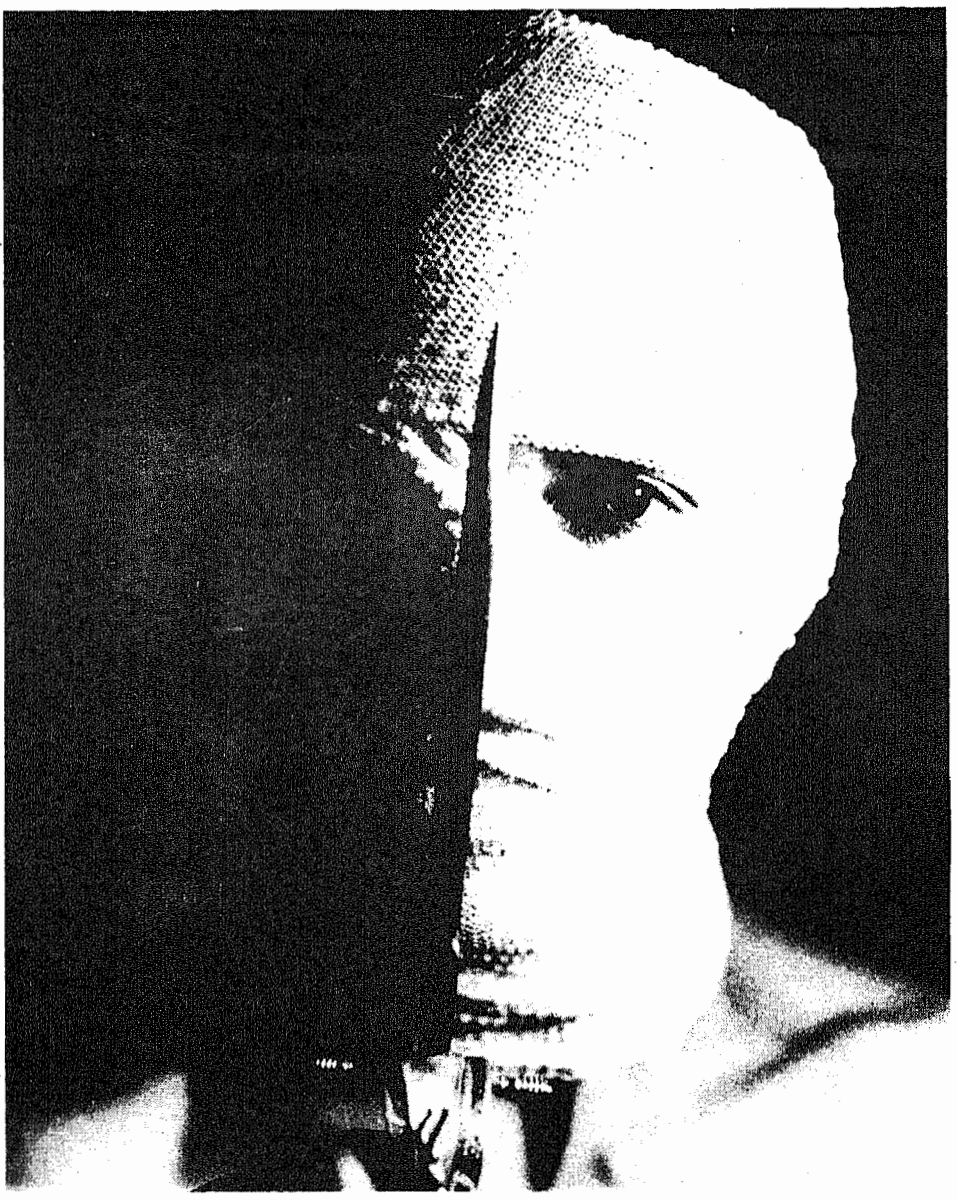
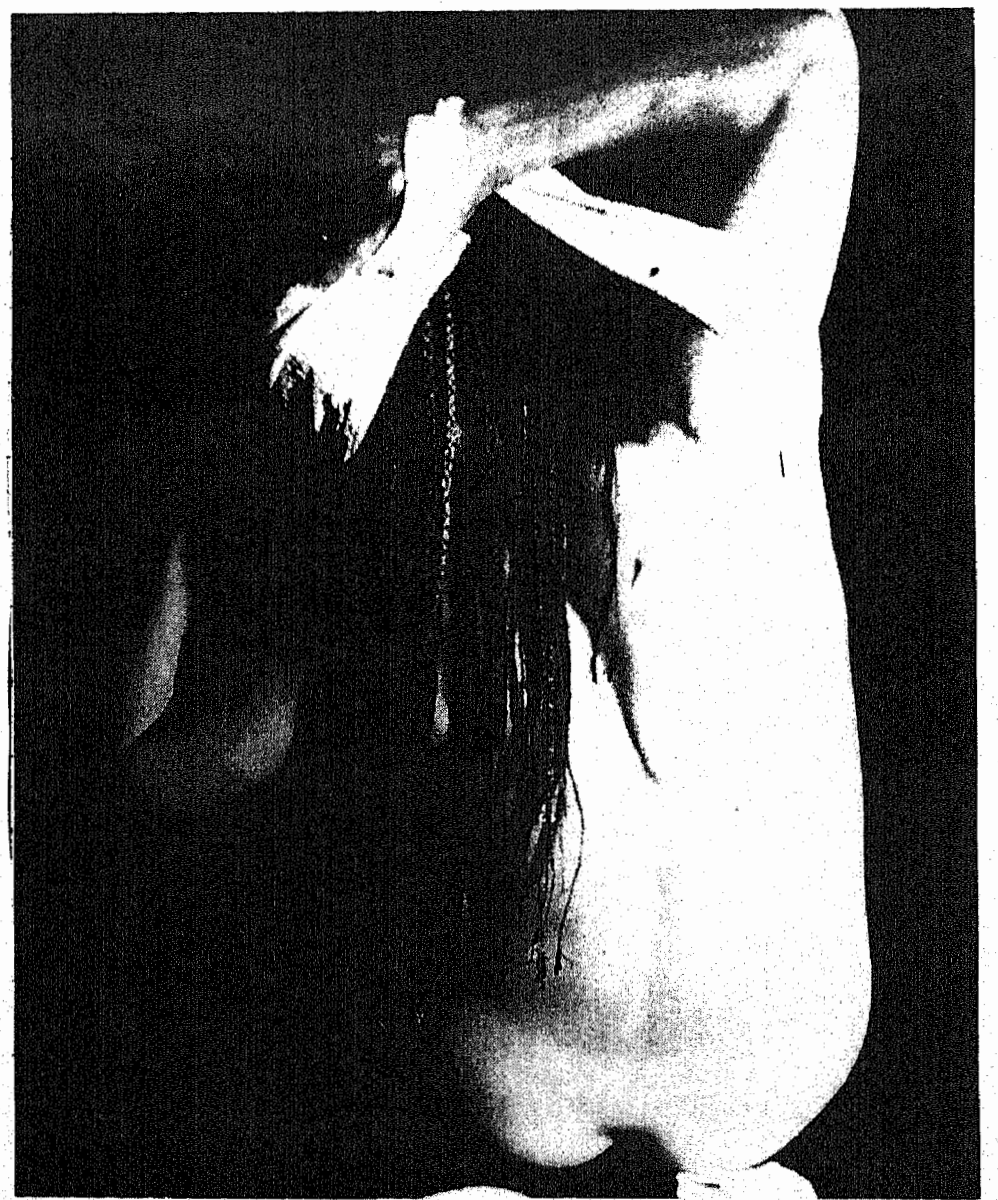
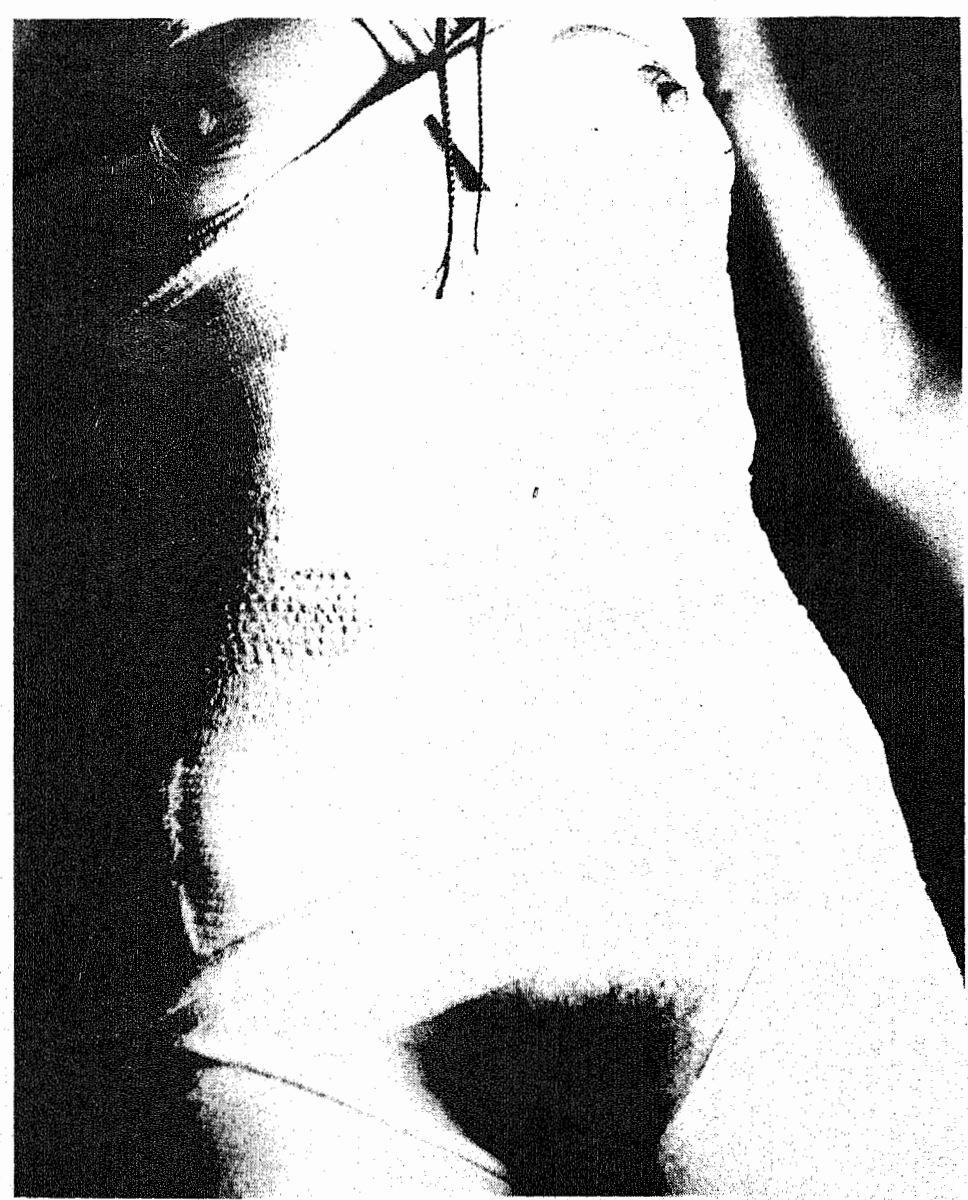


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LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY
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Cut...cut yourself free, use all you are, all your hopes, thoughts, wishes, dreams & you will succeed.



Don't be held captive any longer, don't allow it anymore.

On dit

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly
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PROSH
is
COMING



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President: Anthony Roediger

Welcome back to Semester 2 and the grim reality of Federal Labor Government threats to hike up HECS and bring forward repayments thresholds below average weekly earnings! I hope you had a good holiday! For more information on the two-faced nature of our present 'Government', please read the SAUA News articles which are in your pigeon holes at the moment. A campaign strategy is set out below and all your assistance will be greatly appreciated. Please drop into the SAUA Office (North East corner of the Cloisters) and see Rebecca Shinnick, Education Vice President, who is organising

proceedings. Form letters are available to write to your local Member of Parliament. This Semester, I hope to highlight some of the work of the Students' Association each week, encourage you all to drop in and air your grievances and get involved in elections, to represent other students. As your representatives, we are here to help you as much as possible, where possible.

SAUA Federal Budget Campaign
Fighting against Government plans to
1. Increase HECS to \$3,500.
2. Increase HECS after a fixed time limit, e.g.

- 4 - 5 years.
- 3. Increase HECS for more 'expensive' courses, e.g. Science, Agriculture, Engineering, Medicine.
- 4. Increase repayment speed below average earnings.

What to do
Urgent NOW
Come into the SAUA
Write a letter to your local member
Write letters to Kim Beazley (form letter available)

Tuesday, 10th August
General Student Meeting
Fax Jam

Wednesday, 11th August
Letter writing protest continues, Barr Smith Lawns

Thursday, 12th August
Free Education Debate
Anthony Roediger
President
Students' Association

Environment Officers: Jo, Tania & Goose

Welcome back! *Alright* we are as sorry to be back as you are but we're supposed to be positive and inspire you to great heights of academic achievement and just a little bit of extra curricular activity (preferably exercise to stimulate those brain cells!). Hmmm, it just makes you feel worse, doesn't it? Anyway, there are a few things to tell you in this edition which are really positive from our perspective!

Recycled paper in the Barr Smith Library
A trial of recycled paper in copying machines will be happening in the Barr Smith in August and September. The trial follows a short and inconclusive one in a copier in the Law Library in April 1993. The library have decided to undertake a longer trial during which the use and operation of machines will be closely monitored and the views of users sought. The decision to use recycled paper regularly in the Adelaide University Libraries will be made at the conclusion of the trial. The library's decision to trial recycled paper is a commendable one. It is time for all bodies

within the University to recognise that they have an important educative role to play in the community and that they can, and must, lead the way in environmentally responsible development.

As users of photocopiers, we are in a position to voice our approval of recycled paper. The two copiers which will be located in the Reserve Collection and on Level 1 South adjacent to the Copying Service Office. Each machine will be labelled "Recycled Paper" with some further details. You can also present comments and opinions to the University Librarian at any stage and we encourage all concerned to do so.

Please, please, please use the recycled paper copiers! One thing which might put people off is the library's decision to charge more for recycled paper copies - 9.7 cents, compared to the normal cost of an A4 copy of 9.2 cents. This seems a small price to pay for the benefits of using recycled paper and furthermore, the Environment Officers will lobby for this to be reduced. The Students' Association

has had recycled paper in its machines for years and at present, the cost per A4 copy is only 7 cents (single sided) and 9 cents (doublesided - another thing we have to lobby for).

The Environment Officers will continue to campaign for the use of recycled paper. Stay tuned for more details.

Discover the Adelaide Hills
The Environment Officers are holding two bushing days, and everyone is welcome to join us. With an experienced bushwalker as our tour guide we will be going to Warren Gorge Conservation Park and Kyeema Conservation Park. For each walk we will be meeting at the university in the morning, travelling to the park, and returning to the university in the afternoon. We have not set any dates for the walks, because we are waiting to see what days of the week are best for most people. So if you want to join us come into the Students' Association and see one of the Environment Officers, or just put your name down on the list at the front desk.

Student Politicians going green?
You have only a few days to put in writing your suggestions for the Students Association Election Poster Policy and, apart from telling them to piss off (after all, who wants to vote for these fuckheads anyway?), this is a real chance to get them to stop wasting so much paper. If you don't know what to write, there will be a petition circulating (a copy of which will be at the SAUA desk), outlining the Environment Officers position on the matter. Basically, we'd be happy if they banned posters all together but our reconciliatory natures have led us to suggest selected advertising of candidates. This will mean having boards around the place and each candidate will have their own special space, no larger than A3 size. This may sound authoritarian but free speech is something which only the privileged few enjoy. The Students Association can come up with a policy which is environmental in terms of its human and nonhuman impacts.

Women's Officer: Liana Buchanan

Hello! First of all, you may have seen posters around saying that *Elle Dit* is next week and contributions are due this week. Well, don't worry if you haven't got your multiple articles, short stories, poems and reviews *quite* finished. *Elle Dit* has been postponed for a while. The reason for this is that most of the *Elle Dit* editorial collective-to-be were involved in a mini-bus accident on the way back from NOWSA in Brisbane and are still recovering. Thanks to the eds for being so cool about the necessary change of plans. *Elle Dit* will most definitely still be happening a bit later in the semester. So now you have even more time to write something for it. *Blue Stocking Week*, however, is still going

ahead, thanks to various cool women who have stepped in at a time of emergency to help out. *Blue Stocking Week* is a week devoted to celebrating women's participation in tertiary education and it is happening on campuses all around Australia next week. Plenty of things are planned here at Adelaide Uni. Have a look at the brief schedule of events next to the column and watch out for more detailed programs and posters that will be out this week.

I won't be around for the next few weeks because I was in the bus accident too and can't get around much as a result. If you want to contact me, talk to someone in the Student's Association who can get in touch with

me at home. There will also be women in my office most of the time who are helping out while I'm immobile and they may be able to help you out or pass on messages.

One last thing I had planned to organise a car maintenance and basic mechanics course for women. If you would be interested in doing this, put your name down in the SAUA with your phone number and if there is enough interest, the course should be taking place this semester.

BLUE STOCKING WEEK
Celebrating Women in Education.
August 2nd - 6th
Monday

Lunchtime: Champagne Launch
Evening: Dinner and Forum.
Tuesday
FAIR DAY with stalls on the Barr Smith lawns featuring speakers and music by multicultural women's band *Kular Choice*.
Wednesday
Lunchtime: Forum on women's experiences in diverse cultures within Australia.
Friday
WOMEN'S DAY OFF- Silk painting, potting, massage and *much more* in the craft studio for \$2.

Education Vice President: Bec Shinnick

Over the holidays I have been Acting SAUA President which has kept me busy but it was fun. This has meant an involvement in some more general issues rather than just my EVP work.

STUDENT GRIEVANCES
I am acting for students in three separate grievance complaints which are quite substantial. It is nice that students are bringing these problems to the SAUA and we continue to encourage this. I have also been dealing with the usual library complaints about the handling fee etc.

RETURN OF EXAM PAPERS
The SAUA has presented a submission to Academic Board suggesting the formulation of University policy on the return of student exam papers. This was initiated due to student request as currently each depart-

ment decides whether or not students can get their paper back after the exam, and many do not return them. Each department has been asked their procedure and students were also surveyed with the vast majority wanting their papers. Academic Board, of which I am a member, will be discussing the issue at this month's meeting and I will be speaking strongly in favour of it. The University should be looking to its commitment to quality education and this is a simple measure that can only enhance the learning process.

ACADEMIC RIGHTS BOOKLET
I am producing a leaflet outlining procedures for students to follow in dealing with problems you are having with your course. This will be distributed to students in the next few weeks. If you are having academic problems

with a lecturer or tutor, or being harassed by a staff member/student, or having related hassles, the Students' Association is able to give you support and act on your behalf. We can assist you with procedures to have your grievance addressed and resolved in the quickest way possible, and will respect your confidentiality if you should so wish.

LIBRARY
Library hours for this semester have been increased so tell all your friends so they know. The University Librarian has allocated funding so weekend hours will now be 1-5pm each day. Increased hours for the Law Library are still being negotiated. The Library Task Force has continued to meet and has endorsed plans to create a new Library Committee that is directly connected to Academic Board. I have managed to

ensure that there will be an undergraduate and post graduate student member. There will also be a Library Users Committee which will ensure full representation from all the faculties.

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES
There was a very strong turnout at the Faculty and Department Student Representatives meeting which I held in the final week of last semester. If you were unable to attend I have still got some Student Rep Folders which you can come and pick up your copy of from me. I will hold another meeting in a while.
If you want to be involved in any of our activities please drop by.
Cheers,
Bec Shinnick

Money, money, money.

It's official - the Higher Education Contribution Scheme (or HECS) is up for sale. The HECS fee currently paid by local students in Australia is about a quarter of average course costs. This fee can be paid either up-front with a government subsidy (of 25%) or deferred and paid through the taxation system when the (ex-)student reaches a particular earning "threshold".

HECS has been in place since 1989 and is presently a nice little earner - in 1992 alone, students paid half a billion dollars to the government. Despite this, levels of funding per student in Higher Education have continued to decline. The Assistant Secretary of the Department of Employment, Education and Training (DEET), Mr Paul Hickey, has said that DEET is seeking consultancy work from the World Bank to implement HECS-type user-pays schemes in other countries around the world. The World Bank is an agency of the UN, usually preoccupied with managing the economies of third-world nations on behalf of everyone to whom they owe money.

DEET's employment services division, for instance, has already won contracts worth \$400,000 advising the Russian Government on programs to handle mass lay-offs from government-owned enterprises.

Charge students now - ask me how

At an international, OECD-sponsored conference recently held in Sydney, sleekly-dressed sales-wizards from DEET were busily handing out leaflets which advertised their consultancy services and sliding their way around the cocktail bar towards education administrators from ripe little economies just waiting for a good dose of neo-liberal education policy advice.

"Australia is ... in a position to offer other countries the benefit of experience and technical expertise required to put such a scheme in place and implement the details. Where necessary the provision of 'supporting products' may be arranged."

This range of 'supporting products' includes predictable things like computer software and administrative advice. But that's not all ...

"An implementation package might include ... political and social aspects of marketing, facilitating student and community acceptance of the concept of contributing to the cost of Higher Education."

What exactly are they selling? How will they help 'facilitate student and community acceptance' of a client government's intentions to introduce user-pays mechanisms in their country?

"Initial concerns [might include] selling the product in a climate where education had been 'free', dealing with

resistance from particular areas of the community, for example, student groups and mature students.

So - Australian students have been "dealt with" already, and now DEET proposes to go out hunting. An entire squad of Departmental policy advisers, speech writers, marketing gurus, chat-show experts and mass-media spin-doctors are hungry for export dollars and only too keen to "deal with" those who suggest that education is more than a commodity; just itching to "deal with" mature-age students who might complain about being locked out; rubbing their hands at the prospect of "dealing with" the observation that HECS is a flat tax which

Psst... wanna buy a used Higher Education Contribution Scheme?

hits middle-income earners much harder than the wealthy or large corporations; climbing over each other to "deal with" women protesting against a user-pays system which further entrenches obstacles to their participation; committed to "dealing with" anyone who remembers that the United Nations Bill of Human Rights (to which Australia is a signatory) declares that free education is a fundamental right of all people ...

HECS in the 1993 Federal Budget

While all these highly-paid sales representatives are out trying to make HECS look beautiful overseas, it's getting much uglier back here at home.

The Minister responsible for Higher Education, Kim Beazley, is considering a series of proposals to reduce government spending on education. This comes as no surprise - Australia's public spending on Higher Education has been a smaller and smaller portion of the federal pie every year for the past fifteen years. There are signs that this year's budget may extend this process much further than ever before. The proposals being discussed by the government now all involve extracting more funds from students.

Tertiary fees higher than

anywhere else in the OECD

At the moment, the level of HECS debts (\$2838 per year of full-time study) is about equivalent to the level of tertiary fees payable in most European and American public universities.

The government is considering proposals to make Australian students pay over *three thousand dollars per year* - effectively the highest tertiary fees among the public education systems throughout comparable, industrialised western countries.

DEET repayments to start much sooner

more like six or seven. The 'study entitlement' would apply for a single degree only, with students undertaking any further degree being penalised on a much higher rate of HECS.

This kind of scheme would build in an extra penalty on students who study for more years than the standard length of their course or students who choose to continue or alter their education path. This means an attack on students who are struggling through their courses for academic as well as financial reasons, attacking students who choose to take on extra, non-compulsory units of study and, in general, an attack on students who are already on the margins of participation; a category which includes disproportionately large numbers of women, people from low socio-economic and non-English-speaking backgrounds.

All this and more ...!

The proposed HECS hikes come in the wake of Peter Baldwin's Loans Scheme introduced in last year's Budget. The Loans Scheme, originally drafted to abolish Austudy grants and replace them with a HECS-style loan, was toned down by Baldwin and his underlings in DEET after student outcry.

The present Austudy system gives students the "choice" between living on Austudy grants alone (at about half the level of the poverty line) or losing part of that grant in exchange for the 'opportunity' to take out up to \$4,000 worth of debt.

The proposed increases in HECS will magnify the debts faced by poorer students and should be seen in the broader context of the push for user-pays and privatisation in education.

Higher HECS? Staff that!

With the real possibility that students could be faced with accumulated debts of over \$35,000 due to increases in HECS and student loans, taken out in order for students to simply survive, students across the country are organising a National Day of Action for Tuesday, 10th August, for which there will be rallies, marches and other actions in capital cities and on campuses. Campus student organisations will be co-ordinating the signing of petitions and other activities, so check with your student organisation if you want to add your voice to the campaign.

Contact the National office of the National Union of Students for further campaign details.

Toby Borgeest
National Education Officer
National Union of Students

Higher HECS for students who study 'too much'

The Government is also considering to impose a time limit on your education, by introducing a 'study entitlement' scheme. All students would have an 'entitlement' of three or four years worth of government-subsidised education. During those years, students would continue to accumulate debt at about the level that they do now. But if, for whatever reason, you do more than your 'entitlement's worth' of full-time study, then you get not two or three thousand dollars worth of debt, but

LETTERS

Who's responsible ?

Mr F. O'Neill,

Listed below are ten questions, that we, as Faculty of Arts Board Student Representatives demand you answer in relation to the budget deficit at Adelaide University. The questions will be published in the next edition of On Dit and we will report back to the wider student & academic community after we receive your reply.

1. What happened?
2. Who was responsible?
3. Have those responsible been brought to account and if so, how? If not, why not?
4. What measures are now in place to prevent such a fiasco from re-occurring?
5. What parameters were used to decide how the "pain" should be borne across the University community?
6. What and how much are the main areas of cutbacks?
7. What are the goals and the time frame of the Senior Management Group in terms of getting the University's deficit into the black?
8. What has been communicated to the University community re: these goals?
9. Have students been kept informed in a proper fashion?
10. If not, why not?

As Arts student representatives we believe that the quality of our research, learning and therefore the degrees awarded by Adelaide University are being compromised. Many other students, academics and members of the wider South Australian Community share our concerns.

Surely, if a community's problems are to be solved, it requires the efforts and co-operation of all those who are concerned with and affected by them. This letter has been written in the hope that as a community we can work together to solve the problem of our University's deficit within an open, equitable and consensual framework. We look forward to receiving your reply via our post office box, on or before June 30th 1993.

Yours faithfully
Judith Clover
Stephanie Pribil
Matthew Balfour
Michelle Giglio
Student Representatives of the Faculty of Arts Board

If this letter looks a bit late, it is ! Unfortunately we here at On dit misplaced it last semester. We hope that all the signatores will accept our apology for this mishap.

the eds

Trekkies strike back

Dear Nick Smith,

I read your article on Star Trek: The Next Generation (On Dit 31/5/93), and was truly thrilled to see that other people watch this show. Its brought a lot of people out of the closet to talk about it.

However, you forgot to mention a couple of the important things, like: there's a teenager in charge of the helm who, until recently, wasn't even a proper Starfleet officer (he's now an ensign). Also, there's the half-Betazoid Deanna Troi who has such wonderful lines as "Are you alright, Will?!", "Captain, you need some rest!", and "I sense some hostility". (The latter usually occurs at approximately the same time as the bad guys point their guns/phasers/photon torpedo tubes at The Enterprise). Then, of course, there is the alliance between the Klingon empire and the Federation. For goodness sake, they used to be the worst of the bad guys, and now we're friends with them! That meant that we needed some new bad guys, so we got the Ferengi. Some bad guys! They don't like to fight, and are continually running away. The Federation still hasn't made peace with the Romulans though, so there's someone with whom we're familiar. Pity we don't see them very often.

Anyway, despite all of this, I love Star Trek The Next Generation, and Star Trek in general, and look forward to it every week. Remember, Live Long and Prosper, and keep on trekking.

Liza Campbell
Science/Law

Life's wild, isn't it

Dear Yolande and Yolande,
 As regards the Star Trek Telly review: your time at University could not be fairly described as well spent, could it? My review was intended to be humorous, sarcastic, *funny*. (ha Ha!) The whole piece was *ironic*. Unnerstan? The really funny thing is that I actually quite like Star Trek: The Next Generation. Life's wild, isn't it?
 Yours with genuine affection,
Nick Smith.

Sorry

Dearest GJ,

Isn't it most unfortunate that emotions can be reciprocally stirred and hurt from mere words. It was woeful that I misunderstood your virtuous intentions from one single letter, which may be due to the way you expressed yourself and / or my being too semantic (although I did pore over it not less than five times before responding to make sure I was not over-reacting).

I am certain my distorted perception of you would have been justifiably altered if I should have had the honour of meeting and liaising with you in person. I wish to put this disastrous correspondence behind us and humbly apologise for my invalid accusation and beg for your glorious pardon.

Yours in reconciliation,
 jw

Well!

Dear Andrew Fisher,

Aren't we a condescending little cucumber? If anyone is displaying their patriarchal roots, it is you, Andrew, "know what I mean"? What right have you to dictate to Peter Bray to "try a little mental flexibility"? Why don't you try to acknowledge that white, middle class, heterosexual males *are*, like yourself, the norm in our patriarchal, capitalist society. As a female, I do not subscribe to phallocentrism. Yet, I do agree with most of Peter's pertinent, realistic comments. Wake up to reality!!

Anne Cooke,
Feminist,
1st year Arts
(applying to be a Law student)

Fines, we love 'em

Eds,

One question that seems to never be answered is, why do we employ pathetic people to work at Adelaide Uni?, with particular reference to the Library and Student Records.

It appears as though we just give them money (in the form of pay) to sit on their asses and patronise us about policies they have to follow.

In reference to the situation where students receive fines when they have been accused of not returning a book. The fine consists of the cost of the book plus a finders fee. When the student challenges this fine, they are told to produce the book, which more than often has already been returned. These assholes tell us to retrieve the book from the shelves to dismiss the fine.

Why don't we get \$30 from the fucking library, it's them who screw up and so we, the students, have to pay. They complain about lack of funds, why don't they sack the slack administrators and fuck off any who aren't doing the job (as I'm sure there are) and employ others who don't get Austudy or any of the other bullshit subsidies.

So, in concluding, the Barr Smith Library is fucked (and it is a pity it's the only close resource). So get your act together and be more empathetic.

Golden showers

Dear Mr Denby,

Oh! Are you back again? It's simply delightful to read yet *another* of your mundane letters. I see this one is poorly designed to make me feel intellectually inferior. Doesn't quite work, though. May I suggest that you maintain a voice of intelligence in your next letter - it tends to fool readers into believing that you're not such a blatant wank after all. Actually, I'd quite given up on you ... did it really take *all* of three weeks to dream up that smarmy reply? I bow to your quick mental processes.

But I digress. I'm just here to clarify that your "satirical metaphor" of urine (woah ... DEEP), was a product of *your* imagination, not mine. It was actually me who built on your scenario, and not the other way round. And even though I'm equipped with an apparently low intellect, I did realise that your article was intended to be humorous. Only I found it particularly silly. Hmmm ... God knows what really "smart people" were thinking! Wiping tears of derision, I don't think.

I won't cramp my style by calling you stupid. Well, not directly anyway ... your writing style gives away many facets of your personality. I might just recapitulate that smokers are not, as you would have it, "nasty" - they're just people who have to tolerate Grad A, 100% Divvs like yourself, who think it the height of wit to pen pathetic little generalisations. I can handle that. As long as you're amusing yourself.

I look forward to your quick-witted, snappy reply, in another month or so. Question is, will anyone else?
TRJ Kittel

Environmentalist

Dear Environmental Youth Alliance,

Could you kindly improve my daily environment by resisting the temptation to paste your promotional material all over every inanimate object on North Terrace? The posters which are fastened with glue to statues, bus shelters and signs eventually peel off. But they do so only in part leaving behind a rather unaesthetic mess. *National Action* are of course guilty of the same kind of thing but then there's no point criticising them now, is there?
 Yours faithfully from a man concerned about his environment,

Eric A. Blair,
Law

A pat on the back

Dear Editors,

I am writing to express my gratitude for the article on the revisionist movement by Monica Carroll. It was a well researched and interesting piece of writing, the likes of which there are only too few in our student paper.

On the whole I agree with Monica Carroll but I am not so sure that the decision to refuse Mr Irving entry to Australia was a wise one, and I will attempt to explain why below.

I have only lived in Australia for about two years. Before leaving my native country, Sweden, in 1991 I experienced the rapid rise of racism and neo-nazism taking place, not only in Germany as the media would like us to believe but all over Europe. I will not attempt to uncover the underlying causes for this, to establish the fact is sufficient. This is the climate in which Mr Irving is thriving. His theories are, to say the least, implausible and so far he is only

taken seriously by skin-heads and the odd Lederhosen-clad Bavarian veteran. The danger, however, lies not in the present but in the next generation. Today we have living people that can bear witness of the holocaust, who were themselves put into Nazi death camps. Unfortunately, and as Irving is very well aware, their number is declining by the day. Soon enough there will be no one with a first hand account left alive. The "Final Solution" will then move into the more obscure corners of history, giving room for wide interpretations of what really took place. Time works in the favour of Irving and that is why I argue that the debate should be opened today rather than tomorrow. By all means, invite this so-called historian to Australia, give him a prime-time television slot and defeat his arguments hands down.

By refusing him entry we are adding to his status as a bearer of truth, silenced by international Semitism.

In saying that the murder of 6,000,000 innocent people never took place, he is not only denying the existence of those people, he is also attempting to erase the memory of the holocaust, and remembrance is the only thing that will prevent history from repeating itself.

D. Andersson
Law

Warren 1

To whom all these presents shall come, Greetings.

How appropriate it was that the article "I Fought the Law Because the Law's Wrong" appeared in the *Truth* facsimile version of *On Dit*. The *Truth* of course is a tabloid renowned for producing entertaining, less-than-first-class journalism. Whilst I submit no opinion on the class of the mentioned articles' journalism, I do note that the article was "entertaining".

Considering that one of the moral motivations of the people at Nurrungar was an anti-military one, the language of the article's author displays distinctly military-like activity. What with all the advancing towards limited objectives ("the next gate"), obstacle crossing (holding down barbed wire) and battlefield control (regrouping after each limited objective achieved/obstacle crossed), one can only assume that the protesters were seeking to fulfil their own martial, assault minded fantasies in using tactics akin to their opponents to achieve their goals - whatever those goals were. It is difficult to see how the successful completion of a trespass to land acutally makes a compelling point. I suppose that one could argue that breaking the law to achieve political aims has precedent well established in history, Ghandi, Ché, Hitler, Stalin, the list goes on. In a democratic society, there are orderly, more appropriate ways to bring about change; social disobedience and protest only have limited effect. This effect is usually successful when the matters being protested against are matters of real substance, for example the moratoria in the 1960's regarding our involvement in the war

in Vietnam. At all other times, such methods are tedious, expensive and generally counter-productive.

It seems to me that the actions of peripheral, fringe-dwelling weirdos, students on holiday and other non-value adding citizens at Nurrungar have been effective in two ways. One is to provide plenty of juicy footage for the media (but would you pay to see it?) and the other is to have efficiently wasted a giant bag full of public funds in necessitating the deployment of security forces at a location which normally does not require their protection.

What I think really needs to be identified is the tangible benefit of such protests, apart from the enlivening of an otherwise mundane life for the police involved and the self-aggrandisement of people unable to find more productive ways of using their spare time. I have to admit that whilst I am all for the enrichment of the constabulary's existence, I would prefer not to have my taxes wasted in using them to curb rowdy individuals for whom parental discipline and respect for democratic processes were obviously a missing factor in their up-bringing. If only these people would direct all their hyperactive energy towards the real problems of our society.

Oh and for all of you so ecstatic about this SCAT Television, it is with delight that I draw your attention to the third definition of Scat in *The Macquarie Dictionary* (1987 second revision, page 1513) — "n. animal droppings".

Yours sincerely
 Warren P. Block

Hmmmm

Dear Eds,

"Typical male thinks with his dick. The continuing saga of male control and domination, of psycho-sexual and economic manipulation in our society, the historic male condition is one of deceptive coercion and violence and the woman's fate is too often of resignation and silence. The typical male thinks with his dick; that's how he rationalises shallow sexual conquest as a means of self-expression and fulfilment in a world of alienation and emptiness under modern capitalism. However, the typical male considers a similarly promiscuous woman a whore, a slut or a scrag. The typical male likes a submissive woman, one who's into shallow sexual experience but who's not demanding. A woman who demands respect or demands commitment in a relationship is often facing rejection of the typical male. Historically, some of the characteristics of the typical male are as follows: There is the stereotypical, brutal, assaulting, barbaric male. The one who's obsessed with violence. The one we see in Hollywood movies and are most accustomed to. We also have what is known as the sensitive rapist. The one who wants to feel that there is a mutual understanding before he entraps the woman in a cycle of co-dependent mutual sexual service. Then there's the pseudo-feminist, who may be committed to a woman. He may

even be involved in the women's movement, but still oppresses by including his own self-serving racial or class background. From any religious or sexual orientation. All of the characteristics can and often do overlap, thereby adding a deceptively complex dimension to the typical male analysis. The typical male listens to the woman from a position of dominance or privilege. What that means to the woman is that the typical male doesn't listen. The typical male conditions women into blaming themselves for a failing relationship or for male infidelity. The typical male enslaves women in the workplace as well. Forcing women to tolerate sexual harassment in return for unequal pay and status. The typical male is a reactionary, conservative, a White Shoe standing in a Pro-Choice picket line. The typical male is also a liberal. He supports pro-choice. Why not? He impregnates women and can't deal with the consequences of parenthood. In a society where the incidence of rape and sexual assault are staggering the typical male will still say, 'if she don't want to get pregnant she shouldn't spread her legs'. In the US, alone, where four women a day are killed by men and every eighteen seconds a woman is battered, the typical male still finds misogynistic music and comedy appropriate. In a potentially sexual situation the typical male cannot act responsibly. The typical male thinks 'no means yes'."

That should annoy Simon Smolski. Yours,
Elle.

Kooky

Dear Paul Harrington,

I am an axe wielding homicidal maniac who has the opinion that all homophobic Christian fundamentalists should be dead. What is wrong with me expressing that opinion by causing a Students for Christ massacre?
 Love & Kisses
 S.N.

Arts
 P.S. Don't worry (too much) fundys, I was only being hypothetical.
 (Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha - psychopathic cackle)

So there

To whom it may concern,

Although this may be scraping the bottom of the barrel, I would like to make a comment on "Blue Jeans Day" during "Pride" week.

In my opinion, this event was *the* most pathetic and incongruous, attempt at raking up support for gays and lesbians, that I have ever witnessed. Perhaps this Friday we should have a heterosexual day at Uni, where everyone wears shoes. I'm sure the occasion would be just as meaningful.

Shaundee Sen
(Another) Med Student
 P.S. I can't wait for all the vicious, thoughtless and personalised comments in return.

There's more

Being one who normally refrains from imposing my personal beliefs on the general populace, I find it increasingly difficult to restrain myself from comment when Christians start a debate on the morality of homosexuality, expounding homosexuality as 'deviant behaviour' and 'a sin' as if they are having personal advice from god on the subject. Has their faith made them so blind that they cannot accept that the person sitting alongside them in the lecture, on the bus or in the pew, may actually be different to them and proud of who they are? If they are, as I suspect, so myopic that they cannot admire people differing from their perceived view of normality as another essential part of the rich and varied tapestry of life, then I hope I speak for many when I say in a loud voice, "Fuck off and stop using religion to justify your prejudices". Religion, in the past millennium has been single-handedly responsible for instilling more fear, hatred, distrust and loathing in the swarming masses than any other institution in the history of the universe. This highly censored and much abridged document known as the bible which these people seem to cling to has been rewritten so many times by the early Roman Catholic church that its original meaning and intent has probably been lost in a cloud of obfuscation. It is known from the destruction of records in the two major Judean revolts of 66 - 74 and 132 - 135 AD and the oral nature of the initial teachings that the gospels were undoubtedly grossly exaggerated and or distorted as it was received and transmitted a second, third or fourth hand. Furthermore, inconsistencies with the Dead Sea scrolls challenges the bible's historical accuracy. Sexuality is rarely mentioned in the Gospels, except for the obligatory, god made man and women in its likeness so that they may join together and reproduce. However, the absence of any further references in the bible is puzzling in itself. There is for example little doubt that Jesus was not celibate and was probably married to Mary Magdalene. In all four Gospels this woman's role is singularly ambiguous and seems to have been deliberately obscured and it would have been very unusual for a Jewish religious leader not to be married and if Jesus differed from this cultural norm it surely would have been mentioned. Homosexuality was also never directly discussed in the bible and this is also peculiar because it was a very popular pursuit among both men and women around the time of Jesus. The early romans described it as the 'noblest of all loves' and it has also been well documented amongst the early Jewish community. Men and women often only slept together to reproduce (as instructed in the old testament), and outside this led very separate lives, often taking a lover of the same sex. This was not considered unusual at the time and if Jesus thought that it was 'deviate' and a 'sin' he would surely have preached against it. Indeed, it is hypothetically possible that the big J.C. himself had homosexuality

tendencies as his love of Peter is mentioned throughout the gospels and the platonic nature of this love will, no doubt, be debated until those four horsemen descend on earth to plunge the world into darkness.

I don't pertain in any way to be a biblical scholar but it is clear that anyone who looks at the bible objectively will realise that it contains historical irregularities and inconsistencies as well as enough circumstantial evidence to suggest that it has been doctored to be taken literally or as the unquestionable word of god. It contains an underlying message which you can accept the question but history has shown its abuse can be used as justification for almost anything such as the burning of witches and heretics.

I hope that the views expressed by these Christians are not representative of all Christendom and these individuals may overcome their prejudices and preconceptions through tolerance and understanding to accept people for who they are and not which group they belong or preference they pertain to.

Yours, etc.,
S.R. Miller
Science

The saga continues

Dear Denis Dragovic (Liberal Club Pres.),

Well Dennis, haven't you made a bit of a silly ass of yourself!

In your letter last week in On Dit you congratulated Liana Buchanan on the job she is doing in the very difficult position of Women's Officer. Your congratulations I whole heartily agree with. The other bit of the letter questioning the success of the PRIDE dance party was a lot of shit.

I firstly wish to let you know Denis a few facts about the week. The week was a GALA. initiative and was mostly organised planned and run by women and men from GALA, as well as from Resistance, Amnesty, Women on Campus and others. It also had support of the Women's Officer.

Secondly on behalf of GALA. I want to thank all those people who joined in helping with the week. It was a special characteristic of Pride week that there was an emphasis on coalition and inclusion. That is men and women, heterosexual, gay, lesbian and bisexual people working together. I believe this was a central reason for the weeks success and GALA wants to actively promote this type of cooperation.

Thirdly, the week achieved it's aim of putting the issue of oppression based on sexuality firmly on the agenda. We as a community must recognise that along with oppression of women other forms of discrimination exist and must be stopped. Also that more extensive and lasting change in our society requires cooperation and mutual support amongst oppressed groups and their friends.

J. Snelling
New England Cottages

Love, sex, intelligence

Dear Ayatollah Ben Teague (and others),

I have composed this letter in point form to make it easy for your medieval mind to digest.

(1) Homosexuality is not "sexual perversion". Your puritanical obsession with sex has blinded you. Homosexuality is not just about fucking. In my experience it is usually about love between two people, which, yes, is often physically expressed in (great) sex.

(2) Love is not perversion - hate is, and your world view is driven by hate and ignorance.

(3) How dare you, a repressed, anally retentive Christian bigot HETEROSEXUAL tell ME about homosexuality. I gained my information from first hand experience, unlike you - who draw your opinions from a dusty old book full of blood, gore and gross intolerance.

(4) As I am qualified to do so, I am telling you that homosexuality is beautiful, natural and a perfectly valid expression of love.

(5) As I am the only one qualified to do so, I am telling you that I was born gay. I am telling you that my decision to love someone, and as a consequence, to fuck them, is a homosexual act because sexuality, like eye colour, skin colour and number of fingers and toes is not a lifestyle option, but came with the package when I was born.

(6) I refuse to deny my eye colour, hair colour, arms, legs, fingers and toes. I refuse to deny my beautiful sexuality because it does not conform to your outmoded definition of normality.

(7) Denial is destructive and futile. I can dye my hair to fit in with someone else's view of propriety, but this can't really change who I am. How many lives have been destroyed by the denial of homosexuality, inspired by religious fear and hate? My happiness has come from my acceptance of who I am - a blue eyed male with ten fingers who is gay.

(8) Until hateful bigots, be they Christian, Muslim, Jew or atheist learn to accept differences this world will stay a bloody mess. I, like previous writers to On Dit, stay anonymous not out of "shame", but as a practical move designed not only to protect ourselves from the very real threat of violence, but from daily harassment from hateful dickheads inspired by the same views that drive you to be an utter prat.

FUCK OFF!!

An angry fag who is prepared to fight back.

We just can't get it right

Dear Everyone,

I am writing to defend myself from any accusations of prejudice that might arise from reading the classified ad in On Dit Monday the 7th of July about the Sexuality Pride March. What the Advertisement should have said was "Come and march in solidarity with people of all sexualities, a celebration of the diversity of human sexuality! This is for

lesbians and gays to reject the judgement that their lifestyle is unacceptable. This is for bisexuals to assert that they have indeed made a choice. This is for transsexuals and transvestites to increase their visibility and demand recognition. This is for open minded heterosexuals to enjoy their own sexual choice. This is for celibates and those who use no sexual label to conform the validity of their lifestyle decisions" When On Dit ran this, the editors (probably just fucked up) and missed out the line about heterosexuals - making the organisers of the march sound like complete fascists, especially after the line about "people of all sexualities". Ordinarily, I wouldn't mind, but this sort of error misrepresents the aim of the march, which was to get rid of the "us and them" approach to sexual orientation. The editors do a great job, getting On Dit out on time most weeks of the Uni year, but maybe some kind hearts with time on their hands might like to volunteer to proof read, every now and then, to avoid this sort of thing occurring.

Serena Bosworth,
the non-heterophobic bisexual
(hey, some of my best friends are het...)

Lino

Dear Editors,

I'm writing in response to Stephanie Shelvin's letter Gay Pride and Peter Bray's Dismayed. Stephanie says regarding a letter by Jim Sherry, "If you are genuinely interested in exploring issues of sexuality, then why don't you (and some other men) organise a few workshops of your own?"

I think this is an excellent idea!

Stephanie, I love your use of the feminine She for God. Yes, I believe in a loving God!

Peter Bray in his letter asks the question, "Wouldn't encouraging people to question their own sexuality ... serve better in opening people's minds. How can you expect a heterosexual person to understand a homosexual's sexuality when they do not clearly understand their own?"

I agree with you Peter, 100%, and again, as you say "Everyone should take 'pride' in who they are."

My question for you Peter is why do you think, for now, you have to "drink alone?"

Lino Spinello

Dear Guys and Gals,

It's always great to hear from you, but please remember to keep em' short, sharp and sweet. You can drop your letters into the office, or the SAUA, or post them to On Dit GPO box 498 Adelaide SA.

Let's face it, the silly bickering over who God does and doesn't love is becoming a trifle borish. Let's move on.

Weather's great, wish you were here.

George, Fiona & Richard
xxx
ooo

A Word from Eric

Welcome to semester two and all the wonderful things that it brings with it such as elections, exams, Prosh and summer holidays.

No doubt North Terrace students will be aware of the refurbishments taking place in and around the Union building. Hopefully there will be as little disruption as possible to your everyday needs.

The Union has also granted, in principle, the allocation of \$500,000 to provide catering and social facilities at the Waite Institute. Currently, students there have almost no services and the Board decided that something must be done to address this. Unfortunately, due to slow council planning processes, we can not put a date on the commencement of the project.

Board has also approved a radical but long overdue, constitutional change to be put before University Council and later to a referendum allowing for two year, split-term Union Boards. The Union has, in the past been plagued by a lack of continuity and experience. By establishing two year terms for Board members, it is unlikely that the situation that occurred this year, whereby

only two members of the previous Board stood for re-election, will hinder the Board again. By the very nature of the decision making process of the Union Board, it takes a long time to actually get things done, and every time there is a new Board (i.e. every twelve months) the whole matter has to be rediscussed and the same questions addressed over and over again. By electing two sets of nine Board members per year to sit on two year terms will overcome this. Adelaide University Union is one of the last such organisations in Australia to have full annual elections. The referendum will hopefully be held at the same time as the annual elections.

Look out for the new set-up in the Mayo refectory. The floor plan has been devised to reduce the queues at lunch time and allow for more food to be served, as well as making the Mayo look a bit better, which were two areas of concern outlined in the market research survey carried out earlier this year and subsequent Union Board strategic planning sessions.

If you have any other suggestions as to how we can improve, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Erik Chmielewski

Multicultural Week

6th - 10th September

Multicultural Week is an exciting week-long celebration of Adelaide's cultural diversity. It is scheduled to take place at various locations on the Adelaide city campus between 6th - 10th September. **Multicultural Week** has been initiated by the Overseas Students' Association of Adelaide University in collaboration with the Students' Association and other clubs and associations, in addition to cultural groups within the community. The celebrations will consist of five days of thrilling performances, ethnic food festivals, exhibitions, films and much, much more. The programme list continues to grow!

The ultimate aim of **Multicultural Week** is to take the abstract of Multiculturalism, which Australia is adopting and bring it down to a much more personal level so we can begin to know and understand each other as people. We hope that **Multicultural Week** will be an opportunity to portray the immense cultural richness found in Adelaide, and Adelaide University in particular. It is also a time for people to take pride in their diverse origins. This is reflected in the more than 50 Australian and International students who are presently involved in the planning!

As Australia progresses towards its goal

of Multiculturalism, we, as International students will continue to be an element of the Australian cultural landscape. **Multicultural Week** is our contribution which we hope will increase awareness among different cultures and promote mutual understanding and regard. In the end, we hope to send home the message that although we are different, as people, in many ways we are very much the same - to focus on and build *unity in diversity!*

We believe that **Multicultural Week** will be a rare and exciting sharing of different cultures and experiences that will bring us all closer together. We look forward to your support and participation that would certainly make this event a tremendous success! It is our hope that after this inaugural event, what we start here will go on to become a much-anticipated annual happening in years to come!

For more information, or to find out how you can be a part of Multicultural Week, please contact Srinivas S.K. Sardar (Vasu) or Justine Vaz on 303 5852.

Sir Charles Bright Scholarship Fund

The Sir Charles Bright Scholarship Trust has been providing scholarships for disabled persons since 1985. In that time, some thirty scholarships have been provided to students undertaking post secondary education.

Each of the Universities has had scholars attending who have been helped by this fund.

The Scholarship is valued at \$1,000 and is not only a useful financial assistance but it has given the disabled people who have received it, substantial personal fulfilment.

Applications for the 1994 scholarships will soon be sought. Application forms can be obtained from Link Magazine or Malcolm Penn - Phone 261 6171 (a/h).

Union Activities Booklet

Every student on campus should have a copy of the Union activities programme for semester 2 in their pigeon hole. The booklet will let you know of all the Union activities planned thus far for this semester, so grab a copy, have a read, and get amongst it.

We here at OnDit were however a bit pissed off to find a cheap jibe at us from our esteemed Union manager Rob Brice in his introduction; "On Dit didn't seem to be doing the job from our point of view." Very mature indeed.

The fact that we hardly ever hear from Mr Brice down here begs the question did he

ever try to get On Dit to do the job?

Gary Steel has been using On Dit to publicise his activities, as have Paul Hewson, and Sherry Dzonsons, thus I think that the problem must lie with Mr. Brice. When he writes "from our point of view" we can only assume that he is speaking for the activity's group, or is that a use of the royal plural? If so, we are not amused!

Richard Vowles

*The ad for Prosh After Dark in the Union Activities Booklet should read "presented by Coopers Brewery"

Discover the Adelaide Hills' Wilderness.

The environment officers are organising two bushwalking tours to Warren Gorge and Kyeema Conservation Parks with an experienced bushwalker as a guide. The walks will be held soon, on two days yet to be set. The dates of the walks will be on the most suitable days of those interested.



If you would like to join us contact the Environment Officers in the Students' Assoc. ask for jo or goose.

P3

Supplementary Examinations Offer of Supplementary Work
After a review of supplementary examinations last year the Council amended certain aspects of its policies for 1993. The following is a summary of the amended policies:

Academic Grounds

Where students have undertaken supplementary examinations on academic grounds only the final result will be recorded on the academic transcript. For students who pass subjects after academic supplementary examinations, the maximum result to be recorded on the academic transcript shall be the minimum result which will allow a student to pass to the next level in a subject: viz, 50 Pass for those subjects with a grading scheme of D, C, P (CP) and F, or 55 Pass Division 1 for those with a grading scheme of D, C, P1, P2, F.

For subjects with a grading scheme of D, C, P1, P2, F, a result of 50 Pass Division 2 may also be recorded on the transcript. That is, the student can achieve the minimum Pass result in the subject but cannot proceed to the next level in the discipline if a Pass

Division 1 is required for enrolment. For example a final mark of 53 after a supplementary examination in Biology I will be recorded on the transcript as 50 P2. This would allow the subject to be counted towards the student's degree but would not permit the student to enrol in Botany II or any other subject for which Biology I is a pre-requisite.

Note:

The previous policy allowed a student who received a supplementary examination on academic grounds to receive the actual mark and grade obtained as a result of the supplementary examination. The new policy only allows the minimum result which will allow students to pass to the next level in a subject.

Medical, Compassionate and Mixed Grounds

The current procedure of recording a single final result in each subject in which supplementary examinations are undertaken on medical, compassionate and mixed grounds will continue; that is, result of a supplementary examination granted on medical, compassionate and mixed grounds will be classified and the final result entered as the single final result in the subject.

Note:

Previously, students granted supplementary examinations on mixed grounds were not able to sit for supplementaries if they had achieved a grade of distinction, credit, pass or pass division 1. The new policy allows students who received these grades to sit for supplementaries.

Right to Academic Supplementary Examinations in Certain Circumstances
Students are to have the opportunity to undertake supplementary assessment if they fail a subject, provided they have made a reasonable effort and it is considered that they have a reasonable possibility of passing at the second attempt.

Each Department is responsible for defining its policy on academic supplementary examinations so that all students in each subject are treated equally. In many cases, a "reasonable effort" for the purpose of granting academic supplementary examinations is defined as results in the range of 40 - 49 with supplementary examinations being awarded automatically to students who achieve marks of 45 - 49 and at the discretion of the examiner or examiners' committee to students who achieve marks of 40 - 44.

Applications for Supplementary Examinations on Medical Grounds

Medical information from a student's private doctor relating to supplementary examinations is assessed by the University Health Service. Applications for supplementary examinations on medical or compassionate grounds are to be lodged with the Faculty Registrar within seven days of the corresponding primary examinations.

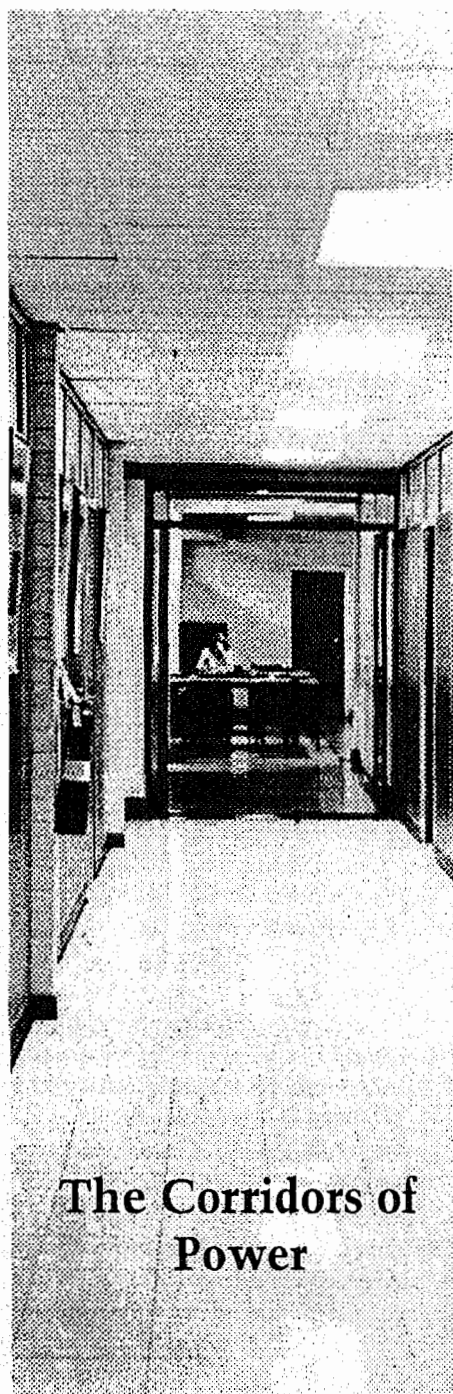
The granting of medical and compassionate supplementary examinations and of academic supplementary examinations in which a "reasonable effort" is discretionary (e.g., in the 40-44 range of marks in the example above), shall be made by a committee of departmental or faculty examiners, not by individual examiners, to foster equity and consistency within each department. The new policy requires students requesting supplementary examinations to lodge their application with the Faculty Registrar not the department.

Dr E. Dines
Academic Registrar

Library Shennanigans

A lot of students will remember the kafuffle arising at the end of last semester regarding the current inadequacies in the Barr Smith Library. Happily, all that effort hasn't come to nothing. Well, not absolutely nothing anyway. The university librarian has allocated extra funding to allow the library to be open from 1-5pm on weekends as opposed to 2-5pm as was previously the case. This is certainly a step in the right direction, however, the issues causing the most concern to students remain sadly out of the spotlight. This is primarily due to the fact that the previously mentioned victory has been achieved by a relocation of funds from within the library budget as opposed to any type of significant boost in library funding by the university or the politicians. As such, whilst the students have gained some improvement in library services, the problems which most substantially disadvantage us remain unresolved. For example, our beloved registrar, FJ O'Neill (that diminutive figure who sends us our exam results at the end of the year), has still failed to explain exactly how the university plans to improve student well being with a fundraising organisation which budgets for an \$87000 loss. And of course there's the feds, who also seem intent on confining the issue to the political backwater. Thus, library facilities are still in grave danger, and the struggle continues.

Tim Gow



The Corridors of Power

STUDY! EXAMS! HECS! LIVING EXPENSES! JOB PROSPECTS!

WITH ALL THIS, WHO NEEDS TO WORRY ABOUT TAX?

YOU NEED OUR HELP!

FOR STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE,
HALL CHADWICK WOULD LIKE TO OFFER:-

TAXATION ADVICE

- ON THE DEDUCTIONS STUDENTS ARE ENTITLED TO
- FOR STUDENTS WHO RECEIVE AUSTUDY
- FOR STUDENTS EMPLOYED IN JOBS RELATED TO THEIR STUDIES
- ON THE RECORDS YOU ARE REQUIRED TO KEEP

14 DAY REFUND PERIOD

(SUBJECT TO ATO PROCESSING)

FLEXIBLE APPOINTMENT TIMES SO AS NOT TO CONFLICT
WITH YOUR LECTURE TIMETABLE.

AND ALL THIS AT A STUDENT DISCOUNT!

TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT, OR FOR MORE INFORMATION
PLEASE CONTACT:-

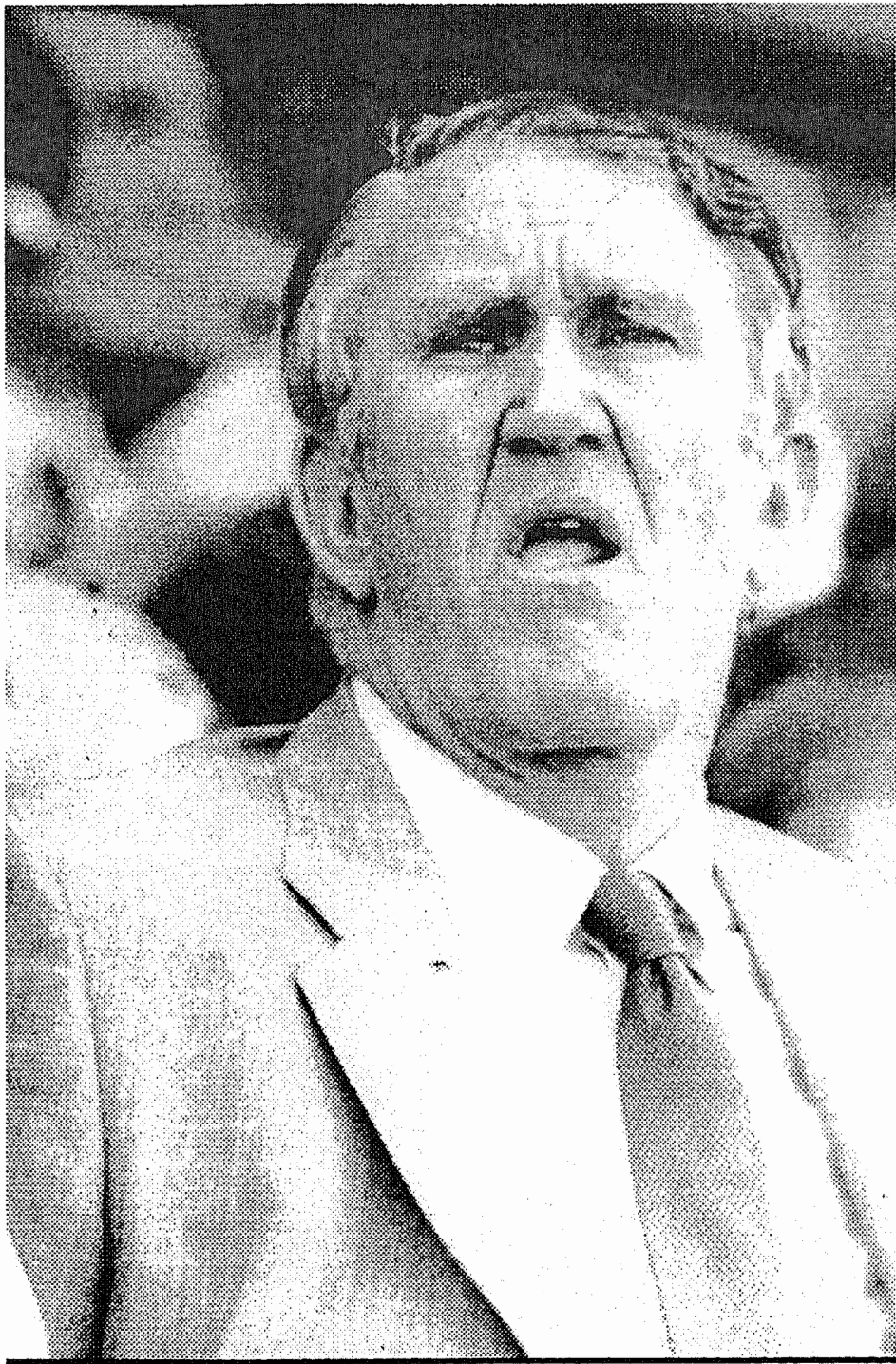
GEORGIA NORMAN ON 224 0622

Hall Chadwick
Chartered Accountants

191 FLINDERS STREET, ADELAIDE

TODAY'S PROFESSIONALS HELPING TOMORROW'S PROFESSIONALS!

South Australian Young Liberal Dinner



Where's my broccoli soup?

The South Australian Young Liberal annual dinner highlighted the many problems facing the party if it hopes to win federal government in 1996. The party has to grapple with and resolve such problems as its leadership, policy direction and having to come up with unified responses to Mabo and the republican issue.

The most important of these problems is undoubtedly the leadership issue. While Mabo may be very topical the Labor government is looking far worse than the opposition in its inability to lead the community debate on native title. The republican issue will wax and wane over the next few years and will only be a damaging political issue if the opposition allows it to be. The Liberal leadership and the party's policy direction resulting from resolving its leadership will be crucial in deciding if it can win in 1996.

Former prime minister Mr Malcolm Fraser commenting on the March 13th election loss said "since that time there has been no direction, no common sense of purpose, no common understanding of what went wrong or of what we now stand for". He told the dinner that the Liberal party was "... seen to be more concerned with ideology and formulas than with people".

In stark contrast to the party unity of a year ago, many Liberals seem to be making a great effort to distance themselves from the economic rationalist policies that were a hallmark of the past few years of Liberal policy direction. Pragmatism was the watchword of the night. Mr Stephen Baker, deputy leader of the state opposition, said that the Federal opposition "had missed the boat" and had "progressed ideology in front of pragmatic understanding" of the electorate.

This implicit criticism of the Dry's stranglehold over policy direction and its previous ability to control the grass-

roots and state leadership does not auger well for party unity. The real danger is that at a time when the Liberal party most needs direction and stability and a chance to regroup they appear prepared to return to the type of Peacock/Howard leadership struggles that were a hallmark of the mid 80s.

Mr Fraser highlighted this when asked about the leadership of the Federal opposition. He told the dinner that "those Liberals who have got their batons in their knapsacks and are bringing them out should put them away" and that "... self-styled leaders who think that they can advance the interests of this party by drawing speculation about the Liberal party and its parliamentary leadership only serve the cause of the Labor party". This criticism of the likes of John Howard, Peter Reith and Bronwyn Bishop - who have all been maintaining high media profiles since the March 13th federal election loss - is ironic. On the one hand lip-service is being paid to the ideas of party cohesion and unity but on the other hand this unity is not apparent either privately or publicly when questioned about the party's future.

The party realises all too well the damage that disunity and lack of policy direction can do to its cause. Mr Fraser told the dinner that "We must recapture our sense of purpose very quickly indeed or we will become irrelevant to the political processes of Australia into the next century and beyond."

The Liberal party is facing as tough a time now as at any other in trying to come to grips with its inability to win federal government. While a Liberal victory at the forthcoming state election is viewed as inevitable, it realises that it may be consigned to political irrelevancy federally for the rest of this decade, and possibly into the next century, unless it can regroup and recapture the political middleground. While the grassroots may be discussing change the real litmus test will be if there are any changes in the federal executive.

C. Frearson

The Jessie Street Women's Library

Australia's National Library for Women

The Jessie Street Women's Library is Australia's national women's library. It is currently housed in the NSW Writers' Centre, in the Rozelle Hospital complex in Sydney. The Library began in 1989 as little more than an idea, when enthusiastic women established the Jessie Street Library Association which administers the Library. It is named after Jessie Street who did so much to improve the status of women. The patrons of the Library are Elizabeth Evatt, Oodgeroo Noonuccal (Kath Walker), Sir Laurence Street and Judith Wright McKinney.

The Library will be a deposit for women writers, a centre for research, a resource for teachers and students and a networking centre. It will hold books for browsers, archival collections for specialist research, memorabilia and examples of women's art. Oral histories will be an important part of the collection. As well as being a living and lively contemporary institution, the Jessie Street Women's Library will be a place for the conservation and preservation of women's ideas.

The Library has grown remarkably quickly and has won the support of women from diverse backgrounds and professions from all over Australia. To date the collection consists of more

than 2000 books, numerous journals and archival materials. Donations have included rare and valuable individual items and sometimes whole personal collections. It will be a unique collection in Australia and will enable Australia to join the group of countries which boast women's libraries. The Jessie Street Women's Library has already established links with the international community of women's libraries.

The Library is administered by a committee which sees to its proper functioning, organises fund raising functions, publicises it and issues regular newsletters. Librarians catalogue and shelve the books and other materials.

To date, all work for the Library has been voluntary and almost all the materials in the collection have been donated.

If you are interested in learning more about the Library, the postal address is The Jessie Street Women's Library, GPO Box 2656, Sydney, NSW, 2001, Telephone / Fax (02) 555 9376.

If you wish to become a member of the Library, the subscriptions are Member \$25; Concessional Member \$10; Donor Member \$100; Life Member \$500 (subscriptions and donations \$2 and over are tax deductible).

The Royal Wedding

Women in Japan

The marriage of career diplomat Masako Owada to Japan's Crown Prince has been vehemently denounced by some Japanese feminists while others have been less quick to condemn. After all, at least the story of her life shows Japanese women that they don't have to be satisfied with low-paying, low-achieving jobs; they *can* be diplomats if they want to. In Australia, we take it for granted that these options are open to us; in Japan it is a completely different story.

I teach at a prestigious all-girls high school in Chiyoda Ku only a few hundred metres from the Imperial Palace in central Tokyo. The name of my school, Otsuma, when directly translated into English, means "big wife". The students I teach here are intelligent, well above the average Tokyo school. In their own way, too, they are ambitious. Nonetheless, when I ask my Year 12 equivalent conversation class what they want to do when they finish their studies, to them the pinnacle of achievement would seem to be a position as a flight attendant.

In a country where sex roles are still clearly defined, jobs as lawyers, economists, chemical engineers and business executives are firmly within the male domain. In classrooms in many Japanese schools, the phrase "Boys be ambitious" is inscribed; there is no such exhortation for girls.

Inequality and discrimination pervades all levels of Japanese life, from the language on. "Kanji" - the Chinese characters - are of themselves discriminatory at times; the Kanji for wife is a combination of the characters for broom and woman. In spoken Japanese, the sexes are once again segregated, with male and female forms in existence. A woman who dared to use male forms would be seen as butch, aggressive and, most likely, a lesbian.

The situation in the workplace is one that would take Western feminists back about twenty or thirty years. In the office, men are "salariman" while women are "OL", that is, "office ladies". Women are not given the opportunity to take positions in sales or marketing as their employers assume (and, indeed, hope) that they will be married and out of the workforce in three or four years. Many companies insist that their female employees live with their parents and then use this condition as a justification to pay women significantly lower wages. "OL's" are usually expected to wear a company-issue uniform (men can dress as they please) to work and once there spend their time performing menial tasks, flattering their male co-workers' egos and making tea. They also have to endure a good deal of sexual harassment. Slowly, "sexuhara" is being recognised as unacceptable, but only slowly. Many women are unwilling to take any action due to the



"In Masako Owada, many feminists see the ultimate abomination, a woman who has achieved a position that few even bother to aspire to...giving it all up to become a traditional acquiescent wife."

implied shame they feel it will bring upon their families. However, as brave pioneering women go to court and highlight the issue in the public arena, awareness and action are increasing. The attitude toward pornography and prostitution in Japan is also somewhat distorted. While pubic hair is an absolute taboo (Madonna's *Sex* was seriously airbrushed here) at any video store, it is possible to hire any number of movies which feature violence, rape and sadomasochism. On the subway, a glance over a neighbour's shoulder will often reveal a gang rape scene found in one of the popular "manga" comic books. Thus, while full frontal nudity is scrutinised and wiped out, the depiction of violence against women goes on unchecked. As does Japanese exploitation of child prostitutes in Thailand and Philippines. Now that Japanese sex tourists are beginning to fear the "foreigner's disease" - AIDS, they opt for younger and younger prostitutes, believing their percentages will be better that way. Not that this preference for

children is without precedent in Japan itself; the most popular pornographic material features cutesy girls in sailor-suit school uniforms.

In a country where date-rape "doesn't exist", where there are very few statistics on child sexual abuse (doesn't exist) and where women dress like kewpie dolls because men expect it of them, one can but hope that the prominence of a strong, independent and intelligent woman like Masako Owada can lead by example. Unfortunately, this is unlikely. Owada didn't want to become Princess, refusing marriage on several occasions. Educated at Harvard and Oxford, she wanted a career. One can imagine the subtle and not-so-subtle pressures placed upon her and her father, a prominent member of the foreign ministry. Her ultimate "yes" has brought feminist criticism for several reasons.

Probably the most significant of these is that she is doing precisely what Japanese feminists have been fighting against for so long; she is giving up her

career and, in many ways, her life for her husband. In becoming the wife of the Emperor to be, Owada gives up more than Diana or Fergie can even begin to imagine. And unlike them, she does not have even the most remote hope of escape. Japanese women usually do not continue working once married and most spend the twenty or so years it takes their children to grow up firmly ensconced in the home. They do have a good deal of power within this domain, controlling the family's financial transactions, but have little escape into the outside world other than cultural activities such as studying tea ceremony and ikebana. Alcohol and tranquilliser abuse is on the rise and some women are becoming prostitutes during the day to add a little frisson to their lives. Often when the children are all at university, women will return to the workforce, usually in a part-time capacity but with few skills and years of inaction they are generally to be found doing a slightly different variation of the "OL" role.

In Masako Owada, many feminists see the ultimate abomination, a woman who has achieved a position that few even bother to aspire to, a job which women less than ten years' ago could never have had, giving it all up to become a traditional acquiescent wife.

That Owada will be able to tell the school girls of Japan to explore the horizons they do not even realise exist is unlikely. No matter what her personal beliefs are, from the day she becomes a royal, her life will be ruled by the Imperial Household Agency, a particularly traditional and dictatorial body. Owada will not be able to express her convictions in the way the British Royal Family often do; it is unlikely that she will be allowed to express any opinion at all. That will be left to her husband - and then his opinion must be approved. One hopes that she is a determined enough woman to make her presence felt, even through the strictures to be imposed upon her, but I'm not hopeful that she will inspire a new generation of Japanese feminists.

Where the movement will look to for inspiration is anyone's guess. The processes of equality progress slowly in Japan, like just about everything else. Western television and cinema does little to further women's causes in Japan depicting as it does beautiful girlfriends, wives and mothers.

Nonetheless, girls are beginning to ask what other jobs are there as they chafe at the restrictions placed upon them by society. Growing internationalisation is showing Japan that in disqualifying fifty percent of its population from creative work, it is doing itself a disservice. Women are beginning to move into politics, disgusted by the corruption in the male political system.

Perhaps Owada's daughter will grow up to be a career diplomat and take up where her mother left off.

Melissa McEwen

State of Denial's rocky reception

As Chris Kenny's *State of Denial* continues to draw both sharp criticism and praise, it's also precipitated a few verbal punches between the respective editors of *The Advertiser* and *The Adelaide Review*.

The launch of Chris Kenny's *State of Denial* enjoyed a priceless publicity coup courtesy of the scathing review of the Bannon years in the preface from Federal Labor MP Peter Duncan. One month after its release however the book's critics have proven less publicity shy than its champions. While Kenny finds "deeply satisfying" the number of people who have contacted him privately to praise the book, the public reaction has often been critical.

Kenny's observations of state politics are gleaned from a career which has included stints with *The News*, *The 730 Report*, and four years as Channel Ten's political reporter. According to Kenny the book does not claim to be definitive, and that he wrote it because no one else would. "I got off my butt and wrote the book because I could see that no one else was doing it. Someone had to write it, someone had to poke the state in the ribs...it turned out to be me."

During his years as a journalist Kenny has clearly had plenty of opportunity to experience and reflect upon Adelaide's politicians and the media that observe them. If his book is any indication he is comfortable with voicing his criticisms publicly. Although Kenny is fair enough to include himself in some of these criticisms, it would not appear to be any way of winning friends and influencing people. In fact, the many anecdotes and observations contained within the book's pages appeared for at least a short while to send many of Adelaide's journalists and politicians scrambling to check whether they had been spared. One Adelaide bookstore even reports a lightning visit from twenty-something MP Chris Pyne to check if his name was in the index. It isn't.

Chris Kenny says the theme of *State of Denial* has been very evident in the reaction to the book.

"I've had a lot of positive feedback from people praising the book, offering to share new information with me if I follow it up with more books. I've had a lot of secretive endorse-

ment from people within the government and the Labor Party. People have told me that the book is pretty close to the mark, but say they will refute that or deny it if I say it in public." he says laughing. "The public reaction has been a little different. I have been a bit disappointed with some of the reaction I have got although really it was to be expected. Tony Baker's column was a classic piece of the denial that I've been talking about. He seemed to be offended that I was running the state down, and that's exactly the sort of thing I talked about in the book. I think it's ridiculous that just because you try and talk realistically about this place that you are

condemned as a knocker. That's a very small time, parochial attitude."

The book is championed by Labor's own Peter Duncan and State Liberal Jennifer Cashmore, but it has gathered many detractors. It certainly hasn't left *Advertiser* Editor Peter Blunden with any praise for the author or *The Adelaide Review*, who print Kenny's monthly columns. "I read the *Adelaide Review* but I skip through it. Generally I think it is a pile of rubbish by and large made up of paranoid coverage, and you can quote me on that, written by people like David Bowman. First I think Kenny has poor sources. There are serious misapprehensions in the book, on page 181. He says I disappeared for a few days- complete and utter rubbish. It apparently appeared in *The Adelaide Review* in September '92, but I didn't see it."

State of Denial recounts a story that under pressure to produce State Bank stories *Advertiser* journalist David Hellaby wrote a story about State bank 'secret dossiers' dossiers, that were collated years before with the help of *The Advertiser's* Rex Jory. The book claims that Blunden 'disappeared' after an official ombudsman's report to parliament "detailed how Mr Jory's innocent information resurfaced years later as Mr Hellaby's secret dossier".

Kenny refutes Peter Blunden's criticism's. "They are not poor sources at all. There is a very strained relationship between *The Review* and *The Advertiser*. If by claiming the book is schizophrenic he means at times I criticise *The Advertiser* and at others I praise it that's true. I never look for simple answers. Things are not black and white."

The Adelaide Review's Editor

Christopher Pearson's reaction to Blunden's criticism is illustrative of the antagonism between the two papers "Peter is very young. And he doesn't quite understand how Adelaide works. He is given to overreaction, in-

temperate and inordinately defensive postures. The thing about Kenny's book is that it is a coherent account of a general media failure to bring the government to account."

Kenny suggests the fact that to date the book has not been reviewed by the *Advertiser* is related to his criticisms of the organisation, "I would think *The Advertiser* is a big enough organisation to review a book that actually touches on its role to some degree. It's not as if the 'Tiser is a central character in the book. The word from my publisher is that *The Advertiser* believes I've already had enough publicity."

The Advertiser's Peter Blunden remains



While Bannon describes the author as possessing a 'particular vendetta' according to Kenny their relationship is 'cordial'

unconvinced by the book's criticisms of himself or the paper's coverage of the State Bank. "The story is clearly wrong, mischievous and downright defamatory. Complete and utter nonsense. The reason we didn't back down from that story (about the secret dossiers) is that we stand by it. In 1990 the dogs were barking and I appointed David Hellaby to cover the State Bank full time. We covered it in a comprehensive way."

Chris Kenny is obviously motivated by anger about the State Bank collapse rather than kind reviews. "People really have not come to accept what this financial disaster means. People have learnt to let three billion dollars roll off their tongue as if it is meaningless. Peter Ward is a journalist who had a bit of a swipe at my book publicly, and in his piece in *The Australian* he says that we will be over this financial problem within five years - that is just nonsense. People like Graham Scott and other economic commentators talk about how SA will be very fortunate, with good economic management to get its' debt back to the levels of the mid eighties in the next ten years. The wasted opportunities will hold this state back for decades to come."

Where academics and the media come into the equation according to Kenny is their failure to be more vigilant in their coverage of the politicians and the state bank. Now there is a large number of academics from South Australian universities working on books about the State Bank collapse. Politics Lecturer Greg McCarthy, whose book on the bank will be out next year, says *State of Denial* is disappointing, "I think Chris Kenny's book is commendable in that it is a journalist getting the stuff out at the time, and that's very difficult to do with a full time job. It's topical. The problem with it is that he often asks interesting questions, but because it's a quick, instant book it doesn't have enough time to ask and look for the difficult answers- it looked for the easy

answers. It's a bit of hit and miss. In the end it just adds to the problem because it just blames Bannon. It lets off the hook that whole range of people who were actually lending the money. Tim Marcus Clark was on a salary of \$500 000. And it seems to me that he is yet to face any notion of opprobrium anything like what Bannon has received. Kenny's book really doesn't answer that question."

According to Chris Kenny the criticism has largely focussed on him and not the book. "People who have criticised the book, some have tried to attack me. Peter Goers described it as a hatchet job. You mentioned Tony Baker I mentioned Peter Ward. The thing all these people have in common is that-and Heinrich Gouts is another- they've found no fact in the book or no conclusion that they were willing to highlight or draw exception. Tony Baker, he said it was false to call him an enigma. Now John Cornwall who was with Bannon for years described him as an enigma. For Tony Baker to say he wasn't an enigma, he was transparent, well that just doesn't sit to well with the realities of life."

Despite his public detractors for Chris Kenny the private assurances he is on the right track are clearly enough. Adelaide can expect more from Kenny. "There's at least another book to be written and people seem to be suggesting I should and the publisher seems to be keen. I think that it has done the job that I intended to do. Senior people in the government and the ALP have contacted me, praised me for the book and told me privately that it is a very accurate description of what went on. If these people are satisfied I just wonder why other apologists for the Bannon Era are so... well they just seem a little silly to me. They are getting angry about things the power brokers of the ALP don't get angry about. The power brokers of the ALP know what went wrong- they just don't like to talk about it."

Samantha Maiden

Turn on, Tune in TURN UP

Unless you're completely deaf or just not very interesting, more than likely over the Uni break you would have listened to the radio.

In recent times, as the Adelaide radio network has expanded, people have grown tired of the commercial barrow-pushing and triple-tracking that has come to dominate the span of radio choice in Adelaide. In recent years, we've seen an increase in the number of radio stations offered to the Adelaide area, yet nothing near the style or calibre of Triple M.

Having begun during the late 1960s as an experimental concept, MMM was formerly recognised in 1978 by government legislation. The station has fared well over the years, despite being in a country with one of the highest concentration of media ownership in the Western world. It remains as one of the few media outlets controlled directly by the public it serves.

Active participation of the community has, since the station's inception, been encouraged. With a strong foundation of 250 volunteer station workers, a spirit of survival has been maintained, despite a minimal budget at times. Over the years, public involvement in the activities around the station has been overwhelming. As in 1991, for example, when 185 people were trained in the exceptional art of being a Triple M volunteer.

The MMM training course, "An Introduction to Public Radio", has progressed over the years to incorporate all aspects of broadcasting, including social, technical, ethical and legal. The concept of public radio has, for many years now, been considered a "breeding ground" of talent, whereby people progress onward to other sectors of the industry. A great number of station workers have gained employment on the strength and knowledge gained through their volunteer skills. It can be said that many-a-star was born at Triple M.

Over time, Triple M has proved itself



synonymous with the phrase "Progressive, Alternative, Independent". As a station, we still remain the greatest supporters of the local music industry, an angle which has been sadly neglected by some. We feature a bare minimum of 20% local Adelaide music, which is comprised primarily of Demo tapes lodged by bands. Countless bands have reached starting success through Triple M air play, interviews, exposure

and general support.

Throughout the existence of the station, MMM has endeavoured to play the styles of music that are given little or no air play on the commercial giants. It's been this that has kept the Adelaide music scene going. Elsewhere, so many bands, ideas and thoughts have been restricted by cautious attitudes to new sounds. Triple M has been one station that has worked towards breaking down

the barriers of restriction to new bands. Apart from just promoting new bands and sounds, Triple M's program structure allows for a blending of contemporary sounds with the newer styles. World music, indigenous sounds, jazz, folk, punk, indie, metal, as well as every other sound imaginable are all covered. In addition to music, a great deal of emphasis is placed on the other aspects of culture. This association with the arts can be traced back to its beginnings. Founding members of the station were people involved in the Adelaide Festival Centre, the Media Resource Centre, the Women's Art Movement and many more. Current affairs are also covered, through magazine-format programs. These deal with issues that are often not widely covered within the mainstream media.

Triple M is the highest rating public radio station on the FM band in Adelaide, with around 75,000 listeners per week. This has grown steadily over the years, often as people have been seeking a broader view on music, as well as more local content.

Subscriptions are offered to those interested, as it provides benefits for the listener and for the station. For \$25, a Uni student can become a subscriber for a year. This entitles you to benefits including access to the masses of giveaways offered, discount at various music stores around the city and suburbs, discounted entry to various MMM promoted gigs, as well as lots more.

Weekly updates of the station are published in the Adelaide scene mags Rip It Up and The Core, as well as the monthly Jam magazine. This includes details on what's happening around the station, upcoming interviews, and anything else that's topical.

Call into the station and pick up a free program guide and calendar. We're at 43 Franklin Street in the City, or phone 410 0937 for more information. We're always welcoming new volunteers to the training course as well ... so, if you're interested ...

Also, stay a readin' On Dit in the next weeks for information on the Triple M documentaries that are currently being produced.

Andrew McEvoy
Triple M 93.7 FM
Photo: Jo Robinson

Barr Smith goes Green

A trial of recycled paper in copying machines will be undertaken in August and September in the Barr Smith Library. Two copiers will provide A4 size recycled paper copies at a cost of 9.7 cents per sheet. One copier will be located in the Reserve Collection, and one in Level One South adjacent to the Copying Service Office. Each machine is clearly labelled "Recycled Paper" with some further details.

The trial follows a short and inconclusive trial of recycled paper in the Law Library in April 1993. Accordingly, a longer trial is now appropriate, during which the use and operation of machines will be closely monitored, and the views of users will be sought. It is expected that at the conclusion of the

trial it will be decided if recycled paper will be adopted for regular use in any copiers in any of the University of Adelaide Libraries. The Library will delay its annual tender for photocopy paper supply until the trial is complete.

The University of Adelaide Libraries favour environmentally responsible procedures wherever practicable, and recycled paper is routinely used in a number of applications, including all notices sent to readers from the loans system. Bins for recycling paper are provided for internal and public use. The use of recycled paper in public copiers has been considered for some time, with advice taken from a number of trade, government and ecological experts. Whether paper is recycled is only one criterion which has been applied to paper selection; the desirable characteristics of pa-

per for library copying paper include:

- it is acceptable and consistent in quality (color, texture, opacity, etc.)
- it has good archival quality
- it does not incur downtime or damage to photocopiers
- it uses recycled materials in full or part
- it uses plantation wood rather than virgin forest
- it uses Australian pulp rather than imported
- it is bleached in an environmentally friendly manner
- it gives rise to no toxic ink residues
- it is cheap to buy (and therefore sell).

It should be understood that public copying in libraries, where almost all copies made are 'first copies' rather than multiples of the same original, presents particular technical problems in relation to recycled paper. These problems affect

the operation of the machines and the quality of copies produced, and users of recycled paper copiers are advised that the copy may be of poorer quality than on machines using new paper.

The cost of recycled paper copies (9.7 cents compared to the normal cost of an A4 copy of 9.2 cents) reflects the higher cost of the paper and associated maintenance costs.

Users are asked to assist the conduct of the trial by drawing to the attention of library staff any copier in the Barr Smith Library which is failing to operate satisfactorily. The views of users will be sought by means of a survey, but users are additionally invited to present comment and opinions in writing to the University Librarian at any stage.

Cafe Michael

Restraunt: Cafe Michael

Location: Rundle Street, across from the Austral

Style: Thai

Expense: Affordable!



Are you fed up to the teeth with dull European cuisine? Have you had enough curried lentils to make you fart until Christmas? Well it's time you experienced the exotic flavours of Thai food.

Thai cuisine would have to be the most aromatic and flavoursome cuisine that Asia has to offer. Cafe Michael has certainly captured these flavours with a total air of authenticity.

Cafe Michael is a success story. Even after moving to the larger café you cannot help but noticing how full the cafe is on a Wednesday evening. Despite being busy, the atmosphere is a casual, relaxed one. The service falls for no archaic formalities; you are greeted by a sweet young waiter, who amidst his chit-chatty mode casually pulls up a chair beside you and takes your order. If you're a lucky lady, he even may escort you to your table. Quite a charmer hey?!

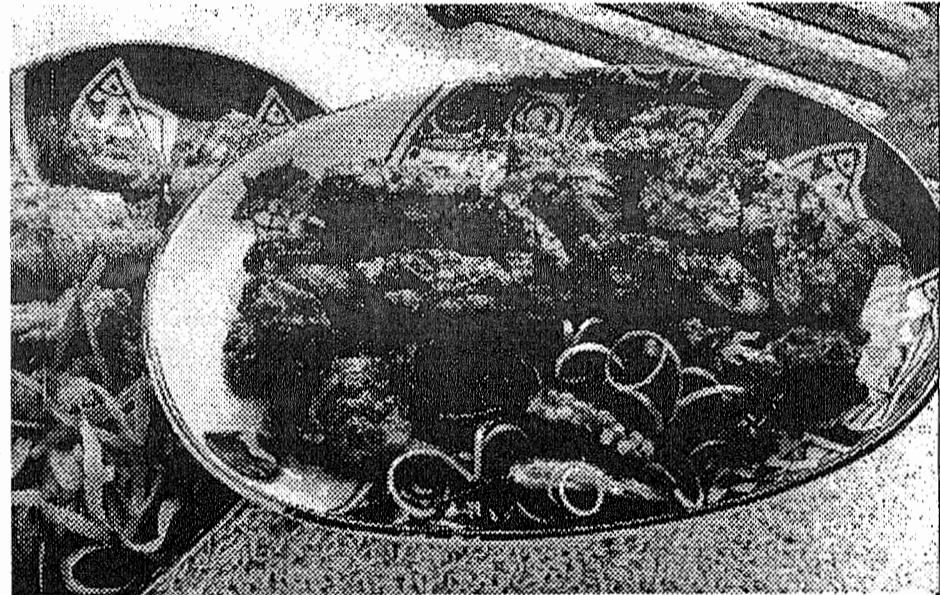
Looking down the menu you and notice the usual Asian selection of starters: spring rolls, satays and Thai fishcakes, but the main courses fill you up so much that starters really aren't necessary. Missing the starters we continue down the menu noticing a large selection of curries, noodles and an exceptional selection of stirfries. There are three Thai salads which are supposed to be very tasty. The average main course costs about \$9 with the seafood ones naturally costing more. Of course there are plenty of vegetarian

dishes. The cafe is fully licenced and is also B.Y.O, but beer is the recommended drink to cool yourself down with. Trust us you'll need something quite cold! Cafe Michael offers mild, medium and hot levels of chilli intensity. But be aware, these choices are true to Thai authenticity. Thai hot is indeed very hot!

The dishes we recieved were faultless. The flavour is so intense that it's worth the extra couple of dollars. The Phad Thai noodles are a particular favourite of mine and Susie likes her chicken Thai basil vegetables and rice. We skip dessert because we're simply too full. Anyway it's not so traditional to eat dessert and the cafe only offers two icecream style sweets.

So if you want unbeaten authentic Thai food and you don't mind throwing that odd dollar in for it, then Cafe Michael is unsurpassable.

Evan and Susie



Thai Green Chicken Curry

Thai food is very quick, easy and cheap to cook up. Green chicken curry is a favourite at home and it's been used for many dinner parties. This dish takes less than half an hour to prepare and the final flavour is absolutely superb!

- 1 tablespoon Thai green curry paste
- 1 large can coconut milk
- 500g raw chicken breast fillet, cut into bite-sized pieces
- 1 or 2 zucchinis
- 1 or 2 sticks celery
- chopped fresh coriander

The essential ingredients are the green curry paste and the coconut milk. It is best to buy the curry paste from the Hong Kong grocery store in the central market. The coconut milk can be bought from your favourite supermarket.

Firstly chop up your chicken, meat and vegies. Other vegies like peas and eggplant can be added if you wish. In a saucepan, lightly fry the curry paste in about a teaspoon of oil. Have a good smell, the aroma is fabulous! Now add the coconut milk and stir the curry paste in thoroughly. Add all your vegies and chicken and stir occasionally until the chicken and vegies are cooked. Turn the heat down and simmer to reduce the sauce. This dish should be served with rice, preferably Thai rice.

Garnishing with fresh chopped coriander adds flavour and authenticity. Fresh coriander can be bought from the market or you can grow it easily in your garden by buying the seeds from the aforementioned Hong Kong grocer. Enjoy!

STATE BANK/ ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION Resource Centre

The new Resource Centre is located
in the Union Building
(third floor - where the State Bank was)

Opens Monday 26 July 1993

Official opening Tuesday 27 July from 1pm

OPENING HOURS

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday	8am - 8pm
Wednesday	10am - 10pm

9 PC's and 3 Apple Macintosh computers are available for all students.
We also have a photocopier, laser printer, binder and a laminater.

You only pay for consumables!

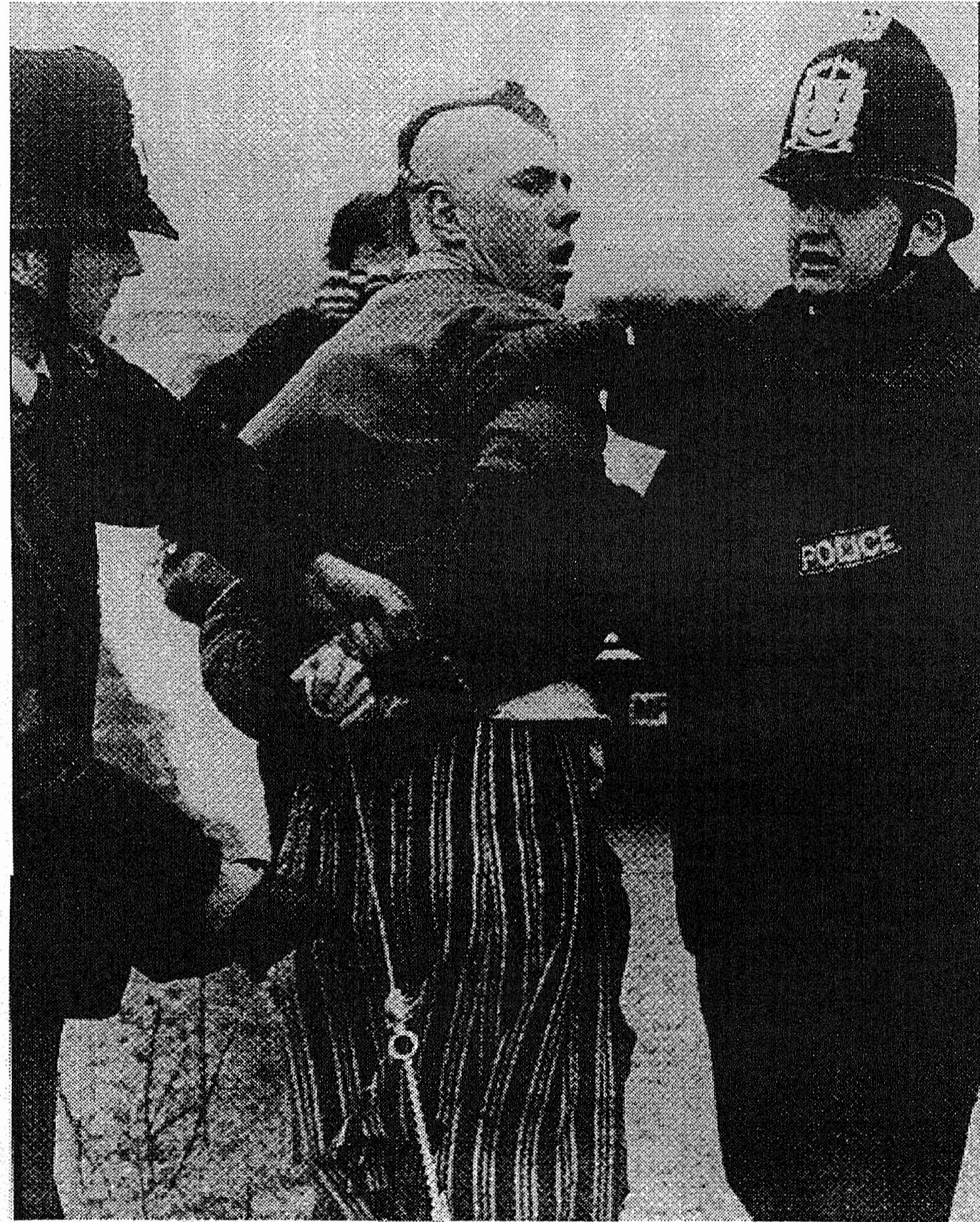
Come in and see us to book your computer

****FIRST 50 STUDENTS THROUGH THE DOOR AFTER 1PM ON
TUESDAY 27 JULY RECEIVE A FREE DISK****

**RANDOM PRIZES GIVEN TO USERS
THROUGHOUT OPENING WEEK**

Squat's Happening, man?

On Dit's special UK correspondent Bethany Hunt writes about squatting, travelling and the increasing control of police over British people.



Squatting is still legal in England, but this is not to say that it is at all tolerated by the Authorities. Anyone in Britain who does not live the 9 to 5 job, car and mortgage, 2.4 kids lifestyle is disliked rather intensely by the current government, who will not draw the line at harassment and infringement upon people's civil liberties to conserve (and I use that word deliberately) the society that they want for themselves. Johnny Major was heard uttering the following in April of this year: "Fifty years from now, Britain will still

be the country of long shadows on country grounds, warm beer, invincible green suburbs, dog lovers and pool fillers and, as George Orwell once said 'Old maids bicycling to Holy Communion through the morning mist'. ... Britain will remain unamendable in all essentials." Britain is changing more quickly than the poor chap even dreams, but he and his party unfaithful (the Tories are about to give him the boot, I think) are going to try their darndest to keep it just as they (or rather, as the powers that pull their strings) want it - everyone working very hard for the Economy, suffer-

ing stress-related illnesses and taking it out on their wives/ husbands/ children/ employees and generally having a very conventional and non-threatening life. The government, via the police, have already started cracking down on the so-called New Age Travellers, arresting them for being a "public nuisance" whatever that may be (personally, I think that the inordinate number of personal cars in London is a public nuisance, if not a planetary menace, but I don't think that this idea would fit into BP's and Mitsubishi's frame of

reference). The government is trying to bring in laws that will allow the police to stop and break up groups of six vehicles or more, or to turn away anyone who looks remotely like a hippy on the way to a festival (a couple in a combie who happened to be driving to the beach were refused permission to continue driving down the road by the police because there was a free festival planned that weekend and these people looked too much like hippies for comfort (i.e. they had a van?!)). So much for the right to freedom of movement. And the police cordoned off a four-mile perimeter around Stonehenge to stop people travelling there to celebrate the Summer Solstice, which has religious significance in Pagan religions. So much for the right of freedom to worship. But back to squatting. There are roughly 30,000 homeless people in London and there are 81,000 empty houses. A logical solution might present itself to your mind upon reading these figures, but apparently the government doesn't want it to present itself to *them*, thank you very much. So they go on evicting people so that a house can stand empty until someone else jumps in the window and changes the locks.

Finding a squat is not difficult (yet). It takes some patience (not in great supply if you're going to be evicted in a week) and some knowledge of what to look for. An empty house is easy enough to recognise (a bit of sticky tape across the door and door jam can determine whether anyone's been in or out) but finding out why the house is empty is the most important thing. If it's because the owners have gone on holiday for a few months then it isn't so good. Every squatter hopes for a house whose owners have died and left a very unclear will so that the beneficiaries will fight over it for the next five years.

If you're lucky, your chosen house will have water, gas and /or electricity on, but most people aren't lucky. The majority of squats are council-owned houses that have been neglected to the extent that they're not "unfit for human habitation (this can be anything from salt-damp to missing ceilings) and the council will often go out of its way to make it as difficult as possible for them to be squatted. Most commonly, they'll remove the electricity fuse box, remove some essential water pipes and lock off the gas mains. These are all solvable problems if you have the tools and some know-how. But sometimes the measures taken are more drastic and more sinister. I heard of one household who were living in a squat owned by the Department of Transport (aka the Department of Road Building), the DOT wanted them out so that they could demolish the house to make way for a nice new road, and must have lost patience with them, for they broke in one day, threw the people's possessions out into the road and set about destroying the plumbing, smashing the toilet and bath in and making sure that the house was uninhabitable. It then stood empty for the next six months, but the

DOT had one up over those nasty smelly squatters, so they were happy. There used to be many squats in Camden Town and Islington, but the respective councils gradually evicted the squatters and sold off or re-tenanted the houses. Correspondingly, the areas have slowly become more gentrified (relatively speaking - you could hardly mistake Islington for Bayswater or Mayfair). Similar things can be seen to be happening in Hackney, an inner NE borough and the poorest in London. There were about a dozen squats on the block that I used to live on, until the Hackney council decided to sell them off to a private developer. So, we all got booted out and went scuttling, like slaters who are suddenly exposed to light, off to new squats. Now, almost all the empty houses in Hackney are ones that need

chap?) and we threaten their concept of Private Property. Their mentality seems to be ruled by this concept, hence they do not look at the reality of the situation. Squatters only use houses that are unoccupied and, obviously, the less likely they are to be occupied in the near future, the better. So, if a bit of plasterwork or a bit of ceiling is missing well and good. The fact that this property is "owned" (I think "land ownership" is an illogical concept) seems to make this morally wrong, regardless of whether the property would otherwise be used. Squatting provides accommodation to people who would otherwise be living on the street or claiming housing benefits (the government is borrowing millions of pounds a month just to pay for its social security payments: they don't need more demand on the public purse).

"I don't know whether John Major is lying through his teeth or whether he is just ignorant when he says that Britain is now a classless society"

the electricity, water, etc. reinstalled, but as people become more desperate for accommodation, they are willing (well ... forced) to put more work into setting up a squat. Hackney council have come up with an innovative idea to get rid of its squatters. It's called Stop Squat. Yes, you, the respectable rate-paying citizen of Hackney can now ring the council direct and dob in a squatter near you and they will slap an eviction order on them, quicker than you can say "Ooh, I don't want those nasty squatters living on my street." For every house evicted, the council gets a certain amount of money from the government. I find this a completely appalling and insidious practise. It breeds and encourages a lack of community which is only beneficial for the powers-that-be.

There is a true community amongst squatters. Everybody is ready to help anybody out of any trouble. A former housemate of mine has lost about half-a-dozen hammers to forgetful squatters, but she won't stop lending things to people. It's what you do if you're a squatter. And she'll get the opportunity someday to forget to return someone's power drill.

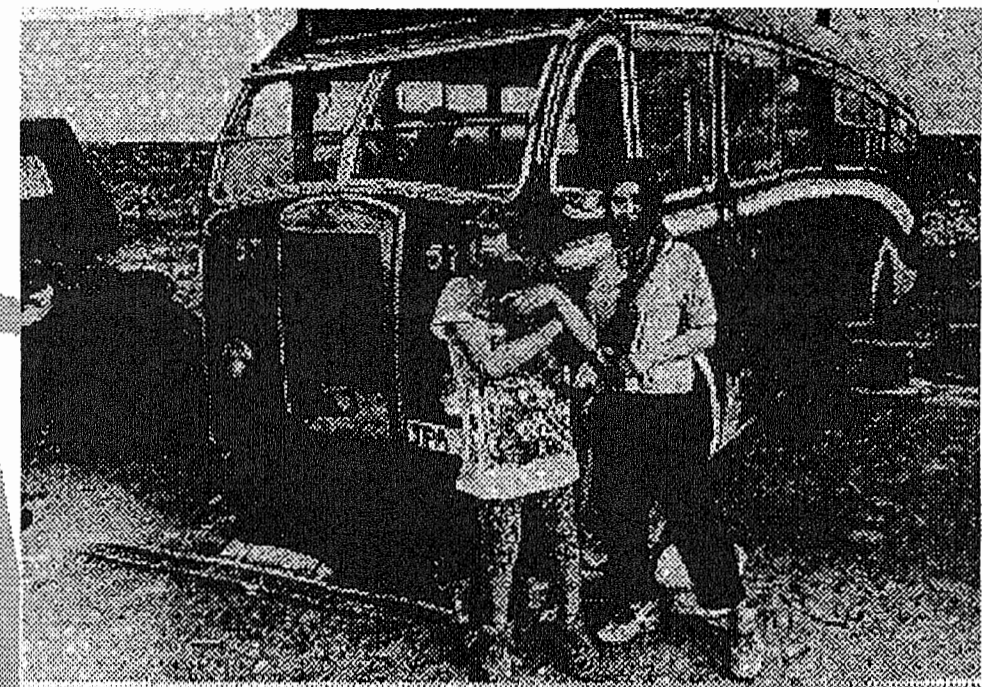
But the happy days of squatters, bouncing from house to house are being threatened by our friends, the Tories. Squatters are seen as a menace by the government and some members of the public. I'm not sure of the exact reasons. Most people think we "cause trouble", are dirty or drug-barons or something. The government's given reasons are that we damage property, make life difficult for rightful owners/tenants, etc., etc. But I suspect that their intolerance and fear is of the alternative life that squatters lead. We do not fit into the structures of that deity 'the Free Market'. We don't take out mortgages and we don't pay rent to councils and landlords/ladies. Obviously, this does not contribute to the capitalist economy (which is what the general public exists for, eh what, old

Yet, the government dislikes us rather intensely. Maybe it's just your basic kind of intolerance - squatters have scruffy clothes, may have messy hair, they don't wash every day - some of the women even have hairy legs! But whatever it is, they are determined to step-up their measures to eliminate squatting. The Tories are attempting to pass new legislation that will make squatting a criminal offence, and subject to fines and / or imprisonment. But they won't find it easy to evict all of the squatters. Hackney is the poorest borough in London and its residents, on the whole, do not like councils or governments. Hackney was the scene of the poll-tax riots a few years ago. I don't think the squatters here will lie down and play dead just because the government tells them to. And I don't know where they plan to find the money to police those new laws.

But the laws will probably go through. The House of Lords is hardly likely to block it. I can't believe that the British people put up with a body of government that is so blatantly decided only by the privileged and powerful. The House of Commons at least pretends to be democratic.

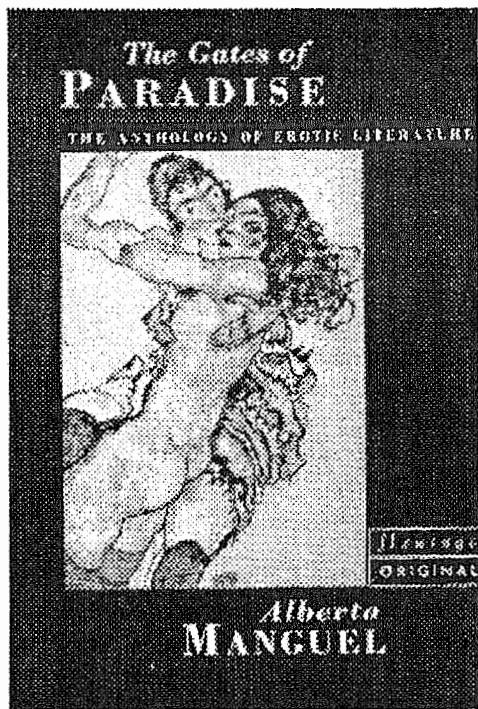
The ultimate conclusion that I draw is that a society must be in a pretty unhealthy state if so many people have to live in such insecure and uncomfortable circumstances (people both in squats and on the street), although the generosity and the community amongst squatters does go part of the way to making up for it. And the direction that the government is taking is the worst one possible. They must be investigating just how far to the right politically it is possible to go (or else they're just greedy pigs). I don't know whether John Major is lying through his teeth or whether he is just ignorant when he says that Britain is now a classless society.

Hmm ... 'nuff said, I think.



England's Screaming: What many police believe all squatters/travellers look like (top three pix. Note oblatory dog), and some old buildings that would be better occupied than not.

The Gates of Paradise



The Gates of Paradise
The Anthology of Erotic Literature
Edited by Alberto Manguel
RRP \$24.95.

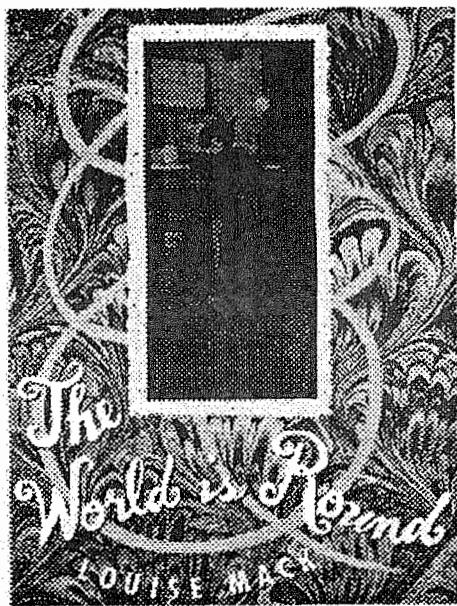
Alberto Manguel is at it again. After the success of his anthologies of fantastic literature, *Black Water* and *White Fire*, he has tackled erotic literature. Manguel quotes Montaigne in his introduction, "We have placed sex in the precincts of silence." This he believes is due to the erotic limitations of the English language with most descriptive words belonging to the nudge-nudge wink-wink category. Allied to this is the division between Psyche and Eros that has been perpetuated by the Church ("Love is born from lack of passion" - St Maximus of Constantinople) and sex is better left in the dark. Manguel strives to bring eroticism out of the closet and feels that by understanding eroticism

we can better understand ourselves. *The Gates of Paradise* have been drawn from all parts of the globe and over the last three hundred years with most stories being from the current century. By drawing the collection from diverse cultures and countries, Manguel encourages the reader to re-examine the erotic experience as well as encouraging the reader to redefine the erotic. In the 39 writers selected, 18 are female which helps to understand the erotic from the generalised viewpoint of both sexes. The quality of authors is undoubted with highlights being contributions from Isabel Allende, Anaïs Nin, James Baldwin, Milan Kundera and Li Ang. The assembled stories tend to be short with the longest clocking a mammoth 48 pages. It is a fairly comprehensive collection that ignores the blatant for the understated and mental. *The Gates*

of Paradise acknowledges all forms of sexuality but it doesn't set out to shock and, therefore, doesn't. *The Gates...* ranges from homosexuality, heterosexuality, sado-masochism to the love felt for an animal and back again. Manguel also tries to show the difference between pornography and eroticism by showing the new conventions and new meanings that the authors are exploring. This shows that erotic literature tends to be subversive while pornography is reactionary to change and, thus, more widely accepted. *The Gates of Paradise* is a damn fine read that does, at times, fluctuate between brilliant and mediocrity. The variety of stories and styles holds the interest throughout. If you have an interest in the erotic, and who doesn't, give this anthology a whirl.

Darien O'Reilly

The World is Round



The World is Round
Louise Mack
Allen and Unwin
\$14.95

The World is Round was written almost one hundred years ago but it remains an enjoyable and endearing book. It tells of Jean, a young woman living in Sydney who aspires to literary success, but who proves to have more interest in her appearance and a Mr Musgrave than in her writing. She does manage to put out a successful novel (called *The World is Round*) but it's not giving too much away to say that it's not entirely her own work.

Jean is contrasted with a friend, who is not given much space in the novel (or

even a name), but who is obviously a more serious and less frivolous sort of person. It has been suggested that this friend was a portrayal of Mack herself and Jean was Ethel Turner (of *Seven Little Australians* fame) although in her interesting and helpful introduction to the novel Nancy Phelan disagrees. It is true that the friend is seen as having great talent in contrast with Jean who one of the characters describes as having less originality than a poker. But this is not to say that Jean is derided in the novel any more than anyone else is. Mack casts a critical but friendly eye over all the characters, and lets none of them be one-dimensional. Jean, especially, is allowed to grow and change and learn and all that sort of stuff right

through the story. Minor characters are also nicely painted. Mack is fairly critical of the pretentious posing and fatuousness of the society which I assume she was a part of; that of the Sydney literary circles of the day. She also digs at Australian women trying to imitate their English counterparts. It is a book which is fairly firmly grounded in its time, but this makes for interesting, rather than irrelevant, reading. Some of the courtship conventions and the language which the lovers use are particularly amusing. The novel is written with a light touch and isn't too deep and meaningful, but, like its main character, should not be too easily dismissed because of this.

Lorien Kaye

Bitters End

Bitters End
David Owen
Pan MacMillan
\$14.95

The back cover says "a haunting, mesmerising novel about love and loss." That much is true. The story is about a man who runs away to the outback after the death of his fiancée. He buys an old farm and broods until one day a woman appears out of the desert - a woman with a secret...

I suppose I can't reveal the secret but it's really stupid and unbelievable. And I'm not being cynical - it is. An indication of this is that his fiancée died after falling in a pie mincing machine, and it's not supposed to be funny. It's not even unintentionally funny. The whole novel fails because of this.

That's not the only problem with *Bitters End*. Because there is tension, one feels drawn to find out what the secret is, but the style grates. Owen writes dialogue in staccato fashion - one character speaks one line, the other responds with one line, it goes on and on with no

break in the rhythm.

And the things they say! The author was born in Zimbabwe and lived in Africa for most of his life. He's only been in Australia seven years but he obviously thinks he's captured our speech. Unfortunately it's a stereotype - gruff and tough and honest, little Aussie battlers etc etc. It doesn't ring true, and it sounds like dialogue from a gangster movie.

There is also the problem of sex. OK - a man and a woman in the middle of nowhere are liable to sleep together, but this sex is straight out of Jackie Collins. It doesn't fit into the novel; it is obviously a collection of his masturbatory fantasies inserted into the story. A final criticism is that he lets slip devices that have helped him write the novel. He has the characters reveal the meaning of symbols. The whole point of symbols is the pleasure of discovering them yourself. When a character points one out it just seems stupid and patronising.

One character has a face which is hard to remember - he describes it as "shift-

ing grey plasma". This is a cop-out - it's not mysterious it's laziness in developing a character. The female character is dangerously close to a fantasy stereotype: stunningly beautiful, sex-crazed yet emotionally aloof.

On the positive side, it is compelling. One keeps reading, no matter how irritating it gets, just to discover the secret. And when it is revealed, another mystery is set up to get you to finish the book - the technique works. To a degree one gets caught up in the main character's world, as it is so desolate. If you're into love and loss and suffering, maybe you'll find aspects of this novel interesting, but otherwise it's a bit of a drag.

Jocelyn Fredericks

WOMEN'S FAIR DAYS

In conjunction with
BLUE STOCKING WEEK
- celebrating women in education.

Women are invited to participate and/or hold a stall at
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• Flinders University on Wednesday 4th August
• Magill, Uni of SA on Thursday 5th August

For more info or to book a stall contact Liana on 303 5406.

ALL WOMEN WELCOME!



Falling Down

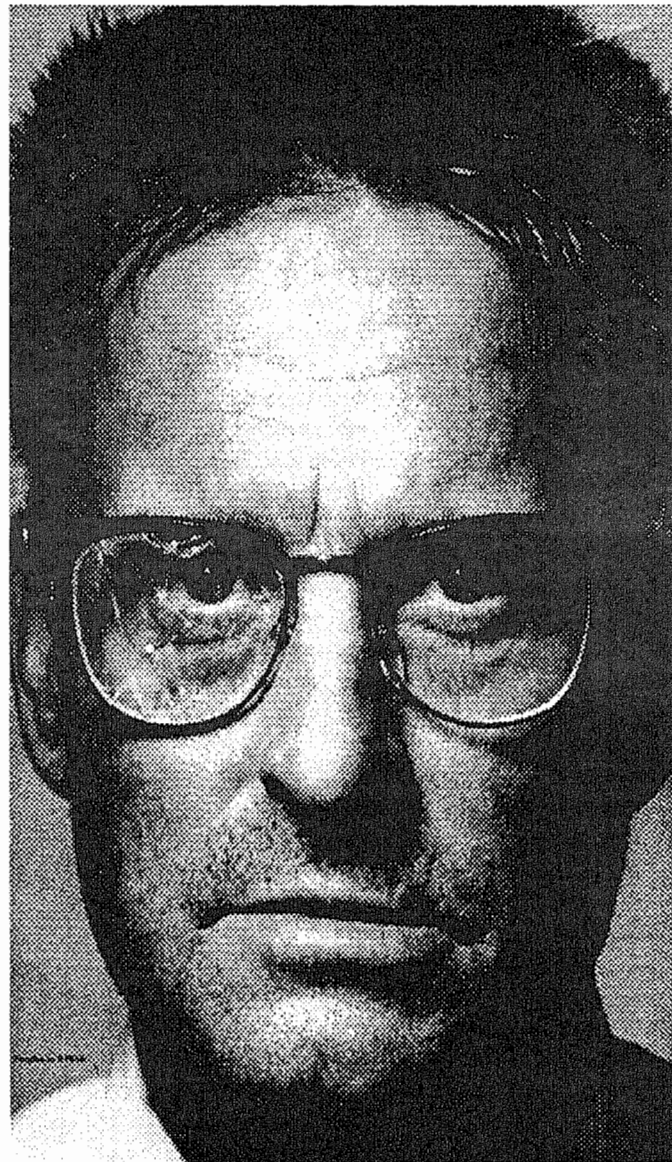
Falling Down Academy

If you own a gun, subscribe to *Soldier of Fortune* or just generally have a sadistic streak then this is the movie you've been a long time waiting for.

After his last role in *Basic Instinct*, Michael Douglas has pulled up his pants and whipped out another of his toys, a pump action shotgun.

It all begins on the morning of June 12 1991 on the hottest day of the year in downtown Los Angeles, cars jam packed as far as the eye can see. On to the screen comes a full screen close up of DFENS eyes and gritted teeth. A fly buzzes around his head, with the tension mounting, he gets out of the car and walks away. Has he gone to buy a can of Mortein? No, he's just out to fuck anyone in his path.

This venting of rape begins in a small neighbourhood convenience store (that's American for 777). DFENS wants some change for a phone call, he's informed by the Korean shop owner that he's not getting any change unless he buys something. DFENS is told the Coke he wants cost 85c, at his he proceeds to release verbal abuse at the shopkeeper. When the shopkeeper pulls out a baseball bat intending to "beat on the brat" (in the words of Joey Ramone), DFENS seizes the bat and begins to check the shop's prices. In DFENS state of mind inappropriate prices warrant that merchandise being destroyed. With the store in a mess DFENS is told to take the money and leave. He replies by



saying "What? Take the money? You think I'm a thief! No! You! You're the fucking thief!" Incidentally he "rolls the prices back to 1965 and pays 50c for the

Coke, carefully taking the correct change.

Scenes are riddled with black humour, continuing right throughout the movie. Armed with a briefcase and baseball bat (which is progressively upgraded from a machine gun to a rocket launcher throughout the course of the movie) DFENS enters gangland. Accosted by two gang members about the contents of his briefcase, his mental stability again slips over the edge. "You wanna see what's in my briefcase? O.K. I'll show you what's in my fuckin' briefcase!" He whips out the baseball bat, courtesy of the shopkeeper and starts to beat the crap out of these guys. As they run off he chases them screaming, "Hey come back! You forgot my fuckin' briefcase."

Don't be fooled. *Falling Down* is not just unadulterated violence, it does have a storyline. In fact the scriptwriter Edde "as a child stood on puppy dogs tails and grinned", Smith

has performed an amazing feat by keeping a flowing story despite (I'm sure) regular shock treatment during its development. DFENS is cast against Prendergast a retiring cop played rather well by Robert Duvall. Michael Douglas (D-FENS) portrays a character who would be considered your Mr. Average America. His anger appears to stem from his inability to cope with "the big bad world", while he feels he's played to the rules and worked hard, the world has cheated him and that's just not fair. So like any sane human being he takes up arms to straighten a few things out. On the other hand Prendergast plays by the rules and finds many things falling into place for him. Both characters have a similar mission, yet fight on opposite sides of the law, as Prendergast points out to DFENS in a closing scene whilst one can understand and sympathise with DFENS everyday confrontations, his methods can not be condoned. Rather what DFENS needs is a spoon in the mouth and to be plugged into the power point by his testicles (try it fellas, it works — John Hewson swears by it) If you're feeling agro and want some good old fantasy relief this is the movie for you. Poor students (ie most of us) should see this movie if only to learn how to use a baseball bat in enterprise bargaining when you're short of change and want a Coke. Get along and see it if only to help some fat, rich bastard put in another spa bath. You don't need to reside at Glenside, but it doesn't go astray. Grab that wallet/purse kids, and make that fat bastard happy ... later.

Ray Brennan

Used People

Used People Hoyts Regent

"Used People" is all right. If you are the kind of frustrated, middle-aged biddy who likes to have their heartstrings twanged by a touching tale of family turmoil, then this little number is right up your alley. We laughed, we cried, we bonded with Shirley MacLaine.

This film does not do things by halves. There is a fair whack of sorrow — a cat death and subsequent mental instability of the mother; a husband who is never really "there" in his marriage; and a child's sorrow at the death of his grandfather.

There is a fair whack of joy — Shirley MacLaine a.k.a. Pearl, finding lurve at 57 with a wacky Italian man (i.e. Marcello Mastroianni).

There is despair at the shortness of life, with Jessica Tandy loudly declaring that she doesn't want to spend the rest of life waiting to die. Yes, this is a film of tired clichés.

There is even a kooky old woman with bad teeth.

Imagine anything whatsoever which is widely considered to be touching, and we can guarantee that it is in "Used People".

All in all, however, it was a kinda O.K.

cinematic experience.

Marcello Mastroianni is a stand-out in what is a relatively solid cast. Despite the thick accent that renders many of his lines impossible to understand, he makes a good, middle-aged sex symbol. He's rather touching, when you get down to it.

Of all the big name stars in this film, Shirley MacLaine is by far the worst. For the first half of the film, she wanders along on autopilot, while for the second half she is so over-the-top as to be funny. By no means did she get our votes.

Kathy Bates and Jessica Tandy, the other heavyweights in the flick, do enough to earn their money, but not much more. Indeed, the film's best performances tend to come from the little names in the cast.

Like other films in the touching genre the script is overdone to the point of stupidity, but it does the job. But, quite frankly, one would be a fool to expect any better from a film like this.

So that's it in a nutshell, really. If you liked "Beaches", if you liked "Steel Magnolias", then you are really going to like this film. If not, be warned — certain scenes in this film could cause an alarming rate of blood and vomit to rise up in your nose.

Penelope Fredericks & Dale F. Adams

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ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY
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Union Cinema and Wednesday Lunch

Row J On The Aisle

They say that winter is the time for hibernation, but that's only for animals and nerds really. Over the past month or so, our wind-whipped city has seen a diverse array of theatre - something for every taste, sensibility and price range. So, in my continuing quest for the Dramatic Connection, I set out into the blustery cold to investigate the full range of what was on offer. Class and crap - I saw it all. First stop on my rounds was the Festival Centre's squanderous production of *South Pacific*. Amid all the media hoo-haa, the opening night pictures in the social pages, the gushing reviews from all quarters and the standing ovations, I remained singularly unimpressed. Allow me then, if you will, to take this opportunity to blow a gigantic raspberry at this production and all for which it stands.

...For it really has to be done. The very idea of importing three incredibly mediocre American actors, who seem unable or unwilling to summon up anything in the way of characterization and have equal difficulty in sustaining a note, to star in an Australian production which will require either a miracle or a lot of foreign money to get it anywhere near Broadway, stinks. It stinks of the cultural cringe and I don't like it. The production of *Anything Goes* which toured Adelaide three years ago proved that there are plenty of capable actors to meet the demands of the musical in this country - and proved it in damn fine style.

In *South Pacific*, however, we have the much-lauded Paige O'Hara, truly insipid in the role of Ensign Nellie Forbush, who demonstrated unremarkable talents in acting, singing and dancing. It's not enough. In these blockbusting musicals if the lead is average that what they really are is *nothing*. Cruel? Yes. But true.

The two male leads, Andre Jobin and Philip Gould, were, if anything, even more unspectacular. Neither of them appeared to care very much about what was going on - not about their characters, the action or even the audience. As major romantic leads I felt them to be unconvincing, and if Andre Jobin had let rip with yet one more strain of "Some Enchanted Evening", then that would have been IT - I would have had to walk out.

Don't think by all this that I'm making some two-bit crackpot Jingoist statement, however. I'm not. The Australian castmembers were every bit as bland as their American counterparts. John Walton, making his musical debut in this production, is so painfully self-conscious in the role of Commander William Harbison that one hopes his character will get killed in a Japanese bombing raid. Unfortunately this does not happen, and Mr. Walton goes on throughout the show to sustain one of the most God-awful American accents I have ever heard. Thankfully he did not sing solo, I'm not at all sure I could have coped with that. Back to the realm of the TV mini-series for you, Mr. Walton.

Other praises have been heaped on "our own" Paul Blackwell, playing Seabee Luther Billis. Suffice to say I will not add to that heap, although his performance is one of

the brighter moments in this production. All of the performers seemed constrained by Christopher Renshaw's direction, which was very static. In scenes when there were only two people on stage, far too often nothing actually happened. Nobody moved or did anything remotely interesting. The larger chorus numbers seemed equally lacking in the vigour they required. It would appear that all the glitz for *South Pacific* went into the advertising, and none into the actual production.

I shan't be totally condemnatory, however. I can say three nice things about *South Pacific*: Roz Ryan was entertaining enough in the role of Bloody Mary, the dance number

would have to rate as one of the most charming moments I have ever witnessed in a play. Anna Volska was also impressive as the spinster Nurse, although the production faltered somewhat in the final scene - lacking the requisite gritty emotional impact.

Richard III, however, impacted upon its audience like a ten-tonne bomb, leaving them awed by its sheer power. John Bell's excellent portrayal of Richard was twisted, evil and menacing all at once, yet even he was very nearly upstaged by James Wardlaw as the supremely decadent Duke of Buckingham. Wardlaw's use of facial expression

Ophelia was yet another outstanding performance, and her final scenes were intensely moving.

All three plays in the season exuded vitality; a freshness not just arising from the ages of the castmembers. There were, of course, some teething problems: the fight scenes could have been a bit less choreographed and a bit more realistic, and some of the minor members of the company could probably do with a few extra classes in diction. Nevertheless, it remains that the Bell Shakespeare season would surely have been one of the most significant tours to come to Adelaide all year. It would be pleasing to see them return for next year's Festival, perhaps demonstrating more of the flair for comedy so enticingly hinted at in *Hamlet*.

Something altogether different came in the form of *Shriek*, Magpie Theatre's all women's production. Three performers - Fille Dusseljee, Sheela Langeberg and Anna Dinarello - held the Lion Theatre stage for one hour, trading stories and fragments of their respective cultures in an at-times entertaining, other times puzzling mish-mash. *Shriek* was certainly a strange little piece; as it featured minimal story and character development, it seems inappropriate to even call it a play.

Although *Shriek* definitely had potential, it seems to have foundered considerably in self-indulgence on the part of the performers, who were also incidentally the writers. The piece desperately needs a redraft or two to move it away from being such a personal statement. As it is, any messages the play conveys are muted. The script produces a low steady moan when it should be shrieking with clarity.

And yet the production itself had its moments. Anna Dinarello provides some laughs as the young Australian/Italian woman, although her performance comes dangerously close to stereotype. Sheela Langeberg also gave an enjoyable performance, particularly in demonstrating Tanzanian dancing styles. Fille Dusseljee, however, failed to make much of an impression at all.

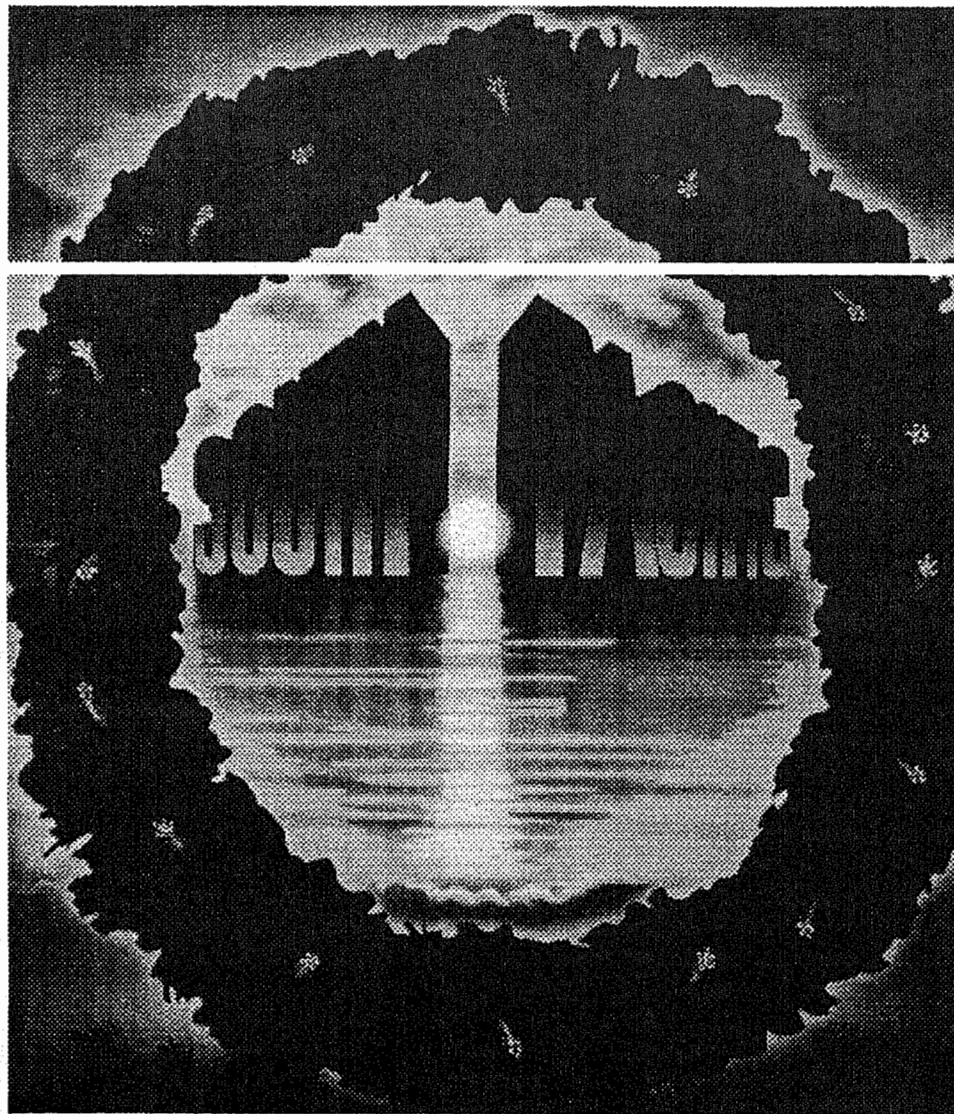
Liz Sadler's direction failed to remedy the problems of the script, and may have in fact exacerbated some of those problems by giving the play a severely inconsistent pace. However the attention Sadler has paid to movement is clear, which leads me to wonder whether *Shriek* would have been more effective as a straightforward dance piece.

The most enduring scene of the play must surely be the one in which all three performers unexpectedly start shrieking with tortuously prolonged orgasms, as the lighting does crazy things.

This scene was at once hilarious, chaotic and confronting - and it would have to be one of the most bloody bizarre things I've ever seen in a theatre. More of the same, please.

That note ended my little wintery theatre spell. It certainly was an active time with a lot on. And I discovered that, as with life and all things, it was all pretty mixed really.

David Mills.



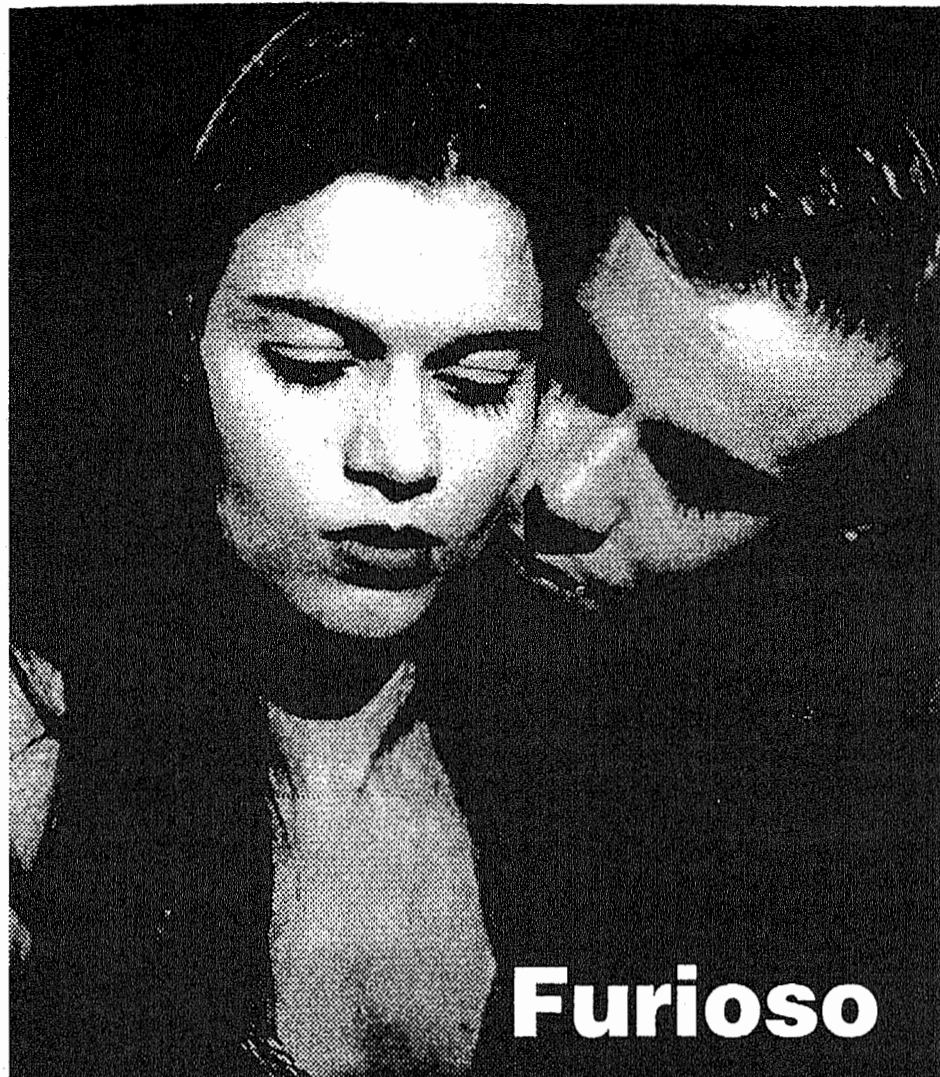
Amid all the media hoo-haa, the opening night pictures in the social pages, the gushing reviews from all quarters and the standing ovations, I remained singularly unimpressed.

"Honey Bun" showed some promise and Brian Thomson's set designs were captivating, expensive-looking and very very big. A far more rewarding theatrical experience was provided by the Bell Shakespeare Company with their season of three tragedies at Her Majesty's Theatre. All three plays used the same incredibly versatile set and similar ideas in costuming. The costumes were wonderfully theatrical in colour and cut, making concessions to both Elizabethan and modern dress but remaining unspecific, an idea I liked very much.

The plays were the showcases of some outstanding individual performances, and Daniel Lapaine and Essie Lewis excelled themselves in the title roles in *Romeo and Juliet*. Lewis played Juliet as very much the fourteen year old girl, and her balcony scene

and gesture was nothing short of stunning, and I for one mourned his (inevitable) demise - I wanted him to stay on stage for as long as possible.

Fortunately, Mr. Wardlaw was to return as a very amusing Guildenstern in *Hamlet*, obviously having taken some inspiration from Tom Stoppard's play. Indeed, this production of *Hamlet* was funnier than I had ever imagined it to be, with laughs coming aplenty, especially in the first half. Part of the success of this fresh outlook on the play must be attributed to Christopher Stollery in the title role, who moved away from playing Hamlet as some kind of lurking weirdo with a deathwish. Instead, Stollery's Hamlet was a young man of immense wit and intelligence, thrown into a situation hopelessly beyond his control. Essie Lewis'



Furioso
Meryl Tankard Australian Dance Theatre
The Playhouse July 8 - 17 19

Congratulations Meryl Tankard! I think Tankard's new work *Furioso* certainly warrants a second and closer look — perhaps largely because I was left with a slight emptiness despite all the passion of the dance and of the publicity blurbs *Furioso*, as with Tankard's other pieces, is visually and aurally stunning. Lighting is used judiciously and to great effect and the music of Gorecki, Pärt and Elliot Sharp creates moods of eeriness, passion and tenderness which arrow in on your emotions. Much of the dancing appeared, in fact, to be reactions to the music as anything related to "the urgency of a love that is furious". This was apparently what the work was all about. Urgency, fury and love were certainly all there yet the first two were not integrated with the third as much as I had expected. The piece opened with five women on stage in near-darkness, slowly moving their arms in graceful, enclosing, enfolding arcs, almost hypnotic in their concentration. As the percussive music began, a man walked to embrace one of the women, cradling her round the waist from behind in an almost childlike need for comfort. She ignored him and continued with what took on the appearance of creative domestic tasks like spinning and weaving, yet repetitious and done without thinking. All the women maintained these movements throughout the following tussles when more men entered one by one, each going straight to an existing couple and violently tearing away the clinging man to fight with him over the oblivious woman. The women's passivity was marked, yet in their continuing, synchronised movement there was a certain power and unity which the men clearly lacked, all fighting for themselves against each other. This pattern continued throughout the work, broken intermittently as it was early

on by the integration of all the dancers in a group movement to different rhythms in the music.

Recognisable from Tankard's earlier pieces *Nuti* and *Kikimora* were patterns of grouping and breaking, linking and changing from circles to lines, raising yet not satisfactorily exploring questions of boundaries, tensions, dichotomies and differences between individuals and between the sexes. The most memorable section of *Furioso* will live long in Adelaide memories — ropes let down from the flies held four women as though on swings, each with a tenderly attentive partner, gently and romantically pushing, holding and swinging. Yet the mood changed, and the slow aquatic movements gave way to sharper violins, brighter lights and larger movements until finally the women were exultantly swinging wide across the stage, twisting and clawing the air like harpies while the men danced to avoid them. As the women slowed and came back to earth the men embraced them around the knees, until the women, still supported by the ropes, hung over their partners like figureheads or victory icons. The contrasts of submissive embracing and frustrated twisting continued to the end of the piece, when the men alone in the front of the darkened stage lay and turned as the backdrop was gradually sidelit to reveal a row of women hanging by their feet in a gruesome Bluebeard tableau, their bodies slowly turning as the men seemed to disappear into the darkness downstage.

The fury and urgency were all there, as were technical brilliance and stunning body control. Yet so much of the movement seemed strangely empty, and so much of it did not tie together well enough, that sequences of flung limbs and thrown bodies simply for movement's sake were too frequent. Issues were raised but not explored where exploration was possible, leaving you to wonder just how deep passionate, furious love really runs.

Celia Brissenden

COSI

Oh! How I love the Thee-A-Ter! And I'm not alone. Louis Nowra's play, *Cosi*, currently being performed by the State Theatre Company, is his love letter to the theatre.

Cosi is the story of a naive, young, politically uncertain student director, Lewis, who agrees to direct a play performed by the inmates of a mental asylum as a form of therapy. The dictatorial Roy (Phillip Holder) ("love is what you feel when you don't have enough emotion to hate") has already decided the play to be performed: his life-long dream production, the opera *Cosi fan Tutte*, de-

clude sex and pyro in more or less equal measures.

Doug's great fear is the similarly dangerous Cherry ("If there's anything worse than the wrath of God it's the wrath of Cherry") portrayed utterly convincingly by Gina Zoia who appears born to the role. She rocks back and forth constantly and glances about the place with her little knowing looks. Really spesh.

But the real performance of the play comes from STC regular Don Barker. If you saw him as the powerful Julius Caesar in the STC production of a few years ago, then you'll get a shock when you see him in *Cosi*. He plays Henry, the huge but terrified patient unable to deal with life, crippled by anxiety, slowly drawn out by the perseverant Lewis.

And the really good part about *Cosi* is that

Cosi is an excellent play which treats its themes and characters with thoughtfulness and dignity. And its bloody funny to boot! So see or be really stupid and miss it.

spite the fact that no-one can sing. Lewis wanted to do Brecht, partly 'cos it's simple, partly 'cos it's political and these are political times.

The background is the (baton) swinging sixties, specifically the Vietnam War Moratorium, Australia's largest ever demonstration. Lewis is being badgered by his ultra political buddies Nick and Lucy, to contribute to the anti-war cause. But Roy, on the contrary, wants to explore love and beauty and the "music of the spheres".

So the stage is set for a collision between politics and love. And love wins out. The very studenty students (no offence, readers) are made to look just a little bit too ridiculous, too convinced of their own great destiny in the wider political world.

But this is not to suggest that *Cosi* is a simple play. All sorts of issues get a guernsey: mental illness, social workers, high vs low culture, the place of theatre in the society. There's even a cute little dig at the French, an essential element of any piece of successful contemporary theatre.

Nowra's excellent script is brought to life beautifully by a superb all-round cast. I could justifiably mention them all but think of all the paper that would use up. And it's our planet, right kids?

I'll just mention the really, really greats. Luciano Martucci is very good as the young director uncertain of his role in the asylum ("I don't have a concept. I'm a director") and his own political stance. He's alternately terrified and fascinated by the inmates he's supposed to direct.

Then there's the brilliant Roy ("humility can limit you"). An obsessive-compulsive who's fears his "vision" is being cheapened by someone who doesn't understand his peculiar brand of genius. He cavorts about the place beautifully, in his cardigans with his slicked back black locks.

Nicholas Hope plays the maniacal Doug ("No such as grace under pressure for a burning cat") whose particular manias in-

while Henry, among others, is brought out of his shell to live a little, the play doesn't pretend there are any easy answers to mental illness. The inmates in *Cosi* are nuts, but they all have good reasons and no mere play is going to change that. No attempt is made to gloss over their problems. Lewis tries to assert that: "No one is a success or failure." To which Roy replies: "Try telling that to the failures of this world."

Cosi is an excellent play which treats its themes and characters with thoughtfulness and dignity. And its bloody funny to boot! So see or be really stupid and miss it.

Nick Smith



DYA SINGH

The local talent at Womad, Dya Singh is fast becoming Australia's world music ambassador.

All of us are on a journey in this lifetime from birth to death. It is up to the individual to decide what form or direction the journey will take. Some of us feel bound on a certain path, others make changes, follow different routes. All of us, within this journey, are at some stage touched with the wonderment that exists around us - the mystery of life. Let us travel together for awhile on this vehicle of

music and contemplate life before we part company and go on our individual paths.

Dya Singh

So reads the introduction to the very special "Mystical Traveller" concert of Dya Singh, which will be at the Scott Theatre on Kintore Avenue on Saturday 31st July at 7:30pm.

Described as the mystical music of Punjab (Indian/Pakistan frontier) enhanced



by the bouzouki, guitar, tabla-drums, didgeridoo and Vietnamese zither with choir backup by Dya's daughters and wife, the concert promises to be a treat for lovers of world music.

This may be your last chance to catch Dya Singh before he heads off overseas to play in numerous festivals, so don't miss out on your chance to see Adelaide's own world class performance.

The concert will be recorded live for

Dya Singh's 2nd CD, so remember where you're sitting on the night as that's where you'll be sitting on the CD.

If you liked Sheila Chandra, Subramarium and Fateh Ali Kahn you are in for a treat.

Saturday 31st July at the Scott Theatre Kintore Avenue at 7:30pm.

Tickets \$19, \$15, \$10 children under 12.

Two's Company

Three's a Crowd
The Arkaba Hotel
July 18th

Last Sunday I spent my day doing things I loved; sleeping in, browsing through the East End Markets (no money spent), lunching on fish and chips at the beach and in the evening, enjoying the fruits of a very unlikely combination at the Arkaba. Yes, I topped off my self-indulgent day spending time at a club renowned for taffeta, stilettos, drunken vomiting and one night stands.

The SA Jazz Committee have introduced some schemes for Jazz at the Arkaba on Sundays and Wednesdays. Three's A Crowd was definitely worth all the trouble it obviously took to get off the ground.

Imagine two grand pianos back to back, a double bass that at times had the warmth and open sound of a good tenor and a drummer with all the class, taste, solid time and excellent technique of some of the best musicians throughout jazz history. Here you have the basics. Add to that three of Australia's leading pianists often playing two at a time and you have an experience that worth braving even the Arkaba for.

Mr Ted Nettlebeck set the standard for this inspiring evening with Fats Waller's "The Jitterbug Waltz". Ted's reharmonization, time feel and interpretation of melody made this piece resemble a Debussy work with all the

warmth of a jazz work. Definitely signs of a brilliantly class, but still down to earth, musician.

After a while, Mr Tony Gould (from Melbourne) joined Ted on the piano. This gentleman tended to use a slightly more open and traditional method of harmonisation, which meant that both players responded well to each other, creating some wonderfully colourful sounds, rhythms and melodies.

Later in the evening Mr Bob Sedergreen (also from Melbourne) proceeded to sweep the audience off their feet. This was not only with his raw and often contradictory style of playing, but also with his showmanship.

He acknowledged players of many styles and eras, including Mary Lou Williams, Ted Nettlebeck and Dolla Brand. Definitely a cheeky showman, which I didn't mind, but only because he can play the piano as well.

Basically, this musical bag of goodies brought players in for solos, duos and at time called in the talents of Ted Vining on drums and Les Miller on the double bass.

I suggest that anyone who wants to see some brilliant musicianship, keep an eye on the Arkaba, as they now have a high standard to live up to.

Three's A Crowd gave me a Sunday evening that I shan't forget for a long time, and definitely gave the SA Jazz Committee a brownie point in my mind.

Kylie Cook.

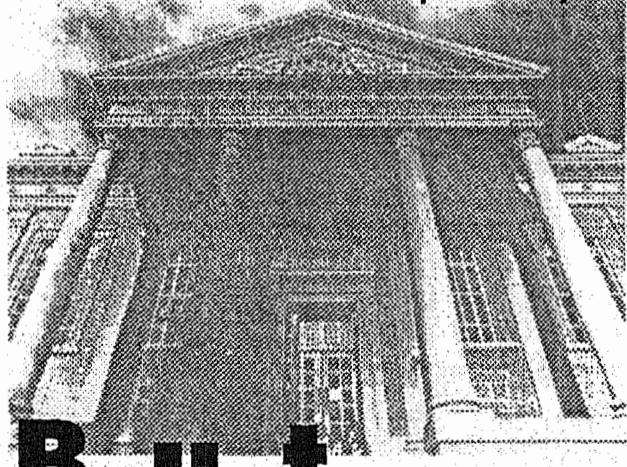
STOP • PRESS

WEEKEND LIBRARY HOURS INCREASE

Due to recent Students' Association and student protests, hours in the Barr Smith Library have been increased to ...

SATURDAY
SUNDAY

1 p m - 5 p m
1 p m - 5 p m



BUT...

the fight against University cuts and Government funding cuts must continue!



SA Students' Association ... fighting for a better library



Big Things FLYING

The Jaynes and Strum mutate just one more time. Marian Clarkin investigates.

Big Things Flying launched their debut CD, *Turning to Blue*, in May, and since then have been performing all over Adelaide, from record stores to city pubs. The launch was held at the Synagogue, and Strum and The Jaynes featured in the evening's line up of local music.

Big Things Flying have been together for about two years and have been performing and writing original music. The core members of the band are Bart Bee and Martin Williams, who is also a vocalist and bass guitarist in Strum.

"I think we're doing something that's a little bit different. Textural, moody, minimal stuff. We hold it right back. They're pop songs and some of them are quite long. We're just experimenting, basically," said Williams.

Turning to Blue was completed late last year. The eight track CD is the final result of many hours spent in the recording studio.

"We initially planned to go into the studio and record for four days, get all the tracks down, mixed down in four days and come out with a really quick,

Acoustic guitars and how we've written the songs and we want to present Big Things Flying with the other colours that come into it. So ... the easy approach of Strum [is what] we want to take into Big Things Flying," said Williams.

Bee and Williams emphasise that their music is something that comes naturally to them. It is quite different from the music of The Jaynes and Strum. For the album and for the launch, they required some additional musicians. Now two other musicians have become a permanent part of Big Things Flying.

"We went through a stage of trying to find the right drummer and the right guitarist to make up a four-piece and I was going to play acoustic guitar and we'd have the lead guitar, bass and drums; and it's a difficult process, finding the right musicians who are committed to, basically, original music," said Williams.

"What we're going to do is just try and create a minimal sound with four or five guys and ... create mood

"I think we're doing something that's a little bit different. Textual, moody, minimal stuff. We hold it right back. They're pop songs and some of them are quite long. We're just experimenting, basically."

well-recorded product. It ended up taking us about three or four months of going in once or twice a week, having to refine a few things, change a few things, as it always happens ... I think the time spent on it, in the end, was well spent," remarked Williams.

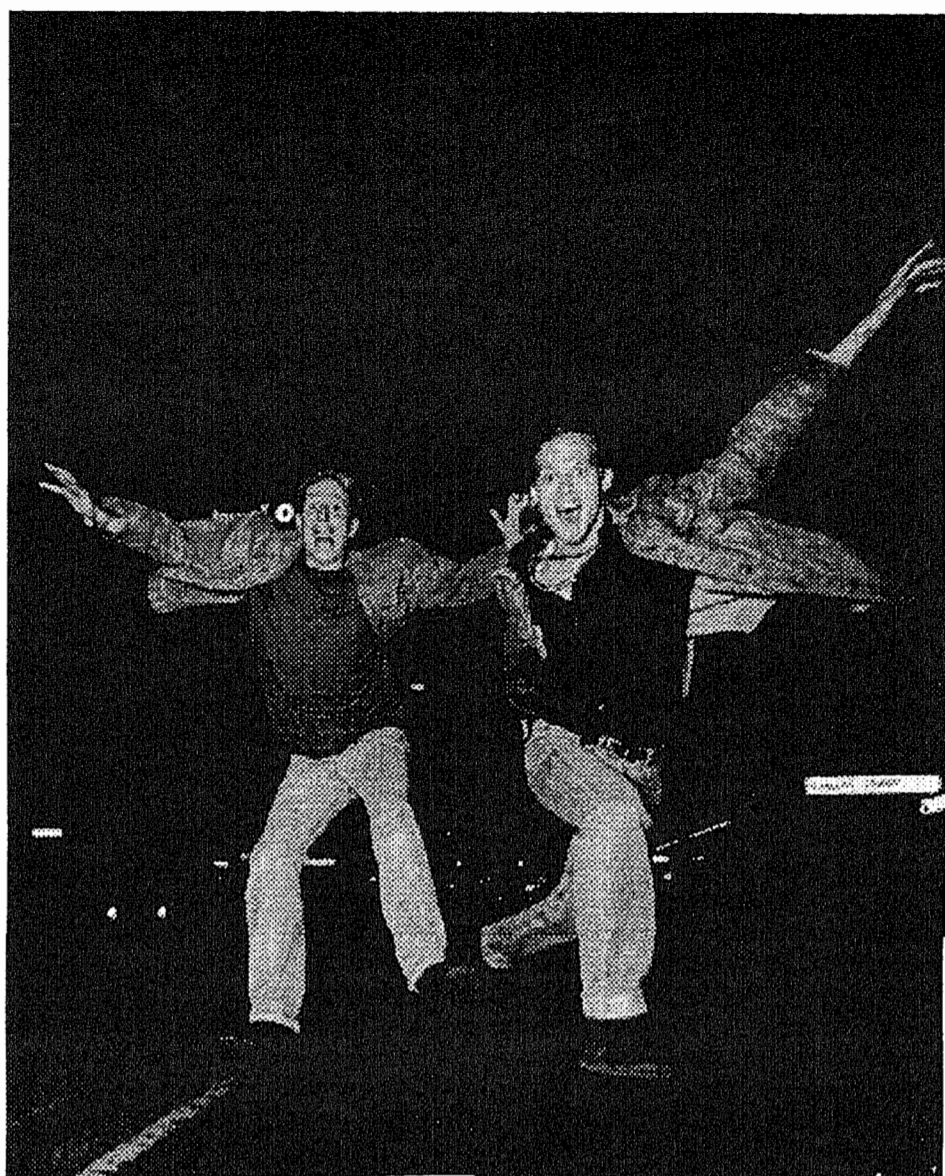
The end result is a polished debut CD and it's no wonder as to why Martin Williams opted to stay in Adelaide, whilst The Jaynes headed off to make their mark in Melbourne.

"Strum was a very light-hearted, 'spur of the moment' venture and it started off as just a 'one-off' where we got some acoustic guitars, stripped The Jaynes back to nothing and played with acoustic guitars, bass and a snare drum, and voices became the critical element. Harmonies and vocals were everything. I think Bart and myself have the same philosophy where melody is everything.

pieces. That's what we're into and hopefully we've got something decent to say as well," said Bee, in May, and since then that is exactly what they have achieved with the two additional musicians on keyboards and drums.

Judging from the success of the CD launch, the future looks bright for Big Things Flying. The live performance, itself, was impressive. Not only do these guys sound good on the CD but they can also "cut it" live.

***Big Things Flying play at Boltz Bar on Tuesdays and the Oxford on Thursdays. They will also support The Undecided at the launch of their CD, *Dissolve*, at the Botanic Hotel, Saturday, 7 August.**



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Not Sniffin' Around

Rohan Thompson talks to Ciaran of That Petrol Emotion

That Petrol Emotion have never been the darlings of the music industry. They rose from obscure indie roots to obscure major label non-fame and now they've dumped the corporate heavy breathing and gone full circle. That Petrol Emotion are indie again. Money? What's that? Living on the skids becomes a way of life, particularly if you want your friends to perceive you as being the epitome of alternative culture. Spout the name of some perfectly anonymous band and you friends will be impressed. Just mention That Petrol Emotion.

To shift 60,000 copies of a record just isn't enough these days for the big boys out there. Virgin just couldn't take it so out they go! Bargain basement bands may seem to be on the rise recently. The Wedding Present are off RCA as is Pop Will Eat Itself. What's happening? Is everyone feeling the pinch of corporate money grabbing?

Ciaran, the resident Celt of the band explains it as record companies expecting just too much. That Petrol Emotion is releasing their new album, "Fireproof" on Koogat. It's just their own label and for once they feel in control of their musical lives. There'll be no more interfering from EMI, the parent company of Virgin.

"I don't think the new people like the look of the band. They didn't like our record," said Ciaran in reference to the EMI takeover of the Virgin offices. "It was like being on a different record company ... When we signed to the record label in the mid-eighties, er, I don't know, things have changed since then. If we ever signed to a major again we'd like to have more control over how our money's spent."

Extravagant spending on audacious arty videos has never been a priority for the band. The label may want it, but it just puts the band into debt. Ho hum. So, Ciaran, do you think spending sixty thousand pounds on a video is unnecessary?

"I think it's completely unnecessary! All the videos weren't shown that much and B- all that money's recoupable. Even though the record company's paying for it, it still comes off the money that we can make at the end of the day. By the time we left Virgin we would never have made any money because we owed them so much."

Money. Debt. It escapes no-one. It's the age old battle of the generation Xers versus the 'Man' run Machine. Pity the souls of the Plebs.

Quite simply the change of Virgin management went down none to well at all and both parties were quite content with the split. Most of "Fireproof" was cut on



The much touted "next big thing" have been "the next big thing" since 1986, and that's a long time to be perched on the brink of success. It's long enough to make your bum quite sore...

Virgin but although the record had been cut, as a record, the album just didn't cut it if you can follow Ciaran's meaning. The disharmonious relationship between a low selling band and a disinterested record company tended to over-egg the pudding. "When we were dropped we went off and re-recorded seven of the ten songs that are on 'Fireproof'."

The tactic worked. "Fireproof" is quite possibly the most consistent record that That Petrol Emotion have conjured up from their major label addled minds. Ciaran would be one of the first to reveal that this is the truth. The band had finally made what they wanted. Kootat

is That Petrol Emotion's own label. Their strings are not being pulled by balding middle aged men in identical grey suits. Their record is now without argument their own.

"If we don't do what we want then there's no way the album will be made otherwise," recounted Ciaran as if the chains really had been thrown off and left to rust in the mainstream acid bath. DIY at its best. Money comes into it again (as it always does) and without backing they'll never make it.

"We need some financial backing to keep on going ... At the moment there's no

money. We basically spent everything on the record." And that's how they made the latest record their best.

There was a concerted effort made to recapture the feeling that a band was playing on the record, rather than just a mish-mash of individual tracks thrown together. They got into the studio and played just as live as they could. Is pride a sin? Ciaran says,

"I think it's the best album we've done," and he's dead right. The bland and wavering aimlessness of previous works have been over shadowed this time and the band has proven itself as an entity without the old frontman, Sam O'Neill. The fractured disillusionment that has pervaded the band since Sean's departure has finally made way for the sun-shine enema the band needed. A confidence in song writing has been struck with a gong as loud as the biggest cathedral. Ciaran has every right to wallow in pride.

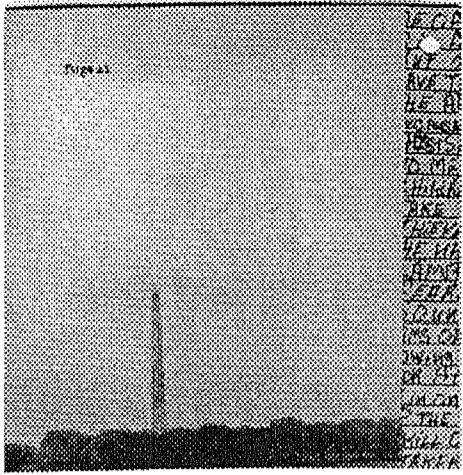
"The songs are stronger and we concentrated more on even just our basic writing. Hopefully it's a record you can put on at home and enjoy it for what it is." Listen and learn. It's not too bad.

Why didn't they just throw in the towel after all the tumultuous meanderings? All they needed was for the drummer to die of a drug overdose and they'd have a good rock fantasy/legend spiel going. "The main reason we stay together is because we think the songs are really good. We think we've got something to contribute even if it isn't recognised and we don't sell 100,000 records. We've got more to say than a lot of bands who are more successful than us."

By all reason they should have disappeared into the dusty annals of rock also rans in the library of obscurities but they haven't. The much touted "next big thing" have been "the next big thing" since 1986, and that's a long time to be perched on the brink of success. It's long enough to make your bum quite sore and That Petrol Emotion had better hope that the brink of success is not made of cold stone otherwise they'd have a nasty case of piles.

Whether or not "Fireproof" sends them over the edge and gives them the recognition they've strived for remains to be seen. Maybe they need flares and flashy-winged collared shirts and to say that everything from the seventies is new and groovy again. That's what you need to make it in the nineties. Time drags on as it will never stop doing and That Petrol Emotion are still here doing it. The difference this time is that they're doing it for themselves.

Rohan Thompson



In On the Kill Taker
Fugazi
Dischord/Shock

Fugazi's last album didn't really turn me on, and (despite playing brilliantly) their attitude when they played in Adelaide didn't impress me much. Hence, this CD came to me in a position of weakness. I think the fact that I would now protect it with my life is even more significant considering this initial doubt. It's hard to begin explaining why it's so good, perhaps because it shows all facets of the band in one disc (vinyl, as well as whatever CD's are made of, mind you). Some songs (Facet Squared, Great Cop) can only be classified as punk rock, and fine examples at that. Others are much more subtle, and a little more gentle. Nevertheless, the whole lot gels together brilliantly. The musical ability and vocal ability of this band have never been in doubt. Their ability to make a balanced, well written and ultimately compelling album must now be confirmed even to the greatest critic. Their dedication also shows in the pricing of this album. Dischord (and the local distributors, Shock) should be congratulated for putting this out at a reasonable price. (\$20 CD, \$15 LP). Presumably costs must be higher for smaller companies like these two, so there must be something morally wrong about a major record label charging \$29 for the shit they generally put out. Why aren't more people angry? Listen to 'Great Cop'. Why aren't you angry?

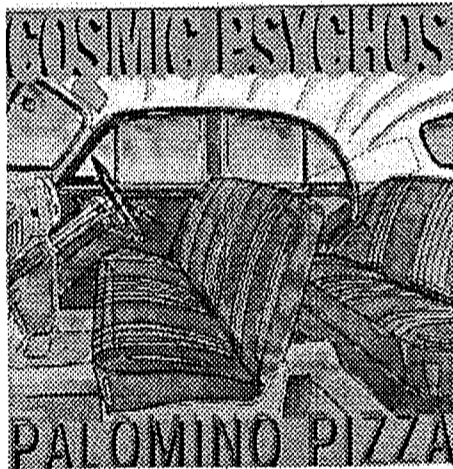
Daniel Kearney

Stain
Living Colour
Epic / Sony

Living Colour on this, their third release have produced a very different sound than that of the past. Clearly influenced by the entry of new bass player, Doug Wimbish, an extraordinary player well known for his work with the on-u sound system, Tackhead, Jeff Beck, James Brown, Seal and the list goes on! His unique sound combining fretless bass ("Nothingness"), slap fills ("Leave It Alone") and solid backing ("This Little Pig"), show his incredible skill and proves his worth as a new member. In contrast to Muzz Skillings, he lays down solid tracks allowing Vernon Reid (guitar) more scope, he also helps to produce the heavier, darker sound which they were aiming for and definitely achieved. Overall, this album shows Living Colour's dark side. The lyrics ranging from intense protests to the Rodney King bashing, to a serene story of love and loss. The only two songs (of 13) that offer a relief to the heavy / intense onslaught of off-beats, heavy outside guitar and machine-like bass are "Nothingness" and "Bi" the latter being one of the highlights on the album.

An album which is constantly challenging and at times slightly overpowering that highlights the band's constantly evolving nature in its almost unpredictable way. What the hell are they going to do next?

Carl Panczak



Palomino Pizza
Cosmic Psychos
Arschloch/MDS

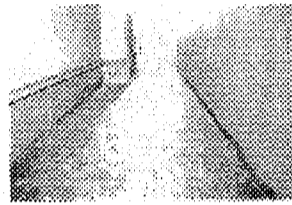
Why Paul Hogan was used in the Australian tourism ads is beyond me. These guys are much closer to a national treasure, and 100% Australian. They also make much better rock'n'roll! The Psychos have always been considered a spectacularly good live band, but 'Palomino Pizza' goes a long way to reproducing that sound on disc. Mike Mariconda from the Raunch Hands produced it. He's also responsible for producing such gems as the Devil Dogs first album and the New Bomb Turks, whose album has got to be one of the best examples of rawly produced rock ever! The same finesse (or lack thereof) has been imparted to this glorious platter. Three originals start off this mini-album. If you haven't heard Rain Gauge yet, well, you obviously don't listen to public radio, (hey, a little adventure never caused grievous bodily harm to too many!), and you're missing out. Three covers conclude the CD. All are

Craig B

classic (?) Aussie seventies tunes. "G.O.D." is a six minute instrumental penned by Lobby Lloyd that lets Robbie 'Fluffy' Watts go a little bit beserk on the guitar. The other covers are a little more cheesy, Sunrise from Buffalo and Billy Thorpes classic (!!!) Most People I Know. Despite the song itself being much more gratuitously offensive than any swear word, a number of public radio announcers have had the shit scared out of them with the spoken ending to this. Personally, I can't see the fuss, I'm going to keep playing it on radio. It's as essential as beer is to the Psychos. Come to think of it, this CD is pretty essential too.

Daniel 'what, me biased?' Kearney

Forcefed



... seeing for the first time.

Seeing For The First Time
Forcefed
Destroyer/Shock

After wandering around Melbourne with a quasi-straight edge who was swigging from a two litre Apricot nectar flagon, raising his fist to the air, and yelling "Forcefed!" at regular intervals, my interest was raised in this band. When, the next day, he was doubled up with amazing bowel pains and blasting out the sorry apricot remnants with alarming regularity, but still feebly muttering "Forcefed...", I realised there had to be something special about this band. When the CD arrived, it hit the stereo fairly quickly, and all was explained. Admitted influences include Husker Du, the Descendents and Bad Religion which certainly put you in the right ballpark, but obviously don't pinpoint their sound. Thoughtful lyrics, killer tunes and barely restrained guitar topped by Iain Turner's cool, gritty vocals make a good body of original work. Particular stand outs are Ask Myself a Question and First Cut, a song that leaps out as a winner instantly. Destroyer records (run by Dave Thomas, ex Bored!) haven't released a lot of records, but the quality has been exceptional. This CD doesn't depart from that tradition.

Daniel Kearney

Home Invasion
Ice-T

Listening to the first 36 seconds is a revelation of hardcore rap. This is the first track, a warning that anyone who doesn't get down to his 23 words of bad language, then don't listen to the album. I decided to pass this off and ventured into the rest of the album. If the first track doesn't shock, then the next 18 will. It moved me - not spiritually, mind you, but to sit down and record how much 'language' he did use. Well, in the

first five tracks, lasting 12 minutes, I encountered 144 words of bad language. That's every 5 seconds on average! Now I can get past the occasional use of swearing, but constant use (every 5 seconds) could be termed as being influential to listeners (many aged 13 to 17).

I'm sorry to all Ice-T fans that don't care, so to the music. Overall, the album style has returned to that of O.G. with rap that shows Ice-T to be the best ass-kick on the planet. "Bodycount" saw the use of thrashing guitars unfamiliar to Ice-T's previous albums but not unlike that of Beastie Boys, "Check Your Head" and some of PE's albums. This has gone. It's back to Ice-T's best rap, in fact, probably his best album to date.

Tracks to mention are: "It's on" which is a funky track 'dis-ing' people who are willing to stand in Ice-T's way.

"Home Invasion" and "G-Style" proceed along similar lines but towards the middle of the album it gets more hardcore with "That's how I'm Living", a story of life in downtown LA, the life of a nigger who joined a gang - 'a sect', who went to jail, who had to hussle - of life in the hood.

"Race War" is a song in which not only American minorities get a say, but even Australian Aboriginals. It appears that Ice-T has an anger for all minorities that are shoved aside. I liken this song in similarity to Midnight Oil, obviously not for any likeness in music or attitude but in anger towards a wrong. Putting all his attitude of gang warfare and cop killing aside, I'd have to say he is standing up for a good cause, it's just a wonder how he can possibly get this through when it's made 'murky' by his bad attitude.

I'd also like to have a say for women's lib. It's not only gang warfare, cop killing lyrics that kill this album but also the destruction of women's lib work that has progressed greatly in the last century. The talk of women as meat, the talk of women as sluts, bitches, hoes and the like is so derogatory that I have to rubbish this album. Then again, for all those hardcore rappers that cannot stand bands like Arrested Development (who are standing up for 'niggers') buy this album and try to wade through all his crap to get to the message of equal rights for all.

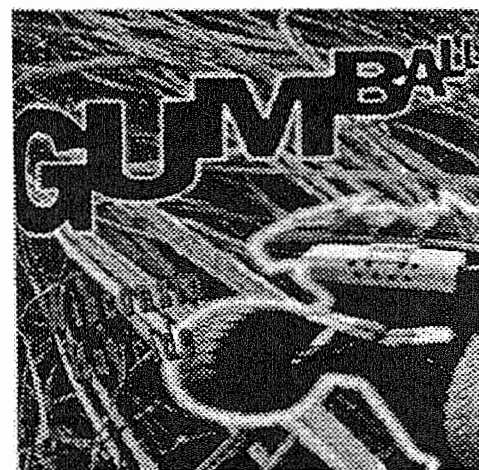
Ivan

All together now
John English

What's this? Jon English covering The Farm's classic "All Together Now"? No such luck. Desperate is the word that comes to mind when assessing this single, the theme song from Channel 9's comedy (?) series of the same name. From the laughingly implausible outdoor concert cheers dubbed over the start of ATN, to the cover photo of a near unrecognisable JE, with trademark eye-bags airbrushed out, the whole package reeks of rampant sell-out. English was even sent to Surrey, UK, to record this - obviously Australia's world-class studios didn't want or need him.

English's TV character is a tired, pathetic rock singer who grabs every mediocre gig that comes along. He obviously works from experience.

Richard



Wisconsin Hayride
Gumball
Columbia

This five track CD of covers apparently comes as a bonus with their 'Super Tasty' album. First is a version of the Damned's classic punk song, New Rose. Also attempted is Black Flag's Depression, a valiant attempt but predictable failure to recreate the ridiculously raw guitar of Greg Ginn. Both songs originally made people stand up and listen because they stretched the boundaries of volume and what constitutes a record. Needless to say, Gumball's versions aren't as urgent, raw or inspiring as the originals in their context, but they're worth it if a few people look back and discover the great albums that spawned those songs. Covering a Foetus song (Butterfly Potion) was brave, but the result is O.K. The Mahavishnu Orchestra's Awakening is pulled well to the ridiculous side of sublime, but it must have been fun to record. The whole thing isn't exactly awe-inspiring, but it is an incentive to buy the album, which is of course its purpose.

Daniel Kearney

Kyuss
Green Machine
Chameleon Records

This band were given a fairly good reputation before anyone had really heard of them. They were support band for Metallica on the Australian tour and did a really good, energetic show. This cassette only has 2 songs on it. Both of these songs are very good! The first song, "Green Machine" is a meaty, hard rock tune with an excellent guitar. The second song, "Thong Song" is a really good mellow tune. Kyuss are an excellent band and should become fairly well known in the hard rock/metal scene.

Craig Giaccio

Lenny Kravitz
Are you gonna go my way?
Virgin Records

"Are you gonna go my way?" is Lenny Kravitz' third album release, and after the legendary success of his previous two, fans were expecting big things from this album. His first single "Are you etc" with its killer riff and very Hendrix orientated sound, certainly delivered and deservedly went number one over the worlds pop charts. The album unfortunately received as much praise. The al-

bum opens with the single, paving the way for more moments of musical brilliance, and the new few songs show Lennys more free-loving nature, as he cruises through his inevitable love song element. There are a couple of more rock-oriented songs but none that come close to his previous songs such as "Mr Cabdriver" and "Stop draggin around". The highlights of the album are found on the last two tracks. A seven minute ballad "Sister" that leaves us assured that Lenny still has it, and a reggae song "Euluthheria" which combines a classic Bob Marley feel with Lennys renowned falsetto. Although it is a well written and recorded album in Lennys classic 60's style it seems to lack something. He perhaps should have spent more time writing songs for himself, instead of others (i.e. Vanessa P., Aerosmith and Mick J.). Overall it's a very good album by the master of Retro himself.

Carl Panzak

Various
Released by BMG records (UK) Ltd - 1993

Firstly ask yourself, what the hell is deconstruction? I personally couldn't say, the CD jacket held no information except for the artist and track names. With this wealth of information I delved into this 13 track disc. It appears that the essence of deconstruction is techno, with nine different artists from the UK featured. The first two tracks are definitely the best on the album. "Don't you want me!" by Felix and "Open Your Mind" by Usuraa (don't worry, I have never heard of them either). Both tracks are very well mixed, and extremely energetic (how do you describe techno?) lyrically nothing exists in the songs, but as nothing is expected this is no real let down. As the album progresses, it becomes repetitive (the worst case being the song "Who can make me feel good" with the title repeated 40 times in five minutes forty seconds). Pitifully none of the other 11 tracks come near the first 2 in their ability to make you want to get up and dance. Although I could have heard this at Heaven on a Thursday night and not paid any attention, I was mildly surprised to find out I like this CD. On a scale of one to ten, I give it a fish.

Mic

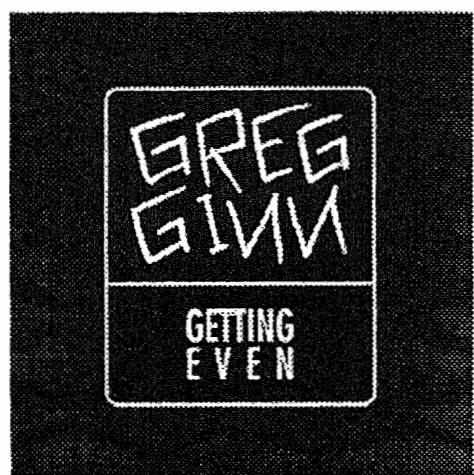
American Music Club
Mercury
Virgin/Island

At last an exciting band is emerging from the U.S. that is looking forward, rather than wallowing in rediscoveries of the past. Having developed quite a following in Europe and America, "Mercury" has the potential to establish American Music Club here as a force to be reckoned with. Although very difficult to classify, American Music Club has a reputation for playing the world's loudest and most powerful ballads — though don't get me wrong: the likes of Michael Bolton would hate this, for if nothing else its integrity highlights how false his ilk really are. Occasionally the sound is reminiscent of the Replacements, at other times not unlike Buffalo Tom, with the strength of

feeling of their fellow San Franciscan, Neil Young. But such a classification is ultimately too narrow for a band of this calibre. Mark Eitzel's poignant expressions of isolation and angst, coupled with intriguing arrangements cascading with emotion, are harrowing, but unlike other masters of melancholia, remain very real. Songs vary from those built upon a sparse mellow piano backbone (*Gratitude Walks*) to tumultuous extremes, (*What Godzilla said to God when his name wasn't found in the book of life*). More *Hopes and Dreams* sounds not unlike the inside of a refrigerator punctuated by the occasional bleep, but despite this anomaly "Mercury" is undoubtedly among the best releases I have heard for a long time.

Overall, it is curious and not immediately digestible, however its lyrical integrity and musical intensity converge to result in an often brilliant, always captivating mixture, guaranteed to haunt the listener long afterwards.

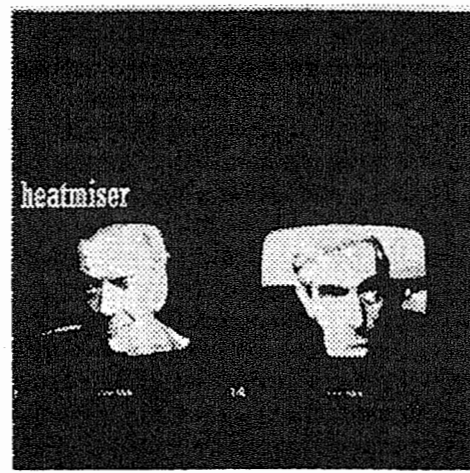
Michael Osborn



Getting Even
Greg Ginn
Cruz

For some reason, most people think of Hank Rollins when the band Black Flag are mentioned, but to be fair, Greg Ginn was the only constant member, only lead guitarist, and major songwriter. He also is the one who has remained truer to the do-it-yourself, punk attitude. The importance of independent music to him is shown by the fact that he owns/runs the SST, Cruz and New Alliance record companies, who together have put out some of America's finest bands. This is his first recorded work in seven years, and possesses most of the qualities that made Black Flag legendary: raw underproduction, overwhelming, distorted guitar and a general feeling of anger, emotion and disgust at this wonderful world and the people who live in it. His distinctive guitar style helps make the album, although he plays all instruments except the drums. "You Drive Me Crazy" could well have been an outtake from "Damaged" - it's that good. "Yes Officer" is a beautiful account of our wonderful police. (I'm talking about the globe in general here.) "Yes, Officer, no normally I don't like men sticking their hands down the pockets of my pants, but in this case I'll make an exception seeing as you've got a gun. Next time I won't look so suspicious walking from that door to that car. Yes sir." It's a pity that these lyrics (spoken) are about the only discernable ones! Great record.

Daniel Kearney.



Dead Air
Heatmiser
Frontier/Shock

Portland, Oregon used to be known for producing Poison Idea (RIP), and now for the likes of Pond, Sprinkler and Hazel, all Sub Pop residents. Heatmiser have some connection with all the above, Thee Slayer Hippy produced the record, they are friends of and play shows with the aforementioned bands, and Sub Pop are apparently pretty pissed they didn't sign them. The similarities musically are a little more vague. They certainly aren't in the Pond etc 'hey, look, I've got a silly bowl haircut and play wimpy guitars but my band's still on Sub Pop' mode. That's all very nice, but largely inconsequential. Heatmiser carry a little more weight for me. They also don't have the outward aggression and sheer volume of Poison Idea. I can't imagine these guys with long hair and tattoos. I think Lisa Fancher, owner of Frontier records summed it up well when she described them as "Two guitars turned up loud, intelligent lyrics... and unlike most alternative bands, you can dance to them."

The most important feature of Heatmiser is the songs. This may seem a strange statement, but it's not all that common in any field of music where image is the priority for popularity. "Still" is the perfect way to start an album. Powerful, melodic, subtle. This is the sort of song that heads the shortlist when you're making a compilation of your favourite songs. "Can't be touched" is up there too, but none of the songs are disappointing, an unusual feat. I can't imagine why anyone wouldn't like this record. If you do, I'd like to hear an explanation.

Daniel Kearney

Midnight Oil
Earth and Sun and Moon
Sony Music

It's been over 3 years since the Oils released their last studio album and it sure has been worth the wait. That magical producer, Nick Launay, (the man behind "10-1" and "Red Sails in the Sunset") has helped the band get a huge variety of sounds using their instruments rather than corny computerization, which just doesn't sound right for the Oils. The songs are quite diverse, and all but one are different from their earlier albums, yet they still contain that unmistakable Oils sound. This album has a recurring 60's groove throughout most of the songs, and it seems

to fit really well with the Oils style. "Bushfire" is the only song that doesn't match up with the rest of the album, it's a great song but it sounds like it should be on "Diesel and Dust" not "Earth and Sun and Moon". "Renaissance Man" is arguably the best song on the album, its got a catchy, psychedelic tune, Peter's vocals are great, likewise the backing vocals from Rob Hirst and Jim Moginie seem to perfect it. The lyrics in this album are more subtle, not every song is telling you what to think, instead listeners are more "encouraged" to think. The Oils remain as hard hitting as always, slamming lies in the media, burning the flag but they also include uplifting songs such as "Now or Never Land" and "Bushfire" which remind us that Australia is a great place. The title track "Earth and Sun and Moon" is a reflection song that gives listeners a real sense of hope, that although we continue to ruin our environment, we will survive. Peter's vocals are probably the most diverse on any album, ranging from a chilling whisper to an intense screaming, the guitar is also top rate, overall a great album.

Scott Berry

Mystery Machine
Glazed
Festival

Mystery Machine is a four-piece band from Chiilwack B.C. (pop 45,000) somewhere near Vancouver, made up of 4 lads all around 21 yrs old. I'm told they're on the way up scoring shows with Buffalo Tom (yeah, been there, done that) Pearl Jam and a gig at the 1992 Lollapalooza festival. Glazed is their debut album produced by Dave Ogilvie (Babes in Toyland) and is not too bad at all. I must say the same for MM as Gumball — not too much groundbreaking originality, but cool songs nonetheless. Unfortunately, MM could be criticised as being down-right derivative with obvious bits pinched from Sonic Youth songs, but at least they're doing something. It's actually hard to pigeon-hole MM, with styles ranging from pigeon-hole MM, with styles ranging from guitar terrorism — artrock — noise shit like "Stain Master" to slow'n heavy-grunge fest like "Hi-test" to a much poppier-melodic-even English Guitar sounding style like "Flooded".

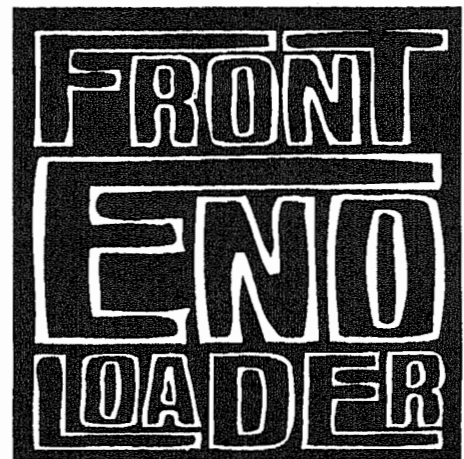
All the way however, guitars are up loud and things are a-happenin'. Glazed is never boring. Song material is about dope/laziness/small-town-home-town blues/love & drunken idiots, for those of you who care. My faves are "Valley Song", which is fucken great (thanks to Thurston & friends) the instrumental "The Ride" & "The Lavitation". Not bad — check it out.

Antenna
Hideout
Mammoth (White Records)

Antenna are a U.S. band, consisting of a guitarist, a bass player and a drummer, with additional guitars on selected tracks. From this, many would expect Hideout to be a heavy metal album, but add to this a Glockenspiel ... yes, you read right. According to the credits, Chris Kruzan plays the Glockenspiel and its effect is

very good. Take the track "Easy Listening" — it starts off slowly with the G then jumps into a rock track. On other tracks, it is used just as well, blending in like an ordinary keyboard. Many of the tracks have a distinctive "Red Hot Chili Pepper" sound, but are allowed a wide berth to add some depth and variety to their music. Tracks like "Wallpaper" and "Grey St." start the pace off slow, as does "Fade" which picks up quickly. The rest of the album buzzes along with relative ease, and most tracks are topped-off with some superb samples. The key to this album is the variety. The guitars and bass are not over-powering but the album, still maintains its edge through its co-production by the band itself. Hideout is a good album, sort of mid range between metal and rock. A solid effort.

Nick Pickard



Front End Loader
Front End Loader
Survival

After two well received singles, Front End Loader continue the adventures of good time Larry with their debut full length CD. It contains the single tracks Weak as Piss, Fraid Knot and All Star Jam as well as 11 other originals. As a general rule the songs contain cool melodies and plenty of temp shifts, ranging from convincing, noisy bursts to more restrained pounding and the odd gentle, sensitive bit. Front End Loader should appeal to a fairly wide audience, they're not threatening enough to scare away too many, without being lame. The rhythms tend to be a little danceable, but certainly not irritatingly funky. The limited number who saw their recent foray to Adelaide will also be able to testify that they have plenty of strength live as well. This album has the potential to get these guys somewhere, and I'm sure they deserve it more than many who do succeed.

Daniel Kearney

Shelleyan Orphan
CD Single — Burst
Festival Records

I must admit I have never heard of Shelleyan Orphan, and from the promotional photo, they appeared to be a Roxette rip-off. However, on listening to this 5 track EP, I was very pleasantly surprised. Any similarities with Roxette finished with both a male and a female sharing vocals. Musically, Shelleyan Orphan are quite varied sounding a little like a cross between Elton John, and Blondie with a

little blues thrown in. What attracted me most to this EP however were the vocals. The title track "Burst" has some incredible harmonies, and "Summer Flies" is a catchy blues number. If you get a chance, have a listen to Shelleyan Orphan, it's definitely worth it.

Mike

Blow
Straitjacket Fits

New Zealand must have the best 'really good band to population ratio' for any country in the world. Unfortunately, it must also have the worst 'really good band to records sold ratio'. Sure bands such as The Chills, Headless Chickens, The Bats and Straitjacket Fits have sold a fair few CDs both in their own country and overseas but the time is yet to come where they, amongst others, receive more of the recognition that they deserve. As I'm sure they have come to realise, you can't get by on mere critical acclaim alone. I, for one, hope that 'Blow' can change all that. Any band, Kiwi or otherwise, would be proud to open an album with such a track as "Done". Setting a trend for much of the CD, the reckless yet organised, noisy yet melodic guitars take turns with Shayne Carter's urgent yet controlled, nay smooth, vocals to create a sense of conflict between restlessness and contentment. Confused? Just listen to the album and you'll know what I mean. Other songs, such as "Falling", "Joyride", "Tum" and "Spacing" follow a similar loose formula but are far from identical. Meanwhile, things slow down a bit for "Burn It Up", "Train" and "If I Were You" without losing any of the former songs intensity. In between these two 'extremes' lies "Let It Blow" which transforms from a lilting guitar tune to a Bono/Hutchence style distorted-vocal monster and back again without losing breath.

Of course, I could tell you about the almost jazzy single "Cat Inna Can" or the phased throbbing of "Way" but that would spoil the surprise for you when you listen to your latest CD purchase (that's Blow for those who were asleep). Even if all that palaver doesn't excite you then do it for New Zealand and at least bump up their ailing sales ratio.

Mark Scruby

Beethoven was Deaf
Morrissey
HMV / EMI

Two years' ago, suffering from the tropical throat bug, *Brisbana pressbashingus* Morrissey packed up his bags, cancelled the rest of his Australian shows and headed off to cause panic on the streets of Tokyo. If this live recording is any indication of what we missed, then the journos in question ought to hang their collective heads in shame, as *Beethoven was Deaf* is nothing less than brilliant — well, as close to brilliant as Mozza gets since the demise of a certain band that I've sworn not to mention. Performed at the Zenith in Paris last year before 6,500 screaming Gauls, it's essentially most of *Your Arsenal*, none of *Kill Uncle*, a few assorted singles and B-sides, as well as a couple of tracks previously only available on exorbitantly priced Jap imports.

Whereas his previous solo live recordings, featured on various singles, have amounted to little more than lacklustre hotch-potches with the sound quality of a backrow dictaphone effort, *Beethoven was Deaf's* production is exemplary, the band are tight (though a bit *Spiders from Mars*) and, *horror of horrors!*, Morrissey actually sounds like he's enjoying himself for once. "National Front Disco" kicks and jangles, before collapsing into a mountain of feedback and noise, guaranteed to scare off any fascist agit-wannabes. Similarly, most of the other *Your Arsenal* tracks have been endowed with a new lease of life, sounding much fresher than the originals. "The Loop" and "Sister, I'm a Poet" continue Morrissey's infatuation with rockabilly, but the gem of the week would have to be the wonderful "Jack the Ripper", which incidentally has nothing to do with East End London circa 1888.

Perhaps to spite Johnny Rogan, *Beethoven was Deaf* maintains the mystery behind the misery; but considering the current wave of British glam pastiche, who seem to delight in revealing the intimate details of their private lives (witness Suede and the Senseless Things), is this really so bad? Sure, *Beethoven was Deaf* is no *Rank*, but equally this isn't that Manchester quartet that some dare to call seminal. Nevertheless, I like it, so Mozza, take a bow and boot the grime of this world in the crotch dear ...

Michael Osborn



The Wonder Years
She Freak
Bleib Alien/Shock

Wow! Somehow sixteen year olds make the coolest rock records. I don't want to make too many comparisons to the late, great GOD, but the fact that one song (Dog Food) lends just a little (!) from a certain hit single makes it inevitable. Besides, it's hardly an insult. The fact that the vocalists sound like a cross between Tim Hemensley and Joel Silbersher (age 16) doesn't deter the GOD comparison. The CD has seven cool originals and covers of the Zeros and Lizzy Cowgirls which (if you know these bands) should give you an even better idea of where they're coming from. The fact that absolutely no money (I mean how much spare cash do you expect the average sixteen year old from Geelong to have!?) was spent recording this makes it even more significant that it's so cool. The result of a little more maturity and a recording budget could be brilliant. I hope they keep writing songs about stuff like the perils of Mr. Whippy vans and Gobbledocks though. Dammit, I hope these guys become famous.

Daniel Kearney

What's happening man?

Rohan Thompson reveals all that's been happening in the colourful world of comics ...

• Image is going to cut back on its roster of titles. This is being done in an attempt to return to the superhero roots which marked Image's initial success." The titles that are due to go are *Tribe*, *Shaman's Tears*, *Stupid* and *Trencher*.

• *Judge Dredd* fans may be interested to note that the *Judge Dredd* movie will begin filming in February of 1994. The lead has been cast and Sylvester Stallone will be the perp buster with the under-shot jaw. The film should be released towards the end of 1994.

• One of Image's best creations will be teaming up with Batman. Due for a February release, *Spawn/Batman* is currently being worked upon by the influential Todd McFarlane. Todd is handing over the creative reigns of *Spawn* to other creators. Grant Morrison and Greg Capullo will be helping out.

• For the fans of Marvel titles such as *The Avengers* and *the X-Men*, you'd

have to have been living in a vacuum not to know that both teams will be involved in a 30th anniversary crossover. The crossover will begin in our Australian spring. The duration of the crossover will be six issues.

• *The Eternal Warrior Year Book* as done by local talent, David de Vries and Glenn Lumsden will hit the shelves this September. This exceptional book is being heavily promoted and is well worth picking up. That's not just because David and Glenn are local, they're also some of the best talent in the industry.

• Dark Horse's *Comic's Greatest World* kicks on. For a dollar (in US funds) you can't get a better deal on straight up superhero comics. Check them out.

• Also from Dark Horse is *The Creature From the Black Lagoon*. The art is by Art Adams (of *Longshot* fame) and the story is an accurate adaptation of the 1950s cult classic.



Cerebus Number Zero

Publisher: Aardvark-Vanaheim

Cost: \$US 2.25

Writer: Dave Sim

Artists: Dave Sim, Gerhard

Frequency: One-shot reprint

First off, this is absolutely nothing like the Image Character no. 0's - this is a one-off issue reprinting those issues not already reprinted in the Cerebus phone books, being issues 51, 112/113 and 137-138 (the epilogues to High Society, Church & State, and Jaka's Story respectively). As Dave says in the "Notes From the President" on the inside cover, "Sometimes the Cerebus story-line is funny. Sometimes it is sad. Sometimes it crawls along month-to-month with very little happening and sometimes it flies along at breath-taking speed with everything happening at once." A lot like life, really.

For people who have heard of Cerebus before (and remember the review we did in *On Dit* no. 6 March 29) but thought "No, I don't think I'll pick it up because it's up to issue 171 and I don't have the cash for back issues and besides I don't know anything about aardvarks", here's your chance. The stories contained in number zero are a very good mix, representing the different styles of story in Cerebus - two of the three are funny, the other much more serious (with Cerebus contemplating suicide after the events of Church & State). Naturally, those lucky enough to possess the phone-books will want to get this issue to complete the collection, but number zero also provides a great sample of what Cerebus as a character is like, and what he is about in general.

Therefore, for those who want to find out about Cerebus, (and believe me, you do) Cerebus 0 is a great way to start. With the equivalent of five issues (96 pages) for the price of one, it's not too much to ask people to reach deep into those voluminous pockets and fork out the cash to discover Cerebus. Trust me when I say "You'll never look back".

Jeremy Hillman.

X-Force

Publisher: Marvel

Cost: \$US 1.25

Writer: Fabian Nicieza

Artists: Greg Capullo

About three and a half years ago, a little known but ambitious young artist named Rob Liefeld took up the position of regular penciller of Marvel's *New Mutants*. A year later, Liefeld had established himself as one of the "hot" new upstarts of Marvel Comics, taking his place alongside people like Jim Lee and Todd McFarlane. In light of Liefeld's success the anniversary 25th issue of *X-Force* hits the stands this month. To be frank, that's twenty-five issues of two-dimensional, childish super-heroics, laced with traditional mutant-angst. There's been almost no character development, little story or plot and the artwork has left something to be desired if you're not a big fan of Liefeld and his many imitators. Since issue one, the *X-Force* gang have been through a series of boring battles with S.H.I.E.L.D., the Six Pack, Deadpool and some really lame immortals called the Eternals. Nothing interesting there. Perhaps the only thing of near-credibility about this book is that it's the former stomping ground of Cable, that multi-talented, hard-nosed mutant cyborg from the future that is the hero of Marvel worshippers everywhere. Cable has since left the group and gotten his own comic. So the current storyline is focussed on the team's adjustment to life without their beloved mentor. How amazingly fascinating.

Sorry, but I just can't think of anything good to say about this book. No, I correct myself, there is something exciting about to happen. The 25th issue will feature, and I quote, a "wrap-around cover with an eye-popping, state-of-the-art Cable Hologram!" I can hardly contain myself with the sheer excitement. Please, stick to *Sandman*.

Ryan Woodforde





Mercy
Publisher: Vertigo/DC
Cost: US\$5.95
Writer: J.M. DeMatteis
Artist: Paul Johnson
Format: One-shot Prestige

Many of the titles released under DC's new banner, Vertigo, seem to revolve around a well-known character from human folklore; Neil Gaiman has given us the Sandman and Death, and now J.M. DeMatteis creates a legend of his own in the form of Mercy, the spiritual embodiment of all the "love, compassion and simple human decency" in the world today.

The story is seen through the eyes of Joshua Rose, a successful middle-aged man who has recently had a stroke and now lies comatose in a hospital. On one of his many out-of-body experiences, Rose becomes aware of Mercy and slowly gets increasingly obsessed with her as he watches her save people from all corners of the globe from the horrors of their respective lives.

DeMatteis seems to be delving into this type of emotional, grand-scale storytelling quite often of late; his last few plotlines in the pages of Marvel's *Spectacular Spiderman* have focussed on such topics as the traumas of childhood, spiritual totality, and old age (if you haven't already, check this title out, it's easily the best of the Spiderman books). It will be interesting to see what he does with the revamped Iron Fist series, which is coming out later this year and will feature art by Jae Lee.

I hate to whinge but *Mercy* is not DeMatteis' best and it certainly does not even approach the heights he reached in 1987 with the "Kraven's Last Hunt" storyline. The pacing is good and the story is fairly original, but it fails to evoke the emotion and deep thought from the reader the way a comic written by this man usually does.

There are, however, some quite powerful scenes in this book, particularly during the climatic struggle that the characters endure against the darker forces of their personalities and the triumph they share after defeating these forces.

Another plus for this book is the incredible, fully painted artwork by Paul Johnson (*Jthad, Books of Magic*). I must admit, I was not a big fan of Johnson's work in the past, but he seems to have toned down his surrealistic, blurry style for this book, making for cleaner, more defined art, which really looks great on the page.

The surprising thing about *Mercy* is that it actually offers a positive message and that there is hope for the world and its people. In a market packed to the brim with dark and gritty Punisher/Wolverine clones, this kind of warm, gushy stuff is "often missing from comics" today, as Paul Johnson says in e back-page comments. Call me corny, but I like to occasionally read something that doesn't make me want to go out and jump off a building.

Mercy is not the greatest thing to come from the Vertigo collection, but if you're after a reasonably good, "mature audience" comic book that doesn't feature muscle-bound guys in spandex on every page, then give it a look.

Jeremy Hillman.

Ryan Woodforde



Daredevil: The Man Without Fear

Publisher: Marvel Comics

Cost:

Writer: Frank Miller

Artists: John Romita Jr and Al Williamson

Frequency: Future miniseries

By my reckoning, *Daredevil* has been stagnating for quite some time now. It has hardly been a big mover. There has been a tendency for pious moralising superheroes to wear just a little thin. Take a look at the politically correct and oh so righteous upholder of American egotism, Captain America. Batman was walking down the road of boycott brigade marching until Frank Miller's pivotal *Batman: Year One* and *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*. Now he's doing it to his dearest child, Daredevil.

The story concerns the very foundations of Daredevil's origin. Frank deals with Matt Murdock as a young, bright eyed daredevil of New York's down sided burroughs. Matt is precocious, intelligent and every bit the daredevil. His father is an alcoholic ex-boxer. A freak accident coupled with heroic fearlessness on Matt's behalf causes Matt Murdoch to lose his sight. The Daredevil was born. A mentor, like in so many other comics, shows Matt the way to being a superhero.

Frank Miller is undeniably one of the most influential creators in the business. Turning his hand once again to Daredevil is perhaps the best thing that could happen to that particular character. Frank has come up with a piece of work which is closely approaching a comic book masterpiece. Accolades of absolute genius will have to wait until

the miniseries has run its complete course. If *Batman: Year One* is anything to go by then those accolades should soon be lavished upon *Daredevil: The Man Without Fear*. Frank has managed to combine pathos and comic book action. The emphasis for the first issues lies firmly on the pathos. For Matt's father there is no escape from Hell's Kitchen. For a manipulated boxer death is the only way out. He accepts it with taciturn indifference. Thanks Frank. Frank's handling of an almost welcome end to a life places him above and beyond the average disposable hacks of the monthly one dollar twenty fivers.

John Romita Jr gets bagged just a bit too much. He is an artist of the highest rank. His style may not be suited to everyone's taste but on books like *Daredevil* he is definitely in his element. Daredevil should look chunky and in some ways he borrows much from Frank Miller's style; bold yet detailed enough. John is turning out the best work of his career. All comments like "he's not a touch on his father" have lost all pertinence.

The only criticism of the book so far is that the mentor-student routine is getting tired. Frank gets away with it but he wouldn't want to labour it too much. The next few issues will be the acid test. Just the same, Frank Miller has once again proved that he is an all-rounder of comics. Not just an artist who likes to write a bit albeit poorly, Frank Miller is a creator whose written output nearly always rivals his drawn output. This creative exploit deserves as much praise as it can get.

Rohan Thompson

Take me down to Paradise Beach...

This is a crucial bit of the new Channel Nine series, *Paradise Beach*:

[*Goodlooking young man driving car*]: "It's like everyone's worked out the next fifty years of my life; the girlfriend; the job; the career. But no-one has asked me what I want."

[*Good-looking young woman in passenger seat*]: "What do you want, Shaun?"

"Right now? Right now, I jus' wanna have fun. Big fun." [Grins] Do you think I'm joking? Do you think I'm joking? Do I sound like I'm joking?

Ah, I just wish I were.

I tried, I really did. Listen, I've got nothing against Channel Nine. Honest. When *Law of the Land* first screened, I concentrated really hard—looked past its numerous flaws and managed to quite enjoy it.

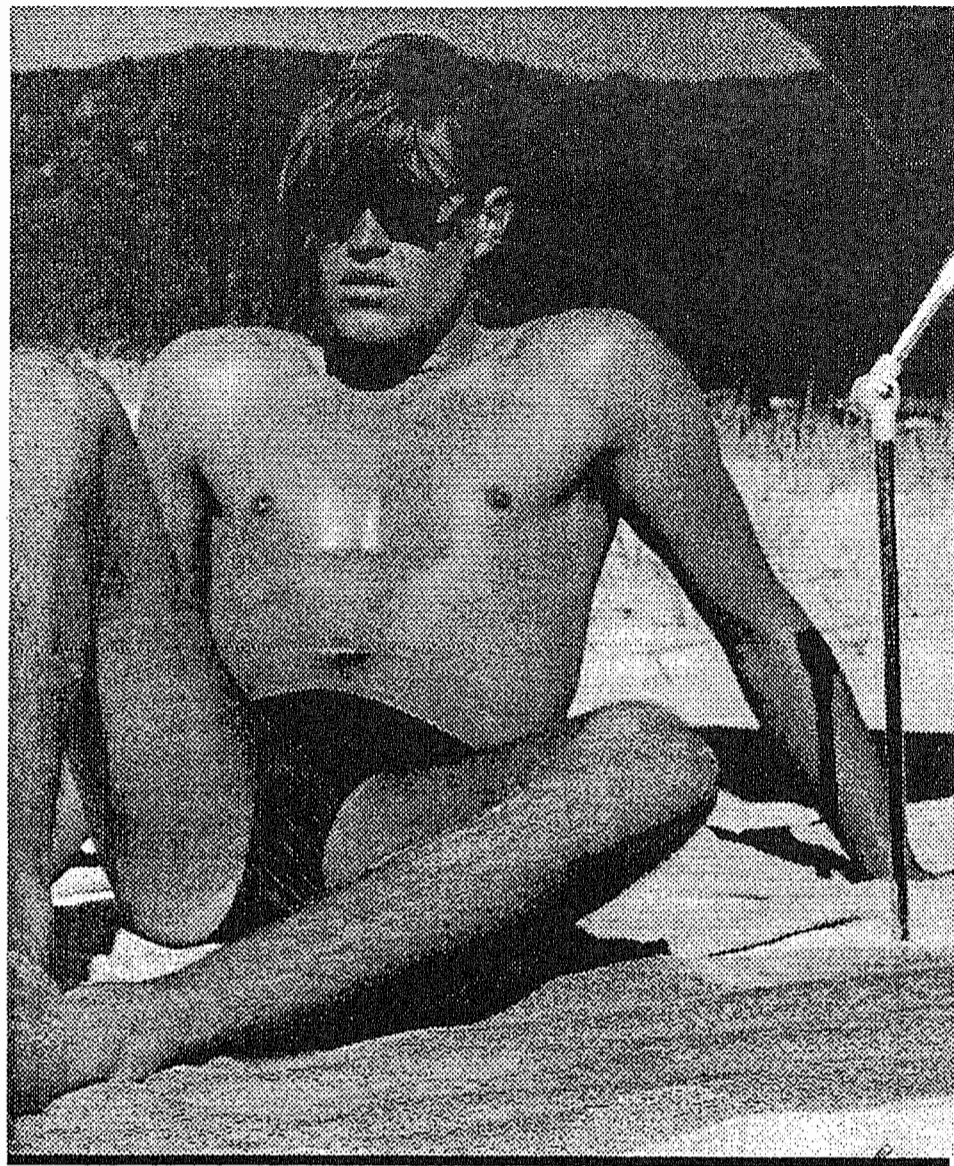
And so it was with *Paradise Beach*. I tried to put a positive face on things: Channel Nine is moving into production of Australian Drama with a vengeance. Yay! *Paradise Beach* has already been sold to almost ten nations, including the US. Hooray! Good for tourism. Good for Australia's economy. Putting Australia on the world stage. Great!

So as you can see, I gave it my all. I came to *Paradise Beach* with a willingness to enjoy matched by few. But, oh dear.

Paradise Beach. It smelt like garbage; but I thought that might have been my shoes. (Just took them off). It looked like garbage; but I optimistically put that down to poor TV reception.

But, no. It's garbage. Pure and simple, unadulterated, complete garbage.

I know what you're thinking. You're



"Nice lollybags mate!"

thinking: "go easy, son, it's just a soapie, a piece of froth to get the viewers (and the bucks) in." I know, I know. But television just doesn't have to be this way! TV made in 1993 can look just a little bit like 1993. It doesn't have to look like some white, middle-class, male producer's idea of how the world

could be if only working mothers returned to the home..

Look at *Roseanne*. After having a gay character for a substantial number of episodes, now one of the regular characters has come out as a lesbian. And the show actually features her relationship with another woman. Popular

TV can be progressive and push forward the boundaries of what is acceptable on prime-time TV.

Or it can be like *Paradise Beach* — which is basically just flesh-o-rama, piles of male and female body parts strutting up and down Surfer's Paradise having "relationships". (People in soaps don't have sex because they don't have genitals — although most men do have obscure shapes which poke through their speedos.)

And what else is wrong with it? Plenty. Where to begin? Well, how 'bout this. Everyone's got money (bags of it) but very few people actually seem to participate in any kind of economic activity. Except for the grand old man, Papa Barsby, who's *Paradise Beach*'s biggest property developer. He earns his money by screaming abuse at poor lackeys down the phone, telling them to hurry up or he'll tear their bollocks off and feed them to their children. Is the world really kept turning by ugly rich men who shout a lot? -

Everything on *Paradise Beach* is so dated. The good looking boys surf. The good looking girls watch. For God's sake, hasn't anybody on the set seen *Puberty Blues*? Apparently not.

And one last little, funny thing — the young daughter of Old Man Barsby, whose best friend is 17 year old *Tori* and who hankers after *Shaun's* (see beginning) firm young bod, probably should be in high school. But she's not. She works. Nothing wrong with that. Except that her work is entirely constituted by swimming with dolphins all day. It's "part of her marine biology course." It seems "she's researching why dolphins and whales beach themselves." Oh, I didn't know that dolphins actually did that.

Oh, what do I care. It's garbage. But I tried. I really did.

Nick Smith

Hard Yakka

Go Trekking in Tibet!

If you are interested in walking, high mountain peaks, the Nepalese people and environment, and not being Adelaide from 2-20 December 1993, then the Manaslu Trek is for you.

The Nepalese government, ever-conscious of the environmental and social impact which large numbers of tourists can have on a country, are now allowing limited numbers of trekkers to visit previously restricted areas of the country. This trek allows you access to one of these restricted regions, and provides a profound insight into Nepalese, Hindu and Tibetan Buddhist cultures backdropped by some of the finest Himalayan views available anywhere in Nepal.

The trek will leave Adelaide on 2 December, stopping in Bangkok overnight before arriving in Kathmandu, where you will meet your tour guide, Trevor Earl.

On the evenings of December 3 and 4 you will stay in the luxuriant Shanker Hotel, which is both a former palace and centrally located near the fun parts of Kathmandu. Here your vital trek pack, containing a kit

bag, a down jacket and a sleeping bag will be dispensed to you in readiness for the long journey ahead.

On the morning of December 5, you will leave Kathmandu for Gorkha, the starting-point of the trek. Now things begin in earnest. You will circumnavigate Mount Manaslu along the Manaslu circuit over the next 14 days, going from a height of 500 to over 3,000 metres above sea level and walking through lower hill country, river valleys and sub-tropical forests. Much of the walk has stunning views of the great mountain chains of Nepal, but the gradient on the trek itself is easy to moderate, following well-established paths. You will walk a leisurely 6 to 16 kilometres per day, and your equipment will be carried by porters who also set up the camps and prepare all meals.

Your typical day on the trek will feature an idyllic Himalayan sunrise, a hearty cooked breakfast followed by a 2 to 4 hour walk which concludes with a leisurely picnic lunch. Following lunch, an afternoon walk of 2 to 3 hours allows you to reach the next campsite by mid-afternoon. Appreciating the scenery and the country takes a high priority over walking speed.



Chilling on the 'nana lounges in Sunny Nepal.

On 19 December, your trek sadly comes to an end, and you will spend an evening readjusting to civilisation in the Shanker Hotel before returning to Adelaide on 20 December, just in time to get the slides developed for Christmas Day.

Interested? Thought so! Well, we need to know fast. Contact Colin Pickering in the Sports Association on 303 5403 by this Friday 30 July, or your chance for eastern enlightenment could fade away forever.

Adelaide University Astronomical Society

Meeting on 31st July, 1.00 pm in the Union Cinema. New members very welcome.

Intramural Basketball

The Intramural Basketball season will again be starting in August. Would all team organisers please ensure that all entry forms are returned to the Centre for Physical Health by 4.00 pm, Friday, 13th August. Late entries will not be accepted. Games to start late August. Please note that all intramural competitions are based on fun and learning and are mainly for people who *do not* play in a regular competition. For entry forms or any further information, please contact Diana Pedrick on 267 2926.

Free Hairstyles

Charles Nicholas Team are dynamic hairdressers from Sydney. They are coming to Adelaide on behalf of Helene Curtis Australia for a Hair Show to be held at the Hyatt Regency Adelaide. The Charles Nicholas Team specialise in all facets of hairdressing including Cutting, Perming, Colouring, Hair Extension and Dreadlocks. We require Models and Dancers who are prepared for a change! Phone NOW on 362 9193.

German Club

What is the German cure for a common cold? Glühwein (similar to mulled wine) and potato pancakes! Come along on Wednesday, 28th July at 1 pm in front of the Union Building (Cloisters if wet) to try these delights, as provided by the German Club. By the way, there will be cheap alcohol and food, too.

IWD

The ongoing IWD collective invites interested women to join the challenge! Groove on down to the Women's Studies Resource Centre (North Adelaide) at 6 pm on 2nd August, 6th September, 11th October, 1st November and 6th December.

100% and How to Get it

with Charles Nicholas featuring hair extensions and innovative perming Do you always strive for 100% in everything you do ...

cutting, perming, styling, colouring, staff training, customer service, in-salon promotion, etc.?

If you do, you belong in this seminar. Charles Nicholas, Michael Jones and Nichole Divine have collectively been involved in the hairdressing industry for over 19 years. An innovative team that is not to be missed, they will demonstrate the latest direction in cutting, imaginative perming, setting, avant garde styling and their renowned speedy hair extensions.

As members of the hairdressing industry, you will quickly appreciate the variation, adaptability and creativity that the Charles Nicholas team will present.

How to be a part of this ...

Cost: \$25.00

Place: Hyatt Regency Adelaide, North Terrace, Adelaide.

Time: 7.00 pm till 9.30 pm

Date: Monday, 9th August, 1993

For bookings, telephone (08) 362 9193.

Mail to: Haircare Australia

54 Payneham Street

Stepney 5069

Book now - Limited tickets

Enrolment Form:

Name:

Salon Name:

Salon Address:

Telephone: No. Attending

Attached please find payment for \$

Politics on Sunday

Politics on Sunday ... a women's forum invites women to attend a "Women into the Future" discussion at the Governor Hindmarsh, 59 Port Road, Hindmarsh. 2 pm til 4 pm, 8th August, 1993. Bar, tea and coffee facilities available.

Play Table Tennis on Fridays

The Games Room on the 5th Floor of the Union Building has been booked by the Table Tennis Club to play table tennis - every Friday, 1 - 6 pm. All interested are welcome to play.

For more information ring Guo Liu on extension 35028 or Lewis Low on extension 35498.

Rhodes Scholarship for 1994

The scholarship is open to both men and women and is tenable at Oxford University for two years in the first instance. In 1994-95 a personal allowance of not less than 6,100 pounds sterling a year will be paid in addition to the scholar's College and University fees. Applications will close with the Honorary Secretary of the South Australian Committee on 1st September, 1993. Intending applicants are advised to write for application forms and additional information as soon as possible.

Adelaide University Union Annual Elections 1993

Positions available:- Union Board (18); Activities Committee (5). Nominations open Thursday, 5th August, 1993 at 9 am. Nominations close Friday, 13th August, 1993 at 4 pm sharp. Nominations forms available from Union Administration (First Floor, Lady Symon Building). can collect nomina-

Women's Electoral Lobby

An exhibition entitled Working the System WEL will be at Speakers Corner, State History Centre, Old Parliament House from 2nd July - 27th August, 1993 to celebrate 21 years of non-party political lobbying by the Women's Electoral Lobby.

WEL's agenda is broad. During the 21 years of its existence, no part of society has been untouched by its efforts to improve women's status through the reform of economic and social conditions in our community.

It aims to inform people how to achieve social justice by promoting an understanding of the political system and bureaucratic processes and to demonstrate how to use available channels effectively.

After August 1993, Working the System WEL will become a travelling display of the State History Centre, available for exhibition throughout the State of South Australia.

For further information, phone Deborah McCulloch on 297 6626 or Rosanne DeBats 226 2891.

Meeting

There will be a brief meeting at 1pm Thursday in the Union Cinema for any students who would like to be involved in a broad-based progressive ticket in this year's student elections. Progressive students wishing to run in the election, help with the campaign or simply contribute ideas are welcome. Michael Wait ph: 379 2481

She's classy

And she's just my type.

On dit

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

Production Notes

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

Editors

Fiona Dalton
George Safe
Richard Vowles

Advertising

Sam Maiden

Typesetting

Sharon
Welcome back!

Freight

Adam LeNevez
Nick Smith

Hot Chilli Woman

Darien O'Reilly

Cover

Jo Robinson

Ta Muchly

Mac Doctor Ian from the consortium for fixing our computers, Joanna, Margot & Robert for the neat party, Andrew MacEvoy, Tracey, Darien, Sam, Simon, Jo, Jesse, Stacey, Karl for hot tips, Beth, Ben. Happy birthday Mark. Richard would like to thank everyone who "went off" - you know who you are! Thanks for the Seattle cap James!

Wanted

Rugby players from any South Australian University to compete for Adelaide University at the 1993 University Student Games held in Brisbane from 26th - 31st September. From the games an Australian Universities team will be named to tour USA and New Zealand.

Meet at Adelaide University Rugby club at 11 am on Sunday, 1st August to discuss training times, cost, travel and accommodation. Further information and apologies to Paul Keall ph 224 5659 (W), 239 1656 (H).

Excellent Games, Wild Social Events: Brisbane 93.

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