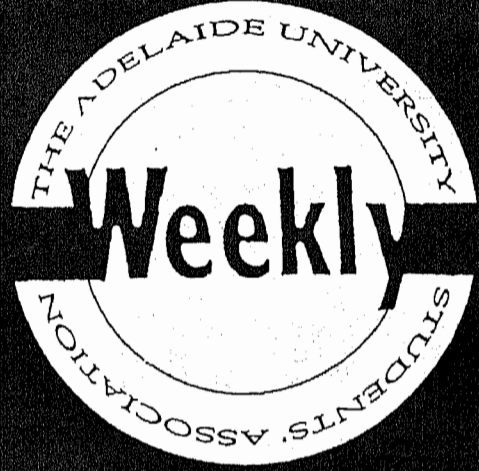
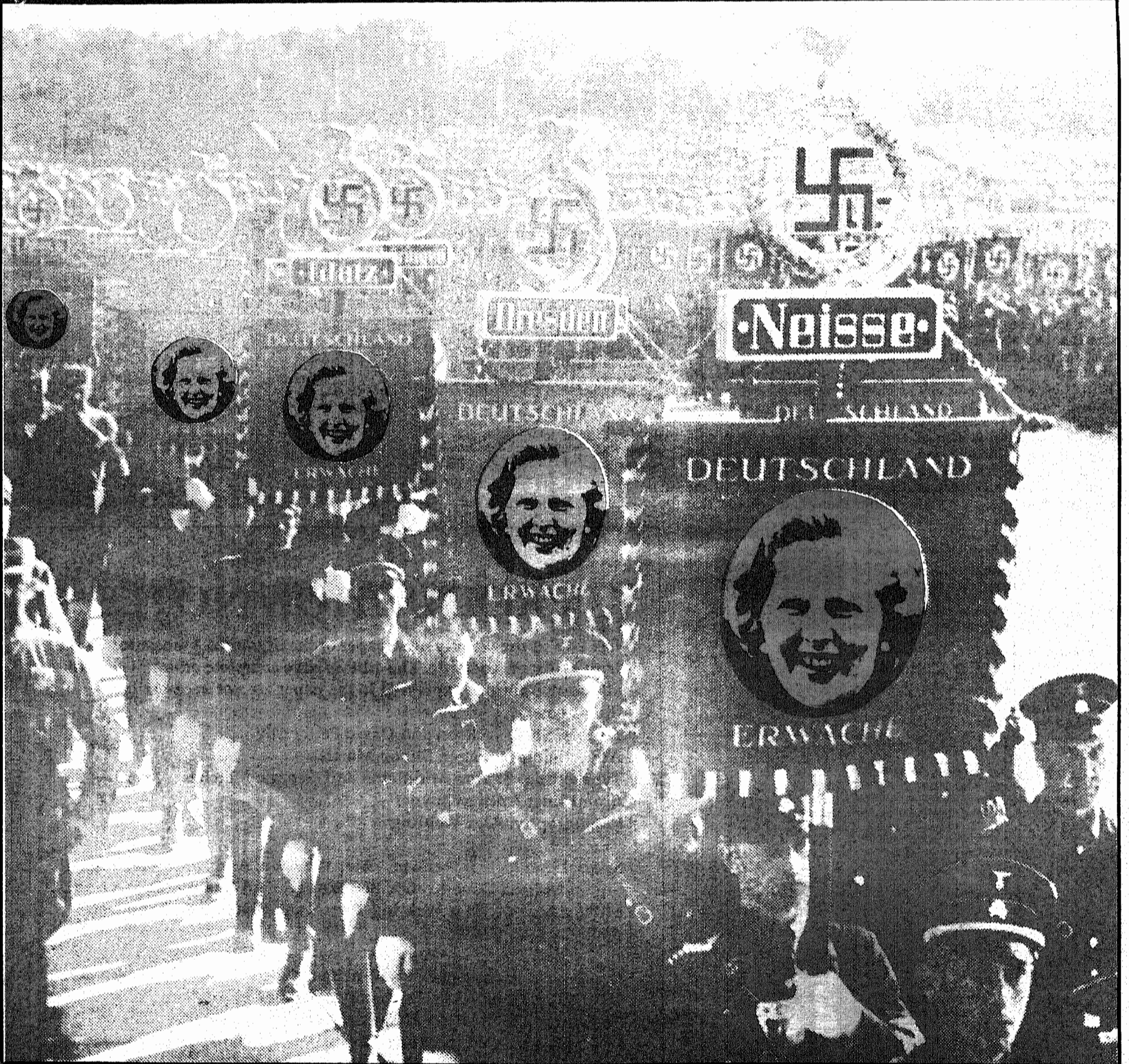


K  
378.05  
05 c.

# OnDit



VOLUME 58 No. 7 APRIL 9  
REGISTERED BY AUSTRALIA POST  
PUBLICATION NO SBF 0274



**ein reich, ein volk, ein poll tax**

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

# KRANTZ AND BASSETT

## "We Will Not Be Censored"

It has been rumoured that moves are afoot to censor or possibly shut down *Bread and Circuses*. Complaints were made to the SAUA President, Wendy Wakefield, after the 4th edition, edited by Louise Bassett and Dave Krantz, appeared last Thursday.

Wendy Wakefield denies that the broadsheet will be censored in any way.

"The SAUA constitution states that the editors have complete and unfettered editorial discretion, provided the material printed is not defamatory."

A number of people have claimed that *Bread and Circuses* is offensive, describing it variously as "filth", "pornography", and "a waste of money".

### SPHINCTER

The articles that caused most concern were the story about Rock Buttock, a "slut" whose anal sphincter is penetrated by a fist, and the photo essay depicting two nude men in a shower. One of them was resting his penis on a knife blade.

The first edition of *Bread and Circuses* featured a centre spread in which the same two men were depicted languishing on a grand piano, riding a bicycle and reenacting the shower scene from *Psycho*. The men were nude in each of the shots.

### ENID BLYTON

Dave Krantz denies that *Bread and Circuses* is offensive.

"It's just good clean wholesome fun. It is not pornography- it is art. Noone has complained about Scretnth, and I find that offensive. Everyone has a naked body. Enid Blyton has been churning this sort of stuff out for years, except her material has racist overtones."

### POINTS

When questioned about the references to anal penetration in Enid Blyton books, Krantz makes a number of points.

"Maybe Enid does not say it explicitly, but veiled references are interwoven in the text, particularly the Noddy and Big Ears scenes."

### CONTEMPT

Krantz has nothing but contempt for his critics.

"They're all small minded puritan bastards. A term of national service would do them good. And that's what they'll get when I become President."

A lot of Krantz's critics are Christians, but he denies that *Bread and Circuses* is sacrilegious.

"I feel that the complaints from Christians, rather than being the result of any anti-Christian content, are the result of the holier-than-thou attitude that

Christianity seems to promote among the people that turn to Christ for a spiritual crutch. I myself play cricket for a church cricket team in a Christian league."

### CRICKETER

Krantz mentions as an aside that a cricketer from the Enfield Church team was reported on a headbutting charge during the last season.

"Only a minority of Christians are genuine. Most of them pay lip service on Sundays and then go home and abuse their pets like the rest of us."

If any attempts are made to censor or shut down *Bread and Circuses*, Krantz will not be too upset.

### LIE DOWN

"I am fully prepared to lie down without a fight and devote more time to my studies."

Louise Bassett was unavailable for comment as she was adjudicating a debate at the time.

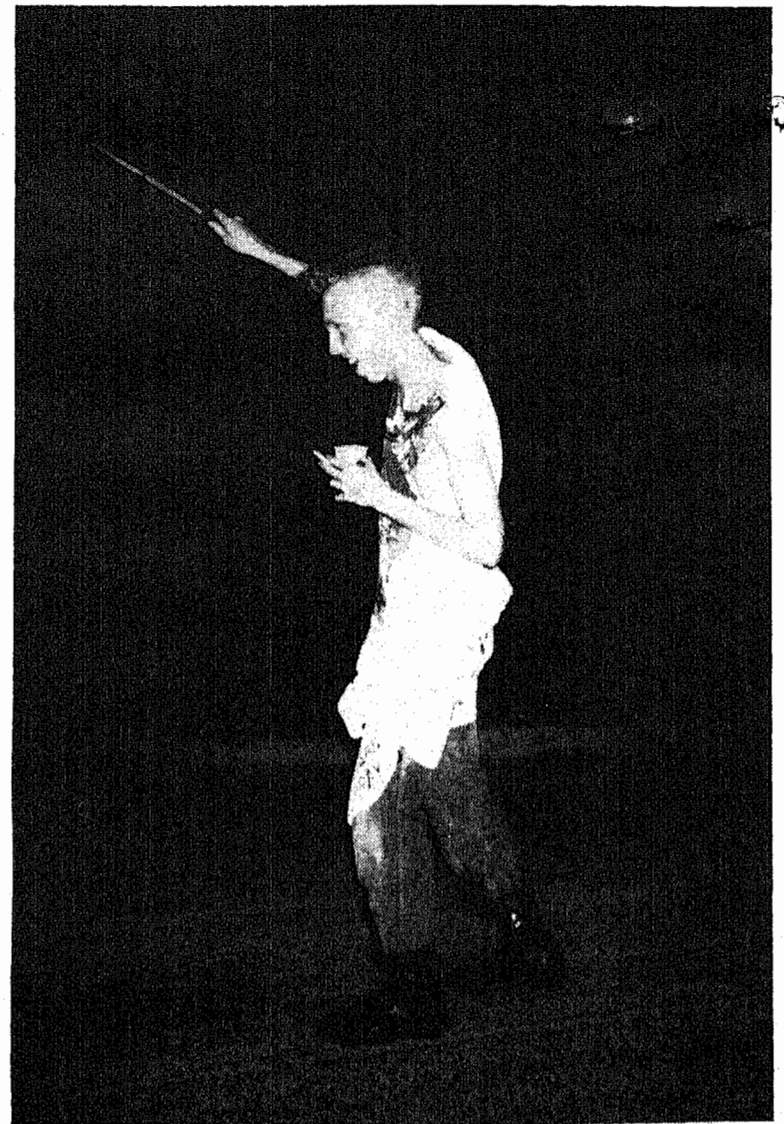
Dave believes this fact strengthens his argument further.

"This is further proof of the community spirit exhibited by the editorial team."

### FUCK

By way of final comment, Krantz added: "Fuck."

David Penberthy



#### UNION DIARY

THE UNION IS CONSIDERING CHANGING THE FORMAT OF THE UNION DIARY TO A LARGER FORMAT, A5 SIZE



PLEASE COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING SURVEY TO ASSIST US IN DETERMINING YOUR PREFERENCE

THE UNION DIARY IS DISTRIBUTED FREE TO EVERY STUDENT AND STAFF MEMBER ON PAYMENT OF THE UNION FEE AT ENROLMENT

I AM A STUDENT \_\_\_\_\_  
 I AM A STAFF MEMBER \_\_\_\_\_

I DO/DON'T USE THE UNION DIARY NOW \_\_\_\_\_

I WOULD PREFER IT TO REMAIN THE SAME SIZE \_\_\_\_\_  
 I WOULD PREFER THE LARGER A5 FORMAT \_\_\_\_\_  
 I WOULD USE THE DIARY REGARDLESS OF SIZE \_\_\_\_\_  
 I WOULD NOT USE THE DIARY REGARDLESS OF SIZE \_\_\_\_\_

WHICH INFORMATION DID YOU FIND MOST VALUABLE IN THIS YEAR'S DIARY \_\_\_\_\_

LEAST VALUABLE IN THIS YEAR'S DIARY \_\_\_\_\_

WHAT INFORMATION WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE WHICH WASN'T INCLUDED THIS YEAR \_\_\_\_\_

I DON'T USE THE UNION VOUCHER SCHEME \_\_\_\_\_  
 I DO PARTICIPATE, I USE ALL OF THE VOUCHERS \_\_\_\_\_  
 I DO PARTICIPATE, I USE SOME OF THE VOUCHERS \_\_\_\_\_

ANY OTHER SUGGESTIONS \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE LEAVE THIS FORM IN SUGGESTION BOXES IN THE MAYO REFECTORY AND OTHER CATERING AREAS OR IN THE UNION OFFICE ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE LADY SYMON BUILDING

THANKYOU FOR YOUR INTEREST

BARRY SALTER PROMOTIONS/ACTIVITIES MANAGER

## PRODUCTION NOTES

ON DIT is the weekly newspaper of the Student's Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control although opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

Editors: Steve Jackson and David Penberthy

Advertising Manager: Simon Morris

Typesetting: Sharon Middleton and Georgie Matches

Bromiding: Andrew Joyner

Photography: Alex Webling

Special thanks this week to: Alex Wheaton, Andy and Dave Joyner, Simon Morris, Dave Krantz, Ben Mudge, Paul Champion, Dave Sags, Monica Carroll, Alex Webling, Rachel and Simon Healy and Jason Bootle.

If you wish to contact ON DIT write to:

ON DIT, GPO Box 498, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, S.A.

Telephone 228 5404, 223 2685. Fax 224 0464.

ON DIT is printed by Murray Bridge Press - thanks guys.

No edition over Easter. See you at the pub, eds.

If you go to Oakbank please drink and drive.

# Bashings on campus.

**A disturbing number of students have been recently attacked on and around campus.**

At least three men have been attacked on campus over the last few weeks.

A student was bashed on Saturday March 31st outside the library. A security guard told On Dit that the student was Asian and was attacked by "a group of rockers". It is unclear whether there was any racist motivation behind the attack.

On Wednesday March 14th, two med students, Stephen and Matthew Worthly were mugged by a gang of youths. On Dit spoke to Stephen about the attack.

"I'd just been studying in the library with my brother, and we went to catch the train home at about a quarter to nine, walking towards Kintore Avenue. We were up by the Chem Labs [the Bragg Laboratories at the back of the

Union Building]. It was before day light saving and had only just got dark. There was a group of about six guys, and they just stood there. They were all quite young, one of them was about eight years old.

"One of the chaps approached us. He was the biggest one there. He approached Matt first, and asked for a cigarette. Matt told him we didn't smoke, so he stood right in front of me and said 'Have you got a cigarette mate?', and I said the same thing."

"We just tried to avert our eyes and walk away, and next thing I know, there was noise, and we were basically tackled and brought to the ground."

The gang was not armed, but attacked the two men with a series of punches and kicks.

"They must have been either drunk or stoned because it was a pretty poor attempt at an attack. They really didn't connect many punches. We mainly got cuts and bruises from being pushed onto the ground. It was such a shock. It wasn't until I started running away that I actually realised what had happened."

"We had two bags, and my brother dragged one of them off me. I turned around after we'd run about twenty metres, and they'd grabbed my bag and ran down towards the Torrens."

Stephen was quick to praise Security for the assistance they gave him and his brother.

"Security came after about a minute and a half. I guess those guys have got quite a bit of ground to cover. They said they've had quite a bit of trouble with groups coming into the Uni."

"It's a joke when you can't even walk through your own Uni and do some study."

An engineering student was brutally attacked in mid-March at St.Marks College. His injuries were so severe that he has required facial surgery.

If you see anyone acting suspiciously or hanging around on campus at night, do not hesitate to report it to Security on the Hughes Plaza. And try to carry a couple of cigarettes with you - just in case.

David Penberthy

## Apology to Piers Akerman

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

## Boat Club glory.

**The Adelaide University Boat Club once again performed well at the National Regatta in Tasmania on March 31st.**

representatives trailed Adelaide University by 2 - 4 lengths.

Success was also enjoyed by the South Australian crew in the Women's Youth Interstate Event. Adelaide University had one member in the victorious crew; Kate Slatter (Maths Science, 2nd Year).

There were over 500 competitors at this year's National 4 King's Cup Regatta, which was dominated by clubs from Queensland and Victoria, although in the King's Cup race, Western Australia showed itself to be an up and coming force, coming a credible second. The crew was coached by a former Adelaide University Boat Club 'great', Tim Willoughby.

Another Adelaide University veteran, John Bentley, stroked the Queensland crew into third place. Victoria, however, was too strong for the other states, to win for the sixth successive year.

The club is always looking for competent oarsmen to help further success in future years.

The scenic Lake Burrington Rowing course, with steep hillsides covered in native forest, was once thought to be among the best rowing courses in the world. However, on the day of the finals of the National Championships, it was plagued by gale force headwinds, making the course almost unrowable.

In the final of the Mens Under 23 National Championship coxed fours, Adelaide University was beaten by 0.25 seconds (about 2 feet over 2000 m), to come second.

The winning crew was last year's Australian Junior Crew, who proved to have too much combination in the rough weather. Many of last year's Australian

# Union Voucher Draw

**What do you get if you put a collection of media personalities, a microphone, some students and the Minister of Fun in jovial overdrive together on the Barr-Smith lawns? That's right, you get the Union voucher draw, in all its hilarious glory.**

When I say Jovial overdrive, I mean JOVIAL overdrive. The light banter was flying thick and fast between Barry Salter and various

celebrities, including Jane Doyle (where does she shop for clothes?), Stilgherrian from JJJ, and Tony McCarthy from SAN who wore a cap constantly, a fact explained by a brief head exposure revealing a distinct lack of hair.

Cameo appearances were also made by assorted bank and travel representatives who hammed it up with attempts to pronounce various non-Anglo names. ("sounds like a cricketer," commented one as his turn came to give away lots of cash.

One of the highlights of the show was the slinky blonde assistant, Alex Wheaton, mysteriously yet alluringly hovering in the background dispensing Easter eggs and prizes.

Also fun was the regular hurling of aforementioned candy into the crowd of adoring students, promoting seagull-like frenzies.

If one became bored at any point, diversion could be obtained by

imagining the reactions of students who were drawn for trips to Bali, lots of money, Union fee refunds etc. and weren't there to collect them. Ha Ha!

All in all, a good lunchtime thing to do.

Dave Krantz





## Good One, Chloe

Dear Mr Turner,  
This expression applies to you! "You should have been a haemorrhoid because you're such a pain in the arse."

When will youngsters like yourself - men and women - stop being so boring and predictable? Al, baby, we've heard it all before. I think you should realise that no one has to lose when women gain.

Do you sit at home at night measuring your willy? Do you abuse all hell out of men who wear flowery shirts? Do you use the words "woman/girl" as insults? ("Don't be such a fucking girl, mate...") I think you might - and, if my assumptions are correct, I think I should tell you that you are now a strong contender for the "On Dit Turd of the Year Award 1990". Strong competition is evident in several groups - Mr John Dawkins is a hot tip. I will be giving the award in the Women's Room on June 1st. However, you might have some problems accepting the award. If you walk into the Women's Room and can manage to make your way past all the love-making lesbians writhing on the floor, then you certainly won't get to the podium - one hundred trillion burning bras will be thrown around your manly bod as soon as you can say, "I am boring and predictable".

Hope to see you there.  
Yours horribly sincerely,  
Chloë Fox.

P.S. Anyone who want to tell me that this is a "typical vindictive feminist response" should have the sense to realise that if things like Mr Turner didn't write their silly provocative letters, then I wouldn't have to defend 50% of the human race and write back.

## There are problems in the Union

Dear Uncle Steve and Uncle Dave,  
Congratulations on your coverage of the industrial unrest in the Union. As someone who served a three year term on Union Board and knows many staff members, I am always interested in the way Board conducts its affairs, especially in relation to the workers who serve it so well.

Witnessing the Board meeting of April 2, I was disappointed by the Union President's contribution. The Union President is required to play a vital role in the day to day running of the Union; the person in this position must consult with all relevant persons, unions, and associations in the decision-making processes, and must work with and supervise the Union Secretary Manager. The Presidential duties are clearly stated in the Union's Policy Codes. Every source and piece of information relevant to matters on which the Union Board is to make decisions, must be presented to Board as it is the ultimate decision-maker.

At the Board meeting on Monday night, Andrew Hamilton was unable, on too many occasions, to provide lucid and unequivocal answers to questions on staff matters posed by Board members. Accountability is not an optional extra in the Adelaide University Union; the Union President and the Union Secretary Manager must give Board members a clear picture of the activities they undertake in the daily administration of the Union so that Board can make informed, responsible decisions.

The discussion on staff matters revolved around the House Supervisor/Operations Manager matters. I won't go into details about this but it should be noted (as one Board member pointed out) that Andrew's name was largely absent from the Secretary Manager's information sheet on negotiations which had occurred over the issues, yet industrial relations is an area in which the Union President is supposed to be extensively involved.

If Andrew wants to persuade Board to agree with his and the Secretary Manager's views and activities pertaining to industrial matters, he is certainly going about it the wrong way. Board cannot agree with courses of action undertaken on its behalf if shallow reasons are given for these actions. The outstanding example of this was Andrew's reply to Alan Fairley, Federated Clerks' Union member, when Alan contended that the Secretary Manager and the President had broken the Union Policy Codes by not consulting with the FCU over the position of Operations Manager. Andrew declared, "I interpret them (the Policy Codes) as they have been followed."

This astonishing, unsubstantiated

'explanation' justifies nought apart from the belief of staff members that management feels it does not have to answer to them. If the President and Secretary Manager have adequate grounds for their stance on industrial issues, it is not apparent from Andrew's evasive answers to questions put to him at Board meetings. These answers yielded little information and engendered dissatisfaction and confusion.

Finally, I wish to draw attention to the Secretary Manager's attitude to the staff stopwork meeting a few weeks ago. In a report to Board he described the staff meeting as "wildcat", yet this legitimate meeting was conducted in an orderly fashion and staff regretted the inconvenience to students. I hope such comments will be kept out of future reports to Union Board.

Monica Carroll

## Orrsome

Dear Steve and Dave,  
We have a question for Doug Orr (re his letter in On dit, April 2nd, 1990) - who wrote the letter for you?

Students Opposed to Doug (SOD)

## On Dit Sucks

Dear editors,  
Brickbats to the crew at "On Dit" for this week's publication (2nd April), I felt the overall standard this week was depressingly low. There are two articles in particular which struck me as alarmingly poor. I see no reason why Adelaide University students should have their intelligence so disgustingly insulted by your writer's condescension.

Firstly, there was Paul Schoff's review of the "Born on the 4th of July" soundtrack album which treated the reader with such unashamed contempt. Paul Schoff intimated that there were orchestral extracts on the album which were of interest, yet went on to say "...but no one who might buy this album would have enough concentration span to get that far-so I didn't bother." Really! Are we all brain dead imbeciles? What do you take the average intelligence level of a university student to be? Are you so supremely intellectual and cultivated that to discuss the virtues of the orchestral extracts would be a waste of your words as our (seemingly) extremely limited intellect would be unable to cope with its magnitude? Somewhat akin to dangling pearls before swine, no doubt? Whether the album was to your taste or not or whether you consider its content to be too subtle for our simple tastes is irrelevant! The students as readers have a right to expect the review to be full fair and unbiased, regardless! I had always been led to believe that a journalist should (ideally) present the facts in a manner which neither condescends to (therefore alienates) the reader nor which may prejudice the reader's opinion, through unfair bias. Can we please see less of this in *On Dit's* pages?

Secondly was the 'feature' (?) article "The Best and the Worst of the 80's". This article was, quite possibly, the worst (or best, depending on one's point of view) example of subjective, self-opinionated, pseudo-intellectual, pseudo-esoteric, "I'm so culturally aware" journalistic dribble that I have yet read. This article should be a prime candidate for the "Worst pieces of Journalism in the 90's", should such a list be completed in ten years time. I know what I believe were the best and worst political events of the 80s, what were the best albums, films, books etc. etc. Ad nauseum, yet I feel no compulsion to compile them into a list and publish them under the pretence that it is a serious list with a humorous, sometimes satirical bent to it. I feel no need to demonstrate in such a public manner that I too have impeccable taste and a vigorous social conscience combined with an ability to articulate my opinions in a coherent, highly readable form.

Why then does the author feel the need to proclaim to all what an incredible combination of social conscience, flair and impeccable taste in the arts he/she has? This list is in no way "definitive" as everyone has their personal opinions on who or what should receive these "auspicious" laurels. Why then should three pages of print space, which could have been better employed, be consumed by such an irrelevant self-indulgent for an article?

On top of this the article managed to contradict itself on a number of occasions, with perhaps the most flagrant contradiction

involving Rolling Stone magazine. The writer considered it to be one of the worst magazines of the previous decade, written by "totally talentless writers all over the age of 35" (is the critic in any position to pass such judgement?) Yet Republican Party Reptile is listed as one of the best fiction novels of the 80s. Was it not published in Rolling Stone in serial form? Presumably, Republican Party Reptile was written (if the aforementioned generalisation holds true) by a totally talentless writer over the age of 35!

Yours sincerely,  
Patrick White (the younger)  
2nd Year Arts  
St. Peter's Old Collegiates

## SECRETNTH Wanks Again

Dear Editors,  
SIMON!  
1. Prepare yourself for a pin-stripe  
2. Grab a cane and a seeing eye dog  
3. Place a vacuum cleaner to your eyeball and suck your brains out.  
4. Then, write a review in 'QUATSI'.  
...Oh, you've already done it.  
Sorry,  
PEACE, LOVE, AND FLOWERS,  
SECRETNTH  
Rosebud Moonshine Turtledove (School of the earth)

## More Wank From SECRETNTH

Dear Editors,  
IT'S ALRIGHT SIMON, WE'RE ONLY SECRETNTH  
Oh, so you didn't like it. That's a pity. Still, you didn't like it before you saw it did you? QUATSI was good, effective, and praised generally. Anyway, a few lines of poetry will outline the situation:  
While them that defend what they cannot see, with a killer's pride, in security,  
QUATSI blows their mind, most bitterly. For them that think deaths honesty wont fall upon them naturally, like sometimes must get lonely.  
A question in your nerves is lit, yet you know there is no answer fit,  
To satisfy and show you not to quit, to keep it in your mind and not forget  
That it is not he or she or them or IT that you belong to.  
While some on principles baptise to strict party platform ties,  
Social clubs in drag disguise, outsiders they can freely criticise,  
Tell nothing, 'cept dewey idle eyes that say "God bless it".  
WHILE ONE WHO SINGS WITH HIS TONGUE ON FIRE, GANGLES IN THE RAT-RACE CHOIR,  
BENT OUT OF SHAPE FROM SOCIETYS PYRES, DARES NOT TO COME UP ANY HIGHER  
BUT RATHER GETS YOU DOWN IN THE HOLE THAT HE'S IN.  
My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards, false goals I scuff,  
At pettiness which plays so rough, I walk upside down inside handcuffs,  
Then kick my legs to crach it off and say "OK, I've had enough...  
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU SHOW ME?"  
-Who else is still handcuffed?  
Don't reject what you came to see blindfolded  
Yours,  
Chris Barker  
Architecture  
(One of the director's "lacking artistic vision".)

## Krantz- the new messiah

Dear Ms Editor Persons,  
I am writing to you with the support of 50,000 signatures I whipped up to petition support for a brass statue, of which I have included proposed plans to be located on the Barr Smith Lawns to honour our self-proclaimed Demi-God, a legend in his own lingerie, spokesperson to the down trodden and pillow of society ... Mr David Krantz.  
Please don't be mistaken by his cushy St. Peters existence, driving the car his parents gave to him; he really is a rebel - the James Dean of the 90's, the Steve Vizard of Adelaide Uni, the Monet of cartoon strip humour. Our wonderful ed of Bread and Circuses is qualified to run for parliament, with the cutting wit of Paul Keating and the ability to wear the Country Road of

boots (Docs) without making a fashion statement.

I have collected all his works and it's not true at all that too much of the same thing is droll and pretentious. I'm not suggesting that he be given a Gothic Cathedral, just a brass statue to this greatness. The poor lad admitted on Uni radio the state of his finances, "I can't afford records"; maybe we could make a collection for him on a public holiday declared in his name or just channel the funds of the Uni Bar to support his parents' rates and taxes. The poor lad has no time to work to afford proper clothes because we make him run B & C by popular demand. Why should he be forced to wear the same clothes and earrings for weeks on end. He shouldn't have to be wasting his time in such futile acts, he is a genius and should be recognised as such. Volunteers should wash his clothes and pay for the privilege. What is the world coming to when a guru is forced to live as a mere mortal. The David Krantz Refectory, Krantz Lecture Theatre 101, Krantz the Circus, Bread of Krantz, David's Bar, the Mitchell-Krantz Administration Office; a statue is another obvious method to recognise his magnitude.  
A. Dork,  
Second Year Sandcastles/Crayons  
and Krantz Theology.

## Long Live Pink Floyd

Dear Eds,  
I am writing to point out an obvious error in your "Best and Worst of the 80's" shit.  
Upon reading/treating this (treating refers to something done to sewage), I noticed that you had entered Pink Floyd under the worst live act? Surely, this is just a printing error, and should read "Best live act"? Yes? No? if this is not a printing error, then could the author (?) please explain what they expected/missed/went to/saw?  
And, while I'm here, may I suggest that all those people who don't appreciate your paper either submit some "good" ideas and write some articles or *Fuck Off!!*  
In my opinion, the paper is quite good, although not perfect (hey - what is?). As one witty person put it - "Not quite as good as sex!" So, rather than criticize all the time, why not contribute something, rather than stupid comments about the trying paper?  
Yours neutrally,  
RJB (the maggot)

## Nose Job

Many thanks to the person who let the large, heavy Barr Smith Library door swing into my face. I'm really beginning to like my new, multicoloured, bulbous nose. Why, this could lead the way for a major role in "Sesame Street" or even "The Muppet Show"! Who nose! After the pain of having a profile like Julius Caesar has diminished, I may laugh about this some day (although, I'm worried the darn thing will fall off!).  
Visnja Prtenjaca  
Music

## ALLRIGHT!

Dear Allen Turner,  
Your letter is the biggest load of clichéd shit we have ever come across.  
To begin with, you obviously have no idea of the true meaning of feminism. You have stereotyped the feminist in an appalling way. We both regard ourselves as feminists, yet we are not "bra-burning lesbians" as your letter claims (in fact, we are quite beautiful!).  
The equality we want is not based on physical appearance. You wrote that "if women were supposed to be equal they'd look like men". We wouldn't want a moustache like yours, anyway, women just want to be considered as equals, and receive the same opportunities as men.  
Your argument is stupid. It is based on clichés, ignorance and name-calling. You are one sad specimen!  
I feel sorry for any girl who has to put up with your chauvinistic views. What exactly would you want from a girlfriend or wife - to be a subservient bonking post??  
As for your attack on the "On Dit" editors, a magazine written to suit your needs would have to be none other than "Playboy".  
We quote: "Lighten up", Allen, and grow up!!  
Kate Juttner- Arts/Law  
Inga Vedlg- Arts

**SAUA  
President  
Wendy  
Wakefield**

**Barr Smith Library**

Have your lecturers told you that books are on reserve, but when you go to the library, you find that they are not there? I have received complaints from students who have encountered this problem. I don't know as yet where the problem lies. Whatever it takes though, its about time it was rectified, as it seems to arise every year. As a first step, I will be meeting with Ray Choate, University Librarian on Tuesday.

If you are having problems, please come and see me or leave me a note, and we should be able to do something to remedy individual cases.

**Bread and Circuses Complaint**

I have received a complaint about the last issue of Bread and Circuses. Before I received this complaint, members of SAUA Council expressed some concerns about a previous issue, so I have already drawn the Editors'

attention to SAUA policy, including sexual harassment. The SAUA Constitution states that the editors have complete and unfettered editorial discretion (except that they cannot publish defamatory material), so we cannot censor publications. Complaints are taken seriously however, and it will be discussed at the Special meeting mentioned below.

**SAUA Council**  
There will be a Special Meeting

of SAUA Council to discuss NUS Conferences, the establishment of an Academic Grievance Committee and a Bread and Circuses complaint on Wednesday April 11 at 6.15pm in the Union Boardroom.

The next meeting of SAUA Council is on Thursday 19th April, at 6.15pm in the Union Boardroom. Come along if you dare! (that includes you Richard). I know its the mid-semester break, but everyone is welcome to come along and participate.

**OSA  
Column  
Sujeetha  
Selvamanikan**

Hi everybody,  
As you all know on Saturday 24 March the Overseas Student Association (OSA) held its Annual General Meeting to elect the new committee for 1990.

The meeting opened with the outgoing President, Treasurer and NLC representatives presenting their reports for the previous year. This done, the meeting got down to the serious business of approving necessary constitutional amendments. These were to create 3 new positions on the committee as well as to move the date of the AGM from March to October. There was vociferous argument over this last point but, in the end both motions to amend the constitution were carried. The voting for committee members was carried out in three

phases. First, for the position of President, then for the executive committee members and finally for the five general committee members. The presidential debate was spirited with both candidates, Siva Kumar and Lim Meng Check, and their vice-presidential running mates fielding questions from the floor. When put to the vote the meeting elected Siva Kumar for his "energy, enthusiasm and belief in the OSA." Joanna Teh defeated Mathew Thomas-Phillip for the position of campus Vice-president, while all other candidates were returned unopposed.

The committee for 1990 will be as follows:

**President**  
Siva Kumar  
**Vice-president (campus)**  
Joanna Teh  
**Vice-president (executive)**  
Quek Ngee Meng  
**Secretary**  
Chee Mun  
**Women's Officer**  
Ai Boey  
**Treasurer**  
Chiew Hwa  
**Sports Officer**  
Aag  
**Publications**  
Yu Mei  
**VibesEditors**  
Sujeetha and Asha  
**General Committee**  
Mathew Thomas-Phillip, Soh Lai Leng, Lim Meng Check, Cho Keat, Khong Wee

Special mention goes to Lai Leng who helped to get Vibes, the OSA newsletter, off the ground last year as well as organise most of the OSA's activities during Orientation Week. Lai Leng was nominated for President but declined to run. She did run for a committee position and was returned with the highest number of votes.

The AGM wound up with lunch prepared and provided by the outgoing committee.

On behalf of the new committee I would like to thank the members of the old committee for an excellent job last year and wish them all the best for 1990.

**Sujeetha Selvamanikam**

**Women's  
Officer  
Natasha  
Stott Despoja**

## Women in Sport Week a Great Success

**Women and Sport Week 1990  
Torrens Fun Run Winners**

Congratulations to....

1. Heather Smith (Electrical Engineering)
2. Melissa Bailey (Zoology)
3. Aija Brumby (Philosophy)
4. Loretta Reynolds (Law)
5. Penny Wong (Law)
6. Kathleen Swalling (Law)
7. Linda Talbot-Smith (Civil Engineering)

Prizes for the three winners are free memberships to Nautilus and Lady Nautilus. Other Runners up win guest passes to Nautilus and Kerry O'Brien.

Thank you to all the Women who took part, it was a great afternoon.

**Natasha Stott Despoja  
Womens' Officer  
SAUA**



# OnDit Pleasant

Earlier this evening, as we were walking across the cloisters, we heard a gentle rustling up in a tree. We looked up into its green and leafy branches, and were surprised and delighted to find a little possum, nibbling on some tender shoots. It cocked its head and looked at us inquisitively. The sweet little fellow did not run away, but kept nibbling away casually on his evening snack. It was hard to say who was the more curious- us or him! For as he nibbled away, his eyes did not wander from us. However, he was not dining alone. Much to our delight another little possum crawled down from a higher branch, and joined him in his feast. They munched and munched together like two little furry friends.

You know, so few students are aware of the

wealth of joys one can find in the cloisters. Apart from our marsupial chums, there are all sorts of other heart-warming sights.

There is nothing nicer than the pitter-patter of little feet as the kiddies from the child care centre go toddling across the cloisters, going about their daily business. Finger painting, pottery, playing with Fuzzy Felt and Lego, and pretending to be grown-ups, an astronaut, a firefighter, a mummy or a daddy... the tiny tots live their lives with a happy-go-lucky zest which many of us have either lost or forgotten. These little tackers give us all hope. It may be a tired old sort of a saying, but the children are our future, and we should cherish them.

It was sad to see the poplars being cut down earlier this year, but those pesky little branches were

falling down, and somebody might have got a nasty bump on the head. The University people care about us, and the men who cut the trees down were very sad, but they were only doing their job. We noticed that some of the trunks still have little shoots popping out. Tiny green tips, no longer than your thumb, moistened by the dew of daybreak.

Isn't Mother Nature a wonderfully strong thing? Its never ending cycle turns every day. The sun shines, the waves crash, the possums munch, the shoots come sprouting through, and this is the state of the Australian print media.

Have a pleasant day.  
Steve Jackson  
David Penberthy



## WARNING

Concessional travel on scheduled services operated by the STA is conditional on having a Full Time Student sticker and a Valid To 28 Feb. 91 sticker affixed to the exterior of the laminating wallet of your University photographic student ID card.

Please note:

• Only cards with stickers in good condition will be accepted. Tampering with stickers will void the concession and normal penalties will apply.

• Use clear plastic tape or a plastic protective wallet (available from the STA Tickets Office) to protect the sticker. It is the student's responsibility to maintain the sticker in good condition.

• If the stickers are damaged do not remove the remains of the stickers.

a. Membership records of the Barr Smith will replace the expiry sticker,

b. The full-time student sticker will be replaced by the Concession Pass Office, Ground Floor, STA House, cnr. North Tce. and Bank St., Adelaide if:

i. You provide a copy of your fee statement indicating your full time status and that all fees have been paid,

ii. remnants of the Full Time sticker are present on the card,

iii. you sign a statutory declaration stating the reason why a replacement is required.

iv. a \$2.00 is paid.

## Simon Healy replies.

The Mass Media: the easiest way of offending the largest number of people in the shortest space of time.

Watching the behaviour of the Scretnth *mafioso* attempting to make up for their conceptual bankruptcy by sheer weight of numbers as the letters deadline approached on Wednesday was increasingly hilarious. Picture the scene:

"Write this, Terry: 'I-Was-Not-A-Member-Of-The-Cast (even though I'm friends with one of the directors).' Nah, don't include that last bit..."

Most of the letters betray an immaturity and insecurity on the part of the *Quatsi* participants in their inability to respond to criticism with an intelligent, reasoned argument. It is also worth noting that none of the letters, with the exception of Paul Cummins', do anything to establish that *Quatsi* was worth a pinch of shit artistically (while we're being scatological, we might as well shift focus onto another part of the anatomy: it seems that Scretites are so witless that they must even parrot other

people's profanities).

Of those letters worthy of reply: Paul Cummins: Your attempt at being balanced is admirable and isolated, but if you find looking at exactly the same thing for 5-10 minutes "exhilarating", then I worry about your boredom threshold.

Jason Bootle: Are you seriously asserting that a reviewer will not give an open-minded review because he/she has a free ticket? That's virtually every review printed in a major newspaper in the country out the window. You'd better write and tell them.

Jayson Lennon: You accuse me of being "elitist", ego-tripping and regarding myself as "superior", and go on to use undefined terms such as "art destruction", "eternal entertainment" (what does this mean?) and "pluralistic collage". These are essentially meaningless in the context they are written and so unhelpful to anyone with a non-specialist training seeking to enter into the debate: a blatant example of elitism. As for my alleged lack of interest in

Performance Art, I was *not* prepared to let the basic assumptions of Scretnth go unchallenged: would you object to a negative review of 'Allo 'Allo from someone who had no interest in innuendo-ridden sitcoms?

Chris Barker: One of the major literary events of the century. Its mere presence on the *On Dit* letters page is insulting. I demand inclusion in a major Poetry Journal now.

As for the rest of the letters, their puerile attempt to manufacture a 'controversy' out of mere personal insults is pathetic, and reminds me of nothing so much as the socially maladjusted and psychologically troubled boy who sits at the back of the class saying rude words until someone pays him attention. Barely even worthy of one's pity, and certainly not worth engaging in the dullest slanging-match imaginable.

Sleep well and don't read too many dirty magazines.

Lotsa love,  
Simon Healy





# She's not gone yet

**The Political Time bomb that is the Poll Tax has landed at British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's feet. Its an issue that threatens to hang around her neck like a noose in the (expected) 1992 elections. Steve Jackson identifies the competing forces.**

Margaret Thatcher has been in desperate political trouble before. In 1981 as unemployment nearly doubled due to her strangulation interest rate policies, her popularity

plummeted and the British Labour Party looked set for an early and unlikely return. But the Falklands War turned the situation around and Thatcher won easily in the 1983 election.

1985 saw an historic crisis - the year and a half miner's strike. Labour looked in good order after this and ran a faultless '87 election campaign, but Thatcher again won handsomely.

Two times down, two times up again. To suggest that 1992 will see the end of Maggie is to underestimate her appeal, her policies and their effects.

The poll tax fiasco, as it is fast becoming, is however the greatest threat to her government in its 10 year history. The tax is an excellent example of Thatcherite ideology and politics in action. Thatcher has scrapped the traditional, local council revenue raising housing rates scheme (based on land and building values) and replaced it with a flat per person tax that the government estimated would be around 278 pounds per year, per person. For poorer constituents that represents a 30-40% rise on last years rates.

Many councils are facing difficulties in imposing the 'average' tax on house holders. High interest rates, inflation and reduced government spending have meant that many councils including frugal Tory-controlled ones, are imposing poll taxes up to 250 pounds over the government estimate. In addition, many people are refusing to pay the tax. In Strathclyde, the largest shire in Scotland, 350 000 people face legal action for refusal to pay the poll tax imposed last year. If this trend were to spread to England, where most councils have only recently imposed the tax, the new system would clearly be inoperable.

The tax is clearly inequitable and this has been reflected on Thatcher's popularity. A recent *Guardian* poll stated that 78% of people polled thought that she'd "gone too far". In the nine months since June 1989, the Conservative Party has dropped 8-10 points (depending on which poll used) from early 40% to early 30%. Labour is polling with over 50% in recent polls. The recent Mid-Staffordshire by-election necessitated the resignation of Housing Minister John

Heddle, and saw a massive swing to Labour turning a Conservative majority of 26% (14 654 votes) to a Labour majority of 16.8% (9 449 votes).

These sort of figures are testing the nerve of the Conservative Party. Rumours of a serious leadership challenge to Thatcher when the Party meets in November are in the air. The likely challenger is dumped Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine.

*A lot of complete rubbish has been written about Thatcherism, running from the extreme 'death of the world and the left as we know it' versions through subtler (but vague) explanations stressing her rhetorical technique, to more traditional 'divide and rule' explanations. All these explanations have some power.*

But Thatcher has been down before. To suggest that the end is nigh is premature, since the figures here do not represent the full story.

Thatcher, it has after been said, is a conviction politician; an Iron Lady of action. The Falklands War, more than any other event set this myth in place. Once a policy is in place there are no alternatives: this is crucial to her image of appeal. She dominates Cabinet and government. Opponents to her policies within Cabinet are unceremoniously dumped, even if it means weakening the talent of the Front Bench. The three outstanding examples of this are Thatcher's sacking of Michael Heseltine over the Westland Aircraft affair in 1986, Sir Geoffrey Howe as Foreign Secretary in 1989 and Nigel Cawson as Vice Chancellor of the Exchequer, also in 1989.

Of the twenty-nine appointed in 1979, only five ministers currently survive in office.

As Tory support for Thatcher declines, so does the feeling that there is no alternative. Waiting in the wings is Tory MP Michael Heseltine, who freed from Cabinet responsibilities has been quietly building Tory support through exhausting speaking tours of backbenchers constituencies.

These backbenchers have a right to be nervous about the electoral impact of the poll tax. But it should be remembered that nearly every Thatcher initiative in the sphere of welfare and government tax and expenditure has proved unpopular with the socio-economic groups it has affected. Come election time, however, this has not translated into a Labour victory.

It is necessary therefore to examine how Thatcher in the past has maintained electoral support. The answer lies in a cunning mix of cynical political pragmatism, and radical individualistic ideology known ubiquitously as *Thatcherism*.

A lot of complete rubbish has been written about Thatcherism, running from the "death of the world and the left as we know it" theory, through subtler (but vague) explanations stressing her rhetorical technique, to more traditional 'divide and conquer' explanations.

All these explanations have some power. Thatcher has different appeal for different groups - a fact which has nullified the unpopularity of some of her measures. Some crucial values elements however are these. First, she stands for 'Old England' and traditional family values: duty, responsibility, law and order. For the (older female) voter this is attractive in the increasingly violent, urban Britain.

Also, Thatcher's 'family values' rhetoric taps into a tradition of self-reliant, stiff-upper-lipness that permeates large sections of Britain's traditional working class. Thatcher's pre-Victorian welfare measures are clothed in this rhetoric which is often combined with the second important factor in Thatcher's popularity, her use of domestic analogies when selling economic policy.

The idea of paying your way and 'tightening the belts' to 'pay the rent' is a familiar one to the British at a domestic level. While it makes for dubious macro-economic policy,

one obvious weakness being the decline in manufacturing investment wrought by an approach that prioritises controlling external debt over domestic manufacturing levels, it appears plausible at an everyday 'common sense' level. No-one likes to be in debt.

Thatcher's image as a 'conviction, no-alternative' politician, pledging to make Britain great again, combines with competitive and morally regressive economic and social initiatives that cleverly tap into British cultural traditions. This fusion of radical, neo-libertarian economics with the cultural traditions is, I suggest, pragmatic and ad hoc, not ideological.

Each fusion remakes these cultural traditions, entrenching her economic policy with it. In this way the times under Thatcher are 'new' and the Left must initiate a different policy because of it.

ribbon) Labor Council Estate areas to the Conservatives while removing an important area of social control from Labour dominated Councils: a double edged sword.

Thatcher's poll tax follows in a long line of policies that have had these two complementing aims: giving economic choices to *some*, while attacking crucial areas of Labour support, i.e. Local Councils. Thatcher's housing and education policies have undoubtedly been beneficial to some, but as numerous academic and daily tabloid commentators have noted, those beneficiaries have been carefully calculated. Thatcher has courted the wealthier Labour vote at the expense of poorer Labour voters.

It is necessary therefore to reassess the poll tax issue in light of these observations.

Thatcher's unrelenting stand on the issue confirms her as a conviction politician. The poll tax, as a *flat tax* (per head) fits in neatly with her rhetoric of everyone paying their way, of rewarding individual achievement. (Englishness=wealthiness).

It places extra financial pressure on Councils by making them responsible for billing and collecting the tax, despite it being a government incentive. The poll tax therefore, acts as an incentive for councils to reduce services to lower the tax and maintain local appeal. It will further the welfare burden on the Labour family and individual, but (she hopes) will not affect the wealthier Tory/ ex-Labour, neo-Tory sectors.

Unfortunately, for Thatcher, inflation and high interest rates have contributed to local council budget blow-outs. Tory councils are feeling the pinch, the poll tax has risen accordingly, affecting Tory and Labour voters alike.

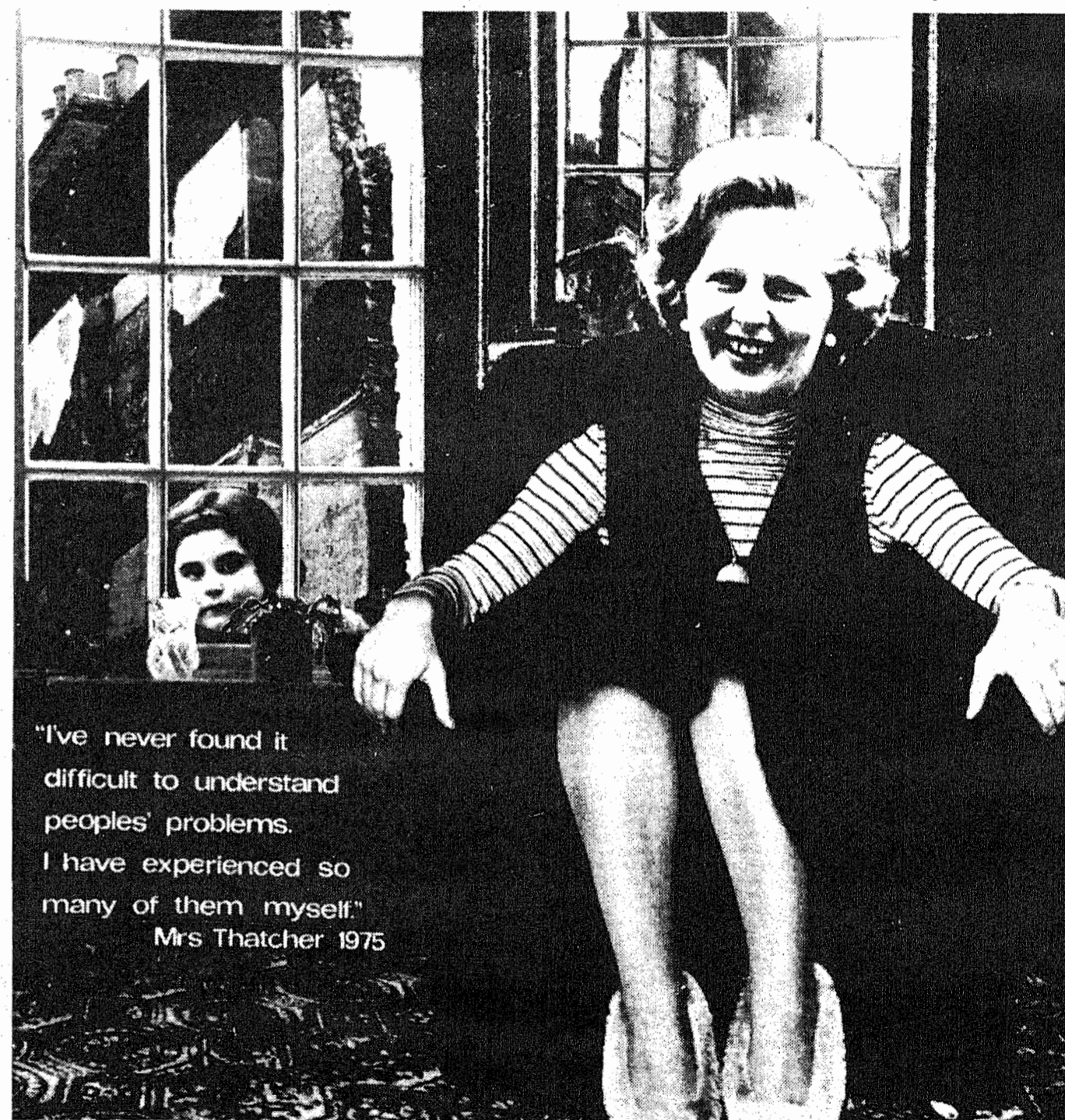
Unlike many of Thatcher's policies, the poll tax is running into serious popularity trouble within Tory constituencies. At a pounds-and-pence level, it is looking very shaky, but as the recent Federal election in Australia has shown, Thatcher and the party must continue to perform badly for them to lose in 1992.

This, it must be said, appears very possible. With mortgage interest rates of 15-and-a-half percent, inflation at 8%, sluggish business investments, worsening balance of trade and a leader

increasingly portrayed as the architect of a brutal society and more callous than a feudal lord, 1992 looks like being Labour leader Kinnock's year.

Kinnock's performance is still being criticised as being not dynamic enough, but after the disaster of the Wilson/ Callaghan government, the BLP policy these days is proceed with caution. Unfortunately this means that if '92 is Labour's year, Thatcher's legacy will live on. Privatised housing, education and industry cannot be salvaged by Labour. The manufacturing sector is now a class one emergency, and while some government initiatives will obviously be needed, the excursion by Labour into the creaking free market that Thatcher has created will be, in all likelihood, done on a very short leash.

It's a pity Thatcher isn't on the same one.



"I've never found it difficult to understand peoples' problems. I have experienced so many of them myself."  
Mrs Thatcher 1975

The Left (i.e. the British Labour Party leftwards) in Britain needs to be wary of over stressing the 'New Times' idea however. While the times are indeed different, Thatcher's policies have a clear divide-and-rule motive. This is an *old* strategy. While Thatcher uses 'British' rhetoric to win support, much of her appeal comes from much more basic stuff: pounds and pence. It is this element of her support that appears to be breaking down in her poll tax initiative.

In 1981 when unemployment was streaking upwards, the Trade Union Council was at the forefront of opposing forces. Thatcher's unemployment inducing policies in 1980-81, (which saw the manufacturing sector share of GNP drop from approximately half to under a quarter) devastated the heartlands of this union movement. Opposition to Thatcher weakened. The Wapping Printer's Strike further destroyed Trade Union political clout. Thatcher's privatisation programme has converted wealthier Labor voters to Thatcherite thinking ('popular capitalism') by making them wealthier through a 'selective sharing' of old state assets (i.e. shares). Her housing privatisation programme swung (red?)

# Suzuki's Global Rescue

The same thing happens with very hot water. But now the fun begins. Drop a frog in a jar of water at room temperature and then heat it over a bunsen burner. The temperature will rise only gradually and so the frog's thermal detectors will not detect the change. Try telling the frog, "Hey, Mr Frog, the temperature of that water is getting up around 70°C. I think you ought to think about getting out of there pretty soon". It won't work: the frog will stare placidly into space. The water will get hotter and the frog will continue not to notice the difference. Eventually at 100°C both the frog and the water will undergo what is called a *phase transformation* (the water will boil, and the frog will snuff it.)

Such is David Suzuki's picture of the human condition: he must be the gloomiest optimist on the planet. My ticket is cheerfully entitled "Inventing the Future: A Strategy for the 1990s, the turnaround decade" and shows a photograph of the Professor smiling impishly as if he'd just put a boiled frog in his sister's bed. The reality of the man and his message is far different: we're in hot, hot water and there's nowhere to jump.

Suzuki began his talk with the now familiar and all-too-depressing litany of disaster and destruction we all prefer to forget. Since the first images beamed back from space showed our planet as a tiny, fragile orb spinning gaily through the Milky Way satellite technology has given us a more intimate picture of the devastation human beings are creating on its surface and in its atmosphere. Vast tracks of agricultural land are turning into desert and large areas of the Amazon rainforest are literally on fire. Cities can be identified from space as blurry patches of brown smog ("When I was in high school," Suzuki quips, "they told me that air was a colourless, odourless, tasteless gas. Now I'm not so sure."). Millions of tons of toxic waste is illegally dumped into the world's oceans or on third world countries, and over 8,000 of Canada's lakes now contain no plant or animal life due to the effects of acid rain. For 8 years, Ronald Reagan insisted that this was simply due to normal tree respiration! Randy Hayes predicts that in 30 years there will be no wilderness left on the planet outside national parks and preserves, and while 90 - 100 million people are born per annum, total global food production has been dropping steadily for several years.

The point is that, like the frog in the experiment, we with our five senses, can't detect radiation, acid rain, atmospheric warming or exposure to toxic chemicals, and so we keep cranking up the heat. "But we're smart!" Suzuki cries. "We have scientists with machines to tell us these things! Why don't we listen to them?" The reason, he explains, is what he calls our *sacred truths*: beliefs, values and assumptions which we cling to despite the fact that they are the cause of our environmental peril.

**Sacred Truth No. 1:** Human beings are somehow above, or separate from nature. Most of us live in man-made environments, whether in cities or on farms. We tell ourselves that we control nature and mould it to our purposes. Even though all the fish in Lake Ontario are dead, somehow this doesn't affect humans. (11 secret toxic chemicals in every glass!) The fact is, Suzuki stresses, that the amount of air and water on the planet is finite. He boasts that after half an hour on the platform his body contains oxygen molecules that were a part of each and every member of the 4,000 strong audience. Ooh, yuk! You might say, but we do share the same air and the same water all over the planet? We don't swim in your toilet so don't you piss in our pool.

**Sacred Truth No. 2:** Through science we can understand and control the planet. Science is not the saviour and cannot provide

this knowledge. The reductionist revolution of Newton's time was based early this century with the discovery of *synergistic interaction*. Even though the separate elements of a system may be fully described and explained in isolation, they can display new properties and new behaviour in interaction with each other not predictable from theoretical knowledge. Some scientists estimate that there are 30 million different species of life-forms on the planet - so far only 1.4 million have been named, let alone studied in detail. Even in fruit-fly research, which Suzuki describes as a 'sexy' field of study, after years of Nobel prize-winning research time and millions of dollars converting a messy 'wild' forest into a tidy 'normal' one is sheer insanity. But of course Robin Gray will say "these forests are crying out to be felled," and with 3/4 of Australia's rainforests already gone the Daintree is being sold off as real estate.

**Sacred Truth No. 3:** Economics. Economists, Suzuki says, are the last group of educated people who still believe in perpetual motion machines: infinite growth, infinite goods, infinite markets. Economics is a human fiction totally unrelated to the bottom line of human life - biological necessity. For instance, despite the massive environmental damage it caused, the Exxon-Valdez oil spill went down on the US GNP as an economic plus: the repair and clean-up operation created jobs and profits for private contractors. We are living on a 'global commons' of limited resources, but this fact never appears on the economists' balance sheets.

**Sacred Truth No. 4:** The notion of progress measured by growth. Under capitalism economic growth is not only a desirable goal, it is a necessity to the proper functioning of the system. Growth has become an end in itself and therefore (in theory) has no end. "But," Suzuki asks, "when do you ever have enough?" He applauds Gorbachev for finally revealing the lunacy of the arms race. 15% of the world's military spending would be enough to solve our major environmental problems and yet the US military budget exceeds environment spending by 300 to 1. The real war, he concludes, is to save the planet. 20% of the

world's population consume 80% of its resources, an Australian child consumes 50 times as much as a child in India or Bangladesh. And yet right after the federal election, Max Walsh announced the need for economic growth. Exponential growth is the creed of the cancer cell, and economic growth is the cancer that is destroying the planet.

These deeply-held beliefs must be thrown out, Suzuki insists. What we need is a radical change in the way we think about our planet and in resources - we must learn, in his phrase, to "think globally, act locally". In practice, he sums up this principle as the three r's: reduce, reuse, recycle. Reduce the amount we drive cars by walking, riding a bike or using public transport.

30% of greenhouse gases come from cars alone. In Suzuki's view all public transport should be free and cities should be radically restructured to put shops and essential services within easy walking distance. We must move away from the 'disposable society', in which a styrofoam cup which keeps one drink warm for five minutes will be thrown away to create waste which will lie in the earth for the next 500 years. Instead garbage can be reduced by revising containers and shopping more selectively. Once you get started, Suzuki enthused, you start to feel so superior, you just can't stop!

Suzuki is a powerful and charismatic speaker. During his tirades against growth economics, many of the well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed and well-heeled members of the audience greeted each successive volley of his attack with enthusiastic clapping and cheering. "Down with growth economics!" cried the shareholders. "Reduce greenhouse gases!" cheered the motorists. When, during question time, Suzuki spoke of the need for a change

in our spiritual relationship with nature you could almost feel the earth move. Yet as the presence filed sheepishly out towards the carparks, stopping on the way to collect an armful of recycled-paper handbills from various environmental organisations, one got that horrible sinking feeling that the morning after it would just be back to (big) business as usual.

Suzuki's stress on the power of the conscientious consumer was an admirable example of anarchist individual responsibility in action. His emphasis on grass-roots movements to reduce waste and promote tree-planting had an almost millenarian appeal, but I couldn't dispel the impression that he had pulled his punches somewhat.

**Economists...are the last group of educated people to believe in perpetual motion machines: infinite growth, infinite goods, infinite markets. Economics is a human fiction totally unrelated to the bottom line of life...**

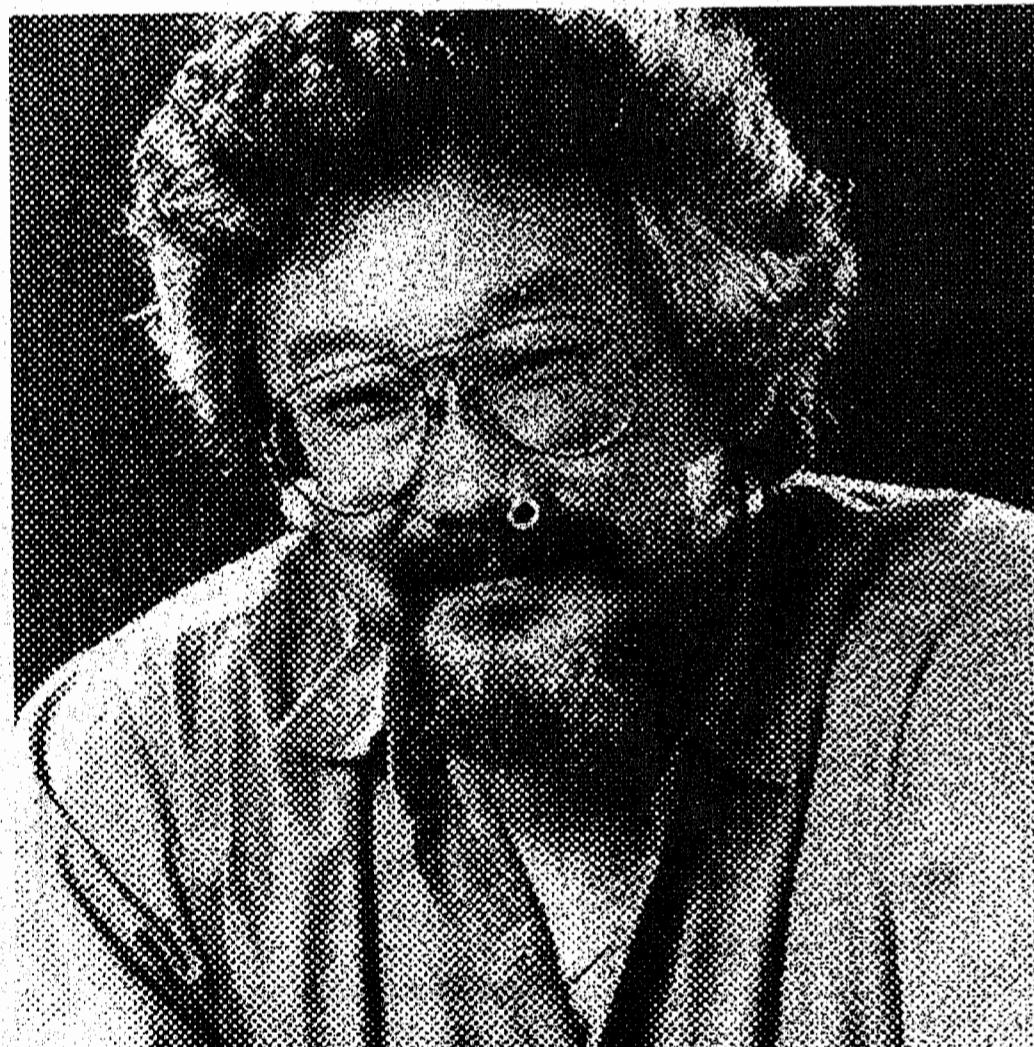
When Suzuki spoke in Adelaide last year he named names, he attacked multinationals, governments and the whole capitalist system in a few more comprehensive and damning way than this time round. Sure he put John Bannon in a rather unenviable position as emcee when he criticised the state's plans to build a coal-refining plant; he hassled out Exxon, the Reagan administration and Robin Gray. But in his "Strategy for the 1990s" his emphasis was almost entirely on poor frustrated consumers religiously preserving their shopping bags and devotedly seeking out environment friendly products on the supermarket shelves.

Suzuki noted with some approval that *Johnson and Johnson* had recently stopped producing disposable diapers, and hoped that this was due to consumer action. In an interview on ABC radio on the weekend, a *Johnson and Johnson* representative said the decision had been based purely on economic factors - the product was losing against its competitors. When asked if environmental considerations had had any influence the gentleman in question replied, "No, not at all". Suzuki was approached before the lecture tour by environmental groups concerned to encourage a boycott of the *Mitsubishi Corporation* due to its involvement in various large-scale logging operations in Malaysia, Papua New Guinea, Brazil, The Philippines, Chile and Suzuki's province of Alberta in Canada. Professor Suzuki failed to mention *Mitsubishi* by name in the lecture let alone call for a boycott of their products, though to be fair, he did raise the subject in his public appearance in Rundle Mall.

Nevertheless, environmental groups were disappointed at his response. Moreover, his concession that increased unemployment may be an unavoidable consequence of serious environmental action indicated that the social repercussions of such a change in thinking were for him a secondary issue. Last year, Suzuki was practically preaching revolution. This year, with the worldwide discrediting of communism through the events in Eastern Europe (at least in the popular conception), the Marxian baby has been thrown out with the Marxist bathwater, while the one-party communist state and the centrally-planned economy have died deserving deaths, the Marxian critique of capitalist economics is now, more than ever, of fundamental importance, particularly in the environmental debate. While the multinationals, big-business and the governments that endorse and encourage them are responsible for the large-scale damage, they are not the ones who actually, physically cut down the trees or dump the waste into the oceans. It is as workers, as much as consumers, that the power of the people can make itself felt in the struggle to save the environment. Instead of confronting loggers who are after all only trying to earn a living, the environmental lobby should be providing support for loggers and other workers who refuse to co-operate with environmentally destructive ventures.

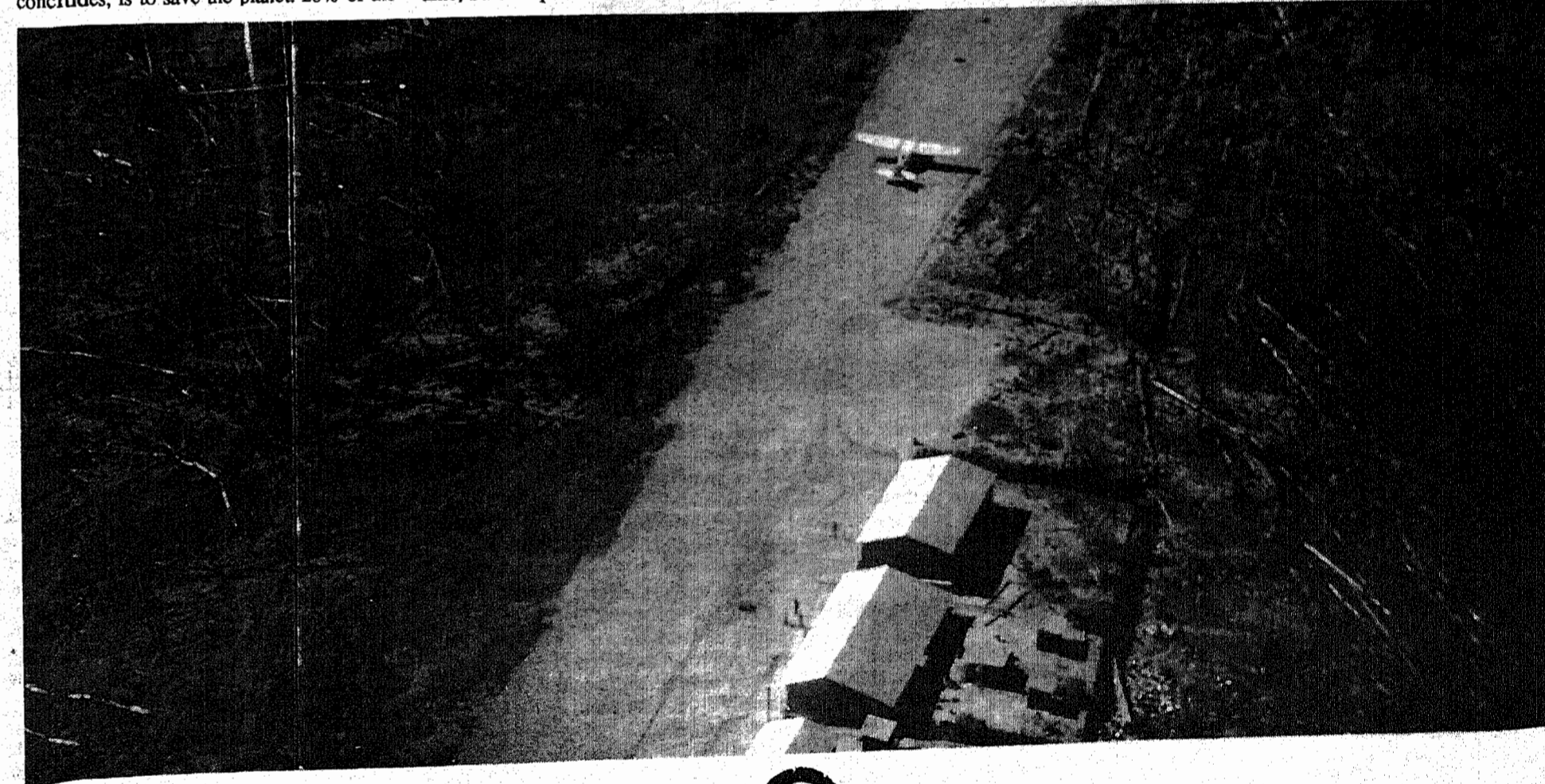
Suzuki's shift of emphasis onto the consumer end of the 'free' market seems to indicate a reluctance to confront these issues head on. Grass-roots "local action" movements will only go part way towards making "the turnaround decade" an environmental reality.

Russell Smith



**The skins of frogs have very crude thermal receptors, so that they can only tell the difference between large variations in temperature. Take an ordinary frog out of its pond and drop it straight into a bucket of icy water. Its thermal receptors won't need to be told twice that it is freezing. Exit frog.**

The classic 'boiled frog' experiment: (please don't try this at home, kids!)



## being with nothingness

by sam devine

There she stood by the grimy pots. A vision in black whose polo neck skivvy was sprinkled with what seemed from a distance to be bits of dessicated coconut. It was dandruff. She drew on a cigarette, exhaled, and looked over her shoulder and out through the kitchen window. There was a trellis outside with dead bougainvillea hanging from it, but it was night, and she could not see it, and, for that matter neither could I.

I looked for the tap. She leant against the cupboard, flanked by two sinkfuls of domestic tyranny. I dared not move towards the mound of filthy plates, lest one fall and smash. Loud music was playing in the lounge. There were lots of people in there, but it seemed quiet where we were.

I could just make out the tap handle. It was by an old coffee tin that had been filled with rubbish. She took one last drag on her cigarette and, stubbing it out in the tin, went to pour herself a glass of water. I found myself saying:

"It's just there by your hand."

"What is?"

"The tap, it's just there ..." I explained. "It's just there by your hand."

"I know."

I wanted to get a glass of water. My throat was as dry as sandpaper. I had barely managed to spit out the stupid information about the taphandle. It felt so dry that even the slightest utterance would have seen me expectorating clots of blood all over the lino in front of the vision in black. She could tell I was parched. I swallowed loudly and

my sleeve - it rubbed off the side of a dirty plate and when I licked it, it tasted like fish. Her nostrils flared. She smiled and said:

"His true Penelope was Flaubert, He fished by obstinate isles; Observed the elegance of Circe's hair Rather than the mottos on sun-dials." She was looking at my grotty cuff. "Fish sauce," she explained. "It smells rich, doesn't it?"

"How did you know it was fish sauce?" "Because I live here. I made it for tea. Anyway, even if I didn't make for tea, I could still tell it was fish, by the odour. You were disgusted when your wrist brushed the plate."

"Oh. You shouldn't recite Pound."

"Why not?"

"He was a fascist."

She began to smirk.

"So what?"

Her manner was pugnacious, bordering on insulting. I could not help but react at her flippancy - anyone who tacitly endorses the rise of European fascism and the deaths of millions of people cannot be excused.

"Pound and Eliot were both fascists. They worked for Mussolini, doing layout for some journal or ..."

"Yeah, but they were great poets."

"You know that Mussolini was allied with Hitler? Hitler, as in Nazism? Manic anti-Bolshevism, anti-semitism, massive militarisation, the worship of Norse gods, rabid individualism, all sorts of Nietzschean ratbagery ..."

"See this? Come, look." Her left ear was

entirely."

"What do you mean, 'that side'?"

"Fascism."

She smirked again. Reaching into her pocket she produced a packet of cigarettes - *Gitanes* - no doubt carefully chosen to match the skivvy and the dandruff. There was a musty odour in the room. At first I thought it was the fish, and sniffed my cuff discreetly. But when she walked towards me I realised it was her. She had worked hard at cultivating an unkempt appearance. One of those people who washes their hair with solvol and splashes a bit of water on their face in the morning, making them look like new born babies, all moist and crusty. Her black stockings were threadbare and laddered. Judging from the antiquity of her scent her entire body had been swathed in mothballs for years. Her suede jacket lay on the floor, peppered with ash from her cigarette. She held everything in disdain. Everything I said was met with a bemused grin, but I persevered.

"As I was saying, you can't be ambivalent towards fascism. It's utopian to say that because somebody is a poet his poetry is not political. Everything is political."

"What do you mean, everything is political?"

"Well, that everything has a social and economic basis which you can't escape from."

"What, even this?"

She spat in the sink.

"Tell me, what are the objective social, historical and economic conditions that gave

town to have coffee with a Marxist friend.

Blood trickled down my nose and into my cup. We both agreed that my assailant was the real victim, the victim of false consciousness. However, my nose still hurt, and I often wondered if the working class - which flocks *en masse* to football matches, but never to our forums on the teachings of Antonio Gramsci and their relevance to Australia - really deserves a revolutionary vanguard.

"False consciousness, hey?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have no idea why you spat in the sink."

"That's the whole beauty of it, you see, because neither do I." She lit up a *Gitanes* and sucked on it pensively. "You see, it struck you at first as something strange, something amusing. You probably thought, 'Hey, wow! This girl is really crazy! What a party animal', or ..."

"No, I didn't actually ..."

"... or you probably thought 'Ah, this girl is really up herself, and she decided to do that for effect. What a poser ...' etc, etc, well, you were wrong on both accounts, because I didn't decide to do it, nor did you decide to wander in here like a suave revolutionary, trying to save the world with a dinner jacket that is so deliberately tatty that you have to hold it together with badges saying 'No US intervention in Nicaragua' and 'Victory to Fretilin' and 'Free Nelson Mandela' and ..."

"Hey, why don't you shut up?"

"Well, is your arrival in the kitchen tonight the result of historical contradictions

What I was saying wasn't garbage."

"Garbage? Christ! Everytime I come to one of these 'left' parties, some zealot corners me and starts spewing garbage everywhere. Last Saturday some guy took my lighter, claiming he had to send it to a Basque separatist friend in Bilbao."

"Look, ignore all that. It's not some kind of ego trip. Marxism gives you analytical tools to work towards the improvement of society, a society where men and women work without the ravages of alienation, where there is no unemployment, no class division, and no ..."

"What, the grand solution?"

"Yes. If you don't have some kind of methodology that lets you analyse not only events, but you as an individual and those around you, then you're fooling yourself."

"So, I'm fooling myself then?"

"Well, you have no analytical outlook, so yes, you're fooling yourself."

"All right, then, tell me what you mean with that badge, 'Free Nelson Mandela'. What do you mean, 'free' him? Free him from what?"

"I would have thought that was obvious."

"You really aren't doing Nelson a big favour by wearing that badge."

"What? If you believe that living in a South African prison cell is no better than living as a free citizen, you're insane."

"OK. Say there's a revolution in South Africa, they release Mandela, he goes home to Winnie and the soccer team, and the ANC bring in a new constitution guaranteeing one vote, one value, and a programme of

not what colour their skin is."

"Tomorrow, in other words, is simply another today."

"Crap. You see, as a Marxist-Leninist, I believe that ..."

"But what's the point in pretending to be a Marxist-Leninist, or for that matter pretending to be anything? You see, it's all so arbitrary, despite what the weather might be like, or how we might feel at the time, or what we want to achieve, or what your precious 'objective and historical social conditions' might demand ... you see, none of these factors really give us any grounds for choice, so there's no point in pretending we are anything. We choose without having any kind of credo or touchstone guiding our choice ... and because there aren't any it's stupid to pretend there are, and say 'Aah! I made the right decision!', because there cannot be a right decision, or a wrong decision, only a decision. That's why you're fooling yourself, tricking yourself into believing in Marx, who by my way of thinking is as much a bearded icon as Christ himself."

"That's the most banal garbage I've ever heard. But I suppose when you live in a comfy maisonette with running water and SBS on the tele it's easy to sit back and make wimpy intellectual judgements based on little cosmetic packages of information we receive through the fascist media. God, it's just the most apathetic rubbish. It's easy to be indifferent when you live thousands of miles away from Soweto."

"No. It's impossible not to be indifferent. It was their faces that struck me the most.

centuries of dialectic reason and socialist theory blown apart in one fell swoop. Not to mention my badge collection, which, in the past, has broken the ice so nicely at university gatherings.

She was smirking again. I tried to think "discussions like this are valuable because they test my commitment to Marxist-Leninist ideas", but I couldn't, succeeding only in looking like I was trying to think, and failing miserably.

"Would you like another glass of water?" she asked.

"What difference does it make?" I replied. She filled the glass and passed it to me. We stood together in silence for about ten minutes, until I said:

"Let's go into the lounge with everybody else for a second."

We walked out of the kitchen and down the corridor, towards the musical throb of the party. I saw my friends. Some were laid out on the floor, others were dancing. I went over the stereo and turned the music off. There were groans of disapproval. An uncomfortable silence washed over the party. People stared in confusion.

I raised the glass to my lips, and drank the water down slowly. My final swallow was clearly audible. I looked around the room at their faces and then suddenly and for no apparent reason hurled the glass across the room, smashing it against the wall. Splinters of glass showered the party. I could hear people screaming as they struggled to remove the sharp slivers from their skin.

It was their faces that struck me the most.



repeatedly. I tried to look at the bougainvillea, which was stupid because, as I have said, it was dark outside. Buy my eyes dragged me away from pathetic floral excuses and towards her blackness. If she stood in front of the window she would vanish, and the coconut shreds would hover in the air like white flies.

"What are you looking at?" she demanded.

"Oh, I was just ..." I stopped talking and broke into a deep cough. She looked on in interest. I walked towards the sink and grabbed the taphandle and promptly drank two glasses of cold water. I put the glass down and saw a streak of brownish slime on

pierced and a small swastika dangled from it on a chain.

"I'm going to get one of Stalin for the other side, I believe in balance."

"What, like a yin-yang of twentieth century dictators?"

"Yeah."

"That's really stupid and pretentious."

"Not half as stupid and pretentious as getting all worked up about fascism simply because I recite some Ezra Pound."

"You can't be as flippant as that. If you casually dismiss atrocities of that kind in the name of art, literature or whatever, you may as well throw yourself over to that side

rise to my act of spitting in the sink?"

"Probably false consciousness," I said. "Pathetic, I know, but I had to resort to it. The classic Marxist-Leninist excuse for any phenomena not covered by the methodology. Like last week, when I was selling copies of *The Socialist* at the Elephant and Castle. The cover story was about immigration. A couple of tall lads wearing overalls and big black boots muttered something about nips, so I politely explained that there will be no freedom until the proletariat sets aside its prejudices and unites in the struggle for global socialism. The taller of the two punched me in the face, and I staggered into

reaching their dialectically inevitable conclusion? What made you decide to wander in here like Daniel Cohn-Bendit and start drivelling on about the dark forces of fascism and the need for vigilance against Nazi terror?"

"All I wanted was a glass of water."

"Yeah, well that's where you're wrong, because you don't know what you wanted. That's why your throat went dry. You wanted a glass of water and you also wanted other things, like to make an impression as a ..."

"Look, just lay off, OK? I wasn't trying to make an impression, I was trying to get a glass of water and also make conversation.

nationalisation of industry, what would you think of that?"

"Obviously it would be fantastic."

"Well, I don't think it would make any real difference, because regardless of what happens to Nelson Mandela there is no way he can escape the absurdity of existence, and the chaos of life ..."

"Unless there's a socialist revolution led by a conscious elite acting on behalf of the ..."

"That still won't solve the chaos though."

"Of course it will. There is no comparison between the racial hatred that now exists in South Africa and the society of tomorrow, where people will be seen for what they are,

It's absurd. While I sympathise with your affection for Nelson, I just can't get enthusiastic about the grand solution, because it's a farce. I just try and carve my own path through the insanity. But if you want to fool yourself, be my guest."

I wished I was back at the Elephant and Castle. At least when you are smashed in the face by an urban proletarian you walk away feeling all the more intellectual because of it. It restores your faith in the need for a vanguard. But the bleak and belligerent world of the existentialist cuts a bloodier swathe, ripping through the achievements of the greatest thinkers. One and a half

They were distorted, not in pain, but in confusion, terrified as they searched in absurd Marxist-Leninist desperation for the objective and historical conditions that gave rise to an old comrade of theirs smashing a glass against the wall.

By this stage, however, I had gone, following white flies into the black garden, to pick bougainvillea, and slowly come to terms with the inevitable and undeniable absurdity of my existence.

Sam Devine

# The Death Penalty

The use of the death penalty is a fundamental violation of human rights. Amnesty International regards it as the ultimate cruel, inhuman, and degrading punishment and opposes its use in all cases. If used disproportionately against the poor and against racial minorities, it is often used as an instrument of political repression.

## Deterrence and Retribution

One of the most common arguments proponents of death penalty give in support of capital punishment is its deterrent value. Countless studies have shown this as fallacious. For example, murderers rarely consider punishment before acting. Most murders are committed in acts of violent rage when the murderer was hardly thinking of what might happen to him in a year's time. Other murders are committed under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Approximately 14% of murderers commit, or attempt to commit, suicide after the act and the death penalty would not deter these crimes.

Another common argument is retribution: By taking another life the murderer forfeits his/her own life. The death penalty in practice has shown just how unfairly and arbitrarily executions are dealt out. No criminal justice system is capable of deciding fairly, consistently and infallibly who should live and die. The argument of retribution is often a thin veil for masking a desire for vengeance - while the desire for vengeance can be understood and acknowledged, it cannot be used as a foundation or principle of justice.

## The Unfairness of the Death Penalty

Marcus Clark writes: "It is pointless to talk about using the death penalty with caution, and only for certain crimes. Human Rights abuses cannot be dealt out fairly. There has never been any fairness in how the death penalty is applied. It has always been directed at the poor, and at minority groups; for example in South Africa between 1947 and 1966 of the 121 men sentenced to death for rape - one hundred percent were black. In the USA since 1930, 89% of the 455 prisoners executed for rape were black. In Virginia 55% of those imprisoned for rape were black but between 1908 and 1962 only the blacks were executed."

In the USA the quality of legal representation can be crucial in whether or not a death sentence is imposed. Most defendants on capital charges cannot afford private defence lawyers and are assigned low-paid, court appointed lawyers which often results in an inept defence.

## The Question of Economy

How can human life be measured in dollars and cents? Sadly, those who support the use of the death penalty often revert to an argument of economy: why should the state pay for long term prison sentences when criminals could be executed? Yet even this argument is not as simplistic as it would seem. If we examine the costs of sending a prisoner to his death in the USA (no other western country apart from South Africa still uses capital punishment) this argument can be demolished.

The legal system in the USA is such that it tries to prevent innocents being executed. Therefore if a trial ends in a guilty verdict then a post-verdict hearing (before a jury) is held to determine what the penalty should be. There is then an

automatic review of the case by the state's highest court. Afterwards it may be reviewed by the lower Federal Court and finally the Federal Supreme Court. This complicated process may take up to 12 years and all along the prisoner is held in death row - sometimes in a special prison with additional costs. About 10% of those tried under a capital offence are given the death sentence which means that in 90% of the cases the prisoner is given a long prison sentence in any case.

According to The Sacramento Bee (28/3/88), in California the Chief Assistant Attorney General had estimated that each death penalty case had cost at least one million dollars to prosecute. No executions have been carried out in California since 1967 but it has cost the taxpayers more than one billion dollars during 16 years of legal and political battles to reintroduce the death penalty in California. It has been estimated that it costs about \$93,000 to imprison an inmate for life.

## The Reality

The horror of the death penalty comes home when one begins to realise the reality of its practice. Take electrocution for example. Electrocution was introduced in the USA in 1988 on the grounds that it would be more human than hanging. The prisoner is secured in a specially built chair,

*Electrocution produces visibly destructive effects on the body's internal organ; the condemned prisoner often leaps forward against restraining straps; the prisoner may defecate, urinate or vomit blood. The flesh blisters and burns in the vicinity of the electrodes and eyewitnesses report a smell of burned flesh.*

and the electrodes are attached to the prisoner's head and leg. Powerful surges of electric current are applied for brief periods. Death is caused by cardiac arrest and respiratory paralysis.

Electrocution produces visibly destructive effects on the body's internal organs; the condemned prisoner often leaps forward against restraining straps; the prisoner may defecate, urinate or vomit blood. The flesh blisters and burns in the vicinity of the electrodes and eye-witnesses report a smell of burned flesh.

Although unconsciousness should follow the first jolt of electricity, there have been cases where this has not happened. When authorities in Louisiana electrocuted Willie Francis, a 17 year old black youth in 1946, he survived the first attempt. An official witness said "I saw the electrocutioner turn on the switch and I saw the (prisoner's) lips puff out and swell, his body tensed and stretched. I heard the one in charge yell to the man outside for more juice (electricity) when he saw that Willie Francis was not dying, and the one outside yelled back he was giving it all he had. Then Willie Francis cried out, "Take it off. Let me breathe." Afterwards Willie Francis repeatedly said, "I felt a burning in my head and leg, and I jumped against the straps. I saw little blue and pink and green speckles." A new death warrant was signed and he was executed a year later after a US Supreme Court ruled that this second execution would not violate the US Constitution

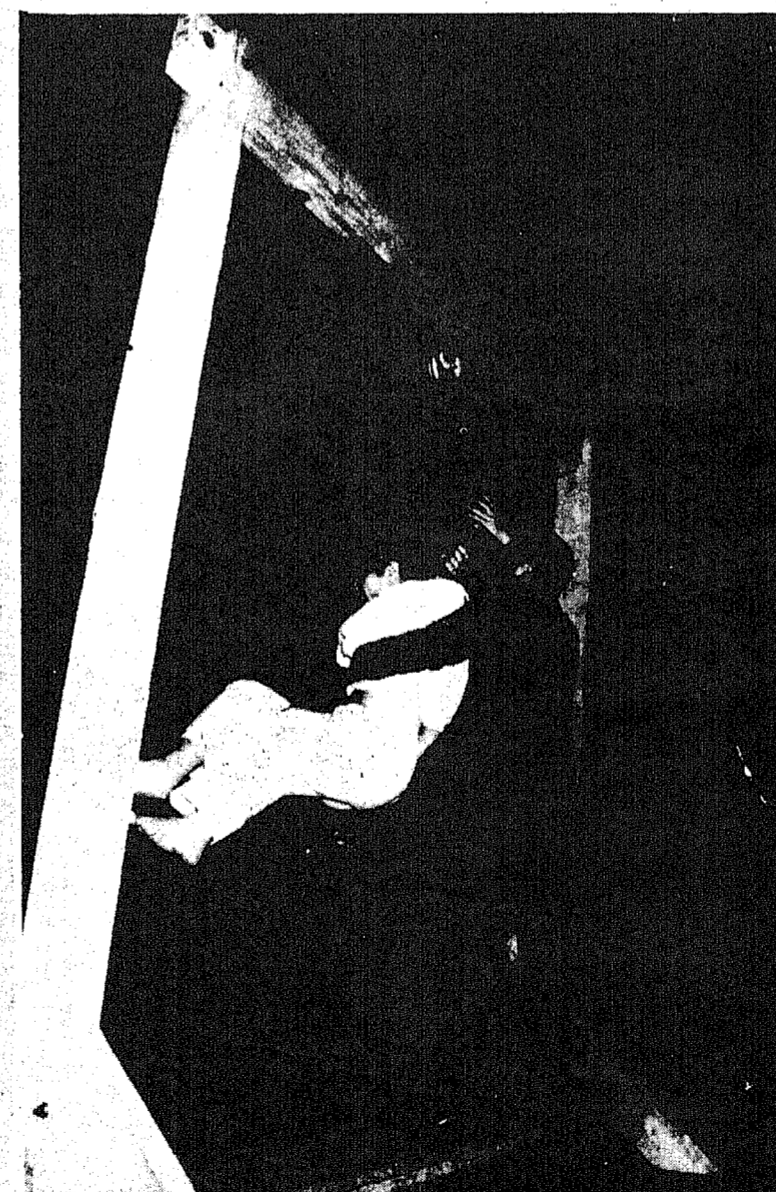
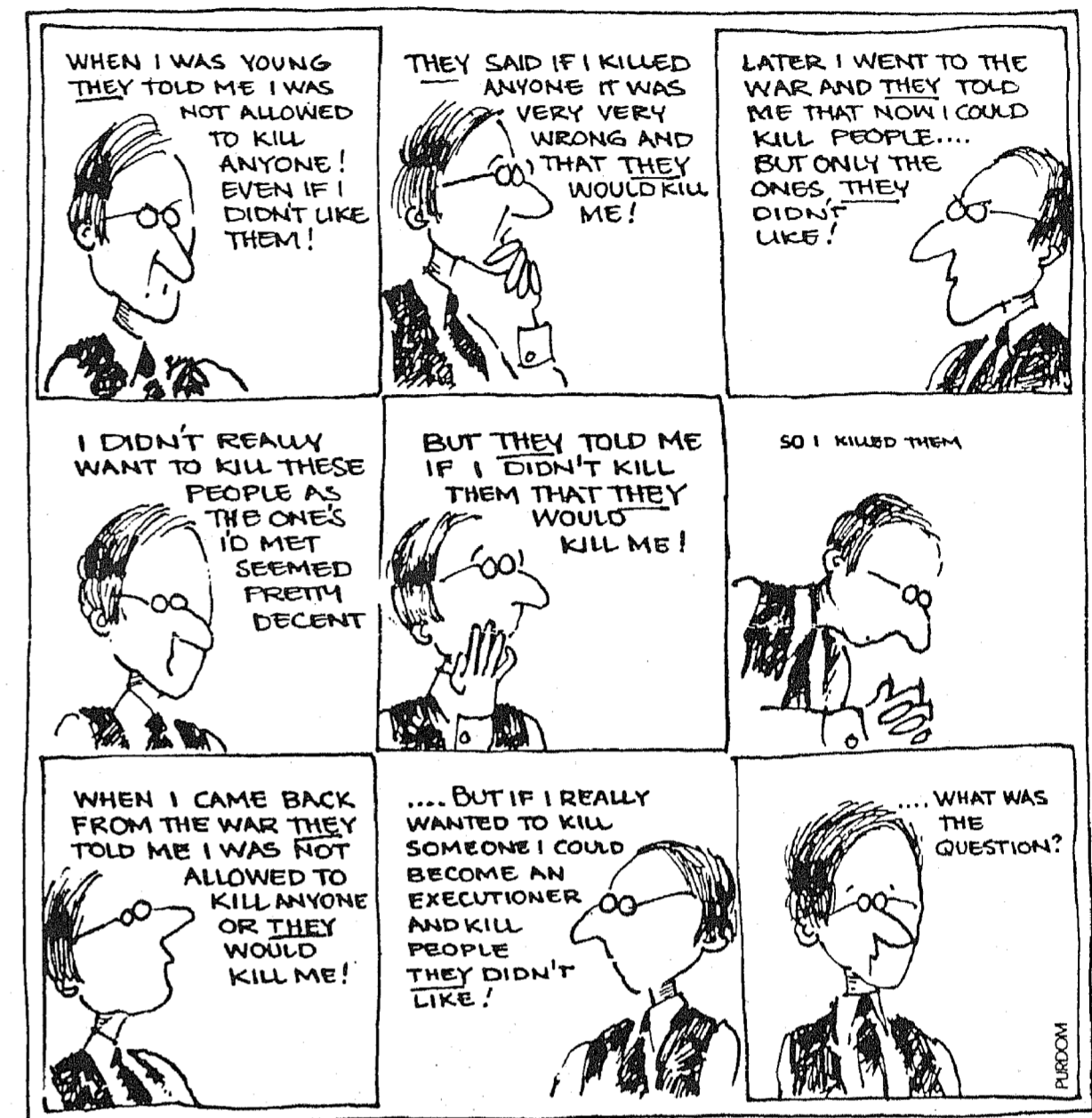
## Towards Abolition

Abolition is gaining ground - over 40% of countries have abolished or do not use the death penalty. Yet too many governments believe that they can solve urgent social or political problems by executing prisoners. To quote Marcus Clarke: "It is only when human rights are enshrined in practice that... (a) country can begin to make freedom a reality and not just an empty phrase."

Steve Anderson

## Acknowledgements.

Editions of the Amnesty International Australian Section Newsletter and articles by Dr Marcus Clarke.  
When the State Kills - Amnesty International 1989



In Beirut, Lebanon, 1983, Ibrahim Tarraf fought his execution to the last, screaming his innocence. He had been convicted of murder. The death penalty is often described as an important deterrent against crime, but it is wrong to assume that those who commit serious crimes do so after rationally calculating the consequences.



## the hainanese chicken-rice pedlar

by Vincent Hong-Chuan Cheok



His Arrival

"Too-Too-Ah! Too-Too-Ah!" his sonorous cries came, regular as clockwork at 4.30 in the afternoon Monday to Friday. If he was not feeling asthmatic he would punctuate and accentuate the enticement with the more appealing "Ling-Ling-Sing-Sing-Ah! Ling-Ling-Sing-Sing-Ah!" But more often than not the cries were interspersed by dry whooping coughs associated with aching tuberculoed lungs. The debilitating pain was succored by constant draws on his Abdullah 37 cigarettes. There was a cigarette more often than not hanging from a corner of his mouth. If he was in motion in a waddling sidling gait, with both his arthritic frail hands grasping the bamboo pole that is straddled over his right shoulder, he would just allow the ashened end of the cigarette to fall off on its own accord. It was a balancing act in more ways than one - balancing a circular aluminium container tray at each end of the bamboo pole and rancously advertising his arrival between puffs (hands-free) on the cigarette. Each draw of the deleterious nicotine felt indefatigably good against the heavy load and the energy-sapping consumption. One suspects that as a *dernier ressort* the weekend relief would come by way of opium den sessions if it was as a good trading week. He seemed much chirpier on certain Mondays in anycase. Any sympathetic buddhist soul would wish in these circumstances that this unfortunate man would have all his remaining mondays come after opium-high sundays. How else can one be injured to the unbearable?

### Description of the Man

His weathered bombay-topee (bombay bowler) seemed discordant with his sombre grey unprepossessing southern chinese coolie *sum-foo* garb. Nobody knows why only the Hainanese and their neighbours the North Vietnamese have adopted this tropical head-gear of the english sahibs as their own. It looked heavy and was certainly oversized on his diminutive figure. If it provided a good sunshade this was not evident on his

haggard wizened face. It was not without utility however for he always had 2 or 3 cigarettes tucked in the topee-band, ever ready for the next strike-up. Despite his age he was quite handsome in his features, reminiscent of fukienese nobility seen on ancient Chinese scrolls. His eyes appeared large for a Chinese. This was perhaps a relative effect against his shrunken stooping frame. They flickered, like a duplex titillating hologram, between tearful moroseness and sensual enlightenment. Alternating presumable between memories of endless penitential toil and innumerable sufferings, and psychic visions of the release to come from this illusion of the physical *Self*. His shirt-cum-jacket was unbuttoned as usually and his singlet rolled up to his breast. For the oppressive tropical afternoon heat is at its peak this time of the day in the town areas.

### The Locality

The Cycle & Carriage Corporation's industrial complex is on a 5 acre rectangular block. It has an eastern frontage on Batu Road which is a main thoroughfare and a western frontage along Tiong Nam Road. Kampunk Bahru lies across from Batu Road and Kampunk Tiong Nam lies behind Tiong Nam Road. The corporation sells cars and trucks of various makes. Quite conveniently both from a commercial point of view as well as aesthetically pleasing the showroom is located along Batu Road. On the latter point the residents of both Kampung Bahru and Kampunk Tiong Nam nearby, most of whom can only dream at best of travelling in public taxis, would gaze in wonder and amazement at the spot-lit automobiles through the showroom windoes on saturday *pasar malam* nights. At the right-hand corner of the showroom shop-front is a driveway which leads into the industrial complex proper. Entering past the showroom building the driveway turns left (south) for two-thirds of the width of the block then turns right (west) towards the rear of the block. But a building space before Tiong Nam Road it turns right (north) again terminating a

building space from the norther side of the block. Thus the driveway is an internal zig-zagging roadway within the industrial complex surrounded by various adjoining factory buildings and tenements of different sizes and make. There was no apparent overt plan. One could rightfully conclude that they were constructed or replaced over the years as circumstances dictated or permitted. In this assortment of buildings and out-buildings are located the corporation's service and repair workshop, spare-parts shop and various panel-beating, spray-painting, welding, chrome-plating and upholstery workshops leased to independent sub-contractors of the corporation.

### The Rain Tree

The industrial complex is bare of any trees, or any plants for that matter, but for a huge raintree on the convex side of the second junction of the driveway; that is where the roadway turns west from south. This raintree is at least 60 feet in height with a lustrous verdant labyrinthine canopy to match in diameter. Once a year it would burst out in a flourish and glory of little pink peony-like flowers. It epitomises what a raintree should be: majestic in fortitude, stature and jurisdiction. This raintree has obviously even more. It has spiritual authority. Whether this is because people who became acquainted with it were over-awed by its grandeur or because it stirred up deep-seated animistic or Buddhist beliefs of the metaphysical is hard to say. There is an unobtrusive informal altar at the eastern base consisting of a small dilapidated red plaque with faded gilded Chinese lettering and a mauve china joss bowl filled with sand in front of the plaque. There is always a modicum of fresh joss stick ends stuck in the joss bowl, signifying that invocations to *shintu* spirits were still being made. Whether it was indeed sacred is perhaps irrelevant. The fact is it provided a perfect harbour for respite from the incessant blaze of the hot tropical sun and the langour of the tropical afternoon heat. Like most public areas in the east the surrounds were unkempt and there was the ubiquitous

rubbish pile. But the locals sought the haven of the raintree oblivious to or in spite of this. It was a natural and convenient rendezvous for workers, customers, hawkers and passers-by alike. Except for the ice-kachang man, who had ensconced himself ideally in the optimum position, between two giant buttress roots and furlers away from the dankness and stench of the rubbish pile, the other hawkers: the rojak man, the mee rebus man, the tani man, the leong tow foo man, like the hainanese chicken rice man, were itinerant pedlars. They came and went at different calling times. Every one of these hawkers was a colourful character in his or her own right. And one could write hagiographies of them too as if they were deities. But none of the others were as endearing and heart-rendering a subject as the hainanese chicken rice pedlar. Only he had that incredulous presence that conveyed an endless phantasmagory of all the thousands of previous lives of his, reincarnated and seeking to purge forever all earthly bondages in the quest for Nirvana.

### The Waiting

He would set his load down at the usual spot. As if by edict unspoken it was always reserved for him at his appointed hour. Routinely he would lean his bamboo pole against the tree trunk, roll up his sleeves and take a short breather. He took this occasion to finish off a cigarette or light up a new one. Neither his regular customers nor the gods would deny him this brief interlude. An anticipatory crowd of regular customers, aroused from their state of torpor and somnolence idling in the shade, would have congregated around him by then. Eagerness and expectancy were written all over their faces in a universal language of expression. They knew him well and he knew them well. This brief moment of contemplation was traditional in orientation etiquette. This exercise repeated thousands of times in one's life instilled or programmed patience. One of the many essential ingredients in the quest for *Harmony*. Westerners often misinterpret the apparent form it takes as submission or

subservience. It may be so and if so that consequence is not intended. So here in this moment of expectancy there was in a sense a mutual respect and understanding of the limits to any transgression of time-honoured rules of behaviour. A few in the crowd out of solicitude would exchange polite enquiries about his health. One or two may make desultory remarks. Some would be querulous of losses of yesterday or days earlier, often with obscene conjectures. The low language of the working class is not uncommonly punctuated with obscenities. These remarks occasionally raised ribald laughter from the crowd. On occasions there was a little street theatre or clowning around. The simple act of a customer lifting the lid of the one of the containers to survey the chicken bounty and commenting on what is left for the taking, with the appropriate degree of sarcasm and cynicism and a few expletives thrown in would set off an explosive fit of bellowing infectious laughter in the crowd. For this was the last place of call for the day. The choicest cuts and portions (and notably gizzards and innards are relished as delicacies) of the juiciest tender chickens may have been sold earlier that day. The plethora of imageries, innuendos and puns about the chicken's parson's nose abound in the chinese language in this regard. Most of these quips and acrostics were crass. However unless it was an unusual day, for there are no real seasons in the tropics to complicate sales turnover, enough chickens would have been budgeted for this last if not the most important place of call. Those in the crowd who did not understand the hokkien dialect, and in particular the non-chinese, watched with passive fascination.

### The Game

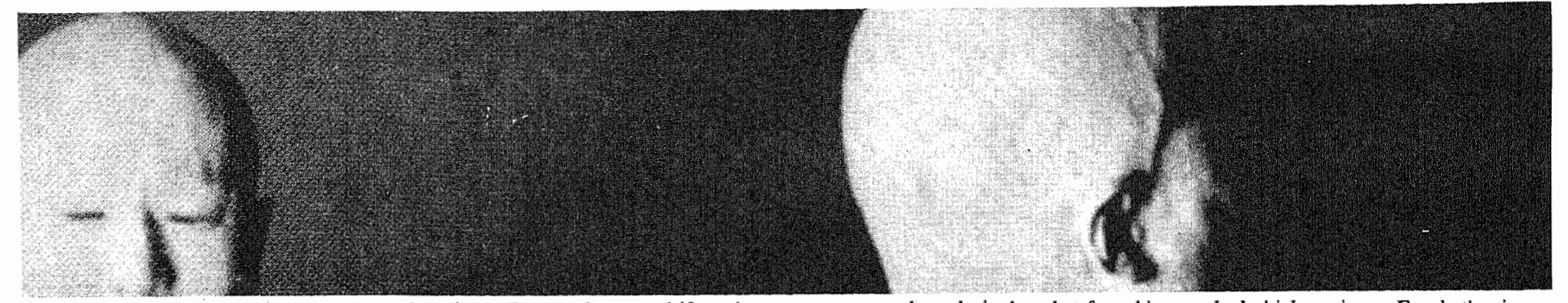
The last puff taken would be taken with a deeper gasp as if not to waste a single iota of nicotine. The flicking away of the cigarette butt was the get ready signal. Typically he would then stretch out his arms together before him with his hands enjoined and then crack his finger bones. Then fluent like a magician he would squat flat-footed, whip

out a green-coloured vinyl packet from his jacket and unfold it on the ground before him. "Too-Too-Ah!" he cries out as he does so and religiously commences his grumbling and chastisement of his customers for taking advantage of a poor old man and portends their burning in the Buddhist hell. The rectangular patch had 18 squares outlined on it with chinese characters for 1 to 18 drawn respectively in them in sequence. With a flurry of hands, and cacophonous verbal identification and confirmation of bets by the customers, dollar notes and coins are quickly placed in the various squares or sometimes along the common borders or at the junctions of the squares. These were variants on the means of spreading the coverage of a bet over more than one number. Other examples are the betton on "odds" or "evens" or "big" or "small" numbers. The manner in which a note was folded also signified the monetary value of the bet. For instance a \$20 note folded like a triangle in fact represented \$5. With a sleight of hand he produces 3 dices from nowhere and as a matter of custom gives them to yesterday's loser (if he was there) for him to commence the game of chinese craps. Yesterday's loser, or whoever the dice thrower might be, and in the course of the game that taks is passed around in a semblance of a rotation, would cajole and rattle the dices in cupped hands, sway his arms to the left and right or some other individualistic rhythmic movement, and utter the time-honoured incantation of either "Too-Too-Ah!" before flinging the dices into a chinese rice bowl placed near the vinyl patch for this purpose. The result of each throw is greeted by the expected tumultuous response of joy or dismay from the crowd. Some punters stuck obdurately to their lucky numbers. Others bet at random to catch the wind of fortune. The bets were never big. It was inevitably understood by all involved that the gambling was just a means of adding an element of thrill and suspense to the simple pastime of eating snacks between meals. It was a simple equation of eating for free from the winnings or paying twice or more for what was intended to be purchased in any case of the

cooked chicken pieces. For, both winners and losers ended up with the primary objective of all concerned - eating hainanese chicken. On his good-natured or good-winnings days he would dispense larger chicken pieces. Seeing him chop up each chicken with the timeless carving skills chinese cooks have was a spell-binding spectacle in itself. Children who cannot afford to purchase chicken pieces would settle for rice-balls. These were made up like and were the size of ice-kachang balls - 4 inches in diameter. Except they consisted of plain steamed fragrant hainanese chicken rice cooked in chicken stock. Soya sauce and the even delectable hainanese chicken ginger-chilli sauce are sprinkled all over the rice ball. Like manna from heaven.

### Day's End

When the last of the chicken pieces are sold he would patiently wipe clean the utensils, chopping block and containers. Some regular customers would be permitted to partake in a couple of rounds of craps while he is attending to the cleaning-up. Eventually it is time to call it a day and to commence the journey home. He strikes up a cigarette. Carefully he angles the bamboo pole through the securing ropes of the 2 aluminium containers whilst in a squat position. He makes a heaving motion, for although the load was lighter at the end of the day he was wearied from the day's commerce, and strenuously erects his postuer. he adjusts his position and the straddle of the bamboo pole for an even balance of the load and quickly strust off to achieve that rhythm in his gait that he found the most comfortable as a human beast of burden. Occasionally when his chest condition dictated he would pause to expectorate phlegm. One wonders what goes on in his mind in the journey home. See the doctor perhaps? Or a gratifying ponder that the journey's end is not too far away?



rubbish pile. But the locals sought the haven of the raintree oblivious to or in spite of this. It was a natural and convenient rendezvous for workers, customers, hawkers and passers-by alike. Except for the ice-kachang man, who had ensconced himself ideally in the optimum position, between two giant buttress roots and furlers away from the dankness and stench of the rubbish pile, the other hawkers: the rojak man, the mee rebus man, the tani man, the leong tow foo man, like the hainanese chicken rice man, were itinerant pedlars. They came and went at different calling times. Every one of these hawkers was a colourful character in his or her own right. And one could write hagiographies of them too as if they were deities. But none of the others were as endearing and heart-rendering a subject as the hainanese chicken rice pedlar. Only he had that incredulous presence that conveyed an endless phantasmagory of all the thousands of previous lives of his, reincarnated and seeking to purge forever all earthly bondages in the quest for Nirvana.

### The Waiting

He would set his load down at the usual spot. As if by edict unspoken it was always reserved for him at his appointed hour. Routinely he would lean his bamboo pole against the tree trunk, roll up his sleeves and take a short breather. He took this occasion to finish off a cigarette or light up a new one. Neither his regular customers nor the gods would deny him this brief interlude. An anticipatory crowd of regular customers, aroused from their state of torpor and somnolence idling in the shade, would have congregated around him by then. Eagerness and expectancy were written all over their faces in a universal language of expression. They knew him well and he knew them well. This brief moment of contemplation was traditional in orientation etiquette. This exercise repeated thousands of times in one's life instilled or programmed patience. One of the many essential ingredients in the quest for *Harmony*. Westerners often misinterpret the apparent form it takes as submission or

subservience. It may be so and if so that consequence is not intended. So here in this moment of expectancy there was in a sense a mutual respect and understanding of the limits to any transgression of time-honoured rules of behaviour. A few in the crowd out of solicitude would exchange polite enquiries about his health. One or two may make desultory remarks. Some would be querulous of losses of yesterday or days earlier, often with obscene conjectures. The low language of the working class is not uncommonly punctuated with obscenities. These remarks occasionally raised ribald laughter from the crowd. On occasions there was a little street theatre or clowning around. The simple act of a customer lifting the lid of the one of the containers to survey the chicken bounty and commenting on what is left for the taking, with the appropriate degree of sarcasm and cynicism and a few expletives thrown in would set off an explosive fit of bellowing infectious laughter in the crowd. For this was the last place of call for the day. The choicest cuts and portions (and notably gizzards and innards are relished as delicacies) of the juiciest tender chickens may have been sold earlier that day. The plethora of imageries, innuendos and puns about the chicken's parson's nose abound in the chinese language in this regard. Most of these quips and acrostics were crass. However unless it was an unusual day, for there are no real seasons in the tropics to complicate sales turnover, enough chickens would have been budgeted for this last if not the most important place of call. Those in the crowd who did not understand the hokkien dialect, and in particular the non-chinese, watched with passive fascination.

### The Game

The last puff taken would be taken with a deeper gasp as if not to waste a single iota of nicotine. The flicking away of the cigarette butt was the get ready signal. Typically he would then stretch out his arms together before him with his hands enjoined and then crack his finger bones. Then fluent like a magician he would squat flat-footed, whip

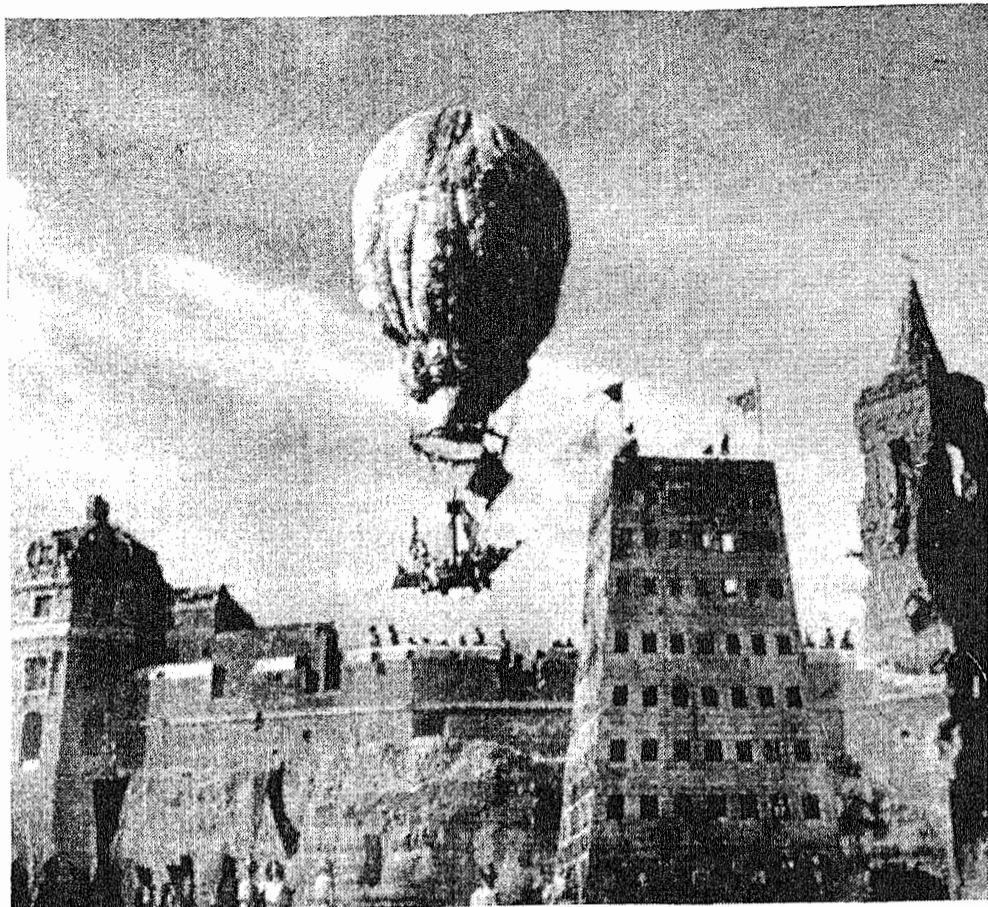
out a green-coloured vinyl packet from his jacket and unfold it on the ground before him. "Too-Too-Ah!" he cries out as he does so and religiously commences his grumbling and chastisement of his customers for taking advantage of a poor old man and portends their burning in the Buddhist hell. The rectangular patch had 18 squares outlined on it with chinese characters for 1 to 18 drawn respectively in them in sequence. With a flurry of hands, and cacophonous verbal identification and confirmation of bets by the customers, dollar notes and coins are quickly placed in the various squares or sometimes along the common borders or at the junctions of the squares. These were variants on the means of spreading the coverage of a bet over more than one number. Other examples are the betton on "odds" or "evens" or "big" or "small" numbers. The manner in which a note was folded also signified the monetary value of the bet. For instance a \$20 note folded like a triangle in fact represented \$5. With a sleight of hand he produces 3 dices from nowhere and as a matter of custom gives them to yesterday's loser (if he was there) for him to commence the game of chinese craps. Yesterday's loser, or whoever the dice thrower might be, and in the course of the game that taks is passed around in a semblance of a rotation, would cajole and rattle the dices in cupped hands, sway his arms to the left and right or some other individualistic rhythmic movement, and utter the time-honoured incantation of either "Too-Too-Ah!" before flinging the dices into a chinese rice bowl placed near the vinyl patch for this purpose. The result of each throw is greeted by the expected tumultuous response of joy or dismay from the crowd. Some punters stuck obdurately to their lucky numbers. Others bet at random to catch the wind of fortune. The bets were never big. It was inevitably understood by all involved that the gambling was just a means of adding an element of thrill and suspense to the simple pastime of eating snacks between meals. It was a simple equation of eating for free from the winnings or paying twice or more for what was intended to be purchased in any case of the

cooked chicken pieces. For, both winners and losers ended up with the primary objective of all concerned - eating hainanese chicken. On his good-natured or good-winnings days he would dispense larger chicken pieces. Seeing him chop up each chicken with the timeless carving skills chinese cooks have was a spell-binding spectacle in itself. Children who cannot afford to purchase chicken pieces would settle for rice-balls. These were made up like and were the size of ice-kachang balls - 4 inches in diameter. Except they consisted of plain steamed fragrant hainanese chicken rice cooked in chicken stock. Soya sauce and the even delectable hainanese chicken ginger-chilli sauce are sprinkled all over the rice ball. Like manna from heaven.

### Day's End

When the last of the chicken pieces are sold he would patiently wipe clean the utensils, chopping block and containers. Some regular customers would be permitted to partake in a couple of rounds of craps while he is attending to the cleaning-up. Eventually it is time to call it a day and to commence the journey home. He strikes up a cigarette. Carefully he angles the bamboo pole through the securing ropes of the 2 aluminium containers whilst in a squat position. He makes a heaving motion, for although the load was lighter at the end of the day he was wearied from the day's commerce, and strenuously erects his postuer. he adjusts his position and the straddle of the bamboo pole for an even balance of the load and quickly strust off to achieve that rhythm in his gait that he found the most comfortable as a human beast of burden. Occasionally when his chest condition dictated he would pause to expectorate phlegm. One wonders what goes on in his mind in the journey home. See the doctor perhaps? Or a gratifying ponder that the journey's end is not too far away?





**A Gift of Wings**  
Richard Bach  
Pan Books  
\$12.99

From what I have seen, a potential Richard Bach audience can be divided into three parts: (i) those who have never heard of him, (ii) those who dismiss him as a writer of New Age fairy tales and (iii) those who worship his work.

Whatever category you belong to, Bach's new Australian release *A Gift of Wings* should tempt you. This collection of forty-six short stories is a happy marriage of mysticism and realism, and covers a variety of situations and characters. The one common link between the stories (and with Bach's books *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, *Illusions*, *A Bridge Across Forever*, et al) is the subject of flight. Hence the title.

A few of the stories can be read for entertainment's sake only but some, such as "School for perfection", force the reader to think on a deeper level (Philosophy students take note!). Most of the stories combine the two factors, "Across the country on an oil pressure gage" being an example. In it, Bach recounts the flight he made in a 1929 Detroit-Parks P-2A Speedster biplane from North Carolina to California. Quite an entertaining story in itself but it has the added dimension of teaching Bach (and therefore us, the audience) an important lesson. The lesson? Read the story to see!

This is where I must point out that, as well as being deep and meaningful, these stories are also a showcase of interesting characters. We are lucky in that we need not move from the armchair to meet them. My personal favourites are Drake the Outlaw, from "School for perfection" and "Found at Pharisee", and Bette, the title character in "The girl from long ago". The former is the head of a flying school where "... flight had become a true and deep religion,... Nothing mattered more than reaching out and touching the perfection that is the sky." Drake's dedication to his job, faith in his pupils and pursuit of perfection are endearing, yes, but I must admit that he makes me feel inadequate. On the other hand, Bette is unconditionally inspiring character; she is the wife and mother who proves to be an eager adventurer outside the cocoon of her home ... a case-in-point of never judging a book

by its cover! Of course, there are other characters to meet: the salesman on the San Francisco to Denver flight in "People who fly"; the dauntless Stu MacPherson in "Barnstorming today"; the flippant student in "Let's not practice" ... and, most importantly, Bach himself. Each has a lesson to learn, and in doing so, they teach us something about ourselves, if we are willing to learn.

As mentioned earlier, all of these stories have the common denominator of flight. This could be seen as either a strength or a weakness. Bach has a passion for - or rather an obsession with - flying, aeroplanes and the sky; I suspect he has gasoline pumping through his veins. As a result of this obsession, we are inundated with references to Cessna 140s, Fokker D-7s, JN-4s, etc., descriptions of various aerial manoeuvres and bits of the secret code of pilots and air-traffic controllers. This is all very cosy if you happen to share Bach's enthusiasm, or better still, his technological knowledge. If, however, you have no more than a passing interest in flying and you are ignorant of the laws of aerodynamics, then the reading can become tedious. In fairness to Bach, I must point out that he is aware of his tendency to overdo the aerial aspect. He shows this, and a sharp sense of humour, in the final story, "Letter from a God-fearing man". The title character confronts a pilot, saying that "Somebody has to tell you people who fly airplanes how tired the rest of us get of your constant talk about flying." Well said, you may think ... but wait until you hear the pilot's reply!

A few words of advice before you read *A Gift of Wings*. A map of the USA is helpful so you know exactly where you are "flying". Racing through the book tends to blur the stories into one long and confusing tale, so try to read only several stories at a time. Remember to read the introductory "It is said that we have ten seconds"; it is my favourite part of the book, basically because it contains the line "You survived because you decided against quitting when the battle wasn't much fun" - quite relevant to uni students, I dare say.

For Richard Bach addicts, this book is a "must have". For those who have never heard of him, and those who wish they never had, then *A Gift of Wings* would be a good starting point.

Stephanie Pribil

# DOES THIS SOUND BETTER THAN YOUR UNSIGNED ROCK BAND?

If your answer is YES!  -  
Enter **YAMAHA ROCK 90!**  
and win the following prizes.

A professionally recorded  
single of your band's winning song  
at Metropolis Audio, Melbourne  
valued at \$10,000 with national  
distribution courtesy of Mushroom  
Records.

**PLUS:** A demonstration video of  
your band's winning song.

**PLUS:** \$1,000 cash.

**PLUS:** The chance to perform in the  
Tokyo International Final in  
October - all expenses paid!

**PLUS:** Cash awards for runner-up  
bands and the Juke Magazine  
Encouragement Award.

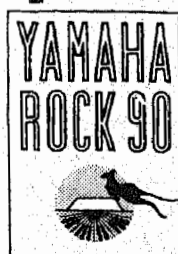
And to cap it off, the  
Australian Final of Yamaha Rock  
90 will be telecast live on MTV by  
Richard Wilkins on Saturday  
August 25 from Selina's,  
Nightclub Sydney.

The Yamaha Rock  
Contest is now in its fourth year,  
Yamaha Rock 90 is the  
International Rock Contest for  
unsigned, untried bands with  
original songs.

And remember, you don't  
have to be a rock and roll guru to  
be successful. It's your band's  
opportunity to have your songs  
heard by music industry  
professionals.

The closing date for the  
completed entries is Friday June  
15. So pick up an entry form now  
at your nearest Yamaha Music  
store.

**If your band's ready to  
play, Yamaha Rock is ready  
to listen.**



O.D. ADEL

Yamaha Rock Contest Patrons include: Jimmy Barnes, Iva Davies, John Farrham, David Hirschfelder, Michael Gudinski, Daryl Somers, Gary Van Egmond, Glenn Wheatley and Richard Wilkins.

# Your TV diet

with Ted Serious

April 9-15

Isn't it amazing that otherwise strong people often seek the guidance of others, in regard to some very ordinary, everyday matters. A prime example of this is with regard to diet and TV. Perhaps the reason is that well determined people are very poor at getting in touch with what they really like. Those weaker members of our tribe are actually a lot better at knowing what they REALLY like. They may have a lot of trouble resisting chocolate, but they can also tell you much more about enjoying that heavenly brown wax than the toughies.

So it is with TV guides. I realise that those of you who will follow the TV diet herein are probably the STRONG ones. Yes, you, with the gold medallion nestling in your chest mat. It's you who I can help the most, because you are basically tasteless. Stick with me baby, and you won't reveal your lack of 'TV savvy' during some critical phase of the mating manoeuvres which we know run your life. Also, wimps, this is your diet too. Read this, and you will never have to suffer those mumbled 'what a NERD' comments at parties when you suavely mention that you watched the Logies and thought Julian Lennon did a good job of handing out envelopes. Perhaps you could even get good enough to form a meaningful physical relationship with the aforementioned Jock based on TV.

First, the wimps. What you need is a dose of Don Johnston each week. And have we got a great introductory offer for you! If you watch Miami Vice each Thursday on 10, I guarantee a 3 inch increase in your mental pectorals before you can say 'Testa Rossa'. This week as an introductory offer, we have, at no extra cost, the second part of a two part mini-series starring Don J as a drifter. Don combines \$1500 designer suits with a street hoodlums sense of cool, and has this uncanny way of making you think that he's seen it all before. his penchant for the red Ferrari Testa Rossa makes you wonder how he could afford a \$200,000 car on a cop's salary. Real designer violence. They even play Iggy Pop soundtracks on a couple of episodes (take your hat off when I mention royalty. Infidel!)

Now, the Jocks. First, repeat after me, slowly "Isn't it great, Robbo's back." Look. Guys, we all know you are Keith Martyn admirers (a truly horrible thought), but to pull the

intellectual girth, you will need to profess to like the sex-slob-symbol of the late eighties, Clive Robertson. Elderly, cynic, grouchy and paunchy, Clive Robertson is world-weary in a way that the other Clive (James) wishes he could be.

But this artificial division of the viewers into Jocks and Nerds is slightly unrealistic, I admit that. (What about Wallys, Eggheads, Hippies ...) It was clear that some kind of unbiased, statistically oriented, double-blind test was called for, so I ventured forth to an average late-night party at a friends house. After 'clearing away the cobwebs' (a thinly veiled euphemism for stimulation by external chemical agents), this intrepid reporter began to ask in-depth questions to this carefully screened sample of local white trash.

Martin, a strange mixture of hippy and hoodlum, first gave the classic "I don't do TV" kind of spiel. I pushed harder, and then he admitted a pehchant for Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles (4pm SAS 7) calling it a "fully bogus rad cartoon". Pushed even harder, he thought Steve Vizard has that 'Donahue' feel, like right in on Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (Friday 7.30 pm ADS 10). If you haven't seen this one, you should, he says.

Next was Belinda, an attractive young blond-with-brains type. Belinda lives at home and so is subject to certain limitations ('Oh no Dad! Not the channel 9 news again.'), but still got time to watch Count Duckula, the vegetarian vampire. This is the only children's program she watches, a bit strange for someone studying early childhood education. It isn't even on my copy of the TV guide. What about Sesame Street, Belinda? Nope, she is into E Street in a big way (7.30 ADS 10). This is not a surprise, because her good looks suit this kind of family pornography completely. Belinda is a modern child: she says "it's hard to make a choice so you switch channels all the time." Is this 'Telephonia'? I know the feeling.

As I type this, my Kylie poster looks down at me. In it Kylie has her arm around Madame Tussaud's wax look-alike. But which one is the dummy? Oh thanks Trev. I've just been brought some coffee and some Tiny Teddy's by my flatmate. Isn't it cosy here. Me, you a warm cuppa and the box. That's what it's all about. Really back-to-the-womb stuff. Look, now I'm making the tiny teddies have simulated sex on top of my PC. Give it to me, bearface. Oh, sorry got a bit

carried away there. Where were we, that's right, escapsim.

Grant, the next interviewee, got into the swing of things right away, and began to rave about a movie called 'Razor's Edge', which tells the story of a guy trying to find his *l'essence de vivre* in Tibet, and finally realising that he was on the wrong track, etc. Very esoteric according to Grant. The closest thing that this weeks viewing offers for Gra is 'Jesus of Nazareth' (12 noon SAS Monday 9 April). Grant also likes Toward 200 (Tues 8.30 SAS 7), which attracts "a whole lot of full-on futuristic people". Dig it.

Talking about futuristic people, don't miss Conan the Barbarian, which is a multi-layered paleolithic futuristic fantasy, based on a cave boy who sees his mother killed, works out at the local slave-gym, and then seeks to avenge her death. Those of you clever enough will see that it is he who really lusts after his mother, that seeks to kill his father. Just recycled Greek mythology with a male bimbo star that came to Hollywood fifteen years ago without a word of English, and is no better off today. The three stooges may have invented the term 'musclehead', but like all advanced concepts, it never really

matured until a sutiable messiah emerged. Arnold Schwarzenegger. Neantherthals Unite! Go on, Make my Aeon, sucker.

I interviewed Helen, a slight, charming hippy girl. She said she didn't watch TV. End of interview.

The last person I spoke to was Damien, who had taken some of my feelings toward the Box, and taken them to their logical extreme. He was a totally flaccid individual. One day he chanced upon David Stratton's Movie of the Week, on Monday night, and watched that until it moved to another time slot. Damien is the antithesis of Belinda. Choice rules Belinda totally, to Damien choice is an alien, western concept. Damien is Tao, Belinda is Now. Damien leaves his TV on SBS, permanently. He considers the electronic ether as Valium. Damien sits through LA Law because it is usually on when he visits his friend.

Now to my Ultra-Hard-Core Regiment. (Ptooiel, as Normal Gunston used to say) Rule One. Take your favourite soap and ride it to the holt. It it's EastEnders, you've got Dirty Den's death to cope with. If it's Santa Barbara, the Capwell's wedding is almost about to happen. It doesn't matter which one, just BE LOYAL, BE VERY LOYAL.

Rule Two. Choose your news and treat it like the GOSPEL. No talking during the first ten minutes, hey, who said dieting of any sort is easy. Sure, if you want to watch Keith Martyn, go ahead. Just don't tell me about it. (KM will surely go down as the biggest twerp since the legendary GIBBO).

Rule Three. No snacking

between meals. The pre 6 o'clock shows such as Wheel of Fortune (5.30 pm SAS 7) and even the Auntie's Afternoon Show are extra calories your mind doesn't need. If you must nibble, eat visual celery like ABC news update, or an SBS current affairs.

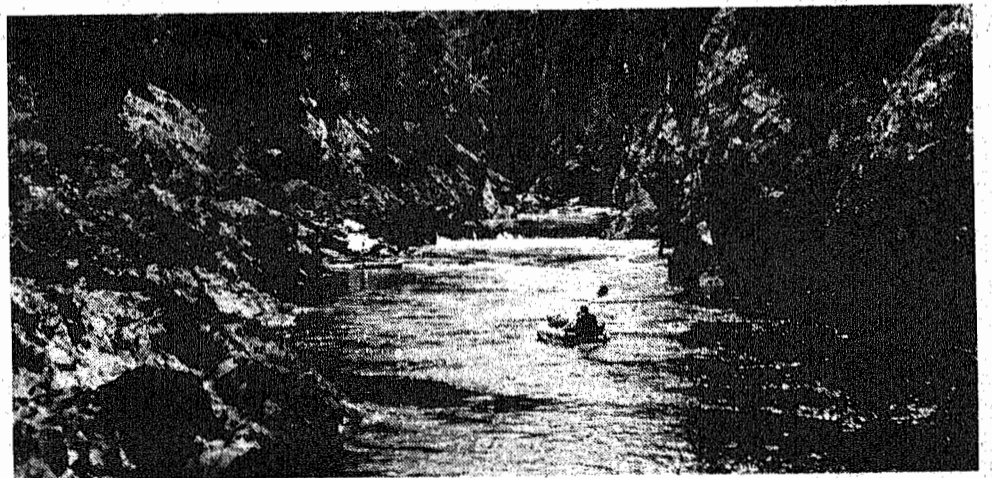
Rule four. Watch at least one Stratton-approved movie per week if possible (Wed 6.30 pm SBS for Cinema, repeated at 10.15 Sunday, and TV movies only on SBS at other times). This especially applies to you, Arnold.

Rule five. Watch one show which you think is COOL, GROOVY, and HIP. This may be the David Stratton movie, in which case you are probably not mentally overweight and do not need to be on a TV diet, anyway. One example, my current favourite, is Group One Medical (9.30 am SAS 7). This show has such tasty scenes like the excision of skin cancer, and electrejacualtion of obese paraplegics. But you can find you own 'cool' show, can't you Damien.

Finally, the Movie of the Week would have to be Shalako, the worst spaghetti western ever made. The lip-sync on this movie is so bad it makes Kylie Minogue's miming look like a speech therapy class. In this British copy of a Clint Eastwood film, Sean Connery ponces about the Spanish countryside chasing the WORST Indial chief in any move ever, including F-Troop. Again, I must warn you against smoking cannibis prior to this move.

Till next time ..... Ted Serious.

## JOIN ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAIN CLUB



**ITS ONLY NATURAL**  
**FRANKLIN RIVER, FLINDERS RANGES,**  
**OTWAYS, GRAMPIANS, BOGONG HIGH PLAINS.**  
**Contact Wendy Olden 3445054 or leave note in**  
**the Clubs Assoc.**

## Born on the Fourth of July

an Oliver Stone film

Greater Union

Oliver Stone's "Born on the Fourth of July" is the work of a flawed genius.

This film always threatens to be so much more than a retrospective Vietnam guilt-purge film but is continually thrown back into patriotic "I love my country" sentiment. The anathema of American patriotism that Stone embraces seems the director's real passion, even if a reticent one. "Born on the Fourth of July" is not battle-based but home-based. The aftermath is examined in the same manner as "Coming Home" (the 1980 film with a pre-breast implants Jane Fonda and an extraordinary performance by Jon Voigt). There are similar explorations of the disabled veteran's sexual utility. "Coming Home" was successful because it concentrated on the lives of the three protagonists. It didn't have that awful compulsion to analyse the nation's culpability through the suffering of its central character. It set about showing small-scale revelation and because of this it had real dignity. Previously, "Platoon", "Full Metal Jacket" and "Hanoi Hilton" had to analyse the whole moreal vacuum dilemma as it was the epicentre of the battles which appeared in such bloodied form throughout. In "Born on the Fourth of July" the focus is shifted from home to battle and the return home. The epicentre is nationhood. The notion of the main character being born on American Independence Day is kitsch even if it is based on the real life of Ron Kovic (who



collaborated with Stone in adapting the screenplay from his novel). Did they have to open the film with such a parading of what is surely nothing more than a trite coincidence? Even more sickening was the family gathered around a broadcast of John F. Kennedy and Mom saying, "I had a dream and Ronny, you were speaking to crowds and saying great things". In fact, I could have done without Kovic's mother altogether, even if she was prophetic. I think his mother stuffed up Kovic more than American intervention in Vietnam. The film's most triumphant scene is when a drunk Kovic yells out "penis, penis" to his mother who has an epileptic fit at the mere mention of the "Big P", let alone the sight of a catheter-attached member. This film does not deserve total

cynicism, however, as it boasts some chilling visual imagery. This credit is due to the editor and also to Stone. In parts, especially the scenes where Wilson is killed and Kovic shot, the colour variation of soft and hard lens and speed are exquisite. They are just perfect and the film's redeeming quality. The rest of the film lacks the aural intensity and tautness of camera-angle which these few moments possess. The veteran hospital scenes similarly convey the stench and apathy of under-funded and under-staffed death camps. The film wanes when Kovic returns to his family setting. All the familiar clichés of physical/mental adjustment were there. I much preferred the scenes, later, of veterans in Mexico as these possessed a real atmosphere of prostitution, alcoholism and self-loathing. At least there was a

representation of loneliness that was effective and not romanticised.

This can't be said of all of the film - crashing Nixon's Convention in 1972 and Kovic confessing the killing of Wilson to the parents stank of re-hashed heroism that didn't sit easily on Tom Cruise's shoulders. Cruise had a kind of earnest appeal but sometimes lacked the requisite anger of the character. His was a director's performance - you could see Stone milked out the character through clever scripting and camera shots. "Born on the Fourth of July" seems the ideal vehicle for Stone's forte of revisualising the displaced Vietnam veterans. At times, though, the sentiment seemed more displaced than the men themselves.

Emily Boase

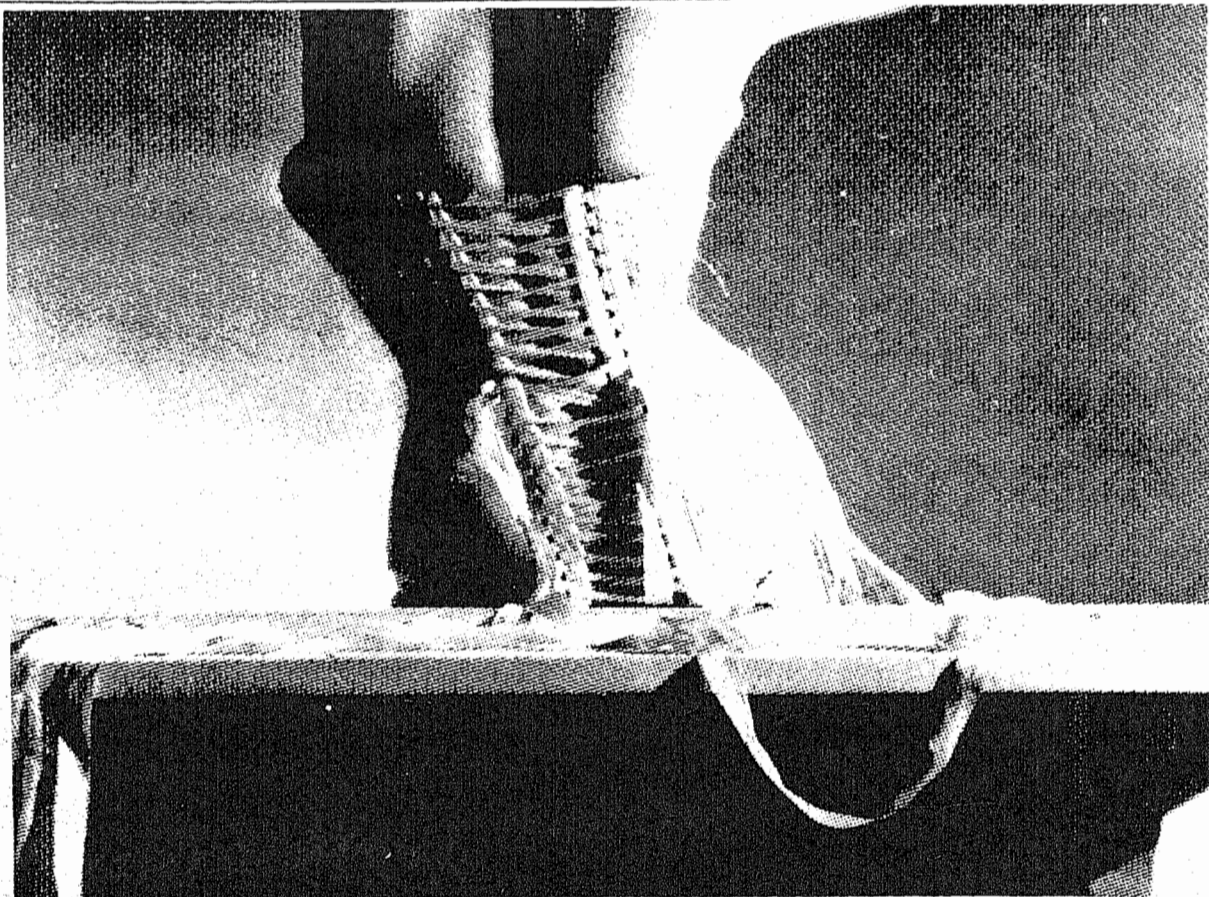
## Scenes From the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills

a Paul Bartels film

Trak

*Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills* is a disgustingly funny and obscene film. Directed by Paul Bartel, whom you'll probably remember for *Eating Raoul*, *Beverly Hills* has slicker dialogue than *Raoul* but the characters are again subliminally insane beings. And I mean really twisted. Jacqueline Bisset is Claire, a washed-up soapy star (known during her halcyon days as Hilary). Claire's husband, Sidney, died from self-strangulation during ejaculation. He finds "death just isn't the same without Claire", but he's "found a nice little home for them in Hell". Claire is attempting to resurrect her flagging career, stave off the advances of the "hire-help" and ignore the apparitions of Sidney.

Staying with Claire are Anne (who's exterminating her own home as a form of "post-divorce trauma") and her brother Peter, a playwright whose latest offering "Nocturnal Admissions" provides many elegant soliloquies (ie. two versions of cutting off your balls in the name of love and monogomy). Peter has just married a bleak Porno Queen call Tobelle. She appears in a discreet film entitled "The Bride and her First Knight". Tobelle becomes the fantasy of anything slightly mobile (including the family dog Bojangles) and she's not adverse to performing doggy-style herself. If this film sounds slightly smutty, it's really smut with class: the ultimate integration of sex and erotic dialogue. Frank's love poem to Tobelle where he deems



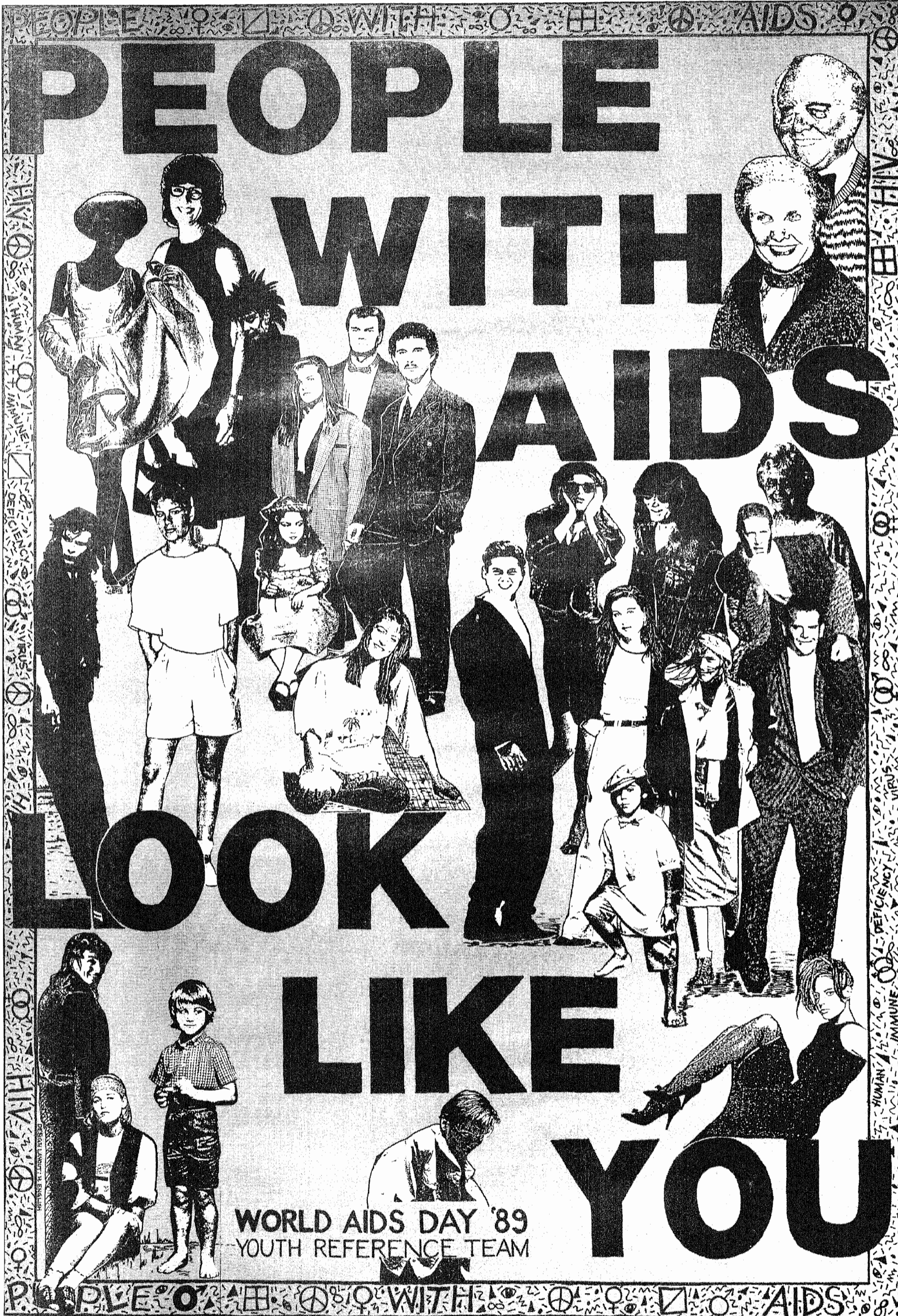
her a "chocolate mama" with a "nasty heart that beats the wrong side" is typical of the perverse screenplay. Sample this: "Tobelle says that compared to my father, I'm hung like a rhino", or "I can't believe you're in love with a re-run when, baby, I'm prime-time", or "He reached into dark parts of my continent that I didn't even know I had". It's not the odd line that's outrageous - most of them pained me they were so funny.

The characters themselves are developed with style - Claire's "purge and binge" philosophy being the only tangible piece of Hollywood she has managed to perfect. There is a fantastic scene with chocolate cake and lust where Claire's main concern is that her "thinologist" will discover her chocolate indulgence. The foibles of the characters are blown up by director Bartel to the point where the film becomes farcical.

In fact, it is very reminiscent of a Jacobean comic farce bordering on the tragic. The housekeeper, Rosa, is an Indian whose mystic expostulations provide the most bizarre link for the film. I can't really say it's a satire on life in Beverly Hills because it's so inflated it's more "a satire of a satire". "Scene from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" is a real riot and an irreverent delight.

Emily Boase





PEOPLE WITH AIDS

LOOK LIKE YOU

WORLD AIDS DAY '89  
YOUTH REFERENCE TEAM

PEOPLE WITH AIDS

# Spellwhy

Alex Webling had a short talk to Rod Mason, Spell Why's saxophonist and manager, about the band and what winning the 1990 Battle of the Bands means to a young band.

On Dit: Was it more the exposure, or the possibility of cutting a single which first drove you to enter?

Rod: We really just wanted some exposure, it's very hard for a new band to get shows without it, because managers of venues

would rather take a band with a known following, than take a chance with an uncertain 'quantity'. As we got closer to the finals we started to get offers from people associated with venues which previously hadn't even been remotely interested just two months before. Of course, the recording time will be useful, because we have a couple of strong originals, which could be single material.

OD: Talking of singles, in the set you played last night (Battle of the Bands), there was a wide range of styles, does the band have any one style by which it prefers to be labeled.

Rod: I don't know, we have seven members in the group so there are seven different influences on it, but the beat could probably be best described

as Jazz-fusion.

OD: You also manage Spell Why, have you had any offers to take over the management, now that you've won?

Rod: Yes, we had two offers last night, and I'm in two minds as to whether or not we take the offer, on the one hand, I don't like the idea of some stranger taking over and making money out of us after we've already done most of the hard work getting gigs whilst we were relatively unknown, but I concede that a professional manager would probably have more contacts than I do, and I could certainly do with the spare time, since I have a full time job and play with Just Kidding as well.



Russian Community Centre (Inc)  
239 THE PARADE, NORWOOD, S.A. 5067  
TELEPHONE 332 8350

## THE MOSCOW

### RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH CHOIR

P R E S E N T S

## CHORAL RECITAL — SACRED MUSIC —

at ST. PETERS CATHEDRAL  
North Adelaide.

On SUNDAY 22d APRIL 1990  
at 3 pm.

ALL PROCEEDS WILL GO TO FUND REBUILDING THE CATHEDRAL  
"CHRIST THE SAVIOUR"  
which was built in Moscow from 1839- 1880, but in 1931  
it was completely destroyed by Stalin.



THIS TOUR IS ORGANISED BY MICHAEL EGGLEY Int.  
in conjunction with the Russian Community Centre Inc, Adelaide.  
Admission: \$ 18.00 and \$ 15.00 (for Pns. & students).....

BOOKINGS at B.A.S.S.

For additional information please phone 261-4745/a.h./, 356-4669/a.h/

HACKNEY TAVERN  
The Torrens Bar

for  
music  
cafe foods  
imported beers  
Lion beers on tap

SUNDAY AFTERNOON JAZZ  
Featuring the BBC Quartet

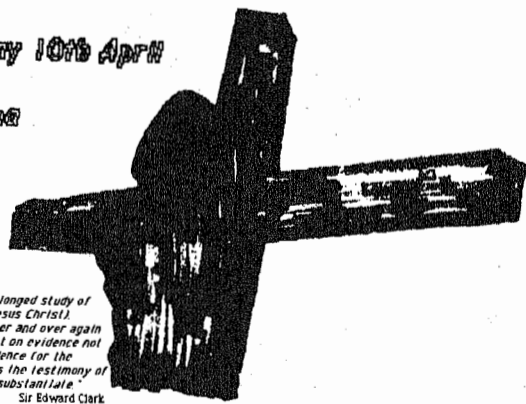


Show your  
Student Card  
and get  
10% Discount  
on all meals

## THE TRUE MEANING OF EASTER

1.10 Tuesday 10th April

Union Cinema



"As a lawyer I have made a prolonged study of the evidences for (the resurrection of Jesus Christ). To me the evidence is conclusive, and over and over again in the High Court I have secured a verdict an evidence not nearly so compelling. I accept unreservedly as the testimony of truthful men to facts they were able to substantiate."  
Sir Edward Clark

The evidence for the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is indeed compelling, so long as we don't start off with the assumption that "miracles don't happen coz miracles can't happen."

But how do the historical facts of the execution and resurrection of Jesus affect us today?

To start with, we must recognize that our rebellion against God (which the Bible calls 'sin') has alienated us from Him. Jesus died on the Cross to take that sin on himself so that our relationship with God can be restored. His rising from the dead proves that his claims to be God are not unfounded, and that he can indeed be trusted with our lives - both for now and eternity.

God offers us total forgiveness through the death of Jesus. He commands us to submit to Jesus as Lord of our lives.

This Easter, we invite you to find out more about this. The Evangelical Union (EU) is presenting a lunchtime talk on "The True Meaning of Easter" on Tuesday the 10th of April at the Union Cinema on Level 4 of the Union Building from 1.10 to 1.50 pm.

The speaker will be Geoffrey Bingham, an experienced Bible Teacher, former Principle of the Bible College of South Australia and Director of New Creation Ministries.

All are welcome!

# The Eldorados

Adelaide in recent months has been witness to a rockabilly revival and the spearhead behind this interest is the local band, *The Eldorados*.

*The Eldorados* have been grinding out their own style of rockabilly covers and originals for roughly six months and are enjoying a good deal of success for such a misinterpreted form of music.

To the public, *The Eldorados* are rockabilly, end of story, but they don't tag themselves on such and insist on a wide variety of styles, ie. Hillbilly, Rockabilly, Blues, Elvis, psychobilly and the list goes on.

With a great guitarist, singer (rhythm guitar), double-bass player and drummer, *The Eldorados* are talented band and easily the best rockabilly outfit around.

Several bands have toured to Adelaide claiming to be rockabilly legends in their home states and have been concisely blown away by *The Eldorados*, which has led the band to serious interstate touring plans, to take place within the next two months, so catch them while you can, they'll be playing this Wednesday at Limbos with Melbourne band *The Chicken Hawks*.

Nathan Barnes



## AXEMAN'S Jazz



•Fresh from a Sydney tour, *The Mark of Stan* (sorry, *Cain*) play what may be their last Adelaide gig. Uni Bar this Thursday night will stomp and holler with guests *Where's The Pope?* (guitarist Geoff's last performance!) and *Love Fever* (please Satan, make this their last...). Presented by the Ministry of Fun and recorded by Student Radio 5UV (natch) this should not be missed.

•Performing in Melbourne for 2 weeks from Easter is Adelaide's *Aunty Ralene* - bless their cotton sox.

•UK funsters *Jesus Jones* pissed a lot of people off by not showing up in Adelaide during their Australian tour. *On Dit*, sniffing interviews and photo opportunities, are sending the undeserving miscreants Bootle and Healy to Melbourne to chase up the story...

•The Axeman knows that there's nothing new about popular music, but fuck it! there's a limit. Triple J are playing a band called *Con Carnes'* song 'Puss in Boots'. A more

plagiarist, rip-off bag of shit he's never heard. Subliminal riffs heisted and pasted together from *Led Zep's* 'Immigration Song' and *The Cramps* 'Tequila' (among others) make this number an immediate nominee for the Golden Pus Award.

•OK. That obnoxious ex-YTT turd *Jamie Redfern* turns 33; *Stu Sutcliffe* (*Beatles*) dies in Hamburg in 1962 and *Neville Staples* (*Fun Boy Three*) turns 34. Thought you could get away without this week's dates, eh? Well *David Cassidy* has a birthday on Thursday (who?); and *Al Green* - the r'n'b singer not the basketballer turns 44.

•Last Thursday's 'Entertainment' cover story in the 'Tiser certainly amazed a lot of people. Yes, Andi and Andi in all their permed glory: "The Americans like our look, they like our accent, they like the fact that we are young. In Adelaide we cop shit for how we look, but over there, they get excited." Over there, they get excited over the organ music between innings at the baseball, too. The Axeman had no idea such mediocrity deserved attention, and sneered "...they're welcome to each other..." Now, turn to BOTCHAT...

•If you should see them around, just send them home to mother... Young bands vying for attention around Adelaide include the magnificently named *Handsome Devils* and the slight more rockersilly *Eldorados*. May their saddle sores turn to weeping boils.

# The Artisans

•Live University Bar 30th March

The Artisans have described the Union Bar as a stadium and when they play there it's like a U2 soundcheck, three people up the front going "Turn it up! Turn it up!" But this time about 200 or so people were there to see them 'strut their stuff'.

The band glided off with Jesus and Mary Chain's *Darklands* and Orange Juice *Artisans* with crowd involvement peaking with blinding renditions of Joy Division's *Transmission* and New Order's *Run*.

The second set started off with an absolutely brilliant version of

Barry Ryan's *Eve of Destruction*, stripped down to just vocals and guitar. Other stand out songs where *Do it Clean* (Echo and the Bunnymen), *Made of Stone* (Stone Roses) and *Everybody Thinks He Looks Daft* (Wedding Present).

Musically, the Artisans played brilliantly, again, tight being the operative word. The bands stage presence is not all that exciting except for harp blower Jim, whose dancing has just to be seen. A real crowd pleaser.

Two originals were played in the final set, *Truth* and *Single Simple Reason*, high lighting the

bands jangly brand of pop. The gig finished on a retro note with the Tom Jones classic, *It's Not Unusual*, capping off a fine night of British indie pop.

Jason Bootle

## HOTEL ASTOR

PRESENTS

# NOUVEAU BOGO BOGO

*Easter Carnival*  
**EASTER SUNDAY**  
**APRIL 15th** from 5pm  
 FREE ENTRY WITH STUDENT CARD!

HOTEL ASTOR 437 PULLENY STREET ADELAIDE TEL (081) 221 2442

## The Best of the Velvet Underground The Velvet Underground Polygram

The Underground released its first album in 1967, and lasted, with Lou Reed as a member, on through 1970. The music the band created during that brief time, however, has had an impact on the course of popular music that is rivalled, among the group's contemporaries, only by the work of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan.

The sheer range of the group's influence is extraordinary. Among the artists who have covered the songs on this album are: REM, Bryan Ferry, David Bowie, The Cowboy Junkies and Echo and the Bunnymen. More significantly, The Velvet Underground essentially invented the notion of underground or alternative rock and roll.

This compilation includes the netherworldly epic-like "Heroin" which is a stark and amoral journey through the mind and soul of a drug addict. "I'm Waiting for the Man", "Run, Run, Run" and "White Light/White Heat" are exuberant studies of miminialist rock and roll. "Pale Blue Eyes", "Stephane Says" and possibly the two best-loved Lou Reed songs, namely "Sweet Jane" and "Rock and Roll" help make this 15 track compilation a thorough one whilst still being very accessible to those who have never listened to the Underground before.

If you don't like The Velvet Underground after listening to this then go back to your Stock, Aitken and Waterman automatons, where you belong you phascogale.

Simon Andrews

## Negative Waves Bored! Dog Meat Records

There is an amazing amount of good press concerning this record from a bunch of Geelong layabouts. First listen: just another punk band. The I discover they have supported Iggy Pop, Sonic Youth, the Ramones and Dinosaur Jr. Another listen. Now some songs at one moment have me tapping my feet, the next thinking 'What noisy muck!' But deep down something nags me about Bored!, so I sleep on it.

The next day I again listen Lo! I see the light! (and the Heavens filled with legions of Angels, and each Angel trumpeted to the Glory of God, and all men rejoiced, and then the Angels trashed the trumpets and kicked in the PA). *Negative Waves* is definitely a sleeper, slowly growing on you with each listen, until suddenly pouncing and stealing your purse at knifepoint. Bored! play great white trash noise/annoy the neighbours music and understandably this is not everyone's cup of tea (and very boring in excess) but some moments are absolute magic. Their version of "Whole Lotta Rosie" would make Bon Scott slam dance in his grave and you could swear Motorhead are doing "Remedy". Their only problem is that with the faster songs they sometimes try to be better musicians than they actually are, so end up sounding amateurish (like covers bands who

have to slow down in the hard bits). This aside, the record makes you want to thrash to your hearts content. Great fast Australian rock with inane lyrics by a band of idiots. Punk's not dead, it just went to Geelong for a bit.

James Nuttall  
Aged 5 1/2

## The Badman is Robbin Hijack Epic Records

This 12" lifted from Hijack's forthcoming album, "The Horns of Jericho", contains three great tracks. The first, after which the 12" is named features a clever incorporation of the Batman theme, although we tended to think that this theme was "done to death" last year. DJ Supreme provides some furious scratchin' to liven up the track, that even Cut Master Swift would envy.

By far the best mix is on Side B with "Hold No Hostage". DJ Supreme unleashes some wildstyle scratchin' which incorporates, a bit too often though, the South London posse's name.

The last, "Doomsday of Rap", is a fast hardcore hiphop track with yet again DJ Supreme producing a "bumrishin' Wildstyle Solo".

This record is a definite necessity for any of yo' homies out there ...

Rating 8 out of 10.

Geneviève Marjoribanks and Andrew Beveridge.

## Black Betty 12" Ram Jam Epic Records

*Black Betty* by the 1970s group Ram Jam, typifies all that was vile in the music of that era.

An amazingly stereotypical song: that unknown quantity, the black woman, who's "always ready", certainly places this song firmly in the 1970s.

Featuring the original, the remix and the remix-edit, this 'gem' of the tail end of glam rock fails to differ in sound, despite the desperate attempts of two different producers. The steam coming off the fingers as they circumnavigate the guitar strings, the spangled hair getting caught in the sticks as the drum solo thunders makes us realise why being a youth of the '80s and '90s is an honour not to be shunned.

Rating 1 out of 10 - Death to Hippies.

Geneviève Marjoribanks and Andrew Beveridge.

## Lost Lonely and Viscious Roddy Ray'Da Festival

It would seem that Roddy Ray'Da has a lot of difficulty staying in one place having been a former member of the scientists, Hoodoo Gurus and The Johnnys. This is his first album and his back-up band, the Surfin' Caesars, includes the rhythm section of the Celebrate Rifles. *Lost Lonely and Viscious* is a very fun rock and roll record which reminds me of the Ramones and early Jonathan Richmann and is full of recycled guitar riffs from the 50s, 60s and 70s. The album is full of songs about killer vampires, pirate women, beat up cars which don't go and virus' from outer space. Most of the lyrics border on the ridiculous and made me laugh, e.g.

"I put a mousey in a trance and into the grave

I'm sorry pretty baby but the mousey can't be saved"

from the 12 bar blues of "Night Stalker", which comes complete with Chuck Berry guitar riff (this song is almost a complete re-write of the Johnny O'Keefe song "Real Wild Child" which Iggy Pop recently recorded).

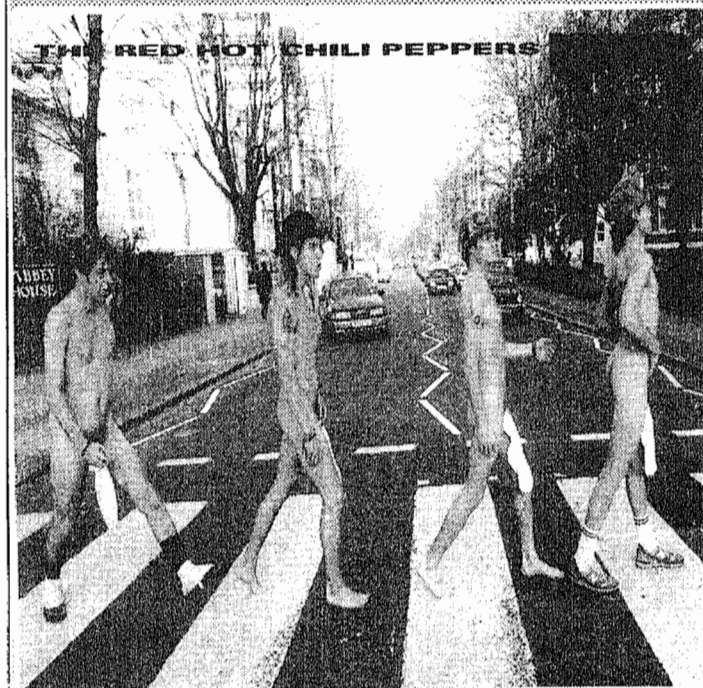
The first single off the album, "Dynamite Party" is a hard rock song with a catchy singalong chorus, which, with a bit of airplay, might even be a hit. Other tracks include the glam rock of "Nuclear Love", the grunge surf rock of "I Love You Baby" complete with toy piano solo, and "Girls Go Maniac". "Bear Huggin Love" is a rockabilly country song which wouldn't seem out of place on a Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper album (it's the type of song you would play at a barn dance). "Naughty Boy" is a song which copies the Bo Diddley guitar shuffle and is about an alcoholic youth trying to discover the meaning of life (I think).

I must admit that although in many ways this record is a joke, I thoroughly enjoyed it and most of the songs had me up dancing (nothing beats good old rock and roll to dance to compared to acid house) and singing along.

7 out of 10.

Jack Kyriacou.

## Record of the Week



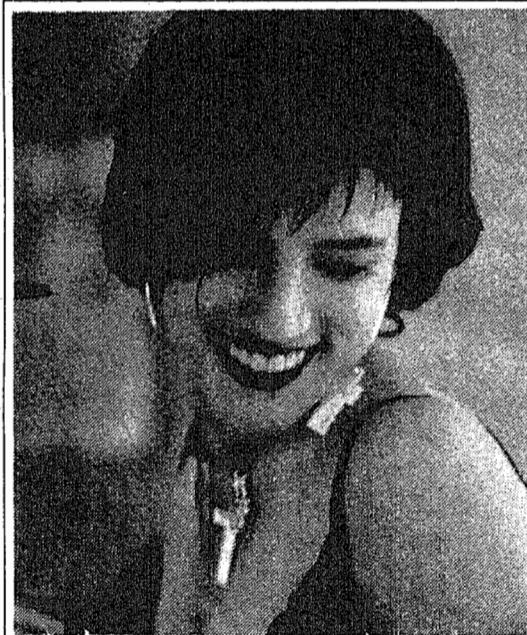
## Mothers Milk The Red Hot Chili Peppers EMI

I like a band who have the attitude that prompts them to print on their record cover "13 Great Songs, etc" sticker. Funny guys - The Red Hot Chili Peppers have a sense of humour - what else could cause the funky brutal adaption of song like "Higher Ground" and Jimi Hendrix' "Fire" (with uncanny vocals). This is not to say that they should be dismissed a series of trendy jokes, the album has plenty of great tracks: "Punk Rock Classic" steals the whining lead into "Sweet Child O' Mine" in a brilliant piss take; "Johnny, Kick A Hole In The Sky" begins with a strangled version of the Star Spangled Banner and "Magic Johnson", a fast jerky rap over a rhythmic freight train, is self-explanatory:

LA Lakers, fast break makers,  
Kings of the Court, Stoke 'em back, don't take us,  
Back to back, it's the baddest fact  
A claim that remains - intact!  
M-A-G-I-C, Magic cut the funk  
All teams pray for peace but he don't give a fuck.

But "Mothers Milk" does contain more accessible songs, like "Subway to Venus" and "Knock Me Down". Do not be fooled into assuming TRHCP's are only idiots who like to play thrashy guitars, they are a bit more versatile, but only a little. This album is what you would expect from four young Americans with tatoos and amps: It is loud and puerile, the gratuitous cover being an example. But who cares? It is fun and cool and dumb. I like that.

James Nuttall  
(A Libran who enjoys waterskiing, raging and meeting people.)



## Water Martika CBS 12"

The slow, relaxing trickling of a stream with the sound of a pacemaker gently dubbed over the top. Ambient House? Fat chance, buster.

The song itself jumps out as subtly as a man wearing a yellow raincoat in the parklands, and turns out to be quite a good rip-off of latter-period Madonna, with a guitar solo on one of those funny Spanish acoustic guitars that the Gipsy Kigs use. Furthermore, after hearing it twice, I couldn't remember a single line, which is always a good sign with this sort of music; although I have an inkling that she says "water" once or twice.

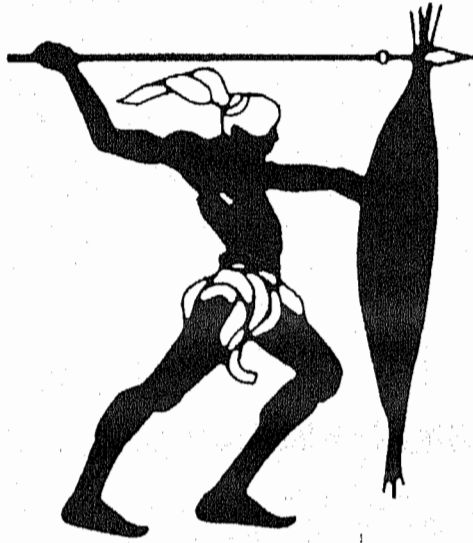
"Exchange of Hearts" isn't worth wasting a sentence on, and the two songs on the B-Side see her remaining true to her roots (ho, ho, ho: cheap sexual allusions make the world go round) by doing Spanish language version of "Toy Soldiers" and "I Feel The Earth Move". They sound exactly like Spanish-language versions of the songs we all know and ... um ... know.

The most interesting thing about them is the fact that she sings the words "Oh Baby" in English, which begs the question: isn't there a Spanish equivalent? Does this inability to display affection explain why they're all torturing and killing each other in Latin America?

Martika: Anthropological significance you can dance to.

Simon Healy

# ANC Solidarity Group Adelaide University



Inaugural General Meeting  
**Tuesday**  
1pm Games Room

The Chief Executive of ANC Solidarity Group (South Australia) will be talking about violence in South Africa

## A/U. FILM SOCIETY **CITIZEN**

## **KANE**



AND TWO SHORT FILMS:

**FLATLAND**

**HARDWARE WARS**

WEDNESDAY 11 APRIL 7.30PM

LITTLE CINEMA (LEVEL 5 UNION BUILDING)

MEMBERSHIP \$3.00

All Welcome

## Activities Week beginning Tuesday, April 10th, 1990

### Tuesday, April 3rd

7.30 - 10.30 pm Cinematheque Film Programme in Union Cinema with Roger Corman Double Feature. "X - The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" (USA, 1963, col, 80 mins) and "The Masque of Red Death" (USA, 1964, col, 86 mins). Films introduced by Shane McNeil, Lecturer in Film and Media, Magill and Sturt CAEs.

### Thursday, April 5th

1 - 2 pm Jazz in Gallery Coffee Shop with "Fiddlesticks".  
8.30 pm - 1.30 am Pre-Easter Bar Night with "Mark of Cain" (last AU gig before overseas), "Where's the Pope?" and "Love Fever". Special priced Tequila. AU Students \$5, Guests \$7.

### Second Activities Programme

Deadline is Wednesday, April 18th at 5 pm for second Activities Programme to cover May 1st - June 9th, 1990. It will list activities planned for Union Building. All clubs should send information to Barry Salter in Union Administration Office before deadline for inclusion.

### FOOTLIGHTS IS BACK!

All cast members and anyone else who is interested in participating in productions this year are welcome to come along to the FOOTLIGHTS A.G.M. in Law Lecture Theatre 1 (First Floor, Ligertwood Building) at 1:15 on Wednesday the 11th of April.

The committee for 1990 and productions for the rest of the year will be discussed at the meeting.

If you have any problems contact Geoff Griffith through his pigeonhole in the Law School.

### Required

Kitchen hands/Cashiers to work part time 17 - 19 years. Telephone 276 6365.

### Friends of the Earth

General Meeting, Thursday 12 April 1.00pm in the Games Room, Level 5.

On the Agenda: Treeplanting (winter is the time)

Ideas for Green Week (on Campus this semester e.g. stall, videoscreeing, guest screening)

### For Sale

HP-75 Portable Computer, Printer and Manuals, useful for advanced scientific calculations. Cost new \$2300. This week only, yours for the bargain basement low of \$750. Phone 265 4028

### NOWSA

The Network of Women Students In Australia is holding its annual conference in Sydney this year. Any women interested in participating can come to the NOWSA club AGM on Tuesday, 10th April at 1.10 pm in the Women's Room. Any queries contact Sarah Hopkins - 352 8279.

## COBBLEY'S CIDER

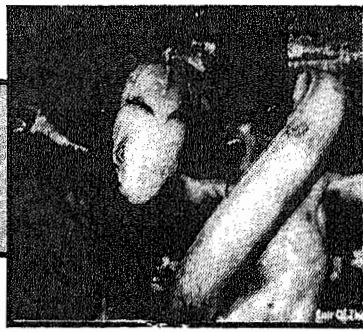
PROUDLY SOUTH AUSTRALIAN

# ON TAP AT YOUR UNION BAR/ BISTRO

Bottles and Casks available at most hotels and liquor stores  
TRY SOME TODAY

## And why not?

# Bot Chat



with  
**Salmonella Harris**



## LOOK OUT HOLLYWOOD

Andy and Andy take Hollywood by storm! Hometown boys make good! BOT CHAT digs up the dirt on these well groomed, streetsmart young lads. An old schoolmate of A & A's tells us that Andy "Duke" used to have the surname "Dyke" until he changed it in his quest for success. One of the Andies, upon being asked about his monolithic

haircut, replied "that's rock'n'roll, man." Heady stuff indeed; the kids are alright!

ATTENTION STARFUCKERS! First 10 people into the ON DIT office on tuesday after 1pm can win a free double pass to see "The Thrips" at the Venue. All you have to do is kiss the large photo of Andy & Andy we have in the office-easy!



## Wank On

The finest minds at University have been working on Scretnth's question; "How do you know if you're asleep or awake?" Best answers so far: If you're awake, you try to crawl out of your pool of vomit. If you're asleep, you refuse drinks.

**YOUNG PERSON** 2K90

DOWN THE RSL...  
G'DAY RON, GIVE US A ST. AGNY AND WATER THANKS LUV.

MINES ANOTHER "EMPIRE" BEER G'DAY CEC.

THAT'S NOTHING - I GOT BOTH MY TESTICLES BLOWN OFF! AND THAT WAS ONLY IN WW2. NOW LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT WW2....

FEMINISTS! BACK IN MY DAY WOMEN KNEW THEIR PLACE! I DIED FOR MY COUNTRY ETC ETC

WHEN I WAS A LAD I GOT BEATEN 6 TIMES A DAY- AND I WAS LUCKY! YOU COULD BUY A HOUSE AND STILL HAVE CHANGE FROM A THROTTLE ETC ETC

WELL CHECK OUT THIS WAR WOUND! BEEN CARRYING THIS LI' BEAUTY SINCE THE BOER WAR

IRON LUNG GOVERNMENT ISSUE

MHM... TAPEWORM. MY FAVOURITE!

HAVE CHANGE FROM A THROTTLE ETC ETC

LOOK! A DARKIE!

WINDOW

STROLL STROLL

'TAINT SAFE FOR DECENT FOLK ON THE STREET ANYMORE

SHIT!

BUT SUDDENLY....

TASS

TAKE THAT YOU STUPID OLD BASTARDS!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

SO MUCH FOR THAT DRAIN ON THE PUBLIC PURSE!

WELL BUGGER ME! IT'S YOUNG PERSON!

## GEORGE "numbers" KARZIS

George Karzis became Prez. of young Labor on the weekend at their AGM. Seen heading towards the meeting - large busloads full of Georges' friends clutching shiny new membership cards with bewildered looks on their faces.

## THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK

i have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.  
-Genesis 32:30  
No man hath seen God at any time.  
-John 1:18  
And I [god] will take mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts; but my face shall not be seen.  
-Exodus 33:23



LAST GIG

MARK OF GAIN

WHERE'S THE POPE

LOVE FEVER

THURSDAY APRIL 12

Adelaide University Union Bar

Students \$5.00

Guests \$7.00

Adelphi Committee presents  
reduced price Tequila Night