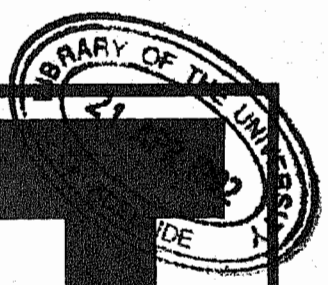


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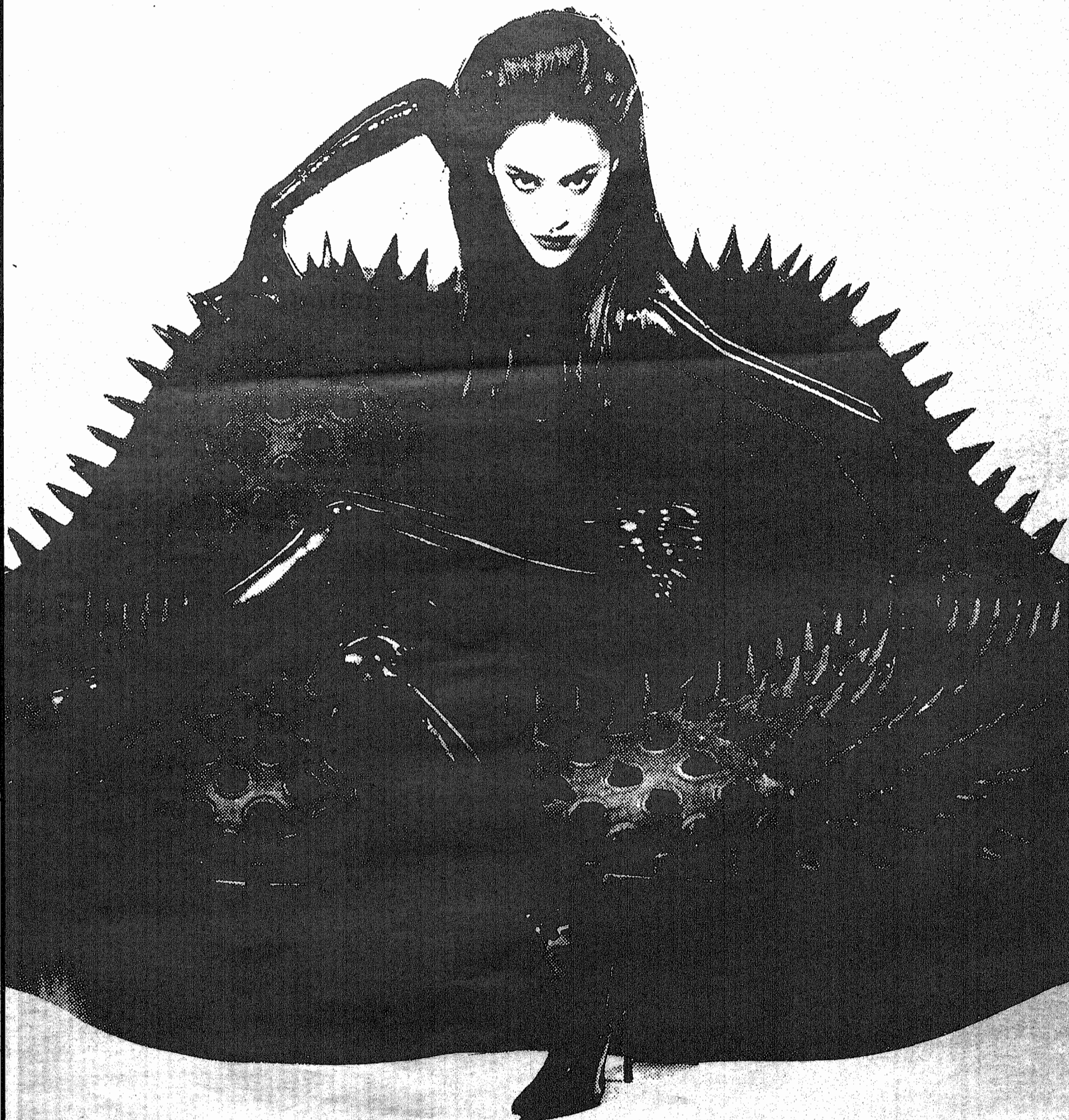


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Registered by Australia Post
Publication No. SBF 0274

Adelaide University Student Weekly
Volume 60 Number 6 April 6 1992

Utterly FREE



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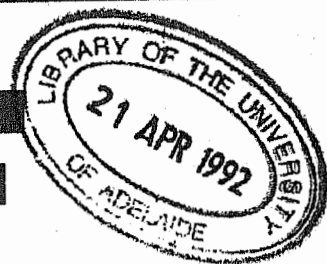
So many people so little time thanks to the mystery man you funny little possum you!,Katie for the cover,Kerry for the Snack chocolate,Sara for the bromides,Anne for the taxi-thanks luv!,Chris J for layout and casual banter,Vanessa wants you to know Pennington Hostel is crap,Jo for the typing,and Cathryn for burger company,Annabel for driving me to the servo for Cat food,And thank YOU BP Hyde Park!,Hello Richard V- although you really just stood around a bit.I'd like to thank me,I'd like to thank VanessaI'd like to thank you all!P.S Dear Grandma I will visit you soon.

PRODUCTION NOTES

EDITORS: SAMANTHA LOUISE MAIDEN
AND VANESSA THERESA ALMEIDA
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FREIGHT :GUHAN SABAPATHY
TYPESETTER: SHARON MIDDLETON
PRINTING :BRIDGE PRESS MURRAY
BRIDGE
CORN CHIPS: VENDING MACHINE IN
MATHS PART



JACK OFF



Let me die an Australian.

This statement came from a member of the audience at the South Australian launch of the Australian Republican Movement (ARM). It is an example of the favourable response to the republican movement at the event specifically and in the community in general.

About 450 people filled the Banquet Room at the Festival Centre for the launch on Sunday, 29th March. The audience, which included schoolchildren, war veterans, migrants and native Australians, listened to speeches by Senator Christ Schacht, author and ARM Chairman Thomas Keneally, and ARM Executive Officer Tony Pooley. The audience and media put a range of questions to the panel which included Peter Goers, Susan Mitchell, Mary Beazley, Robyn Levy, Graeme Comes and Daniel Thomas.

Presently, ARM has committees in Sydney, Melbourne and now Adelaide, with Perth and Canberra next on the list. Clubs are in operation at the universities of Sydney and New South Wales; Adelaide and Flinders are following suit with the launch tentatively scheduled for August.

Unlike the Republican Party of Australia, ARM has neither desire to nor intention to either State or Federal parliament. ARM is not a political party, nor is it aligned to any political party. Rather, it comprises of individuals from different socio-economic, political and religious backgrounds. Individuals such as Bob Brown, Elizabeth Evatt, Donald Horne, Malcolm Turnbull, David Malouf, David Williamson, Neville

Wran, Fred Schepisi and Max Gilles (to name a few) represent the broad background of support for ARM. So what is it exactly that all these people agree on?

That Australia should become a republic, preferably on 1st January, 2001. Basically, this means that an Australian fill the highest position under our Constitution *for the first time and forthwith*; that our Cabinet Ministers, military, judiciary and new migrants swear an oath of allegiance to Australia; and that the Australian Head of State and general citizen fix allegiance wholly upon Australia and Australian institutions. To this end, we need education, public debate, constitutional discussion and, of course, a referendum.

The Cultural, economic and strategic reasons that lead us to maintain the monarchy have become obsolete as justification. Those very same reasons now prompt us to end our history of dependence by becoming a republic.

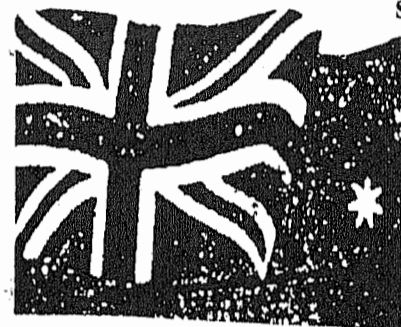
Some people have problems with the concept of an Australian republic. For example, there is the misconception that we will replace the Queen with a President in the mould of the USA system or (the tired spectre) of the South American republics. There is the fear that democracy will be undermined. There is a sense of threat to our past via our relationship with Britain. There is a hesitancy to leave the Commonwealth. There is a disbelief that we will change and, more importantly, that we need to. The most often asked question is, "What difference will it make?"

The whole aim of ARM is to generate debate amongst all

Australians to provide answers to these questions and, perhaps, to raise more. The short answer is that these are *perceived* rather than real problems. As a republic, Australia will remain a constitutional democracy; the President will be elected or appointed probably by parliament or a nation of assembly of State and Federal parliaments; our international relations will be based on equality and independence; and our past will be respected *without retarding our future*.

As with everything, there are no guarantees that becoming a republic will solve all our economic, social or political woes. ARM does not pretend to represent a comprehensive blueprint for Australia's future, although becoming a republic may well smooth the way for a scope of improvements. The aim of ARM is simple: for Australia to become a republic. People now say a republic is inevitable - ARM will continue to lend a helping hand until it is a reality.

Stephanie Pribil



GAY YOUTH DROP IN

Guys like being with other guys:-

- because they're mates.
- to get wasted and run amok.
- to talk about things that affect only guys.
- for no reason at all.
- because they are not women.
- to get support.
- because they are gay or bisexual.
- all of the above.

Many young men develop close and intimate relationships with other older, or younger, men in a sexual and emotional way. Various studies have revealed that it is not uncommon for men to have sex with other men in the course of their life (e.g. Kinsey). It might be once or several times. It might be a long relationship or lots of short ones. Men who have sex with men are not uncommon.

Young people who are gay or bisexual have to deal with similar issues. For instance, they might be aware of their sexuality, yet find it difficult to either accept it or do anything about it. We know that society hounds and discriminates against people who are different. Gay and bisexual people are not necessarily recognisable by skin colour, physical appearance, social background or intelligence and can stay hidden because of this. Those that are sometimes more obvious, either learn to suppress and hide their supposedly 'gay' appearance or mannerisms, or they might flamboyantly and unashamedly flaunt themselves and their sexuality. Both are a reaction to the sexual oppression and stigmatisation in our community.

Being hidden is both a blessing and a curse (the same argument could be used for being more open). For younger people, it's a blessing to be able to stay anonymous. This prevents discrimination, discovery and harassment, yet this isolation prevents young people from being supported and affirmed in their sexuality. Knowing that there are others in the world in the same situation and talking and learning from each other is a brave step forward. Who wants to take that risk? By talking to others it might be admitted that, 'Yes, I am gay', something that is totally threatening because it involves a self disclosure and maybe forces gay/bi guys to recognise a sexuality they have possibly hidden for self preservation or from fear and confusion.

Young guys who are attracted to, or have sex with, other

guys are all different and go through sometimes difficult and confusing times in either recognising or accepting their sexuality. They also go through things which are common for all gay/bi people, like finding a partner, loving themselves, and dealing with our homophobic society. As some guys are totally comfortable and accept their life and sexuality, others have dealt with it in other ways. Some are 'out' and happy, others are not 'out' but equally content. It comes down to a matter of choice.

Out: a process of self acceptance and becoming openly comfortable with a homosexual life and lifestyle (e.g. out of the closet).

I'm writing this as a guy who's had some easy, some hard times on the road I'm journeying on as a gay male. My sexuality has been both debilitating and oppressive as well as enlightening and inspirational. I work on a project with other gay and bisexual guys bringing young men from all over Adelaide together. We've all got one thing in common, we're all attracted to, or enjoy having sex with other guys. We do two main things. Firstly, we run GIT (Get It Together) workshops (wots in a name!). These are about meeting and learning from each other, what it means to be gay/bi and what it's like for others. We explore what's relevant to you, for instance, sexuality being gay/bi, getting into or out of relationships, what is coming out? Is it important? Feeling important, learning where sex 'fits in' and how erotic it can be. Other things to explore might be discrimination, the gay community, lifestyle options (married with children?), dance parties, love, drugs, rejection, sharing a bed, snoring, under water knitting! These workshops are structured so that we have fun and meet others without feeling pressured to say or do anything else.

The other thing is the Gay Youth Drop In. This is very laid back and informal. It's a place where gay or bi guys can come and meet others, relax, spin out on coffee, talk about things that affect us, go out raging afterwards or get into what's happening on the night (e.g. a video, short workshop or a free feed).

Drop In is on every Friday from 7 - 10 pm (57 Hyde Street, opposite Fasta Pasta - off Pirie Street) and the GIT groups happen every month, one night each week (for 3 hours) over 3 weeks. If you are under 26ish and want to know more, phone Rob or Greg 232 0233 Monday - Wednesday at "The Second Story" (or turn up on Fridays). The workshops and Drop In nights are all free and all contacts are confidential.

AUSTECH MORE FUN

The proposal to hold 'AUSTECH' (previously baptised AIDEX) in Queanbeyan, New South Wales, has been put on hold again. Mayor Pangells and the Council of Queanbeyan were due to vote on the issue Tuesday, 31st March. However, the Council forced a postponement of the decision due to the issue being large, complex and requiring informed debate. A factor which contributed heavily to the decision-to-avoid-a-decision is the vast quantity of faxes received by the Council urging them to oppose the venture. The new date is 15th April. One such fax, sent by Flinders' Students' Association, threatened to sponsor students to travel to Queanbeyan, disrupting the 'AUSTECH' Exhibition and the local tourism trade in general.

On a more bureaucratic level, the NSW Ecumenical Council intends to host hearings involving anyone who participated in AIDEX 91. This includes police, media, protesters or exhibitors. The hearings co-ordinator, Ms Nancy Miellay states, "the Council's intention is to help in the healing process and not be involved in apportioning of blame". The hearings will be held in Canberra and other cities should there be enough vocal ex-participants. Although the opening will be public, with an address by the Bishop of Canberra and Goulburn, the Right Reverend Owen Dowling, the hearings will take place behind closed doors.

Sounds ominous, hey?

If you were involved, be there, have your say.

CATHRYN HUGHES



ORAL SEX

If you suck, there's only a very small chance that you might catch HIV, the virus that can lead to AIDS. Sucking is a very small risk. Fucking is a very big one. If you fuck, always use a condom.

Find out more.
Call your local AIDS group.

AIDS Vancouver
1272 Richards Street
Vancouver, B.C.
V6B 3G2

Well, well, well! Could it be that the mighty Professor is getting a little nervous? Is he starting to realise that his recent supremacy in the opinion polls was not a reflection on his powerful political presence, or supreme statespersonship, but was rather a reaction against the fairly disinterested approach Bob was taking in his last few months at the helm

of the drifting boat?

Perhaps Dr Hewson really did believe that the people loved him for himself. Maybe, armed with the ammunition provided by Morgan Gallup, he would stand in front of the bathroom mirror every day and give himself a bit of a smile, a wink, a self-confirming nod and say "Hey John! You're OK after all! He had probably even begun to believe that he had a personality. And an endearing one at that. Thus, against this backdrop of affirmation, it was probably something of an unwelcome surprise to observe that the direction of public opinion was changing, consolidating and becoming very positively pro-Keating. What to do? What could a man with the imagination of a small black slug pull out of the hat to reverse this worrying trend? How could he bolster up his own position, reinforce his policy platform and heighten his credibility as not just a sound alternative, but preferred alternative to the Labor Party? Of course! Let's call the Prime Minister a criminal! Let's mount a completely unsubstantiated attack whilst protected by parliamentary privilege against a section of the Labor Party, claiming that it is a Mafia-like organisation, tainted by criminality and corruption. Let's deliberately script a few carefully timed "how long is a news grab" statements that are destined to plummet political debate in Australia to a level never before experienced! It emerged this week that it is not just John Hewson's policies that are devoid of a sense of moral decency and ethics, but that the man himself is as ruthless a reprobate as only conservatives can be. Here is a desperate man who, realising that he can no longer be assured of electoral support by default,

and perhaps increasingly aware that there is nothing intrinsically attractive about himself or his party is reduced to employing the loaded tactics of fear and smear. Not reds under the beds anymore, men and women of Australia, but gansters in your government! The Prime Minister is right to be outraged by these latest machinations of the mediocrity, and to react strongly and harshly. Let the Professor repeat his claims outside the House - in a courtroom if necessary - or let him withdraw his charges. The pathetic claim that Mr Keating is demonstrating that he has a "glass jaw" and is unable to take what he gives out should be dismissed immediately. There is a difference between using invective to describe the policies of a person, or even to insult someone, and attempting to tar them with the Mafia brush. The recent trial of John Gotti in the United States has provided contemporary insight into the workings of such organisations and now John Hewson is trying to tell us our Prime Minister belongs to, or possibly operates such a group. Such allegations are serious. They cannot and should not be ignored. The factional workings of the ALP continue to interest, intrigue and maybe potentially horrify even card carrying members of the party. Hewson's analysis of said workings merely disgust.

And whilst we're talking about slurs and slanders, what did we all think of Jason Donovan's recent foray into the courts to "defend" himself against "accusations" that he is gay? The Sunday Mail carried interesting in-depth coverage of the story - the headline ran "I'm all Man". Well now - was someone suggesting that he wasn't? Or could it be - maybe, just maybe - I'm going out on a limb on this one - could it be that this is further evidence of the incredibly homophobic views that dominate our mainstream



media? Gay men are not "all men" - is that it? That's not necessarily the view of Jason Donovan (if we accept that the infamous "I can't be gay, I go surfing" quotation attributed to him is somewhat apochryphal). He stated in his media release that he was glad that his name had been cleared of the "slur that he ha(d) lied about himself." Of what sophisticated word association the Sunday Mail sub-editors really do reveal themselves to be capable! This desire to be shown to be honest about his sexuality was run under the heading "the \$460,000 gay-slur payout". And the reporters too, demonstrate such finesse! Meticulously researched, the author of the article was able to include dissertations on the state of the British legal system from such high authorities as a "blonde, mini-skirted teenager" who was prepared to go on the record as saying "There is justice, There is justice. We've seen it today." Justice being, presumably, that someone receives half a million dollars for having had it suggested that they might be gay. Why is this defamatory? I fail to see why such speculation is actionable at all. What damage is caused? Potential loss of sexual partners? Call me crazy, but I can't really see young Jason having a great deal of difficulty finding people of either sex who would be willing to make the sacrifice and sleep with him, rich young famous and not entirely unattractive thing that he is. Does society still believe that being gay is so bad that someone needs to be compensated to such a degree for such an inference? And if it does, perhaps we can begin to see why gay groups feel so frustrated that they are moved to take drastic actions such as outing in the first place.

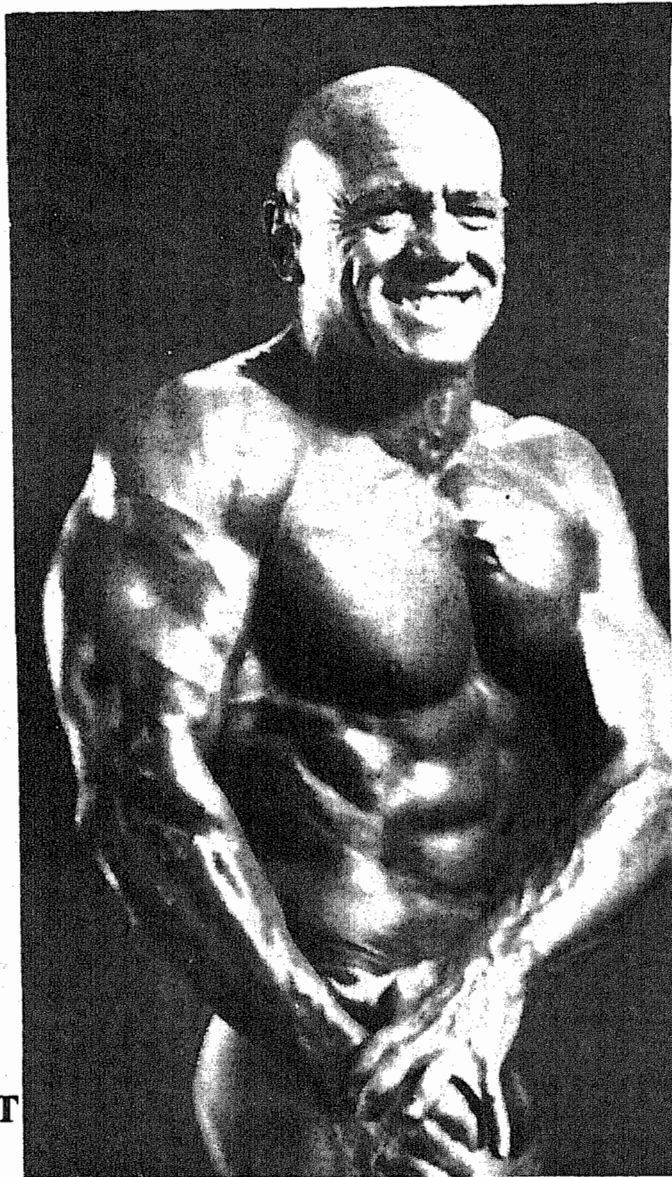
The most drastic thing the reactionary forces at work in Adelaide society could get excited about in the recent furor over

the "sex paper" distributed at Brighton High School by Resistance was apparently such gems as "condoms are the only contraceptive that prevents STDs and AIDS", and the posing of questions such as "Is it healthy to masturbate?". Channel Seven news thought the advice "If you don't enjoy sex with your first partner, don't be put off sex altogether. Try it with other partners." particularly shocking. I don't know - I find it pretty self-evident really. I can't imagine too many people saying "Well, didn't think much of that - think I'll opt out of the whole sexual experience from now on." on the basis of a tense and uncomfortable "first time". But if that's the worst and most shocking example of the "Fantastic Sex Facts" the media can come up with, even those of us who aren't "trendily progressive" must be wondering what all the fuss was about.

I can't help but wonder what all the fuss about the Hancock family saga is. Rest in Peace Lang, you mining magnate you, and all that, but will someone please explain why the media have decided to turn the surviving Hancock/Rinehart members' disagreements into Australia's own Dallas? The family feud from hell - even featuring a guest appearance from your friend and mine, Sir Joh. It often seems as if the Australian Media has their own special magic pudding of irrelevant sensationalist stories to titillate or tire us with - depending on your perspective - from here until eternity. Or until they all close down. Or are all owned by the one person - and then who needs to titillate at all? Perhaps if we closed our eyes and try really hard we might be able to imagine what that would be like.

Jo Dyer

"Rest in Peace Lang, you mining magnate you"



ENVIRONMENT OFFICERS

Hey! The grounds looked pretty disgusting last week didn't they? Many murmurs of miffed outrage wafted our way. Justifiably, people were affronted by this eyesore-on-a-great scale. And then it even began to SMELL!... Complaints like, "there is nowhere clear to sit", "the refs are filthy! How can they expect us to eat here?", "why isn't something DONE about this?", could be heard at nauseum.

Oh such heartfelt self-righteous indignation! Something should be done. Why don't YOU do something? At the risk of sounding really condescending, the most efficient pollution clean-up method is...(drum roll)...not to pollute. How ever did that garbage get there? Why should others, i.e. ground staff, clean up our refuse? These people do have the same sensibilities as us 'elevated academia'. Yet while we delicately hold our noses and disdainfully tip-toe around our food scraps, we lambast the ground staff for daring not to pick them up! I think I would strike too, under those presumptions. If we want a clean, healthy and attractive environment we must contribute to its maintenance. Before Peter Coombe and his singing do-gooder-munchkins dance in and show us all up! O.K. Moral Sermon over.

PUBLIC TRANSPORT IS STILL A VERY BIG ISSUE. Sign petitions, write letters to M.P's and everything else you can think of (try and restrict it to the productive!) The bus drivers are getting very shitty with their Union for selling them out. Their A.G.M. on April the 12th shall be very interesting! Probably a general massacre. The People for Public Transport Community Coalition are still working hard,

so watch out for developments there.

CHEMICAL SPILLAGE

Last week we had a meeting with Mosen Jensen who is marketing chemical spillage kits which will enable easy effective clean-up. The University has recently purchased this equipment however the scary thing is that the fire brigade doesn't use this but instead uses kitty litter. We're presently following up this area as there is no legislation which enforces companies to effectively do this.

SOLIDARITY WEEK

Thanks to those who got involved in and supported this inspirational 'happening'. To those who couldn't give a damn, **APATHY AND SELF-COMPLACENCY IS NOT SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.** We had successful and entertaining forums, events, and mainly fun!

GREENWEEK

April the 12th to the 16th is designated Greenweek. It kicks off with the Palm Sunday Peace March and Picnic on the 12th, and the rest of the week will consist of forums, a Bike and Breakfast event, and some interesting social experiments.

"AUSTECH"

The fate of this Benefit to Humanity has again been postponed. Queanbeyan Council decided there was a lot to be considered, particularly since they have been flooded with faxes opposing this event. The new D-Day is April the 15th. To Bomb or not to Bomb...

This Easter you have a choice: the EcoCity 2 Conference, 16th - 19th of April; OR the Environmental Youth Alliance Conference, 18th - 19th of April. Take your pick. See you next week.

STUDENTS FIGHT! THE TIME IS RIGHT!

Welcome to the CSACSO Students Fight! The Time is Right! campaign. CSACSO is a student representative organisation from the University of South Australia. The week attempts to address social issues relevant to students today such as AUSTUDY, HECS, Student Loans, Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU), Overcrowding/Underfunding and the Goods and Services Tax (GST).

The following song sums up some of the sentiments the organisers feel about the state of the higher education system.

DUMSKOOL

Basil 1992

Education, across the nation
Everybody, at the station
See a teacher, try and reach her
She's got no job, Cos she's a teacher.

Fees are good, they should be higher
Twice as high, or even higher
Sell the uni, take the money
Give it to a min'in company

University is the place to be
Ya gotta million bucks, ya pay ya GST

Dumskool

You can feed a dog, or some of the time
If you don't eat, Austudy's fine
Take a loan from the bank instead
You'll be payin' it off till the day ya dead
So ya sittin' on ya fire and watchin' your TV
But ya wont' learn nut'in baby until ya pay ya fee

So Mary had a little lamb
and childcare gave her a pram
But childcare has just been cut
So Mary's home and so is the lamb

Alan Bond he built a skool
It's very nice and it's got a pool
It's very cheap 'bout 50 grand
It is the finest in the land

In the library on a Friday
Got no books so ya readin' quietly
Now ya livin' in ya skool bag
With ya lunchbox and ya name-tag

You can go down to ya skool
with ya pencils in ya bag
But there' ain't no room for you
If ya dad don't drive a Jag.

Privatise and private fees
There' sellin' shares in Libraries
You'll sell ya mum and your TV
So you can pay for your degree

Skool is bad like marijuana
To make you stop we'll tax you harder
Beer and smokes and education
Gettin' taxed across the nation

University ain't no place for me
What's the use in tryin' burn ya HSC

Dumskool
Dumskool
Dumskool
Dumskool

University that's the place for me
If ya got a million bucks and ya pay ya GST.

Dumskool.

Adelaide University will be involved on Friday lunchtime with the following program of events:-

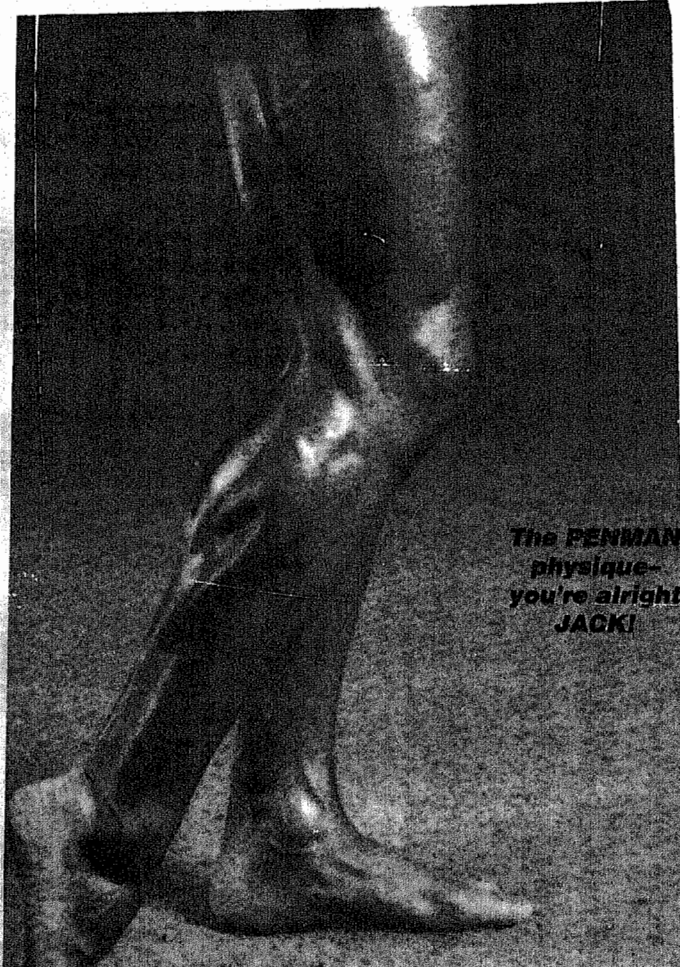
- 1.00 pm Rob Houghton, NUS National Education Officer.
- 1.20 pm Audrey Edwards, National Women's Officer.
- 1.40 pm Clayton Cosgroves - Former student at Canterbury University, New Zealand, presently unemployed by the Opposition Leader in New Zealand, Labor's Mike Moore.

There will be music organised also. It will take place on the Barr Smith Lawns, or the Mayo Refectory if raining.

Come along and find out what ...

- NUS does with your money;
- The GST and Student Loans have done to New Zealand!

Organised by CSACSO Helen Wilson. In association with the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.



The PENMAN physique - you're alright JACK!

He didn't write it

"They damn what they do not understand."
- Quintillian (40-100AD)

Dear Mr Kieran Dike,

I never realised just how unenlightened young Liberals could be until I read your letter. There is a multitude of reasons why Arts courses exist as legitimate avenues of study at university. At a vocational level, Arts disciplines teach students to think critically and conceptually and improve one's communication skills. Students within these faculties are also taught to prepare and draft reports, essays and to give presentations. Such skills are clearly useful for clerical, managerial and research orientated fields of employment. Arts degrees are also part of the broader university tradition. Let us not forget that the university's role of supplying skilled graduates for the labour market has always been subsidiary to its intellectual function. That is, to conduct research and investigation concerning the nature of a society and the physical world. Mr Dike, if all this 'intellectual stuff' is too much for you, perhaps you're at the wrong institution. TAFE colleges offer some extremely practical courses (i.e. carpentry, welding). Maybe you could enrol there. One other point, you seem to have some misconceptions about AU Law School and the study of Law. First, Arts is not a compulsory pre-requisite for studying Law. A student may study law if he or she receives high marks in any generalist degree (i.e. Science/Commerce, etc.).

Second, much of what is taught in the Law School is highly theoretical and has little bearing on the real world of litigation; ask any solicitor! So, Mr Dike, are we to assume that you are a student from another faculty or just a very unobservant Law student. If you fall into the latter category, then I would advise you to give the carpentry or welding course some serious consideration. After all, students lacking good observation skills make poor lawyers.

Your Learned Friend,
Eric A. Blair
3rd Year Law

Oh please! You must know by now that we are the feminist mafia

I hate to be picky but I must point out the typing error made by you in my article last week. The quote,

"The question is not, Can they reason? nor Can they talk? but Can they suffer?" should not be attributed to Jenny Bentham as you reported, but to *Jeremy Bentham*. Support the sisterhood, yes! but not quite to that extent.

Jennifer Duncan
Politics

A spoonfull of sugar makes the medicine go down

Dear L. Newnham,

While you preach the way of the world to Gareth Bridges and the like, your PPS to Brett Knuchel shows you have little tolerance!

A world with or without Liberalism will always be a better place with tolerance, love and passion.

Yours passionately,
Rachel Bunn
Science

**LETTERS POLICY
LETTERS TO THE
EDITOR CAN BE
DROPPED OFF IN
THE ON DIT OFFICE
OR IN THE SAUA.
BOTH OF THESE
ESTABLISHMENTS
ARE LOCATED IN
THE CLOISTERS.
YOU MAY WISH TO
SEND YOUR LET-
TERS TO ON DIT TO
GPO BOX 498, UNI-
VERSITY OF AD-
ELAIDE.**

**LETTERS SHOULD
NOT BE LONGER
THAN 500 WORDS
AND MUST INCLUDE
YOUR NAME AND
CONTACT DEPART-
MENT.**

**THAT'S ALL HAVE
A NICE DAY**

RHAPSODY IN GREEN

**FOR
GREEN WEEK**

*Money toward saving Tasmanian Rain-
forests from people with chainsaws!*

DEVIL'S CABARET

Union Activities for Week beginning Monday, 6th April, 1992

Monday, 6th April

9 am - 5 pm "Trigger 2". Exhibition in Union Art Gallery of recent works by Barbary O'Brien (Continues until Thursday, 16th April).

Thursday, 9th April

1 pm Red Cross Mobile Blood Donation Unit in Wills Refectory. Free drink of beer, soft drink or tea/coffee for each donor. Recruitment staff will be on campus from Monday - Wednesday for enrolments.

Friday, 10th April

9 pm - late Free entertainment in UniBar with rhythm and blues band "Hoy Hoy" and "Chris Finnen". Students free, Guests \$6.

Saturday, 11th April

9 pm - late SAUA Environment Bar Night with "Devils Cabaret" and other acts in UniBar.

Coming Soon

Union Voucher Scheme Winners Day Wednesday, 15th April at 1 pm on Barr Smith Lawns.

Your chance to win a trip to the Gold Coast and 7 days accommodation at Ocean Blue Resort, Union Fee Refund, \$100 worth of TDK cassettes, dozen bottles of champagne or 30 other prizes. Special guest Leigh McCluskey from the 7.30 Report, ABC-TV.

CSACSO Show at Thebarton Theatre on Friday, 10th April with "Yothu Yindi" and local supports, 7.30 pm. AU Student tickets \$11 available at Austickets outlet in Elder Hall.

Hoc-down in Union Bar on Thursday night before Easter (16th April) with "Whiplash".

Union Bistro Naming Competition has been extended by 2 weeks. Win \$100 cash or \$120 worth of Bistro food and beverage if you come up with a successful name for the Bistro. Entries close Thursday, 16th April at 5 pm, entry forms available in Refecs and Bistro.

Any students interested in joining a thinktank to assist with development of the entertainment programme or could offer voluntary services, please contact Gary Steele in Union Office.

**FLAT
STANLEY
STINKY
TEXTA**

*Saturday, 11th April,
8.00 pm
Adelaide University
Bar*

*Adelaide Uni Students
\$3*

*S.P.U \$4
Public \$5*

Brought to you by the Environment
Officers of the Students' Association of
the University of Adelaide.

Fuck, I'm a frog.

Dear On Dit,

I think that I am turning into a frog. It's true - my hands were all green this morning when I got up to get ready for 8 am lecture. I thought I would write about my Uni and think where it would lead me. I think it is what I want but I work at a pizza house in Plympton where both my bosses left school at 16 and left home a year later. They do not see the potential in universities because they are successful businessmen with a steady cash flow. The point is that I couldn't spell the word "capsicon" (probably still can't spell it!) and they picked me up on it and were saying things like is that what Uni teaches you. Is it my fault or the education system's. I was a fairly big fan of Warren P. Block's letters each week last year. Did you make them up yourself? Or is he still here this year or did he drop out to go and work in a pizza bar? If he is still studying. I wish he would still continue writing as he was a very powerful vocabulary and I am most envious of him. On Dit is really for the Arts student.

I wrote a letter last year and I had missed a bus - I got no responses the next week to keep me writing. Could you also inform me as to how many staff help to get On Dit organised. My letter was also pushed aside in the right hand bottom corner, and to read the rest your reader had to turn the page. As a final point, the beautiful people come out in the sun. Just think about it, next time we have a sunny day, look at the people around you compared to people on a rainy or cloudy day.

P.S. The reason I had green hands was because I had a green board duster in my hands the day before. And also my favourite techno track of all times is Dominator by Human Resource.

Go out and buy it, so it makes No. 1.

From

Robert de Jonge

Sorry about that, but it makes me feel better. Now I am off to distribute my vouchers. Some guy next to me is talking about the Optimal Strategy of bees pollinating flowers.

Therefore, bees and flowers have different aims in life. How does that make you money or happiness.

On Dit operates under a system of two editors, sub editors who organise specific areas like music, Dean the Advertising manager, Guhan on freight, and lots of contributors who write for the paper. On the production side there is Sharon the SAUA typesetter, who types all the copy, the editors spend 30 hours over the weekend laying out the paper together with various helpers such as Darien who is often on the Bromide/sticking it down on the lay out sheets front. This may explain why editors are always grumpy and tend to go berserk when people ask 'why does everything have to be in by Wed. 5pm' Editors work at least 60/70 hours a week, study a bit on top of that, leave the offices on Sunday at 3am/7am and enjoy somebody throwing a tantrum because their classified got lost. The contributors are from every faculty including Roseworthy, so we're sorry you think On Dit is just for Arts people. Nonetheless it's an annual criticism that probably has some truth in it. We really are reliant on who contributes in this department. I'm always slightly dubious of people who like techno and think they're turning into frogs. I hope you get better.

Nasty policy didn't seem to hold them back

Dear Editors,

We are writing to object to your editorial policy which states that names may not be withheld if letters are to be published. We believe that this effectively protects certain groups or individuals from what may be valid criticism. If people are forced to publicly reveal their names then they will be reluctant to criticise anyone in a position of power for fear that they may suffer as a result. Thus, tutors, lecturers, office bearers in clubs, or, in fact, anyone with the power to 'make things difficult' are almost beyond retribution. We recognise the importance of limiting petty and personal abuse; however, we believe that the right to anonymity is a more important principle to uphold. Surely, as editors, you are capable of distinguishing a legitimate complaint or criticism from plain bitchiness.

Kate Walt

Amanda Brown

I explained to both of you during our discussions that a case that constituted a clear danger to a student, that was not defamatory, may demand that the persons name be withheld. The letter you brought in was a rather grubby piece of personal abuse directed towards one of our contributors by someone who is not a student here but a "deferred" Flinders student. We have enough trouble from people writing in under other peoples names (witness the Kieran saga), and have no proof that the author of your letter even exists. There is no problem printing any letters, but unless there is a legitimate reason, people must have the guts to put their names by their opinions.

Wasn't a problem for this fellow either

Dear On Dit,

I would like to have a word with the writer of "Beverley Hills 90 ... etc" (Vol 60, No 4), Matt Denby.

Lighten up, pal! It is common knowledge that the Americans are unable to grasp the concept of reality when it comes to television. As Australians, we accept this. It allows us to enjoy the onslaught of their soapies, dramas and sit-coms without being brainwashed.

To describe American TV as "... a propaganda device of US culture ..." is not only going a little over the top when discussing Beverley Hills 90210 but is also an irrelevant statement to make here in Australia. Our culture is not affected (at least not in a "poisonous" way) by US television. We use it as a means of entertainment and escape from reality. We are not, as you suggest, "buying into" an unreal society, we are simply enjoying it.

I would advise that you learn to watch Beverley Hills 90210 in the same manner as every other Australian, with a light heart and your tongue in your cheek. Learn to enjoy instead of moralising so much.

Ben Fitzgerald

Drama

Dear Ben,

I can assure you that when writing the article my tongue was planted firmly in my cheek.

Matt.

I want to love you Right

Dear Editors,

I write in response to the letter by W. Hallinan (On Dit 23/3/92), who so "cleverly" has denounced the Liberal Party's proposed "GST" and the entire Fightback package. Fightback has to be perhaps the most concise, comprehensive and well-structured economic reform package introduced by the Parliamentary Liberal Party or any party for that matter, in Australian political history.

The Hewson package offers vision and renewed hope for the 1,000,000 jobless Australians lining in dole queues awaiting an economic recovery, that just won't happen under a present Labor administration: one which is showing signs of weakening strength, evident by its lacklustre performances in Parliamentary debates and opinion polls. However, this seems to be very common amongst previous Labor administrations, such as the demise of Whitlam and his disastrous ministerial colleagues who proved to be hopeless economic managers in 1975 and, of course, Chifley's step to "complete socialisation" in 1947, by attempting to nationalise the banks.

Responding to W. Hallinan to the fact that the collective bargaining system aimed at employer-employees "will render employees throughout Australian at the mercy of management" is simply ludicrous. What the Liberal Party proposes is to place emphasis back on the individual, so that employer-employee relationships can be improved. I would much prefer to negotiate my wage with my employer, and get an honest, succinct answer, rather than wait forever for the fumbling ACTU to even suggest a wage increase to the government through the Accord. The continuing disunity between Kelly and Ferguson proves to me that if they can't settle their own personal disputes, how can they solve ours?

Also Mr/Ms Hallinan describes themselves as "a concerned Australian". I don't think so. A concerned Australian would review properly the Liberal's Fightback package and Labor's One Nation package, and choose the one which offers the most hope for Australia's jobless, continuing demise of small business, and fathoming economic woes, both nationally and internationally. And the one answer is Fightback. For if I were an Australian waiting to vote at the next Federal election, I would not vote for the engineer of Australia's economic problems, our "illustrious" Prime Minister Paul Keating, whose One Nation package offers nothing but more of the same - that is, the same as we have been getting for more than two years, continuous decline in economic growth, and a burgeoning unemployment figure. I would not vote for the man that has been responsible for the worst unemployment figure since the Great Depression, or for the fact that his management of the economy puts him on par with such greats as Dr Jim Cairns of the Whitlam administration and the ministry of James Scullin in 1929 - 1932. Nor would I vote for the man who in 1988 said, "We are well on the way to prosperity", and in 1990 said, "We won't let there be a recession. I pledge all those readers who care for their country and its future to vote Liberal at the next Federal election, for a new Australia, one that is competitive and economically wealthy. The Labor Party needs to be taught that nine years of hard labor is enough.

Adrian Karras,

Politics

My belief in members of the opposite sex restored

Dear Editors,

In reply to Brett Knuchel's question in his letter on abortion (On Dit 23/3/92); No, abortion is not murder! In case you hadn't noticed, *murder* is a crime, *murder* is punishable by a mandatory jail sentence - *abortion isn't!*

Thankfully, your closed mind, dogma-ridden ideas on abortion are still in the minority in this country. In Australia, we have a more enlightened, sympathetic view, unlike certain other countries which arrest 14 year old rape victims for even considering abortion! That situation is the reality you appear to wish on us.

Let's take a good look at your (or at least the "Pro-life" movements) bases for contending that abortion is murder:-

1) Biblical perspective. Well, we can consign that one to the rubbish bin straight away. The only light this perspective can shed on the issue is that of a very narrow spotlight, attempting to blind opposition.

2) Human conscience. Your conscience on this issue is irrevocably controlled by (1) above, as are a substantial portion of "Pro-lifers". Since human conscience is a very fickle, hard to define, constantly evolving (and revolving!) entity, the best way to quantify the myriad of differing opinions is by majority rule. It's not perfect, but it's better than the dictatorial alternative (political or religious). Majority rule is the situation here, where happily, those people who hold the belief (religiously or otherwise based) that abortion is wrong, are in the minority. As to your assertions of guilt. I cannot possibly imagine the whole gambit and depth of emotional turmoil undergone by a woman who has had an abortion, but I suggest that any feelings of guilt would be initiated and sustained more by the hysterical name calling personified by your letter than by the act itself. You obviously have very deeply held beliefs on this issue, please be courteous enough to allow that other people have equally deeply held, if opposed, views to yours.

Christopher Nedin
Geology

We only got one letter on this subject for this edition and it is THE LAST ONE. Thank God (woops)

Another possum not fussed by the letters policy

Dear Editors,

Has anyone ever bothered to point out these few simple facts to Tim Neill?

1) The purpose of an 'interview' is to discuss the life, exploits, tastes and opinions of the interviewee, and *not* those of the interviewer.

2) On Dit articles are purportedly written for the entire University population, and thus, one should refrain from including little, elitist jokes (especially when those involved would prefer not to be - as I assume would be the case in the matter in question).

I would assume that no one has undertaken to do so, given the way in which he conducted his interview with Nick Barker of Nick Barker and the Reptiles. Perhaps they should.

Emma Jenvey
2nd Year Arts

THE ACADEMY AWARDS



The 64th Annual Academy Awards stands out as a tribute to the excesses of Hollywood; its glitz and glamour showing no bounds. From the very beginning of this evening of pro-American mainstream film to its thankful end, we were witness to an abundance of meaningless platitudes, syrup-laced thanks and obvious political undercurrents. Basically, the Oscars haven't changed.

The Awards were hosted, yet again (unfortunately), by Billy 'Boring as Bricklaying' Crystal. This man is ubiquitous and perennial in the land of awards presentation. More's the pity. He is obviously tired of these nights, having reached the stage where he trots out the same drivel (Drivel defined: something Americans call jokes). 'The Prince of Tides' was billed the film which directed itself. Cuckoo Crystal said exactly that for 'Driving Miss Daisy'; Dan Quayle jokes are as common now to his monologue as Julia Roberts is an unforgivably bad actor; and finally Crystal's need to make up a little song that mentions all the Best Picture nominees for the zillionth weary time is as good a question as why Jason Donovan would go to incredibly great lengths to assert his heterosexuality if he really was. So that was our resplendent host.

Well, what about the Awards? In technical areas, 'Terminator 2: Judgement Day' was the unsurprising winner, scooping four Oscars in categories including visual effects and make up. Bravo, 'T2'! Bravo, to winning these awards on a \$120m budget! Bravo, to paying your lead actor (!) \$15m for his gripping portrayal! Bravo, Academy for patronising us with the need to raise money for AIDS research (which of itself is an excellent thing) but in turn rewarding the most expensive film in history! Bravo, bullshit! I realise that I am be out on a limb here, but I don't think unnecessarily. The fact is that while people rave about 'T2' for its outstanding technical attributes, I know that if was handed \$120m to make a film, I too could have the best special effects crew, makeup artists and editors. So, in one way, these awards are artificial. They reward that which is expensive in an area where only that which is expensive can expect to succeed.

The chief areas, however, are those for acting, screenplays, direction and picture. These are the categories where a win translates to added millions on box office and video releases.

1. Best Male Actor in a Supporting Role

The winner was Jack Palance for 'City Slickers'. Some would suggest his win was really a recognition of a long association with the industry. He attempted proving that age means nothing by doing one armed push ups on stage. I agree with his sentiment but found his foolishness as interesting as examining the eating patterns of termites. They way the guests laughed and applauded was equally boring.

It was exactly this kind of mutual back patting and feigned modesty that characterised the evening. For example, Steven Spielberg's presentation of an honorary award to partner, George Lucas, was so intensely tiresome and full of well worn expressions of acclaim and praise, that the prospect of drowning in a pool of manure was gaining momentum. Sadly, the empty adoration that dripped from Spielberg's lips like honey was not unfamiliar.

2. Best Female Actor in a Supporting Role

Quite a tough field, with Dianne Ladd ('Rambling Rose') tipped to win. She didn't though. Mercedes Ruehl ('The Fisher King') took home the little gold man (and I speak not of this category's presenter, Jo Pesci - or do I?). Ruehl was quite obviously surprised to win the award and therefore she was genuine and a tad manic in her acceptance. Needless to say, a camera pan of the losers' faces accompanied Ruehl's announcement. Their applause was vigorous and their smiles thick. Please! As if any of them believed they lost. It would be far more realistic to show them screaming wildly, shouting obscenities at the victor, demanding a recount, and claiming political bias by officials. Oops, this is not my interpretation of Adelaide Uni student elections.

3. Original Screenplay

Callie Khouri won for 'Thelma and Louise', in a tough contest that included 'Bugsy' and 'Boyz in the Hood'.

This was 'Thelma and Louise's' only award for the evening. The fact that it scored nominations for director, both actors and screenplay and yet overlooked in the best picture category is a mystery. 'Thelma and Louise' is a great film and thoroughly deserved this award. Its script was accessible and yet sensitively explored issues of women and about the way men treat women.

4. Adapted Screenplay

Thomas Harris' 'The Silence of the Lambs' was the big winner here, in a field that included 'JFK' and 'The Prince of Tides'. The furore that hung over this year's Oscars. Gay rights groups had organised a large rally outside the establishment targeting particularly this film, and others including 'JFK' and 'Basic Instinct' (yet to be released in Australia) for their negative gay stereotyping, threatening to cause a scene during the actual ceremony. Their points are well made. The persistence of gay characters being depicted as corrupt or twisted and insane is disturbing. Other examples include 'No Way Out' (Gene Hackman, Kevin Costner) and 'Burglar' (Whoopi Goldberg). Their outrage is completely justifiable and they're justified in asking where the mainstream positive stereotypes are.

'My Beautiful Laundrette', 'Mala Noche', 'My Own Private Idaho' and 'Longtime Companion' as examples, are hardly films to have received mainstream release, mainstream accreditation and mainstream awards.

On this point, the Academy's evident inherent homophobia asks questions about those token red ribbons warn to show solidarity with those people who live with HIV/AIDS. We had mere acknowledgement of that fact by Mr Crystalball of Boredom. And we had Richard Gere in his presentation of the Cinematography Oscar (won by 'JFK') talk of the need to spend money on AIDS research. He commented on unjustifiable enormous defence budgets. He received applause. The question I ask,

however, is how Hollywood can feel so incredibly self righteous? There is the \$120m 'T2' and a score of other films in the gigantic budget arena. There is the acceptance of homophobic storylines that only serve to perpetuate the myths of homosexuality and consequently (through societal constructions) HIV/AIDS. There are people assembled in that ceremony hall earning millions of dollars per film, living extravagant public lifestyles and then doing nothing about the cause itself or simply adding fuel to the fire (e.g. Mel 'I once played Hamlet and therefore am entitled to say whatever I damn well like about any disconnected issue' Gibson. That sounds awfully like Mr Fred 'I am an ophthalmologist and am therefore entitled to open my big fat mouth and spout pathetic propaganda based on ignorance and misinformation' Hollows). The only breath of reason in this regard was the acceptance of the Oscar for Best Original Song ('Beauty and the Beast') by the partner of the late Howard Ashman, who had been lost to AIDS. The courage of Ashman's lover to stand before this crowd and make worthwhile statements about HIV/AIDS was applaudable. He deserves congratulations, the Academy does not.

5. Best Male Actor in a Lead Role

It was always going to be a contest between Anthony Hopkins and Nick Nolte. This means the third consecutive win in this category by a Briton.

It's worth pointing out, that two of the five nominees were psychopaths: Anthony Hopkins ('The Silence of the Lambs') and Robert De Niro ('Cape Fear'). Both films depicted grave scenes of violence against women (yet again!). The fact that the subject matter of these films seeks to reinforce stereotypes is of great concern. On a purely academic level, however, one cannot knock the performances of either actor. In fact, my own personal preference for the Oscar was De Niro as the quintessence of evil, over the quintessence of control that was Hopkins. De Niro, however was seen as coming in on the coat tails of Hopkins in the psycho stakes and therein disadvantaged himself.

Robin Williams and Warren Beatty, who are both stalwarts in the nominations battle, simply made up numbers in a fight that they could not even enter.

6. Best Female Actor in a Lead Role

My God, what a tough field. Jodie Foster, Geena Davis, Susan Sarandon and Laura Dern all turned in outstanding performances. The problem for Davis and Sarandon was that given that they were both exceptional, voters who 'lurved' their film would end up splitting their vote between the two. This essentially left the two under thirties, Foster and Dern. Laura Dern's performance is not one I've seen, so Jodie Foster's win for 'The Silence of the Lambs' was, to my mind, totally desirable. She was brilliant in her role as Clarice Starling, as she is brilliant in everything. Last Wednesday night, you could have tuned into her other

Oscar winning performance, 'The Accused'. Foster was visibly surprised by her win and took time to thank 'all the women who came before' her and similarly thanked Jonathon Demme for giving her 'a strong and beautiful hero'. Credit where credit's due, the role of Clarice per se is a strong, positive female role model.

Rounding out the nominees, was Bette Midler ('For the Boys') for her customary melodramatic, schmaltzy, uninteresting showcase of self obsession. For too long, I have softly dismissed the crap that is Bette Midler films because I believe the Divine Miss M has some talent. No more, however. Yes, I can cede she is talented, but I do not believe that gives her licence to overact in boring, self-promoting vehicles. She was the winner of the 1992 joke nominee award.

7. Best Director

By this stage, it was clear that Jonathon Demme would win her 'The Silence of the Lambs'. John Singleton's nomination for 'Boyz in Hood' was token, with Ridley Scott ('Thelma and Louise'), Barry Levinson ('Bugsy') and Oliver Stone ('JFK') all off chances given their few wins.

I must ask, however, what the obsession with Oliver Stone is? He's won Oscars for 'Platoon' and 'Born on the Fourth of July'. Both films, I found tedious and unoriginal. 'Born on the Fourth of July', for example, I would argue was a bad film. It was without solid direction and focus and refused to give any real insight into the chief character preferring, instead, to concentrate on superficially, unimportant biographical details. Boring.

Also, where was Barbara Streisand's nomination? Her exclusion from this category in light of the 'Best Picture', 'Best Actor' and 'Best Adapted Screenplay', etc. nominations is absolutely unbelievable. There was frequent mention of this travesty. The funniest of these was by Shirley Maclaine and Liza Minelli (hail unto both of them) by demanding to work with Streisand but only 'in another life'. There has only ever been one female director nominated in this category in 64 years. That was in 1976 for Lina Wertmuller's Italian film, 'Seven Beauties'. But, hey, these aren't sexist, chauvinistic pigs! These people care about things. They care about women. They just don't think women can direct.

8. Best Picture

Of all the great surprises, 'The Silence of the Lambs' won. All other films had by this stage been pushed out of contention. I agree with its Oscar, against this competition, despite its being problematic.

The inclusion of Walt Disney's animated 'Beauty and the Beast', I find difficult to fathom. I agree that this animated film is worthy of merit, but to claim that this cartoon (that incidentally reinforces societal stereotypes of gender and racial roles) is above other films like 'Thelma and Louise', 'Boyz in the Hood' and 'Barton Fink' is simply outrageous. Angela Lansbury actually crooned out a song from the film as part of the Original Song nominations. I can't say I have heard anything more hideous in my life with her singing as harmonious as relations in the Middle East. Well, that was the 64th Annual Academy Awards. It paid homage to the American mainstream as usual. It was, as it always is, a big mutual appreciation society, full of fake smiles, fake modesty and equally fake social sensitivity. If you don't believe me, ask Barbara Streisand.

George Selvanera

GUILTY



Last Wednesday as part of social justice week, Ronald McDonald was tried on the Barr Smith lawns for being a corrupting force. He was found guilty and dunked. Here is much of the case against him.

McDonald's prides itself on being a responsible corporate citizen that is concerned about people, the community and the environment, but behind this wholesome image lies a different story....

M=MONEY McDonald's 1989 system wide revenue= \$18 billion. Consider the following:
 How often a new McDonald's opens in the world - every 15 hours
 Number of people to visit McDonald's every day - 22 million
 Percentage of US working public McDonald's has employed - 20%
 Number of McMeals sold in Australia each year - 20 million
 The company who donated \$250,000 to Richard Nixon's campaign fund - McDonald's
 The company the Japanese government consults about productivity - McDonald's
 Number of McDonald's to be added world wide each year - between 600-650

C=CAPITALISM Fast food is factory food, the cogs in the wheel are young people who are cheap, unionised labour that are programmed to do everything - even smile. They are expected to serve customers in under one minute, they're timed and the results are stored on a database. Ex-employees with file evidence have revealed instances where employees were submitted to lie detector tests and asked whether they had union sympathies!
 The exploitation though starts before this - in factory farms. The McNuggets consist of 7 week old chickens that live in sheds with less room to move than this piece of paper, 11 million of them die from stress each year in Australia. Battery hens (for McBreakfast) live like egg-laying machines and are made to produce two eggs a day through the lights being turned on at night to make them think it is day. As a result the hens stop laying at 18 months (they usually lay for 7 years).

D=DESTRUCTION What makes a hamburger - beef right? Wrong, it's cows - that are castrated, de-horned and transported long distances in searing heat. It's these cows that are denuding the land because of their hard hooves, such animals were never meant to live in Australia. The clearing of land for grazing is the single greatest cause of deforestation in the world, 20 pure

vegetarians can be fed on the amount of land needed to feed one person on a meat-based diet. McDonald's also require the "essential flavour" of grain fed beef, this comes from feedlot cows which must live in their own excreta and this waste is a major source of water pollution. Then there is the question of McDonald's rainforest destruction, McDonald's pleads innocence but where then is the beef sent from Central America to the US fast food chains going? European beef cattle are fattened on soya bean meal, half of which comes from Brazil where rainforest is destroyed for its production. Destroyed for the price fo a snack!

O=OZONE DEPLETING In the late 1990 McDonald's announced it would be phasing out foam hamburger containers because of public opposition. It's unbelievable that an item as unnecessary as a hamburger container has been depleting the ozone layer. The replacement of foam with paper packaging is an improvement, but the trees cut down increase the greenhouse effect and packaging just adds rubbish to burgeoning landfills.

N=NUTRITIONLESS McDonald's brought new meaning to the term junk food. It's the mass appeal formula that kills. One Australian dies every ten minutes from heart disease, saturated fat and cholesterol consumption is the main cause. The leading source of these substances are meat, dairy products and eggs. The precise foods McDonald's encourages us to eat! McDonald's aims its advertising at children so it's no wonder many Australian children suffer from obesity, and high cholesterol and blood pressure levels "I recommend the air between the bun as the most nutritious part of the McDonald's hamburger." - A Californian doctor. The hamburger buns are 13% sugar (an ordinary white bread roll is 3%). Sugar is highly addictive and this is why many people find Macer's addictive.

A=ADVERTISING "Children are consumers today and will be the buyers of tomorrow. Sell these children on your brand name and they will insist that their parents buy no other." Most of McDonald's \$1 billion advertising budget is aimed at the young. A survey of school children found 96% identified

with Ronald McDonald and ranked him second only to Santa Claus. Kids are lured in by the fun image and gimmicks, parents go there to please their children and young people go there out of habit and childhood nostalgia. McDonald's aim is to "takeover the eating habits of the world" and it's working, 30% fo the Australian household budget is spent on fast food. This promotion and practise of meat eating is contributing to third world hunger. Over 1 billion people (one-fifth humankind) lack adequate food, yet 80% of the world's agricultural land is used for feeding animals and only 20% for feeding people directl. If less people ate meat those starving could be fed on the grain saved.

L=LOW McDonald's tries to build anywhere, regardless of how inappropriate it is , such as their plan to build in a 13th century Medici palzo in Florence, or in traditional Australian towns where a big M is an eyesore. In the US airports, railway staitons, university campuses, high schools, Navy bases, and hospitals are increasingly contracting with McDonald's. To find new sites McDonald's uses NASA photos to analyze traffic patterns. In Sydney a McDonald's Hamburger University is being established, employees will be able to get degrees in Hamburgerology and some can reach the title of "Professor". Instead of academics there are "hamburger people"

D=DISPOSABLE In the 1989 Clean-Up Day volunteers collected

5000 tonnes of rubbish from Sydney Harbour, McDonald's food containers were the most frequently item found. Plastic and polystyrene foam is not biodegradable and is deadly to marine animals that may eat or become entangled in it. McDonalds is a huge squander of resources, if the food is not bought in a number of minutes it is thrown out-container and all. All disposable items wheter plastic, paper or polystyrene create pollution and add to the waste disposal problem. A recent government paper calls for the amount of waste dumped into landfills to be halved by year 2000. This will require a great effort by all of us to avoid packaging.

S=SPONSORSHIP McDonald's sponsors major sporting events and TV programs. The commercial media rely on McDonald's dollars to operate so they rarely criticised them. Other areas of the media are fearful of being sued, McDonald's are suing five London Greenpeace activists for libel. McDonald's sponsor Ronald McDonald's Houses (RMH) which accommodates the families of seriously ill children. In Australia each RMH is connected to a childrens hospital, and it's in these hospitals that McDonald's are trying to build restaurants where patients will be able to order from their sick beds. If successful it will signify McDonald's is on the way to infiltrating Australia like it has in US.

The moral fo the McDonald's Hamburger Story isMcTruth - it's not the real thing.



Jo DeSilva and Cathryn Hughes both won the "onward the revolution" prize for working so hard to promote the week.

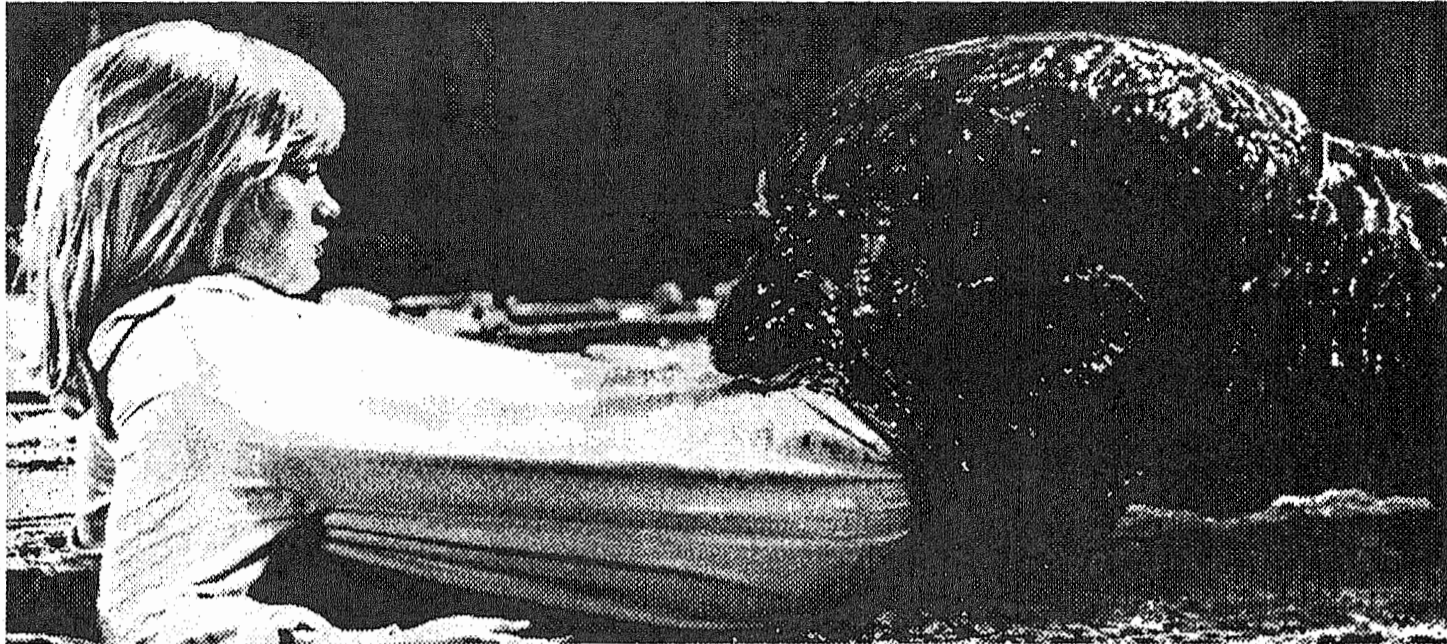
ALIENS 3- COMPLETE CRAP?

Why Aliens Could Be Crap ... amongst other reasons

For a long while, since Sigourney Weaver agreed to make Alien 3 and had her head shaved for the role, lots of stories have been circulating about the progress (or lack of) of the new film. Maybe now that James Cameron (Aliens) has Terminator 2 out of the way - and Ridley Scott (the original) is still making 'Christopher Columbus' - Cameron might get going. The rumours run to at least three scripts being written then dumped (including one by William Gibson, Mr 'Cyber Punk'), a new director and script either chosen or being set up and actual early preview posters that ran: "On Earth, Everyone Can Hear You Scream". Anyway, none of this is certain. All the information following consists of rumours and speculation based on what a bunch of computer nerds waste their time with, networking irrelevant messages about comics and movies and other cool stuff like that. But it's not bullshit either.

A lot of the sequel talk comes from a supposed hint given at the end of "Aliens". There are apparently scuttling noises that can be heard at the end of the film after the credits. These are meant to be either the sound of an egg opening or a facehugger/chestbuster running around, as a preview to the possible sequel.

The "actual" script that one of the networks claims to have read follows on from this: Hicks and Newt and Ripley are all somehow



impregnated while sleeping on the 'Sulaco' which rescued them. The ship automatically ejects them and they crash land on Fury 161, a "company" prison planet that has been put on 'pilot light' as only 25 prisoners are there - something when wrong and they asked to remain because they'd gotten religion (? - sounds pretty dubious). The prisoners manufacture lead plating for a toxic waste dump built there (reeks of a concept movie). Hicks dies in the crash but his chestbuster survives and escapes. As they are prisoners, they have no weapons, so while waiting for a company rescue team, they try to trap the Alien in the waste dump. Also mentioned is the Alien impregnating an ox, but no details. The humdinger is that Ripley dies when her chestbuster does its thing, but she manages to strangle it before she goes. So before much has really happened (no Alien, yet), Hicks and Ripley die. A pissweak premise to kill the two best characters, before anything really good happens, then presumably having unknown prisoner characters taking over their cool places. You can see Newt being got rid of, as the actor who played her in Aliens (6 years ago) would now be a teenager, but not the heroes. Predator 2 without Schwarzenegger was shit, nothing like the first. If T2 had the morphing T-1000 Terminator, it would have been dumb too. Hopefully, this was one of the dumped scripts.

Apart from continuity problems regarding the above script (not that James Cameron worried in writing 'Aliens' or any of his other work - like why is the old CSM-101

terminator brought back in T2 like John Conner's big brother?), it just ruins great opportunities - wasting Ripley and Hicks, not exploring where the Aliens come from or if the company was involved in a big conspiracy cover up, and so on.

If the noises at the end of 'Aliens' are to be believed, how did the egg get on? Ripley and Newt didn't do it, and if Bishop had (he was in the pipe for a long time alone, but it is doubtful) why did the mother alien rip him in half? And if Bishop was acting, like Ash had before on company orders, why did he rescue Ripley and Newt? An unlikely explanation is that before Ripley barbecued all the eggs, the mother alien saved some up her spout and took them aboard, but how did she get safely rid of them before the forklift showdown?

A very dubious start, that could ruin the film if some crucial parts are 'forgotten' to make the sequel good. But Cameron did it before, by confusing the role of the company between the first and second film. The company knew, from what Ash told the crew when he spat mayonnaise and Ripley's evidence at the investigation to why she blew up the Nostromo, that lots of alien eggs were on the planet, so why did they send the colonists? And later call on Ripley, after her years floating in space, to help them out? As they were interested in getting the alien, why didn't they go get it a long time before? See what I mean? But this didn't get in the way of the rollicking great story in 'Aliens'.

The unresolved parts from the first two movies could also make rollicking great

stories if they were pursued. From the book of the first film and the banter of the Marines in the second, it seems that "bug hunts" in the colonies were common, so maybe this could be expanded. There are Alien comics that explain parts of the story not made fully clear in the films. One neat idea they have is that Aliens were genetic creations and can take characteristics of their hosts to survive. With the elephant creature they find fossilized with its guts blown own in the first film, they don't discover what happened to its chestbuster. This does allow for the chance for lots of gratuitously gruesome special effects, especially if the posters that show the earth as a backdrop are true: lots of half-alien killer cows and pigs roaming the farm. The other view which could be taken is that they are naturally evolved creatures who have destroyed their own ecosystems and have to destroy other life to survive. This would be idea for a lame message move, like aren't we polluting humans really bad. James Cameron used a crappy moral anti-nuke story behind T2, so he might be tempted to teach us a lesson with Alien 3.

Having the Earth run over by aliens, by sneaky company doings or a full-on "War of the Worlds" invasion, looks to be the best bet. What they will have to look out for is not to give too much away about the Alien. Part of its appeal is its mystery, fear of the unknown, so it would be pretty crappy to end the series (so it doesn't turn into a 'Star Trek') by a neat 'let's reveal all' conclusion. It would not be scary anymore and that would be worse than anything at all.

James Sanchez

"It would not be scary anymore and that would be worse than nothing at

FINAL ANALYSIS

Final Analysis
Academy Cinema City

OK, so it's like this: *Final Analysis* is a fantastic movie that I can't say too much about for fear of spoiling it for you. Phil Joanou, director, shows that there is life after *Rattle and Hum* (although, he certainly doesn't mind re-using the crowd blinder spotlight that made Bono a sexy silhouette, in the opening credits). The cinematography is brilliant and spectacular, the action is suspenseful (but watch out for the *Back to the Future*-like bit near the end) and just when you think you've figured out the ending, the movie throws more twists and turns at you than an extremely twisty, turny thing.

Richard Gere gives a credible performance as Isaac, although he can't seem to get rid of his *Pretty Woman* slickness (maybe it's that blink of his - I'm not too sure). Uma Thurman is as gorgeous as always and is wonderfully convincing as Isaac's beautiful but incredibly unstable patient. Kim Basinger is absolutely exceptional as the Greek Orthodox gangster's wife who has an unfortunate intolerance to alcohol. This is possibly her best performance to date and she certainly maketh the movie.

I'd love to tell you heaps more about *Final Analysis* (e.g. give you a basic outline of the plot!), but I liked it all the more for knowing nothing about the movie beforehand.

This is a neat movie - go and see it or regret it a lot.

Kirsty McKenzie

BOLTZ CAFE AND BAR

There is currently a restaurant renaissance occurring in Adelaide; a movement from formal restaurant dining to a more casual, relaxed cafe style approach. This transition seems to have been received favourably by Adelaideans, and I can see why.

An excellent example of this new style is "Boltz Cafe and Bar" in the now trendy and chic Rundle Street. This street has arguably some of Adelaide's best known and respected eating and drinking establishments - Al Fresco's, Mezes, Ruby's Cafe, The Exeter Hotel, and recently Universal and Boltz. All are extremely diverse from a culinary point of view, and this may partly explain Rundle Street's recent boom.

I've been to Boltz on two occasions over the last week, and both were extremely enjoyable. The first was on a Saturday afternoon, with food being the primary objective. The menu was basically what I was expecting - exciting but simple food that made the most of local ingredients and which focused on styles currently enjoying popularity. Being a die hard Thai buff, I ordered a Chicken Laksa, which although was not hot (spicy), had just enough coriander and chilli to keep me content. Meanwhile, a fellow diner was hoeing into a beautifully prepared focaccia - it seemed to contain everything. A number of different focaccias are available, including mortadella (smoked Italian sausage), chicken leg, ham and vegetarian based one, all crammed with fresh produce and relishes. Seafood lovers are catered for, as well. The

current menu contains a Thai Glamari Salad, Thai fish cakes. The traditional fish 'n' chips, as well as a more formal fish dish. Those who get an attack of the munchies late at night are also well served. Three different types of pizzas are available as well as the Boltz burger.

The food is complemented perfectly with a well designed drinks list. Coopers Draught is on tap, while a wide range of local, national and international beers are available by the bottle. Wine buffs will not be disappointed either, with a great wine list available, several of which are available by the glass.

The second occasion saw us trek up the stairs to the bar - and it was worth it. There is a great pool table, two pinball machines and an extremely well-stocked bar. Furthermore, it is an ideal venue to catch bands - we were lucky enough to catch Greenhouse, an up and coming Melbourne band.

Boltz Cafe and Bar have definitely done their homework and have come up with a very successful place. Prices are reasonable (the most you'll pay is \$8.00), the service is good, and the atmosphere is casual and relaxed.

Euan Prentice



Student Radio Programme

Sunday, 12th April, 2.30 pm - 12.30 am. Tune into 5UV - 531 AM. First on the AM Dial!

2.30 pm "Much Ado About Nothing". Music show with Georgie, Richard and Anthony. Sit back and relax on Sunday afternoon and listen in to a bright and breezy pop selection from the 80s and 90s.

3.30 pm "Beyond the Sixth Stereo" with Roy Flavel - featuring an interview with student-Spanish band "Cerveza y Putas", a preview of the latest Michael Jackson single, "Don't Laugh at Me, I Really Am Dangerous". Heaps of really groovy music from bands you've never heard of and a live studio cross link to Bono from U2 to discuss metaphysical pleonasm (time permitting!).

4.30 pm Women's show presented by Annabel Crabb.

5.30 pm "Sweetness and Light" presented by Nick, Jo and David - music and casual arts banter. This week featuring special guests Edwina Lucas and Adam Le Nevez jamming live on the show.

6.30 pm "Henry and James" with Simon Snow and Erik Chmielewski. Rumours are afoot that Henry and James have become missionaries in Minnesota - this radio show has been hijacked by the Reorganised Church of the New Jerusalem as espoused by the late Reverend Alfred Thursgood.

7.30 pm "Bulgarian Folk Music Variety Hour" with Simon Healy and Kate Griffith, a mixture of music, chat, what's on, reviews and interviews.

8.30 pm "The Most Talked About Radio Show in the Universe" presented by the notorious notoriety that they truly are - George Selvanera and Jo Dyer.

9.30 pm "Psychotherapy" with Piers Gillespie and Ben Burdon.

10.30 pm Celia and Priscilla present the real issues behind the Earth Summit Conference in June and will discuss the Environment movement in Adelaide with special guest Patrick O'Connor.

11.30 pm Ben, Simone and Tara bring you lots of music - a bit of local stuff - and will give you a run down of what's going down on campus and a wrap-up of current affairs.



Page 13
UNLUCKY
NUMBER.

Queer as
a
CUSTARD
APPLE!

THE EARTH MOVED

Every year, it seems we hear another talk from creationists, attacking the theory of evolution, although the situation here is not as bad as in the U.S. Over the last few years, biology (especially molecular biology, genetics and biochemistry) has tended to dominate the creationism debate, but geology still remains the nemesis of creationism. Creationists and geologists have clashed repeatedly over the years, ever since geology - as a science - broke the shackles of religious dogma and dared to suggest that the Earth was more than a few thousand years old. True, on occasion, 'scientific dogma' has held sway in geology but has always been swept away when found lacking, by continued investigation and testing. In an effort to discredit geology, biblical explanations for things geological abound. Well, it's time for geology to strike back! (I'd use the term "fight back" but that has recently taken on political overtones and having science, religion and politics in one article would be too much for anyone to bear, besides I'd probably have to increase this article by 15%). It's time for an occasional series on geological explanations of biblical phenomena.

Earthquakes have been common in the Holy land for at least the last 3000 years, with one major quacke on average every century. So it is not surprising that earthquakes are mentioned repeatedly in the Bible. Proof of the impression earthquakes made on the people of the time is given by Zechariah who mentions an earthquake over 450 years after it occurred,

"Ye shall flee, like as ye fled before the earthquake in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah.." (Zechariah 14:5)

The people of biblical times had a much closer bond with the land than people today. It is not surprising then that geological events such as earthquakes, profoundly impressed them, nor that they would be quick to ascribe a supernatural origin to them. That the bible is replete with geological events, albeit as supernatural manifestations.

A case in point is the crossing of the River Jordan and the capture of Jericho by Joshua in the late 13th Century BC. As Joshua 3:14-7 and 4:18 puts it; *"And it came to pass..when the people removed from their tents, to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the ark of the covenant before the people, and as they that bore the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bore the ark were dripped in the brine of the water..that the waters that came down from above stood and rose up upon a heap very far at the city of Adam, that is beside Zaretan: and those that came down towards the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho ...And it came to pass, when the priests that bore the ark of the covenant of the Lord were come up out of the mists of Jordan and the soles of the priests' feet were lifted up onto dry land, that the waters of the Jordan returned onto their place and flowed all over his banks as they did before."*

The clue to what's happening here is the

throw away line *"..that the waters that came down from above stood and rose up upon a heap"*, not at Jericho itself, but *"very far at the city of Adam"*. This place (the modern Damiya) is 30km north of Jericho and is central to what actually happened. For at Damiyathe Jordan River crosses a major geological feature, The Jordan Valley fault. Here, the bed of the river is very narrow and deeply incised between almost vertical walls of unconsolidated chalk of the Late Pleistocene Lisan Formation (approx. 400 000 years old). Earthquakes cause the walls to cave in and dam the river. This was well documented on numerous occasions, e.g. in 1257 AD; in 1546, where the river was cut for two days; in 1906, and again in 1927, when the cave - in formed a barrier causing the stretch of the Jordan downstream to run dry. This time took several hours for the water "heaped up" behind the barrier to break through and renew the flow. In fact Jericho itself was destroyed in the earthquake of 1033-1034 AD. It is interesting to note that one of the major fords across the Jordan was..can anyone guess ? That's right, due east of Jericho (about 7 km away). So it would only need a partial blockage of the river to cause the water level to fall and expose the ford.

It would seem plausible then, that an earthquake may well have blocked the river long enough for them to cross. This is supported by the much more famous part of this story, the collapse of the walls of Jericho shortly afterwards (the popular account has Joshua blowing a horn to destroy the walls when actually, it was a shout from the people which did it - see Joshua 6:20). This may well indicate a strong aftershock which brought the walls , already weakened by the earthquake that dammed the river, crashing down. Indeed, Psalm 114: 3-8 also records the event in classic earthquake terms, *"The sea saw it and fled Jordan was driven back The mountains skipped like rams, The hills like little lambs."*

but attributes the event to the Lord, *"Tremble though earth, at the presence of the Lord,*

at the presence of the God of Jacob; Which turned the rock into standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters."

It is evident that the link between the running dry of the river Jordan and an earthquake was understood by the psalmist. It may even be that Joshua found the walls of Jericho already destroyed and that the story has since been somewhat embellished.

Geological events are often included in bible stories to make them memorable and to emphasise points. An example that may be the burning bush story.

"..in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush:

and he looked, and behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

And Moses said, I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." (Exodus 3: 2-3)

This is a very important occasion, the first meeting of Moses with God. It is not surprising that the narrator would look for some supernatural event to emphasise the importance of the occasion. It is interesting to note that Abraham, the first Hebrew was from Ur in Mesopotamia, a country rich in gas seepages which frequently fought caught fire. In biblical times there was no concept of gases as matter. So a fire which was not sustained by any perceptible matter, nor leaving any ash residue, was looked on with awe and was considered a supernatural event. Indeed it was an important aspect of the Sumerian religion and the inspiration for the Zoroastrian fire worship in the old

Persian, Ahura - Mazda religion. Thus stories of the supernatural fires burning without consuming matter was brought by Abraham (amongst others) to Israel and transmitted orally over many generations. To be used, much later, to emphasise a very important meeting.

Next time...Sodom and Gomorrah, not so much 'fire and brimstone', more a flood and talking of floods, *The Flood*, a world wide deluge or a Sumerian wet dream ?

Main reference

Bentor, Y.K. (1989) Geological events in the bible. Terra Nova. 1 p326-338.

All biblical quotes from the King James version

Christopher Nedin





**Live at the Hollywood Palladium
Keith Richards and the X-Pensive Winos**

Keith Richards is a truly awful singer. He strains for all kind of notes rarely coming close to anything resembling "tuneful singing". Many critics, particularly the '60s worshippers at Rolling Stone, have described this as a very emotional singing style but to my ears it's just plain nausea inducing. As such, any solo project on which Richards sings would seem plagued from the start and this live album is no exception.

The album is frustrating and disappointing, containing moments of true brilliance and moments of unbelievably poor music. Richards contention that this is the second great band he's been involved with certainly rings true. The X-Pensive Winos are a versatile band capable of handling the rock and roll boogie of "I Could Have Stood You Up", the reggae two drop of "Too Rude" and sensitive ballads, all with equal conviction. And their vocal harmonies, although a little ragged, are wonderful. Performances, therefore, are not really a problem. Rather, it is the poor material. Too many of the songs are variations on the "Brown Sugar" riff. The covers such as "Too Rude" and particularly "Time is on my Side" (a version far superior to the Stones') are great, possessing all the soul and groove that the Stones have lacked in recent years. Unfortunately, a couple of good songs do not an album make and this effort can inevitably only disappoint.

Paul Lauritsen

This week in Cock Rock proudly presented by Peter "Dr Cock" Psaltis and Jeremy "Dr Rock" MacKinnon with special "Cock" writer, Stuart "Dr Cock Rock" Symons

Cock Rock Clips / Make Me Sick - The Meanies

**Horses and Hawgs
Dillinger
Liberation/Festival**

What the fuck is a "Hawg"? Was it the name of the cow that was slaughtered so that its skull could be tattooed and crucified for the cover photo of this album? Is it the name of the band's hairdresser? Their Harley Davidson serviceman? Their stable hand? Or is a "Hawg" the technical name for the tight black leather pants with the lace-up front that are worn by every respectable cock-rocker, including all 4 members of Dillinger. I'll give you a boiled lolly to clever person who can tell me what a "Hawg" is.

About the music? Well, guessing what a "Hawg" is, is much more exciting, other than to say that Jon Bon Jovi would be very, very proud of these lads.

Is a "Hawg" the name of the drummer's pet ferret? Is is the slang name for the singer-bloke's penis (giggle, giggle)? Is it the brand of hairspray that makes their perms look so fluffy? Is it the name of the fat bass-player's girlfriend? (Who said there was anything wrong with fat bass players - Wally Meanie)

**Bitch School
Spinal Tap
Single**

Well, when you're onto a good thing stick to it, but remember that when it is some form of comedy, don't flog the absolute crap out of it. Spinal Tap should have quit while they were ahead. The movie was great - a legend of its day and even now we pretentious, arrogant, try-hard rock stars need to occasionally sit down to watch the movie to put ourselves back into place. With the new single, I think it has gone too far.

The cover is a photo of a girl with fish-net stockings, a tight leather bodysuit covered with studs, buckles and chains, kneeling on all fours with a big chain going from her ankle to her wrist, around her neck and to a hand which is holding it. WARS would have a field day smashing all the record shop windows displaying the poster or selling the album. I must admit, although intended to be humorous, I think the cover is in poor taste, because your average dickhead on the street would probably look at it and think, "Yeah, man. Treat 'em mean and keep 'em keen. Yeah, man. Show us ya tits, luv".

The song itself is a cock-rock masterpiece with a fantastic teen anthem just (just wants to make you throw your fist in the air) chorus of "Bitch School", abrupt hot licks solo, very simple and predictable structure,

and rhymes that are screaming out to the ranks of Shakespeare or Keats.

*"You've been bad, don't do what I say
You don't listen, you never obey
I try to teach you, but you just won't be good
You won't behave the way a big girl should
It's time to give that whip a crack
I'm going to have to send you back
To Bitch School"*

**The FON Mixes
The Art of Noise
Liberation/Festival**

Please don't expect Tom Jones singing Prince songs on this or you will be disappointed. This is a different Art of Noise; a collection of techno dance mixes by some of Britain's more notorious DJs, including Carl Cox, Rhymatic and 808 State's Graham Massey.

The rhythms are, at times, intense and hypnotic, even if it is occasionally difficult to tell the tracks apart. Industrial beats and mechanical sounds stand out at times, and the whole album drives along with relentless charisma. And, yes, there are enough weird noises to keep things interesting.

Overall, although it is a bit of a novelty item, if you are a fan of either techno or The Art of Noise, this may well be worth a listen.

Damien Spry

**Ramwhale
Clawhammer
Sympathy FTRI**

The second thing you notice when you listen to this record is what it *doesn't* sound like. You know, you buy a record, put it on the turntable (oops, CD player for you wankers who enjoy paying \$8 more for the same recording), and think, "Gee, that sounds like so and so". Well, I'll give my Jeff Dahl records to anyone who can make a comparison with Clawhammer that sticks. No one else is this manic!

The first thing you notice is John Wahl's unmistakable, unforgettable and totally unique vocals. He's either genuinely insane or just a little hyperactive. No need to say "sing it agin, this time with feeling" to Mr Wahl.

I know I'm fudging the issue here, but adequately describing Clawhammer's sound is not simple. This is not to say they are a mish-mash of borrowed styles, or play one techno track followed by speed metal. Clawhammer are a totally unique and beautiful creature. The production on 'Ramwhale' is such that Clawhammer can be heard at their best. If you get the chance, listen to this through headphones and hear the guitars, one in either ear. Genius - no wanking.

This record packs plenty of punch with adequate growl, but it certainly isn't three chord thrash. I'd suggest you have a look at this one. As one happy Californian punter exclaimed, "Fuck Seattle, we've got Clawhammer". I'm inclined to agree - who needs Sub Pop sludge rock when you can have these guys?

DJK

**Smoke and Strong
Whiskey
Christy Moore
SBS Records**

Irish Folk music is hardly going to interest the run-of-the-mill university student, although considering the increase in crumbles (mature-age students) perhaps there is reason to write a sentence or two.

Christy Moore has certainly developed a name for himself over his long and celebrated career, he has produced 21 albums, this one being his latest, quite an achievement to say the least!

The 10 songs on the album are all very interesting, if not for the music, but certainly for the politically minded lyrics. There is a deep message about Ireland and its social and political problems in almost every song.

Objectively speaking, it's very good music. Personally, it's a tad langweilig.

Carl Paczak

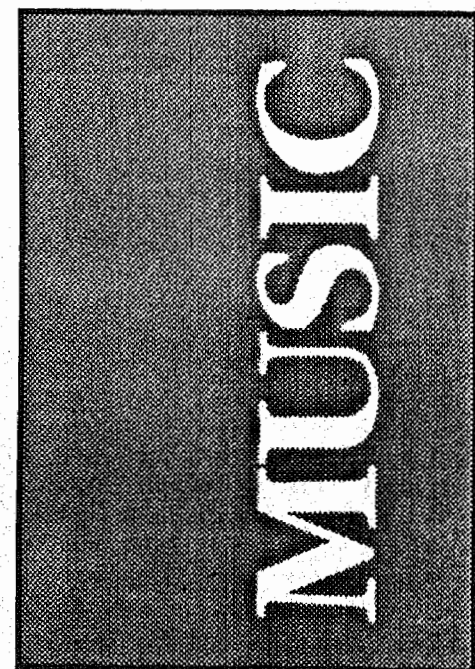
**Black Eyed Man
Cowboy Junkies
BMG/RCA**

The Cowboy Junkies should all be one big happy family after releasing this album, with Margo, Michael and Peter; Timmons on vox, guitar and drums respectively, also with Alan Anton on bass.

What a good album, it consists of really mellow, background type songs, in a sort of country-pop style with blues influences. The female vocalist has a great voice and she is supported by the rest of the talented musicians in the band, all helping to top off this wonderfully consistent album. All the songs are listenable, particularly three brilliant songs: "Oregon Hill", "The Last Spike" and "This Street, That Man, This Life".

Unlike most country style music, the lyrics on this album do not follow the formula, although at times the lyrics are a bit ordinary, they are refreshingly original and meaningful. It's the type of music that you put on when you don't feel like listening to anything else in your collection, but it still warrants a listen, and provides a good one. Please consider.

Carl Paczak



This week in cock rock



Go Back to Your Woods
Robbie Robertson
CD Maxi Single

Robbie Robertson is one of those artists who doesn't release an album unless he feels he has something to say. He is a talented songwriter but unfortunately feels the need to sing his own songs. This is a real pity because "Go Back to Your Woods" and "Broken Arrow" are quite pleasant little ditties ruined by Robertson's grating, breathy, rasp. There are no saving graces for "Sign of the Rainbow", although Aaron Neville's falsetto background vocals are pleasant.

For fans only.
 Paul Lauritsen

Amazing Stories
The Revelators
Sony

Why is money wasted on this type of stuff? It doesn't help the hundreds of struggling bands sloggin' it out in the pubs trying desperately to get that big break. Amazing Stories is though a completely self-indulgent piece of muso-wank from Joe Camilleri and friends, sounding much like the Travelling Wilburys (with the "Big Q" in his present rotting state). Barnsey can do it, because he's God. Joe should have never considered reflecting his glory.

Jase
 P.S. The cover is an excellent ploy to get resident fans to at least have a peep.

Life is a Highway
Tom Cochrane
EMI
Single

Mega-tuff Canadian rocker, Tom Cochrane, has literally redefined the term profound just in the title of his luscious new single, "Life is a Highway", released this week through EMI. What depths and hidden prophecies that lie within these four words can really only be left up to the stark imagination of an avid KA-FM listener to reveal, whilst smoking menthol cigarettes and tea leaves in a bus stop at midnight. "Life is a Highway" is abundant with your standard mix of recycled chords, dull and heartless vocals, ridiculously loud backing singers and even has a harmonica thrown in for good measure to make it distinct from any Bryan Adams song in the Top 40 at the

moment. Even the photo on the sleeve is rather boring - Tom looks to be around his mid thirties, and about to break down and cry. He also has quite an uncanny resemblance to fellow talentless Canadian Bryan Adams, but really, who cares?
 Sean Humphries

Hail, Bol, American
FOM
Raw Records
Single (3 songs)

The media release says that FOM doesn't stand for any wise-ass pun that I might be thinking up right now, so after about ten listens, some detailed research and many calls to the band manager, I have in fact uncovered the real name of FOM. Even though I may be risking my life by letting this top-secret piece of information out, my dedication to the cause of music calls me to do my duty. *Fucking Ordinary Music*. If *Fucking Ordinary Music* is the *Future Of Music*, then God help us (especially the five guys from FOM).

John Smith (C.P.)
 P.S. Any band who's lyrics include "I wanna be an American" deserves a bad review!

UH-OH
David Byrne
WEA

David Byrne is a musician for autuers. He is eclectic, a synthesist, and modestly obscure. With a passion for rhythm and a sense for compromised, angular pop, he has crafted two albums that appropriately and effectively combine these two musical streams. The first, *Rei Momo* (released in 1989), was reverent tribute to the former and his love for Brazilian styles and instruments. The second, *UH-OH* is a pronounced return to the pop one associates with his Talking Heads days. Still, the two are siblings; different, but unmistakably related.

UH-OH is a relaxed yet energetic album. The material moves from sinister and angry and to playful and circus-like but is uniformly jaunty and brash. The controlled exuberance Byrne achieves draws upon pronounced, inventive funk baselines, a dynamic rhythm section, plenty of brass and Byrne's ideosyncratic, loopy singing (to match his equal quirky lyrics). For all its geity and eccentricity the songs are clearly carpentered to a design, through without ever compromising either vision or spontaneity. *Rei Momo* was an unreserved success, whatever its limited appeal for the pop market. *UH-OH*, its reverse reflection

musically, is equally potent.

Closet Classics Volume I
The More Protein Sampler
Virgin Records

O' what a heavenly, wonderful tape! First, let me say that it is absolutely perfect for those of you out there with any form of learning difficulties (i.e. 99% of the University population, though these problems can probably be attributed to boring lectures/lecturers, a monstrous library and a strange reluctance to turn up at lectures). You see, the producers/writers of this tape have got together and made it marvellously simple to learn the 'songs' on it, mostly through the ingenious method of using the same synthesized drum beat as the basis of each of the eleven pieces of 'music'. In addition to this, they have thoughtfully kept the lyrics to a minimum (i.e. no more than ten words per song, with each of these containing no more than two syllables), whilst maintaining, of course, listener awareness by putting across just brilliant messages like:

"Love is a master of disguise, coming to me like a danger sign

First you laugh and then you cry, Love is a master of disguise."

Now, that's what I like to see - the presence of social issues in modern music. How else

are we to reach 'the kids of today'?

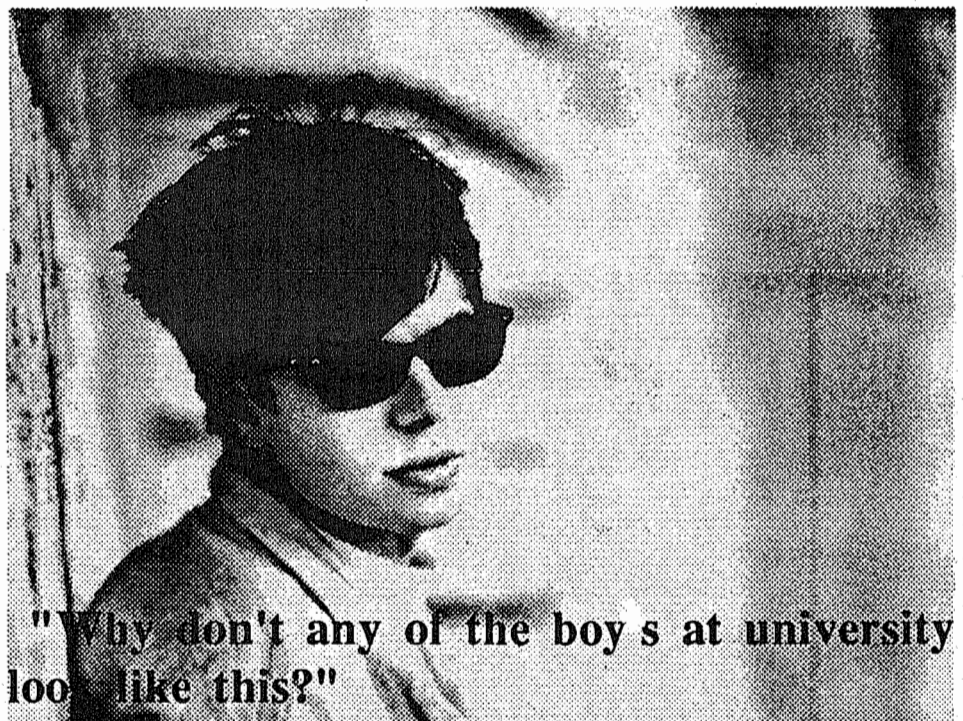
The song titles were fairly obvious. An example of this is "Generations of Love (la la gone gaga mix)". No surprises here. In fact, if you were even vaguely literate, the song title would provide you with the entire lyric sheet for this little gem of a tune.

The group's talented enough to have the opportunity to lend their names to this collective masterpiece, were 'E-zee posse', 'mc kinky', Jesus loves you (remember that song you used to have to sing every week at Sunday School?), 'I-sus ad', 'Jagdeep Singh' and many many more! (I sincerely hope that this has enlightened you somewhat, because to be perfectly honest I actually know fuck all about dance music. However, I pride myself on hiding this fact very well.) Even the old Ziggy S himself helped to pen one of these musical extravaganzas.

So, if you're looking for a tape that can be played at the worst of clubs/parties/anything - your search is over. Just purchase the one with the inexplicable religious pics on the cover.

BS
 P.S. This is just volume I. This sounds distinctly threatening to me, so I shall be placing a petition in the Sewer in an attempt to prevent the further releasing of any similar/more material from these sadists.

P.P.S. Okay, so *maybe* it is *possible* that *some* of this music has a kind of 'niceness' - but you'd have to get me pretty bloody blotto before I'd admit it.



"Why don't any of the boys at university look like this?"

Mysterio
Ian McCulloch
WEA

Once upon a time, Ian McCulloch was a cult hero. As frontman of Echo and the Bunnymen, he gained legions of adoring fans with his sharp tongue, good looks, and incredible voice. Billy Bragg once said: "Mac is a pop star 24 hours a day". That was all in the early to mid eighties, now in 1992, he's back. He still has the sharp tongue and one of the best voices in pop, but is he still cool?

Mysterio was named after a bad guy from Spiderman comics and the cover art looks like a cross between an early Elvis Costello and an early Psychedelic Furs album, i.e. very tacky early eighties. However, don't let this put you off, the content isn't that bad. Pete De Freitas (the Bunnymen's drummer) said Mac had a vision of himself as crooner in 1984 when he released "September Song" a solo single. Well, eight years' later it's happened. The first single from Mysterio is a cover of Leonard Cohen's "Lover, Lover, Lover" and Mac's vocal performance is brilliant confirming his status as a first class crooner.

The rest of the songs on the album were written by McCulloch himself. "Honey Drip" sounds like a Lou Reed song without the street wise drug and kinky sex references (if that's possible). "Heaven's Gate" has Roddy Frame playing guitar, and Mac sounds like Bono and this is the man that once said U2 was "just music for plumbers and bricklayers". Other tracks worthy of a mention are "Damnation", "Magical World", and "Dug for Love" which will be the next single (I think!).

Mysterio is a good album without being brilliant. It isn't as depressing as "Candleland" (his first solo offering which was written just after the death of his father and Pete De Freitas) but shows none of the originality of the Bunnymen, basically it is just-enjoyable. Ian McCulloch may well be the Harry Connick Jr of the pop scene.

Richard Vowles

ANGELIQUE KIDJO

Angelique Kidjo was born in Benin, a tiny ex-colony of France in West Africa. She moved to Paris in 1980 after a rather musical childhood including singing and dancing for Benin's Theatre Group (directed by her mother) since the age of six, and later with the Kidjo brothers band. As the name suggests, female performers were not popular in West Africa, traditionally men were the only entertainers.

Now, based in Paris, and a recording contract with Mango, her music is very commercial, even though she sings in her native African language. Possibly something to do with the fact that her latest album *Logozo* is produced by Joe Galdo (ex Miami Sound Machine). I asked her what it was like being a modern musician before she left Benin, "Being a traditional musician is easier than being a modern musician because people think that making music with instruments is not a job, and there is no consideration for you if you are doing it."

OD: Is there much prejudice against female performers in Benin, making it hard to succeed as a performer?

AK: Yeah...Basically yeah

OD: How has living in Paris influenced your music?

AK: How I see it, how I see the scene of music there is that people have to have more open eyes and ears to other things, only a kind of category of people listen to our kind of music, not all of them. And the good thing about Yossou N'Dour, Salif Keita or me is that our music can be listened to by a large public and what we want it to be

and where we want it to go. But it's very difficult to get a large public - you have to make a different kind of work on it. So we are working on it and perhaps it might come.

OD: So you couldn't do what you're doing now if you'd stayed in Africa?

AK: No it's a pity but it's like this...There's no structure for that. The Governments in Africa don't think that culture can be a good image for them, and their politics, they don't think about that.

OD: Why doesn't the African Government think of it as something to promote?

AK: Just because it's not in the mentalities of the people. Music is a part of daily life there, there is music any time of the day - you have music for weddings, for parties, for everything - everything involves singing. So it's so close to the people that they don't think it may be exportable.

OD: Not something worth money

AK: Yes, exactly

OD: Is the atmosphere in Paris more conducive to world music?

AK: Yeah, people are curious and interested by world music, because if they want it or not, Paris is the place where everybody has to go for it. The country has a lot of ex colonies so first, because of the language, people come first there, and then people start it there.

OD: Has world music been around for a long time in Europe?

AK: Yep. It has always been there but it's now that people are ready to get used to this music. Because it's different and people have to get used to it, and

now they think that they are ready to listen to that kind of music, that's why we hear about it now only - but it has always been there.

OD: And what about how to define World Music?

AK: All the music in the world are World Music, right through from Classical to Jazz.

OD: Now the old cliché; is your music political? What do you want to tell the world?

AK: What I want to talk to the people is that for them not to forget that they are still human beings because

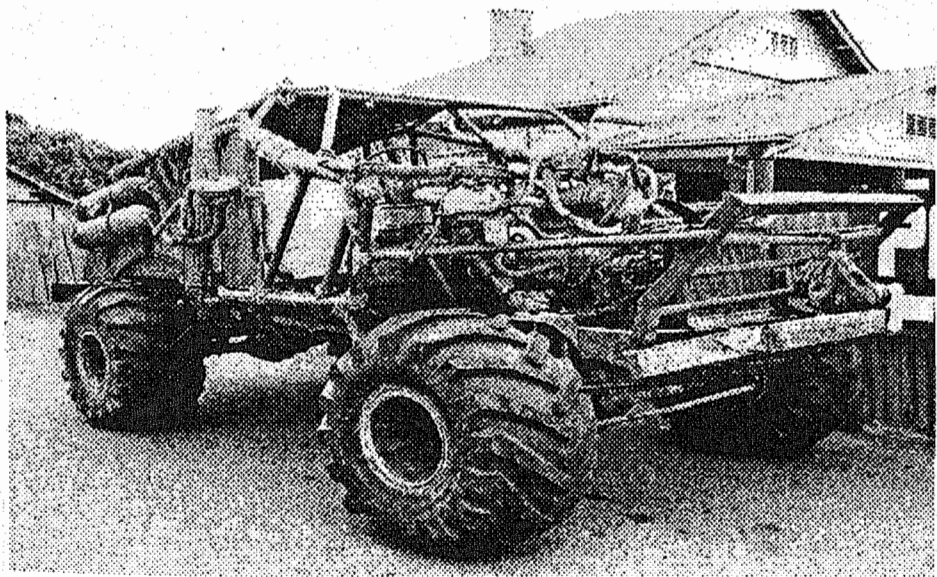
I have a feeling that people forget that they are first human beings...Everybody has to be involved in what's happening anywhere in the world.

Angelique Kidjo has one show in Adelaide, on her Australian tour. This Saturday night the 11th of April, at the Old Lion. Tickets are \$22, but the first 2 people to call into On Dit receive a double pass each, thanks to Michael Bonython.

Jesse Reynolds



Wheelnuts



Welcome to WHEELNUTS, On Dit's new and exclusive guide to student motoring. Once a fortnight throughout the year, WHEELNUTS will appear where you see it now. We will test drive sports cars and scooters, new and second hand cars ranging from the ubiquitous Beetle to the mighty Monaro. There will be general motoring tips, legal advice, Formula One reviews, and advice on how to deal with second hand cars salesmen. Wheelnuts' staff will drive and review Adelaide's most popular and

demanding driving roads and much, much more. In all, if you drive a car or ride a scooter, WHEELNUTS is for you.

Today, we review the much sought after 1969 Fiat 124 AC. The AC is the first of the 124 range. It was released during that wonderful era when Alfa Romeo were producing the 1750 and 2000 GTV's (cars which WHEELNUTS shall review and compare in weeks to come) and when the ever popular MG Bs began to grace the streets of Europe. Raised single headlights, stainless steel trimmings, an uncluttered

interior and Ferrari Dino derived proportions make this car very easy on the eye. The single carburettor, twin cam, 1400 cc motor is a little singer. It lacks low rev torque, wakes up at 3500 revs and only really springs to life at about 4200. The twin cam happily climbs up to 6500 where it finds most of its power. It is a noisy little engine and a pleasure to listen to; worth keeping the stereo volume down for. This was one of the first commercially used twin cam engines. Sweet as it is, the 1400's power is far from frightening. Straight line speed is acceptable but this engine won't get you into much trouble through corners. Superb handling is undoubtedly the number one feature of the AC; something which cannot be said of its 1600 and 1800 counterparts. The car sits low and turns flat with a touch of understeer giving the driver extra control. The pedals hang down in a well placed configuration allowing for easy heel-toe change downs. The car was one of the first to employ four wheel disc brakes, standard on modern sports cars. The AC came with both 4 and 5 speed gearboxes, the fifth gear being modelled on that used by Porsche at the time. Both gear boxes are easy to use, with nice short (but not silly) throw between gears. A driver's car.

As a rule of thumb, cars give most problems when they're either very new or very old. Buying old Fiats is fraught with danger. In the late sixties and early seventies, Fiat purchased and used cheap metal from the Soviet Union. This metal deteriorates quickly and has given Fiat a notorious reputation for rust. As a buyer, it is crucial to look for structural rust as well as su-

perficial rust ... rust replacement is every expensive. Replacement parts are quite hard to find and are often quite expensive ... but style always has a price. These problems are common to old European cars. One has to be philosophical about this. There probably isn't a single 124 on the road without rust ... the skill is in finding one which is not too far gone. The 124s are priced anywhere between \$1,000 to \$5,000. Be patient and look at a number of them before deciding the best deal. Best to buy fairly cheap and immediately spend money on suspension system and engine re-build ... then you know what you're driving. When buying a second hand car, *always* insist on having it inspected by a mechanic. Many of the 124s have had illegal welding done on them and a good mechanic will be able to point out the shonky work.

Alfresco cruise rating - 6 out of 10. (Score applies for 124 in original condition, passing up through second gear to a minimum of 4500 revs into a quick third.) A stylish sportster, but not long, wide, or loud enough to draw attention away from the cappuccinos.

Next time: WHEELNUTS reviews the incredibly popular, incredibly boring, but incredibly practical Toyota Corona.

Happy motoring.

WHEELNUTS TIP OF THE WEEK: An appropriate first tip ... When you're lucky enough to get a flat tyre, don't forget to loosen the wheelnuts *before* jacking up the car.



MOVEMENT

On 10th April, 1991, Movement made their public debut. On 10th April, 1992, they'll be celebrating their first anniversary and the year that was. Fiona Dalton speaks to three of the happy foursome.

Photo: Andrew Noble.

Waiting for Movement. This is not the crap, bowel-connected reference one may assume. No, it's what is happening to me: a drizzly, gloomy, cold Saturday morning and I'm standing in the middle of town waiting for local indie stars, Movement. Movement are late. This poses no problem whatsoever except that a young lad resplendent in a Cure t-shirt has walked past me four times in the last five minutes and I'm starting to distrust my memory of what various band members look like. I'm just about to consider approaching this lone figure when the cheery face of keyboard player Kate Eckermann breaks through the crowd, saving me from near certain embarrassment. Phew! Remarkably, all this is strangely fitting and significant in the story that tells the evolution of Movement. Equipped with their espousal of Cure-esque guitar moods and subtle melodies, they have come to rescue Adelaide, if not the world. Indeed, a spritely one year old, the band have managed to grab the Adelaide local scene around the neck and give it a good shaking, or rather a polite talking to. Which is, funnily enough, exactly what they do to me when I mention the plentiful Cure/Joy Division tags they have been graced with. Vocalist/guitarist Ben Wineh rolls his eyes and slumps back in his chair. "Bloody hell," he sighs resignedly, "Actually, I don't really mind the Cure thing when I think about it because all the other groups in Adelaide get indie tags put on them, so we're going to be tagged as something." Bassist Reed Cathcart has a theory:

"For anything new to happen, I think it has to be influenced by something further back than what's happening at the time. The Cure happened in the 80's and we're happening now."

Ben: "I'm so sick of the New Order comparisons, though, there's only been a few, but the only thing I can see that is slightly similar is that Reed plays his bass up high sometimes ..."

"And we don't even have 'wow' on it!" Reed exclaims, doing his best verbal impersonation of New Order's bass sound. He falls back into his chair and sips his hot chocolate looking baffled. Ben continues:

"I suppose the other thing is that our name is Movement and that's a New Order album," he leans over the table and conspiratorially lowers his voice, "... but the thing is - I hate that album."

Things are looking good. Our story begins a little over a year ago when school friends Ben and Reed meet drummer Dexter, write "a few decent songs" and decide to advertise for a keyboard player.

Kate: "I saw the notice in a record shop and I was attracted to it, there was this special bond ..."

They laugh, Ben continues: "And what did the notice say? It said 'Wanted: long haired male with tight denim jeans to play in Bon Jovi cover band. Long hair essential. Skill not! Ha ha ha ha!'"

Kate: "and I went home that night, and I rang the number."

And so Movement were formed, a band three squillion miles away from the LA rawk, hot licks tribute that is Bon Jovi. Or maybe not. "We played at Colonnades Tavern," chirps Kate, "for battle of the bands last year - it was hideous!"

"It was terrible," Ben agrees, "There were all these guys yelling out for Cold Chisel, so I told them one of our songs was called Bow River. But, er, it wasn't."

Their first gig, however, was at the Lord Melbourne in early April last year, which was followed by a residency until the hotel's

closure in July. Three shows into said residency, they recorded their first demo with songs "So Deep Inside" and the eerie "Solitude", issued it to venues and radio stations alike and soon after gigs in places such as Le Rox and the Austral were forthcoming. The demo was also greeted with open arms at Triple M where "So Deep Inside" was given a hero's welcome, staying in the Top 21 for two months. Furthermore, when the second demo was recorded in September, its swirling "Forever" debuted at No 2 and became a fixture in the Top 21 for three months.

Ben: "I think we're very lucky to have Triple M, they've given us a lot more than we could get without them, that's for sure. If you get played a lot on Triple M, then people think there's some point in coming to see you." But there experience with the airwaves does not end there. Songs from the demos have been played on SUV as well as Melbourne's 3PBS and the Australian music show on Triple J.

This radio support should now increase to previously unseen heights with the advent of their newest demo which includes "The Beach", one of the first songs Ben ever wrote at the tender age of 15. Another of the songs included is the beautiful "With You", a song so jam packed with moods, the moment we hear the guitar/bass bit at the start. The more impressionable among us are likely to be reduced to tears one moment and the next grinning like the recipients of a rather large bunch of flowers. Or something. Ben agrees: "Yeah, we only have on love song and that's it, it's also the only 'up' song we have. I don't like the standard love song thing." But "With You" isn't the only Movement song that can induce mood swings, many of their tunes are complicated swathes of earnest self reproach and thoughtfulness then contentedness the next. Unsurprisingly, this makes for one bloody long song. They explain to me that "The Drowning Waves" from the first demo started out as 12 minutes and had to be cut to 7. Long, however, but

not epic. Ben seems glad. "Lots of times Reed and I will have about three ideas and we'll make them into one because by themselves they sound, like, a bit bland. I hate two minute pop songs, we've got one two and a half minute pop song, "Forever". But generally, I don't like that sort of thing - you're left at the start feeling exactly the same as at the start."

So, do you only write when you're feeling really strangely about something?

"No, well, I don't know about Reed, but for me when I'm feeling really strangely about something, I think, 'Oh, I should write something now, it might be really good'. But then I try and I get sick of it and I go to sleep instead."

So, you're not purposely thought provoking? Reed: "A lot of people say that they find the instrument bits like that ... they like the way we make use of our instruments."

Ben: "With the lyrics, I don't try to be thought provoking like Bono, I try to use images in the lyrics rather than just voice." Phew! Heavy stuff. But before you get the wrong impression, this is not a band lacking in humour. This is a band whose bass player pulls a bizarre facial expression they call 'The Lizard'. This is a band who each have several amusing 'joke bands' on the side. This is certainly no collection of glum introverted teenagers, razor blade in one hand and Goth Handbook in the other, which proves the point that thought provoking does not equal depressing.

At this point, a waitress comes to clear our dishes and squeals in delight at the 'cute little tapeplayer - do you use that to record your lectures?' We um and er a bit and then she notices that it's recording, "Ooh, sorry," she blushes scuttling out; "That's OK," says Ben, "we'll put your name in Smash Hits."

Which leads us to talk of Rat Cat (or Cat Crap as they are affectionately renamed) and their torrid rise from garage simpletons to Smash Hits type stars, and er, back to the garage again.

Reed: "I wish it would happen to us! ... Um, I think it's good for them but I can't understand it, I can't condone it."

Ben: "Their music is different from most things, I suppose, in that it's so simple, so incredibly meatheaded that it made an impact."

Kate: "But look how quickly everyone's got sick of it, though."

Ben: "Well, it's so immediate, you hear it and then three minutes later it's stuck in your head and you're sick of it."

Which is exactly what Movement are not about. When I ask them about the future they bombard me with all their plans and ideas ... inclusion on an Adelaide local music compilation, selling copies of the demo at shows and sending it off to a wide array of record companies. They would love to release something but not have to go through the names of independent distribution. "If we have to we will," Ben explains, "but I don't think it works very well, you just can't promote it enough." Reed smiles broadly considering the question, "It would be nice to get to the point where we didn't have to do the work, where people would say 'right, go and play that show.' I like the thought of one day, and I'm serious, of not having to get up so early in the morning."

Judging by the past year's hubub of activity then, the coming year could, and should, bring them plenty of sleep ins.

Movement play their one year anniversary show at Le Rox this Friday, 10th April with guests the Violets, Happy Patch and Empty World. On Dit has lots of free passes to give away. Just come in and say you want

Fiona Dalton

MASTER SARAFINA OF PUPPETS

No Right Angles in Paradise
Handspan Theatre
Cottage Theatre
Season Closed

"No Right Angles in Paradise" was the most beautiful show I saw during the Adelaide Festival. If I am lucky then images from the show will stay with me forever.

Part of the show is Black Theatre Puppetry, where the puppeteers are completely hidden from view, and this is the source of beauty. Puppets are like children, small versions of ourselves, so we think of them as such. When we see them doing something that looks like us we are moved beyond measure by this emergence of new life. This is why all babies and most puppets are 'cute' but this word understates the reality.

The performers who handle the puppets do so brilliantly. I did believe that the puppets were real, so human were their movements, and this is the highest praise you can give a puppeteer. The puppets themselves were exquisitely well crafted. 'The Boy' was a wire frame torso with solid arms and legs, a hollow head that the performers could put things in and he had a painted face. Winston Appleyard was the main controller of The Boy while Michelle Spooner and Katy Bowman handled the other smaller puppets. These other puppets had no faces but still seemed real.

Black art magic is the other part of the show with Sam Angelico playing The Magister. He was the world champion of comedy magic in 1987 and proved it to the audience. My favourite moment was when he drew a silk scarf from his pocket, turned around and extended his arm nearly three metres into the audience. The Magister is the only visible performer during the show and neither he nor the puppets say a single word.

Ken Evans both directed and designed the show and it was his idea to bring these black arts together, along with some robotic props, to tell the story of The Sorcerer's Apprentice. This tells how a magician creates and educates a boy. We saw him learn about the elements of life, including: the pursuit of dreams; the cruelty of love; and the renewal of broken hearts. Throughout all, The Magister teaches this apprentice magic and the discipline that goes with it. When he can be taught no more The Boy is sent out into the world while The Magister keeps an image of him in his personal world.

On each side of the stage there was an intricately decorated pillar and furniture giving a definite Gothic feel. This was added to by the costume and make-up of The Magister and his spontaneous evil laughter and the appearances of a tiny devil. On the left was the case which contained The Magister's world and on the right was a chair with a hidden jewel and a simple table. All of this framed the smoky darkness where the

action took place with puppetry, magic and comedy - all black.

The total effect of the show was only slightly flawed by a few technical problems. The smoke didn't hang in the right places to totally obscure the performers and show the lighting because of draughts in the theatre. A prop fell off a spinning wheel and another wasn't in The Magister's pocket but all these were minor enough not to detract from enjoyment of the show.

The show is almost completely visual, with just some music in the background, and I think it comes close to being performance art. The effect of the layered images built up with powerful symbolism is very challenging and can be interpreted in many ways.

If you missed out on "No Right Angles on Paradise" you can catch it at the Kawaguchi World Fusion Festival in Japan. If that is a little bit out of the way for you then Handspan is doing "Gulliver's Travels" with the Melbourne Theatre company from June in Melbourne. If it is even half as good as "No Right Angles in Paradise" it will be brilliant.

Jon Boomsma



Sarafina!
The Lincoln Theatre
(New York)
and Committed Artists
(Johannesburg)

Right, I demand to speak to whoever is in charge; I want to be reincarnated with voices like the singers in Sarafina! Immediately! When Serpati Sothoane (Sarafina) sustained a note, it belted out with such force and clarity, you'd swear she was sitting next to you; no mean feat, when you consider we were at the back in the balcony! Whey sang "Mama", dedicated to the Memory of Victoria Mxenge, an activist attorney hacked to death in front of her children, the sadness of this waste pervaded every note. And when the vibrant teacher, Mistress It's a Pity (Velaphi Mnisi) led the cast in some of the traditional African songs, the sound was triumphal and joyous.

When you consider that these incredibly talented kids have lived in the shadows of the abhorrent institution of Apartheid and they depict a period of shame and abomination for South Africa, the 1976 Sharpeville student massacre, the contrast is pretty striking. In fact, the Bantu Separate education policy by which the Afrikaaners divide and rule the black people, the blood-drenched history of white domination and the oppressive state of affairs in South Africa are causes for lament, far from joy, one would think; but this is the music of liberation, looking forward to a day and time of liberation, and as such, it is powerful, hopeful and possessed of a life force that embraces the good, not dwelling on the bad.

It is the music in Sarafina that remains with the audience, rather than the storyline. The action revolves around the High School attended by "Colgate" and Sarafina. Sarafina is the class favourite, for her boundless

enthusiasm, energy and knowledge of the need for, and direction of, change in South Africa. A typical day of algebra, history and language is transformed by the startling rendition of the Lord's Prayer, the likes of which no white church would ever have been graced with! The exuberance of the young actors makes it hard to believe the oppression under which they live day to day. Sarafina is detained by the police, further on, which brings to the forefront the militant state of affairs. But again, she returns "stronger than ever". The tone of the performance is focused again on positive thinking and never giving in.

There is a student massacre which wreaks devastating consequences in loss of life for a group of students and the dirge sung at the funeral is moving and mournful.

Yet, Act II sees the students readjust their sights, ever fixed on hope of liberation and a number of them are vying for the part of Nelson Mandela in the school concert. This juxtaposition of the tragic waste and a seemingly hopeless situation with the fervour and conviction and hope of Mandela and his message, reiterates the refusal by any of the characters to let the oppression triumph.

The school concert, which is the final scene, is phenomenal. Not only is the singing loud and ecstatic, but the dancing fills the space with vibrant colour and frenetic energy. The traditional African costumes are visually stunning, matched only by the immensely powerful young voices. "Sarafina" has been, from start to finish, a demonstration, a shout of protest, but one with a voice full of hope, so that when it sings "Freedom is coming tomorrow", you believe it.

Mel Sander

ROUGH

Rough as Cow's Tongue
Dennis Murphy
Lion Theatre
Season Closed

We got to the Fringe Centre early and had a few beers. I was in a good mood and ready to be entertained. I went up to the doorway and told them I was there to review the show. After a brief search for my tickets they let us in without them and took us down to a table close to the stage.

The theatre started to fill up and we got more drinks. Hundreds of people were crowding inside and I was surprised because I didn't think tall tales from the Ozarks would be so popular. I was right. I'd accidentally walked in to the last performance of "Stomp". I didn't want to see them again and I had a show to review so we casually got up and walked over to the right show.

The Ozarks are a mountain range that runs through the Northern part of Arkansas in the United States. Lyin' Cecil Bayers is a hog farmer from that neck of the woods and he got his name for a reason. He told about

winds that blow the farms into town and watermelons that can float to market on their own juice.

"Rough as a Cow's Tongue" is not comedy in its truest sense. It is comedy but you don't get it until about a week later. It'll be a couple of days now before I know if I had a good time or not. This is because Dennis Murphy is a Storyteller and not a comedian. He is experimenting with this art which has yet to become popular in Australia. He is very entertaining and the tales he tells are as tall as they come.

Dennis Murphy is the puppeteer behind Murphy's Puppets and his interest on the Ozark dialect started when he spent some time there as a boy. He has used this accent and traditional folk tales to create a show which is wonderfully inventive and only loses momentum in one or two places.

The show is 115 Kilometres long (that's how far you can drive in the time it takes him to tell his stories) and as long as you don't ever go to see him expecting a comedian you'll enjoy Dennis Murphy regardless of the story he's telling.

Jon Boomsma

FRESH AIR



The Elements of Chaos

Music surrounds and encapsulates the audience progressively getting louder like lying in bed at night listening to the storm outside. As the storm begins to rage, the dischordinated music plays symbolic of "the elements of chaos".

The programme uses recorders, strings and percussion instruments so to emphasise the chaos which eventually subsides to produce serene harmony.

Believe it or not, it worked and worked wonderfully. The recorder produced a magnificent melifluous delight; a far cry from the ear piercing trills and screeches of primary school recorder closes.

As a sceptic of recorder days in the uncontrollable classroom it was just beautiful to hear the tenor and treble recorders played so as to compliment as well as being complimented by the other instruments producing mystical music filling St Peter's Cathedral.

Joanna Dudley, artistic director and principle recorder formed Fresh Air to increase the scope for performing with

recorders in many different periods and styles. It certainly achieved this. Different pieces, from Anonymous 9th Century Turkish works composed in the Middle Ages to contemporary to even modern work composed by a composition and electronic music student at Elder Conservatorium, Peter McIlwain for Jo Dudley, musically depicted the element of fire, water, earth and wind.

St Peter's Cathedral was full. An anxious audience awaited the new sounds of Fresh Air. St Peter's perhaps even had more people filling the pews than an ordinary Sunday Mass.

Just sit there, close your eyes, and let the music, the "Fresh Air" come over you. Enjoyment and appreciation of contemporary, new combinations of instruments such as strings, percussion and recorders is nearing. Never had I thought recorders had the capacity to demonstrate each of the four elements so well. From the flowing of water to the heat and passion of enflamed fire to the stillness and isolation and yet rage of wind. At times the percussion work, created by the group for the venue provided the background music that would have suited a Hari Krishna gathering yet provided contrast for the recorder.

A breath of "Fresh Air". Work those fingers, Jo.

Allison Wicks

GOING TROPPO

Tropical Sound Nexus Cabaret

Esto No Vale Can Nada

Latin American music is something I know next to nothing about, but in the beige surroundings of the new Nexus Cabaret, my eyes were opened to the delights of this passionate, sexy, sweaty sound of Southern America. Or at least, this is what I hoped would happen. Instead, my companion and I were treated to a half-dozen latino-look gentlemen in white trousers and Hawaiian print shirts, all the way from the depths of wildest Edwardstown! Here's the verbatim script from the night:

Like most other Fringe performances (so I believe), this group didn't start until late - it's now half an hour after their official kick-off time and it appears that apart from some curious stragglers, MMM listeners and family, no one else is here. Yes, the lights work, the backdrop is very theatrical and the muzac sets the mood, but the crowds all seem to be either in the Fringe courtyard, or at Womadelaide.

But no matter! The band is on the stage and I'm waiting in breathless anticipation for the first song of the Andes to thrill me ... my God, it's an Eric Clapton song! Perhaps they're softening us up - this must be a concession to our post-colonial, Kylie-influenced musical tastes. They can't throw us into the deep end of the centuries-old tradition of the Latino steel guitar - but as the second song starts and the families (at the request of the lead singer) gets up to dance to an unintelligible Spanish-sounding number, I'm treated to a stunning ethnic cottonprint whirl and I can almost smell the fresh mountain air.

The round from a couple of cranked-up Fender amps did nothing to bring out the depth and warmth of the music and Nexus' bare brick walls only increase the jangliness. This band has to be a natural for the Steve Vizard show, failing that, there are many RSL balls in the suburbs which would lend warmth to their sound - the Desi Arnaz show band wouldn't learn anything from them, but maybe my Western ethnocentricity leads me to arch criticism.

By now, we've realised that this band is not a typical tropical latin band, despite the name - for one thing, the use of electric guitars and a standard drum kit lead them into the "cross over" field. Exactly what has been crossed with what is, however, a moot point. On the bright side, my companion thought the bass player was quite good. And he played the bass quite well, too. We strongly suspected that these guys had a cover of that immortal ditty "Guantanamera" (you know, the tune used for that immortal philosophical classic, "On Bertrand Russell, there's only one Bertrand Russell"?) up their baggy short sleeves.

In spite of all this, the (small) dance floor is now quite crowded - getting the family up to dance has heartened a lot of the crowd who've been attracted by the sounds of the south and I can see a post-hippy couple limp-wristedly swaying, ladies in high heels teetering, and my beer glass has emptied. Perhaps this would be fun after all? But no - the very next song, while admittedly of Latin influence is ... La Bamba. The hippy couple have discovered some new 70s energy and the band, building on this new high in their audience, turn the amps up, and with the feedback screaming, launch into the Beatles' Twist and Shout. This was their pre-break finale, and as the last screaming

note died away, Huelio Iglesias bit the PA and my companion and I ran for the exit for a smoke, along with every other thinking member of the crowd.

The second half of the set started much the same as the first, only this time it was a song made famous by an advertisement. The single girls cast themselves around in their most comely manner, the maraccas shook, the amps buzzed and the Hawaiian-print shirts stuck to flabby bodies and the Nexus club lived up to its name as Himalyan, Chilean, Mexican, Australian and Edwardstown influences came together in a whirl of happy new world colour.

And now - a new concept - Limbo! This would seem to be the Latin American equivalent of the Madison and lots of people seem to be bending over backwards to have some fun. The obligatory broom handle is produced and the broomstick bamba results!

On no - it can't be! They *are* covering Guantanamera/ One Bertrand Russell! Oh my prophetic soul! It sounds like Julio on Mogadon ...

As the band lurches into the Gypsy Kings' approach (they should have taken the detour), I thought to myself - is this really happening? Has John Waters really taken over from Pedro Almadovar? Is Carmen Miranda still to be ignored? Will we ever again know the spirit of Lupé Volez; will Chile ever win the World Cup? And why doesn't anyone cry for Argentina? It's in a sorry state ... but I digress, rather than come here on this hot and sticky night and be belatedly entertained by a muzac-cover band, our final verdict is: it's cheaper to stay at home and shake your own maraccas.

Alan Merritt



**Fuck off and take your custard
apple with you**

BRIAN BOYD ON NABOKOV

Biographer Brian Boyd was in Adelaide for Writer's Week. Stephanie Prebil took him aside for a chat about Vladimir Nabokov, Adelaide, writing, festivals and Hubert Humbert.

OD: Welcome to Adelaide. Is this your first visit?

BB: I have only been to Australia a couple of times, briefly, twelve years ago.

OD: What are your impressions of the place?

BB: Good. I always love going to festivals. It's a very demanding life living it up. Of course, a festival always makes the city look very attractive although Adelaide seems a very pleasant city anyway.

OD: I read your biographical blurb but I want to know how you would describe yourself.

BB: What do you want - a character description or a biographical summary? (A long pause) Perhaps I like biography and literary criticism because I can hide behind other people's works or words. I'm fairly reserved - I used to be terribly exuberant but somehow it all dried up - I became serious. This is one of the dangers of studying too hard - look what it does to you! (laughs). Anyway, I was born in Belfast and left there at age five with my parents. Mentally, I am very much a New Zealander. I've been at the university continuously since I was seventeen, as a student, then as a lecturer. I had five years of unpaid leave while I was doing the Nabokov biography, which was difficult to research from New Zealand. It became very expensive - I made about ten trips to the northern hemisphere while I was working on the biography.

OD: How was that funded?

BB: I had one grant - the only one available - and I used my savings and the first instalment of the advance.

"I was aware how every word could change the reaction and it felt frightening to have this power."

OD: Working at the university, you would see from the point of view of student, teacher and writer. How do you view writing - as a skill or as a talent?

BB: I think writing can be learnt but I don't think it can be taught so easily. I think the way to develop as a writer is to read a lot and to force yourself to rewrite. Techniques of editing, of clarifying thoughts and removing confusion; the principle that other people *do not share your thoughts*; the fact that you are not there to gesture or make eye-contact with the reader - these are the things that students can easily learn.

OD: What type of courses do you teach?

BB: In New Zealand universities, we tend to teach lectures here and there in a course rather than a whole course ourselves. At first-year level, for instance, I teach Wordsworth, Dickens, Keats in a 19th Century literature course. At second-year, I lecture on Nabokov, Julian Barnes

and Louise Erdrich in a modern fiction course. At third-year, I teach Shakespeare comedies, and at MA level, I teach Modern Drama - Ibsen, Chekov, Wilde, Shaw and, of course, Nabokov.

OD: Let's talk about Nabokov. I believe it took you ten years to write the two-volume biography. At what point did you begin and how did you sustain your interest?

BB: There was no problem sustaining interest. The problem was wondering if I could ever finish this gargantuan task! But I kept making new discoveries even though I had been working on Nabokov for a very long time.

OD: When did you become interested in Nabokov?

BB: In my first year at uni, I wrote an essay on *Pale Fire*, now my favourite Nabokov novel. Have you read it? [No] Oh, read it, it's a joy.

OD: You had access to the Nabokov archives. How did you arrange that?

BB: Vera Nabokov read my PhD thesis [published as a book] and thought it was the best thing written on Nabokov. She invited me over and we built up a trust. I grilled her for a few days and went back to New Zealand. A couple of months later she invited me back to sort out the archives.

OD: What was her reaction to the final version?

BB: She was very happy. She had a few months to live - she was 89 and very frail, seeing double and barely able to hold anything in her hands. But she read the biography again twice after having read the

typescript three times. I was quite touched.

OD: When you write such a detailed biography how do you decide where to start and finish, what to include or exclude, to emphasise or ignore?

BB: You accumulate a lot of material that you know will never make it into the biography. When it comes to selection, things sort themselves out naturally. You just imagine the poor reader who's not a Nabokov maniac and wonder *will this be of interest to them?* You think of other readers too, say, the Nabokov scholar who will want a precise date or address that the general reader will not want. But then the general readers' eyes skip over it very quickly. Basically, you try to pump up the prose to level of energy that will keep the ordinary reader interested.

OD: David Marr made the comment [on the biography panel] that the watersheds of

life are disappearing, that the major ceremonies that mark a life are disappearing thereby making biography a more difficult task.

BB: I think that is a *strange* comment we will still be born, we will still die ... and even if there's no marriage, there's still the meeting of a lover. I think there will still be key moments. In my biography, there's Nabokov's father's assassination. There *are* extraordinary events in every life over time and they become structural points for a biography.

OD: A biographer has a lot of power in that you can cast a person's life one way or another. How do you feel about that? Do you feel like you're "playing God" sometimes?

BB: When I first started to write narrative about Nabokov's life, I was aware how *every word* could change the reaction and it felt frightening to have this power. You want to make the writing as fascinating as possible and yet invent absolutely nothing. Usually, those conflicting tensions settle down into a sentence which sums it up correctly, has the right tone, avoids exaggeration. It's a process of intuition - you just know when it's no longer wrong.

OD: I am particularly interested in the chapters on *Lolita*. Lionel Trilling made the comment that "no lover has ever thought of his beloved with so much tenderness". Yet Nabokov himself referred to Humbert as "a hypocrite, rapist, swindler, bully, joker and murderer". Which of these views is closest to your original reaction?

BB: I first read the book when I was thirteen, hoping for a little sexual thrill and I was very puzzled. Mystified. Somehow, that tainted my response to *Lolita* which I liked much less than Nabokov's other books. Nabokov does a very good job of having

Humbert seduce the reader. Some people see nothing wrong and see it in terms of an extraordinary intense love affair with a silly brat who had no appreciation of the romantic love Humbert is offering her. Others recoil at Humbert and want to take a gun to him at the outset of the novel. Nabokov has made Humbert such a complex character, and that's one of the things I wanted to bring out in the chapter on *Lolita*.

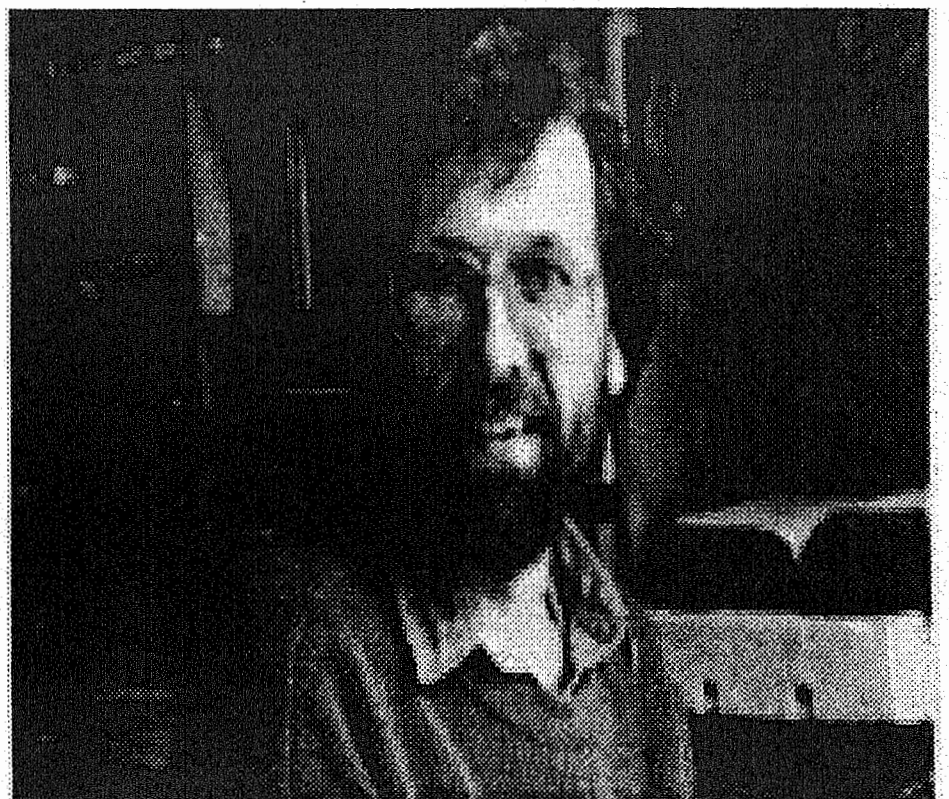
OD: *Lolita* has certainly had an interesting history, as you explain in your book. Do you think its continuing popularity is due to its notoriety or literary credit?

BB: I think it's very much the notoriety. Nabokov's other books are just as good but *Lolita* is the best known. I think it sold 40 million copies which is extraordinary for a difficult, demanding book.

OD: Now you have finished the biography, what do you do the fill the gap?

BB: (Laughs) There's no gap! I've had a lot of work to do promoting the book - travelling to festivals, doing interviews in the US, UK and here. I have also had to check the French and Russian translations. The consequences of finishing the book mean that I don't get time to enjoy the sensation. Also, ever since I started the Nabokov biography, I've been wanting to write a book on Shakespeare. I've written the first couple of chapters, so every spare moment I have I want to work on that. The ideas have been knocking inside my head for a decade and I'll explode if they don't come out!

Brian Boyd's double volume biography of



4 On The Floor

Doug Anthony Allstars Sweetness and Light (???)

Is it just me or have the Doug's lost it? Believe me, it is a valid question considering their latest performance. It was simply *not* funny. Most of the material was overused and as a result lacking in its usual momentum and vigour. Sure, they're still offensive - but it's 'boring' offensive. If you like hearing old and repetitive jokes - then see DAAS. Lines like "This man lives in Elizabeth, therefore, we can't show you his (a) brain or (b) dole cheque". Serve to widen the gap between haves and have-nots. Considering the recession, it is also rather ill-timed and intolerable. After all, how much class discrimination can be tolerated from these offensive prats? Strangely enough, the majority of the audience don't realise they are serving the basis of these jokes. Maybe that is about the most amazing thing in the whole production. Yet, I must admit that the show wasn't as bad as the quality of the sound, lighting and general conviviality of the audience; which was atrocious. It seem The Big Ticket and DAAS do not go together well - the Star Club would have been far better - especially considering the \$14 standing ticket which gave you a view of over hairsprayed cerebral waste. To those who paid the \$14, you either didn't miss much or were ripped off.

As is usual, the encore outshined the entire performance and reinforced exactly what each of DAAS are on an entirely individual level. Richard Fiedler exudes being pathetic and *nice* (as is his job). Tim still believes he is the embodiment of beauty and that the audience are aesthetic; and Paul, well, Paul's just plain nasty, short and looks like something from the middle ages. Ah well, if you want to risk being kissed by Paul (quite an odious event for the kisses), then I ardently suggest you see them as soon as possible but don't wear your best clothes. Otherwise - don't!

Larissa Cadd

Two Bob in the Quid Junction Theatre

No where to turn to for help but one's own family. This loss of emotion for human life draws on Aboriginal family together through all their individual struggles. "Two Bob in the Quid" demonstrates the contemporary effects of White Australians' Law on an Aboriginal family. Each member of the family suffers from feelings of loss of identity; that no one cares and lack of hope for their future and the lack of ability to maintain their heritage.

The play identifies multiple issues. It shows the weakness of the White government. It

illustrates the stereotypical attitude to Aboriginal culture without respect for individual tribes and groups. The representation was made of Mother's pottery works which had been down from her ancestors. The pottery did not display the emu footprints or painted ochre dots depicting scenes of Aboriginal life. It was plain pottery made the traditional way with the red sand of the outback, without stealing designs from other Aboriginal tribes, yet the government department, Abcom, would not fund the family to set up a shop, as "it was not Aboriginal enough"!

A family and personal trial against the government but a victory as recognition from overseas resulted in Australia missing out and a US museum buying all the worked pottery bowls and artifacts.

The eldest daughter was an achievement and credit to herself. She gained her Bachelor's degree in Aboriginal Studies and intended to use it for the benefit of Aboriginal in general.

The graduation ceremony and party at home afterwards had such emotion and feeling of conquest in a white world. It gave me goose bumps.

Instead of an amateurish production touching on issue that were nothing deeper than the usual Aboriginal problems "Two Bob in the Quid" reached more contemporary depths of Aboriginal frustration.

The set provided for much amusement as the audience entered the theatre. They trod softly and unassuredly on the ankle deep red sand of Australia. The audience's discomfort of grit in their court shoes and between their toes in their sandals had the impact desired by the cast and director as they barefootedly strode onto the set with confidence unaware of any difference from everyday life.

Black deaths in custody, petrol sniffing, alcoholism and treatment of "Blackmen" in general. These issues were represented by each individual member of the family's trials and tribulations.

It was really a fabulous show, just don't wear new shoes or, what the hell, don't wear any!
Allison Wicks

Very, Very Together Bob Downe and Lily Savage Star Club Season closed.

I went to see Bob Downe and I didn't know who, or what, Lily Savage was. She was funnier. I prefer stand-up comedy to cabaret singing. I'm going to tell you about the show but I'm not going to give anything away. What I'm talking about is comedy and it can't be analysed without killing it first, which would seem pretty silly from a normal point of view (scientists feel free to argue but the anti-vivisectionists will be with me), and then this review would be even more pointless than it already is (the show is over but you'll know for next time).

Question 1: When you were young did you

ever draw a rocket standing up with two big cones at the bottom, a long cylinder, a cone at the top jutting out over the cylinder, arms legs and a coiffured wig? Bob Downe looks like this with shiny teeth. Now imagine him crooning the neolithic hits of the early Seventies while disco dancing and you will start to get the feel of the Bob Downe stage show. Flares and wing tip collars are very funny and this show proves it.

Question 2: Did you ever dress Ken in Barbie's clothes, including the sexy lingerie, and then do his voice after gargling gravel? Yep. That's Lily Savage, and she really is. This is not a lady that you'd want to meet in a dark alley; she'd have bricks in her hand bag and knives in her boots.

She wouldn't touch you though; she'd just tell a few jokes and leave you to laugh to death.

Question 3: Are you homophobic? This is a good question to ask yourself at any time and an answer of: "No", doesn't mean you are gay. It's just that the spectacle of a man being chased around by a drag queen may be slightly off-putting for some people out there. Bob and Lily are funny together because it's hard to imagine two such completely different characters getting together in any way. However, it is obvious that they are both used to working alone because their dialogues together seem just a bit forced. They did it well though and the audience loved them and so did I.

If you ever have a chance to go and see either or both of these comedians then do it! (Of course this advice doesn't apply to those who don't believe in silliness for its own sake and don't laugh at comedians).

Jon Boomsma

The Lady and the Clarinet La Mama Theatre Season Closed

The Lady and the Clarinet is about relationships and love. Joanna Webb is Luba, the lady who tells us about the three men in her life. The setting for the play is an intimate candlelit dinner scene at Luba's house. She has hired a clarinet player (Andrew Close) to play some appropriate music during the night. Whilst Luba has had more than three men in her life, Paul, Jack and George are the most significant. They are the men who "were right [and] could have been ..." something special. Unfortunately, The Lady and the Clarinet is anything but special.

From the beginning, the play come across as ordinary. The clarinetist appears first, playing some forgettable introductory tune, and after a while (I though something had gone wrong), Luba also appears. Before long, we meet the first man, Paul (Rodney Hutton). The significance of Paul is that he is the first man that Luba sleeps with. The story fails to explore the extent of their relationship and their feelings. It portrays Paul as some sort of bonking machine for Luba to practise upon, so she is ready when

'Mr Right' comes along. Alas, poor Luba - 'Mr Right' does come along - but he proves to be a major disappointment.

Jack (Michael Pitman) is the next man in her life. Jack works in advertising, is married to Marg and has a couple of kids. The basis of Luba and Jack's relationship is Jack's constant complaints about his work and his family and the two of them jumping into bed with one another. Luba is portrayed as a stupid airhead who has nothing better to do all day than prepare dinner and make herself look beautiful for Jack. The dialogue, uninteresting as it has been so far, degenerates further into predictable 'mid-life crisis' frustrations, typified by hackneyed comments from Jack, such as, "I wish we could just take off, spend a couple of weeks in Paris, breakfast in bed ..." - give me a bucket! Credit where credit is due, though, I thought Joanna Webb was very convincing and very real in the scene where she threw Jack out of the house.

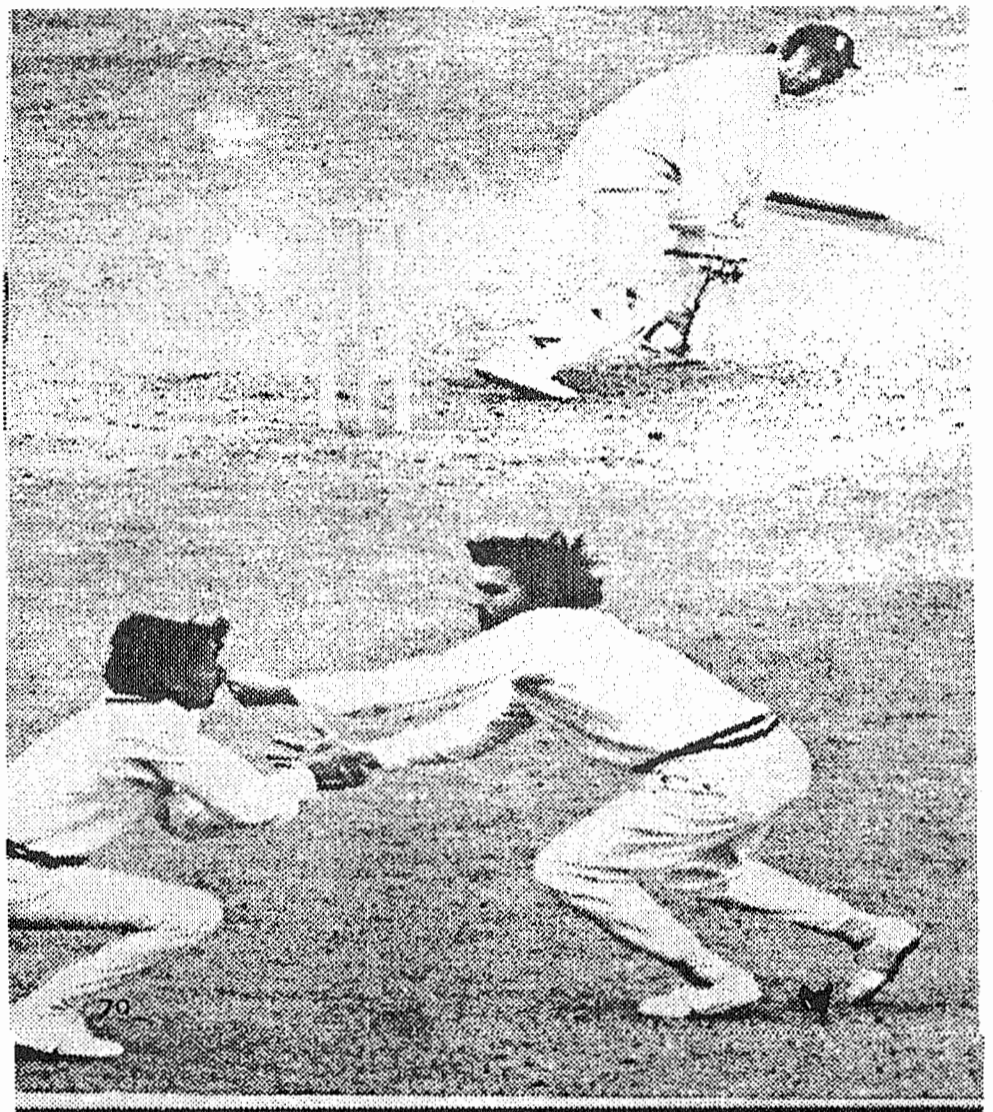
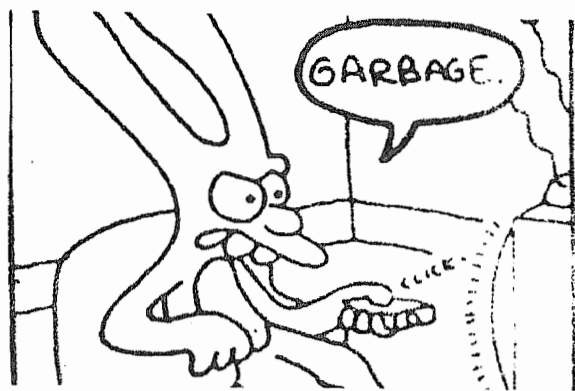
Luba's life of love stumbles along to the third man, George (Brian Godfrey) whom she marries. The script becomes even clumsier at this stage, with George and Luba forever reversing the traditional husband and wife roles. Not only was this confusing, but I also failed to comprehend the logic behind it. Why, and how, did Luba suddenly come to be this domineering, working woman after being the opposite for so long?

The Lady and the Clarinet is disappointing for a number of reasons. It is let down by the awkward and dated script of Michael Cristofer. It portrays Luba and her lovers as aimless, superficial and gullible people. I found it difficult to warm to any of the characters and except for the occasional moment, the acting seemed to empathise with Luba's search for the perfect relationship. And what of the clarinet player? His role was little more than communicating with Luba, by way of his instrument - yelping and whining like an injured dog. His only memorable performance was early in the play when he started playing the second movement of Mozart's clarinet quintet in A major. His significance, however, remains lost on me. Nevertheless, The Lady and the Clarinet was not without its good points. The stage set was simple, yet effective. So, too, was the lighting, especially the use of spotlights for the telephone conversations. Unfortunately, the unconvincing and unappealing nature of the performance failed to make this one a winner.

Stephen Clark

this week in SPORT

WITH JOHNNY MATTHUS AND ETHEL MURMAN



Find the Ball Competition. That's right. It's find the ball time. You know, a crap picture with the ball missing. You circle where the ball should be and win a magnificent prize courtesy of Virgin Megastore or Le Cornus. Well, we're presenting this as an appeal to your materialistic instincts and are hoping largely that you'll respond with bells on. All you have to do is bring the picture in to the on dit

den of sin with a hand drawn facsimile of the ball on it somewhere to win this magnificent prize. Please bring in sometime after Tuesday afternoon. The prize is of course the book crafted by Graeme Atkinson, "The Book of VFL Finals" complete with foreword by bouncin' Tom Hafey. Happy hunting and drawing. No correspondence shall be entered into either.

I NEED A HERO

The State of Australian Tennis

Australian tennis has come to a standstill following Australia's poor performance in the Davis Cup last weekend. There is not one player today that exists as a role model for junior players or is making any sort of impact on the international tennis scene. Our last tennis "great", the tempestuous Pat Cash fell from grace after his monumental win at the 1987 Wimbledon final against Ivan Lendl. Who could forget his facetious comment at a 1990 Ford Australian press conference where he announced that it was that time of the month as the reason for his pathetic court performances. Now that Cash has fallen into tennis oblivion, hovering around a ranking of 135, we must look elsewhere, but where?

The only Australian to get past the third round at this year's Australian Open was Wally Masur, decisively beaten by World number 4, Michael Stich in the next round. The women fared little better when Rachel McQuillan was knocked out of the competition by Mary Joe Fernandez 6-1, 2-6, 6-1 also in the fourth round.

All of these events culminated in the swift and painful defeat of Australia's Davis Cup team in the 5-0 trouncing by Sweden at Lund. The Swedish attack was led by World number 1, Stefan Edberg along with doubles champion, Anders Jarryd, Magnus

Gustafsson and Christian Bergstrom. Sweden have been able to maintain their stronghold over international tennis even after the departures of Bjorn Borg and Mats Wilander because the players which they continue to produce have been raised on a variety of surfaces and players such as Edberg are more adept at mixing up their game.

Like cattle being led to the slaughter, Australia's Davis Cup Captain, Neil Fraser, offered up Wally Masur and Richard Fromberg as the sacrificial lambs. Both players lost all four singles matches without even winning a set. Their rankings are a good indication to the way they played, Masur being ranked at 67 and Fromberg at 83. There is very little future in Australian tennis if the highest player we have is 67. The only set Australia managed to snatch from the Swedes was in the doubles with Woodbridge and Fitzgerald making it a 3-0 victory for Sweden after a 6-3, 6-3, 3-6, 6-1 loss. Our best chance to save face was in the doubles considering that Woodbridge is ranked number 1 in doubles with Mark Woodforde and Fitzgerald is ranked fifth with partner Jarryd.

Australia must improve its performances in international tennis both in the women's and men's competition as we are a grand slam nation. Flinders Park in Melbourne is the perfect stage to show the world what Aus-

tralian tennis players can offer, and with the current crop of players that is not much. The Rio International Tennis tournament doesn't even feature an Australian in its main line up, preferring to feature top ten players to draw in the crowds and profits.

Future Australian tennis players must learn to diversify, to play on clay and hard courts. They must learn to mix up their game, incorporating not only the net volley game but also some aspects of the baseline game. There are several ways to achieve this, the first being that a tennis academy similar to the Cricket Academy should be implemented with its base at Flinders Park and branches throughout Australia. Juniors should be weaned off the sole diet of grass court tennis

which has hindered Australia's reputation as a country for producing truly versatile players able to play and win on many surfaces. Australia's lack of facilities has forced many promising juniors to join the US college circuit such as Sandon Stolle.

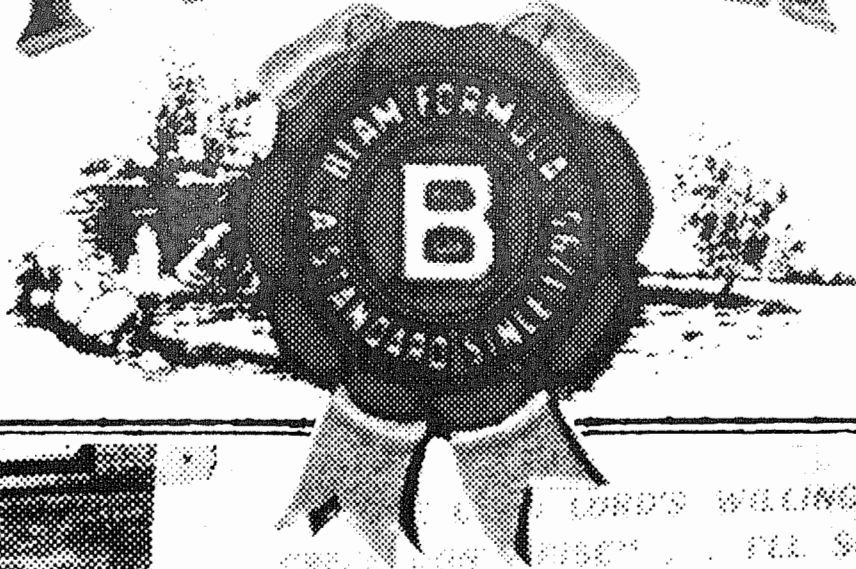
We must also learn to use the expertise of former players or risk losing them to foreign players, such as Tony Roche part-time coach of Ivan Lendl and Bob Brett former coach of Boris Becker and currently coaching Goran Ivanisevic.

There is talent out there but someone please throw us the life raft, we're drowning. Photos are for sale, please ring 336 7464 during 6 - 8 pm for more information.

Patricia Casbarra



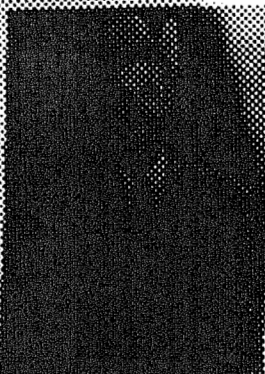
JIM BEAM




BY THE LORD'S WILLING, AND THE
GRACE OF HIS MERCY, I'LL SEE YOU AT

CANTON MEMORIAL AND
NEW YEAR'S DAY 1953

GRAND OLE OPRY

PRESENTS  IN PERSON

HANK WILLIAMS
AND HIS DRIFTING BOYS



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GREASE PART 2

It's a rare kind of person that genuinely enjoys fast food. Are you one of them?

There remain, for the most part unknown, those few who enjoy fast food for what it is, instead of simply quelling the demands of a fallible body. These people actually relish the junk they consume and, contrary to expectations, never over-indulge. In the face of stiff resistance - which comes in the form of anyone from a dietician to a local preacher - these hidden epicures go about their lives stoically searching for the perfect thrill.

Their secret? The taste is the key. A burger aficionado, with years of training literally under his belt, will elaborate to great lengths the relative benefits of mayonnaise, cheese, sesame seeds and the constituency of various strains of beef. Same goes for pizzas, seafood, chicken and yiros, although the ingredients vary. All the details that careless eaters have subconsciously avoided, or simply failed to notice, combine in the best of fast foods to produce a meal that is more than satisfying to an experienced and discriminating gourmand.

Their advice? To go out and ruminate upon a fast food meal, to taste for the first time what for years you have regarded as throwaway moments. If, after slowly working your through the meal, studiously chewing every mouthful and analysing every taste sensation, you liked what you ate, then you may well be a latent fast food fancier.

Try this simple experiment to see which category you fit into:

The first step is to go out and purchase some takeaway food. In order to be objective, refrain from doing this when you are especially ravenous, or prompted by television advertising. (If you're watching TV and an ad for Hungry Jacks appears and you think, "God, I could just do a burger right now," then this is the wrong time to attempt this experiment.) Wait until you are moderately hungry, but not desperate, before you trundle off on your quest.

So, you hand over your money and are given a prepackaged meal. Before opening the garishly-painted cardboard carton, smell the aroma wafting from within; savour it, enjoy it, participate in it. After speed, smell is the strongest selling point of junk food. In fact, more often than not, when you eat this kind of food what you experience is not truly

taste, but an olfactory illusion.

Open the box, but do not eat. Study the food: the thick skin of the chicken (if that is what you have chosen); the plastic, sickly-yellow of the half-melted cheese; the grease that pools on the paper lining; the strange hue of the salt encrusting the fries. Have you ever noticed before now how beautiful sesame seeds can be?

Proceeding slowly, and without gulping, take a mouthful of food. Don't immediately swallow; it is important that you do something you may never have consciously done before: taste the food. Feel its texture, explore the sensations your quivering taste-buds are experiencing. Chew it, mull it over; wait thirty seconds and then swallow, following its passage down your gullet and into your stomach. Take another bite and do the same. Avoid mixing your meal with drink; just eat. Proceed until the meal is complete, or you have had enough.

When finished, do not have a glass of water to cleanse your palate. Your last item of study is the aftertaste and the way your body feels about the meal.

Participate in the biological process of consumption as you never have before. Sit for ten minutes until you feel ready to answer the following questionnaire: Did you enjoy the meal? (Y/N)

Do you want

- (a) some more?
- (b) to vomit?

Will you

- (a) have the same meal another night?
- (b) avoid with loathing the establishment from which it was purchased?

Are you

- (a) curious to try other menus by the same company?
- (b) trying to remember the symptoms of food-poisoning and wondering if you are exhibiting them?

Lastly, would you

- (a) recommend this meal to your friends?
- (b) prefer to take an axe and murder them outright, rather than face the risk of a law-suit?

If you have answered, "Y; a; a; a; a," then you are a latent fast food fancier - someone who, despite the odds, actually enjoys junk food for what it is.

If so, welcome to a highly exclusive

club, the members of which all share your peculiar fascination. Out of the kitchen, brave buckler of culinary convention, and into the drive-thru. Your very own gastronomic revolution is about to begin!

No official society exists for this fast-dwindling common-interest group, but you will be bound by ties of kinship nonetheless. Your new motto - "Eat what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law" - must be observed at all times, with the proviso that gluttony is to be avoided. Public pressure - overt or covert, positive or negative - must never be allowed to sway your behaviour. Just go about the pursuit of your brand of pleasure without shame or self-recrimination, and experience life to its fullest.

But beware of excess. Resist the temptation to glut, for the appreciation of finer things is limited to that which is scarce, or rare. Heaven, for you, might be filled with cheeseburgers and pizzas, but this world is not designed to be so. Eat too much, over-indulge to an extreme, and you will not only become overweight and in danger of suffering heart disease, but you will lose all sense of taste. You will become just like the rest, like those who failed the test, and will spend the remainder of your days with an empty space in your gut that will never be filled.

Grease is more than just a word:

It's a way of life ...

LAD

Quote of the week:

"They're serving burgers in the back. If you go for burgers, you'll love the burgers here. They have some burgers in this place, when you open 'em up, y'know? If you hold them like this, and go way in the back where nobody can see you ...

"Some people eat them that way ..."

Frank Zappa

(Live at the Odeon Hammersmith, London, 18th February, 1969.)



"God I could just do with a burger right now!"

CLASSIFY ME

Want a Career?

Employers interested in students of *all disciplines!*

Employer talks begin on campus on 8th April. Many of them are relevant to students of all disciplines.

Interested?

Make sure you don't miss any. Call in to the Careers Service to collect a newsletter and find out more details.

The Careers Service has moved!

It is now located on Level 4 of the Wills Building, with Admissions, near the Post Office.

Amnesty

There will be an Amnesty Letter Writing Meeting on Wednesday, 8th April at 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. Make this the week you combat apathy and do something that can and does make a difference!

Don't like the way things are or are going?

Try asking: "God, Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

Dale Carnegie,
Christian Fellowship
Roseworthy Campus

Debaters

Anyone interested in debating in A or B Grade competitions this year must come to a meeting at 1 pm on Monday, 13th April in the Cinema.

Maria O'Brien
AUDS President

Women's Rally Against Domestic Violence

Tuesday, 7th April, 1992, 11.00 am. Meet in Rundle Mall and walk to parliament House. Wear black to commemorate women who have died because of domestic violence.

Film

The South Australian Film and Video Centre is running a season of free lunch time films at the State Library Theatre on Kintore Avenue.

Movies shown range in subject and style, from the extraordinary story of *Mary McKillop* on 8th April to an exploration documentary by Ted Egan in *The Snowy Mountains* on 15th April. Screening on 22nd April is *Private John Simpson*, a tribute in honour of Anzac Day and coming up in early May is *Marilyn Monroe: Beyond the Legend* and *Grace Kelly - the American Princess*.

There are two sessions of each movie screening on Wednesdays, 11.00 am - 12 noon and 12.30 pm - 1.30 pm. Any further enquiries contact the library theatre on 348 9355.

Friends of the Earth

Just a reminder that there is a FOE meeting at 1.10 pm on Thursday, 9th April in the Conference Room. Any queries, please call Tiana on 267 1720.

GALA

The first meeting of the Gay and Lesbian Association will be held on Tuesday, 7th April at 1.15 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. All gay, lesbian and bisexual staff, students and friends are welcome to attend.

The Konig Bequest

Awards for Aboriginal Postgraduate Students

Applications are called for submissions to the Konig Bequest Awards for Aboriginal Award Fund.

The Fund is available to assist Aboriginal Postgraduate students at the University of Adelaide in their educational endeavours. Applications are assessed on the basis of need.

Further information forms can be obtained through:

The Co-ordinator, Programs for Aboriginal Students, Roseworthy Agricultural College, Roseworthy Campus, (085) 24 7134; or The Aboriginal Liaison Officer, Room 311, Hughes Plaza, North Terrace Campus. Phone (08) 228 5891.

Applications will close at midday on Monday, 6th April, 1992.

Left Alternative

There will be a Left Alternative Meeting at 12 pm, Thursday, 9th April in Meeting Room 2. Union Building.

The Reg Sprigg Fund

Assistance for Aboriginal Undergraduate Students

Applications are called for submissions to the Reg Sprigg Aboriginal Education Assistance Fund.

The Fund is available to assist Aboriginal Undergraduate students at the University of Adelaide in their educational endeavours. Applications are assessed on the basis of need.

Further information forms can be obtained through:

The Co-ordinator, Programs for Aboriginal Students, Roseworthy Agricultural College, Roseworthy Campus, (085) 24 7134; or The Aboriginal Liaison Officer, Room 311, Hughes Plaza, North Terrace Campus. Phone (08) 228 5891.

Applications will close at midday on Monday, 6th April, 1992.

Student Christian Movement

Jonathan Barker will be leading a discussion on Christianity and Justice. Meeting Room 1, Level 5, Union Building 1 pm. All welcome.

Time For Peace

an ecumenical peace service.

As Christians come together to celebrate the arrival of the Prince of Peace.

Palm Sunday, 12th April, 1992, 1.15 pm to 2.00 pm, Pilgrim Uniting Church, Flinders Street, Adelaide.

Families are particularly invited to attend as there will be a special programme for children.

Sponsored by The Palm Sunday Peace Service Committee of the South Australian Council of Churches. Supported by The Heads of Christian Churches of South

Women on Campus Meeting

1.10 pm Thursday in the Women's Room. Items on the agenda include elections and plans for Blue Stocking Week as well as campaign action on sexism on campus. See you there!

Students For Animal Liberation Meeting

Gathering at 40 Kenilworth Road, Parkside on Saturday, 11th April at 2.30 pm onwards. Some food and alcohol will be provided. The Anti-Vivisection video *Hidden Crimes* will be shown and we will be discussing coming events and actions.

AU Billiards and Snooker Club

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

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

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

So, if you want to keep occupied on a Monday night and improve your concentration skills, come on down to the Cue

Club and pot some balls. You can come down tonight (6th April) or if you don't read this in time next Monday (13th April). Come anytime between 7 pm till late and stay for as long as you would like to play. The Cue Club is located at 288 Waymouth Street, City and the cost to play is only \$1.00 per hour. Any enquiries you have ring Paul Darzins on (08) 297 2688.

Request for Pen Friend

Four 17 year old tertiary students studying in Kazan are looking for penfriends.

Kazan is 750 kilometres east of Moscow on the banks of the Volga. The Russian way of addressing envelopes is the reverse of ours with the country and postcode first followed by the town, street, apartment number and finally the name with the surname preceding the christian name.

All would-be pen friends should write first to Lyubov Koutenkova at her address which is available at the Students' Association reception.

FILMS

The film society presents "GUN SHOTS" in the Union Cinema on Tuesday 7th April at 7:30 pm

Rabbit Seasoning

Gun Crazy

Rebel Without a Cause

Admission by membership \$5 per semester, \$8 per year.



What exactly is aged steak apart from just plain, old, stale meat?



ELECTIONS AGAIN

SAUA



wonderful place.
Please vote for me and thereby increase my self esteem.
Lots of love,
Darien

SAG, Dave
2nd Year BSC (Ma)

To have and to hold
To love and to cherish
From this day on.
Amen.

UNION

BROWN, Karen
1st/2nd Year Mathematical Science

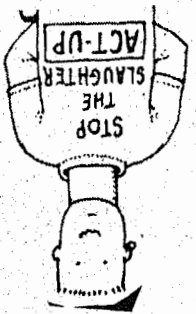
Women on Campus 1992
Amnesty International 1992
Let's stop talking about what needs to be done and stop complaining. Let's just do it. I believe Science students need more representation and I'm here to provide it. I'm an adaptable person who is committed to equal opportunity and equal representation. I know I'm capable of fulfilling this role and doing your vote justice. I intend to represent everyone on campus.

BROWN, Karen
1st/2nd Year Mathematical Science

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Amnesty International 1992
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MC EWIN, Alastair
"You Can Call Me Al"

Law/Arts
"Best Lipreader on O'Camp"
Here at the Students' Association we don't have sales, we just have two half yearly clearances, the annual and the by-elections! Your representative body needs an injection of new ideas, enthusiasm and energy
I have demonstrated my commitment to working for students in my capacity as an O'Camp Director this year. I have a good working knowledge of SAUA Council and believe that I can bring a new, fresh approach to activities and campaigns, and a clear effective voice to SAUA Council.
For an independent, new approach ...
Vote 1 Alastair McEwin for SAUA Council.



O'REILLY, Darien
1st Year Arts/Science

To all you wonderful people out there, SAUA Council be-elections yet again. Ah, the frivolity of it all. Why do I want to descend into the maelstrom of student politics? Why the hell not.
I could make a difference.
You could make a difference.
We all could make a difference.
If we just pull together and work side by side, we could make the University a much more

CRESSMAN, Kim
1st Year Grad Dip Ed

I am a postgraduate student with a diverse academic background in Women's Studies, Computer Science and currently Education. I am the 1992 President of the Postgraduate Students' Association. Last year I served as Women's Officer. In my role as President I serve on numerous university committees and advisory boards.
My commitment to the improvement of conditions for students at the University of Adelaide is evident. I believe that university life consists of more than academic advancement. Participation in community life can be a richly rewarding experience and one I encourage all students to be a part of. In this endeavour, I will support initiatives of the Board that aim to bring students together in social contact and emphasise the need for activities that cater for the specific needs and wishes of postgraduates. My previous administrative experience and professional outlook will enable me to contribute effectively to the superintendence of the affairs of the Union. I am aware of the difficult balance that must be achieved between the requirements of sound economic management and the honest representation of student union members. It is your statutory fee that finances the Union and I will work to ensure that this money is distributed equitably and for the betterment of all students on all campuses of the University of Adelaide.

HUGHES, Cathryn
BA English Hons

1991 - 1992 SAUA Environment Officer (one of)
The management of our Adelaide University Union is in a rut. Members of the Union Board, which is the prime decision-making body for the Union, should care enough about problems to make sure there are no repeat performances of bad decision-making. Unfortunately, Union Board has chosen to bury its head in the sand yet again regarding mistreatment of staff members both late last year and this year, and this directly impacts on you, the student, for it undermines the quality service you are entitled to.
I'm adamant to improve the environmental side of Union facilities. In particular, the waste management practices of the refectories, of which many students have complained to the Environment Officers. Yet, I'm also aware that Board membership means tackling many other issues. I consider it a misuse of student money to send the Union Secretary/Manager on a trip to the USA when there are so many pressing areas on which to spend money, such as student welfare.
For more than talk, Vote 1 Cathryn Hughes.

THOMAS, Stephen
2nd Year Master of Public Health

I am currently a post-graduate student in the Department of Community Medicine. My other activities as a post-graduate student rep are:-
1) Member University Biohazards Committee;
2) Member University Biosafety Committee.
As a member of that part of the student body which is rapidly increasing in numbers, that is the post-graduate component, I am acutely aware of the need to maintain and preferably expand services and facilities for post-graduate students.
It is clear that the needs of post-graduate students differ somewhat from those of undergraduate students, therefore, it is important that there is at least one post-graduate student representative on the Student Union Board. If I am elected to the Union Board, I will attempt to do the following:-
1) Increase funding to the PGSA so that it's effectiveness is increased;
2) Make the Union Board more aware of the needs of post-graduate students;
3) Represent post-graduate students concerning any issue that need to be brought to the attention of the Board.



CRABB, Annabel
3rd Year Arts, 2nd Year La
1991/1992 SAUA Women's Officer
Women on Campus

As a student concerned with the practical effects of bureaucratic bodies on the everyday student, I would like to bring these concerns to Union Board. Having also been involved in students "politics" and several groups within the University structure, I feel that I have the requirements necessary to be a responsible member of Union Board, and to further pursue my involvement with issues of justice and equity such as the participation of disadvantaged groups to a greater extent in this University.



PRENTICE, Euan
3rd Year Commerce

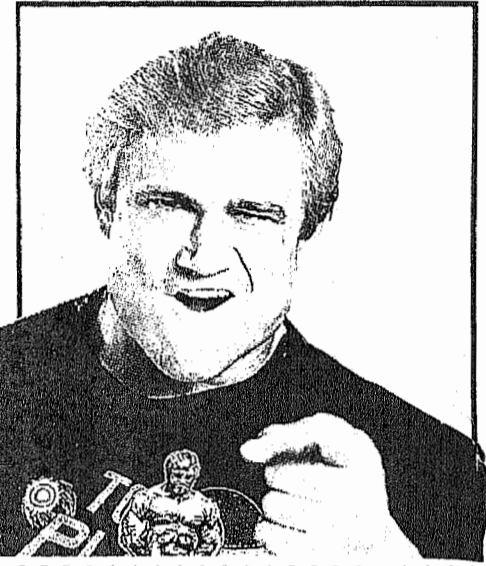
1992 O'Week Crew, O'Camp Leader, O'Ball Crew, Prosh Helper, Host Scheme Leader
I'm not going to bore you with words like honesty, reliability, representation, accountability ... all the other candidates probably already have.
All I'm going to say is that actions speak louder than words.
I have a whole lot of ideas about the Union that I'd like to implement. Like pool tables in the Bar, renovating the Catacombs (underneath Union Hall), improving the lockers all around the campus, revitalising the areas of the Catering Department that you use most ... these are just the few improvements I want to make.
Vote 1 Prentice for Union Board.
Euan Prentice - The Choice of a New Generation.



ZETLEIN, Sarah
2nd/3rd Year Law/Arts

Mountain Club, Literary Society, Union Catering Committee since April 1991.
We should be ensuring that Union services are provided for groups with special needs such as women, overseas students and mature aged students. All existing services should be re-evaluated to measure how they are meeting students special needs.
I want to challenge the narrow-minded attitudes that are restricting us all. I think I can make a contribution towards improving the quality of your University life.
It all comes back to money, doesn't it? I want to make sure that your \$250 is being used effectively and you know exactly what is being done with it. Bring University life back to the students.
Vote 1 Zetlein
Cut the Crap and Fight Apathy!

STUDENT POLITICS - FEEL THE POWER



ALISTARE MCEWIN "The rumours that my prescenc at O'Camp's coincided with mass suicides of freshers hurling themselves at steel posts is a complete exaggeration'

Whilst this article is designed primarily for SHAPE briefly we will remind of the exercise principles of POWER. A favorite is the BY ELECTION, which enables the contenders to strut their stuff, and impress us all with STRENGTH, GUTS, AND ENDURANCE.

Seven eager candidates are in training for union board although Annabel Crabb, who came to the party late may leave early and withdraw her canditure. Although a hot tip to win on the catholic vote, Crabb told On Dit she had been called away unexpectedly to lead a communist uprising in Buenos Aires, followed by a lightning string of speaking engagements in Cuba. "I'm just looking forward to visiting Greg's grave" she told On Dit, in one of her typically Stalinist tinged barbs.

Sarah "cut the crap" Zetlin is now looking strong, especially with aid of her SPECIAL DIET which includes power lunching with Independant factional nastie Mel Yuan, and the one with the dodgy votes - bantamweight Susie Prez O'Brien. Over another long lunch in the Coffee shop Zetlin revealed "I chose the foccacia to keep up my carbs, while Mel chowed down on a platter of raw meat. We all shared the Milkshake"

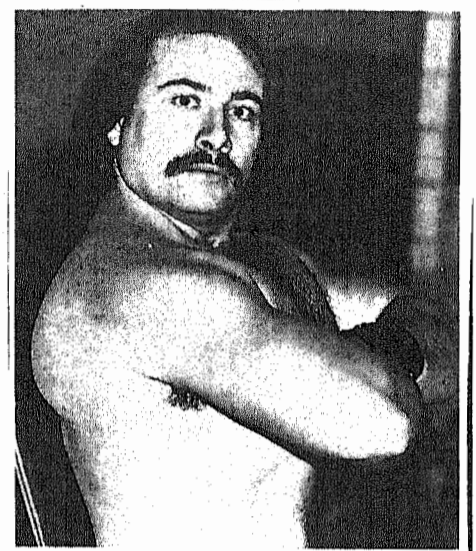
The Postgrads meanwhile are attempting to simultaneously entertain with a performance piece come thesis on "The Art of Splitting Your Vote" This entails running about 15 candidates when they already have a slim chance of getting enough votes for one position. An unnamed source told On Dit "We refuse to let our past failures to get even one position stand in our way. We are committed to

ruining any chance we might have had in the first place. Further, documents were leaked stating: "There is nothing wrong with working out of a broomcloset, dammit this angst simply adds to the poignancy of our theses"

Not to be out done by Zetlin's intake of vitamins and minerals, Euan Prentice was seen murmuring and rocking in a corner as Independant faction head kicker Misha "Arrest that tree frog with the headscarf for being a member of the Socialist Left" Schubert added a few special touches to his election blurb. With the full weight of Haroon "watch me put a condom on my head and annoy the fuck out of absolutely everybody" Hassan behind his campaign, Euan looks set to shock, titilate and ultimately bore you all senseless.

Dark horse candidate must go to Karen Brown who we know absolutely nothing about, bar a certain membership that we havn't managed to check up on yet Another candidate from the left field is Environment Officer Cath Hughes who will no doubt come up with an ingenious way of distributing electon material that does not entail 4500 pieces of non recycled paper.

Council elctions will probably be a one horse race, but you will just have to work out for yourself who that bloody joker is.....



**Returning officer
McEwan**

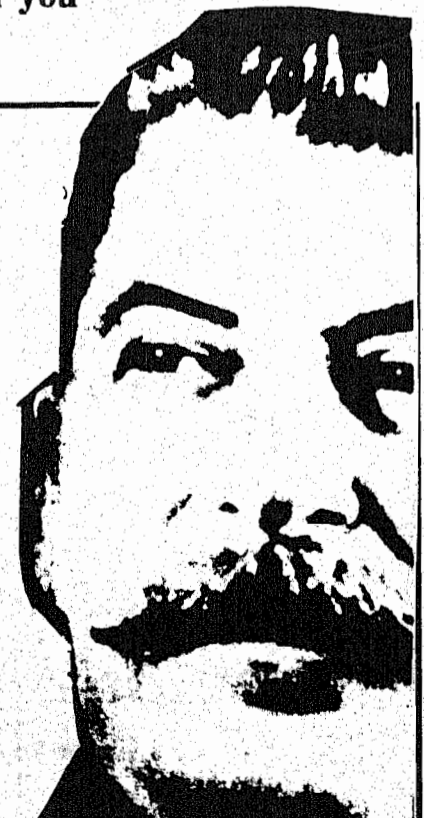
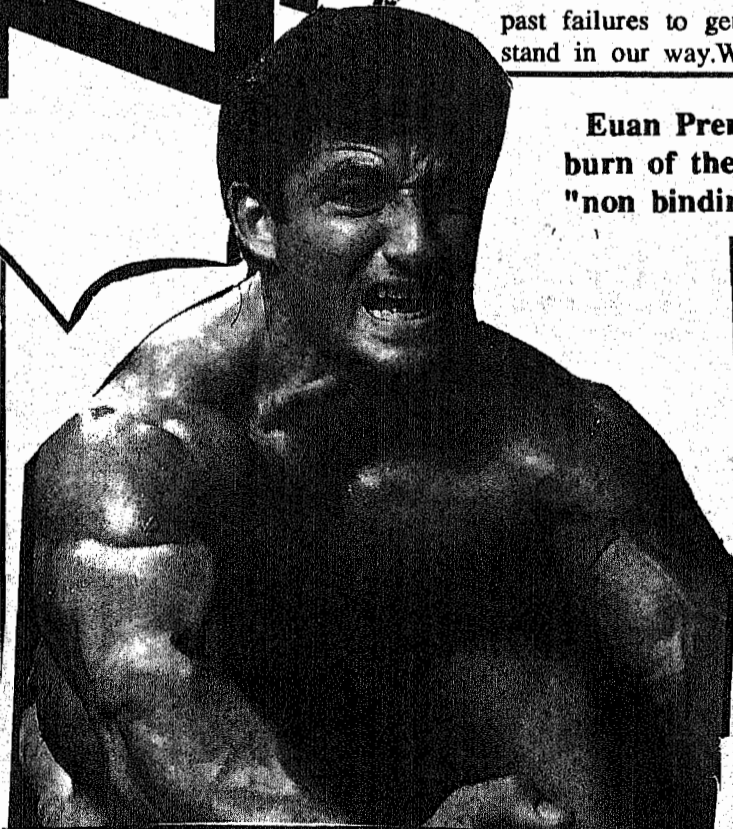
" The fact that I live with one of the hopefuls and have the same name as the other will not compromise me"

**Annabel "Stalinist"
Crabb,
"Off to the Salt mines with you
Vladimir"**

**Euan Prentice feels the slow
burn of the Independants'
"non binding" caucus**



**Papaya and pineapple two superb
digestion aids from natures store
house. Photo: Brewis.**



ZAPI!