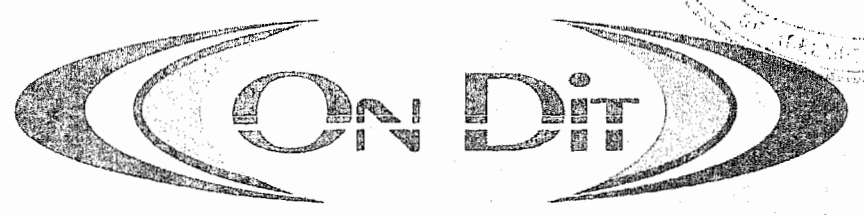
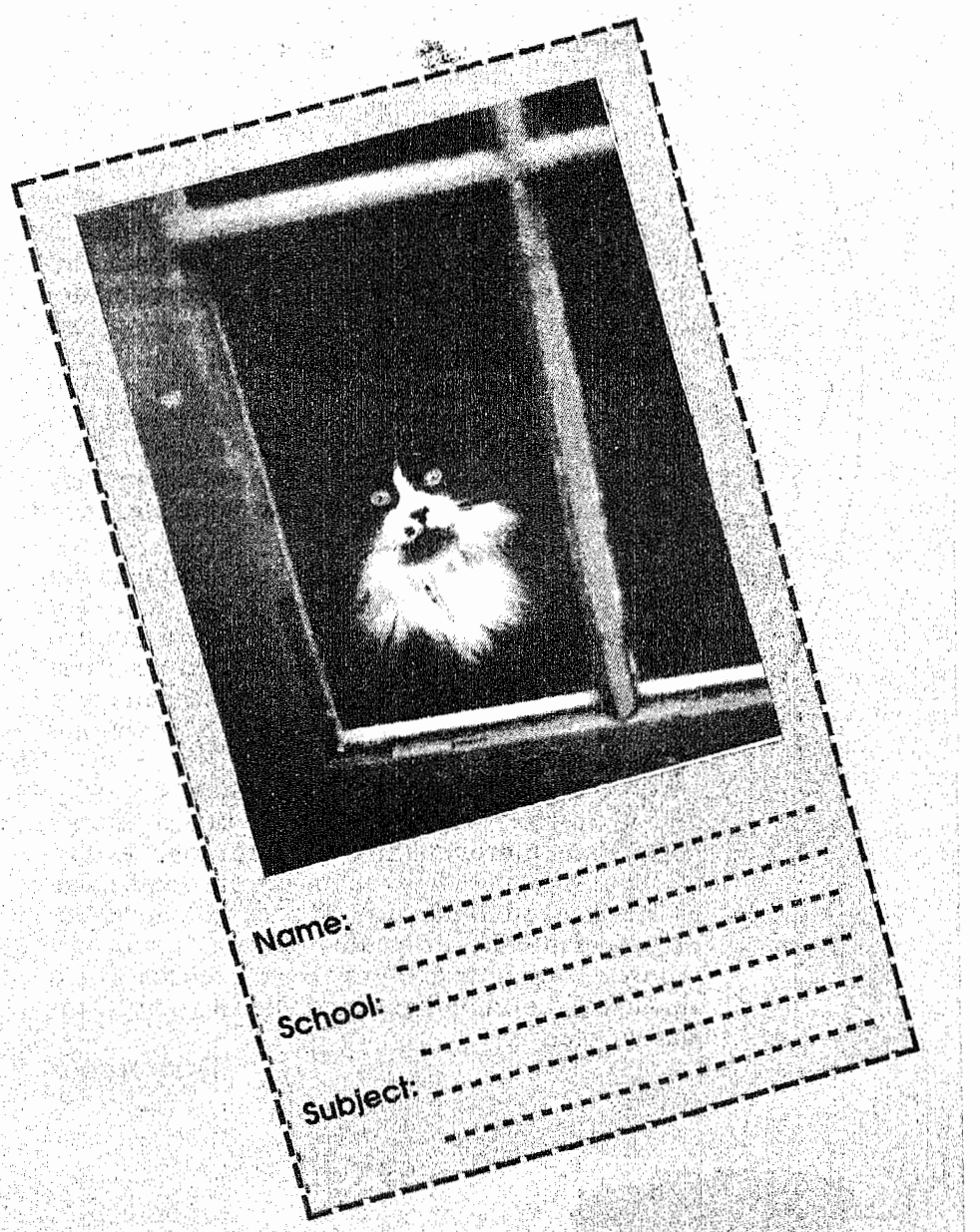


5K
378.05
05
c2

UNIVERSITY OF THE
31 JUL 1995
OF ADELAIDE



The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly
Volume 63 Number 12 July 24 1995



FRIDAY 28/7

Miss Heaven Grand Final 95

WEDNESDAY 26/7
Strongbow's
70s Snow Party
Featuring Snow Olympics

THURSDAY 27/7
Love Parade

from Berlin with
Dr. Motte plus DJ Rudeboy,
DJ Chris Moore & Tricky Dicky, MC Sandy
& Schneider Bros. plus Radius Crew
with choreographer Yvette Lee.

SA+URDAY 29/7

The Club
Do You Fit
The Legend 1995 Launch

with special guest
Kimberly Davies
from Neighbours.

Also a one night search for Adelaide's
Top male model to fly to Queensland
for Manhunt Australia

CENTRAL STATION Central Station
prize draw



Editorial

Well here we are again for another Semester of fun and games. Firstly I'd like to briefly respond to some of the criticism we get here at *On Dit* regarding our editorial policies. My response is this. *On Dit* is aimed at being an 'alternative' media and we try and present 'alternative' thinking and ideas. This basically implies that we don't follow in the footsteps of the Advertiser, Who Weekly or even dB or Rip It Up. We are not in any way controlled by corporate interests and thus we do not have to pander to mainstream ideologies. We obviously don't agree with everything we print but print them in the hope that it may stimulate debate. So if you are interested enough to respond, think about what it is you believe and respond intelligently. Slagging us off (ie. *On Dit's* fucked, you're all commies etc...) is just an easy way out and gets kinda boring. So there you have it, the *On Dit* ideology.

Much more important than that of course is the UniBooks Short Story competition. *On Dit* has got in unison with UniBooks and The Ray to conjure up the competition to end all competitions. First prize if you didn't already know is \$1000 and there are plenty of other prizes to boot. So if you've got arms drop us in an entry.

Well that's all from that little bunker opposite the lawns and near the men's toilets(mmm,aroma,ahh). Yeah the one you're probably looking at now as you devour some more of the Mayo's delights(not). That's right, down the steps and into the little hole in the wall. You know where we are now so there are no excuses. Come down, say hello and get involved in your 'alternative' media.

Matt Rawes

production notes

On Dit is the weekly publication of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete control, although the opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

Editors:

Matt Rawes
Natasha Yacoub
Bryan Scruby

Advertising Manager:

Mark Scruby

Trolley Pusher:

Mike Downing

Typesetter:

Sharon Middleton and Grant Dewbery

Bromider:

Peter Psaltis

Santa's Little Helpers:

Frank Trimboli, Matt Pearce, Kerina West, Shaun McClelland, Christina Soong, Julia Davey, Dave Shepard, Bill Gordon, Megan Brown, Ritchie Hollands, Rogan Campbell, Rhonda and Mike 'Still Swinging' Duffy.

...and special thanks to

Rachael Howe our extra special and very clever work experience girl.



Contents

«Special gear»

- 4. **Denton** - Matt Pearce chats with the doyen of late night teev.
- 8. **Noah Taylor** - Bryan Scruby catches up with Noah during the filming of one of his upcoming films.
- 10. **Thailand** - The ins and outs of travelling through Thailand with Belinda Barnett.
- 21. **New Zealand** - The winds of change in N.Z. politics.
 - 31. **Land Mines** - Go Boom! with Karl.
 - 34. **You'll Never See** - On Dit Scoop!

«Usual gear»

- 2. Editorial.
- 3. Hello!
- 6. Letters.
- 12. SAUA gear.
- 14. NOWSA vox pop.
- 15. Gender Agenda.
- 17. News - The question of German Integration.
- 18. - What's happening with our Offshore Islands?
- 19. - Troubled waters in Chechnya.
- 23. Theatre - Joyful and Triumphant reviewed.
- 24. - Bell Shakespeare productions.
- 25. - *Rawkus* reviewed.
- 26. - *Moby Dick, Travels With My Aunt, La Mama.*
- 27. - Red Shed does some good work.
- 28. **Vox Pop** - How about those French!
- 32. Collect 'em, swap 'em, stick 'em down - On Dit sticker action.
- 33. **Wayzgoose** - Can I hit him?
- House food.
- 35. Internet gear.
- 36. **Film** - The truth is out there
- Reviews.
- 38. **Music** - When Sebadoh came to town.
- 39. - Our foreign correspondant reports on Glastonbury.
- 40. - I went to the music shop and I bought...
- 42. - Dodgy by name.
- 43. - Sonya from Echobelly speaks up.
- 44. - When Dave Graney speaks we listen.
- 45. - A band called Screamefeeder.
- Reviews.
- 46. **Sport** - A couple of dobs with Nick Holland.
- 49. - Rod Marsh and the Cricket Academy.
- 50. **Literature** reviews.
- 52. Cash Converters.
- 53.

«mpetit»

- If you want to go and see SFW for free then come down and sing The Prisoner theme song. The three closest tunesters get the tickets.



The majority of interviewers in the preamble to an interview with a "big" name, tend to wax lyrical about how this person is the brightest shining star on television (submit for appropriate medium).

Such an assertion for a man like Denton would be banal; if you watch his show you'd already know and you wouldn't need some pseudo-journalist from a student mag to tell you.

Rather, if you want to hear some interesting views about what it's like being on television; the French decision to reinstitute nuclear testing; American culture; New Zealand; food; small town Adelaide; the ALP; or the environment, you've come to the right place and should definitely read on.

... by Matt Pearce

On Dit: Your appearance has traditionally been quite conservative. Why did you peroxide your hair, change your suit, and have you found now that blondes have more fun?

Denton: Well I've looked the same boring way for about thirty five years. I thought it might be fun for a change and it has been fun actually. It's totally mindless but it's just kind of nice to look different. When you look as ugly as I do, any change is an improvement. And as for having more fun - it hasn't stopped. I'm exhausted. I'm ill. I'm ill with having fun.

On Dit: Do you like to watch your show after it has gone to air; to see in which areas you may not have done so well, or do you just let it ride and look towards the next show?

Denton: I can't stand watching the show. I have piles of tapes in my office dating back to the first show and I've never watched a second. The only things I will watch back are the technical special effects things to see how well the joke worked or not. I kind of play the show back in my head and generally replay the bad moments and cringe about them and I forget the good moments. I couldn't stand the thought of watching myself on television. You know what it's like when you see yourself on a home-video or something and you think: 'that's me?' eerroohh.

On Dit: Your comedy is often very cynical. Where did all that cynicism come from?

Denton: Look at the world. Trust



nobody. Question everything. There's too much religion and not enough faith.

On Dit: You've described yourself as a 'big mouth'. Do you find it hard sometimes to hold your mouth?

Denton: There are and there have been many times where I have done completely straight interviews depending on the situation. I actually pride myself on my ability to not have to be funny all the time because I think that's tedious. You know, if somebody is sitting there talking to you about anorexia or cancer or whatever, it's not always appropriate to make a joke.

On Dit: You seem to get away with a lot on your show (smashing teles, talking about sex, snide remarks and pranks on French embassies) that sometimes might not sit comfortably with network executives. How do you get away with that?

Denton: We have a healthy agreement where we ignore each other: No, basically the deal is that when I signed with Channel 7 it was on the understanding that they would let me do what I wanted to do as long as it didn't break the laws of the land. The understanding from their point of view is that they can tell me when they don't like it and I say 'I've heard you, thank you very much and I hope you enjoy next week's show.' It's a pretty good arrangement and we always check up on it if we think we might be running into legal question marks. Other than that, it's all a matter of taste.

On Dit: Some might say it was bad taste dropping the manure in front of the French embassy; are you very passionate about the decision to reinstitute nuclear testing?

Denton: Yeah, I was passionate about it ten years ago when they were doing it. I think nuclear testing *per se* is wrong as most people do. I'm ashamed to admit, but I have actually have a real problem with the French *per se*. It's wrong to dismiss an entire country

because obviously there are brilliant individuals and beautiful people but their national characteristics in terms of the international political stage have always been ugly and aggressive and undiplomatic and really hostile. This is not just a one off, there is a continued pattern of extreme arrogance and hostility towards anybody who's not French. I find it objectionable. I'm sorry if that sounds racist, especially with our racial vilification laws. It's actually not racist. I don't think the French as a race are objectionable, but I do find the French as an international political entity extremely objectionable.

On Dit: You wrote a song *I don't care if we win as long as we beat New Zealand*. Do you think that after the America's Cup and the Rugby Union World Cup that Australians might have learnt a little humility or do you think that New Zealanders take our jokes against them too seriously?

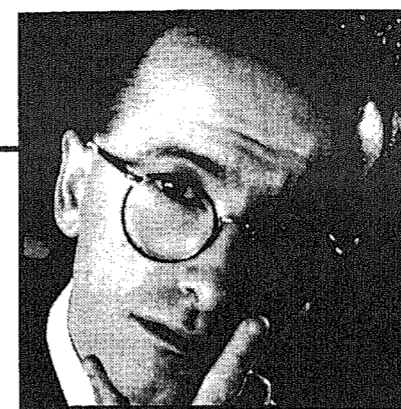
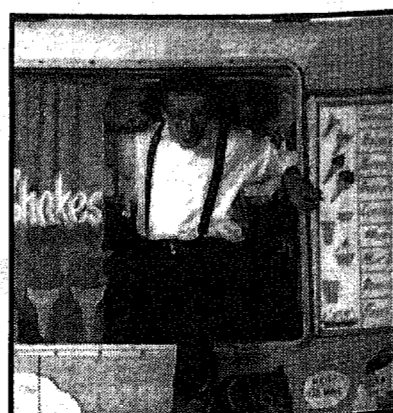
Denton: I think New Zealand take our jokes against them too seriously. I think New Zealand takes Australia too seriously. They're still seething about the under arm bowling incident with Trevor Chappell. It's just indicative of both countries immaturity in that we get so obsessed with sporting events in the absence of things which may be of more importance. We'll learn humility about New Zealand right up until the time we beat them at the next sporting event.

On Dit: If you could change Australia in any way what would it be?

Denton: I would like there to be about 150 million more people here so we have much broader cultural input. People from all over the world but maybe not France.

On Dit: What countries that you've been to do you find most exotic or most fun to be in?

Denton: I really like, for its sheer physical beauty, Nepal. For its sheer



cultural extraordinariness I really like America. America to me represents the best and worst of Western civilisation and I like both extremes. I love the mindless kitsch consumerism and the over-the-top kitschness of America. At the other end of the scale the extreme ugliness of America like the far right wing politics -while I don't find it attractive - I find it a really interesting expression of the human condition. The highs and lows of America, like it or not, they are the ultimate examples of the sort of lives we in Australia lead. If you want to see the extremes to which this country could go you only need to look at America!

On Dit: What is your favourite story about or fondest memory of Adelaide?

Denton: My fondest memory of Adelaide was earlier this year when I spent a day sitting around the lobby of a hotel trying to interview Magic Johnson. It was really bizarre because I was sitting with his entourage and listening to them taking phone calls from every media organisation in the country, Ray Martin down, and saying that he won't do an interview. It was really weird seeing what it was like when a "superstar" is around and the backwash that's involved. I overheard one phone call where the publicist was saying 'Look I'm sorry but Magic will not visit the boy who cut his fingers off. I'm sorry, he doesn't have time.' It was just a very weird experience.

On Dit: What do you think are the best and worst aspects of being a uni student?

Denton: The best aspects are that you can play at real life. You can have a go at everything from sport to politics to parties to music to newspapers, radio, to actually doing academic work but none of it really matters. I don't say that disparagingly, but it's the attitude I had at the time. Your career, your income and your wife and family and mortgage don't depend on it at that time because most people at uni don't have any of those things. So you can try everything. You can have a go at everything. And if you fuck up, well, it's ok. That's the best thing. I reckon the worst thing about it is if you go straight to uni from school because then you don't appreciate what it is that's good about it.

On Dit: Oh right. I did that.

Denton: I did that too and I realised, as I was there and talking to people who had taken a few years break, that they were much more appreciative of

the opportunities that uni offered.

On Dit: What did you do at uni?

Denton: Just about everything but work! No, I did a BA in Communications. It took me three and a half years to do a three year course. But I did everything; I played sport, I partied, I did radio, I did the newspaper, I got involved in college politics. I took a ticket on every ride. It's kind of useful because then you get a taste for different things and you do get an idea of what it is you might be suited to beyond just your course work. That's my only advice even though nobody is asking - take a ticket on every ride.

On Dit: I hear the food at Channel 7 is pretty bad. We have the same problem here at Uni. Do you have any secret special ways of getting good food at work that you could share with us?

Denton: No. If I knew the answer to that - I mean gosh! I think Channel 7 cafeteria have been testing the food in our atmosphere of late and it's more dangerous than any French nuclear testing. I have no answer to that question. You'll find as you go through life that there are certain corporate canteens, such as at television networks and universities, that never ever get any better. You just gotta live with it I'm afraid.

On Dit: If you could get the whole ALP front bench on your show, what would be three questions you would ask them and what would be their musical challenge?

Denton: The musical challenge would be to say anything without sounding like they were in discord. I guess I would ask them first of all: do they find it uncomfortable sitting on a front bench with Kim Beazley and Robert Ray, are they looking forward to Gareth Evans' conversation when he joins the lower house, and do they remember Brian Howe?

On Dit: Christian Slater in *True*



Romance said that if he had to bonk a man it would be Elvis. If you had to bonk a man, any man in the world, who would it be?

Denton: Well I think actually Julian Clary. I think he is a remarkably attractive man. I think Clive James said something to this effect on his show the other night. I can see why women find Julian Clary attractive, I can see why men find him attractive. I'm not talking about Julian Clary in all his make up and so on. I'm just talking about Julian Clary as a human being. He's a gorgeous looking man as he himself says.

On Dit: Do you prefer being a television presenter over writing for television. Which do you think is 'more you'?

Denton: More me is not being on television. I don't particularly enjoy being on television. I just enjoy the opportunities it affords. I'm really looking forward to not being on television. But when it comes to writing, somebody who writes for television has only a tenth of the power and possibilities of somebody who's actually on it. So that's why I choose to be on it. It opens a lot more doors for me.

On Dit: What do you think the biggest problem facing Australia into the next millennium is?

Denton: I think one of the biggest problems is just the fact that we are destroying our own soil. I find it very scary that a country that is ninety percent desert can't even look after the other ten percent. And I can imagine a time when there is very little left to farm.

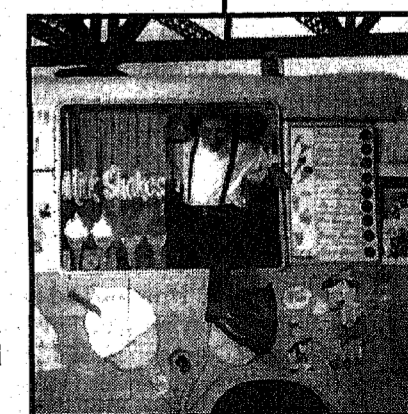
On Dit: Do you try to get involved in environmental movements at all?

Denton: Yeah I try to get involved. I haven't been involved directly in anything to do with saving our soil. It's difficult in a public position - so many requests come through you've got to be very selective about what you do and it often means turning down things which you really agree with. A) There is only so much time, and B) if you associate yourself with fifty things it lessens the association I reckon.

On Dit: Is there anything else you would like to say?

Denton: Hello. Um, like your Hair!

Denton can be seen: Channel 7, Thursdays, 10:30 pm - Check Local Guides



Denton



Noah



Taylor



In a world where it is increasingly the norm to see leading males sporting unnaturally large and distended pectorals, it shouldn't be surprising that the distinctly average looking Noah Taylor is revered as the antidote to the intangibility of big screen characters.

On a day when he was due to have his head shaved for the sake of filming an electro-shock therapy scene for the recently completed *Shine*, Noah Taylor 'did coffee' with Bryan Scruby discussing the film and his career not to mention the machinations of the Australian government and the hypocrisy of its foreign policy stance.

OD: What's *Shine* all about?
 NT: Basically it's about a guy called David Helfgott. One of the reasons for making the film was, I guess, if you say David Helfgott not many people know who you're talking about and y'know he's a brilliant musician... a virtuoso. He's like the Bradman of the piano. People don't know about him but they should, probably.

So, it's about this piano player who had this very promising career and then for reasons explained in the film, he has a complete breakdown and then is pretty much institutionalised and drugged up for the next... from his twenties into his thirties. He's just started to come back in the last five years or so and he's playing concerts in Europe and establishing himself on the concert piano circuit quite successfully. So it's like a *Rocky* or something - a comeback story. It's also about family... there are a lot of stories running in it. I guess the central theme is that, y'know, love has the power to crush and destroy as well as resurrect and heal.

OD: I take it you've met up with him, so how does he feel about having a film made about his life?

NT: It's hard to ascertain because he's pretty eccentric. It's hard to have a normal conversation with him because you've gotta decode what he's saying - he doesn't talk in sentences. He just rattles off... almost like word association. But, yeah, I think he's pretty happy about.

OD: So you get to play him.
 NT: Three people play the part which spans from sort of like 5 to 40. He has his breakdown in his early to mid twenties and I play him before that and up to that. There's not much documentation about him then but

after his breakdown he's a very different person. I'm not basing it so much on how he is today.

OD: Why shoot the film in Adelaide?
 NT: He grew up in Perth but I don't think we're strictly saying it's set in Perth. From a director's point of view, South Australia has very good government film deals in terms of getting locations - they're quite obliging.

OD: I heard after the event that you spent a day filming in Bonython Hall on the Adelaide Uni campus.

NT: It was quite funny that day 'cause we were inside filming with maybe a million dollars worth of equipment and trucks and with stuff being carted in and out. Big trucks and big industrial business... lots of metal and wheels and there were these students shooting this little video or something directly across the road. It was a funny contrast. Basically you're doing exactly the same thing but you bring in that much money that it just goes into another sphere, y'know.

OD: With a film like *Shine* when do you feel satisfied that it's been a success?

NT: Well, with commercial film making you've got to make some sort of return. I think

the motivation for making the film is fairly noble. The director, Scott Hicks has been very passionate about telling David Helfgott's story for, y'know, 5 or 6 years and if it gives David some publicity then that's one of the benefits from the film.

OD: *Shine* has given you the opportunity to work with Sir John Gielgud. How do you feel about that?

NT: Oh, y'know, it's interesting in so far as working with a 'famous' person or whatever. If you work 15 hour days, you expect someone to be hard working or professional no matter who they are... it doesn't really come into it so much. You don't really have time to look at someone in awe. I'll say it has been really interesting 'cause one of the actors in it is pretty well known in America and he was a huge actor in East Germany and he got kicked out of East Germany for being a subversive or whatever. Every now and then as an actor you come across someone who actually does impress you and reminds you that there is a little bit more to it than turning up and playing pretend.

OD: Once I spent some time making a paper work, I started seeing

imperfections in other papers or in our own as well as feeling the jealousy of knowing someone else has more money to burn or whatever - do you feel that in the movie theatre?

NT: Yeah, your belief in the imaginary world of film ceases to be suspended in that every time you watch a film - at least I do anyway - I'm conscious of the polystyrene board just centimetres away from the edge of screen and rain machines and the mechanics of it. Some big commercial films you can see that the way they've solved problems is to keep throwing money at it and that works on one level but with a really good film you'll see that it's fairly simple and it's got a good script and that's what gets it through.

OD: Do you ever get the feeling in, say, a shop where someone is watching what brand or colour of whatever it is that you're buying because you're 'famous'?

NT: Well it doesn't actually happen all that much, at least not that I'm aware of. It does in Adelaide. I don't, I guess in small cities people sort of end up reading more magazines y'know 'cause they're looking to the outside world a bit more or whatever. In Sydney it's not so much of a problem.

OD: Does anyone ever give you a hard time?

NT: You get people who've got to say hello to you and you might be in the middle of a fight with your girlfriend or whatever and it's just a really inopportune time and so you're not friendly to them. And I try to be obliging most of the time but if you say it's not the time then you'll get, "you're fuckin' up yourself." Yeah, y'know people just tend to forget that you're just like them where you have times when you're happy to talk to strangers and there are times when you're not. I'm not the most outgoing person in the world.

OD: I read this the other day and I'd like to hear your response to it. Jim Carrey is apparently going to be paid \$27 million plus 15 percent of the gross take for his next film.

NT: Well, I've done 11 films and the combined budget of those films would probably be somewhere like 9 million bucks. It's incomprehensible but if there's someone out there who wants to hire me for 27 million bucks then I'm not going to stop them. The level of money that Hollywood works in

now, the budgets and things is just sick, really. Just decadent. But if someone has 27 million bucks to throw at someone... I'd rather see Hollywood making billions of dollars in return than IBM or arms dealers or whatever.

OD: In the *Nostradamus Kid* you played someone who was particularly politically passionate. Do you feel that passionate about things political?

NT: I have recently become passionate about a few things. I don't know, growing

up during and post that whole sort of nuclear fears of the early eighties, I saw it as a bit of a joke and I didn't really see protesting as an effective form of change. I guess I was fairly apolitical or cynical. Not that I don't have idealistic views but I see the reality of getting things changed. For instance, East Timor. I've become very passionate and there are more and more people every day who're becoming more interested in saying stuff. But really there's very little press given to the East Timorese and if you read the Australian every day... nearly every day there's some little column. And with this general (Mantiri) who has said, "yes," the Dili massacre should have happened. I've become ashamed to be an Australian for the first time in my life because I see us as a party to genocide, basically.

If they'd just come out and say, y'know, "we have to sacrifice 2 percent of their population to make a couple of billion dollars, I'd rather they did that than say there's nothing happening."

OD: Yeah and with this whole French nuclear testing issue, I felt that it was highly hypocritical of the media and politicians to just jump on this populist bandwagon...

NT: Yeah, totally and place bans on French products. It's stupid. I mean for starters the French are testing and it's fuckin' disgusting obviously but you're guaranteed that the French nuclear tests are going to be a hell of a lot safer than any secret nuclear tests going on in Pakistan or Asia. Russia is just one big leaking mass of plutonium waste. It's really not much to worry about compared to other things. I'm also put off by Australians' willingness to have an enemy. You know, us against them and suddenly you've got a cause because, oh, it affects us. You know East Timor

doesn't really affect us, so why should we kick up a fuss about us. We deserve a good blast anyway.

It's easy for the media and so on to focus on the French as arrogant. It gives us a chance to be nationalistic without splitting the country whereas the East Timor issue might.

OD: Does film have the power to change things?

NT: You're not conscious of it at the time.

Like any form of entertainment, I think, 90 percent of the time it's just purely entertainment. Occasionally there will be things that affect people emotionally that either reinforces their belief or causes some change in their life or... a lot of people have been inspired by what are the modern myths, I guess. There's some sort of overall effect but it's subtle.

OD: When you get scripts sent to you are there any sort of parts that you steer away from because you've done them in the past or whatever?

NT: Yeah, I don't want to do any more youngy roles that I've done a lot of. Most scripts are bad. There are a dirth of people who can't write but somehow think they can write scripts. It doesn't have so much of a focus on the literary side. A lot of people see it as alchemy where by virtue of being on celluloid it will turn shit into gold. A good script reads like a good novel.

OD: What parts are you on the look out for, then?

NT: I've always wanted to do psycho killers and stuff like that. There aren't a lot of psycho killer films made here, though. The job of being an actor is kind of stupid a lot of the time. When it's really serious and dramatic a lot of the time it can feel like I'm in a bank... I don't know why but it does. I find I like comedy 'cause you go to work knowing it's about trying to make something funny and it's just fun to work.

OD: What films and co-workers do you look back on and smile when you remember 'nat you've been involved with them?

NT: I really enjoyed *The Year My Voice Broke* which was sort of like my first film really and I felt very inspired by the director John Duigan. And a film called *Lover Boy* which was sort of a short feature with Geoffrey Wright - his first film. It's really low

"I've become ashamed to be an Australian for the first time in my life because I see us as a party to genocide, basically."

"I'm not the most outgoing person in the world."



'Don't worry young Noah. I've seen the ads for *Dad & Dave* and that scene with the galah looks like powerful stuff.' - Sir JG



'Which one's middle c' again. Sir John? I forget.'

I've been to

THAILAND

too

The Discerning Travellers Guide

TRANSPORT

There is no difficulty getting a taxi around Bangkok. If you're noticeably western (and subsequently ignorant of local transport prices) all you need do is cast a glance at a driver and he'll be at your side before you can say "kho-tot". But if you're a Discerning Traveller, you'll take a "tuk-tuk". Tuk-tuks are three-wheeled fuel-injected tin cans that come complete with a driver who can't speak English and can't understand your frustrated attempts at explaining directions in Thai. There are no road rules in Thailand (at least no obvious ones) and no traffic lights. The law of the horn prevails. There are also 8 million people in Bangkok - a quarter of which own cars. It is hot. It is polluted. There are people burgeoning from every nook and cranny in the city. This makes for an interesting spectacle from the back seat of your tin-can (because the discerning tourist would have noticed that these are open-air) as you scuttle around the traffic-jammed metropolis, screaming directions at the grinning driver. You may momentarily develop a desire for personal space and fresh air. This will pass. Instead, the discerning traveller will busy himself with holding onto the plastic seat for dear life, and continuing the "conversation" with the driver. Do not be alarmed if you venture onto the sidewalk. Tuk-tuks, like motorbikes, simply weave around jammed cars and swerve to avoid the traffic pouring from the opposite direction (where there's a will - and a gap between cars - there's a way); your driver really does know where he's going.

The discerning traveller must note several points, however. Which ever city in Thailand you happen to be in, never catch a tuk-tuk or taxi outside of a hotel. The drivers tend to swarm around these like flies to dung, and you will be charged 300 bhat for a ride which would cost 20 for a local. Always agree on a price before you get into a tuk-tuk/taxi; you will be taken for a ride in more ways than one if you ask the smiling driver how much he wants when you have arrived. The discerning traveller must also

beware of the smiling (always smiling) Thai boy who approaches you and promises to take you to see "many temple and silk factory, yes, yes" in his tuk-tuk, as the main jade/silk/silver companies have a running deal with drivers that they will get free petrol and a percentage of your purchases (which are inflated accordingly). State your destination, and if you are after some bargains, check out the markets or ask a local (politely)



Good bloke or cunning vendor?

where a good dealer may be found. Also carry around one of the specky tourist maps of the city and make it obvious when you get into a taxi that you know where you are going, because otherwise you will be taken on a round trip of the city to get to a street just a few blocks away (and you'll pay for it, too).

THAI ETIQUETTE

There are books on this; touristy-type glossy things purporting to give you a low-down on the right way to behave. Don't buy these. The locals are more likely to laugh at you than be impressed by your ability to "praise their monarch whenever possible or "turn your toes away from Buddha images". Purely through trial and error (error being the operative word) I picked up a few pointers for the discerning traveller. Never touch a Thai on the head - this is considered a sacred place (ie; don't try to get the attention of a stall-

holder by tapping them here as they will turn around and slap your hand away with menacing force, adding insult to injury with a stream of unintelligible but pretty scary dialogue.) Do not touch a monk if you are a woman. This will catalyse the sort of reaction that would make the ignorant traveller run to the bathroom to check her face for gross deformities and smell her armpits.

fashion once you get out of the city and into the more rural areas. They are also appreciative if you show an interest in, and appreciation of, their culture. On the whole, however, they are friendly people; as long as you remember they are out to milk you of every tourist dollar they can (which is understandable, given the socioeconomic situation there, but frustrating if you are a penniless student.)

THAI HOTELS

In Thai hotels, basic amenities are designed to aggravate westerners. Such simple items as light switches and bathroom taps are organised around Thai logic - and the instructions are either nonexistent or in Japanese. They are intelligence tests. Let's say the dinkum Aussie wanted a shower before bed. They turn on the shower tap, and the bath starts running. They push the small silver button, and the plug appears. The shower-head itself, to ice the proverbial cake, comprises three discs which rotate in different directions and move in and out. This supposedly adjusts water pressure. Do not be fooled. If you touch one of them, the shower will growl at you like a constipated bull dog. By the time our dinkum Aussie has clued out the presence of the silver knob (the central control mechanism), they are seriously reconsidering their hygiene habits.

LAND OF SMILES

Do not be fooled. Thailand is the land of smiles alright, but Thai people smile when insulted or angry in much the same way as they smile at you, when you are buying something from them. Remember this and don't assume you have communicated effectively or sealed a bargain simply because you are being smiled at. I found their temperament to be pretty easy-going and (as long as you do not offend them in said ways) tolerant. Many Thai people have a noticeably peaceful composure - possibly a result of their national religion, Theravada Buddhism. Religion permeates their every waking moment and the westerner must remember not to show disrespect for any terms or iconography. They are also intensely curious people and are likely to grill you about "good pop groups in Australia, yes" and stare at you in an almost unnerving

another time). Now flip the little switches in different combinations until you have discerned the Bedroom Combination. Abandon the control panel at this point. This step is crucial. Now walk around and switch off all the lights in the bedroom individually, except the bedside table light, which may be flipped at your leisure. And there you have it. You have conquered the Thai Hotel Appliances. Do not, by any means, attempt to tackle the air conditioner (which is set at below freezing). Just put on lots of blankets. If it gets to be too much, call the Room Service Person Who Does Not Speak English. They will walk in, flip a small blue button obscured by the chair, and laugh at you a lot.

Actually, erase the last two paragraphs if you are a person with a short temper span. Stay in a crusty youth hostel (where the light globes have blown and no-one showers, anyway).

GUIDE TO PAT-PONG ROAD AND THE SEX MARKET

If you walk down Pat-Pong road at two in the morning, you might (I hope) react in the way that I did. Initially, you will be approached by a grinning fifteen-year old bearing a grubby sign and a "flee drink pass for the lady". If you look closer, you

will notice, "Pussy Ping-Pong" and "Cum see Pussy Smoke Sigarette" emblazoned in blue ink on the card. Big fluoro signs and loud Thai men with microphones will tell you about the "pussy peel banana" show. There will be young Thai girls, who look like they

Australians with resort tans and attitudes that would make their girlfriends at home puke. You will look into the faces of some of the young girls, and you will see bruises and plastic smiles. You will see drunk westerners pulling scantily-clad children off the stage



should be at home listening to bedtime stories, draped over poles in skimpy bikinis. They will be wearing thick make-up, as showy as peacocks, but minus all pride. There will be hoards of western men swarming around club entrances, their pockets filled with spare change and their minds filled with anything but the wife and kiddies at home. You will find a frightening concentration of

to sit in their laps. You will be told of the "lucky girl", who looks no more than twelve, and the show she will put on in half an hour - "pussy open bottle", and "virgin fun for men and women". You will be offered a "lucky girl" for fifteen dollars a night.

Sex market? Meat market. If you are like me you will come away thinking that while "pussy smoke cigarette", Thailand sells its soul.

Belinda Barnet.

THAI MENUS

Care for some "frite chicken and brasil" or "plane rice?" Thai menus are one of the most amazing features of the restaurants. If you find yourself in a cafe, on a table next-door to some fellow westerners, you can share some giggles - it's a real bonding experience. The Thais have tried pretty hard to cater to the western palette - but the language has eluded them. However, this is not such a bad thing; in fact, it can be the highlight of your "delishus mel". In the morning, you can start the day with such culinary delights as "poridge with milk", "plane milk" or (of course) "egg and began". Mind that you watch those "loose aggs", though - they just might escape and join forces with your "crassants". By midday, you're probably feeling peckish again, so why not sit down to some "prawn soap"? If that's a little too daring for you, how about some good old "potato fly" (but mind that you keep the cover on)? Considering you are in Thailand, when dinner comes around, you must have "coce nut soop" with your meal, and you'll need to wash it all down with a "bloody marry" in order to make room for the "is cream".

RETURNING Officer

Applications are now open for the position of **Returning Officer** for the Annual Elections. The successful applicant will be responsible for the conduct of all aspects of the election for

- the Adelaide University Union Board
- the Students' Association Council
- the Students' Association Education Services Standing Committee
- the Students' Association Activities Standing Committee
- the Students' Association Women's Standing Committee
- the Students' Association Environment Standing Committee

Applications close on Thursday, July 27th at 4pm sharp. Applications should be submitted in duplicate to the SAUA Office before this time. Further information can be obtained from the SAUA.



Library Tours

Orientation Week 24-28 July 1995

The Barr Smith Library will be running conducted tours of the Library during Re-O Week and the following week. They are designed for students who are starting at Uni in Semester 2.

The actual dates and times are:

Wednesday 26 July at 10am, Thursday 27 July at 3pm, Friday 28 July at 10am

and the following week they will be:

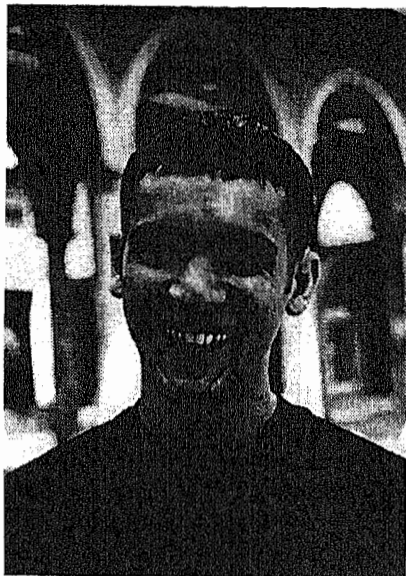
Tuesday 1 August at 11am, Wednesday 2 August at 4pm, Thursday 3 August at 11am

Bookings will be at the Barr Smith Library Information desk

THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

Information to Bio

SAUA GEAR



Haroon Hassan
SAUA President.

The SAUA President is responsible for the co-ordination of the Students' Association and chairs its governing body the SAUA Council. (Oh yes, and thanks for all the fish...)

Introduction

Salutations! Welcome back to another fun filled semester of study and socialising! It all kicks off today with Union Centenary Week. We kindly folks in the SAUA decided to forego the raucous festivities that normally constitute Re-Orientalism seeing it was the Union's birthday (how many times do you turn one hundred after all?). All this week the Union and its affiliates will be on display, with catering specials, free films & markets (just to name a few). The theme weeks are a happenin' thing this semester so hold on as the Union, SAUA & OSA transform the University with colour and activity in the next month.

Annual Elections

Yes, the time is near when annual elections will once again be upon us. For those of you keen to get involved in the electoral process don't hesitate to come and see me if you want more information about how everything works.

For those who are especially keen...Applications are now open for the position of Returning Officer for the Annual Elections. The successful applicant will be responsible for the conduct of all aspects of the election for

- the Adelaide University Union Board
- the Students' Association Council
- the Students' Association Education Services Standing Committee
- the Students' Association Activities Standing Committee
- the Students' Association Women's Standing Committee
- the Students' Association Environment Standing Committee

Applications close on Thursday, July 27th at 4pm sharp and should be submitted in duplicate to the SAUA Office before this time. Further information can be obtained by coming in to see me in the SAUA.

Free Field Trips!

Well not quite. The University Council will soon be discussing a proposal to ensure that *travel and basic accommodation be provided FREE to students who attend compulsory field trips*. The SAUA raised this issue some time ago and a range of recommendations to abolish illegal fees and charges were adopted by the University. This final proposal was referred to various parties for discussion and we will be putting pressure on the University to ensure that it is passed.

Thats all folks!

Finally this week, the ratbag SAUA Staff members who put my graduation photo on the SAUA Newsflash, you will pay for your heinous crime!!!! (God, how embarrassing...). Last but not least. . .

Happy Birthday to Kym (Kymmy T') Taylor.



Michelle Giglio
Education Vice President

Michelle Giglio looks after educational issues at University and is available to assist students with academic concerns.

Willkommen zurück! Hope your hols were great. There's so much happening this term, so I hope you can keep up with all the excitement.

Get Re'Oriented

Centenary Week is happening right now, and is a celebration of our Union which has turned the big 100 this year, and is to get students back into Uni life. Various things will be happening, including free films, free BBQ cooked by our illustrious affiliate Presidents, the chance to sign up to a club or sports group, and two fab bands playing in the Uni Bar on Friday night. GET INTO IT.

National Week of Action

NUS National has declared this to focus on the issues of postgraduate and permanent resident up front fees. Look out for details, and you can get involved by coming to the South Australian Education Network, which meets at 5pm every Thursday in one of the meeting rooms on Level 5 of the Union Building.

Uni Bar has gone Troppo

The Uni Bar has had a transformation thanks to some dedicated individuals. There are some beautiful murals - check them out. They'll inspire you.

I'm off to follow the Yellow Brick Road. Ciao.



Sandy Pitcher
Women's Officer.

Holidays? Did someone say holidays? Why didn't anyone tell me it was holiday time?? The last four weeks have been a hive of activity in the SAUA preparing for the onslaught of special "weeks" happening over the next few months. My pet projects have been *Elle Dit*, Zero Tolerance and Blue Stocking Week, so look out for all of the exciting events coming your way.

NOWSA

A group of twenty Adelaide University women travelled with thirty other SA women to the NOWSA conference in Melbourne. Big thanks to the Club's Association, Barry Wilkins from the Union Centenary, the SAUA and to all of the sponsors who donated goods for the raffle. The conference was a great experience - attended by six hundred women from all over Australia, so check out the reports of people who attended in *On Dit*.

BLUE STOCKING WEEK

Blue Stocking Week is happening SA wide from the 31st July - 4th August. The week celebrates women in education, and features of the week include...

- Monday: a state launch featuring **Hilary Charlesworth, Janine Haines, Katrina Power** and a performance art piece by **Kylee Smith**.
 - Launch of Zero Tolerance campaign
 - A comedy / cabaret night being organised by the Irish Club / Labour Studies Association on Thursday night.
 - A lunchtime debate on the Barr Smith lawns
 - "Juice" an all women's band, and heaps of BBQs.
 - Dr Sandra Taylor speaking about eco feminism
- and heaps more. For more details check out posters and *Elle Dit*.

ELLE DIT

Contributions for *Elle Dit* are needed (desperately) and are due on July 26th. Any women with a few hours to spare on the weekend are very wel-

come to come down and be a part of the *Elle Dit* editorial team. Just call *On Dit* on 303 5404 for more details.

WOMEN'S SELF-DEFENCE

Women's Self-defence is happening again, both at North Terrace and Roseworthy campuses. At North Terrace the classes are running for eight weeks, from the 3rd August through to the 21st of September from 3 - 5pm on Thursday. Costs will depend on the number of women who attend, but will not be more than \$30 for eight weeks (payable class by class) which is the cheapest self-defence in Adelaide! The Roseworthy classes will be two afternoons - Monday Sept 4th and September 11th from 2 - 5pm. Sign up at the SAUA, Roseworthy Student Union, or call 303 5383 for more info.

Well that's it for me - I'm exhausted. Enjoy Centenary Week!!



Susie Brown and Tia Nairn
Environment Officers.

Environment Weeke.....IS COMING SOON

August 7th to 11th

Are you interested in helping out with an eco-fashion parade, a campaign for public transport or against nuclear weapons, a green home display, painting a banner or a multitude of other environmental activities. If so please contact Susie or Tia in the SAUA as we would love to have heaps of people involved in Environment Week this year.

Environment Edition of *On Dit*

Any budding writers, poets, cartoonists or artists who would like to be featured in an Environment Edition of *On Dit*, now is your chance. If you have a particular environmental issue which concerns you or would like to comment on the state of the world in general, put pen to paper now and have your submission in by Wednesday August 2nd to the SAUA or the *On Dit* office.



SAUA Council - Friday July 28th, 4pm Margaret Murray Room.

SA Education Network - come into the SAUA for details.

Returning Officer's Appointment, Friday July 28th, 2pm Canon Poole Room.

Union Centenary Week

July 24-28



CENTENARY

Union Centenary Week will be celebrated from Monday July 24 - 28, to commence the second semester, replacing the traditional Re-Orientation.

The AUU Board, Centenary Committee, AUU Activities, SAUA Council, PGSA, OSA, Waite Institute, Roseworthy Student Council, Sports Association, Clubs Association, UniCatering, Unibar, Craft Studio, Unibooks and the Resource Centre have combined resources to stage a week of activities and entertainment which focus on the facilities and services provided by the Adelaide University Union for its members.

You are all invited to the opening from 12.00 noon till 2.00pm on Monday when AUU President Tim Kleinig hosts (and cooks) the BBQ lunch in the Cloisters. Join us for a free sausage sizzle (and vegetarian hamburgers).

During lunch PROSH will hand over its cheque to the Aids Council of South Australia on behalf of SAUA, Sports Association, Irish Club, and Department of Labour Studies, all of whom did a fantastic job in raising a fantastic amount of money from PROSH activities this year. Unibooks will launch the Unibooks SA Short Story Competition with over \$1,000 in prize money.

The activities continue throughout the week with a film festival (first releases) in the Union Cinema at 1.00pm with *Muriel's Wedding* on Tuesday, *Mask* on Wednesday, *Pulp Fiction* on Thursday, and *What's Eating Gilbert Grape* on Friday.

Clubs and Sports Association will show-case their member organisations in the Cloisters at lunchtime on Tuesday and Wednesday. You can visit the many stalls to enquire about

a whole range of sporting and special interest activities available for your enjoyment and participation on Campus. The Sub Lumen Electronic Music Society will feature throughout the two day festivities. The German Club is staging a special Theatresports competition in the North South Dining Room on Thursday at 1pm. VolleyBall SA will hold a special competition in the Unibar on Tuesday at 12.30pm.

Unicatering will be to the fore throughout Union Centenary Week with specials in all food outlets. You might like to sample some of the food available, or perhaps purchase your own bowl and pasta with a choice of boglanaise or neapolitan sauces for just \$7.50. Watch notice boards and menus for Union Centenary Week specials. There will be buskers roaming throughout Union House during the week, and also entertainment will be in Equinox on Wednesday at 7pm (Jazz), and Thursday at lunchtime will feature Deanne Djuric, soloist. In the Gallery Coffee Shop on Thursday at 1pm, the Scott Griffiths Trio will entertain.

The Unibar will be the centre of attention on Tuesday at 1.00pm for a Bar Video, whilst on Thursday evening there will be comedy at 7.30pm with Adam Hills, Jodstar and Alex Collins. On Friday it is non stop action in the Unibar with sausage sizzles from 12noon and from 4pm, Strongbow specials all day, Bunta Boys at 1pm, after 2pm the latest video releases, and at 5pm, Five Hours of Cheese. The Union Centenary Week celebrations culminate in a top night of bands in the Unibar on Friday evening at 7pm featuring Bliss, Crisp, Framing Watson, and

Fiendish Cavendish. Adelaide University Union members are free, guests are just \$5 with \$3 concession.

For the early risers, a Sunrise Gospel Celebration is being held in the Chapel at 8am on Wednesday, and from 8.30am - 9.30am free Breakfast will be available in the Cloisters, courtesy of the AUU Board and Centenary.

SAUA is hosting a special Environmental Careers session on Thursday from 1pm - 2pm in the WP Rogers Room. There will be Guest Speakers from The Department of Environment and Natural Resources, The Normandy Group, and AGC - Woodward Clyde.

Other activities will include the PGSA Women's Wine and Cheese Lunch on Tuesday at 5.30pm at Katherine Lumley College, PGSA Dinner in the Gallery on Wednesday at 6.30pm and the PGSA Breakfast at Roseworthy on Monday at 8.30am. The AU Liberal Club will stage a Debate on Voluntary Euthanasia at 1pm on Thursday in Napier 102.

Roseworthy Student Union Council is celebrating Union Centenary Week on Thursday at Roseworthy with lunch and activities from 12 noon, whilst Waite Institute will have a table in the Cloisters on Friday to promote activities, in particular, the forthcoming Union Centenary celebrations in August, the Time Capsule and the Waite Ball.

It's all happening, so join in the celebration of Union Centenary Week to mark the commencement of second semester.

Further information is available from Barry Wilkins, AUU Centenary Coordinator in Union Administration on 303 5131

1895 - 1995

1895 - 1995



Another part of the Adelaide University Union's Centenary Celebrations took place on July 11-13 in the form of a Centenary Conference, with the theme being 'The Next 100 Years: A Celebration, and Defence of Student Organisations.... incorporating NUS Education Forum'.

The Conference, run by the Union and the National Union of Students, attracted both student representatives and staff members from student organisations from all around the country, and focused on the strength and weaknesses of student organisations and threats to such organisations, as well as general education issues and working out how student organisations can continue to defend students' rights in these issues.

Among the highlights was a session where representatives from Victorian and West Australian student organi-

sations told of their experiences in dealing with Voluntary Student Unionism and the impact VSU has made on the organisations to provide both representation and services, and how other student organisations can prepare to fight against any possible VSU legislation.

Another highlight was a session in which spokespersons from all political parties were invited to address the conference on their parties' education policies. This provided a useful forum for the student representatives to ask direct questions about the different policies and endeavour to find out 'the real truth'.

Overall, the conference was a huge success and congratulations must go to the organisers, Barry Wilkins, AUU Centenary Co-ordinator, Tim Kleinig, Union President and SAUA President Haroon Hassan.



The Union Centenary Week celebrations will not be including any of these activities. Maybe next year.



NOWSA PART ONE

VOX POP



Toni, Pam and Monica (Qld)

1. Monica: This dance party.

Funny you should say that (hee hee, we caught them at a good time to ask)

Monica: Actually for me it was probably the environmental feminist who spoke.

Pam: It was good to see so many women working in different areas that I hadn't previously experienced. It was great to discover the breadth of feminist activity.

Toni: There's been a really friendly atmosphere... Ooooh.

Monica: And the percussion band, *The Bad Girls*.

Pam: Yeah, definitely.

Teresa and M (WA)

1. Teresa: I liked the plenaries.

M: We got the bid for next year's NOWSA. Also there are great looking women here.

Teresa: A smorgasboard.

2. M: No root. Just no sex.

Well the night 'aint over yet.

Teresa: That was the only lowlight really.



Justine (Qld) and Olivia (Vic)

1. Justine: The Vibe Night.

Olivia: Definitely going to the plenaries after three hours of sleep and still being able to think... definite highlight. Making it in the mornings; that was a highlight.

Justine: Having eight people in our house... and using other people's shampoo.

2. Justine: The underground bitchiness.

Olivia: Petty political bickering and lack of respect for difference.



Erica, Kathy, Alison, Paula and EJ (WA)

1. Alison: The sex.

Erica: Melbourne, the shopping.

Alison: But no cafes have soy milk. Oh yeah, the food at the conference from the Uni Co-op was great.

EJ: Yeah, the food.

Alison: We reached consensus that the ALP suck.

Kathy: My billet was good.

EJ: A highlight is that Perth's getting NOWSA next year.

Alison: The sun sets over the beaches there.

2. Alison: Continual factional bickering.

Paula: Not getting a billet until three days after I arrived.



Nowsa Questions:

These questions were asked at the dance party on the last Friday of NOWSA but we managed to corner a few innocent victims and ask them what they thought of NOWSA.

1. What were the highlights of NOWSA for you?

2. Lowlights?

The Network of Women Students Australia Conference took place in Melbourne in the first week of July this year. Natasha Yacoub and Julia Davey asked the wimmin their impressions of the week at the grand finale Wimmin's Dance Party on the Friday night. Stay tuned for Part Two next week, when we ask the Adelaideans what the conference was about.

Reneae (NSW)

1. An openness by women about problems and difficulties wit NOWSA. Also, lots of different issues were addressed.

2. The decision-making process needs a warp into this century. There was a tendency to overlook certain groups in society and the alienation of some women at this conference.



RAPE WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.

Earlier this year, on Thursday June the 8th, a female student from the University Of South Australia was walking along Frome Road toward Planetree Drive (Botanic Park) near the Zoo when she was grabbed from behind and raped. The man claimed to be carrying a knife, and grabbed the woman in a headlock whilst dragging her into an embankment of the Torrens.

This incident occurred at 6pm in the evening, and there are reasons to suspect that it may be linked to a rape that occurred in similar circumstances late last year. The man at the time of the incident was wearing a grey tracksuit with a hood over his head, he is described as being approximately 173cm tall, medium build with a moustache. Anyone with any information, whether about the night in question or of any "suspicious" behaviour in the Botanic Park / River Torrens area should contact Detective Trevor Lovegrove at Adelaide CIB on 207 5130, or ring Sandy Pitcher (Women's Officer SAUA).

PLEASE REMEMBER

Whilst I am highlighting the rape in Botanic Park, the majority of sexual offences against women, occur in the home or by someone known to the survivor. Most of these remain unreported for many reasons, including that social and legal attitudes still tend to "blame" the victim. It's the easy way out to picture rape as something that only happens in dark alleys by strangers - this IS NOT THE REALITY OF WHAT RAPE IS TO WOMEN. As a society we need to change the misconceptions surrounding rape and sexual assault against both men and women.

- No-one ever asks to be raped. No matter what you wear, where you are, or who you're with, it's not your fault.
- Everyone has the right to say NO!
- Silence is not consent.

HOW CAN I CHANGE ATTITUDES?

TUDES?

From week two - week six the Women's Officer, Women's Standing Committee will be running a Zero Tolerance of Violence Against Women campaign. Stick a sticker on your diary, use the bookmarks, but most importantly read the broadsheet, think about the



Fuck with me

Pay the consequences

themes and slogans of the campaign, and talk to others about your thoughts. University students are in a great position to learn about important social issues and spread the information throughout the community

WHAT CAN YOU DO TO PROTECT YOURSELF?

If you are personally worried about your security, you can....

- Be aware!
- Call Security (Hughes Plaza Office) on 303 5990 for a security escort to your bus, a taxi, car or to the residential colleges. This service is offered 24 hours, seven days a week.
- Take a self-defence course. The Women's Officer in the SAUA (that's me) is offering a self-defence for women course starting THURSDAY 3rd AUGUST, from 3-5pm for eight weeks, until the 21st September. The price is yet to be determined, but it will be very cheap for Adelaide Uni students. Please call 303 5406 to book a place.
- If you'd prefer self-defence in the evenings you can book through the Craft Studio for eight lessons beginning Wednesday August 9th from 6-8pm in the North South Dining rooms, with the remainder of the seven lessons being held at the Wing Chin Academy. The cost for the eight two hour sessions is \$40.
- If you are a Roseworthy woman student, there are going to be two self-defence afternoons Monday September 4th and September 11th from 2-5pm. For more info contact Kirsty Firth or Mike Greig at RACSU, or Sandy Pitcher in the SAUA (303 5383).
- For male and female students there are a number of judo, karate and other martial arts courses both on campus and around Adelaide
- Look out for the ten security phones soon to appear all around the North terrace campus. These hardwire phones will connect you straight to the security office, and will be used to call for an escort, and will be well lit so as to provide a safe meeting place. Keep your eyes on On Dit to see when they will be fully operational.
- Come and talk to Security (Hughes Plaza Office), the Women's Officer (SAUA) or the Education Welfare Officers (Union) about your individual problems and needs.



ELLE DIT

for the grrls by the grrls

looking for contributions for the
wimmin's edition of *On Dit*
1995 poems, articles, graphics
cartoons, stories,
anything and everything.....

**Keep an eye out for contribution
boxes or bring them down to the
On Dit office
before July 26**

The Transformation Of Germany

For better or worse?

Neo-Nazis, Neo-Nazis, Neo-Nazis! Much has been said about them. Sometimes it is portrayed that they are the only people in Germany! However since 1989 Germany has experienced many changes for better or worse. November 9, 1989 saw the "Anti-Fascist Protective Wall" (as the GDR officials called the Berlin Wall) come tumbling down repeatedly on our Television screens with the screams of "fridom, fridom" coming out of the drooling mouths of the comparatively unfashionable East Germans. Banana retailers made their profits from the event along with souvenir vendors selling everything from suspect pieces of the wall to Red Army hats. The period of popular revolutions against the "people's democracies" of Central Europe in 1989 now seem like some distant memory, however the aftermath of this period of social upheaval are still being felt. At the time, the Central Europeans truly believed that free elections and democracy would bring instant wealth.

One of the most noticeable changes as a result of 1989 was the disappearance of the German Democratic Republic on 3 October 1990, when West Germany annexed the East (now referred to as the "New Federal States"). The GDR's fate was sealed following the March 18 elections of the same year. The Christians Democrats (CDU), under the leadership of Helmut Kohl (The East's CDU leader Lothar De Maziere was there just as a front) promised quick reunification, playing upon the electorate's wishes for a sudden economic recovery which reunification was supposed to bring. These unachievable promises left the Social Democrats (SPD) and former Communists (now the Party of Democratic Socialism or PDS) reeling in defeat after promising a gradual path to reunification. As the Germans rejoiced in the revelry of the moment, Germany's neighbours viewed reunification as the rise of a new but feared regional power who had not learnt from it's past.

Many West Germans believed, their neighbours should not be afraid of reunification. Instead, the East Germans should! The west would completely take over the east. The results were obvious. Unprofitable factories were closed, forcing many to be unemployed for the first time in their lives, subsidies on basic food products were lifted causing prices to skyrocket. The psychological effects on ordinary East Germans were phenomenal. People accustomed to and guaranteed total social security by the state now faced being independent and making their own decisions. It was no doubt that many, especially the youth, became disillusioned with the new system. Suicide and crime

rates along with widespread alcoholism took off. It is from this disillusionment that the Neo-Nazis have exploited in gaining renewed popularity.

Despite the economic hardships, Germany is still seen as a rich country, acting as a magnet for economic migrants. Since laws were liberalised in 1961 allowing contract work to be offered to foreigners, Germany has become home to more than 6 million "Gastarbeiter" or "Guest Workers", a third of whom are from Turkey. In the process, Germany transformed itself into a multicultural society. Even under Communism, the East too had foreign workers, mainly Cubans, Vietnamese and Mozambicans. Since the fall of the wall, there has been a rise in the numbers of newcomers, overstretching Germany's ability to house them all. Of the significant newcomers, large numbers of ethnic Germans from Poland, Romania and the ex-USSR have taken the opportunity to start a new life in the near mythical "Heimat" or "Homeland", a huge influx of Roma (Gypsies) mainly from Romania has caused outrage and the phenomenal growth of the sizes of communities like the Vietnamese and Polish have tested German tolerance. Political refugees, until recently, used Germany as a main destination because of its lax asylum laws. With high unemployment in some regions coupled with the government policies of distributing newcomers evenly throughout the country and separating them from mainstream German society, it is no wonder that the nationalist anti-immigration policies of the extreme right have gained popularity. The Christian Democrat government of Helmut Kohl, sees Germany having an immigration, and not a fascist, problem and could not let the opportunity pass in improving in the polls by imposing tough restrictions on political asylum and by approving the deportation of "illegal" immigrants. These measures were understood as measures mainly against the universally despised Roma and soon trains full of captured "illegals" were on their way back to Bucharest, Romania.

All this combined, the problems with economic and social change, have created the right environment for the growth of extremist groups. While left-wing groups have seen a growth in membership in the past 5 years, it is the Neo-Nazis which has gained most of the world's attention. Attacks on refugee hostels, graffiti, murder and fire bombing of homes and businesses owned by *gastarbeiter* have increased. One myth created by mainstream media is that this is just an East German problem. In fact the first prominent bombings after the fall of the wall



took place in the West. Another myth concerning the East was awareness of the past. The West's whole attitude concerning Nazism and World War II is forget the past, while in the East, much emphasis was given to educating the people about the atrocities committed by the Nazis. Now, after the total imposition of the West's political and educational systems on the East, that former emphasis has gone. One example of this happened when the National Museum in Berlin was closed for alterations of its displays, resulting in the previously large display about the Nazis disappearing. Such apathy to the past in relation to today has helped in the current rise of Neo-Nazi sympathy.

Germany, following reunification, sought a greater role in foreign affairs by expanding its sphere of influence to the countries of Central and Eastern Europe. This campaign bogged Germany down into the war in Yugoslavia, in addition to having to deal with the renewed, and often anti-German, nationalism of the region. Still, Germany is a magnet for the poor of Europe. Despite its past and current troubles, Germany maintains a low unemployment rate and a welfare and social system which is envied throughout the world. The Neo-Nazi and immigration problems, no matter how exaggerated the media can portray them, do pose serious questions about which direction Germany wants to go: the multicultural option or sticking to the idea of the German nation and the German Blood.

Nick Nasev



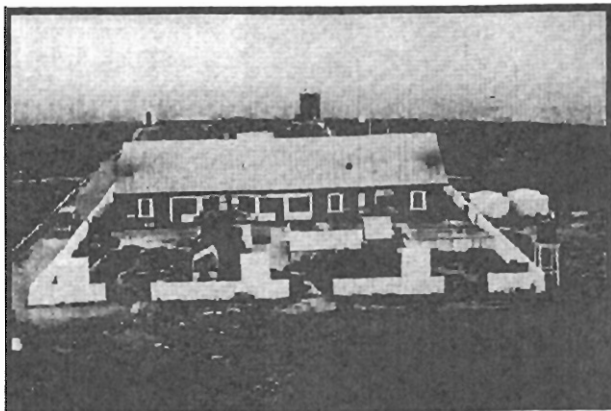
A large number of offshore islands sprinkle the coastline of South Australia - pristine wildernesses, sanctuaries for abundant seabirds with superlative cliffs and chasms, crystal waters and tens of hundreds of breeding marine mammals. Many of them are already in private hands, stocking sheep or subdivided for exclusive holiday makers, some few are managed by National Parks as conservation parks and many have automatic lighthouses and helipads. Those with lightstation infrastructures on them are the concern here.

Lighthouses and lightstations established from last century in imperial style, for navigation and safety are now commodious cottages, built of hand hewn granite, jetties, airstrips, workshops and engine sheds. They were built by the working people, paid for by the taxes of the community. Always contributing to the welfare of sea-faring people, of the fishers, the yachties, of passing ships and from time-to-time, saving lives, offshore lightstations were used in times of war for radar and radio installations and always monitor the weather, recording a full range of data used by the Meteorology Bureau in their forecasts.

But over the last few decades, the function of lightkeepers was whittled away by city-based decision makers creating glaring anomalies. At the end, for all South Australian lighthouses are now fully automated, many operated by solar power, lightkeepers had no search and

rescue function - not even a boat or a radio with whom they could talk to local fishing fleet or international liners. In 1983, a parliamentary inquiry recommended that the lightstations stay 'manned' and consultations took place between State governments, community groups and Commonwealth departments to spread the responsibilities for the continuance of a human presence on these outposts. Stephen Murray-Smith writing of the Bass Strait islands saw this as a hopeful sign of people caring for people. But the Australian Maritime Safety Authority, now a multi-million dollar corporate body (formerly the Department of Community and Transport) dodged any financial responsibility. It collects high fees from ships passing racon beacons and services lights every six months by helicopter. AMSA so cut its ties with offshore islands to the extent of resurveying the land surrounding the towers and demanding that other bodies, such as Telecom, remove their telephone lines and aerials from the towers (at considerable expense - a figure of \$12,000 per tower was quoted).

The functions for these ex-lightstations as a community resource and for future possibilities are endless. For environmental monitoring and base line studies, they are crucial and are the obvious site for the location of the world-wide Global Ocean Monitoring proposal. Most ex-lightstations are now operating as volunteer coastguard radio



stations and work in with various government departments - in particular, Customs and Fisheries. Weather observations of sea and swell conditions are vital for the whole south coast of Australia and many ex-lightstations send three hourly observations to the Bureau of Meteorology for forecasting. They also participate in storm warning programs. Surfing carnivals on Yorke Peninsula use reports from Neptune Island. The ex-lightstations continue to function as a fishers' resource - it could be in the provision of oil for a leaking engine, a fan belt to replace a broken one to the operation of a full

regular NZ Fur Seal and Australian Sealion counts. Would it be better to just abandon the islands to these creatures? Personally, I think not. For tens of years, sensitive interaction and interlock between human and animal species has quietly been taking place. Take the example of Neptune Island, the largest New Zealand Fur Seal breeding colony in Australia with over 8,000 seals occupying an 80 acre island. Human presence on the island has meant protection of the seals from fishers and tourist operators. Guided tours are possible by caretakers who come to know the location of every breeding Sealion.

Offshore Islands

Who is responsible?

scale fishermen's radio base undertaking schedules as far west as the state border. All ex-lightstations are equipped with full flying doctor medical services and drugs. As to the future in advent of oil spills, the offshore islands will play a crucial role. But none of these offshore islands has any but minimal infrastructure support from any government body. Rumour has it that in the United States, they are going the other way and many of the lightstations are being reopened as environmental watch centres.

Perhaps the most critical issue of these offshore islands is their role as sanctuaries for marine mammals and seabirds - Seal scientists use the accommodation on the islands for their

Birdlife too needs protection; the unknowing visitor can kill a chick and shearwater parent merely by walking unguided - the islands are covered in unrecognisable burrows.

When AMSA pulled out of the lightstations they were handed over to National Parks and Wildlife Services to manage. The paperwork took four years. The Australian Heritage Commission stipulated that European built heritage surveys had to be undertaken (as many of the buildings are listed on the National Estate). They also stipulated that the buildings must be kept occupied. But no environmental survey has ever taken place.

National Parks in South Australia appears to not have the resources to

maintain and service outposts, nor sufficient funds to pay a ranger to oversee the 14,000 seals that inhabit the combined Neptune groups. Responsibility for individual islands revolves on the regional head ranger paid out of the local budget. Kangaroo Island ex-lightstations were quickly incorporated into the Parks systems with paid rangers at Cape Borda and Cape Willoughby but this was after the cottages at Cape du Couedic were abandoned. (Recently, I believe the cottages were repaired at considerable expense.) On Yorke Peninsula, the Parks sold their boat, their usual means of access to the island. In ad hoc manner, caretakers were left on the island with no provision of basic services, just a small allowance of less than \$50.00 per week for food. In desperation, one caretaker got the airstrip operational - prior to automation AMSA had an agreement with a helicopter company to service the island - it cost over \$7,000 to sling 20 drums of diesel. The re-opening of these airstrips is crucial to their viability for ordinary folk, yet Parks has not yet utilised this option. One way round such a mishmash of policy would be to establish a ranger's position responsible for co-ordination and management of the offshore islands of South Australia.

Limited vision clouds the future of these islands. While eco-tourism could and should play a role - as in the case of Troubridge Shoals - to expect all ex-lightstations to self fund is short sighted. Indeed as James Hamilton-Paterson¹ writes

once an island becomes a resort it ceases in some essential way to be an island and turns into an extension of a mainland, even if that is half a world away. There are real dangers in the escalating shark tourism, where operators berley to attract white shark for the exclusive privilege of a few. These activities are totally at odds with the ongoing human presence on the islands - and shark tourism only evolved in an oversight in the law when berleying was banned three kilometres from the mainland (the offshore islands were forgotten about). Althorpe Island is to become the new Alcatraz for street kids. Thistle Island is to house a submarine base - to test explosions for the next twenty years. Imagine how that will impact on migrating whales. The occupiers of South Neptune island after five years have decided to move on and it appears the vacuum in responsibility continues - the lightstations complex may be abandoned. As the world's human population continue to pollute their environment it becomes all the more important that those remaining island sanctuaries are cared for, the dwellings kept habitable and the islands accessible to all who need them.

Deborah Jordan

¹ J. Hamilton-Paterson, *The Great Deep: The Sea and Its Thresholds*, Random House: New York, 1992, p.80.



CHECHNYA

Who are the Chechens and why is there a war? Nick Nasev reports on the conflict in the new Russian Federation.

Fact Box

Situated in North Caucasus region of Russian Federation

Population: over one million

Capital: Grozny

Languages: Chechen, Russian

Main Religion: Sunni Muslim

Main Export: Petroleum Status; self-declared independent republic as of late 1991. Autonomous Republic within USSR, known as Checheno-Ingush ASSR 1957-1991
Head of State: Dzhokar Dudayev

the village of "Chechen", therefore the Russians continued to refer to the Nohchii as Chechens. The five decade Muslim resistance was followed by Russification, a process Stalin later continued. The legacy of this is still seen by the appearance of the typical Russian surname endings of "ev" and "ov" to the end of Muslim names such as Hassan-ov, Duday-ev, by the use of the Cyrillic (Russian) alphabet for writing in Chechen and other Caucasian languages; and by the founding of new cities such as Chechnya's capital Grozny ("Groznyy" now lives up to its Russian meaning - "terrible").

After a century of Russian and Soviet Occupation, the Chechens sought their independence during World War II by collaborating with Hitler against the Russians. Chechnya, like other republics in the Caucasus, boast large reserves of petrol, which Hitler desperately needed. However, following the Nazi defeat at Stalingrad, Stalin punished the Chechens and other Caucasian peoples and ordered their deportation to

Officially, the Russian Federation government states that the war in Chechnya is for the protection of the integrity of Russia's internationally recognised borders. This is not entirely false. The former USSR was divided into 15 Republics (SSRs), of which one was Russia. Russia itself is divided into 16 Autonomous republics (ASSRs), 15 autonomous regions (AOBs and AOKs) and 76 Regions (Oblasts). Russia does not want its empire to disintegrate even more, so if Chechnya was to be let free, what could stop other regions from seceding. Indeed, the autonomous republics of Tatarstan, Bashkortostan and Yakutia have clearly expressed their independence dreams. However, unlike Chechnya, they lack any easy access to foreign markets since they are geographically and economically attached to Russia.

Sceptics first believed that the real reason for the war was for the oil, a Russian Kuwait so to speak. The war also has been attributed to the traditional anti-Islamic attitude of Russia,

from the real issues facing ordinary Russians, as well as a motive to build up the nationalism and prestige lost after the fall of the superpower USSR. In the process, the Russian government has embarrassed itself politically and militarily, posing the question - was the West scared of this army?

The war started on the 17th December 1994 with the hope of a quick victory using all the technology the Red Army could use. By the time for celebrations of the 50th anniversary of the defeat of Nazism on Victory Day (May 9), the Russian forces had under their control two-thirds of Chechnya. Chechen president Dzhokar Dudayev is still in hiding, commanding a guerilla army. The Russians were to replace him with Ruslan Khasbulatov, himself a Chechen, but he is famous in Russia and the West for being a fierce Russian nationalist and former leader of the Soviet old guard in their fight against reform. As yet, the Chechens are not defeated, and judging by recent events, such as the hostage cri-

Chechnya, prior to the 17th December 1994, belonged to that group of places that no one had ever heard of, came into the limelight as the latest flashpoint from the disintegrated USSR. On that day, the once mighty Red Army entered the break-away region with the intent of gaining a quick victory, wiping out any hopes for any other region in the Russian Federation to secede. However, with the war now into its sixth month and now involving terrorism and hostage taking in Russia proper, there is no peaceful end in sight. Prior to the war, Chechnya and the Chechens were unknown outside the former USSR. You may be wondering who are the Chechens and why there is a war.

The one million, predominantly Sunni Muslim Chechens, are a fiercely patriotic people that speak a language unintelligible to Russians and only related to a few neighbouring languages. They call themselves "Nohchii" meaning people in Chechen. Prior to their en-masse conversion to Islam in the 18th century, the Chechens followed the unwritten laws of "Adat"; which could be described as an early form of socialism, which saw all Chechens considered as equals with all decisions made by popular vote. When the Turkish controlled Caucasus region came under Russian rule by force in the first half of the 19th century, the Chechens put up heavy resistance, gaining a reputation for guerilla fighting. While the Christian peoples of the Caucasus (the Georgians and Armenians) saw the Russians as liberators from Muslim rule, the Chechens along with the 50 other Muslim minorities saw the Russians as invaders. The first contact the Russians had with the Chechens was at



A cache of Soviet made weapons seized from Chechen guerillas.

Soviet Central Asia and Siberia. Following their rehabilitation and the reformation of the Checheno-Ingush ASSR in 1957, the Chechens were allowed to return to their homeland, though many opted to stay behind in Siberia. The wounds from such an ordeal have yet to heal and only built up more anger towards Russians. While the region petrol industry was economically exploited in the Brezhnev years, Chechnya was left to rot in poverty. All this combined, the Chechens seized their chance for independence amid the turmoil following the failed coup of 1991.

which has seen popular Russian support going towards their ethnic and religious brothers - the Serbs, in the war in Bosnia. The Russians feel threatened by the growing numbers and political strength of the Muslim population with Russia's boundaries, whether it be Chechens, Tatars, Bashkiris or Dagestanis. Along with the Georgians, Armenians and Muslims from other ex-Soviet Republics, they run the now famous mafias that control the main cities of Russia.

The war in Chechnya is also used by the government as a distraction

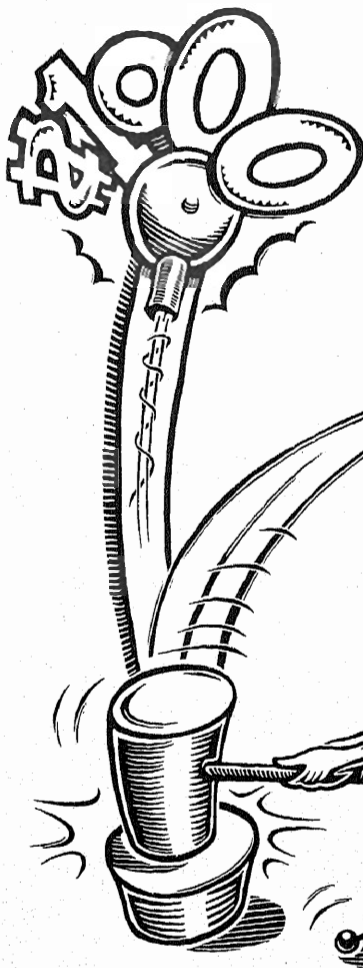
sis in Budvinsk, where Chechen rebels took hostage hundreds of Russians, the war will only spread into Russia and neighbouring Caucasian autonomous republics.

It must be pointed out that the war in Chechnya is not the only war raging in the former Soviet Union. Intense wars are being battled in neighbouring Ossetia, Georgia, Abkhazia, Nagorno-Karabakh, in Transnistria in Moldova (next to Romania) and in Tajikistan. The extent that the media does not report on these tragic wars is amazing when compared to Bosnia, Rwanda or even Chechnya.

UNIBOOKS, THE ADELAIDE RAY, ONDIT, RADIO 5UV, ENTROPY*, dB MAGAZINE
present

The Unibooks SA Short Story Competition

an event inaugurated by independent SA organisations



50-1500 words - free entry - closing Friday 18th August 1995
OPEN TO SA RESIDENTS OF ALL AGES

(except official staff of presenting & sponsoring organisations)

Judged by prominent SA panel (Samela Harris, Tom Burton, Matt Rubinsteln, Penelope Curtin)

\$1,000 first prize!

**2nd prize - \$500 High Performance Passbook Account
Courtesy of the ANZ Bank**

3rd prize - Mercury Cinema Season Pass

Other prizes...

4th - \$100 Random House Book Prize

5th - \$100 Allen & Unwin Book Prize

6th - \$100 Harper Collins Book Prize

7th - \$100 Croxley Collin Stationery Pack

8th - \$100 Art Gallery Bookshop Prize

9th - Festival Centre Theatre Prize

**10th - Lowdown Magazine Subscription
Prize (x2)**

11th - Theatre Guild Prize

12th - Radio 5UV Subscription Prize (x2)

plus student encouragement awards...

**1st - \$100 Penguin Books Voucher +
Equinox Bistro Voucher + \$100 STA
Travel Voucher**

2nd - 3M Writer's Survival Kit

3rd - Jolt Cola Late Night Survival Pack

WINNERS ANNOUNCED: 4TH SEPTEMBER 1995

Winners' works will be published in participating media

Entries should be double-spaced, A4 typed. Entries will not be returned - Entrants should include their name, address, contact and occupation. Short stories, along with aforementioned details, should be sent to:
SHORT STORY COMPETITION, UNIBOOKS, GPO BOX 498, ADELAIDE 5001

For further information contact Grace Fitzpatrick on
phone **223 4366** or fax **223 4876**

The Unibooks SA Short Story Competition: The writing will soon be on the wall



KINDLY PRINTED BY POSH PRINTING PHONE 232 2992

AU students can lodge their entries at the *On Dit* office in the George Murray Building

What's happening in

New Zealand

Avoid this if politics bores you

New Zealand is the land of the big green carpet. Some people carpet their living room, some the whole house, but these people have carpeted the whole country. Grass is New Zealand's biggest export. Grass in the form of wool, mutton, beef, dairy products and venison. On the bus from Auckland to Wellington I realised that *Footrot Flats* is no joke. These rural carpet carers (known in the vernacular as sheep farmers) form the solid support base for the conservative National Party. In 1981, when the anti-apartheid protesters occupied the pitch and stopped the Springbok rugby match in Hamilton, it was these likely lads that hospitalized many for ruining their sport. And being in New Zealand during the World Cup (I saw Lomu steamroll the English fullback more than 13 times on the box), I realised just how important rugby is to the nation. No wonder they got so upset by the anti-Bok protests. Even the men of the Left stay up 'til all hours to watch the All Blacks play.

But as far as political economy goes, the Kiwis have exchanged rugby for grid iron. It's like they started out with rugby then decided to try it without an umpire, no boundaries and no limits on what you bring onto the pitch. Not surprisingly some of the players got hurt, ...and then they got stuck into the spectators. Welfare was cut, award wages abolished, the financial computer jockeys given free reign and state assets were sold at a rate that would surprise Tony Barber. They called it Rogernomics, after Roger Douglas the Treasurer in the Labour Government that won office in 1984. Then, after the Nationals won in 1990, they called it Ruthanasia, after their Treasurer Ruth Richardson - rather more colourful than Economic Rationalism

(but then would we want to have Paulonomics and Ralphanasia as part of the *Australian* vernacular?). Anyway, under this version of anarcho-capitalist rugby-grid iron, the strong did just dandy and the weak, ... well you know the story.

But something very strange is happening in NZ. It's called democracy. It's frightening the hell out of business and the two major parties but it *is* happening. That recalcitrant part of the population that simply refuses to believe in the universal wisdom and beauty of neo-classical economics and New Right social policy have organised some genuine Opposition. That opposition is formed by the Alliance, currently polling 20-25%. The Alliance is an alliance of 5 parties - NewLabour, The Greens, Mana Motuhake, Democratic Party and The Liberals. These five parties came together out of a mix of common opposition to mainstream policies and electoral expediency. They all opposed the New Right but they were all too small to make a major impact, so they got together.

The next paragraph is political-institutional detail.

Now, up to the last election, NZ had a first past the post voting system. Which meant that you marked the candidate you wanted and the one who won was the one with the most votes. Now if you were a pissed off Labour voter this put you in a tricky position. You could vote for an alternative candidate like the Alliance but if the Alliance candidate didn't have much of a chance your vote would effectively be wasted and you would increase the likelihood of the National Party candidate being elected - and you probably *really* disliked them. So first past the post was not very amenable to a third party breaking in (please note Australian punters this is not how our

system works - you may protest vote to your heart's content as long as you preference Labour before the Coalition - Goss is just grumpy). First past the post meant that with 18% of the national vote at the 1993 election the Alliance only has two MPs. This system has been voted out at referendum and the next election is to be run on a form of proportional representation which, on current polls, would give the Alliance about 30 MPs.

NewLabour, the largest Alliance party (at maybe 5000 members), consists of the Labour Left that split from the old Labour Party in 1989 plus some other far Left that have joined since. Its founding leader is the sitting MP for Sydenham (in Christchurch, on the South Island) called Jim Anderton. Anderton is a rather patriarchal, middle aged, white, old style social democratic ex-small businessman. He didn't have the stomach to stick with the old Labour Party as it stuck it to its traditional supporters in the poor, Maori and working class. But he did have the guts to fly in the face of the number one unwritten rule in the Labour Left - squeal as much as you like but never, repeat never, split. He is a political pro and I can give you not one juicy personal tit-bit from my interview with him because he said all the right things at some length so before I knew it I was being whisked out of his office to make way for some union delegation. He is also NZ's most preferred prime minister at 24% while the current PM is on 17% and the Labour Party leader is on 2%.

The other Alliance MP is the Mana Motuhake leader Sandra Lee who holds the Auckland Central seat. She is a bit younger than Anderton, Maori and a long time local community activist - Sir Humphrey's nightmare. She is quietly passionate, tough and has serious smarts (that's Kiwi for

brains). If you thought Liz Jackson was the thinking heterosexual man's sex idol, think again. I realize at this point that I made no such comments about Jim's sex appeal so let me rectify. I didn't feel attracted to Jim sexually but I'm only peripherally bisexual so I'm not such a good judge. The man does have charisma though. Lee is something of a local hero on Waiheke Island in Auckland Harbour. When she beat New Right warrior Richard Prebble she took over 75% of the vote on this island of ten thousand. I spent a couple of nights there and met, among the many Alliance supporters in this stronghold, an old guy named Jø who drove a white T-model Ford with an Alliance sticker on the door. It struck me that driving a white T-model Ford with a big green Alliance sticker on the door made this man the most radical I had met so far - what would old Henry have to say?

The Greens also have a big input. The structure of the Alliance gives all five parties equal representation on their National Council. In addition there is a two party veto which means that decisions only get passed if four parties support them. This gives insurance to the smaller parties and means that there is a lot of talk in order to reach a consensus.

Now for Australian punters, used to choosing between the two factions of the Labor Party, all this may seem a rather unseemly political phenomenon. Indeed NZ may well resemble Italian politics for a while - without the corruption or style (where does Berlusconi get those suits?). But if you're at all interested in red, green and/or brown politics then your political noses should be up sniffing that Tasman air. The Great Kiwi Experiment is bearing some interesting fruit.

Russell Norman



Adelaide University Union Catering Department

CENTENARY WEEK

MEAL DEALS • COMBOS • FREEBIES

<p>GRILL BAR & VEGOS</p> <p>LEVEL 2</p> <p>Buy your favourite Burger and get a FREE Bucket of Chips</p>	<p>MAYO REFECTORY</p> <p>LEVEL 2</p> <p>Bucket of Chips and a small Post Mix for only \$1.80</p>	<p>TARTS ARE US</p> <p>LEVEL 4</p> <p>Buy 3 Doughnuts for \$1.00 and get an extra 1 FREE</p>
<p>ORIENTAL EXPRESS</p> <p>LEVEL 4</p> <p>Buy a main meal and get a FREE cup of Chinese Tea</p>	<p>THE HOT POTATO</p> <p>LEVEL 4</p> <p>Your choice of hot fillings on your potato for \$3.00</p>	<p>CISCO'S</p> <p>LEVEL 4</p> <p>FREE Tea and Coffee with any meal ordered</p>
<p>EQUINOX</p> <p>LEVEL 4</p> <p>With any Burger or Pizza get a FREE Coffee or Tea</p>	<p>GALLERY COFFEE SHOP</p> <p>LEVEL 6</p> <p>Buy a Gourmet Focaccia and get a Glass of Wine or a Coffee \$5.30</p>	<p>CATACOMBS</p> <p>UNION HALL</p> <p>Pie of your choice and Can of Coke for \$2.50</p>
<p>BACKSTAGE</p> <p>SHULTZ BUILDING</p> <p>Pie of your choice and Bucket of Chips for \$2.50</p>	<p>GRILL BAR</p> <p>LEVEL 2 * 8.30 - 11.00 AM</p> <p>PANCAKE SPECIAL \$1.50 Jam, Maple Syrup or Sugar & Lemon</p>	<p>TARTS ARE US</p> <p>LEVEL 4 * 10 AM - 12 NOON</p> <p>Tea or Coffee with a Danish of your choice for \$1.50</p>
<p>EQUINOX</p> <p>LEVEL 4 * 10 AM - 12 NOON</p> <p>Tea or Coffee and Cake for \$2.50</p>	<p>EQUINOX</p> <p>LEVEL 4 * 9 AM - 10 PM</p> <p>Bowl of Fries of your choice \$1.00</p>	<p>GALLERY COFFEE SHOP</p> <p>LEVEL 6 * 9 - 10 AM</p> <p>Coffee and Cake \$2.50</p>



\$3,000 COKE COMPETITION

Buy any can and enter the competition.
Instant prizes of can of Coke or major prizes of Tasmanian Adventure Holiday
CYCLING • TREKKING • RAFTING



WHAT'S COOKING?



Joyful and Triumphant

Circa Theatre
Company(New Zealand)
Playhouse, Festival Centre
July 26 - Aug 5
Book at Bass

From July 26th to August 5th the Playhouse is playing host to the latest play in the World Theatre Series, *Joyful and Triumphant*. Written by the late New Zealand playwright Robert Lord and performed by New Zealand's foremost independent theatre company, Circa, the play traces 40 years of history and family life through the eyes of the Bishop family.

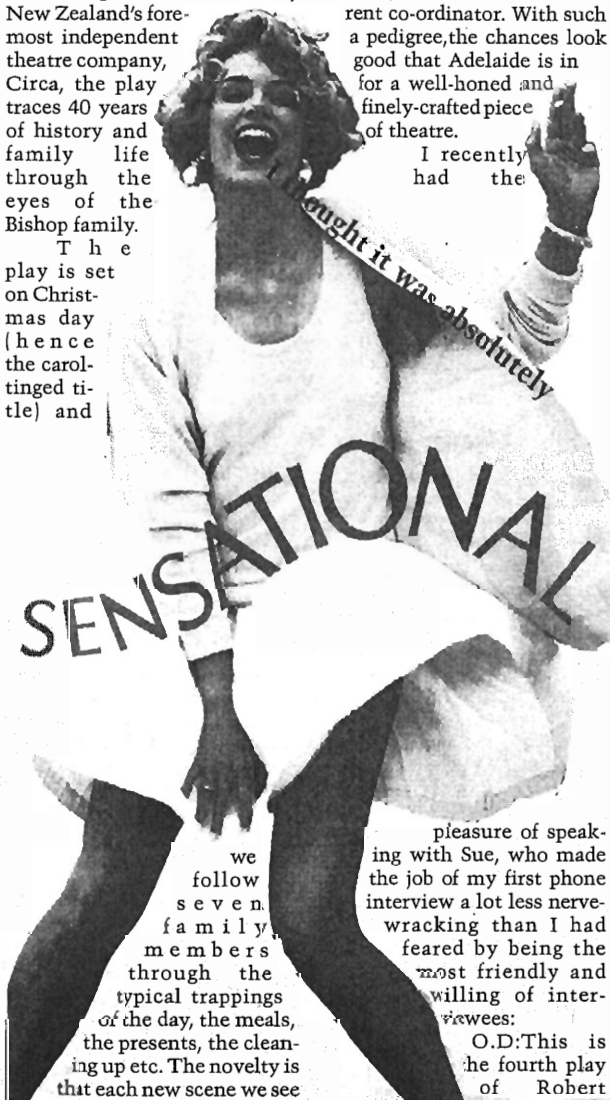
The play is set on Christmas day (hence the carol-titled title) and

before Circa premiered *Joyful and Triumphant* in NZ in 1992. Hopefully somewhere on another plane he is pleased to know it won multiple awards, had a return season and toured the nation, subsequently also being performed at Sydney's Wharf Theatre in 1994.

Throughout these successes the cast has remained constant and under the care of the show's original

director, Sue Wilson, one of Circa Theatre's founding members. An award winning actor and director, she is also Circa's current co-ordinator. With such a pedigree, the chances look good that Adelaide is in for a well-honed and finely-crafted piece of theatre.

I recently had the



we follow seven family members through the typical trappings of the day, the meals, the presents, the cleaning up etc. The novelty is that each new scene we see is also a leap forward in time, gradually taking us from 1949 to 1989 via (to borrow from the promotional blurb) the successions, failures, progressions and regressions of the characters and their family unit.

Robert Lord had a 20 year career as a writer for theatre, TV and film, and spent time in New York where he helped set up the New Dramatists studio as an outlet for new work on the theatre scene. He died just weeks be-

fore Circa premiered *Joyful and Triumphant* in NZ in 1992. Hopefully somewhere on another plane he is pleased to know it won multiple awards, had a return season and toured the nation, subsequently also being performed at Sydney's Wharf Theatre in 1994.

I recently had the

pleasure of speaking with Sue, who made the job of my first phone interview a lot less nerve-racking than I had feared by being the most friendly and willing of interviewees:

O.D: This is the fourth play of Robert Lord's you've directed. What attracts you to his work and what does it give to an audience in terms of his individual stamp?

S.W: He has a wonderful ear for dialogue, it's quite remarkable. His rhythms are very poetic. There's a lot of repetition of lines going through and they build up a sort of irony about what we're listening to. I also love his characters: they're very real, very funny and filled with

foibles, recognisable as NZ characters but at the same time universal. I love the comedy, the sense of humour.

O.D: You mentioned NZ characters - do you think there's a flavour that's specific to New Zealand?

S.W: It's an Antipodean thing really - we're all colonials here at the end of the world. That's turned us into a different sort of people from the Europeans. There's a sense of that [in the play] which Australians will identify with - and the absurdity of having Christmas in the middle of summer, our attempts to celebrate funny old traditions which really aren't ours anymore.

O.D: The critic from [NZ paper] The Lis- t e n e r described *Joyful and Tri- umphant* as Lord's last and best work - would you agree with that?

S.W: Most definitely. Quite a few of the plays he wrote were set in the United States because he spent such a long time living in New York...it's hard to compare them...but of the NZ ones I think this is by far the richest of them. The reason being that there are so many issues being discussed in terms of 40 years of the development of the nation of NZ, the things that have affected the family which once was a very secure, tight-knit, very predictable kind of unit, and by the end totally non-existent really. Those issues underneath the comedy are really important.

O.D: The promo material and reviews make the play sight unseen sound as though it fits into that comforting, life-affirming genre of movies that make you laugh a little, cry a little...what you've just said suggests there are certainly some darker currents running through.

S.W: Most definitely. The greatness of the writing is that you get taken by surprise, it twists very quickly from something hilarious to something quite frightening and disturbing, that's the power of it.

O.D: Do you come out "joyful and triumphant" or are you hanging on to those darker issues?

S.W: No, from my experience of being in the foyer when audiences come out they've had a good experience. It's been a bumpy ride but it's been worth it.

O.D: You've been with Circa since its inception 20 years ago. Do you see any parallels between the dynamics of its journey and that of the Bishop family?

S.W: Yes, you could say

that. We started as actors who felt decisions were completely out of our hands in the other theatres and who wanted to explore the concept of running the theatre ourselves. We didn't know what we were letting ourselves in for, but it's been successful. Quite a lot of us have turned into other things like directors and producers - [chuckles] we've learnt a huge amount about business management! A journey of discovery.

O.D: Similarly you and the cast have been working together on the show for some years now - is that another family environment?

S.W: It's a wonderful cast. We haven't done the show for 18 months, we just started rehearsing again on Monday and the minute we got back together again it sort of feels like a family.

O.D: You've talked about the changes in family structure that have happened in the 40 year period. What are some of the other issues in the play?

S.W: At the starting point, 1949, there's the issue of Rose whose fiance has been killed in the war. We follow Rose right through in terms of a basic part of NZ history, a whole generation of women who lost their men and never had a chance to remarry. Also the attitude to pregnancy outside of marriage, and the results of that in terms of adopting out a child then going to look for it once the laws change 20 years later. The mid-80's - the stockmarket crash and the results of that.

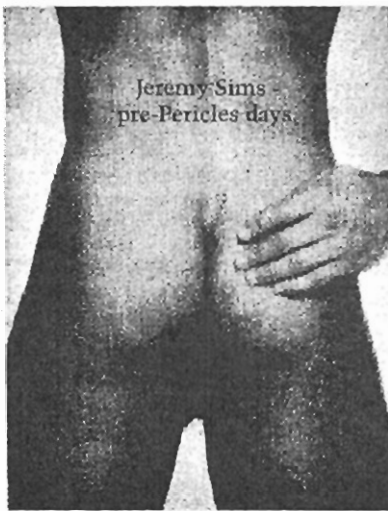
O.D: Is there anything else you'd like to say before Adelaide gets a chance to see you?

S.W: I just think that anyone who comes along will find the play immensely enjoyable, it's a tremendously funny play and well worth the journey. We've had people from all sorts of places in the world saying they could identify with it: if Japanese people can say "that's our family life as well" I don't think the appeal is just limited to New Zealanders.

So there you have it, kids. An award winning director and cast bring us an award-winning play about two things that are guaranteed to give us the best and worst in our lives: families and Christmas. Sounds like a fun night out, and since due to the limited time of the season there will be no review in these pages to spur you on to ticket-purchasing before the show closes, go to it NOW!

Cate Rogers

ON DIT



Jeremy Sims
pre-Pericles days

Bell Shakespeare Company *Twelfth Night* and *Pericles*

Playhouse - Season Closed

With their 1995 season of "Twelfth Night" and "Pericles" Bell Shakespeare Co. continue to build the Adelaide profile that began in 1993 with "Hamlet", "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard III". As with the latter trio, the many positives outweigh the few negatives, making the ticket investment most worthwhile.

"Twelfth Night", with its intricate but entertaining plot of cross-dressing, mistaken identities and love-chases played out by a clutch of entertaining and endearing characters, is a pretty hard play to miss with: Bell certainly kept the laughs coming, while giving the play's darker elements their full measure also.

Lucy Bell as Viola, whose decision to disguise herself as a boy provides the impetus for the action, has the requisite charm, strength and presence to carry the play. Her only distracting feature was a tendency to over-physicalise her boyish antics, which seems to have been a directorial choice, considering the grace she was to show in "Pericles".

As the countess Olivia who falls for Viola-in-disguise and must deal with rejection before finding happiness with Viola's twin Sebastian, Jennifer Kent had an appeal that grew as the character's vulnerabilities surfaced. As her boozy uncle Toby, his geeky friend Andrew, and her servants Maria and Fabian, Vic Rooney, Sean O'Shea, Celia Ireland and David James provided solid support. Having seen a few productions before, I found no surprises but no disappointments in this quartet. Particularly in the "box-tree" scene - here played out on ingenious swings that had been chandeliers moments before - and in the sword-fighting scene, they left the audience in stitches.

Jeremy Sims as the aforementioned Sebastian and Duncan Wass as the sea-captain who loves him acquit themselves well in what are largely thankless roles, while Darren Gilshenan - possessed of a

golden singing voice that arrests the play - provides an enigmatic rendering of Olivia's Fool, Feste. In fact, at times a little too enigmatic. As the "allowed fool" of the household, the audience needs especially to see how he and Olivia regard each other and the way he and the rest of the household relate. Director David Fenton seems to have relied a little too heavily on Feste's wise and cynical aphorisms and failed to allow him his humanity - after all, by being drawn into the revenge plot against Malvolio, he proves as frail and human as the rest despite his insight.

Speaking of Malvolio, John Bell himself takes the stage as Olivia's disdainful steward. He relishes every moment as the character tyrannises, preens and falls prey to delusions of grandeur. It's hard not to be blinded by the company leader's celebrity, but it is an assured, sharply-worked performance.

The major let-down of the show - and it's a crucial one - is the portrayal of Orsino by John Walton. Again a directorial decision must be blamed. Shakespeare's Orsino, to follow the usual cliché, is "in love with love", puffed up by the illusion of loving Olivia while in reality drawing closer and closer to the disguised Viola. To have him appear

and coverings was a versatile prop and set piece. Both plays were accompanied by live music - pacy and dramatic for TN's scene changes, delicate and melancholy for its famous songs, more epic for P's panoramic sweep. Costumes were contemporary, even a little dowdy in TN, bar a few swish numbers of Olivia's and Sir Andrew's hilarious get-up (watch out for him in Hindley St. heading for an over-26's bar): by contrast P's costumes were a feast of colours and textures to create the exotic, faraway feel of the piece. Similarly the lighting design had more scope for colour and movement in the second play.

"Pericles" is a fairytale pageant that ultimately celebrates love, patience and endurance as the adventures of its title character lead to friends, love, a family, disaster, betrayal, despair, reunion and renewal. The story is very linear, only gathering depth in its final stages, and many characters appear only to be sloughed off by the demands of the narrative. Under such conditions the bizarre plot-twists and kooky co-incidences we let pass in Shakespeare's more cohesive work become harder to stomach. e.g. *Pericles to Marina: gee, you've managed to stay virginal in a brothel, and hey you're also the daughter I haven't seen for 15 years and though you were dead so let's give thanks at Diana's temple and, laws-a-mercy, who should be here but my wife, your mother, who we*

the police, the priest) John Bell worked hard to make the parade entertaining: the cast zestfully played a host of sailors, subjects, warriors and street-vendors amid their more substantial roles as the play progressed.

Duncan Wass was solid as the evil Antiochus and virtuous Helicanus, and hilarious as the energetic pimp Bault. John Walton's habitually smiley face perhaps worked against him as an assassin, but was in his favour as Thaisa's enthusiastic father Simonides. Celia Ireland was the show's comic highlight as the broadly Aussie-accented brothel madam, and was effective as vengeful queen Dionyza. In both roles she managed to rise above the limits of her stage partner Richard Sydenham who simply seemed too young and green for the parts he was expected to play. Inoffensive in his TN bit parts, here as King Cleon he lacked gravity and statesmanship, and as the madam's husband, lacked sass and cunning. Even allowing for inexperience he should not really have managed to make Cleon's description of his famine-ravaged country sound like a tour of the Art Gallery and one wonders how he was allowed to get away with it.

Lucy Bell in the late-appearing but pivotal role of Marina, Pericles' daughter, again shines. She has an unusual and gamine beauty, an interesting low-toned voice and an inherent grace, all of which make her very watchable on-stage. She

may be in the enviable position of having John Bell and Anna Volska (company leader and company actor) as parents but such good fortune will only count so far without talent. This she has in spades, and

it will be interesting to see how she fares in further roles both Shakespearean and otherwise.

If I have described my quibbles in depth it is only because they stood in stark relief against the general excellence of what was offered by Bell's practitioners in their two productions. By the time On Dit goes to press the season will unfortunately be over so I can only urge you to catch the next one they bring to Adelaide, and may it be sooner rather than later.

Cate Rogers

shakespeare

capricious, puppyish and boyishly enthusiastic has validity - to physicalise it to the point where Orsino seems like a sawdust short of a fruitsalad does not. Although in life the world is full of oddly-matched couples who seem perfectly happy, dramatically it just doesn't work that the strong and resourceful Viola should truly love this version of Orsino and their union at the end consequently rings unsatisfyingly false and hollow. If this was precisely the point and meant to be another instance for us to question the nature of the heart and the impermanency of love, I would argue that Shakespeare has already done this admirably throughout the play. Indeed, generally for a play about the folly of passion there was a lot of folly but not much passion, when surely the two should intertwine. Luckily it's also a goddamned funny play and there was nothing lacking in the comedic talent department.

Both plays were staged on the one bare set drenched in sea colours, the sea being a major feature of both. In *Twelfth Night* this was augmented a huge close-up of the head of Botticelli's Venus as a moving back-drop, a large couch and the aforementioned chandelier/swings. *Pericles* was to be similarly uncluttered, several ropes and cloths, delineating ships and the many locals Pericles visits, and a box with vari-

thought was lost at sea - funny old world, innit! Off the page this is all just too silly, but on-stage in the hands of a confident, fast and sensitive director the staff actually works - it may not resonate like all your Shakespeare faves but it achieves its own dignity.

The unfolding episodes of the tale are framed by the character of Gower (a real writer and source for some of Shakespeare's other work), here appearing as the archetypal story-teller. Vic Rooney's solid, benign stage presence and rich, rumbling voice were perfect for the part.

Jeremy Sims, after a distressingly bland start, hit stride and convincingly took Pericles the wandering prince from wide-eyed youth through to care-worn father. As his true love Thaisa, Jennifer Kent reprised Olivia's mix of poise and vulnerability then travelled similarly through dying mother to serene priestess.

Admittedly there is more scope for minor characters in P than TN, but where Fenton let bit parts slide dully into obscurity where a few lively cameos were to be had (Viola's rescuers, Orsino's servant,



RAWKUS

Special Student Discount.

Preview performance only \$7.
Thurs July 27 at 7.30pm in the Little Theatre.

July 28, 29 Aug 2-5 at 7.30pm
Little Theatre, Adelaide University

Tickets \$9 concession and \$14 available from SAUA Office, BASS 131 246 and the Theatre Guild 303 5999.

In November of last year the University of Adelaide Theatre Guild issued an Australia wide call for new Australian plays. Amazingly, over 150 scripts were received. This overwhelming response further highlights the lack of opportunities which currently exist for Australian playwrights to see their work through to production.

What is the point of an Australian theatre industry which is more interested in plays about British and American culture? For example, our State Theatre Company is staging only one new Australian work this year. There is one other Australian play, Romeril's *The Floating World*, but that was written over 20 years ago. This Rawkus season is one part of the Theatre Guild's commitment to the development of a theatre which is truly Australian.

From these 150 plus plays, three one act plays have been chosen to receive their debut performances at the University of Adelaide. The Theatre Guild has a much admired tradition of producing new work which includes the world premieres of three works by Patrick White during the 1960's. This great tradition is continued with Rawkus.

The three directors, Chris Rummond, Michael Eustice and Michael Shanahan are all past graduates of the University of Adelaide Drama Department. They bring with them to this project a range of community, graduate and professional actors who promise to turn the warm recesses of the Little Theatre into a blazing theatrical bonfire.

In a first time collaboration, the Theatre Guild and the Helpmann Academy Centre for Performing Arts are working together to produce rawkus. Training professionals from the Centre for Performing Arts have taken on the tasks of lighting, sound, props, costume and stage design, stage management, and set construction. This exciting collaboration promises outstanding results.

Criticism by Gary O'Casey Directed by Michael Eustice

"a tragi-comedy of pretty bloody bad manners in one a Playwright, Gary O'Casey is a born and bred South Australian. His short story *Damp* won first prize in the 1994 Gay and Lesbian Writing Competition and was subsequently published in the December, 1994 edition of "Adelaide Gay Times". *Criticism* is his first play.

Criticism is a shocking and at times offensive play. It does, however, faithfully represent a dark and violent, but very real sub-cultural element of Adelaide's social make-up.

Early, very early, one morning an Adelaide theatre critic picks up two young men and takes them home for a night of quick, slick love. What happens when you let your dick rule your head and your heart? The plot twists when we discover that this is a familiar game the boys play to get inside peoples homes, assault them, rob them and humiliate them. It's about fucking, being fucked and fucking alone.

Criticism rips Adelaide's head out of the sand and sets about kicking the scabs from festering wounds. Deep within it's tortured and chaotic soul, *Criticism* is a play about love, desire, need, desperation and fear in love. It's about a basic human need for intimacy and how far people will go to satisfy that need.

The Armed Exhibitionist by Susan Rogers

Directed by Chris Drummond. A young genius, whose progress is being monitored by "the department" is forced to live up to everyone's expectations. Trapped by their desire for success, he finds himself required to come up with one great idea ... an idea that is about to take on a life of its own!!

The Armed Exhibitionist is a dream play of absurd proportions. Witty and intelligent, it explores the notion that "ideas are a virus". A virus that mutates and permeates every aspect of our lives! Once you have an idea it exists and can't be unthought. It becomes part of the collective conscious.

Do we ever allow ourselves to truly dream, or is the risk of infection too frightening to consider? And for those who dare, who really has the power the creator or the creation?

When the Armed Exhibitionist comes to visit, you had better have a very big camera! Physical, visual, musical and magical, this is a short, sharp shock of

theatricality that will delight you, intrigue you, seduce you and release you! Don't Miss It.

Good Sometime by Bruce Shearer.

Directed by Michael Shanahan *Good Sometime* will make you laugh, cry and wonder why you did. Bristling with energy and vitality it plays on the audience's emotions and leaves their minds free to enjoy!

Victorian playwright, Bruce Shearer gives the audience an insight into the inner workings of a being. Rather than focussing on what the character thinks, we are given a tour of an inner life - its feelings, its spiritual journeys, the way it sees itself and us.

Played by Jo Zealand, we meet a bizarre caricature of the human psyche. Unable to move for itself or even be understood in any normal sense, it desperately endeavours to share itself in full. The character subjects us and itself to every emotion it has ever experienced. The audience is left

feeling energised and inspired to live life to the full.

Good Sometime is one of those rare plays that bridge the gap between experimental and mainstream theatre. It is filled with recognisable images and themes and yet transcends the mundane, and stimulates the audience to new heights of imagination.

Originally conceived in homage to Beckett, *Good Sometime* is life flashing before your eyes.

Featuring an outstanding South Australian cast including: Simon Butters, Tammy Costello, Robert Elliott, Brant Eustice, Gary George, Penny Griggs, Finegan Kruckemeyer, Patrick Ruthven, Eugene Suleau, David Tyler, Nikki Weiland, Irena Westbrook, James Winter, Jo Zealand.

This project is sponsored by Coopers, ETU-publications, UniBooks, Helpmann Academy and the University of Adelaide Quality Audit Fund Community Services Initiative Scheme.

Michael Eustice



Hannah McCarthy and Simon Butters

theatre that roars



Michael Shanahan, Michael Eustice and Chris Drummond: Rawkus Directors.

Travels With My Aunt Arts Theatre

"It's My Party and I'll Die If I Want To"

It was a Thursday night a few weeks back and you were probably either down the pub, watching a movie or guffawing at 'Australia's Funniest People'. However, you probably weren't at The Arts Theatre watching the dramatic adaptation of Graham Greene's *Travels With My Aunt*. Yep, that's a pretty safe bet considering there were barely fifty people there. And it was a damn shame. I mean, there was more to be gained from those two hours of entertainment than there would be from a lifetime of Mick Jagger impersonators jumping up and down by the Mall's Balls with bathroom sponges in their mouths.

You could have been watching four very talented and experienced actors perform a unique script taken from a great book, by a great writer and all live, in-the-flesh, blah, blah, blah. Moments like this make the fact that such productions are not considered mainstream entertainment, all the more of a pity. Of course, I am a total and utter hypocrite for writing all this - I never go to the theatre myself - but I'm right.

The key to *Travels With My Aunt* was definitely the brilliantly structured script and direction. The snappy dialogue was largely culled straight from Greene's text but the constant swapping of characters (twenty four, in all - including a dog)

between the four identically pin-striped actors was a remarkably effective twist. How they kept the proceedings so easy to follow I will never know, especially considering they travelled from London to Paraguay via Brighton, Paris and Istanbul without even changing sets.

By the following Thursday, the stage was set for *It's My Party and I'll Die If I Want To*. The promotional posters sum the plot up by: "Ron's got 111 minutes left to live. So Dawn's invited the kids around for Saladas and sausage rolls." "The Kids' have a few secrets to reveal (for example, "I'm gay" and "I'm about to become a single mother") and conservative old Dad's got a bit un-

der two hours to come to terms with them. Then the undertaker turns up forty minutes too early because he forgot to change his watch from Daylight Savings. It's a comedy. Once again, great actors play a great script to near perfection (not as near as *Travels ...* though).

Oh well, it's too late for you to see these two plays but the series still has three productions to go (*Mixed Emotions, I Hate Hamlet* and *To*). I won't tell you to see them but at least think about it. However, if you continue to watch 'Australia's Funniest People', I won't be held responsible for what happens. Hmmm.

Mark Scruby

travels with my aunt



Moby Dick
The Space
8-29 July

Bell Shakespeare Company in town and everyone saying Hi to Dolly, it wouldn't be hard to overlook the very bland advertising for the latest State Theatre production, *Moby Dick*.

Director/Designer Nigel Triffitt has adapted Herman Melville's famous tale, and has achieved a first class production. It's just a pity

about the choice of text itself.

Set in the mid 19th Century, the play portrays the story of Captain Ahab, an old robust whaler who sets out on an expedition to fulfil his burning desire for revenge against the large and powerful white whale Moby Dick, who is responsible, through a previous encounter, for the loss of Ahab's right leg. Ahab's determination leads to an inevitable encounter, and the ultimate demise of the whole ship, its crew, and Ahab himself.

Despite a few interesting undertones, firstly the questioning of the general sanity of whaling, and, secondly, the challenging of Ahab's vengeance by Ishmael, a junior crew member, the plot is straightforward, unsatisfying and largely predictable without twists or complications. The script allows for only three speakers, and mostly comprises of monologues, to a great extent long winded ones, but some-

times inspiring and thought provoking.

The lack of an interesting plot was compensated by the exceptional production of this piece. Led by Richard Piper as Ahab, the cast delivered a strong performance. Grant Piro shined in the role as the narrating Ishmael, while Piper, powerfully portraying the dark deep conflict within his character, tended to be inarticulate at times.

The set proved to be very refreshing and innovative. Faced with the obvious difficulties of portraying a whole ship on stage, Triffitt opted for a swivelling scaffolding structure, to which particular necessary additions were joined, proving to be very versatile.

Such a basic set requires the lighting to be precise in order to give the setting any atmosphere, which David Murray has achieved magnificently, creating at times the true seafaring atmosphere, while



still at other times bringing a personal touch to Ishmael's narrative.

Puppetry, performed by the general cast members, was also very cleverly used to supplement the set, and to aid on the story telling process.

All up, the very ordinary script and plot is saved by clever and outstanding artistry. But with student concession at \$24.50, a more worthwhile theatrical experience is available next door with Bell Shakespeare.

Ritchie Hollands



La Mama
Season Closed

The National Theatre by David Edgar - the fourth production for La Mama Theatre in 1995, failed to enable a strong cast to develop character, convey much of a story line or to communicate any clear message to its audience. Following a story of three strippers preparing for an evening's work in the dressing room of a strip club in London in the late 70's, the play was meant

La Mama

to explore the effect of economic rationalism on a cross section of society" and ultimately make a comment on Thatcherism being responsible for the traumas and heartache of the characters in its responsibility for the resurgence of the sex industry - a consequence of rationalism. It failed. The problem I believe was Edgar's script - offering only a glance at characters, such that one was left with little explanation or justification for behaviour and offering little by way of purpose in the performance.

Having said that there were moments and aspects that shone. Performances by Anne Stafford (Eileen), Anna Liptak (Ella) and Kylie Mitton (Marie) as the strippers, were strong and confronting as they interacted with each other and were shown to be exploited by the male characters. The nudity on stage was graphic and overdone

but yet effectively made the audience feel as if it was also responsible for exploiting the characters on stage. These characters also managed to inject a little humour into the performance, relieving some of the tension created by the exploitation. Eileen's rehearsal of her strip' with a huge stuffed bear was certainly the highlight. The male characters were however awkward on stage and lacked conviction.

The venue and set are also worthy of mention. The underground, intimate setting of La Mama Theatre was perfect for this play - easily establishing seediness and made the audience feel as if they were patrons to a strip venue. Tommy Darwin's stage design was also very good - the use of mirrors and shattered glass creating a strong effect and maintaining audience interest in the setting - crucial given the lack of scene change through-

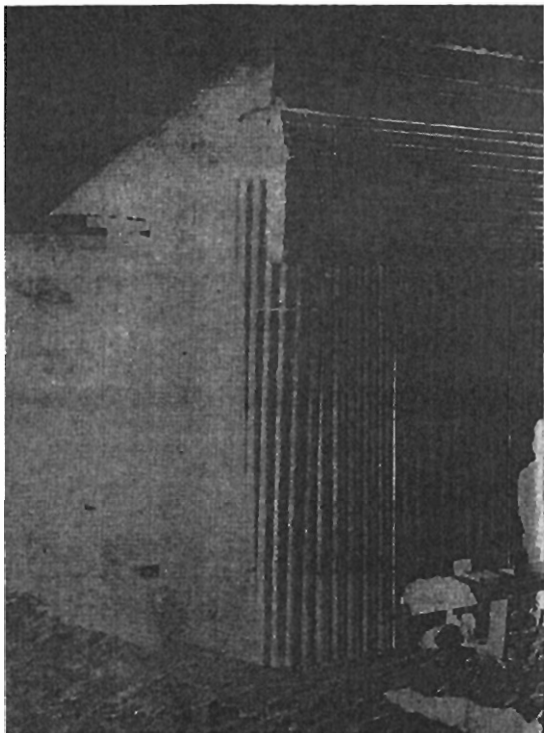


out the performance.

It was disappointing that this play did not work. Quite simply, the framework was missing to allow the actors to deliver. A more careful scrutiny of script and better direction would avoid this and allow La Mama to maintain its history of strong previous productions.

Matt Deaner

good works



GOOD WORKS

by Nick Enright
Red Shed Theatre
Company
7 July 1995

Season of playreadings
continues every Friday
night until 4 August. Tick-
ets \$6

The Red Shed is an intimate little theatre on Angus Street, right down the Hutt Street end, away from the Arts and the garish Royalty and opposite the Dom Polski centre, in a part of town which I have always thought of as Adelaide's "other" cultural boulevard where, really, much more exciting things take place. The Adelaide Rep. and the Callisthenics Association have often proved me wrong, but I've always been able to count on Red Shed to come up with the goods and this time they certainly have.

Red Shed are running a season of playreadings of new Australian plays, every Friday night, until 4 August. The first one, "Good Works" by Nick Enright, was funny, moving, and brilliantly read by a superb cast of actors. The little Red Shed was brimful of people and the actors were confined to a tiny platform (which proved a bit of a problem initially, as several red-faced cast members sent their script stands tumbling as they attempted to make a grand entrance. The whole atmosphere was jovial and friendly. I had arrived after a long afternoon at work and really just wanted to go home and curl up in front of my pot belly, but Red Shed had promised "toasty gas heaters and mulled wine" and

they delivered.

The reading itself was captivating. Enright's play is a sprawling saga about the lives of two Catholic families in small town Australia. The story jumps between the late thirties and early war years, when the rebellious Rita, and her pious friend Mary Margaret (who has been brought up by nuns at the orphanage for something better than secretarial work - a good marriage) are discovering life and love, to 1962, when Rita returns to town, after her husband goes back to jail, Mary Margaret has married Rita's old flame, and their sons become friends, and 1981, when the two boys meet again in a gay bar and discover they are no longer the people they thought they were. The play deals with religious oppression, bigotry, violence and homosexuality, but mixes the serious issues with wit and vivid characterisation. According to Daphne Grey, one of the play's characters, the insecure and tortured, Tim, is Enright himself. His experiences as a young homosexual man trying to deal with the pressures of Catholicism and a self righteous Catholic family, are portrayed here with both pathos and humour. Such cruelty is difficult to understand, but in this case it has produced a brilliant work of art.

The play was written to be performed as Red Shed read it, with seven actors playing a number of parts. Director Tim Maddock attempted to explain this to the audience before the performance, but his explanation left me completely stumped.

I can't guarantee I can do a better job but it's worth a try.

Daphne Grey, who was sitting in the middle, played both the pious and interfering mother of Rita's lover (later Mary Margaret's mother-in-law), and Rita's own mother, as well as the Mother Superior. On either side of her were Red Shed mainstays, Sally Hildyard and Eileen Darley, who played (only!) Mary Margaret and Rita respectively. Then came the tricky bit! Next to Rita, Frank Roberts was playing not only her son, Shane, but also her old lover, who became Mary Margaret's husband. Correspondingly, Geoff Revell, next to Mary Margaret, played her son Tim, and Rita's jailbird husband. Finally, at either end were Don Barker, who was calmly hilarious in too many roles to mention, from both sides of the family and moral fences, and Joey Kennedy, who read the stage directions with flair.

In fact, despite these complications, the play was remarkably easy to follow. Some credit for this should go to Enright, but most to the talented cast, who brought their many characters vividly to life. This was not a moved reading, and had none of the trappings of a full-scale production to aid the imagination, but they were not required. What it had over a radio play were the faces of the actors, which were brimming with the pain, joy and often inhibitions of their characters. While the atmosphere was casual enough for them to slip

into listening mode while the play flitted off to another decade, when reading the actors were totally absorbed, and they drew me in to the extent that I don't remember thinking of anything other than the characters for the entire play.

As I moved out into the foyer, my mind was spinning with myriad images, clear snapshots of moments in history, and more murky overlapping emotions drawn from the characters and my own reactions. And this was all achieved with voices and faces. I couldn't help wondering how on earth this play could be staged. The word is it's currently happening in Sydney, with levels and lights. Good luck to them!

"Good Works" set the scene for Red Shed's season of playreadings (which, incidentally, is called "unplugged" like just about everything else at the moment) and it has been continuing with success. There are two more readings in the season, "Wolf Lullaby", by Hilary Bell, on Friday 28 July, and a double bill on Friday 4 August of "Olympians", by Adelaide playwright, Michael Griffin, and Catherine Zimdahl's "Family Running for Mr Whippy". Tickets are the bargain price of \$6 and can be bought at the door, although these readings usually sell out so it's best to book. To do so, ring Mel Sander at Red Shed on 232 2075.

The Red Shed publicity says these readings showcase some of "Adelaide's best actors". I would go so far as to say they are some of the most talented actors you could ever hope to see. Don't miss this opportunity to spend an intimate evening with them.

Anita Butler



QUESTIONS:

1. What do you think about French nuclear testing?
2. Would you be willing to boycott French products?



by Rachael Howe and Natasha Yacoub



Chris and Mark:

1. Chris: Nothing, really. I am undecided.
Mark: As long as it doesn't affect me I really don't care.
2. Chris: I don't need French products or use French products so it doesn't matter.
3. Chris: I'm neither. I'm more of a mini person.
Mark: No, I'm not that stooped to fight over cars.
Chris: I had a Holden jacket.
Mark: No, my parents love me too much to buy me a Holden jacket. I'm probably more of a Ford person, though.

Simon, Bill and Steve:

1. Steve: I think what they're doin' over there at Muarora Attol is all fucked up if you ask me.
Simon: We apologise for the swear words but nevertheless it is wrong and they should'nt be doing it.
2. Simon: Yeah, I think so...
Steve: ...now that you mention it, yeah.
Simon: I think we could quit it. Us Australians can make do by ourselves, can't we?
Bill: Although it's the French people who are suffering for what Chirac is doing, I'm just worried about the Attol and the damage to the water and the fish and all that sort of thing. I don't like the idea of the nuclear activity.
3. Steve: I had a Ford jacket.
Simon: Yeah, I had a Ford jacket too. Dick Johnson, I shook his hand in Rundle Mall.
Bill: I had a Ford and a Holden jacket.
Did you ever get into fights about it at school?
Simon: No but I had my nose punched yesterday.
Why? Was it with a Holden person?
Simon: No it was because I didn't give someone a bottle of Jazz. It was mine, though. I stole it fair and square. He wanted to steal it off me and when I said "No" he went *whack* and King hit me in the nose.



Al:

1. I recon it's pretty crusty. I think that all countries should get free range to test in France.
2. I already have. I boycott French people. I'm French myself anyway, so I wouldn't take it out on the people, just the government.
3. Neither. I am a Datsun person.



Gabrielle:

1. It sux and it's horrible and they should stop doing it and, the French president, he should resign.
2. Yep, I could definitely boycott champagne. I hate champagne. If it was a French restaurant that was Australian owned and everything was grown and raised in Australia and there was no French imported stuff then, yeah I'd go there.
3. Neither. I don't drive either of them.



Judy:

1. I'm not in favour of it. Just yesterday I sent a postcard off to President Chirac expressing my disapproval.
2. I think I would if I was faced with that decision.
3. This question seems entirely irrelevant.
Yeah, it is.
I'm not one bit passionate about it.



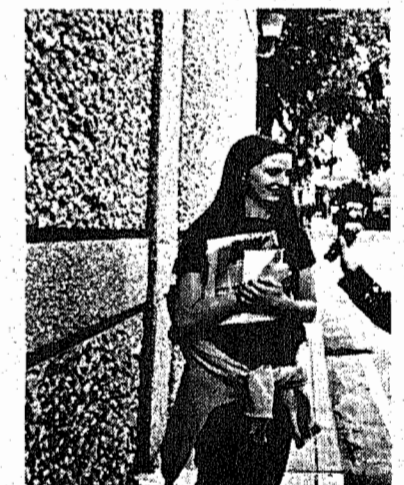
Pip:

1. I think it sux but it would suck whether they do it here or there. I don't like the fuss everyone's making about it being in our back yard.
2. No because I don't think that the French individuals or the Australian individuals should suffer because of a decision of the government. Paul Keating could decide to do that and we'd all be up shit creek because no-one would be buying any of our stuff.
3. No I never had a t-shirt but I think I'd be a Holden supporter. I don't actually have a Holden though.



Michael:

1. Bombs go blam and blow things up, what more do they need to test for?
2. Yes. Boycotting French products is good way of discouraging future testing. The current tests will occur regardless of the boycotts but in the future government's will have to take this sort of backlash into account when they consider testing.
3. I'm a Leyland P76 man myself. Just kidding, I'm a Torana driver but I can see myself in an RS2000 sometime in the future. Either Ford or Holden's okay but I can't dig utes of either make. The only problem I have with Ford is that the Falcons of the 80's were really fucking ugly.
I never wore a Ford or Holden jacket but I got my fingers burnt quite badly with the Stussy craze a few years ago.

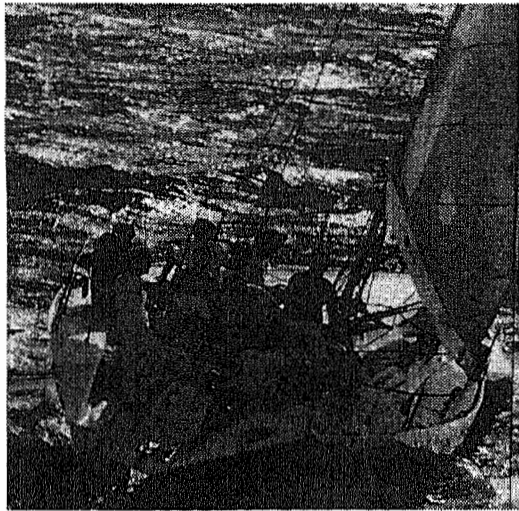
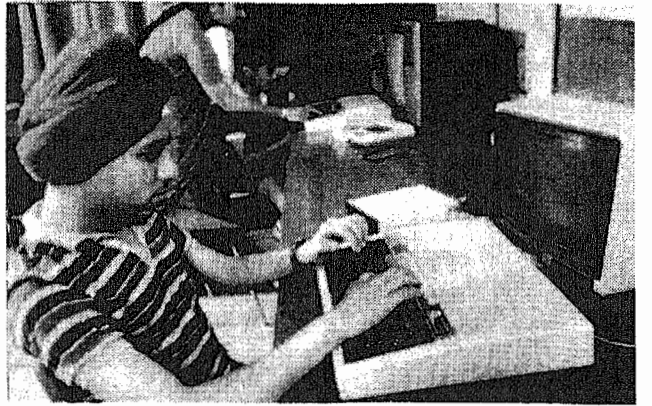


Sarah:

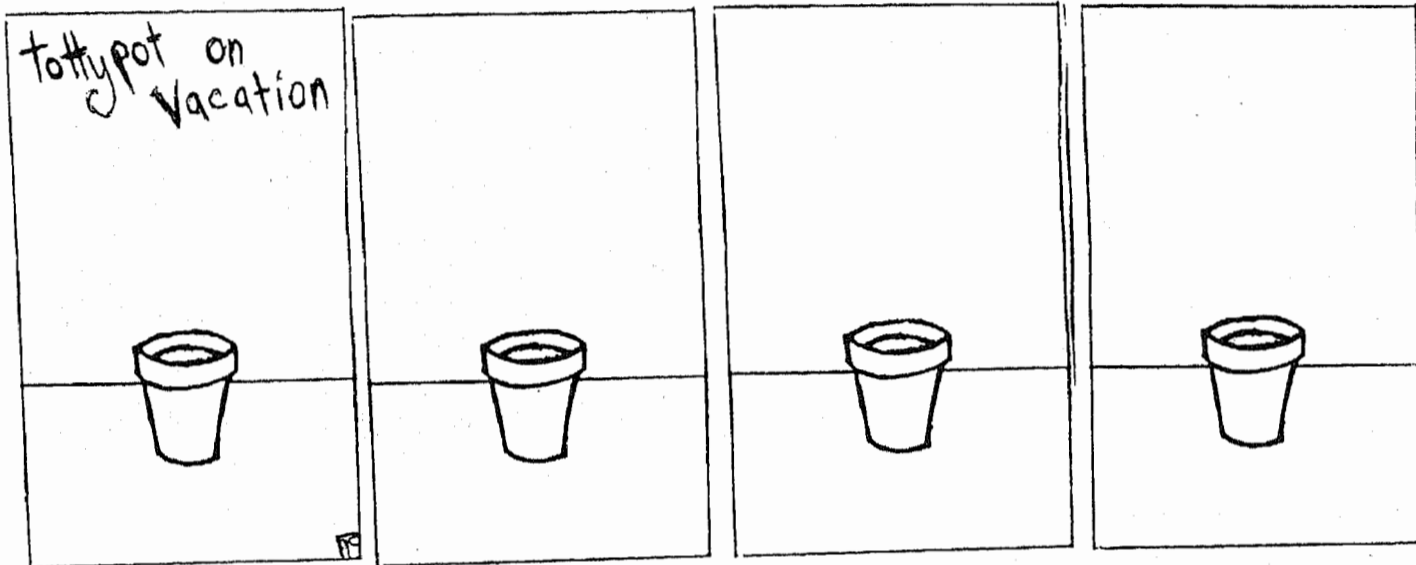
1. It's obviously really disgusting.
2. Yeah. If it's Australian owned and they're selling French products it's different but if the money is going back to France then it should be boycotted.
3. I don't own a car and I never intend to so I've never felt passionate about either.

The things they'll be saying in 1999.

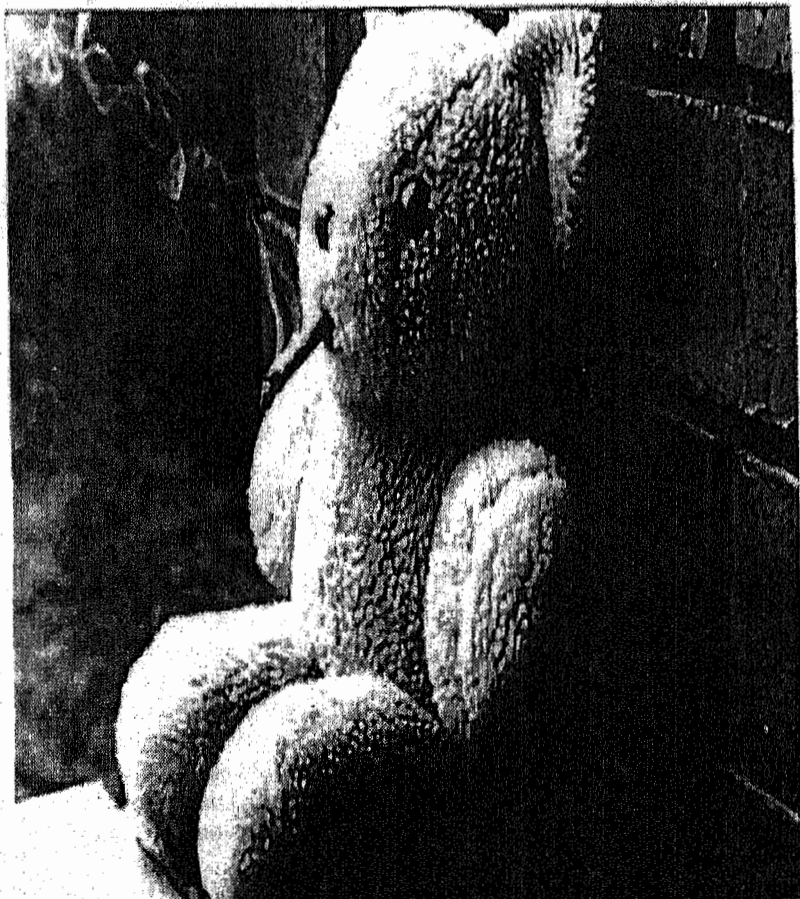
Man, I wish this computer had Microsoft Word version 82.



Yes, Cameroon, you can stand proud. This is your moment. The America's Cup is yours!



REDNECK RADIO

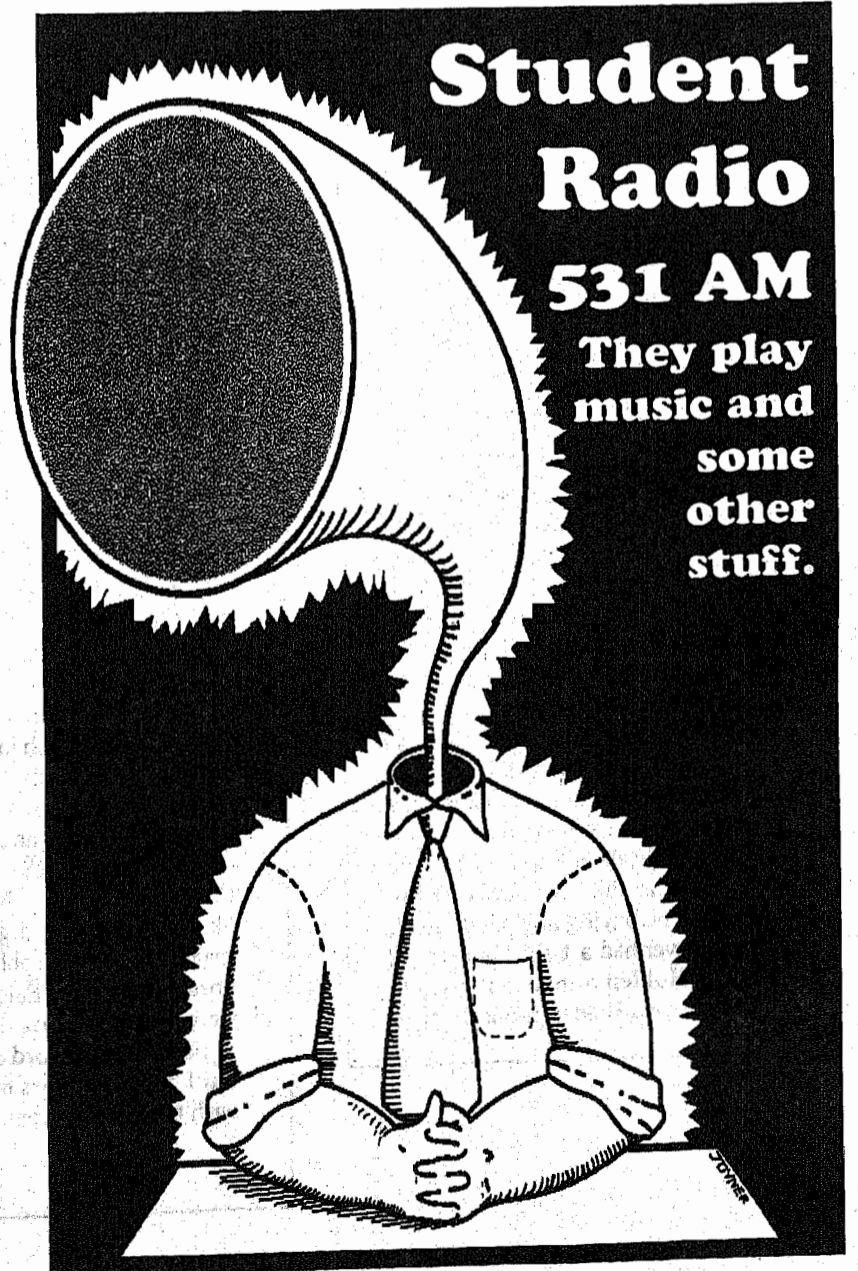


10 pm, every Monday
Student Radio
5UV 531 AM

Student Radio

531 AM

They play music and some other stuff.



LAND MINES

"In France in 1991, 87 French farmers and citizens were killed when they accidentally came across bombs. Five lumberjacks in a forest: they light a fire in the forest to keep themselves warm and BANG, the fire is on top of an unexploded weapon... kills them all"

It is perhaps too easy to dismiss reports of man made killing devices, blasting the life out of civilians caught in the blood letting that epitomises war, as isolated and unfortunate cases if the damage is done in a 'western' country. When we hear about such 'accidents' occurring in some of the more traditionally war ravaged countries, it can also be too easy to dismiss the tragedies as the inevitable consequences of political unrest. What is impossible to ignore, however, are the cold figures that the suffering generates.

100 million landmines are at this very moment lying in the soils of 60 countries across the globe. On average these indiscriminate weapons are killing or maiming 35 people each day. On average, that's one every 41 minutes. On average, that person will be a civilian and on average, it will be a child.

On the weekend of July 28-30, Triple J will be running their second annual Real Appeal. This year the generosity of the listeners will be heaped upon two main programmes that Austcare (the chosen charity) have decided to target. They are the plight of women and children as refugees (that now constitute 80% of the refugee community) and the issue of landmines and their continuing impact (both physical and mental) on people's lives. Apart from raising funds and raising the profile of the two problems, Triple J and Austcare will attempt to sway the Federal Government into supporting a complete ban on the manufacture, transfer and stockpiling of landmines at the United Nations Review Committee Meeting (September 1995 in Vienna). They will strive to achieve this through sheer weight of signatures - petition style.

Karl Kruzelnicki doesn't know much about the Real Appeal. It's not his department. He does know about landmines however and was able to

impart some of that knowledge (and the lead quotation) to me recently.

"They're very, very cheap. You can get landmines for only a few dollars. A landmine for say a hundred dollars will destroy a tank worth a million dollars. Plus, a landmine is a very good way to make an enemy's land inaccessible to them. Unfortunately, they hang around in the ground for tens if not hundreds of years and they still kill people. For instance, in France alone, 600 square kilometres of country side is no longer accessible [due to unexploded weapons of one form or another]."

It's true that the statistics are hard to visualise regardless of their undeniable magnitude. The description of the effect upon a human being that a landmine can cause as outlined in Kruzelnicki's *Absolutely Fabulous Moments in Science* has a more tangible quality. Try to imagine it happening to your own body.

Once the mine has been detonated, the explosion forces bones that are at home in the feet and ankles of the victim at, "supersonic speeds," upwards into the shin and thigh bones, "pulverising," them on the way. Dirt, bacteria, vegetation and whatever else happens to be in the way follows, carried along by the explosion. These contaminants can cause infection or even gangrene. Since people naturally tend to congregate together, the detonated mine can injure the eyes of those in close proximity. In fact there are usually more eye than leg injuries following an explosion.

There are two basic types of landmine - the anti-tank and the anti-personnel. Anti-tank landmines usually require weight in the order of 300 kilograms to set them off and so aren't responsible for a great number of deaths. Anti-personnel landmines are an entirely different matter.

There's the kind that just maim with the idea being that the sound of a screaming, mangled soldier is enough to make any army think twice about confidently advancing into the face of the enemy. There's the fragmentation landmines such as the American Claymore that releases a spread of around 700 steel balls into the immediate area. Then there's the kind that leap up to your waist level before exploding, leaving

great gaping holes where your stomach used to be. Very effective.

Actually, you're probably familiar with these more primitive varieties if you've ever watched a war film or two. Technology has, however, leaped ahead of the story writers. Do you think anyone would buy the script that calls for a rocket system to lay a mine field 40 kilometres away? Well, the BM-27 is here already. And what about the delivery systems that churn out 30 landmines per second or the 'smart' mines that co-ordinate with other mines to explode after a few people or tanks have moved into range?

Some mines can even migrate up to 400 metres in just three days around a battle-field (or any field for that matter), prancing around, firing projectiles at targets some 50 metres away! Fact.

A devilishly simple idea not used amongst the aforementioned monstrosities is the basis for my personal favourite. It doesn't rely on whiz bang technological acrobatics or methods of deployment... just the curious nature of the juvenile mind. What better way to demoralise a population than to blow up its children with landmines fashioned into the form of toys or brightly coloured butterflies? It's happening now... today... quite a lot actually.

In Cambodia, the country is infested with approximately 4 million landmines which equates to about one landmine for every two people. By this stage you should be wondering just where it is that all these inhumane weapons are coming from. Well, America may have produced 15% of the existing booby traps planted in the ground but has since banned their export. Italian operation Valsella Meccanotecnica (a division of Fiat) contributes to that country's considerable landmine exporting activities. The Valsella VS-50 anti-personnel mine retails for around \$6.50 and can be scattered from hovering helicopters. The former Soviet Union

also knows how to sell a landmine or two. China not only produces them for export in large quantities but does so at a world beating price. As Kruzelnicki laments, "the Chinese type 72-B Anti-Tank Mine is \$3!" That's well within reach of your average war monger.

They say that all is fair in love and war. Maybe, maybe not. But is all fair long after love and war has ended or is all fair if you're not in love or war but live near someone who is?

Enough wallowing in the infuriating facts. What can be done about this planet wide plague of 'random' brutality? Well, not much beyond preventing their production, supporting the victims and picking up the old ones. That's what

Austcare hopes to do with the aid of the Real Appeal.

One final set of statistics from Kruzelnicki's research to put the magnitude of the task into perspective. In Afghanistan, a country well versed in the hazards of war, mines were a principle method of attack and defence. Twenty teams from around the world converged on the afflicted areas and managed to eradicate some 22 000 mines. That may sound like a lot but it equates to only 9 and a half square kilometres of cleared land. By 1993, the figure had only climbed to 25 square kilometres. The time consuming and labour intensive effort required to rid an area of mines, even utilising everything from sound waves and metal detectors to sniffer dogs, is reflected in a rather gloomy projection issued by the Red Cross. They estimate that if it takes one year to clear 30 square kilometres then in 20 000 years, all of the mines will be cleared and the population can walk with confidence.

20 000 years, huh? Well, I guess, the sooner we start...

Bryan Scruby

with

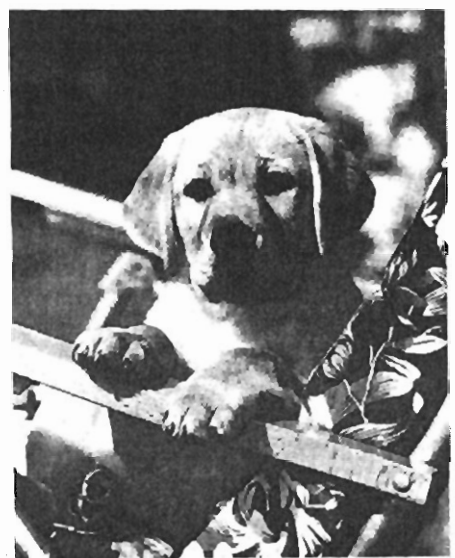
Karl Kruzelnicki



Name: _____
 School: _____
 Subject: _____



Name: _____
 School: _____
 Subject: _____



Name: _____
 School: _____
 Subject: _____



Name: _____
 School: _____
 Subject: _____

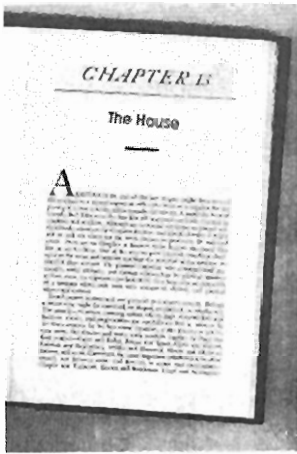


Name: _____

 School: _____

 Subject: _____

Semester II is underway and that means forking over dosh galore for text books you'll never read and only open come October/November. So to help protect your investment for the second hand sales next year, *On Dit* recommends a generous coating of contact or brown paper. But to remember which book is which after you've covered them, we recommend one of our *On Dit* Back-to-Uni Book Labels.



The House
 29 Kensington Rd, Kensington
 This place has character. Imagine going to your grandparents' house and sitting in the front room with a few strangers at separate tables. Imagine the buildiers went nuts and put the book cases in front of the windows without any backs to them. Now imagine your grandparents stocked the shelves with books from their youth and those left to them by their parents. Add a blackboard menu and some staff and you've got The House.

To start with, The House is a BYO restaurant which means that the wine list is endless and you get to walk into the restaurant, party style, with a bottle under your arm.

The menu is inventive and interesting ranging from entrees of camel, frogs' legs and vegetarian dishes to mains of beef steak and fish of the day to desserts of blueberry souffle and

rhubarb bombe.

Brad, however, chose to ignore all of these in favour of octopus for entree, lemon cherry duck for main and kaluha ice cream with butterscotch for dessert. He was heard to say of his meal...

"Lemon cherry duck was good to eat, Just how I like it, moist and sweet. Kaluha ice cream was creamy and cold,

The hot butterscotch had me sold. And the octopus was squidicious." Bryan chose to order crocodile caribbean for entree and for main kangaroo chilli/chocolate. Dessert consisted of a chocolate pate with a hint of rum and chocolate sauce. He was heard to say of his meal...

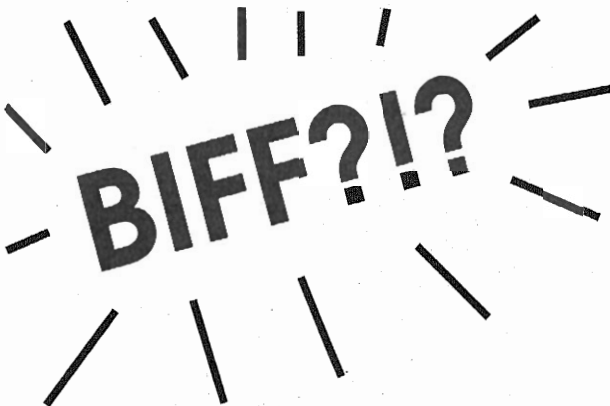
"The crocodile was a novelty I couldn't ignore and the caribbean sauce was a nice accompaniment. The chocolate pate was pure indulgence but the kangaroo stole the show. Chilli and chocolate are not the most obvious

combination and the sound of it probably conjures up images of hot and spicy mars bars. The reality is a subtle blend that is neither hot nor chocolaty but somewhere in between. Apparently it's become a kind of signature dish and with good cause."

For the budget conscious, most of the entrees were priced around the \$7.90 mark while the more expensive main courses hovered around \$12.90.

The House has a uniquely charming quality that has as much to do with the quirky decor and calming ambiance as with the neatly presented food. The staff are well versed in the range of off-menu items available and are a pleasure to deal with.

The House is the perfect antidote to modern dining sterility and contrived character that is incompatible with the student ideal (whatever that has become). A highly enjoyable, low pressure environment in which to eat.
 Bryan Scruby



"Let us in, ya fucker!"
 Two lads try to convince management that they do in fact fit the club's image.

DOORPEOPLE SHED THEIR ROUGH BOY IMAGE

Doorpeople. They're that privileged class who either grant or deny our passage through to the promised land inside. Their job is to filter out the drunks, the school kids and the scum - it isn't always pleasant. If you know any, you keep them on your good side. If you don't you treat them with caution. Bouncers have a rep for being steroid munching, aggressive wankers who play their ego's by humiliating the weak. But behind that stony face and those bulky crossed arms, the bouncer is a person like me or you, with a bastard of a job to do. To see how they see themselves and what makes them tick, Michael Duffy spoke to Pat from Q about the rigours of being a door person, and the opinions we have of them....

O.D. A lot of people perceive being a doorman as an occupation with a lot of cool perks, to what extent is this true?

Pat - There are ways that you can exploit being a doorman, and a lot of guys do but that's not really what I'm about, essentially I'm there to do a job and that's really the extent of it. There are also some big drawbacks with doorwork though, like the hours. It's hard to find time to go out when you work on all the best nights for going out.

As far as this sort of work goes Q is a good club to work at as far as the atmosphere and clientele are

concerned.

O.D. -How did you get into doing door work?

Pat - I started working clubs in Darwin a few years ago, I guess you'd describe them as bogan clubs where every night there's guaranteed to be some sort of fight. You really have to earn your money up in places like that.

O.D. - Is it more quiet working in this end of town?

Pat - You'd think so but there's an ever increasing trend toward trouble here. More and more people are coming up from Hindley Street these days and bringing with them different attitudes.

O.D. -What do you think about the growing number of clubs who are using membership as a means to define its clientele?

Pat - It's probably seen by a lot of people as being quite pretentious but that's not entirely true. With more people who aren't the traditional Rundle Street crowd coming down here it's just a measure which has been used to retain certain clientele and to guard against the scene going downhill further than it already has. Keep in mind that membership only means priority entry at really busy times so it not all that restrictive.

O.D. - How do you deal with people's attitudes toward you as 'the guy on the door'?

Pat - You have to put up with a fair

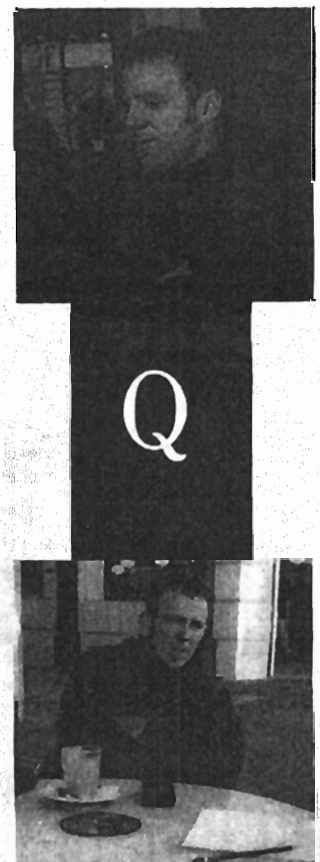
bit, especially now that there has been a clamp down on the numbers of people in clubs. I've been working on the door of clubs for a long time now and a lot of people who know me only know me in this capacity, which is unfortunate as there is a marked difference between when I'm working and when I'm not.

O.D. - Does the attitude and actions of the people on the door and the security people affect the tone of a club?

Pat - Yeah, definitely. A good example of this is when you walk into a suburban club and you see all the security people wearing black and white which instantly sets up an 'us and them' situation. In a club with a relaxed atmosphere like Q, it's important to adapt and be approachable. If you walk around with an attitude it just makes everyone feel uncomfortable which isn't what this place is about.

O.D. Finally, how do you see the direction that Rundle street has taken over the last twelve months?

Pat - It's just become very commercialised, unfortunately some of the old shops have started to move out. Rundle Street used to have a good feel about it. It's still alright during the day but at night it's beginning to get a real Hindley St feel about it. It can never go back to the way it was.



YOU WILL NEVER SEE THE FOLLOWING IN ANY PAPER, EVER!

Rundle Street consumers are set to benefit from the same luxuries that Hindley Street patrons have enjoyed for years with the introduction of a complete range of Automatic Teller Machines that will be ready for operation in less than a week.

In a joint press conference with a group of prominent Rundle Street traders, the four major banks (Westpac, ANZ, Commonwealth and National Banks) announced that they would be installing four well lit Automatic Teller Machines (or ATMs) in response to overwhelming public demand. The ATMs will be positioned at a site halfway between The Austral and Exeter hotels and will operate on a 24 hour, 7 day a week basis.

The Rundle Street traders took the opportunity to make their intentions public to construct a mechanical footpath (in the style of a flat escalator) between Rundle Street and The Producers Hotel. The announcement, however, of the decision to take that green fucking fluro 'X' off the Exeter's frontage was greeted with the heartiest applause of the afternoon.

The way the students of the Adelaide University view lunch times is about to be radically altered under a plan by the University to provide comfortable seating on the Barr Smith Lawns.

The proposal, to be implemented in the first few weeks of semester 2, revolves around the provision of 100 bean bags to students for use on the Barr Smith Lawns and its surrounds. Students wishing to utilize the facilities will be required to place a dollar coin into a slot in a specially designed dispenser rack, similar in concept to a shopping trolley rack. The dollar can then be recovered by returning the bean bag to the dispenser.

The bean bags themselves will be fitted with a vinyl bottom to prevent water damage and a corduroy top for comfort and aesthetic appeal.

University representatives (in response to environmental concerns raised by 'the greens') stated that they expected a culture of bean bag collectors, in the style of the existing can collectors, to spring up and account for any forgetful or lazy students.

The Australian Government today ran the risk of losing vital international trade dollars over an issue of moral importance with a statement made by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Gareth Evans. The statement detailed Australia's strong condemnation of nuclear testing in countries other than just vote winning target, France.

"We will no longer tolerate nuclear testing by any of our trading partners," Evans said, "and we will begin trade embargoes on nations such as China and the United States that will continue until they reconsider their opinions."

Opposition leader, John Howard, issued a press release supporting the government's initiative, praising their foresight and responsible attitude towards the bigger picture.

Reaction from foreign powers was swift. China, concerned that they would be in danger of missing out on next season's harvest of Riverland oranges, immediately halted all testing. Meanwhile, in Washington, President Clinton pulled the plug on the United States' entire nuclear programme. "I gotta have my Aussie beef, you hear?" Clinton was heard to say to one of his closest advisors.

A COMMUNITY SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE ADELAIDE CITY COUNCIL



"You're nicked!"

WARNING!

It has come to the attention of the ACC that some patrons of the Vaughan Street Carpark (colloquially referred to as the Exeter Carpark) are unaware of the subtleties of the ticketing system. Basically, if you're parked in the carpark without a ticket any time up to 9pm then you're nicked. Remember that just because it's dark or rainy, it doesn't mean that our friendly and efficient staff won't book you. Happy parking.

You've all heard about the explosion in information technology and the exponential growth of interest in the internet and its resources. Very few people know what the heck is actually out there. Most students are stuck behind heavy firewalls which lock them inside their departmental networks. Those who are encouraged to surf the net are doing courses for which an intimate knowledge of the NET is, if not vital, then highly important to their chosen profession.

So - what are you missing out on? Many of you might want to stop reading now in order to avoid killing your departmental sys-op. For those who are less technically inclined - a glossary of terms is included at the end of this article.

All right. You want to surf the net. You have a modem (14400bps or 28800bps to speedily download files), a computer and a blank confused look on your face.

The first thing you need is a "gateway", an Internet server provider (ISP) who will, for a small fee, let you get on the "on ramp" to the information "super highway" or information "sludgeway" as it becomes when American usage hits its peak. The billing is usually structured around an hourly access rate, a per Megabyte download fee, and a base startup fee. Some ISPs will charge a flat rate, but restrict your hours online accordingly.

An ISP will provide you with either a shell account (your terminal becomes a "slave" unit on their machine) or a SLIP/PPP account (you have your own point of presence on the Internet). You will be given a username and a password and if you are running a SLIP/PPP connection, you will be assigned your own permanent IP address and Domain Name (registered with the international domain name server).

The next thing you need is software. If you are running out of a shell account, the software you will be using will be installed and running on your host ISP's computer already. All you need is the software to run the remote login from your home computer. If you are running SLIP/PPP, you will need a suite of Internet tools installed on your own PC. What tools you decide to use depends on what services you want to access on the net. The main focus of will be the World Wide Web, so we will start with Web browsers. Netscape, Mosaic and Cello are the most widely used Web browsers. They give you ftp, http and sometimes (depending on the version) - telnet, gopher, IRC and news tools. Freeware and Shareware (yes, there is a difference) versions of these packages are widely available and can usually be downloaded from a "mirror" site within Australia. You will also need a Windows Sockets (winsock) driver suite such as Trumpet Winsock or Netmanage's Chameleon suite. (The Winsock driver is the package which manages your remote login through the ISP machine and provides some of the tools required by your web browser.)

Having organised these, you can now get online and search around in search of other utilities. (The versions of Trumpet Winsock and Netscape I am currently using do not

provide a "telnet" facility or a "newsreader." I have since downloaded and experimented with several freeware versions of each.) The World Wide Web (WWW) has many powerful search engines within a button click of your WWW browser which can be used to go in search of utilities - or anything else you might be interested in, for that matter. I prefer a service called WebCrawler based in Washington DC, because it gives a context and contents based searching facility.

What you find on the net depends solely on what you ask for and how patient you are in wading through the "variably" accurate search returns. WWW search engines return hypertext links to documents which have "matched" the search pattern you have entered. To connect to the sites listed, all you have to do is point and click on the highlighted text with your mouse.

At this point I should mention something about Universal Resource Locators (URLs) and the WWW. A URL is the "pointer" - the internet address of a given document. Every file accessible by the public has its own unique URL. URL's are expressed as [protocol]://[host computer domain name]/[directory path to file]. There are four main protocols used by web browsers. Namely ftp (file transfer protocol), gopher (internet search protocol), telnet (remote login protocol) and http (hypertext transfer protocol). The latter is most commonly used when 'surfing' the web and is worth a little by way of explanation.

The WWW is a graphical internet browsing environment. You connect to other machines and 'browse' the files they have made open to the online public. Such files are usually laid out in a text format known as 'hypertext'. Those of you who have ever used a help package for a major piece of software in Windows or Mac environments will know how this works. To browse a related topic, you simply click on the highlighted text referring to it. Hypertext documents work in much the same way, but you can embed graphics (usually gif and jpg format), animation (.mpg format) and even sound grabs (.wav, .mid and other formats) and other URL's as well. So by clicking on a highlighted piece of text, you might find yourself looking at a picture, watching an online 'movie,' listening to a preview of a Peter Gabriel tune or being transferred to a totally new URL. Understand now? Neither do I... but you don't need to understand the NET to use it. That's one of its greatest strengths.

You should by now be equipped with the information necessary to get started. I'll answer any questions sent in to me at *On Dit* or eMailed to me at m4jhhupp@aelfmg.adelaide.edu.au. in future editions.

Glossary of Terms

ftp - file transfer protocol - an Internet tool to download files from one computer to another.

gopher - a search and retrieve protocol developed to aid in searching for related files on the NET.

http - hypertext transfer protocol - the foun-

ation of the WWW. Without http, the intuitive point and click operation of the Web would not be possible.

hypertext - highlighted text in a document (usually Windows or Mac format documents) which will initiate some form of action. Actions include moving to a new point in the document, switching to a new document (or URL), downloading a file, viewing a graphic, playing a sound file, or any other number of other possible actions are usually initiated by being clicked onto with a mouse.

Internet - the set of computers all over the world which have been connected to the public computer communications network.

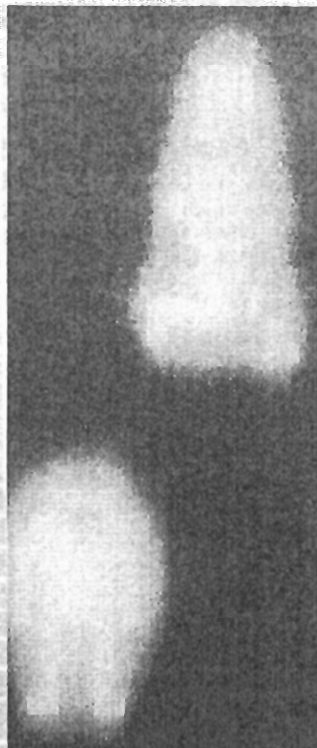
News - see Usenet.

IRC (Internet Relay Chat) - real time communications with other internet users via computers.

Telnet - protocol to allow remote login to another computer via the internet.

Usenet (aka newsgroups) - A set of "discussion" sites in which people with common interests read and post messages to a virtual noticeboard. Discussion topics range from technical discussions and product announcements to stocking fetishes; from conspiracy theories to interief personals. Potentially very weird indeed.

Jeremy "Gorag" Huppertz



The Truth Is Out There

You probably thought there wasn't anything worth watching on the idiot box that night. Your hands, after years of undisciplined practice, groped the switches on the remote control and flicked on the t.v. anyway. You surf the channels and stumble across a rather odd, somewhat different show with an amazing eerie aura, about two unsmiling F.B.I. agents investigating something your brain tells you isn't the usual murderer/rapist/psychopath cops and robbers case. You had doubts but nevertheless you were soon lured into their world, knuckles white and taut, we follow the two agents as they battle various evil forces in pursuit of the elusive truth. Which show am I talking about? The *X-Files* of course.

The series which premiered here in 1994 has been attracting a fair bit of attention lately, good and bad. The show's actors were splashed across the covers of *Who Weekly* and *T.V. Week* and even made an appearance in *The Advertiser* which ran an article about a woman's corpse in Victoria which was dug up and desecrated in a fashion similar to a recent *X-Files* episode. Her right hand was chopped off, in case you were wondering.

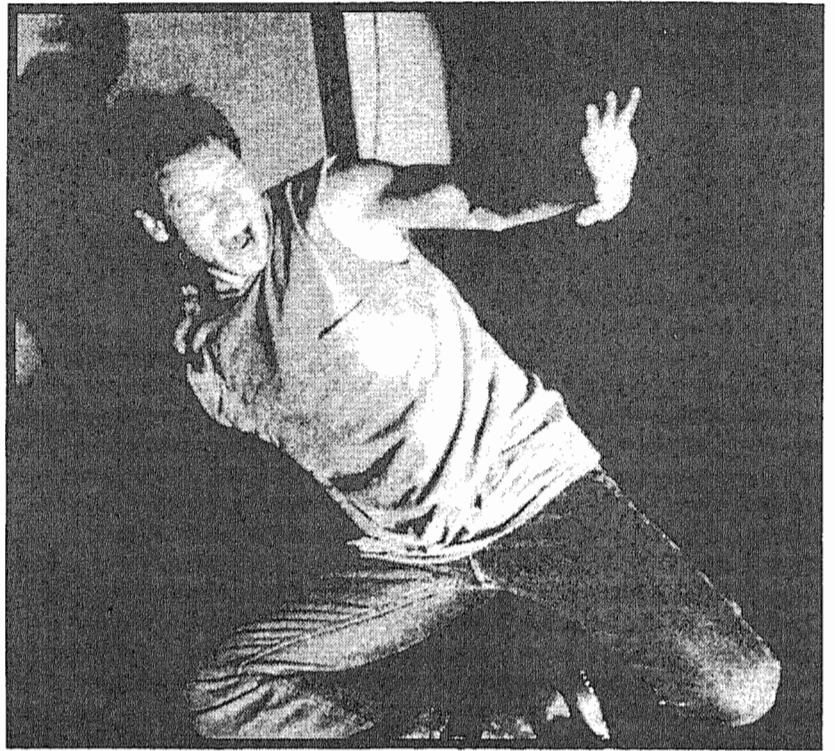
Against all odds, the *X-Files* has spread its wings, penetrating its ethereal paranormal presence into the Australian psyche and emerging at the strangest places such as pick-up lines 'Hi, Scully! Can I be your Mulder?'. (I kid you not!) Slowly and quietly, it has clawed its way up in the ratings, giving such heavies like *Melrose Place* and *90210* a run for their Calvin Kleins and at the sametime attracting a huge following of fans, now officially known as the X-philes. Only in its second season, it has won a Golden Globe award this year for 'Best Drama' and although these awards are not the

best indicator of the quality of the aforementioned programme, its thousands of online fans on the 'net will gladly, some no doubt passionately and vehemently, grind its good points into your head. Although its ratings won't make the studio execs do cartwheels, it has achieved a reputation that every new, hip modern T.V. show would love to achieve in T.V.dom - the cult status. Definitely not something you can win at the Golden Globes.

The success of the show surprised everyone, its creator Chris Carter, its cast David Duchovny (Special Agent Fox Mulder), Gillian Anderson (Special Agent Dana Scully) and T.V. skeptics who refuse to believe a series about two of the most deadpan F.B.I. agents in T.V. history (one with a geeky haircut) investigating paranormal activities could be of any significant interest. What does it have that no other show possesses? Oh, hard to say really, what with invisible entities flying around, haemorrhaging hamsteaks, little green men, maggots-turning wheaties and the like (sarcasm, folks).

The paranormal realm is an endless source in which its writers could draw upon and they deliver more than the usual 'bright lights-flying saucer-alien' story. Perhaps I'm being too harsh but some of today's so-called T.V. drama and its mutant clones are still trying to diversify from those same storylines that have been done *ad nauseam*, coming across like malignant abominations that crawled out the rectum of a prehistoric T.V. dinosaur in the process.

The show's wonderful hybrid of contradictions is an aspect of the show that is capitalised in a truly admirable way. 'The Truth' may be out there but it is never revealed. Endings are often mysterious and



inconclusive, existing gaps are never filled in. This is also the show's most popular criticism. Most audience who are used to some sort of finale in their usual T.V. consumption but one can't expect the agents to arrest and read the culprit's rights when they happen to be microscopic bugs or extra terrestrials. In fact if the show starts to have neat little endings where everything is spelled out, I'll be sadly turning the T.V. off - that is after I yell at the top of my lungs all the possible existing obscenities. In various languages, no less.

The fact that the *X-Files* were created to solve unexplained crimes is a great piece of irony because it has shown that the government the agents work for to be in a conspiracy to conceal and deny its involvement in many of the hair-raising cases.

The pairing of Mulder and Scully is also a juxtaposition. He's the believer, she's the skeptic. He's a psychologist, adept at analysing behaviour while she's a doctor. Her subjects are often dead bodies caused by unexplainable death and organisms that defy all existing natural sciences. She always looks for a logical and scientific explanation, grounded in by years of training at medical school and the look of polite disbelief as she listens to one of Mulder's seemingly far-fetched theories is damn amusing, although she must be questioning her own beliefs after experiencing so many extraordinary events. Also, their relationship is strictly platonic and will remain so. (Thank God!)

Apart from the obvious deviation from the usual subject matter, the show blends captivating elements of the old and the new. Aspects of the show reminiscent of Gothic themes are combined with today's scientific technology but at the same time it's not afraid to postulate some new ideas (eg. foreign DNA, alien retroviruses). The sombre atmosphere is intensified by the elegant, noirish approach to its direction, ghostly voice-over narrations and its effective use of music eg. Nick

Cave's 'Red Right Hand' and Hendrix's 'All Along The Watchtower'.

The strangest characteristic I observed from the show was surprisingly its humour, especially at its darkest moments, made even better by the dry, sardonic delivery of Duchovny (ever noticed how the muscles in his face barely twitch?) and Anderson. They add previously uncharted dimensions to the word deadpan.

The general vital signs for the *X-Files* indicate a healthy, growing show, not overdosing on plot and script and not suffering from any jerky camera movement syndrome. There is one looming black cloud for the series with departure of two of its best writers Glen Morgan and James Wong, who have left to write their own series. This need not be a hurdle however, more of a challenge to provide some great opportunities for a new generation of writers (who probably got even more warped ideas).

So far, the team have continued to deliver some pretty top-notch stuff, making my winter nights that more chillier (and spookier) but hey, I'm not complaining!

Useful/Useless info you might/might not want to know about the show:

*The actors' fanclubs are called - David Duchovny Estrogen Brigade Gillian Anderson Testosterone Brigade.

**X-Files* merchandise are now available in America and the first issue of the *X-Files* comic are already sold out.

*There are strong rumours about an *X-Files* film in the near future - salivating yet X-philes?

*Anderson is 5' 2" and Duchovny is 6' 1" .

*The death toll in the show (up to the 'Die hand Die Verletz' episode) is 109.

*David Duchovny played a transvestite detective named Dennis/Denise in David Lynch's 'Twin Peaks'.



Amateur Mercury

Accountancy. Murder. Amnesia. Torture. Ecstasy. Understanding. Redemption. So boasts the promos for Hal Hartley's quirky and engaging offering, *Amateur*. It's a pity that the acrostic couldn't be extended to include Naivety, Pornography, Virginity, Deadpan, Nuns and Smirk. But then they'd have been forced to call the film *Amateurnpvdns* spawning more pub table debates surrounding correct pronunciation than for the Mercury's recent showing, *Clerks*. Extending the title, however, is little more than a confusing and impractical abstraction - something that *Amateur* for all its complexity could have become. Instead, it is a most diverting film.

Amateur tells the tale of Isabelle, the former nun and self confessed nymphomaniac (despite the fact

that she's still a virgin) and the quest which she perceives as holy, to sort out the lives of amnesiac Thomas and his infamous porn actress wife, Sophia. Thomas was in fact a ruthless killer type and pornographer prior to the memory destroying free fall that marks the film's opening. His new found innocence and the gentle influence of Isabelle on his persona creates a Thomas that evokes sympathy and compassion from the audience. Hartley (*The Unbelievable Truth, Trust, Simple Men*) only allows us to see the generous, caring Thomas and so challenges us to attempt to assign guilt to a man who has no knowledge of any wrong doing he is accused of perpetrating.



The performances compliment the script perfectly. Hartley film regular, Martin Donovan (*Trust, Simple Men* amongst others) as Thomas and Isabelle Huppert as Isabelle interact in the milieu of deadpan confusion and innocence that you can imagine leaving a smirk on every face on the set bar theirs.

Elina Lowensohn (also from *Sim-*

ple Men) takes the role so well that the concept of a person raised from teenhood on a diet of film sex by the evil Thomas yet totally naive to the workings of the corrupt world surrounding her, is taken for granted.

Supporting character, Edward, the electro-shock torture victim, played with suitably maniacal weirdness by Damien Young and the two assassins out to kill the rest of the cast provide black comedy moments and accounting humour to rival films of more farcical intent. But this is not a comedy.

Amateur prompts the full spectrum of emotions without settling on a particular theme. Humour, violence, tragedy, romance, action, lust... the effect is complete. Hartley has created a challenging but highly entertaining movie with a collection of the most amusing and affecting characters portrayed in a manner that mightn't please all but certainly pleased me.

Bryan Scruby

SFW Mercury

SFW. Small Furry Wombat? No. Sausage Flavoured Weeties? No. Stupid Fucking Wanker? Close. Give up? SFW = So Fucking What = quite a good movie. SFW is a very black comedy about fame and dealing with fame in a society where a media has the ability to build up and then tear down people at will. In SFW it is Cliff Spab (Stephen Dorff), a foul mouthed, rockin' Gen Xer from white industrial America who becomes the aforementioned hero and consequently the subject of uncontrollable mass media attention.

The way in which Spab comes into being the greatest American hero (no pun intended) is shall we say black in the sense that it deals with our obsession with T.V and more to the point T.V violence. For 36 days, Spab, Wendy and Spab's best mate Joe are held hostage in their local Fun Stop (just imagine a Food Plus that sells beer) by four

terrorists armed with big guns and a handy-cam. The T.V networks are forced to air the videotapes under the threat of death to the hostages. So for 36 days the American nation are captivated by the close quarters existence of the three hostages and in particular the 20 year old protagonist in Spab.

Having been the centre of attention for over a month (and not knowing it) Spab emerges as America's newest celebrity. Lauded for his sarcastic humour, his attitude of "So Fucking What" becomes the catchcry for the whole nation. Spab and the words SFW are emblazoned on t-shirts, posters etc America wide. Spab having only just escaped being the prisoner of terrorists has now become the hostage of the media. So Spab flees the media and is eventually replaced by the media's longing for their next idol.

Dorff is far from his role in *The Power of One* playing a character more akin to Christian Slater's role in *True Romance*. His 'cool as fuck' demeanour will no doubt have him branded as the next Mr. Teenage Sex Idol (that's if he's not that

already). That's fine and all but haven't I seen that before? (i.e. Brad Pitt, Ethan Hawke etc...) Jack Busey (son of Gary) makes his first supporting role in a major film. I hope it is his last. He unashamedly rips off his dad's style and does it badly. Reese Witherspoon's character (Wendy) is just there and apart from being totally opposite to Spab does nothing more than highlight this.

Apart from a very soft ending that seems to be totally out of place (unless it's trying to convey an extra specially sly extra black message) SFW isn't a bad movie. It's fairly easy to watch and you're not really

that disturbed by the satire because we all already know that the media is a destructive force (read Grant, Hugh). As an added bonus



the Mercury are also showing a short film by Maryam Master, a Flinders graduate, called *Post Modern Academic Wank*. Made on a \$2500 budget it's got some nice throwaway gags and acts as a good lead up to the feature.

Matt Rawes

Die Hard With a Vengeance Academy Cinema

How else would you expect a *Die Hard* movie to begin than with an explosion. Not just any explosion though, one mutha of an explosion.

After all the concrete, glass and cars hit the ground we're once again gaffer taped to the back of John McLane (Bruce Willis). This time though we're in New York - the home of John McLane and the police force he is a part of.

For the third time he's set against a group of international terrorists hell bent on getting what they want - which just happens to include his life. John must go to any and every extent possible to survive, let alone defeat them. Funny enough he survives and only incurs a few bruises and cuts along the way. (That's why

we love him)

The terrorists are led by a brilliant minded man, simply called Simon (Jeremy Irons), who has a special liking for John, and who enjoys a good game of 'Simon Says'. The only change to the normal backyard scenario being that if the task is not met by John a bomb explodes in a crowded city area. As bombs are



now the fashion in Hollywood action films, *Die Hard With a Vengeance* doesn't let the genre down.

Bruce Willis, in his complimentary white singlet with blood splatters, is joined by Samuel L. Jackson as Zeus Carver, an African-American, who saves him on his first task - a walk on the wild side in Harlem. From then on John and Zeus are pitted against the psychopathic Simon, who seems set on blowing up as many innocent bystanders as possible.

The plot turns though, and turns for the better when the audience discovers why Simon has such an interest in John.

It's obvious as to why director, John McTiernan, chose this script over

many others as *Die Hard* (x3) is better than the first two combined. Even though Bruce Willis is carrying a bit more flab, this problem is balanced by the brilliant performance of Samuel L. Jackson as Zeus, a foul mouthed, wise-cracking, realist. You might recognise him as the cheeseburger man from *Pulp Fiction*, but Jackson is bigger and better in this, his latest outing.

Bruce Willis is also extremely good, bringing a more invigorated performance and a slightly different personality to the character of John McLane.

Packed full of action, miraculous stunts, stunning cinematography and hundreds of psychos running around killing each other - of which John and Zeus are at the top of the list, John McTiernan has definitely created his best movie to date.

Die Hard With a Vengeance - certainly worth a visit to the local cinema.

Marc Fullager

SEBADOH

seBAdoh
Even
Crush
Liberty July 6th

It's an old saying but I think that it's time someone told the half wits who book the local supports at Liberty that oil and water don't mix. That's not to say that I've got anything against Crush. I'm sure that one day they'll be on high rotation in every heavy metal lovin', black t-shirt wearing kids' bedroom CD player. But jeez Louise, they just weren't appropriate, even if the boorish lad who mooned the audience with CRUSH painted on his arse thought otherwise.

Melbourne 3-piece, Even, made a mock apology for not being as heavy as Crush before beginning a set more in tune with the rest of the evening. They play that sort of pseudo American guitar music that Triple J like to play and in Even's case, I'm told, Triple M. Most of their songs walk that fine line between alternative credibility and

mass acceptance pretty well and they have the nice-guy-not-rock-star image down pat.

Onto Sebadoh. Lou Barlow's comment at the end of their first set summed up the night perfectly. He said words to the effect of, "thank you Adelaide... it's been really weird." Yep.

Sebadoh are slackers from way back and the drawn out between-song-breaks shouldn't have come as a surprise. That didn't stop a lot of foot shuffling and wandering gazes amongst the audience. Perhaps it was just a typical Adelaide response but few people were moved to kinetic reaction by Sebadoh's performance. The feedback from the microphones was, at times, vicious and the snare drum broke which compounded the problem.

Vampire, Skull and the like are cool songs and Sebadoh have a unique and compelling appeal but the gig lacked the sense of occasion that foreign touring groups are expected to generate. Sort of like the musical equivalent of a bowl of luke warm pumpkin soup, really.

Bryan Scruby



Jason Lowenstein, Bob Fay and Lou Barlow take time out between a couple of songs in their set to do some sight seeing at The Big Orange, Berri.

Graduate Recruitment Programme

THE FUTURE NOW UP GRABS

↑ UP ↑

↑ UP ↑

VENUE: Adelaide University, Elders Conservatorium

DATE: Monday, 7th August 1995

TIME: 5.30 pm

heaven

TOP TEN

1. THE BOMB Bucketheads
2. ALL AROUND THE WORLD Nightraver
3. U SURE DO Strike
4. STOOPID Hal 9000
5. FEEL IT Hi Lux
6. FOREVER YOUNG Interactive
7. TIK TOK Ultrasonic
8. AS LONG AS YOUR GOOD Judy Cheeks
9. THE FEELING Endive
10. WONDERFUL DAY Charlie Low Noise/Mental Theo

compiled by James Ingram & ATB

● Glastonbury

Music

1995 ●

Ever since Mark Bolan stepped on stage and pranced about in front of 2,500 people with beards twenty-five years ago, Glastonbury has represented the top leisure time happening of 'alternative culture'. However, nowadays the beard isn't a prerequisite. You don't even need to have a cow or a lead and a bag full of mystical pebbles to sell. The event remains a haven for eco-tripping hippies and revellers, but travellers and candle-makers are increasingly joined by punters attracted by its ever improving booking policy.

This year was no exception. The Greenpeace music festival had another stunning line-up with the likes of Oasis, The Cure, Soul Asylum, Belly, The Prodigy, Pulp, Galliano, Supergrass, etc for its twenty-fifth anniversary. The 65,000 ticket holders are accompanied by some 30,000 'Glasters - blasters' (the people, like myself, who keep the 'free-spirit' of the festival alive by tunnelling, scaling or scamming their way in). Many of these hopeful 'Glasters - blasters' were delighted this year when a 'rent-a-mob' smashed a twelve foot hole in the fence.

The music is basically just a good excuse to get you there. Glasto is much more than that. Once inside it is like a city - a city with some fifty odd venues firing on a high the whole weekend long. A city where people are married, babies are born and the party never stops.

It's Saturday night. I have just seen an awesome set by **The Boo Radleys** on the main stage. Everyone's as high as a bastard kite. There are fucking nutters everywhere - loonies on bikes, nightmare trippers, naturists in their B'day suits and even a bloke hanging off a branch, thinking he's a tree!

I wonder what it is like 'out there' on the edge of Glasto's thrilling fields? I begin to meander along. I'm on auto-pilot. There are stalls of every kind - wood carving, didgeridoo, massages, build your own windmill, hippy health, reflexology etc. I pass people dressed up as lollipops; surreal fifty foot fairytale sculpture, a guy wearing a helmet, goggles and armed with an ironing board; solar wind boxes; the anti-war no more Hiroshima campaigners and through a sea of tee-pees to finally emerge at the 'Sacred Field'.

This is the very uppermost part of

the Glastonbury site. It's set aside as a holy space being the sole spot without stalls, stages or maladjusted tents. The bagpipes, didgers and army of bong-bashers however, make of an unholy racket. There are the significant rocks in the middle and the futuristic mirror -ball-cybersculture - totem-pole effort looming from behind. Locating an unoccupied blade of grass up here is like trying to find an alfresco seat in Rundle Street on a Saturday night. Finally, I sit down to goggle the ace view. Lights stretch out over the still dark valley. The 'Healing Field', with its bonkers, masseuses and whispering wind-chimes, is just in front; then the 'Green Field' (cycle powered PA system by sweating hippies; story-telling, tie dye; place of marriage) the Jazz stage; the Theatre Marquee; the Pyramid. Looking out it seems like a whole different planet. There is just not law. Complete chaos and total anarchy, but without violence.

The sun sends its first cool morning rays through the clouds, I ponder the blurred events of the weekend.....WOW! Thankfully I have two months to recover for 'Reading'.

DOC (direct from London)



Supergrass.

GLASTO TIPS:

1. Don't get shot (there was a heavy shooting incident last year - incidentally the victim was allowed in for 'free' this year).
2. Avoid the campsite (it's like fucking 'Escape to NY')
3. Don't buy acid off of anyone under the age of 16 (the little rotters use Kellogg's cornflakes' cardboard)
4. Don't take all your drugs when you are waiting in the traffic to get in (Nigel from **Dodgy** found out the hard way).
5. Don't pay the £65.....but,
6. Be careful jumping the fence (150 people broke their ankles this year while attempting to scale the perimeter fence).

Pulp.





We wanted to go on a bus tour - just for the experience...



You've heard that song on the radio. You MUST have it. So you venture out into our city of churches to exchange your hard earned cash for an album. But are all music shops in Adelaide equal? The intrepid *On Dit* team of Chris, Kerina, Walter, Shelley and Isaac decided to get the dirt on how our city music shops shape up.

It's worth noting that although we generally carried out the same examination procedure in every shop, this extensive study did vary from shop to shop, depending on what we focused on and who was acting as Ralph Nader.

Virgin Megastore

Location: Myer Centre, Rundle Mall.

What you'll find here: Everything and a lot of it - this is the Mother of all music shops. Music (both CD's and tapes), posters, computer games, T-shirts, accessories.

Staff: Clad in Virgin t-shirts and jeans. The guys we spoke to were polite and fairly helpful.

Good for: Pretty decent alternative, Australian music and dance/techno sections. "They've got some really obscure stuff that you wouldn't think Virgin would have but then they don't have stuff that's really well-known" - Shelley.

Prices: Not bad at all because of their extensive purchasing power - you can pick up some chart/popular music for decent prices, eg \$24 for a CD.

General Appearance: Hip three level store with enough TV screens and listening posts to start your own Tandy's and/or give the shopper the feeling that they're in a MTV world, especially with the in-house DJ. Well set out, organised displays.

What was playing when we ventured in: You Am I, Smashing Pumpkins, Kylie Minogue.

Comments: "The Lloyd's of music stores" - Kerina. "TISM in the

dance section, now that's just plain scary" - Walter.

The Muses

Location: 112 Rundle Mall (next to John Martins).

What you'll find here: The usual although they have a better classical range, English magazines like *Vox*, *NME* and *Melody Maker*, the latest issues but they cost more.

Staff: Reasonably knowledgeable when questioned about up-and-coming releases.

Good for: Comprehensive classical and alternative sections, good cassette range.

Prices: Ordinary at about \$30 for a CD.

General Appearance: Nothing special. The decor is not designed to attract customers.

What was playing when we ventured in: Tokyo Ghetto Pussy.

Comments: "Whenever I go into Muses I find music that I want to buy, but the prices are average and you can probably pick the same thing up cheaper somewhere else" - Chris.

Seeing Ears

Location: 49 Rundle Mall (below street level, opposite David Jones).

What you'll find here: English street mags/glossies, posters, T-shirts of hip bands.

Staff: Pretty helpful and friendly. When questioned about a smaller indie label, they actually knew something about it but admitted that the guy who knew heaps about it wasn't in yet.

Good for: Music is displayed rather higgledy piggledy with new releases and oldies brushing shoulders - makes it a bit hard to find what you're looking for. Good for obscure releases/imports and bargain priced posters of scantily clad women, cars, has-been 80's pop stars and Tony McGuinness. No cassettes.

Prices: Fairly ordinary but their poster prices are pretty reasonable.

General Appearance: Very ordinary although there's a pinball machine.

What was playing when we ventured in: The new Supergrass album.

Comment: "Good stuff but you might spend a bit of time looking for it" - Shelley.

CC Records

Location: Opposite Myer Centre, Rundle Mall.

What you'll find here: Music-wise they have a bit of everything including a few bigger local releases but their range is definitely slanted towards the mainstream market. Some posters, local street magazines and videos.

Staff: They wear chambray shirts and jeans. The guy we spoke to wasn't sure if he had heard of the Lemonheads ("Evan Dando?...Um, the Lemonheads?) but another guy was a bit more helpful, although he could have looked up the Australian album we asked him about (*Godstar's Coastal*) instead of saying, "I have no idea what record company that would be through".

Good for: In the compact disc age of the 1990's they had an extensive range of tapes. Not a bad range at all.

Prices: Very ordinary. Averaging around \$30 for a CD, \$20 for a tape.

What was playing when we ventured in: Hootie and the Blowfish.

Comment: "They had the earlier Boo Radleys album, but not the current one which is selling. Heaps and heaps of Happy Mondays stuff which was kind of weird" - Walter.

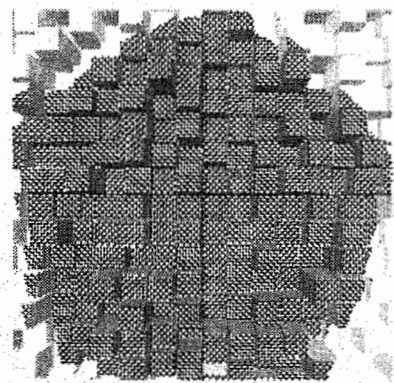
Uni Record Shop

Location: Union building, conveniently located next door to the Grill Bar.

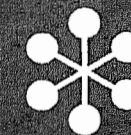
Staff: Greg's helpful and he knows his stuff.

Good for: Popular/indie releases, second hand music, some good T-shirts.

Prices: Good. You can pick up



...but they wouldn't go near the record stores.



some absolute bargains. There is a sale section near the front counter which has some good music (including new releases) for much less than you'd pay at a lot of other places. Prices are often marked down 50%.

General Appearance: Small, neat. **Comment:** "It's cheap, it has some good music and it's ours...support it!" - Chris.

Andromeda

Location: 96 Gawler Place (downstairs).

Staff: Fairly helpful but a bit intimidating and they're not very well-dressed. They can spend ages chatting to some customers but can completely ignore others.

Good for: Older releases. Probably one of the biggest selections of vinyl although the range is definitely for the 70's and 80's fans. Some rare singles, tour posters, second hand stuff and bootlegs.

Prices: Reasonably cheap. **General Appearance:** A bit dodgy because you have to venture down some stairs into a basement, which emits an interesting smell that you can't quite put your finger on.

Comment: "A bit of a rummage sale so you'll spend your time looking. Many of these albums you will find in your parent's vinyl collection" - Kerina.

Central Station Records

Location: 3/187 Rundle Street (just listen out for it...).

Staff: Staff range from professionally courteous to spectacularly rude, but then they do work hard and they are fairly knowledgeable on the music they sell.

Good for: They do have a good selection of hard-to-get techno and hip-hop. They also stock a lot of vinyl as well as a large range of music magazines.

Prices: Everything is overpriced - expect to pay five or six dollars more for a disc you can find anywhere else.

General Appearance: Pleasant, well-lit decor (a relief after the darkness of the Muses) but looks more like a second-hand record shop than one selling new products.

Comment: "If you're into dance, this may be the place to buy those elusive tunes, but remember your basic economics and look around first" - Isaac.

Big Star Records

Location: 197 Rundle Street

Staff: Generally pretty friendly and helpful, especially when enquiries are made about posters in the window or when new albums are out, etc. Also nice to stare at and drool-hip looking individuals who look like they're all in local bands.

Good for: The layout is great; it's easy to find a particular CD as well as latest releases and singles. The best part: Big Star have eftpos!! This means no more running to the bank when there's a catchy song in your head and you decide you must buy it now! Instead you can say, "Charge it!" and give the staff your plastic card. Big Star have a great range of fanzines, local papers, art and music magazines and lots of imported readables too. They also get the *NME* and *Melody Maker* in quicker than any other store.

Prices: About average, some imports are a bit pricey. **Comment:** "Big Star's basement enables them to have gigs which is pretty unusual for a record store. They also have a sister store on Magill Road that stocks a bigger range of second hand CD's than the city store. A must to check out!" - Shelley.

B Sharp

Location: 246 Rundle Street, towards the East End.

Staff: When I sauntered in the two staff members were chillin' behind the counter sipping café latté's. Generally helpful.

Good for: Jazz, acid jazz, blues,

funk, world music with a limited range of popular releases and soundtracks. If you're technologically challenged and don't own a CD player forget it - there ain't no cassettes here!

Prices: The usual, some things are more expensive than others.

Comment: "B Sharp and it's staff fit in with the whole Rundle Street attitude, the slicker/hipper/cooler the better" - Kerina.

Thrash Grind Grunge

Location: 276 Morphett Street (put your hiking boots on!)

Staff: High levels of street credibility, excellent local knowledge of the thrash scene.

Good for: Books written by serial killers, metal, industrial noise, grindcore and everyone else from the same genus. Some indie pop music but little commercial material.

Prices: Pretty good. New gear is around the \$28 mark, but when they're having a sale you can pick up some real bargains.

Comment: "Don't go uninformed, you won't find any Acker Bilk greatest hits collections here boys and girls. What you read is what you get" - Kerina.

Verandah Music

Location: 28 Austin Street (opposite John Martin's car park).

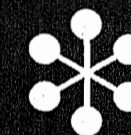
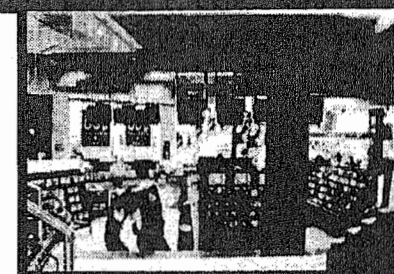
Staff: yes **Good for:** Buying music from, not so good for buying your groceries.

Prices: They utilise the decimal currency system in favour of pounds, shillings and pence

General Appearance: Sort of like a shop.

Comments: "Verandahs are handy when it rains." - Walter

So there you have it music consumers. Either take our words for it or go, explore and discover for yourselves!





Three Men with a MISSION

Dodgy - three British lads with an uncanny talent for penning upbeat, irresistible pop tunes or just a 1990's Goodies? Either way this pop threesome have a one way ticket to big time city. They just know it. Currently touring Germany supporting the Cranberries, Kerina West spoke to drummer Mathew Priest in the wee small hours of the morning about success, spirits and the Smiths.

Homegrown, the group's second album has just been released in Australia, despite the fact it's been available overseas for some time. The lads were extremely happy with the end result. "The finished product was fantastic", Mathew replies. "When we did it, it was weird because it took quite a while. We did three months here and three months there, and while we were doing it we didn't really realise what we were doing. It's only recently when I've been talking about it six months later I realised what a good album it was", he explains. "It's just one of those albums that you'll always go back to, you'll always rely on".

The fickle nature of the UK music press have devoured many talented individuals. So does the influential nature of the beast concern Dodgy? "It doesn't bother us because right from the start we knew we were making good music," Mathew explains. "The only problem was that we didn't have an image to fit the perfect image of the music press in England, we didn't all come from the same area or have the same hairstyle. We've always dressed and behaved the way we wanted to dress, even though we have dressed

cool all the way," he laughs. "It's just now they're beginning to see that the music is the most important thing".

As it should be. With attention firmly fixed on the "New Wave of New Wave" movement, Dodgy provide a refreshing alternative from the cool indie scene. "The music press do like a bit of indie, they do like the black leather jackets, black shirts, black jeans, black Chelsea boots - the Marion/Elastica look," Mathew comments. "That's indie and we've never been indie, right from the start we've been pop. We've always been into soul music, we've always been into pop music, we've always been into psychedelic music, we've always been into hip hop and dance music. We'll do what we want to do," he states. "It's all about taking your time, it's always been the case from the start that we'll get there in the end."

A favourite preoccupation of the British press is comparing new talent to eighties English legends. The Smiths. Countless groups have worn the tag of "best British band since the Smiths". But what do Dodgy think about all this? "The Smiths aren't really all that relevant anymore because since then the Stone Roses have moved into the house, and they've made a bit of a mess of it. Since then we've had Oasis and Blur, and they're the big ones at the moment," Mathew comments. "The best band since so-and-so is only purely the journalists' idea. People can say "Oh Dodgy are the best band since the Smiths", and someone else could say "Oh but surely Dodgy are the best band since

the Beatles", and then another person will say "But aren't Dodgy the best band since Blur?" and so on. It's all bollocks really. What categorises best? Is it the best dressed? The best selling? As far as I am concerned Dodgy are the best band to be into. We are like the person who is into us, we are just a mirror to them."

Other bands would be reluctant to admit supernatural connections, but Dodgy are open minded towards life on other dimensions. "It's true, me and Andy Miller (guitarist) have both received messages from the other side. Mine was through a ouija board, and spirits have told me Mathew you'll be a star," he replies. "At the end of the day what you've got to realise is that the people who die, once they die it doesn't mean that they have to be truthful. Spirits can lie as well, but the reason they are saying it is that they've tapped into our self-belief and they know that we are going to do it."

While fame and wealth are the bonuses of being a successful pop outfit, the benefits can be more modest. "The big plus is the feeling that you've made music, you've created something that makes this amount of people feel really good. People can put this record on before they go out, they can put this record on when they get up in the morning, they can put this record on when they are feeling depressed and they tell you, 'hell this record makes me feel so good, it's the best record I've heard in years'". The positive vibe is reflected in Mathew's tastes in music. "What I'm into is soul music, it's uplifting music and that's the kind of music that I want to play,

and a lot of people are into that. To be uplifting is a good thing in music."

A question asked by many up-and-coming young hopefuls is how one makes the transition from pub band to gracing the cover of the NME. Mathew's theory is simple. "One thing I've always believed in is that if you're good enough you'll always shine through, and that is completely the truth. If you're in a really good band that can't be denied and you're making spiritual music then you're going to be found out. If you believe it will happen, sooner or later it will."

"You can't deny good music. We knew that we had something good, we knew people had to listen to us. We knew that Dodgy was something special, so by whatever means necessary we got people to listen to us," he muses. "It's the same with anything in life - if you can gather the strength to do it then it will work out. It's the hope in our lyrics and the hope in our music, and music has always been about giving people hope, I believe."

Australian fans hungry to check out Dodgy live will have to wait until the New Year at least before they venture towards our shores. With spots on several UK festivals and a third album in the pipeline, the lads will be snowed under. "We're a bloody good live band, and we will scare any band in the world today. We're like a soul band live, we do what we want. We try to get gospel singers on stage with us, a horn section, a keyboard player and the three of us - that's our full show and it's incredible."



three
very
dodgy
blokes

ECHOBELLY

Much of the hype surrounding British indie-popsters, Echobelly, has been due to its "Audrey Hepburn look-alike" singer/songwriter Sonya Aurora Mandan to the extent that her talent for writing, marketability as a rebellious, young Asian lass and strongly-felt views on politics and gender often seem to eclipse Echobelly's music in importance. Consequently, after the feeding frenzy of the British press and Echobelly's rise to prominence in late 1994, it would be easy to write off Echobelly as succeeding solely due to Sonya and her endorsement from Morrissey. However, Echobelly's music is strong enough to stand on its own and their debut album *Everyone's Got One* should win them more than a few Aussie fans. Christina Soong telephoned Sonya in England to set the record straight.

Echobelly's narcissistic single *I Can't Imagine the World Without Me* was indie pop at its three minute best and they followed up with *Everyone's Got One* (or EGO if you prefer) which made the Top Ten in 1994 in the UK. Sonya was surprised to hear that *Everyone's Got One* just came out in Australia a few months ago as she thought it was released concurrent with its British release last August. In fact, Echobelly have just finished their second album, *On*. "It's a bit weird to be talking about the first album when we've just finished the second one... *On* is wicked, but we'll talk about that next year," she laughs. However, she discloses that *On* is "different (from EGO) in the sense that it's not as quirky. The songs are stronger and have more of a pop element but the recording is a lot more meaty, with much heavier guitars. It's definitely going more towards... dare I say Blondie rather than The Smiths... it's just the way we're heading. People are saying that the new album is a lot more Beatlesy, but I hate to compare it or qualify it."

Echobelly have often been compared to The Smiths and other English youngsters, Suede. While Sonya is a bit flattered, she is understandably reluctant to be seen as merely a version of the original. "It's all very well and good but I don't like to be compared to anybody because I think what we have to offer is valid

enough in its own right...on a trivial level it is a very flattering thing to be compared to other people if you enjoy their music, but I don't really care."

Sonya has been presented as a doc-wearing, kick boxing babe who rebelled against her strict traditional upbringing to become, "the spokeswoman for Asian women everywhere". However, the reality is not quite as extreme and Sonya says her "strict upbringing with no pop culture" has been exaggerated in the press. I point out that I'm looking at a press release from her record company. "Oh man," she says, wearily annoyed. "I think I better get this one sorted out...it's not really true, I did grow up with pop music but I wasn't allowed to go out much... I wasn't allowed to go into London and see bands and come home too late."

While at school, she developed a liking for '80s bands like Madness, The Jam and Blondie. Around then, she met guitarist/songwriter Glenn Johannason at a gig in London. He was in another band at the time, which Sonya really liked and when they split up, the two started writing together. "When I started writing songs I never thought, 'ooh this is going to be a controversial topic!' I just write about what comes naturally. It's bizarre, but people have made such a big deal out of things that I thought were common sense." Later, three more members were added, including ex-Curve guitarist Debbie Smith.

The quintet released their first EP *Bellyache* and it was evident that Echobelly were not going to be a schlicky glossy pop band rhapsodiz-

ing about love, not with politically charged songs like *Give Her a Gun* which rallied against the repression of women in Arabic countries and others like *Sleeping Hitler* which ear-tagged songwriters Mandan and Johannason as bright young things who actually had something interesting to say. Personal fave from EGO is gem *Father Ruler King Computer*, which takes its title from the *Female Eunuch* (Germane Greer), and was actually inspired by Sonya's refusal to become involved in an arranged marriage with a diplomat's son.

Having a living legend like Morrissey (ex The Smiths) gushing over them has obviously not harmed Echobelly's success in the slightest, with Morrissey's freely given praise of Sonya's song writing skills causing more than one coiffed Smith fan to sit up and pay attention. "Morrissey seems to be a bit of a fan of Echobelly," Sonya admits. Further pressed, she admits that he came round to her flat for a cuppa but she is nonchalant about the whole thing.

This attitude continues through to her perception of the fickle English press. "I think it needs to be taken with a pinch of salt. It shouldn't be taken too seriously because they don't really take it that seriously. It's a very quick turnover here and it can be dangerous if you get too involved in it." Although she believes that true talent will shine through at the end of the day, she is well aware of the changing moods of the British press.

"...in Britain the British press tends to be a bit more fickle than the American press or a lot of other places so I

think it's a little more difficult if you're not part of the scene here. They like to compartmentalise everybody here."

Echobelly were part of the group of indie British bands that included Oasis and Gene, and which came into prominence in 1994. However, Sonya believes that the similarities end there. "We all came around at the same time and I think our influences were vaguely similar but you know, after the first album I think that everybody can see where a band is heading, or where it's coming from at least and you find that bands actually don't have that much in common."

One thing the bands definitely do not have in common is a female front person. This in itself has led to snide comments about Sonya's actual talent and she is suitably angry about having to prove herself "I just think that at the end of the day if you call yourself an artist, then you should be selling your art, not your tits... I think that people are harder on women in general. I just think that we're brought up to be more critical about what women do and, for example, if a woman actually had an opinion she gets put into the screaming lunatic compartment whereas if a man had an opinion he's a deep and thoughtful artist - it's bullshit."

She humphs disgustedly when reminded of criticisms from fans who believed that she should not have posed for a sexy cover shot on a glossy magazine because she's "right-on and not Kylie" (Q magazine October 1994). She declares that it's "perverse because people think that if you're a feminist, then you have to be unattractive... which is a form of sexism in itself. I think you should be able to express yourself however way you want to."

Hopefully Echobelly will tour Australia in December/January 1996. In the meantime, chow down on EGO.



You're just too hip!

Dave Graney is one of the most enigmatic figures in the Australian rock culture. Together with his Coral Snakes he has just released another album, his third, entitled *The Soft 'n' Sexy Sound*. Here he is talking to *On Dit* about the new CD and some of the abstruse facets on the man called Dave.

OD: Welcome Dave

Dave: Thanks

OD: I've had a listen to the new CD. *The Soft 'n' Sexy Sound* and I think that it's pretty good. Are you pleased with it?

Dave: I am, yes.

OD: Did you have much trouble recording it?

Dave: It's a difficult trip to get into the state of mind required for recording. To start with we really weren't playing things out and exaggerating them, not playing at a loud volume or intensity. There's a lot of brushes on the drums and strings, leaving room for percussive effects. We also used a lot of instruments from the Latin stuff I listen to, like the shakers, maracas, and the fish. And the singing was kinda close, like country singers. So it was kinda tough to get into that intimate mode, and everything you play is quite exposed, not like that 2 chord kinda thrashing thing.

OD: Your vocals come over very well very smooth. Especially on the first single *I'm Not Afraid to be Heavy*. Did you have to work hard for that delivery?

Dave: After I had relaxed into it I was fine. I generally do things in one take. And that made the confessional type delivery quite easy. The singer has to show some emotion, especially with the lyrics I have, so you can't just belt it out in a macho breast-beating way. I tried to be more like a country singer, like George Jones.

OD: The first single, *I'm Not Afraid to be Heavy*, is about your ability to be sensitive, and let it show through your song. And are you trying to have a bit of a dig at anyone in particular?

Dave: I write songs using a lot of opposite things. A lot of rock songs, especially Heavy Metal songs, about desire are kinda like "Hey I'm a love hunter baby, and I'm comin' to get ya..." and it's like they are saying that the guy who has the hom has a lot of desire, and is solid. And being solid and full of desire makes him complete. Whereas in real life it's completely the opposite. The one with the desire actually loses control, and they become quite vulnerable, and they are actually not themselves. So the song is about declaring your feelings for somebody, and to do that you have to

to be tough.

OD: You are currently on an extensive tour of Australia. How is it going?

Dave: Last night we played at Penrith Leagues club here in Sydney.

OD: Was that with the Coral Snakes to do some shows with the Cruel Sea?

Dave: Yeh, we're shaking the frost off the stage for Tex and the Boys. Tomorrow we play at Wollongong and on Friday at the Newcastle workers club, then we move on to Canberra, Melbourne and then move over to Adelaide.

It's good we are doing a lot of songs from the *Soft 'n' Sexy Sound*, and we are getting about an hour long set on stage and we are mainly playing in theatres, which is good. We are playing up to a few thousand people, mainly seated. It's a lot different than being in a pub or a club, where everyone is half tanked and ready to rock and roll. So we are enjoying playing a lot of our slow and stately stuff and paying attention to the details. And that really comes across well in these big places.

OD: You have recently done a couple of gigs with Clare Moore. How did they go?

Dave: That was good. We played in Alice Springs, Darwin and Cairns.

OD: Have you been up that way before?

Dave: Never. It was very challenging. Clare was just playing some percussive things and singing and I was playing guitar and singing. It was probably the quietest stuff I have ever done. But it was good. Those gigs were pretty big, too. There were around 3,000 people at the Cairns show.

OD: And you're comfortable doing that slow stuff rather than trying to blast out some ear drums?

Dave: I'm glad to be back with the rest of the guys [in the Coral Snakes] now, it gives us a little more flexibil-

them on and on, it's actually quite good fun.

OD: You were recently in Canberra at Parliament House supporting Australian music and you got to speak to the PM. What did you discuss?

Dave: It was quite an event. Music actually.

GD: 'Scum-bag' or 'Get a Job' didn't come into the conversation?

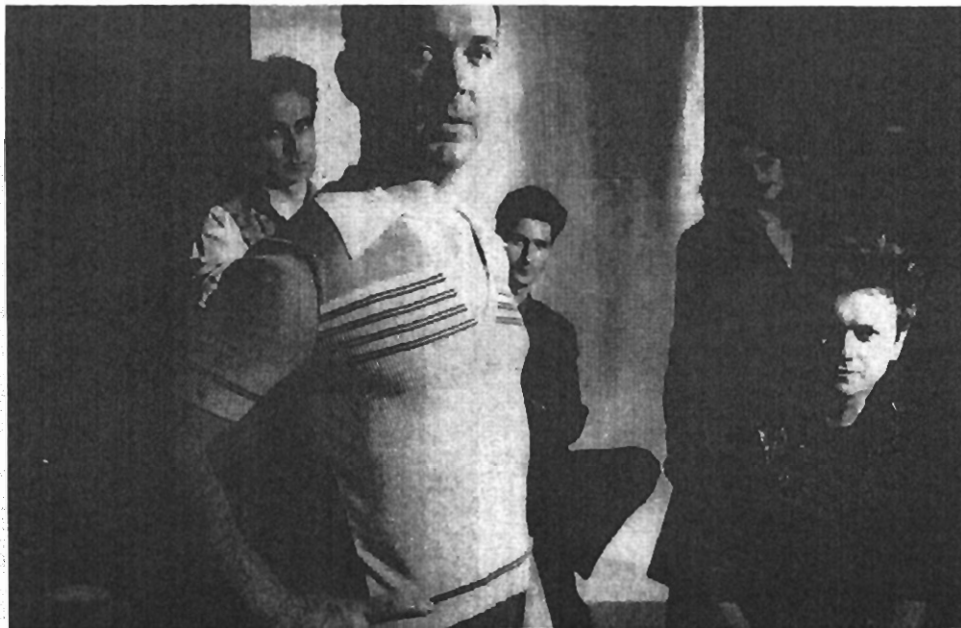
Dave: No, actually I thought that it was quite funny when he said that. I like Paul Keating. He didn't reach out and put his arm around me, which some politicians seem to do. They radiate and beam out their presence. Paul just spoke quietly and that draws you in. He talked about rock music and he thought I sounded like Paul Jones, the original singer from Manfred Mann.

OD: You met the PM. Does that make you successful or is it when Don Burke comes and plants some native shrubs out the side? How do you measure your success?

Dave: I dunno. That wasn't a really personal kind of meeting [with Keating]. I was there as a musician, for an affair that was basically in honour of Triple J. There were thoughts of an election, with an eye on the votes of young people. I was just one little piece of the pie. No I think that a smash hit record all around the world would mark success for me.

OD: You are known as the best dressed muso in Australia, and perhaps the world. When I saw you on the TV from when you were in Canberra you had quite a special jump-suit on. Tell me about that.

Dave: It is a special stretch denim one piece suit I had made by a seamstress, or fashion designer I should say, in Melbourne. I got the design from a 1970 Playboy I found. I found a whole box of these Playboys on the side of the road and one of them had an article about the suit of the future. The



Glengowrie High Year 12 teaching staff. From left; Mr John Daly (maths), Mr Ralph Tanner (history), some student teacher, Mrs Rita Brown (science) and Rosco the cleaner.

be bold and kinda fearless, but at the same time you are making yourself vulnerable to the other person. So the song is just saying how I'm not afraid

ity, and dynamic range, with piano, guitar and 3 singers. Playing slow songs live is funny too, because it is full of tension. People go whacko, wanting that release, but we just grind

future was going to be 1995, so that was 25 years down the track. It was a suit of the future and now I have it. I am the future and I am dressed appropriately.

Screamfeeder

If you're a hip and happening young cat, part of the now generation, then chances are you were cluey enough to go see Screamfeeder live during the swingin' holidays. The Brisbane three piece blew through Adelaide as part of some national touring and pretty soon they plan to do it all again - I guess that's what being a rock'n'roller is all about. Frank Trimboli spoke to Screamfeeder guitarist/vocalist/songwriter Tim Steward.

"We're gonna go on tour again, probably the same kind of thing." This is Tim Steward's remark after running down the list of cities they will be doing in July. "A three week tour to Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney and then we go to Perth as well after that and then we're gonna go on tour again....." Sounds hectic but what else are ya gonna do when you've just released what a lot of the music press are calling one of the best albums of '95.

"It was very small compared to most other bands I guess" says Steward of the hype which surrounded the band on the release of their latest album, *Fill Yourself With Music*. "I mean we got lots of good reviews and that's really nice, I mean I'd rather have ten quality reviews than one hundred mentions. Most people who reviewed it seemed to take it seriously and listen to the album properly and stuff like that."

Screamfeeder came into being in 1991. "We sort of were already a band under the title of The Madmen we just had a name change so we were already a fairly established act" said Tim. "What happened was we changed the name but at that time we were just really sick of the band cause we weren't getting anywhere ...we all kind of thought, right let's quit the band. But we had these four songs that we really liked and thought right, o.k. we'll just record these four songs and send them away to some record companies and if nothing happens we will definitely all quit."

"So we recorded them, and that was four of the songs that went on *Flour* in the end.....we got the survival deal and that made us stay together and start touring and within six months there was a lot of hype around us, which was really something we needed."

"The album *Flour* was recorded very cheaply and we were kinda

happy with the sound but, the interesting thing is we are remixing and remastering *Flour* and that's gonna be released in a couple of months, so it's gonna be sounding big, booty and beautiful. *Burn Out Your Name* was just a step on, we made it really heavy and we kind of thought sometimes it was a bit too full on and guitarly, but this new album is kind of a happy medium. Also, we've got a new drummer now. We've had him for about three weeks, he's the old 'Hatemans' drummer. He's called Dean and he's very good to play with."

With less of a heavy guitar aspect and a more balanced sound happening on *Fill Yourself With Music* I asked Tim whether he saw the album as a departure from, or as an extension on previous work.

"We've got two albums, *Flour* and *Burn Out Your Name*, which are both pretty much straight out heavy guitar albums and once we've got that base of a back catalogue behind us we're really pretty much free to do whatever we want because we've already got that base of a heavy guitar band, so we were free really on this album."

"I think if we released another straight ahead guitar album it could have been a bit boring, especially in this day and age. Maybe five or ten years ago you could do that and release six albums all the same and people would just love you. I think it's come to the stage where you've got to really expand and present the music in any way possible and play the songs just how you feel they should be played."

Fill Yourself With Music is something of a

triumph for the band. The album was recorded in just ten days but Steward maintains that those sort of time constraints are of little consequence to the finished product, as far as Screamfeeder is concerned. "It was really a budget thing, but we've always been a band who can just really get in and work" said Tim. "I mean we were getting in the studio around eleven o'clock and we would work until two every morning so it wasn't too stressful.....the fastest thing we did was mixing. We were mixing four or five songs a day. We always happen to work well under pressure and we get really creative."

Having never been to Brisbane I couldn't resist asking what the Brisbane music scene is like. His immediate response - "Well actually I've done about five interviews in Adelaide today and everyone's asked me that question, so do you really want me to answer it?" Anyway, I thought I'd probe further, his response - "I think there's a lot of freedom up here, I mean there's

bands really just doing what they want and you're not so influenced by what your friends are doing I guess, which might be the case more in Sydney and Melbourne. But I don't know how much. I mean I think Brisbane is as good as any other Australian city, put it that way."

After the current round of national touring Screamfeeder are intent on doing some overseas touring, as Tim puts it "I think that it's time, we're gonna go and do it." The band also hopes that it can find time to be part of next year's Big Day Out, meanwhile overseas demand calls. "The album did fairly well in America" said Tim, "and we get mail from Europe and lots of mail from Sweden."

Meanwhile touring here at home will keep the band busy. For the *On Dit* review of the album turn to page 47 and keep an eye out for the next single from the album, it includes a version of seBADoh's *Brand New Love* as a 'B-side'.



The name of this band is Screamfeeder



18 Wheeler

Formanka
(Creation/Shock)

Fact#1: there are far too many mediocre bands playing guitar, poppy stuff that sounds like some other bands' guitar, poppy stuff.

Fact#2: 18 Wheeler play guitar, (mostly) poppy stuff but they don't sound like all the other guitar, poppy bands and they sure as hell ain't mediocre.

In fact, *Formanka* is nothing less than a pleasure to listen to. If TV Week reviewed the single, *Bodda*, they'd call it a real heart-warmer and they wouldn't be completely wrong. If Alf Stewart from Summer Bay reviewed it he'd call it a bluddybewdyrippamate and he'd be right on the money... in a colloquial sort of way. *Steel Guitars* is instantly hummable ala Teenage Fanclub. Actually, quite a bit of the album hints at a TFC connection - they're both Scottish, I suppose. And TFC used to be on Creation Records. *Pretty Ugly* is cool too. The whole album is cool.

Message to Shock PR people: this is a glowing review so quote me on one of your band biography sheets.

"18 Wheeler are really, really, really, really, really cool, man." - Mark Scruby, *On Dit*.



Various Artists

Found in the Subway - a Subway Records Sampler
(Shock/Shagpile)

Now this is good. Bored! guitarist Dave Thomas has compiled this collection of tracks from the current Subway Records catalogue and Shock Records are offering the finished product for \$10 at all your favourite record stores.

German label Subway Records is a small but well respected label that specialises in hard rock and thrash and distributes well known German, American and even Australian bands around Europe. In fact three prominent Australian bands feature here - Sydney band Splatterheads, Geelong legends Bored! and Melbourne punkers Rooter, along with seven others bands from America and Germany. All the tracks are good, but the

standouts for mine, are *Kicked Out*, *Kicked In* by Dead Moon, and Sonny Vincent with Shotgun Rational doing *Carnal Carnival*, with their rather recognisable Stooges influence (Scott Asheton is a sometimes member of the group). Spongehead's interpretation of the Sly Stone classic *Don't Call Me Nigger*. *Whitey* is beautiful and so cool, it makes ya just wanna shout along and the last track is a previously unreleased Bored! piece of nearly 7 minutes duration.

This CD is really great, it gives you a taste of ten of the best on the Subway Records label and hopefully it's a taste of more to come.

Frank Trimboli



Supergrass

I Should Coco
(EMI)

History... Two of the lads from Supergrass used to be in a band called The Jennifers who released a single through Nude Records. At the time, lead singer Gaz was fifteen years old, drummer Danny was eighteen and any self-respecting pair of British eyes was locked in an unerring shoeward gaze. And guess what? The Jennifers were a bunch of Ride wannabes with their goggles fixed firmly on their yellow stitching.

Now to the present day... The hip thing to do for British bands is raid punky-type records by groups like The Stranglers, Wire, The Jam, Blondie and The Who and rip-em-off 'cos The Kids are too young to remember any of them. Brilliant... as long as you don't have any desire to be yourself and do something new. And hell, what are Supergrass doing now?

What can I do? I know, I'll just listen to the songs and tell you if I like them. Crazy.

Oh no! I'm enjoying myself. *I'd Like to Know* is really catchy. So is the brilliantly titled *Caught by the Fuzz*, no matter how late-seventies it sounds. Aaaaaah. *Mansize Rooster* is scarily similar to *Sunday Sunday* but Blur probably ripped it off anyway so damnwarirowdit. *Alright* is, um, alright (tee hee) and so is *Lose It*. *Lenny* is one of the best singles that I've heard so far this year - it ROCKS, maaan, and it's catchy as buggery. Damn. I can't find no duff tracks. *Strange Ones* is another corker. Even the helium-fuelled vocals of *We're Not Supposed To* stick in your mind for far too long. The rest of the tracks are more of the same.

So the question is: does catchiness outweigh originality when it comes to musical credibility? Are Supergrass worth the plastic they're digitally-encoded on?

Himmmmmm. What was the name of the Teenage Fanclub album with the yellow money bag on the pink

cover? Who cares? After all, everyone's doing it (*Love Spreads* by The Stone Roses = *Voodoo Chile* by Hendrix) - maybe all that matters is that you enjoy the songs - and who am I to judge?

Mark Scruby

JIMMY BARNES



PSYCLONE

Jimmy Barnes

Psychlone
(Mushroom)

Elizabeth's own hard rockin' son is back with 13 pumping chart bustin' tracks. And this time he's got his finger firmly on the pulse of the fast food generation. Just wrap your ears around these 'uns.

"Hold it to your heart now baby share it with no other, Twist and turn unwind it baby but do not blow your cover," (*Spend the Night*) - a Hindmarsh Island Royal Commission editorial like critique (take that Brownly).

"Going down... in a pool of ...come... enjoy the crime, do the time, that's the price you gotta pay," (*Going Down Alone*) - a damning indictment Hugh Grant can't ignore.

"When you look at your reflection, Is the face that you see your own," (*Mirror of Your Soul*) - Fox Mulderesque alien doppleganger odyssey.

Jimmy may be one of this century's biggest corporate products but he still remembers the little people that made it all possible.

"To all Barnstormers, Keep on rockin. You are the best. We'll be playing live near you soon, so come and see us and we'll kick arse together," (taken from the inlay sleeve).

Diesel had a hand in this too. He rocks as well.

Bryan 'loud, gruff yeah' Scruby



Mojo Nixon

Whereabouts Unknown
(Shock)

Now, before I get into the details of this disc I'm sure I'll need to answer a few questions. I'm sure some of you are saying 'wasn't that album

released ages ago?' Well you're right, it was. We received it here at *On Dit* at the end of semester one, but unfortunately the review didn't make it in time for the last two editions - sorry. Some of you could even be asking 'who is this Mojo Nixon chap?' Well I'll tell you.

Mojo Nixon is this zany, crazy dude who does zany crazy stuff. Nobody knows for sure what he's on about and nobody really knows if he's serious or just taking the piss (I like to think it's the later, the alternative is unthinkable really). On *Whereabouts Unknown* Mojo blends more of his ranting and raving with his usual blues base. Most of the tacks are very comical and very funny, he sounds so serious that at times it's kind of scary, but always bare in mind, he's joking (I think).

He does make a few subtle references which are of a serious nature but these can be easily ignored. Good music, funny lyrics, get together kids and cack your pants.

Frank Trimboli



Various Artists

Batman Forever
(Atlantic / WEA)

Soundtracks are the cool thing now, aren't they? Here we go again with *Batman Forever*, this soundtrack boasting the talents of PJ Harvey, Mazzy Star, U2, Nick Cave, The Flaming Lips, The Offspring, Michael Hutchence and many more besides. Lots of big names, lots of incentive for fans to fork out their cash.

The songs on this soundtrack are mostly quite capable. PJ Harvey and Nick Cave deliver their usual quality; Mazzy Star do another great bluesy, acoustic, Wonder Years-type song; and U2's *Hold Me Thrill Me Kiss Me Kill Me*, after a few listens, really grows on you (and has a great film clip featuring SuperBono and a Zoomobile).

There are a few duds, notably, in a "we're real punks, honest!" credibility grab. The Offspring, who cover the classic The Damned's "Smash It Up", turning it into their typical moronic garbage.

The main problem with this album is that it has no direction, feel or relevance to the film. Unlike *The Crow* or the *Natural Born Killers* soundtracks, both of which had thematic links to, and accurately represented, their particular film, this is little more than a bunch of good tracks thrown together for the sake of putting out a CD with the film. If you want a soundtrack with some depth and feeling, buy the aforementioned soundtracks and leave this one alone. If you simply want a good selection of bands playing decent tracks, buy this.

Christian H.



Bomb the Bass

Clear
(Island)

Tim "Bomb the Bass" Simenon certainly leads a hectic life. Producing for a variety of artists from Naomi Campbell to Björk, to Seal, to Tackhead and punk industrialists. Consolidated, it's not often that Tim finds time to record anything himself.

Clear is only his third LP - and a very bleak, anguished thing it is too. Gone are the claustrophobic rhythms of 1991's *Unknown Territory* to be replaced with sleazy club grooves and tales of drugs and mania. *Bug Powder Dust* - the big single - is a fair indication of what to expect, but it only scratches the surface of Tim's dark vision. Highlights are the moody *Empire* with Sinead O'Connor on vocals and the deliciously creepy *5 ml Barrel* with a narration even more disturbing than Severed Heads' *Dead Eyes Opened*.

Like most Bomb the Bass, *Clear* is dance music for listening rather than dancing - and it would be hard to imagine a more unsettling and thought-provoking listening experience than this.

Excellent.

Isaac Bridle



Sin Dog Jellyroll

Monkey Songs Neo Venom
(Independent)

Without doubt SDJ create a sound not often heard in Adelaide. They've got a sort of Jane's Addiction thing happening... sort of.

The first aspect of *Monkey...* to confront you is Julius Crawford's vocal style. Imagine a mutation combining all the whiny bits from Perry Farrell and Axl Rose. It may be an acquired taste but I just found it hard to swallow. The low points come with the falsetto singing on *Devil Made Me Do It* and at the beginning of *Automata* when we hear in quintessential nasal twang, "this one goes out to all the free people." Hmmm.

After seeing some pretty impressive band shots earlier in the year (see Prosh rag), the CD artwork is a major disappointment. Cheap does not have to mean cheap looking.

The bug motif lacks the intriguing appeal of the Underground Lovers' exploration of things creepy crawly and the font choice for the text would have been better suited to a SALOON sign at 'Movie World'.

Musically, SDJ couldn't exactly be described as tuneful. They have moments and some good ideas but more often than not spoil them with droning discordant guitar wank that wavers between a couple of notes like a 5 year old kid's first attempts to annoy the fuck out of its parents by imitating a police siren.

The opening track, *Desexualiser*, is the best of the quartet of songs on the recording. Every now and then through its 4 minutes or so you think that SDJ might have hit on something but then when you hear that harmonica creep in under the 'melody'.... It just doesn't work.

The last song is called *Virgin Machine* and goes on about travelling to Arizona. Enough said.

Bryan Scruby



Breather Hole

Breather Hole
(Way Over There)

Mmmm... interesting, interesting, interesting. Breather Hole are a bunch of talented entertainers, I'll give them that. The band Breather Hole has been around for a few years, having released several EPs (one of which was apparently released in a sandpaper cover that unfortunately scratched most of the CDs?!!!) and have now released this self-titled album. From perusing the cover sheet, one gets a really strong impression that this *Breather Hole* CD was actually the result of one guy calling up a whole bunch of friends (basically, anyone who could play an instrument) for a bit of arsing around and a jam session in someone's kitchen and recorded it for fun. However, on listening to the CD, I got an interesting surprise.

These guys are serious about their music and are heavily interested in experimenting. The band presents a great deal of variation on their album, with their songs ranging from obscure concepts such as *Get offa my Lung*, to a song with strong brass and string sections (*Knifey tooL @ curly prong*) to a bluesy kind of sound with *dog-boNe-idle*. The CD has some bonus tracks tacked onto the end (apparently from the tragic sandpaper-covered *Lament in Cement* EP) which, in my opinion, are the best songs on the album, especially *Fishing in Hardcore*.

In general, Breather Hole have a lot going for them. The instrumental side of the music is fantastic, with strong guitar and orchestral sections (NB: this is *not* a classical CD), but the vocals need work. Most importantly, though, these guys are out to

enjoy themselves and know how to entertain. The CD is fun and possibly worth buying for the little scratchy boxes on the front cover.

Alex B



Screamfeeder

Fill Yourself With Music
(Shock)

Flour, Screamfeeder's debut said "we're here" and the follow up *Burn Out Your Name* affirmed that and now *Fill Yourself With Music* has critics all over the world describing it as a quantum leap forward for the three piece from Brisbane. *Rolling Stone* magazine even went so far as to call it a "standout in the local independent scene", but is all this justified? The answer - well maybe.

This is a great album, the rock'n'roll roots and the heavy grunge are still here, but Screamfeeder have also extended on that and have discovered a new consciousness. Tracks such as *Low* and *Numb* are stirring and beautiful - something that can perhaps be attributed to the very appropriate use of piano and harmonica, but there's something more to it than that. The band (in particular guitarist/vocalist Tim Steward) display great maturity in their song writing and the bands performances allow each composition to breathe and have a life of it's own, away from the performances on this disc.

They haven't skimped on the power pop either, the title track is an excellent example of good guitar pop as are many of the other tracks.

This is a good album, in fact it's a great one but Screamfeeder will still have to break some more ground if they want to make it into the category of true genius - I think it's within reach.

Frank Trimboli



The Lovers

Embrace
(BMG)

The Lovers are being touted as BMG's "next big thing" - presumably because of the ever-so-trendy CD-Rom content of this, their debut album. The music is unobtrusive folk / pop reminiscent of



"All should know that them thar music reviews continue over the page."

Riff Raff

by
Wee Jock Poo
Pong McPlop

Thank God that Ash aren't the "Irish Silverchair" - in fact, their *Petrol* single is none too shabby... even if they do lean towards the power-pop genre. *Super Sex* by *Morphine* is boring but I don't suppose that comes as any surprise. *Buffalo Tom's* melancholic new single, *Summer*, isn't exactly cutting edge but that isn't necessarily bad. I just wish they'd fire up like they used to. You've all heard TISM's *River Phoenix* pay out so we'll skip that one. *The Further We Stretch* by *Ezio* isn't too bad as far as middle-aged strummy pop goes. *Catherine Wheel* sent us a promo preview of their forthcoming album, *Happy Days*, and you just feel like you've heard it all before. *The Blackeyed Susans'* new single, *Lets Live*, is a bit better - dare I say, moody? Hell, I reckon yooz should all buy it. Right? However, don't worry yourself with the *Everything* ep by *Kaktus Mantras* coz they is tryin' too hard in their bid to take eclecticism to new heights. You'd do well to give *Jann Arden's* melodramatic wailings a wide berth, too... unless, of course, she's related to Russell, in which case we all hail her brilliantly satirical interpretations of weepy corporate bollocks.

This week's list of CDs containing nothing but remixes of the same song is: *Get Wild* by *The New Power Generation* (6 remixes), *Need Love* by *g4* (5 remixes - incidentally, this is the pseudo-high-cred reincarnation of *Girlfriend*), *Fly Away* by *Haddaway* (5 remixes) and *I Wanna Be A Hippie* by *Technohead* (5 remixes). Oh, and they are all a load of offensively pathetic fucking bollocks. Another similarly classified release is *You Can Run* by *The Nation*.

Hey, HEY!!! Cheer up! This week's best single is definitely *Boddha* by *18Wheeler* - a bunch of lads from the UK with an exceptional talent for writing pop without sounding like every other pop band from the UK. But you can read all about that in the review of their album, *Formanka*. Good stuff, boys.

Clannad or even Elvis Costello circa *Spike*, with the occasional didgeridoo thrown in to keep the sound Australian.

The CD-Rom content is typical of such music releases - "click on the door to enter the studio where the guitarist will talk to you. Click on his guitar and he will play for you." Mundane.

For the technophobes, QuickTime v1 is supplied to get all the animation happening, but I'd recommend something more sophisticated - and a good fast processor. It's all pretty mediocre stuff, but where it really falls apart is in the disc format. By cleverly not putting the CD-Rom data on track 1, BMG have produced a disc where the audio component bitches about in some CD players (I tested it on quite a few) and the CD-Rom component is similarly uncooperative in some CD-Rom drives. Nice one, that.

Isaac Bridle



Header
Sugarfix
(Bark)

Sugarfix is the second EP released by Perth based power pop outfit Header. Largely a guitar pop band, Header don't break any new ground with *Sugarfix* but show that they, along with half of the new bands popping up around the country, are closely aligned with the British tradition of harmonic guitar pop. It's a fairly wholesome EP and the single *Sugafix* will get a little airplay while a few of the other tracks, namely *Time and Space* and *Barry*, have pleasant enough melodies to keep you interested. So if the words harmony and melody appeal to you then you'll probably like Header.

Matt Rawes



Foo Fighters
Foo Fighters
(Geffen)

Foo Fighters. It kind of sounds like a cartoon you used to watch on Saturday mornings. But this is a band from Seattle featuring ex-Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl and they're really not much like a cartoon. Hirvana. Now that sounds a lot like Nirvana and perhaps that's what Foo Fighters should have been called.

Dave Grohl pens all the tunes, sings along and even has a crack on guitar showing that he has more ability than his Nirvana days point to. No doubt you've already heard the single *This is a Call* about 1000 times on the radio. On the strength of this song alone many will be drawn into purchasing and will be pleasantly surprised to find a host of other good tracks. *Good Grief* cranks with its fast drumming and guitar to perfectly combine mayhem and melody which seems to be quite a hallmark of this release. *I'll Stick Around* smells like teen Seattle as does *Alone* and *Easy Target* which will keep many a Nirvana fan happy. Unlike many debut releases Foo Fighters does not peter out towards the end. The strength of the whole album rests a lot on the last three tracks, *X-Static*, *Wattershed* and *Exhausted*. *Exhausted* in particular compliments the album well with plenty of distortion, angst-ridden lyrics and some catchy riffs.

Comparisons with Nirvana were always going to happen and the press relating to this self-titled debut is evident with the LP kicking off at number 3 on the SA-FM charts. (I'll clarify my knowledge of that by saying I saw it in *The Advertiser* Guide). It is a fairly good album on its own merits though and if Foo Fighters can follow up with an album as strong, if not stronger, than their first effort then they won't be needing the Nirvana connection to push sales up.

Matt Rawes



Rhubarb
Rhubarb
(Greasy Pop)

They describe themselves as an indie rock/pop quintet and that's probably fairly accurate. They could add Echobellyesque or Plums-like but that would be to deny the diversity that this recording offers across its five tracks (4 listed and one hidden as is the fashion).

Look Out is the lead burst that finds time in its 1 & 1/2 minutes to evolve from noisy guitar pop to country serenade and back again keeping it interesting if not necessarily begging you to press the 'repeat' button.

The third track is Rhubarb's most striking as it steps out of conventional pop and into a menacing cabaret piece that showcases Libby Wells' vocals better than any other song on the ep. Maybe it's a bit hard to reconcile the lyrical morbidity of *50 Ways to Kill Your Lover* with the still maturing voice that emanates from the speakers but I guess serial killers come from all walks of life, don't they?

Rhubarb get all loud and grungey on *Musical Masturbation* which portrays a zesty (but not lyrically subtle side) to the band that suits their talents.

Rhubarb have only played 4 gigs which prompts curiosity as to the course that these songs will develop along should Rhubarb choose to extend their live resume in the future. At a guess the result would be to remove the clean, fresh and perhaps a little callow edge that permeates what is essentially an engaging indie pop/rock ep - just like they promised.

Bryan Scruby



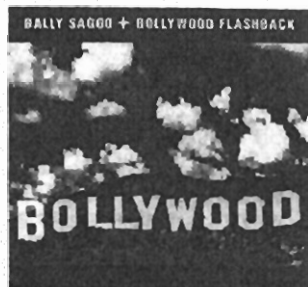
Crowbar
Time Heals Nothing
(Festival Records)

Dark and dismal, this latest release from four-piece New Orleans metal band, Crowbar, is a truly depressing testament to negativity in its many and varied forms. Comprising ten tracks, which vary in mood from gloomy and sombre to downright and just plain despair and should therefore appeal to all those twisted individuals who place such delightful subjects high up on their lists of favourite things. Potential buyers of this album should be warned, however, that many of the songs on it tend to be very repetitive, both musically and lyrically, which some listeners may find boring.

Overall, I found this album an acceptable listen myself, although there were few things about it that really made it stand out from many other metal albums. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of it was the pessimistic view of the world that the songs on it presented which was often so blatant as to be almost funny.

Given the ongoing furor about the alleged link between this sort of music and youth suicide, I would not be at all surprised if this album becomes a favourite scapegoat of those misguided souls who believe that the current epidemic of young people topping themselves can be blamed solely on a particular genre of music.

James Brazel



Bally Sagoo
Bollywood Flashback
(Columbia)

The ethnic / dance crossover movement has spawned some distinctive sounds in recent years. Besides the obvious African and Jamaican

sounds filling dance floors worldwide, Hindi music has had an important place, providing - as it does - the basis for the growing Bhangra movement.

Bollywood Flashback is (surprise, surprise) another example of Bhangra style. Hindi song traditional instruments and techno grooves are blended with results ranging from brilliance to baloney. The album is slow to get going, but once it does, it's Indian dance club heaven and strongly recommended to anyone seeking a beat that's out of the ordinary.

Bhangra is rapidly establishing itself as a hot contender for "the next big sound on the dance scene" and if you want to know what all the fuss is about, this is a not-too-shabby example of the genre.

Isaac Bridle



Grip Inc.
Power of Inner Strength
(Thrust Records)

Just when the weak-bowelled infidels who fear and despise heavy metal thought that this genre of music had finally died and descended to the morbid bowels of hell to rot eternally, along came Grip Inc. with its debut album, *Power of Inner Strength*. With all the brutality and mercilessness of an army of Horned Chaos Beasts, frothing at the mouth with bloodlust and unwholesome bile or the Wehrmacht at the beginning of Operation Barbarossa, Grip Inc. did annihilate the worthless unbelievers with the sheer brilliant aggression of its music and send their doomed souls to that same horrible place of endless torment to which they thought heavy metal had gone ...

Boasting the services of Dave Lombardo, former drummer of Slayer, Grip Inc. are a four-piece heavy metal group who sing about various topics relating to the dark side of human nature or problems currently afflicting our troubled planet.

Their album, *Power of Inner Strength*, contains eleven tracks and, apart from the first one, a somewhat unusual instrumental piece titled *Toque de Muerto*, all are infused with the sort of raw power that should make the ears of the most fanatical metalhead throb with unspeakable pleasure. Dave Lombardo exhibits great skill with the drums and no matter how he plays them, whether it be fast and furious like one possessed by the demons of speed, or slowly and intensely with all the latent lethality of a prowling tiger, the end result never fails to blow the listener away. All in all, this is an excellent album with few things to fault it.

James Brazel

Nick Holland



Living in a one-team-town must be pretty tough for any AFL neophyte. With one team but many media sources, Crows players cannot avoid the cameras and the dictaphones that journalists wave about. Adelaide's AFL brigade are scarce resources for a hungry media.

With little material to work with, Adelaide journalists have had to become very inventive in the way the Crows are reported. The 'rising star' or the 'talented' or 'promising' player is a different angle yet one that guarantees reader interest because it remains attached to broader Crow developments. This is very effective in filling newspapers with material that keeps advertisers happy and fans occupied, but doesn't really tell us much about the players concerned and how their careers might actually unfold. Remember the raps that Shane Tongerie got? Matthew Kluzek? Martin McKinnon? Or going back a bit, Adam Saliba? A young player with a few good games under his belt cannot avoid being touted as the 'next big thing'.

Whilst we've withstood this barrage and seen some young players stay and some go, a lot of South Australians have carved out impressive niches in the AFL. This has often gone unnoticed; in Melbourne, journalistic zeal is tempered by the fact that there exist ten times as many teams and ten times as many players and Sydney and Brisbane, where a lot of high draft picks go, aren't Australian football cities. Gone are the days when a SANFL stalwart would play about a hundred games then trip off to the VFL/AFL to have a dip with the big boys. South Australian football fans used to be able to identify their state's expatriates immediately. With the advent of more sophisticated recruiting strategies more and more players are being drafted by Victorian or other interstate clubs before being seen much in the SANFL. Many have made their mark already. Wayne Carey, Michael O'Loughlin, Adam Heuskes, Matthew Clarke, Nick Daffy, Che Cockatoo-Collins, Shane Bond and Nick Holland.

That last name may be particularly familiar to Hawthorn fans. It may not however, be immediately identified as South Australian. Nick Holland slipped out quietly. After playing for Walkerville and Blackfriars and U/17 and U/19 and later Reserves for North Adelaide, Nick was snapped up by Hawthorn in the Draft. He joined the Hawks for the 1993 season, in which he took out the Reserves Best

and Fairest medal. The following year Holland played four senior games. 1995 has seen Holland not just play every game for Hawthorn, but perform very well indeed at Centre-Half-Back. Prior to sustaining a six-to-eight week shoulder injury Holland was leading all-comers in the AFL's Most Marks category. More established names like Wayne Carey, Glen Jakovich, Stephen Kernahan and Stewart Loewe were left in his wake. As well as settling in to footballing life in Melbourne, Nick has been studying at Deakin University for a degree in Sports Science and Administration. Whilst recovering from his injury Nick took time out to talk to David Raftery about his time in Melbourne.

OD: Is it tough being a young guy away from home and trying to make it in the football world?

NH: Definitely. When I was first over there in the first few months I hated it. I probably said to my dad I'm coming home about ten times and he used to talk me back into staying. One time I told him I was coming home he said, 'oh alright' and I thought, 'Hey, hang on, aren't you supposed to talk me in to staying?' Then I realised that I probably wanted to be there by that stage. It took a while for me to get used to it but now that I'm settled in I feel very much at home over there now and coming back to Adelaide seems a bit unusual.

OD: How tough is it to combine your study and your football commitments?

NH: Yeah, it is pretty hard. What I've found is that I can't do any work after training, because I'm too tired. What I have to try and do is get it all done in the day time. A problem is that when you're playing well you get caught up in it and often forget about your study. So you've got to be disciplined in that respect also. I think James Hird's doing a great job-he's doing Engineering and is on The Footy Show as well. He manages to be a real media personality and still do well at Uni.

OD: Are most players required to do promotional work for their clubs?

NH: Yeah, some players more than others. This year I've had a bit of publicity because it's, well almost, my rookie season and I've won a few awards so they've got me to do a bit this year. It's been quite good actu-

ally.

OD: Just how professional is the AFL? Can most players make a genuine living out of it?

NH: At this stage I don't think too many can. Perhaps the top five or ten percent of players can, but definitely no one underneath that. You need to have a second job to get by.

OD: That would make things pretty tough when it's injury time?

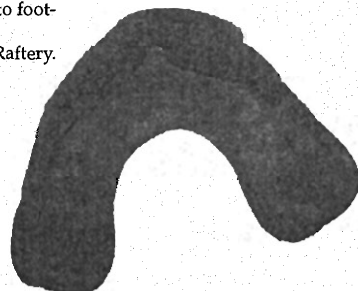
NH: It's a bit better now. Last year the Players Association brought in a rule whereby you get full match payments for the first four games that you're injured for. You then get paid 75% match payments for the next six games you miss after that. That has been agreed to by the clubs. At the moment I'm still getting paid so that's alright.

OD: Do clubs work hard to make young players feel welcome?

NH: I think Hawthorn especially does. They're known as the family club and that's certainly true. When I first came over they put me up with a family thinking that would be the best situation for me. Unfortunately, that didn't work out too well in the end. When I moved out with a few other players it got better; I was able to mingle with players more and get to know everyone a bit better. I've been living with Jason Taylor for a while and Randall Bone moved in a couple of months ago.

Nick Holland has the modesty and the earnestness to continue the commitment that is required to play at football's highest level. Holland's star may not have been tracked closely by a hungry Adelaide media; in this absence of attention a young player has begun what many people hope to be an illustrious career. Does it matter to Nick Holland (and indeed everyone else) that he is not on the front page of *The Advertiser* with his girlfriend after a Crows victory? I don't think so. What will be important is the long-term contribution that he has indicated he is capable of giving to football.

David Raftery.



AIS pranks with



ROD MARSH

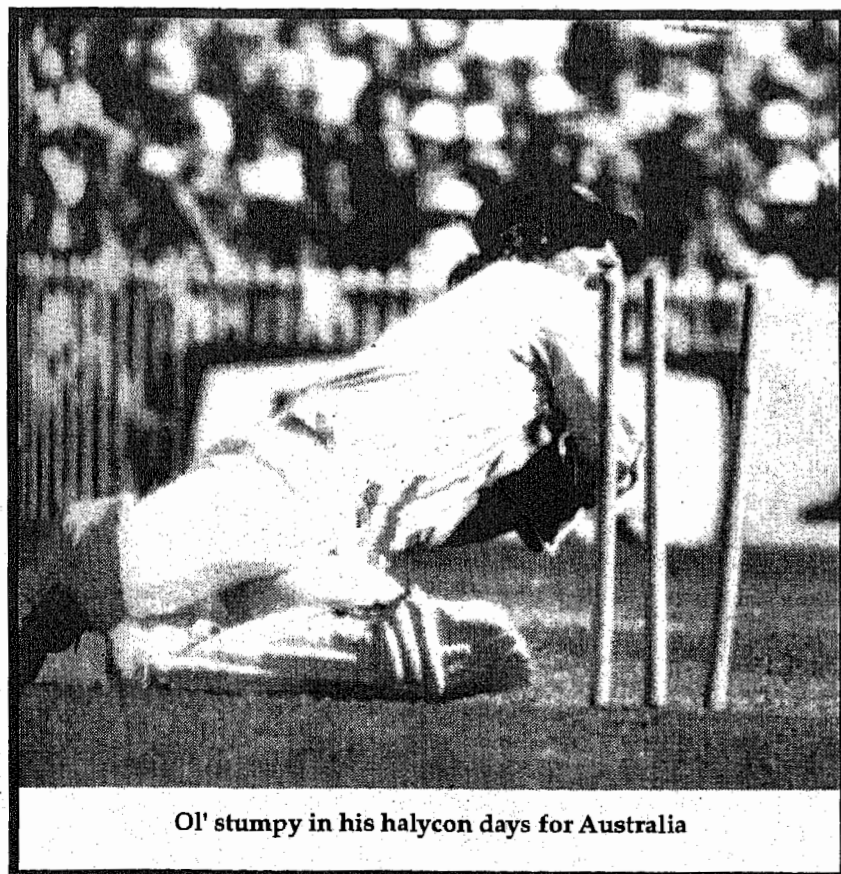
When former Test wicket-keeper Rod Marsh joined the Australian Institute of Sport Cricket Academy in 1991, it was immediately applauded as one of the more significant appointments in Australian cricket for some time. Marsh, a former Perth school teacher and West Australian cricket selector, thought the Academy was wonderful in principal, but decided that a few significant changes would be necessary for the institution to become a prominent and respected entity of the national cricket scene.

Some improvements were immediate. The scholarship holders' length of stay was decreased from twelve months to nine, so they could go home for Christmas and play the majority of grade cricket in their home states. They stopped playing club cricket in Adelaide, a system which, according to Marsh, "did nobody any good," and played together as a team against state second XIs and touring sides, a move wholeheartedly endorsed by the Australian Cricket Board. Marsh has also organised the

Academy programme so that if the team travels interstate to play the relevant second XI, the natives of that state will often stay behind to play for their club that weekend, a move which can only benefit all involved.

Other changes instigated at the AIS during Marsh's reign include the introduction of specialist coaching weeks, with guest coaches brought in. This year these include a stint by Dennis Lillee and John Inverarity, another with Ian Chappell, and a finger spinners week hosted by Ashley Mallett and Bruce Yardley.

Added to this is the *Spinners are Winners* campaign, incorporating finger spinners' and wrist spinners' camps, run by Mallett and Yardley, and Kerry O'Keefe and Terry Jenner respectively. Lillee also rejoins the squad with the ACB-endorsed *Speed Australia* programme, which not only looks at the act of fast bowling, but works on injury prevention.



OI' stumpy in his halycon days for Australia

There has been a much-publicised analysis of the perceived lack of fast bowlers in Australia, and Lillee's input is seen to be invaluable in the bid to build up the stock of quicks we have. Marsh, however, doesn't believe there is a problem. Sure, Carl Rackemann was called over to the West Indies to replace the injured Craig McDermott, but, as Marsh explains, Rackemann is one of the most respected bowlers in Sheffield Shield cricket, and it is possible that Mark Taylor and Co. specifically wanted him. "There are

"It was the first time in my life I've barracked against Australia" - Rod Marsh lamenting on Australia's disgraceful batting display against India in 1991 where they added 1/208 in a full day's play on a perfect Adelaide Oval track.

three or four guys outside the Victorian team who'd walk into any other side," Marsh maintains, adding that they should play first class cricket in the next couple of seasons. There are six fast bowlers who are full-time Academy scholars this year, along with three leg-spinners - and here, Marsh believes, is potentially the future of Australian bowling.

The meteoric rise of Shane Warne in recent years has turned the focus away from fast bowling and on to leg spin. In the 1970s, with the repeated triumphs of Lillee and Thomson, every little kid wanted to bowl fast. Now they want to be like Warne. Marsh does not believe that this has helped create the perceived dearth of quick talent, commenting that "fast bowlers are really schoolyard bullies, and you'll never have a shortage of those!" Leg spin, he continues, is one of the most difficult arts of cricket, so young players are likely to become disillusioned when they discover how hard it is to do. Then again, he reflects, a bad leg spinner is one of the easiest bowlers to bat against if you are a left hander. Marsh's face brightens. "Even a good leg spinner!"

The supposed lack of fast bowling depth leads on to the apparent surplus of quality batsmen. Marsh doesn't see anything wrong with

the number of talented young batsmen waiting in the wings. "I don't see it as a problem," he says, "I see it really as a bonus for Australian cricket." There does, however, tend to be one down side of the situation, which is that the players in question may become more concerned about their own performances than their team's. "Look at Western Australia," he begins, "with [Damien] Martyn and [Justin] Langer. Langer could get a hundred, but that's not helping Martyn and Martyn's his captain!" He hastily adds that this may not necessarily be the case, but it's possible.

The other difficulty with the excess of batting talent is concerned with seniority. Michael Bevan had a chance at consolidating the spot Border vacated and did well on the tour of Pakistan, but failed a couple of times in the Ashes series last summer and lost his place. "It must be heartbreaking for some of these youngsters," Marsh concedes, adding that someone with an established place in the team, like Mark Waugh, could fail several times and still keep his position, like he did on the tour to Sri Lanka in 1992.

It is worth mentioning at this point that Martyn, Langer and Bevan are all Academy graduates. In fact, the Academy boasts nine Australian Test representatives

and three players who have represented England at the same level. It should not be ignored, either, that the heir apparent in Australia's pace bowling department, Glenn McGrath, spent two years at Henley Beach working on technique and fitness. The AIS has a special programme for fast bowlers, making them keep diaries of how many balls they bowl per week to ensure they are not overworked. Special care is taken in the area of injury prevention and, if it occurs, its treatment. It is easy to get the impression Marsh is trying to avoid in future what happened to his friend and team mate, Dennis Lillee.

The emphases at the AIS Cricket Academy are three-fold: physical, mental and technical. Programmes include weight training, swimming, boxing, circuit training, running technique, fielding, stretching, cricket skills workouts, tae kwon do and psychology - and it can be argued that the psychological aspect of Academy life is the most prevalent. Marsh has instilled into his charges the need to be entertaining, a thought echoed by his assistant Richard Done and scholarship coach Richard Chee Quee.

Marsh believes that, in order for cricket to survive into the next century as a dominant sport, it has to

be attacking and make an effort to entertain the public. "We're under threat from other sports," he says, "and this is the only way we're going to survive, as far as I'm concerned." He recognises that there is strong competition among sports for sponsorship, participation and spectators, and that young people are tending to move to faster sports, like basketball. Australian cricket has finally woken up to the realisation that it cannot just assume dominance in the summer months.

This perspective is echoed around the country. Although it is not a new phenomenon, it appears that Marsh has successfully uncovered the Australian psyche, which is aligned to playing attacking cricket. This is especially the case after a period where Australian teams were more defensive-minded. As he points out, "it's always been Australian to attack," and "in the days of Bradman [the Australian team] thought nothing of 400 in a day."

This attitude is a far cry from recent seasons. Marsh uses as an example the Adelaide Oval Test against India in 1991-2, which he describes as "a disgrace." He points specifically to Australia's batting on the third day, where the team added just 1/208 in a full day's play. "It was the first time in my life I've barracked against Australia," he says. "Australia won the game, but they didn't win too many fans, and that should never be allowed to happen. It's really the responsibility of the captain." This is not, however, a levelled criticism of the great Allan Border, because, as Marsh sees only too readily, he was playing not to lose. "That's the way he was brought up," he comments diplomatically, "the way I was brought up." He realises, however, that slow, boring cricket can only be detrimental to the game.

With this attitude in mind, it is not surprising that Marsh mocks those who adhere to "safety-first" cricket. He is particularly scathing towards the English team during the recent Ashes series. Coach Keith Fletcher, for example, said on the third day of the Adelaide Test that the best his charges could hope

surprise many people, but it is a reflection on our captain's fresh approach to the way he plays the game.

Marsh continues. "You can have one bloke who's flamboyant and one bloke who's solid, but that bloke who's solid can still score quickly. Running singles, running hard, ... letting the other bloke get on strike, the flamboyant one - that's called attacking cricket." He sees no problem with stoicism in cricket, just as long as it is not exclusively defensive. (Even David Boon hits out sometimes.)

The point is that unless this attitude prevails the game is going to lose popularity, and that is the last thing Marsh wants to see. He believes, however, that unless cricket, as a relatively slow game, is played with a fast game mentality, that is exactly what is likely to happen. People like Shane Warne and Michael Slater have brought new excitement to the sport, it cannot be denied, but as Marsh and his Academy staff have recognised, they have done so by attacking. Warne doesn't bowl to save runs but to get wickets, and Slater will sometimes throw his wicket away but he does so in an attempt to get runs - he is not one to prod and poke at the ball defensively. It has been joked that one can go to a Test match knowing full well that absolutely nothing will happen until lunch. Now, due to attitudes like Warne's and Slater's, the appeal of the game has reached greater levels. As Marsh puts it, now this is the case "people can go to cricket [and] they'll know something's going to happen and they'll be entertained."

Along with the attack mentality, Marsh is constantly on the look-out for ways to improve the game. Not one to become complacent, he realises the need for cricket to progress with the times. "Every generation is different," he points out, "and the things that appeal to them are going to change, and you have to follow that. Life is always changing and cricket is a part of life."

For this reason, he is totally in favour of Sheffield Shield and, possibly, Test matches being played at night. His only hesitation comes



"fast bowlers are really schoolyard bullies, and you'll never have a shortage of that"

Mug shots of Mark Harrity and Jason Gillespie. S.A.'s breed of schoolyard bullies?

for was an "honourable draw." Ironically, the English team won the match by ignoring their mentor and playing aggressively.

Marsh's insistence on attacking cricket doesn't mean, however, that there will be no room in the future for "steady" players like Mark Taylor or David Boon. As he points out, not every entertaining cricketer has to hit the ball like Michael Slater. "There are more ways than one to be attacking," he says. "I think you'll find that [in the Ashes series] Taylor outscored Slater for runs per ball, in both one-day matches and Tests." This may

because of the problems encountered with the ball in the day-night Shield games trialled last summer. Teams wore the traditional white clothing and used a yellow ball, which apparently became almost impossible to see in the twilight period. "Actually," Marsh says, "red balls are the easiest to see - except when they're hit high, and then you lose them against the backdrop of the night sky." He believes, in the Shield matches, teams should wear coloured clothing and use the white balls. Dismissing the fact that many cricket traditionalists will oppose this move, he re-



marks that coloured clothing has been around for twenty years and they should be used to it by now.

In another idea to increase the game's appeal, Marsh has suggested that Sheffield Shield matches be played over three days, and Tests over four, with playing time increased from six hours per day to seven and a half. Again, he foresees few problems, saying that there were experiments with three-day Shield games in the early 1980s, and that the Academy team will be playing in a three-day, extended hour game this summer as a trial.

One problem may be over rates, as the suggestion encompasses 130-over days. (Already it is clear the West Indies would be opposed

adding that there isn't really a championship that can be handed around anyway.

"What I'd like to see is if they have a world championship of Test cricket," he says. His idea encompasses every Test-playing nation playing home and away series against each other, over a period of maybe four years. There might only be three-Test series, he says, adding that at the end of it there would be a true world champion. If this idea came to fruition, it would certainly lay to rest all the pointless bickering, about exactly who holds the title, that is around today.

Visions like these exemplify why Marsh is so widely regarded as one of the foremost contemporary



cricket thinkers. Unlike previous eras of Australian success, the Australian Cricket Board and the Australian Institute of Sport are determined to prolong the successes by training future generations in the psychological processes the Academy encourages today. There seems to be a recognition of the wider picture, which is ultimately geared towards establishing Australia as the dominant cricket nation. It is this type of thinking that will see Australian cricket well into the twenty-first century.

Johanna Whelan and David Morgan.

A Quiet Century

Don Henderson

The labour movement has always had songs, poems and yarns as an integral part of its social construction. Sometimes these have been important catalysts for the mobilisation of social and political forces which have led to changes in public attitudes towards issues, or have otherwise had a significant political effect. The "Folk Song Revival", which began in the early sixties and continues today, has a continuing influence on contemporary popular music and culture. From the beginning, it has embraced the production of writers who, worked within tradition, with a focus on contemporary society. Don Henderson, who died in 1991, is the seminal writer in this genre in Australia.

Don Henderson died in August, 1991. He was a giant of the Australian folk scene and a poet of some note who had been writing songs for over thirty years. A couple of generations of Australian children went through primary school on Henderson songs, many of which have become classics, and have been recorded by a large number of performers. He also wrote the rock opera "Hero" and was a first-class guitarist. Today's singer-songwriters are the dwarfs that sit on his shoulders.

The line between poetry and song is a fine one and probably any distinction is illegitimate. Don Henderson's songs are poems of considerable merit, often weaving a rich tapestry of ironic multi-layered meanings around strikingly juxtaposed concepts, while remaining simple in their language. This posthumous collection of 100 songs, poems and yarns is the product of over thirty years of fruitful endeavour.

The 'folk tradition' that influenced Don was partly that which is represented by Woody Guthrie and his circle. A more imme-

diately influence came from his friends, Don Ayrton, Don Lee, Brian Mooney, Johnny Earls and Bill Berry, the "rump" which lay at the heart of the "folk song revival" in Australia in the very early 60's. These people were associated with the Sydney Libertarian Society, whose political and social values were derived from the teaching of Sydney University Philosopher Professor, John Anderson. Together with Alex Hood, Gary Shearston and other folksingers who came into the group later, such as Declan Affley, Don Jackson, Jeannie Lewis and Margaret Kitamura, they gave direction to the folksong movement in Melbourne and Brisbane as well as generally influencing, and often founding, the folk clubs of other states and rural centres.

Henderson was a Labour man. Not Labor party, but what Don called "the Barcaldine Line", a Henry Lawson-William Lane kind of Labour. He was hardly the bloke to tow a "party line". Don Henderson's work celebrates the world of the blue-collar worker and the itinerant drifter:

Two men were working in a trench. One had worked for the Water Board for a fortnight, another week would see it out. The other had been in his job for fourteen years. He had four kids and had never taken a "sickie". The trench caved. One bloke was me; the one that got killed was some other poor bastard. "Unionisation", "democratisation" and "civilisation" are close synonyms in the Henderson lexicon:

I asked the boss to pay me more out on my own behalf.

He answered that he was flat broke and had a hearty laugh, but when the union spoke to him, for all the rank and file, He didn't see the humour. He didn't even smile.

('I Wonder Why I'm Poor')

Don's "Basic Wage Dream" was written to support the unions' case in an Arbitration Court hearing in 1963: it was the first Australian song to be transmitted by satellite, celebrating the launching of Telstar. *It's On!* is an ironic comment on the folly of personal violence and makes an equation between this, the logic of Australian elections and defence spending. Given the recent Mt Isa strike, it is timely to remember that Don Henderson went to Mt Isa during the 1964 - 5 strike, singing for the strikers at concerts and writing songs for the occasion: the police confiscated Don's typewriter on the grounds that it was being used to publish seditious literature! Henderson continued to write in support of the union movement until his death.

Don Henderson also wrote songs about personal relationships ("Sandra Grimes", for example, or "Three Loves") which are honest and insightful glimpses into the human sexual condition. He wrote some joyous drinking songs, such as "Bottle of Wine" and a number of beautiful introspective pieces, of which "Rake and Rambling Man" is probably the best known.

Don had little time for the artificiality that characterises the notions of "tradition" found in many folk club circles. Pragmatically, he pointed out that the only tradition that most Australians who grew up in the 40's and 50's and after, were exposed to, was American or American-influenced: the popular songs heard on the radio. He saw as little point in trying to resurrect an effectively dead tradition as he did in using bluegrass musical styles to accompany Australian country music. Don set out to work in a style and using themes that reflected contemporary needs and problems. He succeeded.

Don Henderson had difficulty in presenting his work to a mass audience on

his own terms, the record company gurus found his style and focus hard to accept. Don took one well-known rock star to court to prevent him from releasing a bowdlerised version of a Henderson song. Peter, Paul and Mary bought the American copyright to "The Happy Song" but, otherwise, Don's work was promulgated through the recordings of other singers and the sheet-music sales to various Education Departments and a few albums mostly financed by the union movement. "The Flames of Discontent" is, I understand, still available from the Seamen's Union. Some sectors of the folksong movement do not approve of the uncompromising "left" political attitudes embodied in Don's writing: more fools them.

This is a fine anthology that belongs in any collection of Australian writing. The loss of Don Henderson's critical irony and throwaway humour leaves the Australian folk scene and Australian writing poorer.

Don Fenton
Politics Discipline
Flinders University

\$20 with cassette recording of the album 'In My Time' Available from Sally Henderson, 86 Corinth Road, Lota, Qld, 4179

the grass dancer



SUSAN POWERS

A brilliant new voice in American writing debuts with this complex and perceptive tale of a community of Dakota Sioux. To someone whose images of Native American peoples were limited to stern, wise warrior-shamans on the one hand and a powerless, impoverished people on the other, this book came as a revelation. Susan Powers' writing sparkles with life and wit, tempered by compassion and insight. The book is less a novel than a multi-layered collection of overlapping stories, myths, history and visions, enlivened by Daniel Pudles' taut illustrations. The novelist has been compared with 'magic realist' writers such as Gabriel Garcia Marquez, but her talent spreads beyond easy categorisation. *The Grass Dancer* depicts a world through which magic ripples in concentric circles, as the ageing reservation witch manipulates her family across three generations in a vengeful attempt to satisfy old bitternesses.

Yet the book's magic is more than this: it zips and sings with the vigour of Powers' prose. Whether she is re-

vealing the self-doubt and frustration of a seventeen-year-old boy or the courage of a mother grieving for the loss of her husband and son, Powers' voice rings true. It presents a community at a difficult point in time, trying to balance its past history with hope for the future. Yet Powers doesn't hesitate to reveal the problems Native Americans confront: alcoholism, high-school dropout rates, unemployment, families splitting up as members move away from the reservation to cities. Her writing could never be termed sanitised. Yet Powers, herself a member of the Standing Rock Sioux tribe, never makes the mistake of depicting her people as disenfranchised or without resource or strength.

Much of the book's humour stems from perceptive caricature depicting Anglo-American misconceptions and prejudices about Indian culture. Most telling of these is the portrait of Jeanette McVay, an Anglo-American woman determined to immerse herself in Indian culture and to become "more Sioux than the Sioux". One painfully hilarious scene develops as

Jeanette, a teacher at a local school, attempts to "validate" her students' culture for them. Each student is asked to tell a traditional story, and one obliges with a tale of a man who takes two wives (once a traditional Dakota practice). Jeanette proceeds to interpret the story with a (Western) feminist discussion of women's rights, but not knowing much about Sioux culture, she completely misconstrues the balance of men's and women's roles, and makes herself look ridiculous. It's a sharp, well-deserved slap in the face for many Western commentators on indigenous affairs.

Fabulous, sometimes frightening in its honest intensity, and absolutely contemporary, it is rare to be so moved and yet so entertained by a novel. I'll make a leap of faith and name *The Grass Dancer* Book of the Year.

Catherine Howell

Grass Dancer

Catherine Howell

ON DIT

"This is a complete shock to me! I haven't even prepared a speech but I'd just like to thank..."

1995 Alumni Awards
The distinguished Alumni Awards were established by the Trustees of the Alumni Association on 12 July 1991 and their purpose is to recognise alumni who:

- * have given outstanding service to the University of Adelaide &/or the Alumni association or,
- * have given outstanding service to the community or,
- * as alumni have made an outstanding contribution in their chosen fields.

The Awards are open to any person who satisfies the criteria for Ordinary Membership of the Alumni Association save that no office-bearer of the Association shall be eligible for an Award whilst in office.

Any member of the Alumni body of the University may nominate for Distinguished Alumni Awards and nominations must include:

- * a 300/500 word letter of nomination
- * a curriculum vitae for the nominee and may include such other letters of recommendation &/or supportive material as is felt necessary.

Further information and a copy of the Rules for the Awards may be obtained from the Director Alumni Relations (Geoffrey Saucer) telephone 303 4277, fax 303 5808 or Email :gsaucer@registry.adelaide.edu.au. Nominations close Friday 1 September 1995.

"Do you know Boom, Boom by Paul Lekakis?"

Kensington and Norwood Symphony Orchestra presents Popular Favourites, Sunday August 20th, 1995 at 2:30pm, St. Ignatius Church, Queen Street, Norwood. Conductor is David Reid, with soloist Sally Cooper, Violin (Winner of the ABC's Quest 1995 and the Percy Grainger Award). Music by Von Suppé (Poet and Peasant Overture), Gounod (Ballet music from "Faust"), Bruch (Violin Concerto) and Bartók (Rumanian Dances). Tickets: \$8; Concession \$5, available at the door.

Tetris For All.

Students with disabilities requiring access to computers are requested to contact Mr Tony Frangos, the Disability Liaison Officer, located in the Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building, telephone 303 5220. Students attending Roseworthy Campus are requested to contact Ms Maria Nichterlein, Student Counsellor, Student Services Building, telephone 303 7899

Austudy say : We're gonna bust your arse.

Reminder note on Austudy
The effects of workload changes on AUSTUDY eligibility

Concerns have been expressed across Australia about students' awareness of the effects of changes in workloads on AUSTUDY eligibility.

PLEASE NOTE:

- To be eligible for AUSTUDY students normally need to be undertaking 75% or more of a normal full-time workload in each semester of a course.

- When a course is subject to HECS, students are required to have a HECS loading of at least 0.375 for each semester.

- When a student reduces workload and ceases to be undertaking a HECS load of 0.375 or more, s/he ceases to be eligible for AUSTUDY.

If you are uncertain of your HECS load, please refer to the fees notice you received when you enrolled or to the HECS notice that you receive each semester.

Dr Don Longo
Head
Student Administration Branch
16 June 1995

Sure gotta wear a lotta blue at this uni.

Blue Stocking Week is from 31st July - 4th August, 1995
Check out posters and *Elle Dit* to see what's happening, but keep in mind the BSW State Launch in the Union Gallery on Monday, 31st July ... see the Ad!



"I ain't letting no Goddam Martian copper see my licence."

Knock, knock. Who's there? Freda. Freda who? Freda from Hungary. Huh?

Freedom From Hunger Doorknock Appeal 1995
Community Aid Abroad funds community based self help programs in over 40 countries, including Australia, the Doorknock is a very real way people can contribute an hour or two of their time to free people from the world's deadliest disease... poverty.

We need you to help with our 'Freedom From Hunger Doorknock Appeal' 16-24th September 1995 because every family deserves Freedom From Hunger. To find out more, contact Nik Ramage at Community Aid Abroad on 223 3405.

"Ouch! I thought you said: Let's practice Cluedo."

People Are Falling Over Each Other To Get Into The Judo Club
Adelaide Uni Judo Club is so good, we have a waiting list for membership! The word is out and judo players outside the Uni are clambouring to join us. But our priority is students. As we are a University club, we are offering students a free session with immediate membership for those who fall in love with judo. So jump the queue and join us at 5:30 pm on Monday 31st of July in the Games Room for an Introduction to Judo and the Adelaide University Judo Club.

HEY- You do drugs?

If anyone has questionnaires re my psychology thesis, could they be returned ASAP please. For those interested in completing a questionnaire on drug awareness please contact me via my Psych Dept pigeon hole, Level 4, Hughes Building. Anonymity is assured.

Jodie Shoobridge

Nano, nano.

The Adelaide University Astronomical Society presents a Hypothetical on the "Morale Problems of Aliens Joining our Society". \$2 members, \$4 others. 9th August, 7 pm, Kerr Grant Lecture Theatre, Physics Building. Supper will be provided.

But can I play Tetris on it?

For Sale
The perfect essay writing kit. A 286 IBM compatible computer. 30 meg hard drive, 5 1/4 inch drive for \$400 o.n.o. and dot matrix printer 9pm with ribbon \$100 o.n.o. Call Sandy on 303 5383 or 276 9787.

Christian gear I

Christian Undergraduate Student Conference

Saturday, 29th July, 1995 from 9.30 am - 6.00 pm at Immanuel College, 32 Morphett Road, Novar Gardens. "Is being a Christian student the same as being a student who is Christian?" Aim - To promote a Christian world-and-life-view in the vocation of Christian student on campus. Morning and afternoon tea, lunch and dinner will be provided. This conference is aimed at undergraduate students so the registration cost is only \$5.00. Please register by phoning 278 8274.

Christian gear II

Christian Post Graduate Seminar

Friday, 28th July, 1995 from 7.00 pm - 10.00 pm at Seacombe Gardens Reformed Church, Shearer Avenue, Seacombe Gardens (off Morphett Road). "Engaging private beliefs in the public forum: Christianity in the Work Place". Aim - Fostering and developing a Christian mind whilst deepening the application of a Christian world-and-life-view as it pertains to daily workplace practices.

This seminar is open to any Christian who would like to attend including students, professionals and any other person who may be interested in the seminar topic. You are all most welcome.

I choose not to put a flippant headline here.

Learning Disability Support

If you are a student with a learning disability (dyslexia) you are invited to attend the first meeting of a support group on 1st August 1995 at 1:10pm in the ACUE Teaching Room, Level 6, Hughes Building.

The purpose of the support group is to provide a forum for students with learning disabilities to discuss learning strategies, assessment, accommodations etc. in relation to their work at University and to consider ways of handling issues which may arise in the tertiary setting as a result of their disability.

For further information please contact Ann Noble, ACUE, Ph: 303 3019.

"Yeah, Stevo, nice poem but we just can't use it."

Elle Dit is Coming!

The deadline for all articles, cartoons, poems, etc. is Wednesday, 26th July, so get writing. The collective is hoping to get contributions from women in all faculties, of all ages, colours, ideologies, etc.

"Thanks anyway Davo but you can't help."

Elle Dit Collective ...

... it's not too late to join. If your idea of a good time is putting together the grooviest wimmin's edition of *Elle Dit* ever, call Tasha in *On Dit* on 303 5404 or just pop into the *On Dit* Office anytime over the weekend of 29th - 30th July.

There's a meeting this Tuesday at 1pm.

"Surfing BSL." - The Beach Boys (clever play on words)

Surf's up!

Internet access at the Barr Smith Library

The Barr Smith Library has announced an extension of its Library Information Service. Eight dedicated computer terminals have been installed outside the Subject Librarians' area on Level 3 South of the Library to provide access to sources on the Internet and to the Electronic Reserve pilot project.

The Internet terminals may be used by any currently enrolled student or staff member of the University of Adelaide for half an hour at a time (sessions may be booked up to a week ahead).

The menu on each terminal gives you the choice of using a subject guide to sources on the Internet (which is being compiled by the Subject Librarians) or you may choose to explore the 'information superhighway' directly by using the Netscape program.

Another menu option leads you to the Electronic Reserve pilot project. This is still being developed and currently contains a set of the 1994 University of Adelaide examination papers.

Each group of four terminals (there are four PCs and four Macs) is connected to a printer which operates by means of the normal COPY CARD that is used for the photocopiers and for printing in the Electronic databases area.

Please ask at the Barr Smith Library Information desk if you need more information.

Alan Keig

But that song about the bicycle is really good.

The Australian Republican Movement is holding a Quiz Night on Saturday, 29th July at 8 pm to be held at the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel, 59 Port Road, Hindmarsh. The night will be hosted by Virginia Hausegggar from the 7.30 Report. Entry fees are \$5 concession and \$10 waged. All Republicans and Monarchists most welcome! To book a table of 10 or make further enquiries, please phone Lynda on 255 0034 or the ARM Office on 233 5884.

P. Brock set to apply for Roads scholarship. "Good chance," says top official.

Rhodes Scholarship for 1996

The scholarship is open to both men and women and is tenable at Oxford University for two years in the first instance. In 1996-97 a personal allowance of not less than 6 600 pounds sterling a year will be paid in addition to the scholar's College and University fees.

Candidates are no longer required to be unmarried.

Applications will close with the Honorary Secretary of South Australian Committee on 1st of September, 1995.

Intending applicants are advised to write for application forms and additional information as soon as possible.

Do VCRs count?

SMUG

SMUG (The Student Machine Users Group) will be having a Special General Meeting (SGM) on Wednesday 9th August, 1-3pm, in the Irene Watson Room for the election of a new President, Sys Admin and General Committee member. Anyone interested in SMUG is encouraged to attend.



I need help with the machine I'm using. I've reversed the polarity and all but it still tastes like plastic.

Wow. Mine only takes batteries.

Totally Wimmin Powered Student Radio

... back with a vengeance!

Any women who are interested in being involved in completely women-run Student Radio, whether it's having your own show, helping with production or anything else, come along to a meeting on Thursday, 1 pm in the Women's Room.

No experience needed.

For information, contact Julia through the SAUA or on 357 8094.

Answers to "Fido"

Lost

Black leather filo fax possibly left by Unibooks

\$60 reward

Contact Celia at the Barr Smith Library on 303 5225

Was Hong Kong Phooey a dog or some kind of bear anyway?

Women's Self Defence

If you want to learn self defence in a non-threatening, safe environment, here's your chance. The Students' Association's Women's Officer is running classes that all Adelaide Uni women are welcome to attend. The classes will be every Thursday, 3 - 5 pm in the North / South Dining Rooms (Union Building, Level 4), starting Thursday, 3rd August for eight weeks. Cost is not yet finalised - should be around \$25 for 8 sessions. Bookings on 303 5406 (SAUA).

See you all there!

I'll volunteer... for \$10 an hour, no worries.

Are you willing to be a volunteer and help your community?

Are you willing to be trained as an Emergency Medical Technician?

And put that knowledge to practical use?

Do you like meeting people?

Then the Volunteer Emergency Medical & Trauma Service would welcome you to join our organisation. Interested? Then please phone our Secretary or Commander on 258 8510 for more information.

Women & headaches - the story of my life.

Women ...

aged 20 - 45 who never or rarely get headaches needed for a study on moods and headache ...

You will be required to complete a small mood checklist every 2 hours for 2 weeks. Participants will be compensated \$50 for their time. If you are interested in participating in this study, please phone Stuart Cathcart on 212 3225 or Don Pritchard on 303 3172.

Bleep, bleep - get down!

Sub Lumen (the electronic music society) is holding a general meeting at 1pm in the Union Cinema on Monday 31st July. Everyone is welcome.

"Oh, I thought The Young Ones was a documentary"

Female housemate sought to share a lovely, old cottage in Rose Park with a 24 year old female nurse/student. Large bedroom, share study and good garden. Pets ok. \$70 per week plus share expenses. Very close to city and transport. Phone 332 4375 for more information.

No vaccination yet available to stop you hanging out with other Australians once you get OS - sorry.

Travel Health

As more and more students from the U of A travel overseas for course related field trips and study tours or study abroad terms at overseas Universities, consultations on travel medicine and immunisation advice have increased at the Health Service.

At the same time, the Health Service has become aware that some students are being referred to private travel health advisory services. As those of you who have travelled overseas may be aware, the costs of prophylaxis and immunisation can be great.

We are concerned at the Health Service that costs incurred in immunisation programmes are minimised so that appropriate care can be obtained by everyone before departure.

The Health Service is able to obtain the majority of vaccinations required for overseas travel at cost price to both students and staff and indeed, can provide some at no charge via CAFHS and Red Cross.

I vote for bean bags on the BS Lawns

The U of A Foundation

Applications for Support.

The Foundation supports, promotes and enriches the general intellectual and cultural life of the University through support for activities which are not normally categorised as academic activities supported by recent government funds. Projects should be innovative, of general appeal and interest to the University and promote greater cultural and intellectual diversity within the University community.

Further information and application forms are available from the Secretary (Geoffrey Saucer) telephone 303 4277 or fax 303 5808.

Applications for the next round close on Friday 18 August 1995.

Classifieds are free to anybody that wants to get them into us by the Wednesday before publication.

Publication dates are available from the *On Dit* office.

We reserve the right to use any headlines at will.

UNION ACTIVITIES

Centenary Week

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
Unibooks S.A. Short Story Competition 8.30am PGSA Breakfast at Roseworthy 12 noon-2pm AUU President's BBQ Lunch Opening of Union Centenary Week Presentation of PROSH cheque to Aids Council (Cloisters)	Uni-Catering 12noon-2pm Clubs/Sports (Cloisters) Sub Lumen Electronic Music Society Presents 12.30pm Volleyball SA competition - 'Jump for a Dog' (UniBar) 1pm Film <i>Muriel's Wedding</i> (Cinema) 5.30pm PGSA Women's Wine & Cheese (Katherine Lumley College)	Uni-Catering 8am Sunrise Celebration (Chapel) 8.30am-9.30am Union Breakfast (Cloisters) 11am-3pm Markets (Cloisters) 12noon-2pm Sports/Clubs (Cloisters) Sub Lumen Electronic Music Society Presents 1pm Film - Mask (Cinema) 6.30pm PGSA Dinner (Gallery)	Uni-Catering 12noon-2pm Roseworthy Celebration 1pm-2pm Environmental Careers (WP Rogers Room) 1pm Film - <i>Pulp Fiction</i> (Cinema) 1pm Theatresports (North/South) 1pm Voluntary Euthanasia Debate (Napier 102) 7.30pm Comedy Adam Hills, Rod Star, Alex Collins (UniBar)	UniBar&UniCatering 12noon-2pm OSA Entertainment (Cloisters) 12noon-2pm Food! (UniBar) 1pm Film - <i>What's Eating Gilbert Grape?</i> (Cinema) 1pm-2pm <i>Bunta Boys</i> (UniBar) 4pm-7pm Food (UniBar) 8PM ONWARDS BUSS & CAISA and support (UniBar members free)

There Will Be Buskers Tuesday To Friday 12 to 2pm.

UNION CENTENARY WEEK July 24-28, 1995

In co-operation with SAUA, PGSA, OSA, Sports Association, Clubs Association, Waite Institute Association, Roseworthy Student Union Council, UniCatering, UniBar, UniBooks, Craft Studio and Resource Centre.

Life's a bitch



Then you drink one

