

SR
375 05
05
C-2

17 SEP 1994

ON DIT

The Adelaide University Societies Association Weekly

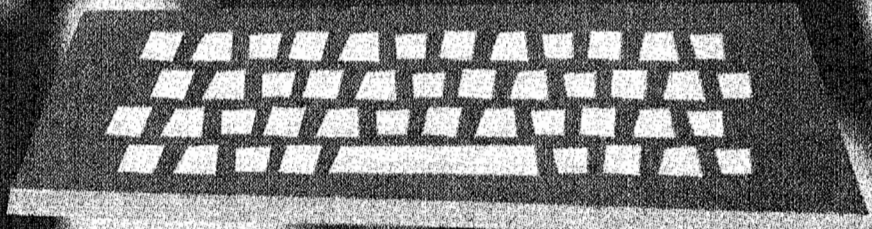
Volume 62 Number 20 September 12 1994

Print Post Approved S41 798/00024

HEALTH WARNINGS: NO NUCLEAR RADIATION HIGH
BODY TEMPERATURE: 38.4 C
BRAIN STATE: STRESSED
EMAIL: 14 UNREAD MESSAGES
APPOINTMENTS PENDING: 7
LAT: 139°25" LONG: 82°46" - ZIPADRO

HEALTH WARNINGS: NO NUCLEAR RADIATION HIGH
BODY TEMPERATURE: 38.4 C
BRAIN STATE: STRESSED
EMAIL: 14 UNREAD MESSAGES
APPOINTMENTS PENDING: 7
LAT: 139°25" LONG: 82°46" - ZIPADRO

Where to next?
(voice input)



HELLO

Futureworld

This edition is entitled "Futureworld". The future is something most people think about at least a bit, even if only on a personal level. It may be depressing to do so or it may be inspiring or it may be a bit of both. The future is the great unknown, it happens, but inescapably becomes the present, leaving space for another future to be thought about and imagined.

One of the ways the future has constantly been imagined is through fiction, especially science fiction. In this issue we feature three short stories, all set in an indefinite future (pages 18-20).

They all include possibilities about the way our lives and the societies we live in may change. But they remain fiction as well as or rather than social comment.

But any discourse about the future is inevitably a fiction, a constructed reality which is not yet a reality and may never become one beyond the language in which it is created. On pages 12 and 13 David Mills and Monica Carroll look at predictions people have made in the past about the future, and how those predictions look now, in the present.

One thing that we can be sure about is the prominence of infor-

mation technology in the future. It is already here, although currently confined to those with the knowledge and money to access the Internet. Jesse Reynolds writes about the logistics of the Internet: how to hook up, what it is and how to use it. There is also a commentary on various aspects on the Internet, discussing the Internet generally, understanding it as an anarchic virtual community. The Internet is a part of the future that is available now - maybe it's just part of the present. See pages 14 & 15.

Finally we took it to the campus: What predictions can peo-

ple make about the future and what would they most like to see invented in the future? The answers ranged from the personal to the global, and are printed on pages 16 & 17.

The prediction that we can make about the future is that we don't have to put out any issues for a while. We'll be back on October 10. October 17 is *Elle Dit*, so all women should get writing or drawing or photographing or cartooning or anything.

Lorien, Tim and David

The changing of the guard

In last Tuesday's *Advertiser*, it was reported that there was some concern over the possibility of ballot stuffing in the recent student elections. This report was somewhat misleading as according to most sources, any such fears were unfounded. However, the fears were very real according to the now former Returning Officer David Moxham. According to Moxham, around 1500 ballot papers went missing, possibly due to inadequate security in the SAUA office where the papers were being housed. In response to this fear, he suspended the count last Sunday. Apparently, Moxham's views received little support, as he resigned shortly after. The reasons for his resignation have not yet been made public, although rumours abound. The most likely of these is that Moxham felt that he was

not being taken seriously by other people involved in conducting the ballot.

For those who think that the resignation of a Returning Officer mid way through the counting process is unusual, there's more. Moxham apparently claimed that his personal security was under threat, although he declined to identify the source of this threat. In any event, he subsequently left Adelaide and he hasn't been seen since. This left the Election Tribunal, headed by Union Secretary Manager Mark Johnson, in a bit of a dilemma as new Returning Officer needed to be found. They searched high and low, contacting various Returning Officers from yesteryear including Guhan Sabapathy, Paul Champion and George Karzis. None of the aforementioned were available, but the Tribunal even-

tually managed to convince last year's Returning Officer, Nick Dunstone, that the time was right to make a comeback. It is worth noting that Dunstone has had something of a history in the field of student politics, being elected to the position of Orientation Coordinator on the United Students ticket in 1992. This could conceivably have sparked fears that his appointment was designed to favour the Student Focus (United Students' sister ticket) given the mayhem that had previously taken place. However, there was little if any questioning of Dunstone's integrity, and indeed Students for Students Education Vice President candidate Joe Aylward was party to the appointment. Aylward was also named as Assistant Returning Officer upon his election to Union Board.

With Dunstone installed at the helm, the count recommenced from where it had ceased on Sunday. According to Dunstone, several fairly serious errors had been made in the counting of SAUA Council. He and his assistants were unable to remedy this problem, and so started the counting of votes for these positions anew. The count has now been finished (the results are printed in full on page 3). It was decided not to count the office bearer position votes again, as the margins were so large as to render any foreseeable discrepancy insignificant. The Election Tribunal meets on September 12 to consider, amongst other things, whether to pay Moxham for the work that he did prior to his resignation. With any luck, they will also approve the election results.

Tim Gow

More on the Union

Resource Centre

The Resource Centre is on the agenda for the meeting of union Board on Monday night. At this meeting the petitions that have circulated around the university calling for Union Board to examine other methods of funding for the Resource Centre will be presented. It has been rumoured that Union Board will in fact be looking at other funding options rather than just continuing with the planned closure of the Centre.

Clubs Association

As with other affiliate organizations of the Union, the Clubs Association's budget for 1995 has been frozen at 1994 levels. However, in the past year there has been an increase in the number of clubs on campus by 40%. Union Board sees this as a situation that needs addressing and has stated that the

Clubs Association must be an area of priority in the 1996 budget. The Clubs Association will be stretched to the utmost next year as more clubs compete for grants.

Students' Association

The Students' Association has also had its budget frozen at 1994 levels for next year. However, to accommodate spiralling costs and rising premiums beyond their control, the SAUA has had to slash its internal budgets. Last week, SAUA Council went through the painful process of trimming back on all areas of expenditure. So, although the total budget remains the same, next year there will be less money to spend on all-important student campaigns.

Activities

To compensate for the loss of the Activities Officer, Union Board proposed replacing the

current Union Activities Committee with a Union Activities Policy Committee and a UniBar Entertainment Committee. The current Union Activities Committee is elected by students in the annual elections, whereas the voting members of the Union Activities Policy Committee would comprise three elected from Union Board and two from the UniBar Entertainment Committee. The UniBar Entertainment Committee of 5 voting members would be directly elected by students.

Centenary

One part of the Union's 1996 budget which may cause controversy in the provision of \$30,000 for centenary celebrations. Yes, that's right. The Union is 100 years old next year, and it's celebrating. In defence of the Centenary project, Union President Anthony

Roediger said:

"The centenary will be used as a really effective marketing tool for the Union; both to promote the Union to its members and the University Community, as well as the wider community. Things which in other years might be budgeted in our marketing budget or our conventions budget or our facilities budget, will next year fall under the label of "centenary". The \$30,000 is money that is being used to engage a consultant, and one of the things that is part of that person's job is to attract something in the realm of \$100,000 in sponsorship."

It remains to be seen how many students will feel like celebrating 100 years of the Union when some of its key services are facing the axe.

David Mills

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.

Editors

Lorien Kaye
David Mills
Tim Gow

Advertising Manager

Adam Le Nevez

Typing

Jo'Anna Finlay

Freight

Simon Lee

Cover

Jesse Reynolds, Virtual Artists

Printer

Cadillac Colour Web

Shiny Happy People:

Catherine Follett (Happy birthday!), Nick Smith, Nick Dunstone, Monica Carroll, Richard Vowles, Asha Mayer, Dave Ormsby, Michael Woodhouse, Michael Bebb, Funky Cold Matt Deaner, Jesse Reynolds, Katrina Picozzi, *Adelaide Gay Times*, Vice for the story "Weevil, PS Alone".

Contact On Dit

by coming down to our office downstairs in the George Murray Building. Our postal address is:

On Dit
University of Adelaide
North Terrace
SA 5005

Correction:

The photo of Monica Carroll in the vox pop last week was taken by Dennis Patrick.

Notice

All users of the Women's Room are invited to comment on the use of the changing room in the Women's Room for massages one day a week. They would be charged for. Written submissions can be made to the Union President or the SAUA Women's Officer by Monday, September 26.

Election Results

These are the full election results for those positions counted by Nick Dunstone. Unfortunately most of the full results for the major office bearer positions are unavailable given that former Returning Officer David Moxham has left the state. Hmm. Suffice it to say that the election tribunal will be meeting to approve all provisional results, including those given last week and those listed below.

Environment Officer/s

Brown and Nairn 1322
Shepherd 223
Roussy and Lehane 471
No Candidate 232

Orientation

Panczak 1129
Wolfmeyer 494
Smith 196
No Candidate 285

On Dit

Scrubby Rawes Yacoub 1184
Hepburn Lelie Nelson 347
Campbell Goodwin Duffy 457
No Candidate 255

SAUA Council

in order of election

1. Warwick Teague
2. Teng Hwang Tan
3. Sophie van der Linden
4. Anita Butler

5. Kym Taylor
6. Sally Burchard
7. Libby King
8. Paul Sykes
first preferences received
Paul Slattery 74

Sally Burchard 154
Libby King 88
Warwick Teague 254
Paul Sykes 95
Nick Matthews 36
Sophie Swart 114
Anita Butler 163
Natalie Ward 69
Tonia Neilsen 42
Anthea Dare 30
Sophie van der Linden 213
Teng Hwang Tan 238

Ana Jarman 53
Jill Thorpe 76
Anthony Kikkert 15
Ritchie Hollands 45
Kym Taylor 151
Council Vacant 127

ESC

in order of election

1. Chien-Li Liew
2. Gareth Higginson
3. Ana Jarman
4. Sally Burchard
5. Tonia Neilsen
6. Kym Taylor

first preferences received

Ramon Pathi 116
Chien-Li Liew 233
Tonia Neilsen 150
Gareth Higginson 223
Kevin Fergusson 92
Kym Taylor 146
Paul Sykes 77
Libby King 83
Erich Heinzle 73
Sally Burchard 157
Ana Jarman 182
Natalie Ward 69
Matthew Toohey 59
No Candidate 179

NUS delegates

in order of election

1. Anthony Roediger
2. Haroon Hassan
3. Rebecca Shinnick
4. Michael Wait
5. Michelle Giglio

first preferences received

Michelle Giglio 242
Emma Mole 85
Libby King 150
Haroon Hassan 343
Peter Shepherd 38
Rebecca Shinnick 255
Michael Wait 289
Simon Birmingham 61
Anthony Roediger 396

Joe Aylward 145
No Candidate 217

Union Activities

in order of election

1. Tonia Neilsen
2. Marian Clarkin
3. Carl Panczak
4. Nadia Brown
5. Ritchie Hollands

first preferences received

Tonia Neilsen 313
Anthony Kikkert 141
Carl Panczak 231
Ritchie Hollands 170
Andrew Wolfmeyer 108
Paul Slattery 91
Marian Clarkin 258
Nadia Brown 177

Union Board

in order of election

1. Tim Kleinig
2. Ana Jarman
3. Rob Koh
4. Charles Comley
5. Nick Matthews
6. Haroon Hassan
7. Julia Davey
8. Renuka Visvanathan
9. Suze McCourt
10. Michael Wait
11. Colleen Grady
12. Michael Greig
13. Paul Dalby
14. Joe Aylward
15. Marian Clarkin
16. Michelle Giglio
17. Sabina Nowak
18. David Roussy

first preferences received

Alex Smith 31
Ana Jarman 200
Charles Comley 113
Paul Dalby 63
Colleen Grady 46
Paul Murray 39
Renuka Visvanathan 58
Suze McCourt 76
Jessica Boland 48
Michael Greig 93
Jennifer Young 8
Mike Wait 87
Tim Kleinig 204
Marian Clarkin 68
Simon Hall 42
Emma Mole 21
Rob Koh 188
David Roussy 66
Peter Shepherd 25
Simon Birmingham 19

Anthony Jucha 56
Nick Matthews 131
Leslie Wilson 46
Joe Aylward 74
Joshua Kennedy White 64
Natalie Ward 18
Stephen Kern 37
Tim Gow 32 (doh!!)
Ramon Pathi 25
Julia Davey 107
Fiona Reed 81
Haroon Hassan 101
Michelle Giglio 62
Paul Sykes 68
Simon Smith 12
Ron Scothern 37
Kym Taylor 45
Sabina Nowak 76

OSA Elections

Last Saturday, the Overseas Students' Association held their Annual General Meeting. The meeting ran all day, and resolved a number of issues including a series of constitutional amendments and the election of office bearers and councillors. The constitutional changes were relatively minor, dealing with the maximum number of consecutive terms that an office bearer may remain in office, the quorum for the meetings of various councils and other matters. All these changes were accepted.

The elections were more eventful. There was a large turn out for the meeting, and there was also a healthy number of candidates running, with most office bearer positions being contested by more than one candidate. Each candidate was required to give a short speech, and was then subjected to a couple of minutes of questions from the floor.

The Presidential race was between John Jiew and Chi Kang Gooi. Jiew's campaign platform was to attempt to open up the OSA and try to make its infrastructure more accessible to its members, whilst Gooi paid special attention to issues such as the need for ablution facilities in the Muslim prayer room. Upon completion of the ballot, Gooi was declared the winner. Other successful office bearer candidates are listed below.

Education/Welfare Vice President

Shearn Leong

Activities Vice President

Khong Chin Kang

Secretary

Michelle Chan

Treasurer

Sharon Yee

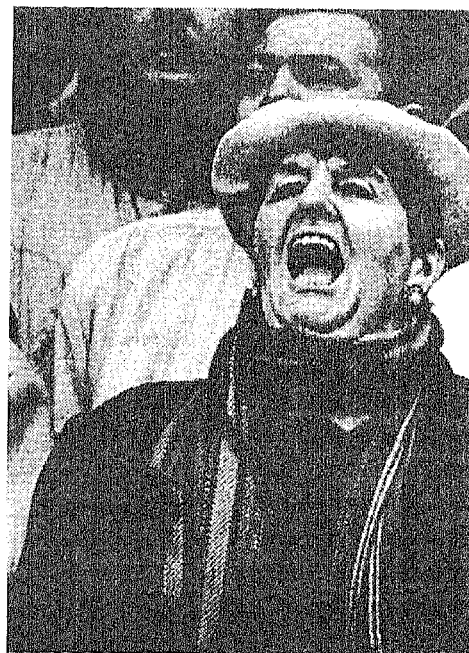
Women's Officer

Katherine Lau

Publications Officers

Loh Huai Peng and Michael Lim

-ELLE DIT-



get involved

All women are invited to submit articles, personal accounts, fiction, poetry, drawings, photography, cartoons, artwork, anything else to *Elle Dit*, the women's edition of *On Dit*.

Contributions boxes are in the women's room, the *On Dit* office, the SAUA and many other places around campus. Deadline is October 12.

One more hit to the body

Leif Larsen, SAUA Project/Research Officer looks at what the Resource Allocation options will actually mean for students

Hopefully some of you will have read my article of a fortnight ago outlining the funding options proposed in the federal government's *Resource Allocation in Higher Education* report.

There has been a great deal of debate regarding the options raised in this report since its release, but little of it has focused in any detail on exactly how the average student will be affected should any of the proposals be implemented.

Although the options presented should be of concern to all higher education stakeholders, I've divided them into two broad categories: those that affect institutions, or higher education generally, and those that affect students more directly. However, as will become apparent, all the options presented in the report will have a significant impact upon both current and potential students. Below is a brief outline of the proposals, and a commentary of how they might affect you.

UNIVERSITIES

Redistribution of places between states

- *It has been proposed that additional places in areas of high population growth, namely Queensland, be funded by taking places away from states such as Victoria and South Australia, where the population is not growing significantly.*

This could have a serious impact on South Australia, with a possible 6,000 additional tertiary places disappearing over the next three years. Not only does South Australia have the highest retention rate to Year 12 of all Australian states, but it also has higher unmet demand than the national average.

This means that large numbers of students are staying at school to complete Year 12, and subsequently attempting to enter higher education. If the above proposal is implemented, these students will be competing for, relatively, far fewer places. This must also have a significant impact upon an already flagging local economy, and will mean that more and more South Australians will be unemployed at the end of Year 12 without access to the greatest opportunity to increase their chances of work - a tertiary degree.

Cuts to per-student funding

A number of options have been suggested in the report which effectively add up to institutions enrolling more

students without any increase in the level of Commonwealth funding. There are two proposals here which I feel would have the greatest impact upon students.

- *an 'efficiency' levy or funding 'clawback' whereby institutions surrender a proportion of their operating grants to a national pool to fund growth, but enrol the same amount of students as they previously would have.*

Any student who has been forced to endure an overcrowded lecture theatre, fortnightly tutorials, out of date equipment, lack of library books, lack of adequate computer access (I think you get the picture) will appreciate that any further cuts to funding are simply unacceptable. Such a proposal would seriously endanger the already shaky quality of the education that we receive.

- *shifting Commonwealth funding away from subsidising postgraduate courses, especially coursework higher degrees, to fund undergraduate growth. This would entail that many more postgraduate courses would be full, upfront fee-paying courses than is presently the case.*

This option is grossly inequitable, and would have the effect of deterring large numbers of people from undertaking postgraduate degrees. It would affect coursework degrees, and particularly 'add-on' vocational qualifications such as postgraduate diplomas. This will effectively discourage people from upgrading their qualifications and improving their chances of employment.

Student mobility

The Minister, Simon Crean, has suggested that one way to solve the problem of unequal demand throughout the country is to encourage student mobility across state borders. Surprisingly, this has not gained a great deal of attention in the report, although it is mentioned. It is probably the least offensive of the options raised, although it cannot be seriously considered until real attempts are made to provide adequate student income support and rent assistance to students.

STUDENTS

Upfront fees for Australian students

This barrow has been pushed by the

Australian Vice-Chancellor's Committee for years as a way to fund growth in the system. While the proposal is not spelled out in detail, the idea is that:

- *Students who 'qualify', but do not gain entry to a tertiary place through the normal admissions process, will be able to buy a place above the normal quota. It would be up to institutions to name their price depending upon what the market could bear.*

The equity concerns with this proposal are very serious indeed. Were such a plan to be introduced it would undoubtedly affect the number of Commonwealth funded places offered in the future as more places become full fee-paying. If a student were to miss the initial cull of university hopefuls, entry would be based on the ability to pay rather than the ability to succeed.

\$1000 Upfront 'administrative' charge

- *Institutions would be able to charge an upfront 'administrative' fee of up to \$1000 (initially), some of which would be kept by the institutions, but with the majority going back to the Commonwealth to fund growth.*

One of the principal justifications for replacing the upfront Higher Education Administrative Charge with HECS was that, because of the deferred payment option, HECS would not act as a deterrent at the entry point to higher education as the HEAC did. Why is it that a \$250 upfront is an affront to equity (when you're using it to push HECS) but \$1000 upfront is not?

How many students are going to be able to find an additional \$1000 next year? Firstly, this will come on top of your union fee, textbooks and all those other initial costs of a 'free' education. Secondly, for those who need to take out a loan to pay, just tack it on to your HECS debt and outstanding Austudy loan - you won't even notice it's there!

Different HECS for different courses

Again, no firm plan has been outlined, but the suggestion is that the level of HECS paid would be based upon some combination of (a) the cost of running the course, and (b) the income earning potential of a graduate of that field.

While it is recognised that HECS is not a significant deterrent to entering higher education, this would certainly

be different were HECS levels differentiated based on the costs of administering the course. If I am a student from Elizabeth whose parents earn \$25,000 a year, HECS *may* not deter me. However, if I am faced with the choice of Arts at \$3,000 per year, or Medicine at anywhere up to \$30,000, you can bet that my choice of course will be seriously affected.

Income earning potential is also misleading. If a law student's HECS debt is based upon the ability to earn \$50,000 per year (or more), but she enters the public service and earns only \$26,000, she could end up repaying twice as much as an Arts graduate with exactly the same income.

HECS penalties for those who take longer to study

This is one of the many proposals that was raised by the ALP last year and was finally rejected by the Senate earlier this year. The idea is that students who take (one semester? one year?) longer than 'normal' to complete their course will be slugged a higher rate of HECS, probably 1.5% of the usual rate, for any extra time they spend studying.

This will of course have a significant impact on those students who are already struggling to remain in the higher education system - those with financial difficulties, those already suffering debt stress (slug 'em again!), and those who have outside pressures, such as family responsibilities, which impinge upon study time.

CONCLUSION

I hope this punters' guide has been of some use. The report is about shifting responsibility from the federal government, mostly on to students, and forcing institutions to churn out more graduates at a lower cost irrespective of the quality of education provided. As Flinders University Registrar Vin Massaro has commented, the report gives us a choice between "pillaging the universities or pillaging students, the latter suffering whichever way the axe falls".

Are you happy to pay even more, both upfront and later, for a deteriorating quality of education? If not, attend the rally, sign a letter or two, and let the federal government know that the right of students to an accessible and quality education needs to be taken seriously.

do you want to pay an
UPFRONT FEE

of

\$1000?

NO.

*Tell the federal government.
Attend the rally and sign the form letters.*

THURSDAY 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1PM.
Meet Barr Smith Lawns, walk to Parliament House.



*Authorised by Rebecca Shinnick
President, Students' Association*

NO FEES FOR DEGREES

Anita Butler Environment Officer

Congratulations!

Susie Brown and Tiana Nairn are our two new Environment Officers who take over from me on the first day of the holidays. They have lots of great ideas and I'm sure they'll do a fantastic job. I hope you'll all support them in their endeavours to educate us all about the environment and make the University a more environmentally responsible place. I wish them both the best of luck.

Bike 'n' Breakfast

Last year's Environment Officers kindly welcomed me into the job at a change-over bike 'n' breakfast last year, and I'd like to do the same for Susie and Tiana. So please come along, meet them and indulge in croissants, orange juice and coffee, on the first Wednesday after the holidays, **Wednesday 5th October, 8.45am onwards**. Same deal as usual — ride your bike, catch the bus or walk and you'll get breakfast free, otherwise you pay \$2. And just in case anyone is still unclear about the reason for these breakfasts, the idea is to encourage the use of alternative transport and reduce the pollution that results from our use of cars. Please come along!

Poster Policy

As promised, I am undertaking a review of the SAUA election regulations concerning the use of paper during elections. For those who don't know the background to this, the elections regulations were changed this year in an attempt to reduce the amount of paper wastage during the election period. The result was that there were less posters around as candidates were allocated individual spaces for their posters. What I would like now is some feedback from students who observed the elections from the outside, as to how effective the regulations were and how they could be improved, both on environmental and equity grounds. If you would like to make a comment, either come and see me in the SAUA this week, give me a ring on 303 5406, or jot down your comments and drop them in anytime. Thanks.

Changes to the Environment Officer Position

The referendum that was held during election week to alter the Environment Officer position appears to have been successful. If this is in fact the case the Environment Officer position will be a single position and an environment standing committee will be created as of the 1995 elections. This is great news for environmental issues as they will now have equal standing within the SAUA as education, women and activities. Thank you to everyone who supported the environment by supporting the referendum.

Thank you

This is the last time you'll hear from me in this column. Thanks to everyone who has supported me and environmental concerns throughout the year. To all of you who have participated in bike 'n' breakfasts, bike day, Environment Week, tree planting, Torrens Clean-up etc, or attended films and forums, I hope you got as much out of it all as I did and I hope you continue to be involved. To those of you who haven't been along to anything yet, start with the bike 'n' breakfast next term, and look forward to lots of opportunities to support the environment in the year to come. Keep your eyes and ears open for information about the University Environment Policy. The working party has been officially set up, a Research Officer to coordinate the project is soon to be appointed, and the SAUA is

set to ensure that the development process involves as much consultation as possible, so that this university becomes as environmentally responsible as it can. So, good bye, thanks for everything and please continue to support the environment. It's where we live, what we breathe and the home of thousands of different species. We've mucked up what wasn't our to meddle with and we have a responsibility to make amends. Let's do it!

Jo England Women's Officer

NUS Women's Policy Writing Conference

As you read this I will have just returned from this year's NUS Women's Policy Writing Conference. The conference is aimed at equipping women with the necessary skills to write clear and articulate policy for the Union. If you're really lucky you will also learn how to facilitate or conduct a workshop.

In all seriousness, the conference is important and a valuable experience for those women who are able to attend.

The topics covered are broad and far reaching, ranging from staff-student sexual relations to media representation of women.

If anyone is interested in seeing the current NUS policy on women, I have a copy of it and would be more than willing to allow any one who may be interested to peruse this scintillating document.

Coalition for a Women's Right to Choose

A display produced by the coalition is currently on display in Speakers' Corner. The display contains a component on student women and was in fact compiled by members of Adelaide Uni's Pro-Choice club. I would encourage everyone to go along and see this display which highlights a basic woman's right.

Security

I would also like to clear up apparent confusion over the supposed privatisation of university security. The university reinstated its commitment to university provided security late last year in its decision to maintain the staffing levels of the service. For those of you who may have been in doubt, there is absolutely no threat to the security service provided by the university.

The Honourable Justice Elizabeth Evatt AO will be speaking at a seminar entitled "Using Your Citizenship Rights". The seminar will be held at 10am on Friday the 23rd of September on Napier 102.

Child care

The working party evaluating the running of the management committee of TICCC will present their evaluation on the 16th of September.

NUSSA Women's Conference

The South Australian women's committee have been busy compiling a list of brilliant women to speak at their conference, "The Getting of Wisdom: the political skills of the next generation" (And no, it isn't a *Star Trek* convention).

The conference will be held on Wednesday the 12th of October at Adelaide Uni.

Confirmed speakers are Susan Ryan, Eleanor Ramsey, Anne Levy and Deborah McCullough with many more to come.

The conference is being held as an alternative to the Women, Power and Politics Conference, which at \$100 for concession registration is quite simply out of the price range of most women.

If you are interested in attending this conference please drop by the SAUA or contact me on 303 5406.

Well, I guess this is it. I'd like to say thanks

to all of those who have helped me (and my sanity) along the way. You know who you are. Congratulations to my successor! May she find the role as challenging and rewarding as I have. Good luck to all of those who were successfully elected and now all that remains is to enjoy the hols!

Matt Deaner A/CVP

Well all good things come to an end - as has my term as Activities Campaigns Vice-President of the Students' Association. The year has been both challenging and rewarding but most of all enjoyable - and for that I'd like to pay tribute to the many abilities and achievements of my fellow office-bearers, of councillors and of standing committee members. Most of all, I extend the sincerest of thanks to the staff in the Students' Association who are both patient and tireless workers who quite unreservedly have students' interests foremost at heart.

Hopefully the following achievements made by the Activities Committee members and myself have gone some way to making the University Environment a more active and informed place to study.

The Return of Prosh

Not for quite a number of years have the University and Adelaide communities been privy to the antics and fun that is Prosh. In raising money for Adelaide Central Mission's Streetlink program we returned to University culture the Prosh Parade, the kidnapping of prominent members of Adelaide society, fun and safe lecture stunts and many (harmless) pranks. In particular I would hope that the spirit achieved in this year's Prosh is duplicated in the future and that all activities conducted are done so with a degree of responsibility and restraint.

The launch of Re'O - (ReOrientation)

The idea has been there for a number of years but never really come into fruition. This year thanks to the tireless assistance of many - but especially Suzanne Mc. and David R. Students were greeted at the beginning of 2nd semester by Clubs, Societies, BBQ's, Beer and a jumping castle - funded by the generous sponsorship provided by West End.

Regular Lunch-time Entertainment

With the assistance of Union Activities and the Union Entertainment Officer (Gary) we were able to provide regular bands on the lawns to lighten up the lunch break. We also ran a number of lunch time debates under the guise of SAUA World Series Debating.

Orientation

The credit here must lie with Mel Wheeler and her Directors - but this certainly got the year off on the right foot and through the tremendous success of the O'Ball and Orientation sponsorship we were provided with much needed funding to help run other Students' Association Activities.

- The 4th Term 1993 Education Rally against 2nd Degree HECS
- The Lost Property Sale / End of Year BBQ - raising much needed money for the Roseworthy Child Care
- CASM BBQ
- M'Week - activities and food!
- SAUA promotion

I extend every best wish to Jessica Boland, Carl Panczak and the members of the new Activities Standing Committee as they take over the reigns of activities in your association. Give them your support and get involved. Although it's a lot of work, the rewards are definitely there - so seek them out!

Suze McCourt EVP

Well, this being my last report as an Office Bearer of the SAUA, I guess it is time to reflect and ponder. I have thoroughly enjoyed my time in the SAUA, despite the down side of being constantly in the public eye. Working with other Office Bearers who have been committed, enthusiastic and hard working right throughout the year, has made it easier to get things done and make real change for students.

Issues tackled this year were both long term and short term. A number of issues such as stopping the university charge for its student guide or for the Roseworthy-Gawler shuttle bus, or dealing with individual students academic problems were to rectify problems that had been created within the University. Other, more long term but crucial issues have been:

- convincing the government of the benefits of student organisations and Higher Education that is accessible to all people.
- putting forward a submission for a student run housing group for students.
- promoting the Student services offered by the university, Union and SAUA.
- promoting the use of non-gender specific language and attitudes in classes.
- organising Department and Faculty elections for student representatives, and encouraging a communication and information flow between the reps and the SAUA.
- keeping tabs on the Arts faculty review to ensure students are not forgotten with so many competing interests.
- directing Quality Audit funds to the enhancement of teaching and learning and student initiatives.
- changing the Counter Calendar to improve its quality and relevance to students.
- encouraging closer links between student groups from all campuses.
- fighting against fees for post-graduates (unfortunately introduced for some courses this year) and for under-graduates (proposed).

In addition to these and many other issues I have been involved in working on this year, I also ran Re-Orientation with Matt, the ACVP, which was a lot bigger than previous years, and proved to be really successful. It had much more of an educational focus than in past years, which was worthwhile, as many students miss a lot of the information that is available in O-Week. Committee work within the University has also taken up a lot of time, but is of course crucial to ensure students are represented at all levels of decision making.

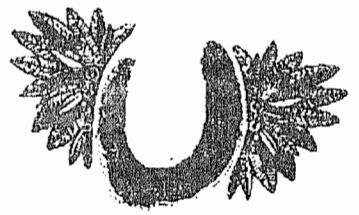
This is an extremely brief overview of the year that was. If you would like to speak in more detail about the things I have done this year, please feel free to come and speak to me. Lastly, good luck to the new office bearers, and to Bec who will be staying for the rest of the year. Happy Birthday Bec! Thanks to *On Dit* this year, you've been great! (suck!!)



On Dit



What's Cooking?



in your Union this week

12 - 16 September

We're always here!! Drop in & check out what's on!



Under Union Hall



Lunch on the balcony

Salads

Hot Meals

Snacks

Hamburgers

Vegetarian

Drinks

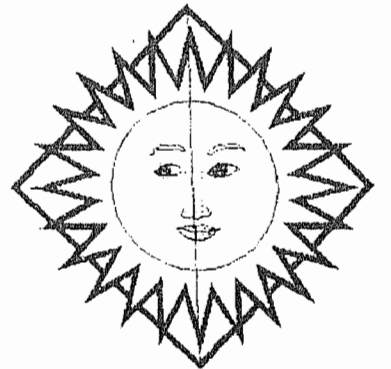
Hot Dogs

Chips

Asian

We've Got It All!

Four Seasons



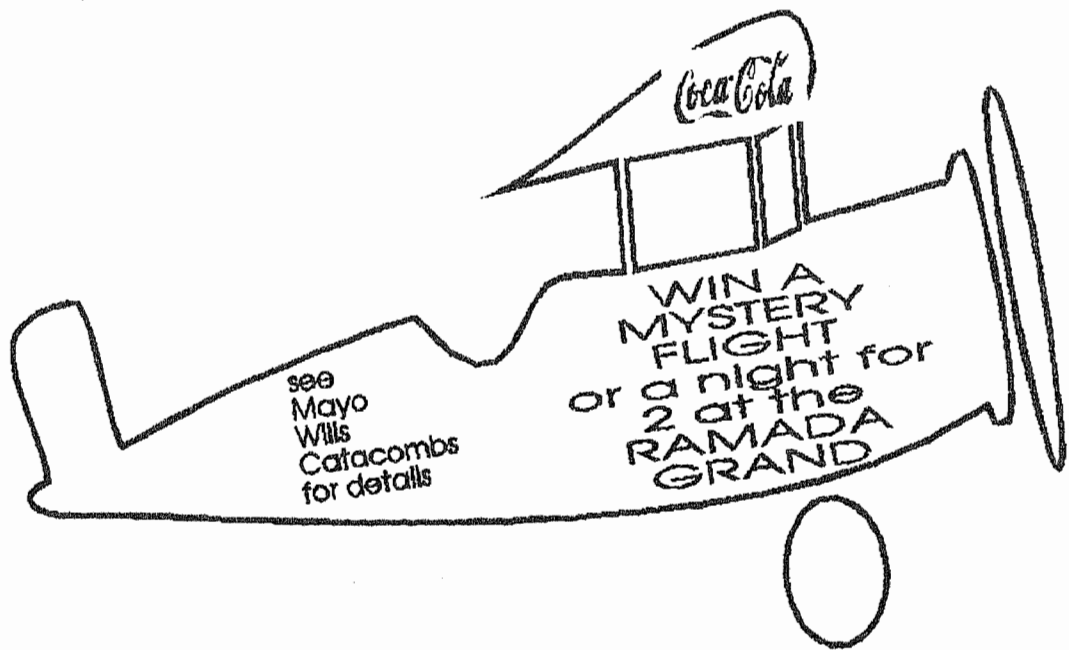
Fresh Food

Level 4, Union House

Food for Thought

Opening Times

- Mayo Refec 10.00-6.30
- Four Seasons 10.00-2.30
- Gallery Coffee Shop 9.00-4.45
- Catacombs Coffee Lounge 8.00-5.00
- Backstage Cafe 8.00-7.00
- Grill Bar 8.30-6.30
- Bistro 12.00-2.30 & 5.30-8.30



WIN A MYSTERY FLIGHT or a night for 2 at the RAMADA GRAND

see Mayo Wills Catacombs for details

LETTERS

Women for women

Dear Marica Illich,
You referred in your letter in last week's *On Dit* to "various segments of the women's movement" and the "immaturity that permeates" these "various segments." We find it sad that you do not appreciate the views of substantial numbers of women (read armies) who passionately believe that women's knowledge, power, beauty, ideas and cunts should be shared with other women. It is women like this, some of whom have been separatists (in some or all aspects of their lives), that have been at the forefront of women's liberation.

These women are not interested in working with men when their aim is to liberate women. And yes, they do stand in direct contrast to those women who aspire to working within systems where "an understanding of males and an ability to get along well with them could only be useful" as you so *nicely* and 'correctly' put it in your letter.

You stated that "immaturity" around this issue "serves only to create and exacerbate the divisions which will occur naturally (?!?) in any movement which contains individuals from diverse backgrounds." Grow up! We reject any accusation of having created such divisions. It is true, however, that we reflect them in the same way that any woman who thinks for herself reflects different opinions. For too long, it has been typical of the more radical voices to be constructed as trouble makers. Shit-stirrers are treated like "bad girls" in every movement.

But it is our belief that, regardless of divisions, the position of Women's Officer exists for all women at this University, and therein lies the challenge for every woman who undertakes this job. We believe that this challenge is a completely achievable one and this has been proven many times over by women who have occupied the position. It is not part of the Women's Officer's job to sit in the office each day for four hours, quivering away at the fear of buying into the divisions within the Women's Community and the worrying about the men that she might offend along the way.

Viva la Women's Officer! This position is powerful and dynamic. But if we, as women, fail to articulate criticisms and feedback about what we want from the position, then Women's Officer will dissolve into a meaningless position which is more responsive to the machinations of student politics than it is to women. The position of Women's Officer is a radical and shit-stirring one, and if we do not start voting in some shit-stirrers, then we are going to find ourselves with an Equity Officer instead of a Women's Officer. That would be fucking sad...

You stated in your letter, Marica, that

you had always found Jo to be "as accessible as her part time position...allows." But sitting back and being accessible is only one part of the Women's Officer's job and there are many women who are asking what else Jo England is actually doing, given that most weeks she does not seem to be doing enough work even to warrant a column in *On Dit*. When a Women's Officer receives her main body of criticism from other women, it becomes quite clear that she is failing in her supposed promise to work for all women.

The position of Women's Officer is not for men, it is for women. So when nothing is being done for women at this University, one naturally begs the question of who actually is our Women's Officer representing.

The mind boggles.
From the bottom of our hearts,
Amy Barrett & Katrina Picozzi

Smash that patriarchy

Dear Marica,
My letter in *On Dit* (vol 62, no 17, 22/8) was a comment on election rhetoric and how student pollies rarely fulfil their election promises. In this letter I gave the example of Jo England, the Women's Officer, as one such politician. Obviously this brought with it personal opinions on her effectiveness and dedication to the position this year. My letter was in no way intended to be a thesis on how to smash the patriarchy.

The Women's Officer's role is of paramount importance. I see the role of Women's Officer as reacting to overtly sexist proposals and structures within the Students' Association, and addressing where applicable complaints from female students in the university at large. I also see the Women's Officer's role as being organising pro-active campaigns to address structural sexism in society, for example women's health, sexual assault and lesbophobia, etc. Further, I think it is very important that the Women's Officer provides services for and take advice from active feminists and feminist groups on campus, as these are the people who have the most informed and pertinent ideas and experience to help maximise the potential of this position. To actively alienate these women and to provide no services for them is in my mind, not fulfilling the Women's Officer role effectively.

This year's Women's Officer has received a substantially greater yearly wage than any of her predecessors. Despite this her campaigns have been fewer and of poorer quality.

Specifically regarding your letter, Marica, I believe that it is *always* relevant to provide feedback on student politicians. Generally, we must remember that students are paying for; if you think this is a boy's game then perhaps your energy would be better used concentrating on the re-structuring of the

Students' Association and Union.

Finally, I question the "let's stick together" approach that you use in your letter given that its focus was to denigrate me and my opinions.

Regards,
Julia Davey
Maths Science/Law

P.S: My input will be coming round the mountain when it comes, Jo.

Kids wanna rock

Dear Julian Bull,
What?

From one confused indie rocker.

Cress of the d'Urbervilles

Dear Dean Martinello,

Thank you so much for airing a feeling which pervades Adelaide University.

Now I'm not sure whether it was I, looking like a cross between Dame Edna and Hitler who accosted you, (and let me pause here to mention what a zany and obviously well-thought out or possibly even workshopped description that is. You did not by chance get a government grant to develop that did you?) but Dean, mate, (can I call you mate?) I hope to hell it was.

Lord knows I had several similar exchanges with people like you, so don't for a moment think you surprised me when you or whoever said "What the hell does a Women's Officer do anyway?" If you are the guy I am thinking of, my answer was not "Oh you know, stuff" as you claimed but, "Heaps of cool stuff" which I admit on reflection, was not exactly hard hitting.

"Stuff", what the fuck does that mean? you ask, in last week's *On Dit*. Well if you like, Dean, (mate), I can sit you down for a couple of hours and explain to you the services that the Women's Officer provides, the events that she has organised for women in the last year, I may even wax lyrical about the role of women in a still male-dominated world, and if there's still time before nice boys like you have to go to bed, quote some figures about violence against women etc etc.

That is, I would do this if I could be bothered, but I can't as I know you don't care anyway. You confirmed this in your letter, but you know what Dean, mate? ...I think I sensed it even last Thursday.

I'd like to say for the record that I do not care that I did not convince you to vote. I did not for one moment act like you were my best mate, nor do I anticipate doing so in the near future. I merely offered you a reminder about your democratic rights. Woah - I know it's pretty uncool to use hard-core, hysterical lefty terms like those.

Also Dean, it will probably interest you not at all to know that I was not running in the election, and had nothing to gain from it. I was simply supporting a candidate who I thought was worthwhile, because well Dean, I guess I care just that little bit more than you.

You are so profound because you can be cynical about the political process.

I wish you were my Dad so I would have your genes.

In conclusion, thanks once again for your thoughts, Dean, from a person who was not brainless or dim witted enough to waste time in election week trying to convince someone as obviously cool as you.

Cressida Wall

Student elections... get over it

Dear Editors,

The student body has lived through another election week. I found these elections to be much better in previous years and I congratulate the candidates who won. However, I have one objection to the elections and that is the CVs which candidates submit in the broadsheet. For example, Marian Clarkin used her position as Law Students' Society Sponsorship Co-Ordinator as a platform for her experience. I find this offensive because while it is true she holds this position, Marian has done nothing to justify writing this position on her CV. She used this in a misleading manner to gain votes. CV's of candidates should reflect the truth, not just half of it. I am glad that students who voted in the elections didn't believe everything they read.

Yours sincerely,
Someone who didn't vote
Students for Students

Ayrton

Dear Hamish Freeman,

Don't take this as a criticism of your tribute for Ayrton Senna - it's not meant to be, but it's just some additional points you forgot.

Senna won 41 races, occupied pole position 65 times, set 19 pole positions, and won three world championships from 161 starts. In comparison, Alain Prost won 51, set 33 pole positions, 41 fastest laps, and four world championships from 199 starts. What's the point of arguing who's the best, especially now that it is sadly irrelevant? Nothing can be proved. Who was better: Ayrton Senna, Alain Prost, Jim Clark, Juan Manuel Fangio, or Tazio Nuvolari? We'll never know. It doesn't matter. Accept that Senna AND Prost were both brilliant drivers, it's just that one retired before it was too late.

You mention correctly Mansell's attack on Senna in 1987, but what about Senna's punching of Irvine in Japan last year, Schumacher and Alesi earlier in the season, and marshals at various tracks, just to mention some of the incidents? Enough said. Whilst we're talking about Senna's actions, you failed to mention the 1990 Japanese Grand Prix, where he removed Prost at the first corner. Having solely blamed Prost for the accident at the time, a year later, having the title in Japan, he said the following, "All right, if tomorrow (referring to the previous year's race) Prost beats me off the line, at the first corner I will go for it, and he'd better not turn-in because he is not going to make it. I didn't care if we crashed. It had to happen. It was unavoidable." Unavoidable? Not really. His car's telemetry showed he never lifted or braked for the corner, which he would have had to have done, if he was going to make it around. "I'm telling you the fucking truth, the 100% truth," he said

in 1991. So what did he say in 1990? Also, he was totally against driver aids, until he got a Williams to drive, by which point they had been banned. Somewhat hypocritical, admittedly, but more pure rationalism. Why get rid of something when you have the best there is? One thing Senna wasn't was stupid.

Ayrton Senna said just before he died that he'd prefer to be killed than crippled if he were to have a huge crash. Sadly, he got his wish. Also, before his final race, he and Alain had made up. Uncanny, but it's just sad it even had to happen.

I'm not slugging Senna off, I'm merely stating some points, which I consider important, that you missed. Hell, I really miss the guy, too, and I wasn't even a fan of his. I haven't mentioned anything about his better side, I realise, but we all know about that. This is the first time I've even managed to write about it since Imola. Although I never liked him, I had great respect for his talent. I wish he were still here, too.

Ayrton Senna: 21/3/1960 - 1/5/1994
R.I.P.

Anthony Long
Arts

A long letter from the *Hilarian* editors

Dear Con O'Neill

As the editors of *Hilarian*, the Law Students' Society (LSS) quarterly, we would like to respond to the concerns you expressed in relation to the magazine in your letter of last week. We find it strange that we have to do this in the *On Dit* letters pages in view of the fact that there is provision in *Hilarian*, as the most recent edition (which came out Tuesday 30 August), for a similar forum for law students to express their opinions and concerns. Indeed, an article of yours "dominated" that first forum and we would have thought that that would be the most obvious place for any criticism of *Hilarian*. Does *Hilarian* not come out often enough to satisfy your need to dominate a letters page? We also question the appropriateness of your use of the *On Dit* letters page to air concerns regarding a relatively small group of students who are probably well in the minority at Adelaide University. If we needed any more proof of law student arrogance and elitism, the distressing regularity of law student contributions in the *On Dit* letters pages this year would be sufficient evidence. Only law students could make the astonishing assumption that the goings on of the Law School would be of any interest to the rest (and majority) of Adelaide University students. Indeed, we would like to apologise to *On Dit* readers at this stage for being yet another two bloody law students to write to *On Dit* in this continuing saga.

As to your suggestion that non-Law students have a look at *Hilarian*, although this is very flattering, we can't imagine why they would want to. *Hilarian* fulfils the function of a faculty newsletter for students. It has a very small circulation, and very little relevance outside the Law School community. We don't mean this in an elitist sense; we just don't want to bore non-Law students. (For those who are interested, a limited number of copies of *Hilarian* will be available from the *On Dit*

office although we will understand, and probably agree with you, if you choose not to find out how Law students fill their days.)

In your letter, you expressed the view that our attempt to send-up a certain stereotype of Law students was unsuccessful and ridiculed the concerns of many of the elitism fostered by the LSS; and implied that the concerns of many of the elitism of LSS propaganda. On the issue of the elitism, we would suggest that your concern must be based on a very selective reading of *Hilarian*. Perhaps you didn't read the very prominent features in the most recent edition which dealt with issues such as judicial activism, access to justice and the plague of law and lawyers to mention a few, - hardly the concerns of frivolous and elitist law students. And you clearly missed the pun, "Atypical pose", which came before the sentence that you quoted from our cover (is that why you failed to quote it?), a cover which was primarily intended to send up a stereotype and mind-set which does exist among certain individuals in the Law School (although we would suggest that this is a declining number), and not, as you interpreted, a send-up of concerns regarding elitism in the Law School, let alone a flaunting of that elitism. That satire is "more impressive in the hands of the oppressed" (my god, do you really see yourself as oppressed?) is a dubious assertion; it certainly is more impressive when it is subtle - but you would know that since you have had some experience of its writing and performance e.g. "(L)SS".

We take your point on law student elitism but we don't think we have ridiculed or belittled your concerns. We do think, however, that some of the assumptions you make about law students are inaccurate. Specifically, you misrepresent law students by making generalisations about our aspirations based on superficial observations such as the number of black tie functions some of us may attend. Those of us not interested in masquerade balls and world domination - and I think you would find that there were many many more of us than you obviously realise - resent your comments to that effect.

Regarding the second point, we would like to make it absolutely clear that although *Hilarian* and its editors are technically part of the LSS, we have complete and unfettered editorial control. We are independent of the LSS insofar as 75% of our funding has been raised by ourselves. Coverage of LSS activities comprises roughly 25% of the content of *Hilarian*, does not appear until the middle of the magazine, and serves a news function in much the same way as the reports of SAUA activities that appear in *On Dit*.

We think you have made careless and selective use of *Hilarian* to further your own dubious arguments and we suggest that you read more of *Hilarian* than just the few social pages in the middle. That's certainly not all that we're about.

Yours sincerely,
Wai-Quen Chan and Rachael Osman
Editors, *Hilarian*

More morons

Dear Gordon Knight,

For a knight to remember, follow these simple steps for a happy year ...

February: don't enrol in law

March: save your milk money

April: join the scouts for a car wash and nick some money

May: buy a chocolate bar and reward yourself, you've saved \$16 for 1995's Law Ball

May 25: buy a multi trip and don't go to the Law Ball, you're no longer part of the faculty!

Take out a large axe and cut off your hands so you can stop writing stupid letters to *On Dit*.

Yours in fun,
Edward and Henrietta Windsor

Liberals: we ain't fascist bullies

Dear Editors,

It has been brought to our attention that in the weeks leading up to last Friday, certain material promoting a viewing of videos of the revisionist historian David Irving were circulated

within the University. Some of this material purports to indicate some connection between the Liberal Law Students Club and the viewing of the videos.

As the contact officer of Liberal Law Students, and Campaign Director of the University of Adelaide Liberal Club, we wish to disassociate ourselves from this event.

We were not involved in any part of the organisation of this event, and to our knowledge, no member of the Liberal Law Students Club attended the viewing.

As Liberal Law Students we value freedom of expression highly, and believe it to be a core characteristic of a free and democratic society. Nonetheless, we can not endorse the use of our club name in what was apparently an attempt by supporters of Irving to avoid the prohibition on Irving's entry into Australia.

In conclusion, we repeat that we are not aware of any connection between the Liberal Law Students Club and the organisers of this event.

Yours faithfully,
Natalie Ward
Contact Officer
Liberal Law Students
Peter Sheppard
Campaign Director
Liberal Club

Letters Policy

The deadline for letters is 5pm on the Wednesday before publication. Bring your letters into the office, post them to us or place them in the contributions box in the SAUA. Letters may be edited for space requirements or slanderous content.

We will no longer be printing letters about that fucking Law Ball. Nor will we print letters that are written with the sole purpose of telling someone else to fuck off. They're not funny.

RED SHED THEATRE COMPANY PRESENTS

BECAUSE YOU ARE MINE

by Daniel Keene

stolen lives of a civil war

24 September to 1 October
Previews 22 and 23 September
Monday to Saturday at 8:15

brave new work Tickets \$18, \$12 conc. Previews \$15, \$12 conc. Groups of 8 or more \$15, \$10 concession (Small surcharge for phone and agency bookings)

WARNING: Some scenes contain nudity and language that may offend

The Space Adelaide Festival Centre BOOK AT BASS, phone 131 246

RED SHED THEATRE COMPANY

"Daniel Keene is a dangerous playwright he works right on the moral edge"

Angela Bennie, Sydney Morning Herald

Presented in association with the Adelaide Festival Centre

They said it could never happen again

The future of Tertiary Education: The thick end of the wedge

Getting up to the sixth floor had been incredibly easy. There were only a few cops around when we got to the building and we just kept marching up the front steps into the foyer. "Education is on the sixth floor" someone yelled. People streamed across the foyer and up the stairs - stranded office workers

onto the floor. The lift arrived right into the room like in a James Bond movie or a rich apartment block enticing someone to shout "daggiest lot of public servants I've ever seen". It broke the tension and people grinned. Someone from the 120-strong open union education committee got up and

always pretty chaotic but provide the space for everyone present to have a say about what to do - if they're game. We finally left the building after a few hours and we weren't able to get in there again that year. The cops blocked it off right from the start which left us to play cat and mouse around the city. 1987 saw a lot of action around fees especially in Brisbane and Perth. The campaign was isolated but still had some impact. The ALP was concerned enough to set up NUS in an attempt to stifle the movement in bureaucracy and in, get ready for it, the High Court Challenge. Hey, why waste \$100,000 campaigning when you can give it to lawyers?

The thin end of the wedge got a little bit thicker in 1988 with a \$263 fee being charged. Then finally in 1989 they opted for the graduate tax/HECS option. HECS and NUS took the heat out of the student movement but the economic rationalists in Canberra were never happy with HECS. It's so messy when up-front fees would be simple and cheap to administer. But introducing up-front fees would be a little too obvious, so instead now the Department wants to decrease funding to unis and allow them to charge fees. This process has already gone some distance but the latest proposal is for a \$500 to \$1000 fee which the

unis could charge - only if they wanted to, of course, totally unrelated to inadequate funding!

The vision splendid of the policy makers in Canberra is clear. Bring the pressures of the market to bear on tertiary education. If people really want it they'll pay for it. Regrettably there will be those who miss out but business is business so please don't ask for credit because refusal often offends. The only thing stopping them is what they think they can get away with politically. This has meant that they have pushed in the fee wedge cautiously, testing the resistance as they go. This new report that has just been released. Resource Allocation in Higher Education, is just that - testing the resistance. Be well aware our temperature is being taken. If we are able to mount an effective campaign then the wedge can be slowed, stopped and even pushed back. If students remain passive then up-front fees are a dead certainty.

Thursday the 15th, 1pm, there is a rally starting on the Barr Smith Lawns and going to Parliament House. The future of tertiary education is on the line, and whether you are at the rally or not, you will be making your contribution to that future. Rest assured that DEET will read your absence as approval.

Russel Norman

You can go down to your school with your texta in your bag,
But they'll never let you in if your Dad don't drive a Jag.

Aunty Raelene

surrounded by moving people - something to tell the spouse about tonight. The stairs were all adrenaline - people were moving really quickly - and then we were in. There were maybe two hundred of us crammed into the offices. It was 1987 and the ALP had introduced a \$250 up-front tertiary fee.

The desk had forms on it. Like the forms you fill in and send to the government (funny that). "Date of Birth" it demanded on the third question. There were lots of forms on all the desks. People were trying not to mess them up too much as they sat and stood on them wondering what would happen next. The lift doors opened to reveal sardined students squeezing out

opened the discussion on what next. I was new to this stuff and I didn't follow it precisely. It seemed that there were police arriving downstairs but people wanted to occupy as long as we could. Someone suggested that we demand to speak to Susan "fees" Ryan. I mistakenly thought they meant in person and was pretty impressed. "Is she in town?" "How long will it take to fly her up from Canberra?" But they were using the office phones of course - free STD.

The discussion was being helped along by a megaphone - "\$250 is the thin end of the wedge" someone was shouting. "Yeah, we fucking know, that's why we're here" said someone in the crowd. Mid-demo meetings are

**END OF TERM SHOW
UNIBAR SAT 17TH SEPT**

BABY SUGARLOUD

DOUBLE WHAMMY

PUSH BUTTON SUN

PUCK



**STRONGBOW \$1 ECHO
(D R Y / D R A U G H T)**

**THIS WEEK AT THE ADELAIDE UNIBAR...
NATIONAL CAMPUS BAND COMP.
STATE FINAL WINNERS!**

PARANOMIA

**NATIONAL CAMPUS BAND COMP.
STATE FINALISTS**

**Taint EA
Angels**

**WITH
SOULFACE**

BLISS-BOMB SKRANKING

80 cent beers

All Night!

Fri. 16th of September

Entry \$5/\$7

Doors Open 8pm



Look who's on telly

Bent TV is here at last...and no, it's not for stoned people. David Mills reports.

What do bent kids want?

The same thing that everybody else wants: a spot on the telly.

Now they have the opportunity. Bent TV is a community access programme on ACE TV catering for all non-heterosexual people. An hour-long show every Tuesday night at 10pm, Bent TV can be picked up on Channel 31 on the UHF dial. The programme is also repeated on Saturday night at 11pm. This Tuesday's programme marks the third week of Bent TV's existence.

The format of Bent TV is simple. The first half of the programme is devoted to news and various interviews which are conducted in a chatty style: thus far, Marcia Hines, Tiddas, actor John Polson (of *The Sum of Us*) and company members of the new play *Seeing Things* have all been featured. The second half of the programme is taken by "Absolutely Adelaide", a game show that throws *Blanketty Blanks*, theatre sports and *Sticky Moments* into a blender, throws in some devices of its own and takes it from there. If game shows are your thing, "Absolutely Adelaide" may well tickle your doover. Contestants must suffer the quips and barbs of a Julian Clary-esque presenter to be able to win some pretty worthwhile prizes, including mystery flights and free dinners.

So, how did Bent TV come into existence? I put the question to producer Ray Mackereth, who is also the publisher for *Adelaide Gay Times*:

"I suppose the idea goes back to twelve months ago, when community TV was experiencing its birth in Australia; I thought "why shouldn't gay and lesbian people be a part of television?" We have no coverage on television apart from the occasional series on SBS and occasionally on the ABC. It seems that gay characters are just starting to develop in soap opera. Let's let people know that gay and lesbian people do exist. Within the entertainment industry, there's a very high profile amongst lesbians and gay men, and we're giving those people a chance to do something totally different in a totally different medium, which seems to be one of the most powerful mediums in

our society."

Andrew Kemp, sometime director/on-air interviewer/man about the house/technical assistant for Bent TV says that so far there have been about 100 people involved in the project:

"It's like an iceberg", he says. "In front of the camera you have the little tip, and behind the camera you have the 90% of it all. It's like a hive of activity."

The initial reaction to Bent TV from the gay and lesbian community has been overwhelmingly supportive, as would be expected. The *Adelaide GT* office was inundated with over 100 congratulatory phone messages shortly after the first broadcast. Kemp explains that many gay and lesbian people had expected Bent TV to provide similar entertainment to venues around town, but have been very positive about the format so far:

"It's really important to the community for it to realise that its more diverse than what they thought it was. It's gotten big enough now that we don't have to all follow each other like sheep and do the same thing."

Plans for the future of Bent TV are in full swing. A regular cooking segment is soon to be incorporated into the programme. Discussions have also centred on the possibilities of filming sitcoms and short films. Kemp is keen to see a spin-off project called something along the lines of Bent Films which would be an opportunity for local filmmakers to get their work shown. Kemp believes a 15 minute documentary that Bent TV Director Caroline Sage has done on the impact of HIV in Edinburgh would be the ideal rider for the new project.

As an access programme for all non-heterosexual people, Bent TV must cater to a wide variety of people and tastes. I asked Kemp if there had been any difficulty experienced so far in balancing involvement and coverage from gay men and lesbians:

"No. It's been fine. With auditions we had for the stars and starlets, a lot more guys auditioned than women, but when you look at the technical side, there's a bigger balance of women than there are in front of the camera. But we're finding as we go along hidden talents in people that even they didn't know about; like someone who was good at technical work would be good at interviewing or the other way round. It tends to even itself out. I do notice there are more guys than women there, which is a bit disappointing."

Nevertheless, Bent TV has so far covered a diverse array of activities in the gay and lesbian community. Kemp explains one of the more bizarre assignments:

"Last night we took a team down to Beans Bar, where they were having a knit-off. What they're doing is knitting these little squares in the rainbow colours every Monday night from 9:30. They're putting them altogether and donating them to the Bobby Goldsmith Foundation as a goodwill gesture. A lot of the prominent community members are involved in that."

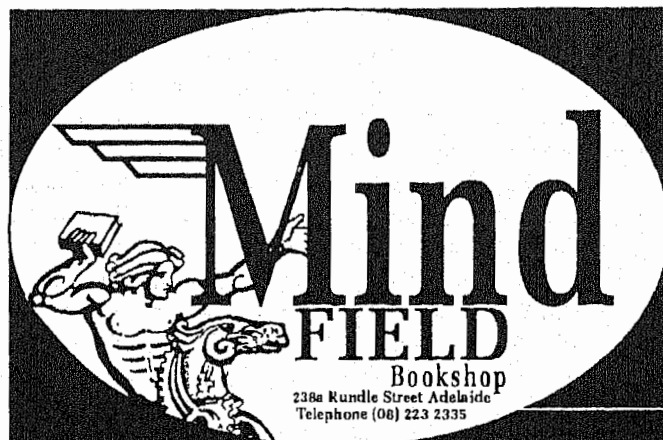
Hmmm. People knitting. Sounds like exciting television. Kemp assures me that indeed it is:

"It actually worked kind of well. We camped it up."

Fun is certainly the order of the day at Bent TV. And why not? Good luck to them!

Below:

"Absolutely Adelaide": scenes from an alternative lifestyle.



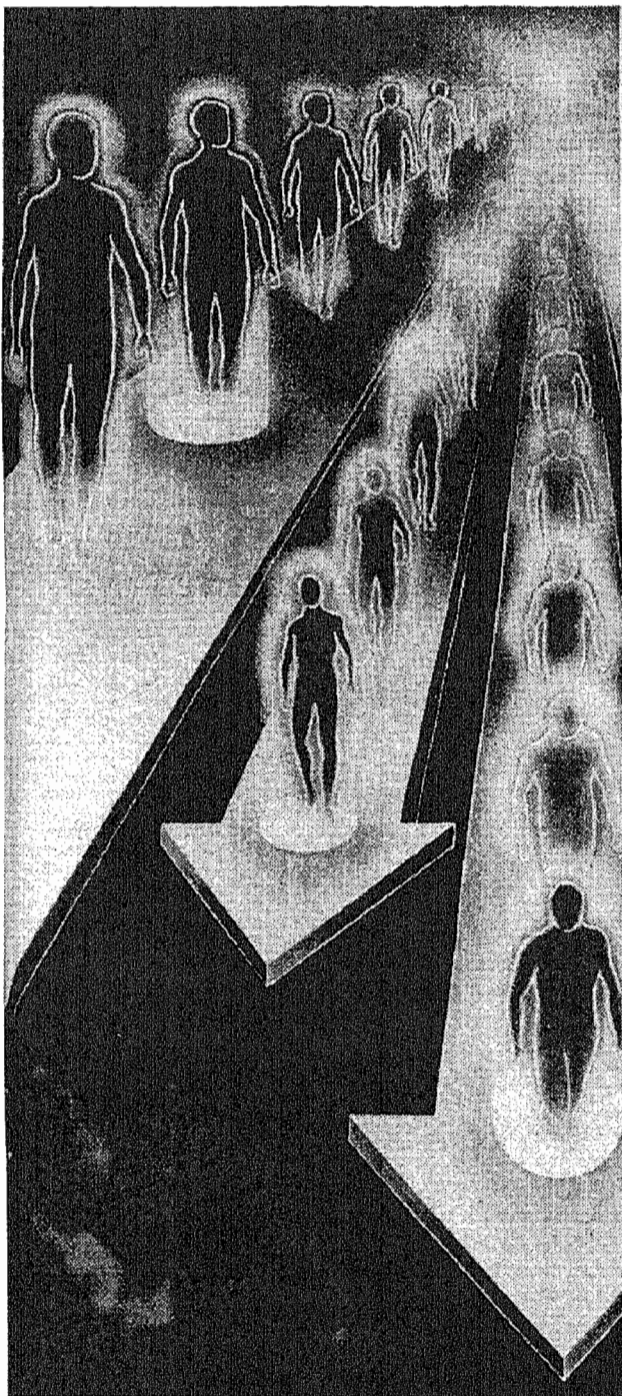
The books that fill you with sudden, inexplicable curiosity, not easily justified. The books you've been planning to read for ages. The books you need to go with other books on your shelves. The books you want to own so they'll be handy just in case. The books you've always pretended to have read...

OPEN 7 DAYS

What of the future?

David Mills takes a look at the myths that have been constructed about "the future".

We believe that humankind is on an outward spiral. Everywhere, all of the time, we are fed information on our achievements in every sphere, going out in every direction, increasing in dizzying exponentiality. The stars are plotted and named; diseases are conquered; the secrets of the brain and of the gene are discovered; another Space Shuttle is launched; Panasonic releases the latest in high-tech home entertainment. It's all happening. The cry of the cyberpunk - "the future is now!" - is the order of the day.



And yet this is patently untrue. Laughably so. The reality is that with all these promises of scientific wonderment, some of these things will come into our lives and affect them and others will not. The future remains implacably in the domain of tomorrow. Over the last century, writers have speculated on the scientific marvels that the future must - somehow, inevitably - bring. Some have deftly hit the mark while others have been embarrassingly wide of it. Jules Verne wrote of a submarine in *20,000*

Leagues Under The Sea, H.G. Wells wrote of a time machine in the novel of that name. One became fact, one remained fiction.

This kind of thing happens all the time in science fiction, making jackasses out of otherwise quite highly respected intellectuals. In the novel and film *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Arthur C. Clarke predicted that humankind's mastery of space would have enabled us to travel to the far side of Jupiter by the turn of the century. *2001. Jupiter*. That date looms mighty large.

Predictions made of the future are hampered inescapably by the fact that they are made in the present. Current modes of thinking are grafted onto the "what if...?" of tomorrow. This explains why, in the 1960s TV series *Space 1999*, hippies are seen dancing at space discos. OK, so the hippies are wearing plastic and lycra outfits. They're still hippies.

One of the most significant experiences for many people born in this generation (and the last) would no doubt be the threat of nuclear annihilation. The situation is different now, of course. Whereas three-year-olds in the '80s had nightmares about The Bomb, their '90s counterparts have nightmares about dwindling rainforests and melting polar ice caps. Actually, at one point the '80s got so bad that you couldn't leave your television without Peter Garrett warning you of imminent nuclear devastation. Such dire predictions surfaced again and again in films of the '60s, '70s and '80s: *The Day After*, *The Time Machine*, *The Planet Of The Apes*, *No Blade Of Grass*, etc, etc. That slogan of the cyberpunks, "the future is now" is in fact a prediction in itself. It claims that wondrous technological developments are at the reach of ordinary people now. Plainly, this is not true. We live in a society that is spawning a technologically-ignorant underclass. Great sectors of our society, alienated by social and economic disadvantages, are falling further and further behind in the race to embrace new technologies. While there exists a certain class to whom the information superhighway is virtually the street on which they live, for many people the closest they get to "the future" is in purchasing a new computerised home appliance. In his 1970 book *Future Shock*, Alvin Toffler wrote of a very modern condition: the state of being "culture shocked" by one's own culture because of the alienating effects of new technology. "Future shock" must now surely be endemic to our times. Now we no longer have a society that can be divided by class purely on an economic ba-

sis: now we have the "information rich" and the "information poor". The "information poor" are those who do not have access to new technological systems. They are people for whom the limit of their brush with "future" technologies might be in operating an Autobank, or in using a Video Recorder. Not forgetting, also, that there are those people in our society without enough to eat, let alone any contact with new forms of technology.

To this "information poor" underclass, the phrase "the future is now" is a cruel slap in the face. While the futurecrats speculate on space travel, virtual reality experiences and cyber-replacement of worn-out body parts, the economic reality is that this underclass will go on living ordinary suburban lives.

The much-touted "global village" is cited by technocrats as evidence of the fact that the future is knocking at our door, here, corporeal. In another ridiculous prediction, Arthur C. Clarke asserted that the global village would barely have become real by the time it was superseded by something he called "the global family"¹. This is wishful thinking at its utmost. It is a supremely naive view that world peace will come about as a direct consequence of improved communications between all peoples. The information and telecommunications systems of the future will, likely as not, be as dominated by corporations and nations as those of today. In speaking of this "global family", Clarke seems unaware of its underlying ideology, which is essentially imperialist. Just because the First World may grant the Third World a number of telecommunications satellites, that does not mean that everybody is going to want to play ball. Even though we have emerged from the greedy, moneygrubbing '80s, the corporatist mentality still figures large in the present mythology of the future.

Such utopian visions are a far cry from the horrific depictions of the future proffered by George Orwell and Aldous Huxley. Many breathed a sigh of relief 10 years ago when it became apparent that the visions of *1984* or *Brave New World* would not happen. A decade later such possibilities for the future of the world appear even further removed. Orwell and Huxley wrote in a world marked by war, espionage and the rise of totalitarian states. Would Orwell or Huxley have envisioned the world which saw the dismantling of the Berlin Wall in 1989? It is doubtful.

The achievements which the future heralds are in a constant state of flux. New theories and new con-

ditions throw up their own futures. In the early '80s, scientists and pseudo-scientists alike speculated wildly on the existence of the tachyon, a sub-atomic particle supposedly able to travel faster than the speed of light. Although the tachyon gave inspiration to a number of science fiction writers, such as Gregory Benford (*Timescape*) and Ian Watson (*The Very Slow Time Machine*), the tachyon itself remains a theory, and an unpopular one at that.

The current pop-science subjects which are projecting their respective futures are genetics (Michael Crichton's *Jurassic Park*) and virtual reality (William Gibson's *Neuromancer*). They have almost entirely replaced what many hold to be the great disappointment of the push for the future: space travel. About 15 years ago, dreams of space stations, colonies on Mars and deep-space exploration abounded, and it was felt that perhaps some of these things would be achievable by the end of the century.

It is extremely unlikely that commercial space travel will become available within the next ten-fifteen years. Why has the "space race" slowed so dramatically? Spiralling costs, for one reason. William Sims Bainbridge claims that space travel is "a technological mutation that should not really have arrived until the 21st century"². The Moon landing occurred 25 years ahead of time largely because of the Cold War. The Moon has been left largely untouched by humankind since 1969. The *Challenger* experience also put back the US programme for a fleet of Space Shuttles indefinitely.

A recent advertisement for Magpie Theatre, State Theatre's project for the young and impressionable, boldly proclaimed "the future is an exciting place". I'm sure the future is an exciting (and indeed, accessible) place for those of us who are rich, First World and socially advantaged, what with the promise of space flight, virtual reality, prosthetic limbs and mobile wristwatch telephones. Those who are not in that privileged position face a future that is as drab as the present. They will still go to work, drive cars, socialise and watch TV.

They might, however, wear plastic and lycra outfits.

Notes

1. Clarke, Arthur C. "Beyond the Global Village". 1984: *Spring. A Choice of Futures*. Glasgow: Collins, 1985.15-24
2. Clarke, Arthur C. "Apollo Plus Ten". 1984: *Spring. A Choice of Futures*. Glasgow: Collins, 1985. 106-109.

Doomsday

It can only be the end of the world ahead. Arthur Rimbaud, *Illuminations*.
Monica Carroll looks at a few prophecies of doom.

Appetite for Destruction

The name that springs readily to mind when we think of prophecy is that of Michel de Notredame, popularly known as Nostradamus, the sixteenth century French seer. Nostradamus' collection of prophetic quatrains, *Centuries*, has the reputation of being an outstanding work of prognostication, a reputation polished by numerous books, articles, prophecy commentators, and television programmes. However, a note of caution is required: the quatrains are written in both obscure and broad terms so as to encourage the impression that the predictions are indeed hitting the mark of any number of events. Moreover, Nostradamus' prophecies seem to exert a deleterious influence on impressionable minds, to the point of individuals devoting virtually all their waking (and probably dreaming) moments to deciphering codes allegedly dispersed by Nostradamus throughout *Centuries*. James Randi, a prominent American sceptic, has performed an impressive hatchet job on Nostradamus as prophet in his book, *The Mask of Nostradamus* (1990), yet even his scrupulous research, which demolishes crucial elements of the Nostradamus legend, cannot dispense the aura of mystery as well as that of credibility acquired by *Centuries*' predictions.

Nostradamus does not consider this period of time to be one that is auspicious for peace and prosperity. Lurid predictions of famine, plague, rain consisting of blood, frogs, and milk (whether plain or flavoured is not stated), bloodshed, fire from the sky, wholesale destruction of cities, and the arrival of the "great king of terror from the sky" in the seventh month of 1999, do not constitute material that fosters optimism. Nevertheless, despite good grounds for assuming that Nostradamus derived much of his inspiration from the Bible's *Book of Revelation* with its apocalyptic vision of humankind's punishment, the cosmological struggle between God and Satan and the Second Coming of Jesus Christ, fervent Nostradamians are convinced that their master's predictions hold the key to events for the remainder of the twentieth century and the ushering in of the new millennium. For instance, Jean-Charles de Fontbrune's book, *Nostradamus 1: Countdown to Apocalypse* (1983), portrays the *Centuries*' grim scenario as inevitable: humankind will fall victim to a terrifying nuclear war which will erase civilisation from the earth. When reading this book one cannot help but come to the conclusion that de Fontbrune, a pharmacist, was sampling his wares while writing it. Interestingly enough, de Fontbrune's

1984 publication bore the title, *Nostradamus: 2 Into the Twenty-First Century*.

Doom-adherents will also find sustenance in the prophecy of Edgar Cayce, an American visionary and healer who died in 1945. Cayce, who not only made predictions but also prescribed unusual but effective remedies for illness and injury while in a trance, was unequivocal in his prediction of geophysical disasters. He declared that land mass upheavals would occur in Europe in addition to the Arctic and Antarctic, and that much of New York, California, Carolina, and Georgia would disappear. He also predicted that most of Japan would be submerged (which must be of grave concern to sushi eaters and Shonen Knife fans). Cayce foresaw the Second Coming as occurring before 1998.

Antichrist

Despite Johnny Rotten's singing, or rather snarling, "I am an Antichrist," as frontman for 70s punk band, the Sex Pistols, we can assume that the Antichrist will do more than wear pink and black bondage trousers, spit on his audience, projectile vomit, and make enough dosh to retire to sunny island resorts and re-emerge from time to time as lead singer of another 'band'. The Antichrist or the Beast, casts a sinister shadow over the *Book of Revelation*, and is referred to in Nostradamus' *Centuries*, as well as being ubiquitous in predictions made by numerous visionaries, groups, and individuals down the centuries and in our own twentieth century. (The gender specific term, "he" will be employed in Antichrist references, as such predictions are consistent in the view that the Antichrist is male.)

Apparently the Antichrist will enslave the world by satanic deception, with world leaders, financiers and their ilk bowing to his power. He will introduce a monopolistic system whereby all who wish to carry out their daily activities (even down to shopping for cotton buds) will be obliged to wear his mark on their hand or their forehead. His reign will be a time of tribulation, although it will commence innocuously.

Nero, Napoleon, Hitler, and Stalin, among other luminaries, have been considered Antichrists; John F Kennedy was also considered by a minority of extreme Christian fundamentalists to be the Antichrist, a notion which lost impetus when he failed to resurrect himself after being shot in Dallas. However, the Antichrist who is supposed to be reserved for our time has been the subject of much speculation, allied to all sorts of fascinating theories pertaining to the number 666 (cited in the *Book of Revelation* as the number of the

Antichrist), bar codes, satanic images in currency notes, the European Community, the United Nations, the end to the monetary system as we know it, and much more.

During Ronald Reagan's presidency, astute millenium specialists noted that his full name, Ronald Wilson Reagan, added up to eighteen letters in total, the individual names comprising six letters each. While at this point in time we can (probably) say that Reagan is not the Antichrist (despite the unnerving 666 association) his interest in Armageddon where, according to *Revelation* prophecy, the Antichrist's army will battle the army of God, proved a source of anxiety for many the world over who were worried lest Reagan put his apocalyptic leanings into practice. Meanwhile, Reagan's Soviet counterpart, Mikhail Gorbachev, was also considered a candidate for the Antichrist owing to his peace overtures and the prominent birthmark on his forehead. Of course, both former statesmen are still alive...

If indeed the Antichrist is to emerge during the 1990s, it is interesting to consider the kind of image he will project to the world. A reasonable assumption is that the Antichrist will be a charismatic, New Age-type leader, appearing to offer a genuine means of achieving world unity, social cohesion, and economic prosperity. He will have within his repertoire some supernatural tricks which will convince doubters that here indeed is divinity incarnate, and will promote a religion of humanity that atheists, agnostics, New Agers, members of numerous cults and sects, and even most Christians will find appealing and essential. Do we have any information which points to the Antichrist's identity? Yes. It was reported in 1992 that the Antichrist was present at the Barcelona Olympics, so we must look for someone who has a predilection for sporting events. Then again, the report came from the same sect who predicted that the world would end in 1992.

Papal Malarkey

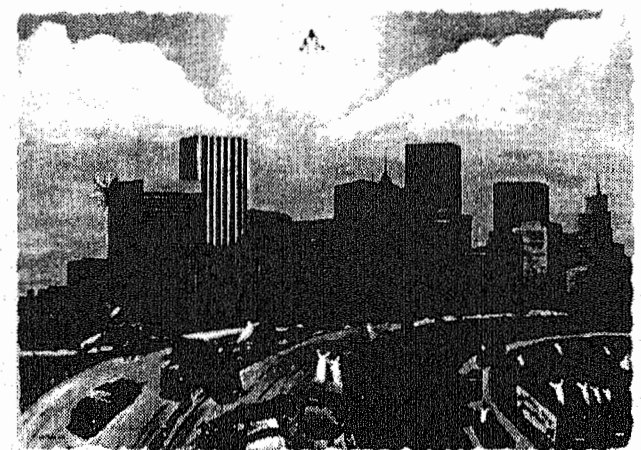
For those with no fondness for popes, the prophecies of St Malachy are more hopeful than not. Malachy was an Irish Archbishop who lived in the eleventh century, and is supposed to have written his papal prophecies after a vision of future popes. The official Vatican line on Malachy's prophecies is that they are a forgery, and that their discovery in the sixteenth century merely proves that they were produced to aid the politicking of a certain faction in the papal election of 1590. If that is the case, the counterfeit nature of the prophecies should become pronounced when dealing with the popes



after the election of Pope Gregory XIV; however, the prophecies are uncanny in their accuracy. In many instances the papal coats of arms of various pope correspond to Malachy's identification of them.

Malachy calls Pope Paul VI (who reigned 1963-78) as "Flower of flowers," and in fact his papal coat of arms had as its emblem the fleur-de-lys. Pope John Paul I (who reigned for a few months in 1978) is described as "From the half moon,"; his personal name, Albino Luciani, is reminiscent of the moon while the date of his death was midway between the full moons of September 16 and October 16. The current Pope John Paul II is denoted by the words, "From the toil of the sun," and he was born at the hour of an eclipse of the sun. Krakow, John Paul's home city, was also home to the astronomer Nicholas Copernicus, who proved that the earth revolved around the sun and not vice versa as commonly held at the time.

According to the papal prophecies, there will be only two more popes after John Paul II. These popes are denoted by the descriptions, "The glory of the olive," and "The Roman rock/Peter of Rome," respectively. While their meaning is anybody's guess, to the last is added an ominous-sounding postscript that the time of the last pope shall be distinguished by the endurance of great suffering, the destruction of Rome, and the judgement of God. Is this merely papal bull? Time will tell.



Get Connected

If you haven't heard, read about it, and get connected. If you have heard about it and aren't connected, shame on you. If you are connected, use it to the full!

Currently there are 25 million people on the Internet and it is growing at around 10% per month. Internet is just the coolest. Are you interested in information? Everyone wants information. Human beings need it to survive.

Here are some basic instructions on how to get yourself connected to the net. This information is from my own experience. The list of Internet providers is by no means exhaustive, and I take no responsibility for incorrect information.

At the end of the article I'll list two excellent books that will help you through all the mumbo-jumbo. **What is the Internet?**

The Internet is a whole lot of computer networks, all over the world, joined together to make one huge network. Once you've paid your connection fee (admission) all the rides are free. You can use it to get pictures of comets hitting Jupiter, up-to-the-minute weather maps, even the walls of the Vatican are on-line. You can access the catalogues of every library in the world by logging on to the Library of Congress. There are an increasing number of digital on-line galleries for all types of art. You can read what everyone else is saying on any of the thousands of news-groups, all dedicated to different topics such as alt.politics.talk or alt.drugs.talk or comp.sys.mac or absolutely anything. Then you can have your say. Then you'll get a whole lot of responses - and everyone likes getting responses to things they've written. Lots of bands are on-line, with lyrics, music, chat-rooms, and information. Heaps of software is available on-line, free. And if you don't like the software you're using, you can email the developers and tell them exactly what you think of it and how you think it should be improved (and they'll listen too). There's information on every topic you could think of. And it's all accessible so quickly. You can upload a text file on the Australian coastline and be reading it in the same time it takes to read a text file off a floppy disk. If you've got a fast enough connection, you can even use it to hold a video-conference between any number of people around the world. It's a whole new world. Soon you'll be able to walk around in it. Just get connected and find out for yourself!

Instructions

First, I should explain to you the two distinct types of connection you can make to the Internet. There is the 'direct' connection and the 'indirect,' or 'remote log in' connection. A direct connection is where your computer is directly connected to the network, allowing a large number of different software packages to be used by your computer to get around the net. It is more flexible, and often easier to use than the 'indirect' connection. If you have a direct connection, your computer talks directly to the network using the language called TCP/IP (Transmission Control Protocol - Internet Protocol). If you want a direct connection and your going to be using a modem, you will have to use either PPP (Point to Point Protocol) or SLIP (Serial Line something something). You don't have to worry about what these words mean, just tell the people you're going to be connected with that this is what you want. PPP is preferable to SLIP.

An indirect connection takes less time and effort to set up, but requires you to know more jargon. What happens is that your computer doesn't speak the language of TCP/IP, it just speaks in letters and numbers to another computer that does speak TCP/IP. You only have to have one piece of software on your (local) computer for this means of connection, and it is called a *terminal emulation* program.

If you use a Macintosh some appropriate programs are *Z-Term* (shareware) and *Microphone* (you have to buy it). You type in commands (usually yukky UNIX commands) that the modem sends to the remote computer (that's the one that speaks TCP/IP) where they are acted upon. With the indirect connection, you have to have an account, and that account resides on the remote machine. The remote machine is connected to your machine using a modem. More about modems and accounts later.

1. Computer

First you need some sort of computer. That can be a Mac, PC, Amiga, whatever, it doesn't matter. It also doesn't matter how new it is. Even a Commodore 64 will act as an interface to the net. If you don't have a computer, there are computers on campus you can use that are connected. Ask your department. If you have a really old, or slow computer, you will probably only be able to get an indirect connection. That's OK, most people on the Internet have indirect connections. :-) (That thing is called a smiley, turn your head over to the left. People on the net found it necessary to convey basic facial expressions, as you can't generally see or hear who you are talking to. Other common ones are :- (and ; -). The Internet is changing the English language, be a part of it)

2. Modem

The next thing you need is a modem to connect your computer to the Net over the phone line. If you are using one of the connected computers on campus, then this is not necessary.

A modem is a device that plugs into a computer and a phone line, and allows two computers to talk to each other over the phone line. When I say talk, they don't actually speak English, they have their own funny language of pips and buzzes, similar sounding to a fax machine - if you've ever been deafened by accidentally ringing up a fax machine then you'll know what I mean.

3. Signing Up

Now you have the hardware organised, you need to organise some software. What you need is an account. What is an account? Well, it is a storage space for information that you and your computer need while on the net, and information that you want to store that you've found while on the net. An account is your access point, it is your on-ramp to the information super-highway, it is your *place* in Internet city, it is your mail-box; basically it is your virtual house in the new world. And just like real houses you can leave it as the bare essentials or build it into whatever you want. Unlike a real house, however, it possesses no physical properties at all, being constructed entirely out of software. (Safer than a house of bricks? Well that depends... :-)

The first thing you should do about getting an account is to check to see if your department can supply you with an account. If they can, go for that option as you won't have to pay anything that way. If you study in Computer Science or Engineering or some other departments, you will automatically have had an account created for you when you enrolled. Count your blessings, you're one of the lucky ones.

If your department can't connect you, Adelaide University students can get accounts on SMUG's computer. SMUG is a club on campus, that exists to allow students access to the Internet. It'll cost you \$20 per semester, and that's the cheapest you'll get anywhere. Contact SMUG through the Clubs Association. They're in the north-east corner of the cloisters. When you've signed up with SMUG, ask for all the information they can give you on how to navigate through the Net. Ask for information on using email, ftp, world-wide-web, gopher, telnet, irc. In the beginning all the new lingo can get a

little off-putting, but you'll soon get used to it. Actually there aren't too many new words to learn!

SMUG will give you an account with access to the Internet. You can access your account by modem (indirectly, ie no PPP or SLIP available) or from some computers on campus. SMUG will tell you how to do this.

If you are not a student, or for some reason this course of action doesn't appeal to you, there are a rapidly increasing number of "Internet resellers" that can sell you access, with wildly varying degrees of value for money. Be careful is my advice, and ask them all very carefully just what you will get for your money. Another reason you might want to pursue options other than those mentioned above is that you may want a direct connection. A direct connection, let me tell you, is a lot more fun. Like I said before, it requires more work on your part (or a knowledgeable friend's) to set up, but once set up it is a lot easier to get around. It means you can have a much more intuitive system to use, rather than having to understand obscure UNIX commands. With a direct connection you never have to understand UNIX. UNIX is a counter-intuitive non-graphical way of telling a computer what you want it to do. You can get by with an indirect connection and only ever knowing a few UNIX commands. (Some UNIX commands are: ls, cd, cp, mv, ...) What we are talking about here are the advantages of graphical user interfaces (GUI's) over non-graphical user interfaces like UNIX. The best way to get connected, in my opinion, is with PPP or SLIP, that is a direct connection, as this allows the possibility of a graphical user interface. (User Interface simply refers to the way you and your computer communicate, what you see on your screen, how usefully can you use your mouse, ...)

APANA is a public access Internet organisation. They are based in Melbourne, but have connection points in Adelaide. They charge around \$70 per year and allow SLIP access as well as indirect (remote login) unix connections. Contact Mark Newton by email (newton@cleese.apana.org.au) or by modem (373 6006) or by voice-phone (373 5575).

MacMedia BBS is a bulletin board run out of a Apple Mac shop on Gouger St. Currently they run a closed BBS, but they will soon be connected to the Internet. Their particular speciality is multimedia based Macs, and their bulletin board is great. You can call the board with your modem and get a free account. Don't know whether they'll be offering PPP or SLIP access. Call MacMedia on 212 6445.

Camtech, the old Apple Consortium, offer various types of connection, but seem to be fairly expensive. Their cheapest connection is \$400 establishment + \$600 per year! Call Camtech on 303 3300.

OzEmail are based in Sydney, and charge by the hour. Connection methods available are remote login (unix), PPP, SLIP. Charges are between \$5 per hour and \$10 per hour, with a \$25 initial fee. Contact Michael Komoroski on 02 437 5500. If you have a modem and a credit card, you can auto-register and have access immediately by dialling (08) 364 1451. I don't know how they stop people from using false credit card numbers. :-)

This is by no means a complete list. If you know of more connection points and feel like telling us, please do so.

4. Software

If you get an indirect (remote login) connection all you'll need is one program, a terminal emulation program, as I said earlier. Don't pay more than \$10 for it, as there are very good ones available as shareware.

If you are lucky enough to secure a PPP or SLIP

connection, then bloody good on you, and you'll want quite a few bits of software. If you buy the Mac Internet tour guide, it comes with a disk containing the basics. Here are some excellent Macintosh programs for the Internet: Eudora is a very good shareware program for email. Mosaic is the best thing for navigating the World Wide Web. Fetch is great for doing FTP. NCSA Telnet you'll need. Homer is brilliant for chatting in real time with lots of people at once over the IRC (inter-relay-chat). HyperWAIS is for searching the Internet by keywords. TurboGopher is another searching device that's really good. There's lots more too. This is just the beginning. All these are freely available by initially connecting with a terminal emulation program, then FTPing them off remote computers. You'll absolutely need MacTCP and either ConfigPPP or MacSLIP; or their equivalents for other platforms.

5. Explore

Be a kid and explore the new world.

Really good books

Read them both!

Zen and the art of the Internet: a beginner's guide. Brendon P Kehoe, (Prentice-Hall 1993) ISBN 0-13-010778-6. This is absolutely essential reading on the Internet. Like *The Mac Internet Tour Guide* it approaches the topic assuming absolutely no prior knowledge of computer networks. It covers the whole system, from front to back. This book is in the Barr Smith as well, so there's no excuse.

The Mac Internet tour guide - Cruising the Internet the easy way. Michael Frasse, (Ventana Press 1993) ISBN 1-56604-062-0. This book is fantastic. Even if you don't use a Mac, it is still very useful. It basically tells you everything you need to know about the Internet including history, how to get connected, interesting and essential sites, basically everything. It's great. I love it. I don't know where I'd be without it. Go into Mindfield on Rundle St and have a look at it.

Jesse Reynolds
(jdreynol@teaching.cs.adelaide.edu.au)



Holiday in Cyberia

Imagine a community in which there are no rules, only protocols or manners, no government, no-one owns or controls the community and no person has any real power over any other person. Sounds great, doesn't it?

Everyone is free to join and through their participation in the community, they help to shape the way it evolves. Because there are no rules, the community is its people and, like people, not everyone gets along. But no-one is forced to get along because each person is free to move anywhere in this community and will generally visit clusters of like-minded people and explore or debate around topics of interest. Information from all parts of this community is free and accessible to all and because everyone has access to each part of the community, it is not hard to find a place in which one feels comfortable, welcome and stimulated.

There is no room for complacency in this community because, as more people move in and out of it, it is constantly changing so that anyone who feels that they have a grasp on it one day will find that it has slipped through their fingers the next. It is a wild, untameable phenomenon and far too big to understand or control.

And it is getting bigger. Huge, in fact. This community is currently growing steadily at a rate of approximately ten percent per month.

This mishmash of free information and human autonomy calls itself the Internet and approximately 25 million people belong to this community at the moment. Not a bad following for something that could quite conceivably refer to *Dungeons and Dragons* as "My Great Uncle." I must confess, I always thought *Dungeons and Dragons* was for nerds at school, more importantly, nerdy boys. Then, a few years later, the new thing for nerdy boys and the occasional really dweeby girl was computers. And I'm sure that I belonged to very large steam of consciousness that did not want to touch computers with a barge pole for various reasons, the main one probably being that they were too difficult to understand. Hey...I didn't even understand what was happening to my hormones at that age, the last thing I wanted was another thing to add onto my list of things I have absolutely no control over. My sexuality was enough to handle for the moment thank you.

My hope, though, is that the Internet will not be dismissed so easily as "the computer nerd's addiction." I'm certainly not suggesting that the Net is not addictive. I mean, when you log on to the Net, it actually feels as though you are entering a real space, not a literal space but a virtual space which transcends all conventional physical laws. So just as we visit our local coffee shop for our daily fix of caffeine and culture, our local pub for our daily pint of liquid gold, or our dealer for our daily fix of go, we log on to the Internet for our daily fix of information and interaction with any other person who may be 'surfin' the net' at the same time.

And once you initially wade your way through all the cyber-jargon and hundreds of bloody annoying but necessary acronyms, the Internet has a lot to offer, especially to students. Information can be made accessible so quickly that you can always remain incredibly up-to-date on your particular area of interest by accessing library catalogues and discipline specific databases all around the world, exchanging ideas in discussion groups, you can even send out little software detectives that roam the international info highway for you, hunting down and collecting information. They're called 'knowbots' (knowledge robots)...cute. Even if it means contributing something really new and relevant to a dead boring tutorial (and let's face it...tutorials are very rarely exciting these days for the average student. No-one really talks and, hey, it's all been said before anyway), at least you are talking about new things within an

unstimulating framework rather than old and boring things within an unstimulating framework.

'Consensual anarchy' is the best way I've ever heard the Internet described. (Michael Fraese described it in this way in his book, *The Mac Internet Tour Guide* which is an excellent book to browse through if you own or have access to a Mac and are interested in getting connected.) But most importantly, this anarchic community is able to co-exist with other communities. People must feel free to participate in the community freely. Because of this, a danger does exist that the anarchic nature of the Internet will be threatened by the capitalist societies with which it co-exists, the communities that most Internet members return to when they leave their computer terminal and modem. Enter the Electronic Frontier Foundation. The EFF (another annoying but necessary acronym) is a voluntary organisation on the Internet which exists to fight governments and law courts in the interests of the cyber person. At the moment, it basically exists to protect the Internet from capitalism and more specifically, from the US government. Anyone can join the EFF and obtaining their newsletter is as easy as sending your email address to their list server. The way the EFF works is that millions of people contribute small donations to them so that they have enough money to represent the rights of the Internet and its members in court. They are currently fighting a legal battle for a member who is being sued in the US for defamation. This legal battle has required vast financial resources because, not only was this particular man defaming someone in a private discussion group, he was potentially doing so in front of 22 million people on the Internet. The EFF believe in going the whole hog when it comes to free information. Their newsletter contains slogans like: "We still must work for voluntary, open, exportable standards". But, as you can imagine, the Internet is thick with debate about issues of intellectual property and data protection laws.

Unfortunately, though, the Net does reflect many aspects of currently co-existing societies. Women on the Internet are a rarity and often you will find women who use gender-neutral names to avoid unwanted male approaches. In fact, a working party has been set up at Melbourne University to investigate alleged sexual harassment by email. Is there no escape from being constantly reminded of your gender?

Furthermore, the Internet is still dominated by government, industry and academia. It is essentially a male environment and has been an effective mechanism for strengthening and increasing male networks. This is why women must be encouraged to get onto the Internet. This is a difficult quest because of the way women have been excluded from the realms of technology, but the Internet is not going away and women must see its potential for both the women's movement and for human communication and begin to contribute their say at this crucial developmental stage. In some areas of the US, free Internet accounts are being given out to women and more of this sort of thing needs to be happening right now.

What I really like about the Internet is that no-one can tell you what to do. It's a teledemocracy (or 'modemocracy' as some smarty-pants like to call it), a new form of social interaction where the mediation of mass-media has been cut right out to allow concerned and affected people to talk with each other 'mind-to-mind'. Consider yourself a free spirit. The Internet (what a great name for a pub) provides you with a continuous happy hour with free spirits for all where you can get totally drunk on information and ideas. What a safe way of getting off. Even sex is safe on the Net, no nasty diseases there, but I can't guarantee you won't pick up a virus or two on the way. (boom, boom)

Kay Y Jelly



Raph and Laura

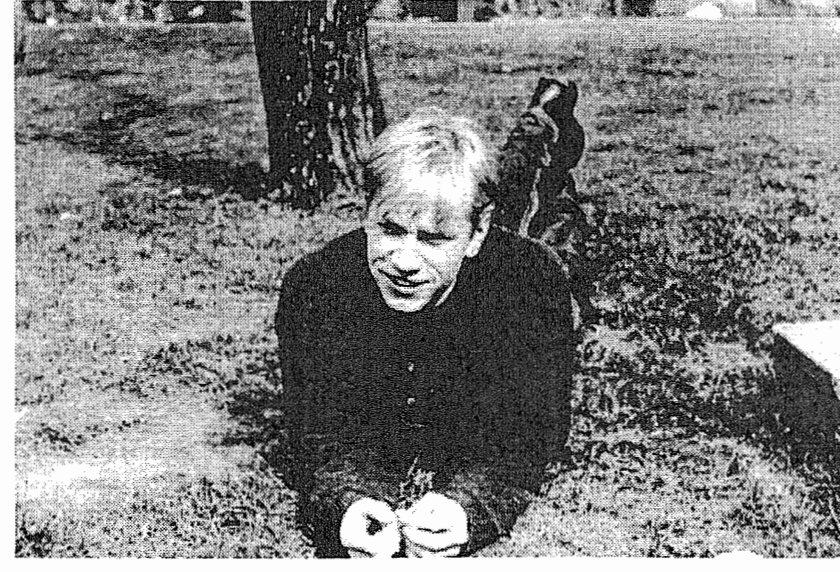
Raph: People are becoming more tolerant and I think the future's good.

Laura: I don't think the future looks that bright for the young people of Australia. I think finding a job will be much harder and universities will be overcrowded.

Raph: It's going to become more competitive.

Raph: Cheap international travel.

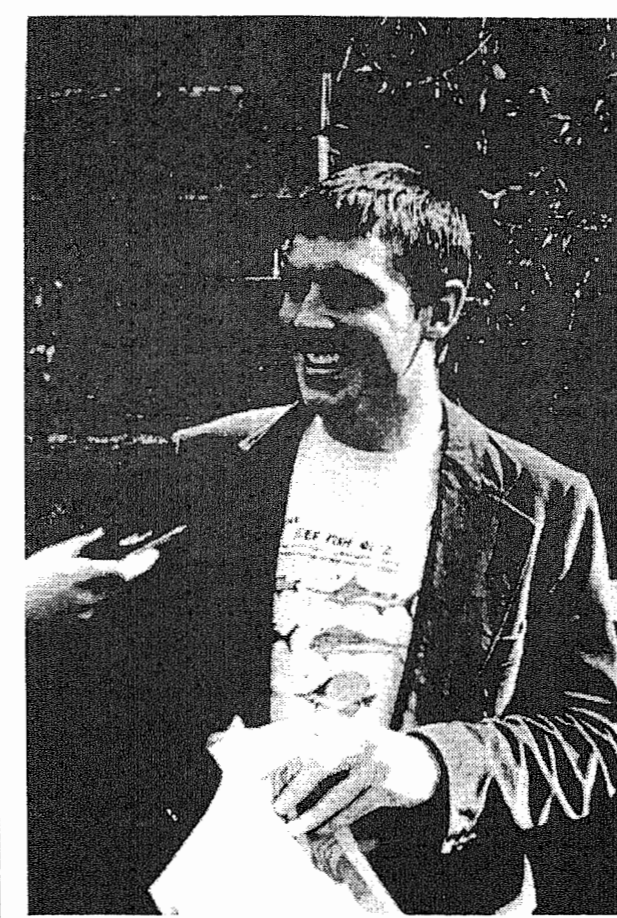
Laura: A hangover cure.



Joe

I think we're going to find there's going to be lots more crap music out and not enough stylish '80s music.

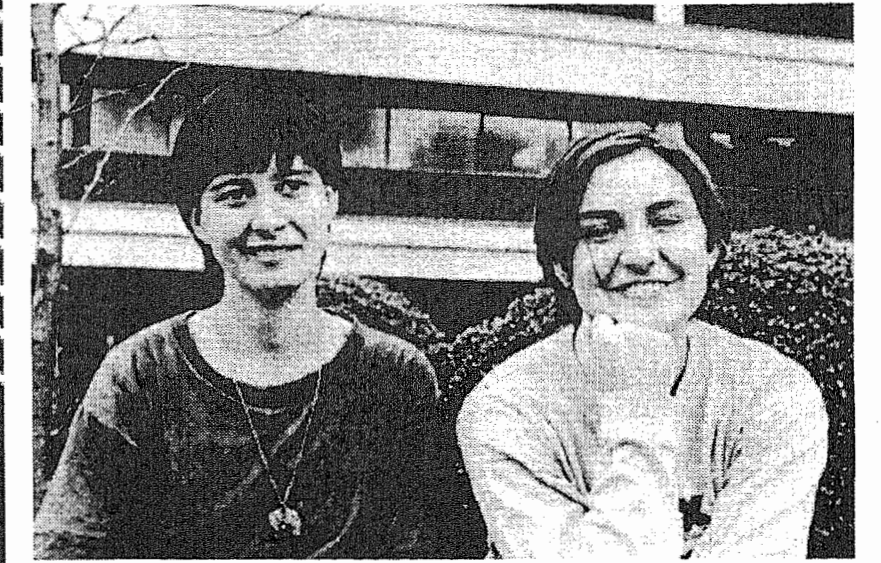
I think there should be cigarette machines that you can just get one cigarette out of rather than having to buy a whole pack, because if you don't really smoke, but you like smoking when you're drunk, then if you're at the pub you just get one cigarette as you go along and that's great.



David

In the future, hopefully everyone will realise the contradictions of the system we live in, the contradictions which create poverty in so many people's lives and we'll all revolt and take over the means of production and we'll all have control over our own lives and our own economy and our own resources and our environment.

Just inventions that mechanise production so that people don't have to work in shit jobs like factory jobs, totally mechanised production so we're free to express our artistic creativity.



Anne and Wendy

Anne: I'm going to grow older.

Wendy: I'm going to become liquid, fiscally responsible.
Anne: When you're lying in bed and you're feeling disgustingly hungover, this machine that's going to replenish your fluids without you getting out of bed and actually go and get a glass of water.

Wendy: I want a pen that never runs out, because they always run out at inopportune moments.

Question 1:
What predictions can you make about the future?

Futureworld

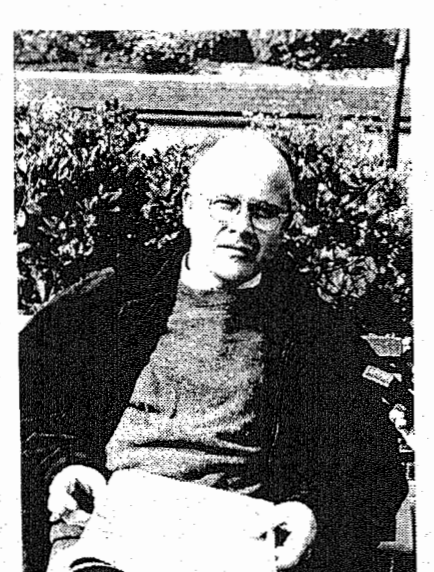
Question 2:
What would you most like to be invented in the future?

Photos: Eng Ooi



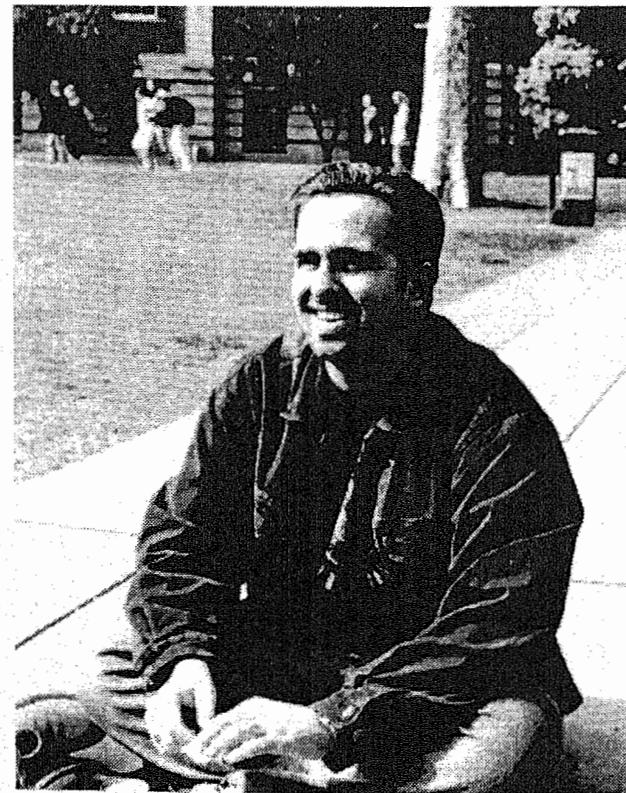
Lisa

Over-population
Something to control over-population.



Kaj

There will be more people with fewer resources and there will probably be more struggle to get control of those resources.
Effective methods of birth control.



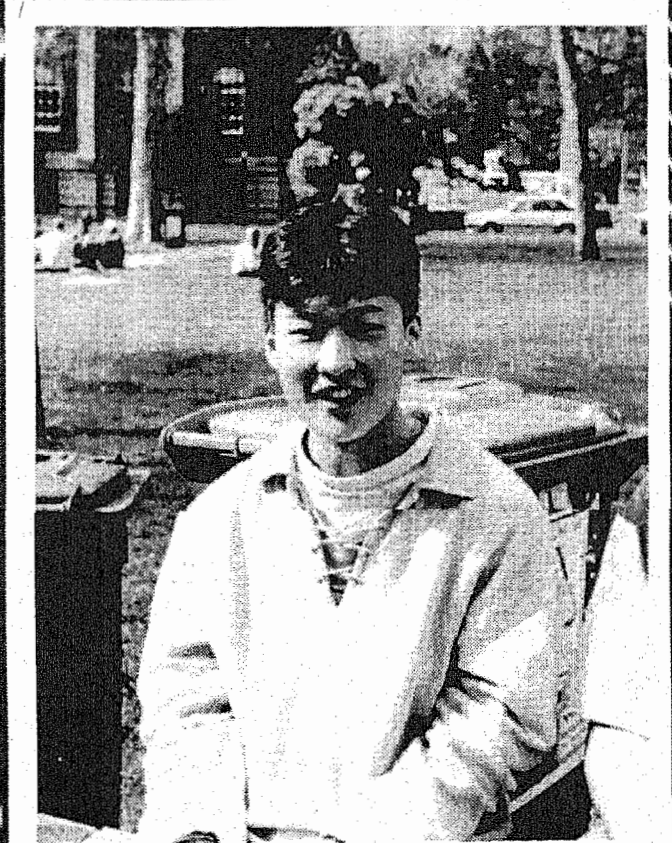
Simon

I will be gainfully unemployed for a long, long time
I'd like to see edible stickytape in the future.



Catherine, Jocelyn, Kim and Wai Quen

That there is a great generation of female lawyers about to enter the system.
Reliable contraception.



Kristian

I'll grow old and die, but have fun in the meantime.
A time machine.

Weevil, PS Alone

There was a report on the news about a joker called the Cereal Killer. He was a masked-avenger type, running down breakfast cereal aisles at Safeway injecting packets of Cornflakes and Weetbix with a cocktail of weevil larvae that would double the protein and vitamin statistics of a standard pack in twenty-four hours. It was a happy-ending news story, the one at the end of their shifts which allows the newscasters the opportunity to make a swift joke with the weathercaster to prove that they know where the superhighway between existence and reality dissolves. The fact that the witticism was made with the weathercaster only confirmed how far gone they were. Apparently the Cereal Killer had sold-out to one of the larger grain corporations and his characterisation, syringe and all, had been modelled in one-twenty-fourth scale. Renamed as the Evil Weevil it was placed in every family-sized carton of Sci-fibre Space Shapes. The newscaster made some remark at the end about how the syringe would come in handy in the morning.

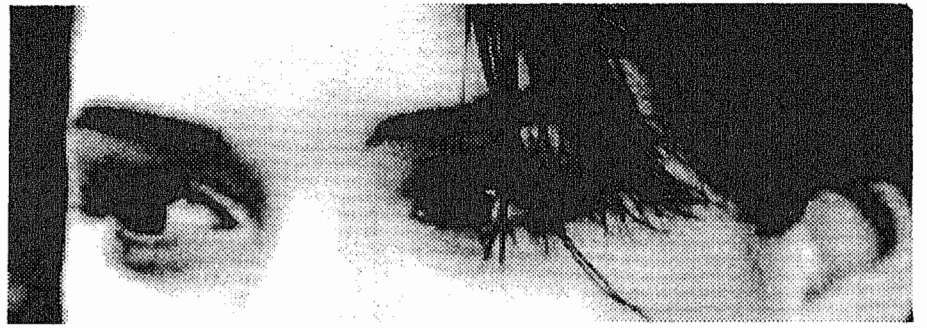
The callous moment crossed into a short ad-diction. Morning sunlight began to pass through the café's large windows. Their televisual liquid-quartz panes faded against the Autumn azure and the solar streams condensing on the café floor. The waiter turned off the blanched weathercaster, he was using an epidural syringe as a pointer.

My consciousness slipped from Ealing to East-Coast-Hollywood, sort of a hybrid between The Lost Weekend and the CD-Rom Minnesota University edition of Casablanca. It was the perfect moment, except for a small feeling of virility which always accompanies such brazen sunlight. I stirred my coffee. Vapours of liquefied sugar and ground coffee wisped from the swirling fluid. Silent patrons began to mutter to themselves across the sweetened haze. The words were opaque, but the feelings were as warm and precise as sepia.

A sentiment of existence touched me then: like a Coca-Cola addiction persuading me the ebony liquid could destroy inhibitions, or similar to how a headache could bring my brain back into my body. Curette had just walked through the door. Standing by the bar she did her impersonation of Jean-Paul Sartre (she went cross-eyed) looking for Simone de Beauvoir in a crowded French café. She came and sat crab-like on an adjacent seat to mine.

A morning full of espressos had given my teeth the DTs and left my smaller intestines eructatable, so that our covenant of welcome was scented with the smell of dark-roasted Purple Mountain beans. We pledged continued allegiance to a small cosmetic collective in a Melburban ghetto which we both supported with supplies of artificial dolphin placenta. I commented that her vinyl suit had misted over with sweat, she remarked that my chest had a cute shade of stubble, then the discussion moved onto the recent prospects of beauty being added to the UN charter on Consumer Rights.

The café was Curette's favourite, I'd chosen it for my morning caffeination in the hope of meeting her. The walls were partitioned with the glass frontage of numerous large tanks of formaldehyde preserving the brains of suicidal rock stars and teratological speci-



mens, two categories which were occasionally congruent. Curette was a French exchange student who'd remained in Melburb after the Journalist Revolution had begun in Parisite the previous year. I'd first met her on a buster flying up to Dysney to see the opening of a new Cosmetland ride. At the time she was going through a trial separation of the left and right hemispheres of her brain as therapy for a delusion of reality. Several weeks after the news of the revolution she'd started to deny her schizophrenia. Claiming that she was no longer part of Generation Z, she was classified as having testosterical character coherency. Brainstorming with her on buster up to Dysney I had noticed no evidence of the delusion as our conversation veered carelessly between topics of interest. It was only later when we met up in Melburb that I learned that her dependency on synthetic dopamine had just finished and she'd gone up to Dysney to have her corpus callosum reconnected.

We made a move. I paid the waiter for my coffees then boarded a trample headed for Curette's loginn. Near the far corner of the trample was an old CRT presenting shimages that easily exceeded corporate minimums on shadings. The patterns vilified the antiquity of the trample.

I turned to face Curette and asked her if she was okay with the way the moments were leading. She rotated her body around towards mine, by way of an answer: her body was discernible through the vinyl now, the sweat having evaporated or been reabsorbed back into her moist skin.

After leaving the trample Curette reminded me that her McReligious practice of fries-on-Friday must be indulged. I waited outside the door while she stood in line.

There is something mildly perverted about standing outside a McDonald's. I felt slightly uneasy. I did an imitation of what I thought was a purposeful posture, a stationary equivalent of buying flowers for your mother as a boy, then assuming an assured stride to create the impression that you are only their courier. Fortunately-there was already a woman waiting. I analysed her stance and found that she had the same as mine, and that it was a failure.

A small child crawled towards the door between us. It had a look in its eye which said, buy me a McDoof and the whole world will lean its head endearingly to one side and stretch an unimpeachable smile. Next to pass were its parents. They were the type to use McDonald's for daycare. This was obviously quality family McTime with all three here. Previously "restaurant" had been used as a euphemism for McD's, now it was becoming "kinder". McD's were okay with the scam, they saw the next generation as being Generation (little) c.

Curette exited and we walked towards her loginn. It began to rain while she told me that the McCashier's response to her Friday-order was "do you want fries with that." I felt strange, like Kandinsky's blue, folding in on myself, so I told her a lie, that my cuttle-fish had died. She smiled, opening her loginn, then turned me off with a light yellow movement.



Mark Broadhead

On Dit

Poor Ilya

Novelty

Ilya gently probed the holes in his throat. Fighting back distress, he caressed the skin covering them, while experimentally opening and closing them.

He would barely have time to get used to them before the new eyes went in.

Self Construction

When he was younger, Ilya had raged at the expert system trying to teach him quantum mechanics. He flailed uselessly at the smug representation of data and tried to do it some harm.

"What do you want from me?" He screamed at it.

"There is no need to become anxious," it said, trying to soothe him.

"I simply want the answer. You are capable of this level of study."

"I don't *know* the answer. I don't bloody *know*."

Try again but without agitation."

"I don't *want* to know."

"That, Ilya, is self-destructive thinking. How can you expect to—"

Ilya tore his cranial jacks out and slammed the machine's "off" button.

The sudden total silence shocked and shamed him. He quickly switched his teacher back on.

Corporate Identity

And last of all, with more ceremony than Ilya would have liked, they retouched his corporate tattoo. He looked down at the red and black skin, now swelling, and rubbed it sensitively.

It could have been done less painfully but that would have defeated the purpose.

The little mark, which warped amusingly when Ilya flexed his biceps, read *Rozsa BioTech GmbH*. Some employees liked to tattoo the words *property of* just above their corporate logo.

Not Ilya, however. It was strictly a middle-management joke.

Solo

As well as the central computer, a separate expert system oversaw every aspect of the craft's journey. A human crew would have been far too expensive. And the voyage was already expensive enough. Just imagine, a ship of 17,000 tonnes and only one passenger.

Education

Ilya shifted about in his little cabin. He began reading over his briefing one more time. It was just a series of questions and warnings:

"An intelligent life form that does not breathe oxygen poses a great challenge to our scientific establishment." Or:

"The very first thing which an anthropologist is taught is that different cultures are just that, different. An identical gesture to one of our own may impart a radically divergent meaning. This lesson must be learnt twice as well by the xenologist."

The Stars Themselves

Loneliness and fear weighed heavily upon Ilya. He suddenly felt very naked in his plastic cage, as if the stars themselves were staring in at him, drawing the blood from around his bones like little glowing sponges.

He threw up.

Voices in the Dark

Upon entering the atmosphere of Webster One, Ilya's augmented hearing was suddenly full of screams. In the foreground of his vision, tiny green alpha numerals flickered and changed almost faster than he could follow.

Were they singing or murdering each other?

There was no welcoming committee to greet him but they had not shot him down either. He supposed he should feel grateful.

Contact

The alien air swam through Ilya's tubes; he almost choked on it. He rolled it around his mouth with his tongue, enjoying its earthy, exotic taste. The holes in his throat worked harder, however, busily sucking in air, flapping madly.

A swirling burst of high-pitched waves shot through his ears and eyes. He watched the green numbers carefully, searching for a pattern. It seemed to him that the sound performed a dive; a lazy 3 1/2 somersault pike, in just half a g of gravity perhaps. But instead of hitting the water and ending, it continued in a cycle, a new dive, subtly different, taking off where the last finished.

He tracked the sound back to its source: a towering mound of organic material; a high blue-green brain grown into a soft-edged pyramid. Ilya discovered that the sound dives came from several beaks partially concealed by lumps of flesh.

He approached the creature as if it were a small, scared cat. It did not move.

Wall of Noise

Ilya found himself unable to make any impression on the wall of meat surrounding him. Five of the pyramids blocked off any escape and bombarded him with sonic dives.

He shut down his sensory systems and cut out the barrage of external sound. For the past two days, he had countered their high-pitched squeals with every possible permutation his computers could come up with and he had not been able to discern any progress.

It was time to try silence.

But the dives continued just as before. One pyramid eventually shambled away. Ilya took the opportunity to return to his ship.

Murder

Ilya tried to manhandle one of the smaller pyramids into the cargo hold but was unable to budge it. He contented himself with taking several tissue samples which the organism accepted without reaction.

Over the next six days, he took more sound recordings and more tissue and rock samples. On one occasion he apparently killed one of the pyramids. Its tall form slumped over, losing its colour and rigidity. It stopped squealing. The other pyramids appeared not to notice. Ilya was unable to move the dead pyramid.

Crime Wave

Before he left, Ilya killed nine more pyramids. He felt a faint sense of worry that his company or the government would learn of his actions. He could have sworn, though, that he saw his first victim up and moving but he couldn't be sure.

Bowie

On the return journey, Ilya refused to listen to the recordings from Webster One. He listened to David Bowie instead. He prescribed himself a strong course of sedatives and made the rest of his trip as uneventful as possible.

Public Relations

Rozsa BioTech feted Ilya upon his return. He was promoted and given a pension for life. His real duties with the company ended. He renegotiated a contract with them agreeing to work full-time in a public relations capacity. He was popular. The public was particularly intrigued by his characterisation of the alien sounds as dives.

The pyramid tissue samples which Ilya brought back allowed Rozsa BioTech to achieve market dominance in several global consumer markets.

End

Eight months later, a virus entered Ilya's brain when he was in machine space, speaking with a Chinese cable news network. He collapsed under a barrage of trillions of numbers arranged in a specially designed mathematical loop.

He cried out as he died, a squawk of pain and surprise.

Beyond

Ilya's special implants were removed before his ceremonial cremation for use by a woman who was soon to return to Webster One for further study.

Nick Smith

Perfection

It's the fifty-seventh consecutive hour, but time was never more subjective than when in cyberspace.

She is beautiful, free of imperfection. Her skin is smooth and warm to the touch. Occasionally she trembles, not from fear so much as a kind of happy nervousness. Her smile, lips unusually red against untanned skin, is friendly and warm. It tells him all he needs to know.

At first she is standing on the beach, looking out towards the sea. Night is falling, a crimson and orange skyshow that happens every night and which most people don't even bother to watch. Out here, where the surroundings look as primeval as any place ever could, it is fantastic.

She is the only sign of humanity on the vast, grey stretch of sand. The waves roll in, softly roaring away until they hurl themselves impotently up the beach to die as gentle splashings of water and foam. She wears a simple cotton dress, very light. It is deep blue in colour, the most vibrant blue he has ever seen. For a moment he feels that he is almost about to cry - she is so perfect, and she is all his own.

As he walks slowly towards her, the sand actually squeaks underfoot. He must have heard it a thousand times before, but the sound never fails to fascinate him. He'd never heard of such a phenomenon anywhere else.

She appears to notice him for the first time, turning her head towards him with that same loving smile, the one that says that he is what makes her life really worth living, that he is the best thing to happen to her. He certainly feels that way about her.

They come together, bathed in the fading warmth of the sinking sun. The sea turns to cold fire for a minute, the waves as molten gold. Then the sun sinks, perhaps forever. It doesn't matter. They are together now.

The material of the dress is so thin that he can feel her skin through it. Gently she takes it off, casting it away up the beach. He throws his own clothes away too, and they sink onto the cooling sands.

It is perfect.

Somewhere, in a lightless flat, a body moves slowly. Alone.

Outside, down on street level, a copwagon rushes past, sirens wailing. The flashing blue light cuts through the gap in the sagging curtains, illuminating the flat for a moment. Smashed up furniture litters the room, and the walls are burnt and scarred. Nobody ever comes in here except for the owner, and he is in another world.

The light glows for a moment off pallid flesh, writhing on the floor in slow motion. It reflects more harshly from the cyberspace rig, with its Deluxe Juliette disk and its black cable snaking towards the neural plug behind the man's ear.

Blank eyes flicker and roll in the brief flash of light before darkness returns. The body is wasted and tired, and it twitches in minimalist response to the actions of its virtual counterpart.

Nervous but so happy on a mythical beach as the waves roll in. She is perfect.

And the fifty-eighth hour begins.



James Morrison

Lots of lush food

A lot of Uni students approaching the end of their degrees start to worry about whether they will be able to find employment in their chosen vocation. This is understandable, given current levels of unemployment. Economics graduate Hamilton Calder went through all of this, but managed to come up with a creative (and tasty) solution to the problem. He and partners Tim Whitehorn, Rowland Hall and Derek Chan recently established The Ivy, a café/restaurant located within the Sussex Hotel in leafy Walkerville. Having worked together managing such institutions as Zambracca's and Café Medici, "The Team", as they are collectively known, were approached by the owners of The Sussex to manage the new café. The results are very impressive. Nestled in between the front and saloon bars, the dining area has a distinct garden feel, with the floor being made up of a combination of patio and concrete mosaic. The inside section is separated from the outside by sheets of clear plastic which I imagine can be removed when the weather improves. In winter, patrons are saved from discomfort by a number of strategically placed gas heaters.

Speaking of patronage, you may find that there are times (particularly lunchtimes) when you notice that the majority seem to be made up of Walkerville mothers waiting to pick their kids up from school. Don't be put off by this; The Ivy saves itself from drowning in an atmosphere of high brow accents and Chanel No. 5 by establishing with its staff and decor an environment which is hip but at the same time casual and

unintimidating. On weekends at dinner time in particular, the crowd is a lot younger. And bigger; if you are planning to eat there at these times it is advisable to book.

So what about the food? Certainly, chef Tim Whitehorn has no shortage of experience, having worked at a number of highly acclaimed restaurants such as Mezes and The Pheasant Farm. The result of these efforts is that the quality of the food at The Ivy is in many cases quite exceptional. My companion and I started off with some entrées, which we shared. Some of these dishes were deep fried. The danger with deep frying things is that in the wrong hands you can end up with crusty shrivelled up food that has just died a painful death in a sea of boiling animal fat. This danger is well and truly avoided here. The potato wedges were amongst the best I've tasted; crispy outside and light and fluffy on the inside, with no trace of excess oil. They came with pots of sour cream and sweet chilli sauce. The serve was generous, and at \$4.00 make an ideal snack if you're on a budget or have just popped in for a coffee and are feeling a bit peckish. Another deep fried delight was the whole field mushrooms filled with kumara and pinenuts. This was a culinary highlight. They were done in a tempura batter, and thankfully there was no trace of surplus oil beneath the skin, while the mushrooms themselves were plump and tender. Other entrées we sampled were a crispy parmesan polenta served with balsamic snow pea sprout and a black olive salad, and a herb and nut damper.

Before discussing the mains, it is worth paying some attention to the winelist. Most cafés of this genre contain winelists which are adequate but not particularly expansive. The Ivy is a notable exception to this trend; its winelist approaches thesis proportions. Many wines are available by the glass (about a dozen reds and a dozen whites), including a number of imported wines. The selection of wines available solely by the bottle is vast indeed, but my companion and I didn't have time to study this myriad of options so we tried a couple by the glass. My friend went for the Sharefarmers Blend, which he thought was a little bit bland, and also a Chapel Hill Unwooded Chardonnay which he rated highly. At Hamilton's recommendation, I opted for a Nederburg Cabernet Sauvignon, which was imported from South Africa. It was a great medium bodied wine, nice and smooth with no trace of excessive acidity, whilst still flavoursome. At around \$5.00 a glass, I'd tend to classify these as "date wines". If you're just out with your friends, you may want to go for the house wines instead which are available at standard prices. Or you could go for the beer - being a pub, you can get good selection of beers including Coopers Draught on tap.

After pondering the merits of the aforementioned liquids, the mains arrived. It was immediately obvious that they passed the first and most important test in the assessment of quality food - sufficient quantity. They were also damned tasty. My companion had an aged, chargrilled steak fillet accompanied by crispy flakes of deep fried carrot and sweet potato

chips and mash. The steak was cooked to a genuine medium rare, whilst the sauce he found particularly appealing. I had a turkey salad, which was also generous and flavoursome. It came with roasted cashew nuts, baby lettuce and a honey mustard dressing that I thought had about the right amount of heat in it. If you have a particular aversion to spicy food, then you might want to choose something else. One of the salad's many virtues was that they hadn't forgotten about the key ingredient - the turkey. There was plenty of it, and it had been chargrilled until it was succulent and tender. Good stuff. If you're a vego and are beginning to get a bit worried by all of this, never fear. There are several vegetarian dishes on the menu, including some of the entrées as well as a Hokkien stir fry and a roasted butternut pumpkin risotto. Sweet tooths are also well catered for; the sticky date pudding and chocolate fudge cake that we tried were both rich and hearty and should satisfy the most discerning sugar/chocolate freak.

As we sat lethargically after enjoying this sumptuous feast, it struck me that The Ivy is one of the finest examples of youthful entrepreneurship that I've ever encountered. The place is classy without being pretentious (despite those Walkerville mothers) and the staff are helpful and attentive. You can eat as much or as little as you like. Come to think of it, you don't have to eat at all if you're just in the mood for a coffee. All in all, I liked The Ivy a lot.

Tim Gow

Picture Perfect Morning

Edie Brickell

Geffen (BMG)

Edie Brickell has expanded her musical style to a smoother sound and *Picture Perfect Morning* is a fairly slick example of this. The tracks on the album vary from blues sounding ballads to poppier songs with a slight disco beat. "Good Times" (previously released as a single) features the sexy voice of Barry White, (who I only know of through *The Simpsons*) and is the outstanding track on this album. "When The Lights Go down" is the moodiest of all of them, best accompanied by a bottle of red.

Edie Brickell has the talent to write about everyday emotions and turn them into excellent moody songs. Whilst she's lost the New Bohemians (the musicians she initially recorded with who are probably living in a garret in Paris), she's gained style. The music is slicker than *Shooting Rubber bands at the Sky* and I was initially a bit dubious about her slightly discordant voice suiting the almost bluesish style she's pursuing, but it seems to work. The slightly crusty sound is gone to be replaced with a slick, well produced sound. I prefer the old Edie, although *Picture Perfect Morning* has a more accessible sound for those who thought she was a bit too crusty.

Tracy Skehan

Colourwheel

Junkyard

Independent local release

This is one excellent CD. Well produced, it's great to see a local band funding their own release. I feel *Junkyard* is not really an apt description of a CD that features such cool pop songs as "Crash" and "Elevation". Tim's melodious voice blends well with the memorable guitar riffs. "Elevation" is an example of the sweet pop that Colourwheel are capable of, a very elevating song indeed.

As the CD progresses, the songs get somewhat grungier (for lack of a better term), which can't be a bad thing. The songs are all of a good length, about three minutes and are very listener-friendly. I think they are appealing due to the 'space' and looseness of Colourwheel's style; by looseness I mean that they are not jam packed full of guitar, but nicely balanced with Tim's vocals.

Junkyard has an excellent sound, partly due to its thorough production. If you want to hear a local band sounding really hot, or you simply like good pop music, go out and grab one for yourself.

Tracy Skehan

Groove

Banana

Larrikin

Banana are a 6-piece funk/jazz group from Sydney, who cite their influences as Miles Davis and Herbie Hancock. Such inspiration is certainly evident in this, their debut album, but it is comparisons with groups like Directions In Groove and Incognito which spring to mind on first listening. Not to say that Banana are so blatantly unoriginal, just too easily pigeonholed.

As with similar groups, instrumental talent is the bottom line. Guitars, drums and vocals are excellent here - sax playing ranging from good to painful - and bass and keyboard have a strong presence throughout. The recording isn't as tight as DIG - having a more live, spontaneous feel; refreshing yet polished.

At times, though, it is this raw edge which tells against the album. "Burn-out" is a horribly messy guitar solo, "The Word" sounds unrehearsed, with too many solos and not enough of its own identity. "Slimeburger" is good though; an alternately sleazy and frenetic instrumental track which doesn't succumb to overdrawn improvisation.

Where Banana really shine is in the vocal tracks, which the band claim is their new direction. "Time Messenger" and "This Time" are strong perform-

ances, and the title track is the highlight of the album but for the fact that it sounds just like Incognito.

Which pretty much sums up the album: when Banana are good they are very good, but sound like someone else. If you're addicted to acid jazz, you could do worse than support Australian talent and get this. But if you're just looking for an introduction to the genre try Incognito or DIG first.

6/10

Isaac Bridle

WAITING STAFF

with experience working in a licensed restaurant required for a busy city restaurant two nights a week (Friday, Saturday).

Please ring 224 0797 between 2-4pm Tuesday to Friday

Looking inside the Fridge

Kelvinator. The name might conjure up images of kitchen appliances or even childhood visions of "Chilly Billy", the little man who lives in the fridge and turns the light on and off. No no no! Shelley has a chat with band member Arthur to discover the real story about this new Adelaide three piece.

Kelvinator have only been together for a rather short period of time and it seems to me that they already have a healthy grasp of what to expect from themselves, and life as musicians in Adelaide. Both Arthur (guitars/vocals) and Fraser (bass/vocals) have been in other bands before and this probably helped in coming up with a style that is unique to the band.

S: How is Kelvinator different?

A: Well, myself and Fraser sometimes alternate between bass and guitar, depending on how the song was written - whoever had which instrument in their hands at the time.

S: Aha, so variety on stage is important?

A: Sure, in about ten songs, I'll play bass for about three.

S: What about vocals?

A: If people just heard my voice for ten songs straight, they'd get very bored so we all take turns in singing - the drum-

mer's actually got the better voice out of all of us!

Arthur would probably sing 50% of the time while Fraser and Scott (drums) would each sing about 25% - a much better idea than a single 'frontman' for the band.

A: I'm really, really sensitive to boredom



and boring is something which I never want to be.

S: With a name like Kelvinator, I don't think you'd expect anything boring...

A: Yeah, I didn't want anything heavy or pretentious, although all of our songs can lyrically be quite heavy.

This is probably because of the many influences of the band. Fraser is currently at the Seminary, studying Theology whilst Arthur is an Adelaide Uni student, moonlighting as a gas meter reader, and Scott is a camera person at Channel 9.

A: We are really interested in black, theological, philosophical views and at the same time we also don't mind taking the piss out of ourselves.

S: Do tell.

A: [Our music is] really lighthearted ... 'cos we think the whole idea of rock and roll is a joke, but at the same time, we have a lot of fun with it.

S: So, try to describe your sound.

A: Um ... I'd say old sixties pop with an early 80s feel ... but at the same time I'd like to think it's fairly contemporary.

S: Who has inspired you?

A: We like various bands ... The Smiths, The Beatles, Billy Bragg, Syd Barrett ... The Who is a big one; their whole fascination with the emptiness of life.

S: How is this reflected in your songs?

A: We have fun stuff like our "Tune Up" song where the actual melody is the tuning of a guitar and the bass underneath it. Fraser's got this song "Starving"

which goes something like 'I may be starving but I need my Nintendo ... and I need spoilers for my car...'

S: So, any demos or gigs?

A: We've done a few gigs - one at the Uni Bar and the Proscenium with The Gift, as well as a Tuesday night at Boltz...we should get

a few dates later at the Producers. I'm also dropping our demo into Three D tomorrow.

S: So by the time this is printed, it will be there. It must help having a camera person in the band.

A: Yeah, the bonus for us is that everything we've ever done has been videoed ... I'd like to get footage of us out on video and then send it to *Rage*.

Well, I suppose it's about time to discover the mystery of the name "Kelvinator".

Arthur sighs. "Yes" he says, "We're named after the fridge ... it's also got a nice ring to it... Kel-vin-a-tor..."

Well now. My mind and imagination can rest.

Kelvinator play at the Tivoli with The Gift for the Three D Discovery Night on Thursday, September 15.



These Charming Men

Defamed are one of many local bands with no shortage of ambition. So who are they, what inspires them and do they have that all-important wacky member? Kerina West spoke to debonair lead singer Mark Scruby to find out where Defamed fit in to the Adelaide music scene.

Our interview took place in one of the many luxurious tutorial rooms in the dungeon that is the Napier building. I began by asking about the talents of each group member. "Basically everyone in the band can play guitar to some certain level of proficiency, and everyone can play bass well enough to come up with ideas," Mark explains. "When someone comes up with parts we then get the music happening and work out whether it is a verse or a chorus, and whether we'll use an idea or work something else out 'til we've got the different parts of the song. This sounds really clichéd, but Defamed is a democracy." As prolific songwriters, the band often writes new material a few days before gigs. "The way it's turned out, I don't know if it's coincidence or not but those songs have gone down the best, when we've just written them."

The history of Defamed is brief, with Mark the last member to join just over a year ago. Soon after playing the Three D Discovery show and receiving occasional airplay with their first demo, the song

"When In Rome" made it into Three D's top ten plus one. "I don't think we ever broke double figures though," Mark laughs. "We got a couple of better gigs, and word started getting around that we were okay, we weren't another crappy band."

Defamed have been performing around Adelaide for the last year, starting as regulars at The Botanic. "The first gig we played ever was for about 150 people, but that was at least - it may have been more than that. It was different because if there were thirty people there we would have been buzzing because it was a proper pub gig." Crowd reaction is important to the band, who feed off the energy of their audiences.

Describing Defamed's sound to those unfamiliar with the band is a difficult task. "I don't know whether you can put a label on our sound because the fact is that we've all got similar interests in similar types of music." The musical tastes of group members are certainly diverse. "Kym's into The Beatles - 60s sounding music. Nick's into Carter and Sonic Youth, thrashy type of stuff. Dylan and I are into My Bloody Valentine and Ride, but I'm also into ambient techno. It all goes into the melting pot - the crucible if you like."

As a member of the Adelaide music scene, I asked Mark for his thoughts on

the opportunities for up-and-coming bands. "As far as bands starting up in Adelaide there's plenty of opportunities to get a gig. If you want to be in a band and actually spend a fair bit of time, and you sell yourself it's really easy in Adelaide," he replied. When quizzed about rival bands, his response was vague. "There's some pretty good bands around, and I'm not going to name any of them ... except for Defamed!"

So what is it about Defamed that should encourage people to come and see them play? "We can offer the crowd something different in Adelaide, and we play cool, original music. If they listen to Three D they may recognise some of our songs. We're five very raunchy guys," Mark assured me. Is the band a labour of love for Mark? "One of the things I enjoy most in my life is making music in the band, it's heaps rewarding just from that angle."

While the band's short-term plans are modest, in the long-term Defamed have greater aspirations. "Long-term we want to be the best band, British or otherwise, since The Smiths. No ... you can't really compare bands, there's no international standard for how good a band is," Mark explains. "We're willing to admit that The Smiths were cool, but we're also willing to admit that we think maybe there's a chance that we could be as good

or better, we don't know. There's also a chance that we might end up being some dickheads who play the Venue when we're 50, playing 70s R n'B covers."

Does Defamed use any gimmicks to attract a crowd? "That's what has been missing, the wacky factor," Mark laments. "We're going to have to get a sixth member who doesn't do anything except be wacky on stage." Who said music takes itself too seriously!

Defamed are playing The Exeter hotel this Friday, 16th September.

MYSTIFIED BY THE MATHS IN MICROBIOLOGY? STUMPED BY THE STATS IN PSYCHOLOGY?

Why not drop in to the **Maths Learning Centre** ("downstairs" in the Hughes Plaza) where there are friendly tutors available to help you FOR FREE over a cup of coffee.

The drop-in facility is available to all Adelaide Uni students taking **any** first subject involving maths or stats, whether it be in Economics or Astronomy, Agriculture or Genetics!

Open 10am to 4pm daily. Phone 303 5862 for more information.

Stop Press! Centre now open Wednesday evenings 4pm to 6pm.

A patch of happiness in Oleander Land

"Hello tape recorder." So my interview with Duane, the bass player from Happy Patch commenced over a pale ale at the Exeter. Happy Patch have come a fair distance since their conception a long time ago. Recently (about a year ago) joined by bass player Duane, the rhythm section has changed, whilst the rest have remained. Their musical style has varied somewhat, partly due to line-up changes. They released a CD about six weeks ago distributed through Mds, called *Oleander Land*.

"The CD is called *Oleander Land*, as that's the name of the second track; and as we say in every interview, it's actually an artistic critique of the western suburbs. It's actually about the western suburbs where there's a hell of a lot of Oleander trees and they're actually poisonous."

Duane actually believes that Happy Patch are a western suburbs band, despite the fact that they do not play out west terribly much. It's more an image kind of thing;

"Yeah, we thrive on non-image. If we have a t-shirt made hopefully it will have a cynical message attached to it. We're a bunch of grouchy old men. The western suburbs and this band go together, although they got me from the southern suburbs. I don't know if it's us pushing ourselves like we're outsiders, but

it's kind of like we're coming from another planet." Hmmm. Well what planet is Duane on anyway? Old? Hardly.

It's interesting to note that more and more local bands are releasing CDs, in fact, it's almost becoming a prerequisite for touring and getting well-paid gigs.

"When I joined the band, the goals were to tour interstate and release a CD... Complete world domination did come up at one stage, but somehow I don't think it's going to happen because we come from Adelaide; nah, just joking."

Well, although it is dubious as to whether Happy Patch will ever conquer the world, touring interstate is definitely on the cards, therefore fulfilling at least one of their goals. It's to be expected that they're a bit sick of playing the well-worn circuit around Rundle St, especially given how long they've been around.

"We're one of the few bands that have survived for five years. I can't say 'we' as I haven't been in the band for five years. Most bands seem to last about two years and die, it's a bit of a shame." Despite the fact that Happy Patch have been around for a fair while, they're still churning out the songs; in fact, another EP is on the horizon for early next year partly due to encouragement from Mds. It's rumoured that Karl from the now

defunct Truck Train Tractor is starting up a record label and is interested in putting something out from Happy Patch. Who knows? Only time will tell. It seems that Happy Patch are receiving a fair bit of attention. Before *Oleander Land* was released, they featured on *The Sound Barrier*:

a compilation of local bands put together by Butchered Productions. *The Sound Barrier* was basically a professional demo of Butchered's bands (some of them have already broken up), and this demo

seemed to work for Happy Patch, as they received attention from Mds through the compilation. Getting back to their song writing:

"This is the problem you see, when we put out the CD, the newest of the songs was six months old, there's not much you can do about it, you've got to play the songs in a little bit. The songs that we've decided for the new CD have al-

ready been superseded, we're writing songs hand over fist."

Duane believes that the live scene is actually improving; with both audience numbers and quality of bands, especially 'young' bands like the Miltons, Defamed and Sin Dog Jellyroll. When I asked him



if he had any wise words of advice, he replied:

"It's pretty hard for me, I'm stuck".

Happy Patch will probably be playing sometime soon, somewhere. Check the gig guide and check them out. Alternatively (or additionally) grab their CD *Oleander Land* from any good record store for around 12 bucks.

Tracy Skehan

Sealing his fate

About three years ago, a song raised heads around the world. It was played on radio stations in virtually every country, went Top 10 in almost as many singles charts and generally signalled the arrival of a new voice. That song was "Crazy" and the singer was, of course, Seal.

Three years on, do a word association test with the name Seal, and "Crazy" is one word virtually everyone will come up with first. Somewhat

lost in the (admittedly deserved) focus on that one song is the fact that Seal is not merely another one-hit wonder. He had established himself in the world of contemporary music long before, had a whole album full of great songs at that time, and now has another fantastic album, which, apparently just to confuse the hell out of suppliers, record store managers and customers, is also self-titled, like his debut.

Seal 2, as it is being referred to, does not feature any one stand-out song in the mould of "Crazy". Instead, it is a collection of tunes, any one of which deserves to stand by itself. Combined on one disc, it all adds up to fifty minutes of soulful, harmonic music which defies categorisation (I suppose "soul" would be the closest thing one could describe it as). It is musician's music, music which must be heard rather than listened to.

Seal first gained recognition when his contribution put Adamski's "Space Jungle" on top of the charts. He subsequently signed with WEA, recorded *Seal*, released "Crazy" and

... you know the rest. Follow-up hits "Future Love Paradise" and "The Beginning" also finished high on the charts; *Seal* sold 3 million copies worldwide and the music world had a unique new voice.

In fact, it is Seal's voice which makes him so immediately recognisable. As he says himself, "I want my voice to be like an instrument, a rhythmic and melodic part of each song." Take out his voice from his songs, and they become nice but ineffectual tunes; this is even more the case on *Seal 2*.

The first noticeable difference between his debut and his current album is Seal's shift away from the more technology-oriented rhythm parts featured on songs such as "Crazy", and shift towards more 'organic', sparse instrumentation, which brings out his voice even more. The keyboard now serves as a background to the other instruments, rather than as the central background instrument. The one thing that has remained constant is the quality of the songs. As mentioned before, there is no one standout, the first single "Prayer For The Dying" being the closest thing to one, and also, according to Seal, "... very representative of the feel of the whole of the album. It has a very cohesive message." Other great songs include "Bring It On", "Don't Cry" (no relation to Guns N'Roses' "Don't Cry"), "Kiss From A Rose" and "I'm Alive". Several big names appear as guest musicians, including Jeff Beck and Joni Mitchell, but don't let that put you

off; Seal wrote or co-wrote every song.

The mood varies from solemn to joyful: unlike many current acts, Seal retains a positive attitude towards life rather than taking an apathetic stance towards the world's problems, while all the time remaining aware of some problems: "In a world that's constantly plagued by disasters, I think that it is important, however difficult it may sometimes seem, to keep crossing that bridge of peace ...

Love, life and eternal happiness."

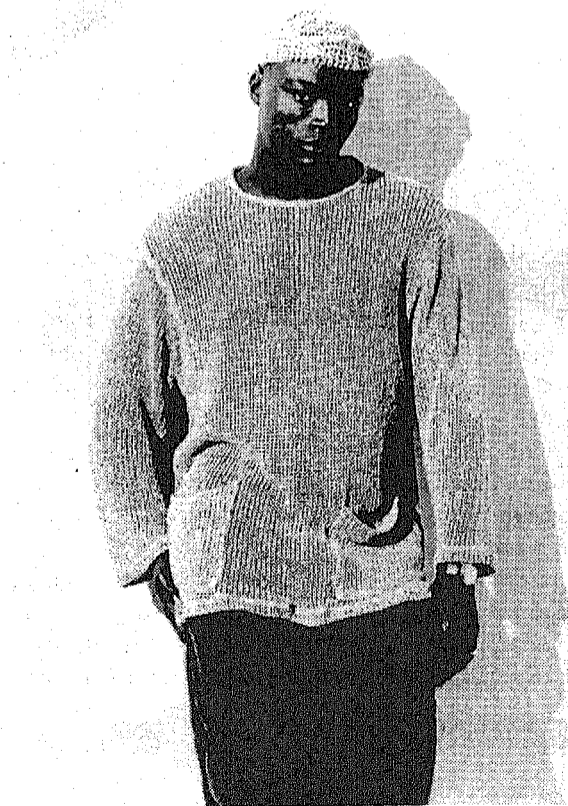
Florian Minzlaff

Quotations from WEA and *Seal 2* album sleeve

Giveaways

Cassingles and cassettes aplenty including Paul Kelly, Barker, Chris Wilson and even Nathan Cavaleri.

Just come into the *On Dit* office between 1 and 4 on Tuesday and grovel.



Parlez vous Francais?

A Heart in Winter, Trak

Maxime loves Camille. Camille loves Maxime ... or does she love Stéphane? Does Stéphane love anyone?! Love is a confusing thing, isn't it, boys and girls?

The latest French offering to belatedly appear on Adelaide screens is *A Heart in Winter*, directed and co-written by Claude Sautet. Stéphane (Daniel Auteuil) and Maxime (André Dussollier) are friends and business partners who repair and make violins. Camille (Emmanuelle Béart) is a talented young

violinist and a client of the two violin-makers. Maxime is in love with Camille and the pair are planning to move in together. Sounds just peachy, doesn't it? But alas, life is never so simple in the movies. Enter Stéphane. He and Maxime have known each other for years, and Stéphane has always been content to take the back seat to the debonair and charming Maxime but now he subtly sets about changing the equilibrium. He plays games with

Camille, slowly winning over her affections, only to pull away cruelly as soon as she begins to fall in love with him. Stéphane's actions have a devastating effect on both Camille and Maxime, and on his relationship with them.

Essentially *A Heart in Winter* is a film about relationships and human interaction. The centre of the relationships examined is Stéphane. His heart is the heart in winter - closed to the outside world, and shutting out all warmth. He cannot give of himself to others, and, as a result, he ultimately finds himself isolated. Stéphane is aware of his emotional shortcomings, but is not willing to change his ways.

This is a subtle and understated film,

yet it effectively conveys emotions, dilemmas and heartaches. Like the accompanying music (Ravel's two string Sonatas and Trio), the film is emotive without being over the top. It is definitely an example of less is more - glances, gestures and lingering looks often replace dialogue and can be a far more effective means of communication. This is mainly because of the strength of the cast. Auteuil, Béart and Dussollier breathe life into their characters making them real and tangible.

A Heart in Winter is very slick, very sophisticated and very stylish. Very French. Oh oui.

Li Fung

Nights of savagery

Savage Nights, Mercury cinema

In 1989, Cyril Collard published *Savage Nights*, a novel based on his own life experiences. It was the story of an HIV-positive bisexual man and his relationships with a teenage girl and a troubled girl and a troubled young man. Three years later, Collard brought his novel to the big screen, directing and starring in this project. *Savage Nights* was his first, and also his last, full-length film; Cyril Collard died of an AIDS-related illness in March 1993, three days before his film won four prizes at the César Awards.

In *Savage Nights*, Cyril Collard plays Jean, a 30 year-old bisexual man with a taste for living life in the fast lane. At the beginning of the film, Jean is discovered to be HIV-positive. Soon after, he meets and becomes involved with Laura (Romane Bohringer), a tempestuous 17 year-old. They fulfil each other's need for warmth and affection, but this is not enough to satisfy Jean. Unbeknown to Laura, he is also seeing Samy (Carlos Lopez), a wild and violent young man. Laura adores Jean, and will do anything to keep him, while Samy is just using him; yet Jean cannot choose between the two. The process of coming

to terms with the AIDS virus also adds to Jean's confusion.

Savage Nights is a film about love and life - it is a love story with a difference and a celebration of life. Jean has AIDS, but is not the AIDS virus which is important - it is his way of dealing with being HIV-positive. He runs between relationships, trying to make some sense of his life, but he cannot find himself until he comes to terms with the changes to which he has been subjected. Jean resolves his inner conflict when he stops looking at the AIDS virus as a death sentence and focuses on life, making the most of it. Jean realises that he loves life; he is "in life", not despite his illness, but rather because of it - because every moment is precious and worth living for.

The film is like a documentary which follows Jean's life as he stumbles through his relationships and deals with the changes in his life. It cuts rapidly from scene to scene, creating a sense of urgency which reflects Jean's confusion. Many scenes seem to have been shot with hand-held cameras, and the movement and blur give the impression that we are intruding on a private moment which has been secretly captured on film

- it is almost like watching a real-life experience. The characters are very real and believable, and the actors effectively bring out their faults and complexities. Romane Bohringer won a César for Most Promising New Actress for her portrayal of Laura.

Savage Nights has come under criticism for not being 'representative' or providing a positive model when dealing with issues relating to AIDS and homosexuality. The criticism is aimed at the fact that Jean has unprotected sex with Laura without telling her he is HIV positive, and also at his varied sexual

practices, which include group sex with strangers who go to certain secluded areas looking for sex. However, *Savage Nights* is not an advertisement for safe sex, neither does it purport to make general statements about gays and bisexuals. It is the honest and real account of one man's experiences - it reflects the reality of his situation. The object of the film is not to generalise or set examples. *Savage Nights* is a gritty, honest and uncompromising film, and a fitting tribute to the talent of Cyril Collard.

Li Fung



Schwarzenfest

True Lies, Greater Union

I really thought this was a cool movie, mostly. The action bits are incredible. I heard somewhere that this is the most expensive movie ever made (just beating Arnie's last most-expensive-movie-ever-made) and it is not hard to see why. Harrier jets, missiles, flame throwers, rocket launchers and a nuclear explosion explode across the screen in Digital Surround Sound. Ooooooh.

Arnold Schwarzenegger is Harry Tasker, a special agent for Omega Sector, a top-secret government agency. Top-secret, as in *really*; even his wife, Helen (Jamie Lee Curtis) doesn't know. She thinks he's a salesman.

Harry Tasker thinks he has discovered his wife is having an affair, inconveniently right when he's very busy chasing nuclear powered bad guys. The bad guys are Arabs, Hollywood having already exhausted

the world supply of Soviet, Cuban and South African bad guys.

Above all else, Arnie is a family man. So he feels perfectly justified in taking time off from national security and spending time working out his marriage. Of course, his way of doing this is by putting taps on his wife's phones, bugs in her handbag, and having her chased across the city by heavily armed teams of special agents in fast cars and a helicopter. And that's just to start off with. Arnie's task: to fix his marriage and the terrorist problem before the end of the movie. Sound impossible? Not at all. Besides, it's a long movie. In fact, it's a bit overlong, but not teeth-grindingly so. Maybe Arnie should drop a note to Costner mentioning how well the occasional explosion livens up a two and half hour epic. That's what *Wyatt* needed - Harrier jets.

True Lies is very Bondesque. Gadgets, guns and gizmos galore, and the requisite pursuit on skis through a woodland snowscape in a barrage of gunfire. Also, please notice the ragged-hero-walking-out-of-the-flames scene.

Tom Arnold (as in *Roseanne*) plays 'Gib', the thoroughly offensive best friend and partner of Tasker. He's worth quite a few laughs.

Okay, I've told you the plot, and I've given due time to the neat action scenes, now it's gripe-time. Keep in mind that big ol' Arnie campaigned for the Republicans in the last presidential elections. That might explain why his values, to judge by this effort, are completely crap. Every woman in the movie gets called a bitch, slapped around and treated like a whore. By the end of the movie I was overwhelmingly tired of the word 'bitch'. We have 'the bitch', 'crazy bitch', 'psychotic bitch', and my favourite 'ditch the bitch.' We also had the touching 'You're damaged goods, lady.' You forgot one, Arnie! You forgot 'mad feminist bitch with a grudge and an icepick, chiselling "Shut up, Muscle-head"

into your skull while you sleep.' Oh, and I particularly like the way Arnie treats his wife. The brief synopsis above should give you an idea of his high-tech, but nevertheless stone-age approach to marital bliss. His terribly sensitive solution involved the agency threatening her, and forcing her into masquerading as a prostitute. She had to dance provocatively clad only in a G-string and a bra for Arnie (in disguise) who she thought was an international arms dealer. You're a man after my own heart, Lunkhead.

Despite these complaints, if you like action movies, see it - it's cool. The plot's a bit thin, and a bit wanky, but in the last half hour the action element starts to gather momentum and it is absolutely amazing. If you think the crappy bits will annoy you - see it, but express yourself. I suggest an interactive movie-going experience. When you hear the word 'bitch', shout "Who asked you, shit-head?". Or offer advice, "Kick the bastard, Honey." Tell 'em how you feel. I'm sure no one will mind.

Kim Evans

Something fishy

Although for many years it seemed as though it had well and truly died, after its revival last year the Law Revue seems set to re-establish itself as an annual tradition at Adelaide Uni. *A Fish Called Rwanda* opens on September 22nd in the Little Theatre. Asha Mayer spoke to the two writer/directors, David Emery and Wendy Poulton to find out all about it.

Asha: So what exactly is the law revue?

David: It's basically law students being stupid on stage.

Wendy: It's a series of sketches which don't follow a consistent line, it's obviously not like a play, there's not really a theme. Law sketches do crop up, but it's certainly not an in-house production, you don't have to be a law student to understand it. A lot of different topics are covered, we've got television and culture sort of things, we've got political sort of sketches.

Asha: So it's not based around the law school it's based around much more gen-

eralised legal issues?

Wendy: Yeah. It only has one or two sketches in the entire revue that are based around the law school specifically.

David: The odd lecturer we will be paying the crap out of.

Wendy: The lecturer jokes are the only ones you have to be a law student to understand, and we've kept them to an absolute minimum. We want to make it accessible to every student.

Asha: Explain the title to me.

David: Well, we really struggled with the title. It was probably the hardest thing to write. All the skits flowed reasonably well, but the title took more thinking than the rest of it put together. We just of threw a whole lot of aims and ideas together, and thought about doing law related titles and couldn't come up with anything that really caught our attention.

Wendy: And then Dave just came up with *A Fish Called Rwanda* and it was so stu-

pid we knew that was the answer. A number of times I've thought "that's really tasteless", but I don't really think it is, we're just using the title we're not making any sort comment about Rwanda. It's just a bad pun.

Asha: Can you reveal any of the skits?

Wendy: There's the obligatory Spelling production send up, we'll leave you to guess as to which one it is (David: it's not *Beverly Hills*). A snoop look inside the Adelaide Club. We have got a few skits that touch on Rwanda and other international issues, in a very flippant, humorous way. *Days of our Lives* - my inspiration all comes from *Days of Our Lives*. And there may be an appearance from a well know Adelaide Crow....

Asha: Who did most of the writing?

Wendy: David did most of the writing, I contributed four or five sketches. A lot of the best ideas though don't come from you just sitting down and thinking how can I best send this up - it comes from the cast stuffing around, adding things on, so you think- hey this is good, we'll keep that.

Asha: Who's in the cast?

David: They're basically all law students, with a couple of honorary law students - one's doing Arts, and the other one - I think he works at a golf club.

Wendy: There's eleven cast members, plus David and I are doing a little bit of acting. Plus 8 crew, comes to maybe twenty odd people involved plus front of house plus ticket sellers- so a lot of the

law school is involved.

Asha: A lot of last year's cast members are also in Parting Company, who regularly do their own revues, including *HooHa* just a few weeks ago. Has it been difficult to establish a fresh style of your own?

Wendy: We've been very careful to make sure we haven't followed anything that they've done. Obviously they've started the set up of it, things like where we'll get sponsorship from and that sort of thing, but the whole idea of the production has been different. It's very different from *HooHa* as well in that it has a political angle. *HooHa* was very much a cultural satire, I think. The law revue does have political comment in it.

David: There's been three revues on this year. *Three Times in One Night*- they called it a revue but it wasn't laugh out loud sort of funny it was more of a quiet chuckle piece - it had fairly sharp writing. *HooHa* and the Law Revue are probably more the traditional revue style of things. What distinguishes the Law Revue is that there will be perhaps more of a concentration on the law itself as a subject.

A Fish Called Rwanda only runs for a very short season of three nights, so if it tickles your fancy you may need to get organised, since keen law lecturers, eager perhaps to see what dirt their students have dredged up on their colleagues, are already booking tickets.

Very slick

Seeing Things, Not So Straight Theatre

Into a very ordinary flat, containing a positively fourth-rate wardrobe, moves Clarrie. The wardrobe is important, providing as it does an introduction to a ghost, the place where Mac loses his virginity and, in the grandest traditions of farce, a hiding place for most of the characters caught up in the absurd and very entertaining events portrayed for us in *Seeing Things*. This latest entertainment from Not So Straight Theatre is definitely farce, of the highest quality. Three-dimensional characters, usually the first victim of the need to ham it up occasionally, are only one of the achievements of the playwright and cast. The script is tightly written and delivered, my only quibble being with one or two of the sexual references in the first act. Not all were unnecessary - anyone who doesn't laugh at Clarrie's first bonk in his new flat has a problem, probably with their mother. The play also boasts the least gratuitous, extended fart joke I've heard for ages. A few, however, merely lend a temporary undergraduate tone to what is otherwise a slick and well-executed work.

Briefly then, Clarrie moves in, and soon is presented with the disturbingly well-proportioned body of his idol, Randy - a man who has been dead for three weeks. They're made for each other. It's just gotta be. After all, this is a love story right?

Well, yes, and there's a lot of love in this play. Clarrie loves Earl, he thinks, but we all know he loves Randy, really, and Earl really only loves himself, not his girlfriend, nor his boyfriend - well, not his first boyfriend but there's a chance that his second boyfriend could sort him out a bit, if they can ever stop bonking long enough to have a chance to talk, and Ziggy is far too busy consorting with just about every lesbian who ever strode any sort of stage to help anyone. Dead ones only, of course. That only leaves Mac, who hasn't consorted with a live one for a while, either. In fact, ever.

With a set-up like that you barely need a

plot. The lives (and non-lives) of these people (and ex-people) unfold both hilariously and revealingly over two hours. Hilariously indeed - the funny lines come at speed. The best moments are those when three-quarters of the audience suddenly sees itself on stage. I saw plenty of couples turn simultaneously to face one another, grin that grin of slightly embarrassed intimacy, and then dissolve into guffaws. Some of the responses taught me a bit about some of my near neighbours, but the play is revealing in more ways than that - giving us five founded, believable characters. You know people like these.

Christian Goldworthy is winsome as Clarrie, Steve Rex Craig succeeds in making his offensively cute Randy very likeable and David Adams is skittish virginity to a tee. Annabel Giles never lets her accent or vivaciousness waver for a moment, and Geoff Revell, with perhaps the hardest task as the unsympathetic Earl, is disturbingly credible as he blusters, "I'm not a poofter, I've got a girlfriend". All do an excellent job.

As well as being uproarious, the script is intelligent and thoughtful. Clarrie has some important questions to face, when he gets the chance, and his friendship with Ziggy is a mature and very human relationship, or at least as real as you can be when dealing with a person whose current lover is Virginia Woolf. Randy, too, is no lump of meat, which lends credibility to Clarrie's turning fascination with the anatomy of his favourite porn star into the adult appreciation for the real thing (well, almost) which makes him face the aforementioned questions.

In short, this play has the works: sharp wit, good acting, a great set, some fine observations and a small handful of silly dick-jokes. Don't let the last put you off.

Seeing Things will be on at the Space, Festival Centre, on September 14-17 inclusive.

Nick Fryer

On Dit has three double passes to *A Fish Called Rwanda* to give away. If you would like one, just come down to the On Dit office on Wednesday at 1pm and say please.

Have you considered taking...

DRAMA STUDIES

at the University of Adelaide?

...taking a multi-cultural perspective on society exploring new ways of thinking about performance

APPLICATIONS

are now called for the following courses...

Honours BA (Drama Studies)

specially designed for candidates with a background of formal studies and practical achievements in drama...topics may be selected from theory and analysis; dramatic literature; playwriting; social and community work; education; arts administration...all negotiable part-time or full-time.

MA and Graduate Diploma (Educational Theatre)

by coursework, part-time only

MA and PhD

by research thesis in Drama Studies

APPLICATIONS for entry in 1995, close October 31, 1994

for further information

Dr. Robert Kimber

Head: Department of Drama

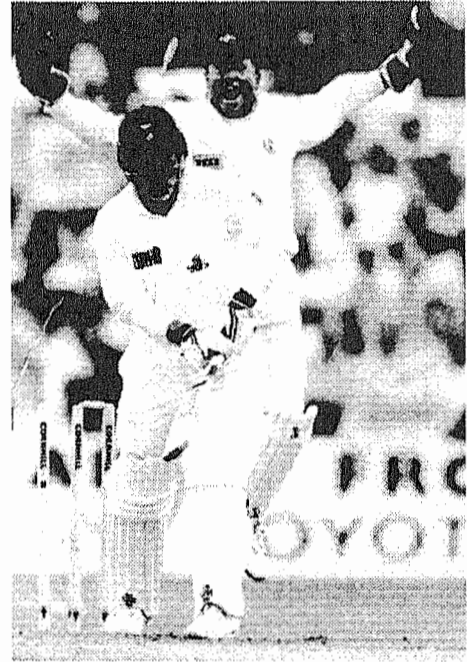
Tel: (08) 303 3762; Fax (08) 303 4393



More beer More beer!

It's competition time again so get those wacky captions happening to match the pics you see before you. Beers are at stake with a 6 pack going to the best caption provided for each photo.

Entries close at 5pm Thursday so if you wish to sample some of the Unibar's finest then get 'em in!



Results

Football (Grand Finals)

A6 Reserves: Uni 17.7 d Broadview 11.8

Best: Bruhn, Paltridge, Priest

A8: Uni 11.14 d Gaza 6.12

Best: Shierlaw, Warwick, Wilson

A8 Res: Uni 18.13 d Gaza 5.5

Best: Hutchinson, Kerlake, Holsman

Hockey

Men

Div. 2: Uni 6 d Seacliff 1

Div. 3: Uni 8 d Seacliff 1

Div. 4: Uni 4 d Seacliff 2

Women

State League

Uni 5 d NEHC 1

Travellin' good times

Reality is the Bug that bit me in the Galapagos - Trips in the Americas

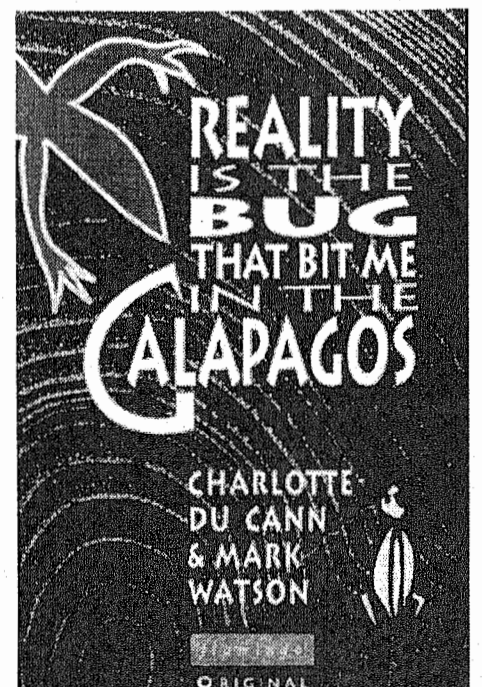
Charlotte DuCann and Mark Watson. Flamingo, \$16.95


The blurb on the back cover of this book announces "this is no ordinary travel book," and I'm inclined to agree. The two authors tell their stories in tandem: how they left lovers, jobs and security in London to travel through South America in search of magic and spiritual renewal. Their journey takes them through Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Ecuador, Bolivia and Chile. Instead of visiting temples, monuments and waterfalls etc, the pair choose to avoid "gringo-like" tourist traps. They lead a nomadic lifestyle (although supported by limitless supplies of cash) which allows them to meet an amazing range of people and immerse themselves in South American culture. Much of the charm of the book comes from the authors' willingness to experiment. Their travels bring them into contact with bizarre foods, dances, rituals and religions. Together they abandon the sterile philosophies they were brought up on and embrace the mystery and passion of South American cultures. The book has an innovative structure: chapters are very short, and are interspersed with poems and photos. It is in the poetry department that the book seems to lose its way. Some of the poems are effective in conveying the moods of the authors and their sense of emancipation; others, however, are cryptic and pretentious: "Toorah loorah loorah/ Toorah loorah looraly."

The authors recount their experiences

with a great deal of intimacy. They share their love affairs, their diseases and even their bowel problems with the reader. This may sound a bit disgusting, but the authors' sense of humour and their What the fuck? attitude makes their honesty likeable and refreshing. *Reality is the Bug* is lots of fun as a guide to living in South America mainly because it is so personalised and original. This approach makes the book far more than just a tourist's account.


Tom Griffith





CD
available on
the night

JMELDA'S SHOES



JACOB ZLADDER

Sunday 25th September 1994

The Synagogue
Synagogue Place (Off Rundle Street)

COVER
BANDS

\$3.....Student Concession
\$5...At the Door

9pm Start!

Classifieds

Wanna get rocked?

Learn Rock'n'Roll. Simple method, quick results. Monday, Wednesday or Friday, 7.30 pm, or social dancing or social Latin dancing 8.30 pm. Courses - \$39 each or both - \$70. Danceland, 650 South Road (next to tramline) 345 5817 or 415 7718.

Adelaide Uni Astronomical Society

Adelaide Uni Astronomical Society presents a talk "A new telescope for the Highest Energy Particles" by Dr Roger Clay (Physics and Mathematical Physics Dept) and a film. \$1 members, \$2 non members. Cake and coffee will be provided. Wednesday 21st September, 7-10pm, Kerr Grant Lecture Theatre, Physics Dept, Adelaide Uni.

For Sale

Vespa, 200cc, 6 months rego, excellent condition. \$1500. 346 4743.

Auditions

We've Got A Tent: a Load of Old Bollocks about the Environment. (New Australian Black Comedy for the '90s, written by David Mills and Daniel Cardone). Director Don Barker. Season Dec 1 -10. Little Theatre.

Audition day Saturday September 17. Ring 303 5999 weekdays 10-3 for appointment and details.

Stephen Cole Prizes

Nominations are invited for the 1994 Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Teaching, and for Scholarships or the Creative Arts. Forms and details are available from Sharon Mosler, extn 35963. Nominations must reach the Office of the Deputy V-C (Academic) by 31 October 1994.

Accompanist/actress

Opportunity for piano playing female, as Ethel Cooper in *Ring the Bell Softly...* (1986 Festival fringe Award Winner). Season dates Oct 26-29, Nov 2-5. Directed by Julianne English. Contact 303 5999 now for an audition.

Anyone for Tennis?

The Adelaide University Lawn Tennis Club will be starting the 1994 - 95 season with a tennis day at the Club courts (Bundeys Road, Park 10, North Adelaide) on Sunday, 9th October from 12 noon and would like to invite people interested in joining the Club to come along. Contact James McCarthy on 332 7398 for further details about the Club.

For Sale

Pager. Only \$100 (half original price). 6 months old, still under guarantee. Uniden alphanumeric. Drop a note in Tracy Skehan's pigeonhole in *On Dit*.

Fun Running

There are only a few weeks to the annual Spring Fun Run organised by the Uni Gym on Friday 7 October at 1:10pm. Now is the time to start training! All University students, their friends, husbands, wives, dogs, etc are invited to participate. This is definitely a FUN event so it would be good to see lots of walkers, walk/runners enjoying the scenery of the 5.3 km course. This course is the usual one which commences on the parklands in front of the Gym and follows the Torrens to the Weir and back. Join us and receive a diploma for your efforts.

Free drinks will be available after the run. Why not gather some friends together and run as a team, minimum of four people.

For further information please contact the Uni Gym on 267 2926.

Flat to Rent

Goodwood, \$80 per week. 1 bedroom, built-ins, fridge, phone available immediately. \$320 bond. Telephone: 337 5290.

Bum

A mistake has been made in the holiday dates given in the 1994 Student Diary. The mid-semester break dates for this year's second semester are 19 September to 30 September, not 26 September to 7 October. They are a week earlier than indicated in the diary.

Pride

This week's Pride meeting has been cancelled so that members can attend the protest against proposals for up-front fees for University students: 1pm on the Barr Smith Lawns - make sure you are there to protest the imminent destruction of our education system.

AUSKI AGM

Wednesday 14th September 1:15pm

The Snow Ski Club requires a new committee of scammers for the 1995 season. All members are encouraged to come along and vote in the Irene Watson Room (level 5 Union building, near the Unibar toilets). Bring a pen to scratch your mark on the club's recently acquired stack of ballot papers.

P.S. We still have a few Rusty polo neck tops for sale. For enquiries, call Ralph on 278 3103.

Achtung

The Adelaide University German Club presents *Andorra* by Max Frisch. Thursday 15th and Friday 16th September, 1 pm and 7.30 pm. Saturday 17th September, 7.30 pm. Little Theatre, Union Complex, Union Building (opposite Victoria Drive Footbridge). Tickets \$8 Adults, \$5 Students. For bookings, phone Carsten on 364 2284.

Share Accomodation

Female to share 3 bedroom home with 2 male students. Great home - with carport/shed on quiet street. Close to bus stops and shops. Located in Broadview.

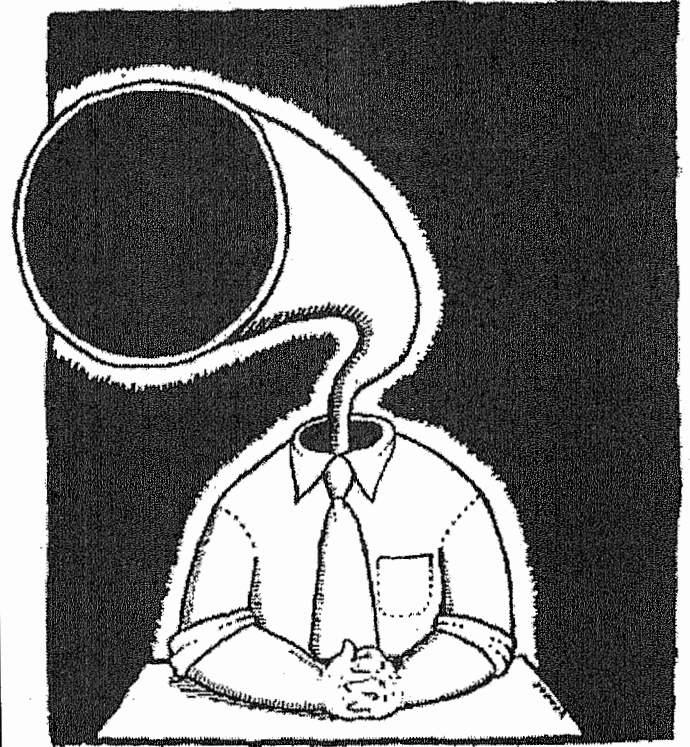
Can move in immediately. \$43.50 rent per week (+\$166 bond and expenses).

Ring 269 4351 (and ask for Mark).

Community Aid Abroad

We need at least ten public spirited, globally minded, and hopefully enthusiastic people to participate in a voluntary doorknock on the 18th September (first Sunday of the holidays). You won't be on your own. Who knows, you might get a tan or meet someone really nice. If you would like to help out, call Sally 379 3450.

Student Radio



give me noise

Student Radio

5UV 531AM

Sundays 2:30pm-12:30am

The Students' Association in conjunction with Resistance present a World Series Debate:



"That *The Simpsons* are more informative than the news"

Wednesday 1:15

Unibar

NR

