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## THANKS

**DARIEN, SARAH HALL, GUS VAN SANT, PAUL CHAMPION, ANNABEL, SECURITY STAFF, TIM NEIL, ADRIAN TOMATO'S ARTICLE WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEKS SPECIAL ISSUE.**

**GOOD LUCK TO SARAH, WHO IS AT THIS VERY MOMENT FLYING FAR, FAR AWAY**

**THIS WEEKS COVER AND POSTER ARE THE CREATIONS OF THE LOVELY JASON BOOTLE.**

**LAST WEEKS COVER WAS BY THE RATHER WONDERFUL K. PEDISIC.. SIMILAR APOLOGIES TO STEWART SYMONS, WHOSE SOON TO BE FAMOUS NAME WAS LEFT OFF LAST WEEKS DEF FX ARTICLE.**

## PRODUCTION NOTES

ON DIT IS THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF THE STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE. THE EDITORS COMPLETE AND UNFETTERED CONTROL OVER CONTENT, LAYOUT, THE LOT IS ENSHRINED IN THE CONSTITUTION. AND ISN'T THAT LUCKY!

Write to us care of On Dit, University of Adelaide GPO Box 498, Adelaide 5001. You can also ring us on 2285404 or 2232685

**EDITORS: SAMANTHA MAIDEN AND VANESSA ALMEIDA**

**ADVERTEASING MANAGER:**

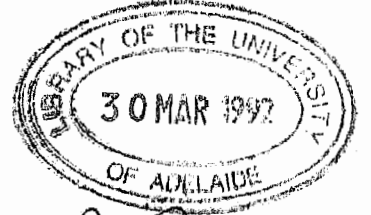
**DEAN M PAGE**

**FREIGHT: GUHAN SABAPATHY**

**TYPESETTER: SHARON MIDDLETON**

**ON DIT IS PRINTED BY BRIDGE PRESS**

# public transport rally



Approximately 2,000 people gathered on the steps of Parliament House last week to vent their not too nice feelings regarding the government's policy on public transport.

The rally was organised by the Public Transport Community Coalition who represented over 35 organisations including disabled, youth, students, the aged, environmentalists and consumers.

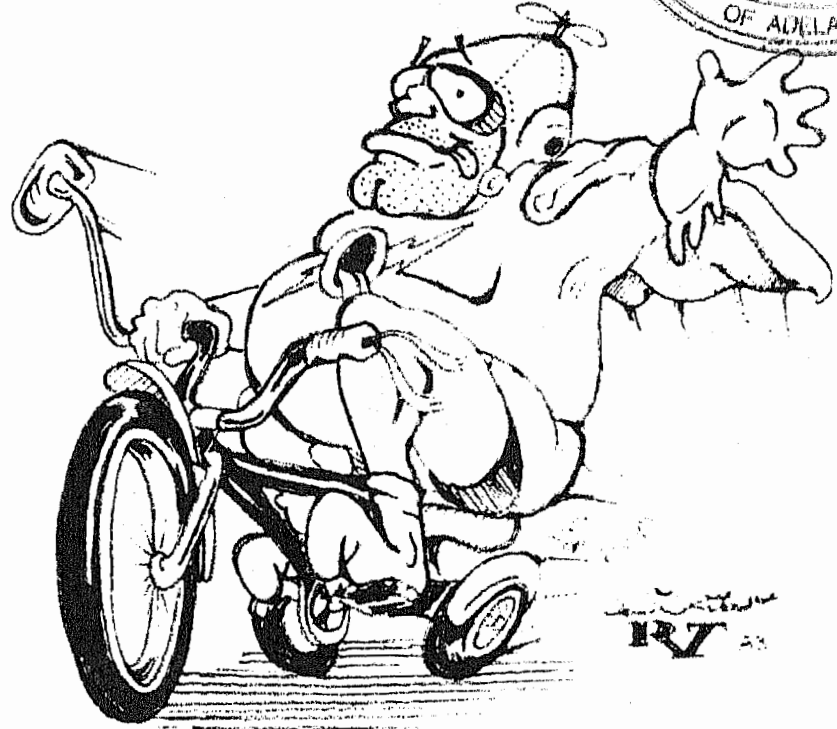
After a characteristically drawn out period of speeches, the crowd stormed STA house demanding an audience with STA bigwigs Ric Teague and Mr. Brown. A sit in occurred on the 10th floor in the customer relations department as many customers tried to lodge their complaints. After much negotiation the group was finally allowed to question the arrogantly piggish Ric Teague in the staff cafeteria although Mr Brown was nowhere to be seen.

Moments of mirth and emotion were in abundance. Witnessing grannies spring to life as they leapt commando style, between floors from our broken down lift was truly life affirming.

A spokesperson from the PTCC stated, "It's in your court Mr Blevins and we want some commitment to stop these attacks on the quality of our lifestyles."

In any event the employees of STA house enjoyed a day with a difference, Lord knows Ric Teague did.

Sam Maiden



# contributions please

These are serious times and none more so than the period 29th March - 4th April. Days dedicated to deciphering dilemmas, discussing daydreams, dismissing dictators and full of fun - what else, but a week of solidarity?

Solidarity Week is a week of activities and fun event which revolve around issues of social justice. Supported by such diverse groups as Improd Theatre Company, the SAUA Council, Stop Arms for Export and The Cirkidz, the campus groups which are specifically involved include:

Friends of the Earth, Youth in Solidarity with the Philippines, Broad Left Law Group, Committee in Solidarity with Latin America and the Caribbean, African National Congress Solidarity Group, Student Christian Movement, Resistance, Gay and Lesbian Association, Amnesty International and Women on Campus.

Throughout the week, forums ranging from Aboriginal issues, women in the church, violations of fundamental human rights, the environment and the "third world" will be held. Other events include a video night, letter writing, petition signing, an exhibition of South African Women's struggle against apartheid and a Fair Day. The Fair Day will be complete with buskers, jugglers, information and food stalls, theatre performed

by both Improd Theatre Co and Stop Arms for Export and not forgetting the dunking machine, which will give you the chance to dunk your favourite student politicians! Program details will be in lots of obvious places throughout this week, so make sure that you don't miss out.

Solidarity Week - get involved!

### Want to Make Some Money?

If you have something you want to sell (arts, crafts, etc.), do so at The Solidarity Week Fair Day, Wednesday, 1st April at lunchtime. Contact Jo DeSilva 379 7864 or Mic Doble 272 2760 for details.

# chapman saga cont....

The architect of the controversial Chapman report visited the National Union of Students (NUS) chambers on Wednesday 18th of March. Bruce Chapman's plans included abolishing Austudy in favour of an income contingent loans scheme. This plan has been vigorously opposed by NUS, the student movement, academics, the community services sector and unions.

Student representatives from around Australia have been meeting with Dr Chapman as he tours the country in an attempt to convince others of his grandiose schemes.

High drama ensued in the NUS offices after some student reps decided to walk out of the meeting in disgust, while others proceeded to shoot the crap with Bruce in person.

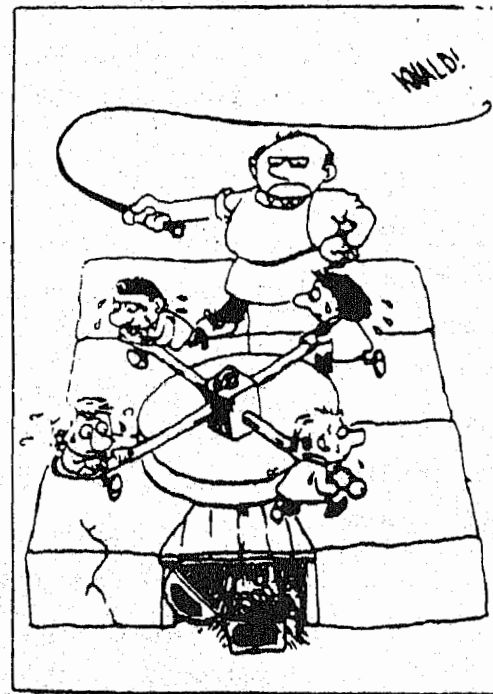
Student reps from Flinders, University of S.A. (Salisbury and Underdale), and Adelaide who abandoned the meeting stated,

"The travelling circus headed by Bruce Chapman is nothing more than a sham and a public relations exercise designed to placate students."

A large portion of the Adelaide Uni contingent as well as some other reps stayed to debate with Chapman. NUSSA President Carla Stacey stated, "Chapman is selling this report as an issue of choice. Students must realise that having a choice of grants or loans is no choice at all."

This Thursday, 26th March is National Day of Action on student finances. Students are meeting on the Barr Smith lawns at 1pm and proceeding to march on Parliament house and the Austudy offices. Even if the proposed Austudy changes will not affect you, show your pathos for the starving hordes by joining this merry band of marchers.

Sam Maiden



# overseas student's rights

For the past two weeks, no much surprise for overseas students. Perhaps, no news is good news. However, there are some issues that need to be raised.

(1) Dependent fees on elementary education  
The Government has responded to our submission against the policy of charging fees on dependent overseas students who receive elementary education. For your background information, the fees range from \$3,500 for primary schooling and \$5,500 for secondary schooling.

However, the response was disappointing. The Federal Government not only push the responsibility of charging fees for children's basic education back to the States and Territories, but also claimed that this policy is fair and reasonable. As the Minister said, "it made little economics sense" to charge international students for university education and then provide free education for whatever number of children they happen to bring with them". (my emphasis) Once again, 'more money' attitude has motivated this policy.

NLC simply cannot see any justification on a policy that will deter children from pursuing their elementary education, nor did it view it as reasonable. We are talking about basic education for children. They are our future. The provision of basic education to them is a fundamental obligation of a civic society. As the Geneva Declaration on the Rights of the Child 1924 asserts that "(human) kind owes to the child the best it has to give." In 1990, the declaration was drafted as a Convention (which imposed obligation on the States who acceded it). Australian

Government acceded to the Convention on 17th December 1990. Article 28 of the Convention stated that the "States Parties ...shall make primary education compulsory and available free to all." Hence, it is beyond doubt that the policy of charging fees on the dependents of overseas students and exporting elementary education services to overseas students are violating the Convention.

However, the Government is keener on the quick buck that can be made than any international obligation it is bound to abide by. It shamelessly claimed that the "condition of entry, including payment for primary and secondary education, can be imposed on non-nationals seeking to enter a sovereign State." NLC fully agrees with the Government statement *so long as any condition imposed by the Government is consistent with its international obligations.* However, the Australian Government clearly cannot impose a condition that states only white foreigners can enter Australia, as such entry conditions will violate the Anti Race Discrimination Convention. Similarly, children of overseas students are no different from any other children. Any fee imposed on them on primary education that they receive is inconsistent with the Convention on the Rights of the Child. This is echoed by Article 2 of the Convention which states that each child shall "enjoy full rights under the Convention without discrimination of any kind." This policy will, in the eyes of international people, damage the Australian Government's integrity in its international people, damage Australian Government's

integrity in its international stance.

The policy will be imposed from 1st March 1992 onward. We, as residents in Australia care about Australia's integrity, have the responsibility to abolish this policy. The NLC will continue its campaigns, including going through both the Human Rights Commission and the legal avenue, to pressure the Australian Government to abide its international obligation. We want this policy to be abolished!

(2) Overseas Student Legal Rights

Overseas students are the consumers of education. However most of us are unsure whether we have any legal rights in this country. Further, due to our unfamiliarity with Australia's legal system and avenue of assistance, most of overseas students feel insecure down under.

As such, the NLC will pursue the overseas students legal rights project. This project is intended to heighten overseas students' awareness in relation to their legal rights, as consumers of education services and temporary residents in Australia. The content of this project will list the common problems faced by overseas students and the avenues available for assistance. It is perceived that the final product will be distributed to all overseas students, including prospective overseas students, in the form of a wall chart.

The NLC is undertaking the necessary research. The research outcome will be forwarded to the Department of Employment, Education and Training (DEET) whom will be responsible for design, printing and distribution. We are glad to have the assistance of the International Division, DEET.

(3) Visa changes

From 1st July 1992 onward, the visa fees for overseas students will increase from \$100 to \$130. Those students who have course length visas will not be affected by this change. NLC is satisfied with the changes as there will be a standard visa fees for overseas students from either low risk or non-low risk countries. There is no discrimination. In other words, under the new policy, overseas students from non-low risk countries will only need to pay \$130, as opposed to \$230 under previous policy.

(4) Overseas students awareness week

With the initiative and co-ordination of Melbourne Council for Overseas Students, NLC will play an active role in the campaign of Overseas Students Day on 6th April. The aim of this campaign is to increase the awareness of the local community that the 'overseas students in Australia is more than a local culture, they are the global future.' Various activities will be organised, including opening day launch at Melbourne Town Hall and the International Students' ball at the end of the week. The other states will not lag behind. They will put out media and press releases in order to achieve the aim of this campaign.

Check with your campus overseas students organisation or the NLC States Branch/Body for more information. Get involved!

If you have a query, please do not hesitate to contact us at (08) 410 0114.

Quek, Ngee Meng

National Convenor

National Liaison Committee for Overseas Students

**CSACSO is a peak body Student Organisation in the University of South Australia. It is with great concern for the rights of students and would be students that CSACSO has initiated this campaign.**

**STUDENTS FIGHT! THE TIME IS RIGHT** is a comprehensive campaign that addresses major issues of concern. The 90's have bought with them the right wing politics that threatens our rights to education. The right wing political agenda has infiltrated student life so that comments like "education is a privilege not a right" seems to be more and more a happening thing.

Late last year the architect of Higher Education Contribution Scheme (HECS is still the subject of a High Court challenge, to be heard later this year), Bruce

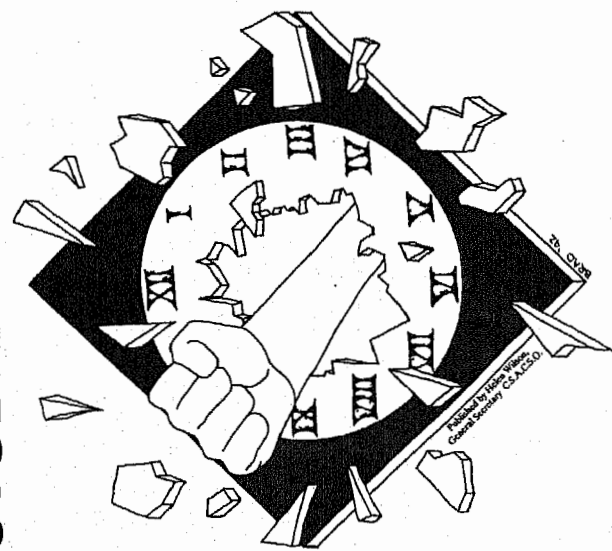
Chapman was commissioned by the Federal Minister for Higher Education to do an Independent study into Austudy.

Chapman's draft option paper is surprise! surprise! suggesting that instead of "grants (Austudy)" that the government should offer loans for second and third year. Students across Australia have been letting Mr Chapman know he can shove his loan scheme. After all the pressure that students have given Chapman he is now considering that both schemes should be offered. Also that about 5% of the grant money should be put aside for loans to be available on campus.

This campaign is to let the Government and individuals like Chapman know that we intend to defend our rights to a free, public and accessible education. LET Chapman know that our educational worth to society is not just merely a spillover.

**STUDENTS FIGHT! THE TIME IS RIGHT** campaign started in Orientation and culminates in a week long series of activities from the 6th April to the 10th April. Each day shall focus on a different

**STUDENTS FIGHT**



**THE TIME IS RIGHT!**

theme i.e. Austudy, HeCS, Chapman, V.S.U. Underfunding/Overcrowding and the Goods and Services Tax. There will be a variety of speakers and entertainment on the University of South Australia and Flinders University campuses.

The week shall conclude with a **STUDENTS FIGHT! THE TIME IS RIGHT** concert at Thebarton Theatre on the 10th of April. This Concert will feature the following bands,  
**YOTHU YINDI**  
**AUNTIE RAELENE**  
**ELDORADOS**  
**MEMBERS ONLY**

**TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FROM**

**MONDAY 23/4/92** at Austicket outlets. These tickets are being subsidised by C.S.A.C.S.O. so as to keep the price down for students. There is only a limited amount available at \$11.00 so get in early.

Helen Wilson General Secretary  
CSACSO

The worst thing to have come out of the Royal revelations of domestic disharmony was not the tragedy of the Yorks' lost love, nor the stunningly insightful observations regarding the difficulties the members of the Royal family have in forging close relationships - although this point was, obviously enough, one well

made. What deep thinkers the Royal Watchers have revealed themselves to be - making the telling claim that those brought up to believe that they are the most important people in the world, and that they must remain aloof and removed from all other presumably plebian members of society will ultimately have problems in maintaining close bonds with aforementioned plebian members of society. I was staggered. Where, I wondered, do these Royal watchers spring from? Who are they? What are their motivations? I mean, despite spurning them myself, objecting to them as I do on the highest

of moral political grounds (if that is not somewhat of a paradoxical statement - and damn it, even if it is somewhat of a paradoxical statement), I suppose one can understand and even sympathise with those people who have a sneaking fascination with the extremely rich and stupid yet aggressively social types that make up the Royal family, and would occasionally indulge their embarrassing interest by buying the odd copy of a Diana festooned Woman's Day. However these Royal Watchers have made it their entire life! Imagine! What would motivate someone to decide that out of all the interesting careers one might choose, opting to spend one's life watching an increasingly obsolete and enormously tedious family does with their time would be a really good idea? I suppose a crisis such as this would really be a big boon, and could provide immense job satisfaction. It would be right up there with the scandals of Edward VII and Princess Margaret. No, the worst thing to come out of the broken marriage of Andy and Fergie was the fact, horrifyingly stark in its truth, that despite all the chat of Republicanism in recent times, the Australian press maintain a deep commitment to the Royal Family, and under the guise of "giving people what they want" have devoted unbelievably large quantities of time and space to telling the tale of the tragedy. Three articles in both the Friday and Saturday Advertisers - don't start me on the News and the Sunday Mail. Hinch, A Current Affair and Real Life all ran lead stories on it - from different angles of course - each show had recruited their own Royal Watcher (how many of these overachievers can there possibly be? What a strange thing the British psyche is.) And when the three facts that are actually known about the separation had been exhaustively discussed, the speculation on re-marriage options began. I predict a lot more of

such chat. Perhaps the Royal family will actually be relieved. It might deflect attention away from that apparently "confirmed bachelor" Prince Edward (known to his friends as Dockyard Doris).

Losing out in the battle for supremacy of the front page were those old white supremacists, the Afrikaaners. The morally bankrupt referendum was held on Tuesday and resulted, as you would all know, in an overwhelming victory for DeKlerk's reform proposals. I don't know about all of this. Pleasing as the result was - how gracious it really was of the white folk to deign to allow the others to participate in future political processes - the concept of the white people having the power to decide whether or not the reforms should continue, I found rather nauseating. That old power of veto, which of course the Conservatives (read neo-nazis) urged everyone to exercise. Of course the Conservatives had a much better idea. They thought it would be a really good idea to allow the Blacks self rule, but self rule of a small enclosure somewhere in the dark recesses of South African territory - somewhere akin to the Linton of Adelaide. Happily they were quashed, and it is with interest that the eye of the world turn to South Africa to see what will unfold there over the next few months. All speed to the election of President Mandela! (and may the South African all white cricket team lose in the semi finals.)

Next week: Move over Chapman. Move over Olsen! Barbara Wiese revs up as the Liberal Party's newest weapon.  
Jo Dyer

# ONE WEEK OF NEWS

## DON'T LIKE YOUR CHANCES

**"Chances": Getting to the Root Of It. I spy with my little eye something beginning with A.**

**Advertising I spy with my little eye something beginning with B.**

**Breasts, bums and bonking.**

**I spy with my little eye something beginning with C.**

**"Chances". And guess what the relationship of A and**

**B are to C? Yes, you guessed it, they are C.**

"Chances", Channel 9's supposedly sizzling adult soap opera is by no means your conventional soapie. The "E Streets", "Neighbours" and "Home and Away's" of this world all solely rely on fast paced storylines. And that's all. Quality acting, plots, direction, production etc. all take a second seat (quite often a very distant second seat) to speedy storylines. The rationale behind this is to continually keep the attention of audiences before they become bored with the general stupidity of those storylines anyway. (See the recent Steven 'E Street Looney' Richardson story). "Chances" does not do this, however. "Chances" relegates even storylines to the second seat. And in the case of "Chances" its those really hard, unbearably uncomfortable seats like the ones in Flentje. I empathise with all first and second years who use this lecture room because I know oh so too well the post-Flentje experience of believing you have hemorrhoids. What "Chances" does rely on is sex. It serves up the most gratuitous tits and arse kind of television imaginable. I recall one episode, where a completely unrelated extra was filmed skinny dipping. What is said is that this is a general occurrence. It's most

recent newcomer is actor (?) Gerard Sont, who plays a mysterious drifter. His virgin episode involved ripping off all his clothes, bonking mercilessly Mrs. Taylor and exposing his backside as often as was humanly possible. Needless to say this was a powerful critique of contemporary societal dysfunctions. What is even more hysterical about his being in the cast is that he is the former host of children's show Double Dare. Maybe, his previous experiences with children will pave the way for paedophilia story development.

Jeremy Sims, who plays Alex Taylor, who like Mr. Gerry "I'm a serious actor. Don't call me kids T.V." Sont is not loathe to taking advantage of every opportunity for butt baring, bawdiness and banging, recently claimed that "Chances" was really a comedy on Steve Vizard's tour-de-force of self aggrandizement. Steve Vizard, blah, blah, blah. Don't start me. Alright. I'll simply restrict myself to saying what in the Hell has, in my opinion, that buck teathed horror from Hell got rammed up his arse that ensures his face is permanently patterned by a grimace more reminiscent of that surgical mantel piece, Michael "If I say I'm not trying to look like Diana Ross, then I really mustn't be" Jackson? Maybe, Viz' is a pet shop person i.e. he gets a rodent and a condom...shoves it...drugged...sexual

satisfaction...sometimes surgically removed. This is a ridiculous contention. "Chances" does not purport to be a comedy at all. It is simply a racier version of '70's sex soaps, "The Box" and "Number 96". The fact that something is far fetched does not make it comedy. Comedy, regardless of genre, is intended to cause laughter. All "Chances" does is cause groans of disbelief and probably groans of something else for mid-life crisis, menopausal men.

On a more general level, something else I find incredibly disturbing about this programme is the way in which brand names are focussed on. I have seen "Vogue" magazine and "Lotto" shows focussed on, in a way that suggests complete intention. With already enough ads consuming the screen, this form of clumsy, subliminal advertising is appalling. Well, back to the eye spy game, then. I spy with my little eye some things beginning with C. Crap. Codswallop. Coarseness. Cretinism. Cheapness. Crassness. "Chances".

## SAUA

# WOMENS PRESIDENT ENVIRONMENT OFFICER

## Women's Officer's Report

The year is shaping up! On Sunday, 15th March, some women's representatives met at a NUSSA planning day to set goals, dates, etc. for the rest of 1992.

Dates set included Blue Stocking Week - a week celebrating the involvement of women in education. Last year, it was agreed that Blue Stocking Week came too late in the year, making it difficult for very devoted students to attend. So this year, Blue Stocking Week will be celebrated by many campuses from Tuesday, 19th May - Friday, 22nd. This should be a *big week*.

Other events planned are a discussion and debate on pro-choice and hopefully some hot campaign action on pornography and the portrayal of women as sex objects in the media.

Women on Campus convened our first meeting last Thursday, with a good attendance by those who signed up. It was decided that, for the rest of the year, WOC meetings will be held on Thursdays at 1.15. Elections will be held, for

Convener -

Secretary -

Treasurer -

Good luck to these women, and I hope this year will be a productive one.

Annabel Crabb

Women's Officer

## President's Column

### Teaching Quality

For those who have filled in forms, thank you, and to all of you who haven't, keep them coming in. See On Dit #2 and 3 for details and a copy of the form.

### Chapman's Proposal to Change AUSTUDY

Bruce Chapman, supposedly in response to student pressure, has altered his proposal for a loans scheme. Now students can choose between a loan and grant (i.e. AUSTUDY) instead of being forced to accept a loan after first year. Student representation met with him last Wednesday and in a fiery confrontation rejected the loans proposal in any shape or form. The main arguments are as follows:-

1. That if loans are brought in, grants will be gradually eroded and students will have to pay more and more back.
2. That accumulated debt from HECS *and* loans could be as much as \$30,000 from a 4 year degree.
3. That the advantages of having a well educated society are felt by all members of society and not just the graduates, so all members of society should share the burden of assisting disadvantaged students while studying.
4. That students already pay for their education
  - through HECS
  - through taxes
  - through income foregone
  - materials costs.

So, why should they be forced to pay over and over?

### Budget Cuts / Teaching

If anyone needs the article on the budget cuts and has a story of how they have been affected, please come and see me - we need all we can get.

Susie O'Brien

Dear complacent student body,

Please wake up, it is a nice day outside ....

Thank you to all who participated in the Transport Rally last Tuesday. For those who couldn't attend (and you all had a jolly good reason, of course), you missed out on an exhilarating experience. Although the various media reports quibble from 200 to 1,000 people in attendance, lots of angry people were there stating their point emphatically. They were addressed by a range of speakers from People for Public Transport, The Disabled Association, the Green Party and *you* (you'd better be grateful!) were represented by Carla Stacey, President of NUS(SA). Then the really exciting part was when a group of 100 or so stormed into the STA House. We staged a sit-in, in between the computers of cowering, bemused, ultra pleasant public servants, demanding to speak to someone *high up* in management. After some very interesting altercations between protesters, the management and the police (who were very reasonable until the end), we secured an impromptu half an hour forum with the Customer Services Officer, Mr Ric Teague. Unfortunately, he is not one of the powers that be, he has little influence upon policy decisions, *but* he is that bridge between public and management. And he was rattled!

So, well done to those who persevered, get yer act together and make sure you come to the next one - for there will be more and various actions during this campaign - to those who couldn't be bothered.

Closer to home base is a newspaper-recycling depot we are in the process of getting set up on campus. The idea is that all you diligent students will bring your On Dits and any other newspaper you may or may not read into our collection depot on campus and we will then get a nice company to pick it up and do something to it other than burning it. This plan is still in its development stages and we'll keep you up-to-date as it progresses.

Cathryn Hughes

Jo Mills

Trish Drioll

Environment Officers

## Damien is sadly misinformed

In reply to Damien Mills in On Dit 16/3/92, one can conclude that he is sadly misinformed. To suggest that more babies will be made available for adoption by well-informed mothers is pure assumption. One of the main reasons women choose to keep their babies today is the change in society's attitude to single parents.

The IVF program offers hope to many infertile parents, some of whom are too old to adopt children. By suggesting that this program be made 'redundant', Mr Mills, is actually taking away the choice for people who want to have a child born to them naturally.

If he suggests 'Long Live Choice' as he purports, then let Mr Mills remember that it means everybody - including infertile couples.

**Robby Lloyd**  
Economics Department

## Damien is ridiculous

Dear Editors,

It was with mounting horror that I read through Damien Mills' letter. Thanks to Sam Maiden for voicing this horror as well. However, I would still like to address Mr Mills' first (numbered) point which was "How can somebody [I presume he means some woman here] be offended by these models if they recently had an abortion and knew all the facts?" by trying to answer this question.

What if the issue were vasectomy? (I realise this may be a little harder for females to imagine but Mr Mills obviously had no trouble empathising a pregnant woman, so let's make a special effort.) Even if a vasectomy patient had been given all the facts and been aware of the implications - if he came to Uni in O'Week, perhaps still feeling a little tender, a bit worried about what had just happened, or even uncertain that he had done "the right thing", how would he feel to be confronted with models of slashed penises (or for the text book checkers amongst us, tied tubes, etc., etc.). Not only would this be, I'd venture, upsetting by why *should* he be forced to go through it? I know it is a different matter but it seems women's choices can be bandied about by all, but men's are frankly - NOT.

Mr Mills suggested (No 3) that it is "far more injurious for a scared and confused girl [girl??] to find out after the event ..." and he is reasonably right but information should never be foisted upon people. It may be the "girls" choice to *never want* to find out. This is her choice and should not be taken away by the Pro-Life Club.

Women about to have an abortion go through an extensive counselling procedure (at least two doctors and an *unbiased* counsellor) as well as a waiting period before even considering an abortion in earnest. They can therefore obtain the information from places other than a Club display if they *want to* (perhaps in one of the prolific text books that Mr Snelling and Mr Blaess refer to).

Finally, may I remind readers that Pro-Choice does *not* mean Pro-Abortion. The issue raised in Ms Crabb's first letter was *not* whether abortion is right or wrong, but whether a woman has the right to choose this for herself.

Yours sincerely,  
**Cressida Wall**

## Steve Packer is ridiculous

Dear Benjamin,

It was with great interest that I read your letter in On Dit, 16th March. I agree wholeheartedly with your comments and as the mover of the motion against Rob Brice at Union Board, was quite shocked to see the President of the Roseworthy Student Union abstain from voting.

As with your comments, I agree that Stephen is free to vote however he likes, but when one considers the staffing matter concerned Roseworthy and, as you have stated, his personal comments, which I also have heard, then you would expect no other course of action for the President except voting in favour.

I have also heard Stephen say that it is pointless being on Board because you can't achieve anything. Well, I guess this is true when you abstain from voting, when, in fact, if he had voted he would have had an impact.

I guess when you boil everything down, Stephen had some political debts to repay to the right wing Independent controlled Board and did this by abstaining. I find it a bit weird that in the final analysis, the defence of Roseworthy staff came not from their President, but from other progressive persons on Board.

Yours in solidarity,  
**S. Wilson**  
Board Member

## Dick Ed-ho, ho,ho...

Dear Dick Eds,

We are two budding science lecturers, and we were just wondering if you could clear a few points up for us. To be science lecturers do we have to:

- grow uncontrollable beards?
- purchase (and drive) beat up Volvos?
- hide in dark places (i.e. offices, rooms, lecture theatres)?
- walk between destinations as if we are on an important mission?
- speak like David Attenborough (i.e. have strategically placed pauses and raise our voices for no apparent reasons)?

I hope you have all the answers to these painful questions.

See you next week,

JC the C  
and AD the D

P.S. Dennis drinks toooo much beer.

yes you are, but perhaps the notion of incomplete analysis due to lack of personal experience might provide more clues.

Dear Eds,

I read your recent issue (Volume 60, Number 3, 16/3/92) with a growing sense of alarm at what I observe to be an increasing tendency for new age "left" consciousness to resemble old style "right" fascism. Without entering into the debate between Pro Choice and Pro Life, I believe that Annabel Crabb was wrong to want to have the Pro Life foetus exhibits banned. In the postscript to her somewhat dubious reply to Pro Life, she expresses incredulity at being labelled a "Stalinist" - a perfectly apt label

for one who wants to ban the expression of views which oppose her own, I would have thought. I suppose she thinks that the means justifies the end. Just for the record, I am Pro Choice.

This is but one small example of this trend where people who claim to have conscience and humanistic sensibilities are behaving in a manner in stark contrast to the subversive libertarianism and humanism of the last three decades which have spawned them and allowed them to hold positions of influence and hence power. Now libertarianism is dying. In fact, it is not even on the agenda of the new age aware. Censorship is openly embraced as a tool to inhibit those who do not fall in to line and embrace the "whole thing" - feminism, aboriginal rights, environment, etc. lock, stock and barrel. The new age consciousness imposes on our freedom with all of the ugly self-righteous indignation of a Fred Nile and with increasing real power. Phillip Adams recently described the reduced freedom we endure for the greater positive freedom experienced by minorities and the down trodden. For example, to disallow racist language is to allow ethnic minorities to live in freedom and dignity from racist slander. Likewise with women and sexist language and so on. The problem with all of this, as an individual, is that someone else is dictating what I can and can not say and hence ultimately what I think. Laws governing our behaviour may seem like reforms now but I think are ultimately chains around our necks. Limitations to personal freedom breed resentment and subversive elements.

Whatever happened to debate and persuasion? Am I being naive? Perhaps it is simply true that change can only be effected with power - and power corrupts. What I am observing is simply the ongoing struggle for power between self-interested groups. I am finding it increasingly difficult to align myself to people who do not uphold the principle of freedom of speech.

**Gareth Bridges,**  
Mechanical Engineering.

**This letter was brought in extremely late and was only printed in an effort to stop this debate dragging on for another 6 editions. We should not have to remind people that the deadline is wednesday, 5pm. We certainly do not have to put up with people bullying us to print material if they are incapable of handing it in at an appropriate time**

## Murderers

Dear Editors,

I write in reply to Annabel Crabb's letter (On Dit 16/3/92). Annabel is missing the point completely about what the abortion debate is actually about. She states that it is about respecting decisions that individuals make about their own lives. The abortion debate comes down simply to this "Is abortion murder?". It has nothing to do with the rights of individuals to make decisions about their own lives because the decision is about the life or death of another human being (foetus). What right does someone have to take the life of another human being just because it is convenient to do so? The "Pro-Choice" movement contends that a foetus isn't a human being, but what basis do they have for this contention? Annabel points out that legally a foetus is not an independent being until 24 weeks, but what is the basis for this figure? Many other figures could have

been arrived at because its basis is just one of personal opinion. Just because it is law, does that make it right? Pornography is legal but does that make it right? (I am quite sure Annabel would agree that it is wrong because it exploits women.) There are currently moves to make prostitution and hard drugs legal but does that make them right? The "Pro-Life" movement has two basis (sic) for its contention that abortion is murder:

- 1) Biblical perspective.
- 2) Human conscience.
- 3) My stupid cock.

Both of which are in alignment with the idea that a foetus is a human being. The "Pro-Choice" movement obviously reject the Bible's perspective but what does their conscience say? I put it to you that there is an inconsistency between the conscience of a pro-abortionist and their support of abortion. You don't believe me? Then why, as Damien Mills (On Dit 16/3/92) points out, do the "Pro-Choice" movement recognise the emotional turmoil of those who have an abortion? Also why do women who are unfortunate enough to have a miscarriage to through so much emotional turmoil? Is it just a foetus or a human being? Annabel goes on to criticise the AU Pro-Life Club for "cruelly mocking and condemning". Someone can't feel condemned unless they feel guilt, and why shouldn't a *murderer* be exposed to their guilt. It is important that a woman considering abortion is able to consider what she is actually doing before she makes her decision rather than afterwards when the damage is done. Abortion isn't, as Annabel puts it, a complicated issue when it is seen for what it really is - *murder*. For those who have had an abortion there is only one way they can properly deal with their guilt and that is to give it over to Jesus Christ who died for our sins. "Pro-Life" isn't about attacking women's rights, it is about the basic human right to life.

**Brett Knuchel**  
3rd Year Commerce  
P.S. I am not a member of AU Pro-Life Club.



## Get your tubes tied, ladies

Dear Editors,

I write in response to Annabel Crabb's letter about the "Foetusarama" at the Pro-Life Club's stall at O'Week. Pregnancy and birth are very exciting and wonderful. I find it very sad that women feel a need to take offence at the facts of foetal development. The models displayed at the table were life-sized and labelled according to the age of foetal stage they represented.

It is not offensive to show a positive side to pregnancy. The display did not target women with an aim to insult or belittle us. It would have been offensive if it had been an "anti-abortion" display, showing the contents of the "bucket", or pictures of a woman undergoing an abortion.

No doubt it is a lonely feeling to have had an abortion. Women do not need our condemnation. Despite its legality, abortion is still a very taboo, private thing, rarely talked about from personal experience. It is not a pleasant part of modern life. It can be a humiliating and degrading experience. I suspect few women can forget its implications and that none take it lightly.

My problems with abortion do not end with the rights of the foetus, but with the rights and need of women and men to live in a morally responsible world. It is immoral that childrearing has fallen for so long, so heavily on the shoulders of women. Mothers have a right to a life of our own. But abortion on demand evades this issue. Parenthood can be incorporated into a fulfilling, varied life, if the task of caring for children is shared between parents and friends.

Women have control over our bodies - via contraception. No, this is not 100% foolproof and I'm not dealing with rape. But outside rape, women are half at fault when we become pregnant.

If you want to behave like the stereotypical male and have sex whenever you wish, with whomever you wish, no strings attached, have your tubes tied. If you want to help create a more morally just and caring society, restrict your lovelife to likeminded people and decide together to take responsibility for what happens if contraception fails. And if you feel you're not ready to cope with children in your life, you're probably better off waiting to have sex, too.

Yours sincerely,  
Melissa Walt

## Now, now Scott. Lawsuits are expensive

Dear 'Scumbag' Snelling,

When are you going to stop writing your putrid messages on Pro-Life. You have missed the point and the crux of the debate. The point is that in the final analysis it is the women's choice not to or to have an abortion. It makes me puke every time I see a Pro Life article such as yours not only because of the blatant hypocrisy of their article but also because they are almost always written by God's own little boy school troopers.

Even the Pope is a male and the church that you worship is also male dominated. Is this why there is so much opposition from within about female priests who might, if ordained, recognise what the fundamental issue is - choice!

Jack when was the last time you were

pregnant and had to face this decision.

I was surprised by your letter in the fact that your other soldier in spirit (Clare Kemmett) was not a co-author. Is this because she has been pre-selected for the seat of Adelaide in the next election and doesn't want her electorate to know of her Pro-Life stance? Back to the point when will you wake up, or if you believe so strongly when are you emigrating to Dublin? I am quite sure the Pro-Life lobby needs people like you after losing their case in the Supreme Court.

Scott Wilson  
Resident in Seat of Adelaide

## On Ya Paul

Congratulations, Paul Abfalter,

It is about time someone exposed the Hewson 'Fightback' package for what it is, a reactionary sham. The Liberal Party plan for governing stops nothing short of shredding the social fabric of Australian society. Mr Abfalter's general indictment against the Libs might have been expanded by reference to their "Industrial Reform" policies. The collective bargaining between employer and employee, set to replace the wages accord, will render employees throughout Australia at the mercy of management. Marked income falls will be the natural result of removing fixed wage levels, especially at a time where there is an abundant supply of workers. It appears that the word 'fight' in the catch-term 'fightback' is to be directed at the majority of Australians, as they have the most to lose.

W. Hallinan  
A concerned Australian

## Send the plebs to WEA - A Liberal writes in.

Dear Editors,

I would like to express my disgust, in these hard economic times (a result of the State and Federal Labor Parties' financial mismanagement and incompetence) at the continuation of Austudy for those attending courses which have no practical value. Foremost amongst is the Faculty of Arts. The majority of subjects taught in this Faculty are totally pointless. Tertiary English is utterly useless, year 11 standard being sufficient anyone of intel-ligence (sic). Studying History benefits only academics, who spend much time and taxpayers' money in repeated examination of obscure events with no relevance to real life. The endlessly recycled excuse used by all historians to justify their positions is that "those who ignore his-tory (sic) are doomed to repeat it". This is nothing more than a catch-cry, and even if it has merit it does not mean that thousands of academics should be employed to tell people what they can easily find in textbooks. Law is a subject of much importance as a great many people and businesses require legal advice on a regular basis, and legal knowledge is an advantage in many positions of responsibility. It is therefore stupid to obstruct and complicate the path to a law degree with a year of Arts as a compulsory prerequisite. This system only deters people from gaining useful qualifications.

In short I propose that a Law degree should be attainable after three years of study as is the case for every other faculty of note, and also that Austudy be withheld from student studying useless Arts courses. This would automatically reduce the work load for the Faculty which could then sack useless

academics and shrink until it reaches a reasonable size. Austudy should not be given to those who want to indulge in frivolous pass-times (sic) which will not benefit the wider community. I do not say that it is necessary to abolish such courses entirely, merely remove subsidies to 'hobby subjects' which should be rightfully taught only at the WEA.

Yours concernedly,  
Mr Kieren Dike  
P.S. Vote Liberal for the only answer to Australia's problems!

## What a funny bugger !

Dear On Dit,

As a student preparing for exams last year, I was shocked to find that all of my carefully written notes had gone. Noting the "There's a Thief About" signs everywhere, I proceeded hastily to the Head of my Faculty in order to tell him of my problem.

After a short discussion, he asked me to write my name and a contact time down in his diary, and quite by accident I realised what I had done. I had inadvertently left the pen lid on, thus, all of my scribbles meant nothing. What a *silly billy* I'd been!

Although failing the year, I can still look back and see the funny side of the whole incident, and hope with this letter others won't fall into a similar trap.

P. Rick

## On Dit is fucked

Dear Editor,

The odd litre of coliform bearing water has passed under the bridge since I last scanned the pages of an On Dit. How things have changed, going by Vol 60, No 2.

For all your good intentions, rather than quote "Catalyst" verbatim, I suggest you wave a copy in front of the law faculty before publishing interstate information as if it applied to us in SA. Could be hand if you're ever picked up in the east, though.

With a catchy headline like "When loves comes to town", you're bound to get attention. I fear I was not alone in failing to find anything remotely related to the title. Mind you, it was of some comfort to know that we are less subject to self-induced deafness than some of those caught on the wrong side of the planet. Similarly, I couldn't see the link between the Anglican Church and the program, "Studs" on pg 12. (Thankfully!) Did I miss something?

I did pick up a number of fascinating bits and pieces including where to get a cheap game of snooker. I've even found a new word which is much shorter to type than "copulation" and will give more balanced use of the "f" letter on my keyboard.

R. Alexander

## Thoughts for the week

Dear Editors,

The second On Dit issue for this year had a very good coverage on a number of interesting concerns: (1) the range of taxes affecting students, (2) problems caused by government interference, such as the notorious UTS drug-price publishing scandal, and (3) the concerns about T.V. shows such as "Studs" and "Donahue".

Reading these pieces started me thinking of my own responses to them, which I will outline:

(1) if government policies have ever been clear enough to tell people what politicians have in store, then the Liberals' ideas about student loans (I hate the idea myself- it's like mortgaging intelligence) are screaming discouragement at the great majority of tertiary students. Perhaps students could give John Hewson a special nickname: Prince John, in memory of the Robin Hood story.

(2) the ban on the UTS O-Guide is reminiscent of publishing bans on Communist newspapers: the rationale (the word "logic" would be too misleading) seems to be that circulating precise details serves as encouragement and a manual on how to begin.

This is as intelligent as saying that after reading the Financial Times you will have the motivation and basic knowledge to become a stockbroker. I ask you to judge for yourself.

(3) A word on T.V. shows: both "Donahue" and "Studs" (you can almost hear the cries for "More Blood!"). Also, both shows put people on trial and/or set them against each other, especially in the team situation of "Studs": the host opens the cage doors with his questions.

If you want to read more about the sort of ideas I have outlined, both Aldous Huxley and Jack London will give you more dramatic examples. Best books are *Brave New World*, *Ape and Essence* or some of his essays (Huxley) and *The Iron Heel* (London).

Tim Roberts  
2nd Year Arts

## Letters Policy

Please don't make your letters any longer than 500 words.

Include your name and contact department or your letter will not be printed.

The deadline for letters is Wednesday at 5 p.m

That's all  
Have a nice day.



# ILOTOPIE-ADELAIDE'S FAVORITE NUDISTS SPEAK

**Ilotopie**  
Les gens de couleur

They preferred to remain anonymous (I suppose he would have told me his name if I'd asked him).

**Me:** How many months have you been doing this show?

**Them:**The Company has been active for about 13 years and we've been playing "Les gens de couleur" for about 4 years.

**Me:** Was your show stopped in other cities as well as in Adelaide?

**Them:**We were not allowed to have "les topless" in England, so we could only have the men participate in "Les gens de couleur" in England. In Canada, as well, we had a few small problems with the police. But apart from that, everything has gone well.

**Me:** Do you like Adelaide?

**Them:**Yes.

**Me:** So, what's the psychology behind this performance? Is it mainly directed towards different races?

**Them:**Coloured people - coloured people who have to live with their colour. We are attracted to people of the same colour. That's life!

**Me:** What do you see of your audience?

**Them:**The people that we look at in the street are the same. The blacks who we look at in the street are the same. The Aborigines are the same. The Chinese, the Vietnamese ... those not white are the same as us; coloured people who wish to live with their coloured skin.

**Me:** When I watched your performance this afternoon, it seemed as if you were all in the zoo.

**Them:**It's the same as a zoo. The police banned us from acting in the city, so now

we are doing our act in a "reserve".

**Me:** So, it's because of the police that you performed today in this reserve?

**Them:**Yes.

**Me:** And normally, you do your act freely in the streets?

**Them:**Yes, in the street.

**Me:** So, it's rather symbolic, then, that the people of Adelaide stopped you from being able to do your act in the street?

**Them:**Yes, it's very symbolic, but it's them who have made it symbolic.

**Me:** So, is everything OK now after the problems with the police?

**Them:**Apart from the fact that our performance was stopped, everything's OK.

**Me:** Because of your arrests, I feel a little embarrassed for Adelaide.

**Them:**We are also embarrassed because of the violence. We don't like violence. We do other things in our act. We make noise, but we don't show violence.

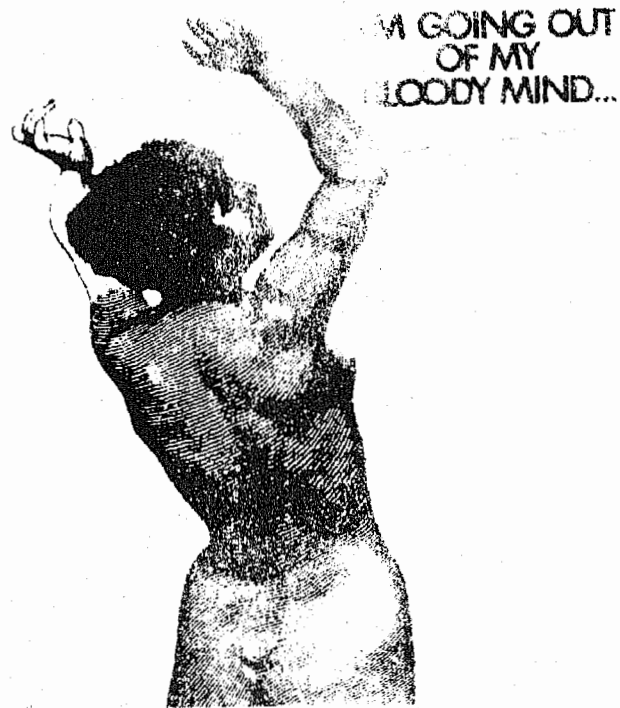
**Me:** Yes, but is difficult not to when you are arrested in such a manner.

**Them:**Yes, but now the Australian Government has apologised to the French Government and the French Embassy staff came and the police apologised as well. And we won a trial.

**Me:** Are you going back to France, now?

**Them:**Saturday night is our last performance, so we're going back to France on Monday.

**Me:** To do the same act, "Les gens de couleur" in France?



**Them:**No, to prepare another performance.

**Me:** And what will this one be about?

**Them:**It will be called "L'automobus". It's about a bus with lots of different atmospheres and all sorts of different people who get on. There will be different surroundings on the bus everyday. One day they'll be a gym, for example, and all the religions. There will be corners of Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Arabs, etc.... on the bus.

**Me:** And do the people talk together, or do they remain separated into little groups?

**Them:**In "Les gens de couleur" do you mean?

**Me:** No, in "L'automobus".

**Them:**I won't say anymore there, but in "Les gens de couleur" words are useless, it's not necessary to talk.

**Me:** Was your performance well received in other cities, as well as in Adelaide?

**Them:**Yes, of course. It's strange, it's different.

**Me:** And how long does it take to get all the paint off your bodies?

**Them:**Oh ... "ça s'enlève pas". (It doesn't come off.)

**Me:** OK. Well, thanks a lot for your time and have a good trip home.

**Them:**"Au revoir, aussi à vous, et merci pour votre temps aussi."

Alison Barton

## Andrew Denton ABC TV

Andrew Denton, guru of ABC TV comedy, graced the airwaves of Student Diary Radio last night.

Taking some time out of his busy TV schedule, Denton spoke to Alan Merritt and Steve Thomson on their radio show called "Johnny Starr and the Love Muscle".

Denton's record third series of "The Money or the Gun" kicked off on ABC TV on Wednesday night last week, his comedy programme focusing on how we keep ourselves sane. "It was a hippy-esque kind of show," Andrew explained. "It was based on the fact that almost one in five of us at some time has a form of mental illness, but how do people keep themselves sane?"

To find out the answer to this question, Andrew and his film crew travelled to South Australia. He denies this was because

our State has a higher incidence of insanity. "Oh no!" he said, "Quite the contrary really. We went to Andamooka in the centre of South Australia to discover that people in the country or the 'bush' are less stressed and more sane than people in cities.

"The people in Andamooka are generally happy. They believe they are more sane than the average."

And how does the comedian himself stay sane? "Er, quiet meditation listening to Billy Bragg."

Andrew also gave away some details of his second series of "Live and Sweaty", which screens late on Friday nights on ABC TV. "Basically, it's live. We don't know what we've done until after we've done it. But it will have Elle McFeast, Rex 'Moose' Mossop and Lex 'The Swine' Marinos. In this Olympic year, when it is impossible to over the top, we will continue the cult of the loser."

He confirmed that acting and comedy will take up his time in the "immediate future". Speculation has been rife amongst TV and radio circles that Denton would move on to current affairs, after being seen by a 'Who' magazine reporter sharing lunch with Jennifer Byrne of Channel 9's "Sixty Minutes".

The spectacled comedian warned with tongue in cheek, "Don't believe everything



you read, especially in that magazine!" But there can be no doubting the fact that beneath his quick, razor sharp wit there is a serious, philosophical side to Andrew Denton. Beneath the fuzzy black hair, glittering jacket and steel-rimmed glasses, we have the mind of an Australian cultural icon. For example, out of all the Adelaide Festival activities, Andrew was interested most in "Writers' Week". He once considered doing a special on Aboriginal deaths in custody. A Denton special on white collar corruption in Australian industry is at the planning stage - with a loose working title of "Corporate Scum Must Die".

"Yes, we have a committee working on that one," he chuckled. "The committee is presently overseas doing research." In Spain, perhaps?

Just how does Denton react to the tag of "an Australian cultural icon"? "You're a bit hard up, aren't you?" he quipped, poking fun at himself. As Andrew says, "There is humour inherent in every subject".

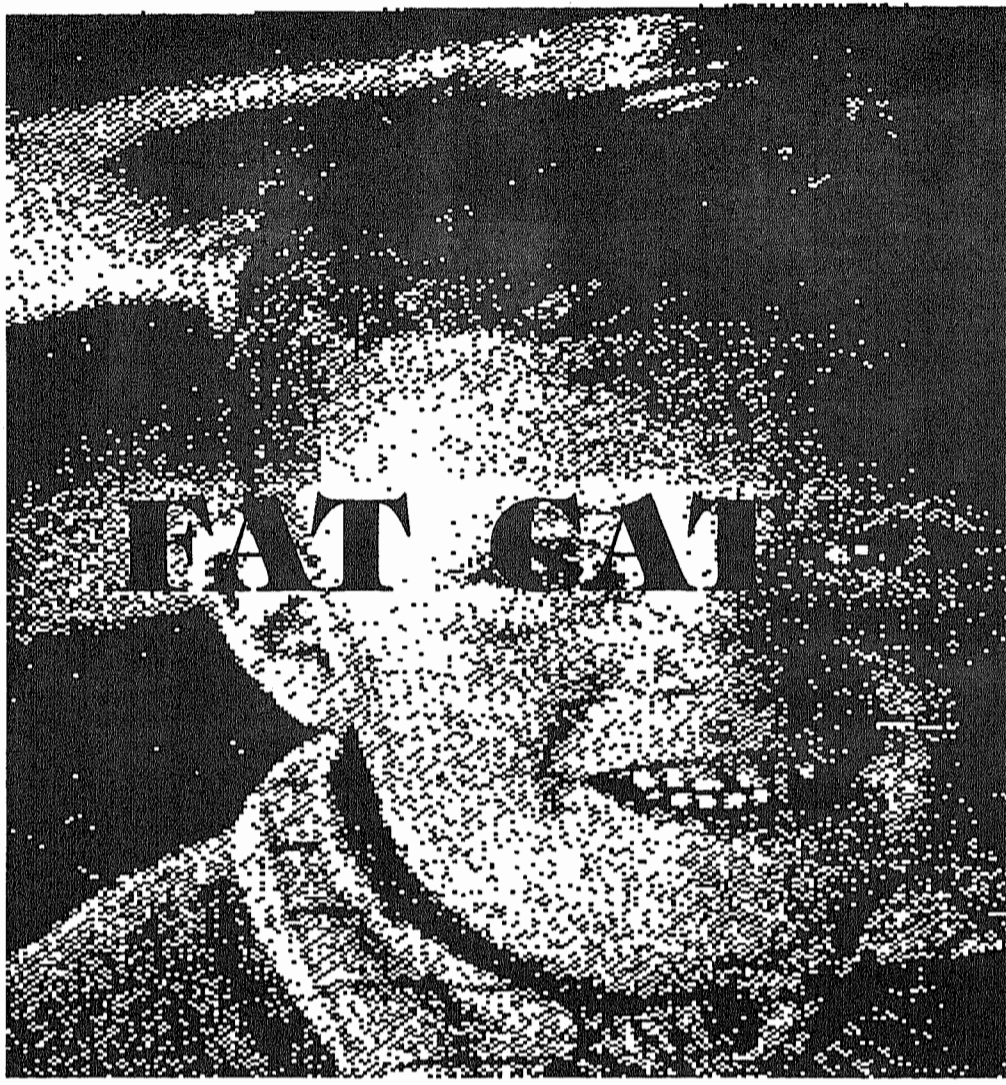
Finally what advice does the comedy guru have for University freshers, unwise to the ways of student life? "Take a ticket on every ride! It sure as Hell beats working for a living."

## Who are you, Fat Cat?

TV icon of the 70s and 80s and good-natured bed-time guru to a generation of kiddies, Fat Cat is now a media outcast, a pariah in the 90s. What on earth has Fat Cat done wrong? Got caught doing something unspeakable to Humphrey? (Laughing at him for having no pants, for example?) Is Fat Cat naughtier than Noddy, dear kiddies? Before you vow never to say "Goodnight, Fat Cat" ever again, let me hasten to reassure you.

The only nasties being perpetrated here are entirely adult ones and have little to do with the antics of a well-behaved, albeit somewhat gumbyish, overgrown feline of indeterminate age and perhaps ambiguous gender. Our fat friend has been de-licensed because he (given that Fat Cat wears a tie and no bra on our conservative screens this seems most likely gender assignment) can't be labelled. The cuddly one is not overtly young or old, left or right, gay or straight (although certainly camp!). Which leaves the mind control corps at the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal (ABT) absolutely apoplectic. Jana (show me a can of hairspray and I'll show you a serious TV journalism) Wendt's "A Current Affair" for once had a decent delve into the ideological mud of a scandal, airing an interview with Claire Petrie of the Children's Programming Committee (CPC), an ABT body, on 10th March.

Lamentably, according to well-meaning-Claire, the CPC were unable to determine exactly who Fat Cat is, so Fat Cat had to go. The logic being that if they can't tell what sort of



**Without Fat Cat how would this little kiddie learn the nuances and vagaries of childish games and fucking people over?**

range of cultural inputs and need more than a limited range of stereotypical "goodies and baddies" to help their growing understanding of the world.

Let's rename the CPC to "The Council for the Control of Kiddies' Minds" and recognise their approach for the sinister thing that it is.

**Scott Wasley**

cultural/educational metaphor Fat Cat represents, they cannot predict or control the messages our kiddies receive. The CPC feels powerless because they can't label Fat Cat according to an approved stereotype. Yet the beauty of Fat Cat from a child's point of view may well be that he does not submit easily to stereotyping and is, therefore, non-threatening on grounds of age, authority, etcetera. Fat Cat in this sense is childlike: a receptor for the many messages of society, and is an ally, discovering and decoding life along with the kids. This may well be reading too much into a wool suit with an actor inside, but if I am so guilty, so are Claire and her cohorts. My point is that the CPC is attempting an absurdly abstract, technical approach to kid's education and entertainment, through rigid control of their viewing agenda.

So what, I hear you ask? At least they mean well. I beg to differ. Agenda control is a form of mind control and robs the subordinate of their rights of exploration, self-determination and a more complete understanding of the world. I say that curiosity and individual freedom should be the media through which we sort the metaphors of our culture, and that agenda control risks excluding the good, or at least the necessary, along with the bad. Why can't good education be about helping to decode cultural messages, rather than merely restricting the agenda to (someone's) conception of "good" values. What on earth are parents, teachers and clear thinkers for than to help explain the confusing and often confronting messages that life (and TV) throw in our paths? Children have a right to a diverse

## BEVERLY HILLS 90.. etc

American television drama is notoriously bad. Despite this, it dominates our screens, popular culture and some people's lives. The worldwide success of such shows as *Beverly Hills 90210* is a sad reflection on society and television as a medium. This international ratings hit, a plastic recreation of a plastic society, is a collage of everything to be hated about American TV. Residing in an artificial world of nosejobs, silicon boobs and ugly tans, the kids of *Beverly Hills 90210* live in American Dreamland - a place completely divorced from reality. Far from the photochemical smog, drive-by shootings and poverty of Los Angeles, *Beverly Hills 90210* represents the complete failure of American television drama to grasp reality and abandon commercial considerations.

Produced by Aaron Spelling, the man responsible for such hits as *Charlie's Angels* and *Dynasty*, *Beverly Hills 90210* is an all-American salute to capitalism and the benefits of having the 'right' hair. While at first glance it may appear to be little more than a superficial teen soap opera, *Beverly Hills 90210* is also a patronising 'social issue of the week' show. Presenting a succession of sanitised 'youth issue' storylines, all carefully selected not to offend, *Beverly Hills 90210* is full of wholesome WASP morals and 'decent' role models - who are all wealthy.

Our heroes, twins, Brenda and Brandon Walsh, introduce us to the lifestyles of the rich and worthless. Featuring a cast of suitably vacuous teen idols, *Beverly Hills 90210* is a star vehicle for the greatest army of cardboard cut-outs and two-dimensional characters, ever assembled (since the last student election).

The show offers an extensive selection of bimbos and prettyboys for the consumption of its audience. The recent launch of the *Beverly Hills 90210* dolls came as no surprise, the cast are the perfect Californians - they all look like Barbie and Ken.

Disturbingly, Shannen Doherty stars as Brenda. Having previously appeared in the cult black comedy, *Heathers*, set in an American highschool, Doherty has degraded herself to supporting the very institutions that film so successfully lampooned. Her screen brother,

Jason Priestly, who stars as Brandon, successfully reprises his part as the talking hairstyle from *Sister Kate*. Priestly works hard at his role as a boyfriend fantasy for his deluded teenage viewers, pouting consistently throughout each one hour episode. Elderly actor Luke Perry appears as Priestly's school mate, Dylan. A wrinkled, balding attempt to recreate James Dean, the character is yet another cliché from the Hollywood myth factory, a tried and tested image to sell the product.

*Beverly Hills 90210* functions as a forum to recycle every Hollywood lie, every device television has ever used to perpetuate a grossly distorted view of reality. The actors themselves are *Beverly Hills 90210* dolls. Like the constantly changing clothes they wear, and the prestige cars they drive, the cast of *Beverly Hills 90210* are also products and marketing tools of Spelling Entertainment Inc.

The ultimate ambassadors of an unreal American Dream, the corporate meat puppets of *Beverly Hills 90210* tempt the viewer from mundane, nasty reality into a consumer wonderland where one can ignore truth, and suck up their tasty, yet poisonous, propaganda. The viewer is able to 'buy into' the pleasantly unrealistic lives of Brenda, Brandon and their clothes dummy companions. Created to attract viewers in the ultimate consumer society, America, *Beverly Hills 90210* is composed purely of elements palatable to a lucrative, wide commercial audience. The wholesome Walsh family could have been drawn from a breakfast cereal commercial. In an age when the nuclear family is becoming increasingly rare, the unrepresentative Walsh family is a product that many would buy, and ratings, suggest they have done so.

Purporting to examine issues of importance to today's youth, *Beverly Hills 90210* really deals with sanitising or ignoring real life. American television drama is, and always will be, a propaganda device of US culture and a slave to corporate interests. Reality will always be a casualty in the pursuit of advertising dollars and commercial success - *Beverly Hills 90210* is dear evidence of that.

**Matt Denby**

# why didnt they just play the neddies instead?

## They shoot vice chancellors don't they?

At last, Friday's (13th March, 1992) University Council meeting (the main governance body in the University) the budget blowout was discussed. For those who don't know, the University is facing an accumulated deficit of \$12.6 million at the end of 1992, and as a result, last year each sector of the University took a 2% up to 5% budget cut. Jo de Silva's article in the first On Dit gives some background.

I have spent the last few weeks chasing up the Deans (waiting outside their offices, pouncing on them at the bus stop, etc.) to get details of the affects of these cuts in each of the faculties. The results are quite startling ...

It was tabled at the University Council meeting in order to attempt to foster an environment wherein decisions are made with some consideration of the impact on the University's academic services.

As the following shows, additional budget cuts will mean that some faculties will be unable to continue to operate.

*This information briefly outlines the impact of the recent 2% budget cuts on each faculty. It has been tabled in order to attempt to foster an environment wherein decisions are made with some consideration of the impact on the University of Adelaide's academic services. Any further decisions must be made in the knowledge that additional cuts will mean that some faculties will be unable to continue to operate. The information, provided by each Dean, illustrates the point the Students' Association has been making since November 1991: the cuts will definitely lead to a reduction in the quality of education this institution offers. The accounts from the Deans especially make a mockery of the University's first point in its "Statement of Mission" on page 2 of its Strategic Plan:*

*"The University aims for excellence in all aspects of teaching, research and scholarship; it strives to be the finest university in Australia".*

### INFORMATION

#### LAW

In the Law Faculty the 2% cut amounts to approximately \$60,000, and will chiefly affect staffing. At least one full time new staff member, desperately needed as a result of the increased student load, has presently been put on hold. Further, the faculty will replace the full-time tutors with casual part-time tutors, positions which are cheaper, yet are also less accessible to students and generally less reliable.

There will be cuts made to the tutorial programme, and class sizes will increase. The faculty is also now unable to implement improvements identified in a curriculum review process, and is unable to plan for the future with any certainty. This is all the more worrying in light of the competition presented by the newly established Flinders University Law School.

#### ARCHITECTURE AND PLANNING

In December, faced with a 2% cut on top of similar cuts in previous years, the faculty's outlook was grim indeed. The Dean was expecting to have to withdraw elective subjects, reduce contact hours with mandatory subjects, and even defer the study leave of staff. Fortunately, the loss of some staff through retirement, transfers and leave without pay, has enabled the faculty to ensure such measures are not taken for 1992.

There will be reorganisation of the course structures according to a plan devised some time ago, which will also save some money. This should enable the faculty to operate fully at least in 1992, despite the cuts.

#### ENGINEERING

In Engineering, the cut has resulted in a decrease to the amount

of the faculty's disposable income, inhibiting greatly planned initiatives for 1992. Such planned ventures which are now threatened include the establishment of an Engineering Foundation, the full upgrading of the Computer Aided Teaching Suite, and others of this nature.

For example, in Mechanical Engineering there have been severe cuts to the amount of outside industry specialists hired for casual teaching. In Chemical Engineering, as in other departments, the amount of casual teaching has been cut, and there is less money to allocate for contingencies such as the breakdown of large equipment.

#### DENTISTRY

This faculty is fortunate to benefit from a large number of high fee-paying Overseas Students. Despite this source of funds, the faculty has been forced to cut back monies allocated for the development of computer aided teaching and research equipment, largely for competitive research. There are also cut backs to funds allocated for the provision of student reading rooms.

#### MEDICINE

In the Faculty of Medicine the Australian Medical Council's guidelines on course content, etc must be considered when making any cut-backs. Owing to the 2% cut, the faculty has decided to freeze any position that becomes free, and to reconsider the status and level with the aim of financial savings. A further concern is that any improvements planned previously will now not eventuate, such as a communications skills teacher.

#### ECONOMICS

The main impact on the faculty will be changes to staffing levels. The cut of \$600,000 in total will largely affect the salaries budget: where possible, staff will be replaced by casuals hired at a cheaper rate (who are largely inaccessible to students). Further, various planned appointments and promotions will not go ahead.

In the longer term there will be a shedding of fixed or limited term contracts as is appropriate. It appears that in 1992 the faculty will survive on accumulated savings, with the crisis coming in 1993. However, as the 1992 staffing changes are felt, staff will be under more pressure, classes will be larger and subject choice will be restricted.

#### MATHS & COMPUTING SCIENCES

There is some money coming forward from last year. The total cutback is equivalent to

- 1 Associate Professor
- 1 Senior lecturer
- 1 Lecturer Level A

(although it will not necessarily take this form). The impact of the cuts will be larger tutorials and over crowding (which is already a problem). Cuts to course offerings are inevitable with further cuts. The problem for this faculty is that the 2% cut has been sustained on top of further decreases previously based on a reduced target student load.

#### PERFORMING ARTS

In this faculty also the main impact is on staffing levels, with the non renewal of 1 1/2 general staffing positions, leading to a severe reduction of service and assistance to students.

Further, cuts have also been made to the casual teaching budget, which it is estimated in 1993 to be forced into a deficit following years of decline in this area. The main consequences are for the Elder Conservatorium students and staff; the Conservatorium receives 75% of the casual teaching allocation. This will mean that many more students will be forced to pay for their own accompanists, a cost of up to \$20 a week for some. The quality, too, of the casual staff hired is likely to be less high, as category 2 rates instead of category 1 rates are now being paid. This faculty is expecting to be struggling this year,

as it is still suffering under the added impact of the recent merger.

#### SCIENCE

The faculty is expecting to be struggling to survive 1993, although the impact of the cuts vary from department to department, mainly according to the amount of money coming forward from last year. Some will be cutting fundamental teaching services. Demonstration of vital laboratory work for students will be reduced, as will the research budget for 1993, and the allocation of funds for large equipment.

Quality will be severely affected. One example is the Zoology Department which is now not able to obtain the services of a lecturer, despite the position's being advertised already.

#### AGRICULTURE & NATURAL RESOURCE SCIENCES

Following the McWilliam Report on the originally over funded Waite campus, the budget has been progressively reduced over 5 years. This means that instead of losing \$300,000, the Waite is actually losing \$690,000. Consequently, the Dean is unable to balance the budget, and is hoping further negotiations will produce a more favourable outcome.

#### ARTS

The impact of the cuts in this faculty will be severe and immediate. Already the Education, Classics, and Geography departments have each lost a level A lecturer. There is also a reduction in the casual teaching budget which will be felt by all departments, particularly as the amount previously allocated was grossly insufficient.

At present the faculty is buying time by delaying the appointment of some professors, and assessing very carefully any vacancies. For example in the History department, 2 level A lecturer positions for which there was a case in principle, will not be filled. The strain is becoming apparent in tutorial sizes, now up to 15 students to 1 tutor in some departments such as Geography.

#### ACADEMIC SERVICES BRANCH

This branch of the University has been forced to undergo a reassessment of priorities as its budget shrinks.

It is clear to those involved with Academic Services that improvements to the administration services and information systems are long overdue, but such activity will not be possible now. For example, the viability of postal enrolment for long term efficiency is apparent, but the current budget crisis precludes the investigation and establishment of such a scheme.

The cuts will also affect the Careers Service, Course Advice and the Schools Liaison Program. A forthcoming suggestion from the Academic Services Branches is that there be a cut back in courses offered, as it will be difficult to maintain current services for such a wide variety of courses.

The cuts in this area have also affected staffing appointments. For example, the Health Service Receptionist position (ASO 2) is not being filled at this stage.

#### LIBRARY

The impact of the budget cuts on the Library will be profound and severe.

There will be a 3% cut in salaries, with the loss of 4 - 6 staff members this year. The result will be longer queues, and a reduction of student services available; the option of the library being closed on more Sundays during the year is under consideration. It has also restricted opening hours by 1 hour - 2.00 pm opening and 5pm closing - on both Saturday and Sunday.

There will also be a 5 - 6% cut to the books' and journals' budgets. This will be particularly harsh in its effect because the library has not received budget increases to match the rises in book prices.

Susie O'Brien

# ONE NATION IS A JOKE

Paul Keating - the man behind the Great Recession - has launched a package to "unite" Australia: a package designed by the treasury department, which incidentally helped launch Paul to our current economic situation.

With Labour on the ropes in Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria and nationally, it is no surprise that Mr Keating decided to come up with a document intended to counter the liberals Fightback package.

Whilst Fightback offers essential structural change and vision, One Nation is intended as a prop to Paul Keating's leadership, and an attempt to cast Keating as the great visionary; after all, why should we doubt Keating's visionary ability when he declared categorically that we would not have a recession?

In line with current Labor philosophy, Paul Abfalter decided to put together an article with flimsy figures and an anti-individual philosophy which is rampant in the loony left of the Labor Party. Mr Abfalter's article of 9 March contained many erroneous figures, such as 20,000 up front for a year at university: where is that mentioned in FIGHTBACK? His statement that there will be a comprehensive across the board increase of 5% in the cost of goods and services is a **blatant lie**. In fact, 80% of goods will be cheaper under the GST, as the wholesale sales tax will be abolished. Such everyday items like petrol and beer will be cheaper, whilst niceties currently exempt from a GST, for example, gold bathroom fittings, antique clocks, and Italian suits, will have a GST placed upon them. Importantly for the student, though, things such as health, education and rent will be zero rated; that is, you pay no GST on them.

The litany of errors flows freely throughout Mr Abfalter's document; however, rather than argue about statistics, it is important to differentiate between what FIGHTBACK offers, and what One Nation denies. How Paul Abfalter can even talk about a faintly egalitarian Labor Party education policy is a mystery - is such an egalitarian policy that 50,000 students missed out on tertiary places his year. The "master of education reform" in Australia, Mr Dawkins, succeeded in destroying the alternative college system by removing basic research funds and overseeing a declining per capita funding level. The incredible thing is what Dawkins has done is philosophically what Mr Abfalter's Socialist Left faction supports. "One rueful feminist remarked to me that she had never expected to see a truly Marxist policy coming out of the Hawke government until she read Dawkins' 'white Paper'." Stephen Knight, Professor of English, University of Melbourne, 11 March 1990).

When Dawkins was not forcing amalgamations, causing staff shortages and interfering in research funding, he was over in Eastern Europe discovering the wonders of the Eastern Bloc system of university administration, and unearthing ways in which he could centralise the control of tertiary institutions in Australia.

What the Labour Party stands for was highlighted by Paul Abfalter when he criticised the Liberal Party for daring to allow "principles to break out of centralised bureaucratic and union control." (Abfalter, 9 March 1992). Well how dare the Liberal Party try to get rid of authoritarianism; how dare they try and put emphasis back on the individual; how dare they promote excellence! What the Liberal Party and Labor Party are offering are ideological opposites - while the Liberal Party offers CHOICE, the Labor Party stands for COMPULSION.

If one examines One Nation, one struggles to find much mentioned about education; but then One Nation provides for a 2.3 billion dollar injection - which is **completely unfunded** - into the economy. So why

should one question Keating's education policies? The Australian Financial Review (21 November 1991) published an article in which the writer Michael Dwyer, declared:

"Education the big winner with \$3bn boost under the Coalition."

Examine the facts:

- funding to private schools to be streamlined (by the way, Paul, the private school system saves the government hundreds of millions of dollars per annum. Unfortunately the savings are wasted in the bureaucracy rather than being spent usefully in public schools.)
- move away from rigid centralisation to autonomy for institutions
- zero rating on education, no GST applies here
- provision of \$25m to universities to encourage projects with Australian industry, as well as R & D incentives.
- provision of a real increase in expenditure outlays on TAFE by 5% per annum for the next 8 years.
- parents can choose where to send their children to school, not some bureaucrat
- institutions can offer additional places to students
- quality and excellence will be recognised and given their proper reward, both for students and academics.
- a wide spread system of awards will operate, and if you do not perform to expectations in Matriculation, you can apply for a university entrant examination
- increased Austudy to those who are in desperate economic straits
- no tax on up to \$1,000 of interest on savings.

Keating simply does not care enough about education to go into lengthy detail about Higher Education.

Recently, he has boasted about the number of students who have gone on to study at tertiary level; but why didn't he mention the 50,000 who did not, and more importantly, why didn't he mention the thousands who could not get a job after attaining a degree? After all, what is the point getting a degree if there are no jobs? How can you put your faith in a document produced by Paul Keating, whose list of statements includes the denial of a recession, and the denial of any interest in the leadership?

FIGHTBACK offers hope, and even if you do not agree with all of it; even if you have serious qualms about aspects of it, at least it offers a vision. It is all very well Paul Keating wanting a republic, but I am sure the 1,000,000 unemployed would rather have a job first. Australia needs massive structural change; not the band aid treatment offered by Labor.

Ultimately, the next federal election will come down to your decision as to whether you want a permanent position at a CES counter; or whether you want a job; whether you want to be compelled to do something; or whether you want to have freedom of choice; whether you want to be in One Broke Nation; or whether you want to **FIGHTBACK!!**

**Remember : Labor is not working and neither are 1,000,000 Australians.**

Matt Marks



**" I'm not just a piece of flesh, I demand to be taken seriously"**

# CHAPMAN RESPONDS TO MARGINALLY PISSSED OFF STUDENTS

from the Government, a substantial increase from the current situation. Secondly, the report argues that more flexible and progressive forms of payment to students are needed. The current scheme is very inflexible, as students receive one type and level of support only, and have no element of individual choice. It is also a fairly regressive scheme, and it might need to be more generous, both in terms of the amounts of money available and the people who get it.

In order to deal with this, and also allow more generous amounts of money at the time when students actually need it, I have suggested that students in their early years of study (probably their first two) receive their AUSTUDY as per the current scheme - as a grant from the Government. This is because giving people money - through a grant - is undoubtedly the most likely way to encourage them to enrol in higher education, and the time when disadvantaged students face the largest financial barriers, and need the most incentive, is at the start of their course.

However, such students would be able to take a loan from the Government instead of this grant. This loan would be worth (up to 1.5 times the value), and would be very similar to the current HECS payment. Thus, students would get the money, and only have to pay it back when their income reached a reasonable level (for example, around \$28,000 per year), and then only at 2% of their income per year. Importantly, this loan would be interest-free, the debt only rising in line with inflation.

Students who therefore felt they needed more support than the normal AUSTUDY payment could offer, or who wanted to cut back the amount of part-time work they did, could take a higher amount, and only have to pay it back when their income is fairly high after they have finished. The element of choice and flexibility means that students must be better off.

The most controversial part of the package is for students who receive AUSTUDY to get a loan rather than a grant after their early years of study. Basically, the evidence tells us that having a loan - and remember, this is one provided by the Government, and similar to HECS, with no interest and repayments only when a student's income reaches a reasonable level - rather than a grant will not prove a disincentive to completing a degree.

Now, of course, if the loans were mandatory from first year, or were like loans from a bank repayable within a certain period of time, with a real interest rate, then the story would be different. Such a scheme would be a disincentive, and for that reason it is firmly rejected in my paper. The loans that I propose would allow significantly higher levels of support, and also help finance changes to independence and some of the other criteria of the scheme.

Whatever eligibility rules are constructed for AUSTUDY, there will still be large numbers of students who miss out, but might need some extra support. For example, married students whose spouse might have a high income, but doesn't share those resources. For such students, I have suggested an "extra" loans scheme, where they are able to take out HECS-style loans, but with a real interest rate on them. This protects those who end up earning low incomes, but means that better-off students end up paying more. In addition, I believe that more money should be given to universities and TAFE colleges to finance emergency loans and small grants schemes as a final level of the "safety net".

All of these loans schemes, with the exception of the one for students who don't qualify, are interest-free. This is a very important mechanism for protecting students who don't earn high incomes after they finish. The longer it takes you to pay off an interest-free loan (i.e. the lower your income), the less you pay. Because the debt is increasing only by the rate of inflation in real terms it is becoming smaller. In the extreme case, students on very low incomes never have to repay their loans. However, students who end up earning very high incomes repay their loans very quickly, and don't receive the benefit of having the interest-rate subsidy over the long period of time.

Finally, the report also indicates that many of the income tests applied to AUSTUDY should be eased substantially. In particular, students on AUSTUDY should probably be allowed to earn quite a bit more than the \$5,000 per year they can currently receive without their grants being reduced. The family and spouse income test are probably also too low, and the paper suggests that these areas be looked at.

The basis of my paper is an attempt to produce an AUSTUDY scheme which:

- offers individual students more choice;
- is more flexible;
- provides more money to more students;
- is more progressive; and
- reduces students' dependence on their families.

There are undoubtedly other ways of achieving these aims besides the ones I propose in my paper. What has been published so far is a Draft Options Paper. It is to be rewritten by April and presented to the Government for them to make decisions about. There is plenty of time for students and student organisations to have an input to the process of reforming AUSTUDY. I am currently consulting student organisations and others around the country, and I would welcome any comments you might have. Please send any ideas about reforming AUSTUDY to:

Bruce Chapman,  
Centre for Economic Policy Research,  
Research School of Social Sciences,  
Australian National University,  
G.P.O. Box 4,  
Canberra, ACT, 2601  
by about 24th March.  
Bruce Chapman



Student captured candidly, ten seconds after reading the Chapman report

By any yardstick, AUSTUDY is a "big" scheme. It costs around \$1.3 billion per year, which is a significant slice of the Federal Budget. It is therefore pretty important to look long and hard at the scheme, to see whether AUSTUDY is proving to be effective, and whether or not it could be made better. This is essentially what the Federal Government asked me to do in July of last year, when they commissioned me to write an Options Paper for reform of AUSTUDY. Basically, I set out to answer three questions.

1. Why do we have AUSTUDY?
2. How well does AUSTUDY work?
3. How could we make it better?

The first question seems a little strange, especially when student income support schemes have been operating in Australia for over 40 years. But it is an important one to ask. The rationale for having AUSTUDY has perhaps become a little clouded over the years, and my report is an attempt to clarify it.

Basically, I see the purpose of AUSTUDY as an attempt to help people overcome significant financial barriers to participation in higher education. There are many students whose families have low incomes, or whose families are unwilling or unable to share their income with them, who might not have the finances needed to undertake higher education. In an environment where banks do not provide suitable finance for students, and where employment opportunities are limited, as much by the time needed to study as by the recession, Government support for such students is warranted.

While the evidence is not totally conclusive, it is hard to argue that AUSTUDY has had a major effect on breaking down barriers for the financially disadvantaged. Overall, the higher education system seems to have become fairer over the last twenty years, with more people from disadvantaged backgrounds participating now than ever before. But while there is greater equity in the system, income support provides less money to a lower proportion of students than at any time in the last several decades. So, in the face of it, it is unlikely that AUSTUDY has contributed to this trend. Other evidence tells us that changes to family income because of student income support are unlikely by themselves to have influenced changes in participation in higher education.

Now, all of this, which does not say that AUSTUDY has not been overly effective, is not to say that it couldn't be. A scheme which provided the right amount and type of support to the right people is one that should be able to encourage more people from disadvantaged backgrounds into higher education.

So, what are the problems with the current scheme that might make it less effective than everyone would like? (PARA HERE)

So, how might AUSTUDY be reformed? The first step might be a more realistic definition of independence. Currently, students are regarded as dependent on their parents until the age of 25, and so their eligibility for AUSTUDY is decided on the bases of their family income. It is probably the case that parents are less likely to share resources with their children as they get older, and so there are many students whose family incomes are high, but themselves have very low incomes. Clearly, many of these students deserve income support that they are not currently getting.

My report argues that the age of independence should come down to at least 21. It is therefore the case that around 80% of full-time students over the age of 21 would receive additional support

# PETER, PETER, THE PENSION EATER

## The Day Peter Came to Town

Last Wednesday, at a typically medieval Napier Building Lecture Room, Shadow Treasurer Peter Reith sauntered in and gave a talk on the Fightback policy. Reith is a consummate politician in every sense of the word.

He is a professional; a member of the evolving Hewson cabinet finally gaining credibility for the first time in 10 years. Hewson's cabinet is now gaining the big name status normally reserved for Labor's cabinet whose name dropping is unashamedly impressive; Howe, Evans, Beazley and Ray. Fightback has given the Liberal Party a chance at unity and the ability to work together with a seemingly increasing dichotomy between now and the days gone by of Peacock and Howard.

Reith is a very impressive talker, an impressive showman and an impressive seller. Unlike the days gone by, when Liberal politicians appeared unable to give their opinions in short concise, spectacular TV-friendly segments, Reith displayed himself as a politician who had matured, a confident front runner in every sense of the word.

He wandered in, 20 minutes late, with this virgin-like Economic student following him à la George and Ralph. Reith is a tall man and his confident introduction, with the now trademark joke early in his talk, ensured that the crowd gathered knew that he believes unequivocally in what he is doing. Indeed, my only criticism of him as a public speaker was he appeared a little too confrontational, repeating again and again that he will deal with any interjections.

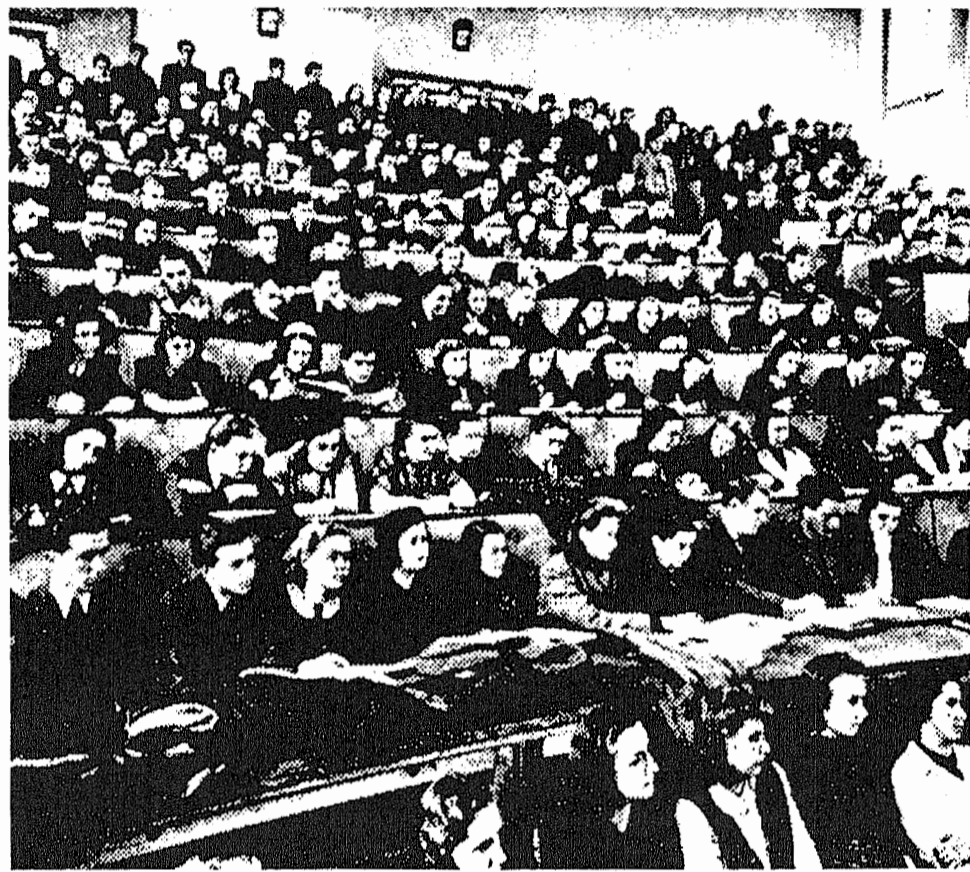
Fightback, Reith believes, is formulated on a cognitive and effective realistic assessment of Australia's economic problems. He overdid this opening point, hedging his bets towards the end by saying that while it is imperative that we, Australia, as a nation must approach them, we must not overdevelop them to the extent of 'a self fulfilling prophecy'. Fightback gives, Reith believes, an effective appraisal of Australia's problems - and finds solutions. Indeed, Reith added another touch of humour at this stage, an economists joke about the remaining countries in the world who haven't incorporated VAT or GST

(tax) into the economic manifests. Who hasn't? Australia and Antarctica. Reith, however, continued on from this well with impressive figures that 21/24 of the DECD countries have adopted VAT. Of course, there was scant mention of many of these countries social problems (England, New Zealand) who have a VAT incorporated in their tax reform, but this was to be expected.

Reith continued on, in a generally relaxed atmosphere, stating that while Fightback has radical reforms for Australia, they are anything but for the rest of the world. He discussed wage and industrial relations, asking "What's that?" when a solitary heckler questioned one of his points. Reith talked about the shift of power back to businesses, catalysing productivity improvements via employer/employee negotiations. Power brewing, he said. SPC, he said. Shame, a heckler said. Shame? Reith scoffed at this. His arrogance was quite infectious. "Shame? When contractual arrangements made by workers saves jobs? Where is the shame in that?" The Waterfront Industry came under fire, as it has continually throughout the whole packages existence. He acknowledged sporadic reforms - of a 1 step forward for every overseas waterfront 4 steps forward nature - and contrasted Australia's waterfront industry with Singapore's, describing it as 30% of Singapore's efficiency. What Reith didn't mention, was cheaper labour, the accomplishment of RDO's and a variety of cultural and ethical differences, but his limited rhetoric stayed valid. He moved onto Privatisation, stating that "Russia will have privatised everything before Labor privatises Qantas!", never once using the words ALP, Labor or Hawke throughout his whole speech, preferring to use the word 'they' for his opposition. Ah, they're not the innocent inexperienced polis they used to be, are they, Paul? Reith then delightfully side-stepped giving Labor any credit for the recession upturn recently, describing it as a "beep of a EKG monitor for a patient on life surgery. One beep and they say he'll be up and running on the weekend. Well, I can tell you, there will be a lot more surgery done when we get into power, a lot more."

Wholesale sales tax and the abolition of it got a mention (McMahon offered this years ago ...), as did the ALP's use of Treasury. Reith was sharp - very sharp. He attacked Treasury, saying they couldn't find a flaw - 'one of their own fundamental conclusions'. Obviously, Peter Reith doesn't own a television as he can't have seen the Four Corners program three weeks ago. Strange, however, because he was in the ABC studio when Treasury concluded that 70% of people will generally be worse off under a Liberal GST

.....  
Reith was scathing when he did mention the word Keating (once), saying that for



Students sit transfixed as Peter takes a leaf out of Paul's book and shifts to vaudeville

people earning under \$20,700, some 4 million people, Keating (twice) gives them nothing. One Nation is a dangerous and regressive tax policy, he said, utilising bracket creep, "so they pay more. Oh, but don't worry about the other reforms, we'll put them on the national bankcard".

Reith, however, was most impressive with his equivocation of the time of change. It was inevitable that change was going to occur, 'whether you like it or not'. By now the waves of interjection were looking quite bland, if not pathetic, as the consummate performer maintained his aggressive responses. His confrontationalist attitude in this environment was a bloody successful way of dealing with the commie, socialist students having the audacity to speak to him. Certainly, his arrogant aggressive approach concerned me - if he is like this in Opposition, one wonders what he will be like in power. Reith depressed me even further when the inevitable education came up, doubting whether society really benefits from universities and graduates and maintaining that the community does not owe anyone a University education. He didn't offer anything remotely coherent on lower class entry into university, appearing ambivalent and disinterested in the question.

Ultimately, Reith concluded, Fightback is a choice. It's a choice policy. Keating (three times he said that word) not only abstractly offers us to bring home the bacon - "he would have us believe that he will bring home the whole bloody pig!" Fightback, however, is a choice Reith

would have us believe for good over evil. Certainly his jokes were clever - particularly when in continual interjection about one Fightback point (no, it isn't, yes, it is, no, it isn't) he said, 'Well, I wrote the bloody thing mate'. Whether his Fightback package is as clever, judging on the conservative and positive response Reith received from his generally happy crowd, we will have to wait to late next year to find out. What was most disappointing was the manner in which Reith was received. When an Opposition Treasurer is allowed - just short of actively encouraged - to discuss finance as a fundamental criteria for tertiary education entry without a continuous interjection at a University lecture room, the changing face of Australia universities becomes very apparent. As the Fightback policy powers on, one wonders that if University students are prepared to endorse the package, just where will any effective opposition to this policy come from. The implications and conclusions reached from this solitary lecture inevitably for the lower classes of our egalitarian society are very grave.

Piers Gillespie



# TATTOOS

Tatoos are pretty outstanding. They are one of the last things you can get to really set yourself apart from the crowd. A lot of people have them, and lots more have thought about getting one or two, even if it was just a passing thought.

The attention you get from having one is attractive; people wonder why you did it and why you don't seem to care. Or maybe the attraction is one of mystery; someone sexy is rumoured to show theirs only to special friends. All of this adds to the non-conformist appeal of tatoos. I asked Kim, of the 4 Roses Tatoo parlour in Hindley Street, why they appeal to him:

"For me, I like 'em. It's my piece of art that no-one can take off me. It's not like a picture you can hang on a wall, y'know. The only people who see it are the people who come into your house, and it can't be stolen either. If someone breaks into the house and you've got a Rembrandt, they'll knock it off. If you've got a tatoos they can't pinch it, can they?"

Tatoos suffer from an 'outlaw reputation'; only real men who can take the pain and show the fact off, get tatoos. There is quite a stigma against people who have tatoos, which must be part of their appeal:

"Yeah, oh yeah. For sure. Unjustified of course. There's a lot of famous people in this world who've got tatoos, but because they're famous it doesn't affect them. It's like that black singer who was in Melbourne a couple of weeks ago (from Yothu Yindi). Because he was black and nobody knew him, he couldn't get into a nightclub. But as soon as they found out who he was, it was: "Oh, wow, we're sorry." When you've got tatoos you face that as well. Any bar that has a sign saying "No exposed tatoos", I just don't drink there.

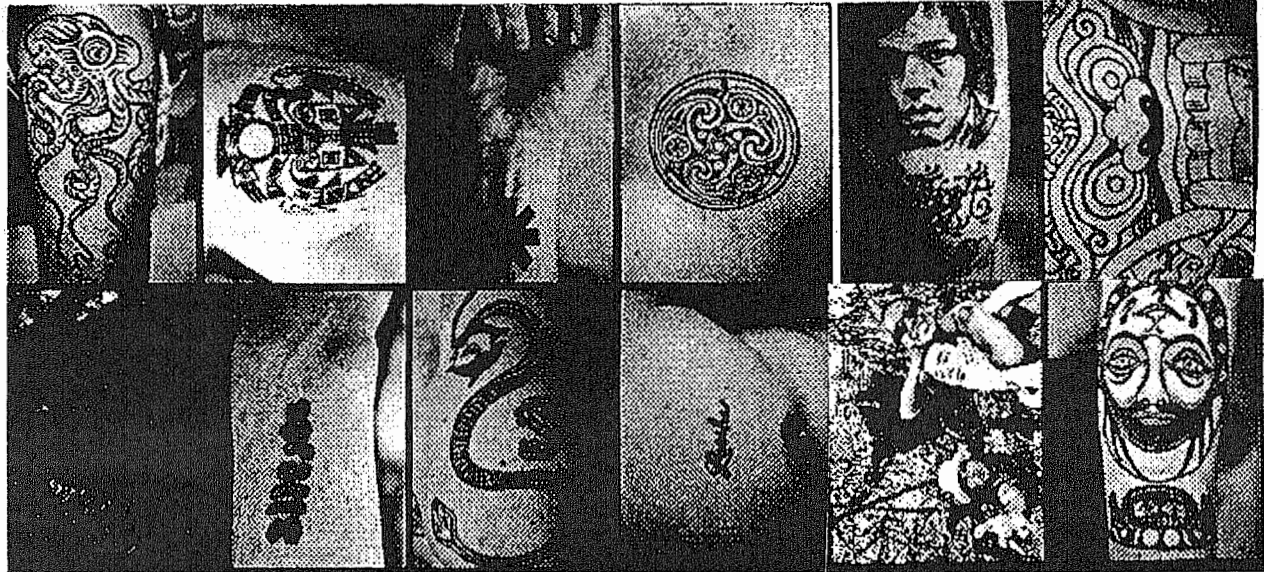
"That's what I don't like about tatoos, that it's 'A manly thing to do', or 'I'm gonna get one cos my mate's got one', is just stupidity, it's just following someone else's lead."

But looking around his shop, the majority of tatoos that are on offer involve tough, violent images: skulls, guns, bleeding monsters, fire dragons, motorbikes, snakes striking and lions baring their teeth, not to mention lots of naked women and topless nuns in suspenders. The sort of things you would expect from their 'bad boy' reputation. However, there are also lots of other 'nicer' ones available: flowers, birds, patterns, and I saw a really nice panda bear. You can get very ideologically sound tatoos: peace symbols, hearts, and especially popular are dope leaves. So the stereotype of people who have tatoos - ex cons or members of bikie gangs - is still relevant: "They're all different now mate. Guys on the dot to multinational company directors - and women. We've done a state manager of a bank .... and his missus."

Tatoos have been around for a long time too. Many different cultures have different attitudes toward body markings, that are quite far from the outlaw reputation:

"Tatoos are as old as, I mean, when Jesus was playing fullback for Jerusalem. That iceman they found had tatoos on him - that takes it back to the Ice Age, doesn't it?" So as time passes and tatoos become more accepted and popular, will they come into fashion?

"Yeah, I think so, but that's just tatoos



evolving. It's not really fashion, it's the evolution of tatoos. Like, the Japanese style. I like it, but their work's changed now too. A lot of them are using electric where they used to use hand methods. Western people have sort of westernised tatoos, they've brought it into this century. Back in the old days, I mean, the style of tatoos now has changed. The outlines that you do are a lot, lot, lot finer than what they were years ago, which means that you don't get that problem of fading. The style has changed a lot, there's not that big, black, heavy shading that we used to use, I mean now it's really ultra-fine work. Technique over the last three to four years has just evolved unbelievably." So what do you do if you want a tatoos? You can just walk into a parlour and choose something of the wall, but that can be limited to the tattoist's own style and ability. Maybe you want something unique, your very own that no one else can have, like your customised motorbike on your arm, or the 'Country Road' logo so you don't feel cheap when naked.

"A lot of people come in with their own designs now, or their own words now, or their own ideas, so there's no real specific tatoos you do anymore. Roses and butterflies and things like that are still pretty popular with the girls. Not the sort of anchor or mother thing, no.

of the Professional Tatoos Association of Australia, which is now trying to clean up the industry in South Australia. Part of a tatoos' appeal is its permanence, so make sure you know what you want and what you're getting.

"We talk to clients, especially if we think they're getting something that they might regret. We always say to them 'Look, think about it.' You have to take a responsible attitude. I'm here for a long time, not a good time...Tatoos are permanent. Very. You can have them removed, you can have them skingrafted and that, but if you think like that, why have tatoos?"

The cost depends on what sort of tatoos you're getting. You might get blokes, or a woman, who comes in getting a rose off the wall for thirty bucks. You get guys that come in wanting hourly work which is big sleeve work at \$100 an hour. You can't really say what an average tatoos is. Over the last two years tatoos' changed it's going through a boom."

But there is a problem in the tatoos industry in Adelaide. Lack of adequate regulation and government reluctance to get involved have led to a rise in backyard tatoos which poses a potentially serious health risk.

"The government have got an act which is the Skin Penetration Act, which is supposed

that we've put time and money into - like my life is tatoos. Why should my life be affected by a guy who works as a Storeman and Packer during the day and a tattoist at night out of his backyard? I mean if it was the medical profession it would be in the papers, headline news."

Years ago tatoos shops didn't have the things that we use now - so its all changed. There's now Professional Tatoos Association of Australia and also the South Australia Professional Tatoos Association, which is like a sub branch with state reps for the Australian one, reps for the South Australian one, representatives for the media - things like that just to keep the industry under control. There's no laws in this state, people can just tatoos if they want to - it's going on all the time.

There's a lot of people round who wanna be tattoists but when they realise what's involved - like it's not just a matter of sitting down and drawing pictures on people. I mean there's a lot of things going on behind the scenes like manufacturing tatoos machines, maintenance. Y'know running a shop like this is an expensive exercise, y'know you've got to have all the right stuff. And then what usually happens now, apprentices come through. You get guys who knock around the shops quite a bit,

## "Tatoos are as old as, I mean, when Jesus was playing fullback for Jerusalem"

We get a design, redraw it, put it onto a transfer place it on the skin, or you can draw it on the skin freehand. If you make a mistake you don't tell them. Tatoos don't make mistakes mate, not that we own up to anyway. That's why we always get them to write names down, so that they can't say you spelt it wrong. But I have seen backyard tattoists write 'Harley Davidson' pretty wierd, like left the 'i' out or something like that, or skulls coming in with three eyes, eagles with club feet, tigers with three legs, horses with no ears. That's why you go to a P.T.A.A.

The thing I'm not sort of into is, I don't like graffiti tatoos. People who come in and just want shit put on them, stupid shit y'know. I know a bloke that wanted 'Saddam Hussein and Myself reckon all pigs can get fucked to be tattooed on him. That's fucking stupidity. Guys who put on them "I hate Pigs" - what's that? That's not what I'm here for. I'm a professional."

This responsible attitude reflects the aims

to cover acupuncturists, ear piercing, tattoists and things like that. But the government, the laws that they've got are just useless, literally speaking they could come in here and - they don't know shit from clay about this industry. And we've spent time with them, we've been to Public Environmental Health meetings. I've had heaps of discussions with Scott Cameron, who's the head of the AIDS Taskforce Infectious Disease unit here, another guy called Tony Goldsworthy who used to be here and is now in Brisbane. Members of this Association, myself and a couple of other blokes have spent countless hours trying to tell these people that there is a problem in Adelaide. You've got these backyarders running around, and they just don't seem to want to do anything about it. They just stick their heads in the sand, basically."

The more regulated, the better it will be. Its beneficial to everyone. This industry

they get a lot of tatoos work done and they show a keenness to be a tattoist and you sort of break them into the industry slowly. That way when someone does get tatoos by them, they're getting tatoos by a professional and not by someone who's just said 'Oh...I'm a tattoist'.

With a PTAA you get clean needles and you obviously don't get a professional tatoos certificate if you can't tatoos...you're not getting skin allergies or run the risk of getting infected. I've known people to melt rubber off thongs and use it. That's why we're so pissed off about what's going on. The government in this state just doesn't seem to care what the fuck's going on.

We pay taxes y'know, what does the guy working out of his backyard pay? Like we use \$5000 ultrasonic sterilisers, I mean that's what a good shops got and that's what all the registered PTAA shops have got."

James Sanchez



*He's a Dancer  
A Romancer  
She's A Capricorn  
And He's A Cancer*



# Medieval Literature, Sex and Death

With only two shows to their name, the undecided have already released a demo tape which entered the Triple M charts at No. 2 within a week of arriving at the station they will be playing at Skulduggery for those sober enough to care. I spoke to Andrew Street, the singer / songwriter / guitarist about Medieval Literature, Sex, Love and Death and even a little bit about the band. I started with the old cliché question, "How long has the band been together?"

**A:** We have been together since December, mid-December, last year. Daniel and I were together for a year and a half before that trying to get a band. We kept having all these complete lunatics being in our rhythm section. Richard Wilson from the Millards was one of them, but he was a bit of a God-damned hero.

We had this drummer, in particular, I mean, he was a really cool drummer, but we had a bit of a musical clash. I was into the Smiths and Daniel and Richard were into the Smiths. His two favourite songs were "Sussudio" by Phil Collins and "Dreams" by Van Halen. We'd be at a rehearsal and he'd come out with things like, "Oh, let's do some Huey Lewis covers" and we'd all be left going, "... umm, yeah, okay". It's pretty special ...

**R:** Well, if you're not playing Huey Lewis covers what sort of music do you play?

**A:** Ooooh, I knew this question was coming. I prepared an answer for this one, I'm sure I did. Umm, I dunno. I tend to think of it as fuzzy pop. But I don't know whether anybody else agrees with me or not.

**R:** Well, you cover REM, who else's songs do you do?

**A:** Oh, Cure's "Just Like Heaven". I would like to do "Play for Today" and "In Your House", but I dunno if anybody else does. The audience might start thinking we're movement. Oops. Let's see, we're doing the Jesus and Mary Chain's "Happy When It Rains" and "Head On".

**R:** When you write songs, do you sit down with the band or do you write them yourself?

**A:** I write them. Daniel Clapp the guitarist writes some, but we haven't done any of them yet. I'm the songwriter, I've been writing for years. It's really strange being able to write a song and two weeks later have the band do it. I put it down on tape at home then give it to them and say play this or improve it.

**R:** How many shows have you played so far?

**A:** Two. Battle of the Bands, where we were beaten by the Millards, and Le Rox with Movement and the Millards.

**R:** How did the name originate?

**A:** There is two schools of thought on that. I was working with Daniel at a hospital. We were basic dogs bodies, painting, plastering and stuff. We never got promoted to vomit and bedpans. We used to sit around and talk about getting

a band together. We had these massive discussions about names and I'd always come up with things he'd hate and he'd always come up with things that I'd hate. Finally, I suggested the undecided simply because we couldn't decide. That's the simple straight forward version.

My version is that I got it out of a line from Shakespeare about undecided nature causing men's rage. I prefer that one. It's part of the pretentious Arts student-thing I do. I mean, half of my lyrics are from Keats poems.

**R:** Aside from literature, where do you draw influences from for your lyrics?

**A:** It's just like a personal exorcism kind of thing. They're just like a diary. Basically, it's really horrible whenever my friends want to see what sort of mood I was in in August, they just go to my lyric book and go "Right, Andrew was madly in love with so and so and they didn't like him and there's all these songs about her."

They are just mainly personal things. That sounds really wanky. They're not all just like sorta, "Oh, you're heaps good and I heaps like you and all, and you're heaps sexy and I really wish I could shag you, but you just like me as a friend" ... but that's more or less it. Actually, that's exactly it, that's the lyrics to most of my songs.

No, it's just like, something occurs to me worth writing about. It tends to be fairly blatantly personal, but that's slowly changing as I'm drawing more things from literary sources or historical sources. I've just been reading "The Secret Country" by John Pilger and there is lots of good material for anti-Australian songs in that if you're into Midnight Oil or something.

**R:** Do you write any political songs at all?

**A:** I've written a couple but they're always crap. I have a few pet hates about songwriting. I hate songs about names. Whenever you think of a song about a name, I mean, Club Hoy do it alright, but stuff like "Sarah" by Starship or something like that.

**R:** Isn't Laimia a name?

**A:** It's not a name actually, it's a, oh Christ, this is going to be really pretentious and literary again, Laimia is actually a poem by John Keats. I used the title from that but the song itself is based on another Keats poem called La Belle Dame Sans Merci, God, isn't this pretentious. Laimia was a Greek mythological demon kind of thing that took on the form of beautiful women, seduced men and killed them, or drained them of life. And that was more or less what I was writing about. It was an analogy for a relationship I was in.

There are a few songs I've heard that work well. "Rhyming Baby". Apart from "Straight in at 37" by the Beautiful South. The first verse goes, "Why don't you sing I need you baby / because it rhymes with crazy and it rhymes with maybe / and it rhymes with lady and

with much much more / and it doesn't rhyme with the F word."

Stuff like "Ain't" and "Baby" and "Love". I mean there's not a lot you can rhyme with "Love", above, dove, so I find myself rhyming words with tesseract and rhinoceros.

**R:** For example ...

**A:** I've a song called Tesseract, it doesn't mention the word at any point in the song, but I don't think there's enough songs written about four dimensional cubes.

**R:** What was the motivation for writing a twenty second pop song.

**A:** Well, because it was originally a verse from another song of mine called "House in Flames", which was just unmitigated shit but it had this really good first verse, and I thought I'll salvage it and call it "Flowers". So, I wrote another four verses to it which were all shit. Then I actually played it to one of my friends, I just said, I've only got this verse, and played it, finishing it on the "me". He said just leave it! I mean, "They Might Be Giants" stuff like "Toddler Highway" goes for like twelve seconds or something, "Minimum Wage", "Cage and Aquarium".

**R:** The first demo was recorded on two four tracks. How do you plan to do the second one. Will you go into a real studio or what?

**A:** Hopefully, yeah. We're probably going to hire an eight track and do it through Butchered Productions, who we hire our rehearsal room from. We'll probably do it after Skulduggery when we have a bit of money.

**R:** What about recording something for release?

**A:** Well, we want to have an EP out this year. Simply because I write about four or five songs a week, so, we're getting something of a backlog. Thus, we are worried that there will be all these songs we really like that when it comes time to record, do an album or whatever, later on in the piece, assuming we don't

break up tomorrow. There's going to be all these songs that won't get a chance to be released. We'd like to have an EP out. Probably have things like "Bring the House Down", "Ah, Mephistopheles" stuff like that.

I mean it's strange for me just having a band with a permanent line up that rehearses regularly. We rehearse twice a week and before that it was like once a month, we'd have a different drummer each time. It would be like "The Happy Song, it goes da da da" and they'd go "Oh, yeah, Let's do some Huey Lewis covers", I don't know what it is about drummers. Are they all like into heavy metal or Huey Lewis?

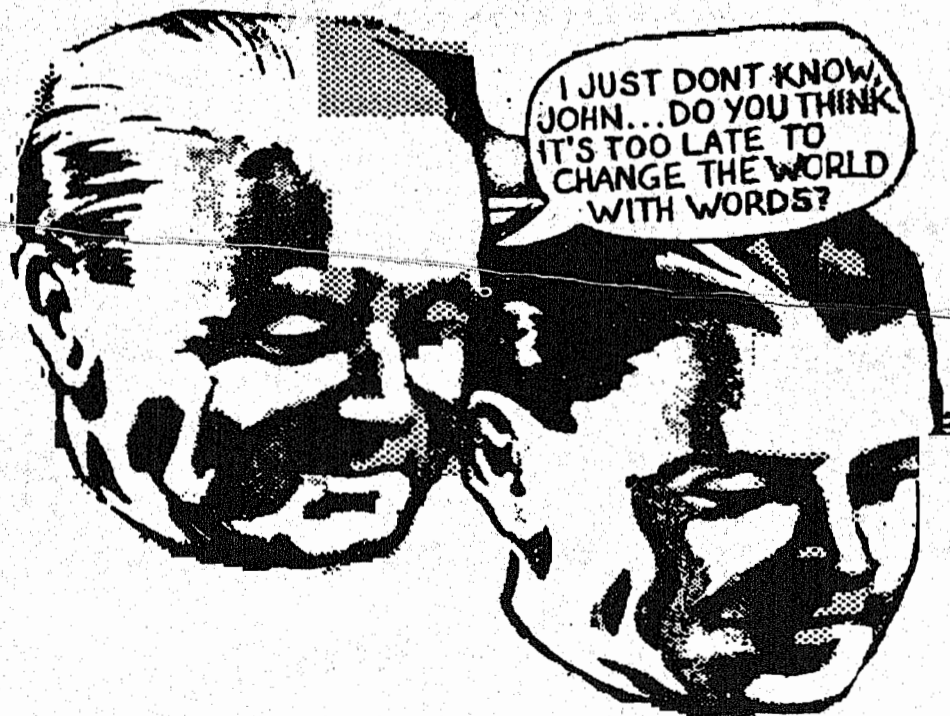
**R:** Maybe pop drumming is dull.

**A:** I dunno Pete de Freitas (the now deceased drummer of Echo and the Bunnymen) can't be accused of being a dull drummer, well, I guess he is now. Actually Echo and the Bunnymen is the one band we are all huge on.

It's normal that we'll have some U2 which Daniel is heavily into and Alex is heavily into and James likes and I think are absolute rubbish. Whereas I come in singing "Kiss me son of God" by They Might Be Giants and they're all going "What is this shit?"

We had a set of premises when we set up the band and one of them was that we will not stand on stage and gaze forlornly at our shoes and in rehearsals it's all really cool, we all do our best Status Quo impressions. But when we get on stage and suddenly there's all these people watching you, you think, I think I'll just stand here for a bit. I mean, I try to move around a bit but Daniel and Alex just get petrified. It will come with time. Also Daniel has a programable pedal board and I've got four or five pedals so if you jump around too much, all these pedals start chasing you around the stage. I'm sure it will come with confidence.

Richard Vowles



*Ronald MacDonald is not the Antichrist (but Jenny Craig might be).*

# GREASE

The preparation of fast food is the third-oldest profession in the world (after politics and the obvious).

Ever since fire was first used to singe meat, there have been sellers of sausages and pies hovering attentively in the thick of crowds and on the sidewalks of busy streets, their purpose to cater to as much of the impulse hunger market as possible. Profit is high - the methods of cost-reduction are ingenious, if sometimes revolting - and the demand for prepackaged digestibles will always exist. Any cosmopolitan society directs emphasis away from the basic chores of life: farming, hunting and food preparation. Today, with media advertising and increasing demands on time, the market is especially large and gullible.

The average consumer, concerned less with taste than convenience, falls for it every time. Speed is of essence here: the food must be ready within seconds, hot and sweating from the exertion of preparation, and consumed equally as fast, before the taste buds have time to organise resistance. Fast food does little more than fill an empty space; consumption is mechanical, automatic. The sense of taste itself is deadened and this, perhaps, is an example of evolution at work in our modern world: in such a fashion, the masses can be satisfied with junk that generally tastes like greasy cardboard. "Let them eat cake," said Marie Antoinette.

Colonel Sanders (or his modern-day equivalent) might well paraphrase:  
"Let them eat shit."

There is, however, a certain class of gastronome that not only enjoys fast food, but actively seeks new flavour experiences from the kitchens of convenience. Such a person has all the characteristics of a wine connoisseur: he or she can distinguish with ease the distinctive tastes of certain outlets, can sometimes even pick the exact location of the store in which a meal was prepared. Not one for casual gluttony, this genotype will drive many kilometres out of his / her way simply to achieve satisfaction, which might be nothing more than the burger with exactly the right consistency, or a chicken wing spiced within an inch of Godhead.

Fast food appreciation derives its pleasure, as do all such pursuits, from the notion of 'perfection of a given set of qualities'. The quest for this spiritual concept has lead armies of the faithful on crusades, lone collectors of trivia insane with lust for his neighbour's ass (or whatever), and gourmets of the culinary world's backwaters through multitudes of drive-thrus. Whether it be a particular holy relic, a stamp worth more than the current account deficit, or the ultimate crispy-fried onion ring - it's all the same. The need is overwhelming and the disappointments many. The junk food fancier, like all fetishists, will go to any length to sample Nirvana. Jenny Craig might frown and cast aspersions on such a renegade, in this day of Step-Reebok and purple lettuce-leaves, but the budding fast food neophyte need remember only this:

We are not what we eat. That it should be otherwise is a lie; a vicious, cruel, soul-destroying fallacy concocted by the fitness moguls to promote their business enterprises. A person who eats fast food does not become a lesser person for it; in all probability, they were lazy and disinterested in life to begin with. That was why they bought the meal in the first place - wasn't it? Too much fast food eaten on a regular basis can make you fat, or so overloaded with cholesterol that your veins resemble German sausages. There can be no

argument with this. But again, a person who eats too much junk food is driven to do so, not by the food itself or its subtle influence on his mind, but by a basic self-destructive urge that might otherwise have lead him or her to drugs or fast cars, in a world where Greasy Joe's Godzilla-Meets-A-Meat-Processor Burger did not exist.

To suggest that a handful of salted fries and a fillet (that might once have been some distant relation of a fish but probably wasn't) can have a negative impact on the psyche of a hapless consumer is nothing short of witless inanity. Fast food outlets are not, as we are repeatedly told, the principal laboratories from which all ill-health springs; they are nothing more than caterers to a specific need. They merely satisfy the most rapacious and suicidal demand that has emerged this century - which is also the genesis of pollution, species-extinction, and Third World Poverty.

This is, of course, Casual Consumption, the pedestal upon which our hectic lives rest. Fast food is such a booming industry not because it is healthy or cheap, but because it is fast, as its name openly states, and it appeals directly to a society concerned more with velocity than quality or quantity. The broad trend of Casual Consumption, when extrapolated unchecked into the future, can only lead to the downfall of our society, but it is hardly fair to apportion blame to the product of any one industry, when it is in fact the carefree consumers themselves who are at fault.

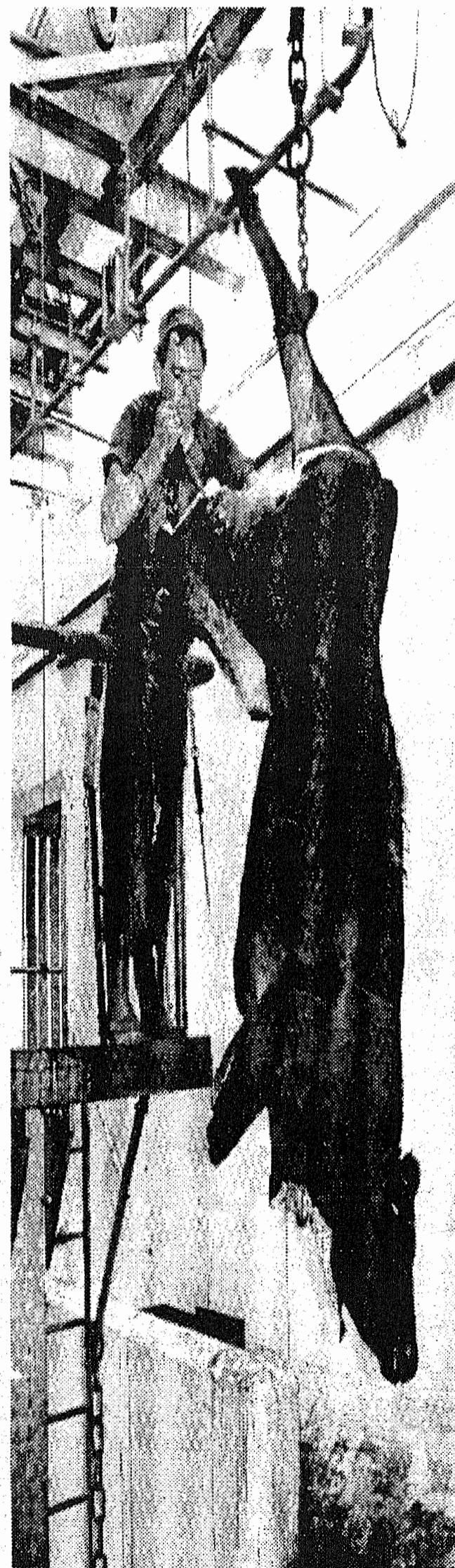
(Get out there and do something about it, people!  
Continued next week ...)

LAD

Quote of the week:

"All laws are like Bavarian sausages: it is much easier to swallow them if you haven't seen how they are made."

Robert Anton Wilson



# THOSE POOR BLOODY FRENCH

"Australia shows France how to make wine."

There is a really pleasant story about how an Australian wine company has turned the tables for a change, and have purchased a winery in France (it's usually the other way around) and, to date, it has been an enormous technical success.

The winery we speak of is Domain de la Baumè, a vineyard and winery over 100 years old that has been acquired by the Hardy Wine Company of South Australia. It is situated in south France near the town of Béziers in the Languedoc region, west of Montpellier. When Hardy's turned up, the winery was in a bad state of disrepair and disuse and the vineyards were much the same, so they set about revitalising everything with large capital and creative inputs.

One of the first problems Hardy's encountered was the local rules and regulations.

In France, there are appellation laws which, in theory, guarantee the quality of wine by delineating the growing region, hence determining the origin of the grapes. But appellation goes much further than that. It dictates the manner of viticultural practice including pruning technique, planting density, varieties grown, tonnage harvested, etc., the style of winemaking and even the way the label is made up. By Australian standards, this is overwhelmingly oppressive, but the prize is you get to call your wine an appellation wine which is theoretically better than 'vin de pays' ordinary wine. The appellation laws have the side effect of entrenching the status of the existing proprietors and giving them a considerable commercial advantage, and making it difficult for new players to enter the local scene. You wonder if that's the priority of the laws and the quality of the wine is the side effect instead.

Anyway, Hardy's took one look at all this and in a classic piece of Australian behaviour demonstrated their disregard for authority and irreverence for procedure by saying the appellation laws can get stuffed, we are going to plant the good varieties and do what we want in the cellar. And this is exactly what happened. Then, the final insult was inflicted.

Hardy's appointed an Australian as winemaker. The French went bananas

about this, it didn't matter that the winemaker was a member of the Hardy family, namely Bill Hardy, who actually learnt his winemaking in France at the University of Bordeaux (he was Dux of his class), who spoke fluent French and in fact had worked a number of vintages in France. At his appointment, the French unilaterally declared that the business was doomed to failure, and that the Australians were clearly out of touch with the local conditions, were naïve, bull headed, etc, etc. I think the French were actually talking about themselves. Two years' later, the first results of Australian management were realised and a Chardonnay was released on the UK market, labelled as a 'vin de pays'. When the English wine commentators rated it as better than the appellation wines from the same region and bearing in mind that it cost half as much, it only confirmed what the Australians already know - our wines taste better and cost less, even if we decide to make them in France.

Well, the poor bloody French don't know what to do. Half of them are looking at each other, wondering who to blame or what to say or how to roll the Australians, declare them illegal, something, anything, just stop them. The other half of the French in that area are publicly decrying the Australian effort but privately doing equally the same, replanting with good varieties, rejuvenating their cellars and basically being sensible about their own wine rather than blindly holding onto their out-of-date rules and values.

Exactly what are the Domaine de la Baumè wines that are causing all the stir?

There are four wines, labelled under Chais Baumière: two whites - a Chardonnay and Sauvignon Blanc; and two reds - a Cabernet Sauvignon and a Merlot. The two reds and the Chardonnay are available, to a limited extent, in Australia. The principle effort of Domaine de la Baumè is directed towards the UK and US markets, so we get some wine here more as an incidental effort. I have tasted the three wines and they are very noteworthy. The Chardonnay is vintage 1990. It has a herbaceous note to the aroma when the wine is chilled, but it comes across as a bit more peachy when it is warm. On the palate it is quite acidic by Australian standards, but it is clean, fresh, light to medium bodied, some peach flavours but little oak evident even though the label indicates otherwise. It is not strongly flavoured wine nor anything too exciting, but there is nothing wrong with it and I found it quite refreshing, in fact, I keep finding it to be quite refreshing. At \$10 a bottle in the bottle shops, it is the most inexpensive French Chardonnay available in Australia, again demonstrating what a change Australian ownership can make. The two reds are quite remarkable.

Again, both 1990 vintage, \$10/bottle, quite acidic and different to Australian styles of these varieties. The Cabernet Sauvignon has a really strong blackberry and cherry aroma which follows through to a very strong mid palate blackberry flavour, it is very full bodied, there are

no hints of herbaceousness, unlike many other wines from that district and the wine comes across very clean. The Merlot is a big surprise, it is remarkably full bodied, more so that the Cabernet Sauvignon, and certainly unlike Australian Merlots which tend to be quite soft. It has good mid palate flavour which I could not think of a description for. There is nothing subtle about these reds. Indeed, they are strong, yummy, memorable wines but the problem is that, unlike the Chardonnay, they are simply not ready to drink. The acidity needs to tone down, and all the rough edges need to be smoothed over, yet, there is no doubt this will happen with some maturation in the bottle, all the ingredients are there for excellent wine, it's just a matter of bringing them together and only time can do that. The reds represent good novelty or interest value in the meantime, so don't be shy about tasting or sharing them round. Bear in mind that a French vintage is six months after our own, so French 1990 vintage is actually on eighteen months old.

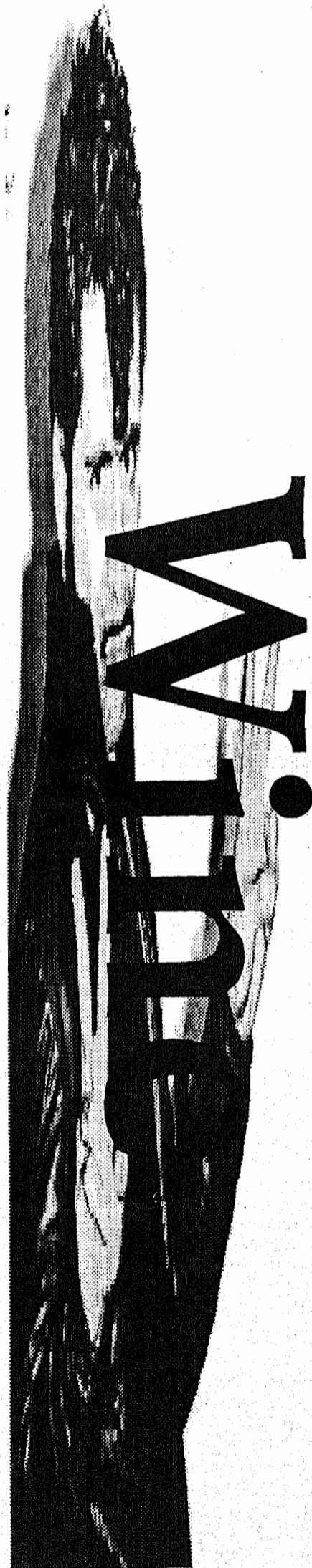
Well, did Hardy's put Béziers on the map with this bold venture?

No, Béziers is already very famous. In 1208, it was the site of the single biggest massacre of Christians ever, in the incident of the Albigensian heresy. 20,000 people were killed regardless of age or sex, the entire population. The town was then looted to pay for the military expenses and the whole place burnt to the ground. The climax of the whole event was in the cathedral of Mary Magdalene where 7,000 women, children and elderly were celebrating (!) a requiem mass, their own, no less. The invaders finally broke down the doors and while singing *Veni Sancte Spiritus* (*We come with the holy spirit*) spared no one, not even the two priests saying mass. These troops were none other than Cistercian monks acting under order from the Pope in Rome.

So, the biggest massacre of Christians occurred under orders of the Pope. The crime of the Albigensians? They had their own opinions about how they should best attend to their Christian spiritual needs, for example, they had the scriptures in their own language rather than inaccessible Latin. So, the bloody minded attitudes of the French towards the Australians is nothing new in that area.

There are problems for Hardy's, they are in financial strife, and are currently looking to be bought out or publicly float the company because they have been spending too much and are overcapitalised. Surprise, surprise, their banker is ... State Bank of South Australia. So, the Australian effort in Béziers might yet be defeated, but not because of the technical side of things, but because of the financial woes of the parent company.

So, the moral victory remains, and cannot be taken away, and it would appear that the Australian attitudes are revolutionising the Languedoc wine industry for the benefit of all the French in that area, or half of them at least, the half with their minds open.



# BOOKS

Ivan Klima - Judge On Trial  
Chatto and Windus \$29.95

Next time you hear a noise at six in the morning, be thankful that it is only a neighbour or the milkman, and not the secret police.

Australians tend to take for granted the advantages of living in a free and democratic society. It takes a great effort of will to imagine what life has been like for hundreds of millions of eastern Europeans who until recently lived under Communist dictatorships. Happy -go- lucky Australians have been spared the real life version of Orwell's 1984, the world of Big Brother, the Thought Police, political terror and censorship.

One man who has personal experience of all these things is the famous Czech author and former political dissident, Ivan Klima, who was in Adelaide recently for Writer's Week.

From 1938, when Hitler's Nazis occupied his homeland, until November 1989 when Czechoslovakia's Communist government fell from power, Klima has spent most of his life under one tyranny or another.

Born in Prague in 1931, Klima came from a secularised Jewish background. During the war years he and his family were rounded up by the Nazis and interned in the prison fortress at Theresienstadt (Terezin). Miraculously his family escaped being sent to the death camps for gassing.

In the aftermath of World War 2, Czechoslovakia found itself on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain and was forced to become a satellite of Stalin's Soviet Union. A Communist puppet police state (called a "people's democracy") was installed. Opposition politicians were arrested and dissent was ferociously quelled.

Much of Czechoslovakia's turbulent experience at the hands of its enemies is echoed in Ivan Klima's most highly regarded novel *Judges on Trial* which was published for the first time in English recently. (When it first appeared in Czechoslovakia in 1986 it was banned by the then Communist government.) The story is about the mid life crisis of a judge, Adam Kindl, who has spent most of his career as a creature of the ruling Communist Party. However he has recently fallen foul of the Party. He has been expelled for signing a human rights petition and is known to oppose the death penalty.

To test Adam Kindl's political reliability, the authorities have assigned him a difficult murder case in which he will be obliged to find the defendant guilty and sentence him to hang.

But as Kindl gets more involved in the case, he finds increasingly that he is putting his own life under scrutiny. He recalls the compromises and betrayals which have been enabled him to advance his own career.

Although as Ivan Klima has always stressed, this novel is not autobiographi-

cal, there are a couple of events which parallel the author's own life. For instance, the judge's childhood - like the author's - was spent in a Nazi ghetto camp for Jews.

The threat of death forever hangs in the air. The smell of gas pervades the novel. We are haunted by the image of Jews standing on the tiles of gas chambers disguised as showers. Later we meet a disturbed young man who attempts to commit joint suicide with Adam Kindl's unfaithful wife by gassing. And Kindl himself, in the murder trial over which he is to preside, is confronted by a defendant accused of gassing a tight fisted landlady and her granddaughter. The suffocating odour of gas is an appropriate image for the fog of lies in which Czechs were compelled to live until just a few years ago.

Nobody can survive under this system for long by being honest and decent. The only way one can prove one's social worth to the Party is by betraying innocent people.

*Judge on Trial* traces Adam Kindl's postwar career as a Party member. As an idealistic young school student he is at first flattered when he is approached to join the Party.

He is appointed chairman of his class's sole permitted youth organisation. He is instructed to be an informer and to denounce anyone who might be suspected of disliking the Communist New Order. Adam is given almost god like powers to classify people like beetles "into useful, harmless and dangerous". Here we see a vivid portrayal of how tyranny comes to control a population. Almost everybody ends up as an accomplice of the state's crimes.

Genuine idealists, such as Adam's fanatically pro-Communist art teacher, are arrested as enemies of socialism. Even Adam's father - a passionate and dedicated Communist too - is arrested on trumped up charges of sabotage. His son has to stand by in silence as he sees his father tried and convicted on false evidence.

On another occasion Adam listens to one of his comrades boast about torturing a priest to death.

The French political philosopher Alexis de Tocqueville rightly observed last

century: "A despot easily forgives his subjects for not loving him, provided they do not love each other."

This is of course the great trick of tyranny - to atomise society, sow distrust and compromise everyone so thoroughly that the population is at the mercy of the state. Anybody who makes a lone, defiant stand against the system will simply be imprisoned or shot and replaced with someone more pliable.

What one of the novel's characters says about prison life is equally applicable to the Communist system: "Prison is terrible not because it deprives you of freedom but because it destroys your belief in other people."

How intelligent individuals come to support totalitarian ideologies in the first place is an interesting process. Adam Kindl initially supports Communism as a necessary violent antidote to Nazism and a means to impose some sort of perfect order on the human race:

"I prepared to become a foot soldier of the revolution, a hobby horse for a new generation of butchers to mount, and wielding their cleavers drive the scattering human herd into rebuilt enclosures, and set to with their knives to carve out the splendid future."

On joining the Communist movement, the young Adam sees himself "as a member of a large family whose links are far stronger than any blood relationship." Similar sentiments were no doubt felt by many early German recruits to the Hitler Youth.

Adam's father has an almost touching faith in the immutable laws of socialism. A designer of electrical equipment, he holds two contradictory beliefs simultaneously: first that there is no such thing as infallible technical equipment; and second, that socialism is somehow exempt from the laws of nature; socialism is the only machine that cannot fail because of its supposed capacity to repair itself.

Of course this has been far from being the case. Marxism-Leninism has inflicted severe moral damage on those societies which have experienced it. One of the characters in Klima's novel describes how one is permanently corrupted by the system:

"We commit crimes, or at least we

acquiesce in them, so we can go on leading normal lives. But we can never live normally again once we are implicated."

Since the "Velvet Revolution" of November 1989 which saw the downfall of the despised Czech Communist regime and the election as President of playwright and former dissident, Vaclav Havel (a personal friend of Ivan Klima's, by the way), the Czech and Slovak people - along with all their eastern European neighbours - are faced with the Herculean task of rebuilding their society from scratch.

Every institution has been mutilated almost beyond repair, and so many individuals have been implicated with the old regime that it is almost impossible to know whom to trust with the administration of the new organs of government.

Can a post-Communist society give its citizens normal lives again?

Klima emphasizes, as a first step, the importance of people taking responsibility for the consequences of their actions. In words which ought to be heeded particularly by Westerners with no first hand experience of police states, Klima says:

"Most people...know so little of suffering and are answerable for so little, that they cannot recognise the essential moment when they move from one area in which they are led, into one in which they have to move according to their own free will, one in which they are required to take charge and protect, instead of demanding care and protection."

These words were written in 1986. Since then the world has seen how the people of the former Communist world found within themselves the necessary strength to stand up to their tyrants and to change the map of the European continent.

Integrity and courage, then, cannot be entirely asphyxiated. As one of Ivan Klima's characters, a sad-eyed clown, reminds us in the novel who the most useful of men is: the man who tells the truth.

JOHN BALLANTYNE

Ivan Klima



# DRUGSTORE COWBOY AT THE MERCURY

One of the most controversial issues in America today - drugs - forms the centre of *Drugstore Cowboy*, a powerful drama of junkie's life of crime and redemption, revealed with both dark humour and poignancy the romantic relationships and real life exploits of four people addicted to drugs.

Set in Oregon in the 1970's, *Drugstore Cowboy* follows the adventures of a wildly impulsive but likeable addict, Bob Hughes (Matt Dillon) who, with his wife Dianne (Kelly Lynch) and another couple wreak havoc across Oregon pharmacies in the constant pursuit of sang froid high. But as the gang's luck begins to change, Bob finds the courage to leave his life of drugs and crime behind.

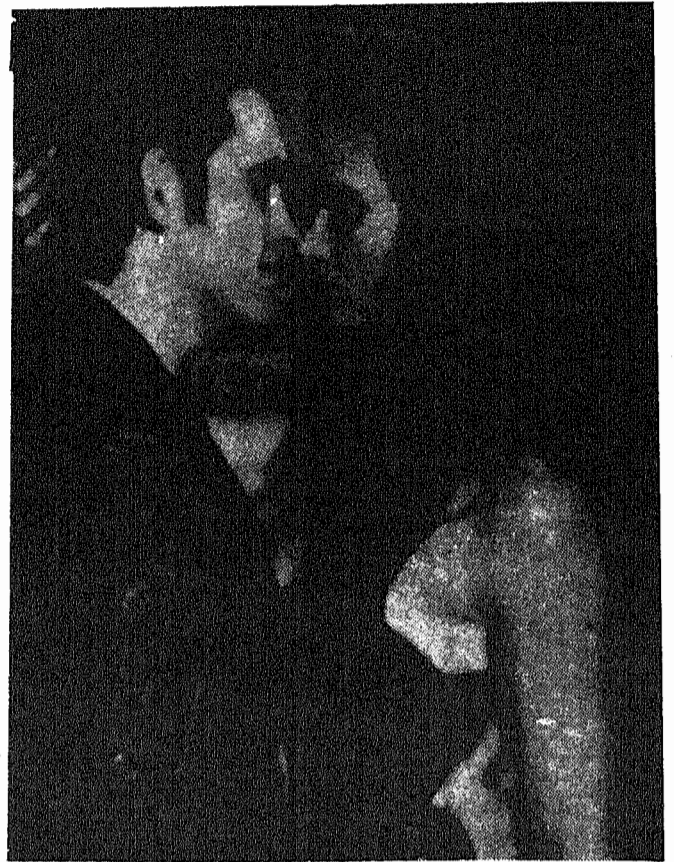
Like every successful junkie, Bob Hughes lives precariously by his wits and intuition. A superstitious sixth sense about when to make his next move, a quasi religious devotion to a personal brand of street justice and an unsinking obeisance to the hand of fate make

him a leader among junkies, if a failure among other men. For the fallen Hughes being a junkie is a full time profession, requiring brainy strategy, hard work and good luck.

Bob is trapped by his unshakeable superstition and the consequences of the path he has chosen - until the day his luck changes, his confidence wanes and his death appears inevitable. Only then in an act of pure survival does he find the courage to leave his life of drugs and crime behind.

Dillon spent hours observing junkies in their day to day lives, and interviewed ex-junkies and ex-cons in an effort to really understand the addictive personality and the minute details of procuring and using drugs. Even James Fogle, who spent much of his life in and out of prisons and on and off hard drugs, was impressed with Dillon's dead on mimicry of the jargon and body language of the junkie criminal.

**Drugstore Cowboy screens on March the 27th to the 28th at the Mercury Cinema.**



## Saint Nick on The Road ... To God Knows Where Mercury Cinema

"Three things - I'm Nick Cave, I love you, and I wanna tell you about a girl."

To the passive Philadelphian audience, these opening words appeared spontaneous and genuine, but the viewers of "The Road ... To God Knows Where" who moments earlier witnessed the backstage recital of these lines, they sounded contrived and well rehearsed.

This is how it is - this is the real thing.

Uli Schuppel's music film does not intend to portray musicians - Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds - as "exaggerated mythical figures", but instead follows them closely while on the road, minus the glossy bullshit.

Determined to capture the private sphere of the band on film, Schuppel's camera became his eyes on this tour across the USA.

Nothing was left undocumented and no restrictions were placed on what was filmed. However, to alleviate his guilt feelings about seeming voyeuristic, Schuppel uses a wide-angle lens in close ups in an attempt to distance himself (and the viewers) from the band members.

Concerned with achieving the utmost authenticity, Schuppel has sacrificed additional lighting and, at times, the effect this created was an image of obscurity.

"The Road ... To God Knows Where" follows Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds on tour in 1989 through Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles - through twenty-four concerts in a single month. Schuppel takes the viewers backstage and beyond to reveal the boredom, the drinking, the bad press and the frustrations of a band on the road.

The "cast" includes the band - singer Nick Cave - cor, what a lust object (sorry), bass guitarist Mick Harvey (Crime and the City Solution), guitarist Blixa Bargeld (Einstürzende Neubauten), drummer Thomas Wydler (Die Haut) another guitarist Kid Congo of Cramps and Gun Club, and Roland Wolf on keyboard. Also featured are diehard groupies,

roadies, journalists and various other characters whose talents pooled together create the enigma of Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds.

The film featured concert footage and samples of songs such as Knockin' on Joe, New Morning, Saint Huck, I'm Gonna Kill That Woman, Rye Whiskey and a brilliant rendition of the haunting song, The Mercy Seat, performed live on air.

The movie was great, Nick and Blixa didn't turn up (as was rumoured) but seeing them larger than life was a near-substitute.

**Sally Mathews  
and Sonja-Jade Tomas**

## BUGSY-REGENT CINEMA

First let me just say that I have never had much time for Warren Beatty. He comes across as a self centred, vain, conceited, philandering brute - which is what makes him perfect for the rôle of 'Bugsy' Segal. Ben 'Bugsy' Segal was a visionary. It was his drive and his dream that created the city of Las Vegas out of wasted desert.

The film documents the construction of The Flamingo club, the first casino, in fact the first building, in Las Vegas, through the eyes of Ben Segal. It is a powerful character study, filled with violence and yet also rich with humour.

It would be easy to draw comparisons between 'Bugsy' and 'The Godfather', or 'Goodfellas'. These comparisons are inevitable when you make a 'Mafia' movie. Unlike 'The Godfather' which dealt almost exclusively with the upper echelons of power, or 'Goodfellas' which concentrated more on what I would call 'Urban Mafia', 'Bugsy' is simply a detailed insight into one man. Yes, he worked for the mob; yes, he shot people and beat people, and yes, he was up there with the big boys, but unlike his superiors, money was not his driving motivation. Ben Segal was far more interested in leaving something of himself behind. He was after a kind of immortality, and I think he succeeded.

As such 'Bugsy' is a very interesting piece of work.

The supporting cast is superb, with Ben Kingsley sure to take out a best supporting oscar. Harvey Keitel is superb as 'Bugsy's' second in command, and Anette Benning is simply fantastic in the rôle of Virginia - the woman who becomes Segal's obsession. It is always a delight to see Elliot Gould on the screen as well. His portrayal of the stupid, doomed mafia thug is one of the most convincing performances of his long career.

The direction, by Barry Levinson, whose last work was the wonderful 'Rain Man', is in many ways reminiscent of Martin Scorsese's work in 'Goodfellas' but still maintains a style of its own.

'Bugsy' is one of the best films I have seen in a while and provides the perfect opportunity for Beatty to simply play himself, or rather to play an image of himself as I think he would like to be. God knows, I came out of the film wanting to be a gangster.

DS



"Cock-rock clips / Make me sick"

- The Meanies

**Let It Scream  
The Scream  
Liberation  
LP**

Some record industry pundits have suggested that The Scream will be the next Guns 'n Roses. The scary thing is that it may well be true. Musically, the parallel is a good one; The Scream churn out track after track of annoying grungy guitar riffs in the gunners' mold, without any of the occasional catchy tunes. The main difference, though, lies in the lyrics. A good example of these is the passage in "Catch Me If You Can", where The Scream set up a complex analysis of the motor vehicle/female relationship:

*Found myself a woman, got her in my sights,  
Slides into the backseat and she holds stickshift right.  
Tells me that she wants it, my pedal hits the floor,  
Let me park in your garage, bitch, open up the door.*  
Similarly mature attitudes, and considered reactions to the Women's Liberation Movement, are found in "Never Loved



**This week in..**

**COCK ROCK**

Her Anyway" and "I Don't Care". One for the brain dead.

**Galactic Cowboys**

When I was a fresher, someone came up to me once and said, "If they've got loud guitars then they're alright", and the Galactic Cowboys prove just how full of shit this guy must be - plenty of loud guitars but not a lot else. The words which spring to mind when listening to the album include "hodge podge", "jumble", "mish mash", "pot pourri" even, and this can be shown by my recipe for a typical Galactic Cowboys' song.

**Ingredients**

- 1 cup Death-metal guitar progression
- 2 tbsp Lemonhead-type choruses
- 1/2 cup Bon Jovi crap vocal harmonies/waterfalls
- 3 annoying pauses per song (if in season)
- 2 cups hot-licks guitar solos
- 1/2 tsp shit philosophy to make fat and ugly people feel better, e.g. "There is someone for everyone"
- 1 lt Axl Rose impressions
- 1/2 cup very sensitive and slow quiet bits
- 1 pinch harmonica
- Metallica rip-offs to taste

**Method**

Combine all the ingredients, except for annoying pauses, in a big bowl and knead until firm. Add the pauses wherever you fell that the mixture is a little sloppy.

**Serving Suggestion**

The Venue, lots of tight leather to garnish the dish and long permed hair is a must. For the more adventurous, try exposed tattoos of naked women and a carton of VB.

**If I Say  
King of the Hill  
EMI  
Single**

King of the Hill are comprised of:  
Vito Bono - drums, long hair and U2 impersonations;  
George Potsos - bass, permed long hair and one "Michael Jackson" glove;  
Jimmy Griffin - guitar and long hair;  
and, of course, the singer, Frankie, who follows in the footsteps of Prince and Madonna in spurning a redundant christian name. Credit must be given: they know every trick in the cock-rock book, and produce songs of a consistent quality. Unfortunately, this is an extremely crap quality. Look out for the full-length album which should be hitting stores soon. And we mean look out!

This week in cock rock was proudly presented by Peter "Dr Cock" Psaltis, and Jeremy "Dr Rock" Mackinnon.

**Tenement Symphony  
Marc Almond  
Polygram**

Marc Almond was a member of early 80s synth-pop band Soft Cell ("Sex Dwarf", "Tainted Love"). He recently had a hit with the old Gene Pitney song "Something's Got a Hold of my Heart", but I doubt if "Tenement Symphony" will offer any hit singles. The music is basically synthesizer pop, at times reminiscent of the Pet Shop Boys. The first 5 tracks are quite bland, but following this is a suite of 4 songs, titled the 'Tenement Symphony'. This suite of songs was produced by Trevour Horn ('ABC', 'Frankie') and is the highlight of the album, as it includes orchestration and even an opera track (not sung by Marc Almond). This would have made a good EP if the first 5 tracks weren't included.

5/10  
Jack K.

**Otis  
Mojo Nixon  
Enigma**

Mojo has dropkicked Skid Roper and got married, and it hasn't hurt him on bit.

Otis is a mish mash of styles but holds together like a healthy cow turd. Styles featured include reggae, soul, country rock and a tinge of swamp (all in Mojo's inimitable style). His band consists of Country Dick Montana (Beat farmers), John doe (ex-X) and is produced by an ex Cramps collaborator.

Mojo starts his philosophy/sociology lecture with an ode to that most wonderfully irrelevant annoyance, the lawyer.

*I wanna see 'em explode*

*In every zip code.*

As a matter of fact, most of those charming all-American oddities get a tasteful examination, "I wanna race bigfoot trucks" shines some light on the average (brain dead) American small town adolescents ambitions, or is that Mojo's ambition ...?

Shane's dentist ("he don't work to hard, always at the pub") is a documentary on poor Mr McGowan's dentition.

I may just be the romantic type, but "Don Henley Must Die" (so, he can't get back together with Glen Frey) warms the cockles of my heart. Just thinking of him frying in that electric chair - mmm! And what a moral fella is Mojo for wanting to prevent apocalypse and an Eagles reunion.

DJK

**bitchin'!**

# RECORDS

**Peaks and Valleys**  
Colin Hay  
Trafalgar Records

Contrary to what the title may suggest, Colin Hay's latest offering is a consistently good batch of songs. Hay has stripped back the layers of production and instrumentation, to deliver many pleasing folk tunes, and emotive ballads.

The ex-Men at Work frontman's Scottish heritage is evidenced in both music and lyrics. Several songs, such as "Sometimes" and "Go Ask An Old Man", feature Hay celebrating his ancestry and indulging in some decidedly Scottish folk styles. These sounds increase in their appeal with each listen, as do many of Hay's lyrics. Most songs are delivered by that great, raspy and often rousing Hay voice.

Although the pertinent observations of Australia and the stylish critiques of elitism and pretence that "Business as Usual" fans may be used to have disappeared, *Peaks and Valleys* won't disappoint. Despite the frequency of ballads and wistful monologues, Hay gets away with being sentimental. Actually, I do lie, though, "Dream On" is quite a low point, in fact a valley, with Hay addressing his sexual cohort, much to the embarrassment of listeners. Nevertheless, worth checking out.

David Raftery

**Fishgrass**  
Damien Lovelock  
Festival

Poor Damien, the mountains, the cool fresh air and the navel gazing seem to have treated him poorly. For a start, why write a song about the Dalai Lama when Alex Chilton has already done the same rather superbly? Probably the second best attempt, 'How Happy is Larry' is not a bad song, but also covers previously stomped on territory (by Sydney's Playful Kittens).

'This Town' sounds like a hippy jamboree, all involved getting stoned, acoustic and mellow. His version of Hendrix' 'Up from the Skies' is cute - very un-Hendrix! I know I'm being over critical here, but maybe considering those involved (Damien, Kent Steedman, Mark Dawson, Chris Townend, Michael Couvret, etc.), I hoped for a little more. Overall, not a bad album, but it sure as hell doesn't leap up and grab you by the crotch.

DJK

**Queen Charlotte Sounds**  
Charlotte Sometimes  
Festival

Hoping for some nice pop music, I instead stumbled on someone aspiring to be Jenny Morris, and intent on broadcasting her sexual hangups to an unsuspecting public.

About as inspiring as Frank Blevins.

DJK



**Swordfish**  
Volition

Swordfish have a lot going for them - a mix of Australian Indie pop sensibilities, judicious use of English style dance grooves and just enough fuzzed out, overdriven guitars to keep me happy. They also have a great singer and a couple of nifty songs. This six track CD starts with 'Paralytic', a song I discovered a demo version off on a music magazine single, and fell in love with. The CD version is much more polished, with a tinkling piano intro and an agonising ending. Top song! Some of the other songs rely a little less on the guitar and more on a danceable beat, which may have got a little tedious on a full length album. Of course, those who prefer the funkies, dancey side of Swordfish would disagree. I think this is one of their strengths, as the encompassing of many styles means there is something for everyone. The CD finishes with Wrap, with a heavy "Manchester" leaning, but executed well enough for this sin to be forgiven. Overall, two fantastic songs, three fair enoughs and a barfo bucket special. ('The Runner' sounds like a Depeche Mode reject gone funky - bleearghh!)

DJK



**Vanish**  
The Fills  
Rampant Records

Melbourne's Fills are just beginning to claim the recognition they've worked so hard for. After recording and independently releasing their first single, it didn't exactly live up to hopes nor expectations, accruing the momentous sales figure of, er, 12.

It can safely be said, however, that *Vanish* will sell a good deal more than the forlorn and lonely first offering. It's first track "Carousel" has received piles of airplay on both public and national radio. A jangling joyful affair it is definitely the high point of *Vanish*. Indeed, The Fills have managed to perfect the simple and lamentable pop song incorporating saxophone with singer Danny's quite prominent girlie vocals. Another appealing element is their almost conversational lyrics, ranging from tales of horrifically long bus trip to explanations of vengeful feelings toward a 'former friend'. Having briefly visited Adelaide on their last trip during the Festival, they promise to return soon. Until then, *Vanish* will have to tie us over. Since they've now hooked up with Mushroom Distribution Service it can be found quite easily, so it's worth purchasing it only for the warm fuzzy feelings you'll get when they reach that magical figure of 13.

**Sea Brains**  
Barry Plankton  
Shock

Normally, I scorn most music that isn't at least excessively loud. This CD is not excessively loud, and I love it. This means either I'm getting old, or this is a pretty neat record. Desperately fearing the former (getting old at 20 is a concern to me), I carefully analysed this CD (I listened to it while cooking, sleeping, doing nothing and watching TV).

I came up with some reasons why I can like this and not be getting old.

1. Although not grinding and distorted, there are three guitars involved, all making some worthwhile noise.
2. There are five guys all harmonising (well!), and I'm a sucker for harmony. I'd like speed death-metal if it had harmonies.
3. The lyrics are not all inane soap opera scripts, and are even witty sometimes!
4. They write bloody good songs.
5. They have one song ("Stay Afloat") that almost kicks a teensy-weensy bit of arse. Having justified myself, I feel it would have been easier to just admit it's a great album, especially as it's their first full length effort. It takes a pretty impressive distortion free album to grace my stereo, so those who like pop should treasure this. Throw away all that Manchester baggy shit and appreciate real pop songs, like "Blue Sky Morning", "Nick and Therese", "It's not your life", and my favourite, "Love, Love, Love". This one's about Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin arriving in someone's backyard. Oh yeah, in a spaceship. A real crooner.

Go get it.  
DJK

**Shangri-La**  
The Katydids  
Reprise

*Shangri-La* is an album of pure pop. The ten songs contained on The Katydids' latest offering are well written and delivered, though it seems many will find the album just too moderate in its impact.

"Seesaw" and "Always", the two tracks produced by Ian Broudie (The Lightning Seeds, Echo and the Bunnymen), stand out as the prime examples of warm, fuzzy pop. Likewise, "Faith to Change" and "Some Mysterious Sigh" are particularly delightful pop tunes. The gentle, wafting guitar sounds of The Katydids do tire, however, especially when they show a country 'n western influence, as in "Slip Away" and "Many of My Friends". In these tracks, The Katydids offer a sound similar to that of Club Hoy, which is all very pleasant but just too nice and sweet at times.

Nevertheless, The Katydids offer some pretty fair pop songs. "The Boy Who's Never Found" and "Don't Think Twice" certainly fit this mould, the former starting to receive some deserved airplay on Triple J. Still, it feels as if some restraint is being exercised on the music, preventing The Katydids to perhaps offend or inspire. All the same, the album's good, when one is in a moderate mood.

David Raftery

**Fathers Day**  
Father MC  
MCA  
Single

This rap 'thing' is starting to get out of hand. Father MC is another in the long line of commercialised black American rappers. The music consists of rap beats, samples and monotonous rapping, which makes every song sound the same. So far, we've had Young MC, MC Hammer, MC Kinky, MC Haemophilic Water Buffalos from Outer Space and now more of the same from Father MC.

3/10

Jack K.



**The Low Road**  
Beasts of Bourbon  
Red Eye

There is one word that sums up this band, their live gigs, and all four records - awesome. "The Low Road" earns this description with plenty of room to spare. This is one hell of a menacing album, exploring the murky depths of the low road of life more brilliantly than even Lou Reed could manage (I tell you, it *hurt* saying that, but shit, it's true). Tex's vocals are perfect for this album, which explores hard R'n'B rock territory without as much of the country influence featured earlier, probably due to the minimal writing input by Spencer Jones this time. This album also shows that Tex may be the figurehead, but Kim Salmon is the substance. His songwriting and guitar playing should have earned him the place as Australia's most respectful musician. His one vocal effort features on my favourite track, "Something to lean on".

As well as that track, "Straight, Hard and Long", "There's a Virus Goin' Round", "Just Right", "The Low Road" and "Chase the Dragon" could all have easily been singles. Lovers of the AC/DC's "Ride On" and the Stones' "Cocksucker Blues" pale in comparison to the Beasts' originals. In short, my only fault with this album is the 'explicit lyrics' warning sticker. I'd like to find the loser responsible and shove them all up their rectum, then corrupt their children.

Buy this record. You'll need it.  
DJK

# WOMADELAIDE

## World Music Festival Botanic Park

Welcome to the Jungle ...

of Africa, the lands of South America, the waterfalls of Japan and a thousand other places I've never been but was taken to by Womadelaide, the three-day Music Festival featuring music from all over the world that I was lucky enough to score comps to! The organisers are keen to restage the event next Fringe, and if they do, don't miss this - it's magic!

Friday night began the three-day concert and entering Botanic Park, passing the huge trees, in the distance we could see light and people milling about, running to and fro and dancing, smell the exotic food from the various stalls and hear the sound of African Drums. Basically, this weekend was chokkers with amazing music, sights and sounds, and I'm just going to have to pick my favourites. But, it was all brilliant; Womadelaide brought the music of the world to the open air of Botanic Park in an atmosphere that was calm, appreciative and full of wonder. All sounds very hippy, really, doesn't it? Well, it was. And what's wrong with that? I enjoy superficiality as much as the next person, and go in for my dose of Metro Music, poser fashion and Al Fresco hanging with the worst of them. But once in a while, what's wrong with getting back to music that comes from the earth, from the trees, from the heart of the oppression of apartheid, and from the different tongues and tones of the world?

### Klezmer Conservatory Band

I've got to mention this, but I have to confess, I wasn't wrapped. On the one hand, it was great that a huge swing-style band dedicated itself to giving us the Yiddish and Jewish traditional music, celebratorial and vibrant. And I loved the way a huge group of people at the front got up and did the grapevine dance with obvious enthusiasm!

But, maybe, it was due to all the free marijuana I was inadvertently smoking by breathing the air around me, I just couldn't shake the feeling that I was at a huge Bar-Mitzvah, and I was 10 years old again, with untold Boobas & Zedas waiting to pinch my cheeks and cry "oy vey! Hasn't she grown!". Call it paranoia, but I checked out the Craft Stalls and watched from a safe distance. But someone has to teach the Gentiles the exuberance of the Jewish people and I'm glad Klezmer did it with such flair ... I'm also glad I'm not related to them! Oy!

### The Awatinas

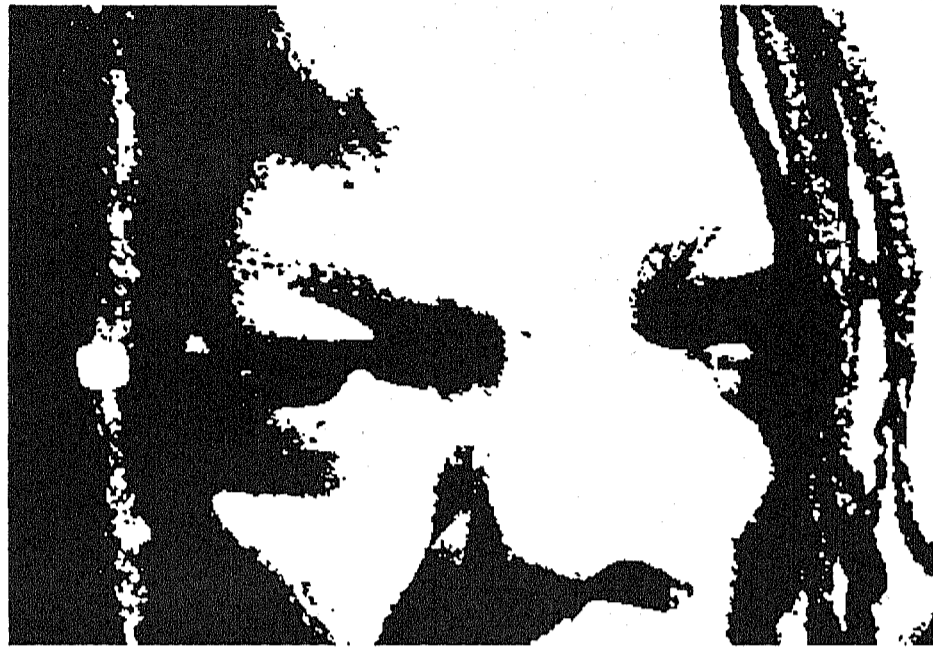
From Bolivia, this ensemble of musicians enhanced a central message of Womadelaide, that we are all brothers and sisters in a comAmon bond of music. Sounds woosy, but, when you have seven guys with long hair, playing amazing mandolin-type guitars, flutes and drums at a furious pace, you become caught up in their energy and wouldn't mind being brothers with them, believe me. We were taken to their forests and waterfalls, told of the conquests at the time of the Incas and made to laugh by their songs, and their encouragement to us to join.

### Guo Yue

The music of this Chinese flautist was eloquent and haunting, speaking of the oppression of the armies of China and the spirit of its people. The high pitched flute and the resonating drums enveloped and moved the audience. It was a beautiful balmy night on Friday, and we lay on our backs, and the sky was a huge screen on which we watched the searchlights while this ethereal, beautiful music hung in the air.

### Youssou N'Dour

The weaving of this man's voice with the music that draws both from ancient and modern Africa is a powerful sound. If you like Peter Gabriel, Youssou N'Dour is an extension of the style. He and Gabriel collaborated on "Shakin' the Tree" as well as



being instrumental in the whole Womadelaide concept. It's not hard to see why Gabriel was moved and impressed. I was too!

### Nussrat Fateh Ali Khan

If you think the spelling is a mind boggler, catch this guy dancing! He and two or three others leapt and twisted across the stage with an energy that came across in the vocals as well. The emotion came through in all his songs and the audience responded to one of the most energetic acts of the weekend.

### Crowded House

Criminal, isn't it? Not only did I get this mega-deal for free, but, in a feast of international and global sound, I *really* died over Crowded House. Both times (gloat, gloat). Crowded House just seem to get better and better - it's frightening! I hadn't appreciated the tightness of their band, the beauty of their vocal harmonies and the natural humour that pervades their on-stage performance. They were brilliant. Not only did I sing every song, but their Saturday night performance included two renditions of "Hole in the River" that was eerie and unforgettable. I

hadn't ever appreciated the words or the emotion, but these, as well as the stunning lighting effects were undeniably powerful. The supernatural elements of death, fate and fear in a young boy were enhanced by a blue light which swept the circle of performance, illuminating the trees, so we felt we, too, were in a river, floating on the strains of the song. Goosebumpy stuff!

And the beauty was, during the only encore performance of the weekend, we could get as close as we liked - this was outdoor and open and no-one jostled you and the view of the raised stage was excellent, even for short people like me!

I have to stop, but I could rave on and on. Womadelaide was a fantastic experience and Rob Brookman and all involved deserve a hearty thump on the back. Next time, though, students really should get a better deal. I'd never have seen it if I'd had to pay the exorbitant price and it's a shame to deprive people of this rare experience which will hopefully be repeated.

Mel Sander

# VLADIMIR'S CARROT

## Footlights

Little Theatre  
Adelaide Uni

11-14th March, 17th-21st March,  
7.00p.m.

Anyone who knows anything about theatre at all will know that Vladimir was a character in *Waiting for Godot* (Jees, honestly, the stupidity of the reviewers *some* papers I won't mention is becoming increasingly apparent!) (I'm glad I sat near David Mills - he told me who Vladimir was!!). Footlights playing on this (*Godot*) giving us "waiting for Gladys" was a good laugh, as well as a recurrent theme through the revue.

I found Vlad to be, like most Footlights' revues, a piece of fun that doesn't take itself seriously, sending up various films, groups of society, situations and itself. This particular show, though, was different to others. The girls in the show were given a chance to hog the limelight

just as much as the guys, and did a thoroughly good job of it. Newcomer to the footlights line up, Elena Carapetis, excelled in her role as Clarice Starling in a send up of *Silence of the Lambs* and had the audience in fits during a rendition by herself and Emily Branford of "you say tomato, I say...." etc. Juliette Nicole showed us exactly how to dump that soft-toy who just *won't* leave you alone, revealing herself as a competent comedienne - not to mention a ted-o-phile! Shame!

Yup, gone are the days when certain papers could accuse Footlights of merely "decorative bimbos" in their line-up. The girls gave as good as the guys, contributing to a really funny show. Matt Hawkins, in his characteristic style, was a star once again. On the night I saw it, the audience was very small and I'm told the cast was flat. If Matt, delivering a crazed monologue about his unhappy

childhood which had us all laughing was *flat*, clear the theatre when he's *up*!

His brother, Anthony Hawkins, showed exactly how "The Knack" meant My Sharona to be heard. Silly us, thinking it was a rock number! This sketch worked well and possibly could have developed more, even using some of Danielle Poulos' highly competent piano playing to enhance the comedy.

Damien Storer lent his comic skills well to the send up *134 up* and was the thoroughly together actor on stage he often is. He stamped the sketches he was in with his particular style and enabled the cohesion of the group, another notable factor in this show. The sketches ran quickly and efficiently one to the next and a good sense of timing was present. The gags that worked did so well and there was no endless ad lib or dragging.

*Foccaccia* was a good 'payout' sketch,

and one of the few Matt Riley had a role, to speak of, in. More of him would have been good because he looked funny. NO, I mean he looked like he could be funny. Oh, you know what I mean! On the night I went, he was excellent as the baffled wailer you always encounter at Al Frescos, forlornly trying to find a home for the lone foccacia. He cleared away my juice bottle, too. A nice touch.

*Clubs sketch* - Amen is all I can say!

I really liked this show. Footlights seems to have hit a new recipe for reviews - a bit of discipline, a lot of parody, bit of equality and a lot of fun - keep it up guys - it worked!

Mel Sander



# DOG GONE

**Dog Eat Dog**  
Red Shed Company  
Season closed

With the intriguing catchphrase "Communism is dead, the future is a supermarket, opposition is hopeless, relax and watch TV (we told you so)", the Red Shed Company has presented its latest play, "Dog Eat Dog". The play is inspired by (but not just about) the dismantling of the Soviet Union and corresponding decline in Communism. It's the brainchild of David Carlin, a collective member of the Red Shed, and interesting person to talk to, to boot. In explaining the purpose of their production, he said:

"The Red Shed Company is the cutting edge. Creating and commissioning new works, made in Adelaide, but not just parochially about Adelaide, but about issues all around the world. We want to bring up ideas that will resonate and make sense with people."

Yes, well, that's very commendable, but how successful has the Red Shed been in bringing the ideas of "Dog Eat Dog" over to audiences? Only partially, I feel. The subject matter is too big, and the play, in trying to grapple with all the complexities of the issues involved, becomes disjointed.

The "plot" follows an Australian woman, Gran (played by Sally Hildyard) who undertakes a quest to discover why her son (played by Alex Hulse) joined the Communist party, after he commits suicide. The play is loosely structured, and along the way we meet a pink tank, revolutionaries, a young Margaret Thatcher, an entirely new European

bureaucracy and Lenin himself. The scenes lead to a cumulative rather than conclusive effect. It's kind of Brechtian. Very confronting, and everyone's a Communist.

Likewise, the time frame jumps around. This works well in some instances, for example, juxtaposing the optimism of the Russian people of 1917 with the bleak outlook of modern Europe. But in some cases it is confusing. Two McCarthyite detectives follow hard on the footsteps of Gran, but it is difficult to ascertain whether they are from the 1950s or 1990s.

The play would be more effective with greater use of humour. It has an unfortunate tendency to *spout*, much like the work of Stephen Sewell. After a while, the messages which are being screamed out just do not get absorbed. There is room for humour within the script, but it has been embellished under Tim Maddock's direction. A prime example of this is the two inept, ever-feuding detectives played by Christopher Strickland and Claire Jones. Every so often, while watching them, I got a nagging sense that I should have been laughing. There is also more comic potential in the scene where Gran visits the dead Lenin. The use of comedy enables a playwright's message to be hammered closer to home, as the audience goes laugh, laugh, laugh - and *then* they are hit by the message, *bang*.

I felt Act Two to be stronger than Act One, largely due to the presence of Andrew Donovan playing a Czechoslovakian government adviser, faced with the daunting task of setting up

a stock exchange. The character was all in a rush to embrace the trinkets of western culture; the baseball cap, the loud shirt and the cute expressions, and reminded me of Victor and Sueta doing "Good Morning, Moscow" from "Fast Forward". His characterisation captured just the right amount of naivety.

Ulli Biré yet again distinguished herself in the role of the young Margaret Thatcher. In one particularly bizarre scene, she, as a representative arch-capitalist, mindlessly taunted the Communists, screaming "We won, we won, we won!" and then proceeded to rip the heads off her teddy bears, which were really Communists in disguise.

The rest of the cast perform solidly and one would not expect less from the Red Shed. Some of the accents were dodgy - both Eileen Darley's obscure thick European one and Sally Hildyard's broad Australian one.

But the most memorable feature of this production - the "star" must surely be Don Potra's set. It is *huge*. Colossal, even. More than just that though, it is amazing and captivating and innovatively lit by Karen Norris. It consists of a large aircraft-hangar adjunct to the main acting area, a tube thirty metres long, *at least*. This tube was at times shadowy and characters seemed to come out of it all of a sudden, and at other times could be seen disappearing into the far distance. In the revolution sequence, it was lit a bloody red, and resembled an enormous gullet.

But even more set to come! A full size *tank* parked itself in one corner, all see through with pink cobwebs. A giant

skeletal monster, made of industrial bits and pieces hung precariously over the main stage. The seats were the tree stumps of a dead forest. With action spread over several stages, director Tim Maddock used the space of the Big Shed to its fullest potential.

David Carlin seems very amused at the suggestion that "Dog Eat Dog" is the dying gasp of an old style Communist. Quote he, "If ever we did, we certainly can't now go to our books of Lenin and Marx and think we're going to find all the answers to social problems. We have to construct new ways of going about things." Yes, but what are these new ways? Where are all the ideologically-sound people to go now? Are they meant to pick up the cause of the environment? Are the few remarks "Dog Eat Dog" makes about deforestation a token acknowledgement of the Greenies as a valid political movement - or am I just being cynical?

The play presents us with an ambiguous future. On the one hand, we have the hopeful imagery of a tank sprayed bright pink by modern-day revolutionaries, and on the other, we have the option of a crazed, computer bureaucracy. It's an interesting conclusion. As David Carlin says, "It's generated lots of discussion. It certainly provokes people."

Provocative indeed. In this Festival of spectacle, it was refreshing to go see a play that tried to deal with important issues. While it was kind of *wonky* in bits, I give "Dog Eat Dog" credit for being daringly different. As always, I look forward to the next Red Shed production.

David Mills

# CRAZY, CRAZY,

**The Diary of a Madman**  
Belvoir Street Theatre Company  
Anyone who wants to experience the unique power of the theatre must see *The Diary of a Madman*. Superlatives seem in short supply when it comes to describing the achievements of Belvoir Street Theatre's production of Nikolai Gogol's haunting story.

Aksentii Poproshin is a clerk of the ninth grade sinking in the quagmire of a rank fixated Russian bureaucracy. He will never rise above that level. His desirous jealousies of those above him are compounded by his false illusions of his own importance. He sharpens pens for His Excellency, the Director of the Department and sees himself as a personal assistant and admired member of the Director's staff. He is neither. He is a mad man.

As his madness worsens he considers himself a potential husband for Sophia, the Director's daughter. This would be his way of escaping from the injustice which has misplaced him into social obscurity. His mania drives him to re-

peatedly following Sophia, embarrassing himself and his immediate office supervisor. Declining into complete insanity, Poproshin believes he is the King of Spain, but cannot understand why in his new Kingdom (the asylum) his subjects torture and chastise him.

Geoffrey Rush as Aksentii Poproshin gives an astounding performance. His physical control, manipulation of dialogue and sheer presence are mesmerising. Rush incorporates a stylised physical expression which heightens awareness of the characters internal torment, yet it is played with such a depth of truth and conviction that every moment creates a tormenting super-reality. Poproshin's growing madness is gripping as it tears its way through the audiences defences. Rush is superb.

Lydia Miller plays three supporting roles which are brilliant in the commentary on the extent of Poproshin's madness. Director Neil Armfield masterfully creates a world which seems to be an extension of Poproshin's decaying mind. The play snaps between a kind of fan-

tastic realism and surrealistic explosions of madness. Every scene is cleverly directed to develop the pain, madness and tragedy of Gogol's story. Couched in a torrent of hilarious situations the audience is carried on a roller coaster ride of laughter and anguish.

The musicians Matthew Fargher and Brett Nancarrow marvellously blended traditional and improvised instruments in a vibrant cacophony of lunacy.

A disturbing theme of red and green dominates the set which has been designed by Catherine Martin. Lurking vaguely in my memory is a story that the Chinese Army used to torture prisoners by locking them in cells painted red and green. Long term exposure to these colours supposedly turning prisoners slowly and painfully crazy. Certainly, it contributed to a growing feeling of discomfort within the confines of the auditorium. The continuance of these colours into the costumes and make-up highlighted the extent to which Poproshin was unable to control his life and that he was merely reacting to a world he

couldn't make sense of. Laced with often hysterical humour it plays the very blackest side of comedy and ends in devastation.

*The Diary of a Madman* is compelling theatre.

Michael Eustice

## FESTIVAL / FRINGE

**The Reduced Shakespeare Co.  
The Feztop**

For anyone who has ever known the - let's face it - drudgery of studying in Shakespeare, this is the show for you. The Reduced Shakespeare Company is a laugh riot. I laughed and clapped and stomped my feet and yelled out for more. Take three upstart Americans and let them massacre Shakespeare's plays - what a brilliant idea!

The RSC managed to poke fun at more than just Shakespeare, however. They satirised the entire theatrical establishment, from actors who inch across stage searching for "the light", to directors who insist on "workshopping" even the most basic script requirement. It was good to see theatre being lampooned this way. Several of the other artists here for the Festival should get their heads out of their bums and take a look.

The first play to be reduced was the popular favourite "Romeo and Juliet". The cast played several roles; Romeo, a shrewish Juliet, the Nurse, Tybalt and a rather ineffectual Balcony. The death scene was hilarious, especially when Juliet went into a frenzy trying to kill herself with a dagger with retractable blade.

Some of the less familiar plays were performed quite - um - differently. Thus, we had the Titus Andronicus Cooking Show and a rap version of Othello. "Julius Caesar" was the most reduced play, last but a few seconds as Julius, upon asking "What the hell are the ideof March?", gets stabbed from behind by Brutus, who says, "You're dead".

The only disappointing skit of the evening was the treatment of "Macbeth". The RSC played around a little with Scottish accents and made some fun of that moronic theatre-person superstition of never stating the title of the play, but I was awaiting how they would present Lady Macbeth, particularly with her "Out damned spot" speech. But she didn't even get a guernsey.

Sixteen of Shakespeare's comedies were crammed into one single superplay, comprising two sets of identical triplets, unbelievably quick romances, lots of princes and umpteen cases of mistaken identity. A good point here. Shakespeare was fond of re-using a set formula, whether that be for a plot or character. Take "The Comedy of Errors", "The Taming of the Shrew", "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night" - all these plays deal with people in disguise. When you think about it, Shakespeare was actually quite dumb.

The history plays which hardly *anybody* reads or sees are likewise all around the same theme of a quest for power. This was demonstrated by the RSC performing the history plays as a football game with the crown as ball, and monarch after monarch tackling each other for it. Richard II went down in a screaming heap, that gammy leg causing him trouble and King Lear was sent from the field, a penalty given for being a fictional character on stage.

The last play to be featured - it had to be - was "Hamlet". It was actually performed four times - first in about twenty minutes, second time in forty five seconds, third time in under ten seconds and fourth time backwards. Each performance was bizarre. Hamlet's father was played by a sock. Gertrude came running out with fake breasts exposed. Ophelia was in hysterics. Hamlet made a

touch-down with Yorrick's skull. (?) The whole thing was organised chaos on a scale I will be lucky to ever see again.

The "To be or not to be" speech is stopped after a few lines, the Company explaining that *everyone* knows that. Instead, the underrated "Man delights not me" speech is delivered *straight*, in perfect clarity. From that, a lot of people would have walked away from the performance knowing and appreciating "Hamlet" just a little bit more. And that's quite an accomplishment.

The three performers in the Reduced Shakespeare Company, Adam, Jess and Ree, are nothing short of comic geniuses. They scream, they tumble, they fall down a lot and improvise brilliantly. The rapport between the performers and the vocal audience was strong. The audience participation sequences worked well and were genuinely *funny*, rather than what they usually are, stupid.

Particular credit is due to Adam (I wish I knew his last name) who performed most of the female roles. To do so requires courage, and he was *fantastic*, sending the whole thing up like an old ham. His female characters - Juliet, Cleopatra, Gertrude and Ophelia, all wore very ugly wigs and had a curious tendency to throw up a lot while dying.

There are bound to be purists who object to his trivialisation of Shakespeare. But I wonder how many people who caught the RSC in performance might have come away thinking, "I never looked at Shakespeare that way before ...". The Reduced Shakespeare Company criticised the kind of staid, academic approach to understanding the Bard.

The RSC stated, in thumbing their nose to theatrical convention, "We don't have to do justice to it, we just have to do it!". The Nobs will hate it. I loved it.

David Mills

**The Chronicle of Macbeth  
Playbox Theatre Centre  
Union Hall**

This show is fantastic. If you can see it or have a chance to see anything else by Suzuki, then go. Don't hesitate for a second, because if "The Chronicle of Macbeth" is any guide, then everything Suzuki does is stunning. Blood red stairs beneath an inverted cross at the back of the stage are the centrepiece. The lighting is designed to highlight the set as much as the actors, isolating scattered white chairs at the front of the stage in pools of light. Everything else is black and the visual impact left me pondering symbolism for the rest of the play.

When the actors entered, I pulled from my thoughts and my attention held by the sheer power of their movement. They seemed to glide and the effect was riveting. In an instant, I saw that movement lies at the heart of the Suzuki Method. Most were dressed as nuns with oriental designs on their habits except for Macbeth and the leader of the cult. With a Japanese sounding chant, to go with the kimono worn by the other actors, the play is introduced. The cult are there to 'do' "Macbeth" and they explore the evil history of this madness.

The play has been cut down to essentials, focusing on Macbeth, his lady and their attendants. There is nothing to distract attention from the message of the performance

and the emotions are more pure than in other productions. This may sound confusing but when Macbeth mourns his wife and then life, there is no trivial scene to over-ride it. The feeling stays with the audience as 'The Farewell Cult' re-enter and add a sense of longing and pain.

"The Chronicle of Macbeth" has actors screaming to forget but you will never want to.

Jon Boomsma

**Wendy Harmer and Dillie Keane  
Star Club, Lion Arts Centre  
Thursday 10th March, 7.30 p.m.**

Being already acquainted with the patter that constitutes Harmer's work, Keane was a relatively unknown quantity.

All I did know was that she writes a wickedly funny page in the British satirical magazine; 'Punch'.

Harmer appeared first, opening predictably enough with comments about the hot weather, and reassuring us that the second half of the bill, Keane, was definitely not English by including a reasonably amusing diatribe about the English in general.

The comment "The English think they are so superior, but who really are they superior to?" raised a lot of laughs within the audience, dismissing the end of the ridiculous cultural cringe that has often characterised Australia's perceived place in the world.

After singing a song accompanied on the piano by Phil Scott, who looked like a cross between Elton John and Clive Robertson, Harmer momentarily departed, leaving the way for Dillie Keane.

After a nervous start, Keane took us through the joy that is adolescence, before moving on to the perceived terror of asking an acquaintance out on a date, and the total and utter revulsion of the attempted pick-up by an inebriated dickhead.

The final part of her performance was the most memorable.

Setting the mood for a Swedish Porn movie, Keane acted out all the speaking parts, with Europop theme music in the background, and the 'characters' in the movie partaking in several sexual positions, while making literary references to assorted European intellectuals.

Harmer came onto the stage once more, talking about the perils of being single, and casting a survey within the audience of who was over thirty, unattached, and getting quite desperate.

Being under twenty-five in the audience that night was not the most desirable thing to be, for the way in which she admonished a group of under twenty-ones in the front tables for their immaturity and lack of panache almost caused me to crawl under my seat and admit defeat for only being nearly twenty.

Her reasons why shopping is so superior to sex received a great reaction in the audience, after all, as Harmer said, "With shopping you can always take your mother along for a second opinion."

Wendy Harmer and Dillie Keane provided a good two hours or so of entertainment, bringing me the realisation that, when you're feeling depressed, hell, why not go and hear other people's problems, at least they're making money from it.

Sara Churchill

**Middle Age Spread  
The Burnside Players**

The Burnside Players' production of *Middle Age Spread* is a n encouraging compliment to the standards being set by small community theatre companies in Adelaide. It is not without problems, but proves to be an enjoyable performance.

Roger Hall's *Middle Age Spread* won the 1979 West End award for Comedy of the Year. Infused with a mixture of uproarious and, at times, positively wicked it packs some powerful comments on the issues of individuality, relationships and aging.

Centred around a dinner party attended by three couples, it incorporates a series of flashbacks which gradually layer the audience's understanding of what lies beneath the outwardly normal pattern of dinner conversation. A sudden disclosure of an affair between two of the characters, and an unexpected announcement that a relationship between two of the couples' children has resulted in a pregnancy, shatters the evening and each of the characters is left to make their own sense of the pieces.

Although the sense and flow of the play are evident, the production contains some glaring problems. Shannon O'Donnell's set-design shows little consideration of sight-lines and perspective. The set is divided and one half represents the room in which the dinner party takes place. As pieces of the set are placed facing almost directly downstage there is no perspective in the design and it takes on an almost two-dimensional quality. In addition, this has created enormous difficulties in plotting the movement and position of actors on the stage. At times, the cast appear more like a *Donahue* line-up than a dinner party. Jean Rigby has failed to direct her actors to manage the half-stage setting. The scenes are played directly out from the stage and a large proportion of the audience is alienated. Rigby's direction demonstrates little appreciation of the inbuilt rhythms and pacing of Hall's script. The delivery of dialogue is slow and actors are not picking up their cues which impedes the natural energy of the play. Scene changes were under-rehearsed and therefore excessively long compounding the already slow delivery. Stage-crew needed to be more wary of where they were standing as one member of the crew regularly became actor number seven.

Vic Rowe as Colin the frustrated and wandering husband was the pick of the actors. His performance displayed fine control and solid interpretation kept the play on track.

Nigel Walter as Reg the alcoholic and arrogant, self-styled philosopher showed glimpses of his true abilities, but he was clearly unsure of his lines and lapses in concentration regularly left his fellow actors in the lurch.

Helen Alm in her debut performance showed promise and with more experience is likely to impress in future appearances.

*Middle Age Spread* is worthwhile and enjoyable theatre. With more attention to detail The Burnside Players will be setting a high standard for community theatre in Adelaide.

# More Reviews

## Crimson Island Flinders University Drama and Anthill Theatre Co. Festival Royalty Theatre

The Spectre of Communism not only haunts Russia, it breathes down the neck of the tiny theatre company which stages a play, "Crimson Island" in order to keep itself and its company alive, under the ever-watchful gaze of the powers that be.

This highly professional production involves dual characterisation by the actors as they portray a play within a play. The demand for good acting is rigorous. And it is met, unquestionably, by the members of the Flinders Uni Drama Department, and Anthill. As the harassed theatre Director and Stage Manager, Alex Menglett and Julie Forsythe are excellent, conveying world-weary cynicism with pathos.

Unfortunately, the distribution of roles is uneven so that some characters are mainly "chorus" in their function. As such, however, their concentration and characterisation is worthy of comment. The bored, fed-up, hardened and hungry disposition of most of them is evident, and without overacting, they convey the strain of the yoke of communism, and the disillusionment of the understudy. With the unlikely pseudonym "Jules Verne", the playwright (Robert Menzies) is exhausted, sick and downtrodden.

In a flurry of well-produced stage mayhem, it's "places, and quickly" as a rehearsal is undertaken at breakneck pace. The situation of two raised 'dressing rooms' at either side of the stage allowed the comedy of backstage bitchiness and boredom to be conveyed. Likewise, whilst we can see all of the actors, nowhere near dressed, the directors demand "Ready??" is answered with "ready!", an impossible lie!

From here, the company lurches into the play, an unlikely fantasy of Arabs and Natives on a desert island, and a sultan who is deposed early on in the piece. This comes to cause serious ramifications, leading to Savva Leukich, played by Wojciech Pisarek, whose understated, yet ominous, presence is well acted, almost banning the show.

Of course, the Director and his wife (Helen Buday), have starring roles, in which we are not sure if art is mirroring reality or sending it up; the wife is extremely convincing as a coquette, to Jules Verne's delight and the director's horror; Jules Verne's character in "Crimson Island" has life and vigour renewed! The fantasy is complete with live orchestration and hilarious cardboard, hastily tacked together scenery including parrots which "fly" by means of a visible wire across the stage. It moves to escapist heights, plotting, planning, revenge, love and treachery, up to the final triumphant chorus line style ending, à la a Gilbert and Sullivan musical.

The Savva Leukich (The Censor)'s "the play is banned" falls like cannon shot and it is then that the darker truth is revealed, the months of solitary starvation and cold endured by the author to produce the work, in a brilliant monologue by Menzies, bristling with fury and indignation.

But compromise, as we might expect, is to be forwarded. Ultimately, the actors rework the ending to a patriotic finale which even

the stern figure of Stalin adorning the brilliant red curtain would have had to smile. The understanding given to the duality of character and role in this production is superb. Giving a winning performance, Melita Jeurisich as Betsy is just one of a cast that excels. The scope for good acting afforded by the script is not ill-served by this highly professional ensemble.

The Royalty Theatre, old and seemingly steeped in tradition, is the perfect venue for this excellent play.

Mel Sander

## Twelfth Night Season Closed

"Twelfth Night" is not exactly the funniest play in the world. Reading the play text is bound to raise about as many laughs as your average Australian sitcom. Which is why Glen Easton's current Festival production of "Twelfth Night", like so many productions before it, fills up the slow bits with all manner of tricks and japes. And the result is fun, fun, fun with the accent on fun. The show fairly races along with singing, dancing, stand-up comedy and audience participation. Hoo boy! Fun and a half!

The director may have been further rewarded had he but chosen to reduce the length of this old thumper. Weighing in at a hefty three hours, it could have done with having some of the fat trimmed; towards the end, ole Shakey goes right overboard with the dramatic irony: all the characters are confused: how can one person have such a *dual* nature? Ah, it's a trick! It's actually *twins* (have I given too much away?). And it goes on forever and ever. But, hey, that's theatre for you. Still, the scenery's nice.

"Twelfth Night" is performed in the Botanic Gardens and, provided it doesn't piss down with rain, it's all rather pleasant.

Actually, the choice of "Twelfth Night" for outdoor performance is somewhat puzzling. Previous Elston Botanic Garden productions include "The Wind in the Willows" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream", both of which are outdoor and naturey and summery, with the near-tangible suggestion of the magic of the summer breeze, etc. Whereas in "Twelfth Night", the action seems to take place in a variety of human-shaped environments and the actual season is anyone's guess. But it all comes together anyway, with the outdoor feel sitting well with the audience and is a nice change from traditional theatres (theatres with seats). The play itself passes peaceably enough with only occasional intrusions of frustration and boredom.

The acting, with a few exceptions, is solid. New Zealand superstar (well, almost) Jennifer Ward-Lealand turns in what is perhaps the best performance of the production. She plays Viola with conviction and without over statement. She even contrives to look vaguely boyish when pretending to be a boy. Richard Piper is pumpin' as Feste the Jester. He injects a great deal of energy into his role, bouncing through it with a real sense of fun, keeping things moving along nicely. He has a strong singing voice which comes in handy when

singing the songs he wrote especially for this play. Talented guy!

Nicholas Bell, Michael Bishop and Simon Hughes do well as Sir Toby Belch, Malvolio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek respectively. They're sufficiently ridiculous to carry off their parts adequately. Simon Hughes gives a particularly good rendition of a stupid person because he has a naturally stupid face. It's nice to see his chosen career receiving a boost from the features he was born with.

Evelyn Krape also gives a solid performance as Maria, loyally serving Olivia and cavorting madly on the side.

But, performance wise, it's all down-hill from there, I'm afraid. Kimberly Davenport of "Chances" fame turns in a distressingly meek performance as the Lady Olivia. Her acting can best be described as not-really-anything. She says her lines but doesn't really mean them.

The play just seems to glide past her. And speaking of not-so-great, American import Chris Kirby is less than inspiring as Antonio, good buddy to Sebastian.

Most of his words are lost to the audience. He just doesn't seem to understand this acting lark. Which is funny as he has a string of TV credits longer than several arms placed end to end. Which just goes to show: just 'cos you can do telly, don't mean you can *act*.

And finally, the real find of the show, Michael Blair as Duke Orsino. He's really bad. Blair is about as regal as Hindley Street. He's short (which is not *necessarily* a bad thing) and plays the Duke like an Italian sleaze. Any comedy that he ekes from his less than impressive performance is low. Not a good casting decision, this one.

"Twelfth Night" is fun and the outdoor setting is pleasant, so go and see it - but only if you can really afford it. Don't save up for this one.

Nick Smith

## Don Juan The Sydney Front Balcony Theatre Gouger Street

The Sydney Front has taken the name and reputation of Don Juan and turned out a confronting, subversive and frighteningly seductive examination of theatre in a way I've never experienced before. This is not your usual sit-back-and-safely-enjoy the costume drama before you type of theatre, but a night where all conventional you-act-while-we-watch presumptions are thrown off the balcony and replaced with an evening where we are herded around, spat at, fucked in front of and subjected to the earthy side of opera, as well as the underside of the thespian desires.

The Balcony Theatre, which is basically the practice space for the Australian Dance Theatre, was turned into an area where the performers sat in the seats and stared at us from behind a coil of barbed wire. Their interest turned from merely casual to vote-swapping, lascivious, ogling and taunting as they discussed us among themselves and let loose their desire to become intimately involved with whoever of us took their fancy. But the barbed wire soon lifted and things

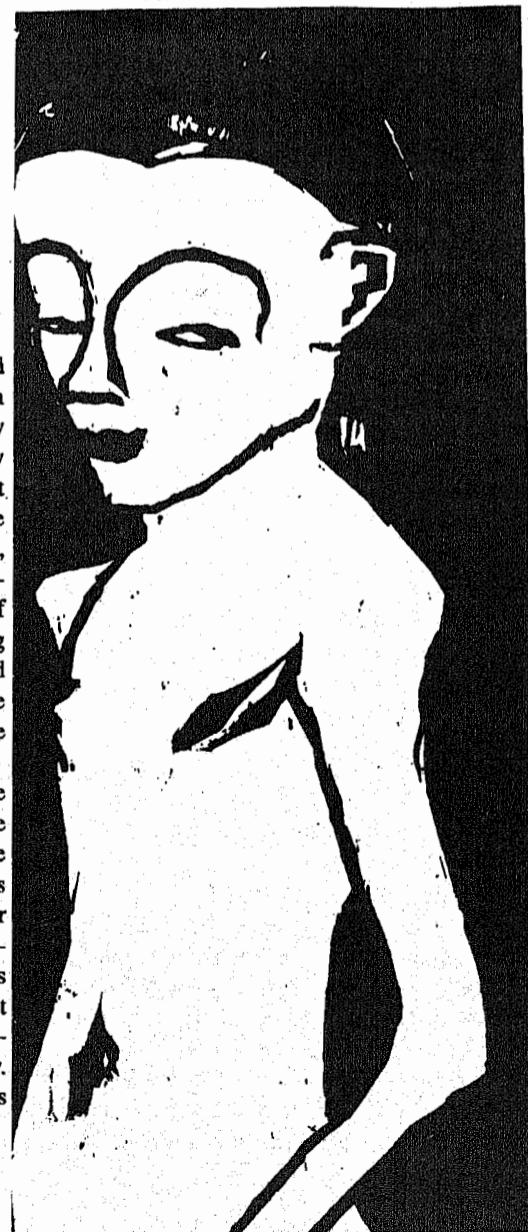
seemed as though they would resemble (at least) conventional theatre - but, no, the 18th century backdrop was torn down and our tattily-costumed and pancake-faced actors treated us to carnal, thigh-slapping dance after which they dispersed into our flustered presence and the lights suddenly went out and I found myself being fondled in the dark by a sex-crazed 18th century actor. This had to be the most frightening, personally confrontational and subversive evening of theatre I'd ever experienced!

After this assault upon my already-bleeding theatrical sense, things became a little less personal and the actors started to work on each other, rather than their audience. A woman had men with ribbons around their willies repeatedly thrown into having sex with her - an asexual figure in an attitude of complete despair made his way slowly across the performance space and another of the female performers was left naked and humiliated, alone in the centre of the audience after being violently rejected by the rest of the cast.

This was a roller-coaster night of audience victimisation, forced participation, sex, tat, frustration and a wee bit of sadomasochism interspersed with snatches of the opera, Don Juan, which revealed the up-and-down rides of sexual rapaciousness of the 18th century, and left me and most of the be-masked audience exhilarated, provoked and profoundly educated in the ways of audience manipulation.

This was not theatre with a beginning, a middle and an end. It throws the very opposite of what's expected of theatre at us all the time - if you have a fear of confrontation, this would not have been a good night out, but a conservative view of theatre deserves to be shattered, anyway!

Alan Merritt



# this week in SPORT

WITH JOHNNY MATTHUS AND ETHEL MURMAN

Hey sporty clubs.

Want your results published so everybody can see how swell you're going? Well, don't be tardy and get them in. Twanged a hammy whilst putting in the hard yards?

We'll write it up for you.

Receiving a bit of niggles from the opposition?

Tell us because we want to know.

Made the State team?

Write it down so the world can know. Being forced to undergo random urine tests?

Drop us off a portion as well.

Having your funding cut?

Let us help you to help yourself.

Get those important events and results in to us at On Dit. Let us let everybody know; break out of the cloistered confines of your club and scream your greatness and goodness to the Uni world.

Those crazy times.

The World Cup is winding down. The shorts are getting their last few airings for another few months. The days are getting shorter and the chickens are once again happy because summer is drawing to a close. The choice in lager suddenly changes from a relaxing long tall cold one to a tall dark stout. The tennis has disappeared from the small and large screens of Australia. The dulcet tones of Fred Stolle are quietened, perhaps for ever, perhaps just until next year. The leaves are falling and age stealthily yet inexorably creeps up on us all, taps us on the shoulder and says, "Ah, got ya not looking. Here have another year. Another year has gone and death is waiting."

With the passing of another summer comes a fleeting, bittersweet longing for those crazy times known to all and sundry as the Teen years. With every passing episode of Bev Hills the nostalgia looms larger and larger. With every passing school student and new intake at our beloved educational institution the yearning to recapture these angst filled, neurosis ridden, exciting and shaping years becomes overwhelming.

Those years were the years that shaped us as our own being, our own personality independent of the parental guidance that so ruled the Big C. Those were the years that were sport. Sport of a wholly new kind but one that filled us all with new life and new direction. Surely everyone can remember and identify with the games that we all played and were players in; either as a bit player or as the main act. Games that everyone indulged in, loved and wouldn't mind indulging in again. Games that could be played with as few as three players or as many as a thousand. Games that ranged from the simple to the complex; from the emotional to the intellectual; from the educational to the physical.

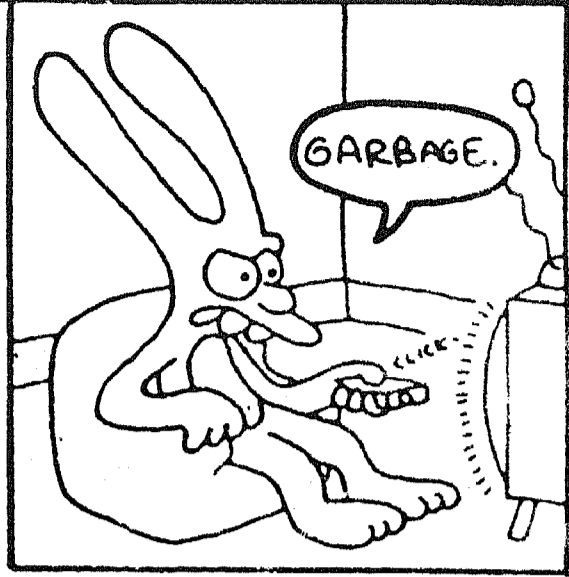
Games such as wagging school which was a battle of wits between you, your parents and your teachers. This was the universal game. The game that you sometimes won, sometimes lost but always played. You would change the plans, sometimes creatively forging notes explaining your absence with excuses ranging from the plain old flu to attending your grandmother's funeral. These notes that were invariably caught out by you signing the note- Brendan's mother or because the signature not looking like the one on the note that you handed in yesterday. Plans to fill the time generally included going to Downtown or the flicks at early teen years with the plans changing as the hormones started weaving their own special brand of magic and boyfriends/girlfriends started to enter the picture.

Sometimes reasons to wag school were slightly less clear and sprang from the desire to miss a bit of school, cleanse the brain and meet your second or third best friend in order to discuss the latest gossip or new bod at school and how spunky they were. These were the times when you hid in the toilets, crouched nervously behind the door and giggled with your friends all the time waiting for that fateful moment when Mr/Miss/Mrs/Ms Harris would knock on the door, barge in and demand to know "What the hell are you doing here? Why aren't you at your lesson? Come with me to see the head." These times always led to introspective sessions at home whilst listening to your fav tunes ending with the declaration to yourself that this would never happen again.

Cigarettes were a special part of all teen lives and were usually the first step and flexing of independent muscles. Stepping quietly outside for a gaff, huddling behind the bikesheds for a smoke or puffing quickly in the toilets gave one a feeling of bigness never before experienced. Ah, cigarettes where have you gone? What was your special attraction? Why have Viscount Reds gone out of fashion?

Teens had the special knack of elevating sulking to an artform. This usually combined with subtle manipulation of one parent against the other and a whole variety of poses, language and sullenness usually meant that we received what we were after. How could something so inherently nasty come so easy? Sulking was accompanied with loud playing of diabolically suicidal and dark music that was guaranteed to send even the priest into a well of depression. This was all new but totally exciting.

Shoplifting was the sport of choice amongst the teen rebels and wanna be bogans with almost everyone trying their hand at it to see what was so good about it. Of course the answer to this little poser was that given a choice between eating a paid for Chokito and an illicitly obtained one most people



Mel "Underage" Yuan tendering her ID at the Norwood

would choose the freebie. Most people knew that things taste better if they are tainted with illegality and danger. Shoplifting pointless things to be accepted by the in group was a big endeavour but necessary to prove that you were as cool if not cooler than them.

Allied to shoplifting was the sheer excitement of altering birth extracts or borrowing other people's ID to buy the forbidden fruit- Brandivino - which you all know gets you monster pissed quick and cheaply. Memorising facts, dates and addresses on top of the nervousness of "Am I looking old and cool

many you could collect. It didn't matter if you weren't interested in any of the people that you conversed with, it only mattered that you beat the competition to the numbers and in the process received a huge ego boost knowing that people were interested enough to go through the gutwrenching process of establishing communication lines with you.

Of course teen years had their special up side. The feeling of togetherness experienced with your school friends. How right might your parents be when they said repeatedly that "school days

**"who hasn't lost themselves in tentative explorations of all parts private and blood engorged**

enough?" was enough to turn the strongest persons legs to jelly and their stomach into a nature reserve for butterflies. This unfortunately led to the belief that once you turned magically into an Adult at 18 then everybody in the world would know, recognise you as such and never question your age again. How wrong we all were. In a quick Gallup poll, 87.6% of people were asked for ID for the first time after they had turned 18 and weren't carrying ID, secure in their knowledge of age invulnerability.

This in turn led to one of the greatest games of them all; that of "staying" at friends for the night and accidentally being led astray to the discos in search of the elusive pint and ever elusive love of your life. The game that was played to it's logical conclusion. The game of collecting phone numbers to see how

are the best days of your life". Personally my best days were in the summer of '69, where the hell did they go? The discovery of new music guaranteed to annoy your parents to an early grave (roll on inheritance), the opposite sex and the biggie- masturbation.

Who amongst us has not got an embarrassing auto-erotic experience and not wallowed in the discovery of touch and their own burgeoning sexuality? Who hasn't lost themselves in tentative explorations of all parts private and blood engorged? Who hasn't lost themselves in a world populated solely by desire, fantasy and their favourite spunk? Hands up who's got a stiffy.

# JIM BEAM



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# CLASSIC

### Wanted

Accommodation for 2 or 3 weekdays/per week for responsible Uni student. Please phone Darryl on 43 5725.

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### AMNESTY

There will be an Amnesty Letter Writing Meeting on Wednesday, 25th March at 1.10 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. All welcome.

### Apologies

The Quiz Night has been postponed until later in the year, *but* we do have an all-night poetry-reading coming up soon. Watch TLS for details.

The Adelaide University Computer Students' Club (AUCSC) is holding its AGM at 6.15 pm on Monday, 30th March in the Jerry Portus Room. Be there to have your say on the Committee.

### AUSFA Illuminati Night

The Science Fiction Association present a night of terror, intrigue and really bad puns. *Illuminati*. noun. Sec Cola, Coca. *Cola, Coca*. noun. This beverage has been carried on every major airline disaster since Orville and Wilbur.

A board game of conspiracy and backstabbing. Meet in the Clubs Common Room at 5.30ish, Tuesday, 17th March. Play begins at 6 pm. Beginners welcome.

### Attention

Democrat Club AGM, Tuesday, 24th March, 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. ATAll welcome.

**The Flinders University of South Australia School of Earth Sciences Research Seminar**  
(mid-candidature assessment)

4 pm, Wednesday, 18th March, 1992. Room 103, School of Earth Sciences. Peter Thorburn will speak on "Determination of diffuse groundwater discharge from Eucalyptus forests on an arid floodplain".

### Attention

All Fiji students and residents by Fiji Students Club.  
Notice for IGM, Saturday, 28th March, 1992 in the Migrant Resource Centre, 122 Gouger Street at 2.30 pm. Interim Committee: Hari Narayan, Narayan Prasad, Durgeshan Naicker, Nur Jaha.

### French Club AGM

Wednesday, 25th March, 1 pm in Room 722, Napier Building.  
All welcome. Come and have your say in French Club activities for 1992.

In Union Hall at 7.30 pm on 24th March, the *Film Society* is showing Peter Greenaway's "The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover" and "Hardware". \$4 for Filmsoc members, \$5 students and \$6 members of the public.

### LitSoc

Are you a Napoleon? A Whitlam? A Thatcher? No? Who cares? Come along to the AGM on 1st April at 1.00 pm for 1.1a5 pm in the Jerry Portus Room (NW corner of the Cloisters) to vote or be elected.

### Attention all Malaysian Students who love their country!

Rangkaian Malaysia, a tabloid produced by a Malaysian student network across Australia is to be produced and edited in Adelaide. Contributions in articles, labour and kind by people who care for their country are need (those who dont - don't bother). Contact "The Looi" or "The Kumar" through the Overseas Students Association Office, Level 2, Lady Symon Building - next to the Jerry Portus Room, especially between 1 - 2 pm.

### Massage

Combining western and eastern massage techniques to promote relaxation. Practising on campus, phone Nadine 277 1466 (cheap rates for students).

**Adelaide University Netball Club AGM**  
Friday, 27th March, 1992, Jerry Portus Room, 1 pm. Would all people who are interested in playing for the Club please attend.

### Film Meetings

Wednesday, 2 pm in On Dit.  
Anyone who put their name down to review films or wishes to do so.  
Sonja-Jade Tomas

### Quiz Night

Friday, 10th April, 1992, 7.30 pm at the Fullarton Park Community Centre, 411 Fullarton Road, Fullarton. Great prizes for individuals and teams! \$10.00 per person. Teams of 8. All proceeds to aid the Anti-Cancer Foundation and The Peter Nelson Leukaemia Fund.  
Contact Suzanne Wright, Anti-Cancer Foundation, 24 Brougham Place, North Adelaide, 5006 or phone: 267 5222.

The Adelaide Uni Science Fiction Association wishes to advise that its AGM will be held on Monday, 23rd March from 6.30 pm in the Bistro, Level 4, Union Building. Please contact Damien Warman on 382 7128 or Juliette Woods 331 8486 or Adam Jenkins 276 6452 to confirm your attendance and to nominate for any position - President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, General Committee.

Aussie Students, how would you like to have a social outing with Overseas Students? Council for the Welfare of Overseas Students (CWOS) is an independent body that runs a hospitality program to provide community inter-action for overseas students.

We aim to have a fun time mainly during weekends and would like local students to participate. We only have to cover our costs and are able to offer some cheap outings. Give yourself a break, consider some of the following activities:-

Sunday, 22nd March Twilight Cruise on the "One and All", 5.30 - 9.00 pm. \$20.00

Sunday, 29th March Kersbrook Trout Farm Gorge Wild Life with handicapped children. \$5.00. Lunch included.

11th - 12th April Kangaroo Island weekend. \$100.00

25th April Murray Bridge Butterfly House, River Cruise. \$15.00. Lunch included.

1st - 3rd May CWOS Annual Camp, Tatchilla, McLaren Vale. \$40.00

To participate, see an overseas student adviser on campus or ring Greg Anderson at CWOS 237 6915, 237 6930.

### AU Surf Club Meeting

Jerry Portus Room, 1.15 pm Tuesday, 31st March. Come if you want to join or find out about the club and surf 6 feet perfection every weekend from now 'til the end of the year. All inclusive in your \$3 membership fee.

### Ballroom Dancing

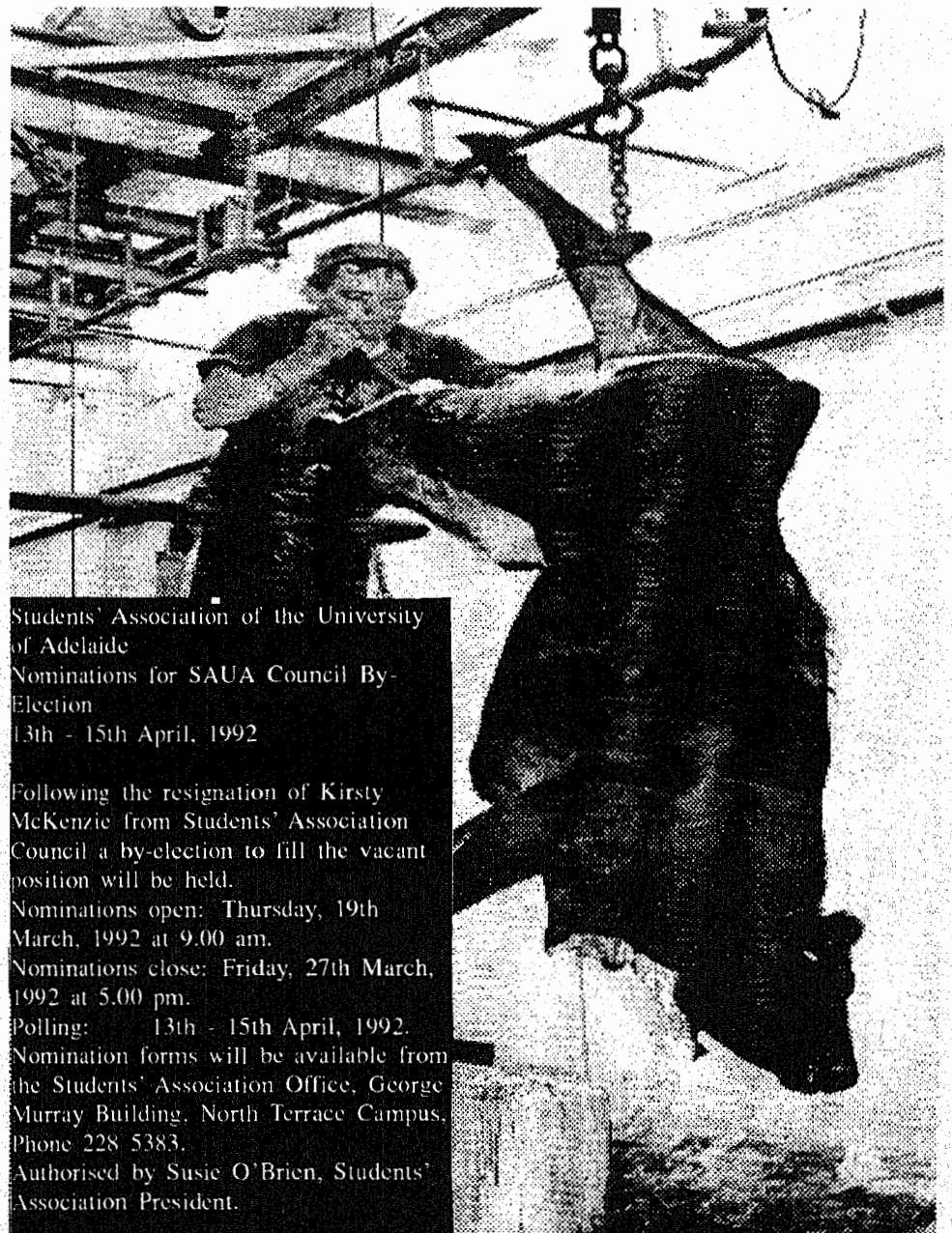
Learn the latest steps and all the popular standards. This course includes Modern Waltz, Social Foxtrot, Quick Step, Cha Cha, Old Time Dances and of course Rock'n'Roll, Jive and Lambada. For those who have never learned and those who want to improve or refresh their memory, come along, have fun and meet new friends. Classes are held on Tuesdays from 6 to 7:30, and run for 8 weeks from March the 24th.

A unique French vocal assemblé called Sri Chinmoy Song Waves will be performing a free concert at Elder Hall on the 2nd of April 1992. To get free tickets send your name, address and a stamped self addressed envelope to P.O. Box 554, North Adelaide, SA 5006

### Adelaide University Table Tennis Club

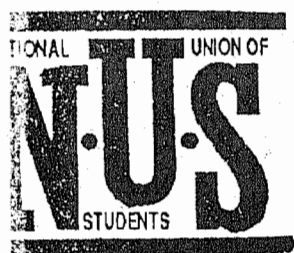
Games Room Level 5, Union Building every Friday from 1.00 pm. All players welcome. Beginners, experts or whatever. Come along - get fit, have fun, meet interesting people.

The club would like to enter some teams in the local competition this year. For further information, contact Anthony Myers 346 3184.



Students' Association of the University of Adelaide  
Nominations for SAUA Council By-Election  
13th - 15th April, 1992

Following the resignation of Kirsty McKenzie from Students' Association Council a by-election to fill the vacant position will be held.  
Nominations open: Thursday, 19th March, 1992 at 9.00 am.  
Nominations close: Friday, 27th March, 1992 at 5.00 pm.  
Polling: 13th - 15th April, 1992.  
Nomination forms will be available from the Students' Association Office, George Murray Building, North Terrace Campus. Phone 228 5383.  
Authorised by Susie O'Brien, Students' Association President.



NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION ON STUDENT FINANCES  
**THURSDAY 26th MARCH**

**STUDENTS SAY**



**TO AUSTUDY LOANS**

**DON'T BE**

**CONDEMNED TO DEBT**

**MEET ON THE BARR SMITH LAWNS AT 1pm  
MARCH TO PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT 1:30pm  
THEN ONTO THE AUSTUDY OFFICES**

Authorised by Carla Stacey NUS South Australia