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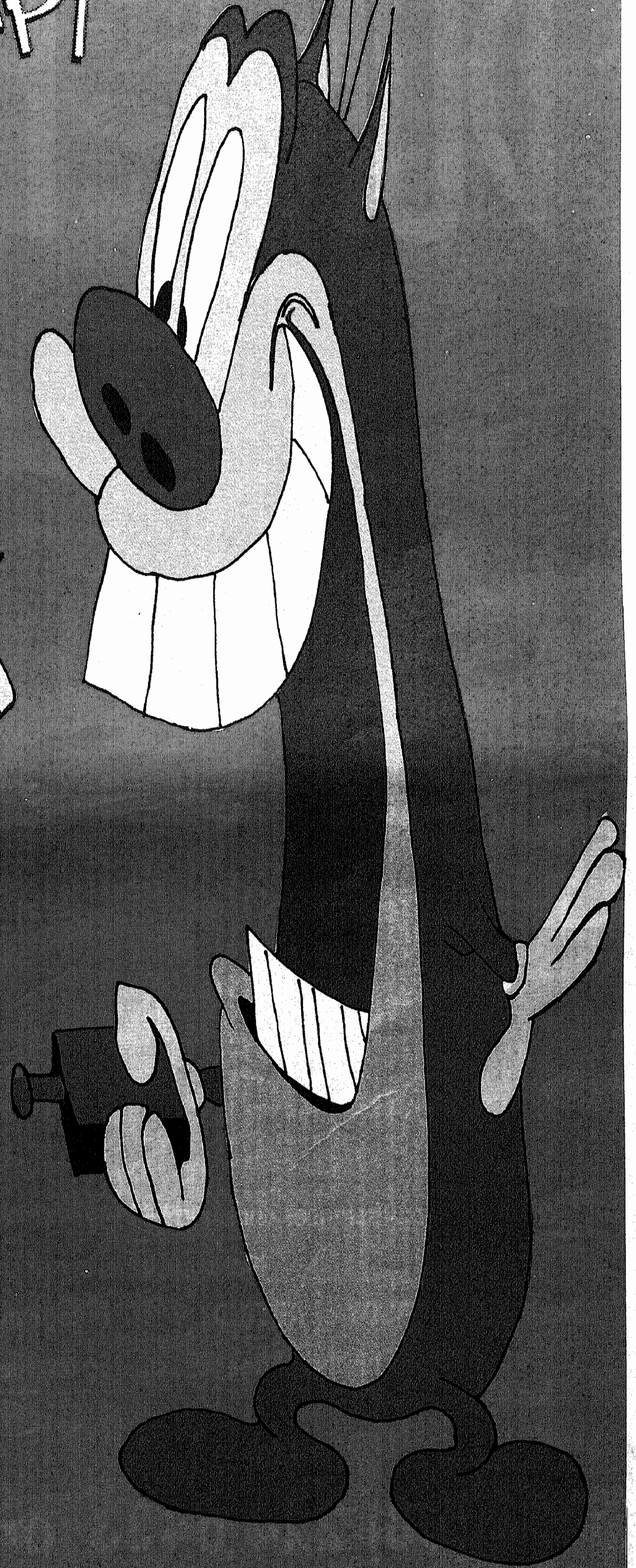
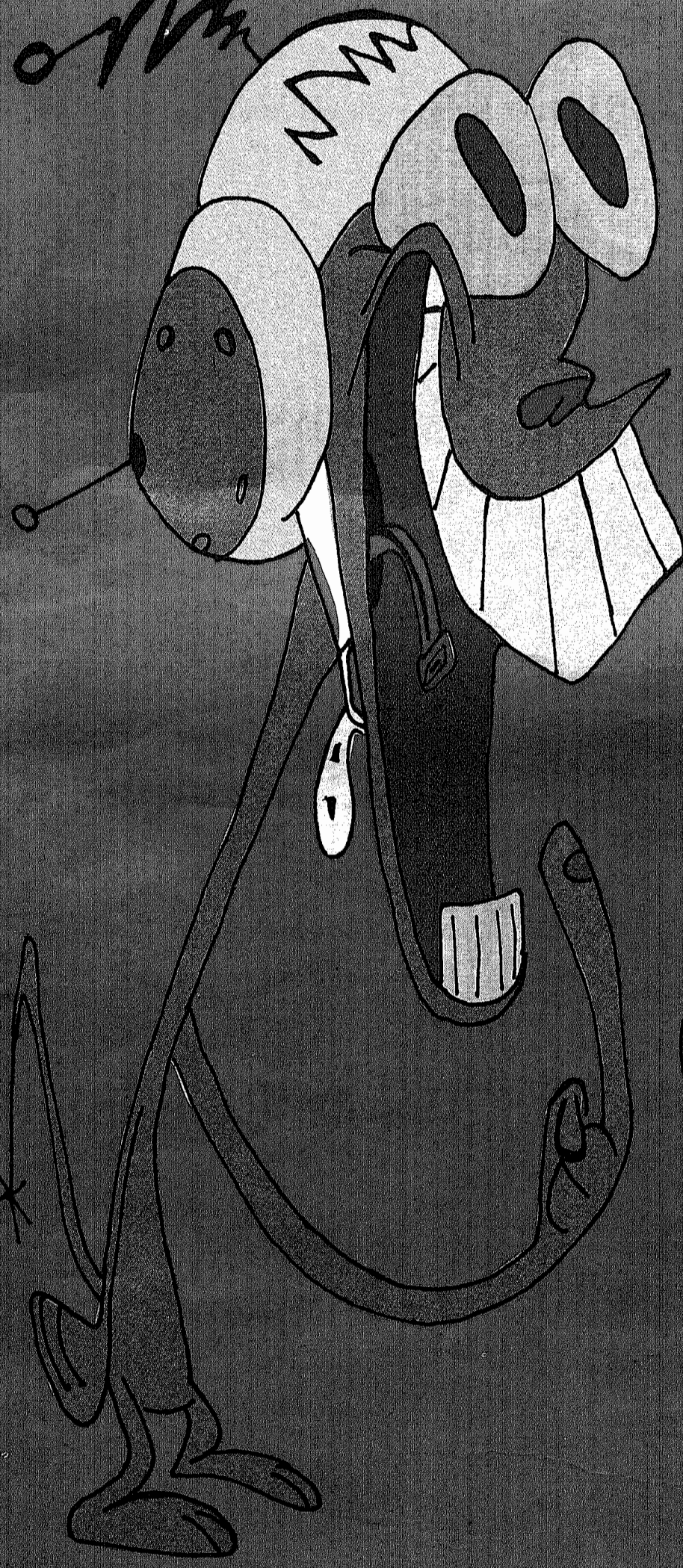
6/12/94

STUDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY
-7 NOV 994

THE REN + SIMPY SHOW

On dit
The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

o/m



DON'T FORGET!

RING AUSTUDY

Have your circumstances changed?

Not sure where you stand?

Check with AUSTUDY or ABSTUDY to see if your allowance will be affected

- pick up the phone, or come in and see us.



Department of
Employment, Education
& Training

(08) 224 6433 or 008 112 338

Aceh (Where - You ask?)

Aceh is a province in warm, tropical Samatra. With the diversity of countryside - ranging from lush green rainforest and mist-covered mountains to beautiful surfable crystal blue coastlines and equally beautiful, friendly inhabitants, one might be led to believe that Aceh is quite a pleasant place. Well ... not quite. Now picture one of these civilians, a small trader from Jakarta, travelling to Aceh's main city, Medan, to visit his parents. During this time, he is captured by police for suspected non-vio-

Since then, there have been 2,000 confirmed "mysterious killings" by the Indonesian military, all of whom were civilians from young children to the very elderly. Despite the unlawful nature of the killings, the arbitrary detentions and the torture, they have never been officially investigated, nor has anyone been held responsible for them. Indonesian President Suharto announced the establishment of an Indonesian Human Rights Commission in June this year, shortly before the UN World Conference on Human Rights.

point - what criticism? Had you heard about the massacres in the street of this tiny province of Indonesia - called Aceh? This gruesome situation has obviously not been considered newsworthy. Hence, we get to the whole purpose of this article - to inform you and, if you feel strongly about such violations of human rights, to motivate you to join Amnesty International and try to pressure the government to do something to improve the situation. And, whilst you're busy brewing a conscience about massacres you never hear

about, maybe you'd like to stop and ask yourself why it is that unless we send one of the Crows on a surfing trip to Aceh that we'll never actually hear anything about it in any of our major newspapers.

Natasha Yacoub
Legal Network Coordinator of
Amnesty International
NB: Adelaide University Amnesty group meets 1.00 pm every Wednesday in the Jerry Portus Room.

"Despite the unlawful nature of the killings, the arbitrary detentions and the torture, they have never been officially investigated, nor has anyone been held responsible for them."

lent beliefs in the independence of Aceh. Without trial, he is taken by the police and has his hands tied behind his back. He is blindfolded with heavy tape and is kicked by police with heavy boots and forced to drink urine. His genitals are squeezed with pliers and he is not seen again in his cell. In fact, he is not seen again at all. This man's name is Syaifulah and his "disappearance" is not unlike the thousands of other reports Amnesty has received from Aceh since 1989.

The Commission will have 25 members, but so far only the Chair has been announced. This is Justice Ali Said. Following the coup attempt in 1965 he was the Chief Justice of the Extraordinary Military Tribunal that tried and sentenced many to death. Some observers see this as a victory of "liberals" in Jakarta while others fear it may be intended to deflect international and domestic criticism rather than genuinely tackle human rights violations. I have to stop and ask myself at this



**Thrill Seekers
Wanted For 1994**

**O'Camp
O'Ball
O'Week
Host Scheme
Counter Calender**

**DIRECTORS
Apply in the SAUA**

Indigenous Peoples' Week

• Monday, September 13.

Two Aboriginal Films in the Union Cinema, level 5, at 5.50 pm:

Plead Guilty, Get A Bond (31 mins). A legal drama with an ironically humorous edge.

Lousy Little Sixpence (54 mins). The Australian history you weren't taught in school.

Followed by a Postgraduate Students' Association event at 7.30 pm in the Cinema:

"Indigenous Women in Tertiary Education."

Guest speakers are **Sharon Cruse**, Faculty of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Studies, University of South Australia, and **Lyn Larsen**, Aboriginal Programs, University of Adelaide.

• Tuesday, September 14.

In the North/South Dining Rooms, level 4, at 1.10 pm:

Delphine Geia, Lesley Guivara, and Susie Gillies talk about their experiences as Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students.

• Thursday, September 16.

The Students' Association Environment Officers present the satirical Aboriginal film **Barbeque Area**. In Napier 102 Lecture Theatre, 1.10 pm.

**ALL WELCOME
FREE!**



STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Education vice pres.

Well, it has been a good year. It has been a lot of work but by the same token that has made it all the more rewarding. My best wishes to Suzanne McCourt for when she takes over as EVP and I'm sure she will do a great job.

The year's work included:-

- Austudy Survey / Campaign to promote awareness of the new Loans Supplement Scheme.
- Sitting on the Teaching Excellence Committee.

- Liaising with the Library on the new photocopying system of getting recycled paper in on a trial basis.
- Helping with the Arts Study Skills Workbooks and featuring in the accompanying video.
- Co-ordinating Faculty Student Representatives elections.
- Producing a Student Representative Information folder.
- Contacting all departments to get them to have student representatives.
- Speaking on student issues on Academic Board throughout the year - the Teaching Quality Report (and getting mandatory student evaluation of teaching), illegal fees and return of exam papers policy.
- Working with Anthony to provide students with information on the various parties' education policy prior to the Federal Election.
- Meeting with State and Federal Elec-

tion spokespeople (Labor, Liberal and Democrat).

- Co-ordinating the Library Campaign to stop the funding cuts and get increased hours, which involved a campus based rally as well as a state wide one and 4,500 signatures on the petition.
- Sitting on the Library Task Force to discuss the long term funding problems facing the Library.
- Being involved in the setting up of a new Library Executive Committee and ensuring undergraduate and postgraduate representatives.
- Putting out information on Austudy Loans Scheme.
- Attended NUS Training Conference in Melbourne to learn about student organisations and how to make them more powerful.
- Producing Student Rights booklet.
- Dealing with many individual stu-

dent grievances.

- Representing students on various University committees throughout the year.

So thank you to all those who have helped me in my year as Education Vice President, Sharon, Monica, Catherine, Anne and Jo'Anna and all the helpers in our campaigns. A special thank you to Anthony Roediger who has been a great President and most competent. It has been a good year and I am looking forward to continuing in 1994.

Now I have three months to study and relax before I start my term in January. So for now, so long and thanks for all the fish.

Rebecca Shinnick
Education Vice President 1992 / 1993

Womens' officer

Welcome to my last ever Women's Officer column! Let me tell you about some of the things that I'm doing as I go.

Body Image Film and Discussion Group

This is happening on Monday, 13th September at 1 pm in the Group Room in the Counselling Centre. Any woman who is keen to discuss issues around women, body image, struggles with food and the pressures that we feel is welcome to come along. The film "The Famine Within" will be shown as a starting point for discussion, and there will be time either at the beginning or

the end for women to discuss whether they want an ongoing group and if so in what format.

Elle Dit

The next meeting of the Elle Dit collective is this Wednesday, 15th September. Women are still welcome to join the collective and help collect and write contributions, plan format and eventually help with putting the paper together. Contributions are due on Wednesday, 13th October at the very latest. You can contribute just about anything - articles, book, record and movie reviews, artwork, cartoons, poetry, short stories, whatever.

Sexist Teaching

The University Equal Opportunity Office has revised its policy on sexist teaching, and is just about to produce a leaflet detailing the policy and the different kinds of behaviour and teaching practice that it covers. The bottom line is that sexist teaching is not acceptable and is against University policy, whether it is in the form of gender exclusive language, different treatment given to male and female students, sexist and/or stereotyped examples being used continually or any of the other subtle or explicit forms of sexist teaching that do occur here at Adelaide Uni.

I'll be discussing the policy in more depth, and also outlining what you can do if you have a problem with a particular course or teacher, in an article in the next edition of On Dit, and there will also be complaints and survey forms that you can use to initiate action or just to have your complaint noted. Keep an eye out for these - this could be your chance to air these grievances you've been staying quiet about all year just because they don't seem big enough to do something about. And remember that you can come in and chat about these kinds of problems at any time.

Reclaim the Night

The Reclaim the Night march is definitely on this year, and the date set is Friday, 29th October, at Victoria Square at 7.30 pm. This is one of the biggest events on the women's calendar each year, and last year's march was huge and very successful. This year has seen women get angrier and angrier over the way we are treated in our homes, in the streets, and ultimately in the courts. Keep the 29th October free for a chance to express that anger in public.

International Lesbian Day

This is on the 8th October and the Lesbian Line collective have organised a weekend of events and activities start-

ing with a special "Women Performing" on Friday, 7th October at 7.30 pm at the Nexus Cabaret and running through to Sunday, 10th. Events include a women's dance with band Kula Choice, lunch at the new Cafe Bohemian, a bush Walk and a forum titled "Culture: Lesbian Perspectives." For details about any of these events drop in and pick up a programme from myself in the SAUA or from the Women's Room.

And the goodbyes....

This is my last week as Women's Officer so I'll take this opportunity to say a big, big thank you to all the people who have given me support this year in any way at all. Thanks especially to those who have put up with me in my most stressed, grumpy, screaming states, and to the many excellent women who have helped out or taken the time to give positive feedback. (No thanks to the people who've been annoying but you make life interesting.) If anyone needs to contact me I will still have a pigeon-hole in the SAUA, so feel free to use it.

Other than that, good luck to the next W.O. and I'll see you around.

Liana Buchanan
1992 / 93 Women's Officer

Environment officers

The last days. The world's environment is about to collapse. Do not panic.

This is it. The EO's have to go, but our legacy will remain. But there is still lots of things happening. Get involved.

Bushwalking.

The second of the Environment Officers bushwalks will be held on Sunday the 26th of September to Kyeema Conservation Park. It should be a great day, so if you want join us give us a ring in the SAUA on 303

5406, or come down and see us. We will be meeting in the cloisters at 9 am, and will return later in the day.

Bike and Breakfast.

There will be a Bike and Breakfast held on Wednesday the 15th from 8-30 to 10-30am to promote green transport, see out the old Environment Officers and to see in the new. So if you catch a bus or a train, or ride your bike, come down for a free breakfast.

Indigenous Peoples' Week.

It is Indigenous Peoples' Week from September 13-17, so for the week the SAUA has organised films. On Monday there will be two Aboriginal films in the Union Cinema. At 5-50pm *Plead Guilty, Get A Bond,* and *Lousy Little Sixpence.* This will be followed by a forum on "Indigenous Women in Tertiary Education."

On Tuesday at 1-10pm in the North South Dining rooms Delpine Geia, Lesley Guivara and Susie Gillies talk

about their experiences as Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students.

On Thursday the Environment officers present the satirical Aboriginal film Barbeque Area in Napier 102, at 1-10pm.

Poster Policy.

The SAUA council will have a special meeting about the proposed restriction of posters and other election materials on Tuesday the 14th of September, at 6pm in the Union Chapel. If you have any opinion on posters, pamphlets, banners or tickets come and tell the student politicians what you think. Remember that you can put forward and second motions, so do take this opportunity. It could save you a lot of hassle next year.

Final Goodbye.

Anita Bulter will be the new SAUA Environment Officer, and we're sure she will be a real legend. Give her your support, and blame her if there is still a hole in the ozone in 1994.

Thanks to-they know who they are. No thanks to - they know who they are. Goodbye and Goodluck.

Love from

Jo and Goose and Tania. xxx





THE BIG NOISE

Celebrating the 25th Anniversary of the Salisbury Campus Student Union

THE SHARP - SWOOP

AUNTY RAELENE

BLISS - THE JAYNES

SATURDAY OCTOBER 9

SALISBURY CAMPUS

\$13 STUDENTS

\$15 EMPLOYED

Bookings S.C.S.U. 302-5115 (small fee applies) Tickets Available at the Door Unless Sold Out



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Letters • Letters • Letters • Letters • Letters • Letters • Letters • Letters • Letters • Letters

Rank

Dearest On Dit,

Have you ever noticed the particularly rank smell emanating from the large green waste bin at the base of the stairs near the On Dit Office?

The smell is enough to make you dry retch or vomit as we have on many occasions. We have spoken to others about the smell and it has the same effect on them.

Quite apart from the smell there is a really foul greenish-yellowish ooze leaking from the bin. The ooze sat around for a while before action was taken in the form of sand and danger signs. However, this was only a bandaid solution as the ooze has returned. Food supplied to Union refectories has been and continues to be unloaded at this toxic site. We think this situation stinks!

Love

Al & Nik
Physiology

Samantha Warren
2nd Year Science
Geology Department

Al and Nick, you are not alone. We at On Dit are lucky enough to have a palatial view of the rubbish compactor from our office window. Our favorite part of the day is when the wind blows the smell inside. Hey, who said that our Union never did anything for us? -Eds

Curriculum Vitae

To all who care,

This letter concerns the student elections currently being held. Firstly, what do the jobs the candidates are running for actually involve? Is there an outline of each position available for the student population to peruse? All week I have been bombarded with "Vote for Me - I'm the Best for the Job" paraphernalia and I have read all the pamphlets, the election handbook and the On Dit interviews so I can make an informed decision, but how can I when I don't know what constitutes the positions these persons are running for? You may say, why didn't I set about finding out, but as a science student, I don't have much time to run about chasing up candidates when the information I am looking for should be readily available. May I suggest that next year a booklet

describing what each job involves be put out, so that then the electorate can better choose the candidate that seems to best understand the position they are running for.

Secondly, why do those on the campaign trail think they have the right to invade everyone's space? I used to enjoy walking across the Barr Smith Lawns, but all week I haven't been able to go near the Union Building without being harassed from all sides by campaign hopefuls. Someone shoving pieces of paper in my face and yelling in my ear is not going to win my vote. Also, what is the point of sticking pieces of paper to the ground, walls, posts, bins and anything that stays still long enough? I can understand they are for the campaign but it looks ridiculous and I know that many others, as well as myself, do not take them seriously.

Yours sincerely,

Rip Rip, Woodchip

Dear Election Candidates,

We would like to express our concern over the excessive use of paper in your campaigns to advertise your election propaganda. No wonder our natural resources are so depleted, especially when our candidates feel the need to paste posters of themselves on every vertical centimetre of the University. We offer the following alternatives, either use recycled paper or make an effort to talk to students about your campaign promises.

Earlier this year a candidate sat down and talked to a group of us on the lawns. Due to his personal interest in our needs as students we subsequently voted for him. Without this personal contact we would not have bothered voting, regardless of how many of his posters were plastered around the University. Concerned and disgusted,

Natasha Kearslake
Louise Armstrong
Yasmin Neal
Grad. Dip. Botany Dept.

P.S. This letter is written on recycled paper!

Hellfire not-so-good times

In On Dit, Monday 16th August, there was an article on the Hellfire Club. But, although his article takes up a lot of space, Rohan Thomson did not really seem to have much to say. Apart from a lot of abuse, some one-sided quoting, inappropriate analogies and irrelevant dribble about rights, there's not much there. Not being the religious, puritan, god-fearing, bible-bashing and conservative sort, I would like to point out some other aspects about sadomasochism and the Hellfire Club that were not considered in this article.

Firstly, I think the example of the etiquette of the club show that it is inadequate. A warning is not enough for such a person, regardless of whether they "understand what it's all about" or not. Removal from the club on repetition of the offence is also inadequate, I find criminal charges more appropriate. A strict door policy would not stop people like this from getting in, unless everyone who attends is put through psychological testing to see if they are likely to abuse the situation. I think the policy is more likely to result in exclusiveness, for those who look, dress and act right. What would happen to a fat woman who wanted to come in and be tied up on the stage in a G-string? Even if she was let in and on stage, she would be laughed out of the place. Does everyone who laughed get removed?

Sadomasochism is not a natural sexual practise. The reasons that men and women chose to practise it are different. Men seek to escape their role, to give up control and be dominated, but for women, S & M is an extension of their normal sexual role. It is a social creation. In the sadistic role, men are enjoying a legitimisation of brutality in their sexual role, whilst the different context for women sees them as still doing a service for men and their enjoyment is a sideline. S & M is far from "sophisticated" but it is certainly "cultural".

The implications of the acceptance of S & M clubs are that because some women indulge in this, it must be what women are really like. The masochistic tendencies of women are emphasised by S & M. A man in the same situation does not send the same messages - we know this is just a fetish and he really likes to be in control. Choosing and practising sadomasochism should not be taken lightly, as offered by these clubs. It should be seriously considered why one wants to indulge in S & M, and what affects and implications are there from it?

What could be the mental effects of S & M in a public place? I think that a lot of people who went on the stage after a few drinks, or pressure from friends would feel violated afterwards. Even people who think they want to might feel assaulted by it when they actually do it. How can the club tell if a person is going to be negatively affected by the experience? To talk about the rights of consenting adults is all very nice, but the fact is that there is little possibility of uncoerced consent in our society. S

& M is not a practise to be performed by an anonymous dungeon master or mistress, but between people who know and trust each other. Hence, if any psychological problems result from the experience, they can be talked over. I'm not saying not try it, but to think about it, why you want to do it and whether a club is a good place for it.

I also object to the assumed co-relation between gay and lesbian sexuality and people who practise S & M. One is a natural inclination to love the same sex, the other a result of the exaggeration or inversion of social practises and is far from natural. One is as harmless and healthy as heterosexual relationships, the other a potential pit of disturbing results.

Hellfire is not innovative, interesting and progressive, but a way of emphasising sexual roles (even in a homosexual relationship), reinforcing traditional ideas and legitimising violence or implied violence in sexual relationships. Why are S & M clubs acceptable but not legalised prostitution? The world's oldest profession need unions, award conditions and award rates more than society needs S & M clubs. I'd say the market is bigger as well. But the problems with S & M and the Hellfire club will not go away if I take Rohan's advice and bury my head in the sand.

Wendy Eden

3rd Year Politics / Women's Studies

Rohan replies

I just wrote up an interview with very little of my own conjecture. There was to be a follow up article by a person covering the social implications which are, to me, very important. It'd be nice if the person who was going to write the article, would do so. I deliberately avoided that for her.

Once again, I wrote an interview - the sentiments in that article are not mine. The object of an interview is to impart the sentiments of those being interviewed - unbiased and objective. I did that.

As for the gay / S & M parallel, read the article again; I didn't draw the parallel, Mr Masters did.

By the way, it's Rohan Thompson

We can't spell properr: the saga continues

Friends and associates,

In defence of Mr P.H. Slegers, I can say that I too have felt a certain frustration about the continual appearance of typographical errors in On Dit this year. The newspaper hasn't always been this way. I don't recall finding any errors in 1991 when I was an avid reader of the publication. These mistakes are the fault of the editors and no verbosity on part of Ms N. Stead should absolve them from responsibility.

Yours in passing,

Eric Blair

Get a life

Dear Ms Stead,

My letter, appearing in On Dit, 16th August (the immaculately correct one, as you put it) was nothing more than a simple request for editorial professionalism. I regret that you construed it as an ontological thesis on the nature of written expression. But since you've so politely decided to make this into a debate I feel compelled to respond.

Two simple points: First, if spelling and typographical mistakes are to be so wholeheartedly applauded then why did you ensure that there were none in your letter? (Yes, I have visions of you tenaciously working into the late hours of the night over a candle lit desk checking and rechecking that your indictment of me was free of error!)

The question is a rhetorical one. Of course you didn't want a spelling error in your grand work because you wished to advance a forceful argument. And, I might add, you almost had me convinced; unlike your rather dull-witted colleagues from the Oxford Society. Had you have spelled 'serendipity' incorrectly at the conclusions of your letter I am certain that I wouldn't have bothered going on to read the postscript!

Second, I don't ever recall using the term 'sic'. Don't know where that came from. While I did read your postscript I failed to see the significance of it. Yours with love and affection,

Peter H. Slegers
Law

P.S. People who indicated incorrectly when driving cause automobile accidents. I apologise for being too 'uptight' to see the humour in road carnage.

Cheers!

Dear Eds,

Just a note to say 'on yah' Naomi Stead for defending spelling mistakes in our Uni mag. Painfully pompous and obviously conservative types like Peter Slegers need to get a life! Student newspapers are supposed to be full of errors. Otherwise they're just not student newspapers!

W. Hallinan
Arts Department

Elections are hell

To the Editor,

As I was waiting in Napier 102 for English I to begin today there was an announcement by a member of the United Students, the winners in last week's elections. The message was an invitation to participate in a demonstration against the Budget changes to HECS. Good. Then why was it that not

all students were urged to take action (after all, the platform is / was 'United Students') but only those who will be affected, especially if they have many more years to complete their degrees (what 3rd year student picks up English I!) or are considering post-grad studies. My argument is if students are meant to be 'united' why only talk to those who personally pay / owe HECS and not include those who don't. The theory was, or that was the way it was presented during the elections, that students are all in this together.

Another contradiction noticeable in student politics is the fear of declaring allegiance to or membership of political parties: Surely it is beneficial for students to have representatives on campus who are politically active and committed in the wider world as well. Why the whitewash? Also ambiguous was the use of the German government 'wanted' notice for the Baader-Meinhof gang on the back cover of the Students' Association's guide to last week's elections. Is there a comparison being made between student candidates, some of whom are trying to be all things to all students and a terrorist group who either died or were imprisoned for their beliefs? Fantasy / comedy?

Margaret Macilwain
Arts

Coke is it

Dear Mr Hillman,

Maybe if you crushed those coke cans for long enough you'd be able to afford to leave the island you so obviously live on, instead of detracting from Ms Collins' brilliant letter. If admitting to your location (however far away) precludes you from the status of "mere mortal", give me immortality any day.

Marc Peake
3rd Year Electrical
and Electronic Engineering

P.S. (Gratuitous Bignote) This letter comes to you from the sweeping plains of the Union Gallery! Ooh! Ah!

And if a double decker bus killed the both of us...

The Illuminatus Club's Past: Something to be proud of.

Illuminatus Club '93: Do we care? (Don't worry, this has already appeared in Eye Among The Blind and so is perfectly safe for you to print in On Dit.)

I always thought reading On Dit would bring me good luck. With this in mind, I engrossed myself in On Dit's article as I crossed Victoria Drive, and was hit by a taxi.

Did reading On Dit bring me good luck? It's hard to say. I was killed instantly. Yours sincerely,

Josh Tobin

Something exciting

Dear Uncaring, Heartless Union Catering,

Me and my friends are up in arms because we want ...

• something exciting • something to play with • and some chocolate ... and every time we go into the refectories there are no Kinder Surprises. When is the Union going to address this gross negligence and restore the flagging spirits of students, young and old?

Tom Griffith
1st Year Arts
with help from
Tom Carney
1st Year Science

Factional frenzy

Dear Editors,

I am compelled to pen this speil as a representative of Sailsbury Campus and to salvage any credibility that our mythical campus and blatant bogans, (you can shove the reference to Sailsbury in The Farce - Prosh edition right up your freckle) the majority of whom emanate from middle class Eastern Suburbs divorced and separated families. Lets turn to the issue I want to explain. In the On Dit Unity in Diversity - Multicultural Week edition (more like election aftermath edition) Tracy (don't wanna be a student politician anyway) Skehan authored an article "I think I know you." The article was a fictitious dialogue between the two factions running for SAUA elections. I'm from another world and even I know it was pretty much 'on the money'. However many stories there are behind the elections the biggie is always the use of facilities to produce election material. The United Students accused CSR of using this honoured publication's facilities. CSR counterpunched with "at least we didn't drive all the way out to Sailsbury campus to do some photocopying" (It's really not that far, folks,

you should come out on Saturday 9th October to see The Sharp, Swoop, The Jaynes, Aunty Raelene and Bliss) it just didn't happen. However, the CSR can be excused for getting confused. The United Students were guilty of using another Student organization's facilities because they left the original in the photocopier, bloody typical of that particular student faction.

The person involved tried to dupe the Education Vice Pres of the University of S.A. Confederated Student Union (I could write a book on the antics of the student polities in that organization) and he is a member of the same student faction as United Students, is a student at the Uni of S.A. and a State N.U.S. Office Bearer.

Shame, 'cos we all know that N.U.S. Office Bearers can't be involved in campus elections as per N.U.S. constituton. Oh well, same dog, different haircut. A letter has been sent to the person in question and N.U.S. The president of the CSU was directed by the CSU executive to pen the poison letter, a directive I have no doubt she will thoroughly enjoydoing. How ironic! But then again student politics is just one big irony and the president before me at Sailsbury always told me "the wheel always turns a full circle." Was he talking about revenge?

P.S. Well done CSR, not many losers would get back into it like you all did, 9am Wednesday 8th September Underdale Campus letting Mr. Beazly know about student disapproval of the budget changes. Keep working and Keep the faith. Election euphoria shines on you crazy diamond.

Phillip Harrison
1st year Politics
J.L.S.

Letter of the week

Dear Editors,

I don't think the letters which appear on your letters pages are genuine. I think you just make them all up.

In fact, you probably made this one up. **Avi Cohen**
AU Illuminatus Club

<p>Members \$3 Students \$4 Public \$5</p>		<p>FILMARAMA</p>
<p>Members Free!</p>		<p>Tuesday 14 September 5.30 Falling Down 8.00 Mean Streets</p>
<p>Members Free!</p>		<p>Wednesday 15 September 12.15 Falling Down 5.30 Aguirre, Wrath of God 8.00 Falling Down</p>
<p>Our Final Week. Phew! Thanks to everyone who came along to the many Film Society screenings this year. To those of you who didn't, well you just missed out!</p>		
<p>FALLING DOWN plus MEAN STREETS and AGUIRRE, WRATH of GOD</p>		
<p>UNION CINEMA</p>		
<p>Filmarama is the Second Semester Programme of the Adelaide University Film Society which is sponsored by the University of Adelaide Foundation, the Mercury Cinema, The Union Bistro and the Commonwealth Bank.</p>		

Women's Suffrage in New Zealand (God, Alcohol and the Women's Vote)

September 19 marks the centenary of women's suffrage in New Zealand. Before 1879 only male property owners had the vote, but in that year all adult males, including Maori men, were given the right to vote in parliamentary elections. The battle for women's suffrage was taken up by the Women's Christian Temperance Union and its final acceptance is largely attributed to the Union's campaigning. As its name suggests the Union's main concern was the prohibition of alcohol thought to be responsible for a lot of "roguishness" amongst the male populous of the colony with accompanying ill-effect on family life. The vote would mean women would have legislative power to enact this prohibition and to influence society with their Christian morals. The Union's motto was "For God and Home and Humanity", ideals present day feminists find a little problematic!

The latter half of the 19th century was punctuated by women's claims to greater freedom. Public education for women became more acceptable while many treatises on women's rights were commonly read. One of the more colourful claims to the lessening of restrictions was dress reform. Women began riding bikes in

Christchurch, on New Zealand's South island, in 1891. These cyclists campaigned to wear "rational dress", or knickerbockers, in order to avoid the hindrance of the long skirts which were the fashion of the day. The freedom to dress and exercise as one pleased paralleled the quest for suffrage.

The Temperance Union's suffrage campaign was headed by the "Superintendent of Franchise", Kate Sheppard. Sheppard found an ally in the House of Representatives in Sir John Hall, a well known advocate of women's franchise. The campaign began with leaflets to parliamentarians and then enormous petitions were compiled. One leaflet *Ten Reasons Why the Women of New Zealand Should Vote*, included such illustrious reasons as:

II
"Because it has not yet been proved that the intelligence of women is only equal to that of children, nor that their social status is on a par with that of lunatics or convicts."

Or:
IV
"Because women are less accessible than men to most of the debasing influences now brought to bear upon elections, and by doubling the number of electors to be dealt

with, women would make bribery and corruption less effective, as well as more difficult."

Just as edifying is Number Seven which states that:

"the presence of women at the polling-booth would have a refining and purifying effect".

There were three large petitions; the first two attempts at franchise were defeated in the conservative Upper House ostensibly due to a contentious amendment which would have granted women the right to run for parliament. The third petition, with its 29 000 signatures, influenced the final acceptance of the legislation (without the amendment, women were unable to stand for parliament until 1919) on September 19, 1893.

Opponents to the bill delighted in rhetoric such as "... there is some element of discord in every household in the world; and I say distinctly that any nation or State or people that wishes to introduce this woman suffrage seeks to supply a fan to fan those smouldering embers into a flame" (James Dupre Lance, 1887). Some argued that women would vote to the left, making the country "more communistic", while at the same time the Amalgamated Railway

Servants' Society feared their vote would be overly conservative. Others hoped that franchise would be limited to "educated" women, yet all men were able to vote. The liquor industry was also keen to oppose the bill. In the election which followed six weeks after the bill was passed Kate Sheppard commented that the women's vote was "indistinguishable" from that of the men's and the Liberal government was returned to power.

New Zealand is celebrating this centenary with art exhibitions of women's work, museum displays, workshops, music, recreation programmes, radio shows, the planting of gardens, statues, picnics, marches, church services, book launches, exhibitions of Maori women's work, dinners, plays ... and heaps more. I hope that South Australia will approach its celebration of women's suffrage in 1994 with as much enthusiasm.

Maria Sloggett

An APAC project produced with a grant from the Commonwealth Department of Health, Housing & Community Services.



Which one of us is gay?

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Show me! Show me! Show me!



Ah, ye olde Royal Adelaide Show. It has come and gone once again. The wastage of that rent money you couldn't quite afford. The eating of crap food. The riding of whizzy things. The playing of stupid games. The appalling ads for those wonderful parts of Adelaidian culture, the showbag. There's nothing quite like it, is there?

I very much doubt that there is a single person out there who has lived in Adelaide for more than fifteen minutes for whom the Show doesn't hold some kind of memory. Begging the parents to take you along, to pay the ridiculous entry fee, to waste so much money on you in a single day that that second mortgage begins to look really good. All of that, and some other little turd still manages to come out of it with more showbags than you.

Children seem to have an inbuilt protection to all that is truly appalling about the Show. They seem to have a strange ability to eat a dagwood dog without even beginning to wonder exactly what is inside it, or if it is animal, mineral or vegetable. Even after finally procuring the much longed after bag and seeing that it is actually crap, they still manage to think that it's the best thing in the world (at least until every single thing in it has broken). Perhaps we should admire the children of our fair city for this strange gift that the Almighty has bestowed upon them.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. We reach that certain point where the Show begins to lose its strange appeal. At first it transforms from the best week of the year to a handy social occasion to impress the object of your fourteen-year-old desires. And then it becomes something very easy to miss altogether - unimaginable to the seven-year-old you once were. The reason for this is quite clear - the Show really is rather crap.

Wander around the Show next year. Look closely at what you see. Look past the teams of happy children, skipping by, stealing one another's basketball shoes (man). Look past the irate parents taking to their kiddies with the nearest elongated solid object. Stroll down sideshow alley. Look at the people actually running those sideshows. It's kinda frightening.

Hmm. Wizened little men and women of indeterminate age, crouching behind their pathetic little games, raking in more

cash than you could possibly believe. Taking in the money, occasionally doling out a stupid little plastic thing that you never really wanted anyway. I may be jumping the gun, but when a guy can tour Australia's Royal Shows with a wading pool with about three hundred plastic Bart Simpsons floating in it, charge two dollars a go and (get this) actually make money, then something really is not right.

Say I'm going a bit too far if you like, but this really strikes me as one of the nastier sides of Western Capitalism. These evil looking individuals lurk behind their grotty little stalls, taking dosh off the unsuspecting punters. Imagine life if these horrid things took over. Go into the local supermarket, hand over a fifty and get three stuffed Garfields and a Jurassic Park figurine. Not a pleasant thought.

Then there's the food. Ah, the culinary delights at the Show. I'm sure that most of us have had over up to two hard earned dollars for seven undersized chips and a greasy paper cup. Value, kids. That's the name of the game. Not much for a lot - just the way I like to see it.

And, of course, there's the rides. The adrenalin-pumping highlight of any Show-goer's day. Pay cash (naturally) to be spun around frantically for three minutes and listen to crap techno. Frankly, I can't possibly think of a better way to while away the long hours, waiting for the fireworks to begin (Blue! Blue! Blue will get higher, boys and girls!). Christ, if you want to get dizzy and listen to crap, stay in your room, listen to KA-FM, and spin around in circles for forty-five seconds. It's cheaper. You only have to pay for the electricity.

Gee. All of this fun. And we still haven't even thought about the fun of the crowds. The entry fee is worth it for the joy of being run into by two-year-olds and have their parents shout at you alone. You can keep your rides and bags - give me a child to run into my shins and you'll keep me happy.

It's kind of sad, really. I loved the Show when I was a little tacker.

But age has wearied me, I suppose. I just can't stand the Show any more. Perhaps as you gets older, you get increasingly hard to please. Or maybe you just find it easier to work out what's crap and what's not. More likely, I think.

Dale F Adams



★ Frankly, I can't possibly think of a better way to while away the long hours, waiting for the fireworks to begin (Blue! Blue! Blue will get higher, boys and girls!).



★ Then there's the food. Ah, the culinary delights at the Show. I'm sure that most of us have had over up to two hard earned dollars for seven undersized chips and a greasy paper cup. Value, kids.

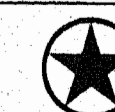


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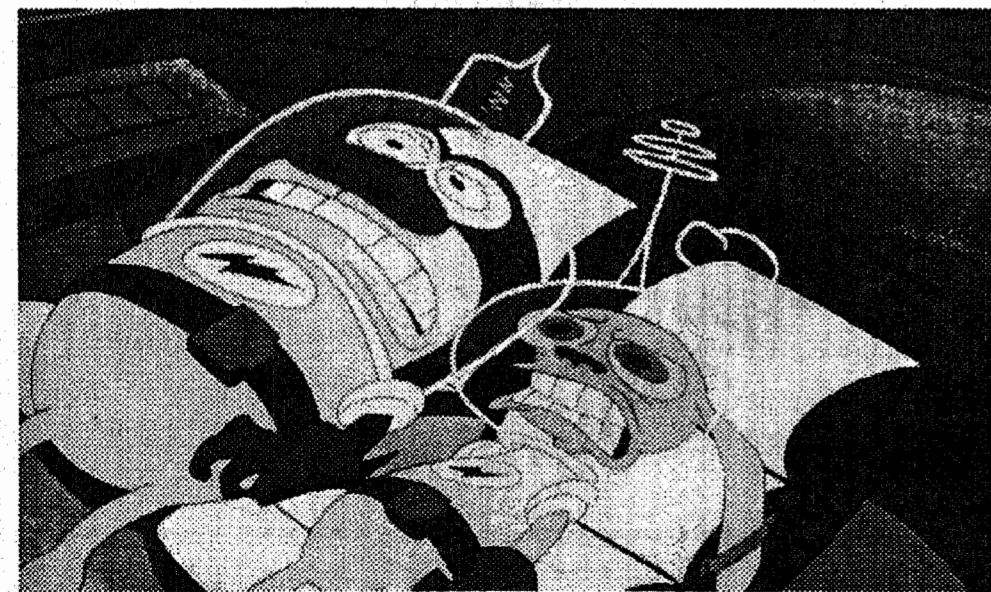
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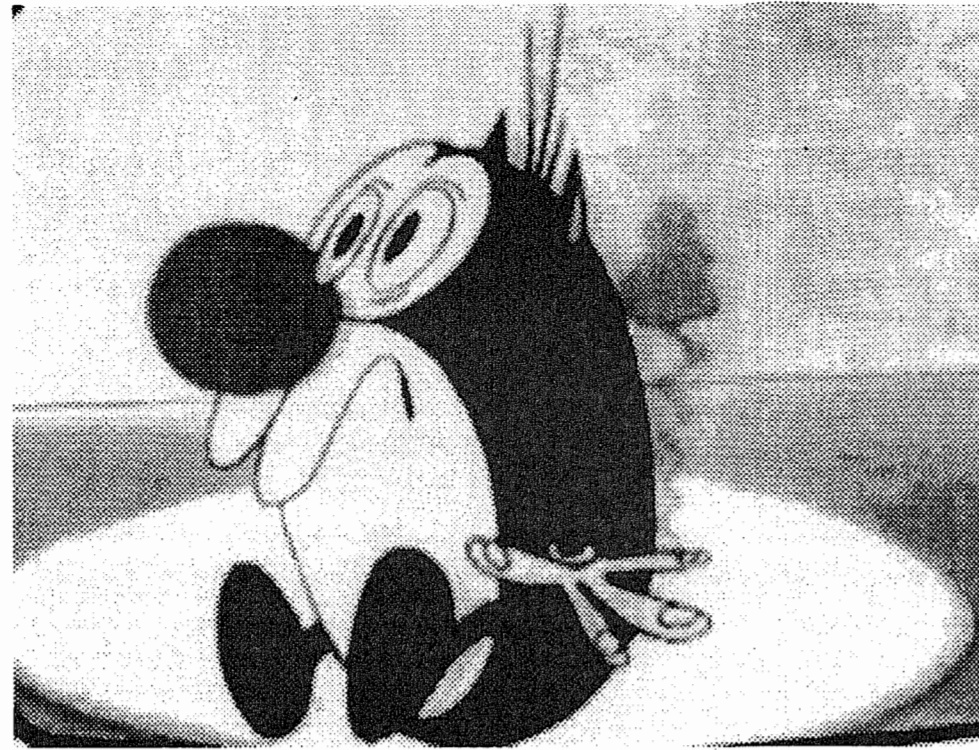
The Ren & Stimpy Show

Rohan & Evan Thompson take a look at the cartoon which is fast gaining cult status.

Channel Ten just don't know what they've got their hands on. You may have been a lucky catholic junky to switch on at 7:30 on Monday morning to catch a freak Asthmatic, hyperactive Chihuahua and his Lummox cat pal. *The Ren and Stimpy Show* is not your average before school cartoon. The level of humour is so far beyond its projected audience that it makes you wonder what the high-rollers at Ten do all day. There would appear to be a blatant ignorance at Channel Ten as to what is going on with regards to *Ren and Stimpy*. *Ren and Stimpy* is beginning to challenge the likes of *Star Trek* in the stake for the most rabid, mouth foaming fan support. The stark difference between *Ren and Stimpy* and *Star Trek* is that it wasn't until the *Star Trek* television show bit the dust did the fans finally tweek to its potential cult status. *Ren and Stimpy* has managed to attain the instantaneous episode recognition that would make the pointy eared Spock freaks look back over their Captain's Logs in mere months. If you're not watching the show or you're a Trekkie, turn on the telly. Wake up and laugh. The demographics of the sort of people who watch *Ren and Stimpy* would assault most people, particularly the heathens who still, in the face of *The Simpsons*, believe that cartoons (and comic books) are only for the purile and intellectually deficient. Fans of *Ren and Stimpy* can be found almost anywhere and they're not getting any fewer. The show was created by a man who had for quite some time believed that there was more to animation than what the general public had long perceived.



Space Madness



Stimpy's first fart

discovered "anti-gravity bubblegum" in *The Transformers*? But really its the wacky, and often too strange intricacies which really make *The Ren and Stimpy Show* such a special watch. Kricfalusi takes childlike ordeals and blows them out in mind-boggling proportions. Take for instance Stimpy's attempt to enter the Muddy Mudskipper show competition. The most spasmodic poem ever scribbled down on to paper wins the competition. How Stimpy does it remains a mystery since the cat is supposed to be more or less illiterate. The extent of Stimpy's absolute stupidity is tossed into the lime-light of breakfast time television in *Robin Hoek*. Stimpy attempts to read a story book. He finds the pictures to be attractive but when the time comes to read he's left holding a wad of paper with text that looks to Stimpy like squashed rap-dancing spiders. It's tough to work out whether the show is having a shot at illiteracy or whether, once again, Kricfalusi is just messing around with more childlike ordeals. The unsuitability of the timeslot Channel Ten has given the show is exemplified by that sort of dystopian nature. For dystopia, don't look towards *The Simpsons*, turn on *Ren and Stimpy*. It's almost tragic that *Ren and Stimpy* has been "coverted" by *The Simpsons*, but still its time slot isn't going pull a pack. It's rather strange that Ten persistently broadcast the show in this slot. In America, the show features prime-time every Saturday evening at 8:30. Merchandise sales have taken off astronomically, and the "Rude Toor" fart-sound emitting dolls of Ren and Stimpy probably take The Simpson fan-boy jocks and guff on a dash for cash. But still *The Simpsons* is worthy of its accolades, because it has brought forward a new era of tele-cartoons. Look at how cartoons have become created to captivate the more mature audiences as well as the younger ones. Recently the Mercury cinema ran an animation festival which was very popular. The cinema also frequently shows the Japanimation classic *Akira* which always fills the seats. It is obvious that people take great delight in watching contemporary cartoons.

That's where most of the appeal of the rash of high brow animation lies, faceted humour and chunky bits. The sanitised productions of the seventies are increasingly finding themselves wrapped up in one of Stimpy's fur balls and spat out. Hell, animation was nearly killed when studios the likes of Hanna-Barbera started subcontracting out half-baked, kiddie aimed lame productions. It wasn't until the likes of Matt Groening came along that things started to look better. A healthy dose of semi-realism struck the chord that was missing. The biggest gripe that exists with *The Simpsons* is that every cloud has a silver lining. Somehow by the end of each episode all the crumbling pieces of the lives of each of the Simpson's gets cleaned up, dressed down, disinfected and put back on the shelf in its perfect place. In short, the family never truly falls apart and no-one really hates anyone else. And those that do aren't taken seriously. Last week's Thanksgiving show was another of The Simpson's warm and fuzzy moralistic endings. Bart throws in the towel, runs away for a while then has a wonderful bonding session with his offended sister and the happy Thanksgiving dinner finally occurs more or less as it was originally intended, ie with everyone happy and loving each other. Last week's *Ren and Stimpy* episode couldn't be further removed from The Simpson's brand of dysfunction. At the end of *The Black Hole*, Ren and Stimpy try to make it to the transdimensional gateway by three o'clock. They make it in time but realise that they need exact change to buy a ticket on the bus that will rescue them from being eternally trapped in the alternate universe. They're booted off the bus and then discuss their options. The most likely trail of events is that they'll continue to mutate until their atoms end up scattered all over the cosmos. Stimpy comes up with the best course of action: implosion. Just as the two space travellers are about to disappear into themselves, Stimpy pulls out a pocket full of change, more than enough to buy two tickets on the transdimensional gateway bus. Stimpy's remark is "kinda ironic isn't it?" He then promptly implodes. Ren

follows suit soon after. Cue credits. There's rarely anything that remotely resembles a truly Simpsonsque happy ending. *Stimpy's Big Day* sees Stimpy return home after becoming everyone's favourite "gritty-kitty" on telly. Stimpy dumps the fame and fortune (forty seven million dollars!) to return to the good old times with his favourite, funpacked, snarly pal Ren! Although this is the only resemblance to a happy ending to date, we still never lose sight of the bond between the two pals. If you are impressed by the childish, subversive humour of *The Simpsons* then *The Ren and Stimpy Show* is for you. Set that video for 7:30 on Monday morning, or even better make an extra effort to get up in time and you'll become the coolest kid on campus. Learn the 'Log Song', know the dance to Stimpy's favourite 'Happy, Happy, Joy, Joy' song and get yourself an official Commander Hoek "Radar Decoder Ring", and you'll be hooked for life, eeeeeeeiii!

already stated, this list covers some of the best so far.

Big House Blues ...

The Ren and Stimpy pilot. Ren and Stimpy are nabbed by the dog catcher and taken to the pound. The pound is a wild party house where the inmates rage 'til dawn, then they're carted off to the gas chamber for "The Big Sleep."

Stimpy's Big Day ... The Big Shot ...

Stimpy's Big Day involves Stimpy winning a competition to appear on The Muddy Mudskipper Show. He becomes famous and fabulously wealthy. Ren is pleased to be rid of Stimpy but soon becomes sad and melancholic. Of particular note is Stimpy's Breakfast Tip which has been the only installment to date. It also contains the first reference to the Log song.

Stimpy's Story Book Land: Robin Hoek Nurse Stimpy ...

The first part of this show begins with Ren and Stimpy going to bed. Stimpy wants to hear a bed-time story and eventually ad-libs a version of Robin Hood with only Ren, Stimpy and George Liquor as the characters. Stimpy's nasal hair is a highlight.

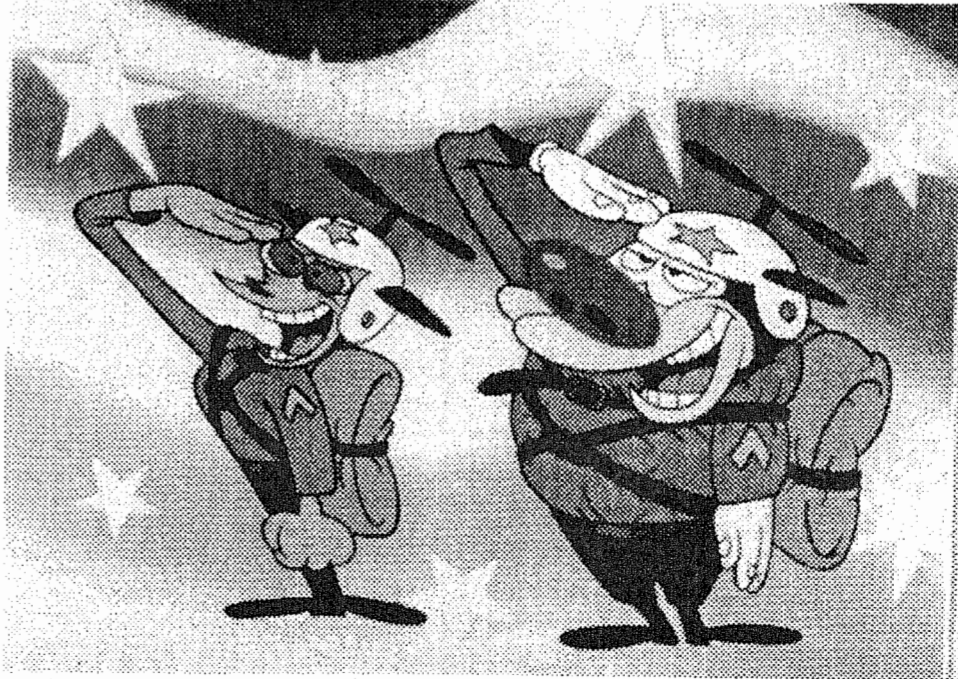
A sick Ren is cared for by Stimpy in *Nurse Stimpy*. Once Ren has recovered, he has his opportunity to exact his revenge when conversely Stimpy falls ill. Look out for Ren's tonsils.

Space Madness ... The Boy Who Cried Rat ...

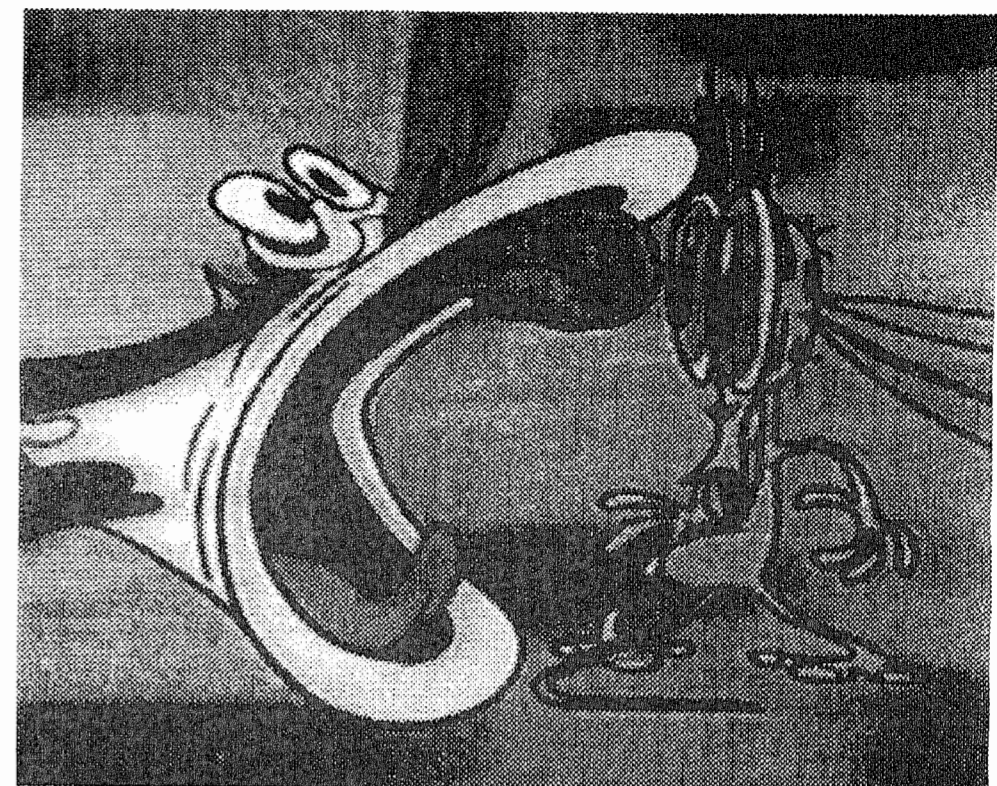
Space Madness is the definitive Ren and Stimpy show to date. Commander Hoek and Cadet Stimpy are on a 36 year space mission. Ren can't take the pressure and falls fowl of the space madness. As always, Stimpy is on the receiving end of Ren's wrath. Ren and Stimpy find a job in *The Boy Who Cried Rat*. They set up a scam whereby Ren poses as a mouse and Stimpy charges five dollars to catch him. Stimpy ends up having to eat Ren. A view of Stimpy's teeth make the show worth watching.



What's presented here is an overview of some of the Ren and Stimpy episodes in existence. The first series is shown in detail (since these are the shows that Channel Ten have just been showing) and only the best of the later shows have been mentioned. Bear in mind that there have been no "bad" cartoons to date from Spumco. The fate of the newest Ren and Stimpy episodes still resides in the hands of Nickelodeon. We may see them at some stage but as



In the Army



Stimpy barks up a hairball on Ren

Stimpy's Story Book Land: The Littlest Giant

Reputed to be one of the worst shows so far. Stimpy rescues "Wee" Ren from drought by crying giant tears. Log for Girls is included and "Ask Doctor Stupid" raises the question, "Why do parents send their kids to school?"

Fire Dogs ...

Ren and Stimpy paint themselves as dalmations and rent themselves out as fire dogs. This is one of the more conventional episodes.

Marooned ... Unfamed World ...

Marooned is another of the Commander Hoek and Cadet Stimpy shows. The space ship crash lands on a strange world and the two heroes spend the rest of the cartoon trying to survive on a very acid influenced world. Space cabbage is a favourite. *Unfamed World* places Ren as a nature show host. He investigates such creatures as the Frilled Ren and the Crocostimpy.

Black Hole ... Stimpy's Invention ...

There's more Commander Hoek and Cadet Stimpy action in *Black Hole*. Ren and Stimpy get sucked into a black hole, wind up in a parallel universe and find all the missing left socks in the universe. Eventually Ren and Stimpy implode. *Stimpy's Invention* is yet another milestone of cartoons. Stimpy irritates Ren with a series of useless inventions. The most sinister of the inventions is the happy helmet which Ren spends the rest of the show trying to remove.

The Second Season

In The Army .. Powdered Toast Man .

Ren and Stimpy pass through the enlistment process and join the forces and face the ferocity of the drill sergeant. *Powdered Toast Man* is the first epi-

sode to shift focus from Ren and Stimpy and on to another character. Powdered Toast Man spends his time saving a kitten from becoming Kitty puree on the road and manages to blitz a jumbojet whilst he's at it.

Out West ... Rubber Nipple Salesmen ...

In *Rubber Nipple Salesmen*, Ren and Stimpy once again find themselves employed, this time selling rubber nipples. They flog them off from a Good Humor truck. The problem is that everyone in the area in which they're selling is a previous character from the series. Some of those characters are Mr Horse and the victims of modern, suburban life from *The Boy Who Cried Rat*. *Out West* sees Ren and Stimpy in dust and horses romp. As opposed to *Robin Hoek*, *Out West* takes the dream ending on a new and less cliched slant.

Sven Hoek ...

Ren gets sick to the teeth of Stimpy's stupidity and eagerly awaits the arrival of his Swedish cousin, Sven. To Ren's dismay, Sven turns out to be an asthma-hound chihuahua version of Stimpy. Stimpy and Sven meld together in a bonding exercise reserved only for two like minded kinds. Sven and Stimpy get along famously by comparing bodily functions and playing their favourite board game, "Don't Whiz on the Fence."

Guest Shots

The Simpsons ...

"Brother from the Same Planet" This one was shown on *The Simpsons* instead of *Itchy and Scratchy*. Ren and Stimpy show up on a projection TV, enacting a dinner-table exchange. This episode stands as the perfect contrast between the two comparable shows of *The Simpsons* and *Ren and Stimpy*. John Kricfalusi was apparently happy with the way the show was handled.

Treat 'em mean, keep 'em keen

Jeremy Cordeaux has returned to Adelaide radio in a blaze of Advertiser publicity. The only man your grandmother trusts to tell her what is really happening in the world and the man who asks all the tough questions allowed himself to be subjected to one or two not-so-tough questions from On Dit. Colin Freason fires them at him.

Listener response to Jeremy's return to radio has been overwhelming with nary a morning passing without someone ringing in and saying how great it is to have him back on air. He was not too surprised by this as he feels he had built a rapport with his audience while broadcasting from 1976 to 1990. "People know where I'm coming from and who I am and where I've been. They've seen the worst of me and the best of me."

He started out at Sydney's 2GB in the early sixties as an office boy before beginning his broadcasting career and returned there when he left Adelaide radio in 1990 but left after disagreements with management.

"I've worked since 16 and started from the bottom. My father died and my mother raised two boys. While we never realised we were poor, I know we were poor in retrospect. But we were brought up with a positive sense of trying to succeed.

"I didn't come from a privileged background all I did was try and put as many runs on the board as I possibly could." He describes himself as an "achievement-aholic" who doesn't really like to work. "I like to achieve things. I've been at the right place at the right time and at the wrong place at the wrong time. And I know the difference. And if you happen to be in the right place at the right time grab the opportunity and do the best you can with it."

He also has his thoughts on the younger generation. He is worried that "the older generation is about to let down the younger generation as it has not let down a generation before. I would expect to hand them [the kids] either a better situation or a better world. I'm not sure that we [the older generation] are going to do that. We have let down younger people." Unemployment worries him. "You've got people wondering around and it is very hard to get a job."

He is also concerned with nose-rings

and wonders how people could get confused between their cars and their noses. "One girl rang me and said that it was an expression of freedom. But she couldn't explain to me why [they] wanted to wear one in [their] nose - I'm not even sure if she had one because she sounded too smart and she wouldn't tell me if she had one."

Regrets? He has a few. "I suppose with my family I didn't always have the time. When Kari [his wife] was with me I never stopped and told her what I was doing and why I was doing it. And ultimately, although she was intimately involved with the company I was running, didn't quite share the vision."

Cordeaux was so upset when Kari and his three children left him in 1988 he went on air at 5DN and pleaded with them to contact him.

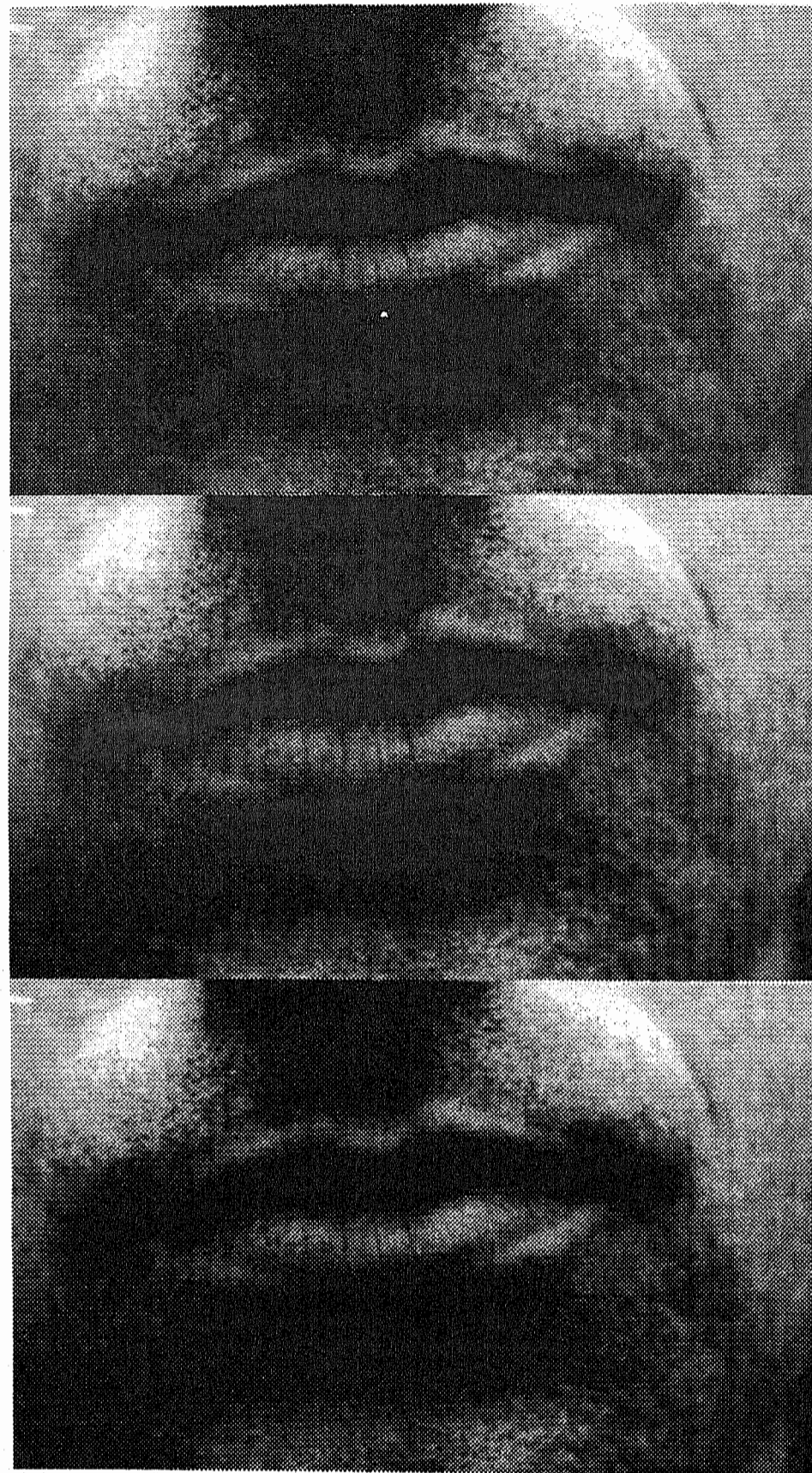
"I work on feeling. If it feels right I'll do it. Even if it doesn't stack-up." This intuition has served him well through the years. "It has worked with stories and it works with all sorts of things in my life."

Cordeaux's style, whether you like it or loathe it, does not rely on his listeners making the show. "There is a very big future for talk radio. Talk radio incorporates a lot more than just throwing open the lines and saying 'ring me and make my programme'. Audiences ... want to be provoked and polarised." He described himself as a man of "reasonable opinions" because "if you don't have reasonable opinions you're a crackpot. I want to reflect the middle view of Australia, the middle view of Adelaide. I'm certainly not a socialist, and I don't think I am a conservative. On some things I'm to the Left and on some things I'm to the Right."

"The status-quo is something that you've got to argue with. Because the status-quo seems to be becoming more and more unreasonable and out of kilter with public opinion."

Jeremy is disappointed that "the Prime Minister is spending more time worried about interior decorating the Lodge than a vision for this country. His vision for this country is to make it a republic. A republic will produce not one extra job. His vision for this country should be something that creates employment and opportunity."

Cordeaux began to broadcast on Radio 1323 in early July hosting the mid-morning talk show. He owns 1323 and 5AD which is now transmitting on 102.3 on the FM band. He has been unable to ascertain how the new formats have been received due to the non-release of the latest rat-



"One girl rang me and said that it was an expression of freedom. But she couldn't explain to me why [they] wanted to wear one in [their] nose. - Cordeaux on nose rings

ings. Their release was vetoed by SAFM, KAFM and 5AA.

The reason given was that confusion may have arisen in the minds of those who fill in the ratings booklets as 1323 and 5AD were simulcasting from midnight to dawn and were using the same news-service.

"I believe that our tracking showed us [Radio 1323 and 5AD] doing remarkably well. And I guess, cynically, I see them [SAFM, KAFM and 5AA] seeking a commercial advantage as a commercial competitor" he said. "We do our tracking and they do their tracking and

I dare say they knew as we knew that the transfer of 5AD to the FM band was very successful and 1323 was making great inroads in the AM band."

Jeremy "seized" the advantage when the federal government changed the law so that a company could own two radio stations in the same market and bought 5AD and Radio 1323. "I went out and did what I thought I had to do by virtue of the way the broadcasting industry was going to work [after the law changed]. Other people had that same opportunity."



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Touched by the hand of Godra

The Crows, Vic Bitter and Nationalism

Something very frightening is happening in Adelaide. Although it's superficial manifestation may appear quite harmless and, some may even say, normal, it's deeper, more fundamental nature threatens to erode the very foundations of South Australian egalitarianism. I am, of course, referring to the wave of Crows fever which is currently gripping our state; and although it may not be apparent to the average K.G. Cunningham-wannabe, the nature of this fervour is exceedingly parallel to that most dreaded of doctrines: Nationalism.

Ah, you may well scoff, but consider this: In his treatise, "Theories of Nationalism", A.D. Smith espouses several basic principles that constitute the core doctrines of Nationalism, summarised thus:-

1. Humanity is naturally divided into nations;
2. Each nation has its peculiar charac-

- ter;
3. The source of all power is the nation, the whole collectively;
4. For freedom and self-realisation, people must identify with a nation;
5. Loyalty to the nation overrides all other loyalties;
6. The primary condition of global freedom and harmony is the strengthening of the nation.

Now I put it to you, go back and substitute the term "football team" for the word "nation" in each of these tenets and I guarantee you will arrive at a rather uncannily accurate picture of Crow fever. For example, among its protagonists, it is simply taken as read that South Aussie equals rabid Crows supporter; and if you dare disagree then suddenly out trot the "Ah, ya (burp) bloody woman", or "ya poofter" labels. I mean, forget that we were one of the first states in the world to extend the vote to females and forget our anti-

discriminatory laws; when it comes to football, ideology is kicked out the proverbial window quicker than the downing of a tinnie.

Nationalism often rears its ugly head in times of economic change, hence with the shadow of the State Bank and burgeoning HECS debts, what better time than now to thrust forward notions like group identify, the "enemy", participation, building the "new man" (read Modra) and cultural purity upon the unsuspecting masses. These themes which persistently recur throughout the literature of nationalism are absolutely central to Crow fever.

For centuries, Nationalists have been preoccupied with symbols of solidarity and, surprise, surprise, the Crows propaganda machine has taken exactly the same tack. There's the rousing anthem ('Ere we go, 'ere we go!), the flag composed of the primary colours symbolising the quintessential nature of the club, the uniform, the sacred animal / bird totem - the list goes on. Then there's services for fallen heroes (admit it, how many of you shed a collective tear when Tony Modra when off injured in the Collingwood match a few weeks back?), an infallible head of state (Tony McGuinness, bless His soul), army-like parades when the plane arrives back from Melbourne, militarism ("The final battles begins" read *The Advertiser* 30/8/93), et cetera, et cetera ad nauseam.

Nationalism is a vision of a collective future and a pride in being part of one strong nation. Being a Crows supporter is a vision of future grand final victories and the collective pride of wearing that scarf, cheering for "our boys", proposing to your girlfriend at the final siren (witness the front page of *The Advertiser* 7/9/93) and most of all being part of the crescendoing cry of "p...o..o.f.ta!!" as the "enemy" kick off.

But, "So what?" you may say. Well, I'll tell you what: Nationalism is the antithesis of internationalism. Our politicians and leaders constantly tell us



And the crowd goes wild

superiority extends to other states, other nations, other races and in the process completely undermines the notion of equality of race, sex and culture that so many have fought to establish?

The final evidence comes from that bastion of quality journalism, *The Advertiser*, whose editor commented: "This was a football match and very much more. This is the spirit of South Australia. This is getting together, getting down to it and doing it the hard way." Please spare us!

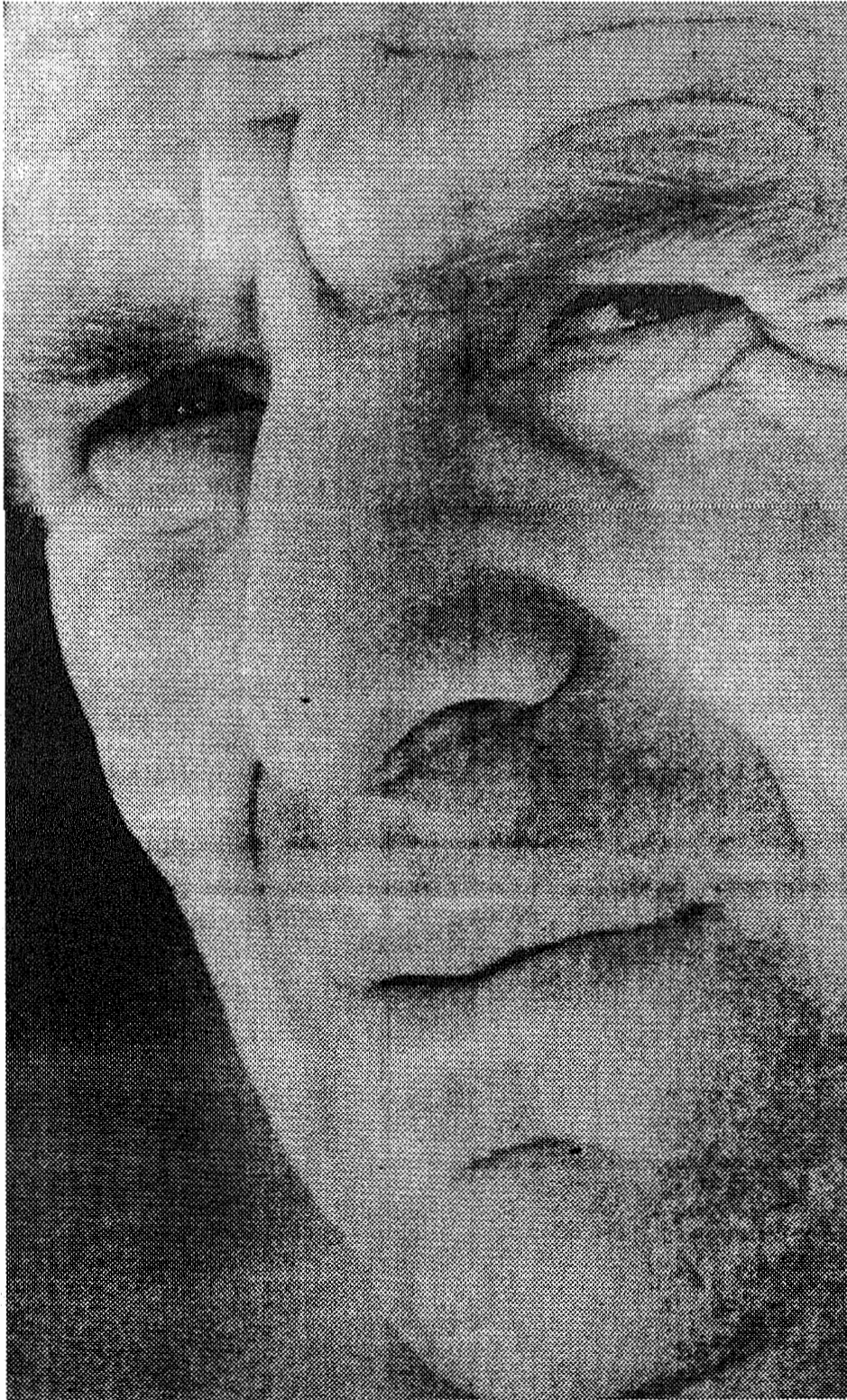
It is evident that with the Nationalist fervour of earlier this century having been swept under the carpet, the Crows have provided an outlet for such feelings to again be nurtured. Who knows when the old White Australian dogma will be trundled out again, this time under the label of the Red, Blue and Gold South Australia policy. "S.A. SALUTES CROWS" screams the headlines - I only hope that by the time you

"It is evident that with the Nationalist fervour of earlier this century having been swept under the carpet, the Crows have provided an outlet for such feelings to again be nurtured. Who knows when the old White Australian dogma will be trundled out again, this time under the label of the Red, Blue and Gold South Australia policy."

quite rightly that we must accept people irrespective of their colour, creed, religion or race, yet when it comes to football this forgotten and cultural superiority reigns supreme. Why the double standard? Furthermore, this refusal to accept the legitimacy of other teams and their legions of supporters extends into our everyday life. For example, I've heard people point-blank refusing to drink "bloody Victorian beer". How long will it be before this notion of

read this, the Crows have met their match against Carlton. But even if they do, this will only act to strengthen the blind faith, fortitude, determination and beer-swilling capacity of those inflicted with Crow fever next year. Scared? I'm terrified.

Michael P.C. Osborn



Cornes: Leader of the Pack

Goodbye to all that

Following the release of the final report from the State Bank Royal Commission, Former Premier JOHN BANNON talks about the Bank, the factions, and his University days to SAMANTHA MAIDEN.

John Bannon understands that his name will never be mentioned with out reference to the State Bank. Coming at the end of this period, it's the sort of postscript if you like to my - in inverted commas please - glittering career. The State Bank will always be mentioned. A bit like Malcolm Fraser's trousers, you know." The former Premier stops to laugh at this joke, yet the tensions of the past two years are apparent. Thirty years ago, a graduate of one of Adelaide's most elite private schools, enjoying a fame of sorts at Adelaide University, and already on his way to a political career - this fate is hardly what he must have hoped for. In the game of politics however, it is an end which participants must sometimes expect.

"Nobody who has been part of politics as long as I have... well, I first joined the Labor Party thirty years ago, as a student. And I've been involved in all the blues, and the fights, and I've been attending national conferences since the late 1960's. I've got no illusions about politics.

"So I don't expect people to come rushing 'round and saying 'Gee, you know, you've been handed a rough deal or thank you very much for all you've done'. That's not how it works.

"I don't feel bitter. But I do wish I could have concluded this stage in a more orderly or better way. It's been pretty messy."

In discussing his career Bannon is alternately hopeful that the march of history will reveal a fuller list of events that characterised his Premiership, or philosophical about the nature of politics. When discussing his recent past, most of all he sounds plain tired.

For Bannon, the finale of his parliamentary career has been an undignified end to a seemingly golden career. Thirty years ago he was at the beginning, including a year as Editor of the student paper On Dit.

"In those days of course On Dit was sold. It was on an honour system, but part of your budget had to be the three pennies that you got from buyers. And I always thought it wasn't a bad discipline, because if you put out a crook issue no one would be interested."

Politics was never far away. "On Dit's had its hairy moments. I can well remember an occasion when the then Attorney General, Don Dunstan, called around to my flat in the early hours of a Sunday morning carrying a copy of On Dit and absolutely livid about an absolutely outrageous article that had

been written. I was the President by this time, and so sort of responsible. Obviously he didn't want to sue a student paper, but it was actionable. "So he was confronted with me in dressing gown and pyjamas, and I'd had a late night the night before. I had to charge out and see my editors to get them to organise appropriate apologies. Because they were caught cold on that one."

Bannon's involvement with the Labor Party began at Adelaide University. A healthy crop for the ALP during that period, his fellow students of the time included Chris Sumner, Peter Duncan and Gordon Bilney. It must have been a lively Labor Club.

"We were still regarded with suspicion. I went to the Party Secretary in those days, Marty Nichols, who became a federal member later. They'd been complaining that the renegades at University had been using the Labor name with the Labor Club and giving it a bad name. So I went to him with a proposition. I said look, we're quite happy to be part of the mainstream. Why don't you have a sub branch on the University campus? And the Labor Club can be part of the University sub branch and thereby the Party. Oh, well! That was the worst thing I could have suggested. He said 'I don't want you ratbags, arty, etc'. 'You go through the sub branches.'

"It caused a huge row. But we were very useful to them. Because at this stage Whitlam was persona non grata with them, and they wouldn't invite him to anything. He was right off side with the South Australian branch. So the Labor Club actually invited him to meetings so he had an excuse to come to South Australia. And they couldn't do anything about it."

Today, universities seem much less tur-

"I'm not bitter. Because I'm a realist. I mean politics is about, depending on how you define it, the art of the possible. But it's really sort of human nature in the raw."

bulent places. Perhaps it is the fact students are paying for degrees as opposed to being sent to war. The shrinking job market is another factor Bannon offers. Or it may be too much curricular and not enough extra.

"Campus activism is very much more constrained than it used to be. And it is in the large part the tyranny of the as-



ignment. I think we've gone too far in requiring massive student workloads instead of getting students to develop, and create."

Not all of the alliances Bannon forged with his university peers have stood the test of time, or politics. When Chris Kenny's critical account of the Bannon years - *State of Denial* - appeared, Federal Labor MP Peter Duncan had penned the scathing foreword. He wrote, "What is now available for all to see is Bannon's whole approach to his premiership - an approach based on the 'small state mentality'... on the parochial... on an inferiority complex." They must have known each other for thirty years. But ambitions, factions, and uranium make for a lot of water under the bridge.

"We were on the same side of many an issue over the years. I don't know that I really want to go into that. I mean he's had his say. And perhaps one day I'll have mine."

Bannon pauses for a moment. "But I certainly wanted to have Peter as a member of our team in opposition, and in government. And, it's always been my view that he either didn't think we were going to make it into government or he was not going to have the freedom to do the things he wanted in a government led by me, or, just didn't want to serve

under me. "The big break up we had, in 1981 or 1982, was ostensibly around that sort of issue. I always claim he was the aggressor. And I responded. I guess he'd say the opposite. But we have found it difficult to see eye to eye on issues and events since then."

The campus Labor Club probably provided a beginners course in factions. In later years Bannon must have picked up enough experience to write a fine thesis. He is cagey about them though.

"I don't mind talking about them. I won't say very much."

Bannon presided over a remarkable period in South Australian political history. As he ascended to the Premiership, this state's ALP branch underwent fundamental change.

"In South Australia the factionalisation of the party really occurred as a reaction to, as I would see it, Left organisation in the late seventies. We'd been virtually faction free. It was unique. It meant South Australia was pretty powerful too because we had a block of voters that were flexible. We didn't go to national conferences locked into one or other camp.

"Once we became factionalised, we of course squandered that. That mass, because we don't act as a unit anymore."

"Particularly after the 1979 election, the Left nationally decided to get themselves organised in South Australia. They saw the branches as ripe for the picking because we'd just had an electoral defeat. There was a bit of turmoil here, we were having a committee of inquiry into the party. And there was a reaction against the old style where things were far too tightly controlled, centrally. So I think the members of the Left thought 'Right, this is our

big chance, we can capture this branch' - as they had in Victoria. And the moves were on. The reaction to that, really, is what spawned the Centre Left."

The Centre Left went on to consolidate as a faction and have national significance, from the beginning supporting Bannon.

"There were a lot of us, and I say 'us' because although I've never been a formal member of the faction, I was if you like, loosely affiliated in political affiliation with it - we were not prepared to support the Left, but equally were not prepared to support the Right, particularly as personified by the NSW Right."

"I was never directly involved in the faction. I believed as leader of the party it was not appropriate that I belonged to faction. In fact I saw my role as acting as a kind of bridge between the factions. When it was necessary. But there was no question that when the chips were down the Centre Left was always ready to block in behind me. At one stage the Left had some dominance at the branch, and we had some pretty big rows at conferences. The Centre Left always swung behind me in the end."

No amount of factional support could save him post State Bank. Following the release of the final report of the State Bank Royal Commission he remains difficult to draw on what his 'mistakes' were.

"Well, that's cost \$35 million dollars to sort out that very question. Not just what I know, but how did it happen. It's all in the relevant chapters of the report. The debate has been distorted because the first report came out well ahead of the others and sat there, isolated."

Always the politician, Bannon is ready to refute those who have criticised his

Pictures: JESSE REYNOLDS

judgement, or refer to what they describe as his debt 'legacy'. His years as Premier have left him with a politician's words and rhythm. It is more than apparent when he defends his record.

"I had a listen to a Liberal in Parliament yesterday talking about debt. And how debt had increased from the time of Dunstan through to Playford and so on and so on. That's absolute nonsense. Indeed, in the balmy days of Playford debt was in some cases above fifty per cent of our gross state profit. It's now, even with the State Bank impact, around twenty four per cent. And we got it down to fifteen per cent. The Tonkin Government, of which this was a minister, actually was presiding over debt levels as high as we have today. So I do not accept the argument that this state has suddenly been crippled with a debt that historically it's not been able to handle. Historically it's still low. Now that's a hard message to get across in the current climate."

Bannon's days as a great force in the ALP are over. He is planning a Ph. D. thesis, and looking towards the next stage in his life.

"Just how I fit in, I don't know at this stage. I've got to let that work through." As I am leaving he picks up a copy of the morning newspaper from my bag and waves disparagingly at the headline. "Look, I know how they work. The average punter will look at this and see '19 face State Bank probe' and look down at this," he says pointing to a large photograph of himself, "and think 'Bannon! I thought so'. It's not until you get right into the paper that is says 'cleared'."

"And this" he opens the paper and taps at a comment piece. "Here, it says 'Bannon was treasurer and premier, and conse-



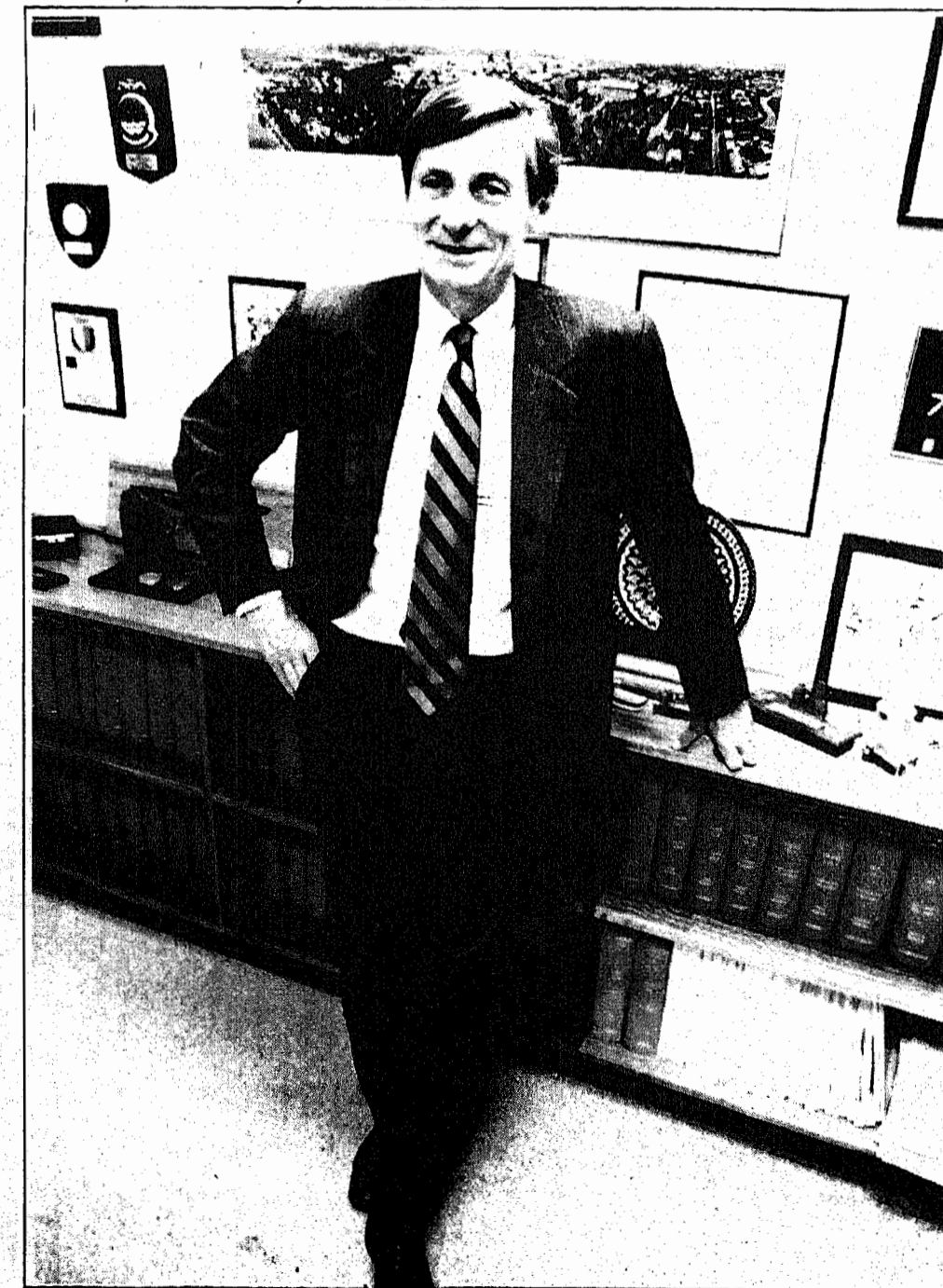
L: Bannon in 1961 R: Thirty years later, resigning as Premier. Photographs reproduced courtesy of The Advertiser

quently, had the ultimate say on the bank's operations when it collapsed.' I mean, the whole point of the Commission is that they say this just isn't so. It's as if all of this, as if nothing has happened."

He admits a low regard for journalists.

"I don't think highly of it as a profession. I think it is too easy to act unprofessionally. You know, Woodward and Bernstein did enormous damage because they got everybody excited into thinking that - shock, horror - deep throat journalism was the way to go. Whereas Hunter S. Thompson on the other hand did an enormous favour because that satirises itself.

"It's not just a factor of youth. Canberra



Fantasticks

Sadly, these Fantasticks aint. The director and backbone of the South Australian Youth Theatre Company Kris Stewart has once again bitten off a huge mouthful in mounting this superb musical, but this time his eyes are bigger than his stomach.

Lyricist Tom Jones and composer Harvey Schmidt's "Fantasticks" is America's longest running show and is still going strong at 33. It is a natty reworking of "Romeo and Juliet" in which the "Montagues" and "Capulets" love each other and can't wait for "Juliet" (Luisa) and "Romeo" (Matt) to get hitched. So they build a wall between their adjoining farms and orchestrate a feud, hoping that by blocking the kid's love, they will cause it to flourish. Such artificiality is the down-

fall of the lover's passion and they both must go through trying journeys before rediscovering each other. Some superb songs, especially "Try to Remember", some devastatingly witty dialogue and some cunning but not overblown Shakespearean references (Othello, Henry V, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet and even a little Triolus and Cressida), merge into one great night.

The show is simplicity itself, a real chamber affair, needing but six players, three musicians and one piece of seting. In his realisation of this undorned recipe, Kris Stewart has overegged the pudding, and the result is a scramble which in the confines of Theatre 62's Chapel is too busy and deafening. The whole concept is too big and over-engineered and gets in the way of

the unaffected and affecting messages that are begging to be brought out.

Jon Bode once more plays his exuberant mid-western naïve juvenile lead that we saw last in "Merrily We Roll Along" earlier this year. Accurate and positive his work may be, but he is effortlessly out-acted by Kris Stewart as Matt's father Bellamy. He is well-partnered by Michael Denholm as Luisa's father Bellamy who, though at times a bit screamy, produced the best singing of the night.

All three should have taken a leaf out of Kerry Sampson's book, who was prepared to relax and let the show do much of the work. Miss Sampson sang clearly and was in tune quite often. Lee Harrison demonstrated a fine rich baritone, and after a shaky start settled

down into a clear if only vaguely threatening impersonation of evil as El Gallo. Lea Riley as the Mute provided a subtle and delicate silent descant of commentary throughout. Angela Snowball's choreography was as distracting as it was unnecessary, and in the main pianist Michelle Pfiztner coped with the demanding score, only occasionally succumbing to the temptation to slow down, and infrequently letting the ensemble slip.

Uneven though this production may be, it still represents an opportunity to see an energetic representation of this sublime piece.

James Mullighan

Harry's Christmas

At some point in our lives we all experience what it is to feel lonely, to feel as if the only person in your life who cares about you is you. The desperation and futility of loneliness is dealt with beautifully in Steven Berkoff's one man play "Harry's Christmas". Dealt with in a similar fashion is La Mama's production of this play.

Under the direction of Andrew Garsden, Brian Godfrey plays the friendless yet

denying Harry with heart-wrenching conviction. Set on what is possibly the world's smallest stage, Harry shares with us his pain and hopefulness as he struggles with his loneliness during the five days before Christmas. With what is sometimes an awkward intimacy between actor and audience you can't help but share in Harry's emotions.

Rather than the usual absurdist style of theatre used with Berkoff's plays Andrew Garsden has employed a more

naturalistic presentation with "Harry's Christmas" and it works. Brian Godfrey manages to hold his audience captive for the full one hour and forty minutes (no break) with a performance we can believe and empathise with. Awkward moments when talking with old friends who don't remember him are contrasted humorously with desperate moments of solitude and anguish. By incorporating traditional but subtle comic techniques, we are provided with moments

of mirth in what could so easily be a dimly bleak and depressing production.

Berkoff is arguably one of the greatest absurdist writers to date and "Harry's Christmas" one of his best plays. Andrew's production does not sell it short in any way and credit is due to both he and Brian for producing yet another La Mama gem.

Ben Fitzgerald

The heart is a lonely hunter

Is there a perfect partner for everyone? How do we meet the man/woman of our dreams - through friends, bars, dating agencies, personal ads, at work or across a crowded room? And what is a "successful relationship" anyway?

Personals, a new play written by Roxxy Bent and presented by Vitalstatistix Theatre Company, takes a light-hearted look at the serious business of match-making and the eternal theme of loneliness versus happiness.

Vitalstatistix Theatre Company works from a feminist perspective and is renowned for diverse, original and adventurous productions. For *Personals*, Roxxy Bent conducted research with many of Adelaide's introduction agencies and other "support" organisations where single folk often go to meet that "special someone". Her witty and entertaining script avoids poking fun at the industry itself, but will give audiences a chance to laugh at the universal "finding a mate" urge.



Are you looking for that "Special Someone"?

Personals plays at Waterside, 11 Nile St. Port Adelaide from September 24th. Watch this space for a review.

Express yourself

Contribute to
Elle Dit

The women's edition of On Dit arrives October 18. Contributions are needed from all women. Put your articles, letters, reviews, artwork, photography, cartoons etc. in the Elle Dit boxes in the SAUA, the women's room, or the many other places around campus or drop them into the On Dit office by Wednesday October 13.

SO I MARRIED AN AXE MURDERER



So I Married An Axe Murderer is director Thomas Schlamme's new film. His previous credits include many cable and network television series such as *The Rowan Atkinson Comedy Special*, *The Wonder Years*, *Whoopi Goldberg: Direct from Broadway*, and many music videos. Considering his cable television background, it comes as not much of a surprise at all that *Axe Murderer's* central protagonist is Mike Myers of *Wayne's World* fame.

A brief Synopsis:

Charlie Mackenzie (Mike Myers) has had his share of bad luck with women, including Sherri the kleptomaniac (to this day Charlie can't find his cat), Jill, who turned out to be a member of the Mafia, and Pam who smelled like soup, an olfactory offense that quickly put the kibosh on Charlie's ardor. Thank God all these shortcomings became apparent to Charlie - if to no one else before things went too far. Before he had made a commitment he couldn't back out of. Before he had stumbled into ... marriage! Because to Charlie, the "M" word is just one step away from that fate foretold in the chilling phrase: "Till death do us part."

But now Charlie has met Harriet

Michaels (Nancy Travis), and things are different. She's smart and sexy. She runs "Meats of the World", her very own butcher shop in San Francisco. She's crazy about Charlie. This time, he's determined to overcome the apprehensions that have sabotaged his past relationships; this time he's ready for some commitment. Sure, she might have some shortcomings, but so what? After all those other women in his life, what's the worst she could be?

An axe murderer?

Despite his best intentions not to find fault with his new love, Charlie begins to suspect that Harriet might be the very killer he's been reading about in the tabloids - a woman who marries, then minces her husbands. It makes a person think twice about wedlock.

To play Charlie - an aspiring poet with a fear of commitment - producers Fried and Woods chose Mike Myers because they felt he "...possesses certain character traits that are similar to Charlie, most notably his reluctance to accept things at face value", according to Fried. Myers decided to do *So I Married An Axe Murderer* because "I really liked the script, especially the concept of fear of marriage. It's scary, so I thought it would naturally lend itself to being a

thriller. Charlie is a real romantic and very innocent. He has the heart of the poet and he wants to get married, but he's the kind of guy who's afraid that if he gets married, he's going to die. Then he meets the girl that he could finally marry and, yes, she will kill him!"

Playing Harriet, who has no idea her new love thinks she just might be wielding a cleaver in the home as well as in the butcher shop, is Nancy Travis, who made her film debut in *Three Men and a Baby*, then followed it with *Internal Affairs*, *Air America*, and recently starred in the Hollywood remake of *The Vanishing* opposite Jeff Bridges and Kiefer Sutherland. Several other quirky characters also feature in the film, including Tony Giardino, Charlie's best friend and a member of the San Francisco Police Department, played by Anthony LaPaglia, Harriet's sister Rose, and Charlie's father, played by Mike Myers by using the split-screen process and over three and a half hours of prosthetic makeup before every scene. The film is set in San Francisco, and perhaps could best be described as a "comedy/thriller/romance". Anyway, you can go along and judge for yourself, because On Dit has very kindly been given 300 (count them - 300!!) tickets to give away to a special screening of *So I Married An Axe Murderer* on Friday, September 24 at Hoyts Regent Cin-

emas, at 11:30pm. Admission is free with presentation of the coupon on this page. Excellent!

Sarah Whitney

"My, that's mighty Big Hair you've got, son."



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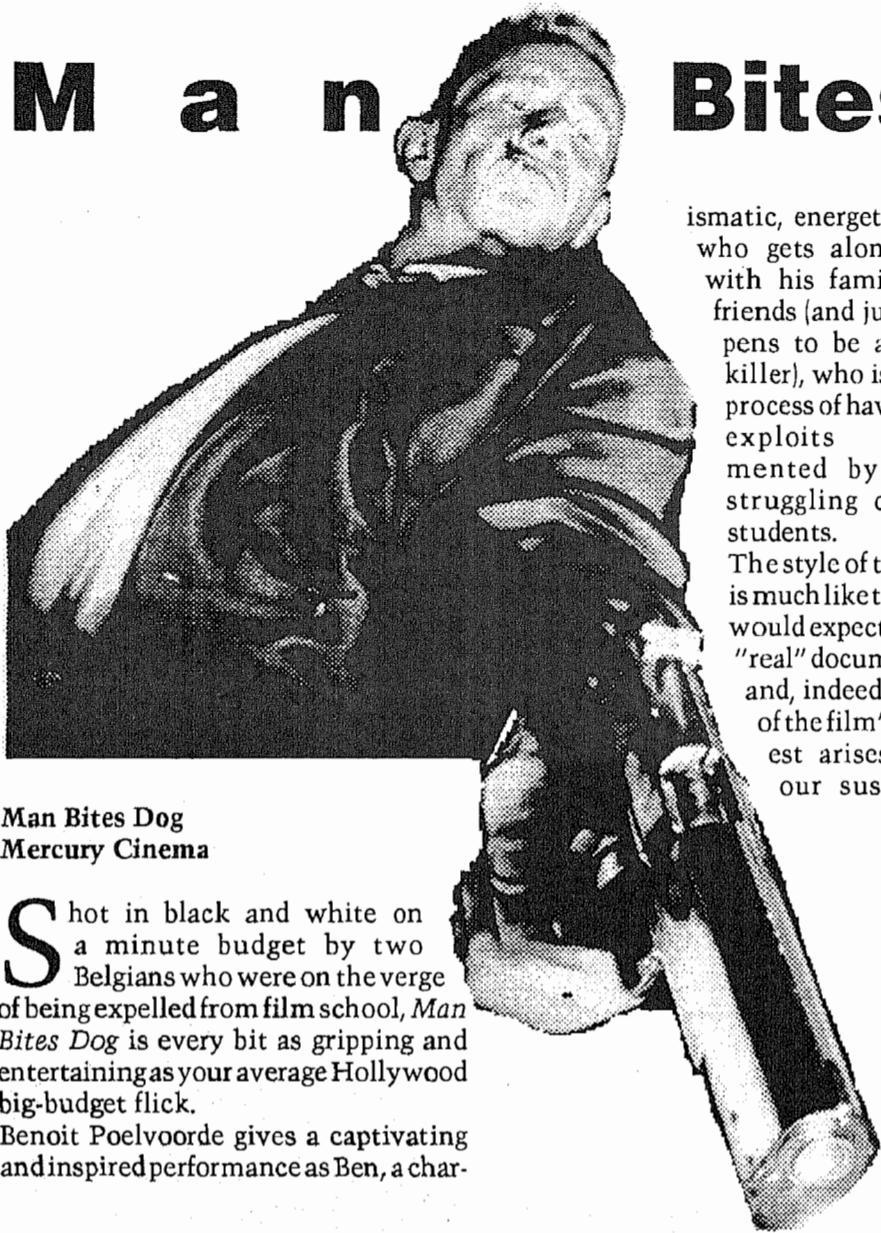
SO I MARRIED AN AXE MURDERER

AXE-WIELDING FREEBIE FRENZY!!!

If you and your friend are one of the first 300 people at Hoyts Regent Cinemas at 11:30pm on Friday, September 24th you can see *So I Married An Axe Murderer* for free!. Yes, that's right, for free - but you must present this very attractive coupon at the door.

*Remember - no ticket, no start!

M a n Bites Dog



Man Bites Dog
Mercury Cinema

Shot in black and white on a minute budget by two Belgians who were on the verge of being expelled from film school, *Man Bites Dog* is every bit as gripping and entertaining as your average Hollywood big-budget flick.

Benoit Poelvoorde gives a captivating and inspired performance as Ben, a char-

ismatic, energetic man who gets along well with his family and friends (and just happens to be a serial killer), who is in the process of having his exploits documented by three struggling cinema students.

The style of the film is much like that you would expect from a "real" documentary and, indeed, much of the film's interest arises from our suspicion

that Ben's grisly practises may not be far removed from some warped reality. It should be said at this point that this is a *very* violent film, but rather than constituting a gratuitous distraction, the violence in *Man Bites Dog* is very much the focal point of the film. As Remy Belvaux and Andre Bonzel (the film's directors) point out, "documentary" shows such as *Cops* and *Hard Copy* not only portray significant levels and amounts of violence, they also rely on it for the appeal; they observe that "the *Cops* camera crew are wearing bullet-proof jackets and going on more criminal things with more killing because the public wants more".

In the film, the camera crew not only accompany Ben on his excursion into homicide, they also spur him on (if only indirectly at first), rely on him to fund their movie with ill-gained loot and eventually even become involved in the murders. The point that Bonzel and Belvaux seem to be making is that the media not only report violence but also serve to encourage it. Pretentious arty crap, I hear you saying, but *Man Bites Dog* is far more than a set of clever ideas; Ben is a genuinely funny character and the film succeeds in forcing the

viewing audience into a certain kind of perverse complicity. While Ben's actions seem too bizarre and immoral to be real, he is one of the most perfectly believable and genuinely likeable characters I have seen grace the silver screen and I personally found myself sympathising with him and almost hoping he could continue to avoid the authorities.

Some of the film's most touching moments occur when Ben visits his family who are the actor's actual family and were completely unaware of the context in which these episodes were to appear. While some of the events in the film seem a little contrived, such as an episode in which Ben playfully "shoots" two children with their own toy gun, the film has much to offer and can be enjoyed on any number of levels. However, Bonzel and Belvaux claim that "we think people aren't stupid", and *Man Bites Dog* is an intelligent film that has much to say about the fine line between the reporting of news and the exploitation of human tragedy for mass entertainment. This is an enjoyable film in many ways: shocking, through-provoking, but above all, entertaining.

Jeremy Mackinnon

It's three in the morning and your Macintosh screen looks like this. What are you going to do?

Don't get out the razor blades when your essay stuffs up, call the 24hr Macintosh emergency breakdown service. We'll come to you no matter how far away you are, at any time of the day or night, no matter how small the problem is. Cheap rates for Students → Call 212 4222 → If no answer, page us by dialling 016 080 and quoting the number 846 817 (Jesse), or 843 791 (Dave). Leave your name and number, and we'll call you straight back. Another virtual artists thing.

Nursery Balls, or is it the Fire Crimes

So, what do you get when two of Australia's more inspiring guitar bands get together to do a national tour to support the release of their new mini albums? Well, Nursery Crimes and the Fireballs have decided that we're getting 'A Ticket to Riot'. I spoke to Phil Rose from Nursery Crimes about the new release, the tour, and because they were too busy at the hair salon to show up, the Fireballs. Naturally we started with Nursery Crimes impressive new CD.

P.R.: "It just came out recently, it's called *Something's Wrong With Our Heroes*, it's technically a mini-album, six tracks." No, the title's got nothing to do with Nirvana after all. "It's a loose reference to the fact that it's hard to have anything to believe, it's hard to find anything to believe in, that's the underlying theme." Recently a few hiccups saw the band gain two new members, a change that's been all for the best according to Phil.

P.R.: "Anyone that sees the band now will see how much better it is, much more full on live, a lot heavier sound, more how we wanted it." The record-

ing is also more powerful than their other recent work, and they appear very happy. "I don't mind some of the stuff on *Fun Hurts*, but I think this one sits a lot better. We tried to diversify, one of the songs, 'Demand the impossible', has that Helmet-esque drum thing at the start.

We had a lot more to do with the production and final outcome this time. It was recorded basically live, no ridiculous overdubs. It was done fairly cheaply, too. The amount of money we spent would be affordable to most young bands, and I think it sounds cool. It shows you don't need some ridiculous fucking record deal or copious amounts of money to make a good record, that's bullshit."

Lyrically, Nursery Crimes are fairly introspective and personal this time around, but fortunately they've printed the lyrics on the insert for easy access.

P.R.: "This will sound a bit funny, 'A Thousand Days' is actually about being frustrated being with people who are waiting to buy drugs, getting annoyed being with them, it's really frustrating, 'cause I don't do that sort of

shit."

The national "Ticket To Riot Tour" sees Nursery Crimes and the Fireballs visiting Adelaide on the 23rd and 24th of September.

P.R.: "Yeah, I came up with that name, a little bit of a pun on the old Beatles song... but this whole tour came about because we played with the Fireballs in Adelaide, about six months ago, and the idea was hatched at that gig. We also don't really want to pigeon hole ourselves by only playing with supposedly similar sounding bands. The Fireballs are quite different to us, but we're both good heavy live bands. It's hard to not like the Fireballs when you see them, they're one of my favourite Australian live bands. Joey plays double bass, he has to actually pluck those bass strings, that's incredibly fatiguing. (Not to mention the fact that he tends to stand on it at the same time!) Matt can play that kind of Rockabilly/ R&B guitar but he's a really good metal guitarist too, that real crunchy stuff. He's got pretty varied tastes! I've heard someone call them death-metal-psychobilly, or something. We like to think of our-

selves as a pretty good live band, and the Fireballs certainly are, it makes a good coupling."

An underage show is a welcome feature of the Adelaide leg of the tour.

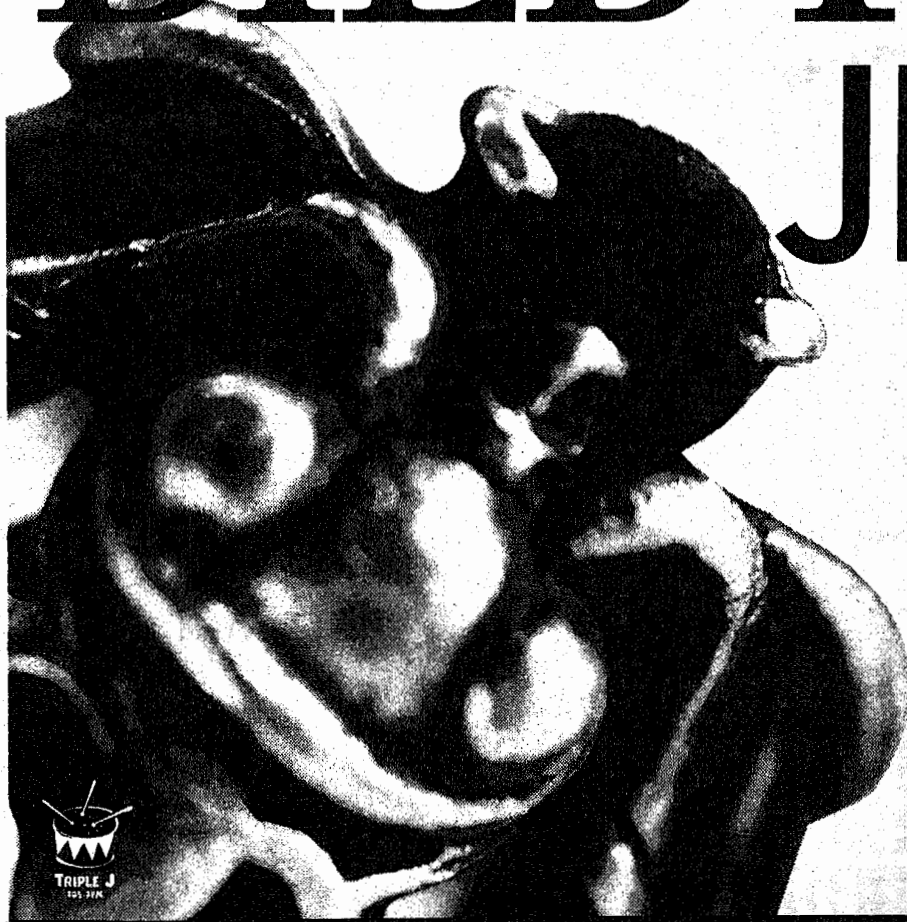
P.R.: "We're doing a number on the tour, it's really cool that we can do one in Adelaide. We're playing an early set for an underage crowd, and a licensed show later. I think it's unfair to discriminate against someone because they're under 18, it's like saying 'no women allowed' or something." (Phil strenuously denied that it was a good way to meet young girls.)

You can catch the Fireballs and Nursery Crimes at Lennies tavern on Thursday, 23rd of September, and at Le Rox on the 24th, and get your little brother or sister along early for the all ages show as well! Nursery Crimes' "Somethings Wrong With our Heroes" and The Fireballs' "Fall of the Damned" are currently available through MDS. Go on, it should be a riot ...!

Daniel Kearney

JJJ and DB present

DIED PRETTY JELLYFISH dm three



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NOMEANSNO



Nomeansno hail from Victoria B.C., Canada. Despite the relative isolation, they've released about ten albums, most on Jello Biafra's Alternative Tentacles label, and have gained world wide respect for their ability to make unique, powerful music, and to write some absorbing lyrics. John Wright spoke to me about the enigma that is Nomeansno, and more importantly, their foray to Adelaide with D.O.A. So, a lot of people classify them as hardcore. Are they?

J.W.: "I wouldn't say hardcore, no, we grew up listening to the Ramones, that's what really got us going, we liked the energy involved. We wanted to do things different though, and we started out with just drums and bass, so we had to be a little more inventive. Ever since we've been linked up with a jazz/hardcore moniker. I guess it is sort of like that, but we just do what we do. We're always trying to change things and do something a little different." Nomeansno have always revolved

around John and Rob Wright, but guitarist Andy Kerr played a major part in the band, particularly the 'Wrong' album. His departure didn't set the band back too much, though.

J.W.: "On the last record, my brother John played all the guitar and bass. Now we've brought in Tom Holsten, from a band called the Showbusiness Giants, so he'll be the guitarist for this tour, and from here on in, I hope. Andy was great, but he just got tired of it and found someone he really liked in Amsterdam, so he called it quits and moved there."

And the new album, Why do they call me Mr. Happy?

J.W.: "It's a good record, it's becoming one of our most popular, people seem to be liking it. It's getting more airplay in the States, which is a very tough market to crack."

I always find if I'm in the same room as my little brother for too long, my thoughts always drift to homicide. How do the Wrights cope on extended tours?

J.W.: "It can be a little gruelling. When Andy left we had quite a lot of time off, without a guitarist we couldn't tour. We have another band called the Hanson Brothers, so we took that out on the road, and that went really well. Being brothers we're used to wanting to kill each other, but at the same time finding a common ground and getting along. When the Australian/New Zealand thing came up we just said 'Yeah!', we jumped at it."

The Hanson Brothers play really cool dumb punk rock, mainly about hockey, girls and beer, sort of the antithesis of Nomeansno. Are Adelaide audiences likely to be treated to any Hanson magic?

J.W.: "There's a couple of songs that were written for the Hanson Brothers that ended up being Nomeansno songs, but we don't really play songs from the actual record."

What, not even 'Blitzkrieg Hops', the distorted version of the Ramones' 'Blitzkrieg Bop', inspiration to home brewers

everywhere?

J.W.: " (Hefty chuckle...) Maybe as an encore joke, perhaps..."

An interview with Nomeansno once had them musing about the fact that many punk bands, and those that sing about the torment in their life and so on, are actually from a middle class background.

J.W.: "It is an odd phenomena - Victoria, where we come from, is not particularly affluent but there's not a lot of strife or hunger, and yet it's a real hotbed for all sorts of hardcore and punk rock. It's weird, you have all these young kids screaming about society when in fact they're actually in a real soft spot, a cosy atmosphere really. I don't know why that occurs."

Nomeansno and D.O.A. both have a lot to say in their songs, and while D.O.A. tend to be straight down the line with their opinions, Nomeansno tend to be a little more subtle, perhaps even obscure.

J.W.: "It's a really good bill, we both get along really well, and like you say, we both have something we feel needs to be said, it's great that way. It's true, D.O.A. are a little more straightforward about it, but I think that's what complements the two so well."

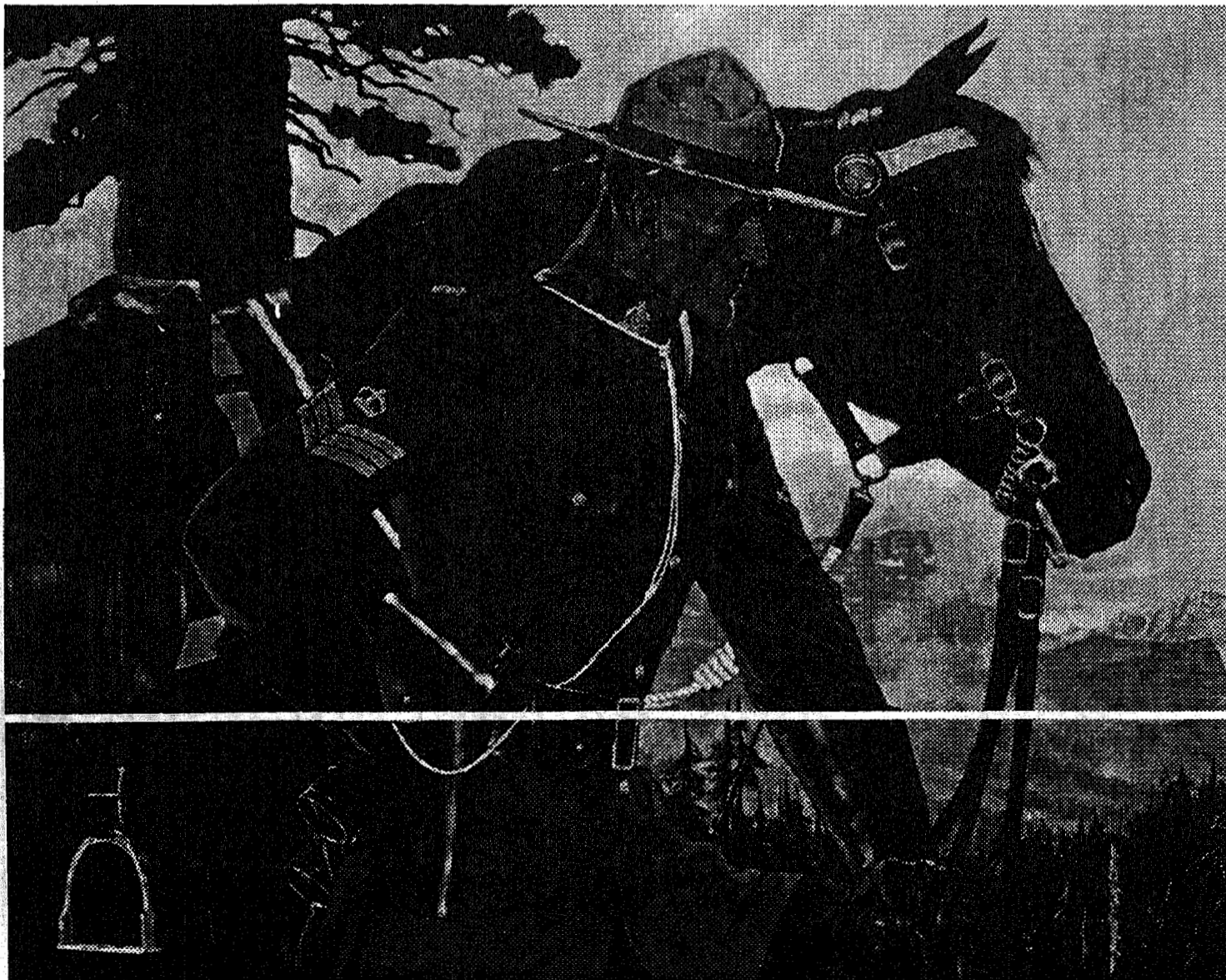
After hearing some gruesomely entertaining ice hockey stories from Joey from D.O.A., I thought I'd try my luck again, and see if a Nomeansno team existed.

J.W.: "No, but I think I might try and work myself into the D.O.A. murder squad. You wouldn't want to play against them, but playing with them would be a good thing. Joey's an animal, you put skates on him and he's a maniac - he likes to check! They played the Vancouver Police at one point... that was good fun!"

Ouch! I almost feel sorry for them. So what can we expect from Nomeansno on stage?

J.W.: "In the live show? We just play really loud! Often louder, sometimes faster - we have a bad habit of picking up our tempos when we get in front of people. It's a common complaint that our records are not quite so aggressive or rocking as our live show. Live, it's a little rawer, a little more aggressive, a little tighter and *definitely* a lot louder!"

Nomeansno play one show at the Tivoli Hotel with D.O.A., Front End Loader and Where's the Pope? on Sunday 19th September. It's an early show, from 4 - 8 pm.



Daniel Kearney

D.O.A. Beating M.O.R. Radio to Death

"Geez, you're lucky, you get to speak to Joey, a living legend!" said the voice on the phone. "He's been around forever, he's seen it all, done it all, he's even going bald! He's up there with Jello Biafra. I'll pass you on to him - got a pen ready?"

An unusual start to an interview, and high praise indeed, but very hard to argue with. Speaking to Joey 'shithead' Keithly from legendary Canadian hardcore band D.O.A. is certainly interesting. D.O.A. have always been at the forefront of intelligent punk bands who can convincingly attack all that's fucked up in society, and act on those intense feelings. Even after fifteen years (minus about two years recently when the band broke up) the intensity hasn't diminished at all, neither has the ferocious musical assault, or the outspoken political stance. Any intelligent thought can lead to a criticism of preaching, but Joey's not too concerned.

"Oh yeah, some people think we're full of shit, some people don't think politics should be part of music, but I've always said fuck that - if you can have actors become president of the United States, then why can't musicians go out and say what they want? When I was a kid, I got a lot of influence from listening to late sixties/early seventies protest songs, and all the stuff happening with the Vietnam war, and I always thought there were two types of bands - one that went out and just entertained, or one that went out and entertained, but had a lot to say too. I've always leaned towards the latter. It's good to be completely mindless sometimes, it's the most fun way to make music sometimes, but we can't do it all the time."

After fifteen years, you might have expected Joey to mellow a little, but it's unlikely to happen.

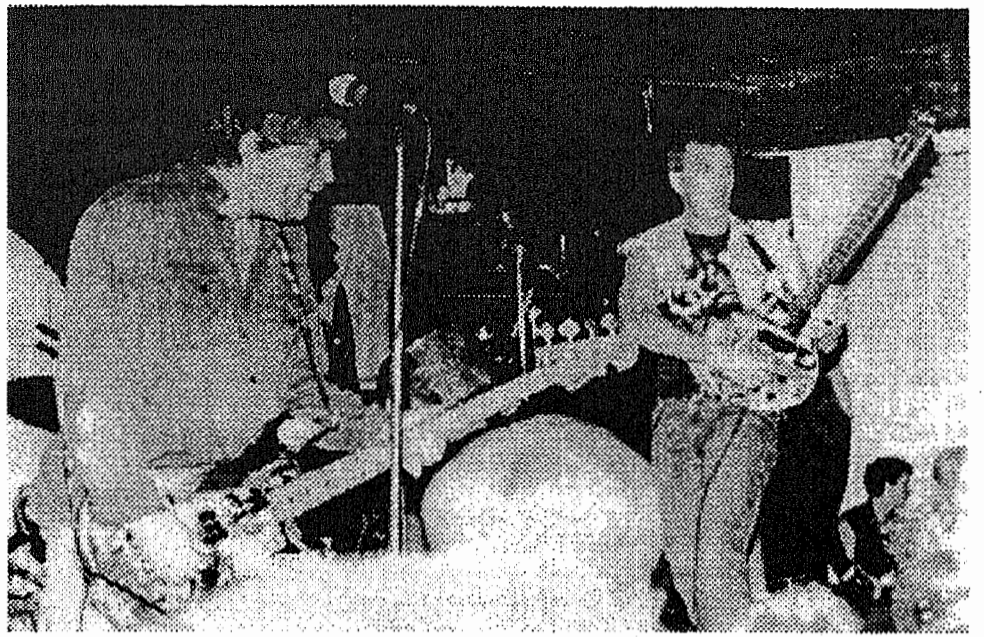
"When we started playing music, we thought things were fucked up, and things have got even more fucked up fifteen years later. There's lots of cannon fodder out there for songs. There's no shortage of ideas.

After we stopped playing for a couple of years, we just thought, 'what are the key elements of D.O.A. that we like, and people like?'

One was the politics, another was the fire-breathing dragon type music, with a lot of energy and aggression. If we want to get mellow then we should have a different name."

Interestingly, for a band that has released so many records and influenced so many, their 1989 collaboration with Jello Biafra (Last Scream of the Missing Neighbours) seems to be their best known work in many areas.

"Yeah, in Europe we were asked 'Is Jello with you' - or for the Germans it was 'Yello'. There was



one guy who said 'It's really weird, you guys are travelling around without your lead singer, Jello Biafra, and there are still people here to see you - do you guys have a hit record or something?' Sometimes we do play songs from it, if the demand is there. We do a one third version of 'Full metal Jackoff!'

After a period that saw the band call it quits for two years, the band seem to be totally revitalised and enthused.

"We've decided to get busy and work our asses off for a couple of years, it's like a new lease on life, having a new drummer, and being back with a good record label (Alternative Tentacles), not getting fucked around, and John (Nomeansno) Wright has helped a lot. We got rid of a few bad influences like our last drummer, and our last record label, which had been pretty discouraging.

Last year, John Wright produced '13 Flavours of Doom', then we got Nomeansno's roady to drum for us, then we went on tour with Rob Wright (as Mr. Wrong) and now we're all touring together, and we've got the same manager. Talk about incestuous!"

As well as the current album, '13 Flavours of Doom', D.O.A. are releasing an Australian only compilation to coincide with the tour, called "Moose Droppings". It contains 4 songs from the album, 3 from 'It's not unusual but it sure is ugly' (Yes, that is a Tom Jones reference...) and 6 songs providing a cross section of older material. A new album, again produced by John Wright, should be out in October. It isn't all work for D.O.A. though, I gained an insight into the 'play' that is the D.O.A. Murder Squad ice hockey team.

"We've been playing together for about five years, we usually have four or five D.O.A. murder squad games a year. We play against philosophical opponents, such as middle of the road radio stations, and we just try to board them, high stick them, and gouge and hack them as much as possible. I'm usually the team's leader in penalty minutes, I always try to make sure - well, you don't just put the guy into the boards, you put the guy through the boards! We have a lot of fun. Ken's still on the development squad though, I think he'll come through for the team next year!" We also discussed the similarities between Australia and Canada, for some reason concentrating on the fact that road travel in Canada is as hazardous as in Australia. Yes, I'm talking about

discovering a country's wildlife via the squidges on the roadside...

"You've really got to watch your step; if you hit a Moose, your van will be dead! That's one of the first things we noticed when we got here, all these metal guards on the front of the trucks, to propel kangaroos away. It's the same anywhere there aren't lots of people, and the animals haven't all been killed off yet." I think John Wright summed up the difference well with: "I think the Moose is a lot larger... with horns. They can be kinda dangerous!"

D.O.A. are only one of many bands voicing their opinions through music; I asked Joey what he thought of the Californian 'Riot Grrrl' movement.

"I think it's great, it's about time there was more exposure for women playing music, and it's really strongly opinionated. A lot of the lyrics point out just how fucked up men can be, and that's a big problem."

So what about those great female bands who aren't on the Riot Grrrl bandwagon, who miss out on the exposure?

"When it comes to fairness in cultural exposure - it never happens. A prime example would be Nirvana, they did a really good album, but the amount of hype and sales doesn't make them a hundred times better than every other band. People pick up on trends, that's the way it's always been, and journalists are always looking for an angle to suit."

So what can we expect from a D.O.A. live show?

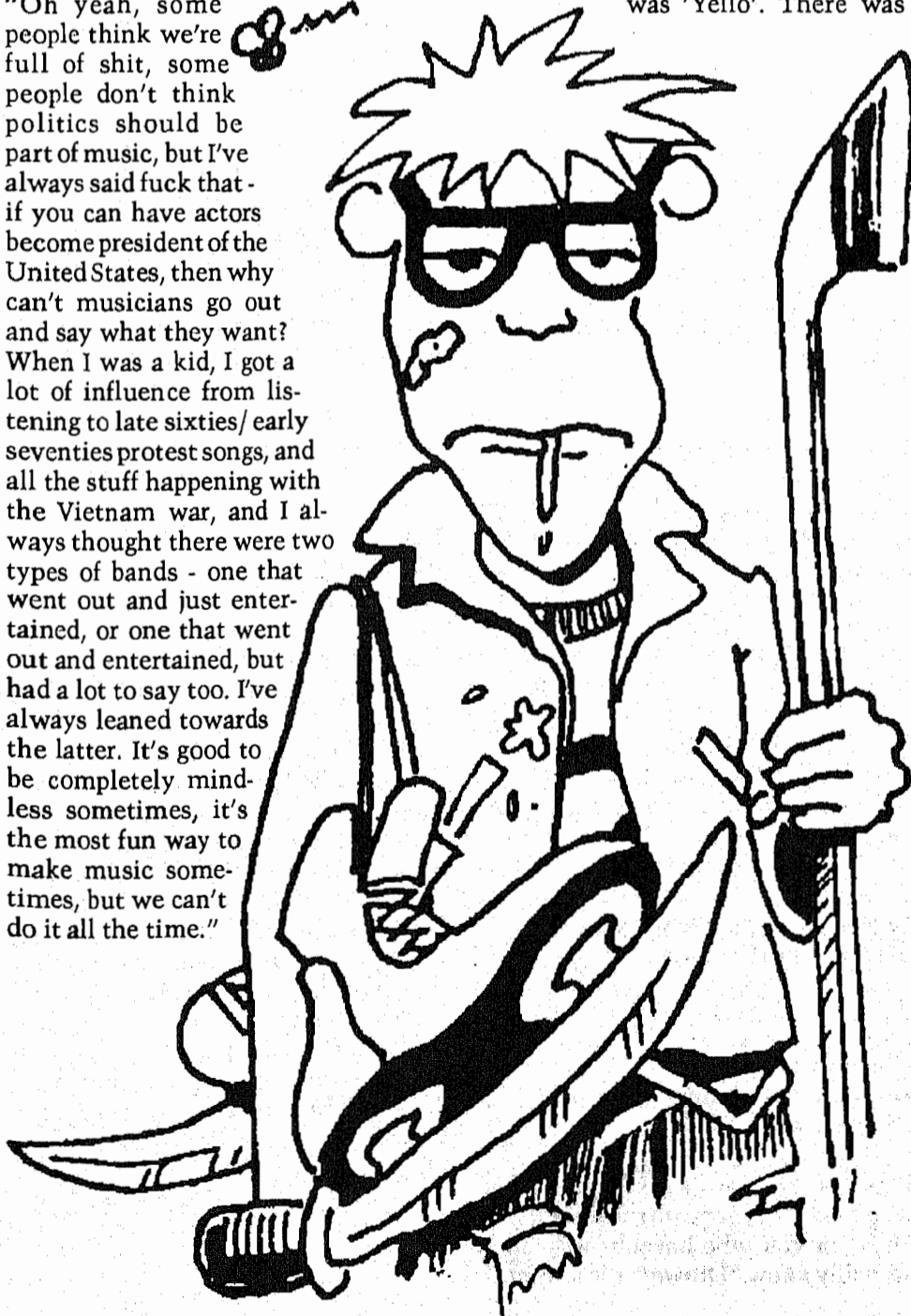
"The more energy we get off the audience, the more we put back. We like to create as much chaos as possible while we're playing. We try and slam through our songs without stalling in between - shit, like loud obnoxious music, right! If people don't go, they'll miss two really excellent live bands - well, three I guess."

Joey's not kidding there!

You can catch D.O.A., fellow Canadians Nomeansno, Front End Loader and Where's the Pope? on Sunday, 19th September at the Tivoli Hotel. It's an early show, starting at 4pm.

And the last word from Joey Keithley? "We're looking forward to coming to Adelaide; it should be a blast!"

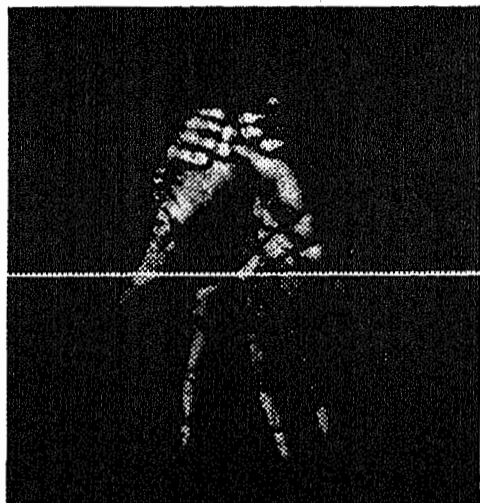
Daniel Kearney



Imaginary Girl
Hunters and Collectors
Mushroom Records

This new single is also off the album "Cut", why release yet another single? Good question, it is a good song, though. *Imaginary Girl* is a bit slower and more relaxing than the previous singles off this album. The second song on the cassette is a slow, powerful ballad called *What's a Few Men*. It vividly describes the cruel reality of war. Overall, a good cassette, unfortunately only two songs on it though, both of which are quite mellow.

Scott Berry



Into The Labyrinth
Dead Can Dance
4AD/Shock

If arty posing was a crime then Dead Can Dance would have been locked away for life. It wouldn't be one of the current life sentences where the offender is dished out a so called "life sentence" with a non parole period of ten years only to get out after about six years so that the institutions can make way for more naughty posers. No way! Dead Can Dance should get the worst possible for being so excruciatingly esoteric. Dead Can Dance are probably the best case around for bringing back the death sentence. Dead Can Dance would probably like something similar to that. They'd probably think it would give a rocket burst of ascension to their already lofty status amongst "those that count in the art world." In order to keep them from chugging forth any more records crusty with infusions of obscure "masters", fill their cells with books by Marcel Proust and a load of paintings by God knows who. Just make sure the paintings are critically acclaimed by the same "right people". It'll keep them out of trouble. Maybe that's a bit harsh. *Into The Labyrinth* is another late Sunday morning offering from the prime purveyors of Sunday Morning Music. Sometimes Dead Can Dance will push themselves beyond the gummed eyed confines of "I'm too hung over to care" Sundays, but not this time. There are too many times when it seems they're on the verge of falling over the edge into a haemorrhage of folk fused with gothic and madrigal influences but instead they put on the elephant shoes and plod to the end of a song that neither pleases nor causes stomach convulsions. They're just there and on the wallpaper. The drone of pieces like *The Ubiq-*

uitous Mr Lovegrove don't quite pierce the barrier between the listenable but average and the heartfelt good. Dead Can Dance will come and pass and no heads will ever *really* turn. Lisa Gerrard will return to the Snowy Mountains and Brendan Perry will return to Eire. They'll convalesce for a few years more, release another retrospective album and a few more people will buy it and put it on some Sunday morning in the future. Then they'll go to jail. The irony is that they're 4AD's best selling act. I'd have to concede that they do have some talent.

Rohan Thompson

The Predator
Ice Cube
Priority/Liberation
95% Proof

Two albums and one EP after cutting ties with NWA, Ice Cube is once again injecting the air waves with the true hard-core new flavour you would expect from the West Coast master. To be able to tour with Lollapalooza, make a movie with fellow compatriot, Ice T (*Trespass*) and be actively involved with The Nation of Islam yet still knock shit out of the box with a dope album is extraordinary to say the least.

Track one initiates with the customary skit entitled *First Day At School* which delves into the rigours of being incarcerated, with an ominous voice instructing the inmates through the ritualistic physical examination. You can feel the attitude seething as the inmates obey every command culminating with the order "grab your ass, spread your cheeks and give me two good coughs." This then cuts straight to the hardest scrotum smashing loop you'll ever hear, which actually incorporates a sample from Queen's *We Will Rock You*.

The second track develops into an absolute bad assault entitled *When Will They Shoot?* Cube is basically verbalising his paranoia about the government's constant attempts to assassinate or intimidate black leaders. This is by far the hardest track in years.

Other good tracks on the album include *Wicked*, the title track: *The Predator* which, of course, has many samples from the movies. *We Had To Tear This Motherfucker Up* deals with the maximum carnage that followed the Rodney King verdict. Finally, *Check Yo-self* features the east coast duo of Dre and Skoob (Das FX).

Although this may not be as funky as *Death Certificate*, this album is Cube's rawest album on wax and it is well worth your dillups. Check it out.

The Colonel

Sleeping with the Lion
Margot Smith
EMI

Margot Smith is an emerging new Australian singer / songwriter who has collaborated on this her debut album with noted established talent including Steve Kilbey of The Church. The result is a collection of lush, swirly, moody songs that sit to the left of the mainstream apart from a handful of tracks, "Fall

Down", "How do you Sleep?" and "Adored", whose punchier beats give a nod in the direction of the commercial market.

Smith's vocal sound at times recalls Sinead O'Connor and Kate Bush, and arrangement-wise tracks such as "Just" and "Bellyman" carry a lot of the trademarks of Kate Bush's later work in drum sound, keyboard touches, washes of strings and chanting. You'd almost swear Kate's bassist (and main squeeze) Del Palmer had written the bassline for "Just" as well. There are sounds reminiscent of Siouxsie, ex-Sugarcube Bjork and Toni Child's album material also, but overall Smith's voice lacks the individuality and power of any of these on this album.

Lyrical, she is image-laden and intense with nearly every track addressed to a "you" with whom she is sexually and / or emotionally involved. Don't look for social comment, Smith is living inside her personal life as intensely as, if less laughably than, Stevie Nicks, whose ornately feathered, tulle, jewelled, "woman as icon" style she recalls in her extensive album photography.

Back to the music itself, it's a more than promising start from an interesting new talent. I've cited other performers as a way of indicating Smith's area rather than to suggest she is derivative. There are great tracks here, including the above and the dramatic "Pool of Blood", the fragile "Child" and "The Arms of the Earth" which mixes an atmospheric melody line with rocking out to a funky, grungier sound. The main problem, especially in the last third of the album, is for the tracks to blend into a background dirge-like sound. Smith has the talent to be more arresting than this and it will be interesting to see whether she delivers with coming material.

Cate Rogers

The Lady Sings Blues and Jazz
Diana Ross
Live

Diana Ross - a third of the highly successful Supremes and the woman with the face that Michael Jackson is trying to emulate with the help of plastic surgery.

This album was recorded in a "once-in-a-lifetime performance" in New York '92. It's full of walking bass lines, 12 bar blues, swinging trumpets and lots of "thank you" from the lady herself. It's "what jazz is all about, which is really loose and free and mellow".

Ross sings many songs previously recorded by blues greats like Billie Holiday ("God Bless the Child") and is accompanied by an orchestra / sextet. This makes for an easy-listening, calming and smooth album.

Chris Soong

Cherub Rock
Smashing Pumpkins
Hut Records

Those of you who have seen the movie "Singles" and / or heard the soundtrack (those of you who haven't: why not?) probably know "Drown", the 8-minute

epic by the Smashing Pumpkins. "Cherub Rock" is the single off their new album 'Siamese Dream', which will hopefully see them receive the recognition they've deserved since their 1991 debut 'Gish'.

The 'Pumpkins' music could best be described as unique: rockier than the Screaming Trees, less metal-oriented than Nirvana and melodically simpler than Pearl Jam, it has been unfairly stuffed into the "grunge" pigeonhole. "Cherub Rock" is based around the band's melody-oriented, heavy guitar work and Billy Corgan's mellow, almost feminine, vocals, while a "lazy" beat tempts you to sway along to the song (or does that just happen to me?). The second track, "Pissant", is a heavy, Nirvana-esque track that thrashes along for two-and-a-half minutes, ending much too soon, while the third track is kinda strange: it's called "French Movie Theme" and that's just what it sounds like for a few minutes (don't ask me from which movie, though). Then, just when you thought it was finished, on comes something that sounds like a bunch of pissed guys watching the Olympics on TV and singing along to "The Star Spangled Banner". ... Don't ask me, just listen to the single yourself, but if you like it, think about getting the album instead: it'll be wild!

Florian Minzlaff

Become What You Are
The Juliana Hatfield Three

This is an excellent album. Juliana Hatfield's unique voice and exceptional songwriting ability make this a thoroughly enjoyable listen. Each song leaves you wanting more and the album delivers with a variety of tracks from the more melodic "Mabel" to the 'tougher' sounding "I Got No Idols", a sound Hatfield felt was missing from her last offering. This also shows through on "A Dame with a Rod", possibly my favourite song on the album, however, it's an album where favourites are hard to pick, which can only be a good thing. "I Think I'm Addicted".

Simon Lee

Danny Man
Jimeoin
Mushroom

Yep, the funny Irishman is back after his mildly successful debut single "Wild Side", this time with a 90's mix of the traditional song "Oh Danny Boy".

"Danny Man", lifted off Jimeoin's album, "Goin' Off", is a modified and rap version of the old song. The title is explained in one of the verses: "If Danny Boy was from Ireland, he should have been called Danny Man." And in another verse he sings about the fact that New York has a bigger St Patrick's Day parade than Ireland.

The second track, "Just Me", is a stand-up act with some music, though he does have backing up vocals to sing the chorus, "Is it you, is it him, or just me?".

Nick Pickard

Don't Wait
Mark Gillespie

Did Mark think about any of these songs, or did he go straight to a big room and pull out a bunch of clichéd riffs, beats and grooves from a mixture of crap pop, blues and, ugh, Country and Western, mix them together and cash in? I think so. If you hadn't guessed it already, I don't like Mark.

Simon Lee

Wallflower
My Sister's Machine

This is not an original sounding album, as many other bands have already tried this style of grunge / hard rock. Basically this album has the typical Seattle sound (this could be due to the fact that they come from Seattle), sounding like a cross between Soundgarden, Pearl Jam and The Cult. The production and sound is quite good for a band I'd never heard of before. Overall, I was a bit disappointed with this band, as they have not established an original sound, but if you like the Seattle sound, I think you will enjoy this one.

Matthew Howarth

Down With The King
Run DMC
Profile/Liberation
100% Proof

It's been two long years since Jam Master Jay, Run and DMC have graced the twin wax stacks with a dope track and by any means necessary they have come correct with a fly jam to reaffirm their reign as kings of the new school.

Down With The King is strictly a raw to the core collaboration. The extremely talented production duo of Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth (who have remixed everything from House of Pain to P.E.) have come up with shit hot results. Run DMC have crafted their track with the producers so well, this is bound to become a hip-hop anthem.

Lyricaly it's the classic style that you'd know and love from the boys. Quite simply the track is giving shout outs to God which is subtly done without sounding preachy but with enough balls to make him sound like an absolute bad assed concrete king.

The beats and rhythms are hard and smooth with enough flavour to keep heads noddin' for another two years. For the real hip-hop merchants, let's hope the rest of the album is this good.

The Colonel

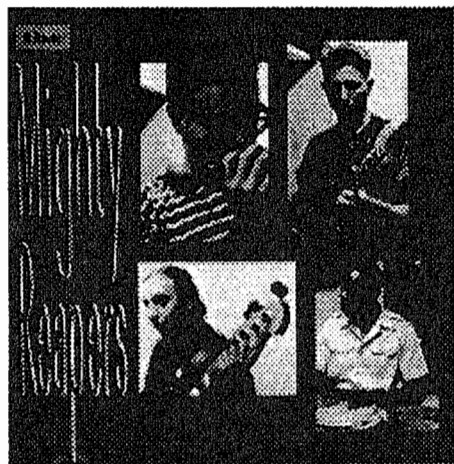
Why Don't You
Rage
Liberation / Pulse 8 Records

After the cover version of Bryan Adams' "Run To You", I was impressed with the band Rage's style of music, not to be confused with Rage Against the Machine.

"Why Don't You", an original song, continues in the same vein as "Run To You" - a disco / club track with a heavy dance beat. Two versions are included, the original mix and an instrumental. Both versions swing from beat to beat and go up and down like a roller coaster. The instrumental lacks the "oomph" of the single and offers nothing really new. However, the single makes up for any flaws in the instrumental.

If you like dance music, you'll like this.

Nick Pickard



The Mighty Reapers
The Mighty Reapers
Rufus Records

The Mighty Reapers are one fat and funky blues band. They have evolved from a revamped lineup of the Dynamic Hepnotics who had their top-selling Australian single "Soul Kinda Feeling" in 1985. From this launching board, The Mighty Reapers have produced a very suave and smooth album of originals and covers of some little known tunes.

In their debut album, they provide us with a great mix of rhythm and blues, soul, funk and rumba and tracks such as "It's My Own Fault" and "New Kind of Groove". This is particularly true with "New Kind of Groove" which is a great song to have a drink, a bit of a smoke and groove like a bastard.

No one musician stands out in this band, they are all great and complement each other perfectly, from former South Australian bass player, Vito Portolese to South African percussionist Sannila Sithole on congos. Having Sithole on the congos really adds an extra dimension to the music. Their rhythm section is great, with the bass player producing some darn fat bass lines which complements the swelling and throbbing sounds coming from the Hammond organ of Chris Abrahams. On top of all this, Dave Brewer lays down some real bluesy guitar riffs which should please all that listen to them. Actually, on the whole, these guys produce the same sort of sound that Adelaide's own Fender Benders used to pump out in their hey day.

I can't wait till these guys come to Adelaide and neither will you when you hear this CD, so when you're out next, grab yourself a copy.

Lose Your Delusion 1
TISM
Shock

If there was a bar graph that could rate musical ability along side shock value vitriol, then TISM's statistics would tilt enough to fall over. They've never aspired to anything other than wank and they're not about to start. *Lose Your Delusions 1*, being the lead track offers nothing but fret wanking. TISM excell at tossing their guitars off with the perfect pornographic backing of a sinful drum machine. They've been jerking off for years. The more things change the more things stay the same. TISM need to escape the formula. They haven't done it this time. Bands need to progress to avoid stagnating. TISM have always been smelly but now they're getting dangerously close to going mouldy. That might make a difference if the band really cared. They sound like they have for a while. That's OK but who can stand eating pressed chicken sandwiches every day?

Closing the CD is an example of why people either flock to TISM or want to shit down their throats. TISM can't go through a record without a local reference. "Fuck Geoff Kennet" is the push of TISM's newest poetical offering. They're devoid of reason, and completely without any form of solid backing. TISM's attacks rely on knee-jerk reactions. That's their attraction and what they do best. It's this diatribe that whacks the value onto this disc. People actually like being offended. I'm one of them.

Rohan Thompson

I'll Be Good To You
Tracey Arbon
Festival Records

There are three versions of "I'll Be Good To You": the radio edit, the extended mix and the sleepwalking mix. Basically, the song goes like this: "I'll be good to you, I'll be good to you, I'll be good to you, ..." - I think you get the idea. An ape could write a better track than this. Looking at it objectively, this song is garbage and, unfortunately, no one mix stands out of the crowd.

The extended mix contains the now-standard beat (if you call it that) "who, who" in the background and the song provides no great range for Ms Arbon's vocals. I'm only speculating but the music sounds like it comes from the standard keyboard, drum machine, guitar and bass, with the occasional brass section and is quite bland. Not another fucking love and relationship song. Try listening to all three mixes in a row - it'll test your patience. No wonder the third is called the sleepwalking mix. The "highlight" of the single is the song "Let Your Love Shine Through", which has a dance feel and also provides the singer with more vocal range, so why have three versions of a 'B-side' song like "I'll Be Good To You"?

I applaud Tracey Arbon coming out of the closet / shower and releasing this single, but it's shit. Better luck next time.

Nick Pickard

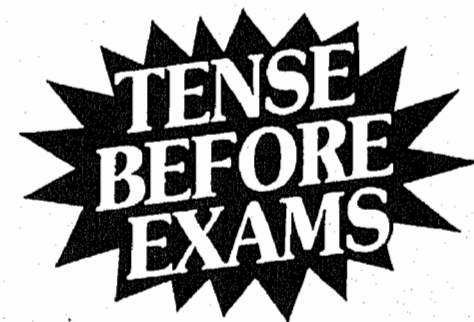
RUPAUL
SUPERMODEL OF THE WORLD



Supermodel of the World
RuPaul
Tommy Boy

My first encounter with this glamour queen was on a special featuring the highlights of a Manhattan cable television station that had no qualms in televising some of the most beserk and blatantly crap television in the history of broadcasting. RuPaul stood out as an intrepid investigative journalist, who would do a story on anything as long as he got to wear a dress in the process. Possessing a pair of legs the average supermodel would die for and a spectacularly crass wardrobe, s/he made riveting television. As for this record ... well lets just say it's no worse than the average wimpy dance record, and hang out for a repeat of that cable television special!

Daniel Kearney



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In this week...

Marvel

Avengers #366
 Avengers: Terminatrix Objective #2
 Iron Man #297
 Thor #467
 Cage #20
 Darkhawk #33
 Spider-Man 2099 #13
 Spiderman Classics #8
 • Punisher Annual #6
 Deathlok Annual #2
 Hellstorm #7
 Dr Strange #58
 Marvel Comics Presents #140
 Death's Head II & Killpower #4
 Nightstalkers #13
 Original Ghost Rider #17
 • Ren and Stimpy #12
 Sachs and Violsens
 She-Hulk #58
 Warlock Chronicles #5

DC

Enigma #7
 Shadow of The Bat #18
 Deathstroke Annual #2
 Action Comics #692
 Batman Adventures #13
 Catwoman #3
 Golden Age #2
 Green Arrow #79
 Guy Gardner #13
 Justice League International #57
 Kamandi #5
 Metal Men #1
 Scarlett #10
 Static #5

Valiant

Shadowman #20
 • Turok: Dinosaur Hunter #6
 Harbinger #23

Dark Horse

• Indiana Jones #1
 Dark Horse Presents #77
 Vortex Week 1
 Aliens: Colonial Marines #6

Image

Supreme #5
 Superpatriot #2

Aardvark-Vanaheim

• Cerebus #173
 Melmoth Trade Paperback

Thanks to Troy Sullivan of The Adelaide Comics Centre for compiling the short list. The dots are The Colonel's picks for the week. You should be able to trust him.

The Eternal Warrior Yearbook
 Publisher: Valiant
 Cost:
 Writer: David de Vries
 Artist: Glenn Lumsden
 Frequency: One-shot special

The best way to assess a comic is to read it without the text bubbles. If it is possible to tell what's going on without the dialogue then both the artwork and the writing is up to scratch. It means that the writer has crafted the story with enough clarity to keep the comic moving at the most rudimentary level. It also means that the artist has a firm grasp of sequencing and an idea of how to keep cluttering muck from clogging up a page. Thankfully *The Eternal Warrior Yearbook* falls into this category.

Most of the preview is without dialogue but this is no hindrance to getting the gist of what's going on. The text is not superfluous and with it the book will be entire. It's like seeing an extended movie preview or reading a plot synopsis with the artwork padding out the bare bones. There's the skeleton with the muscle and the sinew. All it needs now is the skin and David and Glenn will have a shining example of comic book creation.

The Eternal Warrior is the central character as expected. It begins in the trenches of World War I with the Eternal Warrior getting peppered with Turkish gunfire. He regenerates and turns his opposition into Turkish cutlets. The majority of the story is set in the present day and concerns a mysterious assailant attempting to rub off the hero. David de Vries' Australian references continue with the attacker being an Australian dressed as a priest. It's always nice to know that Australia is not being forgotten by those who live here. The story follows with more flash backs and insights into the Eternal Warrior's past.

Parallels are drawn between the Warrior's continual conflicts, both past and present with the church, in particular the Catholic church. There are hints of both the Australian republican movement and the English rejection of the Catholic Pope. I can't be too explicit about these points since most of the dialogue is absent. It's plain that the English do not come out the winners this time. The loss at Gallipoli is hammered home once more. That may not necessarily be interpreted as singing the song of republicanism but it is definitely not about pledging loyalty to the Union Jack.

The sentiments expressed will in all likelihood be mostly lost on the American market but it won't detract from what is one of this year's most cohesive books. The parallels make the book multi-levelled. It can be enjoyed for the art or the story but it should be enjoyed for being the pinnacle to date of Australian produced comics. Actually it deserves more than that. This is a pinnacle of comic production from any country. The sub-Brian Bolland art and slightly Peter David-like writing make this magic. *The Eternal Warrior Yearbook* looks to be the best work of David and Glenn's careers so far and they keep getting better.

Rohan Thompson

DOOM PATROL

"All I want is the answer to one simple question before I run screaming back to the bughouse. Is this real or isn't it?"



Thirty years ago, a revolution took place in the comic book field. A team of super-powered outcasts, organised by a wheelchair bound genius, leapt to the forefront of the crime-fighting arena, defeating a number of bizarre and equally socially disenfranchised villains. Sound familiar?

Wrong. Recently, the "team" book of the Vertigo line, the *Doom Patrol* celebrated its third decade as "the world's weirdest superheroes". And it did so without all the holographic garbage of its much publicised peer. The similarities between the two are quite scary really but it seems unlikely that there was any common impetus, given that the first issue of the X-Men came out three months after the DP's first appearance and six months is considered the absolute minimum amount of preparation time in a new title. And so we are left with one of the most remarkable coincidences in comic book history, an irony not lost on the Patrol writers.

June 1963 saw issue #80 of an anthology title, *My Greatest Adventure*, released. Written by Arnold Drake and Bob Haney, art by Bruno Premiani and edited by Murray Boltinoff, it was a departure from the world of "happy hero teams", those who had banded together to fight crime because (a) they wanted to, and (b) they wanted to do it together. The Avengers, the Justice League of America, only The Fantastic Four broke out of this mould and then only marginally, with the disfigured Thing and his desire to be reverted back to 'normal' (something he would periodically give up once again in order to save his friends. Ohhh...). But the *Doom Patrol* took this idea and extrapolated it to an ultimate conclusion. None of these "heroes" wanted to be doing what they

were doing, they were essentially manipulated into it by the machinations of the paraplegic genius, known as The Chief. More correctly, they were guilt-tripped into it. The initial line-up was as follows: Cliff Steele; 'Robotman' whose body was destroyed in a racing accident and his brain transplanted into a robot, one of great strength and endurance but which also effectively cut him off from physical sensations. Elasti-Girl; actress Rita Farr, while filming a movie, was subjected to mysterious gases which caused all or part of her body to grow and shrink. This led to a complete nervous breakdown and her withdrawing from society. Finally, there was Larry Trainor, the Negative Man. A test-pilot, his plane crashed and in the course of this a being of some bizarre energy took over his body, causing him to emit harmful radiation. To protect those around him he had to be completely wrapped in special bandages.

The various afflictions were cured by the Chief and, in his debt, they embarked on world-saving missions for him. In the course of this, they encountered suitably wacky 'villains', including The Brain, a scientist whose disembodied situation was pretty much all that his name said he was, and his assistant (and lover), Monsieur Mallah, the ape with the genius level IQ. A couple of ancient Nazis, an obese green alien named Garguax and a Dr Jekyll / Mr Hyde woman with various elastic bits, Madame Rouge. Their allies were Farr's husband and adopted son, the amazing Mento, with his Mento (funnily enough) helmet and Beast Boy (now the New Titans' Changeling), whose body had adapted to a disease and allowed him to take on the form of any animal he could visualise.

For 40 issues (*My Greatest Adventure* was soon renamed *The Doom Patrol*) this was pretty much the same situation. Then, abruptly, it all ended. And once again the *Doom Patrol* was unique. At this time (1968), death and the super hero was an unheard of concept. But in *Doom Patrol* #121, The *Doom Patrol* died. Cornered by The Brain, Mullah, Captain Zahl and Rouge on their new island HQ, they were given an ultimatum; either allow yourselves to be atomised, or the village of Codsville, Maine (pop. 14), gets it. And so the first incarnation of the *Doom Patrol* went exit, stage left.

But, of course, it doesn't end there. Nine years later (our time), Robotman was resurrected into the second *Doom Patrol*, joined this time by a woman claiming to be the Chief's wife and codifaxed 'Celsius' as she could project heat and cold. Obsessed with finding her husband, she coerced (by less than ethical means) Steele and two new members into her assistance. They were Valentina Vostock, new recipient of the negative



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being as Negative Woman and army deserter Tempest who projected bioelectricity. The variety here was racial rather than based on disability, the Indian, Russian and African-American members were standard heroes physically. Despite numerous appearances under their creators, Paul Kupperberg and Joe Staton, they never really caught on to anything like the popularity of the originals.

And so it was that, post-Crisis, the third team arose, again under the direction of Kupperberg but with artists Steve Lightle and, later, Eric Larsen. This was perhaps the most 'normal' *Doom Patrol* with group costumes (a la early X-Men) and the four of DPII joined by three relatively normal teenagers, albeit with quirks to otherwise normal powers. Lodestone used her magnetic powers not only to control metal but also to increase personal attributes, Scott Fisher continuously generated heat through his hands and Karma generated a neural pulse that stopped any foe he was aware of from hitting him. Wow. This version of the *Doom Patrol* lasted some 18 issues, until the *Invasion!* series. Then things really started to get weird...

Grant Morrison, then writer of the very popular and controversial *Animal Man*, was brought on as a new writer. First thing he did was clean house. He got rid of Fisher, Karma, Negative Woman (which has always sounded more to me like a psychological condition than a superhero name, but anyway) and Celsius. He put Lodestone into a coma and relegated Tempest to the sidelines. And then began to address what the "Doom Patrol" really meant. He asked himself and his readers what type of person would join a group dedicated to seeking out 'doom'. And then he gave us such people. Recognising the inherent paradox of a man who resented so greatly his computerised dilemma calling himself 'Robotman', he took to calling him Cliff Steele. What secret identity does a brain in a clunky suit of metal really have, anyway?

Then he took Trainor, his doctor, Elenor Poole and the radioactive entity and combined them into the manifestation of the divine hermaphrodite of alchemical myth, the aloof, enigmatic and amorously powered Rebis. Finally, he introduced us to Kay Challis, victim of childhood sexual abuse who, in order to cope with her pain, had her

psyche shattered into 64 distinct personalities, mapped out in a bizarre but truly inspired "underground" and coordinated by a character from an REM song. And after the Dominators dropped the so-called "Gene Bomb", each developed a separate power, making her potentially one of the most truly terrifying and powerful characters ever seen in any comics universe. What made it even more captivating was the essential fragility at the core of so much power. Crazy Jane was no Superman, she was an abused and tormented child.

It may sound to you like I am raving. You may say that here we have the classic example of a fan boy gone bad, unthinking devotion.

But what you must understand is what a difference that the *Doom Patrol* made to my life. At the time I first picked it up I was extremely disheartened with all that comics were; it was the onset of the now omnipresent special cover and poly-bagging epidemic. The stories had become so much drivel. My beloved *New Mutants* had degenerated from a sensitive examination of growing up in the face of problems, to a book about beautiful people with guns. I was facing what seems to face all comic readers; that stage when you first stop collecting comic books because they no longer seem to hold any relevance. But it also went deeper than just that. It was my Leaving year, where really annoying things like Economics began to have their way with your life and the chilling spectre of Matriculation lurked near. I was in the middle of putting together a full length anthology of prose and poetry for English. And I was tired, depressed and fed up with it all. My creativity and general will to work were effectively non-existent. Quite by coincidence on a particularly drizzly afternoon, I walked into a comic shop in a daze of melancholy and vaguely remembering rave reviews, I picked up their only available issue of the *Doom Patrol*, issue 26. That night, my world quite literally spun. That issue introduced to an unsuspecting Earth the bizarre threat (?) of Mr Nobody and the Brotherhood of Dada, an incredibly portrayed parody of all those groups that run around calling themselves the such-and-such of evil. It also thrust me into the world of Modern Art, an interest I still actively pursue. Story, concept, characters, all opened up to me a fascinating, innovative and giddily confusing new life. I then

burst forth with renewed vigour and enthusiasm. I can now quite honestly say that without *Doom Patrol*, I would never have survived the English Studies Journal. It opened my mind up to fertile new grounds. I saw 'heroes' that were for a change just that, fallible people that I could both admire and aspire to. Villains who were never simply that, the Brotherhood, Red Jack, the being who just might be God, the Shadowy Mr Evans and the final Evil, the Candlemaker, killing only because it perceived our world to be unreal. Often it was the character's own selves who offered the greatest threat and if you ever want to seek out a paradigm of everything that a comic book should be, four issues (of the few that I have read) stand out as shining examples: issues 30 and 54 - 56. Every time I read these, I feel the shudder of untold emotion, infinite hope for the future. Forget what everyone has told you about *Sandman*; as good as it is, these are what all comic books should strive to be. This is literature at its finest.

Grant Morrison finished writing *Doom Patrol* after 45 issues. But before he did so, he tied up 'his' world in a characteristically ambiguous way so reflective of the story he had been telling. The Chief was revealed as the scheming bastard that he really was; not evil, but truly selfish, misguided and deluded in his pursuit of Science. Rebis underwent a rebirth into something even more cruelly snatched away once more and Cliff lost his final, precarious connection with humanity. Issue 63, the "Empire of Chairs" signalled the writer's farewell, a mixture of hope and melancholy he captured so well in *Animal Man* #26. The reader was left with a sense of personal ambiguity, a hallmark of everything so emanated by the previous 45 chapters of this tale. And that is what it had become. Not vignettes but one long story, encapsulat-

ing something of the elusive essence of genius. Currently, Mr Morrison is still writing for DC in *Vertigo* titles. *Sebastian O* has just finished but some issues may still be available. Next is another mini-series entitled *The Mystery Play*, about which I have no information but am eagerly awaiting. As to his earlier work, the first nine issues of *Animal Man* are now in trade paperback, as is the first seven of his run on *Doom Patrol*. Both are well worth a look, as are his various Batman projects, especially *Arkham Asylum*. Otherwise, there is little to be found, unless you are willing to pay the rather hefty prices asked for back issues. There is no *Doom Patrol* Archives edition reprinting the Silver Age stuff and only one collection for the recent issues, despite the many done for *Sandman*. Hopefully, in its current *Vertigo* success, DC will soon produce such items because there is a demand to justify it.

What the future holds for the *Doom Patrol* in the hands of new writer Rachel Pollack is anyone's guess, but whilst it moves forward, it is still of an incredible amount of importance to remember from whence it came. The *Doom Patrol* goes beyond being a comic book, something of screwing it up and throwing it away. *But Doom Patrol* is an enduring concept, honed to a degree whereby it takes on something equatable to its own sentience. It will certainly endure in my heart and mind regardless of what occurs in the hazy days to come. *Doom Patrol* is a grounding in the abstract, a world that offers unreality the mantle of being its own reality. For in the words of the Zen Koan: "First there is a mounting, then there is no mountain, then there is." The Dolls were just a metaphor. Now I have the answer.

Ben Authers



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Feelin' Groovy...

The Feeling Groovies
The Cargo Club
 Friday, 27th August, 1993

Basically, I felt very jipped off that beautiful Spring night at the Cargo. If these boys were a groove band who could actually groove, I could forgive them their lack of melodic improvisation, their total lack of presence and their cheap sales pitches. Unfortunately, they couldn't even get the groove bit down.

What a shame that Melbourne's new addition to the scene, 'The Feeling Groovies', is a pretentious bag of tricks. I was really looking forward to a good night out. Maybe it's me, but I found them tedious and was waiting enthusiastically for something to happen; a climax or a relax or an anything. I even had a couple of beers. No good.

I mean, when a band advertises itself as being a groove band, I'd expect something almost as good as Galliano, The James Taylor Quartet or Dig. At least the ability to groove for a start, but I'm sorry to say (and I am sorry) that the Feeling Groovies never got there.

I think I was mostly put off by their audacity in trying to sell me a middle-of-the-road representation of something I know a little about and love a lot.

First, this sales thing. The major problem for me was the total lack of understanding the trumpet player had of what he was actually doing. His solos were incredibly nowhere with very little idea of playing with colours or phrasing. He played where it was decided he would, and basically filled in space. To me, a solo should state ideas and then play with them. It should have colour and go against the grain a little to cause a

tension and release, as opposed to constant release. When this gentleman wasn't playing, he was standing there trying to be cool with a look in his eyes that said something like, "I don't want to be here doing this, but I'm a professional and acting cool isn't too hard when I'm dressed badly and swaying with my pelvis protruding for all to see. Just think of the money when we hit the big time."

Generally, solos all round were very much along the same lines. I remember one drum solo, which was really an insult to the good old jungle drum feature that got the crowds roaring. Again, the same lack of beginning, middle and end to a musical journey. As for the double bass idea, I don't know why they bothered. The man did very little to enhance the group's feel and really had more of an electric sound than an acoustic.

What do you expect from someone wearing a large cowboy hat and a bright pink shirt? Did he have some cowboy boots also? That is the question. And how does it all fit in with the groove scene? Call me stupid, but ...

It also seemed to me that the Feeling Groovies had very little faith in their communicative skills. The form of each piece was so rehearsed and strict, there was very little sense of adventure or experimentation. Did anyone remem-

ber that there was actually a guitarist stuck out there on the side of the stage? I know I didn't, which surely points out how experimental or adventurous his playing was.

It would have to be said that there are a few good points to this non-committal line-up. The Feeling Groovies do do originals and they have five out of there six members singing heads and harmonies. OK. That does work for me. And as a friend pointed out later, they are one of only a few bands doing originals in an Acid Jazz style in Australia. But, being a Jazz lover myself (as I'm often pointing out), I feel they have a long way to go before I'd be happy about them using the term Jazz and for me to get my friends to go along and see them. As far as I can see, the Feeling Groovies should stick to the Hyatts and Hiltons of this world. At least lonely business men who know that this band sounds like something their kids listen to would be happy to pay their money and be seen as someone who's hip.

I'd like to give this line-up my vote, but I can't. The Feeling Groovies will survive without me, but I can't survive without my friends. That's what I'd have to do if I encouraged the sort of thing that the Feeling Groovies have to offer.

That's how I feel about them. What do you think?

Kylie Cook

Dearie me. Totally...



Blossom Dearie
 Her Majesty's Theatre
 18th September, 1993

Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, Ella Fitzgerald and Blossom Dearie. What do all these people have in common? They're legends! That's exactly why you should get your act together and go to see the only one of them left. Blossom Dearie is a singer, songwriter and pianist of some 40 years. Her latest press release states, "Her singing light and clear, has the perfect diction and bright humour-filled tone that commands attention and admiration, capable - as one critic said - of going from the 'meticulous to the sublime'. 'I remember my father playing me an old 45 when I was about 14. It was a softly-spoken singer doing 'Honey Suckle Rose' in an old trad style. It made such an impression on me that I never forgot her. Since then, I've been attracted to many compositions that I've later found out were famous because of her. 'I'm Hip', 'My Attorney Bernie', 'Bruce' and 'Some One's Been Sending Me Flowers', to name a few. Ms Dearie may sound like some soft and easily damaged blossom, but she definitely doesn't act like one. She's written over 30 songs, sang backups for Woody Herman, lived and worked in Paris, started the Blue Stars which later became the Swingle Sisters, appears regularly at Ronnie Scott's in London and runs her own record label. My advice to Adelaide, young and old - don't pass up the opportunity to experience the legend that is Blossom Dearie.

Kylie Cook

Totally Wired Ten
 Various Artists
 Acid Jazz

"Totally Wired" is the name of a series of excellent compilations on the English label, Acid Jazz Records, which is the haven for such happening groups as Mother Earth, Brand New Heavies, Corduroy, Vibraphonic and the James Taylor Quartet. As "samplers", the "Totally Wired" series provide an interesting insight onto what is happening on the Acid Jazz label (as does "Talkin Loud II" does for the Talkin Loud label). They are also satisfying albums in their own right, the variation ensuring that monotony doesn't set in (something which can happen when listening to too much acid jazz ...). The latest in the series is "Totally Wired Ten" which rates up there with the best of these compilations. All tracks are somewhere along the funk-influenced dance spectrum ranging from the frenetic DIG-soundalikes Corduroy "The Corduroy Orgasm Club"; to the gilt-edged soul of Cloud 9 "Real Gone, Turn It On"; to the primal beat of Mother Earth's "Mr Freedom" to big-band tinged "Time and Space Theme". The above are ones that stand out from the very first listen, others such as The Whole Things' "S All In" and Esperanto's "Sweet Feelings" require more concentrated listening for their merits to shine through. However, in this case the process of discovery is exciting in itself - so get this album, and get funky. A must for any Acid Jazz fan and a great introduction for those not familiar with the masterful grooves originating from this label.

Danielle Poulos

Point Blank Presents

Lizard Train
Free Moving Curtis
 and
Madonna's Armpits

Adelaide Uni Bar
 Friday September 17th

\$5 entry
 From 8.00pm

classifieds

Amnesty International

Amnesty International will be having a General Meeting this Wednesday, 15th September at 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. This is a very important meeting, so please attend if you can. Everyone welcome.

Architecture Students

Nominations are now open for the election of two undergraduate and one post-graduate student representatives on the Faculty Committee.

If you are interested, please get a nomination form from Ms Janet Duddy, Faculty Registrar in the Faculty Office. Nominations must be lodged no later than 4 pm on Thursday, 30th September, 1993.

Candlelight Vigil for Infant Health

Nestlé, Nutricia and Mead-Johnson market infant formula in contravention of the World Health Organisation Code. Their actions undermine breastfeeding, endangering infant health and causing thousands of infant deaths each day.

These companies are sponsoring a segment on Nutrition Through the Life Cycle (including infant nutrition) at the 15th International Nutrition Symposium in Adelaide. This lends the companies a respectability they do not deserve.

Don't let them get away with it!

Join a candlelight vigil outside the Adelaide Convention Centre, Thursday, 30th September, 1993, 6.30 - 8.30 pm. For more information contact Jackie Stallard, Infant Formula Action, C/- Community Aid Abroad, Ph: 223 3405.

Important Notice

The Clubs Association Annual General Meeting will be held on Friday, 17th September at 1.10 pm in the Union Theatre. This is the last Friday of this half semester.

Elections for all Executive positions will be held. Only one delegate from each club is permitted to run. To nominate for a position you must fill out a nomination form available at the Clubs Association Office by 5.00 pm, Wednesday, 15th September. An agenda will be distributed at the meeting.

We hope to see you at the meeting as it will be informative and maybe even entertaining.

Council for the Welfare of Overseas Students

Trip to Coober Pedy 26th September - 30th September, 1993. Pay your deposit now to attend this exciting trip. Highlights include:-

- visiting Coober Pedy • staying in underground dugouts at Coober Pedy • first night spent at Glendambo Station
- visiting Woomera • staying at Roxby Downs • visiting historic sites • searching for Opal • seeing the famous "Birdsville Track" and Lake Eyre.

Numbers are strictly limited. A deposit of \$10 per person is required to reserve your place. All inclusive cost - \$200 per person. Balance of money to be paid by 12th September, 1993. A briefing session will be held in the Commonwealth Centre on Friday, 17th September, 1993 at 4.00 pm.

Semester break visit to:-

- Coober Pedy - 4 days camping 26 - 30 / 9 / 93. Join international students in this outback experience. All inclusive cost \$200. For more details call Greg 237 6915 or Palma 237 6930 at CWOS.
- Snow Skiing Trip Weekend - 25 - 27 / 9 / 93 Mt Hotham, \$200 per person all inclusive!
- International Concert - Scott Theatre on Friday 15th September, 1993. Students \$4.00. Tickets available from OSA or Student Counselling Centre on campus.

For more information contact Council for the Welfare of Overseas Students at 4th Floor East, Commonwealth Centre, 55 Currie Street, Adelaide, telephone: (08) 237 6930 or (08) 237 6915.

Eureka Leadership Conference

Applications are called for from undergraduates from Adelaide University to attend the inaugural Eureka Leadership Conference on 11th - 14th February, 1994. It will involve 100 of Australia's top undergraduates and key speakers and leaders from across Australia. The students are to be those entering their final undergraduate year of study in 1994.

The selection criteria include demonstrated skills of leadership, vision and achievement along with a strong academic record. There will be no cost for travel and accommodation.

These students will be brought to Ballarat and accommodated at the College for the four days where they will meet and work with a number of Australians who have demonstrated leadership qualities through their own life and work. The Prime Minister, The Honourable Paul Keating, has been invited to give the opening address.

Applications are to be forwarded to: Professor Ian Falconer, Deputy Vice-Chancellor Academic, C/- University of Adelaide, Adelaide, S.A. 5005.

Applications should include a curriculum vitae with academic transcript, a supporting statement of no more than 500 words and the name of a University referee who can be contacted regarding academic record.

Applications to be received by Friday, 24th September, 1993.

Environmental Youth Alliance State Conference

Sunday, 19th September, 1993 from 10 am till 6 pm at the Adelaide Writers' Centres, all welcome. For more information, ring Lesley on 231 6982.

French Club Play

Le Médecin Melgré Lui (The Doctor in Spite of Himself). October 6, 7, 8 Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 8 pm - Little Theatre.

Tickets \$7 / \$5 Concession from the French Dept or at the door.

Green Left International

The Annual Green Left Dinner Dance featuring great music from the African Tribal Messengers and an ANC representative and a touring Indonesian activist, a three course meal of African and Indonesian foods. Friday, 24th September, 1993 at 7.30 pm - Eastwood Community Centre, 95 Glen Osmond Road, Eastwood. Tickets \$20 waged / \$15 non waged / \$10 high school. Discount for groups. Phone 231 6982 for more information and reservations.

Adelaide University Japanese Animation Society

Next meeting Tuesday 14th September 7 pm in Upper Refectory, Level 4, Union Building. We will be showing Porco Rosso. Important - bring a list of all your anime. Include program, format, language and quality. All new members welcome.

The Professor Cleland Walk 1993

Belair National Park, Sunday, 26th September, 9.30 am from Information Centre in Park.

A walk around the park with The Friends of Belair Park, first through the recreation zone and then into the bushland areas. Bring lunch, drink, wear good sturdy walking footwear. Finishes approximately 3.30 pm back at Information Centre with refreshments.

Contact Belair Park Information Office on 278 5477 if you need any other details.

The Exploding Purple Inevitable Strikes Again

Triple M 93.7 FM's Rock 'n' Roll High School are looking for high school bands with a 'thrashy', 'grungy', 'surfy' or 'metal' feel. Bands will get an opportunity to play an unlicensed gig at the established venue of Le Rox, supporting well known acts. Based on this performance, several bands will then be chosen to compete in a Rock 'n' Roll High School Battle of the Bands.

Call Jo Jansyn on 410 0937 and leave your details. For further information contact Jo Jansyn on 410 0937 or Fax 410 0588. After hours on 45 5775.

Elle Dit

The Women's edition of On Dit is seeking contributions from all women. If you are interested in becoming part of the Elle Dit collective come to a meeting in the womens' room this Wednesday, September 15th at 1pm. All women are welcome.

On dit

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

Production Notes

On Dit is the weekly newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control, although opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own, even though they write the entire paper by themselves.

Editors

Fiona Dalton
George Safe
Richard Vowles

Advertising

Evan Dando

Typesetting

Sharon "Jazz" Middleton

Freight

Adam "I quit" Le Nevez

Scratchin' Cussin' Stickin' and all round good times

Darien O'Reilly

Cheers

Kinder Surprise, The Hampshire Hotel and Vince, Happy Birthday to Dave Krantz, Jessica Broadbent, Michelle de Kene, Rohan Thompson and George's Gran, thanks to Dave Sag for footer hospitality, congrats to Tregenza - best on ground, the Weed, Jesse, get well Jo and Daniel (and Rich), Yu Shuen and Henrick, Darien, Sonja for looking after me and Fasta Pasta.

There will be no On Dit for at least three weeks because we are all off to sunny Barbados. Caio!

Meditation Week

Meditation week is September 26th to October 2. There will be a free 7 day program of classes and seminars, offered by the Sri Chinmoy Centre, Adelaide. The Getting Started program includes both lunchtime, evening and weekend classes, with an emphasis on simple, effective exercises to still the mind and open the heart. For more information call 239 0690, or 267 1675.

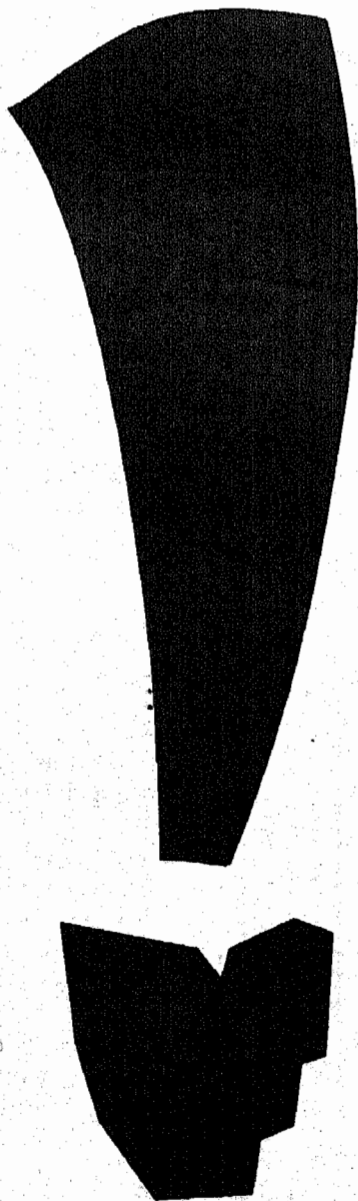
Postgraduate Research

Discover a university with a reputation that will enhance yours

A one hundred year history in research, excellent facilities, high quality staff, extensive library and computing facilities and an exceptional environment in which to live and study. Add to this the housing is cheaper . . . rents are lower . . . you won't have to travel more than ten minutes to work . . . put simply, your scholarship is worth more to you at the University of Tasmania than almost anywhere else.

We are recognised as a leading university with a particularly strong reputation in scientific research. We have three National Key Centres for Teaching and Research (Aquaculture, Institute for Antarctic & Southern Ocean Studies, Centre for Ore Deposit & Exploration Studies) and are major partners in three Co-operative Research Centres (Antarctic & Southern Ocean Environment, Aquaculture, Temperate Hardwood Forestry). The Menzies Centre for Population Health Research is a major research centre in the School of Health Science.

We have recognised research strengths in all disciplines and offer research higher degrees in all Schools of the University:



Architecture & Engineering

Architecture; Civil & Mechanical Engineering; Electrical & Electronic Engineering; Surveying & Spatial Information Science.

Business & Law

Accounting & Finance; Business; Economics; Law.

Education

Health Science

Anatomy; Biochemistry; Community Health & General Practice; Medicine; Obstetrics & Gynaecology; Paediatrics & Child Health; Pathology; Pharmacy; Physiology; Psychiatry; Surgery.

Humanities & Social Sciences

Asian Studies; Classics; English; History; Library & Information Studies; Modern Languages; Philosophy; Political Science; Psychology; Social Work; Sociology.

Science & Technology

Agricultural Science (including Microbiology); Aquaculture; Chemistry; Computer Science; Environmental Studies; Geography; Geology; Mathematics; Physics; Plant Science; Zoology.

Visual & Performing Arts

Art; Music.



UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

There is scholarship support for Australian citizens and permanent residents through the Australian Postgraduate Award (APA) scheme, the University and the Co-operative Research Centres.

A quick call, a fax or a note to us and we will send you the details and application forms you require.
Phone (002) 20 2764; fax (002) 20 2765; or write to the Office for Research, GPO Box 252C, Hobart, Tasmania 7001.