiser* and, by extensions, the rest of the media in this State.

There are rumours that another Murdoch heavyweight, Kerry Sullivan, currently editor-in-chief of the *Sunday Mail*, will be moving up the ladder after his paper's imminent move to Waymouth Street.

Lurking in the background is that crusty old conservative Sir Kenneth May, a Murdoch mandarin from way back. A suite has been prepared for him on mahogany row - the executive wing in Advertiser Building.

One change has occurred without notice. You get less in *The Advertiser* these days. Its pages are quite a bit narrower and slightly shorter - to accommodate more easily advertisements made for interstate papers.

To fit more in the reduced area, type has been squeezed. It's harder to read. And the very narrow columns for classified advertising are squeezing a lot of extra money out of the public as well.

Murdoch, however, has not yet changed the tone of our morning newspaper. It remains, as Rosemary Wighton remarked recently in *The Bulletin*, "arguably the most parochial and trivial in Australia, apparently determined to keep Adelaide minds concentrating on the parish pump".

Reprinted from *The Herald* with permission.

Aussie band with Celtic sound

by Matt Gibson

Like a thousand other bands, past and present, getting a foothold in competitive Melbourne proved desperately difficult and the first four months were spent in Thursday night residence at Fitzroy pub The Jiker Jiker only after persistently hassling the management. Shortly afterward they released a self-produced album, a precursor to the lucrative WEA contract.

Wallace recalls, "we hassled all the smaller record labels, the independants and stuff, to give us a deal, but none of them would touch us, so we put our own record out under our own label, Suffering Tram. It was a bit of an empire, really. We had our own magazines and everything."

The WEA contract produced the critically acclaimed Scorn Of The Women and does and does and their fairly distinctive semi-acoustic, folk and blues in fused rock a great deal of credit. The particular blend they have chosen originally placed them at odds with the local Melbourne pub scene. The rock venues thought them too folky and they proved to heavy for the folk venues. However, the gradual replacement of three original members has left them with a more rock oriented sound than that which they began with.

"We've never really been a folky band," says Wallace, "we can go back and look at rock influences or blues influences ... we do get quite folky at times but basically it's a pub rock band. Since Peter's been in the band, especially, it's probably hardened up a lot more. It's a lot tougher than it used to be."

So, what then can we expect from the new album, compared with Scorn? A more rock and roll album, perhaps?

"I don't know if it's more rock 'n' roll," says Wallace, "...well it's basically the same. There were lots of different styles in Scorn. You've got the popier stuff, a couple of ballads, the country rock of Hungry Years ... we've kept all that but I think the production a lot stronger because Alan Thorne's (part producer of Scorn) done the whole album. It's a lot more coherent ... I mean I really love the first album, it's just that production's a bit patchy."

Despite production 'patchiness', Scorn nonetheless won them an A.R.I.A. award, and deservedly so. Like past bands who have won the Best New Artist award, Do Ré Mi in '86 and last year Crowded House, do they see this recognition leading to increased popularity and sales?

"Well," quips Lawler "we're hoping for half their success and half their earnings. That'd be great!"

Would this then require attacking the American market as Crowded House did, or can that success be found in Australian shores alone, like Midnight Oil? An invitation to perform at an International Music Show in Houston will hopefully be the staging area for more shows in the U.S., but the band acknowledges that, as far as international audiences are concerned, Great Britain might prove a far easier target.

"It seems to make more sense," notes Lawler, "because the basis of much of the music is that English, Irish folk sound ... there's a fair bit more interest over there. Celtic rock is so strong over there, with groups like The Pogues who draw heavily on traditional musics."

The mantle of "folk rock" doesn't sit easily on the group's shoulders, although they realise it's the closest



Weddings, Parties, Anything. L-R; Mark Wallace, Peter Lawler,

Marcus Schintler, Mike Thomas, Dave Steel.

classification for them. Lawler sums up the basis of the band's music, also a fitting explanation of why the sound is as powerful and emotive as

it is.

"Basically, it's a rock 'n' roll band, but we try to draw from a lot of things. Folk music's a part of it, but

there's blues and reggae things and, of course, country. We just try to make it our own whether we succeed, I don't know."

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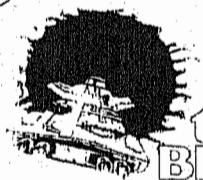
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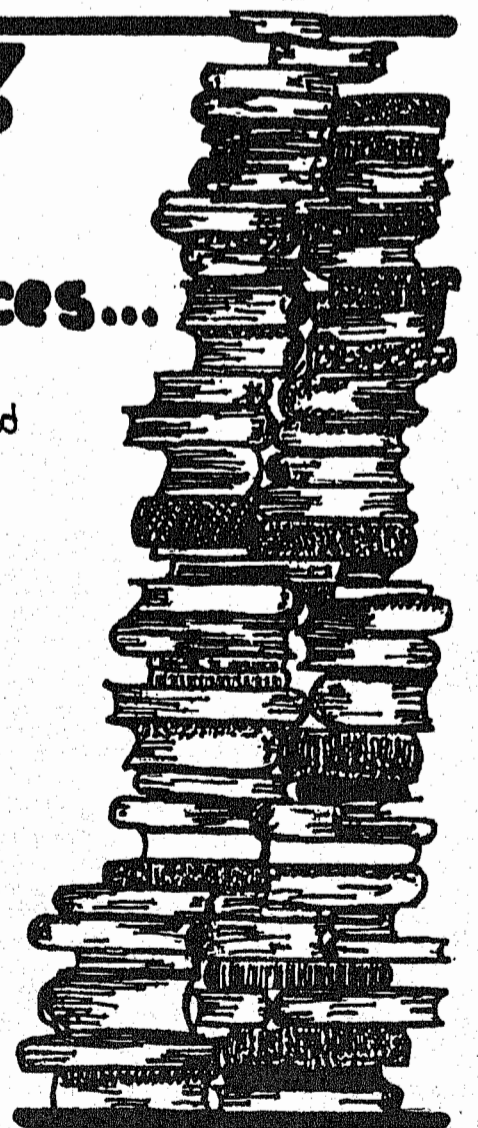
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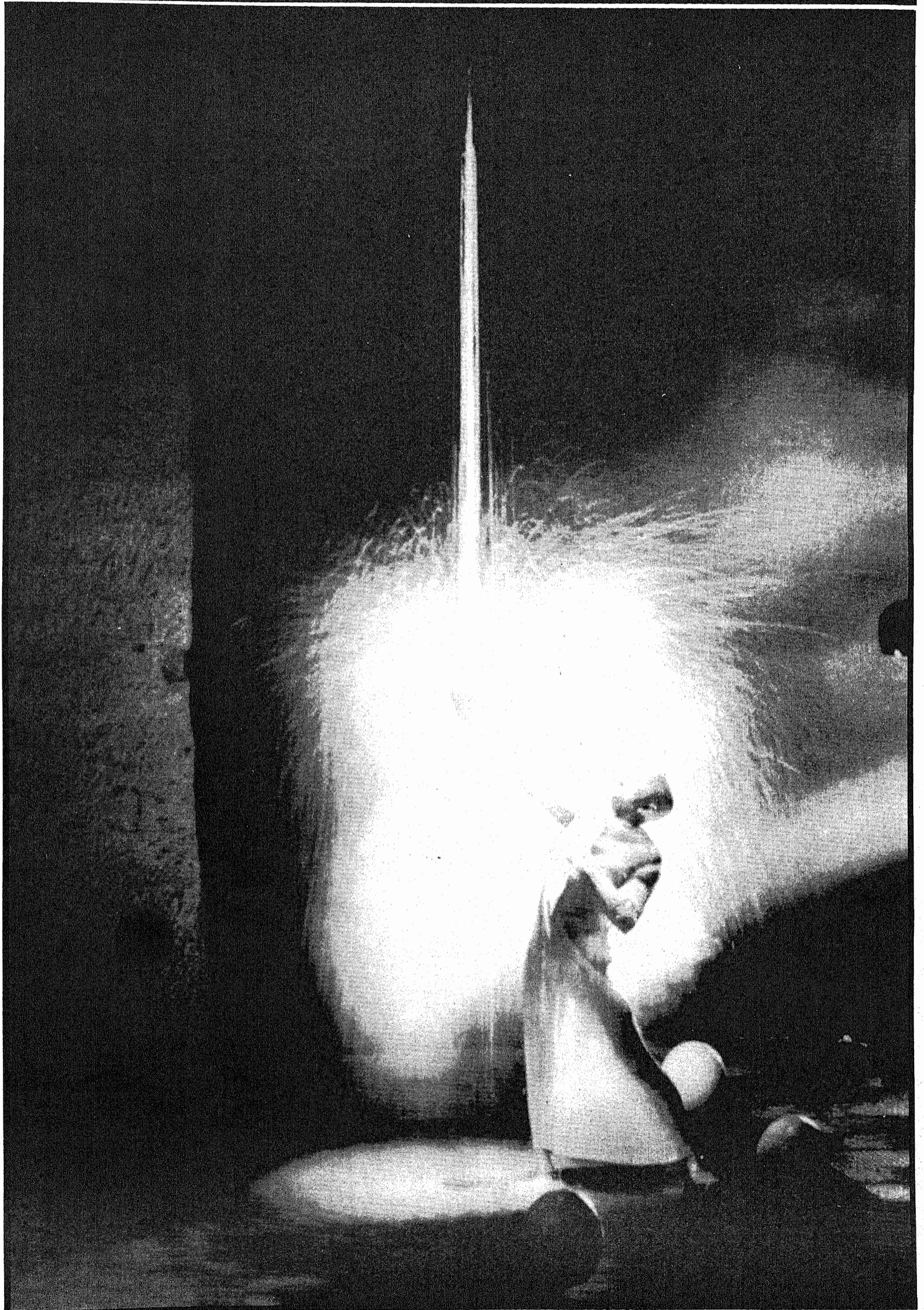
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FESTIVAL '88



Where bowls of fruit are profound

Did anyone out there actually pay for Festival tickets? The whole event has become the preserve of arts-grant junkies writes Gladly Weinrott.

It's that time again.

Complimentary tickets are flying like confetti, air-heads are garbling incoherently on television and intelligent Adelaideans are being asked once again to fall for the biennial Festival con.

For sanity's sake this "cultural explosion" must one day be exposed for what it really is.

It's a scam, it's a rip-off, it's a government-subsidised carnival of wanking.

Art, as it is defined by the Festival flunkies, is dead, and it smells like it.

Most art forms now being espoused by the vapid parasites dominating our stages, streets and quarries should have been put out their misery decades ago.

Strange isn't it, how each technological advance in mass-communication has been accompanied by the mystification of its competing "art" form?

Drama is a prime example.

With the advent of cinema, theatre suddenly discovered absurdism in a big way. And when television arrived, theatre disappeared noisily up its own rectum.

And when photography hit the mass-market painting turned desperately to da da, pointill, surreal, cub and all the other "isms" the contemporary garret-dwellers could dream up.

Any idiot with a camera could now take a picture of a bowl of fruit, and when it was that easy it was hard to convince people that your bowl of fruit was more profound simply because you had spent many foolish hours painting it.

Painting, which at best was an honest attempt to capture a frozen moment for posterity and at worst was outright pornography, has been made redundant by photography.

As for sculpture - a Bi-Lo advertising crew could knock up the *Venus de Milo* in polystyrene in half an hour.

If Shakespeare were alive today he would be writing scripts for *Dallas*,

or directing special effects on Spielberg movies.

The march of technology is the greatest of all iconoclasts.

A simple invention can level empires, wipe out cultures or commit industrial genocide (ask any disenfranchised ex-Murdoch printer in London).

When Gutenberg invented his press, when Crapper invented his water-closet, when Silicon invented her chip, a whole generation of scribes and illuminators lost their jobs, thousands of night-cart drivers found themselves short of things to do, millions of valves ended up rusting in junk yards.

The process is painful, but, when the lower classes are involved, always decisive.

So why haven't archaic "art" forms gone the way of the square wheel, the horse-drawn carriage and the valve radio?

Take yourself back to the first half of this century, when most of the *art nouveau* was generated.

Art then was a luxury commodity. Poor sons and daughters of aristocrats and industrialists would "slum it" for a couple of years in an attic in Paris or in a German bakery before returning home to sell their experiences to Daddy's friends at the gallery.

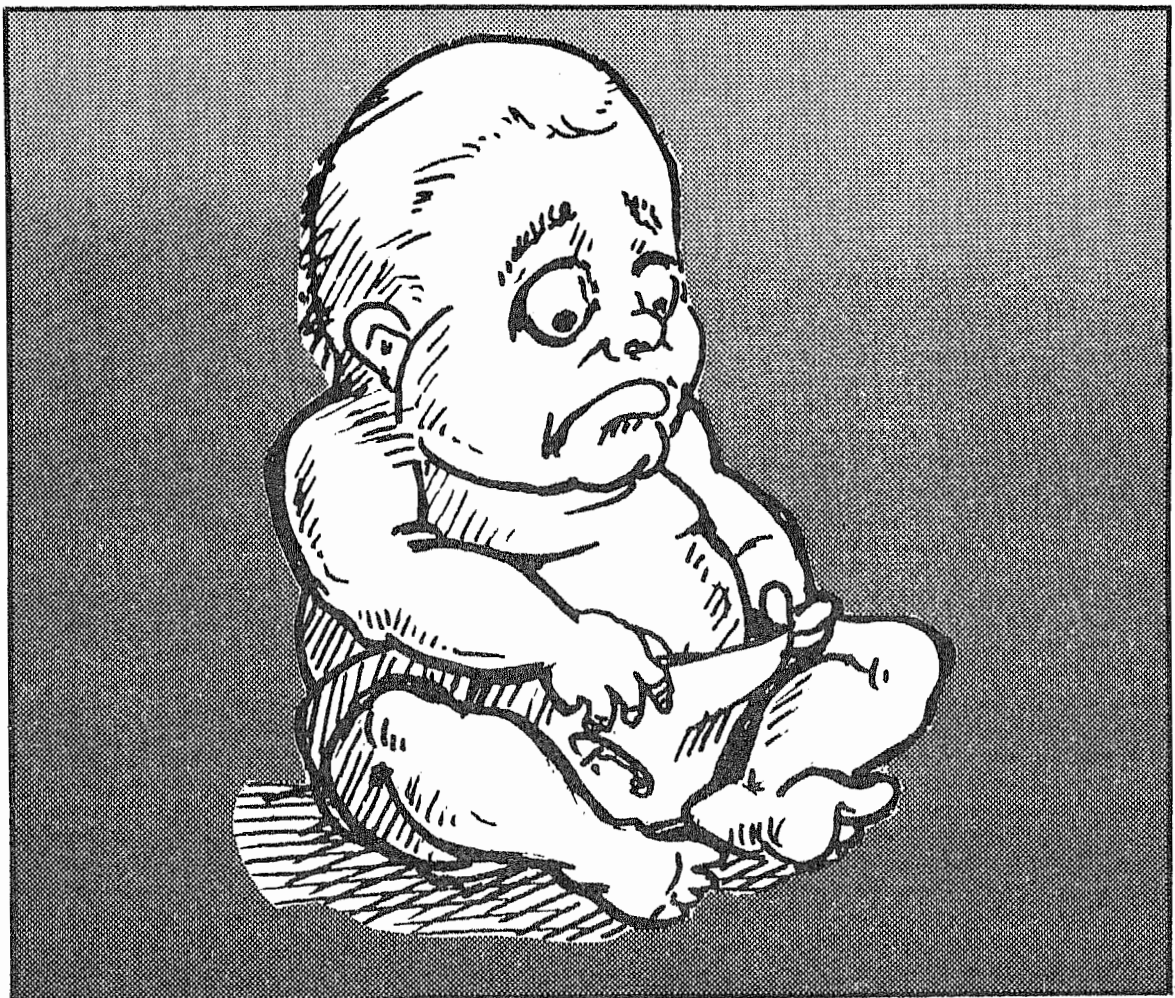
Vast vested interests lay in art - collections, theatres, reputations ... of which the cultured upper classes stood to lose if they admitted that the common people had at last caught them flat-footed.

An industry - a way of life - was at stake.

Forerunners of today's advertising copywriters put their heads together to invent something to counter the new technology.

They came up with a culture that was so randomly mysterious, so self-evidently affected and so mind-bogglingly profound that not even its proponents pretended to understand it.

Traditional art moved over for



technology, but its descendants promoted themselves to even greater heights of elitist arrogance.

And now - to return to the Festival - a new breed of mutual-pleasers are trying to sell the whole sordid mess back to the people.

It's come a full cycle. This new generation of art flunkies genuinely believe the twaddle they have inherited.

And they're winning. Mostly they are voluntarily disenfranchised from the establishment, which has never lost its ability to chortle over the extraordinary wild-oats its offspring manages to sow.

People - intelligent, working, thinking people - are being told that Becket is art. That taking off your clothes and engaging one another in sparkling Bohemian repartee on a stage is art. That photocopying your but-

ocks and pinning the smudged replicas to a gallery wall is art.

Grudgingly, deciding that if it's okay with the press then it must mean something, the people are starting to fall for the con.

Talent, once judged by audiences, has already become the preserve of the performers, writers and parasites of the New Establishment.

If you fraternise with the right people you get a Government grant, and that grant automatically licenses you as an artist.

Complimentary tickets and free-lists fill out the empty spaces in theatres. Arty types don't pay - the art-mafia sees to that.

None of the reviewers, publicity people or other Festival parasites who extol the cultural experience pay for their ticket either.

If you've paid to see a show, you've

been conned. And if you didn't understand it, it's because there's nothing to understand.

Art should be an expression of the people - organic, audience-generated and accessible. It should not be foisted on us by government and New Establishment know-betters who have oiled their way into positions of power.

Art should survive in the market place, or not at all.

The ABC should throw out its orchestras and let the public decide through ticket sales whether they want them or not. The Government should no more sponsor classical music than it should sponsor *Midnight Oil* or Jimmy Barnes.

Don't be conned. Boycott the Festival. Watch TV instead. It's cheaper and it's real.

Finding the black solution

**BARUNGIN
(SMELL THE WIND)**
Marli Biyo! Company
Arts Theatre
Until March 15

by Moya Dodd

Barungin is a timely, thoughtful and courageous play, written and performed by Aborigines, about being Aboriginal in the '80s. It is deeply political, but that is not to criticise it as a dramatic work, for it is also a fine piece of theatre. Funny, tragic and above all convincing, *Barungin* is a fitting reminder in 1988 of the Australia we urban whites rarely see.

The play tells the story of an Aboriginal extended family consisting of the matriarch grandmother, her four adult children and her two grandchildren, give or take a few others who drop in to stay.

Casually, almost effortlessly, playwright Jack Davis paints a moving picture of Aboriginal life in modern Australia. Unafraid to include controversial issues in his subject-matter, he canvasses Aboriginal

Christianity, drunkenness, violence, and at the end, Aboriginal deaths in custody, in a way which brings all those glib newspaper headlines to life.

If you think that sounds like a political sermon, you're wrong. *Barungin* is good theatre in its own right, and not a tedious diatribe dressed up as theatre. And if there was ever any doubt, this production makes it abundantly clear that the Aboriginal community is brimming with dramatic talent.

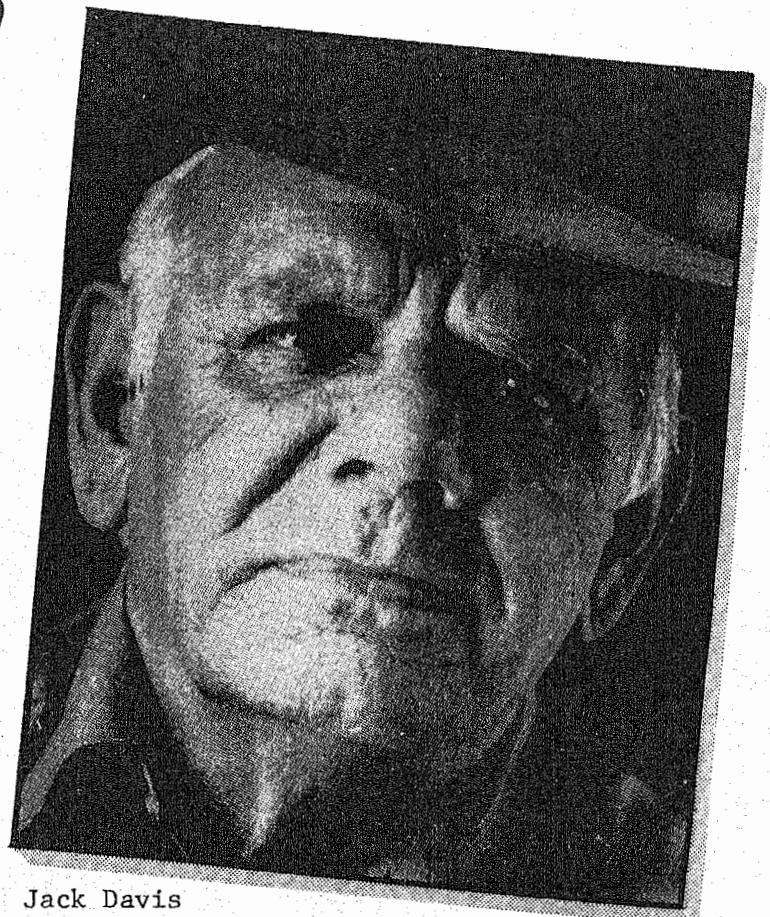
One of the recurring themes of the play is the incongruity and irrelevance of the white ways when they are super-imposed on the Aboriginal way of life. For example, in a game of Trivial pursuits, the question is asked: What name do Aborigines give their 'aerophone'? The respondent, although he plays the didgeridoo himself, doesn't know, because he doesn't understand the English description of the object. And later in the play, after a hard Saturday night, part of the family go trekking off to church, leaving a pool of someone's vomit on the lounge room floor.

But the characters, while far from perfect, are warm, likeable and very human. So when they do get rolling drunk, or violent, or angry, one does not instinctively leap to a value judgement and see them as morally bad people, as drunks or hoods. The stereotype is conquered, and this runs throughout the play.

Having seen the production, it is difficult just to give it a laudatory pat on the back, call it a major work and urge everyone to see it. I do all of those things, but somehow that is not enough, because it is just this sort of congratulatory dismissal which every character in the script would lampoon as yet another meaningless gesture.

Within our culture constraints, we look for white solutions to what we see as black problems, without ever asking the black solution to what is, to them, the white problem.

And while a night at the theatre may not bring you to transcend your cultural upbringing, a ticket to *Barungin* may at least let you stop and listen to the Aboriginal cry in this year of Bicentennial hoop-la.



Jack Davis

History better forgotten

1841

State Theatre Co.
Playhouse
Until March 26th

by Graham Lugsden

This year being *that* celebration, and this play being the first production of the year for the STC, it must have seemed almost mandatory to have a Captain Cook at our origins as a nation. That is understandable and laudable. There was no ready-made Oz product to hand, but playwright Michael Gow was, so before any more crustaceans could be immolated on their backyard funeral pyre, out popped a study of God's Own by the said Gow.

Thus *1841*. Aurora, a middle-aged French woman with youthful ideals about society, travels to Australia to see at first-hand the vital, young colony, but is appalled by the conditions on board her ship, which is one of the last transports. She resolves to Have A Go at doing something about it. Gathering around her an odd bunch of lower class failures and misfits, she tries to instill in them some of the fervour for change which comes naturally to those born across the Channel. She fails in the face of massive indifference, and heads back to the upheavals of the Second Empire and 1848.

Gow's aims were valid enough, and there was some nice characterisation, but it was all a bit dissolute, with no apparent objective for the plot, and it all fell apart badly in Act 2. His intentions became lost, a hazard of re-writes done under the pressure of impending rehearsal schedules.

Once he had shown the materialist and empty aims of the transplanted aristocracy, there was not a lot else to say, except that the convicts and working class were little better, being either too self-interested or too thick to effect their own revolution. A glum view; whether it is true or not (and the instinct rails against it), it is still glum, which does nothing to leaven the depressing tone set at the start, when Gillian Jones' Aurora says something like "I wish this was a bit jollier, and had a happy ending." So do we, love.

Steven Vidler, as a convict with an irrepressible good nature, did his best, and had a bloody good stab at carrying the entire show on his optimism. That should have been the job of Aurora, the central character, but her character was too insipid and Gillian Jones gave the unfortu-

nate impression of wishing to be somewhere, anywhere, else.

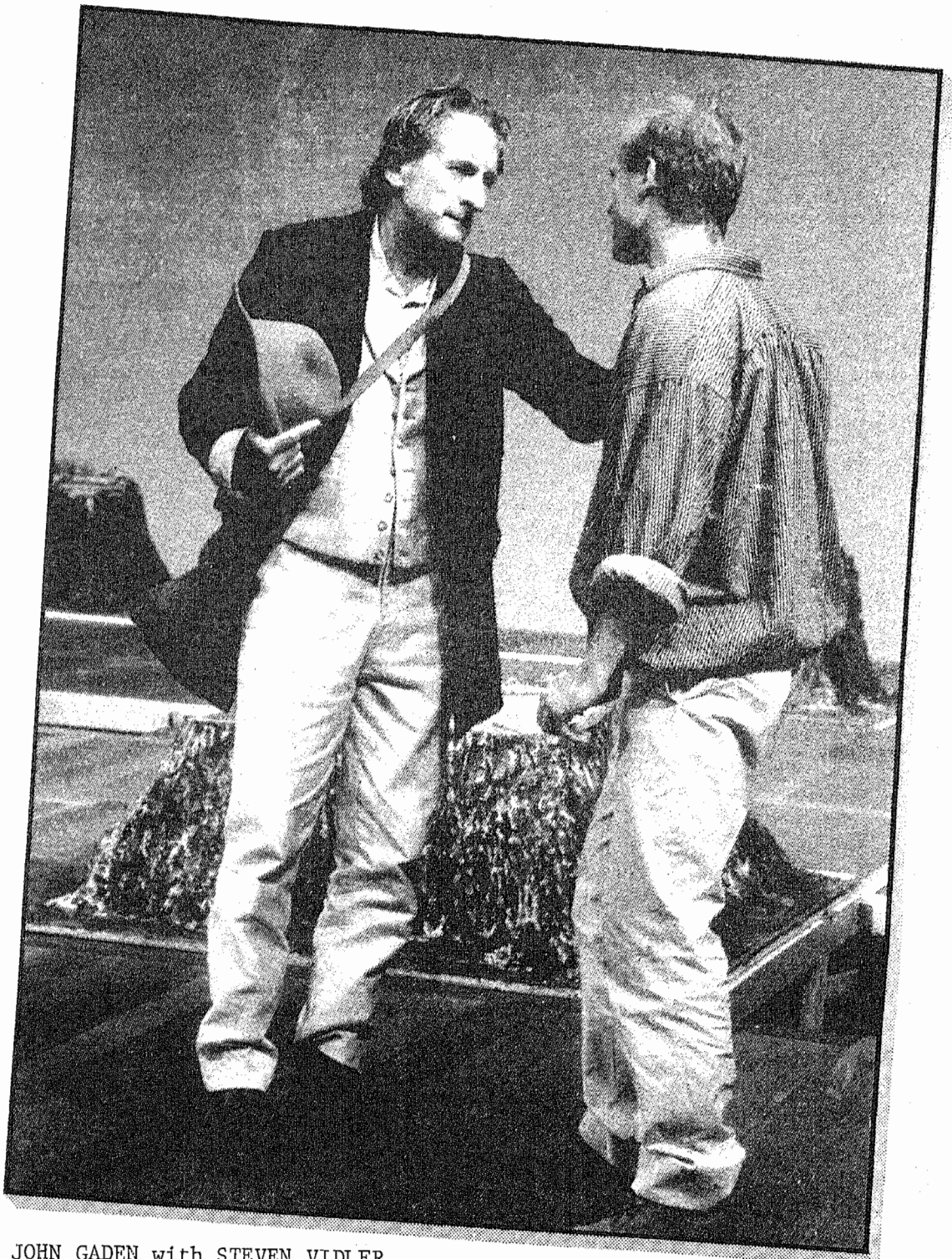
Nonetheless, Vidler's convict (Lynch - I) was painted well, personifying one characteristic of Australians which Gow has presented very accurately - an almost indomitable cheery spirit, which may well spring from the impossibly difficult conditions of early settlement. John 'Evergreen' Gaden's crusty drunkard was interesting, but Gaden was strangely muted, his usual dominating presence missing. Don Barker, Heather Mitchell and Barbara West were capable, but everyone other than Vidler should have felt a pang of guilt when collecting their pay last week.

Perhaps that is unfair - few actors can overcome unsympathetic roles, and Gow, who co-directed with John Gaden, has not given his characters much clarity. The only definition was their unrelieved unattractiveness, but it is difficult to believe that all Sydney-siders in the nineteenth century were completely self-absorbed.

It is tempting to contrast Gow's Sydney with early South Australia. Although S.A. was far from perfect when settled, it was a lot closer to perfection than the five other settlements, its original designers having tried desperately hard to get at least one colony right - free settlers only, a planned city, women's shelters and compensation for native inhabitants. Some of those miserable Poms, the race who had once sent the convicts on the eighteenth-century equivalent of a Mars expedition, also had the foresight to establish strict rules for the treatment of a native people whom they had never met.

Dammit Michael, this was the Enlightenment. On top of that, there is at least tacit acknowledgement in *1841* of what Australians have long suspected and not wished to face: that the convict system, for white men at any rate worked. Despite what seems to us today as unimaginable brutality and unthinking cruelty, the poor buggers who had once scavenged under the Thames bridge had built, inside one generation, a wealthy and powerful society, with a worthy position for themselves; an impossibility in Britain.

Transportation was for seven or fourteen years, or life; those who served their sentence then became free citizens. While still prisoners, they helped to build the society that fed and clothed them. For filthy,



JOHN GADEN with STEVEN VIDLER

overcrowded and undernourished Britain, which had just managed to lose the American colonies and gain an Industrial Revolution, New Holland was a godsend.

Only one hundred years after settlement, the grandchildren of the First Fleeters were enjoying the fruits of living in the richest nation in the world.

This is only hinted at in *1841*. The

judge's wife is able to give a society ball for the colony's merchant class aristocracy, only fifty years after Arthur Phillip set foot in Sydney Cove; a theatre group are already experiencing the frustration of being forced to present a woefully bad play written by a Board member (intentional irony?). This is the truly fascinating part of our history; that the colony was already mature

enough to experience toadyism and nepotism is remarkable.

That convicts had a rough time and Poms are all stuck-up whinging wallies is just boring. More of the unknown history and less of the "my-great-great-granddad-got-transported-for-nicking-a-loaf-of-Tip-Top" schoolboy clichés would truly have been worthwhile, whether this was 1988 or not.

Oz from within and without

Michael Gow is the rising star of the Australian theatre, but he is almost unknown to Adelaide audiences. He talks to GRAHAM LUGSDEN about his dual roles of actor and playwright.

Adelaideans have been asking 'Michael who?' but after 1988, that should no longer be so. The final production for the State Theatre Company last year was Gow's *Away*, his *1841* is currently being presented as the STC's Festival contribution, and later this year, they will also do his *Europe*. That is as large a commitment to Gow as the STC made to Shakespeare over the past two seasons.

In the East, where more of his plays have been seen, he is regarded as the brightest star in the depressingly small constellation of new Australian playwrights. Five of his plays have been produced in six years; with that he almost fell into the theatre.

"I studied literature at uni, although I was in the Dramatic Society all through uni. I did one production which I ended up getting cast in a film from (*Stir*). I didn't actually truck drive or prostitute myself, but I worked in bookshops and stuff like that. I got *Young Doctors* years after." He had a long running lead role in the soapie; could this have ruined his credibility as a 'serious' actor?

"If you're doing character stuff, no. If you're cast as a young hunk, you tend to be cursed." Had he enjoyed the role? "It was a great time. I don't look back on it with scorn at all - it was good fun." It was not all skittles

and beer, though. "It's quite hard, getting up at five every morning and getting home at ten and getting up again at five, for five, sometimes six days a week for a year."

Was he ever made to do the shopping mall promos on top of that? "I never do that I'm afraid. I had to put my foot down there. I didn't even do those things for sick kiddies." Nor was he mobbed, a la Jason Donovan. "No. I managed to make myself fairly unrecognisable on screen.

"I used to get a lot of mail. I tended to always be falling in love with nurses and then getting them to fall in love with me and then mistreating them, and I'd get letters from guys in prison saying if I didn't do the right things by Miss Jodie they'd get me. It was really tasteful."

From *The Young Doctors* to *Hamlet* - well, not quite, but at the 1986 Adelaide Festival, Gow did indeed play Hamlet, albeit a considerably altered one. Quite apart from the dif-

ficulty of the role itself, had the fact that it is the world's most popular play made it more difficult? "Oh, a bit."

Eyebrows shot up. "The production was sort of about the fact that it is the world's most famous play anyway, so it was quite challenging to be able to do it with all of that. And I'm not what you would call Hamlet material, on paper anyway."

Had he winced every time he came to *that* line? "I didn't have to say it. Ophelia said it, in a deep Polish accent."

After that, he turned to his playwrighting more seriously, premiering *On Top of the World* and *Away* in Sydney in 1986, and *Europe* in 1987. Did he have a set regimen for writing? "No, I leave it all to the last minute. I think about it a lot, like all the time. I tend to only write around productions. *The Kid* (his first play) I wrote out of thin air, but all the others have happened around

potential productions, or productions that are starting to be cast, and if I don't finish the play, they're in deep trouble. This one now (*1841*) is the most extreme form of that. It's being completely re-written as we go."

Does he ever appear in his own plays?

"Never. Incest."

After the hectic pace of writing and co-directing *1841*, he has a film screenplay to polish called *Eden's Lost* ("I have to cut about twenty minutes out of it, because the ABC fucked up the timing") and then "I might have a bit of a holiday. It shoots April-May, and I'll be available for re-writes and suggestions." Was it not a luxury for a writer to be able to cut material? He grinned wickedly. "No it's not! There's nothing lovable."

"It's all brilliant."

'The Mahabharata' is not the play which God watches

THE MAB

Peter Brook/CICT
Feb. 23 - 25 Cycle
Until March 4th

by Graham Lugsden

Unfortunately, I happened to gain an insight into the meaning of my own life just before the final night of *The Mab* began, which cast into eclipse even this rather spiffing play. Nonetheless, I managed a few observations, as I re-examined my fundamental self.

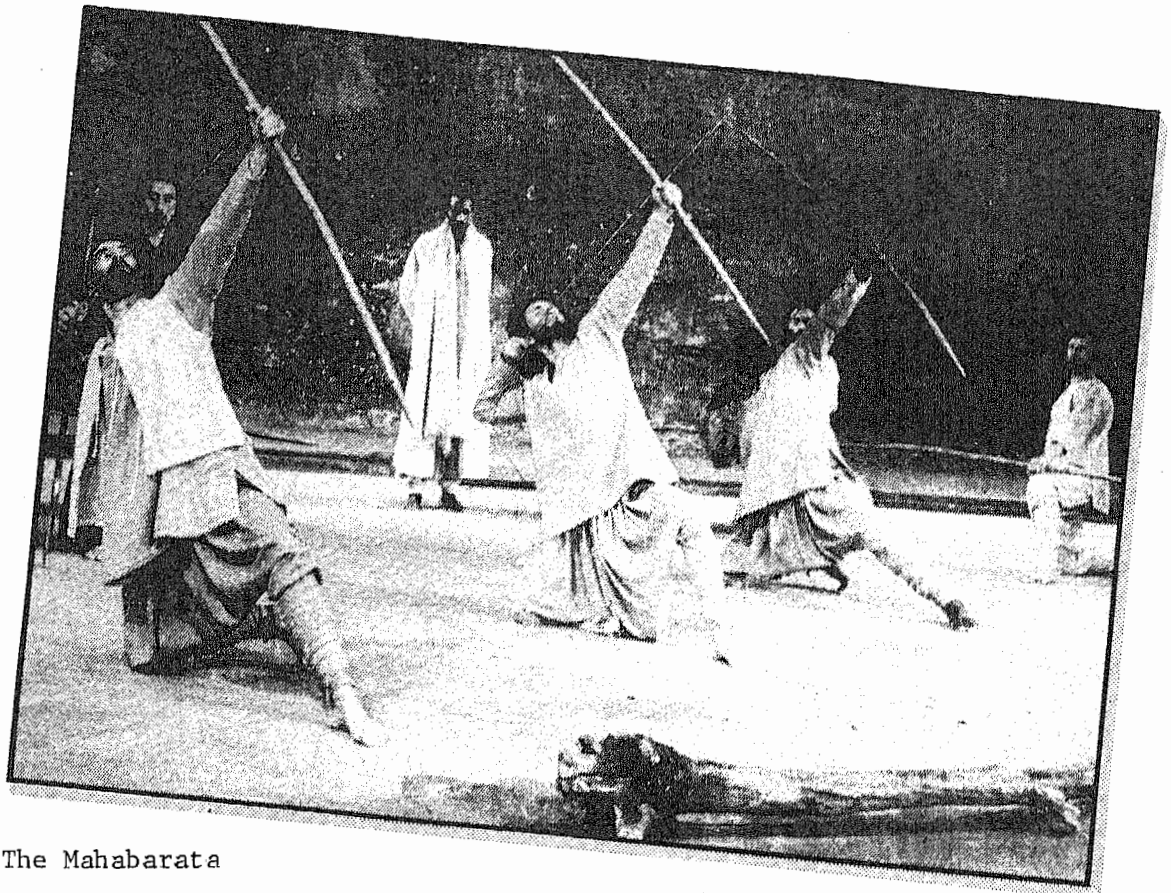
After the Pope addressed the French in Notre Dame Cathedral, the worshippers attacked and stripped that magnificent creation of everything that may have been touched by him - curtains, carpets, ornaments, religious implements, the lot. After *The Mab*, the remainder of the audience which had not left before the beauty of the ending passed, to bludgeon their way to the head of the bus queue, poked and prodded the props and stubbed their feet into the sand. There were a few plain nosy buggers who were publicly flaunting that they had a taxi waiting, but most were there, like the Parisian parishioners, to absorb some of the aura from the surroundings, seeking a clear-cut answer. They were hoping that Guru Brookinsha would speak to them from the rocks and the waters.

They were not content to let a massive truth wash over them, but

desired neat, boxed solutions in clear cellophane wrappings.

Adelaide, the Festival and anybody else who sees *The Mab* as the play which God watches, is in danger of doing exactly what Brook warns us against: not seeing by looking too hard. Building him and CICT into a god which must always deliver divinity is to not see the wood for the trees. Even they had noise backstage, muffled lines and over-acting, but the point is that it does not matter, because theatre itself does not matter. Brook has spent his whole life in the theatre in order to discover that it is all a waste of time. Looking at a representation of life is pointless - one must experience it, and actually live life. Watching thirty grown people leap around a hillside playing a rather jolly game of cow boys and Indians for three hours without breaks, over three nights, in murderously cramped positions, and paying \$100+ for the privilege, is mightily ironic. Brook and the rest may perhaps teach us about life, but they cannot live it for us. The theatre is not a real world. Its purpose is to illuminate while entertaining; it is not an end in itself. We should avoid falling into the trap of applauding theatre for assuming a life of its own, because it is a tool of humanity, not the other way round.

We as an audience participated perhaps more than most others, sharing this exquisite event with the performers as if they were intimate,



The Mahabarata

well-loved family members, and yet we were still not fully experiencing all the shades and nuances of the human condition for ourselves, because we could not. How can we even begin to comprehend the horrifying anguish of an otherwise mor-

ally perfect man, who has unknowingly killed his own brother? Of a god devoted to peace, who makes war on his own family? Of a mother who must see her every son killed in a vast ocean of violence?

Theatre is a preparation for life.

While there can be few better preparations than *The Mab*, it is not life itself. This work has afforded us a recognition of the limits of its medium, and a glimpse of the vastness and simple grandeur of human existence. Now it us up to us.

Australia 'last bastion of multi-culturalism'

What does the rest of the world truly think of Australia? The African Dance Troupe and Robyn Archer have created a music-theatre exploration of foreign attitudes to Australia, from their points of view as both travellers and residents. GRAHAM LUGSDEN interviews one of the cast, Dorinda Hafner, who is currently preparing Akwanso - Fly South for its world premiere at the Adelaide Festival next week.

Dorinda Hafner distinctly remembers her brief career as a cannibal. "I was in the supermarket, going round the shelves and so on, and this older woman kept looking at me oddly. When I eventually got to the meat fridges, and reached in for some chops or pork or whatever, and then this woman finally plucked up the courage to come over and said, 'You eat that do you?' I said, 'What do you mean, of course I eat meat'. Then she said, 'Oh, but I thought you only ate people.'"

"So I bit her."

Dorinda Hafner, as may be guessed, is both black and a resident of God Zone, a combination which is traditionally unsuccessful. Dorinda, the African Dance Troupe and Robyn Archer are asking why it is so spectacularly unsuccessful that events like the one above occur, exploring attitudes of and about Australia in their forthcoming Festival production, *Akwanso-Fly South*, which has its world premiere next week. (The season has already sold out and been extended). Dorinda is an Ashanti Ghanaian, and 'Akwanso Anomaa' is Ashanti for 'migrating birds'. Jigzie Campbell was born in Jamaica, but grew up in Britain, and still has a South London accent which cut a London taxi in half. Aku Kadogo comes from the American Deep South, Rhoda Roberts is

Aboriginal and Robyn Archer completes the cast of five.

Despite such diverse backgrounds, they found that their experiences were remarkably similar. "Language. And artistry... look at me and what I'm wearing. I'm wearing Aboriginal art on my ears, and a West African fabric, and yet it looks like they were made for each other. We began to say, 'Are we really that different? Is it civilisation which has separated us?' The civilisation in question is of course Australia.

"We were unanimous that Australia is the last bastion of multiculturalism."

Crunch time - are we racist? A qualified yes.

"We were unanimous that Australia is 'the last bastion' of multiculturalism, that, in spite of all our problems, it is the land of opportunity. But - how come West Indians, for instance, are better treated here than black Africans? How come (female) Americans are treated worse than Africans... and then, how come all these other blacks get better treatment than the Aborigines?"

Their quest was to find common experiences as residents in a foreign land, a land which welcomes people

from over a hundred nations, yet is still unsure of how to approach its first inhabitants. "Whenever people talk about New Australians, they are not talking about black Australians, but middle Europeans, so we thought 'Well, this is a silent majority.' The numbers are growing; there is a lot of inter-marriage going on amongst black and white, and nobody is prepared to acknowledge it. But sooner or later, Australia is going to be populated by a brown-skinned and yellow-skinned people, and it's about time we knew about it.

The key to educating an entire nation is "giving the up-and-coming young people role models. Aku has grown up in Detroit, in the part of Detroit where her role models were black. So she grew up, even though it was inherently prejudiced against the black people, but the point is she grew up feeling that there was nothing she couldn't do."

Dorinda's colleague and collaborator on *Akwanso*, Jigzie



Dorinda Hafner

(current PM, Edward) C.I.A.-aga - has name was Seaga, but they called him C.I.A.-aga - took over.

"And since then, everything Jamaican is just no good. It's got to be imported."

"They will not buy raw sugar produced in Jamaica," added Dorinda, "but they will buy white, processed sugar."

The example of the sugar is a neat symbol of the problem of the West swamping smaller black nations, and it may well emerge in *Akwanso*.

At the time of interview, its content was still not settled, and full rehearsals were yet to begin, but Dorinda was excited by what had emerged already. "Here we are sitting on virtually four old cultures - Aboriginal

culture, Western culture, which is a hotch-potch of the richest diamonds in European culture, Deep South American culture, which is again a college of different things, and the you've got African culture. So we're talking about steel drums, congas, tom-toms if you must call them so, original didgeridoo, various percussion instruments and jazz. Heck! There is a heritage.

"If by doing (this) we become the pioneers, as you're ancestors must have been, of our society, of our new generation, then pass on the education, then hopefully you get it right.

"It's altruistic, but it can be done. And I think Australia is a fertile ground."

Old Masters give the Adelaide Festival some New Visions

Some of the very greatest names in art history - Picasso, Van Gogh, Renoir and Monet - feature at the Old Masters - New Visions exhibition now on in Adelaide. MEGAN HILLS reports.

If there's one art exhibition for you to see it has to be *Old Masters - New Visions*, which is showing at the Art Gallery of South Australia. It's already had crowds flocking to see it in Canberra and Perth, and now it's our turn, right in time for the Festival.

The art in this exhibition is for everybody. No matter how much interest you've had in art in the past, you would have heard of Picasso, Van Gogh, Renoir and Monet.

Their works will be there, among others - in the canvas!

It's not only going to be easy to enjoy these luminous treasures, it's also going to be easy to understand how they became what they are, because this show has the best of the last three centuries - no more ploughing through art history books, it's all here in front of you!

The doors are open for March and April, revealing more than 70 paintings selected from the Phillips Collection in Washington D.C.

El Greco

The very earliest painting in the show is El Greco's *The Repentant Peter*, dated at around 1600 - but its brute strength makes it look like something out of Buck Rogers... well, at least the twentieth century.

El Greco didn't like the thought of being moral and poor (which is what a lot of the artists in this exhibition were), so he decided to be semi-moral and rich.

El Greco was painting for religious propaganda. The way he gained success was through choosing subjects such as the martyrdom of saints, which fitted in nicely with the brain-washing techniques of the Church.

Naturally, the atmosphere in Spain was intense, which triggered the rough, bold brushstrokes in El Greco's work.

El Greco's not-so-secret formula was combining his controversial technique with religious symbolism.

What made him different from the rest was how he leapt from light, bright colours to caverns of black shadow.

This breaks all the rules on perspective and recession into depth laid down by the Italian Renaissance.

Renoir

The Luncheon of the Boating Party, by Renoir, has been on everything from note pad covers to biscuit tins. With the help of the mechanical reproduction process, everyone's seen it, everyone knows it.

The first thing that will surprise you is its size - but reeling off

measurements in an article will not prepare you.

So, instead, let me introduce you to some of Renoir's friends, who regularly dined at the Restaurant Fournaise on the bank of the river Seine:

Models, Journos & Demon Hypnotists

The woman playing with the dog (in a restaurant?) is Aline Charigot. She was a seamstress and a model frequently used by Renoir who was later to become his wife.

Across the table from her, wearing a straw hat, sits Gustave Caillebotte, a collector, yachting enthusiast and fellow artist, looking a trifle younger than his thirty-three years. Gustave is not-so-earnestly listening to actress Ellen Antré.

Bending over her is Italian journalist, Maggiolo.

There's an interesting character behind them, in the top right hand corner, wearing a bowler hat. He is civil servant Pierre-Eugene Lestringuez, who was fascinated by the occult and practised as a demon hypnotist.

Angele, one of Renoir's favourite models - who usually talked non-stop while she posed - has a moment of silence as she drinks.

Looking over everybody is Alphonse Fournaise Jr., son of the restaurant owner.

Renoir has been called one of the 'Great French Impressionists', and he was, especially in the sense of starting up the movement.

He began with capturing the effects of light through on-the-spot working and spent much of his time developing the famous Impressionist pointillist technique (juxtaposing different pure colours in small dots, so when you take a few steps back the distance and your eye will blend the colours).

He had his carrot and ate it too

Renoir's departure from the Impressionists wasn't a loyal move by any means.

The Luncheon of the Boating Party displays the brilliant technique of portraiture he had developed as well as what he had learnt from Impressionism earlier on - such as painting on site (plein air), spots and dabs on a loaded brush, and a lot of white on the edges of the still life to catch the light.

The result is a picture filled with the atmosphere of relaxed friends, colourful conversation, and - as the French say - *joie de vivre*.

Van Gogh

Like El Greco, Van Gogh was thought to be mad.

He admitted himself into a mental home in the South of France and finally committed suicide - by shooting himself in the chest - in 1890, aged 37.

But the question of sanity seems unimportant when we understand that the same intensity of emotions which killed him created his masterpieces.

Unlike El Greco, Vincent did not gain financial success through his work - he only sold one painting.

The second profile doesn't look too good so far, but wait till you see *Entrance to the Public Gardens in Arles* (1888).

It bursts with life - swirling masses of colour and the bright golden glow that Van Gogh is famous for dominates the picture.

Reproductions tend to kill all this, which is why it's so important to see the original.

The main similarity between Van Gogh's art and his life has to do with a disciplined centre and an erratic surface.

Few people understand how academic Vincent was. He was incredibly well read, very intellectual and was quite a philosopher with an objective, stable outlook on the purpose of life.

On the outside, his behaviour displayed a frenzy of enthusiastic excitement and was so filled with various emotions, he found it difficult to appear stable to others.

In his paintings he certainly worked fast, practically throwing different colours onto the canvas from all angles.

However, he knew exactly what he was doing. His thought was trained to discipline his purpose. In short, his treatment of the paint looks loose because it's meant to be.

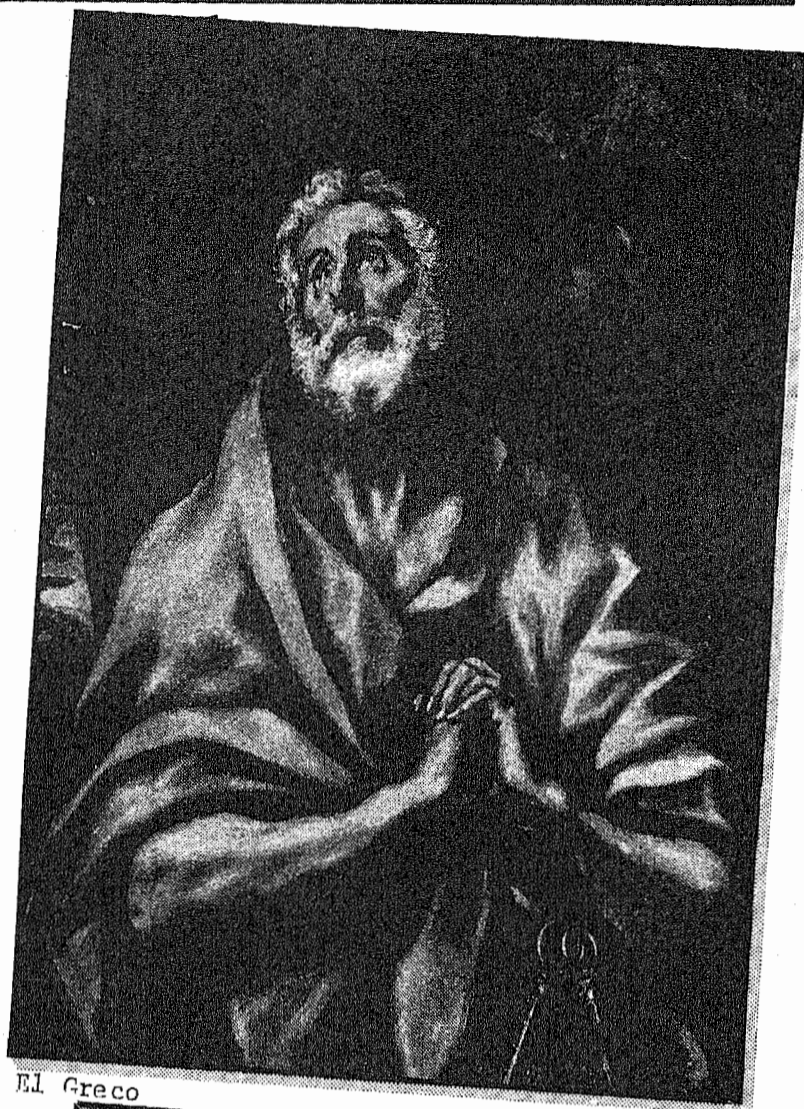
Van Gogh jumps for Gold

It seems as though Van Gogh had used a pole vault to jump from the soft Impressionist tones to his bright, golden yellows, blues and greens.

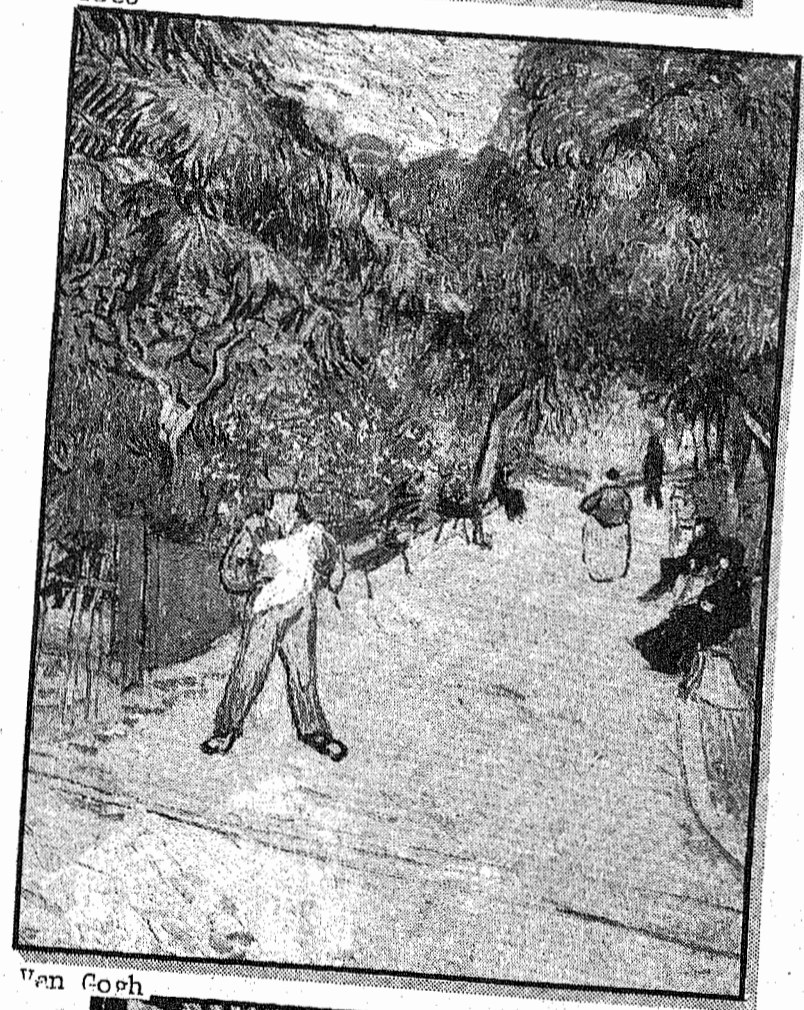
It's hard to believe that the powerful style of Van Gogh's painting was, in many ways, influenced by the detailed, delicate Impressionist use of pointillism.

He interpreted the little dots of

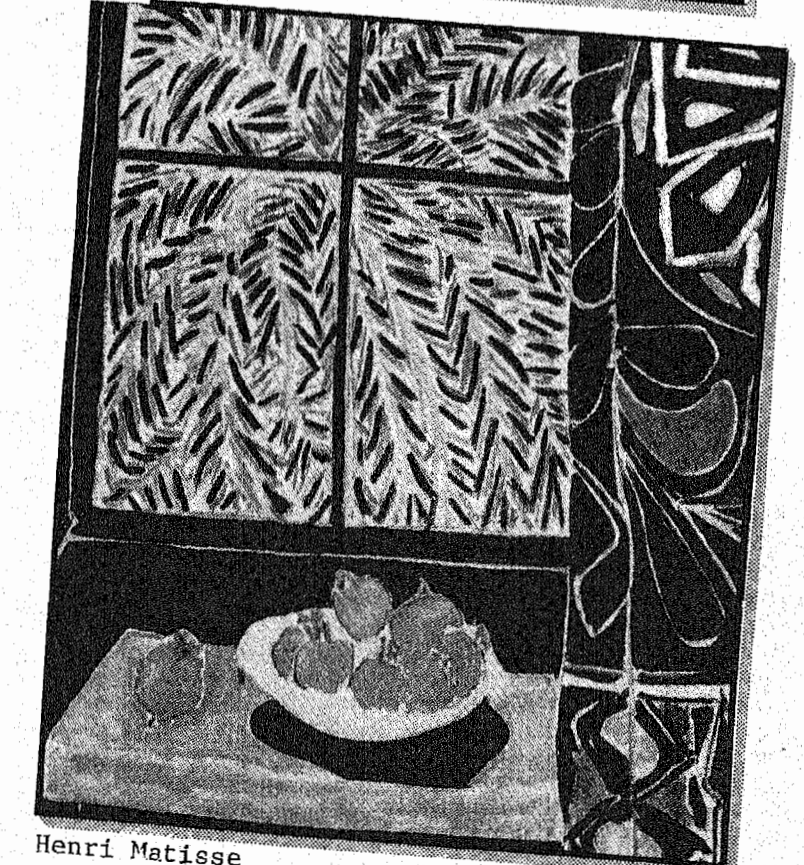
Continued Page 14.



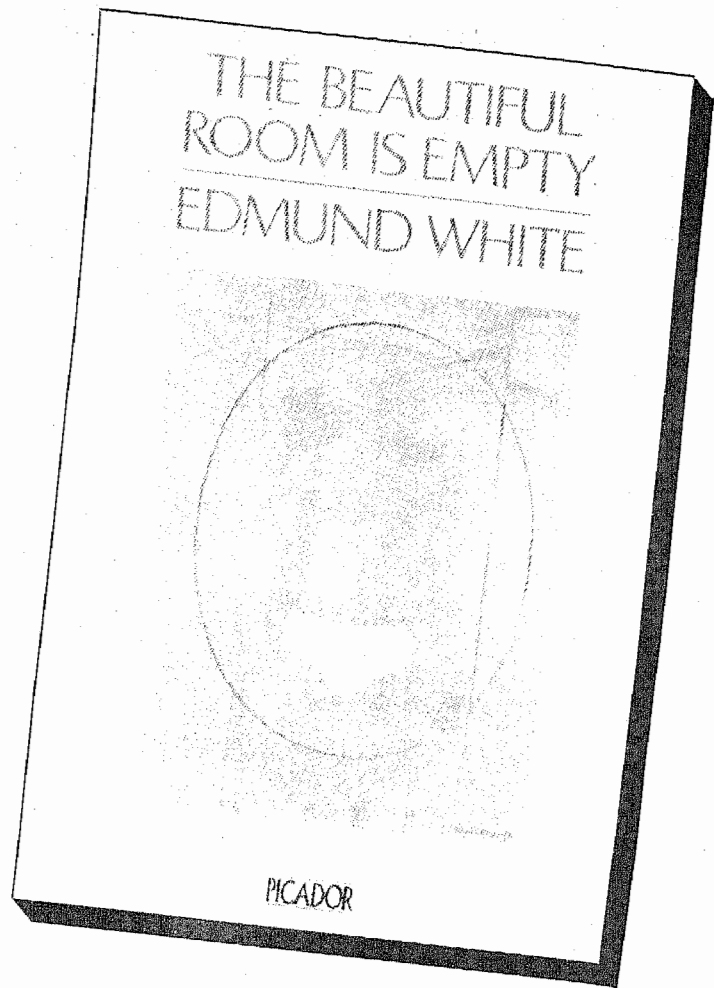
El Greco



Van Gogh



Henri Matisse



Stark, honest and highly revealing

THE BEAUTIFUL ROOM IS EMPTY

Edmund White
Picador \$12.95

by Damien Storer

The Beautiful Room Is Empty is a powerful, often disturbing account of a young adult homosexual in '50s & '60s America attempting to resolve the conflict of his sexuality with himself and the moral attitudes of society around him.

The novel presents a stark, honest and highly revealing perspective of homosexuality through (the persona of) its unnamed narrator. The novel is of value on this count alone as it brings the current challenges facing homosexuals into clearer focus.

The Beautiful Room Is Empty chronicles the upheavals and changes in the attitudes and beliefs of American Society from the bohemian days of the late '50s to the early stirring of feminism and Gay Liberation in the '60s.

Through our narrator, the reader is introduced into the world of homosexual subculture extant at the time. It is interesting to note that one of the major conflicts of the narrator is that the only models for homosexuality at the time were those of crime, sin and sickness - little has seemed to change thirty years down the track in light of the '80s AIDS-paranoia over-kill.

Rather than dwell on the explicit and rapturously described sexual promiscuity of the narrator I choose instead to highlight the skill and strength of White as a writer.

The novel is beautifully written. White has consistent powers of characterization, of imagery, of metaphor and of description.

Rarely have I experienced a character so quickly and gently animated for the reader, or an atmosphere evoked so realistically.

White has the canny ability to convey the personality of a character through idiosyncrasy rather than general description. For example the character Maria is described as having "a cigarette dangling from her

small blue hand purely for ornamental effect, since she doesn't know how to inhale."

This tells us more about Maria than a dozen paragraphs from a lesser writer could. The characters in this way are made so clearly known to us that we are able to understand and imaginatively respond to the complexities of their natures.

White's powers of evoking the mood and atmosphere of a scene are also keenly honed. From the seediness and anonymity of fellatio in a train station toilet to the hum and buzz of a New York street, White enables the reader to share in the sensations and stimuli of the characters. When White writes "In the long winter afternoons when the skies would turn as cold and silvery as fish scales, I'd sit in the painters' studios and smell the espresso cooking down in nickel-coated pots on hot plates and try to find in their work what they'd secreted there" the reader is enveloped in this mingling of sensation - the chill air, the rich aroma of coffee, the contemplation (and attempted decipherment) of Art.

Again and again the reader is treated to such a process. Often this can be an unsettling and disquieting experience especially in regard to the numerous explicit (bordering on the indulgent) descriptions of the narrator's sexual encounters. Nevertheless, White's strength as a writer allows him to escape any further criticisms.

The Beautiful Room Is Empty is a superbly crafted, thought-provoking account of an era, providing insight into homosexual life. Do not let the fact that White deals openly with homosexuality deter you from reading the novel. This would undermine the main strength of the novel as a sensitive account of a young adult's attempt to resolve the conflict between his drive to rebel and society's desire for conformity.

As students at University, as young adults, we too are faced with this conflict. Reading another man's experience of this conflict may just provide some answers.

From Page 13.

pure colour into wily, multi-tram-lined brushstrokes. You'll find this incorporation of lines really moving - literally - as every element of the picture has a powerful flow, and a common rhythm, like nature.

Mondrian

As Van Gogh painted the vibrations of nature, Mondrian painted its essential structure.

Have a look at the reproduction of Mondrian's *Square Composition* (1922-25). It's made up of several unequal rectangles.

To fill the colour in for you: the very top lefthand rectangle is red. The rectangle under the obvious black rectangle is yellow, and the one in the very bottom righthand corner is blue. The other rectangles are various shades of white-grey.

Sounds simple doesn't it?

But look at the date on the canvas. Mondrian's work was started in 1922. No other painting of such seemingly pure abstraction had been attempted. Most people were into having art that was obviously representational, a 'realistic' portrayal.

Admittedly, the cubists, like Picasso, were on the way, but didn't go quite as far as Mondrian, in terms of stripping everything down to the 'bare essentials'.

All is not what it seems

The other thing we should consider is the artist's intention behind the work. The great thing about art is that there's usually more to it than first meets the eye.

With Mondrian we all need a little help.

It's hard to know what's really

behind it if you read the *Old Masters* catalogue. Generally, the catalogue is very informative, but the Mondrian explanation tends towards arty-farty gobbledegook.

Square Composition is pure abstract in the sense of what it looks like - few works by others look as sharp and simple as Mondrian's - but it is not pure in the sense of what it actually is.

Pure abstract is not representational because it deals with colour and pattern for the sake of colour and pattern.

In contrast, Mondrian's work is representational because it discusses the basic structure of the universe.

He wanted to create art which had the clarity and discipline to reflect the objective laws of the universe.

The point that Mondrian is making is that you are not really aware of your essential reaction to a landscape because you can't possibly be purely objective about your own reactions to anything.

It's interesting to note that a study of Mondrian's complete works reveals that they evolved out of a picture of a landscape.

Philosophically Stripping

So let's bring this back to what the picture looks like.

It has vertical and horizontal lines which symbolise the basic skeleton of form.

A curved line sounds like a very simple addition - but to Mondrian, the fact that a curved line is an addition means that it is a step towards complexity, which is out of bounds.

The other aspect of the picture

is colour, which symbolises the balance in pictures and in life.

The colours are the simplest they could be - primary colours. The reason why he filled other rectangles with black, shades of grey and white is to do with clearly separating the primary colours.

With later works, Mondrian took out the shades of grey because he realised that they were taking that fatal step towards complexity.

The primary colours have to be separate from each other to create this balance. To do this, Mondrian dealt with the intensity of colour.

His coloured rectangles increase in size with decreasing intensity. The blue rectangle, being the least intense colour, is made the largest, whereas the red rectangle (the most intense) is the smallest.

El Greco, Renoir, Van Gogh and Mondrian are only four of the fifty-five artists showing at *Old Masters - New Visions*.

By discussing these artists we have an insight to the major influences in art history.

El Greco puts the 'Old' in *Old Master*, emphasising the importance of religion.

Renoir welcomes us into the world of Impressionism. Van Gogh is a hard one to categorise, but with him we see the basis of expressionism.

Mondrian's paintings are to do with understanding the sometimes obscure principles of abstraction.

These are the great artists. They can expand your experience and give you a new vision on life - if you let them.

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Renoir, *The Luncheon of the Boating Party*, 1881.

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COURBET		PRENDERGAST
DEGAS		RENOIR
GOYA		ROUAULT
EL GRECO		SEURAT
GUSTON		SOUTINE
MANET		VAN GOGH

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Conflicting reality

**THE WOODPECKER
TOY FACT**
Carmel Bird
Penguin \$7.95

by Iain Arnold

The Woodpecker Toy Fact is an immensely satisfying experience. Birds's style is to evoke rather than to present.

She delicately creates the detail around the centre of her story leaving the centre itself to shift and slide. Birds's prose is so precise and delicate that there is the sensation of not being able to read fast enough to keep up with it.

Yet at the same time, the accuracy of the observations is such that there is a fear of reading too fast, of not taking enough time.

In the first story, *The Woodpecker Toy Fact*, we learn that a woodpecker toy fact is a "terribly silly" liar, or at least it is a statement judged to be a silly line by those that hear it.

However, in telling a lie there can be advantages over telling the truth for lies need take no account of what we see to be reality.

The logic of the lie can allow the mutual existence of contradictory principles. As Helen Daniel has argued in her book, *Lies*, the use of the logic of the lie in literature can paradoxically create a sense of the truth.

For what is the truth and what is illusion? The women in the story gossip over the back fence, having already examined the lives of their relatives and neighbours: "to shake out the seeds from which would grow undulating plains of exotic

grasses and flowers giving colour and perfume".

These seeds germinate in the flower beds of the gossipers' minds, fertilized fed and watered according to each gardener's fancy. What then is the flower? By using woodpecker toy facts the artist, whether writer or gossip, can take into account, consciously or unconsciously, the notion of an observer's reality.

Memory is another of Bird's concerns. Through all the stories of this first section Bird employs the voice of an older person recalling the events of childhood. But it is more than an effort of recall, the events are relived. The voice of the child and the voice of the adult speak together.

In *I was as dumb as Dorothy McGuire*, the storyteller relates the experience of seeing again a movie that had fascinated her as a child: "I saw it twice at the same time, and felt it as an adult and felt it as a child".

In the second section of stories the voice is that of the third person, at times omniscient, at other times limited. But always this voice has the echo of a suburban chorus.

There are implied judgements and expectations of the individual. All the stories deal with the conflict between two perceived realities; what happens to others and what others do against what happens to me and what I do.

The final section of the book is a longer story, *Woodpecker Point*. In many ways this story is a summation of the themes and concerns of the earlier stories. It is a juxtaposition of letters reminiscences and observations of a number of people who have some connection with the town of Woodpecker Point.

Barnes' Obsession

STARING AT THE SUN
Julian Barnes
Picador

by Stephen Horan

Perhaps the most popular reading at Writer's Week was given by the British novelist, television critic and general man about English letters, Julian Barnes. Author of the strikingly successful and cleverly original novel, *Flaubert's Parrot*, Barnes is in Australia for the paperback launch of his latest novel, *Staring at the Sun*.

He took over the Observer television column in 1982 after Clive James had spent nearly ten years elevating would-be critical ephemera into witty, literate analysis. Barnes proved as stylishly adept but has resisted any attempts to collect his criticism for publication.

"On the whole I think you shouldn't. If you're thinking about writing journalism with a view to collecting it, you'll write it differently. I think it should be written for the week and then perhaps a lot later you should look at it and see whether its worth reprinting.

"Also, I like the idea that journalism is in a way like trailing your coat. Then people think 'I liked his television criticism, I'll see what his real stuff's like'. Because that's what I do most seriously and perhaps in a way I'm purposely suppressing my journalism in book form."

Whilst Barnes can be found in the leading literary journals and weeklies and enjoys marked success as a novelist he doubts whether a "man of letters" category exists anymore in England.

"The typical belle-lettrist or literary

journalist used to be able to make a living from book reviews or articles or introductions to new editions of Stevenson and there was a whole category of people who did that. It's now not financially possible. They probably died out ten years ago or something like that.

"Nowadays you've got to have a firm financial base which is either proper books or the Academy in order to take on reviewing which is sad because there are people who are very good reviewers but not anything else."

Although his main source of income is his books he professes to still "getting a kick out turning in copy on a Thursday and seeing it in print on a Saturday or Sunday".

As a novelist, Barnes leads something of a double life. There are his four novels *Metroland*, *Before she met me*, *Flaubert's Parrot* and *Staring at the Sun* and also the crime novels he writes under the pseudonym Dan Kavanagh (Pat Kavanagh is his literary agent and his wife). These feature Duffy a hard-bit-ten, sexually ambivalent anti-hero.

As for the direction of his fiction, Barnes is reluctant to forecast.

"E.M. Forster's line is 'How can I know what I think until I see what I say' So how can I know where I've been until I've written what I've got to write and I'll look back at the end of it."

He admits to not consciously pursuing any theme although Frank Kermode entitled a review of his work "Obsessed with Obsession".

This appears true of *Before she met me* a study of retrospective jealousy and *Flaubert's Parrot* whose nar-

rator's preoccupation with Flaubert is also a showcase for his own neurotic wanderings. As a result for a long time interviewers would ask whether he was obsessed with obsession.

"I was getting obsessed with getting accused of being obsessed with obsession. And it's the other thing of other people looking at your work and they see things you don't see and you don't necessarily want to see."

He sees little difficulty in having a leading literary agent as his wife who also represents him to publishers.

"So far it's been no problem. It's more a problem for her than it would be for me because what's she going to do if I turn in a real dog of a book. Actually, knowing her she'd tell me."

Barnes reading of Australian writers has been limited to Patrick White and "The Anglos" such as Peter Porter and Clive James and he is presently reading Peter Carey's *Ilywacker* which "is clearly a wonderful book and the produce of a completely mature literary society as well".

The distributors of Australian books in England he finds very poor and is one reason why Les Murray is only just being properly recognised in Britain.

"He was virtually unobtainable in England two years ago."

As for Australia itself he admits to having "no tremendous conclusions to come to apart from the geniality of the climate and the people and I doubt whether I'll have any more by the end of the month. Also I'm glad you don't actually say what you think of our country all the time".

This last remark was made with a generous chuckle.

Debut novel uneven

BLAIR
John A Scott
McPhee Gribble/Penguin, 1988

by Sue Lea

My initial impression of this first novel by John Scott was that Kingsley Amis is alive and well and living in Melbourne. Blair is a forty year old lecturer in what I hope is an exaggeratedly third-class institution in Victoria. (The head of the department is one "Derek Pratt, ex-Grammar Boy, Ex-English Expression Teacher, now Senior Lecturer in Literary Studies.") He belongs clearly to the Lucky Jim tradition, and indecisive anti-hero living in self-imposed squalor, worried about body odour yet showering too infrequently, terrorised by six cats,

and always hoping he is about to be seduced by the lovely Julia.

I found the novel uneven in many ways. Some scenes are excellent: the problems Blair has changing a tyre on an extremely wet night, his evening of street poetry at the Yang cafe, the marriage ceremony of his friend and colleague, Bodley. There are also some wonderfully comic characters, such as the poet Finchley, and Colonel Proctor, whose life ambition is to have a prosthetic limb.

However, the promisingly witty beginning degenerates into an episode based on that hoary example of ambiguity: "This pharmacy will dispense with accuracy." It was not all that funny the first time I read it, in my junior secondary English

Expression book, and age has not improved it. I was disappointed to find it being trotted out in a novel of this calibre.

There also seems to be too many incidents that lead nowhere, particularly the recurrent menacing dream of the dismembered body in the suitcase.

Memorable in the writing of this novel are some of the phrases: "Approaching in his characteristically vermicular bearing..." "A carnation of food stains on his lapel..." are typical of the style.

Overall this is an interesting, often amusing, first novel, worth reading despite some faults. If nothing else appeals, try tracing the literary allusions that abound.

Journey into neurosis

ROOM SERVICE
Frank Moorhouse
Penguin 1987

by Sue Lea

I know what I should be reviewing is the new book, "Forty-Seventeen" but Penguin haven't sent us a copy yet, and I am not in a position to fork out \$29.95 for anyone's book in the middle of Festival. What Penguin did send *On Dit* was a reviewer's copy of Moorhouse's earlier work, which they reprinted towards the end of last year, so rather than ignore Moorhouse all together, we include this book.

Having read "Room Service", I can now say that I am very much more knowledgeable about the neurotic obsessions that the international

traveller is vulnerable to than ever before. In this collection of short stories (or are they comic essays? monologues? soliloquies?) Moorhouse adopts various personas, all of which are characterised by their deep distrust of bell-captains, their tendency to nervous collapse, and their use of the world's Hilton hotels as refuges from a cruel reality.

No minor irritation or rococo fear is left unexplored - usually in exhaustive detail. We are tormented by the problem of whether the shower at the Vanuatu swimming-pool is for use before or after the swim, and does the bell-captain keep the the ice in his room until it is on the verge of melting before delivering it to the guests. Much of Moorhouse's comic genius lies in his ability to describe

such dilemmas in such minute detail that the very aggregation of worries is funny. The first person narration helps the process by allowing a degree of naivete to be expressed, so that the reader is far more aware of the total situation than the writer.

Other essays in the collection include an almost sad description of the language with which some Australian fathers manage to destroy their sons confidence entirely, and the famous dissertation on "The Drover's Wife" in which the woman in question is proved to be a sheep.

I was fascinated to hear Moorhouse talking at Writer's Week in exactly the same tone as in "Room Service". The laughter in the tent bears witness to the comic appeal of this style.



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Script without life

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Magpie Theatre
The Odeon
Until March 31

by Moya Dodd

One of the pleasures of the theatre is being able to escape into it. By that I mean seeing a production that whisks you out of your theatre seat and away to another world, gently lowering you back in the real world after two hours of relief from the mundane grind of everyday life.

Magpie Theatre's latest Festival offering, however, never really transcends the Odeon's vinyl seats. Despite Magpie's well-earned reputation for producing quality children's theatre, *Beauty and the Beast* lets them down. It fails to either enlighten or entertain, and by its end both young and old seemed restless with a show that, in the end, just didn't breathe.

Its problem lay less in the presentation than in the script. David Holman's attempt to transpose an old fairy tale into an Australian colonial setting (*Beauty's* family were supposedly Irish settlers) fell short. Perhaps it was just a function of cultural conditioning - it may be easier to believe in magic castles and enchanted forests than strange semi-human beasts whose elaborate dwellings in the Australian outback are stumbled upon in a willy-willy - but the Beast himself, although capably played, was never convincing in the context.

The cast did their competent best, given the script and a fairly naked set. Sharon Le Ray in particular was outstanding as Bernadette, the sister who "had not enough brains to give herself a headache", and as the sheep in a comic scene which had the younger members of the audience squealing with delight. *Beauty* (played by Claudia La Rose) also stood out, although the Irish accent, to my colonial ear, seemed to waver at times.

In the end it was the shortcomings of the script and storyline which triumphed over the best efforts of the performers. Even Alain Prost can't drive a lemon.

Stark

EGGS STANDING OUT OF CURIOSITY

Thebby
Season Closed. So ner.

by Marta Kelly

Tranquil yet disturbing, the softness of the cool, white eggs contrasted heavily with the sure lines of backdrop and pool. The stillness of the water seems to shadow a feeling of uncertainty, which cannot prepare the viewer for the enchanting 90 minutes that follows.

Like a breath from the past, the five dancers in their white makeup bring to life a sense of great antiquity. Yet the sudden and powerful music blends old and new in a form unique to the Bhuto dancers.

A truly spellbinding creation by Ushio Amagatsu and well worth both time and money. Superb enthralling and emotional, make sure you don't miss *Eggs Standing Out Of Curiosity*.

Lennon in classical garb

KRONOS STRING QUARTET March 10

by Chris Stevenson

Contemporary pieces are too often included in concerts only as variety, or as curiosity pieces. Many ensembles regard them as too inaccessible, intellectual or challenging for a general audience.

Others argue that contemporary music is uniquely appropriate to the times. *Kronos* do not advance this view as opinion, they prove it to be fact.

Last night, in the Adelaide Town Hall, to an audience filled with the broadest cross section of society I have ever seen at a concert, they performed a concert of "uncompromisingly serious" contemporary music.

The quartet are as contemporary as the music they play. David Harrington (violin) has purple hair and John Lennon glasses, Joan Jeanrenaud (cello) has spiked, streaked hair, and black velvet jacket. John Sherba (violin) and Hank Dutt (viola) are almost caricatures of the Bohemian artist - even from the promotional photos, they stare absorbingly at the viewer.

When they sit down and begin to play, their eclectic appearance is forgotten, as they become for the duration of the performance, a unit. I have never seen musicians join so completely together in their music.

The audience is caught, spellbound, in the spell they weave. Their movements as they play weave a dance as complex and fascinating as the music. It would be possible to follow, in total soundlessness, the themes and moods of the music totally in the dance of these superlative musicians.

They play with unashamed virtuosity. The rhythms, dissonances and

complexities of the music are executed to perfection. The dynamic range of the playing, from pianissimos so soft that one strains to hear them, to sudden contrasting fortes, is perfection.

For this concert, they began with Peter Sculthorpe's "String Quartet No. 8". This Quartet, played so strongly by the quartet, argues Sculthorpe's cause convincingly. The solo cello playing the first and last movements, was of a virtuosity seldom seen, and in the dance-like "Ketungan" sections, the playing was as theatrical as any I have ever seen.

From Sculthorpe, they progressed to Kevin Volan's "White man sleeps, Dance 1". This piece, based on African rhythms, was absorbing, and contrasted well with 'Round Midnight', an arrangement of the music of Thelonius Monk.

Four for tango, a tongue in cheek piece, by Astor Piazzolla, Argentina's "King of Tango", was followed by Bela Bartok's third String Quartet, a modern classic. The rendering given by *Kronos* justified this stature for the piece.

They followed this with "Fratres", by Arvo Part, a quiet, sensitive piece, played without vibrato with such precision that in parts the sound was as pure as a flute or an organ.

Philip Glass' *Mishima Quartet* and Alban Berg's *Lyric Suite*, made up the second half. Berg's almost completely atonal Suite is a virtuoso display for the quartet, which left me breathless in admiration.

In the first of two encores, they played their famous version of *Purple Haze*, by Jimi Hendrix complete with feedback and manic playing, was the highlight of the concert for me - a joyful celebration of the ideals of *Kronos* - new music, played with vivacity and virtuosity, not with disdain.



Hi-energy entertainment

CIRCUS OZ Rymill Park Season finished

by Moya Dodd

Circus Oz have come a long way since they first stormed the Adelaide Festival ten years ago, but they have lost none of their vitality. Their 1988 show jumps, climbs, bounces, sings, laughs, tumbles and clowns its way through an evening of non-stop laughter, entertainment and amazement.

Circus Oz are a manic, multi-talented troupe of performers who will do anything to entertain, even persuade you to make loud vomiting noises for the amusement of the rest of the audience.

Much of their show revolves around their remarkable athletic and acrobatic ability. They built human pyramids of all descriptions, performed amazing feats climbing and descending a fixed vertical pole, launched themselves through hoops from all angles and did a wonderfully comic sequence on the trampoline (and it is worth mentioning that males and females took equally daring and dangerous roles throughout).

But as well as being top athletes, they are also talented actors, comics and musicians. Tim Coldwell, for example, walks a tightrope and throws himself about energetically, but also clowns with great panache and performs side-splittingly funny sketches. The one where he plays Cliff Hardy-style private detective who does not appear to realise that he is up-side-down and hanging



from the roof by his feet is particularly memorable.

Their musical talent also comes in handy. In another sketch, someone walks onto stage with a whole cello, apart from its strings, stuffed completely inside their overcoat and sits down in what appears to be an armchair (but is in fact another person). The cellist begins playing, and the armchair reveals its arms and bow and joins in a mournful duet. All

the while a sad, silent clown wanders disconsolately around the stage clutching a single flower.

A number of audience participation segments had the crowd rolling in the aisles, particularly the Bicentennial flag-raising. A third of the audience was assigned to be tall ships by raising their arms, and another third played vomiting sailors, representing the voyage to this country. The remainder played the "happy local

people" who gave a friendly wave to the new arrivals, followed by a gesture whose meaning ought not be reduced to print in a respectable family newspaper.

Once again *Circus Oz* have come up with a memorable night's entertainment. Off-beat, original and above all vivacious, they are timely reminder, in the middle of an Arts Festival, that the best entertainment is often the simplest.

Peter Carey - out of an irrational image springs a celebrated novel

For no obvious reason, Australian novelist Peter Carey says he's a pessimist when it comes to writing. ALISON ROGERS reports.

Peter Carey's latest novel, *Oscar and Lucinda* shows all the signs of eclipsing his last two novels (*Bliss* and *Illywhacker*) though by the author's own admission it is an eccentric novel.

"If you think that you've just written a book that is full of Victorian clergymen and churches and a glass factory - well you're really writing about something that may not appeal to many people. I'm always a bit of a pessimist I think, "Well they like the last one, maybe they'll be disappointed by this".

It would appear that Peter Carey has nothing to worry about where *Oscar and Lucinda* is concerned. The reviews have been (on the whole) favourable and it is already climbing up the national bestseller list.

Does he find the period of time just after publication particularly nerve-racking as he waits for the judgements from the critics?

"With me it's pretty simple, if the reviews are favourable - I'm very pleased - and if they aren't I'm very angry! I've been around long enough to know that you can have as many different expressions of opinions as there are reviewers. So a review that says you are wonderful doesn't necessarily mean that you are wonderful and one that says you're a failure doesn't mean that you are a failure. I know that on the one hand, but on the other hand I'm only human - so if someone says something nice about my work I feel very happy - and if someone says something nasty about it I'm less than pleased.

The idea for *Oscar and Lucinda* came from "a funny irrational image" according to Peter Carey.

"I was living in northern NSW near Bellinger - actually the real name for this place is The Promised Land. So you come down into The Promised Land and it really is beautiful, there's a valley and the hills and the river and there was this little church sitting there. No one went to the church anymore, but it sat there and the Church members decided that they were going to take it away.

I suddenly felt very upset to think that the little church wasn't going to be there anymore. I'm not a Christian so it made me wonder why this was so. So I thought about the Christian culture that I'd grown up with and how important it has been to me.

We'd had a culture to do with Easter and we used to celebrate all the Christian festivals and knew about the parades and so on. I thought, "That's really interesting isn't it?" That 200 years ago our civilisation came into this country and destroyed this ancient culture that was there in order that things like a church should be built - and now - 200 years later we're ripping this church out of here and there's only going to be thistles there.

"The Christian culture that had sustained it was no longer a powerful force in our society. So I was just daydreaming about a moment, fictitious or poetic, where the church might enter that landscape coming down the river - it's quite irrational - but I imagined this church on a barge coming into a landscape. It was like a container for all these Christian stories coming into a landscape that was filled with all these Aboriginal stories - the moment where our two cultures met."



The book does deal with the treatment of the Aborigines at the hands of the white settlers and Carey hasn't attempted to gloss over the suffering of the blacks. Howard Jacobsen of *The Australian* wrote that "*Oscar and Lucinda* could be seen as "Peter Carey's anti-bicentenary present to his country". That idea doesn't particularly worry Peter Carey.

'I can't read *Bliss* anymore and see it as I originally saw it, because the film has made the actors' faces replace those for the characters.'

"I find most things about the Bicentennial pretty offensive. So if there are elements in the novel that somehow take the sugary edge off the Bicentennial then I'm not displeased. I think I'm basically trying to ignore the Bicentennial. There are probably some very useful things that will come out of this year - for all the things that are not being done officially, everybody's still talking and arguing about it."

For the non-book-reading public, perhaps the one thing that rocketed Peter Carey to fame was the film of his first published novel *Bliss*. Though he co-wrote the screenplay of the film he feels quite ambivalent about turning any of his other novels into films.

"It is a problem, that when a book becomes a film, the film is so power-

ful that it takes over in your imagination from what you wrote. I can't read *Bliss* anymore and see it as I originally saw it, because the film has made the actors' faces replace those of the characters. I think that the book itself was a little more complicated and multi-layered and maybe a bit more emotional than the film, and that's a slight disadvantage in a way, because a writer

"There is a very strong possibility that "*Illywhacker*" will become a mini-series, which is a form that I really think will suit it. I'm pleased to say that if this happens I won't be writing it. I think it would be very difficult and demanding project and I've spent enough of my life with *Illywhacker*. The good news is that David Williamson, who loves the book very much, has agreed to write it. So given what David's talents are, and given what the book is, I'd feel that it was a very comfortable marriage."

Peter Carey writes his novels at his home, devoting about five hours a day to his characters and plots. "I start at about 8.30 - 9 am and work through until 1 or 2 pm. Usually I have a late lunch and then go for a swim and spend the rest of the after-

noon editing what I've written." He enjoys working by himself, because it gives him a freedom to do whatever he wants with his characters.

say, "This is mine!" It is difficult, especially if it is a long project, and you are taking some risks, and wondering whether what you're doing is any good or not. You can't show it to anyone, because it's not finished, I'm fortunate to have a very intelligent and highly skilled wife (Alison Summers - artistic director of Toe Truck Theatre) who's a good reader. She is someone who I can share my work with."

Carey already has the seeds of an idea for a new novel germinating in his mind - "I need a problem or an interesting image or a contradiction, so that I can start to explore what that might be about. I've got what feels like the beginning of an idea, I think every idea for a novel is probably 30 or 40 ideas at least. I've got enough to start building a new novel from."

So whilst the publishing world is falling into raptures over his latest novel, Carey is already working out explorations for the next novel - who knows what bizarre images he will have to explain to create something bigger and better than *Oscar and Lucinda*?

'With me it's pretty simple if the reviews are favourable I'm pretty pleased, and if they aren't I'm very angry.'

Unlike a collaborative creative venture, say if you've got a movie, and you've got a team working on it - you've all got to agree. With a novel you can have your own way absolutely - it's a great pleasure to

can wake up and find his or her works are almost stolen from them in a way."

Carey says that he would not like to attempt to write a screenplay for any of his other novels though plans are underway for a film of one of his short stories (*War Crimes*) to be made. He is working with Bill Bennett (producer of *Backlash*) on the movie and the process appears to be less painful than with a novel.

"It's a lot of fun, because the short story becomes a really good strong basis for a film. We're not facing the same sorts of problems that you face with a novel - a novel is too long and complex."

Having said that, it appears that *Illywhacker* may end up on our television screens in the not too distant future.



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Adelaide plays host to perhaps the two biggest names in jazz in coming weeks, Wynton Marsalis and Miles Davis. **RICHARD OGIER** spoke to Marsalis last week.

MARSALIS: crowned Prince of jazz



Miles Davis

Ask Wynton Marsalis what he thinks of Miles Davis's 1980's music and he sidesteps.

The two black American scions of the trumpet are visitors to Adelaide over March and April. Marsalis performed with his quintet at the Festival Theatre last Saturday night and Miles Davis will perform with his seven-piece funk band at the same venue on April 7.

Speaking by telephone from Canberra last week Marsalis said: "I don't really know what Miles is playing now, I really don't know. You'll have to ask him that ... haven't heard enough to have an opinion."

In the 1980's Miles Davis's music is an electric hybrid of funk, fusion and synthesiser pop, not unlike the sort of ready-made consumption music Marsalis has slammed notables like Chuck Mangione and Herb Alpert for playing.

Last year Marsalis hit out at the pop-chart conscious Alpert for "dragging our music (jazz music) through the mud".

Ask Marsalis about the Miles of old and he is fullsome in his praise of what he calls, "the jazz Miles Davis." Try and coax him into discussion of Miles

'I really don't know what Miles is playing now ... I haven't heard enough to have an opinion.'

funk and he shuts up. The implication is obvious, the evasion not surprising - would the Prince of France knock the King of England?

Ironically, however, the 24-year-old Marsalis is more like the 61-year-old Davis at a younger age, than he is like anybody else.

It's something widely recognised - but usually it's employed against Marsalis by his detractors. The most ruthless of which trumpeter, Lester Bowie - who pipped Marsalis for *Downbeat* magazine's critics award for best trumpeter last year - dubbed Marsalis Miles Davis's "bastard son".

For the contemporary music watch-listener the artistic proximity of Marsalis to Davis is the best conversation piece in ten years. Certainly it is widely held that Davis is at least a major influence on Marsalis's trumpet style and on his group conception.

Yet the closer - though often overlooked - similarity is personality-based. Marsalis has donned the artistic and public relations image well worn by Miles Davis in the fifties and sixties. He projects the same tough and incorruptible attitudes towards music and life besides - the same militant black-

ness, the same anti-commercial sentiment, the same hard-nosed seriousness.

Said Miles Davis in the 60s: "I don't like to stress race because I have friends of all colours. But everything I see around me stresses it. People say, 'Would you want your sister to marry a negro?' That's jive even to ask the question. I might not want to marry your sister."

"It makes me sick. It makes me prejudiced."

"All I want for my kids is a simple thing. To be free. To not have to worry about color or anything. Just think about what it is they want to do and do it. And negroes who try to act the way they think other people want them to, bug me worse than Uncle Toms".

Said Marsalis last week: "In a sense jazz is a science ... you have many vocabularies that you have to learn ... (and yet) the science of jazz is not widely perceived. That's probably because negroes have been the greatest jazz musicians and people never seem to connect any science with negroes."

"Why? Because negroes feel. You know what I'm talking about? There's always this feeling thing that they have."

Since Miles' comeback after a 6-year hiatus in 1981, he's poked fun at his uncompromising attitudes of yesteryear. In the 50s Miles's front, his

arrogance - even now often perceived as necessarily 'uppity' if it comes from a non-European - flew in the face of delicately balanced race of relations.

He made a trademark for himself out of playing with his back to (usually white) audiences.

Now, he often walks on stage back first and joins in the audience's laughter, he's appeared in television com-

'Try and coax him into a discussion of Miles funk and he shuts up ... would the Prince of France knock the King of England.'

mercials and on Miami Vice and a couple of times on the Grammy Awards - something he slammed years ago as racist, threatening to start his own "Mammys" for black performers.

When asked in 1985 what he saw as the future of jazz he said: "bullshit".

According to Marsalis, the highest level of music is spiritual. "When you say feeling to me, that just indicates a certain type of spirituality. Jazz is a very spiritual music ... When I think

about growth in music I think about growing in spiritual awareness ... and conveying that information through my music. Whatever style the music is, that's secondary."

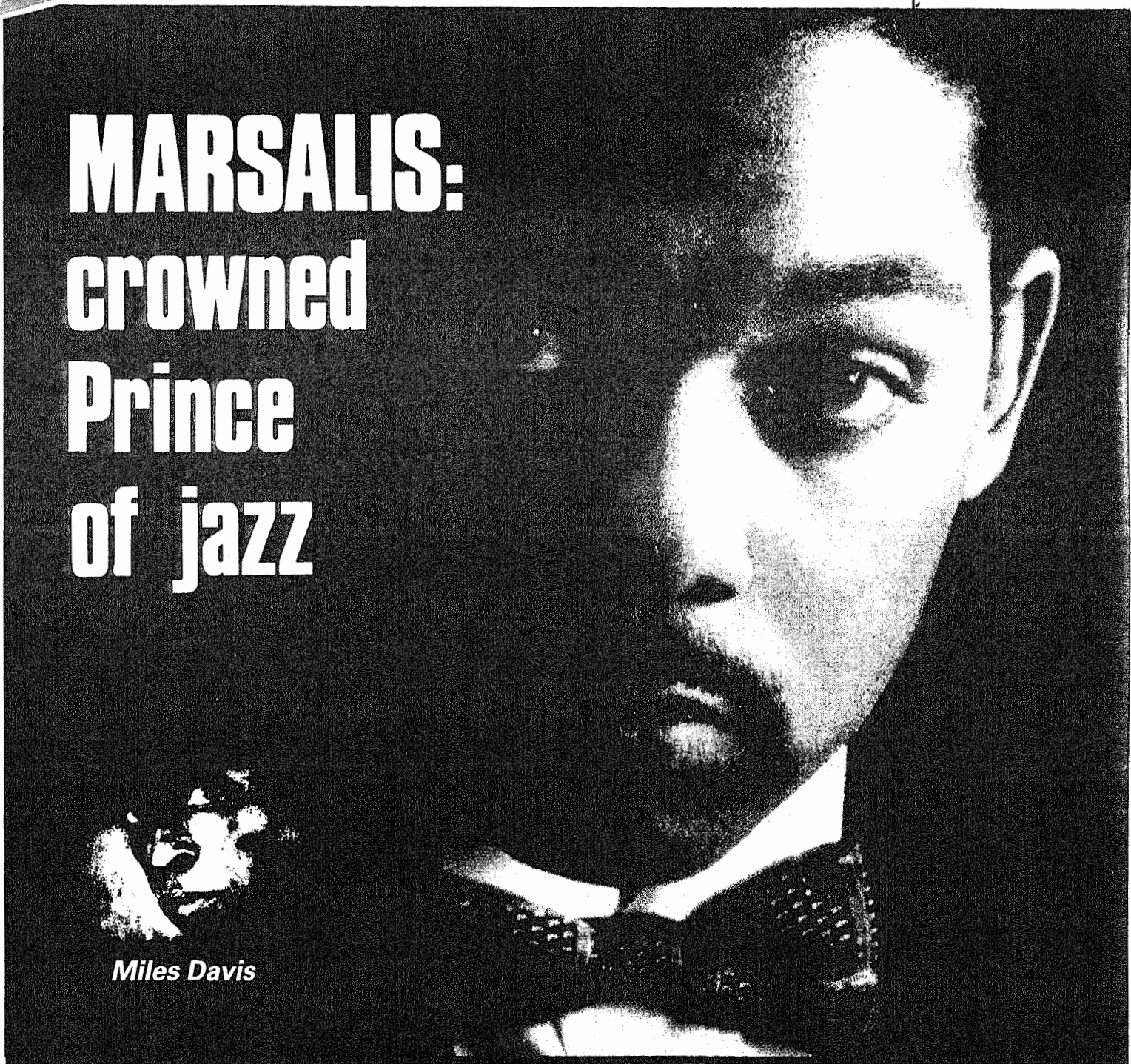
"John Coltrane is a good example of that. In his late music he did a lot of different things but they all have the same thread of spirituality running through them. If he'd have been interviewed in 1954, he wouldn't have had any idea what he would have been doing in 1964, but he probably knew that he would be going in a certain direction that would indicate the high level of seriousness he had towards music and towards life."

There must be a theory about old as against young age art in there somewhere. Some of the great artists in other fields - Samuel Beckett for example - have receded into themselves and produced some of their most personal and difficult work. Others, and Davis is certainly one, seem to grow tired of imposing their art and just want to be loved.

Maybe it's easier for Marsalis in the 80s than it was for Davis in the 50s and 60s. In the 80s Marsalis has carved a name for himself because and not despite, his insistence on avoiding the temptation of a more commercial market, which indicates a change in the market itself.

Where Marsalis goes from here, will be fascinating to watch.

Wynton Marsalis





US Secretary of State, George Schultz, was stunned to learn that *Every Brothers* single 'This Town' has climbed to #23 on the charts.

Friday marks the release of *The Clash's* greatest moment - the release of the single 'White Riot'.

Gossip! - at the recent Greasy Pop Records Social Match, *Giles Barrow* took two wickets in his bowling, and then scored 78 n.o. Is there no end to the man's talent? Yes! say those who know him....

With Alex Wheaton.

"If a man can bridge the gap between life and death, I mean, if he can live on after he's died, then maybe he was a great man." (James Dean, crashed his Porsche, died, 1955).

Would you have this man on your bedroom wall?

Ry Cooder is 41 on Tuesday, 15th March, 1947. The master guitarist and session arranger was born in Lost Angeles, California.

'I Don't Remember That': it's twenty (yes, twenty) years since *The Beatles* released 'Lady Madonna' as a single, simultaneously in the US and Great Britain.

Ex-Adelaidean, *Ian List* former singer with *The Spikes* has an album to be released shortly on Zinger Records in the UK. Entitled 'Crayon Jungle', it's being released under the name *The UV's*.

The Mindbenders (Adelaide Dance Band) played their last show to a rapturous reception at the Austral Hotel ('the Nostril') about 3 weeks ago. They were joined on stage by free agent Chris Finnen and played until 2 am.

However, the band's singer/guitarist Leigh Marshall has teamed up with Finnen, and the two are planning an acoustic guitar act, to be seen at a city venue soon.

Adelaide Band *July 14th* set to release their LP 'Til We Meet Again'. They will be playing some shows to promote the release, but members are busy with other bands;

Terry and Robyn with the *Every Brothers*, and guitarist Rod Ling's new boogie band *The Sylph* are going from strength to strength. Another member, Steve Matters is putting together a new ensemble after the demise of *Tu Tu Z*.

Notwithstanding, look out for 'Til We Meet Again' on Greasy Pop Records.

Blood, flesh, insanity from boys of Anthrax

SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Festival

by Alexander Grous

Not long after the release of their last album, Anthrax are back again. Satanically spot on, this album reeks with blood, flesh, dismemberment, screams, insanity, to name but a few. The lads of Anthrax deliver fast, well executed music, finely tuned to Joe Belladonna's vocals. Covering everything from gunslingers to Medusa, notch up another one for Anthrax; touche.

Gung Ho on side two epitomises the approach of the band to their music;

"Draw fast, cut first Live hard, die hard Feel the point of the blade"

Dan Spitz and Scott Ian alternate for most of the songs on lead, sometimes duelling with each other at breakneck speed. The song 'After-shock' deals with the incompetence of world leaders to ever solve anything, and is skillfully executed musically.

One can only hope that the intensity of the album reaches out and

stifles the wankers who scream "Devil's music" all the time, and "Let's burn records of Satan". How intelligent, let's resort to pagan rituals.

Anthrax's following increases with every album they record, and this one has many strong points. Good mixing also ensures an unadulterated sound, as is evident on 'Madhouse'.

All in all, a very worthy album. *Spreading the Disease* is indeed spreading, so if you're an Anthrax fan it's a must. Even if you're not, who knows, you might become one.

So far the year's best

DRILL YOUR OWN HOLE Gaye Bikers on Acid Virgin

by Alexander Grous

So far, the best album of the year! Psychedelic grunge teeming of the afterlife, and dark, murky areas in your closet. Violent, gurgling guitar riffs are mixed with acoustic guitar, and wow-wow notes of convulsing proportions. If you though you had experienced out of body experiences, uh huh! Give this a listen!

'Call Me A Liar' is vocals weaving around 'evil' guitar work, ebbing

and flowing in intensity, as drums pound and pound you again and again! Beautiful...Next, 'All Hung Up' makes you want to flail your arms around in psychedelic ecstasy, as pure, clean voices from choir like singers float around the room, between choruses. The 'Zen Express' next takes you through your own mind, for a tour of sheer euphoria.

At times sounding like a cross between the Anti Nowhere League and a thrash outfit, this band injects you with seething music that jolts and slashes you if you're not careful. Other 'high'lights include 'After the Suck There's Blow' and 'Git Down

(Shake Your Thang)'. Musically brilliant, this outfit's aurally superb and could have you looking for magic things in forests in your excited state.

Strange werewolf sounds, gurgling, and other nocturnal delights are audible between songs, and tantalise you as you prepare for the assault of the next track. Bliss is an understatement for this album, it is just incredible! You'll either love it or hate it, but until you try you will never know! Do it, do it! And I'll see you in the twilight zone....

Sledgehammer rock

BLOW UP YOUR VIDEO AC/DC EMI

by Alexander Grous

Solid, mean, spasmodic rock. Swinging laciviously like a battle-wielded Gibson, the boys deliver superbly styled head music, with Angus Young orchestrating the high voltage onslaught. *Heatseeker* is the single lifted for general airplay, and it is a prelude to the stinging rock form the original 'bad

boys' of music. Following it immediately on side one is *That's the Way I Wanna Rock and Roll*, which synchronises sporadic guitar riffs, against a solo voice; guitar, voice, guitar, voice, etc.

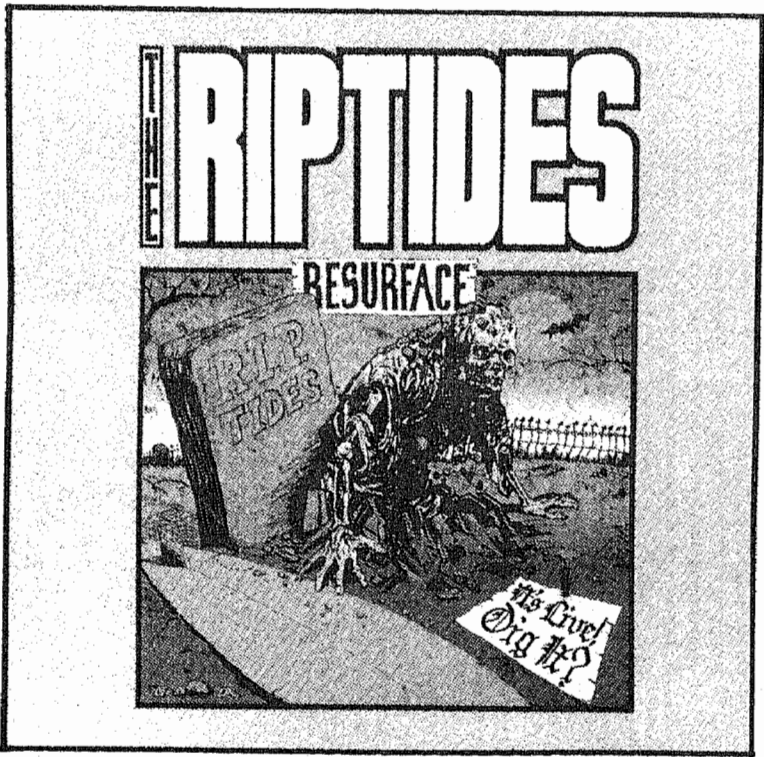
They can still make sledgehammer rock, a little more refined than the 'old days', but then that's all part of the ageing process isn't it?

On side two, *Ruff Stuff* is classic AC/DC, reminiscent of *Back in Black* and *Hells Bells*;

"Just give me ruff stuff, Just give me ruff stuff, Don't want your face around here. Ruff stuff...Ruff stuff...."

Like a well oiled piece of machinery, song after song pounds from this album, which does the boys proud of their *High Voltage* tag.

This Means War is the final song on the album, and is an arpeggio of recalcitrant notes at fever speed. A very fitting way to end the album. Top stuff... tops...



Live Riptides!

RESURFACE Riptides Polygram

by Richard Wilson

Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time, before FID and Princess Di, musicians were respected pillars of society. Life was simple, sex was free and easy, and people like *Cliff Richard* and *Abba* ruled the charts. The came the *Sex Pistols*. With them was born a generation of underground music. Music that questioned the rules and ethics of society.

Now 12 years old, the underground scene still exists, but not in the same way as it did in the late 70's. In those heady post-punk days, Australian music as it currently stands was born. *The Saints* started it all off with "I'm Stranded". Other bands soon followed.

While *INXS*, *Sunnyboys*, *Machinations*, *Flaming Hands*, *Models*, *Reels* and *Go-Betweens* were playing small bars in Sydney, a Brisbane band called *The Riptides* formed and released two independent singles, "Sunset Strip" and "Tomorrow's Tears". Primarily a surf band, they had a unique talent - to touch people with their music.

Their songs were simply structured - and it was this inherent simplicity that reached across to the listener and made their heart sing and their feet want to dance.

Tragically, the band could never transfer their magic across to record sales. Having little opportunity to record and some hefty cash flow problems, *The Riptides* broke up in 1982.

They reformed a couple of years ago for a celebration of 10 years of Brisbane pop culture. The magic was still in their music. Graham "Buzz" Bidstrup replaced original drummer Dennis Cantwell, but the rest of the line-up was as it was back when it all began. A double-album was recorded of their performance.

Capturing the essence of *The Riptides*, it contains their best-known songs from the era (*Hearts and Flowers*, *Tomorrow's Tears*, *Holiday Time*, *Riptide*) as well as heaps of others, and even includes a rather questionable version of the oft-covered "Venus".

Destined to become a classic, it's expertly produced by Cal Callaghan and records for posterity a collection of songs performed by one of the most influential and key Australian bands ever. A lasting minder of what *The Riptides* once were and perhaps could have become.

U2 Clones Beat Their Breasts

EYE OF THE HURRICANE The Alarm IRS/CBS

by Gavin Williams

Let's dispense with the inevitable - *The Alarm* sound remarkably like U2. Indeed one could be tempted to call them mere clones of their Irish counterparts. From the anthem-like quality of the songs to the soaring vocals and ringing guitars, the similarities are too numerous to discount.

However, it is the relentless breast beating and political posturing which remains their biggest problem.

Thankfully, the worst of this has been left behind on previous LP's, which were tedious in their relentless call to arms. All this poses the question - just what are they shouting about? 'Rebels without a cause' is the cliché which springs to mind. Indeed cliché is the perfect word to describe not only the record, but also the group.

Clutching their already familiar chords they seemed doomed to wander, forever searching for yet another slogan to chant and die by. What they really need is a violent uprising in their homeland, Wales - then at least they'd have something worthwhile to sing about.

Musically *Eye of the Hurricane* sees them treading already familiar territories. So not only will they retain their present fans, as there is certainly nothing to offend them, but with the current single *Rain in the Summertime* gaining airplay they may in fact reach a wider audience. *Hallowed Ground* is the one song which stands out, as it's the only track where the sense of déjà vu isn't overpowering.

Actually this is not a terrible record - it's just that the group itself is fatally flawed. Twee and facile are probably two of the nastiest words you could use to describe such a heavily 'committed' group, but if the hat fits....

Impeccably Bland

THE PASSENGER Melvin James WEA - MCA

by Alex Wheaton

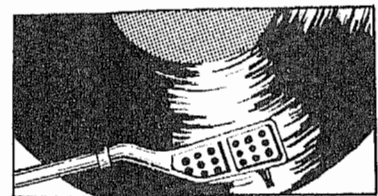
In America they're still at it, trying to produce the perfect album - one that cannot offend anybody due to its very blandness.

His debut album, this is an eclectic collection of songs, most using a solid bed of synthesizers and a pastiche of guitar riffs and leads topped by James' wistful voice (viz 'Why Won't You Stay' and 'She's So Sorry'). The punchy drums of veteran Joe Vitale drive the up-tempo 'Sugar Candy' - is it Van Halen on dishwashing liquid? (You're soaking in it!!)

Multi-instrumentalist James sustains an entire record of his own material, including 'Loving You Is Strange', which is gaining some airplay around Adelaide.

The entire offering has been impeccably produced by the man who put the gloss on the *Eagles'* Bill Szymczyk.

Fiendish wit



Dises

MOTORMOUTH

Ben Elton
Mercury

by Matt Gibson

Ben Elton, scriptwriter for such series as *The Young Ones*, *Black Adder*, *Filthy, Rich & Catflap* and Rowan Atkinson, socialist, liar and self-confessed lager fiend, has released his first album of material, a sort of best of '81 - '86, from a single, uncut, live performance.

A genius of stand-up comedy, Elton tackles a gamut of issues from social comment to social embarrassment, all with the kind of rapid fire delivery that leaves you begging him to stop before you cry and chunder with laughter. Talk about rib-tickling. Talk about a devilish sense of the ridiculous. Talk about witty perception. Elton takes the art of making people laugh at themselves into the most sensitive of issues. From Tampons to Real People and Nobs on the Beach, he assaults our conceptions of masculinity and repression of women through advertising with a vicious wit that is never tasteless or tacky.



Ben Elton

"And the lads from the Rugby Club," says Elton in *Student Union Bar*, "standing in a circle, trousers down, pouring beer over their heads and singin' dirty songs! Great way to prove your masculinity that. Don't drink your beer and talk about sex."

The final segment of the album, *Tits*, sums up much of Elton's attitude and reaffirms the sharp difference between traditional and alternative British comedy. Benny Hill style 'Big Tit' gags seem the biggest joke in the nation. Elton wonders how women can possibly get through each day without shitting themselves with laughter if tits are such a great joke.

"Sexism in comedy," he closes, "sexism everywhere. We've got to fight it together, beat it together."

Probably the clearest-thinking, least sexist male comedian in the world today. An absolute riot.

Zany, crazy Connolly

BILLY AND ALBERT - LIVE!

Billy Connolly
Virgin

by Matt Gibson

Scottish folkie turned comedian, Billy Connolly, requires little introduction. This particular live recording of wholly original material took place during the sellout tour of '87 - '88 which included Australia. We even get two rather derogatory references.

You may or may not be attracted to Connolly's scatterbrained, sometimes incoherent, style and colourful use of language, but relative to past offerings this is probably his best to date. The subject matter and its handling are more mature, yet he still milks drunkenness and swearing to their limit.

Taken out of the context of the live performance, many of his drinking gags can seem a little dry (no pun intended) and indeed much of his

humour can lose its edge when not interjected with his thick Scottish laugh and liberal use of 'conversational' profanities.

Often his humour really strikes the nail on the head, as with Australian Talent Shows, where he attacks that inane institution Young Talent Time.

"Young people who should be out on their bikes are singin' 'My Way'. What d'ya mean Your Way, you don't know anything...there's boys of 10 years singin' 'I'm Gonna Love You All Night Long'. He hasn't even got pubic hairs, for Christs sake!"

Scathing, to say the least. Yet hilarious also, when delivered by Connolly. Safe to say, this record will have you on the floor at times but even at its lowest mark, smiling. You also get a special 'Playcomic' nude poster of Billy on a tartan rug. What a crazy guy.



The rubbery face of British comedy

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NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE

Rowan Atkinson
Polydor

by Andrew Marshall

Fans of the Monty Python school of comedy will appreciate Rowan Atkinson's new album, recorded live in Bradford last year. Not only is the style remarkably similar to Python (a little less absurd), but Atkinson's sidekick Angus Deayton (who introduces Atkinson, appears on stage and does voice-overs on the record) sounds like the king of British comedy, and Python team member, John Cleese.

Even so, the material is strong enough and individual enough to stand on its own, and overcome frequent references to English celebrities, politicians and events unfamiliar to Australians.

Atkinson's talent lies in delivery - a rubbery face (a bit hard to appreciate listening to the record) and voice that can entertain an audience with *Gobble D. Gook* (the opening track) make him a unique

performer. All the material for *Not Just A Pretty Face* was (rather ironically) provided by Richard Curtis and the brilliant Ben Elton (co-writer of *The Young Ones* and *The Comic Strip Presents*) - a partnership which never leaves Atkinson struggling for a laugh.

He successfully ridicules the Clergy (not hard at the moment), private schools (in *Fatal Beatings*), Hollywood (in *Awards*) and peace protesters (in *CND and Peace Camp*) among others.

In *Tom, Dick and Harry* we hear a eulogy for three unfortunate friends - Tom, who was blind and deaf, Harry who was blind and dumb and Dick, who besides being deaf and dumb is a "tremendous fan of *Bananarama*". Dick hear the combine harvester, Harry heard it and Tom didn't know what hit him. They were, continues Atkinson, with great piety, *all harvested together*. *Not Just A Pretty Face* features well performed, and well thought out material, something becoming increasingly rare on comedy albums today.

Vibrant Folk

IN REAL TIME
Fairport Convention
Island

by Matt Gibson

The game of folk rock may have had its financial hey-day in the sixties but relatively few of its exponents turned to disco. On the whole, folk rock is healthier in the eighties than it has been for around fifteen years. Two sub-groups are recognizable; the rock-folk of *Melencamp, Kelly and Weddings, Parties, Anything* with its harsher tones and electric tendencies; and folk-rock which leans more towards the purer folk sound (*The Pogues, Roaring Jack*).

Fairport Convention undoubtedly

fall into the second category and this live recording from the 1987 leg of annual concerts swoons with homespun tunefulness whilst maintaining a rock exuberance.

Close To The Wind, a mellow, maudlin tale of hardship and transportation to Australia, make a mockery of wistful, flogged tunes like *Maggie*. The musically inventive highlight is the *Big Three Medley*, blending two varied jigs and a largely electric piece to illustrate the strong similarities between rock and folk and why they combine so powerfully together.

The musical vibrancy of *In Real Time* is difficult to import in print, but that this should be one of the few examples of real folk rock to be released in six months is testament to its disarming talent.

"That's speculation" in Stone's jungle of greed

WALL STREET
Hoyts Regent Cinema
Glenelg Cinema Centre

by Jamie Skinner

"Greed for lack of better word is good. Greed...cuts through to the very essence of what we're doing. I create nothing, I own." These are the words of Gordon Gekko, high-rolling corporate raider in Oliver Stone's new drama, *Wall Street*.

Wall Street was conceptually titled as *Greed* and centres on the mere speculation of what's hot and what's not in the money market. *Wall Street* is not about Economic Institutions and Policy IH or Business Finance IIIH but homes in on the very essence of greed and what can drive ruthless arbitrageurs in the scandalous deals of stock speculation.

Wall Street embodies the notion of the American dream in a different way to Stone's screenplay for the drug-dealing gangster epic *Scarface*. The movie is never a corporate comedy like *Trading Places*, *Head Office* or *The Secret Of My Success* and can only manage one joke to relieve the businessy jingo-dialogue which bogs the movie

down. Stone admits about his "black-sheep" movie: "It's still hard for me. Some of the dialogue of the film I don't understand. It sounds good, but I still don't know what it means." If a director (and scriptwriter for that matter) can't understand what a film is about, how is the viewer supposed to?

The pan-shot and close-ups of the 9 to 5 rabble of the stock market and the high-rise corporate buildings probably makes a feast for the eyes for the yuppie viewer, but basically *Wall Street* crashes with a



Fox and Gekko: greed, dirty deals & inside trading

lack of dramatic impact.

Oliver Stone, scriptwriter for *Scarface*, *Year of the Dragon*, *Midnight Express* and director-writer for *Salvador* and *Platoon* can only come up with wordy witty conversation pieces. The story doesn't hold you. It is not a hard-edged gripping drama like Stone's previous outings. The film's script is the biggest weakness, surprisingly coming from last year's Best Picture Oscar.

Hollywood heartthrob Michael Douglas plays the blue-chip brute

Gordon Gekko (named after an Asian species of lizard), a market manipulator who takes a protégé Bud Fox (Charlie Sheen) who wants to experience the fast times wonders of what the white-collar world offers. Fox starts to inform Gekko on who is buying what and so the patter of illegal inside trading begins.

Douglas has become one of Hollywood's most popular actors since *Romancing the Stone* and with his part in *Fatal Attraction* has received a double-dose of stardom from the

American Christmas film season. The establishment actor does spice up Gekko's thrust for success and "no screw-ups" character. Douglas was a producer before he ever made it big on the screen and chances are he had met a few Gordon Gekkos in the world of big business cinema. Still, he seems to have been nominated for Best Actor Oscar more out of his popularity than performance.

Charlie Sheen (brother of Emilio Estevez) from *Platoon* and *Red Dawn* struts around with a Tom

Cruise look on his face and aims his top gun at Daryl Hannah with a vengeance. Hannah, who plays but the love-interest, is also an arty-farty interior decorator, who tries to look older in the part, looking very much like Kim Basinger.

Martin Sheen plays not surprisingly Bud Fox's airline mechanic and union leader father. Quasi-veteran actor Hal Holbrook plays an old guard broker who works in the same firm as Bud Fox. Together, the two old traditionalist wage-earners embody the good guy bravado of old straight-laced chestnuts who believe in a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. Productivity in the long term is better than the easy buck mentality of the new generation.

Terence Stamp (*The Hit*, *The Sicilian*), an under-rated actor who has the ability to absorb the viewer from merely entering a scene, plays with skill a ruthless multi-millionaire who would find it very easy to squash a semi-wealthy rat-like Gekko.

Stone has the ability to pick up newsworthy topics and make them into movies. His filmography includes: journalists covering war in Salvador; the atrocities of the Vietnam war; Miami cocaine-dealing and

Middle-East prison exile. But unfortunately, he can't keep up the hard-hitting realism which was a trademark of his previous ventures. His nifty little-seen horror-pic from 1980, *The Hand* with Michael Caine was an early but outstanding effort. *Wall Street* has had a very timely release since the global stock market crash of 1987. *Wall Street*, however was made before it but industry experts had been predicting it for years. On this note, *Wall Street* has turned out a better business investment than a movie. That's speculation!

"Mickey Mouse" cult film for dollars

PEE WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE
Trak Cinema

by John Lindsay

The Classic is dead. Long live the Trak! After a short stay at the old Fair Lady Cinema in Hindley Street, the Classic has finally been laid to rest (until a suitable new venue is found). All programming has been shifted to the Trak which will continue with the best in overseas film and will have the Classic's blend of off-beat and unusual film

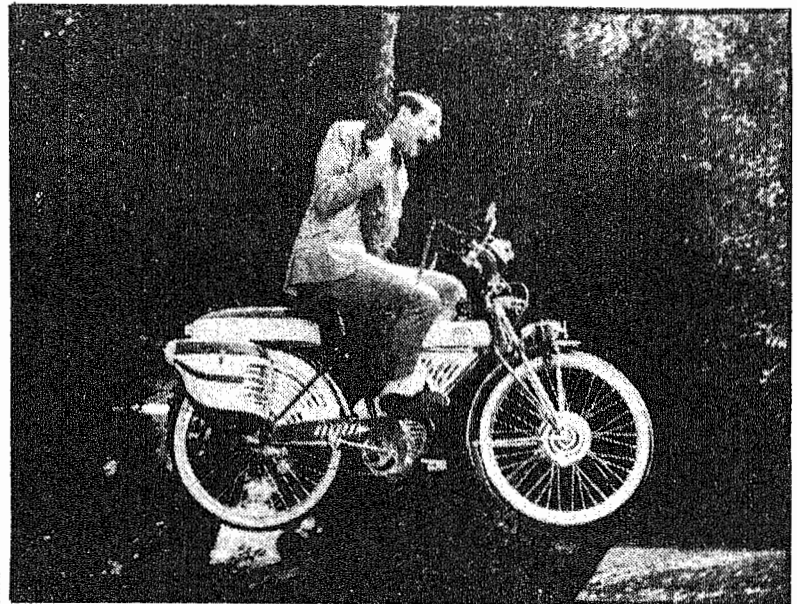
added to its stable.

With the demolition squad days away, his bicycle stolen and with a sense of humour typical to Barry Loane, the Classic went out on a preview and a comedy at that.

Pee Wee's Big Adventure is a cult film about a little boy whose bike is stolen. That said, you will now understand the rest of the review. To see this film is to change the way you look at children's television, bicycles, shopping malls, rich brats, tourist attractions, Hollywood, the Alamo, innocence and rebellion.

Pee Wee Herman is an American children's television host when he is not an actor in his own movie. Thus this film is rather like a Mickey Mouse feature movie, a successful character taken from one context and translated into another with dollar signs being augmented along the way.

Rumour has it that Pee Wee went to Warner Brothers and asked for a room full of money to make a movie, any movie he wanted to and they said 'Yes' sight unseen. Either they had rocks in their heads or they



Paul Reubens as Pee Wee Herman: cult movie

knew what they were doing. From the result it is hard to know what the answer is, but certainly it has made them a great deal of money.

Pee Wee lives a charming life in a house Heath Robinson would have been proud of. There is nothing as simple as a light switch in this house, everything is automatic or automated to ridiculous extremes. Breakfast is cooked by a replica of a well-known former President of the United States and Pee Wee even offers his slippers a carrot!

With much screaming and howling from Pee Wee we begin to follow a day in his life. There is a surprise at every corner for those with even the most fertile imagination and all the situations are just a little plausible, more so if translated into ten year old children filling the roles because

Pee Wee is a later day Peter Pan.

Pee Wee is the little boy who never grew up. His most prized possession is his bike and his favourite place other than the bike shop is the magic shop. Pee Wee's biggest enemy is having a birthday and wants to buy Pee Wee's bike off him for a present to himself. The events that follow are all predictable but enjoyable as all good cult movies are.

To really grasp the thread of this film you must notice all the camera angles are taken from the view of a ten year old. The intended audience of this film was children, yet adults enjoy this film for the excellent enjoyment it provides.

You can catch Pee Wee at the Trak Cinema on Greenhill Road next to the Burnside Village.

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MISCELLANEOUS

Fitness and Aerobic Classes
The Centre for Physical Health is pleased to offer the following fitness and aerobic classes. All students and members are welcome.

Fitness Classes
Monday - 7.30 am, 12.10 pm and 5.30 pm.
Tuesday - 1.00 pm (Waite Institute) 5.30 pm.
Wednesday - 7.30 am, 12.10 pm.
Thursday - 1.00 pm (Waite Institute) 5.30 pm.
Friday - 7.30 am, 12.10 pm.

Aerobic Classes
Monday, Wednesday and Friday - 12.45 pm.
Tuesday - 6.00 pm.
Thursday - 6.15 pm.

"Learn To" Classes
The following "Learn To" classes are offered to students and members.

"Learn to Box"
Classes begin on Monday 21 March. Class times are as follows:
Monday - 6.00 - 7.00 pm.
Wednesday - 5.00 - 6.00 pm.
Friday - 5.00 - 6.00 pm.

"Learn to Wrestle"
Classes are held on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7.00 pm to 9.30 pm.

The above classes are primarily for beginners.
For any further information please ring 228 5150.

Activities

Monday, March 14th
10.00 am - 5.00 pm - "Art of Ai" Adelaide Festival Exhibition of Japanese textiles in Union Gallery (week-daily 10 am - 5 pm, weekends 2 pm - 5 pm). Free.
1.00 pm - 2.00 pm - "Exploding Ferret Theatre Co. perform in Union Bar.

Tuesday, March 15th
9.00 am - 11.00 pm - "Annie Get Your Chainsaw", Newcastle Uni - Footlice Revue in Union Bistro. Three course Bistro meal and show \$16 students, \$18 public. Table bookings available from 7 pm, from Students' Office. (Tuesday - Friday nights until March 25th). The Fringe comes to campus.
7.30 pm - Union Comedy films in Union Cinema with all six parts of "Allegro Non Troppo", "Tandberg" and "Laurel & Hardy". Free.

Wednesday, March 16th
1.00 pm - General Union Meeting on Barr Smith Lawns to discuss position of Union President and future of Union Hall and its management by University.

Friday, March 18th
1.00 pm - 2.00 pm - SAUA Women's Picnic Race Day on Barr Smith Lawns.
6.00 pm - 8.00 pm - "Madam and the Rent Party" jazz band from Sydney in Bistro with Pat Thompson.

9.00 pm - 11.00 pm - "Annie Get Your Chainsaw" cabaret in Bistro.
11.00 pm - Midnight - "Austentayshus" live comedian in Union Bar. Free to Union members, \$4.00 Guests.

Saturday, March 19th
8.00 pm - Midnight - Activities Council present "Suburban Bears" in Union Bar. Use your voucher card for FREE entry this night only!

Activities Programme
Pick up your first term Activities programme from your student pigeon hole from Monday, 14th March.

Coming Entertainment
"Desotos" rockabilly
"Celibate Rifles"
"Manikins" from Melbourne
"Bonzai Cats"
"Crummy Cowboys"
"Exploding White Mice"

Student notices are published free of charge on this page, subject to limited space. Lodge your notice at the On Dit office, south-west corner of the Cloisters. Deadline: 12 noon Wednesdays prior to publication.

Craft and Leisure Courses
Start week beginning Monday, March 21st. Pick up your programme from the Craft Studio for information.

Notice of a By-Election
Union Board - positions
Activities Council - 1 position.
Nominations: Open - 16th March, Close - 24th March.

Forms may be obtained from, and lodged at, Union Administration (1st floor, Lady Symon Building).

Candidates must submit a policy statement (not exceeding two hundred words) with their nomination form. Candidates must submit a recent photograph with their nomination form.

Returning Officer

General Union Meeting

The Union Board resolved to call a General Union Meeting to be conducted in the 1st week of the 1988 academic year, to consider and ratify or reject the following motions:

- Union President**
That the position of President become full-time and the President be paid at the Adult Minimum Wage Level. The Board authorises the alteration of Policy Codes to this effect. Further, the offices of the President and Secretary are to be exchanged.
- Union Hall**
Union Board resolved to invite the University of Adelaide to take responsibility of Union Hall, on the condition that the University:
(1) Make the necessary investments in Union Hall for it to function as a proper theatre for performing arts.
(2) Make Union Hall available for use by the

Union and any of its affiliated bodies free of charge for four weeks per year.
(3) Give the Union first priority over bookings for Union Hall.
(4) Make no major structural changes to Union Hall without the prior approval of the Union.

Rob Brice
Secretary/Manager

Re: Nomination for Office Bearers for the Sports Association.

Nominations are called for the position of President
Deputy President

Voting for these positions will take place in the Sports Association Office between 9am and 5.00pm from March 22nd to Wednesday 24th March. The results will be announced at the A.G.M. on Monday 28th March.

C. Pickering

Student Life

Wednesday 16th March, 1 pm, North Dining Room, Level 4, Student Union Building. Introductory Public Meeting. All welcome, especially first years. Refreshment provided.

Rowers Make Better Skullers

Experienced oarspeople are required for the Boat Club's I.V. team in Brisbane during May. Rowers and coxwains in all categories are required in this official Expo attraction - free admission to the big event included. So if you want 7 days in Brisbane for under \$300 and boat races on land and water - contact us through the Boat Club's pigeon hole in the Sports Association or via David Rowe (Psychology).

Adelaide University Surf Club

Meeting - Wednesday 16th, 1 pm, Jerty Portus Room (Behind Sports Association Office). New members welcome.

PRODUCTION

On Dit is a weekly news-magazine. It appears every Monday during term.

Edited and published by Sally Niemann and Richard Ogier.

Design: D.W. Griffith and Paul Washington, Richard Ogier, Sally Niemann.

Advertising Manager: Benjamin Hunter.

Typesetting: Sharon Thomson.
Extra Special thanks to Paul Washington and D.W. Griffith, without whom...

Thanks also to Benjamin Hunter, Graham Lugsden, David Penberthy, Matt Gibson, Jamie "Crocodile" Skinner, Sue Lea and to Sharon Thomson, for more patience than could ever be reasonably expected.

Sport, Recreation and Leisure. Women's Week - March 13 - 20

Women's Week is a statewide event to promote the participation of women in recreational and sporting activities, and increase community awareness of women's achievements in these areas.

During Women's Week, female staff and students at the University can COME AND TRY SPORT at the Mitchell Centre for Physical Health FOR FREE.

CLASSES WILL BE OFFERED IN FITNESS, AEROBICS, GYMNASTICS, KARATE, WEIGHT TRAINING, SQUASH, JAZZ BALLET, WING CHUN KUNG FU, BADMINTON, AND TENNIS.

The Mitchell Centre for Physical Health is located at 127 MacKinnon Parade, North Adelaide. Please ring the Centre on 228 5150 to make a booking, and get further details.

On Friday 18 March, the Students' Association will hold a Picnic Race Day on the Barr Smith Lawns. Everyone welcome. Get a team together and enter (two or more people required). Prizes awarded! For further details contact Arna Evers-White in the Students' Association Office (228 5406), or Helen Pickford in the Equal Opportunity Office, 6th Level, Wills Building (228 5962).

Other Women's Week activities organised by outside groups will be open to the public, and anyone interested in sport or leisure activities can obtain further information from the Project Officer of Women's Week, Ms Janet Hay, on 332 5226. Women's Week will include a conference on women in sport, and the I.A.A.F. World 15 km Road Race Championship for women, which will commence and finish at the Mitchell Centre for Physical Health, on Sunday 20 March. A women's and girls' 5 km Fun Run will be held after the race.



phantasmagoria *by the roller-skating robot*

Concerning...

The following item in a recent issue of *Consumer Views* (the newsletter of the Australian Federation of Consumer Organisations Inc) caught our attention. With AFCO'S permission we're able to share it with you.

'The main problem with radioactivity, of course, is that few people understand the units. Some folk suggest that we do away with becquerels, sieverts and the like, and adopt instead a new system of units based on the *concern*. The units would be defined as follows:

'A microconcern: someone at a nuclear plant forgot to lock up their overalls.

'A milliconcern: children can drink tapwater but must not jump in puddles.

'A concern: enough luminous sheep to threaten the loss of a marginal seat in a by-election.

'A kiliconcern: a disaster a government said wasn't one, e.g. Three Mile Island.

'A megaconcern: a disaster that everyone knows damn well was one, whatever the Number 3 in the Politburo says.

'Scientists should beware of announcing too often that "there is no cause for concern". Five "no concerns" could trigger off a suspicion reflex, resulting in mass hysteria, a Royal Commission and resignation of the Minister for the Environment.'

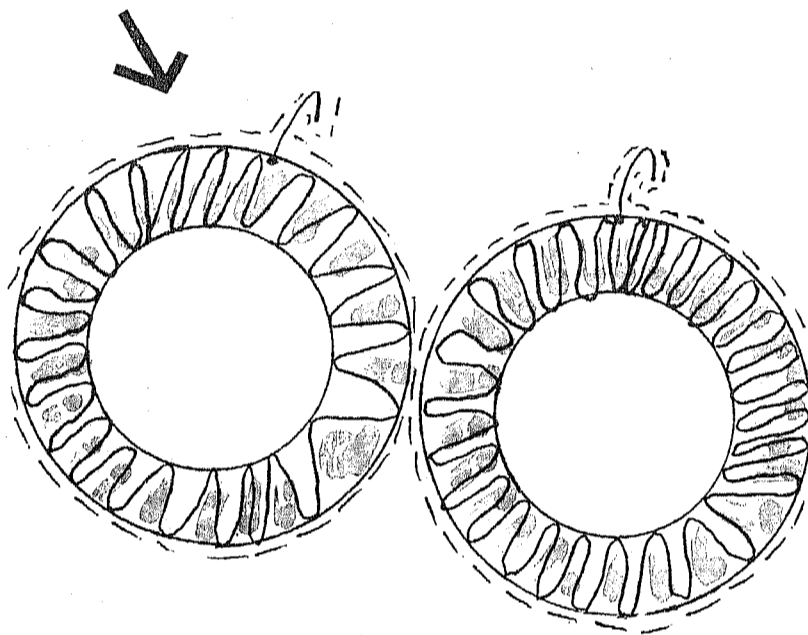
On disc

In the very near future *On Dit* may join technology with print and send you *On Dit* on disc. Of

course it's already happened in the US of A (where everything is bigger, better and will entertain you more). The mag/disc is called *The New Alladin* and could be quite expensive - when you think the average IBM costs \$3,500.

Ann Wills earrings

Make your own Anne Wills earrings - now you will have no need to worry that your image is not quite right for the cool and groovy set at the Fringe/Festival. Anne has been wearing these very same earrings for years and look how successful she is. Simply cut around the dotted lines and apply to your lobes. Another free, good idea from *Phantasmagoria*. Don't say we never give ya nothin'.

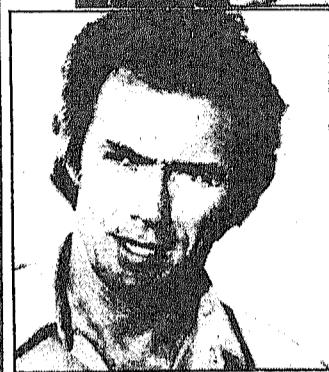


Stand up

And from *Omni* magazine - good Catholic girls need never again worry over putting little squares of toilet paper around the toilet to prevent germs - La Funnelle allows you to stand up and do it, just like the little boys do. La Funnelle apparently costs \$4.99 in the States and comes in packets of ten.

Attracting Love

Also in *Omni* - subliminal tapes on - How to attract money, Attracting more love, Overcoming procrastination and best of all - studying and test-taking. All your problems solved by simply falling asleep.



Reagan's all-star Cabinet

President Reagan has outlined to an audience in Hollywood his ideal Cabinet. He would have had John Wayne as Secretary of State, Clint Eastwood as Secretary of Defence, Jack Benny in Treasury and Groucho Marx in the Education portfolio.

Funny Man

This week's "Jocular Academic" prize goes to David Hester of the Classics Department. He sent us a letter but we felt it deserved more than a tiny space. Mr. Hester writes:

"The Senior Assistant Registrar has promised us 'a statistical summary of the number of students enrolled in each syllabus item to which the Classics Department contributes teaching, broken down by course and sex.' May I hasten to reassure Classics Students that our courses are not designed to break them down, but rather to build them up; and as for sex, the Ancient Greeks and Romans may once have indulged in it, but they are certainly not doing it now. This is a respectable Department."

Voice Phone

Car phones not only look silly, they are now redundant. The latest in Telecom technology is the voice operated phone - you dial numbers by yelling into a little silver square on top of the phone. So there you go - you don't even have to get out of bed to phone your friends. *On Dit* is having theirs installed in the near future...

Panel 1: A mouse character is shown in a room with a window. A speech bubble says: "HI, KIDDIES! BEEN WATCHING TV LATELY? CENSORSHIP IS RIFE! AND THEY TELL US IT'S BECAUSE OF ALL THESE MASS MURDERS AND THAT SORT OF STUFF... BUT WHAT DO THEY CUT OUT OF YOUR FAVOURITE HORROR? THE BIT'S SHOWING PAIN THAT PUT YOU OFF VIOLENCE!"

Panel 2: A dog character is shown. A speech bubble says: "WOW! THAT LOOKS LIKE FUN! WHERE'S THAT MIXMASTER?"

Panel 3: A mouse character is shown. A speech bubble says: "NOW ME.... I WONDER WHY THEY DON'T CENSOR THE NEWS SERVICES!"

Panel 4: A dog character is shown. A speech bubble says: "GOOD EVENING AND HERE IS THE GNUS... A WOMAN WAS MURDERED TODAY..."

Panel 5: A dog character is shown. A speech bubble says: "THE ASSAILANT CUT OPEN THE WOMAN'S STOMACH - YET SHE DIDN'T DIE UNTIL HE STRANGLED HER WITH HER OWN INTESTINE AS THESE EXCLUSIVE PICTURES SHOW. THE POLICE HAVE RULED OUT SUICIDE."

Panel 6: A mouse character is shown. A speech bubble says: "AND IN OTHER NEWS - JUST TO BE HANDY: A NEWSREADER AT THIS STATION HAS BEEN DECAPITATED."

Panel 7: A dog character is shown. A speech bubble says: "HEY KIDS! CARTOONS COMING SOON TO ATV SET NEAR YOU!"

Panel 8: A mouse character is shown. A speech bubble says: "THE HUNCHBACK OF BAD JOKES"

Panel 9: A rabbit character is shown. A speech bubble says: "WHAT HAS FOUR LEGS AND IF IT FALLS OUT OF A TREE IT WILL KILL YOU?"

Panel 10: A rabbit character is shown. A speech bubble says: "YOU'LL LAUGH WHEN YOU SEE HIS PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES!"

Panel 11: A rabbit character is shown. A speech bubble says: "AND KASPAR - THE DEAD BABY"

Panel 12: A rabbit character is shown. A speech bubble says: "UNTIL NEXT TIME, KIDDIES... ...GOODNIGHT AND GODBLESS"

Panel 13: A rabbit character is shown. A speech bubble says: "TWO BITTY THE MUTANT BUNNY RABBIT"

Panel 14: A rabbit character is shown. A speech bubble says: "CHARACTERS ©1977 Xelond"