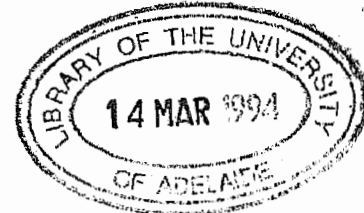


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# ON DIT

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

Volume 62 Number 3 7 March 1994  
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# Promoting the SAUA

One of the priorities of the Students' Association for this year will be the promotion of the services they provide. Wary of a change in Federal government come next election and the possible introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU), student representative groups around the country are looking for ways to convince their members that they are indispensable organisations.

Official SAUA policy rejects any move towards VSU. The VSU initiative is seen as a direct and fundamental attack on student services. If the Hewson/Bishop/Costello/whoever Liberals gain office and push for VSU, the only chance of it being rejected will be if students denounce the policy firmly, surely, and with one voice.

Herein lies the problem. Students can only rally to the defence of student

services if they know what those services are. And ignorance about what services the SAUA and the Union provide is widespread. Some students do not actually know where the SAUA office is located and simply do not know about the Work Action or accommodation boards there. They may not even be aware that the SAUA is the publisher of *On Dit*.

As a representative body much of the SAUA's work is of a preventative nature. Thus, the results are not immediately tangible: this is not to say that the work that is done is not vital.

Ignorance of the services and representation they provide is what the Students' Association is fighting against, but so far with minimal or no success. The past week saw the introduction of a SAUA notice board in the Barr Smith Library, bearing photos and job de-

scriptions of each of the office bearers. We have been included on that board, much to our disgruntlement (we had enough of our pictures being up around campus last year during election week).

The criticism to make about the SAUA notice board in the Library, however, is that it is an empty gesture. Acquainting the general student body with the faces of their elected representatives (which is already done via the *On Dit* SAUA page anyway) will serve no useful purpose. Some students may recognize who's who, but no one in their right mind is going to stop an office bearer in their tracks around campus to quiz them over their policies and how accountable they are. Student representation doesn't work like that.

What is far more crucial than promoting office bearer's faces (which change from year to year anyway) is

acquainting students with the services available to them. One excellent service the SAUA provides is cheap photocopying - but, as long waiting queues in the Barr Smith would testify, it is a service with which too few students are familiar. Why not drop photocopying rates by a few cents for a limited time? This would provide strong incentive for students to find out where the SAUA is. Once they are inside the office, then they can also find out about the range of other services available - the work action boards, the accommodation boards, assistance with grievances etc. The *services* need to be promoted, not the faces of student politicians.

Love and happiness to you all,  
David, Tim and Lorien

## Production Notes

*On Dit* is the weekly newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control, although opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

### Editors:

Lorien Kaye  
David Mills  
Tim Gow

### Advertising Manager:

Maddie Shaw

### Typesetting:

Sharon Middleton  
Sam Maiden

### Cover photo:

Dominic Lian

### Freight:

Simon Lee

### Printer:

Cadillac Colour Web

### We couldn't do without:

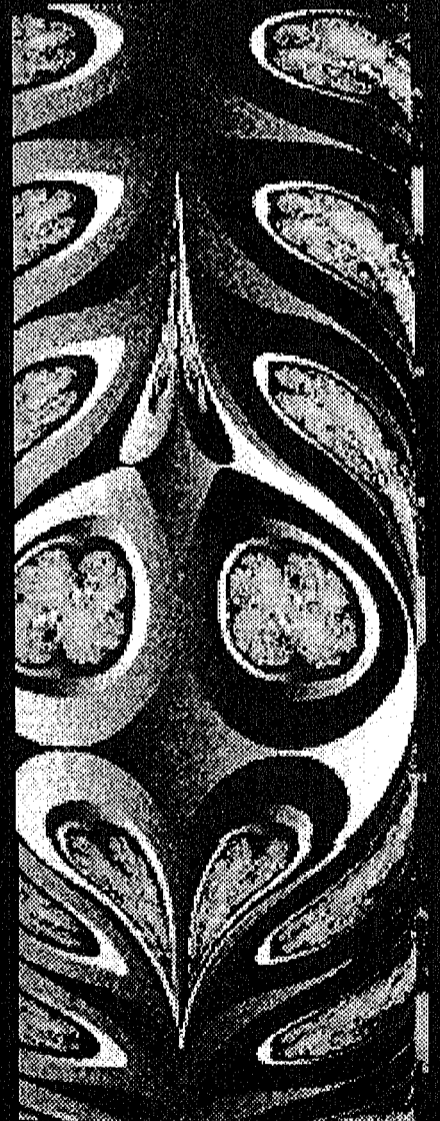
Maddie Shaw, Jocelyn Fredericks, Adam LeNevez, George Safe for bromiding above and beyond the call of duty, Nikki Anderson, Fiona Dalton, Mark Nicholls, Matt Deaner, Josh Kennedy-White, Dominic Lian, Ali Field, Sam Dixon, and last (but never least) Jo'Anna Finlay. Thanks for taking good care of us.

## Getting involved

in *On Dit* is a good thing. Post us your contributions (University of Adelaide, North Terrace Campus, Adelaide 5000), or drop them into the office or the contributions box in the SAUA. Our office is located downstairs in the George Murray building. Our phone numbers are 303 5404 and 223 2685.

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# O'Week

It would appear that this year's O'Week has been a financial success in addition to being enjoyable. In short, the SAUA reaped a whopping \$5000 - \$6000 profit. The bar also made quite a lot of money, which is encouraging (my feeling is that this was due to the installation of two new pinball machines up the back). During the week I spoke to one of the O'Week directors, Ali Field. She said that there were a number of reasons why O'Week was so successful. First among these was the fact that the O'Ball sold out, picking up about 2000 spectators. This event is very important to the success of any O'Week; if the O'Ball is unsuccessful it basically ruins any chance of the rest of the week making any money. Field also pointed to the

success of other events during O'Week. The Popeye cruises were successful as usual, and the event was also able to obtain a healthy quantity of sponsorship money. The O'Hop also did well, attracting about 300 people. Another bonus was the fact that very little of the food provided for the week was wasted. The absence of any food surplus meant there was no unnecessary expenditure. All in all, there were no real financial errors, although most of the credit for the healthy financial showing, of course, can be attributed to the popularity of the event. Hopefully, this popularity will continue to characterise campus social events.

Tim Gow

# Waite campus

Last Friday a meeting was held for all interested parties to finalise a 'wish list' of features for the proposed Waite Union building - now in its initial planning stage. The meeting was attended by relevant members of Union staff, Presidents of both the Postgraduate and Undergraduate Waite Student bodies as well as members of the Union's executive. While the meeting achieved what it was supposed to by identifying all possible needs for Waite students and staff, it also highlighted the less than adequate conditions students face at this campus and the difficulties the Union has in solving them in the near future.

Waite students now number around 500 and this will expand to approximately 600 in the next few years. Yet, for as long as there has been a University campus at the Waite, students have gone without a refectory, a bar, meeting rooms for clubs and societies, offices for student office bearers and other facilities that make life at a campus more enjoyable and diverse.

Waite students have long perceived the need for a Union building, as have both last year's and this year's Union Boards. By committing up to \$500 000 of student money to the facility, to be met by an equal amount from both the University and the CSIRO and other non-University bodies (all of whom also saw the need for

a student/staff facility), board was confident that work would begin on the building this year. However, this is now looking less realistic due to unforeseen delays.

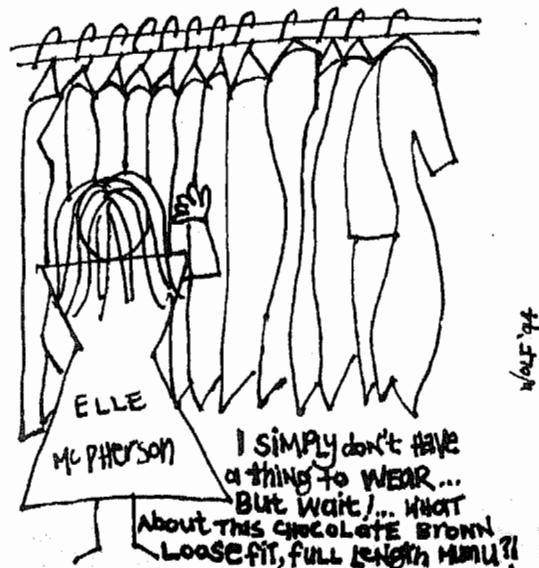
Delays have come from local residents (living near the campus) lodging injunctions preventing building at the initial site (an alteration to the existing library facility) as well as lodging appeals when their case was initially defeated. Many of their concerns were of an aesthetic nature. After a lengthy court process, building work on the new library could proceed, freeing up the area for the proposed Union building. However, a potential change in the University's plans may lead to the location being completely changed to a new site upon existing glasshouses (next to the library).

While the Union has provided its funding up front, at Friday's meeting it was revealed that the University has yet to gain a solid commitment from the CSIRO and other bodies. Not an optimistic discovery.

Surely it is time for the University and others to make a practical commitment to this project and ensure that students who are yet to receive the relative "luxury" of an eating facility with tables and chairs can feel that something positive is being done and that one day they may enjoy the benefits of a student facility similar to that at North Terrace.

Matt Deaner

## THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN



# Clubs meeting

On the agenda for the next Clubs Association meeting (this Friday at 1pm in the Union Cinema) is the disaffiliation of the TAEFL club.

TAEFL is a form of Ancient Scandinavian Chess, and the club was initially affiliated to the CA towards the end of last year. At the time of affiliation, the TAEFL club president, Ken Simpson, also attempted to affiliate two other clubs to the CA: The Simpsons Appreciation Society and The Illuminatus Club. Simpson was also involved last year with the controversial production *Eye Among The Blind*, which has since become defunct.

The application for affiliate status of both the Simpsons Appreciation Society and the Illuminatus Club was rejected by Clubs Association Council. Since that time, however, various questions have been raised regarding TAEFL club practices. It is alleged that, in order to provide the Clubs Association with the

names of 10 members in order to gain affiliate status (and thus, funding), the TAEFL club provided the CA executive with false membership lists. Some names of students on the TAEFL list do not appear on student records in the departments in which they are supposedly studying. More worrying, Clubs Association president David Moxham has been contacted by various students whose names have "appeared" on the TAEFL contact list without their consent.

Further prompting the disaffiliation push is the TAEFL club's outstanding account with the Union. Moxham informed *On Dit* that the TAEFL club has \$140 still due in photocopying fees at the Students' Association Office.

The disaffiliation motion must be voted on by the Clubs Association Council at Friday's meeting. Moxham is anticipating that the motion will pass as a formality.

David Mills

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# OSA

As you may see from the name, the Overseas Students' Association is a peak representative body to protect rights and interests of international students at the University of Adelaide

The OSA is always prepared to listen to problems and grievances that international students face. If appropriate, the OSA representatives in various university committees will bring the issue to the attention of parties involved.

We strongly believe that the OSA is the most effective channel to ensure that

international student rights be represented and their voices heard.

The OSA consists of a group of dedicated Executive committee members:  
 President: San Nee Chin  
 Education and Welfare VP: Justine Vaz  
 Activities Vice-President: Vasu Sardar  
 Secretary: Sharon Yee  
 Treasurer: Sheon Leong  
 Publications Editor: Teng Hwang Tan

Of course, preserving and protecting international students is not the only objective of the OSA. We have a group

of dynamic Activities Standing Committee members who are always brainstorming among themselves in order to initiate many interesting social activities that may encourage better formal and informal relationships between international students from all cultural and ethnic backgrounds. Therefore, please keep an eye on OSA upcoming activities and be part of the team.

All the best for the year.  
 San Nee Chin  
 President

# PGSA

## Postgraduate Welcoming Night

Every year in March, the Postgraduate Students' Association (PGSA) welcomes both new and returning postgraduates to the University with a big, bright colourful social event. This year the Welcoming Night will be held on Saturday 19 March, in the Union Bar area, and will include two bands, a free barbecue, free wine-tasting, free beer (within reasonable limits!) and children's activities, all for a low \$3.00.

As this year is the year of the family,

the entertainment is aimed at the entire range of postgraduate ages and tastes. To cater for families, the evening will begin early (4.30pm) and will include children's activities, supervised by professional child-carers. Parents can either leave their children with the carers, or bring them into the main function area.

The two bands for the night are the Fabulous Fruitbatz and Fishtrap Trio. The Fabulous Fruitbatz describe themselves as "urban acoustic funk-punk

hillbilly pop". Fishtrap Trio are a four-piece instrumental band who describe their act as "circus music runs away from the circus!"

The PGSA are grateful to The South Australian Brewing Company (brewers of West End and Hahn Ice beers) and Richmond Grove wines, who are sponsors for the event. You'll need to buy your tickets ahead of time, at the PGSA Office or the Union Office, as there will only be a small number of tickets available at the door.

## Women's Calendar

### March

#### Tuesday 8

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY!!  
 Women On Campus Pancake Brunch, The Cloisters, 10am-12.  
 Suffragette procession and reading from *Herland*, Barr Smith Lawns, 12.45.  
 Tracy Bartram, comedian, Little Theatre, 1pm FREE!

#### Thursday 10

Women's Radio 5EBI, 3pm.

#### Friday 11

Netball Superleague, Powerhouse.

#### Saturday 12

IWD march, festival and dance. Meet Victoria Square 10.30, march to Rymill Pk.  
 Dance Woodville Town Hall 8pm.

#### Saturday 12 / Sunday 13

Surf Life Saving SA Junior State Champs, Pt. Noarlunga

#### that was then...

7th March 1959. First women members elected to SA Parliament, Joyce Steele and Jessi Cooper.

CAR MAINTENANCE • YOGA • SEWING •  
 PHOTOGRAPHY • POTTERY • MASSAGE •  
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 • DRAWING • PHOTOGRAPHY • PUBLIC  
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 THE BEACH • BALLROOM DANCING • WINE  
 APPRECIATION • FOLK ART • HOME BREW-  
 ING • CANDLEMAKING • PAINTING • POT-  
 TERY IN ONE NIGHT •

all of these short courses are available at student friendly prices & times at the studio on level 4 of the union building. we also print t shirts, have haircuts for \$10, look after the darkroom for the photography club, have a badgemaking machine and stuff to make banners, and in general are very versatile. so call in & pick up a brochure, or ring 303 5857. Sherry & Helen work there and the studio is open most days from 10-6.



# The Women's Room

- is located downstairs at the western end of the cloisters
- has tea and coffee facilities
- has beds
- has a study room
- has sexy brown decor
- is available for all women to use

*Come down and chat, rest, study or escape for a little while!*



E.V.P  
Suzanne McCourt

Well, it was a hectic but brilliant O'Week, but that is finally over now, and life can get back to relative normality. Thanks to everyone who helped out, it was great fun.

**Country Students Club**

Last Wednesday night we had a great pub night at the British Hotel. Lots of people came, and lots of acquaintances were made. This was the first 'event' for the soon-to-be club, so if you missed out hopefully there will be lots more throughout the year. If anybody is interested in joining or even better, helping out with the club, please come and see me. This group will only be as good as what its members make of it, so if you've got any time at all, then volunteer it!

Thanks to the people who helped out in O'Week, some weren't even country students! Oh yeah, if you can think of a better name than that would be great; the name Country Students Club is severely lacking in creativity. **Student Guide to Grievance Procedures**

Bec and I have been working on a summarised 'student friendly' version of the proposed new grievance procedures for the University. The current procedures for students to make a complaint about any academic matters within the University are not concise and are lacking in detail. The new procedures will hopefully address these problems.

The procedures have not yet completed the process of acceptance by University committees, so are not yet in place.

**Shuttle Bus from Roseworthy to Gawler**

It has been brought to our attention that the previously free, University supplied shuttle bus between Roseworthy and Gawler is soon going to cost students and staff \$1 each way. This may not sound like a lot, but considering many users have caught the train from Adelaide, travel expenses will become huge. Many students choose not to live on campus at Roseworthy simply because they cannot afford it, and so live in Adelaide or Gawler. These are the people that will be the hardest hit by the charge. For somebody trying to live on Austudy, \$10 a week extra for transport is a hell of a lot of money! We'll keep you posted on what is happening about this charge.

**Housing Project**

The SAUA will be working to set up

a Community Housing Association for students. This will require a lot of time and effort, but will mean housing that will be available to students at low costs, suit our needs, and will be controlled by a Board, mainly consisting of students.

If you are interested in being involved in this project, please come and see me.

Well that's about all for this week. One more thing, if you think the SAUA should be looking into an issue, or taking up a project of importance to students, then tell us! We are only human and can only know of issues that are brought to our attention, however that may be. So if you are irate about something or interested in any issues and you think we can do something about it, then come in or call.

There will be a special meeting of SAUA Council on Tuesday March 8 at 6pm. This will be to discuss proposed changes to SAUA regulations on poster policy. All students are encouraged to attend the meeting. It will be held in the chapel, Lady Symon Building (opposite the Union office).



Environment Officer  
Anita Butler

**Bike Awareness Day**

Wednesday 9th March (this Wednesday)

Ride your bike to Uni on this day, even if you usually don't, and help raise awareness about cyclists and the problems they face.

8.30 - 9.30am BIKE 'N' BREAKFAST

- Outside Wills Refectory

\$1 cycle walk or bus with SAUA cup

\$1.50 cycle walk or bus

\$2 if you sinfully drive

11am BIKE MAINTENANCE

WORKSHOP - Barr Smith Lawns

1pm SPEAKERS - Barr Smith Lawns

2pm CYCLATHON - Meet Barr Smith lawns

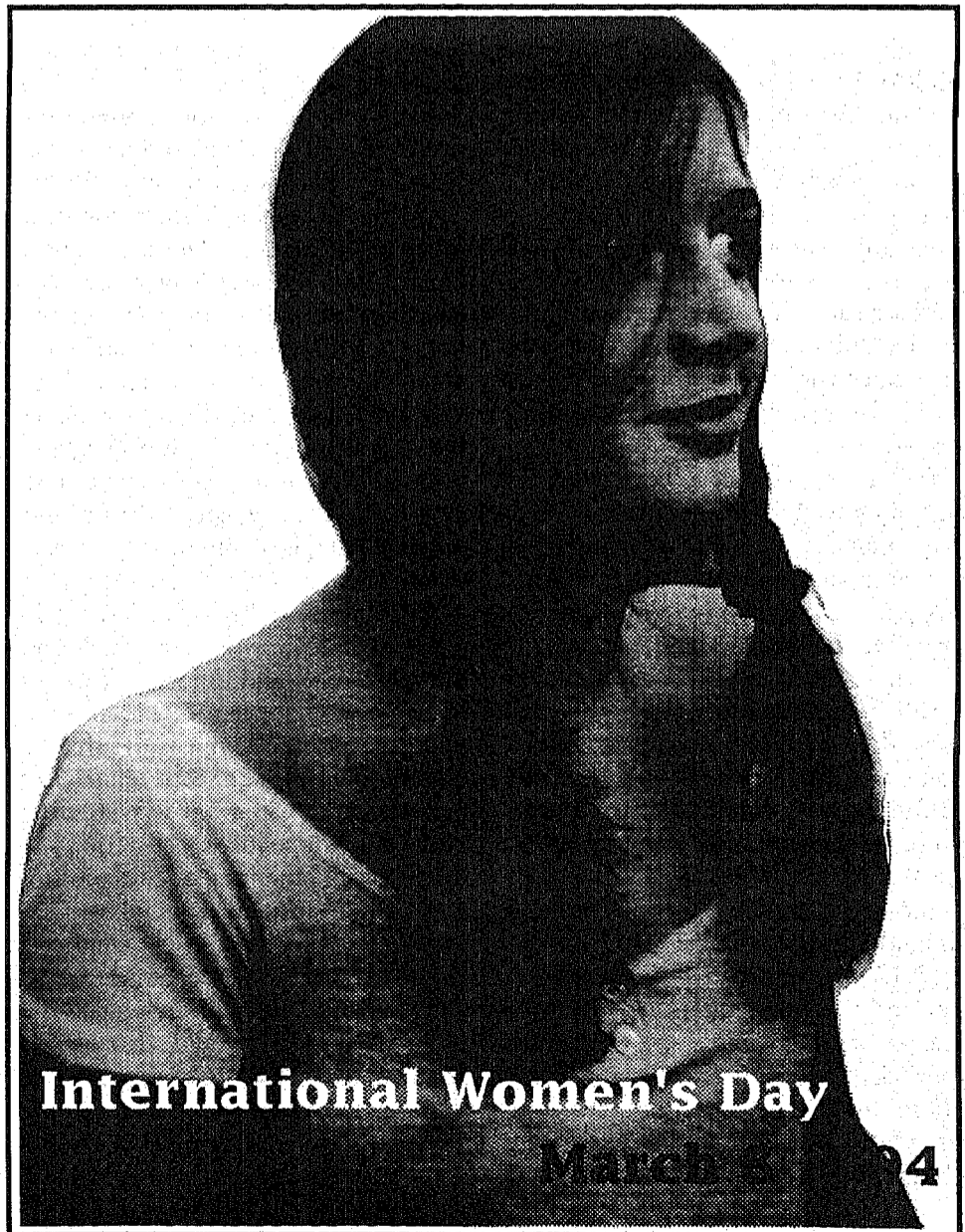
**Poster Policy**

Last year a new poster policy was adopted by SAUA Council with the aim of reducing the ridiculous amount of paper wastage that occurs during election week. Anyone who's been around at Uni during one of these weeks will understand the value of this. If you

haven't yet suffered an election week, try to imagine a poster war where every available bit of space is covered with one person's posters and then recovered with someone else's ten minutes later, every day for a week. It's crazy stuff and it had to stop. Unfortunately, the meeting at which this was debated last year went on for seven hours and as a result the final product contained discrepancies and ambiguities which made it unworkable. In an effort to correct these and to adopt once and for all a workable policy that will genuinely reduce the unnecessary impact of student elections on our natural resources, the issue will be debated again at a special meeting of SAUA Council in the chapel on Tuesday 8th March at 6pm. All interested students are welcome to attend. Incidentally, all SAUA Council meetings are open to students who wish to observe. They will be held every second Tuesday from 5pm, usually in the chapel.

**Helpers' Meeting**

There will be a meeting of everyone interested in helping out with environmental campaigns or offering ideas at 1pm on Friday 11th March in the Margaret Murray Room. Everyone is welcome, including those who put their names down during O'Week. Some things you might be interested in are writing an environmental handbook, helping to formulate a University Environment Policy, working on land and catchment care and conservation programs, helping with recycling, organising Environment Week or anything else you might come up with. Come along and check it out.



International Women's Day

March 8, 1994





# Ducking for cover

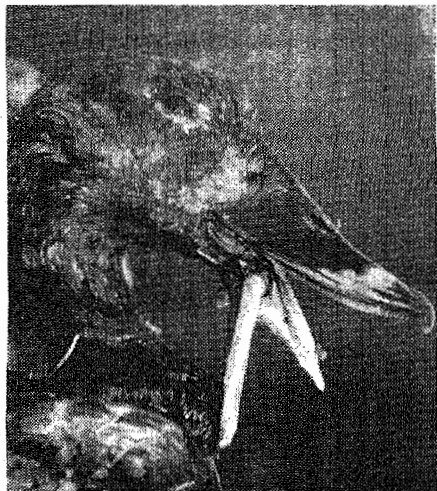
Duck hunting is a well established sport. However, it is also one which inescapably involves acts of cruelty towards animals. The extent of this cruelty is rarely documented in the mainstream media. Geoff Russell reports.

This page contains a picture of a hardhead with a smashed lower mandible. The duck was alive and very elusive before finally being rescued by one of the Animal Liberation duck rescue team. He then killed the duck to save it from further stress. Otherwise it would have died from starvation, still in pain from its mangled beak.

Is this an unusual story? No. A shotgun pellet is not selective; it will smash beaks, legs, wings or bury itself in a thorax with a probability proportional to the relative area of the organ. Yes, you may say, but are wounded birds that numerous, or are they just an occasional fluke accident? Fortunately the National Parks and Wildlife Service (NPWS), along with the CSIRO have done a great deal of research which can be used to answer this question.

## X-Ray Studies

The research method is very simple: go and catch some ducks and X-Ray them for pellets. Any bird containing a pellet



The duck in question

(other than in the crop, where it may have been ingested) has been shot. In 1987 at Bool Lagoon, prior to duck season, NPWS caught and X-Rayed 727 ducks(1). Approximately 11% had embedded pellets from being shot.

## You missed me!

But would we see our Hardhead in such a study? Would it appear in the 11%? No. The study was done just before the shooting season started, so that all the birds found with embedded pellets had been shot in the previous season or seasons. Our poor hard head will have been long dead. Also missing from the figure are ducks where a pellet passes through a wing, or cracks through a wing bone or leg bone. Also missing are the badly injured birds who died within hours, days or weeks of being shot. Despite all the injury types missing from the data, there are still 11% with pellets embedded in their bodies.

## Duck Mortality Rates

Perhaps some of the birds were shot in 1986, some in 1985, some in 1984 and so

on. So the 11% is really a total of those shot over a number of years. But CSIRO mortality figures on ducks (2) indicate that of all the ducks around in 1985, for example (both shot and unshot), 80% will be dead by 1987. So there will be very few of these old ducks in the 11%.

## Duck Killing Rates

What does this 11% X-Ray figure tell us about how many birds duck hunters wound? Published studies (2) put the kill rate at between 7% and 15%. So if about 10% are killed, and another 10% are left with embedded pellets, it is clear that the wounding rate is about one for one. For each duck killed there is about one duck wounded.... almost. We are still forgetting all the injured ducks which don't survive to be X-Rayed.

## Australia's most vicious abattoir

Duck shooters wound at least one duck for every duck "bagged". That's a conservative figure, but its implications are still horrific. No abattoir would be allowed to operate if one animal escaped the crush and ran bleeding into the bush for each animal slaughtered and butchered. Why do shooters get away with it? Why don't our laws which prevent an abattoir from operating so badly prevent duck shooting?

## The PCA Act

The answer is simple: the law is not enforced by either the NPWS or the RSPCA. All duck shooters break the *Prevention of Cruelty to Animals 1985* in some and frequently all of the ways each time they spend a morning shooting.

.....a person ill treats an animal if that person deliberately or unreasonably causes the animal unnecessary pain; (13.2.a)

.....a person ill treats an animal if that person kills the animal in a manner that causes the animal unnecessary pain; (13.g)

.....a person ill treats an animal if that person, having injured the animal (not being an animal of which that person is an owner) fails to take reasonable steps to alleviate pain suffered by the animal; (13.2.f)

Duck shooters break 13.2.a each time they wound a duck without killing it. They break 13.2g each time they wound an animal which they don't retrieve but which dies of its own accord later, and many break 13.2.f by shooting and wounding birds without than taking steps to find and kill (or otherwise treat) the birds.

The conditions under which duck shooters operate make enforcement of the act impossible.

## Conclusion

Shooting flying ducks with a shotgun is a dismal killing method with as many ducks wounded as killed. This is the best

conclusion warranted by substantial data. In a "good" year shooters kill and retrieve 100,00 ducks in SA, they wound another 100,000 including 20,000 crippled (seriously wounded). A humane society would enforce the PCA Act. The only way to enforce the PCA act is to ban duck shooting.

References: (1) Harper and Storr, 1987.

This work has not been published but figures on embedded pellets at Bool Lagoon in SA prior to the 1987 shooting season appear in "Report of the Task Force Enquiring into Duck Hunting in South Australia" (available from NPWS) on page 50.

(2) Frith, H.J., 1982 *Waterfowl in Australia* Angus & Robertson.



An unsuspecting duck relaxes during the off-season



The University of Adelaide Centre For Physical Health

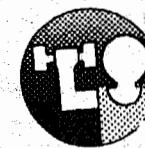
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- rehabilitation
- squash
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- learn-to classes (in racquet sports, combatives and dance)
- fun runs
- lunchtime joggers
- physiotherapy
- massage
- fitness testing
- intramural programme (covering popular sports for the social player)
- badminton
- basketball
- karate
- kickboxing
- volleyball etc.



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# Definition of cute

Stephanie Hester looks at a problem that has been plaguing humankind for centuries.

My computer doesn't love me any more. There was a time when we burnt the midnight oil together, machine and slightly-hyper caffeine addict; now everything has changed. It's the little things that let you know when the relationship is over; the blank stares and the way it munches down hours of my work tell me that it's dreaming of greener pastures. I suppose it is getting a little old; the screen only does one colour, green, and it doesn't even do that one very well. I used to be able to impress people with it; now my friends look at it and laugh. Then they turn around and laugh at me. I try now to give it space and not to get upset when it decides it would rather give me a display of how well it can imitate snow-storms than run a program. The result of this is that I found myself last night in the process of trying to jump-

der the word 'cute' the popular expression 'someone who doesn't look like Stephanie Hester'.) I seem to remember a time when it didn't really matter, either. Yes folks, the mists of time roll back and I see myself as a careless little grub, rolling around with all the other happy grubs in the dirt and the goldfish and numerous birthday cakes and what ever else we could lay our hands on. I paid no heed to the early comments on how cute my playmates were. Oh! Unhappy child, so soon to learn the bitter truth! Because it soon began to dawn on me that I was not cultivating the skills required to be a cute kid. Other kids were growing tall and slim; I was kind of stumpy. The cute girls were cuddly, something I was never inclined to be, with the result that when someone tried to cuddle one part of me, the rest of me oozed

the bush back indoors with me. I loved to run outside on a windy day and to lose myself in nature, imagining myself to be beautiful, windswept characters such as Catherine from *Wuthering Heights*. I certainly returned windswept, however instead of Catherine, other literary figures usually came to mind, such as "The Wreck of the Hesperus" (that was my mother's). I think the game of placing myself in films and books accompanied me into adolescence, where I found the concept of cute was still predominant.

Physical attractiveness, fashion sense and social skill: the gold, frankincense and myrrh of the cute-seeker. I longed, oh how I longed, to fit in with it all, and I did everything within human capability to attain cutability. I took the same kind of interest in fashion as

for the-people-with-no-money section. Even here there was choice - and I spent a very large amount of time parading past the mirror, one backpack at a time, to see which one really gave the impression that this kid knew what she was doing. Kenny G was warbling balefully in the background, and somehow the sad music seemed to match the frantic images in my head, coming together for a tragic bit of film-making - the story of one girl, the object of ridicule, who is reduced to drinking herself into oblivion on account of the fact that her back-pack has velcro straps and pink rubber trim.

The truth is, I seem to have had about as much success in transforming myself as a vegetarian conference would have at Schnitzels Plus. I suppose all you readers who have borne with me through my tale of woe can



start my computer into action by deciding which plugs I should shove up its electronic bum. In the midst of this extremely relaxing process my German exchange student / object of desire emerged from his room wanting to know what 'cute' meant.

"Cute, Aah ... (Have you tried looking in the mirror?) ... Cute, well, y'know cute is ... (I am getting very good at this translation thing) ... Cute is cute, y'know?"

He didn't know. (I think I was beginning to lose the plot myself.) I decided that it was time to have a little CHAT, and pack in the high-tech bit for the night. After all, I do consider myself to be an expert on the concept of cute. It is a word that seems to have dogged me for most of my life.

Let me get this straight; I am not cute. There are many ways in which this word can be taken and I do not fit the bill for any of them. (In fact, the new Macquarie Thesaurus notes un-

der the word 'cute' the popular expression 'someone who doesn't look like Stephanie Hester'.) I seem to remember a time when it didn't really matter, either. Yes folks, the mists of time roll back and I see myself as a careless little grub, rolling around with all the other happy grubs in the dirt and the goldfish and numerous birthday cakes and what ever else we could lay our hands on. I paid no heed to the early comments on how cute my playmates were. Oh! Unhappy child, so soon to learn the bitter truth! Because it soon began to dawn on me that I was not cultivating the skills required to be a cute kid. Other kids were growing tall and slim; I was kind of stumpy. The cute girls were cuddly, something I was never inclined to be, with the result that when someone tried to cuddle one part of me, the rest of me oozed

out around the edges. I did have a lisp, but its cuteness value was seriously diminished by the fact that it was the kind of lisp in which a spray of spittle usually accompanied anything I had to say. Lead roles in the end of year plays passed me over for those who would look good enough to eat in a dress (and who didn't shower the first three rows when they talked). I wasn't even good at art, something all the gorgeous kids seemed to take to with ease. My first real trauma came when I stuffed up the pom-pom I was making (my teacher's craft-book having reassured her that pom-poms were idiot-proof) and a break-down was only narrowly averted by her sending me out to commune with nature.

Actually, communing with nature was a favourite pastime of mine, my parents used to fondly remark as they stared at the new-carpet-which-we-had-to-auction-an-arm-to-get that I had brought quite a large amount of pyromaniacs do in fire. I still see hangers of this occupation of trying to be more attractive and 'with-it'. I generally like to dress to kill (i.e., to appear to any potential problem people that I would be capable of killing them); however, last week I forced myself into a pair of high-heels in an attempt to get those curvy legs which everyone seems to go ape-shit over. Besides the fact that I felt about as cute as a hen which had been shot in the neck, I found that it is quite hard to maintain any feelings of self-respect when wobbling like a duck down Hindley Street while your significant other bounds ahead in Reeboks. Last week (it was an eventful week) I also went shopping for a back-pack. Everyone, I noticed, had one, while I had a duffle bag which was held together by an intricate system of rubber-bands. After eyeing off the gorgeous back-packs for a while (and attempting to barter with the sales assistant) I headed off

feel a moral coming on... Well, I guess life's never that simple (otherwise someone might have figured the bloody thing out by now!) but I think I've sorted a few things out.

I've wasted precious years chasing cute up and down the countryside, and I'm really no wiser or cuter than when I began. I think cuteness, like all forms of beauty, is an elusive and schizophrenic thing and it changes constantly just as you finally think you've got your hands on the little bugger. Who knows, it's probably more fun to throw caution to the wind and be ... (Oh God, I can't bring myself to write "be yourself" without gagging, but I think you get the drift). Anyway, that's all I can think of that sounds as if I even mildly know what I'm talking about, so for now, readers, it's good night and sweet dreams. For a more satisfactory conclusion on my life, stay tuned... I'll get back to you in about twenty years.





# The life of a megalomaniac

*Et tu, Babe*  
Mark Leyner  
Flamingo  
\$12.50

The success of his first novel, *My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist*, has turned Mark Leyner into a celebrity monster. A victim of the beauty of his own body, and the wonders of his amazing talent, Mark and his devotees at Team Leyner are constantly plotting to ensure that he remains the most idolised person of all time. By holding writing seminars at which he can assess the potential of the participants and then kidnap and "re-educate" those that show promise, Mark ensures that his literary dominance will never be challenged. The enormous sums of money he earns from lending his name to various products enable Mark to enjoy a decadent lifestyle familiar to few others. Protected by his team of testosterone and human growth hormone treated nonagenarian widows with heart disease, he prowls

the world in search of the ultimate trip. On advice from a senior member of the Team Leyner staff, Mark steals the only existing vial of Abraham Lincoln's morning breath from the National Museum of Health and Medicine. One whiff of this vile substance, and he is off on the sensory experience of his life...

It is this indulgence, however, that marks the beginning of the end for Mark. The FBI discover the theft of Lincoln's Morning Breath and offer him a choice of punishments; weekly punitive confiscation, or removal of the nasal septum. One by one his staff members leave, someone drills tiny holes through his forehead in the middle of the night, and his wife files for divorce. It is perhaps because of these unpleasant intrusions into his otherwise perfect life that Mark is led to contemplate his life before fame;

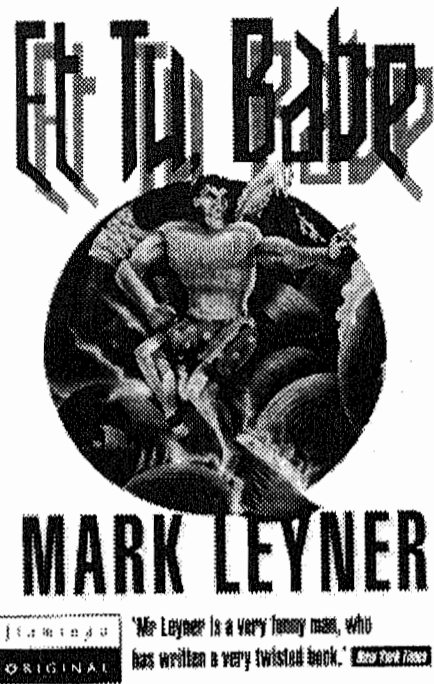
"While ambitious young tyros were honing their playwriting skills in MFA programs, pouring over their Marlowe, their Ibsen and O'Neill, I was ensconced in my basement "laboratory", manipulating the size of my scrotum with a recombinant strain of filarial elephantitis that I'd developed...

At that stage of my life, walking through a shopping mall with a pair of gigantic testicles ballooning in the crotch of my jeans was an infinitely more compelling pastime than sitting in a library carrel, scribbling marginalia in a copy of *Mourning Becomes Electra*.

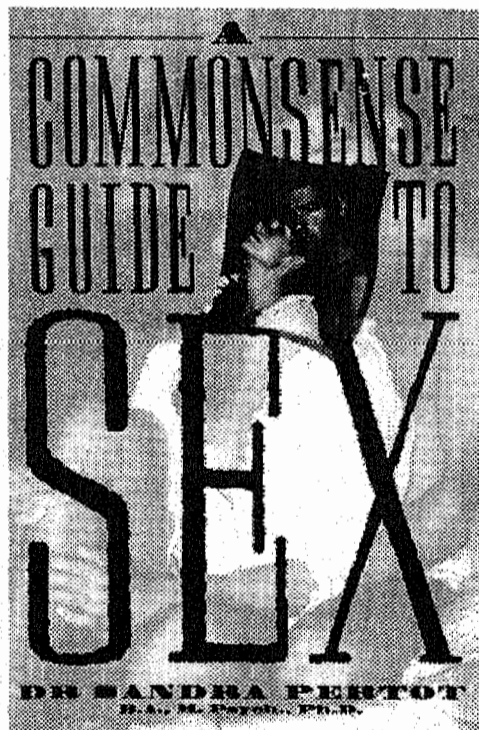
And, in all candor, it still is."

The narrative jumps from accounts of the events in Mark's life, to the literary products of his drug fueled imagination and letters from crazed fans. The result of this jumbled format is a surreal and gripping account of the life of a severe megalomaniac. Leyner's parody of the celebrity lifestyle is extravagant, intelligent and extremely funny. Through the self-obsessed ravings of his alter ego, Leyner portrays the trappings of fame and fortune with perspicacity and wit.

Cathy Abell



## More Sex



*A Commonsense Guide to Sex*  
Dr Sandra Pertot  
Harper Collins  
\$16.95

The cover of this book is of the sort that makes an immediate impact. It has written on the cover in large red letters two things that we all desire: "sex", which we all instinctively desire, and "commonsense" which, it can be argued, we all desire for social reasons.

That is, commonsense is shared human knowledge and social representations of ideas and objects. Is this kind of social knowledge the type that we desire, or do we desire factual information on human sexuality and sexual instincts? Of course we desire social information because human sexuality is not only affected by, but imbedded in social constraints and actions.

This book is written by a psychologist, Dr Sandra Pertot who uses social information to construct theories of human sexual behaviour and sexual problems, to which she proposes, in this book, certain solutions. However, do not get the idea that this is the "if you have a problem then this is the solution" type of book. It deals with how to make the most of sex, to please yourself and your partner.

Dr. Pertot titles the introduction "The Modern Holy Grail: The Search for Sexual Ecstasy", which seems to me to indicate that she is on a mission to get more people having better sex. In the course of the book she discusses sex and society, problems with sex drive, orgasm and intercourse, and also gives a good bit of advice on how to have good sex over the years. The book being "commonsense" is bound to tell you a few things that you already know, but also, quite probably, a few things that you do not. It would certainly do more good than bad to read this book, as Dr Pertot basically tries to tell you how to make bad sex good and good sex better.

Angus Kemp

# PROSH

SAJJO

your university fund raising (for charity) event

# IS COMING

end of term 1

STAY TUNED ...

more information available from your students' association or contact matt deaner, activities / campaigns vice president, on

(08) 303 5406

# Ms Bitch Dyke Faghag

*Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!* has been one of the highlights of this Festival. Michael Nelson caught up with the woman behind the show...

If you haven't seen Penny Arcade's "Sex and Censorship Show" by now then you've got about a week. What you're missing is a woman who has seen the way society is changing, and doesn't like it. Hates it. Thinks it needs changing. So instead of sitting around in a coffee shop or a bar wailing about the fate of the world, she got angry, and wrote a show about what she thought. You guessed it, "The Sex and Censorship Show" (aka *Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!*) It showed for a year at the Village Gate in Greenwich Village, NY, then moved to Edinburgh for the Festival there, and now it's here. After last Friday night's show, I wandered backstage and discovered that the act Penny Arcade puts up on stage isn't an act. What she feels and what she believes in and what she hates and what she loves are what you get. It's her; pure and not so simple.

"It [the show] changes every night. It depends on who's in the audience. It depends on my mood. The whole issue with the show is that I've always had a problem with people saying it's a confrontational show, because I think the only person who's doing any confronting is the individual with themselves."

When she takes up an issue, whatever the issue may be, she's always passionate about it. Like political correctness.

"I hate political correctness. I have no room for it. I don't know what's happening on the University campuses in Australia, but in America it's completely pathetic. You've got three generations of American women who can't think for themselves. They've got this 'checklist', and it's totally absurd. It's totally unconnected with real life, which is why there's all these young women who won't call themselves 'feminists', but they'll call themselves 'equalists'. And that was, of course, the real driving force behind feminism."

"Obviously there's been a lot of progress, but not enough. And that the agenda of certain 'white collar academic feminists' is so narrow and lame. It's like academic masturbation. It doesn't affect me the same way it would affect other performers, because my audience comes to me through word of mouth. [So] I have a very populist audience. I have an audience that largely doesn't go to the theatre, [but] they're dragged in by their friends. So it's going to be very interesting to go to Sydney, and to go to Melbourne, and keep seeing what's going on here. I'm very excited to be in Australia. When I say that it's the 'real America', I really mean that, for the possibilities here, because it is a new country. And because it is in this quadrant of the planet, it hasn't been as infected by the consumerism of the West.

I think that Australians would still be hard put to end up exactly where America is, which is over-stimulated; people can't think, it's really pathetic, and they've stopped looking at where the puppet strings are being pulled from. So I love Australian audiences, because I think that the people are more eclectic, more individual, they have the capacity to think in the theatre, they're not coming and expecting pre-digested stuff. If I went off the way I went off tonight in America, thirty people would have left. Because it would be to them like, "Oh my god, she's completely gone off. She's not being an entertainer."

The show changes a little every night, and last Friday night the attitude of the audience seemed to me to be very different from the first time I went to see the show. Because the show relies so much on audience interaction, I asked Ms Arcade what sort of different reactions she got from audiences.

"Well, some nights I say that Australia is the real America, and the people cheer. And other times, they get really angry, and say, "We're not Americans!" Of course I'm not talking about you being Americans, I'm talking about the fact that we're both settled by the British, that we're both the newest countries on the planet, and I'd rather throw my lot in with Australians than with Americans. I mean, America got the Puritans, and Australia got the convicts. There's an irreverence, and a bit more of a practical, pragmatic attitude among Australians than you'd find in Britain or America. That's really interesting to me, and I want to keep pursuing that. I mean, feminism in Australia is some of the most advanced on the planet, because women in Australia had so much more to fight against. Because that whole Australian macho trip, which is very well known all over the world is so dug in."

"I mean, tonight I had to talk about the racism that the black dancers experience from Forsythe, and Mark Morris. It didn't come out all at once, but then we just started finding out that different dancers, and there's a lot of blacks in those two companies, are getting called names in the street, and being treated weird in shops. And they're like freaked out. You deal with racism in America, but this is like going to a small town in the south of America, where you'd expect that type of behaviour. You don't get that in New York city. And I found out that Alicia, one of my dancers, is dealing with it all the time because she's also a lesbian. Her girlfriend is here, who's white, and they've been walking round holding hands, and having a romantic holiday, and they're having to deal with homophobia and racism. So

it's really, sad, and tonight, I just said fuck it, let's see what happens."

As I mentioned before, the show relies heavily on audience interaction, and so I asked Ms. Arcade about how she felt about getting undressed at the end of the show, and doing the last act nude.

"Well, first of all, you need to understand I've been doing theatre for twenty-seven years, and I've never taken my clothes off in any show, and this is the only show I'll take my clothes off in, and I'll probably never take my clothes off in any other show. It was done specifically for this show, because it's so obvious.



Penny Arcade

Taking off your clothes doesn't have to do with anything. In the audience there were people in their forties, fifties, sixties, seventies, and if you told them they were going to a show where the woman takes off her clothes, they wouldn't go. And yet I take off my clothes, and I keep talking, and I'm talking about stuff that's not sexual, and the audience does forget I've got no clothes on. It's very unsexy to be naked. It's really unsexy."

Toward the end of the show, Ms. Arcade reads a letter sent to her from an American undergraduate, who relates the reactions of her professor of feminism to B/D/F/W with a kind of confused horror. Has she had any letters in the ten days she's been in Adelaide?

"We get lots of very emotional letters, people having breakthroughs, mostly people realising their self-hatred, I think that's one of the biggest things. We got a four page letter yesterday from a woman here in Adelaide that was really painful to read. She just hated herself, and yet she was a good person, and she was really grappling with this in this letter, and she had felt validated by the show. I think the thing that people say most after the show is that I talk about what they think about. They feel validated, and I think that we don't have a lot of validation around us, and I don't think that people are that different from each other. I think that we all have the same issues going on, whether you're sixty or you're twenty, the same four or five themes are what we're always grappling with. Fear, insecurity, love, self-doubt, the will to love, the will towards unity, wanting to be closer to people, feeling isolated, everybody has those same things going on."

While *Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!* has been affecting audiences for over a year and a half around the world, Ms. Arcade has somehow found the time to write and develop three other shows, including *Bad Reputation*.

"[It's] an all-woman revenge show, which is about my hatred of the politically correct movement, and it's about how women betray each other, and themselves. It'll be finished in the spring of 1995, and I'm touring the show in Europe, and Australia, and we just got invited to South Africa, to Johannesburg. I'm really excited about that. But I'm planning to come back to Australia, I'm planning to do a lot of work here."

The season for the Adelaide Festival finishes on March 12, and if the size of last night's audience was anything to go by, you had better buy your tickets as soon as you can. Like Ms. Arcade says, "If you know someone who'd like the show, tell them about it. And if you know someone who'd hate it, buy them a ticket!"

# Muscular bodies entwine

*Limb's Theorem*  
Frankfurt Ballet  
Festival Theatre  
Season Closed

William Forsythe - classical technician, modern stylist or the entertainer of the nineties? *Limb's Theorem* can put to rest all these common beliefs that dance is for a particular audience.

Forsythe uses the precision of classical technique and the versatility of modern choreographic elements to produce an exciting, dynamic and powerful ballet that can definitely be described as the ultimate of classical art-forms.

From the very opening scene one is drawn in by the versatility of each dancer and the absolute power and control they have in performing every choreographic detail Forsythe demands. There is a sense of striving and urgency as their muscular bodies entwine and are suspended,

challenging the boundaries of physical and mental capabilities. *Limb's Theorem* brought new meaning to the Romantic Era's invention of the pointe shoe, by dissecting its conventional use and thereby confronting the pre-conceived ideas held by the typical ballet audience. It challenges the ballet rules without breaking them, the choreography is frighteningly adventurous, containing technical feats which are barely believable, but it is the dancers' ability to deal with this that, in the end, leaves us in awe. The accuracy and clarity of the movement was suitably matched by the architectural and industrial effects of the set, costumes and lighting. The set especially created the impression of a futuristic, sterile, almost space-aged power plant! Angular and geometric figures and structures hang from the roof and pivot towards the stage. Thom Willems' music emphasised this without use of imitation factory sounds, grating, clattering and blaring "music" of a mechanical world. The dancers physically

used the set to create a stark feeling of a fast and competitive life, of technology manipulating human kind and shaping the future. They investigated and tested the strengths, dimensions and diversities of these objects, reinforcing their own agility and mobility.

Much is left to the imagination and interpretation of the audience, at times one must guess male and female! But what is blatantly obvious is the intensity

and discipline of Forsythe with both his dancers and his choreography. In these challenges he also manages to challenge the audience, forcing them to question a number of accepted beliefs. *Limb's Theorem* is a work accessible to all audiences - fantastic, symbolic, creative and real.

(The Frankfurt ballet will also be performing the *Forsythe Repertory Program* on March 3, 4, 5, 6 at the Festival Theatre.)

Rachel Jensen



From *Limb's Theorem*

# Futuristic Art

*Technillusions*  
Adeelaide Festival Centre  
Until March 13

*Technillusions* is a collection of whizzy things done with computers, currently packing them into the Banquet room in the Festival Centre. Most of it resembles a corporate fair, with rows of spanking new machines doing something clever but not particularly impressive. The graphics set-ups are pretty good without being awe-inspiring, you can play with a Newton (one of Apple's new personal organisers), and the CD-Rom machine is cute rather than useful or fun. One piece of idiocy that particularly fired my imagination was the video walkman headpiece. A small mirror reflects a transparent television image into your field of view, creating the perfect conditions for you to walk into things while worrying about when the expensive but ill-fitting and heavy spectacles you have on are going to drop to the floor. The only thing stopping you from walking into things is the fact that your movement is restricted to three feet by the wire connected to the large box doing all of the actual work.

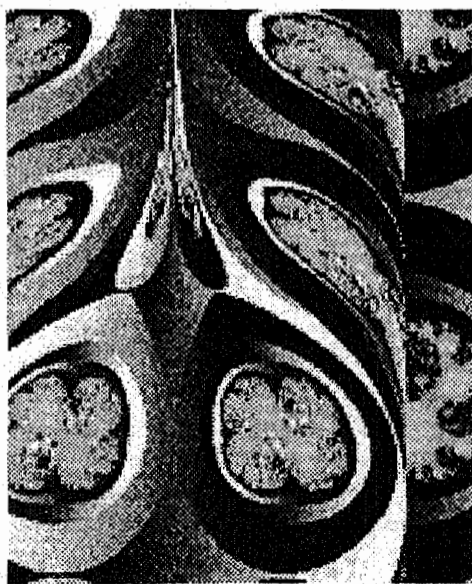
Next to this is a machine which will answer any one of about twenty questions put to it. Well, that's what they said. Its name was Robert, and it wouldn't talk to me at all, except to tell me the time in response to a question about its programmers. Somebody said it was because the pitch of my voice was too high, so with my fragile masculinity effectively shattered by ten thousand dollars worth of electronic

humiliating machine I went to restore it by killing some German pilots in one of two virtual reality electric chairs. I was told that the wait for these machines was a couple of hours, which was a lie. I would estimate the wait for these machines at about five years, by which time the computer power should be cheap enough to eliminate the disorienting time lags and improve rather ordinary graphics.

I had hoped to see some art - this is a festival event after all - and in the end I did find some, in what turned out to be the best bit of the whole show. Four or five short, totally computer generated films were showing in a thirty-five minute loop. These were excellent, very inventive and as glossy as hell.

On the whole, *Technillusions* is not worth the money, unless you're a ten-year-old with parents to pay for you, in which case you'll have a great time.

Nick Fryer



# Flawed but funny

*Sex III*  
Emily Woof  
Warehouse Theatre  
Season Closed

Emily Woof is a diminutive Londoner who came to this Fringe accompanied by reviews anything but diminutive in their praise. Perhaps I allowed that to inflate expectations, but it was difficult on Sunday night to see what exactly it was that so distinguished this work in the eyes of critics and public in Edinburgh. That is not to say that I didn't enjoy the performance. Woof is funny, energetic and a fine observer - and portrayer - of character. What she was not, on this occasion, was passionate, except in patches. In the end her only failure was in the delivery of a knockout blow.

*Sex III* is the portrayal of one moonstruck young woman's trip to Spain, where she takes a job dancing flamenco, badly, in a cantina and runs into the ultimate Eurojetting Grande Dame and an exquisitely depicted Geordie waiter, whose accent and wit were spot on. All of the parts are acted by Woof, who changes seamlessly in mid-sentence from frantic romantic to blunt instrument. The tussle over a ringing telephone involving three different characters, is an amusing flurry of activity, and indeed the telephone often plays all of the other roles necessary to the story. The major character we don't get to see is the boyfriend, seemingly a never-ending source of excuses and in the end, a significant absence. Driven to distraction by an uncaring lover, the vacuous socialite

and workmate with the oldest intention in the world, she escapes, physically at first and then mentally by becoming that freest of all creatures in this world - a boy.

Woof is presenting two shows at this Fringe. *Revolver* is the later work, dealing with celebrity murders, and it would be very interesting to compare the two, and see how her work is progressing.

She is genuinely multi-talented, acting with a real feel for her characters, playing the piano, dangling from a trapeze bar and, lest it be forgotten on the night, writing the whole show.

She can be very funny - several thunderclaps of laughter punctuated the show I saw - and you are effectively drawn into the personal world of an unfortunate innocent abroad. It is a world of surprises and confusions, disjointed at times, with impressive realism, as she is partially overwhelmed by the events and emotions in which she is immersed. A little more fire in her belly, or at least a little more consistent fire, would have made for a more astonishing piece of theatre.

Woof wasn't helped by her location - the Warehouse theatre is too noisy for the creation of the sort of intimacy its size would otherwise lend itself to. On an average night at the Fringe centre the sounds of revellers do tend to fill the air, particularly when the background area is occupied by any of the performers currently making quite a good living down there. In another place, on another night, Woof clearly would have been great. As it was, she was merely very good, original without being startling, but very entertaining. In an hour and a quarter I didn't look at my watch once.

Nick Fryer

# Dead Set - one not to be missed

*Dead Set*  
Shaken and Suspicious  
Lion Theatre  
Season Closed

Shaken and Suspicious, Sue Giles and Ian Pidd, are the sort of people I wouldn't mind being. They can produce an irresistible play, they can act, they can sing, but most of all they can make people laugh uncontrollably. And I was laughing all the way through.

I went to the show because of the high praise a friend had given *Dead Set* the last time it was in Adelaide: my expectations were high. Expectations are often a bad thing, and you leave the theatre wondering what all the fuss was about. But this was far from what happened. It was even better than I'd hoped for, although nothing like I had imagined.

That was because it is very hard to imagine a show like *Dead Set*. The storyline is quirky to say the least. Lionel Tonks is a high-school maths teacher with a passion for writing music, but an awesome inability to come up with the lyrics to go with it, as evidenced by his one effort: "This is a song about a plate". He advertises for a lyricist, and Verity Charity arrives on the scene, proclaiming herself as the writer to beat all writers, and all set to pen the Great Australian Musical, *Humping my Swag*.



Two very funny people

Things are set for a huge success. However, Verity is a liar of legendary proportions and all is not as it seems. This has a number of consequences, not the least of which is the appearance of Pidd as an unusual spirit, reminiscent of the ghosts from Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, but infinitely more amusing.

But the excellence of *Dead Set* is not necessarily in its storyline. It is in the way Giles and Pidd act with a bare minimum of props, the way they interact, the way they improvise, the way they laugh at themselves and the conventions of theatre. The night I went, they managed to incorporate a serious phone-call from a baby-sitter to a member of the audience into their performance, knock down one of their props continuously without making fools of themselves and throw in a heap of witty one-liners. It was often difficult to tell what was in the script and what was improvisation. There was audience participation but it was only mild and not in the least embarrassing.

How can I get you to go to the next production these people bring to Adelaide? It's just not enough to say highly recommended, or go and see it. How about calling it the best thing I saw at the Fringe this year, or the best thing since sliced bread? I don't know, you'll just have to take my word for it - run for those tickets.

Lorien Kaye

# Get an earful of this

*Earcleaver*  
Performance Venue  
March 10, 11, 12

The best way to prepare for attending the Fringe is generally to expect the unexpected or, to borrow a recently heard phrase, to *unexpected the expected*, and this requires abandoning any limited notions of what is traditionally considered to constitute art.

Earcleaver is, according to the performance program, a "symbiosis of sound, visual art and live performance" presented by "two men, two women, a rock star, an adjuster, and a large fresian with horns". While this may indicate the eclectic nature of the performance it does nothing to suggest the treat in store for those lucky enough to experience it.

Earcleaver is the brainchild of musician/producer Tony Burke and visual artist Robert Habel (the latter receiving some notoriety via the ABC's 7.30 Report for having the rude bits of the nudes in his mural 'censored' from the wall of the Launceston General Hospital in Tasmania). It is a combination of industrial, commercial and other machine sounds, sometimes fused with more traditional musical rhythm and form, to challenge the precept of what

we consider to be music. The result is a fascinating and extremely appealing concoction which was surprisingly well received by the large and diverse audience on the opening night.

The show also features a variety of performers from differing artistic backgrounds including, amongst others, Andrew Bunney (guitarist from *Exploding White Mice*) and photographer and visual artist World Cow. It is by no means simply an aural performance, and the peripheral images presented via photographs, video screens and industrial sculpture contribute to the overall

effect.

The show contains 8 pieces, and lasts a little under an hour. Sounds range from traditional instruments to the everyday sounds that are generally regarded as an infringement rather than a focus. While the entire production was extremely entertaining, three particular pieces stood out for me. 'Painbarrier' combined death metal samples with a plethora of sounds, from guitar and keyboards to grinder and broken cassette player, to produce 7 minutes of noise and grunge like no other. The spoken word dialogue of 'Spacejunk'

gave it a gothic and ethereal quality which was, surprisingly enough, enhanced by the accompanying din of thunder, chimes and keyboards.

The most outstanding piece, however, and the one which received the greatest reception, was 'Tilthead'. Bearing a strong compositional influence by Andrew Bunney, it is the most formal piece on the program, and combines his ukulele with the sounds of the Magic Mountain amusement park at Glenelg. The end result is like Tom Waits meeting The Fall while Devo bugger about in the background. The piece manages to be experimental and entirely original, yet highly structured and entertaining - several members of the audience danced their way through this one. I would go as far as to say that this was the most interesting piece of music I have heard in some time.

I strongly recommend that if you have the vaguest interest in challenging and refreshing art performance and music you take the time out to see Earcleaver - you will not be disappointed. Judging from the reaction so far this is shaping up to be the surprise hit of the Fringe for 1994. Two For One Passes are available from the SAUA office.

Leif Larsen



Cleave those ears

# Warlock: coming for you

*Warlock 2*  
Hoyts

Apart from a poor script, a predictable plot, unimaginative special effects and dubious acting performances this is a fine movie. It is well edited. It is very funny in parts, except when it tries to be funny and then it becomes truly horrifying. The really scary thing about this movie is that a lot of people got paid for working on it.

Early in the film a devilish equivalent of an immaculate conception occurs. As a woman prepares dinner in her New York apartment a strange 'other worldly' force beckons her to look out of the window at a solar eclipse and in a flash

she is 'with child'. Sure enough, she has been impregnated by the devil. After a remarkably short gestation period (approximately 30 seconds) she goes into labour (beware of little black dresses that ride up). Writhing violently on the dining room table she gives birth to a nasty piece of work which looks something like the contents of a pie floater but through the miracle of cinema soon becomes a fully grown devil's son - from conception to adulthood in less than 5 minutes. Such a process could make parenthood almost attractive. The warlock is played by Julian Sands - Room With A View. He is a man of action and very few words. He outfits himself in black garb without delay.

Julian is sent with a mission. He must free his Dad from hell which acts as a prison. So freed the Devil could dwell on earth and presumably wreak havoc and

do nasty things like produce a lot of movies as bad as this one. In order to free his Dad, Julian needs to go on something of a road trip. Even the Devil has been influenced by Kerouac. During the course of his travels he does some entirely unwholesome things to those who come across his path. Highlights include a scene where a woman, keen on a sexual encounter but not getting the green light, asks plaintively: "my hair must look a mess, it must look an absolute mess, what do you think?" Julian replies by scalping the woman and placing the bloody scalp and hair in the now distraught lady's lap. Quietly he suggests "see for yourself." Quite an accommodating fellow really.

Surprisingly, for a mainstream Hollywood piece, there is a romantic interest in this masterful work. The love 'interest' (the term must be used loosely), is

provided by Kenny and Sam. Kenny and Sam must discover their true destiny as Druid warriors. In a race against time and squeamish dialogue they must stop the warlock from liberating the devil from hell. Are they successful? No prizes for guessing the outcome of this one.

The dialogue has to be heard to be believed. Some of Kenny's classic lines include "My Dad says that people are scared of what they don't understand. I don't understand that." Also when told of his destiny Kenny replies with the very poignant "I don't want to fight the son of the Devil I want to go to San Francisco with Sam."

This could become a cult movie. It is probably best watched amongst friends when humour levels are high. You could easily wait till it comes out on video. You will not be waiting long.

Paul Connor

# Nice and touching

*Sofie*  
Trak

This is the first film I've seen in a long time that has been long enough to warrant an interval. Although its length isn't necessarily a detraction, there is only a certain amount of time for which one person (namely me) can retain interest in a story which, although beautifully filmed, touching and *nice*, doesn't have any really gripping moments to ensure my continued interest. However, many people are great fans of E.M. Forsterish, "oh, wasn't that lovely" films, and this is certainly of that genre; it has the beautiful period costumes, even if the characters are slightly more real and it does lack the requisite happy ending.

Directed by Liv Ullmann, a renowned scandinavian actor and author, *Sofie* is set in Denmark in the late nineteenth century and tells the story of a woman of Jewish background and the emotional difficulties with which she is faced. Adapted from the 1932 novel, 'Mendel Philipsen & Son' by Henri Nathansen, the film begins with Sofie (Karen-Lise Mynster) falling in love with Hojby, a gentile painter who, charming as he may be, cannot win the approval of Sofie's parents, simply because he is not Jewish. Believing it is in her interests to avoid

this undesired union, Sofie's parents quickly marry her off to a suitable, if dull, Jewish relation and she goes to live in a provincial town.

The film essentially deals with Sofie's attempts to find happiness in a life which is not what she had envisaged for herself. She is isolated from her family and finds that her attempts to communicate with her husband, whose mental health is deteriorating, are largely futile. Her desire for human contact leads her to consider a relationship with her brother in law, but the only aspect of her life in which she is able to find real fulfillment is in the relationship she has with her son, through whose happiness she compensates for that missing from her life.

One way of coming to terms with the path her life has taken is for Sofie to reassert her Judaism, and thus comprehend more readily her parents' motives in denying her the happiness she found with Hojby. Through religion, she finds meaning in an existence that could so easily have been meaningless. However, while Judaism is an important part of Sofie's life, society is changing and the traditional religious values to which she clings no longer enjoy wide acceptance. This leads to conflict when her son Aaron (played as a young adult by Kasper Barfoed) refuses to accept the life she wants for him. She is forced to consider whether it would be better to relinquish her power over his life, or to risk his unhappiness by making the same mistake as her parents.

Although this may seem a woeful tale, Ullmann highlights the characters' ability to find joy in the smallest of moments in a way that emphasises the optimism in their lives, rather than the banality and

hopelessness which could so easily overwhelm this story. This optimism, along with the film's humanity are what make it worth seeing. It is extremely well cast, and the performances of both Karen-Lise Mynster and Erland Josephson (who plays Sofie's father, Semmy) are excep-

tional. While this is not a film for those of little patience (a category which I fear fits me well), it deserves the three awards (including the Special Grand Prix of the Jury) which it won at the Montreal Film Festival.

Cathy Abell

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Gimme all your lovin' tonight



# More Merchant Ivory cliché

## *The Remains of the Day* Chelsea

From the makers of *A Room With a View* and *Howard's End*, Merchant Ivory, comes something a little bit different but boringly similar. They have moved away from E.M. Forster to film Kazuo Ishiguro's Booker Prize winning novel. Once again we are dealing with the emotionally stunted British character, but this time amongst servants rather than the middle / upper classes. We are subjected to the same beautiful interiors and green gardens, and one must ask, where to now for Merchant Ivory? It's about time they tackled something new - my companion suggested a new adaptation of *Porky's*.

Anthony Hopkins plays Stephens, the butler to Lord Darlington, a key player in pre-World War Two international affairs. Stephens is dedicated to his job, able to screen out any external distractions in the execution of his duties, from the death of his father (played by Peter Vaughan) to the romantic overtures of the house keeper, Miss Kenton (Emma Thompson). Unfortunately this means that he misses out on the joy and pain of life, and hence its beauty. This realisa-

tion hits him towards the end of his life, and he sets out to find the house keeper who loved him, to live out "the remains of the day" properly. His pain is compounded by the fact that his former master, Lord Darlington, has gone down in history as a bit of a twit and a relic of a past era, as one of the men who tried to bargain for peace with Hitler, and hence Stephen's loyalty has been misguided.

Anthony Hopkins gives a subtle, moving performance but hardly "one of the greatest performances in the history of cinema" as one over-excited critic has claimed. He holds himself in a rigid, controlled manner, quite unlike previous roles, especially Hannibal Lecter, who was fluid and reptilian. The scene where Miss Kenton makes her move on him is memorably well-acted by him, as he backs away from her advances awkwardly, his eyes showing his attraction and inability to act on it.

James Fox plays the naive Lord Darlington well, struggling to adapt to a rapidly changing world in which he is out of his depth. Speaking of out his depth, Christopher Reeve brings nothing to his role as the second master of Stephens, a kind of empty performance.

If you have read the book you will probably be disappointed in the movie, as Ruth Praver Jhabvala has merged

several important characters and trimmed out quite a lot of the detail. Stephens Senior seems quite a bit different in the movie, and Cardinal (Hugh Grant) is far less funny. For a book with not a lot of action, Jhabvala has certainly been brave in cutting out some road scenes, settling instead for shots of the household at work, perhaps to substitute for Stephens' theories of household management in the book. This makes for dull viewing. Mysteriously, the beautiful and moving ending of Stephens weeping on a park bench in the sunset has been changed to shutting a window against the elements (choosing the cliché Merchant Ivory used in *Maurice*.)

However, Ivory has created another visually beauti-

ful movie, and if you're a fan, you'll love it. On the whole I'd recommend reading the book instead. It may take longer but it is achingly sad, while the movie is merely a bit of a sniffle with a yawn thrown in.

Jocelyn Fredericks



A Gentleman's gentleman

# Iffy and dull

## *The Fencing Master* Trak

*The Fencing Master* is not one of the great Spanish films of all time. The promo reads: "She was his most dangerous creation". Dangerously dull ... Man (a so restrained fencing master you wonder if he's still breathing) meets lovely and mysterious woman: a frisson of feminism when she insists on becoming his pupil despite his "chicks don't get to hold foils" policy. Man lusts after woman, man is too much of a gentleman to let anything happen (yawn), man loses woman to another man, murder, confusion, woman reappears and ending is screamingly obvious. (If this were a good thriller I would feel guilty telling you the ending but it isn't, so I don't.) She is evil, he is good, so guess who gets the poke in the eye? The duel to the death is one of the better moments, if only for the Bunuelish eye-skewering.

My Spanish speaking companion assured me that the sub-titles were a good translation of the dialogue which is a bonus because the fencing was iffy. The costumes were good and clearly a fair bit of money has gone into the produc-

tion which makes the very average end result all the more disappointing. Not scary enough to be a thriller, not specific enough to be about History, not sentimental enough to be a melodrama. If you disregard my advice and go anyway, watch for the subtext. I think the significant glances between master and pupils indicate a gay love triangle and the murder of the maid is surely the deed of her jilted dyke mistress... Give it a miss, go and see *The Piano* again instead.

Katharine Thornton



Don't fence me in

## AFRICAN DANCE

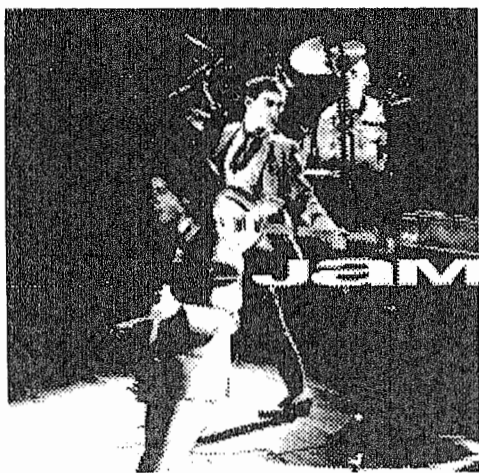
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*Live Jam*  
The Jam  
Polydor

Things must have been pretty tough for British kids in the late 70s. Anyone with an attitude was either a shaven muscle in jackboots or a mohawked misfit. And what was the alternative? Gyrating to disco - no thanks. But then came The Jam, and despite the best efforts of record company execs they couldn't be categorised, remaining on the cutting edge of the new wave until their demise in 1982.

*Live Jam* documents Paul Weller's infamous contempt for capitalism, juke boxes, the hit parade, etc, providing a jam-packed collection of most of their most powerful tracks plus some. "That's Entertainment" doesn't get the guernsey, but today's kids are still divided over whether Morrissey or that obnoxious git from Wonderstuff wrote it anyway. Nonetheless "The Modern World" hurtles along madly, while "Eton Rifles, Down in the tube station..." and "Pretty Green" all prove how heart pounding, root squashing, body surging the Jam really was. And really, who can resist the urge to slap on a thick jumper and bounce up and down to "Town Like Malice"?

Sure, it teeters on becoming just another "greatest hits with crowd noises in between" deals, and screams of cash-in wouldn't be unfounded, given that the posthumous *Dig the New Breed* already demonstrated The Jam's live skills. But hey, it's The Jam, so who's complaining? Oi!

Michael Osborn

*Broken and Mended*  
The Blue Aeroplanes  
Beggars' Banquet

The opening sixteen seconds of this EP is really good. Not a bad riff, nice guitar sound. Then the vocals come in. "Hi! How are you? How's it going?" Fuck off. "You look happy. You look glowing" No, no. You don't seem to understand. Fuck off.

Most people hate the sound of Mike Edwards out of Jesus Jones singing so why would this guy try to impersonate him sort of half talking, half whispering/singing, um, sort of?

Admittedly, the music isn't too bad, though. What a waste. I feel sorry for the musicians. Correction: I felt sorry for the musicians. The second song "Love is", is some of the blandest music writing I have heard in some time, and, once again, the vocals are awful but really it's the lyrics that totally destroy this song.

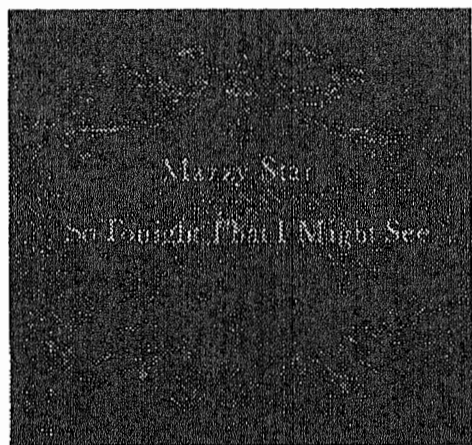
"Love is a shiny car. Love is a steel guitar." This is a very lonely man. Apparently love is also "the twelve bar blues, a battle scar, blue suede shoes, a drawn sword, a mental ward" and probably the hairs on my butt as long as he can rhyme it with something.

The next two tracks are much the same. More awful singing, even worse lyrics and music that at best is quite good guitary sort of pop and, at worst, predictable, boring ... exceptional in its mediocrity.

There are highlights though. About three or four times during the entire EP, just when my mind began to wander, I was awakened by a Go-Betweens-ish vowel or syllable but I think it might just be his tendency to sing the last note of every few phrases about a semi-tone too flat.

Oh well, enough said. Don't buy this CD.

Mark Scruby



*So Tonight That I Might See*  
Mazzy Star  
Capitol (Import only)

Considering that your average Tom, Dick or Sally has never heard of Mazzy Star, I thought it essential to try and define what this band sounds like. This proved to be far more difficult than I expected, as it comprises such a varied range of sounds and influences. The best description I could arrive at is that if k.d. lang and The Jesus and Mary Chain got together and had a baby, I think they'd call it Mazzy Star. If that confuses you even more let me put it another way; this album travels from country to distorted guitar riffs visiting folk, blues, gospel, *Electric Ladyland* (Jimi Hendrix) and grunge along the way. It all comes together to form a blissful array of intense, personal, and extremely challenging and sad songs. Definitely not party music.

Guitarist David Roback and the beautiful vocalist Hope Sandoval form the core of this melancholic US duo. *So Tonight That I Might See* is the follow up to the band's critically acclaimed debut *She Hangs Brightly*. To go through the songs on this album individually would be a waste of space as they all possess a unique quality and are equally irresistible. However, I might mention that the title track is reminiscent of The Doors epics "The End" and "When the Music's Over".

People who don't have a love for music would probably find this album difficult to tolerate, perhaps even scary. However, if you do love music I strongly recommend that you get your grubby little hands onto a copy of this album,

put it on, sit back, and enjoy the emotional rollercoaster ride. To quote Roback: "popular does not mean better".

In conclusion, think of something excessively beautiful, yet ironic and with an overriding sense of sadness and you'll be close to having an accurate picture of this album. My suggestion is the moon's reflection on a lake surrounded by pine forests (all covered in snow, perhaps with a single howling wolf in the background).

Dominic Stefanson

*Deeper Dig*  
Phonogram

World class acid jazz, and it's Australian! Hailing from Sydney, Dig consist of guitar, bass, keyboard, drums, sax and occasionally vocals, and not only are they extremely hot musicians, the opening track reveals a social and political awareness unusual in this genre. Entitled "Two-way Dreamtime", it's a funky dance groove powered at the bottom end by pulsing didgeridoo. Scott Saunderson's rap, interspersed with soprano sax, is also unusual in that one can understand every word, making a welcome change from the norm. "Hip Replacement" is a fitting tribute to Miles Davis, "The Den" evokes some soundtrack/theme from the seventies a la The James Taylor Quartet, and tasty solos from all instruments feature throughout. Overall, some slick and sleazy grooves, great variety in mood and colour, even a touch of beatnik, making what amounts to one hell of a happening C.D.

Sam Dixon

*Not Drowning, Waving*  
The Office  
23rd February

Billed as the "Peter Gabriel After-party", the only thing relating to this title was that the guy in front of me was wearing an US tour T-shirt. As a result of this dubious and also rather low-key advertising, you wouldn't really have called this one a packed-out gig. All of the shoulder-pad brigade that makes up the clientele at The Orifice had obviously been urgently paged to go elsewhere, leaving an audience so small that you had to feel sorry for the band - a real pity as Not Drowning Waving deserve much, much more. Despite this, NDW still produced a tight "cabaret set" for the appreciative group present, most of who got comfortable by pulling up chairs in front of the stage and tapping a foot or two.

NDW have been lumped under the title of world music due to their past collaborations with Papua New Guinean artists, but while this title has earned them spots in the recent WOMADelaide festivals and their current position as Peter Gabriel's support on his Australian tour, it doesn't really do their broad range of music justice and the label has perhaps scared more people away than it has attracted. The set this particular night, however, did emphasise their "world music" side, with songs from their acclaimed album *Tabaran* and many from the latest album *Circus* in-

cluding "Teteko", "Norman Young" "Penmon" and "Crazybirds" (a JJJ Hottest 100 favourite that was enthusiastically received by the crowd.)

Although there were some initial mixing problems, the band produced an energetic live sound that still managed to capture the atmospheric sound that characterises their recordings. Stand-out tracks were "Palea" and the rather dancey "Wobble", the latter featuring samples of Daffy Duck yelling "wabbit season!". Bizarre but true. From the ridiculous to the sublime, the textured melodies of the songs such as "The Kiap Song" were also conveyed beautifully by the gorgeous voice of singer/keyboardist David Bridie, who was none the worse for having already performed one show that night. Although his stage presence is a bit lacking, he certainly looked like he was enjoying himself as he bopped around behind the keyboards in check shirt and chest-level trousers. Bassist Rowan McKinnon was also unusually attired for a performer, looking like he just wandered in from the Bundy Bear Bar on Hindley Street and thought he'd have a go.

However, all were very competent musicians, and great things must be especially said about two percussionists who produced the rousing ethnic beats that underpin many of the songs. Special mention to the cellist Helen Mountfort who produced more sounds than ever possible from both electric and classical cellos, most notably in "Crazybirds", as well as also lending a hand on sampler, acoustic guitar and percussion at various points.

Unfortunately the set was cut short by an hour by some fool licensing laws at The Orifice, which definitely lacks something as a live venue. As a result we were not treated to personal favourites like "Spark" and "Walk" but did get a version of "Sing Sing" that featured some heavy leaning on the effects pedal by the guitarist and a steadily increasing tempo by not one but four drummers! A truly stupendous finale to an enjoyable show.

Dez

## CASSINGLE GIVEAWAYS

Courtesy of Festival Records, we have one copy each of the following cassettes to give away: "Renegade Soundwave" by Renegade Soundwave, "You Know How We Do It" by Ice Cube, "This Garden" by The Levellers, "What Would I Do?" by Albare, "Liar" by Horsehead, or a cassette with accompanying video clip of "Heard So Much About You", the new single by Nick Barker. If you want any of these, come into the On Dit office on Tuesday, March 8, between 12:10 p.m. and 12:30 p.m., and ask for Florian.

# Crank it up

The Hoodoo Gurus formed on the 1st of January 1981, when core band members Dave Faulkner and Brad Shepard came together to play in an inner city lounge. Since the first release *Stone Roses* in 1983 the band has continually enjoyed Top 20 success in this country as well as phenomenal success on US College and independent charts. Dominic Stefanson spoke with the Gurus' bass guitarist Rick Grossman about the band, the new live album, playing live and anything that might be of interest.

The Hoodoo Gurus recently spent two months in LA recording their sixth studio album *Crank*, with the help of producer Ed Stasium of the Ramones, Living Colour, and Soul Asylum fame.

"Basically what Ed wanted to do was to capture us live, and in a sense that's what he did. The album is the closest we've ever got to how the band sounds live. Ed actually mixed *Kinky* (the Gurus' fifth studio album), but he had never seen the band. While Ed was down in Australia working with the Baby Animals he came to a gig and it shocked him. He came up to us after the gig and said 'Look I had all these ideas for you guys and now I've just thrown them out the window, because you sound so different to the record. Let's just try and capture the live sound'. So Ed didn't come up with any great arrangement or make us change - he just made us work really hard. He made us play the song over and over again and made us become definite on our parts. You know, we're like the world's slackest band, we just love playing, we're not real good with rehearsals. But he [Ed] was great, he just cracked the whip and got us all match fit."

On L.A. in general: "It was great;

great people, great studio except we had to brave the freeway everyday." (No they were not there at the time of the earthquake)

At the time of *Kinky*, Rick was quoted as saying it was the best album of his, as well as the Gurus' career, so how does the new album *Crank* compare?

"It's the best." They just keep getting better. *Crank* is also the first album to feature Brad Shepard on lead vocals. There are four songs on the album sung by Brad, one being the second single 'You open my Eyes'.

"Brad is a great songwriter, but he is

from *Stone Roses*, *Mars Needs Guitars*, and *Kinky*). "Originally we just wanted to have a close up on a guy with a nipple ring. Then Aerosmith came out with that record, and this Jim Rose circus stuff and we thought it's a bit groovy now, so that's on the back cover of the album."

Rick joined the band in 1988 after having played with such notable bands as the Divinyls. Rick knew most of the band members, but not very well, with the exception of Mark Kingsmill (Drums) with whom he had played in a garage band shortly after finishing

I asked Rick what he would have thought if someone had told him when he was playing in a garage band with Mark, that one day they would be playing in one of Australia's leading bands.

"We both wanted it. At that stage, this is in 1975/6, there was kind of like a scene around these little rehearsal rooms in Sydney. There were lots and lots of people playing in these little garage bands and it was like - 'Yeah, let's meet girls and do this and that and take lots of drugs.'" He laughs. "But really, if they're the only reasons you're in a band you don't last for very long." [Hear that all you budding Uni bands.]

"But Mark and I were music fanatics, total fanatics".

"Funnily enough we're the only two people from that whole scene still playing in groups. Out of all those people we are the only ones to have played in any proper group." Rick says this with almost a trace of regret or sadness.

The Hoodoo Gurus have long had a reputation for being a good studio group and a brilliant live band in this country, as well as beyond our shores.

"Playing live is the big pay-off for us. You have to go through all this other stuff, going on the road, driving, getting tired, getting shitty with each other, just to play, so it has to be pretty good to make up for that other stuff. We all love playing live, that's what we live for. That sounds a bit corny doesn't it."

The *Crank* national tour kicks off in Adelaide at the Thebbie Theatre on Saturday the 26th of March, with support from You am I and Red Kross. Tickets are available now for \$27 at the usual ticketing outlets.

Interview conducted thanks to the groovy people at 3D radio 98.7Fm, Adelaide's only true alternative.



The Hoodoo Gurus...Dave, Brad, Rick and Mark

his own worst enemy. This is the first time we really pushed him when he was getting his songs together. It just happened, he came up with four great songs and he's singing all of them. It's just tremendous, it gave the album a really different flavour."

As for the cover of *Crank*: "...it's very groovy" - as you would come to expect from the Gurus - (check out the covers

school.

As Rick explained to me the Australian music scene is rather insular.

"Everybody knows everybody else. I'd left the Divinyls and had some time off. They (the Gurus) needed a bass player and knew I wasn't playing with anyone so they rang me up and said 'We know you play, you'd fit in really well, but what is your sense of humour like?'"

# Jean-Paul Wabotai

Friendly, warm, genuine and deeply spiritual are a few words which describe both the music and the man. Born in Zaire, singer and percussionist Jean-Paul Wabotai left his homeland at the tender age of 15, arriving ultimately in France, and with only ten francs in his pocket he hit the streets of Paris. There he became involved in the Afro-French music scene and joined Angelique Kidjo as musician and dancer in her tours of Europe, Asia and Australia. Jean-Paul has developed a special fondness for Australia, and is currently applying for residency status. "I like the country, because I like the way the people are here in this country, they are straight, I like straight people. In France they are more hypocritical, they can't tell you something they think. Here is fantastic and the people are more on the ground."

I saw Jean-Paul up at the Byron Bay festival where he performed solo accapella, accompanying himself with body percussion. Not so for the Fringe though. "We have two singers from Australia and a guitarist. It's going to be a huge, huge, huge, huge meeting of two cultures, Australian and African. Going to be something fantastic, something new and with a message of love, peace and happiness."

Having been inspired and intrigued by his body percussion, I asked how he got into it initially. "I find the body has soul, it is connected. One day I started, when I was young we played with the rhythm; we sang takatakataka (etc) and it is just fantastic when three people do this at the same time. It creates a special vibe. When you play an acoustic instrument you feel this connection and when you play your body you have more vibration and it is just fan-

tastic. It is just such a good pleasure. Everybody can do this. It is the natural music, the pure music. I have everything, I have my voice, I have my body."

Not only does Jean-Paul sing in his native Zairen tongue of Lingala, French and English, he also indulges in a bit of pygmy expressionism. "Pygmy song is just the sound and the sound is just such something people want to do when born, we scream or cry or laugh."

When he was a child he used to sing in a church choir, and it was here that Jean-Paul first felt communion with God through the gift of music. Ever since he has felt a calling to spread his message, one of universal siblinghood and love. "I think in my music communication is the most important thing we can have now in this time in this world. In my music I want to share

this with people and make them act, make them join together. I think when people sing together the voice becomes just one. This is the art, this is the power of the art. Another thing is the message of love. Sometimes we can look so far for to find the love and the love, you can't find it anywhere if you didn't find the love in you." Jean-Paul Wabotai will be playing the Fringe from the 7th - 13th of March at the Lion Theatre from 8 p.m. If his show is anything like the one up at Byron Bay, and I suspect it will be better given the superior venue, it is not to be missed. To quote the man himself, "It's going to be Fringe shining (laughs)."

Dylan Woolcock

# Dispossessed

Zora di Transito - Pieta  
Scenario Urbano  
Gerard & Goodman Building,  
March 13

Scenario Urbano is a group of four Sydney-based artist/designers: Dennis Del Favero, Eamon D'Arcy, Tony McGregor and Dereck Nicholson. Together they have created, for the Adelaide Installations, one of the most effective installations I have seen.

To see the installation one must first walk down a darkened corridor; muffled sounds ahead hint of things to come. At the end of this corridor is a door, with a sign: *loss*. The viewers open this door to discover another corridor, at the end

of which there is plinth. On top of the plinth there is a head; the place of laughter and kisses. The head has been wrapped in a white sheet and is illuminated by a sliver of light. Behind the plinth, on the wall, there are picture frames. Some of these have been smashed, others are empty, some only possess a torn portion of a photograph. But to get a closer look one must first walk over several metres of broken glass. In addition to the noisy crunch of glass are the sounds of helicopters, crying babies and barking dogs. Above the door that the viewers have just entered is an explanatory sign:

Zagreb... Emma Brkovic, a sixty year old refugee from Bihar was questioned today by UN officials after a bandaged human head was found in her possession. The woman explained that

the head was that of her son, executed by invading forces after they had dragged him from his hospital bed. She had recovered the head and carried it with her to Sarajevo in order to prevent it from being used for target practice by occupying troops. City authorities allowed Mrs Brkovic to bury the head in the local cemetery. She has no surviving relatives. Reuters.

After this, the viewers now walk through a door entitled *possessions*. They walk into a large room with shelves on either side. In these shelves are suitcases, and the blue bags that UNHCR give refugees. These bags represent the lives of refugees, they do not only contain the material possessions of refugees, but also their emotional possessions: refugees take family photographs and mementoes to remind them of saner times. Inside many of the bags are audio loops which have real-life refugees, from all over the world, telling their personal stories about fleeing their homelands.

From this room the viewers walk through a hole, under a shelf, into another room, called *dreams*. When you enter this room you realise that you have walked through a ceiling, because, on the far wall, two beds and four chairs stand, representing the ground. Like an upside down fly on the wall you watch the projection of video images on top of the mattresses: helicopters flying over a

battle scene, deep foliage, close-ups of bodies. The sound of heavy breathing and sighing gives this room a calm and dreamlike ambience. But is it the calmness of insanity? impending death? or relocation to sanity?

*Zora di Transito - Pieta* is a work that is concerned with the common experiences of refugees; their 'losses, relocations and displacements.' The movement of these people transforms their existences; all reality is torn asunder, 'former certainties collapse and all identities are called into question.' Through their stories, which are full of angst and pain, a broader, more honest, narrative of history and culture is created.

This installation works on many levels. Sensually, it bombards you with sounds and images. Intellectually, you hear the stories of past refugees. Physically, you feel the broken glass under your feet. All of these elements combine to create an emotionally wrenching piece. It is a disorientating and sad experience.

This is the time of year that Adelaideans enjoy hedonist pleasures, so an installation of this nature really brings home two facts: how fortunate many Australians are, and how unfortunate much of the world is. Experience this piece, because it is good art; New York and Paris would struggle to equal it.

Mike Hepburn



But is it art?

## High art?

The 1994 Adelaide Festival represents many different things to many different people. To most it is high art, pretentious attitudes and deeply symbolic scenery. This can be bad or good depending on one's opinion. To me, the festival holds little interest except in one area: visual arts. The area I am most interested in is the Adelaide Installations, a collection of outdoor and indoor installations in and around the CBD. The artworks are site specific, constructed especially for the festival by mostly highly commended and thoroughly excellent artists from Asia and Australia. I believe that these artworks gain most of their appeal through their interactive nature. One can not only stand and observe, but climb on, walk through and lie on the structures. One such example is a work being currently exhibited at the Experimental Art Foundation. "Labyrinth", by Sydney artist Mike Parr, consists of a large room containing a maze. The difference between this maze and a normal maze is that this one is in complete and utter, black and nasty darkness. The result-

ing affect is a semi paranoid claustrophobia, a loss of spatial orientation and a considerably large rush of adrenalin.

Other installation locations include the botanic gardens/park, Adelaide University/North Terrace, Synagogue Place (just off Rundle street), at which various pieces of art are waiting to be inspected and enjoyed. So far in my installation experiences, I have walked over broken glass covered floors, seen a floor on a wall, climbed over and under various wooden structures and gotten lost several times in the infamous maze. "Adelaide Installations" is an experience of the senses, a visual and tactile mission of discovery, it will increase your electrocortical activity and make you a better person. The best thing about these exhibitions are that they are free, so grab a location guide from your nearest and favourite location (Art Gallery of S.A., Pubs, Cafes) and get out there. No Excuses.

Angus Kemp

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# Kirsty fucks up

The Winter Olympics have just drawn to a close in Lillehammer, Norway. They came complete with the usual array of triumph and disappointment, as well as a few novelties which haven't been seen before. Ben Boxer gives us his thoughts on the winter version of the world's greatest sporting event.

You can't help but have mixed feelings about the Winter Olympics. Most Australians have never skied or skated before and some have not even seen snow. They really have no significance to us; hence the delayed highlights package was screened so late that we had already heard the results on the news. Tomorrow, nobody in Australia will remember who won what and will still be complaining about the delayed telecast of an infinitely more important event, the South African cricket tour.

These days the Olympics are no longer the amateur contest that they were in the beginning. They are nationalistic, irrevocably commercial and expensive. The demand for entertainment killed amateur sport at some time in the 1970's.

With television networks forking out a combined total of \$633 million to the IOC for rights to cover the 1992 Barcelona Olympics and \$289 million to cover the Albertville Winter Games that same year, someone decided that there was even more money to be made if only TV companies did not have to outlay all of these monies in the same year. Now we have a split cycle of Olympiads, with the next Summer Games being the 'Coca Cola' Games in Atlanta two years from now and the next Winter Games scheduled for Nagano, Japan in 1998. The Summer Games will have increased in importance and countries will be able to focus more attention on each Olympiad and the IOC will reap the benefits.

The Australian team in Lillehammer on one hand represented the essence of amateurism but on the other, should not be competing when compared with the strict guidelines imposed for selection in the Summer Olympics. Andrew Lloyd won the men's 5000 metres at the 1990 Commonwealth Games yet didn't go to Barcelona because he had not met selection criteria and the selectors didn't feel that he would perform. Compare this with Kirsty Marshall who had been injured for over a year yet was selected on the basis of past form and a single World Cup event victory over three years ago. Of course the selection criteria are different for the Winter Games and the primary objective is for Australia to put in an appearance and say we did all right for a country of our size especially considering that we don't have a winter climate.

Who can forget Australian Jacqui Cooper's explanation of why she failed to qualify along with Kirsty Marshall

for the Freestyle Aerials final? She claimed, without any apparent disappointment, that she had missed her landing because the necklace given to her by her boyfriend, mogul skier Adrian Costa, had become entangled in her goggles during her jump. If we are paying tens of thousands to send these people to Norway at least she could remember to take her jewellery off while she jumps. Perhaps this is the type of attitude that has disappeared from the Olympics. The attitude where the taking part is more important than the winning. Jacqui Cooper's attitude is definitely amateur. Another Australian Olympic 'idealist' was the biathlete who finished a very creditable 8th in one of her races and when interviewed was more intent on sending numerous messages to her toddler and baby-sitter back at home than showing her regret that if she had hit one more target in the shooting component, she may have won a bronze medal.

The 'Ice machine' won Australia's first ever medal at the Winter games and the only medal by a Southern

hemisphere country in Lillehammer. Kirsty Marshall and other up-and-coming Freestyle Aerial skiers benefit from one of the world's best training facilities, the Australian Waterjump Park in Victoria and if the money injected into this type of facility provides the returns that this one is beginning to, perhaps sports that are considered minor should be encouraged and supported to a greater degree.

Boil-overs are the norm in alpine skiing events. These guys are constantly on the edge knowing that one small mistake will mean either not finishing or losing a medal. It doesn't matter because they only have to wait for the next race for another shot at the medal and in any case the Winter Games are just another date in the racing calendar for these athletes. The only thing that differentiates them from World Cup events and other races is the scope for vast exposure through television coverage, which leads, of course, to endorsements and other spin-offs.

With all due respect to Kirsty Marshall, who has now placed in the top 7 in two successive Olympiads,

Medalist, world rowing champions and other world class performers. Kirsty Marshall has marketed herself so well and been exposed sufficiently enough that not performing to her own and the Australian public's expectations has not damaged her credibility as an athlete.

The amazing thing about the Winter Games is that unlike the Summer Olympics, none of the athletes use drugs! Cross Country skiers and biathletes surely are into blood-doping and ways of ensuring that their aim is true when they have to shoot targets after skiing flat out for 5 kilometres. Even the most sporadic drug testing always finds someone testing positive but in the Winter Games guilty parties seem to be few and far between. There was one hint of the type of scandalous drug use that is widespread amongst elite athletes.

Medication for asthma when taken by non-sufferers can improve performance by allowing an increased oxygen intake by the athlete. Is it any wonder then that the percentage of Olympians using this type of prescribed medication, which is legal if it is essential to the athlete, by far outstrips the percentage of the population that suffer from respiratory disorders?

While the Tonya and Nancy affair has lifted the profile of not only the Winter Games but of figure skating, no one has questioned the validity of this sport. It is really only ballroom dancing on ice and is ballroom dancing an Olympic sport? Tradition is what has kept skating in the Olympics since their inception and despite the importance of the sport's own world championships and professionals returning to the Olympic arena, they are unlikely to be dropped from the program. Tonya Harding has ensured that figure skating will be a high profile sport in years to come. Her only problem was that she made a slight miscalculation somewhere along the line. In the same way that one British idiot announced his intention to stab the world's top 345 women tennis players so that a British player could be number one, Tonya not only needed to take out Nancy Kerrigan but also every other skater in the competition because she finished very close to last.

So, after another Olympic show, the IOC has been able to diminish the controversy surrounding drug use, escalate the commercialism of the Olympics and resuscitate amateur sport and the Olympic 'ideal'.



A disgraced Kirsty heads back to the Olympic village

Hemisphere country in Lillehammer. Norway, with a population of around 4 million, only just failed to top the medals tally. Australia has a very small number of athletes proficient in these winter sports. They probably deserve as much support as any other sportspeople striving to compete at an elite level even though we are not endowed with a climate that is con-

du- albeit only two years apart, there are countless other sports people who have achieved more on the world stage yet are nowhere as well known as a result of media exposure and sponsorship than Kirsty. She benefits from being a small fish in an even smaller pond. Australia has a world champion junior women's basketball team, Kathy Watt, an Olympic cycling Gold

# Boltin' with Rolton

Have you ever wondered what happens to those pre-pubescent girls who adorn their walls and school folders with pictures of horses? Well, those who don't graduate to pictures of 90210's finest but remain obsessed with Black Beauty and co. could end up as Olympic champions like Gillian Rolton. But before you relent to your little niece's repeated requests for a pony, read what Gillian Rolton had to say to Bryan Scruby about the trials and tribulations that go hand in hand with Olympic gold.

It all started for Gillian at age 10 when, after trying ballet, callisthenics, running and a serious attempt at swimming glory, her parents made the bold step of purchasing a nag. This was the beginning of a lonely ride to the top that involved the training of several, expensive hay burners until Rolton reached the trials for the Seoul Olympics. Everything was progressing well until a fall left her with her "elbow somewhere higher up [her] arm", than it should have been. Despite missing out on Seoul, Rolton recovered to win the Gawler Three Day Event instead which set her back on the path to her most famous achievement.

After miles of riding with only her mount and her walkman (tuned to her favourite Cold Chisel, true to the aristocratic equestrian tradition of Europe), Rolton turned into reality "something everyone dreams about". Almost two years on and Rolton still speaks in excited tones about the "lump in [her] throat" that rose with the Australian

flag and the realisation of her achievement hitting home on her victory ride around the arena in Barcelona. The memories of having her newly crowned Olympic champion steed, Peppermint Grove, driven to the French border by some wayward Spanish police, of working her way through a barrow load of grog after the victory ceremony and then participating in a drunken early morning wake-up call for those in the Olympic village are still uppermost in her mind.

However, it's not been all beer and saddles for our most famous equestrian. Like most celebrities, Rolton receives her fair share of fan mail. This comes mainly from girls starting at riding clubs as well as the odd proud parent keen to enlist the services of an Olympian to teach little Susie which end of the horse to put the oats into. But true to her nature, she takes the time to respond as often as possible. Such community mindedness, commitment and dedication are qualities that she lists as attributes in those sporting people that she herself admires (such as Michelle Fielke, Sean Carlin and even the Crows).

Rolton's sporting talents don't end with horses. When it's too hot to ride she can be found with her surfer husband hanging ten at the beach or going for the occasional windsurf, although she does admit to having little mastery over the sailboard. But no off-shore spills could match Rolton's most embarrassing equine entanglement. While leading the

Gawler Three Day Event, her gee-gee landed awkwardly and took a tumble over a jump that just happened to be swarming with photographers. It was a popular TV story as well as making the Advertiser's front page (the Crows must have had a quiet day).

But that was then and this is now and Rolton has had to contend with the problem of the dollar yet again. At \$13 000 for a one way horse class ticket to overseas events, equestrian competitions are expensive to enter. And with only \$4 000 worth of grants to see her through, Rolton needs more than words of encouragement to experience world class competition. In fact, so bad was the situation before Barcelona that Rolton had to sell all of her other horses to pay for her ticket. But unlike so many of the struggling sports stars in this country, Rolton has been well treated by the media and her sponsors such that she is now able to leave our shores to compete in the upcoming World Championships.

So next time you're touring the southern-most boundaries of our urban

sprawl and drive down Gillian Close or Peppermint Grove (recent dedications to the pair's achievements) or see a 1992 model gold Commodore (courtesy of GMH for her Olympic medal) then spare a thought for that horse crazy school girl at the bus stop - she may just be our next world champ.



Where the oats go in.

## Results

### Lawn Tennis

Women division 3: Memorial Drive 9-66 d Uni 3-34

Men division 4: Xavier 7-67 d Uni 6-62

division 5: Tranmere 10-67 d Uni 2-20

### Cricket

A grade: Uni 9/273 drew with Salisbury 8/384 dec.

A. Moule 79

A. Kimber 71

B grade: Uni 195 d Salisbury 193 & 6/148

S. Rosewarne 61

S. Munt 4/57

C grade: 151 & 3/154 lost to Salisbury 311

R. Lane 68 no

D grade: Uni 309 d Salisbury 9/258

J. Trim 83

D. Kidman 86

A4 Turf: University 242 and 2/106 d Commonwealth Bank 213

P. Law 4/39

E Turf: Uni 249 & 2/89 d E.T.S.A 154

Cowper 4/38

Low 3/23

### Hockey

#### Men

Division 1: Uni 11 d Westminster OS 2

B. Collings 4

A. Campbell 3

Division 2: Carrbrook 5 d Uni 0

### Rifle Shooting

D division: Cyclists (3) 556-2233-6 d Uni (1) 550-2241-4

E division: Cyclists (4) 374-1516-8 d Uni (2) 267-1386-4

### Athletics

#### State Titles

##### Women

Katrina Camp - Silver in 800m Open, Bronze in 200m Open

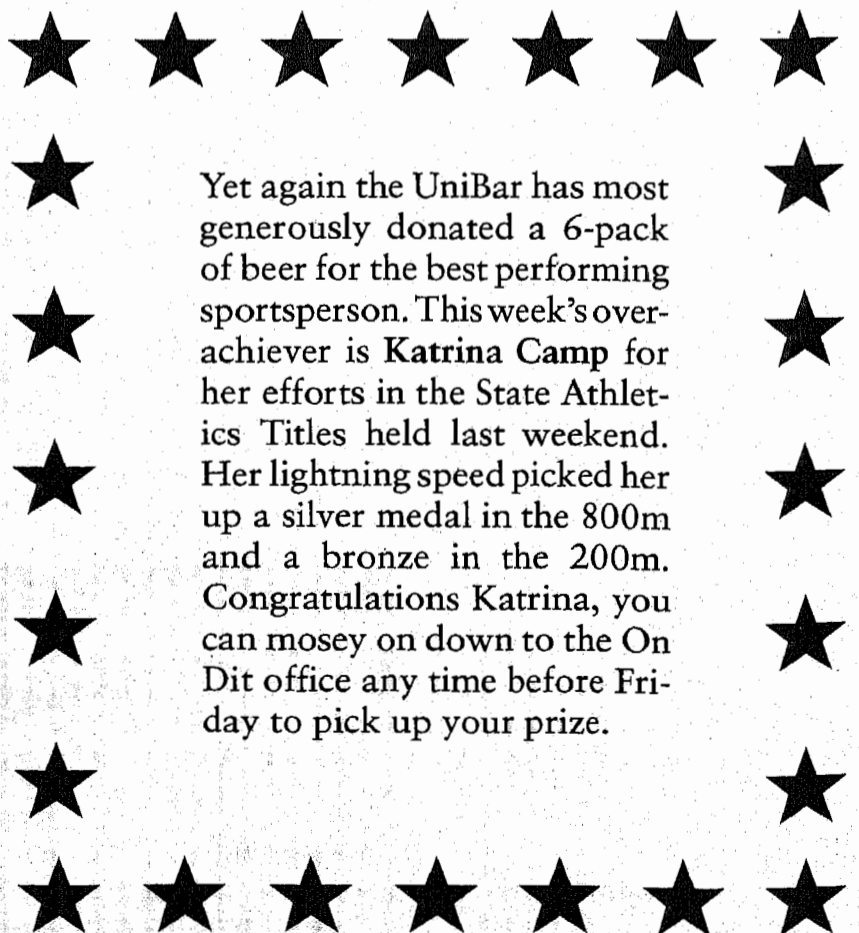
Fiona Atkinson - Gold in Open Javelin

##### Men

Matthew Jamieson - Bronze in 800m Open

Aaron Dalton - Silver in U/18 3000m walk.

## Unibar Performance of the Week



**Adelaide University Union  
By Election**

**Due to resignations there are three positions available on Union Board.**

**Nominations Open:**

Monday, 28th February, 1994 at 9am.

**Nominations Close:**

Tuesday, 8th March at 4pm sharp.

Nomination Forms Available from:

Union Administration (First Floor, Lady Symon Building)  
Roseworthy Students can collect Nomination Forms from Roseworthy Student Union Office.

**THIS BY ELECTION WILL BE HELD TUESDAY 22ND MARCH TO THURSDAY 24TH MARCH**

ANY QUESTIONS, PLEASE CONTACT NICK DUNSTONE, RETURNING OFFICER, ON 303 5401

**Notice of a Clubs Association Council Meeting**

Friday March 11, 1994 at 1:10 pm  
Union Cinema

Level 5, Union Cinema

Delegates are encouraged to attend for:

-A motion to disaffiliate the Taefl Club

-A report on the Debating Society

-The 1993 CA Financial Statement

-The establishment of a committee to consider constitutional reform in the CA

-Other general business

For further information contact David Moxham, CA president in the CA office on 303 5403.

**Winner**

The winner of the Theatre Guild O'Week raffle was Neil Rocklin. The lucky guy gets a \$100 book voucher from Uni Books.

**Tai Chi Club**

invites new members. Classes are available: Tuesday (beginners) and Thursday (advanced) at 11.30-1.00. Venue: Botanic Park or the Games Room when it rains. To register your \$30 for seven lessons and \$10 affiliation fee ph 332 7638. 1994 classes start Tuesday 8th March

**Adelaide University Pride.**

First meeting to be held this Thursday March 10 at 1.00 pm in the North/South Dining Room, level 4 of the Union Building. All existing members, new members and those interested are invited to attend for an informal get together and to discuss the year's activities and events.

Also, don't forget our first social outing for the year - the BBQ at Rymall Park, East Terrace, Adelaide this Sunday (March 13) starting at midday. Food will be provided by Pride, so just bring yourself, something to drink and your friends. Follow Grenfell Street straight (?) into Rymill Park - you can't miss it. Even if you haven't been involved in Pride before, this is a good opportunity to meet those in the group.

For more information, contact John on 379 2565.

**Notice of Labor Club Meeting**

First Labor Club meeting to be held on Mon 7/3 at 1pm in the WP Rogers Room, Level 5 of the Union Building. All new and prospective members welcome.

**Liberation Meeting**

All students involved in Liberation Week please meet at 2pm at the Backstage Cafe on Tues 8/3.

**The Connector**

The opening event for the new Adelaide literary magazine, *The Connector*, is taking place on Thursday March 10 at the Fringe backyard stage from 6pm 'til late. Proffered for your pleasure and titillation will be films and a diverse group of performers including experimental poets, Mindflux and Sin Dog Jelly Roll. *The Connector*: Connect, Execute, Proliferate. Contact for those desiring more information: Luke Cutting 269 7195.

**Join the fight for Human Rights!**

Amnesty International's Introductory and Annual General Meeting will occur on Wednesday 9th March in the Margaret Murray Room located on the 5h floor of the Union Building (near the bar!) Amnesty has over 1 million members, it needs 1 more - You!

**Pro -Life Club**

The Inaugural General Meeting of the Pro-Life Club will be held on Tuesday 15 March at 1pm, in the Margaret Murry Room, Level 5 of the Union Building

**Stage Affairs** (as listed in the 1994 diary) has now changed its name to

Herisin' Theatre Company. Our aim is still to run especially for Youth Arts (students on campus and off). If you are interested in Dance, Acting, Singing or have interests in Technical/Backstage work, we want you! The first Annual general Meeting is on Sunday 13th March at Goodwood Community centre at 11:00am Goodwood Rd (adjacent to Goodwood Priamry School). Any further queries before the meeting - call our Goodwood office on 272 7148 or Jason Forrest ah 240 0927. See ya there.

**Debate: Equality in the Workplace** requires women to adopt the same values, attitudes and behaviour as men? As a celebration of both International Women's Day and the Centenary of Women's Suffrage in South Australia, the Australian Federation of University Women (SA) will explore this proposition in a debate to be held on Monday 21 March at 1:00pm in Napier Lecture Theatre 102. Speakers will be Rebecca Bailey-Harris, Anthony Durkin, Janine Haines, Julia Lester, Tony Thomas and Susan Vardon. The debate will be chaired by Susan Cole, and promises to be a lively exploration of this still-contentious issue.

Admission will be free, and AFUW extends a cordial invitation to both women and men to attend. For further information: Dr Jenny Barker 277 6086.

**Resistance Club Meeting**

Unemployment, Third World debt, environmental crisis - capitalism is in trouble. But can democratic socialism offer a viable alternative? ... "What Future for Socialism" Thursday March 10, 1pm, Irene Watson Building (level 5 Union Building).

**Chess**

Attention to all Chess lovers. The Adelaide University Chess Club invites all interested bodies to a gathering at the WP Rogers Room on Level 5 of the Union Building on Wednesday, 16th March at 1.15 pm. Any other interested bodies can contact Fred Bonnet (386 3058) or David Siow (332 6922). Your move!

**Engineering Law Students' Assoc.**

**Inaugural General Meeting**  
5pm Thursday 24 March, Room N123b Chemical Engineering Department.  
The Club Constitution will be accepted and the club provisionally affiliated and the inaugural officers of the club elected. The club is for those interested in industrially related legal issues and offers a great range of activities.  
For more info, contact Davide Rossi via Law School Pigeonhole or Chem. Eng. Dept. Office.

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**Garage Sale**  
Retro and 60s clothing, furniture, household goods.  
Saturday 9am, 68 Harrow Rd, College Park (end of 6th Ave, St Peters).

**Student Radio**

**Student Radio Guide 13 March 1994 5UV 531am**

**2.30 Chris O' Brien & Matt Fleet - Recent & older alternative releases to alternate your mind.**

**3.30 Richard Seamark & Tony Page play British (mostly) pop.**

**4.30 Simon Hunt - Student Radio Music**

**5. 30 Current Affairs**

**6.00 Grind the Pose - What will Michael Dwyer and Paul Hoadley and the rest of them bring you this week?**

**7.00 A Twist of Lemon ...Unexpect the expected is the only advice we can give you at this stage...**

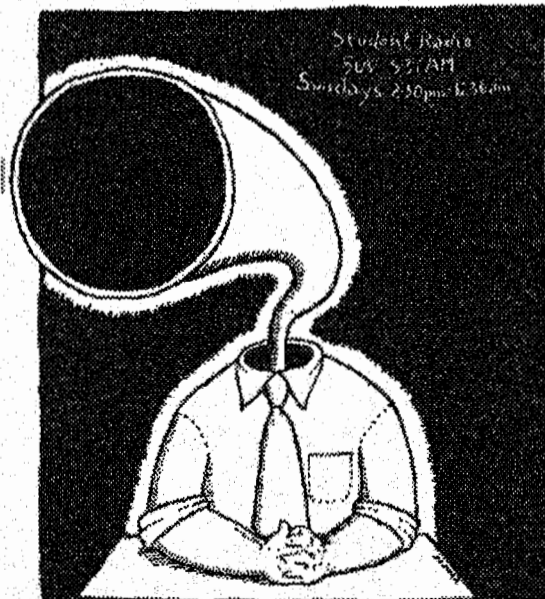
**7.30 Katrina Picozzi - Babes In Boyland**

**8. 30 Darien O'Reilly & Greg Woods play lots of brand new stuff from America that we gurantee you wouldn't have heard before.**

**9.30 Tracey Skehan presents Local Noise, focussing on Adelaide bands, their music and their eating habits.**

**10.30 World Montage - the best world music you can hear on a Sunday night.**

**11.30 David Hewitt & Penny Fredericks play a lot of stuff to keep you entertained until we switch over to the BBC World Service (and that really is worth staying up for!)**



give me noise

# Revealed: Union President's Double Life!

Union President Anthony Roediger is leading a double life - as another student politician. Pages from the student diaries of Adelaide and Edith Cowan universities show the shocking truth. Roediger and counterpart "Simon Tidy" (or is that Simon Tidy and counterpart "Anthony Roediger"?) seem set to dominate student politics in both universities. The truth became apparent at last year's NUS National Conference, after it was remarked how odd it was that Roediger and Tidy were never seen in the same room at the same time.

## Education Vice President

*Simon Tidy*

On behalf of the Edith Cowan University Student Guild, I would like to extend a warm welcome to all students, new and old, and wish you a successful and enjoyable year in 1993.

Paying your Guild fees to the Student Guild should be seen as an investment not an expense. The return that you receive on your investment is proportional to your utilisation of the services provided by the Guild.

Many of these are "hidden" services that are simply taken for granted. Gold phones, banking, post office, second hand books, video hire, tool hire, sporting activities are to name a few. Drop in to the Student Guild on your campus and see what is available.

On a lighter note, your life at Edith Cowan need not be all work and no play. There are a multitude of clubs and societies on campus, supported and promoted by the Guild that can make your time at university enjoyable.

Well enough of me and on with the show. Feel free to contact me at the Mt Lawley Guild if you have any problems, or drop in if you just want to have a coffee and a chat (except exam time, I'm a student just like you).

So welcome to Edith Cowan University and all the best for the coming year.



## Welcome to the Adelaide University Union.

The Union is your student-run service providing organisation with membership comprising all students as well as some academics, staff and graduates.

Professionally managed we aim to create a real life and culture outside of books and pracs - so get involved... use the Union!

To help you get the most out of University we provide a huge range of catering, shops, entertainment, the UniBar, Union Cinema, Theatres, Union Gallery and the Union Studio and fund over 150 sports and interest clubs and societies through our affiliates.

To help you survive and to protect your rights we provide loans, support, information and advocacy through your Education and Welfare Officers and fund your representative organisations: the Students' Association, the Postgraduate Students' Association and the Overseas Students' Association.

So, whatever you need and want to start up and get involved (some limits!) "ask and ye shall find"!

Enjoy 1994 and all the best.

Anthony Roediger

President of  
The Union, 1994.

## Competition Time!

This li'l beauty was brought into the *On Dit* office this week as a response to our "I am an Arts Student" feature on the back page of our first issue. We reckon you can do better. Write us a short piece on what it means to be a student in your faculty. The person submitting the funniest entry wins a ticket to a real cool thing.

**I am an engineering student  
I don't know the difference between a totalitarian state  
and hegemony.  
I call things I can't understand bullshit,  
throw spitwads at wankers,  
and love Oprah.  
I am the future,  
the way and the light  
See this building?  
It's mine  
Ha ha ha  
I will be earning 50 grand a year by the age of 25  
So  
Get out  
Before I call security.**

