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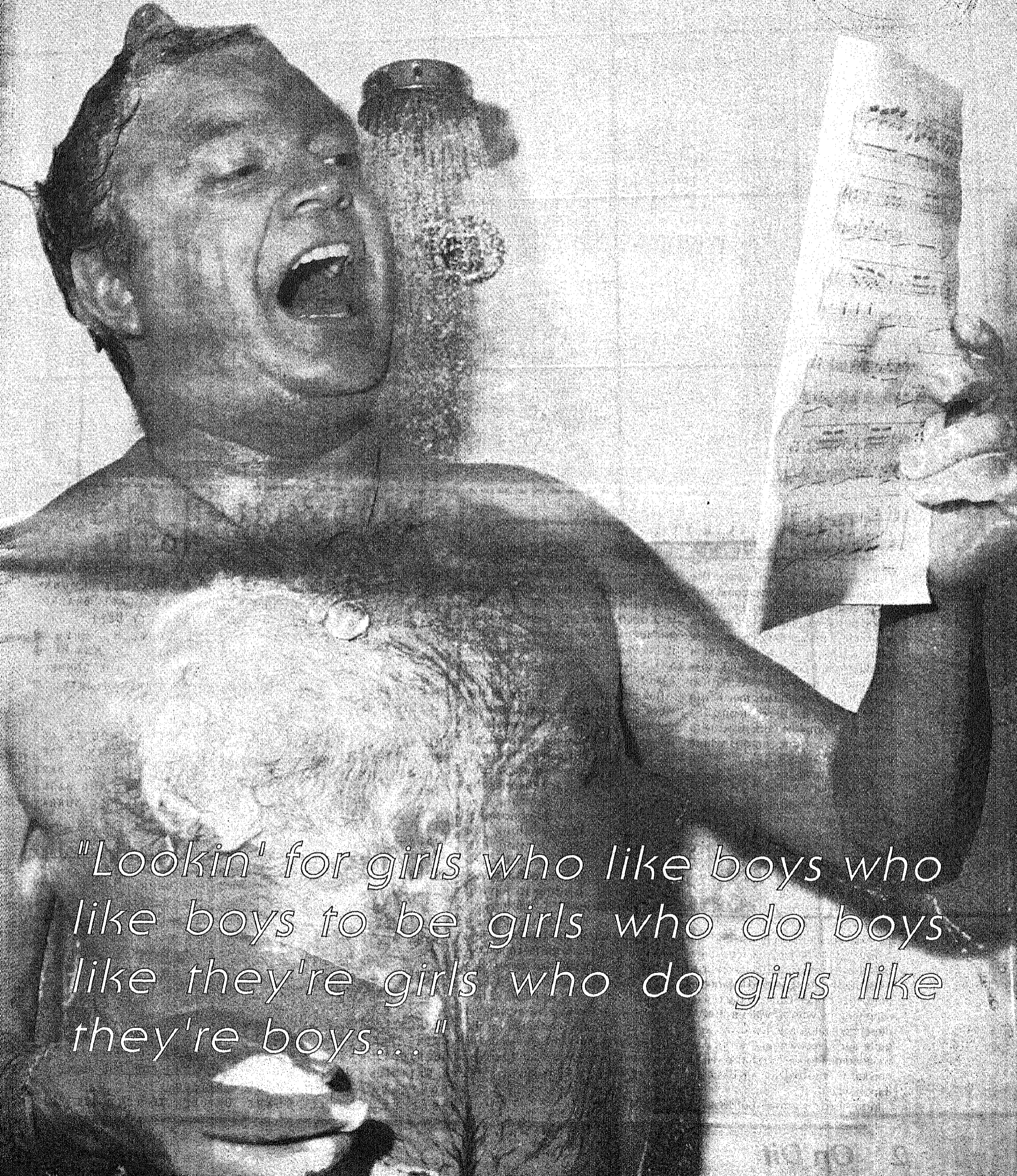
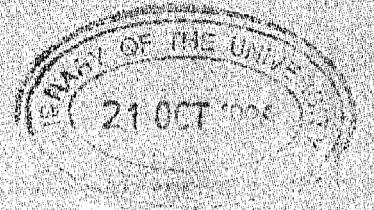
# On Dit

The Wayward Student

Issue 20

October 14, 1996.

Volume 64



*"Lookin' for girls who like boys who like boys to be girls who do boys like they're girls who do girls like they're boys..."*

# Heaven Celebrates a Week of Finals!

## LEGENDS '96

TELEPHONE: 211 8533



**WEDNESDAY OCT. 16TH**  
SHEPPHART'S HIRE-DRRESSING ACADEMY  
PRESENTS A WILD WIRE SHOW & PRIZE  
SHEPPHART'S HIRE-DRRESSING CAREER  
MEMBER TO BE ANNOUNCED



**THURSDAY OCT. 17TH**  
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS  
WINNER OF TRIP FOR 2 TO LONDON  
PLUS EVERY PROSPECT SIDES INTO THE  
DARK FOR A \$500 CELEBRATE YOUNGER



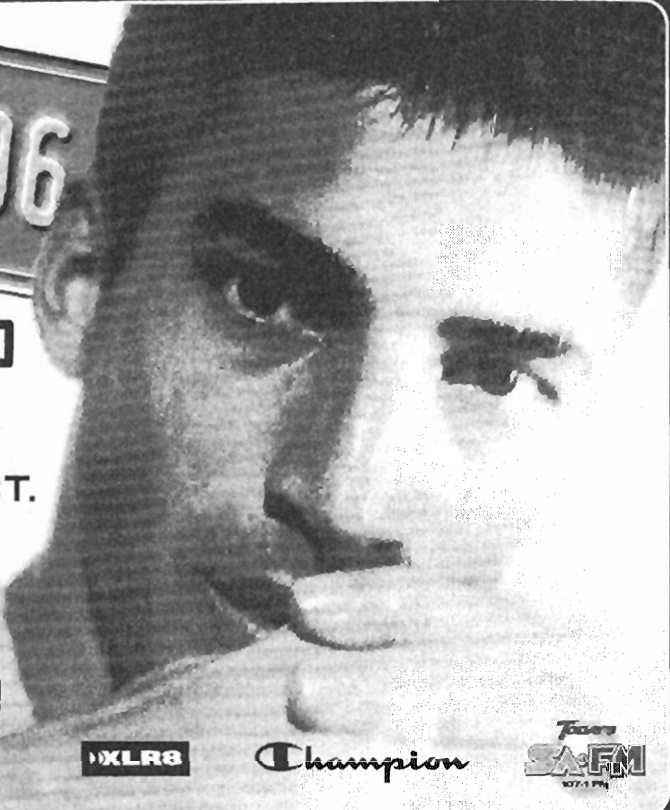
**the club**

THE PLACE TO BE IS HEAVEN!

### GRAND FINAL FRIDAY 18 OCT.

Who Will Be  
Heaven's  
Legend?

**BE EARLY!**



**XLR8**

**Champion**

**SAFM**  
107.1 FM

## EDITORIAL ←

GIVE ME, GIVE ME, GIVE ME THE POWER!

This week wasn't exactly easy. The first hurdle we had to overcome was the obvious power shortage which would be the result of building on the other side of the campus, i.e. we were going to have no power in the union building for the entire weekend. After the initial panic this caused, the *On Dit* team put their heads together to come up with possible solutions. The first was a complete dud: relocate to another part of the campus where there was both power and all the computer equipment we would need, however a suitable location was not found. So it was on to plan B.

Plan B was simple enough: hire a diesel generator. The only problem occurred when the company we booked one with phoned and said "sorry, but we had to give it to someone else". At about midday on Friday we started phoning around for another one, Atlas Copco came to the rescue supplying us with a brilliant 30KVA diesel generator. Mind you we were quite surprised when it arrived. It weighed one tonne (no shit) and they needed a crane to deliver it. Basically it looks like this:



In the end, it turned out that the

power was only off for Saturday, but still, without this generator we would have been stuffed (tip o' the hat to Atlas Copco and Carl Bradney). Other problem: well our scanner finally met its inevitable end, but Fiona from the SAUA lent us hers (tip o' the hat again).

But perhaps the highlight of the week was when we were visited by the editors of *Non Dit*, a newsletter put out by two architecture students on campus. Among their many conspiracy theories the most amusing was the one concerning our "Nothing But Net" edition #18 front cover from several weeks ago. According to them it was a blatant celebration of Student

Impacts' wins in the recent student election. Apart from the fact that it depicted a six foot tall man slamming a basketball into a net, in the NBA, in the USA, in the 70s and that we had five basketballs to give away that week as part of a promotion for the film *Hoop Dreams*, the connection is obvious, although we can't see it - keep up the good work guys.

**F&CK.**

## PRODUCTION

### NOTES

*ON DIT* IS THE WEEKLY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE. THE EDITORS HAVE COMPLETE EDITORIAL CONTROL ALTHOUGH THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THE PAPER ARE NOT NECESSARILY THEIR OWN.

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CHING YEE (ESP. FOR THE MUCHIES), PAXTON, KERRY & NATALIE, JOSIE, JAMIE, FONTELLA, JAMES, PAUL BRADLEY, CHRIS SLAPE

(THANX HEAPS FOR THE MARS BARS!) ROXANNE CROOK, SIMON HUNT, CARL BRADNEY @ AU PROPERTY DEPT., DANIEL @ CAMTECH, GREG @ UNIRECORDS, MARK @ BRUNATEX, AND THE CONNECTION FOR EARLY NIGHTS.

**WHERE WE ARE:**  
THE *ON DIT* OFFICE IS LOCATED ON THE NTH. TCE. CAMPUS OPPOSITE THE BARR SMITH LAWNS, IN THE BASEMENT OF THE GEORGE MURRAY BUILDING.

**HOW TO CONTRIBUTE/CONTACT US:**  
YOU CAN DROP OFF YOUR COPY AT THE OFFICE OR IN THE CONTRIBUTION BOX IN THE SAUA OFFICE. ALTERNATIVELY, YOU CAN DROP US A LINE AT *ON DIT* C/O ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY, SA, 5005, PHONE US ON (08) 223 2685 OR 303 5404 FAX US ON (08) 223 2412.

**DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT EDITION:**  
OCTOBER 16 (OUT OCT 21)



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**STOP PRESS**

THERE'S ONLY 3 MORE  
 EDITONS OF *ON DIT*  
 THIS YEAR. WE WANT  
 YOUR FUNNY GEAR,  
 ARTICLES, CREATIVE  
 WRITING, ARTWORK,  
 RECIPIES, CARTOONS,  
 WEEKEND HELP ...

GET INVOLVED!

**PRIZES**

\* 2 CAPTAIN  
 PYJAMA CDS -  
 JUST COME DOWN TO THE OFFICE ON  
 THURSDAY AT 4PM AND ASK FOR MARK

SEE FILM PAGES FOR  
 ANGELS + INSECTS  
 GIVE-AWAYS

## Lettuce

Lettuce is a popular vegetable used often in summer salads or with fish fingers served between two slices of bread.

On Dit likes lettuce a lot. Send them to us at On Dit C/O Adelaide University, Nth Tce. 5005 by Wednesday 5pm.

Lettuce may be shredded for slanderous comment and/or length. They must include the author's real name, contact department and phone number (not for publication).

## We feel your pain

Dear On Dit,

Our house is so crowded. We don't fit anymore! Okay, we're trying to get six students all to live in a four bedroom house, but we all used to fit. Our kitchen cupboards may be bursting, but our fridge is empty (and there are no corn chips left - thanks Matt!!) but that's not the reason we don't fit anymore. It's all your fault we don't fit anymore. Squeezing past this biggest bulbous head which oozes out of every crevice, mouse hole and door, pulsating at every word of praise that echoes through the house has become our daily trial. Yes, we live with Shotgun Jim. All we hear all day is his song of self praise, the repetitions of your fan letters and now you've even made him a genre! (see book reviews a few weeks ago). We need some relief, our house will burst and we will get squashed all up!

HELP!

Travesty House

(PS: AJ - take him away with you somewhere - far away preferably!)

## ... and here's it's cause

Dear On Dit,

Why didn't I sell my Oasis ticket for \$65 when I had the chance now I'll just get \$41 and why don't they refund the booking fee as well and who cares if that means they've done two transactions for nothing and whose problem is that anyway and they only get away with it 'cause it's such a small amount and why are public holidays always on Mondays and I normally don't have anything on Monday anyway and how much does that suck and what is the deal with the Gallery and how can I buy the same thing on four days in the one week and get charged four different prices and maybe I should bring in a quote next time and they can match it and what sort of sick person designed chip machines and it really sucks when the chips get stuck against the glass and you have to spend half an hour trying to convince someone else to buy the same chips and I think I'm just gonna give up on vending machines entirely and what's the deal with the KFC two piece feed and why does it have chips and potato and gravy and I know potatoes are cheap but some variety would be nice and why the hell should I care because I wouldn't buy one anyway because I'm a vego.

Happy Bar Mitzvah

Shotgun Jim

32nd Year Arts

PS: If you see fit to print the letter from "Travesty House" you will understand why I choose to ignore it. And people wonder why I complain so much.

## ... and there's more

To Shotgun Jim,

With reference to your correspondence appearing in the most recent edition of this esteemed periodical, sources inform me that the "T" light on North Terrace is in fact not a tram light but an indicator that the services of a taxi and its driver are required at the Casino, presumably by some unfortunate gambler who lost everything in his (or her) wallet with the exception of his (or her) cab-charge vouchers. Furthermore, I have been informed of the existence of a similar light, built into the Hyatt Regency sign on North Terrace. These may, however, have a similar function to the "Toilet" lights in aeroplanes which, when illuminated, indicate that someone is making use of the convenience. If this is the case, we ought to be grateful to the Casino and Hyatt Regency Management for their thoughtfulness which would prevent the wastage of precious seconds if the lavatories are occupied when one is driving down North Terrace in search of relief after too many diuretic beverages.

Secondly, someone with your apparently insatiable quest for knowledge may understand this problem: crossing Frome Rd to reach the medical school there is a driveway onto the street, presumably for cyclists, and generously, the Adelaide City Council have provide a path through the median strip so you can ride straight across the road. Unfortunately, there is no such driveway ramp outside the medical school. Every morning I hit the kerb and fly over the handlebars thinking that surely there must be a ramp there! Why is this injustice allowed to be inflicted on cyclists?

Con Vival

1st Year Refectory Studies

## We want custard!

Dear On Dit,

The great custard revolution has come! Why oh why (woe upon woes) is there no custard, zero, zilch, zip in the Mayo Refec. Goddamn! We want custard - PLEASE!!

Yours in custard-slurping anticipation,  
C.L.O.C  
(Custard Lovers On Campus  
The Hairy Dairy Queens)  
Love Banana Bec and Karamel  
Kylie  
XXXXOO

## I'm a God lover

Dear fellow university students

I feel compelled to write and express my dismay at the ridiculous posters put up by the Evangelical Union. What a bunch of self deluded losers to claim they know what God thinks, let alone to think that Christians are the only bunch who worship God. This is the sort of ignorance that has caused wars and a great deal of division and suffering in humanity. I warn all the society of Adelaide University of this "organisation" and to watch out for this sort of fanaticism. If these people really believe that only Christians worship God, then lets try a simple thought experiment: What happens to a devout Buddhist (Hindu, Muslim, etc, etc) who upholds their faith all of his or her life and for all intents and purposes follows the Christian code? Does the God of Christianity (all love and compassion) throw such people into hell for eternal damnation simply because they haven't heard of Christianity or followed Christ's name? I don't think so. As a follower of Christian beliefs I prefer not to be associated with such "logic". Get it together you guys.

Yours with regret

A God lover

## C.M. = yahoo

Dear C-dot-M,

You, kind sir/madam, are a Ya-Hoo and it would do you well not to make such sweeping allegations. I happen to know a person who knows a friend who does Arts and has to be at Uni by nine on both days that they have lectures. So HA!

Yours,

Kevin Lewis

1st Year Arts

## Conspiracy

Dear Editors,

I am writing in response to last (semester's) letter by Lorraine May, which claimed that the majority of successful candidates in our recent student elections are members of the Liberal Party.

The letter was an attempt by an ALP sympathiser to account for the ongoing success of non-Labor students at Adelaide University. As President of the Adelaide University Liberal Club, I am well aware of who on campus is a member of the Liberal Party. The vast majority of students who ran and won positions in the Union and SAUA are not Liberals.

Given recent attempts by various groups to fuel anti-Liberal sentiment on campus, any candidate who identified themselves as a Liberal did not make that decision lightly. Many would agree those who did displayed considerable tenacity and spirit. Testimony to this is the fact that despite the Federal context, Liberal students were more successful in this year's student elections than they have been in five years.

This implies that Left groups on campus are out of touch with what the student population is thinking. Proposing boring conspiracy theories will not help the Left win SAUA office bearer positions.

Ironically, a greater number of the Liberal Party ran on ALP and Left aligned tickets in August than on the Impact ticket. Lorraine May might like to rethink where she believes the real conspiracies lie.

Alex Smith

President, Adelaide University

Liberal Club

Honours Anthropology

## Rude Christians

My dear Peter Flego

Thankyou for your concern, regarding my usage of the "word" "f\*\*k". I was in fact using this word to highlight my deep and heartfelt anger at such a horrendous display of religious intolerance as I was subjected to. I am glad that you noticed that it was angry, bitter and vitriolic.

Personally, I am not in the habit of using such a word, but I know a lot of Christians who are (some even use the middle letters as well!), and the usage of this word doesn't make them any 'less Christian'. I felt that this situation justified the word. I am sorry if I offended you. Your letter shows that you are not a Christian, and I applaud you for a letter displaying such a high level of religious tolerance, but you seem to have a few misconceptions about Christianity.

Please adjust your paradigm.

Sincerely and with love,

Yuri Young

Philosophy

P.S. I'll be back.

## Meat is murder

Dear Ed(s),

I am writing this at the Regurgitator concert on Friday 4th October to complain

about the outrageous conditions I encountered. Not only was my bag searched by some officious ape at the entrance, but to my disgust I find that the only sustenance available at this 'event' was for carnivores. i.e. there was no vegetarian fare.

As a student union sponsored event I find this lack of forethought and the whole fascist scene here (guards posted at every doorway) deplorable. Although I am a USA student (and an ex U of A student) I am offended that students should be subjected to the military style control and the presumption that only carnivores attend concerts.

This is the last concert I shall be attending at this campus and will be persuading my peers to boycott similar events in the future.

Disgusted,  
Colin Hardman  
Electronic Engineering  
USA (Levels Campus)  
and seconded by  
Jane Napier B.A., B. Soc. Admin.  
ex-Adelaide University student (graduate of 1981)

## Alan is Alan

Dear Editors,

How right Alan Anderson is to say that "money is money". But, Alan, while money most certainly is money, that fact does not have much bearing on the way in which it is spent! Alan is right in saying that recurrent deficits are irresponsible and unsustainable. That, however, does not change the fact that the federal budget recently brought down is socially irresponsible and does little to alleviate the economic woes of those less well off in our community. Ah well, as Alan would say, "money is money".

Matthew Loader

Classics

## Women Engies

Encouraging the status quo?

After reading Olivia Nassaris' article (*Elle Dit* 1996, page 67) on "Women and HECS: The Case of Engineering" we felt it was necessary to correct the inaccuracies and address the negative implications that the article may have. We agree that "engineering is not one of the most popular courses for women". In fact, the National Position Paper for Women in Engineering (see <http://www.educ.utas.edu.au/CAUT/NWIE.html>) found that "Engineering as a field of study has the lowest female share of any broad field of study with only 13.1% of total student enrolments in 1994 (includes both undergraduate and post-graduate data)."

This statistic is unfortunate. It would have been even more unfortunate if women were deterred from undertaking a career in engineering (or "other non-traditional areas") on the basis of misinformation regarding graduate salaries. Olivia claimed that the impending changes to HECS will be "especially discouraging for women who take longer to pay back the debt to the government because women are more likely to be paid less in the work force..." and "...will deter women from entering non-traditional areas of study such as engineering, medicine and dentistry." No one would dispute that, in general, women earn less than men. However, this is not the case for graduate professionals in "non-traditional areas". For the record, the Professional Engineer Remuneration Report, June 1996, published by the Association of Professional Engineers, Scientists and Managers Australia (APESMA) reported that the average graduate engineer's remuneration package for females and males is \$36,007 p.a. and \$35,079 p.a. respectively. Thus, on average, female engineering graduates

earn more than their male counterparts and are better able to repay their HECS debt.

The other inaccuracy in her article is that she describes medicine as a "non-traditional area". This university's medical faculty has 45.8% female undergraduate students (1996 Student Records) and nationally is 46% (from a 1994 survey *Weekend Australian Medical Review*, September 14-15, 1996). This statistic clearly indicates that medicine is NOT a "non-traditional area".

Based on these referenced statistics, one may argue that women should be encouraged to undertake study in non-traditional areas to address the increase in HECS!

Carl Howard & Ben Gazzolate  
Mechanical Engineering Post graduates

## silverchair gig

Dear Eds,

"We play rain, hail or shine."

These magic words were not only printed on every poster advertising the silverchair/Everclear gig, but also on the tickets. So could you please tell me why the concert was moved from Uni to Thebarton Theatre. Everybody who bought a ticket was prepared to stand in the rain to hear them (or at least bring an umbrella & stand at the back!)

So I come to my major gripe - if it was to be too muddy (or whatever lame excuse) at Uni, why was it moved to Thebbie? Over 500 people with tickets (like myself) rocked up only to be told that due to the reduction in capacity we could not enter DESPITE ALREADY HAVING A TICKET. Whoever made this decision should be publicly crucified, because he/she/they are the biggest group of dumbfucks I can imagine. Being an overseas act, Everclear may not get to Australia again for another 2 or 3 years (if at all).

At least I knew that it was going to be at Thebbie. Imagine how fucked off you'd be if you rocked up at Uni at 8.00pm only to find out that it was at Thebbie, and that by the time your get to Thebbie, you can't get in because it's a packed house.

To the promoter - thanks for ruining my weekend, you fuckwit.

Grant

3rd Year Dentistry

## Love your work

Dear On Dit,

On the 10th of October, a wonderfully honest person by the name of C. Chen handed in my brown wallet to the Barr Smith Library. Strangely, there was \$10 more in the wallet upon its return than

when I lost it. While this suggests that I should probably lose my wallet more often, I've since given the \$10 to the Information Office who have the relevant details of identity. So, C. Chen, whoever you are, I want to thank you...

Andrew Lee

1st yr Law / 2nd yr Science.

## Post election spiel

Dear Eds,

I write in response to various editorial and article contributions to this delightful paper pertaining to student politics, and more specifically, to the recent joyous round of SAUA, Union and NUS elections.

There appear to be two common themes emerging from these charming spiels, the first being, broadly, *that party political affiliation is evil*, and the second being *that party affiliation is OK as long as you're not a Liberal and as long as you tell us*. I'd like to take the liberty, with all due respect (particularly and most sincerely to Lorraine May, *On Dit* Sept 16 1996) to express my disagreement with both of these quaint ideas which are amusing for their entertainment value if for nothing else.

OK kids, let's see how you cope. Big breath now... I'm a card carrying, fee paying, ACTU-worshipping member of the ALP. Maybe you should sit down now, because, further, you've just elected me to represent you at the annual National Union of Students conference. Shock! Gasp! I don't think so.

It will be all right, really it will. I promise to represent you - or at least those of you who don't prescribe to the view that the higher education cuts and changes to AUSTUDY and HECS proposed in the last Federal Budget are a good thing. I represent you, not the party to which I belong. Ah, you say, but that's only because the ALP is not in government; if it were, the policy people like myself would be proposing at NUS would be identical to the ALP-Right line. I don't think so.

People - or at least people who aren't brainless, docile twits - don't join a political party because they simply love all of it's policies. Sure, a hell of a lot of us joined the ALP because we thought Paul Keating was a sex-God, but the lust thing wears off with time and you begin to do kooky things like examining party policy and actually doing something towards changing the bits you find offensive. Hell no! Hell yes. By golly, we - Liberal, Labor, Democrat and other party-identifying students - aren't apologists for our parties; we've merely found a broad framework within which we are comfortable, and which we can use as an agent for change, as a tool for achieving our own policy goals.

So, when you elect a student representa-

tive to a position who may be a member of a political party, you're electing someone who:

a) has decided where they belong, in a very general sense, on the political spectrum; &

b) has decided to get involved in the policy and political process.

That is, you have not elected someone who will try to make their party's line your SAUA or NUS's line, because they represent you, and not their party. If, however, my party's secretary learnt that I was being particularly vocal in my abhorrence for up-front fees of any sort, then he may give me a buzz and ask me to join the Education Policy Platform committee of the ALP; just another avenue for the student voice to be heard. See, in the SAUA or at NUS, your representatives are working for the best interests for students as they see it; we're actually allowed to disagree with party policy; that's how you get discussion and change and all the things that make a democratic and dynamic political body.

So, political parties are not big scary animals, and neither are (most of) their members; they are primarily beautiful machines that are agents for representation and change.

But I know that you're still a bit scared, or at least apprehensive; that's why when a group like *Student Impact* sprouts cutesy things like "We're the only non-party political team", you feel warm and fuzzy and gravitate to green, and surrender your vote to a horde of self-professed (just ask Sophie) fashion victims on a false premise.

False premise? "But we really are non-party political!", they cry. That's crap. Even if you discount the fact that at least one devastatingly prominent member of *Student Impact* used to be in the Liberal Party, they're still party political. The reasoning for this astounding statement (?) is pivotal around the issue of preferences, that is, all the people *Impact* or *Initiative* or "whoever ask you to vote for after you vote for their candidates. With its preferences, a team is making a statement about who they support, who they would like to share power with. The team with which I ran, for instance, *Initiative*, preferred to *Activate*, a broad-left group whose members ranged from Resistance on the left to the ALP-Right. *Impact*, on the other hand, preferred primarily to *Reform* which was comprised primarily of Liberal students. Furthermore, *Reform* the (blatantly) Liberal ticket did not run office bearer candidates of their own, but supported the *Impact* office bearers. That, dear children, is called a *deal*. That is, dialogue in a similar vein to the following took place:

*Impact*: "We'll give you our preferences for SAUA, Union Board and NUS if you give us your support for our office bearer candidates in the SAUA."

*Liberals/Reform*: "OK. And seeing as eve-

ryone else running won't support us because we're right of Genghis Khan, hate student unions but love exclusionary up-front fees, we'll give you our preferences for SAUA, Union Board and NUS too."

*Impact*: "Deal. Fancy another champers?"

Call me crazy, but that looks kind of party political to me.

So, Lorraine, you were half right. *Impact* are not Liberals: they just support them. And there is nothing wrong with that, nothing at all. Students can and should support anyone they like. But voters should not believe the hype without question, and instead should scratch the surface in order to make "an informed decision."

Which brings me to another point of Lorraine's: that potential student representatives should declare their party affiliations. That's silly. That is again magnifying the importance of a party membership card to a student's ability and willingness to represent students in their capacity as a student representative. If you would like to know what a candidate believes, ask them. They're not missing all their classes for a week to talk to each other: it's to be hassled by voters. Alternatively, merely stating that I'm in the ALP would tell you that I'm anything from a hard-core socialist to a states-rights, anti-abortion, let's privatise the hell out of anything that moves liberal zealot. That's why ALP tags are fairly useless when it comes to student representation. "Just Another Has Been" is a case in point: they showcased their great contacts and knowledge by informing readers that I'm in the ALP. But then Just Another Has Been got a little confused: one week I was in the ALP Right (WRONG! I'm unaligned), and then next I was about to lead the new Left force on campus! I wish someone would ask me; but I guess the truth always gets in the way.

What I'm saying is: don't stress out about the whole party thing. We're all students - and so we all care just as much about students as you do, in fact, that we've actually joined a party demonstrates, if anything, that we're eager to act on our beliefs as well as perhaps bonk PJK.


I'd love to elaborate, talk about the whole political process thing, why factions are fun and head-kicking healthy... but maybe some other time.

Yours most sincerely,  
Despina N. Anagnostou  
Just Another Arts Student

P.S. Ritchie, back me up on this one. I know you want to. Just tell them that I'm not a Maoist, and that even if I was, that I'd still care. Thanks.

That's it for this week. Apologies to those whose lettuce didn't get printed - check the Lettuce section next week.

**New!!**  
Internet Ready!



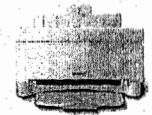
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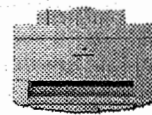
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# UNIBOOKS SA SHORT STORY COMPETITION WINNERS

1ST PRIZE	6TH	12TH
SCREAMING AT SATRE - GILLIAN BRITTON	MARTHA AND ZACK - PETER WIGLEY	THOSE DAYS - CRAIG FILES
2ND	7TH	13TH
IMAGINE, A MAN - ROHAN KENNEDY	MIDPOINT - TOBY COCKS	THE BICYCLE SHED - RHONDA POOLEY
3RD	8TH	
HOUSE DOG - GAIL KOVATSEFF	SIX BRICKS SHORT OF A WALL - MARGUERITE HANN SYME	TERTIARY PRIZE
4TH	9TH	FULL OF SOUND AND FURY - HAMISH MACINTYRE
PER-(RE)-PERFORMANCE - EDDY KNIGHT	UNTITLED - JUDITH ARMSTRONG	SECONDARY PRIZE
5TH	10TH	A SMALL HOPE - MELANIE DUCKWORTH
LETTERS, PHONE CALLS, WORDS - GREG SCALES	RENAISSANCE MAN - SUSAN WILSON	PRIMARY PRIZE
	11TH	STONE GIANTS - KATE MCINERNEY
	ROOM ONE DAVE - JOHN C BYRON	

1. FLORENCE.

It was early morning and the train platform was cold. This was how the entirety of Italy had presented itself to her. Also Austria, parts of Switzerland and London, which was the sum total of where she had so far been. There was this loud American person standing next to her trying to suck languidly on a cigarette, which reminded her that last night she had performed a similar procedure on his dick, and an aftertaste of vomit and sperm suddenly flung itself through the barrier of her disregard and reminded her that she was still alive.

I'm going to get a coffee, she murmured.

I can't hear you, he said, I can't fucking hear you.

Why, he asked, are you so afraid to speak?

He spat his disgust at her face.

Suddenly, she was thankful for the clingwrap of her own self-loathing. She pictured kicking him to the ground and covering him with the vileness of his own misused come but this was not something she could manifest in reality. So she bought him a coffee instead and the train moved them on to somewhere else.

She could not recall the exact destination.

2. ALONE.

Somewhere before they reached France she ran out of money. She was escorted without incident from the train a little distance from the border and thenceforth walked.

It took a long time to get to Paris, but at least she was alone.

3. WHAT SHE HAD LEFT BEHIND.

What she had left behind was merely possibility. Life had laid her out like a pheasant under glass and she had nothing left to do but pluck the feathers from her breast to tap upon her unseen cage. Faces recoiled immediately from the debris of her picked-clean flesh.

What she had left behind was any possibility of this thing that she had hoped for.

She called it love.

4. HARRODS.

She went on the train every morning. It was cold and dark. She sat all day and sorted orders in a room full of people sitting and sorting orders. It was Christmas time. People wanted hampers. People were going to stuff themselves again with meats and dainties titillating all of their orifices with the various forms of festive cheer. People liked to cram it all in to fill the cracks where cold wind blew.

She envisioned the inevitable fart-like seepage with some optimism.

5. WRITING LETTERS.

She wrote many. She sent few. She slow-dripped the words through a percolating censor in an effort to imbue them with a hidden weight of intent. In so doing, she wrote many interesting and witty things that reflected nothing of what she actually felt. She read them and was satisfied.

6. TRUTH.

Then all of a sudden a fuse burst and this thing called an honest reaction shot forth onto a page and she sent it whilst still recovering from her haemorrhaging emotions. It said /I cannot seem to live in the present because I am too busy wondering about what might have been/ what was it that I left behind/I think it may have been love.

7. NO REPLY.

There was no reply.

8. WANDERING ABOUT EUROPE.

She bought a very nice hat. She learned not to worry about anything. She caught a chair lift to the top of a very high mountain and hurled herself off onto an icy slope. Unfortunately she had no idea how to ski and was suffering terribly from frostbite (having bought a new hat of decorative style and no gloves). She rolled over and over on a long stretch of snow and was finally scooped onto someone's back and delivered to the bottom.

She started to notice that on some days the sky was extremely blue and there was a certain warmth in the air that made her laugh out loud. Money and friendship appeared out of nowhere. She liked the fact that she seemed to be completely unable to take control of her circumstances.

They bought a duck for Christmas dinner which had remarkably little flesh.

9. CHAMPAGNE IN THE SKY OVER PARIS.

She went home. She got drunk on the plane, which had become a habit. The world seemed all sort of encapsulated and within her grasp, hovering above a suspended reality with her mind freely spinning on a wobbly axis of desire. When she landed she was aware of the heat and a fundamental smell which she had never noticed before leaving.

10. IMMACULATELY BAD TIMING.

## SCREAMING AT SARTRE

She wrote a note which said I'm back I owe you dinner and dropped it under his door, but he was in the process of revisiting the past and she was an intrusion. Nevertheless he fucked her for a period of time because she read like a good book and he enjoyed her alien presence.

11. SCREAMING.

I don't love you is what he finally said. She drove home in the little white Anglia with Beau Diddley graffitied in red across the back. She spread herself across the vastness of her room- a room which must once have held parties of people in formal attire spilling out to the lawns and the pomegranate trees beyond. She curled herself around her pain and hurled a scream across its sparseness and repeatedly the night returned it like a slap upon the face of her dogged failure. She applied her self-contempt like leeches sucking poisoned instinct from her blood. Then, like a liquid jelly stiff with salted tears, she slept.

He rang the next night and said did she want to see a movie and she said yes and they became friends and only occasionally kissed.

12. LIES.

She did not believe in the constancy of love.

She moved on to other things.

They just went to the movies now and then because they were old friends.

13. THE DIMPLE.

This is what he bought her for her birthday. He did not mean for her to drink the entire thing in one sitting.

I still love you, said the alcohol.

Alcohol lies, she said later.

14. PRETENCE AND DISTRACTION.

She found another lover who rarely talked and therefore did not intrude upon her pain.

She made a decision to no longer be herself and thereby eliminated the pain. Instead she began to vomit in the mornings. Her belly grew and her lover despaired but what she produced was something splendid - a fleshy, darting-eyed, quicksilver boy that lay upon her, suckling at her life.

She had forgotten the possibility of life. What she felt was something new and

unformed, which spread like a warm blanket across the lesion of her soul.

She called it love.

15. ALONE

The problem was the noise- he couldn't stand the noise.

She cooked and cleaned and crooned and soothed. She stitched and patched and dug and planted and was satisfied with the produce of her days. She lay in the hollow of her nights and breathed the silence till her fear dispelled and then, no longer reliant on any but fate, she slept.

16. SIMONE D.B. AND SARTRE.

They went to the movies.

Alright, she said, I still love you.

Time doesn't lie, she explained.

You resonate through me like I've been done with a cow prod.

I've been rewriting you for years- screaming at you from these pages, spilling the guts of this irresolution across their immaculate whiteness and scattering them along the path of my own inevitable destruction.

(She was drinking red wine.)

You, she said, have read each word with meticulous distance. You have followed me like a shadow down that path, but you will not let me reach beyond this literary shroud and touch you with these blistered worker's hands.

Consequently, it is beginning to gain the air of a myth that will not get its hands dirty.

I don't believe in fairytales, he said.

You see, she said, it was inevitable - I have become your Simone DB and you are a snarly little Satre shrinking under the weight of an unbearable objectivity.

Why, she asked, are you so afraid to feel?

17. STRANGER THINGS.

In the morning there was snow. It had not snowed since 1932. She felt the strangeness of it on her bare hands and laughed out loud.

There was something particularly satisfying about the sound of her own voice.

Gillian Britton

# Imagine A Man

Imagine, a scene in a film. It is the inside of the back of a Land Rover. Six passengers are seated facing each other on bench seats, feet perched on the packs in between. In the front, two figures, their backs to the camera. The shot pulls back and up: a helicopter's perspective. It now follows the Land Rover driving on a dirt road, leaving behind swirls of brown dust. The Land Rover gains distance, moving towards the horizon. The focus follows it, sharpening the middle then the background. It is unmistakably Africa. A man ferries his child on an ancient bicycle. A boy herds some scrawny goats. At the horizon, the Land Rover meets a truck coming the other way. The camera now tracks the truck back to the foreground. On the back stand a score of African men. A few cling on to the outside of the tray, swaying smoothly as the truck swerves to avoid bumps and potholes.

Inside the Land Rover, the man contemplates his vision. The film would be about the six passengers. It would be about their personalities, their interactions and developing relationships. It would examine the way in which the people found comfort in each other because of the varying degrees of uncertainty they felt about the world outside. The man looks at his five companions. Some he knows much better than others. In the film, the two people in the front would never be shown. The film would show the pale-skinned blonde-haired woman and the tanned curly-haired woman. It would show the two curly-haired men and the woman with straight dark hair and it would show himself. The film would show some of the incidents that had hap-

pened on the way so far. The incident when the driver mock-accelerated at some chickens on the road in a village but ended up hitting one, and the incident where one of the curly-haired men had proffered a joint which had to be smoked before the border was reached. The film would also show the inanities, the incidences and banal exchanges of no consequence. It would show that not everything had a meaning, and that life was comprised of an almost overwhelming majority of such moments.

Imagine, a series of photographs. The photographs are black and white and are of Africa. The photographs are similar in that they are all taken from inside a Land Rover. They show the world outside the Land Rover, but are always referenced to it. The photographs will be interspersed throughout the film. They will emphasise that the passengers are cocooned, if only tenuously, from the outside world. One photograph will show an African woman walking down the road with a baby strapped to her back. The photograph is taken through a window, framed by the Land Rover's interior. Another will show an African child holding a hand of green bananas; in the corner, out of focus, a white face looks out at him.

The Land Rover is passing through a village. The vehicle barely pauses. The man reaches for his camera and fiddles with it: removing the lens cap, selecting a high shutter speed and a wide aperture. Through the window opposite he snaps a group of people crowding at a bus stop. He knows the photo will be blurred - It is the effect he aims for. Swinging the camera round, the viewfinder now sees out the grimy windscreen, a silhouette at each side. The driver touches the horn, and as the people walking in front scatter, the man takes another photograph.

Imagine, a collection of songs and sounds. On the face of it, a loose collection. Some scratchy fifties and sixties tunes, heard as if they're being played through an old cassette player, bouncing in the back of a Land Rover. Calendar Girl with the batteries going flat. Some Aretha Franklin, new batteries inserted: sharper and brighter. The girls sing with *Aretha...sodittomesodittomesodittomesodittome...* Some other songs and sounds: some singing on the beach at last night's campsite. They had been lucky enough to watch a community choir practicing by the lake, as the sun set slowly and the mosquitoes set in. The man had secretly recorded them with the walkman nestling in his pocket, too shy to ask their permission, afraid to miss the opportunity. The remainder of the songs - the man's own guitar doodlings, inspired by the journey, developed and practiced out of earshot from the others.

The walkman is now resting next to the camera, ready to be used at any moment, blank tape cued at exactly the right place. Ready to be picked up, the red button pressed, to capture an essence, a feel, an ambience. The two curly haired men are in deep conversation, interesting conversation. The man thinks about recording it, but then thinks they will be drowned out by the Land Rover's incessant drone. Instead, he listens, smiling at the philosophies, the logical leaps and loops and barbs; he will try to remember to write it down tonight.

Imagine, a house in suburban Adelaide. In the corner of a bedroom, sitting on a pile of unopened boxes: some rolls of film, a few tapes. On the bed, the man is reading his journal. He comes to the part where he describes his idea for a film. He remembers, and

visualises a final scene. It is quiet, just after sunset. A firefly darts, briefly illuminating a dirt road, some scraggly bushes, perhaps a tree in the gloom. A vehicle approaches, it is the Land Rover. In the back, the dark-haired girl strikes a match for her cigarette. The tape player starts playing a new song: it is a Nirvana song. The dark-haired girl starts to move her cigarette in patterns to the music. The glowing tip makes circles and figure-eights and sine waves which seem to hang in the dark. The passengers laugh together and the Land Rover continues into the night.

Imagine now, the man; His photos developed, he is disappointed with the results. A couple are excellent, the rest mediocre. Over exposed, under-exposed, a few he remembers taking did not turn out at all. When he got around to it, he listened to the tapes. Some muffled conversation, parts of songs. To hear the singing on the beach, he must turn up the volume so loud that the static his and crackle of dust in the speakers is prominent, though the singing is beautiful. The man remembers some of his own songs. If he cannot recall the others, he reasons that they cant have been that good anyway.

The man knows little of photography little more about music and the guitar. He knows nothing of film-making. He doesn't even know anyone who does it. After a while, the man stops telling his friends about how he would like to move into something more 'creative'. He doesn't mention the film. He shows a few people his photos. The tapes are in his drawer, somewhere.

Imagine, the glowing cigarette end. Its loops and contortions grow slower as the song slows. The song stops. The glow dulls, then fades to black.

Rohan Kennedy

## Full of Sound and Fury

### 1. Instructions.

I want a sharp silver tongue in my head.

I follow Rob down into the basement. This place is like a shrine or something, posters all over the walls. Rob says if I liked the job, I get my own poster. He's pointing at a graph and yabbering on about his goals and stuff. "It's up to you..." words to that effect. I'm not the only new one. There are others nodding their heads as if they're part of the team. There's this young guy and the cuffs of his suit pants are getting worn and trod on by his sneakers. Some people are blu-tacking his poster to the yellow wall.

I want in. The one they call Daniel walks down the steps into the basement, from the footpath above. Naturally us recruits follow the others and join in a circle. Daniel has eloquence. He talks like Henry V in Shakespeare. It's a sermon, a tirade. You get two for the price of one. His voice multiplies off the yellow walls. He boasts he doesn't read

much and that he's never needed to. The sunshine's pouring in down the steps and lighting up this yellow room. "Georgie Boy!" I'm shouted at. Daniel's going nuts! I shout, "I'm ready to sell!"

And everyone claps and yells like maniacs, really happy! They're jumping around all over the joint! I have entered the fold. Daniel goes out: "Go make some money! Don't come back 'til you're rich!". We cheer as Daniel ascends the steps into the light and back to the footpath (which Daniel would call the 'side-walk'). I say: "We are Daniel's emissaries. We are his little droogies." Rob goes to me "Eh?"

### 2. Fast Cars, dotted lines.

Three of us sit in Rob's car. He is nineteen and this is his Flat. Rob makes fast-car noises with a sound in his nose. I am in the passenger seat. The sun is searing my knees through my first-best jeans. The leather seat sticks to my back. We'll be there, ten minutes, tops. James

in the back seat has just counted out thirty vouchers from the manila folder and now he starts telling us how he got asked to work in an auctioneer's but thought better of it because he liked this more. Rob does the hand gestures which illustrate a wank about half-way through James' story and has his head slapped by James. We are going at ninety kilometres around a curving corner. I offer to buy Rob some new seat-belts. And even though I don't really know James, I tell him not to get us killed with his head-punch antics. "Up yours!" he communicates with added venom. I maintain that you can't debate with someone who's got shit for brains. I open the car window. Where did I leave my sun-glasses? The Camry in the rear vision mirror is filled with sales people throwing empty cigarette packets at each other.

From the back James says, "I've sold shit-loads. The first is the best. It kicks arse. You get rejected heaps'a times before, though. When you get the pitch right it's bulk coolness." I ask if they know if some-

one will perhaps buy the vouchers straight away. By now we have stopped and group-leader Ryan from the other car has the answer. He talks with efficiency, he makes key-points with his fingers: "It depends on their age, how long it takes them to answer the doorbell and whether or not they've had to switch off the T.V. to get to the door." Katie nods her agreement. Katie is Ryan's girlfriend and wears tight clothes when they go door-knocking. On her breast pocket is a card in a plastic thing which says "Do you want discounts on Video Rentals? Talk with me My name is Katie!" They give me one of those cards and I write 'George' on the dotted line. I want to be asked questions concerning the two-for one deal which is available not only for this month but for the six consecutive months following! That's right, six months. That's the only part of the spiel I remember.

### 3. Sunday Lunch.

(continued over)

(from previous page)

A boy about fifteen years old answers the door. He has on a baggy black T-shirt, his hair is really short on the top and on the sides but at the back he's got these long strands which are starting to go like dreddies. He's got a football in the crook of his arm. Rob calls him mate and James tells him he looks a bit like "The Weed". There seems to be a barbecue at the back, when the mother comes to the door she says "My husband's out the back, we've got my parents' round for lunch. We walk down the hall, through their tiled kitchen and straight to the man with the tongs. "G'day. Don't worry, we're not Mormons. " I say, to make friends. "What can I do you for?" says the Dad who shares his son's hairdresser, "I'm pretty busy at the moment."

Rob begins, "We won't take up too much of your time. My parents've got a Weber like that one. We're in the area today offering these video discount vouchers and the reason we've come back to this suburb is because a lot of people who wanted these" (at this point James puts a shiny voucher in the guy's hand) weren't able to get hold of them and so we'd like to give everyone a chance... " The man isn't interested. His in-laws are at lunch, I play the trump: "And they're great for a gift idea." The man goes to us: "See yous later."

He has made a greasy fingerprint on our shiny voucher.

James sees this and gets all sarky because the sale is rooted. He goes: "Ah well, I guess it's back to the dole queue on Monday then, eh lads?" Rob follows the leader, "Bugger the dole, I'll be at home watching-free latest release videos for the next seven months." He locks his eyes with the tong men. We walk around the side of the house, back to the verandah. But the mother slips us a twenty, "Greg's a bit cross, he'd buy it but he can't get me preppers at the moment. Bye now!" Rob pockets the dosh and gives her a voucher with his phone number on it.

However, "That family's nothing compared to others we've done," says James. Rob wants to impress us more. He uncorks a story: "Hey George", he says, "You remember Steve Walden who moved away from our school? We once knocked on the door of this house and we could hear people inside, so we go round to the side and look in the window and he's, no shit, he's being shagged by his sister!" "Oh, I didn't know Steve Walden had moved house." I get a kidney punch for my troubles.

#### 4. Different Angle.

Door five. Here's why I quit. A twelve year old, alone at home. We interrupt a violin practice to convict this child to seven months of B-grade entertainment in her own home. I do have values.

Hamish MacIntyre

# Stone Giants

The Andes rose and fell before the expedition party like stone giants frozen eternally in time at the mercy of nature. The expedition party was composed of eight. None had any previous experience in any kind of mountaineering whatsoever and they made up quite a ridiculous team. To guide them through the wilderness a local boy, only nine years of age was hired at a cheap price. Their task was to establish a city out of mere rubble to prove South Americans inferior and North Americans superior, but they would do more than just that. They would not prove the world inferior.

The nineteenth century was a cold and heartless battle of power and opinion, this expedition would end all of this unknowingly. It was made up of a botanist called Charles Shriver, William Smith (a doctor), a cook Juliet Itashaam, her husband George (a farmer), two builders and two craftsmen. They had enough supplies for four weeks after that they were required to live off native plants and animals. Charles would see them through hardships of little food or water, although both were plentiful in the fertile valleys and if not satisfying to the palette Juliet would make it more desirable in an instant. They weaved their way through steep terrain using only wild goat tracks as a path.

The tallest mountains towered above them and a shawl of mist curled around the desolate top. Pablo, the guide, carried the burden of supplies effortlessly, but as the clouds gathered ominously above he turned to sit in a small cave and rest. The party joined him and Charles lingered to the back of the rocky cave. It went back for approximately two hundred metres before a faint light appeared. Haze and mist drifted up to his face. It was unusually warm. Being an observant person he thought it very uncanny to experience this humidity in the Andean winter. The light was getting stronger at the end of the cave and finally a fern frond hit his stern face. "Holy Moses, it's a rain-forest"

Juliet picked up her worn skirts and ran like the wind. One of the builders, Isaiah, took off his hat and gazed in awe. Simon Tucker, a handyman, along with Harry and Thomas, called to Pablo to help find a clearing and set up camp. Everyone trundled through the mouth of the cave and stood enveloped in a bubble of amazement.

Birds of Paradise with fiery crests whipped across the vermilion sky and into towering tree ferns. The extraordinary beauty of the forest was magnified by an ocelot jumping gracefully through a strangler fig that seemed to hold all the wisdom of the world in its time worn core. A Bengal tiger peeped through the undergrowth and retreated at the sound of an elephant in the distance. The elephants ran full pelt through the forest. A calf clung onto its mothers tail struggling to keep up.

They set up camp in a small valley surrounded by mountains and streamlets that gurgled with life. This is where Charles made his main discovery of the trip. He sat by the streamlets with his dilapidated note book carefully documenting and gluing in specimens of the plants. He seemed sure that some of the plants were extinct. Then he witnessed an animal slip from the bank into the mountain fresh water. Charles knew instantly that it was a platypus. He recalled that platypuses lived in Australia, thousands of miles away.

Charles was both puzzled and excited. He thought about a recent scientific paper he had read about a

supercontinent. He wondered if where he was standing was somewhere back in time before the continents had split... before humans... before the animals were separated.... maybe this was Gondwana Land. That would explain everything, the Bengal tiger, the birds of paradise, everything. They had gone back in time.

As they indulged in paradise South America had declared war on North America and the fight was on to the cold and bloody death. Isaiah and Pablo swam in the pleasant waters of the nearest thermal lake, sat on giant lily pads and watched the sunset behind an active volcano. Simon and Harry watched spider monkeys as they demonstrated their delicate movements like champion gymnasts, viewed the most beautiful things anyone could ever imagine and having realised that they were in Gondwana land, went on search for the Sabre toothed Tiger. Charles, George and Juliet collected food and seeds. William went further afield and saw coral snakes sunning themselves, awe inspiring waterfalls, giant orchids and many wonderful birds, insects and frogs.

On the tenth day North and South America were almost at the grim and lifeless end. There were almost no troops left on either side and nearly all inhabitants were dead or facing death head on. The builders in the new colony were commencing construction of the dwellings when a faint sound was heard outside the cave. Harry, the youngest builder cautiously felt his way through the dark cave and was surprised to see a two bedraggled people picking through the belongings that he had forgotten to take to "Paradise".

Well he is one of us all right, he has the emblem on his bag" said one of the two young women obviously from the North American Army. "Hey what are you doing with my property", said Harry, agitated and trying to act with maximum authority. "North America is at war with South America. We were sent here because of the proposed city development where we could find a haven. There are only four hundred survivors in North America. We have brought twenty here to live in the new settlement. We wanted to make it as inconspicuous as we possibly can. Will you take us in?"

As the words hit him he was unwillingly brought into cold reality. "We can only handle small numbers, but twenty is reasonable. Food is substantial. Yes, you can live in our city on the condition that all members clear their land and construct their own buildings." A high pitched whistle echoed through the Andes and weary men, women and children trudged into the cave. William, hearing all the commotion made his way swiftly to the cave proudly carrying his latest discovery, a metallic green poison-arrow frog nestled in a branch of magenta poinsettia. He looked over every one of the weary travellers and made a diagnosis of dehydration. They were brought into one of the modest grass huts with thatched palm leaf and placed on soft mossy beds where they laid for days being panered and doused with herbal remedies until strong enough to make huts of their own.

Three months later the town was completed. Monuments of animals were scattered and sent towering to the sky where they stood like totem poles of a lost tribe. They formed an alphabet of hieroglyphs scratched into soft sedimentary rock to tell their heroic story, the story of how twenty nine people changed the path of history for a new, more intelligent beginning.

Kate McInerney

# "It was quite mad, really!"

## Tim Wheeler from Ash tells it like it is.

**Scene:** Hilton Hotel [giggle, giggle]. Mark Scruby from *On Dit* enters a medium-sized room and is introduced to Tim Wheeler (singer/guitarist/songwriter for Irish contemporary music outfit, Ash) by some Industry Suit With A Grey Beard. Tim compliments Mark on his t-shirt. Mark blushes and secretly makes a mental note to brag about that one to all his friends... and anyone else he happens to meet. The two settle down and the dialogue begins...



**Mark from *On Dit*:** Tonight you're going to be on the opposite side of the world from where you grew up and you're going to be playing to a few thousand people who are going to be singing along to the songs you wrote and who have probably had their tickets to come and see you for months. Does that feel a bit weird?

**Tim from Ash:** Ha ha.

**OD:** Do you get that question all the time?

**Tim:** No, it's just nice that you put it that way. I s'pose I don't really think about that kind of thing. You know, we're kind of settled into this lifestyle. I suppose it us, um, a great honour.

**OD:** But doesn't it all get a bit too much sometimes?

**Tim:** No, no. We're used to it. It's what we do, you know. We write songs and play them to people and it's really nice, if you can do it.

**OD:** But don't you hanker for a normal life sometimes?

**Tim:** Well, I s'pose the tough things are doing lots of travelling and having to do lots of work but that's just the stressful stuff but, apart from that, it is just a great thing to be doing.

**OD:** Sure, but what would you be doing if the band hadn't kicked on?

**Tim:** I probably would have gone

to university and tried to start another band. I think, you know, I would have somehow made it anyway. I'd probably be in to dance music. I'd probably be a DJ or something. [Enter man with video camera filming the interview for an Ash tour documentary. Mark perspires quietly to himself] If I wasn't doing this now, I'd just keep going to music.

**OD:** So why did Ash become so huge where thousands of other very similar people fail?

**Tim:** I think it's 'cos we're so into music and we've got a pretty good understanding of it. I believe we are quite good songwriters and pretty good musicians. You see, we're quite good live and, for marketing stuff, I s'pose we look alright and stuff. We're quite dedicated. We've worked really, really hard.

**OD:** Do you think most bands like the idea of being famous but don't realise how much work it takes?

**Tim:** Yeah. I think you just have to believe in yourself.

**OD:** So what was the plan when you decided to go in to the studio to record 'Jack Names The Planets'? Instant world domination?

**Tim:** 'Jack Names The Planets' was, I think, our best song - the one that everyone was really into at the time. We always saw it as being our first ever single. We

put it out on this independent label. We hoped to get more attention and stuff. It got played quite a lot on radio and it did get a lot of record companies interested... and that was how we got our record deal.

**OD:** It's that simple, huh?

**Tim:** We just put out the single and hoped that someone would pick up on it. We believed in ourselves a lot and thought it was only a matter of time. I s'pose we were starting to get a bit disillusioned by it by then 'cos being from Northern Ireland there's no real industry or anything. We thought we were good but no-one was really recognising it.

**OD:** So how does that recording process ('Jack Names...') compare to the one for 1977? A bit different...?

**Tim:** Oh yeah. Completely different. By the time we were doing 1977 we were pretty well established. This was a thing that we needed to cement everything. We are far more settled in the whole thing now.

**OD:** What was recording 1977 like, then?

**Tim:** Um, it was mad. We'd just come straight off the road and went into the studios for three months. It was just mad, you know. Loads

of late nights and working quite hard. I think we all needed a big holiday but we never got one so we went straight on with this album. It was a quite mad process.

**OD:** So, what now?

**Tim:** We're gonna keep on touring and just hang out for Christmas. Then we're gonna take January off to write some new tunes and then we're gonna go back on the road again for another few months. We still haven't toured America enough and we could almost do with another month around Europe. There's places we've only half done, really.

**OD:** America. AMERICA.

**Tim:** We're just gonna keep working at it. If we just keep at it we're gonna do it there.

**OD:** But, who cares about America. No, wait a minute. Why does everyone care about America?

**Tim:** It's the big thing 'cos it's evaded so many UK bands for so long. It's just the thing to do, you know? There's no band that's really done it in the States at all.

Elastica got a bit of it, maybe. And Oasis. No-one else, really. Apart from Bush, but they're not seen as part of the British scene at all. It's quite mad.

**OD:** How has the songwriting been going since 1977?

**Tim:** It's so hard, finding the time to write, on the road. I haven't really done anything. We're going back to America and this time we're supporting Stabbing Westward so we'll have a lot more time to ourselves so I think we're gonna start writing then.

**OD:** What's more rewarding: sitting back and listening to something you've just recorded and thinking, 'Yes, perfect', or coming off stage after a really good gig?

**Tim:** I think the most rewarding thing is actually recording. You do feel such a great sense of achievement then. Playing live is really great. I s'pose, listening to the album, we're starting to get quite critical. We think we can do better next time. So, I s'pose, playing live is better.

**OD:** So, let me get this straight. Recording an album is better than playing live and playing live is better than recording an album. Oh, well. You're The Man. I guess you know best! And what does The Man want from Ash?

**Tim:** I want to make some brilliant records that we're really proud of.

**OD:** But is Ash the be-all-and-end-all for Tim Wheeler? You're the main songwriter so I suppose you're the one member who could branch off and do your own thing with the

confidence.

**Tim:** [Slightly uncomfortable] Um, I don't know what I'd want to do. I don't know, but I s'pose Ash is, well, we've got something really good going. We're good mates.

**OD:** What was doing the ARIA Awards like?

**Tim:** It was really boring.

**OD:** A load of crap?

**Tim:** Yeah, just your typical industry awards thing.

**OD:** Is the after-gig party tonight going to be more of the same shite?

**Tim:** That should be quite cool. At least there'll be alcohol - there wasn't any at the awards. It's sort of a cool way to end off your performance. [Pause] I s'pose it's just a good piss-up, really!

**OD:** Lastly, two things that always come up in Ash interviews are your age and Star Wars. How do you feel about that?

**Tim:** It's good fun talking about Star Wars. Especially when we get loads of Star Wars presents in Japan! Ha, ha... it has its perks! But



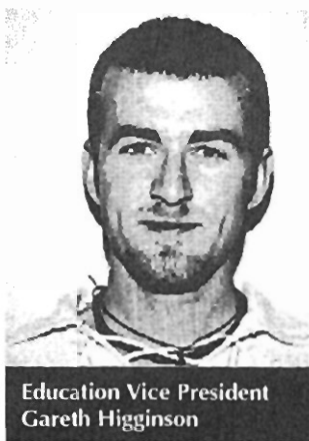
being young is quite good, you know. It's better than being old and boring!

Mark clicks the stop button on the tape recorder and rises to leave. Tim asks what he should see while he has some free time in Adelaide. Mark is totally speechless except for a few gabbled phrases like: "Um, I don't know"; "God, I really don't know" and "I don't know, I just live here," before settling on the reply, "The best things in South Australia for tourists are probably a long way away from Adelaide." "Any good shops?" comes Tim's reply. "Aaah, uuummmm. Maybe. Aaaah. Nah, sorry." Tim murmurs something about going to the desert, the two exchange pleasantries and Mark exits, dodging the record company breadheads as he goes. The curtains close.





President  
Kym Taylor



Education Vice President  
Gareth Higginson



Women's Officer  
Kylee Smith



Environment Officer  
Wendy Telfer

**Exam Results Withheld**

The NTEU is planning to withhold all students exam results, including graduating students, as part of their industrial action for a pay rise from the Government. Whilst the SAUA supports the NTEU claim we do not support this kind of action which only hurts students.

**Student Id Card Implementation**

Apparently, the University has delayed the implementation of the new Multi Purpose Student Id Card. SAUA Council has requested that the implementation occur before the end of this year so that all students have new id cards in 1997. The SAUA and student representatives on University Council are both working on this issue

**Scholarships**

The University's Senior Management Group is currently considering a proposal to expand the number and variety of scholarships offered. The SAUA will also be submitting a proposal to SMG which incorporates the Equity and Access Principles that scholarships should enshrine.

**Women's Officer**

Kylee Smith, the SAUA Women's Officer has resigned. Sophie Allouache, the Women's Officer-Elect has been appointed by Council to act as the interim women's officer for the rest of the year. Many thanks to Kylee for all her work and best wishes to Sophie for the rest of the year (and a belated happy birthday!)

**Vice-Chancellor Appointment**

Congratulations to Mary O'Kane on her appointment as the new Vice-Chancellor of Adelaide University. As a member of the committee that recommended to University Council her appointment, I believe she will do an outstanding job, taking seriously the needs of students during a difficult period for higher education.

**Simon**

I'm certain that I speak on behalf of all students when I express my deep sorrow about Simon's death to his family.

To Simon - thanks for all the work you did, all the fun times in the office, your laid back personality in even the most stressful times, your baggy shorts, and most of all thank you for your great contribution to students' lives at Adelaide University.

Well, guess what? Today is my **21ST** birthday!!!!!! So Happy Birthday to me! And yes, believe it or not, this is the final term of 1996! So enjoy these final summery weeks.

I trust that the holidays agreed with most of you.....good. Well what's been going down in the SAUA for me?

Firstly, grievances are popping up in the weirdest of places and they're tough too. But that's good. I wanna go down in a blaze of glory so no holding back now.

Secondly the responses for the Quality of Teaching survey have been slow. **Please** could you fill one in and hand it in, either in the SAUA or the Library. If you don't have one, check your pigeonhole, or get one in the SAUA.

Lastly I would like to ask a favour of you all.

I have been appointed a member of a University Working Party looking at how to deal with students who continuously fail. I would like any input from any student as to what to take to this Working Party. I have my concerns and ideas but I would appreciate it if anyone else who has experienced trouble in this area or not to come and tell me what they think.....after all, it could affect YOU!

Please get your comments to me by the end of the term. Thanks.

Well, as always, a closing remark.....

"If God had meant us to take drugs He would have given us the bodies to cope. But He hasn't.....so stay off the drugs, and enjoy life a little".

Take care  
Yours in faith  
GARETH.

Alas, this is my farewell column. The column in which I say a great big thank-you to all the people who have supported me throughout my term as women's officer, there are many, the women's standing committee, the women's collective, the elle dit collective, and particularly all the women who supported women's events and campaigns. Thank-you to the Students' Association for the opportunity to gain skills, meet new people, attend conferences and generally have an amazing and very challenging year.

This is also the column in which I explain that I have resigned two months short of completing a full (15 month) term. My resignation is motivated by two things, 1. burnout, (I've been in office for over 13 months now!) and 2. politics (but more on that later!)

Working within an inherently hierarchical (and thus patriarchal) system is perpetuating a system that I, as a left-feminist, am ultimately fighting against. I tried for the longest time to create an environment of co-operation and collective process within this, to acknowledge my own position and to endeavour to empower those around me by creating spaces in which all women may have their voices heard. But it is an uphill battle and in the end, one that has drained my energy entirely. Nonetheless, I believe that over the past 13 months I have done my best for the Adelaide University Women's community and to quote yet another of my favourite musical goddesses Edith Piaf..

"Non Je ne regretere rien!"

If you are interested in saying "farewell" please come and join me for **drinks in the Uni bar on Friday 18th October from 5pm onwards.**

**YOUR NEW SAUA WOMEN'S OFFICER FOR 96/97 IS SOPHIE ALLOUACHE.** I will let her introduce the women's standing committee in next week's On Dit.

**WHY WEIGHT WEDNESDAY**

Wednesday 16th October

An awareness-raising event surrounding body image and eating disorders such as anorexia and bulimia. Come out to the Barr Smith lawns during the day for displays, eating contests and healthy food stalls.

**RECLAIM THE NIGHT**

Friday 25th October

Meet at Victoria Square @ 6.30pm and march against 'violence against women' in whatever it's insidious form. Wear purple and green and bring whistles and other noise makers! If you have child care or mobility concerns please contact Jodie on 337 7937.

**WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE**

**AGM - WEDNESDAY 30TH OCTOBER**  
Meet in the women's room @ 6.00pm then dinner @ Quiet Waters @ 8pm, must RSVP for dinner by Wednesday 23rd October.

Don't forget the collective meets every Monday @ 1pm in the women's room. See ya there!

Good luck to Sophie and the new women's standing committee, ciao!



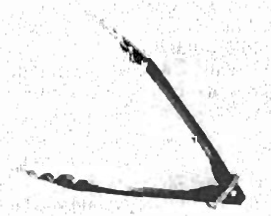
Hello. Over the last couple of weeks, the meagre time given by the media to environmental issues has gone to those dugongs (and the mangroves) that are having a hard time at Port Hinchinbrook. Other issues of importance... In South Australia there has recently been an exposure tour of Roxby Downs and discussion of the uranium mining issues including a vigil outside Western Mining.

- A large meeting was held in Windorah to discuss the potential impacts of the proposed irrigation of cotton developments on the Cooper Creek ecosystems. It is a region of important ecological significance and it is at risk of the same irrigation practices that have degraded the Murray Darling system.

- Trees For Life still need growers, so if you've a little time and energy over the summer that could be put into growing seedlings in your backyard to help revegetate the state, please give them a call (8207 8787).

- Also interesting have been the results of a recent Morgan survey indicated 99% of the community thought it is important to conserve our wilderness areas. So what does this mean in real terms? How much will we act on this commitment? How much does our(?) Government act on the community's commitment?

On a world scale, multinationals continue to cause large scale environmental damage and human rights violations. Many multinationals have budgets greater than many countries but they are not accountable to anyone. It is time for us to use our consumer voice and say we don't accept environmental damage and human rights violations by companies. So seize the day and think about what you buy (& pick up information on Shell's actions at the stall put on by the Environmental Collective this week). You are endorsing a company by buying its products. If you do drive or eat that nasty servo food, boycott Shell.



# Simon Charles Watson

6/8/74 - 22/9/96

Simon Watson was tragically killed in a car accident on the 22nd of September along with two of his closest friends. The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide conveys its deepest sympathies to Simon's family & friends as well as the families of Kieran McRae & Shan non Rohrig.

Those of us who worked closely with Simon whilst he was an O'Camp Director in 1995 & later Orientation Co-ordinator this year would like to take this opportunity to pay tribute to the invaluable contribution that he selflessly made to life at this University...

In January 1995, Simon Watson stood on the beach. His body was glistening brown with sunscreen, and his hair was flicked back - still wet from a swim. He was flexing his bicep while trying not to look as if he were.

The CK on the front of his underpants was highly visible and he wore a good pair of shorts.

In just one of his many roles, over the summer of 1995 Simon was the director of the Orientation Camps for the University of Adelaide. As every girl on the trip quickly told us, he was irresistible. And as every guy on the trip told us, he was a very cool man to be around.

So it is with my deepest sorrow that I write to On Dit an obituary for Simon Charles Watson, born 6 August 1974. Simon died in a car accident on the morning of 22 September, 1996.

With vigour and vitality, Simon befriended many people at University during his studies in politics and his role in Orientation activities in 1995 and 1996.

Simon had worked successfully at the Parks Community Centre as the director of the children's holiday activities. His most recent job was at the Oxford Hotel where he was extremely popular. He attended Blackfriars Priory School where he had many good friends, all of us thinking that we would still be friends in our old ages.

Simon exuded charisma with every move he made, intelligence whenever he spoke and contagious enthusiasm with every thought he made.

He was a gentleman, a philosopher and an inspiring character to all who knew him.

I will miss Simon's humour, his open ear and his shoulder to lean on - all of which were inextricably bound to his companionship. I will miss talking to my friend. I will miss knowing that he will always be here to help and en-

courage me. And I will miss the opportunity to prove my friendship to Simon as he did countless times to me.

But most of all, like many people, I feel lucky to have had Simon as a friend.

I only knew Simon for ten years. Most people will miss much more in Simon and feel even luckier than I do for having known him; such that Simon was.

So Simon might have lived fast, died young, and left a good pair of shorts, but he did so much more than that, and left so much more than that with all those who knew him. Simon left the most wonderful memories - of a brilliant brother, supportive son and the very finest of friends.

Matt Pearce

Dearest Simon,

Like so many others I can't believe that you are gone.

I want to know why you were taken from all of us and for what reason... but it won't make any difference.

Working with you was a privilege as well as being damn good fun, which many people will attest to. You taught me above all else to live life without regrets and to enjoy every moment... because I know that is how you lived.

I was blessed by your friendship, your compassion, your humour and your spirit. It is a tribute to you that whilst you were here you touched so many lives in so many ways. I will treasure all the memories, the laughter, the chats over a pale ale & the secrets shared whilst we had a stogie together.

I speak for so many when I say that I will always be richer for knowing you and sharing in your life but most of all I will miss you (like a tiger).

Peace be with you my friend.

Haroon

Once upon a time, in a distant land, a rogue called Simon initiated a maiden named Anna, who in turn trapped another lass who was known as Brigid. The first part of the tale was dealt with in the earlier saga, "Going insane in the SAUA". This is the finale.

How do you describe a lad who always made you laugh, regardless of the situation? A lad who inspired zantness and nonconformity. A lad with whom you shared many a conspiracy and generally ran amok. A lad who made you feel so alive.

What other group can, in waiting for our O'Camp interview, laugh so much and so loudly that we were evicted

from the hallway numerous times. What other group can in interview state quite seriously that to entrust us with 200 freshers would be a lapse in judgement and still be given the position?

Simon used to change his trousers in our office pre/post Oxford and would delight in the confusion and embarrassment experienced by those who walked in on us; him in the corner in a state of undress whilst I was either tapping away on the computer seemingly oblivious or sitting on the desk with the phone under one ear trying to close a deal. We would laugh so hard that our stomachs would cramp.

Simon on O Camp 96, crashed out along the back seat of the bus on the way back to camp after heavy drinking sessions at the pub. One fresher whispering to another, "Who is that guy?" and the whispered reply, "I think he has something to do with Orientation." But the phoenix rose and in a blurred glare set these naive freshers straight, "I am Orientation" he said.

Hiding from SAUA Presidents during elections, sneaking off for cigarettes, covering for each other when we wanted to sleep in, hooning in the Monaro, disappearing for beers, scamming chocolates from multi-nationals and getting lost trying to find the Kellogg's factory.

No words adequately describe Simon. There are no sentences that can truly represent the man. Words merely seem to demean him.

Simon, ever the legend, will always remain so. Simon was never token to Anna and me. We will never forget. We will never stop loving him. We will never stop missing him.

But we know he is out there, perverting the traffic angels for us and watching... laughing as we always did, at those who try to make us grow up.

Brigid O'Neil

1995 O'Camp Report

It is hard to try to describe the kind of person Simon was or what he taught me or even the things he did...but I'll try.

You know the type of guy that can always make someone laugh no matter how shitty they are? That was Simon. He told me so many stories many of them untrue just to get a laugh.

When I was a fresher he bought me my first packet of Marlborough 16s (I owe my addiction to you) and he was always there to take a cigarette break with.

My first election was with Simon and we were always trying to get out of work, oh mylles told just to get to the pub.

Simon, Brigid and I were dubbed the three musketeers by everyone because we stuck together till a rough out there



and you gotta have some kind of protection)

Retreat wouldn't have been the same without Simon and secrets were shared in those days that were used as blackmail for months.

He taught me some of my most valued lessons in life, how males urinate with an erection; the right way to play pinball - with a bowl of chips, a beer and a packet of cigs beside you.

There will be things that I will miss like his grin and when he got a twinkle in his eye and you knew he was going to convince you to participate in something mischievous.

I've tried to describe at least some of Simon because those that knew him were grateful that they did and to those that didn't... there isn't anyone as cool. I shared some of my biggest secrets with you, was naughty because of you and will miss you.

Seeya Simey,  
love Liv.

What is true about Simon's death is that those who never got to know him have as great a reason to grieve as those who did for they have lost the opportunity to relish in his light. And this applies to the entire university campus, as we all knew Simon, even if not personally. It was Simon's energy we felt during Orientation this year. And as Simon put it "I am Orientation" and even though I never would have admitted it to him then, he was right.

To those who attended O Camp 1996 with Madeleine Seppelt, Megan Thorpe and I, we want you to know that if it wasn't for Simon it wouldn't have happened. Simon made us realise that the crap we waded through all Summer and the turmoil went through would not rival the exhilaration we would feel. Again he was right.

Simon's made us aware of our own mortality and after all, who knows what tomorrow brings? For those left behind we have a refreshed urgency to live and to love and to realise that like our O Camp experience the joy of living far outweighs the agony.

"Many undo themselves by delays; they think to do that hereafter which they never live to do. Practice is the life of all," Bery.

Madeleine Seppelt, Megan Thorpe and Mike Trueman.  
O Camp Directors 1996



## THE 1997 UNION BUDGET

Welcome folks to the report on the 1997 Union Budget. In the following article, I'll explain some of the reasoning behind setting the statutory fee for the next year and the way in which this fee is allocated internally within the Union.

The big question: What is the stat fee for 1997?

**\$ 260 per full time equivalent student** (with the usual concessions for external, clinical medicine & dentistry and Thebarton students etc)

This is the same fee as set in 1996. This means that the Union has absorbed staffing and amenities cost increases as well as having made some efficiency gains to try to give you better value services for your money.

One efficiency improvement over the last year worthy of note was the Chair of Finance. Rob Koh's suggestion that the Union should be exempt from FID and other government banking charges. When investigated, the Union applied for exemption and this has been approved. Worth about \$10 000 per year, this equates to about \$1 off your Union fee.

The Union has prioritised some of its services by looking at the mission statement in its constitution, the priorities as determined in the student survey and of course its strategic plan. The service which the Union Board chose not to prioritise was the 10% discount given to students at the North Terrace and Waite food outlets (The discount is not currently given at Roseworthy or in the Bar).

\* NOTE: The following breakup adds up to more than \$260, as the Union has some other minor sources of income apart from the Stat. fee. For information about these and other services, read your diary (if you haven't torn out those pages already.) Or, alternatively, come and speak to me in the Lady Symon Building.

Affiliates	
Students' Association	Total \$39.83
-OnDit (\$ 7.20)	
-NUS Affiliation (\$ 4.20)	
-Student Radio (\$ 2.40)	
Overseas Stud Assoc Total	\$ 4.31
Postgrad. Stud Assoc Total	\$ 9.40
-Clever Country (\$ 0.38)	
-CAPA Affiliation (\$ 0.88)	
Sports Association Total	\$38.96
-Grants to Sports Clubs (\$28.03)	
Sports Grounds	\$ 6.29
Clubs Association	\$ 4.13
Roseworthy Stud. Ass.	\$ 8.93
Waite Stud. Assoc	\$ 4.22
Union Services	
Resource Centre	\$ 8.25
Ed. Welf. Officers	\$10.46
Equal Access	\$ 1.63
(Provides relief from students who genuinely cannot pay Union fees)	
Union Activities	\$ 2.69
(Costs of activities and entertainment occurring in the Union)	
Union Diary	\$ 1.45
Craft Studio	\$ 4.31
Child Care	\$ 0.24
Student Insurance	\$ 1.15
(For accidents on campus all Union members are covered)	
Administrative Expenses	
Board	\$ 4.80
(President and Directors insurance required for large organisations)	
Building/Stewards	\$28.24
(materials for building repairs and Stewards costs)	
Administration	\$24.22
(includes CEO, Facilities Manager, Union reception and computer charges)	
Maintenance	\$ 9.60
(Maintenance staff wages primarily)	
Marketing	\$ 9.38
(Signage and Marketing staff + promotional material)	
Human Resources	\$19.22
(Occupational Health and Safety, Payroll, Human Resources Manager)	
General expenses	\$ 5.68
(Includes Legal fees, audit fees, bank charges)	
Accounts	\$16.53
(Includes invoicing payment and receipt for all the above services including all of catering.)	
Capital	
Waite refectory	\$19.19
(Built 1996 final payment in 1997 - a major facility for this campus)	
Capital	\$14.01
(equipment needs of the Union as a whole. eg computers, ovens, furniture)	
Reserves	\$20.39
(To plan future developments to improve student services.	

N.B. Admin costs are centralised, rather than allocated out to various affiliates/cost centres.

### Why be a member of the Adelaide University Union?

I am about to finish my fifth and final year at University and have been fortunate enough to experience many aspects of being a student. I now believe in the concept of universal membership to the Union, although it did take some convincing, at first. I thought I would give you some of my current thoughts on universal membership.

The Union's mission statement is: The Adelaide University Union is the main social and cultural centre for those University activities not specifically included in the academic syllabus. It endeavours to provide a common meeting ground for staff, graduates and students.

The Union fee and the efforts of you, the members, goes a long way to achieving this.

#### Sports and Clubs

These are a large part of the cultural experience, as anyone who went to Inter Varsity last week will attest to. The funds that the Union provides subsidises the high costs involved with playing sport or travelling to represent your club interstate. The staff also provide a support to the club committees which change every year. Having financial incentives (albeit small) encourages students to join the University team or play sport in the first place, the Union provides the push and motivation behind the teams to keep them running. We have about 40 sports clubs and 100 interest group clubs on campus. NO Union means NO clubs. If you have ever joined a club or played a sport for a Uni team, the Union has enriched your experience at University and achieved its aim.

#### Representation

In the 1996 Student Survey, responses indicated that the number one priority for students was representation to the University and then Government from their Union. The Students' Association (SAUA), Postgraduate, Overseas, Waite and Roseworthy Student Associations are the main vehicles through which the Union achieves this representation. Elected students sit on many key decision-making committees throughout the Uni. The University of Adelaide has a long history and reputation for working with students and consulting them on issues. Two students were on the selection panel for the new Vice Chancellor (CEO) of the Uni and 5 students are currently on University Council (the peak governing body of the Uni). Much of this work is unseen by students, but affects them daily in numerous ways (for more information see the SAUA President, Kym Taylor).

The other important aspect of having a strong student body is resolving academic grievances.

Think of your Union fee as insurance. If you ever have a problem with a lecturer, one day they suddenly give you 0/20 or wrongly accuse you of cheating, your student representatives have the strength to stand up for your rights. I speak to a number of students who took problems to the University system only to have them lost in bureaucracy. The student associations and education welfare officers are not intimidated by University hierarchy and will not only support you with enormous strength, but also get results!!

#### Catering and Text Book provision

The Union facilitates the provision of catering services and ensures that students have input directly into aspects of catering they are concerned with. The Union catering committee has general student members as well as board members and they liaise with the Food and Beverage Manager. Discounted text books & stationery are provided by UniBooks, owned by the Union yet run independently. Having the Union control the provision of these services ensures students will have what they want and need. The problems only arise because with 14 000 members, it's impossible to please everyone!

#### Diversity

As I would see it the greatest strength of the Union, it has the capacity to encourage and promote cultural growth in many areas and at this stage is very diverse in its service provision. From the Resource Centre to the Little Theatre, Roseworthy and Waite campuses, Discount movie tickets to Band nights, the Union attempts to provide everyone with something that enriches their lives.

If you feel that the Union fails to provide a service that is in line with the mission statement and would enrich your life at University, feel free to come and see me and we can discuss this. Every year Board members offer new initiative and new ideas, and every student member can do this.

If you don't like paying your fees, consider this: Not paying the Union fee does not mean you automatically pay less. Increased University fees, resulting violations of your rights and loss of community spirit will be high costs which once incurred will cost you a great deal more.



Colleen Grady  
Outgoing Union  
President

### Why remove the 10% student discount on catering?

The estimated amount the discount costs the Union is approximately \$225 000. While some student pollies rave about mismanagement and catering losses, the fact remains that a policy decision was made in the past to give 10% clear profit away and this must be taken into account when looking at all the figures.

#### Why is it being removed?

• It was a policy decision by the 1996 Union Board that **all students should not be subsidising catering users and vice versa**. Catering should run at a break even to provide student users with the best possible prices.

• Estimated catering profit for 1997 (no discount)	\$130 000
• Capital equipment for catering	\$ 40 000
	\$ 40 000

The projected profit from catering will be used to cover some of the admin costs the Union as a whole incurs from the provision of catering, and the estimated profit is very close to break even for a \$3 million dollar turnover enterprise.

That's not bad given we charge a recommended retail price or below in a highly competitive market (the City).

#### • There are costs associated with giving the 10%.

These include the staff dissatisfaction with the current system of harassing students for their identification. The significant student com-

plaints about the service being slow and people waiting while others dig for their cards. Many students who responded in the student survey -30%, also feel that the prices are put up artificially and that the discount is ineffectual.

All these arguments sit on the negative side of giving the discount.

#### • Catering remains committed to value for money catering for students.

The Union catering service has always prided itself on giving value for money food for students wanting cheap food. While the Union cannot always compete with the supermarkets for price, we compete with cafes, corner shops, bars and food courts and do very well. I challenge anyone to find a cappuccino cheaper than \$1.45 (after discount). All prices will be reviewed next year to ensure students are not disadvantaged.

#### • Most other Unions have no discount on catering.

Flinders Uni Union removed their discount recently, and very few other Unions around the country have the discount system currently.

While we recognise the discount did provide a service to students in many ways, it has been a policy decision of the Union Board that we support other student services which you rated as more important and keep the fee to a reasonable level.

Any questions, concerns complaints or letters of appreciation(!), please come and see me. My office is on level one of the Lady Symon building or phone 8303 5401.

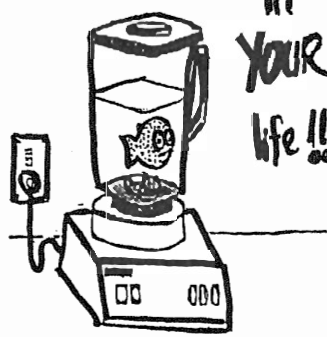
WELCOME BACK TO YOUR UNION

ONLY 4 WEEKS TO SWOT VAC!

HELP THE STRESS  
WITH FOOD AND DRINK SPECIALS



And you think  
theres **STRESS**  
in  
**YOUR**  
life!!



**BACKSTAGE CAFE - SCHULZ BUILDING**  
\* Bowl of Hokkien noodles \$1.40

**FOOD COURT - LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE**  
\* Baked Mexican spud with meat or  
vegetarian sauce served with sour  
cream and coleslaw \$2.00

**CATACOMBS - UNDER UNION HALL**  
\* Hot chicken and mayo. roll \$2.50

**GRILL BAR - WILLS REFEC, GROUND LEVEL**  
\* Vege. Burger with fries \$2.50

**UNIBAR - LEVEL 5, UNION HOUSE**  
\* Friday 11th October, all day & night  
Bundy & Coke or Bourbon & Coke \$3  
and don't forget **Mappy Hour**  
every Friday 5 - 7 pm

**EQUINOX**  
LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE

Pasta: Spinach & ricotta ravioli  
with your choice of sauce \$5.00  
\* Schnitzel: Parmegiana topped  
with tomato & cheese served  
with salad and wedges \$6.50  
add only \$1 for garlic or cheese  
& mustard bread  
or  
add only \$1 for glass of beer,  
wine or soft drink

**UNION STUDIO**  
LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE  
Meditation course, starts  
Thursday 17 October 1 - 2 pm  
only \$15 for 5 weeks  
Enrol at the Studio, Level 4,  
phone 8303 5857

# The dah-ling of Ipswich Bill Hayden... oops, Pauline Hanson

A Fish'n'Chips frier to Prime Minister candidate maybe? Could this be a new time of free speech, where being politically correct is being politically incorrect? Well, Pauline Hanson is that clean blooded, dinky-di gal that represents that overused and at times non existent silent majority. Of course, if that silent majority felt so strongly about some issue, they would do something about it! Anyway, Pauline Hanson is the independent representative for the Ipswich area on the southern outskirts of Brisbane. Ipswich has always been a safe Labor area, with its most famous son being non other than former Labor Party leader, foreign minister and Governor-General Bill Hayden. However, after more than 40 years of Labor representation, along came the 1996 federal elections and the Liberal candidate Pauline Hanson. Pauline came out of her grease shop and she said some naughty things such as all Aborigines are on the dole and that benefits to them should be cut. The Aborigines also are living better than the real Australians (whatever that is) because of preferential treatment by the govern-

ment. These comments caused the Liberal Party to dump her four days prior to the election. She continued to run as an independent (but still using her Liberal Party campaign posters) and she won with an unbelievable 34% swing. Following her win, she was out of the limelight until she made her maiden speech in parliament. And what an interesting one. According to the nervous and stuttering Mrs. Hanson, Australia will be taken over by Asians, and that the number of Asians in Australia is at one to two million. They, of course, are mainly illegals and should all be deported. Everything else she said was just like any National Action propaganda piece. Then came the outrage... and the commendations. Our Prime Minister proudly proclaimed that Australia is no longer burdened by political correctness and free speech has returned! Pauline Hanson, who was nothing more than white trash before the election is now the darling of the National Party in Queensland. Vision of her at a National Party cocktail party was major news. Some people have applauded her and there

have been suggestions that she should run for PM! Obviously, a prerequisite to being a Prime Minister is to say something racist while having no idea about what a Gross National Product or Statistics might be. Pauline Hanson's comments started a series of death threats on her, forcing her to move her family to a secret address. But if this sounds extreme, the Ethnic Council did have to say that if you do anything extreme, you should expect extreme reprisals. This period of "free speech" has lead onto new lows. A Victorian MP has jumped onto the bandwagon and has blamed the latest outbreaks of TB on the Asians. So, here is a simple guide to "free speech", if there is something wrong out there, say your mental illness or why there are too many mosquitos in summer, then blame it on the Asians and Aborigines and the amount of Social Security spent on them.



See the way I kinda raised my middle finger... yeah, well, that's for old Pauline

# The Taliban in Afghanistan (Wow, that rhymes!!)

Nothing nice happens in Afghanistan. After seventeen years of non-stop fighting, hypocrisy, clan warfare, ego contests, video games and exploitation, Afghanistan has been taken over by another group, only this time they want Afghanistan to leap into the unhip and dead twelfth century. Music has been banned, so has dancing, gambling, women on the streets and at work places. In fact, women have been confined to their homes by total curfew, and they are not allowed to leave until further notice. The Taliban are a weird mob, with their ultra-extremist form of Shia Muslim Fundamentalism causing shock waves to be felt even in the comparatively liberal Iran and the secular neighbouring ex-Soviet republics of Tajikistan, Uzbekistan and Turkmenistan. Russia, the main successor state of the Soviet Union, has sent even more

troops to the Tajik - Afghan border, increasing post-communist Russian influence in Tajikistan. The troubles in Afghanistan have been exploited to the maximum by the old superpowers in their crazy idea of "spheres of influence". Due to its location, Afghanistan had always maintained friendly relations with the Soviet Union. When the political situation changed in the country during the sixties and seventies, launching the country into an attempt at modernisation and rejoining the rest of the world, many Afghans went to extremes. On the one hand, the urban dwellers wanted radical change, while the majority in the countryside, as well as religious leaders, saw their traditional power being lost to such devilish things as education and employment for women and representative government. After a turbulent decade, in

1980, resulting in an international outcry and a US-led boycott of the Moscow Olympics held in the same year. Afghanistan was to become the Soviet Vietnam. Gorbachev finally agreed to pull out of Afghanistan in 1987, with the final troops left by 1989 defeated. Armed with American supplied Stinger missiles, the Mudjahadeen commanded extraordinary power against the superpower USSR. Another Mudjahadeen tool was the video camera. They knew their cause would have received no coverage in the west without vision. Despite the full support of urban Afghans of the communists, the capital Kabul fell in April 1992, with president Najibullah seeking refuge in the UN compound. With communism defeated, the United States no longer cared about Afghanistan, allowing the country to deteriorate into another civil war amongst the various clans and ethnic groups within the Mudjahadeen movement. In a scale more savage than in the war against the Communists (at least Kabul was spared and even modernised under Najibullah), the

various warlords were at it again, only this time the video camera batteries were permanently flat. The Taliban, who originated in the southwest city of Kandashar, are the latest militant group to appear. Even though full Islamic Shari'a law was imposed in 1992, the Taliban argued that it wasn't enough. Believed to be financed by drug-running heroin with help from Saudi Arabia, the Taliban's success has alarmed the ex-Soviet republics of Central Asia. Committed to secularism, these republics are going through a slow process of democratisation, in the aim of diminishing the long term prospects of groups like the Taliban forming in Uzbekistan. Now with the cold war over, no one has really consulted what the Afghans really want. The Taliban will not mean peace nor prosperity for such a shell shocked and impoverished country.



1979 the army revolted and installed a Communist government. Immediate resistance came from the Mudjahadeen or Islamic Freedom Fighters. However, they fought amongst themselves as much as they fought the Communists. In the interests of protecting its sphere of influence, the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan in

## Violence Free Science It's your right.



Say no to animals in science practicals. Effective alternatives are available. Demand they be used. Remember, that you cannot be penalised for refusing to use animals. For further info, advice, and/or support: Phone: Robert Fitzgerald 363-4383 or Samantha Helaham 240-0535

## GET A JOB

In our growing international economy we are witnessing an expansion of global structures capable of influencing individual nations. This has resulted in a growing dependence on the actions of global institutions as determinant factors in national strategic planning and decision making beyond specifically economic domains.

Global institutions such as the International Monetary Fund have become the worldwide nerve centre at the heart of the insurmountable push for financial and labour market reform. It is these very principles, from which the Howard Government has constructed its Budgetary policy and new Workplace Relations and Other Legislation. It is no wonder when such principles are adhered to that the IMF is full of praise for Mr Costello and entourage at their annual meeting along with the World Bank in Washington.

The IMF claims Budget & fiscal imbalances along with excessive public spending are threats to growth and financial stability. It is reported that the Managing Director of the IMF stated: "Mr Costello, your economic program is music to our ears." I doubt the Howard Government's policies and programs are music to the ears of the current numbers of jobless people whose number are steadily growing.

The Minister for Employment, Amanda Vanstone (otherwise known as Auntie Jack) has said there is "no point in setting targets" for improvements in unemployment rates. Sounds like a good strategy to me. The weaker than expected change in the labour market has given the Government more cause to push the need for the Budget to be supported and the Industrial Relations Bill currently in the Sen-

ate to be passed.

Labour market and structural reforms are seen by the IMF to be the answer to high rates of unemployment which continue to hamper many nations in Europe and us in Australia. Such reform through labour market deregulation is believed to enhance job creation and give us the much needed 'flexibility'. Thank God for flexibility! What this process of labour market deregulation actually entails is a race to the bottom by nations attempting to create (a) an improved industrial mix more favourable to global business or (b) a more competitive environment than in comparable nations.

By reducing the regulation within a market and introducing legislation such as that currently passing through our Senate which allows for greater employee exploitation, lower conditions are established. But hopefully with such a downward spiral businesses will employ more people at a reduced rate, thus decreasing the amount of people who are unemployed, but increasing the disparity between those who have great jobs, and those in the shit. Especially with less industrial protection and less support from the Government to fund programs to aid those in long-term unemployment.

The only pleasing thing which I can say is that Costello has promised that we will not be following the example of the extreme US labour market deregulation. He told reporters: "the industrial relations policy that I endorse is the legislation that is now in the Senate." So hopefully we can take heart in the fact, things are going to be worse, but not the worst.

Stay tuned and get a job!!

**Jamie Lowe**

P.S. - **Careers Talks** continue this week with the topic of Careers in Library and Information Management (Tues 15 Oct), Psychology and Counselling, Psychology in the Police Force (Wed 16 Oct) and Careers in Archives (Thurs 17 Oct). Contact the **Careers Service** at Level 4 in the Wills Building, all talks begin at 1.10 pm.

Careers in Library & Information Management.

Wednesday 16 October. Venue: Kerr Grant; speaker: Paul Kassipidis, Careers in Psychology & Counselling.

Thursday 17 October. Venue: Bragg; speaker: Andrew Boucher, Careers in Archives.

Tuesday 22 October. Venue: Kerr Grant; speaker: Chris Meldin, Careers in Marketing.

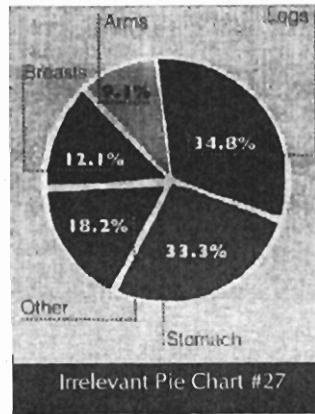
Wednesday 23 October. Venue: Kerr Grant; speaker: Dr Phillip Burcham, Pharmacology & Toxicology.

Tuesday 29 October. Venue: Kerr Grant; speaker: Dr Don Longo, Educational Administration "What is bureaucracy all about?"

Thursday 31 October. Venue: Bragg; speaker: Joanne Pimlott, "Have you considered self-em-

### Career Talks with a difference 1996 Programme

The University of Adelaide Careers Service has organised a number of speakers from various backgrounds to present the annual "Career Talks with a Difference" programme. Interested students, who wish to attend, are asked to register with the Careers Service in the Wills Building, Level 4. All talks begin at 1.10pm.



Tuesday 15 October. Venue: Kerr Grant; speaker: Stephen Caramond,

ployment?" All talks begin at 1.10pm Register now!

## Clubs' Gear

### NOTICE OF MEETING

There will be a Clubs' Association Council Meeting on Tuesday October 22, 1996 at 1.10pm in the WP Rogers Room. Delegates of Clubs are requested/required to attend. Nibbles provided...

### CHEERING!

The Anglican Students Society is selling donuts and coffee on Wednesday morning, October 16 from 8am. The perfect start to an evil early morning! See you there...

### METAPHYSICS SOCIETY

Persons interested in starting a Metaphysics Society for metaphysical and occult subjects are invited to a meeting in the Union Cinema on Wednesday October 23, at 1pm. The object of the society will be to arrange lectures

and courses from reputable people, plus other activities. So if you are interested in things like clairvoyance, astral travel, the human aura, tarot, parapsychology, palmistry, astrology, magic, wicca, healing, divining, UFO's, and so forth, please come and bring your ideas or leave a note at the Union Office.

### PRIDE Annual General Meeting 1996

24th October 7.30pm  
North/South Dining Room  
Pizza and Pasta deals have been arranged \$4.50 - \$5.50  
All welcome! Come and help decide the future of Pride.  
Contact Michael 83400602

### Performance Art Alive and Kicking with Local Guild

Who said the theatre scene in Adelaide was dead between festivals? The Performance Studio Guild is growing, with a new production in November and an invitation for more young artists to share their talent.

The Performance Studio Guild (PSG) is currently a student based organisation, affiliated with the Adelaide University Drama Department and the Theatre Guild. Five years ago it was created in response to students' desire to apply their skills by showcasing their own material to a wider audience. Members participate in all aspects of theatre production; anything from dramatical performance to publicity, costumes and front of house.

The PSG aims to create accessible, original theatre: Up until last year, the company has been relatively low-key. All this has changed; 1996 has seen the membership grow to a total of 70 and the showcasing of four productions, ranging from the macabre to the witty: *Scenes from an Execution*, *Murder in the Cathedral*, *The Man Who Wouldn't Go To Heaven*, and *Debased*. They are currently moving away from traditional theatre, to an integration of all elements of performance art. Audiences can get a taste of this in the last production for

1996, titled *UNCUT*. In one night of raw performance, the audience will be treated to a diversity of poetry and play readings, music, dance, drama and improvisations. 1997 will be even bigger yet. Over the coming summer, look out for a season of political street theatre. Entertainment in the streets doesn't have to die when the fringe takes a breather.

Due to its recent extension, the PSG is opening up to the general public. Submissions of original scripts are being sought and young artists are being invited to participate in all aspects of future productions, including dance, music and set and lighting design. Any directors with a vision for production in 1997 should also register their interest with President Anna Hickey on 8362 7836, or via the PSG pigeonhole on the 8th floor of the Schulz building, at the Kintore Ave end of Adelaide University. If the Guild continues to grow at the present rate, this will be a worthwhile opportunity for young artists to get some exposure.

So, for some fresh "in your face" theatre, come and see *UNCUT* at the Adelaide University Bar (5th Floor, Union Building), at 7pm on November 1st. Admission is free!  
Emily Collins

# Why Weight Week

**WHY WEIGHT WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16 BARR SMITH LAWNS, EATING, DRINKING, EATING COMPETITION, PARADE, STALLS, INFORMATION, STARTS AT 12 NOON, WHY? COS YOU CAN.**

Image is defined by the media and public perception. We see it everyday in magazines, newspapers, on the TV, and in society generally. Summer is particularly a time for people to wallow in negative body images because of these irresponsible and unachievable standards set by the media. It is time to say *enough* to the myths surrounding body image. You don't have to look like Kate Moss or Brad Pitt to be beautiful or attractive but often people feel like they have to adhere to stereotypes set by others. It's your body so you define your image.

The Women's Collective held a workshop last Wednesday. We traced around our bodies and then painted them. Then point of this exercise was to use colours, patterns and writing to define our own personal body image. A person could use what they define as negative or positive colours to fill in their shape, paint clothing on part of their body they liked or disliked and generally be creative with how they see themselves.

Why Weight Week is a campaign to

increase public awareness of the dangers of dieting in the pursuit of the elusive "thin" ideal. What you have to remember is that it is not ideal at all. Dieters pay a high price (financially, physically and emotionally) in efforts to lose weight. Even more disturbing is how our culture's preoccupation with thinness and dieting affects people of all ages, especially the young.

This year we have decided to hold Why Weight Wednesday on the 16th of October and we want everyone to celebrate in the activities organised, so that we can challenge the cultural attitudes and values that contribute to chronic dieting, weight preoccupation and eating disorders.

On the Barr Smith Lawns we are having a pancake eating competition, and a fashion parade with clothes modelled by real people to create positive, encouraging, "size friendly" images of women in the media. There will information, entertainment and yummy healthy food to promote non-restrictive, healthy eating patterns, non-punitive exercise routines and non judgemental attitudes to one's own body size and others.

*Diets don't make you beautiful.* Very few people will ever look like supermodels, glamour is a look not a size. You don't have to be thin to be attractive.

*Diets are not sexy.* If you want to feel more attractive, take care of your body and be happy with your appearance. Feeling healthy makes you look your best.

Olivia Nassaris

## LINCOLN COLLEGE

Affiliated with the University of Adelaide



Applications are invited from suitably qualified women and men for the position in the College in 1997 of:

**Senior Tutor  
Residential Tutor(s)**

Lincoln College is a residential college for tertiary students located in parkland 15 minutes walk from the University of Adelaide and the University of South Australia. It operates under the auspices of the Uniting Church. The College community includes both local, interstate and international students from more than twenty countries.

Residential tutors should be willing to provide academic assistance, intellectual leadership and pastoral support to the resident members of the College. Applicants should be mature, academically able, enthusiastic people willing to play a leadership role in College life. They should be committed to the goals of collegiate living and have an understanding of the problems and needs of students living away from home.

The positions of senior tutor and tutor are part-time and are therefore particularly suited to junior members of academic staff, post-graduate students or senior undergraduates with a demonstrated record of leadership and academic success.

Remuneration is by way of substantial rebates on residential fees. The Senior Tutor is also paid an honorarium.

**Applications should be lodged by 16 December 1996.**

For further information or application forms contact the College on (08) 8290 6000 or write to:

**The Principal  
Lincoln College  
45 Brougham Place,  
NORTH ADELAIDE, 5006**

Sorry, Chubs, no ice cream for you. You're on the

# DIET OF THE DAMNED

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# You're all a pack of arseholes

So Bathurst has been and gone yet again. And what a boring 161 laps of the mountain we saw this year. The race was over before it started with the Boy Wonder fulfilling his destiny to take out the Grand Slam of Touring Cars leaving the 05 batmobile and a bunch of Ford rust buckets in his dust. Who really doubted that the class and brilliance of the new Alan Jones wouldn't drive him home? And speaking of Jones, didn't we get our hopes up when he pulled up with flames shooting from his \$500,000 machine. Yet, Alan made it out safely ruining what could have been a very memorable incident. I can't wait until the next Grand Prix to hear how Big Daryl Eastlake will rub it in that Jones failed yet again in his quest to conquer the mountain. Before the Flaming Jones incident it would have to have been one of the most dull races of all time. I remember thinking "Finally we have seen some action here.... The cars have just been going round and round and round - it's so fucking boring". In fact, it was looking like the highlight of the day was going to be seeing that new James Bond Pepsi Max ad for the first time.

Banana Boat's nice little power spin just after the dipper and right in front of on coming traffic was a bit of a chuckle. Yet again we could have seen some real carnage, but we were left pondering what might have been.

In the end Lowndes just proved why he is just a cut above the rest. It is funny how at the end of the day it was hailed as a great victory for Holden, with the Boy Wonder narrowly defeating those boys from Ford. Despite the fact that there was probably a little bit of skill required by the driver, how one can really compare Holdens and Fords based on those hotrods is beyond me. Apart from sharing a few chassis parts and body panels they resemble very little of that which is available to the

pads, a bumper bar and a block head in under a minute. Oh for those glory days to return when you could buy a Torana, drive it to New South Wales, and whilst you are there just enter yourself in the Bathurst 1000. I for one would love to be able to drive my Mazda 808 to Bathurst and enter it in the 1997 race. I don't care that I would be lapped before I had even completed one trip 'round the mountain. I don't care that the car would probably stall on the way up the mountain, and I certainly don't care that I could be seen as the Eddie the Eagle of the Motor Racing world. That is not important. What is important is that I have had a go. That is the great Aussie tradition and I think that Bathurst should return to that era.

But, Bathurst is over for another year, and all we can do is wait in anticipation for next years race. Surely a new more likeable hero will emerge. Because Lowndes doesn't really cut the cheese for me. He is too much of an Ice Man - too cool, too calculated. Where has the kid in him gone? Have the prospects of his future gone to his head? Doesn't he realise that arrogance is the key to any good Formula 1 racing driver. Skill has little to do

with it - you just have to have the nerve to stare down the barrel of a 100,000 Horse Power machine designed by a bunch of Rocket Scientists and know that you are the reason that this baby goes so fast. But Lowndes has time to learn. At this time he should just concentrate on hamming it up and getting

of yester year, or Jim Richards "Pack of Arseholes" taunt at the crowd, or Sooky Johnson crying because he got cut off, or maybe even Brock whingeing about how it's not fair because their cars are so much faster, prettier and better than his. That's what makes a good race. If there isn't a death, or a phenomenal performance, then you need someone to have a cry or a spit. That is what makes the



average John Doe in a showroom. I am certain that I could not walk into City Holden, pick up an SS, or even a HSV job, take it for a spin on some highway and casually crank it up to 300 km/hr like Lowndes can. And I know for sure that my Mechanic will refuse to change a set of tyres, brake

with it - you just have to have the nerve to stare down the barrel of a 100,000 Horse Power machine designed by a bunch of Rocket Scientists and know that you are the reason that this baby goes so fast. But Lowndes has time to learn. At this time he should just concentrate on hamming it up and getting

the starting grid - maybe writing "No. 1" in black rubber. Now that would have been excitement. Lowndes just doesn't make much of an impression with me I am afraid. We need a real character. Like Larry's last to first face

punters happy - That's what puts bums on seats and that's why the SANFL grand final between the 1997 AFL wooden spooners and a team that can't play under pressure stole so much of the TV ratings here in SA.

" life is art "

*student/staff art exhibition*  
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your artwork to the

**UNION OR SAUA** reception  
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to enter

*\$100 prize offered to the best*  
*student or staff submission*

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# student radio guide

monday

10-10.30pm **slander, lies & audiotape** dear avid student radio listener, we here at slander, lies and audiotape think that **the fine line between information and defamation** is more like a 16 lane freeway. but as the lesson of the rabbit and the 32 wheel semi-trailer clearly demonstrates, it's best to be prepared for all eventualities. so in case we cause offence with our 30 minute foray into the latest **campus, local, national, international** and occasionally **paranormal news, sport and current affairs**, presented in a way which can, at times, stretch your brain, the truth and all sense of common decency, we'd like to take this opportunity to say, in advance, we are really sorry!

10.30-10.50pm **polp! world music and political commentary** with a difference! if you are looking for african-based "world music" or the sounds of bulgarian throat singers, shift your dial elsewhere. that is not the complete and real world. **EVERYWHERE**, people are listening to **folk pop**, which is churned out like polp. this is **the true world music**. polp. at last, karaoke finds its home.

10.50-11.40pm **babes in boyland riot grrrl**. you've heard her before & she won't go away. she's up front. she's in your face. for a radical explosion of **grrrls producing, playing & singing music, performing word, challenging, screaming and being bratty** just so she can be heard, tune in to **BIB**, presented in 96 by new grrrls.

11.40-12.30pm **gspot** this show taps into the **adelaide dance and hip hop conglomerate** to bring you fortnightly **reviews of venues, events, new releases, interviews** with touring and homegrown artists, **information** about what's on, policing and harm minimalisation in venues, pointers to related media, **guest live sets** and, of course, a blend of **beats, samples and spoken word** that'll make you grind your axe.

tuesday

10-10.50pm **radio alpacca indie music** interwoven with **sparkling repartee, biting social and political commentary** and a sprinkling of **gossip**

10.50-11.40pm **cosmic warriors from beyond infinity** attention people of earth, i am Sargon, lord of the electro magnetic spectrum. i have decided to amuse myself by taking possession of the earth beings you call "sergei", "george" and "peter", whose feeble minds were no match for my galactic phnomemgray, shudder with dread as they opine on "sa". soil shy britches as they present the **hard-hitting, infotainful** all singing, all dancing **chat show format**

11.40pm-12.30am **no visa required** join nikki in the exploration of the movement of peoples and vibrations across the earth. the show will involve **theme nights, on-air workshops with local performers** and above all a wide range of **global grooves** to get your body shimmying.

wednesday

10-10.50pm **spanking the monkey** we've got a **quiz** with fantastic prizes, **interviews** of various kinds, a **talkback** segment, comedy with the **jerky boys, derde and clive**, plus more cliches than you can poke the proverbial stick at. with **shane, ky** and the cast of thousands.

10.50-11.40pm **ockham's razor: the next cut** a unique melting pot of **vox pop, issue-based talkback, band interviews, radio drama, zine reviews** and **casual media banter** enhanced by the odd **indie-pop** musical treasure. for a mind-jolt that far exceeds a triple strength latte, tune in and get your fix with **tory & shelley**.

11.40pm-12.30am **nude with sunglasses** nude and vulnerable...three boys present a selection of **mainstream and alternative rock** with a focus on **australian bands, interviews** and their very own niche brand of humour. featuring **mr squiggle**. get naked with **zak, ben & michael**.

thursday-saturday university of south australia student radio 10pm-12.30am

sunday

10pm-10.30pm **local noise** tune in each fortnight as local bands and student radio volunteers match wits with the infamous SUV studio setup in a desperate bid to place a band **live to air**. tune in other nights of the week for **live to airs, live recordings** and broad-

casts from an **outside location**.

live to airs this year have included **king krill** from the o-hop, **flat stanley, wendyhouse, tim gibuma, all flight crew** are dead, **brian apples, eleventh hour, crisp** and the undecided.

10.30-10.50pm **student radio local archive show** hear a selection of live and studio recordings and interviews "fresh" from the archives of student radio. spanning **two decades** and encompassing a whole spectrum of artists from names like **big black** and the **hoodoo gurus** to the obscure and obnoxious **spit on your gravy**, the archives provide a rare insight into the story of local music.

10.50pm-11.40pm **hot bits** marian, lucy & alicia present a frothing, potent cocktail of **art, theatre & contemporary culture, live poetry** straight off the street and in your face. **high art reviews and news** to go completely "over the top". **giveaways** to entertain. **interviews** to challenge. **artistry** to inspire and enlighten. **radio drama, restaurant reviews, political dialogue**, don't stop...daaahrring....don't stop!

11.30pm-12.30am **new releases** with jon. tune in and start your fortnight **well-informed on new music** out there. because if you don't find out the **whowhatwhenhowwhy**, that's exactly where all those new noises will stay...out there. they may never come your way. and you'll be real lonely. ring up and register **your opinion**. sometimes we have **giveaways**. that's when it really starts **PAYING** to tune in.

## ON DIT 1997

Join On Dit  
"It's like a 18-30s cruise, but without the boat."

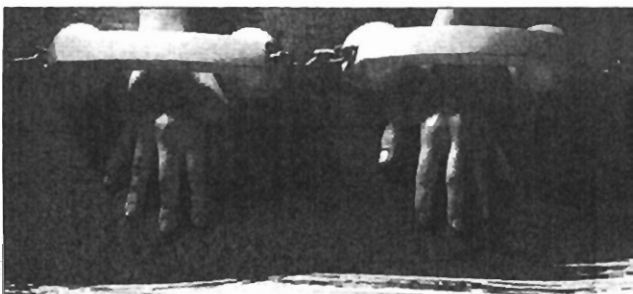
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Applications for the following are now open. No On Dit experience necessary.

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A few hours of your time selling badges with other human rights supporters could save many lives. Please contact Amnesty to help with the fight for human rights on Candle Day, October 25, 1996.

amnesty international australia

## Burning a White Rose

Glistening beams of sunlight  
herald the coming  
Colours burst forth from the  
palate of the divine  
Borne by gossamer wings of  
cherubic angels  
A goddess of love puts an end  
to all time

Magical eyes siren in nature  
Crashing young men on perilous rocks  
Sweeping bright hair covers  
radiant skin  
An alluring enchanting Pandora's Box  
On bare horseback proud of flight  
To the winds of torment  
Galloping across blighted  
She searches for a golden  
heart shaped key

Her eternal quest left a trail  
on my heart  
Branded forever in cattle like fashion  
My pathetic head lifted to the now  
clouded skies  
Dreaming once again of mind  
breaking passion

In my dreams of that Deep  
Southern Belle  
She comes so close her sweet  
breath so warm  
I open my eyes to find her dancing away  
Vanishing like a rainbow soon  
after the storm

Jack



238a Rundle Street Adelaide  
Phone (08) 223 2335 Fax (08) 223 6119  
Open seven days til late

## Summertime

From the corner,  
Necklaces hung on candelabras  
Photographs of everyone are around  
And you all appeared when you stood  
alone  
And spoke without sounds...

Meanwhile,  
Knees pressed into my face,  
Arms twisted,  
I heard the summer wander slowly  
through the door.  
Tim and Kellie drifting down the hallway  
Leonard Cohen too.

Miles away from the city  
I made plans;  
Saved dollars for a silver Buddha  
Tried to burn your photographs  
New tiles for Tim and Kellie's hallway -  
Sea air for bitter lungs.

Walking riversides where cicadas scream  
Even now  
While your faces appear no clearer than a  
dream  
I see the summer wander slowly through  
the trees.

The sun faraway - the bus arrived at last  
Stapelton played his blues on the corner  
of the main street.  
A sound you can hear for miles around  
In a summer sky.

Electric waves crashed through lazy May  
And you all appeared when you stood  
alone  
Before you are forever gone.  
Creeping into every corner  
And filling all the spaces you left behind  
is  
summer  
time...

Anton Zytznik

## MIND FIELD PRIZE FRENZY!

Book of the Week  
**ALIAS GRACE**  
Margaret Atwood  
(Bloomsbury) \$35.00

Thanks to MIND FIELD BOOKSHOP (238a Rundle Street) we have a \$60 Book Voucher to give away to the writer of the best piece of fiction (poetry or prose) published in On Dit each month. Just drop your entry (with a contact phone number so that if you win we can find you) into the On Dit office.



# VOX POP

### Questions

1. If you had to have a bug/insect caught in your underwear all day, what would it be?
2. Have you eaten a fly? Did you enjoy it and what did it taste like?
3. Have you had some spring-time lovin' yet?



### Des

1. Dead.
2. I have eaten a fly, it was an aggressive one which bypassed my tastebuds. It was not pleasant.
3. Yes, I'd say I have.

### Georgia

1. Butterfly.
2. I've had one in my ear, it was really gross.
3. Sure have.

### Tess

1. A Beetle.
2. I might have, but I don't remember what it tasted like.
3. Not much yet.



### Ryan

1. Caterpillar
2. Never eaten one.
3. No.

### Andrew

1. No idea.
2. No.
3. No.



### Stefan

1. A Leech.
2. Riding home yesterday I swallowed one. It tasted terrible, it was foul.
3. No, but I'm working on it.

### Ian

1. Gnat
2. No, I can imagine it would be a rather unpleasant experience.
3. Who me? My phone number is.....



# VOX POP



### Scott

1. A Clicker beetle.
2. Yes, but it went down too fast to taste. I've eaten a worm and it tasted like dirt.
3. Yep.

### Will

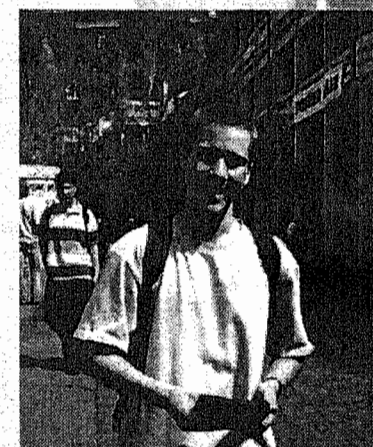
1. A stink bug.
2. I've swallowed one but I didn't chew.
3. (With flowers?) Perhaps...

### Daniel

1. A little green shiny beetle, a Christmas beetle I think.
2. Yes. It all happened so fast, as I was riding my bike. No I didn't enjoy it, but it did taste better than the spider..
3. No.

### Patrick

1. A Ladybird.
2. No.
3. No, not yet.



### Bevan

1. A fly, cause at least the fly would enjoy it (it would be in the shit).
2. I've swallowed one of those bull-ants with wings. I didn't taste it and I'm sure I didn't enjoy it.
3. Unfortunately no.

### Sam

1. I'd prefer absolutely none.
2. Yeah, for sure, it tasted like vegimite.
3. No, I'm waiting for it.

### Mandy

1. Something with antennas.
2. It tasted like off-chocolate.
3. Yeah, just blooming.



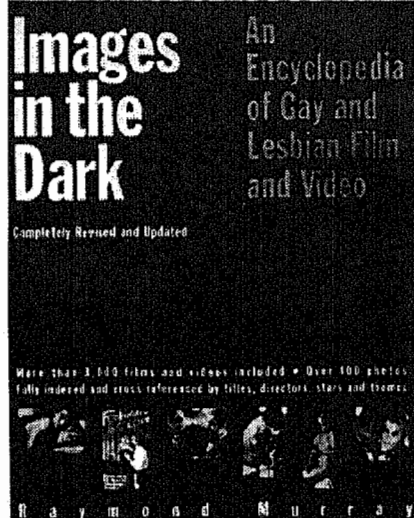
### Alan

1. Butterfly.
2. By mistake once, although I haven't eaten one, rather I swallowed it, I breathed it in. I'm not a carnivore, I don't believe in eating them.
3. Yep, heaps.

### Kate

1. A ladybird.
2. Yes, I have eaten a fly. No I didn't enjoy it. It tasted like liquorice.
3. Yeah.

# Film



**Images in the Dark: An Encyclopedia of Gay and Lesbian Film and Video.**  
Raymond Murray.  
\$ 29.95

I am well and truly shocked.... I thought that the Gay and Lesbian film and video collection was more than limited and stark, I could be forgiven for thinking this when one peruses what has been available in mainstream entertainment. One has to delve into special collections to find something of substance, quality and interest. The thickness of this encyclopedia immediately

proves me wrong, and then we delve within its pages! This long overdue and comprehensive encyclopedia of legitimate gay and lesbian films ('legitimate' excluding empty pornographic junk) is fully indexed, and is separated into Gay and Lesbian categories, although they are initially grouped together in a common 'queer' interest section, preceded by a 'favourite directors', then a 'favourite stars' section (amongst another 6 categories, which cover 'Gay icons' 'transgender interest' through to 'Honourable and Dishonourable mentions'). All gay and lesbian film stars are covered, except those still 'in the closet', who Murray has chosen to 'exclude' rather than 'out' them, although you will find a couple of 'maybes' in the Gay Icon section. The coverage of Lesbian and Gay films is equal, which is not all that common, and the former is much appreciated. This is the ultimate reference point, an access point, a bible for those who've emptied the video store shelves and have seen all the films (those bought by the local cinemas at least) and are screaming out "For God's sake, we want MORE!!! But where can we find them?"

Fiona Sproles

# Ugly

**The Shaman Bulldog: A Love Story.**  
Renaldo Fischer with Michele St. George.

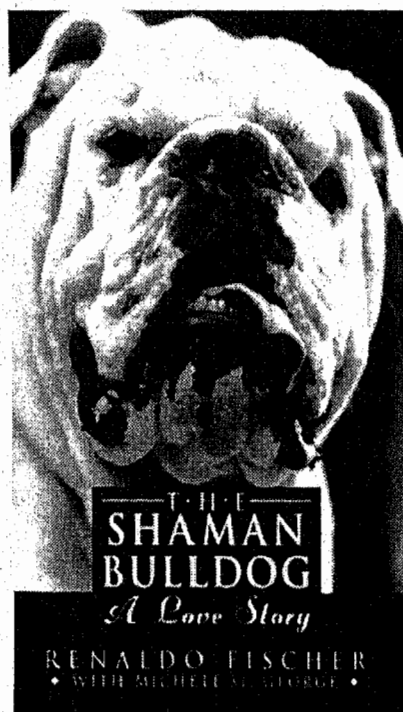
Renaldo Fischer invites us to travel the journey of the bonding between man and dog in his entertaining story *The Shaman Bulldog - A Love Story*. We begin the journey with Faccia Bello, a sturdy English bulldog, in the animal hospital after charging into a car. The chance that the bulldog may depart to 'Sister Death' created an acute awareness of how much this humble creature had enriched Fischer's soul and thereby strengthening the bond between man and dog.

The journey continues with a 'warm, fuzzy' rendition of Faccia Bello's next encounter with 'Sister Death'. After dining on his supper the bulldog began to choke and appeared to be near death. Fischer, through curses and tears, gave the dog a goodbye kiss which became a kiss of life as he unknowingly blew into his nose. That unconscious act of artificial respiration, doggie style, produced a unique bonding between us.

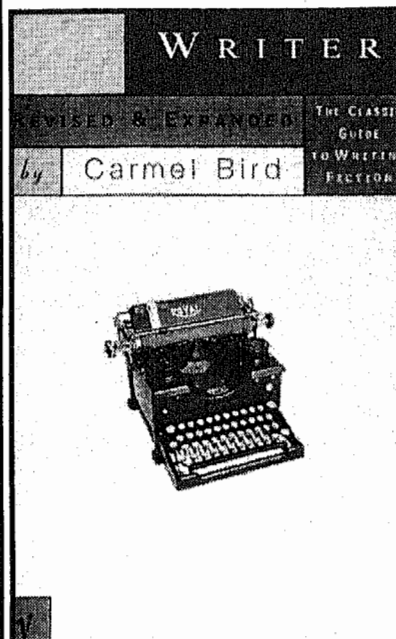
'The Love Story' journeys

through many more bonding moments between Master and his dog teaching Fischer how to love unconditionally and appreciate the spiritual potential of his own soul. The story is a tribute to the familiar saying 'A dog is a man's best friend'.

Josie Simpson



# Book



**Dear Writer.**  
Carmel Bird.  
Vintage.  
\$ 14.95

'The classic guide to writing fiction'. Fair enough, I thought, this looks good. A practical course in creative writing, *Dear Writer* is delivered via a collection of letters between the author and an aspiring writer. This text was first published in 1988, this version is the first of the revised editions, and is designed

and published as an interim text while Bird collates and prepares the properly revised edition.

The letters take the budding writer through the various aspects of creative writing. There is much useful advice on many topics, most notably, on the effective use of adjectives and adverbs, author perspective, readability, believability and so on. There is also practical advice on such things as journal keeping, the use of word processors, how to get published (very useful) and how to arrange your life as a 'lonely' writer. There are areas where I find Bird's treatment of writing a little too structural. Most notable of these is her insistence that the writer, "writes about what she knows". How then, can one write a fantasy work, although I would agree on the necessity of researching your subject. The emphasis however, is more on how to write than what to write.

This is a very useful text in terms of effective and believable writing. Bird is a teacher of creative writing - as well as an author of novels and short stories - and this experience shows as she takes us through the intensive rewriting of a short story in her collection of letters, *Dear Writer*. Well worth the effort if you intend to write fiction, I wish I had discovered this book years ago.

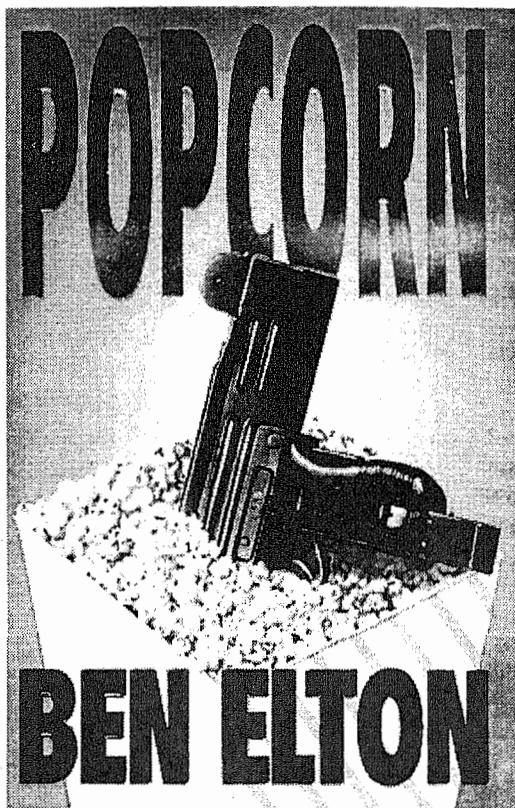
Thomas Stoddart

At On Dit  
we have  
two  
copies of  
*Vietnam*  
to give  
away.



So if you want some  
exotica in your summer,  
then come on down to the  
office on Friday at 4:15  
and tell us something we  
don't know.

# Death and Popcorn



**Popcorn.**  
Ben Elton.

Here's a little experiment you can try in your spare time. Stroll up to Rundle Mall and pop into one of the book

shops. Go over to the 'Crime' section, and count the number of books in it. Now go over to the 'Horror' section and do the same. Next stop: 'War', and repeat the process. Add all these together and label the resulting number 'Exhibit A'. Now wander over to the 'Poetry' section - if there is one - and count the number of books in it. Label this number 'Exhibit B'. Compare it with Exhibit A.

No prizes for guessing which number is the larger.

You see, society is obsessed with killing. And this is what Ben Elton explores in his fourth novel, *Popcorn*. More specifically, he explores the question: in a society addicted to murder, is there such a thing as a responsible person?

Allow me to set the scene.

Bruce Delamitri is the hippest, coolest director in Hollywood. He makes witty, sexy, post-modern cinematic milestones dripping with ironic juxtapositions. About murderers. But

what murderers!! They are the very embodiment of style. You know the kind. We've all seen such films (but remember, I didn't say 'Tarantino' - you thought that up all by yourselves).

Wayne and Scout are real-life serial killers. Morality is a foreign concept to them. Except one night - Oscar night, when Bruce scores bigtime - they decide to hijack Bruce's life, and decide it's about time he faced up to his responsibility for the violence in society - and, specifically, the murders that they had committed. Fact confronts fiction and televised murder results. I won't spoil the ending for you.

We all know that when Elton latches onto a theme, he clings to it like a Pit-bull Terrier, and this is no exception. The theme is 'responsibility-for-the-violence-of-our-society', and whose it is. Is it Bruce's, for making killing cool and sexy in his films? Is it Wayne and Scout's, for going out and doing it? Is it the media's, for giving them the fame they desire, and drawing parallels between real and screen killings? Is it the public's, for paying such close attention and watching both so avidly?

Elton doesn't point the finger at anyone in particular. Only at those who seek to avoid responsibility and refuse to acknowledge the part they played in the proceedings. Which is, in the novel, everybody. The victim mentality is not acceptable. Society is sick,

and only when each of us owns up to being a part of the cause can we even begin to contemplate a cure.

This is the point Elton makes, and he makes it with style. This is one hell of a novel. For one thing, it's damn hard to put down. The action moves with energy and pace, yet still leaves time for thought and reflection. Reflection about techniques like the slick blend of prose narrative and film script, which mirrors the dichotomy in the novel, the collision between the glamorised violence of the post-modern film noir and the brutal copy-cat reality of Wayne and Scout. Where exactly is the dividing line when the viewing audience watches both and is completely rapt?

And, of course, being by Ben Elton, there is the odd obligatory 'knob' gag thrown in along the way.

*Popcorn* is a tight, skilfully written page-turner. I don't think it's quite as funny as *Stark* or *Gridlock* - gone is the stand-up element of those novels that produced such wonderful belly-laughs, replaced with a stronger emphasis on razor-sharp satire - but this is definitely Elton's best novel yet. Read it. Think about it. Then take responsibility - boycott the 'Horror' section, and buy some poetry instead. It can only do us all good.

Paul Bradley

## Can You Spell "Disturbing"?

**The Site.**  
J. Radford Keir.  
Pan Macmillan.  
\$ 12.95

A murder mystery/ghost story, *The Site* is quite an intriguing novel, with some interesting twists designed to surprise the reader. Our hero, Mr Staines, is an ex-cop (forcibly retired) who moves to the country where he opens a bakery. The plot revolves around Staines and his relationship with the insular townfolk of Mallen. I discovered an immediate problem with the portrayal of women within this novel. Apart from the rape-murder which is the primary crime discussed in the novel, Keir introduces the breasts of his leading lady (her name is Lacey) rather than her, and not only is this continued in conversation related to Lacey, but also in further descriptions. Indeed it is quite some time before we are told that Lacey of the 'straining blouse', is an accomplished author who has written three books and runs her own farm.

The other big problem with the text is the fact that it is deliberately misleading. Keir uses the technique of monitoring the characters thoughts to describe scenes, and provide back-

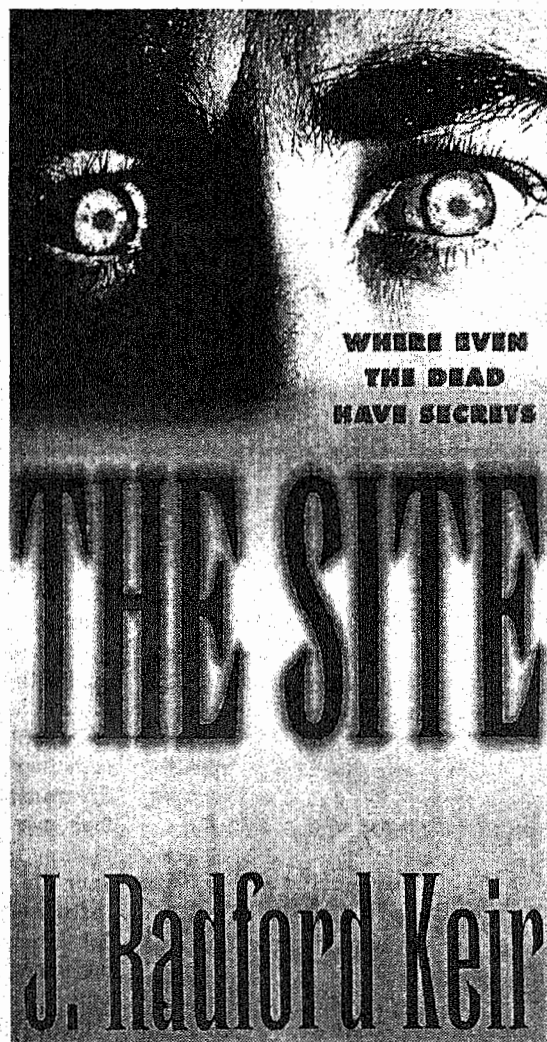
ground information - especially with Staines - , yet later in the novel, it becomes apparent that the situation is somewhat different to that earlier described (trying not to give the plot away here). This inconsistency was a little disappointing, I prefer to have a chance of working out a mystery without being blocked by the author. Other than that, the ending was poor. The climax built up excellently, all was poised for a great finish, then Keir had to ruin it by retreating into standard horror ending formulae. Next on my list of complaints; when Staines first discovers the otherworldly aspects of the township, he is contacted by the resident aborigine elder, who it is apparent has some knowledge to impart. Staines eventually goes to see this wise man, at the end of the novel, and here I mean the wrapping up after the climax. Seemed a trifle unrealistic, if I was faced with the same situations, specifically related to a 'sacred site', I would have gone to see the guy first thing.

The hero and heroine both are stereotypes; Staines the tough city cop, cynical yet with a heart of gold under that rough exterior; Lacey the busty shy young woman, yet passionate and with hidden depths (I feel nauseous). This kind of characteri-

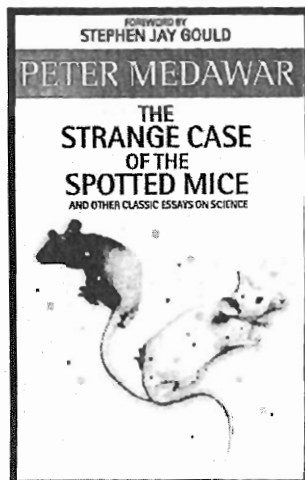
sation really winds me up. On the plus side, there are some nice plot twists, and a couple of times I enjoyed Keir's narrative style, particularly his treatment of the original crime and its psychic remnants. Keir is an Australian writer, and thus being from the country myself - I found it easy to relate to his depiction of small town Australia. Keir also has some success in constructing the ghost Elspeth, and the supernatural elements within the text.

On the whole, *The Site* is a competently handled formula horror novel with some twists. I would have been more impressed had Keir worked with these twists and avoided the safe path. A fair book, not a bad piece of light horror entertainment, but nothing special; a good airport novel.

Thomas Stoddart



# Where's the Cheese?



**The Strange Case of the Spotted Mice.**  
Peter Medawar.  
Oxford University Press.

Don't read this book if you are a fan of *The Celestine Prophecy* or other books of that ilk. His hammering of *The Phenomenon of Man* by Pèrè Teilhard is going to cut really close to the bone. That's the way we begin this compilation of Peter Medawar's scientific essays, but this diatribe against the school of "philosophy-fiction" is just a small sample of the wit,

insight and knowledge possessed by this man.

With a cover more akin to a new installment in the *Hitchhiker's Guide* series it would not be readily discernible what this book is on about without reading the fine print. What we do have here is a collection of "classic essays on science". Classic indeed. Along with the above mentioned stab at pseudo-scientific popular philosophy, Medawar waxes lyrical about scientific fraud, the nature of Darwin's illness, genetics and the nature of scientific enquiry. Several of these essays are book reviews that appear more like mini lectures in the relevant field of study.

This book would make an ideal introduction to Medawar's work as well as an introduction to popular scientific writing in general, newcomers needn't worry about some huge treatise on some esoteric subject - all the essays here are bite-sized and quite manageable. With a foreword by Stephen Jay (How do you lose a dinosaur in a haystack?) Gould, it will be of particular interest to fans of this genre of writing.

Suffering several strokes before he shuffled off this mortal coil, it is amazing that Medawar retained his sparkling sense of humour, one which pervades itself through the majority of his writing. It certainly makes sure that, in Medawar's words, "in spite of its vicissitudes" his life definitely wasn't "without its risible aspects".

Matthew Paxton

# Magic?

**The Magic of Crystals.**  
Barry Jones & Wendy Jones.  
Allen & Unwin.  
\$19.95

The Magic of Crystals is a book designed to help you choose your crystal, or perhaps learn more about their origins and history. Written by two people passionate about the inner healing power of crystals, it is unfortunate that their writing style fails to win over the reader to their same level of passion. There are, however, some phrases that sound good when uttered in your very

best enigmatic hypnotic voice, (the lotus position is optional). Sample: "Lowly create your special space", "The crystal ball is reflecting your psychic awareness" and "Visualise a cascade of brilliant white light washing over you".

Divided into chapters about crystals, their geometric definitions, types of minerals and associated powers, the book provides some nifty information accompanied by photos that would do the Woman's Weekly recipe pages photographer proud. (Or perhaps they are reminiscent of the photographs used to make the Christmas Cards you find in the K-Mart bargain box, left over from the eighties...) A chapter on the history of crystals through the ages provides handy data in point form, so as to aid the primary school aged researcher...

Crystals have always been associated with mysticism and magic, in my mind at least, and whilst the book provides amusing quotes about the apical inner secret unseen spiritual new age transubstantiation of the self fabulous spec powers of crystals, there is nothing in the book that will change your life or have you wanting to do cartwheels or float around cherishing the inner child. Try other methods, don't read about it.

Georgina Neill



# Bastard Inc.

**Horoscopes: how to spot a bastard by his star sign.**  
Adele Lang & Susi Rajah.  
Macmillan.  
\$ 14.95



Well, the title says it all really. Written by two funny and witty women this book was fun to peruse through and provided many laughs. It's a light entertaining read, and one to keep handy in case a new man enters your life, so as to allow for quick reference and ultimate pre-judgment and persecution. I was going to test it out for you based on my own encounters with various Bastards of the Zodiac, but then thought it best not to, for my own safety and so as to protect the innocent and that sort of thing. Divided into two parts the first section provides an in-depth look into the Fire, Earth, Air and Water signs, giving an insight into each of the 12 types of Bastards out there. There are helpful hints ranging from 'How to spot one' to 'The first date' to 'When to do the deed'. Yes, handy stuff. The other main section is titled 'Which Bastard for which Goddess', a useful guide for anyone needing help and reassurance in the relationship department. On a personal note, as a Leo Goddess I'm told "No man is truly worthy of your astrological royalty" (wow, so true it's

scary). The book looks at and identifies the guys who will break your heart, those who are losers, those who think they are God's gift, those who are plain boring, and those who you should stay away from. And after reading *Horoscopes*, there's no doubt that as far as the authors are concerned, that covers them all, full stop. But c'mon, surely not all guys are bastards, are they? (phew, quick save).

Natalie Whelan

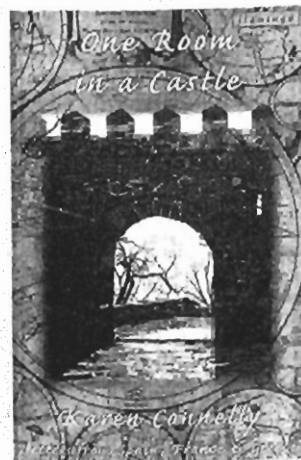
# Life Ticks By

**One Room in a Castle.**  
Karen Connelly.  
Flamingo.

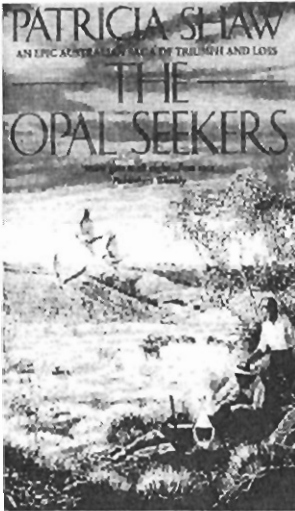
Enjoy this book by not reading it from cover to cover! This travel diary of sorts is a selection of prose about living in Canada after being in the more exciting and warmer Mediterranean countries of Spain, France and Greece. Connelly's topics have a Seinfeldesque quality to them, such as wondering why umbrellas are more expensive in Spain, and why does everything look older in Europe? This is unlike a Maxie Walker look at Australian life. In fact this book is so un-nineties by being original. The cover is thankfully not lime green or tangerine, nor are these latest European fashion colours mentioned in the prose. Feast your eyes on some of the titles of the sections: "Out of the insane asylum", "An enormous cockroach" and "Three hundred sheep equals marriage". It is a bit heavy going as she tends to waffle on a bit, much like some southern European grandfather. But if you find that *I Do, I Do* can't take you away to imagination land, then this book could. Particular attention is placed on the plight

and lifestyles of gypsies. Connelly really identifies with their joy of living and fun and she taps into that joy. I am not someone that likes books with not much point, so personally I can't say I was totally thrilled with this work, but for someone who can't afford the airfare to Europe, this book provides at least one glance at the way life ticks by in the Mediterranean.

Nick Nasev



# Nostalgia Ain't What It Used To Be



## The Opal Seekers. Patricia Shaw.

I loved this book. I was absolutely engrossed in it, couldn't put it down even though I had 2 assignments to write.

What I really loved were the characters. The way they were portrayed made them come alive, each with their individual traits, their strengths and their faults. I loved some, hated others, and yet others I loved while loathing their faults.

The whole story was an interweaving of the character's lives, about their relationships, their dreams, their hopes and their losses. It is a beautiful story, a complex drama with all its triumphs and tragedies. It is set over half a century, from 1898 to 1948.

Set partly in Ireland, mainly in Australia. It really felt like those times - the clothing, the class differences, the attitudes, the social life, the relationships, the exploitation, and the problems women had. It is a fascinating story about Australia in those long ago days. The author Patricia Shaw (a historian) definitely knows her Australian history and how to make the era seem real in her book.

I especially liked the way women in the story were depicted. In times where women had few rights, were subservient to their menfolk (fathers, brothers, husbands), there were women who refused to bow to society, strong women who refused to meekly stay in their places but instead were determined to work to better themselves, or if rich used their

power to do as they wished rather than society wished. They were a stark contrast to the poor women who were too oppressed by society to know that they were being exploited, and the rich young women who loved what society gave them, the dresses and the parties and rich young courtiers.

For those of you who want to know a bit more about the story, its about poverty, running a family in Ireland, migration to Australia, and then learning a new life in a vastly new country, hard work and the pursuit of dreams (opals in this case), with a bit of love and passion thrown in, ending in some losses, and some major triumphs.

To find out more, read the book. It's great.

Grace Teh

# Nothing's For Free

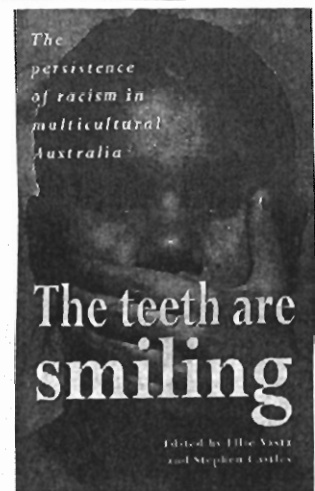
## The Teeth Are Smiling. Ellie Vasta and Stephen Castles. Allen & Unwin.

I was sceptical at first of such a book. I was getting sick and tired of some of the more power hungry elements of our society saying that racism was still a major problem in Australia. Well, this book really blew that perception. This series of essays about the current state of multiculturalism in Australia. *The Teeth are Smiling* argues that official anti-racism is only superficial and that racism really exists in more subtle ways. This text is now a bit dated since the advent of John Howard-Pauline Hanson style "Free Speech". Racism now can occur in

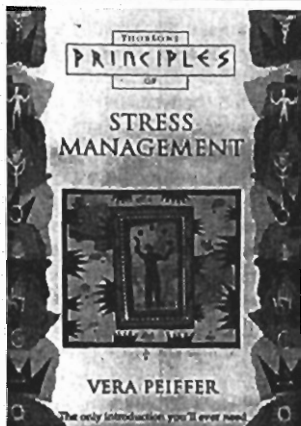
more blatant way, only now you can say it's free speech. The popularity of Pauline Hanson shows more clearly than all these essays put together that we still live in a racist society. The essays do point out that Australian society has only started to be officially tolerant within the last thirty years and, despite the political rhetoric of success, tolerance levels in many aspects of our society have not changed. The essays also tackle more specific topics in racism, such as racism towards Aborigines (with the oft-quote "dole bludging Abos" used by the right coming into a lot of attention), Asians and women. While claiming not to have covered all areas of racism, a topic which warranted more attention is the increasing

problem of racism between minorities and how our politicians are exploiting this racism in pursuit of the "ethnic vote". Maybe this is where I see a hypocrisy. Being a NESB-ian myself, I see racism in more ways than the more prevalent English-speakers against Non-English speakers racism. As for a read, this collection of essays are for someone studying about racism, and therefore not something that could be read for enjoyment. The title, however, was taken from the Congolese proverb "The teeth are smiling, but what of the heart?" It too, like the reaction to Pauline Hanson's comments say more about racism than these essays.

Nick Nasev



# Bugging Out



## Stress Management. Vera Peiffer. Thorsons. \$ 14.95

Stress can be likened to alien life forms: some know they exist because they've had direct experiences with them, while others dismiss them as pure fiction. Anyone who has had to start and finish a 3,000 word essay in 24 hours will know only too well that stress does not only exist, but is difficult for a ir-

rational brain to deal with.

*Stress Management* is an A to Z guide dealing with what stress is, and how to control its effects. The book is divided into three sections: how stress happens, what happens when you fall into the stress trap, and how to escape from its clutches. Be warned though, the "what is your stress level?" questionnaire told me that I was well into the danger zone, in serious need of medical attention. A scary thought, con-

sidering I didn't feel that terrible! The chapters on breathing and relaxation techniques, sleeping better and alternative ways to unwind proved interesting. With the season of stress almost upon us, *Stress Management* could be a nifty find for those who are easily stressed.

As Vera Peiffer concludes, "You are worth looking after - please do so!"

Stress Girl

# Socially Relevant *Summer*

State Theatre Company presentation of the Melbourne Theatre Company's production of *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*.

The Playhouse  
Season closed

Forty years after its creation this play is still socially relevant. As theatre it is a compelling vehicle for its narrative. The authenticity of the characters jumps off the stage as a breath of fresh 'Australian' air amidst American cultural imperialism. These folk are 'Aussies'. But all is not well in the land down under, for time marches on, and Olive, Roo and Barney must come to terms with the changes that it brings. Olive has enjoyed the last sixteen summers with her man Roo, sacrificing the compensations of a conventional life in order to perpetuate her dream. But this seventeenth year sees the collapse of this life, which

was based upon an unreal idealisation of Australian masculinity.

The balance of characters within the play, three men and four women, reflects the play's surprisingly even-handed examination of the interplay of genders. Neither gender is 'blamed' as the root of all evil, as each character works out their own responses to the realities of aging. Characters are distinguished through individual idiosyncrasies, and each is seen to grapple, to varying degrees of effectiveness or success, with the contingencies of life. The myth of Australian masculinity that pivots upon physical strength and the attendant dream of eternal youth is shown to have both pay-offs and repercussions for the men and women involved. Such a limited construction of male personhood is shown to have a use-by-date. This myth is shown to be created and perpetuated by both men and

women, both of whom benefit and suffer from the constraints of this definition.

Robyn Nevin's direction brings out both the humour and pathos of *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*. Her direction allows the pace of the action to ebb and flow with the narrative tension, and gives the characters room to develop. The stage set, by Tony Tripp with lighting by Jamieson Lewis, functions equally well as both a 'time capsule', and as a 'frame' that authenticates and lends integrity to the vitality of the narrative. The actors showed an inspiring respect for, and appreciation of, the play, with Lois Ramsey, Neil Melville

and Peter Curtin giving standout performances. The onstage appearance of the playwright Ray Lawler at the curtain received a well deserved and enthusiastic display of public affection.

Farley Wright



"What's your poison - Twinings or VB?"

# Dark and Eerie *Terminus*

Terminus  
Red Shed Theatre

Terminus means the end of the line, but can it also mean the beginning of a new journey? This is one of the many philosophical musings that infiltrate Daniel Keene's new play *Terminus*.

It is a dark and eerie work that focusses on the bleakness of human life, where those of us yearn for more but know that we are not going to reach it. It is a confronting work and one full of mystery as the central character John (Robert Morgan), who touches so many lives and brings out the hopelessness of the other characters' stories, remains throughout an enigmatic figure. Just who is he? Is he a saviour or a psychopath?

This mystery provides the dramatic tension throughout the vignette-based work. The questions that are never an-

swered are raised from our first encounter with John in the opening scene. He is travelling on the last train of the night and along with his sinister presence, is

an indifferent teenager (Jeremy Schwerdt) carrying a canary in a box. The boy's rejection of John's overtures and a refusal to show his canary leads to his death and from this sinister beginning

we follow John's journey as he embarks on a world of violence and pain, homelessness and heartbreak.

There are the lonely who turn to al-

cohol for solace, Johanna (Ulli Birvé) the sister of the boy who scrapes just barely enough money together as a barmaid to survive, and the prostitute

(Sally Hildyard) whose childhood dreams turned to dust. Yet among this bleak group there is an optimist, the homeless and demented vagrant "Man" (Gary Waddell) who preaches about the protection of the angels. He is also the only one who comes closest to understanding the mystery of John.



Are you talkin' to me?

This Red Shed production directed by Tim Maddock handles a very difficult text well with Mary Moore's minimalist and aesthetic sets, Geoff Cobham's lighting and Andrew Copeland's sound designs contributing to the overall atmosphere. There are times however when the bleakness becomes too overwhelming but standout passages include Ulli Birvé's "One Good Friday" and the encounter between the "Man" and John. Robert Morgan is chillingly outstanding as the ominous John along with strong performances by Ulli Birvé, Sally Hildyard, Tom Healey and Gary Waddell.

While not an easy work and with the lack of a narrative conclusion, the audience is forced to come to their own understandings not just about the play, but the dark side of life itself.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

# A Worthwhile Experience

Skadada  
The Space  
October 1

'This performance is about the body, senses, and memory.' So began a remarkable show incorporating dance, mime, song and computer mediated light and sound. The technological wizardry is probably the most unusual feature of *skadada*, with sound artist John Patterson and electronic visual artist Katie Lavers weaving a continuous evocative setting for the sole visual performer, Jon Burt.

As befits an innovative form, the audience could never quite be sure what would happen next.

And yet once a piece began, it almost instantly evoked a familiar scene. For example, in *My Way* we were immersed in a strange melody composed from supermarket noises, described as 'Tango for performer and shopping trolley interspersed with euphoric moments of product recognition.' The evocation of everyday, commonplace memories was skillfully juxtaposed with jarring images, creating an overall effect of cultural critique. But we were not only seeing in a new and perhaps cynical light the consumer culture (whether it involved the consumption of products we eat, watch or listen to). Another very strong element in

*skadada@the.space* was the encouragement to whimsy. The whirr of a washing machine or the jangle of a telephone can provide a part of a samba rhythm, and *skadada* demonstrated that more could be accomplished artistically with the sounds of a building site than I could ever have imagined.

A central theme in *skadada* was a careful examination of our concept of the 'natural'. Burt's dance style moved from convulsive tick-like movements to a fluid expression of rhythm, through almost imperceptible crafting. He blurred distinctions between robotic and fluid movements, and moved his perfectly healthy and toned body in ways that seemed clumsy, only

to be revealed as amazingly smooth choreography in an overall piece. The interaction between Burt and his unseen colleagues operating the aural and visual effects was also well coordinated, giving an impression of organic harmony between the human performer and the nonhuman effects.

*skadada@the.space* was definitely a worthwhile experience. The reverberating images and sounds of a world seen slightly skewed provide an ongoing performer/audience interaction that fits well with its aim to provide a performance about the body, senses, and memory.

Fiona Sutherland



# A Rock 'n Roll Circus

Exploring the darker side of human nature is fraught with a variety of possibilities and dangers; while we can sometimes confront and deal with our various demons, there are times when it is an area that we cannot escape.

It is this element of ourselves that Brisbane's Rock 'n' Roll Circus has focussed upon in its latest production *The Dark*.

Yet for company member Annabel Lines, trying to discuss a show that is very difficult to describe is a frustrating experience, especially when one has been intimately involved in its creation.

"It is a very difficult show to describe, but essentially it contains elements of comedy while on another level there is a very emotional side to it," she said.

The exploration of the dark side of human nature produces *The Dark*'s main theme of darkness, reflected not only in the tone of the work but also in the production's setting. To Lines, it is a show that must be approached from a subconscious level, with the emphasis more on dream-like elements than narrative.

"It is essentially very vignette based," she said, "yet it is also a show that generates its own energy, building up a somewhat creepy momentum."

Rock 'n' Roll Circus is one of the few New Circus outlets in Australia, which shies away from the traditional circus routine and incorporates a more theatrical element in the work. Lines believes this philosophy is further illustrated in *The Dark*.

"It is a very physical show with everybody coming from a physical base with the more physical elements of the circus combining with physical theatre," she said.

"It is a very physically demanding work which continues backstage as well, so by the end of a performance you are often totally exhausted."

While physically draining, there is also a mental element for Lines and the rest of the troupe in approaching such a physical work, reflected in their communication with an audience.

"It is hard to sometimes say what you want to say without words, as we are forced to physicalise words," she said. "When you work in the circus you have to get the audience to interpret what you are doing but sometimes it is difficult to get that message across, yet it is important that the message is communicated."

Although *The Dark* has just gone on tour, following its opening season in Brisbane, it is a production that has had a long gestation period, having been in the creative process since early last year. Even now the company describes it as a work in progress.

"It is very much a collaborative work that contains a lot of different people's visions, but I feel that despite this (the collaborative element) we have achieved a production that is of a good quality," she said.

The collaborative element in Rock 'n' Roll circus also occurs away from its creativity with the performers also heavily involved in the administrative details of the company.

Before joining Rock 'n' Roll Circus

last year, Lines previously worked overseas with such circus groups as Archaos, Circus Irritant and DNTT International. While she had dabbled in circus work and physical theatre before leaving Australia, it was not until she went to Europe that she became fully involved in this performance form.

"While I had been interested in this work I never really seriously considered it as a career option until I went to Europe," she said.

"This area is much more vibrant in Europe and you get to meet so many different people from so many different countries who are into the circus. In Europe there is quite a lot of mixing between the traditional circus and the new styles, whereas in Australia the two groups tend to keep to themselves."

Lines said it was the lifestyle that ultimately attracted her to this type of performance work.

"I found the idea of touring attractive, especially in Europe," she said. "On one level you are isolated because you are living on the fringe of a society, as a visitor to an area, yet because you are together as a group of performers it keeps it interesting and fun."

Although she received some specialist training in London, with an old Hungarian master who specialises in 'bendy' acrobatics, Lines said most of her training has been done within the various troupes she has worked with rather than at one of the big circus schools on the continent.

Specialising in bendy acrobatics and fire work, Lines said that developing a specialist area is something that evolves.

"You tend to go through a process of trying various skills and once you discover the things that you are best at you then develop them further," she said.

"For instance I learnt very quickly that I wasn't interested in the trapeze, although my fire work is something that resulted from the type of groups that I previously worked with as Triclops International (Sydney) and DNTT have a big focus on fire. On the other hand, I am physically well suited to bendy acrobatics, being naturally flexible, and I have always been interested in contortionists and their work."

Lines has also recently started to develop some knife work although she admits that her progress is influenced according to her moods.

"It is a really frustrating area to learn," she said. "At the moment I become really intensely involved in it for a few months, then I become so frustrated with it that I have to leave it alone for a while."

Lines' involvement with Rock 'n' Roll Circus has been a case of being at the right place at the right time.

"I had only just returned to Australia when friends told me that the group had been looking for a female performer for sometime, so I initially went up to Brisbane for a three month trial, but fortunately things have gone on from

there," she said.

"Had this not come along, I was prepared to try out other areas, but I have been really very lucky as there are not many circuses based on physical theatre around in Australia."

Despite the limited outlets for new circus work in Australia, Lines believes more people are becoming interested



"But will you respect me in the morning?"

in New Circus in Australia, with many Australians involved in the European scene.

"There is a lot of good stuff going from here overseas and as a result the Europeans know what is happening back here," she said. "I know that Rock 'n' Roll Circus is also starting to gain a reputation over there."

With *The Dark* following on from the phenomenal success of the group's previous production *Bodyslam*, Lines said that the latest production has developed considerable interest with the Melbourne season already sold out.

"I think *Bodyslam* has had a big influence on the group's reputation, enabling it to develop further," she said.

As part of this development process, Lines believes that *The Dark* is a different type of production from *Bodyslam*.

"*Bodyslam* had straight actors and acrobats as well as physical performers, whereas this time the company has increased its emphasis on physical theatre," she said. "To a certain extent this has been manifested from personnel changes within the company with the new members being performers rather than acrobats and therefore are bringing other skills into the company's repertoire."

Rock 'n' Roll Circus's season of *The Dark*, part of the World Theatre '96 Program, will open at The Playhouse from October 17 and continue until October 26. Tickets at BASS.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

The Adelaide Festival Centre of the Arts

## ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS

# The Dark

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# Fear and Loathing in the Space

**Skylight**  
**Melbourne Theatre Company**  
**The Space**  
**Season Closed**

I wonder if this how the legendary Hunter S. would feel - hurtling down Victoria Drive; accumulating speeding tickets and muscular tension; waddling drunkenly into the Space theatre foyer 15 minutes late and watching the opening scenes on the external monitor. Don't they have goddamn previews on the goddamn stage?

Well, the Duke probably don't do theatre anyway.

As for the play itself, I have mixed feelings. The plot deals with the reunion of two lovers estranged from a complex love triangle. Kyra Hollis (Tammy McCarthy), general martyr and mentor to London's underprivileged, is visited by the son of her ex-lover, and then the man himself - a wealthy restaurant owner. A much younger Kyra had worked for Tom Sargeant (Frank Gallagher) and his family as waitress and nanny, before falling in love with him. Years later, Tom's wife has died of a terminal illness (never having forgiven him for his infidelity) and Tom has sunk

deep into finance and unlove. Like I said, it's complex.

Melodrama aside, the reconciliation of Kyra and Tom becomes a battleground for political ideology. Kyra criticises Tom for his crass materialism and lost ideals. Tom asks Kyra to reevaluate the motives for her chosen lifestyle. All this stirring social commentary and intense emotional energy should make for inspiring theatre, but for me (unlike my erstwhile colleague and companion who was seated to my right) it fell just slightly short of the mark. Sure, it was a frank and intelligent discussion of the problems facing any major metropolis and the responsibilities of its citizens, as well as more esoteric matters of heart and mind; but in terms of dramatic technique - a night out at the theatre - I felt that the production didn't quite do justice to the concepts behind the work.

Essentially, the *Melbourne Theatre Company* production of *Skylight* suffered from an overdose of Strasbergian realism. The set itself was wonderful - a perfect replica of the run-down one-bedroom flat elongated into a diamond shape for the stage. It trips a very fine line between realism and representation that emphasises reality rather than making a mockery of it. The perform-

ances, however, tried to be as real and sympathetic as possible, tearing gaps in the plausibility factor of a high-drama plot-line. It's hard to take in the intense ups and downs of high-strung individuals when its all supposed to happen over a 24 hour period in four hour-long blocks in the same geographical location - or is my life just dull?

Perhaps its all a matter of taste - I go

for the surreal and the perverse, but as an example of that particular genre, it was quite powerful. Things certainly perked up in the second half. It was also riddled with enough good cheer and intriguing plot twists to drag any nose-thumbing sceptic (such as me) squirming and squealing into its final moments.

**Dave Bloustien**



"Re-evaluate the motives for your chosen lifestyle, Kyra"

## A Maturing Voice

**David Campbell**  
**Norwood Concert Hall**  
**September 27**

Adelaide's own David Campbell has talent - loads of it, as his October Friday night's performance at the Norwood Concert Hall more than amply showed. However his wish to

reintroduce the world of classic American show tunes - from Berlin to Sondheim - at times had more to do with sentimentality than his oft-quoted search for melody. Undoubtedly this will change with artistic maturity and experience - something that his upcoming trip to New York will provide.

be presented locally by the STC later in the year). His performance of this repertoire is masterly - presenting the perfect balance between attention to lyric content and style, and his ability to relate to his audience. The title tune from Alex Harding's gay musical *Only Heaven Knows* also showed great interpretive depth and a heartfelt affinity for this music.

Equally fascinating and enjoyable were his interpretations of Rodgers and Hammerstein and Stephen Sondheim's (himself a teenage protégé of Oscar II) 'Broadway Baby' from *Follies*. Here were songs forever associated with female singers and characters, and yet Campbell was able, while singing them straight and allowing the songs to weave their simple melodic and lyrical spell, to present a previously unimagined and ironic depth.

It was with standards like Berlin's 'Alexander's Ragtime Band', Arlen's 'Come Rain or Come Shine' and 'The Birth of the Blues' that Campbell went into interpretative overkill. He is not a natural improviser like Sinatra, Bennett or the great Ella, but then again he's only twenty three, and perhaps these faults lie more in the area of musical direction than with the artist himself.

His partner and pianist Nigel Ubrihien provided the ideal foil in this repertoire as well as the comic moments of the set with a pointed rendition of Tom Lehrer's 'Poisoning Pigeons in the Park' and a deliciously

wicked dig at Sondheim (Send in the clones etc).

Campbell's finale - Jacques Brel's monumental 'La valse a Mille Temps', (albeit in Mort Shuman's rather ridiculous translation) hinted at a possible area for further interpretation - one which would provide Campbell with an appropriate panorama of possibilities for the singer/actor. However his encore of Lieber and Stoller's 'Jailhouse Rock' showed exactly why he has not followed in his father's rock 'n' roll footsteps.

Here is a highly individual voice with an immediately recognisable timbre but perhaps his choice of repertoire needs further attention at times. Also, his lack of vibrato occasionally made register changes rather obvious. It was rather akin to changing gears without engaging the clutch. His singing of Bernstein's 'Something's Coming' from *West Side Story*, which he performed on his previous visit, showed that in Campbell, perhaps we have an ideal Tony - both vocally and in terms of interpretative temperament.

But for all of my criticisms, which in the main are rather minor, here is a distinctive and individual talent who undoubtedly, with further experience afield and age, will continue to have much of importance to say.

"The air is humming / Cause something great is coming". (Sondheim / Bernstein).

**Brett Allen-Bayes**

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**Applications for entry in 1997 close by  
 October 31, 1996.**

Last year's show, *A Kid Inside* showed the raw talent that this vibrant young singer has in abundance but unfortunately, the difficult acoustics of Friday's venue caused some problems. Naturally the current show featured David's recent "Yesterday is Now" disc (PHILIPS 532714-2), and as with this recording, Campbell's almost prodigious gifts were amply displayed, as well as those areas which require more work.

For me, the highlight of the evening was his medley of tunes from Australian shows (including a song from Nick Enright's *The Venetian Twins*, to

# Flamenco Magic

If you attended Paco Pena's *Flamenco Fiesta* expecting a showcase of Pena's brilliant guitar performances, then it is quite possible that you would have left feeling a little disappointed. This latest Australian tour featured a flamenco company comprised of singers and dancers as well as three guitarists, with the show featuring no solo performances from the master himself.

However from the opening piece onwards, the audience was taken on a virtuoso journey through the multicultural influences which have informed not only flamenco, but the history and people of Andalusia itself. The influences left by Islam, Judaism and the Gypsies upon the music and culture influence not only flamenco but the music of Albeniz and De Falla and the poetry of

Garcia Lorca. The first piece, a *Martinete*, featured two singers who also provided percussive accompaniment for the two dancers on anvil thus suggesting the moulding of music in a forge which brings forth 'cante jondo' (deep song) from the earth itself.

This was followed by a song, 'Granaina' performed by the great singer La Piconera and Pena himself. Here is music as primeval and affecting as the blues, rising from the mud of the Mississippi delta. In fact the vocalising had much in common with the likes of Bessie Smith. The rest of the opening half of the concert introduced the company in small groups with performances by master dancers Angel Munoz and Charo Espino standing out. The three guitarists and brothers, Tito, Diego and Vacky Losada were masters of their art, confidently trading improvised licks with the master himself.

The second half of the evening was devoted to larger scale numbers which featured the entire company in both solo and ensemble pieces. The vitality and virtuosity of the artists, and the colourful costumes of

the female dancers vividly captured and presented the excitement and flavour of this fare to an appreciative and rather vocal audience. Even the rather rudimentary lighting, staging effects and simple sets did not deter from the audience's obvious enjoyment of this masterly troupe.

Here was the meeting of two seemingly disparate cultures, brought about by the rhythmic vitality and ebullient performances of a young company who were as seemingly immersed in their culture and art, from their first steps to their current level of mastery. Here is an important and ever-evolving folk art which is renewed with each generation of practitioners. It is an art which relies as much on the individual interpretative personality of the dancer, singer or guitarist, as on the rich cultural heritage of Andalusia itself. I suppose that thanks are in order to Paco Pena and his fame as a guitarist in this field, for bringing such amazing and highly skilled practitioners of flamenco together in order to spread the word internationally.

Brett Allen Bayes



Send your Macarena gear to the back

# Tiresome and Hackneyed

## Anger's Love

Director: Peter Dunn

The Centre for Performing Arts  
Theatre 62

September 13 - 16.

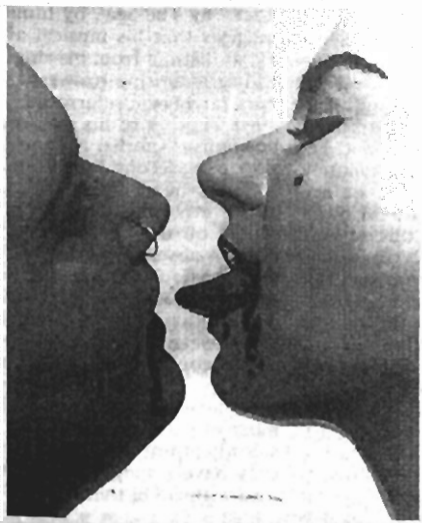
This latest production from *Trilogy's* Peter Dunn, is tiresome and hackneyed. This very, very long production could have, and would have probably received a more favourable review if it had been cut by an hour. The excuse of extending the time of the production for the sake of excessive content is by

no means plausible, as the latter was a combination of social justice issues, political whingeing, and 'love dilemmas'....pass the prozac please. The first half was really quite impressive, as the story was clear, precise and amusing. Nathan Page as Marcello, the supreme, although nasty, ruler was fantastic, his acting abilities were as applaudable as his swooning and incredibly strong baritone voice. All the actors were rather 'good', and their ability to sustain their energy and appeal throughout the excessively long performance was commendable. The introduction piece, titled 'Fuck 'em', was enough to wake the dead in its energy and 'shock value', and it managed to capture the essence of *Anger's Love* as the back drop to the majority of scenes consisted of a crowd of people, miming S & M scenes, heterosexual sex, homosexual sex, violence, and whatever else comes under the 'slightly sexual' banner. This was meaningless 'shock, value'

schlock, both distracting and unnecessary, which only served to be slightly entertaining for those with no sex life of their own. The main target of jokes, slurs, and criticism was (surprise, surprise) the Liberal Party. Other tangent targets were journalists, any form of authority, mainstream celebrities and other 'role models', 'household names' etc.. The 'goodies' in the whole scenario came in the form of Jew-

ish angels, sent to watch over, and save the human race from their own 'inevitable' destruction. They were cute, but by the last scene my fingers were scratching to search out a fresh pharynx, they were *too* naive and ideal. I didn't like them too much at all by the end. In fact, I was cheering for Marcello; at least he had character.

Fiona Sproles



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# Shake Your Bits To The Hits!

Pull on your trainers and get out of it with Mark Scruby as he takes you through **Coming Up**. Oh yes, it's that new **Suede** album in full...

## Coming Up Suede (Sony)

A popular theory among those in the know is that it was Suede who opened the door for the whole Britpop circus. Whether that was a good thing to do or not remains unknown but I'm pretty damn sure that the likes of Blur and Pulp would have had a much harder road to hoe if Messrs Anderson, Butler, Osman and Gilbert hadn't burst through the rows and rows of post-Nirvana protogrungers and post-MBV shoegazers - whose celebration of the anti-celebrity was prevailing in the British music charts - to show The Kids what rock stars were really like. And they wrote some damn good songs too! I mean, where the hell did 'The Drowners' (their first single) come from? Wow. All of a sudden plaid was out and artificial fibres were in! And so was writing brilliant lyrics! The Anderson/Butler songwriting combination was always a sitting duck for Morrissey/Marr comparisons but who was complaining?

More amazing singles and two albums followed as Bernard Butler rose quickly to the mantle of the premier guitarist/songwriter of the time. And then he left the band. Egos clashed and the honeymoon was over. Time passed. Blur. Pulp. Oasis. Suede announced that they'd chosen an unknown schoolboy guitarist (all previous gig experience in front of a bedroom mirror) to replace Butler and went on tour, releasing some songs co-written by new boy Richard Oakes as b-sides to album track 'New Generation'. More time passed. Blur. Pulp. OASIS. Suede (some kids are heard to ask, "Who are they?") return with a new single and a new album to follow featuring recently recruited Neil Codling on keyboards. Obviously, if things had all gone smoothly from the start, this would have been the album to take them to The Top, and Butler and Anderson to the celebrity pages of Who magazine. But, no. As Angry Anderson (no relation) once sang, "life's tough." But, "So what," came the wise Aussie slaphead's next line. Indeed, so what. Listen to **Coming Up** and you'll know what I mean.

Track by track it's a formidable line up of songs. First single, 'Trash', kicks in with an unmistakable vibe of 'Hey, it's Summertime so let's wind down

the window and go for a drive' and, as such, is quite anomalous as far as the Suede back catalogue goes. More 'Common People' than 'We Are The Pigs' but a top single all the same (you gotta love that bit where the guitar lead kicks in at about the two and a half minute mark). However, if 'Trash' is pure pop then 'Filmstar' is Grade A Glam Stomp interspersed with a trademark Suede chorus a la 'Moving' (from their self-titled debut) and tidied up at the end with a hyper-Butleresque bit of guitariness. 'Lazy', arguably the album's weakest track, starts up with a nothing-much-doin' riff but features a sensational vocal melody as Brett whines, "From the raves to the council estates/ They remind us that there's things to be done." In fact, the dry humour of many of the lyrics make them an enjoyable read on their own. How about, "Cracked up, stacked up, 22, psycho for sex and glue/Lost it to Bostik, yeah" from the absolutely dreamy 'Beautiful Ones'.

In contrast to such wit is the 'it'll be okay in the end' message of the truly sensational 'By The Sea'. "So we sold the car and quit the job/And shook some

**A popular theory among those in the know is that it was Suede who opened the door for the whole Britpop circus.**

hands and wiped the make-up right off..." croons Brett as what is probably the best song on the album builds to its piano-led climax like a souped-up 'The Next Life'. You'll be taking a few deep breaths after that one. But it's back to the Stompathon with 'She' as the band lament life in the tougher parts of town: "She, sh-shaking up the karma/She, injecting marra-juh-warna/Nowhere places, nowhere faces, no-one wants to see/No education, it's the arse of the nation/She is bad, she is bored, she is bossy, she is she." He doesn't mince words, this Anderson bloke!

The screwed up kids of The Now Generation wave their flags in 'Beautiful Ones', "High on diesel and gasoline, psycho for drum machine/Shaking their bits to the hits" and "their meat to the beat." The ultra-pop, catchy chorus and the glorious refrain of "You don't think about it/You don't do without it/Because you're beautiful" are absolute winners and elevate the song from Pop to Top. More chuckle-inducing lyrics kick the



dubiously-titled 'Starcrazy' off in an admirable manner. "She's star, starcrazy, electric-shock-bog-brush-hair!" You'll get sick of these two words very soon but it's Catchy Pop. More upbeat than 'Beautiful Ones' but still Catchy Pop.

The bitter, bitter irony of Richard Oakes' self-confessed admiration of Blur (Brett and Bernard's long-time arch enemies) raises its head on 'Picnic By The Motorway' as a lone acoustic guitar strums a chord progression that could easily have formed the basis for a 'This Is A Low'-style epic. Of course, as soon as the rest of the band fire up, any similarities, musically speaking, between the two groups are obliterated and a lovely, um, love song evolves as Brett sings to the apple of his eye, "pull on your trainers and get out of it with me." Fair enough, too.

And the epic love song theme continues with the final two tracks, 'The Chemistry Between Us' and 'Saturday Night'. The former addresses the blurred lines between ecstasy and Ecstasy and features an absolutely monster chorus ("Oh, we are young and easily lead/Oh, by all the kids getting out of our heads/Oh, Class A, Class B, is that the only chemistry?"), strings and, well, the whole shebang, really... and the results are quite (um) stunning (kick me if I re-use any of these adjectives - there are only so many ways to say 'really excellent' without sounding like a nob). The latter is one of those 'we're living for the weekends' numbers and serves the purpose of

making sure that, when your CD player grinds to a halt, you'll lie back and sigh. Loudly. For a long time. And in a way that implies that you know that everything is cool, the world really is a wonderful place. And then you'll get up. But only to press play again.

Sure, Richard Oakes' guitar work wouldn't quite pass the Butler Code of Practice but the actual songs are strong enough to survive without masses of The Bern's virtuoso abilities (Dick isn't too shabby, though... and he's only a youngster!). Also, the fact that Brett Anderson penned the best

**Wow. All of a sudden plaid was out and artificial fibres were in!**

track, 'By The Sea', by himself suggests that his musical ability, as distinct from his singing and lyric writing prowess, has thus far been underrated. Indeed, another of his solo compositions - 'Another No-one' (b-side to the second Trash single) - stands head and shoulders above any of the tracks presented on the album. Perhaps Butler's absence will allow this talent to flourish, as well as that of Oakes and Codling (co-writer of 'Starcrazy' and 'The Chemistry Between Us'). **Coming Up** is a fine debut for a new band and, considering they've continued the Suede tradition of keeping most of the best songs for b-sides(!), I think you'll agree that they have a long and exciting future ahead of them.

Now you can sit at home and whack on a CD and jump around your living room. But it doesn't come close to the real thing. For starters, there ain't no RockStar sweat.

Scott Berry brings you the following Live Muzak reviews.

## TOSAW AOK

Things of Stone and Wood,  
the Jaynes, The Anyones  
Adelaide Uni Bar  
Friday Sept. 20th

Unfortunately I arrived late and missed The Anyones but I caught half of The Jaynes set. They rocked out in their usually pretty cool manner, and thankfully I did not have the misfortune of hearing that dreadful "Communication takes two" schlock.

When the Thingsie came on the small crowd who were half filling the Uni bar finally came alive and moved toward stage. The most notable feature of the Thingsie set was the new life which has been breathed into the band with the addition of Mal Pinkerton, guitarist extraordinaire. Mal's presence surely must

be one of the driving forces behind the Thingsie new bent towards electric guitar pop reminiscent of the 60s. Not only were the new songs brilliant electric guitar pop but Mal also revolutionised old Thingsie songs so that songs like "Rock this Boat" truly rocked.

The old Thingsie hasn't completely disappeared though, "In our Home", and "Fingertips" remained as simplistically beautiful as always. Mal even contributed to maintaining the old sound on the cello opening to "Happy Birthday Helen". The set was well mixed with a plethora of styles and Thingsie songs throughout their history.

Overall, the Things of Stone and Wood are back with a new life as an electric guitar pop band.

## Lame title #37: Can I have some Custard on my Weezer?

Weezer & Custard gig  
Heaven  
Tuesday Oct. 8th

The night was always destined to be huge as two of the world's finest pop bands came to weave their magic in Adelaide.. Custard began this brilliant night with their brilliant song "Pack yr suitcases" and they never looked back. They raced through around 15 songs in 40 minutes leaving them little time to give the crowd the full Custard experience which is normally littered with hilarious between song banter.

Dave McCormack even relinquished his position as lead singer for a few songs, thus proving why Mr Strong and Mr Medew are usually backing vocalists. The crowd, although responsive, didn't fully get into Custard until the big single "Apartment"

which they finished with. Plenty of other classic Custard tunes were played such as "Alone", "If yr famous and you know it sack yr band", "The synthesiser is rapidly overtaking the guitar as the most popular instrument in the world", and "Lucky Star" but I sorely missed "Melody", and "Singlette" and other pop gems. Custard did perform a great set, but they are better when headlining.

Weezer's second ever performance in Adelaide was spellbinding (their first performance was an enchanting acoustic set in the basement of Big Star Records hours earlier.) They strolled onto the stage looking like ordinary guys, not rock stars but their set showed their hidden genius. Rivers Cuomo was the most amazing of all dressed in clothes that my Dad would wear, but under this ordinary exterior is a musical genius who writes and performs the catchiest pop tunes.

From the opening feedback of "Tired of Sex" Rivers had the audience in a trance captive to his perfect pop tunes. In contrast to Rivers captivating the audience while mostly remaining motionless, the bass player Matt Sharp roamed the stage pouting in a parody of the classic rock poses.

All the classic Weezer tunes except my beloved "Only in dreams" were played, i.e. most of both albums. The kids especially loved "Surf wax America", "Z", "Say it aint so", "The Good life", "El scorcho", "Undone - the sweater song" and of course the big finale "Buddy Holly". Rivers solo acoustic performance of "Butterfly" was particularly spellbinding.

Overall a brilliant night from two of pop music's finest (it was just a pity a few job-bos mistook fuzz pop for grunge and thus felt obliged to crowd surf.)

## The Chair disappoint

silverchair, Everclear,  
Bodyjar & Testeagles  
Thebbie Theatre  
Sunday Sept. 22nd

This gig was originally scheduled for the Adelaide Uni Maths-Science lawns but due to poor weather was changed to Thebbie, so we didn't catch colds - this kept thousands of Mum's happy. Anyway, the night began with the Testeagles brand of heavy stuff and I liked it. Their songs had more melody (while retaining a hard edge), than last time I had heard them, and much of the crowd seemed impressed.

Next on were Bodyjar, arguably Australia's best punk (pop) band, but in reality they didn't have a good night. Their sound was poorly mixed and their performance wasn't as electrifying as on previous occasions. However Bodyjar did get the kids jumping for their big single "Glossybooks".

Third on stage were Everclear, and from the audience response, it was who much of the crowd had come to see, and they didn't let their fans down. The drummer, Greg, instantly won himself over more fans by appearing on stage wearing a Sydney Swans singlette. The Everclear set was begun by Art and his guitar alone performing a laidback version of "Strawberry" which gave no indication of the frenzy Everclear soon whipped the crowd into. By the way "Strawberry" contains the very appropriate lyrics of "don't fall down now, you will never get up". Upon the next song "Electra made me blind" this prophecy came true, as it seemed everyone standing began to mosh.

As Everclear rocked through their show it was amazing how much energy they radiated into the crowd, especially songs like "Hateful", "Chemical Smile" and "Nehalem". "Twistinside" live was not up to the technical brilliance of the album version but the intensity with which it was performed made up for the imperfections. Everclear finished off an amazing set with the songs that started it for

them (in Australia) "Santa Monica" and "Heroin Girl".

Silverchair came on last, determined that if they didn't blow the crowd away with their performance they would at least blow them away by being unbearably loud, unfortunately for me it was only the latter. After the excitability of Everclear, silverchair's new passion for intensity (in the tradition of Helmet) in preference to energy, left a sour taste in my mouth.

Silverchair are however, gaining stage presences, Daniel's voice is maturing, and they are getting tighter as a band. But much of their new material seems slower and heavier than "Frogstomp" which should hopefully lose the 14 year old girl fans, but I don't care much for it either. The crowd did enjoy the old songs especially "Findaway", "Madman" and "Israel's Son", but moshing appeared to be inhibited by the sea of over-enthusiastic crowd surfers.

Overall, a great night, but I'd take Everclear in preference to silverchair anyway, not that silverchair aren't okay; they are just going too heavy for my liking.



**Robert Forster**  
*Warm Nights*  
Shock

Robert Forster. Half of the Go-Betweens songwriting division. A man who once tried to dye his hair silver in an attempt to look like Blake Carrington out of *Dynasty!* Listening to *Warm Nights*, it soon becomes apparent that both points are still equally relevant to Forster's music. Just like with his old band, most of the songs are based around acoustic guitars and wonderful melodies sung just out of tune. However, just like his approach to coiffure, the songs are mostly a bit weird... but always sincere. Robert Forster, along with former band pal Grant McLennan, is one of the few people alive who can write nice little love songs about breaking up, getting together and the rest of the girlfriend/boyfriend game without succumbing to either the overly melodramatic weepiness of your Whitney Houstons, the guitar-ed-up, lighter-waviness of your Pearl Jams or the heard-it-before corniness of almost every country song every written.

The tunes are classy and the singing is just a little wonky (read 'perfect') but it's Forster's edgy lyricism that provides the bite that tips *Warm Nights* over the edge of the cliff marked 'Good Albums' into The Valley of Greatness.

"I'm gonna come to your house 'cos I want to see/He cannot be as good looking as me/(Impossible!)" - 'Cryin' Love'.

McLennan's influence is felt as co-writer of 'Rock'n'Roll Friend', a track apparently considered for recording by The Go-Betweens before they parted company, and provides a soulful, organ-driven respite from the mostly sparse (empty-sounding but not empty) Forster songs.

But it's the single, 'Cryin' Love', that is undeniably the highlight of the album. Sounding almost like a Go-Betweens cover of a Nick Cave song, it is a classic example of how Robert Forster can often appear to be simultaneously super-arrogant and wracked with an enormous self-doubt. Perhaps this is what makes his music so attractive - it's just so human. Robert Forster doesn't smash guitars on stage, doesn't wear a McDonalds-style microphone and would never star in a big budget film opposite Kevin Costner. No, he's just a normal guy who loves himself and hates himself as much as the rest of us and who just happens to have an incredible knack for getting it all down on record. Crowded House, INXS, Christine

Anu and Peter Andre can stand in a circle and pat each other on the back for as long as they like (it'll probably get a live telecast on Foxtel), 'cos all the ARIA awards in the world are worthless next to *Warm Nights*.

Mark Scruby

**Throwing Muses**  
*Limbo*  
4AD/Cortex/Throwing Music

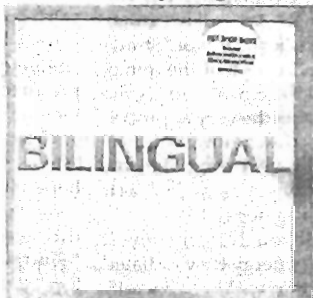
This is superb. After last year's mildly disappointing *University* album (it was good, but it just wasn't t'Muses), *Limbo* is a startling, sparkling return to form, almost to the equal of their first two albums. Whilst not as stark and exhilaratingly terrifying as they were (check 'em out if you haven't, they're incredible), the volume knob has been turned down a few notches since last time to allow Kristin Hersh's sweet, rugged voice and dizzyingly clever songwriting to truly shine through.

Throughout the twelve great songs on *Limbo* (including the killer single, 'Shark'), you'll find the kind of sudden, yet never off-putting mid-song tempo and rhythm changes that only the Muses can do so well, transforming already terrific pieces into something just that tiny bit more special.

Then, of course, there's Kristin's lyrics. From the beautifully simple ('Why do I like you?/Cause I do'), to the wickedly twisted ("Thank you for chaining me to the bed / That was sweet") and the screamingly nasty ("Kissing you is like kissing gravel", "You should thank me for giving you my address"), they never disappoint. Add Kristin's own gorgeous backing vocals (Christ, sometimes it sounds like Tanya Donnelly's back!) the funky, fat bass lines of Bernard Georges, and David Narcizo's reliably sharp drumming, and you have one of the best albums this year. The 'new' Muses have finally settled down into a great band, worthy of the name, and *Limbo* is unmistakable proof

Bloody brilliant.

Gerard van Rysbergen



**Pet Shop Boys**  
*Bilingual*  
EMI

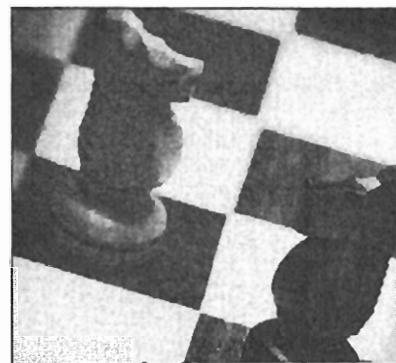
The first song I ever knew all the words to was 'West End Girls' by Pet

Shop Boys. Fact! And I'm proud. I mean, it's still a damn good song over ten years after its release... and the PSB back catalogue is hardly short of other absolutely brilliant pop records. For all their Smash Hits attractiveness and Entertainment Centre-filling ability they haven't lost any of their relevance and they haven't seemed to lose any of their formidable music press credibility. Even the hi-tech film clips and huge sales that accompanied their last album seemed to work for them rather than against them. Songs like the absolutely brilliant 'Can You Forgive Her?' appealed just as much to the flash gits in Heaven as they did to the scrubbers chucking donuts in suburban carparks and the indie kids wanking each other off over who was gonna replace Bernard Butler in Suede! Why? I don't know. Good songs, I guess.

So why won't the new album have such universal appeal? 'Cos it doesn't have too many good songs, I guess. In fact, apart from the obvious single 'Before', the dancy 'To Step Aside', 'Discoteca' and 'Metamorphosis', it's all a bit limp. No pizzazz. No razzle dazzle. No zip. No zed-words in general! Just a whole lot of tunes whipped up using some formula for The Generic Pet Shop Boys Song. Except they must have left them in the oven too long. Or rather, took them out too soon. Where Neil Tennant's voice once soared majestically through timeless, spine tingling melodies it now hangs in mid-air

like the smoke from a burnt custard, waiting for the half-baked ideas for songs to catch up. Harsh? Yes, but I didn't set the high water mark for the Pet Shop Boys. They did. And that's why they have to live up to it or bear the criticism. They are unquestionably brilliant songwriters and Neil Tennant's voice is among the most inspirational I have ever heard - anyone who saw them live when they last toured must concur - but they just don't seem to have it together this time. *Bilingual* is probably an okay album but, by PSB standards, it isn't good enough. Don't lose faith, though. I'm sure this won't be the last we'll hear from them. Even the best bands bring out duff records. It's not a sin.

Mark Scruby



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An exciting and innovative programme is the focus for the Adelaide Chamber Orchestra's New Perspectives concert led by renowned conductor Graham Abbott on Monday 21 October at the Norwood Town Hall at 8pm. Graham Abbott is well-known to Adelaide audiences as the former Musical Director of the Adelaide Chorus and has held similar positions with the Corinthian Singers, the Graduate Singers and Ensemble Fleurieu. As part of Adelaide Chamber Orchestra's artistic vision and commitment to fostering and developing Australian compositional talent, the New Perspectives concert will premiere two commissioned works: *Rhapsody* by Adelaide composer John Polglase will feature leading South Australian musicians Jacqueline Curiel (cello) and Suzanne Handel (harp). South Australian baritone Douglas McNicol will appear as soloist in *Mystic Voyage*, composed by Nigel Sabin. Both Nigel Sabin and John Polglase studied composition at the University of Adelaide under the guidance of Richard Meale.

A highlight of the New Perspectives concert will be the performance by Michael Kieren Harvey, one of Australia's most exciting young pianists. With a strong commitment to contemporary repertoire, Michael will be performing excerpts from George Crumb's *Makrokosmos*. His performance in the New Perspectives concert is not to be missed!

To close the concert, Melbourne based jazz orientated group THAT will perform an improvised work titled *Soon To Be Released*. THAT members include performer/composer and artist David Tooley, versatile composer and performer Rex Walters and percussionist and restaurateur Dur-e Dara.

Tickets are available from BASS by phoning 131 246.  
Challenge your senses with New Perspectives!

# Can't get enough of your love, baby!

Love Serenade  
Greater Union Cinemas

This new Aussie Flick, set in a small country town called Sunray, stars Miranda Otto and Rebecca Frith as two lone sisters; with George Shevtsov as Ken Sherry, the new man in town. This film centres on the horrible radio presenter (the latter) and the fight that breaks out between the two sisters for his affections. But there's something fishy (literally) about the whole thing. This is a bizarre black comedy, and is certainly different to anything I have seen in a while. Played by Otto, Dimity is the slow, shy and awkward younger sister, who is fascinated by fish. She was, for me, the

most likeable character. At first I thought her performance was laboured, but soon any notion of over-acting disappeared as I became intrigued, saddened and repulsed by what I was seeing before me. Writer/director Shirley Barrett has tried to create a unique country town feel, and really captures the essence of it well. There's the giant grain silos, dryness, flies, fishing by the river, utes, nosy neighbours, and tidy town awards.



The film took me back to those family drives to faraway destinations, in which you pull over to the local country park to have lunch. You know the one, with its dry long

grass, cement-slab table & chair setting, and rusty old play equipment. *Love Serenade* is generally funny and fresh and features some great scenes and performances yet it also made me feel sick, which I blame on the yucky Ken Sherry character, and on the near overdose of the sweet, sexy and soulful sounds of Barry White. I know people who loved this film (it did win the Camera d'Or for Best First Feature at 1996 Cannes Film Festival) and others who hated

it. Overall, it wasn't fantastic but it was good and it had a great ending.

Natalie Whelan

# Kevin, only a 5-iron

Tin Cup  
Academy Cinema

Funny name for a golfer, huh? But the title distinguishes the pivotal quirkiness of this romantic comedy starring Kevin Costner, Rene Russo and Cheech Marin. After the gargantuan (an understatement) epic that was *Waterworld*, Costner has returned with a comedy which will get him back into the good books of everyone.

He plays Roy McAvoy, also known as Tin Cup, a talented golfer with all the right moves er... swings but is now a down-and-out golf instructor at a rickety driving range at a dead end town of Salome, Texas. Why? Case of inner demons, apparently. Inner demons = booze, temper and the tendency to 'go for it' at any given situation. No restraint whatsoever and in no particular order. Meanwhile his ex-golfing buddy David Simms (Don



Johnson), who in reality is a real dog is lapping up the attention from the media, the fans and Dr. Molly Griswold (Rene Russo). Molly is his psychologist girlfriend, who as fate would have it ends up taking golf lessons from Roy. Roy wakes up from his bleary existence at the sight of Molly (probably at her legs, I think) and thinks that by winning the greatest golf tourna-

ment, the U.S. Open, he'll win Molly's heart.

Ron Shelton, the director is without a doubt sports obsessed. He had previously had hits with *Bull Durham* (baseball) and *White Men Can't Jump* (basketball). Golf would be the next candidate, naturally. (Next candidates would be synchronised-swimming and rugby, I suppose.) To his credit, Shelton is great at capturing the emotional highs and lows of sport: the excitement, the bitchiness, the tension and the paranoia. He skillfully intercuts the film between the golfers battling it out on the course and the sports commentators remarks in the newsroom. He

adds a touch of authenticity by having well known golfers and the Richard Benauds of golf commentators to his film. Can't go wrong with that.

Most romantic comedies need the right chemistry between the lead actors and a half-decent script. *Tin Cup* has both. Costner slips into his role comfortably, as does the rest of the cast. Russo, kind of daffy in the love interest role who sparks off McAvoy's quest, Cheech Marin comical in the comic-relief and caddy role and Don Johnson is scummy as required. Shelton keeps the pace fast and builds up the tension nicely, hence does not allow you to think of those niggling ethical questions, which there are a few. I quite enjoyed this film, despite the fact that I think golf is the most moronic game invented and had no prior knowledge of golfing terms.

Ching Yee

# There's No Way Out!

Escape From LA  
Greater Union

Call me Snake. Call me Plissken. Whip me. Beat me. Shoot me up with neurotoxins. Can't you make up your own goddamn mind?

More of a patchwork parody than a sequel, *Escape From LA* takes the gritty urban fiction of *Escape From NY* (1981) and reinterprets it through the day-glo plastic dreamscape. The gangsta punks and nihilistic cabbies have been replaced with whacked-out surfer militia and death-dealing plastic surgeons. Similarly the definitive punk scene, so prevalent in the early 80's, have been recharged with the black leather grunge that just squeaks 'by' into mid-90's fashion. The snide comment passed by Brazen (Michelle

Forbes), couldn't be more true: "That's Snake Plisken? He looks so ... 20th Century". Call me amused.

The film is brimming with brilliant concepts, but none of them are developed and so nothing ever happens. *Escape From LA* becomes one of those serialised matinees like *Rocket Man* or *Danger Mouse*. Episode 1: Snake meets the President. Episode 2: Snake meets Map to the Stars Eddie (etc.) There's none of the nervous, flowing tension of *NY*; it's just a pleasant series of surface images. Perhaps that's just the LA mystique up against the NY paranoia, but it makes for a disappointing sequel. The tradition of cult action sequels (*T2*, *Die Hard* series) seems to be an increase in scope and that's where this film falls down - Los

Angeles just isn't a patch on New York for scope. Call me techy.

As for the production itself - *Escape From LA* sees the reunion of Kurt Russell, John Carpenter and Debra Hill. Hill produced, Carpenter directed, Russell starred and the three of them wrote it. Carpenter also helped out in the music department. Steve Buscemi makes an appearance as Map to the Stars Eddie. Bruce Campbell (*Evil Dead* series) plays the Surgeon General. Valeria Golino drops in for all of 5 seconds as a deported Muslim woman. Captain America himself (Peter Fonda) pops up as Pipeline; and George Corraface relives his offensive ethnic stereotype role, this time as Cuervo Jones - South American revolutionary and Mescaline runner. Call me politically

minded.

The computer graphics are too slick and processed - they should have used more models and hang the expense. The story ideas are overused and meandering. Even the catch phrases jar. It's not that *Escape From LA* is such a bad film, but when you wait sixteen years for a sequel, you expect it to blow you out of the water. This one squeezes out bubbles in the bathtub. The last twenty minutes, however, are very good. The ending is the only place that the film totally diverges from its humble origins. (But I shan't ruin whatever pleasure you could snatch from the jaws of Greater Union.) Call me a bastard.

I give it three weeks. Four max.

David Bloustien

# Dream a little dream of me...

**Beautiful Thing**  
Mercury Cinema

This film has been described as "more uplifting than a bottle of Prozac" and I totally agree. This British film is set in Thamesmead Estate in the south-east of London which consists of several huge buildings full of hundreds of cramped flats. The story focuses on Jamie (Olen Berry), a 16 year old who lives with his single mother Sandra (Linda Henry). Sandra is a fighter, she has fought most of her life and things are just starting to go her way. As harsh as her exterior seems she has a heart of gold hidden deep inside. Sandra and Jamie's relationship is one of the most important in the movie and is certainly one of the most emotive. Next door to them is 16 year old Ste (Scott Neal), who lives with his abusive father and drug dealing brother. The boys go to the same school but Jamie is un-

popular and is constantly being teased while Ste is the popular jock-type. Their relationship gradually develops and together they discover their sexuality and a deep love they have for each other. Leah (Tameka Empson) who lives on the other side of Jamie is a high school drop out. She spends her days listening to the fabulous music of Mama Cass, who has become her idol, and The Mamas and the Papas. *Beautiful Thing* was originally a stage play by Jonathan Harvey who

also wrote the screenplay. It translates beautifully to the screen partly because the story is just so good but also because of the outstanding direction by Hettie Macdonald who directed the first stage version. Even though this film is about a gay romance it is not a "gay film" as such. It deals with discovering your sexuality, coming out and even how a parent deals with their child's sexuality but ultimately it is a love story. More specifically it is about first love. Those tentative moments when you're not sure what to do, the first time you get a glimpse of skin, the first touch, the "first time". *Beautiful Thing* shows that love is univer-

sal. There are so many great things about this movie, another example is that it deals with working class people but doesn't show them as down trodden which is how many film makers choose to show them. Although the flats are small with tiny terraces, they are bright and cheery and although life isn't easy for them all the time, they still have a sense of humour. I can usually find something in a movie to pick on but there simply is nothing in this one. The acting is brilliant. The characters are well developed and it is good to see a truly strong female character. The script and direction are fantastic and the music is perfectly suited. The fact that I like The Mamas and the Papas anyway is just an added bonus for me. You can't help but like this film because after all, first love is a *Beautiful Thing*.

Christopher Bolland



# Nothing hollow about this

**Hollow Reed**  
Trak Cinema

Oliver Wyatt is nine years old. His other stats would read: son of GP Martyn (Martin Donovan, *Trust, Simple Men*) and nurse, Hanna (Joely Richards, *Sister, My Sister*). PS, he is also the victim of a very unpleasant and messy divorce. His father leaves Hanna after many years of marriage because he could not suppress his homosexuality any longer and moves in with Tom (Ian Hart, *Backbeat*). Hanna feels betrayed, to say the least and extremely bitter. She gets the custody of Oliver, though. She also gets a new boyfriend (Jason Flemyng).

One day, after being allegedly beaten up by bullies in the common, Oliver runs to his father for help, even though his own house was a shorter distance away. Martyn

senses that the scenario is dodgy and when these incidents repeat with no satisfactory explanations, Martyn decides to investigate. No surprises at what really's happening to Oliver. No further revelations in the rest of the movie either, the plot is an amalgamation of the average Monday night telemovies. Unlike those moral-awakening sagas, the shock and gloss factor is turned down. Director Angela Pope has made a quietly affecting film about child abuse which is intelligent and also insightful. Scenes of physical abuse are excruciating to watch but worse are the ones in which the adults are exposed as self-centred hypocrites. Pope does not present the issues or the case in the usual black-and-white, cut-and-dried fashion which is also its downfall in certain parts. The script is intelligent, but it

doesn't really grip you by the senses and are at times minimalistic to the point of being unobtrusive. Despite this all performances are excellent especially Sam Bould who played Oliver. Ian Hart as Martyn's lover Tom provides the three laughs (wished his role was bigger) in the film. The result is a very tight and well directed drama which you may not rush out to see but not something you would beat off with a bat either.

Ching Yee Ng



# Yay, it's Matilda



Hi, I'm Kurt Russell. I'm not in Matilda but I'm Snake in *Escape from LA* (previous page)

**Matilda**  
Hoys Regent Cinemas

To all of you who have never heard of Roald Dahl, let alone read any of his books; I'm afraid that you have seriously been missing out! Like many children, my childhood was filled with many hours of enjoyment reading various novels of Roald Dahl's such as *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, *The Twits* and *James and the Giant Peach*. *Matilda* is one of Roald's later novels and this month was released in its screen adaptation. *Matilda* tells the story of an especially gifted young girl (Mara Wilson, *Miracle on 34th Street*), born into one of the most gaudy, obnoxious families in the world. Mr and Mrs Wormwood (Rhea Perlman &

Danny DeVito) completely neglect *Matilda*, to the extent that she enters school at the age of 6, after being discovered by the authorities. *Matilda* joins Miss Honey's class (Embeth Davitz, *Schindler's List*) and the two befriend each other against *Matilda*'s parents and the most awful headmistress in the world, Ms Trunchbull; ex-Olympic athlete, sadist and child-hater. Admittedly before venturing to see this movie I was a bit apprehensive about how *Matilda* would turn out in its screen, however it lost nothing in the retelling; in true Dahl style what follows is a couple of fun-filled hours of cinema viewing, perfect for children and Dahl fans alike.

Kerryn Doyle



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# One Liners

## Alaska

"The audience smiled, clapped and laughed. This is what you should expect and enjoy when you see this feel good family movie. Take your little brother, daughter whatever, it's fun and the bear cub is cute."

Jamie Lowe

## Dating The Enemy

"If you are after a relatively 'light' movie that won't take a lot to concentrate upon, then I definitely recommend *Dating The Enemy*."

Kerryn

## Secrets and Lies

"...unquestionably moving, a blend of classic, observational humour and dysfunctional drama despite the prolonged finale."

Emily Bourmas



"Guess what Mum, I'm on the telephone!"

## The Nutty Professor

"Too much Eddie Murphy, fat and fart jokes... pretty offensive."

Kerryn

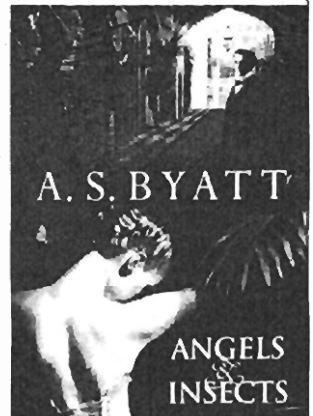


"You went to see *The Nutty Professor*? Get outta this house!"

## Angels And Insects Competition

(subtitled: win good gear)

Angels and Insects? Devils and Dinosaurs? Eh? Actually, it's the new film by Phillip Haas (*The Music Of Chance*). *Angels and Insects* is based on A.S. Byatt story of the Alabaster family and the rather steamy going-ons within the family and a visiting entomologist. The players are Patsy Kensit, Kristin Scott Thomas and Mark Rylance. Haven't got a clue what I'm babbling about? Nevermind, Daniel @ Mercury Cinema has kindly presented us with some giveaways which will give you a chance to get to know them a bit better: 5 in-season passes, 1 CD (featuring the Balanescu Quartet) and 2 novels. To win one of these prizes, all you have to do is tell us why these three girls are doing



their beehives so diligently. We like 'em interesting and bizarre and if it's funny that's a even bigger bonus. Best entry gets the novel, CD and pass, second best gets a novel and a pass and the last three passes goes to the next best entries. Place entries in competition box by Thursday 17 October 5pm and winners will be notified the following day. We need your name and phone number.

## North Terrace

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## The Blue Exhibition



Opening times  
Saturday 19th October 2 - 4 pm  
Sunday 20th October 2 - 4 pm  
Saturday 26th October 2 - 5 pm  
Sunday 27th October 2 - 5 pm  
Saturday 2nd November 2 - 5 pm  
Sunday 3rd November 2 - 5 pm  
Saturday 9th November 2 - 5 pm  
Sunday 10th November 2 - 5 pm

Venue  
The Old Church Gallery  
(formerly the East End  
Community Centre)  
63 Glen Osmond Road  
Parkside

INTERESTED IN THE TOTALLY UNUSUAL  
ART FORM? BLUE-THE MULTI-FACETED  
TERM FOR THE MARILYN MONROE J  
KNOW AND LOVE AND FOR THE  
CULTURALLY AND RELEVANT  
ANACRONISM  
DATING TO TIME  
NOT MEMORIAL  
FROM THE ARTIST  
MAY DEVEZJONS

© M. Devedis

# A Grand Day Out

Fiona Sproles spoke to the creator of Wallace and Gromit, Nick Park, about his famous creations

This interview is pages long, so to cut it short I'll just give you the interesting questions and answers, the first one being "You started *A Grand Day Out* in 1982 and finished it....?"

NP: In '89 Six years! I never imagined that it would take so long. The first year went by and I had filmed a page of the script!

Q: Did you ever feel like giving up?  
NP: Yes, often, but it was a work of such love - it was really everything that I wanted to do at the time and - I'm not boasting when I say this - I hadn't seen anything like it before and I just felt I had to do it.

Q: One of the things which differentiates your films from those of many other animators is the complexity of the characterisation. Can you tell me where the characters of Wallace and Gromit come from?

NP: Well, when it came to writing the film I needed a couple of characters and I went back through old sketch books and I found these two characters one was called Gromit and the other...didn't have a name actually - the name Wallace came afterwards. In fact, Gromit was originally the name for a cat in another story!

Q: A lot of the humour of the Wallace and Gromit films comes from the contrast between Wallace's very parochial,

English appearance and the science fiction of the gadgets and inventions which he and Gromit invent. Do you think the stories are influenced by your early interest in science fiction film?

NP: It's hard to trace back...but I think so, yes. I remember somebody at art school asking the tutor: "What shall we paint, what subject matter should we

direct our energy and attention to?" And the answer was "paint what you like". I still think that is quite a good key. You've got to find something that means

something to you, you've got to go by what automatically grabs you and I think that's what happened there. It always takes me a long time to find something to make a film out of, but when you find it you know that it's right because the very idea excites you so much. People often send me stories and ideas but there's always something about them that doesn't quite click with me. I've got to have a reason to be interested in it for so long...To go back

to your earlier question about influences, I've just remembered something. After finishing *A Grand Day Out*, with all those rockets and inventions and what have you, it dawned on me that as a child - it was actually when we first got the cine camera, because I know we've got film of this - my parents built this caravan from nothing, just a pair of

wheels. They built this box on it and decorated it inside with makeshift furniture and bunk beds and wallpaper and the whole thin was fitted and seven of us went on holiday, camping in Wales, in this

thing. It just struck me that that's the rocket: this kind of home from home.

Well, that's enough I say...but in case you wanted to know what *A Grand Day Out* is actually like, Anabella Pojor from Roadshow has slipped me a copy to give away...so come down to *On Dit* and tell me, Fiona Sproles, on a slip of paper in the letter box, what the last "Vids u can buy" video was, I'll give it to you. Easy.



**VIDS U CAN BUY**  
**The Banana Splits: Unpeeled.**  
**Roadshow Video**

Rev up your dune buggies and return to the Banana Pad for on last stand with THE BANANA SPLITS !!! Bingo, Fleegle, Drooper and Snorky are back in this video comprised of their first three shows ever, The Arabian Nights, The Three Musketeers and Danger Island...you'll regress back to kiddydom with the music...and if you can sing me the tune you can get a prize from me, just 'coz I like them so much.

**Smoke**  
21st Century Pictures

Wayne Wang's *Smoke* is a loose collection of inter-related stories, centering around the life of Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a New York cigar shop. Set during the summer of 1990 (and beautifully lit), Auggie's story mostly takes a back seat to that of Paul (William Hurt), a novelist who hasn't written anything since his wife's murder several years before. When Paul takes in a runaway claiming to be called Rashid, a chain of events is initiated which drags in Auggie and many others who frequent his smoke shop.

A film about the secret passions and hidden sides of the people you normally wouldn't even notice, *Smoke* is a warm and skilfully-handled character movie. The dialogue is funny and intelligent, and the interactions between the well-cast players make this a quiet joy to watch.

James Morrison

**Cover Me**  
21st Century Pictures

OH GAWD!! This was a ghastly, horrible, boring attempt at Porn from Playboy. If the sex in this film is even slightly representative of the stuff you're supposed to find in Playboy Boy magazines, then I'm going to have to believe all those men who claim that they buy it for the articles. I am amazed that there are people out there who find this kindy copulation even slightly arousing. I can only think of one person who would be entertained by this mainstream, conventional, booby expose....of course no

willies were shown. The ol' man Ruxton. I have nothing more to say.

**Fiona Sproles**



**Persuasion**  
21st Century

*Persuasion* is the first film adaption of Jane Austen's exquisite tale of the enduring power of love. It is England 1814. Several years ago, Anne Elliot was engaged to a young naval officer, Frederick Wentworth, but she allowed herself to be persuaded by her trusted friend, Lady Russell, to break off the engagement due to his lack of fortune. The breach produces deep unhappiness in Anne and intense indignation in Wentworth. Anne is now 27 and the bloom of her beauty is gone. Captain Wentworth, now rich and successful, is thrown again into Anne's society when he returns to find her family on the brink of financial ruin and his own family tenants in her home. The story concerns the gradual revival of Wentworth's passion for Anne and the voicing of long-buried emotions which will change their lives forever. All the performances were beautifully subtle and believable, the desperate emotions were enforced by this, the underlying passion surpassing that which is most commonly portrayed in obvious, and loud sex scenes which both lack emotion and realism.

The main strength within this costume drama was the ability to provide equal amounts of drama and costume, as the most common trend is to sacrifice the drama for more costume. I recommend this touching and intricate film.

**Fiona Sproles**

**Six Days, Six Nights**  
21st Century

Alice (Anne Parillaud) and Elsa (Beatrice Dalle) are lovers. But, as things go, it didn't quite go as smoothly as they expected. So Alice and Elsa were lovers no more. Alice got on with her life and shackled up with her lover boy Franck, but Elsa was too caught within her thoughts of Alice to let go, so what else was there to do but show up on her ex-lovers door step in the middle of the night? The situation is amusing (albeit slightly frustrating), but all the warm fuzzies quickly turn into nasty pricklies, and everyone starts to get more than slightly agitated



with each other. Elsa commences a nutty agenda which is constituted by subjecting Alice to every conceivable type of emotional blackmail, which Alice continually falls victim too. Lies, and manipulation abound to the point where each person in the audience will have their own idea of who is the victim and who is the liar. It is a subtle, and incredibly effective thriller which keeps you enthralled from opening to closing titles, the conclusion being more than satisfying.

Fiona Sproles

**Dead Man Walking**

This movie was absolutely brilliant. It shows us brilliantly the pain a man suffers when he knows that he is going to die and that he deserves that death. He tries everything to get out of what he deserves and I shall leave it to you to find out what happens.

It is the relationship between the man on death row (Sean Penn) and the nun (Susan Sarandon) that really makes the movie what it is. In this movie, we see a man who is hated by every person in society, everybody is calling for his blood. Yet, as the movie unfolds, we begin to see that this monster is, in fact, a human being with real human feelings. We see the struggle that fought within the man as he tries to come to terms with what he has done and what is going to happen to him.

In the nun we see a character who is willing to love a man nobody else wants to. Her desire to open out the human side in him even though he has committed extremely horrific crimes. We also see a character in the nun who is strong, standing up to persecution not only from society but also from the church.

This movie also shows us a very harsh and unforgiving society and this society is ours. We see a society that is so much blinded by hate that they would prefer to see an innocent man put to death than find the real murderer. This movie opens our eyes to a bigotry that is very often ignored. We are very harsh on people who are racist and sexist but we ignore those who discriminate against people who have an unsavoury past.

This movie is an extremely good movie that leaves the viewer stunned. It is a movie that I encourage everybody to see. It is a movie that exposes us to a lot of truths that we need to be exposed to because we probably know a lot of people who are discriminated against in a similar way.

David Sarkies

# Pull on your Creams

The District Cricket Season begins this Saturday week with an opening round of one day matches and although there have been a few changes with the Blacks, the club looks set to continue the form which has seen the A-grade side go top in recent seasons.

The Adelaide University Cricket Club begins the season with a few changes. Following the retirement of Coach Ian Glover, former University player and State Sheffield Shield representative Malcolm Dolman has taken the role and is keen to see University perform well in all grades. The past three seasons have seen the impressive A-Grade district side reach the final, winning 1992-3 and 1994-5. Captain Cameron

Williamson will be leading a side packed with talent, including South Australian batsman Darren Webber, who following the completion of a heavy study load is concentrating all his efforts on a good season. Williamson will also be looking out for the likes of Sanjay Singh and Sam Rosewarne, two of University's talented younger players. In the bowling department the Blacks will be relying heavily on Nick Roberts to move it both ways and pick up vital early wickets.

Although the top side has had great success the B, C and D teams have the task ahead of them. The return of senior player Jack Horton to lead the B's will provide the spark this side needs to return to winning

form. Coach Dolman is quick to impress that an emphasis on looking after new players to the club and improving their individual cricket will provide the basis for a successful season in all grades. Up and coming player Calum Parsons and new country recruit Andy Paltridge are just two players who you will

see bobbing up in the results this season.

Add to this a new sponsorship deal with Henry Mould at the General Havelock Hotel, which is fast becoming the home of the Blacks as it also supports the AUFC, and the Blacks have a lot going for them this season. The club will conduct its presentations in the beer garden on Saturday evenings and encourages their supporters to join us for a drink.

The AUCC boasts eight sides in total including two one day turf sides and legends team, so there is also an underlying philosophy of participation. And it is not too late to come out and role the arm over or swing the willow. Training starts at 5pm Tuesdays and Thursdays, University Oval.



Darren Webber smashes the ball for six bits

## Congratulations to Adelaide Uni "Whites" Soccer Club - the most glamorous side in the world

On Sunday 29th September 1996 the Uni Whites Soccer Team defeated Pultney Old Scholars 3 - 1 in the 1996 Collegiate League Cup final. Well done to all those involved with the club, including:-

Steve, Tony, Con, Sanjit, Steve, Jan, Marty, Greg, Brian, Jim, Leo, Armin, John, Chris, Zeyad, Eric, Roger and Bill the Coach.

May there be many more victories for the great Uni Whites - Truly the most glamorous side in the world! Hooray!



# TURNER SMASHES THE RECORD AT THE TURNSTILES

## Turner Exhibition at the National Gallery of Victoria

Recently, I was fortunate to find myself in Melbourne, where I was lured to the National Gallery of Victoria, by the Turner exhibition.

The exterior appearance of the Gallery, designed by Roy Grounds in the 1950s, is in stark contrast to the classically-influenced Art Gallery of South Australia. Theirs is a massive, blocky, modernist construction, in a serious shade of grey, to match the city's overcast, wintery sky.

Melbourne's constant drizzle was also echoed in the "waterfall curtain" on an enormous pane of glass, near the front entrance. The building forms a contrasting backdrop to the equally large sculptures and fountain that catch one's eye and imagination, whilst passing on the tram that stops at its doorway, not to mention the colorful banners flapping in the breeze, herald the Turner exhibition.

Once inside, I was able to join the crowds who had come to see Turner and/or the Brett Whiteley Retrospective, that Adelaide was fortunate to have played host to several months ago.

The Gallery was absolutely brimming with people of all ages, each vying for a look at the mastery of 113 oils and watercolours by Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851), who was an English artist renowned for his landscapes and seascapes. He has been described as Britain's greatest artist, the finest landscape painter of the European Romantic movement, and the

most gifted and prolific watercolour artist ever.

The exhibition had been in Canberra for three months, where it broke records previously held by *Rubens and the Italian Renaissance*, by attracting almost a quarter of a million visitors. An artist I know was so mesmerised by the exhibition that, after having seen it there, he travelled from Adelaide to Melbourne, for another glimpse.

The exhibition is the result of negotiations with art museums throughout the world and is the most comprehensive retrospective of Turner's work in more than two decades. The works are from a total of 39 collections around the world, including London's National Gallery and the Tate Gallery and art museums in America and Europe, as well as private collections.

The National Gallery of Victoria has the largest collection of Turner's work, totalling 22 pieces.

In addition to the works viewed in Canberra are four other paintings *Golddau* (watercolour); *Conway Castle*; *North Wales* (watercolour); *Seascape: Folkestone* (oil); and *Constance* (watercolour).

Retrospectives enable one to trace the development of an artist and often present the opportunity to view lesser known works. Apart from the famous *Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons* and seascapes depicting storms under moonlight, I enjoyed simple studies from Turner's travels to Venice, in watercolour, and those of rural Britain.

On my way out, I briefly looked at some of the other works in the National

Gallery of Victoria's collection, including the Impressionist works, which were evidence of Turner's significant influence upon their style.

Now that the Art Gallery of South Australia has been renovated and extended, we have had the chance to have more travelling exhibitions. However, since the National Gallery of Victoria often has exhibitions that will not be viewed here, it's worth a visit, should you find yourself in

Melbourne.

Marian Clarkin



The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, 16th October, 1834.

## Black and White Photographic Exhibition

This exhibition consists largely of photographs taken late last year in Europe and Indonesia. The bulk of the work is black and white, and shows a greater element of design and composition than subject matter. This reflects my belief that it is not so much what you are viewing, but the manner in which you are viewing. However a subject that is interesting in itself is obviously more satisfying to work with. Hence, I tend to concentrate more on aesthetics than on social commentary.



### Black and White Photographic Exhibition

David Skehan  
19th October - 1st November  
Gallery & Coffee Shop  
Union Building, Level 6.

# Classifieds

Classifieds are free!  
Just write it down and  
bring it in to us in the  
basement of the George  
Murray building.  
Please note, if you want it  
to run more than once, then  
please re-submit it.

## Playdoh for Sale

Attention to the creatively oppressed! Ever wanted to perform the dance of the happy gnome? Ever wanted to improve the tender interaction of two love-sick rednecks in a salmon-packing factory? If you've got the urge to show off, phone Dave on 8379 9703 for information regarding the Adelaide Uni **Theatresports** revival. Inexperience no object.

## 4 SALE

ONE COMPUTER  
\$950.00  
486DX 40 IBM  
460 Hard Drive  
8mg Ram  
8 Bit sound card  
2 External speakers  
14" SVGA Colour Monitor  
5 1/4" Floppy Drive  
3 1/2" Floppy Drive  
Keyboard  
Mouse  
Contact: Mark Proudfoot  
(08) 825 20801

## Home gym for sale.

\$50 o.n.o. Call Richard  
83232106.

## Hi-Fi

Sharp mini Hi-fi for sale!  
As new (7 months old)  
\$300.

### Features:

- Remote Control
- 3 CD Changer
- Twin Cassette
- Turner
- 2 speakers
- Microcomputer

Call 8365 7079 any day after  
7pm. Ask for Sylvia.

## Waite Institute Students' Association

### WISA AQM

an election of officers\*  
will be held on WEDNESDAY,  
16 OCTOBER 1996, 12.30pm, On  
the lawns outside the Undergraduate  
Common Room.

### Waite Campus

Free BBQ & Beer

\*A secret ballot will be held if more than 4 nominations are received for each of the positions of undergraduate representative and postgraduate representative. The ballot will take place from 12.30pm to 2.30pm on 16/10/96. Only members of WISA are able to vote and Student Card will be required for identification.

## Pembroke School

Boy's Boarding House Assistant

An opportunity exists in Campbell House, Pembroke School, for a Boarding House Assistant. The position offers full board and lodgings for the duration of the school year. In return, the successful applicant is expected to do duties of 15-18 hours per week contact time which includes supervising, tutoring and the pastoral care of boys from Years 7-12.

Applications in writing, including the names and addresses of two referees, should be forwarded to:

The Deputy Principal  
Pembroke School  
342 The Parade  
Kensington Park SA 5068

Postgraduate Scholarships  
in Land and water management issues

Cooperative Research centre for  
Catchment Hydrology

The Cooperative Research Centre (CRC) for Catchment Hydrology has funding for a number of postgraduate scholarships at Masters and PhD level at Monash University and The University of Melbourne. These scholarships are comparable in value to the Australian Postgraduate Award (Industry) levels (currently \$19,827 per year maximum). For exceptional candidates, including those holding APA or similar scholarships, an industry-based loading of \$3,000 to \$5,000 may be payable.

The Centre combines the expertise and resources of CSIRO Division of Water Resources, the Bureau of Meteorology, Monash and Melbourne Universities, the Victorian Rural Water Authorities, Department of Natural Resources and Environment, Melbourne Water and the Murray-Darling Basin Commission.

The Centre's research includes demonstration sites, and the interaction of industry co-supervisors in postgraduate work, and covers the general research fields of:

- Salinity
- Forest hydrology
- Waterway management
- Flood hydrology

Applications are invited from graduates with relevant qualifications (including engineering, geography, earth sciences and mathematics).

For initial details and application forms, please contact Virginia Verrelli on (03) 9905 2704 or Facsimile (03) 9905 5033.

For information about the Centre's research programs, intending applicants should contact either

Professor Russell Mein, Director, CRC for Catchment Hydrology, Department of Civil Engineering, Monash University, Clayton, Victoria 3168, Telephone: (03) 9905 4980, Facsimile: (03) 9905 5033.

Professor Tom McMahon, Deputy Director, CRC for Catchment Hydrology, Department of Civil & Environmental Engineering, The University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria 3052, Telephone: (03) 9344 6641, Facsimile: (03) 9344 6215

Closing Date for this round is  
Thursday 31 October 1996.

## Share House

Glenelg  
2 Bedroom Maisonette  
Old-Style renovated  
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Private large yard and lock  
up shed

Veggie garden under construction  
Great landlords who take care of all gardening & maintenance

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Road and Tram Station

7-11 BiLo around the corner & 24 Hour BP nearby  
\$70 per week + Bond & expenses

If interested see Sharon at  
ETU-Waite, Phone 303 7209 or  
294 8657 and leave a message

Kensington Park SA 5068

Thanks very much to the person who found my purse with Visa and other cards and \$150 odd on top of the telephone nearest the door outside in what used to be called the airport lounge and took it to the Union Bookshop. I will give \$75 to that person if s/he contacts me and can establish that it was she/he, or to CAA. I'm exceedingly grateful & edified (ie cheered up about human nature)  
Kevin Magarey 8271 3407

## Adelaide University Netball Club

needs experienced umpires for 1997 winter season as part of Saturday afternoon Adelaide Metropolitan competition. Several paid positions available. Experienced coaches also required (not necessarily Uni students)

Contact Rachel Thurley 8272  
9562 or Lisa Smylie 8271 4711  
NOW!

## For Sale W/Machine (\$280) & Microwave oven (160).

Both items 7 months old; little use. Prices neg. ph 365 7079 any day after 7pm. Ask for Sylvia.

## Help Wanted - Males 18 years or older to participate in a study for a Master of Psychology Thesis connected with Prostatic and testicular (Male) cancers - participants will be required to complete a questionnaire - If you are interested please contact Peter Queale C/- Psychology Department (83035693) or Telephone 8338 2386 for further information.

Peter Queale

## For Sale

Remstar 2000  
Remington electric typewriter  
Excellent condition, extra ribbon & corrector ribbon.  
\$85.00  
Phone 8253 0641

## VACATION STUDENTSHIPS

Cooperative Research Centre for Catchment Hydrology Studentships to participate in land and water management research projects are being offered by the Cooperative Research Centre for Catchment Hydrology for the 1996/7 summer vacation.

Third or fourth year students are eligible to apply for the studentships which will provide research experience at either Monash University or the University of Melbourne, or the CSIRO Division of Water Resources in the Research fields of:

- Salinity
- Forest hydrology
- Waterway management
- Urban hydrology
- Flood hydrology

The Studentships provide \$300/week for eight to ten weeks during December to February.

For details and application forms, please contact Virginia Virrelli on (03) 9905 5033. For specific information on research fields, please contact one of the site leaders listed below.

Professor Russell Mein, Director, CRC for Catchment Hydrology, Department of Civil Engineering, Monash University, Clayton, Victoria 3168, Telephone: (03) 9905 4980, Facsimile: (03) 9905 5033.

Professor Tom McMahon, Deputy Director, CRC for Catchment Hydrology, Department of Civil & Environmental Engineering, The University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria 3052, Telephone: (03) 9344 6641, Facsimile: (03) 9344 6215

Closing Date for this round is Thursday 31 October 1996.

Dr Rob Vertessy, Deputy Director, CRC for Catchment Hydrology, CSIRO Division of Water Resources, GPO Box 1666, Canberra ACT 2601, Telephone: (06) 246 5746, Facsimile: (06) 246 5845.

Written applications need to be made by Thursday 31 October 1996.

## For Sale

• Bike Helmet: Netti, Medium, purple, as new \$20 o.n.o.  
• U-Lock: As new \$20 o.n.o.  
Call Jen @ 8267 2606

## For Sale

Great student car. Toyota Corolla Sedan 1976, reconditioned engine. Runs well, neat interior, \$1800 o.n.o.  
Phone Suze 82674445.

in the  nibar...

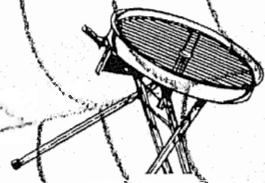
this semester we see the return of the infamous

**HAPPY HOUR**

*between 5pm - 7pm Fridays* (Phheeww!)

and the **Sausage Sizzle's** still  
sizzzzzzling from 4.30pm Fridays for

**FREE** (bargain)

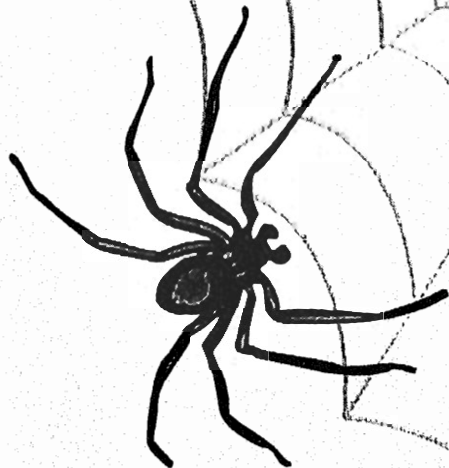


Comin' soon...UDL can promotion, complete with giveaway T-shirts.

**stay tuned...**

Details for the **Spiderbait** gig  
on November 23 "Aus Music Day"

will be released later this week  
(Hold on to your pant seats!)



77 PIRIE STREET ADELAIDE TELEPHONE 83559 2797

# F P L A N E T S H I O N II

Friday 18th Oct. 1996

LEATHER & SUEDE

SPRING / SUMMER

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EPISODE 1

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EPISODE 2

DESIRE



FASHION BY  
GURU CUSTOM LEATHER & UNISEX CASUAL WEAR  
HAIR DESIGNS BY GROOVE HAIRCUTTERS



## Every Saturday Night

The Planet presents

DJ's Brendon, ATB, Madness & Zac  
MC Tim & Planet Dancers