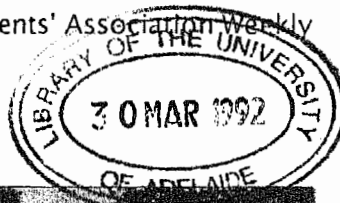


20/15
378.05
05
C.D

ON DIT

Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly
Volume 60 Number 1
March 2 1992

Registered by Australia Post
Pub. No. SBF 0274



AIDEX

Fun and games at the
Australian Defence Exhibition



O Week

On Dit looks at the great
beer and barbeques
tradition



Festival Fringe Liftout!

Let's
kill
the

Queen

Should Australia become a Republic?

Disorientation

Welcome to another primitive culture. I hope you enjoy your stay.

Ah, University:

Home of the intellectual stimulation and higher learning! Meeting place of minds and breeding-ground of geni! Bubbling cauldron of volatile notions and steaming neurons! Epicentre of paradigm-shifts and womb of the future!

What a load of bollocks...

Allow me, Dear Fresher, to dispel some of the impenetrable semantic fog that has until now clouded your innocent vision, by pointing out a few simple facts:

1. So, You Thought Matric was Hard...

University is just like anywhere else in today's society. It's de- and compartmentalised down to the subatomic level, labelled to the point of obfuscation, cluttered with a vast system of rituals and procedures that make almost anything impossible, nearly always boring, and involves vast amounts of incredibly hard work.

But it's not supposed to be fun. It's about self-discipline, doing your best and improving your minds. In short, it's about you-nothing else- and you only get out of it what you are prepared to put in.

(If you should happen to try drugs, lose your virginity and discover religion somewhere along the line, then that's your business and not part of the curriculum.)

Essays, assignments, seminars, tutorial projects, exams- it's a drag, I know, but we all have to do it.

2. Your Brain: Instructions For Use

You must remember at all times one absolutely crucial fact:

You are here to be educated, not to be handed a cheesy piece of paper wrapped up in a cheap ribbon. That is why this fine institution exists, and why you are here along with thousands of others. Not because your best friend Sarah is doing a BA at Adelaide and you'd just die if you weren't in the same class. (Here's a little tip: take the number of friends you had when you left school and divide it by ten. That's how many friends you'll have at the end of First Year that you knew twelve months ago.)

Here are five other hints to help you cope:

1. If you don't want to be educated, get out.
2. If you're not enjoying it, change subjects or courses.

3. If you're struggling, work harder or consider no. 2.

4. If a lecturer is more interested in dominating than illuminating, complain.

5. If you get through, well done. Your real education is about to begin.

3. The Future Is Out There, Waiting

Unless you are one of the few who have been born with the (thankfully) rare academic gene, you're here to get a degree that will make it easier to get a job sometime in the future. But University isn't really about that, as we discussed earlier. If it was, it'd be a college or an institute, not a "University". (Come on - let's at least get our facts straight.) It's about this mysterious thing called "education", turning high-school students into specialists and being a home for people who would otherwise be antisocial misfits.

To get a job, it will help you. To do the job better, it probably won't.

You've made it this far, but life's not roses from here on.

4. The Semantic Forest

I've said it before elsewhere and I'll say it again here:

We are all savages.

Take an ape down from a tree, stick him in a pin-stripe suit and call him an accountant. I guarantee you he'll be a little unsure what the hell is going on and probably a lot pissed off.

Same with us, folks. Ten thousand years of civilisation (give or take a millenium) just ain't enough to break the old habits.

It's still all a matter of tribes and clans, for example. If you belong to one, then you're excluded from the others. Engineers laugh at Economists. Science students have a low regard for those of the Arts. Medical students are generally regarded as vulgar, and nobody likes Lawyers.

Within the disciplines themselves there are other other student types: spooners, bogans, artie-farties, nerds, trendies, drop-outs, mature-age students, and so on.

But life's like that. No matter what you do or where you go, you will discover (if you haven't already) that people will band together into little cliques to make themselves feel comfortable, with all The Others on the outside, excluded.

Just don't be trapped by it, is all I'm saying. There's no worse feeling to the do-

mesticated primate than being left out of the pack hierarchy'. Spread your eggs as evenly as possible, without regard for the baskets that contain them, and you'll be a lot better off in the long run.

This I promise you.

5. The Unholy Trinity

Lastly, University is broadly divided into three distinct sections: the academics, the students and the administrators.

The academics (i.e. lecturers and tutors) are employed to make you think, not to play petty power-games or make passes at you. If they should forget this (and they're only human, after all), then don't stand for it. There's already more than enough bullshit in the world, thank you very much, and efforts must be made NOW to curb its insidious proliferation.

The students (i.e. you) are supposed to help this learning-process along by doing a little work and showing a genuine interest in their chosen fields. You're not here to drink in the bar or to sleep with every member of the opposite sex in your tute group. That's what mid-semester breaks are for.

The vast and shadowy realm of AU Administration (which includes security and catering staff, as well as pencil-pushers) exists to smooth the road a little, and should never ever come between you and your all-important goal. If it does, and you have a legitimate reason for complaint, then go higher. If that fails, try writing to your local member or parliament, or to the Ombudsman. And if even that fails, then you're probably

the victim of an international conspiracy (or a complete idiot).

These three tribes are supposed to coexist in harmony- a gentle, synergistic interlocking of well-oiled cogs- but nothing in life ever goes as planned. Lecturers can be right bloody bastards sometimes and students can be worse, but just remember:

It may be a rotten job and you may be the one who has to do it, but that doesn't mean you have to make everybody else miserable.

So, dear Fresher, forewarned is forearmed. Become a cynic early and avoid disappointment. Uni can be Heaven if you want it to be, or Hell.

It's entirely your choice ...

LAD

Quote of the week:

"Anybody who has been to University knows how to debate with others. Only the wise know how to debate with themselves."

Robert Anton Wilson

Footnotes

(1) Out of interest, there are only two types of people to whom this doesn't happen.

The first is the Rugged Individualist, who believes that no-one is as trustworthy or as cool as him- or her-self and therefore qualifies as a group of one (as well as a complete asshole).

The second is the Science Fiction Writer, because he or she doesn't have any friends in the first place.

Welcome to *On Dit* in 1992.

We're looking for newshounds, creative writers, sports fanatics, film buffs, music critics, feature people, food & wine wankers and all manner of writers to get involved with the paper this year... so come and see us at our O' Week stall.

Thanks to everyone who has written for us already and apologies to anyone who has contributed to the first edition but whom we haven't been able to squeeze in due to space restrictions; you should be in a future edition.

Love,

Sam & Vanessa.

P.S. Thanks to Simon, Dave & Annabel whom we didn't get a chance to thank in the original credits. And thanks to Sarah Hall *again*. And thanks to Ted Nugent (or whatever AJ's current pseudonym is). Darien is also pretty damn special. Now i feel better...

They Took the Roller Away

Two Law School students, Alan Merritt and Steve Thomson, have made an 83-page submission to the South Australian Remuneration Tribunal arguing that the Tribunal does not have power to grant South Australian judges privately-plated motor vehicles.

"We do not want to be seen to be attacking the Judiciary," Mr Merritt said. "However, we believe that there is a very important principle of public finance at stake: taxpayers' money cannot be spent unless clearly supported by the law.

"We believe that there is doubt about the legality of the judges receiving these cars."

The Tribunal last year awarded judges luxury four or six-cylinder cars, at a maximum rent per week of \$13.46, cheaper than an adult Multitrip bus or train ticket.

In their submission to the Tribunal, the final-year law students say that under the Remuneration Act 1990, the Tribunal only



has power to grant "benefits of a pecuniary nature". A car is clearly not of a pecuniary nature, they argue.

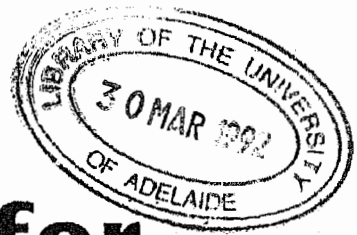
The Advertiser has reported that the Remuneration Tribunal will consider the submission.

If the submission, which took three months to prepare, is accepted by the Tribunal, the judges will have to return their cars to the State Government.

The cost to taxpayers of providing the cars is not yet known. It is understood that there is presently a Question on Notice in State Parliament to find out the cost of the cars.

"We have expanded upon the same submission made unsuccessfully by the State Government to the Tribunal in the last two years," Mr Thomson said. "We are confident that this time taxpayers' money will be saved."

The Tribunal is expected to publish its Determination by the end of April this year.



Book the entertainment centre for your next tutorial....

UNIVERSITY'S FINANCIAL CRISIS
The widely-publicised budget blow-out of the University of Adelaide will have serious repercussions for this institution. The University's financial managers themselves are unable to explain the reasons for a projected \$16 million shortfall in University funds. Instead, external auditors have been appointed by the University Council to conduct a wide-ranging review of its financial management. The review is expected to include reasons for why the 1992 draft budget was presented to the Finance Committee in August 1991 as depicting a balance, but was then presented in November with a significant deficit.

In order to reduce this anticipated deficit, the University Council has decided to cut spending across the board by 2% next year. The Acting Vice-Chancellor, Professor John Bovic, said, "I indicated the seriousness of the financial situation, but reaffirmed my view that there has been no financial mismanagement, that we will not reduce the quality of our teaching, reduce our student intake, or implement any

staff cuts, except by natural attrition on this occasion."
(Natural attrition is the process whereby academic staff vacancies will not be filled and contracts will not be renewed).

By contrast, discussion with various academics has indicated that most departments will in fact suffer as a result of the cutbacks. For example, a spokesperson for the Philosophy Department anticipates larger tutorial sizes, increased pressure on staff, and a reduction in part-time hours. The Psychology Department is losing a lecturer and no longer has any money to hire casual tutors. The number of tutorial classes will drop to 29 from 43, which means that 182 students will miss out on a tutorial (One of the proposed solutions to this problem is to charge the extra students \$68.92, just so they can attend tutorials. However, this would contravene the *Higher Education Funding Act, 1988* and thus is a non-allowable fee).

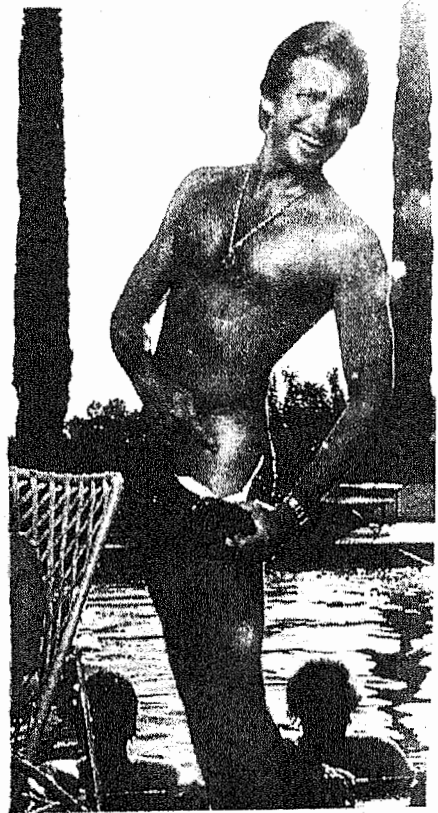
The Department of Zoology has been examining applicants for a lectureship for some time. Due to the budget cuts, the department can no longer afford to appoint a new lecturer. Few practicals

and less equipment expenditure are also anticipated. Professor Williams, Chairman of the Zoology Department, has noted that "What the Vice-Chancellor has said about the budget cuts not affecting teaching standards is quite incorrect."

Susie O'Brien, President of the Students' Association, also holds that the cutbacks will affect the standard of education. Ms O'Brien has agreed that shedding staff through a process of natural attrition will most affect those faculties with a fairly high turnover of casual and part-time tutoring staff, such as Arts. Students are expected to suffer both in the short and long terms as a result of the budget cutbacks. She said, "At present, students are forced to study in substandard, badly ventilated, and dangerously overcrowded lecture theatres and tutorial rooms, a situation which will worsen considerably."

Ms O'Brien noted, "The SAUA is currently preparing a detailed report on the impact of the budget cutbacks, in order to make an early assessment on negative impact."

Joanne De Silva



Adelaide law team to represent Australia

Canberra 22/2/92 - So-called "Ghost Team" Adelaide University took a surprise victory today in the Australian final of the prestigious Jessup International Law Competition. In addition a team member, Margaret Kavkas, was awarded best speaker of the finals. Busloads of slow spoken American tourists were herded away like lost sheep when the final began in the imposing High Court of Australia building. The moot mock trial was heard before the High Court Justice Brennan and two distinguished academics, Jenny Blackland and Susan Kearnes.

Adelaide faced off against the University of New South Wales in the final, arguing a hypothetical international law case based on the recent Gulf War. The problem covered war

crimes, the powers of the United Nations, and law about a state's right to use force.

They were dubbed the "Ghost Team" because they rented flats in suburbia and were unsighted by other teams until they appeared to win the competition in colour co-ordinated outfits. The group ran smoothly, like a train running on tracks whose existence was unknown until the locomotive started to move. Invaluable help in often obscure fields was provided by the law staff members Judith Gardham (team adviser), and Gerald McGinley and the Law Library.

The three months of preparation and competition spent by the team has left unresolved the tongue-twisting pronunciation of the problem's hypothetical parties. But it did give Adelaide its 5th win in the 16 year competition. The next stop

is the world round in Washington DC, where over 20 countries will compete on the same problem.

The team members were Margaret Kavkas, Michelle Jarvis, Marina Tsiirbis, Lucy Turanek, and James Greentree.



The Greiners are ridiculous

A furore has erupted at Sydney's University of Technology over an article in their Orientation Guide. The article detailed the pros and cons of various drugs, their value for money rating and street price. A ban has been slapped on the Student's Association making it illegal to continue distributing copies of the O Guide, files were also confiscated on Friday from the office by police. Attempts made by On Dit to contact the office on Friday proved futile, as the phones were disconnected.

President of the Student's Association, Lisa Brockwell remains unimpressed, "they've got a lot of paper and they're going to have a very boring weekend," she commented.

It is rumoured that Nick Greiner's son who is a fresher at the University may now have a little difficulty making new friends.

Vanessa Almeida

Special K Street name for a chemical called Ketamine. Generally used as an anaesthetic on animals. Best taken with speed to counteract its effect of disorienting physical movement. A current: Plexus editor described it as 'making you go sideways. It's absolutely spastic'. Should be taken with extreme caution. Too little has no effect, but too much can induce a coma. Putz, you in an entirely different people normally get through the medical industry. Lasts less than an hour. Rating: **BBB** Value for money: **BB** Street price: **\$25 per capsule**

MDA Also known as Mary. MDA is similar in chemical composition to ecstasy although its results are significantly different. Its attachments: MDA basically gives you an energy, creating a feeling that nothing takes any effort. Good for dancing. Rating: **BBB** Value for money: **BB** Street price: **\$25 per capsule**

MDA Also known as Mary. MDA is similar in chemical composition to ecstasy although its results are significantly different. Its attachments: MDA basically gives you an energy, creating a feeling that nothing takes any effort. Good for dancing. Rating: **BBB** Value for money: **BB** Street price: **\$25 per capsule**

phedrine Pseudoephedrine. This chemical is closely related to speed and is the ingredient in the sinus cure Sudafed. Much loved by truckies and aerobics without the disposable income to speed for that last minute essay. It will p you awake if you take enough. Two fifty capsules are more effective than eight of coffee four even oater. If you take more however, you will probably get cramps. But at least your sinuses are clear. And the essay will get done. Rating: **BBB** Value for money: **BB** Street price: **Around \$7**

phedrine Pseudoephedrine. This chemical is closely related to speed and is the ingredient in the sinus cure Sudafed. Much loved by truckies and aerobics without the disposable income to speed for that last minute essay. It will p you awake if you take enough. Two fifty capsules are more effective than eight of coffee four even oater. If you take more however, you will probably get cramps. But at least your sinuses are clear. And the essay will get done. Rating: **BBB** Value for money: **BB** Street price: **Around \$7**

Nicotine Commonly found in cigarettes and cigars. It is a stimulant, somewhat relaxing the user. This is because smoking decreases the amount of oxygen to the brain, and as most smokers are addicts needing the drug just to feel normal, the stimulant effect is barely noticeable. Rating: **BBB** Value for money: **BB** Street price: **\$3.40 and rising**

"Who benefits from buying textbooks at Unibooks?"



YOU

Here's how you benefit:

- ◆ money spent at Unibooks stays on campus, to subsidise our generous discount structure, and support student groups and functions
- ◆ Unibooks are South Australia's Textbook specialists, *and won't be beaten on price!*
- ◆ Unibooks is a not-for-profit organisation, with any money made going back into the shop to meet running costs and expand the stock base. Union funds are therefore kept free to subsidise other essential student services.

12% cash discount in February & March

City Bookshops want Campus money • Don't be fooled!

orientation

ALIENATION



'Greetings' -

and welcome to the wonderful world of ... "Institutionalism", where for the 'right' haircut and the 'right' money you can learn how to file and collate information, sit in the bar, talk shit and drink Coopers, and, if you're very, very lucky, catch public transport home.

"Yes, it's time," it's time to get your shit really together and settle down and study (for those of you who are new, the term study encompasses reading 'Country Road' catalogues and looking like an 'Injeanious' advert). But on the serious side, Uni life isn't that cut and dry. It gives you, the individual, the opportunity to explore your intelligence while blowing away a few brain cells in the process. So, don't be scared! Be open minded and all shall be saved!

If you're one of the lucky ones who didn't sign up for a do-it-yourself lobotomy - commonly known as O'Camp, then your transition into Uni life will be relatively easy (no embarrassing moments, when the socially untouchable you met on O'Camp come up and vividly remind you that anything is possible while you're pissed out of your brain).

Basically, first impressions of life at Uni are daunting, to say the least, but don't be put off by the tall, beehive buildings, cold faces and Country Road bags, there are a few quite genuine people scattered around the place. All the bustling student-types you see scuttling across the campus have, at some time, experienced the same isolated and alienated feelings you have now. So, don't worry if you spend hours trying to find room 666 in the Medical School, everybody does. I spent my first day wondering around moon-faced, trying to find the Horace Lamb Building, and I still can't remember where it is. So, in the words of a true classic, "Don't Panic!" If you can't understand the map, and I mean, who can? Just look for somebody who looks like they know what's going on or else ask a 'friendly' security guard (those people in the blue).

If lectures aren't your forté, then there's a variety of activities to distract you: whether you are a "right wing political would-be" or a fundamentalist Christian. The Union Building caters for all tastes. It is a meeting place for

heaps of clubs and organisations which 'represent' all facets of the student psyche: Friends of the Earth, Animal Lib, the ANC and Resistance just to name a few of the more ideologically sound clubs (and remember, kiddies, it's better to be safe than sorry). Anyway, some aspects of Uni life can be a real 'scene', (if you're in to that sort of thing) with a sprawling mass of fashion victims who flock to the Barr Smith Lawns or parade themselves around the circle. So, beware!

In the fine tradition of Dante, the Union Building has 6 levels of Hell. Catering exclusively in Death and Gluttony, incorporating the deep, fried murder and chips offered at the Refectories with the occasional veggie dish at the Weigh Inn which is free from animal exploitation with the added bonus of a cheap and healthy meal. The Union Complex also contains a record and book store, which sell both new and used goodies at discount prices for students and this can come in handy for those who are planning to play the "struggling student".

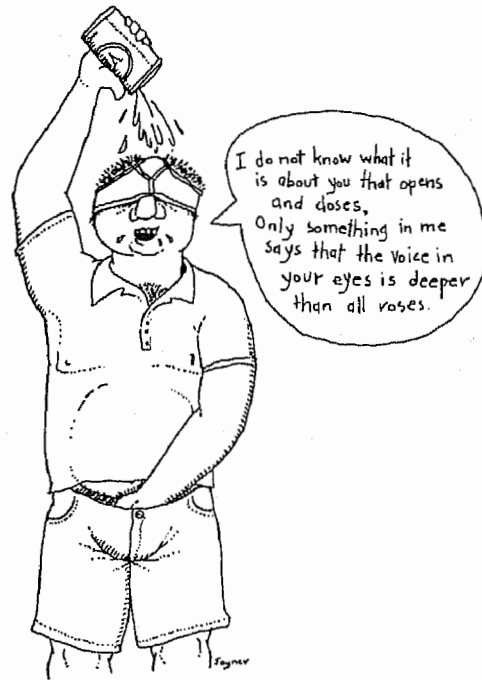
Lastly, hidden among the 6 levels of fun, food and fanatics stands "the Bar" (Level 5). The Bar acts as a magnet, attracting young and old to the habitat of indulgence. The best place in the bar is indeed the 'Balcony', where you can sit and relax over a quiet smoke with a drink in hand, peering over the Toxic Torrens, chattering happily about your future, your new car or your next trip to Europe, etc. The Bar has the occasional band nights which are worth looking out for, the "Smash the State" night is a great evening, so watch out for that one.

There's a multitude of places to hide from angry tutors or O'Camp rejects and this factor could see you frequenting the Barr Smith Library or even the Cinema, where the occasional movie is shown at cheap prices. There is heaps of groovy trees and green places to sit and vegetate. So, remember don't let yourself be intimidated - get the most out of your stay at Uni, make the institution work for you. Because you might as well have fun now since there isn't any jobs and soon enough the shit's going to really hit the fan!

Jo Flesh

orientation

GET SAFE



So, you're new to University? Ready to get into Orientation, good times, making friends and learning how to handle University life in general? Good idea. Orientation is the best time to ask all those niggling questions that have been keeping you awake during the holidays (unless you had something more exciting to keep you awake) such as ; How do I get books? Are there toilets in the Maths-Science building? Why do I have to go to the Med school for my Anthropology tute and how the hell am I going to find it? These questions and more will be resolved...

But of course, we'd be complete fools not to realize that there is a lot more to O'Week than library tours. Events like the O'Hop, O'Ball and the persistent Skulduggery occupy the planning calendars of many as important dates in this week. These happenings and others mark the significant social side of O'Week, and are also responsible for creating a general atmosphere of hilarity, drunkenness and more "lagered good times". And indeed, there's nothing wrong with taking the week off for a bit of a party.

However, especially if you happen to be a female student planning to get involved in O'Week, it's worth remembering a few words of warning in advance. For example, there is certainly going to be a lot of alcohol consumed on campus over the next five days. Hence, it is equally likely that there will be no shortage of losers who are off their faces after one or two beers staggering around looking for someone in a frock to whistle at.

There will even be those to whom a cleansing ale is God's own aphrodisiac. Be aware of those, who sincerely believe that their own attractiveness (and penis size) is increased tenfold by getting outside of a couple.

Another likely discovery is the type who, having just left a single sex boys' school where "chicks" only existed in well-thumbed magazines, has rediscovered sweaty-boys-clubroom-bum jokes in the Uni bar. He can be found talking loudly about going to Skulduggery and "scoring, man".

Historically, the underlying sentiment of some events in O'Week could succinctly be described as "sex, booze and rock n' roll". For this reason, many people in the past have felt obliged to choke back an immense amount of alcohol and display at least reasonable enthusiasm to indulge in a bit of slap and tickle at some stage during the week. You can well imagine what the results of these sentiments might be. Studies have indicated, and not surprisingly, that the incidence of sexual harassment and sexual assault

rockets in situations involving large groups of people and alcohol, or other drugs. In these situations, there is a disturbingly high occurrence of what has been termed "acquaintance-" or "date-rape". Here, a woman may be pressured or forced into sex by someone known to her ; a boyfriend, an acquaintance, or someone she has met at a party. After prolonged drinking, a potential "date-rape" situation is more likely to get out of hand. Additionally, in a setting such as Orientation Week, in an atmosphere condoning and promoting drinking and sex, women are less likely to feel comfortable about saying "no", or taking positive steps to avert an unwanted situation.

Recognizing the problem that exists in O'Week and other "festive" occasions such as Prosh and end of semester bar nights is easy. Taking action to change their nature is not so easy. Telling women that they should be more aware, or more prepared, or that they should just stay home puts the responsibility for sexual harassment and assault back onto women, which is unfair given that women don't *ask* to be attacked. However, the knowledge that these problems exist is useful and it is with this in mind that I include the following "tips". Ultimately, it is up to harassers and rapists themselves (even those who are "just nice guys who have had a few too many") to take responsibility and blame for their own behaviour.

SAFETY TIPS.

* If you feel uncomfortable in a situation, remember that it is your perfect right to let others know of your discomfort and/or leave that situation.

* Take a minute to plan your evening, maybe making sure you have taxi money or an emergency ride home...

* Look out for dickheads trying to get you drunk, and conversely for dickheads who are already drunk.

* Where possible, stick with a friend or group of friends, especially on those boozy nights out.

* PLEASE, talk to someone if things go wrong. Don't try to cope with a bad experience by yourself, and whatever you do, don't blame yourself or feel guilty about anything. You didn't ask to be messed around!

* HAVE FUN!!! Don't let some arsewipe who thinks that the three images he can see of you are quite cute spoil your night by continually attempting to seduce you in blurred tones. Why should you have to live with it?

Annabel Crabb

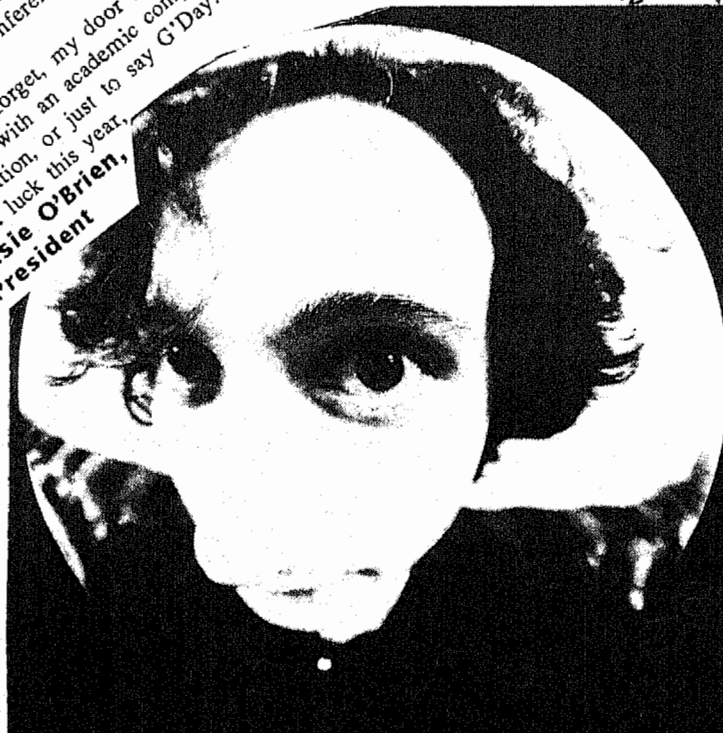


President's Column

Welcome to Orientation '92! I hope you all enjoy what looks set to be one hell of a huge "O'Week", brought to you by the Student's Association, of course!

- Since taking office on 1st January, I have been amazingly busy. I have been ...
- meeting the "freshers" on the Students' Association and Science Association O'Camp;
- preparing a response to the Chapman Report
- recommending loans replace Austudy for 2nd and 3rd years;
- meeting with the Federal Higher Education Minister, Peter Baldwin, and the State Higher Education Minister, Mike Ram;
- lobbying for the cancellation of Unifest - a public relations exercise for the University unsustainable in light of the budget blow out;
- trying to find out from faculty and department heads the impact of the university's \$16 million dollar projected budget blow out;
- meeting with Roseworthy and CASM students;
- protesting in the media on behalf of the \$15,000 students who missed out a place at one of South Australia's universities;
- attending functions such as the opening of the Shakespeare Exhibition in the Barr Smith Library and conferences and millions of meetings.

But, don't forget, my door is always open. Come in with an academic complaint, some information, or just to say G'Day! Good luck this year,
Susie O'Brien,
President



Women's Officer's Column

Hi! Welcome to Uni. As Women's Officer I exist for the sole purpose of helping out on women's issues and problems. That involves co-ordinating campaigns, counselling and advising individual women students, representing women's interests on Council and on various committees, and communicating with other women's representatives around the traps. Many women students encounter difficulties with curriculum, harassment, finances, childcare, health and safety and the Women's Officer's job is to try and work with others in the University to redress these problems. I am only too happy to speak to anyone who has a problem, a question or a bone to pick (no drunken, slurred enquiries about men's officers, please!) - you can find me in the SAUA office most of the time. For more details, see the women's centre liftout of the O'Guide.

See you at the Women's Party!!!
Annabel Crabb

Orientation Co-ordinator's Spiel

Hi everyone! Welcome to Orientation! For the next week you will do heaps of neat things: Bash-it, Drink, Eat, and be Merry, Party until you're a lil' bit tired and ready for a lie-down and get oriented!! For the entire summer your hardworking Orientation Directors (including yours truly!) have been slaving their nubles into the ground to make this the best Orientation ever!

Make sure that you *Get Smart!* Go to the Host Scheme, Go to O'Week stuff, and Groove at the O'Ball. Get into the Host Scheme, Go to O'Week stuff, and Groove at the O'Ball. Get into the Host Scheme, Go to O'Week stuff, and Groove at the O'Ball. Get into the Host Scheme, Go to O'Week stuff, and Groove at the O'Ball.

Haroon Hassan O'Co-ordinator

I would like to thank National Australia Bank, Coopers and all our other sponsors for their support of Orientation. Make sure you come along and say hello to all the swell SAUA people who'll be around all week. Have fun and stay safe!

... and now a brief message from the O'Week Directors. Howdy! We're really sick of writing spiels for various publications, 'cause you probably won't read them anyway. Basically, O'Week is about lager and neat bands - for more details, see the spesh O'Week Schedule with our photos in it.

Love Kirst, Laura & Twisty

Education Vice President's Column

The Education Vice President is responsible for overseeing the general education work of the Association. This involves monitoring teaching quality and library resourcing, working for improvements to Austudy, assisting individual students with academic grievances, chairing the education committee of the SAUA and more. This year there are a number of crucial issues that students and their representative organisations must fight and win if the quality of our education is to be maintained, let alone improved.

The Chapman Review of Austudy and Student Financial Assistance is a threat to accessible and adequate financial support for students. This draft report advocates a number of 'economic rationalist' solutions to the lack of government financial commitment to student support, and argues in favour of Student Loans, instead of grants. Austudy is already widely recognised as being far from adequate - problems including restrictive regulations, means testing on parental or spouse income, independent status at 25 years of age. Further reducing access to financial assistance can only add to disincentive for those from traditionally disadvantaged backgrounds.

There will be a National Day of Action on Student Finances on Thursday, March, 26th to highlight student anger at the proposal - come along and sign form letter. More information on other education campaigns and the work that we have been doing all summer is available in the SAUA and will be commented upon in future, more spaceful columns!

Misha Schubert

Environment Officer Column

The environment is becoming an increasingly important issue in the 90's. The relatively recent establishment of an Environment Officer position reflects this changing attitude. Our role in the student's association is essentially concerned with rousing student awareness, and responding to government initiatives. This is reflected in our constant stream of media releases and letters to the editor in the Advertiser.

During the summer we have met with Susan Lenehan (the Minister for Environment and Planning in SA). This was the first of many meetings whereby the student body will have their say on matters of environmental concern, directly with the powers that be. We are interested in knowing what you'd like the Minister to hear!

We are here to assist students in taking direct action on issues of fundamental concern. If there is a change to be made, or just something that irks you, let us help you have a say. We want to help in letter writing and lobbying your local members of parliament on any environmental matter.

Dates to remember:

- March 17th, Public Transport Rally, Parliament House. 1:00pm
- March 26th, Public Transport Forum, Union Theatre. 7-9pm
- March 30th-April 4, Solidarity Week
- April 11th, Environment Officer/F.O.E. Band Night
- April 12th, Palm Sunday
- April 13-15th, Greenweek

Be there, yeah!

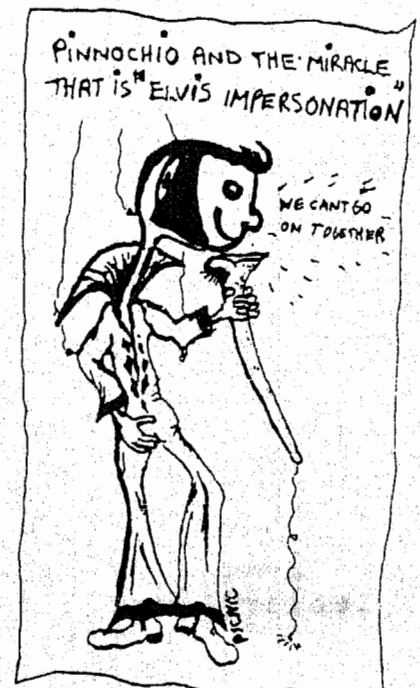
Jo, Trish and Cath.

WOMEN'S PARTY

For women students who want to relax and have a good time in Orientation Week

WOMEN ONLY!

Come along and enjoy champagne, nibbles and great entertainment. Thursday at 1.30 p.m. in Women's Room.



Better Value For Money Than The State Bank but no easy credit terms

In Sydney, I discovered the Valhalla Cinema and all its exciting art film offerings. Then, when I returned to Adelaide, I found, to my surprise, similar set-up in the form of the new Mercury Cinema: a flash 186-seat movie palace showing all the best in quality cinema and using some of the newest technology around.

Where did it come from? What is it doing? And why is it there? Answers to these questions flew thick and fast from the lips of Mercury Cinema publicist, Nick Ramage, when I spoke to him last week.

Although the Mercury appeared to pop up like a blue and white mushroom, it's taken some time to actually arrive: "The cinema has been in the making for about four years. It's been on the agenda of the Department for the Arts for four years. It's been going round for about eight years as a concept... The Media Resource Centre, from the late seventies had always been lobbying for and advocating a local arts cinema. More on the scale of the Keno in Melbourne or the Valhalla in Sydney, that sort of programming."

Yes, that's right, the Mercury Cinema is a state government project. As Nick said: "We were assisted federally by the Department of the Arts in the actual building. The Australian Film Commission provided financial assistance. It's owned by the Media Resource Centre but it's, in a sense, a subsidised venture. We've got federal and state funding. It's largely funded by the Department for the Arts at a state level."

Should the state government be involved in operating a cinema? Does it occur anywhere else? "Yes," he said, "we have the Victorian State Film Centre." Yes, well, the fact that Victoria possesses an institution similar to the Mercury hardly recommends it from a financial point of view.

Why would anyone, especially the state government, want to get into the film business? Isn't Adelaide over-cinema-ed already? Is there really a niche for the Mercury? On this point, Nick seems convinced: "The Chelsea, the film event, is as the name indicates, an event. The Chelsea film event brings together a number of films that one might see at the Melbourne or Sydney film festivals, more or less a smattering of films, over a condensed period of time while the Mercury is wanting to bring in the whole essence of the Sydney and Melbourne film festivals. And Barry Lane's policy [of the Trak Cinema] is extending one particular film, like "Crocodile Dundee" where it goes for an extended period of time. Whereas the

Mercury's policy is to have a very good turnover, very much like the Valhalla."

Is Adelaide crying out for more alternative cinema? "I think so. I think, like many of us, we've been fortunate with the video boom. And that's helped people, in a sense, to learn how to read films, that aspect of film appreciation which has benefited thanks to video, but obviously you can't appreciate a whole variety of film genres, whatever, just on a small box so the Mercury offers the best there, in that we're going to be bringing in these classics ... and re-releases but using the best technical and projection facilities that are around in Australia."

So what films will the Mercury be showing? "We're wanting quality and innovation. We're wanting things which are accessible, so we're wanting to have a fairly broad cross spectrum of new releases, to get people into the cinema because it's got to be an economically viable venture, obviously."

Here, of course, we move into murky territory. In what sense is a state-subsidised cinema showing alternative films at reasonable prices going to be economically viable? Managing to stay within a subsidised budget would probably be termed making a loss by your average accountant. This, of course, is fine if money is not your primary consideration.

"We're wanting quality and innovation. We're wanting things which are accessible, so we're wanting to have a fairly broad cross spectrum of new releases to get people into the cinema"

And the Mercury's primary consideration is not money: "The number one thing is to foster a film culture in Adelaide, that's what we're going to succeed at doing and secondly, we're going to be an economical venture." And what does this mean? "It means we're

going to run to a minimal profit but that's not our main goal."

It may be a creditable ambition to generate an appreciation of quality films in Adelaide (and I certainly believe it is) but the Mercury's financial arrangements sound like a possible recipe for questions in the House.

If, as Nick Ramage suggests, there is a genuine demand for the Mercury Cinema, then why should subsidies be necessary?

Barring a miracle, both South Australian and the Commonwealth will have Liberal governments in less than two years, what then is the future for the Mercury Cinema under such conditions, given the Liberals' objections to "unnecessary" government spending? "That's why we're ready with our programming strategy, even though we're not going purposely for a profit, we're treating this in a very business-like fashion and there is a market for this type of cinema."

So far, the Mercury Cinema seems healthy, with mainly full houses in its \$5-a-film opening month but its future in the years to come is not assured. Whether its subsidies will continue will depend on its profitability. And its profitability depends upon you, the punter: if you do go and see excellent and innovative films for less than the price of a ticket to *Pretty Woman* then the Mercury may just survive to become a South Australian Cultural institution.

Nick Smith



STUDENT RADIO

Student Radio - the entertaining and eclectic super-service brought to you by the Students' Association and SUV will overtake all other Adelaide radio stations for ratings and support in 1992. But only if you listen in on Sundays from 2.30 p.m. - 12.30 a.m. 10 hours a week of interviews, talk back, current affairs, University news, local bands, reviews, film and theatre reviews, not to mention a little bit of nonsense thrown in as well. Student Radio is there for everyone to listen into (531 - first on the AM dial) and for many to get involved in, either as announcers, in production, or merely as a medium to promote a University event, production or club. So, be aware and prepared to use it to its maximum.

Plus, over the Festival and Fringe, from Feb 21st to March 22nd, SUV (and also Student Radio) is being broadcast as Festival Diary Radio (you must have seen the busy mass of colours that is the poster) on 101.5 FM. Student Radio starts at 4.00p.m. with a happy mixture of music, views and interviews based on Fringe and Festival events: look down to the programme at the talented range of individuals!

A final plug - Festival Diary Radio is selling Fezcards 101 which will help you (as long as you're a full-time student) to save money. Fezcards are available for \$5 for 15-25 year olds, and will entitle students to buy certain Festival tickets, as announced by Festival Diary Radio at 7.40 a.m., 8.40 a.m. and 1.15 p.m. everyday at half price when bought at the Feztop Bass Office between 4-5 p.m. Yeah! That means students can see twice as many things, or, considering how much the tickets are, actually being able to see something.

Bear all this in mind, and feast your eyes on the delicious menu of shows for this week Student Radio Programme for Sunday, 8th March 1992.

4-5 Richard Vowles and Andrew Wright ilk at the music at the Fringe, and play some of their own favourites.

5-6 "The Most Talked About Radio Show on Earth" with Jo Dyer, George Selvanera and Annabel Crabb. This week: wrap up on International Women's Day, progress report on the Fringe and a stupendous special guest yet to be revealed.

6-7 "The Brothers Don's Surf Variety Show" with Chloe Fox and Adam Simpson. A strange European mélange of music and personality. This week presenting Steve Condous and his favourite songs.

7-8 "Johnny Starr and the Love Muscle" with Alan Merritt and Steve Thomson.

8-9 "The Story of the Eye" with Kate Jutner and Katarina Grenfell, giving a run down of the Festival, Fringe and Writers' Week, including incisive and entertaining reviews and good times.

9-10 "The Love Children of Gloria Gaynor" with Emily Branford and Juliet Nicole. Music and chat show with crazy quiz and featuring theatre and film reviews.

10-11 "Psychotherapy" with Ben Burdon and Piers Gillespie.

11-12 30 Affordable Fun at the Festival with Cecilia Scarrah and Priscilla Barker. Presenting what's on cheaply at the Festival and playing music from around the world, especially from groups coming to the Festival.

12.30-1.00 "Sex" with Haroon Hassan. Half an hour of live sex in the studio.

BOOTS SHOES DAY PACKS

Quality lasts longer so it pays to buy the best in the long run. So where should you shop??? Where you buy the best for less!

FLINDERS CAMPING

Flinders Camping should be your choice for all your walking, camping and travelling needs. Why? Because if we recommend it it's good, damn good! If we don't...watch out... We only sell the gear we'd use ourselves, and that goes for the gear we bet our lives on when we go climbing and adventuring in the outdoors! For shoes and boots, you won't beat Hi Tec, Kathmandu, Rossi and Vasque and for Day Packs OUTGEAR are durable, waterproof and Australian made...they are virtually bomb proof and guaranteed for life!

**10%
STUDENT
DISCOUNT**

Drop in and let's talk...we are down to earth and know what we are on about. (Don't ask for Roscoe)

**FLINDERS
CAMPING** 

102 GAWLER PLACE ADELAIDE 5000
Telephone 223 1913

BREEZE YOUR WAY THROUGH STUDIES AND EXAMS

with *Study Made Easy* workbook and tape **ONLY \$29.95.**

Improve Concentration
Strengthen Memory
Increase Productivity

Build Confidence
Get Motivated
LEARN EASILY

BLITZ EXAMS

Feel calm, refreshed and mentally revitalised.
Say goodbye to procrastination, stress, exam blues and anxiety.
Make life at Uni a breeze.

Includes unique INNER MENTAL TRAINING tape with state of the art brainwave entertainment. Delivery in 10 Days.

Jonathan Bank and Associates 190 Prospect Rd. Prospect Ph. (08) 269 1177 Fax (08) 269 4594

PLEASE SEND ME..... COPIES OF STUDY MADE EASY @ \$29.95 TOTAL \$.....

ENCLOSED is cheque/money order for

I understand if I am not completely satisfied I can return the workbook and tape in original condition within 90 days and receive a FULL REFUND.

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms

Address

City/Town/Suburb Postcode Phone

B/card Visa Expiry date ___/___ No.

Jonathan Banks and Associates 190 Prospect Rd Prospect Ph. (08) 269 1177 Fax (08) 269 4544

government sponsored

The Federal Police have recently given the Department of Society Security the names of protesters at AIDEX. This is a clear infringement of Australians' right to free speech. What sort of country disallows any criticism of the government? Events after AIDEX only serve to highlight the role of government working with big business to silence legitimate protest. This article is about some of my experiences at the AIDEX protest in Canberra.

AIDEX '91 - The Australian International Defence Exhibition was to be a showcase of defence equipment from Australian and overseas countries. Although AIDEX was a privately organised event, it was sponsored by the Australian Government. The media coverage was one of the most disappointing aspects of the whole event. It is not an exaggeration to say the mainstream media was simply lying. It is one thing to get roughed up by the police, but when it is reported the next day how violent the protesters were, or that they "smeared themselves with excrement", someone clearly has a more than active imagination.

"...before the media arrived, the police made a wall and proceeded to move along, punching protesters until they got out of the way"

Who's going to rub crap on themselves - especially when you know you're not going to have a shower for the next three days? On a similar level of validity, it was alleged that protesters were using weapons like knives on the end of sticks, and avocados with nails in them. On Wednesday, a women's action involved a weaving in the fence, in the tradition of Greenham Common. It was later reported that attempts had been made to electrocute the fence.

The media's reporting was summed up for by my encounter with an eastern states journalist (the exact paper and journo will remain anonymous). He wanted any good photos, so we went and saw him to give him some particularly violent photos. He was impressed, and told us how he couldn't stand how the police were treating protesters. The next day we read his article about how many police had been injured by protesters (he didn't use the photos either).

As we neared the National Australian Technology Exhibition Centre (NATEX), I finally realised what I was actually getting myself into. It was Sunday night, about 9.00 pm, as we drove towards the main entrance. A wall of flood lights illuminated the road ahead. We could see hundreds of people congregated on the road and parked cars lined the streets. A policeman stopped the car and told us to turn back. After the long drive from Adelaide, we had finally arrived at the site of AIDEX '91.

Joining the mass of protesters grouped at the main gate, we could see several hundred people were sitting on the roadway, linking arms, totally blocking access. Behind them, in line with the gate, was a wall of police. The rest of the protesters surrounded the group in a hive of activity.

A voice came over a loud speaker, "You have five minutes to clear the area. I repeat, you have five minutes to clear the area." Then from inside the NATEX complex the riot squad, fully equipped and with shields, batons, helmets and protective vests, marched out, banging their batons on their shields.

There were three gates into NATEX and on Saturday all three had been blockaded: the northern gate by burnt out cars; the second

A person who wishes to remain anonymous, due to the 'Big Brother' monitoring of those who went to protest the AIDEX, the Australian International Arms Exhibition, filed this report which is disturbingly reminiscent of life in totalitarian societies.



Getting down to business at AIDEX..."it was a police exhibition, not a defence exhibition."

main entrance by many things, including a bus; and the main gate by people. The last gate was of the most importance as it was the gate that the visitors to the exhibition would have to use. Everybody knew that, so a struggle for control of it began in earnest.

The riot squad warred and eventually moved back. The police tried different tactics to break the blockade. They attempted to bargain with the protesters about breaking the picket line to let some tired police go home. The police, of course, could leave whenever they wished. The picket line stayed throughout the night.

Monday was the final day before the exhibition was to be opened and the protesters strengthened their hold on the gate early. Several of the forest people set up a tripod over the roadway in front of the gate - in front of the unaware police. More tripods were set up in front of the second main gate. There was a general consensus that the exhibition would actually be shut down. This was reflected in the enthusiastic atmosphere among the protesters.

The exhibitors, themselves, were having trouble setting up, but because the NATEX perimeter was so large, and most of that was adjacent paddocks, the police would cut holes in the fence to let trucks and the workers breaking the union endorsed picket line in. It was a continual chase to get to where the action was happening. But the feeling was still good. The diplomats weren't going to be rushed through holes in the fence in their new BMWs.

It was late in the afternoon when the police struck. They surrounded the protesters sitting on the road and pushed everyone else back with unnecessary force. The Tactical Response Group was then brought in to arrest everyone in the group. The TRG, it seemed, is specialised in arresting people in excessively violent ways. Included in the 180 arrested was Senator Jo Vallentine.

The tripods were removed at both gates and the guy who owned the bus salvaged it before it got repossessed by the police. The road surrounding NATEX had been cleared with alarming speed and force.

Up until this point, the emphasis of the demonstration had been the blockade and it continued to be for the rest of the exhibition. But this now created a problem, because to get onto the road, you had to get past the police.

The police, at this stage, seemed to rule out the tactic of another mass arrest, as this had caused them a huge bureaucratic problem with the amount of court time available. Their method of discouraging increasing demonstration came to such a heavy-handed approach as to intimidate the protesters from repeating the action.

Tuesday morning, the forest people again set up several tripods at the second main gate, blocking that road, but the main gate remained open, despite many attempts to block road. By this stage, people were becoming normalised to the violence. It didn't seem strange to see people being thrown around anymore. Only the more extreme cases of violence stood out. It should be noted at this point that people shouldn't have to get involved in such actions. Many other non-direct actions took place, both at AIDEX and elsewhere.

Other acts of violence which distinguished the 'law-keepers' were:

- During a blockade of the road, a guy in a wheelchair was knocked off his chair by the police (I didn't actually see the incident, I was being dragged by the head at the time. I turned around after being deposited on the side of the road to see him lying flat out on the ground, his wheelchair overturned.) The police took him off and put some antiseptic cream on his cuts, then returned him to the side of the road. Later he went to hospital.

- People getting punched (including me, when the police wanted to move the protesters at one point early on Wednesday morning). Before the media arrived, the police made a wall and proceeded to move along, punching protesters until they got out of the way.

- Local rednecks would come and beat up, harass, and threaten protesters. They would drive past in their cars throwing bottles, or from the back of utes swing poles at protest-

ers. The police saw this all happen and did - nothing. On one occasion, a protester was hurt by a car that did a hit and run job. This happened in front of several hundred police who again responded by doing nothing. They didn't even ring the ambulance.

On the Wednesday, a large group of protesters broke the police cordon, by shifting the roadway. Previously, when small blockades occur (20 people for example), they would be quickly removed. But there was at least 150 in this large group. The police surrounded them and left them on the road for at least 2 1/2 hours. During this time, the police didn't allow any water or food to be given to them (the day was over 30°C). One person was arrested for trying to throw an orange to the group. It was reported later that protesters had been throwing oranges at the police.

A spontaneous march up along Northborne Avenue, the main road leaving Canberra, to the north was a great demonstration, although a woman had her back broken by police throwing her off the road. The marchers then returned back near the second main gate to occupy the road for a wedding, between two of the organisers of the demonstration (during the wedding vows, the TRG marched up yelling "Left ... left ... left ...")

There is no doubt in my mind that the police lied to the media. Hardly surprising, considering that all the media's shots were of police being violent to protesters. In most cases, the media's stories were just what the police had fabricated. Ultimately, what this means is that we can't believe anything on TV, on the radio, or in the papers. The distortion of what happened at AIDEX was so complete that the most believable news items may not be true at all.

Nevertheless, the protest at AIDEX '91 was successful. With only about 1/2 of the exhibitors as compared with the first AIDEX in 1989, and many buyers staying away because of the demonstration, the exhibition itself must have been a financial flop. AIDEX '91 really became a police exhibition rather than a defence exhibition. Chances are there won't be another one, but if there is - be there!

Infotainment A vision of the future?

The rapid decay of civilisation is no better illustrated than by the ratings success of Channel Ten's Thursday night peep-show, *Hard Copy*. An insipid mixture of titillating sub-porn 'human interest' stories and profiles of celebrity murderers, *Hard Copy* is the ultimate product of commercial television journalism. Although vigorously promoted by Ten as 'Reality Television', *Hard Copy* prefers to document a succession of tacky, exploitative 'stories' about nymphomaniacs and American serial killers, rather than providing the viewer with an examination of environmental degradation or the Military-Industrial complex. The limited news value of the reports screened on *Hard Copy* is seemingly unimportant in this age of 'infotainment'.

Infotainment is the ultimate development in the evolution of commercial news programming - the reporting and depiction of events, images and selected crime for no other reason than to entertain the viewer. The desire to educate and inform the public is apparently no longer a motivation for the journalists involved in such shows as *Hard Copy*.

A ratings smash, *Hard Copy* provides what the general public eagerly accepts - entertainment instead of harsh political, social and environment realities. 'Reality Television' is not an appropriate label for a show that fails to provide the viewer

with any real information about Australian society or global issues, preferring instead to dwell upon exploitative American stories of little value to the Australian viewer. This is hardly a new phenomenon - shows such as *America's Most Wanted* have always enjoyed depressingly healthy ratings in the Australian market.

Obviously, exploitation and contemptible journalism are nothing new to Australian television. Shows such as *Hinch* have become an institution in this country, indeed, the tabloid television genre has earned a special place in the hearts of the viewing public. Australia's three commercial television networks have enjoyed a long history of keeping the masses ignorant, gladly ignoring their obligation to inform in exchange for fat ratings. Unfortunately, the insidious rise of the infotainment phenomenon is an inevitable result of the ratings demands of powerful sponsors - commercial interests that care nothing about the quality or value of programming.

How long *Hard Copy* can maintain its viewers on a diet of tit, bums and serial killers is hard to predict, but Ten has illustrated its confidence in the format by purchasing the rights to a similar show, *Inside Edition*. While shows such as *Hard Copy* may come and go, infotainment shall remain - as any viewer of commercial 'news' services will attest. The ethnocen-

tric racist, parochial half hour masquerading as 'world news' that we watch every night stands testament to the dangers of infotainment. Video of a speed boat crash or bungee jumping accident will always take precedence over news of a Third World famine, especially if there is no footage available.

A frightening number of Australians rely exclusively upon commercial television news and current affairs broadcasts as their sole source of information on world events. They remain blissfully ignorant that there is a world beyond America and sky-diving accidents captured on home video.

Relying heavily upon what bounces off the satellite from America, Australian broadcasters eagerly lap up an inexhaustible supply of infotainment pulp to fill in hours of air time. Within seconds of its broadcast in America, the latest serial killer profile or airshow disaster home video will be beamed to eager viewers everywhere in a world hungry for such material. The likes of *Hard Copy* are the most obvious examples of a spreading world-wide disease - satellite-born American cultural trash.

As the demand for mindless entertainment and exciting images continues to be satisfied by alleged 'news' and current affairs shows, the viewing public becomes increasingly alienated from reality and

legitimate news. It is not surprising that during the Gulf War, US planes and missiles were routinely fitted with video cameras.

As we sit down at six o'clock every night to watch the 'news', we are not presented with the most important stories of the day, but with information and images chosen to obtain and maintain an audience. These days, it is unlikely that a story will go to air unless it is accompanied by some stimulating footage. Major world events are consistently ignored because no one was there with a camera. After years of oppression, the people of East Timor only recently gained widespread media attention in this country when footage of the Dili massacre was smuggled from the region. Instead of being well informed about such events, we continue to be fed a diet of meaningless pseudo news and mindless entertainment. Gordon Elliot's salivating narration of the latest bimbo story from America has become a familiar sound and it is probably a portent of things to come. As long as viewers are prepared to support such garbage, infotainment shall continue its insidious spread across our television screens.

Matt Denby

Voyeuristic Adventures, Alcoholic Mothers & Singing Chefs

George Selvanera on the TV Non Rating Period 1991/1992

Summer holidays are the most enjoyable time for university students. There are about three months for lazing in the sun, catching up with old friends and basically revelling in reckless abandon.

Unfortunately, at a time when you could well catch up with your favourite TV shows, there is the non-ratings period. This year, we were treated (!) to an entire barrage of mindless American sit-coms with their customary brand of syrup like schmaltz and the possibility of hurling young hopefuls to teen icon status in the pages of teen magazines, in the way of Kirk Cameron (*Growing Pains*), John Stamos (*Full House*) and Jason Bateman (*The Hogan Family*) among others. It is with these thoughts that I compiled my list of the ten worst programmes of the summer of 1991 / 1992:

Top 10 Worst Programmes of Summer 1991/1992

1. Parker Lewis Can't Lose

Q: Why did the chicken cross the road?
A: Because it felt like it.
This reflects the standard of the jokes in this sit-com based on the highly successful *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. This is a programme unparalleled in its tackiness, with storylines as digestible as the possibility of choking on boiling mucus and acting reminiscent of primary school class productions.

2. Beverley Hills 90210

Allegedly a 'drama series', I find this more comical than asserted sit-coms (which are invariably so sad as to be dramas). A more apt title for this programme would be *Rich Kids Can Have Problems Too* or *Brandon and Brenda: A Study in Upper Middle Class Sibling Bonding Set Against the Backdrop of Enormously Wealthy Friends with Alcoholic Mothers and Trendier Pairs of Jeans*.

3. Rescue 911

This is part of the emerging genre of *real life* drama with *real life* human beings (see 'Cops' and the responsible 'Hard Copy') that basically re-enacts the tragedies and misfortunes of others. It is hosted by William Shatner, who has obviously been inundated with film / television / theatre / commercials offers post *Star Trek*.

4. Baby Talk

A sit-com born (excuse the pun) of the 'Look Who's Talking' films. This brings only the stupidity and clumsiness of those modern day masterpieces to the small screen.

5. The Fresh Prince of Belair

A poor youth now in rich surrounds (could this be 'Different Strokes' starring Gary Coleman [now divorcing his parents

and suing them for financial mismanagement], Todd Bridges [on murder charges and already convicted felon] and Dana Plato [nude model and convicted felon]?) has difficulty hitting in and it is this well exhausted juxtaposition of backgrounds that forms the basis of this sit-com that supposedly will launch its lead actor to the heights of Eddie Murphy success. Isn't the prospect of another sexist, homophobic male to make facile, self-aggrandising B-grade cinema something to look forward to?

6. Quantum Leap

A time travelling 'Highway to Heaven' type is the basis of this gratuitous troglodytic drivel, where all that is required are quantum leaps in rationality and intelligence to understand that this programme can exist.

7. Sister Kate

A nun who runs an orphanage is the set for this vacuous sit-com. The orphans are faced with a myriad of crises that only Sister Kate (or should it be Super Penguin) can fix in her own fun way, ranging from smoking cigarettes to excess television watching. This is a programme that deals with hard issues, refusing to shy away from the controversial. This should be compulsory viewing.

8. Startin' From Scratch

A veterinarian, a bimbo ex-wife, two precocious children and an annoying assistant comprise the main cast of this courageous exposé of the contemporary nuclear family, where in arguably the most stirringly orgasmic and impassioned episode we were witness to probably the most important lesson in life: how to use your pet dog to pick up dates.

9. Free Spirit

A witch who plays housekeeper to a widower and his three boorish children is the essence of this visionary piece of modern television, that is only outshone in calibre by the possibility of René and Renato's (yes, the singing chef!) hauntingly, charismatic ballad "Save Your Love, My Darling, Save Your Love" becoming the national anthem.

10. Empty Nest

This stylish peek at an American middle class household dominated by a groovy widower doctor is, in fact, a voyeuristic adventure in examining the sexual tension and frustration that exists between the household's lascivious neighbour and the household superstar and the only reasonable actor, the dog, Drefuss.



A century has passed since Henry Lawson's penned "Song of the Republic" - yet, no republic. During these years, Australians witnessed Federation, Gallipoli, the Fall of Singapore, the EEC, and the Whitlam dismissal - yet, no republic. Colonisation occurred over two hundred years ago and official nationhood almost one hundred years ago - yet, no republic.

Where is our republic? For what reasons is Australia a nation where the highest position under the Constitution can never be filled by an Australian?

Historically, Australia's reasons for maintaining, indeed insisting upon monarchy over republicanism, are valid within their contemporary context. Strategic, economic and cultural factors have operated in favour of the monarchy; the factors that have worked against the monarchy have usually been confused, disguised or diverted, and thus the status quo has been maintained.

Consider Federation. Today, such an event would appear the obvious opportunity to launch an independent nation. But to the Australians of 1901, Federation was an unequivocal consolidation and celebration of Imperialism, or to quote the *Sydney Morning Herald*, "a testimony to the solidarity of the Empire". Contemporary newspaper reports, the souvenir programme and Joseph Perry's film of the Federation parade and ceremony reveal the emphasis on Empire, Queen and Governor-General, above and before the new nation, its officials and institutions. Why was this so? At that time, Australians' perception of their country as outpost of Empire emphasised the advantages of remaining within the Empire. The 1879 British Royal Commission found that "a moderately armed navy force could expect to penetrate almost any British harbour overseas," and Major-General Bevan Edwards' report in 1891 on the six colonial forces enforced concern about Australia's defence.

Australians were given cause to think strategically by events such as the Penjdeh crisis in April 1885 and the Russo-Japanese war in 1904 - 1905. The presence of foreign powers in the Pacific, in the form of French penal colonies in New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, and the German annexation of New Guinea in 1884, contributed to the perceived strategic pressures that prevented an independent Australian nation forming.

Economic reasons also blocked the emergence of a non-Imperial Australia. To quote Gordon Greenwood, "the economy bequeathed to the Commonwealth was colonial in character". In short, Australia relied on Britain for trade and investment. Britain dominated the trade scenario, supplying the bulk of Australia's imports and absorbing the bulk of exports. The relevance on British export markets for primary products, coupled with the inadequacy of secondary industry to supply the domestic market with manufactured goods, prescribed that nationhood be achieved within the economic safety of the Empire. Development relied on capital investment, of which Britain was the main source, thus placing the idea of a republic beyond realistic realms.

Cultural ties based on population composition were prohibited to the emergence of a republic. At the time of Federation, 98 percent of the population was of English, Irish or Welsh descent, and 18 percent had been born in Britain. Australians considered themselves as "transplanted Britons". The *Advertiser* was moved to rejoice that "the British race is not confined to the British Isles", this identification with Britain was mutually exclusive of republican sentiment. Moreover, the fact that society was based on British institutions (political, legal, educational, religious) ensure the British continuum in federated Australia.

Today, Australians refer to Gallipoli as our "baptism of fire". Yet, no new independence was achieved, one of the reasons being that Australians entered World War I as part of the Empire, and as a junior partner at that. Initially, World War II also had Australia "contributing to a world at war". However, upon Japanese-USA conflict at Pearl Harbour on 7th December, 1941 and defeat at Singapore on 15th February, 1942, Australians found themselves resisting an

Where is our REPUBLIC?

Why has Australia remained tied to that old tribe of bone lazy, work shy, inbred no-hopers? Stephanie Pribil examines all the relevant issues and so much more.



Touch me, I'm sick.

enemy that was threatening to invade Australia's very shores. For lack of alternatives, Australia turned to the US, with Prime Minister Curtin announcing, "Australia looks to America, free of any pangs as to our traditional links or kinship with the United Kingdom". The Fall of Singapore highlighted Australia's subordinate place in the Empire, the weakness of the British Australian strategic agreements, and the subsequent need to adopt a new outlook. A staunch critic of failed Imperial advice and outmoded naval strategies, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, nonetheless, emphasised that the Australian-American nexus was merely "a military alliance made unnecessary by geographical considerations".

Thus, while new strategic ties were formed, the old emotional ties remained. Curtin's statement was criticised variously as being deplorable, regrettable, unfortunate, dangerous and a great blunder. This reaction prompted his reassurance that "Australia was steadfast in

loyalty to the British way of living" and that he never meant to imply "a weakening of Australia's ties to the British Empire". The crux of the matter was that Australians were neither willing nor able (during a war) to sever the British-Australian nexus, and so republicanism was not an issue.

The war had another effect, namely to weaken the economic basis of Australia's formal connection with Britain. According to Russel Ward, the war "accelerated, if it did not cause, something like an Australian industrial revolution". The official severing of ties came with Britain's entry into the EEC in January 1973, yet a corresponding shift in attitude failed to occur.

As early as 1964, Donald Home expressed the opinion (hope?) that if Britain entered the EEC, Australia's psychological shock at being dumped might have hastened a dramatic re-orientation. Instead, the event saw the *Australian* and the *Sydney Morning Herald* concentrating on the

British point-of-view, a writer from the latter paper even asserted that Australians "should strive to see how [the British Commonwealth's] meaningfulness can be revived and strengthened in the new circumstances". The *Age* came closer to promoting a new outlook when its editorial advised that "both the sentiment and sulking can be left to the past ... in the interests of Australia's future". This forward-thinking did not stretch far enough to embrace a republic.

Perhaps the obsolescence of these strategic and economic reasons simply removed the need to retain the British connection without providing a reason to actively remove it. If such a reason were needed, the Whitlam dismissal in 1975 provided it. When the Crown's appointed representative used reserve powers to dismiss an elected, majority government, Australian's had valid reason to consider their bland acceptance of the Queen, the Governor-General and the Constitution. Yet, no republic emerged.

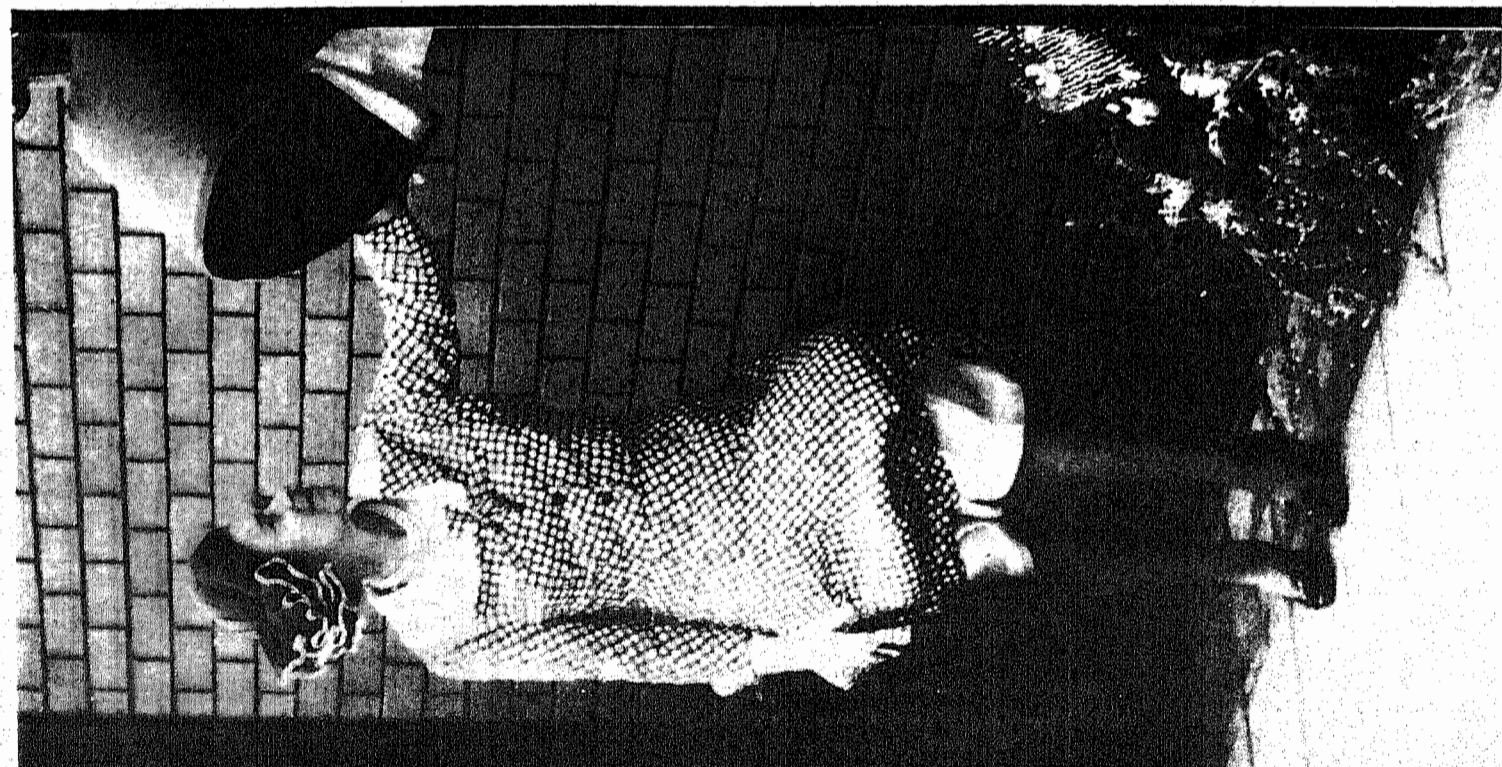
Why? Because the general emphasis was on the interpretation of the Constitution and the Governor-General's role and powers, rather than the Constitution or role of Governor-General *per se*. The *Advertiser's* editorial was adamant that "some means should be found of clarifying and defining these powers so that their exercise should not give rise to controversy", but the issue was clarification, not change. To complicate matters, the Queen was seen to be removed from and to be above the problem, with Whitlam declaring, "the Queen would never have done this". Blame was happily assigned to the Australian, rather than British, half of the "partnership". Moreover, the discussion of radical changes to the system failed to take precedence over discussion of the Whitlam Government's performance and the Senate's behaviour in blocking Supply. Although Gavin Souter rightly claims that one effect of the Dismissal "was to expose the Buckingham Palace-Yarrulmla nexus for the fiction it had become," the debate was not concerned with republicanism and thus did not lead to a republic.

Today, over fifteen years later, Australia remains a constitutional monarchy. Consider our situation. The strategic, economic and cultural factors that previously tied us to Britain are now obsolete. Insistence to the contrary is now damaging. The desire and need for a new Australia was reorganised last year by both the Labor Party at the Australian Republican Movement (ARM), a non-politically-aligned group. Even if we leave the government to deal with its business, the ARM will continue to deal with the republic.

Now that the status quo has ceased to serve our best interests, the alternatives deserve debate and consideration.

So, where is our Australian republic?

On the agenda.



"...Australia remains a constitutional monarchy. Consider our situation. The strategic, economic and cultural factors that previously tied us to Britain are now obsolete. Insistence to the contrary is now damaging."

Coffee Connoisseurs and All-Round Good Times

Has anyone else noticed what has happened to Rundle Street in the last two months? Although it has always been 'the' place to sip one's cappuccino, suddenly the entire street seems to be crowded with cafés and restaurants, even the Exeter now caters for outdoor dining.

Yet, when I wandered down there last weekend in search of a quiet coffee, I found it was not as easy as it looked. Alfresco's was as usual, ridiculously crowded, and unless you like drinking your coffee standing up, then it was not much point staying. Every café and restaurant on Rundle Street appeared to be making a fortune that night - yet my attention was caught by something very different.

In Charlicks Lane, an old projector and movie screen had been erected, with chairs and tables providing seating for perhaps fifty people. On the screen, an entire world of movie history was showing, creating an open air cinema, and off to the side came the aroma of freshly roasted coffee beans. On closer inspection, I found the smell came from a small café, in the first two shops of the new East End Markets.

In the hands of Gus Savvas, "Connoisseurs Choice" specialises in fine tea and coffee. Offering a selection that includes coffee

from countries such as Nicaragua, Indonesia, Ethiopia, Papua New Guinea, and others - not to mention the more common European blends from Italy and Greece; they have, in fact, over seventy different varieties of coffee and sixty varieties of tea.

In talking with Gus, I discovered that there was a lot more to the art of trading in coffee and tea than first meets the eye. The café offers a wide range of products, selling coffee selling from \$4 - \$135 a kilo. For the

extravagant, the finest coffee is served in a silver percolator with bone china cups, similarly a silver tea pot is provided with an Indian Darjeeling that comes at \$350 a kilo. For the rest of us, other coffee (Brazilian or Columbian for example) is available at \$1.50 for a four cup plunger and \$1.95 for a six cup plunger. Greek coffees come for \$1.20 or \$1.60, depending on size, as does Turkish and Sudanese coffee that also can be served with cinnamon cloves, ginger and cardamom on request.

Although the café does not have an alcoholic licence, cocktail coffees such as cocoa 'Calypto' or crème de menthe "Moonlighting" are prepared using fruit liqueurs at a cost of \$2.50 - \$3.50. All Italian coffee is also available in a decaffeinated form, while the selection of herbal teas range from a "night time" tea to mango and apple, banana and cinnamon, wild strawberry and even grapefruit - all for \$1.50 a pot.

The open air cinema that had first drawn my attention is also the creation of Gus Savvas, providing free entertainment to complement the café. The sixteen millimetre films are screened for a total of four hours during an evening, comprised of one feature of ninety to one hundred minutes and short films of between ten and twenty minutes.

Walt Disney cartoons, black and white classic commodities and old Coca-Cola commercials have just come of the films that range from the early 1930s to late 1980s. The films are designed not only to attract movie

buffs, but anyone who enjoys the cinema classics. Beginning after dark, the audience is entertained by Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chaplin, Mickey Mouse and Pluto, Elvis Presley, Abbott and Costello, W.C. Fields - just to mention a few.

There is no cover charge and people are welcome to come and go as they please. Light meals are also available from the café, including antipasto, paté plates, cheese and dip platters or cakes, chocolates and biscuits.

The official opening of "Connoisseurs Choice" coincides with the opening of the East End Markets

on the 28th of this month, and the café is open from 7 am every Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the cinema will also be screening on these nights, beginning at around 9.30 pm and finishing at 4 am on Fridays and Saturdays and 2 am on Sundays.

Now there is an enjoyable alternative to the "be seen" scene of Alfresco's and its followers. Adelaide needs something different, here is an idea that is refreshing and original.

Sam Sinclair



Enthusiastic partygoers relax before a night out on the eccy: Photo by Luke

In the Groove at THE ALE HOUSE



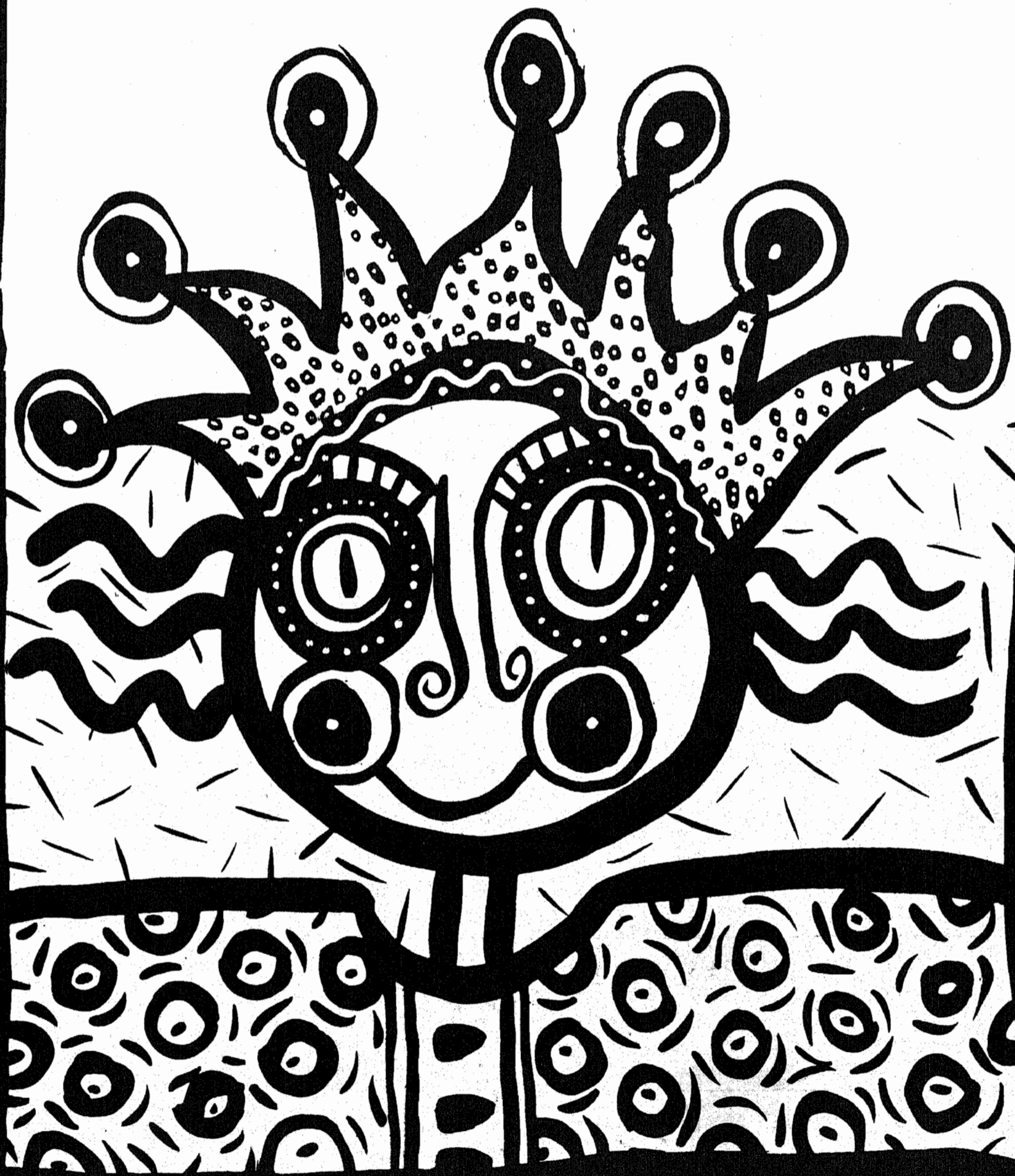
WHAT A NIGHT! I CAN'T WAIT TIL NEXT TUESDAY TO GO BACK FOR MORE!

TOTALLY! CINDY, THE BABE I WAS WITH...

...CAN SHE EVER PLAY POOL! WE'RE GOIN' ALL THIS WEEK. NO QUESTION - THE ALE HOUSE IS WHERE IT'S AT!

EMI Chrysalis present DIESEL'S hep-fidelity ALBUM LAUNCH at THE ALE HOUSE At the Old Lion Hotel. PHONE 267 9766

Welcome to the 1992 Fringe edition of On Dit. No doubt you're as pleased to be around in a Fringe year as we are - maybe you can be even more pleased, the Sidetrack Theatre Company have given us 3 double passes to their performance of The Drunken Boat. To win, be one of the first three to come into On Dit and say you want one.



FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21 - SUNDAY, MARCH 22...

2
 大つきりし
 輝き光輝
 光彩

S
 H
 A
 D
 O
 W
 A
 N
 D
 S
 P
 L
 E
 N
 D
 O
 U
 R

Everybody raves about actors. But we tend to ignore stage designers, even though they are important and happening. So that's what we're going to talk about today. Questions will be asked afterwards so please attend carefully. No one may leave to go to the toilet.

When we go to the theatre, it is inevitable that the people uppermost in our minds are the actors. For two enchanting hours they zoom about on the stage, drawing us into spheres away from the everyday world. Sometimes directors gain high public profile: instead of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night we are presented with Peter Brook's Twelfth Night, Sir Peter Hall's Twelfth Night, Jonathon Miller's Twelfth Night.

But what of the lowly designer? Not so lowly at all, thank you very much. I talked to Shaun Gurton, the designer at the State Theatre Company last week about his job, the STC's upcoming Festival Production, (*Shadow and Splendour*) and the direction which theatre design is heading towards in the nineties. But first! what does a designer really do?

Although far removed from any personal exposure, the designer carries responsibilities that are just as heavy as those carried by the actors, directors, producers and playwrights. For example:

You are walking into the auditorium. It is the Playhouse, there is no curtain, the first thing you see as you stumble to your seat is.....the set. Initial visual impact counts for so much, yet few of us seem to realise it. If from the first minute you loathe and abhor the set, there is bound to be an obstacle to full enjoyment of any performance, no matter how brilliant it might be.

As well as being a functional necessity, a set also counts as a hors d'oeuvre (horse doover.) If you can't stomach that part of the meal, you don't really have the enthusiasm required to face the rest of it.

As a rule, sets and costumes are divided between different designers. Both designers work closely with the director and the lighting designer, and some directors and designers work so well as a team that they stay together on a number of productions. This kind of professional marriage is often very fruitful. Normally designers are employed for the season,(in the STC's case, a season will range from seven to nine shows during the year) or to work on one particular production. They are expected to produce drawings of the sets and costumes for the scenery and wardrobe departments to work from. Set designers also have to come up with those cunning little scale models of their sets, which will be shown to the cast at the first rehearsal, when an outline of the set is chalked on the floor for the guidance of the actors until the actual set is ready.

It is inevitable that during a school production of *Grease* a part of the set will collapse, either injuring the person on whom it fell, or falling to reveal something untoward happening backstage. More and more school groups are heading towards Brechtian performances, with lots of angst and no set, thus minimising the chances of disaster and humiliation. To avoid this sort of fiasco, the budding stage designer should have a set department that knows its woodwork. Also useful - a thorough knowledge of period settings (and costumes), a sense of style and of what looks effective and exciting on stage, an ability to work within a budget, (very important, this. Do not run off and order a six foot high horse made of solid gold if you only have \$4.50 left over) and the adaptability to cope with a variety of stages, from the traditional proscenium arch to arena and theatre-in-the-round areas.

The set designer for *Shadow and Splendour* is, as I previously mentioned, Shaun Gurton. A delightful man with a whimsical touch, Gurton has brought a fresh vitality to the boards of the State Theatre Company, with sets including those for the 1991 productions of *Julius Caesar* and *King Golgrutha*. Asking about the set designs for *Shadow and Splendour* provided an animated response - Gurton is not only pleased with his own work, but with that of the play on the whole.

"It's a large, cinematic play - fairly epic, quite fluid. So many plays are moving in that direction. It takes on a huge amount of locations, so what we had to try and do with the set was to create a monumental yet intimate world. A shadowy world. Any play has, from the designer's point of view, a need. A designer serves the play. And *Shadow and Splendour* has very specific needs."

Written and directed by Jim Sharman, the play appears to be a thriller of sorts, with the action ranging from Tokyo to Vladivostock. Sharman describes it as, "It is the story of the life and death of Victor Sieger.. it is a work of fiction, but it's based on a Soviet spy ring that operated in Japan before and during World War Two. Sieger is a hard-drinking, womanising journalist - an essentially dramatic character. He's a stranger in a strange land, and the play's theme is partly that of the European in Japan."

This remark touches upon Gurton's own ideas about the play, ideas which are reflected in the set.

"What we have with this play is not a token Japanese design. I wanted to try and show the clash between Eastern and Western cultures. You have the fascination of Asia, Japan, Tokyo - sure. And there is a definite theatricalized version of Japanese images. *Shadow and Splendour* premieres at the Playhouse on March 14. Until then Shaun Gurton will be busy putting the finishing touches to his shadowy set. The life of a designer is a hectic one, even if the public never sees him/her. And now that you know more, be kind to the designer when you meet him. Dismiss him not, and remember that he, too, is a valuable member of the thespian family. Chloë Fox



★ BA U were ★ BLONDE ★

Raucous, raunchy, riotous, sexy, saucy - stupendous!

"Before You Were Blonde", the all-singing, all-moving, all-motivating contemporary choir that evolved out of last year's Artery programme is something more than you'd expect. With most people's experience of group singing being limited to the Mormon Tabernacle at one end of the scale and urban Afro-Americans at the other, and the school choir squeaking Advance Australia Fair in the middle, this group of diverse individuals combine all those (without the squeaking) and more.

The musical director of the choir, Andrea Riemetts, a former employee of Carclew, the home of the Artery programme, has since left to work freelance. She has brought together people from all walks of life; students, school kids, workers and actors, with one major common link - the desire to express more fully not only through the vocal chords but with their bodies as well.

The group performs a variety of numbers, from original rap to covers of songs such as 'Like a Prayer', 'I Touch Myself' and 'Time After Time'. They combine the vocal disci-

pline of a classical choir with free-fall expression and a quality reflective of society, like many modern rappers. "Before You Were Blonde" likes to poke fun at traditional choristers - not so much at their way of singing or song selection, but rather at the feeling of divorce that they project toward the audience - that they are on some higher musical plane. "Before You Were Blonde" have all their feet planted on the ground and their arms open wide to the audience. They encourage singing from the spectators and, above all, encourage a break-away from a static choral performance as their bodies are just as much instruments as their voices. Their aim is to envelop their audience in sound and movement, give them a group rhythm and a group pulse, to give them cerebral vertigo.

After performances at the Fringe Poster and Media launches as well as gigs at the Astor, Big Ticket and Lion Bar, "Before You Were Blonde" promises a great night out at the Norwood Concert Hall on 5th, 6th, 7th March at 9.30 pm.

Tickets are \$10, \$5 concession, \$20 family. Telephone Auscharge 13 1314 or book at any outlet.



REPUTATIONS RUINED!

THE AFFORDABLE FESTIVAL!

FRINGE CLUB

Lion Theatre & Bar
Lion Arts Centre
cnr North Tce
and Morphett St City

catch the best
of the Fringe and more
- live on stage! 11pm til late
Fringe Club membership \$40
nightly pass \$5
from Austickets 13 13 14

FRINGE
INFORMATION HOTLINE
(08) 231 6811

proudly supported by  and Triple J 105.5FM



The Advertiser
MAKES YOU LAZY



1992 Adelaide Festival





Lots of people having fun with their organs and instruments!

**The Umbilical Brothers
Cut the Cord.**

Starclub
10 pm nightly.

I saw the Umbilical Brothers on Star Search and always felt they should have won. Their performance in "Cut the Chord" confirmed this completely for me. Not only that, they were very nice guys. I met them at the Fringe Media launch. They told me they liked "Before You Were Blonde". I told that I was Theatre Ed; they gave me free tickets. They've got my vote.

These men are very, very funny. For those unfamiliar with their work, it combines mime, slapstick and sound effects produced on hand held mikes. In essence, they could be described as a couple of actors who create their own little world in which reality is totally subject to their whims. Flies become kamikaze assassins; a simple flick of an imaginary light switch plunges the theatre into darkness. And we believe that an out of control baby is indeed whizzing randomly through the theatre, haunting the Brothers in a sick, recurring joke! The traffic police man sketch, which they performed on Star Search was elaborated and even better on stage. This authority figure from Hell, determined to write out a speeding ticket for everything that moves is physicalised brilliantly by David, while Shane's sound effects are excellent. Abruptly, the focus shifts and David takes the mike, Shane obligingly becomes the motorbike, with David in pursuit of traffic felons, come Hell or high water. Gags such as the rush of air as the bike hurtles over a 'jump' go down well and the use of lighting to end the sketch is simple, yet effective.

We were also treated to the comic talents of Jim Tavaré from the UK. This was totally, totally silly and very funny indeed. Essentially, through his slow and virtually expressionless monologue, we learn that he is a musician - a fact actually deducible by his Tuxedo and tails, and the close proximity of a huge, double bass, but never mind!

The Umbilical Brothers cut the cord

Like the Umbilical Brothers, you have to allow yourself to assimilate the concepts to appreciate the humour; if you waste your time analysing how unlikely or impossible it is, you'll miss the humour. As such, the search for a big enough car proving too difficult, we believe him when he tells us he gave up, and then put the Honda Civic in side the double bass, which he proceeded to drive down the road!

His musical impressions, or rather, "Basey's", of someone sawing off a wooden leg, Evil Kneevil and movie themes, "Give me a theme" - "Last Tango in Paris?", "Star Wars?" - Ok, Jaws - are ridiculous and very funny. The one-liners and gags fly thick and fast, and you sit there in a half delirium, giggling like a school kid, unable to believe that this man really is doing impressions of Mozart, composing on a Casio Organ, or that he has evidence Beethoven was black (sight gag, go and see it!). It is silly, basic humour at its most effective.

"Bolero" played on the bass, accompanied by typewriter and miniscule viola, is just too silly for words. Even his technique for hecklers was basic and to the point. He swore, calmly and gratuitously. More of him in the show would have been excellent.

Graeme Leake was well appreciated by the audience. Personally, he didn't do much for me. The idea of percussion sounds produced by a brief case, sticky tape, water, credit cards, etc, was a good one, but I didn't feel it progressed and would probably benefit from further development. Still, his subsequent act, playing the drums accompanied by the Duracell Bunny and other wind up toys, including a monkey and what appeared to be a little elephant was, like the earlier items, very silly and funny as well as quite cute.

In a similar vein, the Umbilical Brothers sketch to Pachelbel's 'Kannon' involving soft toys had Katarina Grenfell and I in fits of laughter. It was really just too cutesy for words, finally degenerating into full-on violence, reminiscent of a road-runner cartoon, or an M-rated Muppet Show. The skill of "The Brothers" was shown in the 'elevator' sequence, with each appearing in their own private elevator, an effect created extremely well by use of physicalisation and mime. The use of the head of one and arms of another to create the ridiculous effects of back to front bodies and so forth was excellent.

The more sensitive audience members may have been somewhat perturbed by violent scenes, such as bouncing and slam dunking a new born baby - from which the "Cut the Chord" comes. Equally distressing may have been the recurring gag of the baby flying around the room, bouncing off the walls. Personally, I laughed my head off.

For those audience members who actually did harbour nasty little thoughts, such as "they wouldn't be anything without their microphones," artistic come-uppance was served and in a totally off-the-wall "Western" spoof. After shooting the horses out from under each other, wrestling, lassoing match ensued, during which David was rendered "mike-less". It was like watching a pillow fight where suddenly one person has both pillows and the other is left, flailing their arms pathetically, ineffectually, defenseless. The pathetic sounds of David, sans microphone, were hilarious. Equally funny was Shane's dubbing in the sound of a bird which despatched a missive upon David. The same sequence, repeated with the sound of a cow, was also very funny.

The skill of these two was manifest. They are original, dynamic and enjoyable. I hope they go as far as they want - without breaking the chord - we don't want them catapulting about like the baby! Yuk, sorry - had to get that in!

Neil Sander

Carclew Youth Arts Centre
Keeping the creative blood flooding through the Arteries.



I was fortunate enough to be present at the 1992 Season One launch of the Artery Workshops which are held at Carclew for 15 - 25 year olds. These programs will put in place the electrodes to give Adelaide's Youth-Arts Culture a major cardiac jolt. The rich vein of enthusiasm and talent these workshops will promote and explore is only just being tapped, and anyone young or youthful in outlook should try them.

The Artery Party itself was held in the spacious grounds of Carclew, a heritage listed estate utilised entirely for the pursuit and promotion of Youth Arts in Adelaide. The pre-Fringe buzz was in the air, permeating the Carnival atmosphere. Crowds sauntered through the grounds, succumbing to stalls with African, Asian, Thai and health foods, and huge doughnuts without holes!

Various jewellery, clothing and craft stalls also lured many a buyer, rendering general satisfaction as young designers promoted and flogged their wares, and the young aesthetes wore their floggings.

The entertainment for the afternoon was as varied as the crowd. Notably, the band Capital F played a thoroughly listenable set. Flamenco dancers made good use of the polished floor-boards of the Ballroom where a large crowd tripped over randomly placed chairs and watched (well, I didn't see it there!).

A space was cleared, near the trampolines used by young kiddies (who actually turned quite nasty and territorial upon my tentative approach) for Graffiti artists

using spray cans to create masterpieces on boards. I hung out there for a while, getting deafened by the ear-splitting Rap booming from the PA, before beating a hasty retreat to where 'Before you were Blonde' were about to appear. The 2 songs - Madonna's "Like a Prayer" and Suzanne Vega's "Room off the Street", were enthusiastically received by a crowd sprawled on the hill whom we could hear but not see, as the sun was in our eyes. Although we squinted greatly, I'm told we sounded lovely. Thank you, Glen Johns. Other distractions included head massages (do not knock it 'til you've tried it), head wrapping and a brilliant fortune teller, who, to date, has been remarkably accurate. I am awaiting the tall, dark and handsome stranger eagerly! All this and I haven't told you about the programs yet!



Take Art off the Streets.

This season, Artery will take advantage of the pre and post Fringe fervour. From 29th February, the Festival, Fringe and Carclew link the 3 centres with shuttle buses, providing access to graffiti workshops, writing stands, comedy workshops and more.



★ Carclew ★

Found Objects Comedy Workshop

7th March, 1 - 4 pm
While in Adelaide, these very funny lads will explore various facets of comic performance, including comic songwriting, group dynamics, physical comedy and a chance to write and perform your own sketch or song. These workshops will not only help develop your own talents but enable a good laugh too.



Comedy / Street Theatre

A slightly more advanced workshop will be headed by Sydney-based "Cabaret Doo Dah". Their slap-stick style of performance, which they dub crowd-infiltration, allows face-to-face improvisation. Participation in this will afford think-on-your-feet, confrontational comedy. For aspiring Musos, from 21st March, Music Days at the Fringe will be run. The choice is between Nakisa, a world music band from Sydney, who'll teach unique vocal methods and irregular rhythms and non-western scales, or the Oxo-Cubans will cater for the more familiar styles, including Jazz, House, Hip Hop, acapella and harmony. Both will perform after the workshop. Dance and stunt work are also explored in workshops in March and April. Creative photography with Lew Chapman also features in April, as does percussion and

yet more singing from Andrea Rienietts and Deb Batlen from "Before you were Blonde".
After the Easter break, Chris Finnen will take guitar workshops, incorporating lesser-known styles such as Greek, Italian, Aboriginal, Asian and others to activate new styles and sounds in guitar playing. And there's tons more!
Artery is the main vein of creativity for Youth Arts flowing between all the youth organisations and you. The programs are widely distributed about town, or call 267 5111, or go to Carclew, 11 Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide and check it out. There's definitely something for everyone and your biggest problem will be making a choice!



Yet more on Carclew!

Untapped Arts Exhibition, 22nd March. The impetus from Carclew to kick start and continue Youth Arts seems to keep gathering momentum. Opening this by invitation to schools exhibition of artwork, DJ Driller Jet Armstrong expressed the hope that the trickle from the top will eventually become a creative, vital, artistic flow.

The works of the students who participated varied in medium and intensity from comic pieces such as "Writers Bloc" to more serious photographic stills, through to bizarre and macabre works involving decapitated dolls and mirror shards. The larger works which were exhibited in the Ballroom were outstanding. My sincere apologies for not getting the name of them and the artist. Whoever you are, you are exceptionally talented! Congratulations to the Artery team for organising it, and keeping the flow going!

Mel Sander

SEE TODAY'S FESTIVAL REVIEW PAGES FOR MORE GREAT FESTIVAL SHOWS!

HURRY! TICKETS SELLING FAST!

THE FABULOUS

AT THE TOP

★ ANY FOUR SHOWS FOR JUST \$60! ★

International comedy, jugular cabaret & music heroes under The Big Top

THE THREE MUSKETEERS
March 1, 3-5 8.30pm
March 4 11pm, March 7 5pm

Klezmer CONSERVATORY BAND
March 12 8.30pm
When the Yiddish Charleston meets the Maseltoy Rumba, everyone dances! ONE NIGHT ONLY!

The Mapapa Acrobats
March 10 8.30pm; Mar 11 11pm
March 12, 13 6.30pm; Mar 14 6pm

The Flying Karamazov Brothers
March 17, 18 7pm
Mar 19 9.30pm
Mar 20 6pm
Mar 21 5pm & 11pm

DAVID STRASSMAN & Friends
March 15 8.30pm; Mar 17, 18 9.30pm
Mar 19 7pm; Mar 20 11pm

Paris Washboard
March 7 11pm
Sublime ragtime and stride. Europe's hottest combo and the world's greatest washboard player! ONE NIGHT ONLY!

The Reduced Shakespeare Company
March 10, 12, 13 11pm
Mar 11, 13 8.30pm; Mar 15 6pm

THE BACKSLIDERS
March 3 11pm
Australia's greatest blues band for one night only!

PAUL KELLY ONE NIGHT ONLY!
March 8 8.30pm

PENGUIN CAFE DANCE BAND
March 5, 6 11pm

GIRLS IN YOUR TOWN
March 14 8.30pm

Ennio Marchetto
The Master Impressionist returns.
March 14 11pm

FESTIVAL DIARY RADIO 101.5FM
FRIENDS INFOLINE 216 8676

adelaide festival
FEBRUARY 28 · MARCH 21 · 1992

BOOK AT BASS TODAY!
DIAL 'N CHARGE 213 4777 MON-SAT
COUNTRY FREE CALL 008 888 327

All packages and attractions subject to availability. Package price offers and Easy Payment Plan facilities available until close of BASS trading on February 22.

HAIL
TRAM
HERE
22

Storming Glenelg By Tram

Storming Glenelg by Tram Really Moving Theatre Company

22nd February - 21st March
Nightly, 8.03 pm, Monday - Saturday
Matinees, 2.14 pm, Wednesday
4.07 pm, Saturday

"Go on, get off and go to your boring little proscerium arch musical," our Tram Inspector screamed at the snob on her way to the preview of *Nixon in China*. Storming Glenelg by Tram is innovative, exciting and first-class fun. This tram trip to the city and back is an on the rails soap-opera and a vehicle for stand-ups and a wake-up for sleepers. Performing at break-neck speed along the full length of the carriage aisle and, at times, on, over and under the audience, The Really Moving Theatre Company break theatrical norms with hysterical abandon.

Close to the Bone Price Theatre 101 Grote Street, Adelaide 20th - 28th February 8 pm

"Close to the Bone" shows Aborigines as survivors rather than victims. The overriding line of this contemporary musical is the survival and the intention of Aboriginal people to survive the effects of White civilisation.

Primarily, it is a pragmatic view of the inter-relation between White Australians and Aborigines in two different settings and two different times. This illustrates that despite different circumstances, survival is still the main focus. The story begins with an Aboriginal woman, Naomi, living on a mission in the 1960s with her two young children. Demands are made of her by the Mission

Our Conductor, or our "Connie" as she preferred to be known, was proud of her carriage, loved her carriage and surely has nothing to do with the STA in real life. This is well-written and exciting theatre which carries, nay drags, its willing audience on a wonderful adventure. Only on this very special journey would passengers so gladly sing Happy Birthday to a drunken stranger.

A strong cast of comics cleverly manipulate their audience with a series of recognisable and likeable stereo-types. Sioban Tuke as our 'Connie' leaves The Comedy Company behind and gives a vibrant, well-paced and witty performance. As Adelaide's most musical bag-lady, Valentina Levkovicz looks resplendent in her best rags and a delightful bouquet of chicken bones completes the image. Her strong, feverish playing needed more variety in its intensity, otherwise this is a fine display of character-acting.

manager, "Boss man" and because of this, she leaves the Mission to work on a station where she becomes close friends with the station owner's wife. After a couple of years working on the station, she is suddenly faced with the threat of having her baby, Kose, taken from her. The First Act illustrates the treatment of not only Aboriginal women but women in general in the 1960s. The Second Act of the play starts in Redfern, New South Wales, in the 1990s and looks at the effects that the events of Act One have had on the characters' lives. The life of Kose is the only common thread of the two Acts. In that respect, the two Acts with completely contrasting settings and effective backdrops, one of the Australian Outback and the other of the graffiti of Redfern, New South Wales, today can be isolated as two quite distinct separate story lines and one Act plays. Survival is the essence of both plays. "Close to the Bone" presented several themes that showed promise. These themes of survival, the treatment of Aborigines and the treatment of women were developed in the First Act, so much so, that we went into interval with anticipation of what was to come. Unfortunately, the Second Act was a let down. The survival theme finished off simply with a family reunion. The theme about the treatment of women was pretty well forgotten and the treatment of Aborigines issue transformed itself into an issue about self worth which seemed pretty worthless anyway.

"Close to the Bone" can be seen to leave the audience in the air. The play is unfinished with many loose ends left untied. The music is performed live by "Identity Crisis", whose past performance include the Black Christmas concert, the 1992 survival concert and as support band for Yothu Yindi. The songs from the play are all original and ranged from

Suzi Rosedale as the Wicked Witch of the West disguised as a policewoman is a show-stopper with her fantastical song "Star Sheriff Baby".

As the opera snob, Carole Patullo had a slow start but with the assistance of a tremendous talent for playing drunks and a downhill, outward journey stole most of the second act.

The remainder of the cast - Mark Cutler as the Inspector who dreams of becoming a tour guide; Brian Nankervis (Raymond J. Bartholomuez) as the nerdy film producer; and Louis Dingemans as the love-struck punk give strong, enjoyable performances. This comical clash of class, culture and circumnavigation is Mills and Boon on wheels. For those who are after fun and laughs, this is a do-see-multitrip production.

Show starts Glenelg Terminus.
Book Austickets, 13 1314.

Michael Eustice

attempts at country, blues and rap - real toe-tapping fun.

"Close to the Bone" was written by Ned Manning and workshopped and performed by students at the Eora Centre (Aboriginal Visual and Performing Arts College in Redfern) in 1991.

The Adelaide cast are all students or ex-students from Eora and for many of them "Close to the Bone" draws very real parallels to their own life experiences. This was particularly evident in the performance of Pamela Young as Naomi and Leo Coe as the Storyteller.

Naomi tells us that you have to be strong to survive and that surviving is what life is all about. Respect for elders and taking time to listen was the essence of the Storyteller's contribution to the play. The Storyteller's yarn were unfortunately difficult to hear but in having to listen harder and to make the effort to listen unintentionally forced his principles or points across.

An interesting piece of casting in "Close to the Bone" was the double role of the "Bossman", Mission manager and the station owner, and Rose's adopted father in Act 2, played by Brendon Read. It was a symbolic role as the "Bossman" and the station owner, as White Australians, took on a superior nature demonstrating their identical bigoted character.

The whole play, in fact, should have revolved around the life of Rose. Unfortunately, to be blunt and quite frank, she made the audience cringe. A 35 year old White Australian trying desperately to play the role of a Black adopted child in search of her natural Black mother was not authentic at all.

"Close to the Bone" was a could-have-been; it has the potential to be an epic, TV mini-series, 10 episodes, overseas sales rights, merchandising, the works. The audience walked silently down the stairs of the Price Theatre, and only whispers resonated up from the ground floor.

Allison Wicks & Simon Kearney



Stomp!

Yes/No people
Runs till 22nd March
Midnight Saturdays
5 pm Sundays

The exhilaration you get from watching *STOMP* is real, because the rhythms are real and alive, and the people creating them are as caught up in the moment as we are. The sounds course through and from start to finish, you're not just on the edge of your seat, you're tapping the sides, stamping your feet, unable to sit still. You can see the dust that flies from the stage, the sweat of the performers and feel the beat rise up through the floor. *STOMP* must be experienced to be comprehended, as it is not just visual, nor aural, but a total bombardment of the senses that leaves you stunned. As co-director Steven (whose last name remains a mystery!) put it, it is hard to

thing debonair, almost Fred Astaire-ish in this first number, off-set delightfully by the guttural "oi" each member dolefully greets the other with, and the torn and faded clothing.

There is at once uniformity and individual persona in the performance because, Cresswell feels, if they had choreographed it as such, so that everyone was the same, the members of the groups wouldn't feel comfortable. Movement is essentially to get from A to B, however, you can and it's good that "some look awkward, some look cool, that's how it should be. That's how the individuality comes out". As a result, we have 7 individuals doing the same steps, each in their own style, all doing "what feels good". Hence, it looks good! And how!

The moments of unison, such as a turn in place or a shuffle to the side are magic, in the midst of the eclectic movement and sound. The humour is vastly appealing as it, like the sounds, is the humour you get

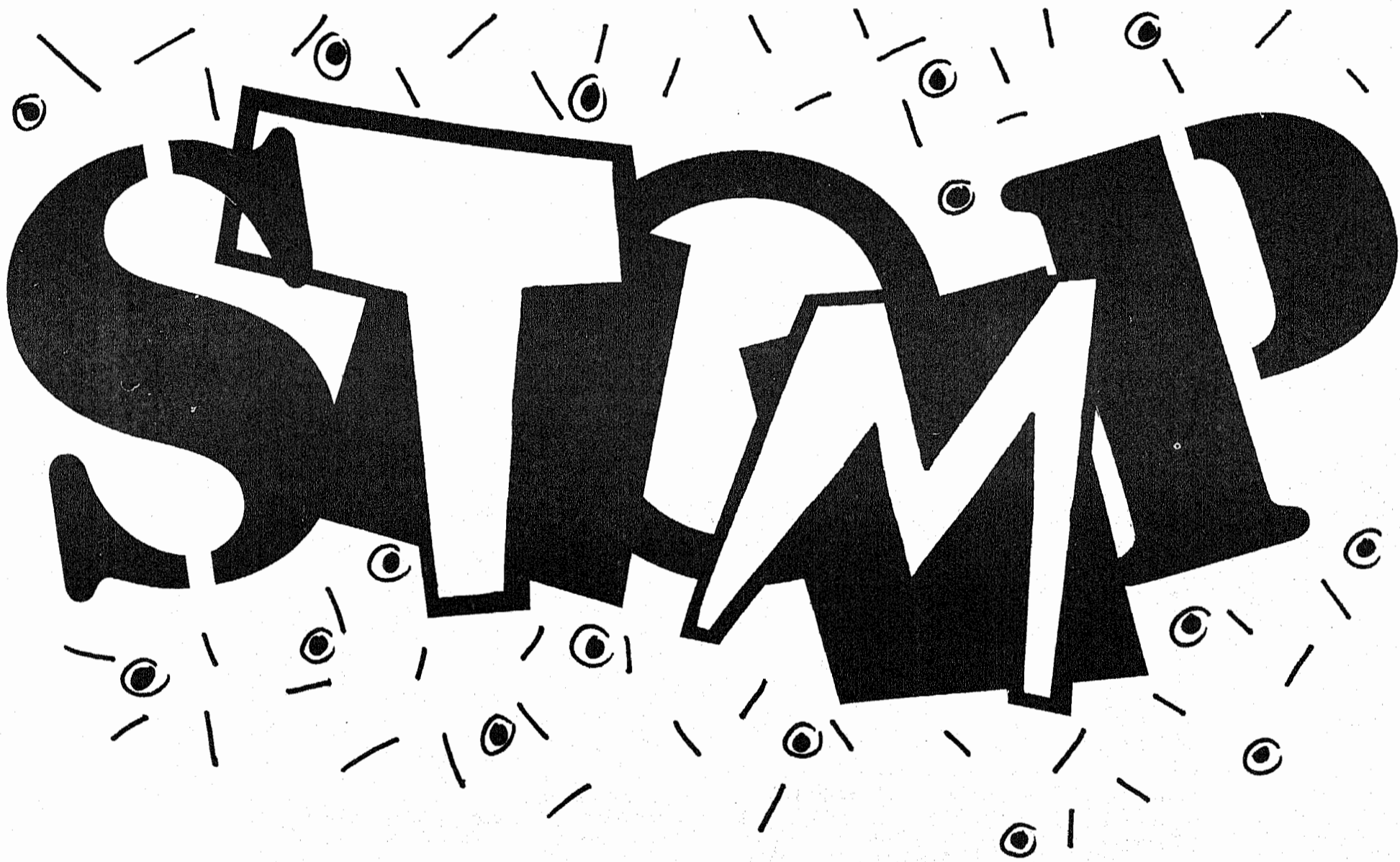
As was expounded to me later in interview, the sounds do come from manual work, physical things. Sweeping, for example, and hitting something with a hammer is more musical than using the phone!

But the sounds aren't all violent, as one of the funniest scenes involves the extraordinary rhythms 3 members get out of plastic bags! And, of course, the interplay of various characters - a real larrikin, a 'groover' and a complete 'nerd', played by Dave (another one whose last name was omitted!) is easy to identify with and very funny. Again, subtle images and sounds, such as the scene where 3 members are tossing, catching and playing with their keys lead you to realise just how pointed a comment it is that music and rhythm exist everywhere, in every facet of life. Visually, the effect of a blackened stage, lit only by the occasional spark of a cigarette lighter has a still, almost moving quality, offset by the enormous humour in

soccer, I got blank looks, what I meant was that the entire group, stomping and clapping, makes it appear they are a big gang, or part of a big crowd, running down alleys, kicking cans, making noise and watching and hearing this, you just want to join in.

Audience participation is encouraged because as the group is quick to realise, in a performance giving off this much energy, there has to have a space for the audience to respond, or they'd leave the theatre "and go smashin' things up"!

As performers, they use the easy-going manner and self-effacing humour I encountered in interview. Luke "Lead Stomper?", I volunteered "For want of a better term, yeah," he muttered, has been playing the drums since the age of 10, and has been involved in session work and bands for years. Both he and Steven have known each other for around 10 years and have worked with the other members in various projects before *STOMP*. Fiona Wilkes is



describe it without sounding pretentious or otherwise silly. To exhaust all the superlatives I'd like to would be to appear to exaggerate, to simply describe it as percussion and movement fails to do it justice.

Basically, the 7 members of *STOMP*, hailing from various parts of the UK, clad in Doc Martins, Stubbies, Bonds singlets and cut-off jeans produce sounds and hypnotic rhythms from a variety of objects, themselves, the floor and us, incorporating humour, movement and tempo, varying from frenetic African-sounding rhythms to more mellow, syncopated, jazz-like sounds.

The set begins, to give you an idea, with the simple action of sweeping; 1 person and a broom, quickly joined by the rest of the group, all tapping and swishing out difference rhythms. The sound swells and you're caught in the middle captivated by the sound and spectacle. As founder, Luke Cresswell, rightly puts it, why be afraid to reflect the influences that shape the tastes of the group. Accordingly, there is some-

from everyday life. At "smoko-time", all the "lads" tapping their tobacco cases and matchboxes produces a contrast in volume that we lean toward eagerly to hear, and a great comic effect; imagine the "guitar hero" soloist of the match box set and you begin to see the brilliant affirmation of life and its rhythms *STOMP* is.

Audience participation in a clapping section emphasises the larrikin likeability of Cresswell, as he challenges us to repeat his rhythm. Half the time we get it, the other half we fail dismally, to his great amusement.

The whole idea that these rhythms can occur anywhere is typified by the card-playing scene. Intensely funny, it gives a rhythm to move to, a scenario, that of card playing, to watch, and a myriad of naturally occurring sounds, from the perplexed "hmm" of the dealer, to the "tsk-tsk-tsk" of a disappointed recipient. Even sniffing and clearing his throat, one of the players is musical, as well as hilarious.

the fact that this poignant sight of tiny flames in the dark is, in fact, 7 people "lighting-up". And when I asked if the lighters were zippos, I was told "of course!" Hey!

Oil drums, stood on end in the middle of a stage lit blood-red present an eerie picture. The movements as the four men hit the drums in sync and the water that sprays from the tops of the drums is highly evocative. As Steven said, they wanted percussion and showmanship. Here, the two meet in an effect both powerful and moving, with a sense of anger and strength coming through in every beat. Again, as a visual image, two of the group suspended by rock-climbers belts, swinging rhythmically to and fro, playing out intricate, delicate rhythms on the metal grate backdrop, is superb. The faster and louder the temp, the more the excitement builds, but, ever aware of the power of subtlety, the piece ends slowly, with a great gag which I won't give away! So much of the show is familiar and appealing. When I mentioned English

the only member with a dance background, while Dave says of the drums, "I hate them. They're just a noise! I wonder what I'm doing here!" Honestly, lack of pretension and humour shine through their work as it did in conversation, as well as the fact that they are not afraid to acknowledge their influences - African, Zulu, tap, Fred Astaire to Graucho Marx. It'd be stupid, Cresswell feels, to do anything other than what is natural; they're also not afraid to admit partying 'til 5 am and hence feeling seedy today, nor to answer my eager 'would the rest of you like to come over here and chat to On Dit?' with a bored 'Nah', nor to wind me up by launching into a version of "Smells Like Teen Spirit" by Nirvana!

Long after you see and hear *STOMP*, you'll be pounding out rhythms against the kerb, with their image in your brain. Do not miss *STOMP*! These guys are fantastic.

Mel Sander

FUNERALS

(Magpie Theatre's *Funerals and Circuses*, February 29 at Theatre 62 - Book at Bass!)

MEL SANDER'S INTERVIEW WITH DIRECTOR STEPHEN GRATION - A MAN ALMOST TOO BUSY TO EAT LUNCH!

Phillipa Sprott, publicist for State Theatre Company, very kindly seated Stephen Gration and I in a room for our interview, and brought in a large roll, a bottle of orange juice, and an apple for Stephen, all of which for the next three-quarters of an hour remained untouched as he talked to me about the show. Mind you, if I was directing a show as exciting as this one promises to be, I don't think lunch would interest me, either.

The atmosphere at Theatre 62 is one of both quiet and unquiet chaos, with people wandering the halls singing excerpts from the show, and Francis Greenslade enthusing that today is indeed pay-day. Amongst all of this, Stephen is a mildly spoken man refreshingly honest and completely unpretentious. In answer to my question, "Where did the name come from?", I was told, "Pressure!". With the Festival brochure due for release, and technicalities of the show still to be ironed out, *Funerals and Circuses* appealed because of its simplicity, its reference to two events in human life which are opposite extremes, and as the Aboriginal and white cultures are juxtaposed. Both, like the play, involve song and strong emotion, and evoke images of life amidst death, and the need to laugh in the face of sorrow.

All of this ties in well, then, with the story which Stephen basically filled me in on. A small country town, which may well be a microcosm of the larger Australian picture, is the setting for an impending wedding between a white woman and a black man. The play explores the tensions which arise, which are both hidden and obvious. Paul Kelly, who will be co-ordinating music in the show, appearing in it, playing and helping others with the music involved, helped here with the storyline. The notion is that the two people are quite oblivious to the Pandora's box they will open by their action, which seems to spark retaliation, confusion and anger, all of which probably existed, but now emerge fully. Ugly incidents ensue, which snowball until the town caves in on itself, and the fabric of town-life is torn apart.

I asked Stephen what led him to seek out Kelly and Roger Bennett to create the play. Stephen hails from Footscray, Melbourne, and admits to being very unaware of Aboriginal culture, identity struggles, or issues for much of his youth. It was when he went to Darwin that he found the situation "inescapable. The culture, the problems, it's all there in front of you. You find you're learning every day." Politically, he feels the need for a treaty, the recognition that we are indeed on borrowed land; socially, the need to change or adjust our thinking is necessary. Though we may not agree with all they say, the Aboriginals must be, and have the right to, be heard.

Coming from this informed viewpoint, having had his "eyes opened", especially by his work in the Northern Territory, Stephen realized on arriving in Adelaide, that the affirma-

tion of cultural opportunities afforded the Aboriginals in the Northern Territory is sadly lacking here. As such, a hope to encompass contemporary issues and Nunga tradition, and positive developments from mixed communities, led to his getting together with Bennett and Kelly, and the Festival seemed the best vessel in which to float this project.

In the production, Stephen hopes to allow the attitudes of blacks and whites to be reflected, with humour being especially important. "For the times when they couldn't criticize openly, their humour was a way of coping whilst at the same time the need to force social change underpins it, with the need to address the sort of racism that does exist." Subtle, rather than didactic treatment of the subject matter, then, will be a strong point. "Theatre has to be entertainment, and hopefully this will have a good balance between politics, social justice, interesting characters, and interesting people."

It certainly appears it will be interesting, to say the least. The music, written by Paul Kelly, chosen for his unique, Australian storytelling quality, will be geared around the individuals, and enhance the production. Stephen wants it to be naturally occurring, with spontaneous transition to song, as opposed to a marked script to song to script jolt. He believes Kelly, having talked with Yothu Yindi and others, will be perfect: "Accessible, and not locked into formulas."

Equally, the staging of the show is not according to formula. The audience promenades around the foyer of Theatre 62 before being invited to the seats for the more serious action, and later moving on again. The best of open theatre, promenade and more conventional methods, thus combined, should ensure the audience feels part of the action. Diversity will be reflected in the half white, half Aboriginal cast, with serious characters and those of a more clown-like tendency, traditional Aboriginal attitudes, and new modes of thought emerging.

In order to cope with the vast amount of emotional ground to be covered, Stephen has worked with Kelly and choreographer Debra Button to identify necessary emotions, and used games, music, and exercises to allow barriers and inhibitions to be dissolved, before introducing the script. The result promises to be superb. All taboos are rejected in favour of creativity and what will work best in each scene.

Stephen and I discussed various works on this topic, such as *Brand Nue Day*, *No Sugar*, and works of Jack Davis. Stephen felt at times it became easy to say, "Wasn't it awful in the sixties." Now it's necessary, through this play, to look critically at ourselves and our own backyards in the nineties.

Stephen admitted all of this, together with pooling the enormous group of talent, has been a challenge. He himself had to remember to remain open to all restrictions on Aboriginal Sacred Dances and Symbols, despite what he might wish to attain as Director.

But overall he has found it a rewarding process, with artistic and emotional gratification. Eagerly, he showed me the rehearsal set, and I thought, "Here is a man who enjoys his work." Not only that, but if the show is as good as I believe it will be, he's a man who's darned good at it, too.

CIRCUSES

In the sordid world of fashion, multinational corporations, espionage and rock and roll, there is no room for whims. Aunty Raelene, three long haired guys and one not so long haired girl, are amongst the world's most wanted cultural terrorists in all four of these fields. I was lucky to be allowed an interview with Basil Raelene (guitarist and lead vocalist) and Jim "Waves of the Ocean" Raelene (drummer / sex object). After arriving at a secret destination, I was bound and blindfolded before being driven around for an hour or so in what I believed to be a Kombi van. Finally, when I was untied, I found myself in front of the dudes themselves in a small dingy room. My first task was to ask the question on everyone's lips ... **What happened to Aunty Raelene in the final of the Campus Battle of the Bands?...**

B: Sydney? Battle of the Bands? We wouldn't enter a tacky contest!

J: Look, we can neither confirm or deny our participation. Even if we had been there it would have been rigged. Some shoe gazers like the Mandelbrot Set would have won.

I ask Jim if he has something against the Mandelbrot Set.

J: They are the kind of band I take my mum to see if she's having trouble sleeping.

B: We've always loved them, they are one of our greatest musical influences.

J: I like them because they are not gutless like say Public Enemy. They sing about important issues such as love, and love and ... love.

B: And you can really relate to them.

J: How many people do you know with smoke machines in their living room?

Naively trying to make the interview somewhat serious I ask Basil if the band plan to release something in the near future.

B: We are too busy raising money for needy multi-national corporations such as Rothmans, Coca Cola, Benetton and ICI to release anything.

J: Actually, I got a call at 3 am the other morning, from Italy. It was a guy from Benetton saying he liked our frocks and wanted to release a line of them.

B: He said it in Italian of course.

I've always been jealous of Aunty Raelene's lovely frocks and want one for my own. Thus, before I knew it I had asked them when we could expect them on the market.

J: Oh, they are only being released on the European market.

B: We have actually got a record coming out. It's going to be called "It takes a nation of morons to hold us back" and "Welcome to the new dork nation".

Slightly puzzled, I ask whether it will be a double album.

J: It could be a double album.

B: It could be one album with two names.

J: It could be three albums without enough names to go around.

Wishing to change the topic before things got ridiculous and I was being told "It may be 47 albums with 2 titles", I asked where they planned to record this album(s).

B: JJJ said they'd take us into the studio.

J: Sssh, that's on the quiet.

B: Michael Hutchence will take us in, he's a big fan of the band.

I make the foolish mistake of asking them their opinion on the effect of the demise of Greasy Pop on the local music scene.

J: They were a record company so they didn't help new bands anyway. I'm glad they're gone. This town is a bloody town of amateurs.

B: I think that if you are not American you shouldn't be allowed to record. People who aren't American can't do anything!

J: The only reason for our huge success is because of CIA backing. They give us money for frocks and stuff.

B: And we know who killed John Kennedy ...

J: Shhhh

B: You may have noticed that nothing big in Australia has been blown up for a while ... just you wait.

J: We don't know anything about Marcel Spiero, either!

B: Regency Road?

J: We can neither confirm or deny these allegations.

At this point, I'm sure I heard Basil say something like "Wasn't it great when we ran around the back of the car and ..." under his breath to Jim. Sensing that I might have been getting too close to the truth for my own safety, I cunningly changed the topic by asking if they had written much new material since the battle of the bands.

B: Yes, our new songs are more ambient and experimental.

J: Like Fords and Holdens.

B: Dualistic.

J: Like the dualities of life.

B: Like Yin and Yang.

J: Knives and forks.

B: Yeah, like knives and forks.

J: But not like cats and dogs.

B: No, not like cats and dogs.

Rather than trying to describe the band's style in my own words, I thought I would ask them to do it. Perhaps it was a bad idea.

J: We are like most of the other local bands at the moment ... pretty gutless. It's a new style of music for the nineties, gutless music. Songs of no meaning, like My Love Pumpkin.

B: They've got big shorts, though.

J: Who gives a fuck about My Love Pumpkin? With that avenue of discussion obviously closed, I asked how the band goes about writing songs.

B: Well, we jam with all sorts of famous people, such as Saddam Hussein, for example, we jammed with Saddam. We take their ideas, their music, and make it our own. It's like a Paul Simon type of experience.

J: During the Gulf War, we played at the peace shows ...

B: ... as a mere front to put people off our CIA connections.

J: Yeah, it works, we get a lot of activists smiling at us and showing us their crystals, actually.

I ask how great the CIA influence on the band is.

B: We've toured the US a few times ... and Ballarat.

J: There should be worldwide respect for America.

B: We've got a useless culture here in Australia, we need a better one.

J: An American one!

B: It was International Raelene Day and we were touring the Middle East. Everyone was getting right into it, including Saddam. Unfortunately, Kuwait didn't endorse the day, so Saddam and some of his mates went in to sort them out.

J: We weren't really that upset by it, I mean, people can think what they want, but Saddam was upset, and, well, it all kind of got out of hand.

At this point, the interview was interrupted by a reporter from Channel Seven asking Basil for his opinions on people missing out on Uni places, to which he replied, "I think it sucks, I mean, our band Aunty Raelene applied for Uni as a band and they won't have us, so, now Aunty Raelene will be one of the dumbest bands in the country! Besides, you can get more on the dole than AUSTUDY, so it pays better to be dumb!"

When the interview resumed, I found us talking about Bon Jovi.

B: We're supporting Jon on his up coming Australian tour, well, actually we are playing with him because he sacked his backing band. We're backing him and he's doing some of our songs ... the Fringe is fucked!

Sensing some controversy, I decided to pursue the line of questioning. Thinking fast, I asked "Why?"

J: It's a marvellous institution, sponsored by the Western Mining Corporation, the saviours of our nation, and that fabulous artistic institution, the Submarine Corps!

B: Yeah, they are really into art down at the submarine corporation. At the moment, they are going through a bit of a Comedia del'arte stage.

J: It was Da da in the seventies ...

B: ... Yeah, they made these really trippy submarines that were like a tube, with a smaller tube stuck on in the middle.

Aunty Raelene



Not afraid to frock

Richard Vowles recently spoke to Aunty Raelene, the world's most wanted cultural terrorists, about the Adelaide band scene, Austudy and disco.

J: It was stylistic rather than practical.

B: Like dolphins.

B: We are an environmentally conscious band. All of our instruments are made of dolphins. The drums are dolphin skin ...

J: ... And my guitar is made from hard dolphin nose.

J: The Fringe book bands from Sydney and Melbourne who are immensely boring and have no following.

B: I mean, we're one of the most famous bands in America. Fringe isn't supporting local talents, and by what we mean in theatre, art as well as music.

I couldn't help asking "If you are the greatest band in the world, why aren't you playing the O'Ball?"

J: We are not gutless enough for the O'Ball. My mistake, it was obvious really!

Aunty Raelene have written a song called "Metro" which is about the night club of the same name. This prompted me to ask their opinion of the aforementioned establishment, even though it is made quite obvious in the song.

B: Clubs are better than live music, but I mean, Aunty Raelene, we are a bit like an organic disco. If you like dance music and clubs, you'll love Aunty Raelene.

J: You can get down like a dancing disco fish thing.

B: Like a submarine.

J: Yeah, most of the fish are dead, like a submarine.

B: Soon we won't be running save the whales campaigns, it will be save the submarines.

J: Aunty Raelene play disco submarine music. Trying to be "with it" and cool, I asked how Hip Hop and dance music have influenced Aunty Raelene.

J: Well, really the question should be "How has Aunty Raelene affected dance music?", and the answer is obvious in the new branch of hip hop, disco and submarine hip hop.

J: We are holding our own alternative festival, the Aunty Raelene Festival of the Arse. It will showcase people who have been involved in the Arse for the last seventy years or so as well as look at the future of the Arse. It will feature Flower Arrangements, Pie Makers, Truckies ...

B: ... We like disco truck music.

J: Yeah, anything mechanical ... Ask us about another band.

Being the nice easygoing guy that I am, I mention the fact that the Artisans are reforming for one show only.

J: They are into post modernist sculpture thingy wank aren't they? Didn't they all go to the Underpants Campus of the University of South Australia?

B: Yeah, they could change the world.

J: We all went to art school, it's a prerequisite for being in a band. We did film

making. Basil made a film, a tribute to Andy Warhol called "Shit".

B: It was two minutes long. But seriously, we like the Artisans, they are a big musical influence on us.

J: They are another famous Greasy Pop band.

B: They are sort of pub rock, aren't they?

J: They are friends of Barnsey.

B: We all went to school with Barnsey.

J: We're going to do a duet with Barnsey.

B: Have I told you I was runner up in the Yamaha Hot Licks Guitar contest ...?

J: ... two years' running.

B: Playing the lick from "Don't be a Wimble". Ask us about another band.

What do you think of the Exploding White Mice?

J: They are (were) a great Adelaide band, the Exploding White Mice, they are the only band I know who can express musically what it feels like to throw up into a toilet.

B: Put sorry Alex in brackets after that.

The Austral?

J: The future of the world hinges on Aunty Raelene. We played the Austral once and got kicked out after we told them to roll their jeans up higher and take some smack so they'd cheer up.

B: You don't need the Austral. We are the most popular band in Adelaide and we've only played there once.

J: We never want to play there again!

B: They can get fucked, I mean that politely, of course.

J: The MFP is being built for our band. It's part of W.A.R.M., the World Aunty Raelene Movement ...

B: ... as distinct from F.A.R.M.

J: The Fuck Aunty Raelene Movement.

B: It's going to be a big police station. There is not enough police in South Australia, so, we've started our own police force ... dressed in frocks.

J: The only problem is that all the money is going to Japan and not America.

B: It all ends up in America, though.

J: But it would be more respectful if it went straight to America.

David Sly?

J: We love him, he's a great mate. Nice hair, beautiful mo. People say he doesn't pay attention to local bands. That's simply because they are not good enough!

B: His company is owned by an American, they are supportive of Aunty Raelene. Rupert Murdoch is an American, just like we all should be. Our shows are like a citizenship ceremony to American modesty.

Well, what can I add to that! Catch Aunty Raelene at 1.15 pm on Wednesday on the Barr Smith Lawns.

Clouds On The Horizon

The Clouds seem to have all this pop star malarkey pretty much under their thumbs. Sitting in a leafy cafe on a sunny morning during their last visit to Adelaide (as support to the Violent Femmes), they seem more content with discussing their favourite bands and how the bits in the coffee plunger resemble one of those plastic toys with fake snow in them, than their speedy rise to eminence. At every available juncture one of them siezes the opportunity to take the piss out of another. This generally takes the shape of a debate ensuing around the topic of who is the woosiest band member.

There is an air of accomplishment hovering around them as they relay to me their various tales, but rather than being the be-shaded, fashionably aloof figures one would expect from such sudden fortune, they are more self-effacing. Rather than being fixated with the importance of "The Band", they joyfully scoff at anyone that takes it all a bit seriously.

"Did you see Michael Jackson's video on TV the other night?", grins Vocalist/guitarist Jodi Phillis, "National event- or what?"

"Man," continues drummer Stewart Eadie, "they spend so much money and there's third world countries starving, all they have to do is say 'look, rather than make this video we could give the money to Nicaragua or something!'"

The Clouds are taking this pop business, this success business, in their stride. Rather than taunting them, rather than poking, prodding and doing a silly dance around them success, or rather recognition came steamtrain-like and bowled them over. Hit them in the face. It came fast. Their first gig ever was as support at the Gobetweens final show. The audience, full of sorrowful journalists and mourning PR types, snapped up the new foursome as their own. So, armed with a brand new publishing deal they were soon after listed with an agency, a manager, and then, as Stewart says "it really snowballed".

"Cloud Factory" was the first EP, a fey jangly tune, er, woosy if you like. The follow up EP "Loot" consolidated their previous success, got handfuls of national airplay, hovered around a bit in the charts and generally stuck them with the 'Next Big Thing' tag. Realizing that this initial success could indeed backfire if they took it too quickly a la

Ratcat, the Clouds chose rather to take their time. They now had new guitarist, David Easton, and the band's sound had scuttled away from woosiness faster than a racoon with its tail on fire.

Indeed, "Loot" was a pretty damn successful record. It gave them confidence enough several months later to unveil their debut album "Penny Century". The public, already salivating in anticipation, took to the album like ducks to water and it sprung immediately into the Aria mainstream charts where it has remained a firm fixture ever since.

Perhaps the most appealing aspect of the album, and indeed the band's live sets is their insistence on retaining variability in their style.

"We always want to be able to play whatever we feel like playing, no matter what it is. We've got a reggae song now!" Jodi chirps. "We never want to be tied down to one particular style."

An herein lies the crux of what the Clouds are all about, why Penny Century has sold so well and why success hasn't turned them into egotistical crotch grabbing rock idiots. They seem completely relaxed and sure of themselves, and unlike many other bands still have a desire to experiment with a sense of adventure comparable to Alby Mangles.

Diversity it seems is not limited to the musical side of things. The girls are certainly not content with singing about love all the time. "Well I don't have any love, that's why", says Trish. "I don't want to bore everyone with it", adds Jodi. "Although lately there's a few lovey bloody woosy songs coming through," goads Stewart. "Yeah, there's got to be a few", the girls chime. "Just change the word love into hate or fuck or something!" continues Stewart, realising he's on a roll. "You can't handle it!" Trish retorts.

"I can handle it fine, I just don't want to hear about it."

"It's just an emotion Stewart can't relate to!", says David, smiling. "I'm a sensitive loving kinda guy!" Stewart smirks. The other three collapse in laughter.

So you'd prefer to sing about hate then Stewart? "Anything but love really, love of something else, but not of another person. But hey, if Jodi wants to sing about that..."

And write about love she does, the new



Heads in the Clouds, or just up their own arses?

single "Anthem" is recorded proof. I mention that none of their lyrics are really wrist-slittingly depressing. "You think?" gasps Trish, "lots of people think our songs are really dark and intense and brooding and they think that we must be Morrissey fans."

Conversation turns to a discussion of their various tours. Names drop faster than flies in a Mortein coated room: Ride, EMF and the Femmes but to name a few. And what of their most memorable gig? "The show with Ride and Ratcat in Sydney was really good," remembers Trish. "We were just getting some attention by then, and all the kiddies were there, bobbing up and down- it was like a sea of people!", adds Stewart. "Bayer Wolf in New York, I reckon", says David amongst choruses of "yeah, that was great..."

"And the last show we did last year, it was a wind up of an entire year of touring and we were on such a high...", recalls Trish. "We'd been at the Red Eye Christmas party, and we were all peaking a bit.", smiles Stewart. "That was loads of fun, that one." finishes Stewart.

They also took time out earlier this year to programme Rage, a topic that does not fail in resurrecting the 'woosey' debate. "It was fun choosing songs, although it was terribly nerve wracking talking about our choices",

says Jodi. "We had nothing to say about them, we just picked them cause we like the songs," shrugs Stewart, "Except David picked all the guitar wah-wah songs."

"It was funny what came out of the four different choices, though", adds Jodi. "You picked all the woosy ones!", sneers Stewart to Jodi. "So did you!", retorts David, "What about Melanie Oxley? And what about that bloke in the shorts in the film clip sitting on the cliff!"

"Yeah," smirks Stewart for the be-shorted one was he, "Handsome man!"

It's all happening in leaps and bounds but the Clouds are ready for it. We can expect a mini album quite soon, and a stint in the studio to be followed by the release of a full album early next year. There will be plenty of touring antics in between, the first batch of which can be witnessed at our O'Ball, as the headlining band. "That's why we've written these new songs," remarks Trish, "We've written them for our new record and Adelaide will be the first place to hear them." She grins, "This EP will be close to the heart of Adelaide."

"Oh. OK. We'll call it 'Adelaide'", Stewart smirks, and I almost believe him.

Fiona Dalton

Jingly-Jangly Acoustic Fun

"How do I write my songs? Well, I get into a relationship and then I get dumped."

It's suddenly very depressing that Melbourne four piece, Frente are very prolific.

Guitarist Simon Austin doesn't sound like a man who's been hit by many a road train on love's lonesome highway. Instead, he's one of the most cheerful people I've ever spoken to, I can feel him veritably beaming down the phone from where he's calling in Sydney.

But then again, Simon has reason to be cheerful. His band, Frente, are currently basking in the success generated by their debut 8 track EP, "Whirled", a collection of tingling acoustic tunes. Guitars, violins and a recorder (!) swish around vocalist Angie Hart's voice, breathy and effortless one moment, shrieking and urgent the next.

Indeed, their sound has been compared to other-bands-fronted-by-women-with-remarkable-voices such as The Sundays. Although Frente's songs are more confrontational and sparse than their English counterparts, how do they feel about the comparison?

"It's interesting because it's a compliment. It's putting us in really good company but I think we actually sound a little different. But

it doesn't really matter to me, if people like it, that's great!"

Comparisons are one thing, but what about when bands are conglomerated in the one big writhing mass that constitutes the "S" word: The Scene. On the inner sleeve of "Whirled", 17 (count 'em) other Australian bands are thanked, most of them Melbournians of the likes of the Killjoys and Sea Stories, bands that sound not unlike Frente themselves.

"There is a scene," Simon ponders. "It's actually good, a lot of people whose styles aren't the same kind of hang out with each other and talk a lot."

"I don't know whether it's good or bad, but I don't think that it works (as a form of identification of a band's sound). I think scenes are a way of being safe ... on a friendship level, the friendships are important so it's good, but on a musical level, I guess it's not. It's funny actually, over the last 6 months I've been really busy so I haven't been to see any bands at all, so I don't know what's happening in Melbourne."

Just looking at the band's accomplishments, busy just may be an understatement. "Whirled" was independently recorded in January last year and released through their own "Thumb-

print' label.

"Making it ran the gamut from being very easy in some parts to being really traumatic and dangerous to our friendships in others," Simon explains.

The stress, however, was not in vain. "Whirled" sprung immediately to the airwaves, even gaining support from some commercial stations. Needless to say, it reached No. 2 on the Aria Indie Charts, and has had to be subsequently re-pressed five times due to the demand for copies.

"We expected to sell 100. We're really surprised and quite ecstatic over how it's gone, it's been amazing," says Simon in self-effacement. "We've had a lot of luck and a lot of people have been very kind to us."

"The songs that sound calmest were made under calm periods of time, but 'Labour of Love' was not that, it was recorded on the last night with half an hour left in the session!"

But rather than sounding tense where it's not supposed to, "Labour of Love" shines in its simplicity. Like many of the other songs on "Whirled", it is extremely wordy, Simon claims that most of his lyrics are from personal experience: "They're about feelings, I think it's easier to write when you feel intensely disturbed or ecstatic."

"We've got one song about repression in Latin America, but the rest of it's all love and trust and doubt and betrayal."

But these aren't your simple 'La la lave you' songs, these are sincere, twisted tales of

frustration and being at one's wits end, a tangle of moods and insecurities - all squashed into (on average) two short minutes. "Oh Brilliance", from Whirled is no exception: "Yesterday I noticed I love you/I'm holding my life like a weapon above you ..."

For the last couple of weeks, the band has been recording the new EP neatly titled "Clunk", which will be available as of late March containing five new tracks including a twenty second jazz song. It seems that this rather hectic pace will continue as they return from Sydney (where they're supporting the Violent Femmes), for some Melbourne shows. Frente are no strangers to this touring lark having already travelled to easter states and supported GW McLennon, Deborah Conway, The Saints and, alas, almost Morrissey.

But in the coming weeks, the "Turn Off Your Telly Tour" is at the top of their list, a national tour of 35+ college dates along with MDS labelmates, Helvella and Archie Roach. They are "absolutely hanging out to come to Adelaide" and they play Zulus on the 6th and at our very own O'Ball on the 7th of this month. Frente are a necessary see for all connoisseurs of the twisted and endearing pop song.

"I read a really good book called The Recording Angel," says Simon. "It said that the pop song is 'three minutes of elevation into some other world'. I thought that put it really well."

Get elevated.
Fiona Dalton

I Want To Bear Your Children

Bryan Adams
Waking up Adelaide 1992

My first ever concert! How exciting! And even more exciting was the fact that I was going to see *the* Bryan Adams, *live!*

Since On Dit was unable to provide a willing concert critic with a free double, I decided to *volunteer* my services (biased as my opinions may be), as I was going to be there anyway. After all, how could I let our beloved Uni mag down?!

During the stage change, after Boom Crash Opera, the crowd tried to start up a wave, but the result was pathetic and didn't even register as a ripple! And there I was, expecting to see a wave the size of the one that engulfed Football Park in the very first Crows Vs Hawthorne game last year!

I remember how clear-cut and tidy the audience had appeared during Boom Crash Opera, with two well-defined aisles, and I remember thinking "this is too neat to be a concert!" Then, suddenly, at 8.45 pm *the* man, yes Mr Bryan Adams, was on stage, live, before the eyes of a feverish audience. It was then that it took on a more concert-like appearance, with ant-size figures scurrying towards the stage, their waving arms resembling the antennae on an ant (from where I was sitting!). Damn! I knew I should have paid another seven dollars and hired those binoculars!

The black jeans, white t-shirt and checked flannel shirt-clad Adams leapt straight into a few of the latest songs from his "Waking Up the Neighbours" album, before back-tracking

to his earlier work, "Cuts Like a Knife" saw the beginning of some even more spectacular lighting, thanks to a talented tech crew, which continued throughout the show. That particular song excited many spectators, and no-one more so than a Canadian guy who was a part of the group I was there with! Words just can't describe!

After pulling up his pants for a "happy accident" (to use the words of Mr Adams), he excelled in his performance of "Everything I Do". I expected this song to create a frenzy, and that it did, the crowd was not able to get enough. Even greater was the response to "Summer of '69", my personal favourite, which saw the crowd jump to its feet and raise its arms into the air. It was during this song that my vocal chords suffered the most!

Teenage girls huddled by the stage handed and threw red roses to the Canadian singer, and I would love to have been amongst them!

Mr Adams' light humour was enjoyable and had the effect of making the crowd feel closer to him, including those of us seated at the very back of the Adelaide Entertainment Centre.

Surprising were the bursts of country music and a rendition of "Rosemary" (!?) which found their way in and out of the massive speakers. However, the audience just went with the flow and seemed content to accept whatever Mr Adams' dished out. We were mere playdough in his hands! He fed us the usual line about Adelaide being his best audience in Australia (second only to Port Augusta! ... you had to be there! ... and the only reason *he* was there was because *it* was

there!?). But then that was exactly what the screaming crowd wanted to hear, so it went down exceptionally well, with some good-spirited boo-ing in relation to the Port Augusta comment (again, you had to be there!).

The concert ended at 11.05 pm, following several encores which were brought about by frenzied chants of "Bryan! Bryan!" Despite wanting it to go on all night, I was partly glad when it was over because I don't think my throat would have been able to cope with one more scream!

As I sit here now writing this, I think I may

have just done some irreparable damage to a couple of vocal chords and I may have even burst an eardrum! But it was worth it!

In short, Bryan Adams was *fantastic* and is a powerful live rock performer. The brilliant acoustics and lighting of the Adelaide Entertainment Centre made it an excellent night which was well-worth every cent. The audience witnessed a first-class rock concert in every sense!

Luv ya, Bryan! See you next summer!

A. Benedetti



Bryan Adams, preparing to copulate with an audience member

I Feel Cheated

Nirvana
Thebarton Theatre 30.1.92

Unfortunately, Nirvana couldn't make it to the gig. Not wanting to waste the rather simple opportunity to make mega bucks, ring-ins were organised. First and foremost was Splurdt, singer and guitarist. Now he knew he was just a fill-in and was going to receive a fat cheque anyway, so his effort levels were a tad lacklustre. He also had the excuse of a stomach ulcer. (Yes, of course there are nasty rumours it was something a little more self inflicted.)

Presumably realising a gargantuan effort was necessary to live up to the expectations of the real Nirvana, Splurdt went the other way. Sound check? Nah, who needs to soundcheck guitar and vocals.

David and Chris were a little more sympathetic and turned up to soundcheck. After all, these suckers had paid to come and see them, so perhaps they should try their best. Chris jumped around, threw a few forced grins, and even tried some stage banter. David did justice to his fill in drumming position by belting the fuckers 'til they were good and dead.

Now, the last ring-in position, that of sound mixer, was the easiest to fill. They simply grabbed a derelict wandering Thebarton and offered him a bottle of bourbon. Bingo! The Meanies and Tumbleweed managed to shake the walls and rock out a bit, but Nirvana

weren't so lucky. But hell, it is hard to mix a band while curled up safely under the desk in the foetal position, sucking on a bottle of Beam.

Yes, I hear you say, had it been the real Nirvana, they would have refused to keep playing until the mix was fixed. Your're getting into the spirit of it! Is Tex Perkins (I've seen it happen with the Cruel Sea and the Beasts of Bourbon) the only one who'll stop and refuse to continue until the mixer gets his shit together? No, of course not. The real Nirvana would have thrown a really snotty self-righteous tantrum too.

The songs showed the true brilliance of Nirvana, the set roughly half from 'Nevermind' and 'Bleach' respectively. Yeah, the songs were something spesh, but I swear that wasn't Nirvana playing them. An international band with major label backing gets a decent mix/mixer, not a sound reminiscent of my fox terrier after I've fed him leftover Chili Nachos. They have good lighting and fuck, they try to entertain you.

Maybe I'm just picky because I saw the Beasts of Bourbon and Venom P. Stinger in the week prior to the Nirvana debacle, both of whom blew Nirvana away. And to those who were inspired by Nirvana's chart success to go and see their first live guitar band, hey, that's not what it's all about. Go see the Lizard Train someday.

D.K. (a slightly disappointed fan)

Oh What a Way To Spend a Week! Orientation 1992

O'Week (this week!) is set to be filled with fun times and free lager for all. Not least in that fun is some of the great local bands who will be performing at various places on campus during the week, and then the grand finale, the O'Ball, featuring eight acts from around the country.

MONDAY: At 12:00 be on the Barr Smith lawns to see Blackbird, a six piece psychedelic heavy rock band from all over Australia, "Jimi Hendrix comes alive".

At 12:45 Adelaides favorite "Brash Loud and Ugly" pop band the Handsome Devils will unleash their best originals as well as covers of songs by bands such as the Wonderstuff, Ned's Atomic Dustbin and Neil Diamond.

9:00 Head to the bar for the O'Day Hop. Flat Stanley, a new, young and loud three piece will start the evening off. They will be playing their originals as well as a selection of covers, including songs by the Pixies, Sonic Youth, the Descendents and Radio Birdman to name a few.

My Love Pumpkin will conclude the days entertainment with their own well known brand of R'n'R as well as jumping around lots, and if you're good, taking off various items of clothing.

WEDNESDAY: 1:15 on the lawns will be your chance to catch Adelaide's (self proclaimed) most famous band, Aunty Raelene. If you like men in frocks this is the show for you.

If you're really keen then I guess you will already be going to Skullduggery. As well as drinking copious amounts of beer you will be able to see one of Adelaides most exciting new pop bands, the Undecided, playing their originals as well as covers of songs by the Jesus and Mary Chain, REM, the Cure and Billy Bragg.

THURSDAY: If you manage to crawl out of bed in time, be on the Lawns at 1:15 to see Scott Daly (My Love Pumpkin) and Phil Doyle (ex: Leila Goes Hypo) performing an environmentally safe, easy listening acoustic set.

FRIDAY: Dust down your favourite party frock and enter the vortex of the Cloisters for the O'Ball.

In the Mayo (lower) refectory witness the wacky antics of local band The Toothbrush Family at 8.15; the schmaltzy pop of Melbourne's Helvella at 9.30; the jingly-jangly pop stuff of Frente at 11.00, and at 12.30 see Sydney's Clouds, riding high on the success of their debut album "Penny Century."

Be in the Upper Refectory at 11:30 to see Adelaide band Too Strong do their funky, dance, rap, break dancing thang.

In the Bar you can see the smoke machine and lighting show which everyone is talking about, the Mandelbrot Set. At 10:30 Archie Roach, the man responsible for the award winning album "Charcoal Lane" will take the stage. Finally, at 12 midnight is your opportunity to witness the Cruel Sea, one of Australias most highly acclaimed bands.

RECORDS

adorable example of this as is the poppy 'Untogether'. The rest of the album is a dream and as sublime as their moniker suggests.

All well and good, flimsy, pretty and lovely to listen to, however, Lush have all too lovingly relied on the swirly qualities of Guthrie and his grandiose Cocteau style of production. No doubt, "Spooky" is a beautiful thing but in making it Lush have, unfortunately, left the (noisiest) ugly duckling far behind and relied far too much on the swan.

Fiona Dalton

This Is Not The Way Home The Cruel Sea Red Eye

This is, to my mind, one of the best albums to have been released over the summer break. The Cruel Sea used to be an instrumental group, until Tex Perkins joined as vocalist, but the way the songs sound it is obvious that Tex's vocals are just treated like another instrument, used in some songs, not required in others. In all, there are four instrumentals on the album.

Personal highlights are "Don't Sell It" which features Tex showing his vocal dexterity in what can only be described as a rap.

"Cry For Me" and "Baby" are just two examples (I could quote more) of where Tex's rich vocals and the beautiful guitar sounds are fitted together perfectly.

The title track starts off sounding like a merry country and western ditty ... then Tex sings ...

"Broke down at a truck stop
Got wet sweat under a hard top
Wrong directions are shown
Threw up in the shit house
This is not the way haaawwm"

"Fangin' Hoons" is a racey instrumental. there is a cover of Captain Beefheart's "Sure 'Nuff" and, oh so much more.

Catch the Cruel Sea at the O'Ball on Friday, 6th March and you should be convinced of their brilliance.

Richard Vowles

Fear of God The Bats Flying Nun

I don't know what it is, maybe something they put in the water, maybe something to do with the sheep, whatever it is, you can't ignore the fact that New Zealand has produced some of the finest independent pop groups of the past few years. The Chills, Straitjacket Fits and the Bats are some that spring to mind right now.

"Fear of God" is the Bats' third album proper, and is full of the rich, melodic, folkey guitar tht Bats' have come to love. It features the singles "Black and The Blue" and "Bogeyman", as well as a handful of other fantastic pop tunes.

"Dancing As" sounds like the Chills. "Watch the Walls" is a tale of confusion in love: "Soon you'll show me just the way you want me to be." "Jetsam" is a story told from the point of view of a killer and the final song, "The Looming Past" is another lost love whinge, "And if love is right, why does it sound bad? It reminds me of the things I had some time ago, when love was known."

All in all, a great album, one of the better releases of the summer period.

Richard Vowles

No Pocky For Kitty Superchunk Matador

Three guys and one girl from a place in the USA called Chapel Hill, who have been brought up on a steady diet of Husker Dü,

Sonic Youth, The Descendents, The Buzzcocks, etc., etc. ... (you get the idea) equal Superchunk. "No Pocky for Kitty" is their second album, and one which has attracted a lot of press attention.

From the opening track, "Supp Steps 1 & 3", the pace is set; fast, frenetic and grungey pop songs delivered in a very rough fashion.

"Punch Me Harder" rates a mention for its chorus, "Punch me harder, make me feel it".

"Sprung a Leak" conjures up visions of election time at Uni:

"Yesterday you talked to me
Today I feel I've sprung a leak
Today you've got nothing to say
Today you just stay out of my way"
and "Tie a Rope to the Back of the Bus" has a very Pixie-esque feel to it.

This album is nothing new but Superchunk are very good at what they do. The best of its kind to be released in the last few months, have a listen.

Richard Vowles

Pops Like Crazy Big Heavy Stuff Volition

Hallelujah! Now here's a band worthy of being labelmates to the Falling Joys. From beginning to end, this one is filled with good pop tunes. The first song "Police" could almost be the Falling Joys, themselves. "Superstar" sounds like a mixture of My Bloody Valentine, Lush and the Cocteau Twins during the verses which then burst into a chorus which I can imagine Abba singing. This album is definitely worth a listen ...

"Good wood cedar ... pops like crazy though."

Richard Vowles

Stress Daddy Freddy Chrysalis

Stress is a rap album with no meaningful lyrics. Every single on this album is written about Daddy Freddy. Hopefully, this will be Daddy Freddy's last album.

Rating - 0 / 10

Guhan Sabapathy

Sweet Soul Music London Boys Eastwest Records

This is one of many formula driven albums released in the UK aimed at the 12 - 17 year old market. The words to the songs are meaningless, and the back beat to the music as reminiscent of Stock Aitken and Waterman, except SAW Music can be danced to.

Rating - 1 / 10

Guhan Sabapathy



Hit The Sugarcubes Festival Single

The Sugarcubes are back, and nothing has changed. If you used to hate them, you still will, but if you were amongst the hordes who took a liking to their witty and unusual brand of pop, you will be delighted.

"Hit" is a song in the Sugarcubes style, you know. Bjork sings a few verses and a chorus,

Outstanding Kenny Thomas EMI Single

The first time I listened to this, I thought it was another formula driven soul track. But this style grows on you after listening to it repeatedly. This style has excellent backing up lyrics. Kenny Thomas has potential for improvement.

Rating - 4 / 10

Guhan Sabapathy

Just Summer Lambs A Compilation of Hot Music from New Zealand Various / Festival

Ha! What do you know? The old saying is true - it is possible to judge a book by its cover! Or, in this case, a CD that redefines crap by its cover - which is to art what Milli Vanilli were to music, and a totally naff claim that the tunes therein are 'hot'. Ahem.

As an attempt to bring together various genres of New Zealand music, this is a fairly poor effort, concentrating far too heavily on dance so that any other styles are as fitting as an aardvark at a poodle parlour.

Compilations generally seem to have the odd sparkling diamond amongst a pile of, er, cubic zirconias, however, "Just Summer Lambs" contains only a couple of shining-types within a pile of granite. Said gems, the Headless Chickens' "Cruise Control", and The Bats' "Boogey Man" sit uneasily beside second rate dance, rock and blues/soul from the likes of Emulsifier, Rumblefish, Moana & the Moahunters and Push Push. Conspicuous in their absence are Straitjacket Fits, The Chills, Bailter Space and so on It seems as though New Zealand's true heroes have been left at home.

The most interesting aspect of this CD is that both The Bats and Headless Chickens are on the Flying Nun label. Something I feel we should take as a hairy mammoth sized hint that maybe a Flying Nun compilation would best exemplify the high quality of music floating around New Zealand's airwaves (hopefully) at the moment. Time for a few "lambs" to be slaughtered.

Fiona Dalton

Yasmin Yasmin Liberation

Most of this album can be described as mainstream pop music. This album reminded me of Amy Grant: the beat to the songs are out of sync to the lyrics. Yasmin has room for improvement.

Rating - 6 / 10

Guhan Sabapathy

Spooky Lush 4 AD / Shock

After a string of EPs and the subsequent compilation 'Gala', this is the Lush debut proper. After being petted, pampered, mothered and mollycoddled by the fickle English music press, they've stood the obligatory backlash and have now got down to the business of making their first genuine album.

To explain Lush's sound is a tricky thing without stooping to look under 'ethereal' in good old Roget. The floaty high pitched vocals of Miki Berenyi and Emma Anderson swim amongst a sea of effects - swamped guitar. Listened to separately, the actual music is a conglomeration of every tacky '80s guitar sound and clichéd drum beat, but teamed with the gorgeous harmonies of Miki and Emma, it makes for a very beautiful sound, indeed.

For this album, they've hurled the punkier, thrashier instincts of their first 'Scar' EP into the studio bin. What's left is a continuation of what was hinted at earlier in "Sweetness and Light" and the "Black Spring" EP. Producer, Cocteau Twin Robin Guthrie, has removed all the harsher elements and smoothed them over like a steamroller over broken glass. Perhaps this is why everything on 'Spooky' sounds so similar - unfortunately, this also applies to Miki and Emma's lyrics - for all we can hear they could be reeling off their bus timetables.

On first listen, it sounds like one continuous blur. On repeated listens, however, it snuggles up beside you, sits on your lap and it becomes almost impossible not to warm to it. The single 'For Love' is a chiming utterly

Einar talks / yells / squeals a little bit in the middle then Bjork rounds it off with a repeat of the chorus. "Hit" is more reminiscent of the material off their "Life's Too Good" album than "Here Today, Tomorrow, Next Week", but I think that's a good thing.

However, perhaps the best part of this single is one of the bonus tracks, "Leash Called Love". If only to hear Bjork sing, "He's a bastard, you should leave him"

Watch out for the forthcoming album "Stick Around For Joy"

Richard Vowles

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD. (364 days a year.)

March 7 is International Women's Day. On this day we march for free accessible twenty-four hour childcare, contraception and abortion on demand, freedom from violence and intimidation against women, equal pay for equal work and equal access to education. We're treading the streets because we're sick of being trodden on.

March on March 7: **Adelaide** 11am Victoria Square, **Brisbane** 11am King George Square, **Canberra** 11am Garema Place, **Darwin** 10am State Raintree Park, **Hobart** 11am Franklin Square, **Melbourne** 11am City Square, **Perth** 11am Cultural Centre, **Sydney** 11am Town Hall.

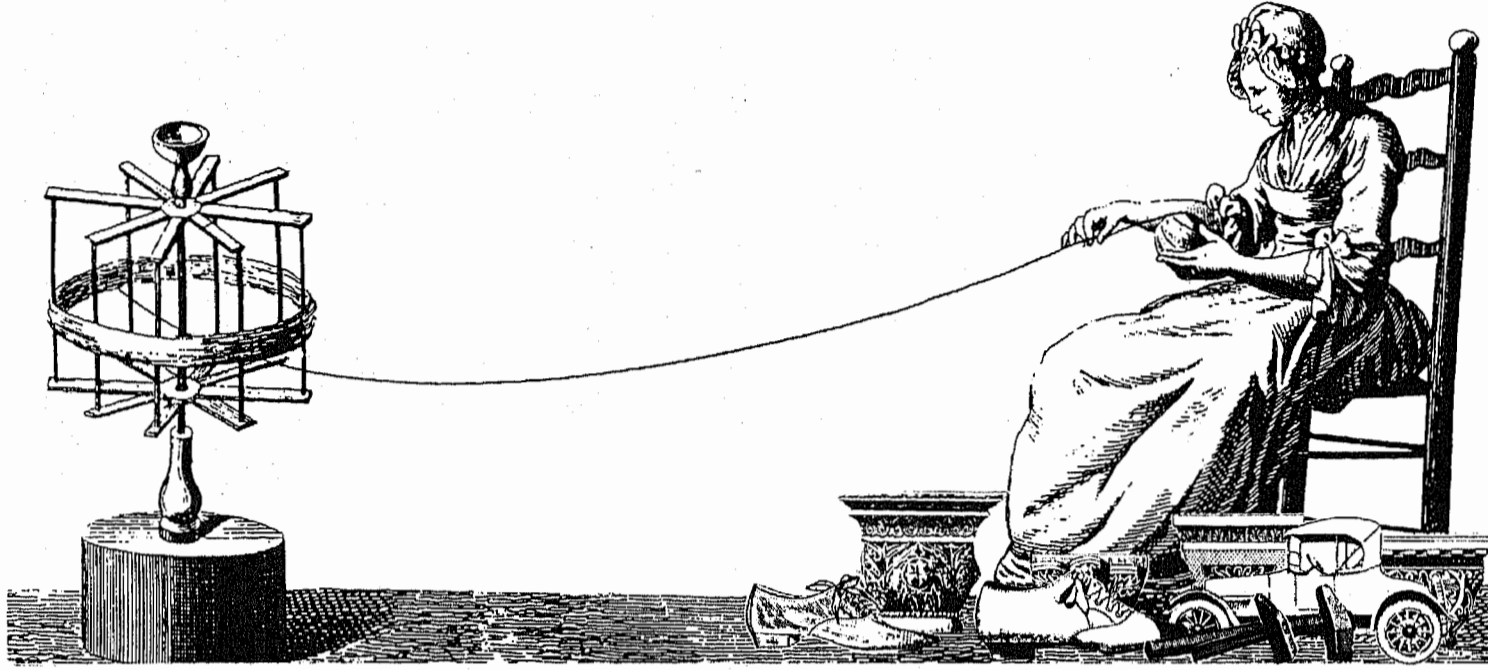
The Women's Department is a semi-autonomous arm of NUS. It was formed to concentrate on the concerns and needs of women students, to highlight our problems and to fight to overcome the barriers women face in education.

The Department has a strong commitment to forming and extending links between women students and the broader women's movement, as well as organisations that are active in women's and education issues. For more information, please contact your State office or National office on (03) 347 1844.

your
**WOMEN'S
DEPARTMENT**

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY. 1992.

Craft and Leisure Courses for Semester One start from March 16th at cheap Student prices!



- PRACTICAL COURSES**
- Beginners Ballroom Dancing
 - Car Maintenance • Public Speaking
- ART & CRAFT COURSES**
- Photography 1 & 2 • Pottery
 - Drawing • Lingerie
 - Basic or Advanced Sewing
 - Shoe Making
- HEALTH AND FITNESS**
- Massage • Meditation
 - Tai Chi • Yoga
 - Chi Kung

"ONE NIGHT STANDS"
Workshops for those in a hurry to create in March/April. You can:

- Make a belt • Paint a Vase
- Decorate a Bowl • Paint a Scarf

Also, special workshop in "Decoupage"
(See Helen)

CRAFT STUDIO HOURS

Monday 11am - 3pm
Tuesday 12 - 8pm
Wednesday 12 - 8pm
Thursday 12 - 6pm
Friday 10am - 6pm

Pick up the full Craft and Leisure Programme from the Craft Studio on Level 4 for more details of times, cost, dates, tutors.

TELEPHONE 228 5857

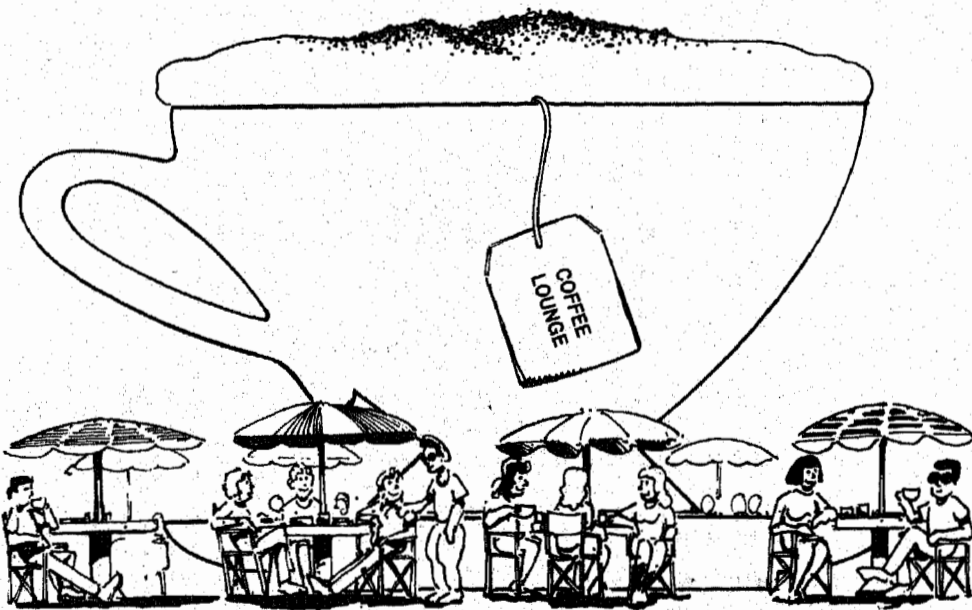
- Drop in any time to the Craft Studio during opening hours to use our facilities.
- Photography club Darkroom available. Wonderful massages can be booked by appointment on Fridays.
 - \$10 Haircuts "Are you sick of looking like a clown? Get the best haircut in town" Hairdresser extraordinaire Dr. Damage. Appointments made in Craft Studio.

ENROL NOW AT THE CRAFT STUDIO

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION/LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE

ETU GRAPHICS 228 5702

**Catacombs Underground
Coffee Lounge**
open 8.30 am - 5.00 pm weekdays



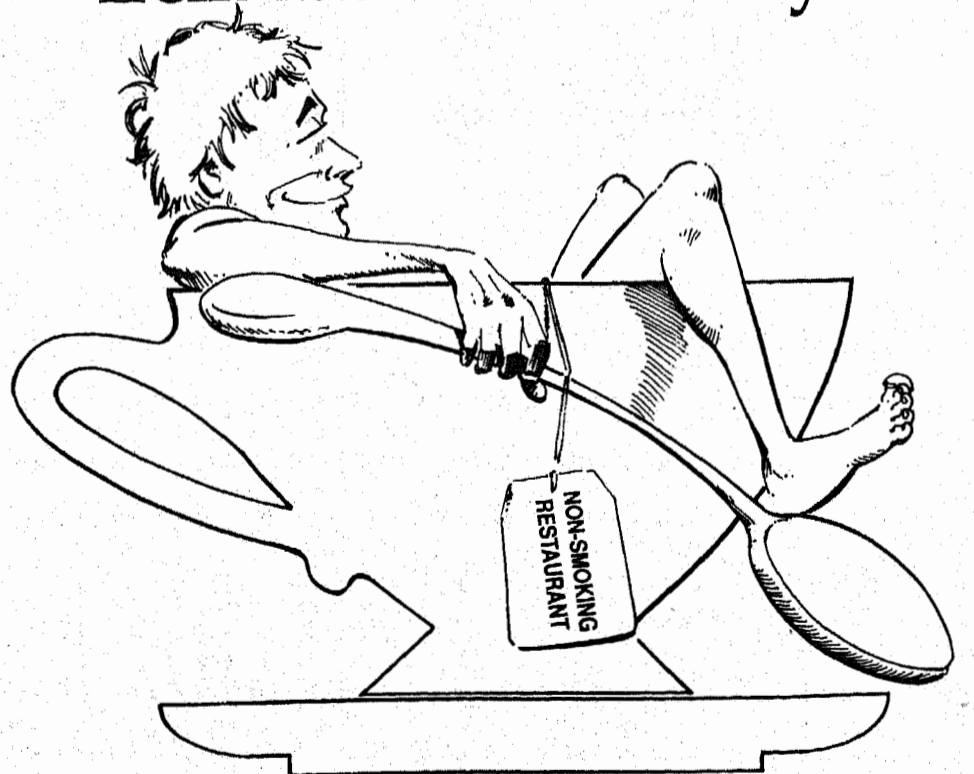
The Catacombs Underground Coffee Lounge is situated below the Union Hall on the eastern side of the Barr Smith Lawns.

We serve hot and cold drinks including cappuccinos, hot chocolate, and a wide range of soft drinks.

A variety of food such as mini pizzas, pasta, quiche, pies and pasties, sandwiches, rolls, and delicious cakes are offered for your indulgence.

UNDERGROUND COFFEE LOUNGE
THE CATACOMBS
UNION HALL/EASTERN SIDE OF BARR SMITH LAWNS

**The Union Bistro is now open
for morning tea
from 10.30 a.m. weekdays**



- Enjoy freshly brewed coffee, Twinings tea and delicious cakes and snacks
- Meet your friends and relax between lectures
- Morning tea 10.30 am - Noon
- Lunch noon - 2.30pm
- Meals from only \$4.00

- Salad Bar & vegetarian special of the day
- Fully licensed for meals with table service
- Sit in comfort and enjoy the famous "Judge" series by Arthur Boyd
- For Lunch & Dinner bookings (Monday - Friday) Phone 228 5858

THE UNION BISTRO
ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION/LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE

The UniBar is the coolest place on Campus.



O' DAY HOP
Monday night 8 - late
with "MY LOVE PUMPKIN"
& "FLAT STANLEY"

- SPECIAL STRONGBOW CIDER NIGHT with
- Half price "Strongbow White"
 - Buy one, get one free "Strongbow Mainstream"
 - Cider tastings
 - Giveaways - including T- shirts, Cider mugs, Bottle openers.

FREE ADMISSION courtesy of UNION ACTIVITIES

UniBar FOOD

Counter meals Monday - Friday 12 - 2pm and 5 - 8pm
with chips and gravy, mixed grills, bacon and eggs etc.
Special pasta meals Wednesday - Friday.

O'WEEK HOUSE PARTY
Tuesday night 9 - late
WITH DJ'S - HOUSEMASTER "C"
GROOVE TERMINATOR
AND

URBAN STREETWEAR FASHION PARADE

Cheap Bourbon and Coopers Happy Keg
Admission \$2, tickets from Student office and at door.

COOPERS \$100 cash draw every Thursday 1.30pm.

UniBar open noon - 10pm Monday - Thursday
Noon - late Friday and Saturday
for Bar nights and sports specials
Coming soon to the UniBar

- "ZYDECO JUMP" from Melbourne
- "DEF FX" from Sydney

UNIBAR proudly sponsored by COOPERS

T H E U N I O N B A R

A D E L A I D E U N I V E R S I T Y U N I O N / L E V E L 4 , U N I O N H O U S E



FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?

Another 21,500
students will be
caught this year
receiving more
AUSTUDY than
they are entitled to.
Don't be one
of them.

Advise **AUSTUDY** if your
personal details change . . .

Contact **AUSTUDY** enquiries for further information

AUSTUDY

DEET

DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT EDUCATION AND TRAINING

this week in SPORT

by Johnny Matthus & Ethel Murman

Welcome, howdy and a huge hi to all the sportsfans out there. After a casual summer relaxing by the pool and tumbling a few icecold banana daiquiris down; the fire in the belly, the itch that can't be scratched, the desire to create struck like the first mosquito in spring. You know the one, you're sitting under the vines enjoying a taco and sangria and then, whoosh buzz and blood is drawn. Both Ethel and I then knew that our instincts would have to be followed and it was time to once again swim upstream in the murky depths of sports journalism. Bantering casually about the world, Ethel remarked both succinctly and sweetly that sport reflects life hence sport is life. Since the summer sports calendar has been both full and entertaining in a somewhat quixotic fashion, it's now time to bring these highlights and lowlights to your attention.

Q1- Why didn't the Advertiser (doyen of newspapers and phlanderer of truth) report on the world womens softball tournament?

Not a skerrick, nary a line, nix zip nada. The Clones' first training warranted a front page "article" and that is about as exciting and groundbreaking as the Sunday/Le Cornu brochure Mail. Surely an event such as this where Australia isn't too bad deserved some coverage.

Q2- Why the break in the shield cricket programme?

In the nursery that is shield cricket, the kids need discipline and the best way to give it to them is to keep the kids out in the field for the term of their natural lives. Starve the lads of the leather and it follows on that one of the conditions for the workers revolution to commence is satisfied. History has shown time and time again that the person with the ownership of the bat and ball controls the game. Scare tactics, blackmail and outright abuse of power are more prevalent in sport than in the Queensland National Party.

Q3- Why is golf televised?

We think that this question is the hardy, the insurmountable peak, the big one and the one that every teev programmer should ask themselves. Well, ask yourself. Why? It's hardly relaxing viewing, hardly entertaining and mostly a procession of bad fashion and shocking taste. Checks blaarggh, plus fours oooohh they're nice, the Great White Shark ha. After all, little balls in small holes via sticks is hardly a game and much more of a chore. The best thing about golf is the end and the drive home.

Q4- Why isn't day-night cricket played completely at night?

Since the ACB is only interested in funds surely more people would attend if the games were held on Friday or Saturday nights in conjunction with danz parties or bands and went from eight to four in the morning. Get eccled to the gills, boogie the night away until it felt right and then watch Boony get out driving again. The noise shouldn't be a problem and the player that catches the

leather could request their favourite song as a reward. Imagine Curtly "shape" Ambrose steaming in from the river end with "Bust a move" blaring in the background and the entire hill groovin' and a movin'. Sheer bliss and a natural high.

Footer

Big news in the footer world is the naming of the Clones squad. Rumour has it that Coach Cornesy and co have been busy in the micro labs over summer cloning more nonentities for the squad. Based on Allan "who" Bartlett, the new additions contain even less personality than last years mob of lost sheep. The addition of masking drugs has also given the squad a peculiarly generic look and not even Kingo Taylor can tell the new blood apart so imagine the trouble shortsighted coaches like Jeansy and co are going to have.

Using the special recognition signals nitted out by the backroom staff the squad can finally work out who's who. The first four or five trainings were just get to know you games such as Shoes where one half of the squad threw their shoes into the room and the other half had to pick up one and work out who it belonged to. Pretty fucking mindtaxing I hear you cry. Well, Scotty "contract" Hodges is still trying to work out who belongs to the size fourteen Brogue.

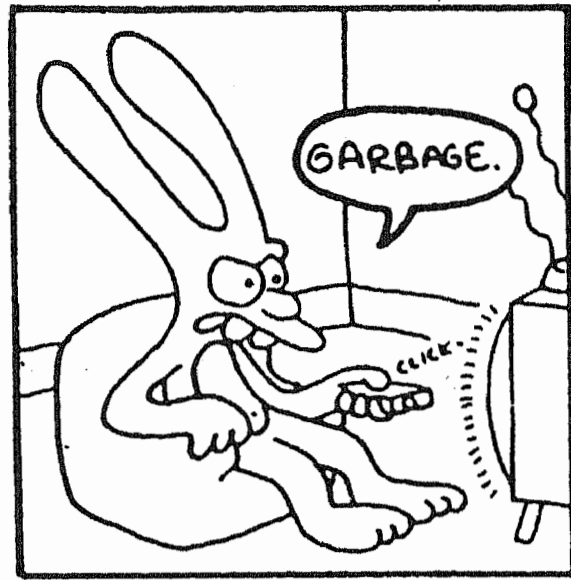
The squad is likely to be vastly different to that which is being debated and tossed over in the dailies. Inside sources have intimated to us that Einstein Mandemaker is being considered for the focal point job and that Ugo "agogo" Colasante is being bought out of retirement and his florist business to lead the rucks.

We think it is about time that Cornesy and co took the bull by the horns and named 'Ookesy in the squad because apart from David "porno marine" Marshall no Clone has got a tacky seventies jazz mo and if you're going to look mean then you have to feel keen. Come on Cornesy, come on Kingo name a squad we can proud of, name a squad that looks like a group of individuals but for god's sake name a squad that know one end of the ground from the other and don't take a half hour to travel from the gate to the middle.

The Great Game

Shield cricket at the moment seems to have been affected by countyitis. Contrived results, batters wielding the leather, bowlers peeling it off the pickets and a general air of frivolity is pervading the atmosphere and the nursery. If the top order bats get used to facing up to somebody who has never bowled before then they want it all the time. Averages are all very well but when most runs are scored against somebody who struggles with the ball in the backyard how can you ever be proud of them. I guess it's sort of like the child gone wrong.

Tests, one dayers, parklands and backyard cricket seem to be getting closer and closer in both spirit and class. If this malicious trend continues



Johnny Smith aged 8 from down the road will be both opening the stroking and opening the chucking for Australia and our proud digger heritage will crumble and fall. People won't be afraid of the demon number anymore and if this happens 1 for one will mourn the passage.

Returning to other more serious sides of the shield, it's wonderful to see that Queensland have once again started well and then fallen into a huge hole. 12 points from the first few games then outright losses on tap to follow is the sort of form we have come to know, love and respect from the Northerners. This year at least they haven't imported any name players from overseas to try to bolster their brittle abilities. Perhaps

creasing the number of people available to play in the nursery. This coupled with the Cricket Academy's genetic research program should result in a crop of youngsters who are born with the talent to succeed, the will to succeed and most of all the desire to succeed. This will take time, stealth and money but where the hell did you think your TIN notice money was going anyway.

Suggestion two is that the two states merge and form Southeastern Australia with the tentative nickname of the Appleaters. This would immediately strengthen the squads with such luminaries such as Richard "shortstop" Soule and Greg "fusser" Campbell available. Problems with this plan include com-



given the right tax breaks, this nipper could be pounding them into the fence for SA in a couple of years

they should have but then again a team that couldn't beat themselves don't deserve the glittering prize and all the trimmings that go with it.

South Australia and Tasmania once again rest loftily near the wrong end of the table. Serious discussion has taken place at both cabinet level and at the SACA with regards to how to fix this seemingly impossible dilemma. Answers have varied but all agree on a few suggestions which have been leaked to us.

Suggestion one is to make living in SA or Tas much more attractive by offering tax concessions to people who are willing to move from interstate thereby in-

cluding problems, plans for a hydroelectric dam to be built just outside of Lameroo and the fact that they're just too far away to care.

Suggestion three is CIA involvement and denounce the other states as a threat to the moral majority. This should lead to mass "accidents" of cricketers and selectors and closet assistance in the overthrow of the governments with the end result being that the good will triumph and the coveted Shield will reside in the Bradman Stand where it so rightly belongs. Remember the maxim that winners are grinners and losers can please themselves, and life will be fine.

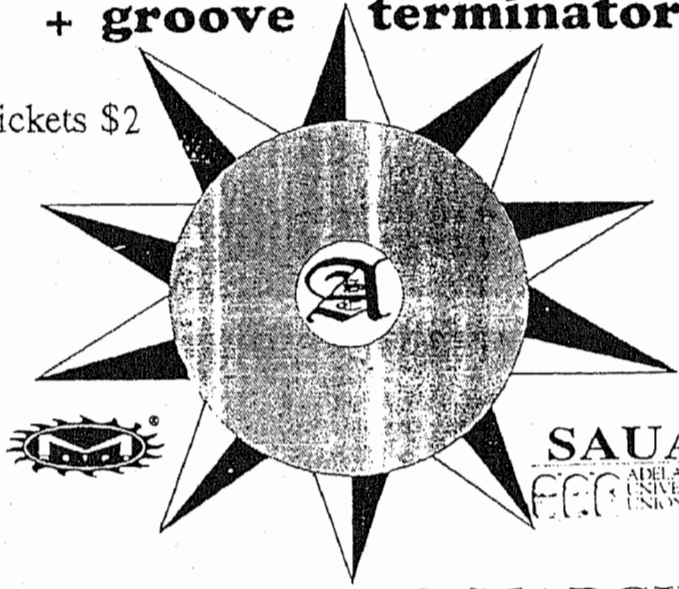
aDELaiDE uNI O-wEEK

URBAN
SURFWEAR

HOUSE PARTY
housemaster DJ's
+ groove terminator

FASHION PARADE

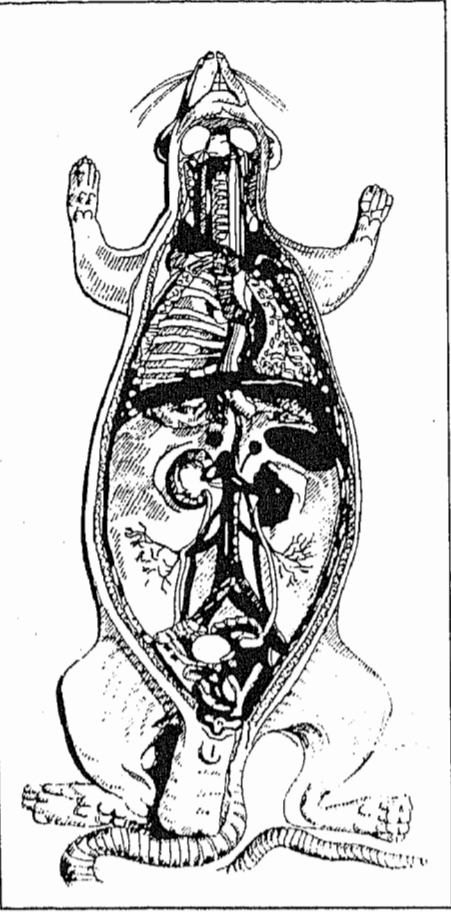
Tickets \$2



SAUA
ADELAIDE
UNIVERSITY
STUDENTS' UNION

TUESDAY 3RD MARCH
9 PM - 2 AM
ADELAIDE UNI BAR
Free Cooper's Beer - Cheap Bourbon

ANIMAL USE? OR ANIMAL ABUSE?



A growing number of students worldwide are saying "no" to the use of animals as tools for education and research.

- Most teaching experiments using animals are simply demonstrating already known facts.
- The method is outdated. There are now many excellent alternatives that are not only more humane, but give more scientifically accurate results.

The AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION FOR HUMANE RESEARCH is forming an Australia-wide support network of caring individuals and groups to provide information on humane education aids, provide free literature and support and encourage changes in the curricula to give every student the right to refuse to experiment on animals - WITHOUT ACADEMIC PENALTY.

If we would like a copy of the STUDENTS' CHARTER and further information about the VIOLENCE FREE SCIENCE CAMPAIGN & COMPASSIONATE NETWORK:

NAME: _____
 ADDRESS: _____
 POSTCODE: _____ CONTACT PHONE No: _____
 WHAT UNIVERSITY ARE YOU ATTENDING?: _____
 WHAT FACULTY ARE YOU IN?: _____
 IS THERE A VIOLENCE FREE SCIENCE COLLECTIVE AT YOUR UNIVERSITY?: _____

Return coupon to AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION FOR HUMANE RESEARCH INC.
 P.O. Box 779, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Tel: (02) 360 1144

IF YOU ARE A CARING STUDENT join our campaign - there is strength in numbers!

ACCOUNTING STUDENTS FOCUS ON YOUR CAREER NOW!

Become a member of the Chartered Accountants Students' Society (CASS) and obtain:

- careers advice
- networking opportunities
- technical information
- many other valuable services



CASS 1992

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS STUDENTS' SOCIETY

For further information, please complete the coupon below and send to:
 Barbara Bell
 National Recruitment Manager
 The Institute of Chartered Accountants in Australia
 37 York Street
 SYDNEY NSW 2000

Name _____
 Address _____
 _____ Postcode _____
 University _____
 Year of Study _____

Ideas for action!



The South Australian Development Education Centre (SADEC) is a non-profit resource centre with up-to-date information on Third World countries and the global issues that matter:

- Aid and Development • Human Rights • Education
- Health • Indigenous People • The Environment
- Economics • Women and Development • and more!

An annual \$2 fee gives students borrowing rights to our collection of over 8,000 books, journals and documents. We have photocopying facilities, an index of journal articles, items for sale, simulation games for loan and videos for hire. We are also the home of *Global Action Productions (GAP)* - a resource unit which develops educational materials for primary and secondary students around themes of world development and social justice.

South Australian Development Education Centre
First floor, 155 Pirie St, Adelaide
 (cnr Pulteney St, above the Left Bank Cafe) Ph: 223 5795
 Open: Tue, Wed, Thu 10am - 5.30pm, Fri 10am - 2pm

Take my Goddamn Kittens

Extremely Important Notice

Amendments to enrolment and HECS liability - Semester 1, 1992

All students are asked to take *careful note* of the following dates and information in order to ensure that they are not disadvantaged by failing to take any appropriate action by the due date.

6th March. Last day to pay semester 1 'Upfront' HECS. Students who have not paid by this date must complete a new HECS Payment Options form and must complete the 'Deferred' payment option. The new form must be lodged by no later than **16th March**. Forms must be obtained from and lodged with the Student Records Office, Level 5, Wills Building.

13th March. Last day to pay tuition fees to the Office of Continuing Education for semester 1 and full year courses.

31st March. Semester 1 census date. Last day to withdraw from (i.e. delete) a course or to withdraw from (i.e. delete) semester 1 or full year subject(s). Deletion of a course or subject(s) will not incur any corresponding HECS liability.

11th - 12th April. Semester 1 "Statement of Enrolment and HECS liability" notices will be produced during this weekend and posted to students, at their semester address, on Monday, 13th April. These notices list your course and subject information together with details of your HECS status and liability for first semester.

27th April. Last day (i.e. fourteen days after the issue of the notice) to report to the Student Records Office, in writing, any incorrect or missing information from your first semester HECS notice.

22nd May. Last day for withdrawing from a semester 1 subject without the withdrawal counting as a failure.

21st August. Last day for withdrawing from a full year subject without the withdrawal counting as a failure. [If you withdraw from a full year subject after 31st March, but before 31st August, you will incur a Semester 1 HECS liability for it.]

Remember - your HECS liability is calculated on your enrolment at the census dates of 31 March and 31 August. Amendments to enrolments made after the census date may affect your HECS liability. Under the terms of the Higher Education Funding Act 1988 the following rules apply:

1. Amendments to enrolment made after the census dates which *reduce* your semester load will *not reduce* your HECS liability for the semester.

2. Amendments to enrolment made after the census dates which *increase* your semester load will *increase* your HECS liability which must be discharged in the same way as your initial liability (e.g. 'Upfront' or 'Deferred' payment option).

F.J. O'Neill

Registrar

Adelaide University Union By-Election 1992

Wanted: Quality student representatives to fill the immense gap left by Lisa Mensforth and the remarkable David Penberthy.

Positions available: Union Board 2.

Nominations open Thursday, 19th March, 1992 at 9 am.

Nominations close Friday, 27th March, 1992 at 4 pm sharp.

Nomination forms available from: Union Administration (First Floor, Lady Symon Building); Roseworthy Students can collect nominations forms from Roseworthy Student Union Office.

At the same time, a Referendum will be held regarding the issue of Two Year Split Terms for Union Board.

By-Election and Referendum will be held 13th - 15th April, 1992.

Wanted

A Returning Officer to oversee the conduct of the Union By-Elections, scheduled to be held 13th - 15th April, 1992.

The position is responsible for ensuring the By-Election is well publicised and runs smoothly from calling for nominations through to 2 days devoted to counting votes.

An honorarium is paid to compensate the person for the hours and responsibility involved.

Those who are interested should forward a short letter to:

Robert Brice,
Secretary Manager,
Adelaide University Union,
C/- Lady Symon Building.

Applications close Thurs, 12th March, 1992.

The University of Adelaide Student Guide 1992

By some mischance a block of text is missing from the Guide. The following should appear under the heading "Complaints Relating to Academic Programmes and Status" on page 32:-

1.1 Students may raise a problem or issue relating to academic programmes, e.g. the content or structure of a subject, or of a whole course, or its means of assessment, or academic status for work done elsewhere, in the appropriate academic committee through one of their student representatives, or by personal approach to the Secretary or Convener of the relevant body, i.e.

the Departmental Committee
the Departmental Assessment Committee
the Faculty Curriculum Committee
the Faculty
the Faculty Student Applications/Matters Committee.

1.2 Alternatively, a student may make a specific and formal complaint about such a matter, to the person or body with immediate responsibility.

If a student decides that it is appropriate to raise the issues as a complaint, he or she should complain to:

(a) the subject co-ordinator, for complaints relating to a particular subject;
(b) the Head of Department, for complaints relating to a Department's subjects and academic procedures generally;
(c) the Dean of the Faculty for complaints relating more generally to a course, or faculty policies concerning curriculum, teaching or assessment.

1.3 Oral complaints shall be dealt with informally.

1.4 With written complaints, the person receiving the written complaint shall acknowledge its receipt in writing within one week, and shall reply within one month informing students of the outcome of the complaint, or stating what progress has been made and when the next report to the student(s) will be made, and so on, until the matter is resolved. Where a complaint has a particular impact on individual staff member(s) responsible for a subject, they shall be kept fully informed as the progress of the matter.

1.5 Responsibility for dealing with the complaint may be transferred to a Head of Department, Faculty Course Co-ordinator or Convener of a Faculty Curriculum Committee or Student Matters Committee, but the student must be kept informed as to who has carriage of the matter at any time.

1.6 If the matter is not resolved to the satisfaction of the complainants, they may appeal to the Student Academic Appeals Committee which, if it agrees that it requires further consideration, may refer it back to the Faculty or to the Academic (Educational) Matters Sub-Committee.

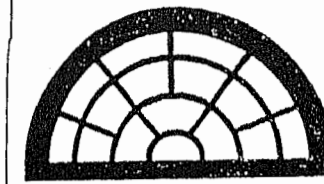
Textbooks for Sale

First Year Computer Science
Discrete Mathematics by Ross & Wright \$30.

Medicine
An Atlas of Human Anatomy (with full colour pictures) by Gosling / Harris / Humpherson / Whitmore / Wilson \$60.

Basic Histopathology (textbook for Pathology III), by Wheeler / Burkiitt / Stevens / Lowe \$50

Call Paul on 297 2688.



PGSA Annual General Meeting

Members are advised that the 1992 Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held at 12.00 noon on 11 March, Pursuant to Item 5 (a)(i) of the PGSA Constitution. The main purpose of the meeting will be to elect the Executive Committee of the PGSA for 1992.

PGSA AGM
Buffet lunch
& speakers
12 noon-2.00pm
Wednesday, 11 March
Jerry Portus Room
Cloisters
(Opp. Mayo Refectory)

FREE

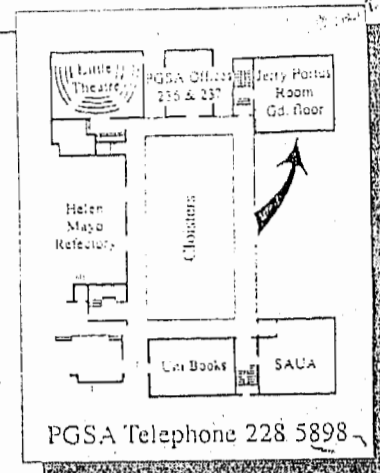
Nominations of candidates for election are invited. A nomination must be made on the prescribed form obtained from the PGSA office and must reach the Returning Officer, Dawn Ambachon during the nomination period, beginning 10 February and closing 12.00 noon, 10 March, 1992. The 1991 PGSA Executive Committee members will finish their term of office at the start of proceedings of the AGM and the positions indicated in the shadowed box below will be open for election.

After the election of the new Executive Committee, the PGSA will be providing a free buffet lunch for all those attending. During lunch, your Postgraduate Representatives from the University committees will present themselves to you and give a brief talk on the business of their committee and how they are advocating on your behalf this year. Don't miss this opportunity to meet your new PGSA Executive Committee and Postgraduate Representatives for 1992. You don't have to be isolated in your Department, come and relax with your postgraduate colleagues over lunch.

*President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Womens' Officer
Four Ordinary Members

Anyone wishing to nominate is urged to approach the PGSA office for a briefing of what the position entails before submitting a nomination form.

* Briefing of the President position is mandatory.



PGSA Telephone 228 5898

Production Notes

On Dit is the weekly newspaper of the Students Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete discretion over content and maintain a non-racist, non-sexist non-homophobic editorial policy.

Write to us care of On Dit, University of Adelaide, GPO Box 498, Adelaide 5001, or ring us on 228 5404.

Editors: Vanessa Almeida and Sam Maiden
Advertising Manager: Dean M. Page
Freight: Guhan "I Dare Ya" Sabapathy
Typesetter: Sharon Middleton
Layout: Sarah Hall, George Benson, Ted Nugent
Cover: Mark Gamtcheff

Thanks this week to: Somersaulting Monica Carroll, Luke Matousek, Nick Smith, Dave Krantz and especially to all our sub-editors; Mel Sander, Fiona Dalton, Richard Vowles, Stephanie Pribil, Anne McEwen, and all the stewards. Nice party and nice larva lamp, Amy and Jo.

On Dit is printed by the wonderful people at Bridge Press, and published by Paul Keating.

Theatre Guild

The University of Adelaide Theatre Guild is keen to discover your theatrical talent, on stage or off. If you have what it takes, or enjoy theatre, become a member of the Guild at our special O'Week rate of \$10 (look for our table on the Barr Smith Lawns).

Auditions (Male and Female) for our upcoming production of Chekhov's "Three Sisters", directed by Jim Vilé, on Sunday, 8th March. Ring the Guild on 228 5999 for further information and to arrange your audition time.

Volunteers Needed

Volunteers urgently required by the Stevenson family. Needed to help their 5 year

old daughter, Gabriella, with doman-delacato exercise. 12, 5 minute sessions a day, each require 3 volunteers per session. Phone Peter or Cathy on 370 9971 if you want to help.

Fast Accurate Typing

Meticulous proof reading; high quality layout; very reasonable prices apply. Enquiries welcome.

Please phone Verity Pollard on 262 1767

Feral Beasts

Hey there cat fanciers! I've got four cute little kittens which are stinking out my flat. If you're interested, come into On Dit or ring on 228 5404. (1 white, 2 tortoise shell, and 1 "bash it up yer" ginger.)

AND WHERE DO YOU LIKE TO SPEND YOUR WEEKENDS?

TICK THE BOX ...

- Anywhere but University
- At University, waiting for a PC to become available in the computer pools...
- Commuting to & from University to get work completed
- With friends, relaxing & getting on with life



Microbits would like to blow some long held myths....

Students CAN afford PC systems, and State Bank financing beats ANY rental plan....

With all the work you have in store for your degree, and probably a part time job as well, the last thing you need is hassles trying to find a PC at Uni when you need one.

So Microbits have 386 systems from \$1780.79 - manufactured in Adelaide and produced to your specifications.

FROM \$67 A MONTH ...

Maybe you'd like to buy your PC, but pay for it while you're at Uni. Well, for \$67 a month, you can OWN your system, saving around \$40 a month.

And just think what that would mean - no more spending time waiting for a terminal to become available, but plenty of time to complete your work when you wanted, not when you had to.

MICROBITS

Phone: 362 9220

Fax: 362 8445

Official Supplier of PC Systems to the University of S.A.