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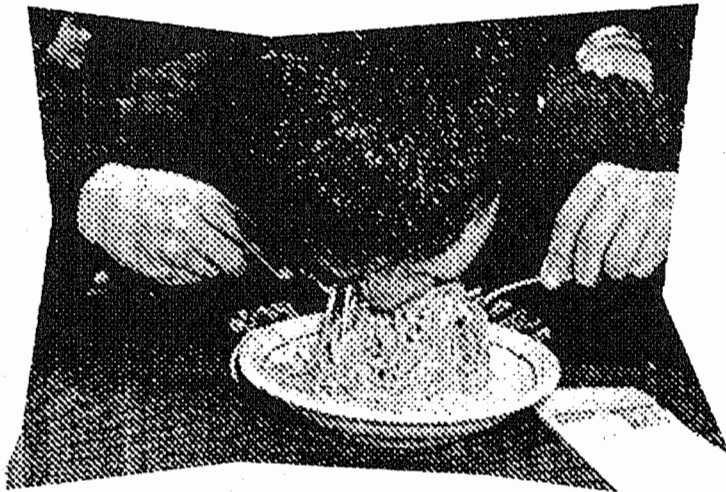
**The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly**

Volume 61 • Number 6 • 29th March 1993 •  
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- 28•The end....until next bloody week!

# Give my love to Kevin...

**It will be difficult to gauge the success of last Thursday's General Student Meeting which was protesting the budget cuts made to the Barr Smith Library**

While the event received good press and television coverage, and the motions outlined by SAUA president Anthony Roediger were passed without dissent, any benefit gained is unlikely to be immediate. The motions called upon the University Senior Management Group to redirect budget cuts away from the library to other, less crucial areas.

The crowd assembled outside the Union Building at one, and after hearing some of the problems associated with the funding cuts, stormed the library. This provided many students with the opportunity to make lots of noise as chanting started up. Students presented vice-chancellor Kevin Marjoribanks with a bill for \$299 000: the outstand-

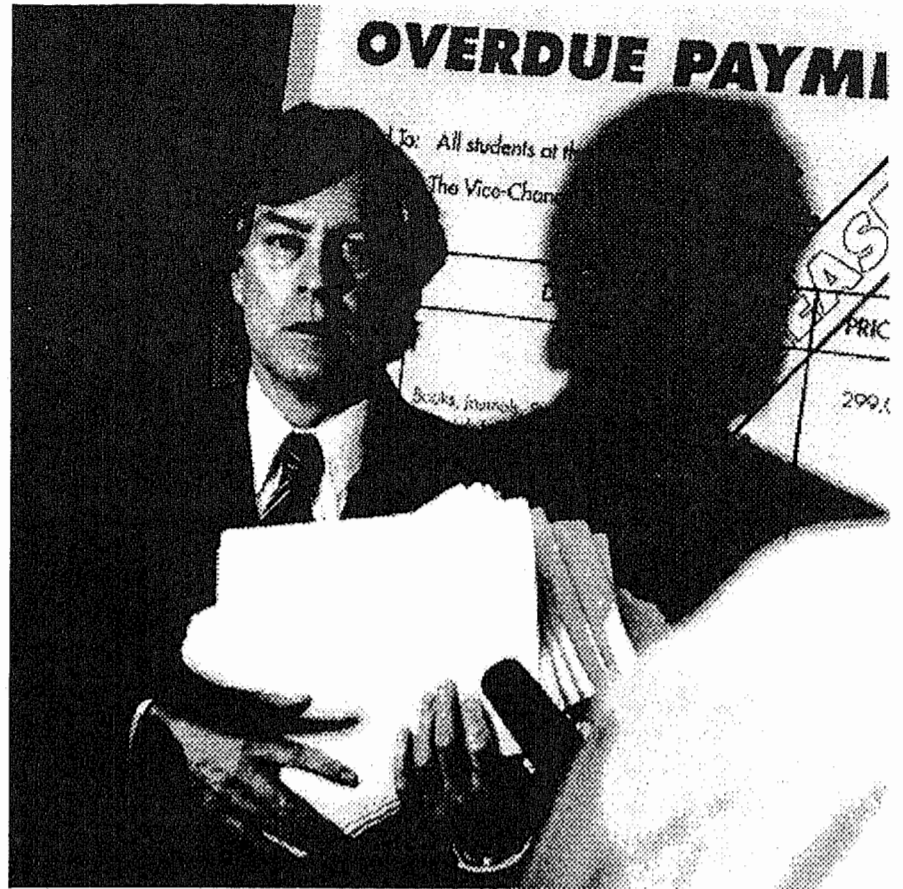
ing amount the library needs to maintain services and buying power.

While the marchers were very vocal, the crowd was small, at only three or four hundred. For an on-campus demonstration this number was disappointing. Far more impressive was the wad of petitions which were also presented to the Vice-Chancellor. 3500 people signed petitions in just three and a half days. It will be this significant display of student thought and action to which the University's Senior Management Group will have to give consideration. Although the SAUA will continue to lobby the University administration on this issue, the ball (as they say) is firmly in their court.

David Mills

Photos by Jesse Reynolds

*Pictures: Kevin Marjoribanks accepts the deficit notice from the Student's Association (Right); The throng of 300 protesters gathered in the Library foyer (Below and Below Right).*



## New Vice Chancellor

**"There was movement at the Uni, For the word had got around, That a new Vice-Chancellor was on his way!"**

This may be over-stating the case somewhat, but we just happen to like "The Man From Snowy River"!

Seriously though, the University has appointed Professor Gavin Brown, 51, to be its new Vice-Chancellor. He will take up his appointment as successor to Professor Kevin Marjoribanks on 1st January, 1994.

Professor Brown is already on the University staff as deputy Vice-Chancellor of Research, following his appointment here last year after serving as the Dean of the Faculty of Science at the University of New South Wales.

Born in Scotland and educated there at St Andrews University, Professor Brown taught Mathematics at the University of Liverpool prior to coming to Australia in 1978. Although his personal interest in Mathematics is reflected by his research work in that area, Professor Brown also holds an Arts degree and comments that he has

been trying to educate himself "on the different ways that people think in different disciplines".

Whilst acknowledging the importance of his vital managerial role, as the University's chief executive officer, Professor Brown also believes that, as Vice-Chancellor, it will be important to ensure effective communication both within and outside of the University, through being "switched on" to the various groups who will seek his ear.

Professor Brown said that he would like to foster increased interaction between the University and the community and to this end, is keen to encourage closer ties between industry and higher education.

When he is not contemplating the fact that he shares his birthplace with Alexander Selkirk from whose legend the story of Robinson Crusoe was drawn, Professor Brown is likely to be found enjoying his "absolute favourite relaxation" - horse racing!

Jane Nosworthy and Kate Harris

## CLIFFS OF BLUE

A PLAY ABOUT DREAMS DESIRES AND THE DARKER SIDE OF RELATIONSHIPS



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# Russia in Crisis

**As most are probably aware, Russia is currently facing some significant political problems. With Boris Yeltsin not receiving the support of his parliament, his agenda for reform looks fragile.**

The recent news that the Russian Constitutional Court declared Yeltsin's bid to rule by decree (and thus abandon the need to be accountable to the parliament) unconstitutional was certainly a significant blow to Yeltsin and his supporters. However, the struggle for power is and has been waged over a long period of time, and some of the problems that are currently being faced by Yeltsin emanate from the very

nature of his reforms, the constitution, and, indeed, the nature of Russian society itself. One of the fundamental problems with Yeltsin's reform is the extent and the speed of its institution. Throughout most of the seventy year existence of the USSR, the arms of economic policy had been fundamentally different to that of a market economy; central planning ruled whilst private ownership and foreign competition were totally absent. As the world has seen, this had severe consequences for the efficiency and effectiveness of its industry, and when the Iron Curtain collapsed it became apparent that the country's economy was in ruins. This had been widely attributed to the absence of market forces to ensure efficiency. To Yeltsin, the solution seemed clear: introduce the wonders of the market into the Russian economy in order to initiate restructuring and, ultimately a strong, efficient and vibrant economy. In doing so, Yeltsin has been plagued with problems which haven't emanated exclusively from his opponents within the parliament. Additionally, and perhaps even more fundamentally, such a rapid and complete introduction of reform has ushered in even more pronounced economic problems, since Yeltsin's coming to power, inflation has risen above 2000% and real GDP has fallen by 25%. Hardly a picture of an efficient, well managed economy. The reason for this lack of effectiveness is plain: namely that the sudden introduction of freer competition has not been accompanied by stronger production from its own domestic producers. What this effectively means is that Russian industries have been subjected to the shock of a sudden influx of foreign competition and found themselves rendered uncompetitive by the legacy of the bad economic management and economic inefficiency inherited from their communist predecessors.

The result of this is that the trademarks of life under communism, the queues for food, the lack of goods in the stores

and so on, have remained under Yeltsin. Unquestionably, freemarket reforms were always going to take time. The irony here is that they were introduced on a very large scale before the local economy had been restructured to the point where it would have been able to reap the benefits. Whilst support for Yeltsin remains amongst the people and also from the West, the economic results he is seeking seem a long way off.

Just as pronounced are the problems concerning the conflict between Yeltsin and the Russian parliament led by chairperson Ruslan Khasbulatov. Again, this conflict is not confined to mere person-

created where the two highest tiers of government are diametrically opposed and without the constitutional structure to resolve any dilemmas. And all this in a country with no democratic tradition.....

Still, at the inception, in 1991, Yeltsin would have thought that he would be able to get around such obstacles with the appointment of Khasbulatov as chairperson of the parliament. At the time, Khasbulatov was sympathetic to Yeltsin's reforms, but before long he became disillusioned with their lack of progress. The consequences of this were to prove to be wide reaching, spreading beyond opposition to reform within

(not before time) that the maintenance of democracy in Russia was vitally important to American security as it would ensure the maintenance of the post Cold War era, as opposed to a relapse of the Cold War. The importance of this is far reaching, and one of the prime effects of the ending of the Cold War has been a heavy reduction of the nuclear threat, with the third Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty (START) in 1991 seeing for the first time a substantial reduction in the number of existing nuclear weapons as opposed to mere slowing in the rate of production. It is also especially important for the US in that the maintenance of democracy in

Russia will also maintain its role as the world's only superpower, which gives it great ascendancy in the international community by vesting a large proportion of military power in its hands. There is some question, however, of the ability of the US and the West to influence the internal proceedings of the Russian government, there being concern in the US that a Clinton Administration controlled Yeltsin may have the unsavoury consequence of him being seen as a puppet by the Russian people, which would not look



**Boris Yeltsin (left) and parliamentary Speaker Ruslan Khasbulatov (right): now on different sides of the political fence.**

ality problems but rather the very nature of the constitution and the continuing effect of Russian institutions on Russian society. In the main, there are two inherent problems within the Russian political structure. Firstly, the constitution is arranged somewhat haphazardly into bits and pieces. In particular, it makes it unclear as to who holds the supreme power within the

## **"Russia's days in the economic and political wilderness are likely to last for sometime yet."**

country. Whilst one section vests it in the parliament, there are three others which vest it within the president. This makes the situation unclear at best and chaotic at worst, and although last week's constitutional court ruling at least makes it clear that Yeltsin's attempt to rule by decree is unlawful, it does not resolve the problem of establishing order in the relationship between parliament and president which is vital for democracy to succeed. The second big obstacle faced by Yeltsin is that the current parliament is made up of 1033 representatives that were elected well before he came to power in 1991. The relationship that results from these phenomena is, unsurprisingly, incongruous, as the members of parliament reflect the values of a political era which has now passed. The result of these two conflicts is that a political order has been

the parliament itself. Among the casualties of Khasbulatov's uncooperativeness are Yegor Gaidar, the former Prime Minister and the main instigator of Yeltsin's strategy, Antoli Chubais, the head of the privatisation scheme and deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister Andrei Kozryev, who designed the initiatives to open the Russian political economy to the West. The

uncooperativeness of Khasbulatov has also led to the drafting of impeachment proceedings against Mr. Yeltsin. On Saturday evening (our time), however, the big news from Moscow was that an order seeking the voluntary resignation of Yeltsin and Khasbulatov was being debated in the parliament. At the time of writing, the details of this were unclear, however, they do indicate a strong of instability within the parliament itself. Yeltsin's solution has been to call for a referendum, to take place on April 25, to try and solve the crisis. In this area at least, Yeltsin appears to have the advantage in that his popular support is higher than that of any other political leader.

The question of response from the West is one which can hardly be seen as sealing the fate of either of the Russian political institutions, at least at this stage. US Secretary of State Warren Christopher a few weeks ago stated

good on the eve of a vital referendum. Even on the question of aid, the US seems to have its hands tied to some degree. This is due to the continuing lack of cooperation from the rest of the G7 countries, in particular Japan, which has been looking to the US to shoulder most of the load. Last year, the US contributed US\$9.3 billion, whilst Japan donated only \$2.3 billion. The stated reason for this was that Japan still had territorial disputes with Russia, and was thus unwilling to extend its contribution. This attitude was reflected by the other G7 nations, leaving the US with the dilemma of either going it alone or remaining cautious in its level of contribution. As such, the ability of the US to change the Russian status quo would appear at this stage to be limited, with President Clinton for the most part having his hands tied.

The culmination of these problems and dilemmas on either side of the Atlantic is an atmosphere of crisis in the new Russia. Most commentators at this stage expect Yeltsin to win his referendum and hold onto power; however the long term prospects for Russia appear unappetising. Without any tradition or expertise in the field of democracy or even any notionally stable government institution to guide it, Russia's days in the economic and political wilderness are likely to last for sometime yet.

Tim Gow

# Ministry of Fun - it goes off!

Let's face it, if Paul Keating suddenly appeared on your television screen and said, "We're off to invade Poland and take over the world," you would have to be pretty tempted to put a fair amount on him being successful in achieving global domination. After all, the newly elected PM is on a roll the like of which has probably not been seen in Australian politics since the early days of Bob Hawke's parliamentary career, and there seems little to stop him in the immediate future - certainly not a federal election.

Keating's unveiling of his new ministry and Cabinet is a striking illustration of the power which he now wields in national politics and society in general. The 1993 Cabinet Mark I is younger than that which it follows, with an average age of 46 in the Ministry and more than slightly reminds one of the government being established in the United States by Bill Clinton. Political commentators have been quick to dub this new team the 'Baby-boomer' cabinet, much in the same manner of the

new Clinton administration and have also drawn much attention to the efforts of the PM in shaping the new Ministry to agree with his own personal beliefs. This is evidenced in a number of ways: Firstly, in the increased importance of Aboriginal and multicultural affairs, manifested in the creation of a new Ministry to cater for this area. Paul Keating has taken an increased interest in Aboriginal policy - he controls the portfolio for Multicultural Affairs- and has wasted no time in creating opportunities to actively pursue this interest.

The second reflection of the PM obvious in his cabinet can be seen in the fact that there are an awful lot of the ALP Right in there.

For those who don't know, or need reminding, the Australian Labor Party is divided into three main factions - the Left, the Centre Left and the Right. Paul Keating hails from the Right and so does the vast majority of his new leadership team. Gareth Evans (Foreign Affairs), Robert Ray (Defence), Ralph Willis (Finance), Kim Beazley (Employment, Education and Training), Bob Collins (Transport and Communications), Ros Kelly (Environment, Sport and Territories) and Graham Richardson (Health) are just a few of

the Right's members to now occupy thirteen of nineteen Cabinet portfolios, thus giving that faction effective control of cabinet and thus putting Keating in a very strong position.

Another comment which can be made regarding the Keating Ministry lies in the presence of only three female ministers, with Ros Kelly being the only female cabinet minister. While it is largely impossible to say whether or not this feature is fashioned in Keating's image, the number seems unusually low, although this is also representative of the extraordinarily low percentage of women involved in government and elected to parliamentary positions. Sad but true.

The picture one has of the new Keating ministry can therefore be summarised as follows: in terms of age, it is a young team, although one with a great deal of parliamentary experience (it's a pity that a fresh face doesn't get a look at education policy, but then again, it's only education after all). It is also a team built around the political commodity that is Paul Keating, supporting his policy interests and political interests in equal measure. The announcement of the ministry is the first indicator of the re-elected Keating government's future direction - for the opti-

mistic, this will mean strong leadership and a youthful, modern and relevant approach to managing this nation. However, it may mean something completely different. The Liberal Party has been criticised for allowing the more right-wing members of the party to gain control of policy decisions and direction, culminating in its recent loss and ensuing attempt to recover politically. While the Labor Party is right in attributing much of its success to Paul Keating personally, and while he may be deserving of greater respect in accordance with this, in allowing him to dominate party direction and ministerial composition, the ALP runs the risk of following the same path as its opposition and shutting out views other than those agreed by the party leader. The Liberal Party is proof of the dangers inherent in this approach and it should be noted that prior to Wednesday, Labor ministers were selected by party vote, not by Prime Minister approval. The ALP may well hope that in his push for change in his party, Paul Keating has not pushed for one change too many.

*Steven Rainbird*

## Short memory(must have a...)

A great pity in our society is its short attention span. We look at an issue, offer a short-term solution and try to forget. Africa is one of these issues, but because of its structure, we will not be able to forget because it will keep coming back to confront us.

A few years ago, Bob Geldorf raised awareness of Africa's plight and a lot was achieved in a short period. During the next few years, even though famine raged, our attention could not be grasped. We had done our bit. Now a great famine has been forced on the innocents of Somalia by fighting Warlords, and this has grasped our attention. An international army has been sent to enforce a "peace". At least our defence forces are doing something defensible. But even with our forces deployed it has become unnewsworthy. We have done our "bit" again. Famine in other parts of Africa cannot grasp the limelight.

What is the long-term future for these people? Will the Warlords rise as the troops leave and so have we wasted billions of dollars? Is the World committed to allowing Somalia to return to normal and how will it develop?

Africa is faced with many structural problems. Money lent by the World's banks has either been spent on large scale projects where foreign companies benefit or squandered by Governments propped up by the Super powers. This burden of debt has crippled Govern-

ments ability to assist development or infrastructure spending. Selling of natural resources has not benefitted the populace, in fact it has reduced the community's wealth, destroying the environment in the process. With the onset of modern medicine and hygiene, populations are booming as death rates fall. This booming population is faced with the ultimate horror of Economic Theory, the Malthusian Law of Diminishing Returns. As land is fixed and technology does not improve we have more and more people working the land. Output of crops then begin to fall with more mouths to feed, catastrophic famine the result.

What is the long-term future for these people? Will the Warlords rise as the troops leave and so have we wasted billions of dollars? Is the World committed to allowing Somalia to return to normal and how will it develop?

Economic principles tell us that these people should produce what they have an advantage in. That they should use their excess labour in a productive manner. But as their population grows, their capital stock per person falls, meaning that it is even less likely that they can trade their way out of the

problem. This is linked to cities without jobs or industry to feed them. As all money is sent overseas what is their choice? A downward spiral to undignified poverty.

What can we do?

The world community has to assist these countries to find political solutions. Avoid the temptation of choosing sides, because that leads to the cold war position where corrupt regimes are supported because of their ideological badge. Somalia needs a long-term commitment (greater than 17 weeks) to allow local institutions to flourish and

take over. Our governments and ourselves need to support community based aid organisations that help people to develop, not multinationals to make profits. Hopefully, we can do something to help because if Paul Keating was right and we become a banana republic, we might be the next group requiring assistance.

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# Ride with me

**"I hate cars. They're ugly unnatural contraptions that pollute the air we breathe." Everyone is entitled to their opinion, but this does not seem strange coming from Lillian Fouhy, who has spent most of her working life dealing with the four wheeled beast.**

Lillian is the Chief Coordinator of The Green Transport Movement, which acts as a link between car owners with empty seats and passengers. "I grew up in the nasty business of taxis and private buses, where making a fast buck is thought to outweigh the cost of polluting the air. They also do a lot to convince people that they don't need to walk anywhere. Walking's the only form of exercise I get so I make sure I walk everywhere. Otherwise, I take public transport or I fill up the empty seat in a car someone else is using. As a matter of principal, I don't drive. I've never learnt how to. I don't want to put extra CO<sub>2</sub> into the air.

"One of the major human contributors to the greenhouse effect is the use of fossil fuels. Scientific studies estimate that the relative contribution of CO<sub>2</sub> to the greenhouse effect is the most significant - over 50%.

"On a per head basis, our greenhouse gas emissions, mainly CO<sub>2</sub>, are among the highest in the world. A Federal Government report rated Australia's CO<sub>2</sub> emissions as 13% higher than the average for industrialised countries and 830% higher than the developing country average.

"Based on these studies, the government has stated that Australia is aiming to reduce its emissions of greenhouse gases by the year 2005 to a level 20% below 1988 emissions. How they are hoping to achieve this baffles me when the Australian Bureau of Statistics says that if the trends used in other government reports are extended till the year 2005 the results show that

Australia's CO<sub>2</sub> emissions in that year would be a staggering 53% greater than in 1988."

Globally, Australian car ownership is very high, second only to the US. Recent studies show that Australia has a car for just over every two of its population.

The greatest concentration of cars in

when they're being overcharged in such a way. But this is detrimental to the environment. Of course, the best solution would be for buses to charge a fairer price and for public transport to be free, but in the meantime anyone using a car should act responsibly by not making trips alone when there are others making the same trip in other



*"Goin' my way?"*

Australia is in South Australia. At last count, there were 483 cars for every 1000 people in this state.

"Most requests for lifts/passengers are to Perth and Alice Springs. I'm particularly pleased with this because these two routes show a great inequity between how much it costs the bus company and how much they overcharge the customer. It's no wonder people take to using their own private cars

cars. Environmental scientists agree that road transport reform is paramount in achieving a reduction of the overall greenhouse effect and energy conservation.

"We thought people might see our system as strange or unworkable, but when we approached people we found that the reaction was a unanimous 'What a great idea!' What did surprise me though, was the other unanimous reac-

tion of, 'Well, I would use such a system, but you'll have a hard time convincing others.' It's amazing how many people out there feel isolated in their feelings about the environment. It's amazing how many people think 'I'm willing to do something but nobody else is.' Nothing could be further from the truth. I know because we get dozens of calls every day from people willing to put their car where their mouth air.

**"One of the major human contributors to the greenhouse effect is the use of fossil fuels. Scientific studies estimate that the relative contribution of CO<sub>2</sub> to the greenhouse effect is the most significant - over 50%."**

"I'm very glad that people only ring The Green Transport Movement for trips they could not make by bicycle or public transport. Unfortunately, some destinations are not accessible by bike or public transport, and this is what we are trying to rectify. I realise that the STA are trying to improve public transport but they face many problems. The government should be looking more seriously at other options like increasing the railway system. We send petitions to the Government on all aspects of making transport more environmentally responsible and if anyone wants to sign these they should give us a ring or send us a letter to include with the petition.

"And if you're making a long trip over the Easter break, give us a call. Drivers get a substantial fuel contribution and for the passenger it always works out cheaper than the bus or train."

**The Green Transport Movement  
(08) 267 5642  
GPO Box 790,  
Adelaide, 5001**

# Toyota markets women

**The weekend of 13th March saw not only the excitement of the Federal Election result but also the release of a promotion for a new Toyota vehicle. The Toyota Camry advertisement was given television air-time and featured as a full-page advertisement in the print media. A woman's body in an advanced stage of pregnancy was used as an analogy for Toyota's new product. Only the mid-section of this woman is presented from her shoulders to her upper thighs.**

The Toyota Camry advertisement is yet another example of misuse of images of women's bodies to make a strong visual impact in advertising. The no-

tion that the image of the belly of a heavily pregnant woman is an acceptable way to announce the introduction of Australia's newest wide-body family car' is outrageous.

The advertisement conveys the insulting message that women are merely useful as reliable objects for the safe and comfortable carriage of precious cargo (i.e. babies or people). This objectification of women is enhanced by the convenient decapitation of the image which further degrades the status of women to that of non-participant (i.e. non-thinking, non-communicating, non-interactive). Headless women are doubtless more passive, being, as they are, inevitably, voiceless!

Deliberate or not, the words accompanying the image in the advertisement "There's nothing more comfortable than inside a wide body' also carries

sexual connotations which further demean women by promoting the sexist perception that the primary role of women is that of a receptacle (for male sexual gratification).

**As women and consumers, we condemn the continued misuse of images of women to sell products and we totally reject the right of companies such as Toyota to assume that it is still socially acceptable to use women's bodies to sell unrelated products such as cars.**

As women and consumers, we condemn the continued misuse of images of women to sell products and we totally reject the right of companies such

as Toyota to assume that it is still socially acceptable to use women's bodies to sell unrelated products such as cars.

Wouldn't it be absolutely marvellous if advertising agencies and their patrons turned over a new leaf and used their creativity to express positive images of womanhood without this to voyeurism of women's bodies. And if products were promoted by concepts relevant to their actual functions!

**Members of the Women on Campus Club at Flinders University**

## Education Vice President



### Library Crisis

What do we want? A decent library. When do we want it? Now. Precisely, and with all the media coverage the Senior Management Group will be hard pressed to ignore us. For those of you who weren't around last Thursday there was a General Student Meeting on the Library crisis followed by a rather loud storming of the Barr Smith Library. Around 400 students demanded that funding be provided to stop the \$300,000 budget cut to the library budget. Students demanded three main things:

- increasing opening hours by one hour on each Saturday and Sunday;
- the purchasing of books and journals to maintain the standard of the collection;
- maintain staff to assist students and promote maximum efficiency in the use of the library.

Students also demanded that there be a public inquiry into the state of university libraries nationwide.

Upon reaching the library, Anthony Roediger, SAUA President, presented the Vice Chancellor with an "Overdue Payment" slip advising the VC to pay up the \$300,000 owing or risk essential studying done by students to cease. A petition with well over 3,500 signatures of staff and students was presented. If you haven't signed it yet, copies are still in the Library and the Students' Association and these will be passed on to the Vice Chancellor.

This is an issue of great concern to students and it was great to see so many there voicing their disapproval. Thank you to all who helped out.

Rebecca Shinnick  
Education Vice President

## El Presidenté

Something about a Library? Well many people would have been at or seen coverage of the Library demonstration last week, highlighting the \$300,000 cut to purchasing power this year. The Senior Management Group of the University of Adelaide is deciding its response this morning (Monday), but our approach from here is to go to the source of the problem, Mr Kim Beazley, Federal Minister for Employment, Education and Training.

**Overseas Student Fees - I was wrong**  
Last week, I reported an increase in fees for overseas students - which was wrong. I had the figures for post graduate fees

(which are slightly higher due to higher research component). Overseas fees for all students have remained the same a last years (I believe). Sorry!

### Issues for the Moment

Please feel free to drop in and enquire.

- Security on campus
- Fairway Scheme
- General underfunding - tutorial sizes
- Academic Grievance procedures
- Merger outcomes, Roseworthy and SACAE

Enjoy the Library while you can, Cheers,

Anthony Roediger  
President

## A/C V-P

For the thousands of students who have written in expressing your concern at the lack of an A/C V-P column in On Dit for the past two weeks, I am pleased to be able to inform you that my chicken pox is better - send no more chocolate. Because I haven't been here, I have very little to write about. By the time this goes to print, the SAUA Library Campaign will be underway. The Univer-

sity administration must be made to realise that the libraries are a fundamental part of university studies and need to be funded accordingly!

Plans for Prosh '93 are in the early stages of formulation - stay tuned for a reincarnation of that wacky, zany student week early in second semester!

Maddie Shaw  
Activities/Campaigns Vice President

## Women's Officer

There are loads of things on the agenda for women over the next few weeks so I'll devote the column to letting you know what they are...

### Women's Health Week

This is happening on campus in the last week of term (i.e. next week). If you're thinking "but why is women's health different from anyone else's health?", look for the article in the next On Dit, and come along to the events held next week and all will be revealed. These events include a forum, with speakers on issues ranging from women and drugs to violence against women, information stalls on the lawns where you can get free tampons and self-esteem and assertiveness workshops. There is also a chance to get a free meal (always a good thing) at the cross-campus launch of Women's Health Week, which will be held in the Bistro on Monday, the 5th April at 6pm. If you are interested

meet women from other campuses and hear some speakers, contact me by Thursday so I can put your name down.

### "... rougher than usual handling ..."

..was the topic of my column last week, but it is also the title of an art exhibition by an artist called Louise Haselton. The exhibition is on at the RE gallery, 98 Gray St Adelaide, from March 26th to April 4th, and incorporates references to the Bollen case, so it might be worth going along to have a look.

### JustArts Women's Day

You may have heard (from the Environment Officers) about the JustArts Festival. Well Saturday, April 3rd is the JustArts women's day, entitled "Women Moving On." The programme for the day includes a women's poetry afternoon, bellydancing, lots of free women's music, workshops on women's sexuality and a women's dance

party. The day takes place in the Lion Arts Centre and should be a great way to spend a Saturday.

### Forum on Violence Against Women

This is on the same day - April 3rd - and is organised by the Minister for the Status of Women, Anne Levy, for the purpose of getting ideas and feedback from members of the community on the National Strategy on Violence Against Women. The venue is the Old Methodist Meeting Hall, 25 Pirie St and the forum goes from 2 pm to 4 pm.

And finally, a quick warning that there has been an increased number in flashing incidents around the North Terrace area as far down as the Convention Centre and also on campus. If it happens to you or if you see anyone suspicious make sure and report it either to the Hughes Plaza Security Office or to myself. And remember to make use of



the Security Office and all the services it provides, such as the 24-hour escort service and the personal hand-held alarms that are available for borrowing.

Liana Buchanan  
Women's Officer

## Environment Officers



Hi everyone, hope Uni is not getting you all down too much. We hope that you all have checked out the fantastic

exhibitions in the Barr Smith Library. The display of Environment books is from the British Council and there is a lot of interesting reading there. What better way to spend your time at Uni than reading books! The other display is a series of posters which are designed to make us think about how to improve our environment and the place we live in. So what are you waiting for?!

Environmental Youth Alliance are holding a meeting for all people interested in stopping environmental degradation - on Adelaide Uni, in Adelaide, in Australia. Join the fun on Thursday, 1st April in the Conference Room (5th floor, Union Building). Phone 231 6982 for the time.

The first of a series of public lectures

organised by the Green Party South Australia was held last Wednesday. "The Illusion of Growth" was a well-attended talk from Ted Trainer, University of NSW. Ted Trainer is the author of "Abandon Affluence" and "Developing to Death" and is known for his work on de-development and the radical conservator society.

The next lecture, "The Illusion of Technology", is on Tuesday, 13th April at 7.30 pm (City of Adelaide Community Centre). The speaker is Geoff Lacey from Monash University, who has worked on a wide range of projects including urban policy for the self-reliant city, transport options, world trade issues and alternative approaches to engineering. Don't miss it!

Don't forget that the JustArts Festival is still happening and events coming up include a day of festivities at the Lion Arts Centre on 3rd April. The day is better known as "Moving On" and is a celebration of women and women artists. Programmes for Moving On and the rest of the festival are available at the SAUA.

Finally, has everyone noticed the plastic that is taking over the Union Building? If you are interested in investigating this, please contact Tania or Jo at the SAUA.

On that note - Stay awake and get involved,

Jo, Tania and Goose  
Environment Officers



# A Room of One's Own

'What we have to do right now is go back

Way back

Back into time ...'

Neneh Cherry

The Anna Menz Memorial Room (as it was originally known) was established by her family and many friends to perpetuate the memory of Anna Menz in 1958. But who was Anna Menz? Why did she, of all the other fine female graduates of this university, get memorialised? Why was the room set up in the Lady Symon Building? Why is it 'women only'? Where were the men's rooms?

Anna Magdalene Augusta Menz (what a great name) graduated BA in 1918. She got a first in French, Economics and Education and was consequently awarded a travelling scholarship for research. She was a Tennis blue and chairman (as they called it then) of the Women's Debating Club. (The Women's Debating Club was formed in 1911 because women were excluded from the other orating body on campus, the Law Debating Society.) In 1927, Anna attended the Paris Conference on Suffrage (the right to vote) as a member of the Australian delegation. Throughout her life she was active in the International Federation of University Women and the YWCA. From contemporary accounts she was a vibrant, charming person who made and kept friends with ease. As one of her peers described her 'she was known to many through her gift for friendship'. How fitting that the room where some of the best friendships among women at this university are made is named after her, I think she would have liked that.

After Anna's death, the Adelaide University Women Graduates' Club members collected 500 pounds to create a space in her memory in the newly refurbished and extended Lady Symon Building. They decided to have the Anna Menz Room in the Lady Symon Building for the simple reason that it was the women's building of the AU Union. Once upon a time, the entire Lady Symon Building was a 'women only space'. The person responsible for this wonderful (or appalling, depending on your point of view) thing was Sir Josiah Symon, a barrister who was a strong supporter of higher education for women. Sir Jo (as I can't help thinking of him) had originally contemplated donating money for a women's college, but decided that a building for the Women's Union would be more useful, as all women on campus could have access to it. In 1927, Sir Jo donated 9,500 pounds to construct such a building and asked that it be named after his wife: what a sweet guy he must have been.

What was the Women's Union and where did this idea of a 'women's building' come from? It all started in 1907 when the University Council granted women students the use of a large basement room in the Prince of Wales building. It was opposite the Elder Con and its door was so inaccessible that the women used to come and go through a window. They had placed a table next to it and would dive in and jump out. I

haven't been able to find out why the Council allocated this room, I suspect it would be somewhere in the minutes of Council meetings for that time. Anyway, this Common Room was, in the words of one who used it 'a place for a cup of tea and lunch'.

But what were women doing at University then? Adelaide has an outstanding tradition of innovation when it comes to women and education, something that we take for granted all too often. When the university's charter act was presented in 1874, the two radical (for the day) things that it contained were: to confer degrees of *science* (thought quite out of keeping with the university ideal by many) and to confer degrees on *women*. These two powers had to be dropped in order for the act to get royal assent (thanks to Queen Victoria, the original 'I'm not a feminist but I want to rule the world' woman). The Colonial Secretary wrote to the SA

**"Why is it 'women only'?  
Where were the men's  
rooms?"**

Governor in February 1875 to warn of 'the fate likely to befall any petition from the Colonists presumptuous enough to confer Degrees on women'. The Queen, it seemed, was not amused. But by 1881, it was all sorted out and the Act was amended to give AU the power to grant degrees on 'any person, male or female'. Ironically, Adelaide's first science graduate was a woman, and vice versa, Adelaide's first woman graduate was in science. In 1885, Edith Dornwell was the toast of Adelaide when she took her degree with a First in Physics and Physiology.

Let's jump forward from Edith and the 1880s to 1907 and this little room in the Prince of Wales building where 'friendships were formed over tea and toast'. What did the men think of this? They barely noticed. Women were treated with 'aloof tolerance' as a remark from a male pre-World War One student reveals: 'There was, I believe, some sort of organisation for women students, but there were not very many of them. They had a hide-out somewhere in the main building, but I never quite knew where it was. We saw them, of course, in the Library.' Fortunately, the Common Room gave women a place to meet and in 1909 they formed a group called the Women Students' Club (it was the beginning of the Women's Union).

In 1909, following the Women Students' Club beginning, the first Freshers' Tea was held. The Tea became an annual event, held at the end of the first week of lectures, for the female graduates, current undergraduates and 'university wives' to welcome the new 'girl students' (or 'Fresherettes') to the university. This tradition continued at least until after Second World War. It took place in the evening and consisted of a buffet 'high tea', followed by skits, games and singing. It was what would now be called a 'women only event'. Nobody thought anything of it at the

time. The Freshers' Tea seems to have been universally admired and is part of the origins of O'Week. The Freshers Tea of the 1900s - 1950s has a modern incarnation in the annual women's drinks held by the women's officer and women's collective to welcome new students to university. Tradition can become groovy.

In 1917, the Uni Council gave women

over the campus. The first was a common room that later became the meeting room of the Sports Association. A very amusing document, the Men's Union Committee Report 1928, describes the facilities men needed in the new Union buildings:

i) Women were not allowed to enter the Union through the Eastern door to the Refectory because the porch and en-



'an old shed behind the Physics building' which became known as The Cottage. The Cottage now became the centre of Uni life for women. It has 'bath and dressing rooms, a kitchen, lunch, sitting and drawing rooms ... with a fire, a carpet, easy chairs, pictures and flowers. Students who are in all day can rest or talk or receive visitors in comfort and comparative privacy.' It does sound luxurious and was the envy of interstate visitors, 'comparing favourably with the Manning House women's rooms' (Manning House is one of the Union Buildings at Sydney Uni). All the furnishings of the Cottage were donated by past and present women students, and they also shared the cleaning. Inspired by their new 'home', the Women's Union became one of the most active student groups on campus. The important thing about the Women's Union is that it was cross-faculty and included graduates and undergraduates. The reason it was formed is that women were not allowed to join the faculty societies, such as the Law Debating Society and the Arts Association. The umbrella-like Women's Union brought together women from every discipline at Adelaide: 'all the galaxy of women from the blue stocking absolute to the modernest of modern flappers'. In 1929, thanks to Sir Jo's generosity, the Women's Union left 'the dear old Cottage' and moved into the Lady Symon Building. It was the beginning of a new era, by the end of the Second World War, the AU Union (more or less as we know it today) was formed, an amalgamation of the Sports Association, the hastily-formed Men's Union (an unhappy executive of the various men's clubs on campus, full of unfortunate internecine rivalry, as the various faculty societies jostled for power) and the Women's Union.

There have been men's rooms at uni since its inception, at various places all

trance hall were to be reserved for men students.

ii) Two rooms, one on each side of the Easter entrance to the Refectory, were to be reserved for men students. The Northern room was for committee meetings and the Southern room was for reading and smoking.

iii) There was also a third space, 'including the first 3 pairs of windows' to be partitioned off and made available 'primarily as a smoking room for men students only' (think of all those phallic cigars!).

I don't know when or why these men's rooms ceased to exist. Perhaps the male students decided not to bother anymore, perhaps the union reclaimed the space, perhaps the uni council intervened when there was too much smoking .... What I do know is that people in the 1930s and '40s were content with the idea of sex-segregated spaces and accepted them. It would be great to track down the reasons for the end of the men's rooms: it's probably in Union Council minutes somewhere.

There are other bits I haven't worked out yet. When did the 'women only' policy of the Lady Symon Building stop? Why? Are there any links between the old Women's Union and today's Women on Campus? What happened to the Freshers' Tea? I'll save these for another article.

What can we learn from this tangle of threads about women, men, space, unions and 'University life'? Simply this: 'those who know no history make idiots of themselves'. Next time you feel dismayed or angry about the way things are done at uni - by the academics, students, union or administrators - instead of whinging, ask 'why?' The answers you find may surprise you but they'll be all the more interesting for that very reason.

Katharine Thornton

Dearest Ando,

Your letter last week was hilarious. I must admit - at first I didn't even realise you were joking (probably because of my serious political beliefs) but I've been laughing hysterically ever since! Did you read Mark Evans' letter? What a scream, hey? Makes me feel so characterless in comparison. Yes, we feminists must develop a sense of humour like yours, otherwise we'll never be taken seriously, will we?

Cathy Sinclair  
Engineering

Dear Benjamin Dubé,

I must sincerely thank you for so perspicaciously pointing out to me the error in my ways. No longer do I go by the nom de plume Alexander E. Smith where 'E' may have stood for 'egocentric', 'expatriate' or 'erring' but Alexander E. Smith where 'E' stands for 'enlightened', 'enhanced' and 'enriched'. I hail you Benjamin Dubé for you have purged me from the evil that is the University Diary. It no longer infiltrates my sub-conscious and in so doing make me impervious to an understanding of complex social issues - particularly the grotesque and Gorgonian oppression that flourishes throughout it.

After carefully perusing the Diary with a new perspective I found, much to my shock and horror, a diabolical epitome of violence. Men wielding axes (page 21), white men brandishing rifles (page 47), white able-bodied men creating nuclear explosions (page 54)! It seemed a recipe for Armageddon. This set me into a state of deep reflection and I undertook some serious introspection. When this time of inner transcendence had passed, my mind became cleansed and it attained the fortility that it had before being subjected to the Mephistophelian University Diary - my mind was ready to be cultivated by the sapient wisdom of such socially aware people as yourself and the original discoverer of the Diary's vulgar oppression, Liana Buchanan.

And so I took to an act of incendiarism upon the University Footbridge. The foul book burned and as the flames licked each hideous page it seemed to scream a black horrible scream. It was the terrifying shriek of the book that made me understand the oppression that it contained - the power it had to defile the University by perpetuating the invisibility of women and other oppressed groups. I smiled as my mind once denuded of the visions of Benjamin Dubé and Liana Buchanan, had been expurgated of the University Diary's tumorous evil.

I apologise with utmost sincerity to those I may have offended in my previous letter. Any animosity I may have caused was the result of ignorance and delusion - I was held in the grip of the Diary's evil. Its influence over my psyche was immense but now I have emerged from the depths of degeneration triumphant. Again, I apologise for not understanding the extent of oppression within the Diary and thank

Benjamin Dubé for his curative letter and Liana Buchanan for brining the issue to light.

A changed man.  
Alexander E. Smith  
2nd Year Chem. Eng.

P.S. In response to Cathy Sinclair, I would like to say that, Cath, I think it's wonderful that I could inspire you in the noble art of cartoon drawing. We all have a purpose in this funny old life and it is ingratiating to know I have served mine. Your words were limited in number but I can tell you have a certain ineffable sagacity about you. Perhaps we could have a chat on intimate social issues whilst I sit for a caricature?

Dear Alexander E. Smith,

We were heartened to read your letter in last week's edition of On Dit (15/3/93). Yes, Liana Buchanan is to be applauded for her attempts to create an awareness of women's issues on campus. However, it is a misnomer to describe Liana as "the winds of change". Changes are necessary and are slowly being instigated, but it is a challenge which faces each and every one of us and is best met by a positive expression of Women's issues and those who defend them. Your letter, Alexander, is consequently appreciated for the support which it offers. We thank you for utilising your time and energy to support the 'second sex'. Although men can never be feminists (for obvious reasons) it is encouraging to discover another feminist sympathiser among the male campus population. Conversely, one could also interpret your letter as nothing more than a juvenile, testosterone-laden attempt at sarcasm. We believe this interpretation to be an injustice. As a mature and eloquent engineering student you would obviously not stoop to such a low as to perpetuate the current misogynist reputation of your faculty. A man with such acute perception as yourself would, no doubt, agree that sarcasm is the lowest form of wit.

Thanking you for your support,  
Marica Ilich  
Arts/Music Studies  
Stephanie Shevlin  
Law

To Mark Evans, whose letter re: Liana Buchanan was printed in On Dit on 22/3/93,

Although I am a woman, I agree with what you are saying. Also, you posed certain questions. Here are my replies, in order:

1. Obviously not.
2. She apparently had nothing better to do with her time.
3. Because they are allowed to get away with it.
4. Perhaps the Bar is seen as the "men only" room.
5. Because some women want to socialise exclusively with other women. Men could have "men only" drinks and dances if they wanted to (well couldn't they, Liana?).

6. They're not supposed to cope. Society pretends they don't exist. Perhaps single fathers need to become "flavour of the month minority group".
7. and 8. You answered these two yourself (no less than 15, and a big fat zero).
9. Yes, men do have problems - often in the form of certain women.
10. No, women and men are equal to each other.
11. Anyone who is not a female adult.
12. No, and yes.
13. Of course not. But unfortunately there are such things as the vocal minority and the silent majority.
14. I don't know how many, but I certainly didn't. There's nothing more boring than dancing with another woman (but I wasn't asked for my opinion beforehand).
15. I don't know how many what that (Que!-eds) either, but I certainly don't - I enjoy my female sexuality.

Lyn van Amstel  
(no relative of Hans)  
3rd Year Arts

Dear Editors,

It doesn't take a genius to figure out that Alex Smith and Ben Dubé are friends. Their letters are nothing but sarcastic drivel. They are egotists who enjoy seeing their name in print - if you let them, they will pretend to insult each other all year. They think they are comedians - and the butt of their jokes is feminism. Very funny guys - you've had your fun, now why don't you do something useful with your literary talents? But first,  
Get a life!  
Signed

Someone who has caught on

Dear Alexander E. Smith, Ando, Mark Evans et. al.,

I'd like to point out that Liana Buchanan is not the only person on campus who was offended by the so-called gender neutral Diary Person. There is no way on Earth that that cartoon figure could ever be taken as anything but male, white, and yes, able-bodied. As women and non-Anglo Saxon and disabled people make up more than half the university population, I cannot understand why it is unreasonable for us to expect our contribution to University life to be acknowledged.

Alex cherub, it's people like you that remind the rest of us why we need people like Liana Buchanan.

Big Kiss,  
Catherine Follett  
3rd year Law

Want to know why Adelaide Uni has a Women's Officer, Mark Evans? Because men like you still don't get the point. Mark seems to believe that our diary being filled from cover to cover with the same masculine figure is 'as anti-discriminatory as they come', yet the

idea of a Women's Officer seriously offends his male pride. He asks why there is a Women's room on campus, yet has nothing but contempt for lesbians. If all lesbians are flat chested and wear army pants and boots, then I suppose you think all straight women should wear a dress and have the iron in one hand and cookbook in the other. Lesbians are women too, in case you didn't already know.

I think a Women's room is necessary for all women on campus to know they have a space where they will not be subjected to male chauvinism and discrimination and won't have men like Mark Evans treating them like 'one of the boys'. If you can't understand why women don't like being treated this way, then come to Uni dressed in drag one day, so you can be treated like 'one of the girls'. Does it sound like fun to you, Mark?

Why do you also feel that while you are perverting on attractive women that you are being sexually harassed? Why do you think you have the right to open doors for women, they are perfectly capable of doing it themselves. Why tell sexist jokes in front of women - would you go to CASM and tell Aboriginal jokes? I very much doubt it. So, why should women have to put up with crap like that? If Mark thinks that gender specific language is fine then I am sure we can all accommodate her wishes.

Is Mark starting to understand why females might want a Women's only dance? Or does she need more convincing?

Would you like it, Mark, if every time you went out dancing, you were fondled and asked for sexual favours? Do you honestly believe that the huge number of women being exposed to sexual assault and rape has no reflection on the attitudes of straight men towards women - and that males on campus are really the only ones who continually put up with gender discrimination.

A Women's Dance would be hassle free because of the absence of men and I heard that this year's dance was not full of hassles due to lesbians being present. If Mark thinks that spending one night in the presence of 'hardfaced dykes' is enough to make straight people gay, then another 1/2 million just got converted at the Sydney Mardi Gras. Seeing it's been going for 14 years now, the whole of New South Wales must be Queer as Fuck! How does Fred Nile survive?

Your call for Liana Buchanan's resignation can be taken as seriously as your non-sexist and non-homophobic viewpoint.

Michael Guarna  
Science/Law

Dear Editors,

Letters like the one from Mark Evans printed in On Dit, 22nd March, 1993, don't really merit a reply, so I won't bother with details. All I want to say is: Mark, you're homophobic and sexist.

You have apparently managed to live your whole life without speaking to a feminist or a lesbian and hearing a word she said. But that's not the main point. The main point is that you are boring. Very, very boring. What can I say? I'm proud to be a part of the women's movement along with intelligent, articulate, interesting women like Liana Buchanan. Get interesting, Mark. You're a long way behind the times!  
Mary Heath  
Law

Dear Adrian Karras,

Thank you for your in-depth and oh-so-unbiased account of how Labor scared Australians into voting them into office again. Scare campaign by the ALP? Yes. But to mention this and not even breathe a word about the Libs own scare campaign means that you're totally blind or have your head so far up your arse that you can no longer see the real world.

Please don't think I am an ALP supporter, in my voting they ranked only above Fred Nile's bunch of loonies and the Liberals. Sure, I may be only one person, but in my view, the Liberals were not given all that much of a hard time by the media. While the ALP didn't explain their policies very well, that's what politics is all about, bullshit your way into government and hit people with the hidden taxes. If Hewson had enough brains to keep the majority of Fightback silent, he would have romped in.

I acknowledge your right to say what you like, Adrian, but the next time you intend to write a page of biased crap like this, fuck off.  
Andrew Martin  
Comp. Sc.

Dear Adrian Karras,

I write with regard to your article entitled "Why we lost ..." in On Dit 22/3/93. Upon the first reading I was reminded of the sort of feeble excuses that a young child makes when his mother catches him doing something wrong. "It wasn't my fault, I didn't do it." My initial response was to think what a sore loser you are and leave it at that. However, the incentive to rub salt in the still weeping wound was too great. So, I thought I would write in and question some of your woeful lamentations.

Of all your righteous assertions that irritated me the most was the view that the electorate was too naive, perhaps even too stupid to realise what a winner the Coalition was on. It is this belief that the Liberal Party knows what is best and that everyone else is too unintelligent to work it out that seemed to alienate the electorate. This was illustrated by the comments of a voter in an article in *The Weekend Australian*, "When they [the Liberals] lost, they basically said they considered the electorate to be dumb, they treat people

with contempt." (*Weekend Australian*, March 20-21, 1993, p.17) You then go on to explain that Labor won because of a campaign that "was totally based on fear and scare tactics, while John Hewson was the epitome of "honesty and integrity". You then illustrate the "lies" by pointing out where Labor got it wrong. And what did you use to prove this? Data, graphs, economic forecasts? No, you used a much stronger weapon, a weapon that would strike fear in the heart of its adversaries - the word "not". And it wasn't just any old "not", it was a "not" in italics. My bladder weakens should you ever use "not" in bold or even underlined. While you are so kind to point out Labor's scare advertisements, you neglect to mention the Liberals' "gunsight" advertisement regarding the unemployment rate. Of course, this wasn't lies or scare tactics, was it Adrian? This was the Coalition presenting an honest and rational view. And how about how "the Liberals set the pace with their economic reform" with incisive and unbiased statements such as "Labor's got to go". Both sides used lies and scare tactics to aid their campaign, at least you could have the guts to admit it instead of hiding behind "John Hewson's honesty and integrity".

Speaking of John Hewson and his "package to lift Australia from its economic woes", why then was he willing to dump the GST the following day? Laurie Oakes has the same question. "If the GST is so easily jettisoned, why did he not dump it before the election to ensure victory? He claimed it was vital to his intended economic reforms." (*The Bulletin*, March 23, 1993, p.17) You speak of forgetting the past, but perhaps that is what is needed for the Liberals given the success enjoyed by Menzies. Peter Costello had the same view in a speech made in October 1991. "The Liberal Party must talk more about its moorings. Politics is more than economic management .... We must work hard at explaining our view of the kind of society we want for our children." (*The Weekend Australian*, March 20-21, p.16)

In concluding, you speak of the importance of the politics of truth, honesty and integrity, yet you are unwilling to admit any deficiencies on the part of the Liberal Party. "First take the log out of your own eye, and then you will be able to see clearly to take the speck out of your brother's eye." (Matthew 7:5) So perhaps, Adrian Karras, the Labor Party is not the only one which campaigns on fear and scare tactics. Let's hope that in the future truth prevails and fear dies.  
Yours sincerely,  
Benjamin Dubé  
3rd Year Law

Poor Adrian Karras (and other disillusioned, dismayed and defeated Young Liberals on campus). For those of you who wisely chose not to read his article in the last edition of On Dit, Mr Karras wrote a very self indulgent and self pitying article entitled "Why we lost, and what does the future hold - A liberal perspective". Although my heart

goes out to poor Mr Karras, who, no doubt, is still recovering from the shock. Not only did the Liberal Party lose a supposedly unloseable election, its fifth consecutive electoral defeat, but the Labor Party won an historic election, being only the second government in Australian political history to actually increase its majority.

However, I am not one to gloat, I am in fact writing in response to the article he wrote lamenting the Liberal Party's dismal performance in the recent Federal election and its inevitable return to the political wilderness. I presume that Mr Karras is a Young Liberal, but I may of course be mistaken, certainly he is a Liberal supporter, considering this, perhaps I should not be so shocked at his arrogance. However, the condescending tone of Mr Karras' article is inexcusable even for a Young Liberal.

Mr Karras claims that "the naiveite of the community has never been so apparent" and that as a result he is "disenchanted with the Australian people and the electorate". These are harsh calls from Mr Karras, but in retrospect one can hardly be surprised that a supporter of the party that represents the interests of the elite and ruling classes would deem to know best and that he would have the audacity to tell the Australian people that they "should have given the Coalition a chance". It is mindboggling insolence for the Liberal Party in defeat to attack the electorate for not giving them a chance. They dare to suggest that in some way the Australian people are lacking because they refused to gamble with the institutions they trust and believe in, such as award protection, an accessible healthcare system and a social welfare system. I can understand that it would be easy for a successful corporate highflyer who can afford private healthcare to risk these institutions, they have nothing to lose, but they are in no position to rebuke the many Australians who had everything to lose by "giving the Liberals a chance".

I truly sympathise with Mr Karras, such total defeat must be difficult to accept, one is always looking for someone to blame. However, perhaps the Liberal Party and its supporters should stop blaming the electorate for not cooperating with them or giving them a chance as has Mr Karras and just realise that they fucked up.  
Kate Callaghan  
Law

I am writing concerning Adrian Karras' article "Why we lost, and what does the future hold - a Liberal perspective" in On Dit 22 March. I agree with the principles of free speech - Karras can say what he likes, but I do not like seeing the venerable pages of On Dit splashed with such unadulterated crap.

For a start, I should point out that, as Adrian Karras said, Labor's election campaign was based on fear. However, what leads him to believe that the Coalition's campaign was not equally as fear based? This is a classic case of the pot calling the kettle black. The Liberal party lost about as much through Labor's scare tactics as Labor did as a

result of Liberals similar one. People did not vote the Liberals in because they were not prepared to accept the sort of change proposed by Hewson. (I refrain here from using the word 'radical', as Liberal policies are not radical - they are firmly rooted in the nineteenth century where they belong and should stay there.)

Neither Labor nor Liberal were honest in their campaigns, for neither party seemed (or seems) to be willing to admit to the electorate the amount of uncertainty and luck involved in Economic Rationalist policies. (See the debate between economists on Lateline a few weeks back.)

Secondly, the recession was not Labor's recession. It was a world trend, unavoidable by any industrial capitalist based country (it is impossible to sustain continuous growth). It was brought about by the limitless growth / boom mentality of the '80s and economic rationalist policies worldwide.

Karras' comments in this article were as misinformed and wrong as those of the Party he supports. Liberal and Labor are both heading down the same road: the one already taken by New Zealand and in the UK under Thatcherism. The choice between Labor and Liberal (or, God forbid, National!) is a choice about the speed at which we travel down this road. Liberal would simply plunge us into disaster more quickly.

I was amazed at how self-centred the election was. The issues raised were those of how much better off so-and-so would be under one or other party. Where was the concern for Australia as a whole, as opposed to petty individual economic concerns? What has happened to the real issues - the environment crises and social justice?

Adrian Karras, please don't waste more paper writing such an ill-informed load of shit. Get real. Damn right Australia needs a change, but it sure as hell doesn't lie with Labor or Liberal.  
Jon Addison  
2nd Year Arts  
AU Resistance Club

You've all gotta admit that Adrians article was a good laugh though!

Eds

**Okay, Okay we get the point, and we're sick of it. If you want to write a letter about Diary Man think very carefully because if you don't have anything new and constructive to add to the debate you are liable to have your spleen ripped out and forced back down your throat by one of the mild mannered editors, got that?**

**P.S. Liana is actually not the "Diary Man" Officer, but the Womens Officer, and she does a lot more work than a lot of you pratts realise. Well done Liana, keep up the good work.**

## Karras and the Libs get theirs

Adrian Karras' article "Why we lost...[On Dit no 5]" was a revealing insight as to the electoral failure of the Liberal Party. It was revealing not in the analysis it offered but rather in as much as it displayed the arrogance that characterised the Opposition's campaign. The reason is quite simple-the Liberals have little respect and in fact contempt for the views of the electorate.

Karras' opening paragraph sets the scene: "Never before have I been so disenchanted with the Australian electorate than on this occasion." Repeatedly throughout the article he castigates the populace for "failing to cooperate with the Coalition." Rather than being reflective, let alone critical of The Fightback! package, the blame is placed squarely on the voting public, who, had they not been lazy would've taken it upon themselves to research the implications of the policies. The fundamental assumption of Karras' analysis is that the principles of Fightback! were flawless. The arrogance of insisting that Fightback! was essentially correct is testimony to the

Coalition's lack of respect for the country's constituents.

Many of the tenets of Fightback! alarmed Australians; threatening fundamental standards of Australian life. For instance, the Liberal proposals to undermine the present public health care system was designed to privilege the privately insured, thus negating the equity that existing Medicare scheme offers. Australians have shown that they believe health too important to be treated as a commodity. Likewise, John Howard's industrial relations formula challenged a minimum wage for all working people, and threatened the security and certainty within the Australian labour market that has characterised the last ten years. These issues were not the only concerns for Australian voters; Welfare, Education, Taxation and Tariffs were among other extremely reactionary proposals.

Karras also levels criticism at the ALP's supposed scare campaign. Indeed, it was a campaign founded substantially on fear, a legitimate fear of disruptive societal change promised by Fightback!

Fear of losing one's Award protection, or access to free health care is surely a reasonable enough motivation to put the Liberals last. Are you suggesting, Adrian, that prominent Church and Welfare groups are mere puppets of the Labor Party? Do you suggest that unions were unable to ascertain the best deal for their members? If the ALP are as incompetent as the Liberals like to suggest, how did they manipulate the support of all these groups? In line with this, even sectors of the business community and the Commonwealth Treasury were duped by Labor's "...fear and scare tactics."

If anything, the Coalition can be accused of staging an evasive campaign. John Hewson's reluctance to be put under critical scrutiny became a trademark of his campaign. The 7:30 Report and the Canberra Press gallery were avoided in favour of less challenging forums, those being his hyped-up frivolous American style public rallies, and his zany publicity stunts. Conversely, the ALP's campaign was devoid of glamour and razzamatazz. Paul Keating consistently made himself available to

public interrogation, on hand to defend his policy and account for his failings.

The failure of the Coalition lay with Hewson and his closed circle. They failed not only to listen to the people they proposed to lead, but also shunned their party grass roots and even their parliamentary colleagues. We do not advocate opportunistic populism, as demonstrated by the Hawke government, yet there is indeed a difference between these crawling tactics and a responsive government. Hewson's unwavering commitment to 'a cause' is commendable, however it helps if that 'cause' benefits those it intends to woo.

Unfortunately, Adrian, Australians have too much healthy cynicism to be lured by sensationalist catch-cries and half-baked solutions to very serious problems. That is why the Labor Government has been returned - with all its conservatism and its dubious record. So Adrian, we wish you the best of luck in 1999. Who knows, perhaps those sour grapes may mature into the sweetest victory of all.

*Mike Wait and David Rafferty*

## Smoke on the water

*Nicotiana tabacum*, a large-leaved plant of the family Solanaceae. Once a mainstay of life, now a source of social conflict, fear and loathing.

They can be seen outside any city building around lunchtime, rain or shine - small groups of wheezing outcasts, sucking hungrily on their cigarettes. Are smokers worthy of our pity? It is healthy to direct sympathy to any social leper, but anyone who has ever left a public venue gasping for air and smelling like an ashtray will find it hard to muster compassion for this (literally) dying breed.

Smokers are a curious bunch. Not only identified by their attractive yellow teeth and unique smell, smokers can be easily spotted by their uniform behaviour patterns,

Often rude, nasty and aggressively defensive of their right to soak you with the hideous residue of their disgusting addiction, smokers are developing a hilariously pathetic air of desperation as more and more people assert their right to breathable air.

The delightful smell of stale smoke permeating the hair, clothes and, most repulsively, the breath of the smoker are clear markers of the addict's distinction from the rest of the populace. In their effort to avoid addressing the issues surrounding their increasing marginalisation from the clean-lunged, smokers usually adopt the position of a persecuted class.

While at once happy to soil the non-smoker with their rancid fumes (a behaviour reminiscent of territorial pissing), addicts become anxious when others assert their right to smell as they wish. As smokers desperately attempt to defend their "freedom" to exude their toxins in mixed company, they flagrantly ignore the rights of those who "choose" to utilise air for breathing.

While few actually challenge the smoker's right to pursue their indulgence in the privacy of their own homes, or out of breathing range of others, militant tobacco-dependants constantly express their outrage over the pressures exerted upon them by non-smokers. While most people object to paying for smokers' funerals through insurance bills, it is generally accepted that in a liberal society like ours people are free to do with their bodies as they wish. We are also free to demand that smokers respect our right to choose between clean and dirty air.

The days are gone when people were completely unable to escape poisoning on buses, trains and in most public buildings. The supreme selfishness of the smoker is illustrated by the constant whinings of this toxic minority, mourning the supposed loss of their "freedom" - the freedom to take their dubious pleasure at the expense of others. All hail segregation.

As more legislation is passed to restrict smoking in certain areas, addicts have become increasingly anxious about the shrinking legions of familiarly scented companions that once surrounded them. Smokers are finding it more difficult to impose their carcinogenic wastes on others. They despise their growing isolation, forced to con-

sume their toxins alone, unable to "share" the experience. Have no pity for these twentieth century lepers.

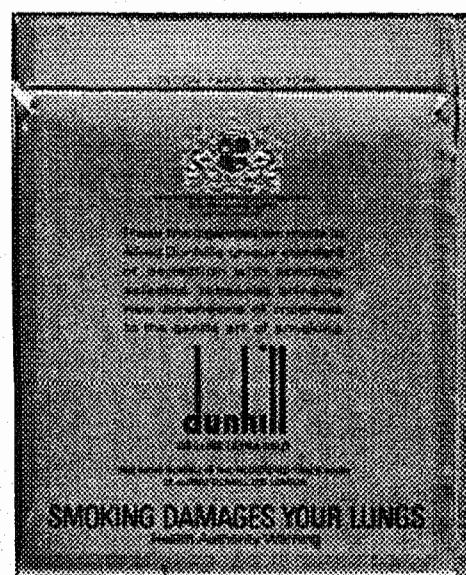
If a drinker in a bar were to impose the residue of their pleasure - urine - on smokers, by standing on a chair and pissing all over their hair and clothes, they would be outraged. Yet smokers enact a scenario like this every time they light up in the company of others.

While hysterical smokers may complain about "Health Stalinists" imposing their life choices on others, the truth is that most people don't give a flying fuck about the health of smokers - I certainly don't.

If a drinker in a bar were to impose the residue of their pleasure - urine - on smokers, by standing on a chair and pissing all over their hair and clothes, they would be outraged. Yet smokers enact a scenario like this every time they light up in the company of others.

While government agencies may attempt to control the use of recreational drugs such as alcohol, tobacco or marijuana, most reasonable people object to attempts to restrict adults from making their own decisions about the use of such substances. This does not mean, however, that smokers have a God-given right to impose their filth on people who have not consented to breathing in shit and stinking like a chain-smokers vomit.

*Matthew Denby*



*Dumbhill or what?*

# Women Challenging The Judiciary

Recently, Justice Derek Bollen appeared before the Full Bench of the S.A. Supreme Court in an inquiry into the appropriateness of certain remarks he had made to a jury at a 'Rape in Marriage' trial last year. A large contingent of women and supportive men were there to express their concerns about the comments made by Justice Bollen and voice their dissent.

The now infamous comments of Justice Bollen were made in his concluding comments to the jury immediately before they were dismissed to form their verdict. Justice Bollen stated that: "There is, of course, nothing wrong with a husband, faced with his wife's initial refusal to engage in sexual intercourse, in attempting, in an acceptable way to persuade her to change her mind, and that may involve a measure of rougher than usual handling."

Last Monday's inquiry also assessed the appropriateness of an anecdote relayed by Justice Bollen to illustrate the difficulty of refuting accusations of rape: "There was a young woman in England who entered a train carriage which was occupied by a very well-dressed businessman. Just before the train stopped at the next station, she allegedly ripped her blouse open, tore her skirt and banged her head against the wall before pulling the emergency cord and calling, 'rape.'"

The 'gentleman' in question committed suicide soon after the incident. This incident repeated itself exactly, about six months later. Bollen concluded that the woman was insane and instructed the jury to take the witness' (the woman was prosecuting her husband for rape) state of mind into consideration when considering the verdict. By inference, Bollen not only intimated that women are liars, but that they are mentally deranged creatures who derive a sick sense of satisfaction out of fabricating their own rape.<sup>1</sup>

When these comments reached the mainstream media in January 1993, the Australian and international community were outraged that such views were still held by members of the judiciary and had been stated in a court of law.

Those who protested last Monday were extremely concerned about the nature of rape trials where women who have managed to summon up enough strength to prosecute their rapist are put on trial themselves. In demanding that the judiciary be made more accountable to the community through training for professionals involved in rape and other crimes of violence to women, these protesters were voicing a concern which is heartfelt by many men and women in all sectors of Australian society.

The victim at the centre of the 'Rape in Marriage' trial when Justice Bollen's comments were made, was relieved that finally Justice Bollen's comments had been formally challenged by the judi-

ary. She said of the publicity surrounding her trial:

"I have come forward because I want to improve the system for other women. I want to show women that we have a right to justice but we may have to fight for it.

"The way the system works is that the comments of one judge will be judged by his colleagues only and not by the general community. Is that fair? We as a community need to ensure the judiciary is accountable to all members of the community, especially women.

"I still believe that everyone involved in the prosecuting of sexual offence cases needs to be trained so that they understand what women go through.

"I also want to say that the Department of Public Prosecutions needs more specialist staff who have sufficient time to work with victims of rape before they go to court."

In reference to the "explanation" offered by Justice Bollen for his comments on "rougher than usual handling", she said, "We have a long way to go to achieve justice for women if persuading your wife to have intercourse means vigorous hugging or squeezing, pinching and rougher than usual handling, and that women have to accept that persuasion."

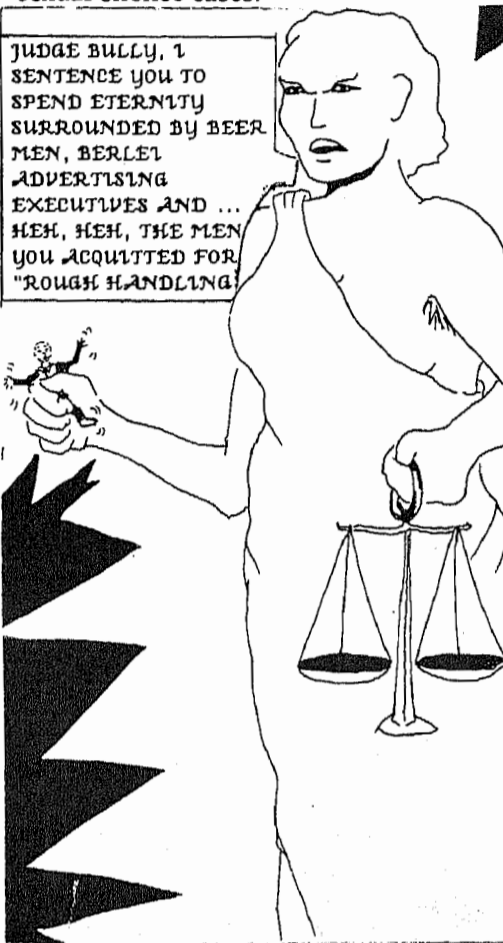
In the inquiry last Monday, Justice Bollen's defence argued that his remarks were not misleading to the jurors of that case who would have understood that he was not condoning the use of force in persuading women to consent to sex - that cannot possibly be seen to be the case given the extent of community outrage provoked by them.

If Justice Bollen's explanation of those comments is accepted by the Full Bench of the Supreme Court (result of inquiry is not yet known, could be two months away), does that mean that vigorous and hard pinching, squeezing and hugging are to be deemed acceptable means by which women can be "persuaded" to consent to sex, even if it is extremely painful?

What Justice Bollen has failed to comprehend is that if a woman, or anyone for that matter, says that they do not want to have sex, then that wish should be respected and the issue of 'persuasion', however it is defined, should not even be entered into.

If anyone is interested in voicing their concerns about the initial comments made by Justice Bollen, the importance of judicial education programs on issues of domestic violence and rape as well as S.A.'s poor track record in successfully prosecuting sexual offence cases, people are being urged to join a letter writing campaign. Letters are being written to the following people requesting information and investiga-

tion into the poor success rate of Public Prosecutions on sexual offence charges. In letters, concerned people are asked to suggest that the Department of Public Prosecutions needs improved funding and prosecutors need more time and training to effectively deal with sexual offence cases.



- Honourable Chris Sumner, MLC  
Attorney General  
GPO Box 464,  
Adelaide, S.A. 5001
- Paul Rofe  
Director of Public Prosecutions  
45 Pirie Street,  
Adelaide, S.A. 5000
- Honourable Anne Levy, MLC  
Minister for the Status of Women  
GPO Box 2269,  
Adelaide, S.A. 5001
- Ms Jayne Taylor  
Women's Adviser to the Premier  
State Administration Centre,  
Victoria Square,  
Adelaide, S.A. 5001

Justice Bollen, S.A. Supreme Court 992  
J.K.C. May, 'Women and the Legal system', Elle Dit, 1992

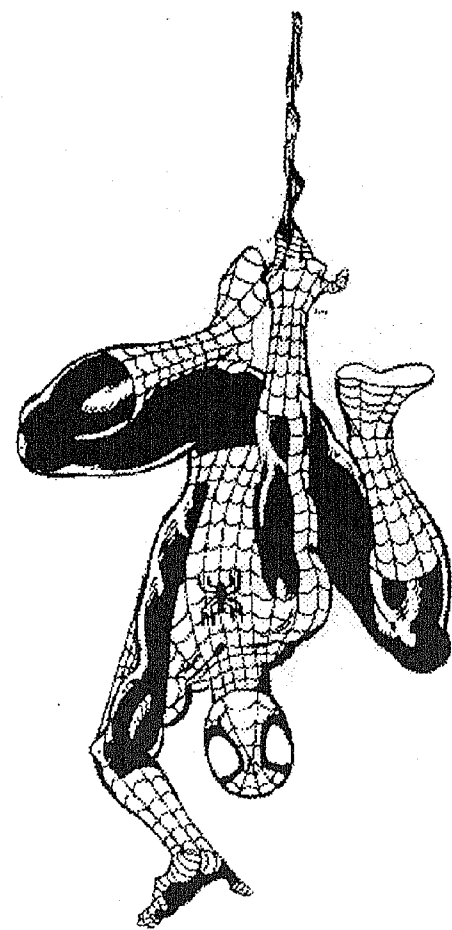
FREE  
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Adelaide  
UniBar  
Monday,  
5th April, 1993  
7.30 pm to 11 pm

Come and pay your  
final homage to Grant and  
buy drinks for your (ex) leaders

**1993  
O'CAMP  
REUNION**

# Here we are now, entertain us



Here I sit typing an article for On Dit. And it's all about Generation X - my generation. And while I type, I can't help but wonder what has motivated me to bother writing, since being a Generation Xer I should feel too lazy to write and watch television instead. And I can't help but admit to myself that I'm writing to avoid study. Hell, I've got a two thousand five hundred word essay due on Thursday which hasn't been started yet and hundreds of pages of readings to do for my other subjects - but there's always tomorrow or next week or even next year if worst comes to worst. And after all, it's only study and we all know that there's more to life than that. A pass here or there, a fail here or there - you don't let it get you down because your life goes on.

So, firstly, I've established that I'd rather write

*And later when we got into the car, he took a turn down a street that I was pretty sure was a dead end. "Where are we going?" I asked. "I don't know" he said, "just driving." "But this road doesn't go anywhere," I told him. "That doesn't matter." "What does?" I asked, after a little while. "Just that we're on it, dude." he said.*

Brett Easton Ellis.

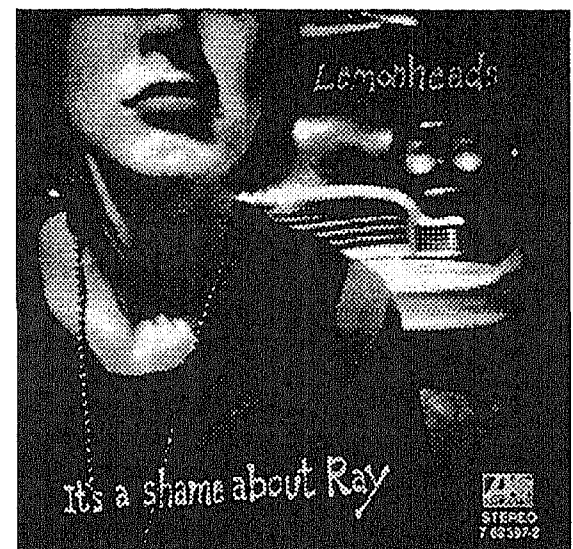
an article for On dit than study (and that was only after I decided not to go to the movies because I couldn't be bothered making arrangements) but I was also motivated by some disagreement with several of Jane Eckermann's thoughts in last week's "Generation Terrorists".

The first thought that came to mind was 'Why feel ashamed of yourself for relating to last year's "Generation X or Y Bother" article? For those who might not have read it, the article was a defence of the completely hedonistic, apathetic and lazy values of today's youth. Why bother, indeed, when there isn't much to bother about? Why have hopes for the future when there isn't much to look forward to? Why follow in the plights and struggles of previous generations when one ill in society is merely succeeded by another? I mean which generation has got lucky this century, with World War I, followed by the Great Depression, followed by World War II, followed by forty year Cold War and now the "triumph" of capitalism and the western world (we should be so lucky with our own planet suffocating, withering and dying in front of eyes and no comfort in the west either. How may we enjoy the end of the world if we've got no jobs and no money to enjoy it with?).

All I can say to Ms Eckermann is that I believe her guilt and shame is just the voice of the past. It's the parents and all their peers reclining in their swivel chairs in air-conditioned office blocks telling us that we must succeed, and we must have ambition, and we must be the best. Even if they're not spelling it out, it's all the subtle pressures like the subliminal scum at unemployment and dole-bludging, the pressure not to drop out of Uni and constant reinforcement of the work ethic via catch phrases like "You don't know how hard your mother and I have worked to give you all this, and all you are doing is squandering it." What I continually ask myself is why accept this social doctrine as the correct one? Who says we must

succeed? How do you define success? Surely success is not only found in socially recognised excellence. Whatever happened to personally defined success, even if that may be the accomplishment of being stoned for a whole month in a row? What is the point of all this ambition if success is not the goal? And why bother being the best? I mean, what does it all matter when we're dead and buried?

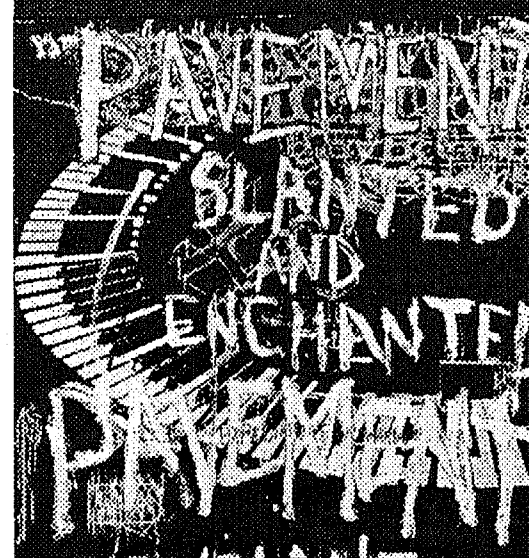
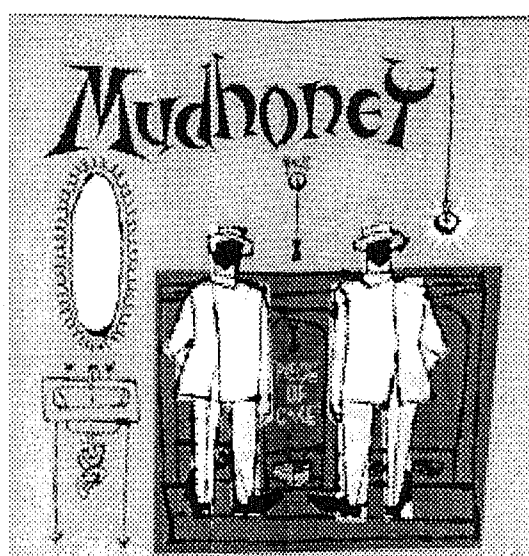
Any young Australian who has had such dilemmas as these and has had passing questions about the traditional social values should read Andrew McGahan's "Praise". It is a perfect illustration of how we should realise that conservative values associated with the work ethic are not the only only values by which we should live our lives. In the novel (and without



spoiling the plot for anyone who plans to read it) the narrator, Gordon Buchanan discovers his own personal social values which happen to involve unemployment, a lot of drinking and drug-taking and a lot of sitting around and doing not much. Let me classify that doing "not much" is defined in terms of "achievement", "success" and "ambition" - the important thing is that this so-called sitting around doing nothing is indeed something to Gordon. Generation Xers thrive on sitting around doing nothing. It makes us feel good and then as far as we care, that is all that matters. I ask Jane, why feel guilty or ashamed of doing what makes you feel good even if that involves nothing? After all, doing nothing is purely relative. "But in some way, what I was doing - wandering around this way, month after month, wasting my time, my health, my money, going nowhere, seeing nothing - somehow it had a purpose. My life as a whole felt right, as much as the individual pieces of it looked wrong." Praise, p.258.

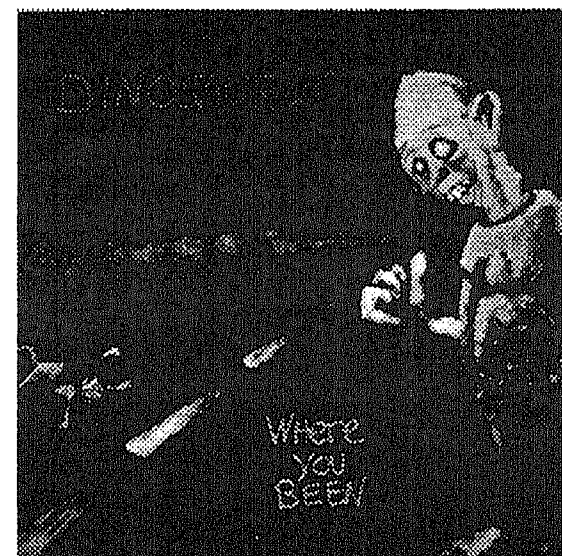
It isn't much of a surprise that the people who can deal least of all well with this attitude are the older generations. I tell of an anecdote [which occurred] while I was waiting for a pizza in the Pultney Street Pizza Bar. A friend noticed two men in suits and ties walk in and he said a little sarcastically, "Nice ties, fellas." He is, of course, a Generation Xer. The gentlemen, obviously business high-achievers, dedicated to the work ethic, came back with ... "At least we know where our taxes go." They were obviously implying that we were all on the dole, which was far from the truth.

I should note here that you don't have to be on social security to be a Generation Xer. A fine contingent exists here at University, one of the highest learning institutions in the country. We are not illiterate or stupid or unintelligent. We read for enjoyment. We write. We think. We study with no real idea of where it is going. We float with the currents while all the time



we do whatever makes us feel good. So with that in mind, we return to our friends at the pizza bar who are so bitter and resentful of our comment. I admit that we were rude. I admit that they were rude in return. The difference is that we don't envy them. I propose that they envy us. I'm sure those guys would love to be

free of care and responsibility and able to say "What the fuck!" and to be free of stress and work. I'm sure they'd love to sleep in and study on the side perhaps, and maybe work a few hours a week to get by, or maybe pick up a nice little handout from the government every fortnight. I mean who wouldn't. I am a Generation Xer. I study on the side. I work a few hours a week to get some cash. I sleep in. I don't really care about social issues because they confuse me. I have no clue as to whether the Liberal party or the Labor Party or the Democrats or the Green Party would have made the best government. Who really knows? Is capitalism really better than communism? Who really knows? Who really cares? I know myself and a lot of other Generation Xers took interest in



the election but I also know we got a hell of a lot more excited about the Lemonheads show last Wednesday night. And is anything wrong with that? If we choose to be apathetic about society and politics and economics and if we choose to let others decide for us, is this a problem?

Ms Eckermann says, "Never be complacent. Never be ignorant - for these attitudes perpetuate the oppression we are all seeking to avoid." Although this is true to an extent, especially where real painful expression exists, what about where oppression isn't felt? I don't feel it's relevant to us here in Australia. I don't feel oppressed so why bother? I have nothing to revolt against. When there is, then I might mend my complacency. But for now, why persecute me because I don't care?

Nirvana proclaimed to the world that "He's the one who likes all the pretty songs and he likes to sing along and he likes to shoot his gun but he knows not what it meant." Sonic Youth said the same thing a few years earlier, "Takes a teenage riot to get me out of bed, right now," from their appropriately titled "Daydream Nation" album. Quite clearly they disapprove of the Why ask Why Generation.

So, is Ms Eckermann correct in claiming that the Big Day Out and the rise of alternative music, as opposed to mainstream music, is an example of how this generation has the potential to be effective in shaping fresh new values and ideals? She admitted herself that it was not only an example of individuality but of conformity. This is completely it. It's just people conforming to new stereotype. Why else do we see so many Tumbleweed t-shirts around? I'm sure this is just the same as wearing Jag t-shirts. People always want to feel part of a group, part of a culture and accepted by others. Tumbleweed t-shirts are just identifying the bearer as part of one culture as opposed to another. So what? I'm sure there are a lot of

people who wear Tumbleweed t-shirts but at the same token, don't give a shit about new values, new ideals and starving people in Somalia.

I think the Big Day Out was, if you want to socially analyse it (I reckon it was just a really good concert and a really big day) was a convention of all the alternative rock culture, just like the Norwood is to spooners or the Opera is to the older, more refined sect, or Disco to clubbers. Why is everyone hell-bent on stereotyping people? I have been to the Big Day Out, the Norwood, the Opera and Disco, so where does that leave me? This applies to appearance and fashion as well. Although, it is true that music tastes and appearance often define various youth cultures, I think Generation X embraces more than any one culture of entertainment, music preferences and appearance. It's a whole generation of young people riding on the wave of

*"I don't care about the state of my hair, I got something out of nothing that just isn't there."*

The Jesus and Mary Chain

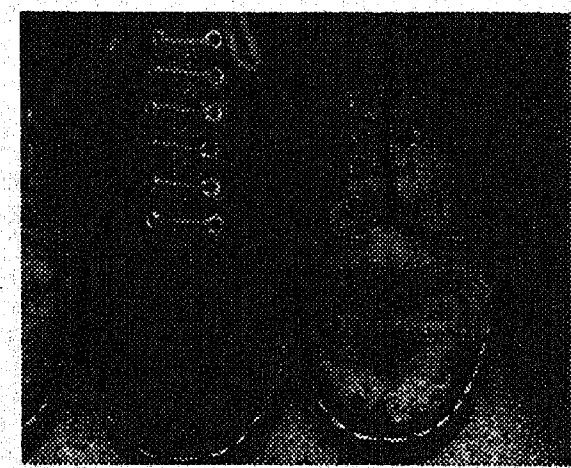
capitalism's success through the 60s, 70s and 80s. A generation has worked hard to give their children what they didn't have and the children take it for granted and abuse it and do nothing. Simple but circular. I can't help but wonder what the next decade and century will bring in terms of ideals of youth.

And as I conclude my musings and mutterings about Generation X, I must say a final word to anyone who might be looking for a contradiction in what I have said in defense of Generation X and in what I do in my life. Why bother doing anything if we subscribe to a philosophy of nonchalance and apathy and cynicism? Why doesn't everyone sit around and do nothing? Why don't I sit around and do nothing? And I believe this is answered by the best aspect of Generation X, complete tolerance. Do whatever is right for yourself because ultimately it is your life and no one else's. If you want to work and amass a pile of money that is fine. If you don't, that's fine too. If you want to care about justice and equality that is fine, but if you don't, then that's cool as well. What I resent is the people who criticise someone for "doing nothing" and "caring about nothing". What the fuck is it of anyone else's business what you do and what you don't do and what you care about and what you don't care about. And that is the beauty about the last page of the novel "Praise". The beauty about Generation X is the ability to accept that everyone is different and whatever works for someone is fine, and whatever works for someone else is fine too. Neither person is better than the other. And that's fine with me. There's room for everyone in this here, big world of ours.

"I walked to the nearest corner store ... The attendant waited. I thought about him. He looked about my age. He was working. He could take it. What was different about me?" Praise, p.279

Peter S. Psaltis

P.S. Ms Eckermann, if you're reading this - don't take it personally. Your views are as good as my views are as good as anyone else's views. And that's all there is to it.



# Of Mice and Men

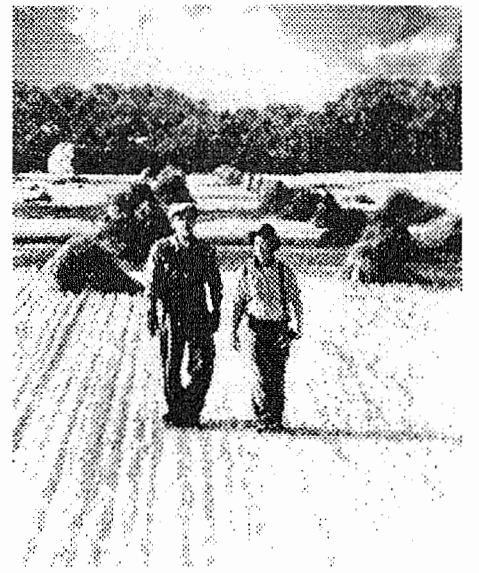
Of Mice and Men  
Greater Union  
Now Showing

This is a 90s version of John Steinbeck's novel, with added sensitivity and male bonding for a PC aware audience. The director, John Sinise, has reinterpreted the 1937 text to create a world of men where emotional displays are encouraged and violence and aggression are condemned. *Of Mice and Men* is a tale of mateship in the Depression, centring on two friends, George and Lennie. George is a sensible, likeable chap who through unexplained reasons is Lennie's protector. Steinbeck's story presents a retarded yet kind hearted man, whose simple nature brings ultimate tragedy to the pair. Drawn instinctively to soft things, and ignorant of the laws of society and nature, Lennie and consequently George, are constantly in trouble. *Of Mice and Men* begins with a girl in a torn red frock running screaming across a wheat field, and George and

Lennie pursued by angry self-righteous men. They end up at Tyler Ranch, where the men, while self-contained, are still surprisingly sympathetic. As the film progresses there is an increasing atmosphere of doom, for here Lennie has aroused both the suspicion of Curley, the boss's macho son, and the attention of Curley's lonely yet flirtatious wife. The events of the story are simple; men working in the field and interacting in the evenings after work. We see companionship in card playing, the gentleness and innocence of Lennie as he pets mice and puppies and the pain of an old man when his dog is put down. In direct comparison, Curley's anger and aggression is condemned for its destructive influence, and against a peaceful background of men we are presented with a society that fails to comprehend a retarded and thus abnormal man. The acting in *Of Mice and Men* is superb. John Malkovich is an extremely convincing Lennie, depicting Lennie's simple nature through his large, clumsy

physique (startlingly different from the slick figure he cuts in *Dangerous Liaisons*) and his amiable yet vacant expressions. Gary Sinise plays George with a realistic balance of concern and reliability, capturing an ideal Mr Nice Guy. While the film essentially belongs to George and Lennie, the men working on the ranch are all depicted as self-contained, self-interested males. Sherilyn Fenn, as Curley's wife, is similarly well suited to her role as the beautiful seducer, and Fenn successfully introduces an innocence that deepens her characterization.

*Of Mice and Men* is a powerful and depressing film which derives much of its impact from its understatedness. While it has the chance to conform to the predictable tearjerker mould, the film resists this, which is undeniably a good thing. John Steinbeck crafted a story which dealt realistically with an increasingly tragic series of events, and by adhering quite faithfully to the text Sinise presents a systematic portrayal



*Lennie and George: male bonding at its best*

of facts, which is both charming and moving.

Kate Juttner

# A Flight to Nowhere

Passenger 57  
Greater Union  
Now Showing

*Passenger 57* is the story of an ex-cop "with a bad mouth, a bad attitude, and a bad seat". For "the terrorists on Flight 163 he's bad news" and for most film-goers, so is this film. Somehow it lacks the stylised violence sequences from *Die Hard*, the story which it tries to emulate. The fact that director Kevin Hooks placed most of the film in a plane, proves too constraining in the end. It appears as though he had actually tried to mirror the hijack with real life events, however the terror faced by the hostages together with the terrorists brutality fails to be communicated. As a result, "traumatic" scenes when the terrorist leader, Charles Rayne, sexually assaults a stewardess or blows a hostage's brain out after taunting him, are easily laughed off. This is not a result of being desensitised to violence, but instead a bad script, which is bur-

dened by the hero, John Cutter's (Wesley Snipes) bad mouth and bad jokes. The most "Memorable" being when he advises Rayne, that when playing roulette, "Always bet on black". Snipes gives the film his star clout, yet fails to inject any colour into his character (excuse the pun). This is a pity when one considers his roles in *New Jack City* and *Jungle Fever*. The only thing we learn about Cutter is that he blames himself for his wife's death, which we see in recurring black and white flashbacks. These flashbacks perhaps would have been more effective if they gave greater depth to Rayne's character. For example, at one point his traumatic childhood of parental abuse is mentioned. However, even though this film goes nowhere, action fans will be more than satisfied, so much so that they will probably forget about the ordinary storyline and acting.

Kanesan Nathan

# The Raul Thing



Snakes and Ladders  
The Real Presence  
Raul Ruiz Retrospective  
Mercury

The horror! The horror! More terrifying than anything Steven King or Freddy Krueger could think up is the Raul Ruiz Retrospective at the Mercury.

Ruiz is a Chilean film maker who was exiled to France in 1973. He rose to prominence in the late 70s to become especially popular with the avant-garde who appreciated his innovative and daring film making techniques and themes. The influence of such film mavericks as Jean-Luc Godard and Orson Welles is clear.

*Snakes and Ladders* is a twenty minute film made for French TV to promote a map exhibit. Ruiz takes a seemingly dull subject and turns it into a collection of bewildering images.

It is about H, an everyman figure, who sees two men playing a board game in a field. He consequently discovers that the players are the pieces and the board is the countryside. He is drawn into this game which is beyond his control. The moves are dictated by a hand in the sky rolling the dice. The scale increases until the whole world is encompassed in the game.

The film can be interpreted in different ways - as a comment on

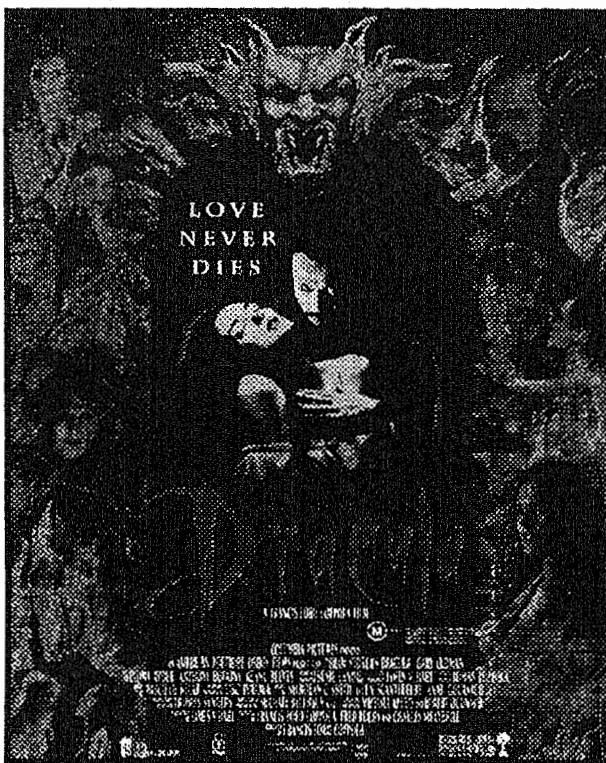
the nature of maps (that is, the dull subject) or a discussion of reality or fate or whatever your pet obsession may be. *The Real Presence* is the unrelated partner of *Snakes and Ladders*. It is an hour long film on the Avignon Theatre Festival (documentary would be a totally misleading label).

Aden Schaff is an out-of-work actor watching himself acting out a story that he's never acted out. If this doesn't make sense, don't blame us, blame Raul! The film explores the mentality of the actor and the nature of drama. These themes can be relevant to the general population, not just actors. As Schaff says, "There is no worse audience than oneself." - this is true for anyone who indulges in self examination.

Don't be repelled by the impression that you will be forced to think deeply for one hour and twenty minutes. Raul Ruiz has created a series of fascinating images that you can let flow over you. Some of the more notable ones include a man with dice in his ears; a woman growing copious amounts of chest hair and a recurring image of people vomiting strange substances.

Sounds good? Well, they're on again Monday, 29th March only. The following weeks the Mercury will be showing other Ruiz movies (which surely will live up to the reputation we've built). Check the paper for details.

Rebecca Nosworthy  
Jocelyn Fredericks



au film society  
presents

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## If the shoe fits...

**High Heels**  
**The Trak**  
**Now Showing**

Pedro Almodovar over the years has continued to develop and explore the nature of relationships throughout his cinematic career. His latest offering, *High Heels*, is no exception. The film focuses on the tensions present in the relationship between Becky de Parano, a highly acclaimed pop star, and her 'mediocre' daughter, Rebecca, examining the daughter's desperate need to receive recognition and love from her estranged mother of fifteen years. Almodovar deftly maintains the balance between comedy and serious drama as the two in turn confront their personal guilt brought about by the murder of Rebecca's husband, her mother's former lover. The film drives towards reconciliation between the women brought about through the efforts of a Judge investigating the case who becomes intimately involved with Rebecca in more ways than one. The

balance of light-hearted humour offset by an element of dramatic intensity is essential to the film as without skilful control the drama would lose all impact and plunge into melodrama and sentimental complacency.

This is not to say that elements of the melodramatic are not present in the film. *High Heels* continually incorporates classic melodrama to great comic effect producing the odd moment of hilarity and revealing some impressive cinematography. However, the danger here is that at times the film becomes simply corny - there is no other way to put it. This is demonstrated most clearly in Almodovar's strange tendency to have his characters suddenly sing pain-



*Well Heeled: The Cast*

fully atrocious songs. If you've ever had to endure the final scene in *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* where the three leading characters beat out a Spanish rendition of "I Will Survive", you will know what I mean. At these moments it can be difficult to decide whether the director is being serious or introducing an element of comic irony.

In a film of this nature deeply constructed characterisation is imperative. On this score Almodovar succeeds as the script provides the audience with intimate insight into the motivations and development of the main protagonists. This combined with well perceived performances by Victoria Abril and Marisa Paredes produces complex characters, subtly construed and immensely credible. Through these women Almodovar highlights the struggle to overcome personal imperfection and fallacy, particular in relation to Becky's egocentricity.

The film is slightly marred by one rather disturbing 'seduction' scene incorporating the use of some unnecessarily rougher than usual handling. Almodovar was criticised strongly for this in *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* and the message doesn't seem to have sunken in. Why he persists in attempting to derive 'humour' out of such instances is beyond me. Perhaps he is simply a cerveza man? Apart from this the film is competent and entertaining.

Jeremy Storer

## If I was a Logie, Would you blow your nose?

It's TV's Night of Nights, as the ads are fond of saying. It's the Logies. The one night of the year when the little men and women who live inside your TV set get together and pat themselves on the back. And you get to watch!

Keri-Anne Kennerly opened the evening for us, promising that a "galaxy of stars was about to arrive by limousine." I'm not complaining mind you, awards ceremonies thrive on clichés. People tune in every year just to see the same old lines trotted out, attached to different faces. The galaxy then turned up which pleased Keri-Anne and Channel 10 no end; they would have looked pretty foolish if they hadn't. Just before we went inside, Keri-Anne kindly informed us about her thoughts on the occasion and what she would be doing during the ceremony. I was beginning to worry there that she might not have been allowed in. Whew! Huge sigh of relief! When we get inside, we're treated to extremely rapid shots of the stars, barely enough time to read the name and drool. Bert Newton did the honours this year. Somebody, somewhere must have decided it was his turn. Or perhaps his union, the Well-Established Old Male Presenter's Union, is one of the toughest in the business. Either way, he got the job, and a rather startlingly warm round of applause. But I'm being unkind. Bert's an old trooper, he ad-libs with the best of 'em, like when he joked about heart failure when some incompetent TV person made a huge bang in the background. As for myself, my heart leapt into my mouth, hoping it wasn't a joke, but it was. What a kiddie!

Of course, as per the TV Presenters Handbook 1993, Bert and the other luminaries of the small screen were sport-



ing "I-sympathise-with-HIV-sufferers" red ribbon. It's a worthy cause but it strikes me as cheap, tawdry and insincere political gesture when wearing this ribbon becomes an obligatory part of appearing on the TV. At least, the Logies are one up on the Academy Awards where everybody wore such ribbons (and which established the practice as part of Official TV Orthodoxy); at the Logies people were at least presented with the choice of making such a statement, thus, maintaining the integrity of the statement.

The first entertainment break of the evening featured various high-powered stars dancing and singing and it was every bit as appealing as *Circus of the Stars* and just as hair-raising. But, back to the awards. Who won? I

can't actually remember, I don't really care that much. The important thing is the spectacle. But I'll fill you in as best I can.

Firstly, it's important to be aware, as no doubt you are, that the "Most Popular..." Logies are actually voted for by the readers of *TV Week*. You may be inclined to write the whole process off as absolute bull-shit but no! I implore you, no! Recognise and respect it for what it is. As Marie Antoinette said: "Let them eat cake!" As I say: "Let them watch crap! If that's what they want." And it is crap, let's face it. Anybody who nominates Bruce Samazan for any award other than "Best performance by an amateur rapper in a Coca-Cola Commercial" needs to be buried before they begin to smell. Well,

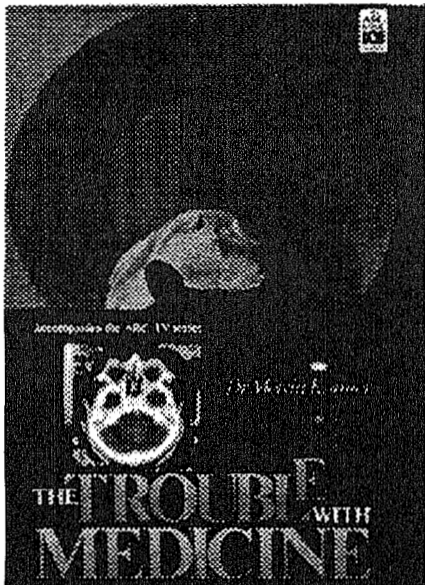
he didn't win, for which we can all be eternally grateful, Gary Sweet did, which is more just but much less amusing. I can't really remember much else; if they're around for a few years, they'll win it in the end, I'm sure.

One interesting award was for "Most Popular Light Entertainer" or something like that. This is the category where the small group of stupid old(ish) Anglo men who dominate the air waves get to assert their pre-eminence. It doesn't really matter who wins, because they're all winners, right? This year it was Ray Martin's turn. This was probably consolation for the fact that he got beaten out of every other category by Daryl Somers. The other non-victors included Steve Vizard and our charming host, Big Bert. To think these guys rule Australian television. Excuse me while I cry. (And just an aside regarding Steve Vizard: Why O why, don't they replace him with the multi-talented Richard Stubbs on a permanent basis.)

There's not much more to the Logie's than that, I'm afraid; just Nick's award for "Most Marvellous Irony of the Night" goes to the incident where the intellectually challenged actor from GP was awarded a "special" award for her "special" contribution to TV. In her speech, she stumbled over a few words and ol' buddy Bert reached and put his arm around her. Cringe I really did. They followed it up with a short film clip from GP where she declared she didn't want to be viewed as "special". Oh, well, you can't get everything right. That's the logies, love 'em or don't watch 'em. At least John Farnham finally got a hair-cut. I've been waiting a long time for that.

Nick Smith

# Take Your Own



**The Trouble with Medicine**  
 Dr Melvin Konner  
 ABC Books \$34.95

The Trouble with Medicine is an inquiry into the problems facing modern medicine. It accompanies the ABC-TV series of the same name, and I suspect from the structure of the book that it may be the script, or the slightly altered script, of the series. Konner has sought to explain why modern medicine has so

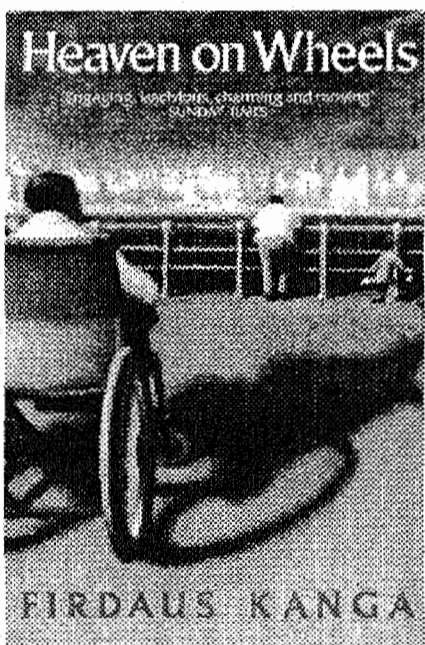
many problems: the soaring cost of health care, the rise and rise of malpractice suits, the suits, the difficulties the poor have in getting decent health care; the list goes on (and on, and on). Konner begins by talking about the relationship between patient and doctor, and touches on the "magic of technology", hospitals, defensive medicine, psychiatry, the ethics of medicine, AIDS, euthanasia and other issues. He contends that many of the troubles are a nasty side-effect of technology: its seductive lure drags both doctors and patients without consideration of its effectiveness. Technology, Konner says, has lead patients away from reliance on simple measures, and away from the fact that death and disease do happen, especially in the aged. Technology, although a great healing force, deceives us into believing that every disease can be fixed by pressing a button, or prescribing a pill. Technology has developed far faster than our capability to deal with its consequences, and our ethics are similarly limited by their slow rate of change. Instead, we are told, the answer is a more caring society, one where the supports for the sick and indigent are able to catch them if they fall. A society

which (for example) has no problems with hear disease because the self-discipline of its inhabitants is so great that they do not over-eat, and keep their cholesterol levels nice and low. the kind of society that the Waltons would be happy to live in. Medical care would not cost anything, because no-one would get sick. Konner does not point out that these things will never, ever happen. We will always need hospitals. Preventive medicine will not heal a broken leg, or treat kidney failure, or treat any other disease in process. Like the medical treatments that do not turn out to be cure-alls, preventive medicine is not a "magic bullet". Much of what is said in The Trouble with Medicine has been said before. Konner writes interestingly, but readers of this book will be disappointed if they expect anything new. (Well, actually, I lie. He does make an original point about the cadavers dissected in med. school as "the very best patients we would ever have...no back talk and total co-operation with all the procedures we needed to carry out". Well, Melvin, I have news for you: there is a profound difference between the remains of a person who has left their

body for science and a living, breathing person. cadaver is not a patient: to be treated with respect, but not a patient.) Nor does Konner raise the level of debate on these issues. it is not very balanced to present the pros and cons of genetic therapy alongside pictures with manipulative captions such as "the Nazis, using a crude form of eugenics, sought to eliminate the disabled". He is often contradictory (having spent a whole chapter explaining that we should not wait for magic bullet cures for disease, he uses the hope of such a cure as an argument against eliminating Alzheimer's disease with genetic therapy. The Trouble with Medicine tries to cover a large filed in a small space, and because of this (and because it is interesting enough to read) some of its faults can be excused. However, Konner's vision is not wide enough for The Trouble with Medicine to be anything more than an insight into one man's opinion.

Andrew Henderson.

# Heaven on Wheels



**Heaven on Wheels**  
 Firdaus Kanga  
 Picador \$15.95

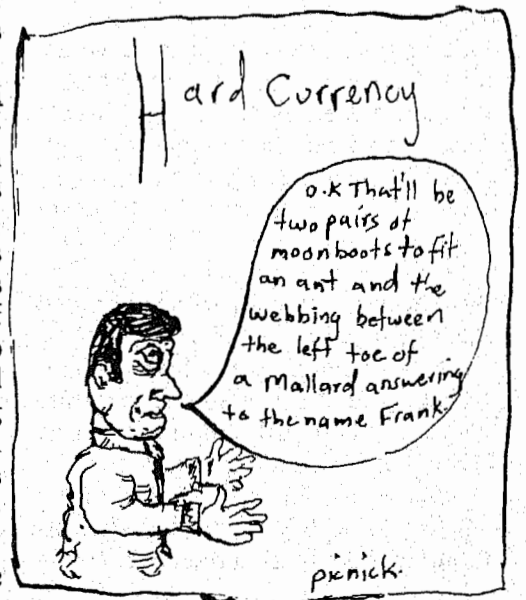
Heaven on Wheels is an account of its author's travels through Britain, after his publisher suggested the idea of writing a travel book to him. Bad move by the publisher. Firdaus Kanga has come up with an unexceptional and uninspiring book, although according to the gushing blurb on the back I am the only reviewer to think so. Kanga sees Britain in black and white, with only limited shades of gray. The book has an explanatory, almost didactic, tone. Kanga explains British culture and Indian culture with over-confident ease, as if there were no contradictions within a single culture, and as if the two cultures are absolute oppo-

sites. While he rejects stereotypes about minority groups he is not adverse to making huge generalisations about those who belong to the more dominant culture in Britain. Firdaus Kanga is Indian, gay and disabled, and he reminds you of these three conditions of his life right through his narrative. Obviously he has a different perspective on things to other people (doesn't everybody?) but what is frustrating about Heaven on Wheels is that Kanga is so convinced that his particular position gives him the right perspective. Firdaus Kanga is going to tell you how Britain is. And his attitude is that belonging to three minority groups means that he knows. He knows better than anyone else that Thatcher is great, Britain is great and Firdaus Kanga is great. Kanga portrays himself as ultra-sensitive to others, politically correct to a certain degree and self-aware. He is not blind to his own faults, but, perhaps like many of us, he believes that awareness almost negates the fault. He is proud of his role as a 'writer' but often he seems to be reaching for a quality in his prose that he can't attain. Some of his similes don't ring true, and there are far too many of them for my liking. In fact Kanga overuses several such literary devices so that they lose their impact and become ineffective. Perhaps part of the problem lies in Kanga's unsuccessful blend of two genres; the travel book and the political manifesto. Throughout the book he recounts conversations with leftists where he tries to convince them of the absolute truth and validity of Thatcherite/Conservative/liberal philosophies and politics, and throughout he is lecturing his reader

in the same way. Obviously Kanga has succeeded despite the odds, and it is true that he doesn't sentimentalize his disability, only occasionally giving in to the temptation to portray himself as a selfless martyr. But, in a classically liberal way, his own success appears to make him think that everyone can do anything they like. Each chance to put forward ideas consistent with this belief is grabbed. He makes all-knowing comments on the tax system (why should those who earn more be 'punished' for having worked harder?); about the dole (everyone he meets who is on the dole is also working on the side, so obviously no-one deserves the dole); on government funding for the arts, (why should people pay for what they don't use?): all attitudes which I personally disagree with and which meant I had difficulties in being tolerant of the book as a whole. A reader with different political sensibilities to my own may well find the book far more enjoyable, and discover the good qualities of Heaven on Wheels that I was perhaps resistant to finding. Not that I thought that Heaven on Wheels was all bad. It has its odd moments of humour, and the view of a culture from an outsider's position is always interesting and different, although I am not convinced that it is better. Another of Kanga's good points is his impressively broad knowledge of English Literature which he puts to good use. Overall though, I found Heaven on Wheels an unsatisfying read, but as I said before, this could well be due to my intolerance of Kanga's didacticism about ideas which I disagree with.

Lorien Kaye

Kissing on the first date was usually out because of Esters beard of bees.





# Honk again if you're Goldsworthy

**Goldsworthy**  
continued from last week...

If Mara represents one side of Goldsworthy's nature then her "opponent", the decadent and brilliant Scanlon represents another. In one of the paradoxes of the novel, the two diametrically opposed characters are both extraordinarily similar. Goldsworthy said this of Scanlon,

"Scanlon's probably more of parody of me in some senses than Mara. He is a paradox of the 14 year old Scientific Nerd in me, capable of curiosity but not of love and that sums the character up. He's very curious about himself. He wants to know everything but feel nothing, he's a pretty decadent character in that sense, always looking for new sensations, new thoughts."

It is through the behaviour of Scanlon that some of the most significant ideas discussed in the book are raised. It is through Scanlon's attitude and, indeed, even his involvement in a project many Christians would consider the ultimate blasphemy that Goldsworthy poses one of the more perplexing philosophical questions. Namely given that much of the ground being covered by modern science offends traditional ideas of morality, just where should the line be drawn. How much moral responsibility should the modern scientist bear and how should this influence the direction of modern scientific endeavour.

"Honk" is obviously concerned largely with Bio-ethics, ideas such as, if it is alright to bring back extinct mammals such as the Dodo, is it then alright to bring back people from the distant past, even someone who a section of the community believe to be divine. This is a complex question, one which has no simple answer.

"I'm not sure how you balance these things and I think each issue has to be examined separately. I don't think there are any hard and fast rules about what science should and shouldn't do. Generally, each issue has to be addressed individually."

Goldsworthy says that what he describes as a worst case scenario, that covered in "Honk" could only occur in a private University because the ethical committees in public institutions would prevent such things from occurring.

On the other hand, Goldsworthy has reservations about any attempt to restrict human endeavour.

"Then again", he said, "when you start trying to bottle up human enterprise a lot of other good things die. I don't know how you find that balance, I mean, it's a question that though it's raised in the book it doesn't offer any solutions."

On the specific question of genetic engineering, Goldsworthy offered the following

"Certainly there will be organ banks where organs are grown for transplantation. I think meat will be grown genetically in vats. There won't be any consciousness attached to it, it will be a way out for the human race to still enjoy its meat and to stop mistreating animals.

"Extinct animals will be brought back," he said, "all these have good arguments for them."

Then, however, things become difficult. Goldsworthy cites a current example where women have been queuing up to bear the child of the 3,000 year old "Ice Man" found in the Tyrol last year. Whilst such a project is not yet possible, the moral implications are fascinating. As Goldsworthy says, "a bit of a curly one".

Further questions of this nature are raised by Mara's behaviour, particularly at the end of the novel where she stops just short of destroying the ultimate scientific experiment. To her that would be the ultimate blasphemy.

"What's Mara believe in? She believes in this sort of Culpepper scientific method which is institutionalised scepticism and she believes in those processes and freedom of enquiry.

"I think that's why the industry of Bio-ethics has arisen, in response to the claims of pure science in that they have to be intellectually free. I think that they have to be intellectually free and included in that is the freedom to examine human consequences."

Putting the onus on us to control the rate of scientific change, which given the speed at which things occur in modern society is extremely difficult. The ultimate extension of this discussion is to ask whether, if scientists stopped to consider the possible impact of their work, would we still advance?

"That's a good question, once again I'm ambivalent because I just don't know. You could probably make a case both ways. Then you have to start defining what is an advance and what isn't. I think our history is a bit crabwise, go back a step, then two forward. Look at industrialisation, look at electrification, all great leaps forward are accompanied by enormous misery at the time."

Basically, "That's balancing the equation, I don't know how you do that. I think we have to continually ask the question." This line of discussion gave rise to the suggestion that one argument from the "press on regardless" school of thought would be to brand moral or other parameters as Luddite. Goldsworthy was adamant that that argument was wholly lacking in credibility.

"That's not even remotely true and Luddites listen to music on their stereos while they're saying these things, but equally the opposite extreme is dangerous, that there should be no limitations."

The ultimate extension of this line of questioning is whether or not, as a society, we allow too much to occur in the name of science that we find morally repugnant. Do we allow it to happen because we find it titillating, are we "Techno Junkies", deriving as much of an adrenalin rush from the next big thing in science as those closely involved do. Goldsworthy certainly seems to hint at this throughout "Honk". For example,

"I avoid newspapers, but I always study the current periodicals, and not only in my own field. I love the broader unspecialised journals: Nature, Science, Scientific American. Especially the American: a journal so glossy, so sensuous it's almost edible. Science for the gourmet."

Whilst the above question reflects the thoughts of Mara Fox, it is definitely by no means atypical of Goldsworthy.

"I read Scientific American each month, it's exactly what Mara says, you know, it's kind of like Science Porn, it comes in a discreet brown wrapping and it's got all these glossy pictures."

Science and scientists are not the only things to be criticised within "Honk", Religion also has its fair share of criticism. Belief in a God or the teachings of Christ are not overtly criticised within the book. It is the practitioners of religion and much of what is perpetrated in God's name which receives most criticism.

Hollis Schultz and his beauty queen wife, Mary Beth, are the novel's Jim and Tammy Fae Bakker. Mary Beth is the books only true innocent, the one selected unknowingly to be implanted with the embryo Christ. Mary Beth is as Goldsworthy says, "dumb but good", a fact which raises a paradox which he finds intriguing. Namely, that the greater the intellect the greater the evil, a point which whilst he is quick to suggest does not necessarily exist in real life nonetheless harks back to the discussion of scientific morality.

Mary Beth also appears to be Mara's one true friend, perhaps even more so than Tad, her old colleague. Goldsworthy also suggests an empathy between the two women by the use of similar Christian names, which also suggest virginal or innocent natures. This, in turn, proves highly significant to the book's conclusion. One with we won't reveal thus spoiling it for those yet to read it.

Schultz, on the other hand, seems to embody all that is wrong with modern religion. His character appears highly cynical. He switches between two unrelated personas,

the professional holy man and the cynical ambitious 'businessman', for want of a better word. One feels, for example, that his desire to resurrect Christ has less to do with religious sentiment than with business, ego or power.

This, in turn, raises the question as to whether or not he can be considered a Christian?

"Are Jimmy Swaggart or Oral Roberts Christians? I think Swaggart is, he used to go test himself with the prostitutes and just go lie next to them. But is Bakker a Christian, is Oral Roberts? I dunno, still you can be a Christian and still be evil, I guess you can fall to some extent so long as you ask for forgiveness."

On the subject of Schultz' motives being other than religious.

"I think that he'd try to justify and rationalise that, but it maybe that ignoble motives are at the base of a lot of what appears like good or great behaviour."

One interesting question raised by the cloning of Christ is, 'Would his rebirth bring on the Day of Judgement, even bearing in mind that this would be a clone, but arguably not the Lord?'

"I dunno," he said, "I sort of chickened out."

**The thrilling third installment of Peter Goldsworthy will appear next week. Betcha can't wait.**



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## Titty titty bum bum.

**Out Of Order**  
**Her Majesty's Theatre**  
**To April 10**

This is going to be tricky. It will be difficult for me to think of anything nice to say about Ray Cooney's farce, "Out Of Order".

So I won't even try.

To say that this production was one of the most boring, aggravating and unfunny pieces of theatre I have ever had the misfortune to sit through is to understate the case. This show was really incredibly bad. I might even go so far as to say it stank.

Whew, it was good to gety that off my chest. And now, for want of anything better to do with my space, I'll tell you about the moronic little plot.

The play opens with Conservative MP Richard Willey (titter!), who is shackled up in the Westminster Hotel and about to enjoy a cosy root with an attractive secretary, Jane Worthing. His racing libido is halted, however, by the appearance of a (seemingly) dead body. Complications set in, and it is not long before Jane is running around in bra and knickers. At this point enters George, Willey's personal private secretary, a man with more than a few Oedipal hang-ups. Fearing a major governmental scandal, Willey hopes that George will be able to sweep the matter under the carpet. George is unable to do this because of the succession of characters getting in his way: Jane's jealous husband, Willey's sex-starved wife and

some rather annoying hotel personnel.

**Far from the "guaranteed 308 laughs" promised by the promotional material, Out Of Order was a boring and predictable waste of time. 308 laughs, bullshit. I call that false advertising.**

Matters are complicated further when the "dead" man comes to, albeit with a case of amnesia. All the stock situations of farce are included in the plot: the slamming doors, the bed-hopping and the outlandish lies characters tell each other to avoid giving themselves away. The silliness of the situation escalates madly, without respite. That was the frustrating thing: the play just got more and more stupid. Eventually the plot falls apart because it is unsustainable, and in this Out Of Order reminded me of Cementville, the low-light of last years Festival. With the ever-increasing absurdity of these plays, they were left without room for a conclusion that could in any way satisfy. At least in Cementville there were some quite nice costumes.

The costumes in Out Of Order were nothing spectacular, which is unfortunate because the principal actors, Donald Sinden and Ronnie Corbett, were not really worth looking at anyway. I am told that they are two of the greats of the English comedy stage,

which is strange given that they didn't even make me laugh. (I'll confess that that's not entirely true. Ronnie Corbett did make me laugh once, when his character proposes making love to Willey's wife. I found that idea quite amusing.) However, the performances were energetic and showed fine concentration. They just weren't very interesting, that's all.

The rest of the cast is equally unremarkable. I must make mention, however, of the Italian maid who popped in every now and again to misunderstand everyone completely and say smutty rude things. The actor, whose name I do not know, is clearly uncomfortable in the role and she makes only a half-hearted attempt. I felt sorry for her really.

My criticisms of the show would not be complete without some mention of the set. Now, set designs are something I rarely if ever get very passionate about, but the obvious cheapness of the set used in Out Of Order annoyed me. It looked nothing like any hotel suite I have ever seen, and the bright spark who opted for decking everything out in that hideous shade of bright blue really ought to be smacked. Nothing looked real, from the furniture to the city backdrop. Even from where I was sitting I could tell the bowl of fruit on the dresser was plastic

In fact, the entire show was as tacky as plastic fruit. This is not a play I recommend going to see at all. See State Theatre's Dancing At Lughnasa instead. Or hang around shopping malls in your

evenings making a nuisance of yourself. Do what you will, I don't care. Far from the "guaranteed 308 laughs" promised by the promotional material,



Out Of Order was a boring and predictable waste of time. 308 laughs, bullshit. I call that false advertising.

*David Mills*

## Most excellent

**His Excellency**  
**St. Jude's Players**  
**22nd March - 3rd April, 1993**

The St Jude's Players latest production was written by Dorothy and Campbell Christie in 1950, yet offers enlightened and valid insights into many issues we face today.

The play is set in the fictional British island-colony of Salva during the 1950s. A new Governor has just been appointed but he is not from the reigning aristocracy. Rather, he is a commoner - a former docker and trade unionist and a man of ideals. He comes to the realisation that, after years of complaining "Why the hell don't they do something ..." he is now there and is determined to change the situation his fellow commoners face.

His first mission is to raise the wages

(and thus living standards) of the local dock yard workers employed by the British Empire. The effects of this should then follow on to the remaining 4/5 of the work force in a chain reaction. To pay for such a scheme, a new policy of income tax would need to be introduced to levy money from the fat, rich 'bastards'.

Needless to say, this is where he finds his primary opposition from the ruling classes. The rich union leaders stir up a strike and then revolt from the workers, throwing the streets into turmoil. His Excellency struggles with the moral dilemma of calling out the troops against his own people.

In a social system filled with corrupt leaders, lax policemen and self-indulgent politicians, His Excellency finds that governing is not such an easy task as he originally thought and that high

principles do not always work in practise. Some of the other themes developed in the play include media ownership, union leadership, vote buying and plebeian gullibility.

The subject of accents invariably pops up in such overseas plays and is deserving of mention here also. Richard Lane does a splendid English working-class accent in his role as His Excellency, with Catherine Linnett not far behind as his daughter Peggy. Each of the native Salvans, however, seem to come up with their own changeable version of some unidentifiable (South American?) accent with which to speak their part. A little practice in this respect would not go astray.

Apart from the sometimes amateur acting from the supporting cast, my only other complaint concerns the marked over use of the tune "Land of

Hope and Glory" which, after the third time began to conjure up images of Tim Brooke-Taylor from the Goodies, standing tall and proud in his Union-Jack boxer shorts, hand on chest, with the old gramophone playing nearby. Or worse still, Danger Mouse and his trusty (?) companion Penfold as they battle the evil advances of Baron Silas Greenback and his latest diabolical invention to rule the world ... but I digress.

All in all, His Excellency was probably worth seeing, and the St Jude's Players did well within their low budget.

His Excellency will be showing at 8.15 pm, 22nd March - 3rd April (excluding 24th, 28th, 31st March) at the St Jude's Hall, Brighton. Ticket prices \$7, \$4.50 concession.

*Daniel J. Kammermann*

## Not very clever at all

**Too Clever By Half**  
**Independent Theatre**  
**Theatre 62**

If only this play was clever at all. It is amazing to think that Alexander Ostrovsky, the inspirational author of The Government Inspector and The Storm, bothered to pen this désastre de théâtre. More amazing is that Inde-

pendent Theatre's Rob Croser, far and away one of South Australia's best amateur theatre directors and the man behind the stunning Breaking the Code and the gripping Never The Sinner, even toyed with the idea of putting it on.

Imagine an incosequential three of four line exchange from Karenina dragged

out for three hours and you've got an idea of what the opening night audience had to endure. The story deals with a young man, who has just lost his father, trying to ingratiate himself with Moscow society to secure his and his mother's future by gaining a solid, high paying, low effort requiring public service posting. No surprises, then, when we are confronted by a series of lonely

virgins, voraciously under-sexed society women, pompous government work-shys, and insubordinate swervants. Every twist and turn in the plot was anticipated minutes in advance by the audience, so each of the five(!) acts' denouncements appeared ten minutes too late. Laugh? I nearly started. **Cont p21...**

# Dance like an Egyptian

**Meryl Tankard Australian Dance Theatre**  
**Nuti and Kikimora**  
**Space Theatre March 19 — April 3 \$25/\$15**

Meryl Tankard's ADT has made its impact on Adelaide audiences with impressive yet disturbing style. Both pieces are visually stunning and memorable. Both are also unsettling and unnerving in several ways. Nuti strikes the gut with its power right from the start. Nuti, we are told in the programme, is "the name for the active power which breathes life force into the dead restoring them to youthful zest and vigour". A silent stage is lit with shadowy Egyptian eyes staring at you enigmatically from the walls and floor. A quiet drumbeat begins, and as it gets louder the projected eyes resolve into the face of a stone-carved Pharaoh, its shadows pronounced against the slate-coloured background. This slide-show continues throughout the performance with a series of images of Egyptian art and carvings forever projected onto the stage and its three walls. Régis Lansac has created a rich, complex visual world of melding images and colours sliding across the dancers' bodies, complementing and heightening the changing moods of the music and dancing. The projections are the only light source and their dissolution into one another is as subtle as it is spectacular — abstract Egyptian shapes and symbols suddenly resolve into a recognizable form of a face or sculpture which, you think, must have always been there but you just didn't notice it before. The whole performance is like that, with images and ideas suddenly making their presence felt on your consciousness, like a dreamworld where everything is eternal yet ephemeral. A piping Egyptian flute begins and a white figure slowly appears from the far corner, inching, sliding silently onto the stage, like a frieze come to life. Wrapped in white Egyptian 'sarongs' and bare but for white body paint from the waist up, the dancers move across the back of the stage in the well-known poses of Egyptian friezes — straight backs, angular arms, angled hands and carefully held heads — while the drumbeat and pipe play above them and the colours and latticed shadows of the slide images wrap around them. The opening scenes, as another line of dancers begins to cross the front of the stage in a

deceptively continuous snake, are mesmerizing in their controlled formality and ritualistic movements. It is as if you are watching a religious ceremony in a tomb — all it needs is incense.

Contrasts build up throughout the performance creating a striking, unsettling movement between formal, mesmeric lines and looser, yet still controlled, groups and clusters. The music

onto their hands until a line of them is facing the audience. They menacingly advance, then lie down and turn over, only to shuffle forward right to the front, howling like cats in pain and fear. The group reforms, and after what looks like self-immolation a file of the white figures advances across the front of the stage beckoning, almost beguiling, the audience, until defeated they crawl away.



restricts any great feeling of peace, and the pipes play wilder and wilder until the lines are broken and the dancers are all in a group, flailing their arms, throwing themselves down and hauling themselves up again in a frenzy of desperation. This violent synchronicity is juxtaposed with the next slow and shuffling entrance, strange creatures coming onto the stage bent back like crabs

Kikimora is about children, dolls, mischievous spirits and all the associated (Russian) folk legends from which the name springs. Merging projected images are once again used to great effect, but without such impact as in Nuti. The opening slides are of bald dolls' heads, disturbingly skull-like with dark empty eyes and cracks in the porcelain. White faces pop out from

under the cloth backdrop smiling cheekily at us and each other as child-like music reminiscent of nursery tunes plays. The heads progress onto the stage, ambiguously smiling with a sly, knowing look; menacing and yet sweetly innocent and therefore quite disturbing. The dancers are dressed in black and white "Dolls of the World" costumes, their skin again chalked white and their knees bent to give a convincing illusion of smallness as they come towards the audience. Rows and rows of dolls and pictures of dolls, from the turn of the century and before, are continually projected onto the backdrop, giving the light airy stage a feeling of a nursery or outdoor playroom. The children silently mime games with themselves with self-conscious looks at the audience and suppressed humour in their faces. Suddenly they begin to fall about, screaming and clutching themselves in pain as a trapdoor opens and an enormous black witch figure rises through the floor, obviously controlling the children. Or are they dolls? The light happy music continues belying the children's terror in losing control, then they begin to gabble in half-intelligible complaints which formalize into a playground battle. The swings in mood between the light and the sinister are unsettling, and continue throughout the piece. The delineation between different moods are more ambiguous in Kikimora than in Nuti, and therefore more menacing. The children are so often smiling in a secretive, inevitably superior, way and are themselves moving between fun and terror that the tensions are unnerving. Tankard's effective use of only legs facing the audience, and the number of times a line of dancers (or dancers' legs) advances towards the audience adds to that uncertain atmosphere of fear.

Tankard has been stressing that nothing her dancers do is without meaning, yet at times during the night I thought "Why are they doing this?" Both pieces are visually and technically impressive, criticisms being that Nuti is too long with the final movements perhaps a little gratuitous, and that Kikimora doesn't quite go far enough in stretching the boundaries between laughter, anger and fear. You're left with a series of striking and powerful images in your mind, yet somehow disconnected and, in the case of Kikimora at least, shallow and unsatisfying.

*Celia Brissenden*

## Clever Dick cont...

My Oxford Companion to the Theatre talks of the complications surrounding the translation of Ostrovsky's writing into English: "a difficult task owing to the richness and local colouring of Ostrovsky's style". Two Clever By Half must be the quintessence of this dilemma: many of the lines sat so uncomfortably on the ear that I began to wonder if my Babel fish had come loose.

It was a testament to the hard work done by the actors that any interest was maintained. Much of this came from those actors who are at home in campy School For Scandal style roles. Jeanette Drake, with wig askew and eyes abulge, was in fine rubber faced comic form. Prue Little cannot help but be outrageous, and Sheree Sellick stole the show as an eminently and spookily believable lascivious youth

hunter.

Courtney Thackray, on the other hand, managed to convert the lead from a good looking, charismatic, strong, subtle, witty, ingenious, graceful hero to a vain, arrogant, weak, ham-fisted, dull, conniving, awkward and prissy wretch. His comeuppance would have been delightful, were it not for its protracted and ponderous inevitability.

Despite gallant efforts from many, notably the doughty Angus Davidson and the felicitous Lyn Wilson, the rest of the cast sank without a trace into the boggy mire of the tired script. No wonder this production of Too Clever By Half was an Australian premiere.

*James Mulligan.*

# News

- The French comic genius, Moebius has teamed up with Akira Kurosawa (*Seven Samurai*) to produce a full length animated feature of Moebius's *Airtight Garage*. Both men are regarded as experts in their fields and this one really could be rather on the good side.
- Jim Shooter is about to get Defiant off

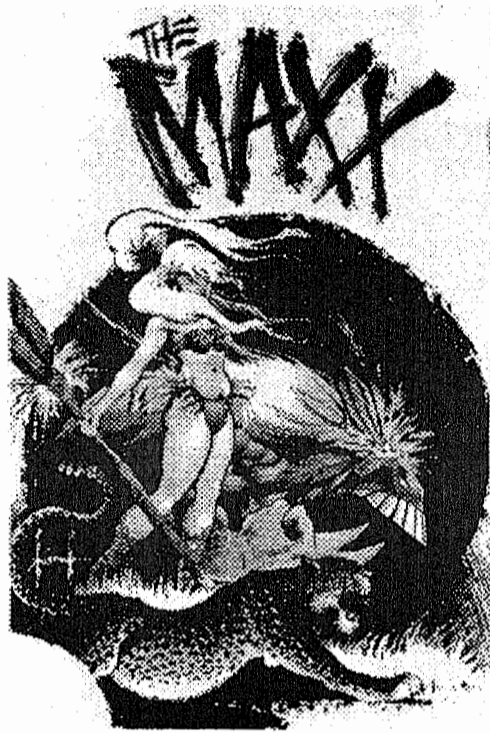
the ground. After his tenure at Valiant, Jim went on to get Defiant set up and now has his new company which is apparently "dedicated to the proposition that the universe is badly in need of story tellers who can prompt a new generation of kids to tie a towel around their necks and fly around the living

room".

- For the Manga Freaks (we know you're out there) Dark Horse is going spaz for the Japanese material in March. You'll get *Venus Wars I1 #10*, *Appleseed #4*, *Outlanders Special #1*, *Cheval Noir #40*, *Caravan Kidd #9*, *Orion #4* and *Version #1.4*.

- Superman hasn't died, he's just moved to Australia. The 1992 Brisbane telephone directory includes listings for C. Kent of Krypton Street and L. Lane of Planet Street.

# Reviews



**The Maxx**  
**Publisher:** Image  
**Cost:** US\$2.25  
**Writer:**  
**Artists:** Sam Keith and  
**Frequency:** Four issue limited series

More from Image. What more did we need? It's not as if they've already flooded the market with pointless examples of how not to do a good comic. Luckily *The Maxx* has come up with something mildly interesting. But beware, this looks to be the beginning of Image's "oh so mature" dark line of comics. *The Maxx* is a slightly weird big purple blobby guy with funny yellow spikey claw things on his hands. He also seems to be a bit more than loony.

He starts off being a bum who saves a woman from near certain rape (or even murder). The police nab Maxx and he gets taken to his favourite counsellor. She's not your average counsellor. In fact she's downright weird as well. Nice to see people in gaudy flares again. Nasty black things start showing up to do acts of ultraviolence around town and Maxx decides to take them on. He's also having flash backs of Australia. Hmmm..

Not bad by anyone's measure. *The Maxx* does show some of the mature approach that Image Comics is in great need of. The script actually takes on a slightly more realistic tone and there's no overstating of the obvious or verbatim definitions of a person's abilities. Thank the lord. *Youngblood* or *WildCATs* this is not. I'm fed up with different versions of any Marvel mutant team. *The Maxx* holds focus on one character and keeps it there. How is it possible to

have something known as character development in a miniseries containing seven different characters? *The Maxx* has character definition. He's not some crazy guy in a way-cool costume. He's a loony vagrant with big weapons. The Australian connection probably won't work. There are very few Americans who can present an accurate portrayal of Australia whether it be city or outback. This book will fail in that area.

Art is done by Sam Keith. He's good on some things, dodgy on others. His work on *Aliens* was not at all suited to that book. His work on *Wolverine* was extremely well suited to that book. *The Maxx* is in many ways like *Wolvie* so Sam pulls it off in style.

At long last a second decent title has been added to the Image ranks. It's not in the same league as *Spawn* but it is still worth more than toilet paper. With the proliferation of these sorts of titles on the shelf, *The Maxx* could easily become diluted by the other "dark" books that spring up all over like pox when companies know that something sells. For good "dark" reading keep *Spawn* but read *The Maxx* when you've run out of *Spawns* to read.

**Rohan Thompson**

**2000 AD**  
**Publisher:** Fleetway Editions Ltd  
**Cost:** \$2.00 or \$2.50 airfreighted  
**Writers:** Various  
**Artists:** Various  
**Frequency:** Weekly

2000 AD is like no other comic available at present. It is the last vestige of traditional multi-story comics such as *Eagle* and *Boys Action Weekly*. And yet is much more.

2000 AD is not just the home of Judge Dredd - although he does tend to dominate the cover. With six individual stories, each running for six pages (and usually three to ten episodes), there is plenty of room for variety. The issue count is climbing into the 830s. The magazine which began in the late '70s as a cheap pulp paper comic has developed into a high quality, full colour British favourite.

One need only look at the feats of artistic and poetic talent which has poured from it. Bisley, Grant, Wagner, Ezquerra - the list goes on. Those searching for classic 2000 AD epics should search through back issues of "The Best of 2000 AD Monthly". Slaine, Johnny Alpha, the Strontium Dogs, the Ballad of Halo Jones, Sam Slade Robohunter have all appeared at one time or another.

In the meantime, setting aside the re-

cent Dredd stories which are now classic graphic novels, the last hundred 'progs' (issues) have highlighted some great work. Those crazy, robotic ABC Warriors starred in Mills & Skinners' 'Chronicles of Khaos' - in total it amounted to some 100 plus pages of full colour, painted artwork documenting their search for 'Seven Heads for Hekate'. Who could have imagined so many new and interesting ways for humans to die?

The final book of Smith and Harrison's 'Revere' was an exciting culmination of twisted mystical imagery in a dying world. Thankfully stories like 'Revere' are mature and gritty enough not to shy away from illustrating sex and violent death. British writers provide a step-up from mainstream comics in this publication. There's no massive stock of characters constantly fighting each other without incurring actual death. Rather, 2000 AD's writer aren't scared to kill any of their characters. This is especially true of Dredd stories - apart from Dredd himself. Recently there has been a long repetition of living dead stories, probably in response to the success of Judge *Death's* appearance in 'Judgement on Gotham'.

This has been supplanted by brilliant new stories though. 'Finn' is an animal magic warrior fighting the evil Newts who are struggling to control human population. 'Dead Meat' is the story of cops in the new vegetarian world cracking down on meat smugglers. Sam Slade Robohunter's three party story in progs 813 to 815 features a cameo by both of the 'Fat Slags' from 'Viz' - worth checking out!

With more Slaine on the way soon, why not check it out? Grud, but it's good.

**Excalibur No. 64**  
**Publisher:** Marvel  
**Cost:** US\$1.75 (AU\$3.00)  
**Writer:** Alan Davis  
**Artists:** Alan Davis & Mark Farmer  
**Frequency:** Monthly ongoing

Until two years ago, *Excalibur* would probably have won *Comicon's* "Secret Wars II" award for going nowhere. The book lacked any semblance of direction and got stuck for some time as a series of vignettes. Not to say that it was badly written or drawn; indeed, many of the stories from this period were very good. But a book that is supposedly about a group of super heroes loses something in impact if the creative teams change every five issues and the next lot who come along pay no attention to what their predecessors have done. The stories degenerated and



a lot of the original dynamism was lost. Then, with the return of Alan Davis, *Excalibur* quickly reclaimed its crown as easily the best British comic produced by Marvel and the mantle of most directionless title was passed on to *Youngblood*.

The comic that has blossomed in the obviously capable hands of Mr Davis. He is no Gaiman or Morrison, and thank God for that, as this is not "The Doom Patrol" or "Sandman". Rather than trying to be like such writers, Davis has followed his own agenda, with what I feel is great success. The blandness of the characters no longer exists; not only has the cast list been increased (and with reason, for a change), but in their place are 'human' characters trying to make a difference, whilst at the same time attempting to cope with their own problems. Alcohol-abuse, insecurity, inadequacy, unrequited love and attempting to adapt all play a part. And considering the light, humorous tone that this book is based on, the job that has been done ain't too bad.

Alan Davis' writing is a lot like his drawing; clear, precise, yet still able to keep an aura of mystique. One of the first things that he did was attempt to tie up the many loose sub-plots that had been dangling, some for over fifty issues. Beyond the writing, the art is brilliant; its clarity means that you can recognise an individual character easily, scenes are effective in displaying the story and it also allows Alan's fantastic imagination to run rampant, such as in the various forms of the "Warpies" seen in this issue. Mark Farmer's inks can only add to the crispness, leaving you with a comic that looks great as well as reading well, a rare thing indeed today.

Who said that Britain was stagnating? With the enormous amount of talent that is rearing its head out there, such a view is rapidly becoming outdated, at least in this field. Davis has great empathy for his characters, many of which he himself created, and it shows.

**Ben Authers**

Cerebus No. 167  
 Publisher: Aardvark-Vanaheim  
 Cost: US\$2.25  
 Writer: Dave Sim  
 Artists: Dave Sim & Gerhard  
 Frequency: Monthly

Cerebus the Aardvark was created by Dave Sim back in 1977, for the express purpose of creating a comic based around the continuity of the main character's life. Sim's criticism of mainstream Marvel and DC comics is, quite correctly, that if you took 300 issues of any comic, it would make little or no sense in terms of relating that character's life. Cerebus, under Sim's direction, will be 300 issues long, depicting the ups and downs of the aardvark's life and end with his death in the final issue. Dave Sim began in 1977 and the last issue is scheduled to go to the stores in August 2004 - 27 years after its start. No annuals, no special issues, no gimmicks - just a brilliant comic monthly for a further 11 years.

Brilliant is the only way to describe Cerebus. As far removed from the 'super hero' comic as it can possibly be, Cerebus is just a regular kind of guy (despite being an earth pig born): he enjoys his ale, a good brawl now and then and getting gold by the sackload. He's not some high-and-mighty hero, with a moral code and a wish for the peaceful integration of mutants into human society and a bio-blast to enforce his views, but just an individual living and surviving by his sword, wits and knowledge, somebody that can be identified with much easier.

The art in Cerebus is absolutely unbelievable. Cross-hatching and lines rather than colour bring out the texture of surfaces - walls, cloaks, wood and brick are all meticulously detailed and the final effect is stunning.

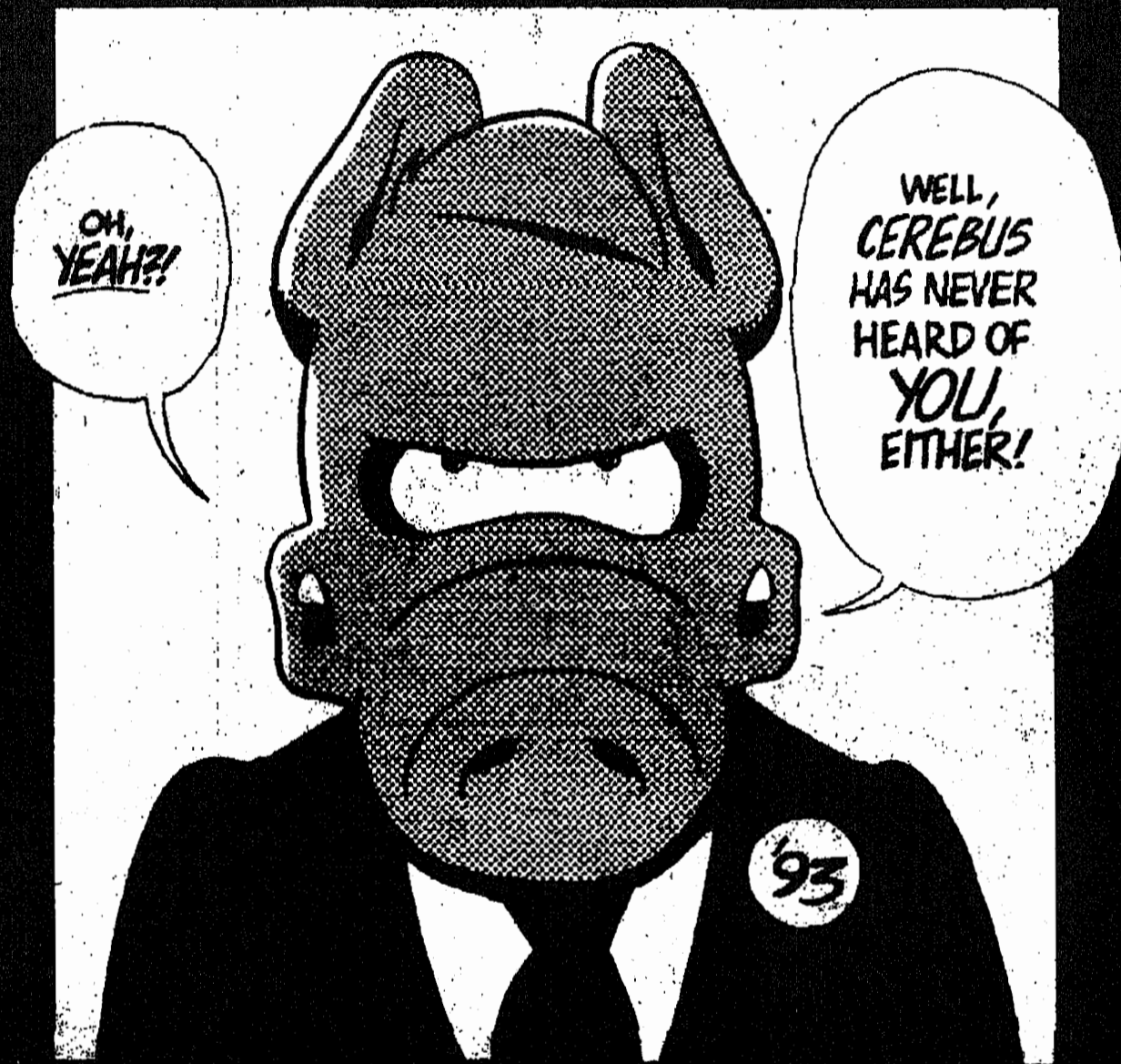
Matching this level of brilliance is the writing - not only is Cerebus a pleasure to look at, it is also a pleasure to read. Such subtle humour is extremely rare not only in comics, but in all books period. Sim draws from many influences and characters based upon Foghorn Leghorn, Yosemite Sam, Groucho Marx, Margaret Thatcher and Oscar Wilde have appeared in previous issues and Sim has also taken a stab at mainstream comics, taking off Punisher, Wolverine, Moon Knight and in this very issue he lampoons Death and the much vaunted Sandman.

I have only one gripe with Cerebus and it is more of an observation than a gripe - the length of the stories in Cerebus isolates new readers. The current story, Mothers and Daughters, started in issue 151 and will continue to issue 200 - a hefty 1,000 pages. However, this is hurdled by the trade paperbacks, more commonly known as phonebooks due to their size. Though expensive, around \$40 each, and numbering 6 so far, the reprint issues 1 - 150 and are a worthy investment.

Hopefully, Cerebus' appearance in Spawn No. 10 and Campaign '93 will bring some more attention to a brilliant comic that deserves much more attention. Cerebus the Aardvark - he's short, grey and covered in fur, and his story his 6,000 pages long. And I intend to read every single one.

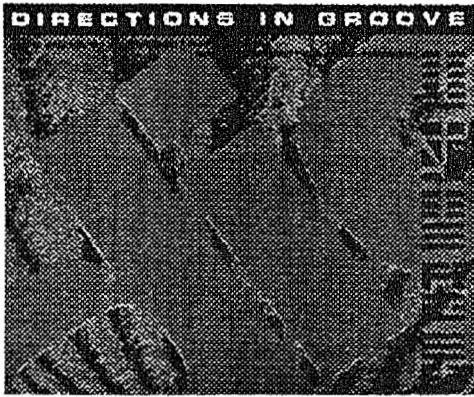
Jeremy Hillman

# CEREBUS



# CAMPAIGN

'93



**Directions in Groove**  
Directions in Groove (DIG)

Directions in Groove is a five-piece band from Sydney. The five main members of the band are "Great" Scott Saunders, "Swingin'" Tim Rollinson, "Big Ricky" Robertson, Terepai "Mr Groove" Richmond and Alexander "The Bass" Hewetson. These guys are bloody brilliant. DIG are Australian Acid Jazz at the best.

Their five track CD oozes smooth chillin' grooves startin' from the evergreen "Re-Invent Yourself" (which *everybody* must have heard by now!) to the slick "Taylor's Cube". "Taylor's Cube" has a very happy beginning with "Big Ricky" goin' off so early and carrying on through the whole track. The keyboard solo has a lot of hype about it and complements the whole track. Excellent use of the rotating speaker sound of the organ. Undoubtedly "Big Ricky" dominates this track. "Sweet Thing" is more of a chilled out slow groovin' track compared with the remaining tracks. The saxophone in the track "Sweet Thing" probably lends itself to the name as it is really mellow and sweet and easily flowing. What makes this track so good is the band's ability to fuse together all of the instruments in harmony creating an amazing melody. Fuckin' Wicked. "Heaven on Earth" is also a very flowing type of track. It has the enchanting voice in the form of Toni Mott singing away. "Big Ricky" Robertson absolutely goes off in this track on the saxes.

This leaves us with the last track "Freezerville". This is one hell of a track with Scott Saunders and Tim Rollinson playing great lead and backing guitar riffs while Robertson plays his sax with great effect. The guitars on this track have a sorta funky edge (ala James Brown). A very funky beat created by Richmond backed up by Hewetson on the bass. This record, overall, is absolutely flawless. To people who have not heard of Acid Jazz, buy this CD and support this DEF Australian Band. Acid Jazz is here, now and very cool. This is a *band* to watch. You must make every use of every opportunity to see them or you will be missing out on something great. They have come up with a few more tracks, some of which were played on "Live at the Wireless" on JJJ some time ago.

**Prakash Sabapathy**

**Live at the Empress**  
Various Artists  
Slipped Discs

The Empress is a snazzy little pub where the locals often congregate for a drink, a

chat and perhaps a game of darts - or at least it would be if it weren't for the likes of the fourteen bands recorded live on this CD transforming it into what must be one of the best sounding bars in North Fitzroy.

Hurdy Gurdy (who were brilliant at the Ned's Atomic Dustbin show a few weeks back) begin this compilation rather auspiciously with "Maniac", managing to occupy a niche somewhere between The Pixies, The Buzzcocks and Sonic Youth, without sacrificing a strong pop sensibility. The Mavis's maintain the high standard with "Squirm", another of the quirky little onslaughts that they're rapidly becoming renowned for. The CD then cascades on, highlighting the talent (and occasionally lack thereof) that is the Melbourne "alternative scene". Other strokes of genius include The Mustard Seeds' beautiful and melodic "Anger", the Sedar Bower's jangly "Fall" and Mutiny's incredibly fun "Blue Light Olympics" which recounts the tale of being unfairly accosted by a battalion of policemen, while hurtling along over a catchy ska tune. Admittedly, *Live at the Empress* is not a perfect compilation, exemplified by Volvox's two contributions which amount to little more than exercises in "being different" - very different.

Few of the bands featured hold back on the guitar effects with The Inked Factor having more pedals than a bike shop. Overall, the sound is *trés* indie, yet, with few exceptions, retains a relative accessibility and sense of humour (e.g. the amusing, but witless "John Farnham is Satan / I don't know how love him"). I know where I'll be headed on my next trip east: Empressland, here we come!

**Michael Osborn**

**Jump They Say**  
David Bowie  
Savage (BMG)

The irrepressible David Bowie - he's been around for so long yet his music hasn't faded away.

His latest offering, "Jump They Say", is another of Bowie's constantly changing music. Sounding a little like his previous work, "Underground", this is an upbeat and fast track but with four different versions - I would not recommend anyone listen to all four in a row (21 minutes in all). The single version is good, as is the Leftfield Remix (dance-like) and at least the four don't sound exactly the same (from pop to acoustic). Also features 2 versions of "Pallas Athena", both very much instrumental tracks.

Already played on late-night rock programs, this is destined to be another Bowie hit.

**Nick Pickard**

**Mouthful of Chicken**  
Roddy Ray'da and da Surfin Caesars  
Shock Records

Roddy Ray'da and da Surfin Caesars consists of past and present members of influential Australian bands - The Scientists, Radio Birdman, The Hoodoo Gurus and the Celibate Rifles. Considering this, the album promises much indeed. One might expect a lot of fre-

netic surf numbers, or many solid and powerful, yet melodious, songs.

Instead the album disappoints. Many songs are drawn out and repetitive, in a guitar boogie, bluesy mould. Piano features on many tracks and missing is the intensity and power that the band's credentials would command. Neither is there much melody. Vocals are powerful and forceful, which invariably succeeds in live performance, but fails to impress on CD.

The Caesars don't cover much interesting subject matter either. The song titles are indicative this. "She's a Wanker", "Gotta Hardon", "Tequila Wipeout" and "Evil Woman in a Miniskirt" show the Caesars to be juvenile - as well as misogynists.

**David Raftery**

## THE ALOOF PURITY



**Purity**  
The Aloof  
Possum  
(licensed from Cowboy Records UK)

The UK progressive House scene seems to be on the downturn of late, descending into deeper, dubbier trance excursions. "Purity", like most local dance releases, was issued some months ago in the UK and therefore reflects the progressive House sounds as it was then, even if this is a rather commercial sounding attempt. The 7" and Full Vocal mixes are formulaic, forgettable cuts, sounding like bad attempts at fusing commercial dance with progressive. The Junior Style Remix is only marginally better with sparse piano jabs and what can only be described as an annoying vocal sample. The saving grace is the D.O.P. (of "Groovy Beat" and "Oh Yeah" fame). "Oh Yeah" mix, given the full 9.11 dub treatment, removing vast chunks of the tacky vocals and sounding far better for it.

Check the B-side though. "On a Mission" is much better without trying half as hard. Although only present in a butchered 3 minute edit, this has always been a better track than "Purity", but don't buy it just for this!

I've never been especially satisfied with Cowboy Records' releases, preferring the Guerilla and German hand trance labels. Ultimately then, this release does little to change my opinion.

**Wayne Grivell**

**"11"**  
Harry Connick Jr  
Sony Music

Released concurrently with his album "25", "11" is another indulgence in the influential New Orleans jazz tradition. Here, he is one among several accom-

plished musicians playing in a trad-jazz ensemble. The contrast between this brash, noisy recording and the introspective "25" could not be more direct or overwhelming.

The young Harry Connick (11 is the age he was at the time of recording) is by no means the star. All players have their moments and contribute equally to the material. Connick, performing even then in his characteristically heavy-handed style, in fact solos only rarely, focusing more on vamping out chords. The contributions of trombonist Jim Duggan, clarinetist Liston Johnson and trumpeter Teddy Riley are far more prominent.

Perhaps the most noticeable difference between this album and others is Connick's voice in the one sung number - "Doctor Jazz" - where he produces a gravelly, deep throated imitation of Louis Armstrong, a far cry from the slick vocal style he now embraces (and it can't just be blamed on his voice breaking!).

Although not generally a fan of trad-jazz, I have to confess a sneaking fondness for this album. It has far more depth than the tired playing of trad bands such as the Dukes of Jazz. This is attributable, firstly, to the diversity of feels - not all pieces are homogeneously bright and happy, but vary from the boisterous rendition of "Sweet Georgia Brown" to slower, gutsier, bluesy numbers such as "Lazy River" and "Tin Roof Blues". Significant, too, is the playing itself. The musicians perform their parts with such lusty enthusiasm that they succeed in breathing life and spice into a form that all too often lacks lustre.

As "11" is an example of an older jazz genre (albeit a good example), it would probably be more suitable as a present for an older relative (mother or grandmother) rather than something the average Uni student would want to own. However, once so purchased for the aforementioned family member, you might find yourself giving it a whirl too.

**Danielle Poulos**

**Eponomous**  
Spice 1  
Jive / BMG

**78% Proof**

For those who didn't check out Spice 1 on his indie EP "Let It Be Known", his second album is a good gauge of this Oakland rapper's potential. Unfortunately, musically he bears an uncanny resemblance to his boys from that area. But fuck, don't get me wrong, he's got the goods to get it goin' on. It's just a bit of individuality that would see him blow up big time on the West Coast. Spice kicks it O.G. style with gangsta rhymes throughout. Lyrically this boy ain't no joke with rhythmic flows that will keep that hardcore crowd tossin' off. This outing includes "I87 Proof" for all you hardcore pissheads. We got "1-800-SPICE" with its kicked on reggae tip (mega dope shite). And of course the rather dopey "Peace to My Nine" which samples George Bush's "One Nation Under a Groove". This is solid all over and would sit nice in any hardcore fan's collection.

**The Colonel**



**Skunkhour**  
Polygram / Beast

The Acid Jazz / Funk scene has taken off, there's no doubt, especially in Sydney and for some unexplained reason, Adelaide. This has, in turn, seen four of Sydney's top funk / acid jazz bands visit Adelaide's clubs recently, one of them being *Skunkhour*. *Skunkhour* are justifiably one of the premier funk bands Australia is offering.

After being slightly disappointed at their live performance, on the 12th and 13th February, I was pleasantly surprised when I first listened to their self-titled CD. Despite being able to pick quite a few flaws in the production side of the album, it's just one of those albums you can't help liking. If you just play it and don't analyse it you will absolutely dig it. It is extremely listenable.

It is hard to explain this album as anything. The closest I could come was sort of mellow funky hip grooves with sibling vocalists Del the rapper and Aya (singer) whose strong voice complements his brother's hammering delivery. Check out "Echidna (One)". Musically, the bass player makes the band whilst the guitarist just sort of sits back and grooves on. The greatest let-down of the band is the guest horn section who tend to sound flat and fail to really complement the sound of the band.

It will be interesting to hear this band after they've ironed out their production problems. They have been enjoying air play on Triple J with "The Sheep of Sam Clamms Disco" which features Kode Blue, rapper with Sound Unlimited as guest rapper, so if you dig this track definitely check the rest of it out.

This album is recommended to those who listen to anything from *Chili Peppers* to *Brand New Heavies*. Check it out, maybe the Australian music scene can be salvaged after all.

**Josh Watkins FMJ**

*Rumours have it that following their support of Galliano in Sydney, Skunkhour impressed Galliano enough for them to pass this on to their record company "Talkin Loud" - and word has it "Talkin Loud" are now expressing some added interest in the band ... You tell me!*

**To Hell with Love**  
Suzanne Rhatigan  
BMG Arista / Ariola

Suzanne has a reputation for being quite a bitch and this has led to numerous failures at securing record contracts. This is her debut single (and she's had plenty

of time to get it right) and it's quite good. This kind of "Get out of my face" style of song suits her pretty well - she sings with emotion and puts in true feeling. The outcome is a song that is exciting and strong with lyrics such as ...

"I'm doing well.

I've got a life to lead.

So go to Hell." ... that make you listen. There are also two remixes - but a remix should be more than a reproduced vocal track, with a slightly different rhythm and bass line. On this CD, they thump out of the speakers, but they're a little too slow for dance tracks and are a bit pointless.

The other track, "Daddy", is a sweet little thing about her missing her Daddy. It's nice, but nothing overly special.

All in all, this CD is strong, well produced and well deserves a listen.

Y

**Shorty Tha Pimp**  
Too Short  
Jive / BMG

82% Proof

For those unaware, Shorty's been out since the old school hip-hop daze on the West Coast. A native of Oakland, Too Short was the main MC to inspire the whole "Oakland Sound" which is very apparent on a few acts on the West Coast (Spice 1, Pooh Man, etc.).

On his latest joint, Shorty comes correct with some very funky shit. This is the album to play when your maxin' at home when you're blazin' some joints or downin' piss. The beats on the whole album are very relaxed and Shorty's distinctive rhyme styles over some funky samples make for a very mellow album. If you're intending on playing this at volume then make sure there aren't any rad-fems within earshot cuz this is one slick pimpin', bad mother-fucka when it comes to the "bitch", "hoe" lyrics. Dopest cuts off "Shorty Tha Pimp" in my opinion are "So You Wanna Be A Gangster" which also appears on the soundtrack to Ernest Dickenson's soon to be released (we hope) movie, "Juice". "In the Truck" which in a way details Shorty's career and also mentions his opinions when it comes to samples of the great James Brown. "Hoes", well, the title sort of sets the scene enough, I think.

All in, Short Dog's album is a well produced, no nonsense gangsta pimp style joint. If you appreciate some good funky music that's good to put on and just bug to you'll love this album. Alternatively, if you are easily offended by sexism and stories of Back Alley Sally, then leave this one well alone.

**The Colonel**

**Sitting by the Phone**  
Unitone Hi-Fi  
Deeppgrooves

I'm not one to totally hate a song when I first hear it, but this one came awful close. It can even take a few listens for a song to grow on me. However, it is with great relief I can say that this one didn't at all.

I haven't the least idea who Unitone Hi-Fi are but in this song they have combined a dance and reggae beat, added

some cute female vocals and slapped a rap bridge in as well. It makes for a repetitive and quite mind-numbing offer that quickly deteriorates after a minute or two. Problem is that's only the first "Airwave Mix". Not happy to leave it lie, they follow it with the Ansaphone Mix, which sounds incredibly like the previous one (no bloody surprise there!). Then we have "Turn Yourself Around", the other song, which, even with different lyrics, sounds uncannily like the main track. Finally, we have a useless instrumental of the main track called the Disconnected Mix.

Now don't get me wrong, right at the start it's actually a little catchy and if you're a Unitone fan then you can eat hearty. But for the rest of us (or is it just me) re-hashing old, puberty-inflicted formulae and teenage pop is not a recipe for success.

Sorry. Next ...!!!

**Craig B.**

**As Always**  
Secret Life  
Cowboy Records

The actual song is good, which is to be expected from a Stevie Wonder song, but the different mixes don't quite do it justice.

The techno mixes get very repetitive as it's just the same sequences over and over again. The Gospel versions are a lot more enjoyable, they seem to add a bit of spice to the song, which is darn poor considering they are supposed to be a techno group.

If you like gospel with a decent beat behind it have a listen, if not - stay away.

**Shaun**

## Ned's Atomic Dustbin - Live

**Ned's Atomic Dustbin**  
Old Lion  
17th March, 1993

The Neds stomped onto stage at the Old Lion to the sweet strains of Vivaldi's Four Seasons and ground straight into "Suave and Suffocated", suffocated being the key word to describe the state of the crowd, who went absolutely mental in suitable fashion. The Old Lion was packed and the crowd was absolutely wild, as you'd expect seeing as how the Neds haven't been here for ages ... the last tour was cancelled halfway through, if I remember right, leaving a hell of a lot of frustrated Neds fans who seemed seriously determined to relieve all their tensions on Wednesday night. The heat, push, press and more than occasional kick down the front just cannot be described - it was great if you were a tall person in steel-capped Docs like me, but not so good if you were a short female like my companion, who I could have sworn started out the gig at the front with me but must have been just swept away. The crowd surfers were up and squashing almost immediately (if I ever catch the fuckers who kicked me in the head they are gone) and the die-hard fans in the Neds t-shirt and shorts were all mouthing the words religiously from the start.

The Neds were in fine, energetic form that night. No. 1 bass man Mat of the Pierced Nose spent the entire gig stomping round stage doing his best pouting, sneering Rock God impersonation (but I forgive him because he truly is a Rock God). Bassist No. 2, Alex and the guitarist, Rat, were both sporting the essential Neds fashion accessories, Alex with an "ABC/DEF/UCK" t-shirt and Rat with his usual "Fuckin' Fuck" t-shirt as well as a guitar artistically decorated with swearwords. Dan the drummer, however, unfortunately spent most of the gig

enveloped behind a cloud, since as well as the heat, there was enough smoke in the place to satisfy a roomful of cigarette addicts.

Five songs into the set and everyone was already soaked through but still bouncing off the wipe-dry walls. It was shirts off and apologies for the physique from Jonn, whose physique actually wasn't that bad and whose singing was pretty damn good, especially so on the newer, more melodic songs. Apart from the odd "Cheers!", which is almost standard regulation for British indie bands, Jonn didn't address the crowd much, but it didn't really matter because everyone was too wiped out by the music to hear. The set included practically all of the songs off of their two albums, "God Fodder" and "Are You Normal?", all played with an energy that's remarkable when you realise they've been on tour for the last two months. Crowd favourites like "Happy", "Not Sleeping Around", "Intact" and "Cut Up" were greeted with enthusiasm by those who still had any breath to make noise, with less well-known ones like "Leg End in His Own Boots" and "Legoland" winning them over too. My only tiny, picky disappointment with the gig was that the tempo seemed a bit restrained on a couple of the songs, in particular on "Grey Cell Green" which is, after all, one of their most popular. You really wanted them to rock out on that one, but they held it in check a bit too much - you kind of feel stupid bouncing up and down slowly ...

After a rather lengthy break ("come back you fuckers, we're not leaving!!!"), the band came back onstage for a final two encores taken off of "God Fodder", including a massive crowd yell-along of their classic, "Kill Your Television" - and everyone even got the timing right! Impressive stuff. "Not fucking around" say the Neds t-shirts. No fucking kidding. An exhilarating and utterly exhausting gig.

**Dez**

## Jelly wrestling with Swoop

Bliss  
Swoop  
Zuluz  
10th March

In the recent past, Sydney band *Swoop* have been categorised as another entity in the acid jazz mould, their name often mentioned in conjunction with Galliano and D.I.G. This is a misleading description. In truth, they are an audience-reactive, funk-fusion outfit possessing an immense capacity to amuse and dazzle with their onstage antics and musical skills.

The venue for this performance was Zuluz which has now been renamed "151 Melbourne St". To their credit, the management of 151 Melbourne St are out to encourage the growth in the jazz / funk / dance crossover forms featuring in recent weeks D.I.G. as well as booking *Swoop* for three nights. It was therefore a shame that the Friday night performance (a last minute decision) was hardly publicised at all, leaving *Swoop* to play to a very subdued atmosphere. *Swoop* are so good that they deserve a crowd and it is probable that many more would have come on the Friday if they had known about it. Another difficulty with the evening was that upon my arrival at 11.00 pm the preceding act, *Bliss*, hadn't even started. Call me square, but I think that an 11.30 pm commencement for the support act is a bit late for a Wednesday night. There is such a thing as the nine o'clock lecture that some of us have to contend with.

*Bliss* proved to be a well-chosen support. Their music, a blending of hip-hop, heavy funk and dance was similar enough to *Swoop* to appeal to the audience, but not so close as to steal their thunder. The lineup featured two DJs (one does the scratchy sounds and some vocals, the other is the lead vocalist / rapper), guitar, keyboards, bass and



**Silly hats and silly glasses, that's Rock'n'Roll I guess**

drums plus woven into this essentially live sound were sequenced keyboard and drum patterns. Particularly noticeable were Michael Miessur's wah / distorted guitar; David McCann's groovesome piano and lead vocalist Paul Malandain's energetic rapping. Their performance was generally very together except for the odd technical glitch. These occasions were handled with great aplomb, Paul Malandain producing rap poetry on the spot ("This is a rap off the top of my head, the top of my head..." etc, etc) and the rest of the band wildly improvising.

Their wit was also evident in one of the evening's highlights - a song called "Silk", a rap set over a repeating keyboard pattern that sounded suspiciously like Elton John's "Song for Guy". It's amazing what a different context can do - it was actually quite listenable!

A final word on *Bliss* - they are natives of Adelaide, in fact, the only South

Australian example of this type of music and deserve commendation for fashioning original quality music in creative isolation.

Presently *Swoop* blasted their way onto the stage (Note: subtlety is a foreign concept with this band). Roland Kapferer (resident band clown, masquerading as the lead vocalist / rapper), resplendent in silly Uncle Sam hat, announced to us that he was "a man possessed by the funk". His combination of vitality and sheer lunacy ensured that the band were just as fun to watch as they were to groove to and, in fact, most songs appeared to be designed to accommodate a Roland-inspired comic interlude somewhere in their midst. All members appeared to be enjoying themselves and were, at various times, hopping around the stage with as much vigour as young Roland (especially the keyboardist who, it was proclaimed, could "shake it" like the

great James Brown).

Technically, they were very tight - "slaves to the rhythm", so to speak. Their very infectious groove varied in tempo from the more laid back "Everybody loves the sunshine" (their single, currently getting airing on Triple J) to the absolute frenzied. The latter type dominated the evening, but that is to be expected as this band is primarily dance-oriented - to simply stand and listen to them would be a great crime. Songs were quite simple in form (if not in instrumentation) using many repetitive refrains like "Do that thing!!", etc. From the beginning it was apparent that all the instrumentalists were accomplished players.

Alex Hewetson's bass added a fluidity to the complicated rhythms, while keyboard player "Special" Robert was noticeable with his funky, honky piano riffs. "Future Shock's" percussion especially on Conga and Toms, was a driving rhythmic force, although not always used to its maximum impact. Compliments must go to female vocalist Fiona T'akamoika. She brought polish and an unexpected sweetness to the musical madness. The audience took full advantage of the room at Zuluz to dance, move, shake - just party generally.

In conclusion, to those who are even remotely interested in funk or dance-related styles, *Swoop* are worth seeing. In both musical and entertainment terms, they definitely deliver. They come to Adelaide relatively frequently, so catch them next time they visit.

*Danielle Poulos*

*Note: April is shaping up to be a very groovesome month with other well-known dance bands - D.I.G., Juice and Skunkhour all coming to the Cargo Club over the mid-semester break. Watch out for them in the gig guide...*

## Student Radio Guide, Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> April

**2:30 Andrew Fisher**...Andy's been working fervently around the clock to secure yet another rivetting interview...this weeks show will include a discussion about dreams with a member of the Carl Jung Society. Surreal.

**3:30 The Young Music Show** is a show about the local Adelaide music scene - including interviews with, and songs by, Adelaide bands. (Presented by Cathi Voskulen and Jane Harvey.)

**4:30 The Environment Show** tackles important green issues with gusto.

**5:30 This may be the last time Stuart and Max's Radio Show** appears on Student Radio...ring them up and tell them how much you'd like them to stay on. Please. (With Jeremy Mackinnon and Stuart Symons).

**6:30 Current Affairs:** They're bound to have some juicy news items to report on by Sunday.

**7:00 Donald and Beverly Rock Adelaide** feature an interview with ex-Go Between Amanda Brown, now of **Cleopatra Wong**, and hopefully that previously promised interview with Paul Duncan from **Smudge**...and ....loads of new releases to play.

**8:30 Jo Mills and Marica Ilich** present an hour of world and experimental music. This week they get you groovin' with the cool sounds of Acid Jazz. hmmmmmm.

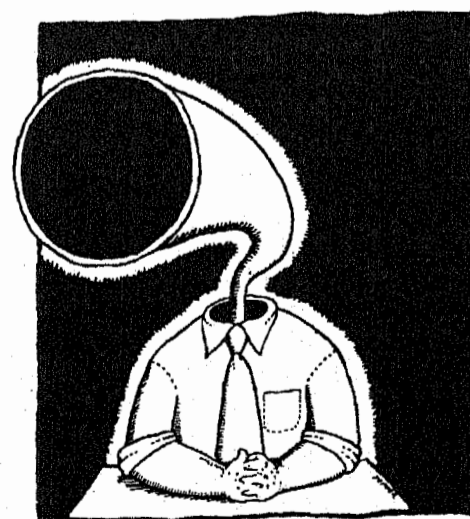
**9:30 The Byrne Sessions** presented by Peter Byrne. Peter's cryptic description of his show this week has confused many. Who knows what he's going to do. He continues to astound us.

**10:30 Lets talk about it:** Talkback with **Virgil Thomas** and **Wakahiri Hemingway**. Last fortnight's show left Wakahiri and Virgil contemplating 'is it all really worth it? Doesn't anyone appreciate that we are alive?' Don't let

them down this time. Ring them up and talk to them. Show them you care...phone 2233699.

**11:30 The Human Jukebox** returns for it's third public airing. Andrew Matison and Andrew Griffin bring you an hour of subconscious mind bending music. After exorcising the ghost of Andrew Griffith from the halls of Student Radio, this week is destined to bring an even more bizarre range of music. Watch out for Henrietta Collins (aka Henry Rollins) as promised.

Student Radio is on every Sunday from 2:30 pm till 12:30 am on 5UV, 531 am.



give me noise  
Student Radio  
5UV 531AM  
Sundays 2:30pm-12:30am



## Calling all Writers ...

Are you looking for recognition, understanding and full creative expression? Come out of the woodwork and share your souls in the classic Bohemian environment - somewhere where Henry Miller, Jack Kerouac and Lord Byron might frequent - probably a plush, Parisian Left Bank apartment with an all night liquor store down the street and a mechanical typewriter on every corner. But why go to Europe for the atmosphere when you've got the Literary Society Writers Group (right here in Adelaide). Whatever your passion, we'll take you seriously. Through informal meetings, friendly outings and intensive brainstormings, we'll create a network of talent where you'll always feel at home. If you want to be a part of it, come to an introductory meeting on Friday, 26th March, 1.00 pm at the North Dining Rooms.

## Dramatic Affairs Theatre Co.

All university students interested in joining a new theatre club to present productions or expose new scripts please come to our Inaugural General Meeting. It will be held on Tuesday, 30th March at 1pm in the Backstage Cafe. All welcome!

## Country Students

This Thursday, 1st April, come to the UniBar at 5 pm for a few drinks and meet some fellow country students! Any queries, contact Suzanne McCourt at the Students' Association on 228 5406 or at home on 362 3079.

## To Sell

Mac Classic. Includes over 30 meg. of top software. Only \$2500 o.n.o. Contact On dit. ASAP.

**Students for Animal Liberation** will be holding its AGM on Monday, 29th March at 1.15 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. All welcome.

## Lab Coats for Sale

All sizes and more. Factory fresh. Only \$17, phone Rob 332 1259 after hours. The cheapest in town.

## Cliffs of Blue

New theatre company, Beloved & Crazy's premiere production is "Cliffs of Blue", written and directed by drama graduate Angela Nicholls and performed as part of the JustArts Festival. See it at the Lion Theatre Bar 1, 2, 3 April at 7 pm. Tickets available from the SAUA or at the door: \$7 or \$5 conc.

## No Sweat

The Sports Association is seeking the services of a student to assist with the production of its newsletter No Sweat. Duties will include information gathering from Clubs, preparation - including writing of articles, layout with assistance from SA staff. Additional information can be obtained from the Sports Association. Written applications should also be lodged at the Sports Association office by 8 April 1993.

**Careers Newsletter** now available from Careers and course advice centre. Contains information about employers visiting this campus. Don't miss this opportunity to meet some graduate employers. Australian Public Service Talks begin 29 March!! Collect your newsletter from the careers and course advice centre, level 4, Wills building.

## Swimming Club Meeting

Are you interested in swimming, triathlons, life saving? Don't miss the meeting on Thursday, 1st April at 1.10 pm in the North Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building. Enquiries to Heather, 332 9459.

**The Adelaide University Science Fiction Association** wishes to advise that its Annual General Meeting shall be held at 4 pm on the Union Gallery Balcony. All positions up for nomination. All members welcome.

## Snudemenco - The Comedy Club

Tuesday, 30th March, 2 pm - 5 pm, Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building. Videos including Red Dwarf, Blackadder, Ripping Yarns and Monty Python.

## Snude nigE

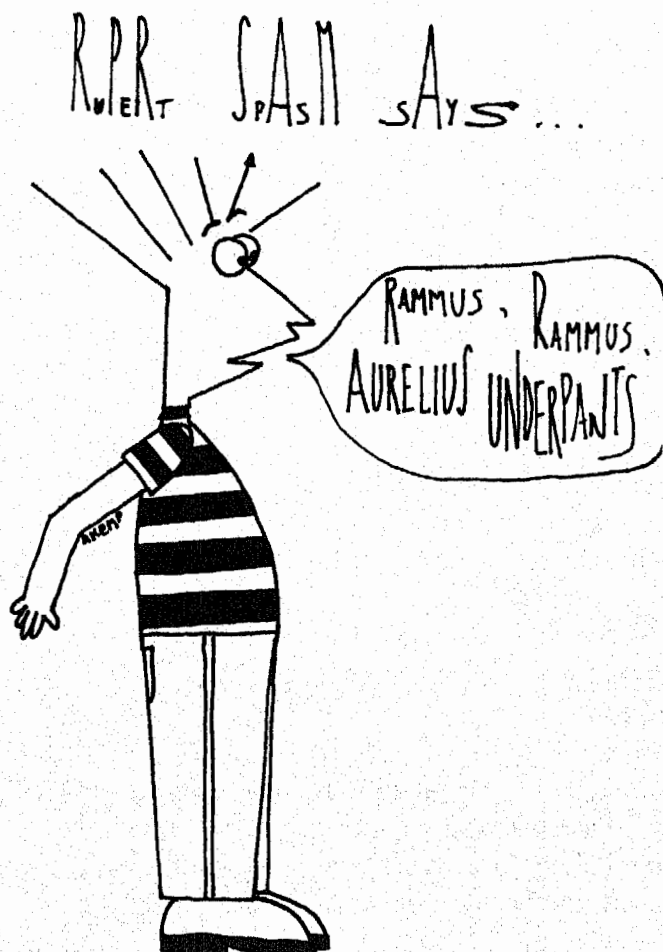
AU GERMAN CLUB presents: THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL HISTORIC BUILDINGS OF THE SOUTHERN VALES, TOUR. On **Sunday April 4th** starting at 10am from the Uni Cloisters, for the comprehensive price of \$14 members and \$16 non members (membership inclusive). Tickets (30 only) available from Gill Schach contact Law; ph 2785467 Alex Webling contact; German Rosie Barr contact; Education (Schulz building 9th floor)

## Russian Club

Meeting on 1 April at 4.00 pm in Meeting Room 1, Union Building, Level 4. Everybody is welcome.

**Shakespeare's "As You Like It"** presented by Parting company. April 15-17, 20-24 Bookings at BASS or SAUA

**Because we're Generation X'ers we don't care about this blank space. Bored, bored, bored...**



## Production Notes

On dit is the weekly newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control (pity about their budget), although opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

**Editors:** Fiona Dalton, George Safe, and Richard Vowles.

**Advertising Manager:** Sam Maiden

**Typesetting:** Sharon (the Boss) Middleton

**Freight:** Adam LeNevez & Sonja Tomas

**Sticky bits:** Darien O'Reilly

**Thanks:** Jason for the Cover, Rohan, David, and Adam for your help on Saturday, Danielle Poulos, Happy 21<sup>st</sup> Lisa, Daniel for being a big spunk (Happy 21<sup>st</sup>), Tim, Angus, Bethany (we miss you already, thanks for the phone call). Student Radio for keeping us entertained, Jesse and Lorien for company + Road Panty visits. Everyone we've forgotten.

**Get well:** Jo.

**No thanks and fuck off:** The arrogant wanker who stuck the copy of the crap poem to our door. Why should we print something you submit at 11:00 on a Sunday night when our deadline is 5pm Wednesday Arsehole. The "tabloid journalist" who got Brenda off the hook and made everyone like her again, it's enough to make you sick. 90210 Sucks!



**ON A SHOESTRING**  
SAMELA HARRIS

# TASTE LESS

The Union Bistro  
Fried Food • Limp Salads • Good Prices  
Level 4 Union House

## Quick Tucker is Good Tucker.

As everybody knows, a good feed of fast food can be either a culinary delight or an unmitigated disaster. This depends on what is ordered, where from and your state of mind at the time of ordering. As more and more outlets are opening up to exploit our passion for fast food, the market is becoming more and more competitive. A wider market means a wider choice for us, the consumers, thus forcing the pacy comestible places to come up with marketing strategies designed to catch the eye and the gut. Unfortunately this increased competition has a dark side reminiscent of Adelaide as a whole.

Tales of huge financial incentives used to lure short order cooks from one chain to another are becoming more and more commonplace. Extortion is running rife with some people too scared to eat anywhere else but their "local" fish and chip shop/pizza palace/chicken den etc. due to the pressure placed upon them by the heavies. Promises of free delivery turn out to be as empty as the pizza box. This is due to the hijacking of the pimply 16 year old delivery person by specially employed stand over thugs from rival firms. On the lighter side, the sight of three different teams of thugs having a "how do you do" over a medium anchovy and corn pizza is definitely worth the effort to see.

Marketing strategy initiatives have become more and more ingenious with corresponding increases in advertising expenditure. This can only be good for the economy as a whole, perhaps we can fast food our way out of the recession and provide a beacon of hope for the world. Little nerf footies abound in proliferation around the major "burger" chains. All the local shops can use is incentive and an innovative approach to delivery. This is best exemplified by Judy's Punchy Pizza Parlour who deliver your pizza within a half hour and then proceed to put on a politically correct puppet show in the comfort of your own lounge room. This is a big hit with the folk who touch the root of all evil. Judy's has a range of shows available to suit any occasion. Sunnydale Chicken Ranch deliver your hot packs as well as a free magazine of your choice. The list is evergrowing.

As yet, most of these tucker huts are known only to those with their ear to the ground so in order to give you the information necessary to make an informed choice, we have compiled a list of various but not necessarily the best shops around.

## The Elvis Presley Pizza Bar

As the name suggests, The Elvis Pizza Bar pays homage to the so-called King himself. All waiters/ chefs/ delivery folk are graduates of "The Colonel Parker College for Aspiring Elvis Presley Impersonators" located in Memphis. All had to be in the top 1% of their class to be considered for the Pizza Bar. The pizzas are not your ordinary garden variety round pizzas but moulded according to the size desired. These moulds were taken from the original body casts of Elvis. The food also pays homage to Elvis with the pizzas coming in three sizes: 1- **The Swivelling Fifties**. This corresponds to the medium size available in other Pizza Bars. The variety ordered defines the song that is sung by the waiter etc.

2- **The Sensational Sixties**. Large in the idiom of other Pizza Bars. The Sensational Sixties offers the added bonus of receiving an acting Karaoke stage kiss with the delivering Elvis (which is recorded on film for your everlasting pleasure) as well as hearing a timeless tune.

3- **The Glittering Seventies** Extra large or party size depending on your preference. The Glittering Seventies has an extra helping of fries, barbiturates and burgers as a free bonus.

The E.P.P.B has a dedicated staff with an ongoing stage show that is very true to the original. Closing time is announced by the discovery of one of the waiters in the bathroom.

Rating \*\*\*\* Food \*\*\* Entertainment. Free delivery available.

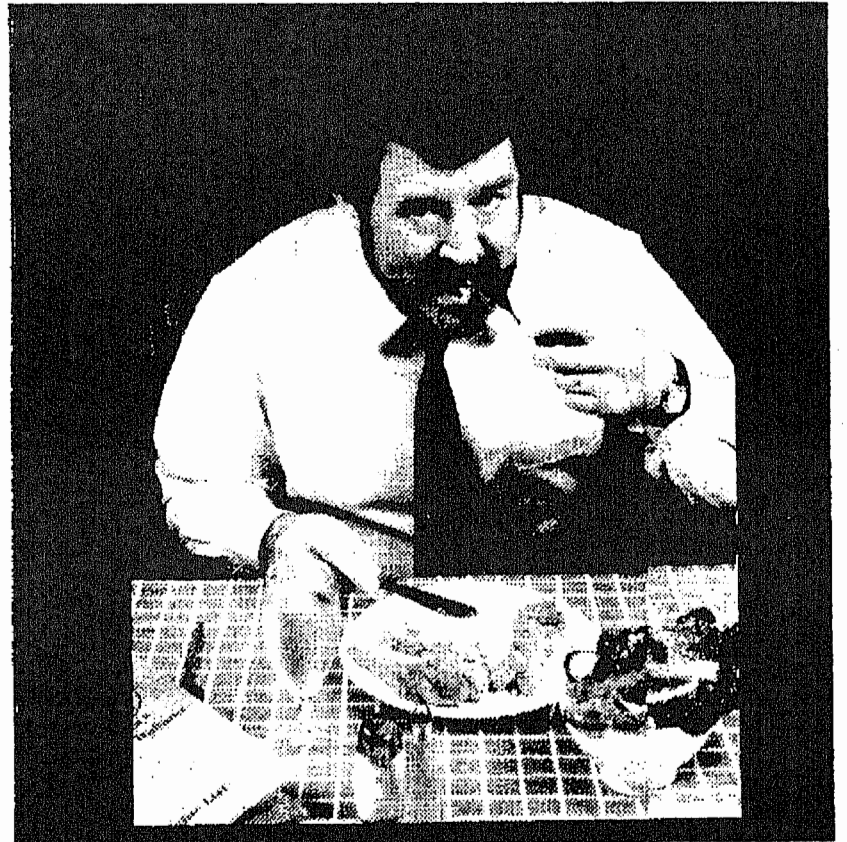
## The Dr. John Hewson Burger Bar

The John Hewson Burger Bar is run as a sideline by John to try to keep his finger on the pulse of life and public opinion. John (or simply Doc as he prefers to be called) keeps a low profile with this as, "I'm only doing it for the kids" as he so aptly puts it. A full range of burgers are available with all the usual sidelights apart from chips and drinks. The burgers are made fresh using only free range meat, eggs and imported salad materials. John could be onto a winner and set himself neatly if only he abolished the dry zone. The only problem is that the Doc tells you what you want in your burger and you have to like it or else.

Rating \*\* Food \*\*\*\* Entertainment. No delivery here.

## Andy Warhol's Soup Kitchen

This quaint little soup kitchen is decorated superbly. Resembling his apartment in New York after a hard nights carousing, the Soup Kitchen is unreasonably priced yet glamorous. All soups are hand opened then used as



**Fettucine Alla Panna & a Sex Crime, You Beauty!**

Pop Art thus making it doubly attractive. Buy and eat some Art at the same time. All fittings are original. The Soup Kitchen is run by the world's most lifelike novelty, talking, inflatable Andy Warhol doll. The jukebox is a big drawcard with all VU and Nico records in attendance. Unfortunately a tin of Campbell's Chicken Broth can fetch up to \$15,000 on a quiet night so get that loan approved before going.

Rating 1/2\* Food \*\*\*\*\* (depending on choice) Entertainment. No delivery

## Hinch's Hut of Shame and Pasta

For pasta at a reasonable price, for pasta with no corruptive influences (ie preservatives), for pasta served with a self-righteous, indignant and holier-than-thou style look no further than Hinch's. Every course comes with a choice of diatribe. You can choose from dole-bludgers, sexual deviants lurking in every churchyard, extortionist mechanics/builders etc. just a good ole poke at the polities. Hinch's is the place to go if you're feeling self-important and loud. A soapbox instead of a chair is provided for all and sundry; this lessens the gaps between pontifications. Great entertainment value.

Rating \*\* 1/2 Food \*\*\*\* Cringe Value. Delivery is via an ice-cream van sans jingle plus speech.

## Marconi's

First time, everytime, you can rely on this gourmet establishment to stuff up your order. When you order that croissant with cheese and salad, you'll end up with a mortadella and tomato foccacia, or maybe even a va-

nilla slice. However, if you're vegetarian, you'll still get your croissant with cheese and salad, only ham or similar flesh will be hidden in the middle. Sneaky buggers.

Feeling lucky, punk? Here's the dictionary of Marconi's Speak to get you through that difficult first order:

Salad roll - Lettuce and cheese sandwich

Sandwich/roll, no butter - Sandwich/roll, lots of butter

Flat white - Cappuccino (and vice versa)

I could go on, but you get the idea. Don't let these little quirks in the service put you off though - Marconi's is Rundle Street's finest institution and, hey, you can always eat half of it, then take it back and ask for your original order.

Rating Variable Food \*\*\*\*\* Entertainment. No delivery apart from somewhat whimsically named table service.

This is only a small list but one with a little bit of everything. Try until you find that establishment that is just right for you.