

RC/E
378.05
05
05

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY
23 MAR 1992
ADEL



O

DIT

Adelaide University Student Weekly

Volume 60 Number 3

March 16 1992

FREE

Registered by Australia Post
Pub. No. 58F 0274

CONTENTS

1. Trapped.I feel awful...
- 2.Youre here already.
- 3.News
- 4.Heavens yes there's plenty going on
5. Jo Dyer talks cops,Libs ,and other such creatures.
- 6.SAUA -more garlic than a market gardners jocktrap
7. Letters ,theres fun in here .Shall we wait and see what develops?
- 8.And more
- 9.Cable T.V ,George has good words
11. Blevins,what an asshole.
- 13.I was a teenage transit officer.
- 14.Guerilla Girls.
- 16-17. Bobs new job
- 18-19 Nick Smith goes wild ,are you happy now? Stop pouting
20. South Africa Update with Jo De Silva
- 21.Ben Vagnarelli reappears in the guise of mild mannered wine columnist.
- 22.Stephanie P talks books with a likely character...
23. More books ,more excitement ,I think I may blush
- 24.Music -Def FX interview.What is the hype about? This band is crap
- 25.Music-Shameless self promotion.foolish.
- 26 You know the score,reviews and stuff.Did I tell you that Fiona Dalton and Richard Vowles are beautiful people?
- 27.e.t.c
- 28-30 .Theatre ,Mel Sander is rather wonderful as well
31. O THANKS
33. THIS WEEK IN SPORT
34. Classifieds,if you want one of my cute kittens get in quick
- 35.Creative time, have a guess whaddyu think



THANKS

DARIEN O'REILY ,SARAH HALL,MONICA CARROLL
"JUST GONE DONE TO THE PIE CART FOR 5 STALE
DOUGHNUTS AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT CON-
TRIBUTE TO MY SUGAR INDUCED MANIA."WE WOULD
LIKE TO REGISTER OUR UNDYING BELEIF IN THE GOD-
LIKE STATURE OF ANNE,SHARON ,AND
CATHERENE.THANKYOU CARRIBEAN HEARTBEAT.
THANKYOU STEPHANIE.THANKYOU ALL CONTRIBUTORS.
THANKYOU.

PHONE

THATS RIGHT ,WE HERE AT ON DIT ARE
NO STRANGERS TO CONTROVERSY AND
TALKING TURKEY

RING RING LING 2285404 OR 2232685

The Quota System, which operates in some subjects in the faculties of Architecture, Arts, and Science, has been the cause of enrolment and post-enrolment confusion and dissatisfaction for a number of students.

Restrictive Quotas are designed to limit the total number of students in each level of a discipline, whereas Distributive Quotas are imposed where there is more than one subject offered in a discipline at the same level. By the second mechanism, student enrolments are distributed across subjects so that some are not over-subscribed and others lack sufficient numbers. Academic merit plays the major role in deciding student places under both quota types, although there are exceptions.

Students' Association Project/Research Officer Monica Carroll said she had received a number of complaints from students as regards quotas:

"It is apparent from the queries and grievances I have dealt with via phone and in person, that the quota system is confusing. In particular, students were coming to see me in early March after they had received a letter from the Registrar informing them that their enrolment in the popular Miscellaneous Arts level II and III subjects, *Media Analysis* and *Media and Culture* (which has a Restrictive Quota), had been deleted. This gave them little time to find other subjects in which to enrol, and caused considerable stress. Thanks must go to individuals in the Faculty of Arts, particularly Lizzie Summerfield, for assisting students in quota dilemmas."

Ms Carroll acknowledges that quotas are "a fact of life

owing to the disparity between student demand and funding, availability of staff that specialise in certain fields, and so on" but says better information dissemination is required: "The rationale behind quotas and the ways in which they operate need to be clarified to avoid student misunderstanding. The pre-enrolment leaflets sent out to students did mention that quotas applied in specific subjects, and the leaflet for re-enrolling students defined the difference between the two kinds. However, the *University Calendar* merely states "Quotas may apply" for the relevant subjects; the *Calendar* ought to delineate more clearly the implications for students.

"This year the University has certainly improved the enrolment process, but I think the course advice area could be better. Course advisers must place greater emphasis on the consideration of alternatives for students who wish to enrol in subjects with quotas, irrespective of the subjects' Restrictive or Distributive status."

Ms Carroll said she is keen to obtain further student information or grievances pertaining to quotas or the enrolment process in general; she is located in the SAUA Office, north-eastern corner of the Union Cloisters.

The quota problem poses the question of why such innovative subjects which are highly in demand as the Media ones, are not sufficiently funded. Given more than half the applicants for the Media subjects were turned away (although a few extra were squeezed in), it seems the Faculty of Arts should be more considerate of this fact when funding decisions are being made for 1993.

Sam Maiden

BANNED SEX DIARY ACTION

The book, *Fact and Fantasy File*, and the *Making Sense of Sex Hotline* have created a stir among reactionaries in New South Wales, with the Sunday Telegraph running a campaign against them, Premier Nick Greiner condemning them, and Prime Minister Paul Keating immediately caving in and cutting off federal financial support.

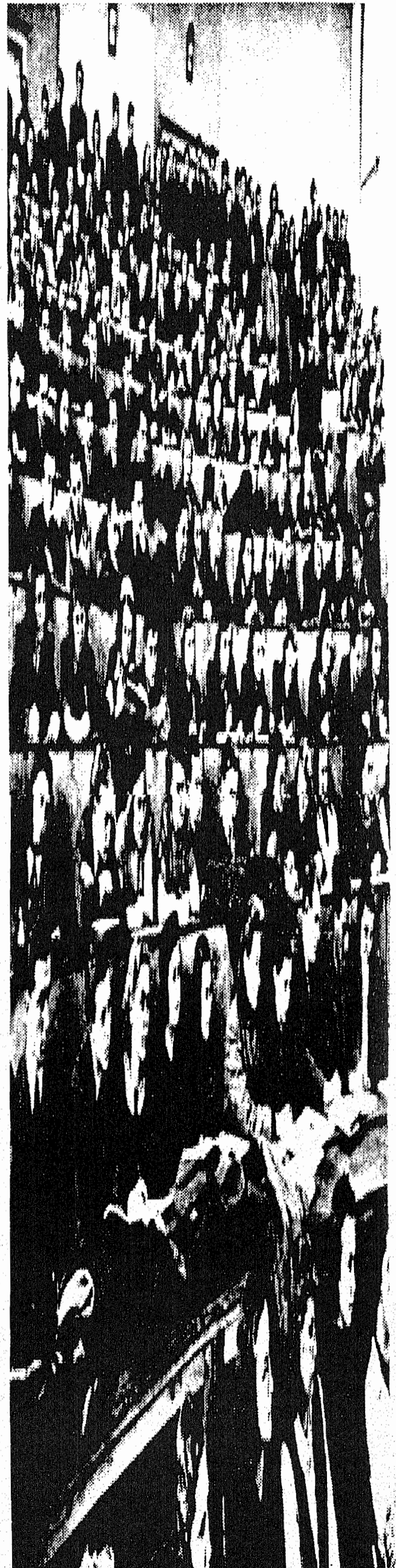
Both book and hotline are the initiatives of the Family Planning Association. Launched on January 22, they are designed by and for young people to inform them about their bodies, sex and relationships. The *Fact and Fantasy File* is in the form of a school diary and is a fantastic resource for young people. Full of positive advice and tip on sex, health, relationships and legalities, the diary goes a long way to dispel the darkness young people are kept in about their sexuality.

It includes interviews with young people like Sophie Lee and Maynard Crabbes about their views on relationships and safe sex. Cartoon and graphics also get the information across about safe sex, and, particularly for young women, having a healthy attitude to one's sexuality. *The Making Sense of Sex Hotline* is intended to answer the questions that the diary doesn't. Again, it is young people who run the hotline; they staff the phones from 4pm to 7pm daily.

Young people usually get most of their information on sex from their friends, even when they have the most sympathetic of parents, but now they have access to quality information about sex, rather than the kind of information that can land them in trouble. Those staffing the phones have all been trained by the Family Planning Association educators for a period of three months, and two FPA educators sit in with them.

The controversy has brought a lot of headaches for Family Planning, but also a lot of support from young people. One caller said, "They're trying to put us off you, but all they're doing is to make us know about you more."

The diaries have now been withdrawn from most distributors, however, Resistance has a pile of the diaries that it wants to sell to young people. The cost is \$4 or \$3 for high school students. We'll be selling them from the Resistance stalls at Adelaide Uni on Tuesday, lunchtime. Young people have the right to access to information about sexuality and safe sex. Hope we'll see you at the stall. If you want more information about the issues or can't get to the Resistance stall then give us a call on 231 6982.



HAWKE APPOINTMENT SETS A CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS

An article criticising the appointment of Bob Hawke to the position of adjunct Professor at the Australian National University, has been rejected by the *ANU Reporter* newspaper. The reason given was that of legal implications.

Author of the article is Dr Michael McKinley, a lecturer in Political Science. Dr McKinley puts forward the opinion that Mr Hawke's appointment is a calculated insult to those whose position at the university is the fruit of competence and hard work. Fearing legal action, the *Reporter* has asked Dr McKinley to re-write his article, perhaps re-phrasing the more contentious points which it feels may be defamatory. The author's response is unequivocal: he has refused, as he regards the newspaper's stance to be "bullshit". The fact that the *Canberra Times* ran the article in its original form substantiates Dr McKinley's view.

It is thought that Mr Hawke's appointment is a reasonably unpopular decision within the university owing to the perception of his having very little to offer ANU. It is also felt that Mr Hawke will use his position for self-justification, rather than intellectual contribution to the university. Criticism is also made of the fact that the appointment decision was not widely canvassed among staff members.

Dr McKinley's article is reprinted in its entirety on page 16.

Vanessa Almeida



PROTEST

An Aboriginal demonstration has been held outside the Adelaide Festival Centre, owing to the perceived lack of recognition Aboriginal artists have been given during Artists' Week.

A session on "Art in Eastern Europe" was interrupted last Monday by protesters who considered it an "Aboriginal insult on a national level" that there were no discussions on Aboriginal art held, nor any direct Aboriginal representation on any of the panels. However, white curator, Dr. Peter Sutton, spoke about Aboriginal art at a forum dealing with indigenous art on Monday.

While the demonstration was met with considerable sympathy by a large portion of the audience; Mr Christopher Pearson, editor of *Adelaide Review*, was a notable exception. Mr Pearson demonstrated his remarkable sensitivity and understanding of the issues involved when he deemed it "an imposition on our time" to discuss the matter.

Chairman of Artists' Week, Mr Frank McBride, denied the charges of prejudice levelled against the function saying, "Two Aboriginal artists were asked to attend but couldn't."

Ms Kerry Giles, an Aboriginal artist, finds the explanation less than satisfactory. As she explained to *On Dit*, "There are about 3,000 registered Aboriginal visual artists in Australia, hundreds of whom live in and around the Adelaide area and are able to comment on the market, the artist movement, where we're coming from and going to. Not one of them was asked to participate." No doubt the incident will engender further debate in the artistic community and the media as to why Aboriginal artists are being over-looked in their own country. That is, with the possible exception of the *Adelaide Review*.

Vanessa Almeida

Name:
Faculty and Department:
Year Level:
Age:
Sex:
Contact Department:
Telephone Number:

The following statement is *most* true of my experience of the quality of teaching at Adelaide University (tick a box):

- I am very satisfied
- I am mostly satisfied
- I am unsatisfied
- I am very unsatisfied

The following statement is *most* true of my involvement in my academic learning:

- I actively participate in my learning process
- I do not participate in my learning process at all - the teachers should do all the work.

The following is *mostly* true of my results:

- I am very happy with my results
- I am mostly happy with my results
- I am mostly unhappy with my results
- I am very unhappy with my results.

All information will be kept confidential.

You can whine, moan, cry, laugh, joke, rejoice about the teaching at Adelaide University, and get something done about it by participating in the Student Consultation Process of the Teaching and Learning Quality Working Party. Hurry, last chance!

You will be interviewed for 1 1/2 hours sometime from 31st March - 2nd April. Your names will not be linked to anything you may say.

Please detach this, fill it out and drop it into the Students' Association (north east corner of the Cloisters). See last week's *On Dit* for more details.

Susie O'Brien

Have you been in the situation where you are walking along the road, or through the University grounds, or in a pub somewhere, when you are eyes unexpectedly encounter those of someone who you know is familiar, and who you know realises that you are an acquaintance as well? When there is that fleeting moment of recognition, that tacit, split second where you both acknowledge your admittedly slight relationship, and then you both quickly look away, pretending that you (a) don't remember the other person, or (b) simply never saw the other person?

Curiously, I don't like it when someone does that to me. In fact, I'm prepared to remember and resent it. However, there are occasions when you simply long to do it to someone else, and I'm sure that many Adelaideans wanted to do it to their entire city after the debacle that was the arrests of the French street theatre group, Illotopie. I mean - quel embarrassment! Hardly an action that highlights Adelaide as a cultural centre with high sensibilities and artistic ambience. The apology of the government the next day was belated and of little value compared to the damaging boost this latest incident has given our well deserved reputation for wowseryism and parochialism.

And it hardly seemed appropriate for the Arts Editor of the *Advertiser* to be sanctioning the event by writing it off as another of the necessary incidents of "traditional friction" that "provide the spark that keeps the fire burning." Well great! What fire is it, exactly, that keeps burning so brightly, and do we really need its scorching heat any longer? We may be able to forgive Adelaide for reacting with surprise about Helpmann's pioneering displays of nudity in the sixties, but it hardly seems appropriate for the nineteen nineties. It is interesting to note that a performer walking through the streets displaying bare breasts - even ones covered with thick, coloured paint - is guilty of indecent exposure by the standards of the police, but that newsagents displaying photos of naked breasts unobscured by even a dab of paint are actively encouraged.

Interesting too, although in a rather pathetic way, are the latest machinations with the state's Liberal Party. I must confess that I found it all rather amusing when the plans of Mr Dean Brown's imminent return to state politics surfaced. How sad and yet ridiculously fitting that the Liberals, having decided to recruit a leader from outside, are still so extraordinarily bereft of talent and new ideas that they have to bring back a failure from seven years ago. Dean Brown actually lost his seat of Davenport in the 1985 elections - not even to the Labor Party, but to an independent Liberal, Stan Evans. What better way to reward him than to wait seven years until anyone that had been aware of his existence had completely forgotten it, and then bring him back and make him leader? Good thinking!

However, this plan was relegated to the backburner when Dale Baker announced that he would vacate the leadership in favour of - wait for it - ex leader of the Liberal Party of South Australia, John Olsen. Surely not, I hear you cry, the same John Olsen that they went to all the trouble of securing a safe position on the senate ticket so that he could be discreetly removed from State Parliament after his last election defeat? Why yes! The very same! The now Senator John Olsen is apparently about to forfeit his new title so that he can re-

"spooky, too, that these \$140,000 leadership manoeuvres are likely to result in drier than dry Nick Minchin being elevated to the top of the Lib's senate ticket"

enter the Legislative Assembly and claim the premier's crown.

Why is it that the Liberals never seem to be able to learn from even their most horrendous mistakes? Do they not recall the less than spectacular success of their policy of recycling leaders at a federal level? (Then again, the poor old Libs never seem to be able to learn from mistakes anywhere. Why else would they be lauding their "new" 'Fightback' policies as the answer to our economic woes - policies that have been tried and have comprehensively failed in the U.S. and the U.K?) Spooky, too, that these \$140,000 leadership manoeuvres are likely to result in the drier than dry Nick Minchin being elevated to the top of the Liberal Senate ticket - a move that Olsen's switch to the senate was rumoured to have been initially designed to avoid. Still, ladies and gentlemen, I give you the SA Liberal Party! The only political party that can have two separate leadership disputes - on inside (viz Ingerson) and one outside the parliament. Jennifer Cashmore must be steaming.

Steaming for rather more serious reasons (one can never really take the state Liberal Party seriously, no matter how desperate the Labor Party may sometimes seem) were the Australian Aboriginal people after the double whammy they received from Australian, or more specifically New South Wales police this week.

First was the confirmation of our sneaking suspicion that the police force are somewhat less than sympathetic to the difficulties facing Aboriginal people, as revealed in the ABC documentary, *Cop it Sweet*. Far more horrifying, however, was the home video of the police "Charity Fundraiser", that showed New South Wales police force members with blacked faces and nooses around their necks, masquerading as Aborigines killed either directly by the police, or those who died whilst in police custody. This display of extreme and unforgivable brutality serves as a shocking reminder of the criminal racism that still exists in this wonderful classless, egalitarian society of ours. What hope for improvement of relations between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal Australians when people such as the two police officers in general remain in our law enforcement bodies, and take it upon themselves to fashion their own laws, twisted to suit their own abhorrent ideas, or indeed why people such as these remain in our society at all?

The video sparked calls of outrage from all over the country - the Prime Minister condemning the incident as a national disgrace. NSW Police Association President Tony Day disagrees - a "pretty simple" attempt at humour was his version of events. Ho ho. A spokesperson for Mr. Ted Pickering, NSW Minister for Police, was forced to concede that "on face value it appears that the behaviour of the men involved is unacceptable." One wonders what an inquiry (presumably internal) would be able to recover that would somehow render this behaviour anything less than unacceptable once one probed beneath face value. They can hardly claim it was the wrong house.

Jo Dyer

ONE WEEK OF NEWS - LIBERAL FUN, MALL NUDISTS, POLICE PROVIDE TWO MORE NOT SO GOOD REASONS FOR THEIR EXISTENCE

WANTED

New name for Union Bistro

"I am 17 years old, serve an extensive range of good value meals to Union members and the public, am licensed to drink, have a wonderful ambience and art collection ("come up and see my Boyds sometime!"), & open for business 30 hours per week for morning tea, lunch & dinner. I've got a new menu, and new carpet, new lights & fans, and all I need now is a new name."



Union Bistro Naming Competition

Win \$100 cash or shout your friends meals & wine in Bistro to value of \$120.

Drop your entries in to the Union Admin. Office or the box in the Bistro by Friday March 27th

The fine print:
 - The Union is under no obligation to accept any of the names submitted.
 - the decision of the judges is final & no correspondence will be entered into.
 - members of the Union Board and staff of the Union may enter but are not eligible to win the prize.
 - the winner will be announced on Monday April 27th.

New Bistro Name

Entrants name:

Contact dept.

Telephone:

THE UNION BISTRO

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION/LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE

ETU GRAPHICS 228 5702

WO[W]

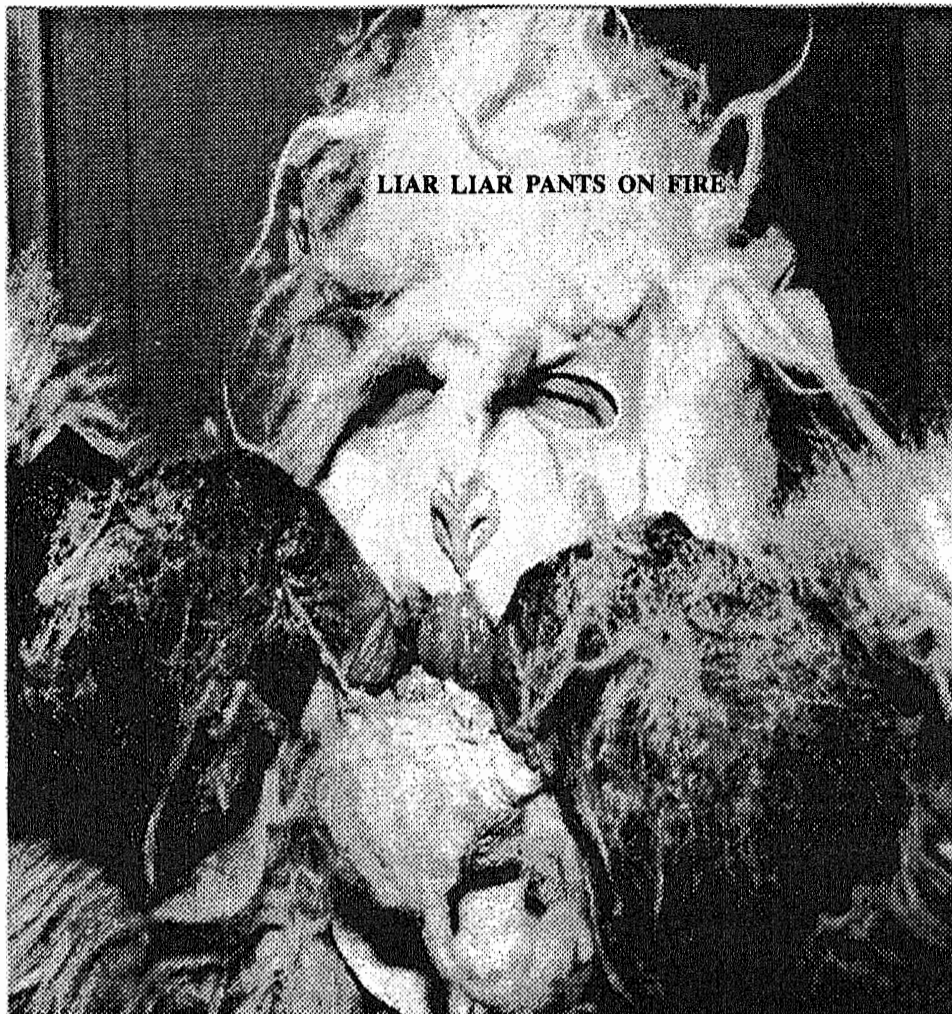
ENVIRONMENT

As the dust settles from the women's party last week and the beer stains are still being removed from the ceiling of the Women's room, it's already time for another column...

This week has seen further embarrassment for the backward laws of our state which allowed Miriam Prigent of Ilotopie to be arrested following her appearance in Rundle Mall clad only in a G-string and body paint. Apparently, South Australian statutes classify female breasts as sexual organs - exposure of which amounts to "offensive behaviour." Therefore, Miriam as the only woman in the troupe was the only one to be arrested on those charges.

The real hypocrisy of our laws are revealed when it is considered that on street demeaning pornography such as that at the centre of last week's controversy, where a naked woman was depicted wearing a collar and leash, is not deemed an indictable offence. Naked women and their breasts are portrayed every day in some humiliating position or other, without comment. Yet this woman, exposing her body in an artistic statement, alongside the similarly clad bodies of her male counterparts, is put through the ignominy of public arrest and incarceration. Time for a change!

Don't forget to get along to the pinboard in the Students' Association and find out what's happening over the next few weeks. Also, look out for posters telling you about NOWSA and when the next meetings are. Response to our request for billets has been good; if you have a spare patch of floor at your place we'd love to hear from you!



LIAR LIAR PANTS ON FIRE

SUSIE'S TEACHING
INFO -SEE NEWS

Environment Officers Column

O.K. So O Week was a bit wet yet the weeping skies didn't deter all, thank you to everyone who participated in our Bike and Breakfast, even if your predominant area of participation was eating! We intend to hold Bike and Breakfasts regularly, about once every month. So watch out for them and ride!

Unfortunately our paper-making event had to be postponed, due to nuclear fallout. Fortunately it has been rescheduled for April the 1st, Fair Day of Solidarity Week. Raffle tickets are still available. **DON'T MISS OUT!!** It will be drawn on the 19th of March, so you don't have much time! Do it Do it Do it.

The University Health and Safety Committee has released its Thermal Environment Policy, which covers academics, ground staff, general staff and, amazingly, students on or attached campuses of Adelaide University. Very simply thermal environment is the combination of air and radiant temperatures, humidity levels, air quality, and levels of personal activity, which affects the comfort levels of the workplace. This policy aims to alleviate heat and cold stress, and implement constant thermal comfort conditions throughout the workplace. (Studying does actually qualify as work!!) Thermal comfort is essential for individual health, welfare and "optimum work performance." The policy places responsibility for thermal comfort, or discomfort, under Heads of Departments. Therefore should you feel your study facilities are 'thermally' inadequate and are adversely affecting your work performance, in turn damaging your grades, your immediate lecturer should be consulted. If the matter remains unresolved refer to the Occupational Health and Safety Unit directly or via the Elected Health and Safety Representative, which is Cath for the Students Assoc. Remember, situations like 6 hour pracs in 35 degree heat in badly ventilated labs can damage your health and grades. This policy ensures such conditions are taken into consideration. Utilize it. *"If you drink & drive, you're a bloody fool
If you catch public transport home,
you're a flaming genius!"* This witty saying is sadly true. It should not be the case. Ensure Blevins cannot make it permanently so. **ATTEND THE DAMN RALLY AT PARLIAMENT HOUSE TUESDAY 17th 1.00 PM!** Sign petitions, lodge complaints, write, fax, phone your local MP, and whatever else you can think of. Blevins says we don't want public transport, nor does the environment need it. Blevins is superlatively wrong. He is also superlatively stupid. He requires other people to tell him the obvious. Be at the rally, make sure your voice is heard. "...and we say to ourselves, what a wonderful world...(it could be without certain people in it...)

EVP

Another busy week in the calendar of the Students' Association...

- Jam packed activities and fun included
 - Sending letters and organising the inaugural meeting of the Campaign Team, due to meet at 1pm today in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union house. N.B. The Campaign Team has been established to involve students who do not hold elected positions in the running of student campaigns, including the STA rally and Austudy reform activities, so if you are even just remotely interested, please come along.
 - Wading through the minutes of the Finance Committee of the University to isolate decisions which led to the projected \$16 million funding shortfall.
 - Designing a poster to advertise the Student Matters Committee proposed for the Faculty of Architecture.
 - Helping to staff phones and attend sit-in with children and toys in the Children's Services Office to publicise the National Union of Students Childcare Phone-In and Campaign.
 - Attended State Executive meeting of NUS.
 - Held an ESC meeting Friday.
 - Resolved a student complaint successfully, and had two cases rejected by Faculty administrations.
 - Wrote follow-up letters to the said Faculty administrations about their regulations and inequities within.
 - Began reading the National Board of Employment, Education and Training's report on Funding and Participation, 1970 - 2001.
- Misha Schubert,
Education Vice President.

Students' Association of the University of Adelaide

Returning Officer for SAUA Council By-Election 13th - 15th April 1992

Applicants should be familiar with the Hare-Clark Optional Proportional Method of counting votes and will be required to conduct the poll according to the Students' Association Constitution and Regulations.

Responsibilities include advertising the by-election, calling for nominations and conducting the vote count.

An honorarium will be paid.

Written applications should be forwarded to:

Susie O'Brien

President

Students' Association of the University of Adelaide

George Murray Building

University of Adelaide.

Applications close at 12.00 noon on Wednesday, 18th March 1992.

Students' Association Council will meet at 1.15 pm on 18th March 1992 to elect the Returning Officer.

RETURNING
OFFICER
SAUA

Here comes trouble...

Dear Editors,

I question the behaviour of Stephen Packer, who is a Union Board member and President of the Roseworthy Student Union. Late in 1991, at a Union Board meeting, in a motion to censure the Union Manager, Rob Brice, Stephen Packer abstained his vote, the result was tied and the casting vote put the motion down. I have no problem with Stephen or any other Board member using their vote to decide for or against the motion, or in his case make no decision. However, in a subsequent social occasion, I have heard Stephen criticise the Union management for the decline in student services at Roseworthy and for the mistreatment of Roseworthy's Union staff. On this occasion, Stephen's criticism is well founded because, for example, at the Roseworthy canteen, the food tastes worse and costs more than it used to and in the Tavern there is a staff member who has sufficient oppression and belligerence at the hands of Rob Brice to the point of harassment until the Industrial Commission whipped Rob's arse back to where it belongs, pointing to a sewer. I find Stephen's behaviour incredulous. To about face when it suits him, depending on the environment he is in, is an act of either hypocrisy or gutlessness. Either I have misread the situation, or Stephen has some explaining to do, not only to me, but to other Roseworthy students, and to the Union staff at Roseworthy. We all await his reply.

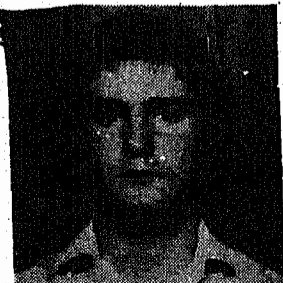
Yours sincerely,
Benjamin Vagnarelli
 Wine student at Roseworthy

Aidex -will the saga ever end? Or will A.S.I.O catch up with us all first?

Dear Eds,

I would like to take this opportunity to apologise to Piers Gillespie and anyone else who was inconvenienced by the AIDEX article. It was me, not Piers, who wrote the article, and I take full responsibility for it. As far as I know, Piers wasn't even at AIDEX.

Andrew Wait
 Economics
 P.S. Who the hell is Cath?



Something to warm the cockles of your heart.Or perhaps not.

To Sam Glaetzer,

I live for you, I long for you.
 I love you!
 Pip

Primitive yet popular mating rituals (more)

Dear Sam and Vanessa,

Apologies to Tim Reeves, GALA, and everybody else I inadvertently offended with my careless oversight in Issue #1. Of course, all students have the right to "purve" on any member of their tute group, regardless of gender and/or race, and/or creed, and/or medical history. Be warned though: the very act of "eyeing off" smacks of de-personalisation - turning an individual into a sexual object in order to provide some sexual titillation (or, conceivably, gratification) - and is, therefore, a form of sexual harassment, albeit mild. As long as said "purving" does not infringe upon the recipient's own personal liberty, I'm all for it - gay or straight. Just be careful you don't get caught.

LAD

What on earth is this?

We dutifully followed the signs towards the place of enrolment and carefully selected the queue with the appropriate letter. The girl behind the desk took our papers and glared briefly on the top line. "Oh, Honours!" she exclaimed, "that could be a problem. Have you filled out everything? When did you finish your last degree?"

"In 1961," we whispered in unison. The girl stopped writing. She sat there with a pen poised above application forms. "I have to think about that - it was well before my time, you know." She returned the papers to us and suggested to follow the information printed on a yellow sheet of paper. We turned towards the Union Building to join yet another queue of our fellow students. How young they were, and so full of enthusiasm and hope. Just as we were back in 19 ... far away, in the ancient city of Prague. Our department was a part of the Academy of Fine and Music Arts and occupied an old castle near the river Vlatava. Of course, we knew each other very well, not only from lectures, workshops, seminars, rehearsals and performances, but also from compulsory summer camps on the river and winter camps in mountains. Just everything was compulsory - not only the chosen subjects, but those selected by the government. Thus, you could not even contemplate any studies, be it arts, medicine, law or engineering, without enrolling first in marx-leninism (4 hours weekly), Russian language (2 hours weekly) and physical education. And, of course, you could not start any exams until you have got exams from those

important ones. As for the rest, we started with other 15 subjects, all of them compulsory - and there were some as liberal studies.

However, we all studied basically the same subjects and we spoke the same language. There were no associations or groups to join, except the Communist party, no social or religious or any other clubs.

How would our second honeymoon continue? How would our fellow students react? Most of them are younger than our own children, who happen to be enrolled on the same campus.

As one of our thesis concerns, a scholar, born 1592, whose firm belief was that we never cease to learn until the day of our death, there is, perhaps, nothing unusual in our situation.

We certainly look forward to the opportunity to be students again. The challenge is most tempting.

Yours sincerely,
Eva Rehnek
 Hon. BA

A word from the Pro-Life Club

Dear Editors,

We write to defend the use of plastic foetuses by the Pro-Life Club and to correct some of the inaccuracies put forward by the Women's Officer, Annabel Crabb, in her letter (On Dit, 9/3/92).

Ms Crabb is using the Stalinist tactic of banning anything which hurts her argument and her "Pro-Choice" convictions. If, as Ms Crabb argues, the first trimester foetus looks like "ordinary menstrual blood", then why is she so frightened to have first trimester foetuses displayed? The reason is because both she and we know that "ordinary menstrual blood" is not what a twelve week old foetus looks like at all. If anyone does not believe us, do not take our word for it, take a look at any standard embryology textbook. Ms Crabb claims that many women who have had abortions will find a foetus disturbing. If, as she argues, abortion is moral, then why should this be so? Ah, Ms Crabb answers, these foetuses are inaccurate. We would seriously suggest that Ms Crabb takes a crash course in embryology. Perhaps she might even forward her assertion "the developing (1st trimester) embryo appears as little more than menstrual blood" to the lecturer in embryology in this University. The models displayed by the Pro-Life Club were quite accurate and may be found in any medical school around the world.

The only piece of truth in Ms Crabb's letter is where she says "At twelve weeks, which is the latest time a first trimester abortion can be performed ...". Of course abortion can be performed, for that is the end of the first trimester. If Ms Crabb was trying to imply that after twelve weeks abortion cannot be performed at all, then she is quite wrong, for in South Australia abortion is quite legal up till twenty-eight weeks. This is despite the foetus being considered by the World Health Organisation to be viable (capable of

living outside the womb) at 22 weeks. Ms Crabb is trying to divert the argument away from the real issue, that is the morality of abortion, by slandering the Pro-Life Club with misinformation.

The underlying motive behind Ms Crabb's argument to ban having plastic foetuses displayed is not to protect women, but to encourage ignorance of the truth. And the truth, we are afraid, is not particularly what Ms Crabb wants to hear.

Jack Snelling
 Convener
Carolyn Blaess
 Secretary
 AU Pro-Life Club

"Stalinist" replies

In reply to the letters of Jack Snelling and Carolyn Blaess I have several points to make and/or reiterate.

The most fiery reaction to my letter of last week's On Dit seems to be concerning the dispute over which features and dimensions a developing foetus has over the first trimester. It was not my intention to embroil myself in a squabble over foetal development in such a tit-for-tat manner, and I'm sorry for inconveniencing all those who had to expend energy digging out textbooks and running to their family doctors in order to 'prove me wrong'. I must, however, clear up a few points. First trimester abortions are available in South Australia, and can be obtained after seeing two doctors and a counsellor. After twelve weeks (the second trimester), abortion is theoretically still legal, however in order to obtain a doctor's recommendation a woman needs to be able to demonstrate that bearing the child would be a serious risk. Hence, in many cases it would be inaccessible.

Secondly, I would like to record that legally, a foetus is not an independent being until twenty four weeks. Clearly, in my anger at the injustice and brute insensitivity of the O'Week display, I failed to phrase my comments carefully enough. Let me now repeat, for the benefit of those who are confused, the main point of my letter:-

Abortion is a complicated option for many women who are burdened, often alone, by an unwanted pregnancy. Different women react differently, depending on the way they feel about the issue, their religious background and all sorts of other variables, but no woman takes abortion lightly. For many it is an agonizing and heartrending decision. Jack and Carolyn have tried to float the facile argument that, as abortion is a completely justifiable practice, women should not be offended by ghoulish reminders of their ordeal. This argument makes me incredibly angry. No woman in her right mind would pretend that abortion is a simple, clear cut issue. The principles of pro-choice recognize that abortion, as a complex issue, will be viewed differently by many people. Some women end

deciding finally against abortion, which decision I respect and support sincerely.

But for a sanctimonious outsider who knows nothing about a woman to shove a plastic foetus replica in her face, thereby possibly cruelly mocking and condemning a decision she has made by herself with grave solemnity is intrusive, damaging and disrespectful.

This debate is not about how many millimetres a foetus measures at twelve weeks. It is about real live women who are walking around on this campus. Real respect for human life comes from respecting the decisions that individuals make regarding their own lives, not terrorizing and persecuting those who opt for courses of action which we may not understand, or with which we disagree.

Yours sincerely,

Annabel Crabb
SAUA Women's Officer.

PS. Might I just add that being called a Stalinist by Jack Snelling is one of the most inexplicable criticisms I've had all year.

Good to see we have such a broad range of people coincidently picking up the paper

Dear Editors,

In your issue of the 9th March, Annabel Crabb (Plastic Foetusarama) writes that "at 12 weeks ... the developing embryo appears as little more than ordinary menstrual blood". Any student of human embryology can tell you that this is false. From as early as 8 week gestation the growing embryo is recognisably human, and can for example be seen to be girl or boy. By 12 weeks gestation, what flows through the abortion sucker tubing is not "ordinary menstrual blood" but recognisably body parts, which is why many nurses refuse to work in abortion clinics.

Presumably the pro-life groups believe that unborn human life is worthy of special respect. While Ms Crabb is free to reject this ethic, she needs to look at an atlas of human embryology before she writes her next essay.

Dr Robert Pollnitz

More boys with stern advice. Quiet at the back of the class ladies!

Dear Eds,

I feel I must reply to the misinformed letter of our Women's Officer concerning the Plastic Foetusarama. I do this on four grounds:

1. How can somebody be offended by these models if they recently had an abortion and knew all the facts?
2. At 9 weeks into the pregnancy, the embryo is now classed a foetus. At this stage (9 weeks), the foetus has recognisable fingers, toes, ears, eyes, mouth, etc. (i.e. it resembles a human form). Indeed, at 6 weeks the embryo has identifiable arms and legs. It is not "little more than menstrual blood" at 12 weeks, as Ms Crabb asserts. Ms Crabb should consult some basic medical texts to find this out, as indeed, I did.
3. Should her assumption be held, i.e. that there is no baby, then there is no problem. Or is there. No baby leads to no emotional turmoil, therefore no recognition of the trauma of an abortion. It is far more injurious for a scared and confused girl to find out *after* the event what it was that she had removed during an abortion.
4. Long live Choice, but let's cut the misleading bullshit and have informed choice. Perhaps then the IVF program would be made redundant by babies being offered for adoption by healthy, happy and well-informed mothers who cannot support their unplanned prodigy. The money could be spent on more important things.

Damien Mills
Honours Politics

P.S. I belong to *only* the AUWSC.

Your last comments are the product of an ignorant and poorly developed mind. I've gotten more sense from Jack Snelling. Women are not baby machines, and this is not an issue in which you will score bonus points for employing economic jargon. For someone to come out with some sort of economic rationalist position on this issue is revolting. How you can still cling to this crap after what I assume to be some time in the Politics department is quite frightening. Why don't you have a little think about some of your carefully structured pronouncements of how women should or do feel?

P.S. I couldn't give a fuck what you belong to Damien.

Sam Maiden

Letters policy

We would appreciate if letters were kept to around 500 words. Your letter will not be printed unless it includes name and contact department. The deadline for letters and everything is WEDNESDAY 5PM



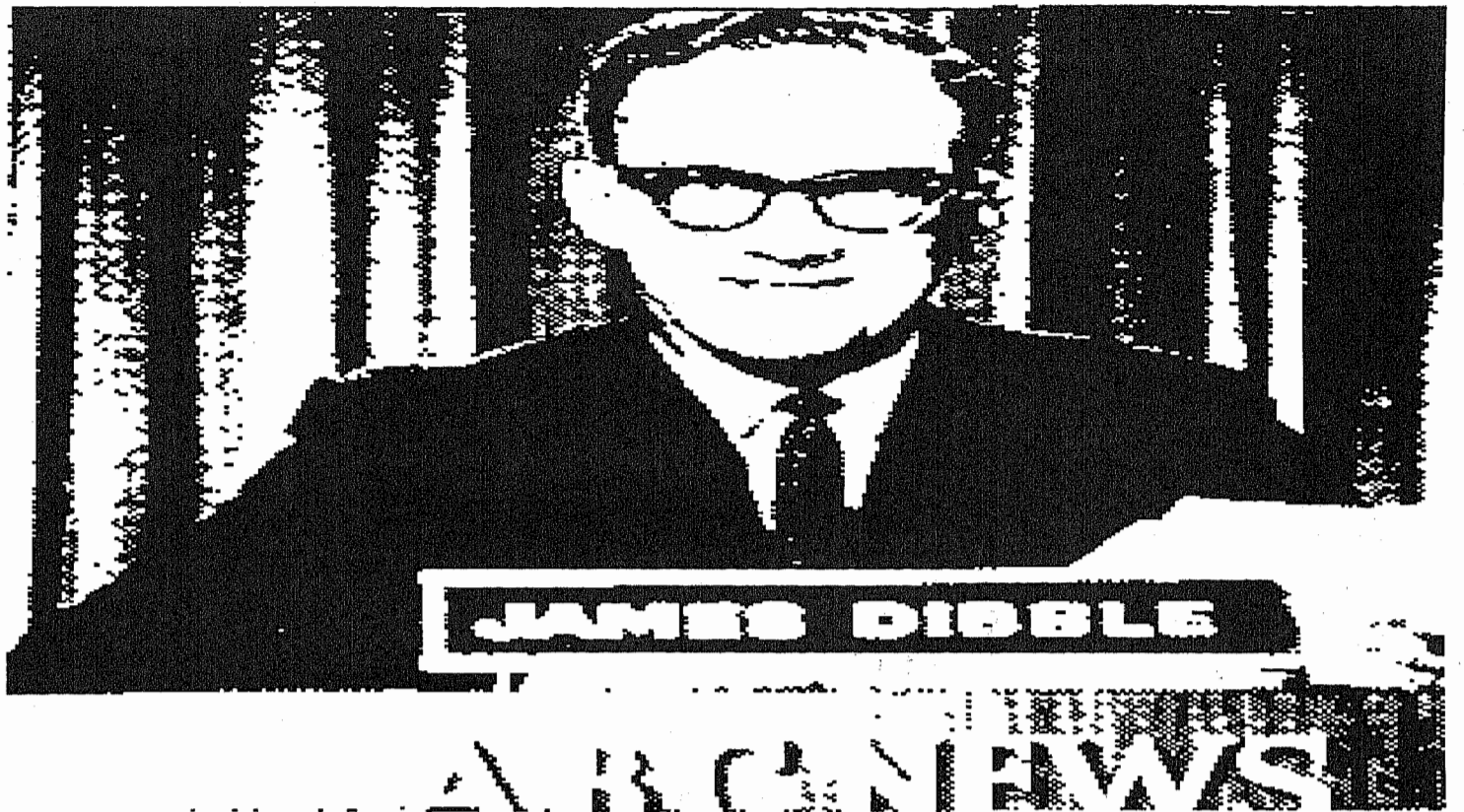
ABC 000000



FREE CASH OUR GIFT TO YOU
OTHER SIDE NEXT WEEK



THE COST OF CABLE



It is going to be an historic occasion in Australian television history. A night when throughout Australia people will be united in common purpose; their eyeballs enlarged with anticipation; fingers trembling with trepidation - faced with the dilemma of what new cable TV show to watch first! Yes, perhaps for the first time in a long while the warm fuzzy glow felt within will not be generated by the latest unemployment figures (consequently leading to serious heartburn) but will be caused by the thanks felt by all to the Australian Government in enabling them to expand their previously regulated horizons. This glow will probably not be too unlike that being experienced by the Chinese Government right now. An empathy more than coincidental, since they are equally instrumental in bringing Cable TV to Australia. During this month, our new Aussat Satellite will be launched in anticipation of the said above occasion. Together Australia and China have carefully and clandestinely constructed a deal.

The notion that 'Timing is everything' is one I am sure Gareth and his cronies subserve to. A theory backed up by the strategic placing between two human rights delegations to China (one last year and one early next year of a deal to good [at least economically] to miss out on). Not only has the Australian Government signed a contract for \$600,000,000 for the building and launching of a rocket built by the People's Liberation Army (see Tiananmen Square massacre victims for reference), but has decided Aussat on top of the army's 'Long March' rocket, is to be launched from within the traditional borders of Tibet. Borders that were redrawn by the invading forces of People's Liberation Army in 1949. Despite alternative launch sites being available, despite its constant condemnation of China's human rights record in Tibet, the Australian Government's rationale for such a decision is, of course, "It's the cheapest". It is not a comforting thought that our money is assisting an army in suppressing not only its own people, but in systematically committing genocide against the occupants of Tibet. A country in which unarmed demonstrations are constantly being shot, women arrested are raped, 70% of its ancient forests have been clear felled and where at least 1.2 million Tibetans (over 1/5 of their whole population) have died at the hands of the Chinese. Human rights, evidently, can be brushed aside in the light of commercial and economic 'need'. Join the rally for freedom of Tibet coming up on the rescheduled launch of Aussat (22nd March) and show your disgust at knowing the cost of Cable TV is most likely a Tibetan's life.

Tania Collins

SOCIALLY CONSCIOUS URBAN PROFESSIONALS

A Day in the Life in Scupple Paradise

What are the types of programmes that are entertaining us? Early last decade, it was the over-the-top extravaganzas: 'Dynasty', 'Dallas', 'The Colbys' and 'Falcon Crest'. As the big bad corporate cowboys (and they are invariably bad [see Alan Bond's creative accounting staff], big [see Kerry Packer's waist size that proportionately expands to his monetary gains] and boys [all of them]) began to flounder around the world, stockmarkets crashed and world pessimism began to increase, there was a shift away from these glitz and glamour soap operas to move socially conscious, issue-based drama series. Two such dramas that appear on Australian television are 'LA Law' and 'Thirtysomething'. Both programmes very much epitomise the type of television change that occurred. Firstly, 'LA Law'. 'LA Law' is set at the fictitious law firm of McEnzie Brackman with a cast of lawyers and administrative staff that are your ultimate scuppies, i.e. yuppies with social consciences. They all drive fantastic cars, live in luxurious houses, dress beautifully and eat at the best restaurants. But, what's more, they care! Their overwhelming liberalism is exemplified by their having a mentally challenged office person, the way in which they turned on the late-Rosalind Shays (she died by falling down an elevator shaft) for her attempts at corporatisation at the inevitable expense of the staff and their constant going outside the law to find justice. While this may sound superficial and trite, in the kind of usual hackneyed American style of, if you like, wearing the trousers of the left liberals but the boxer shorts of Fred Nile; 'LA Law' is not. The ridiculous '21 Jump Street' was, however, a perfect example of this (speaking in the past tense of this rubbish gives me the kind of inner glow usually reserved for X-Lotto winners). It promoted itself as a series that cared for youth in troubled situations and yet took extremely strong views against those who used drugs and participated in the sex industry among other things, without ever examining the incumbent socio-economic conditions that breed these types of behaviour. Conversely, 'LA Law' sensitively explores issues and, generally, adopts a strong bias in favour of the downtrodden members of the community. Examples have included its clear anti-bias towards the American gun lobby, its inclusion of positive bisexual and gay role models, its acceptance of trans sexuality, the promotion of environmental concerns, positive

HIV/AIDS awareness and acceptance of those who live with the virus, and the unsavoury views held towards, and the breaking down of, historical gender and racial stereotypes. Further, 'LA Law' is an intelligently written, well acted and directed series, such that these issues are brought to the forefront in a compassionate and insightful fashion. This series wears left liberal trousers and boxer shorts and says that what lies beyond the shorts doesn't matter, despite what less open thinkers might believe. Similarly, 'Thirtysomething' (which recently ended production in the US) is stylishly acted, astutely written, produced and directed. It also deals sensitively and open mindedly with contemporary concerns, although in a less specific manner to 'LA Law' and rather through examining the interrelationships and the problems faced by an intimate group of friends. In some ways, 'Thirtysomething' reminds me of a less aristocratic 'Too Beautiful For You' with 'The Big Chill' overtones. In no way is this meant to denigrate the programme. 'Thirtysomething's' handling of issues is cleverly organised and ordered so that a rarely achieved warmth and empathy is possible without the series ever descending into contrived formatting so typical of the American mainstream. 'Beverly Hills 90210' stands out as a supreme (and I refer not to pizzas) example of this. The cancer storyline that has existed certainly brings home this point. Patricia Wettig's (Nancy) performance is outstanding and, if for nothing else, should be watched, but it is the commitment to control and its absence of melodrama that makes this storyline intriguing and persistently watchable. 'Thirtysomething' certainly proves that less is more. 'Thirtysomething' is no longer, however, 'LA Law' is also in the precarious position of descending ratings and could well ascend to Hollywood heaven. This is both a shame and a sign of the tough economic times that means studios will make cheap lowest common denominator television, such as tabloid TV like 'Hard Copy' and 'Inside Edition', at the expense of more expensive, intelligent series. With that in mind, make the most of the remaining time we have with this perceptive and sophisticated television so we can at least reminisce with smiles the days before we had solely alleged infotainment and lunatic game shows on the TV waves.

George Selvanera

Sometimes, even the smartest people need help...

Right now, at Dick Smith Electronics you'll find a comprehensive range of scientific and graphic CASIO calculators. Whether you're just starting out or doing your Honours, we've got a choice of models to help you make the grade. Come in today and ask us for a demo!

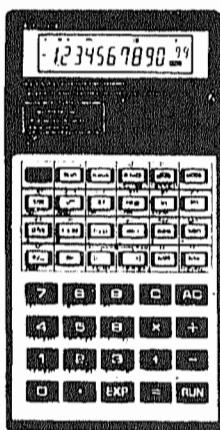


CASIO Value Type Indicator Scientific & Engineering Functions (FX-991D)

A hi-tech solar powered calculator (with battery backup) featuring 133 scientific functions. It's capable of engineering symbol calculations, base conversion/calculations, logical operations and regression analysis. It has 7 memories a 10+2 digit display, value type indicator, 32 physical constants and more.

Cat V-3900

\$59⁹⁵

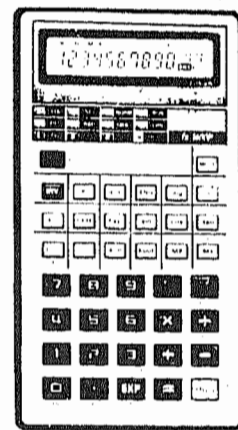


CASIO With 98 Scientific Functions Scientific Solar Powered (FX-3400P)

It's a breeze to use! A programmable calculator with 29 steps which is solar powered (with battery backup). Includes 98 scientific functions, a 10+2 digit display and 7 memories. As well, it has base conversion calculations, logical operations, regression analysis and 9 physical constants.

Cat V-3902

\$59⁹⁵

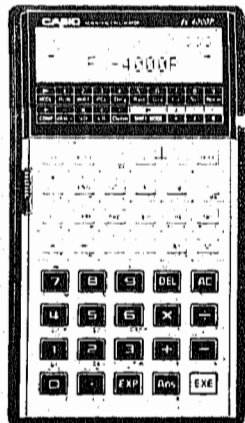


CASIO 63 Scientific Functions Programmable With Memory Retention (FX-3600P)

Auto 'power off' with program and memory retention means all is not lost... when you fall asleep during lectures! It's easy to program (with 38 steps) has 7 memories, regression analysis and integrals. As well, it has 63 scientific functions and a 10+2 digit display.

Cat V-3904

\$69⁹⁵



CASIO With Jump Commands 10 Program & Scientific Functions (FX-4000P)

Get serious... and turn to the FX-4000P. With formula/memory combinations of up to 6 steps & 94 memories or 550 steps & 26 memories. It has 86 scientific functions a 12 digit alpha-numeric dot matrix display, jump commands for programming, 10 independent program areas and a check back replay function. As well, it performs base conversions, logical operations and regression analysis.

Cat V-3906

\$109

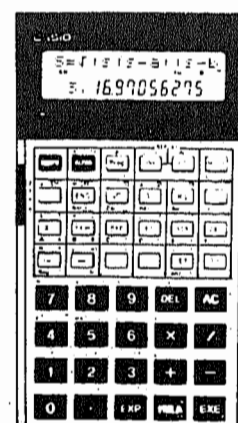


CASIO Dot Matrix 2-Line Display Scientific Programmable (FX-4500P)

It enters formulas as they are written! A brilliant hi-tech performer with an alpha-numeric, 12 digit, dot matrix, 2-line display and 97 scientific functions. With formula/memory combinations of 163 memories & 7 programmable steps or 1,103 steps & 26 memories. As well, it has a program file system for storing multiple programs, integrals, regression analysis, logical operations base conversion/calculations replay function and more.

Cat V-3908

\$119

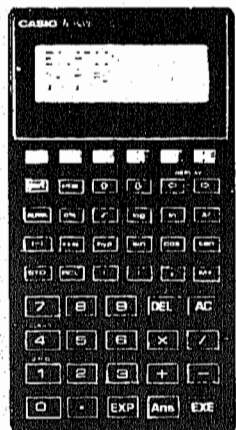


CASIO 128 Built-In Formulas Scientific Applications (FX-5000F)

A sensational calculator with 128 built-in formulas for physics, electronics, mechanics, statistics and mathematics. Its formula memory stores up to 12 user generated formulas (up to 675 steps) for repeat calculations. As well, it has a check-back replay function, regression analysis, logical operations, base conversions/calculations and 13 physical constants. With a clear, easy to read 2-line dot matrix display.

Cat V-3910

\$119

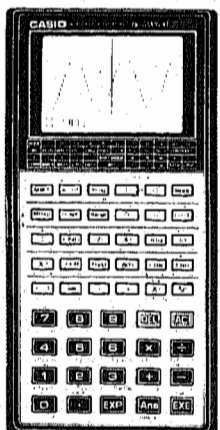


CASIO Function Menu Selection Science Library (FX-5500L)

Now the science library is as close as your pocket! A six function built-in library includes; matrix operations, equations, integrations, complex number calculations, base-n calculations and statistics. What's more, it's 10+2 digit 2-line display shows formulas and results simultaneously. It also has 119 scientific functions, replay function and a formula memory (with 1,095 steps).

Cat V-3912

\$129



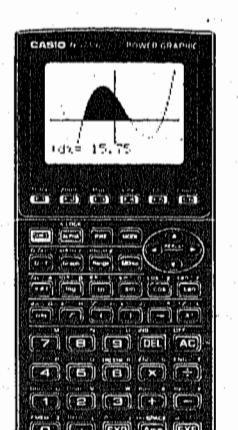
CASIO High-Contrast LCD Scientific Graphic Calculator (FX-7000G)

The calculator with a twist! Graphic functions include; graph composition, trace, plot, overwrite, instant factor, coordinate range designation, line magnification/reduction and statistical graphs. It has formula/memory combinations of 26 memories & 422 programmable steps or 78 memories and 6 steps. What's more, it has 85 scientific functions, regression analysis, base conversion/calculation and logical operations.

Cat V-3914

Limited Stocks!

\$179

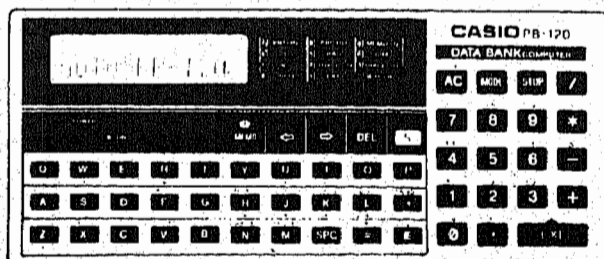


CASIO Power Graphics! Programmable Graphic Calculator (FX-7700G)

The powerful new generation in graphic calculators! It gives you polar coordinates plus inequality & integration graphs at the touch of a key. With all the graphic functions of the FX-7700G as well as 115 scientific functions, a function menu system, matrix operations and much, much more. What's more it has memory/formula combinations of up to 548 memories and 4 steps or 4,165 steps and 28 memories.

Cat V-3916

\$229



16K RAM Capacity CASIO Mathematical Library FX-795P

The FX-795P can solve just about any maths problem you give it! It holds a ready to use maths reference library with; 3-D matrix operation, complex numbers, integrals and binary/decimal/hexadecimal calculations. It also has a data bank function, 16Kb RAM capacity, 65 scientific functions and a 24 character alpha-numeric dot matrix display.

Cat V-3918

\$279

from CASIO

Many more calculators, spell checkers, financial calculators and digital diaries are available at a store near you!

These calculators only available from

252 Pulteney Street
Adelaide
Ph: 232 1200

DICK SMITH (WHOLESALE) PTY LTD
A.C.N. 000 908 716

B1309/PB

DICK SMITH ELECTRONICS

EIGHT SPECIALTY STORES IN ONE

PHONE ORDERS

SYDNEY AREA 888 2105
OUTSIDE SYDNEY (FREE CALL) 008 22 6610

Another endangered species is under imminent threat of succumbing to a bloated, blundering, bureaucratic predator, the Government department. This feral animal salivates perceivably as it gloats over an array of trams, buses and trains designated for its own private consumption. As only the truly arrogant can, the beast possesses a childlike belief that such an act will go unnoticed, without a flicker of justifiable dissent. Will it?

The Honourable Minister for Transport, Mr. Blevins states (such a nice firm authoritative word...) that public transport is not utilized to its fullest capacity therefore it is neither wanted nor needed. Complete and utter crap! Why is it never asked "why don't people use public transport?" Because they know the answer, maybe? Although the Government will pontificate otherwise, disincentives to using public transport are accruing rapidly.

Have you noticed that tertiary students are disadvantaged by the new fare structure? Tertiary concession is applicable to \$7 multi-trips only. *There are no tertiary concessions for single or day-trips.* To make it even easier for us to avoid the \$500 fine for not having a ticket, automatic vending machines do not distribute multi-trips further restricting access to tertiary concessions! According to the recipients of free Government cars there are abundant accessible ticketing outlets. Yet, strangely enough, most of the "600" outlets are not where you board or disembark from trains or bus stops. This is a further disadvantage for those without the means of getting to those outlets; the elderly, the physically or mentally disabled, and those without their driver's licence.

Women are disadvantaged by the S.T.A.'s 'revolutionary' policy of charging prams. The bike clause has been revamped so it now reads, "Bikes, prams and surfboards to be charged at concession rates." The concession charge is not a flat rate, varying whether on or off peak. More confusion! Prams are not permitted on buses, only fold-up strollers, while prams are allowed on trains "when there is room." Obviously this will affect fathers also but it particularly disadvantages nursing mothers. Infants still at the nursing stage require solid prams and cannot be placed in sit-up strollers. Will women and children be left on platforms because "there is no room"? Rather than run that risk mothers will not patronise public transport as it is not accessible, nor does it meet their needs. And this is not a disincentive?!?

This 'innovation' makes a mockery of the free children under five policy.

So how does Mr. Blevins propose to counter-act these disincentives making the system efficient and user-accessible? He doesn't. From August the 1st, bus and rail services will be cut after 10pm Sunday to Thursday. *This does not mean the last service departs at 10pm, buses and trains cease to move then!* Depending upon the final destination, last services will depart around 9.15 or 9.30 pm. This general cut is augmented with the planned abolition of certain hills and outer northern suburbs bus, but mainly, rail routes. Anyone can see that buses are inaccessible to bikes, prams and wheelchairs. Buses are susceptible to traffic congestion resulting in long and tedious journeys. In comparison, trains are more fuel and time efficient. For example, a bus to Elizabeth can take between 1 and 1 and a half hours, while the train trip takes 30 minutes. Yet according to Blevins, "soon there will be no more trains in South Australia, people don't want trains, they want buses." This is a ludicrous statement. How does Blevins know what people want and need since there has been minimal public surveying?

There is a S.T.A. Customer Survey currently in process. It has a few problems though. The survey was begun two years ago, since then the system has changed considerably making the three corridors so far surveyed out of date. (The metropolitan area was divided into four corridors, north, south, west and east) The last corridor, east, is currently under progress. The results of the completed zones have not yet been collated or analyzed! Some S.T.A. employees doubt it ever will. The main emphasis is on bus passengers, with only a few train lines surveyed. Services after 5 o'clock are not surveyed. Yet Blevins presumes to tell us what we need. Nice of him.

Mr. Blevins justifies the proposed cuts by placing a misleading emphasis upon the inappropriate wastage of taxpayers' money on a public transport system. This 'evaluation' is extremely unbalanced. The Bureau of Transport and Communication Economics (1988) reveal that the Federal Government spends \$6.2 billion per annum upon road fatalities. Divide this figure by the approximate Australian population of 15 million, and \$400 per person is spent per annum. The S.T.A. estimates that subsidy for Adelaide's public transport system is \$400 per household per annum. Which is the truly unacceptable "financial burden upon the community"? These and continual road maintenance are the hidden costs of the entire transport sector which are not addressed. Quite convenient that.

The S.T.A. have been ordered to cut \$24 million from its expenditure over the next three years. Yet Blevins admits that 10pm cuts will 'only' save \$4.5 million. Many have drawn links between these draconian measures and the mildly unstable condition of the State Bank. The Government can't understand why people keep drawing such "unfair comparisons." I guess it is a bit odd that this should occur, considering Blevins is also the Honourable Minister for Finance!

Similarly inappropriate is the portrayal of the S.T.A. as a failing business. It is not a business, the S.T.A. is a public service. As such its primary focus is to provide accessible, equitable, and safe transport to all members of the community. Sure, it should not have to run at a loss but the Government is inferring that public transport cannot be run efficiently in low-population cities, therefore the current mess is not their fault. Of course it is. There are numerous examples of small low-density international cities with efficient public transport systems. (The *On Dit* editors would prefer it if I didn't go into great detail here) However such systems are made attractive and accessible to the public with many commuters choosing public transport and not merely doing so due to necessity.

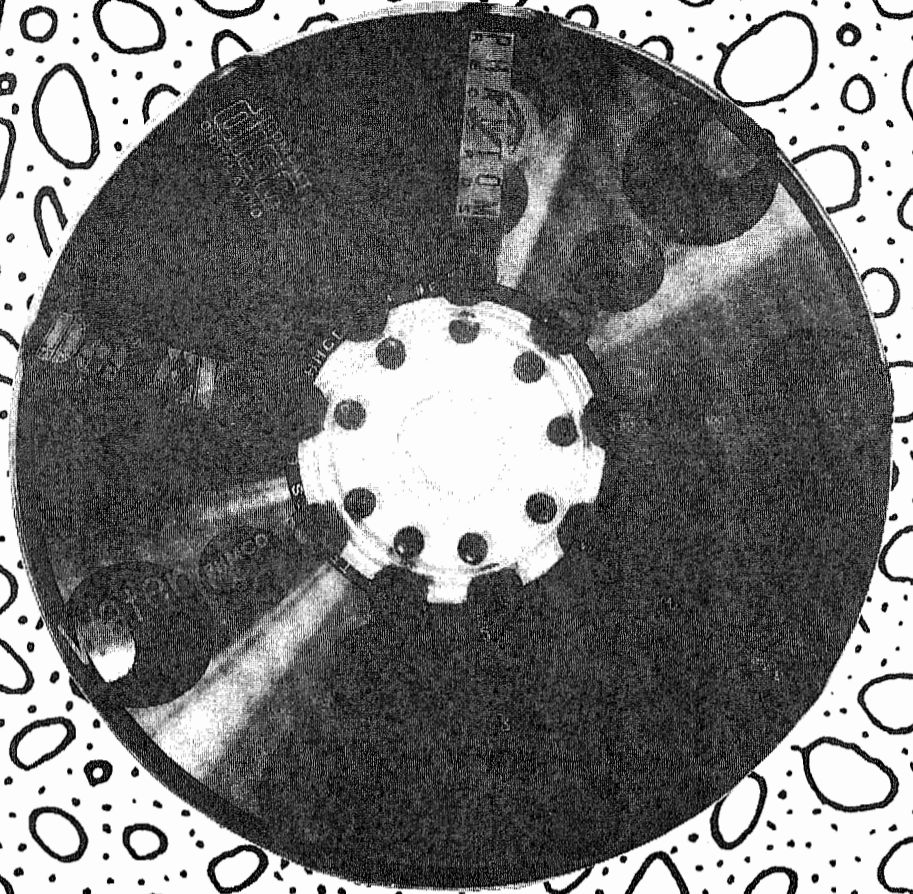
There is a slight inconsistency in expecting something to perform as a business when it is not treated as such. There is very little promotion of the S.T.A., even less advertising, only half-hearted attempts at accessibility, and poor management. When other businesses are experiencing difficulty they hold a sale to attract customers. They do not stand on their doorsteps barring entry, in order to sulk in peace. The S.T.A. is deliberately cutting its own throat with its "the people don't use it, therefore we cut it" self-fulfilling prophecy. Blevins has said "that so few people will be effected by the late night cuts, he nearly knows them all by name." Facetious bastard. Many people will be affected and the environmental consequences of rising private car usage are too great, and too well known!, to discuss here. Blevins needs to be hurled out of his self-imposed cocoon and made to confront the fact that people have noticed, they are angry, and they've seen through the unsubstantiated policy waffle. Attend the rally at Parliament House on Tuesday the 17th of March, 1pm. Like most predators, the Minister for Transport Removal and Financial Disaster does not tend to 'take on' large numbers all at once.

Cathryn Hughes.

MINISTER FOR TRANSPORT REMOVAL AND FINANCIAL DISASTERS



Friday March 20th



UniBar

Friday March 20th - "Def FX" and "Kill City"

A.U. students only \$4 • Other students \$6 • Public Guests \$7

The UniBar is the coolest place on Campus.

Coming Soon:
Dance Club 2
Saturday March 28th

ANYTHING GOES

5.30 - 6.30 pm weeknights in UniBar Acoustic rock, folk, blues, theatre, comedy.
See the blackboard for who is on each day. Free.

UniBar FOOD

Counter meals Monday - Friday 12 - 2pm and 5 - 8pm
with chips and gravy, mixed grills, bacon and eggs etc.

Special pasta dishes Wednesday - Friday only, blackboard specials.
Coffee, Tea and cool Spring Water now available.

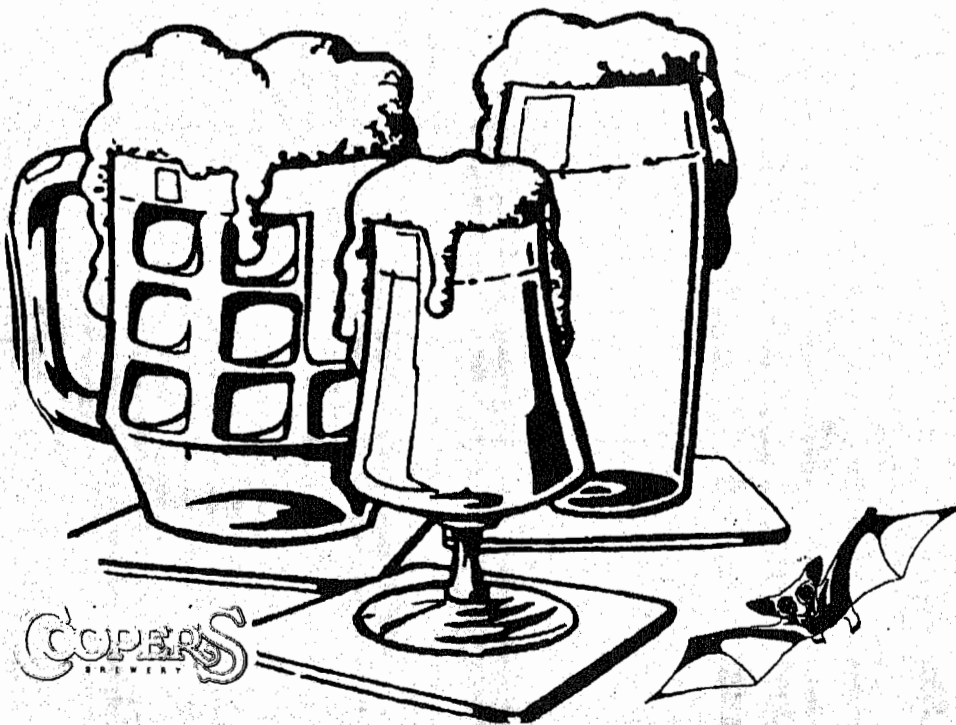
UniBar for the best entertainment and drink specials at student prices.
A full range of beers are available in the UniBar

COOPERS \$100 cash draw every Thursday at 1.30 pm.

UniBar open noon - 10pm Monday - Thursday
Noon - late Friday and Saturday for Bar nights and sports specials

UniBar proudly sponsored by COOPERS, CCA Snackfoods, and Bev Serv.
Use your 3 Bar vouchers by April 3!

LUNCHTIME CONCERT Friday March 20th 1 p.m.
"Meatballs, Fat Out Of Hell"



COOPERS

T H E U N I B A R

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION / LEVEL 5, UNION HOUSE

TEENAGE

Field Supervisors don't sit around watching the grass grow; they're out there looking for trouble. I was talking to their chief and a supervisor walked into the office. When I was introduced as Jon from the Uni, the supervisor smiled and said, "I just got one of them this morning. Hit him with two TINs: fare evasion and then he swore at me so I gave him another.

I won't tolerate that on a bus." (TIN = Transit Infringement Notice). The student now has \$100 in fines and little chance of talking his way out of it - which can be done if you give in gracefully and then give a good excuse to the security office.

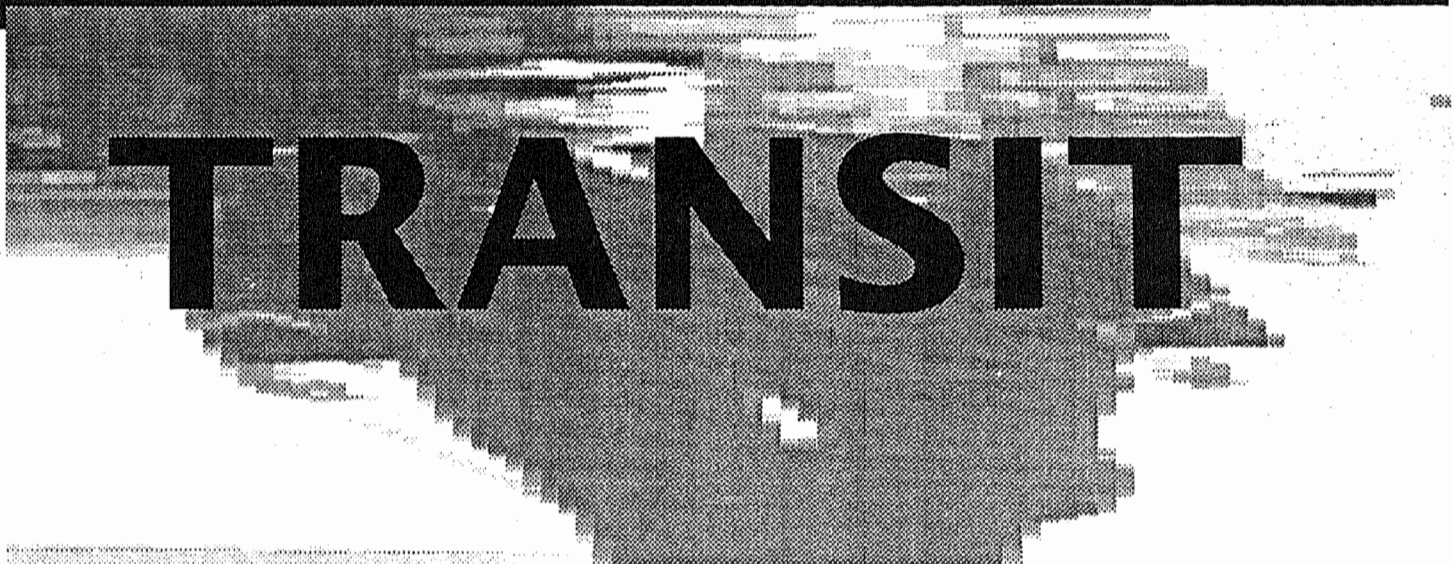
Checking tickets is only a small part of a field supervisor's job; their basic brief is to keep the transport system from getting snarled. Their first priority is to attend accidents on bus, train and tram lines and for this they operate from radio-equipped cars. At the accident, they may have to call an ambulance, arrange for alternative transport, make repairs, switch trains or trams to different lines or re-route buses depending on the situation. So, if somebody makes a mess, the field supervisors get to clean it up.

Giving the field supervisors a wide range of responsibilities comes as the STA is cutting costs across the board. Over the next three years, the STA has to cut spending by \$24 million. \$12 million will be saved by stopping services after 10 pm from Sunday to Thursday and cancelling the services to (places from proposal). The rest will come from staff cuts and improved efficiency, or so I was assured by the STA's Customer Services Manager. So, with all the rationalisations taking place, 61 men and women are now responsible for all buses, trains, and trams instead of having different sections.

A senior staff once involved with the field supervisors moved to another department because he thought that the new position was unworkable. The field supervisors do seem to be spread very thin. As a group, they have to check 600 buses a day, which involves riding the bus for 10 stops inspecting the passengers' tickets and checking on the driver. They have to be ready to go to accidents, deal with equipment failure, answer questions from the public and help keep order. With every decision they make, their job could be on the line if they make

"WILL FRANK BLEVINS TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR ALL THE PEOPLE WALKING HOME BECAUSE THEY CAN'T GET A BUS AFTER 10PM ? "

a mistake. Overloading their employees like this doesn't seem very responsible of the STA. They have made a stressful job even harder, but then if you look at STA performance, you won't think it a fluke. I saw very nice



graphs showing costs per passenger increasing as patronage falls. The corporate plan shows these trends reversing but if I was trying to protect my job, I'd be optimistic too. But who is going to be responsible for the people laid off? Will Frank Blevins, our Transport Minister, take responsibility for all the people trying to walk home because they can't get a bus after 10 pm? I know what I think, but I can't afford a lawyer.

I spent most of my time with Field Supervisor Tony Mildrum and I asked him what he thought the aim of the field supervisor was. "To make sure that the Transport Network runs in a smooth, efficient and friendly manner. That's our job." He later told me that a lot of the work was public relations - but I'd already figured that out. Tony was in the city that day and he took me in to have a look at the STA offices at the railway station. We talked to the STA prosecutor but couldn't go checking tickets because there was no-one to stay with the car. Tony showed me where the trains came in and where the platforms were. Our next stop was the train control centre. Every train, every signal and every set of boom gates is monitored electronically and displayed on a large board. The whole system is run by only 5 people and the plan is to have these numbers reduced.

At 12.00 noon, we had our first call. We had to deliver a computer cassette to a driver with a malfunctioning ticket system. On the way to hand over the cassette, Tony explained that every time he talked to a driver he had to make sure that the driver was healthy and relaxed. If a driver were to crack up and have an accident, the supervisor would be responsible if they had spoken to the driver and ignored the signs. The driver we spoke to wasn't a complete psycho, so we moved on.

The next call was at 12.22 pm. A man had collapsed at a bus stop in Ashleigh Street next to Thebarton High School. We got there in 4 minutes, just as the ambulance arrived. According to the passengers I spoke to, the bus had stopped and someone had gotten off, seen the man and asked the driver for help. They then carried the man into the air-conditioned bus and the driver radioed for an ambulance. We were there to: liaise with the ambulance workers; make sure the passengers were not delayed too long and to take details of the incident. The man had abrasions to the head and looked to be suffering from the heat (it was 41°C) but

refused to go to hospital.

After leaving this scene, I asked Tony about a field supervisor's training. Tony was a bus driver before promotion and he then had two weeks of instruction in his duties and then three weeks of safety training on the railways. After that he was on probation for three months while he did "on the job" training. That was it and I thought it interesting that although field supervisors are required to attend accidents, *they don't have compulsory first-aid training!* Field supervisors do carry a first-aid kit but are not taught how to use it and drivers don't even have a kit.

It was a quiet day, so we didn't get another call until after lunch. We were sent to assist a man with Down's Syndrome who had become confused and was on the wrong bus. Tony knew the man and we walked him to the right stop. We didn't drive because Tony said if we did then people might start to depend on that service. I thought that was a good point but I also thought it was 41° and basically not walking weather.

Apparently, security on buses is very good. I was told that there are remarkably few incident on buses but nobody said how many there actually were. Tony told me that there are groups in the North who really hate field supervisors. He has to be very careful not let them find out anything personal about himself. In the past, supervisors have been followed home and harassed and he doesn't want that to happen. Also, giving TINs doesn't work well in these areas because if the person is unemployed and says they can't pay then the court just sets a few hours of community service. This rarely pleases the field supervisors.

So, when the gangs take over the buses they'll be out there somewhere and you better pray that they're on your side.

Jon Boomsma



OFFICER

STA Trivia

- It has been admitted that the STA could not possibly be profitable.
- Two thirds of STA passengers are concession card holders.
- The STA just raised fares across the board.

GUERRILLA GIRLS HIT ADELAIDE

The Guerilla Girls do not in any way reflect the 'bitter, cynical, radical, extremist feminist' stereotype which is wrongly used in our society (promulgated by the media in particular) when women organise actively.

We saw two of them at Artists Week and spoke to them afterwards. We were impressed by their slickness, humour, professionalism and 'sexyness' - well, the black sequined dress which one of the Guerilla Girls wore with her gorilla mask was. Their trademark gorilla masks, which are worn during all appearances and interviews preserve their anonymity, as do the names which the Guerilla Girls use - those of deceased woman artists.

The Guerilla Girls are based in New York and have been active in fighting sexism and racism in the art world since 1985. Although there was a brief spurt of feminist activism in the art world in the 70s, in New York art galleries women's art continues to be relegated to the background, ignored, marginalised, and under-valued (with female artists earning 1/3 of what male artists pocket). The Guerilla Girls are the conscience of the art world and actively explode the myth that the art community is largely liberal, progressive, and open-minded.

Their campaigns are surprisingly straightforward, yet remarkably successful. They produce posters which consist primarily of words and when graphics accompany the text, they are simple. The Guerilla Girls believe the street is a powerful forum for their message and they go on extensive illegal poster runs, where they stick posters in public places and on the entrances to New York galleries. The bare truth of women artists' exclusion is conveyed in these posters. The Guerilla Girls collect irrefutable statistics on these matters and state them clearly and humorously. They use accurate and satirical messages such as, "Do women have to be naked to get into the Met. Museum?" and "Less than 5% of the artists in the Modern Arts Sections are women, but 85% of the nudes are female!": Their enormous poster output is constantly changing and being updated, focusing as it does on new and relevant issues for women in the art world. These posters are so effective that they have become collectors' items to many of the New York public, and many posters only stay up for a few days. In fact, the Guerilla Girls fund their campaign through the sale of these posters at such events as the Adelaide Festival Artists Week. Not all their posters point the finger at those galleries which still display bias towards women; the Guerilla Girls have also produced posters which congratulate galleries which make an effort to actively encourage women and multi-racial artists.

Recently, the Guerilla Girls have broadened their focus to include such issues as National health care, poverty and homelessness, reproductive rights for women, and AIDS.

Interview with the Guerilla Girls

On Dit: Adelaide has recently seen a backlash against sexism - particularly in the form of a group (WARS: Women Against Rampant Sexism) who threw a brick

through a newsagency window for displaying pornographic material. Would the Guerilla Girls ever see fit to employ such tactics?

Guerilla Girls: Coming from New York where there is already so much violence, it really is bad to reinforce it. We are in support of anti-pornography, but we want to change people's ways of thinking. So we'd rather brainwash them! Perhaps an alternative tactic would be to produce informative posters and plaster them all over the newsagent's windows, or to picket the shop.

On Dit: Is your concern with pornography a general one or specifically in regard to its manifestation in the art world?

GG: We are now concerned with more general social issues - since the Gulf War we have produced war posters - and focusing on other issues such as abortion. A lot of things are changing in the US and we are not protected.

On Dit: Do you think your involvement in these other areas will result in detracting from your work in the art community?

GG: No, we will always come back to the art world, we are simply taking a little side alley at the moment because equal rights and abortion are prevalent issues which have to be resolved. Currently the Supreme Court is making a decision which could mean that women have to travel from state to state to get abortions. Basically poor women who can't afford to travel won't have access to abortion.

Do women have to be naked to get into the Met museum ?

On Dit: What do you consider the specific effect that this decision will have in the art world?

GG: Once a conservative, far-right government gains political power and starts going for it - the social and economic effects really begin to take effect. Less women will show (their art work) because of the economics behind exhibiting, and lack of childcare, abortion and other issues also dramatically effect women's lives and opportunities and hence their contribution to art - it's a real trickle down theory. It's one thing to look at the art world, but the problems really lie deeper than that, and by our examination of the art world we inevitably came to focus on the wider economic and social structures.

On Dit: Aspects of this year's Adelaide Festival Theatre and Artists Week have already been quite controversial, with the French performers Iltopie being arrested for indecent exposure and the protest by Aboriginal artists that they weren't invited to participate in Artists Week. How does the Adelaide Festival rate in terms of the things which the Guerilla Girls traditionally challenge ?

GG: We've been surprised that in every session there has been reference to Aboriginal culture and art - yet there were no Aboriginal representatives involved at all. This is a potentially really big problem which needs to be addressed, but there is no one solution and our tactics (the Guerilla

Girls') are simply ones which work for us. As part of the Adelaide Festival, people here need to identify what the problems are and work out how to deal with them. Our tactics of collecting information and targeting individuals and institutions may be useful.

On Dit: One of the really powerful aspects of your posters and campaigns appears to be the unrelenting confidence to name names and point the finger.

GG: Absolutely, names have to be named. They have to be made embarrassed, and learn to question what is so wrong about what they've done.

On Dit: What sort of response do you get from the individuals and institutions that you specifically name and target?

GG: They squirm and often have to respond to what we've said.

On Dit: (In reference to a particularly dorky boy' in the audience's claim that it was "gutless" to hide behind masks and name people who didn't have an opportunity to respond) What is your opinion of his claims ?

GG: That was bullshit - just think how often women don't get given the opportunity to respond. Secondly, there is nothing gutless about hiding behind masks; our anonymity ensures the focus is on issues and not personalities. A lot of our success can be attributed to our credibility as anonymous activists.

On Dit: How does the art community in Australia compare to that of New York in terms of the problems you tackle?

GG: It appears that arts funding in the US is under greater attack - we have a National Endowment for the Arts, but it's funding has been cut 50%. Australia seems to have a lot more funding at a local level. But you've got to be aware that with a recession and prospect of a right-wing government, it might change.

On Dit: It has been suggested that women have a very different approach to art than men, and that this makes their art different from men's - do you agree?

GG: Women make work reflecting their own life experiences - and as their experiences differ from men's then yes, women's art is different. But regardless of these differences, women are an important part of the art community and to overlook or undermine our artistic expression in this day and age is FUCKED.

Amy Barrett and Annabel Crabb

WHEN RACISM & SEXISM ARE NO LONGER FASHIONABLE, WHAT WILL YOUR ART COLLECTION BE WORTH?

The art market won't bestow mega-buck prices on the work of a few white males forever. For the 17.7 million you just spent on a single Jasper Johns painting, you could have bought at least one work by all of these women and artists of color:

Bernice Abbott
Anni Albers
Sofonisba Anguisola
Diane Arbus
Vanessa Bell
Isabel Bishop
Rosa Bonheur
Elizabeth Bougereau
Margaret Bourke-White
Romaine Brooks
Julia Margaret Cameron
Emily Carr
Rosalba Carriera
Mary Cassatt
Constance Marie Charpentier
Imogen Cunningham
Sonia Delaunay

Elaine de Kooning
Lavinia Fontana
Meta Warwick Fuller
Artemisia Gentileschi
Margu rite G rard
Natalia Goncharova
Kate Greenaway
Barbara Hepworth
Eva Hesse
Hannah Hoch
Anna Huntingdon
May Howard Jackson
Frida Kahlo
Angelica Kauffmann
Hilma af Klimt
Kathe Kollwitz
Lee Krasner

Dorothea Lange
Marie Laurencin
Edmonia Lewis
Judith Leyster
Barbara Longhi
Dora Maar
Lee Miller
Lisette Model
Paula Modersohn-Becker
Tina Modotti
Berthe Morisot
Grandma Moses
Gabriele M nter
Alice Neel
Louise Nevelson
Georgia O'Keeffe
Meret Oppenheim

Sarah Peale
Ljubova Popova
Olga Rosanova
Nellie Mae Rowe
Rachel Ruysch
Kay Sage
Augusta Savage
Vavara Stepanova
Florine Stettheimer
Sophie Taeuber-Arp
Alma Thomas
Marietta Robusti Tintoretto
Suzanne Valadon
Remedios Varo
Elizabeth Vig e Le Brun
Laura Wheeling Waring

Information courtesy of Christie's, Sotheby's, Mayer's International Auction Records and Leonard's Annual Price Index of Auctions.

Please send \$ and comments to: **GUERRILLA GIRLS** CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD
Box 237, 496 LaGuardia Pl., NY 10012

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A WOMAN ARTIST:

Working without the pressure of success.

Not having to be in shows with men.

Having an escape from the art world in your 4 free-lance jobs.

Knowing your career might pick up after you're eighty.

Being reassured that whatever kind of art you make it will be labeled feminine.

Not being stuck in a tenured teaching position.

Seeing your ideas live on in the work of others.

Having the opportunity to choose between career and motherhood.

Not having to choke on those big cigars or paint in Italian suits.

Having more time to work after your mate dumps you for someone younger.

Being included in revised versions of art history.

Not having to undergo the embarrassment of being called a genius.

Getting your picture in the art magazines wearing a gorilla suit.

Please send \$ and comments to: **GUERRILLA GIRLS** CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD
Box 1056 Cooper Sta. NY, NY 10276

This is the full text of an open letter concerning Bob Hawke's appointment to the Australian National University as Adjunct Professor. It was written by Dr Michael McKinley, a lecturer in international relations and strategy at the university's Faculty of Arts.

Former Prime Minister Bob Hawke's appointment to the ANU induces one or two interesting ecclesiastical metaphors. That, of course, is entirely natural; following the Enlightenment, the University as Institution emerged as the authorising body of a world in which the power of the Church could no longer hold inquiry and discourse subservient to it. In Mr Hawke's case, he is to appear among us a something akin to a bishop *in partibus infidelium*, and on two counts. In the more general sense this is because his "See" - the parliamentary Australian Labor Party - is now in the bands of the unbelievers, in so far as Mr Hawke is concerned, anyway. More specifically, though, he was, long before he left office merely a titular bishop, the holder of an important title of office but whose jurisdiction had ceased. Nevertheless, so awed (apparently) are the ANU's policy-makers with his continued possession of the vestments of his previous office that the former think the institutional grandeur of this place will be increased by the latter's presence. In this I think they are mistaken, and gravely mistaken at that, particularly if we ask three quite reasonable

"He makes the university an object of derision for the community at large and the Australian university system in particular"

questions about it.

What does Mr Hawke bring to the ANU?

Historical and political status aside, he brings little that is academic and intellectual. Once, of course, this would not have been the case. Like Kim Beazley, Neal Blewett, Bob Catley, Gareth Evans, John Hewson, David Kemp and Andrew Theophanus (just to name some) among his former parliamentary colleagues. Bob Hawke once had interests and aspirations of this type. But, also like them all, he made a deliberate decision earlier in his career than those mentioned, the reject he academic life.

He rejected it, moreover, in preference for what ultimately became a life in which discourse was shielded by parliamentary privilege, the reasonable and unreasonable "requirements of national security" and such informational integrity which could be imposed on cabinets, caucuses and committees.

In addition, he became, for eight years, the principal articulator of adversarial politics greatest intellectual crime - the reduction of issues of great complexity to matters of great simplicity. Admittedly, this is because complexity holds a terror bordering on the fear of castration for most politicians because it disqualifies them from acting in the way they wish to if they take it seriously.

On the other hand, since politicians oppose complexity with what is, effectively, an intellectual blindness, they possess nothing to recommend them for residence among those who do not.

Similarly, the structure of Mr Hawke's retirement would suggest that even the eight weeks per year that he has promised the ANU are likely to be subject to intrusion.

Indeed, given his status as a former Prime Minister, plus what he calls "the range of commitments I

have accepted" - television, autobiography project and celebrity appearances - it is unlikely the situation could every have been expected to be otherwise. In the end, therefore, it strains credibility to suggest that Mr Hawke will fully engage in the life of the university for the one-sixth of a working year that he will be nominally present. What does Mr Hawke's Appointment Detract from the ANU?

The short answer to this question is much. In the first instance, he makes the university an object of derision for the community at large and the Australian university system in particular. Mr Hawke's appointment as an adjunct professor becomes only the most recent and brilliant example of the ANU's recidivist instinct to appoint on the basis of what the public service and public life make available rather than on the basis of what the university's declared role requires.

By appointing a retired, multiple-identified and occupationally-distracted personality such as Mr Hawke, the inference to be taken is that the university is a refuge for the unserious and quite possible a cross between an R and R resort (à la King's Cross during the Vietnam War), and worse, the pre-Reformation Church which increased its Treasury by selling indulgences.

Even then it's not clear why either party wishes to trade. Recall that it became, and remains Labor Government practice in parliament to use the noun Professor as a perjorative term.

To express this argument positively, Mr Hawke's appointment is a calculated insult to those whose everyday work in the university demands all their time and energy and whose positions were earned on the basis of a demonstrated competence. He is in this sense quite different competence. He is in this sense quite different to all of those named above since, in varying degrees, their academic records are ones of achievement which in future might qualify them for return.

Second, to the extent that the modern university is still a declared agent of the Enlightenment's emancipatory project, Mr Hawke's appointment constitutes a standing reproach to its values. In significant aspects of his Prime Ministership, his record in respect of democratic politics is severely tarnished. Domestically, his alleged deal with Paul Keating over the latter's ascendancy to the leadership and his decision not to allow a conscience vote on the matter of Australia's commitment to the Gulf War are to the point.

Internationally, he fares even worse. From the verbal excesses of his first visit to Indonesia, in June of 1983, where he praised President Suharto's fidelity and success in the "tremendous task of national reconciliation, national recovery and national reconstruction", to the denial, in November 1991, of East Timor's right to self-determination, he has, at worst, displayed a preference for power over liberty, and at best, appalling judgement.

In the interim, of course, there is evidence on the public record to the effect that Mr Hawke unilaterally changed his government's position on the US invasion of Panama - from opposing it to supporting it - after receiving of telephone call from President Bush.

And subsequently, as the public record also indicates, his announcement, in August 1990, that Australia would be contributing elements of the Royal Australian Navy to the naval blockade of Iraq and Kuwait as a result of a US request, was shown to be at odds with both other Australian and US accounts which reveal that the Australian Government undertook a determined campaign in Washington to ensure its involvement. All of this, moreover, from a Prime Minister so arrogant in his certainty that he arrogated to himself the right of moral arbiter by declining to allow his own caucus a conscience vote in parliament on the matter of war. Third, Mr Hawke's appointment robs the university of a significant measure of its self-respect. To be fair, however, this loss is primarily the result of the university's offer in the first place rather than the former Prime Minister's acceptance of it. Why the

ANU, or any other Australian university for that matter, should offer a prestigious position to a man whose government intruded so maliciously and damagingly into the country's university system is a matter for concern and amazement. It implies that the hurt suffered and the principles breached were never consequential when, in fact, they were. Indeed, who in the Australian university system of 1992, having watched the purposeful offensive upon that system under John Dawkins as responsible minister, would say that it is an improvement over that which the first Hawke government inherited? What does Mr Hawke's Appointment Tell Us About the ANU?

In as much as any single event discloses anything at all, Mr Hawke's appointment stamps the ANU as imprudent, impatient and extravagant.

It appears as imprudent because, though time was

"Nevertheless, so awed (apparently) are the ANU'S policy makers with his continued possession of the vestments of his previous office that the former think the institutional grandeur of the place will be increased by the latter's presence"

available, the relevant decision-makers did not adequately consult with those most directly affected - the department(s) in which he was most likely to be located.nd

This is especially unfortunate since the previously mentioned drawbacks to his appointment, are widely shown and unfavourably regarded in those departments.

It was also imprudent for the University to absolve the appointment of the tension which normatively and actually exists between the state and its higher educational institutes. The irony here is that, whereas Australian governments have heroically resisted any attempt to establish educational regimes along with widely acclaimed Oxbridge teaching model, the ANU has increasingly imitated that models late 17th to early 18th Century political example of taking to itself apologists for the established order at the expense of more adventurous scholarship.

Even more ironic is the fact that though Cambridge would never promote Sir Isaac Newton to Master of a College (brilliant mind that he clearly had) because he did not accept the doctrine of the Trinity, the ANU would appoint Mr Hawke as Professor absent any grounds that he has the relevant qualifications or disposition.

Imprudence, of course, is frequently accompanied by or leads to impatience and here, too, both are in evidence. Notwithstanding the objections raised to this point, there are at least four other universities whose claim to Mr Hawke exceed the ANU's.

Mr Hawke, after all, withdrew from the only degree course for which he was ever registered at the ANU. Accordingly, might he might not be better appointed to the University of Western Australia where he took his first degree? Or a Melbourne University in which city his electorate was situated? Or a Sydney University in which he intends living? Or a (new) Dawkins university which he did so much to facilitate?

All universities, however, would do well to hasten slowly.

Historians, Political Scientists, the Freedom of Information Act and Leaks caution against speed in

these matters.

With time is it not probable that further research could undo the former Prime Minister's reputation? Should we not ask this question: which Prime Minister or President in the modern age has had his or her reputation, at retirement, increased with the passage of time and the energies of inquirers? Finally, there is the matter of extravagance. Resources in the ANU, as elsewhere, are under strain. In particular, spacious accommodation is rare even for those who deserve it and work full-time in the academy.

It is simply profligate to set it aside for occasional use, and then for purposes less than academic. And they are less than academic. It is laughable to suggest that Mr Hawke will disclose anything significant at the ANU which will not also be found in his memoirs.

It is equally laughable to expect these memoirs to be any different from political autobiographies in general.

They will, therefore, be of interest but they will also be self-serving and lacking in that rigorous and indiscriminating scepticism with regard to evidence and explanations which, hopefully, still marks serious analysis from indulgence and special pleading.

Manifest Confusion, the ANU and Mr Hawke.

Mr Hawke clearly has been invited to appear among us on the basis of what he was politically, conjoined to an act of faith about what he now is politically. Just as clearly, it has nothing to do with what he is, or might be academically. And this is where the ecclesiastical metaphor resurfaces.

As Prime Minister, he both wore the vestments of office and had the authority and power which they signified.

In political terms, he worked the equivalent of sacramental miracles - spoke on behalf of the government, and so on. But the theological/political formula was crucial to this exercise.

It was only possible in terms of *ex opere operato*, that is, by the efficiency of the ceremony which he was licensed to perform - not in terms of *ex opere operantis*, that, by the efficiency of the celebrant. Mr Hawke's confessed past as a larrikin is itself an admission of this principle: larrikins, of themselves, are not entitled to be Prime Minister, but larrikins democratically licensed are.

This might be poor public relations, and otherwise quite undesirable but it happens to be the case until such time as Australian political criteria more closely resemble those of the Republican Party (and the media) in the US.

More to the point, larrikin-ness, in itself, does not invalidate the sacramental/political miracle. But the absence of a licence, despite the possession of vestments, does.

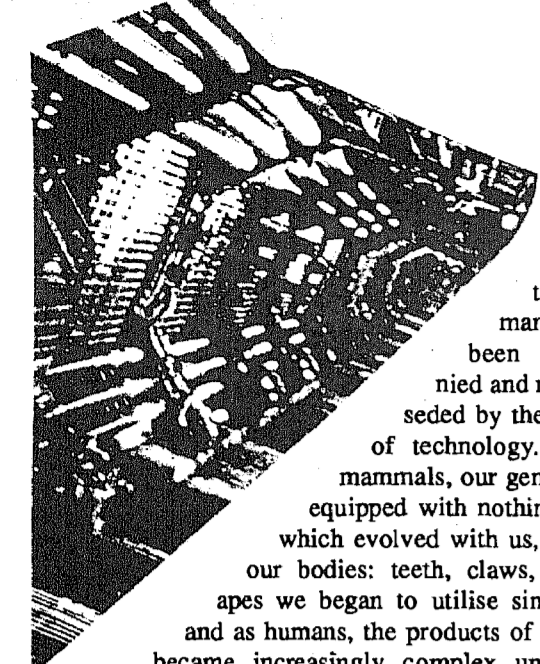
Prime Ministers, in this sense, are degraded by bishops whose licence expires, not in retirement, resignation or removal, but only in death.

The latter, therefore, remain capable of valid acts; the former only of ghost dancing and blasphemy. We have, then, to acknowledge what must be the crowning (but yet to be fully recognised) humiliation of the ANU in recent times - to have confused Mr Hawke with a bishop.



BOB'S JOB

*On Dit would like to thank Dr McKinley for permission to reprint this article.



The evolution of humanity has been accompanied and now superseded by the evolution of technology. As early mammals, our gene-line was equipped with nothing but that which evolved with us, as part of our bodies: teeth, claws, limbs; as apes we began to utilise simple tools; and as humans, the products of our labour became increasingly complex until in the Industrial Age when our machines grew to supplant rather than simply aid human physical functions. Today, through our machines, we shape our environment, controlling the path of our own evolution. Our technology, however, is poised to develop further still. Soon, we will be able to reshape our very forms through both mechanical and biological means. The shape we are born with will no longer bind us for the duration of our lives.

But the advance of the technology goes beyond the boundaries of the mere alteration of the human form. It will soon encroach upon the sphere of mentality so that human minds, bodies and machines will be able to unite. The essence of humanity will flow to fill any vessel set before it. And, our eyes.

The result of this transformation has been termed "post-humanity". The reason for this is that today, our species possesses a *more or less* universal condition (that is, people are much the same, wherever you go). Thus, we are able to refer to ourselves with a single world, "humanity". In the future, however, the multiplicity of that which is now our species (and how knows what we may become after genetic-engineering, etc.) necessitates defining it, not in terms of what it is but what it was; hence "post-humanity".

It is no coincidence that this term "post-humanity" was coined by science fiction writer, William Gibson. In 1982, Gibson published his first novel, *Neuromancer*. This novel, which won every award going, has been translated into most languages on this planet and launched a new genre, "Cyberpunk", introduced to the world a number of concepts which were assumed at the time to be purely the stuff of fiction. We know know that this is not the case.

Ten years after *Neuromancer* first appeared, a film has been made, entitled *Cyberpunk*, which details the manner in which the speculations of Gibson's novel have become factual or almost factual. This film, a conceptually wandering documentary, screening now at the Mercury cinema, takes as its parameters the world of *Neuromancer*. *Cyberpunk* occasionally infuriates with such variations upon a theme as "the future is now!" or "the future has already happened!"; these statements, which seem to surface in every book or film about the future, are permanently true, permanently false and permanently meaningless. This film's look at the future, however, is intelligent and provides an interesting insight into the next twenty years.

"Night City was like a deranged experiment in Social Darwinianism, designed by a bored researcher who kept one thumb permanently on the fast-forward button." (*Neuromancer*)

A pundit in *Cyberpunk* remarks that, in many ways, the condition of "post-humanity" is already with us. If you compare what he terms the "health-options" of a Bangladeshi peasant and those of a wealthy resident of Beverley Hills, then you will find a fundamental divergence has already taken place within the human race: the Bangladeshi has a life expectancy of less than forty years and is at the mercy of a great many easily-prevented diseases and afflictions. Whereas the rich Westerner (or Asian, of course, for the wealth and power of this world are shifting) not only has access to a nutritional diet and to the resources which will seriously limit the effects of most illnesses but s/he may also find replacement organs for those that break down for any reason, including old age.

While the medical resources required to improve the life of the average person in the Third World are basic and

inexpensive and have existed for many years, they continue to be denied. On the other hand, medicine for the Developed world is expensive in terms of money and time and may only result in a minimal increase in the lifespan or comfort of the patient, and yet medical science in the West for the relatively wealthy is still advancing at an astonishing rate.

Physical existence is already different on a very basic scale for some humans as compared with others. A small group of our species (which probably includes most people reading this article) has a condition of life that is quite noticeably divorced from the conditions of life of most others in the world today and in the past. By the time the average student of this University is old enough to independently afford the medical resources then available, a fantastic array of services will be possible, not only services that correct illness and injury but also those which enhance someone's enjoyment of life in the same way that a one hundred thousand dollar car does; somewhat unnecessarily when considering that a significant section of the world's population is at risk because it cannot obtain a twenty cent vaccine.

Because the medical technology that will become available is almost unlimited in its potentiality, it may be that certain members of our species will break so fundamentally from the rest that they will justify the use of the term, "post-human". And the only role reserved for those other, poorer citizens of the globe will be that of walking meat ladders, supplying their very bodies (voluntarily or otherwise) for the medical consumption of the wealthy. This, of course, already occurs in the world today.

"M-G employees above certain level were implanted with advanced microprocessors that monitored mutagen levels in the blood-stream ... The eyes were vat-grown, sea-green Nikon transplants ... Their arms and shoulders bulging with grafted muscle ... His face was a simple graft grown on collagen and shark-cartilage polysaccharides." (*Neuromancer*)

Exactly what types of human enhancement will be available? Several experts in the film *Cyberpunk* offer suggestions, either already possible or at least grounded in currently available technology. According to one, techniques for the upgrading of human physiology will "go far beyond steroids". Another states that, if someone should so desire, s/he may have a set of genetically-engineered, organic wings grafted to his/her back. Of course, flight would be impossible; the wingspan required to lift a human would be huge and the body is not designed for flight, the bones are too heavy. But, proffers the scientist with a smile, even that may be overcome in time

As a general rule, most modifications to the human form that you can imagine will be possible within your lifetime. And your expectations of your life-span will require some revision as well.

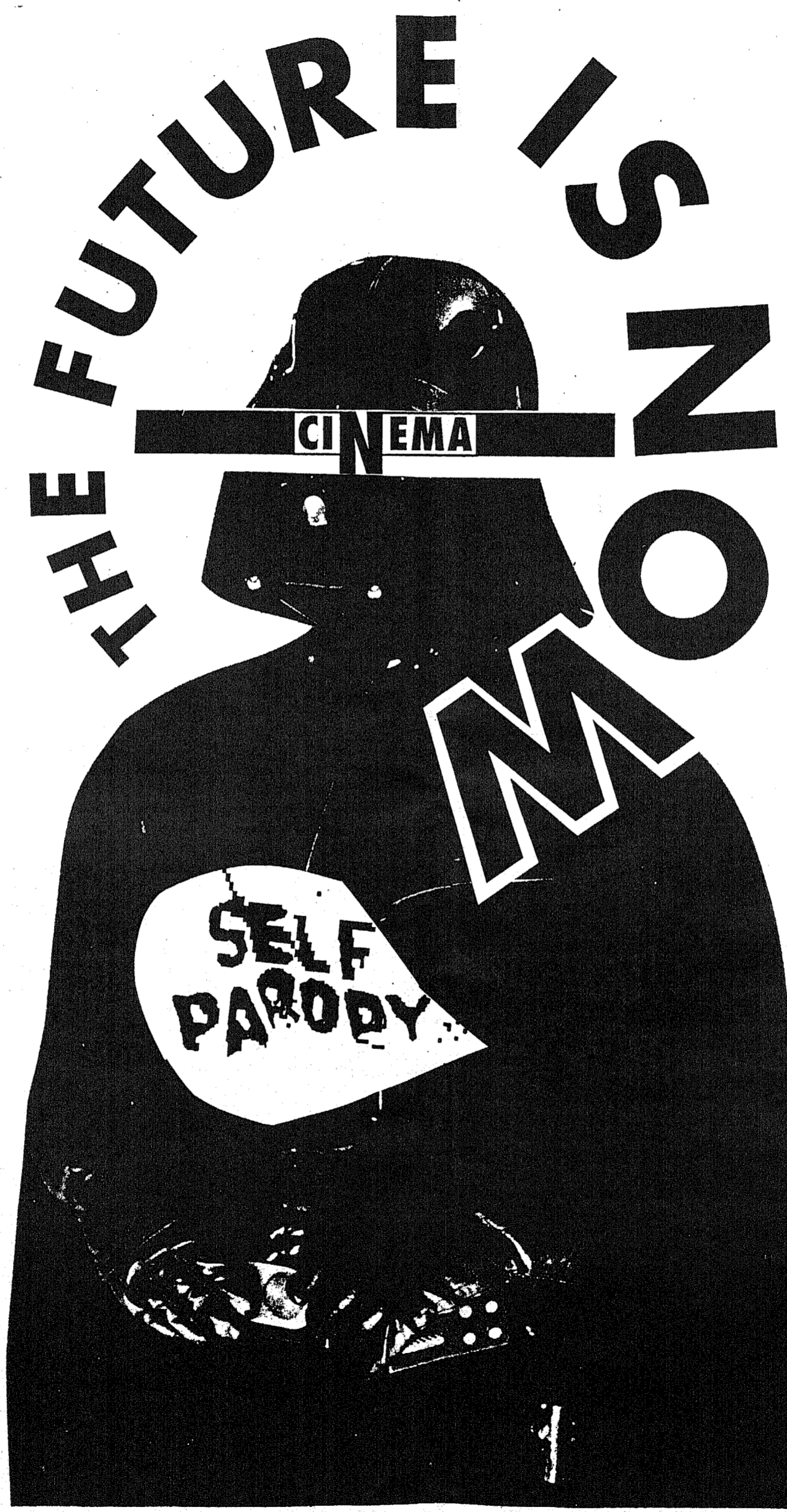
The brain, too, will be subject to enhancement in the near future. You have probably already heard of "smart pills".

These exist in a basic form today. They enable someone who consumes them to increase his/her IQ by a substantial amount for a limited period of time.

When a powerful substance becomes available, the authorities will do one of two things; either they will ban it, if the substance is inimical to their interests in the way that LSD is, and drive it underground, making it exorbitantly expensive or they will restrict access to it, tax it, etc. and generally control its production and use.

Smart pills are very different from recreational drugs, banning them is out of the question. As one commentator quips in *Cyberpunk*, "who can afford to just say no?" Rather than impeding the regulation of society as most popular drugs do, smart pills offer governments a means to rule more effectively.

Whoever controls smart pills will exert a significant



degree of control over society and whoever controls society will control smart pills and so on in a vicious cycle of power extension. These pills, like most forms of advanced technology, will allow one section of the populace to rise above the rest. Their future will affect your future.

But smart pills are perhaps not the most significant advance in science with regard to the mind. There is another development which promises an even more profound impact, at least according to the doctrine of *Cyberpunk*. Technology already exists that allows for the blind to see, even if the optic nerve has been burnt out. This is done by the direct electronic stimulation of the portion of the brain which interprets visual input.

All the blind person then has to do is carry a handycam which is connected to his/her brain and simply point it in the direction in which s/he wishes to "see"

This represents more than simply progress for the blind, it also demonstrates the existence of what has become known as "virtual reality". This is the replacement of ordinary sensory input with artificially-generated input; thus another "world" can be overlaid upon the "real" one. Of course, it is not necessary to jack right into the brain. Existing virtual reality systems are simply large head-sets which provide the wearer with the visual and perhaps aural appearance of another niverse. But where is this "other niverse" to come from?

Our society has been told for some fifteen or more years now that computers will dominate our future. This can only be seen as true. And so it is from computers that virtual universes will be generated. Not only can they produce a world almost unlimited in detail for the consumer of the virtual reality but they can also receive input from the user something which is vital for the maintenance of the illusion of being in another world. For example, if the user rotates his/her head by 45 degrees then the "universe" will turn (or appear to turn) similarly.

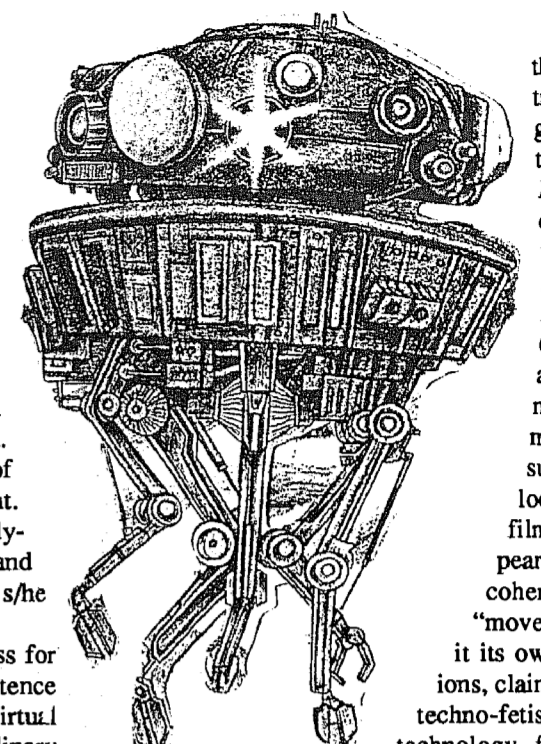
There are a great many applications for this technology and these will become apparent in just a few years' time. One of the most important of these is at the core of Gibson's novel *Neuromancer* and the film *Cyberpunk* and has been termed (by Gibson): "Cyberspace".

"Cyberspace. a consensual hallucination experienced daily by billion of legitimate operators in every nation ... A graphic representation of data abstracted from the banks of every computer in the human system. Unthinkable complexity. Lines of light ranged in the nonspace of the mind, clusters and constellations of data." (*Neuromancer*)

There are presently between ten and fifteen major corporations and government agencies, including NASA, which are working to make Cyberspace a reality. Cyberspace will make the storage and access of all forms of data far more easy and convenient than at present. When an operator is "present" in Cyberspace, s/he can "see" data as coloured three-dimensional shapes and thus access it simply by moving into it. Because it is only an illusionary space, great "distance" can be crossed instantly, moving, say, from Australian corporate finance regulation in 1988 to Chinese camomile tea harvest figures in 1942 with all the ease of taking cans from a supermarket shelf.

This is important because the compilation or exploration of data of one form or another directly concern almost all of the developed world (and the undeveloped world). Some twenty years ago, the exchange of currency, which must be seen purely as data as it is hardly ever realised in a hard form (i.e. cash), overtook the exchange of goods as the primary substance of exchange of the human race.

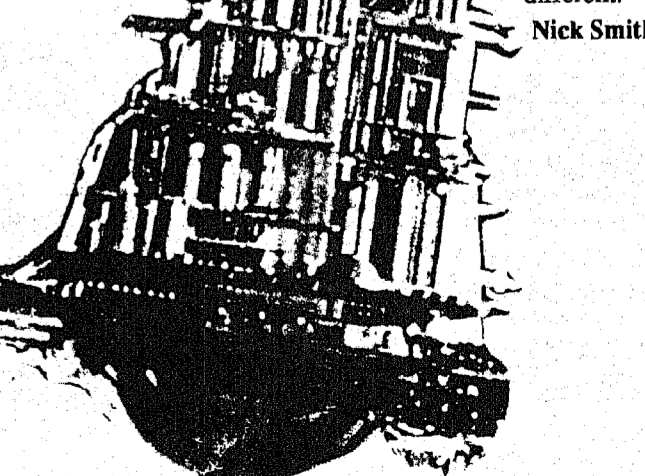
Data exchange is increasingly being conducted through a single network; a global, computer-linked network of communications. This has profound implications; if all information has a single home, in cyberspace, then it can be



While a sub-culture may well form around the kernel of cyberpunk (and it most probably will), cyberpunks do not really exist as such, despite the New York Times' best efforts to portray them as a genuine socio-political grouping.

What does exist, in the minds of a diverse group of young people world-wide, is an ethos; a well-formed mistrust of authority which is coupled with a very high degree of computer proficiency. Cyberpunks are techno-anarchists, individuals who operate within the confines of the State and use its very structure against it. So that the means of oppression become the means of empowerment. First and foremost, cyberpunks, in literature and in reality, today, are hackers, computer operators who illegally gain access to other people's systems. Their motto, according to the film, is: "information wants to be free". And so they free it. Even today, hackers, mostly teenagers, steal access codes and post them on "notice boards", within reach of anyone with a PC and a modem. But cyberpunks are interested in more than simply "liberating" data, they are proto-terrorists, capable of causing systems that they deem undesirable to crash. Today, the primary means of achieving this is through the virus: a rogue program which destroys other software from inside the computer. So far, virus applications have been largely whimsical, destruction for destruction's sake. The full terrorist capacity of the virus has not yet been realised, or at least, not to my knowledge. But it is only a matter of time.

If you can obtain weapons grade plutonium, you can hold a city to ransom. If you can write an effective virus then you can hold a country to ransom. And this is only the tip of the iceberg. Better technology is appearing all the time and prices are constantly falling; soon you will be able to buy the current computing power of a government department for less than a pair of Nikes. As governments and corporations and individuals will become better equipped to undermine them, can know the future the present, but obvious. Read *Cyberpunk* and see how little of what you are living in fewer than you imagine. Because in the future, everything will be different.



theoretically controlled from a single source. Orwell's totalitarianism in 1984 was never as effective as this has the potential to be. And this is what *Neuromancer* and *Cyberpunk* are all about. Cyberpunk is more than a film, more than a literary sub-genre, it is a loose movement. The film, *Cyberpunk* appears to overlay the coherence of this "movement", ascribing to it its own music and fashions, claiming cyberpunks as techno-fetishists, worshipping technology for its own sake.

Nick Smith

The World Cup Cricket season is here again and, for those sports fans out there, this is great news. The inclusion of the South African team for the first time in over 20 years is seen to be a further positive aspect, particularly because of their competitive reputation. With the team in the Top 5, the sporting question of whether or not this team are still formidable after all those years of exclusion from international competition would appear to be answered. At the same time, it is of course impossible to overlook the other important questions poised by South Africa's re-entry into the sporting world, the fundamental question being - Does this mean South Africa now truly has a non-racial democracy or, in other words, is Apartheid dead? The simple answer is ... No.

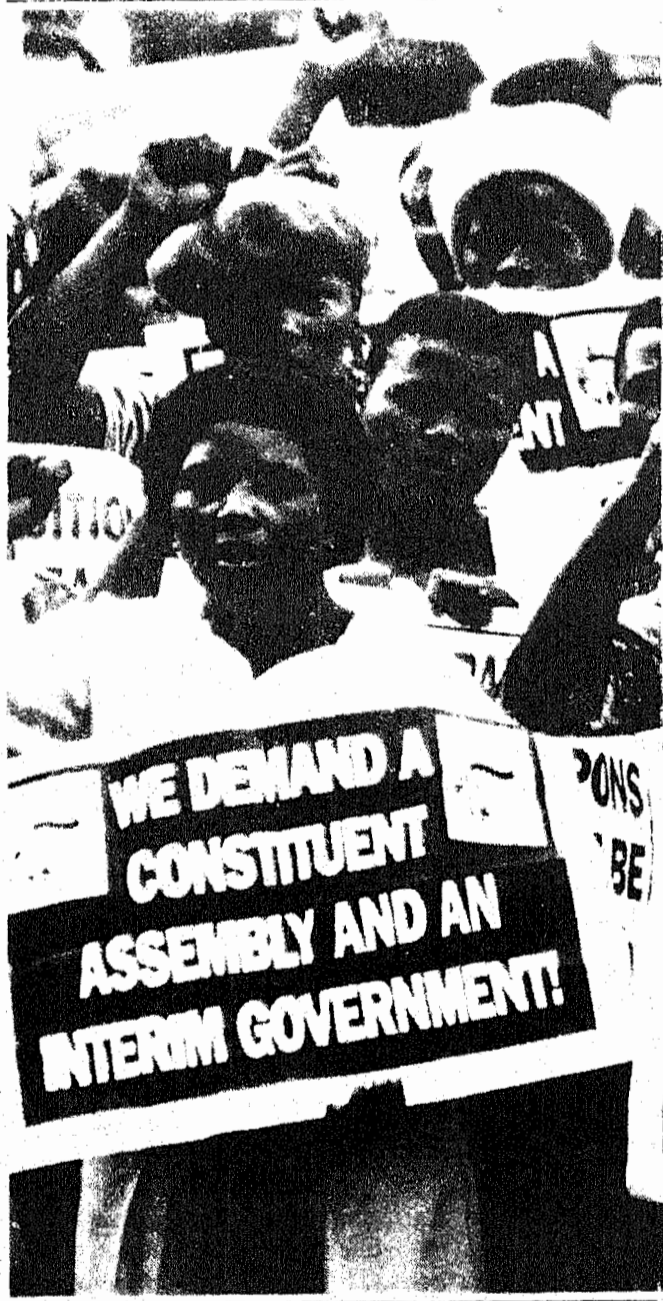
Apartheid, an Afrikaaner word meaning separateness, is the name given by the Government of the Republic of South Africa in 1948 to its system of constitutionalised racism. This system entails racial segregation, oppression and exploitation and enables whites, who comprise less than one fifth of the population, to have total control of the Republic's affairs. Sanctions were imposed by western nations to force the South African Government to abolish apartheid and create a non-racist, non-sexist South Africa. In this context, one can see how some people have felt that the lifting of sporting sanctions means the death of apartheid. However, this misconception can, in fact, be cleared up by a closer look at the issue of sporting sanctions.

In the first place, one must recognise that sporting sanctions have been lifted but with provisos. All sporting bodies entering the international arena must have the approval of The National Olympic Sports Committee of South Africa (NOSCSA). NOSCSA have set certain non-racial criteria that have yet to be met by all sporting bodies concerned.

Secondly, the lifting of sporting sanctions must be set in context with the trade, financial and investment sanctions and the arms embargo which continue to be imposed in accordance with, for example, the Commonwealth Committee of Foreign Ministers on Southern Africa (CFMSA).

The lifting of sporting and other "people-oriented" sanctions can usefully be seen as a reward for the South African Government's initial attempts to reform, particularly the creation of a climate conducive to negotiations. However, other sanctions that remain in place will not be lifted until further steps have been taken down the

REFORM IN SOUTH AFRICA



path of constitutional reform. In other words, a condition of the lifting of sporting sanctions is that the South African Government recognise that they are only *beginning* the process of abolishing apartheid and that negotiations on a new constitution are crucial to this.

That a system of constitutionalised racism is still firmly in place can be further evidenced by the recent call of the President of South Africa, Mr DeKlerk, to hold a snap whites-only referendum on his Government's performance. This move is an attempt to regain the initiative after the opposition Conservative Party's decisive win in a recent by-election. Mr DeKlerk aims to prove that the National Party represent the majority of whites at the Convention for a Democratic South Africa - the body set up to negotiate a new non-racial constitution. For some, Mr DeKlerk's decision to call a referendum is a bold move and the gamble of his political life. Others argue that Mr DeKlerk's initiative was a shrewd response to the by-election result at Potchefstroom. Whatever view one takes of Mr DeKlerk's motives for calling the referendum, it is surely a tool of the apartheid system. Not only does this referendum have the real effect of delaying the negotiating process but what better indication that one fifth of the population have total control of the Republic's affairs? The referendum is inconsistent with the notion that all South Africans, and not just whites, have the right to decide on the country's future? Finally, one must ask oneself what steps do need to be taken to ensure the abolition of a system of constitutional racism. A constitution which ensures a united, non-racial South Africa is required. Obviously, the present South African Government are not in the most objective position to oversee the process of constitutional reform. This implies that some sort of interim government would need to be established.

To co-ordinate the day-to-day affairs of the country, while a Constituent Assembly, whose members are elected in free and fair democratic elections, creates a new constitution for South Africa.

The demands of the African National Congress (ANC) are identical to these and are outlined in the *Harare Declaration*. Since its inception in 1912, the ANC has been trying to negotiate for the rights of the people of South Africa and formalised their demands in 1989, in a document known as the *Harare Declaration*. The *Harare Declaration* outlines a process for the transition of South Africa from apartheid to a truly united, non-racial democracy. This declaration has been adopted by both the United Nations and the Organisation of African Unity. As well as the establishment of an interim government, the Document recognises that constitutionalised racism will only end when a referendum amongst the people results in the acceptance of a new Constitution. In the words of the *1955 Freedom Charter*... "We, the people of South Africa, declare for all our country and the world to know: that South Africa belongs to all who live in it, black and white, and that no government can justly claim authority unless it is based on the will of all the people Let all who love their people and their country now say, as we say here: "These freedoms we will fight for, side by side, throughout our lives, until we have won our liberty."

Joanne De Silva



JOBS FOR STUDENTS

Adelaide University Football Club

Boundary & Goal Umpires

A great way to keep fit, and be involved in a great social club. Payment for your help is available.

Anyone interested in taking on either of these two opportunities should contact Fred Bloch, the Football Coordinator, personally in Security House, Room 214, or Phone 228 5529.

PLAYERS

The AUFC is always looking for new players. The club has teams to cater for all talent levels, with sides in Amateur League grades: A1/A1R, A5/A5R, A7/A7R, and A8/A8R. Training is currently at Park 10 (opp. Uni Gym) on Mondays & Wednesdays at 5.30pm. Anyone interested should make themselves known at practice or contact Fred Bloch on 228 5529.

Wine is constant proof that God loves us and likes to see us happy - attributed to Benjamin Franklin. Even if you are an atheist, and drink wine, then I am sure that, at least, winemakers would like to see you happy. If not, the bottle shop proprietor.

Wine is one of life's affordable luxuries. Enjoying a glass of wine and a meal with friends capture the pleasant feel of genuine relaxation, and as a liquid refreshment, wine has no equal. Whether you are keen to impress people through your knowledgeable selection of wine, or your needs are far more self-centred and you merely wish to hit the turps on Saturday night and prudently select a wine that will minimise the damage felt on Sunday morning, this is the column for you.

Many people are still unaware of the sheer enjoyment to be found in tasting a variety of wines, although they may be aware of its pleasurable role in social exchange. This year, I am to introduce you to the many aspects of wine and the history of the wine industry in particular. But my role is not to teach you how to drink or taste wine. The best I can do in this area is direct you to the various wine tasting courses that people like the TAFE, the WEA and the Australian Wine Information Bureau run, not to mention the hundreds of commercial cellar door outlets available in South Australia alone, virtually all of which provide samples of wine for tasting. The emphasis I make is towards 'lips-on' experience. I respectfully remind all On Dit readers that Adelaide is the wine centre for Australia, for a number of very good reasons, and that four major wine producing areas are all within an easy drive of Adelaide and this is worth taking advantage of.

Just to keep things light, some introductory information.

How many Australians drink wine? Only 4 in 10 people drink wine more than only occasionally. Even then, it's more likely to be from a cask or flagon than a bottle.

The world's most cultivated fruit? Grapes, of course, and by a big margin over pomace fruits or citrus fruits. Not all those grapes are used as table ordered

fruits either, in fact, over 70% goes towards wine. It's nice to know that human priorities, sometimes at least, have such honourable intent.

When all is said and done, wine is rotted grape juice, it's just a food preserve, yet the level of snobbery it can evoke still surprises me every now and then. Why does rotted grape juice attract so much attention? For a start, wine is an enormously diversified product. On the Australian market alone, there are at least 12,000 different wines available from which to choose, which means there is certain to be at least one wine that will suit any one person's expectation of palate and wallet. There would be ten times this number available in London.

In wine it is impossible for anyone to have specialist, up-to-date knowledge on every area and technique, and when there are more wines to be discovered than writers to discover them, this leaves a lot of scope for commentary on wine, and even more scope for tasting of wine. In Australia, the Penfolds group alone have 365 different wine labels, a different wine for every day of the year, and most of those labels are updated with new vintages every year, so don't worry too much if you get through them all this year.

Having access to wine helps you in the most difficult circumstances, in fact, I've got a bottle of Yalumba port here to help me get over the trauma of writing this article. There are occupational hazards involved. When I told my dentist that my career was to be in wine, he exclaimed, in horror, how bad that would be for my teeth, and to his credit I did observe the mouths of winemakers for a while after that and yes, some of them had pretty bad teeth. I've resolved to struggle on and, indeed, I think of the alternatives. Do mechanical engineering students go for a drive to help inspire them towards their career? What do economic students do? They probably drink wine.

Anyway, why does wine keep so well for so long? There are reports of two hundred year old wine vessels being opened and the contents found to be in excellent drinking condition. How does this come about? The most obvious physical and chemical reasons for wine being so popular and long lasting are as follows.

- The juice of grapes are easily separated from the solid matter, try squeezing apples or pears for juice.

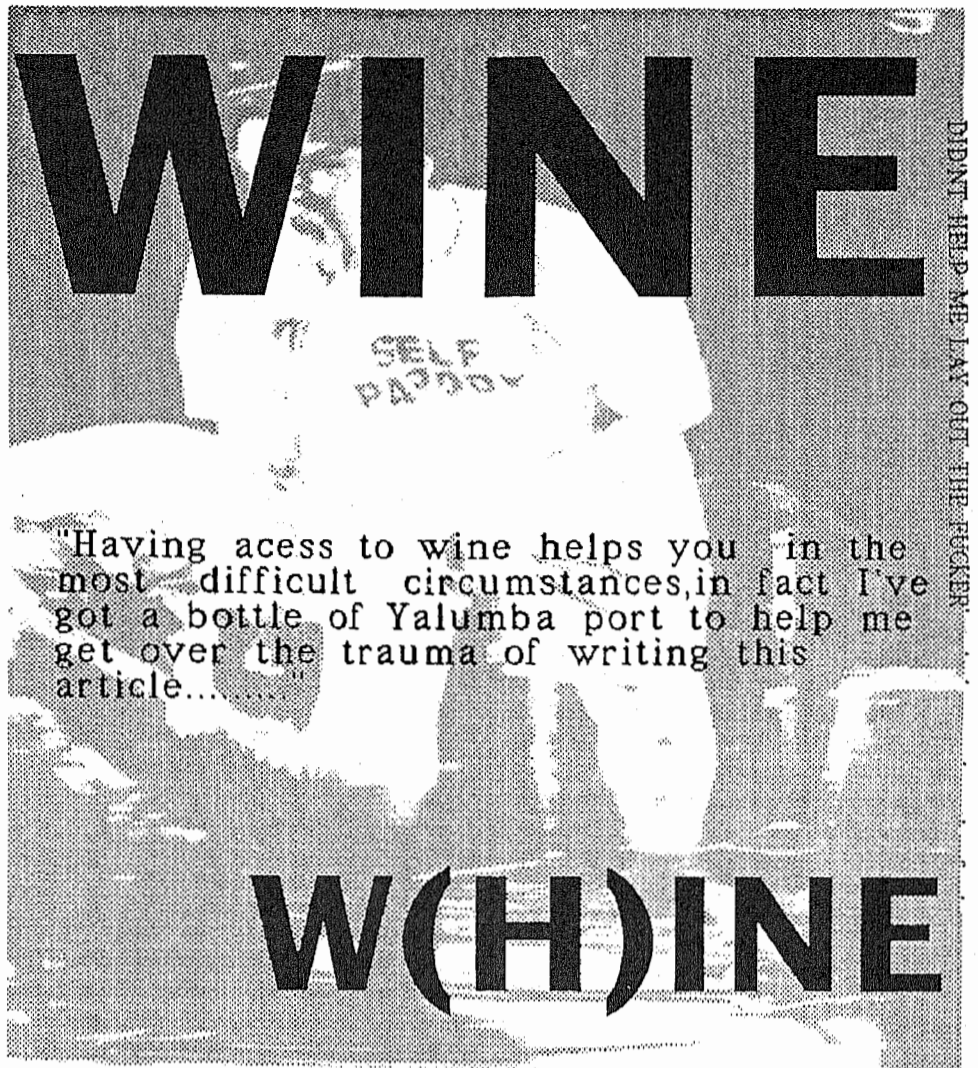
- You get a lot of grape produce per hectare, compared to other forms of horticultural activity.

- The presence of high sugar and high acid levels that naturally occur in grapes means that wine is naturally well preserved due to the hostile environment wine presents to otherwise threatening microbial activity.

Why all this diversity in wine? Because there are over 2,000 different varieties of grapes grown in the world, and probably a greater number of techniques for converting grapes into wine.

Do I need to know a lot about wine in order to enjoy it?

Absolutely not. The rule is, if you like it,



"Having access to wine helps you in the most difficult circumstances, in fact I've got a bottle of Yalumba port to help me get over the trauma of writing this article....."

drink it.

Why do people behave so snobbishly? Because it is easy to buy snob value with wine. Furthermore, to have an understanding of wine requires time and money in an unusual area of sensory experience, namely the olfactory sensation, hence wine knowledge can be an expensive affair, almost as expensive as some wine purchases that I can think of.

How much wine does Australia make? Roughly speaking, one half of a million tonnes (500 million kilograms) of wine grapes are harvested in order to produce one third of a million kilolitres (330 million litres) of wine. This represents 0.7% of world produce.

Is wine good for you? Both body and soul?

This is a really contentious question. If you are a Moslem, I can understand you saying no, however, to anyone else I would say that in moderate amounts wine is definitely good for you. If you are young, physically you can withstand much greater amounts than 'moderate' and mentally you need to shake off some more innocence and gain some more enlightenment, then I would recommend the occasional use 'to excess'.

Last comment?

The most recent National Geographic I read had an article on alcohol which featured a clever observation regarding the first five Americans who won Nobel prizes for literature, four were known alcoholics and this has continued to be

the trend.

If Shakespeare reckons that wine "provokes the desire, yet takes away the performance", then creative effort must occur prior to the occasion when we succumb to natural and, indeed, savage or animal desires. One of those notable American literary alcoholics was Ernest Hemingway and he said, "Wine is one of the most civilised things in the world, and one of the natural things that has been brought to the greatest perfection. It offers a greater range for enjoyment and appreciation than possibly any other purely sensory thing that may be purchased".

And finishing, now is the time to elaborate on Ben Franklin and why he might be such an authority on wine and its effects.

It turns out that Franklin was an industrious tradesperson, printer and journalist who earned enough through his lifestyle of diligence and moderate behaviour to virtually retire from business in his early forties in order to chase politics, science and lust. Indeed, in his later life, Franklin could scarcely be recognised as the sober tradesperson who would 'sup on half an anchovy', instead he became the plenipotentiary minister to France who built up a cellar of some 1,200 bottles that included five varieties of champagne.

It's nice to know that he made up for all that austerity early in life with extensive debauchery later on. Way to go! Wine is not all good, but definitely mostly good.

**CONSTANT PROOF
THAT GOD
LOVES YOU**

BEN
VAGNARELLI

Cohen Places

If the first golden rule of reviewing, and life, is never judge a book by its cover then the second is rules are made to be broken. . . at least in the case of *Tourism* by Bernard Cohen.

Look at the cover - a map of Australia, cut into little squares, glued back together in a random but neat fashion - and you have a clue to the contents. Read the blurb and you have another. Read the first entry and you begin an unusual journey.

Unusual and original, *Tourism* "parodies the very notion of the tourist guide, disputing the perceived boundaries of time, place and language." Ostensibly, this book is a collection of short descriptions of Australian cities and towns. The pieces are alphabetically arranged, taking the form of short story, memoir, anecdote or analysis, and employing sources as varied as popular song, architecture, mathematics (2=1) and literature.

Rest assured, you will find no tips on accommodation, restaurants, entertainments or hot-spots-to-shop. Instead, you will encounter the unknown, the indefinite, the absurd, and the subtle; you will see people, language, time and place presented from a new perspective. When reading *Tourism*, I suspected I was dealing with a mystery - as with all good mysteries, the clues are there waiting to be found. Trouble was, I kept missing them. Fortunately, I was able to speak with the author, and the light began to dawn. . .

So, who is this writer Bernard Cohen and from whence does he hail? According to his bio, he was born in Michigan in 1963 and arrived in Australia at the innocent age of seven months. Thus he can assure me that he considers himself an Australian and "just put the Michigan bit in to annoy people." He has recently moved from Bondi to Surrey Hills, neither of which rate a mention in *Tourism* for, as Cohen pointed out, he only included cities and towns in his book.

Given the title of Cohen's first published book, it seems fitting that the man is a bit of a nomad. Travel seems to be one of his great loves and has certainly contributed to the richness of the sources in his work. Having spent time in the US, Spain, Northern Europe and throughout Australia, he has some

interesting tales to tell. "I was mugged in Amsterdam" he told me cheerfully. In answer to my queries about Spain, he said "Bullfighting in Spain is like football in Australia." He also spent time on an archaeological dig in Egypt and on a kibbutz in Israel. Cohen's favourite tale is how he hitch-hiked from Adelaide to Sydney in 19 hours. *19 HOURS* - that must be a record, surely?

Currently, Cohen is co-editor of the literary magazine *Editions Review* which he refers to as his "fullish-time job." He is also studying law this year with a view to specialising in copyright law. I asked him what he thought of the new copyright laws. "Personally, there is no benefit because it means more titles, more competition. I understand that the dumping of remainder stock from overseas is not going to happen, which is good because if it did Australian writers would lose their income." I also asked him what he thought of the state of the Australian publishing industry. "As editor of *Editions Review* I see a lot of what is coming out and I feel very optimistic about the future of Australian publishing."

Institutions around Sydney, and insists that "anyone can write." while admitting "there is no one way to teach writing. . . people find their own way," he believes "the pooling of ideas, constructive criticism and technical advice are all useful in learning to write."

Cohen holds a Masters in Writing degree from UTS and this brings me to tourism. As Cohen explained, "the first version of *Tourism* was my thesis." Since I never knew that theses could be so entertaining, that surprised me, so I asked him where the idea came from. Rather than sigh at such a predictable question, he cheerfully explained that it started when, while travelling out of Melbourne, he saw a road sign by the highway - *NO PEDESTRIANS, NO BIKES, NO CARS, NO TRAINS etc* - which appealed to his sense of humour. "It came out of a joke, really. The starting point was the sentence 'the principle mode of transport in Melbourne is agricultural machinery' and it just continued from there. He wrote fifteen pieces and showed them to a writer-friend who suggested he continue. Finally a book eventuated.

The fact that Cohen has only visited a third of the

places he describes, and that he selected them all at random, highlights the point that *Tourism* is not concerned with places so much as place. In many ways, this book reminds me of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* for, besides being about travel, it is concerned with the limitations of language and the conditional nature of truth and reality. Consider lines such as "words alone do not constitute a system of meaning" (Tennant Creek); "Abandon meaning and there is no alteration" (Gundagai); "It is a mistake to seek truth as almost anything will do" (Adelaide); "Where do we stand in relation to what we do during its doing?" (Alice Springs); "You cannot claim to be swept along by events. You are involved up to your eyeballs already" (Zeehan). They challenge our preconceptions of reality and our belief in absolute truths and meaning. *Tourism* is about how we are controlled by language and yet how we use language so flexibly. According to Cohen, "words, places and lives exist simultaneously and therefore have equal value." It is how we choose to emphasise them that gives us our view of reality. If I am giving you the impression that *Tourism* is a complex treatment of language and no more, take

heart! It is also a display of Cohen's humour which emerges at its best when dealing with human relationships. Read the pieces Coolgardie, Mount Magnet, Wirulla, Dalwallinu and Weewah (in that order) and you have a funny, bittersweet and very true picture of a romance - perhaps of Eridunda's David, perhaps of yourself, perhaps everyone at one time or another. . .

This book is both simple and complex. The author's originality extends beyond the pages. In an original move to avoid 'the second book syndrome' faced by most writers, Cohen wrote *Tourism* after he had started another book. Yes, his first book is actually his second, so now he is working on his second published book which is actually his first. This one sounds interesting too. "I'm trying to write it in first person plural," he explained a little wearily, "and it is proving difficult at times." A third book is on the backburner but Cohen is not talking about it yet. In the meantime, read *Tourism*.

By the way, do not be offended by the comments about Adelaide. Cohen assured me that he likes the place. He may even come back.

Stephanie Pribil



HURRY! TICKETS SELLING FAST!

THE FABULOUS

THE BIG TOP

★ ANY FOUR SHOWS FOR JUST \$60! ★

International comedy, jugular cabaret & music heroes under The Big Top.

Britain's superstars of "Thunderbirds FAU" are back! A cliché-crunching comedy that'll have you swishing in your buckles.

March 1, 3-5 8.30pm
March 4 11pm, March 7 5pm

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Drop everything to see the world's best jugglers, the galaxy's craziest comics. "Better than television".

Special Family Price \$73! (2+2)

March 17, 18 7pm
Mar 19 9.30pm
Mar 20 6pm
Mar 21 5pm & 11pm

DAVID STRASSMAN & Friends

Ventriloquistic comedy for the '90s! Adult humour in the hands of a dummy and a comedian acclaimed as the comic hit of Melbourne's Comedy Festival.

March 15 8.30pm; Mar 17, 18 9.30pm
Mar 19 7pm; Mar 20 11pm

THE BACKSLIDERS

Sublime ragtime and stride. Europe's hottest combo and the world's greatest washboard player!

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

March 7 11pm

Paris Washboard

The complete works of Shakespeare in 90 hilarious minutes! HURRY - Some shows already sold out!

March 10, 12, 13 11pm
Mar 11, 13 8.30pm; Mar 15 6pm

The Reduced Shakespeare Company

Britain's cult-heroes of exotic music switch to dancing mode!

March 5, 6 11pm

PENGUIN CAFE DANCE BAND

Divine and stellar a cappella... with Margaret RoadKnight, Mara Kiek, Jamie Birmingham, Moya Simpson.

March 14 8.30pm

GIRLS IN YOUR TOWN

The Master Impressionist returns.

March 14 11pm

Ennio Marchetto

MAJOR SPONSOR

adelaide festival

FEBRUARY 28 · MARCH 21 · 1992

FESTIVAL DIARY RADIO 101.5FM
FRIENDS INFOLINE 216 8676.
Student concessions.

BOOK AT BASS TODAY!
DIAL 'N CHARGE 213 4777 MON-SAT
COUNTRY FREE CALL 008 888 327
All packages and attractions subject to availability. Package price offers and Easy Payment Plan facilities available until close of BASS trading on February 22.

BOOK AT BASS TODAY!
DIAL 'N CHARGE 213 4777 MON-SAT
COUNTRY FREE CALL 008 888 327
All packages and attractions subject to availability. Package price offers and Easy Payment Plan facilities available until close of BASS trading on February 22.

Native Tongue
Carl Hiaasen
 Pan Books (Australia) Pty Limited
 Hardcover \$32.95

Native Tongue is centred around a theme park in the South of Florida, called the Amazing Kingdom of Thrills. The park is very much in the Disneyland mould and attempts to compete with its more acclaimed rival by exhibiting a series of endangered species and supposedly saving them from extinction. Terrific public relations exercise.

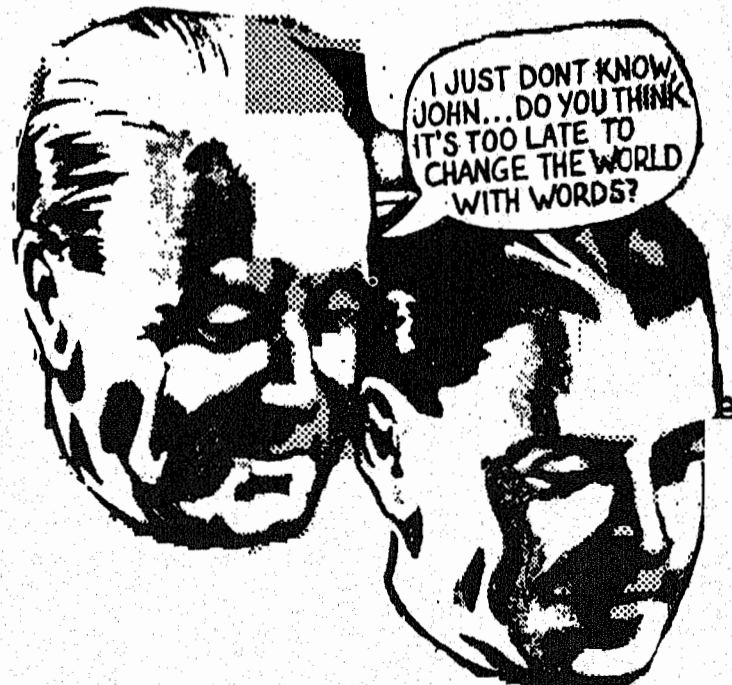
The novel opens with the theft of the last two blue tongued mango voles in existence and then concentrates on the hunt for the culprits and the return of the voles. Shortly into the novel, the voles are discovered dead and it is here that the mystery and mayhem begin, as the rich property developer who owns the Amazing Kingdom attempts to develop an adjacent piece of land into a championship golf course. The developer is confronted by environmentalists, the FBI, our hero, hot on the trail of a murderer, and the shady details of his mobster past.

The author Carl Hiaasen presents the reader with a kaleidoscope of bizarre characters that act out his plots. Our hero is Joe Winder, a public relations man at the Amazing Kingdom. In his glory days he was an investigative journalist, but he now spends his days writing phony press releases to hide flagging attendances at the Amazing Kingdom. When the voles go missing he suspects that there is more to the mystery than meets the eye. When the doctor in charge of the voles project is discovered dead then Joe's suspicion leads him to investigate the Kingdom's owner Francis X. Kingsbury and his developments.

Francis X. Kingsbury is the owner of the Amazing Kingdom and a reformed ex-mobster. He is a multi million dollar property developer and uses the endangered species program to gain grants from the government to use to develop the adjoining property into a golf course and accommodation facility. Kingsbury is a big time developer and Hiaasen stereotypically depicts him as uncaring towards the environment. This brings him opposition from environmental groups towards his development. None more passionate than Molly McNamara and her Mothers of Wilderness.

Molly, a gun toting 70-year-old, is aided by Bud Schwartz and Danny Pogue, two dim witted thieves who steal the voles in the name of conservation and then unbeknowningly kill them. Joe continues investigating Kingsbury and his shady business deals, survives murder attempts performed by Kingsbury's corrupt security officers and eventually uncovers the fraud that is taking place at the Amazing Kingdom and discovers the truth about Kingsbury's past. Carl Hiaasen tends to concentrate in this novel on the question of development versus the environment. He does this through Joe Winder, an avid fisherman who still bears a grudge against his property developer father, and Molly McNamara as they attempt to protect the south coast of Florida against Francis X. Kingsbury. However, he avoids running the pro-environment message down the readers throat by introducing sub-plots that are full of mystery to detract from the environmental band wagon. He keeps the readers attention by quickly switching from one scene to the next which keeps the action firmly entrenched in the readers mind. Hiaasen brings it all together in the grand finale when our hero Joe Winder, confronts Kingsbury and brings an end to his seedy underhand deceptions and brings his golf course development to an end. Although Native Tongue does have environmental overtones, it is nonetheless an entertaining novel. It has a great deal of mystery, and a good dose of humour, with a surprising conclusion that will leave you clamouring for more. All things considered, Native Tongue is worth a read, but not at \$32.95, wait for the paperback.

Da
 Page



BOOKS

The Deceiver
Frederick Forsyth
 Bantam Press
 \$29.95

My first thought after reading this book was that it would make a great TV mini-series. There was a note to that effect at the bottom of the back flyleaf and I thought that summed things up quite nicely.

Sam McCready is the head of Deception, Disinformation and Psychological Operations within the British Secret Intelligence Service and the book traces four episodes from his imaginary career. While these are fast-paced and interesting, they are unconnected and the characters within feel a bit superficial. This could have been avoided with a novel but instead Forsyth has given us four short stories which don't have the same impact as a longer story.

There are stories about an agent having a nervous breakdown in East Germany; a defector and assorted betrayals; an ex-SAS man tracking down IRA terrorists and murder in the Caribbean. However, I don't think Forsyth was ready to write anything set in our present world and has used the excuse of presenting case histories to avoid doing so. This combined with a conflict between the 'man of action', McCready, and administrator, who is having McCready retired, gives the whole book a cheap feel.

I enjoyed 'The Deceiver' but I feel that Forsyth has moved away from his strength - which lies in a complex plot with enough twists and turns to keep the reader guessing. There are surprises though and the book stands up quite well as a collection of short stories.

Jon Boomsma

In the Groove at THE ALE HOUSE



WARNER MUSIC presents **ChicISM** by Chic
 ALBUM GIVE-AWAYS this week...
THE ALE HOUSE
 At the Old Lion Hotel
 PHONE 267 3766

Show your Uni I.D. and your first drink is FREE!

My Definition

Without doubt, one of the most exciting and innovative bands on the Australian music scene at the moment are Def FX. Riding on the success of the song "Surfers of the Mind" and their critically acclaimed debut EP, "Water", Def FX have embarked on a tour to promote their second EP, "Surge". Talking with vocalist, Fiona Horne, it is clear that the band's success is founded on a refreshingly positive approach not only to music, but to life in general: "If you get a potential problem, you deal with it and turn it into an asset. Swing the energy around so it becomes positive instead of negative."

OD: Your music has been described as a fusion of hard core dance, music, speed metal, rhythm, melody and pop. With such disparate influences, you must have very broad tastes in music.

F: Yeah, we do. Individually, we all have pretty varied tastes, and the communication we have with each other is really good, so we all have chance to try out all our different ideas together. We never actually say, "Oh, I don't like that so I'm not going to try doing it". We sort of try everything, that's why the music comes out sounding like the hybrid that it is.

OD: What sort of stuff do you listen to?

F: Well, personally, I go through stages where I listen to a lot of ambient stuff and Kate Bush and really old David Bowie. Then I go to move American style stuff like Sonic Youth and Jane's Addiction.

OD: What about the rest of the band.

F: The rest of the band has similar tastes, but Blake and Martin get into some of the heavier metal stuff. We are all fans of the Butthole Surfers. Sean is into a lot of techno dance stuff and he's a big fan of a lot of the Belgian dance stuff, so it all sort of crosses over there.

OD: With such broad appeal, you are able to play not only in pubs, but in dance clubs as well. Does the atmosphere and crowd reaction differ from one venue to another?

F: In a way. When we started out, we were playing mostly clubs, but now we tend to play mostly venues and hotels and places like that. All the people who used to come and see us at clubs, come and see us at live venues now. I think we are getting a good nucleus of people who really like the music and have a good time at every show. We have been touring heaps - last year, I think we did about 170 shows - so we have managed to get a pretty strong live following.

OD: Do you prefer playing in one type of venue to another?

F: Not really, I like larger stages so you can jump around. Small stages are really difficult. We played last night in Woollongong in a very small hotel with about 400 people, and there was, like, no oxygen - there was nothing. You'd breathe in the air, and there was no oxygen so I'd keep blacking out and passing out all the time! It was pretty scary. So we prefer well-ventilated, preferably smoke-free venues with large stages.

OD: Well, you should enjoy playing Adelaide Uni because we have a non-smoking Bar.

F: Excellent!

OD: Obviously if you like big stages, you must have enjoyed doing supports for acts

such as EMF and Ned's Atomic Dustbin.

F: Yeah, that was good fun. In a way it was just like any other show. For us, it's no big deal to support an overseas act. It's nice to get up on a big stage and have the opportunity to play at a big place like The Palace in Melbourne. But all our gigs are really important to us and special to us, so we don't really say that one is better than another.

OD: So, then, you didn't encounter any problems with apathetic crowds?

F: No, the vibe I got, especially when we supported EMF in Sydney, was that there were more people there to see us than them - I mean, if I can say that without sounding conceited. It was our first major North Shore show that we had ever done in a good venue, and we are all from the north side, so there was heaps of friends there. That helped to make EMF a huge success. With the Ned's, I think it was a good vibe for all the bands. That's what I really like at the moment - the live scene is really flourishing and people are going out to have a good time. So they are responding well to overseas bands as well as local bands, which is great because I think we should have more pride in the music we put out from Australia instead of always looking to overseas trends. I think Australia has plenty to offer itself.

OD: How has your own 'Surge '92' tour been going?

F: Well, we have only done three nights of the tour so far and they have been huge, so I'm really excited, I'm really enjoying it.

OD: Have you been to Adelaide before?

F: Yeah, I used to live in Adelaide for

about a year and a bit. I lived there about six years' ago, and I really like Adelaide a lot. It's where I got me first band together. It was in the days of the Princes Berkley and La Catina's and Portabello's, I think it's called, up in North Adelaide; and all these places. There were heaps of venues and the scene was really happening. We were called Sister Sludge, and the Johnny's were down and Salamander Jim was down, and it was a really vibing time - lots of Gothics and stuff. It was all Harry Butler sort of scene with Fear and Loathing. So, I'm really looking forward to coming down to Adelaide. One of my best friends lives there too, so it will be good to see her.

OD: What can Adelaide audiences expect from your shows?

F: We all really enjoy playing so we are going to put two hundreds or a million per cent into every show. I'd like to think that if people came out to see us, they would have a really good night, get a few goosebumps and go home thinking, "Wow, I had a really good night tonight".

OD: When you are creating your songs, do you have one or two principle songwriters or is it a group effort?

F: No, it's a group effort. There are four front people in this band and four equal contributors to this band, so it balances out. Generally, I write the lyrics I sing and Sean writes the lyrics he sings, though sometimes there is a bit of a cross-over. We're really flexible like that. There are no egos or anything involved. Egos are just an incredible waste of time and energy. Blake works out his guitar and on the album, I've played a bit of guitar which he has complemented.

It's very much a four-way thing.

OD: What sort of themes interest you with lyrics at the moment?

F: Well, personally, I always avoid the Mills and Boon love story lyrics. I think they are really retarded and boring. They don't contribute to any sort of state of mind. I think our lyrics try to offer an alternative and slightly more esoteric way of looking at life, with a more positive attitude than the general doom and gloom "Oh, I'm going to get hurt"-type of stuff. We don't focus on that. We try to focus on living in the now, and grasping every moment, and making the most of it in a really positive way for everyone involved.

OD: With such a positive outlook, you must have been really pleased to have the "Water" EP nominated for Best Independent Release at the ARIA awards.

F: Yeah, that was really cool.

OD: Did you head along to the awards ceremony?

F: Well, the funny story with that night, was we were playing in Newcastle. As we were driving up to the gig - we were about half way to Newcastle and it was about nine o'clock - we turned on the radio and pressed random search, and it landed on this station that was broadcasting the ARIAs live to air. There were four of us in the car and we thought, "Wow, now we can listen to the ARIAs". The biggest spin was when Richard Wilkins said, "This is the best Australian album," and the music to our song "Surfers of the Mind" started! We all looked at each other and said, "What? Aaah!!" But what they had done for the night was to have taken part of "Surfers" and part of another song of ours, "Ghost" - both off "Water" - and used them as the tags for introducing each award. We just freaked out. I mean, to me, that was a bigger honour than being nominated or winning, because our music was played about thirty-five times during the night! When they actually announced the independent award, we were on stage. We didn't win, but getting nominated was really cool anyway. I'm glad we did the show in Newcastle, anyway. It would have been fun to go to the ARIA awards and look at famous people and that kind of scene. But I'm glad we did the show in Newcastle - it was good fun.

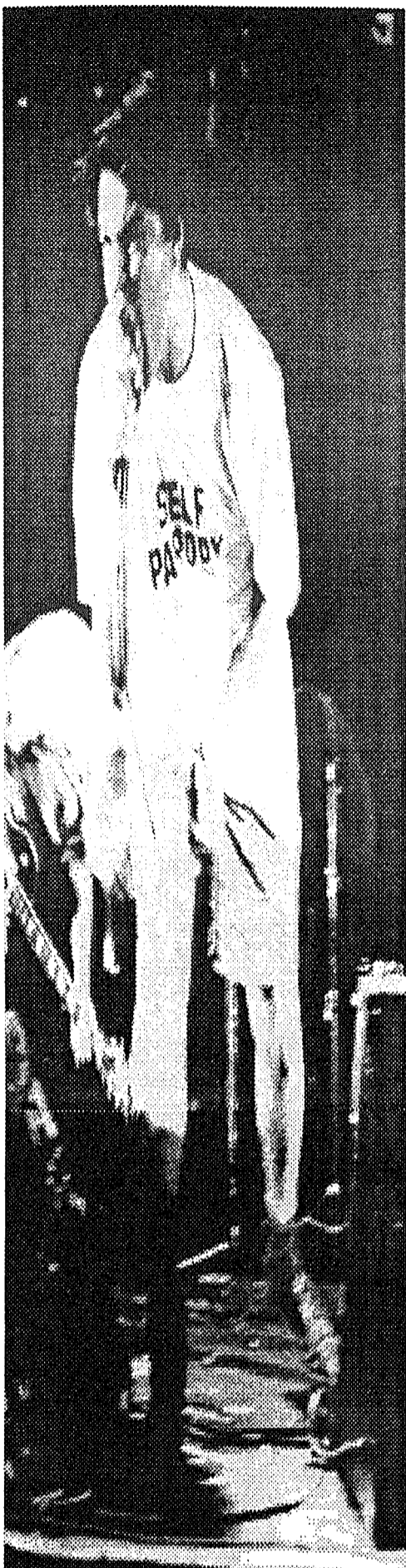
OD: So, what does the future hold for Def FX?

F: I hope we just keep growing and expanding at the rate we have. It's like everything is moving ahead really fast. We have just finished recording our album and it sounds really, really good. I'm really proud of it. I feel like it's better than "Water" and "Surge" and I'm so critical, so if I can say that, I feel that we have accomplished something. So, I'm hoping everyone else will like it as much as we do, so then we can hopefully go overseas this year. I want to just keep playing heaps and heaps of shows, and hopefully one day be able to be self-sufficient and not have to work nine to five or live on the dole.

Def FX will release a third EP soon, prior to the release of their debut album in July. In the meantime, they will continue their "Surge '92" tour, playing at the Adelaide Uni Bar on Friday, 20th March and at the Fringe Club on Saturday, 21st March.



"It's very much a four way thing"



BLUE LOBSTER COFFEE MACHINE

For those of you who missed Cerveza Y Putas at the Exeter Hotel last week.

I hear Cerveza Y Putas are to open Womadelaide.

B: I think it's entirely appropriate, we are Adelaides finest exponents of world music rock'n'roll. We didn't actually play as part of the Womadelaide but we did play on the night of the opening at the Exeter hotel.

D: I think it's entirely inappropriate that we weren't asked to play at the official opening. I mean they got all of this overseas talent in and yet they've got their own local home grown world music band.

Has Paul Simon expressed any interest in the band, I mean are we going to see a Paul Simon album using "Cerveza" rhythms

D: Paul Simon's next album will probably be called sounds of Pinyata or something.

B: Putas rhythms are a bit irregular, mainly thanks to me and Dave, not being able to hold a steady beat for quite as long we should.

Why was I specifically asked not to bring up the Mandelbrot Set, My Love Pumpkin and Kate Ceberano.

D: No comment.

B: No comment. Absolutely no comment whatsoever, they're all very nice people.

I hear you recorded recently.

D: Yeah we recorded a three track demo called "Underlay Underlay" at Carclew recording studio. And we made a video for \$23.

B: Did that actually cost money.

D: Yeah. My oath.

B: Streuth.

For SCAT.

D: Apparently. We gave it SCAT but I don't know if they used it or not. I couldn't actually receive SCAT.

B: We were going to do a proper video with them, like a studio one, but we didn't have our demo done in time so we just...

D: ...did one ourselves.

B: Yeah, very crap and unprofessional, but that's all part of the bands image.

What can we expect to see from Cerveza Y

Putas in 1992?

D: Less shows.

B: More naked bodies. Oh, who knows it could be a good year for us, we're playing the Crown and Anchor on the Friday 20th March.

D: Both these shows should be good, with the Festival and the Fringe on at the same time, they'll be good shows to get us back into playing. We've had a break for a while. A sabbatical.

While band members have been having babies and stuff?

D: We'll not exactly...

B: Trying to!

D: No, while we've been recording. Also Dave, the singer, has a job as Spanish correspondent with the *Advertiser*.

B: For some reason bands seem to take time off when they record. But I don't really understand why because we spent half an afternoon doing it, and...

D: Took the other four weeks off.

B: It's been nice weather.

What about a stadium show, an outdoor show combining the nice weather and rock'n'roll good times.

B: There's an idea.

D: Actually we had a good idea the other day. I don't know if it will get off the ground but we've approached the SACA with it. The idea is to have a night/night game of cricket, starting at about eight o'clock at night, and finishes at about three or four am in the morning. Maybe getting some international sides to play as part of the world cup. Instead of making the hill area as a cricket watching area we'd make it a special entry price and have a dance party. Instead of having a whole lot of jobs under the score board chucking beer cans, there would be a whole lot of people ecied up to the gills dancing wildly. Can you imagine Curtly Ambrose running in to the strains of "bust a move". I think it's a great new entertainment concept.

You also played a show at the Glenside hospital at Christmas time.

D: Yeah, we played at the Patterson Ward Christmas time and a good time was had by all. We did some karaoke, some requests.

B: Yeah some slap dash improvisations of songs like "Stairway to Heaven" "Smoke on the Water" and "Roadhouse Blues".

Are we going to be hearing more originals in Cervezas shows?

B: We are working on some more originals for the next few shows.

D: We've got one complete new one. It's called

"Exploda". It's about eating a dodgy curry and having your stomach explode I think, but I don't really know I don't speak Spanish.

Will you play battle of the bands this year?

D: I don't think we can.

B: Yeah we can, you only need forty percent of the band to be at uni.

D: Oh well we're right then. I don't think we will though.

B: It'd be a bit unfair to the other bands.

D: I don't think, personally, that bands who have been playing for a while should be allowed to enter battle of the bands. It should just be for new bands.

B: And one off bands.

D: We went in it last year but we've been playing since then so we probably won't this year.

What became of the official grouple contracts that were circulated last year?

B: They are all in my bottom draw at home.

D: We're seeking legal advice on them at the moment.

Do you feel that some of the groupies are letting the side down at the moment/

D: No we are more interested in the Barry Salter clause, in the contract.

What, you haven't been getting much lately?

D: No.

B: I just can't get enough.

What else have the band got planned for 1992?

B: Maybe a release, we'll see.

D: I'd like to program rage.

What sort of videos do you like?

B: Our own. I don't think you can beat a good bit of live footage.

D: I like top forty videos. I like the new Roxette video.

I'm just waiting for the Sugarcubes and Roxette to put out a song together called "Blue lobster coffee machine" or something.

B: We feel a bit of an affinity with bands like Roxette and the Sugarcubes..

D: ...they don't speak English very well and we don't speak Spanish very well.

Richard Vowles

STUDENT RADIO GUIDE

Student Radio Programme

Sunday, 22nd March

SUV 531 AM Dial and 101.5 FM Dial

4 - 5 Music show presented by Richard Vowles.

5 - 6 "The Most Talked About Radio Show on Earth" with Annabel Crabb, George Selvanera and Jo Dyer. This week featuring interviews with top Fringe performers - "Stomp" and Judith Lucy.

6 - 7 "The Brothers Don't Surf Variety Show" with Adam Simpson and Chlöe Fox - a strange European mélange of music and personality. This week's show includes interviews with the O'Ball performers: Helvelln, Archie Roach and Frenché.

7 - 8 "Johnny Starr and the Lové Muscle" with Steve Thomson and Alan Merritt - a mixture of household hints, music, Festival reviews - and special interview with ABC TV comedian, Andrew Denton.

8 - 9 "The Story of the Eye" with Kate Jutner and Katarina Grenfell. This week presenting a controversial debate between Royalist Charlie Abbott and Republican Jo Dyer. "To Queen or Not to Queen" will be broadcasted live from the studio.

9 - 10 "The Love Children of Gloria Gaynor" with Juliet Nicole and Emily Branford - Music and chat show featuring theatre and film reviews.

10 - 11 "Psychotherapy" with Ben Burdon and Piers Gillespie/

11 - 12.30 "Affordable Fun at the Festival" with Priscilla Barker and Cecilia Scurrah - presenting what's on cheaply at the Festival and playing music from around the world.

**Buddy Guy & Junior Wells -
Alone and Acoustic
Charlie Musselwhite - Signa-
ture
The Alligator Records 20th
Anniversary Collection**

A swag of new blues albums from independent label Alligator. Since 1971, Alligator has championed authentic blues of all varieties from Delta blues to BB King style Pump blues, although their bias leans towards Chicago blues. Chicago being the city in which Alligator was founded and continues to be based. These new releases represent a broad spectrum of blues styles. The Buddy Guy and Junior Wells effort is, as the title suggests, an 11-year-old recording of a Paris concert in which the only performers were Buddy on acoustic guitar and vocals and Junior on unamplified harmonica. The results are wonderful if not quite spectacular with the interplay between the two Chicago veterans shining on a set comprised largely of rearranged electric blues classics. The emphasis here is very much on Delta style blues and Buddy Guy's Robert Johnson influence speaks loudly in his surprisingly subtle guitar work.

Musselwhite's album is merely a slight variation on the same album he has been producing since the '60s. Solid and dependable, the writing is poor and generic and fails to be buoyed by interesting performances. Solos tend to be strings of clichés, rather than well thought-out musical statements and there is a distinct air of superficiality about the entire proceedings. The Alligator Records 20th Anniversary Collection chronicles the growth of the label and features most of the significant players who have appeared on it. There are certainly some magnificent performances catalogued on the album with Albert Collins, Roy Buchanan, Johnny Winter providing typically dependable performances and Professor Longhair, Stevie Ray Vaughan's star turn with AC Reed and, particularly, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown's stinging "Born in Louisiana" being near perfect examples of what the blues should be about. However, too much of the material conforms to a generic, Chicago, "Houserockin'" music format which is fairly grating at the best of times. May Alligator continue if only to produce more recordings by "Gatemouth" and to carry the flame for the US's great musical pariah.
Paul Lauritsen

**A Thousand Suns
Russell Morris
Festival**

This is tripe. Shallow, soulless, boring and inept. Clichéd, derivative, tired and tiresome. Ten new songs from Russell Morris, the artist that wrote "The Real Thing" (not to be confused with U2 or Coke ads). In fact, he concludes this album with his 1990 mix of that very hit. It is a wholly credible version with complex and intriguing new dimensions which only serves to highlight exactly how half baked the music that precedes it is. Perhaps this is grossly overharsh criticism from someone who can't, himself, even sing in tune. But perhaps not.
Mat Gibson

**Stairway to Heaven
Dread Zeppelin
(Cassingle - IRS)**

The only good Led Zep cover is a dead one. Witness my sacrifice.
DJK

**Sleazed
Freak Power
10"
Wildside / Festival**

Being dedicated, I got out the atlas and found these guys hail from around Auckland, New Zealand. Again, being on 'Wildside' they're bad and mean - check the cutesie warnings against taping their record!

The most noticeable thing about this record (apart from the bad boy image) is the vocals. Geeze, Paul E. Snake sounds like Lemmy after a tonsillectomy. Despite all this, the record has some promise, particularly 'One Bad Sister', but the production lets the songs down a little.

To live up to their image, the sound should really hit you hard, and I'm sure live it does. It needs more crunch! Not bad but with adjustment classes, it could have really been noteworthy.

**DKJ
Edfoka
Matt Moffitt
True Tone**

"Euroka" is a bona fide radical departure. Six years or so ago, Matt Moffitt dissolved Matt Finish and submerged completely from the music 'scene' (the failure of his solo album with CBS to garner even dismal sale barely counts as a reemergence). On "Euroka", a new 4 song EP, he declares his reluctance to reembrace the industry and the style of music it might expect him to produce, instead, relaxing in to the less pretentious, unforced company of acoustic guitars, a bass and piano.

The music he has created here with its elaborate and strident picking and strumming is so far removed from the obvious pop-rock of "As Little As A Look" as to render it unrecognisable. Moffitt's vocal style has altered little, however, and it sees him struggling at times to develop melodies distinctive enough to complement the stylish music. Still, this is a package of warmth and considerable charm.

**Mat Gibson
Loco Live
Ramones
EMI**

Hey, why haven't the Ramones done this before? Oh, they have Oh well, at least you'll know exactly what this sounds like, then. A little superfluous, but everyone has to own at least one live Ramones recording. (This one has 33 songs, and guess what! There's actually three or four words of stage banter meshed between the 1, 2, 3, 4's!) Maybe they're getting old, maybe my treble response is knackered, but a little more guitar would have been nice

....
DKJ

**Misericord
Jay Clarkson / Breathing Cage
Tall Poppy**

No, this is not your average good time party album. From New Zealand, this band reminds me of The Triffids, if only for the atmospheric nature of the record. The lyrical content covers those things that the average human screws up so well - love, relationships and the like.

'Misericord' becomes almost oppressive and a little disturbing at times, but is rescued by the various melodies interplaying with Jay Clarkson's distinctive vocals. Session musicians on piano, organ, oboe and clarinet add to the overall feel.

A challenging record, very gentle in sound, but with plenty of backbone. A few of the songs managed to irritate me a little, but songs like 'Cheeky Wings' that managed to make my thoughts float with the melodies made up for it. Recommended listening.

(What a wanky review, huh?)
DJK

**The Sky is Crying
Stevie Ray Vaughan
and Double Trouble**

Any collection of out-takes released posthumously must be treated with extreme caution. However, must to Sony Music's credit, this collection of out-takes by the late, white, Texan blues hero represents a substantial contribution to his recorded legacy rather than mere grave robbing. Many fans would say that Stevie Ray's greatest music was produced on stage and certainly much of the appeal of this collection lies in the "live-in-the-studio" feel to many tracks. The glitches and mistakes, tacky recording methods and the "unfinished" quality of some material are all quite evident in raw performances that emphasise Stevie Ray's greatest quality - his authentic, emotional blues guitar playing. "Boot Hill" and "The Sky is Crying" represent particularly rootsy examples of his style but it is his instrumental take on Jimi's "Little Wing" that displays Vaughan's great breadth as a musician. Alternately subdued and fiery, Stevie Ray combines influences from Jimi, Wes Montgomery and Albert King but emerges as himself. Stevie's brother, former Fabulous Thunderbird, Jimmie Lee, has done an excellent job in selecting and organising the cuts. The package is only another indication of what fans knew following that fateful day in August 1990 - no one can take Stevie Ray's place. He will be sorely missed.

Paul Lauritsen

**Little Earthquakes
Tori Amos
WEA**

The drawing of comparisons does all artists something of a disservice. Equally, it can provide a valuable point of reference for potential listeners and purchasers, so there is some justification for their common occurrence in reviews. Amos is her own woman, doubtless her own musician, but describe her music and singing as a cross between Kate Bush and Rickie Lee Jones is to acknowledge influences/coincidences that are unmistakable.

Amos' songs of guilt, anger, frustration and sexual anguish are all based around her acoustic piano. They move between passages, contemplative and intense, and are interspersed with quirky shifts of pace and style. She embellishes them, to varying degrees, with guitars, drums and strings but always as mere accompaniments to the delicate and tense tones of her piano. And, of course, her voice. Slipping frequently and with ease between lilting repose and plaintive passion (often highlighted with harmonied overlays) she shows considerable control and varied expression and it would be only a positive criticism to suggest that she has yet to extend herself fully.

Her music is definitely emotional, flowing naturally from their lyrical content. Often written in a stream-of-consciousness style or with oblique references to the personal, she nonetheless manages to evoke many strong and pointed images, much of which reveals a past of sexual/emotional conflict. In particular, Amos produces a number of barbs for male sexuality and the crimes of its fickle and power-oriented desire. Of these, the most stark is the painful, tender and angry unaccompanied vocal of "Me And A Gun". It draws on the thoughts of a woman during and after a rape (and, it seems, her murder of the rapist). Possibly herself, someone close to her (one in three women, after all) or perhaps even after having read Helen Zahavi's brilliant "Dirty Weekend", so similar are some of the images.

Not all of the songs are so painful ("Tear In Your Hand" has lighthearted references to Neil Gaiman and his "Sandman" comic) and not all the pain revolves around assailants and past or present lovers (though scorn is well heaped upon them). Society and its institutions and gender roles, parental expectations and an inability to communicate are all sources of torment for Amos. There is some clever writing ("I've got enough guilt to start my own religion") but in their sense of impotent rage and pious suffering, the lyrics often border on teen angst; which is not to say exactly immature, for the artists musical maturity and vocal delivery propel them way beyond this.

There is no 'single' amongst these fine works but Amos seems nevertheless bound for (a not unjustified) cult status.

Mat Gibson



Just Right The Beasts of Bourbon Red Eye

This "Maxi-single-mini-album-alternative-mix-limited-edition-bonus-tracks-more-than-you-deserve-EP", as the band call it, is an excellent taste of the music of one of Australia's best bands. You get "Just Right" taken from the brilliant album "The Low Road". "Getcha Money Ready" and "There's No Cure", two new tracks, both great bluesy rock tunes sung in Tex Perkins' unmistakable tenor, and live versions of "Black Milk" and "Let's Get Funky". "Black Milk" is six and a half minutes long and you can visualise Tex strutting around the stage, spitting out every word for every minute of it. "Let's Get Funky" must've left the audiences ears bleeding that night, it is just so loud and full of feedback. All in all, an excellent little package. Priced at \$7.95, there is no excuse not to own this one.

Richard Vowles

Bandwagonesque Teenage Fanclub Geffen

What can be said about this album which hasn't already been said! "Lethargic", "laid back", "lazy", "four unemployed students stuffed into a horsehair sofa, throwing beer cans at the box whenever they want to change channels", "dole queue paced", etc. etc. At first listening, Bandwagonesque didn't grab me, there were some good songs, and lots of not so good ones. Most seemed to drag on for too long and be self indulgent wank.

However, on the tenth listening, I took some good advice given by a friend: "Don't take it seriously, just sit back and enjoy it" ... it works!

This is a good album, though I fail to see why the band have become British music press favourites all of a sudden. Songs like "The Concept", "Starsign" and "What You Do To Me" all highlight their sense of humour and laid back approach, and my personal favourite "Satan" starts off as noise, and stays that way for half a minute or so before it all falls together into a tune which lasts for about 5 seconds before fading out. Another album which fits into that "one of this summer's better releases" category.

Richard Vowles

Killjoys Zuluz Friday, 21st February

It's amazing how lyrics can sometimes take on two meanings. A completely pleasant evening at Zuluz to witness. The Killjoys live experience turned rapidly into an hour of yawning and enough watch-gazing to induce RSI of the neck. Yesiree, when they sang: Listen see how it goes / same tune everyone knows / How it sounds and it sounds / like you'll let me down / Don't let me down ... They were definitely singing about themselves. Having released two chiming poppy EP's, an album (Ruby), won an Aria award and toured the country excessively

- this evening was supposed to be special. Instead, the band clambered on stage to an eager and packed venue (sans the laminated up bus tour crowd that populated the venue earlier in the evening), only to disappoint. Understandably, the Killjoys, er, laid back tunes would indeed be difficult to perform live with high crowd excitement levels, however, tonight's performance was so laid back it was almost comatosed on the floor.

However, this lack lustre turn out cannot be blamed on band alone - mammoth technical setbacks early on seemed to set the mood for the whole show. All throughout, singer Anna Burley emitted mutterances along the lines of "... I don't believe this is happening ...", and "Really - last night's gig was great." Nevertheless, memorable moments included sunny versions of singles "Fall Around Me", "Michael Told Me", and "Calling Me On". The majority of the crowd that hung around to hear the swirly sounds at the end of "Gone" were not disappointed with the squealing, spooky noises that were distorted vibraphone (!). Furthermore, despite the obvious sound problems and the fact that the band themselves were extremely pissed off, the cheering punters forced out of them another two encores, one of which included an Elvis cover. The only cheerful face on stage belonged to new bassist Michael, who, despite the flurry around him, continued to bob up and down happily.

Although the Killjoys reeled out everything that was expected of them, this particular gig lacked the sparkle it deserved. Let down? You bet.

Fiona Dalton

Pull Up To The Bumper Rumblefish 7"

Wildside / Festival

Yup, another Chili-no-more clone. Funky slap bass, driving guitar leads, even something that sounds very cheesy and synthesised. Standard suggestive lyrical fare, and a rather irritating guitar solo, and I swear the 'Yea - yeah' on the B-side was sampled from Ian Astbury. Being on the 'Wildside' label, they have to be bad boys, so they use the words 'Funk off' to sound like ... well, yeah, James Brown beat them to it, didn't he? Story of these geezers reckud, really.

The Miserable One - DJK

Gotcha The Adelaide Connection Vocal Jazz Ensemble Festival Records

'Gotcha' is the third album that has been recorded by Adelaide Uni's own vocal jazz ensemble. It consists of 12 toe-tappin' tunes that are varied in mood.

'Put on a Happy Face' is one track we all know. Here it's been tastefully sung, as has 'Come Rain or Come Shine'. Also worthy of mention is that Don Burrows is a guest artist on flute, clarinet and saxophone.

If you're into jazz or would like to preview the music at the 1992 Grad Ball - this one's worth a listen.

Marlan Clarkin

The Boy in the Bubble The Blue Aeroplanes

The Blue Aeroplanes are quite a mysterious band. Before listening to this record, all I associated with this group of musicians was a flurry of derogatory Morrissey style jokes published in the NME. So, could this perhaps be the reason why this rather well known but not well heard band has released a cover of a Paul Simon song? To shed the general perception that as a group they have no talent whatsoever, and possibly even gain some elusive airplay at the same time? A-ha! Nifty Marketing ploy revealed!

Anyway, to speak of the song itself, I don't believe that any band short of They Might Be Giants could save it from being condemned as one of the most wanky features of the mid 80s. The Blue Aeroplanes have tried, most certainly have failed, and would have received a right old bagging from yours truly had the B-side not been so good. "Talkin' on the Otherphone" is indeed quite good, and even worth buying the single for. Ignore the tacky concept of covering a Paul Simon song. Ignore the pathetic BLU AERO number plate on the reverse sleeve. The Blue Aeroplanes do possess some talent, it's just a matter of wading through the crap to find it.

Sean Humphries



Fairydust The Welcome Mat Plenny O'Hooks Records EP

Six strong tracks by a great young Sydney band. The opening track, "10,000 people with the same idea" should be quite well known, due to its justifiably generous airplay on JJJ. Of the other five tracks, the more relaxed "Things You Rely On" stands out as a great song with poignant vocals.

The EP is made fantastic by the inclusion of "Cake", which was released and received a deal of airplay some time ago, and is included on "Live at the Wireless". It is a marvellous song, with plenty of hooks and a great vocal melody. The lyrics are intelligent and stirring:

I am a hollow vessel to pour your thoughts into

I am a piece of clay to mold and shape anew

Come join me dot-to-dot, fill in every space

Come take a coloured pencil and shade my pallid face.

The production and instrumentation have combined to produce a track that is not only the highlight of the album, but also one of the great Australian songs of the last twelve months.

To listeners familiar with "10,000 People" or "Cake" or "Stationary Blur" (from Youngblood 3), this EP is a great chance to hear more of the band. On CD for under \$10 at Uni Records and you can't go wrong.

Damien Spry

Chorus Erasure Liberation Records

Call me a sadly deranged lunatic if you will, but there is something I find strangely attractive about Erasure. Maybe it's the lead singer's voice, perfect for this type of appealing pop, or maybe it's just the thought of him twisting himself seductively along some stage somewhere. Anyway, "Chorus", the first song on the tape and the title song is very fetching, an almost perfect example of the form of pop that Erasure (and very few others) often excels in making. "Love to Hate You" is, to my mind, the best song on Chorus - complete and wonderfully pure pop. This is closely followed in likeability by "Breath of Life" and "Am I Right?": On the other end of the spectrum, "Siren Song" is undoubtedly material for desperate insomniacs and even sounds a bit Andrew 'absolutely no talent' Lloyd Webberish, i.e. not very good.

Overall, though, this album evoked a surprisingly positive response from me. There is no doubt that Erasure's pop is infectious - admittedly some might argue it's infectious, much like a bout of flu - but still, I choose to fly in the face of my usual preferences (or rather, prejudices) and say "I really like this". Look out next week for my positive review of a Kylie record.

J. Duncan

FRINGE-FESTIVAL

Magpie Theatre's *Funerals and Circuses*

At Theatre 62 until March 21

Scripted by Roger Bennett with music by Paul Kelly and directed by Steven Gration, *Funerals and Circuses* boasts a formidable theatrical base. Yet despite being a solid, enjoyable, and relevant theatrical production, *Funerals and Circuses* fails to fulfil the promise which was clearly evident.

In recent years Aboriginal playwrights have been receiving greater recognition for their work, and *Funerals and Circuses* represents another successful achievement. Roger Bennett has created a world in which inner truths and social actualities are alarmingly real. In a small outback Australian town, racial conflict is fuelled by a mixed marriage. This marriage draws thinly concealed racial tensions to the surface and results, in a sequence of violent and tragic circumstances.

As a director, Steve Gration refuses to allow himself to be forced into any particular theatrical style. In a kind of *Artaud does Broadway*, he places the theatre of cruelty, the theatre of the absurd, musical comedy and vaudeville side by side. At times, this creates exciting and unpredictable theatre in a way which could never be achieved through the use of conventional or specific forms. However, sometimes this clash of styles makes the play seem clumsy and confusing. For example, when Kate Roberts, playing her excellent but highly animated characters interacts with actors playing in a relatively naturalistic style, it unjustly makes her appear 'over the top'. In trying to restrict the pacing of the show to reflect the slower lifestyle of outback Australia, Gration has over-shot his mark and sections of the play border on laborious. Even with these problems, Gration again displays a fine talent and wonderful understanding of Bennett's play.

The use of promenade style of performance mostly worked well. Audience members became guests at a wedding, patrons at a pub, a gathering for the Country Women's Association talent evening, and participants in a search party. Although this technique added a welcome dimension to the production as a whole, the limitation of Theatre 62 prevented the promenade from being a success. The difficulties of moving 250-300 people through narrow doorways impeded the momentum of the production. This difficulty aside, it became a fascinating journey.

Designer Kathryn Sproul would be a valuable asset to an theatrical company. Her recreation of an outback town was a delightful use of space and a wonderful complement to the production. Complete with service station, general store, and a galvanised iron shanty, it transported the audience far from the big city.

The music which was written and composed by Paul Kelly has an excellent story-telling and mood-setting quality. It clearly expresses the dark themes and conflicts within the play. Behind a guitar or a harmonica, Paul Kelly has a magical aura; unfortunately, as an actor he was unconvincing and was out of place amongst the generally strong cast. Robert Crompton was a highlight as a tearaway rebel. His passionate and vibrant performance demonstrated the destructiveness and frustration which are fostered by

racial persecution. Roger Bennett plays the groom at the fatally precipitous wedding ceremony with gentle skill and wisdom. His fine performance passively reflects the sadness and tragedy which underlines this play.

Francis Greenslade played two roles for this production. The first was Kev McMahon, a young trouble-maker who actively persecuted the Aboriginal community. His violent attacks upon them and their property were a vicious reminder of what 200 years of white settlement has often mean to the Aborigine. Greenslade played this role with a controlled menace which was blended artfully with a touch of cowardice. As a Swiss, Vespa riding tourist, he was able to exercise his exceptional comic talent, however, his performance remained a comic routine and, as such, broke the illusion which had been created up to that point.

Nick Hope as Cory, the racist publican, gave a neat and strong performance. Playing fear through ignorance, he cleverly manipulated the black humour of his character. As Rose, a mother whose son is killed during the course of the play, Lillian Sansbury performs with great sensitivity and captures audience sympathy with dexterity. Good performances were also given by Wayne Anthony and Fille Dusseljee.

Unfortunately, the ending to this play seemed to be somewhat tacked on. Some several minutes before it finished, the play had reached a climax of tragedy which moved the audience to absolute stillness and silence. Instead of finishing on this magical moment, there was a stretch of time during which the actors aimlessly meandered about the set, and the impact and sense of the moment was lost. This was followed by a less than inspiring musical finale.

Funerals and Circuses is, at times, exciting and creative theatre which deftly challenges social attitudes, theatrical conventions, and the audience. It is a very good production, but it has the potential to be even better. Michael Eustice

Cementville Actors Theater of Louisville Her Majesty's Theatre

Oh dear. Nothing fails like bad comedy. It amazes me that the Actors Theatre of Louisville can take such a shoddy play on the road, and tour the world with it. The opening night performance was simply not up to scratch as a major attraction of the Adelaide Festival.

The script is not funny. There is neither wit nor satire, only shock elements and completely overblown characterizations. Swearing and violence are used to entertain.

"Cementville" also has no plot. It is set in a locker room before and during a women's wrestling match. There is no character development, and very little story. The play is a parade of wild-and-crazy characters who meaninglessly walk on stage, do their thing and then walk off. By the end of the play I really hated those wild-and-crazy characters.

The energy in the show is high but it leads nowhere. Director Jon Jory has exacerbated this problem, as he has put too much action on stage at once, most notably in the second act. This progresses until the ending, which is just plain

messy.

The parade of weirdos in "Cementville" begins with a women's wrestling troupe, comprising of Tiger, who is aggressive; Dani, who is also aggressive; Leesa, who is black and aggressive; and Netty, who is fat and aggressive. Added to this lot is their manager, Bigman, who is fat, sleazy and aggressive. Get the idea?

At the end of the first act, on come the Knockout Sisters, Dottie and Dolly, two kooky blonds who are psychotic and aggressive, mixing all the best bits from Nefertiti, Madonna and Charles Manson. They steal the show in the second act and make all the other characters redundant. They are played with gusto and genuine yee-har accents by Peggity (this must be a misprint) Price and Cynthia Charle.

Some of the actors desperately need voice training. This is especially the case with Sally Parish playing Mother Crocker, the manager of the Knockout Sisters. Her reedy voice failed to make it even as far as seven rows into the auditorium, where I was sitting. This is seriously bad. Many of the other minor characters had the same problem. Perhaps they are used to playing "Cementville" in more intimate surroundings, because they had little idea of how to play it in Her Majesty's Theatre. If it is the case that "Cementville" has been written for a more immediate audience, as I suspect it has, then this may go some way to explaining the directorial foul-ups as well.

My criticisms of the actors do not extend to the parts of Tiger, Dani, Leesa or Netty who in the main executed their roles competently. It's not *their* fault that they have such crappy lines to say. They had to make the best of some pretty crass (unfunny) humour.

After hearing all the media hoo-haa, I expected "Cementville" to be a savage indictment of the American consumerist society that gobbles up violence for entertainment. Ha! I was wrong. At one point, one of the characters drinks a Pepsi - *Pepsi!* An icon of American society - it's not spoken in the script, but it's there alright. I wonder how much they were paid to include that?

"Cementville" would work better as a one-act play with half the number of characters. The bit parts are largely unnecessary. One guy has been brought out all the way from America for one cheap sight gag and five lines! The script features no build-up of tension - it's just bang bang bang from lights up to lights down. Perhaps playwright Jane Martin does not know how to write anything *but* confrontations. The arguments in "Cementville" are senseless - every character fights every other character, and in the process they break a lot of furniture. There's no cleverness about it. The set at first looks cheap and cluttered, but under lights shows up the griminess of the locker room well. The walls appear to be smeared with excrement. The costumes are quite nice and the music is loud and ugly.

"Cementville" could have been so much more than it was. Some exploration *should* have been made of any number of themes - the place of violence in society for an obvious example. Instead, the audience was served up fourteen over-the-top characters running chaos around the stage, screaming. It's never enough. David Mills

Kinetic Energy Theatre Company Eccentrics March 9-15 Lion Theatre

Eccentrics explores the relationship between two new Australians, Frankie and Ruby. Frankie and Ruby have little control or understanding of their lives, but they do know that when they're together they're happy. During these moments of joy and playfulness the audience is carried away on flights of delight. The style is unique and expresses a desire to break through the oppressiveness of daily realities and find that exhilarating spark of fantasy within each of us.

Kinetic Energy Theatre Company is dedicated to experimental and innovative theatre and *Eccentrics* demonstrates some of the exciting possibilities they have discovered. The gentle blend of music, dance and dialogue is at times beautiful and touching, however the piece is in need of directorial and choreographical tightening. Currently, there are gaping holes through which audience focus and attention are escaping.

At times, including the crucial first few minutes of the play, very little happens. Members of the audience were looking around at each other and apparently wondering whether the production had commenced or it was part of the pre-show set up. It would seem that the stretches of limited action and choreographed, but time-wasting, set changes were meant to communicate the disposition of the characters when they were apart, however they just made the show longer.

Both Graham Jones and Jepke Goudamit, as Frankie and Ruby, give energetic, well paced and crafted performances, but with the current staging and interference of unnecessary visual formats they are unable to maintain the momentum. The music of Thelonious Monk underscores most of this production and the eccentricity of Monk's bebop jazz highlights the fantasy and unpredictability of the special moments between Frankie and Ruby. Musicians Kevin Hunt and Don Reid play with great sensitivity and cleverly accentuate the impulsiveness and cheeky rebelliousness of Monk's music. Amongst the various visual elements was a series of colourful, hand-made slide projections which were intended to "provide insights into Frankie's fantasy world." The projections were quite beautiful, but gave little of the intended insight. It felt like a moment that was separate from rather than a part of the show.

Perhaps the centre-piece of *Eccentrics* is the much publicised Wheel-chair Dance. For Frankie and Ruby, the Wheel-Chair Dance is a wonderful, expressive and joyous world of playfulness amongst an otherwise restricted existence.

Eccentrics is experimental theatre which is at times moving and delightful, however there is much extraneous movement and a looseness in the pacing of the show harnesses what could otherwise have been an exhilarating experience.

Michael Eustice

A Dissonant Voice

A Dissonant Voice brings to life the humour, the horror, the satire and the tenderness that is so much a part of Wilfred Owen's poetry. Through his use of images, sound, rhythm and rhyme, Owen evoked the emotions and realities of life on and off the battlefield in World War One.

Director, John Noble, for the Intrepid Theatre Company, in a bold and passionate production, adds another dimension of reality to Owen's poetry, by taking it off the page and setting it in a 110 year old mental ward at the Glenside Hospital. It is not difficult to imagine the sadness and isolation suffered here during the 'bad old days' of mental institutions. The three-storey nineteenth century building is the ideal stage for Owen's poetry. Owen himself, spent some time in hospital in 1917, suffering from shell-shock, and it was there that he wrote some of his finest poetry. Halyna Mykyta and Christopher Kemp are the two actors in the performance. Mykyta plays two characters: one, a minor role at the beginning and end, as a nurse, and the other, that of a muse, inspiring the poetic creativity within Owen (played by Kemp). Mykyta, the stern nurse, welcomes the audience, immediately making us a part of the performance, asking us if we would like to visit Owen. Accompanied by a sorrowful, pyjama-clad figure, playing an even more sorrowful violin piece at the end of the dimly lit hallway, the emotive atmosphere of the play is quickly

established. The nurse leaves and Mykyta returns as the muse, white-faced and dressed in pyjamas, telling us that she is "... a figment of his [Owen's] imagination ..." and that she has the keys to his mind. Playing chirpily on a piccolo, she leads the audience outside and upstairs to the first floor of the building. The cold, wet and windy night, together with the sense of uncertainty for a first-time visitor to Glenside, added an even greater edge of reality to the atmosphere of the performance.

Once inside, the audience is confronted by another hollow hallway, highlighted by four or five very solid open doors. It is here that Owen's poetry is first used. Mykyta intersperses her bitter recitation of lines from *Mental Cases* with the slamming shut of each door. Together with the chilling screams further down the hallway. These sounds cut right into the hearts of the audience members. Finally, we are led into a room, which is more like a 'cell', containing only a bed, on which Owen (Kemp) is lying. He is wearing the same pyjamas as the muse. Reciting from *The Last Laugh*, Kemp uses his voice well as he cries out, recalling the battle agony. Alluding to Owen's close relationship with his mother, he calls out for her, like a frightened child. This theme is repeated several times during the course of the production.

The acting returns to the hall outside, centred around a fireplace. It is here that the main body of the performance

occurs, with Mykyta and Kemp reciting twenty-four of Owen's poems with intense energy and passion, and plenty of imaginative acting. Memorable examples included the ungainly, monsterish image silhouetted on the wall by a spotlight behind the two actors as Mykyta sat on Kemp's shoulders; another example was Mykyta's crucifix pose on the fireplace ledge, which accompanied *Maundy Thursday* - a poem in which Owen expresses his lack of faith in orthodox Christianity. Mykyta and Kemp work well together as they put life into each poem, whether it be the humour and satirical side of two soldiers enjoying a drink and having a laugh at the 'top brass', or the tragic and vivid image of the young soldier who has just lost his sight -

"Eyeballs, huge-bulged like squids ..." (*The Sentry*) The acting is full of contrasts. One moment Kemp will be bursting with energy, but the next, he will play the injured, tormented soldier trapped in his wheelchair. Finally, he returns to his room where we first found him. Mykyta, as the muse, tells the audience: "You'll have to go now, he'll wake up soon." Having journeyed through Owen's tortured mind, the audience returns to the original hallway. Mykyta re-appears as the nurse, with Owen, who greets the audience and thanks us for coming.

A Dissonant Voice is a very emotive and confronting production. Such was the intensity of the performance that as I

tried to take in the meaning of what had just been said, I often found myself not being able to keep up with the actors. This, however, was largely due to the fact that I was distracted by my note-taking and that a lot of the poems used were new to me. Amongst those already mentioned, other memorable poems used included *The Parable of the Old Man and the Young*, *Arms and the Boy*, *Anthem for Doomed Youth* (mournfully sung by Kemp) and *Dulce et Decorum Est*. It would not hurt to brush up on Owen's poetry before going along to the performance.

Mykyta and Kemp are recent graduates from the Centre for Performing Arts and together they formed the Intrepid Theatre Company late last year. *A Dissonant Voice* lives up to their commitment to "...exploring exciting, innovative and captivating theatre". The use of an unusual, yet effective, setting draws the audience into the performance. The audience on our night was quite small, but understandably so, considering it was the second night of the Festival, the miserable weather and the fact that the Crows were on television. Mykyta and Kemp are to be congratulated on their enthralling performance, as is John Noble for his direction, which kept things moving well and kept the audience eager with anticipation.

Many of us are familiar with Wilfred Owen's poetry and for those who enjoy a creative approach, *A Dissonant Voice* is compelling theatre.

Stephen Clarke

DEBTS

Stefo Nantsou
Tandanya Theatre
March 9-22

Debts tells the story of the Australian entrepreneurs of the 80s and the corrupt politicians of the time. The small cast doubled up with characters and played most of the music in the Tandanya Theatre.

It told how the entrepreneurs borrow money, manipulate politicians, borrow more money and when things get tough, borrow even more money to get what they want. They live their lives with the attitude that "Even a blind man can make a million dollars". They are spurred on by their dream of owning and controlling everything. Nantsou ridicules their desire for power by using the metaphor of someone wanting to own all the properties in a monopoly game. In the opening scene, Mr and Mrs Holden Monaro, a working class Australian couple go to an auction. They end up buying Old Kent Road (one of the cheaper properties in the Monopoly game) for far more than they can afford. This begins a life of living way beyond his means for Holden Monaro, as they borrow money for Old Kent Road. The small

audience is encouraged to take part in the auction by the auctioneer. This scene worked well, with the Monaros seated in the crowd as they competed for the property. It got the audience involved in the story and created an auction atmosphere.

It is hard to see why these people, like Bond and Skase, didn't quit while they were ahead, rather than get into such debt. Nantsou suggests that they were addicted to a life of taking chances in the way that a gambler is. Dice was a character who represented their addiction. With her big, contagious smile, Dice enforced the most important rule of the big game of Monopoly - "You can't stop playing". Also, many of the entrepreneurs had started with nothing and now they had loans bigger than their assets. That's why they have to be stopped by the banks. They have nothing to lose. They only have *Debts*.

Ben Norman

AUSTUDY
money for study

**Application
Closing Date**

If you are studying full-time for the full year, or studying for the first semester only, your application for AUSTUDY must be lodged before the **31st of March** if you are to get the full amount of AUSTUDY due to you.

Application forms are available from

- CES Job Centres,
- Youth Access Centres,
- The Student Assistance Centre,
1st Floor, Wyatt House,
115 Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

For more information telephone 224 6433. The toll-free number for country callers is 008 112 338.



... We'll show you the way to a better future.

AB1/1288

988717

ONE MAN HAMLET

A One Man Hamlet
Presented by Portable Productions
Starring Andrew Cowie
La Mama Theatre

A One Man Hamlet was first performed at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe where it received rave reviews. Thankfully, for the few of us still conscious at the 11 pm starting time, Andrew Cowie, buoyed by his success, bought his show to Australia and was snapped up by the Fringe organisers.

Portable Productions is a theatre company set up by Andrew Cowie and features himself and his stage Manager Michael Barry. The theory behind the company is to present a play so that it could be performed anywhere, as Andrew Cowie says, "I could even perform it in your sitting room". Portable Productions was originally set up by Cowie to qualify for his actors equity card, which he later received.

As the title suggests, there is only one performer in the play, Andrew Cowie. He plays the part of Hamlet in this performance (and you don't have to be a brain surgeon to work out) there are no other characters or performers. This may seem a little strange and all in all not a good career move, but as if to dispel any doubts, the hour long performance was spell binding and kept the audience totally captivated. Cowie performs the play entirely from Hamlet's point of view and as a result gives the audience an insight into Hamlet's thoughts and moods throughout the play.

Cowie uses only the text that was written by Shakespeare himself and eliminates a great deal of unnecessary text that isn't central to conveying Hamlet's mood. Because the play only draws on Hamlet's lines, we discover plot intricacies only when Hamlet does, such as Ophelia's

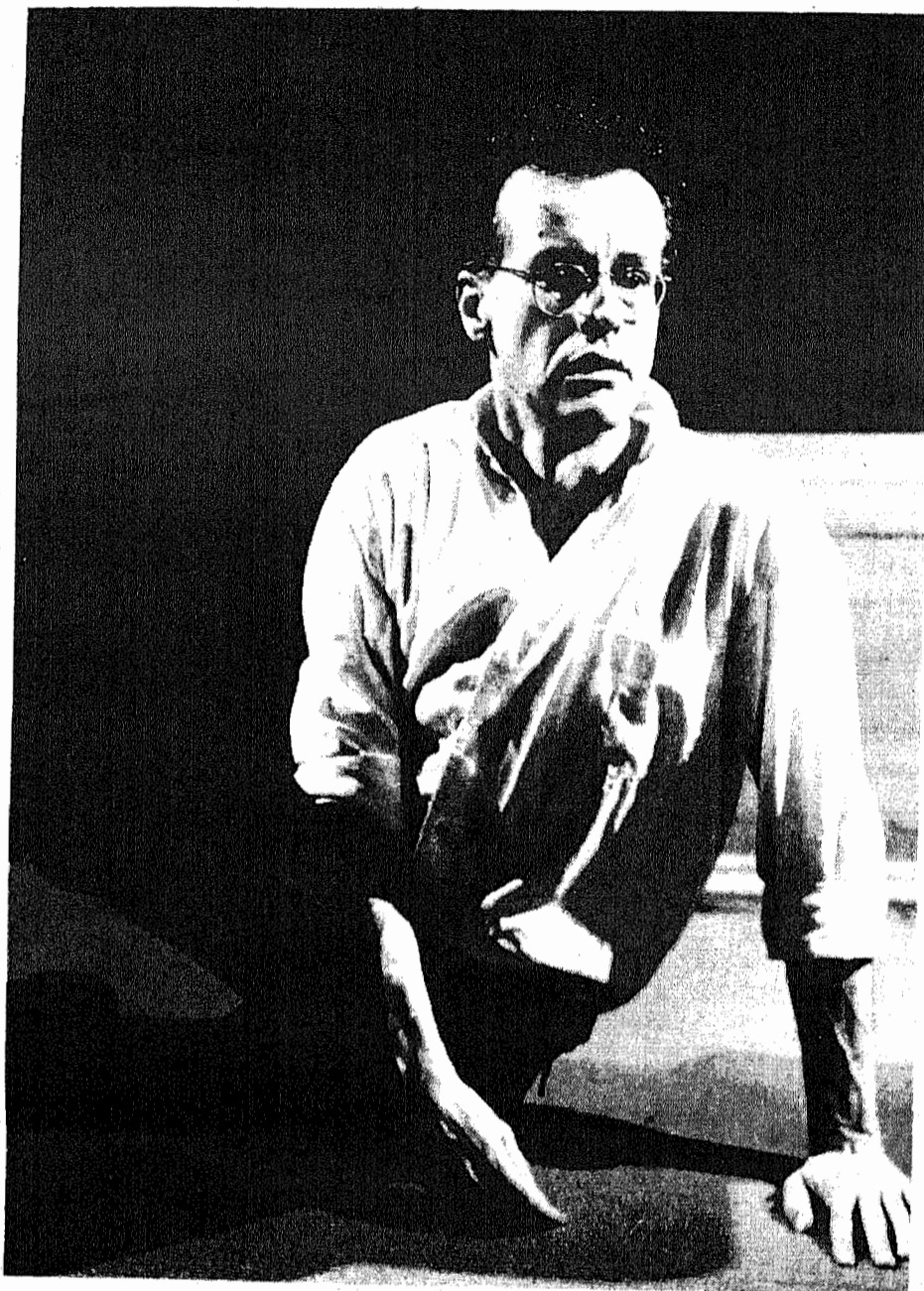
death and his voyage to England which would normally be reported to the audience by Polonius and Horatio respectively. As a result, we can experience the shock, confusion and violent mood swings of Hamlet, which can be diluted in a full cast production.

As far as delivery is concerned, Cowie performs in modern dress wearing a suit and interchanging from a trench coat for the scenes on the cold look-out to tails for the performance of the players. His speech was clear and the varying of his tone to reflect Hamlet's indecisiveness and madness was both alarming in its ferocity and captivating for its insight into Hamlet's character.

Cowie's dress and being a great orator made me think that he would be just at home in a court room as on stage. The production was very good with lighting being used to reflect the presence of Hamlet's father as a ghost or his mother in his room. While Cowie's mannerisms beautifully conveyed Hamlet's moods, fidgety when indecisive and mad, strong and purposeful when directing the players.

A One Man Hamlet was a powerful performance and sticking to Shakespeare's script allowed the audience to see the prince's madness progress to his embracing of fate and duty, in a new light. A small criticism is that without a knowledge of Hamlet, one can find the finale confusing and asking who killed who? How did she die? But with a matriculation study of Hamlet behind me, I found the performance to be compelling and totally credible. I would certainly recommend *A One Man Hamlet* and suggest you watch for the duelling scene, as Cowie says, "Fighting a duel with myself was hard enough, to lose it as well takes real acting".

Dean Page



BOOK OF LIFE

The Book of Life
by Red Mole Theatre Company
Season Closed

There is a fine line between self-exploration and self-indulgence. New Zealand company Red Mole's production *The Book of Life* ignores that line and the result is boring and pretentious.

Much of the production appeared to be an excuse to bombard the audience with what felt like a never ending torrent of poetic twaddle.

The delivery of the dialogue and poetry was at such a furious pace that many words and ideas were completely lost. After a short time it became a chore to concentrate. Mostly, it was like being beaten about the ears with a sledgehammer.

The Book of Life is the story and Duncan and Luann as played by Alan Brunton and Sally Rodwell. Duncan is bad and, unfortunately for the audience, persistent poet. Luann is his neglected wife. In a series of bizarre, disjointed and usually unintelligible scenes Red Mole attempt to investigate the passions, distractions and doubts which affect their marriage and their lives. *The Book of Life* is an uncontrolled mix of styles, melodrama, music-hall and Brecht all get a guernsey, but they don't play well as a team.

The performance included a child-actor who could not act. The first entrance was mildly cute, however subsequent entrances were acutely painful.

A fourth actor, Ian Prior, played a kind of minstrel who didn't play a musical instrument, but wandered about dressed

up as Biggles, smoked a joint, and made changes to unnecessary stage-props.

One of the major faults with this production occurs at the very beginning and is fatal for what follows. For an audience to care what happens to these characters they must first be given an opportunity to empathise with them. Instead, the play commences with Duncan and Luann assaulting the audience with a U.S. of A.A.A., born-again style sales-number. After this opening, *who cares* what happens to Duncan and Luann.

An abundance of props were used throughout the show, some of them impressive and beautiful, but they added little. These props, mostly, of a symbolic nature were either blatantly obvious to the point of ridiculous or so obscure they worked as a distraction.

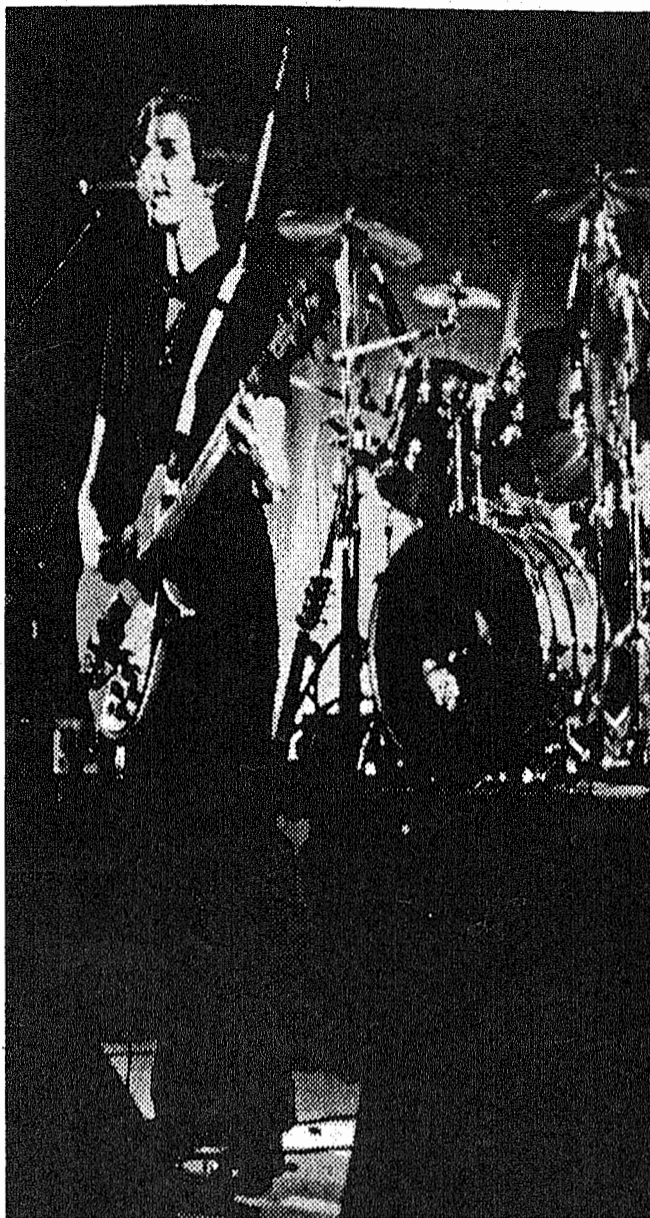
This is meant to be experimental and

innovative theatre, however, when the unnecessary symbolic props and the inefficiently used tools of mixed-media are removed all that remains is a return to the theatre of words. It is an extensive, long-winded use of words; George Bernard Shaw without the wit.

It was evident that Brunton and Rodwell are talented performers, but their efforts were unable to lift this material to an acceptable level. It's not easy to work with such philosophical drivel as, "there's no return on empties when it's your life you're handing in."

It's difficult to comprehend how a play which was so full of movement, props, singing, dancing, shadow-puppets and a slide-show could be so boring. But it was!

Michael Eustice

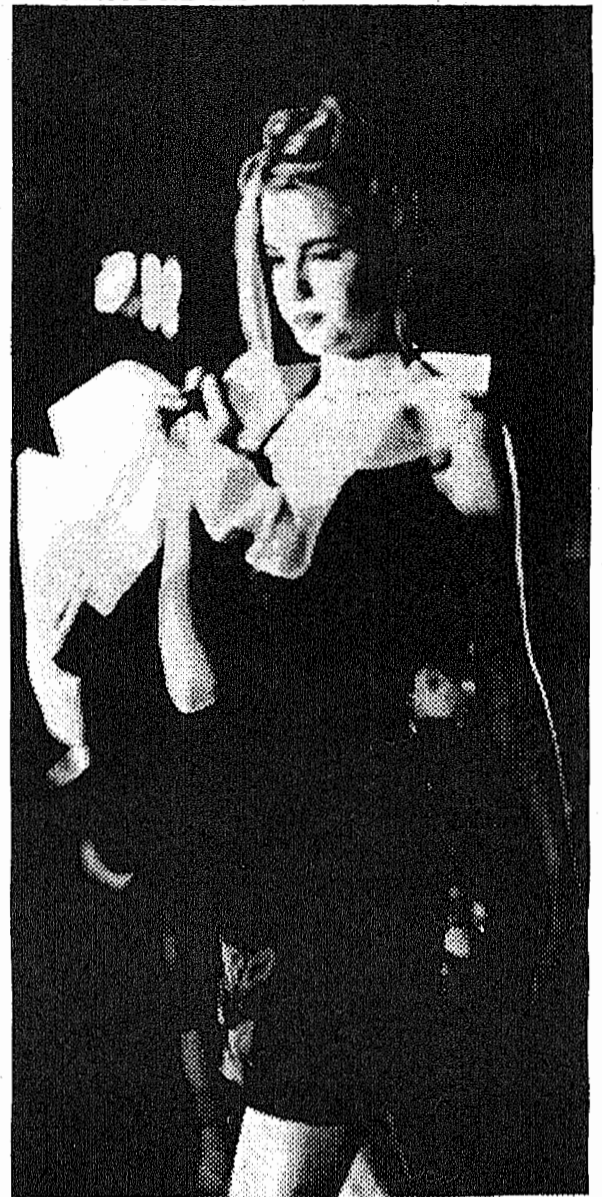


big kisses, hugs and eternal gratitude to everyone who helped us with their time, effort and expertise.

Extra thanks to all these special people: Triple J, Triple M, dB, Rip It Up, The Advertiser, The News, Coke, Virgin Megastore, Vendy's, Streets, Miss Gladys Sym Choon, Harry I, Kirsty, Twisty, Laura, Lainie, Alastair and all the other O'Directors, Alex Wheaton, Tim Marshman and Gary Steele, Wendy Boyes-Hunter, Owen Orford, Michael from Premier Artists, Andrew Bingham and his muscly cohorts, our spiffy models, Richard and the other Stewards, Barry and Claude, Liz, Alex Bolland, Sheri Pickering, Tae Wan Wonderful Lee, Simon Coad, Juan Prentice, Steve Clarke, Andrew Williamson, Jack Jericho, Richie Vowles, Tim Neill, Tara and Simone, Mark and Marque, Chris Shaw, Roger Clarke, Jason Bootle, Matt Palmer, Kate and Catarina, Julie Kitto, Nicolle Cummins, Alison Clausen, Mel Dougherty, Ali Campbell, Dave Mag, Nick Smith, David Mills, Lisa Thompson, Mariska, Sam & Vanessa, Tania Collins, Fiona Dalton, Susie O'Brien and our general trusty crew, the unceasingly wonderful and tolerant AUA staff - Sharon, Anne Monica (Mornicka James) and Catherine and to everyone and anyone else who gave us support.

An extra specially sloppy kiss right on the succulent smacker goes to your hero and mine, Mr Richard Ortner!!

O Ball Photos by Luke Matousek



Tubby Justice once squeezed my bum. There I was in the crowded, smoky Club Foote, meekly sipping my Midori and Coke, when I felt Ms Justice's silken pinkies brush my buttocks. Sceptics contend that she was merely trying to get past me, but I felt lustful desire welling up in those fingertips. Once you've been fondled by a celebrity, nothing's ever quite the same

So, when I marched excitedly into a full Star Club for Tubby Justice's sold-out solitary Fringe Performance, I was moist, indeed.

After a rousing prelude by her four-piece band, Tubby tiptoed across the stage, stepped up to the microphone, closed her eyes and sang. There is no pretension, no hiding behind lush arrangements, no breathy pouting (à la Harry Connick Jr); nothing distracts us from the cool, clear voice. While the body stands shyly in the spotlight, the voice commands attention, then coos gently and woos devotion. Justice's voice is honey-sweet, sounding true as a pure bell-note, warmed by a gently seductive breath. Tubby Justice can skip breezily with a teasing, light touch, or hover over sombre notes. But there are occasions when her voice pushes further than the song, and climbs out to a rare, beautiful space, true but fragile, and finds a still purity.

It may have seemed adventurous to expect to fill the 600-seat Star Club (Tubby was the only South Australian act booked for this venue), but she quickly entranced the packed theatre. Justice sang from all three of her albums, but favoured the jaunty horn rhythm of "Continental Garden" and the more sparse, sadly demure tunes from her first album "Sense". The band was sharp and tight but fluid enough to play around with the arrangements. The acoustic guitar gave a brisk lightness to many numbers, which counterpointed the drawling melancholy of the double bass.

Tubby Justice sang with honesty, poise and a beautiful clarity of voice and feeling. Next time she plays, go and listen! Who knows, you might even get your bot pinched

John Wells



"The Falls" by Peter Greenaway At the Mercury

With a reputation for originality and a string of bizarre films accredited to his name, Peter Greenaway has yet again experimented with the absurd and produced 'The Falls'. After immensely enjoying screening of other Greenaway films I decided that 'The Falls' would again provide great mental and visual stimulation. Whilst it was an excellent film, it was not at all what I had anticipated. 'The Falls' is so named because every case study (the film is a series of short biographies) revolves around a character whose surname has the prefix Fall..., every person involved having suffered a violent unknown event (VUE) which has occurred upon the earth.

Each survivor is afflicted by a number of characteristics, one being the development of their own language, which they may revert to during interviews, requiring a translator (this being one of many peculiarities, considering the language is unique to the user and no other). Symptoms tend to revolve around adopting a close mental proximity with birds - nearly all the characters are gradually evolving into creatures of flight.

The film is as absurd as it sounds and it incorporates major puns on words, typical narration in the true "Attenborough" style and biographies so ridiculous they border on the hysterical. "The Falls" is a film which cannot be described successfully because it is so unique. It has to be seen. The length is phenomenal, a whopping 185 minutes. I only lasted 45 minutes but the staff at the Mercury informed me that viewers often leave to have a coffee and then return, as you need not see all to understand what is happening - if you understand it at all. Much depends on your concentration span - mine, unfortunately is short.

Whether you are a Greenaway fan or not, "The Falls" is definitely worth experiencing and be early, all showings so far have been completely sold out.

Sonja-Jade

Banks that charge students bank fees deserve to be taught a lesson.

You don't have to study economics to know that old-fashioned bank fees don't make an awful lot of sense.

They're confusing, and at times, downright unfair.

Which is why ANZ decided to change them, replacing all personal account fees with a simple flat rate fee

Please note normal government charges still apply.

of \$2 per month on transaction and savings accounts with a minimum monthly balance of \$300 or less, and a 50 cent Excess Withdrawal Fee on all withdrawals over 15 a month.

But if you're a full time student, don't bother learning any of this, because ANZ won't charge you any

account fees at all. Which puts us in a class all of our own.

All you have to do is present your student card at your branch or call ANZ on 008 035 678 for more information.

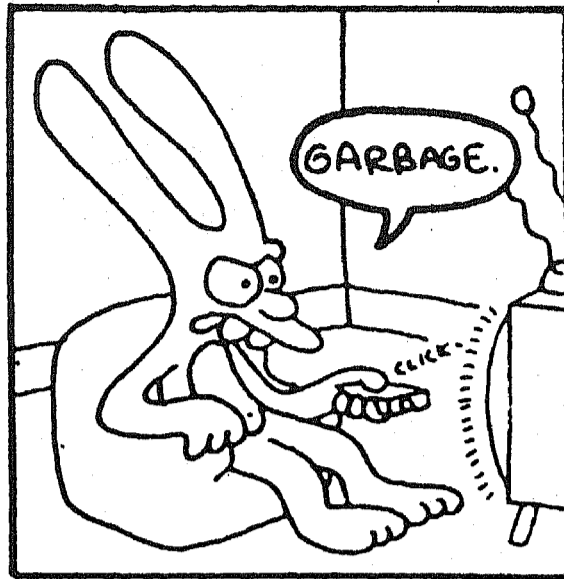


If you can change, so can we.

ANZ 173

this week in SPORT

by Ethel Murman and Johnny Matthus



Fresh from the source and still steaming is the latest spectator sport to emerge from the sub-continent- that of cricketfan reacting. This is just the sort of emotional reacting that can only be good for the great game and the reporting that goes with hand in hand with it. Both Ethel and I consider this to be a much-needed shot in the arm that the great game needs. This should naturally translate to more punters through the turnstiles hence more money for the cricketing coffers hence more money for the Boards to spend on promoting the great game in schools. Get the youngsters hooked, get 'em hooked young and they'll only clamour for more and more in much the same vein as a heroin addict. Cricket is a drug; the finest around and should be promoted as such. Hang the consequences.

It was good to see the Indians getting so upset about technical difficulties blacking out the coverage of the West Indies v's India game that they stormed the station concerned, rioted and sent a clear cut message to the station. "Give us our cricket and give it to us now. We want to see the sights. We want to feel the vibes. We want to hear Clive Rice. We want to see our top order tumbling to the Windies," the horde screamed whilst rampaging and burning overturned cars. Martial law eventually settled matters down and the telecast resumed to public acclaim. Unfortunately for the station workers, many were injured by flying glass caused by the Molotovs and for some unlucky workers hospital beds are their place of rest for the next few days. Even this reaction paled into significance compared with the fervour of one Indian fan who suicided after the skyblues lost to Australia by 1 run at the 'Gabba. This is the sort of reaction and emotional outpouring necessary for a team to do their best, punish the bad nut and sizzle between wickets. Knowing that if you lose, someone will kill themselves in a frenzy of despair should surely be the best incentive for you to give a hundred and ten percent and climb the winners podium to receive the cheque and Cup. If more teams were willing to inspire this sort of adulation and frenzied bloodlust then the cricketing world, nay the sporting world could only improve. Conditions would improve for the players, conditions would improve for the paying spectators and sales of armoured cars, vests and socks would skyrocket. The economy needs the fear to get it kicking, to get the jobs flowing and to keep the kids amused.

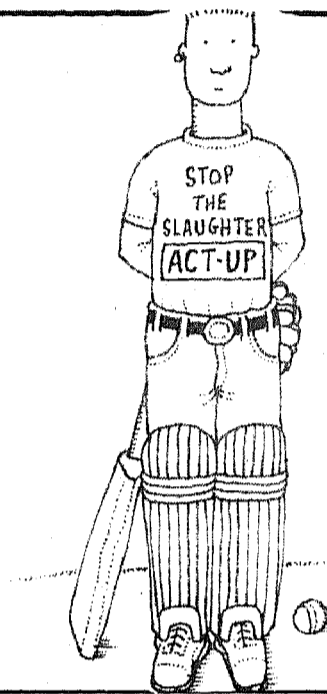
Imagine if every team adopted a cause, a religion or a way of thinking and considered themselves to be solely right. Visualise England, with her legion of White Power Neo-Nazi dickhead fans touring the West Indies and the havoc

that this would cause. It wouldn't be sport, it would be war. A replay of Brixton and it would certainly sort the men from the boys. Tossing the ball back from the outfield could take on a whole new meaning with grenades being rifled in from the outfield and the bleachers. The West Indies with their re-investment in the turn of the century Suffragette Movement would bring a new legion of fans to the greatest game of all. Imagine the sheer excitement of seeing Larry "Mr Incontinence" Gomes throwing himself under the flailing hoofs of the riot police in protest about the right to vote whilst all around is burning and the runs are getting piled on. Ah, the sheer beauty of sacrifice for the cause, for country and destruction of patriarchy. It would tug at my heartstrings and change my point of view.

India, with their support for the grandest band of all, Kiss, would be virtually unstoppable while on tour. The sweeping grandeur of Sachin "toyboy" Tendulkar combined with the quirky musical genius of Paul "hollix" Stanley would make for a viewing feast, both aurally and visually. A run fest and a dance fest all at once. Chandra "pum" Pandit would rock'n'roll every night and keep every day making for the first Indian tour to break even and sell more tee-shirts than day passes. All the fans would dress up as their favourite star, scream wildly and recite ludicrous lyrics while getting a cricketing education and this can only be a good, in fact, damn good thing.

Australia would throw themselves wholeheartedly behind the New York based anarchistic group called "Up against the Wall, Motherfuckers". Visualise the poetic justice in Peter "armball" Taylor standing knee deep in sewerage at deep backward square shouting gender specific obscenities at the crowd and the incoming batsman. Vending outlets at all points of the ground would only benefit by the protest of Geoff "forearms" Marsh. His plan is to place ground glass in all the hot dogs and pies sold as a protest against passive consumption. Taste would only improve and so would utilisation of our much maligned St John volunteers' skills. Tom "skygod" Moody has plans to protest about the use of the white text lines on screen by "phantom" Lawry by juggling non-stop for the duration of the Pakistani innings whilst fielding in the deep at long off. Protests like this can only improve morale both on and off the field and lead to more interest being generated in this most hallowed of games.

The Pakistanis would have the strength of their religious convictions to launch into a jihad both on and off the field against the infidel. In this case their opponents on the day. All spectators would have to convert to Mohamaddism



Jonty Rhodes going out to bat for the new-look South African team

or face the righteous wrath of the godly. The Koran would be given out free with the purchase of the budget. "Ayotollah" Imran Khan would lead his troops both finely and grandly in all facets of this new sport. Wasim "boom-boom" Akram should be made to be interviewed on this plan and tell all so this new and much improved plan can be officially approved by the IOC. Get all these plans approved, get the game underway and let the games commence.

The best tussle and the closest would be between New Zealand with their support for the Greek Orthodox Church and South Africa with their rabid support of Act-Up. This wouldn't be just a battle between leather and willow, bat and ball but a battle between slightly differing ideologies. This has the potential to spark a major international conflict. This could be the biggie. The support shown by New Zealand could be the difference in the theoretical discussions between Vatican City and the Eastern Church and could finally solve the long mystery of the Donation of Constantine. If you don't know what that is, read the history of the money grubbing, power hungry Church of Rome and learn.

The New Zealand team management could burn all books written by a South African, protest violently by writing numerous letters to the Otago Times about the moral decline of today's society and how it's due to government sponsored collapse of the traditional family unit and then still go out onto the hallowed turf dressed conservatively and smash the activists around. South Africa would retaliate in their own inimitable way. Protest marches, petitions and benefit concerts by Madonna would be only some of the tactics employed by the South African management to gee up the side and change the conservative Repub-

lican policies championed so stridently by Sir Richard Hadlee.

Values must change, times must change and so must we all if we are to accept each other as each other and not as mortal and immoral enemies.

More Clones Good Times.

Being towards the end of another article naturally brings us to the Clones. The Clones are used to being near the end of things so that's how they should be treated.

The last two or three weeks has seen some tripe been written about their chances in the big league. "The Clones have had several fine victories and hard fought trials and are bound to be a force to be reckoned with this year", "Clones can go all the way to the top six predict our footer experts" etc. etc. etc. Haven't our beloved daily sports journos heard of cautious optimism? Haven't they heard that raising expectations increases pressure? Obviously not. If the Clone management want to believe them, well good on 'em say I.

The games of upmanship being indulged in between the Weagles, the Brizzie Bares the Clones and Sydney has to be read to be believed. "We're better than you because we finished ninth in our first season. We've more members. Our organisation is better nyah, nyah, nyah" Well here at the sportsdesk we can only quote the immortal words of the Anti-Nowhere League; "So fucking what". In footer results count. The four points are everything, the only thing that history recognises and who wins the games that count will be the ones that are clutching the Cup at the end of September. The only cup that the Clones will be clutching on that last fateful Saturday in September is the one holding their goodnight bonox and tears.

DEPRESSED

AU Billiards and Snooker Club

Come down and play some Snooker, Billiards or 8-Ball with the AU Billiards and Snooker Club.

You don't have to be good to play at our club because remember everyone has to start somewhere. Practise your style and learn some new techniques on the full size tables, but if you don't feel confident then there are also 8-ball tables available.

We play at the Cue Club, Waymouth Street, which contains a fully licenced bar which provides beer, soft drinks and food. It also supplies good cues, but bring your own if you have one.

So, if you want to keep occupied on a Monday night and improve your concentration skills, come on down to the Cue Club and pot some balls. Our freshers welcome is on Monday, 16th March (tonight if you read this in time) or come down next Monday, 23rd March. We start at 7.00 pm and finish whenever you've had enough.

The Cue Club is located at 288 Waymouth Street, City, and the cost to play is only \$1.00 per hour. Any enquiries you have ring Paul Darzins on (08) 297 2688.

Free! Free! Free!

The Students' Association Activities Standing Committee and Sydney Soup present The Ballyhoo Performance Group.

Wednesday, 18th March, lunchtime on the Barr Smith Lawn.

Career Talk on Job Opportunities in Singapore

This will be held at the Rennie Lecture Theatre, Johnson Building on 23rd March, 1992 from 5.00 pm to 7.00 pm. This talk is for those interested in working in government and government statutory bodies in Singapore.

The talk will be given by officials from the Singapore Economic Development Board (EDB).

This talk is in conjunction with a careers fair to be held in Adelaide in July/August 1992. Posters of the careers fair are placed around the campus. All are welcome!

CISLAC

Community in Solidarity with Latin America and the Caribbean is holding their AGM on Friday, 20th March, 1 pm in the North Dining Room. Free wine and Nicaraguan coffee. All welcome.

Friends of the Earth

FOE are holding their first tree planting trip on the 22nd March. If interested, please phone Tiana on 267 1720.

Greek Orthodox Priest

The Greek Orthodox Priest, Fr Stavros will be at the Chapel for Greek Orthodox Students every Monday from 1 pm - 2 pm.

The Union Gallery

Adelaide University Union, Level 6, Union House.

"The Tasmanian Cycle." A magical journey.

A suite of 13 paintings by Ruth Gisner express the emotional and physical aspects of the artist's two-week journey by foot through the Tasmanian mountains.

Gallery hours for this exhibition are 10 am - 5 pm weekdays, 2 - 5 pm Saturdays.

For more information contact Paul Hewson on 228 5013.

Adelaide Uni Labor Club

Meet new members, catch up with old members. Beer, wine and cheese.

Wednesday, 18th March, 1.10 pm, Union Gallery (Level 6, Union House).

Overseas Student's Association

This is a note to let you know that the Overseas' Students' Association office has been relocated to the former Games and Societies Room in the Lady Symon Building (providing much overdue relief to the SAUA Women's Officer!). Our telephone number, in case any of you possess any vague intentions of contacting us, is (08) 228 5852.

Incidentally, the OSA has some fabulous t-shirts for sale of \$10 each. Those interested in clothing themselves in a piece of luxury can pop by the office or get in touch with somebody, sometime via the number above.

Notice to all would-be Theatre Reviewers

The Festival and Fringe is upon us! Sleepeth not! Party on down! Yet, many is the sad and disappointed first year and second year have I bitterly disappointed and enraged - 2 days before the start of "Cementville", I must inform them that it has indeed gone - to the highest bidder and they miss out. Likewise, many is the "um, er, gee, I'd really like to but I have a, um, family dinner" I hear when I ask for volunteers to go and see the North Strathmont Players version of "Showboat" at 5.56 pm on Saturday night! To get things really happenin' and to cheer up all of you who missed the boat for the 'first wave' of reviews, let's get together. My place? No, wait, my parents are home - I know - Wednesday, 18th March, 1 pm - The On Dit Office. Bring a pen. Those of you who cannot make it, leave a message on the Theatre notice board, with your name, contact number and department or in my pigeon hole in the Law School. 'Til then happy fringing and festivalling!

Lerv

Mel Sander

Theatre Ed

Snudemenko

Get along to the Conference Room on Level 5 of the Union Building, on Thursday, 26th March at 1 pm, for an hour of Monty Python's Flying Circus and other videos. If you're unfamiliar with the Union Building, meet at the tables outside the refectory on the eastern side of the building. The following Thursday, 2nd April, be at the Games Room. Snude nigE

Tennis Coaching

The Centre for Physical Health is pleased, once again, to offer tennis coaching to Adelaide University students and members of the Centre. Classes are conducted by Tom Cassidy who has had many years of experience with tennis competition and coaching. Classes are for beginners right through to advanced players.

First term classes will commence on Sunday 12th April at 10.30 am on the hard courts, Park Nine, Bundys Road, North Adelaide.

Cost: \$20 for ten weeks - 12th April - 14th June.

For further information on the above, please contact Diana Pedrick on 267 2926.

Australian Tibet Council - IGM

All people are invited to attend the IGM of the newly formed Australian Tibet Council - Adelaide University group. Help stop the slaughter by attending this meeting at 1.00 pm in Meeting Room 1 on 18th March.

Craft work needed

ARTISTS, we need your work! Anyone interested in selling anything at a fair day on April 1st is welcome to do so. Phone Jo DeSilva- 3797864 or Mic Doble- 2722760, of the Anti Apathy Collective.

Economic Student's Society (TESS)

Presents a seminar by Mr Peter Reith (Shadow Treasurer), 2.30 pm - 3.30 pm, Wednesday 18th March, 1992. Tickets required for entry, see Economics front office window for more details.

Elvis Lives!

"The King is Dead", and independent film by Jane Watts and John Wells will be shown at the Crown & Anchor Hotel on Thursday, 19th March. This underground classic features the now legendary bong-water skooling scene, seized by federal police and banned by all commercial networks. Come along if you dare.



FREE KITTENS ON DIT

GIFT-CALL US NOW !

2232685

THE



END

**MR. BLEVINS WANTS
US HOME IN BED BY
10pm !**

**SAY NO WAY TO TRANSPORT
CURFEWS**

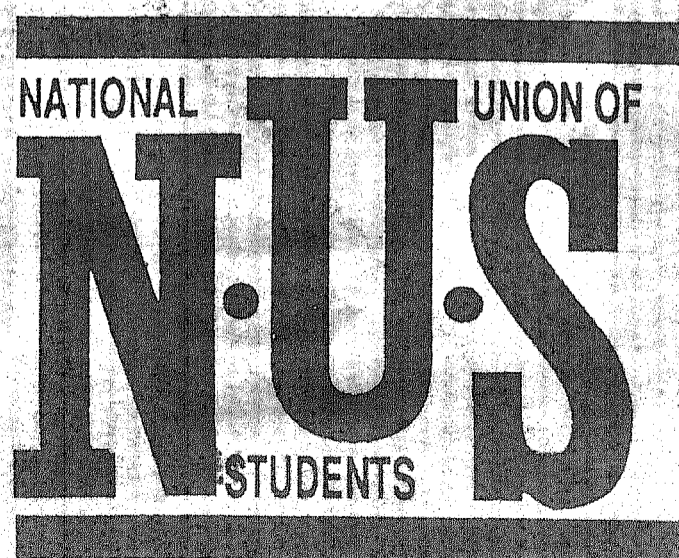
Rally at Parliament House

1pm

Tuesday 17th March

***Students fought to save concessions. Don't accept the
Government 's public transport curfew.***

BE THERE!



For more information contact your Students' Association or NUS(SA) 410 0114