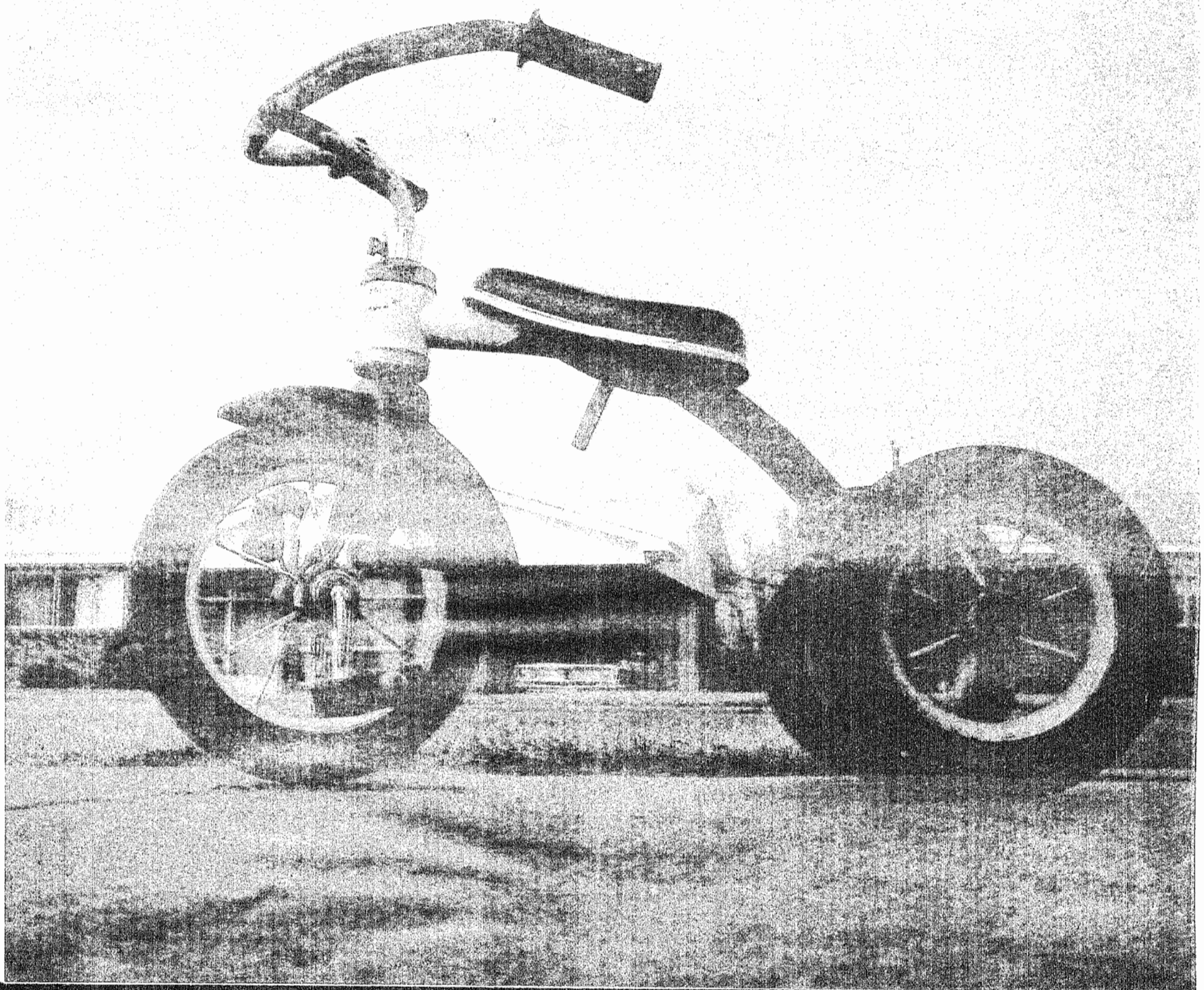


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# ON-DIT

Adelaide University Students Weekly • Volume 59 Number 21 • October 21 1991 • FREE



I like sport.  
Sport's been good to me.  
I like to ride me bike and  
have a few dobs of the footy.  
Yeah! Life's pretty grand!

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## PRODUCTION NOTES

On Dit is the weekly paper etc. etc.

Editors: Simon Healy & David Krantz

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Special Thanks this week go to; Anne Whittall, Kate Juttner, Sam Maiden, Dominic Petraccaro, Whyalla Sunrise, Don from the Crown, Ben Allen, Brett Allen, Christine Allen, Dr Doug, Paul Champion, Andrew Champion, Carla Stacey, Julie Kitto, Simone Officer Hall, Melissa McEwen, Chloë Fox, Ian Richardson, Arna Eyers-White, Alex Wheaton, Pat Conlon, Asha Meyer, Francis Greenslade, James Mullighan, Tim & Lois Healy, Rachel, Angela, Andrea Fabrizzio, Nirvana, Mary Simpson, Dave Penberthy and all the people I've forgotten.

## STOP PRESS

At a recent Union Board meeting Mel Yuan (Independents) was elected to the office of Union President for an unprecedented second term. Running against Nick Hannaford (Liberal), she scraped in with a 10-9 victory.

During the meeting she was asked if she would serve a full term as President. She replied that she intended to unless she got a proper job.



Mel Yuan: looking for a proper job

A protest was held on Wednesday October 16 to highlight overcrowding at Adelaide University. The protest was organised by the SAUA, and started at the Barr-Smith Lawns before moving to the registry. In the registry office a can of sardines was presented by SAUA President Natasha Stott Despoja.

The protest was poorly attended by students, with student polities and media outnumbering normal students.

The National Day of Action on overcrowding was organised by NUS.



FLINDERS UNIVERSITY  
OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

### Post-graduate Research Scholarships

Flinders University invites graduates to apply for Research Scholarships to undertake post-graduate study in 1992. Intending applicants for the Australian Post-graduate Research Award (APRA) and Flinders University Research Scholarships (FURS) should hold a first class, or high 2A, Honours degree or equivalent.

Flinders University repeatedly has been awarded significant research grants by funding bodies relying heavily on independent assessments of research projects and research workers. The University is situated on an attractive foothills site overlooking the Adelaide Plains, 25 minutes from the city centre and within easy reach of recreational facilities.

**Stipend and Allowances:** A relocation allowance, thesis allowance and research student maintenance allocation are provided. A HECS exemption scholarship will be provided. Stipend rates: APRA \$13,504-\$17,427 in 1991. FURS - under review. Priority areas for increased APRA stipend: Information Sciences, Neuroscience, Commerce and the Economics of Labour, Environmental Sciences, Biotechnology and Molecular Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Australian Studies in the Arts.

**Research Travel Expenses:** Up to two Fellowships are available each year to enable post-graduate students to undertake short periods of study overseas. Travel support is available to assist students who are presenting papers at conferences.

Studies may be undertaken in any of the following Schools.

**Humanities:** Drama, English, French, Italian, Philosophy, Spanish, Latin American Studies, Visual Arts, Archaeology, Linguistics, New Literatures in English, Modern Greek, Legal Studies.

**Social Sciences:** American Studies, Asian Studies, Indonesian, Economics, Economic History, Geography, History, Politics, Psychology, Sociology, Social Administration, Labour Studies, Development Studies, Population Studies, Women's Studies.

**Information Science and Technology:** Applied Mathematics, Pure Mathematics, Statistical Science, Computer Science.

**Physical Sciences:** Atomic and Molecular Physics, Plasma Physics, Gas Discharge Physics, Theoretical Physics (Atomic, Plasma and Particle Physics), Organic Chemistry, Inorganic Chemistry, Crystallography and Solid State Chemistry, Catalysis and Surface Chemistry, Spectroscopy and Theoretical Chemistry, Electrochemistry, Electronic Structure of Materials Centre.

**Biological Sciences:** Animal Physiology, Bacteriology and Virology, Behavioural Biology, Biochemistry, Biophysics, Biotechnology, Cell Physiology, Cytogenetics, Developmental Biology of Animals, Development Genetics, Marine Biology, Marine Sciences, Population Genetics, Microbial and Molecular Genetics, Marsupial Biology, Immunology, Plant Growth and Development, Plant Systematics, Population Biology, Ecology, Vertebrate Paleontology.

**Earth Sciences:** Meteorology, Oceanography, Marine Geology, Geology, Geochemistry, Geophysics, Hydrology, Marine Sciences.

**Medicine:** Anaesthesia, Medical Biochemistry, Clinical Microbiology, Clinical Pharmacology, Organ Imaging, Haematology, Anatomy and Histology, Human Physiology, Medicine, Nutrition, Obstetrics and Gynaecology, Paediatrics, Pathology, Primary Health Care, Psychiatry, Surgery, Rehabilitation, Ophthalmology, Palliative Care, Clinical Immunology, Speech Pathology, Haematology, Radiology.

**Education:** Educational Psychology, Philosophy and Education, Sociology of Education, History of Education, Curriculum Studies, Physical Education, Early Childhood, Culture and Education, Statistics and Education, Statistics Evaluation and Computer Studies, Special Education, Educational Administration, Aboriginal Education.

**Nursing.**

**Theology:** Old Testament, New Testament, Systematic Theology, History of Doctrine, Church History, Liturgy, Study of Religions.

Applications for Post-graduate Scholarships must be received by 31 October.

For further information contact: Helen Pickford, Scholarships Officer, Office of Research, Flinders University of South Australia, GPO Box 2100, Adelaide, S.A. 5001 (Telephone (08) 201 2759, Fax (08) 201 3000)

# Sports Association and Union at Loggerheads

"Come on hard court tennis and hard wicket cricket!" (Rob Brice, 11/9/91)

Is the future of sport at Adelaide Uni. overused and worn-out grounds? Should more schools and private clubs be trudging over Uni. grounds every weekend? Or is the Sports Association crying 'wolf' and trying to take \$30,000 it doesn't deserve? Simon Healy reports.

Controversy continues between the Sports Association and Union over the funding of grounds maintenance, with a stalemate developing in relations between the two bodies. A scathing letter from Union Secretary/ Manager Rob Brice to Sports Association representatives, leaked to *On Dit*, claims that the Sports Association's usage of its funds is "unwarranted and iniquitous", and attacks the Association's "seemingly blinkered approach" to the issue of funding.

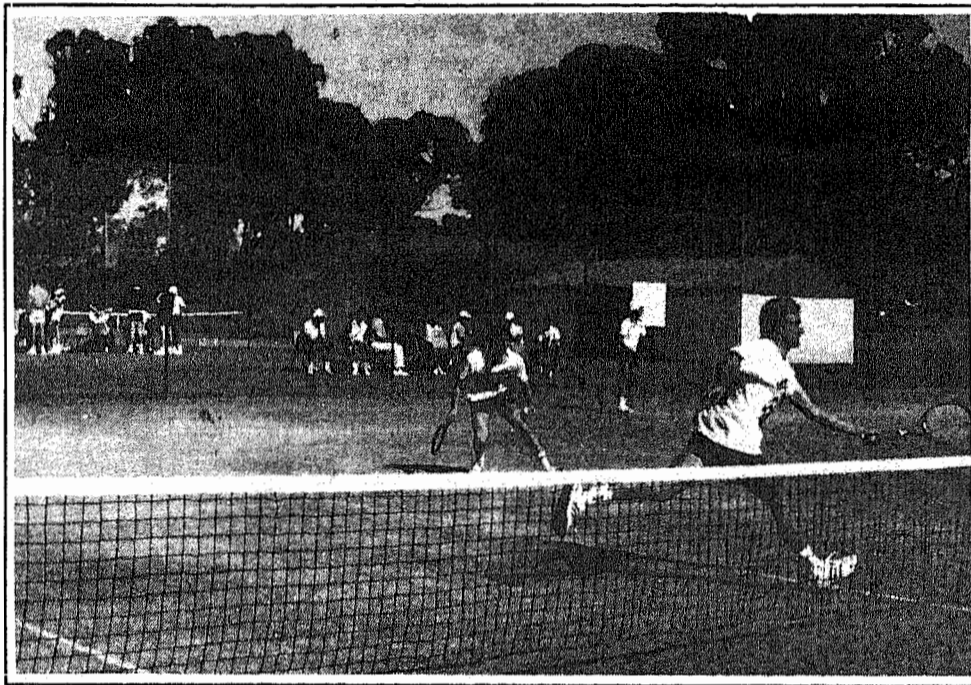
The dispute arises over an agreement that the SA and Union would, between them, pay for half of the grounds maintenance of University ovals by 1993: the University, which has traditionally paid the full sum, will continue to pay the other half.

Out of the SA/Union contribution, the Union will ultimately pay 67% and the SA 33%, but the contribution of the Union will be phased in so that the Sports Association's expenditure remains constant. All of this is laid out in a Heads of Agreement drawn up between the Sports Association and the Union, which still remains unsigned because the two bodies can't reach agreement as to what it should contain.

The major issue of the dispute is where the Sports Association's \$30,000-odd contribution should come from. The SA's Executive Officer, Colin Pickering, proposed to pay part of the money from levies on individual sports clubs, and also entrench in the Heads of Agreement a clause ensuring that the Association's grant is not reduced as a result of the agreement. This is the controversial 'Clause 6'.

The levies, which have been introduced this year, involve the Sports Association charging all of the sports clubs 5% of their grants for ground maintenance (gymnasium-based clubs are exempted), except for the cricket and lawn tennis clubs, the ground-users with the heaviest maintenance bill, who are made to pay 20% of their grounds' maintenance costs. For the SA's administrative convenience, these levies were removed before the clubs received their grants.

The Union believes that, by doing this, the SA is scooping money straight out of its grant, and actually making the Union pay twice. It got its revenge at the Board meeting of 16 September by passing a motion which stated that the Union would only agree to Clause 6 if another clause was added, stating that the SA was not allowed to use the Union's grant (i.e. any form of



Brice goes on to say, "Come on hard court tennis and hard wicket cricket! Come on constant Saturday morning and vacation use of the grounds by public and private schools!! How about gymkhanas and earth fairs!!"

levying) to pay its share of the money. Therefore, the approach of the Union is 'You can't have your Clause 6 unless we get our Clause 7.' Clause 7 means that the SA would have to either find the money from its ground hire and membership fees, or bill the clubs directly.

At a meeting of the Sports Association Management Committee on 11 October, the SA agreed in principle to individually bill the clubs for their share of the maintenance costs, rather than take it directly out of the clubs' grants. This decision was supported by the clubs at a SA Council meeting last Wednesday. Colin Pickering is concerned that this arrangement will involve a waste of administrative time for Sports Association staff, as well as causing

cashflow problems for the Association.

Pickering argues that it is hypocrisy for the Union to accuse the Sports Association of dipping into Union funds, when the SA has cut its ground hire income by reducing its number of sports grounds, with most of the benefits flowing to the University and Union in the form of lower maintenance costs.

And this is where the problems really start to set in. By a quirk of history, the Sports Association is constitutionally separate

to the Union, and so is directly accountable to University Council rather than the Union. This causes all manner of confusion. As Mel Yuan said at the Board meeting, "the AUU has no idea whether the Sports Association has the money or not, as adequate financial statements were not available."

In 1992 the SA will get at least \$40,000 from Membership Fees and Ground Hire, which in theory is enough to cover their \$30,000 contribution.

However, the Sports Association's expenditure of \$32,000 of its income on the West Beach Hockey Centre in 1991, in addition to loans to sporting clubs, the purchase of floodlights and other capital equipment means that their money is all accounted for. Further,

the Sports Association believes that it is inequitable to use membership fees from clubs with low maintenance costs to subsidise clubs with high maintenance costs. In short, the Hockey club would have a fit if they were forced to hand over their \$5,000 worth of Graduate Membership Fees for the benefit of the Cricket club.

The comments of Board members at the 16 September meeting indicate that the Union doesn't know whether the SA can

afford to pay ground maintenance from its own monies or not.

The Union seems to have no idea what the SA is doing, but Colin Pickering claims that all of the relevant figures are contained in the Association's annual report, which the Union is sent a copy of: "It's their own problem if they can't be bothered reading it." As a result, the two bodies don't get along too well. At the Board meeting, Nick Boyd-Turner suggested that Rob Brice and Union Accountant Peter Von Maltzahn "pull the Sports Association apart and find out how they operated," which is one of the more crazed manifestations of the Union's frustrations.

The Union is negotiating from a position of lack of knowledge, and Rob Brice's letter to Sports Association reps., dated 11 September, complains that "[t]he Sports Association has yet to produce a cashflow budget or a meaningful income and expenditure statement to reflect the non stat. fee aspect of the Sports Association's financial affairs." Brice goes on to complain that if the Sports Association really cannot afford ground maintenance from out of its revenue, it should present figures proving this.

Brice then threatens to cut the Sports Association out of negotiations with the University, saying that if the Union is forced to pay for the total cost of grounds maintenance, it will "take over all responsibility for negotiations with the University re: ground costs and grounds rationalisation."

Brice goes on to say, "Come on hard court tennis and hard wicket cricket! Come on constant Saturday morning and vacation use of the grounds by public and private schools!! How about gymkhanas and earth fairs!!"

The inference from Rob Brice's letter appears to be that if the Union takes over negotiations, the grounds will be flogged mercilessly. Colin Pickering believes that

"it is not possible to increase current levels of use to any significant degree without detriment to the quality of our grounds." This opinion is backed up by the University Grounds Superintendent, Ron Lippert, who told *On Dit*, "If you look at the whole year, I don't think we could handle much more grounds use... During

*the administration of the Union is getting progressively more annoyed and frustrated, leading to more extreme attempts at coercion and threats against the Sports Association.*

continues page 7

## Lets Get Physical

Sirs,

AIDEX (an acronym, no less) has come in for a lot of flak in recent editions of this illustrious tabloid. This demon exhibition must wreak unprecedented stress in the households of every decent Australian as we worry ourselves silly about what the weapons being exhibited might be used to do. I must admit that I do not lie awake at night pondering this conundrum, although the old chap living in the flat next door does. Well, he is often awake very late, anyway. (I do not know if his insomnia is caused by worrying about AIDEX or suffering the trials of incontinence.)

It seems to be that those writing the letters and articles think that it would make an important difference to the world arms trade if Australia did not involve itself with this "dirty" business. Such a view seems to ignore the real importance of Australia in the world political and arms trade scenes. In the final analysis, this country does not amount to "a hill of beans" in either of these spheres. Our importance has always been assessed using strategic criteria and little, if anything, else.

I say, let's take advantage of this golden opportunity and become involved in defence products to the fullest extent that we are able. Why should the Swedes and the Americans and the British (to mention but a few) reap all the benefits. We badly need export dollars as part of the remedy to our current economic malaise. If we can get these by contributing to order and safety of the world, then let's do it.

Yours sincerely,  
Warren P. Block

P.S. To Nigel Kernick, Pocket Oxfords are for doing crosswords. Next time consult a real dictionary.

To TLS, WPB as an abbreviation for waste paper basket antecedes the YUPPIE use by about 100 years. Still cannot get your details right, can you?

## Paranoid & Illogical

### or US Bases Out

Dear Dave and Simon,

I am writing to bring to everyone's attention (once again) a question which I consider to be of some importance. I would like to query the presence in Australia, of the American Pine Gap military installation and its kin, without (I hope) descending to the simplistic anti-American attitude displayed by the Gulf War protestors. Do we support the Americans due to some paranoid fear of a crumbling USSR? I believe that it is illogical to curry the favour of the United States when they are sending our farmers into destitution with their protectionist policies. In the unlikely event of a nuclear war, do we truly believe that our allies will use their missiles to protect Australians rather than Americans? New Zealand has managed to survive without ANZUS, why can't Australia?

Yours sincerely,  
Nick K.

P.S. I hope to stimulate some intelligent debate in the letters section rather than the drivel which has infested these pages in the form of Catholic, WBP, and Bertossa bashing.

## Manly Handshakes All Round

Dear Eds, WPB, Ben Dube, Mark Jappe, et al:

Now that Comrade Bertossa has written a sensible and intelligent letter, a defence to your remarks springs from this pen that once brutally attacked him. Bertossa's political intelligence has undoubtedly grown over this year and he is even able, unlike many of the pretentious pricks at this sad excuse for a university, to (a) think for and (b) mock himself.

Warren: how much experience do you have of the social groups who don't go to uni?

I am not a student at the moment - I have been working at the Elizabeth CES for 4 1/2 months, so I have first hand knowledge of the mores of this area (pretentious word, but it suits), "God helps them who helps themselves".

People in Elizabeth, etc., don't even think of helping themselves to Uni. Year 11 is an achievement. These people are never even told that Uni is an option. They are kept uneducated, unheeded and unneeded for anything except boning chickens at Inghams or selling icecreams in the Elizabeth City Centre. Peter Duncan MP told the last ALP State Convention that there was a school in the northern suburbs (Smithfield West, I believe) that has never had one student ever go to university. Are you saying that these people are not disadvantaged, or that changes don't need to be made to raise the availability of education for the working class? If anger is a deadly sin, perhaps we need a few more sinners: Maintain your rage ...

At least Warren, as always, has an argument to put forward, not some cheap insults to deliver. At least Warren can think. Now we get onto Ben Dube, and I'm going to enjoy doing it. Yes, Ben, Danny does have a goatee, without which he would look much better. Yes, he is opinionated (a nasty word for "thinking"), yes, he is a first year. So what? Why do these undisputed facts have any effect upon his ability to state a case, you patronising, puerile and banal oxygen thief? Why should anyone do you a favour by transferring to a place where you don't need to have your narrow minded view of life challenged? And what may I ask, is the process that transforms the opinion of a first year (such as Danny) into the much more mature and worthwhile ones of a second year (such as yourself). Go and rot in hell. Or St Peters Boarding House, I'm sure they are much the same. Or even Peterborough.

Mark: Nasty, nasty. At least you can distinguish between an argument and the tactics used to promote it.

Love, kisses, fraternal greetings, manly handshakes or sensitive new age guy hugging, whichever suits you,

Dave Roussy  
with a pig hole in the Psych Dept

## Doing it for the Kids... or are they?

"There are students out there who would give their eye teeth to enrol. We thought if they could afford to pay they should be able to do so." (Australian 11/9/91)

The above statement was made by the executive director of the Australian Vice Chancellor's Committee. He was expressing

his support for the Liberal party's new 'fee-based' tertiary education proposal. Dr Kemp, spokesman for the scheme, has repeatedly denied that the Liberal Party has any intention of introducing up-front fees for all students. Rather, he claims, the new system would allow people who couldn't gain access into university through the regular selection process to enrol by paying full up-front fees. This, in my view is not much of a consolation.

There are 3 major inadequacies about it:

First, the scheme would greatly exacerbate some of the inequalities in the existing system. The burden of paying such fees would, of course, fall on the parents of the fee-paying students. Even if potential students work for a year before commencing study it is unlikely that they will be able to finance the total cost of their education (it is worth nothing that some degrees will probably cost up to fourteen thousand dollars!). The finance would ultimately come from Mum and Dad's pocket. Thus, students from high income families would be favoured to a far greater degree under this policy than they are now.

Second, the new system would profoundly undermine the importance of matriculation. The matric system for all its faults and failings, is still a test of academic merit. With the new system imposed, the notion of merit will be dramatically displaced. Hard-working students will witness their less studious but more wealthy peers leisurely gain entrance into some of the nations top institutions without even sitting exams or tests.

Third, just as the HEC's scheme has acted as a stepping stone for a partial fee paying system, the Liberal education policy will represent a further progression towards an up-front fees system for all! Over time, the question of whether or not a would-be undergraduate can attend university will come down to being a monetary issue only.

For the above reasons, I deplore the Liberal's latest proposal for Tertiary education. It reeks of the same anti-intellectual sentiment underpinning the party's history. While I am to some extent discontent with the ALP's performance on Tertiary Education, I can safely say that the Liberal Party will have to do much better than this if it wants my vote.

With love,  
Peter Slegers  
Arts/Law

## Community & Security

Dear Eds,

As residents of Lincoln College, we are concerned by the general misconception that residential colleges condone outdated practices involving sexual harassment, and that security is inadequate. As we see it, in our college sexual harassment rarely - if ever - occurs, and is seen as unacceptable by the whole college community.

We completely agree with Women on Campus that all students have the right to be safe whilst going about their studies on campus or in a college. We too are distressed by recent events, as are all college residents. Our concern is that we are seen as ignorant and unconcerned about such issues. Students and administration in our college make every effort to maintain security, and the

general consensus among female and male college students is that they feel much more secure living in college than they would in a flat.

The assumption that our community tolerates or fosters sexual offenders, allowing them to walk the corridors of college with impunity, is wrong. Sexual offenders are simply not accepted in college, and previous residents have been expelled for offensive behaviour.

It is because of the feeling of community and the security which accompanies it that we value and enjoy being part of Lincoln College.

Yours,  
Samuel and Michael Latz,  
Electrical Engineering

## Tasteful and Witty Brand of Humour

Dear Mr Krantz,

I was more than a little shocked to read the article "Amnesty International Bulletin", published in the Prosh Rag. I understand that you had a role to play in the writing and / or publication of this article. It was tasteless and insensitive.

Under the sub-heading "Prisoner of the Month", there is reference made to a man "with a cattle-prod up his arse and a couple of electrodes attached to his testicles". To the feeble minded, this scenario may seem amusing - after all, it does contain bottoms and genitalia. However, to the person with even a minimal quota of maturity and intelligence, the realisation that this sort of thing *really* does happen to *real* people, would lead them to conclude that this is not funny in the least.

Not so long ago, a fellow Adelaide University student was killed in an horrific shark attack. Mr Krantz wrote a respectful and responsible article about this unfortunate incident in the following edition of On Dit. Where were the jokes, Mr Krantz? Surely this incident provided lots of ammunition for your tasteful, witty brand of humour.

There were no jokes. Why? Because it was all too close to home. Some students knew the victim personally - they saw him as a *real* person. Humour on this topic would have caused great offence - offence that even Mr Krantz could appreciate. Well, Dave, the victims of torture are *real* people too. They too have friends and relatives. And don't think that torture is topic far removed from Adelaide University. There are undoubtedly students here that have had some experience of torture - either of people they have known, or perhaps even of themselves.

Perhaps, in the future, you will stop to consider the wider ramifications of your writing, and not simply the childish giggle that you may personally get from a superficial, first reading of it.

Yours sincerely,  
Tom Martin  
3rd Year Arts

Dear Tom,  
while I was involved with the Prosh Rag, I was not the author of the Amnesty page.  
Regards,  
Dave Krantz

**Shag Frenzy!**

Dear P. Goers,

Re: your article in last week's On Dit (assuming you're a keen reader of this quality paper).

Q: You say 40,000 men have sex (or something) with a total of 500 prostitutes each week. How many tricks per prostitute per day?

A: At least 11, on average!

Wow. Am I naive, or isn't that rather a lot, even for an active lady?

Tim Simpson  
Architecture

**Goers Hits The Spot**

The Editor,

I refer to the article on Prostitution and the Legislative Council by Peter Goers, as published in *On Dit* 20, on 7/10/91.

I must confess at the outset that generally I despise the writings of the author; this may, in fact, be the first piece of his in which I see merit. Yet, what a piece it is - Goers nails down some obvious mealy-mouthed behaviour and evasion of duty with considerable force.

It has been suggested to me *The Advertiser* elected not to print this article, a decision which must be no surprise to those who read the *Tiser* frequently. Just what was it that prompted such a refusal? The suggestion that our Parliamentarians are (generally speaking) abrogators of duty and a waste of our money? Perhaps the assertion that Government and Telecom act as no better than pimps rang some alarm bells? Even the idea that Mr Gilfillan might be correct in his analysis might have been enough to send shock waves through the Editors' suite!

No matter, I wish merely to applaud the author, and laud *On Dit* for its decision to publish.

A. Wheaton

**Arrogance, Laziness and Sheer Incompetence**

Dear Editors,

(I address this letter to the entire Arts and Law faculties of Adelaide Uni, and to one lecturer in particular, who for legal reasons will remain nameless.)

I would like to complain (with knobs on) about the standard of teaching going on in abovementioned faculties. I transferred here from Flidners this year, and I must say that the arrogance, laziness and sheer

incompetence of Adelaide academics make Department of Society Security facist bureaucrats look like "ever-so-willing-to-please" flight attendants in advertisements.

Not only have I had essays carelessly "misplaced" or returned months late by out-of-touch tutors, but often they didn't even know the criteria by which they were supposed to be marking! I suppose you can't expect too much of them, though, they've got more important things like Amnesty-Int. piss ups and Fabian-Jane sex parties to go to. Lazy turds.

It took the cake though when a lecturer of mine actually didn't know the content of his reading list, offering the excuse that we were "only second years anyway". Who the fuck do these academics think they are? We're paying their wages (through tax as well as HECS) and not getting value for money!

Flinders academics could run rings around this lot. The Adelaide "establishment" needs to tak a good hard look at itself and stop employing these *idiots* just because they were from Sydney or were somebody's mate. *Prestige* doesn't make up for the quality of the graduates.

Wake up to yourselves, unapproachable sons and daughters of Pinochet, and start doing some Goddamn work, before Adelaide University becomes a joke.

Love ... and kisses,  
An-Unhappy-2nd-Year-who-wishes-to-remain-anonymous-for-obvious-reasons.

**On Dit Letters Policy**

Our address is: On Dit, GPO Box 498, Adelaide 5001.

Letters may also be dropped in to the office, On Dit Lane, Union Building, or placed in our canny box in the SAUA office.

Letters must be short. (under 250 words)

Letters may be edited for clarity but not content.

Real name and contact department or number must be included, but may be withheld from publication.

Defamatory bits will be removed.

**DO IT FOR THE KIDS!**



**If you want to be an Orientation/Crew Member in 1992 then get on in to the SAUA and apply NOW!! Applications close at the end of Semester, Friday November 8th, at 5.00pm.**

**Haroon Hassan  
1992 O'Co-ordinator**

**PREMIER PGSA GALA EVENT**

**PGSA**

FREE BBQ & BEER & OGM

FREE BBQ, BEER & SOFT DRINKS  
ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING (OPEN AIR)  
WHERE : CLOISTERS near Mayo Refectory  
WHEN : OCTOBER 23, 12 noon - 2.00pm  
ALL POSTGRADUATES WELCOMED

Members are advised that the 1992 Ordinary General Meeting of the Association will be held on 23 October. Pursuant to Item 3(a)(ii) of the PGSA Constitution. The main purpose of the meeting will be to elect postgraduate students to those committees and other bodies within the University on which there are postgraduate students appointed by the Association. The term of office of those elected shall be for the subsequent calendar year.

<p><b>University Committees</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Library</li> <li>External Students</li> <li>Car Parking</li> <li>Student Health and Services Advisory</li> <li>Computing</li> <li>Biohazards</li> <li>Sports Association</li> <li>Campus Safety</li> <li>Advisory Centre for University Education</li> </ul>	<p>Centre for Electron Microscopy and Microstructure Analysis</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Student Services</li> <li>Sexual Harassment</li> <li>Student Academic Appeals x 6</li> </ul> <p>Science Faculty Rep. Arts Faculty Rep.</p>	<p><b>University Boards</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Advisory</li> <li>Equal Opportunity</li> <li>Careers Advisory</li> <li>Board of Graduate Studies x 2</li> </ul> <p><b>University Groups</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Women's Advisory</li> <li>Multicultural Advisory</li> </ul>
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Nomination forms for the above positions may be obtained from the PGSA Office in the cloisters (near the Mayo Refectory), your Department Secretary or in the October Newsletter. Nominations may be lodged up until start of proceedings.

**Get Your Tackle Out Warren!**

I could not agree more passionately with your criticism of that little martyr Daniel Bertossa - what a wanker. All I could think of while I inhaled your golden words of wisdom was my soul being consumed by white hot fire branding your name in my heart, hissing Wazza ... Wazza ...

I know you will derest such a public ejaculation of my love - just even, and I know I can't be the first fresh-faced filly to fall victim to your charms, but I can't help it, you feisty stud - I'm outta control. I know we'll make beautiful chemistry together - I'll be your pussy cat ... purr ...

You have such a way with words, my Romeo, won't you have your wicked way with me too? Come on Warren, if Daniel can do it, so can you.

Desperately Wanting Warren

## SAUA President Natasha Stott Despoja

### National Day of Action on Overcrowding

Thank you to those students who participated and helped organise in the

National Day of Action on overcrowding on Wednesday, October 16. The overcrowding of the Registry was a powerful symbolic gesture by students who were protesting against levels of over-enrolment as high as 10-15% in some Faculties. The Higher Education Round Table (HERT) campaign will continue with demands including a National Summit into Overcrowding, an immediate funding boost of \$300 million and a commitment by the Government to not introduce a up front fees. Students are aware of the detrimental effects of overcrowding on teaching standards, occupational health and safety and staffing. Until the Government commits itself to

increasing funds as well as places in Higher Education claims of being a "Clever Country" are shallow.

### Student Travel Concessions

Despite a direction from the ALP, Minister for transport, Frank Blevins is refusing to back down on his stance about abolishing student public transport concessions, a meeting with the Minister, Campus Presidents and the NUS (SA) is demanded and if Mr Blevins does not back down a Rally will be held on the steps of Parliament House next Wednesday, October 23. BE THERE!

### Orientation

Orientation planning is well under way. Orientation Directors were elected at the

last SAUA Council meeting (9/10/91) and are currently preparing next year's events. Please contact the Orientation Co-ordinator, Haroon Hassan if you would like to get involved. GET ORIENTED!

### Kemp Visit

Dr David Kemp's visit on Thursday, October 23 should provide an excellent opportunity for students to challenge, question and attack the Opposition's policy on education so please come along. Proudly brought to you by the SAUA and the NUS (SA).

## Education Vice President Misha Schubert

4 weeks till exams!!!! Sorry to start on such a morbid note but now that you have waded through the depressing part of my column, the rest should just be plain sailing really, shouldn't it?

### External Students

The SAUA's Project Research Officer, Monica Carroll and I attended a meeting last week with Yvonne Madon, the Project Liaison Officer of the External Student

Union from CSACSO (the peak representative body for the former College sites). This was an excellent opportunity to discuss the specific needs of external students and analyse the services provide to them by the Union and Students' Association. We are currently developing a package of new services to cater for external students which includes a toll free telephone line for complaints, queries and grievances; an annual mini Orientation Guide produced for externals with only relevant information on services available to them; and regular mailouts with information on general representative work that the SAUA is undertaking, University issues, SAUA Campaigns and External students' grievances currently being handled by Office Bearers.

### National Day of Action on Overcrowding / Underfunding

Last Wednesday's Day of Action was a huge success! The overcrowding problems that Australian Universities are currently experiencing are a direct result of the Federal Government's narrow minded approach to the funding of tertiary institutions- because the natural attrition rate of students has not been considered in the funding equation for Universities, institutions are now forced to over-enrol in order to maintain their subsistence funding levels. The Institutions themselves have merely acquiesced in the race to gain a larger slice of the tertiary education funding cake for themselves. The Higher Education Round Table's day of protest at this campus

included a symbolic "overcrowding" of the registry at lunchtime, the sending of open letters stating the HERT demands and mailing cans of sardines to members of parliament, the media and government ministers.

### Faculty Representation

Yes it's that time of year again- news of elections in your faculty should begin to appear soon. I urge any interested students to consider running for both the faculty committees and the curriculum committees in their area of study. If you are unsure of what the job entails come and have a chat with me in the SAUA Office or contact the Assistant Registrar in your faculty.

## Women's Officer Annabel Crabb

### Self Defence

This week sees the end of the 8 - week self defence course for women offered by the Students' Association. Thanks must go to Shauna Ashbrook, whose widely acclaimed course has done much for women at Adelaide University.

### Reclaim the Night

The annual march for Adelaide women who resent having to alter their lives because of fear of attack is on again! The "Reclaim the Night" march will be held on Friday, 25th October, beginning at Hindmarsh Square at 7.00 p.m. We will then march to Victoria Square, carrying banners and making as much noise as possible!

Speakers have been organised to address the rally there on issues such as women and the rape laws. For those who wish to continue the evening in celebratory mode, a Women's Dance has been arranged in the Upper Refectory, where a temporary bar

will be installed. Childcare will be available, on prior notice, for those who require it. "Reclaim the Night" is a good way to express your anger at having to live with apprehension about physical attack; also a productive way to vent energy as well as having a good time!

### NOWSA

The Network of Women Students in Australia (NOWSA) convenes a week-long Conference once a year. Next year it is Adelaide's turn to host this event which means lots of preparation for a fantastic and productive week. I have tentatively appointed

Saturday, December 7th as the day on which the first NOWSA Collective meeting shall be held. Those who are interested in being part of this Collective, please contact me at the SAUA Office, on 228 5406.

### Art Exhibition

For those who are interested, there is a very good Women's art exhibition currently showing at Underdale, until November 15th. Exhibition hours are between 9.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m., on Level 2, E Building, enter from Holbrooks Road.

## Environment Officers Trish Dreoli Jo Mills Cathryn Hughes

### What the Hell is the Environment anyway?

For some it conjures up images of cute furry animals and dolphins. For others it's a vague twang of guilt every time they buy McDonalds. For us it's survival! It raises issues such as equality, exploitation, male dominance, quality of life, brain washing advertising, status, ego, freedom, rights, greed, ignorance...

The *Environment*. It is such an all encompassing umbrella term that the *Environment* is virtually everything. But at the same time, something that is everything, is also nothing. Confused?

How does it all fit in? In the Students' Association, the *Environment* is trying to find its feet. It doesn't neatly fit any SAUA category - Education, Welfare, Activities, Administration. Rather, it pervades all categories.

### Education

Shouldn't graduates understand the *environmental* repercussion of implementing their training? Shouldn't engineers, for example, be expected to understand the impact of building a dam or a bridge ... Apparently not.

### Welfare

and the *environment* are inextricably linked. After all, who suffers when a decision is made against the *environment* but the lower socio-economic classes. Currently, students are being targeted in an attempt to increase prices and cut public transport. Those who can afford to drive a car remain unaffected.

### Activities

Until now, the *environment* has been pigeon holed under 'activities'. Put on a few shows, have a 'clean air week', or some other such inane project and call it a job well done. We think not! Activities should raise awareness and promote environmentally friendly practices which will remain with students long after their university days are gone.

### Administration

The University *Environment* Policy currently consists of 'being energy efficient' and 'recycling where possible'. Nebulous

policy is like no policy at all! What about getting recycled paper into departments and libraries.

Those who don't think the *environment*

is a concern need to open their eyes and see what the hell they're living in.

### Trish Drioli

Environment Officer

## R A N D O M • N O T E S

# Stunt Pope

On Friday, October 4th, Opposition leader, Dale Baker and Shadow Minister for Transport, Ms Diana Laidlaw, visited the Students' Association to meet with the President, Natasha Stott Despoja. The meeting was in regard to the Opposition policy on the STA Transport concession issue and has resulted in them proposing a concession of 50% full adult fare for primary, secondary and tertiary students. This is opposed to the State Government's proposal in the recent State Budget, which sees tertiary students paying full adult fares on public transport excepting only students on Austudy payments.

A Rally on September 3rd on the steps

of Parliament House saw almost 3,000 students protesting against the Government decision and rejected an approximate \$500 per year increase for students. Ms Stott Despoja argues that while "at least the Opposition was prepared to meet with students as persistent calls to meet with the Premier have met with a flat refusal," the "move does not go far enough". Further action is planned by the Students' Association and the National Union of Students (SA) which will see students rallying again on Wednesday, October 23rd.

## Anti-Vivisection League takes on the shrinks

At 12:30pm last Friday on the Barr Smith lawns, eight or so members of the Anti-Vivisection league staged a protest against the use of rats in Psychology. They argued that students were not being taught anything meaningful by repeating already-known facts, and that the rats were often mistreated and dropped by the students conducting the experiments.

Interest did not reach a fever pitch, although one person lying on the lawns did applaud when the speech had finished. The protesters held up placards and handed around leaflets detailing the activities of the Anti-Vivisection Union. No representative from the Psychology department was present.

## Nutty scoops Prof prize

The winners of the four 1991 Eureka Prizes were announced by the Chairman of the CSIRO, the Hon. Mr Neville Wran AC QC, in a ceremony at the Australian Museum on Friday, 27th September, 1991.

The ABC Prize for the Promotion of Science, valued at \$10,000, was awarded to Paul Davies, Professor of Mathematical Physics at the University of Adelaide. Prof Davies

has made an outstanding contribution in communicating the excitement and importance of science, especially physics and cosmology, to the general public through books, articles, radio and television programs and public lectures. He has uniquely combined the promotion of science with serious research at the forefront of modern cosmology.

# Never trust a politician

Federal Opposition leader, Dr Hewson, accused the ALP of compromising Australia's future with political deal-doing and quick fixes in a speech to the National Press Club on September 25th.

He refused, however, to reveal the details of the Liberals' proposed goods and services tax (GST) despite mounting pressure.

Dr Hewson's speech concentrated on current economic problems and the constraints imposed upon recovery by the Labor government.

He accused the ALP caucus of stagnancy and said that it was more concerned about "stopping Paul [Keating] getting Bob's job" than with the real difficulties faced by Australia. Due to "political deal-doing" with the green movement the government had constructed "ill-conceived, short-term, populist-type policy responses," he said.

Dr Hewson quoted Employment Minister, Mr John Dawkins, who had calculated that to generate employment just to keep pace

with population growth Australia would require GDP growth of three and a quarter per cent each year.

If the government was serious about economic recovery it would reverse the Coronation Hill (the site of a uranium deposit valued at \$82 million export dollars) and Wesley Vale pulp mill decisions, Dr Hewson said.

The Liberal Party's primary aim during the current parliament has been to build a "constituency for change" to provide Australia with the direction it needed to pull itself out of the recession, Dr Hewson said. Unless Australia accepted "substantial and dramatic change" it was headed for a long period of hardship.

"There's nothing on the horizon internationally or domestically that's going to significantly improve that outlook under existing policies," he said.

Dr Hewson identified a growing "welfare-state mentality" as the major impediment

to economic recovery. He cited calls for selective industry assistance and Accord-guaranteed real wage increases as concrete examples of the pervasiveness of this attitude.

"A total attitude of dependence has spread not only through workers but through management and it's a constraint on us," Dr Hewson said.

Although he did not reveal the details of the GST, Dr Hewson emphasized that it would be only one aspect of a "definitive solution" designed to pull Australia out of the recession. By combining productivity-linked wage increases at the enterprise level with reform in areas such as transport and the waterfront and lower interest rates, a Liberal government would restore corporate competitiveness and tackle unemployment head-on, he said.

Dr Hewson acknowledged "certain frictions" would be generated if its economic plans were implemented since it could not "guarantee that everybody would be better

off instantaneously".

Australian Taxpayers' Association (ATA) national director, Mr Eric Risstrom, says there is widespread community opposition to a GST. A survey conducted by the ATA on Paul Keating's version of a GST in 1985, found that 91% of the business community and 81% of ordinary taxpayers opposed a GST. Much of current opposition stems from the scepticism about the adequacy of the "compensation package" of the GST, Mr Risstrom said.

According to statistics published in Time Magazine, a GST of 10% or more would see basic food prices rise while the cost of electronic goods such as TVs and VCRs would fall.

Delivery of the details of the GST would be postponed until it could be done so most effectively, Dr Hewson said.

Matthew Ryan  
Politics

# The Union vs Sport

Continued from page 3

the winter period, it becomes an absolute bogy mess." Mr. Lippert also commented that if sports on the University's grounds "were to involve more people, there would be a possibility of injuries."

Rob Brice's letter of 11 September was not sent to Colin Pickering, but, by coincidence, Pickering wrote to Dr. Adrian Graves, a member of University Council, on 12 September, looking for "the University's advice" on what he felt was an "unconstitutional infringement" with the Sports Association's autonomy over its funds.

Dr. Graves sent a note back to Pickering on 16 September saying he believes that the Sports Association is free to spend money as it sees fit without outside interference. Dr. Graves added, "I have consulted on a previous occasion with the Registrar and he agrees with this interpretation."

Despite the opinions of the Sports Association and University administration, Rob Brice is determined that if the Union is to shoulder a \$100,000 per annum expense, it should have the power of "direct and daily

input and review of the costs. This could be by taking over the Sports Association's accounting function or simply dealing directly with the University and cutting out the "middle man", the Sports Association.... No

to get out of. Even Union Board can't do anything, because it has no control over the SA.

Hence, the administration of the Union is getting progressively more annoyed and

*Rob Brice is determined that... the Union... should have the power of "direct and daily input and review of the costs. This could be by taking over the Sports Association's accounting function or simply dealing directly with the University and cutting out the "middle man", the Sports Association.... No representation without taxation."*

representation without taxation."

In the letter, Brice implies that the University will be quite happy to cut the Sports Association out of negotiations. The attitude of the University administration, as stated by Dr. Graves, seems very different. The Union finds itself in a very nasty position, which it seems absolutely powerless

frustrated, leading to more extreme attempts at coercion and threats against the Sports Association.

At the end of the 11 September letter, Rob Brice writes, "It may be an opportune time to look at the Sports Association's structural problems. A bad back may be grounds for invalidity?"

Colin Pickering has recently taken sick leave for a back injury.

When contacted about Brice's leaked letter, the President of the Sports Association refused to confirm or deny the contents of any such correspondence.

Inevitably, only negotiation between the Sports Association and the Union will solve the dispute. However, the fact that the Union is in a powerless position to enforce its will on the SA has caused them to take a very emotive and extreme approach to the dispute, as shown by Brice's letter of 11 September. The letter closes with a personal reference to a Sports Association Executive member's experiences with WorkCover.

The agreement made last week (that the SA will not impose direct levies) may have bought the dispute closer to resolution, but tensions between the Sports Association and Union still threaten to blow up at any time.

# A Portrait of John

John Scott interviewed by Ted Serious

TS: John Scott is well known as the singer / songwriter / leadaxe for respected Adelaide 'hardcore' band, The Mark of Cain (TMOC for short). In common with many other well known 'hardcore' people, both here and overseas (e.g. Henry Rollins, Jello Biafra, Steve Albini, who are all essentially 'straightedge'), John is a very eclectic person and supplements his fairly narrow, pure, designer-hardcore musical vision with a humorous broad-minded approach to art and life. Like these people, John chooses a fairly stable home and work life, contrary to the popular view of the 'heavy' musician as a screwed-up, lone-wolf type of outsider living on the street.

JS: (Interrupting) Ho ho. That's some comparison, you know. And who are you calling straightedge?

TS: (Continuing, regardless) I first met John early in 1991, after he had returned to Australia due to the Iraq war. Although he wanted to stay in Israel, he used his time back in Australia to personally supervise production of TMOC's latest album, "The Unclaimed Prize" (UCP). Throughout 1990, I was disillusioned about music and life in general. Live TMOC gigs were a small light in the darkness, or rather a nice dark place away from the ugly floodlights of mainstream rock. The TMOC first album, "Battlesick", seemed to express the weariness I felt perfectly, after a long battle with a serious illness, and the death of my mother. I remember many nights coming home after a drinking session, seeking solace in rock videos, and seeing nothing heavier than REM the whole fucking night. Fortunately, rap megablasters such as Public Enemy and NWA were interesting enough to stop music video from becoming a total writeoff. Despairingly, I turned to writing cynical outbursts for On Dit, while struggling to complete my software diploma, and trying hard to avoid becoming a total junkie. Well, dear reader, the rest is history, the chance to work with John in the Middle East came up, and the smell of burning flesh became too much for me to resist.

TS: (Turning to face John) How do you keep it all together?

JS: Let's clear something up first. I'm a confused motherfucker. I don't keep my career and music in a nice stasis - I find it's like being a manic-depressant on a roller coaster ride of head-spinning highs and stomach churning lows. I don't mix them well - it's a constant slog. A peptic ulcer in my stomach. Getting up at 6.10 for work each morning is not normal. It's just *not normal*.

TS: I like to think of 1990 as the year that it finally became fashionable to be a monster. I'm thinking of media events like American Psycho and Silence of the Lambs. You've read 'American Psycho'. How does it fit in with your scheme of things?

JS: To me, for a long time, there was only one true American 'monster', even though I don't like the term 'monster', actually, and that was Ted Bundy. Books about him and interviews with him are far more frightening than American Psycho could ever be.

Remember, American Psycho was speculative fiction, Ted Bundy was real. With me, it goes a lot further back than 1991, before it became fashionable. I've just finished Jim Thompson's 'The Killer Inside Me', and you know what? It was written in 1952, and still sits easily beside Silence of the Lambs, etc.

TS: That's quite a list. Remember 'The Golden Boat', that film at the Jerusalem Film Festival with the screenplay of Kathy Acker. I think that portrayal of all those different parts of the murderer's split personality as different screen characters was really effective.

JS: Yeah, actually, that was the time I was reading all those books and I actually felt myself 'losing it' during the screening, like I was really going insane, and it was me they were portraying. (John laughs maniacally) Really, though, I did feel quite strange, that

TS: How did it all start?

JS: The first time we met them was at Adelaide Uni in 1987, when Santiago Durango blew up his amp and I lent him one of ours. After the show, we began to talk about drum machines, and it emerged that Big Black used a drum machine for much the same reasons that TMOC did - difficulty in finding a drummer that liked our music and could innovate around our style of music. That night was a tiring one for everyone. I played in Fear and Loathing (FAL) and TMOC that night, so I was fucked afterwards. Big Black wanted their money in advance, due to other venues on the tour not being good payers, so everyone's tempers got a bit warm.

But for me, and a thousand other people, that gig was the highlight of 1987. After that, nothing much happened until I visited warrant an invite.

TS: Because you'd just met all these people?

JS: Yeah, also because I didn't look like a 'scummed-out', tattooed, long-haired layabout musician with a low IQ.

TS: That probably explains it. I've been meaning to have a quiet word about your appearance with you. You know, strictly off the record.

JS: Gee, thanks, I guess it's a bit like one of those teenage problems, isn't it, like being a nerd, or having body odour.

TS: Yes, I think you've got a bad case of cleanliness, John.

Had anything concrete been planned at that time?

JS: Well, not really. But a couple of months later, at the New Music Festival in NYC, a kind of trade fair for the alternative rock biz, our friend and manager from Sydney, Linda Coop (Abraxas Productions, who do Splatterheads) rang Albini, and did a great bit of liaison, and Albini said he was interested in doing something with TMOC, remixing and/or recording, sometime in the near future. Linda spent some time in the US in early 1991, and began meeting rock industry people in Seattle in LA, showing them "The Unclaimed Prize".

During this time (January - March, 1990), I was back in Adelaide. Kim left in March to work in Huntsville, Alabama, and took up the job of liaising with Albini where Linda left off. I'd been prepared to put the Albini thing on the shelf for a while. But after Christine and I had returned to Tel Aviv, I was sent to California by my employers for a month. We then teed up some time with Albini for a recording session in Chicago. I also got to meet up with Kim in Chicago. I brought along two early drum machine tracks, and then put guitar and vocals onto them. We had two UCP tracks, "Fire In Her Heart" and "UCP" remixed by Steve. People tend to think that the intention was to get some TMOC tracks 'Albini-ized'. It wasn't. What we wanted were some well-produced Mark of Cain tracks. We just respected his abilities as a producer. In fact, he listened to "The Unclaimed Prize" and didn't think any of the tracks were screaming out to be remixed.

TS: What has been the reaction to the copies of "The Unclaimed Prize" that you placed in some record shops here? Has anyone heard of Big Black in Israel? Isn't 'Death Metal' popular here?

JS: All thirty copies sold right away within a week (to the thirty people I know in Israel, ha ha). Big Black is known here by a handful of *alternativista*. Death metal? They've just discovered The Beatles here. Actually, there's a death metal gig at a Tel Aviv bowling alley next month.

TS: Sounds good. Now, let's talk a little about Television. Since that chilli and cheese TV evening we had last night, I'm sweating and my muscles are aching. What the hell did you put in the Tamale? What's happening to my body? Was it the programs we watched?

JS: What can I say? You know it's those sweets from that Lebanese shop in Allenby street. Cut down, fella. You'll get fat!

TS: I enjoyed the Sonny and Cher movie we watched. What was it called, something like "Good Times", wasn't it? That's right, I remember because I thought about the black ghettoised TV series of the same name at the same time. Remember JJ? What about "Married With Children"? When I finally understood it, I was really amazed that Americans had finally made something really funny.

JS: They tried to ban MWC in America because it had been deemed to cause further schisms in the already disintegrating Nuclear Family Unit. It's a fucking great show. All my friends used to think it was shit. There's some kind of instant prejudice against American comedy and there shouldn't be. But I wrote off "Twin Peaks" the first time, and now I'm watching it here and it seems pretty good. I guess I was rejecting everyone's inflated view of David Lynch as God. Soon I'll have to start burning all my books on serial killers because it's getting trendified.

TS: Trendified? That's like when SA/PM listeners take it up, isn't it?

JS: I was thinking more the Exeter crowd.

*"I'm waiting for all the bullshit that'll come out soon about the Iraqi war. Maybe a new "Combat" or "Tour of Duty" set in the sand. Baghdad's Army, even"*

TS: In "Good Times", there's a scene where the stooge playwright employed by Mr Big (played by George Sanders) recites in full *Purke Americaine* the script he whipped up for Sonny and Cher, you know, the one about the monument to Hillbilly music. Did you like that scene as much as I did?

JS: It was, you know, Custom-Made (quoting from scene). I was enjoying the movie, until you started interrupting our video evening with your portable tape recorder. I wonder if Cher would admit to owning those daggy hips, face and hair now.

TS: I doubt it. Those people generally tend to turn their backs on their roots and leave all their daggy followers out on a fashion limb to fend for themselves, 70's refugees in a harsh 90's style environment. We mentioned Cher. What about our comedians? Isn't Jerry Lewis your favourite? The first time I really warmed to Jerry Lewis was in his straight role as the successful comedian in "King of Comedy", being hounded by Rupert Pupkins, the loser. Yet he achieved his greatest success as the

archetypal jerkoff-cum-loser in his comedy films. Maybe I should go back and try to understand why I didn't like him first time round. What do you think? Which are his best movies? His baddest?

JS: The French consider him as an equal to Chaplin. He's absolutely huge over there. He is *the comedian*. And this is in a country that has produced such grandmasters of comedy as Jacques Tati, Marcel Marceau, etc. To my mind his best comic role is in "The Nutty Professor", as Buddy Love, a modern day Jekyll and Hyde. "Hollywood or Bust" and "Artists and Models" spring to mind as other excellent examples. Also "Ladies' Man". The list goes on. His baddest? Well, that's kind of subjective. There's one that's never been released where he's a clown in a concentration camp and he must keep the children laughing as they go to the gas chamber. Jerry Lewis' real name is Josef Levitch, so that's probably why they censored it. His private life has not been a trouble free one. Like Sinatra, Lewis had close associations with the Mob who affectionately refer to him as 'The Kid'. His long addition to Seconal, obtained directly from Mob doctors, and the subsequent suicide attempts started from a bad fall during a film shoot. "Hardly Working", his comeback movie, was often called "Hardly Worth It" - it wasn't so good. "Which Way to the Front" wasn't so hot either, but contained some good scenes. I recently saw "Slapstick", based on Kurt Vonnegut's book 'Lonesome No More'. It was Marty Feldman's last film before his death, and also starred Madeleine Kahn. It was very weird, but I enjoyed it. By pure chance, I managed to catch it on TV here in Israel.

TS: I mentioned "King of Comedy". That brings us to De Niro and inevitably Coppola, which in turn drives us through the veritable junkyard of Jungle War/Tour of Duty movies started out by Apocalypse Now, and finishing with the real live CNN footage of the Iraq war, which is where I came in. But this train of thought brings us right back, full circle to your first album Battlesick. Actually, the storyline of Apocalypse Now comes from Joseph Conrad's expose of the Belgian Congo, Heart of Darkness, which is sitting in my room right now, crying out "Read me, read me". Should I? Or am I jumping on some kind of bandwagon?

JS: I think the Vietnam bandwagon is finished, so you can read it unashamedly. I'm waiting for all the bullshit that'll come out soon about the Iraqi war. Maybe a new "Combat" or "Tour of Duty" set in the sand. Baghdad's Army, even. I like De Niro a lot, and I have pretty well all his movies on tape back in Adelaide. I haven't seen his most recent stuff, like "Awakenings" or "Backdraft", but I'll get round to it! Battlesick? Yeah, it's all about my war.

TS: Well, that's the movies covered. What about art, you know, paintings and shit like that?

JS: The place I'm living in at the moment has stuff by Norman Rockwell, Henry Matisse, Monet, Kandinsky, autographed Andy Warhol prints. So what! I'm pretty much an ignoramus about art, actually. I think my favourite artist is Raymond Pettibon.

TS: Well, that's that I guess. Back to music, now, and your brother Kim (bassist for TMOC). Do you share the same taste in TV, movies and so on?

JS: When we lived together, I think we were closer in taste. These days, our tastes

sometimes collide. We still keep in contact fairly regularly. I guess the answer is yes, mainly, although some of the music he listens to worries me. Morrissey, Cocteau Twins, for example.

TS: After such a close working relationship playing in TMOC with him, do you miss him? How is he doing in his job in America? Do you think he will try any musical experiments with other people while he is over there?

JS: I miss band practices immensely, since it was not only a practice, but also catching up with Kim and what he's up to. Practicing three times a week meant I didn't have to see him often socially. I think he's doing OK in the States. I visited him in Huntsville, which is *real* southern. I was amazed. But it's so much closer to civilisation than Tel Aviv. The Huntsville Cemetary was straight out of an American horror movie - crypts, and even a mist at its boundary. I doubt if Kim will try playing music with anyone since his stay there is only for a year. You start playing with someone, and then, Bang!, you lose your bass player. It's like buying a puppy - you know that all you are buying is its death after 15 years, and a whole lot of misery.

TS: I'm going to the Reading Rock Festival in England in August. Who should I watch out for? Do you like any English bands? Generally, your music has had a distinctly American flavour. What do you think of the English scene lately (raves, baggy stuff, Happy Mondays)? Have you heard "Fools Gold" by The Stone Roses. I thought that was really good. I first heard it in a traffic jam coming back from a crawl of the Wineries. Actually, the first rap song I really noticed, "The Message", by Grandmaster Flash, I heard that for the first time in a traffic jam, during a heat wave, blaring out of a really small, crappy loudspeaker. It was really Lo-Fi. I'll never forget it.

JS: English stuff, what's that? I heard "Fool's Gold" and, yeah, it was OK. I first heard it coming home from sailing day. Visually, I thought the singer tried to pout and look like Jim Morrison. When I heard how big they were, I hated them even more. Otherwise, Godflesh are good. If they're playing while you are over there, take me along in your luggage. I'd love to see them actually.

TS: OK, that's the English scene covered. What about rap music? Lately there has been a lot of fuss with obscenity, e.g. Niggaz with Attitude, 2-Live Crew and so on. Could rap exist without sexist obscenity? Can the Niggaz? What about Dicey? (Andrew Dice Clay) He doesn't need black skin to call his bitch a 'Fu-ckin HO!' I noticed that you have CDs by all these artists on your dresser.

JS: My dresser! Where am I living? With the Brady Bunch? I like these bands and Dice Clay. The obscenity doesn't bother me. The sexist lyrics do, but I'm not a political activist, so I still listen to them. Some rap is crap, some is very good. It's so broad, I'm not even sure if it's a single genre anymore.

TS: What interests you most about the Israeli scene, if anything? What was Ori Drummel's bass doing leaning against the wall of your music room? Who is he? Are you going to make some music with him? Does this mean I'll finally get on the door list at the Penguin Club before it closes

down? JS: The most interesting band here is Duralax Sadalex - A Killdozerian, industrial type of band. Ori Drummel plays bass and sings for them. He lent me his bass for my 4-track recordings. Me and a couple of Israeli youngsters may try a musical project here ("The Oath of Allegiance"). Don't worry, we may get to the Penguin yet!

TS: TMOC gained a reputation as a band who went through a lot of drummers, and I believe you even played with a drum machine. Does this allow you to retain tighter control over your product? What about the visual effect of a drummer sweating over the skins. This line of discussion inevitably leads to sampling. It seems to me that there is a fundamental difference between real-time effects boxes, and samples of noises or other people's music. Would you ever include a sample of Big Black or Joy Division in one of your songs, say as a backhanded kind of tribute?

JS: Drum machines are OK but time consuming to program. They make you play differently than if you use a person. Visually, I think it's got its own merits. *Not* seeing a sweating drummer is sometimes OK, too. Sample BB or JD? I don't even own a

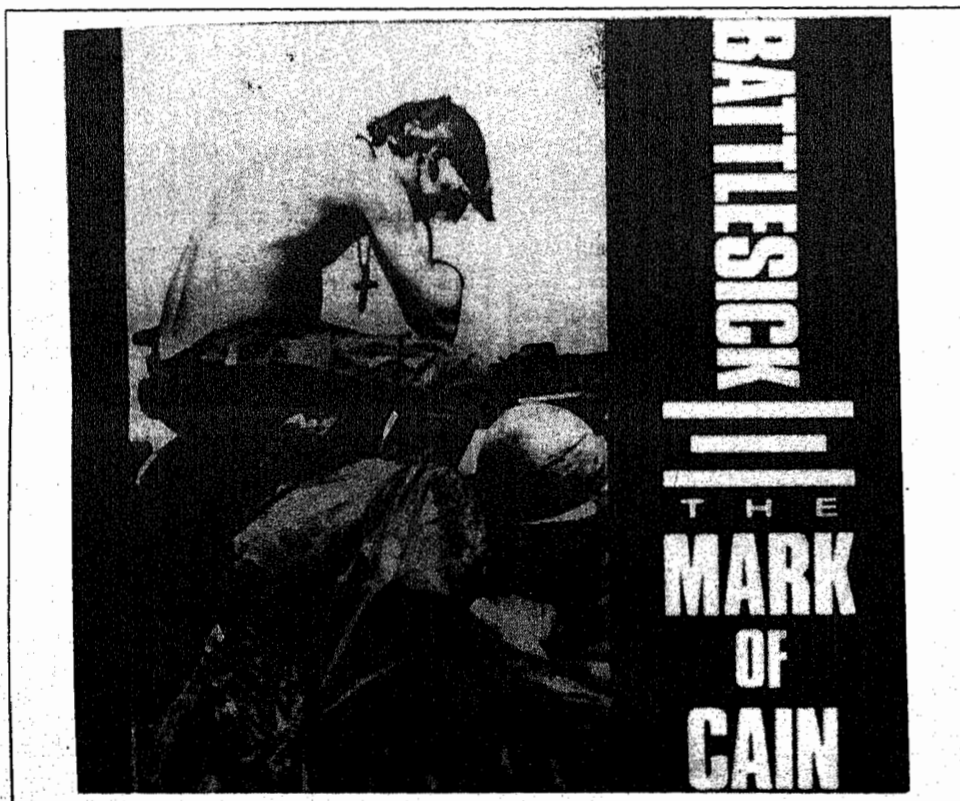
*"You start playing with someone, and then, Bang!, you lose your bass player. It's like buying a puppy - you know that all you are buying is its death after 15 years, and a whole lot of misery"*

sampler.

TS: Rappers sample each other all the time, e.g. Snap and Black Box including Terminator X's voice in their disco/club mixes. Does anything go, these days? The Butthole Surfers were amongst the first to use innovative ultra-distorted vocals to convey the stench of putrefying flesh and pus-filled sexual organs to their fans. Way before that, The Falls' Mark E. Smith was pushing the limits of what was allowed in terms of vocals as well as vocabulary, including using a megaphone on stage. Even further back, Captain Beefheart used a heavily stylised voice to take his listeners to the edge of his private hell and back. And those Killdozer people, too. Anyone with a voice like that must be a bad dude when he's at home.

JS: I think that, depending on how it's done, you could sample (rip off) an entire song, bar the voice, add your own vocals, and to some extent it's yours. You put some work in too. It all depends on how much

*Continued overleaf*



stuff can really get to you.

I had an interest in murder stemming from as far back as when I was 10 or 11 years old. I hate how trendy serial killing is now. Before I really had to search hard for the information. I guess that was good for me in a way. Now there's a plethora of books on it.

TS: Tell me about your recent recording session in Chicago with Steve Albini from

Chicago in 1990 on the way to Israel for the first time. Basically, I took a whole bunch of TMOC albums around with me, tried to place them in record shops and Universities, tried to meet all my favourite stars and see America's sights all in a few days. It was a chaotic trip! Touch & Go Records, run by Corey Rusk, wouldn't give me Albini's address and phone number for a long time, but when I finally rang him,

*"Soon I'll have to start burning all my books on serial killers because it's getting trendified"*

Big Black. How did it go?

JS: Well, it went very smoothly over two nights. We weren't buddies or anything, let's get that straight. We didn't play billiards (Albini's favourite game) or chat over coffee. It was very businesslike. I was slightly in awe, being with who I believe is the Uncontested Rock Champion of the World.

he remembered Santiago's amp blowing up at Adelaide Uni immediately. Still, that Chicago scene is a pretty cliquy one, I think. There was one Thanksgiving party that I would have loved to get invited to, everyone was there, Albini, Killdozer, The Jesus Lizard, all the Touch & Go people. But I was a (relative) nobody, so I didn't



# Jane on the Run

An obscure Adelaide band, obviously under the influence of drugs, followed their Gurus to Melbourne in the hope of scoring the definitive Jane's Addiction interview. They failed miserably, but left us to survey the wreckage. Picture: Uncredited (for obvious reasons)

## Trip to Melbourne to hear the music

Dateline: Melbourne, Australia, September 17, 4:30 p.m.

Diane, just returned from the Metro (White Lodge), where we procured an exclusive interview with three damn fine bands, aces!

After scamming our way into the Jane's Addiction soundcheck, under the pretext of obtaining interviews with the support bands, we thought we'd better interview the support bands. Soon we found ourselves on the steps of the foyer of the Metro with Fiona from Have a Nice Day.

OD: So Fiona, can you hear us over the swirling miasma of "Three Days"?

Fiona: What?

OD: You recently completed an E.P. called *Explore*, with Kevin Shirley. Were you happy with the results?

F: Yes, absolutely, the Caveman was great. He had just finished engineering the *Baby Animals* album in Woodstock, and he had a lot of good ideas about our sound. He's produced the *Dubrovniks* and the *Screaming Tribesmen* which we really liked.

OD: How's the E.P. been selling?

F: We're really happy with how it's going, actually, we're blown away. It's selling better in the Eastern States, 'cos that's where our profile is bigger.

OD: Although you are signed to Shock, you are distributed by Mushroom. Is this cool?

F: OHGhhhhh, Absolutely. We're really happy. Mushroom does a great job nationally, plus with Shock we can still maintain the level of control and freedom of choice that we want and need.

OD: When you are in Melbourne, where do you shop?

F: Shopping...? I have no money. Oh, just the markets... for vegetables and stuff.



In a rare backstage shot, the journalists (almost completely out of shot, bottom) show us the seedier side of Jane's Addiction.

OD: As lyricist for the band, what issues do you deal with?

F: Just living issues, I guess, things to do with life and freedom... being a free spirit in a consensus reality.

OD: Have you heard of My Love Pumpkin?

F: Who?

OD: Thanks. Fuck off then.

Then we proceeded across the foyer and found Killing Time. After being kicked out twice, we spoke to Nina.

OD: So you've got Sid, a new drummer from Sydney, you are playing in Adelaide with Nursery Crimes for the Grand Prix, and you've played in the band full time for 12 months, and the rhythm guitarist used to skate professionally, and "Ruby's Mind" went top 40, and Nina is the boss of the band even though the lead singer is the world's foremost exponent of cock rock, and

you don't look half bad in leather hotpants and still lug two quad boxes at once (rock'n'roll's dreamgirl), and you play a very bad song called "Funky Girl", and you fuck up Ford Fairlane one liners, and the crowd despises your unrealised pretensions?

Nina: Yes.

OD: Heard of My Love Pumpkin?

Nina: No.

OD: Fuck off then.

Diane, then came the scoop, actually a double scoop of Pistachio and Zambaglione. The exclusive, in-depth, insightful, insipid Jane's Addiction interview!!!

## Part I

OD: Yo Stephen (renowned fruit hater, and world's best drummer, and rather sexy without leather hotpants) Can we ask you some questions?

Stephen: Er yeah, I've just got to find someone. Back in a minute.

## Part II

(Chasing Stephen and Perry (world's best scag freak, now dreadlockless) down Bourke Street in the rain.)

OD: Hey, can we ask some questions? You promised.

Steven: Yeah, we all hate each other.

OD: Okay, how bout some photos? Perry, smile.

Perry: I can't smile on cue, can you?

OD: Yes. (smile) How about a photo of your shoe?

Perry: My shoe? OK. (snap, underexposed)

Stephen: We gotta go... we've got a lot on our minds, but we'll see you tonight at the show. Bye.

OD (as Perry and Stephen run away): Have you heard of My Love Pumpkin?

The whimsical patter of Melbourne drizzle is our only reply.

## The Show

The show lived up to all expectations. Opening up with the miasmatic cascade of "Up the Beach", the band proceeded to delight and entice the enthusiastic audience of kiddies with many wonderful selections of past hits and fondest memories. Highlights included "Standing in the Shower... Thinking", "Three Days", "Pigs in Zen". a delightfully frenetic reading of "Ain't no right", "Stop" and the dreamy swirls of "Summertime Rolls". Two notable omissions were the lilting "Jane Says" and the melancholy "Classic Girl", but one can't be too greedy.

Diane, the next two days disappeared in a euphoric haze, and the only way to come down was to come home. Ah... Adelaide.

## A Portrait of John

Interview continued from previous page

honest effort you put into it. On the other hand, you can create something great in a minute. Obviously, the subject needs more time than we have here.

TS: Continuing with the theme of musical experiments, I'm reminded of Rollins' rap/metal outfit Wartime, and their album "Fast Food for Thought". Do you think you could ever don a pair of funky shoes.

JS: I've played funk and revved up Chuck Berry (e.g. Club Nitty Gritty) in a band called The Jump (1983). In The King Bees, we played Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Jimmy Reid, Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, Rolling Stones, and of course, Chuck Berry. We tried to be a true 1964 mod band, not just scooter riding, parka-wearing Who imitators. We even did The Blues Brothers bit before it became famous. After The Jump came Spiral Collapse, and the TMOC in Christmas 1984. So, you can see I've played a wide variety of stuff.

TS: Can we look forward to a book of War poems? Have you read Wilfred Owen or any other First World War stuff? Are you getting too mellowed out for all that shit?

JS: War poems? No way, unless I survive a real war.

TS: (Getting annoyed) Well, what do you call Israel today?

JS: To my mind it isn't a war. Do you think it is?

TS: Yeah, a slow war, like the one that happens in the Ghettoes of America. Just 'cos a guy wears neat clothes still doesn't change the fact that he is carrying a Uzi or a Nine.

JS: I'd love to do a movie of my time here, though. Imagine it. Two engineers working in the Middle East, while a whole heap of trouble is brewing up, spending there time and money sampling the many sweet delights of the Middle East, seeking to consolidate their approach to life, but with one eye nervously over their shoulders, listening for the rumble of storm clouds building up into rising dark-grey thermals of impending discontent. No, on second thoughts, forget it. I think I'll do a short story instead.

TS: Robert De Niro and Arnold Schwarzenegger, maybe? Sounds great, but a little far fetched. Since our time is almost up. I hope you don't mind if I take this opportunity to present some writing of yours.

Out of Balance

It's a peculiar balance

The purpose of this test

of ego and expectation

is to measure the dynamic range

that I split and compartmentalise

at a number of frequencies

my life.

A signal generator

Like a serial killer

at sensitivity threshold

I blot out the other half

at the frequency of test

though nights bring the pain

is connected to the appropriate input

of my brotherly half, half insane

tuned to the signal

with jealousy at times

generator frequency

my ability to create

a spectrum analyser

sometimes I'm in Limo

connected I'm in Limo

a catatonic state (scale)

Input power is

And my hidden Religion

incremented until

which appears like a stigmata

the compression point

in the thieves of my arms,

is observed

threatens to take me away,

at the output

further than the fruit laden

and then recorded

shores it takes me now.

The dynamic range is calculated

How do you keep the split

by subtracting

from becoming dangerously thin.

the sensitivity from

How do I keep the demons out

the input power level

and yet keep them within?

measured in this text

TS: Well, it's just about time to finish up our little chat. I've really enjoyed myself. How about you? Has it been uncomfortable for you, revealing those trade secrets? If there's anything else we haven't discussed that you feel out to be said, speak now or forever hold your piece, John.

JS: Can you untie me now? Can I have my gun back?

# Fugazi

## Never So Much Seething

*fugazi* adj. 1. Vietnam GI slang for "fucked up"

n.2. wild and intense band from Washington DC.

A lot of people despise hardcore music and, whilst not necessarily one of them, I can understand why. For the most part, it is indeed wearisome, artless noise, incapable of sustaining interest. There are, however, a few bands around who understand that speed and volume don't necessarily equate to intensity, who don't deserve to be herded off to Helen Razor's Three Hours of Power every Monday night and forgotten about. Foremost amongst these is Fugazi. Fugazi make music for people who like the anger and energy of punk, but can't stomach its general simplicity and lack of melody. They have taken the abrasive parts of punk, funk and reggae and whittled them down to a furiously economical wallop of seething, pleading and catharsis.

### We owe you nothing

Integrity is Fugazi's favourite word. They have won a huge cult following over the last four years, selling over 415,000 records prior to the release of their latest album *Steady Diet of Nothing*, but have refused to compromise themselves to win mainstream success.

"As far as we're concerned, we've always been a success because we've been able to play whenever we want and we're able to record, package and distribute our records just exactly the way we please. The mainstream is not either to be "gone after" or refused- we just do our shit our way and if people want to check us out on our own terms, that's fine."

By releasing records on their own label, Fugazi have been able to keep prices to a minimum, a principle they are dedicated to. In their native US, they never charge over \$5 for shows.

"The inflation on door prices in the States is just ridiculous with bands charging \$12- \$15 for a show. It just seems ludicrous, it doesn't have to be done and if people can be shown that it doesn't have to be done, maybe something more realistic can take its place". The band also refuse to print t-shirts, or any form of merchandise whatsoever, simply because "we're not interested in shirts". Making money has obviously never been high Fugazi priority, and this has won them a fair amount of media attention, perhaps at the expense of the actual music. Ian MacKaye (the band's other singer / guitarist) had this to say:

"I think music is a very hard thing to write about. I think language is sometimes too limited to express how people feel about music and also, when journalists try to express how music affects them, it's sometimes too revealing about themselves. I also think that- and I'm not condemning anyone here- it's become much easier to focus on classifications or reference points or affections about bands, because those are much easier things to talk about, and I think generally that's how music media has dealt with it."



Fugazi: (from left) Brendan Canty, Joe Lally, Guy Picciotto, Ian McKaye

Don't smoke. Don't drink. Don't fuck. At least I can fucking think.

I ask Picciotto what role he thinks rock journos should play.

"The rock journalism that has always made the most sense to me has been at a fanzine level because at the level the motivation is primarily enthusiasm for a certain style of music or scene ... I think music journalists have a big part to play, its just that a lot of the time people play up to certain expected...

concepts. A lot of the time, people bring up some sort of weird history that to us just doesn't seem relevant but continues to go on and on. People will read each other's articles, think that's what has to be written- you know what happens. There's this laziness when journalism is just a job, but when someone's motivated out of enthusiasm, that usually won't happen."

This "weird history" Picciotto refers to is most likely Ian MacKaye's past in punk band Minor Threat. At the time, MacKaye wrote a few songs that were pretty down on substance abuse and inadvertently created

a "Straightedge" (no booze, ciggies, shag) offshoot of punk. MacKaye has never recognised any Straightedge movement but has never been able to shrug the tag. Many people see Fugazi's refusal to play licenced shows on their Australian tour and elsewhere as a throwback to Straightedge, but the band themselves simply insist that their underage fans not be discriminated against, and if that means no alcohol, so be it.

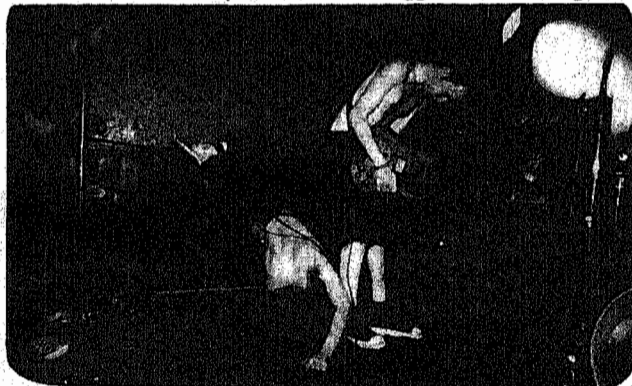
### Throw Down Your Bulldog Front

Fugazi also take a dim view of crowd violence. Here, at least, is a band that refused to tolerate the slam dancing/ stage diving ritual that almost seems obligatory for many gig goers. Fugazi regularly interrupt their set to caution offenders.

Once, when a group's male-bonding was making things particularly difficult, they got down into the mosh pit with the slammers and invited the sane component of the audience up onstage to dance in safety, completing their set in that fashion.

Fugazi bring the same brand of humanitarianism to their lyrics; their song "Suggestion" dealing with sexual harassment

**Story by Ian Richardson.  
Fugazi are playing an all-ages show at Le Rox on Tuesday October 22, supported by Babaganush.**



Guy Picciotto leaps on his head during a Fugazi show

, was quoted on the cover of *On Dit* for the St. Marks story earlier this year.

Though Fugazi are nominally liberal, what comes across on record is not their concern for others or their thoughtful self-awareness, but their anger and frustration. I'd always wanted to know what inspired their most spleen-ventingly bitter songs, like "Margin Walker" and "Blueprint".

"Sometimes it's hard to dissect songs and say what they're exactly about... we write the songs, play them and people can interpret them any way they want to.

"Blueprint", to me, is just a song reaffirming that people should do what they want to and not just follow set standards. Never mind what's accepted, what's on the market or whatever, it's what you're receiving without question, and what your input is, that's more significant."

"Margin Walker' is a weird song. Have you heard of the Texas Tower Incident? That was a sniper who killed a whole lot of people from the top of a huge tower in Austin, Texas. I was thinking about that sniper perspective and combined it with something that was going on in my life at the time."

Over their four year existence, Fugazi have scampered further and further away from their one-dimensional punk roots, and created 3 CDs worth of, gripping, visceral music. Their first two EPs, *Fugazi* and *Margin Walker* are good beginner's Fugazi, but their first full length album *Repeater* is probably their master work to this point. Picciotto says that they are more happy with their latest album *Steady Diet of Nothing*, but have not been completely satisfied with any of their records to date. "We generally consider ourselves a live band."

Picciotto says that although Fugazi don't use set lists or plan their shows at all, as they haven't played Australia before, they're likely to do older as well as new tracks. As he doesn't play guitar on older material, we may get to see some of Picciotto's legendary onstage acrobatic improvisations (see picture) - the guitar tends to constrain his frolics somewhat.

Fugazi's live shows have been described as an emotional free-for-all and that seems apt, judging from their records. Vocalists MacKaye and Picciotto put a lot into their anguished exorcisms. Of course, a lot of hardcore bands lay claim to qualities like inner turmoil and ultra-loathing, but Fugazi also have passion and a kind of emotional frailty, which makes their music much more affecting. They sound like they *do* give a fuck, and that, apart from much cleverer music, is the key difference between them and Metallica. I ask Picciotto if he's ever worried about exposing too much of himself.

"It's not something I really think about. I don't want to sound pretentious, but... if something's not at risk, it's sometimes not worthwhile. Yeah, sometimes I feel a little like I'm going out on a limb or whatever, but I think that's where the best shit happens."

# Great Show, Crap Beard

Elvis Costello plays the Entertainment Centre. Paul Schoff was there.

Welcome to Legoland  
Elvis Costello & The Rude Five  
September 16  
Adelaide Entertainment Centre

Our taxi driver was like a character from one of Elvis Costello's songs. She sat in a super-heated cab with a witch's nose and cheap talcum powder. She had never heard of Elvis Costello. She was, after all, a country and western fan. In the West End bar at the Entertainment Centre Billy Joel blared from ceiling speakers. "Welcome to Legoland" was Elvis' opinion. Welcome indeed. Elvis is no longer a demented Brains figure from Thunderbirds. Now he appears as a cabaret Catweazel. "The Other Side Of Summer" was the first song that Elvis actually looked right singing.

The show was kickstarted with a stinging version of "I Hope You're Happy Now" and then the boss groove of "Temptation" from the *Get Happy* album. Maybe he was trying to tell us something. Elvis never shies away from tampering with his songs. "Oliver's Army" became thrash. It must be hard to do anything different with chestnuts like "Pump it Up" which became ponderous. "Alison" simply lost a verse, which in a two minute pop song, is gutsy editing. The new songs from *Mighty Like a Rose* suffered no such fate.

"Playboy to a Man" had Elvis' best screeching. The apocalyptic vision of "Hurry

Down Domsday (The Bugs Are Taking Over)" was speed treated. Elvis also manages to put new perspectives on individual songs by running them together. The intense new single "So Like Candy" rasps into the masochistic "I Want You". With seats wetted around the stadium Elvis eases the pain and takes us from the West End to the West Coast for some cool jazz in "The Very Thought of You".

The voice is as strong and resonant as ever. "Almost Blue" was almost perfect. The strange "Couldn't Call It Unexpected No4" revealed a staggering melody with Elvis' croon insinuating itself around his own crude piano plonking. The Rude Five must have been counting the roadies because there were only a trio on stage. Bruce Thomas from the original Attractions and Jerry Scheff from the original Elvis (Presley) powered the whole show. Scheff seemed to need to lean against the apparitional white upright bass to rest from the rush of songs. The way the rude three had to watch Elvis for clues indicated his unpredictability. After one aborted introduction Elvis commented ruefully that they had rehearsed to "within an inch" of perfection.

Elvis was obviously enjoying his new role as lead guitarist. Having always been a noisy rhythm player the relish of being allowed to play all the impressive bits was clear. Despite the facial hair and dark sunglasses



his expression on ripping into a solo was pure joy. I was worried that he would not be up to the task until he played the riff from "Watching the Detectives" with a few pyrotechnic variations. The solo in "Sweet Pear" is played with a guitar stolen from the Abbey Road sessions and Elvis played with supreme reverence. He even looks a bit like Lennon at a sit-in. Reverence disappears in the singalong "God's Comic"; "If you want him to hear you, you have to sing a bit fucking louder".

It is never easy to tell whether Elvis

actually likes the audience. This is a bit disconcerting in Adelaide where we are used to rapturous mutual congratulation during all shows, however mediocre. The show perhaps lacked a little inspiration. Maybe the sanitised surroundings were responsible. Elvis certainly objected to the Corporate Box crowd. Maybe it was the mentality that drives people to call for "Pump It Up" during every break. Elvis challenges the audience to enjoy themselves. Who would want it any other way?

Paul Schoff

## The Daisyheads



The Daisyheads came together in early '91 and have already played such prestigious venues as the Exeter, Le Rox, Club Foote and the Living Arts Centre, as well as a host of others. The four-piece band, made up of Peter McIvery, Unjay, Lachlan Coles and Ray Shepherd write and perform their own songs. Their differing musical experiences, whether acoustic, Indian, classical or post-punk, result in a sound which they describe as combining simple '60s arrangements with a '90s sense of adventure.

At the recent Goolwa Folk Festival, both Unjay and Lachlan won songwriters' awards

for their songs "Window Bright Like Sky" and "The Wet Day Song". With Peter supporting, all three Daisyheads will be performing on a tape to be launched at next year's folk festival.

At present, The Daisyheads are currently receiving airplay on Triple M FM with "The Daisyheads' Hot Little Rehearsal Tape", and a CD is planned for release in early '92.

The Daisyheads have embarked on an extensive poster campaign around Adelaide to advertise their next show on Wednesday 23rd October at Club Foote from 9pm. It should be a hootenanny!

The

## AXEMAN

•Greetings slushheads, there's rather a lot this week, so let's get into it. Fugazi are the big news around the town at the moment, and this has nothing to do with them. Hoot McKlout, who were booked to play support at the Fugazi all-ages show, have been cancelled in favour of up and coming 'faves Babaganush. Why? Hoot McKlout, allegedly, are "too old".

•Dates: Mon 21/10 Gladys Knight & the Pips release their best ever shot "I heard it through the Grapevine". Birthdays on this day include Freddie Strauks (1950), Charlotte Caffey (1953), and Julian Cope (1957). For the musically ignorant amongst you, they belonged respectively to Skyhooks, GoGo's, and The Teardrop Explodes.

•Twelve years ago the big news around the music world was that Sid Vicious had once again attempted suicide. Eventually he succeeded.

According to one authoritative calculation, Bill Wyman (nee William Perks) of the Rolling Stones may well be celebrating his 55th birthday this Thursday - although official press releases appear to have substantially revised this calculation in his favour.

•Gossip comes through that the almost never successful Where's the Pope? are

reforming especially for the purposes of breaking up. Yes, that's right, WTP are coming together with their ORIGINAL LINEUP to play one last show at a yet to be announced date and venue, then immediately returning to obscurity.

•Kim Salmon, ex of The Scientists, The Beasts of Bourbon, etc, etc brought his latest formation to Adelaide last week; and they were quite fuckin' good. Kim Salmon and The Surrealists played Leroy's on Thursday night, and gave fans a chance to hear lots of new material played as it should be, and one last hearing of some of his classics from the days of the Scientists. Included were "Set it on Fire", "Solid Gold Hell", and the supremely sublime "Swampland".

•Grand Prix time is when we Adelaideans do our best to show our visitors and the rest of the world what progressive and cosmopolitan folk we are, isn't it? So why, oh why, are SA-FM and a bunch of other lame ducks supporting an event on that weekend whose main drawcard is a '70s revival bunch of hacks named Chunky Custard. It's not so much that there's anything wrong per se with this band, it's just that they're INAPPROPRIATE. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

# Male Bonding au go go

Backdraft, a Ron Howard film, is currently showing at Greater Union 5.

Watching *Backdraft* is somewhat akin to sitting in a film theatre watching someone on the stage throw money at you.

For this reason, halfway through *Backdraft*, I stopped feeling merely bored and tired, and started feeling vaguely offended.

I felt that I'd given it a reasonable chance. I'd lived with its inanities and its clichés, but ultimately I couldn't escape the conclusion that *Backdraft's* major purpose as a piece of filmmaking was to spend a lot of money, and make even more. I'm sure we'd all be a lot better off if South Australia had Universal Studios rather than State Bank as its major financial institution.

As a film, it's hard to view *Backdraft* as anything more than The Latest Product from the Hollywood Hype Machine. We've had *Top Gun* and countless others to glorify the military, Clint Eastwood has virtually spent his entire career telling us How Hard It Is To Be A Cop, spies had been done to death even before Roger Moore hit the wrong side of 40, and even heroic aeroplane pilots have been lionised in a dozen disaster movies. So... what's left?

"Firefighters! We've never done them!" cries out Executive #1

"Brilliant! Let's sink \$40m. into it right away!" replies Executive #2.

And away the machine rolls once again.

*Backdraft* uncovers the heroics of the Chicago Fire Department through the eyes of a young recruit, Brian McCaffrey (Spunkrat William Baldwin), who has to deal with all manner of ructions in his life. They are, in order of significance:

- The Older Brother In The Department Rivalry Syndrome;
- Those White-Boy Angst-&Uncertainty Blues; and
- The Slightly Uncertain But Always Smouldering Relationship With A Woman Working At City Hall.

And running as a common theme through all of this is the mysterious Backdraft. A Backdraft is a special nasty fire which explodes when supplied with oxygen by the opening of a door. This burst of oxygen produces a huge ball of flame which burns skin, impales bodies on nearby fence-posts and does a great lamb roast. Some evil arsonist is using Backdrafts as a kind of invisible murder weapon. (Incidentally, the murderer turns out to be a firefighter, pissed off at how the politicians have cut back on the firefighting budget, resulting in deaths to his buddies: just thought I'd spoil the ending for you.)

The performances are almost all as lamentably wooden and flat as the script, with two notable exceptions which make



William Baldwin (right), prepares to 'pants' a fellow fire-fighter

the film intermittently worth watching. Robert De Niro as fire investigator and clever-guy Donald Rimgale is predictably brilliant, as is Donald Sutherland, who plays arsonist and complete basketcase Ronald Bartel. The loony and the detective have a strange symbiotic relationship, and the scenes between De Niro and Sutherland are so filled with real tension and suspense that not even Ron Howard's ham-fisted direction could stuff them up. By way of contrast, whenever Baldwin does a scene with either De Niro or Sutherland, he flounders so

American films: The Male Bonding Ritual. *Backdraft* has got them all: There's a huge blokey piss-up in a bar after the fire academy trainees graduate. The firefighters are all expected to run at a fire head-on, commit their bodies, work as a team, face 'the beast' and various other clichés (presumably resulting in their coming out with the ball). After every fire, the fighters sit around in the station slamming down beers and telling stories about each other's performance and heroism. These guys would be very happy in the RSL. There's a lot of backslapping,

*Backdraft*, it's only because they didn't have the time to fit it in.

And then there are the firefighting scenes. There are a lot of firefighting scenes. Firefighting scenes bore me at the best of times, but when they are done *ad nauseam* in a manner that positively screams 'WE SPENT A LOT OF MONEY ON THIS. BE IMPRESSED,' at the audience, I start to look for the nearest exit. The filmmakers obviously believe that spending enormous sums of money on technically spectacular scenes is a sufficient end in itself. Having spent all of this money, Ron Howard obviously decided to get the most use out of it possible. So Chicago became an almost permanent Towering Inferno.

Every five minutes, another place was going up in flames. How many people live in Chicago? Is it a city of pyromaniacs? Have all of its automatic smoke-detecting sprinkler systems been mistakenly filled with petrol? Sadly, these questions remained unanswered as *Backdraft* swooned sentimentally to a 45-minutes-overdue conclusion; the final fire scene seemed to go on longer than the recriminations over Ash Wednesday.

The production notes summed up my feeling about *Backdraft* perfectly: "For Stephen and Brian McCaffrey... backdraft is their darkest nightmare come to life."

Me too.

Simon Healy

**"A Backdraft is a special nasty fire which explodes when supplied with oxygen by the opening of a door. This burst of oxygen produces a huge ball of flame which burns skin, impales bodies on nearby fence-posts and does a great lamb roast"**

hopelessly that one is almost compelled to feel sorry for him.

It's hard to imagine why De Niro and Sutherland agreed to do what is obviously a formula flick, but their appearance in the second half gives life to a film which was threatening to become as tedious and overlong as *Dances with Wolves*.

The first half is virtually a celebration of that other great tradition of mainstream

a lot of beer, a fight at a firefighting dinner-dance (one of the worst scenes in the film), and Kurt Russell (Stephen McCaffrey) spending the whole film trying to imitate Patrick Swayze (when he's not male bonding with his brother). The brothers McCaffrey even have to bond together to help overcome the haunting memory of their dad who... (wait for it) was killed in a firefighting accident! If there's any cliché missing from

# Even blokes can be feminists

Thelma & Louise

I felt awake, I had not felt so awake all week, like Thelma as she and Louise sped along the desert road. "Thelma & Louise" is a bloody, brilliant movie being a full-on action film with a massive emotional kick. The only flaw is that it has been dubbed a feminist film and I fear that keeps a great deal of people away in droves. Being there with my friend Rach, we did a quick headcount and viewers were either couples or with female friends.

I have said the f-word (feminist), if you are still with me, I am very impressed. There is no reason for you guys to stay away, it is not closed off to the male sector of the audience at all, is a great comedy-action film and not an anti-male one either.

Thelma Dickinson, played by the gorgeous, kooky Geena Davis (*Accidental Tourist*, *Tootsie*) is a repressed young woman who has been married to Darrel since she was eighteen. Her friend Louise Sawyer is brought to life by large-eyed, attractive Susan Sarandon (*Rocky Horror Show*, *Witches of Eastwick*). Louise is a fairly together waitress who has one of those boyfriends who can't commit (oh god, now I've said the c-word too!).

Louise persuades Thelma to come away with her for a weekend, along the way the girls stop for a drink where Thelma lets her hair down for the first time in her life and dances with a very charming man who later attempts to take more than she is happy to give, in the carpark. In a moment, the pair find themselves on the way to Mexico as America's most 'wanted' women in a blue Thunderbird.

On what turns out to be a physical and spiritual journey, Thelma and Louise discover they "have a knack for this shit" such as blowing up a truck or robbing stores. But this is no Chuck Norris-type revenge film where everything is blown up or killed for its own sake; whatever the duo do has justification. It is not a movie of revenge anyway, but one about two people on a journey.

The men Thelma and Louise come into contact with do tend to show up that gender's failings in a comical light but they are not all bad, same as the girls are not all good. Harvey Keitel plays the cop who understands the women's plight and tries to help. Louise's boyfriend came through sensitively with some early-stage help, and Brad Pitt, playing a cute cowboy in tight

jeans, gives Thelma something to write home about.

Director Ridley Scott (*Bladerunner*) proves beyond a doubt that you "don't have to be female to be feminist" and humour is the best, if not only way to convey ideas. Rach and I, along with the rest of the theatre, laughed a great deal at some terrific situations and accompanying lines delivered beautifully by Davis and Sarandon. Scott's film is stylish, with excellent shots of the desert, a fabulous script by Callie Khouri and incredibly powerful performances by the two women sharing equal billing. "You would have to be an idiot not to get the script and I did even as a man," laughed Scott in an interview recently.

*Thelma & Louise* possesses black, desperate humour as the girls travel to a dooming liberation. It is very interesting to watch how the pair operate as a team - when Thelma flakes out, Louise drags her out if it and when cool Louise snaps - her adoring friend takes control in her newfound freedom. The journey reaches a peak on the edge of a canyon with the girls holding few options. The ending is rather off-beat and unexpected but cannot disappoint. It is one of those films that promises to inspire and make you feel worth something. As Sarandon wrote for Louise's best line, "You get what you settle for," and it's true ... whether you're female or male.

Mellie Hamilton



"A gripping, classic film." Phil Elwood, *San Francisco Examiner*

"Intellect matched by a vivid sense of history; this really is the 60's again." Sheila Benson, *Los Angeles Times*

"Electric, exciting and provocative." Judy Stone, *San Francisco Chronicle*



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PGSA

FREE BBQ, BEER & SOFT DRINKS  
ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING (OPEN AIR)  
WHERE: CLOISTERS near Mayo Refectory  
WHEN: OCTOBER 23, 12 noon - 2.00pm  
ALL POSTGRADUATES WELCOMED

Members are advised that the 1992 Ordinary General Meeting of the Association will be held on 23 October Pursuant to Item 5(a)(iii) of the PGSA Constitution. The main purpose of the meeting will be to elect postgraduate students to those committees and other bodies within the University on which there are postgraduate students appointed by the Association. The term of office of those elected shall be for the subsequent calendar year.

<b>University Committees</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Library</li> <li>External Students</li> <li>Car Parking</li> <li>Student Health and Services Advisory</li> <li>Computing</li> <li>Biohazards</li> <li>Sports Association</li> <li>Campus Safety</li> <li>Advisory Centre for University Education</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Centre for Electron Microscopy and Microstructure Analysis</li> <li>Student Services</li> <li>Sexual Harassment</li> <li>Student Academic Appeals x 6</li> <li>Science Faculty Rep.</li> <li>Arts Faculty Rep.</li> </ul>	<b>University Boards</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Advisory</li> <li>Equal Opportunity</li> <li>Careers Advisory</li> <li>Board of Graduate Studies x 2</li> </ul> <b>University Groups</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Women's Advisory</li> <li>Multicultural Advisory</li> </ul>
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Nomination forms for the above positions may be obtained from the PGSA Office in the cloisters (near the Mayo Refectory), your Department Secretary or in the October Newsletter. Nominations may be lodged up until start of proceedings.

# Penises ARE funny.

Little White Lives  
Drama Centre (CAE)  
Friday, 11th October, 1991

I went along to this production knowing nothing about it except that a friend of a friend was in it. Waiting in the foyer at the theatre in the 10th floor of the old CAE building, I spotted a poster for what I thought was a coming attraction: "Little White Lives, An Exploration in Gender Identity". I commented loudly, and unwisely, that I couldn't imagine anything worse than a piece of experimental theatre about gender identity. The truth dawned *horribly* when a smiling and enthusiastic man wearing a 'How Dare You Presume I'm Heterosexual' badge gave me a programme. The note from the director began, "Yung (sic) once said that all that surrounds us was once unknowable; an intangible (sic) concept. It was only when the fantasy or thought became so great that it was eventually

created into a tangible (sic) form; a state of reality. If Yung was right (and I think he was), then my deepest fantasy is that one day we will all exist in a society (world!) where the behavioural code is non-gender specific. But rather, will celebrate and affirm all life on the planet simply for living unto the honest and inner self!"

Only first names were given on the programme, after seeing the play I realised that these people were probably wise to not reveal their true identities.

All around me were non-gender-specific types celebrating and affirming life like mad. Throughout the action of the play they shook or nodded their heads and clapped at crucial moments murmuring "so true, so true" unto their honest and inner selves.

The play began with two figures slowly rising up from under pink sheeting in much the same way that Playschool presenters pretend to be a little seed growing into a

great big tree. Centre Stage was a wading pool covered in hessian into which the two actors (male and female) regressed from time to time.

It centred around the idea that gender is a structure built by society into which we are conditioned from birth. At one stage the two actors spent quite a long time standing in a series of vaguely terrified and oppressed poses while voice-overs told them that boys don't cry and girls don't play football. At another stage, the male actor ripped off bandages from his body shouting, "I want to be able to kiss my male friends in public", and other such daunting indictments of society's construction of gender until he stood completely naked, shouting, "Don't laugh at my penis. Penises are not funny." What I found deeply disturbing about this was that *no one in the audience laughed*. Penises are funny, there is no getting away from the fact. How can this sort of thing be taken seriously?

My major concern of this production is that it was redundant. The director noted on the programme that "This piece of theatre is examining where we are now! That is to say, it is dealing with the moods of behaviour and the ways we are conditioned to 'be' at present." It is not so much examining 'where we are now', however, as where we were in 1974. Nothing new was said in this production, all the ideas were rehashed and restated, yet they were presented as if they were ground-breaking insights into the collective consciousness. I agree with much of what they were saying, but then I have agreed with it for years, and seeing "Little White Lives" only made me inclined to reconsider every non-sexist ideal I have. There was nothing in this play which needed to be said.

Mary Simpson

# 'Flea' a Funny French Farce - it's Fun!

A Flea in Her Ear  
The Playhouse  
State Theatre Company  
October 11 until November 2

This play is a very nice little farce indeed. The acting is not wonderful - the women are particularly weak - and the direction is loose, but the pure delight of *A Flea in Her Ear* stands over and above anything else you might notice.

In this day and age, theatre is often concerned with issues and ideology. Serious young people stomp about the stage, asking pained questions of an apathetic audience... "If I fight for my country-who?who?who will fight for me???" and other dull questions in that vein. Brecht abounds and colourful clothing is out. This is all very well. It is not something I disapprove of at all. But now and again I sigh for fluffy, light, comic relief. And the State Theatre Company have supplied it with their current production of *A Flea in Her Ear*.

Written by Georges Feydeau at the beginning of the twentieth century, *A Flea in Her Ear* is a happy play about the unhappiest of human conditions: infidelity. He/she who is unfaithful to his/her lover is a piglet, and here we have the whole basis of the play.

Madame Raymonde Chandebise, mind-numbingly played by Jane Harders, mistakenly believes that hubby Victor has been unfaithful to her. In a fit of pique, she contacts her old school-friend, Lucienne Homenides de Histangua (the names my dear the names. We shall hereafter refer to Lucienne as Lucy) and they concoct a cunning plan to trap Victor in his infidelity. Carmel McGlone, the Achilles Heel of the STC plays Lucy. I think I have said enough.

But it is not Victor (an amusing and

carefree John Gaden) who has been having it off left right and centre. No! It is his addle-brained and endearing nephew, Camille. Camille, despite a speech impediment of awesome proportions, has managed to attract the blowsy attentions of his uncle's maid, Antoinette. Camille is played with charm and alacrity by Paul Blackwell, and he quickly became a favourite with the chuckling audience. His lover Antoinette is married to the unsuspecting butler, Etienne. Ian Boyce is a whimsical and gently aggravating butler, who plays the part with all the carefully controlled confusion that it requires.

Raymonde and Lucy devise a plan- they write a letter to Victor as if from a young girl who has been stricken with his looks, asking him to meet her at the seedy Hotel Coq d'Or. The letter is delivered, but Victor

cannot believe it is for him. Instead he decides it must have been intended for his friend, the decidedly debonair Romain Tournel. Tournel is portrayed by Edwin Hodgeman, who shows every sign of enjoying himself and acts with elan. Tournel goes to the hotel... as does every other member of the cast, for varying reasons.

It is during the second act that the fun runs fast and furiously - if not too much so. One of Jane Harders' main difficulties was that she began screaming too early - she could have controlled her emotions more and kept the "upset voice" in for a little longer. If I may say so, she climaxed too soon. If she had hung on, the cast could have had a simultaneous climax; what super fun.

As the tension builds, more and more people keep discovering each other in seedy

hotel bedrooms. Characters such as a randy German, an irate hotel owner and Lucy's husband are introduced, leading the way to more hilarity. A dopey and wide-eyed maid, Eugenie (well played by Caroline Mignone) wanders about the stage, dribbling about and trying to make rumpled beds. The ultimate blow comes when we realise that the hall porter of the hotel, Poche, is the spitting image of Victor Chandebise. ZANY! By this time everything is getting silly. So then it was time for the third act.

In the third act, everything is resolved. What a surprise! This play is a bit like a 1920s Carry On film. It is full of people saying, "oh no! It's Victor at the door! Whatever shall I do?" Nevertheless it is entertaining. The audience were put into a fine humour and so, frankly, was I.

Chloë Fox.



**2 CLASSIC AUSTRALIAN PLAYS**

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**2. NORM AND AHMED**  
BY ALEX BULO

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# Biting satire - compelling and often funny

Offshore  
P.P. Cranney  
Junction Theatre Co.  
Cnr George Street and Thebarton Road,  
Thebarton  
Season: 27 September - 19 October.

"Offshore" is a cutting and poignant satire of Australia's economic relationship with its Asian neighbours. Written by South Australian playwright, P.P. Cranney, the play addresses the exploitation of workers, particularly women, in developing countries. The development of this theme is linked to a more general critique of capitalism.

An Australian businessman, Vince, decides to move the manufacturing component of his family business, Mammon Clothing, to an Asian country: An "Export Processing Zone" is the attraction - a site designated for export based, foreign owned factories. The plentiful supply of cheap labour and a complete absence of workers' rights are the stuff that the businessman's dreams are made of. Vince's wife, Gina, is not so happy

with the arrangement. Upon her arrival, her growing discontent with her "boring, middle-class life" is apparent.

Gina is not the only one with frustrations. An educated country girl, Zenith, soon

receive by complying with an unjust system. At the end of the play, one receives a real sense of the truth of this assertion.

The impressions one receives are enhanced by the set and lighting. The volcano looming

factory worker with the intelligence and compassion of the person behind that anger. Syd Brisbane is convincing in his role as the incredibly overstressed, totally selfish and ultimately naive, Vince. Betty Summer-Lovett performs admirably in half a dozen, quite distinct roles. Special mention must be made of Anna Linarello's performance as Gina. She delivers the superbly scripted one-liners and wise-cracks professionally. Moreover, she always maintains control over her character's, often intense, emotions. This made credible Gina's development of a social conscience, since Anna always maintained Gina's grasp on reason.

"Offshore" is an entertaining, often funny and thought-provoking, play, which is to be thoroughly recommended. The Junction Theatre Co. deserves congratulations for this excellent production.

Joanne De Silva  
Tom Martin

---

*human dignity is more valuable than any financial gain one might receive by complying with an unjust system.*

---

perceives the factory's treatment of herself and her fellow workers as outrageous - low wages, forced overtime, physical abuse, sexual harassment and even murder. As she tries to introduce a union to the factory, the tension mounts. A climax is reached when the forces of both nature and the human spirit coincide.

Cranney ably demonstrates the deep-seated problems of capitalism and imperialism, and suggests a resolution of these dilemmas. In her speech to Vince, towards the end, Zenith asserts that human dignity is more valuable than any financial gain one might

in the background reminds us of nature's presence (be sure to notice the striking silk screens hanging in the foyer which are a fabulous introduction to this). The stage is designed so as to allow a variety of scenes to occur, with minimal interruption. Overall, this creates a sense of the flow of events. This flow is enhanced by the slides, which graphically invite one to consider the reality of the themes.

Finally, these themes come to life through a high standard of acting. Valerie Berry's portrayal of Zenith successfully combines the passionate, rebelliousness of the young

# The Festival is shaping up

The orange juice was flowing and the crystals were fully aligned in anticipation of the unveiling of the 1992 Adelaide Festival Programme. Early last Friday morning in the Festival Centre Foyer I had the joy of mingling with the New Agers, P.R. people and posers of this divine world. We were all present at the the birth of what promises to be one of the best Festivals yet.

Surrounded by suited and disgruntled politicians, I witnessed the beginning of proceedings with a degree of disinterest. As my ampits turned into tiny rainforests and my eyes glazed over, I thought, "yuck I hate launches. They are full of people I do not know talking about paradigms and the food is always too salty".

But Friday morning was different. Suddenly a lanky gentleman scrambled up onto the stage and started talking about all these incredible things that are going to happen next March. My ears, despite their initial droopiness, pricked up. My nose quivered hopefully in the perfume-soaked air. If, like all the others, I had been wearing a tie, I would have tugged on it joyfully.

The man was Rob Brookman and the moves were suave. All in all throughout the three Festival weeks in March (Feb. 28 - March 21) there will be 797 performances held. There are 1096 artists/performers

involved, from 27 different countries including Tanzania, Lithuania and Pakistan. There will be at least 45 different venues involved, with 28 Australian and 16 World Premieres taking place. Total expenditure amounts to

by nineteenth century Russian playwright, Nikolai Gogol. *The Diary of a Madman* is being performed by the acclaimed Belvoir Street Theatre, and *The Government Inspector* will be brought to us by the

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*One of the most controversial performances of the Festival promises to be Cementville, presented by the Actors Theatre of Louisville. Described as "hilarious and downright vulgar," Cementville tells the story of a bottom rung, all-female wrestling tour. It looks like being damn funny, very rude, and will no doubt upset quite a lot of people. Look for indignant wowerish letters to "The Advertiser" in response to this one.*

---

\$8.6 million. *Numbers, numbers, numbers.* Let's look at what's on offer...

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Another highlight will be the two plays

Hungarian group, Katona Jozsef Theatre. The Hungarian performance has been hailed with unanimous delight worldwide as a breathtaking masterpiece by both audiences and critics alike.

From other parts of the world there will be equally wonderful shows - performing outside Japan for the very first time will be the Kishida Jimusho & Rakutendan group with *Woven Hell*, a passionate and moving tale of human relationships. From England comes "the clearest, most crisp, sexiest" *You Like It ever seen.* Adelaide audiences

have been deprived of this play in recent years, and theatre company Cheek By Jowl looks like giving a superb performance of this classic love story.

*Sistergirl*, Sally Morgan's first play, will begin on March 17 as will *Manipulator* by the Stuffed Puppet Theatre. The Australian premiere of the opera *Nixon in China* should be a momentous one, while the dramatisation of all-time Australian classic, *Snugglepot and Cuddlepie* will probably just be another chance for elderly songster Peter Combe to write some more predictable songs about something mundane for little children, e.g.: "Whoops! whoops! whoopsie me! I've dropped my leg in a pot of tea, etc." Thousands of dollars and albums later, Pete is smiling and so are his audiences. Looks good? maybe...

Altogether the launch was very informative and well worth the wait. There can be no doubt that the Festival is shaping up to be a chunky one, full of meaty bites and delicate morsels. Take advantage of advance bookings which open November 30, and grab any student discounts going. This is going to be a mighty hot Festival indeed.

Chloë Fox.

# Non stop shag frenzy - but it's a bit dull.

The Act of Love  
Karin Petersen-Schaefer

*The Act of Love* is Petersen-Schaefer's first book, and it reads like it. Surprisingly, it is published by Picador Australia and stands on the shelves of the Uni Bookshop alongside

the books of high literary standing that Picador habitually favours, while falling far, far short of its neighbouring titles. *The Act of Love* is *Puberty Blues* from a prostitute's perspective, being simplistic, sexually explicit and more... In telling the "true world of the prostitute" (as the blurb foolishly promises),

Petersen-Schaefer uses an appalling array of elementary images and metaphors that evoke memories of much-laboured over creative writing pieces for school. The author's writing style grated and annoyed. As reader, I felt whisked back to school days, and as an adult, slightly patronised.

The book tells the story of Lisa, just out of school, who gets a job at a sleazy Melbourne massage parlour. Petersen-Schaefer's admirable aim is to tear back the *Pretty Woman* facade and present an expose of a profession that is traditionally glorified, yet the structure and style of the novel lead to a compromised situation all appears slightly implausible. A young and sexually-inexperienced girl fits in almost automatically to the massage parlour lifestyle, for not only can she perform "the act of love", but she adopts the lingo without any problems. Further, threats from nasty patriarchal figures seeking to exploit (money needed from the brothel owners, otherwise girl by girl will die...) and encounters with lesbianism, transvesticism and drugs (wow, heavy thematic concerns here) all fail to faze her. The story takes on a further unconvincing dive when Lisa's motivation for seeking out work in a massage parlour is only alluded to: strained parental relations, a schoolfriend's concern over her increasing strangeness and

isolation, and a rape which Lisa's aunt implies she might have asked for. Lisa obviously is at odds with her own misbegotten sexuality, that the author makes clear, yet I found the authenticity of her portrayal doubtful. Petersen-Schaefer is not a prostitute herself, basing her depiction upon information she has gathered from others, so that I was constantly plagued with the suspicion: Is this really how it happens?

*The Act of Love* does explore the experience of the prostitute at work in considerable detail, and the author can be commended in attempting to present this comparatively unreported area. We see the bargaining, the array of clients with their respective reasons and sexual performances, and the repetitive boredom in which sex is performed and regarded by prostitutes. *The Act of Love* is undeniably "a good read", because the simple and uncomplicated language encourages the reader to skip blythely through the pages. Maybe that is where Petersen-Schaefer trips up; the thematic concerns are too heavy for the light and easy style she clothes it in. Ultimately, the final product seems insubstantial and empty, considering the concerns Karin Petersen-Schaefer sought to identify and resolve.

Kate Juttner



# Artists with their heads up their arses

Lindy Lee  
Contemporary Art Centre of South Australia  
12 October - 3 November

Lindy Lee (yet again) dives in to the apparently bottomless ocean of Western art history, in search of A Post Modern Statement. Does she sink or swim? She surfaces, at any rate, with an armful of rehashed Renaissance and post-Renaissance images, done over with alternately thin or goopy layers of acrylic, oil and wax.

This laboured regurgitation of art history in the name of Post Modernism is no longer fresh, or even clever. It reflects a continuing tendency towards stilted academicism and theorising; eclecticism over imagination. Nostalgia for the past, both recent and distant (and surely Lee's work is nothing if not nostalgic - neither her sources or her

ideas are in any way progressive), is not in itself a harmful thing, except when *renewal* becomes *repetition*.

In an astonishingly imaginative catalogue introduction, Edward Colless describes Lee's "portraits" as follows,

*It is more than likely that these faces are themselves reflections of the artist's own gaze into art history, and that the medium of Lee's self-portrait is the accumulating twilight of an historical consciousness through which she sees, by means of an assigned narcissism, the past with affection and beauty. In this reverie, all images will be memories, partial, injurious, dedicated to poignant recurrence.*

Assigned narcissism? Poignant recurrence? I dare say Edward's creative imagination got the better of him. One can, in moments of deranged fancy, suggest such things, but the proof is in the pudding. Lee's photocopied "portraits" are self-conscious rather than

self-referential, too tired and clichéd even to be ironic. They allude to and depend upon history, without contributing anything to the present, let alone the future. They are already yesterday's papers, tomorrow they will just be that much more out of date.

The amount of "affection and beauty" one finds in these images is also questionable; I suppose you find as much as it is possible to find in a bunch of photocopies smeared in murky paint. At least Warhol used silkscreens. Does Mr Colless expect to be taken seriously when he suggests, "The accumulated photocopy toner acquires a metaphysical significance, like a primeval medium of follilisation"? I hope not - he is a fine comedian otherwise. This sort of critical response is not the artist's fault, but where would she be without it? Lee's brand of tepid Post Modernism panders to precisely the same clever-clever attitudes one finds

so grotesquely manifest in Colless' criticism. It is a mutual arrangement: he gives her work "meaning" and she gives him a starting point for fairy stories.

Occasionally, Lindy Lee rises above the self-imposed burden of almost unmentionably profound "metaphysical significance", in paintings such as "Virtue, Moral Order and the Discretion of Human Gesture". Here the artist's formal experiment pays off, and the image, under layers of oil and wax, acquires the kind of stature implied by its grandiose title. Technically, Lee's work is never less than competent. Her use of monochrome colour and subtle tonal variations is powerfully expressive. One can only hope she applies her talents more effectively in the future.

Steve King



**Writers' Group Meeting**  
Thursday, 24th October, 1 pm.

**Lauch of LitSoc magazine Escrioire**  
Wednesday, 23rd October, 1 pm, Cloisters.  
Wine and nibbles provided.

**Litsoc Gothic Dinner**

This is the last event for the year! Sunday, 27th October, 7 pm, fancy-dress or semi-formal, tickets \$15 from SAUA - covers 3-course meal and wine. BYO other. Ph Sara 339 5700

**To the person who broke into locker 247:**

The joke's on you, sunshine, since there was nothing of monetary value to take, you wasted your time. However, when you have finished doing whatever it is you are doing with the LitSoc banner, please return it to Clubs Association. We need it for better purposes.

Thanks kindly,  
Owner of locker 247.

**Touch Me Now**

Summer touch is on again. Training is Mondays, 6.00pm, at the ovals across the foot-bridge. All welcome for women's, men's and mixed touch.

**Student Christian Movement**

Marion Maddox will speak about environmental theology this Thursday lunchtime. Come to Meeting Room 1, Level 5 of the Union Building at 1 pm.

**Baudin Sub-Branch**

Quiz Night  
Quiz Master: John Trainer.  
Saturday, 26th October, 1991 at 7.30 pm.  
\$7 adults, \$5 concession.  
Karawatha Hall, Baden Terrace, O'Sullivan Beach.  
BYO Supper and drinks. Tea and coffee provided.  
For details contact Don Hopgood's Office on 382 2844.

**Labour Studies Club**

Notice is hereby given of an inaugural general meeting of the Labour Studies Club. Wednesday, 30th October at 4.15 pm, 7th Floor Schulz Building.  
Membership is open to all past and present students of Labour Studies. For further information, contact Matthew Balfour through Labour Studies.

**The Flinders University of South Australia**

Inaugural Lecture  
'The University - A View from the Underside' to be delivered by Professor Faith Trent, Dean of Academic and Student Affairs, Flinders University.  
Friday, 8th November, 1991, 4.00 pm, North Lecture Theatre 3, Social Science North (Car Parks 4 & 5), Flinders University.  
Chairperson: Dr Jean Blackburn, Chancellor, University of Canberra.

**University of Adelaide Faculty of Arts**

As at 5 pm, Monday, 7th October, 1991, the closing date for nominations for Student Representatives to the Board of the Faculty of Arts and the Faculty Curriculum for 1992, the following nominations had been received by the Faculty Office:

John Theodore Rowe, Postgraduate Representative, Faculty of Arts Board  
Desmond Royce Cavanagh, Undergraduate Representative, Faculty of Arts Board.

This being fewer than the maximum number of student representative places available, I declare the above students elected to Board of the Faculty of Arts for 1992.

Paul Skrebels,  
Acting Returning Officer  
Faculty of Arts  
15/10/91

**Computing Students**

The IGM of the Adelaide University Computing Students Club will be held at 1.10 pm on Tuesday, 22nd October in Meeting Room 2 (Level 5 of the Union Building).

Contacts: Sam Bushell (Maths) or Iain Lockyer (Maths).

**For Sale**

Two 5-shelf cane bookcases. \$25 each or \$45 for the pair. Telephone 265 4028.

**Adelaide University Community Aid Abroad**

Free lunchtime films: "Food For All" and "Where Do We Go From Here", Monday, 21st October, 1.10 pm Jerry Portus Room. All welcome.

**AU Amnesty International**  
Letter writing meeting, Tuesday, 15th October, 1 pm, Jerry Portus Room.

# ACTIVATE ME

Monday, October 21st  
9 am - 5 pm Student/Staff Exhibition in Union Art Gallery. Great campus talent on display. Closes Friday.  
4 pm Adelaide premiere screening of film "Berkeley in the Sixties" in Union Cinema. Students \$3, Public \$6. Also screening Tuesday at 1pm and 5 pm, Wednesday and Thursday, 7.30 pm and Friday 5.30 pm.  
Tuesday, October 7th  
1 pm Union Activities meeting in Clubs Executive Room.  
7.30 pm Cinematheque Film Programme in Union Cinema with "The Big Snit" (Directed by Richard Candie, Canada, 1985, Colour, 11 mins.) and "Persona" (Directed by Ingmar Bergen, Sweden, 1966, B/W, 120 mins.).  
Wednesday, October 9th Council of Australian Museums Conference in Union Games Room and Union Cinema. Continues until Sunday, October 27th.  
6 - 9 pm "Brett Aplin" plays piano in Union Bistro.  
Thursday, October 10th  
1 pm - 2 pm "Jazz Gurus" in Union Gallery / Coffee Shop. Free. Featuring jazz students from Performing Arts faculty.  
6 - 9 pm "Chris Roberts" singer/guitarist, in Union Bistro.  
Friday, October 11th 1 pm - 2 pm "Bondi Cigars" rhythm and blues act from Sydney on Barr Smith Lawns.  
6 - 9 pm "Chris Roberts", singer/guitarist, in Union Bistro.  
9 pm - Midnight Rock bands "Handsome Devils" and "Batteries Not Included" in Union Bar. Free to AU Students, Guests \$5.

**Melbourne Cup Lunch**  
Tuesday, November 5th from noon - 3 pm in Union Bistro. See the big race on the big video screen. 3 course buffet lunch for only \$12 which includes a glass of champagne.  
Book now at Union Bistro or phone 228 5858. See the race on the big video screen.

**Melbourne Cup in Union Bar**  
See the race on the big screen in the Union Bar. Meals from \$5 from noon. Try our new pasta dishes.

## Save The Bush

## ROCK BENEFIT CONCERT

Saturday 26 October  
Migration Museum Courtyard  
82 Kintore Ave

The Jaynes  
Eldorados  
Clowns of Decadence

First band on stage at 8:30pm  
Admission \$10  
Licenced Venue

Staged by the  
National Trust of SA  
to raise awareness of and  
participation in preserving our  
natural heritage

The Literary Society of Adelaide University  
P.R.E.S.E.N.T.S

## Gothic Dinner



wine  
witches  
and  
song!

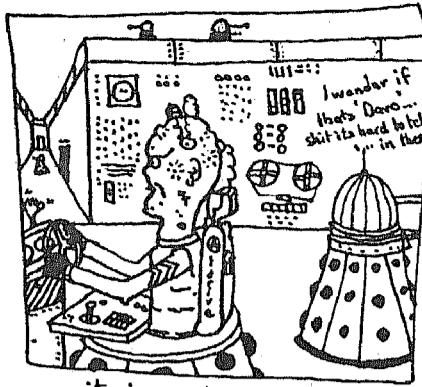
Tusmore Masonic Hall  
SUNDAY 27TH OCTOBER 7pm

\$15 includes fully catered meal & wine  
(VEGETARIAN OPTION) B.Y.O. other  
1 FISHER ST, TUSMORE

DRESS: SEMI-FORMAL to FANCY DRESS  
TICKETS FROM SAUA OFFICE. BOOK BY: 22 Oct

# WHO M.D.B.A

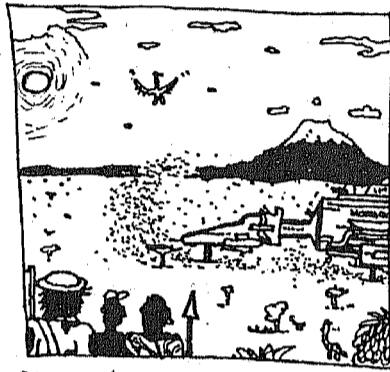
due to the lack of foresight on behalf of the author(s), no title appeared on the first introductory episode of "WHO M.D.B.A", here it is. For those who can't push back their memories to the pre-election week ON-DIT, the story so far..... the HORLICK'S HYPER-CRUISER-BATTLE STAR (Recond, head new tyres, reg. to april, runs a.k) CRUISED oh so quietly to a small blue-green planet in PACKSTAR-B.



Davros sits in anticipation at the controls of the HORLICKS super war ship (reg. till April). All was action in the control room, his days of cruising main streets whistling at hideously deformed mutants were over. Now the room was illuminated by banks of flashing lights and reel-to-reel tape recorders. The whole ship seethed with energy in preparation for the assault of Earth.



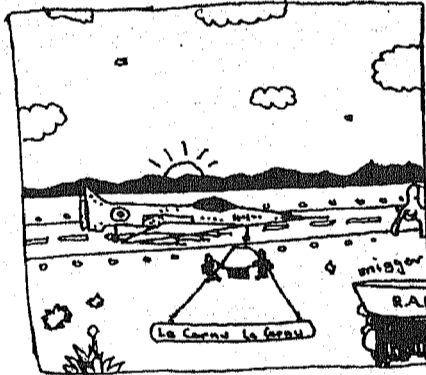
In the mess, eight of Davros' finest imperial attack legions could hardly contain their excitement, a nervous, prickly sweat drove the Horlicks from their steel casing. The evil soldiers of death whiled their time away gaily swapping KISS cards, stamps and rewinding Simon LeBon's latest hit: "Ooh Baby Ooh Baby Baby Don't go now ooh"



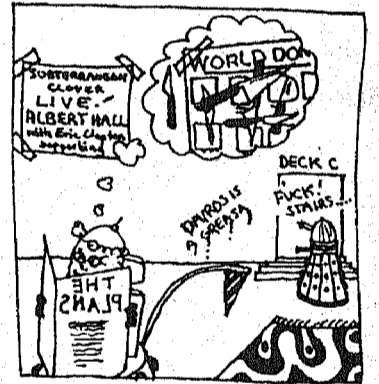
Davros brought his ship to a magnificent 3-point landing in a quiet unprotected corner of the Serengetti. Some how Moses Nutsotso and his band of merry MAASAI sensed that more than just a coke bottle would come from this great bird.



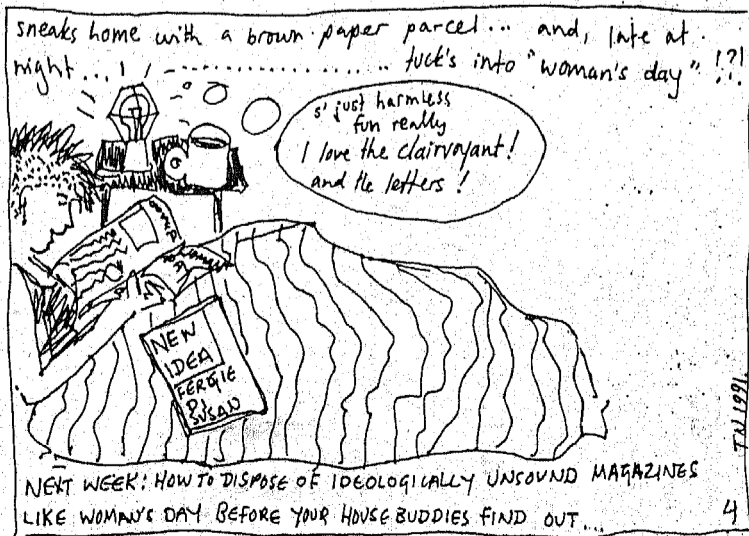
Back in Didcot, England, Brigadier General Smythe-Martin Hovsing Shoe was happily giving orders left, right and independent (sorry) to everyone within earshot (4.7km, he loves to shout). He was proud to have been chosen to superintend the transport of the latest top-secret biological weapon from H.Q to a testing site in Africa. Moreover he was looking forward to "jolly old G+T's in the tropics and making a mess in the dapper colonial fashion"



Colonel Whatsiti of Bio-corp, Kenya gleefully received the new weapon (defensive of-course) which could herald a new age of world peace or if the Horlicks get their hands on it (well drainage unblockers on it), a new age of Horlick Domination.



Which was of course, Davros' intention. The domination of Earth was extremely important to Davros, as it would be the 100th planet overtaken by the Horlicks which meant Davros would duly receive a poster and set of Shinobi steakknives FREE from the WORLD DOMINATION CLUB.



ADAM SIMMONS  
LUKE BURROWS



# STUDENTS DEMAND A FAIR FARE

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**RALLY ON THE STEPS OF  
PARLIAMENT HOUSE**

**1pm**

**WEDNESDAY 23rd OCTOBER**

The huge turnout at last month's rally has caused the government to reconsider its proposal on a student concession fares.

**REMINDE THEM WE ARE  
STILL WAITING FOR A  
REVERSAL  
BE THERE.**

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF

**NUS**  
STUDENTS