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ON DIT

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly
Volume 63 Number 17 September 11 1995



the Sharp #F

Last ever
Adelaide
Performance
Sunday 24th
September
in Heaven



7 West Tce. City Ph: 211 8533

H.M. 4/57

editorial

Last week saw a distinct lack of people milling around the Barr Smith Lawns. I guess the Royal Show was on. My theory is that everyone was too traumatized from elections to come to Uni.

Election Week didn't exactly go off with a bang this year. Despite my anti-ticket campaign, nothing changed. Student Focus, and the candidates they endorsed won every single SAUA office-bearer position for the third year in a row. Congratulations for all of your hard work, sausage-turners; the Yellow Campaign was very dazzling indeed.

It would be very easy to go through and point out the crazy games and double-standards of each ticket. But one example will suffice... the 'Sykes' ticket, or the Arts ticket, featuring Andrew Gibbs, from Commerce and Computer Science, for prez and Paul Murray, from Maths and Computer Science, for Union Activities and Activities Committee. Then there was Huppatz, from Engineering, for *On Dit* and so on and so forth. Surprising, given that Arts students ran for all of those positions too.

In all honesty, though, it's not really surprising that the Indies dominated again. There was a yellow ticket, a red ticket, a blue ticket, another yellow ticket and a purple ticket. But they all should have been a brown ticket because they are all shit. How

about an abolition of all tickets for next year? How about people voting on merit? No, instead what we end up with is a SAUA dynasty.

Hopefully more people will be out and about for the last week of term. It's Why Weight Week, or Body Image Awareness Week. And you may be asking yourself what it's all about.

The problems surrounding body image remain largely ignored, despite the prevalence of eating disorders in our society. The fact is that each of us is affected by the pressure to strive for the 'perfect' body, through unrealistic images of men on steroids and half-starved wimmin in the media. It's fundamental for marketing purposes in a capitalistic society to make people feel inadequate, in order to con people in to buying their products to fit their ideal. Anyway,

what's 'normal' and who gets to decide what's 'normal' and what's not? *Man-O-Man*? *Cleo*? Hollywood? One day big boobs are a sign of beauty for wimmin. You're born a century later and thousands of wimmin are having breast reductions. Consequently our self-worth may be dominated by superficial standards that are shoved down our throats on a daily basis.

You don't need to have an eating disorder to know you're affected by these pressures. If you've ever been on a diet or if you've ever felt guilty about eating, you're being affected (see *Gender Agenda*, p. 14). Change will only take place once people realize the ridiculous demands put on us to look a way we're not biologically supposed to look. We are all different. Beauty is in diversity.

Natasha Yacoub



production notes

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students Association of the University of Adelaide. The Eds have complete control, although the opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own (particularly not those on the SAUA page).

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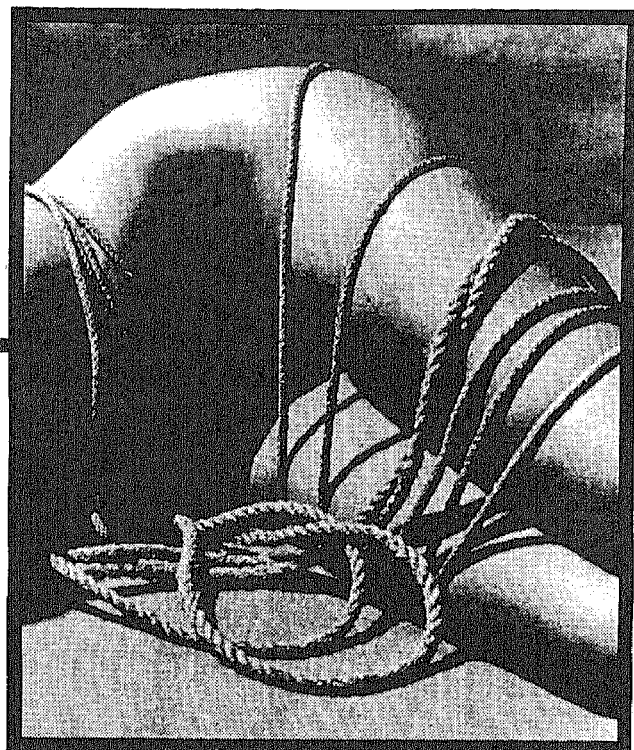
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THE BROMIDER:

Peter Psaltis

WITH LOVE:

Chris P, Jez H, Tina, Josh (The Cooida Crocodile Fighter), Nathan, Melissa and Mel, Sandy Pitcher, Alison Resource Centre, Franko, Richard and Daniel CAMTECH, Ching Yee, Dave R, Stefan, Steve Mulligan, Mark and Duff. Everything is beautiful now, thanks people's....



features

4. Unibooks Short Story Comp

We bring you the winners

7. Election Results

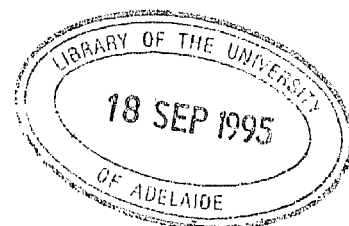
13. Starfest

Spock - Ear Convention

22. Barbara Hardy's Conservation Credo

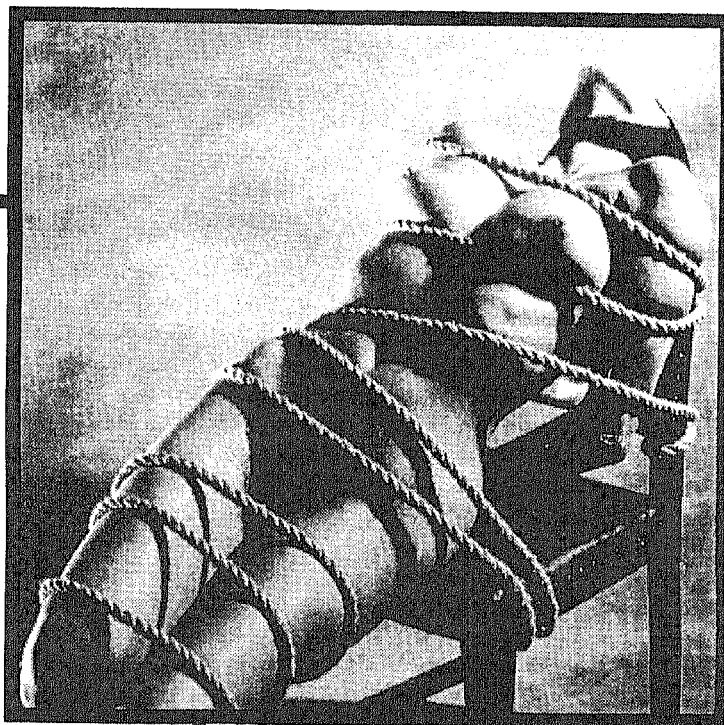
30. Euthanasia

For those who are behind on the debate



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cover Thurston Moore,
photography by J. Dannenberg

competitions

If you want a discount pass to see Funken Wagnells & Capital F on Sunday 17th Sep at the Synagogue, come down to the office on Thursday at 1pm.
See p 9 for *On Dit*'s wild and wacky caption competition.

Winners are Grinners!

These are the winners of the inaugural Unibooks S.A Short Story Competition recently held in conjunction with *On Dit*, *The Adelaide Ray*, *dB*, *5UV* and *Entropy*. From over 1200 entries the judges, Tom Burton, Matt Rubenstein, Samela Harris and Penelope Curtin scrutinized and decided on the 15 top entries. On the next three pages are the stories from the open winner and the top three students. Read and enjoy.

Grand prize winner

The Miniaturist

Gareth's thumbnails were painted in tiny, vivid colours. That way, he said, he could always outgrow his art. What he called his main paintings, when they hung on gallery walls, had to be opened up. Big, overlapping leaves or pleated shutters were folded over the miniatures like creased, protective wings. The paintings, smack in the middle of all this cleavage, were so tiny you need the hanging magnifying glass or perspex sheet to see. Then they were intricate and perfect, down to the tiny hairs and ghosts of expression. He also made locket, pounding out the metal himself, locking away the sitter in a silver chrysalis, tiny, tiny, tiny.

At other times he surfed, though he didn't paint waves.

One day he met and fell in love with a giantess. Janet was standing head and shoulders above a bus queue, looking at a display window. She was frowning slightly at Ma Griffe, a guilty thing in the year of Mururoa. Her profile was severe, considering. Her black hair bounced in a pony tail

and her eyebrows met slightly. Gareth thought she was lamenting the tiny upright black evening bag floating between the scarves and perfume, all out of kilter with her long, large body. While was thinking this and before he fell in love, he tripped over her size twelve Nikes.

His paints, tiny enamels, flew over the pavement like brilliant leaves. She helped him up, gathered the brushes and noted the craft, his pale skin and gold eyes, odd in a red-head.

"I'm sorry." For what? "Me too. You're a painter?" Her hands easily encircled the paints, picking them up, and the queue rolled reluctantly forward to the bus. "Would you like um ... a coffee?" This

was a queer thing, for he was very shy. Yes, she said, yes. She liked his eyes and she was after all, not so very late.

When she said yes, a surge of elation jolted him quicker than any caffeine. He couldn't later remember which café they went to or whether

his coffee was black, white or brindled. He only knew he wanted this woman to be his. He laughed as he told her he was a miniaturist.

For many years he had yearned for smallness, dollhouse sizes, the radiance of wings and insect order. He painted with microscopes at his side and took to stronger and stronger glasses. He liked the essences of things, the hidden, the offerings of close inspection, detail, discipline, dexterity. The universe was a constantly receding or expanding wonder which he fixed forever, he liked to think, in his miniatures.

The giantess became his problem and his joy. She came to his sea shack and sprawled in spandex on his surfboard, frowning at waves and sucking the

tip of her ponytail like a brush. How to distil her, the bulk and beauty and near seven foot of her. She was a leaper and a basketballer, constantly stretching up and out. She burst her boundaries. Her big arched foot next to his did that. He was not a short

man, but curled by Janet he felt small, like a little dog curled in the lee of a rock. Her fingers, when they measured hands, folded gently over his.

Janet, he thought, for he would never say this aloud, it's a very odd thing. I've been a miniaturist for years, doing all this tiny work, but I've never *felt* small, myself, and now I do. Do I mind?

He painted night and day for a new exhibition and his pictures began to push. Bits, little bits, crept from the coverings and foldings. He gave himself over to the pictures and felt them grow. But he could not paint the whole of Janet, not entire. The scope and jaunt of her was out of reach. He had to break her down to bits, a toenail here, a whorl of earcurl, one fierce eyebrow. All the unison.

"This is my Giantess," he said, displaying the finished paintings to the curator, "this is the sum of all her parts." Janet, Maja, dreaming of dunks in only Nikes, leans back in satisfaction and half-eaten mango runs to the floor, to a line of waiting ants.

Andrea Dale



First student Prize

Drowning, Not Waving

Drowning is a peaceful business. I do it quietly, taking refuge in the silence. It is my way of having the last word. Looking up I see sharp edges, lines of sea and sky that slice my eyes, striking blue, blue hot, white blue across the retina. I taste again our summer house - *fingers and sandals sticky from ice-cream mixed with sand* - and I want to stay. The water rushes in over ear and tongue; I sink against its cool embrace like a lover consummating desire on a marble floor, and this time there is no regret. I feel the water sliding in heavy release against my skin. The touch is gentle, the tide is with me. *When we were in the fishing boat, the tide was out, way out and the seaweed smelt like rotting flesh, despite the salt. Out there we hauled them in, line over hand over line, waiting for the night, cutting up the fish-flesh and throwing the heads beneath the seat where they lolled around in the much, staring, staring with wide astonished eyes.*

The tide goes over, the waves ride over you

And let their shadows down like shining hair.'

That was Five Bells, but I hear no ringing. Only quiet bubbles rising, dying as breath dies on guilty speech. *A baby is not a baby until it has a brain, he said. That means that brain-dead people are not people, so*

they may as well be dead, so they may as well turn it off and let the line go flat, I said (line over hand over line, hauling them out of the darkness, out of the secret darkness like dead babies in a bucket). He said that's different and other things, other lies talking on and on into the night ...

It was beautiful sitting on the sea at night, the cool, dark sea, watching the lights bobbing between the boats and the voices bobbing between the lights, and the soft puck-puck of oars in the water, the oars in the oar rings rubbing against the wood and the hands holding the oars and holding me, light and strong, sitting on the hard seat made of wood, listening to the stars

... but I wasn't listening because he wore gloves and his clean hands made me sick thinking that he would never touch the blood, thinking your child is safe with me, may god rot you and gut you (slicing them up the gullet) but your child is safe with me.

I go guiltlessly. Yes, in this wordless place I go with no lie on my lips, not even a promise. I taste the salt grinding over bones; I see them bleached and naked under the tide and the brine is bitter. *I never promised you a rose garden, he said. The fish are floating past me, they are floating with their mouths open, gaping at me through the water - I said nothing, thinking of thorns and blood and failing roses - they are groping through the weed, touching me nowhere and*

everywhere - thinking you shall not cut me - and my hand flails - though you have calculated and copulated, thinking you are guiltless in a white coat, but you shall not cut my child up!

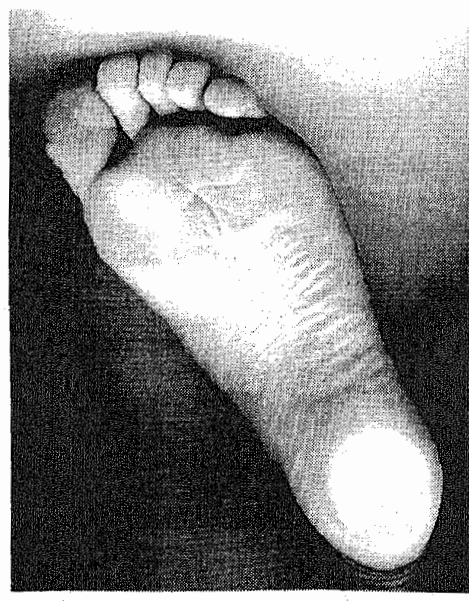
Clenching, unclenching, clean heard, clean heart (or so they say), cleaning fish: coarse work and brutal (but a fisherman's heart is always clean), the dull thump of flesh on a stone slab and scales slipping - *as cells slip over the rim, the tiny star-shaped fist clutching at the red tissue, clenching and unclenching, crying in the darkness against the night, against the unseen light, crying out child! child! and the pain heaving her off the bed to vomit in a bucket - scales slipping shards under the nail where the skin is tender and most prone to fester, the hook repaid in kind, cruelty heaped on cruelty like dead fish stacked in an ice-box, but no fouler than the high word crackling in empty air.*

God, the rushing is upon me, windless, wordless, it is whipping past me - *He will not know what to say - hair*

streaming out - though he uses words like fishermen use their hooks - like seaweed in the tide - I remember - tasting agony - when the fever used to come, I saw it in waves, hundreds and thousands of little lights prickling at closed eyelids and the grey crushing weight squeezing the feeling out. He never had a fisherman's heart - I feel cool darkness - always a cool hand when the fever came across my forehead

holding back the night - stretching and searing the silence - I go as mutely as a fish - the hot - it was like I was burning up and down all over - white - but her hands were always cool - blue - blue day.

Shari Campbell



Second Student prize

Some People Die

The rain splattered against the windows as I thought of my sister. She was dead. What else was I supposed to tell them?

The rain formed droplets on the glass. I watched as they merged into distorted particles then slid away, disappearing from my view.

"A fine witness," the officer had said, looking me up and down, the first time they had heard of my sister's disappearance.

"She's dead," I had replied blandly. It was people like them, horrible selfish people, that had killed her.

Ten minutes and the police escort car would be here to collect me. I knew what they'd say to me when I arrived at the station. They'd stare at me curiously and ask, "Where's the body, Jasmine? If Caroline is dead, where is her body?"

But they don't understand at all. It'll be hard, but I'll just have to make them understand. I'd tell them the whole truth so help me God. I'd make them bleed with guilt for the tragedy they have caused my family, the entire world for that matter. We'd all suffer for the death of my sister Caroline, only twelve, a perfectly innocent child.

All right. I was prepared for the scepticism toward me and to my story. I could handle the whispers that questioned my sanity and claims that I was just a little delirious due to my sister's unexpected disappearance. I could cope with all that, but what on earth was I going to tell them? The truth was a little more complex than what they would normally expect.

Caroline was not your average kid.

Anyone could tell that. Oh yes, she looked quite like a normal child, slightly built, grey-blue eyes and light brown hair. Caroline appeared to think like any average child, but she did not. Behind her murky eyes was something longing to be released to the world, for both their benefits. Caroline was a writer.

Everyday she would lock herself up in her room, writing and writing, churning out story after story. They were always destined for a wider audience than mere family. That's how it started though. She would read to me every night and I would listen like never before. Night after night, I would wait to hear what had happened to the characters and see how the plot had proceeded. She did not write like a child. She did not write like an adult. She just wrote.

She was almost twelve when her talents were exposed. My parents, only acting to the best of their abilities, displayed her as somewhat of a show piece. Before long, every mother in the town was encouraging her daughter to write.

"Write like Caroline Devane," they told their daughters. But it was no use. A few girls tried but soon failed. I knew from the beginning that there could only ever be one Caroline.

She was so magical, so enchanting. Anyone would long for a sister mine.

I would watch her, sitting at her desk, scribbling vigorously with the pen. Occasionally, she would look out her window at the countryside. (Father had previously moved her into the room for the 'inspiring view'.)

A lot was expected of my sister from then on. 'Write another story, win the competition.' The kids at school were envious, although they publicly regarded her only as a freak. My parents didn't make it any easier. My father had self-

elected to be the manager of her newly found career. How can a twelve-year-old have a career? I didn't think of it at the time and apparently no one else did either.

My father decided that Caroline would stop attending school and he got her a tutor. At this time, I was known only as 'Caroline Devane's younger sister' but it never occurred to me to mind.



One Saturday, the heavens had opened up so far that I couldn't help but imagine the angels falling through the clouds. I would normally have played outside with a friend nearby, but my mother told me she didn't want me catching a cold and spreading it to Caroline. I sat on my bed and gazed listlessly at my sister.

"You know, Jasmine," she said to me, her eyes on the downpour, "I've always loved rain."

I looked at her curiously, thinking of how many more exciting things could be done in finer weather. I let her continue. "It seems to wash all the bad thoughts away."

Caroline had always had a very interesting way of looking at things.

My sister was twelve-and-a-half when her headaches came. Pain killers temporarily numbed the pain, but the stress was still there, blanketing over her like an ominous

black cloud.

Eventually, father told her that, in her condition, she no longer had to write.

I think that's what really killed my sister.

She woke me up in the middle of the night, calling my name softly. I rubbed my eyes and looked up vaguely at her.

"Jasmine, quickly," she said, her voice urgent but controlled.

She stood in the doorway and gestured for me to follow. Hastily, I changed my night dress and put on some shoes. She was all ready dressed and looked very much awake.

I checked the hall clock on the way out. It was quarter to one.

We left the house in silence, Caroline slightly in front. I had no idea where we were headed, but I followed her regardless, as though half in a dream.

We reached the green starts of a forest and she signalled for me to stop walking. She turned to me, a few steps forward.

"I've got to go," she whispered, her voice rebounding off the trees, as I heard what she said for the second devastating time.

I opened my lips as if to speak, but could not. I felt the cold air on my welling eyes. Caroline stepped towards me and hugged me tightly, kissing me on the cheek. Words were inadequate and I didn't try.

She turned swiftly, seeming to glide into the forest. She froze for a full moment on a small hill, staring back at me, her figure silhouetted by the moon, blackness against the stars.

Then she vanished from sight.

I caught sight of the police car, casting sudden red flashes into my eyes. I left the window and hurried out the front door.

Out on the drive, I felt as the rain splashed over me. I hoped silently to myself that it would rain for months to come. There was so much to be washed away.

Samantha Edwards

Third Student Prize

The Journey

The small rusty old bus was jam-packed with luggage and people. Linh was hot and cramped and her body was drenched in sweat as she endured the long journey through the stifling heat of the tropical sun, yet she was content at the thought of seeing her uncle after many years. After five hours, Linh and her family got off at a place which was very unfamiliar to her. It was a small fishing town with tiers of dwellings on a hill which gently sloped down to meet the water's edge. On the water were rows of fishing boats with their fishing nets and the atmosphere was saturated with the

distinctive fishy smell. Linh looked at her parents with a perplexed faced and said, "This is not where uncle lives." Her mum gave a comforting smile and replied, "We'll be staying here tonight before we go to your uncle's place tomorrow". Linh and her family then went to a nearby house. It was one of the larger houses that was made out of brick. There they were greeted and received by people whom she had never met before, yet her parents seemed to know them. Exhausted by her long trip, Linh was looking forward to a nice long nap.

Late that night, while Linh was deeply asleep, she suddenly felt someone tapping her on her shoulders and calling out her name. She lazily opened her eyes to see that it was her father calling her to wake up. He said to her, "Wake up, sweetheart, we have to go". Confused and disorientated, Linh got up and followed her parents. With her four-

year-old brother in her father's arms, they and others quietly made their way down the hill to the water's edge. Little did Linh know that they were trying to flee the country and escape from the oppressive communist regime. As they reached the shore, a round of gunfire shattered the silence of the night. A voice cried out, "Stop or we will shoot". It was the State police. Panic and chaos ran rife as people began to jump into the water. Linh's mum, together with her younger brother, managed to get into a small dinghy overcrowded with other women and children. Linh's father grabbed her and jumped into the water. Looking back, Linh could see the people behind her being mown down in a blaze of gunfire. As her father dragged her towards the boat, anchored about a hundred metres from the shore, she felt choked and breathless as water rushed into her nose and mouth. Then she began to

lapse into a state of unconsciousness.

A few hours later, Linh managed to regain her consciousness. She woke up to find that all her family were around her with their concerned expressions gradually changing to one of joy and relief. She was now in a small fishing boat no longer than ten metres in length with more than fifty people on board.

Suddenly, the winds began to howl, the waves were swept up and crashed onto their boat, the heavens opened up and the rain came pouring down. They were in the midst of a terrible storm. Linh started to feel seasick. She vomited copiously and was overwhelmed with a nauseating and sickening feeling but was relieved not to be one of the unfortunate few who were swept overboard, never to be seen again.

By the third day on the open seas, there was no food./cont. next page...

cont. from last page.../ water or fuel. The boat was drifting aimlessly over the vast ocean. Then a large vessel appeared over the horizon. It headed towards Linh's board. Everyone on the boat rejoiced at the thought of being rescued. But as it



came closer, the people realised that it was the notorious Thai pirates. They ordered everyone to board their vessel. Armed with guns and machetes, they threatened to kill anyone who did not do as they said. The pirates searched everywhere and took all their valuables. Then, as Linh watched in horror, some of the young girls were dragged screaming by the hair into the cabin where they were tortured and raped. A few men tried to stop what was happening but their attempts were futile. Some were shot, one was decapitated. It was a gruesome sight. Linh screamed in fear as his head came rolling over the deck towards her. Blood spurted out like a fountain as his headless body went into a state of convulsion and spasticity. Another man had his belly cut open with a knife and the intestines ripped from his body. It was a traumatising experience too overwhelming for an eight year old to bear. All she could do was close her eyes and cry. Linh's father, aware that he had to stay alive to

look after his family did not attempt to rescue the situation although anger and hatred were boiling deep within him. After the Thai pirates had completed their acts of evil, they forced Linh and her people back to their own boat and sped off.

By the sixth day, there still had not been any rain. Some of the people began to succumb to agonising deaths due to lack of food and water. The situation was so desperate that some people cut up and ate the flesh of those who had died. Linh could also see that her mother's condition was deteriorating. She cried and begged her mother, "Mum, please don't die. Please don't leave us." Her mother, with her last remaining gasp whispered, "Linh, I love you and I will always be by your side. Stay strong and take care of your brother." With that, she passed away. Crying and clinging onto her mother's body, Linh pleaded in vain, "Mum, please don't leave us."

Three hours after her mother was buried at sea, a large ship appeared. It was the Malaysian coast guard. They provided food and water to the

twenty remaining boat people and towed the boat the island where refugees were held. While there was gladness of having been saved, the sorrow and grief for those who had passed away still lingered.

Linh, her brother and father subsisted on the island for five months, making do with what they had. One day, an official came and told them that application for residency in Australia had been approved. Linh's father, overcome with tears of joy, hugged his two children and said, "We're going to start a new life of freedom and opportunities."

Nguyen Tu Cuong

"Fiction Reveals Truth That Reality Obscures"

PRIZEWINNERS

- 1st prize **Andrea Dale**, *The Miniaturist*, \$1000 from UniBooks
- 2nd **Marguerite Hann Syme**, *When you died, dad*, \$500 High Performance Passbook Account courtesy of the ANZ Bank
- 3rd **A.N. Munro**, *Exit stage right!*, Mercury Cinema Season Pass
- 4th **Michael Butler**, *A mere painted scene*, \$100 Random House Book Prize
- 5th **Dorothy Leaney**, *I remeber Nelly*, \$100 Allen & Unwin Book Prize
- 6th **Tom Shaw**, *The earliest known phtograph...*, \$100 Harper Collins Book Prize
- 7th **Sarah V. Zetlein**, *Sometimes I feel like Aretha Franklin*, \$100 Croxley Collin Stationery Pack
- 8th **Valerie Wild**, *Rose, snapdragons and the flower lady*, \$100 Art Gallery Bookshop Prize
- 9th **Joanne Case**, *Alice*, Festival Center Theatre Prize
- 10th **Corrie Hosking**, *Untitled*, Lowdown Magazine Subscription Prize(x2)
- 11th **Stephen J. Lawrence**, *Alien*, Theatre Gulid Prize
- 12th **Joyce O'Gorman**, *Calling Mrs Anton*, Radio 5UV Subscription Prize(x2)

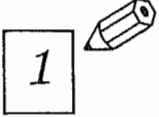
Student Prizes

- 1st **Shari Campbell**, *Drowning, not waving*, \$100 Penguin Book Voucher + Equinox Bistro Voucher + \$100 STA Travel Voucher
- 2nd **Samantha Edwards**, *Some People Die*, 3M Writer's Survival Kit
- 3rd **Nguyen Tu Cuong**, *The Journey*, Jolt Cola Late Night Survival Pack

Congratulations from all at *On Dit*.

Yellow team 1st, daylight 2nd, then a mess of blue and maroon making up the rest.

Here you have it, the results of that week of turmoil called Election Week. The following results are only the provisional ones due to the odd protest going on here and there. The heading kind of says it all so let us say no more.



SAUA President
Kym Taylor (Student Focus)

Education Vice President
Gareth Higginson (Student Focus)

Activities and Campaigns Vice President
Bridgid O'Neill (Student Focus)

Women's Officer
Kylee Smith (Student Focus)

Environment Officer
Wendy Telfer

Orientation Co-ordinator
Simon Watson (Student Focus)

On Dit
Christina Soong, Kerina West and Frank Trimboli

Student Radio
Julia Davey and Katrina Picozzi

SAUA Council
Alok Anand (Student Focus)
Liz Redden
Alan Anderson (Student Focus)
Sophie Allouache (Student Focus)
Simon Flower (Speed)
Libby King (ERA)
Tom Webb (Student Focus)
Emma Lang

Education Services Standing Committee
Alan Anderson (Student Focus)
Kylie Tucker (Student Focus)
Michael Jiew
Matthew Toohey
Grant Byrne (Student Focus)
Emma Lang
Activities Standing Committee
Olivia Nassaris (Student Focus)
Nelda Sale

Davin Nowakowski (Liberal)
Andrew Gibbs (ERA)
Alan Anderson (Student Focus)
Paul Murray (ERA)

Women's Standing Committee
Sophie Allouache (Student Focus)
Lisa Klein (ERA)
Amrita Dasvarma (Student Focus)
Nancy White (ERA)

Environment Standing Committee
Tia Nairn
Zoe Morrison (Student Focus)
Anna Bauze (Student Focus)
Wawick Teague (Student Focus)

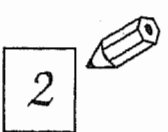
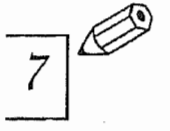
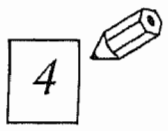
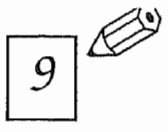
Union Activities Committee
Galaxy Oblioglio (ERA)
Joe Aylward (Speed, etc)
Nelda Sale
Olivia Nassaris (Student Focus)
Andrew Gibbs (ERA)

Union Board
Rob Koh
Alen Clifford
Katherine Lau

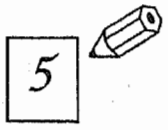
Sandy Pitcher (Student Focus)
Warwick Teague (Student Focus)
Andrew Wolfmeyer (Independent Media)
Amanda Elliot (Liberal)
Rosslyn Cox (Student Focus)
Colleen Grady (Student Focus)
Haroon Hassan (Student Focus)
Gareth Higginson (Student Focus)
Michael Jiew
Tim Kleinig (Student Focus)
Paul Sykes (Arts)
Dean Lanyon
Angela Clifford
Jill Thorpe (ERA)
Kym Taylor (Student Focus)

NUS Delegates
Haroon Hassan (Student Focus)
Chi Kang Gooi
Tim Kleinig (Student Focus)
Libby King (ERA)
Kym Taylor (Student Focus)

Well done to all those who got in and as for those who didn't, it's back to the BBQ plates for you!



Goddam sausage turners - get out of my face!!!



I am interested in apathy

Letter to the apathetic ones ...
Where the fuck were you on Thursday 24th, the third No Fees Rally this year? How can it be that we had circa 3,000 people (in Adelaide alone) turning out for the first rally back in March and yet we managed so few this week, when, more than ever, we need to be putting pressure on the federal government and raising awareness throughout the community (I really think most people out of University have no idea about what's really being charged or the fundamental issues involved).

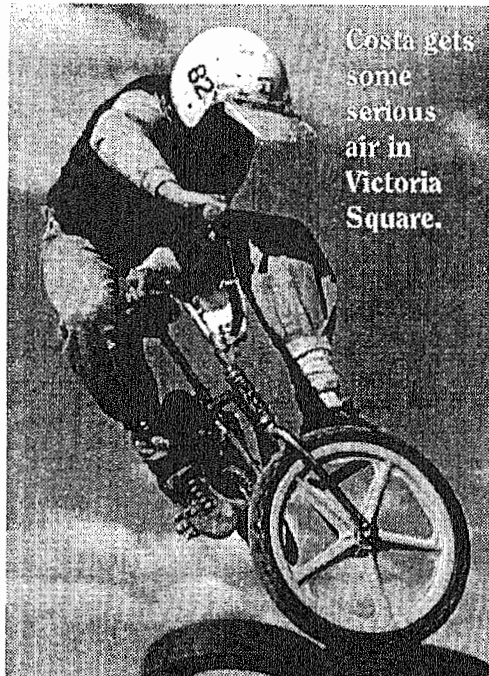
With such comparatively small turnouts (in all of the country, not just Adelaide), it will be far too easy for politicians and the general public to write university fees protesters off as some "hardcore left-wing radical looking-for-any-excuse-to-demonstrate" types.

This isn't the case.
The issue of education funding is central to the fabric of society and by appearing in relatively small numbers we risk being relegated in people's minds as a fringe-interest group, with perhaps nothing better to do than kick up a fuss over the first thing that comes to mind.

We had 3,000 people the first time, why the hell not again, I ask. The problem certainly hasn't improved, so what's everyone doing??

We are shooting ourselves in the foot by appearing non-committed as a broad group. Think.

A. Costa



Costa gets some serious air in Victoria Square.

I run on hugs

Thanks for Voting
Thank you to all those who voted and I am sorry if I annoyed anyone. Best of luck to Brigid O'Neill, Activities / Campaigns Vice President for '96.

Galaxy

Hold out... Friday's coming

Dear Readers,
"They'll never get me up in one of those," said the caterpillar to the butterfly.
"They'll never get us organised into one of those," said the Carbon Klan, upon viewing the futant (future mutant) blueprint for DNA.
"They'll never get us out of here," said the sea-bound sludge, tentatively

sipping teaspoonsfuls of pure, dehydrated, unadulterated oxygen.

But they cut sick, did they not?
They had chaos-ballistic mutilations; an info-revolution / revelation of too great gradient to resist the Upgrade.

Up, up, up, the perennial pranksters.
S w o o s c h s c c c h h e e i i 0100100010111010011.

Entropical gyrations. Fast food for thought.

Neurons mediate to create microwave ovens.

"Turn on, tune in and boot up" ...
Energy packets of quantum yumminess. Discrete quantities of know-full bliss bytes.

Kraft cheese slices, individually wrapped.

Mmmmmmmmm, said the butterfly!

Fingerlicker' futantly yours,
Quarkhead

Co-brain-YOU-facturer of cosmic cosmetics and useful appliances.

What you talkin' about, Willis?

Hi Gang,
My response to the two letters is as follows:-

1. I will not support any group which is polarised to the point where illegal, immoral and unethical tactics are used such that the end justifies the means. This is my philosophy of life! Some feminists have advocated violence and abusive foul language plus seek to denigrate motherhood with the associated traditional roles.

2. Questioning a group's policy and propaganda is free speech in action and does; not constitute an attack on that group although chauvinists (i.e. fanatics) in both the masculinist and feminist camps seem to consider any relevant discussion as destructive.

3. I have had personal experience of fanaticism plus hate campaigning and in 1993 of which Ms L. Buchanan and others on campus are well aware of and which caused my family plus others incredible duress for no ultimate worthwhile purpose.

4. For the record, nobody has supported V.O.C.A.L. plus On Dit has shown its bias by not printing the two relevant letters about Victims of Child Abuse Liberation which had been hand delivered.

5. I wonder how many feminists are actual victims or just getting on the political bandwagon for the sake of expunging their fanaticism.

6. It is very easy to magnify statistics to make it seem that a majority of men are malevolent, however, what about women who provoke and bait men to incite violence or who commit violence against men and then cry victim to then smugly sit back while the courts act for them. If men adopt this strategy too, then what would be gained? As a pacifist, I believe that intelligent discussion is the best weapon in any conflict, *not* derision and the type of comments, which appear very barbed, as published recently.

7. You are going to have to win my trust before I will work with you and experience to date has shown that the one-eyed approach fails.

Hans Amstel

Why can't On Dit articles solve the world's problems?

Dear Editors,
Belinda Barnet argues that feminism has won women the right to have a say, that she is 'being heard' by having her article featured in On Dit - well woopy fucking do! One ill-informed article in an inconsequential (sorry, On Dit) Uni newspaper is meant to make up for the continuing oppression of millions of women around the world, most of whom have not yet won the right to have a say.

Our society is permeated by legal, political and social institutions of patriarchy. Ms Barnet's generalisations about radical feminism or her confession that she is 'angry, confused and disillusioned' because of a few individual feminists is not going to change that.

Ms Barnet, what is so wrong about the 'f' word? Are you so insecure about being called hairy-legged (though I'm sure you subscribe to a male notion of feminine beauty and shave your legs) or so homophobic that you'd rather be called anything rather than a lesbian? Negative stereotypes of feminists have been around for decades, long before radical feminism had a chance to 'stain' the term. Radical feminism has never been the dominant voice of feminism, it's just one of many.

As you said, 'unity in diversity'.
Caroline Martin
Graduate Diploma - Arts

From a guy who parks his Volvo on the Barr Smith Lawns

Dear On Dit Editors and Readers,
I was just wondering whether anyone knows the Vice-Chancellor? I understand that the current Vice-Chancellor is Prof. Gavin Brown, appointed in 1994 after serving two years previously as Deputy Vice-Chancellor of Research. As a student, I have suddenly realised that after spending two and a half years at this University (18 months of which have been under Prof. Brown), I wouldn't have a clue who is running this show. So may I be so bold as to make the suggestion that On Dit obtain an interview with the University of Adelaide's Vice-Chancellor.

If possible, his views on funding cut backs and what the University can do about them, upfront fees and also, what direction does he see the University of Adelaide heading? Where would he like it to be in the next five years? I believe such issues would be of interest to all students. As well as a brief outline of his career before becoming Vice-Chancellor.

I am sure there are many more issues that other students may like to raise with the Vice-Chancellor and I hope this letter will encourage interest in the upper management of the University of Adelaide.

Regards,
J. Sampson

Dear James,
You may be so bold as to request that On Dit seek an interview with the V-C. In return may we be so bold as to ask you to conduct said interview.

The Eds

Hammer yourself senseless

Dear Matt Pearce,
(a) Why does making one comment and asking one question make me a "self-appointed MC"?
(b) Generations of journalists would agree that it is a journalist's job to dig up shit. And as a student, surely I have the right to voice my opinion as to On Dit's role.

(c) If you find campus news boring, I don't. I am appalled that On Dit has not sent a reporter to one Union Board meeting since I have been a member. I was really pissed off when On Dit didn't send a reporter to the launch of the revamped UniBar after I had taken the time and trouble to write a press release. The students involved in painting the new UniBar would have found an article about their work interesting, not boring.

(d) Journalists who are doing their job are supposed to make the effort to find out what politicians are doing with our money. For instance, what is the Union's financial status? How much did the Equinox cost? Why was the UniBar manager recently made redundant? Why did Union Board at its last meeting stop On Dit Editors paying themselves layout allowance as well as their salary?

I hope whoever becomes On Dit Editor(s) in '96 are prepared to do the boring work involved in finding out the facts of our student Union. That is what I think On Dit is there for, and I'm sorry if you disagree.

Yours,
David Roussy

Dear David,
We'll leave most of your letter for Matt Pearce to comment on, should he so choose but we'd like you to know that our pay is our business and the decision you refer to was made in consultation with the On Dit editors. Further we'd like to point out that any article written about the painting of the new UniBar would not have been interesting to the students involved, only insulting. We believe the 'artwork' falls somewhere between a bus shelter and the airbrush work on the broadside of a 1975 Sandman panelvan.

The Eds

Royale with Cheese... but no Gherkins

Dear On Dit,
Faster than a French Commando. More powerful than a Greenpeace activist. Able to leap Mururoa Atoll in a single bound. Look! Down in that hamburger! It's a fungus! It's an enzyme! No, it's ... a gherkin!

Yes, that's right, ladies and gentlemen, *cucumis anguria*, alias "the gherkin", found in everything from a ham and salad sandwich to a cheeseburger, is the inevitable conclusion accompanying a visit to many a fast food outlet.

Oh, omnipotent Mr Ronald McDonald, why have you forsaken us? What can we do to free ourselves from the gherkin's bondage, and ditto for its second cousin (twice removed) "the beetroot"? Why ruin perfection with what us common folk know as the "little green buggers"?

Grant Macca
1st Year Commerce

In my day the Green-house effect was what made tomatoes ripe

The Editor,

The Mature Age Students' Association wish to express their thanks to Unicatering. We recently held our annual "Hot Food Lunch" for members in the North / South Dining Room and were pleasantly surprised by the standard and choice of dishes supplied.

After negotiating with the head chef, we were given a large selection of dishes, including a variety of vegetarian meals, two soups, tuna mornay and Thai chicken curry. The standard of food was high, the supply plentiful and waiting staff were supplied to clean up at no extra charge.

Regards,
Dave Bohn
President
MaSA

Macho Macho Man

Dear Faith No More reviewer,

After many applications, I finally received an offer for work at the Entertainment Centre, my first night being for the FNM show. So what is this about I hear you ask? This is about the bagging you gave the EC.

No security officer would fondle your undersized genitalia, and seeing as there were about 6 fights in the foyer that night, someone entering the premises with a weapon of some kind would prove to be very dangerous. Next, every single person had to be searched by a person of the same sex.

I doubt there was a girl behind you in the line, but if there was, she would have been asked to move into another line to be searched by someone of the same sex.

Now, let's move inside the concert. Security work on the barriers to help the crowd surfers down without injury, and to stop people jumping on the stage (hence the two barrier system to make things a little easier). This job cannot be done if the crowd surfers take it upon themselves to kick and punch the security as they come over the top.

Security is a tough enough job as it is, but when people read reviews such as yours, it simply increases the distance between some sort of mutual respect between the security and the punters. So how about you growing a brain and just give it a little thought?

Scott Fletcher
Engie

If you think Elle Dit is bad, getta load of this

Womentropy Bitch with Cred...

If anyone has read Womentropy (the women's edition of the Uni of SA's student paper), they would know that it was a women's edition in name only. For starters, the cover was quite telling in itself, it was irrelevant and uninspiring for a women's edition, and designed by a man.

Inside was worse!

The first page apologised to men for having a women's room, and deliberately drew attention to the spelling of "women" - not wymyn or any of the derivatives'. In the edition where

one would most expect the patriarchy of language to be (in the very least) discussed, the issue was trivialised from the start.

Further inside we had *Women we love* such as "Courtney Love: for marrying Kurt Cobain", and then, *Women we pity* where Courtney had a second mention "for trapping Kurt Cobain into marriage and sleeping with someone else the day after he died". Other jewels include *10 reasons why we love being women* citing "being able to be short" and "Having more FASHION choices than men" (vomit!) among other puerile examples. We could go on but we are beginning to feel ill with fury. (Where is Lisa Simpson?!)

If this isn't bad enough (and it's pretty bad) there was a Labor Right, pro HECS propaganda article, as well as regulars such as *Karl's Kars*, which was written by a guy - but hey, that's ok, he was asked to test a "girly car" and obliged with the Saab Cabrio. (We don't know any women students that could afford anything in the realm of \$64,000, and this edition was meant to be specifically for them!) It is blatantly obvious that this "women's edition" is coming from an extremely wealthy, white, first world perspective, which ignores the diversity of women and their experiences.

If you don't believe us, read it for yourself (and weep). Personally, as two wimmin, two feminists and two Elle Dit collective members we found Womentropy extremely offensive and it fulfilled none of the objectives for having a women's edition. It challenged nothing, it did not encourage more women to be involved, (it had

almost as many male contributors as women), it may as well not have happened at all. Perhaps it would have been better if it hadn't.

Sabina Nowak and Etain Daniels

Hassan = Howard???

Dear On Dit Eds,

Isn't Student Focus a lovely flock of folks. And their campaign flier is equally wonderful. To quote from the front page: "Student Focus has no connection to any political party whatsoever."

If it were only true.

Glance inside the yellow pamphlet and you will see preferences nicely set out for you to copy. Take note of the numbers alongside those names *not* in bold type. Now check out the candidates for the Liberal Team, for example (the "Who's looking after your education?" pamphlet).

For Student Focus vote:-

Activities Standing Committee
5Liberal
SAUA Council
9Liberal
4Liberal
NUS Delegates
2Liberal

Is this not a kind of endorsement?

Is this not a connection?

I haven't much of a problem with this endorsement, only with the contradiction of their initial statement. The invalidity of the statement endangers the identity of non-politically aligned Student Focus. So for whom are we voting? (Not that I really care, I vote for the people I went to school with.)

RJW

3rd Year Arts

CAPTION COMPETITION



Wild Palms
Bulletin Board
Service



Name: _____

Student No: _____

Caption: _____

It's the wacky Wild Palms caption competition! Crank up that wit and get your entries down to On Dit before October 4th and you could be enjoying one of these following prizes:

- 1st - Gold Membership on Wild Palms and a CD pack from Sony - value \$180.
- 2nd - Blue membership on Wild Palms and a 'X' t shirt - value \$50
- 3rd - Blue Membership on Wild Palms and a Jolt Pack - value \$35
- 4th-8th - Blue Membership on Wild Palms - value \$20 each.

Power Macintosh runs Microsoft software

FASTER...*

Microsoft Word 6.0
Microsoft Excel 5.0
Microsoft Powerpoint 4.0
Microsoft Encarta

Microsoft Office
Microsoft FoxPro
Microsoft Project 4.0
Microsoft Works 4.0
and more...

*The RISC based Power Macintosh 9500/132 outperforms all current 486 and Pentium computers, even when running Microsoft applications.

don't believe the HYPE

So what else is new?

The Apple Collection 14 value packed CD-ROM sets, \$69 each.

Modems 28.8 v.34 modems back in stock

Come in and visit our our shop on Hughes Plaza for more details or telephone 303 3320.



CAMTECH is a venture company of
The University of Adelaide



Authorised Apple Reseller

CYBERSPACE

Greetings from Lois and Paul at Cyber.Club-Adelaide. We are a new, SA-based group using the latest Silicon Graphics technology (i.e. Jurassic Park, Forrest Gump) to create an interesting and attractive (interactive) SA world wide web location on the Internet.

To coincide with the opening of our 'real world' location on Rundle Street in October, we are offering all University students the chance to get involved - in a fun and affordable way.

Among other things, like helping to put local artists (computer, visual, graphic, musical, literary, etc) on 'the web' - our aim is to provide the public with the opportunity to find out more about the Internet (and the trends of the current Information Revolution). We also offer a hands-on interactive experience with the new Silicon Graphics Indy "to author and to serve" - it's cool.

Most importantly, we wish to provide an affordable, accessible and supportive service to anybody who is interested in a new scene or who just wants to find out what this Cyberspace thang is all about.

Cyber.Club-Adelaide offers you the following:

- a friendly and relaxed environment with Gurus on-hand to provide free support and answer any sticky questions you may have;
- you can experience Virtual Reality, have real-time chats and, of course, surf "the Net" (there are plenty of new and groovy web sites to browse);
- maybe you are ready to create your own multimedia home page;
- or you and a friend want your own E-mail addresses;
- we will supply in-house books, mags, articles and advice on the Internet and new developments in it as they emerge;
- cappuccinos and cold drinks with a balcony overlooking Rundle Street on which to enjoy them - and the sun.

As part of our launch, Cyber.Club is offering University students a great pre-opening special that entitles you to *free membership for six months*. This includes:

- surfing the Internet (the Silicon Graphics way) at \$7.00 per hour (norm \$14.00);
- free cappuccino / cold drink for you and a friend - each time you surf;
- ability to reserve terminals in advance;
- free entrance into Members Only draw for CDs, t-shirts, movie tickets, etc;
- free E-mail account;
- receive discount if you create your own WWW home page and lots of other Membership action.

If you would like us to send out your free Cyber.Club Membership Card, plus a copy of our info sheet, "An orientation trip down the highway and into Cyberspace", then please phone me, Lois Gillett, on (08) 43 7798 with your details (and your fave CD title should you win) before 1st October, 1995.

We would also welcome any feedback or questions from students, teachers or anyone else really. Thanks for your time.

A ROUGH GUIDE TO CHAT ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB

Information superhighway, the internet, the world-wide web, cyberspace. It's supposed to be the technology of the future, but what's out there right now for the world-wise, information-hungry Uni student? Real-time chat, that's what, letting you talk to people via a computer for the cost of a local call (or for free if you take advantage of the many computers on campus). There is a huge range to choose from, each with its own particular style and clientele. Here're a few to get you started.

Infi-net Talker

Like most of the web, Talker is populated mainly by Americans and Australians. Just enter a name (and select a picture too if you like) and hit the "Let Me Talk" button to get in. Once you're there you can just eavesdrop by hitting "Listen" or join in the conversation by writing your contribution in the box provided and sending it with "Talk".

Topics of conversation are varied but beware, Talker can get very sloooooow due to all the flashy graphics so it's easy to lose the plot.

You'll find Talker at <http://www2.infi.net:80/talker/>

Cybersight

Cybersight is a lot like Talker but without the graphics, so it's a lot faster and conversation tends to flow a little more easily. Listen in by reloading and the most recent messages will be displayed. Each time you talk you have to re-type your name or the message will be credited to 'anonymous', but sometimes that can be an advantage.

To find Cybersight, point your browser at <http://cybersight.com/cgi-bin/cs/ch/chat>

Hotchat

This is the one they warned you about. Cybersex comes in all shapes and sizes, your imagination is the limit. Hotchat provides separate rooms for boy-meets-girl, boy-meets-boy and girl-meets-girl, but gender-bending in Cyberspace is as easy as a name-change, so you can go for whatever takes your fancy.

For instant virtual-fantasy: <http://hotchat.fc.net/>

Sportschat

Brought to you by American cable channel ESPN, Sportschat provides different rooms for discussing all the major American sports, including basketball, baseball, NFL and ice hockey. This one can get a bit quiet when the Americans go to bed, but if you can't find anyone here who understands your favourite sport, Sportschat may be your best bet.

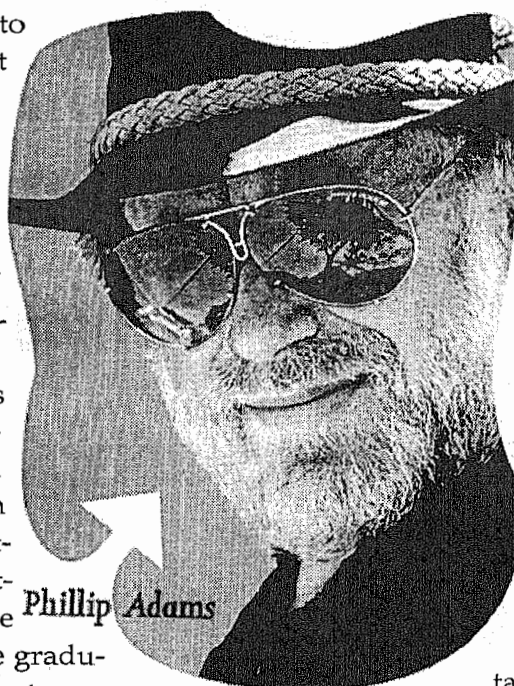
The Sportschat URL is <http://espnet.sportszone.com:80/editors/talk/>

So get chatting,
Helen Chandler
Biochemistry

Phillip Adams- Telstra's Beepa for the 21st Century

Over the last few months it has been next to impossible to escape the media barrage that Telstra (formerly Telecom) have unleashed upon the populous of Australia. This effort has not been confined to the field of publicity. Telstra is currently spending vast amounts of money and time scouring the nations' universities for an elite group of graduates it plans to recruit for its organisation.

Last year, only one South Australian was selected from the Australia-wide search. He is Andrew Martin who graduated with a BA majoring in psychology and geography from the University of Adelaide. Since his appointment 18 months ago, Martin has been fast-tracked through the ranks as an experience gathering exercise. The grand plan will see graduates like Martin lead Telstra into the next century.



Phillip Adams

As the final stage of selection, graduates are interviewed by a panel of Telstra managers including:

Frank Blount (chairman of Heytesbury Holdings and Reserve Bank Board member)

Janet Holmes a Court

Martin Ferguson (president of the ACTU)

Nick Greiner (company director and former NSW Premier)

Phillip Adams (author and broadcaster)

Robert Gottlieb (executive chairman of Business Review Weekly)

Ultimately, Telstra will choose 20 to 30 graduates to become part of their leadership programme annually. Check with the Careers Advisory Service or Telstra for details about the next round of applications.

The Democratic People's Republic of Korea (A sneaky peak into North Korea)

Five Year Plans: happy children playing on accordians, joyful workers practising Taekwondo while paying a visit at the local army unit, mass gymnastic displays involving card flipping, devoting your life to the 'Great Leader'. This is paradise. Yes, the workers' paradise known to us all as North Korea. That enigma of the world, North Korea often pops up in the news. The last remaining Stalinistic state in the world, no other country maintains such a rigid system. The DPRK (as the North Koreans prefer to call their part of the Korean peninsula) is a fascination to many. A country whose population is dedicated to the worship of the father-son team of Kim Il Sung - Kim Jon Il affectionately knows as the

Great Leader and Dear Leader respectively. After the much publicised and much overacted mourning of the death of the 'Great Leader' Kim Il Sung last year, there has been heavy speculation as to what is happening in the hermit kingdom. Kim Jong Il should have formally taken over the positions of President and General Secretary of the Korean Workers' Party but this has yet to be realised. Some of the hard-line oldies and the younger liberals could be staging some power struggles, but that is just a guess, just like North Korean economic statistics. What is for certain is that Kim Jon Il's title has changed from the 'Dear Leader' to the 'Great Leader of the Party and People'. His late dad is now a 'respected leader', which is a relegation of sorts. Enough with titles, North Koreans so far have had an exciting and painful year. The 83rd "Birth Anniversary" of Kim Il Sung was another tear jerking event with the kiddies performing colourful displays in the 'Kim Il Sung Stadium'. Late April also saw the holding of the 'Pyongyang International Sports and Cultural Festival for Peace', which ended up being a badly choreographed wrestling competition. A big bore but no doubt a great night out for the Koreans. North Korean propaganda described the politically-

tinged wrestling "game" between Inoki Kanji (Japan) and Ric Flair (US) as 'particularly spectacular' and that 'from the beginning, they played a spirited game, displaying great skill'. Obviously, this shows the innocence of the North Koreans, who have yet to be introduced to such joys like Coca-Cola, Levi Jeans and Credit Cards. The 47th anniversary of the founding of the DPRK will be on Sunday and it promises to be a biggie that will take the world by storm.

For the average Korean, life is not just massive public holidays. It is purely politics. Their joyous life is all to the thanks of the 'Great Leader' who is unconditionally dedicated to the people. Pity that foreign and otherwise less

propagandised reports about the DPRK state that near starvation is ravaging the country and power cuts and food shortages are facts of life. Two years' ago, a Japanese news agency even reported that there were riots in some provincial cities. But just like everything else in the DPRK, that was not confirmed. Food shortages are a reality since the DPRK earlier this year urged its enemy Japan (Koreans hate Japanese over the latter's rule of Korea prior to World War Two) to donate a peace offering of millions of tonnes of rice. South Korea helped out instead and a deal was negotiated - ships were on their way with unmarked bags of rice, so as not to raise the suspicions of the ordinary North Korean that the people who supposedly want them dead were actually helping out and that the best system in world - Juche (Self Reliance) or Kimilsungism - was really failing.

No one really knows what will happen. It does seem likely that Kim Jong Il will remain in power, if not for a long time to come. All previous suggestions that he was unpopular among the North Koreans have gone and his control over the ever important military is firmer than expected. Judging by past expectations, what happens is anyone's guess.

Nick Nasev



Did you know that the State government is intending to privatise South Australia's water supply and sewerage treatment?

This will mean that water will become a commodity rather than a necessary service. There are several reasons why this move should concern the people of South Australia:-

- at present the provision of water is subsidised to people in the bush and with low incomes. Will this continue if privatisation occurs?
- in the UK and France water and sewerage charges have increased

greatly since privatisation.

- despite price rises, water quality has suffered, with one of the compa-

Splish Splash

*Australian Pollies Following in Thatcher's Footsteps
Privatisation of water? What next?*

nies bidding for our water contract being successfully prosecuted last year for failing to provide water of adequate quality.

In the driest State in the driest continent, the privatisation of water could also be environmentally disastrous. A

private operator would have no incentive for encouraging the conservation of this precious resource as their profits

the discharge of sewerage into rivers and the sea.

The three consortiums bidding for the management of SA's water and sewerage operations are all dominated by French and British interests which means that both control of and profits from these operations will be going overseas.

In November, the government will be announcing the contractor for SA's water operations. The Community Water Action Coalition Group has formed to put pressure on the government not to privatise our water. They can be contacted on 223 5405 or come into the SAUA and sign the petition.

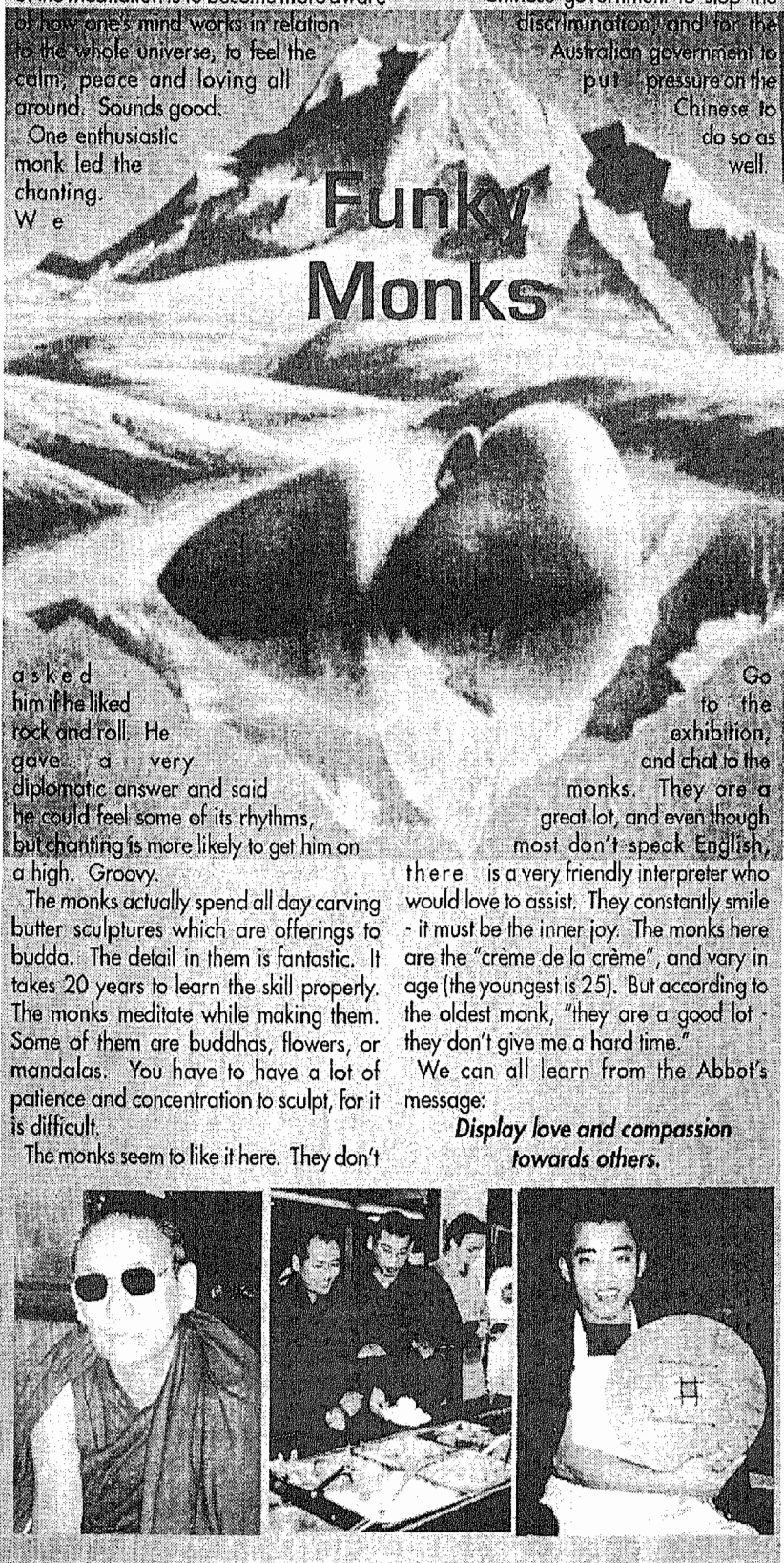
Michelle Giglio (retiring EVP) and Olivia Nassaris (tongy reporter) ventured into Bonython Hall on Thursday to investigate what the Gyuto Monks are doing in Adelaide so far from their native Tibet.

Some of you may remember that a few months ago, some Tibetan monks came to Adelaide and constructed a "Mandala" at the Art Gallery. Well, they're back, and even happier this time.

We thought the 9.30am meditation would be a good opportunity to experience what the monks are all about. For 30 minutes they made a sonic "ooo" sounds and rang bells. It actually puts you into a type of trance, and you start to feel hypnotised (or maybe I was just falling asleep). The point of the meditation is to become more aware of how one's mind works in relation to the whole universe, to feel the calm, peace and loving all around. Sounds good.

One enthusiastic monk led the chanting.

We



asked him if he liked rock and roll. He gave a very diplomatic answer and said he could feel some of its rhythms, but chanting is more likely to get him on a high. Groovy.

The monks actually spend all day carving butter sculptures which are offerings to budda. The detail in them is fantastic. It takes 20 years to learn the skill properly. The monks meditate while making them. Some of them are buddhas, flowers, or mandalas. You have to have a lot of patience and concentration to sculpt, for it is difficult.

The monks seem to like it here. They don't

see themselves as being "on exhibition" at all - rather, they enjoy being with other people who aren't monks (or that's what I think). They had great fun having lunch in the Four Seasons refec on Thursday.

The head monk (Abbot) is a sensitive fellow. He actually started crying when we were interviewing him because he was moved that we should take interest in the Tibetans' plight. The situation at present is that the Tibetans will become extinct as a race if the Chinese government continues its policy of Chinese migration into Tibet. It's very upsetting for them as many have been exiled from their country.

What Australians can do is get information on the situation and lobby the Chinese government to stop the discrimination, and for the Australian government to put pressure on the Chinese to do so as well.

Funky Monks

Go to the exhibition, and chat to the monks. They are a great lot, and even though most don't speak English,

there is a very friendly interpreter who would love to assist. They constantly smile - it must be the inner joy. The monks here are the "crème de la crème", and vary in age (the youngest is 25). But according to the oldest monk, "they are a good lot - they don't give me a hard time."

We can all learn from the Abbot's message:

Display love and compassion towards others.



CLASS OF '95

**Haroon Hassan
School Captain
WELCOME**

Thankyou to all of those who voted in the Annual elections recently. The new Office Bearers and representatives for both the Students' Association and the Union have been provisionally elected and I wish them all the very best for their terms. A full list of preliminary results is provided on page 7. In the next edition you will have the opportunity to meet your new Office Bearers for 1995/96.

Thanks also to your overwhelmingly sound judgement all the Constitutional changes for the Union and the SAUA were also passed. If anybody has any queries or concerns with regard to these changes please feel free to see me in the Office.

GOODBYES...

Unfortunately, it is also time to farewell the 1994/95 Office Bearers, Councillors and Committee Keps whose terms conclude this week. I will take this opportunity to thank them all for their contribution to the work of the SAUA this year. Without them none of what we have done this year would have been possible.

Thankyou's

The following Councillors and Committee Representatives have been of tremendous support to me this year and I would like to briefly acknowledge their efforts here. For Kym Taylor & Gareth Higginson (good luck next year!). To Sophie Van der Linden, Anita Butler, Warwick Teague, Ritchie Hollands, Nick Nelson, Nadia Brown, Julia Davey & Sally Burchard thankyou for helping/supporting me in many varied but equally valuable ways.

Blood, Sweat & Tears...

There is a unique bond that forms between Office Bearers of the SAUA that defies logical description. Suffice to say that it has been my privilege to work with some of the most talented people I have ever met in my life. I think I have learnt more from them than I have from my study.

To **Susie & Tia**, thankyou for being the quiet achievers who did everything without fuss as well as with the utmost environmental responsibility!

To **Jessica**, how we could have coped without you I will never know. You were a rock...thanks for keeping the romance in the SAUA!

To **Sandy.P**, you taught me the most , but I will never ever fully comprehend how you have done so much in so little time! Your devotion to the SAUA was unparalleled.

Finally to **Shelley.G**, You were the heart & soul of the Office this year. Thankyou for looking after all of us and especially for putting up with me. I don't know how we will cope without you but, "I will survive..."

**Michelle Giglio
Head Prefect**

The last hello.

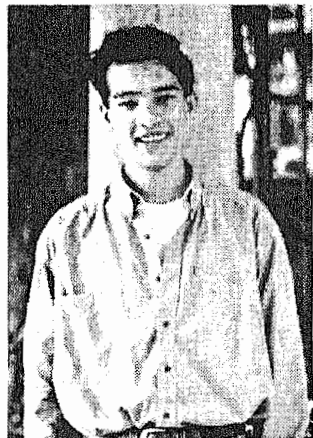
Dear Students/Friends,

This is it. The end. I suppose what I really want to say is that for the most part, it's been a pleasure being your EVP. Sure, it wasn't all joyous times. But I have met so many wonderful people that have made it really fun and worthwhile. Definite highlights include the 4000 students at the rally in March. The PROSH brekkie with Mikey and Helen was huge. Orientation was a fab start to the year. Being

able to help so many students this year with individual complaints was rewarding. And finally, interviewing the Gyuto Monks was an incredible experience (please read article further on).

I hope that you see the value in the work we do for you. Please use your students association, talk to the new representatives. Make them do what YOU want. That's what they're elected for.

Thanks are owed to many, but some outstanding people are: Jess (wink wink, you gorgeous woman - thanks for being so excellent & beautiful), Nick N (nice tongue), Ritchie (not just any blonde), Kymmy T (mmm...sunflowers), Sandy "Pancakes" Pitcher, Susie & Tia - what an environment team - Haroon "Tiger" Hassan, Timothy "Magic Hands" Kleinig, Shazza "DPG with a respiratory deficiency", Vicki (sweetest receptionist in the universe), Miss Jane (lovely kids, lovely hair, lovely husband...she's not bad herself), Elise (Miss Flowerpot with Red Wine), Mark "call me back" Johnson, my ESC members, Wozza for being the legend that he is, and everyone else who has given me support over the past few years.



Best of luck to the new office bearers and reps.

To everyone else: don't forget to have fun, and make the most of your life at uni.

Thanks for the memories.

Love, Shelly G

PS. Hello to my new niece Alessandra, what a sweet babe!

**Sandy Pitcher
House Captain**

It's so hard to believe that it's my last *On Dit* column - it seems like only yesterday that my life was altered forever when I stepped inside the the building they call the sewer, to begin my Women's Officer term. So as I look forward to restoring my life to that of an "ordinary" student, I've been reflecting on the year that was...

Despite being somewhat relieved it's over, I've really enjoyed my time as Women's Officer for the opportunities it has presented me, the challenges I

have faced and the great people that I have met and worked with.

It's often said that the biggest mistake that one can make is to list names in a thank-you list, but I have been helped by some very special people this year, and I want to take this chance to thank them.

Firstly thanks to the supportive and inspirational WSC of Kym Taylor, Sabina Nowak, Julia Davey and Natasha Yacoub who kept me going through the good times and the bad. The year also wouldn't have been the same without the SAUA office being filled with great, cheerful and helpful people, so big thanks and hugs to Susie, Tia, Haroon, Michelle, Jess, Carl, Vicki, Sharon, Jo'anna, Leif, Jane, Elise, Fiona and to all the SAUA champs on Council and the Standing committees.

Working with women from other campuses, different Universities ad past Women's Officers was a great opportunity, with particular mention to be made of Liana Buchanan for her dedication, and Jo England, Lisa Reid from NUS and Glenda Reed from Flinders for keeping me smiling. All of the staff in the Equal Opportunity Office, particularly Janet Rowe, have

demonstrated how effectively staff and students can work together to get positive things done, and I thank them all for their support, and encourage the strong links to be kept between the EO Unit and the SAUA. And last, but by no means least, I want to say thank-you to all of the women of Adelaide University who have supported me throughout the year or have contributed to making Adelaide University a



better place for women. Ever offer of help, sticking of poster, smile of encouragement contributed to making 1995 a great year for women at Adelaide University. Thanks for everything.

I'm starting to get sad and nostalgic now! I think I better sign off for good by taking this opportunity to wish Kylee Smith and her new Women's Standing Committee of Nancy White, Amrita Dasvarma, Lisa Klein and Sophie Allouache the best of luck for the remainder of 1995 - 1996. Congratulations and good-luck!!

**Jessica Boland
School Formal Committee Chair
More Election Guff**

Well, Election Week has come and gone once again. Congratulations to the beautiful Kym Taylor on her election as SAUA President, as well as Brigid O'Neill on being elected to the A/C VP position. To all the other new office bearers, councillors and committee members: May you all experience the wonderful fun and games we have been involved with this year.

SAUA Exhibition

The SAUA exhibition is now on in the Gallery (Level 6, Union Building) during the remainder of the month of September. The exhibition features posters that visually signify events, campaigns and activities the SAUA has been involved with over its 25 year history.

Gyuto Monks

The Gyuto Monks have returned to Adelaide to raise money for their tantric university. The program during their stay in Bonython Hall will include Morning and Evening Meditation, Butter Sculptures, Tantric Art Classes, and Chanting Performances. From now until the 24th September.

Safer Sex Week

Safer Sex Week was last week. I hope everyone made good use of the free condoms and lubricant the SAUA was giving away (with thanks to Ansell). The winner of the "Guess the number of condoms in the jar" competition was Fiona Middelberg



with a guess of 243 items (the actual amount was 242). See elsewhere in this issue for the winner of the Ansell Cartoon Caption Competition.

Cheers and Jeers

As this is my final column, I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the wonderful staff in the Students' Association-we couldn't survive without you (not even for a second).

Thank you to all the SAUA Councillors, committee members and especially my co-office bearers Susie, Tia, Sandy, Michelle, Haroon and Carl for their hard work and commitment to the Students' Association and its members.

Special thanks and love to my luscious co-VP, Michelle Giglio - you're an inspiration and great entertainment Auntie Shelly. Have another fun three months Haroon!

Unfortunately, I cannot let this final column go by without publicly condemning a certain group of middle-aged (but rapidly approaching archaic) "students" who have come to hide at university because they can't cut it in

the real world, and spend their "academic" days trying to put a dampener on everything anyone ever tries to do. These individuals have been the only thing to tarnish my otherwise pleasant memories of my time in the SAUA. Let justice be done.

On a happier final note, study hard and keep having fun.

**Tia Nairn & Susie Brown
Bin Monitors**

Well, our term as Environment Officers has come to an end. We have achieved several of our goals but the University obviously still has a long way to go in improving its environmental performance. We wish Wendy Telfer, the new Environment Officer, along with the new Environment Standing Committee members, Zoe Morrison, Warwick Teague and Anna Bauze (plus myself (Tia)), the best of luck in continuing this task.

We would just like to take this farewell opportunity to thank the many people who have helped us during the year - David, Wendy, Lisa, Nigel, Jen, Kylie, Matt, Janet, Steve, Claire, Sally, Warwick, Arti, other periodic helpers, the other SAUA office bearers, and numerous off-campus environmentalists, without whose help we would not have been able to run many of the successful campaigns and events that we did.

Finally, Susie and I would like to say that during the past year we have learnt a lot and have enjoyed ourselves for the main part, and we hope that you have gained something from our efforts too.

STARFEST 95

MY FIRST SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION

A lot of people think science fiction fans are strange. I know that I sometimes do, and I'm one myself. This weekend I went to my first ever convention. So, after 20 years of denying it, I have to admit that I, too, am addicted. But as Mulder said to the vampire-woman, "How do you define normal???" With that in mind, I thought I'd give a "normal" person's account of my convention experience for all those who are still uninitiated.

I arrived to meet a friend just before 10, slightly hungover and grumbling about not having slept yet. Being unaware that Sunday a.m. actually existed, that in itself was a new experience. The convention opened at about 10.30. After having a man strap a starry piece of paper around one wrist (obviously the highlight of his day was exclaiming, "You can't go any further without this!" in overly dramatic tones) we were free to explore. Merchandise!!!

It was a truly great example of that American invention - print the name of a TV show on anything and see how much you can flog it off for. We, of course, made a bee-line for the *X-Files* tables where you could buy posters, photographs, episode guides, script drafts, t-shirts, mugs, you name it ... provided you'd stolen your parents credit card, that is. I had only managed to scrape together the \$42 entrance fee so I was forced to watch as my friend

indulged. Though he did restrain himself for about half an hour before giving in and buying a photo of Gillian Anderson in a very un-Scully-like pose. Hmm! \$8 well spent there.

At 11, we made our way into the convention room where clips of *Star Trek* actors from other conventions were being shown. You know, the ones who wouldn't be visiting us because, well, we're in Adelaide. At half past it was time for the trivia quiz. Or, as the American woman called it, a "bee".

"Do you have spelling bees here?" she asked.

This was greeted with blank stares. "What? Spelling?"

The questions started off fairly easy (e.g.

What is Data's cat called? Duh!) then got into details. In fact, so detailed that by the end I was wondering what else the remaining four people did with

their lives. I would give some examples of these questions but I became

sidetracked reading the *X-Files* episode guide, so I don't remember them. I do remember, however, that lucky ol' me was sitting next to woman who couldn't resist saving the answer to every question out loud before the contestants did. Whoever you were, thanks for that.

Next they showed a video made of Majel



Barett Roddenberry and John de Lancie reading sections from the novel *Q-in-Law*. It was a lot funnier than I remembered from reading the book. The classic Q line being, "Picard, get some hair."

After this, it was time for a presentation from the convention organisers, for this read: "people whose job is travelling from city to city flogging off the aforementioned merchandise and being silly on stage and actually getting money



for it". Some of the parodies were actually quite funny, one that springs to mind was the video skit of a large group of children singing a song called, "William Riker's my daddy".

At 1, we were treated to the "Hollywood Collectibles Auction". Having little money and not wanting to accidentally bid for something, we left to get some

lunch. The nearby catering room piped the auctioneer's voice through the speakers so we could hear the ridiculous amounts that people were spending but couldn't actually see what it was they were getting. According to my

program, they were "unique and rare items collected over the years", including

"scripts, toys, props, autographs, etc." So there you go. We amused ourselves complaining about the equally ridiculous prices we were paying for the food and conversing with complete strangers.

"So are you going to the *X-Files* convention next year in Los Angeles?"

Absolutely! Just after I get back from my wild European shopping spree and that trip I'm taking to Acapulco.

Starting at two, Dave McDonnell, the editor of

Starlog, spent an hour showing clips from upcoming movies, as well as sharing various other bits of sci-fi trivia e.g. that *Earth*

2 has been axed in America, that there are rumours of an *X-Files* movie, etc. This was followed by clips of the Next Gen actors at conventions. I can't remember much about them except that Brent Spiner was very funny.

According to the programme, 3.30 was "The X-Files, Highlander and more".

There was a brief interview with David Duchovny, followed by scenes of David Duchovny playing with his dog on the beach, then David Duchovny on the

Larry Sanders show. To the obvious disappointment of male fans, there was no Gillian Anderson in sight. Then they played the "Highlander gag reel", which was actually quite

funny even though I've never seen a second of the show. I'm not sure what the "and more" was.

Maybe it was



obsured by all the people walking in front of us.

At 4, the "Costume Contest" was won convincingly by a man dressed as a Klingon. Or was it a real Klingon pretending to be a man dressed as a Klingon? Sorry, *X-Files* paranoia creeping in there. This was followed by the "Degeneration Parody Play" which was a musical parody of the film *Generations*. By far the funniest bit was the "Picard in the Nexus" scene, where he dreams he's married to Beverley and Wesley comes in and says, "Dad, can I borrow the keys to the Enterprise?"

Without a doubt, the highlight of the entire day was the talk by Marina Sirtis.



To anyone who has only ever seen her as Troi, the London accent would have been a surprise. She handled the audience like a stand-up comic and she was, in fact, very funny. She told stories, jokes and answered questions for an entertaining hour. Highlights were the little girl who asked, "What was it like kissing Worf?",

the anecdotes about her co-stars, about the reasons for Troi's different outfits (believe it or not, the producers thought her figure wouldn't look very good in the proper "spacesuit"), and about Troi finally getting to drive the ship then trashing it in

Generations ("I was pushing my foot down ... where are the brakes on the Enterprise?"). Apparently, she had a special clause put in her movie contract

about not talking to the public, because she is nicknamed "Marina the Mouth". It was fairly obvious why!

She then proceeded to sign autographs for the entire audience, or at least whoever

wanted one, while a reel of *Star Trek* bloopers were screened. They were also quite funny. It was rather strange to see Patrick Stewart break off in the middle of an impressive line and say, "Oh shit". After that, they screened an episode of *Voyager*, but by this stage my lack of sleep had caught up with me. I left without an autograph, but feeling that, despite my lack of *X-Files* merchandise, the day was well worth it.

Judith Webster



The Dirty D-Word

THE EVIL D-WORD

According to the images pushed through the media, fat is an unnatural and undesirable thing. For Naomi Campbell, a superb body was a gift of nature - for the rest of us its something that can be attained with a good diet, exercise, will power and determination!! An article in *Cleo* reported that Naomi has 16% body fat and weighs 48kgs. So everyone else is supposed to be striving to lose weight until they're dangerously thin, too thin to even have regular periods. Or maybe not.

Our size and shape is determined before we're born. Once puberty hits, it becomes rather obvious what we're meant to look like. And no diet is going to change that. Weight is determined by a variety of factors, including genes, metabolism and hormones. So, although your weight may vary, the distribution of it won't. You may be leaner or weigh less after dieting but the shape you are is the shape you're meant to be and that stays the same. So you might as well get used to it.

After excessive dieting and exercise, your body will return to the shape it's meant to be. That's why 90% of dieters go back to their original shape. Of course you'll lose weight if you're dehydrating or starving yourself. You can't out-smart your body. It knows what you're doing. One of the zillions of reasons why dieting is silly and doesn't work, is that when you don't give your body enough to eat, it tries to get used to being starved and your metabolism slows, storing fat so that when you do eat it will burn the energy slower. Muscle tissue, not fat, is eaten away. Diets actually do more harm to your body than good, defeating the initial purpose of losing weight.

Dieting also makes people obsessed with food - keeping food diaries, calorie-counting and so on. We're socialised to think that eating is evil. Eating isn't evil. Rape is evil. It's not a lack in will power if you can't stick to a diet. Your body has instincts for a reason. It's useless to try to suppress them. If you

deprive your body of fuel, the natural instinct is to over-eat or binge to compensate.

Put it this way: When you were a kid and your kindly teacher told you that when you were foot-painting, you weren't allowed to walk on the carpet, what was the first thing that entered your mind? It's a natural reaction to do what you are forbidden to do. Dieting makes you develop an obsession with food that you wouldn't otherwise have.

The key is to follow your instincts. Allow yourself to eat anything you want. Once chocolate and cake are unrestricted and your fridge is packed with it, I can guarantee it won't be so desirable any more.

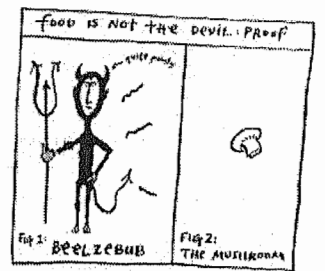
OK. So your brain needs sugar to function, particularly when you're studying late at night. But it doesn't need too much of these foods. There's only so much sugar you can take. If you learn to eat whatever your body is craving whenever you are hungry, your body will take care of itself and you'll be getting the nutrients you need. Combine sen-

sible eating with three lots of exercise (for 1/2hr or more) per week and your body will adjust to the weight you're supposed to be.

It's time to wake up to the lies that are shoved down our throats by the media. 5% of wimmin are actually born with model-type figures that we see in magazines and on movies. It's time to wake up to reality. Walk down the street and look around. You're likely to discover the other 95%.

Learn to be happy with yourself the way you look. It ain't gonna change. Live in the real world. Beauty is in diversity... Curvaceous or thin, black or white, tall or short.

Wilma Rawes



NEWSFLASH- SECURITY PHONES

Once again your Students' Association has come through with a psolutive new service on campus to make Adelaide University a safer place to study, work and hang out. Read on to uncover the mystery of those nine new creamy coloured box type things that have appeared all over campus...

As of Friday September 2nd Adelaide University has nine fully operational security phones for your safety. They are located all over the University, at specially selected trouble spots and areas at which people often wait to meet friends, taxis or transport. I have worked together with Security and Property Services branch to ensure that the phones are in well lit, and sign posted areas that will maximise their effectiveness and usage.

These phones (which actually look more like boxes with a big red button) are intended to be used for students and staff to contact the Security Office in an emergency, or for a security escort. Remember the Security Escort service is offered 24 hours, 7 days a week for all Adelaide University staff and students.

Security have requested that the phones be used only in an emergency, or for the escort service, and people are reminded that using the phone unnecessarily may tie up the line or other users. If you can call Security from an internal university line do so - the number is 35990.

The Students' Association, way back in early 1994, due to the hard work and perseverance of the then Women's Officer Jo England and the Project Research Officer Lelf Larsen earned some quality audit money which has financed the installation of the phones. There have been a huge number of delays and hiccups leading up to the installation of the phones, which makes the hard work of people such as Jo and Lelf, and also Bob Levis and Ron Rooney from Security all the more admirable. Thanks to everyone who helped make this project possible, not only from me, but on behalf of all of the women and men who will use the new phone service.

Sandy Pitcher
SAUA Women's Officer (not for long!!)

By the time they reach eighteen,

one of them will have been subjected to sexual abuse.

Z
ZERO TOLERANCE

FROM EXPOSURE TO RAPE
MALE ABUSE OF POWER IS UNACCEPTABLE
CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE IS A CRIME

The common ways in which men deny their responsibility for child sexual abuse are:

- 'We didn't have intercourse so it's ok.'
- 'She ran out of the bathroom nude and ran all over the house.'
- 'It only happened a couple of times, I couldn't help myself.'
- 'Having sex is the way I show my love and affection.'
- 'She didn't seem to mind so much'
- 'My wife doesn't love me.'
- 'I was just so lonely. There was no one I could talk to.'
- 'She's not my real daughter, she's my step-daughter.'
- 'She's my daughter so it's alright.'
- 'If she was going to learn how to do it, she needed to learn from someone who knew what he was doing.'

It is estimated that one in three girls and one in nine boys will experience some form of sexual assault during their childhood.

67% of women who contacted a sexual assault phone-in reported that they had been sexually assaulted by the age of 16.

30-50% of sexual abuse victims are under the age of 7.

Of 930 women interviewed, 54% reported being subjected to contact or non-contact sexual abuse, and 38% reported being subjected to contact sexual abuse, before the age of 18.

A similar study in Los Angeles found that of 248 women interviewed, 62% reported contact and non-contact abuse, and 45% contact abuse, before the age of 18.

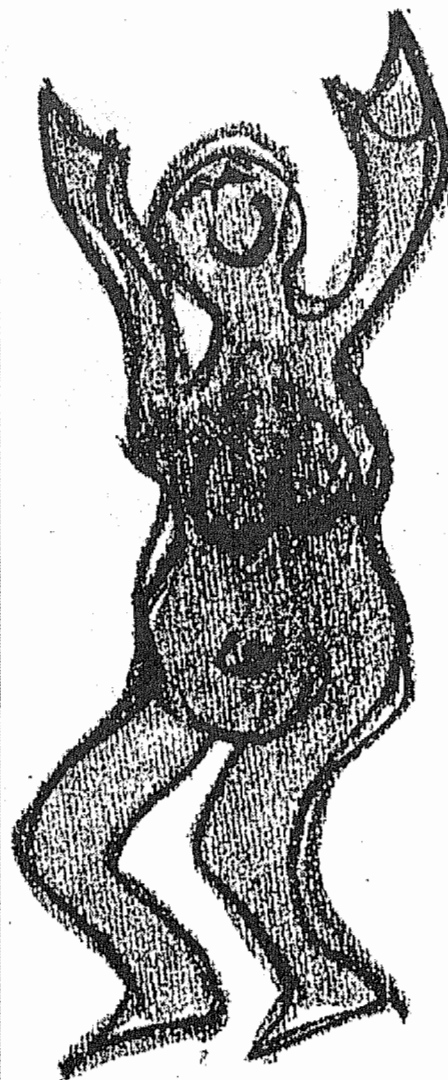
Of 1000 tertiary students interviewed, 28% of females and 9% of males have been sexually abused as children. 76% of abusers are known to the victim.

In 1990-91 in Australia, girls were victims in 75% of sexual abuse cases.

Why Weight?

Body Image Awareness Week

September 13-15



program

- Fearless Friday
See you on the lawns for a speaker, video and lots of scrummy food.
There'll be someone from The Anorexic and Bulimic Society to speak with, info, badges and stickers to collect.
But wait, there's more...
- Displays in the library
Check them out.
- Lots more! Watch out.

Be Wise

Be aware of the "tricks of the trade" used in beauty and health product ads. Hours and hours of styling, make-up and hairdressing go into a single fashion shoot. Photographers sometimes use special lights and filters to achieve a "natural look" in a fashion photo. Photos are almost always retouched, either by Airbrushing or by "Scitexing" and other forms of computer digital manipulation. You get the idea, that "perfect" or "flawless" image is really a mirage.

As far as the ads in weight loss commercials, have you ever noticed how the "before" photo shows a person looking unhappy, slouched and wearing tight clothing? "After" photos always show the person standing at a slimmer, side-on angle and the lighting is more flattering. The person has also undergone a complete hair and make-up makeover and is positively beaming at the camera.

Would you believe that some big name weight loss companies have been caught using different people in their before and after photos! Unfortunately many weight loss companies' and sellers' of "beauty" products care more about earning a profit than looking after your health. Learn your rights as a consumer and learn more about the products you intend to purchase.

Be a Size positive role model, especially if you have children. Watch out for those unkind or hurtful comments you might make about yourself or another's appearance. Don't make your love conditional based on how much you or another person weighs. Compliment other people with comments based on their positive attributes and strengths, not just appearance. Remind yourself and others that self-esteem cannot be measured on a scale.

Think **big** and medium and small and short and tall and wide and ...
Look around you and appreciate the **beauty and diversity** in people's natural shapes, sizes, ages, colours and cultures. Remember that our Western culture's idea of the so-called "ideal" body is a learned one, reinforced by advertising and the media. Ideals of beauty have differed throughout the ages, varying from culture to culture.

Ditch the Diet!

Warning: Dieting has been shown to lead to anxiety, depression, lethargy, lowered self-esteem, decreased attention span, weakness, high blood pressure, hair loss, gall-bladder disease, gall-stones, heart disease, ulcers, constipation, anaemia, dry skin, skin rashes, dizziness, reduced sex drive, menstrual irregularities, amenorrhoea, goit, infertility, kidney stones, numbness in the legs, weight gain, eating disorders, reduced resistance to infection, lowered exercise tolerance, electrolyte imbalance, bone loss, osteoporosis and death.

Eat cake and encourage other people to "legalise" food. Reclaim the pleasure of knowing just what it is that your body needs to satisfy its hunger. Sometimes you'll feel like eating chocolate or cheese, other times your body will crave fruits, vegetables or bread. Eat a variety of nutritious and delicious foods. Remember, a meal that is colourful will contain a variety of foods. Explore the difference between your physical and emotional hungers - this can lead to a whole new way of nourishing and nurturing yourself.

Tell the fashion industry and other beauty and body industries to get real. We want a wider selection of clothing sizes and shapes. We want real images of women on or in the covers of magazines, ones that reflect the true diversity of people in this country and others.

Recycle your bathroom scales and clothes that no longer fit by donating them to a shelter. Then treat yourself to some clothes that make you feel great.

Top Ten Reasons to Give Up Dieting

- #10 Diets don't work. Even if you lose weight, you will probably gain it all back, and you might gain back more than you lost.
- #9 Diets are expensive. If you didn't buy special diet products, you could save enough to get new clothes, which would improve your outlook right now.
- #8 Diets are boring. People on diets talk and think about food and practically nothing else. There's a lot more to life.
- #7 Diets don't necessarily improve your health. Like weight loss, health improvement is temporary. Dieting can actually cause health problems.
- #6 Diets don't make you beautiful. Very few people will ever look like models. Glamour is a look, not a size. You don't have to be thin to be attractive.
- #5 Diets are not sexy. If you want to feel and be more attractive, take care of your body and your appearance. Feeling healthy makes you look your best.
- #4 Diets can turn into eating disorders. The obsession to be thin can lead to anorexia, bulimia, bingeing, compulsive eating and compulsive exercising.
- #3 Diets can make you afraid of food. Food nourishes and comforts us. Dieting can make food seem like your enemy and can deprive you of all the positive things about food.
- #2 Diets can rob you of energy. If you want to lead a full and active life, you need good nutrition and enough food to meet your body's needs.
- #1 And the number one reason to give up dieting: Learning to love and accept yourself just as you are will give you self-confidence, better health and a sense of well-being that will last a lifetime.

SHOWTIME

Tales from the 1995 Royal Agricultural and Horticultural Show

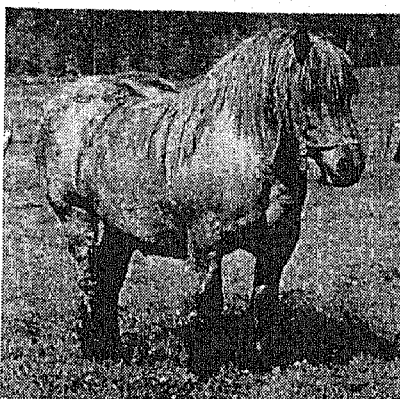


"Oh, the Show is soooo expensive. I can't believe they charge you THAT much for the food. And the showbags - they're just such a rip off. I got one last year that cost me ten bucks. I know it'll be the same again this year. There are millions of people there too and the animals are dirty and smelly and... and... and...."

Even more constant, it seems, than the drone of the speakers pleading with you to buy the, "hot, American donuts," are the old chestnuts espoused every September by society's victims. In a country where we are bombarded every dinner time by the full range of current affairs programmes warning us of the dangers presented to the easily led in a civilisation riddled with opportunists and con artists, it never ceases to amaze me how many people come away from the Royal Show complaining about how much it cost them. Well, for the rest of us who have evolved beyond mindless and compulsive wallet opening induced by little more than spruikers and inflatable baseball bats, here's a brief list of some of the FREE activities that can be enjoyed by one and all after entering the gates of the Show next year.

1) Anything on the main arena. That will, in any year, include everything from polo to fireworks to the Grand Parade to broom broom cars to clowns to skydivers to the super dogs to....

2) Any of the displays in any of the myriad of halls and pavillions. This could include cars, industrial products, farm machinery and in fact almost



anything that can be sold or exhibited. Often you'll be exposed to products or objects that you'll never have been exposed to before (or, maybe, ever want to again) but it's that diversity that is the appeal of these areas.

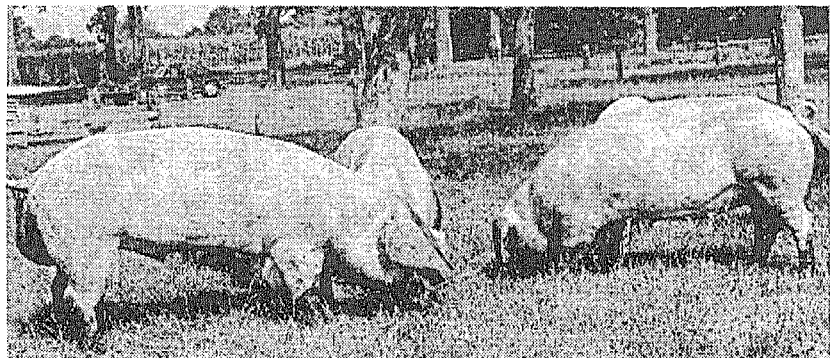
3) Any of the animals on show. I won't try to enter into any argument over the smells or the sights that might strain delicate city senses. The further and further that modern technology and modern living takes us away from our rural heritage, the poorer we become in our understanding of the basics of life. The longer we can joke about the city slicker who thought that milk was made in the carton, the better.

4) The Woodchopping, Pig Racing, Photography Competition, Wool Parade.... Not every one is interested in everything but most people are interested in something.

5) Simply observing the people around you. Where else can you just sit down and watch thousands upon thousands of human beings from all walks of life in such a confined space. Go to Football Park and you'll see football fans. Go to the Christmas Pageant and you'll see young families. Go to Rundle Mall and you'll see shoppers. Go to the show and you'll see them all. Not all of the displays are on the other side of the barriers.

It is often easy to lose sight of the fact that it is the Royal Agricultural and Horticultural Society that puts on the Show as the one week in the year when the country comes to the city. Perhaps the Show is in danger of becoming a 'fair' rather than an agricultural and horticultural 'show.' I would hope not because rides and showbags and sideshows are the superficial front that are a colourful and diverting necessity to keep the public coming back. If some of them venture beyond the neon fringe and into an environment that they otherwise might never experience then surely the mission is accomplished.

Walter

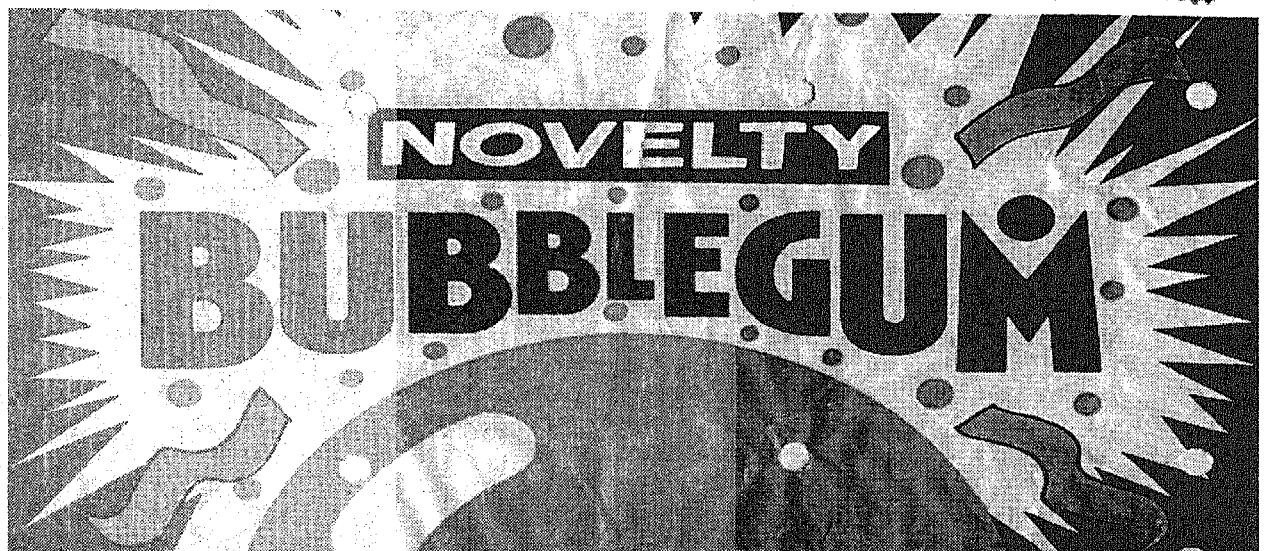


My day at the show.

First we got all excited about going to the show. Then we spent a while looking for a park but this year we were really lucky because we found a park close. Because we went in the Leader St entrance we went past the pigs first and so we had to have a look (because you always look at the first thing). We walked in to the pigs and they were good for about 30 seconds but then they got too loud and too smelly so we went. Then we went to the woodchopping and that was good for a little while but they took too long to set up so we left there. Natasha had to go to the bank so James and I went and looked at the engines (because James is an engineer and engineers like that stuff). We then bought an icecream and it was \$2.00 for a single scoop, boy it was lucky we had been saving our pocket money for weeks because everything seems to be 50c more than last year. We then went and walked around sideshow alley for a while and Natasha paid \$3 to have a go on the clowns but she lost. Then we had a go on the Pirate Ship and the man at the ride called it the 'ship in the sky' which was very funny but James thought he said the same thing last year. We all screamed and put our hands in the air but then it stopped so scared people could get off and then went again. It was really good fun. I

bumped into a person and he didn't even say sorry but most people are like that at the show. We then had some dinner. There were chips and hotdogs and dippydogs and waffles and jam donuts and fairy floss and toffee apples and lots of chocolates and we had too much so we felt a little sick. Lastly we went and had a look at the show bags. There were lots of people and it was really noisy but we still bought one and ate the lollies and played with the blow up cow which cost \$5 but they said it really cost \$12 so it was a good deal although I still don't think three chocolates, a lolly and a blow up cow could really cost \$12 even though they said so. We were pretty tired so we said goodbye to the show for 1995 and went home. It really wasn't that different from any other year and I think when I get older than 14 I won't really like the show anymore.

Barry



More arse than class in Ten Pin bowling

Footrot. That's the first thing that comes to mind. And after bowling at Cross Road Bowls last Monday night, we discovered that's about as good as it gets. What we hoped would be a nostalgic return to the bowling of our youth turned out to be a crushing blow to our innocence. Our memories of colouring in the scores and Dad getting 100 while your still on 30 were squashed by modern technology, Budweiser's by the bottle and piped

SA•FM.

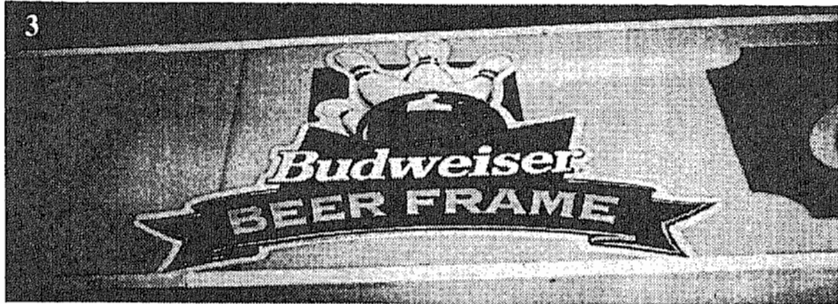
But bowling isn't all that bad. Heaving a big, heavy ball at ten little pins with your mates can be a good Monday night's entertainment - especially with the advent of 'bumper bowling'.

And while you're hanging out at Cross Road Bowls on a Monday night, why not take a scenic drive to St Paul's Monastery? Here you can partake in ancient herbal rituals at the Seven Stages of the Cross. And if you've got a bible

handy in the car, even better. (But be quiet because the Monks don't like to be disturbed).

Cross Road Bowls is open from 8.30 am - midnight, Mondays to Thursdays and doesn't close til 2.00 am on weekends ...

It costs \$6.60 for a game (footrot included) and students can get a discount before 6 pm.



1. With skill to match the smile - one of the all arse no class regulars.
2. One of the many sights at St. Pauls.
3. The days of bowling and milkshakes - long gone.

THE PANCAKE KITCHEN

Say the words Pancake Kitchen to most Adelaidians and you are likely to get a good response. For many, this secluded restraunt houses many treasured memories. From drunken gorgings at three in the morning to relationship break-ups everyone has a Pancake Kitchen story to tell.

Unlike most other inner city restraunts the patrons here aren't made to feel as if they must wolf down their meals and vacate the table for the next customer. Extended, relaxed visits are encouraged and this, coupled with the fact that they never close, is probably why The Pancake Kitchen has endured for over 20 years.

The non-uniform table layout is the most endearing aspect of the restaurant. With dimly lit alcoves and secluded areas there is an intimate atmosphere which is quite uncommon.

Naturally, the menu is brimming with pancake flavour combinations. The extensive range including Jamaican bannana pancakes, vegetarian pancakes, pancakes with steak, cheese pancakes and so on should be sufficient for even the most adventurous pancake officianado.

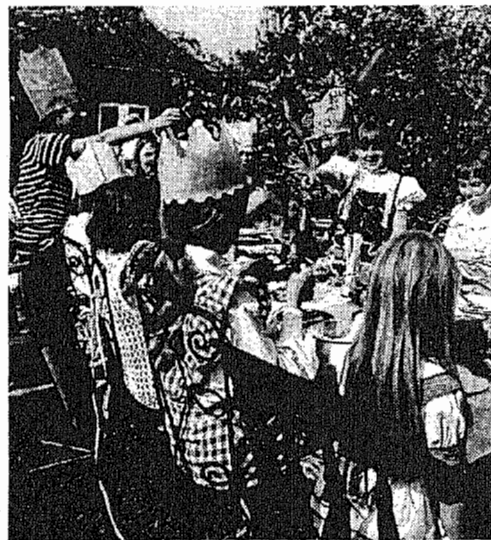
Less well known is the savoury menu featuring the porterhouse steak and egg which is worth sampling. A range of steaks are cooked superbly at any time of the day or night. Accompanied by a refreshing Coopers or house red these meals are of a high standard despite being served in a pancake restaurant.

Every aspect of the restaurant seems geared toward customer satisfaction. From the genuinely freindly waitresses to the cheesy 'Pancake Kitchen Promise' printed on the menu the customer is made to feel valued.

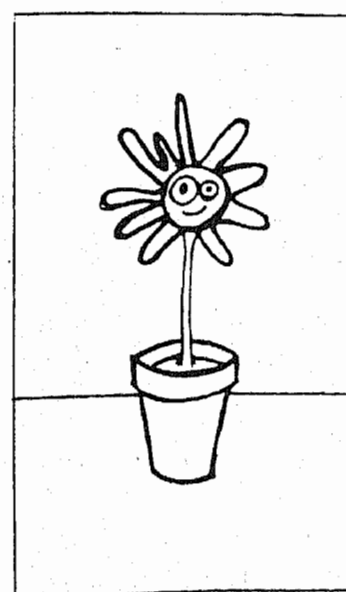
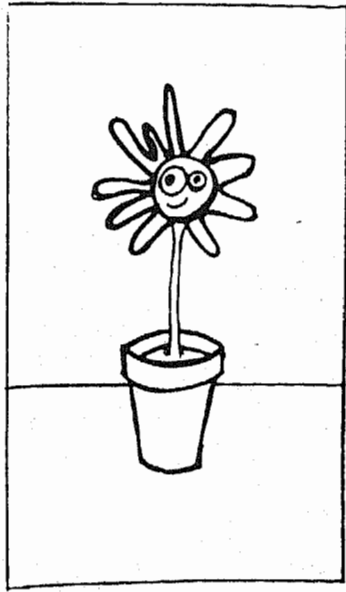
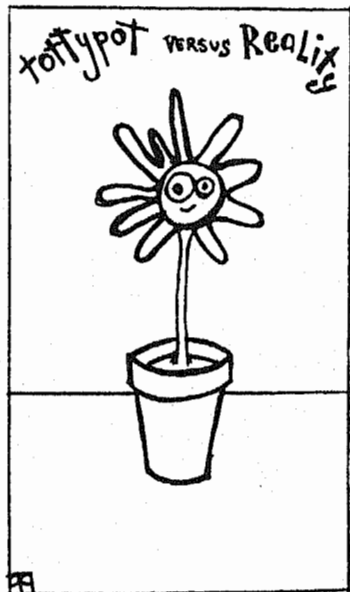
Next time the Golden Arches tractor

beam begins kicking, in resist the programming and perhaps re-visit ye olde Pancake Kitchen.

Michael Duffy



In this scene, children in Holland recreate a lengend passed down, from parent to child, of the Pancake Kitchen, Adelaide

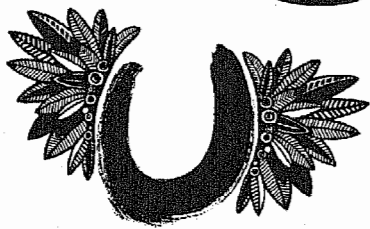




\$1 FRIES

B.B.Q. OR CHICKEN SALT

EQUINOX



LEVEL 4

UNION BUILDING

WIN

*Buy a Can of Coke
and enter to win a
TASMANIAN ADVENTURE
Tickets in all areas*



FILL IN THE TICKETS ...
THERE'S ONLY A FEW ENTRIES IN THE DRAW SO FAR!

Lord of the Sandflies
Andrew McGahan
 1988. Allen & Unwin

At 24, Andrew McGahan won an *Australian / Vogel* literary award for his first novel "Praise" which he wrote in two months. First novels are invariably autobiographical and this one was uncompromisingly so, chronicling the events of McGahan's Brisbane subsistence on the dole beginning in October 1988. Supposedly, everyone has a first novel in them somewhere. Second and subsequent novels are usually reserved only for career masochists. McGahan is evidently a career masochist and to that end he has made a virtue out of necessity with his second novel 1988 by writing about the problem of not being able to write - writer's block and underachievement generally. The scene this time is the six months prior to the events in "Praise".

The first person, Gordon, is 21 and it is the bicentennial year. Expo is in Brisbane. Gordon and artist friend Wayne drive to Darwin for a six-month contract as weather observer at a remote lighthouse on the Cobourg Peninsula. It is a chance for them to pursue their respective creative activities - writing and painting - in isolation, regimented by the metronomic toll of their three-hourly task of weather observations:

... I was taking the first one. From there we'd alternate. Wayne would do the twelve, I'd do the three, Wayne the six, me the nine and so on. As there was no midnight observation it would be a two-day rotation. With at least a six-hour gap between readings, and nine every second night, hopefully sleep wouldn't be a problem. [p.111]

This kind of regime is what every gen-Xer needs, along with a haircut and a real job ...

McGahan's narrative ambles along with unpretentious felicity:

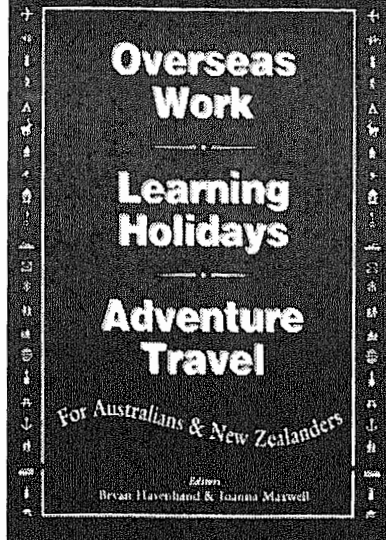
...I went to my room and got the only dictionary I'd brought with me. It was relic from the school days. An Oxford Concise. For an alleged writer, I wasn't planning to use much of a vocabulary. [p.138]

Predictably, the situation at the lighthouse proceeds to decay into a kind of *Lord of the Flies*, Territory-style. (McGahan is generous about revealing his influences through his characters' choice of reading materials.) Gordon counts his attainment of a cigarette habit as his primary achievement for the six months. A minor victory over his asthmatic lungs.

The most striking thing about the writing is the way it depicts with reckless honesty contemporary Australian middle class males as a group ironically finding themselves on the margins of a society confronting the collective writer's block that marks the end of this millennium. But McGahan's message is not at all as dark as his characters. Wayne may not have painted his exhibition and Gordon may not have written his novel, but McGahan surely has written his novel about that. Despite the uncertainty and angst, McGahan's novel records events (or non-events) as they may or may not have occurred with a confidence that the future relentlessly dissolves into the present and that shit inevitably happens.

Bryan Scruby

L. Lasch (Jnr)



Guide to Overseas Work, Learning Holidays & Adventure Travel For Australians & New Zealanders

Eds: Bryan Havenhand & Joanna Maxwell

(Global Exchange, Melbourne)

I know what it's like. The square mile of Adelaide is closing in on you. But you don't know even the number of the bus to catch for home when your car breaks down. "Oh, I need a ticket do I? Where do I get that?"

Well, if you have designs to travel abroad and mix with those foreign types in their own countries, then consider *Guide to Overseas...* that sort of pre-travel crash course for the confused. Take for example Part One that begins with passports and ends with packing - handy info for those who have yet to brave the skyways of the world solo-style.

Guide to Overseas... covers some more in depth analysis of a variety of the different views on travel as well by way of personal accounts and case studies provided by real life travelling types. These range from working OS (both paid and voluntary) to adventure travel, study tours and exchanges. Naturally not every reader would be interested in every portion. This does not present a problem given the structure of the book. Divided into seven independent sections, *Guide to Overseas...* allows you to flit from section to section in any order which is ideal for referring back to in times of voyage bewilderment.

Apart from being info-literature, *Guide to Overseas...* provides some pretty interesting reading. *Climbing Kili*, an account of Joanna Maxwell's climb to the top of Kilimanjaro, put me off ever attempting what I thought would have been a challenging but ultimately rewarding trek at around \$1200. But with quotations like, "I make my own path... an occasional rock expressly added to trip up numb feet... (o)ne, two, three, four... stop and gasp for oxygen... one, two, three, four... stop again... I found myself crying because I cannot throw up... (i)f my rational mind realised how much my head is pounding, my lungs are screaming and my stomach is shuddering I would turn around at once....," I think I'll take the lift.

Other points of interest include *China - A Supernormal Study Tour* by Hazel Edwards and the lists of relevant contacts that are provided with pertinent tales of foreign exploration.

Hip pocket warning: could whet your appetite for exotic climes.

Are You Becoming a Citizen?

The Labour Studies Club, The Clubs' Association and the Centenary Committee are organising the Citizenship Ceremony on Wednesday, 4th October to be held on the Barr Smith Lawns. If you wish to be in on the day, let the Immigration Department know or contact Penni at the Clubs' Association on 267 2926 or Ron on 269 5210. There is still time to become involved.

\$\$ for bleaching your cold bleeding ♥.

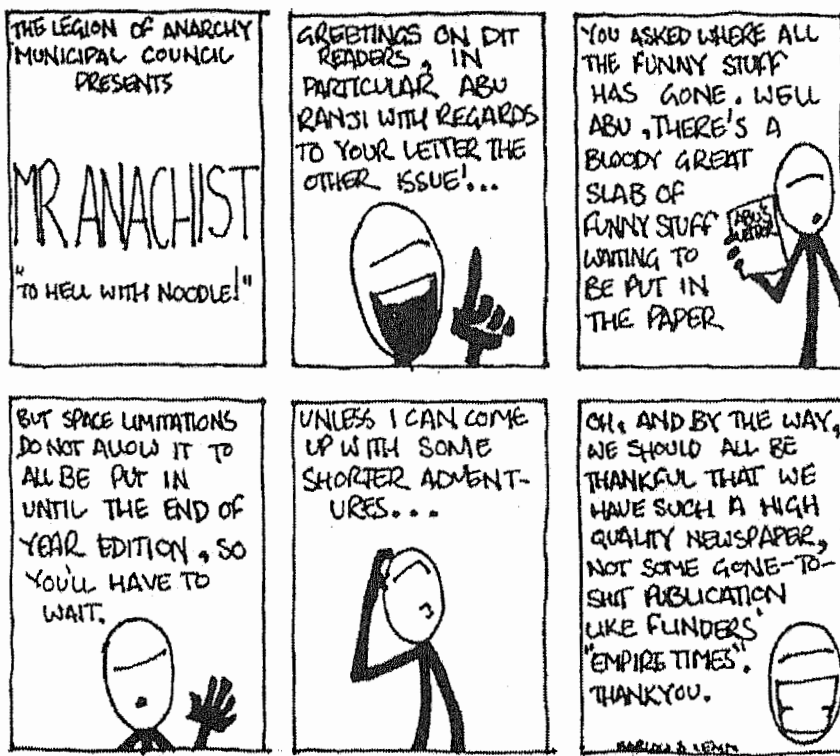
alternative = ORDINARY

Love some real music. Shit! Js suck often.

serum

rape bigots: SCREW THEIR MINDS.

serum



Can You Write?

If you have some ideas for articles or you aren't happy with what you read in On Dit, then do something about it!

Contribute.

If you're a student at Adelaide Uni, we want to see your work.

There are lots of ways to be involved with the paper, from reviewing books to helping out on layout weekends.

The office is the George Murray Building, downstairs, opposite the Barr Smith Lawns.

The editors are there around the clock, so don't hesitate to come in.



VOXPOP

1. Are you aware that it is Why Weight Week next week and do you know what it entails?
2. Do you think people have a certain body image forced upon them?
3. Do you think that people care too much about the way they look?



Emily and Helen

1. Emily: No.
Helen: It's about body image, eating disorders, etcetera.
2. Emily: Not here...I think when you're fourteen or fifteen it's everywhere.
Helen: I think there is pressure and people put it on to you...but at Uni you can stand apart.
3. Emily: Some people do, some people don't.
Helen: I don't...if someone wants to take the time to make themselves beautiful, I don't care.



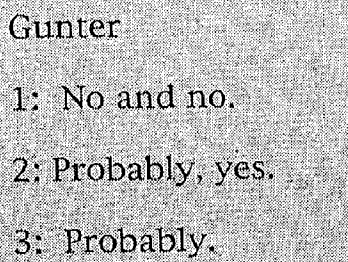
Kar & Julian

1. Both: No and no.
2. Julian: A lot of people strive to look like others...
Kar: I believe it happens.
Julian: Always striving to be normal or an image they see as correct.
3. Kar: Definitely.
Julian: Yeah, I mean, as long as you're healthy that's all that matters
Kar: If everyone would just be themselves for one minute, the world be a better place...



Karen, Judith & Marina

1. All: No!
2. Karen: No. I don't think so. I think it just depends on whether or not you're comfortable with the way you look yourself.
Judith: I think there's definitely a lot of pressure to look beautiful, slim...you always have to wear the right thing. It's pretty good at Uni, but I still think there's a stigma if you're overweight.
Marina: Not really. No one really cares what you look like at Uni but outside they do.
3. Karen: I suppose they do because people usually go on first impressions but once you get to know someone you don't care.
Judith: Yeah, I'd agree. First impressions are pretty important and more so than they should be...No-one really cares what you look like.
Marina: Yeah, I'd agree.



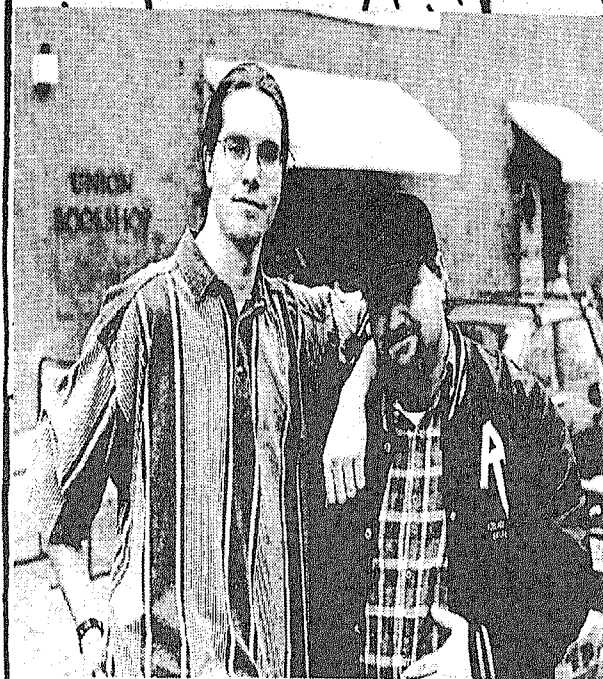
Gunter

- 1: No and no.
- 2: Probably, yes.
- 3: Probably.



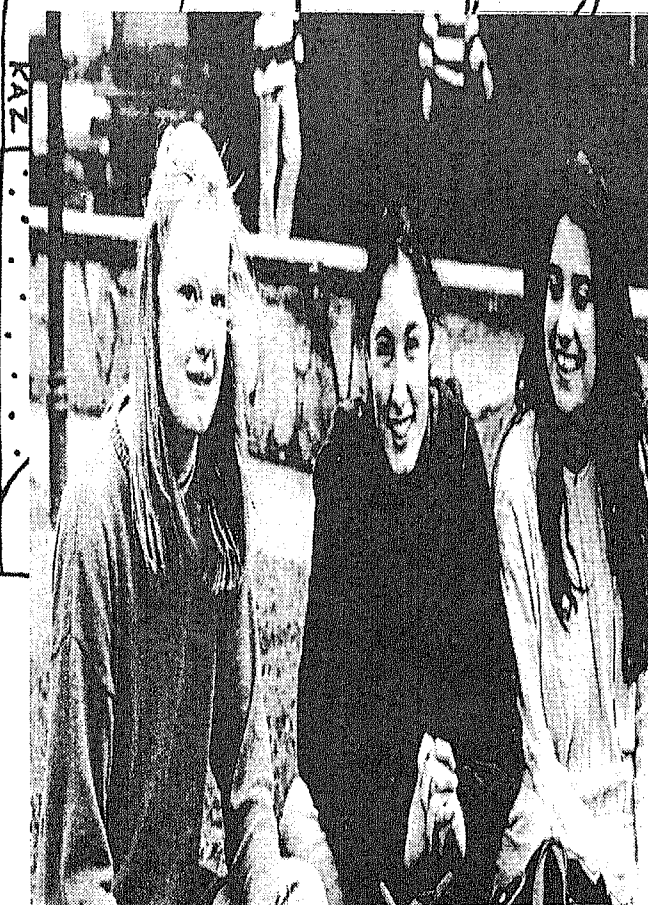
Long & James

1. Both: No!
2. Long: Yep...because of things like all those magazines. Western society forces people not to be fat etcetera.
James: I think there is, not just for women but for guys as well...all this pressure to look muscly.
Long: ...and wear Doc boots.
3. Long: Girls do, definitely. I saw on the news that forty percent of women think they're overweight when they are not.
James: Some people just take it to extremes.



Jeremy & Alex

1. Jeremy: A week saying, "I'm fat but I don't care".
Alex: Why weight for what? I have a problem with this because I can't compete with this man's weight gain.
2. Jeremy: I sure-as-shit don't.
- Alex: People have tried but failed because Jeremy is a force of nature.
3. Alex: Yes
Jeremy: Most people, yeah. Me, never.



Olivia & Nicole

1. Both: No and no.
2. Nicole: In a certain way but not really because you don't have to go with what everyone else does...but most people do.
Olivia: I think there is...if you've got a low self esteem then you look at others to guide you so that you'll fit in more.
3. Olivia: Not generally...some people do, but not generally.
Nicole: Yeah, I agree with her.



Emma

- 1: No idea.
- 2: I think people force it on themselves more...I don't think it comes from society but more like the way they want to fit into society.
- 3: Definitely.

Barbara Blinds Them With Science



Barbara Hardy leads a very busy life. As a director and chairperson on a number of boards of management, she is able to pursue her interest in science and the environment.

In 1947 she graduated from Science, at the University of Adelaide, as she explained,

"There were not a lot of girls doing Chemistry at that stage (it was just at the end of the War) and there were, I think, three girls, from my memory, doing third year Chemistry, and about forty men. So that was very exciting. I went from there on to working with the CSIRO in the division of soils, out at the Waite Institute; and I did that for a year, and then I married."

Barbara married Tom Hardy, a mechanical engineer, and went to NSW, for six months. Tom worked for McWilliams Winery, Griffith, and Barbara continued her work in soils at the irrigation research station there. On returning to Adelaide, Barbara returned to work at the Waite Institute for a couple of months but stopped working when she became pregnant with her first child.

Barbara had four sons within seven years. During this period away from the work force, she enjoyed playing golf and badminton.

"I wasn't a frustrated career person at all," Barbara said. "It was a very busy and happy life."

It was also at this time that Barbara became interested in the environment. Family holidays, spent camping, fuelled her interest in science.

"That gave me a great interest in two things: in Geology, because of

the wonderful rocks in the Flinders Ranges; and in the natural environment, because when I did my Science degree, I didn't do Botany or Zoology, and I felt that I really was just beginning to realise the importance of plants and animals."

This interest prompted her to do some adult education courses in Geology and she decided to return to study Geology at Flinders University, where she graduated with Honours.

"Very sadly, Tom hadn't been well during those last few years. He actually had cancer and he didn't want people to know about it

'cause he thought they'd treat him differently. So just the two of us knew that he had cancer, and I gave studying away in 1979, 'cause he wasn't very well."

"At the end of 1980, in December, he died. So I then, of course, thought well my life's changing completely and I thought I'd probably lapse back into a sort of quieter life."

This was not to be, as Barbara became so interested in the environment and looking after it, that she'd been going to help at the Conservation Centre, which was run by the Conservation Council. It was there that she'd started the news clipping service, in 1974, which she did for five years.

"I'd become a lobbyist. I have never actually waved a banner but I used to write letters to the politicians and the bureaucrats, and I always realised how important it was to know a little bit about science. It seemed to me that you could be listened to more if you could prove that what you were concerned about was scientific fact."

In the early 1980s, Barbara was appointed a member of the Playford Memorial Trust, and one of the things that they tried to do was look towards raising funds for a science museum. After approaching and negotiating with the State Government and the private sector, this eventuated in the Investigator Science and Technology Centre, and

Barbara still chairs its Board of Management. For Barbara it was a personal triumph to be able to assist with getting such a huge project off the ground. The Centre continues to expand and will have to relocate in the future, to cope with more exhibits.

The National Parks Foundation is another of Barbara's involvements. One of its projects is the sponsorship of an ecological survey of the Stony Gibber Desert. Two populations of a kowari and a lizard have been found, both of which are on the vulnerable and endangered list. The Foundation also gives awards to park rangers and friends of parks groups, which assist parks in a voluntary capacity.

Land Care, which began as a formal project in July, 1989, is another of Barbara's many pursuits, and she chairs the South Australian Land Care Committee and is a director of Land Care Australia Ltd.

Barbara is a member of the Board of Management of the South Australian Research and Development Institute (SARDI), which is partly community-based and partly government-based. Instead of approaching a number of government departments, potential investors approach SARDI for advice and information. Barbara's interest in the natural environment ensures that she considers the long-term ramifications of development weighed against short-term economic gain.

Barbara is a member of the boards of the Geological Society, the Australian Minerals and Energy Environment Foundation and the Natural Resources Council of South Australia.

She is also involved with the Murraylands Conservation Trust, which looks after the Bookmark Biosphere Reserve, extending from the north of the River Murray to the New South Wales border.

As Barbara explains, her involvement also keeps her up to date with re-



cent developments in science and conservation,

"I'm a member of a lot of bodies because they provide journals and things that are resources for the sorts of things that I'm interested in."

Barbara recently flew to Perth to attend a meeting for the Minerals and Energy Environment Foundation and also went to Sydney for a Land Care meeting. At 68 years of age, it appears as if Barbara will continue to keep setting goals for her many projects, and overseeing their fruition.

[Barbara Hardy is going to be featured in Totally Wimmin-Powered Student Radio]

Marian Clarkin



When I Was A Girl I Used To Scream And Shout

When I was a Girl I Used to Scream and Shout

Living Voice Theatre
at Theatre 62
September 6-9 & 19-23

They won the *Advertiser* 1st Site award earlier this year during Come Out for their performance of Sharman Macdonald's play. This encouraged the new season by Living Voice currently showing at Theatre 62.

When I Was A Girl... moves in uncomplicated fashion between two time frames in which the play is set. The earlier of the two is set on the East Coast of Scotland between 1955 and 1966 and covers the interaction between a single mother, Morag (Lisa Hughes), her daughter, Fiona (Eliza Lovell), the daughter's best friend, Vari (Fiona Seccombe) and Ewan (Stephen Sheehan), the Scot lad trying his damndest to lose his virginity and stay polite about it. The second is set in the same locale but in 1983. Everyone has got a little older: Vari is married with 3 children, Morag is lonely and nagging her daughter for a grandchild, Fiona just wants to be left alone and

Ewan... I don't know what happened to Ewan.

Beware the title of this play because it's pretty close to the truth. During the 1950s segments of Act One, prepare to be bombarded by high pitched excitations delivered by a couple of 20-something actors playing the parts of school girls in all their emerging pubescent fervour. The purpose of this is to provide the base of sexual experimentation onto which the pivotal point of the play is built. This point is perhaps a little laboured when viewed in the context of the more dramatic and substantial action that occurs in the 1983 time frame come Act Two. While I wasn't left hanging onto the last scenes of Act One going into Act Two (the post-Winter chill of the night driving me back into the theatre with more force than anything else), *When I Was A Girl...* is not about waiting for a melodramatic twist or the unexpected. It is more an exploration of the unconditional love that a rather conservative mother felt for her daughter and their attempts to find

some common ground on a holiday taken at the exact same place that a series of events 17 years earlier occurred that threatened to rip their familial bond apart.

Lovell, Hughes, Seccombe and Sheehan all seem more comfortable when their characters slip into more serious tone which also coincides with the strengths of the script. The movement betwixt time frames is smooth and well defined given the natural constraints of a single set. The bedraped stage instills a coastal feel that is more convincing owing to the accomplished manner in which the participants progress across the 'rocky foreshore'. Adding to the effect is the purple tinged lighting that is

well used for mood and scene changes.

When I Was A Girl... is at its best when dealing with the more confronting and less trivial issues of women and the Scottish experience. Such a character-driven play relies on its performance and direction and Living Voice does its job in pleasing style.

Bryan Scruby



Stephen Sheehan explains to Eliza Lovell that he was talking about a *towel* when he suggested Eliza bring something to lie on at the beach.

The Barber of Seville State Opera Company Seaseon Closed

Opera is so often associated with plots of slow-moving tragedies (usually involving the heroine dying in the final scene because of her love for her man/men). And comedy is so often associated with quick one-liners. But it always fascinates me how smoothly the combination of these two genres can be managed, and, moreso, how funny (no, let's say humorous) opera can actually be.

The State Opera's *The Barber of Seville* is one such operatic comedy. Obviously set in Seville, the story tells of a Count from out of town who has fallen madly in love, Rosina, a local woman under guardianship of Dr Bartolo, who also has romantic ambitions with Rosina. The Count engages the help of the popular and successful Figaro, the local barber. As Dr Bartolo holds Rosina under a strict house arrest, the Count and Figaro plan to get the Count into the house under many different disguises, so that he may see Rosina. After many complications and a climax of confusion, the Count ends up marrying the lovely Rosina before Dr Bartolo gets the chance.

One of the true delights of attending State Opera productions is the magic of the set mechanics. And this time around was no exception. The opera is set entirely in and around the house of Dr Bartolo, a replica of which was entirely built on a revolving stage, which would simply rotate for each different scene. One striking moment was when the opera hit its climax where the characters were running around

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

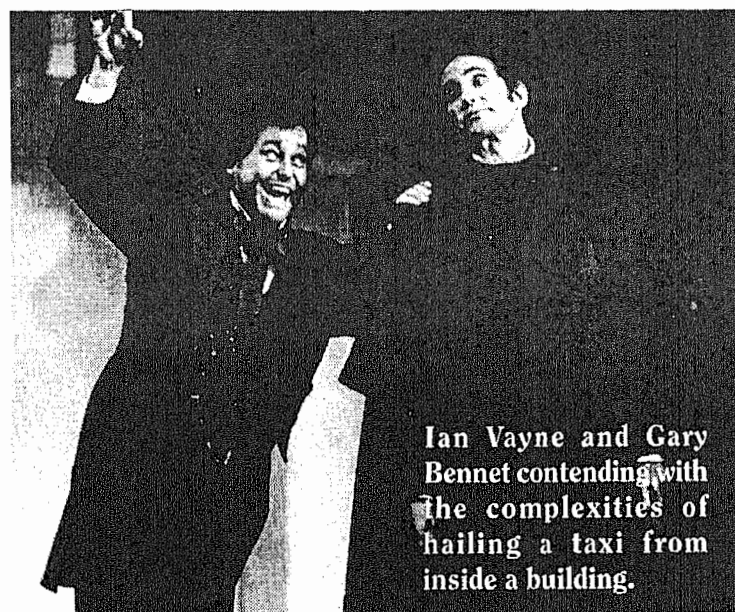
in pure confusion from room to room as the house completed a full 360 degrees rotation.

This production boasted an outstanding principle cast, backed by a strong and energetic chorus. Rosamund Illing as the cheeky and spirited Rosina and Patrick Donnelly as the ambitious and conceded Dr Bartolo both delivered impressive performances, but true potential can be seen in the voice and general performance of Sharon Prero as Dr Bartolo's maid Berta, especially in her solo piece, leaving hers a name to look out for in the future.

Leading the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, Englishman Peter Robinson showed his true talents playing the featured harpsichord whilst still conducting the unique music of Gioachino Rossini.

The Barber of Seville is yet another masterpiece coming from State Opera, with the success at a comedy yet again affirming the company's flexibility and raw brilliance.

Ritchie Hollands



Ian Vayne and Gary Bennet contending with the complexities of hailing a taxi from inside a building.

WALKOUT

Walkout
Company of Sinners
Clayton Wesley Theatre

"A gripping piece of visual story telling ..." so the promoters promised and I was certainly not disappointed. Before a packed audience at the Clayton Wesley Theatre, *Company of Sinners* - made up six incredibly talented and agile individuals, gave a powerful and moving performance of John Bunyon's timeless *Pilgrim Progress*. In a radical adaptation the 17th Century classic was successfully transformed into a contemporary journey of the 90s in which the audience followed the age-old quest to find the place beyond this world, a search as immoral as time itself.

The plays begins as Christian, the main character, sees a vision of the Celestial City - Heaven and armed with an incredible faith, zeal in his heart, grit and determination, he

sets out, allowing nothing to prevent him from reaching his destination. The journey is harsh and difficult and many attempt to detour him from the course but - like a true hero - he stands firm.

With an absolute minimum of props, lighting and costume changes, the six players entertained the audience with their presence and rapid-fire dialogue. It had lots of humour and light-heartedness amidst a deep measure of hope in a seemingly hopeless world. So, if you consider the problems and tragedies of this world that hinder and prevent us from reaching the finishing line are insurmountable, think again!!

Go see *Walkout*, it's really something different ... captivating, funny and most of all it'll make you think. Don't miss it! They're touring, so you still have a chance to see them.

Michelle Ravesteyn

John Romeril

Classic Australian Theatre
The Floating World by John Romeril

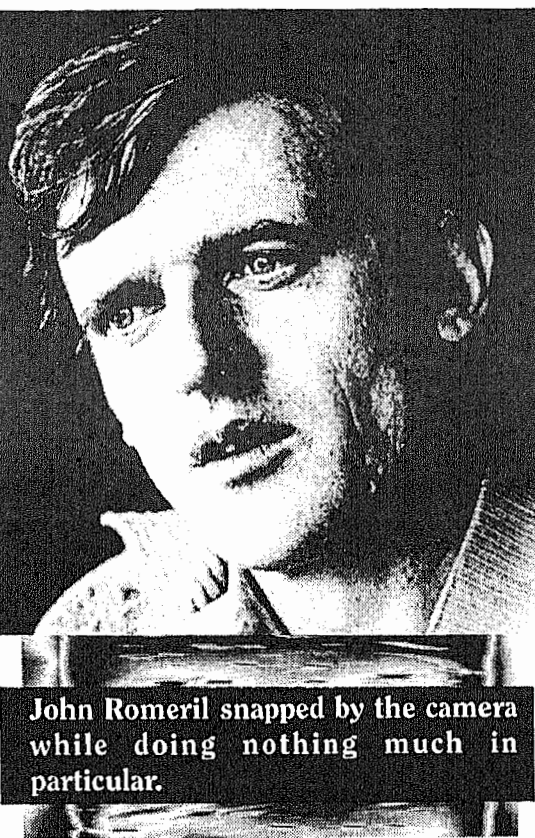
To mark the 50th Anniversary of the end of World War II, the State Theatre Company and Black Swan Theatre present a classic Australian satire of the 1970's, John Romeril's *The Floating World*. At a time when Australia Remembers and we are moving closer to Asia artistically and industrially, *The Floating World* is more pertinent than ever. Written by John Romeril in 1974, *The Floating World* was one of our first major plays to turn its attention to Asia. The play is widely regarded as one of the best to come out of the new wave of theatre in the 1970's. *The Floating World* is the story of Les, ex-AIF private and POW, and his wife Irene, who are on a trip aboard the 1974 Women's Weekly Cherry Blossom Cruise to Japan. It's not plain sailing for Les, however, whose idea of cultural exchange amounts to a dirty limerick as he trains his ribald humour and horrific POW memories on the Poms and the 'Yellow Peril' who might destroy his 'White Australia'. As the ship nears Japan, Les goes through the wringer on a voyage of self-discovery. Repressed memories of internment under the Japanese collide with the inanities of an Australian desperate to embrace Japan.

The University of Adelaide Theatre Guild's Director in Residence, Michael Eustice recently had the pleasure of speaking with playwright John Romeril about this new production; his play *The Floating World* and about Australian theatre in general. The following is an edited transcript of that discussion.

***The Floating World* is now regarded as an Australian classic. 21 years after it was first produced, what does it have to say to us now?**

Well it goes in on a piece of history - the treatment of POWs by the Japanese and that remains a current issue. In fact, very much so. Japanese war crimes is an issue that still dogs Japanese trading and cultural initiatives in the area. So it remains alive on that front and the point there is that if we don't properly address these issues then we'll probably end up a little like Les himself - his problem was that he had repressed memories rather than dealing with them. Years later they come back to haunt him and in many ways that may prove to be the problem for the Japanese. I noticed a recent book which compares and contrasts how the Germans handled that issue compared with the Japanese. The Germans dealt with it much more openly and have experienced the benefits of that, whereas the Japanese are still hoist by that petard when dealing with the Koreans or the Chinese or the Malays or the Singaporeans or the Indonesians or anyone in the region. It's still very much an Achilles heel for them.

What else does it say? Good question. It remains a pretty valid portrayal of that kind of person. An ex POW - the hassles he has readjusting to life. It is also a map or a record of the 70's. In an odd way, it sticks out as capturing that period and, to some extent, how men and women related at that time. All that's in there. The script remains, fortunately, a good excuse for a reasonable bit of theatre. It's a good night albeit a painful one at times. I've been pleased to see it



John Romeril snapped by the camera while doing nothing much in particular.

with Indonesians and having to confront the Japanese, in many ways it was a huge moment in Australian history. When for example my father came back with items of vocabulary from New Guinea, I have an uncle who speaks Malay from that period. In many ways the nation became very conscious of the region and the languages and civilisations and the cultures that are so nearby. It's something that we maybe tried to forget in the 50's and 60's and have only recently begun to come back to. I think there is a hidden history to the connection. People have been doing business in Asia-Australia from the year dot. The connection is an important one. I mean we have the dingo for starters. The Asian trade connections with the Aborigines. From almost the turn of the century the volume of trade between Australia and Japan was huge. It was one of our biggest trading partners at the beginning of the century. I think we haven't told ourselves that story. We've preferred to think of ourselves as a European nation and consequently the history of many generations of real solid Asian working-day contact has been ignored. What's happening now is a reassessment. Not just a "Hey, let's start the Asian adventure." What's happening is "Hey, we've been in Asia for a long time." Every generation has had great Australian scholars, great Australian journalists, and educators in Asia. There have been oil explorers, they have been in construction, there have been architects, there have been manufacturers out there drumming up trade in Asia. It's not as new as some of us want to think.

hanging in there. Some plays date. This seems to have survived and, having reached the adulthood of 21 years it may yet go on to get the old age pension.

How far do you think Australia's attitude to Asia, socially and politically, has moved since you wrote *The Floating World* in 1974?

Since the 70's, since the end of the war in some ways, we're getting back to how Asia conscious we were then. If you look at it in terms of say language, that whole mass event of the world war with people suddenly thrust into the Asian region having to deal with Malays, with Chinese,

I'm interested in the play in terms of how it relates to a younger audience. We have a whole generation, and now we've started on a second generation, who have absolutely no recollections of Australia at war. What are your thoughts on this?

A good thing about the show at the moment, being remounted after Perth in February is, at the start of the year of course there hadn't been this huge media barrage of 'Australia Remembers'. So many radio and newspaper articles etc have appeared since the play opened in February and we find now coming back to it that we don't have to use the play to inform the audience. People have been exposed to a lot of the stories and consequently the play can travel now in August, September, October in a much lighter way. The actors feel they don't have to use it as an educational tool. They don't have to inform the audience and that's been great. Now, of course, kids have no direct experience of that war. It's really their grandparents' war now and it's that thing of, if you don't draw lessons from history then you're likely to repeat them. That always holds and today's kids have to take on board where the nation came from and what it's been through. Otherwise you don't understand the present. And as long as its good theatre I think it can do good work in that area.

Andrew Ross, the director seems to have incorporated a strong Asian element into the production with a

Singaporean actor, a Japanese puppeteer and a Singaporean composer. Has this informed the text differently?

It's been a good move. Certainly, a company like Black Swan is actually closer to Singapore than to Sydney. That's what happens when you're in Perth. You do have to look west and looking west means looking to Singapore, looking to Asia and North Asia and so on. We also have in Perth, Noriko Nishimoto who was born in Japan. A puppeteer who has been living here for 13 years. Her input has been very interesting. In the cases of Lut Ali (Singaporean actor), Mark Chan (Singaporean composer) and Noriko, they are not traditional Asian artists. They are very contemporary modern twentieth century people and they take the play not as an excuse for an excursion into traditional Asian art forms, but treat it as a piece of theatre which is relevant in the region. It is a contemporary story told in a contemporary way. The music track that Mark has created is typical of an East-West fusion kind of music. It's not so much a precursor because there is a lot of that kind of music being done, but it's part of a kind of music which is emerging in both Australia and the region and that has its roots in both Eastern and Western music styles. Lut is a terrific actor in any kind of theatre really, but the disciplines of Asian theatre are there and the way he uses his body is very much embedded in him. It enhances no end the show. He's a fine actor. Terrific. I don't think its Singaporean for Singaporeans, for the sake of saying "Hey, we can work with Asian artists." The fact is they come with im-

mense skills and great theatrical flair, so they are happy additions.

I've seen you described on several occasions as a political writer. I wonder whether you accept that label and following on from that whether you believe that theatre in Australia can still be a genuine force for social change.

I think that a most basic definition of the theatre is that the drama has to be something where the issues haven't been decided. If the questions have been answered there isn't drama. Good theatre always has to be about areas of concern, where society hasn't decided its stance. An issue that it is still problematic and there are still things in jeopardy. Values are shifting and changing. You can't prejudge if there is something unfolding and it's an organic thing. I continue to write in that way. That does make it political, I guess. We're looking for the fault lines in society. Where society is changing. Where the great issues haven't been decided. That's where the theatre ought to be and that's where I try to put myself.

Social change. Individual to individual - a piece of art often speaks to you and does change you if you let it. Ultimately, you aren't left unchanged by the last book you read or the great works you've stood in front of. Theatre becomes one more arena in which society can debate issues, can examine alternatives, can rehearse the future or exhume the past...to see if there is another answer.

There is a Japanese production of *The Floating World* which is coming to the Melbourne Festival. This seems quite remarkable given the nature of the text and I wonder what your feelings are about this and what you see growing out of it in terms of audiences both here and Japan?

Yes. It's a very brave move isn't it? I'm overjoyed that it's being directed by Satoh Mukato who is both a writer and a director. I've read five or so of his plays. They are intriguing works. He's a fine writer. I've looked at a lot of stills of productions he has produced over the years. He's about my vintage. He's a year or so older and has a similar history. He was part of a Japanese theatre movement that wanted to be new but also wanted to look at what it meant to be Japanese. What's involved there is, immediately after the war there was an American occupation. There was a huge shift towards Westernism and then a generation, which Satoh was a part of, grew up under that. They began to question it and began to look at what was uniquely Japanese or for what culturally remained of Japan. Was Japan going to become simply a little American satellite? Those issues concerned his generation and they raised similar political issues to those which animated us here. Do we become just another outpost of America? Satoh is a very important new wave figure in Japan, an elderly one by now at 50, but he's been part of a very important theatre movement over there. It's great, personally speaking, that he is involved.

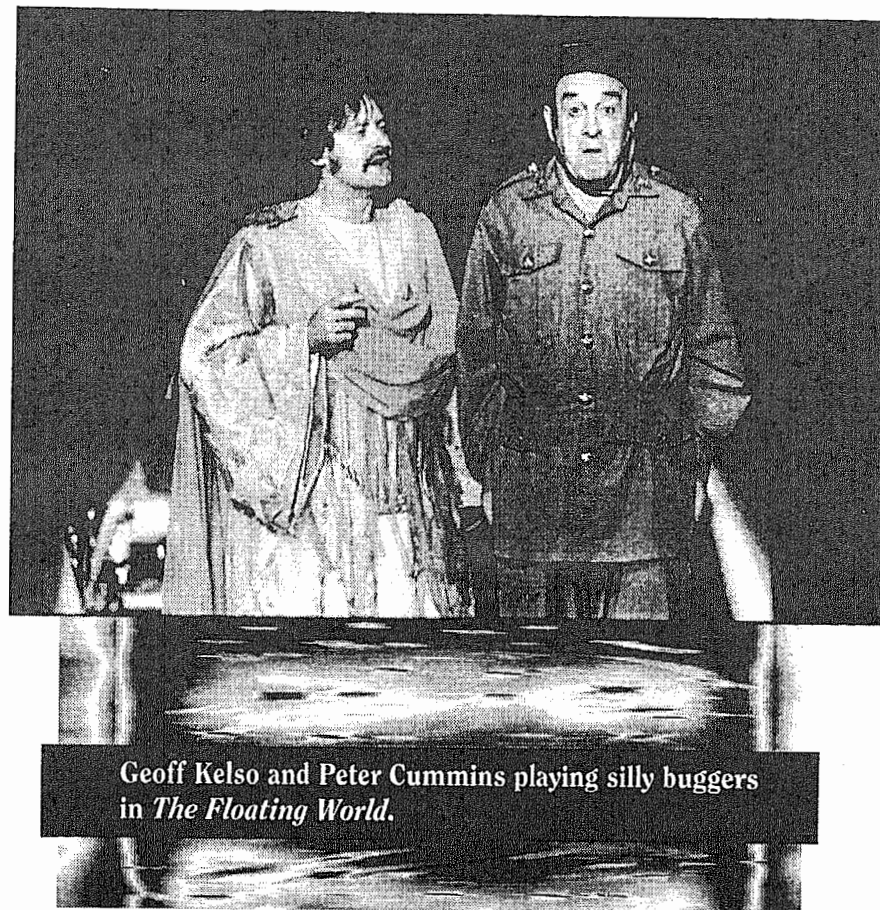
I was even more surprised to see that the production had been funded by the Japanese Government.

The Japanese know they do have to do something about this issue. It continues to dog their affairs. Whether it be this Prime Minister or the next, one assumes a satisfactory apology

will appear in time.

I'm interested to hear your thoughts on the state of playwrighting in Australia at the moment. When I look at our State Theatre Company's 1995 season, I see only two Australian productions out of a total of nine. One new work and *The Floating World*. Do you feel there is a reticence among major Australian theatre companies to produce new Australian work?

Well, I suppose times are tough for the theatre and often people work quite conservatively in those circumstances. Not always the best way to go. I think really the stable doors have been open a long time and the horses have well and truly bolted. I don't think we will ever return to the situation where an Australian play is a rarity. There are some great Australian playwrights around and there are some very interesting next generation writers coming through. You can make a living, just! There are a lot of fine writers out, damn them!! [followed by a wicked grin]. But there is a certain safety in numbers. We have



Geoff Kelso and Peter Cummins playing silly buggers in *The Floating World*.

created a theatre culture that is self-reliant, that does throw up good work year after year. The whole novelty of going to see an Australian show because it's Australian has a certain amount of value, but I think finally you stand or fall on how well you compare with the rest of the world. Measuring yourself and your work against the bench-marks that truly great playwrights like Shakespeare, Moliere, Chekhov and Shaw and all those precursors have set. They are the standards that you have to match or try to better and that's a healthy situation. It makes you work hard when there's a lot of competition. It makes you work hard and makes you think a lot more deeply about what you're doing and why. It's a situation to be welcomed. I've mentioned the economic circumstances the state theatre companies find themselves in and basically I figure the quickest route to death any State Theatre Company could take would be to abandon Australian work. A: because it is good and B: because of what we've proved over the last 20-30 years. Au-

expect that to only increase as a feature of Australian theatrical life.

There are interesting things happening in cracking the Anglo nature of the beast. There are groups like Doppio and there is a lot of work in Sydney and Melbourne that you would call multicultural. Work from people who are from non-English speaking backgrounds. What that really means is that they have, kicking around in their genes or their history or their parents history, fairly direct access to a whole lot of theatre skills and forms that we maybe haven't met or utilised before. That strikes me as another frontier into which the Australian theatre is making significant advances. Allied to that is what we started talking about, the issue of Australia and Asia. We live in a part of the world that, if the theatre had a gene bank then many many of those genes would be stored here. There are fabulous theatre forms kicking around Indonesia, Malaysia, China and Japan. Magnificent forms of classic theatre that have never impinged on us. We've never taken as much

notice of them as we could or should have. Now we are starting to look East and discover the riches that are there, and because here in Australia we are so handy and close we are able to enjoy it and insinuate it into our own practice. That seems to be another source of health that the Australian theatre can look forward to.

What projects are you working on for the future?

I'm just back from six weeks in Hanoi working with the Hanoi youth theatre company on a bilingual show. We went with four Australian performers and collaborated with 6 of their performers. My own horizons are pretty much to do with that. My partner works the Australia-Asia arts trade and consequently since the early 90's I've lived a fair bit of my time in Japan. Some of the insights I've maybe put to you about Asian theatre practice have a lot to do with that direct experience of living there - of going to the theatre there, knowing you don't understand a word but finding out how much theatre you can still get out of the experience, of how

physical the real language of the theatre is. That has personally been great and it's an area that I continue to sneak around. One of the things I have been doing over the last few years is interviewing Australians who live and work in Japan and then Japanese who have lived and worked in Australia. I have a number of stories about how it's been working across the cultures. You see, I don't really know what's happening now. Politically, are we witnessing the end of the nation state? The end of intact cultures that are isolated? Are we looking towards a globalised world where people travel a lot? Where maybe one or two languages become the major languages and we all have to speak them? I don't know what's happening, but certainly something of that kind is in the pipeline and in such circumstances, what is going to matter? You're hanging onto bits and pieces of local culture, but how well do you play the international game? How well you can operate across cultures is going to be at a premium. I'm sort of behaving and looking in and working in that area. I'm trying to make sense of the history of the region and how it has impacted on Australia. I'm trying to work out what it means to be an Australian in this region. I'm looking at the history of previous generations and how they fared with those issues. These things really interest me. They are what animate me strongly at the moment and given *Floating World* was 21 years ago it has sort of been the story of my life. There are a number of my plays that have dealt with these issues.

Michael Eustice

The Floating World plays at the The Space in the Adelaide Festival Centre from September 9-30. Directed by Andrew Ross and starring Peter Cummins, Carole Skinner, Lut Ali, Edwin Hodgeman, Peter Jagger, Geoff Kelso and Edgar Metcalfe. Book Now BASS 131 246

Long Dark Night

A Pure Formality
Trak Cinema

Death and the Maiden
Academy Cinema

By coincidence, I saw two films last week which featured Roman Polanski. Both films deliver a psychological intensity that is typical of this Polish-American actor/director. *A Pure Formality* and *Death and the Maiden* are rich in complex dialogue and a welcome relief from the load of puerile rubbish that had been coming to our screens of late. Having said that, I will take this opportunity to inform Emma Thompson fans of the soon-to-be-released-in-Adelaide (it is necessary to include the latter clause), *Carrington*. The promotional shots witnessed in the theatre look interesting enough. But is it any good? We will let you know as soon as we see the preview screening on September 14.

Most people are familiar with Polanski. *A Pure Formality* shows the director as actor, although this is not his first acting role. His characterisation is just as intense as his directing-credits which have earned him a reputation not dissimilar to Hitchcock's. In *APF*, Polanski has succeeded in bringing his talent for macabre drama to life.

The acting in *APF* is shouldered primarily by Polanski and Gerard Depardieu. The announcement of Depardieu in any movie, French or otherwise, signals for groans or cheers from movie audiences, depending which on side of the coin these people adopt. An overexposed hero of French cinema, Depardieu has given many fine performances during the course of his long and splendid career (*The Last Woman*, *The Return of Martin Guerre*, *Jean de Florette*, to name a few). Here, Depardieu is in a role as complex and sophisticated as is his allure.

Depardieu plays Onoff, a celebrated writer, now a dishevelled wreck. He is a man running away from something unknown. He is picked up by the police for interrogation. There was a discovery of a corpse near Onoff's property that night and the Inspector (Polanski) wants to know Onoff's involvement in the whole matter, provided the man they picked



Lost Soul.. Gerard Depardieu in an unenviable position.

up is who he says he is.

The interrogation which ensues reveals the paranoid nightmare in Onoff's mind as he struggles rhetorically with the Inspector, who is meticulously civil yet menacing. Through the character of Onoff, director Giuseppe Tornatore tells the audience a surreal tale of isolation and madness. The Inspector forces Onoff to confront his life, his works and Phil Wrightoff describes his damaging experience of writers' block, not unlike the limbo Tornatore lived through in between this movie and the last. Onoff's innocuous confessions belie the truth. Subliminal flashbacks, accompanied by Ernio Morricone's demented score, hint at some horror already committed and then quickly forgotten. The Inspector alternately cajoles and threatens Onoff to reveal the truth of the past 24 hours. Yet Onoff himself claims he has no memory of the events. Little by little, Onoff yields. The battle of wits between the two stubborn parties is played out into the endless night.

The mood is claustrophobic and nightmarish. Onoff is trapped in his own private horror. The droning and incessant rain leaks into all areas of the remote police station. There is nowhere safe nor warm. Onoff has to build his identity back together for the benefit of his sanity. Tornatore directs his audience with expertise towards some 'horrible truth' at the finalé. We know this because the sharp flashbacks in Onoff's mind capture images that are both lovely and violent, with harsh violin strains added for good effect. The suspect, now a pitiable figure, has seemingly destroyed a once-beautiful entity. He is expected to be punished for it, as punishment follows all crime according to the grand rule

Avenging victim... Sigourney Weaver as Paulina Escobar, a woman struggling to leave her past behind.



of life. The mystery of the movie is the actual deed which had taken place.

The darkness of the backdrop makes *APF* read like a morose and tedious work. It is not. Although exhaustive at parts, when I could almost hear the clock-with-no-hands ticking away, *APF* is actually a very good and very satisfying piece. The dialogue and drama are noteworthy and the performances are excellent. The photography is well-executed in a way that one would expect from the symbolic nature of this film.

APF compares well with the stage-set style of *Death and the Maiden*. The plot of both films follow a central theme of interrogation and entrapment. The locations are limited, confined even. Indeed, *DeM* is based on a play by Ariel Dorfman. It is interesting to note that *DeM* has been translated into over thirty languages. This film is very good. It is worth seeing. Screenwriters Rafael Yglesias and Ariel Dorfman have provided well-paced and provocative dialogue. I was glad to see Sigourney Weaver carry her role as a past torture victim with aplomb. Second headliner in the cast list is Ben Kingsley who first came to international attention for his portrayal of Mahatma Gandhi in Sir Richard Attenborough's *Ghandi*. In *DeM*, Kingsley plays Weaver's nemesis. Stuart Wilson completes the tight trio as Weaver's husband who finds himself in a predicament.

In a South American country that had only recently found democracy after a long period of dictatorship, there are citizens who carry the scars of unspeakable torture under the hands of the government. Paulina Escobar (Weaver) is one such person. Her husband, Gerardo Escobar, is now

a peace activist. Once upon a time, they had been young students in the Resistance. Their underground activity had led to Paulina's 'arrest' (read: kidnap) and subsequent torture. Paulina held fast and she survived with her life but very little else. Fifteen years later, a man by the name of Dr Roberto Miranda enters the Escobars' secluded home seeking friendship. Paulina does not see the visitor. Instead, the sound of his voice throws her into panic and terror. Her actions become irrational. She takes the visitor captive and proceeds to interrogate him. But, as the adage goes, there is method to her madness. Is the woman mad, or is she a survivor battling to curb the demons which have tormented her for so long?

Paulina believes Dr Miranda played a prominent part in her torture sessions. Does she seek revenge or peace from him? How far is she willing to go? How far will Dr Miranda submit? And for what reasons? Is he a guilty man or a scapegoat trapped in a very sick situation?

Wilson's Escobar takes the role of mediator in this simplistic character layout. He is both loyal husband to Paulina and fair-minded friend to Dr Miranda. That is not to say that his character is secondary in significance. In this sense, *DeM* is a triangle with a twist. Escobar is like an audience to the confrontation; he does not know where his alliance should lie. He is unsure of the truth and he wants both parties to have a fair go. Yet both Paulina and Dr Miranda scream for his support. The audience can ask themselves what they would do if their own loyalties were tested. Often it is excruciating trying to determine the truth. Even more often, questions are never answered conclusively. By the end of the film, almost all the questions have been answered. This was not the case in the stage version. The conclusion was not revealed in entirety.

If you are over 18 years old and you want to see an intelligent movie, try *Death and the Maiden*. Despite its temperance, *DeM* is user-friendly. If you are a fan of Gerard Depardieu and/or want to catch Polanski in a smooth bit of acting, trek on down to the Trak for *A Pure Formality*, French language, rated M+.

Miranda M Lim

A Tale Of Political Evolution

Burnt By The Sun
Oxford Theatre, Unley Rd.

This film spans just one day in Russia's countryside, where Sergei Kotov, a deeply respected hero of the Bolshevik Revolution takes a much needed summer-holiday with his young wife Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite), daughter Nadya (Nadya Mikhalkov) and the large extended family. Interrupting their peace is the arrival of Dimitri (Oleg Menchikov), an old friend of the family's and a former lover of Maroussia's. But the real intentions of his arrival are not revealed until much later.

Director, writer, producer Nikita

Mikhalkov, who also plays the main character, Sergei Kotov (is there no end to this man's talents?!) has managed to combine themes of war, politics, history and love smoothly in this film. Like any other country's political history, scratch the surface and you'll discover maggots-full of nasty lies, violence, betrayal and names of people who inflicted these dirty deeds; and Russia is no different. Bolshevik Revolution, Red Army, Zinoviev, Bukharin and Kamenev. Mean anything? If not, then you might be like me, a tad confused and wishing you had a PhD in Russia's political history. A copy of *Encyclopedia Britannica* might come in handy.

Technically and artistically, *Burnt By The Sun* probably deserved its Oscar for Best Foreign Film, but it was a bit too slow and long for my liking. If it wasn't for the spirited performances of the actors - six year old Nadya Mikhalkov (the director's daughter) was especially captivating; I would have walked out.

Saying that however, staying for the ending was quite worth it, as everything begins to unfold dramatically, with an overwhelming sense of tragedy enveloping the characters as well as the audience. This is one of those films that really tries your patience but rewards you generously if you'd stayed. Not recommended if you like

your movies in the 'instant - just add water' sort of genre.

CYN



The Kotov family trapped by Russia's political upheaval

Protractorophile's Joy

Film

Six Degrees of Separation Greater Union

Two years after its completion, Fred Schepisi's *Six Degrees Of Separation* has finally reached our shores. The story, masterfully written by John Guare who based the screenplay on his own Broadway play, uses the premise that every person can be connected to everyone else in the world tracing just six people. It is this theory which allows a young black man to infiltrate the lives of the rich and affluent in New York. In his attempt to bridge the gap between the haves and the have nots his charm causes one to re-evaluate both her life and her marriage.

Will Smith, perhaps better known as rapper the "Fresh Prince", first works his way out into Ouisa and Flan Kittredge's (Stockard Channing and Donald Sutherland) apartment by passing himself off as Paul Poitier, the 'apparently' mugged son of Sidney Poitier and an acquaintance of their children. Once inside he cooks, cleans and does more for

them in one night than their children ever did and, sadly, will ever do. However, in his rapture he oversteps the bounds of common decency and is chased from their home. But as the Kittredge's use the night as a dinner party story they soon learn that they are not the only ones who have had the pleasure of Paul's company and listen to their friend's story with an overwhelming sense of *deja vu*. Ouisa, with Flan gradually but surely being pushed into the background, begins the search to find the right six people to help piece the puzzle together. What starts out as a mild compulsion for Ouisa soon develops into an obsession that not even her husband can understand.

All the performances in this movie are of the highest order but it is Smith and Channing, helped along in no small way by Guare's brilliant writing, that makes the film so engrossing. Smith, seen earlier this year in *Bad Boys*, has genuine screen presence that should see him land more quality roles. Channing as the unhappy and increasingly

questioning Ouisa shows a touch of class in a tailor made role and steals scenes after scene from an excellent Sutherland (Keifer could do worse than take a few leaves out of dad's book!) in the supporting role.

So if you're after some substance and a movie that actually lets you think for once, *Six Degrees of Separation* could be the flick that you are looking for.

Michael Downing



Stockard Channing and Donald Sutherland in *Six Degrees of Separation*.

Quest for Godliness

Temptation of a Monk Mercury Cinema

"Return to the origin, and the origin is nothing."

Temptation of a Monk is a funny film. It is not funny HAHA, so much as a funny mixture of styles. There's a lot of Hong Kong action movie in it, a very fragile thread of spiritualism and some superb cinematography, shot in superb settings. Visually it is a beautiful movie but the whole is flawed by its stupendous lack of substance.

There is a strong sense of the theatrical here. It moves away from reality. The characters wear mask-like make-up throughout the film and much of the dialogue is delivered in the fashion of a play. At one point, there is quite a surreal delivery of dialogue in the style of Chinese opera. This blends reasonably well with the setting and the character's development.

Several notable actors appear in *Temptation of a Monk*. Joan Chen is the obvious crowd puller here. She already has quite a strong reputation in Western cinema (*The Last Emperor*, *Twin Peaks*, etc.), and let's face it, who wouldn't want to see her in yet another gratuitous sex scene.

General Shi (played by Wu Hsin-Kuo) is the central character in *Temptation of a Monk* and it is his development that we follow. He is a man caught up in the political intrigue surrounding an impending change in Emperor during the early period of the Tang Dynasty. A weak heir and a strong rival set the scene

for Shi's betrayal by another more Machiavellian general, Huo Da.

The opening: Political and personal turmoil reflect the farthest distance from the purity and clarity of nothingness. The elemental state toward which Shi is instructed to move by his mother. Shi's progress from personal chaos to the place of nothingness is handled poorly, al-

though the idea is a good one.

Shi's truncated love affair with Princess Scarlet (Joan Chen) made no sense to me, although his encounter with Violet keeps us abreast of the situation. There is a lot of action and many Kurosawa-esque slow-motion fight scenes. A little bit of comedy is instructed towards the end with Michael Lee stealing

the show as the down-to-earth monk who "can't remember".

In all, *Temptation of a Monk* is an interesting film with just enough to keep your attention. It is worth a look but I would not say it is great. Some would say *Temptation...* is all worth it for the sensuality of the head shaving scene. Got ME going.

Phil Wright

Tempress... Joan Chen as Princess Scarlet, one of the 2 characters she plays in *Temptation of a Monk*.



ON DIT

Drugs, drugs and more drugs



Sean Nelson, as Fresh, contemplates his next move.

Houston, we've got a problem

Apollo 13 All Over The Place

After an hour of suspense building, boring plot development, where off on what the promoters have billed 'an adventure of a lifetime'. The only difference to the normal Hollywood glitz is that this adventure is based on the real life terrifying situation faced by the crew of *Apollo 13* in 1970.

Only 8 months after the success of Neil Armstrong walking on the moon, *Apollo 13* sets off on what to the American people seems a routine mission. The public and the government having seen the walk on the moon simply as an exercise for the U.S.A. to show its power over the Russians are simply uninterested in this mission. The networks can't even be bothered screening the video footage from inside *Apollo 13*.

That is until the three crew members, Jim Lovell (Tom Hanks), Fred Haise (Bill Paxton) and Jack Swigert (Kevin Bacon) realise their ship, with an explosion in the oxygen tanks, is a floating death trap, and relay a message to Mission Control. A message which obviously the actors, who are jolted into action and the audience, who actually wake up, have been waiting for - " Houston we have a problem. "

With those words the cast, which consists of the three astronauts, hundreds of men on the ground at Mission Control and one Gary Sinise, who portrays Ken Mattingly, the astronaut scrubbed from the mission, must band together with one common goal - to get the trio home. Suddenly the routine mission turns into a mission of camaraderie and teamwork. The people of Earth become captivated and obsessed, watching a task which has no room for error, not even a chance according to the books.

Although the actors including Ed Harris (who portrays Gene Kranz, the



Kevin Bacon... pigs might fly.

flight director at Mission Control) are good, especially Mattingly who shines in his role on the ground, it's not the actors who save this film from the crap heap. Simply put it's the cinematography. The footage which seems so realistic, and is genuine, places you inside the spacecraft, at Mission Control and in space, was actually created specifically for *Apollo 13*. It even gets to the stage where you feel like your a part of the crew inside the capsule.

So *Apollo 13* with the potential to inspire and to thrill doesn't quite make it. It has a great deal of action, some humour and good performances but you won't be missing out on much if you don't catch this one. Although you'll probably find that some people will rave about *Apollo 13* - but then there probably space film freaks, Tom Hanks fans or guys.

Marc Fullager

Fresh Hoyts, Regent Arcade

Fresh is a very special film. It looks like someone has put a lot of effort and thought into this film which is rare these days. This someone is probably Boaz Yakin, writer and director of *Fresh*.

This is a story of 12 year old Michael also known as Fresh, who should be leading a comfortable life but due to circumstances beyond his control, he lives with his aunt and eleven other cousins under the same roof in one of the rundown projects of Brooklyn. Due to these same circumstances, he runs heroin for the neighbourhood's druglord and he peddles crack for local sellers. All this may make Fresh seem detached, inanimate almost because he has insulated himself so well in his surroundings but Fresh still feels. He worries about staying in the good graces of his aunt and getting to school on time but most of all he worries about the well-being of his junkie sister Nichole who sleeps with anyone who can feed her addiction. Fresh's only solace seems to be his father, Sam (Samuel L. Jackson, yes, him again), an alcoholic chess genius living like a bum whom Fresh is forbidden to see. At their weekly meetings in the park, Sam teaches Fresh strategic survival skills of life through their speedy chess games.

After witnessing two shootings in less than one week, Fresh's already shitty world looks to become even

shittier. Instead of succumbing to the chaotic pressures around him, Fresh reacts and even attacks. The razor-sharp chess tactics he learnt from his father transcends into reality as Fresh begins to devise a plan to save himself and his sister.

I was pretty doubtful about this film, expecting another American gangsta flick with the obligatory pounding rap soundtrack and copious amounts of unnecessary gunfire violence. Fresh has no rap soundtrack but that's not to say it doesn't have any violence. In fact it has a few of the most real and gruesome 'squirm-in-your-seat, queasy stomach' scenes I have seen in a long time.

The only major drawback is the language. Some of it is virtually unintelligible, a hybrid of American slang (in different accents) and gangster talk. The word 'man' accompanying the end of almost every bloody sentence - 'as\$sdghv@ouyfsdo&sjqo, MAN!!' was what I heard or maybe I should just get my ears checked. It doesn't prevent you from understanding the film but it doesn't help either.

Certain scenes are also slightly patchy but other than that, Boaz Yakin's first film is very impressive indeed and I can't go through this review without mentioning the intelligent and moving performance of Sean Nelson. His characterisation of Fresh is like 'hey, somebody give this kid an award, please!!'. Worth seeing just for him alone.

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FRIDAY IN THE BAR

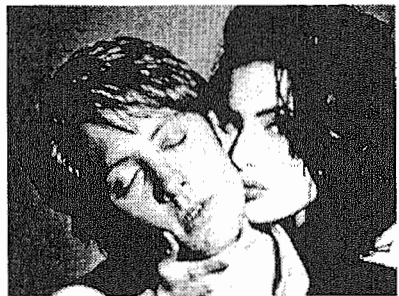
The Crow Roadshow

This dark and Gothic movie suffered a huge tragedy. On 31st March, 1993, the star of the film, Brandon Lee, was accidentally shot during the final stages of the filming of the comic book series, *The Crow*. The remaining footage from the film helped the creators computer generate Brandon Lee's im-

age to those final scenes to complete the film. The late Brandon Lee plays a rock singer who returns from death as *The Crow* to take revenge on his killers. The entire film has this eerie feeling to it.

This is certainly a film that all movie buffs should have.

Simon Dunstan



Dream Lover First Release Video

In this psychological thriller, Ray Reardon (James Spader) has dreamt of the perfect woman all his life. His

search for her drives him to divorce his wife in order to fulfil his fantasies ... and you guessed it, he does. When he finally meets his perfect woman, the sweet, sexy, smart Lena (Madchen Amick of *Twin Peaks* fame) nothing is as it seems. Unusual things begin to make Reardon wonder if she really is the perfect woman for him.

This is light on the suspense, but high marks on the leading lady ... if interested in seeing what Hollywood thinks a perfect woman should look like, then take a look, otherwise get something else.

Simon Dunstan



The River Wild CIC Video

Wow, Gee-whiz, Yahoo are just some of the things you will be yelling after you have seen this movie. In this

adrenalin pumping suspense thriller, Meryl Streep takes the oars as a woman trying to patch up her broken marriage by taking the family on a river expedition. Little does she know what awaits her when their dinghy is hijacked by evil river pirates (Kevin Bacon and John C. Reilly) who force her to take the dinghy into unknown rapids that test her skills.

The movie does not have a strong story line, but the action sequences have to be seen to be believed.

Simon Dunstan

The Scout Fox Video

Oh no, not another baseball movie. Albert Brooks and Academy Award winner, Dianne Wiest, star alongside *Airheads* and *Encino Man* star Brendan Fraser in another of Hollywood's attempts to capture the baseball profession. You don't have to be a baseball fan to enjoy this movie, but it does help the sometimes slow storyline if you are.

The movie shows a unique relationship between a hardluck baseball scout, Al Percolo (Brooks) and his unbelievably talented discovery, Steve Nebraska (Fraser). Of course, there is a hidden catch to his wonderful find and that's where Nebraska needs more from Percolo than his professional guidance, because his background is not as perfect as his pitching.

Well, if you are looking for a good



baseball movie that's going to make you feel warm inside, don't get this one.

Simon Dunstan

Immortal Beloved

Immortal Beloved has already been reviewed in *On Dit* this year (when it was on the BIG screen) so I'll keep it short. One of Beethoven's closest friends conducts a post humus investigation into an affair the dearly departed had enjoyed earlier in his life

so that his last will and testament can be resolved. The endless flashbacks give Gary Oldman plenty of screen time and he performs admirably as the sensitive genius. If you have a stereo TV/VCR set-up then you'll revel in the glorious soundtrack (it's so nice to see a film that doesn't have NIN

Straw Dogs

1971 118 minutes

Straw Dogs would have to be one of the most impactful and misunderstood films ever made. A controversial rape scene and explicitly violent finale have led many to dismiss this as an orgy of senseless violence whereby gallons of blood cover plot holes. However, if you look deeply Straw Dogs offers so much more.

The plot is fairly simple. Dustin Hoffman portrays a quiet mild-mannered American mathematician who has married a beautiful young and lively British girl (Susan George). Hoffman receives a grant to work in Britain in George's former town where they rent an English country cottage owned by her father. A few local villagers are hired to fix the out-houses and this is where the undertones of sexual repression being to emerge. I

mean these guys can't get enough and when they see an attractive woman flirting openly with everyone, they start falling over one another's tongues.

The relationship starts to go sour as Hoffman fails to satisfy his young bride in several ways. Trying to fit in with the boys, he goes on a bogus hunting trip where they dump him and go back to the cottage and rape George. This is where the film gained its controversial image. Certain scenes of sodomy were cut to avoid an x-rating. This has to be the most memorable rape scene in cinematic history (before you write to complain, see the film first, then you'll understand).

The acting and direction is superb, topped off with a nail-biting ending. Straw Dogs shouldn't be missed!

Barrie Moncrieff

The Hidden

1987 96 minutes

The Hidden is a mixture of the horror and urban jungle genres which ends up coming across as an exciting, if somewhat silly, thriller. The opening sequences are some of the best you will ever see and the action doesn't let up until the cliched, pissy final scene. Do not be put off, though, this is one of the best-kept secrets at the video store.

The story starts off fairly conventionally, which is the norm for horror stories, with burnt out cop (Nouri) closing the lid on a crime spree after shooting the shit out of the criminal. On to the scene comes the purge of hardened street cops, a hot shot FBI agent chasing the same man who,

when he hears is lying wounded in hospital, is unperturbed and demands to see the dying man. By this stage, the man has died but the man in the bed next to him has disappeared and the FBI agent (MacLachlan) demands they find this man. What follows is an extended chase scene across the city which is both amusing and thrilling.

The acting is competent and realistic. Kyle MacLachlan, alias Agent Cooper, shines as the slightly out-of-place "man" in the film whereas Michael Nouri is a worthy partner. The supporting cast is nothing out of the ordinary and the special effects are a little dated but this doesn't spoil the viewing pleasure.

Bary Moncrieff

Betty Blue

Fox Video 1991

VideoStar, Norwood - 63 Magill Rd. Stepney.

Betty Blue has been highly recommended to me since its cinema release, and it fitted in with the colour scheme of this column. *Betty Blue* is a tragedy but it's also has passion, a bit of humour and quite a large helping of sex. The on screen eroticism is fuelled by Betty (Beartrice Dalle) and the rather well built Zorg (winner of the film section's strangest name competition). They materialise as lovers in the opening shot, and a plot is created when Betty moves into Zorg's seaside shack. The film follows the couple's progress from simple desire into love and friendship. It's beauti-

fully french and gives most of the characters a casual sexuality, Zorg strolls around his house naked and there are no coyly placed pieces of furniture in sight. This may be how *Betty Blue* earned its R rating.

Apart from the obvious, there are unexpected links which can be made between this film and Dennis Hopper's tragedy, *Out of the Blue*. Both films relish the intensity in human relationships, and Betty has violent, destructive tendencies which would not be out of place in a more Americanised movie. Both films had wonderfully neat ties between the beginning and the end, providing a sense of completion. *Betty Blue* is engrossing, well worth the effort of the subtitles.

and the like playing in the background) but, if you don't, it still sounds pretty cool in mono. Admittedly, *IB* would have been an excellent film purely on the basis of the story - there's enough twisty, turny bits to keep even the keenest mind occupied - but the script, directing and acting

are all pretty good. I reckon you should see it at the very least for a change - you'll find you won't even notice the missing bank robberies, slick pop culture references and 'wow-man-this grunge-gear-is-just-what-The-Kids-want' soundtrack. Cool.

Mark Scruby

Gothic

VideoStar, Nwd (63 Magill Rd Stepney)

They're nutters! In Lord Byron's mansion on the shore of Lake Geneva, Percy and Mary Shelley, Lucy (Mary's sister), Dr. Polidori and Byron deliberately send themselves on a bad trip. Bloody nutters! Fuelled by laudenum (opium mixed with alcohol) the quintet don't just sit about the lounge room and turn the carpet into rice. Instead they blitz about the mansion

scaring each other silly. Percy (Julian Sands) even engages in some nude, rooftop lightning worship. But more than just indulging the senses they manage to create a monster from their combined fears and this leads to heightened paranoia.

Dr. Polidori (Timothy Spall) is one sick puppy. Somehow he ends up in one of the most ridiculous costumes of all time - Ken Russell had a field day with this 'un. Polidori is in some ways more frightening than Lord By-

ron (Gabriel Byrne) who initiates the game. The game being: feel more alive by getting as close as possible to death, ouch! Despite being somewhat out done by Polidori in the "bizarre nutter championship", Byron indulges his vampyric obsession with all due grotesqueness. Mary (Natasha Richardson) is perhaps the most sane of all - yet the fear doesn't pass her by - oh no, not one little bit. There is no relief from the scary hallucinogenic quality of this film - not for the actors

and not for the viewer.

Russell has toned himself down for this film, believe it or not, but it is still a freak-out from hell. There's a trout in a dried out bird-bath, nipples with eyeballs, a watery foetus, ectoplasm, reversed tape and fish-eyed lenses aplenty. To reinforce the mood of the film Henri Fuseli's painting "Nightmare" is recreated with live models. Wowee! what a damn fine effort! This one's as wickedly disturbing as all get out! A must see.

From three to ninety three,



women are raped.

Z
ZERO TOLERANCE

HUSBAND, FATHER, STRANGER
MALE ABUSE OF POWER IS UNACCEPTABLE

RAPE IS A CRIME

Myth: The number of rapes and sexual assaults is exaggerated.

Reality: More than one-third of rape victims in Australia have never told anyone about the rape.

Myth: Women are most likely to be raped outside, in dark alleyways late at night.

Reality: Nearly all rapes happen indoors, usually in homes, women raped in homes and workplaces are less likely to be believed and less likely to report.

Myth: Women are most likely to be raped by a stranger.

Reality: Women are more likely to be raped by someone they know and trust.

Myth: Only young, attractive women are at risk of rape or sexual assault.

Reality: Age or attractiveness has little significance. From infancy to old age, women are raped. Rape is an act of power and violence.

Myth: Women should know the rules. If a man buys her dinner or presents, he is likely to expect sex as payment.

Reality: Spending money on a woman does not give a man the right to rape or sexually assault her.

Myth: Everyone knows that when a woman says 'no', she often means 'yes'.

Reality: When women say 'no', they mean 'no', Sex without consent is rape.

Myth: The woman was drunk/ took drugs/ had a bad reputation/ was hitchhiking/ wore tight clothes/ seduced him. She probably got what she asked for.

Reality: Men use a variety of excuses to attempt to discredit the women they rape and to justify their crime. No woman asks for or deserves to be raped or sexually assaulted. Rapists choose to rape. Victims of rape are not given a choice.

Myth: Once a man is sexually aroused, he can't help himself, he has to have sex.

Reality: Men can control their sexual urges. Rape is an act of violence, not of sexual gratification. Men who rape or sexually assault do so to dominate, violate and control a woman. men can control their sexual urges, Rape is an act of violence NOT of passion.

Euthanasia

Some weeks ago the parliament of the Northern Territory passed The Consent to Medical Treatment and Palliative Care Bill, making voluntary euthanasia in that state lawful. Rarely has ethical debate captured such exposure in media and political circles.

Debate around euthanasia remains strictly polarised. On the one hand, there are those who believe that euthanasia is simply a vision of compassion, that respects the autonomy and thereby the dignity of people by granting them the right to self-determination. Conversely, there are those that claim that it is always morally wrong to assist someone to commit suicide and that the implications of legislation is the creation of a slippery slope.

Some persons may request euthanasia because they are in great physical or mental pain. Horrific diseases like cancer can leave a patient facing intolerable levels of suffering. In such a case, the patient may wish to die because their suffering is too great to bear, or because they wish to take control of their lives and meet death on their own terms.

Some persons can already die quite swiftly by exercising their common-law right to refuse life-saving treatment, but others will require assistance and there may or may not be people willing to assist them. In most relevant jurisdictions, there are laws which prescribe such assistance. In the case of a competent person who is suffering and wants to die, whose family supports their decisions and whose death will not burden the state, can it be ethically justified if these people require assistance in their death?

The commitment of the physician is to both prolong life and relieve suffering. However, in some cases the physician is faced with a conflict of ideals and they must somehow resolve these issues. With informed consent, a physician may do what is medically indicated to alleviate severe pain, or cease or omit treatment to let a terminally ill patient die. However, when a patient is facing the possibility of continued anguish that cannot be relieved by conventional methods, then there are those that argue that current laws forbidding voluntary euthanasia should be liberalised.

When making such decisions we must take into account the concept of 'quality of life'. Different groups throughout society hold different beliefs concerning their conception of what a good life entails. Thus quality of life must be considered in determining what is best for the individual. There are those who believe that life should be cherished for its inherent worth, however, when prolongation of that life proves inhumane and unconscionable, there are those that argue that under these conditions the taking of that life is justified.

Despite strong support for voluntary euthanasia out in the community, as indicated by opinion polls, there exists a considerable amount of opposition towards the proposed steps to legalisation. Dissenters argue that a human life is precious and ought to be protected. Voluntary euthanasia is simply a violation of the moral laws against killing another. They continue that there remains the possibility that if treatment was continued that the patient could have eventually recovered. However, the most valid argument against voluntary euthanasia is the slippery-slope argument. As Bishop Sullivan argues, "Once the respect for human life is so low that an innocent person may be killed directly even at his own request, compulsory euthanasia will necessarily be very near". Arguments have arisen that suggest that discussions of voluntary euthanasia can never be made in a social vacuum, freed from the pressures of family or society, and that there will always remain a serious problem of abuse. No matter what view you take of individual instances of mercy killing, as a matter of social policy we ought to enforce a rule against it.

The issues surrounding euthanasia are both complex and difficult as it makes us question the value and meaning of a human life and the worth of its continued existence. To participate in this discussion, we should take our time and discover the worth of all relevant arguments, for the implication of legislation could be far more reaching that we are prepared to imagine.

Klay Brown

BETTER THAN EZRA

Who is Tom Drummond, apart from one of the sincerest friendliest people in the music industry? Well, he's the bass player from one of the coolest new bands around, Better Than Ezra. New, well, they have actually been together for 7 years. Cool, most certainly, their single *Good* is one of the coolest songs getting airplay at the moment.

After asking the story behind the name Better Than Ezra, I was informed that "no one but the band members knows what it really means. It was thought up in a hurry and was planned to be replaced but it just stuck". My interpretation was that they didn't think they were bigger than Jesus but were, at least, Better Than Ezra, a fellow Bible character. Tom laughed, commented that he liked my interpretation and said he should write it down, but that it wasn't the original meaning.

As for classifying their music, Tom's response was, "Basically, it's just rock'n'roll. We owe an alliance to the alternative radio stations as they were the ones who initially stuck their neck out and were willing to give our songs airplay, but basically I'd prefer just to call it rock music." To give you a bit more of an idea of the Better Than Ezra style, similarities have been drawn between them and bands like the Gin Blossoms, Counting Crows and Pavement. When I mentioned this to Tom, he

didn't threaten to kill me, so I'd say these comparisons were to a certain extent accurate.

The members of Better Than Ezra all came from the heartlands of Louisiana, USA. They met at Louisiana University, formed a band and soon became a hit on the local circuit. They opened for a number of big name acts such as The Pixies and Dinosaur Jr. Tom recalls, "It was a thrill to open for bands like The Pixies whose music we loved so much."

Initially, Better Than Ezra was a four-piece band but death robbed them of guitarist Joel Rundell and so after a time of much uncertainty, they decided to continue on, mainly due to the support of their fans.

The album *Deluxe* was initially recorded before Better Than Ezra was signed to Elektra Records, so their recording budget was very tight. So tight, in fact, that it was recorded in three separate places, including an illegal living loft amid East LA's meat packing district. The first 30,000 copies of *Deluxe* were virtually sold out of the back of their truck after live gigs. To date, *Deluxe* has sold around 700,000 copies, well more than the band had ever expected. "We would have been happy selling 100,000 units, we never expected *Deluxe* would sell like this."

As for Australian bands that Tom likes include: Crowded House (they claim to be Australian and I'll accept them); Silver Chair (who have a

number one on the Alternative Singles Chart in the US); and also Midnight Oil, to name a few. Tom mentioned that he'd recently seen the Oils play live and "was blown away by the way the two guitarists work together so well".

At present, Better Than Ezra is touring in the US and they are playing heaps of new songs as they prepare for their next album. "Our new stuff is faster and our live sets are always harder than on our albums." So, when are they going to visit the fair land of Oz? Probably in March, they are likely

to play at Alternative Nation. When asked if Better Than Ezra would visit little old Adelaide, Tom was unsure, but commented that he'd like to and that it was so far in the future that nothing was certain.

So, listen out for their tour early next year with any luck and before then their second single *In The Blood* which has been doing well in the US.

Scott Berry



FOLK AND MUSIC FESTIVAL

The year's festival is huge and boasts 700 performers and 120 separate events, including 40 major concerts and 30 workshops. There will be 12 main venues. Apart from major marquee venues there will also be cabaret style performances, spontaneous jam sessions, intimate performances, workshops, relaxing coffee shop listening and daytime and night time concerts. There will also be a "Hawker" style international food and on-site pub.

This year's festival is again being staged by the Folk Federation of SA and will be the biggest festival yet.

Overseas acts include Jay Turner (UK), Chandu Sardeshmukh (India), Caribbean dancer Kofi Walker (Jamaica) and the 20 piece Genra Madya Ensemble from Indonesia.

Interstate acts include Marco Goldsmith's Blue Heat (Vic), Greg (I love

footy) Champion and Becky Cole (Vic), Ted Egan and Nerys Evan (NT), Australia's top Irish band The High Notes (NSW), all-female blues band The Mojoes, gorgeous African singer Jean Paul Wobatai (Vic) and acclaimed Aust/Italian singer Kaviska Mazella (Vic).

SA acts include Celtic harmony group Colcannon, African Township

band Hoza, Ratatouille, Robyn Habel, acapella group Weird of Mouth, Latin Swing Band Sabor Latino, Macedonian Dance Band Evropa and country artist Jeanette Wormald.

There will also be many special events. There will be the annual SA Folk and Songwriters Award, a

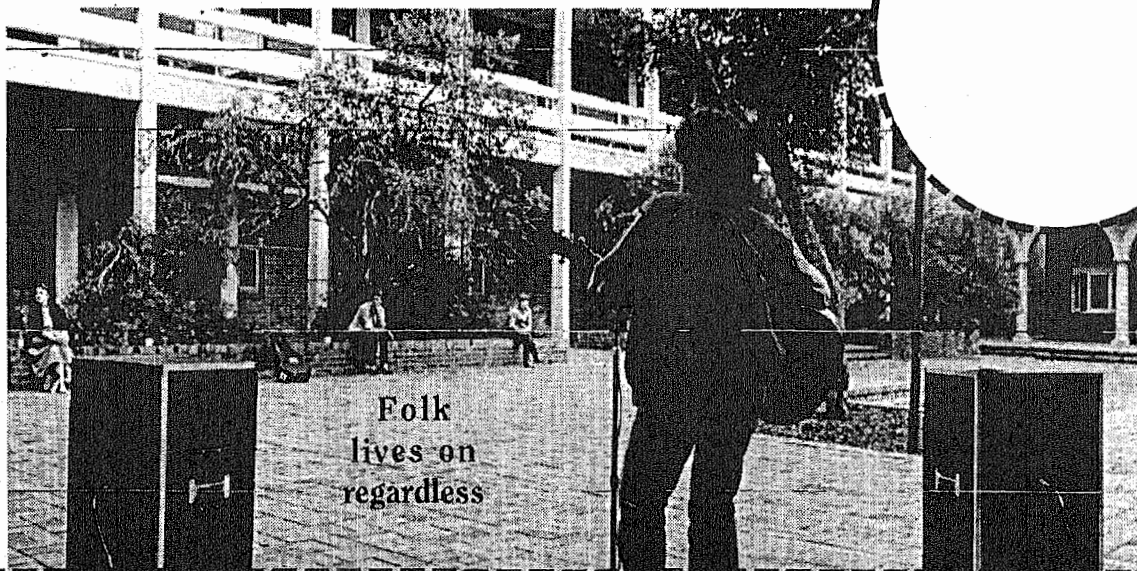
new Victor Harbour Street Buskers competition called the "Victor Busk-Off," a new poetry competition, a story-telling award, and a competition to encourage young performers called "The

Young Traditionalists Award." The Folk Federation will also present the inaugural SA folk awards which will become a regular event at the Festival.

Tickets range from \$15 prepaid for Saturday or Sunday to \$40 prepaid for the whole weekend.

Information regarding a wide range of accommodation is available from the Victor Harbour Tourist Information Centre and the Festival Office.

For more details, contact the Festival Office. Folk Federation of SA, 59 Port Rd Hindmarsh 5001



SA State Folk and Music Festival at Victor Harbour
October Long Weekend September 29 - October 2 1995

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Music

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For 16 days from the 30th of September, artists like the Satory Trio

of Switzerland (a string trio playing Beethoven, Dohnanyi and so on), the Meryl Tankard Australian Dance Theatre, the Stuttgart Chamber Philharmonic, The New Leipzig String Quartet (playing Schubert, Webern, Hayden and Beethoven) and the Daniel Schnder Jazz Quintet 'Nucleus' from New York amongst a whole host of others will be performing about one hour's drive away from Adelaide. Some quite generous student discounts are available (up to 50% off in many cases) so there is little excuse to avoid some cultural experience these holidays.



Artistic Director, John Russel Oam

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2. **LOST IN LOVE** Up ya Ronson
3. **RETROSPECTIVE OF HOUSE 91-95**
Various Artists
4. **BAD THINGS** N Joi
5. **LIVIN FOR THE FUTURE** H²O
6. **SOUND FX** Jason Nevins
7. **Q.U.M.E.E.P** DJ PMH
8. **AQUILA E.P.** Aquila
9. **MASTER PLAN** Dye Witness
10. **SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN** Berri

compiled by James Ingram & ATB



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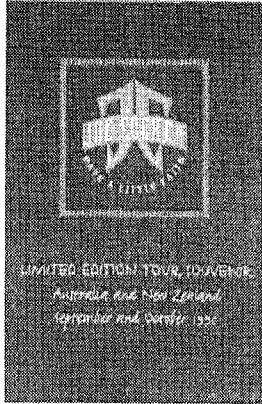
City

Tuesday 10 October 2-5pm

University of Adelaide

Hughes Lecture Theatre Level Two **Hughes Building**

Light refreshments will be served after each seminar **Limited Places BOOKINGS ESSENTIAL** call (08) 302 3897



Joe Cocker
Have a Little Faith
 (Liberation)
 Limited Edition Tour Souvenir

Tch, tch, tch. What is modern music coming to? There's no melody, no tune - not like those good old dance hall toe-tappers they played when I was a young lad back in the good old days. No sir. And would you look at the Mr Cocker! What a hirsute hooligan! This is the sort of poor excuse for a musician who is corrupting our youth, turning them all into lazy layabouts who've never done an honest day's work in their lives. And would you look at the titles of these songs! *Have a Little Faith* he calls his new record. Bah! Have a little haircut and shave would be more like it! And what's this? *You Can Leave Your Hat On?* By jingo, in my day everyone knew it was just plain manners to not take your hat off inside. Then there's *Highway*, *Highway* and *Hell and Highwater* - not the similarity - that's right "high" - if you ask me, I'd say he's inciting our children to take drugs! It also comes with a 'hit disc' and so-called souvenir interview with Joe Cocker - interviewed by the police, I'd bet.

Nonetheless, my grandkids (bless their hearts) tell me this is actually one of Mr Cocker's most impassioned, consistent and expressive releases for a long time. Still, I'm not convinced. As soon as I work out how to play this confounded little gold record on my gramophone, I'll prove them wrong. They'll see.

I bet he smokes marijuana too. Goodness gracious, in my day you wouldn't read about it!

A concerned citizen



Reckoning
The Future is Stupid
 (Independent Release)
 EP

Hey! This is the debut CD release from local band Reckoning. The lads have combined three new tracks with three old (but re-worked) ones, producing a sound that ranges from misty-eyed and introspective to somewhat addictive anthemic rock.

Seamus (singer / bass) screams and shrieks and shouts his curled consonants amidst swirled guitars and a memorable bass line in *Vibed!*. However, *I am a Levitating Band-Aid* combines quirky lyrics with catchy guitar riffs and a pulsating rhythm section. The band decide to unplug their instruments for the passionate and sincere *Eve*, adopting only the sound of acoustic guitars.

Standout track for me is *The Future is Stupid* because ... well, it is. Anyway, support Adelaide's musicians by going and grabbing your own copy.

A great one for the kids!

Shelley



Regurgitator
 New
 (East West Records / Warners)

Take 1 decent slice of Industrial Grunge, 1 healthy dollop of Rap, 3 quarts of pure energy and a chunk of Funk. Blend the mixture until you get a thick consistency and bake it in the Queensland sun. What do you get? Regurgitator.

No, they aren't named after one of the people who have just visited Flo Bjelke-Peterson's new Pumpkin Scone Café and they don't have an eating disorder. They are just three blokes from The Sunny State who have just released their second EP, called *New*.

The first single, which is the opening track off the EP is called *Track One*, and has been getting a fair amount of airplay on Triple J. The other tracks are great, especially *Blubber Boy*, which I could easily see someone like Soundgarden doing. It's Australian, it's new and it's great.

You might remember Regurgitator played the UniBar earlier in the year. They are coming back to Adelaide soon to do shows at the Synagogue (22/9) and the Glenelg Surf Club (23/9) with the

Clowns of Decadence. Check them out then and check out this great *New EP*. Princess Di (the eternal Regurgitator)



Thurston Moore
Psychic
 (Geffen)

For those of you who didn't know, Thurston Moore is one of the masterminds behind Sonic Youth. So, surprise, surprise, this album is quite Sonic Youthish (if that's a word). In a word, *Psychic*™™™™ is experimental. From the opening sample of a phone message left on Mr Moore's answering machine, you realise this isn't going to be another formula rock album.

Some of this experimental music is absolutely spellbinding, like the ever so cool, *Ono Soul*. While other songs, such as *Elegy For All The Dead Rock Stars*, although being unconventional, is still tedious. That song just mentioned goes for 20 minutes, including 3 long minutes and 26 seconds of the same chords which becomes just so annoyingly repetitious. Much of the album is very laid-back, cool rock'n'roll. While other moments of such as *Hang Out* show Thurston's punk influence but not to the extent of *Nic Fit off Dirty*. Thurston's unconventional style is also reflected in the song titles of *Patti Smith Math Scratch* and *See-through Play/Mate*, both of which are particularly catchy tunes.

Overall, if you like experimental music such as Sonic Youth, then this album is definitely worth a listen (it sure ain't commercial radio fodder).

Scott Berry



Black Grape
It's Great When You're Straight... Yeah
 (radioactive)

"Yeah, we're having a Temazepam party, yeah"

So samples Black Grape to begin *Tramazi Party*, their shouty anecdote about forgetting who you are 'cause you're so wacked on Temazepam. Three years since the Happy Mondays fell down in the medicinal haze of ...*Yes, Please!* it's heart-warming to know that some things never change with the likes of Bez and Shaun Ryder. They can surface in a band like Black Grape with Ryder droning lines like,

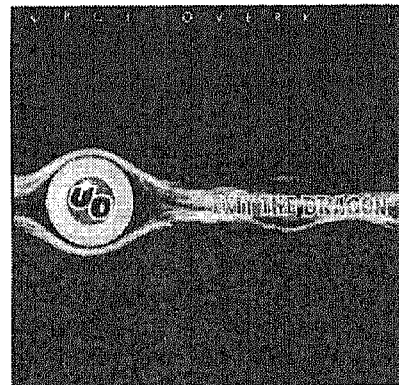
"(m)y father's father's father's father/ by nature he was bendy/we are the shoe-shine(?) tribe/and we are over friendly," (Reverend Black Grape) while Bez of the maracas, um... is listed as contributing 'vibes'.

They're still drug fucked (just not crack this time), they've got a ragga chanter with the moniker Kermit along and they sound like a good time, party version of the Mondays circa *Pills 'N' Thrills*...

Is every song a head-bopping, baggy-esque, funk-tinged, roughish winner? Just about! *A Big Day in the North* has Shaun Ryder in understated Franco groove mode. *Yeah, Yeah Brother* could have been the guitar B-side to the Mondays' *Judge Fudge*. *Reverend Black Grape* (the first single released in England) is pure musical cool and *Submarine* is a fat, sing-a-long tune loaded with nonsensical lyrics and cheesy organ bits.

It's Great... ends with some incomprehensible back masked Ryder mumblings. With this crowd, you're not supposed to know what the hell they're on about... just understand that they know how to make your party run smoothly.

Bryan Scruby



Urge Overkill
Exit the Dragon
 (Geffen)

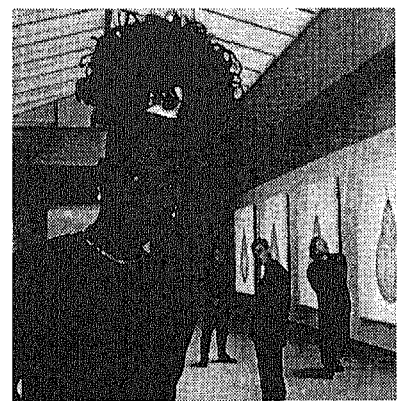
Pinstripes, velvet and glistening gold medallions. Mmmm, yes. That's right brothers and sisters, Nash "King" and Blackie O are back, exuding cool, to prove once and for all that style isn't something you learn at school - either you've got it, or you ain't.

And got they have - in big chunky doses. While *Saturation* was a slickly produced embrace of major label success, *Exit the Dragon* sees the Urge embarking on a looser and rougher road of melodic darkness. Opening with the amazingly tight funk-grunt of *Jaywalkin'*, they effortlessly slip from the accomplished straightforward rock of *The Break* to Stoooges-ville USA in *Need Some Air*. *Honesty Files* and *The Mistake* are subtle and understated - perfect contrast to the crashing bluesy hooks of *Take Me* and *And You'll Say*.

Somebody Else's Body, the first single is classic Urge, demonstrating Nash Kato's knack of crafting great radio-friendly pop, without sacrificing their brooding edge for the cliched mainstream rock aesthetic. Similarly, the beautiful *View of Rain* should follow it into the hit-parade.

If anything, *Exit the Dragon* is a tad long, with King Roeser's tracks erring towards the repetitive side of things. Nonetheless, this expressive blend of silky sonic twists and bass-heavy anti-riffage, tempered by the occasional acoustic melancholy, foils any attempts to ever classify Urge Overkill. Stylish and smooth, yet defiant and rough - psychosis has rarely been so cool.

Michael Osborne



MPeople
Bizarre Fruit
 (BMC)

Ok, just a quick one then. MPeople have released *Bizarre Fruit* and included three extra remix tracks. There's a funky extended *Movin' On Up* with lots of cut-up vocals, a tribal-then-clubby extended *Open Your Heart* and a convincing fake 'live' *Search For the Hero*.

If you were thinking of buying this album, it's obviously better value in this incarnation, if not, there's nothing here that will sway you. It's great stuff, though.

Isaac Bridle



Better Than Ezra
Deluxe
(Elektra / Warner)

If the name Better Than Ezra sounds familiar to you, it's probably because their single *Good* has been getting a fair thrashing by a number of radio stations. It's that catchy song with the chorus, "It's been good living with you, oh uh". Many people would agree that *Good* is a great song but what is the rest of the album like? I hear you ask. Well, it's not bad at all, but it definitely is not all like the first single, in fact, much of *Deluxe* is slow ballads.

Some of these slower songs are captivating while others are at times nonchalant. The untitled track 8 is delightful as is *Porcelain*, which is a truly beautiful acoustic number. Songs like *Coyote* and *Southern Girl* are so heavily influenced by country music I found them just plain annoying. While *Summerhouse* seemed to me like a groovier version of Crowded House, which tells an intriguing tale of murder. Apart from *Good*, the other track that demonstrates Better Than Ezra's class is *In The Blood*, it is also an alternative rock song that goes off, especially the unorthodox guitar solo.

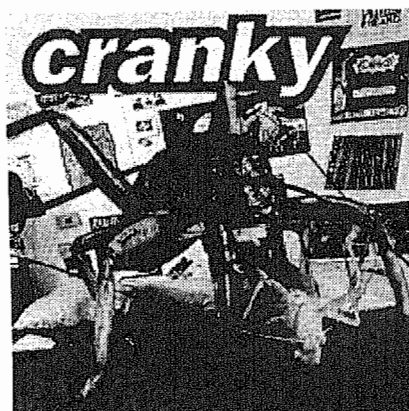
Overall, *Deluxe* is a fair album worth a listen for anyone who liked the single, it's not perfect, but pardon the pun, it definitely is good.

Scott Berry

Garbage was a project begun in 1993 by Butch Vig (that's right, producer of Sonic Youth, Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins), Duke Erikson and Steve Marker but it wasn't until last year when Scottish lass Shirley Manson enlisted that things started to happen. They then proceeded to spend a whole year recording this album. Hmmm, a year for this offering. One thinks when the producer (Mr. Vig) is actually playing in the band then perhaps he is becoming a little bit picky with everything - hence a year of recording time.

Vow = brilliant. Rest of album = ho hum. Well what's the best of the rest then? The first track *Supervixen* is fairly catchy with the increasingly popular stop start style. You then have to plow through a big section of sameness until you come to *Not My Idea*. Now this song is the classic example off the album of trying to do too much. Manson's vocals are quite alluring and the whole pattern of the song is simple until too much starts happening with sampling and distortion. Plodding along (Vow excluded) the next highlight doesn't come until the second to last track in *Fix Me Now*. Its bluesy, melodic sounds are a welcome change to the overdone sampling preceding it. Overall a disappointing effort.

Matt Rawes



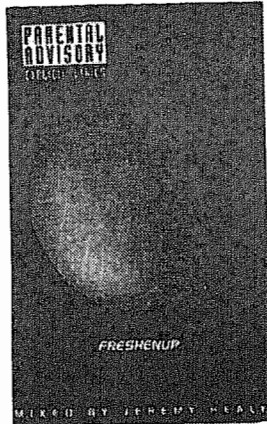
Cranky
2 Bugs
(Polydor)
EP

Cranky are a six-piece acid jazz / funk, etc. outfit from Melbourne, who have proven themselves to be an amazingly frenetic and irresistible band with the release of this debut EP.

Australia, Don't Become America has already received heavy airplay on Triple J and it is a groovy, fast number with a catchy little flute riff. It sets the scene for what follows on this value-for-money seven track EP, with funky acid jazzy songs integrating pretty harmonies and dance-beats with loud guitars and thrashy distortion. It takes off where SuperGroove leave things, getting heavier than softer unpredictably with a madness that is infectious.

There certainly isn't anything like this around on record at the moment. Cranky are delightfully original, featuring a highly talented group of musicians (the drummer could give Stewart Copeland a run for his money). This is much more than a novelty item, a little less than brilliant and highly enjoyable.

Ben deHoedt



Freshenup
Mixed by Jeremy Healy
(Mushroom)

"Jeremy Healy is God," proclaims British DJ magazine. Another one of these DJs with more profile than the artists they play, and more ego than three Bonos sellotaped together. Oh dear.

This is basically a megamix of obscure club music - Lovestation, Strike, Time of the Mumph - with Lord Healy mixing and linking the tracks, dropping samples over the top, etc. The music is all pretty good; mostly the sort of progressive house grooves that really bring a dance party to life. Tempos are nice and foot-friendly too.

Healy (mighty Healy, bow to Healy) falls into the common DJ trap of sounding a bit too squeaky clean in the studio, but it's not hard to picture him working sweaty English teenagers into a frenzy. By incorporating one track with a bit of language, Healy has managed to secure a "parental advisory" sticker for the cover, so it's sure to sell, but *Freshenup* probably deserves to.

Don't think I'll be joining the church of Healy just yet, though.

Isaac Bridle

GLOVEBOX



the cold horse sings

Glovebox
The Cold Horse Sings
(id / Mercury)

Shimmering, atmospheric pop with slight hints of jazz would be the best way to describe Sydney band Glovebox. Their originality of sound is one of their best features, but to simply praise them for this would be ignoring the all the other excellent aspects of this album. All of the songs are great. It's as simple as that.

The production on the CD is of the highest quality, the lyrics are intelligent (and feature the line "disappeared like Christopher Skase") and anything else that can be good on an album is here too. If you love the mushy, blokey music played on the kids-love-swearing-and-drug-references network Triple J, then forget this. It's not for you. For the others who aren't prepared to listen to any old crap shovelled at them through the airwaves, try this.

Christian H.



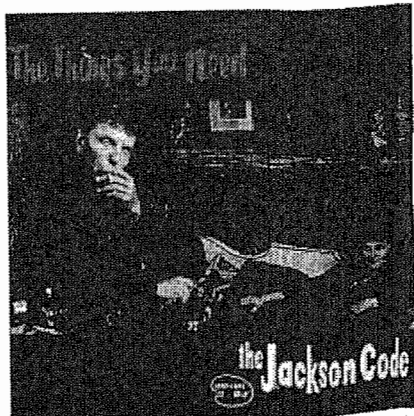
Idle hands collective
Universal Idiot

This Adelaide group Idle hands collective (IHC) formed due to a combined felt need to fill the void left behind by the energetic local band *Just Kidding* and the huge number of the group also would allow them scope to venture forward in a range of directions. As an eleven piece outfit with an ensemble of instruments including Hammond organ, sax, trumpet and trombone, it has achieved a smooth, cohesive and slick finish, as it roams through a collective of reggae, acid jazz, funk, soul, ska and rap.

Named *Universal Idiot*, as this was the all-purpose universal catch phrase "you idiot", that stuck during the recording of the CD. I feel this undermines the CD which is often groovy, punchy and serious. The CD cover, is a let down and detracts from the rest, so just rip that bit off as the music deserves better.

Move with the motion (sweet soul) and *Coffee and cream* (A1 fresco gets a mention) were my faves. Some may prefer the rap finale *Hot Water*, with its poignant social awareness. IHC have completed video clips for *Party on my own* and *Move with motion*, which they want heard loud and clear on Rage and other music programs. IHC has been supported by Triple J for its originality and may be touring Sydney, Brisbane and Canberra soon.

Kylie Stains



The Jackson Code
The Things You Need
(Ra Records)

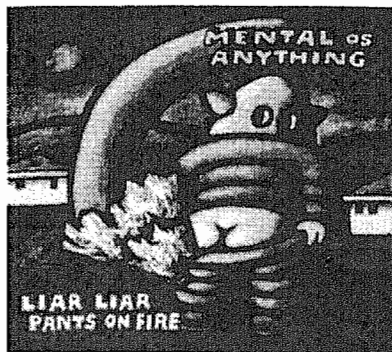
The Jackson Code formed in 1989, but due to some of the members penchant for travelling, this is only their fourth album. The Jackson Code have definitely lightened up since earlier releases, but it would be a fallacy to imagine that this album conjures up images of dancing girls with maracas. One could, however, imagine listening to *The Things You Need* whilst cruising around in a '67 Falcon with the windows down and the roof off, if one has that luxury.

The musical styles cover ballads,

rock, country, blues and just a pinch of pop, might sound a little like the Cruel Sea, but such a comparison would be unfair to the latter. The lyrical contents cover the usual fodder of self-examination, excursions into the night and some pretty whacky relationships gone wrong, "I handcuffed you to our bed, 'cause I thought your heart had fled".

The Jackson Code have always received critical praise, but have never generated a larger following, the more lighthearted approach on *The Things You Need* may be an attempt to address this problem. In this aspect, this album is a success, it is definitely more accessible to the casual listener but adversely it fails to reproduce the shiver waiting to crawl down your spine of previous albums. Consequently, I fear this CD will start to collect dust on one of my shelves.

Dominic Stefanson



Mental as Anything
Liar, Liar, Pants on Fire
(BMG)

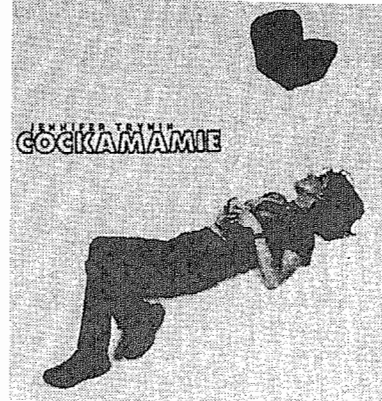
These guys are getting on. Between them, they have about two centuries of experience in the music industry and they have just released another album. It is called *Liar, Liar, Pants on Fire* and they are Mental As Anything. The first single from the CD is *Mr Natural*, which you probably know, because it has been around for a while. In fact, at first they had to pay for the pressing of the single themselves and were selling it at gigs due to a dispute with their record company. Unfortunately, they resolved their differences and released an entire album.

Liar, Liar ... also contains the second single *Nigel*, which is a perky little number about a guy who just died (a bit confused if you ask me). Also on the CD is a moving (not) tribute to Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithful, *Marianne, English Blues* which is about how tough it must be to be Prince Charles and it sounds like you have heard it before when you hear *Whole Wide World*.

Quite frankly, this CD oozes so much pop that makes me nauseous. The Mentals could quite easily be likened to sporting has-beens like Campo, AB, the Jones Boy, Duggie They just don't know when to gracefully retire to retain some credibility. This is why these guys should have given up a few CDs ago. There will be some people who like this CD, but they probably listen to SA•FM or MMM. *Liar, Liar ...* is definitely for the Thirty-Somethings.

I must give them points for trying, though. In their attempt to remain in touch with the youth of today, *Liar, Liar ...* includes a bonus Interactive Multimedia Experience for those who have a CD-ROM on their PC. Unfortunately, I couldn't get the mother to work on either a IBM or Mac. Oh well, that's technology for you!!

Princess Di



Jennifer Trynin
Cockamamie
(Liberation Records)

This is actually a re-release of an album Trynin made before she was signed to Warner Bros and Liberation Records. What this means is that it's an example of her old material, consisting of Mike Rivard (bass) and Milt Sutton (drums) and therefore *Cockamamie* is not an apt representation of the work she is currently doing. Nevertheless, it's decidedly melodic guitar dominated pop - and it's quite good. There is definitely a Pretenders influence seen in songs such as *Snow* and *Bec*, where Trynin's vocals plead then purr, whilst *Too Bad You're Such A Loser* reminds me of Chrissie Hynde's unique self-assurance.

Jennifer Trynin will probably be picked up by Australian radio stations soon so look out for her.

Shelley



Sonic Youth
Goo
(Geffen)

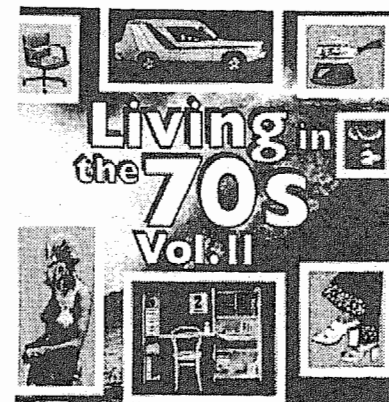
One of the cheapest in the Sonic Youth re-releases, *Goo* is also widely regarded as one of the best. It marks the Youth's transition into the heavily mixed world of the David Geffen Company, though to my (untrained) ear there is enough untidy experimentalism there to satisfy any doubts of artistic-integrity.

The album kicks off with *Dirty Boots* (boom bloody boom), which pretty much sets the scene for the album: a sort of loudly damp and arty feel, swinging between muffled drum beats to the occasional loud and thrashy bit. *Tunic* is a nice piece about the generation gap. It gets a bit wanky, though, with the softly spoken bits. *Mary-Christ* and *My Friend Goo* are more the sort of amusing, distorted power-pop I was expecting. *Scooter @ Jinx*, however, is right off the planet! A sort of experiment in making motor-bike noises with feedback - it's kinda fun for all of its one minute seven.

That's about all I have to say, really. It's all fairly excellent. Uni

Records has a bundle for about eighteen bucks a piece.

David Bloustien



Living in the 70s Vol. II
Various
(BMG)

Some of the huge musical output of the 1970s has - right or wrong - established itself as "classic" status which persists to this day and almost ensures its place on the soundtrack of the next Australian fad

movie. Some of it is still played on radio stations just enough for a bit of "I remember this"-ing at 70s parties. This compilation includes no such music.

Lots of obscure one hit wonders suggest that a bit of barrel scraping has been happening here. High points include Daddy Cool's *Hi Honey Ho!*, Tony Christie's (*Is this the way to*) *Amarillo* and Billy Ocean's *Love Really Hurts Without You*. Yes, folks, this is about as good as it gets.

According to the large amount of information supplied about each track, most of these songs hovered about in the Top Ten for a while - so I guess they'd be prime fodder for a 90s dance version, right? Jigsaw's *Sky High* is here, as is Eruption's *One Way Ticket*, so it's happening already. Still and all, this is a pretty weak compilation.

If you're really into 70s music, I'm sure there is counselling available - but check out Volume I if you're looking for some 70s party music.

Isaac Bridle

Riff Raff
with
Hot Lips Hoolihan

First off the ranks is the very forgettable *The Ballad of Jed Clampett* by J Nice who have managed to combine two of the worst styles of music in Hillbilly and rap. They are bad enough by themselves but when combined you have possibly one of the most annoying sounding conglomerations on disc and what's more there are four versions of the same shit on this ep.

I'm sorry but I was kind of hoping that I would never hear of Big Audio Dynamite ever again after their deplorable performance when they supported U2 in 93. Well the Mick Jones boys have raised their heads again to release *I Turned Out a Punk*. Maybe it's not as catchy as their other singles but pretty much more of the same that you've all heard before.

Ever on the lookout Geffen have picked up Brit trio Bivouac after showing form with early releases on Element. This ep, *Cynic* (*Monkey Sanctuary*) would see them pooled with more of your popular J fodder in the American Seattle type of sound bracket. Under-rated Australian outfit Died Pretty have released *Cutting Up Her Legs* the first single from their new upcoming album. It doesn't cut it when compared up against the singles from Doughboy Hollow although lead man Roy Penno claims it to be their best work yet. B-side, *Inside*, leaves more of a mark with more of the old Died Pretty sound.

Lisa Loeb looks just like that kind grade three teacher you had back in primary school on her ep cover and the song *Do You Sleep* is delivered in much the same

way. Softly and in an understanding way. So sweet but so boring. Foo Fighters have released *I'll Stick Around*, their most Nirvanaesque guitar song from their self titled album. Grunge factor high. The previously unreleased *Ozone* makes for a nice little ep. More rocking gear sees Butch Vig producing and drumming in Garbage led by Scottish vocalist Shirley Manson. Their first single *Vow* is a beauty, great changes great hard guitar and it really gets you rocking along. The other two tracks on the ep, like most of the stuff off the album are somewhat disappointing.

It's also disappointing to hear the next single from those boys who are anything musically but themselves, Supergrass. *Alright* does not stand up to the *Lennys* and *Caught By The Fuzzes* of this world but you get that. And the second single, *Time*, from this double A side single seems to be making up for the weakness of *Alright*. Unlike those other two aforementioned singles no one can help Supergrass out with these two tracks. Aspiring stadium rockers Temple Gods rocking out all the way from Sydney Faith No More Us with their single *Heavens*. If you like that stuff then it's for you.

Strengthening the ranks of contemporary Aboriginal music is stayer Kev Karmody. *The Young Dancer is Dead* is his tribute to all those families who have endured a death in custody.

Barnsey made the 'What's Hot' column in *Rip It Up* last week. He's released a new single, *Come Undone*. It sux.

ALL Robin Williams/ Good Morning Vietnam fantasies fulfilled.

Interested in teaching English overseas?

TESOL (Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages) are holding courses starting in January, February and July with part-time and full-time courses available. No previous teaching experience is required. For more information contact TESOL on 224 0922 or write to TESOL, Adelaide Institute of TAFE, 5th Floor, Renaissance Centre, 127 Rundle Mall, Adelaide 5000.

We've got big smoke here. You've just gotta stand closer to the factory.

In a band? Want interstate airplay? Of course you do! 'Homebrew' is the Australian music show on Radio Skidrow, a community station in Sydney.

Send your demos/c-ds to Homebrew, PO Box 346, Broadway 2007 NSW and be heard in the big smoke!

Free entry to dissidents & enemies of the state.

Sunday October 15 is the Amnesty International fete at Fullarton Park (crn. Fullarton Rd. & Fisher St.) between 10:30 and 15:30. Come for some great entertainment and browse at the stalls.

The following feature is rated PC.

Show your support for human rights at the Amnesty International screening of *Beyond Ragoon* on Thur Sep 14 at 19:00 at the Academy Cinemas, Hindmarsh Square. Tickets \$10 from the Amnesty office. The evening will start at 7pm with a short talk on the current human rights situation in Burma. Food from Burma will be available at a small cost.

Close to bus, shops and the whole gamut of yuppie pubs.

Student wanted to share accommodation with Chinese girl, furnished room in flat on Kensington Road, very close to bus, \$55 per week. Suit female student (Mandarin speaking an advantage). Contact Matthew, telephone 361 2288 (office hours).

Drink with gnomes and get 5 dexterity points.

Attention All Clubs, etc. Don't forget your UniBar's open during the holidays for all occasions.

Candles encased in barbed wire are murder in a blackout.

Amnesty International Candle Day is on Friday, October 20. If you are interested in selling badges around Adelaide or at Uni, contact Roxanne at Amnesty on 2320066.

Brash new band to Leave Them All Behind.

Wanted
Vocalist for original indie-style band. Influences include - Ride, Stereolab, Adorable, etc. Must be keen and must have writing ability ... experience not necessary. Ring Claudia or Matt on 390 1153 (leave a message on the machine).

Let the Annual Sausage Turner Games commence.

Notice of Clubs' Association AGM
Notice is hereby given of the 1995 Annual General Meeting of the Clubs' Association of the Adelaide University Union to be held on Wednesday, 13th September in the WP Rogers Room, Level 5, Union Building at 1.05 pm or thereabouts.

The following executive officers are to be elected:-
President; Convener, Publications Standing Committee (CPSC); Women's Officer; 4 General Executive Members.
The following standing committee is to be elected:- 4 Members, Publication Standing Committee. Candidates shall be elected using the Hare Clark Optional Preferential Voting System.



"Well, I'm off to the Unibar tonight for a couple beers a game of D&D and some ideas for my panelvan."

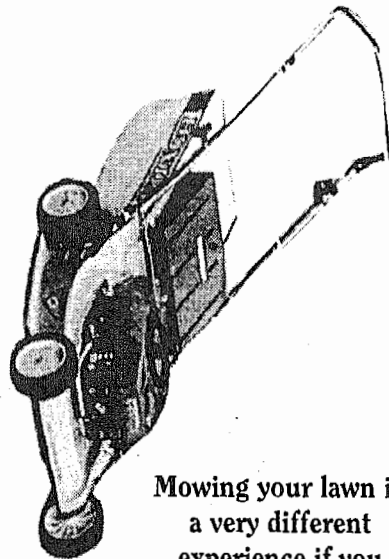
Less typos than an edition of *On Dit* - guaranteed.

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Phone (08) 415 7866

The pass ethic is a universal language.

Student Exchange Programs 1996

Study overseas for a semester or a year as part of your University of Adelaide degree! Places are still available for students who wish to participate in student exchange programs in Japan, Germany, Malaysia, Canada and the USA in 1996. To be eligible, students must be enrolled full-time at the University of Adelaide at the time of the exchange and have attained a credit average in their grades. Tuition fees are waived at the host University, but all other costs are the responsibility of the student, including travel, accommodation and living expenses. Students who receive AUSTUDY are still eligible to receive it during the exchange. For further information and application forms, please contact Jane Olsson, Exchanges Officer, International Programs Office, Level 7, Wills Building, telephone 303 4067.



Mowing your lawn is
a very different
experience if you
live on Rundle
Street.

Exeter to home in 2 minutes flat. Handy.

I want a girl who is fun to live with but also understands that I need to study. Do you study? Are you fun to live with? Please, no grots or inconsiderate people. No, I'm not looking for a "broadminded" flatmate. Rundle Street flat, \$65 a week, available now. To share with another girl, that's me. Call 359 2167.

Tip #1: Blackmail for profit.

Req'd: (1) camera, (1) election guide, (1) hiding spot outside Liberal/Labor HQ.
Studio Photography Course
Gain studio experience and make money with your camera.
Ltd vacancies. Ph. 43 8133

"PICK ME, PICK ME" stickers free with each resume.

Does your job application stand out from the crowd? Resume \$35 maximum cost, 2 pages - bound, weekend service, 24 hour pager (08) 415 7866.

Divine Brown to speak on swallowing up opportunities.

Path to Glory
Careers Talks with a difference.

All sessions will be held from 1.10pm - 2pm, either in the Kerr Grant (Tuesdays and Thursdays) or the Bragg (Thursdays). The full program of Careers Talks with a Difference will be published in the September and October issues of Careers News (available in Careers and Community Liaison) and posted on the Careers notice board, Level 4, Wills Building.

Bookings are essential. To sign up for individual sessions, either call in to the C&CL or phone Ms Beverly Aikman on 303 5906.

Tuesday 12th September - Careers in Management Consulting (Kerr Grant)

Wednesday 13th - Careers in Industrial Relations (Kerr Grant)

Thursday 14th - Have you considered Self-Employment? (Bragg)

Tuesday 3rd October - Assertiveness, Motivation and Self-Confidence (Kerr Grant)

Wednesday 4th - Careers in Human Resource Management (Kerr Grant)

Thursday 5th - The Overseas Service Bureau: Towards a Career in International Development (Bragg)

Tuesday 10th - State Government Youth Training Scheme: Graduate Opportunities (Kerr Grant)

Wednesday 11th - Career Opportunities in Teaching English as a second language: Australia and Overseas (Kerr Grant)

Thursday 12th - Social Work as a Career (Bragg)

Tuesday 17th - Careers in Banking and Finance (Kerr Grant)

Wednesday 18th - Careers in Financial Planning (Kerr Grant)

'Meditate on my face'- TISM.

FREE MEDITATION CLASSES - learn how to bring forward your own feelings of peace and happiness through easy and effective techniques. 'If we meditate regularly, we can rest assured that all our problems, inner and outer, will be solved.' Sri Chinmoy.

Tuesday 12 and Thursday 14 September, 1 - 2 pm, Margart Murray room Union bld.

We grow TREES, OK? Not plants, TREES.

Trees for Life URGENTLY require growers for the next season. If you're into gardening / like trees / are concerned with soil degradation, then give Trees for Life a call on 207 8787.

NOT to be confused with the Brickworks.

Community Festival Adelaide University Thebarton Campus October 7th 10am-5pm
Featuring Jazz Band, Dang Thao (Bamboo Ochre), Hoza, Belly Dancers, Food, Drink, Greek Dancers, Technology Trail, Kelly's Revenge, Live Music All Day, Famous Graduates Trail, Art Exhibition, Eucalyptus and Steam - History of Thebarton, Aboriginal Story Tellers, Taiko Drummers, HUGE Animations, Site Tours, Rothweb, Wine Tasting, Digeridoo Ensemble, SUV Live Broadcast, Cirkidz, Mike Tyler's - Leaping Frogs, Interactive Entertainment, Technology Demonstrations. FREE!
Stirling Street (Formerly Dew St), Thebarton.
For further information Telephone 303 4473.

Wheat, barley and rye camps set to open soon.

Adelaide Uni Edmund Rice Camps General Meeting Monday, 11th September at 1 pm, Margaret Murray Room, Level 5, Union Building. So there!

Chief Bunny Hopper needed.

Cycling Club Mountain Bike riding is one of Australia's fastest growing sports and is coming to Uni in a big way. The AU Cycling Club is forming a Mountain Bike Group which is getting together this Thursday to discuss tactics. Be at the Don Stranks Room, 14th September at 1 pm or ring the Sports Association and leave your name and number.

October Oxymoron.

Uni Gym - Spring Fun Run - 16th October

This year our Spring Fun Run will take a slightly different route. The run will begin at Thebarton Campus at 1.15 pm. The runners from the city campus will meet outside the Uni Gym at 1.00 pm to board a bus that will take them to Thebarton. From there the runners will run along Linear Park, past the weir and back to the Uni Gym, a distance of 5.3 kms.

All University students and staff are invited to participate, together with partners, children, friends, etc. This is definitely a Fun event so why not make up a team of four or more and run or walk the scenic 5.3 kms.

So put the date in your diary - 16th October, 1.00 pm, Uni Gym for bus ride to Thebarton Campus.

Join us and receive a certificate and a free drink for your efforts. For further information, please contact the Uni Gym on 267 2926.

Before the Spring Fun Run...



On stage with Harry Hun.

Following many past successes, the AU German Club is presenting five performances of the famous "Die Teufelsmühle - eine Märchen Komödie" written by the highly acclaimed J. Schtock (for those who don't speak the lingo: "The Devil's Mill - a fairytale comedy"). Completely in German, the play promises to be full of laughs, full of fun and full on.

Sound confusing, sound kooky, sound bizarre, even? It is!

But come and see if for devilishly good fun, especially to see a guy who's 6'8" parading around in red tights trying to scare people.

Performances will be in the Little Theatre on Thursday, 14th September, 1.30 pm and 7.00 pm and Saturday, 16th September, 7.00 pm. Tickets cost only \$8 for adults and \$5 for students. Ring Matthew on 331 8250 to book or for more information.

See us raise hell!



...After the Spring Fun Run.

Laptops confiscated at door.

Computing Students Club 1995 Quiz night at the Mansions Two Dogs giveaways all night; tables that win a round get a round of Two Dogs, just to keep things interesting

7:15pm, Tuesday 12th Sept (Week 8)

1st prize 6 Mansions movie/meal deals

Booby Prize one inflatable sheep

PLUS numerous other prizes Tickets at the SAUA & at the Mansions

\$3 members, \$4 non-members 6 per table maximum

Beware the Dieter Brummer experience. Showbiz => drugs => ruin - fact.

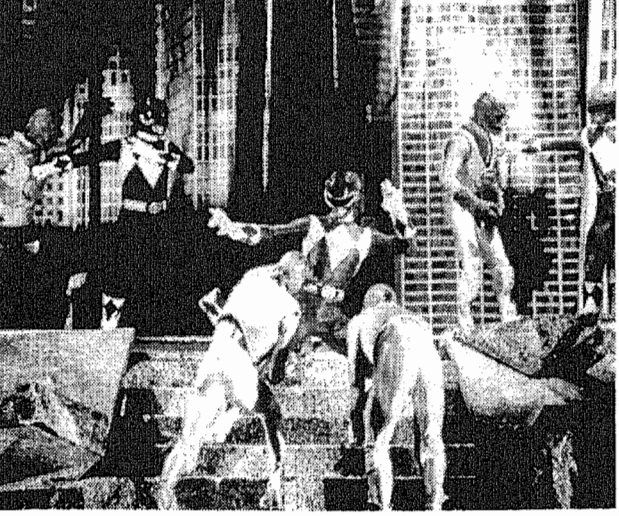
Auditions Audition for all would-be prima donnas are being held for a brand new play: "Friends - and how to cope with them" at the South Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building on Friday, 15th September at 1 pm. NB: This will be a play-reading - no line learning required! For more info, call Stephanie on 364 3158.

New Klubz on the Block.

Attention As of the 6th September, 1995, three new clubs will exist. The Promotions Club, the Bar Social Club and the Board Riders Club. For more information or if you want to be on the organising side of things, contact Galaxy up at UniBar.

Classifieds are free, YEAH. They're free for you & me, YEAH. Come on down & meet us, We'll sell your trowel or Mongoose. YEAH, YEAH.

POW! WHALLOP! SMASHO! WACK! THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES OF THE '90S ARE RECOMMENDED AS THE OFFICIAL ON DIT PRODUCT OF THE WEEK. CHECK OUT THIS RAD ACTION.



CARTOON CAPTION COMP
Results...

1st and only prize winner (who can pick up her prize from the SAUA at her leisure)...

Fiona Middelberg
"For a smooth ride!"

Some of the losers...

"Come ride the slippery dip of love & "Better than saliva... but not as much fun" - Viktor Avramov

"Lube before you leap!" - Nick Tellis

"If it's hard, make it easier" - George Nisyrios

"Lube it or bruise it" - Erich Heinze

A selection of fine titles available to you from On Dit Press. Get the best of the new season's gear.

Balls, Blokes and Bubbly by Eleanor Ross

Eleanor Ross, one of the most exciting authors to come out of Wodonga in the post-merger era, gives a scintillating account of the dialectical relationship that has been enjoyed by the elite male capital city sporting fraternity and the burgeoning Hunter region champagne industry. The pranks, the post-game high jinks and the magnum masturbation all start to make sense. A movie version is tipped, with Brian Canham and Frankie J. Holden tipped to play leading parts. \$14.95

Michelle Fielke: I once played netball by Kenneth Christopher.

The submerged past of one of our country's foremost political players is resuscitated in this searing expose of netball nineties style. Forget Paul Keating managing a rock band or Bob Hawke being a drinker of renown; this one could actually play. Fielke's career is cast against the backdrop of an emerging republican movement and a litany of pay-tv debacles. \$9.95.

Life on the Court, Life in the Chambers: From Edwards Park to Kirribilli by Alan Shiell

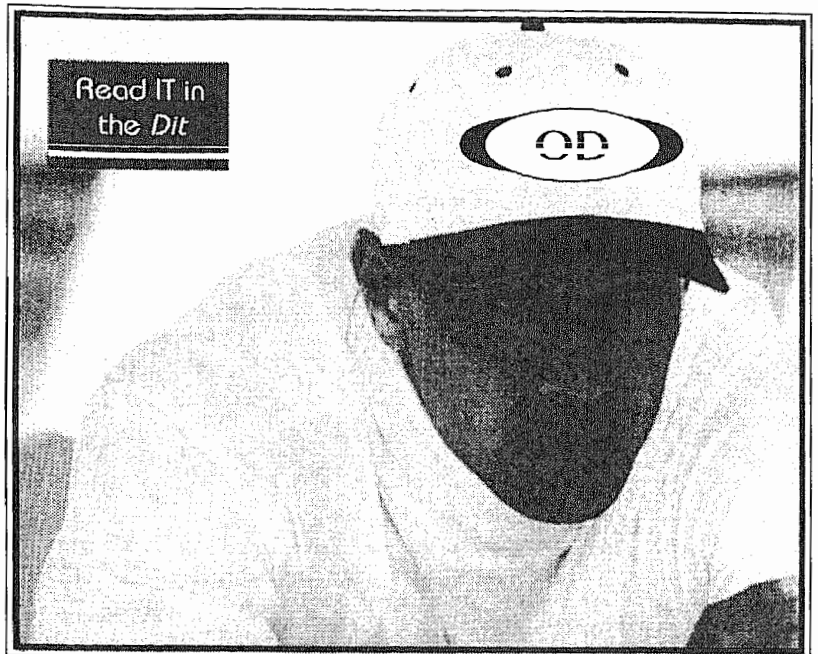
This controversial new book throws up a stimulating and bold thesis: it attempts a synthesis of seemingly disparate strands of an individual's life-Michelle Fielke's. The seeming paradox is resolved in a stunning conceit that gives a ray of much-welcomed optimism in the gloom of the post-Jarman experience.

Selling Desire: How to balance netball and merchandising. by Tom Shaw

Shaw makes a strong argument that emphasises the mutual compatibility of marketing and sport. Fear not, coaching and sports store proprietorship are not the only options. When Adult Matriculation is too tough and when the body says no to physical labours get in to merchandising. A chance for a career with your partner. \$4.95.

Man at Point Zero by John Smith

After having it all, Jeremy Simpson gives up all he has to captain-coach the Warrickville Thirds. Simpson's decision to renounce his wordly possessions is a spiritual gain-the Wazzas, led by their mercurial mentor finally feel happy about their footy. \$9.95.



An Athlete of the Floating World by Hilary Fox

World Aerobics Champion Sue Stanley faces the painful revelation that her career has been coextensive with the rise of a militarist national culture. This revelation is made patent through the arduous process of psychoanalysis-Stanley subjects herself to a regime of mental gymnastics that normally kept for her body. Fox writes with a restraint that is increasingly incapable of managing the chaos that threatens to break loose-with disastrous consequences. The book's content is a stream-of-consciousness meditation that allegedly took place between the second and third one-arm push-up that was so central to Stanley's 1993 World Championship routine. \$19.95.

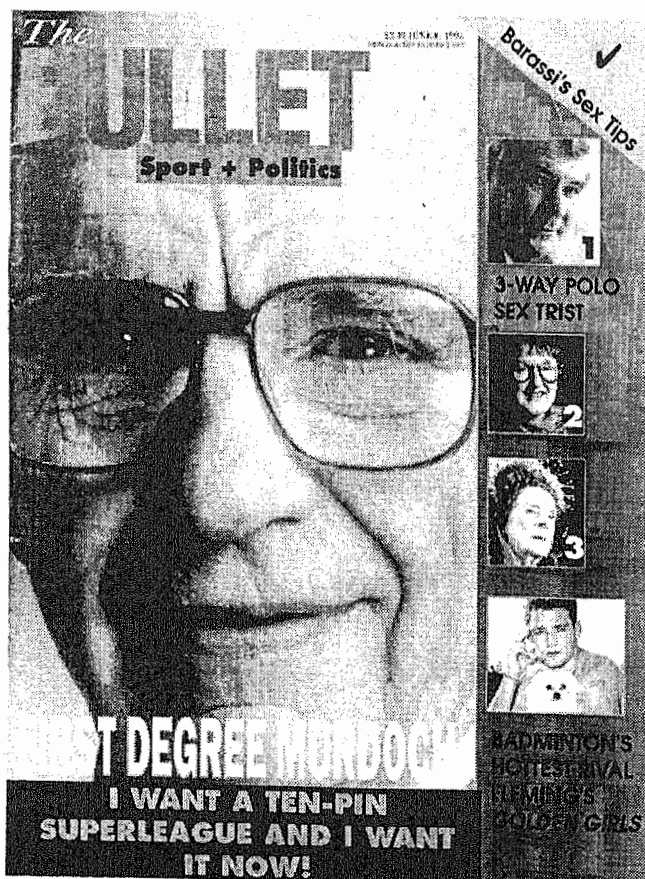
Honk if you're Jason by Mary Tanner

A moving, frank, and often tragic meditation on the difficulty of dealing with the fractured subjectivities of a football club looking for a full forward. The Hawthorn Football Club's search for identity without Jason Dunstall makes for a compelling issue. Tanner has scoured the fan scene for memories, recollections, hopes, dreams and aspirations. It calls forth a reconsideration of our understandings of bereavement and loss, of identity and courage. Hats off. \$14.95.

Tender is the Trip by Kate Sweet

At last, a novel that does justice to the richness of experience to be found on the end-of-season footy trip. The Riviera is the locale; where golden boy medallists and club strong men brush shoulders with Cambridge scholars on holiday and share latte's with struggling writers and prize-winning sculptors. The Bohemian undercurrent of football is made manifest by Sweet's lucid prose.

A darkness always lurks, however. Amidst the hedonism, the indulgence, the post-season revelry the spectre of cultural apocalypse looms large. Who will lead the mob in countering this force? The artists, the athletes, or a collective soul? A must read? \$19.95 HB.



SPECIAL EVENT: This week and every week from now until eternity, the latest of the *On Dit*™ spin-off publications, *The Bullet*, will be available for the perusal of a nation. In accordance with our charter, we will produce at least one exploitive style swimsuit issue as well as feature at least 10 West Coast or Fremantle players in cover stories for our WA edition and a minimum of 51 Crow footballers for our SA edition.

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UNION ACTIVITIES



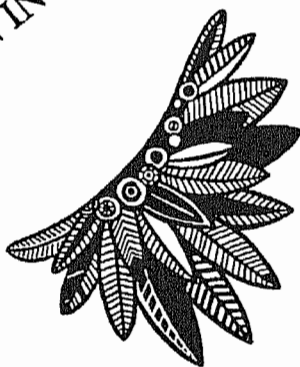
ALL DAY ENTERTAINMENT
IN THE UNIBAR FRIDAY 15TH
funken wagnells The Merchants
SEMANON COMPLETE MADNESS

"Why Weight" week is from 11-15 of September: the SAUA Women's Department looks at how our feelings and fears about our bodies

On Dit
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY
UNION
TUESDAY, 29th MARCH, 1938

ON DIT LOOKS AT
ITSELF

EXHIBITION NOW ON IN THE GALLERY
COFFEE SHOP



INTERNATIONAL CAMPAIGN TO BAN LANDMINES
Gallery Coffee Shop Mon 18 Sept - Fri 22 Sept

A photographic exhibition by photojournalist Jerry Galea to show
the horrors of Antipersonal Landmines
Opening by Prof. Hillary Charlesworth, Professor of Law, 4pm Monday 18th



