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ON·DIT

Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly • Volume 59 Number 1 • March 4 1991



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Get Rich!
Get Really Rich!
Seize the Day!
Sell! Sell! Sell!
On Dit ventures into the
consumerist temple with
the disciples of Amway..

UNION BOARD: KILL AND KILL AGAIN

UNION BOARD

You paid \$251 at the start of the year to become a member of Adelaide University Union. If I might hazard a guess about the results of the current Union survey, most of you think that you're getting fairly mediocre value for your money.

There is something of a tendency among students to regard the Union as an enormous juggernaut which is uncontrollable in any way, no matter how it is being managed.

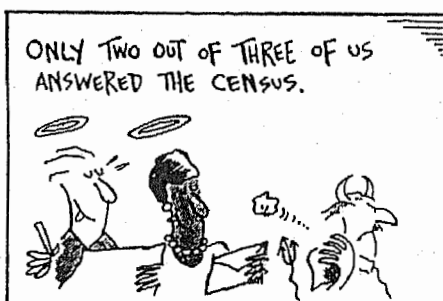
The seventeen people listed below, however, have direct control over a whole shitload of money, most of it yours. You should do everything possible to hassle them into spending it the way you want it spent.

Reading over last year's election broadsheet confirms that many of the incumbent Board members made some pretty bloody outrageous promises to you; it is your right to hold them accountable.

If you like, you can even have a go at being on the power-trip team yourself by running for the vacant seat on Union Board in the By-Election later this month: see details elsewhere in the paper.

Here are all the current Union Board members and the departmental pigeonholes where you can contact them. You know what to tell 'em.

Nicholas Boyd-Turner	Civil Engineering
Amy Barrett	Law
Kamal Farouque	Law
Christine Frewin	Genetics
Nicholas Hannaford	Mechanical Engineering
Kumar Kanagasabal	Law
Anna Lucy	Law
Phillip Murphy	Agricultural Biochemistry
Maria O'Brien	Law
Susie O'Brien	Law
Sam Alfred	Psychology
Asha Puvan	Law
Loretta Reynolds	Law
Anthony Roediger	Economics
Natasha Stott Despoja	History
Andrew Wicks	Medicine
Mel Yuan	Economics



Basically, just head for the Law school and fossick around!

BUY ME

TRAVELLING T-SHIRT SALES- MEN COME TO ADELAIDE

Peter Rapchan and Regan Buten were two kids like any other, the youngest one in curls, looking to go overseas and have a bit of a good time. However, coming from Canada, where tertiary fees are an imposing reality, they had to come up with a novel idea for financing their overseas jaunt.

Their concept was to take a popular T-shirt design in Canada, do individual tie-dyes around the basic motif, and to sell them to unsuspecting passers-by as a means of raising money to travel around the world. Leaving their home and Capialano College where they study their first stop was Sydney, where Pete and Regan spent three weeks sunning themselves on Bondi Beach, and sold an initial trial run of 20 T-Shirts.

Travelling the way of true students, Pete and Regan hitchhiked to Robe before meeting up with a student who was taken with their

novel concept, giving them a lift the rest of the way to Adelaide and putting them in touch with On Dit.

Once in Adelaide, the two Canadians have locked themselves in a darkened room for three weeks producing their Free World Wear T-Shirts. The format of the shirts is the basic Free World Wear design (a peace symbol superimposed on a world map), with a tie-dye splash of colours that varies for each shirt. On the back is the motto, "It's not just clothing. It's an attitude." This can be interpreted as either the voice of a generation or something to impress your friends with.

After selling at the University of SA and Flinders Uni last week, Free World Wear T-Shirts will have a stall on the Barr Smith Lawns during Orientation Week. The shirts are \$30. Alternately you can just chat to Pete and Regan about their amazing travels and wonderful taste in music. They loved the Red Hot Chili Peppers CD playing in the On Dit office.

Simon Healy

ORIENTATION WEEK LOOSELY DEFINED AS A BIT OF A PISSUP

When asking ourselves a question as to the usefulness of Orientation, the query can always be answered with the inescapable fact that it is a time of serious, dedicated, and at times, almost death-defying drinking. The ready availability of events at which drinking is possible (or necessary) and the massive supplies of free alcohol generously donated by Coopers and Cobbleys mean that the week should be planned carefully around the idea of "where is my next drink coming from"? To help in your quest we have compiled a drinkers diary of O'Week.

Monday

12 noon: Essential for the dedicated drinker. Line your stomach with a BBQ on the lawns plus free beer and cider. Get your hands on as much as possible, and get outside of it.

8pm: Off to the O'Hop to strangle a few pints and possibly have a bit of a dance. Drink heavily and end up in bed with a tree fern or bar stool.

Midnight: Video Sleepover. Do they serve drinks there?

Tuesday

8.30am: Science Assoc. Pancake Breakfast. A bit early, and it doesn't say anything about beer, but head along on the off-chance. You may

make some new friends who will buy you a drink later on.

12noon: Free alcohol in the cloisters- need I say more.

7.30pm: Wine and cheese for the parents in the Gallery. Borrow some clothes from Mum or Dad, and get into some of that fruit of the vine. Don't reveal your real age.

Wednesday

There doesn't seem to be too much drinking today, until of course, Skullduggery. This is always worth a go, as you get a chance to wrap your lower intestine around 10000 litres of beer.

Thursday

This day is a bit slow, the only highlight being at 3.00pm, with women's drinks in the Gallery. Males are advised to go to a differ-

ent pub, possibly the Uni Bar, but then again, so are females. Recuperation at home is the order of the day if you overdid it the night before.

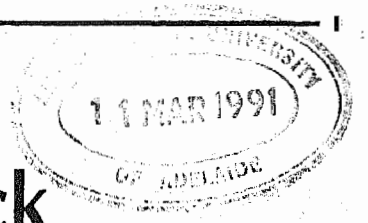
Friday

DIGGER PUB CRAWL! The best event of the week, with the possible exception of the O'Ball. Leaving the bar at 12noon, it promises to be a class event, visiting some real digger pubs. Expedition leaders are all hardened drinkers prepared to lead by example.

Saturday

The O'Ball. Last chance to support the South Australian brewing industry, or your friends as they get overly enthusiastic. See some neat bands, and continue to punish your liver.



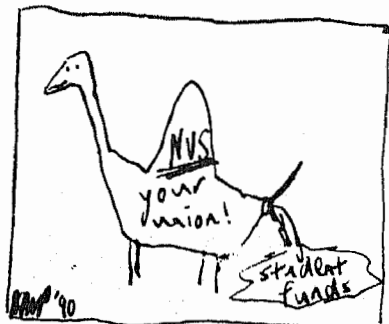


NUS Delegate Scam

NUS Sweetheart Deal

A letter of complaint to the Editors was lodged by Anna Lucy and Rushdi Hoole (both AU Liberal members) complaining about the undemocratic way NUS observers were elected at the last Students' Association meeting in 1990. Due to personal reasons, both were unable to attend and partake in the selection process. According to Ms. Lucy and Mr. Hoole, a motion was passed that "Susie O'Brien, Misha Schubert, Jo Gilbert, Sheri Pickering, Nick Hannaford, Paul Draper and Andrew Taylor be Adelaide University NUS Observers" thus setting up a sweetheart deal between the Liberals and Independents (Ben Mudge was included in the initial motion but later withdrew). Could such a caucus possibly express minority views at the NUS Annual Conference?

Anna and Rushdi were both politically active on campus in 1990, therefore aware that conniving political tactics may be used. Both made it clear that they have dissociated themselves from what they believe was an unfair NUS Observer election. After the SAUA Council meeting, the Labor Club embarked on a poster campaign around campus decrying the Independent/ Liberal deal. They were



posted during exams and therefore received little attention from most students.

NUS CONFERENCE DECEMBER 1990

According to AU Union President Melissa Yuan, the NUS Conference held at Deakin University was well attended by a cross-section of students from each state. However, the conference had its share of controversy.

A substantial 60-page document concerning education policy produced excessive debating between delegates, and in Melissa's opinion, this was a milestone because the arguments were 'thrashed', although many students felt more time was required to do the debates justice.

However Andrew Lamb, who attended as a member of the NUS Executive Committee, disagrees. His main criticism is that the failure by NUS Representatives to actually read the document was the key reason behind the apparent lack of time to debate education policies.

In essence, both Melissa Yuan and Andrew Lamb agree that NUS does have a future. For NUS to be effective, they believe that a direct link between Campus and National Union Organisation must prevail.

Michelle Gillam-Malone

HECS Payback Rate To Increase

Changes to the Higher Education Contribution Scheme will be effective from 1 July 1991. The rate of payment will be increased from 1% to 2% of taxable incomes between \$25,469 and \$28,941 and from 2% to 3% of incomes up to \$40,519 and 3% to 4% of higher incomes. Essentially, this will only affect students who cannot pay up front at 15% discount. So what is the platform taken by the Federal Government and its Opposition? Robert Bell, Australian Democrat Spokesperson on Education, believes the acceleration in payments is a regressive manoeuvre with the aim of refilling government coffers more quickly. In Mr Bell's opinion, the Government will eventually discourage future and continuing students from undertaking further education. The Democrats remain strongly opposed to the imposition of tertiary fees, whether paid up-front or deferred. The Democrats see education as an investment rather than an economic problem.

The Liberal stance on the HECS charge accuses the Federal Government of mismanaging tertiary funding. According to Dr David Kemp, Shadow Minister of Education, the Federal Government regards education in this country from a narrow point of view. Dr Kemp said that constant change in Government policies affecting students had become standard practice, and provided little or no confidence about the future. He believes the Government is in desperate need of funds and that the HECS charge is the alibi being used in order to raise extra revenue. The Liberals have not indicated whether they are opposed to the increase in the HECS charge but they believe that proper planning and increased tertiary

funding is the vital answer. On Dit spoke to Bob Catley, Federal Labor Member for Adelaide and asked him about the new HECS charge which will be effective in July. ON DIT: Why does the Federal Government deem it necessary to increase the deferred payment rate?

BOB CATLEY: It's necessary because education is an expanding industry and in order to ensure sufficient places for students, the Government is alleviating the drain on taxpayers and increasing funding to keep up with student demands. OD: Doesn't this prove that HECS has no ideological basis and is mainly a revenue-raising scheme?

BC: That's absolutely wrong. In principle, HECS has made it possible for more school leavers to have accessibility to tertiary institutions. In substance, the Federal Government has expanded access to further education. Our latest figures show that both graduate and post-graduate positions have increased, here in Adelaide and interstate.

OD: The Democrats have stated that the Federal Government are attempting to discourage future and continuing students from undertaking further education. Is this true?

BC: Obviously they have their facts wrong.

OD: Do you believe the new repayment rates will hinder future financial plans made by students?

BC: Not at all. Besides, most graduates will not be immediately earning \$25,000 or more, so they will have plenty of time to plan financially.

On Dit attempted to get a comment from the Federal Education Minister's office but they were unable to comment.

Michelle Gillam-Malone

Free Press?

Student's Association President, Natasha Stott Despoja, ruminates on the nature of student media

The principle of freedom of the press is a fundamental one in my opinion. Currently the Students' Association Constitution allows for complete and unfettered editorial discretion for the editors of our weekly newspaper On Dit. This is part of the accepted and hallowed democratic processes within the institution. Any erosion of this editorial discretion would represent an erosion of our democratic principles and lead to censorship.

The recent problems associated with the 1991 Orientation Guide, that is the Students' Association has received verbal and written complaints about the publication's content, signal the need for a clear delineation between promotional Students' Association publications and that of student newspapers.

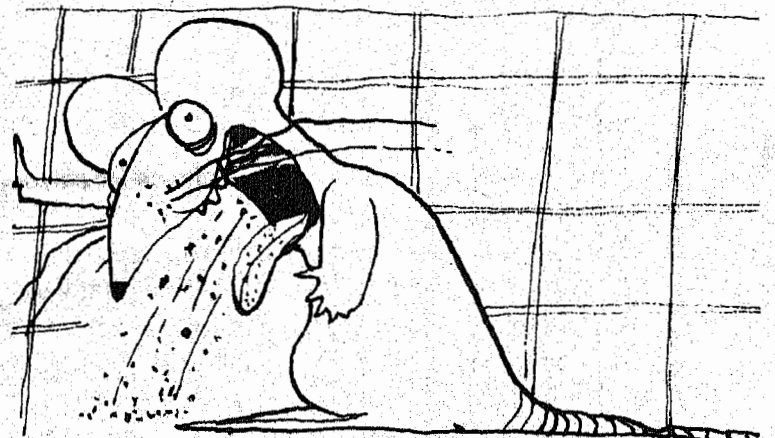
It does not, however, symbol-

ise a need for restrictions on the powers of our student press or any limitations on our freedom of speech and the press on campus.

At the last meeting of SAUA Council some of these issues were superficially addressed with the deferment of discussion to a meeting of the Association's Media Standing Committee. The meeting of the MSC

will take place on Wednesday, March 13 at 1pm in the Chapel Board Room. All students are invited to attend a discussion that could possibly result in changes to campus media, the Students' Association Constitution and might even see some students attempt to introduce fascist Murdochian practices...

Natasha Stott Despoja



SKI TRIP



This year the Adelaide University Snow Ski Club has even more to offer. Join us for six days of action packed skiing, frivolity and general good times from the 20th to the 27th of July at the Arlberg Hotham. The Arlberg boasts excellent views and, more importantly, the best nightclub for après-ski activities. All units contain ensuite, drying cabinet and full kitchen facilities. Sauna, spa and indoor heated swimming pool are also part of the package. We will take you by coach there and back, supply breakfast and dinner everyday and pay for your lift, lessons and ski hire all for \$680.00. All levels of ability are welcome. Come and see us on the lawns during O'Week or ring Suzannah on 797353.

STUDENT ACCOMMODATION AVAILABLE

If you're looking for share, board, or lease accommodation, contact the Student Housing Officer, Peter Turnbull, who is located in the Counselling Centre on Level One of the Horace Lamb Building for further details during Orientation Week.

There is still accommodation available in most suburbs around Adelaide at reasonable prices.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

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Drop in and let's talk...we are down to earth and know what we are on about. (Don't ask for Roscoe)

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Editorial

Hello. We are the 1991 editors of *On Dit*. (Pronounced On Dee, NOT as it is spelt.) We both like to dance a bit upon occasion, but that's not what this editorial is about. Welcome to a new year at Adelaide University, and a new year of *On Dit*. This year we are hoping for as many new contributors to the paper as possible, so drop in and see us in our office in the cloisters, or at our table on the lawns during O'Week if you are interested in writing. We are looking for features, reviews, news, creative writing, cartoons, or just about anything. Both of us are attractive and friendly, so don't feel intimidated.

An important issue that has been raised recently in SAUA Council is that of freedom of the press. Free and unfettered editorial discretion is guaranteed in the Constitution, yet some SAUA councillors seem to feel that *On Dit* should become a SAUA pamphlet, or subject to more control by council. This is going against the very democratic principles that they claim to abide by, due to the fact that the editors are elected by a majority of students in a free election. As a result of these discussions the Media Standing Committee (MSC) has been convened.

Have a nice year.

All our love

Dave Krantz

Simon Healy

History Faculty Debacle

To the Editors,

As Head of the Department of History I would like to apologise to second-year students for the time it took to pre-enrol in History subjects on 5 February. I would also like to thank the vast majority of those students for appreciating the difficulties and taking the delays with good humour.

The delays were such that I feel I owe the students an explanation:

1. The University Council has ruled that such pre-enrolment take place on a first-come, first-served basis.
2. To a certain extent, the delays resulted from the success of the Department in advising students of the necessity to pre-enrol. In the past many students queued for hours at the Faculty of Arts enrolment centre only to discover, when they finally got to the front, that they needed to go to the History office to obtain pre-enrolment forms. This year most students went directly to the History office, resulting in unfortunate delays.
3. Only one person was working at the desk because we felt that more people would only get in each other's way and be unable to control the number of students going into each subject.
4. Finally, to the question "Why pre-enrolment quotas in the first place?" I would argue that the students themselves would not prefer the alternatives. The Department of History's policy is that specialist subjects at second- and third-year levels require specialist tutors, namely, the lecturers themselves. We try to restrict our use of casual tutors to first-year subjects (we have no full-time tutors). Take the example of the subject on World War II taught by Prof. Austin Gough. If we had no quota on this subject, enrolment would be well over 200. Prof. Gough could not tutor 200 students, and would students want an unqualified tutor who would know only a bit more about the subject than they do?

In an address at a recent graduation ceremony, Hugh Stretton, Professor Emeritus of this Department, deplored the fact that he knew some graduates sitting in

the audience who got their degrees without ever getting to know any of their lecturers; in other words, for three years these students only had casual or full-time tutors in tutorials, never the lecturers. It would never happen in History.

Sincerely,

A. Lynn Martin

Head

Department of History

And We Haven't Even Started Yet

Dear Sirs,

About this time of the year I begin to look forward to the first edition of the year. I start to look forward to the first issue of *On Dit* in the hope that this year, for the first time in a long time, the editors will reintroduce some substance to the paper. I refer here to the possible, but not too probable, reappearance of news.

It doesn't have to be world shattering or epoch making. In fact you could start with something quite trivial. Anything.

The movie reviews are fine, the borrowed articles passable and the propaganda from the pollies is OK as far as it goes. But I, and I suspect a lot of others too, want to know what is actually going on around the campuses. For instance;

- What is going on at the top of the Ligertwood?
- Why has Frank O'Neill got a new car?
- Why are they paving the yard outside the Record Store
- Who is looking to take over the Labor Club, or the Liberal Club, or any club for that matter?

I find it hard to believe that in a community as large as ours that there isn't enough news to fill a page of *On Dit*. What is the point of a student newspaper if it carries no campus news? More to the point, why should we continue to fund an organ of the Union that shows no discernable benefit to staff and students?

I'm not even asking for objectivity. I'd gladly accept bias, rumour, innuendo, or plain gossip. Anything! Only please don't let me think those trees were wasted. So how about it guys?

Yours in anticipation,

John T. Rowe

Politics Department

Dear John,

No-one here quite knows the origin of the age-old rule that no information relevant to students in any way may appear in *On Dit*, but rest assured, we're looking into it.

In answer to your questions:

- They're extending the building. It's being done by a construction company. Expect a massive exposé on the Law School Car Park any week now.

- Presumably because he's an upwardly-mobile young professional. Why don't you ring him up and ask him? His extension is 5204.

- They're building an outdoor eating area for the Wills Refectory.

- The Labor Club is probably going to be a shitfight between Kirsty McKenzie and Kamal Farouque. Someone from the eastern suburbs with rich parents is a strong tip for the Libs. The important one these days is the Independents, but we could write a 3-page article on the egos jockeying for position there.

It's always predictably tedious that people whinge about the 3% that *On Dit* gets out of your Union fee because it actually does something, whereas the other 97%, a fair slab of which is useless to most students, gets ignored. Thanks for writing anyway.

Schoolboy Humour Attempt

I went to St. Peter's College, got 493 for Matric, live in Burnside, drive a Merc, play lawn tennis and my parents work for a large commercial law firm. I've got

- AIDS
- Gonorrhoea
- Chlamydia
- Syphilis
- Trichomoniasis
- Thrush (Oral and Anal)
- PID
- Herpes Simplex (I & II)
- Hepatitis B
- Tinea cruris
- Papillomatosis
- Pubic Pediculosis (my daddy

brought me that from Bangkok. It cost him 300 Plebs)

- Tennis elbow

And all this just from going to a boy's school. I was really looking forward to going on an O' Camp and mingling with some guys (and maybe even some girls) from co-ed schools. But when I met a girl from Christies Beach High while climbing into her bunk, I was most disappointed to find she didn't have gonorrhoea, only tennis elbow and she hadn't even heard of public pediculosis. That's why I was so offended by your ad. In the Orientation Guide that suggested we private schoolies don't keep up with all the latest trends.

Greg Richards

4th Year Law/Arts

Simon Morley

4th Year Medicine/2nd Year Arts

P.S. And all you needed to do was crawl into my sleeping bag on an O' Camp to find out. Better luck next year when I'm an O' Camp leader plebs.

NUS Junket

Dear Simon, Dave and students,

As you may remember at the second to last Student's Association Council meeting of 1990, there was a motion passed that certain people should be the NUS observers, thus bypassing the Council election process which would have taken place.

It has been claimed that this was an Independent/Liberal caucus and junket. We wish to disassociate ourselves from this motion as we were not present at the meeting for personal reasons. Further we wish to make clear that we believe that this motion should have never have taken place and would not have had our support. That is not to say that the delegates would not have had our support, rather we disagree with the process that took place.

Yours sincerely,
Anna Lucy
Rushdi Hoole
SAUA Councillors

DISCLAIMER

The views expressed in this year's Orientation Guide are not representative of those of the Students' Association. The Editors of the Orientation Guide have complete and unfettered editorial discretion, as outlined in the SAUA Constitution.

The Students' Association apologises if any of the graphics or views expressed were offensive to some students. However, this is part of the democratic process where the freedom of the press is a fundamental principle.

Natasha Stott Despoja
President



even as we speak

CNN- Certainly Not News

Initially, watching the Gulf War was a bit like watching a Test Match- the coverage was constant, normal programming was suspended, and we all sat glued to our sets expecting a result on the fourth or fifth day. "The international news-gathering sources of CNN" (and, to a lesser extent, ABC and NBC) provided us with an accurate and up to the minute account of proceedings in the Gulf. This was the zenith of the information explosion. Everybody-even George and Saddam- was watching CNN to find out what was happening.

The trouble was, coverage of the Gulf was so sanitised and manipulated by the military that, in many ways, we may as well have been watching a Test Match and relying on the international news-gathering sources of Richie Benaud for the latest from the Gulf.

Under the banner of National Security, the US military, despite strong protest from the networks, imposed a number of rules for coverage of combat in the Gulf. All correspondents

were drafted into media "pools" under constant military escort. All stories and images had to be submitted to the military for clearance prior to publication or transmission. Similar rules were applied by the French and British military, with similar penalties for journalists attempting to sidestep them.

In both World Wars and in Korea and Vietnam no such restrictions existed. In the Gulf War, the coverage we saw was the coverage the military wanted us to see.

The on-screen reminder that the news and images had been "cleared" by the military is rendered completely ineffective by the strength of the images presented on television. The nature of television is such that image equals truth.

Consider the celebrated satellite photographs of the bombing of Baghdad. General Schwarzkopf appears before a well behaved group of hand-picked journalists and shows us a video. In the video we see a smart bomb hitting its target- the air vent on top of the Iraqi Defence Headquarters- and voila!, the building is destroyed. After a series of press conferences the public acquires a mental catalogue of these raids and remembers each one of them for its precision. The military target is hit every time. No blood, no civilian casualties.

The military tells the press that after five weeks it has dropped 55 million kilograms of explosives on targets in Iraq and Kuwait. At the same time, we get to see about ten or fifteen different shots of these explosives hitting their targets. A smart bomb weighs about 900 kilograms. This leaves about sixty one thousand bombs unaccounted for.

Television has the unique and dangerous power to transmute the few images we see- all of them true- into a falsehood, by the exclusion of those images we are not permitted to see. Our lasting impression of the war is based on a series of sanitised snapshots of military targets being hit dead on by allied airpower.

American policy on media control in wartime is best illustrated by Air Force Doctor William Burner; "Two things people should not watch are the making of sausage and the making of war." This was the approach taken by the Bush administration during the execution of "Operation Just Cause" in Panama. The invasion/liberation of Panama was reported as a virtually bloodless conflict, despite the fact that 23 US servicepersons and over one thousand Panamanians were killed. Bush took the media to task over its juxtapo-



sition of himself laughing jovially at a press conference with footage of American war dead arriving at the military cemetery in Dover.

Such wry observations are rare on the networks. While CNN attempts to do its best with Stormin' Norman's home videos, and in some cases and due largely to the work of journalists such as Arnett, Shaw and Holliman actually provides humane insight into proceedings, the other networks are absolutely supine.

NBC deserves a special mention. Bryant and Deb chuckle into their coffee as Arabs suffer from collateral damage and Americans are felled by friendly missiles. Weatherman Willard Scott chirps "Gee, there's nothing like a war to get you up in the morning" shortly before introducing a photo of Mitzy Blattstein from Wyoming who's 103 and wants to send a special message to her grandson Biff in the Gulf.

George Bush's quest for a New World Order will no doubt be aided considerably by the fact the US networks have become, wittingly and unwittingly, an instrument of government policy.

Blood Sucking Freaks (With Closely Cropped Hair)

Apart from war, there really is nothing which helps sell newspapers like a good murder. However, if there's some kind of bizarre twist, say, a serial killing or a satanic sacrifice, it's even better. But if you really want the circulation to go through the roof, you'll need the homosexual element, the deranged accountant-come-sodomite with a taste for young boys, or as we saw recently, the Blood Sucking Lesbian Witch.

As you probably read, Tracey Wigginton and Lisa Ptaschinski

were jailed last month for the murder of Edward Baldock. They and two other women reportedly lured Baldock back to their apartment for a bit of slap and tickle, and then to a park where he got his gear off. Wigginton crept up on him from behind, stabbing him repeatedly in the neck and shoulders. The court heard that Wigginton, a lesbian, was a vampiress with an "insatiable lust for human blood", and that she and her three lesbian friends had more than a passing interest in things satanic.

The media had a field day. Journalists delved into their lexicon of lesbian cliches and churned out a plethora of articles which gave the impression that, apart from the capital offence of murder, the women in question had also committed the capital offence of being lesbian.

The Australian described Wigginton as "a beefy TAFE college sheetmetal work student", but *The Advertiser* really stole the show. In an hysterical piece by Jason Gagliardi titled "Lust for Blood", Wigginton was described as a "solidly built woman" who in 1982 "cut her hair short and spiky and began to wear mainly black outfits". Whilst in court she appeared "well-groomed but without make-up." All of which illustrates that she was a raving lesbian murderess with no dress sense and a silly hair cut.

The article also contained some bizarre investigative work which revealed the tormented psyche of Wigginton. She had been seen pulling the legs off cockroaches and she carried a pillow case as a form of security blanket which she affectionately named Bi-Lo.

Gagliardi also took the time to contact an acquaintance of Wigginton's who informed him that "she had always been a bit scary." In fact he even took the liberty to add his own observation (based on what?) that "It was no secret around town that

she was a lesbian and she had a frightening way of pushing herself onto other people."

When you consider the thousands of instances of rape and domestic violence which occur in Australia, it seems that the media directs a disproportionate amount of attention towards violence of a non-heterosexual nature. It is hard to imagine the line "It was no secret around town that he was a heterosexual and he had a frightening way of pushing himself onto other people" in the reporting of a rape.

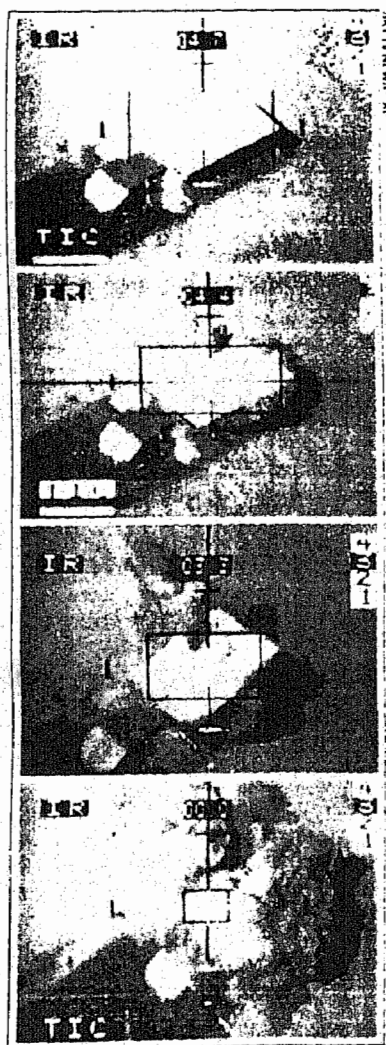
But then again, rape is a fact of life, but when the loony lezzo blood sucking sheetmetal workers get in on it, it's news!

Crap Article of the Week

Woman's Day cover story- "Michael Made Me Sexy". If you can guess who he made sexy, write in and you'll be in the running for a candlelit dinner with her, as she's got a bit of free time at the moment.



Even As We Speak is a weekly page on media issues compiled by David Penberthy. If you find any articles in papers which you believe are of interest or have an axe to grind about the print and electronic media, bring it into On Dit.



Excerpts from Stormin' Norman's home videos

GET RICH QUICK!

Maria O'Brien and Kate Juttner go crazy
at an Amway Convention

Many cults are of a distinctly religious bent, with believers motivated by ideals of benevolence and humanity; genuine, albeit sometimes misguided, good. Historically, most of the population were churchgoers, cult members of a sort, but the twentieth century has seen the inevitable decline of traditional religious belief, and the rise in its place of the Cult of Materialism.

The extreme manifestation of this is seen in the popularity of Get-Rich-Get-Really-Rich Product Promotions schemes, which has seen the Holy Trinity replaced by the Almighty Dollar, Sunday Worship metamorphose into evangelical sales promotions and Sunday school picnics superceded by lavish orange-juice-only international conventions. Whereas once every second person on the street was a Christian, nowadays there is the real fear that every second person is hoping to lure you to the dubious delights of cheap cosmetics, soap-on-a-rope and laundry detergent.

Buy now and sell later is the name of the game, and desperately do they try to sell. Every adult person at one stage in his or her life must have been confronted with an over-enthusiastic person attempting to promote a certain product for a sale, motivated by a real need: the garage is so full of pre-bought goods that the Corolla won't fit in. Who hasn't worked with a Nutrimetics consultant, and been forced to purchase a token Apricot Glaze lipstick on a monthly basis, to keep the said agent from wasting an hour extolling the virtues of the product? All such sales are unfortunately based on the premise that the unsuspecting consumer will buy something he or she does not need simply because it is thrust in front of them, usually in outstandingly ugly packaging, but apparently packed with Quality. It has been said that it is the lowest thing in the world to sell soap to your friends, so why do seemingly normal people do it?

Simply because soap is not merely an occupation for those concerned with promoting its sale, but a Way Of Life. It offers more than supposedly grandiose profits; the Way, the Truth and the Light encompasses an entire elaborate social structure. These people do not just sell soap in their spare time; they subscribe as well to a hierarchy based on a mutual, almost mystical belief, in their own monetary self-advancement. This is reinforced at conventions and other social gatherings which blur the boundary between business and social interaction.

A typical large-scale convention for a thousand disciples included a central boxing-ring-style altar, surrounded by the elite, the plebs being fanned out behind the ropes. So eager were the handmaidens to look upon their deity that vast queues formed outside the



"These people do not just sell soap in their spare time"

doors half an hour before the scheduled starting time. There was a rush of Sequins dead on 6pm, with the polyester brigade (read potential Sequins) surging to their designated pews. It was an orange-juice-only affair: the followers were filled with the Spirit alone.

Dinner, a perfunctory gesture, was hastily gotten out of the way, to the anthemic pulses of John Farnham and the subversive messages of Roxette's "Dressed for Success". Robin William's 'Carpe Diem' sequence of "Dead Poet's Society" was viewed for subtle approbation and was reinforced by the Theme of the Event: Take Control-Seize the Day, printed on personalized placecards for the Sequins.

This video extravaganza was mild by comparison to what was to follow, which was sufficient to shock even the most ritual-hardened Catholic. That 25 to 60 year old people could totally unself-consciously stand, chant and wave serviettes around their heads in competition with other segments of the room was astounding. The ostensibly inspirational speeches of the Sequined Gods were met with ten minute frantic ova-

tions, despite their mediocrity. So aroused were those present, and so successfully inspired were they, that anyone who chanced upon the stage was treated to frenzied applause.

King Diamond, flashing stone and big microphone attesting to his superiority, gave a 45 minute much practised rendition of his family's financial status over a 25 year period, detailing his rise from somewhere to nowhere. This presentation contained many hidden delights, two of which spring freshly to mind. The first of these was his reason for getting involved in the business. A fellow network salesperson had boasted of his intention of buying an international resort home each year for twelve, and spending a month of the thirteenth year in each. King D was evidently impressed by this worthwhile venture: he ditched air traffic controlling to Seize the Dream... The other gem, sorry diamond, of his speech was a reference to student peace protesters marching against the Gulf War. Their reason for causing a public disturbance, according to Big D, was that university students have no goals, and therefore

hinder upright civilians like himself engaged in money-making pursuits. This was from a self-confessed first year uni dropout.

Further highlights of the evening included the "Profiles of Success" books, full of carefully posed and bediamonded success stories: wholesome white married couples with their wordly wealth, for the benefit of those aspirants sitting beyond the ropes. Not only had they faithfully purchased their copies, but they waited patiently to express their adulation personally to the sequined ones. In stark contrast to the sombreness of the Gulf War was the poster competition which was won by a happy, healthy couple dreaming of a solid diet of luxury vehicles, private gyms and overseas trips, in nauseatingly specific detail.

Odder still was the defensive nature of the evening. Except for one slip, the mysterious name of the organization was variously referred to as "network sales", "the business" and "McKenna and Associates". Frighteningly, Avon, Nutrimetics and Tupperware, or other similar sales organizations could have been substituted. In common with those organizations the intention is to insidiously draw in new unsuspecting recruits in order to increase personal profits. This is not so much because existing agents are inspired to bring others to the cause, but because there is a positive expectation that they will sponsor converts. An elaborate scheme of sponsorship and "upline directors" exists to channel new blood into the organization. Sponsorship is seen as an achievement on par with profit-making and when asked who intended to sponsor another new person within a week, the entire room of a thousand leapt as one body to its feet.

There are all too many horror stories of how people are lured in by a process of misconception, whereby the true nature of the organization in question are not revealed but merely alluded to. Roberta was rung up by her physiotherapist and asked if she was interested in discussing a proposal that would be advantageous to her. There was no mention of what was actually involved until she was safely trapped in the physio's home, when the hard sell began. There it became clear that the mysterious organization had a familiar name: Amway.

While the Gulf War raged in the Middle East, Australian soap consultants were otherwise engaged with planning sponsorship, overseas trips, frocks with yet more sequins and the next Diamond Day extravaganza. Don't miss it!

GULF WAR- THE LAST WORD

The Gulf War is possibly the largest media circus in the last decade. The military phase of the conflict is coming to a close, and it seems to be all over bar the peacemaking. Our man somewhere near the spot, Dominic Petracaro, gives an incisive overview of the situation, covering the conflict and the outlook for the future.

To say that 1991 kicked off with a bang would be something of an understatement, and one in poor taste at that! In any case, the events of January 15 to March 1 added further to the 5000 years of military history which the human race has managed to accumulate thus far and which, despite (or in spite of) the establishment of a "New World Order", seem destined to continue ad infinitum. In my last On Dit article on the show-down in the Gulf I ended on a high moral note, much to the amusement of some and the bemusement of others; my moral objections to war thus being well documented I will confine this article to a sweeping political/military analysis of the conflict.

The first point about which we should not delude ourselves is that this war was about oil and national interests. It had little to do with the principle that a big country should not invade a smaller one - a principle which has been conveniently ignored in the past; nor was this war one of democracy versus dictatorship, democracies and dictatorships have quite often gotten on well in the past (as in fact had the U.S. and Iraq prior to August 2); nor, was this war about saving Kuwaitis (or Iraqis for that matter) from a repressive regime, the West has often looked on as regimes repressed both their own and foreign peoples. No. This whole saga has been about naked self interest on the part of both Iraq and the West. There is no doubt that both Iraq's invasion and the West's response were driven by their respective oil interests, in the West's case it has been a response contiguous with policies of Western powers to control Middle East oil since the beginning of this century.

Few would argue that Iraq's invasion of Kuwait was justified and few could argue that a response of some sort from the United Nations was not justified (after all the U.N. had been set up for such a purpose); however, the eventual course taken remains questionable. Firstly there is no doubt that sanctions were not given enough time to bite and the criticism of sanctions by the pro-war lobby was totally unjustified. As usual they cited the failure of sanctions imposed on Italy during the Ethiopian affair as indicative of their failure in international affairs; however

they conveniently failed to inform the uninformed that sanctions imposed on Italy in 1935-36 were only limited ones and did not apply in the case of military hardware nor resources such as oil, steel, coal, etc. In short the sanctions imposed on Iraq after August 2 were much more sophisticated and all-encompassing than they have ever been and there was evidence that they were beginning to hurt Iraq. It is a bitter irony that at a time when Western leaders (our own R. J. Hawke amongst them) were espousing the valuable contribution played by sanctions in prompting

inevitable if Iraq did not quit Kuwait - you don't build up that amount of force and offensive capability to "not use it". In the aftermath of the conflict it is quite obvious that the Iraqis could not have been forced out of Kuwait militarily without the vast array of Western military power; however, that same Western intervention doomed any attempt at a regional settlement of the issues involved (and the Kuwaitis were not without fault) and again reinforced the position of the United States in its allotted mission as the world's policeman. Perhaps international sanctions

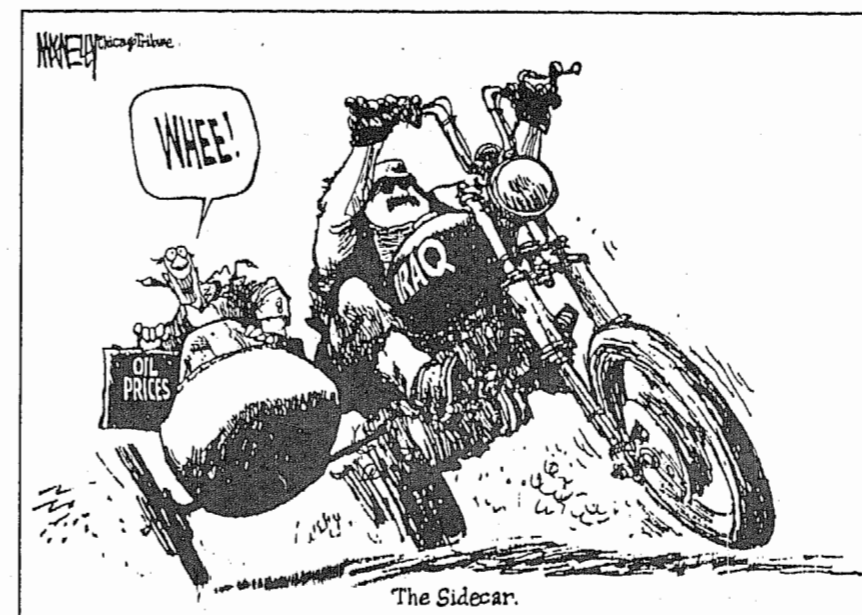
the euphoria of victory) by finally defeating a more formidable power than Grenada or Panama, though a power which was, despite the size of its army, in reality less formidable than itself.

So "Desert Storm" got underway and the reality was that the coalition was always going to win. There were really few surprises in the coalition victory; strategically and tactically the Allies held all the aces with rapid control gained over the air in the theatre of operations. Interestingly, despite allied air superiority the air theorists prophesies a victory from the air again got it wrong (as they have done since 1943); however, this conflict probably came closest yet in achieving such an aim, and probably would have if the Soviet initiative which preceded the opening of the ground campaign had been given any chance at all by the coalition. The pummeling taken by the Iraqi military and civilians (even if they weren't targeted they were still pummelled) from the air for well over a month is unmatched in military history and the sophistication that air operations have attained in the 1990's was probably the first lesson to come out of this war, although admittedly those operations were totally free of enemy interference.

If allied strategy was easily discernible - a fierce aerial bombardment of Iraq's military capability followed by a swift ground assault

with military and diplomatic initiatives being left to the Arab league, by all means supported logistically and politically by the West under the auspices of the U.N., would have been a better way to go as far as avoiding war was concerned. It was, however, clear that as January 15 loomed the U.S. by flatly refusing any diplomatic solution to the crisis was clearly spilling for a military show-down as the quickest means of reopening the oil trade as well as to try out its vast array of modern weapons and to wipe off the stain of Vietnam (a point clearly made by George Bush in

supported by a host of air cover at the appropriate time - Iraq's was no less so. Contrary to the one sided assertion that the Iraqis had no discernible strategy in this war there was quite obviously a strategy - it may have failed but this is a different proposition from suggesting there was none. Quite obviously the Iraqis conceded from the outset that they could not match the coalition in the air hence the non appearance (in fact the total disappearance) of their airforce. Iraqi strategy quite simply focused on trying to get the coalition to enter into a ground battle prematurely;



that is before their logistics and their ground forces in Kuwait had been thoroughly disorganised and morally shattered. Hence the SCUD attacks on Israel which were designed not only to attempt to bring Israel into the conflict and thereby threaten the coalition but also to rush the Americans into launching an abortive ground attack to forestall just such a scenario. Similarly the deliberate leaking of oil into the Persian Gulf (it was most reassuring to know that "Stormin Normin" is an environmentalist who loves the great outdoors) and the Iraqi attack on Khafji should be seen as desperate attempts to lure the allied ground forces into premature battle for it was only in such a scenario would Iraq have any chance of victory.

Despite their overwhelming military superiority the allied commanders were not about to take any chances; attacking prepared defensive positions is never an easy task and the allies rightly decided they would choose the moment to launch their inevitable ground attack. The "mother of all battles" did in fact turn out to be as one wry Kuwaiti diplomat noted the "mother of all defeats"; the battle for Kuwait resulted in one of the most catastrophic defeats of any army in military history. The allied plan could hardly be faulted and the result of relentless allied bombardment was apparent, but more than that the battle was really a great example of how far inter-arm and inter-service cooperation has come; what really stood out was the level of cooperation between the various arms of the ground forces (infantry, tanks, artillery, rocket artillery electronic warfare, etc) and the level of cooperation between those ground forces and air and naval forces to combinedly produce a level of firepower and freedom of movement which the Iraqis could not comprehend let alone respond to - this was the ideal modern fully integrated land battle, the culmination of 5000 years of military learning. It should be noted that the Iraqi army in Kuwait was, of course, ripe for such a battle but the reality is that seldom in history has such a precise campaign been waged by any military force. All this is, of course, nothing to gloat about. The devastation caused by such a battle and the sheer terror and carnage wreaked upon the Iraqi defenders would be incomprehensible to those of us who have not experienced battle. This may have been the ideal battle; the higher ideal would of

course have been for it not to have taken place at all.

If the coalition victory was certain the future is not. Having won the war the question which needs to be answered is can the United States win the peace? Already there are signs that the U.S. is up to its old tricks by meddling in the internal affairs of post-war Iraq by bringing pressures to bear (ironically through continued sanctions) on Iraqis to remove Saddam Hussein from power; Saddam may well have to go but it must be an internal Iraqi decision not one made for them by the West if any post-Saddam government is to have political stability. In the mean time, by once again intervening in the Middle East the West is in danger of further antagonising that delicate and touchy relationship which has existed between itself and the Arabs. Arab resentment toward the West is long standing and its root causes have never really been understood or addressed by the Western powers; they spring from essentially two wells. Firstly and foremost from continued western political, economic, and military intervention in the region which gave rise to a string of humiliations: the thwarting of the establishment of one Arab nation after World War One (this was to facilitate easy access to the regions oil and ensure the resource was not monopolised by one large state); the establishment

of the state of Israel, riding roughshod over the views and desires of Arabs in the region (this is not to suggest that a Jewish state should not have been established, nor is it a denial of Israel's right to exist, but the whole affair was an insensitive Western diplomatic fiasco for Jew and Arab alike); the Suez fiasco; the whole sordid business in Iran; the failure to settle the Palestinian problem; and finally, the inconsistency of Western policy in the region vis a vis Israel and the Arabs. One of the best points Arab observers have made in regard to the current fiasco is the West's inconsistent reactions to U.N. resolutions; on the one hand "Desert Storm" was justified as Iraq was in defiance of U.N. resolutions to leave Iraq; on the other hand, Arabs point out, Israel has been in defiance of a U.N. resolution to leave the occupied territories for some twenty years yet no action has been taken against her - not even sanctions. The burning question now is will the coalition forces be departing for a show-down with Israel; hopefully not, but the hypocrisy is clearly evident.

The second source of Arab resentment stems from the fact that so often the West has maltreated and mocked the Arab world and Islam; this point was brought home by the insensitivities of Australian sailors in their notorious Gulf video mocking Arab custom. The fact of the matter is that

we in the West have never really attempted to understand or accept the Arabs or Islam and have long ignored the richness of Arab culture and its contributions to human culture most especially in the fields of maths, science, astronomy, and literature. For so often we have blindly accepted the sinister portrayal of Arabs, so often depicted by the Western press - that of the bloodthirsty, underhanded, terrorist bombing and maiming innocents. This is done to the total exclusion of their genuine humanity, their even more genuine hospitality and their civility.

It is definitely too early to tell what the eventual outcome of this latest war will be except that the oil will flow again, and of course the undertakers will thrive - what's a war without death? Yet apart from death it has consistencies with previous wars: yet again the first casualty was truth (I've found a new respect for Derryn Hinch after over a month of Dan Rather, Bobby Battista and Woolfe Blitzer); like so many previous wars we may find that its results are not what we expected or wanted; and the final lesson consistent with all wars - that while we train our young to fight and arm them to the teeth, all of them (the goodies as well as the baddies), the next war is just around the corner.



Amy Barrett Women's Officer

International Women's Day (IWD) is held every year on March 8 and is a time for focussing on issues of importance to women, including sexuality, class, race, working conditions, housing and more.

IWD is based on the historical struggle for equal pay and conditions for women and is now world-wide, celebrating the progress women have made and for asserting women's social, political and economic rights.

On 8th March, 1857, women employed in the New York Textile and Garment Industry marched to protest about low wages and poor working conditions. Fifty-one years later on, 8th March, 1908, the same workers went on strike for the same reason - thousands of people marched on this day to condemn child labour, for the right to vote and safe and reasonable working conditions.

The first public celebration of IWD occurred in Europe on 19th March, 1911. The origins of IWD in Australia on 25th March, 1928, was organised by the Militant Women's Movement, and called for equal pay for work of equal value and pressed for improved working conditions for women.

IWD was given official recognition by the United Nations during International Women's Year in 1975, and was taken up by Governments who had not previously known of its existence, thereby increasing the numbers of women affected by this world-wide women's movement.

In 1975, IWD marches in Australia gained official sanction and became an accepted and permanent part of IWD celebrations.

Recent IWD marches and celebrations have had themes, this year's is Women and Peace (still a very relevant theme irrespective of whether you think the Gulf War is over or not!) A women's day march will take place on Saturday at 11.00 am, meeting in Victoria Square before marching down to Rymill Park for music, food and stalls. A women's dance will occur on Saturday night.

A free women's party in the Gallery on Thursday, 7th March at 3 pm will also be a great opportunity for women to get together and talk about issues important to women.

Pick up a program of IWD celebrations from the SAUA for more details!

Amy Barrett
Women's Officer

And Just For the Record...

For those of you who have not been on an O'Camp to hear all the student politicians say their two-cents worth, or if you haven't read your O'Guide cover to cover - I'll explain WHY WE HAVE A WOMEN'S OFFICER?!

Women at University are still discriminated against in a variety of subtle and obvious ways:-

- Sexual Harassment at university is still widespread (and predominantly affects women)

- Child Care can act as a barrier to study for many women (who are the most common child-carers)

- Gender exclusive language and course content affect the way students learn by not including women's experiences in the course content

- Safety on Campus is an issue which affects women's study - as most assaults and attacks are on women.

These are just some of the issues that do seriously affect women at Adelaide University and that is why we have a Women's Officer - to redress this discrimination and to work on campaigns and projects which try to alleviate some of these problems.

This does not mean that men are not discriminated against. If male students do find they are discriminated against then the Equal Opportunities Unit or Education Welfare Officers will be happy to assist you.

ACTIVITIES: This week, come and join in a free women's self-defence class on Wednesday at 3 pm in the Dining Rooms (please put name down in SAUA first, as places are limited!) also come and meet the Women's Officer and members of the group 'Women's on Campus' at a free women's party on

PGSA Mardi Gras

The Executive of the Postgraduate Students Association (PGSA) extends a warm welcome to all new and returning postgraduates. The PGSA is the association looking after the concerns and welfare of postgraduates at the Uni. This year we have a full-time paid President as well as a Researcher/Organiser (Dawn Aubuchon) to better lobby the University administration and AUU to provide for your needs. For 1991 we're planning a series of seminars, workshops and forums and hope to increase the PGSA services and resources available to postgraduates. Our specialty is giving advice on matters to do with your higher degree work from problems

DO IT!

ON-DIT

Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly • Volume 57 Number 1 • March 7 1991

On Dit, Adelaide Uni's brilliant student newspaper, is looking for new writers in 1991. Whether you're interested in writing reviews, news, sport or features, come and see the incredibly friendly and attractive editors during O-Week at our table on the lawns or in our office in the cloisters.

GET ON THE TEAM!

with supervisors, departments and the University to thesis specifications. The PGSA has been around for twenty-five years and has much to offer in terms of providing support and essential information to postgrads so don't hesitate to drop in (western annexe, Lady Symon building) or phone (228 5898) if you have a problem.

A new era starts for the PGSA and all postgraduates at Adelaide Uni with the establishment of the Graduate School in 1991. The inaugural Dean is Ian Davey from Education and the PGSA has already had discussions with him about our perceived priorities for action this year. Postgrads in the Napier Building and Zoology Department will not be surprised to

find space allocation near the top of the list. We plan to have regular discussions with the Dean as well as working through the new Board of Graduate Studies to achieve improvements in the working conditions and status of postgraduates at this uni.

Postgraduates automatically become members of the PGSA on enrolment and we hope you will find time to call in to the office and check out our Employment and Scholarships board and the fledgling library. You can also pick up a copy of the PGSA Planning Calendar and the latest newsletter if you weren't included in our February mailout. If you would like to be more closely involved with

the PGSA the elections for the new Executive (President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Women's Officer and 4 ordinary members) will be held on 20th March at the AGM. Nomination forms are available from the office and on the back of the latest newsletter and nominations must be in before the start of the AGM. If you would prefer a less formal relationship drop in and add your name to the volunteer register, there's always odd jobs to be done and usually time for cup of coffee and a chat.

ANZ gives you access to more ATMs in Australia than any other bank in the world.



If you're too busy to get to a bank, you'll know all about the inconvenience of not having an ATM close by. And being stuck for cash is no fun, on or off campus.



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O'BALL 1991

TISM

The Hummingbirds

The Screaming Believers

The Spikes

Handsome Devils

Clowns of Decadence

plus DJ

Saturday March 9

Adelaide University Union Complex

Tickets \$12/\$14/\$16

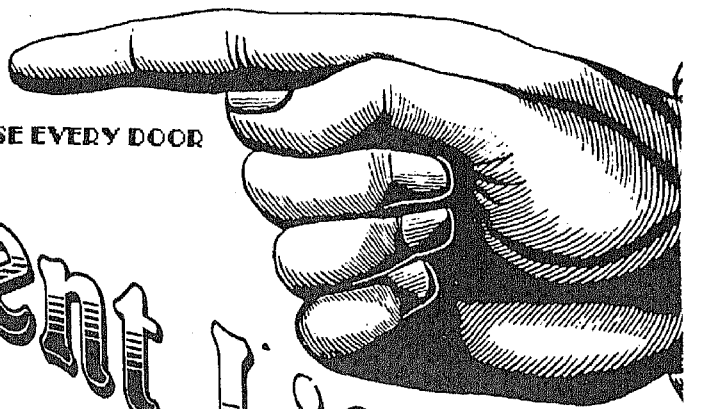
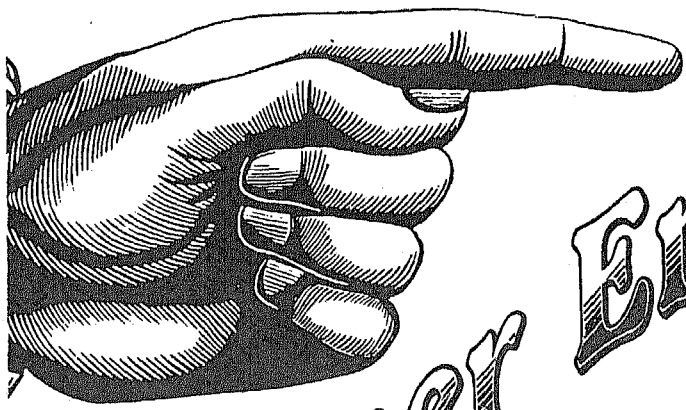
Available from campus outlets

Presented by the
Students' Association of the
University of Adelaide

ЧЕН ПОМОГ ФРОНТУ?

CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN

CLOSE EVERY DOOR



Bumper

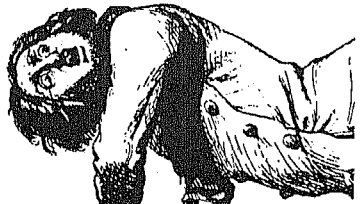
Entertainment

Liftout

RAMPUS KRAZEE



BEYOND BEAUTIFUL



THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY!!

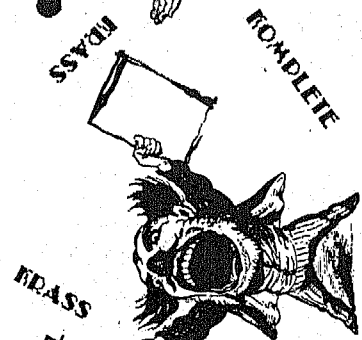
COME ON DOWN

KEEP IT

RIDDLE IT

COME TO THE PARTY

ITS THE ARTIVITY PROGRAMMEE



BRASS

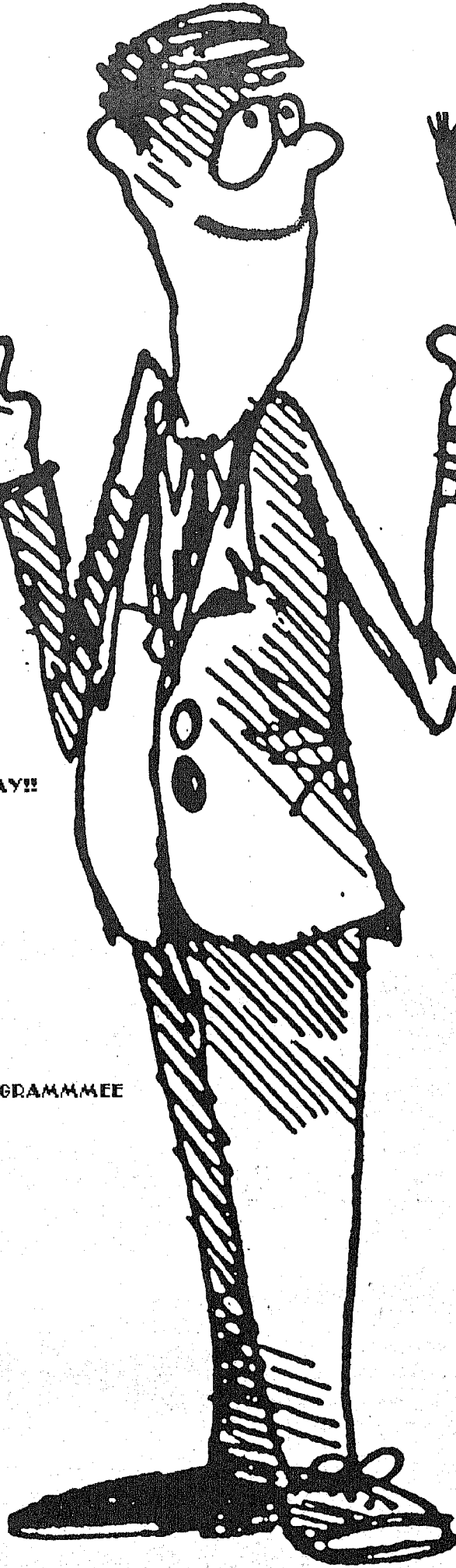
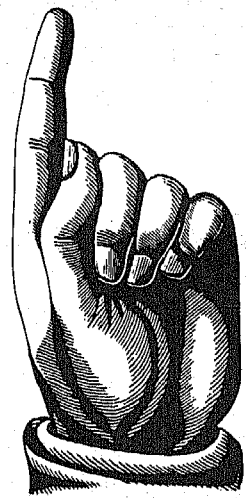
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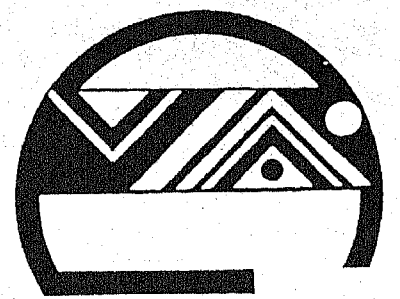
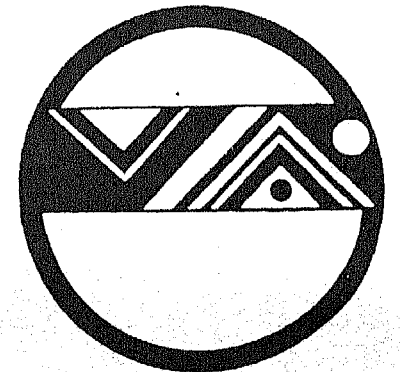
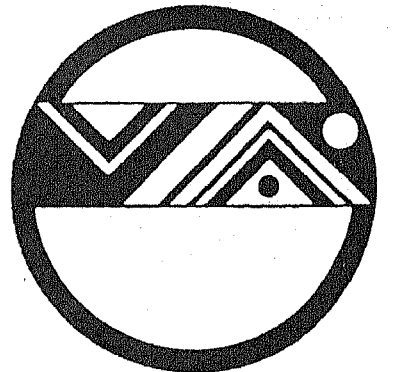
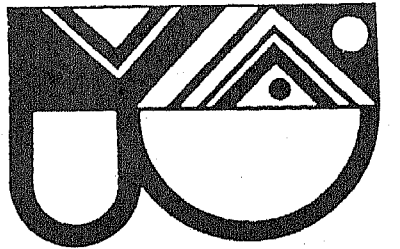
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YOU SEE IT
BUT KAAAAN'T BELIEVE IT



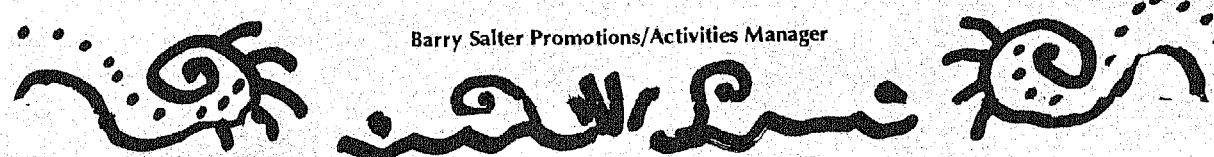
ACTIVITIES PROGRAMME

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION SEMESTER ONE MARCH 11-APRIL 20 1991

Welcome to the University of Adelaide especially to our new students and those based at the Roseworthy and City Campus sites. I hope that you enjoyed Orientation Week and discovered the facilities and services that are available in the Union. This programme lists many of the extracurricular activities planned to occur throughout the Union Complex and other campus sites during the First Part of Semester One. Some are subject to change and more details will be contained in On Dit, Bread & Circuses, Student Radio, and our Whats On Boards.

I hope that you like our new larger Union Diary and please use the vouchers that are located in the back of diary. I welcome ideas and suggestions on activities, facilities and services provided by your Union. Have a good time.

Barry Salter Promotions/Activities Manager



FILMS



Cinematheque Film Programme

Presented by the Media Resource Centre in association with the Adelaide University Union. Season Membership of \$15 entitles you to see all 11 screenings plus half price admission to Greater Union Cinemas, MRC and AFI discounts and newsletter.

Mysticism and Madness

Tuesdays, from 7.30pm - 10pm in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union House



March 12	SIMON OF THE DESERT SCORPIO RISING LUCIFER RISING Speaker: Adele Hann, Media Resource Centre.	Directed by L Bunuel, Mexico 1965, B&W 42 mins. Directed by K Anger, USA 1965, Colour 29 mins Directed by K Anger, USA 1974, Colour 24 mins
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CINEMATHEQUE OPENING NIGHT SPECIAL
First 10 people to present this programme at the door receive free admission.

March 19	THE GOSPEL ACORDING TO MATTHEW Speaker: John Mc Conchie, Theorist / Freelance Writer	Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, Italy 1964, B&W 134 mins
March 26	VIRIDIANA THE SEA SHELL AND THE CLERGY MAN	Directed by Louis Bunuel, Spain 1961, B&W 90 mins Directed by Germaine Dulac, France 1928, B&W 28 mins
April 9	CHERITH DAY OF WRATH (VRENEN'S DAG)	Directed by Shirley Barrett, Australian 1988, Colour 26 mins Directed by Carl Dryer, Denmark 1943, B&W 98 mins
April 16	I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE THE SEVENTH VICTIM Speaker: Joya Stevens, Media Resource Centre.	Directed by Jaques Tourneur, USA 1943, B&W 68 mins Directed by Mark Robson, USA 1943, B&W 68 mins

BAR ENTERTAINMENT

Friday Session 4pm - 6pm

***** Spot Happy Hours Giveaways Entertainment Free Hot Chips *****

Free Friday Bar Shows 9pm - midnight

\$5 for Guests Bring Your Card - Free to Adelaide University Union Students *****

March 15	AUNTY RAELENE and DEVIL'S CABARET
March 22	HELVELLN 1990 Campus Battle of the Bands Winner and the JAYNES
April 12	RORY MCLEOD Sensational Entertainer from England. Only two Adelaide Gigs.

Saturday Bar Nights

***** Organised by different student clubs and societies. *****

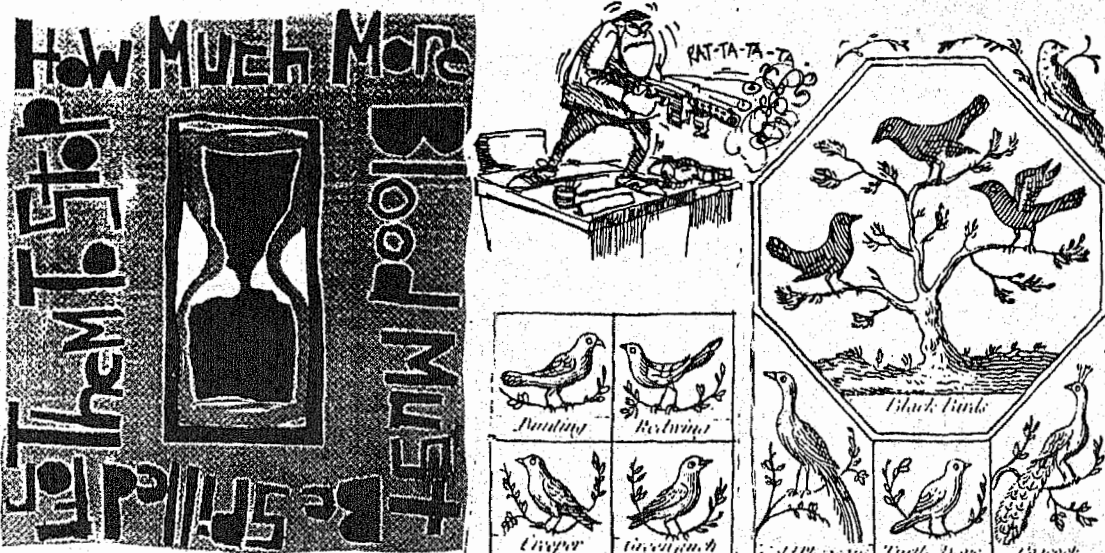
Door prices \$3 - 5 for Students. Cheap drink prices and best local and interstate bands.

March 16 9pm - 1am	Local and Original HOT TOMATOES IRON SHEIKS BEARDED CLAMS
March 23 9pm - 2am	Student Radio SUV Show, with NURSERY CRIMES Exclusive from Melbourne Also Featuring MAELSTROM and MY LOVE PUMPKIN

SPECIAL

Peace Bar Night Saturday April 13, 6pm - late

DETAILS SOON DE
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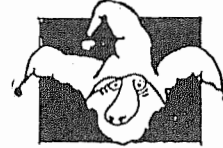
LITTLE THEATRE

Aye Caligula

Presented by ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY FOOTLIGHTS CLUB
Wednesday March 13 - Saturday March 16
Tuesday March 18 - Saturday March 23
Tickets \$10 / \$6 at SAUA or at the Door

Vinegar Tom

Presented by UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE THEATRE GUILD
Wednesday April 10 - Saturday April 20
for nine performances only
Play by Caryl Churchill with a predominantly female cast
Directed by Melinda Boston
Contact the Theatre Guild on (08) 228 5999 for tickets and membership details



PARLIAMENT OF AUSTRALIA · THE SENATE
SENATOR CHRIS SCHACHT
A.L.P. Senator for South Australia



UNION LECTURE SERIES

Focus on International News

Little Theatre
Ground Floor
Union House
North Terrace Campus

South African Update

Tuesday, March 26, 1- 2pm

Senator Chris Schacht has just returned from a visit to South Africa and has some interesting stories to tell about the fight against apartheid

Iraq, Just Before The War Can The Conflict Be Resolved?

Wednesday March 27th, 1 - 2pm

Janine Haines (former leader of the Australian Democrats) will talk about her experiences in Iraq before war broke out.

Mel Yuan, President of the Union will chair both meetings. There will be an opportunity to ask the speakers questions after their talk.



All One Night Stands are held in the Craft Studio.

CRAFT & LEISURE COURSES

One Night Stands

For Those in a Hurry to Create

FRAME A PICTURE

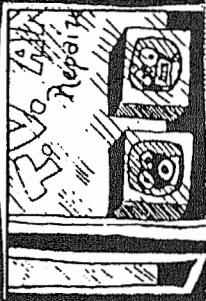
Tuesday March 26, 6pm
or Wednesday March 27 6pm
\$30 - \$40 depending on frame size.

PAINT A SCARFE

Tuesday April 8, 1-2pm
or Wednesday 9 April 1-2pm
\$18 including your scarf

DECORATE A BOWL

Tuesday April 16 6pm
Wednesday April 17 6pm
\$15 includes materials



Practical Courses

CAR MAINTENANCE UNDERSTANDING WINE BAR & WAITING MEDIA SKILLS
CONTRACT BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS BALLROOM DANCING PUBLIC SPEAKING

Arts & Crafts

BEGINNERS OR ADVANCED SEWING POTTERY PHOTOGRAPHY LINGERIE DRAWING

Health and Fitness

MASSAGE MEDITATION TAI CHI YOGA

THE CRAFT STUDIO

THE STUDIO IS AVAILABLE FOR USE TO MEMBERS OF THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION AND THE PUBLIC.

THERE IS AN EXCELLENT REFERENCE LIBRARY, SLIDE COLLECTION AND OTHER FACILITIES FOR ALL CRAFTS OFFERED.

ON WEDNESDAYS EITHER DAVID OR GENE IS AVAILABLE TO CUT YOUR HAIR, BY APPOINTMENT, FROM MIDDAY, \$10 FOR STUDENTS.

WITHIN THE CRAFT STUDIO IS THE DARKROOM OF THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB. MEMBERSHIP IS AVAILABLE FOR \$18 TO STUDENTS AND \$36 FOR OTHERS.

HELEN THE CRAFT STUDIO ASSISTANT WILL BE ON HAND TO ADVISE AND ASSIST IF REQUIRED.

STUDENTS WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION (INCLUDING MEMBERS OF AFFILIATED GROUPS) DO NOT HAVE TO PAY FOR THE USE OF THE STUDIO, THEIR CONTRIBUTION IS CONTAINED IN THE UNION FEE.

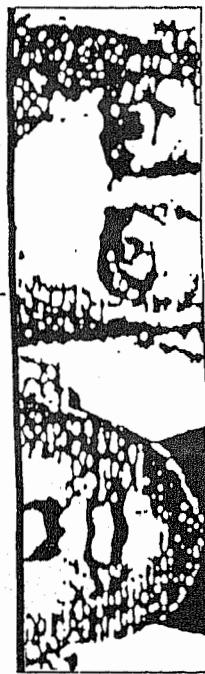
THE STUDIO (AS WELL AS THE CRAFT AND LEISURE ROOM) WILL BE USED FOR THE MANY CRAFT AND LEISURE COURSES LISTED ABOVE.

FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT SHERRY DZONSONS, RECREATION AND ACTIVITIES OFFICER AT THE STUDIO, WEST END OF LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION COMPLEX.

THE STUDIO IS OPEN FOR YOU TO PURSUE A CRAFT OF YOUR CHOICE AT THE FOLLOWING TIMES:



	10 AM - 6PM	12 NOON - 9PM	10 AM - 9PM	12 NOON - 6PM	11 AM - 6PM
MONDAY	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑
TUESDAY	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑
WEDNESDAY	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑
THURSDAY	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑
FRIDAY	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑



FAIL SAFE OPERA



EXHIBITIONS

Union Art Gallery

Level 6 Union House
Open Monday - Friday 9am - 5pm

The Failsafe Opera March 7 - 28

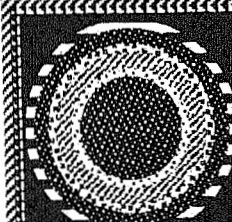
AN OPERA ON THE MIDDLE EAST BY ANDREW PETRUSOVICZ AND CHRIS GASTON
Paintings, Installations and Performance.
Performance Times - Wednesdays, March 13, 20 and 27 at 1pm.

What Works April 8 - 19

SCULPTURE EXHIBITION BY KYM NEUMANN
Prints available for sale in the Print Rack and works of Art and Craft are available in the Gallery Showcase.

Go for It! Monday April 15 - Friday April 19

Enquire about the ANNUAL STUDENT AND STAFF EXHIBITION planned for October, when you can exhibit your own works.



Picture This

POSTER & PRINT SALE
in the Wills Refectory, Ground Floor
Union House, from 9am - 5pm

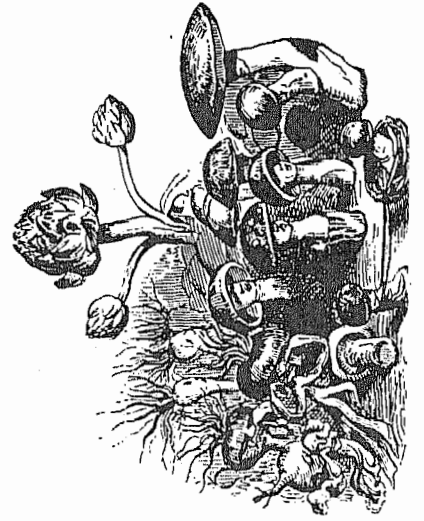
SPECIAL EVENTS

Voucher Scheme Prize Day

BARR SMITH LAWN

Wednesday, April 10 from 1pm

Chance to win some of the 34 prizes including:



☆☆ anybody needing assistance with
 ☆☆☆☆☆ the use of their vouchers
 ☆☆☆ (they're in the back of the diary)
 ☆☆☆☆☆ please call Janet at
 ☆☆☆☆☆ the union office for
 ☆☆☆☆☆ free confidential advice
 ☆☆☆☆☆ (not more than 10mins!)

Please lodge your vouchers in the specified areas before Thursday, March 28 to receive your freebie or discount and enter the competitions. The vouchers are on the gold pages in the back of the Union Diary that was distributed at enrolment.

Trip to Bali. Donated by Student Travel Australia
 Union Fee Refund
 Lunch with the Vice Chancellor
 Dinner for 2 at the Shalimar Indian Restaurant
 \$50 worth of TDK Cassette Tapes
 Walkman Radio Cassette
 2 dozen bottles of Roseworthy Wine

Roseworthy Campus O'Ball

Thursday, March 21 8pm - late

UNION TAVERN AT ROSEWORTHY CAMPUS

FREE JAZZ BBQ

featuring Jazz Band



HOT HOUSE

And Top Comic Juggling Duo From NSW

Dance Performance by Graduates and Participants of the B A Dance Course at the City Campus Courtyard Saturday March 9, 5.00pm - 8.00pm

FREE ENTRY BBQ \$5 Cheaper Beer 5 - 6pm

1991 Graduation Ball

Saturday, May 4 8pm - late

GRAND BALLROOM
 HILTON INTERNATIONAL, ADELAIDE
 DANCE TO DW WALDORF SWING ORCHESTRA



Dress Up to the Nines

Enjoy a four course dinner with bottled wine, beer, champagne and soft drink included.

Tickets are \$65 per head (or \$58.50 per head for a party booking of 10)

Special accomodation rates at the Hilton from \$115 Double Room on the night of the Ball

Tickets from Alumni House off Kintore Avenue Telephone (08) 228 5800

Welcome Back to Roseworthy Campus

Monday March 11 8pm - late

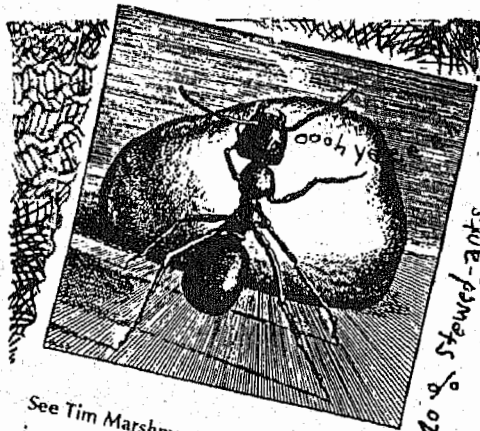
BLIND LEMON
 ROSEWORTHY UNION TAVERN

Uni Students \$2
 Others \$4



Campus Battle of the Bands

Heats for Adelaide University bands will be held on Friday nights from May 24th - June 7th



See Tim Marshman or Merrydeath in the Union Office for Entry Forms. or Telephone (08) 228 5131

At least 40% of the band (2out of 4 or 5 piece) must be Adelaide University students. Performance time is half an hour. Our winner will repre nt Adelaide University in the State Final at the Adelaide University Union Bar on August 10, and the State Winner will fly to Melbourne in October to compete in the National Final.



Anthony Ackroyd

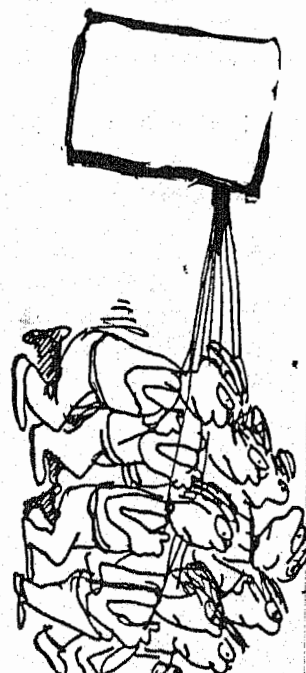
FREE LUNCHTIME CONCERTS

Jazz and Classical Thursday Lunchtimes in the Gallery

Thursday March 14	FIDDLESTICKS
Thursday March 21	NO STRINGS ATTACHED CLASSICAL WIND QUARTET
Thursday March 28	TRUMPET JAZZ
Thursday April 18	ON POCO LOCO

Contemporary Music & Comedy

Friday March 15 1-2pm	RADICS Reggae Rock on Barr Smith Lawns
Tuesday March 19, 1-2pm	ANTHONY ACKROYD Comedian from Sydney. Free in the Little Theatre
Friday March 22 1-2pm	ROARING JACK from Sydney. Raging folk rock on the Barr Smith Lawns

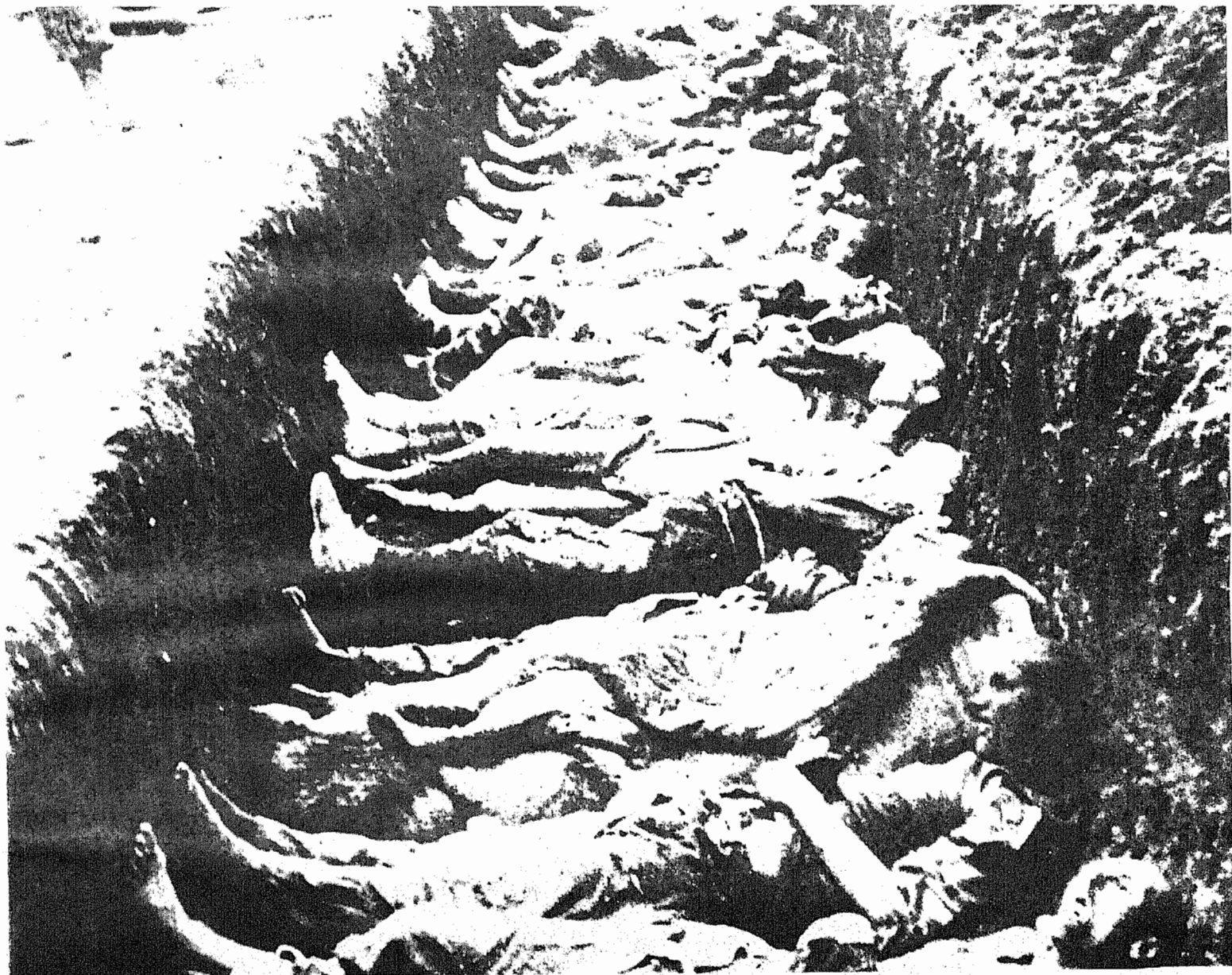


Go To Hell

Witnesses in the Anteroom to Hell
Migration Museum,
Kintore Avenue
20th February - 8th
April

With the Gulf War still fresh in our minds, "Witnesses in the Anteroom to Hell", an exhibition of drawings by Czech artists Leo Lowit and Paul Schwartz, seems particularly interesting, revitalised by a fresh contemporary relevance. Although the works exhibited here are linked to a highly specific historical context (they were produced between 1941 and 1944 during the artists' internment at Theresienstadt, a Jewish ghetto established by the Nazis near Prague) the themes dealt with are both universal and timeless. "Witnesses in the Anteroom to Hell" has been skilfully managed, with an obvious emphasis being placed on human implications and moral conclusions.

The impact of the exhibition is greatly enhanced by the comprehensive historical introduction which visitors encounter on entering the gallery. Information relating to the Theresienstadt ghetto, its history and its dual role as a "model ghetto" for Nazi propaganda, and as a transit camp for Czech Jews destined for Auschwitz and other extermination camps (hence the title "Anteroom to Hell"), is provided in the form of numerous texts, diagrams, photographs and a 25-minute video. All of this and not a drawing in sight! Although the background information is interesting, and provides a solid basis for a thorough appreciation of the art in the next room, I was left with the immediate impression that the event and circumstances may somehow be more significant than the art which chronicles them. Ultimately, this works in the exhibition's favour. It does not hurt to remember that art is merely art, not life. That small rectangle on the wall can only represent experience, perhaps even evoke experience - but it will never constitute "life". Nevertheless, at the same time I was reminded that art is often the most important, if not the



only link remaining between past experience and the present.

And then there are the works themselves. The tiny, irregular shaped, neatly framed drawings of Leo Lowit initially seem as something of an anti-climax, at least visually. They are so small! so neat! so delicate! Scenes of courtyards, buildings, interiors in muted watercolours, pencil and ink; pregnant with a subtle melancholy, a soft, silent despair ... Where is the violence, the angst, the vivid colours and impasto splatterings more commonly associated with 20th Century war related art!

Lowit's graphic simplicity is, however, the key to his success. His subtle, uncomplicated depictions of daily life at Theresienstadt manage to convey a sense of fear and suffering on a most basic and powerful level.

Lowit's everyday subject matter is complemented by his clever use of subtle colour - usually murky greys, greens and browns. Many works have an air of perpetual darkness, as if they had been painted by

moonlight, in the depths of a freezing winter. His figures, even when portrayed in groups, often have about them a feeling of heightened isolation, complete loneliness. This is clearly evident in a work like "Barriers Dividing Arichov Road", with its dull, apocalyptic sky looking as if it is ready to rain again on the tiny, anonymous figures shuffling about aimlessly below.

Among Lowit's works are number of witty, darkly humorous "cartoons". Many ridicule the Germans' obsession with statistics and efficiency, of which Lowit himself had first-hand experience during his employment in the administration wing of Theresienstadt.

The oeuvre of Paul Schwartz is a different kettle of fish. His work reveals not only a different response to materials, techniques and subject matter, but also to life itself.

Schwartz's work provides a thorough, obsessively accurate and objective record of the design, appearance and events of the ghetto. His concern for detail occasionally borders on the microscope.

On first glance it is difficult to believe that Schwartz is portraying the same places and events as Lowit. We see scenes of human death, the mortuary, the crematorium and the disinfection station rendered in exquisite, glowing, romantic hues, observed in objective, unemotional detail. Schwartz's versions of Theresienstadt look more like sketches for a Czechoslovakian Club Med than a Nazi prison camp. Schwartz's "beautifying" approach can be explained in several ways. It is an obvious celebration of colour in a colourless world, and in this way could be viewed as a form of revolt against, and escape from, the circumstances and dehumanisation which oppressed all of Theresienstadt's inhabitants. It could also represent his desire to retain a sense of "culture" - the reassurance of his own status as a human being. Almost certainly his previous training as a graphic artist would have some bearing on the rather clinical appearance of his work. Moreover, though, it seems that the best explanation may lie in the

artist's unwavering optimism. To quote from the exhibition catalogue, "... many inmates, with exactly that optimism evidenced in Paul Schwartz, strove to manipulate the ghetto experience to their best advantage, to work to improve the quality of their own lives, looking to the future and to their hopes for release".

This exhibition is a good one, and the disparate approaches of Lowit and Schwartz are stimulating, if not quite complementary. Their art ultimately functions well beyond the merely documentary, as both a uniquely personal statement and as a voice of protest which speaks for millions.

The exhibition also includes one work by the more widely known Theresienstadt artist Otto Ungar, as well as some interesting memorabilia collected by other prisoners.

"Witnesses in the Anteroom to Hell" is presently showing at the Migration Museum, Kintore Avenue, Adelaide until the 8th April. Admission is free.

Steve King

A Good Alternative To Houmus

Julius Caesar
State Theatre Com-
pany
The Playhouse, from
February 26th.

The first thing that will really strike you about this production is not breathtaking acting, nor skillful direction, nor amazing costumes. No, the first thing that will take your breath away will be the set. That is not to say that there is a total lack of breathtaking acting, etcetera-but the set, designed by Shaun Gurton, is a masterpiece. It simply flies to the very outermost of the theatre. It is huge; a colossus; it is as Rome was and I feel that Shakespeare would have liked it. When he was writing "Julius Caesar", he was beginning to move from the tragi-comic arena into a more historic sphere. I feel that the unique aspects in the play which are due to this transition in Shakespeare's writing have not been seized upon by director Simon Phillips, and this is a great pity. There certainly flaws in Phillips' direction-it is at times too crass, too obvious- one might even say naive. This sounds a spot damning, I realise. But I am in no way consigning Simon to the toilet bowl. For the most part of the play his direction is good enough. It is a great pity, however, that some of the actors he was working with were not worthy of his abilities. Let's have a look at them right now... Julius Caesar is a legend; a myth. He was the greatest of all the Romans. He was a God to his subjects. Even if you haven't ever studied the man, the odds are on that you will at least know him from the Asterix and Obelix books. Thousands of years after his existence he is still alive in our conscience- and this man, this God, this great imposing character was played by one Don Barker. Quite honestly, if Don had been my milkman I would have had trouble respecting him. As Julius Caesar he was entirely lost. Not a shred of dignity nor stature did he manage to conjure up during his performance. He reminded me far more of the jolly sort of guy who owns your local deli than the unquestioned, much

loved ruler of Rome. Barker's performance was slipshod, ill-characterized and dull. I was even relieved when all his friends murdered him for being potentially too ambitious. That got him off the stage, wow; party; pity he didn't take the woman playing Mark Antony with him.

It is a sign of Brutus' true nobility that he refuses to entertain the thought of killing Mark Antony. Cassius, the cunning and fanatical politician, can persuade him that the death of Caesar is for the good of Rome-but Brutus, smoothly played

by Hugo Weaving, cannot be convinced that others must die as well. Edwin Hodgeman plays Cassius convincingly, but his insinuations that Mark Antony must die are fruitless. SHAME! Because it is this person who made me cringe for two solid hours. I was unimpressed by the idea of a woman playing Mark Antony in the first place-but if they had to do it, it should have been executed with style and sophistication. The play itself supports the ides of a female Mark Antony quite well, and that surprised me. However, the person who lazily

trundled her way through the character of Mark Antony, a Ms. Carmel McGlone, was not impressive at all. I recommend that Ms. McGlone go on a little holiday, have a rest, have that awful strained voice of hers seen to, go to some acting classes, and then retire gracefully from the stage. I don't much want to see her again, not until her more obvious problems have been rectified. For instance, it would be super if she could learn How To Evoke Grief Over Caesar's Body WITHOUT Making Me Snigger. It might get better as the produc-

tion goes on. We can only hope. Before people start mumbling about how I don't have anything positive to say, I must point out that this is a play-and indeed, a production-that has been quite controversial. In these days when war and the subsequent human tragedy are current global issues, the themes of "Julius Caesar" strike a chord. Within the play we can see a reflection of the treachery and turmoil of our times, and especially so in the State Theatre Company's production. They have set the play in a huge, towering board room. What were the machinations of Roman republicans have become the machinations of the multinational. The famous verbal sparring match which takes place between Mark Antony and Brutus on the fields of Philippi, as civil war looms over them, becomes under Simon Phillips' direction a televised political debate. Elements such as this I greatly admired. When Shakespeare wrote "Julius Caesar" he wanted the two armies to meet on the stage-this has been done by using a pastiche of war images on a number of televisions which ominously hang centre stage. There is no doubt that there are great things to come from Simon Phillips. He has vision, and an ability to shock that was made evident in his earlier productions for the State Theatre Company.

If you are tossing up between seeing this play and spending a lot of money on drugs, I recommend that you see "Julius Caesar." If it is a choice between a brilliant pig-out at the Jerusalem on Hindley Street and the play, I guess I'd say go for the houmus. This is a two hour long play, with no interval, and some very iffy acting. But then again, I wasn't actually bored once, the direction is good enough, the physical aspects of it- set and sound- are truly arresting, and the play does get stronger and more GRIPPING after Caesar does us all a favour and dies. Hugo Weaving, whilst failing to bring out the complexities of Brutus' personality, nonetheless gives a competent and enjoyable performance. See it, go on- the Jerusalem and the houmus will always be there.

Chlöe Fox



Physical Deformities Society

Cyrano de Bergerac Greater Union Hindley Cinemas

Cyrano de Bergerac, like the nose of the title character, is a huge film. It is a wonderful piece of art which captures the feel of the period without losing its appeal. However, be warned, it is not a film for everyone - particularly if you have an abhorrence of subtitles.

During its two-and-a-half hours, Cyrano de Bergerac tells the well known and often reinterpreted story of the lover who, embarrassed by his grotesque (in his own eyes) appearance, is condemned to correspond only with his beloved through the medium of a good looking young cavalier. His poetry enraptures the delicate Roxanne, but he can never reveal his secret. Now, if this scenario

conjures up images of weepy, angst-ridden, weedy poets who sit in the corner all day contemplating their navels, forget it. The Cyrano of Gerard Depardieu is as far from this as one could imagine. His character is a fighter, a cavalier who will break up a theatre because an actor displeases him, or fight (and defeat) a hundred men merely because he is feeling energetic. Thus, Depardieu's presence dominates the screen as Cyrano constantly threatens to burst out of the medium which contains him. The energy of Depardieu's performance enlivens that which could at times be plodding, maintaining an enormous zest throughout the film.

Although primarily a tragedy, there are some very clever and humorous scenes and it is as much in these as anywhere that the supporting cast show their enormous abilities.

Anne Brochet makes a beauti-

ful Roxanne, who, while romantic, is shrewd and, in a particularly amusing scene, manipulates the vanity of her older admirer, De Guiche (admirably played by Weber), to her own advantage. In the same way, Christian, the young tonguetied lover, captures Cyrano's attention by his constant referral to the taboo subject - "le nez".

Jean Paul Rappeneau's direction and vision of 16/17th Cen-



tury France is exquisite and although poverty and squalor are glossed over, they are not entirely forgotten. The battle scenes are mammoth and capture the confusion and devastation of war.

The major drawback to Cyrano is the subtitles. While subtitles are a necessary evil and infinitely preferable to dubbing, this movie suffers more than most. The main problem is that as much of the

film is poetry, the translator's attempt to create rhyming couplets often results in some extremely trite translations. However, whether you understand it or not the dialogue conveys the passion involved - something comprehensible in any language.

Melissa McEwen

Mysticism and Madness

Cinematheque Mysticism and Madness is a unique collection of 19 films presented by the University Union and Media Resource Centre this year.

Cinematheque promises a rich and unusual array of quality films coming from Mexico, the USA, Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Denmark and Australia - and some of the world's finest directors, to explore the darker, less known sides of the human psyche.

Thematic concerns include sexual repression, obsessive behaviour, social and personal control, and other manias and psychoses. Some of the films focus more strongly on mysticism than madness - though generally they all examine the effects of strongly-held religious convictions on the individual psyche and its relationship to the psyche of which the individual is a part. The program features directors who critically explore ideology, both questioning and accepting the place of religion, particularly its political place in our society. A variety of cultures is

presented in the Cinematheque, allowing behaviour viewed by many as abnormal (such as the burning of witches at the stake, standing on a column in the middle of a desert or fighting a Holy War) to be also seen as acceptable.

The season opens with Simon of the Desert, a comedy set in medieval Egypt about an ascetic who stood on a pillar in the desert for many years, as he moves to a bigger and better pillar. The film works as a debate about the value of piety and abstinence, and the nature of man.

This is followed by two short films by Kenneth Anger, one of the key figures in the postwar American avant-garde. Scorpio Rising is structured around popular songs from the mid-sixties. Anger uses images of popular American culture concentrating on motorbike fetishes to explore the myth ritual and finally to subvert it. Cherith is a short Australian satire exposing the absurdities of modern day Christian revivalists.



Jean Cocteau's Orpheus, based on the Greek myth of Orpheus and set in a Parisian café society of the 1940s, allows artistic creation to take the place of religion and traces the artist's voyage of discovery for expression - individual rather than institutional - with reference to a magical/ underworld force. There is also a Val Lewton double horror bill with I Walked with a Zombie and The Seventh Victim - the latter concerning a schoolgirl forced out of

her Catholic School, the locus of Christian morality, into Dante's Inferno to deal with Satan worshippers and a neurotic sister preoccupied with death.

Finishing the season will be the cult hit by Larry Cohen, Demon, an extraordinary study of Catholicism, guilt, the nature of evil and the perversion of the instinct to have children - in which murderers explain their actions by saying, "God told me to..."

Many of the films will be introduced by speakers who will elaborate on the context of each film, especially its relation to the other films in the program and its place in film history. The 12 week season starts on 12 March at the Union Cinema, costing \$15 for the whole season. You can join at the door.

Katarina Grenfell

Pop Will Eat Itself, also known as PWEI and The Poppies, have been described as "the band with the scuzziest, scabbiest, scruffiest reputation of the whole British pop crowd."

When you call your first album *Box Frenzy*, you're inviting that sort of comment. But have Pop Will Eat Itself grown up? A glance at the lyrics of "X, Y & Zee", their latest single, might suggest a newfound profundity:

Mother Nature and Father Time
Used to be good friends of mine
But now we've put them in a home
Filed under: "Uses unknown"

But look at the inner sleeve with its Pepsi rip-off logo, and read what's written around the circumference: SAMPLE IT • LOOP IT • FUCK IT AND EAT IT. PWEI haven't changed. They have come up with more acceptable ways of expressing their perversity.

Look at last year's single, "Touched By The Hand of Cicciolina", the unofficial British anthem for the World Cup. "Cicciolina" was "dedicated to the sacred belief that Cicciolina should present the 1990 World Cup" to the winning team, taking the place reserved for the Italian head of state. Each single included a postcard addressed to the head of FIFA requesting that very wish. The single went Top 30 in Britain.

PWEI

SAMPLE IT, LOOP IT, FUCK IT, EAT IT

SIMON HEALY HAS A BIT OF A CHAT TO THE POPPIES, AS WELL AS CHECKING OUT THEIR LATEST RECORD AND RECENT ADELAIDE SHOW.

"Cicciolina" came on the heels of the legendary *This Is The Day... This Is The Hour... This is This!* album, which established the Poppies, along with Jesus Jones, as the most exciting rock/rap/sampling crossover band in Britain. Their music had an undeniable electronic base, but their use of guitars destroyed the things which have always made dance music tedious: taste and restraint. PWEI showed none. ...*This is This!* overflowed with songs that displayed such a joyous 'fuck-you' attitude to the world that the inherent ridiculousness of their subject matter was made even more appealing.

"Def. Con. One" still ranks as one of the most absurd concepts for a song imaginable: a tune about Global Thermonuclear Destruction with the chorus "Get me Big Mac, fries to go/ Big Mac, fries to go."

The hook-ridden "Wise Up! Sucker" and "Can U Dig It?" singles ensured that ...*This is This!* was still riding high in the Australian independent charts more than a year after its release.

And then came the surprise of "Cicciolina". A straight dance track (if anything PWEI do can be called straight), it contained the briefest of lyrics across its 8 minute duration: "Cicciolina for Italia Italia." It even featured the tackiest Italo-House piano riff imaginable. Whether this was all a joke remains unclear. But by happening to coincide with musical fashion at the time, it accidentally became a hit. Richard March, Poppie bassist, adamantly denies that there is any band master-plan, and that they stroll through the waste-heap of popular music, stealing anything which appeals to them. Which is reasonable enough, really:

"We chose to do "Cicciolina" because we had the tune. If it doesn't come out when it's written, it ends up getting lost, because six months later you're bored with it. It would have got left by the wayside, and we thought it was too good for that."

But is there any way of building up what the industry calls a 'fan base' when you're musical itinerants?

"The stuff we do has always been diverse, and people haven't known what to expect from us. I don't think we've ever released a predictable record- well, I'm sure we have." Qué?

Just released in Australia is the Poppies' third album, *Cure for Sanity* (see review). It abandons the full-frontal guitar assault for a more mannered approach. Quite simply, it's not as much fun. Ironically, it's not as *insane*. Was it a more calculated album?

"I don't know..." Richard pondered. "I haven't listened to both albums consecutively. I'd have to think about that for a long time. There's probably more disturbing undercurrents on this album than there were on the last one."

Do these 'dark undercurrents' mean that *Cure for Sanity* has something to say as an album?

"Well, we always say that we throw our lyrics together, but we spend a hell of a long time throwing them together. There are a few issues tackled, and a few light-hearted moments, but there's nothing too deep, really."

Which is a good answer. PWEI aren't stupid, and their sense of fun is infinitely more refined than the David Lee Roths of the world, but any band that dedicates a song to an Italian pornographic film star-come-politician should avoid any claims of profundity.

So that leaves us with four guys from the British Midlands who have been written off many times before, but have already completed their second tour of Australia, made one great album... and... dare I say it... met Cicciolina?

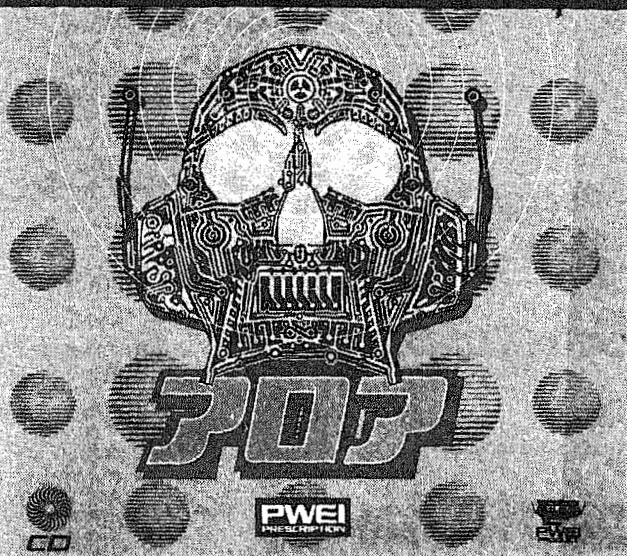
"Yeah, we went on a daytrip to Rome. It was all very strange, really."

So did you get to see much of the World Cup?

"We were only in Rome for one day. We watched all the England games on TV in the pub."

Of course!

THE POP WILL EAT ITSELF CURE FOR SANITY



Cure For Sanity Pop Will Eat Itself BMG

Cure for Sanity was an album impatiently waited for: if the Poppies could produce, unheralded, an album of the magnitude of *This is the Day... This is the Hour... This is This!* at only the second attempt, the question was: what wonders did we have to look forward to? Sadly, the answer is: not as much.

The album starts with a 90-second excerpt of Jimmy Swaggart before kicking down with "Dance of the Mad Bastards", which is just about the record's best track. It uses the Public Enemy wall of noise principle in a different way to their previous singles, but just as effectively. The use of noise hides what too many of the other songs reveal: that Clint and Graham aren't terribly good rappers. When Cure for Sanity goes into minimalist mode, it loses its way; more focus is put onto the vocals, which are adequate for a rock band, but pale against any good rap outfit. Further, noise is what PWEI do best: take it away

and the listener is left to focus on some simple beats and ordinary rapping.

In short, this is an album that needs more loud guitars. Even on the 90-second thrash "Very Metal Noise Pollution", the guitar sound is thin compared to the brutality of "Wise Up! Sucker" and "Preaching to the Perverted".

Notwithstanding this serious flaw, however, Cure for Sanity is an album with several strong songs. "88 Seconds... & Still Counting" begins the apocalyptic theme developed in the rest of the album and uses an intriguing backwash of noise. "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet" grabs the listener's attention by using the paranoia of an air crash and some clever samples.

"Touched by the Hand of Cicciolina" appears here in its "Edited Highlights" format, which means that it only goes for 7 minutes 40 seconds! It's surprisingly enjoyable for a song with about as much artistic integrity as "Ride on Time".

PWEI are a good band and they're about to become dead famous. It's not often that these two coincide, and so they should be encouraged to keep plundering through Pop Culture despite the fact that they often miss the mark on Cure for Sanity.

POP WILL EAT ITSELF LIVE Le Rox 13 February 1991

Facing an almost-empty Le Rox (estimated attendance: 200) must have been a daunting prospect for the Poppies, and after the first few songs, they must have been wondering why they bothered to show up. When they played "Wise Up! Sucker" second song up, and it failed to click, it was easy to believe that they were in for a rough night. The words "I'm just a crazy tired shape from your past" hung heavily in the air. The pre-recorded drums and bass boomed out incessantly from the inadequate speaker system, and any contributions the band had to make were quickly lost.

However, full credit goes to the band for staying with it, and winning the audience over by the end of the night. Their obvious aim was to get everyone dancing, which is

mandatory in Britain at the moment, but not quite so big on the Adelaide alternative scene. The moment when it all clicked was the only song they played from *Box Frenzy*, "There Is No Love Between Us Anymore". Adam, Clint and Graham picking up three guitars allowed themselves to be heard, and the mix was impressive rather than oppressive for the first time.

Anyone who can dance as foolishly as Clint without reservations is bound to encourage everyone else to lose their inhibitions, and ultimately almost everyone lost their inhibitions. "Can U Dig It?" got a deservedly huge cheer, "Def. Con. One" was probably the evening's highlight, and "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet" was loved even by those unfamiliar with the new record.

Pop Will Eat Itself live was an experience which turned out to be good fun (I even had a sore neck at the end from dancing too much) when it could so easily have been dismal. Hats off to the band for professionalism. The shorts were damn good, too.

TISM

One night as we were out of the office, our fax machine conducted this interview without our knowledge. Genevieve Marjoribanks and Andrew Beveridge were kind enough to write it up.

Remember when you made those first tentative steps into the 'university lifestyle' by showing up alone at the O'Ball because you'd missed the O'Camp, and this seemed the last chance to make friends with those who would be sharing your university years? Well, fear seclusion no longer. This year's main act at the O'Ball promises to create that rare unity which you may only feel a few times during your life. Together we will be 'astounded', 'amazed', probably revolted, and hopefully amused, because ... TISM are coming!

No member of this band has ever revealed their true identity, thus it is as the collective TISM that they have established the golden rule which is applicable to all situations in life, but in particular should be used when handing in a totally incoherent essay: "Other artists live in fear of being misinterpreted. TISM know it is our only hope."

If, perchance, this doubt clever motto is beyond you, then you are truly ready to view TISM, for the atmosphere they try to create at concerts is one of incomprehension and temporary insanity. The path of confusion that TISM blissfully wield before them is reflected in accounts of their interview techniques. Generally, unwilling to give interviews, TISM make any journalist suffer the consequences if they are forced to speak publicly. When 'granting' an interview with Juke's Mara Smarelli and RAM's Adrian Ryan, TISM insisted that the interview take place on a football oval with all persons involved standing 50 metres apart. Questions were responded to through megaphones, but only if the string tied to all participants was taut. However, don't lose heart. The golden (tin-plated at least) words which follow are the result of a faxed On Dit interview with the masked TISMites. As you will discover TISM are really your average 'next-door' friendlies, and the reputation which precedes them is totally (in)accurate:

1.OD: Why did you make yourselves into an acronym?

TISM: Acronyms - Credible? Really. Obviously Not, You Moron!

2. OD: After removing sexually frustrated violent public schoolboys, what is the typical TISM demographic?

TISM: I really support the demographic system of government. When I toured Russia, (by the way, I really admire all of Lenin's work, even after he left the Beatles), - Oh, Rodger, was that last

shot OK? I don't think you got my eyelashes in frame - I couldn't even find one video shop, much less a Bridget Bardot movie. I love the 50's, cos everyone was so much hipper 20 years ago. You know something - I guess you can't tell from the way I speak and act, but really, I'm just an ordinary person, you know? I wish people would realise that. I'm not just a pretty face, you know...

(K. Minogue, January '91)

3.OD: "The masks merely hide the failure of the members of This Is Serious Mum to project their individual personalities as a means of joining Australia's pop

glitterati." Comment in 600 words or less.

TISM: False (Dear Students' Association: had to lose most of the other 599 words. Sorry - TISM Ed.)

4.OD: If a man asks a woman out to dinner, is it then understood that he will pay for the meal.

TISM: "The bells! The bells!" (Gladstone Small, MCC Touring party, January '91)

5.OD: Which member of TISM has the worst paid day job? Which members drive imported cars?

TISM: Look, it ain't nothing really ... (long pause) you dig the trench, put in a bit of (pause. Slow drawback on cigarette. Ex-hale)



"Other artists live in fear of being misinterpreted. TISM know it is our only hope"

re-inforcement. Then the guy with the (long pause. Takes of sunglasses. Squints lazily) concrete truck says "wherdya want it, mate?" (extremely long meditative pause. Brushes curly hair away from face. Throws mane of hair back with sudden movement of head.) I really believe in concreting, you know. (Quite disturbingly long pause. Crosses right leg over left. Shrugs. Nervously fingers chain. Shy yet arrogant squint. Shrug.) Concreting. Yeah. I can handle the fame. Provocative look at camera. Throws back head. Shrug. Silence. Crosses left leg over right. Silence. Takes trowel from tool-box. Examines. Silence. Gazes unimpressed around. Silence. Rumble of concreting truck heard in distance. Besides this, silence. Long pause. Truck in immediate vicinity. Voice heard from outside; "Move your arse, Mike ... Artist leaves hurriedly. Silence.)

(excerpt from M. Hutchence - The Rolling Stone Interview, May 1989)

6. OD: Why aren't the sleeve notes of Hot Dogma very funny?

TISM: See question 7. (S. Beckett, May 90)

7. OD: Just how clever is TISM's endless irony?

TISM: See question 8. (S. Beckett, May 90)

8.OD: Do any members of the band subscribe to the belief that KISS stands for "Knights In Satan's Service"? Does TISM have Satanic connotations?

TISM: See question 6. (S. Beckett, May 90)

The prospect of seeing TISM at the O'Ball should make you feel at ease with yourself. Not only are you sure to have a fantastic time, but you couldn't dream of a healthier start to the university year. The light heartedness and touch of irreverence which you will gain from the TISM concert should become part of your outlook not only on your studies but on life itself.

TISM will be performing songs from their new album Hot Dogma, as well as some of their oldies like "I'm Interested in Apathy" and "40 Years-Then Death" at the O'Ball on Saturday March 9. They are going to be one of this years more "unusual" bands. So don't miss them!

Genevieve Marjoribanks
and Andrew Beveridge

Hothouse Flowers: A Spiritual Experience

Hothouse Flowers
Old Lion
Tuesday 26
February, 1991

Hothouse Flowers filled the room with a warm feeling of happiness, inviting us to float with them into their world free of pretension and hate. We were led by charismatic singer Liam O'Maonlai to an

experience in music as pure as we may ever see.
J. Moloney



A Couple of Coke

Kylie Minogue
Memorial Drive
Friday 15 February
1991

Australia has had to wait a long time to see its latest megastar, our first lady of pop, Kylie Minogue. From her lowly beginnings on England's highest rating TV show, Kylie has graduated to pop chart success, and now live concert performances. In the past, Kylie has been accused of being a mere puppet, with Stock, Aitken and Waterman pulling the strings, and, more importantly, pressing the buttons to make Kylie's voice work. But, since her live debut in Tokyo, Japan, Kylie has taken the world by storm. At last, on her *Rhythm of Love* tour, Kylie has shown Australia what she's made of. And, by Jove, I think she may have just pulled it off.

I was fortunate enough to win a couple of tickets through Coca Cola's "Rhythm of Love" competition, which, incidentally, I entered a dozen or so times. As you may guess, I was rather keen to attend. The surprising thing was, a very large proportion of the people I spoke to were there on either free or very cheap tickets. I even heard that one Adelaide girls school had been given 150 free tickets for distribution to their students. Perhaps the promoters thought it better to have a large crowd with a lot of freeloaders than a small crowd of honest paying punters.

Wandering among the crowd before the show, it was going to be a Moral Sin concert. There was an overwhelming number of pre-teens in attendance, undoubtedly seeing their first live show. Also common were groups of 4 or 5 young children being escorted by 1 adult. Evidently, the adult had bravely elected, in collusion with other parents, to take their kiddies'



bunch of friends along. Since no lager was to be had at the Drive, I accosted one of the wandering drink boys and asked him for "a couple of Coke". The joke was lost on him.

When the lights dimmed, the crowd started to scream *en masse*. Whether this was because the children were afraid of the dark, or just wanted to see their idol, I don't know. Kylie took to the stage and the band started belting out her latest big hit "Step Back in Time", as hundreds of young girls squealed in delight. Several around me had tears

in their eyes, I'm sure. It was eerie, the behaviour of the people around me reminded me of video footage I had seen of girls screaming at Beatles concerts. It was a real step back in time. These girls' mothers probably did the same thing 25 years ago. Scary.

The sound was very good. The band consisted of 3 backing singers, 2 female, 1 male; a live drummer; bass; guitar; and various percussion pieces.

Kylie did sing, and sounded a lot better than most lead singers do in live shows. Plus, she strutted and posed, gyrated her body and generally

twisted and turned all through the show. Kylie was very impressive in this regard.

Perhaps more important than the band were the dancers. Two females and 3 males; 2 black and 1 white, they helped keep the crowd entertained, "turned on", and amused while Kylie left the stage during her 3 costume changes.

The dancers frequently acted out the lyrics, with the males chasing and fondling Kylie all round the stage. The groping, hip thrusting and what could only be described as simulated sex with the dance floor must surely have

gone over the heads of the average 8 year old at the concert. Either that or there would have been a lot of precocious nymphos performing immoral acts in the local schoolyard at recess time in the days following Kylie's performance. It is quite a worrying thought.

Kylie played all her big hits and more:- "Hands on your Heart", "Better the Devil you Know", "Locomotion" and "I Should be so Lucky" went down very well. In addition to songs from her repertoire from her 3 albums, Kylie did two covers, the Beatles' "Help", with a soulful gospel feel, provided by the backing vocalists, sounded OK, and something about a "Love Train", which encouraged us all to join hands and be nice to each other. Kylie introduced this song by making a remark about it being appropriate, presumably in light of the Gulf War. Goodness, socially aware too!!

Having started in a hot, black, skimpy bodysuit, Kylie changed costumes three times. Her stunning vestments also included a flowing cape and a green bodysuit. All of this was, naturally, very flattering to Kylie's petite figure.

After 90 minutes, the show was over. The second half dragged on a bit, but it was a very pleasant evening of fun and frivolity. I think I'm beginning to understand the Kylie phenomenon. She's inoffensive, rather cute, and pleasant enough. I could think of worse people that the youth of today could follow. There was no violence among the crowd, no pot fumes wafting through the air and smiles on the faces of kids and parents, alike. Basically, Kylie's like eating condensed milk; kids like it, it's sweet and tasty, but too much of it is bound to give you the shits.

Ben 'twisty turny' Allen

Birds of a Feather

**The Falling Joys
and The
Hummingbirds
26 & 27 January
Club Foote**

There are many similarities between The Hummingbirds and The Falling Joys. Both come from Canberra and are now resident in Sydney. Both are happy to give their guitars a bit of a beating, have a cute bass player and were hailed as pop messiahs on the release of their debut albums. These are superficial similarities. The Hummingbirds have toured the world, selling out venues as legendary as London's Town & Country Club. They recorded their new album in America with World's-Coolest-Producer, Mitch "REM" Easter. They introduce their songs with allusions to drugs and their paedophilic tendencies and deal with hecklers adroitly. They listen to the Mary Chain, Pale Saints and Spacemen 3 (these are all cool bands). Their songs are a happy tangle of scruffy guitars and endlessly gliding harmonies harangued for

every ounce of feeling.

The Falling Joys have crap dress-sense. They blush coyly when you applaud at the end of each song; their stage banter is confined to telling you how they got burnt at the cricket. They write their songs in the sun room, enjoy listening to Kraftwerk and the Beatles and let their record company boss in America rearrange their songs to make them more catchy. Their songs are nicely crafted mature pop with sublime singing and beefy riffs. Richard Wilkins loves The Falling Joys.

Live, The Joys are... very good, actually. It never ceases to amaze me what 95 decibels and some rawness of sound can do with the bones of a good song. Suzie Lioness-of-Rock Higgle and her merry band were sheer attack. Nearly every song came out spunked up with some juicy new bit of rifferama or other wild innovation. Even "Burnt So Low" the limpest song on the *Omega EP* or *Wishlist LP*, physically rippled with menace.

The major difference between these concerts and the ones The Joys did here in July was that their debut album *Wishlist*

was released in the meantime, making for bigger crowds and a much higher level of audience participation. Though The Joys still don't say much, and Suzie's contribution of white mini-skirt, black stockings and white, plasticky boots, clearly offended many, you could not have got a more palpable bond between band and audience. Everyone had a ball!

The Hummingbirds, though a much cooler band than The Falling Joys, do not come across as well live. Their song structures are looser and less danceable and their general stage demeanour is far from endearing, ranging from arrogant (frontperson-Simon) to completely uninterested (Robyn - bass player), without much in between. On Saturday night, particularly, they disappointed a lot of people with their world-weariness. They were, in fact, merely weary, having spent a sleepless Friday night trying to nurse their sick car across the Hay Plains. On Sunday night, they smile and kid around, Simon's repartée is much more



dazzling (Alimony = "four syllables that changed the world") but best of all, they close with "Portrait of the Artist in Hell". This 8-minute epic starts with typical Hummingbirds melodiousness and descends tortuously into a Thurston Moore wet-dream of feedback, screech-burn. Otherwise, their set on both nights roughly alternated between old favourites from the *loveBUZZ* album and songs from the upcoming *va va Voom LP*, set for release in April. The most surprising thing was the appearance of a fifth

Hummingbird, a man, name of Tim Freedman, who patrolled the keyboards and added backing vocals occasionally. In case you're worried, The Hummingbirds are not turning into a synth-pop outfit. Their new songs sounded, if anything, more full-on and quite good on first and second impression.

If you missed out this time, never mind, you can sample The Hummingbirds experience live at the our very own O'Ball this Saturday.

Get on down!
Ian Richardson

Beastly Bourbon Bonanza

**Beasts of
Bourbon
Le Rox
Wednesday,
27 February**

Consisting of musicians involved in bands such as the Scientists, the Olympic Sideburns, the Hoodoo Gurus, the Johnnys, the Dubrovniks and the Cruel Seas (whose album, incident-tally, is doing very well on the MMM-FM charts), the Beasts of Bourbon can be regarded as something of a super-group in Australia's remarkably incestuous "alternative" music scene.

Unfortunately, James Baker and Boris Sujdovic were unavailable, presumably due to Dubrovnik commitments, but the songwriting nucleus of the band, Tex Perkins, Spencer Jones and Kim Salmon were more than ably provided with a rhythm section by Kim Salmon's Surrealists, enabling the crowd to experience the Beasts of Bourbon the way they are best appreciated, live rather than on vinyl.

Described as "a blend of twisted country swamp roots and blues/loose rock 'n' roll", the Beasts, followed by a swaggering Tex Perkins, immediately let loose with "Drop Out", from their first album, *The Axeman's Jazz*. From there, they continued mainly with gems from their latest effort, *Black Milk*.

A highlight was "Fingerlickin'", a song mean enough to strike fear deep into the heart of any chicken. Aided by an unusually good Le Rox sound mix, "Let's Get Funky", a single from *Black Milk*, was equally impressive, but "Cool Fire" was possibly the best of a remarkable and consistent set. Tex's unique vocal delivery and stage presence seems to have an effect on many females similar to that of speaking Russian to Jamie Lee Curtis. More than one of the adoring girlies in the front row was reduced to a quivering mess by the end of "Cool Fire". (By the way - his real name is Greg. Not quite so romantic, huh!)

Apart from the minor let-down of not seeing the large hairy apparition that is James Baker, there has to be one



other complaint to the Beasts - when you're playing that well, it's just not fair to make a set so short!

Nevertheless, they did put to shame a certain Adelaide Reviewer who described fans of a certain "Beats (?) (sic) of Bourbon as people who drink heavily, stage dive, and pray

nightly to Radio Birdman." Well, no one attempted to stage dive (such songs as "Cool Fire" and "Save me a place" are really not conducive to it...), and the fact that their blues/country rock is compared to Radio Birdman seems to show a certain lack of knowledge on behalf of the

reviewer. As for calling their music as tuneful as a Siamese cat, that can be easily and convincingly refuted by anyone at the show. Enough...

Oh well... they may not know how to get funky, but who'd want them any other way?

Daniel Kearney

Footlights presents...



AYE, CALIGULA



enigmatic



insane



italian



disturbed



party animal



mother of three



eggplant

Wednesday March 13- Saturday March 16
Tuesday March 19- Saturday March 23
Starts 8:00 pm
Little Theatre, Adelaide University
Tickets \$10 / \$6 SPU
Available from the SAUA or at the door

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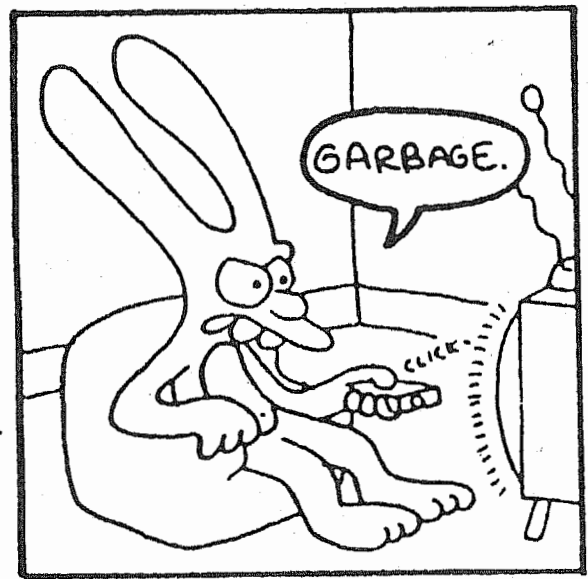
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This week in SPORT

• By Johnny Matthus



•Biggest news this week in sport comes from Sabina Park in Jamaica where the hushed tones of new Channel Nine wordsmith supremo Greg Chappell threatens to change the very way we see the great game. Not since Kate Fitzpatrick compared a Lillee bouncer hooked for four by a rampaging Ian Botham, to the time she turned up late for a rehearsal minus essential items of clothing have cricket watchers been blessed with such valuable insights into the game. Telling us that David Boon was indeed goddamn serious about the task in front of him in the vital first dig at Sabina Park and that he wasn't a few limbs short of a water buffalo when facing the strangest shape in the great game, Curtly Ambrose, displayed Chappell's obvious naked love for the game. The shock was almost as brain numbing as when Michael Holding said 'e's an 'uppy mun, Graig McDermutt' when Desmond Haynes' uprooted off stump almost reached the players' dugout causing previously pinned Gus Logie to fear that perhaps God doesn't like short black men who don't play with a straight bat.

And that's the real thing at stake in the Caribbean in the current Australian Tour. It's not whether the Windies can cope with left arm bowling or a bald down syndromer bowling off spinners. Its not about the death of Clive Lloyd's dream team or the resurgence of gutsy Australian batting and fielding. Its about playing straight and keeping your niceness. And as we have all heard the Windies have forgotten about the unspoken code. They play to win and if that means bowling four overs a day at the throat then thats OK.

•Biggest joke this week in sport was

the ridiculously prominent photo of de facto Crows skip Chris McDermott in the Advertiser prior to the Adelaide's team clash with the Lockett-less Saints. This naked appeal to the now totally boned Glenelg supporter (RIP) with the caption to the effect 'here is your would be if he could be leader' is typical of the now familiar pre-season Crows hype. Now we all know that Chris (better known as the man with the the most prestigious nose in the almost national great game) has grabbed the odd ball out of the middle at Glenelg and farmed it out to an equally slow tryhard to the strains of frenzied ravings from wrinkled soup slurping diggers in the stand (not to mention the slightly less intelligent beings on 5 DN). But never until the advent of the (can you believe they actually called them) Crows has he been worth pictorial column inches. Australian Rules is not a pretty game but it never has been this ugly. When the town daily has to resort to a countenance as deformed as the former Glenelg Follower's to promote the SA football cause then we can only deduce that things are not all that well down at the Crows.

Pre-season has seen the suckers of the AFL, the Brisbane Bears, beat the biff queens, Collingwood. Down at Victoria Park they're not digging up the Collywobbles. They're not airing their worse cases of elephantitis in the local rag to boost flagging morale. Craig Kelly (that fist on legs) hasn't blanched from his heavy pre-season dummy punching programme. Noooooo, the Magpies, unlike their joke bird family SA counterpart, realise that the only game worth wasting blood on is one for four premiership points. Forget the Fosters Cup. The real test for the Crow try hards who

couldn't get on a real AFL team, is a wet day at Windy Hill when Madden is marking in the forward lines and the umpires refuse to give holding the ball. Only then will they know that they are 500 miles from home, wearing nothing but a ridiculously tight pair of shorts and a jumper that would even embarrass an Engineer.

•Final word this week in sport regards Hayley Lewis' total lack of shock horror at winning the ABC SportsPer-

son of the Year. In a display that put Simon O'Donnell's he-had-cancer-give-him-a-ribbon win as Cricketer of the Year to total shame, our own superfish read the cue cards with great aplomb. This is further proof that there is nothing better for a well rounded education than spending those tender adolescent years serving the furtherance of the Australian myth that we all live on the beach and would rather swim than fuck.

Hey Kids

On Dit wants all Sport Association Clubs to **SUBMIT** their results for the weekly sports page.

We are interested to hear about the state of your hamstrings, the standard of umpiring or anything that only a rag like *On Dit* would print.

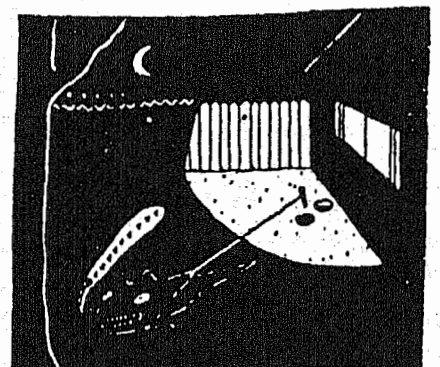
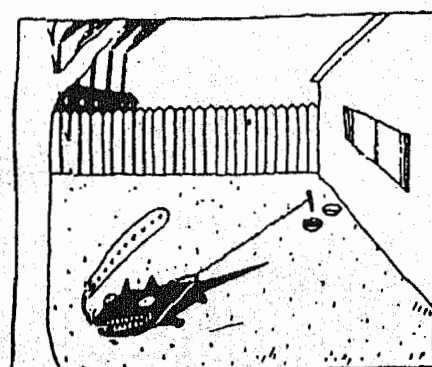
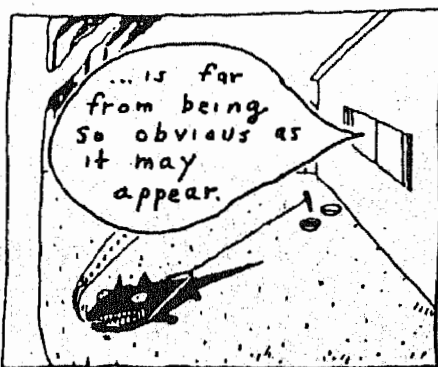
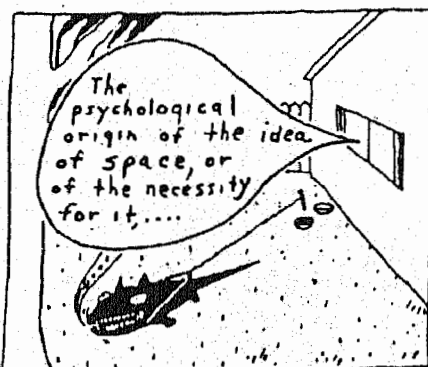
Women's teams are particularly encouraged to contact us.

Contact the On Dit Editors or Sport maestro Darien O'Reilly via the office in the South Western corner of the Cloisters (228 5404) or the Students' Association (location generally irrelevant) for further information.

THE ANGRIEST DOG IN THE WORLD

by David Lynch

The dog who is so angry he cannot move. He cannot eat. He cannot sleep. He can just barely growl. ... Bound so tightly with tension and anger, he approaches the state of rigor mortis.



I Want To Be Classified...

The Students' Association presents

Orientation Week
Film Night

Total Recall (M) plus
Flatliners (M)

7.30 pm, Union Hall.

\$2 Students, \$3 others.
Tea and coffee will be available.

AIESEC

AIESEC Dunking Machine.
2 pm, Wednesday, 6th March.
Barr Smith Lawns.
Free for all AIESEC members.

Mini Minor, 1964, good condition,
runs well. Needs to be registered.
New tyres \$1,200. Contact Claude
Pronol, Operations Manager of the
Adelaide University Union and
generally fun guy on 228 5992.

Are you sick of the faction-fight-
ing, cocktail-partying, political
clubs around? If you are more inter-
ested in debate, discussion and
information about current political
issues; if you'd like to hear
from guests speakers regarding
such topics as the environment,
peace and social justice; or if you're
just a fun, active person ... then
the Democrat Club is for you.
Membership is only \$2.

A small fee for a forum for political
discussion and information, as well
as social activities. The Inaugural
General Meeting will be held on
Thursday, 21st March at 1 pm in
the Union Cinema.
So come along to the club table
during O'Week and to the meeting.
For further information please
drop a line to Anne Freeman (Law
Department) or Carla Stacey (Politi-
cs Department).

Friends of the Earth

A stall will be held on the Barr
Smith Lawns this week, Monday to
Wednesday, between 10 - 3 pm.
1991 membership will be available
(only \$3) and a wide range of
badges, stickers, books and t-shirts
will be on sale.
Official Welcome: This Thursday
at 1.00 pm in the Conference Room
(5th Floor). The main aim of this
meeting is to allow new and old
members to meet one another in
an informal setting. A video will be
screened and refreshments served.
1991 membership will also be
available for those who missed
out earlier. All welcome!

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Fitness Circuit Class

The Centre for Physical Health is
proposing to start an additional
lunchtime "Fitness Circuit" class on
Thursdays. Would any member or
student interested in joining this
class please contact the Centre on
267 2926 or enquire at the recep-
tion desk.

Intramural Softball Competition

The Intramural Softball competi-
tion will again be starting at the
beginning of the term (mid March).
Would all team organisers please
ensure that all entry forms are
returned to the Centre for Physi-
cal Health by 4.00 pm, Thursday,
7th March. Payment must accom-
pany all entry forms.
Please note that all intramural
competitions are based on fun and
learning and are mainly for people
who do not play in regular competi-
tion.
For further information please
contact Diana Pendrick, telephone
267 2926

LITSOC

Thursday, 7th March
2 pm
"Picnic at Hanging Soc".
The Literary Society's first gather-
ing. Northern Bank of the Torrens,
near the Footbridge.

Sports Association AGM

The Annual General Meeting of the
Adelaide University Sports Asso-
ciation will be held at 1.10 pm on
Monday, 25th March, 1991, in the
Jerry Portus Room, Lady Symon
Building.

Adelaide University Table Tennis Club

Students and Staff wanted to re-
create the AU table tennis club.
Contact Anthony Myers on 346
3184 if interested.

Warringa Guest House and Hostel,
Victor Harbor, offering 20% dis-
count to all University students.
16 Flinders Parade. Telephone
(085) 52 1028.

Word Processing and Typing Serv-
ices: Assignments, Essays, Theses,
etc. From \$2 per page. Call Louise
on 272 9347. Pick up and delivery
available.

ARE YOU THE NEXT JEREMY DIXON?

Adelaide University Union
By-Election
25th - 27th March, 1991

The Adelaide University Union seeks nominations for Returning Officer for the By-Election to be held on the dates specified above.

Please apply in writing to:
Mr Rob Brice,
Secretary/Manager,
Union Administration,
Lady Symon Building (Level 1)
by Friday, 8th March, 1991. An honorarium will be paid.

CAN YOU FILL WENDY WAKEFIELD'S SHOES?

Adelaide University Union
By-Election 1991

Positions available: Union Board 1
Nominations Open
Wednesday, 6th March, 1991 at 9 am
Nominations Close
Thursday, 14th March, 1991 at 4 pm sharp
Nomination Forms available from:
Union Administration (First Floor, Lady Symon Building)

By-Election to be held 25th - 27th March, 1991

PRODUCTION NOTES

On Dit is the weekly newspaper of the Univer-
sity of Adelaide Students Association.

The Editors have complete editorial control,
although the views expressed in the paper may
not necessarily be their own, or even anybody
elses for that matter.

Editors: Simon Healy & Dave Krantz

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Special thanks to: Dave Penberthy, Kate
Juttner, Steve Jackson, Andy Joyner, Michelle
Gillam-Malone, Mark Gamtcheff, Mum & Dad
(both sets) for teaching us to read and write
after a fashion, Anne for winning at pool,
Mr. Coopers and his sons, Janet Reid, Natasha
Stott Depsoja for keeping the pharmaceuticals
industry afloat, Paul Champion, the Union
Stewards, Garry McIntosh for making Simon
happy and virtually anybody else who comes
into my head.

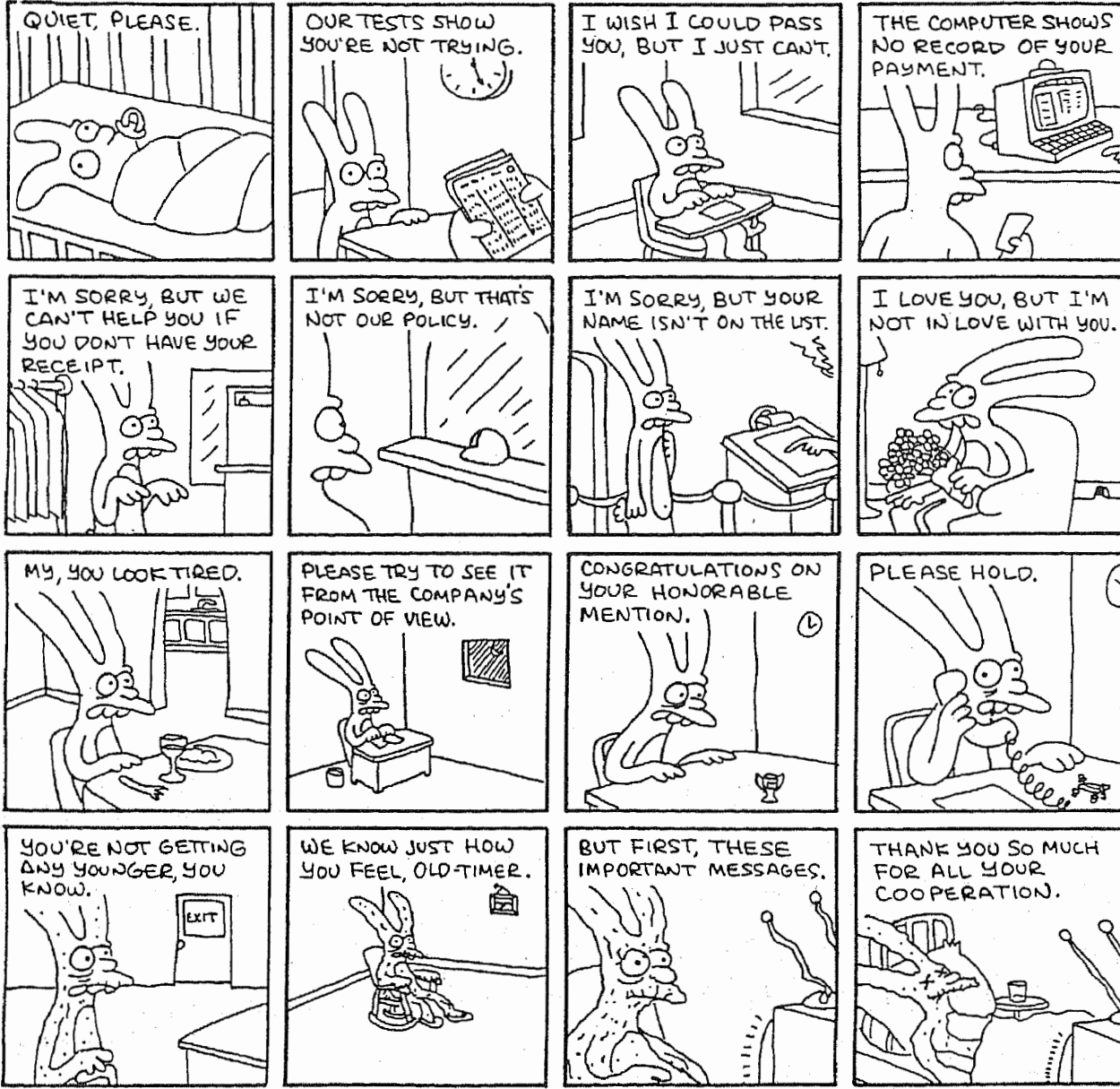
THE STRENGTH OF
A NATION IS DISCIPLINE
IN SCHOOLS

Bunyip Peril

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN

LIFE IN HELL

10th ANNIVERSARY STRIP



©1990
BY MATT
GROENING



Bizarre Tail

When the Monroe Township, Indiana Groundhog Society members meet, they shake hands and then snort at each other. The snort as a form of greeting is no laughing matter to a society in which members wear fake fur and groundhog hoods with ears, according to David Steele, the group's historian. The society requires the 18 members to "pass the snort test and take at least one snort a year."

Originally formed in 1929, the society folded in 1935, but has recently re-emerged with the discovery of some old society papers.

Steele said that many people can't understand why a grown man wants to become a groundhog member, although the civic group raises funds for community projects in the central Indiana town about 30 miles northeast of Indianapolis.

"Each year we have \$1,000 to \$1,500 to put back into the community. At the same time, we get to act silly -- like little boys. And we get to celebrate Groundhog day in proper style," he said.

At the society's annual "swill" breakfast on Groundhog day, a member emerges from a groundhog mound made of pipe, bushes, and canvas only after hearing the group's chant:

"Groundhog, groundhog, we must know. Is it spring or is it snow? Tell us, tell us, we can't wait. Come on out, you reprobate."

That Man Desh is Back

Good morning. Although I don't for the life of me understand why we say good morning. Damn and hell, but the big fellas of this world have made a dickens of a job of it, haven't they. Enough to squeeze the sweetness out of this funny old life and make a man feel he ought not to go out with his mates and drink the luscious red juice of the grape or look at the pretty girls walking in their wind-whipped, startlingly revealing dresses in the street. God knows. There is enough misery in this world without war and recessions.

When I was younger than you'd ever believe possible from looking at the gnarled old features that my old matey-mates, God in his heaven knows why, have put at the top of this column, I met a bloke in my travels with my mate Don. We were poorer than church mice, stuck for a quid, but we were happy as crickets discovering the sweetness of this funny old world, when we found we couldn't pay for our drinks in this little Arab pub in London. And this bloke put his hand in his pocket even though he was not drinking himself and paid for the lot and wouldn't take a thank-you. And God knows how many years later this bloke, Saddam, is holding the whole bloody sweet wonderful world to ransom. We thought he was just a good bloke. Jeez, I said to my old mate Don the other day, you wouldn't think it, would you? But I guess I'm just an old softy, but I reckon that if we just behaved like decent blokes to each other, and had a few jars of the sweet glowing red grape of the vine, we could sort this all out and be mates again.

"Son", I said, as the boy slurped his muesli. "Son". And do you know what the boy said, turning his big liquid, appealing bloody eyes towards me? He said, "Dad, I'm too bloody old to eat muesli and listen to your homespun schmaltz anymore. Blast Saddam out of Kuwait, I say". Kids, what are we going to do about them, God love 'em.

Damn and hell, and I thought Saddam was such a good bloke all those years ago when the world was young, and my old buddy mate Don and I were on our uppers, with hardly a bean for a stamp to ask our old mate, who was God to us in those days, Sir Lloyd Dumas, to send us a quid. But he did, God bless him and we paid back our debt to Saddam the next time we saw him. I wonder if in his old heart Saddy remembers that day when he behaved like a proper Christian. Not one of those bloody, tightwad, puritanical Christians that reckon the sweet red juice of the vine is wrong, but a bighearted man of a man who loved his fellow men and had an eye for the pretty girls in their wind-whipped, alarmingly tight frocks that look like flowers in the grey, bleak, windswept streets of my old town, London. Maybe I will drop him a line and remind him. Eh? Ha-Ha. Good bloody day to all you lovely people and women out there in our beloved Adelaide's sunlit, burning streets. I love you all.

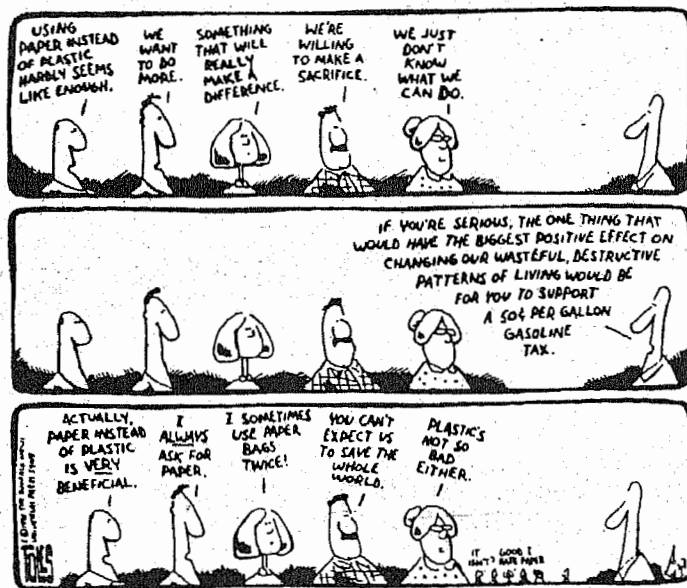
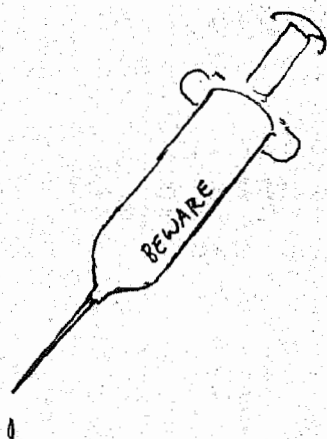
Desh Clqqhqn

THOUGHTS OF A FRESHER

Here at *Bunyip Peril* we receive many letters, a small selection of which we publish. Here is a transcript of a conversation that a concerned parent had with their first year child. Be Warned, Be Vigilant!

"hi mum it was my first day at uni today yeah it was pretty hectic first I first I went to a welcome address in this big hall and it was pretty boring and then me and julie and michael who were these people I met went to the barr smith lawns and joined some clubs I joined windsurfing and judo and this great club called ripoff that's run by these two really funny guys and then julie and michael and I went to the bar and they bought me a beer and then they said do you want some smack and I said sure so we went into the toilets and had a blast and it was really good but I felt a bit sick and threw up but that was ok I mean we all used the same needle but julie and michael said they were clean so that's not a problem in case you were worried about that mum anyway then we went and watched a

volleyball game on the lawns and I went to a really boring preliminary lecture and I forgot to sign up for a tute because I was too out of it and then I came home I mean uni looks ok but I think I'll probably miss all my lectures and tutes and just shoot up smack with julie and michael by the way they're coming over after dinner if that's ok mum"



freedom to live our own lives.

the sources of what came to be called progressive (or permissive) education.

the First World War. The carnage and agony of the war was a shock to people who believed themselves civilised. The appalling destruction of lives, which had brought into being the pacifist movement and conscientious objection, the growing power of the Labour Party, the talk of socialism, all tended to stimulate a reaction against aggression and competition in favour of tolerance and co-operation.

a child would be bullied and beaten, it was necessary to 'break the will', school him to obedience.

The English upper class took the Romans for models in imperial expansion,

punishment in order to stimulate virtue

I had examined these questions in *The Right to be Happy*, while Bertie was writing his book on education.