

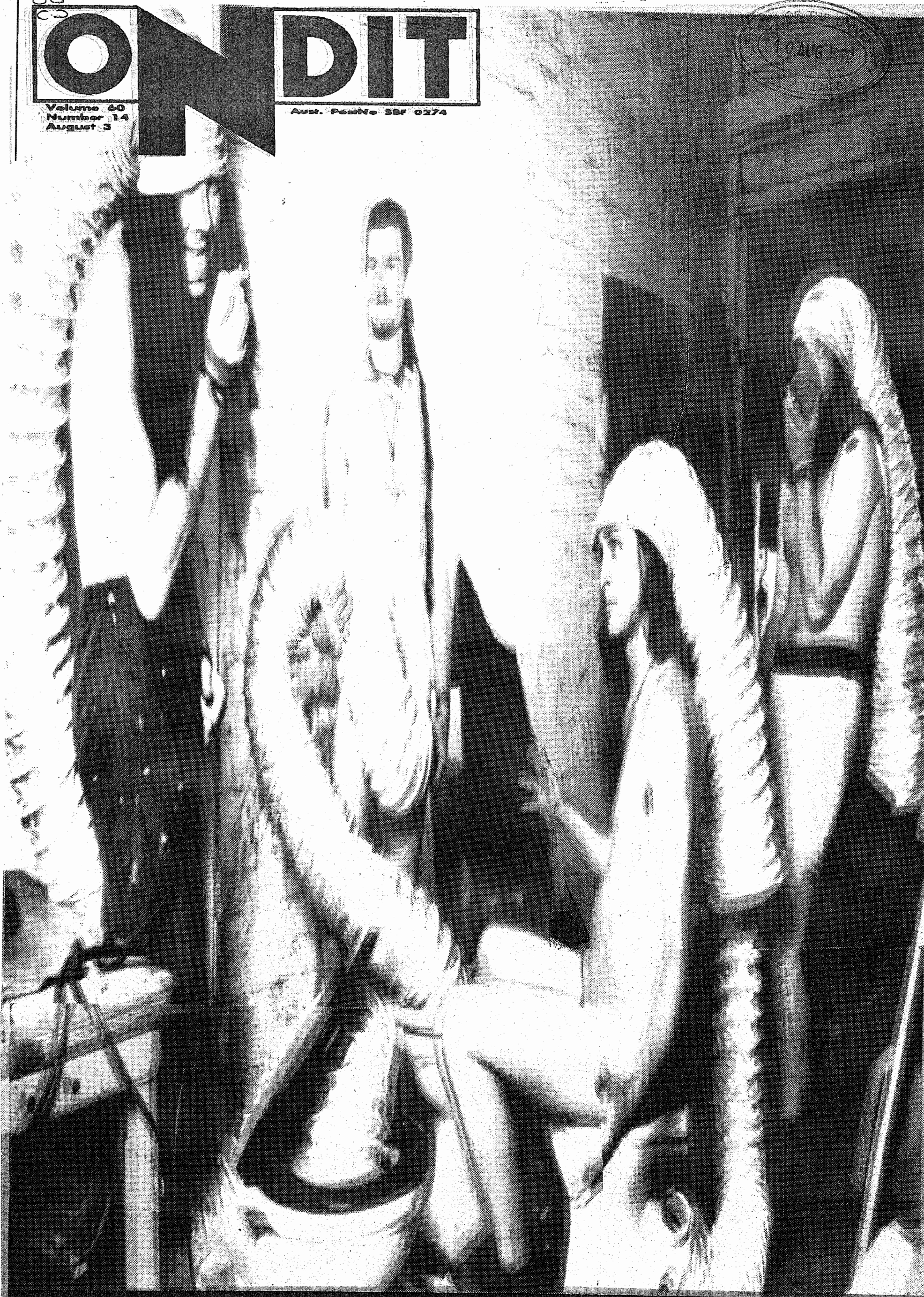
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ONDIT

Volume 60
Number 14
August 3

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10 AUG



South Africa Women's Day Celebration

Organised By: ANC Solidarity Group (SA) and ANC Solidarity Adelaide University.

2:30pm

*Speaker: Landela Vanqa
ANC Women's Section, Sydney
Dining Room,
Level Four, Union House,
Adelaide University.
Followed by
afternoon tea and discussion.*

4:00pm

*Video - "A World Apart"
The story of Ruth First,
ANC activist,
and her relationship
with her daughter.
Horace Lamb Lecture Theatre,
behind the Barr Smith Lawns,
Adelaide University.
No cost - donations accepted.*



7:00pm
DINNER

*\$16:00
Entertainment and dancing
Upper Refectory,
Adelaide University*

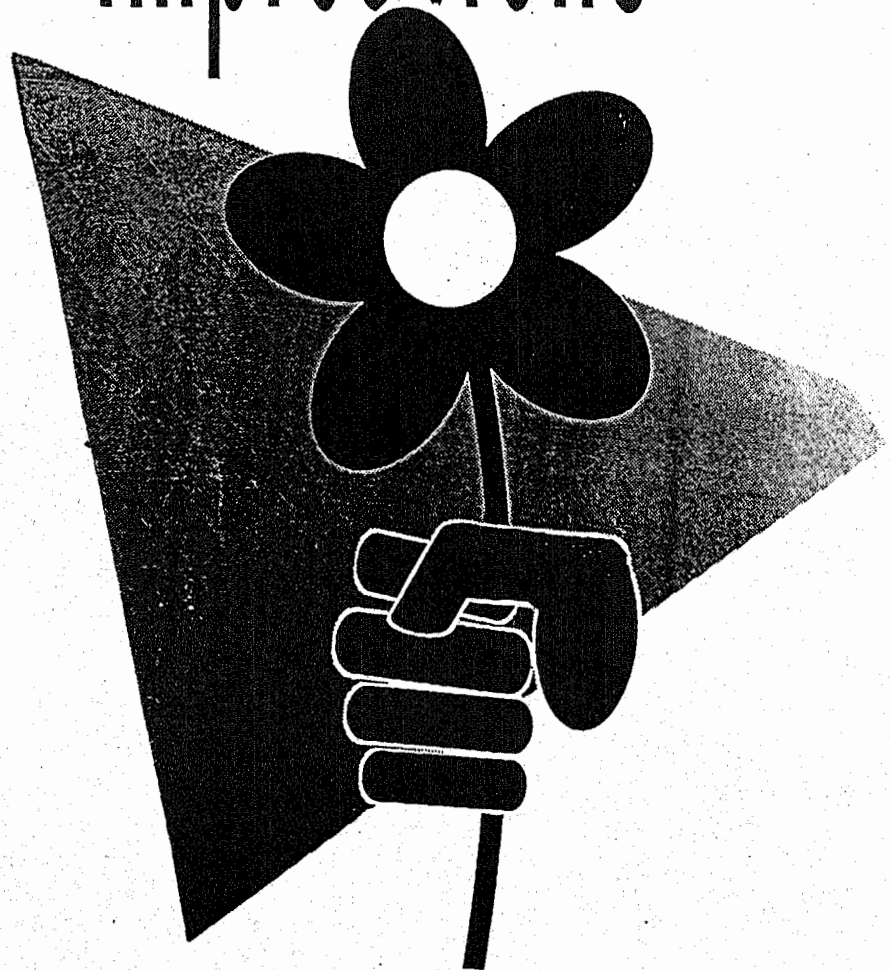
For tickets contact
phone 344 9297 or
the Student Association,
Adelaide University.

*Free childcare available
from 2:30pm - 6:00pm
and 7:00pm - 10:00pm
phone 344 9297
by 3 August 1992.*

Women's League

Saturday 8 August 1992

international — impressions



*Iwara-tjuta.....one country.....many
ways.....diversity.....unity.....international
students.....festival state.....common dream*

coming soon...

news events info

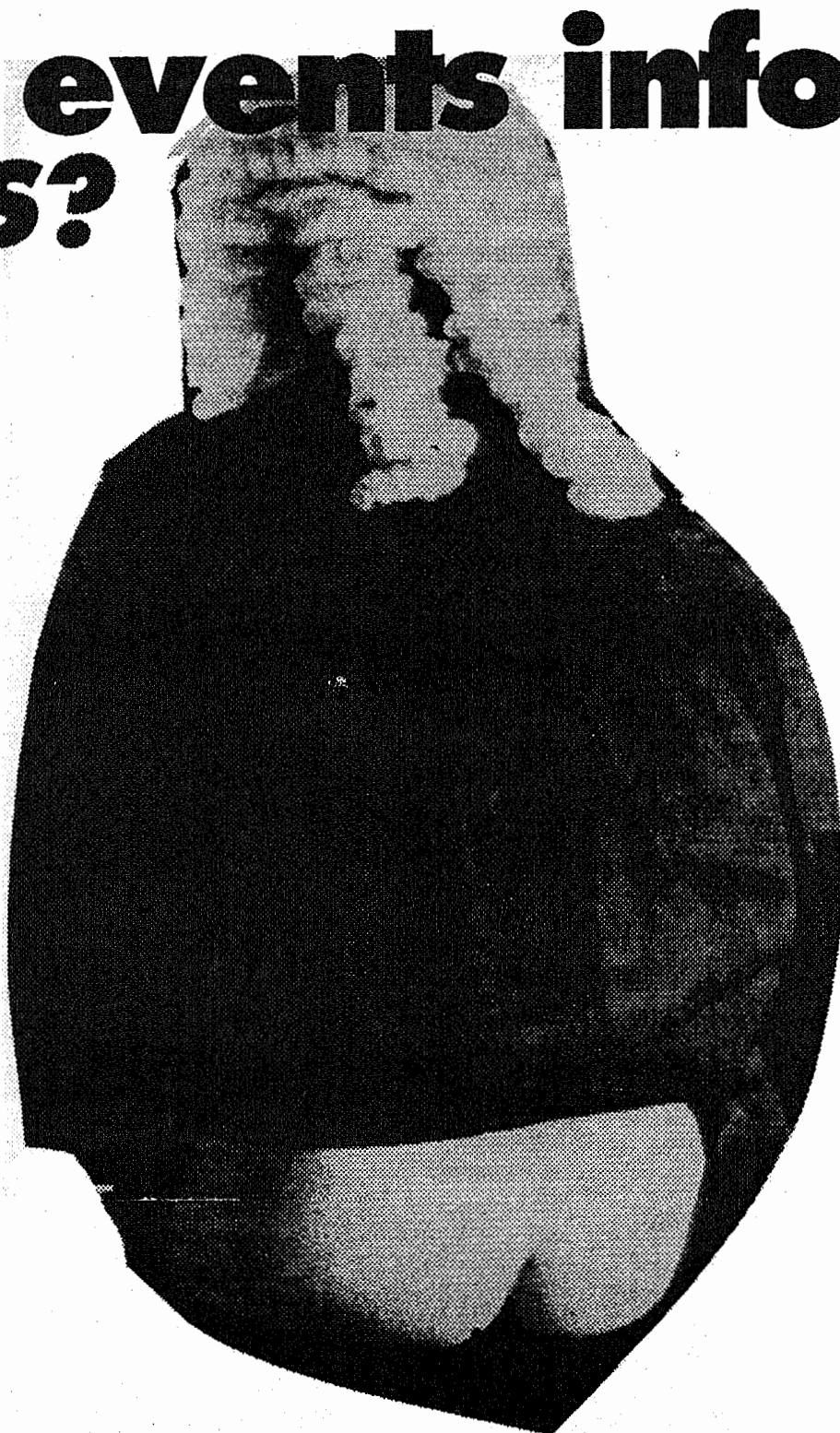
GDLP IN CRISIS?

Further developments since the release of a Justice Perry's paper discussing the present GDLP arrangements suggest that funding for the course will be inadequate by the end of 1993. After that time, the course will be cutback, with graduates no longer being of a sufficient standard to be admitted as legal practitioners. Some fear that the only method of admission will be through an extra one or two years of articles

The opening of the new Flinders Law School, the increasing popularity of LA Law and, presumably, the greenhouse effect have contributed to a greater demand for places in the U of SA course Graduate Diploma in Legal Development. These new developments certainly constitute one way to restrict the numbers of practising lawyers. This course must be completed before a graduated law student can be admitted to practice.

This would seem to be all very well, but for the fact that the USA Department is apparently not willing to come to the party to provide extra places. To be fair their hands are tied by unsatisfactory funding schemes which make each year's financial situation a matter of chance.

So says SA Supreme Court Judge, Justice Perry, who tabled a discussion paper in May to the Faculty of Law at Adelaide Uni. He uses it to highlight the growing problems with GDLP on several levels.



The Law is an Ass

Apart from the crippling financial dependence on the Law Society which sees the running shortfall for the last two years topped up by grants from the interest on solicitors' trust accounts, Perry claims that students are not that keen on GDLP anyway. He points out that an extra year of study is neither a viable nor appealing option for those who have just completed a 5 year, gruelling (and, lets face it, thrill forsaken) LLB course. This may be on the grounds of other employment, economic hardship or good, honest disinclination.

Furthermore, claims His Honour, only 64% of graduates actually seek admission to the GDLP course in the year immediately succeeding their graduation. Graduates are apparently now seeking to qualify for admission through other avenues - including going interstate to do articles or other post graduate courses.

Coming to grips with the whole situation, Perry surmises that "the future viability of the course turns very much upon obtaining the support of the University (of South Australia) in seeking funding for increased places in the course, and in particular the submissions to the Commonwealth to fund a substantially increased number of places, will make it necessary to reassess the future viability for the course in its present context." So is this the end for GDLP in South Australia? If so, what are the alternatives for South Australian LLB graduates?

Evidently it is not expedient to continue to feed graduates into the GDLP course at U of SA where, as Perry observes, "the arrangements for the practical training of law graduates are sitting less and less comfortably." The new flow of graduates from Flinders will only serve to exacerbate the problem; the only solution seems to be a greater material commitment on the part of the University and the Commonwealth to the provision of practical legal training.

Steve Thomson final year Adelaide University law student said that Justice Perry's subsequent discussions with the Law Society have revealed a high probability that GDLP funds will be inadequate by the end of 1993. "If the State Government is prepared to spend \$2m on 75 luxury cars, for SA judges, why can't it fund our law course."

Annabel Crabb

GET YOUR 'FOOD AFFAIR' STUDENT DISCOUNT CARD

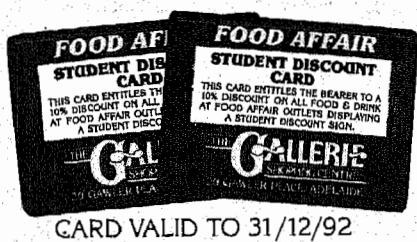
Available now from the
FOOD AFFAIR

on the lower ground floor of the
GALLERIE SHOPPING CENTRE.

For only 50 cents your Student Discount Card will entitle you to a **10% Discount** on all food and drink for **SIX MONTHS** wherever the Student Discount Sign is displayed.

Call into any Food Affair outlet, Cafe Renards or Oscars Coffee Shop, in the Gallerie Shopping Centre and get your Student Discount Card today.

THE GALLERIE
SHOPPING CENTRE
20 GAWLER PLACE,
ADELAIDE



Green Left Weekly - Alternative media

You've probably seen Green Left Weekly being sold around Uni or in the Mall - if you have read an issue, you'll have realised what a great newspaper it is - if not you might ask, what is Green Left?

Green Left Weekly was initiated in February 1991 by a broad range of individuals involved in a diversity of progressive movements and organisations. Activists from the environmental, women's, peace and other social justice movements, all saw the need for an alternative to the Murdoch Media monopoly.

Instead of shallow and trivial articles censored by big business, Green Left provides an honest, refreshing alternative. It has an impressive array of analytical articles, illustrations poetry and literature, news items, cartoons, photographs and letters that are lively, humorous, interesting, attractive and well written.

The paper now has an extensive network of international correspondents including regular contributors in Germany, Mexico, England, USA, PNG, Greece, New Zealand, Hungary, Holland, Fiji, Indonesia, Moscow, Prague, Nicaragua and Jerusalem. In addition to the excellent international coverage, as well as the more in-depth analytical articles on issues of concern in Australia, Green Left Weekly has become a valuable source of local news from around the country on a week-to-week basis.

Green Left Weekly also provides information as to how to get involved. The comprehensive calendar in every issue informs readers about all of the progressive meetings, events and activities scheduled for the following week. But, if you can't face another meeting or rally or benefit this week, the two pages of reviews guarantees some good ideas about books, films, plays or concerts that you might enjoy and our weekly left crossword will more than fill any remaining free time.

Around Australia, university courses use Green Left Weekly as a source of information. The issues covered by Green Left are relevant to many fields of study within universities. Inside this week's issue, Green Left Weekly covers the farcical "youth jobs summit" held in Canberra by the Keating Government, interviews with young people around the country regarding the proposed youth wage. Also, an interesting look at the Multi Function Polis, the no-choice US elections and an eyewitness account of the blockade of Bougainville plus much, much more.

This week Green Left Weekly will have an especially high profile on Campus. If you want to find out more about Green Left Weekly, there will be stalls set up around Uni where you can get the latest issue, back issues, the opportunity to subscribe or just chat to someone about the paper.

The most important thing about Green Left Weekly is that it's your paper. We want you to get involved in any way you can - write for it, draw or photograph for it, help distribute it, support it financially and most important of all, read it and tell us what you think. You can pick up a Green Left Weekly from the Uni news agent, the Resistance Bookshop (34 Hindley Street), Imprints Bookshop, Wilderness Shop, or find a Green Left seller in the Mall or look out for our stalls on campus this week!

For more information, ring 231 6982.

The Arsehole Olympiad

The time we all love so much looms, and you are now given formal notice that the freaks will all be out August 31st to September 4.

Yes, it's election time again and for those with something to win or lose there will be no sleep until bedtime for the next few non stop ego action weeks. These elections will prove interesting, as they appear to be the biggest chance yet for a new group - be they Liberals, Labors or Non Aligned to take over from the Independent faction who are about as united as a Serb Croat alliance about now. On Dit will keep you riveted with the rumours, the deals, the ego clashes, drunken alliances from now on. Don't y'all fall asleep now!

Ticket Action

The Libs are mobilized and ready for action clearly with the support of wacky Senator Amanda Vanstone who funded those funny buggers posters last week. The Labs are in their traditional mode of communication breakdown. Presidential hopeful Anthony Roediger Law/Eco will be running two of his own for ACVP and Orientation, probably from the law faculty. The other presidente hopeful Annabel Crabb (Women's Officer) Law/Arts is putting together a group with confirmed candidates for most office bearer positions from the Engineering, Arts and Eco departments.

President

Serious action here over the last five days. **Annabel Crabb** got into the race after late discussions with various office bearers. Stiff competition however is going to be

provided by ex Liberal **Anthony Roediger** - another Law Student. Roediger, who was said to be conspicuously present in the office of the crafty Mel Yuan Union Pres-Independent Right last week, has the support of the Libs, Sport, and the Colleges to start with. It seems that Roediger was unaware of Annabel Crabb's entry until the weekend, and while some have suggested this will precipitate his withdrawal from the race it remains unlikely.

Education Vice President

We have no idea about this one. Independent Rebecca Shinnick seems possible, Matt Balfour has also been mooted.

Activities Vice President

Paul Lambert - engineering student, is now definite to run. **Nick Dunstan** is said to be running on an Anthony Roediger ticket.

Women's Officer

Liane Buchanan is a definite here and will be hard to beat. The Liberals are running their own Jenny Young for the position, who may well continue the proud Liberal tradition of running an unsuccessful campaign for Women's Officer.

Lanky square jawed hearthrob Euan Prentice was showing a healthy interest in sea sponges when we last spoke to him, and reaffirmed his commitment to a free massage, glass of Grange Hermitage and unqualified support to both the lovely lasses in the turbulent weeks ahead.

Environment Officer

Jo DeSilva & Tania Collins are running as a team. Non Aligned.

Orientation Director

Darien O'Reilly, ex O Ball and Prosh

After Dark Director is after orientation in a big way this year, and hopes that this might lead to an improved interest in personal grooming have been quickly dashed by hot denials. He will be seeking broad support from a number of groups. Competition will come in the form of O Camp Director Alistair McEwen who has been thinking of running for sometime.

Student Radio

Acutely sound Law Students **Rachel Osman and George Selvanera** confirmed their candidature some time ago. Those with a vote to trade may get an extra marshmallow in their hot chocolate from Gallery staffer **Jesse Reynolds**, who is running with **Jo Danielle**. Other contenders are sure to spring from somewhere.

On Dit

There are more people rumoured to be running for this than is entirely tasteful. Last week whispers abounded that crazy pornographer Jonathon Polasek was going to run his

annual joke campaign with TV writer Matt Denby as a sight gag. Kate Wait and Environmental Patrick O'Connor are also said to be hungry for some action. From the Lefty camp comes Mignon Shandlow and Catherine Gough Brady. The two major opponents however must be **Jo Dyer and Piers Gillespie** versus **Richard Vowles, Fiona Dalton and Georgina Safe**.



ENVIRONMENT JO & CATH

BEEN: Genetic Engineering Conference

This public forum was jointly hosted by the E.O's and the Australian Conservation Foundation on Saturday the 25th of July. The speakers and audience were composed of opponents to the technology, the interested and favourable industry reps. Aspects of GE discussed included; the public's role, avenues for community input and information, the addressing of moral issues, and the impact of GE on the environment. This led into the regulation of GE, who is liable in the event of an accident, who is funding GE and where do they expect to make a profit; raising the dilemma of whether GE is an appropriate measure for use in developing countries.

Naturally, hard and fast answers were difficult to come by! However it was decided to formulate an Australian Genethics Network to: place GE on the public agenda: provide an arena for education and communication about GE; and develop plans for public participation in GE decision making and formulation of release guidelines. We are now part of that network and if you are interested in becoming involved, or just want to know what GE is, contact us in the SAUA office.

Parking Committee.

Jo is the student rep on the Uni's Parking Committee and on Tues the 28th she attended the first meeting for 1992! There is a main move within the Uni's ruling elite to eliminate car-parking from the North Terrace campus, with maybe a remaining fringe. This is to conserve space on our crowded campus and to ensure a clean, safe and pleasant working area for pedestrians, cyclists and the disabled. In line with this laudable sentiment is the intention to close down the extremely unsafe underground Law School car park, shifting the facility to an off-campus car park on Frome Rd. This does, however, have its opponents and is certainly not a decided issue. We will keep you up to date on further developments.

COMING:

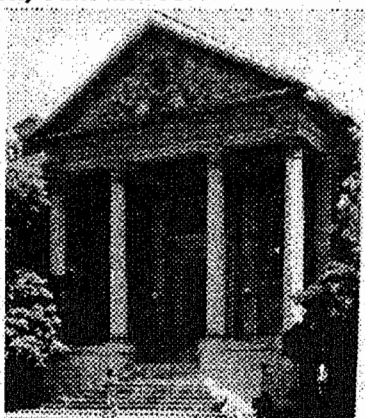
Ecotalk

The Department of Environment and Planning with the Environmental Studies Centre, presents Prof. David Gilbertson of the University of Sheffield speaking on Environmental Archaeology. This seminar will be held in the Mawson Graduate Centre for Environmental Studies, 1st floor, Uni. of Adelaide Staff Club, **4 pm Thursday the 6th of August.** Discover the connection between Libya, Tuscany and south-eastern South Australia!

Planning Review - 2020 Vision

The Planning Review was established to develop a vision for Adelaide to the year 2020. This Vision deals with aspects such as Transport, Housing, Economic activity and Employment, Heritage & Design, and Natural Resources and Environment. The P. Review are now looking for public comment and input on the initial drafts. We intend to submit a Vision response and would welcome any ideas and criticism from YOU! If you are even vaguely interested or would just like to read the P. Review's reports, see us in the office. A public meeting is scheduled for **Thursday the 13th of August, 12:30 - 2:30 pm.** If you are interested in attending please contact the Review's office (226 3567) three days prior to the session. Child care will be provided. An **Open Day** will also be held at the P. R.'s office on **Tuesday the 18th of August from 10 am to 4 pm.** See ya there!

Trish, Cath and Jo.



PRESIDENT SUSIE OBRIEN

TAFE

I have been interested in the discussion in the federal arena about the relative roles of the TAFE and university sectors in the post compulsory education system. It has been fascinating watching the Vice Chancellors attempt to get their grubby hands on some of the \$720 million promised to expand the TAFE system.

I have been following closely the debate on the national TAFE system but am concerned about the possibility of HECS being introduced for TAFE students (despite the fact that one study shows that a TAFE qualification adds only \$20 on to the average weekly wage) and also about the inadequacies of student representation for TAFE students. This is likely to become more acute with the expected 120,000 new places.

Student Code of Practice

If any university needs a code of practice, we do! The Executive Director of the Vice-Chancellors Committee, Mr Frank Hambly, has raised the idea of having a national code of practice for university students as part of a mechanism to ensure high quality courses. I would certainly welcome Adelaide striving to meet such a code - it may ensure that some people will have to re-assess their priorities. In the context of the budget blow out, which will see another 2% slashed from budgets already stretched to the limit, it will be interesting to see how Adelaide Uni would compare now.

The Liberals ... At it again!

The Federal Opposition is facing pressure from the academic community over the effect of the GST on the price of students' text books. Academics, students and publishers are claiming that text books would receive a 15% tax, putting such books as Australian Business Law up to \$73.60 from \$64.00. At a time when students are battling to meet the basic costs of transport, rent and food, not to mention the costs of text books and photocopying, the Opposition's plan will further act as a barrier to successful study for students.

5AD

I was amazed to receive a phone call from the 5AD newsroom in response to the Marijuana Growing article in last week's On Dit. The gentleman questioned me whether we were not being irresponsible promoting such substances to 16 year olds at university. I hastened to reassure him that as over 50% of our students were mature age, and very few, if any, were 17, and that all university students are quite capable of making up their own minds about drugs, and all we were doing is giving people some information. To suggest that all students would read the article and run off and kill themselves getting stoned is offensive to students and shows a basic lack of understanding about the role of student newspapers in student culture. When asked whether I realised that Marijuana is illegal, I assured the gentleman that we were only writing about it, not selling it.

Thank You

To the students of Unley High SRC for making me feel so welcome last week. It's great to see younger students having an awareness of issues such as sexual and racial harassment, animal vivisection and the use of recycled paper.

Another costly conference?

Only a month after students successfully demonstrated in response to higher education conference (\$1,095 a head, no student speakers), we are to find that another such conference rears its ugly head. This time they are looking at Internationalising Education. The organisers have learnt something though - one student is speaking but they are giving away three free tickets to 6 students, worth \$1,095 a piece.

Susie O'Brien
President
Students' Association

WOMENS OFFICER ANNABEL CRABB

Elle Dit is coming! It is an annual women's edition of On Dit put together completely by women students. This is a great chance for all you aspiring writers, artists and editors to get involved in the production of a newspaper, so if you are interested in this sort of thing, you would definitely be well advised to come along to the next few Women On Campus meetings (Thursday lunchtimes in the Women's Room) and get into it!

There will be more information appearing in On Dit soon, but start thinking now about what you will contribute. Pieces do not have to be about feminist or women's issues - they can be about absolutely anything!

Reclaim The Night.

Another big event rapidly approaching on the calendar is Reclaim The Night, the annual women's march in the streets of Adelaide after dark to protest violence against women and demand the right to be safe in our streets. This year's march is shaping up to be a big one, with the date set at Friday 6th November, just after the Grand Prix. The march will start at Victoria Square, and proceed over to Frome St, past the new Reclaim The Night mural and then back along North Terrace to Parliament House, where there will be speakers and possibly a self defence display.

All these are plans that need to be put into action. If you are interested in being involved in the organisation of Reclaim The Night, call me on 228 5406 to find out when collective meetings are.

Staff - Student relationships.

At several recent meetings of the Women's Advisory Group and the Equal Opportunity Board, a "code of conduct" was discussed and planned, to be submitted to University Council. This was due to a recommendation from the Stevens Committee of Inquiry into Gender Biased Treatment Against Women, which was that a Code be developed and accepted to cover "the issue of sexist behaviour".

The code will incorporate the existing University policy on sexism, but will include a new component; the issue of close personal relationships between staff and students. The new policy will preclude staff or supervisors from marking the work of students with whom they are intimate. Previously the policy only covered close relatives. These adjustments were made after the release of a report from Adelaide Uni's Carol Bacchi entitled "Sex on Campus - Where does "consent" end and "harassment" begin?"

Self Defence.

Self Defence classes are off and running; however there are still one or two places left for those who desperately want to be involved. They are on Thursdays, for seven more weeks, in the North / South Dining Rooms from 3 pm - 5 pm. Call me if you're interested.

That's all for now, hope everyone can get some quality life in before election "mass hibernation" week!

Annabel Crabb

Common Academic Year

The University is currently in negotiation with the Uni of South Australia and Flinders to attempt to structure an academic year common to all three institutions. A set of principles is being circulated through the Committee system, attempting to gain approval for teaching to begin on the Monday nearest March 1, Semesters to have fourteen teaching weeks, and breaks acknowledging the Australian Vice Chancellors Committee Common Weeks and the secondary school holidays. Integral to this process is lobbying by those of us from the SAUA to ensure that swot vac periods are entrenched in the official timetables, rather than remaining optional variables in the timetabling process. At the time of writing, I am due to attend the University's Education Committee meeting where we will be pushing for this to be incorporated - details on the outcome next week.

Meetings, meetings, meetings

Watch out this week for policy and campaign planning frenzy as the Students' Association begins second Semester in earnest. Exciting events and crazy happenings to get involved in are:

SAUA Council

Tuesday, 6 pm Union Board Room / Chapel

Education / Activities talkfest

Wednesday, 1 pm SAUA Office

Student Representatives Standing Committee (department and faculty reps)

Thursday, 1.15 pm Union Cinema

All students are welcome to attend these meetings and it is a good way of having a gentle introduction to the SAUA and gaining some background knowledge if you are considering getting involved.

Overcrowding

We would like to know of situations of overcrowding in your lectures - particularly where occupational health and safety regulations are being contravened with students sitting in aisles or crowding at the back of lecture theatres. Please come in to the SAUA if you are experiencing chronic overcrowding and let us know when and where your lectures are so that we can build a profile of how widespread the problem is.

Revisions to the Structure of Adelaide University

There has been some discussion prompted by a paper written by the Deputy Vice Chancellor (Academic) about the possibility of fundamentally restructuring the departmental and faculty compartments of the University. Whilst still relatively premature, proposals suggest fewer Areas of Management with new larger Faculties encompassing many of the current 13 faculties as schools within a broader related field of study. This proposal would have implications for individual departments as well as Faculties, as those who are smaller would be 'encouraged' to 'regroup' into larger and stronger entities within the schools. Amalgamation of departments and disciplines needs to be considered guardedly, first and foremostly with the preservation and improvement of academic performance in mind, not with ease of operations for Senior Management or enforcing sharing of resources to cover for an inadequate provision currently. I have invited Professor Falconer to speak at the Education Talkfest in the SAUA this Wednesday lunchtime, so if you are interested to find out more, please come along.

Misha Schubert
Education Vice President.



Feel my Krevis, ho ho

Dear Eds,

Whilst pleased to read such informative material as "The Good Drug Guide", we feel that some points may need explaining in further detail. You advised leaf to be used in cookies and not smoked. No shit! How about explaining how to bake these yummys for the uneducated masses. Here's how ...

Take your ounce, mix it with a bit more than the required amount of butter (with a dash of vanilla essence) and then simmer for about 2 hours. Strain off the shit and substitute this butter (full of THC) in the normal recipe. This method works extremely well in cake baking as well.

Here's some handy party tips. Smoking a joint can be very fun handed round a party but generally it doesn't last long. Apart from cones (especially large ones) or soothing water bong, nothing beats a buckety. For those who don't know what a bucket bong is, you have a large bucket full of water. Placed in the water (up to the neck) is a 2 litre plastic coke bottle with the bottom cut off. A cone must be placed through the lid and the cone is lit as the bottle is raised, hence filling the accumulated vacuum with smoke. Now, remove the lid, place mouth around top and push the bottle down into the water as you inhale. Happy bonging!

Yours in absolute stonedom,
Phillip McKrevis
2nd Year Mech Eng

Charming

Dear readers of On Dit,

In a previous addition (sic) of On Dit, you mentioned the word felching (50 things to do on the Barr Smith Lawns). In this letter I will endeavour to explain what felching is, as some people on this campus have never heard the word before.

Felching is an art form and requires precise bowel movements, sphincter control and an oral vacuum the equivalent of the black hole at the centre of our universe, with a straw to bridge the gap.

Now the mechanics of felching will be explained in a step by step process for the novices of this world.

Step 1
Felching requires two partners; it is imperative that one be male, the other partner can be male, female or even a mammal - but it must possess an anus.

Step 2
Now the male engages in insertive anal sex with his partner.

Step 3
After placing a white line down his partners chocolate slip lane, he then brandishes a straw.

Step 4
Slowly and carefully, with the fingering skills of a gynaecologist, insert the straw into the depths of the swollen colon of the partner receiving anal sex, so as to reach into the crevices where the full rich chocolate pudding plus white sauce flavour of the membrane is obtained.

Step 5
The seminal fluid is then drawn into the mouth by action of the lips and tongue which produces a partial vacuum, soaked in anal juices. Then the mix of bodily fluids is swallowed. My pupils, that is the essence of felching.

Yours stewing in his own anal juices,
Dick Felcher

Matt Marks armpits evidence -incomplete puberty?

It is pleasing to note that the Young Liberals have not become completely mesmerised by their Country Road credit cards and have, after an extended period of hibernation, once again felt it necessary to thrust themselves on the student population.

The political and social comment made by their recent advertising campaign will certainly be well received by the more intellectual among us. Many a time I've had occasion to overhear concerned students comment on the relevance of Matt Marks' armpits (does he wax or shave them?) on the national unemployment problem. Furthermore, students seem to be very impressed by the constructive solutions proposed and published by the Young Liberals in this campaigning of a photo of Paul Keating giving the royal salute will definitely stimulate some relevant debate.

Like most members of the public, I am aware of the unemployment problem - unbeknownst to the Liberals, it is not a surprise to anybody. In fact, it is remarkably more apparent to those people who struggle to feed their families, than those who are worried about the theft of their Mazda 121 or the contents of their two-storey home in Burnside.

When considering the issues, however, it is not surprising that the Liberals refuse to look at solutions or debate policy. They may have a monopoly on arrogance and conceit - but not stupidity.

It is clear to anybody who cares to look that we are in a world recession. Australia's plight is a reflection of the policies of other far larger international economies, such as the UK and America. They too have arguably the most conservative governments in their history, not dissimilar to the Bower Boys masquerading as the new right here.

The Liberals are also hesitant to compare their record. When the last federal Liberal government left office it presided over not only record unemployment but double digit inflation, a huge current account blow-out and a micro economic quagmire, not to say high interest rates and industrial turmoil.

Not only are the New Right arrogant and heartless - they are economically impudent. I look forward to the next attempt by the Young Liberals to woo support on campus and I wish Matt Marks well in his upcoming election campaign.

Daniel Bertossa
Secretary
Labor Club

Those raunchy Liberal swingers

Dear Eds,

The ability of Liberal Party hacks to consistently shoot themselves in the foot whilst having said foot firmly clenched between the back molars never ceases to amaze me. I refer to the recent proliferation of those posters around campus which apparently offer a cure for insomnia. No doubt it seemed like a good idea to someone in the dusty corridors of the Liberal Party. However, to the rest of us, it confirms how morally and politically bankrupt they are - resorting to sex and sexual innuendo to sell a policy platform.

Regards,
Christopher Nedin

More Drugs

Dear On Dit,

Legends have it that you are the fabled bringers of truth, and yet as the lords of HECS blessed us with another semester on our path to enlightenment, you led your flock astray. I refer you to your article about dope, made from the much loved holy plants that have found refuge in many of our back gardens. You say that a *hardened* smoker may go through a \$25 score a week, when in actual fact this figure may be as much as 2 or 3 times higher in one night. This is not just a figure I pulled off the top of my head, but is based on research and information acquired from many of Adelaide's coning spots. I also feel that it is useless to measure a hardened smoker in terms of price, as most of these smokers obtain their bounty for free or at a greatly reduced cost.

One testament to the amount that can be smoked is "The Shrine", a giant water bong made of a complex network of quick fit and other chemical apparatus, whose estimated value is in excess of \$2 000. This mystical apparatus whose resting place is unknown, occasionally materialises at parties and other drug smoking conferences, where it is said to be capable of processing an ounce in under half an hour.

While on the subject, on Friday night (31/8/92) a sacred ritual (the Flinders Uni Bong - a - thon) was attacked by a group of unholy barbarians (the Feds) who saw fit to maliciously disrupt proceedings. The attack occurred without warning and created a lot of negative karma in the smokers, as the place was cleared out. It is unrequited barbaric acts like this that are going to force us to take security measures to insure our freedom, until such time that those fat slugs in Parliament House prise their hands (or should I say tweezers) off their dicks and legalize our sacred weed.

Luv Squid

PS A uni bar bust may be on the cards so watch out punters.

Those wacky Conservatives

Why does Matt Marks and the Liberals persist in making complete fools of themselves? I demand an answer to this question?

Yours

Confused Arts2

LETTERS POLICY
Need to get something off your chest? Feeling like no one gives a damn about what you say? Desperate for conversation pieces or just in the mood to see thousands reading your thoughts? We invite you to shoot the crap with On Dit. Your welcome to write about anything on your mind. We can't solve your problems but hey, sometimes it's just better to spread em' about. Right Throbber? So get those letters in the SAUA office contribution box, deliver them personally to ON DIT-SW Cloisters, even under the door, or FAX us on 2237165



in bed with Chris Pyne

Christopher Pyne, at age 24, is set to become one of the youngest members of Federal Parliament in Australian political history. He has held numerous positions in the Young Liberal Movement (youngest ever President at 20) and the Liberal Party, since he joined at seventeen. He has been the State Liberal Party's Policy coordinator since 1990, and ran in the last state election in the seat of Ross Smith against Premier John Bannon. Currently he is a Commercial Lawyer with Corrs Chambers Westgarth.

Describe by various political commentators as a 'Liberal Party Wunderkind' and a 'progressive Liberal', Christopher Pyne appears representative of the type of candidate the Liberal Party needs, if they are to obtain and keep power in the years ahead.

As a student at Adelaide University, Mr Pyne was active in student politics, being president of the Liberal Club from 1987-88, a Union Board member in 1987-88, and Finance Vice President (EVP) of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide (SAUA) in 1986.

He remains a staunch supporter of Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU), as he sees it as being up to individual choice whether someone wishes to join a union or not.

As FVP, he viewed his role as being that of a responsible manager of student resources, providing services to the student population. The political climate of Adelaide University was very much pro-Liberal during Mr Pyne's tenure, and while he is not surprised at the shift towards the left he views it as a cyclical phenomenon.

Being very much in the vein of a progressive Liberal, Mr Pyne says he joined the Liberal Party because it stands for the individual making 'choices for themselves', as distinct from the Labor Party which places faith in corporate decision making by unions, business or government, at the expense of the individual. He also opposes the factional system of the Labor Party, which he considers as more restrictive, and one which often places Labor members in positions where they must choose their faction over their electorate.

Mr Pyne decided to seek pre-selection for the seat of Sturt, held by the long serving Liberal, Ian Wilson, after a third party decided to seek pre-selection. Sensing there was a mood for change, and that the recent Electoral Redistribution had radically altered the old seat of



Cos I'm crazy for you, touch me once and you'll know it's true

Sturt, Mr Pyne decided to challenge; he won by a large margin.

Mr Pyne's electorate of Sturt, while once regarded as Blue-Ribbon Liberal, now requires only a 4.6% swing to the Labor Party, to fail: While it does take in traditional Liberal area such as Toorak Gardens and St. Georges, it also includes Labor heartland, including the electorate of Ross Smith. Mr Pyne is keen to

also contends that the doubling of family allowances and the wide-ranging reforms to education, health and industrial relations, will attract the voters to the Fightback reform package. He is also adamant that his age is of great advantage in this electorate, it being one of the youngest electorates in the nation. He has lived in Sturt all his life, and intends to do so for the remainder of it so that he can be more responsive to the demands placed upon him.

Mr Pyne eagerly awaits the election. He thinks it could be called as early as October, due to Mr Keating's increasingly savage attempts to discredit Dr Hewson, in his desire to avoid a situation where there is no hint of a recovery of the beginning of 1993 - this further damaging Mr Keating's low credibility.

Although many people are questioning the Liberal Party is not further ahead in the polls, given the litany of Labor's economic failings (from deficit blow-outs to unemployment) Mr Pyne is quick to point out that if you examine the results of polls since the last Federal Election in 1990, at no stage has the Labor Party been ahead of the Coalition, and everything points towards a Liberal victory at the next election. The Federal Government, in particular Mr Keating, is constantly trying to

portray the Coalition as immensely unpopular, when in fact, Mr Keating heads an incredibly unpopular government, according to Mr Pyne. He does not see the GST as a liability, and believes that when sold as part of an overall package, which is Fightback, it is a potential winner.

Mr Pyne is keen to discuss the whole Fightback package; however, while keen to discuss the economic benefits to the nation, Mr Pyne believes politics goes beyond economics; and he is far removed from the conservative mould from which many Liberal politicians are cast. He reasons that as our country becomes intrinsically diverse, more Australians from ethnic backgrounds will become successful in political parties.

He also finds it quite disturbing when women, who make up over 50% of the population, have less than 10% parliamentary representation on the benches throughout Australia. Mr Pyne emphasises the urgency for women to take an interest in political parties, in order to achieve a more focussed balance in parliaments.

On the question of who he looks up to in politics, Mr Pyne cited John F. Kennedy for his far-reaching civil-rights reforms, and his crack-down on organised crime. He also mentioned Sir Joseph Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia between 1932 and 1939, because Lyons was a true Liberal who 'believed in the individual's right to make their own decisions but recognised that governments have a role in ensuring that the underprivileged are not disadvantaged'.

Mr Pyne is also a fervent supporter of the Arts, a sector which many politicians on both sides of the fence are truly ignorant about. For example, the Adelaide Festival of Arts is important both to the state and the country; and Mr Pyne wants government to support the diverse nature of the Arts Industry, which encompasses the flagships of the Arts in Australia - the Australian Opera and the Australian Ballet.

Mr Pyne firmly believes that young Liberal and Labor enthusiasts with fresh ideas, should become involved in politics, as the challenges of the next century will require brand-new ideas coupled with experience. He is an intense advocate of reading profusely to broaden knowledge, and points out that he comes from a family with no particular political leaning; one which votes across the political spectrum Mr Pyne's success so far, and indeed his success in the future, seems to reside in his belief that while he advocates Liberal Party Policy, he has been prepared to argue a point, particularly on thought-provoking social issues-even when it has been unpopular with the party. If the Liberal Party is to grow as a broad-based political movement in an increasingly diverse nation, it is necessary that it takes on male progressive Liberals such as Mr Pyne, who not only grasp Liberal ideology, but can apply Liberation as proactive rather than a reactive approach. As one political commentator stated before Mr Pyne's successful pre-selection: Mr Pyne embodies the challenge facing the Liberal Party: the desperate need to attract younger voters.

Matt Marks Porn Star

OLYMPIC FEVER

-it's got us all feeling athletic

I can't pretend to be an avid sports fan, by any stretch of the imagination. Indeed, many is the time that I have thrown up my hands in dismay or even outrage at the seemingly never-ending diet of sport we are fed by our television and news programmers. (One more story about the Adelaide Crows will be the millionth too many. The inestimable Advertiser has even started promoting the "Crow of the Week".

Crow of the week indeed - I suppose they will just about time to get through all of the squad in a season, and then they can start all over again. What an exciting prospect, and a further example of the Advertiser's commitment to keeping us informed of the important issues affecting all South Australians. Bravo!) At this point, I could even share with you my none too innovative theory about sport having replaced religion as the opiate of the masses - and isn't the propaganda so much better? Sporting organisers and leaders don't even need to promise eternal life to get the unwavering devotion, the blind fanaticism of their innumerable followers. I won't expand, thereon, however. I wouldn't want critics to accuse me of trite politics. Even I, however, loath as I might be to concede it, have not been entirely unaffected by the great sporting spectacle which is the Olympics. Much better than the Commonwealth Games, which is really just an opportunity for Australia, Canada and, to a lesser extent (always the way, these days) Great Britain, to taunt all of the developing Commonwealth countries with their infinitely superior sporting prowess, which might have something to do with their relative economic positions - but whose an economist? This generally serves the purpose of making Australia et al feel better about their performances at the last Olympics. (Still, Malaysia, at least, got their revenge this year, didn't they?). I too, watched Kieren Perkins smash the 1500 metre freestyle world record in the early hours of Saturday morning, and valiantly attempted to quash any un-pc nationalistic or parochial feelings of gladness that this young Australian would be bringing home the gold. Truly a performance to rival Australia's inflationary trends, according to Mr "If I washed my hair I wouldn't be able to plaster it to my head in this highly becoming fashion"

Dawkins. But even as I have surreptitiously enjoyed some of the Barcelona action, I must confess to being a little confused about some of the developments of the Olympic traditions.

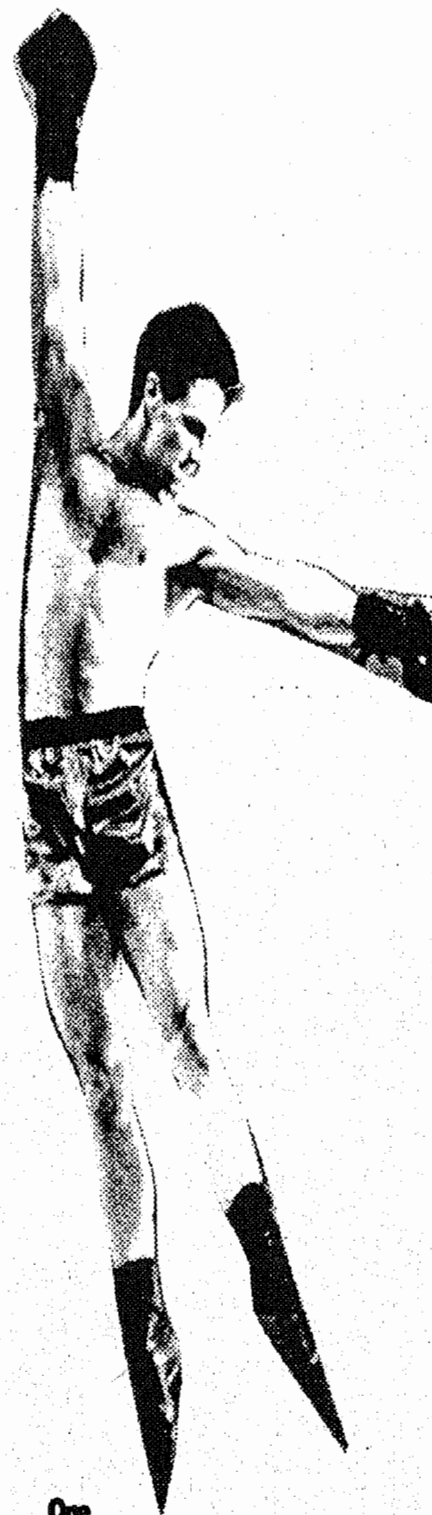
Now maybe I can be laughed at as being naive and innocent (and that would not be a new experience for those of us who attempt to journey under the banner of equality, and often find ourselves crying out in plaintive and apparently unconvincing tones "But it just isn't fair!"), but I seem to recall that there was once a time when the Olympic manifesto made some mention of a requirement of amateurism. Remember that? Some of you may even recall the way that this requirement was strictly implemented, to the extent that in the Games early this century, the American decathlete who won the gold medal was stripped of his title and had his medal confiscated when he was discovered to have received moneys for playing the odd game of baseball - a sport, obviously enough, completely unrelated to the one in which he was competing. Where, I ponder idly to myself, has this amateur ideal gone in the 1990s? When the relatively new addition of tennis is actually organised and overseen by the Association of Tennis Professionals? When the American basketball team's pay probably equals the GNP of some of the smaller competing nations? The addition, influence and finally overwhelming importance of money in the Olympic equation generally might have something to do with the slight slipping (read complete abandoning) of the rules on amateur status. A small fact for you, readers, that in 1980, the International Olympic Committee (IOC) had reserves of \$US241,000 - a relatively modest sum that would allow it to administer a large international body. This year it boasts an annual budget of \$20 million, and holds assets of \$118 million. Not bad, really, for a movement that originally rejected and condemned commercialism in sport. This transformation of the IOC has taken place under the presidency of one Juan Samaranch, whose previous claim to fame was an undistinguished term as a fascist politician in Spain. Being an undistinguished fascist politician really does seem to be singularly pointless. I mean, if you are going to actively admit and promote yourself on the basis that you have politics that are, at least on a general level, hated by most free thinking, intelligent human beings, at the very least you'd want to garner enormous support from your chosen electorate - to be, for example, a charismatic leader of the masses, like other well known

fascists. Samaranch seemed to be having no real success at this in Spain, and so changed electorates, and found, spookily enough, that in the bizarre, high powered world of international sports' organisations, his views were not reviled, but rather embraced. And so began, with the help of others - notably Adidas and Coca-Cola - the transmogrification of the Olympics into one of the biggest money spinners and commercial enterprises in the world, that sees about \$US82 million spent simply by the nations competing to host the damn things. Let's talk television rights - \$US631 million! Mind you, given the amount of accommodation that the sport itself is required to make to ensure that the televising goes smoothly, it's easy to see why the networks think it's worth it. Huge ratings, signed, sealed and delivered, with a \$631 million price tag. Witness the opening ceremony (another example of the Olympics out of control. I think the Pope will have to appear in Atlanta to keep up-him or God.), when a significant number of athletes actually competing in the games (remember them?) were not allowed to march with their teams, as it would take too long, and the television audiences might switch over or off. I concede that this was a real possibility. The idea of watching thousand after thousand of people march through a stadium waving manically does not really immediately suggest riveting viewing, but one can really only shake one's head ruefully about the prioritising that dictates that the athletes themselves must take second place to Jose Carreas engaging in a bit of unrestrained singing, some blow up boats and the almighty dollar.

A final point that I am aching to make relates only tangentially to the Olympics, but has been getting a bit of press of its own in the last couple of weeks. Boxing. The notion that two men bashing each other as hard as they can with the aim of inflicting serious pain and general damage is sport is completely repugnant, and more than slightly ridiculous. The spectacle of a boxing match is more than a little reminiscent of gladiatorial duels, and if one has heard any of the furore surrounding the comments of Scott Bouwer, who is, I am informed, the Australian lightweight boxing champion, when he stated that in the heat of a fight, he would not hesitate in killing an opponent if that was what it took to win, I think one would have to concede that that is probably the direction this "sport" is taking. Small wonder that people such as Mike Tyson and Don King (who incidentally made \$130 million last year) are attracted to it as a concept. We'll make assault and battery illegal

everywhere except the boxing ring, so that those people who find the idea of completely pulverising another human being somewhat attractive just make sure they do it in the name of sport. Medical advice and evidence relating to the way boxing causes brain damage and other heinous long term injuries are ignored. I have no compunction in calling for it (along with pokies) to be banned.

Jo Dye



One of the many new activities developed to cut sporting violence

Is Pornography in the Eye of the Beholder?

Or can a man really be a feminist?

I was arguing with a housemate of mine about the nature of pornography. At one point he agreed that a man wolf-whistling or jeering at a woman as she walked down the street was demeaning to the woman: she was being treated as a sexual object, but that a photograph of a near-naked woman on the front cover of *People* or *Playboy* magazine was not demeaning to the woman portrayed. Many women would not be surprised at this judgement from a man, yet this man called himself a feminist and saw no contradiction in his attitudes.

His argument centred on the fact that this was a picture. Sure, she was being portrayed as an object, not a human being, but that was the nature of all pictures. Anyone who is in a picture is only a representation of what the picture is attempting to portray. But his conclusion that this portrayal is inevitably going to be dehumanising; that you cannot portray "humanity" in a picture is surely, in the least, rather odd, at the most, plainly ridiculous.

The human experience is one of emotion and rationality. If a person has an emotional or attitudinal response to an object or action, we say they have behaved humanely: if they do not, we call them inhumane. Therefore, if a picture is one of emotion, then it is portraying humanity - the person depicted is being treated as a human. This may be just a tiny facet of humanity - "laughter" or "sorrow" - but it is still a depiction of humanity. My housemate was saying that because it isn't portraying the whole spectrum of human experience, a picture and its subject can never be humane. But the depicted being is not an object representing "joy" or "sorrow": by virtue of these emotions it is necessarily a human, experiencing this emotion. No one would argue that a photo of a friend or of an important political event is treating the subjects as anything but human. It is the emotional, social, etc. significance that the subject feels and holds that makes all the difference. (I realise that I am being species exclusive in using the term "human" - I am by no means limiting this argument to homosapiens. Perhaps "person" would be a better term but I am using "human" for reasons of clarity.)

The same can be said for sex. Sex in itself can be portrayed as just one facet of human experience - of course it can; no one should say that sex can and should not be distinguished from other human pleasures. But this is not the issue. The issue is whether or not those being portrayed are being treated as humans or as objects. Both women and men can be depicted as objects, but I shall confine my argument to the portrayal of women, since women are most often denied their humanity

in sexual situations. You may read "and men" if you have experienced this treatment of men (and it is becoming more common - you only have to look at bisexual pornography and lovely heterosexual events such as "Manpower" to see this at work).

If a portrayal of a woman having sex is also portraying her as experiencing appropriate emotions (and I stress appropriate - there is no place in sex for negative emotions such as fear and aggression) then she is being treated as a human in her own right and I have no problem with that - any opposition to it is just puritanism. But if she is portrayed as having no emotional response, then she is not being portrayed as a human. She is an object, her purpose being for someone else's satisfaction. It is an altogether different kettle of fish if she is experiencing negative emotions - this is just out and out violence against her, as well as dehumanisation. (This is why some people see their own (or others') experience of sex without at least some degree of love as dehumanising: if there is only physical pleasure, they are basically behaving (and being treated) as an object. But, of course, the physical experience can be so great that you can be satisfied without the emotional response, but it still isn't a human (personal) experience. If you feel this strongly enough, you may choose to do without a purely physical experience of sex.)

The photographs on the front of pornographic magazines also share these features. The women portrayed are not having any emotional experience - they are posing as objects, for purposes other than their emotional well-being. As sexual beings they would be there for their own emotional and sexual happiness. Anyone who sees a photo of a fully dressed, laughing woman as being of a sexual object clearly has difficulty in seeing women in any other way. One does not need the same imagination to perceive that a woman portrayed in pornography is intended to be seen as a sexual object. If the viewer sees women as sexual objects (as opposed to sexual beings) then he/she will have no problem with this image: anyone who believes that women are human beings and valuable in their own right will find these images of women objectionable.

Of course, the purpose of the picture is all important. The treatment of nudes in art is very different to that in pornography. The person is being treated as a body, but the difference is in that the body is treated with respect. There is (or should be) no sexual connotations placed on the body (although it will obviously have some sensual beauty) - therefore it serves no purposes other than artistic ones. It portrays the body as a beautiful, natural form. Martin Schreiber, an "art photographer", published a book of nudes in 1979 called *Bodyscapes*, which featured Madonna Ciccone before she became famous. He has since published an entire book of Madonna nudes and in his introduction he states:

*"Nudes have been in art for centuries. We are fascinated by the human form, by our bodies, and that fascination won't stop."*¹

The book is, in his words, "a celebration of the human form". Although there are many explicit

portraits in the book, the subject is always treated with respect as an artist's model, as models in any art school are treated. (We can question why such a disproportionate number of women were/are portrayed in the potentially humiliating state of nudity: aren't men's forms as "fascinating"? But that is a different argument and the situation is slowly being redressed, so I will not discuss it here.)

The line between nudes in art and pornography is fuzzy, however. Some artists do demean their subjects (the subject then becomes the object) and the result can be pornographic. Some art can be seen as pornographic if it is tacky or tasteless: often the judgement depends on the aesthetics of the viewer. (Some of the Schreiber's nudes of Madonna were published in *Playboy* magazine: he said that they were "devoid of purient interests, having nothing to do with sex or exploitation and that is just how they should be viewed.... There are those who would... like to "sully", make dirty the imagery of nudes. "I wonder how many of *Playboy's* readership would have seen these images as without purient interests and sex?")

But I think these grey areas are small. Anyone with an awareness of, and concern for, the issues of the dehumanisation of women will make the correct distinction. No one would call a *People* magazine art, and no one would or should claim that that is its purpose. The basic criterion that underlies these arguments and which ultimately determines whether a person is being treated with their human rights, is whether they are being used as a means to another end. The slaves in North, Central and South America were not valued as ends in themselves: they were means to growing cotton, mining silver, etc. and hence making their owners rich. So too, the women who are splashed across pornographic magazine covers (and within the magazines, of course) are not treated as ends in themselves. This is not a picture of a female human being who is valued simply because she is an on this planet, but an object of which the only value ascribed is that she is sexually attractive (i.e. she has large breasts, a totally flat stomach and narrow hips - an unrealistic portrayal of a woman, anyway). She is a means to the end of getting a man sexually excited. Of course, becoming sexually excited in the presence of a woman is not a crime - any lover should be sexually excited by you, but they should be excited by your mind as well as your body. If they disregard your emotions, then they are not respecting your mind, no matter how much they respect your body.

So many men who seem to totally respect their female friends will still be attracted to, or at least will not dislike, the portrayal of a woman as a sexual object. Men do seem to be able to detach their sexual feelings from their



emotional feelings and become quite dehumanised in the process by acting upon physical, "animal" instincts. We must not be female chauvinist and claim that this is inherently worse than women's ways of relating, but most (all?) men will say that they much prefer having sex with a woman that they love, rather than someone they are sexually attracted to. So why do they put up with this inhumane way of relating? Could it be that in distancing themselves from women and appraising them in sexual terms, they are able to use them in some way, and hence keep a sense of power over them? It is far easier to feel superior to a being that you have objectified than to another human person who may be more intelligent, sensitive or articulate than you. This is only a hypothesis: a well supported one in the past, but hopefully becoming less relevant as time goes by.

Yet most men would claim to treat women with total respect (there are a few notable exceptions right here in this university who don't even pretend to respect women). The "sensitive new-age guy" who calls himself a feminist but who refuses to give up the last 5% of pleasure or power he receives at women's expense is far more dangerous than your male-chauvinist yobbo. It is far more difficult to perceive and pin down his sexism and even more difficult to argue against it, but he'll trample you down all the same, in little ways that end up making you feel powerless or paranoid, or both. Therefore, I say don't be totally cynical about men but take any man's avowal that he is a feminist with a grain of salt and wait for him to prove it to you before you give him your heart and soul. A hasty judgement may prove near-fatal to your emotional sanity. You'll end up a bitter, twisted and frightened soul and will completely walk past the man who will love your mind more than your body (or else you could bypass all these difficulties by going gay, but lesbian relationships contain their own power-plays).

But there are little glimmers of hope. A man got on my bus the other day on whose haversack was a sticker that read, "Real Men don't need porn". Right on.

¹ Martin Schreiber: *Madonna Nudes* 1979. Berlin: Taschen, 1987.

Bethany Hunt

RADICAL EXISTENTIALISM AND SHAKIN STEVENS

The Green Door and the Black Soul Radical Existentialism in the Work of Shakin' Stevens

There's not much which scares me more than "Student Representative". Especially when they're next to each other.

To take a similar example, remember the number of 'Youth Representatives' who came skipping out of the woodwork for the youth jobs summit last week? There was some old fart in his 40s with attractive flowing locks of grey hair, who must have been attending the summit as a representative of the Memories of Youth Council. He kept telling us how happy young people were at the new ground which was being broken for us kids. And he said things like 'We think this is a great initiative', as if he was not only representing us, but he was *one of us*. I mean, fuck off and get a hip replacement or something, alright?

That comment wasn't meant to be insulting to the chronologically gifted, but just to highlight the problems inherent in the concept of 'representation'. Last Thursday the University opened its Thebarton Campus, which is its "Commerce and Research Precinct". It's near the brewery and the Entertainment Centre. I'm sure it'll give a really interesting vantage point for watching the Christmas displays later on in the year.

Anyway, I turned up, sadly, there was no name tag for me. Everyone else had a name-tag. There was a woman called Julie hand-

writing tags for the tagless. Most people had impressive things on their tags like "Buster Poindexter: Baker O'Loughlin", or "Anita Albini: Department of Physics". I didn't have anything to put on mine. I would up settling for "Simon Healy: University Student", which looks even stupider on a name-tag than it does on paper. It must have led anyone who saw it to ask, "there are 10,000 students at the University. How come this one gets to glug two glasses of free champagne, enjoy the brisk yet pleasant service, and wrestle with me for the last mini-quiche?" The only answer to that question seems to be that I was there as a Student Representative. Which, if you think about it, is absolute tripe.

If there's a way to *representatively* enjoy perks and go on guided tours of molecular biology laboratories, then I'm at a loss as to what it is. Should I have thrown up all over the lab and flashed my bum to represent the Historical Buildings Appreciation Society? Should I have tried to strike up banal yet genial conversa-



tions with businesspeople in the hope of making 'contacts' which might help me later in my career, to represent AIESEC? Should I have dressed stupidly and shouted out, "Ferilee, Ferilee, thou shalt morris-dance me to thy stores of mead" for the Society for Creative Anachronism? Perhaps not. I'll try to forget the whole thing.

The important thing is that Thebarton got opened, albeit with the odd hiccup. A plastic sign carrying the University logo fell down loudly and embarrassingly while Frank O'Neill was making a poignant analogy between Colonel Light's death from tuberculosis and the purchase of the Thebarton site. He weathered it well, though (Frank, not the Colonel). Kevin Marjoribanks spoke first and last, and seemed genuine about the whole thing. The

Honourable Ross Lee confirmed my opinion of all politicians as people with horribly grey personalities, and I'd well and truly drifted off by the time he finished. Chancellor Bill Scammell was funny, brief and at least spoke with a sense of self-mocking and

irony. He also didn't mention the reunified Germany or our Asian neighbours once.

We were then split up into five groups and shown around the campus. I went with a guy called Simon something-or-other, who was from both the University of South Australia and the National Centre for Petroleum Geology and Geophysics, which must be fun to explain at parties. He seemed to be as embarrassed to be leading us as we were mystified to be listening to him. He really didn't seem to have a clue what was going on, but we kind of stumbled around the campus under his uncertain supervision and then arrived at Bresatech, who are the molecular biology

whizzes (are you will awake out there?). They had a sensational brochure entitled 'Manual Pippetting is a Thing of the Past', but apart from that it was all a bit over my head. Likewise for the NCPGG, although Simon was more in his element there and managed to explain something without stopping and correcting himself mid-sentence. After that, we saw the Carbon Fibre workshop, in which we were told that 1 square millimetre of carbon fibre has a breaking tension of 380 kilograms. I can't help but think that if only Sylvia Plath had known this, she might still be with us today.

The excitement had grown too great, and so it was off home to have some milk and cookies, cuddle teddy and go to bed.

The AVCC's report for 1993 - 5, entitled *Australian Universities in a Changing World*, contains few surprises. They've ditched the policy of allowing full fee-paying Australian students, but picked up the notion of a loans scheme. It's couched in the nicest possible words, but nonetheless, to see the official representatives of universities publicly support a scheme which has received universal student condemnation scares me. If they must press ahead with it, I think that the Vice-Chancellors' Loan Scheme should be created. It would work like this:

1) You can get as much money as you want from the government, an interest free loan, whenever you like.

2) You only have to pay it back when you become a Vice-Chancellor.

Simple, eh? Apart from the obvious financial incentives to study which this system would contain, there would be an obvious pressure on the universities when they came to appointing Vice-Chancellors. It would be economically sensible for them to appoint the person most in debt as VC, which means that becoming VC of a University would be a prize for running up the largest debt possible in the time it takes to finish a degree. This could only make Universities more generous, fun places.

The budget cuts which were much-publicised at the start of the year are beginning to bite.

The University has come up with a budget allocation formula which can predict how much each faculty is going to get in 1994. The result is that Arts is going to get hit for a 5.4% cut between now and then.

As a result, eighteen academics from the faculty sent a letter protesting the impossibility of continuing to deliver quality teaching on the proposed budget. The letter was largely dismissed as another whinge from the troops, but it highlights the awful problem with economic rationalist solutions to the University's dilemma. Cutting back budgets is not simply an exercise of playing with numbers. What happens when it becomes physically impossible to teach a subject with the amount of money available for it? The subject gets dropped.

Presuming that the pessimistic view of the University's finances is the only realistic one and that the Uni is going to have to teach fewer subjects and offer less choice to students, surely there's a better way of going about it than what's going to happen. There will be a war of attrition, with academics trying to hang on to their subjects by cutting teaching costs to the bone, with students ultimately having fewer subjects of lower quality to choose between. Certainly the Uni's buildings breach the current Occupational Health and Safety laws, and certainly our executive salaries don't compare with other states of Australia, let alone overseas. However, if we really have a responsibility to the next generation of scholars, as people are fond of saying, then we're stupid to let academic standards go to waste; once a course becomes generally regarded as crap, you could teach it on a waterslide at Warner Brothers Movie World (Hollywood on the Gold Coast) and still no one would go ear it. If making Adelaide Uni a worthwhile place to study at isn't first priority, then I can only wonder why we've all been called here.

Once people start regarding a university, faculty or department's subjects as generally sub-standard, it's goodnight Irene, take Merv off from the Vulture St end, put down your glasses, start planning for next week, inject some new blood into the team in readiness for next year, prepare a replacement for Cornesie and let the alternatively-body-imaged gender stereotype bellow her/his lungs out. It's finished.

A terrible but inevitable thing is that people only start protesting decisions once they are directly affected, by which time resistance is useless. The decisions are being made now, and if you don't write to someone important (even The Adelaidean might be worth a shot), it'll be too late when that excellent option you were planning to do gets ditched in second semester 1994. Go on. Make an effort. Failing that, turn up to the University Council meeting on 14th August at 2 pm in the Council Room on Level 7 of the Kenneth 'Bloody' Wills building. Free Crack, Uzis and copies of the Body Count album will be handed around at 3.30 pm. Promise.

Simon Healy

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW *is another folk singer*

Going Through The Motions **The underside of the cancelled** **Sydney Higher Education Summit**

It all seemed like a good idea in the beginning, as these sort of things tend to be - a busload of students from South Australia travelling over to bonny Sydney to protest against the big bad Higher Education Summit. Things looked

reasonable to start with... sure, they changed the location on us a few times (but that was because they were scared), and thousands of posters were adjusted accordingly, but as we were told - it was still on!

The hype (thanks to our friendly Left Alliance and National Union of Students) was there to be seen and believed - "Let's crash the Party!", "Give them a hangover they won't forget!"... what self-respecting student would not rally to such stirring agitprop, it all sounded like a lot of well intentioned fun to this pacifist prole.

Anyway, soon the swelled ranks of thirty or forty was reduced to three or four, though it must be maintained that our dedicated enthusiasm was not dampened by this mass cancellation (read: sellout). This conscientious student for one, was not to be daunted by a mere comprehensive withdrawal of state support, and neither were his three compatriots and the loyal CSACSO (...) backers. So, on golden Saturday eve we set off, with hope in our hearts, anticipating dawn over the harbour and a warm welcome from our Eastern comrades.

Funnily enough, the whole show was cancelled before we even left the City of Churches - our mission was doomed to fail! In a Sunday morning blissful ignorance, we idled through the grey hours and streets of downtown Sydney, unaware of where we were to stay and what we were to do, but still damn sure why and for whom we were going to do it!

After six hours that few of us can recall, the mural smeared gates of the Jellyheads warehouse (our home base) buckled open. Sadly, we were to find it base but far from home. So, we became homeless, digging deep to find some party spirit amidst our shattered dreams of jolly rebellion and kindred solidarity. We were told to re-group at 6 o'clock to discuss strategy before everyone scattered

and we looked for somewhere to stay. Potts Point near Kings Cross then proved to be party central for the SA front for our group before the building perished a week later in the great fires of Sydney.

**We roamed
the streets in
a desperate
attempt to
get arrested**



Back in the good ol' days. September 1976 20 000 students march nationally to defend education
Approximately 80 000 were on strike. Bludgers.

The Day of Rest: Sunday

The eagerly awaited caucus at Jellyheads arrived, we prepared to meet student activists from all over the country for our welcome and debriefing. Not incredibly, this was not the case. Instead, we were privileged to witness political bullshit as only NUS knows how.

"Rent a Rally" soon emerged the theme - an AIDEX protest, ANC demonstration and something about a Women's Liberal rally settled into the agenda. With growing amazement, we saw a who's who of student socialists unfold. Fruitcakes from the ISO (International

Socialists Organisation) suggested throwing marbles beneath the worth steeds of the mounted constabulary whilst assorted non-denominational lefties proposed means of entry into the Sheraton from the sublime to the ridiculous. No one seemed concerned that the Summit had been cancelled except us poor suckers from interstate, and especially the contingent from Perth. The pinnacle of the forum was the proposed vote on the motion that the motion to include the

motion suggesting a separate women's caucus during the meeting be considered... three quarters of an hour later the mute SA faction reached a consensus "Wha' the Fuck!" verdict and exited - stage left.

Monday: "Savage Bliss" and the Sheraton

From legend on truckie stop vending machine to riots before the swanky Sheraton. Well - this was the biggie: heaps of media, hordes of cops, a generous smattering of unkempt and angry raddies, injuries, arrests and running amok through peak hour traffic. Needless to say, all involved felt very much better about themselves after the event.

Tuesday

A full day this turned out to be for the hollow Victory March. The ISO were tickled pink and lots of LA flags jutted above our bewildered heads. Speeches ensued with the smug blues creaking in their leathers as our leaders played 'pass the megaphone' in the picturesque Fitzroy Gardens. The unruly procession wound its way through The Cross with blue and red light escorts in abundance. After a fruitful half hour of blocking traffic and deeply symbolic stop-over at the junction of Whitlam Square, the rabble arrived at the offices of DEET. A wall of eight grinning officers greeted the uncoordinated, indecisive and pathetic group of 150 dedicated socialists and student friends. Amidst grinning police and journo, the mob argued over their weird and wonderful plans of attack for the next twenty minutes, to eventually take up where they left off and roamed the streets for the rest of the afternoon, trying desperately to get arrested.

Wednesday

Our last, and thankfully protest-free day in Sydney. As we were up doing the sightseeing bit in the Centrepoint Tower, I reflected upon the days past and gazed over the sparkling harbour and its postcard surrounds. After a moment's introspection, I decided that the greatest moment for me was on the Monday during a pub crawl in The Cross. My young friends and I trudged into the Hyatt-esque Hotel Nikko - the location of the inaugural Higher Education Summit of 1991. Once at the bar we ordered drinks. I daringly opted for a Japanese beer (carefully noting their reputation for producing some of the worst brews in the world), the \$6 dose of Sapporo did not disappoint - it was completely undrinkable. As a momento, I kept the can and, as I leaned against the plate glass, high above this event I fingered the cap in my pocket. I brought it gingerly to the light... not only did the characteristic five pointed star remind me of a certain butler and yet hark back to the National Action flag of that infamous stockade day of 1854, but, quite spookily, it also bore the mark of the notorious Left Alliance - those who roused us to travelling over 3,000 km in the first place.

I turned to my companions and held up the icon as it flashed in the blinding sun.

"Eureka Beer - Guaranteed to leave that bad taste in your mouth," said I.

"We'll drink to that," the chorused reply as we turned to leave for home.

Matthew Simon

In solidarity with **BURMA**

U Ne Oo is a Burmese student studying in Adelaide, here he outlines concerns with the Australian government treatment of Burma

Australia must change its practice of "wait and see" on Burma's affairs.

For most Australians, Burma has been seen as an exclusive and mysterious place. Its population had been totally alienated from the rest of the world and, to a degree, seen as xenophobic. For almost three decades, Burma had been not seeing the modern world's developments. Such is a long sleep indeed. It was in 1988, with the popular revolts, that awoke Burma with a fresh sense of longing for social and democratic freedoms.

Such a longing is totally justified. For over 26 years, the citizens of Burma have been under the repression of the dictator, General Ne Win, who seized power in 1962. He and his Burma Socialist Programme Party, brought Burma into a catastrophe. With its sheer incompetence and corrupt behaviour, BSPP turned Burma, once Asia's rich country, into a basket case. In 1987, Burma had to declare itself a Least Developed Country (LDC). Two times within a year, the demonetisations left people in total destitution and poverty. Burmese citizens, are indeed enraged with the regime. One which not only brought citizens into destitution and poverty, but also caused their country to become an LDC, a situation Burmese regard as a national insult. In August 1988, the people of Burma joined in calling for democracy and the resignation of the corrupt Government. Led by University students, the peaceful demonstrations with demands for democracy and their immense momentum, were unprecedented in Burma's history. Students, Buddhist monks, civil servants, the police force and some factions of military along with entire population, regardless of race or religion, joined in those pro-democracy movements.

The people's call for democracy was denied. The military backed Socialist Party brought troops into cities. In September 1988, the military assumed state power and imposed martial law. The peaceful demonstrators, including women and children, were shot down. A total of 3,000 demonstrators were killed after the military coup.

To escape extreme brutality, and also in hope that they may be able to bring down the Government by an armed struggle, Burmese students joined rebels in the border area. The Kachin and Karen ethnic freedom fighters, who had been fighting the Rangoon central Government for decades, welcomed the students.

The fact that attempts at achieving social and democratic reform failed to persuade the military regime was neither unusual nor unexpected. Far more disappointing was those countries who claim to stand proudly as democratic and peace loving who denied to support the call of Burmese citizens for democracy. Australia, for example, just four months after the bloody crackdown on demonstrators, resumed aid to Burma. Such an uncaring move proved to be a disaster. Private firms, eager to exploit Burma's natural resources, had moved into Burma and dealt with the military government. Australian commercial firms, including BHP, which eventually signed an agreement with military government, aren't much better in their stand on human rights or

democracy than their counterparts in Thailand, Singapore, South Korea and Japan.

Those companies, using their commercial judgements, found more profitable and more accessible dealing with such a regime who had a desperate need for foreign currency to stay in power. The regime found its true supporters, indeed. After signing the treaty with foreign oil companies, BHP, Idemitsu, Yukong, Amoco, Unocal, etc., the Burmese military's foreign reserves rose to US\$600 million in 1990 (in 1988, foreign reserves were less than US\$20 million).

It is obvious to a Burmese that the regime's first priority is to stay in power. Indeed, the regime has never taken the well being of Burmese people as its responsibility. With the backing of those companies, the Burmese government built up its military machinery. Favoured with credit, China, its ideology opposed and with hostile attitude towards the popular democratic movements, was more than happy to sell arms to the Burmese regime (a total of US\$1 billion sales in arms to Burma in 1990).

China's Tiananmen Square massacre was a tragedy, not just for Chinese citizens but also for Burmese. Even though on a smaller scale compared with the 1988 popular revolts of Burma, it gained much world attention. Undoubtedly, the Tiananmen Square massacre placed the Chinese Government in much the same situation as the Burmese regime. The Burma military then had a powerful friend indeed.

With total confidence, the Burma military then continued repression on its own people. A massive military offensive was launched on the Thai-Burma border areas. The Karen, together with Burmese students further fled to remote areas and some into neighbouring Thailand. Many people were forced by the military to serve as porters to carry arms and ammunition over rugged mountains. Some even had to walk over mine fields (the Burma military had a lack of mine detectors).

Within the country, the crackdown on opposition forces continues. Civil servants and students in particular are being harassed, intimidated and mistreated. Those who express opinions against the military are persecuted. Political parties are allowed, but not permitted to gather or campaign. Within this climate, how could any opposition party ever succeed in a contest with a government-backed one?

To the military regime's disappointment, rather than surprise, this speculation has proved to be wrong. With incredible courage and immense sacrifice, Burmese people finally succeeded in dismantling the regime's legitimacy on state power. The opposition party, National League for Democracy (NLD), won the election with 80 percent of votes. The people's message from the 27th May, 1990 election result was, and still is, unequivocal and uncompromising: We want democracy and a democratic government.

If one was fully aware of the military's intention of buying time and staying in power, he/she would not be surprised that the military refused to transfer power to the victorious NLD. The elected parliament never had a chance to convene. The elected members, instead, were

detained. Some had fled to the Border areas. The rest were forced to leave their parliament unconvened.

To an extent, it is true the Gulf War in 1990 diverted the attention from the democracy struggles in Burma. The profound truth, however, is Burma's inability to launch a nuclear war or its unfortunate lack of oil reservoirs. No wonder the Super Power and its followers chose to ignore Burma.

Then again, there are the Swedes who, indeed, cared enough to raise human rights issues on Burma. With a genuine concern over Burmese and Burma, the Swedes helped to push the United Nations to discuss these matters. Finally in November 1991, United Nations passed a resolution on Human Rights in Burma.

Unlike Sweden, Australia has made no commitment of substance towards democracy in Burma. Australia's commitments towards democracy in Burma and its stand on human rights issues are disappointing and confusing. After the massacre in 1988, while no one else dared to talk with the Rangoon Military, the Australian Government made an astonishing move: resuming aid to Burma. It should be stressed that this had serious consequences, which paved the way for private companies to go into Burma. The Australian Government defended this by saying they didn't wish a continuing project to be wasted. We have no dispute with Australia's good will and good intention to develop Burma. However, the wisdom of its timing for such a move should be questioned. Pre- and post-1990 Burma elections, various Burma support groups requested the Australian Government to impose economic sanctions on Burma. The Australian government constantly refused to take steps towards trade sanctions on Burma.

The reason for such reluctance seems two fold. The first reason: bilateral trade with Burma never exceeds \$3 million per annum and therefore have no significance. This figure appears to exclude the investments in private sector. (In 1989-90, this figure was \$1.6 million. However, it has been learnt that the foreign oil companies including BHP, which signed the trade agreements gave \$5 million dollars as a signature bonus to Burmese government in October 1989.) Even though this trade figure appears underestimated, it will nonetheless be as significant as the Nobel honour given to our leader Daw Aung San Suu Kyi.

The second reason seems more philosophical and needs clarification. It is whether the Australian Government treats human rights as

a universal issue. In Australian society, July 1990, Senator Gareth Evans mentioned, "Despite the large number of countries in which human rights abuses of one kind or another occur, the only exception we have been inclined as a nation to make is in respect of South Africa, because of the uniquely inhuman character of the apartheid regime." This is the justification of why the Australian Government didn't impose a trade sanction at that time. In November 1991, however, United Nations resolution gave a clear mandate for possible trade sanctions on Burma. The reason for the Australian Government's reluctance to take steps towards economic sanctions on Burma is still unclear.

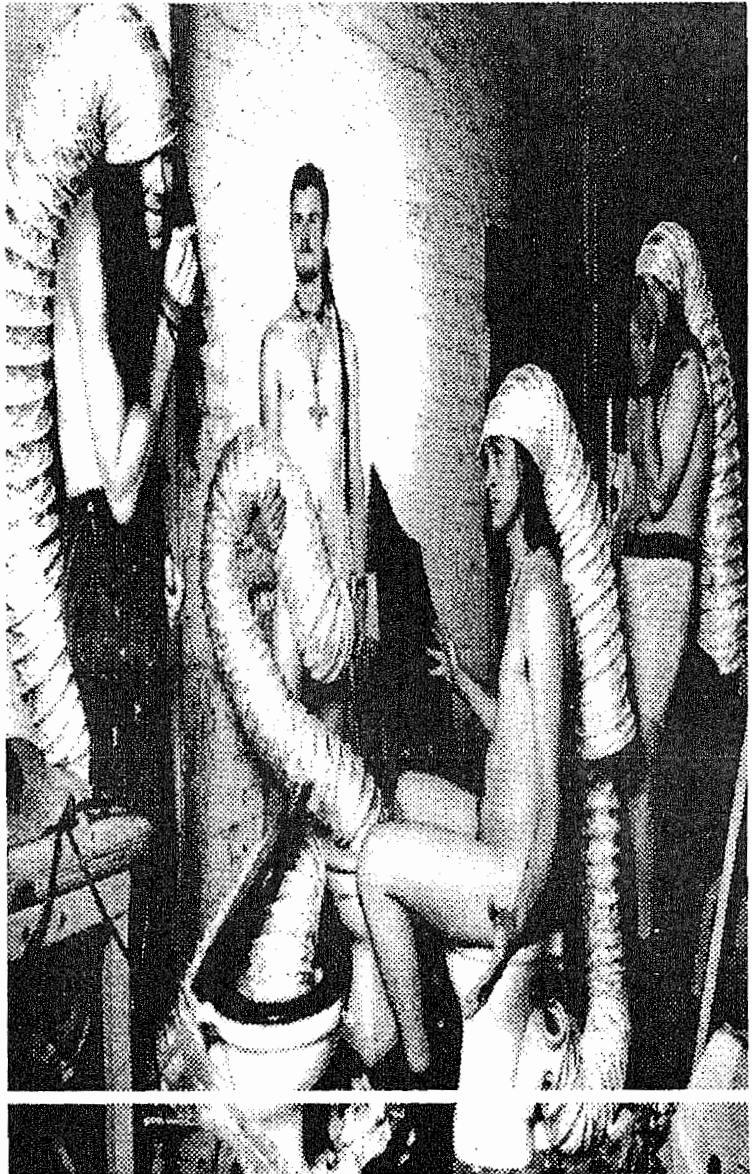
There may be one obvious reason: commercial interests. In the case of Dili massacre in East Timor last year, it appears that the Australian Government clearly ignored human rights issues in favour of commercial interests. In the case of Burma, one wonders what commercial interest could have been the cause for reluctance to place economic sanctions on Burma.

There is another reason which is not so obvious. The government is acting with the unprincipled approach towards human rights issues. From the above cited Senator Gareth Evans' reply, there is an indication that the Australian Government has accepted multiple standards on human rights. The above cited note implies that, excepting South Africa, the human rights violations elsewhere will be accepted as one of its own country's social and cultural factors. If this is true, it will be a total catastrophe for those who are striving for democracy all over the world. There is another implication from the reply: while South Africa's regime (prior to July 1990) was found as unacceptable and inhuman, it is not clear whether the Burmese military regime is found to be acceptable or humane (so that the Australian Government does not impose sanctions).

We have been much encouraged, indeed, with Australia's "One Nation" statement which sees Australia taking part more actively in Asia-Pacific affairs. It is unclear whether a change of symbol would constitute a change in Australia's image. However, it is certain that Australia's principles, as well as its practice in Asia will have to change. In the past, we have seen Australia as a follower rather than a decision maker in Burma's affairs in particular. Australia must change its practice of "wait and see" on Burma's affairs.

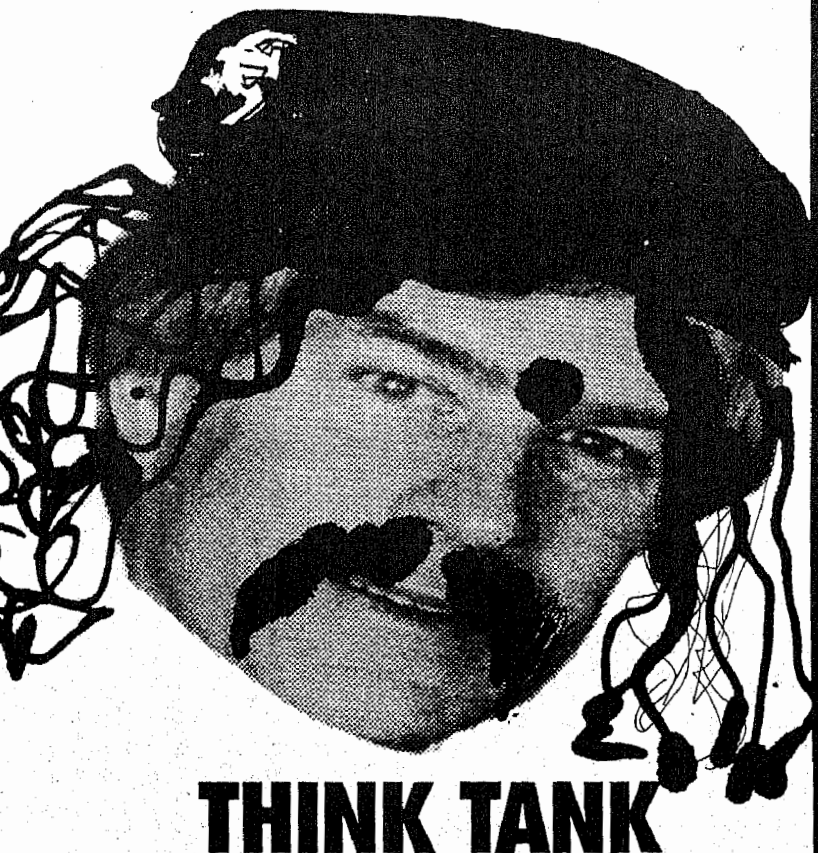
U Ne Oo





Battle of the bands this Friday in the Unibar!

Think revolution?



THINK TANK

WEDNESDAY 5th AUGUST Unibar 5PM
THINK TANK IS A MEETING OF STUDENTS TO DISCUSS IDEAS, COMING ACTS AND INFO SHARING REGARDS ACTIVITES AND ENTERTAINMENT. ALL WELCOME

Union Activities for Week beginning Monday, 3rd August, 1992

Monday, 3rd August

10 am - 5 pm "Walls 2" exhibition in Union Gallery featuring the works of 8 Adelaide major contemporary artists on our new Gallery walls. Artists featured included Craig Andre, Kate Brennan, Shaun Kirby, John Barbour, Anton Hart, Linda Marie Walker, L.E. Young, Jennifer Hamilton. Come and discover the new intimate Gallery. Exhibitions continues until July 31st.

12.30 - 1.30 pm Free lunchtime rock concert in Cloisters featuring "3 Little Pigs" for Uni Information Day.

7.30 pm Film screening in Union Cinema of "The Addams Family". \$2 film club members, \$3 students, \$4 public.

Wednesday, 5th August

12.30 - 1.30 pm Free lunchtime concert in Cloisters with student jazz band from Faculty for the Performing Arts for Uni Information Day.

6 - 8 pm Medieval music in Union Bistro.

8 pm - late Jazz-Schmazz in UniBar featuring Uni jazz students.

Thursday, 6th August

6 - 8 pm "Brett Aplin" performs on the grand piano in the Union Bistro.

Friday, 31st July

6 - 8 pm "Brett Aplin" performs on the grand piano in the Union Bistro. Free.

8 pm - late The Adelaide Uni Campus Battle of the Bands Final in UniBar with "Cat Ballou", "Stinky Texta", "The Whipping Post", "Undecided" and "Egg". Free to students, Guests \$4.

Coming Soon

- State Campus Battle of the Bands Final in Unibar, Saturday, 22nd August.
- Jazz-Schmazz in UniBar, Wednesday nights, 8 pm - midnight starting 5th August.
- "Clowns of Decadence", "Cerveza y Putas", "Storytime" (from Perth), "Def FX", "Jeff Laing Band" and heaps more.

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.

Second Semester Activities Booklet

The Activities Booklet for this semester period will be in your student pigeonholes this week. The program has details of entertainment, exhibitions, new craft and leisure program, films, special events and catering information for this semester.

Hair Cuts without Pretension

Where else can you get your hair cut without pretension, surrounded by works of art in progress, interesting conversation, in a convenient location, and by hairdressers who have worked in the best salons of Europe and Australia?

At the Craft Studio, of course. Haircuts by appointment every Wednesday, 12 - 4 pm. \$10 for everyone. Phone 228 5857 or call in.

Catacombs

Psst ... Hey, have you heard the jukebox or sat in the lounge chairs in the underground coffee lounge under Union Hall? They've got real coffee and cappuccinos, cakes and food too! Your home away from home. Open from 8.30 am.

Games in Union Bar

By popular demand, the UniBar now has an 8 ball table and 2 dart boards. Cues and chalk are available at the Bar to play the new 8 ball table, but you will need to bring your own darts to play darts.

Historical Appreciation Society

Our History - Just a Bunch of Parochial Lies?

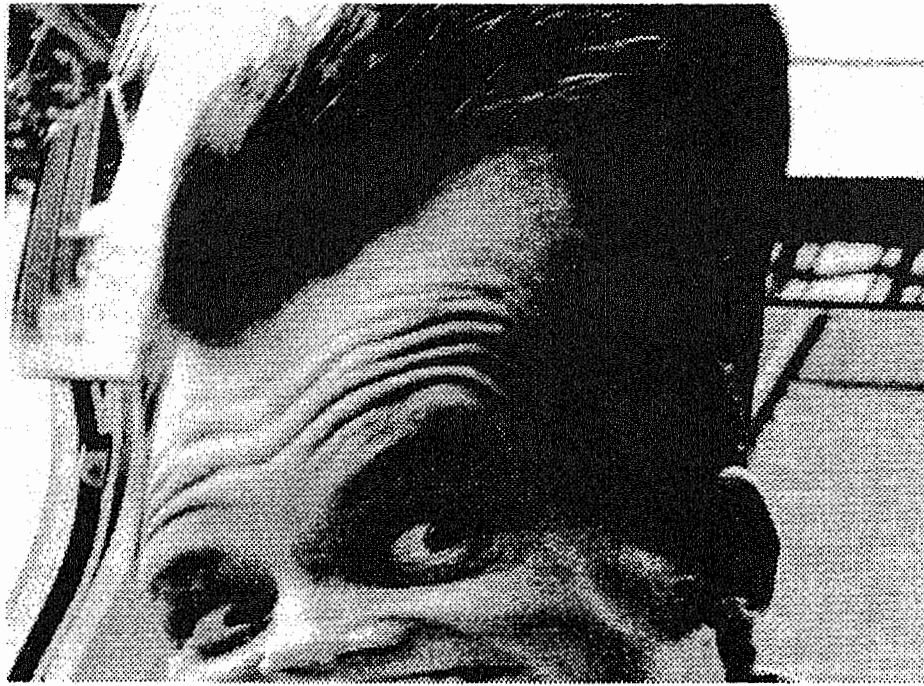
There is a common assumption that history is dormant and settled, that it's all in the past. To the contrary, I believe that our history is always with us - that our actions today are taken in light of assumptions about the past, and that the meaning of current day actions is directly derived from the historical values on which they are predicated.

Look at it as if someone wrote a myth - which others then lived out as if it were true. Right now there is a battle going on over the future of several such myths. The battlefield is the range of values we choose to uphold as a society. So, what's this war all about? It is the debate over consumerism, formal political equality and the free-market ideals - the values of "the right", versus democracy, conservation and sustainability.

The received version of history to which Australia adheres, and which we were so assiduously taught in school, was formulated in response to the interests of the dominant, most powerful elements of society at the time, and has a continual, determining effect on the nature and actions of our society, and hence our individual beliefs. Before we consider the relative merits of democracy in liberal or socialist states, or the specifics of the development versus conservation battle, let's take a short detour through our own history and the evolution of some of our basic cultural beliefs. It is my contention that we rarely challenge these in our public rhetoric, and that these beliefs only maintain their apparent validity and persuasiveness because they are never seriously at stake.

1. The colonial era was characterised by the glorious spread of civilisation.
2. Successful action within markets is a result of superior efficiency and competitiveness.
3. Free markets exist, and are intrinsically "good".
4. Liberal-capitalist states are democratic and socialist/communist states are not.
5. The ultimate "good" is the unfettered actions of free individuals, provided they do no undue harm to others.
6. Nature is noteworthy for its use-value.
7. We have a free press.
8. Humans are noble and superior savages.
9. Individuals possess a range of natural, inalienable "rights".

The worldview inspired by these historical myths can be summarised easily by reference to the public rhetoric that accompanies all our political actions. These myths are the legitimising force behind such actions. What a difference there would be in the way we were forced to judge our actions if these myths were not acceptable as public rhetoric. The main



reason that this is not the case is the prevalence of that liberal ideal - self interest. I believe that many of these myths are not justifiable and that revision of them would cast the environment debate in a radically different light. This is a matter of intensely public concern: not because the material stakes for us are so high (although many conservationists even warn that we ignore the plight of environment at our own peril), but because we take for granted as true many claims (about our rights and about what is right) which are simply unfounded. We are a profoundly self-deluded species. Let's review those myths:

1. The colonial era was one in which the colonizers (in our case our British ancestors) were profoundly racist exploiters, exterminators and repressors of native populations. For no good reason, except self-interest, the culture and rights of natives were down-graded relative to those of the colonizers. Settlers, missionaries and governors alike were a pack of unmitigated bastards. Yet in Australia there has never been a deep and public admission of the extent of those wrongs. The conservative argument is that an attempt to do so could only reopen old antipathies and impede present day harmony. This is the "history is in the past, and we need to concentrate on the future" argument. This is to ignore the extent to which the modern day economic and cultural foundations of this country derived from and depended on racist exploitation and repression of human rights.

2. Successful market action is usually realised on the basis of structural disequilibria and exploitation. For example, the success of transnational corporations (TNC's) is exploitative of the relative poverty of other nations on the one hand for provision of cheap labour, and the relative underdevelopment of such nations on the other, as markets for their products. Competitiveness is best realised when it most resembles monopoly or oligopoly, efficiency most often the ability to use cheap, or less labour.

3. Thus free markets only exist for some elements of the market relationship: to uphold them as naturally good is to ignore the extent to which they exploit the poor; immiserate workers through boring, soulless hard labour; and trample over other concerns such as the welfare of the environment. The notion of free markets as the organisational logic of a society reduces the extent to which other prime concerns can be legitimately catered to. Free markets are undemocratic. The subjection of the nations of "the south" to free markets since, and in light of, colonial exploitation guarantees the continual exploitation of their environments and their people.

4. Democracy in liberal capitalist countries is merely formal: the real interests of many minorities never get on the agenda, they are crowded out or repressed by dominant powers and interests within society. Socialist states have tended to be totalitarian because total democracy is unmanageable: there is no way a mandate or consensus can be reached within a society of irreducibly plural interests. The rhetoric of a Bush, or Hawke when they wage war in the name of freedom, equality and democracy is crazed bigotry - states such as the US or Australia are different forms of failed democracy to socialist states, but are in no way democratic utopias.

5. The unfettered actions of individuals usually manifest as expression of the power of particular interests to which the general population is subjected; the myth of democracy, resolving pluralism via representation, is a mask for this.

6. This arrogant assumption, on which we have acted without reflection for much of our history derives from puerile nonsense such as the "earth is the Gods' bequest to their greatest creation" line of thought. Self-justifying, programmatic rubbish such as this is can probably be neither proved nor disproved, but I'd sure hate to be caught uttering it in public.

7. The press functions in our society as a normative influence more often than it questions values: it only frees us to conform. Debate is constrained within a narrow agenda; but to argue this does not necessarily attribute this to the deliberate bias of any particular agency or interest. Rather, we lack the political will-to-question which would mandate a more investigative and philosophical press.

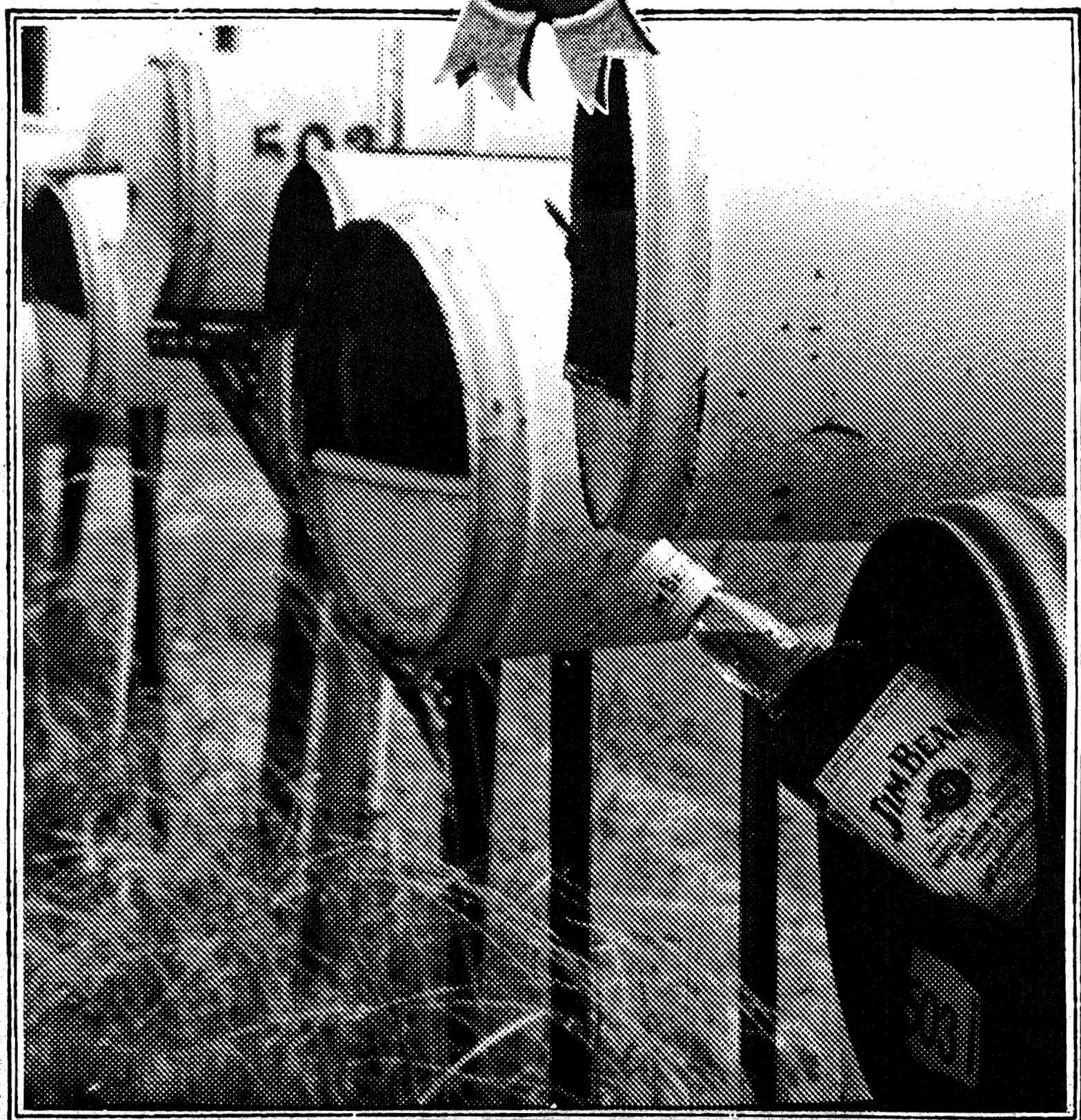
8. Our nobility and superiority are usually based on our intelligence and rationality. The other innate qualities of humans are basic urges: for example, those to eat and have sex. Certainly we are different to other beings, and may well possess superior *faculties* - but surely it is what we do with them that counts, and stuffing up our environment while kidding ourselves that we are not doing so strikes me as neither particularly smart, or particularly noble.

9. All rights are conferred in the social realm, and have no meaning outside of society: rights are something we take out of our relationship with society, not something which we take into that relationship and which are to emerge unmodified from any social bargain. This has two aspects: it denies the liberal notion of individual autonomy, to some extent making us more subject to society in an appropriately arbitrary light - rights and values are relative, intensely political and open to challenge. The greatest bar to such challenges, and the continuing freedom of groups of individuals to determine how they will judge themselves is the uncritical perpetuation of historical myths as natural and inevitable. To the extent that history is naturalised, we are subject to norms and values that are really little more than fetishes: the expression of the dominance of particular power elites within our history (including, of course, the dominance of ourselves as a species over nature). At this point, conservatives at least would be deriding me for an hysterical, polemical assault on the progress of humanity, and so on. This would be to profoundly miss the point, which is that (quoting someone, I can't remember who) the only opinion worth having is one you are prepared to challenge. So much wrong is perpetuated on the basis of a fragile, mythologised conception of history and "the good", and today more than ever there is much at stake: surely it is time we chose our actions for today in light of the history from which they are generated. Up until today, much of the history of Western culture has rested on a foundation of arrogant self-importance with respect to other beings, and nature in general; on the autonomy of individuals at the expense of the social nature of our being; and on adherence to formal myths, rather than acknowledgement of the real political ambiguities of human existence.

With the rhetoric-fest taking place in the Rio right now it is apposite to ask: are we finally prepared to acknowledge that both amongst ourselves and collectively over nature, our history is characterised by self-delusion, self-obsession, conceit and predation? For the survival of humans as a unified species, as well as the survival of our host environment depends on questioning our historical truths and recasting our actions in light of the findings of such investigations. These are problems that ought to transcend nations, political creeds and parties or markets; they are fundamental to our future in ways that no other notion of fundamental goods or rights can be.

Scott Wasley
Politics Department

JIM BEAM



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BLACK LONDON

a short story by Nick Smith



See! as rosy-cheeked whores, doughy breasts bouncing, fling themselves through the fog, dancing, knees kicking, skirts clasped in both hands. Whores aplenty to quench the thirst of the hub of an Empire! "Erel!"; "Cor!" "Gawd blimey, Saints alive!". Hands, warm with liquor, cold with cold, lunge at passing wool, cotton, red army drill, silk (silk!), anything. "C'min out of the cold, I'll keep you warm, lads, warm as toast!"; "Ere, 'usband, fancy a bit o' this?" and "Two bob for a fuck, two bob! Best you'll get!"

Did she say that? Did she really say that? And it's still daylight! The poor rays of a lesser sun still feebly penetrate that eternal haze. And she said *that!* Faces peered through that haze, that same infernal fog which even now snatches the aitches from the mouths of poor East Londoners. And those faces are only waist high: Oh, the poor, poor orphans! Grimy, blackened faces; great, dark, round eyes, round as the coins in your pocket, mister! Hands, little skeletal paws, wrapped in sooty, fingerless gloves, yearn upwards like the branches of a sun-starved forest. "Put some copper there, sir, put some there, sir". And on those cheeks, could those be the tracks of tears? And I'll wager you'll find tracks of a different kind under those old, stinking britches, those layers of ragged skirts. Oh, helpless misery!

But is that the sound of a flute to brighten all our days? *Tootely tootely toot!* Yes, it is, for the love of dear sweet Jesus! And hear! the raucous melody of the ale-house spill across the cobblestones; the chink of the mugs, the roar of drunken disagreement, the surge of the songs forgotten when sober, the scream of the barmaid when some wag pinches her fat ass; ah, the heady music of happiness! Don't you just love the yells of the patrons trying to out be one another? "Sure and begorra!", the nawvies bellow at each other. Could it be that the heart and soul of fair Ireland beats here? *Here?* In black London? And still the little flute plays on: *tootely tootely toot!*

And higher, up those mighty stone stairs, those altars to authority, everything is different. The clothes are clean, the floors bright. Even the fog has loosed its terrible grip here, one can talk properly, and, at last, *breathe*, Goddammit! Here we discover poetry as geography elegantly mirrors physiology; the people are higher; higher and better.

The shining arc of evolution finds its apogee in this ordered realm. Note the curvature of the spine, see how it stands erect and points to the very floor of the heavens! And the people, see how firmly they hold their heads, so proud, so noble. How well they are possessed of themselves! As if they had starched their very bones.

But one man draws our eyes to him; he is not merely proud, he is also fierce. He *burns*. His hair is black, not the black of the sweep's face, nor the black of an old tramp's shrivelled gums, rather it belongs to another order of blackness altogether, either angelic or demonic, and only the saints know which.

His voice, however, dominates our attention. It is both wracked with dry torment and brimming with the passion of lovers. It fills us with fear and chides us for ever daring to be outside his presence, for daring to tarry with lessers on our way to him.

"I am a Man of Science, *DAMMIT!*" . He favours us with his words. "I know", he whispers throughout the hall, "things". And we are caught. We must know his terrible, terrible truths.

He leaves and we follow, obeying his implicit command Down, down. Below the street. And this is it. And how *horrible* it is! That the unity of the two worlds should come in this unthinkable form! That such a fine figure should so smudge with ineffable darkness the line that divides.

Sadness drowns terror.

Upon a white slab lies a prostitute, now cold beyond all memory of colour. He raises a scarlet line on her chill breast with his little tool. And we, poor trapped fools, peek beneath. And stare till vision has no meaning, our occipital lobes throbbing, pressing at the forebrain in frustration, as the tiny impulses slamming through our weary synapses lose their frantic way.

With a single, voodoo waggle of his awesome finger, the man loosens the threads which bind black London, causes them to diffuse into the fog. The flesh/stone fabric of the city strains and creaks, giving up a twisted sonic crush like the sound of dying machinery. Temperature seeps from the air, from the faces of the barrow-pushers. Street urchins are compressed, shimmering bloodlessly, into a cloud of lovelessness which is even now losing its form. . .

And the whores, the poor whores, lose their bodies. The meat unstitches neatly from the blinding whiteness of their bones. But here, there is blood. And the blood threatens to swallow the fog. It washes through our screaming cortices in swirling carnations of redness and we try to blink the blood back from our eyes.

The bricks fall from the walls, the stones from the streets, into a vortex that hangs behind the Man's rib cage.

He is torn apart casually, like paper. His dry and porous flesh drifts through the debris as everything collapses into a point of nothing located in our frontal lobes, behind and above the eyes.

Which is an ending as surely as one can be drawn.

Nick Smith.



REVIEWS ALBUMS music SINGLES

Garbo Various Artists

Nice sleeve. I like the horse photo on the back. That's a bit of choice material. It's almost worth buying this record purely to see the horse photo. It leaves a bit to the imagination, so don't expect any major outcries from distraught parents.

So, Garbo's a movie starring Los Trios Ringbarkus? I can imagine a movie with Los Trios Ringbarkus as the protagonists but "starring"? That remains to be seen.

The big problem with compilations albums is the consistency of the tracks. A shit band does this song then a good performer does another and a shit performer will always be a shit performer no matter how hard they try (c.f. Barnesy). This record suffers acutely from that syndrome. The listener is first presented with an SA*FM hourly rotation song, namely "Hey Boys" by Mark Seymour and Paul Kelly. By no means is it a bad song. It's got all the charm you'd expect from those two. They've both done better but it's not as socially overbearing as some of their previous work. Other up moments include the bluesy "Garbo", also written by Mark Seymour, still perpetuating the melodramatic humour prevalent in "Hey Boys". By far the best track is "In and Out" by the real Pogues. No Strummer-man to be found on this track, it's all Shane sounding as lagged as we love him.

Then on the other hand there's the complete shit. Scott Carne is another Craig MacLachlan wannabe who sounds hell bent on imitating an asphyxiating James Reyne. Not good practice at all. There's the shit version of "Treaty" which doesn't sound anywhere near as good as the re-mix. It's amazing what a bit of a beat can do. It'll turn a song from plodding like "Grape Ape" to a little teenage dancey number. Kate Ceberano has two tracks, one of which is her "Brave" with the good end bit, shame about the degenerate mess that is supposed to constitute the rest of the song. "But at least she can sing," the amassed crowd cries. What good is good singing without a decent tune? Shane MacGowan can't sing but he's got good tunes to help him be what he is: a charismatic drunkard. That's real.

What should one do about this album?

Tape the bits you like off a friend who was coaxed into buying this inconsistent record, get a colour photocopy of the horse photo and hire the movie on video one Saturday night when there only Bill Collins on the telly.

Rohan Thompson

French Revolution Dubrovniks

Mushroom

The Dubrovniks play and record standard cock rock (you know, the worst aspects of the Colt and Bon Jovi snugly wrapped in the same jock strap) as well as anybody. If that's your phallic pleasure, you'll love this. If, like me, you think Chris Flynn has a lot to answer for since joining (corrupting?) the Dubrovniks, this will make you cringe. But then, Boris Sujdovik and James Baker could have kicked

him out or stayed in the Beasts of Bour bon, so its just as much their fault. I'll just go and listen to my old, well worn "My Coo Ca Choo" single. This regression doesn't bother me in the least. Sniff.

DJK

Love is Holy Kim Wilde MCA

A brief perusal of my singles collection would go as follows: Pastels, Stone Roses, Warlock Pinchers, Charlatans, Kim Wilde, Silverfish. Did you pick the odd one out? The most suspect piece of black plastic in my collection would have to be that Wilde piece and I'm not referring to Oscar. "Keep Me Hanging On", I believe it's called if my memory serves me correctly. For some reason I thought it sounded good back then. There's nothing like hindsight and retrospectively that record was crap when it came out in 1986. Kim Wilde was crap when that record came out. There have been no major changes for Kim since.

The title of this waste of energy could be the title to any AOR schmaltz from 1900 to the present day. Granted, Kim didn't write this song. Kim never writes any of her singles, only the occasional B-side and it's obvious why her writing abilities are relegated to the side people prefer not to listen to. If the A-side starts with Kim doing her best to sound alluring, then the B-side can only be worse, and it is. The rest of the song is completely nondescript and might as well be played at a christian fellowship meeting. Since its title contains the word "Holy", they'd be about the only people who'd bother with it. Who remembers "Kids of America", anyway? Kim should have bailed out of the music industry years ago. Where's my recycled plastic bin?

Rohan Thompson



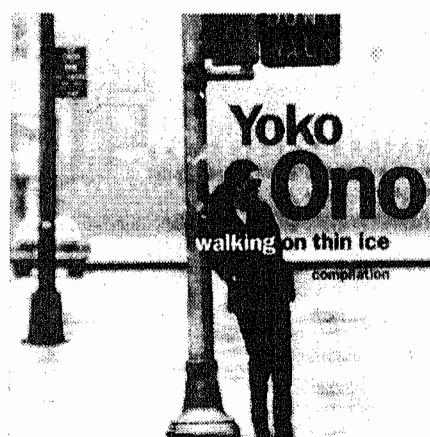
Bricks are Heavy L7 Slash

This album's success probably makes this review redundant, as L7 have suddenly become a household name (what like Mix Master? music ed.) Of course, the question remains why didn't their brilliant "Smell the Magic" album have the same effect? Well, it appears a past on Sub Pop, a new commercial signing, and of course Butch Vig producing are the pre-requisites of a chart hit. Butch Vig is quite a phenomenon, taking

enough of the nasty wild edge off an aggressive band to allow commercial acceptance, while not diluting the essential spirit too much. "Pretend We're Dead" is the song that has been flogged mercilessly, described by several people as more like the Runnaways than the Runaways.

It's not really indicative of the rest of the album, which mainly relies on simple but heavy riffs countered by vocal and guitar harmonies. As simple a formula as it is, the strength of the songwriting and the power of the playing and production make this album something to take note of. The consistency of the album is also remarkable. I have my favorites, but they change frequently, and I'm not going to list them. You know, it's fantastic to see an album in the top 20 that actually deserves to be there.

DJK



Walking on Thin Ice Yoko Ono Festival

This is a compilation of the highlights of Yoko's career. It is described on the cover as "Music far ahead of its time. The world has finally caught up". Unfortunately, I am not at all sure that this is the case. Although I must admit that I couldn't quite muster up the stamina to keep listening after the first 3 or 4 songs (out of 19), what I did hear was full of breathy vocals, atrocious 70s disco beats, meaningful pauses and pretty ordinary lyrics about love. I did not enjoy what I heard, although it is possible that things improved further on. However, if you happen to be a Yoko Ono fan, I'm sure this review will have little effect on you and that a collection of her very greatest hits would be the absolute gem of your collection (I could also supply you with her fan club address).

Catherine Abell

You Bring on the Sun Londonbeat BMG

"... and now, ladies and gentlemen, we turn to one of the most forgettable moments in the history of pop music. A group of four boys who had the misfortune to call themselves Londonbeat released a single called "I've Been Thinking About You" which inexplicably rose to the top of the charts. And then they had the audacity to release the song again, but this time giving it the title "You Bring on the Sun"! As if we wouldn't notice!

[A pause. An aide runs up and whispers in the speaker's ear.]
"Hm? ... Oh ... oh, I see ..." [Clears throat]
[I've just been informed that "You Bring on the Sun" was actually a separate song. The inane lyrics, the Stockaitkenwaterman-esque disco pulse and the vibro-bass all had me fooled there for a minute. Good one, guys.

Anyway, the public rapidly tired of Londonbeat's trademark sound and trademark breathless vocals and the band slid rapidly into a well-deserved obscurity. Bloody bizarre band in the first place, if you ask me. Didn't even look good on a pin-up

David Mills

Vinyl Dramarama Festival

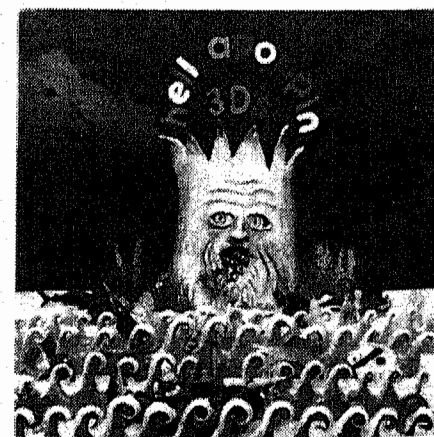
The first time I saw a Dramarama LP, the name and cover led me to believe it would be late 60's inspired psychedelic pop, done to get a few bucks out of kids who think the "Freaked out Flower Children" are hip. I was wrong; that was a good album. This one however, fits more into the former category. It's harmless, mildly psychedelic, pretty bland, and hardly inspiring. "What are we gonna do" sounds more like the Beatles than, well you know who. (That is NOT a compliment!) I don't hate this, I'm not going to turn off the radio the instant Dramarama come on, but frankly, it bores me. One song at a time will hardly alter my mental state, but the whole lot? No thanks. Incidentally, Dramarama got their big break from LA disc jockey Rodney Bingenheimer. A band I like a little bit (The Angry Samoans) wrote a little ditty about Rodney, which he got a bit snotty about, so he sued their punk little asses. It was called "Get off the air", and went something like this:

"He can't read, baby, he can't talk,
He's LA's favorite punk rock jock.
Glitter bands and Bowie's cock
Are his idea of new wave rock
You're a fucking piece of shit now Rodney,
I don't think you're so hot.
You make me laugh with the stupid
clothes you wear
and the two inch dick you've got."

Hmm. Make of that what you will.

DJK

P.S. The album features guest appearances by some has-beens. So what?



The 3D's Hellzapoppin (Flying Nun)

The 3D's (David, Denise, Dominic, David - who said New Zealanders could count?) have released an album that deserves to make them famous. Quirky it is, like many NZ releases, but this one has substance. They write some great pop songs, but then use the two guitars for optimum impact. Many NZ bands have been guilty of hiding the guitars in overly lush or wearily sparse arrangements but not the 3D's. Featuring ex members of Snapper and Look Blue Go Purple, I could say this is not far from what I'd expect a combination of the two to sound like - but that would be getting off easily.

"Outer Space" and "Hellzapoppin" are both outstanding power pop type tunes, but it doesn't end there. "Leave the dogs to play" is a warped being that beats the Butthole Surfers at their own game. This should appeal to a wider audience than just Flying Nun Devotees, and deserves acclaim. (Don't expect to see something this good in the commercial charts just yet, though.)

Good production (but not too much), amazing songs and plenty of ingenuity and originality make this the best thing from NZ for ages. It has a good dose of fucked up-edness too. Certain to remain one of my long term favourites.

DJK

PS I apologise for the NZ joke.



"Ain't 2 Proud 2 Beg"

TLC
BMG

The band are called TLC, the ep is titled "ain't too proud to beg", the track listing goes RADIO EDIT, SMOOTHED DOWN EXTENDED REMIX, LEFT EYE'S "3 MINUTES AND COUNTING" and RAP VERSION, and its from their forthcoming album OOOOOOH ON THE TLC TIP. I think thats all you really need to know!

Richard Vowles

Make It On My Own Alison Limerick

BMG
Single

I don't think Alison is going to make it on her own, although she will probably make it onto the Top 40 charts, any lasting success is doubtful.

Absolute rubbish.

Carl Panczak

Diva

Annie Lennox
BMG

Annie Lennox has finally broken her silence by releasing the long-awaited solo album, Diva.

Consisting of 11 tracks of which 9 were solely written by Lennox (without the help of Dave Stewart), this album signals a turning point in her career.

"Why" is the first single which has been released from the album and, judging from the quality of the other songs, there are certainly a few more to follow, which vary in tempo and mood.

Among the songs worth listening to (to get a feel of this album) include "Walking on Broken Glass" and "Little Bird". Lennox even does

a 1920s song, "Keep Young and Beautiful", and remains true to the style of that era. On the whole, Diva is appropriately titled as it is a tribute to the distinctive voice that made "The Eurythmics" one of the most successful bands in the 80s. Lennox as a solo performer looks set to be the direction she's taking for the 90s and, from the standard set in Diva, it appears that Eurythmics fans won't be left disappointed.

Marian Clarkin

Belive Liberty Horses Festival Single

There are three songs on this single: "Believe", "My Disgrace" and "Three Crosses". All three songs are slow-pop type songs, the last one having a very blues oriented bass line. Unfortunately, having no history of the bands origin, I cannot comment on their influences, only to say that the vocalist has an English accent. The band gets a Brownie point for the amusing cover, but other than that it is quite uninspiring music with an unfortunate English folk feeling which they don't quite pull off. The acoustic sound and the use of woodwind instruments is relaxing and mellow, unfortunately something is missing. I'm sure plenty of people will like it, objectively speaking, I don't.

Carl Panczak

Cause and Effect Exile Records

Wwoom! Croof! Shlam! That's the sound of the time machine as I'm whisked back to 1985, the time from whence these travellers of the hour glass come. Who are they? After Simon and Garfunkel, after Mills and Boon, after Milk and Cookies, after Cloak and Dagger comes Cause and Effect. Meet the perennial idolaters of all that was the 1980s. For instance, a mock interview with Cause and Effect would include more references approaching divine worship of Martin Gore than you'd find of Morrissey in a Suede interview.

It's interesting to note that this record has been kept in the vaults of Exile (who?) records since 1990. Perhaps they were hoping to surf on an unseen wave of 80s retro. I must have blinked.

By no means is this a bad record. For everyone who heard Spandau Ballet and thought they had some good songs, then you'll find Cause and Effect intently listenable. Just pretend they're not American and perhaps you'll find them easier to accept as the real McCoy (touch wood). As you'd expect, ambient synthesised soundscapes dominate each and every track. With volume up full and lights out it may even be possible to feel a surge of imponderable pleasure as a warm vapour of synth rises up through your senses. But if that's what you're looking for then I recommend Slow dive.

Rohan Thompson

Hoi Polloi

Hoi Polloi
BMG

This New Zealand group must have come to the attention of influential persons in the US

music industry, as much of the album is recorded, mixed and engineered in Nashville. The country influences are not so noticeable, though these days the ambit of definable country music has widened its boundaries. They are more firmly rooted in a layered, energetic 80's rock and sound frustratingly dated because of this. It is largely just bass, lead rhythm and drums and little to set them apart from others peddling a similar style. The songs fairly unadventurous, the musicians restrained and the lyrics are all so much personal, verbose angst.

"Wind blew the aching silence/Sky bled tears too black to wash away/Just another day.

Bullets filled the empty sidewalk/Child cries/ But no-ones there to see/That's the irony," (from *Rest Tonite*)

One feature does afford the band some measure of distinction, the singing of Jenny Gullen. Her rich and throaty style lend intensity to the songs but she offers no calmer background to give contrast to those songs genuinely deserving of a tragic rendition, and so the effect becomes painfully incessant.

Mat Gibson



Head Above Water Hunters and Collectors Mushroom Single

The Hunters haven't lost it, as their most recent offering shows. *Head Above Water* is a catchy tune indeed, with the band displaying a little bit of a funk influence, whilst maintaining their distinctive sound. *Hear No Evil*, the B-side, is a typically poignant Mark Seymour song, but enjoyable nonetheless.

David Raftery

Forever My Lady

Jodeci
MCA

I find it hard not to get carried away when a group makes music which is so obviously made to fit a "formula". This music is directed at teenage girls who plaster their bedroom walls with the likes of Jason Donovan, Kylie Minogue and who have no idea about what constitutes good music.

This band of 4 black back-up vocalists has produced 12 attempts at a successful love song, they are: "Stay", "Come and Talk to Me", "Forever My Lady", "I'm Still Waiting", "U & I", "Interlude", "My Phone", "Gotta Love", "Play Thang" (gee, that's a bit risque), "It's Alright", "Treat U", "X's We Share".

What a fuckin' joke.

Carl Panczak

Ingénue

K.D. Lang

Sire/Warner's

After the exuberance of her reverential emulation of Patsy Cline on "Absolute Torch and Twang", Ingénue is a retirement into the shadows to dwell on the personal. The emotions she carpenters are not those of dark responses to love that is misplaced, spurned and crushed, but the timidly emerging feelings that are soon to become irrepressible and inexhaustible waves of deep passion. We are viewing the heart of a person touching a toe to the waters, believing them to be warm and calm, yet not blind to the dangers. "I'm trying hard to escape / This constant pull towards ache / Why do you fight Kathryn / Why do you fight", she writes in *The Mind of Love*; and "You swim / Swim through my veins / Drown me / In your reign / My desire / Carries no shame / My will / Will harbour no pain", in *Wash Me Clean*. The music complements the sensitivity of the lyrics well, with its meandering and murky tones. To an extent there is a dirth of energy, of variation in approach, but the intent has been to create a background against which Lang's floating and well sculptured melodies can take centre stage. The effect does not fatigue.

Mat Gibson

Close But No Cigar

Thomas Dolby
Virgin/EMI

Dolby's usual quirky synth-pop is partly subsumed on this latest single by an incongruous inclusion of fancy guitar from Eddie Van Halen.

Not that incongruity is not a hallmark of Dolby's collected works, but on this otherwise sappy love song it sounds pointlessly out of place. Dolby is presumably being tongue in cheek with the whole endeavour, but it still falls flat. Included on the CD are three of his earlier songs, including his only two real hits, *Hyperactive* and *She Blinded Me With Science*, and is worth obtaining for these alone.

Mat Gibson.

Or-N-More EMI

"Or-N-More"? Middle class American consumer pop at its most socially smooth. There's nothing here to offend the obstinate God-fearing folk of Bucksville, USA. This collection of songs is held together with the intermolecular sugary gluten of naivety. Or rather than naivety, perhaps they're using the idea of slopping together a few over-produced love songs. Either way, it works about as well as the government's economic reform packages.

If plastic dipped love songs give you a spreading, glowing warmth deep inside and if you like music that's teased out, professionally manicured, daintily lipsticked, earring in e correct ear and every protuberance nipped and tucked in a way that would make Cher envious, then waste your cash on this. Schmaltzy love songs have a place in this world but if "Or-N-More" implies there's an alternative then I'm taking it.

Rohan Thompson

Self-Portraits
The Catherine Wheel
Shock
EP

This new release by the Australian Catherine Wheel, not to be confused with their guitar-toting English cousins, is a real grower. Unfortunately, it's a very slow grower. I swear I didn't really begin to like Self-Portraits until about the tenth listening. I guess it's lucky for them I stuck it out for so long. (Or maybe they don't care.) I've now graduated to a position of qualified love.

Self-Portraits is a collection of five subtle, sparkling pop-songs with some thoughtful acoustic guitar and sweet, sweet voices. The whole thing has a wistful, melancholic air to it which goes down well if you're in the mood. I can't really give you a track-by-track break down because the five songs aren't that differentiable. But it's nice anyway.

Overall rating: four generous dollops of blue-gum honey.

Nick Smith

The Tragically Hip
Road Apples
BMG

Having heard the first song ("Little Bones", an excellent track) from this album, I expected bit things from Road Apples and to tell the truth, I was a little disappointed.

The singer is excellent, the musicianship can't be faulted and there are a lot of good songs, but none of them have quite the same urgency or kick as Little Bones. It's a good album, but a little too laid-back, for the most part, for my liking. No doubt, however, Road Apples will appeal to many and is well worth a listen.

Jeremy Mackinnon

Want Some?
Roxy Blue

Bangalove Choir
On Target

The cover of Bangalove choir's debut album features a scantily-clad, cleavage-exposing, buxom young lass straddling an extremely phallic rocket and opens up to reveal a photo of five perfect specimens of blonde, permed, leather-jacket wearing Americanhood.

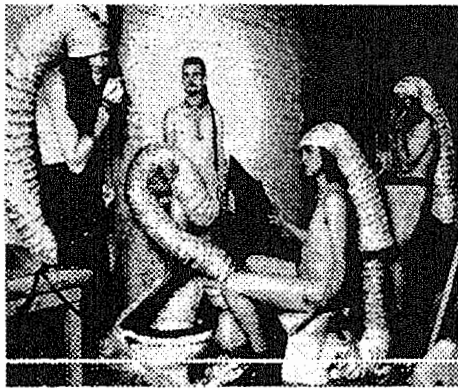
The photo in the inside of Want Some? is of a pair of well-tanned female legs atop a pair of stilettos, being offered money by the four members of Roxy Blue (who are all wearing, you guessed it, black leather jackets).

This is all far from subtle and a wee bit offensive to my sensitive, new-age mentality. Among the people and establishments thanked by Roxy Blue are Motley Crue, Warrant, a tattoo parlour and the Sunset Strip Club, which gives a good indication of the mentality and quality of the group.

The music does not deserve to be mentioned, but for interest's sake, I shall say that it is some of the worst cock-rock imaginable, full of hot-licks and rock ballads.

Be prepared for these CDs.

Jeremy Mackinnon



Fish Across Face
Head Like a Hole
Festival
Single

Confirming all our worst fears about New Zealanders, Wellington's latest offering, Head Like a Hole, play completely naked, go by the names of Tallbeast, Hidibeast, Datehole and Booga, and pose for publicity shots astride toilet bowls, clad in nothing but shoes and shiny metallic tubing. A fondness for nudity is not the only similarity between this zany outfit and The Red Hot Chili Peppers - the music is also in a similar mould, thrash-funk with little melody. It's not bad, but not good enough to sustain my interest for the full three songs. This is one which will appeal only to thrash-funk-Peppers addicts in need of a fix, or to those who will enjoy the sight of some naked male flesh from New Zealand.

Jeremy Mackinnon



Masque
The Mission
Vertigo

"Masque" is the latest release by occasionally alright English band, The Mission, and it fits squarely into the "yeah-OK-but-I-wouldn't-want-to-shell-out-twenty-seven-ninety-five-on-it" category.

There's some nice guitar work in places, the odd good pop song and the CD is sprinkled with a few interesting samples which make you think: "Oh, wow, I didn't know you could do that with two possums and a cheese grater". But, well, there something... missing. The Mission, along with the rest of *Homo Sapiens Sapiens*, have absorbed a noticeable dance influence on most of their tracks, with the result that some of the songs are danceable, if you don't mind looking like a bit of a dickhead.

But, unfortunately, the songs just don't hold your interest. Most begin well but soon devolve to a position where one song sound much like all the other songs. And they're too long. They get the occasional good idea which may have made a good three-minute pop-song but the band insists on torturing them until they stretch to an uncomfortable four-and-a-half minutes. Bad move, guys.

The samples, of which there are many, are mystifying and it's hard to know just why

they're there. They certainly don't reinforce the songs.

And finally, the lyrics; they range from mind-humpingly pretentious to dumb and back again. The Mission even prints these troubled lines for you in the sleeve notes as if they were some undiscovered great literature for your edification.

Buy this only if you're a huge Mission fan or boring, or both.

Overall rating: Two stars in the sky.

Nick Smith

Wasted in America
Love/Hate
Columbia

Love/Hate's first album "Blackout in the Red Room" was a big success and like so many similar bands, their second album fails to live up to the first. I do think that it is genuinely worse and not just perceived as being so because of the expectation that it would be equally good. It is simply not as angry as the first, but still retains the interesting bass and guitar lines which do indeed separate them from other cock-rock bands, they are much more interesting and have more music (not lyrical) substance.

Unfortunately, the lyrics let the music down and certainly help to categorise them as cock-rock. Such lyrics as "Yea, you got a reputation for coming on strong, now your leaning up against my dang-a-lang-a-lang-a-lang, etc." and "throbbing pulsating gyrating hyperventilating 'til we pass out on the floor, put the spit on, etc." from song number two, "Spit", characterise the lyrics on this album.

Song one is bad, much too predictable and sounds like a Motley Crue song; the third song is a bit like the first but better; song four is good and more characteristic of the first album; song five is one of my two favourites, a lot more in-your-face; song six is also more characteristic of the first album; song seven is my other favourite (unfortunately, they use the word painkiller, which reminds me of Judas Priest); song eight is total crap; song nine is a laughable ballad called "Don't Fuck With Me"; song ten is good but a bit weird; the last two songs may as well not be there. That adds up to about 3 or 4 good songs, which is 25% of the album, not worth it really.

Carl Panczak

Your Love is Lifting Me
Nomad
BMG
Single

Holy shit! I think I have just listened to the longest song ever made. 33 minutes and 44 seconds of one song (mind you, it was divided up into 5 different parts, and the computerised instrumentation varied slightly throughout). I fail to see how anyone can find five mixes of the same song worthwhile, there's one for the radio and club, an extra long "marathon mix" for intense time wasting fits, a "smart systems mix" to prove how totally complicated the computers are that produce this music (techno), and finally the "deep field mix" (???) Any considerate song writer usually varies the music to at least more than a few phrases, clearly Nomad are interested purely in producing a song that will help pay back the huge expenses incurred when they bought all the technology used on this single. Why can't dance musicians produce anything up to the standard of the real bands such as "A Homeboy, A Hippy & A Funki Dredd", etc.? Try again, Nomad. Even people who like pop-dance music take a second to consider buying this latest rip-off, I'm sure you have a backlog of much better old stuff to spend your money on.

Carl Panczak

Sticky Side Up
Steelheart
MCA
Single

Pile of shit, this. Four minutes of formulaic, commercial "hard rock". Sounds a bit like bad Led Zepplin with vaguely smutty lyrics.

[Quiet intro]

[Screaming guitar]

Ahhhhh Yeahhhhh!

[Something unintelligible that sounds a bit like Waahhhh! or maybe Raahhhh!]

[Loud drums]

Oww! Oww! Oww!

I don't know why I bother really.

Overall rating: One hard slap of salami

Nick Smith



REVIEWS

Open Doors

The Mercury Cinema

Open Doors is a film very well done. An Italian produced court-room drama, Gianni Amelio's most recent offering differs refreshingly from both the Scorsese-Mafia Italian type and the Hollywood court-room legal battle style. No doubt, the labelling of the film as an "Italian court-room drama" is potentially harmful.

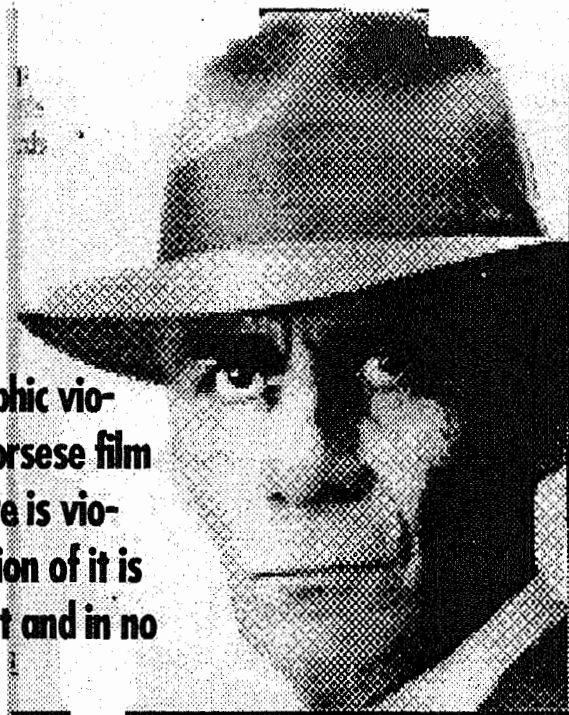
Gianni Amelio has a reputation for turning out subtle yet compelling films, starkly different from the lavish, sordid style that has characterised contemporary Italian film makers. In *Open Doors*, Amelio takes us back to fascist Italy in 1938, where we meet a recently sacked man, Tomasso Scalia (Ennio Fantastichini). Scalia had been employed by a powerful fascist organisation and in the anger of his retrenchment, he blatantly commits a series of crimes. He kills his former boss and the man who assumes his position, before raping and murdering his wife. What follows is the court trial, which purports to establish Scalia's sentence. The desperate, malicious crowd of onlookers (consisting of excitable young men, so characteristic of fascism) is anxious to have the death sentence carried out. This view is shared by the judges and jury, bar one - Judge Vito Di Francesco. Whilst Di Francesco never disputes the validity of the charges placed on Scalia, he does seem keen to uncover some of the factors that motivated Scalia to commit his crimes. Di Francesco, played by the distinguished Gian Maria Volonte, is also increasingly anxious to issue a sentence other than the death penalty. Of course, such a "soft" attitude is fiercely opposed in the fascist climate where the execution of Scalia-types is seen as essential to maintaining safety and peace, thus allowing citizens to keep open doors. Judge Di

Francesco does find an ally in the jury, however, in Consolo, a delightful farmer, whose passion for life forms his opposition to the death penalty.

In many ways, a plot such as this may seem typical of both Italian produced films and recent American court-room (melo)dramas. However, *Open Doors* is refreshingly different. The sordid and graphic violence typical of a Scorsese film is missing. Sure, there is violence, but the depiction of it is necessary to the plot and in no way gratuitous. Gian Maria Volonte isn't cast as a spectacularly crusading judge who can heroically swing the court-room's opinion. Rather, Volonte's character is played in a much more subtle fashion, with Di Francesco, himself, despite his years of legal experience, learning constantly about the law and morality. The film's stress is placed not on the ability of the judge to "play the hero" and swing the case but on the moral journey he makes in partnership with Consolo, as the two come to realise the value of the convicted Scalia's life, as a result of their own special friendship.

Again, Gianni Amelio's is with the spiritual victory shared by Consolo and Di Francesco, not with the legal victory that comes when Scalia's death sentence is revoked. Scalia's life imprisonment is subsequently overturned by appeal, dismayed Consolo and Di Francesco. Their friendship, however, and their faith in the possibility of more tolerant moral and legal reform is maintained. The film ends not with the bloody climax customary to Italian made films, but in a poignant scene when Di Francesco travels far to pay a surprise visit to Consolo's farm. Consolo is delighted and the scene closes with the two affirming their faith and reflecting upon Dostoevsky, the writer who helped forge their ideas about capital punishment.

David Raftery



"The sordid and graphic violence typical of a Scorsese film is missing. Sure there is violence, but the depiction of it is necessary to the plot and in no way gratuitous."

Cold Comfort Farm Independent Theatre

Season Closed

Theatre serves to enlighten and entertain, to educate and enliven. At its most engaging, it allows the communication of human experience from character to audience with utmost clarity and passion. The audience, entrapped, becomes involved in something outside, and bigger than, personal experience.

This did *not* happen in Independent Theatre's production of "Cold Comfort Farm". It should have been a comedy, but owing to a lack of anything *funny* in the script, was not. The script often tried to emulate the simple charm of the works of Oscar Wilde and Dylan Thomas, but failed. Put simply, the material is second rate.

"Cold Comfort Farm" tells the story of one Flora Poste, a London girlie, who unexpectedly finds herself homeless. She moves in with her bizarre relatives, the Starkadders, who live on a farm in Sussex, and then sets about civilising them with all the arrogance of your typical British Imperialist. Does this story sound funny to you? It's not.

Flora has a cousin, Amos, who preaches at the "Church of the Quivering Brethren". His big scene in the church was surely the most aggravatingly unfunny moment of the entire dismal evening. One big yawn. This kind of things has been done to death, and I eventually stopped listening.

Of the acting, Jane Prior plays Flora and is on stage almost constantly, from go to woe. Without missing any lines or cues, or laughing when she wasn't supposed to, she gives what I call a solid performance. Courtney Thackray plays a lively Seth Starkadder, Norman Athersmith is good as Adam Lambsbreath and Jill Brislan does a fair likeness of Morticia Addams in playing Judith Starkadder.

The large cast of twenty obviously enjoyed themselves on stage (apart from Flora, who looked grumpy in the curtain call). A fair smattering of the audience, which was mostly older than myself, did as well. I found their guffaws of laughter perplexing. I was thinking, "What's *funny* about this? Where's

the *entertainment*? For that matter, where's the *value*?"

In my angst, however, I did happen to notice that the set looked quite nice. Every nook and cranny of the stage space was used, which meant there was something interesting to look at on stage at least. The pieces of the set that moved - a curtain and a revolving platform - sounded like they needed a good squirt of oil because they were making a lot of really distracting squeaking noises. This is a job for that complete nobody of every theatre company, the stage manager.

The use of music in the production harked back to the days when "Cold Comfort Farm" was a radio serial, and had the effect of subtly sending the whole thing up. This should have been used much more often. The show needs to be far more tongue-in-cheek.

In New York in recent months, episodes of that old Afternoon-TV clanger, The Brady Bunch, have been performed on stage to enormous success. The reason for this success is that the performances of the actors are played just that little bit higher than the level of credibility. The audience responds not to the wonderfully witty dialogue or comic situations of the episodes, but laughs at the society which manufactured such kitsch nonsense. The same could and should have been done with "Cold Comfort Farm", to make it exciting and new for a modern audience.

As it is, however, "Cold Comfort Farm" is a memory piece for those of an older generation who like to reminisce about the glorious days of radio drama.

The origins of "Cold Comfort Farm" as a radio serial are made all-too-clear by the irritating use of narrators, who tell the audience what is happening rather than letting them see it themselves. The narrator is a device that *could* have been dispensed with. It was especially annoying when the said narrators decided to defy the theatrical convention of letting the audience see them by standing right on the edge of their spotlights. If there is one thing guaranteed to make me *cringe*, it's actors who stand on the edge of their spotlights.

"Cold Comfort Farm" creaks. It drags, it yawns and it dies. Not a show for the discerning viewer.

David Mills

A *Riotous* new Musical Comedy

Starring
GLYNN NICHOLAS

KISSING
frogs With KIM DEACON and ROSS NOBEL

"Guaranteed to make you laugh until you creak!"
- *Evening Advertiser*

"This show is a ripper, a spectacularly funny and entertaining display of talent, skills and exuberance!"
- *The Australian*

"You won't find a funnier clever show in Perth this year!"
- *The Daily News*

Writers: Scott Rankin, Glynn Nicholas, Ross Nobel Director: Peter Kings

Good Vibrations

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Conductor: Janos Furst
Soloist: Hakan Hardenberger

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra are at it again - taking us for a ride. Their performing venue, the mild-mannered Adelaide Town Hall, is actually a huge vehicle to take one through countries and through centuries, with the orchestra serving us the engine.

The sound of the engine is most important. The only way of telling where one is, on the journey, is to listen to or watch the engine - different terrain calls for different parts of the engine to work hard.

The seats are quite comfortable and the travel feels very smooth. One can even get up and walk within the moving vehicle although management frowns upon you and it disturbs the journey of others (one wonders why).

First stop was the Adelaide of a couple of years ago. Graeme Koehme is a vocal composer and can be spotted strutting this very campus, in the guise of a lecturer. His piece, "Unchained Melody" uses elements from many different styles of popular music

(including some chords from a Fine Young Cannibal song), combined with a knowledge of traditional orchestral repertoire. Rhythm is an important feature of the work, which the orchestra handled quite well. A very likeable performance of the work - an excellent entree to any concert.

Next on the itinerary was the Austria of the 18th Century. Janos Furst, the Hungarian conductor, was assisted in guiding the or-

proud to welcome us to the beauty of the musical ideas.

We then arrived at the France of the 1950's, with the Trumpet Concerto No. 2 of Andre Jolivet. It used a very small orchestra with an emphasis on percussion. It was an energetic but confusing performance. The trumpet playing again was very impressive. It was hard to make heads or tails of the piece on the first hearing.

"It was an energetic but confusing performance...It was hard to make heads or tails of the piece on the first hearing."

chestra by the mighty Hakan Hardenberger, the Swedish trumpeter, in the Trumpet Concerto of Michael Haydn. The orchestra was small - it was smooth sailing - with the delicate high tones of the trumpet thoroughly captivating the audience. Hardenberger enjoys the music, was very happy to be with us, and

Hardenberger stayed to play two short solo pieces, which he didn't introduce, bearing us ignorant of era or country, but pieces that were very moving all the same. His dynamic range and tone were the highlights of his playing - sometimes incredibly soft and tender. The two solos were the high points of the concert for me.

We then had a drink stop and after twenty minutes or so we returned to our vehicle which took us to the Bohemid of the late 19th Century. It was the Symphony No. 8 of Antonin Dvorak which has some gorgeous and inspiring passages. But there are some very mundane bits and instead of making these interesting, the orchestra seemed to fall asleep. An uneven work; not a good choice to end a programme - one doesn't want to leave the customers unfulfilled in the second half, with the high expectations created by such a good first half. One thing to note though; the lower strings have developed into a first-class unit - a strong base upon which one hopes will be established a great orchestra.

Shane Doohan.

BOOKS

Conversations
Primo Levi and Tullio Regge

On paying a visit to the *On Dit* office one day recently, one of the editors snapped up a thin book from the table and thrust it at me.

"Wanna review a book?" she smiled.

My innards screamed in terror, what was left standing in front of her was the shell of a man, whose conscience was sniggering, "Sure, as if you're gonna have time to read it. You don't even read the stuff you're supposed to for your studies. Don't do it. Say No. You're miles behind in your work, you'll feel g...u...i...l...t...y."

"I really don't have the time," I muttered, my eyes looking at the floor.

"Okay, but it's only short."

68 pages. I looked at the cover. Primo Levi and Tullio Regge: *Conversations*.

"These guys are Italian," I darted. "You didn't tell me that. Of course I'll review it."

This is a dialogue between two Italian scientists which was first published in 1984. Levi is one of the most acclaimed Italian writers, having written many prize-winning works. Regge is Professor of Physics at the University of Turin, famous for his work on quantum mechanics.

The book takes the form of an informal conversation between the two men, ranging over numerous topics, some historical, some scientific, some religious, some literary, and so on. Each of these topics goes to fill up a precious capsule containing the history and the future of the universe.

The outcome is truly fascinating and, I must say, quietly inspiring. I am the type of person for whom the mention of things scientific results in severe nausea and vertigo. So, the thought of reading a dialogue between two scientists was particularly uninviting. When I looked inside, however, it was like I had found a little treasure chest.

These men are doers. Their vast wealth of knowledge stems from a great curiosity in all things. They tell each other stories of their first Chemistry experiments, where Regge states, as if he were a child talking to his mate in the schoolyard, "Once I swallowed some lithium..." The ensuing tale is hysterical, but is recounted in a very matter-of-fact way. Regge also explains that he is learning ancient Hebrew, so that he can read the Talmud in its original form, rather than the translation, which as undergone "tampering".

The conversation is sprinkled with little comments or observations such as these. They are always mentioned by-the-by, however, always understated, as neither man is overawed by the other's knowledge, and neither man is trying to impress the other.

What we have here are two enormously gifted intellectuals, who are close friends, talking to each other about the universe, gravity, black holes and the moon, as close friends. That is, just like two close friends might talk about school, or football, or fashion, or music. There is no smugness between Levi and Regge, just friendship and a mutual curiosity.

Even when the two are discussing electromagnetic fields, or the photon, or the Compton effect, none of which mean anything to me, the language remains non-technical and free of jargon. Hence, the subject matter can be grasped without difficulty.

The anecdotal style is the key to the book's accessibility. Little stories about Einstein, or Oppenheimer, or André Weil, who Regge describes as "a true mathematical genius... the type who demolishes all his teachers: a supreme mathematician with a certain horrific character," are irresistible.

Ultimately, the most refreshing aspect of the dialogue is that, although one is in awe of the intellectual enormity of both Levi and Regge, there remains a sense that one is merely listening to a pair of wide-eyed innocents, who are, as Levi says, "in search of answers and of why's. Not the last why but those just before the last."

It is in this way that *Conversations* is a source of inspiration, to keep searching for answers, to teach oneself, to learn from one's own mistakes, and to not allow oneself to be dormant. There is much to discover and experience, yet it is so

easy to let life slip by, without even noticing it's gone. At the heart of this book is a passionate quest for knowledge, a quest which we all have the opportunity to take up, but which we too often forgo because we don't have the time.

Adrian Tisato

Tourist Season"
"Double Whammy"
"Skin Tight"
Carl Hiaasen

Pan

Sleazy televangelists, crooked cops, anti-Castro extremists, property development, barracuda, and death by choking on a toy rubber alligator - are all part of Carl Hiaasen's fictional world. As one of *Skin Tight's* characters remarks, "it's like a nightmare of weirdness".

Hiaasen, a Florida investigative journalist, writes with a charged gonzo style, exposing greed, tackiness and depravity. For readers unfamiliar with his work, the closest parallel is probably Hunter S. Thompson.

These three unusual crime novels illuminate different aspects of contemporary Florida in a deliberately exaggerated manner. One is left uneasily wondering how close reality is to Hiaasen's depiction.

Tourist Season covers a mysterious plot against Florida by probably the most bizarre terrorist gang ever. *Double Whammy* is about professional bass fishing, and *Skin Tight* revolves around plastic surgery.

Hiaasen's deadpan writing style is a key element in these black comedies. An illustration will help to get the gist. This is the description of the office of *Tourist Season's* central character, private eye Brian Keyes:

Brian Keyes's office was on the sixth floor of a dreary downtown bank building off SW Second Avenue, near the Miami River. The consulate of El Salvador was located down the hall, so most of the other tenants lived in perpetual fear of a terrorist attack and behaved accordingly. They all had chipped in to hire extra security guards for the lobby, but the security

men had turned out to be professional burglars who one night looted the entire building of all IBM office machinery.

(*Tourist Season*, p. 32)

A lot of the laughs come from Hiaasen's pitiless, cynical perspective. One finds oneself laughing at weird misfortunes that are in exceedingly poor taste.

All three novels share strong common themes, criticising the way commercialisation and tourist development have debased Florida, both environmentally and morally. Greed and vanity in *Skin Tight* are ruthlessly satirised.

The protagonists of the first two novels, Keyes and *Double Whammy's* R.J. Decker, are both similar. They each seek to resolve deep feelings of guilt.

Skin Tight is a meaner, tighter book and its male lead, Mick Stranahan is not plagued by guilt: "My life story is I've killed five men and I've been married five times.... Which scares you more?" The lead characters are supported by a rogues' gallery of weirdos. In *Tourist Season*, among others, there's the inept terrorist Jesús Bernal who aspires to be "a free-agent superstar-assassin", and eccentric (maybe crazy) renegade journalist Skip Wiley, who writes stories with titles such as "Rats as Big as Bulldogs Stalk Condo".

Double Whammy features the mysterious hermit Skink and femme fatale Lanie Gault who raises the problem for Decker of finding "the polite thing to say when a beautiful stranger stuck up a conversation about oral sex. None of the obvious replies seemed appropriate for a funeral."

Skin Tight puts together some of the most amoral characters in literature and lets the action run from there. Greedy plastic surgeon Rudy Graveline, skin problem plagued hit man "Chemo" and vain TV journalist Reynaldo Flemm of "In Your Face", are some of Hiaasen's most memorable creations.

These are not books one reads for likeable characters, they are often in the worst of taste and may be offensive to some. But all three are worth reading for gripping stories, black humour and a disturbing vision of Miami a Gonzo.

James Greentree

CLASSIFIEDS

Amnesty International

There will be a letter-writing meeting on Wednesday, 5th August at 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. All welcome to write a letter for human rights.

Amnesty Benefit Night - come and groove with the Screaming Believers, Be Brave and the Millards. Friday, 7th August at the Tivoli, \$4 Concession.

Students - Are you aware ...

that your fees are being used to finance cruel, unnecessary, expensive and archaic experiments involving rats, toads and pigeons?

Undergraduate science students (including Psychology I and Biology I), as part of their curriculum, are completing experiments that many other universities around the world have rejected as unnecessary and outdated methods of education.

Flinders University long ago saw fit to discard the operant conditioning experiments that Adelaide University students are still doing as part of their Psychology I course. An increasing number of educators and students around the world are recognising that dissections too are no longer a necessary or even preferred way to learn about animals.

In organising a petition to oppose dissections and animal-based experiments by undergraduate students, Students for Animal Liberation aims to make the University's administration aware that students don't support the use of their fees to fund these expensive, cruel and obsolete 'experiments'.

Students for Animal Liberation's petition will be in the SAUA office from 3rd August, or please return the reply slip below to either Pigeonhole number 73, Clubs Association, the Lady Symon Building, or Anne Fairhead's pigeonhole, Psychology Department, the Hughes Building, or Jennifer Duncan's pigeonhole, Politics Department, Napier Building.

I oppose the use of my fees to support cruel, expensive and obsolete experiments on animals.

Name:

Contact Department:

Signature

Independence, Blasphemy or just a Red Herring

A discussion on republicanism with Prof. Willfred Prest (History Dept) against, Stephanie Pribil (Republican Association) for, and Dr Roger Knight (History Dept) in between. Followed by an open discussion. All welcome. Presented by History Club. Thursday, 6th August, 5 pm, History Common Room, Napier 420. Wine and cheese.

Community Aid Abroad / Freedom From Hunger

Join the fight against poverty and social injustice.

Tuesday, 4th August, 1 pm. Come on a guided tour of the S.A. Development Education Centre. The centre has many excellent resources on Third World and Environmental issues.

Meet at the front of Bonython Hall at 1 pm or at the Centre, 155 Pirie Street (on the corner with Pulteney Street) at 1.10 pm. Everyone is welcome.

Debating Society AGM

Thursday, 13th August at 1:00pm in the Cinema.

Help!

Wanted. Housemate. Norwood. \$60/week. Ph: 332 4649. Very beautiful house.

Freefall Theatre Sports

Improd Theatre is proud to present an international entertainment experience! *Freefall Theatre Sports* is Canadian style Theatre Sports with a few Aussie modifications that creates a unique brand of comedy theatre, exclusively for Adelaide audiences. Landing August 3, 1992 at the Lion Theatre (cnr Morphett Street and North Terrace, City) and running every Monday night till September 14, Improd Theatre hosts free-form comedy improvisation with more audience participation and no time limits to scenes. Audiences will be treated to strong characterisations and greater scene exploration by players to produce three dimensional Theatre Sports scenes.

Comedy, drama or ... who knows?? The sky's the limit with freefall!

Monday nights from August 3, 8 pm. Admission \$6 conc, \$8 full. Seats available at the door or phone Improd Theatre on 231 2131 for reservations.

Improd Theatre is a non profit organisation.

The Republican Association is Here!

Citizens and subjects, you are invited to the IGM of the Adelaide University Republican Association on Tuesday, 18th August, in the Jerry Portus Room (NW corner of the Cloisters) at 1 pm for 1.15 pm start. We will be accepting the Constitution (the Association's, not the country's, of course!), electing office bearers and signing up members. All republicans are welcome. Queries? Phone Stephanie on 264 7886.

Adelaide University Golf Club

Good golfers, we know you are out there. We have an opportunity for you to show your talent. We are hoping to send a team of 8 to Queensland for Intersarsity competition which is going to be held between Monday, 28th September to Friday, 2nd October (i.e. during mid-semester break) Phone Geoff Brennan ASAP on 298 2479.

G.A.L.A.

The next meeting will be held at 1.00 pm, Wednesday, 5th August. North Dining Room, Union Building.

Tom Keneally Comes to Town

Tom Keneally, AO, author and Chair of the Australian Republican Movement (ARM) will be visiting us on Thursday, 20th August, as a guest speaker or possibly for a debate (if we can find a monarchist, that is). Venue is the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building at 1 pm.

Drum/percussion tuition in groups of individual lessons. All styles. Phone Tyson 337 3464

Student Discount

... on all darkroom accessories, film, paper and chemicals at Ted's Camera Stores, 212 - 214 Rundle Street, Adelaide. Valid Student Card must be produced to be eligible for discount. For further information contact 223 3449.

Wanted

Loving home for 1971 Toyota Corolla. Ideal pet for mechanically minded, poor student. \$600 o.n.o. Ph: 332 4649 and ask for Penny.

Students' Association of the University of Adelaide 1992 Annual Elections

Polling Dates:

31st August - 4th September, 1992 inclusive.

The following positions will be elected at the Annual Elections:-

1. President
 2. Education Vice President
 3. Activities/Campaign Vice President
 4. Women's Officer
 5. Environment Officer(s)
 6. Orientation Co-Ordinator
 7. On Dit Editor(s)
 8. Student Radio Director(s)
 9. Eight General Members of SAUA Council
 10. Six General Members of the Education/Services Standing Committee
 11. Six General Members of the Activities Standing Committee
 12. Four Members of the Women's Standing Committee
 13. Five National Union of Students' Delegates
- Nominations for the above positions will open on 6th August, 1992 at 9.00 am and close on 14th August, 1992 at 5.00 pm in the Students' Association Office (4.00 pm at Roseworthy Student Union). Nomination forms and further details will be available in the Students' Association Office and Roseworthy Student Union. Authorised by Susie O'Brien, President, Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.

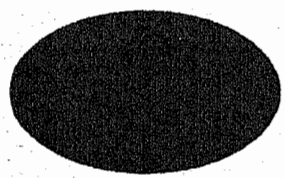
amnesty benefit night



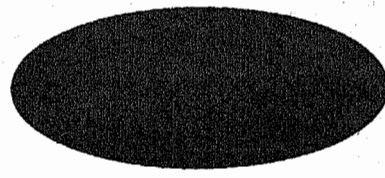
Screaming Believers Be Brave The Millards

At the Tivoli Friday 7th August

\$ 5 / \$ 4 concession



myzone



ANNUAL ELECTIONS.

With the upcoming annual elections, it's time for all the movers, shakers, wheelers and dealers to come out of the closet and harangue us all for another couple of frenzied weeks. This desperate bid by the candidates for a slice of immortality should be a close one and one that might (or might not) have an impact of immense proportions on all our tertiary futures. This years elections, with all their promise of "I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine" deals, look like breaking new ground with previously unheard of and unknown folk running for all sorts of positions. We here, in all our modest wisdom, have decided to publish a how-to guide for the elections for the new kids on the electoral block. This guide if followed faithfully should result in the returning officer glancing at your piles of votes and declaring you the winner. That is if the votes have been sifted carefully by the counters and lost according to University Election Regulations (U.E.R.) clause 97.4. Votes put on the wrong pile, according to U.E.R. clause 97.7 count for double as they infinitely more moral than votes registered in the normal way.

THE GOOD GUIDE TO GETTING EASILY ELECTED.

This is an easy step by step guide to follow provided you have no dignity or moral qualms about compromising yourself.

Step 1- Invest your hopes, dreams and desires in one position only. This leads to complete focussing on the task in hand plus the added bonus of having only one position to design posters for.

Step 1a- Invest the rest of your hopes in every position available.

Step 2- Start doing outlandish things on campus. Write all sorts of crap for On Dit. Get your name known. Attend all faculty quiz nights and mingle with the leaders of the student body. Chum yourself senseless with anybody and everybody.

Step 3- Find out who are the top dogs in each voting bloc and sleep with the cutest one. Hopefully the cutest one is also the one preparing the ticket, if not sleep with this person or at least take them out to dinner at Tapas a few times.

Step 4- Learn the words. Equity, representation, rhetoric, duplicity, governance, workshop, NUSSA, AVCC, DEET, and marginalisation, should flow off your tongue like honey.

Step 5- Nominate yourself. Go like the clappers to the SAUA and fill that sheet in. Take a friend, take several. All aboard, all aboard woohhh!

Step 6- Nominate your friends and family, forge the signatures and laugh all the way to the voting bank.

Step 7- Go to the passport photo stall in Renaissance Arcade and have a shit photo of yourself (and in the case of a partnership, your running mates) taken and developed in turn of the century off grey, black and white.

Step 8- Start hanging out in the cloisters. Mill your bum off there because that is the political nerve centre of Adelaide. Look self important and always carry a concerned countenance.

Step 9- Design a strategy that nobody has come up with since last elections. Usually one from two years ago will do. Catchy slogans such as "Now is the time to say now" and "Time has come today" are popular. This leads to the conclusion that time is catchy therefore time is good therefore time is votes. Remember this throughout the sycophantic week and smile.

Step 10- Design posters. Make 'em bold and plain. Print them preferably at somebody elses expense and print a lot of them. It is important here to try to find a morally bankrupt sugardaddy/mummy politician. If this is achieved get them to bankroll your campaign and organise the nude shots. For important positions such as anything, print them in four to ten colours and on glossy paper. Size is important so make them big. With an annual prize going to the largest poster, this category can make or break a campaign.

Step 11- Start sleeping with the electorate as well. Find the high school roster and cross check with the university roll and track those old school ties down. Lecture bash all day, rut all night (and lunchtimes).

Step 12- Manufacture dirt on the opponents. If they are clean make some up. This is elections and all is fair in love and politics.

Step 13- Kidnap people and force them at gunpoint to vote for you. This has always worked for the Tories. Bribe folk with drugs, fine wine, cheap porn, bibles, teddies, confectionery, raspberry tartlets, fake icons, fake political views and morals in order to convince them that you are Concerned.

Step 14- Appoint a scrutineer for the count that has sleight of hand skills rarely seen since Fagan. Get this person to steal votes, lose votes and make votes informal. Remember to direct them to do this to your opposition. Bribing the returning officer is advised and always a good laugh.

Step 15- Declare a coup and as the first act of your regime appoint yourself to your desired positions. For a longlived regime obtain United States Government support.

Step 16- Execute the political undesirables.

Now that you are the supreme leader, enjoy the power and sense of moral and political correctness until next year.



POSITION VACANT.

RETURNING OFFICER FOR THE UPCOMING UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE ELECTIONS NEEDED.

Responsibilities include ensuring the elections are well publicised in the small group of students who know the elections are on and the complete bypassment of any students who might care but aren't in your own social clique. Calling of nominations is an important part of your week with designing of election posters comprising a large part of the SAUA typesetters day.

The position also entails the turning of a blind eye to any roting of the SAUA photocopiers etc. by office bearers and their hanger ons. Complete agreement with all posters that don't offend your political faction is needed as well as the ability to refuse acceptance of any posters for people you don't like.

The ability to take speed to stay awake while letting candidates switch and lose votes at will is a must.

Familiarity with your own voting system and the menu at Tapas is a must.

A honorarium plus bribes will be paid at the rate of approximately \$1.43 per day.

Those interested should threaten to forward a compromising photo of Rob Brie to his wife.

Applications close whenever the best photo is in.