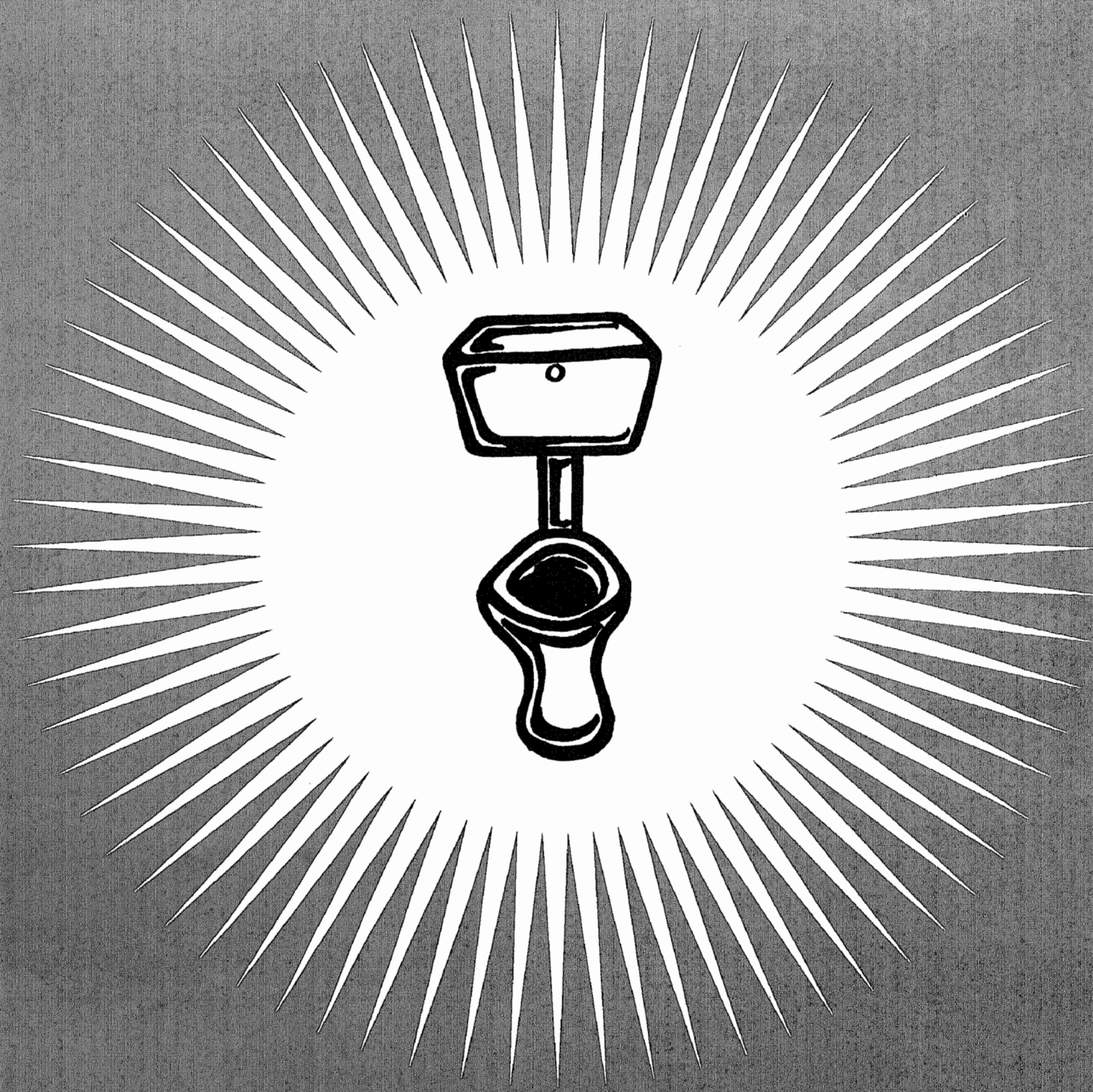


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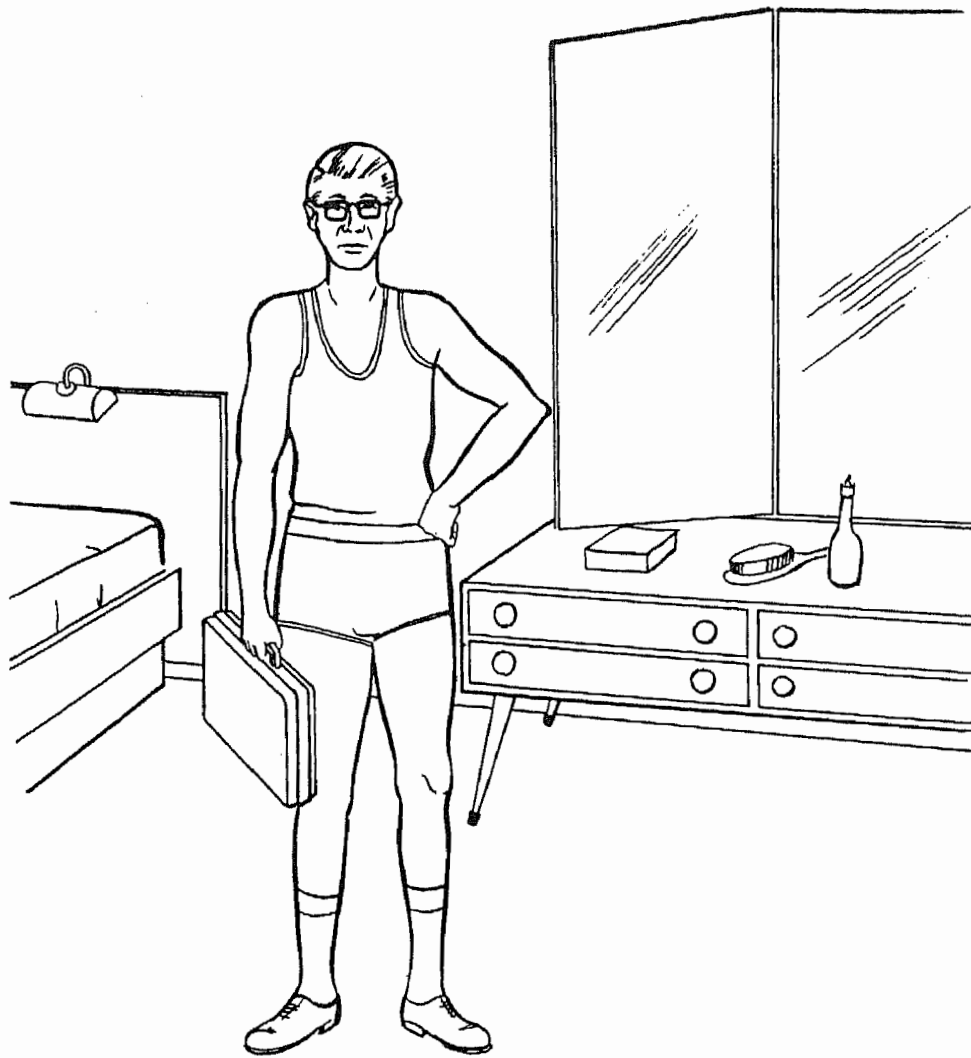
# ONDIT

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

Volume 62 Number 24 October 31 1994



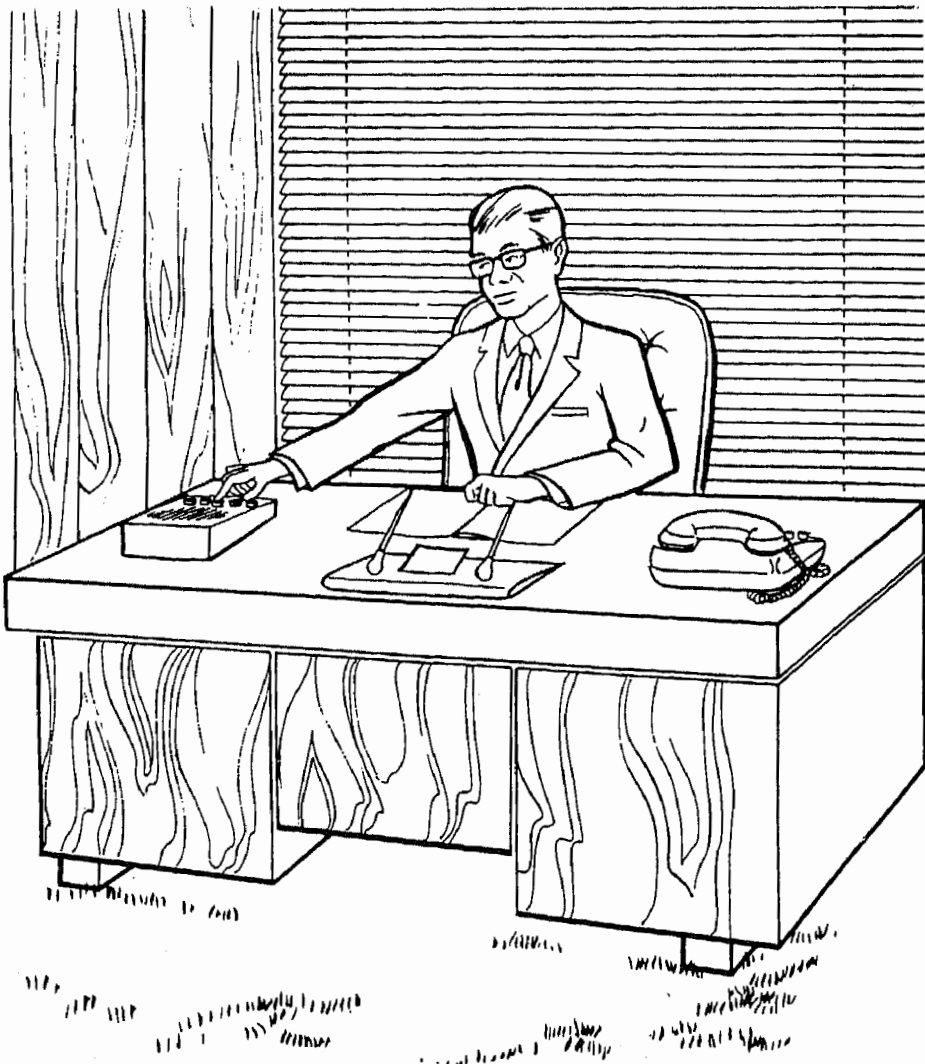
# Executive Colouring Page



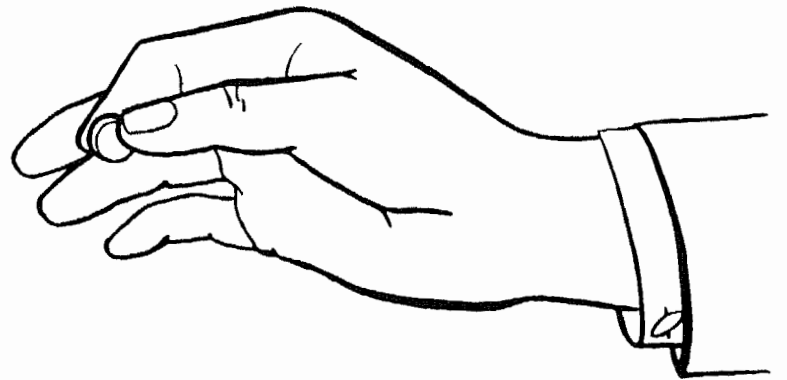
THIS IS ME. I am an executive. Executives are important. They go to important offices and do important things. Colour my underwear important.



THIS IS MY SUIT. Colour it grey, or else I lose my job.



THIS IS MY DESK. It is made of mahogany. Important people have mahogany desks. My walls are also mahogany. I wish I was made out of mahogany.



THIS IS MY PILL. It is round and red. It helps to make me forget my worries.



Look how I take my pill.



... and how it relaxes me.



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# Every time we say goodbye

Welcome to the biggest issue of *On Dit* ever. It's a whopping 76 pages and there are heaps and heaps of good articles and pieces, so there's sure to be something to interest you. Take it home. Keep it. Save it as a memento of your days at university for years to come.

This is also the final issue of *On Dit* for 1994. We've enjoyed the experience of being editors, although the year has seen its fair share of adventure and misadventure.

## Freak Scene

The most demanding aspect of being an *On Dit* editor this year has been dealing with different types of people. And there are some strange types out there.

Running a newspaper office has been a tremendous eye-opener in terms of our understanding of the importance of the media. It seems that everybody wants to have their say, their name in print, their fifteen minutes of fame. And the loopier someone is, the more ferociously they want it. We lost count of the number of times we had to deal with really angry people after deciding not to print their pissy piece of crap.

We've seen freaks come from all walks of life: students, non-students, business people. They're harrassed us, been rude to us and even threatened us with violence. To all the people who have made our lives difficult this year we say: get a dog up ya.

## Merry Japes

There have been lots of good times this year. Something that will live on in the memories of hundreds of students is the Prosh procession in April - who could resist the

temptation to hold up city traffic, dance around and have a fun time? Other highlights of the year were M-Week, especially M-Night, Pride week, O'Week, and, perhaps best of all, the jumping castle in Re-O Week.

There have been lots and lots of other things going on all year. Far too many to name. One thing we have appreciated about our new office location is being able to lean on our railing and look out onto the Barr Smith Lawns and watching people doing what they do. Watching the campus go by.

We would be rude bastards if we didn't thank some of the people who helped make *On Dit* a happening thing this year.

We'd like to thank all our contributors for their unpaid and often unthanked work.

We'd like to thank Adam Le Nevez and Maddie Shaw for managing our advertising, and for just generally being swell types.

We'd like to thank all our sub-editors: Bryan Scruby, Matt Rawes, Jocelyn Fredericks, Cathy Abell, Florian Minzlaff, Tracy Skehan, Dylan Woolcock, Mike Hepburn, Tania Collins and Michael Nelson. Thanks for what you did.

We'd like to thank our friends in the SAUA: Jo'Anna Finlay, Leif Larsen and Sharon Middleton especially. This crew were always good for a laugh.

Thanks also to Ian Milnes and Bonnie Donaghey at Cadillac Printing, who were always there with quick answers.

Special thanks to our team of photographers this year. Their enthusiasm, commitment and professionalism was an inspiration to us. Thanks to Josh Kennedy-White, Eng Ooi, Dominic Lian and Gerald Toh.

Big hugs to our weekend helpers, those who did the hard yards...Micahel Woodhouse, Catherine Follett, Nikki Anderson, Monica Carroll, Maddie Shaw, Natasha Yacoub and all the rest of the gang.

Simon Lee deserves special mention for getting up so early on Monday mornings to make sure the paper got out. Slee, you rule.

Lots of love also to all these people for their support and friendship: our parents, Nick Smith, Fiona Dalton, George Safe, Richard Vowles, Simon Healy, Angus Gordon, Stacey Baker, Mac Duncan, Dave Ormsby, Cathy Fitch, Ali Field, Mike Wait, Ian Robertson...the list goes on and on.

Thanks to anyone we've forgotten.

Thanks to Bryan, Matt and Natasha. Good luck for next year, we know you will do a fantastic job.

Long live *On Dit*!

Lorien Kaye  
David Mills  
Tim Gow



## 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:

David Mills  
Lorien Kaye  
Tim Gow

### ADVERTISING MANAGER:

Adam Le Nevez

### COVER:

Jason Bootle, Pop Gun Graphics.

### TYPING:

Sharon Middleton

### FREIGHT:

Simon Lee

### BROMIDING:

Andy Joyner

## THE CAST OF THOUSANDS:

Catherine Follett, Monica Carroll, Bryan Scruby, Adam Le Nevez, Stacey Baker, Richard Vowles, Natasha Yacoub, Matt Rawes, Kim Evans, Leslie Wilson, Ian Milnes, Bridget Booth, Florian Minzlaff, Michael Woodhouse, Hamilton Calder, Ian Milnes, Bonnie Donaghey, Josh Kennedy-White, Eng Ooi, Rowan Campbell, Rohan Thompson, George Safe, Julia Davey, Dave Ormsby, Jo Daniell, Tom Griffith, Chris Ellis, Mike Wait, *Arena* and *Opus*.

Special thanks to Adelaide University Pride, Stacey Baker, Mike Wait, Leslie Wilson and Michael Woodhouse for feeding us.

### CORRECTION:

The recently-elected Women's Officer for the Clubs Association is Karen Willoughby, not Kate as reported in last week's edition of *On Dit*.



# The OSA: Now we are ten

International students (overseas students) have been coming to the University of Adelaide since the early 1950s. These students are the full fee-paying students who come from overseas having qualified to study here.

The distinguishing feature of international students is their cultural variety. Although predominantly Asian in background, there are American, African, Iranian and many other groups. Numbering in excess of 1,100 students from 64 countries, they are represented on all campuses.

In 1985, the Overseas Students' Association was formed to represent and cater for the needs of international students. Developing from a club to an Adelaide University Union affiliate in 1990 (i.e. of equal status to the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide), the OSA currently provides specialist services (through Education / Welfare and Women's Officers) and organises activities of multicultural nature (M-Week, International Impressions). The OSA also works closely with the University's International Programmes.

Next year, in conjunction with the AUU Centenary Celebrations, the OSA is holding its 10th Anniversary Celebrations. These celebrations intend to fully realise the richness and beauty of multiculturalism and the potential benefits that this "melting pot" of culture can bring, as well as strengthen the presence and standing of international students on all campuses of the University.

Planned activities include an International Food Fest, Arts and Craft stalls, special OSA exhibitions, a 10th Anniversary dinner starting in April or May 1995 and continuing throughout the year to conclude with an expanded Multicultural Week, finishing with fireworks at the close of the M-Night.

The 10th Anniversary Celebrations Committee is chaired by Tze Kai Wong, a former OSA President with the current OSA President, Chi Kang Gooi and the Vice-President, Khong Chin Kang, being advisers. The celebrations are also being patronised by a formal international student of Adelaide University, YAB Datuk Dr Patinggi Tan Sri Haji Abdul Taib Mahmud, now the Chief Minister of Sarawak in Malaysia.

The Committee intends to preside over a diverse, colourful and meaningful range of multicultural activities which encourage the involvement of all students, University bodies, the Union and the public.

Rob Koh



**OVERSEAS  
STUDENTS'  
ASSOCIATION**

The University of Adelaide

# Law Faculty Frivolity

At a Departmental Meeting of the Law Faculty on Monday, 17th October, a lecturer presented a paper, in conjunction with the Assessment Committee suggesting ways that Student Evaluations of Teaching (SETs) could be better acted on (what a novel idea!). The first proposal, that all the lecturers of a subject get together with the course co-ordinator to organise the course, and that lecturers present a report on what they are going to do in response to their SETs, was accepted.

The other proposal (rejected) was that the Associate Dean of Teaching will look at these reports in conjunction with the Assessment Committee.

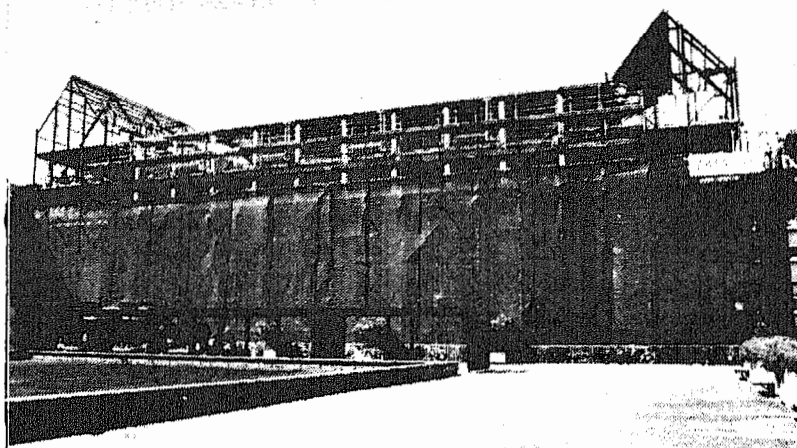
There was much fiery debate, many lecturers thinking that it would stifle academic freedom, that The Assessment Committee would act as a watchdog on teaching, that it

would place too much pressure on lecturers to perform. This is very much a reflection that academics feel that teaching should not be open to scrutiny.

Although some lecturers/tutors are already very

necessary; if they truly believe in a quality degree for students, then there must be effective mechanisms of quality control.

A step forward was made - it will take time to convince the whole University commu-



conscientious about giving feedback to students on their teaching, we must make *all* of them realise that it is useful for them to have to think of ways to improve their teaching if

nity of the benefits of this type of "quality assurance"...but it will be done. Watch this space.

Michelle Giglio

Former Law Faculty/  
Department Rep

# Islamic Prayer Room

After two years of to-ing and fro-ing between the University and the Students' Union, it appears as if real progress has been made, and the Islamic Students will have an adequate prayer facility by the start of the next year.

Three years ago, the Islamic students were allocated a room above the Union Cinema. This was inadequate for two reasons. Firstly, the room faced East. This is precisely the wrong direction. It couldn't be more wrong. Secondly, Muslims require washing facilities with running water, as part of

their prayer ritual, and the old room had none.

The proposed space, the back third of the Clubs Common Room on Level Six, will have the required facilities and face the correct direction. The University has indicated it would be willing to bear the cost of the renovation of this space. The University has for some time been advertising to foreign students that it has an adequate facility. It now recognises that it has a responsibility to advertise correctly.

The Union has allocated the space. We are now merely

waiting for the University to come to the party and start renovations work. The Clubs Association has kindly consented to give the Islamic Students some of their Common Room, in return for the old prayer room, and we hope that the renovations will take place over the holidays, causing the minimum of inconvenience to Clubs, and allowing the Islamic Students to start the year with their long-awaited prayer room.

Tim Kleinig

Union President

# Why is this man so happy?

Recently, the Union has been running a competition in conjunction with Coca-Cola Bottlers where you can win a \$515 mountain bike. The idea is that when you buy a Coca-Cola product, you are presented with a coupon which you fill out to put into the draw. There were three mountain bikes to be given away, courtesy of Pulteney Street Cycles. Now there are two. On Tuesday lunchtime in the Mayo Refectory, Nigel Brittain was declared the first of the three winners and presented with his prize by newly crowned Union Presi-

dent Tim Kleinig. I was lucky enough to catch up with Nigel just after the announcement had been made...

How do you feel?

Pretty damn good.

Are you going to ride to Uni every day?

I doubt that very much. I've got to catch the train still.

Any other comments? Would you like to thank anyone?

Oh yeah. The refec, Coke.

Congratulations, Nigel.

Tim Gow





# "No upfront fees" rally

One hundred and fifty students attended the 'No Upfront Fees' rally last Thursday on the Barr Smith Lawns. Adelaide University Education Vice President Michelle Giglio, Women's Officer Sandy Pitcher, and David Evans from Resistance told the crowd of the inequity caused by the introduction of fees.

Forty students then marched to the Vice-Chancellor with a petition of 400 signatures against fees. The signatures had been collected in under 2 hours, demonstrating the depth of anti-fees feeling on campus.

## Why Fees?

Public funding of higher education has been slashed by the Federal Labor Government. Expenditure has fallen 32% over the last 6 years to 0.54% of GDP, making Australia higher education one of the most poorly funded of any industrialised country.

The Department of Employ-

ment, Education and Training recently released an options paper "Resource Allocation in Higher Education" which considered the funding problems.

The whole thrust of this paper is towards user pays education. The government is looking at the following options to extract money from students.

- Increased contribution through HECS for students who remain in undergraduate programmes for more than a certain period.

- Allowing students who fail to get a Commonwealth funded place to buy a place by paying full cost fees.

- Charging students an upfront fee of \$500-\$1000 on top of HECS

- Reducing postgraduate funding (i.e. allowing universities to charge upfront fees)

So What?

Up front fees will restrict access and educational choices of many

students. Students who have already accrued HECS debts will be disinclined from undertaking further postgraduate study due to extra cost. Postgraduate students doing coursework Masters or Graduate Diplomas will be hardest hit. For example, at Monash University a Graduate Diploma in Business Management will set you back \$45,000 up front.

It is important to realise that postgraduate fees are only the stepping stone to undergraduate fees. How many students could afford \$500-\$1000 up front before undertaking any study at all? Students who want (or need) to study part-time will face massive disincentive due to the extra costs involved.

Postgraduate fees are the thin end of the wedge!

Who should pay for Education?

Education is a right, not a privilege. It should be free. It is industry and business that benefit

most from a skilled and educated workforce, students should not be made to pay for this.

Over the period of the Labor government there has been a massive shift in wealth from the poor to the rich. There has been a \$21 billion shift on income from wages to profit over the last 10 years. At the same time, the corporate tax rate has been slashed to 33%. An increased tax on big business could quite easily fund our higher education requirements.

The Campaign Continues...

Last Thursday over 400 students attended a mass meeting at Flinders University against fees. Four picket lines were set up as students boycotted classes. The

meeting decided to make next year's O'Week, Occupation Week.

In Sydney, students at Macquarie University went on strike last Wednesday. Chiropractic students there are facing a \$10,000 up front fee for a two year masters course that is compulsory if you want to practise.

A National Anti-Fees conference is planned for December 5-6 in Melbourne. There will also be a Cross Campus Education Network established in South Australia. For more information ring Adam or David on 231 6982.

Together we can beat the fees!

Adam Hanich



## Change in the Medical School

"Adhere to the old and tried against the new and untried" (Lincoln).

Adelaide Medical School has maintained this conservative outlook at the expense of its students. A didactic method of teaching has seen students passively absorbing information which they have then reeled off in exams. Compared to the sophistication of some other university courses which demand questioning, thinking and argument the medicine course has greatly underestimated the potential of its students. Now change is evolving on campus and many lectures are being replaced by guided self-learning. With any change there is resistance. Ironically some of the greatest opponents to the changes have been the students themselves.

To alter the status quo at first seemed superfluous as the Adelaide Medical School has the highest retention rate of all medical colleges in Australia and is known for producing accomplished doctors. "If it ain't broke, why fix it?". Yet a closer examination of the manner of study procuring such a high success rate was alarming. With up to thirty-two contact hours a week in pre-clinical years, students were left with little time for private study. Success in examinations was dependent on students' "cramming" style more than their understanding. When pre-clinical students entered the wards for the first time many

were unable to apply fundamental knowledge to hospital experience as it had already been forgotten. Clinical students were not only learning new information but were relearning topics they last spent studying the night before an examination. Clearly there was a need for a more efficient system of instruction.

Problem-based learning was introduced to the school by Dr. Cleary unofficially in the last few years and as a considerable part of the course this year. Students have initially resisted this method where they examine real cases with specific medical problems before they have acquired the database needed to solve the problem in traditional style. It is believed that the process of solving the problem results in the students teaching themselves the substantial information they will require as clinicians. The students are guided, but aren't told where to find the answers and so they learn to use libraries and resources on their own. This system is preferred by Dr. Cleary and others, who believe that because students are more involved in the learning process they retain the information better. He also feels that the relevance of facts learnt is clearer when studied within this context. Whilst medical students often complain about information overload, in the total absence of any "taught" material they yearn for the security of knowledge behind

them. This new manner of learning is particularly difficult for First Year students, who are in awe at already assuming the role of a clinician. They are used to the school system of being given questions to affirm what they have learnt not to realise what they do not know. This radical change has made the first semester of Med I a daunting experience for many. Most students will agree though that by the middle of the year they begin to feel more confident in their ability to solve clinical problems in this manner.

Students have been more pleased by the reduced contact hour time allocated for personal study (no doubt also deservedly spent relaxing and socialising). In the past, in addition to specific medical subjects first year medical students were taught Science I subjects: Chemistry, Physics and Biology. A lot of this was irrelevant to the extent that students were examined on the botany of plants used for medicinal purposes! A great deal of redundant information has now been removed. The eventual aim is for the course to teach students the basic requirements and to allow additional information to be acquired by a self-learned method. Lecturers are still apprehensive about reduced contact time. There is so much for medical students to "know" - will they learn it if isn't taught to them?

Their fears are appreciated

given that the knowledge and trained skills expected of a doctor are forever increasing. For some time now the Adelaide Medical School has realised that more time needs to be spent developing students' communication and personal skills earlier in the course. Thankfully it is now possible to teach students professional communication and relationship skills from their very first year of the course.

Some students find this the most difficult part of the course. Communication in a foreign language is a problem for many overseas students and Australian students for whom English is not a first language. Medicine has a high number of such students and their needs are being recognised by offering a development program in spoken and written English offered for students with improved language requirements. For those who may scoff at the inclusion of such teaching into the course, the work of Anne Sefton may shed more light. Her study in 1989 conducted in Sydney revealed that the best guarantor of success in medical exams was a good score in English at matriculation level!

Should students then be studying undergraduate humanities and sciences before embarking on such a specialised course? What would be the advantage of Adelaide following the suit of Flinders, Sydney and Queensland

Universities in establishing a postgraduate medical course? Cleary is doubtful as to whether Adelaide will ever become postgraduate and feels that the training is intensive and long enough as it is - why prolong it. He compares it with the United States where he believes the system doesn't enable students to obtain a "broader" education as many of them study science subjects for success in entrance exams to postgraduate medicine. Scientific knowledge is still a pre-requisite. For a student with an interest outside the medical and scientific field, further education is just one of the many sacrifices to be made in becoming a doctor.

Dr. Cleary is also uncertain about when the Adelaide Medical School will change current entrance procedures which until now have been based solely on academic performance. Other medical schools around the world conduct personality tests, interviews and behavioural observations. With a growing public expectation that doctors will offer more than knowledge and clinical skills, Adelaide Medical School may feel pressed in future years to look into this. For the time being this state of flux is challenging those involved with medical education including the students, to rethink ideas of learning, knowledge and what it means to be a doctor.

Priya Darshini



# Sir Thomas Playford Memorial Lecture

It was a case of breaking all traditions at the Adelaide University Liberal Club's annual Sir Thomas Playford Lecture last Thursday. The often controversial social issue of Aboriginal Affairs was tackled by three speakers who were addressing the future of policy, rather than the actions of the past.

Alexander Smith, the lecture's convenor, welcomed the audience of approximately 75 and called on liberals to "cultivate a presence of mind in which social and cultural issues are encompassed within our conception of what a good government should look like."

Speaking first, Chris Gallus, the Shadow Minister for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Affairs said "that the difficulty for indigenous people is that the fundamental tenets of western democracy are not necessarily a part of their various cultures and traditional decision making processes."

"The protection and assimilation phases of Aboriginal policy have now passed. The paternalism contained within these approaches still lingers in the era of self-determination" stated the Shadow Minister.

Ms Gallus claimed that upon election she would encourage Aboriginal people to develop "the capacity to decide for themselves" through culturally appropriate ways of delivering fundamental rights including health, education and housing.

That ATSIC should be developed in such a model consistent with liberal philoso-

phy is a primary goal of the Shadow Minister who said that "it should evolve to be a fully representative and participative model for public policy development and service delivery."

Dr Deane Fergie, Lecturer in Anthropology and commentator on various issues of Aboriginal culture, followed Ms Gallus, challenging all liberal spokespeople to utilise fully the services of people with expertise in Aboriginal Affairs when developing policy.

"The greatest obstacle to sensible Aboriginal policy development is the racism existing within the grass roots membership of political parties."

Dr Fergie explained how the ALP has to a degree overcome this but that the Liberal Party has a long way to go, one of the largest problems being the racial stereotype attributed by non-Aboriginal Australians as to who and what Aboriginal people are.

The final speaker, Luisa O'Connor, an Aboriginal Employment Officer with the Department of Employment, Education and Training, brought a refreshing approach with her all-inclusive greeting of "brothers and sisters".

Outlining Liberal Party achievements of granting Aboriginal constitutional recognition under Holt, the Northern Territory Land Rights Act of the Fraser Government, and the party's assessment of Neville Bonner in making him the first Aboriginal Senator, Ms O'Connor said that Abo-

original people "remember Fred Chaney as a great Minister for Aboriginal Affairs and remember the old Liberal Party with affection."

"Now the Liberal Party has a major problem in finding relevance and meaning within the Australian community" said Ms O'Connor. "The various Shadow Ministers over the last decade have failed to capture the imagination of our community."

"Before the British invasion South Australia had more than 40 independent states, each with its own language, culture and economic system. Thus, delivery of programs to the community requires formative planning by, and for, the local community."

Regarding the public debate over economic compensation, Ms O'Connor believed that indigenous people should be granted "fair access to the Australian economic cake." In an attack on certain public reaction to the Aboriginal land fund legislation Ms O'Connor said that "you have paid very little rent for the wealth you have extracted. Now we want you to pay the rightful rent. It is only fair."

Ms. O'Connor called upon the Liberal Party to consider prisons as a last resort to solving social problems, rather than having "chosen the cynical course of law and order" in tackling these issues. She also advocated "an indigenous cultural revival" believing that such a series of policies would give "a much needed morale boost to our people."

Other areas addressed by Ms O'Connor included the need for a specific Aboriginal mental health program, and policies that bypass state and local authorities to prevent syphoning off of funds before they reach Aboriginal communities.

As people left the 1994 Sir Thomas Playford Memorial Lecture they were posing many rhetorical questions. "Where to now? What else should occur?" Discussion canvassed the need for an Office of Aboriginal Affairs in all government departments, and for the Liberal Party to avoid following Labor's path of gaining Aboriginal support but then taking it for granted.

Simon Birmingham  
AULC President

## Pride AGM

The Pride AGM was held on Wednesday the 26th of October at the Edinburgh Castle Hotel. The evening began with two drag numbers performed by the lovely Marc Peake, Damien Bezzina and John Attwater, who were office bearers in 1994, along with Sabina Nowak and Paula De Angelis.

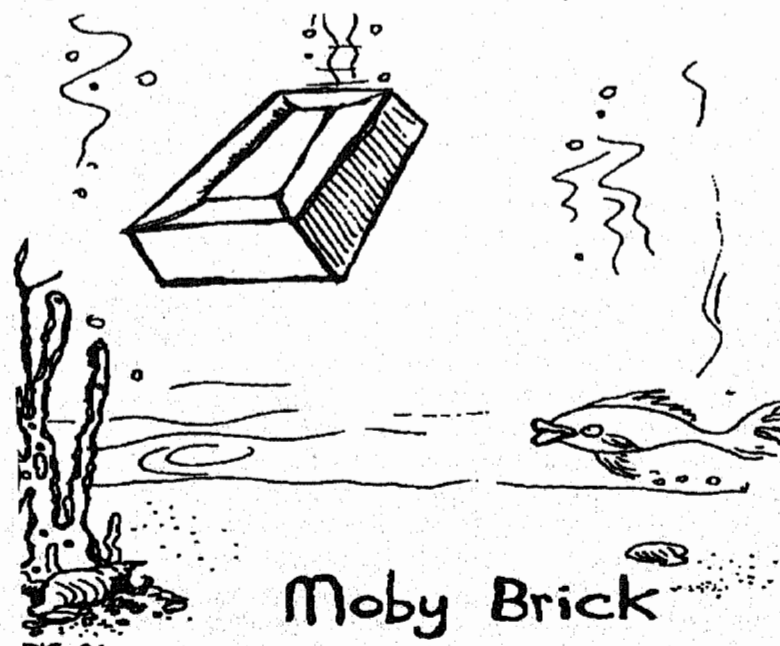
The 1994 office bearers then reported back on the year's events, including Pride Week, Prosh, Orientation, the Queer Collaborations conference in Brisbane, and elections. It was also announced that Pride had over 80 members this year, including 15 or so associate members.

The AGM was also an important opportunity to ratify Pride's decision to be more coalitionist and to play an active role in making wimmin feel more welcome in Pride. In response to the "or not to Pride" article in *Elle Dit*, while we recognise that not all non-heterosexual wimmin will want to join Pride, we need to encourage those who do and make an

affirming space for lesbians and bisexual wimmin.

1995 office bearers were also elected. Kym Hendy (after some deliberation) was elected female co-convenor (relieving Sabina Nowak). Damien Bezzina was returned to the position of male co-convenor, Paul De Angelis was elected secretary (relieving John Attwater) and Michael Guarna was elected treasurer (relieving Marc Peake). All positions were unopposed, and the position of Clubs Association Delegate (vacated by Paula) is still to be filled. Any would-be CA delegate is invited to contact Pride: phone Damien on 332 0964, Paula on 43 4187, or Sabina on 352 5715.

Special thanks to Michael Woodhouse for his help throughout the year, Andrew Harden for his help during Pride Week, *On Dit* for their valuable support, the 1994/1995 office bearers and anyone else who has helped Pride to be the success it has been this year.



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4

**AIDS AWARENESS WEEK**  
 25 November - 4 December

**Program highlights**

27  
November

**TIME TO ACT 94**

free outdoor concert  
presented by three d radio 93.7fm

1  
December

**WORLD AIDS DAY**

- RUNDLE MALL Launch
- Amphitheatre Free Outdoor Extravaganza
- FUSION 94 Dance Party  
presented by Instantaneous Productions

2  
December

**RED RIBBON DAY**

Buy a Red Ribbon in support of those living with the HIV virus and in memory of those who have died with AIDS

3  
December

**the EMERALD ROOM**

Benefit performance of State Theatre's sexy new musical  
The Playhouse Adelaide Festival Centre 2PM

**show your support**

Watch out for the Calendar of Events to be released soon.  
for further information phone The AIDS Council of South Australia  
on (08) 362 1611 or fax (08) 363 1046

October 31

7





**Sandy Pitcher**

**Women's Officer**

As this is my last *On Dit* column for 1994, I want to congratulate David, Lorien and Tim on a year of great *On Dit*'s. Well done team!

I also want to give a big hug to all of the Women's Standing Committee (WSC) members for all their help over the past two months, through the good times and the totally stressed out times!

There are so many people this year who have made things happen, and have been supportive above and beyond the call. Thanks to all of you, I really appreciate all you've done. Looking forward to a huge year in '95.

**Orientation**

O'Week, O'Campus, Counter Calander and the O'Ball are all coming up, and I want to encourage all wimmin to participate. There will be sexual harassment contact officers present at all of the Orientation events, so look out for them. If you are interested in training to be a contact officer, please contact me in the SAUA.

**Planning for O'Week**

Wimmin only bands, a Wimmin's Dance Party, debates, food and info stalls are just some of my visions for O'week. What are your ideas? I'm going to be holding meetings throughout the holidays planning events and information for show-bags and the O'Guide. Even if you don't have much time, ideas will greatly appreciated. I want to especially encourage wimmin to come along to the first meeting, which will be held on Thursday 1st December at 1pm on the Barr Smith lawns (or in the W. P. Rogers if the weather's bad), where the fun stuff will really begin. Contact the SAUA for more info - hope to see you there!

**Why Weight? week**

"Why Weight?" week happened last week, and successfully raised the consciousness and awareness throughout the state about body-image, anorexia and bulimia. I hope everyone concerned enjoyed the movies, forum, and food. I urge everyone who wants to follow up the messages of the week to contact the Anorexia and Bulimic Society (ABNA) or the Counselling Service at Uni. Look out also for the recreation of a support group at Adelaide Uni.

Just a quick note of thanks to the stewards, who were always available on a minute's notice throughout the whole week.

**Reclaim the Night**

The annual Reclaim the Night march was held on Friday night and was a great success. Over 1500 wimmin attended, blowing whistles, singing, dancing and celebrating the solidarity of wimmin, and protesting that wimmin cannot walk safely through the streets without the fear of rape or violence. Adelaide Uni wimmin participated as members of

the collective, as marshalls and thanks to Women on Campus who sold whistles. Some wimmin also helped set up the Yellow Ribbon campaign in Rundle Mall on the afternoon of the 28th, which was really successful in spreading information about sexual harassment, rape and Reclaim the Night.

**Western and African feminists lecture**

This was to be held on November the 1st, but has been rescheduled to Thursday 3rd of November in the Schultz Building, room 702 at 11:10am. **Feminism and International Relations Theory** has also been rescheduled and will be held on Thursday 3rd November in the Politics Common Room, Napier 4th floor at 1pm.

As my column (finally) draws to a close, I just want to remind everyone not to stress out over exams - enjoy the sunshine while it lasts and have a great summer!

**Susie Brown & Tiana Nairn**



**Environment Officers**

Developments on the environment front this week:

**University Environment Policy**

A research officer has been selected and will start work soon. They will be assisting the Working Party in formulating the policy and in carrying our research into specific areas in which the University's performance in the environmental area can be improved. In case you are wondering what this policy is, some background information has been included on this page.

**Forests for Life Campaign**

A successful letter writing stall was held on the Barr Smith Lawns last Thursday. A heap of letters have been sent to Paul Keating and John Faulkner, Minister for the Environment protesting about current woodchipping policies. If you missed out and are concerned about this issue there is still a display on forest issues in the Barr Smith Library and petitions to sign there and in the SAUA. **Students, Science and Sustainability Conference**

At the most recent meeting it was decided that the themes for the conference would be "Think Globally", "Act Locally", and "Act Tertiary". This will allow the incorporation of issues such as permaculture, co-op housing, urban planning, campaigning and how to implement an environment policy and/or officer.

The conference will need many people to help organise it. If you think you may be interested in any particular area or have any suggestions for the conference please contact us.

**Recycling and Waste Reduction**

Susie has been investigating the paper recycling procedures in the Universities as a whole. It seems that there are some procedures in place but it is very patchy and dependent on the departments.

Education and better organisation are needed. We have also begun to look at catering to look at ways of reducing waste. We hope everyone has welcomed the return to ceramic plates in the place of disposables.

**Green Tip**

Try using folded fluorescent globes which use about one-fifth of the energy of incandescent globes.

Good luck for the exams and happy holidays (and remember if you are keen to do some Conservation Work, there are heaps of groovy projects around - contact us in the Students Association for details).

**Michelle Giglio**



**Education Vice President**

**No fees for degrees forum**

This was quite well attended last Thursday. I spoke at this Forum on the implications of the Resource Allocation Paper, and the inequities of fees. It is extremely important for us to keep this issue alive, because even though the ALP decided at their National Conference not to charge undergraduates up front fees, this does not exclude them doing it in the future, or address the postgraduate fees issue. The fight will continue, and I thank Resistance for organising it, and helping out heaps.

**Non-Collegiate Housing board goes wild**

The University owns several houses which it lets AU students live in at very cheap rent, without having to pay for electricity etc. At a recent meeting of this committee, we decided to reward some students in non-collegiate housing who had asked the University for some paint, and had painted their house, and made it look beautiful. The committee feels that these sorts of incentives (waiving of rent, and Union meal vouchers) will encourage them to take pride in themselves and their work. So if you're in non-collegiate housing, get yourselves going!

**Lost Property Sale**

Thanks to all the people that worked hard to make this a success. We all had heaps of fun, and lots of great bargains were sold. By the way, the SAUA has two bikes which were sold together and still haven't been collected. Would the owner please do so soon, or we'll run away with them!

**Au Revoir, Farewell**

I'd just like to pass on my thanks to Rebecca Shinnick for her hard work over the years in student representation. She has laid a good foundation for reps to follow, and been persistent and helpful to us all. We'll miss you Bec (suck suck!). Have fun!

Good luck for the hard slog to come, and I hope your holidays are one big rage.

"If wishes were horses, we could all take a ride"



**Bec Shinnick**

**President**

Welcome to the final edition of *On Dit* for the year. I hope you have all had a good year and aren't too stressed about the exams coming up. It has certainly been a great year in the SAUA.

I'd like to take the opportunity to thank everyone who has been involved in the SAUA and helped out during the year. The year started off with a bang with Orientation and continued with activities throughout the year. Special theme weeks went well, especially Blue Stocking week and Environment week. The SAUA campaigned with considerable success against pro rata HECS changes and AUSTUDY changes announced in the federal budget this year and worked with NUS to lobby the ALP National Conference to prevent an introduction of up front fees for undergraduate students (as well as a review of fees for postgraduate courses). We instigated many campaigns on university issues including the Library, computing facilities, security, child care and more. We also put together many submissions for some of the "quality" money the University was awarded from the government. These funds will be used to establish a legal service, improve course advice, set up security phones around campus, improve the employment and accommodation services we offer, provide research support for the development of the University Environment Policy, provide some computer facilities and other projects aimed at supporting students.

This is just a very brief list of some of our activities, read *SAUA News* for more details. I'd like to wish the '95 team lots of success and hope they enjoy it as much as we have.

Goodbye and good luck!



**Jessica Boland**

**Activities/Campaigns Vice President**

**Lost Property Sale**

Around \$600 dollars was raised for charity at the Lost Property Sale last Wednesday. These proceeds are most likely to be directed to Bramwell House, a Women's and Children's Shelter in Fullarton, to which we may also donate any unsold lost property.

The BBQ was also most successful, especially the kebabs, so we will be sure to hold another lunch of this kind early



next year. Many thanks to Jolt Cola for providing drinks to accompany the lunch. Thanks also to the band Crave for providing the musical entertainment on the lawns.

A special thank you must go to all the SAUA reps, especially the Activities Standing Committee, who worked so hard to make the sale a success, not only on the day but in the weeks before, when we had to sort through a seemingly endless number of lost property filled boxes and cupboards. Hope you picked up some great bargains at any rate.

**Orientation 1995**  
The O'Directors are already hard at work preparing their respective aspects of Orientation for next year. Needed now are O'Camp and Host Scheme leaders, as well as O'Week and O'Ball Crew. Apply now in the SAUA for one or more of these positions. Remember: Orientation is all about getting involved!

**Counter Calendar**  
The Counter Calendar is the guide produced by the SAUA as an alternative means for students to find information about subjects and courses. For many new students, this is the only avenue they have to receive any information about subjects other than that which is officially published by the departments and faculties. It is crucial then that you fill in the counter calendar surveys which are available around campus, in order that your concerns, experiences, opinions, highlights and lowlights may be passed on to possible future students. Please return completed forms as soon as possible to the SAUA or the boxes around campus.



- REST ROOMS - NORTH TERRACE CAMPUS**  
(\* - Wheel Chair Access)
- Hartley Building
  - \*Ground floor (M&F) F= Females Only
  - Physics Building
  - \*Room 109, 1st floor (M)
  - Hughes Building
  - Landing 6/7 floor (F)
  - Landing 5/4 floor (F)
  - B.S.L.
  - \*4th Level
  - Ligertwood Building
  - \*Room 103b, 1st floor (F)
  - Engineering North Building
  - Room M1
  - Jordan
  - \*Room 303c, 3rd floor (F)
  - Badger
  - \*Room LG 29b, basement (F)
  - Fisher
  - \*Room 228, 2nd floor (F)

## An Environment Policy for the University

Being "environmentally responsible" extends far beyond the casual response of recycling coke cans or paper and criticisms of what have traditionally been seen as dirty industries. All organisations must consider their roles in dealing with the risks and hazards they create and their impact, either directly or indirectly, on the natural environment. Universities have an important dual role: they have a significant impact on their immediate environment, and also act as educators.

The SAUA proposed that the University adopt a comprehensive environmental and sustainable management policy. The senior Management Group and University Council approved the idea and a working party, incorporating academic staff, administration and student representatives has been set up. Associate Professor Ken Dyer, of the Mawson Centre for Environmental Studies, has been appointed as a Convenor of the Working Party. A Research Officer has just been appointed to assist the Working Party.

The broad objective of the policy is to ensure that the University

takes environmental aspects into consideration in all of its operations. The policy is to be a workable document with an overall vision, incorporating strategies and measures for achieving the broader goals. It is envisaged that the issues covered will range from energy efficiency measures and waste minimisation to including more environmental issues in the curriculum. A key aim of the project is to ensure wide consultation and participation in the formulation of the policy. This will increase awareness of environmental issues as the policy develops and ensure that the final product takes in to account all facets of the University's operations. The development of this policy should allow the University to become a leader in the community as an environmentally responsible organisation.

This policy was a student initiative and we are keen for students to be involved in the process. If you would like to become involved or would simply like more information, please contact Susie Brown, Tia Niarn or Rebecca Shinnick in the Students' Association.

# WHIPLASH



## THE MILTONS

### END OF YEAR BASH

Friday 4 November

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# LETTERS

## Roussy's last rave

Dear Students,  
Well, it's been a fun year! I've been busy beating my head against the brick wall of the Union, trying to find out where my money goes, and I've had a couple of wins. No-one's threatened to sue me yet, either. I managed to get on the Union Board (thanks to everyone who voted for me!) by a margin of about four votes, and recently I was elected Secretary of the Clubs' Association, which is where I'll be spending most of my energy over summer.

Some of you may be wondering why I bother to annoy you with speeches and letters that a lot of people don't seem to care about. So here's my motive: The Union belongs to all of us, and we're not using it properly! Lots of students don't even know the Union exists, and the ones who do often don't want to get involved because they think the Union is controlled by student politicians (sorry, student representatives) who don't give a damn about anyone who isn't in the right clique.

I want to change all that. That's why I give up most of my spare time to try and organise students into groups that will be able to take control over their own money. There is a wide range of political views at University, and we're never all going to agree with each other on lots of issues. But I want students to work together on issues that we do agree on. And I want students to think for themselves, not be told what they should think by power-hungry careerists who want to go on and do to the country what they're doing to our Union.

If you want to contact me about any Union or Clubs' Association matter my phone number in the CA is 303 5403. I'll be in there most of the time over summer, and if I'm not you can leave a message. Good luck with your exams, have a good summer, and I'll see most of you next year.

Cheers,  
Dave Roussy

## Desperately seeking Mr. Dodgy

Hello out there. As an intrepid investigative reporter I am seeking any knowledge of the name, tax file number of Mr. Dodgy, the man who sits just outside the journal area on level 3 of the Barr Smith library.

I have observed Mr. Dodgy for the past four years during the completion of my degree. He wears a distinctive green sweatshirt and interesting tan corduroy trousers.

He arrives in the library in the early afternoon and after taking a short nap (of about three hours) he will then walk around the library.

I have an insatiable desire to know who this man is, why he has never changed his clothes, or if he has ten sets of the

same thing.

The most popularly held belief is that he works for ASIO and is gathering information on Adelaide University students which he stores in his briefcase (great disguise!) I believe he contacts the Federal Government with weekly reports on his shoe phone.

Mr. Dodgy is out there and Captain America is watching you! Any information, contact The Daily Planet. The reward for any information leading to the capture of Mr. Dodgy is \$50,000 dinars. Mr. Dodgy is also wanted by Interpol.

Signed, Captain America and his band of merry men - out to save the world and spread personal hygiene.

## Are we good, are we good, are we any bloody good?

Dear David, Lorien & Tim,  
I'd like to thank you all personally and on behalf of Pride for your support of non-heterosexual issues this year, and in particular your editorial about the Rainbow Room. Gold stars and brownie points abound. I hope to look forward to a similar relationship with Natasha, Bryan & Matt in 1995.

Love and kisses,  
Sabina Nowak.

## Jock answered

Dear Jock,  
I may have the answer to your problems. I have noticed that I too feel an overwhelming sense of depression at times and that this is especially so when I leave the Barr Smith Library. So I conducted an experiment, which would prove that the radiation from "that sensor thing" was causing the fluctuations in my emotions.

I started wearing lead underwear. I now enjoy a more bright and fruitful life filled with laughter and happiness. My grades have improved from low passes to distinctions and I can now exit the library with a smile on my face and a swing in my step!

Yours sincerely,  
A.J. Kenley

## Yee-har

Dear Eds,  
I have been waiting, but now I have seen the light! I went to the opening forum of "Why Weight" Week at the Hyatt on Monday night. I saw some hay on display and I thought it was meant to encourage us to start eating like horses instead of birds, but the squaredancing music and the compulsory Akubra gave the bushdance away. I found the right place (pretty stylish, too!) and I went in not the same person as I came out. I may have looked the same to everyone else, but I could feel a

difference on the inside, hopefully filtering towards the outside. In my eyes, everyone else looked different, they were faces and not bodies, if I was brave enough to look in a mirror, I might have seen myself differently, too ... tomorrow! One thing's for sure, I will never look at Barbie the same way again. That's if she can stand up without doing a face-plant - not that her face would get close to the ground because the term "top heavy" is inadequate, more like "way out of fucking proportion". As for her waist, who needs a bell for "Daytime Barbie" when you can use "Jazzercise Barbie's" headbands. And Ken doesn't have any lovehandles to hang onto, Barbie's hips are more like railway lines (for a model train!). If Ken could talk, I'm sure he would say it is more like screwing a corrugated iron fence! All in all, I laughed, cried, thought, and questioned each of the issues brought up on various aspects of body awareness and eating disorders. The women did a great job and I sure got a lot out of it. Especially the simplest and most inspirational philosophy about weight I've ever heard - "So what?!" It doesn't sound hard, but in our "fatist" culture it isn't easy. Well done, women! We have to start somewhere and I hope this awareness is only the beginning!

Die Barbie Die!  
Eliza Schmerlaib  
2nd / 3rd Year Arts

## Anyone for tennis?

Dear Editors,  
I write in response to the letter published in *On Dit* (12/9/94), titled "Student elections...get over it", where my name was mentioned several times. Obviously, some people are under the impression that I have nothing better to do with my spare time than correct their mistakes in the Letters Section.

The mere fact that it has taken this long for me to respond is proof that I actually have a life (unlike some!). Under ordinary circumstances, I refrain from contributing to the Letters Section of *On Dit*. On this occasion however, since I have been the subject of criticism, it is necessary for me to point out the errors contained in the letter signed by "Someone Who Didn't Vote Students for Students".

The letter was critical of the CVs of candidates, published in the Election Broadsheet. Particularly with respect to my position of Sponsorship Co-ordinator of the Law Students' Society. I agree that CVs "should reflect the truth and not just half of it", which is why I included this position on mine. As for having "done nothing to justify writing this position", it must be pointed out that this is an appointed one and before I took it on I convened the Inaugural Law School Cocktail Party. That event involved over 20 corporate sponsors and put over \$1,000 in the LSS funds before the year had even begun. I was also able to obtain sponsorship for the LSS this year.

At least the last person who chose to launch into an attack on me via the Letters Section signed his name. Timing is another important consideration here, since his letter was published during Election Week. Her letter went to print prior to the LSS Elections. The connection speaks for itself.

If the letter in question had any credibility the author would have signed her name. I congratulate her on at least having some practicality, by not putting her name to such an insignificant, contradictory and poorly-written contribution which would have been better suited to the rejection tray, as opposed to lowering the standard of *On Dit*.

Yours With the Utmost Sincerity,  
Marian Clarkin.  
Arts/Law.

## Bug off

Kill That Bug To Get That Bloody Fund!!  
You see why we cannot get funding from the Government for library, for research, for teaching ... because there is a sneaky bug loose inside of us that force the Government to cut the funds. It is a fast-flying-fault finder. Sometimes it is known by other common names - Backbiter, Gossip, Rumour, Insult-rudeness, etc. This sneaky little bug sometimes hides behind a disguise and uses an alias that looks almost like a compliment, praise or sympathy. Either way, most of us, students and staff, have these bugs as pets and most do not even know it.

It is very dangerous as we use it to divert more funding in our channel and get the other one group out. It is very effective of its job of belittling fellow students or staff. In writing referees (?????), sometimes the bug is hard to spot, for example, it might be started by something like this: "We, the members of the committee, must admit you did the best you could" or "It was so good of you to accept that because everyone else who was asked turned it down"; "Let him do his own assignment as it would be a good experience for him to be independent."

The bug doesn't stop here. It shows up in jokes and sick humour. Have you seen any of these bugs around, either disguised or in natural state? Here a way you might recognise a bug: if it hurts or belittles someone else or deals with someone's private business ... you can be sure that the bug is there.

This bug lives, feeds, reproduces and destroys. So, please try to kill the bug as soon as possible, before it is too late that our entire staff and students have got it and so no effective relationship remains to do a simple task with each other without suspicion of each other! Can you think how we could kill that bug?!

From a Anti-Bug

Dear Readers,  
We'd just like to say that we also have no idea what that letter was about.  
David, Tim & Lorien.

## Where were you when the shit hit the fan?

Dear Eds,  
To those apathetic, complacent members of the student body of this university. Where were you at 1.15pm last Thursday? Can you afford to pay \$1000 at the beginning of each year along with the cost of text books and union fees? Are you prepared to add to your already burgeoning HECS debt.

We assume that you were studying at the time of last week's rally, but to the other 150-odd people on the Barr Smith Lawns (with the exception of people on the BBQ and stalls), were you so entrenched in discussing your futures that you could not hear the speeches? Are you aware that your futures could include an extra \$1000 at the start of each year?

Australians are well known for their political apathy, but our political apathy as students is going to cost us our education. There are organisations in this university that are dedicated to publicising the issues raised in the Resource Allocation Discussion Paper and to ensure they don't become a reality. As you lap up the summer post-exam euphoria of freedom, we ask and encourage our fellow students to think about your education and your financial situation. Please support these groups and future protest actions on campus next year. If you do not act on this issue, you have no right to object if and when the powers that be introduce this infringement on our basic rights, as constructive members of Australian society - a quality education. As we say, no fees for degrees!

Tamara Griffiths  
Anthony Byrne  
Fontella Stuart Koleff  
Anna Harper  
Natasha Brocklebank  
Jo Thredgold  
Sophie Allouche

## Betrayal

Dear Editors,  
At the so called Resistance organised "No Up Front Fees" Rally in support of Flinders Uni students on October 27 there was a call for individuals to come forward and join a "Cross Campus Collective" to fight fee increases, etc, etc. DSP/Resistance sect members circulated with clip boards and collected names and numbers. Since the AU Student's Association and the Anti Fascist Alliance sponsored the rally in question one wonders whether they received a copy of the "Cross Campus Collective" list to assist their efforts in building a student struggle. It would seem most unlikely for when the Flinders Uni Student Association asked for a copy of the list they were refused by the DSP/Resistance formation on that campus.

So what's going on here? Are student organisations being denied information they were instrumental in obtaining in respect to fighting fee increases? The facts are that DSP/Resistance are hostile to any other student based organisations other than their own and that includes the Students' Association. They will try to take over and dominate these organisations but if they can't they will hijack agendas and try to build their own popular fronts. Environmental Youth Alliance (EYA) was a classic example in recent times. They have vowed to smash the National Union of Students (NUS) and any other organisations that stand in their way. This is stated policy and also includes the ALP.

The last time DSP/Resistance tried the "Cross Campus Collective" stunt (and that's all it is) was during the Gulf War (people might have short memories but

real political activists don't - they learn the lessons of history.) At the time of the Gulf War rallies in Adelaide a number of student activists came together in a Resistance "Cross Campus Collective" to discuss the way forward. The real activists, or those with other affiliations, found themselves quickly marginalised and not invited to further meetings. A culling process occurred with Resistance "heavies" concentrating on those dis-affected youth they try to identify with. These people are treated as "recruits" and soon find themselves on the street selling *Green Left Weekly* (GLW), a paper incidentally the DSP/Resistance sect avow they are totally "independent" of. Nothing was done to constructively organise against the Gulf War. Rallies were treated as venues for selling GLW and to beg for money. Token speakers are provided on occasion but involvement is superficial with recruitment to the sect being the real agenda.

As an illustration the DSP/Resistance involvement in the Anti Racism Alliance (ARA) rallies against the Nazis in April/May '94 was purely cosmetic. They mobilised their members and periphery to march which was commendable but they sold their merchandise and collected money in buckets as donations to "fight racism" (rumoured to be around \$2000) of which not one cent went to the ARA organisers to defray expenses which were eventually borne by individual activists in the ARA.

The way to fight the fake left is to expose their opportunism. The way to fight student fee increases is to build a real cross campus collective as part of the AU Students' Association and I urge all those who signed the DSP Resistance contact list on October 27 to go to the Student's Association office and genuinely record themselves.

It is time the fake left at Adelaide University was rejected and a real left tendency built on the traditions of the past. AU is the oldest university in SA and will celebrate next year 100 years of Student Union representation. It is also the campus with the oldest left tradition. It is time to take that step forward. Individuals can do little by themselves but organised collectively in genuine united fronts with other left wing groups much can be achieved. Since the left is small at AU at present the only alternative is to work with activists in the Students' Association who show that they are willing to fight fee increases, fascists and the like. Resistance would marginalise these people and discard them in pursuit of their own sectarian aims. It is in the interests of all AU students to make this happen.

Peter A. Lord  
Labour Studies

## Love me for my attributes

Dear Editors,  
I took objection to a comment made by one of your film reviewers in *On Dit*, October 24, 1994.

In assessing the actor David Barry Gray, in the movie *Cops and Robbers*, Ms Catherine Follett commented that "he's easy on the eye". Notwithstanding the accompanying and

dubious "apology" for the phrase, it was the kind of comment which I, as a male, would not dare write about a woman actor. The critic clearly objectified the young male actor, implying she was sexually attracted toward him.

This won't do. Men today are sick of being regarded by women as mere sex objects, of being variously described as hunks or spunks (myself excepted). We want women to respect us for our other attributes - our minds etc.

The tongue-in-cheek point is that if WE can't do it, neither can YOU. Just because women have suffered objectification by men does not justify the sin being returned by women against men. That's not the way forward.

Yours Sincerely,  
Con O'Neill

## Con of the century

Dear Con O'Neill,  
I am sorry that my comments in the last edition of *On Dit* (24 October, 1994) offended you or any other males with my perhaps thoughtless comment about David Barry Gray.

However, I would like to point out a few things to clarify what I wrote. Firstly, my comment that Gray was "easy on the eye" was not deliberately intended to objectify him. You may have also noticed that I referred to the character of Cindy Robberson as "attractive". Arguably I was also objectifying that actor in much the same way that I referred to Gray.

Secondly, if you should happen to see the film in question (if you have read my review in its entirety, you will be aware that I didn't advise anyone to rush out and see it in any great hurry), you will notice that all the characters were reduced to one or two major characteristics in some way or other.

Chevy Chase's character is portrayed as an incompetent, blundering fool without a grip on reality. Dianne Wiest's character is portrayed as a woman whose life choices have been seriously limited by society's perception of the abilities and characteristics of women as a class. Jack Palance's character is portrayed as an ageing police officer with problems communicating with other people and unable to sustain close relationships.

By pointing out the serious limitations in the film itself, I do not mean to trivialise your comments about the danger of the objectification of other human beings.

I do feel, however, that by concentrating on one relatively minor aspect of my review, you may have missed its point. My point was that the film perpetuated a range of unhealthy stereotypes that do not help our society move beyond its patriarchal status quo. I also have a problem with your comment that "just because women have suffered objectification by men does not justify the sin being returned by women against men." Yes, this is true, but for the reasons mentioned above, I do not consider that my off the cuff comment objectified the actor concerned, and I feel that while your concerns are certainly legitimate, the line of my review that you have focussed on did not warrant the attention bestowed upon it.

Yours Sincerely,  
Catherine Follett

## Diamond dogs

Dear Editors of *Elle Dit* (possibly the more Radical ones),

Why was the article "The Smarter Sex" (page 42) allowed to be published? It was blatantly sexist. For example, I quote: "all men are created equal, but all women are created superior". Talk about "gender-nazism". Feminism does not give one the license to be sexist. It does not give one a license to go around calling other social groups inferior. You should learn to judge and treat people as individuals, not as members of ill-defined, ill-described and over-generalised social categories. The whole article is pretty stupid really - it complains about the sins of discrimination against women (fair enough, good stuff), but then it goes on to discriminate against men. Hypocrisy.

And let's face it, to say that women are superior to men is just "name calling" - and there were many more instances of it in *Elle Dit*, e.g. the captions at the bottoms of pages 30, 25, 10, 11, 47, 75, etc., all insinuate that Women are superior to Men. Such cheap-shots lower the tone and detract from the credibility of feminism. It alienates people who are less aware of/about feminism and contributes nothing to practical, intelligent discussion about how to bring about equality for all in society. As it says on page 13, "Women who set a low value on themselves make life hard for all women." Very wise words.

What's more, if equality through feminism is merely going to mean longer knives for women (that was a warfare metaphor, not a cheap-shot kitchen metaphor, okay?), and a bloodier "battle between the sexes", then I think it is a pretty sad, misguided and antisocial movement. Surely its far more intelligent for everybody to aim for (and please excuse the hippy peace freak in me) more understanding, harmony and respect within society.

"The Smarter Sex" article says "Diamonds are a girl's best friend, while man's best friend is the dog. Who do you think is the smarter sex?" Well if that's your argument (and what a sad little argument, based on sexist over-generalisations it is), then, well, I'd vote for the man. I mean, on one hand, diamonds are expensive rocks that sparkle, have hard, sharp edges and are cold to touch. They attract burglars. Dogs on the other hand are inexpensive, warm fuzzy creatures that give you years of love, warmth, affection and companionship. They chase away burglars. I guess it all depends upon what you value in life. I pity you if you choose the diamond.

Anyway, apart from the unconstructive, sexist, anti-male bullshit the whole mag was an okayish, intelligent and constructive read. Next time leave the sexist crap to *Cosmo*. You can do better.

Yours in anticipation,  
B.W.  
3rd Year Arts

P.S. Serena Mawulisa. Your explanation of ecofeminism (p. 9 *Elle Dit*) is a load of incoherent crap. 49% Fail.



## Practicalities

Lorien,

Whether or not it was intended, or even noticed, the overall feeling of *Elle Dit* was anti-male. That's cool. It's froody. It's grouse. I didn't like it much but that's how it goes. All is happy and merry on campus, the wimmin had 'their' edition of *On Dit*. What needs to be recognized is that no matter how natty *Elle Dit* was, no matter how ideologically wonderful it was, maybe giving all wimmin on campus warm fuzzies of self-appreciation, it didn't make it safe for me, or any other wimmin, to walk through the parklands at night. Perhaps there are other directions that time, energy and funding could be directed towards instead of navel gazing.

fighting,  
sister to all wimmin.

## Falling down

Dear Eds

In the article 'To Pride or not to Pride' in *Elle Dit* there was a sentence that neatly summed up the falling point of the paper: "I also think it says something about campus polity and boys' politics in general (I can't take 'em seriously so I refuse to spell it seriously) that both this year's and next year's wimmin's officers are liberal feminists." She said it, not me.

A fully fledged woman.

## Cheers for *Elle Dit*

Dear Eds,

After men have monopolised the print media for centuries (you only have to look back a couple of decades to find pictures of naked women throughout *On Dit*) it's great that once a year the Adelaide Uni newspaper dedicates a whole issue to be written and produced by women. I just find it rather ironic to hear so many male students (and even a few female students) whinge and whine about equality in opposition to this small grace that we have been given. It really leaves me wondering.

Natasha Yacoub

P.S. This letter has nothing to do with agreeing about everything in *Elle Dit* (as even I don't). It's about the principle of having *Elle Dit*.

Leslie Wilson  
Arts

## ...and more!

Dear Editors,

First off, well done on a great year of student journalism. I'd especially like to congratulate Lorien on one of the best editions of *Elle Dit* to come out on this campus for years. It seems a sad indictment on our campus (which presumes itself to be so pro-feminist), that it is necessary to defend the very existence of the women's edition every time it comes around. For those of you who haven't heard it before, a women's only edition allows

women a media voice, women who are often intimidated by or feel alienated from regular media outlets. The alleged reverse sexism so many readers seem to have found in the 'mag' completely disregards the fact that women do not have the same affirmation of their being day after day. If we want to know that we are cool, we have to tell ourselves, explicitly. If that means refuting the centuries-old lie that men are superior to women, if that means giving men a taste of their own medicine for a moment or two, so be it. Once again, congrats on a great *Elle Dit*, let's see if we can have it even more "in ya face" next year (eh, Natasha?).

Dear Readers,

We'd like to use this space to thank everyone who used our letters pages as a means to contribute to the witty, intellectual culture of Adelaide University. Hopefully, such lively discussion and debate will continue in 1995. Letters regarding any topic that takes your fancy may be submitted over the holidays. To do so, just drop them into the SAUA, the *On Dit* office or post them to *On Dit*, C/- Adelaide University, SA, 5005.

Thanks,  
Tim, Lorien and David



# Lesbian feminism

*"The deliberate withdrawal of women from men has almost always been seen as a potentially dangerous or hostile act, a conspiracy, a subversion, a needless and grotesque thing, while the exclusion of women from men's groups is rationalised by arguments familiar to us all..."*

Adrienne Rich, 1976 (p106)

I'm fucked off. Fucked off at a male supremacist social order which demands that I fuck a man, love a man and breed for a man if I want to be considered a real womyn. Any digression from this 'natural' way of life, any refusal to uphold the institution of heterosexuality (read Phallosexuality) or to love men, is, in male-supremacist culture, possibly the most unspeakable sin. Lesbians are the unspeakable.

We are not considered dangerous by men for our perverted natures. We are considered dangerous by men because we refuse to accept that we must live under men. In loving wimmin, we are breaking the cycle of male power. We are destroying the foundations of patriarchy by refusing to allow men into our beds, our homes, our lives. Men recognise this for what it is and tell 'their' wimmin how disgusting we are, we wimmin who love and respect wimmin, who can't think of wimmin as second class. And the straight feminist movement has swallowed the boy's tale of the bogey-woman hook, line and sinker. We scare these wimmin

because by our actions we offer them the possibility of a conscious choice: between devoting their life to wimmin, or expending their energy on men, in the hope that male privileges, like candy to the masses, will trickle down to them. These wimmin are content with the status quo, they just want a bigger share of the pie. Lesbian

feminists (and not all lesbians are feminists) want a new pie. Lesbians reject the phallogocentric culture of domination, the social order which ensures wimmin are never more than second rate (and that no-one but young white men are ever capable of being first rate). Straight wimmin, by allowing men into their beds and bodies, are serving only in perpetuating their own oppression. In accepting the myth of the evil "bogey-womyn" lesbian, straight wimmin have allowed men to divide our strength as wimmin, to hobble the revolution.

Feminism can no longer afford to see lesbianism as merely an issue on their agenda. If the male-supremacist myth is to be overthrown, lesbianism must be embraced by feminists for what it is - wimmin committed to wimmin. For wimmin to deny calls of Dyke and

Lezzo, to be hurled whenever we refuse to be submissive or subservient, is for wimmin to deny that they love and are committed to wimmin. I always (perhaps falsely) understood feminism to be largely about this commitment. In this way, lesbian feminists are the ultimate feminists. The fear and disgust in many men of feminists,

lesbians can we look towards a cultural revolution, a culture created free of domination. Only when we stop devoting our energies to the patriarchal hierarchy can we begin to relate to each other as wimmin and break down our own racisms, classisms, and sexism.

*"Revolution means change ... women changing themselves ... women changing the world. There is no middle ground and no individual solution. If you, or I, choose not to change, we choose against a women's revolution and against ourselves."*

Sharon Deevey, *The Furies*, Jan 1972.

## Leslie Wilson explores the limits of liberal, heterosexual feminism.

their need to identify feminists as lesbians, indicates their deep-rooted fear of what lesbianism is (and as I already stated, this has nothing whatsoever to do with perversion). The feminist movement should take note of this fear, we have a lot to learn from our enemy's paranoia. Lesbians are not born. We have made a conscious political choice to be lesbians. Only if the straight feminist movement realises that their greatest (man-made) fear is simultaneously their greatest aim - that is, lesbianism, can feminism have a chance of undermining patriarchal thought.

It is not OK to be a lesbian in patriarchal society - we are the wayward girls, the lawless wimmin. That is exactly why we should never want to be OK in patriarchal society. Only when all wimmin identify as

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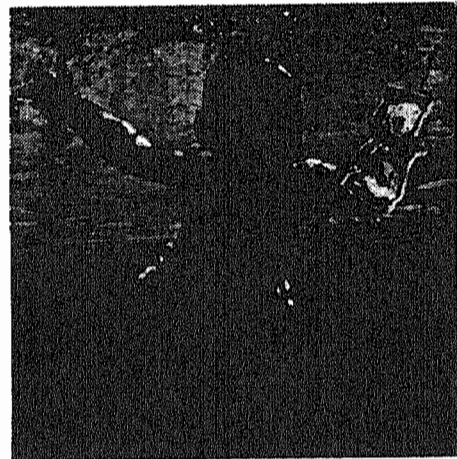
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# Talkin' about your generation

Are you a baby-boomer, a Generation Xer or a child of the Nintendo Generation? Nick Smith has devised a quiz to help you find out...



## (1) Vinyl is:

- a) something you get out every Saturday night and make a pretence of blowing the dust off.
- b) something you started buying before you saw the light (refracted).
- c) what your new jacket is made of.

## (2) Somebody rents the three latest games from Sega, so you:

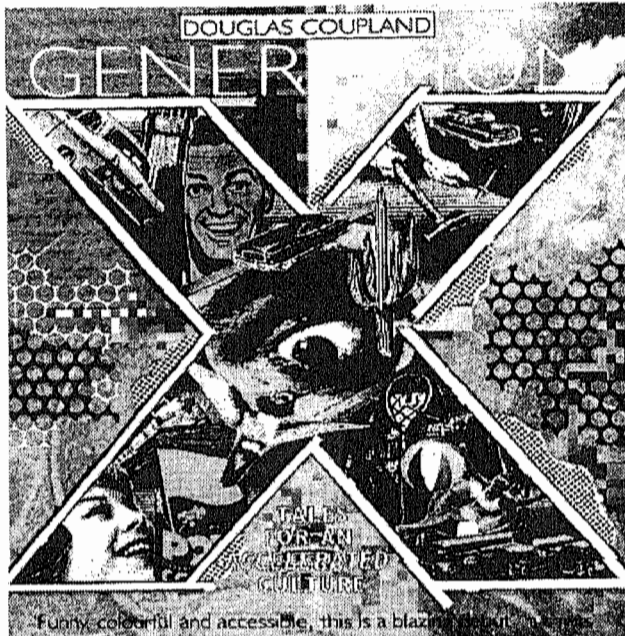
- a) think it's a bit of a pity to be playing inside on such a nice day.
- b) play them for an hour or two before you get bored and start pulling the skin off your lip.
- c) die from dehydration in a suburban lounge room.

## (3) Your most frightening experience was:

- a) the heightening of cold war tensions during the Cuban Missile Crisis.
- b) matriculation.
- c) a black-out.

## (4) University is:

- a) an alien place but it's about time some one in your family was afforded a proper education.
- b) where you go when you're too old for high school.
- c) an alien place because no one in your family can afford a proper education.



## (5) Death is:

- a) something you think about sometimes but you're fairly sure there's a God so you should be alright.
- b) what happens to grandparents and Rwandans.
- c) something that doesn't apply to you because you're fucking immortal.

## (6) TV is:

- a) an informative, thought-provoking and entertaining medium.
- b) an entertaining medium.
- c) the medium.

## (7) Rock'n'roll is:

- a) what your parents listened to.
- b) what your parents listened to.
- c) what your parents listened to.

## (8) "Thank you" is:

- a) what your parents' generation raise you to say to be polite.
- b) what your parents' generation wants you to say for the rest of your life.
- c) a brand of air freshener?

## (9) "Post-modernism" is:

- a) something which awfully clever people talk about but you know is really a fraud.
- b) something awful.
- c) an awful long word.

## (10) "Fuck" is

- a) a bit of a rude word but you can use it if you drop a hammer on your foot.
- b) a handy way of passing the time.
- c) what you do during commercials.

## (11) The Internet is:

- a) a hole which fish escape through.
- b) a hole which you escape through.
- c) home.

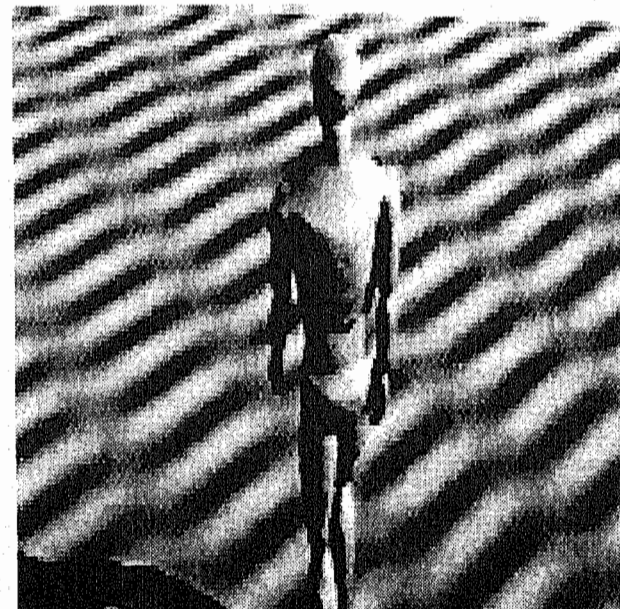
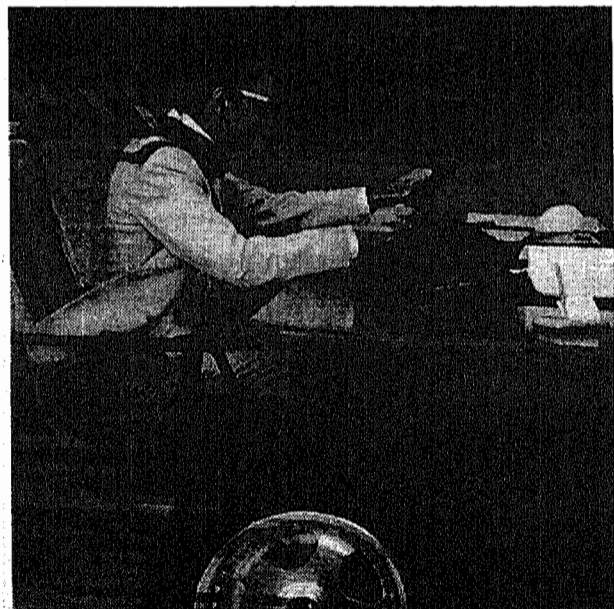
## The Federation is:

- a) the political entity protected by the Constitution.
- b) the political entity protected by William Shatner.
- c) the political entity protected by Patrick Stewart.

*If you answered (a) to most of these questions, then you're a pain and it's time for you to stop whining about how you saved the world in the sixties and get outta the way.*

*If you answered (b) mostly then I'm surprised you got this far.*

*If you answered (c) mostly then you're a fucking liar because real Gen N'ers are illiterate*





# Pinball

# Frenzy!

## The pinball experience

While anti-social to some, for many people pinball is something of a religion. There's just nothing better than discussing the merits of Cryo-Prison multiball in Demolition Man with someone with whom you would otherwise have absolutely nothing in common. The problem that pinball addicts across the globe have traditionally faced is the cost factor - \$2 for 2 games (unless you're at the Unibar) makes the average fix just a little pricey. Thankfully, those ingenious people at Timezone have solved this problem by creating the phenomenon known as a Lock-in.

Lock-ins are a unique experience, not least because of the unique variety of people that you encounter there. Usually lasting between 11 and 3 am, and costing a mere \$10, they are full of pinball and computer game addicts all determined to get their money's worth. Consequently, conversation is at a premium. In the 4 hours that you are there, the tendency is to have more indepth conversations with the pinball machines than with any of your friends.

Resident pinball experts Matt Rawes, Tim Gow and Bryan Scruby compiled this report on all that's cool (and not so cool) in pinball.

### Guns 'N' Roses

Well, pinball excellence has returned to the Bar with the inclusion of Axl and company. There is nothing better

than killing some time over a pint and a game of G'N'R.

Highlights: There are plenty. Special features abound ranging from the big scoring (but difficult to hit) 'Duff rocks' to the easier and once again high scoring 'Axl 3-ball'. The Mystery Award at the beginning of each ball provides good value with the occasional special (credit) coming up. Although the replay is often high, it is a high scoring game with plenty to do and a generous shoot again policy when you bomb out early. \$2 for 3 games.

Lowlights: The music. Unless you're a G'N'R fan, you'll be quickly pissed off. Multiball can also be difficult to get started but is compensated by Dizzy ball and Axl 3-ball. Rating - a few pints and \*\*\* 1/2

### Fish Tales

Low interest factor. It's got fish in it. You can catch some fish. You can make some amusing innuendo about size, if you like. Rating: \*\*

### Twilight Zone

An old favourite of mine. Great sounds with "Hi, I'm Happy Tina, here's your extra ball" worth a cack.

Highlights: So much to conquer with points aplenty once you get into the zone. Powerball payoff is fantastic if you can hit it. Battle the Power, the Camera, Greed, the list goes on for some hardcore pinball action. Few pinnies are better once you get going. Replay generally easy to get.

Lowlights: Price varies from \$2 for 3 games to \$2 for 2 games at places like Q (previously Charltons). Also has a tendency not to give you another go if you get fucked over early. Rating: \*\*\*\*

### World Cup '94

This machine is narrow but cool. Multiball takes the form of a simulated match between you and a nominated soccer powerhouse. If you hit the jackpot, you're greeted with the tumultuous roar of *goooooal!* Another interesting feature is the large soccer ball that sits ominously in the middle of the play field. On occasions, it will start spinning furiously, and when the ball hits it it rebounds with more spin on

it than a Shane Warne leg-break. A disappointing lack of gimmicks, but it is fairly easy to score. Rating: \*\*1/2

### Jurassic Park

Not a bad one and has provided a good option when Addams Family is occupied at the Austral. Highlights: Gives a fantastic shudder before engaging multiball which generally gets you quite fixed. Smart missile guarantees multiball every time and when you lose your ball due to the Raptor backfire it is always returned. \$2 for 3 games.

Lowlights: Have mostly played this game when quite intoxicated so I probably rate it a little higher than what it's worth. Lacks a little on the variety side but oh that shudder hits the spot. Rating \*\*\* 1/2

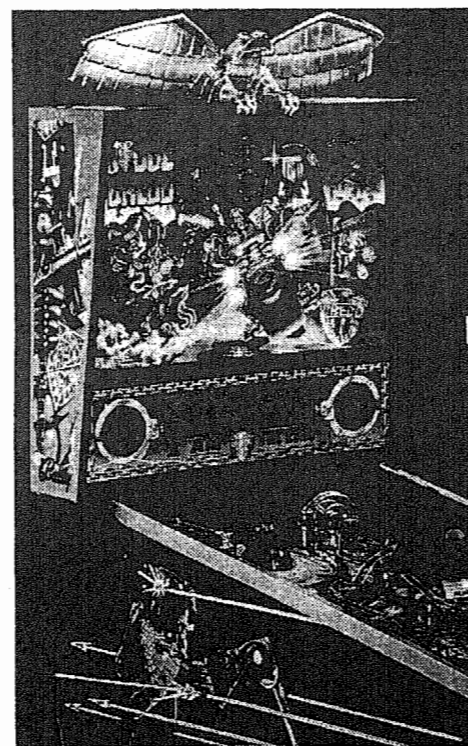
### Street Fighter 2

I just wasted \$2 sampling this number. Boring! Look, these pinnies are just out of their league when compared to the likes of Star Trek and Demolition Man. It's just not an option at \$2 for 3 games when G'N'R is right next door. Suggested improvement would require a 2 games for a dollar or 5 for 2 to make it worthwhile.

Highlights: Um! Extra ball is easy to get.

Lowlights: Set up, sound, etc...give it a miss unless you're an addict.

Rating - \* 1/2



### Pinnie Terminology

- **Plunger or pin:** the traditional device used to put the ball into play. Are becoming less common; many games now feature a trigger like thing which performs the same task.
- **Mode:** a feature in the game which asks you to perform certain tasks with a reward which is usually well into multi-million territory.
- **Lock:** the target that you hit to engage multiball. Usually needs to be hit three times.
- **Multiball:** pretty much self explanatory. The number of balls varies from pinnie to pinnie, and many machines feature a number of different types of multiball.
- **Jackpot:** the hefty reward gained for hitting the designated targets during multiball.
- **Pop targets:** round devices arranged in a cluster which propel the ball at high speed when hit.
- **Superjets:** feature which increases the value of pop targets - usually worth in excess of 1 million points per hit.

### Star Trek - The Next Generation

The unsurpassable zenith in pinball experience. Oh, the myriad of alien characters so wonderfully brought to life. Oh, the inspired, jocular use of vocal samples. Oh, the silver sphere projecting turrets of glory. Feel your pulse quicken when you 'engage the Borg' for multiball. Feel your hair stand on end as your warp factor approaches 9.0. Feel your loins tingle while you wait to see what Riker's poker hand will be (Hint: hold trigger and press right flipper when Holodeck is lit to start poker game). It's true to the TV series, it's infinitely challenging, it's wide, it looks good, it feels good, it smells good and it tastes good. I'll never forget the first time Captain Jean-Luc Picard praised me for my battle simulation skills. Never. Rating: \*\*\*\*

### Demolition Man

The most striking features of this pinnie are the two phallic looking things that stick out of the table top. Once you get past this (and the samples of the articulate as ever Sly Stallone), this is actually quite a satisfying game. There are four different kinds of multiball, which utilise a variety of different jackpot targets. It's very ramp orientated, and the only modes are engaged when you hit the "Cryo Claw" via the right ramp. This is deceptively difficult, but once you perform all 5 Cryo Claw tasks you get "Demolition Time", which goes off. The main problem with this game is that for most of the time, it is so quiet that it resembles a Marcel Marceau concert. What crap! Still, it does have a lot of nifty gimmicks. Rating: \*\*\*\*

### Dr Who

Only one reason to play this game. That's to hear that electronic chirp of a Dalek going *arrrrrrgh* as it meets its doom when you hit jackpot in multiball. Rating: \*\*

### Judge Dredd

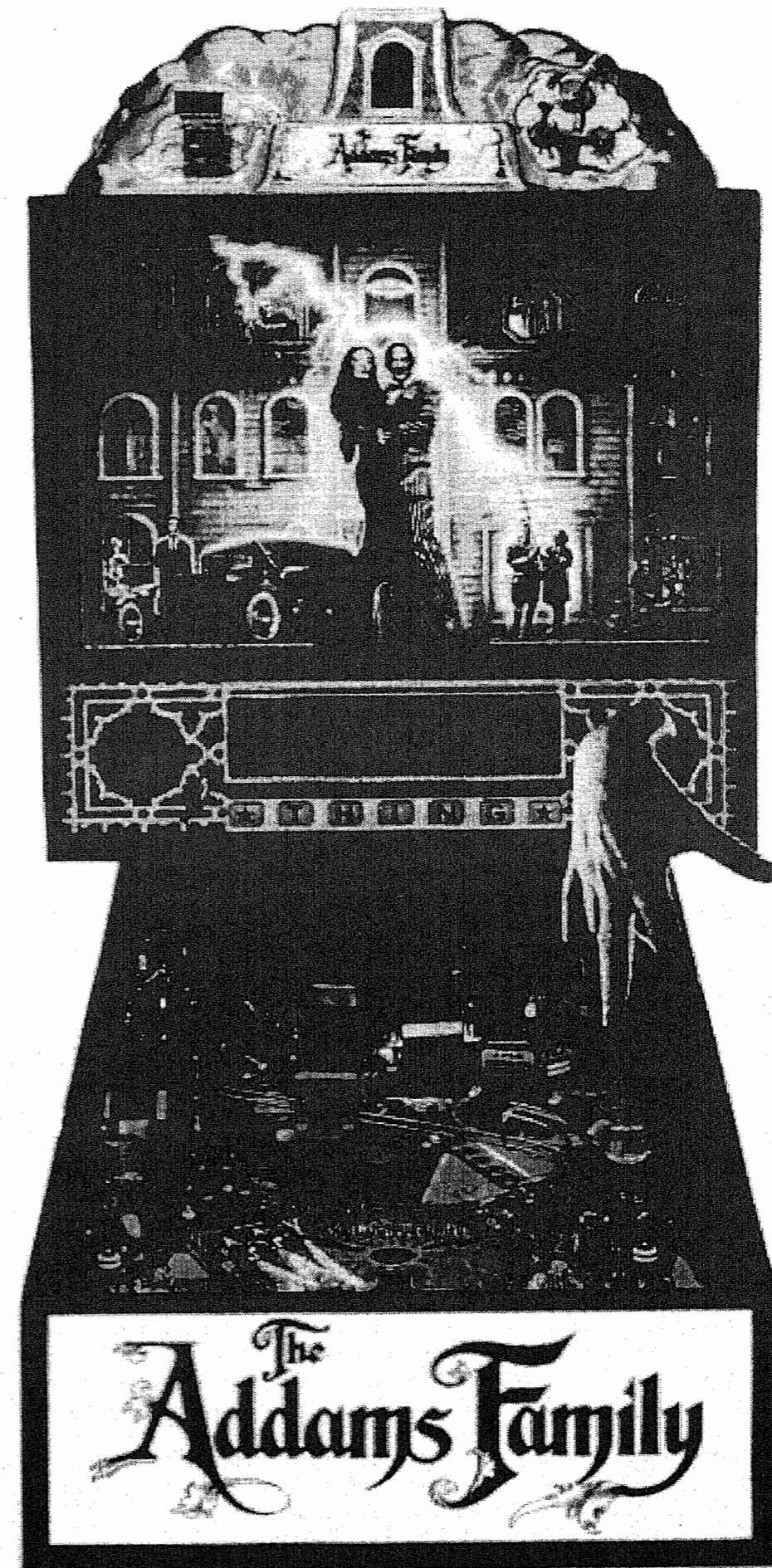
For some unknown reason, Dredd has an inexplicable tendency to want to fuck you over. Maybe it has something to do with the authoritarian icon on which the game is based. Dredd is about as generous as a parking inspector in a thunderstorm. Rating: 1/2

### Dracula

Pretty pedestrian all round. Pedestrian graphics, pedestrian quotations, pedestrian movie (Keanu's English accent was awful, wasn't it and Winona just wasn't nearly as ace as she was in *Heathers*). But, this pinnie has one redeeming feature ... *the* coolest use of magnets to manoeuvre a spare ball ever in the history of the world. It slowly drags the ball diagonally across the machine. If you knock it off track - you get mist multiball. Wow! Rating: \*\*

### Indiana Jones

Most of the big point scoring options in this game are to be found in the "mode start" hole located on the left hand side of the play field. This would be fine, except that it is incredibly difficult to hit. If you do manage to get into a mode, you confront either incredible disappointment or pinball heaven. "Streets of Cairo" is a total dud, whilst "Well of Souls" is one of the wildest multiballs I've encountered, spewing nine - that's right - *nine* balls onto the play field. There are also some cool video modes such as "Raven Bar" which simulates a western style pub shootout, with the possibility of an extra ball if you dominate. The other main part of the game is the "Path of Adventure" accessed after hitting a number of targets and then the right ramp, which as a gimmick is a little disappointing. The sound is good though, utilising many samples from the movies. Rating: \*\*\*



### Addams Family

A classic of the movie-pinball genre. The use of Addams Family voice samples and clever combination of themes and modes makes this one a winner. Perhaps it can get a little monotonous once you've done it all a few times and the coin slot has eaten a month or two's gold currency, but to feel the earth move and lights literally flash before your eyes when the pre-multiball crescendo starts to kick in makes a meek and mild outing to the pub a truly spiritual occasion. Rating: \*\*\*\*



# RAPE: A MAN SPEAKS

HERE, AN ANONYMOUS MAN WHO ADMITS TO HAVING COMMITTED RAPE GIVES HIS THEORIES ON MEN AND RAPE

When I was younger I raped someone. It was a conscious act of degradation hidden behind sex, and the time has come to explain it to other people. There are things to be learnt, which I have learnt but which other men are yet to discover - men the brunt of whose ignorance is being borne by women.

I want to start straight away by apologising to everyone who finds themselves disagreeing with everything I say. Not all feminists agree on all aspects of the issues about rape, but for them it is kind of academic - if I say something that offends women out there, it will be all the more serious - deadly serious - for its context. I am not doing this for the kick of reading the letters pages, or as some kind of sick joke on the university community. If there is nothing of value in this article the editors will not publish it, and if there is, well then disagreement may be a necessary part of any process of discussion. But if I disagree with anyone, the knowledge of my actions may make it intensely personal for that person, so I apologise now. I am only writing what I believe about my experience.

I want, most of all, to clear up some misconceptions about rape - about stereotypical ideas of rape and rapists, of issues of criminality and punishment. Perhaps, also, I want to find a way of countering some of my friends' beliefs about rapists which hurt me, without revealing myself to them. I am not in anyway attempting to absolve my guilt for the crime - I do not need to go public to do that, because I came to terms with my actions - foul as this may seem - some years ago.

I do not intend to imply that my situation was or is the same as it was or is for other men who have done this, I doubt very many men ever think of what they have done as rape. Or wrong. But I think the way those men thought was similar in a lot of ways to my feelings/thoughts when I committed the crime, because I know what the belief-system is which leads a man to do what I did. I lived the beliefs of rape; but I believe many men think them.

I will give no details of the rape, except to say that there was no physical force. I had done something close to rape with her friend, but I will not classify it as that because at the time I could not have known - although to her it was still indecent assault. The friend was a victim of massive sexual abuse as a child, and had

no control of her sexuality. She just went with whatever I did (which thankfully was not so much); no attempt to stop me, no indication of resistance. Now, with years more of sexual experience and human experience behind me, I know that I could detect the faint clues - the tension behind the eyes. But now I have had experience with many more women abused before I met them, because those women are very common and I listen to their clues.

I learnt from my victim's friend. I realised who was in control. So a few months later, one hot summer's day, I left my house with a vague intention, partly admitted, to walk until I found something to fuck. Looking back, I know it was deliberate, and that I knew who I was looking for. I found her where I expected her, and smoothly led her down my path. Then I left her. She was an abused woman too, and she trusted men, and she had no control of the situation. I knew of her violated past.

She was not believed. I was well-respected in town, my area, what I was doing; the person she told, who was in a position of authority and female, did nothing about it. Even the rumours were quenched. Only the ranting of her friend's irate mother on a lonely road gave any clue to my actions, and no-one witnessed that. Even if the rumours did spread, I could have avoided trouble - and she could easily have been seen to have consented.

I argued with a friend recently about a comment in *Elle Dit* which claimed that rape is conscious choice by all men to oppress all women. He believed that it is not a conscious choice by all men. I agree with him: rape is only a conscious choice by the men who rape women. But I think it is an unconscious "act of thought" by all men (bar maybe the very unusual male). When a man looks at a woman, the line between appreciation of appearance and desire to fuck is blurred. Many men do actively think, when they see a woman, "I would like to..." There are some fine points of feminist theory here about whether admiring a woman's appearance is in anyway akin to rape, but I do not want to down-play the horror of the crime with that comparison. However, the difference between thinking "nice" and "fuck" upon sight of a woman is hazy for many men; and I think the unconscious act of rape by all men is there: when a man acts on "fuck" without

consent, he is thinking in basically the same mode of thinking as when he looked. And all men generally benefit (though most without ever thinking or realising it) from the climate of fear of rape which saps women's strength and undermines their independence. The image of the frenzied rapist on our rape/war culture drives women into the arms of reasonable, sane rapers who trap them, either in cycles of co-dependent sexual service or in webs of gratitude that may be a lot more than they seem.

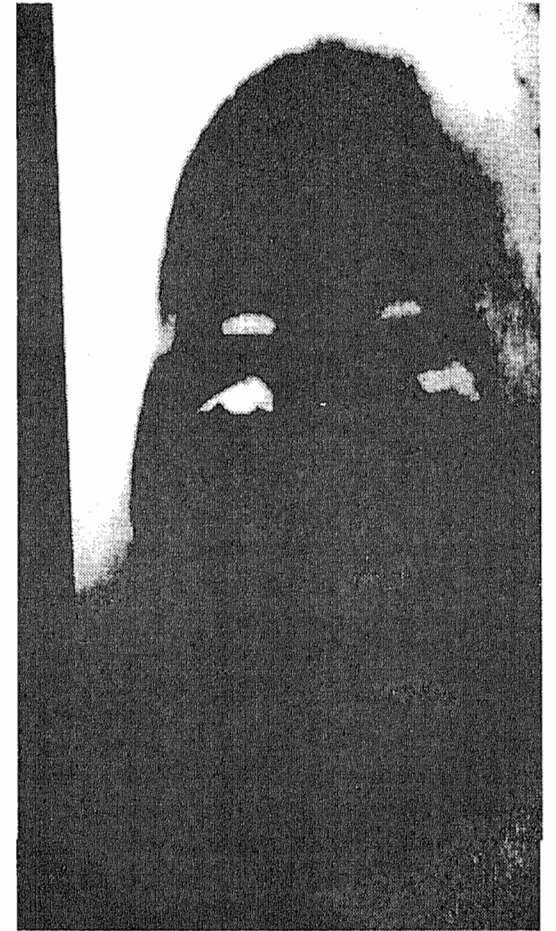
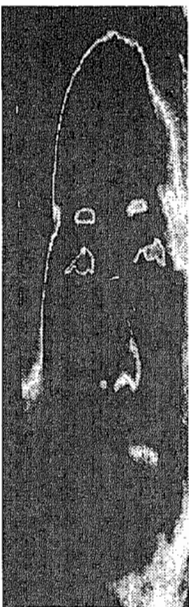
In the spirit of what I said when I began this writing, I make no excuses or apologies for the act, only explanations. Therefore it is only by way of explanation that I tell you I would never do it again. I am not a monster, no frenzied rapist who charges crazed after cunt. I am simply a man, who once did what men do. Fortunately I learnt and will never do it again. Many men do not. They are, as I was, full of the confusion and dichotomies of male sexuality (if it can be dignified with that title). I was, at the same time, capable of being committed to a woman, I cared for animals, in many ways I saw women as equal, but at the same time, I saw women as sexual objects (hence the crime) and as the other, something far too separate from me.

Rape is, to the woman, a crime of action and moment: to the over-powered victim of male violence, the crime is encapsulated entirely in the period of its occurrence (be that minutes, hours, days or an eternity). But to the man, and to the people who fight this brutality, that moment is the culmination of a long stream of events, the active expression of a series of intellectual developments which in many men simply remain internalised. It is only the act of forcing his hatred onto another person which sets a raper apart from those of his fellow men who do not "commit the crime". I was just a more vigorous expression of men's ideas, and it is perhaps educational to see why I made that very small step, from

thought to deed. Quite simply, my Father (who was, of course, my main role model) was a rapist - he told me as I grew up that I should never miss an opportunity. He collected pornography - crates of it. He tried to verbally coerce my mother into sex, quite openly. He talked about it all the time. While all men learn the theory of misogyny, I learnt the practice in its most extreme form, from my strongest role model. I think that this is a more common situation than most people believe.

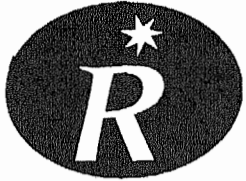
I have said all along in this piece that "most" men do not do what I did, but this was done to avoid alienating male readers before they get this far. I actually believe that this is a misconception about rape: I think most men have some role model in the same vein as my father, and would at some point in their lives either have raped someone, or only avoided it for fear of capture. At uni I am writing to an audience of mostly young men, not yet entrusted with the care of sons and daughters, nephews and nieces. Perhaps when they do achieve that honour, what I have said will enable those men to avoid repeating the evil of their Fathers.

Some people might think that because I am a man speaking about rape I know more, my opinions have more credence, That is sexist crap. I know nothing about it but how to do it and why. Only a woman/victim can understand rape - my actions and all my knowledge are just the tip of the iceberg.





# Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité



*Australian  
Republican  
Movement*

**"It is perhaps in part because Australians are growing in confidence that more and more of them are questioning whether it is appropriate for Australia to have as its head of state the monarch of another country. Many believe that we will be better able to succeed in the world with the unique and unambiguous identity that an Australian head of state, chosen by the Australian people, could provide."**

**Paul Keating, Prime Minister**



The republic has proved to be one of the most divisive issues facing Australia this decade. It has pitted monarchists against republicans, Liberal against Labor and more disconcertingly, Australians against each other.

Patricia Casbarra examines the debate and reflects of the past 100 years of Australian history since Federation.

Australia was a very different country at the time of Federation in 1901. One hundred years ago the ties binding Australia to Britain were very strong and Australia's cultural composition was predominantly Anglo-Celtic.

Australia has come a long way since then. Australia's position in the world has shifted from being a colonial outpost of Britain to forging a new identity associated with the Asia-Pacific Region.

Australia's current identity and indeed its very existence has been shaped by successive waves of migrants which have added to the rich cultural tapestry of Australian society.

One of the contributing factors supporting the case for Federation was the need for a common immigration policy. Subsequently, the Immigration Restriction Act became law also in 1901. The act sought the exclusion of all other races, apart from British, with the purpose of keeping Australia racially homogenous.

It is this racist legacy that has hindered Australia's attempts to become more internationalist, particularly as a member of the region and no longer as an adjunct of Britain.

In the era of political correctness and reconciliation it would be hard to justify 'celebrating' Federation as a testament to the greatness of Australia's British past, when its main purpose was to keep Australia racially pure and to laud the constitution which failed to recognise Australia's indigenous people.

An important lesson was learnt after the 1988 bi-centenary celebration which was boycotted by Aborigines and bore little relevance to the millions of non-British past; when its main purpose was to keep Australia racially pure and lauding the constitution which failed to recognise Australia's indigenous.

Australia has regrouped as a people since then and is letting go of the ties which bind Australia to Britain. Australia is moving towards a new identity which views Britain as part of its past and the Asia-Pacific region as part of its future.

While the centenary of Federation, in 2001, will celebrate the coming together of Australia States a republic would

celebrate the coming together of its people: Black, White, Asian, European, the young and the elderly - all of whom represent what it means to be Australian.

Australia's dependency on Britain formally ended when our legal ties were severed with the passing of the Australia Acts in 1986. The acts removed the Privy Council as Australia's highest court of appeal and ended the British government's role in advising the Queen on the appointment of Australian state governors.

The flag and the Monarchy are symbolic ties that continue to metaphorically connect Australia to Britain. The Australian Labor Party and the Australian Republic Movement believe that the flag and the monarchy are symbols of Australia's past and that they will inevitably be removed - not because Australians are anti-British but because we are pro-Australian and these symbols are not representative of Australia's people and future direction.

The removal of these symbols is not an attempt to eliminate every sign of Australia's British history. It is an attempt to make the Australian future more inclusive.

While the Keating Government may have a hidden agenda in its fervent pursuit of an Australian Republic, the overriding reason for a Republic should be that it would provide an umbrella under which no ethnic group would be excluded. The republic would provide the opportunity for all Australians to contribute to its birth.

Australia's constitution must be changed for the realisation of the Republic. Aboriginal groups also want to see the constitution changed to enshrine the Mabo land rights decision, and constitutional recognition of Aborigines' prior ownership.

The constitutions of two other Constitutional Monarchies - New Zealand and Canada - already recognise their indigenous peoples.

The Constitution is a set of codified laws drawn up at the time of Federation relating to such national interests as defence, immigration and external affairs. The antiquated laws have existed for almost 100 years, yet changes to the constitution in the form of referenda are costly and have met with little success.

In the decade leading up to Federation, the Australian colonies held two constitutional conventions to provide the new nation with rules to live by. In the decade leading to 2001 another convention would be required to develop a new set of rules necessary for a

republic.

Constitutional reform is already underway with the establishment of the Constitutional Centenary Foundation in 1988, with former Governor General, Sir Ninian Stephen at the helm.

Since 1901, only eight of the 42 proposals for constitutional amendment have been passed. The reason stems from section 128 of the constitution which states that both a national majority of voters and a majority of voters in four of the six states must support a referenda for it to become law.

If a referendum was passed, the decision must then be made on how a British Monarch would be replaced as head of state.

There are three options: election by legislature (as used in Germany, India and Italy); by popular vote (preferred in France, the US and Ireland); or selection by the Government of the day.

Andrew Parker, Press Secretary to John Hewson, believes that: "While my

generation has a lot of respect for our heritage and our ties to Britain, it is time our constitution portrayed where we are as a nation and where we are going."

Most Australians seem to have acknowledged that while the republic may not be inevitable, the debate certainly is. It is this aspect that the Australian Republican Movement want to capitalise on.

Last week the ARM launched its populist campaign. It has unveiled a new logo and a marketing campaign which will see TV commercials; merchandising; luncheons and even concerts in the republican spirit. The ARM has recruited high profile people such as netballer Michelle Fielke and actor Gary Sweet to help spread the word.

The aim of the campaign is to increase the ARM's membership and to move the debate out of Canberra and onto the streets where the fate of the Republic will ultimately be decided.

**O.S.A. PRESENT S**

*Year  
End  
Disco ...*

DJ FROM SA-FM

**TERMINAL  
RAGE 94**



Date : Sat. the 26th of Nov. *Open to public*

Time : 9 p.m. till late ....

Venue : At the Uni-Bar *Snacks provided*

Tickets for \$4/-



Here are the meticulously researched results of our campus wide survey. Over 70 responses were received and the results are pretty disturbing. Here they are in full.

Simon Hunt is the lucky winner of *Love Play*. Come on down to the office to collect your prize, Simon.

(Results do not always add up to 100% because of the trying nature of numbers and also because some people ticked more than one thing)

Wanna beer?

69% said yes.

- *Bloody Oath*

31% said no.

Would you rather have...

49% said sex appeal.

24% said a high IQ.

12% said Street

Credibility.

- *as long as I can be*

- *groovy on Rundle St*

4% said other.

- *a false dichotomy*

- *modesty - I have the above*

- *a bigger penis*

Who would you prefer to see at the next Big Day Out?

23% said Kylie Minogue.

- *grunged up of course*

44% said Pearl Jam.

12% said Suede.

15% said a reformed Led

Zep.

4% said other.

When the revolution comes, which Union or SAUA office bearer will be first up against the wall, in your opinion?

33% said Haroon Hassan.

12% said Michelle Giglio.

19% said Bec Shinnick.

12% said Tim Kleining.

9% said other.

For how many years has the Union Centenary Celebration organiser Barry Wilkins been the organiser of the "famous" Begonia Festival in Ballarat

21% said 7.

36% said 23.

31% said 59.

2% said other.

- *too many*

Which of the following would you most like to see at the Union Centenary Celebrations next year?

27% said fireworks.

26% said Union Board

performing an all-nude

cabaret.

21% said Creative Anarchy.

27% said dogs "doing" it.

15% said snuff films.

1% said other.

- *christian musicians*

If you had to be one of the following people for a day, who would you choose?

15% said Kieren Perkins.

- *I like milk*

- *actually, I think I'd rather*

- *just have him for the day*

36% said Cindy Crawford.

19% said Anne Wills.

- *shoot me*

- *love them all - wouldn't need to be at gunpoint*

- *does't everyone?*

35% said no.

3% said other.

63% said yes.

17% said 0.

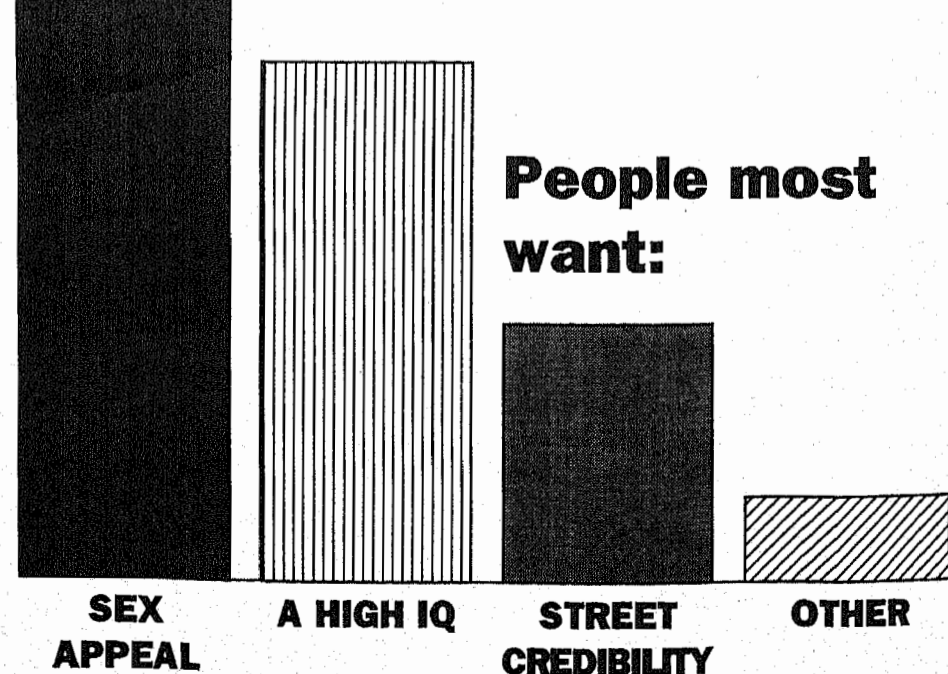
13% said 1.

27% said 10.

42% said 100.

55% said yes.

33% said no.



- *so many great frocks, so little time*

19% said Paul Keating.

3% said other.

- *Mr Bean*

If you were forced at gunpoint to visit one of the following nightclubs, which would it be?

29% said MarsBar.

17% said Jules.

21% said Lennies.

28% said Heaven.

3% said other.

- *shoot me*

- *love them all - wouldn't need to be at gunpoint*

- *does't everyone?*

35% said no.

3% said other.

63% said yes.

17% said 0.

13% said 1.

27% said 10.

42% said 100.

55% said yes.

33% said no.

12% said other.

- *dunno*

Do you own any Nirvana albums?

31% said yes.

66% said no.

Do you own any Proclaimers albums?

15% said yes.

85% said no.

Do you think the members of Girlfriend are virgins?

24% said yes.

33% said yes, they'd slept

with them.

39% said no.

- *they've met Silverchair*

1% said other.

What famous speaker would you like to most see at Adelaide University?

14% said Camille Paglia.

54% said David Suzuki.

21% said Gore Vidal.

10% said other.

- *who the fuck are they?*

Have you accessed the Internet?

41% said Yes.

53% said No.

6% said other.

Complete the lyric.

"Erotica... Romance... I'd like to put you in a \_\_\_\_\_"

2% said movie.

19% said coffin.

27% said trance.

22% said compromising

position.

10% said other.

What service or facility does Adelaide University most need?

56% said a spare room with a

mattress on the floor.

5% said a dry cleaning

business.

8% said a dental service.

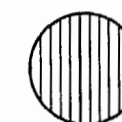
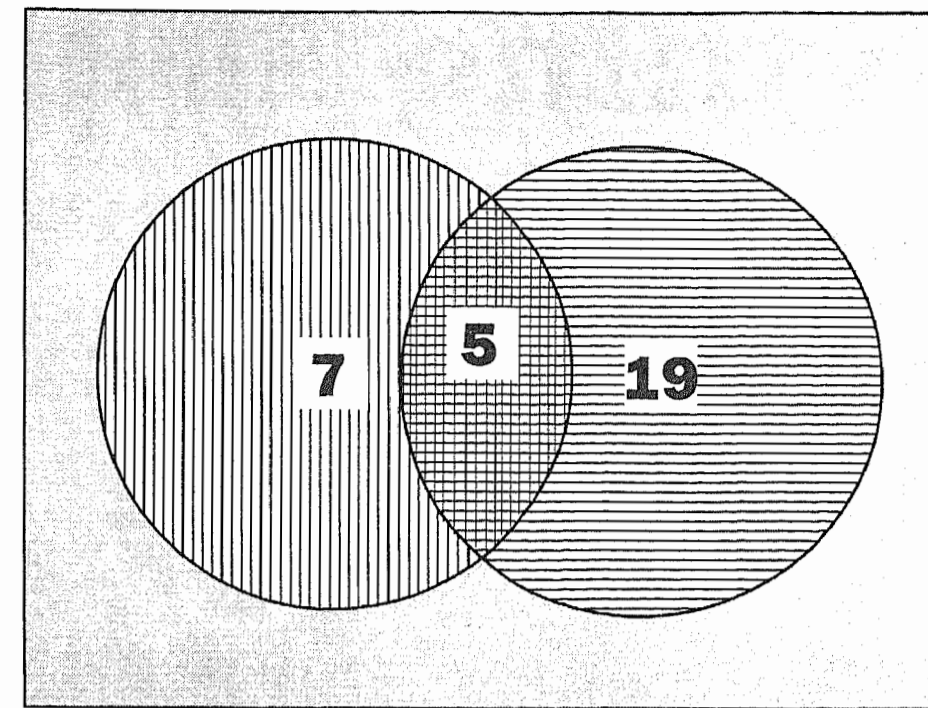
26% said a cheerleading

squad.

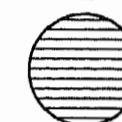
8% said other.

- *a jacuzzi*

In the Acid House craze several years ago, did you



PEOPLE WHO OWN PROCLAIMERS ALBUMS



PEOPLE WHO OWN NIRVANA ALBUMS

ever wear a smiley face t-shirt or badge?

21% said yes.

- *and still wearing it*

- *oh no, my rep is ruined*

76% said no.

3% said other.

Were you ever tempted to wear a smiley face T-shirt or badge?

37% said yes.

59% said no.

3% said other.

Skate... or die?

33% said skate.

62% said die.

4% said other.

Which recent Australian film have you enjoyed the most?

36% said *Priscilla*.

19% said *Muriel's Wedding*.

3% said *Spider and Rose*.

29% said *The Sum of Us*.

17% said *Bad Boy Bobby*.

17% said other.

- *Romper Stomper*

If Australia becomes a republic in the new century, to what use would you put Government House on North Terrace?

15% said Multi level car

parking.

14% said BMX track.

19% said Parklands.

38% said Shooting Range.

14% said other.

In you opinion, what is the most overused word in the English language?

29% said and.

29% said the.

41% said fuck.

- *but who gives a fuck?*

32% said Kylie.

4% said other.

- *Dave Roussy*

- *legal action*

- *fnord*

What do you think the sculptures on the Barr Smith Lawns are for?

44% said to scare little

children.

21% said to look hideous.

33% said to drape yourself

over in a sexy and seductive

fashion.

8% said other.

How would you describe *On Dit* this year to friends and family?

19% said it was cool.

21% said it was really cool.

44% said it was so good they

had mulitple orgasms.

6% said other.

- *Fukked. You all suck cock*

- *and I fuck on you - thanks to*

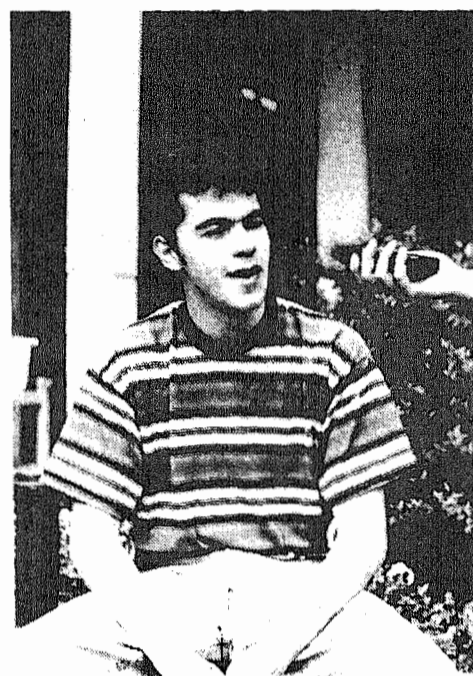
- *Alisdair Faulkner of Electrical*

- *Engineering for that one.*



# Has anything important happened this year?

Probably. But what have been the *most* important happenings? We found this question intriguing so we decided to put it to the masses. The questions asked were: (1) What's the most important thing to happen in the world in 1994?, and (2) What's the most important thing to happen to you in 1994?



## Mark

1. I'd say the peace agreements reached in the Middle East between Israel and Jordan.
2. Continuing with my studies.



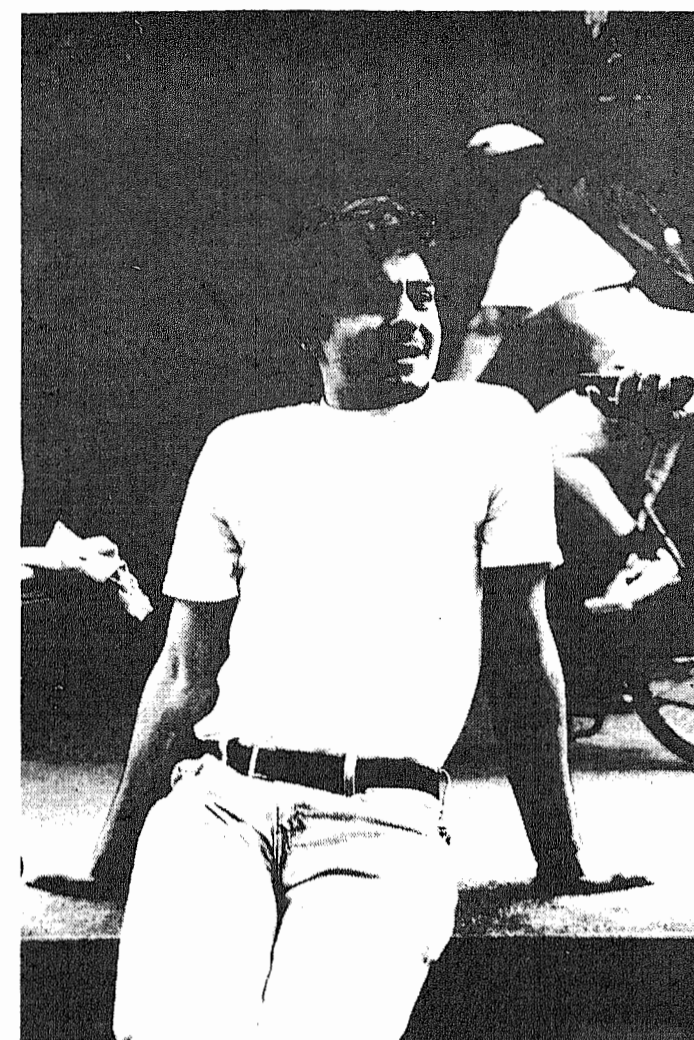
## Ben

- 1&2: There was this dictator in Malawi who made himself the life president, so after 30 years of autocratic rule, they kicked him out.



## Bruce

1. The reworking of Kylie Minogue's image to sex-Kylie. I like that a lot.
2. Expanding friendships.



## Peter

1. Probably what happened in South Africa when Mandela got in, I think that's pretty important; it's a sign of things to come, equality of all races, just learning to live together, I think that's really important. I think that's paved the way for other nations and other people to do the same thing.
2. Just being happy all year, Port winning the premiership was good, keeping in line with studies and life and the social side of things. Just keeping happy I think.



## Haroon

1. Moves towards peace in the Middle East.
2. Being put on the back page of *On Dit*.



## Juliette

1. The IRA cease-fire.
2. Absolutely nothing.



## Glen

1. The production of *A Comedy of Errors* by the reincarnated Bills Theatre.
2. I had sex for the first time this year.



## Kate

1. Sydney winning the 2000 Olympics.
2. Getting the opportunity to go to Canada next year to study.



## Nick

1. My party. If you weren't there, you should have been, because it was an open invitation. Sorry to all the people that missed out but it was great, and there were 20 kegs.
2. Getting a new sleeping bag.



## Ali

1. Summer.
2. I went hiking.



## Chris

1. My birthday.
2. My birthday.



## Anita

1. Don't know.
2. Earning my own money, gaining independence.



## Rahini

1. *Paradise Beach* got axed.
2. I became a lifeguard.







# Your Privacy on the Internet

The Internet, the Global Information Superhighway. Chances are you've heard about it already, you may even be hooked up, or "wired" to use the jargon. If you haven't heard about it yet chances are you will soon. Currently the domain of die hard computer nerds, or those who have seen dollar signs, predictions are that the Internet will become as much a part of our day to day existence as the now humble telephone. You will be able to do your shopping, "talk" to your friends in real time, even talk to complete strangers on the other side of the world in real time for that matter. You can partake in discussion groups on just about anything imaginable, and perhaps some things you would rather not imagine, such as Amputee Fetishists (no, I'm sorry I haven't got their e-mail address.) And all this from a computer terminal in your own home. Whether or not the Net becomes a part of day to day life is a matter of conjecture; it is, however, becoming a very important communications medium, especially in that beast known

as "the business world". It all sounds great: a new, cheap (once you've got the equipment) and efficient way to communicate with people all over the place, but what are some of the negative aspects of this new technology which are often overlooked in the excitement?

At this point I must admit that I am by no means an expert on anything to do with the Net, but that's never stopped me writing about anything before, so hey. A fair slab of this information is gleaned from the pages of the excellent American magazine *Wired*, and thus in some instances specifically pertains to the US, but the fact is that a) the Net knows no international boundaries and b) with some twisty turny legal cases already in progress in the US it is going to be interesting to see what sort of legislation the Australian government will introduce pertaining to the Net.

The case of Phil Zimmerman in the US is a good example of the legal problems that have arisen already. E-mail is not completely safe from cu-

rious eyes. The eighties had the computer hackers, pimply boys with computer screen tans and nerdy dispositions (read no social skills). In 1989 an ex-hippy by the name of William Gibson wrote a book called *Neuromancer* and for a bit of a laugh put the hackers into leather jackets, dark sunglasses, introduced them to drugs, and made them "cool". So now in the nineties we have Net Surfers, pimply boys with computer screen tans and nerdy dispositions... in leather jackets. These Net Surfers know their way around the Net better than you know your way around Adelaide, and also have a knack for getting into places where they are not wanted, such as your electronic mailbox, or government and banking computers which may contain personal details about people like you and me. Phil Zimmerman developed an industrial strength encryption programme called Pretty Good Privacy (PGP) which he released onto the Net free of charge in 1991. September 1993 and US Customs Agents served subpoenas to two companies who were developing encryption software (one which Zimmerman was working with.) Why? Because Zimmerman put PGP on the Net and it quickly spread world-wide. The accusation is that he has violated US export laws, which forbid the export of certain things which are considered a threat to "national security", without a hard-to-obtain licence. Encryption software has found its way onto this list, alongside such old time greats as ummm, well nuclear warheads. This is to stop nasty terrorists and drug traffickers, of course. If we knew what was good for us we would be thanking the government for keeping encryption software from us, although I'm yet to hear of a letter bomb being sent via e-mail, and if they can

convert heroin into digital form and send it electronically... well good on them I guess. Zimmerman is arguing that he only put PGP onto domestic computers, he never intended international distribution. There was no export as such; foreigners helped themselves to information on US computers. The US government have an encryption device of their own called Clipper which competes with PGP on the domestic market. Aside from the obvious fact that this means the Government can read anything encrypted with Clipper (and it is a bit of a money spinner for them) it basically offers far less privacy than PGP as it is not as effective. I don't want to sound paranoid, obviously telephones aren't necessarily private and safe, nor is postal mail for that matter, but this is something which can quite easily be accessed by someone with little more than a computer, a modem, and the know how.

But I'm not hooked up, I don't need to worry about the lack of privacy of e-mail, right? Well maybe not. There was an article in *Wired* 16 December 1993 titled "Big Brother wants to look into your bank account (Anytime it pleases.)" The kicker reads "The US Government is constructing a system to track all financial transactions in real-time - ostensibly to catch drug traffickers, terrorists, and financial criminals. Does that leave you the warm fuzzies- or scare you out of your wits?" The system in question is being constructed by the federal Financial Crimes Enforcement Network (FinCEN.)

In an example of the power of the technology employed by this organisation, the story is told of a small-time drug dealer who was arrested in the US. The police were hoping to find evidence on the premises that would lead them to his supplier, and suspected they

would be able to stop one of the main supplies of narcotics entering the US. Unfortunately all the police found was a piece of paper the suspect was trying to eat when they arrived. All that was on the paper was the name John and a phone number. The police, who had hoped for more from the bust, turned to FinCEN.

In less than 45 minutes an analyst at FinCEN had retrieved enough evidence to have indictments against "John" on charges of money laundering and conspiracy to traffic narcotics. Not bad for 45 minutes at a computer terminal. The analyst started by querying a database of business phone numbers, and linked the number on the paper to a local restaurant. Next they entered the Currency and Banking Database (CBDB) which contains roughly 50 million Currency Transaction Reports (CTR's) which document all financial transactions of more than US\$10 000 (banks, credit unions, casinos, and other such organisations that deal in large amounts of money are obliged by law to file these.) The search was then narrowed to suspicious CTR's (which are filed on suspicious transactions under US\$10,000.) There was a series of these in the restaurant's zip code. A group of these were for a series of deposits of US\$9,500, just below the threshold, hard evidence that "John" had structured the deposits to avoid filling in the CTR form, a federal crime in itself.

Selecting one of the CTR's for an expanded overview the analyst was able to get "John's" full name, social security number, date of birth, home address, drivers licence number and other vital statistics including bank account numbers. Then a search for all CTR's filed on the suspect revealed that John had sporadically listed his occupation as the owner and

manager of the restaurant belonging to the phone number. All from the one piece of paper.

As the article goes on to say "As routine as such assignments as this case must be, the chumminess between FinCEN and the intelligence community raises serious questions about the privacy and security of the financial records of citizens John and Jane Doe, considering the intelligence community's historic penchant for illegal spying on non-criminals."

As with any new technology the Internet is wide open for abuse, however it is currently for the most part "unpoliced". No one controls it, it is decentralised so it would appear that no one can control it. With this being the case it is really in the hands of those who use it to shape it, and that could be you and I as much as anyone else. However with organisations like FinCEN already emerging I would suggest that people are going to have to do everything they can to stand up for their own rights, before money and politics distort and attempt to shape or control this fantastic medium.

Another aspect of the internet that has been causing a bit of a stir of late is the type of information that can be accessed. A few weeks ago the *7:30 Report* ran a story in the wake of the bombing at Gawler. Frankly *Frontline* couldn't have done it better if they tried "... and just how easy it is to make your own bomb," read Leigh McClusky. The report included an interview with some Fred Nile-esque pensioner about the availability of bomb "recipes" on the net. At one point he said "I went to the Police and told them about it and they said they couldn't do anything about it, I mean if that's their attitude..." What the silly old git obviously doesn't realise is that there quite legitimately isn't any-

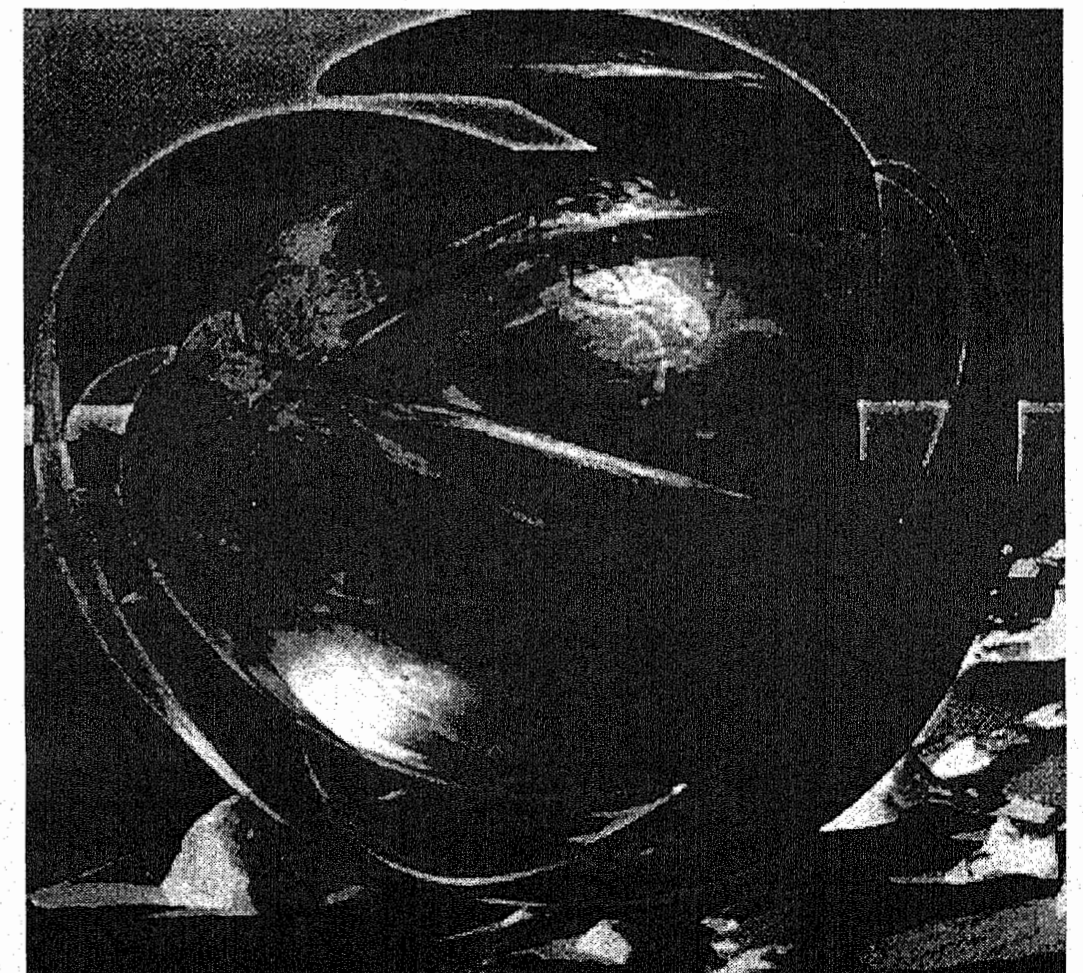
**Richard Dowles explores the many and varied implications that the increased use of the Internet will have in the future.**

thing that can be done about it, god knows where it was put onto the net, quite possibly not in Australia. The most harm was done by advertising the fact that such information is there at all, and truth be known that sort of information is available in most public libraries anyway.

As well as bomb recipes you can find information on and recipes for drugs: I eagerly await the *7:30 Report's* story on that scandal. Perhaps of more concern however is another case from the US. Quick time movies and animations can be found on the net, and some are quite interesting. However it seems that where there's a medium there's a pornographer, and, you guessed it, pornography has found its way onto the net. This is no real surprise I guess, but there have been cases of child pornography being released onto the net which are legal, and can't be stopped. Apparently American law states that children cannot be used in the making of pornography, not that they cannot be represented in pornography. So some bright spark came up

with the idea of using computer generated animations of children to make their "movies". Despite looking like real people the "characters" in these "films" don't exist, and never will outside of the virtual world of the net. The issue of censorship and the net is still a relatively new one, but is no less problematic than censorship in any other medium. I don't believe that anything or anyone should be censored, and yet I'm not wild on the idea of child pornography being available in any shape or form either.

I guess the point to this rather aimless ramble through cyberspace is not to change the (virtual) world, but to highlight some of the issues that we should be considering as we deal with it. The Internet is a very powerful tool in so much as it provides such a great medium for the exchange of information and ideas and it should be explored by as many people as possible. As long as we are not complacent about it it will remain this way and grow with us.





# Postcard from Melbourne

Angus Gordon writes from our Victorian bureau

No matter how far you run, you're never far enough from Adelaide. It was election week at Melbourne Uni recently. I was walking through the campus, congratulating myself on not having voted or even thought about voting, when someone called my name. It was an old acquaintance from Adelaide, a die-hard student politician if ever there was one, and yes, he wanted

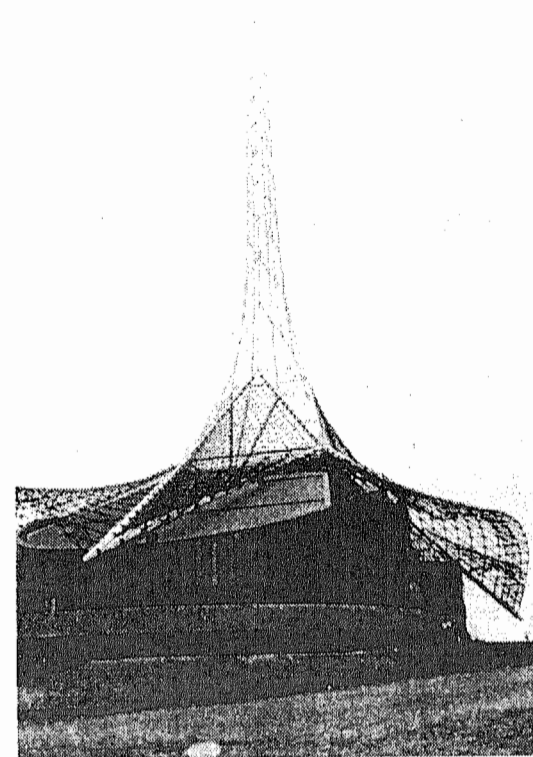
Melbourne Uni paper, *Farrago*, only comes out every three weeks and is so politically orthodox as to be virtually unreadable. So you think Diary Man was a beat-up? Well, over here there was a big fuss about the graphic on the Pepsi machines. It was deemed to be unacceptably phallic. Seriously!

But there are enough good things about Melbourne to make my nostalgia for Adelaide more of an

place I left behind.

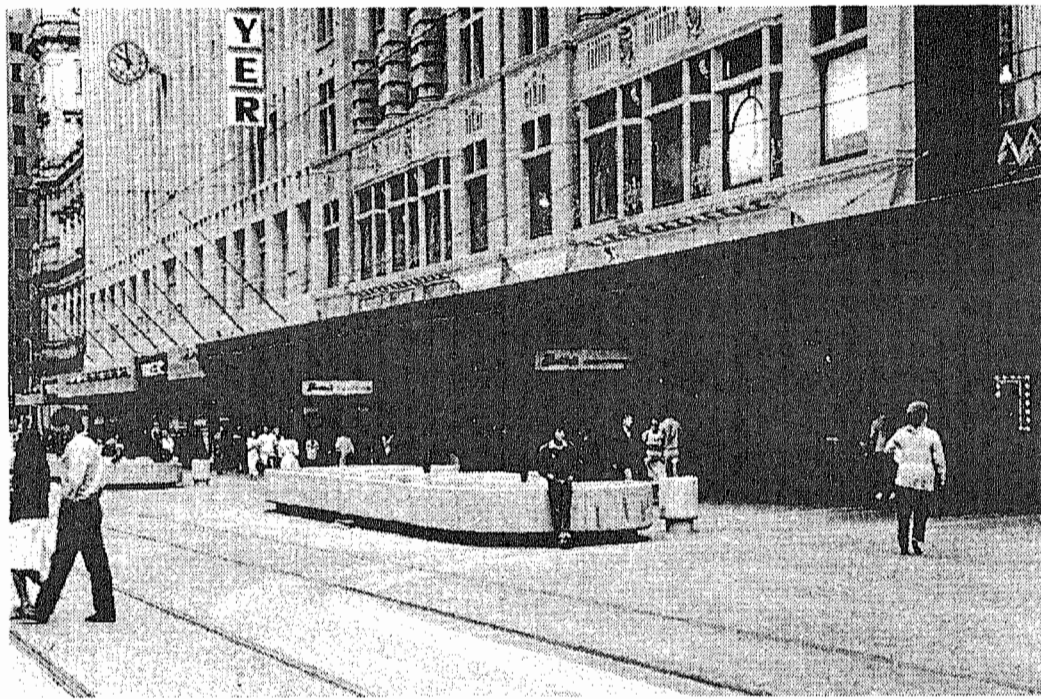
Did I mention Jeff? Yes, well Jeff's a problem, but if you have to have a thoroughly despicable Premier, you're probably better off with a rottweiler than a flaccid carp (such as your own aptly named Mr Brown). After all, hating Jeff is fun (as *The Times* has been demonstrating on a weekly basis) for the simple reason that there's so much of him to hate. The hair! The voice! The contempt for democracy! He sure gets my big gay heart racing!

And then there's football. Somehow I never realised this in Adelaide, where my disdain of matters sporting knew no bounds, but virtually the minute I got to Melbourne it dawned on me that *football is wonderful!* Maybe this epiphany has something to do with the fact that football over here is (watch out, cliché avalanche approaching) more a way of life than just a sport. The football writers from *The Age* can actually write. And it's not just the sports journalists that write about football either. It's part of the culture - both "high" and "low" - in a way that it just isn't in Adelaide. Even my local gay café was festooned with "Go Cats" banners during Grand Final Week. And of course, Crowmania is a thankfully unknown phenomenon here. The one good thing about the Eagles winning the premiership was that it gave Melburnians a team to loathe



other than the Crows. (Mind you, I do actually *barrack* for the Crows - but in the home of football, that kind of affiliation has a certain attractive frisson of transgressiveness.)

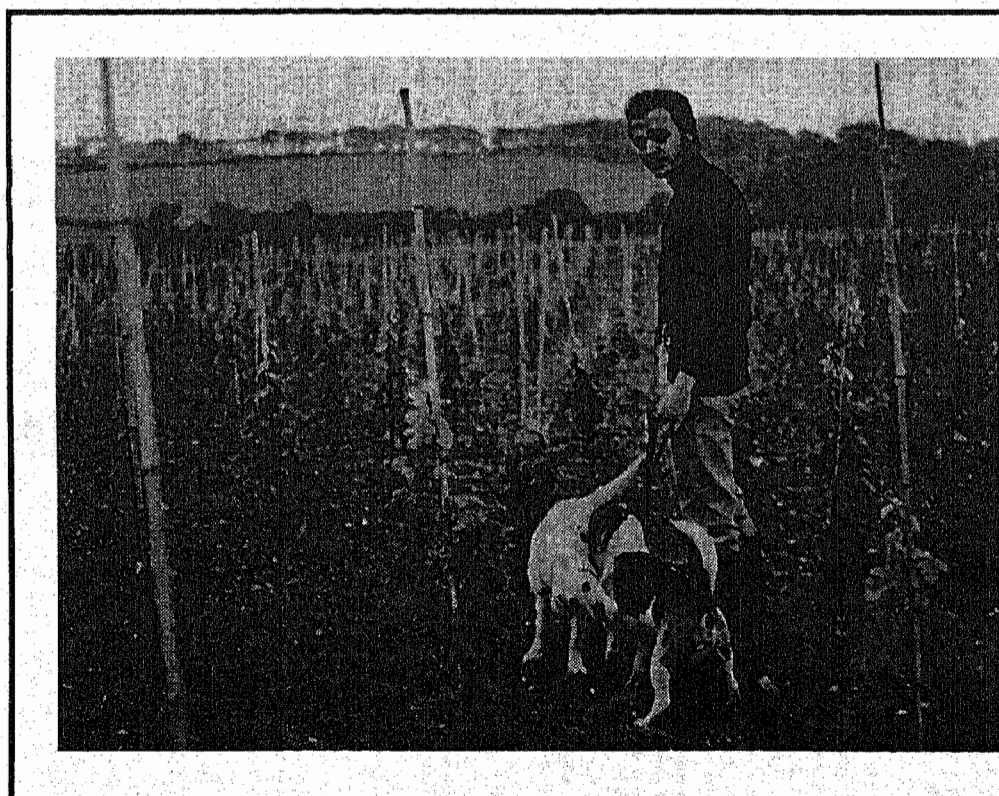
So I guess you could say I feel at home in Melbourne. But everytime I feel like I've finally earned the right to call myself a Victorian (I calmly walk in front of several lanes of cars to board a tram, or I remember to call delis "milk bars", or I pretend to be embarrassed to live south of the Yarra when I'm talking to someone from Fitzroy), the inevitable happens. I meet a fellow expatriate and those three questions come tumbling out. You know the ones: "Didn't I go to school with you?," "Haven't I seen you at the Mars Bar?," and "Weren't you once in one of my tutes?"



me to vote for him. He was running for Education Vice President and I was the first person he'd seen all week that he actually knew. What could I do? I voted.

Mind you, there are some other things about Adelaide that I wouldn't mind having over here. The Barr Smith Library for one. Make one visit to the unbelievably disorganised Melbourne Uni Library and I promise you'll never take the BSL for granted again. Then there's *On Dit*. The Mel-

bourne more interesting than the occasional affectation than a serious neurosis. Like a public transport system that actually works, despite the fact that Jeff has (according to the natives) cut it to the bone. And bookshops with decent literary theory sections. (Better rush out and book that plane ticket now, Derrida fans!) And good nightclubs, good clothes shops, good markets, a good newspaper - lots of little things that combine to make Melbourne more interesting than the



## Competition

Who is this man and what is he doing?

Get your entries into the On Dit office or the contributions box in the SAUA by Friday 5pm. The funniest correct answer will win a funky thing. Put a phone contact number on your entries.



# On the outside, looking in

Simon Healy, chief of *On Di's* Sydney desk, discusses what it's like to be an outsider.

By now, I'm sure you've all heard the story of the background to the song title "What's the Frequency, Kenneth?" A visitor to New York was innocently walking the streets, when he passed two well-dressed middle-aged men. One of them turned to him and said, "Kenneth, what is the frequency?" Understandably, he flashed the gentleman a "you must be some kind of crazy person" look and replied "I'm sorry, you must have the wrong person".

Dissatisfied with this, both of the other men turned angry, and let fly with a series of kicks and punches. The visitor decided to run away, but the assailants pursued him, continuing to demand "Kenneth, what is the frequency?" in an ever-more agitated fashion while they beat him to a pulp.

For obvious reasons, the assault became one of the more famous to occur in New York in recent years. The moral of the story was that to visit New York safely, you needed not just street smarts and something to defend yourself with, but a decent answer to the question "Kenneth, what is the frequency?"

In fact, the story is not that unusual, in that it plays on the impossibility of understanding others. The impossibility of working inside their skin. The visitor who got beaten up was in the wrong, of course. He found himself in a social situation which placed different demands on him, and couldn't adapt to it.

Anyone who has moved to a new city knows this. Your first reaction is to complain that the public transport works differently, the weather is muggier, everything is more expensive, and that you don't know what areas are safe to walk in. Soon, something close enough to a survival instinct kicks in: change or die. You never understand anything by looking at it: you have to be *inside* it; you have to believe it.

However, the only way to get inside something as vast as Sydney is bit by bit, by slowly expanding your preconceptions and experiences. Through the little things.

My pet love is the way in which words are used by people who have English as a second language (ESL). As is perhaps the case with anyone who uses a new language, their relative weakness for literal meanings is balanced against the bewildering excitement of a new vocabulary and new phonetics. Therefore, ESL speakers tend to use English in an abstract, almost poetic way, in which words are combined for cumulative effect rather

than literal meaning.

As you approach the Central Railway Station end of George Street from the middle of the city, you pass on your left a clothing shop called "Innocent King Fashzun". Of course, most anglo-saxons would go for the boring, predictable option of "Discount King", which is where most anglo-saxons would miss out. Given the nature of the products sold in the store, "Innocent King" summons up the literal meaning that the owner has become highly adept at convincing the police: "Honestly, officer, I didn't know that the goods were stolen." However, the sheer perkiness with which it is emblazoned on the hoardings takes it beyond a literal, to a creative, meaning. As with the "U2 Chinese Restaurant" (where the prawn chips have no name), its attractiveness arises out of sheer incomprehensibility.

Because a radical change of environment, like a move to a new city, entails a slow process of coming to understand the incomprehensible, it's attractive to see oneself as somehow

That realisation spurs not just the predictable middle-class thought that the white and university-educated have so little to complain about and so loud a voice with which to whinge, but it also makes me wonder about the implications of *total* exclusion; by which I mean the feeling that, as an individual, there are no points of reference into a culture, a language and a mindset. The feeling that can only be experienced by someone who has lost everything. Then my eye slips over to the execrable "How to tell if the woman next to you is wearing Sloggi underwear" advertisement (it goes for several hundred words, but the short answer is: by leering at her), and the feeling disappears. It's part of my increasing inability to hold emotional affect for any length of time; a learned superficiality.

When asked in a *Sydney Morning Herald* interview, "Who's your favourite cartoon character?", Robert Forster made the astute reply, "It's ironic that you should ask that, as crueller people than me would say that Sydney is a cartoon city, filled with cartoon peo-

anything, you eventually start to feel at *home*. Your first conversation with a drunk at a bus stop ("You know what's wrong nowadays? Too many *laws*, too many people telling you what to do", he said between sips of the green can. If only he knew), the first time someone asks you for directions and you *know* the answer to their question, and the first piece of information you pick up which *isn't* known by the general public, are all good signs.

Why, for example, are the red plastic benches outside the Goodsell Building (just like the Napier, only public service) hosed down every single morning, especially in the midst of a statewide drought? Because it's a meeting ground and sleeping area for the city's homeless at night. Once they've been fed by the City Mission bus which stops off there late in the evening, some of the worse-behaved members of the group have been known to relieve themselves on the seats, perhaps in a display of contempt for the administration of the state, but more likely out of sheer convenience.



Photo: Steffen Creaser

marginalised, on the outside of a common understanding. However, it's a mistake to believe that you have some kind of commonality of experience with anyone who's ever been disadvantaged in society. Most days when I ride the bus into town, I see a poster advertisement placed just above the head of one of my fellow travellers which says, in part, "Next time you meet a refugee, give her something. Give her a smile instead of your back. It may not be much. But to a refugee, it can mean everything." My first reaction is to think that I'm okay, that I've never done this, and indeed that I've probably never even met a refugee. In fact, I've probably done it dozens of times.

ple." Which, if not completely true, is still a pretty good line: you don't impress people in an enormous, excitement-ridden city with your emotional depth and ability to hold forth on abstract topics for hours: on the contrary, you try to demonstrate an amusingly superficial range of anecdotes and views on an eclectic range of subjects. You become entertainment.

Or, at least, that's the image. Which is why, as Magda Szubanski put it, everyone from gloomy, old-school Melbourne wants to prove that they're funny, and everyone from Sydney wants to prove that they have some intellectual and emotional depth.

Of course, by osmosis as much as

The most permanent member of the group, a large Maori woman who looks in her mid-thirties, could not be accused of this intemperate behaviour. Despite the fact that she is often lain out on her favourite bench inside her sleeping bag by 6pm, she looks quiet and contented, and rarely talks, other than to hold good-natured conversations with herself. However, I was enormously heartened to hear that, on at least one occasion, she has not been so placid. Opposite the Goodsell Building is Chifley Square, a lovely little paved plaza area. An advertising agency chose this likely venue to film a Codral cold and flu advertisement, being the ad in which you see an over-

head shot of a maze of black umbrellas, with one brilliant red umbrella fighting through them. Throughout the filming, the Maori woman screamed at the film crew. Persistently. All day. Loud enough to be clearly audible from the twelfth floor of the building. Loud enough to delay for hours the shooting of a 30-second promo. No-one was too sure what was upsetting her, but I can't help but admire her in some small way as I pass her each evening, if only because I know that she's capable of much more than she lets on.

I love Sydney. It's a city which makes you want more of everything. Which is why it also terrifies me.



# HOLIDAY IN WA

Marian Clarkin tells you where to go for fun times when you're way out west.

Last January, when the novelty of being on holidays had well and truly worn off (hard to believe, now that I'm gearing up for exams!), a friend suggested that we escape to Perth. It was a far more exciting prospect than staying at home or heading down the coast, so I accepted.

It also helped that I had not touched the money I'd earned over the Christmas period. It only cost \$279 return, which is not bad at all when one considers that Perth is even further away from Adelaide than Brisbane.

I had never visited Perth before, let alone Western Australia, so I did my homework and went through as many brochures as I could find and spoke to friends who'd been there or used to live there. I knew that I wanted to see more than just another city and made enquiries about places in WA outside of Perth.

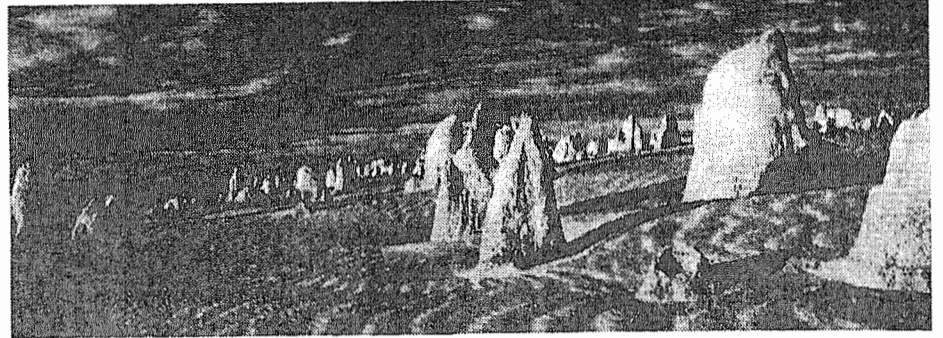
I soon ruled out the prospect of going to Broome, since it is in the far north of the state. I had been told that the waves at Margaret River were great - provided we could get there, since it is over 200km south of Perth. My other preference was to go to Monkey Mia and swim with the dolphins. A quick glance at a map indicated that

truck. Soon I found my friend laughing and singing the themesong from the Leyland Brothers! There were about twenty of us, most of whom were European backpackers.

The whole first day was spent travelling northward, through the city of Geraldton and up to Denham, the western-most inhabited town in Australia. The following morning we travelled a short distance to Monkey Mia, where there were tourists everywhere, lining up to see the dolphins.

Fortunately, seven such creatures appeared for our enjoyment. I would have been extremely disappointed if I'd travelled all that distance without seeing a single dolphin. However, we did better than that, as we each fed a dolphin a fish. As for swimming with them, luckily there are park rangers, otherwise everyone would frighten them away. I did get very close to a wild dolphin - and have photos to prove it - so that was money well-spent.

Once I'd seen the dolphins at Monkey Mia I was quite happy to return to Perth, as everything else would probably be anti-climactic in comparison. However, I had to stay



view the magnificent terrain.

We also went four wheel driving through water and over rugged off-road trails, around Cervantes, on the fourth day. The Pinnacle Desert was another highlight, with surreal bright yellow pillars dotted all over the landscape, looking like something out of Bedrock. This was in stark contrast to the russet sand of the scrub and the white sand of the beaches, looking out towards the Indian Ocean. Even my friend, who had been to Perth ten times to visit relations, agreed that by far the best part of our trip was the time we spent on tour.

Another factor which made the trip viable was that we stayed with my friend's cousins' place, which was helpful both in terms of cost and finding out all places not to be missed. For your information, here's a list of some attractions to catch in (or close to) Perth:

#### PERTH'S TOP TEN ATTRACTIONS:

**Adventure World:** located at Bibra Lakes, a fair distance from town, this is the kind of place where you can spend the whole day on speed slides, waterslides, in a huge swimming pool and on a rollercoaster and other amusements. It's conveniently located beside Bungy World.

**Burswood Resort and Casino:** easily accessed by train (public transport is really efficient, especially in the case of the light rail system). A great way to spend the day or evening. There are also Las Vegas-type stage shows where you can watch a performance over dinner.

**Cottesloe Beach:** a great Australian beach. The closest thing to Glenelg on Sundays, when the locals pack out the pubs and beer gardens (one can hold nearly 2,000 people). The Blue Duck Café is a trendy eatery which used to be the Surf Lifesaving Club.

**Festival of Perth:** an annual Festival of Arts, beginning in February. An orchestral performance in a winery featured in last year's programme, as well as many international acts.

**Fremantle:** Perth's equivalent to Port Adelaide, except for substantial improvements, as a result of the America's Cup. Also well known for its nightlife. Transport by train or a leisurely cruise on the Swan River by

ferry.

**Hay Street and Murray Street Malls:** Adelaide has Rundle Mall and Sydney has Pitt Street. This is Perth's answer to both of them, in the form of a parallel pair in the heart of the city. For the certified "shopaholic".

**Kings Park:** nestled on the edge of the Swan River, with a sweeping view of the city. This is a great place to watch the Australia Day fireworks, provided you get there early. A tourist tram ride is a convenient way of getting there.

**Northbridge:** the café/restaurant and pub/club district, just north of the CBD, as the name suggests. Great atmosphere at the Brass Monkey (pub downstairs, café upstairs) and the Aberdeen (pub/club with an amazing beer garden). Clubs include Havana and Exit.

**Rottneet Island:** home of the furry little quokka. A great place to go mountain bike-riding. Accessible by ferry or hydrofoil. Great beaches. Accommodation varies from tents to motels and hotels.

**Somerville Auditorium:** an open-air movie theatre, complete with deckchairs and fairy-lights, at the University of Western Australia. The Telecom Film Festival precedes the Festival of Perth, with an excellent showcase of flicks. Take your own picnic basket!



it is even further away than I had thought: over 800km north of Perth - just like going from Adelaide to Melbourne. However, I felt as if I would really be missing out on something if I didn't go there.

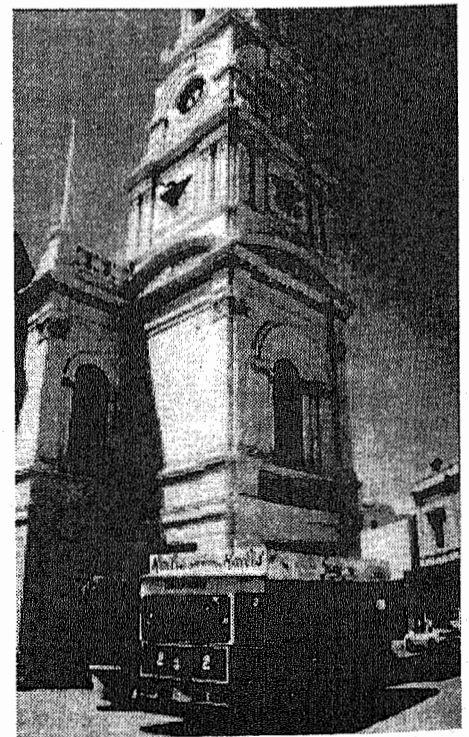
In the course of sorting out my travel arrangements, I came across a tour to Monkey Mia, conducted by Travelabout, which is geared at the 18 to 25 year old market. I immediately booked in, using the money I'd saved on my airfare towards the tour, which included all transport, accommodation and meals for four days. All I was told over the phone was to bring good walking shoes, a hat, sunscreen and a sleeping bag, and that we would be travelling in a four wheel drive.

After arriving in Perth during the evening, we found ourselves at Northbridge at 7am waiting to board a custom-built vehicle that is only one of three in Australia. It looked like a cross between a bus and an army

on for another two days and spend two nights in a tent at Kalbarri National Park. As it turned out, I found my time in Kalbarri to be more exciting than at Monkey Mia.

On the third day, we set out early to go bushwalking and visited Nature's Window, a rock formation overlooking a canyon far below. We later walked along a gorge of the Murchison River in scorching heat, before going swimming in the gorge, where my friend decided to dive from a cliff that was around thirty feet high! It reminded me of scenes on television of Alcapulco. I stayed on a rock ledge on the other side, nervously taking photographs.

We kept on walking in the blistering heat, which was about 50 degrees Celsius. Rock-climbing and bushwalking on red sand under such conditions was quite an experience. There were opportunities on the trip to go abseiling, horse-riding and canoeing, which was a great way to





# Comfortably Numb

There is an emptiness inside me that I want to write about, but I can't. I can feel it and the cynicism it creates. Occasionally, I'll close my eyes, grimace and bow my head and take a deep breath, as if this simple physical ritual could purge something I can't even pinpoint. It lies somewhere between apathy and the desire to care. Somewhere between love and hate. Somewhere inside me I can't find.

I'm sure that she's part of it still, as much as I half-heartedly deny how I feel about her to myself. I see her all the time and her eyes burn magnesium green and blue at me. To see her eyes and watch the corners of her mouth slowly crease upwards, until she can no longer hold back and her cheeks swell, turning a shade of pink; when she realises she is smiling perhaps a little too widely and so bites her lower lip to try and regain control of her emotion. To think, now, that I tried to deny it to myself. If you could see her smile like I've seen it, like I know it, then you could understand. The crying revelation, a descending angel, her absence is that emptiness that I can't comprehend or understand.

She might read this and I'll tell her that I was stuck for something to write on, just like last time, and she'll nod yeah, okay. And maybe she'll laugh and even believe me and say it was nice and when she turns away for a second, I'll close my eyes to avoid her smile and wait for the moment that won't come, when her smile isn't for me but because of me and the emptiness is gone.

**Dan  
Koseph**



Photo: Joshua Kennedy White



# Sex in public

Michael Woodhouse examines 1994 in terms of advances for gay, lesbian and bisexual people.

1994 has been a year in which no self-respecting stand-up comedian would be without a line about Tasmanian attitudes to homosexuality. The long-running campaign for law reform has become a major national issue, involving boycotts on Tasmanian products, political embarrassment for the Federal coalition and some of the most openly offensive parliamentary speeches for quite some time.

It would seem that on one level the issue has been finally resolved. The Federal parliament has passed legislation to guarantee the right to privacy on issues of sexual conduct. While not directly overruling the Tasmanian laws it is clear that the Criminal Code is inconsistent with Federal legislation and so invalid by operation of s109 of the Constitution. Gay men in Tasmania can sleep easy, knowing that in midnight hours no police officer is likely to ask them to come down to the station. The Tasmanian Lobby for Lesbian and Gay Rights has much to celebrate.

The history of the dispute is probably highly familiar. In 1991 Nicholas Toonen began his communication to the Human Rights Committee arguing sections 122 and 123 of the Tasmanian Criminal Code violated both his right to privacy and his right to equality before the law. He argued in effect that the provisions were not only a violation of his human rights because they interfered with his private sexual conduct, but because they created an atmosphere of fear and intimidation which was a powerful symbol in making gay men second class citizens.

When the Human Rights Committee handed down its decision in March, the factor the Federal government was waiting for before it intervened, it stated the laws were a violation of Toonen's right to privacy as there was no guarantee that the prosecutions would not be brought in the future. Toonen's choice of partner was seen as an issue to be left to him alone, as a matter of privacy in which the law has no interest. Sexuality, it would seem, is little different from shopping for toothpaste, you find the sort you like and you stick to it.

As a result, the eventual legislation passed by the Federal

government has been debated as an issue of privacy. It is no surprise that all but the most irrational Coalition members have eventually supported the Bill. Senator Amanda Vanstone is clearly correct when she claims that it is quite consistent with liberal principles to maintain that the law should not express an opinion regarding what goes on in people's bedrooms. The right to privacy is vital to liberal notions of small government and the importance of the individual.

The problem seems to be whether the issue is one of privacy at all. Feminist activists and scholars have exposed the way in which privacy can be used to maintain current power structures. Senator Vanstone may feel that the government should legislate with respect to the bedroom, but try telling that to the many Australian women dealing with the trauma of domestic violence and rape in marriage. Women continue to fight for recognition of the fact that the personal is political, that what goes on inside the home is a matter that government and the law have ignored for too long.

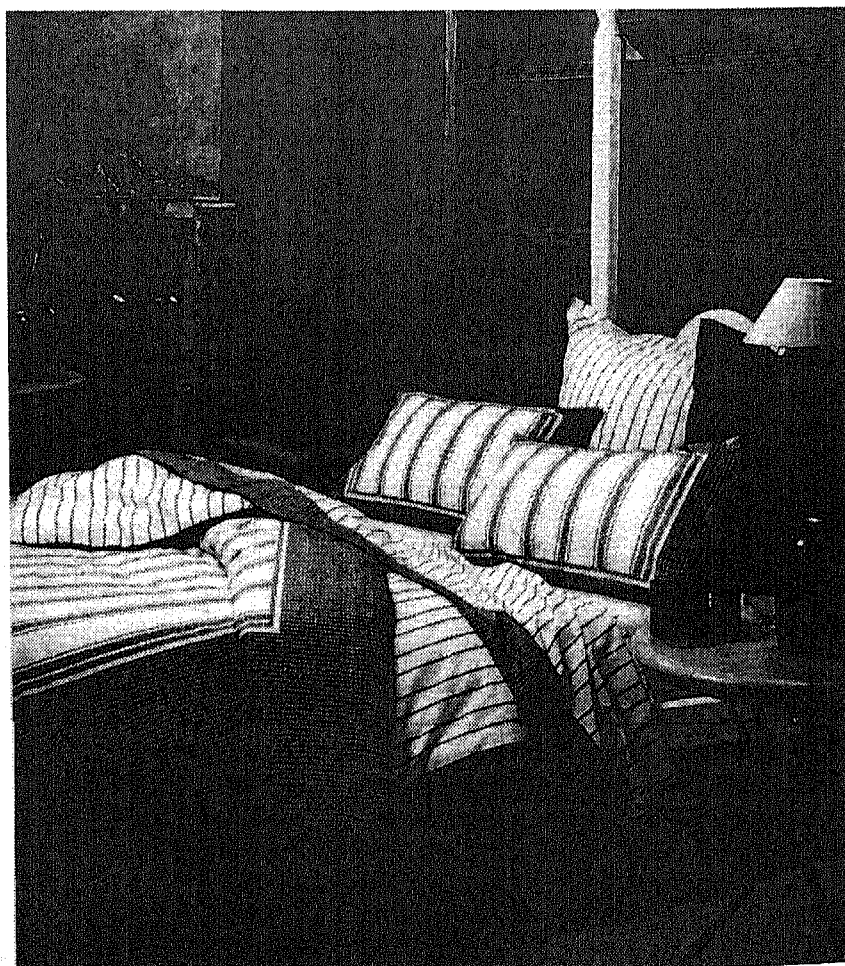
The truly offensive aspect of Tasmania's laws is that they are anti-gay, not that they express an opinion on the behind closed doors conduct of homosexual men. Recent reports from Tasmania have indicated that there will be no prosecution arising from the evidence presented to Tasmanian police by Rodney Croome and Nicholas Toonen documenting their sexual activity over past years. There was probably never any reason to suppose that convictions for male homosexual activity would ever recommence. The sex police do not currently exist and despite Chris Miles' concerted attempts to stamp out sodomy, there have not been any plans to enlist a special task force to assist. The central issue in Toonen's application to the Human Rights Committee was the atmosphere of fear and intimidation which inhibited gay men in particular from participating as equal members in Tasmanian society. It is the symbolic endorsement of homophobia which is all too frequent anyway, that makes the Tasmanian laws very dangerous.

Fundamentally, sexuality is not a private issue. It is not good enough to tolerate the fact that some men happen to have sex

together and then ignore the violence and discrimination faced by non-heterosexual people. Think about the plethora of other issues that have surrounded lesbian, gay and bisexual people this year. In 1994 the decision was made to include lesbian and gay families in the next census, the Lesbian and Gay Mardi-Gras was telecast for the first time, and according to Tim Fischer we managed to hijack the International Year of the Family. In South Australia, Lesbian and Gay Community Action released 'The Police and You' a report which demonstrated the very real issue in police relations with the lesbian and gay community. 1994 has been a big year of advances for lesbian, gay and bisexual people, but the advances have had very little to do with privacy. Sexuality is not simply about the gender of the person who pushes your buttons. In a society which

relationships. It is quite clear that for them sexuality is not adequately dealt with as an issue of privacy. Among the reasons given for the proposal to lobby for legal recognition, are issues of self-esteem and social awareness. The importance of recognising non-heterosexual families lies in the public validation of the love and value such families contain. No one really doubts that in private same-sex families have always existed. The important issue is publicly recognising that non-heterosexual people are not second class citizens.

One of the big struggles for lesbian, gay and bisexual people is visibility. The alarming rates of youth suicide over issues of sexuality is a result of the isolation young lesbian, gay and bisexual people face. By ignoring the fact that sexuality is a public issue we continue to sanction the strong voices of homophobia that



expects everyone to follow a traditional heterosexual lifestyle, not being heterosexual is something which impacts on every aspect of your life.

Consider the debate over the definition of the family. The NSW Gay and Lesbian Rights Lobby, has been campaigning for a few years now for the legal recognition of same-sex

already exist.

The privacy legislation may ultimately be a pyrrhic victory. If the political debate over sexuality continues to be seen as a private issue, then the legal significance of sexuality will continue to be overlooked. In the end the legislation may allow gay men to come out of the closet, but not to leave the bedroom.



-Happy, Happy!  
 Joy, Joy-  
 who needs personality  
 today  
 fun costs money  
 love in a pill  
 hold your head up  
 high  
 no will  
 no-one need try  
 no-one needs skill  
 anyone can do it  
 no virtue  
 pure thrill

**Tash**

*I sit down to study. I know that I have to. But I'm not very motivated. I can't remember things and I feel tired all the time.*

*I just went down to have a snooze but had a major flash-back. I wonder how much all the drugs I've taken have affected my ability to perform.*

*My intellect tells me that drugs are the only thing standing between me and success. Sacrificing drugs seems like a small price to pay for what I want out of life. Artificial fun. Artificial confidence. Ah - the thrill of the pill. Who needs it anyway? Sure, this is easy enough to say, but when it comes down to it, I haven't found a way to control my mind and resist. I wonder whether it's a self-control thing, as it seems to be beyond the reach of my personality.*

*Drugs are so rife in Adelaide - anyone can get them, any time. It's so easy to buy. It's so easy to take. The consequences suck.*



Photo: Steffen Creaser

picking up the pieces

i can be anything, he said  
 except just good friends  
 and then  
 he left

he left quite a few things actually  
 a packet of muesli  
 in the kitchen  
 fresh pineapple  
 in the fridge  
 a red and blue tie  
 draped sadly over the hatstand  
 and a packet of condoms  
 unopened  
 beside her bed -  
 'Savage Bliss  
 31 raised stimulating ridges  
 to arouse her animal passions'  
 she returned the food  
 and the tie

Anna Brooks

The Exam

Look at all these people;  
 like rats in rows,  
 birds in cages  
 singing the songs  
 they have been so taught.

Educated and examined,  
 punished if they do not  
 whistle the right tune?  
 Branded inadequate,  
 not useless - just  
 "not up to scratch".

Scratch what?  
 Augmented lines on  
 a page,  
 arranged in a way that  
 the master(s) may  
 like it - Fuck off -

But I sing for you  
 now - like the rest  
 of us rats  
 hoping to reach wisdom -  
 in your vision  
 not ours.

Tarquin



# Digital Vaseline

Click-clack go my Lionel Murphy-Lone-Voice-In-The-Wilderness™ shoes as I take in the Mall for the first time on this bright new shopping day. Above, the bulbs are burning, strong and bright, warm and sunny. The music changes almost imperceptibly (almost, but not quite, not for a professional like me!) to Tom Jones, "It's Not Unusual". I allow a little spring to ripple through my feet, gently dance-stepping my way across the Cradle-of-Civilisation™ faux-marble floor.

I sashay through the shoppers, letting them know I'm no tourist, with my little winks and nods to the check-out operators, the cream of the Third-World. I stop to draw in the air like a hiker and am rewarded with NordicBirch™. I caress the plants; real; mind you, no expense is spared here, no detail too small. I peer closely to examine the broad expanse of their leaves, smelling the waxy sheen of EmeraldForest™ plant spray. Any customer within range is offered my patented, sincere "Come! Enjoy! Nothing wrong here!" laughing smile. Before I turn, I give the foliage one last nod of approval and stride confidently to the concealed entrance to the nerve-centre of the Mall. Wayne, the guard, greets me with a smile; not as nice as mine but I'm not considered management material for nothing. He makes like he's going to check my pass and affects a stern, no loiterers, look in his eye but at the last minute just waves me through with a laugh. What a kidder!

It's a Saturday but all my fellow Mallocrats are in here, like me, working. One eye on their computer monitors, the other on the corporate ladder. Oh ho! I love this! Gladiators, we are. This is what I live for. The battles are no less fierce than in any other epoch of human history, not quite as physically dangerous, perhaps, but there's more at stake here.

The walls of our semi-secret office

complex, the Hexagon, are decked out in AncientDays™ wallcovering with sandy-coloured carpet. I chose the prints. Sword & Sandals™ Corporate Art. Really keeps your mind on the job. They're mostly large-scale tableaux scenes or pictures of angry customers with thumbs pointed earth-wards (never disappoint the customers!). Some of my favourites, gritty, salty, gory, close-up action shots, were replaced with images of the Colosseum. Apparently, Head Office thought all those flexed, bronzed muscles were a little too homo-erotic. A little conservative I'm inclined to think but senior management has to take these tough calls and who can blame them for erring on the side of tradition? Not I, I chuckle to myself. Stephen, a colleague of mine, fixes me with an evil look. I give him the stare right back.

"What's the matter, Stevo? Laughing against Mall policy now?" He scowls at me and then takes time out to scowl at my shoes in particular, which he does *not* approve of. Shows what he knows. My philosophy is, you wanna succeed in this business, you stick with the kids. And that's what I pride myself on. If you can't understand the kids, then

## A short story by Nick Smith

you shouldn't be in this business, that's what I think.

Before going over to my desk, I discreetly give him the finger. His mouth forms a perfect O like a CheezeyTreat™ but he can't do anything about it. He's a non-entity around here after the Celebrate the Fifties™ fiasco of last year. Whereas my star is in the ascension.

He's the past. Fuck him, I say. I get to my desk and do a funky little jig of joy when I see what is sitting smack in the middle of my anal-tidy CarpeDiem!™ desk set.

Shake it, yeah! I think, doing a little dance that any of the kids would be proud of. My co-workers look up and smile indulgently, cos they know I'm a rising star and want to hitch themselves to my wagon. There's also a reasonable tinge of green in their me-ward glances and why not? After all, I've got what they all want, the TrueLove™ product account. The hottest product to hit the *vitality*-important artificial scents market since, oh, I don't know when. Since the release of Eddie Vedders' Howl™ and what could top that?

And it's all mine! It's entirely my baby. I'm gonna ride this fucker right to the top. I spend the next twenty minutes getting in some valuable potential future visualisation. "Yes, sir, I like to think so too." [Surprise at the firmness of my handshake, at the fire in my eyes.] "Indeed, sir, indeed... oh, all right, Peter..." Primitive stuff to be sure but very necessary to my career-actualisation process.

Switching myself firmly back to the here and now, I break my approach to my new work assignment down into useful stages. *Part One: Holistic Approach: Let There Be Light! Sixteen Minutes.* This is when I take my

first real look at the whole package. I pick up the TrueLove™ promotion folder and hold it as far away from myself as I can and squint at it, moving it from side to side slowly. It is a glossy royal blue folder with gold embossed text and ornamentation, just the right evocation of hierarchy and material gain. The fluorescent lights bounce off the gold and the whole folder twinkles merrily. Now that really says "love" to me. I rub the folder gently, gingerly, listening to the oh-so-quiet screeching sound my fingers make and I am able to

feel the rough, *deep* imprints of the text (still waters run whatever, the path of true love, etc!). Finally, I bring the folder up to my nose and sniff deeply, like a bloodhound on the scent of a fox (I truly believe a job as demanding as this draws upon even my basest animal instincts). The smell says new, new, new. The most beautiful odour in the world; I'm almost sorry it can be synthesised.

Now I move to the product sample. I gasp as I take the bottle of TrueLove™ from its little box. I am really careful and respectful, like I'm the emperor of fucking *China* and this is my crown or something. I half expected a love-heart shape but am not one bit disappointed to find something else. The love heart is a cliché which can be milked no more by the sophisticated product-placement executive. A white dove resting in an outstretched palm. Now that is just so fucking beautiful, I feel little tears welling up in my eyes. A little push-button tap in the cut-off wrist allows release of the liquid. So much classier than giving the dove a screw-off head. From what I've heard on the grapevine, TrueLove™ itself is very hard to describe; a fluid whose very nature is fluid. Designed by the people who brought us HyperColor™ it changes colour according to temperature (such as the body temperature of the hand holding it), motion, light and exposure to different types of air. It's certainly an *active* product, I'd almost say it's going to sell itself. But what a thought! *Nothing* sells itself. But what about the most important part. What does it smell like? I decided to postpone this one, I wouldn't want to overwhelm my finely-honed product-assessment skills. And besides, the bloody thing is sealed with instructions not to open. Now that is plain weird. There's a note inside the folder saying that the "efficacy of TrueLove™ should not be doubted. This product sample does not reflect the final

shelf-product. TrueLove™ is to be substantially diluted before general release. Please use only on out-doors or in a *large*, well-ventilated space, such as a supermarket". There's more but I get the picture.

I do like it when the manufacturers have confidence in their product. I place TrueLove™ back in its box and return to the folder for *Part Two: Preliminary Musings: Beauty is Truth: 50 minutes.*

I get a few minutes into this, reading through the product history and steadily visualising each stage of the process when I decide that I've done enough for the moment. The total-placement conceptualism of a product, like true love itself, cannot be hurried.

I go down to the Virtual Mall™ to hang out with the kids and play with my favourite game, Aggressor™. You get to role-play as important figures in history, starting from the "Dawn of Man" where you set out from the cave, with your Cave-wife and Cave-children wishing you well and do battle with dinosaurs and caveless wandering baddies. Then you jump forward in time to the Ancient Egyptians and then the Greeks and Romans and so on, each time ensuring that any impediments to the progress of Civilisation are eliminated. The closer you get to the present, the slower your forward progress gets; history gets more and more concentrated, I guess. In a brilliant marathon effort, I once got as far as the battle of Waterloo, but I just couldn't get past that evil French bastard, Napoleon. I heard somebody else got as far as World War Two before being overwhelmed by a tsunami of yellow. Anyway, I'm just about to get into the Renaissance, which I really enjoy because the emphasis switches from military to commercial battles; I'd just got special bonus points for holding off the Normans at the Battle of Hastings (arrows are much easier to dodge when you know they're coming) when I get paged by the chief.

It turns out Mall Security Services has brought in an illegal busker for Fostering Disharmony. The lovable old bastards mistook her for a hippie chick and were holding her for some routine sexual harassment, but the chief's alert XA spotted a reference to Cobain ("Kurt is alive and working in McDonalds") and called me in.

I strode into the room where she's being held, give her a cool smile and make a derisive face at old Sam, one of the guards, just to show her that I'm with her.

"Hi, my name's Michael, nothing to worry about really, some of these

guys take their job a little bit too seriously; we're pretty OK around here, most of us." I flash her a friendly "We-are-the-youth, we-are-the-future" smile, a bit of cynicism, a bit of confidence, a bit of smarminess, not much teeth.

"Yeah?" she says. I love that attitude!

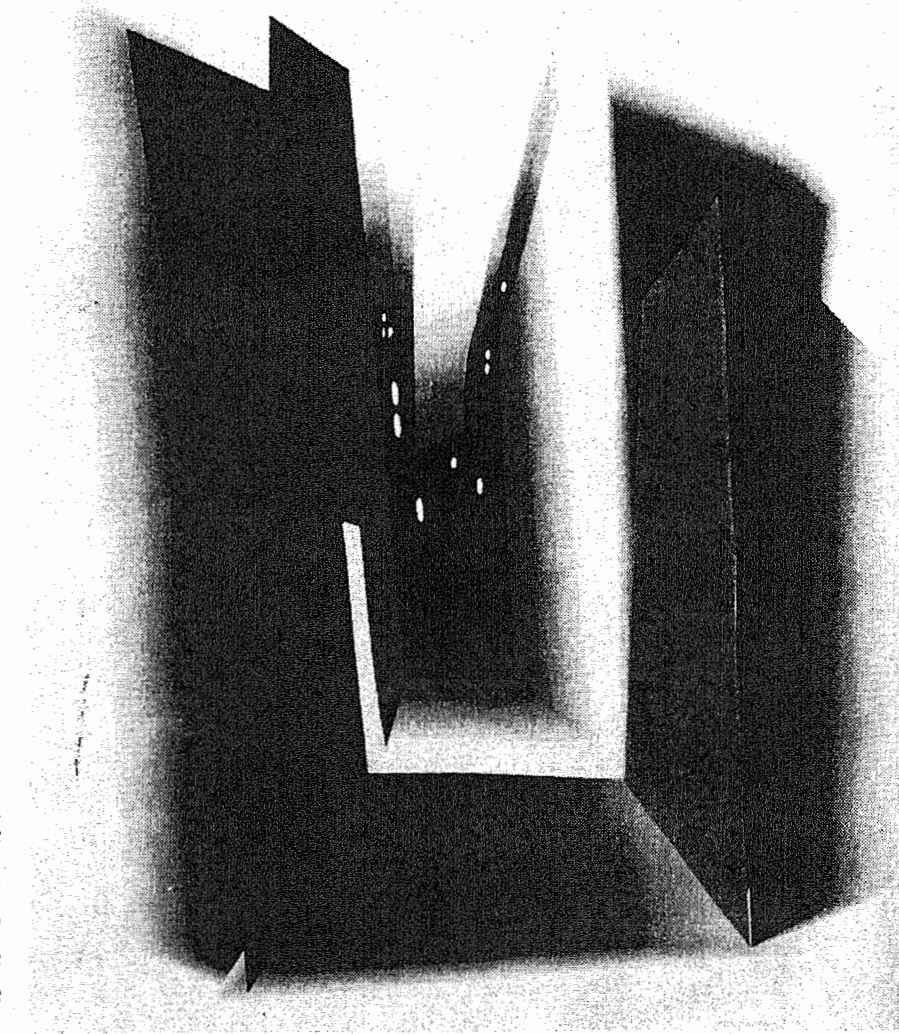
"Look, hey, now we're as liberal as anybody but we've got rules around here. I don't make 'em, you don't make 'em, but we have to live by them."

"All I was *doing* was playing a few of my songs and this *arsehole* acts like I'm trying to smash the fucking State."

"Music, artistic expression, yeah, we're into that, we like the Mall to show artistic investigations into the human spirit as deep as you're going to find in any Art Gallery around the world but you have to have

*From chemical charms  
And spots in my eyes  
From too-short highs  
But you told me to go  
And called me a pro  
But you didn't care I was slut  
Back when you wanted to rut  
Now you don't love me no more  
And you're showin' me the door  
But if I can't have your love  
Then I'm a-gonna take this glove  
And fire it up your tail  
So's I can read your screams in  
braille*

Dad  
"Now sure, that doesn't offend me like it does most of the other people around here, especially one elderly customer who was concerned enough to write down all your ... lyrics. I can see how that would appeal to the young ... on a CD from Seattle, play it loud and piss off your parents. I know all about this, I used



limits, you can't just do anything." She looks at me really coldly and shakes her head quickly. "What? Just what the fuck are you talking about?" I let this hostility slide, I'm cool. "You can do your own thing, sure, if you get a permit and if you stay within certain boundaries ... I mean, we're cool here but you just can't go 'round *offending* people like that. I mean, art, art is beauty. Sure, I know you're angry, I know you've got something to say but this, *this* "Digital Vaseline" I think you've called it, is just not true art: *I had tracks in my arms*

to really get to my parents. Here we are now, entertain us. Nuh-nerr-nuh-something-contagious. But that was in my own home. This is public." At this point, I allow a little passion to creep into my voice, a little righteousness to season my reason. "Now what if your music gave that little old lady a heart attack, huh? What if she heard you sing that ... stuff and just keeled over right in front of you? How would you feel, hey?" She leans over towards me so I can smell her and see the texture of her skin and look down her great cleav-

age. My dick stirs but I don't let her know this. And she just says, slowly and deliberately:

"I would not give a fat, flying fuck." I allow the smile to fade from my face. I think it's time to let the Alsatians come running up to the chain-link fence, barking and snarling.

"Listen, bitch, there are two ways we can do this. You can be very nice to me and I'll be very nice to you in return. Or you can fuck me around and I, to be sure, will fuck you around." She's disappointingly unmoved. "Look, I really have no interest in sending you to prison ..."

"Prison!" Ah, beautiful, a reaction at last.

"Yeah, prison. This is not the gentle, loving, socialist welfare state it used to be. The government takes a very dim view of people fucking around with commerce. We're making money here, creating jobs, keeping the economy healthy and it's all based on creating just the right environment for people to consume." I stare at her, aroused, pissed-off, intrigued and I just get the best fucking idea. Three million watts just flashes suddenly over my head. I can just imagine her and Sam suddenly blinded by my brilliance. Fuck, but do I have a future! I allow a creepy little smile to steal across my lips.

"Now, listen up, because this is of interest to you. Not only do I not want to bust you for your misdemeanours, but I'm not even going to get you banned from the Mall. Everything, Donna," I give her a quick shock when I say her name, she didn't know I knew or maybe she's just surprised at my familiarity, "everything has its place. Unlike the other deadfucks around here, I recognise the value of you and your music. Now here's the sixty-four billion yen question. Would you be prepared to work for me, here at the Mall?"

"Work for you? In what *possible* capacity? You already have muzak and damn fine it is too." I smile at her little piece of irony. At least, I think it's irony; the kids are just so damn meta these days it's hard to know anything for sure.

"The kids don't like muzak, Donna."

"So? The Mall doesn't like the kids." I stand up for emphasis.

"That is just exactly where you're wrong. Young people come here, make trouble, steal a bit, chase the guards, beat up the odd old codger but they *spend*, by fuck, do they *spend*. You get families in here, right? Supposedly the economic bedrock of a place like this. Mum and Dad and the two kids but there are two things, Donna, two things you



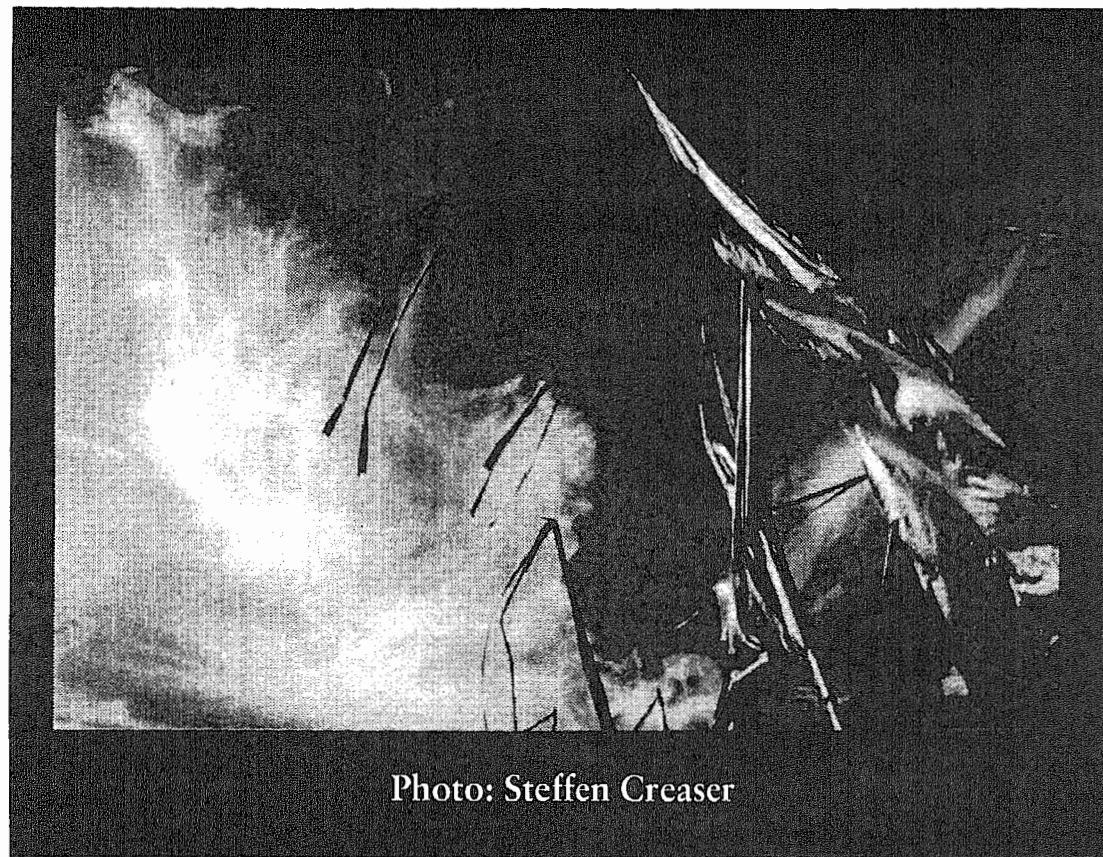


Photo: Steffen Creaser

should know. One, middleclass mums and dads have *zip* in the way of class. Most of what they buy is based on what you put in front of them. They'll shop at any shop which is right next to where they are. No discrimination. And two, related to that, their spending habits. They come in here, go to CheepCheepCheep™ and buy their kids bloody twenty dollar Dunlop™ pumps. They are fucking *dead*.

"There is zero market enhancement possibility here. There's nothing more to sell to them ... there's nothing more they want to buy ... you hitch your wagon to them and you're a dead man in this game. No, it's the kids, Donna, the kids who are the key to final product victory and that red Maserati on the first floor. Ah, the kids, the kids!"

I can see her squirming. A bit hard to reject the Establishment when the Establishment actively embraces you. Not that I'm strictly the Establishment, mind you. I like to think I have a foot in both camps.

"And you want me to ...?" She is genuinely uncertain. I love it! I love it when you crack through that omnipotent attitude the kids have these days.

"I want you, Donna, to be a kind of liaison between the Mall and the kids. Well, co-liaison really, you'd be working with me. See, under my plan, the Mall is to undergo some radical structural adjustment. You know that wing which is unoccupied ever since it was damaged by that fire? Well, it's all just smoke damage, really ... blackened walls and windows, some of the fabric is burnt around the ridges ... that's the beautiful thing about youth trends, *black* is always in. Other markets, you have to redecorate every two years ... with black, you can just

leave it, in fact, it gets *better* as time passes. Anyway, I've had some graphic designers flown in from Melbourne, real whizkids just out of Swinburne ... and they have just done the best fucking job on that interior. I especially love their graffiti. They spent three weeks hanging around railway stations to get just the right feel. It's beautiful, and then, to top it off, to get the look *just* right, I let a couple of kids with spray cans loose in there. Next step is to put a big padlock on the back door and a sign saying "Do Not Enter. Property Condemned" or something. Let a few of the braver ones set up the place as a youth hangout. We'll have a few crucial outlets in the Mall-proper positioned just next to the interface between there and Grungeland, as I call it. That's not what it's gonna be called, no way, something much more subtle, I just call it that for reference. Just the important businesses like an off-licence, a stationery shop for the glue. Then encourage some alternative types to set up a traditional market in there, licensed by us, of course. And bit by bit, it'll grow until we can have Reebok outlets next to vegetarian kebab stands. By this stage, of course, we'll have kicked out the real street kids, just leaving the students and the young office workers. It's gonna make us a fortune. And you can play a role in that."

Donna looks at me slyly: "What's in it for me?" Jesus, but I felt a surge of pride then, like a father for a daughter who just learned how to walk.

"We'll pay you \$25 an hour and you'll get a 40% discount in most outlets in the Mall. You'll be allowed to play anywhere in the Mall you like, though, we'll have to have you

narrowing.

"I dunno ... Michael ... I've got to think about this ... this big step ... I don't really know what's involved ... it's a big jump to go from being arrested to being offered a job ..."

"Look," I say in my eminently reasonable voice, "let's go back to my office and we can discuss it further."

We stroll back through the Mall like the Outsiders, those two French kids who kill someone and then go on the run. Real tough. Coming back through the Hexagon, my co-workers' eyes are popping out of their heads, cos Donna's a real babe and she's not supposed to be there at all. We go into my office and shut the door. Fortunately, it's sound proof for effective strategic planning. And afternoon office rooting.

I sit down at my desk and Donna sits across from me, leering in that beautiful way of hers.

"Come on, Donna, you're what ... 19?" I pretend to check my folder but I know exactly how old she is.

"20." "20 ... that's right ... 20. You're getting a little old for this kind of thing. Am I right? Getting towards the end of that Arts degree. Mum and Dad pushing you to get a job. Worried about the future. Believe me, I know, I've been there. Well, I never got to the end but I do understand the *pressures* of Uni life." Pressures, my arse, but you can't tell Uni students that. "You must have thought about the future?"

She looks up at me, pretty feral, pretty and feral, like a shaggable she-wolf. "You smarmy little corporate arsehole. Who the fuck do you think you are? You make me sick. You're so repulsive. If you could just see how repulsive you are, with that shitty corporate grin and that Country Road suit which doesn't

ritually chased back to Grungeland for effect occasionally." The way her eyes lit up!

"I don't think so, *Michael*." She said, emphasising my name, "Why should I go to work for a corporate shit like you?" I appreciate that she has to put up some pretence of resistance to capitalism.

"Because, Donna, you're gonna have to *one day*, so it may as well be in management rather than at McDonalds." I like to think the logic of this struck home deeply. She stares at me carefully, her eyes

even fit. You pay that kind of money for a linen suit but you get it straight off the rack. You think you are so on the ball. You're just a dumb fuckwit, you're just as dumb as those other stupid fucks out there."

I don't mind telling you, this hurt. I don't have to take shit like that from anybody. "You're one to talk, you shabby grunge-slut." She gives me a scary smile. "You don't understand, do you? You just don't understand. You see contemporary culture as your personal playground but you haven't got the faintest fucking idea. At least I know how to dress within the parameters that I choose for myself. You! You can't even get "Corporate Prick" right! And I love how you have to get all sexist when you know you're losing an argument." Jesus, I never saw this coming. I thought I had her, I really did. "And now you're crying. Hit a nerve, did I?"

I was not fucking crying. She made that up to try and throw me.

"Listen, you little cunt, you can have all the fucking cred you like and I'll have more style than you ever will, I might add, but when you go home to yet another tin of baked beans on toast, I'll be dining at Doyle's. And I won't be catching fucking public transport to get there!" She just gives me an incredibly sour look.

"I've changed my mind about letting you off. I'm gonna have you busted for Public Nuisance."

"Like I give a shit. *Grungeland!*!" She laughs. Nobody laughs at me like that.

"You will, honey, you will, cos first I'm gonna have some buddies of mine in MSS take you into *Grungeland* and have them inflict some instant street justice on you, you fucking ungrateful twat. I mean, I am gonna have your *bones* broken. I'm gonna make *you* cry and then I'm gonna make you *bleed*. And don't you worry about the justice system, *darling*, it knows which side its bread is buttered on. And once my pals have finished with you, I'm gonna have you busted for destruction of property as well." She looks truly mystified. I love it! I love it! I've got the upper hand again!

"Destruction of ...?" I put my foot through my laminated walnut cabinet. "You never should have done that." She starts to protest but I cut her off. "And I hope you don't think they ever believe you over me."

"You fucking nouveau shit!" She screams at me and starts throwing objects around the room. I make for the door to call for help cos she's got quite a good arm. Then she

comes at me with an object in her hand. She clubs me on the back with it and I elbow her in the face. She grabs my arm and swings the object at my face, I duck and it shatters against the wall, cutting her hand. Donna staggers back and I'm about to get the door open when everything goes woozy. I look down.

TrueLove™! Holy *shit!* She attacked me with TrueLove™! My breathing is suddenly laboured and my eyes hurt. My eyes sting! I can hardly stand up. In fact, I can't stand up. The floor comes crashing up to my face and I pass out.

When I come to, I can hear the sound of waves gently smoothing their way across a tropical beach. And the wind is blowing sweetly, whispering things to me, just beyond my comprehension. I open my eyes and ... I'm in my office but it's somehow different, very different.

The colours are ... brighter! I swear those green flecks in the blue carpet are just like the eye colour of ... of ... my memory strains like a thousand sky-grey Clydesdales. But the sweet, sweet smell of the air distracts me. Blossoms! Are those blossoms I can smell! And honeysuckle! That *must* be honeysuckle and ... I can hear birds, birds twittering sweetly ... sweetly like the sound of ... of ... of ... *her voice!* And an image of her comes crashing through the walls in my memory. Her! Her! Her, her, her! I say it to myself and the world loses all meaning. Now what was her name?

I shake the clouds from my eyes and look around.

And then I see her, lying a metre away from me. I gasp involuntarily. I have never ... felt ... this way before. About anyone. Ever. It must be ... love. The sight of her beauty brings tears swelling in my eyes. And

she's hurt! The tears burst and overflow as I see the blood dribbling from a hole in her arm. Her blood is red like ... like ... well, blood but it's beautiful ... so beautiful. But it shouldn't be running from her arm like that!

I run to her side and put her in my lap.

"Donna! Donna!" I cry. [She replies woozily. "Michael? Michael! *Michael!*!?"

"Right here, my sweet, right here." I take her arm and staunch the flow of blood with my mouth. It looks vampiric but I don't care. "Donna, you hang on there, you just hang on and we'll get help. You'll be fine. Doc'll patch you right up, good as new. We'll start a new life together, here in Paradise."

She opens her eyes. And my heart almost breaks. She's so beautiful. "Michael?"

"Yes?" "Don't ever leave me." The very thought brings further tears to my eyes.

"Never, my love, never." I'm content just to stare into her eyes.

"Michael?" "Yes, my love!" "My ... my ... friends, they wouldn't understand. They'd try to break us up ... to destroy you ... I'd die if I lost you ..."

"You're right, my dove, so right ... my friends and family ... they too would never comprehend what has passed between us ..."

"Michael, Michael, there's nothing between us, we're the same person now ... don't say things like that ... you're scaring me ..."

"You're right, so right ... it was just a turn of phrase and a very poor one at that ... can you forgive me?" "You know I can."

"Donna, we'll have to run away to-

gether ... somewhere they'll never find us ... here in the mystical labyrinthine Mall." I am just overwhelmed by my brilliant idea. They'll never find us! "Oh Donna, I have a key to every door in this place! ... There are underground warehouses where we can make beds from cardboard boxes ... we can steal all the bedding we need ... we can make little cubby houses in the spaces between the walls or in the rafters ... up in those glass towers we'll have the best views of the city ... we can come out at night to scavenge for food ... the best, the tastiest, the most delicious food arrives by truck in the early morning, we can grab boxes as they come off the conveyor belts ... we can get the freshest, warmest bagels from the bakery ... I've got some dirt on the apprentice ... we can get anything we like ..."

"Oh, Michael, you make it sound ... so ... so ... beautiful ... tell me ... more." Her voice sounds so very weak and strained and I want her to rest but I can deny her nothing.

"And there are street kids living in the Mall's deepest places ... we can adopt them as our children ... our very own family of Peter Pan and Wendys, at least until we start a family of our own ... they come from awful broken homes where their fathers sodomised them and beat them with coathangers ... we can heal them, Donna, we can give them all our love, Donna, in French, "donner" means 'to give'."

She giggled in the most delightful way. "We can teach them to be whole again ... and when we have our own nippers, we'll have the biggest and most loving family in the world. The Mall will become a Palace ... our Palace and its walls will ring with the excited peals of our love ..."

"Michael ... it would have been so ... so ... beautiful." Her eyes flutter, filling me with fear.

"Don't say that, Donna, don't say that ... it's still going to happen, I'm not letting you go as easy as that ... Donna, *Donna!*"

She exhales loudly but says nothing.

I scream her name as she exhales for a final, heart-breaking time. And then a wave of grief hits me and I am almost overcome. The unfairness of it all overwhelms me. To find a love so pure, only to lose it mere minutes later! I raise my head and stare up at the

TheStarsBabyTheStars™ ceiling print and let out a long and anguished animal wail of pure despair. If this small room is her tomb then so shall it be mine! I drive the jagged edge of TrueLove™ into my breast and laugh at the sweet, sweet pain. The blood trickles forth, forming a pool which joins my love and me. I move closer to her, holding her, but careful not to crush her still form and the life goes out of me and I am glad.

"Michael ..." She sounds like she's slipping away. I throw my door open to get some help for her but the office is empty. I shout for help, my voice strained with emotion.

"Michael ..." she says weakly, "Michael, don't leave me ..."

"I'm right here, my sweet, right here ... just getting help."

I run around the office frantically; it's been abandoned suddenly and there are fire engines outside and people with white suits.

"Michael ... hold me ..." I almost can't hear her above the noise outside. I run to her side.

"I'm here, Donna, my love, I'm here, right here." I want to hug her fiercely but I'm afraid I might hurt her.

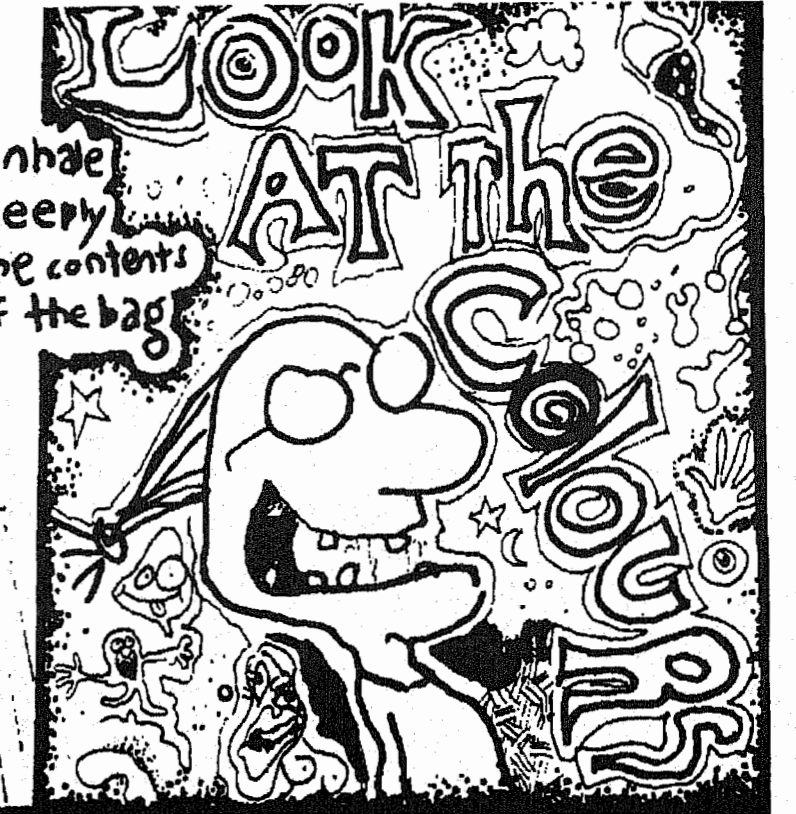
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# Good café on a boring road

Goodwood Road is a boring road. People travelling the road are generally on their way to somewhere important, rather than wandering around. Now there's a reason to stop. There's a green star atop the Capri theatre that can be seen from a long distance. Next door to this star is a true gem, the Green Star café. Snuggled away at 143



Goodwood Road (next to bus stop 5), it's easy to miss partly because it's only been open for a few months.

Finally a café with atmosphere. It's a small place, with jazz or similar music playing in the background. While small, it is by no means crowded; rather, intimate. If you prefer spaciousness, you may prefer the courtyard, a haven away from the traffic noise of 'Goody' Road. The staff are friendly and laid back. Don't expect silver service, the staff

usually sit down and chat while you contemplate your order. Speaking of food, the menu is not huge: it features

the tried and true café delights of foccacia and pasta. The pizza slice is good value at \$2.50 for the basic (which is quite large) or \$3.50 for the extravagant. The food is not cheap, but the serves are usually quite sizeable (pumpkin and pinenut ravioli for \$4.00 small and \$7.00 large). At least half of the menu is vegetarian, which I personally find quite agreeable. Green Star also has numerous specials of the day including soup, freshly squeezed juices and other bits and pieces. Beverages include yummy coffee, Twinings tea, milkshakes, juices and imported fizzy drinks.

Food aside, it's the atmosphere which I really enjoy. Many locals pop in for a coffee, relieved that finally there's a café in their area. You can go in there for an

hour to read and order one coffee and they don't hurry you out the door. It's a good place to go before the movies at the Capri (where you can hear the grand Wurlitzer organ!). On Thursday nights, Green Star hosts acoustic evenings, showcasing some of the best of Adelaide's acoustic musicians. Really it's a café-intimate-venue kind of place. They're also looking at starting up a MIDI night, where musicians can go along and play their own 'synthesised' music (call Ricky on 271 1456 if you're interested in participating in either). It's unlicensed, yet they're looking at getting a BYO licence in the near future.

Green Star offers something slightly different from the generic café and proves that café culture is not dead.

Tracy Skehan

# What will they think of - Next?

Regular readers of *On Dit* may have read a review of The Ivy a number of editions ago. The Ivy was being run by a group of young entrepreneurs called "The Team" - but they are now in the process of moving on. Having established The Ivy as a successful pub based eatery, Hamilton, Derrick, Rowland and Tim are busy setting up Next Café, a café/restaurant on Melbourne Street. Next seems to be a slightly different operation to their former project. For starters, the décor's a lot more modern. The tables and chairs are a combination of black steel and polished wood, the latter a commodity which also abounds on the floor boards and the bar. It is located in the venue which used to be known as Zuluz; those who visited that club will probably remember the pillars that surrounded the dance floor. The pillars are still there, although happily the snakes which formerly adorned them have disappeared. The impression I'm trying to put across here is that of an all-round cool feel; this coolness is evident all the way through the place

from the large arty looking mural on the back wall to waiting staff who have been known to dance away to the hip grooves of acid jazz whilst they pour you a beer.

The food is also good. And it's available at fairly diverse hours. On Saturdays and Sundays, you can get a "Power Breakfast" between 7 and 11am, which includes the traditional breakfast goodies such as muesli, poached or fried eggs, bacon and croissants. Also available are other specialties such as Buckwheat pancakes with Gruyere cheese, Virginia ham, and field mushrooms or asparagus. I've never been able to get out of bed early enough on the weekend to sample these goodies, so I guess I can't really tell you what they're like.

I can tell you about the rest of the menu, however. There are some small parts of it which are reasonably conventional; the side orders are a notable example of this, including potato wedges with a chilli and onion jam as well as a salad or plate of steamed vegies. The snack section also

has some familiar ingredients - marinated eggplant, sundried tomatoes, roasted capsicum and pastrami all get a guernsey. The bread with which these ingredients are paired is different to the foccacia bread served at most cafés. Lepinya and Farmers Loaf are both available, however it is the baguettes which stand out the most.

Not that the idea is exactly revolutionary, it's just that you don't seem to find baguettes on the menu in very many places in Adelaide. Pity, because they're really nice. I had one with goat's cheese, tomato, marinated eggplant and basil, which proved to

be a tasty roll that at \$4.50 was an admirable replacement for the aforementioned foccacia. Those endowed with a big appetite and looking for a long lunch may also want to try it as an entrée. Next doesn't have a separate entrée section in its menu, instead offering many of its main course dishes in smaller sizes. David and Lorien both chose this option. David had some fetta, lentil and spinach kibbeh with a tomato, olive and basil sauce which gained his approval. The sauce was apparently especially praiseworthy. Lorien had the grilled artichokes, polenta and herb crust and sauce Romesco, which should tickle the fancy of artichoke lovers everywhere. It was a striking looking dish, with whole artichokes (not just the hearts) arranged skull and crossbone style on top of a tangy, orange sauce. Of the remainder, the Tequila prawns look like an interesting alternative to everyday eating.

Comparing Next to others of its genre, it appears that it seems to take a step away from the standard

Mediterranean type fare that is so common elsewhere, although a pasta of the day and gelati are available. Some of the dishes on offer could almost be classified as Middle Eastern. The kebabs that I had as a main course (costing \$13.50) could be described as such, served with eggplant fritters and a smoked eggplant yoghurt. The meat

was a lean ground beef which had been augmented by the addition of herbs and spices, and they had spent long enough, but not too long on the char grill. The kebabs were very tasty; however on reflection I would suggest

that they would be more satisfying as an entrée (the dish is available in this guise at \$8.50). Upon reception of his kangaroo fillet for \$11.50, David smugly declared that he had ordered the best meal out of the three. After tasting it, I regrettably had to agree. It was cooked medium rare and had been marinated in soy and sesame, and had a tangy flavour uncommon in most such meals. Lorien, however, begged to differ from David's somewhat arrogant prognosis. She had a char grilled beef fillet with caramelised onion and whisky glaze, along with some sweet potato chips. The fillet of beef was very thick, but thankfully still tender and succulent.

Next is in many respects similar to other cafés in the vicinity, however, in a number of important respects it is appreciably better. The food has a spark of originality, the décor is flash and it stays open late. It also has a stage, which will be soon be used to accomodate local jazz bands. Head over there one day.

Tim Gow





# Food around town

Eat! Drink! Be merry! That's our advice to you. Adam Le Nevez writes about the joys of coffee, Rowan Campbell and Michael Duffy roadtest some new local ciders, and Lorien Kaye and Tim Gow profile some of Adelaide's best eating establishments.

## Pizza

As we're all aware, there are stacks of pizza establishments dotted around this fare city. No doubt everyone has their own favourite suburban pizza joint. We decided to concentrate on those located in and around the city. Our top five:

1. Amalfi, Frome Street: The undisputed king of pizza making establishments in Adelaide. Need we say more?

2 (equal). Scoози Rundle Street: If you can fight your way through the hoards of trendy groovers who hang around outside, and then past the line that usually exists in front of the counter, then Scoози pizza is very enjoyable indeed. The wood fired oven thing may be a gimmick, but it works on us. A word of warning though, if you're there on the weekends at around lunch-time, then be prepared for up to a 40 minute wait.

2 (equal). Alternatively, you can cruise on down the road to Borghese. This place has an excellent range of toppings.

4. Jo-Jo's, O'Connell Street. Stays open really late, which is a bit of a bonus. It also home delivers if you are lucky enough to live in the North Adelaide vicinity. Has been renowned for its pizzas for a while, but I get the impression that the standard has gone down slightly of late.

5. Buongiorno's, Rundle Street. Cheap, basic, pretty good.

## I'd love a cuppacawfee

Admit it, you're an addict. You have (so far) escaped the perils of alcoholism, heroin addiction and, if you are lucky, the addiction of sucking multiple sticks of ground up carcinogens every day but oh shit, you need your daily dose of caffeine flavoured mud. Coffee, brought to you originally by the Arabs and more recently from exotic third world countries like Brazil and Papua New Guinea, is just one of those things that make life just that little bit more sufferable.

But beyond the physiological advantages that coffee can offer, the connoisseur of the bean has a wealth of options as to where they can dose up. In Adelaide there are nearly as many places to take coffee as there are different types of brew.

However, I believe that it is important to have specifically selected which type of coffee you want, before going out to a café in order to avoid the embarrassment of making the faux pas of ordering something stupid. For example, I am a latte man myself but if I want to pretend to be an intellectual I only drink short blacks (or "espresso" as we say in Paris). Thus I will need to decide my coffee choice before I leave home so that I make sure that I don't forget my beret.

Once the coffee image has been chosen, one must fit the café into the picture. Well to do trendy people like my-

self are rarely seen outside Rundle Street (unless it is to pop into Lucia's in the Central Markets for that pre-market pick me up). Here in Rundle Street one has a terrific choice of establishment. If you are meeting someone, if you can't think of somewhere better, or if you are living in the past, go to Al fresco's. The décor may have changed but the service hasn't. Specialities of the house include very milky latte's and flat whites with lipstick still on the rim of the cup. It is, however, an acceptable place if you are well dressed and on your way to somewhere better.

By somewhere better, one is probably by now thinking of Scoози just up the street. Here the coffee is slightly cheaper and tastes quite a bit better. Scoози has free daily papers, including The Age and the Sydney Morning Herald as well and is thus an ideal morning café to sit and read. In busier times however, people have been known to wait 2 and a half hours to be served which can cause problems.

For an educated coffee, go to Universal Wine Bar or Blue Iguana where, for a few cents extra, your coffee can have that extra creamy head that is the mark of a good cup. These are places to be seen conversing in foreign languages. (If you can't converse then just gesticulate, it's the same thing.)

Boltz café has nice chips but I can't remember ever having a coffee there and Buongiorno's, while the coffee is good, looks like a train station cafeteria. In Hydra the staff tell you not to sit down because it will spoil their "look" and at the Exeter one gets what one expects from a pub.

If (and only if) all of these places are full one could try Marconi's but I wouldn't recommend it.

There is but one Café in Rundle Street that I am happy to call home: da Clemente (or "the Duck's Lament" as it is fondly called). Here a coffee still costs only one dollar fiftyish and the foccacia are delicious. The café has a delightful family atmosphere and they are on the sunny side of the street. This place is real Italy. Unless one asks for a full cup short black, one gets the merest smear of thick brown sludge at the bottom of the cup. Here, when you leave, they actually say "ciao" and mean it.

This is a far from comprehensive review. I have not included North Adelaide, Gouger Street nor the suburbs but I think this is justified because only unfashionable people are seen at those places. Of course, you will each have your own favourite café and type of coffee. Just remember, it is what you do when you café that means everything.

## Foccacia

The mushrooming of all those pseudo-Italian cafés that serve pasta and foccacia makes deciding who has the best pretty difficult. But for foccacia we have to vote for one of the old stalwarts of Rundle Street: da Clemente. Surviving amongst its more modern and more overtly trendy competitors, da Clemente attracts those in the know. The actual foccacia bread, if you ask for the home-made version, is a tastier variety than most. The fillings are spread out

for you to choose from and include ham, mortadella, cheese, artichoke, marinated eggplant, roasted capsicum and, of course, the ubiquitous sun-dried tomatoes. The foccacias appear divided into quarters and are prepared pressed together so that you don't have to face the embarrassing problem of how to eat your foccacia without the fillings slipping out onto your plate and wondering whether to use a knife and fork or do what you really want and just use your hands.

## Laksa

The art of making a good laksa is one that is hard to master; there are many pretenders out there who just don't have what it takes. Adelaide is lucky in that it has a number of good spots to get a good and often cheap laksa. Here are our top five:

1. Asian Gourmet in the market. An old favourite. If décor, flashy service and a large menu are important factors, then forget it. If the only thing on your mind is a good laksa, then this is the place for you. Asian Gourmet laksas have a good variety of ingredients and contain that certain pungent aroma that is the hallmark of any good laksa. At around \$5, you won't eat better anywhere.

many of the qualities of Asian Gourmet. If anything, the serves are larger, but the flavour is (ever so slightly) inferior to its neighbour. Also a bargain at around \$5

3. Twains on Rundle Street. This place has more of a restaurant feel, and hence the price is slightly higher. Again, a good variety of ingredients.

4. The Penang. The laksa for people who don't like or aren't accustomed to spicy, Asian food. Service can be a tad slow if the place is packed. A bit tame for my taste, but otherwise not bad.

5. The Exeter. Makes a reasonable chicken laksa. Not bad considering that it is pub fare. Is also a bit pricier than some of the competition.

## Incy-wincy cider

Australia has recently experienced a boom in the number of fermented fruit drinks available on the market. Two South Australian made products - 'Two Dogs Alcoholic Lemonade' and 'Lionheart's Sparkling Cider' have both been surprising success stories.

The idea for Two Dogs originated last September during a dinner party. Friends of the inventor were at a loss to solve the problem of what to do with thousands of mis-shapen but otherwise healthy lemons. Duncan McGillvray, the owner of the Bull and Bear Ale House, joked about brewing them.

It was from here that the successes of Two Dogs began. Groundswell support for the product grew with the introduction of the draught version at various pubs around town. Not surprisingly the draught has been a success with a fresh taste akin to that of Lemon Twist. More of a shock is the success of the bottled product which, bearing only a distant resemblance to its draught relative, tastes not unlike cheap champagne. Despite this Two Dogs boasts the sale of 10,000 cartons per week.

The promoters have recommended

mixing the bottled version with a shot of tequila to produce what is apparently known as a 'Mongrel Son of Two Dogs' but please kiddies don't try this at home.

The other South Australian drop is Lionheart Sparkling Cider and is best summed up by the immortal words of the proprietor of Moe's Tavern, "It tastes like there's a party in your mouth and everyone's invited". It comes in the sweet, dry and draught varieties and from the taste testing we conducted all three received the thumbs up. Although having a lower profile than its main competitor Strongbow it has, in recent months, experienced swelling sales.

In taste tests conducted in Sydney it has blitzed all competition. Similarly, in the taste tests we conducted Lionheart was a clear victor, although for some die-hard beer drinkers it took a little getting used to.

Made from South Australian produce both Lionheart and Two Dogs are bottled in the sacred Coopers building at Leabrook. While it is a traumatic step to take, it is well worth forgoing a pint of lager one round and giving them a try.



# Shake your booty!

## Shake your booty!

### Shake your booty!

#### Beans Bar Hindley Street

Beans Bar makes a refreshing change if you're ready for a night on the town without all the misogynist crap. Being practically the only womyn-oriented pub in Adelaide, Beans attracts heaps of cool wimmin every Friday night who gather to boogie, play pool or just surround themselves with other groovy wimmin for a few hours. While wimmin-only time lasts only from 5pm until 9pm, it's generally recognised as being a wimmin's space, and the crowds start to arrive sometime around 11.30pm. During the week, Beans makes a good casual place to meet and have a few drinks. It's a reasonably small venue, so the atmosphere is pretty friendly and definitely an improvement on the meat market atmosphere of the rest of Hindley street. The main drawback is the dated music (which is bearable after a beer or two) and the slightly overpriced drinks, with schooners costing two dollars a pop, but I guess you have to pay for atmosphere. All in all, Beans is the most womyn-friendly pub in Adelaide and adds up to a good night out.



#### Charles Sturt Tavern Hindley Street

Forget Jules, forget Rio, forget Lennies. The Charles Sturt Tavern rates as the single most daggy dance venue around town. Actually, "daggy" is too kind, too soft and too gentle a word to describe the Charles Sturt Tavern. It really is the pits. It's megadaggy.

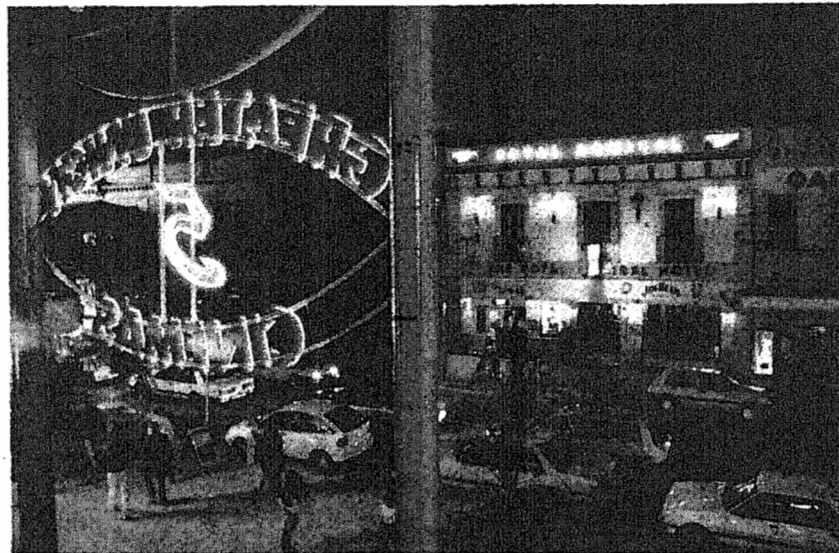
The music, which is played at a level low enough so that you can actually talk over it, is predictable chart dance stuff. The standard of dancing is...(how should I put this?)...lamentable. The Bustop gets trundled out not infrequently, much to the delight of the regulars.

But wait - the Charles Sturt Tavern offers more! Next door to the dance area is a karaoke room. Yes, you read that right, karaoke. It's like falling into a time warp and discovering you're in 1991 again. The standard of karaoke is, on the whole, pretty appalling. When nobody else gets up to sing, the guy who runs the show has his turn. He's pretty appalling too.

I've been very damning about the Charles Sturt Tavern, but it does have this saving grace: it's perhaps not quite as sleazy as some other nightclubs on Hindley Street. And personally I've got a bit of a soft spot for it: it was the first nightclub I ever went to. I was sixteen and I wore my Uncle's chunky-soled boots to make me look taller. I spent the night bouncing away to the likes of "Pump Up The Volume".

I thought I was pretty cool.

On Dit ventures into the seedy world of Adelaide nightclubs one more time. Natasha Yacoub, Leslie Wilson, Michael Woodhouse and David Mills present their guide to having a good time. Josh Kennedy-White came along to take these pictures.



#### The Royal Admiral Hindley Street

Some other places on Hindley Street are just embarrassingly awful, but this joint is really offensive.

The main reason for this is the presence of the caged dancing girl over the main bar area. Patrons stand, sipping their beers and leering. Some of them probably do it all night. They'll probably wonder what the fuck hit them, the day that a mob of angry feminists throw a molotov cocktail through the window.

Although I don't seek to endorse the practice of leering at girls dancing in cages, it is an activity that is the logical extension of what goes on in many nightclubs. Everywhere you go, men stand around checking out women.

In addition to being sleazy, the Royal Admiral is also violent. A friend told me that the Royal Admiral has the worst reputation for violent incidents of any venue on Hindley Street. I feel lucky I escaped without getting my head kicked in.

It's kind of a shame that the Royal Admiral is so crap in so many ways, because the music they play is actually not bad: Nirvana, Red Hot Chilli Peppers, hardcore stuff...you get the idea. The dancing patrons stomp and thrash around on the slate floor, while a tiny little smoke machine does a pathetic job of trying to cover everybody up with smoke. The big moment for the night was dancing to Rage Against The Machine's "Killing In The Name". What fun!

The next song they played was by Metallica.

It was time to leave.

#### Le Rox Light Square

Looking back through an old school diary the other day, I found a ticket to an underage dance party, featuring old Adelaide boy George Vegas, at what was then a really shiny, silvery Le Rox.

Since then Le Rox has changed face more than I care to remember, pastel walls with big smiling faces not having done it much justice at all.

I quite like the set-up of Le Rox. It's tucked away on Light Square, yet it's still pretty central. After climbing a couple of flights of stairs, you're faced with the main nightclub to your left, with a scattered kind of layout, a decent sized dancefloor and pretty good lighting. Straight ahead, there's another big room, brilliant for having a few drinks and generally chilling out.

Packed with people a few months ago, with really hot techno the place really went off. They've had some pretty rad DJs there over the weeks, like Lenny Dee, which managed to pull in the crowds. Now, the music's still pretty good, even if not that many people go any more.

Saturday nights is Pride, which can be heaps of fun but as is sometimes the case with the Mars Bar, it can tend to be a bit boy-oriented. Nevertheless, the Foam Party last weekend was a definite goer, with laughter, fun and bubbles for all!

Aaaah...good old Le Rox, still groovin' after all these years.

#### Rio Hindley Street

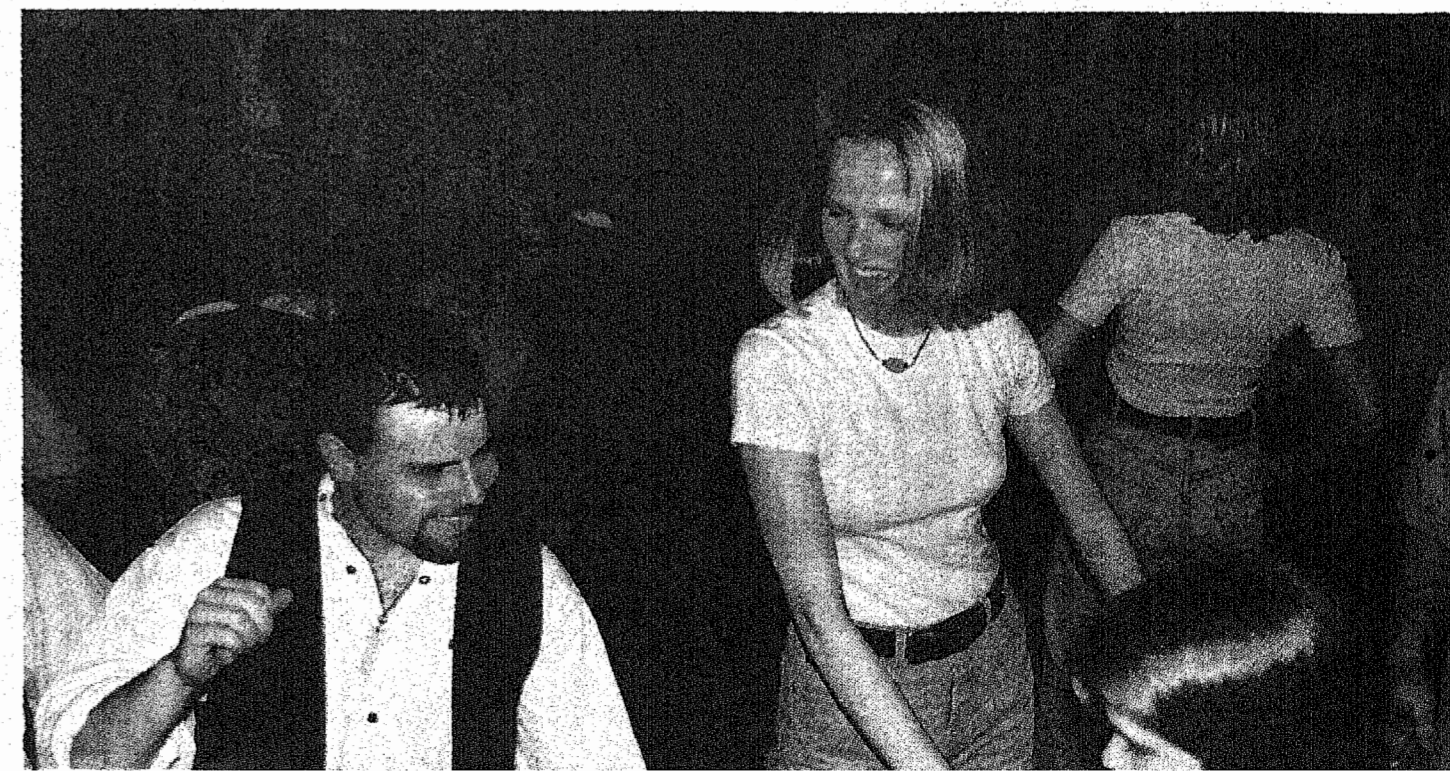
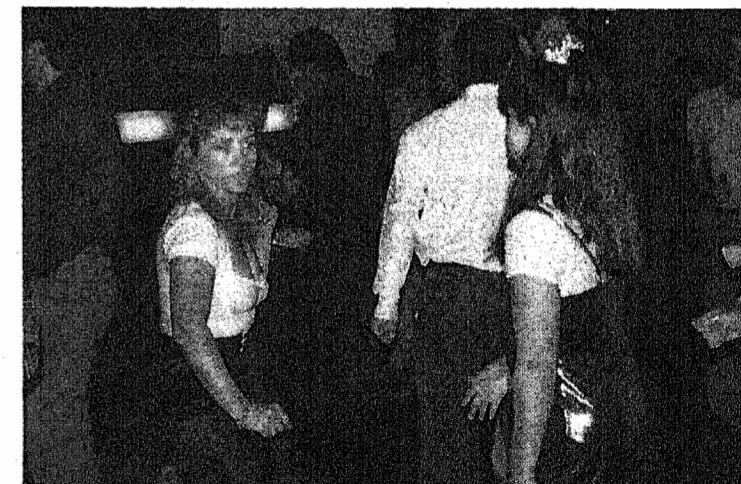
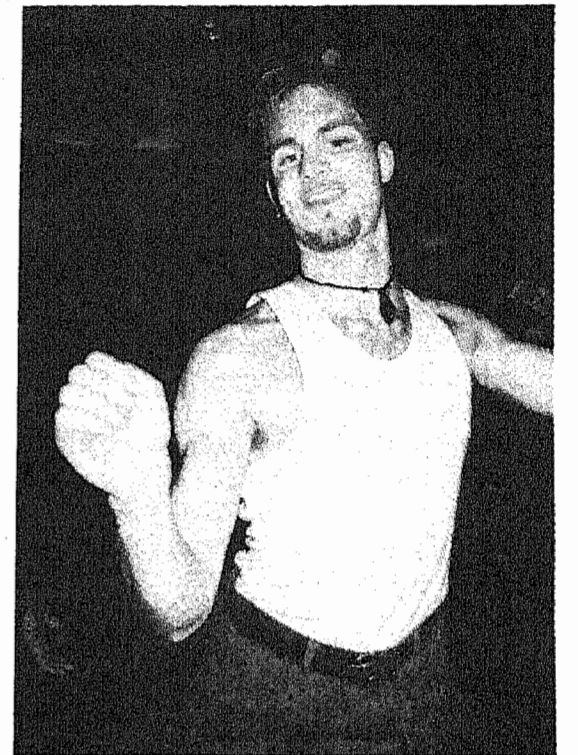
If dancing under the steely gaze of a moosehead is for you, then look no further than the garish Hindley Street favourite, Rio's. Rio's is a club of inconsistencies. On the outside it's Roman pillars with an art deco bent, on the inside it's a wild west fantasy where the men are men and the women are objects.

Rio's decor is not to be forgotten. Apart from the glorious moosehead, the walls at Rio's feature the grand delights of a stylistically worn saddle, several pairs of assorted animal horns and a couple of rifles crossing one another in a startlingly predictable Western motif. Contrast this homage to life on the ranch against a crowd of suburban escapees who come to Rio's to buy overpriced beer and play pool in the tin shed out the back.

Dancing is its own unique experience. These people have moves that demonstrate dancing can be all in the shoulders. Bolt those feet to the floor and wangle your collar bones baby!

Rio's music is not exactly original. Madonna got 'em pumping - or at least flexing their shoulder - and the rest of it was pretty standard. No Barney but probably it was a matter of time.

In a perverse kind of way I liked Rio's. It can hardly be taken seriously but for someone who makes it down Hindley Street once a decade it was an experience worth half an hour.





# Let the beat control your body....

## The Mars Bar Gouger Street

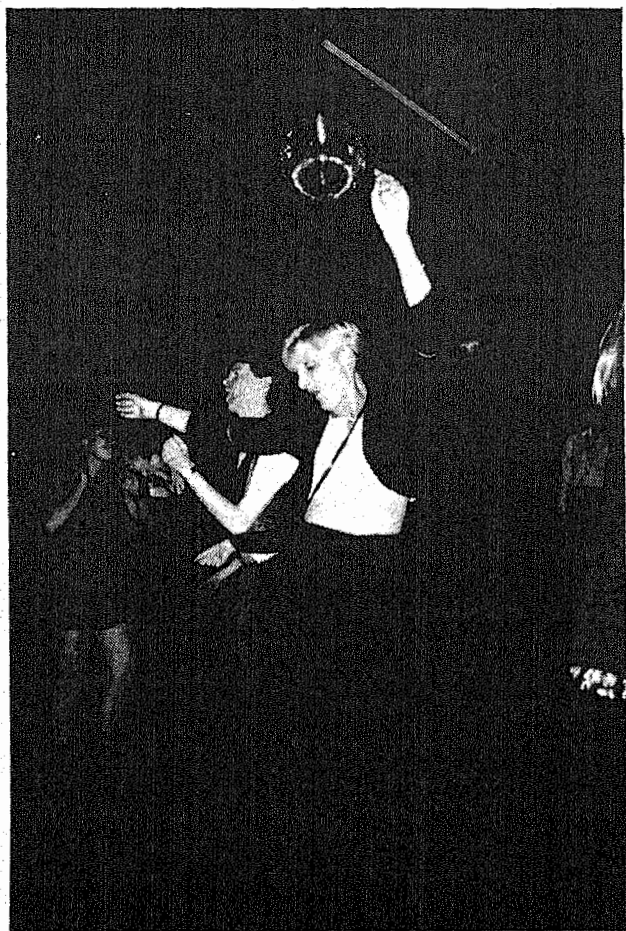
The Mars Bar is one of the perennial standards of the Adelaide nightclub scene. You can almost guarantee that when it gets to three in the morning and you still feel like strutting your funky stuff, there will be people going off at Mars.

Dancing at Mars is fun. The music may be the same from week to week but then again so are the faces. Individual expression is definitely the go, just so long as it involves something tight, white and/or sexy.

As Adelaide's oldest and most heterosexual gay venue, Mars caters for all types. You can usually spot the odd young het couple who ventured in to see how an 'alternative sexuality' dances, trying not to stare as they spot their first drag queen. Of course Mars is a regular haunt for those looking to cruise for some nubile young flesh for the evening. For those looking, you can manage to find quite a few sets of well developed pecs and enough bright and beautiful young things to keep your fantasy life going for a while.

One of Mars' particular highlights is of course the regular shows. Mars Bar shows involve a range of rather unconvincing 'girls' arousing almost nothing in the audience. At best Mars shows are a needed break from the real action on the dance floor, at worst they are an unconvincing parade of bad wigs and frocks that only confirm that Priscilla has not led to a resurgence in drag chic in Adelaide.

The Mars Bar is ultimately reliable. You guarantee that as sure as night follows day, it will always be there. When it next closes down to be refurbished, you can be sure that it will be almost exactly like it always was. Go to the Mars Bar - do it for consistency.



## Cargo Hindley Street

Have you ever noticed that there's a line outside Cargo that doesn't seem to move? The first time I went to Cargo, about a year and a half ago, I stood at the end of the queue for about half an hour, during which time I saw heaps of people I knew waltzing up to the door and going straight in. I assumed they all had stamps. It didn't take me long to realise they hadn't been in before. If you look good enough, or are part of the clique, you'll be let in without waiting. Having arranged to meet people in there half an hour before, I waltzed to the front of the line with my nose in the air. I found my friends, along with big groups of macho guys and little hippie-chicks with long straight hair and skimpy black tops. They must be the cool people. I remember going out for something to eat after a couple of hours and when I returned there were the same people queuing outside.

It's pretty small in there and the setup isn't anything to rave about. The music was actually about the only thing that the place had going for it. Unless you're part of the "exclusive" little clique, or you're too drug fucked to notice that there is a clique, I wouldn't bother going here.

## Liberty Hindley Street

If you read the review of The Empire in the Clubs Review #1, you will remember that this club was nothing too vastly different from any other club on Hindley St in terms of music, people, atmosphere etc. Well, times have been slowly changing since the '80s and it looks like someone on Hindley St picked up on that. From the darkness of the old Empire shines Liberty.

The setup in Liberty is pretty impressive. With great sound, a video screen and intelligent lighting, noone could really complain. Even before the change of face, it was evident that this place had potential. The layout of the club is great. It's pretty big and it's been drawing in crowds of lots of different groups of people.

With C4, Corey and Adam, playing regularly, the music isn't bad, not too different from the average music you'd hear at the Big Ticket on a Saturday night. It's definitely worth checking out, as I think it appeals to a much more diverse range of people than a lot of other clubs.

## Choice North Terrace

Do you like clubs with big crowds of thousands of sweaty people and music that you hear on the radio all the time and can sing along to? If so, Choice isn't the place for you.

Choice, which opened a couple of weeks ago in the Railway Station on North Terrace, is on the small-side (with a kind of Discovery-feel to it). It's pretty cosy, with lots of booths and tables and chairs if you want to sit back and take in the atmosphere.

If you're into the music they play, you won't be disappointed. With resident DJs MPK, Noddy, ATB and Flip (and the occasional guest DJ thrown in for variety) there is something for everyone. Flip gives a particularly energetic show, playing the keyboard and mixing live, which is always good to watch.

Only one final fundamental detail springs to mind...the bar service. Quick and friendly. An essential ingredient for any good club.



## Synagogue Synagogue Place

As you walk into this place, it can seem to be a pretty dark and even seedy joint but once on the dance-floor the really hot DJ's will have you hyped. You should prepare to be fully checked out, but if you manage to ignore the groupies, you can actually have a pretty good time. The layout is pretty rad, especially if you want to go and have a chill - the couches can be a saviour, although as the night moves on the chill-out room becomes a bit of an orgy-room, for anyone who's out for an ecstatic night.



# Fantales

## Life as a groupie

My first ever gig was at the Marryatville Hotel. Bagging front row spots we moshed and slammed with the capacity crowd thrilling in our first taste of being grown-up, (let's face it, *Beaches* in year 10 didn't quite cut it). There were many reasons it was such a great night: favourites like "Blister in the Sun" were played; everyone sat down and swayed to Lennon's "Peace"; the beer and Kaluahs and milk were icy cold . . . however what really made it memorable were three skinny, hot and sweaty boys in black skivvies - yes, The Sharp.

Theory No. 1: People are fans because they have psychological problems in their own lives and they become fans to make their lives more meaningful.

At first this statement was hotly denied, but upon reflection it seemed to hold some degree of truth. After that Sharp gig, me and some of my friends became Sharp fans from hell. Rarely did a conversation go by without a: "I hear The Sharp are . . ." or "I really liked Allan's hair better when it was longer". We talked about them as if they were friends we saw every day, some of us loyally cutting out every press release and filing them in a special Sharp File. Mardi started collecting set lists, drum sticks and guitar picks, often having to use physical force to grab the trophies away from other similarly obsessed girls.

I began to realise we had a problem when we actually spent an afternoon looking through Melbourne phone books for The Sharp's phone number. We finally got it from a very dumb operator - didn't she know that you're not meant to give out silent numbers? I did actually speak to Allan and he was surprisingly polite considering my inane conversation. However, I knew we had a problem when I discovered Mardi had put The Sharp's phone number in her directory under C for Allan Catlin and Piet Colins, R for Charlie Rooke, T for The Sharp and S for Sharp.

But like most obsessions, The Sharp's hold on my life ended abruptly and died a quick and welcome death; welcome to both me, (after all, just how many times could we discuss just what they did do on the weekends) and also to my family who had to endure months of "Talking Sly" and

"Trains of Thought". The once much treasured Sharp EPs were demoted to the back of my CD collection behind the Prince albums I bought in year 10 and when their new album came out, I didn't bat an eyelid.

Why? Far from achieving maturity or having OD'd on The Sharp, I had discovered a group which contributed much, much more to the world we live in and life in general - The Lemonheads, and in particular, dopehead himself, Evan Dando.

Theory No. 2: Fans are constructed by the media.

For a period of about 6 months or so, if you had picked up any English glossy (music magazine) you would have found features on either, if not both, The Lemonheads and Suede. It got to a stage where a friend suggested the magazines had clauses in their contracts to the public saying: "We promise to deliver faithfully to you any information, true or otherwise, no matter how trivial, relating to or about The Lemonheads and Suede." The reason for this media buzz is simple - the media responds to the public demands. If The Lemonheads will sell more mags, then naturally they'll be features more often.

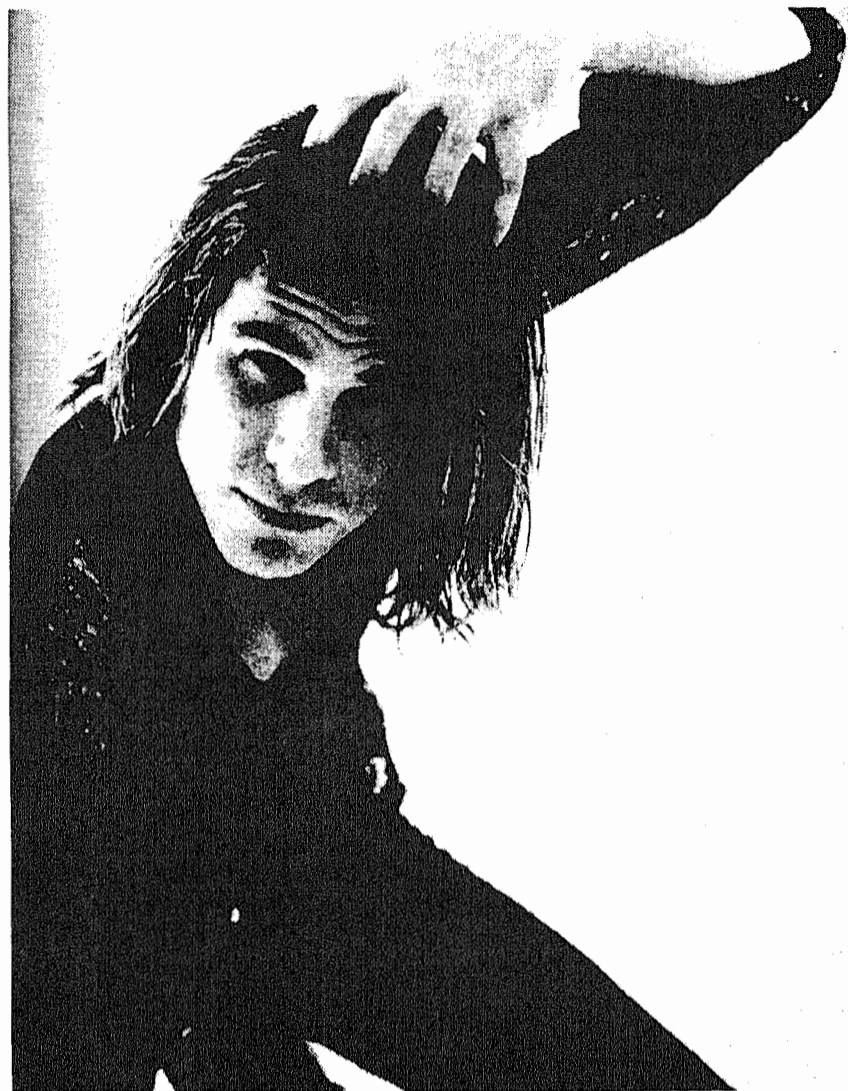
Evan is a music promoter's dream, having that stoned, lost soul image, blond hair and, not to say the least, talent for song-writing that he has. Crowned "First Sex Kitten of Grunge" and the "Global panty moisturiser" (my personal favourite) and appearing on countless magazine covers, he has been transformed into a sellable commodity. And it hasn't hurt The Lemonheads

success in the slightest - in fact, some critics have snidely said that Evan's looks are the only things The Lemonheads have going for them.

In January this year I saw The Lemonheads in Sydney. I'm not saying that most of the girls were there because of Evan, although the 12 year old with her Mum was questionable, but it can't be denied that some of the girls were just there to drool. I noticed some of the members of Tumbleweed and the 3Ds shaking their heads in astonishment/disgust/envy as they watched the girls writhing and screaming for Evan.

But, to be fair, when I

saw Evan up there, I lost it. See! It just shows you how easily a combination of a stage, lights, music and a moshing crowd can transform even the most undesirable person, which we must admit that Evan is not, into a God. Maybe it's the alcohol/drugs that seem to go hand-in-hand with



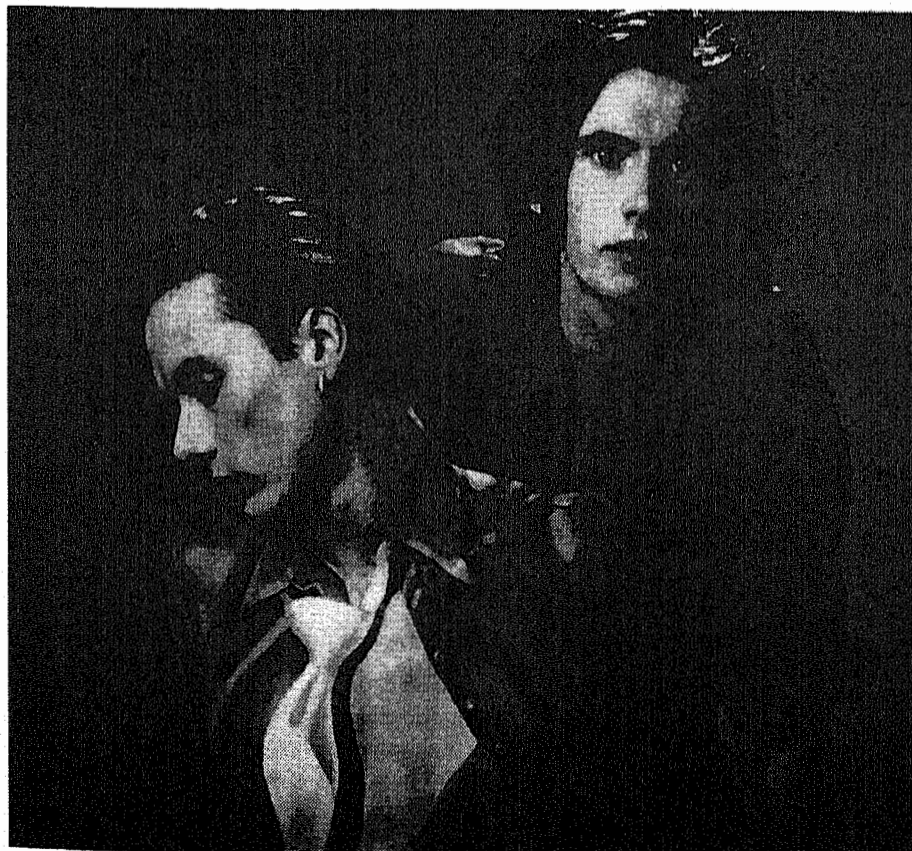
gig nights, maybe it's the physical contact (and I mean sweaty, huge guys pressed up against you), maybe it's because up on stage the musos are literally above us mortals . . . who knows?

Although I admit I *have been* a groupie I want to stress that not all girls are. An annoying misconception is that girls who like music only do so because they want to shag a member or members of the band. Puleeze. I think it would be fair to say that women make up around half (sometimes more) of the audience at a typical gig but why are the women that go often dismissed as groupies? I'm a Wonderstuff fan (sob) but the idea of fantasising about Miles never even entered my head.

However, fandom doesn't necessarily have to be an unhealthy thing. I have friends who are Morrissey and Smiths fans and lead relatively normal lives. They do however have every Morrissey/Smiths album, t-shirts, posters, at least 3 videos or books and jokingly refer to Mozza as "the other man in my life". I think balance is what is required here. Moderation. Too much of something will only make you sick as any med student will tell you.

Although I still have a healthy respect for The Lemonheads, I am no longer deeply interested in them. The reason why? I've got a crush on a guy at uni and spend all my time thinking about him.

Anne Blythe





# Dragon Spotting

Joshua Kennedy-White went in search of the pre-historic beast that is the Komodo dragon. He took these pictures along the way.

By sunrise, all 42 feet of *Arcoorie* had cleared Bali's filthy harbour and set sail for Komodo. I was delivering the yacht to Australia with an English doctor. From Bali our course took us past a rewarding backdrop of Indonesian islands that had grown out of the ocean in a turbulent time when lava flowed down mountains and hissed into an expectant sea. The landscape was still evolving, occasionally smoking and spitting as adolescents do. By dusk we had cleared Lombok without having plucked a fish from the steely sea. During these quiet times I researched my quest for a dragon.

According to the Navigation Pilot, the dragons were first discovered at the turn of the century by some fishermen seeking shelter during a storm. I tried to imagine their surprise upon confronting the four metre long monitors that could swim, swallow an entire goat, and run as fast as a horse can gallop! The dragons are found on two islands: Komodo and Rinca. Komodo, the larger and better known island, is dry and has few wild animals. The dragons survive on goats and pigs brought by the tourist trade as part of a very Roman gore-feast. Several miles to the west lies Rinca, a lush uninhabited island with fewer dragons, but an abundance of wild pigs, goats and monkeys as well as a safe anchorage.

On the morning of the third day we passed a lighthouse on the western tip of Sumbawa and cast ourselves into the boiling cross-currents of the Komodo straight. After negotiating the difficult and unpredictable tides, we slipped into the jaws of a large bay, protected from the winds by steep cliffs all around. With the pressure off we dropped the sails and motored around the bay, spotting the reefs from the bow as we proceeded slowly. There were numerous coves, each big enough for one or two boats - not more. After dropping anchor on the southern side of the bay, we inflated the dinghy and set off to explore the island.

Taking a paddle and distress flare as defence against the dragons, I rowed the sixty yards to shore while the Doc spotted coral heads waiting to puncture the soft flesh of the dinghy. Landing

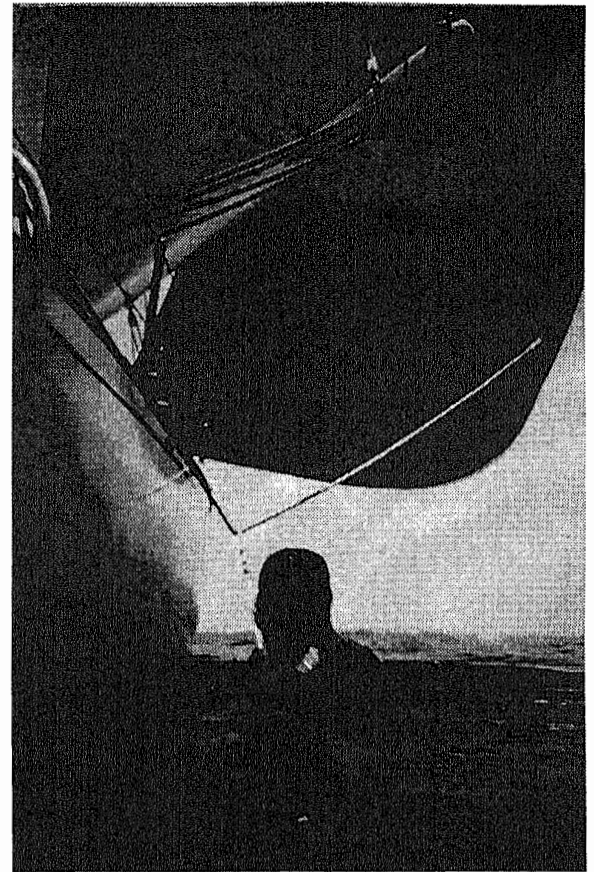
safely, we carried our craft up to the sandy beach and gazed into the dense jungle canopy and mountains above. There was no sign of human life, no footprints or noise apart from our own. For the first time in Indonesia, a country of nearly two hundred million people, I felt truly alone. The Doc, too, was wide-eyed and open mouthed in awe.

The tide had fallen and the sand held a record of the morning's activity. We found the first dragon tracks just yards from the dinghy, easily identifiable by the five toed feet and tail dragging behind. The Doc measured the span of the foot - four inches. By the high-tide mark and among some bleached shells lay the bones of a recently deceased animal. The Doc went to work on identifying the remains and soon collected the pieces from the strewn skeleton and placed them in their correct order. Several bones were missing but he concluded that we had found the remains of a female goat. "Broken neck," he volunteered, removing his glasses clinically.

We followed the tracks into the dusty floor of the jungle, speaking seldom and stopping whenever we heard a sound. The canopy was an oven and sweat dripped from us as if from a tap. With each noise we made I was unsure whether we would attract the dragons or warn them away, or were they deaf? Small lizards skipped from our way and the leaves rustled like running water. The more we penetrated the jungle, the more contorted it became. Liana vines choked the trees like pythons and palm trees littered their unwanted fronds. The whole jungle seemed unkempt in an almost clichéd way that gave it a sense of timelessness. If a tree fell, time was measured by its decay.

Beating through the vines soon became a chore, and finding a dry creek bed we chose to follow it. It was wide, more of a river, lined with head-sized boulders washed smooth over time. The sides of the creek had once tried to hold flood waters without much luck, exposing roots of large trees and causing others to fall. Above the bed of rocks, trees arched across the creek and vines groped up like a rope trick. I climbed about thirty feet up one and tried to swing but the vines were anchored firmly.

After an hour we emerged at the foot of the mountains we had spotted from the shore then commenced our ascent of the larger of the two. The slope was steep but the footing good and within forty minutes we were standing on the summit looking down at the yacht. Among the green of the jungle, the sandy shore and the aquamarine waters of the bay, *Arcoorie* looked small - the dinghy tiny. From our height we could pick out the reefs and sand bars we had so cautiously negotiated



earlier. The safe passage was noted and one or two other bays begged exploration. Following the contours of the mountain, we descended in the shadow of the jungle.

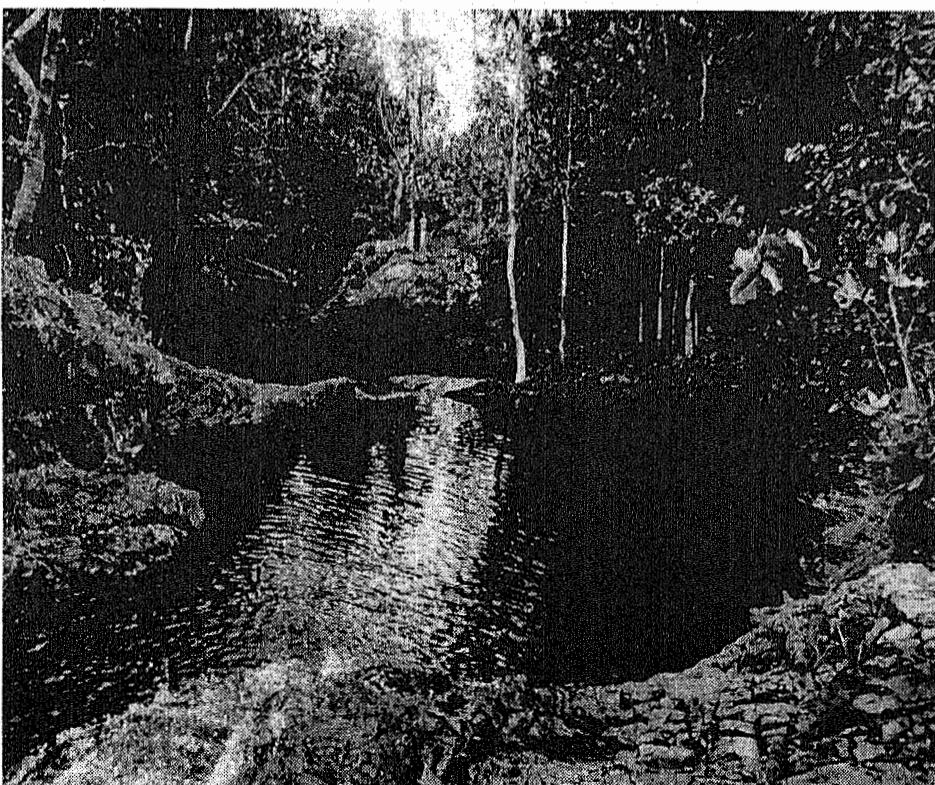
By following the creek bed back we returned to the shore. It was there, on the sand, that I caught sight of my first dragon. Seven feet from head to tail and its body the colour of gun metal, the huge monitor lifted its head and turned towards us. Perhaps five seconds passed until we (the dragon included) moved. If the dragon came towards us we would have run, but it turned away and we gave chase. Another minute of chasing until I asked the Doc, "What the hell are we doing?" For the next five minutes we ran away, as the dragon circled us, in earshot but invisible. I felt exhilarated after the confrontation. Finding life by fearing death, I could not resist the desire to explore the next bay.

Rowing around the small finger of our cove and into the adjoining one, we passed over a small reef that dropped off suddenly into deep water. I wondered what I would do if I encountered a dragon in the water; found up to a mile offshore, they are far more deadly than sharks. As we drew closer to the shore, two monkeys sang a cadence to each other then scuttled off into the trees, laughing and chatting as they went. We landed and after striking a compromise on the best route, set off. We soon found the going difficult.

The jungle stillness was broken by the crashing of two large black figures racing through the vines on a tangent to our course. I raised my paddle and turned towards the sound. The Doc did the same and we soon found each other back to back, weapons outstretched, keeping as still as possible. The figures circled us, keeping the same incredible pace and noise as they went. Through the tangled mess I strained my eyes to make out the shapes, but the speed, combined with hanging vines, gave them a strobe effect which rendered them almost invisible. I thought they had a human figure, perhaps monkeys, but they stayed on the ground. They left and we didn't give chase.

As we fought our way back to the beach I wondered what would have happened if we had been attacked. Would we have fallen like leaves to be absorbed by the jungle? I was relieved to be back on the shore, dusty and scratched but alive. The sun dipped below the mountains to the west and darkness slowly took over as we rowed our weary way back to the yacht.

Over the light of the chart table I brought the log up to date and then slept soundly with the knowledge that I had confronted my first dragon.





# Natural Alternatives

Monica Carroll recommends natural products for you to use.

The following is a guide to alternative medication and natural products that can be purchased at health food shops, chemists, and some supermarkets. It is a myth that alternative medication is expensive, for while a few products are noted for their expense, the chemical products one buys from pharmacists give less of the product for more money.

## Colds and Flu

Fortunes have been spent on tackling these common afflictions. Before you buy Orthoxicol, Codral, or other cold and flu tablets, give the viable (and cheaper) alternatives a try.

Bullivant's makes a Garlic, Horseradish, Vitamin C, Fenugreek and Marshmallow product, and there is also Bullivant's Fenugreek extract. These serve to clear mucal congestion, make dry a runny nose, and assist with combating infection.

Blackmore's Sinus and Catarrh Complex contains Garlic, Horseradish, Horehound, Liquorice, and Echinacea. Again, this product has decongestional and anti-infection properties, with the liquorice and horehound assisting with providing relief from cough.

Blackmore's Echinacea and Zinc combination is another congestion-clearer, with the echinacea and zinc encouraging the immune system's work. Echinacea promotes an enzyme present in the infectious process, which encourages resistance to infection. This product can also be helpful in treating symptoms of glandular fever.

Bullivant's Feverfew and Willow bark product is useful for reducing the fever that accompanies flu.

There are also some herbal teas for cold and flu sufferers. Celestial Seasonings' Mama Bear's Cold Care tea includes Liquorice Root, Eucalyptus Leaves and Orange Peel in its ingredients, and Marnie's Herbals makes Liquorice Root, Horehound, Sage, and Yarrow teas. All these herbs are good for the respiratory function, while yarrow is also known for its anti-fever properties.

For a sore throat, Propolis, which is derived from bee pollen, is effective. You can purchase Nature's Goodness brand in liquid form for gargling or to use on the affected area as a swab. There are also propolis sore throat/cough lozenges which include eucalyptus, and liquorice, and are both pleasant to taste and effective in reducing inflammation.

## Hay-Fever

Blackmore's Sinus and Catarrh Complex can be used to treat hay-fever, as can Bullivant's Garlic, Horseradish, Vitamin C, Fenugreek and Marshmallow, and Fenugreek extract products.

Bullivant's anti-allergy product includes Golden Seal, Burdock, and Dandelion to counteract allergic reaction. Bullivant's also makes a Golden Seal product. Golden Seal promotes resistance to allergy, reduces inflammation, and counteracts infection.

## Migraine and Headache

Don't believe the doctor who tells you that the only way to combat migraine is to buy those very expensive (sometimes at \$20 for one tablet) chemicals made by pharmaceutical companies. Naturally occurring feverfew is an extremely potent antidote to migraine for many sufferers.

Blackmore's Feverfew comes in capsules. Taken every day, these capsules build up a resistance to migraine symptoms. This doesn't necessarily mean you won't get a migraine again: if feverfew helps you it will mean you won't endure the symptoms such as sick headache, nausea, vomiting, and the other effects of migraine. You'll probably feel vague or a bit far away when having a migraine, but thanks to feverfew, you won't get the worst symptoms. It works for me, it could work for you

Blackmore's also makes Esprin, a natural pain killer consisting of Willow Bark and Devil's Claw.

Bullivant's makes a Feverfew/Willowbark compound which can be taken when migraine strikes, and a Willowbark product for headache.

## Skin Problems

Blackmore's combines Sarsparilla with Nettle, Yellow Dock, Cellandine, and Queen's Delight to make a product beneficial to skin health.

A nettle tea is made by Marnie's Herbals for the same purpose.

## Eye Strain

Believe it or not, Bilberries come in very handy here. They contain anthocyanosides, a group of reddish-purple pigments, and Blackmore's product assists retina function and night vision.

## The Runs

When examination tension hits home or gastritis rears its (very ugly) head, raspberry is more than useful. Blackmore's makes Raspberry tablets and Raspberry Leaf tablets which reduce the runs to a walk.

Marnie's Herbals makes a raspberry tea for the same purpose.

Charcoal also helps, although it is more suitable for 'neutralising gas' to put it politely. Bullivant's has a charcoal product.

## Travel Sickness

Blackmore's makes a Ginger product which eases nausea and other effects of travel sickness.

## Tonics

Ginseng was used in the East as a tonic long before the West discovered it. Ginseng relieves fatigue and promotes resistance to infection and stress. It has the reputation of maintaining stamina and performance, hmm. Korean Panax is a highly potent source of ginseng, and Bullivant's makes a Korean panax ginseng

product.

Celestial Seasonings makes a ginseng tea which balances Eleuthero Ginseng's fatigue-relieving effect with the soothing presence of Cammomile leaves.

In some products imported from China, ginseng is combined with Royal Jelly, another tonic traditionally employed in the East. Royal jelly is the substance on which the Queen Bee of the hive is fed, and assists the functioning of essential life elements in human beings. However, ginseng royal jelly is *not* recommended for asthma and allergy sufferers as it can trigger a harmful reaction, and all such products should carry a warning along this line.

Marnie's Herbals offer Hornbeam in liquid form "For a temporary state of mental tiredness when a lack of energy causes lack of interest," according to the information on the label. Apparently the product has been "Distilled according to true alchemical tradition."

## Stimulants

Guarana is being touted as the ultimate in natural, health-enhancing stimulation. A plant occurring in the Amazon Rainforest, it has long been used by indigenous inhabitants to provide stamina, its seeds containing naturally occurring alkaloids of caffeine, known as guaranine. It also contains other naturally occurring stimulants.

Available in Adelaide is guarana in powder form, and chewing gum known as Buzz Gum. The powder has a somewhat bitter taste, and can be made into a palatable beverage with drinking chocolate and sugar added. It can also be mixed with juice and milk. The chewing gum is not bitter.

Guarana also comes in capsules although I could not find any. It does give the user a lift, and could be seen as an alternative to coffee drinking, but who would want to abandon coffee drinking?

Coffee is a noble beverage and stimulant, and deserves more consideration than that of merely shovelling a spoonful or two of instant coffee into a cup and adding boiling water. If you want a genuine caffeine experience, and need to stay awake for vital catch-up cramming, then stop throwing money away on instant coffee and head for any of the Connoisseurs Choice Tea and Coffee Specialists shops (for location see the end of this article).

Guatemala Double Roast is the supreme coffee for stimulating over-worked or under-worked brain cells. It is strong and sharp, and perfect for those all night study sessions. Following in the stimulation stakes are: Killimanjaro Double Roast, strong and smooth, New Guinea Double Roast, strong and smooth, Mysore Three Quarter Roast, smooth with a kick, and Brazillian Santos Double Roast, strong and smooth. Where the single and three quarter roasts are available only, purchase those. The price is worth paying.

## Tranquilisers

Naturally occurring tranquilisers are much healthier and in many cases more effective than the pharmaceutical nasties.

Blackmore's Nervaid product contains Valerian, Scullcap, Passionflower, Hops, and Gentian, all of which possess calmative properties.

Celestial Seasonings' Tension Tamer tea's ingredients include Eleuthero Ginseng, Cinnamon, Catnip Flowers, and Cammomile flowers to soothe the drinker.

When you cannot sleep, there are a number of natural products that will ease you into the land of nod and still give you a clear mind when you wake up.

Blackmore's Tranquil Night includes the soporific ingredients of valerian, scullcap, hops, and passionflower. Bullivant's makes a similar product with almost double the valerian content which makes it stronger.

Celestial Seasonings' Sleepy Time tea is another guaranteed sleep-inducer. Containing Cammomile and other ingredients such as spearmint leaves and lemon grass, it ensures the slide into sleep is a smooth one. Sweet dreams.

This article does not cover a number of areas. For instance, there are a number of natural antidotes to virtually every ailment known to humankind, from Pre Menstrual Tension to urinary problems. Have a good browse in health food shops, but keep in mind that you should be careful even when using natural products as you can have too much of a good thing, and while these products provide relief from the symptoms of various health problems, professional advice should be sought if symptoms persist.

## Recommended

Clearlight Health Foods, Rundle Street (next to Don Giovanni's Restaurant); Foods for Life, Rundle Mall, Victoria Square Health Foods, Central Market, Stars given to Clearlight for especially good service and reasonable prices.

Connoisseurs Choice, Tea and Coffee Specialists (including herbal teas): Victoria Square Arcade (near the Central Market), Myer Food Hall, East End Market, and The Savvas House, Flinders Street.





# Socially Destructive Laws

The history of prohibition is long and sporadic. Many of the drugs commonly consumed today have at some time or another been either freely available, medically prescribed, considered a candidate for prohibition, considered a candidate for legalisation, banned, re-legalised, aggressively marketed and/or severely restricted.

But the legal status of these drugs doesn't necessarily have any bearing at all on the pharmacological properties or risks associated with the drug. For instance, if a drug is prohibited, it might be a stimulant, depressant, analgesic or hallucinogen. If it is *legal*, it may also be in one of the above categories.

Although laws are put in place by the legislators of the day to protect its good citizens, a drug's legal status won't always give an indication of its effect on the health of the population. You only have to

go as far as the local deli to purchase drugs that pose a more serious health threat to the population than most illicit drugs. And it is these drugs, whose short-term effects are often lethal, that are aggressively marketed or sponsor major events in our community.

So, if the dependency/addictive potential is no guide to the legality of a chemical substance, what is it that acts as a guide to the legal status of the drug?

The answer to this stems back to the notion of laws themselves, and their role as a social control factor that acts to maintain standards in a society - it divides people into those who are *respectable* and those who are not. Law often arises, it is thought, when increasing numbers of unrelated

people live in close proximity to each other and other forms of conflict resolution (etiquette, custom, gossip etc.) become inadequate.

However, the law is only one way to manage a conflict and impose control on peoples' behaviour. Other options such as self-help, avoidance, negotiation and tolerance also occur, but are often overlooked in favour of government instituted controls. Although the law is resorted to less often than other options, why have the number of laws increased, and why has it been extended to *some* behaviours involving the consumption and distribution of psychoactive drugs? Because we have come to rely on it, due to a perceived absence of alternatives in our depersonalised society. In effect, we have become *addicted* to law.

Even though many maintain that it is not the role of the criminal justice system to 'demonstrate our sentiments and condemnation', the past 100 years has seen an extension of the criminal law to create new 'crimes without victims' that had been controlled less formally. The difference between these and other crimes was that such offences involve *voluntary participation* and are consensual or 'vice' crimes such as prostitution, homosexuality and drug use.

It was only when different groups in the community felt that these activities threatened to conflict with their values and lifestyles, and were given enough political support to pass these laws that prohibition became organised around some standard of 'acceptable behaviour'.

Regardless of the fact that victimless crimes are generally

difficult to detect and punish since they are conducted by willing participants, usually in private and don't result in a complaint, sufficient members of our 'moral' society felt the threat far outweighed the tolerance, and called for sanctions to be imposed on such activities.

The extent to which the legal control of psychoactive substances is implemented usually follows a cycle of permissiveness, prohibition and regulation. But often the social factors which influence the movement toward prohibition and regulation etc. are influenced heavily by half-truths and misconceptions.

The increased emphasis on cannabis' potential adverse effects and its perceived status as a 'gateway' drug to opiates, has acted to block moves toward legalisation.

Even the humble cup of coffee met with considerable resistance when it was first introduced to the Middle East and Europe. Despite the punishment of users and the destruction of supplies, coffee persevered to become the national beverage of much of the Arabic world.

In Europe, coffee and hot chocolate houses were looked upon with suspicion because they were believed to attract political dissidents. Medical warnings of the dangers of coffee addiction also proliferated. Cases of coffee psychosis and extreme mental and physical misery were cited and were viewed as prone to turn to 'other narcotics'.

So what have been the consequences of the prohibi-



**Beware! Young and Old - People in All Walks of Life!**

This  may be handed you 

by the friendly stranger. It contains the Killer Drug "Marihuana"--a powerful narcotic in which lurks **Murder! Insanity! Death!**



**WARNING!**

Dope peddlers are shrewd! They may put some of this drug in the  or in the  or in the tobacco cigarette.

NOTE FOR RETAILER INFORMATION, EARLSPARK 12 CENTS IN POSTAGE - MAILING COST

illicit market with huge profits for traffickers and importers, the destruction of civil liberties, persecution, imprisonment and the economic cost to the community from enforcement in the order of millions of dollars.

This is in spite of the fact that laws were passed in order to act as a deterrent to use, even though the effects have been negligible in preventing the use of psychoactive drugs. Twenty-five years after the first wave of modern cannabis use began, and despite the maintenance of prohibition, new users take up the drug and seasoned users are able to obtain a regular supply.

In order for a law to be effective there needs to be a moral consensus about the 'wrongness' of a behaviour that is widespread (with one in three Australians having at some time tried marijuana - opposition doesn't appear to be too widespread). Prohibition has only been successful with the more prudent members of

ality rate and criminalisation led to reduced economic opportunities.

These factors acted to reinforce the view that drug users composed a deviant criminal subculture that threatened the 'morally correct' lifestyles of the rest of society.

The move toward criminalization of users and prohibition of opiates occurred when not a single piece of scientific literature could prove any harmful effects of a *pure* opiate addiction. In fact, more recent medical commentaries agree that the overall effects on the mind and body are not directly harmful, and indeed were far less damaging than the chronic use of alcohol and tobacco.

The social cost of prohibition? The threat to comfortable lifestyles and the burden imposed by addicts, often perpetuated by the high price of maintaining a drug habit which leads some users to engage in criminal activity.

In effect, prohibition has led to an increase in crime rather than a decrease as the law is supposed to maintain. So what has been the response to this problem - 'inflation of the addiction problem to a national menace, by imputing harsher penalties, more restrictive measures and more restrictions on individual's rights'. (Even though this is rarely successful in the upper echelons of the drug distribution trade, where these policies are allegedly directed.) All that comes about as a result of this 'War on Drugs' has been a reduced supply, higher risks, increased profits for dealers and higher prices which lead to an increase in street crime.

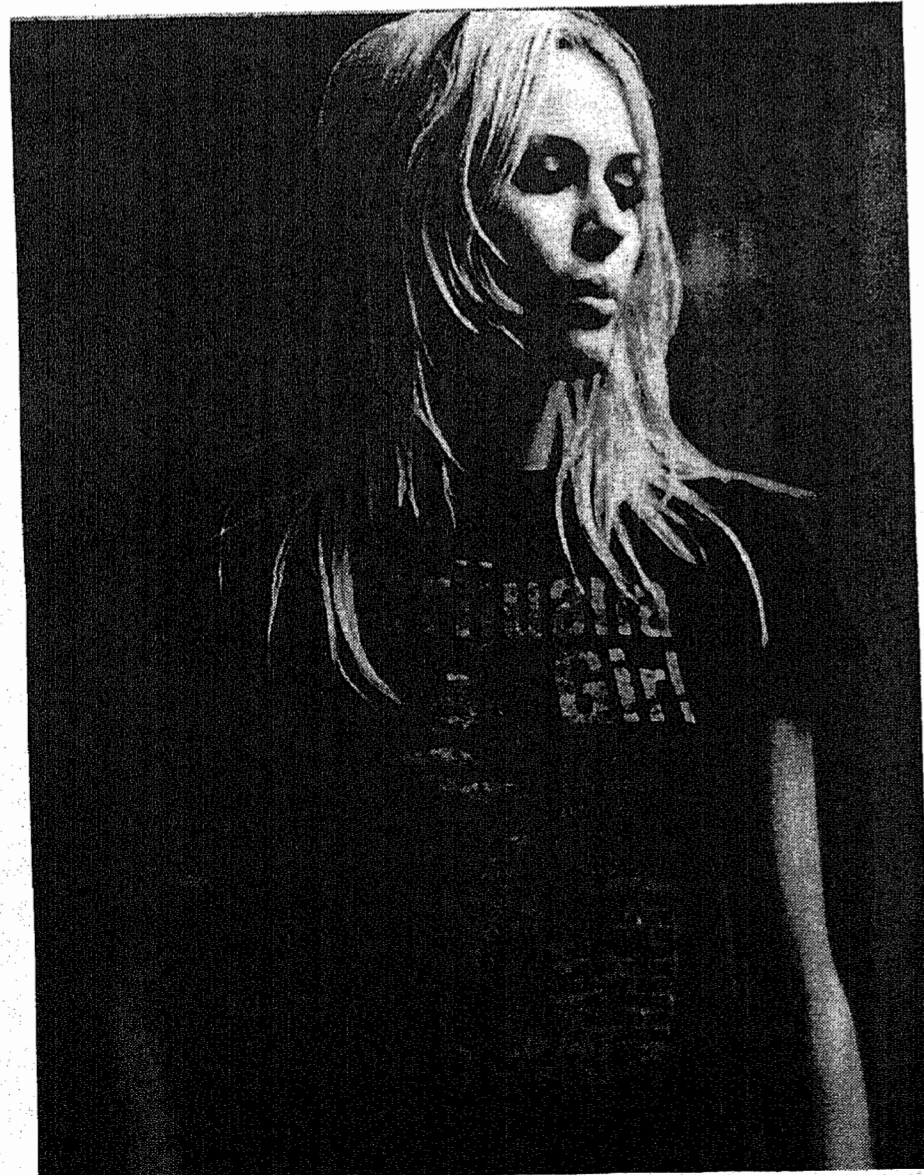
Prohibition has led to the successful establishment of an

society, and serves to reinforce the moral boundaries among users and the rest of society. Adverse effects and harm resulting from these laws are considerable: stigma for criminalization, decreased employment and travel opportunities, violence in the drug trade and against police, corruption of police (at all levels) and the fostering of a movement fueled by huge profits.

In spite of all the evidence to suggest that prohibition doesn't work and never has - we still choose to embrace it. What would be our response if doctors insisted on treating patients with the medical wisdom of their long dead elders rather than drawing on the medical achievements and knowledge of current medical knowledge?

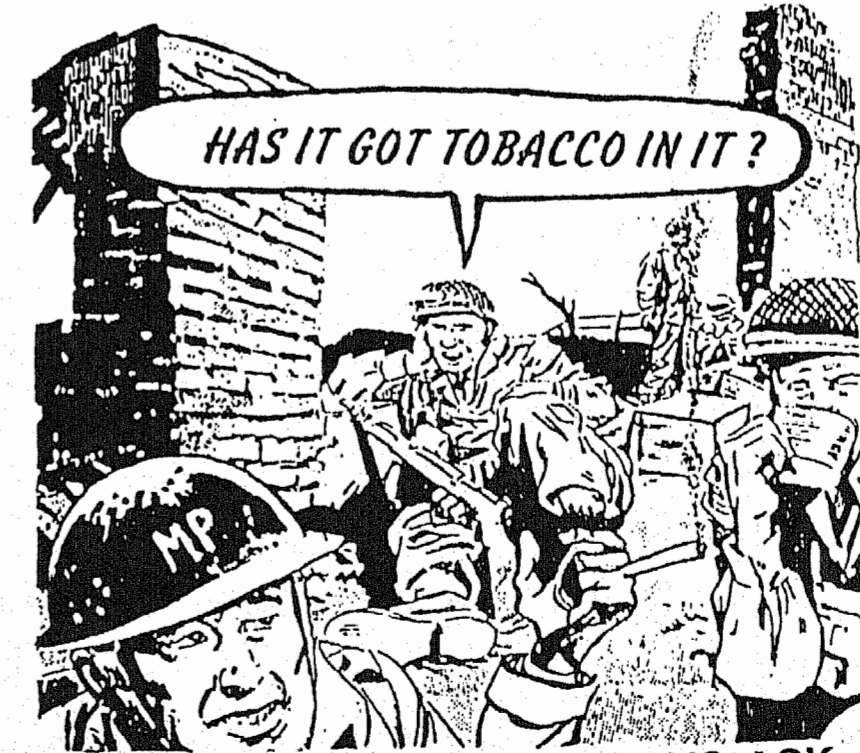
Prohibition doesn't work and never has. But if we wish to see changes in current drug policies, we first need to shift from a tolerance of continued prohibition to tolerance of drug users as insiders, not outsiders of our society.

Matthew Batten.



## MIXING DRUGS

WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE



BE SAFE BE SURE ALWAYS ASK

! DANGER: HEALTH WARNING: SMOKING CANNABIS MIXED WITH TOBACCO CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH, IS HABIT-FORMING AND CONTRIBUTES TO THE COFFERS OF MULTI-NATIONAL CORPORATIONS.



# Landscape with figure

You do not possess the afternoon.  
Walking to the river to wonder  
At your image, where it might have been,  
Perceiving, as if through a fractured prism  
Those entities against which you wear no talisman.

You will never possess the prelude to evening,  
Its tangerine oasis that recedes to mirage.  
Sunset where Zoulvisia leads her husband's troops  
Against the kingdom's enemies,  
Putting the marauders to flight, as he skulks among  
The cellar's earthenware jars.  
The waterlily, the gold spinners,  
The green knight,  
Long away and far ago.  
Jewelled birds calls, the waterfall foaming  
In the desert ...  
The crystalline juncture of legend and longing.

Ubiquitous as your palm,  
The skein of waves, tassels, stars,  
Crosses, circles - signs  
To be read and re-read,  
Elegies for the elusive season of escapism,  
Desire for the end of ratiocination,  
Assent to the expanse of evening,  
A sonata with no moonlight,  
A watchface nocturnally blue,  
Night has no need of precognition.

Monica Carroll



# CONFRONTING THE STEREOTYPES

There used to be pretty much only two options for a woman in an advertisement. She was a sexy girl, a sexual object (used to sell a product) or she was a mother/housewife figure (used to sell a product). Often the mother was attractive, but not in the same sexy way that the woman draped over the whatever-product-happened-to-need-a-bit-of-sexiness was. The mother was a good woman, a madonna; the girl was the sort of girl you might like to fuck, a whore, and definitely not the type to take home to mother. The meanings here are pretty clear: there is a simple dichotomy, and either pole of it would do to sell a product, and the company chose which ever suited the product best. Often, but by no means always, this meant the mother for what you were trying to sell to women and the whore for what you were trying to sell to men.

In today's postmodern world of rapid change there are a number of other options for a woman appearing in an advertisement (as well as in other forms of popular culture such as TV, film etc). The stereotypes outlined above are disturbingly prevalent still, even in the most modern and hip ads, but the new age has created its own stereotypes with which to hammer the public. The intention of this article is to explore what the meanings of this set of stereotypes might be, particularly those which present a more 'positive' image of women than is traditional.

It is important to take into account that amongst these strong images of women are many, many more of the traditional sorts where you don't have the luxury of trying to work out what kind of cultural space they inhabit: it's pretty damn obvious. And in a *Cleo* or a *Cosmo*, or even a *Face* or an *Oyster* which purport to be doing something different, interspersed with articles on being your own person are many more on fashion, which dictate to women in much the same way as the ads do. There are articles on how to be beautiful, how to make *him* happy in bed, how to diet, and model after

model, representing unattainable heights of beauty. And, after all, context is everything. So where an advert appears which reinforces women's power, or has a non-traditional image of woman on it, it is likely to be swamped by all the other stuff which surrounds it, like the ad for underwear reproduced below, which can be understood as a visual metaphor for the way images of women are constructed by advertising.

I should also say that it is also the case that men suffer the oppression of stereotyping in advertising (and in popular culture more generally), but just because it is happening to men as well does not make it acceptable that it continues to happen to women. Moreover, given the continued existence of a marked disparity in the position of men and women in society, *it means a different thing for a man to be objectified as it does for a woman to be*. For women, it is a continuation of the sustained degradation and objectification which they live under; for men it presents little challenge to their extant power. There is also a strong case to be made for the view that men are presented with a wider and more positive range of stereotypes. Nevertheless, much of what I am saying about stereotypes applies to men as well as to women.

One of the stereotypes which I find particularly interesting is that of the Supermum. While it is hardly new on the scene anymore, and the current thinking knows that it places pressure on women to do everything perfectly, I still think it's worth going over the idea again. The Supermum has a high-powered executive job, has a happy family, has a sparkling house, dresses well and looks stunning. This is a combination of any number of clichés. So what is being said here? One can draw out a number of negative implications: women still have to be attractive to be acceptable, women must be good mothers and wives and housekeepers or else they are failures. But what of the positive side: is it a good thing that women can have jobs in ads as well as carer roles or exclusively sexual functions? Is the good side outweighed by the bad?

What about ads like those for Holden Barinas. They are aggressively (although perhaps aggressive isn't the word given the image of the women they portray) marketed as a car for career women, women who are on top of things, who zip around the city and look sexy while they do it. Again, and this is hardly worth saying, the message is that women have to be attractive to be successful. However, the very fact that an advertising or manufacturing company is directly targeting women in its campaign is a recognition of the fact that (some)

women now have economic power, and have successful jobs. At the same time they restrict the options available for women who fit this image. Why can't they be driving a fuckin' hulk of a beast of car?

The point I am trying to make is that it is almost impossible to define the implications of many advertisements as either positive or negative. They occupy a space between the two. With each instance I have given, I can oscillate between seeing them as "Good Things" and "Bad Things" (hence the disjointed nature of the analyses).

Because each advertisement shows a single persona rather than the complex, contradictory and inconsistent creatures that people are, they set up a model of womanhood that is singular rather than multiple - and herein lies the problem. Not only are women different from each other, they are constructed by, against and/or with total disregard for various stereotypes. An individual woman is a complex sum of many parts, which means that her entirety can never be represented by a single stereotype in an ad.

Partly this is due to the very nature of advertisements. They hardly have time to challenge the structure of society and they're too busy selling to want to do so. The point of advertising is to get a message over as quickly and strongly as possible. And having an instantly recognisable type is an aid in this. Attractive surface sells, thoughtful depth does not.

I believe that any analysis of advertising must take this into account. However, it must not accept this as a necessary restriction on what advertising could be able to do. Advertising is already doing new things. And they can be interpreted positively much of the time. Although, of course, they can be interpreted negatively.

What are we to understand by this co-existence of positives and negatives? That the meaning of these advertisements is not inherent in them, or at least is complex. They are constructed by us almost as much, as much, or sometimes more, than their creators. Our interpretation brings meaning to them rather than vice versa.

I see a great similarity between interpreting ads and interpreting women's position in society. A dichotomy can be set up between the two sorts of feminist thinking characterised as victim feminism and power feminism which is similar to the dichotomy set up if one interprets ads as either positive and negative. Victim feminism can be (over)-simplified to the idea that it's not women's fault that they are oppressed, abused, whatever: i.e. that women are victims in our society. Power feminism says that

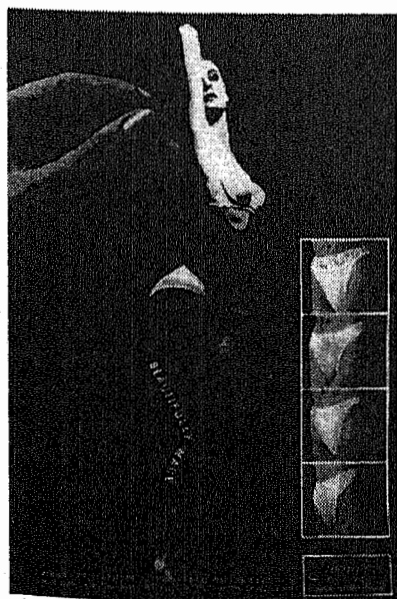


women must simply take power or sometimes that they already have it. Power feminism could perhaps be a logical consequence of the idea of post-feminism, that we've reached a point in time where we no longer need to fight, that we have power. Both discourses seem to me to be incredibly simplistic, although perhaps I have done them an injustice by giving such a shallow portrait. But it seems to me that women are neither wholly victims or wholly powerful, that not every woman is a victim or powerful; that no individual woman is one or the other either. This thinking seems to fall in the trap of the sorts of dichotomies that I think it is important to avoid. Seeing women as victims is to admit defeat before we've even begun but, at the same time, no matter what anyone says about post-feminism I reckon we're still fighting a society in which women are, too often, made victims.

If interpretation is all, then we have a responsibility about the type of interpretation we put on it. We need to acknowledge that an advertisement has both positive and negative implications, that women are both powerful and victims.

So, finally, what is the meaning of the Sportsgirl ads, and other ads of a similar nature (e.g. the Hey Sister ad reproduced above or the recent Myer Miss Shop and Supre ads on TV)? Girl power the Sportsgirl ads say, what happened to grrl power? Is this the affirmation, in the mainstream, of the power inherent in being a woman and thus a positive thing, or is it merely appropriation, and therefore nullification, of a strong sub-culture by a corporate giant? Or, just possibly, could it somehow manage to be both?

Lorien Kaye





The artist: Sam Leach





# 15 minutes of Fame

Rowan Campbell is at it again. This time Rohan Thompson gets to divulge some secrets and gripe about his pet hate.



**If you were the first person on the moon what would your momentous opening line have been?**

"Will someone come over here and rip down all these *Don't Buy the Lie* posters?"

**Tell us the most stupid/dangerous/embarrassing thing you have ever done.**  
I went to church a few times.

**What is your favourite episode of *The Simpsons*?**

Episode 23 (it's spelled out in clear letters at the start).

**What invention would you most like to see?**

An EU member detector. It would be sort of like an anti-virus program for a computer. It would have a detect and purge function. It would seek out the EU members and then neutralise their dogma with its dogmatic neutraliser. Seeking out EU members would be easy. All you'd have to do is get it to recognise the tell-tale shirts they wear. Just turn it on and set it loose on campus. Within fifteen minutes no more EU. No more irritating poster campaigns. No more sanctimonious, homophobic, sex fearing dullards.

**What is your passion?**

Leaving Adelaide. There's no way I intend to spend the rest of my life in this town. The more time I spend in this city and this country the more it makes me realise that I have to leave.

**Which of life's mysterious questions would you most like answered?**

Was Ronald Reagan really a robot constructed by the Illuminati?

**What is your idea of perfect relaxation?**

Zero gravity sex. It's just an idea since I don't know of anyone who's tried it. You could make loads of my out of the zero gravity sex industry. Zero gravity fun parks are the entertainment centres of the future. Just wait, in a few years it will be a reality.

**What is your concept of the afterlife?**

Did you see the episode of *The Simpsons* when Homer went to the Land of Chocolate? I think it might be a bit like that. The difference is that for each person they can enjoy all their vices except without the health risks. It might be like a video game where you always come back to life once you get killed. Maybe that's what video games are. The afterlife might be a Choose Your Own Adventure book where you always keep your thumb on the last page you were at in case you made a bad decision. Yeah, that's it.

**What is the most over-rated thing you can think of?**

The impact that the Evangelical Union thought they'd have on the university. The "Don't Buy the Lie" campaign just pointed out how fucked up and self-important the God Squad are. Did they somehow think that overnight we'd all realise how wrong we've been all along and suddenly come to embrace the warm fuzzy crutch of the Lord Jesus Christ himself? All they did was piss a few people off and slap each other's backs during the lunch hour. The funding for the campaign was probably diverted from some relief mission with an ulterior motive to stuff a few more souls into the EU's spiritual Swiss bank account. If that was the case then it was a bad gamble. Talk about preaching to the converted!

What I really love are the kids who still prance around in their shitty grey shirts with the slogans plastered all over them in red. Good on ya kids! Tell us why we're in the grip of Satan.

Those shirts are sort of a new equivalent of having a "kick me" sign sticky taped onto your back. The circular design makes a nice, irresistible target for projectiles as well. I also like the shirts for another reason. All you have to do is remember who's wearing one and then you'll never get stuck in a life threatening conversation with someone who'll try to tell you why all homosexuals will go to hell.

**What is the most under-rated thing you can think of?**

There's got to be piles of them. There are a few trashy films that are constantly overlooked. *Evil Dead II* rates in my books as the best horredy (a cross between a

horror and a comedy) films ever to be forgotten by everyone.

I really love the bit where everything in the room starts laughing maniacally. The moose head is the best. They all carry on as if they've spent two weeks in a dentist's chair with the happy gas going full pelt and it's had a permanent effect. The effects are top notch for a budget film.

I've been waging a mental battle to work out which is better *Brain Dead* or *Evil Dead II* and I think it would have to go to *Evil Dead II* simply because Bruce Campbell is in it. Bruce Campbell is the best of the B-Men. He'll always be my favourite bit part player. For the true aficionados, check out his effort in *Maniac Cop*.

I also think Counsellor Deanna Troi of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* is underrated. She belongs on the bridge. I won't brook people who say that she was an irrelevant cast member. I think she served a valuable purpose and I'd like to see the script writers of *Trek* utilise her full potential in the upcoming *Next Gen* movies.

**What is your ambition in life?**

To turn Geoffrey the Giraffe into a drug culture icon.

**What are your phobias?**

Hindley Street. The Proscenium dance style. You know the way they do it. Get the head down, swing the arms up; one step forward - lurch, one step backwards - lurch. It's a sort of a wacky waltz that they all do if they want to fit in up there. It gets even worse when they decide to be adventurous and go out to other venues. You can always spot a Proscenium Saturday night regular at any club. Just look for the waltz.

**Fave drink?**

I'm not too sure but I don't think it's fizzy. In Malaysia they have a thing called Kickapoo Joy Juice and that's OK in my book.

**If you had the option would you rather be a famous politician, sportsperson, actor or musician? Why?**

I'd have to pick being an actor. Actors are better at lying than politicians, sportspeople or musicians. The politicians might give them a run for their money. Both actors and politicians are professional liars except actors are required to add a bit of an artistic flair to it. Politicians can just spin shit then flatly deny the truth without any need for panache. An actor would probably earn more money (legitimately that is).

**Tell us something that you've always wanted really wanted to tell everyone but never had the chance.**

The problem is, I've already told my three Golden Rules to a few people. I'll repeat them anyway.

The first rule says, don't get out of bed before ten o'clock unless you have to. The second rule says if the maximum temperature is going to be sixteen degrees or less wear a minimum of three layers. The third rule says that a person driving a car will generally not run you over unless it's unavoidable.

If you follow these three simple rules in life then nothing will go wrong.

The other thing that I haven't told everyone is that Pizza Haven are the worst of the home delivery pizzas. I'd like to say that Pizza Hut do a reasonable home delivered pizza but for the best local pizza I recommend the Brighton Chicken Spot. They do a really tasty one called "Don's Special". It comes with everything and they don't hold back on the chilli so it packs a bit of a punch.

**Do you think there exist people who get out of the shower to take a piss?**

Yeah, I suppose there are a few sick and demented weirdos who hop out to piss. They're probably the same people who come running out of the sea to get to the toilets on the beachfront when the time comes to drain. I can't give you any explanation as to why they do it. For me pissing in the sea is one of the great joys of life. You don't have to think about it. You don't even have to think about unzipping the fly. Just stand there and let the soothing warmth ooze throughout your shorts and then out into the ecosystem. It's a marvellous feeling.





# A story by Stephanie Hester

based on the painting

## “A Wooded Landscape with a Mill-run and Ruin”

by Jacob van Ruisdael

(Art Gallery of South Australia)



She was called Ophelia, which was testament to the fact that she had had a very young, silly mother. (The fact that she was young, it was true, couldn't be helped, but she had no one but herself to blame for the fact that she was so very silly.) Certainly Aunt Mary had not approved of Ophelia's name, but seeing that Aunt Mary was rapidly deteriorating into madness by the time Ophelia was born, her disapproval was not really taken into account.

Ophelia's birth was greeted with all the usual festivities which human beings are fond of having to celebrate their ability to reproduce themselves. Every corner of the estate, which usually slumbered peacefully through its decline into grand old age, was revived by a sudden swarm of sound and motion. Coos of approval and delight, which arose upon every sighting of Ophelia, reverberated for days down the halls and out onto the balconies and the lawns of the manor and even Aunt Mary seemed momentarily re-animating. Having been accepted as, more or less, a fixed feature of the place, she had taken to sleeping most of the day away in a corner of the ballroom which even the light failed to reach. But when someone, as an afterthought, remembered to offer Ophelia to her, she revived and held out piteously withered hands to receive her grandniece. And as Aunt Mary grasped the small bundle of child in her hands, quite a remarkable change came over her sunken face, as though spring was shining momentarily on winter.

But the name she had not liked. “Oh, for Heaven's sake, Helen!” she had snapped when she heard of the choice, “If you had to go with one of the great tragedies, couldn't you at least have chosen someone who managed to stay alive for a bit longer?” It was pointed out to her that untimely deaths were pretty much the *status quo* in tragedy and that even Hamlet hadn't made it past thirty. “Well, at least he seems to have made better use of his time,” Aunt Mary retorted.

Aunt Mary was renowned for making use of her time. In her youth, she had enjoyed the notoriety which came with being an unmarried woman who managed both the property and the wealth which she had inherited from her father by herself; and what's more, had managed them with infuriating success. How she had succeeded in this without the guiding hand of a husband, someone who could tell her what she could and couldn't do, was anyone's guess. The

signs of madness, however, were already present in Mary's youth, for she soon developed a penchant for drinking and gambling and swearing and insisted on riding her horse in the same way that the men did; something which Ophelia knew was a terribly indecent thing for a woman to do, although she had never managed to convince anyone to explain why. Mary's madness increased rapidly in later life, as seemed to be the way with women who were old and who would be “returned to their maker unopened” (a phrase which Ophelia had heard the bellboy use when he thought there were no women listening).

Ophelia kept her name; Aunt Mary's objection to it counted for little in the end, seeing that she was dead within the year. Her demise was neither short nor particularly pleasant to observe; she grumbled and belched and cursed in such a manner that even the men in the room were moved to blush and comment on the weather. Any efforts to distract the attention of visitors from Mary's alarming lack of etiquette went unappreciated on her part, however, for she spent most of her remaining days lost in a reverie, reflecting on happier times (she had never actually experienced happy times as such, but she now invented them rapidly as she went along, crawling ever closer to an insignificant death). The servants later recalled that the only times when Mary was even a glimmer of her former self were when she was allowed to nurse her grandniece. As one old butler later told Ophelia, an observer (of which the house had many) would think that Mary had another ten or twenty good years of life in her when the two were sitting together. Ophelia kept this recollection of tenderness in her thoughts and

repaid it frequently by visiting Aunt Mary's burial site. She had been buried at the far southern corner of the estate, where the fringe of the woods crept up to meet the meadow. There, encased in a small charnel-house built entirely out of stone, were Aunt Mary's ashes, locked inside a small granite box which was kept like a secret inside the tomb. Ophelia was fond of her visits to the charnel-house; she liked to serenade the rotting chamber with songs and chatter and often took to dancing on the small box, knowing that nothing except a few ashes and a bit of religious superstition remained inside. The tomb served as the only evidence which she had of her great-aunt's existence, with the exception of a silken scarf with gold tassels. This had been a prized possession of Mary's and she had left it to Ophelia. Ophelia accordingly gave it pride of place in her room, keeping it in the top compartment of a secret drawer which she had in her wardrobe.

Time passed on. Ophelia's mother soon grew bored with her lot and with the passing of each day, she despaired further at her inability to halt time. She became tired of her daughter and her life and departed from them both before Ophelia's eighth birthday. From the day of his wife's death, Ophelia's father ceased to be anything more than a grey wraith who occasionally returned to haunt the house, during which time he would usually pace the halls, calling incessantly for tea and passports. He eventually released the firm grip he had on a burgeoning fortune and the more tentative grip he had on his sanity, exchanging them both for a quick death and a comfortable abode, plushly fashioned out of teak, in a plot which he was guaranteed ownership of for eternity (or at least until they needed the land). He remained at that fixed address for the rest of Ophelia's life, lying beside his wife in the graveyard of the local church; for it had been decided that while being buried in one of the darker corners of one's estate might be suitable for mad old virgins, the church was a far more appropriate place for God-fearing citizens such as Ophelia's parents. (As far as it could be remembered, Aunt Mary had been afraid of nothing, with the exception of death and obituarists.) With her father's death, the orphaning of Ophelia was completed before her fifteenth birthday; but she was not alone. She was taken care of by a devoted old butler called Frith (as all good butlers are called) and a veritable bevy of servants and maidservants.

Ophelia had the children in the nearby village to play with, who liked her as long as she didn't do or say anything that was too strange.

And then there was John Ashley.

He came into her life suddenly, in such a ridiculous unromantic way that it barely seems worth mentioning. A young man of twenty who was already established in the business which had been entrusted to him by his father, he came to settle a dispute over the ownership of a small village green which his father and Ophelia's father had quarrelled about for years. All that remains to be said on the matter is that neither Ophelia nor John would be able to recall the name of the village green or the village for that matter, after that first meeting. That they fell in love was predictable; that they chose to consummate their relationship outside the bounds of marriage was not, considering the times they lived in and the remarkable powers of observation which the villagers possessed. But there it was. They lived for each other and thrived on every minute they spent together, or so it seemed to Ophelia, lost in a haze of joy. The evening that John, having stopped at her house for the night, proposed a settlement far more appealing than that concerning a village green and sealed the proposition with a large diamond ring, Ophelia began to think that even God could come through with a bit of kindness once in a while. Her lover waiting for her in her bed and the ring safely stowed in the top compartment of her secret drawer (Aunt Mary's scarf was moved to the bottom compartment to make space), all finally seemed well in the world.

Ophelia awoke the next morning to the faint sound of crying, which trickled like an icy breeze through the window of her bedroom. The other half of her bed was cold and empty and she could see a small group of servants assembled in the garden outside. As she rose to go to them, she noticed that the door of her wardrobe had been flung open and she soon discovered, to her horror, that someone had stolen the contents of the secret drawer (although how they managed to find the drawer, which was a secret to everyone except John and herself, in the middle of the night, was beyond her comprehension).

Hastening out into the garden, Ophelia headed for the small knot of servants on the lawn. Some moved apart a little as they saw her approaching and she was able to discern a motionless object being worked on by several pairs of hands. It was only as she moved closer that Ophelia identified it as her dog, Baxter. With a cry she pushed the other servants aside in an effort to try to revive his shrunken form herself, but it was useless; the dog was quite dead, the very life having been choked out of it by a treacherous piece of silken material which was still wrapped around its neck. Bloodstained and crumpled as it was, Ophelia nevertheless recognised it as Aunt Mary's scarf. Beside it ran a trail of horse's hooves, several hours old now, which seemed to have paused at the spot for the moment presumably taken to do the deed. But the stableboy only reported one horse missing from the stable.

John's horse.

Ophelia stood there in her nightgown,

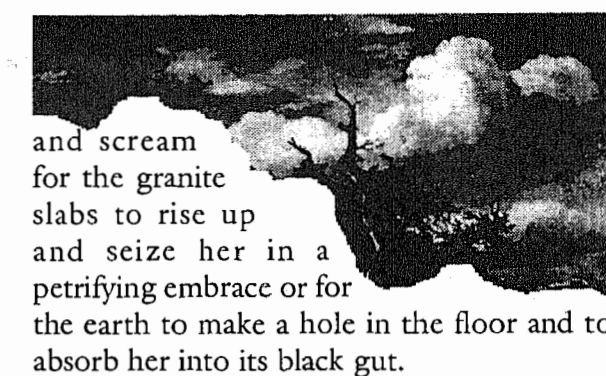
motionless, for a long time. Maybe the sun had moved two hours in its course before she roused herself and said, “Well, we must go back inside. Life must go on, after all.”

Perhaps for a few days she would allow herself to search for an answer to the enigma in her mind, or would pause briefly in her daily routine to let her eyes search the road outside the house, waiting for hope to come riding out of the distance. After a while, though, she let all such thoughts as this go.

After allowing what was deemed to be a suitable period of time for Ophelia to mourn her loss, the suitors began to arrive in their droves. Some brought her flowers, rue and fennel and columbines, and she bit the heads off them and spat them in the suitors' faces. Some brought her jewels, which she bit too, to see if they were real; if they weren't, she set the dogs on the unfortunate visitor and if they were, she spat them back in the suitor's face and called him a fool for tampering with love. Soon the suitors stopped calling and the whispers began. The rumour that the wealthiest woman in the shire had taken leave of her senses spread rapidly and brought a whole host of concerned visitors to Ophelia's gates. First came the doctors, offering cures for a fee, whom she had chased off the property by the stableboys; then came the priests, promulgating last rites for her sins. Ophelia chased them off the property herself. With the rumour spreading that Ophelia's untimely death was doubtlessly impending, the relatives began to flock like blood-bound vultures around the gates of the estate. Ophelia barred the doors and had the gates bolted; and when this failed to deter them from scaling the fences, she took to shooting at them with her father's rifle from the upper balcony (although, under the careful guidance of Frith, she managed to miss every one).

In the next twelve years or so, Ophelia managed to successfully rid herself of all company of the outside world. Having done this, she embarked on a Grand Tour of Europe, accompanied by some seven or eight maidservants and a large amount of money. She saw everything and did everything that any tourist could be expected to do. She was thrown out of the Russian Ballet's recital of *Swan Lake* for belching incessantly during the Dance of the Dying Swan and out of the Vienna State Opera's production of *Otello* for bringing her own lunch and attempting to eat it at the most inappropriate moments (it was, after all, most unfortunate that the death of Desdemona should be accompanied by a loud bout of swearing from the balconies as one of the patrons realised that he had a piece of tuna-paste sandwich wedged to his shoe). Ophelia attempted to pay a visit to the various Crowned Heads of Europe as well, but most of them seemed to be elsewhere at her time of calling and those who were in residence declined to see the madwoman banging at their gates and requesting cups of tea.

Her visits to the charnel-house by the woods became increasingly frequent. Sometimes she would sing a hymn or scatter flowers about inside the chamber and sometimes, when the wind howled and the rain drenched the tomb, she would throw herself on the stone floor

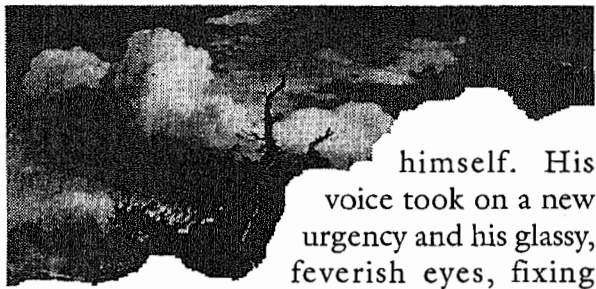


and scream for the granite slabs to rise up and seize her in a petrifying embrace or for the earth to make a hole in the floor and to absorb her into its black gut.

One day, as Ophelia's thirtieth birthday approached, she decided that the whole thing was becoming too ridiculous for words and resolved to drown herself that very day in the brook which cut across the back of the meadow. So she dressed herself in white and proceeded to the riverbank, where she sat for a while, sticking garlands of rosemary and pansies and nettles and long purple orchids which her maids called “Dead Men's Fingers” and anything else which she could get her hands on into her hair. Then she stood up and waded to what she expected to be a muddy death. To Ophelia's great displeasure, however, she found that the water only came up to her calves in even the deepest parts of the brook. A large amount of swearing ensued as she repeatedly attempted to force her rather large form to remain submerged under the water, only to be met with failure each time. Ophelia was beginning to realise that if she was to drown properly that she would really have to put her mind to it. She stood for a while in the middle of the brook, feeling rather ineffectual, as the mud gathered around her ankles; then she decided to go for a float, in the hope that her rather excessive garments would fill with drink and pull her under. As she began to drift along, the idea came to her to sing some melodious old lauds to help to pass the time, unfortunately, she was unable to recall anything except for a few drinking songs which Aunt Mary used to sing when she had got to the Vodka and they hardly seemed appropriate for the occasion. She was just beginning to think that it might be better to postpone the whole ridiculous affair and to try again after a cup of tea, when a bevy of panic-stricken maids, with Frith in tow, rushed down to the brook and pulled her to safety.

Ophelia was put to bed, where she lapsed almost immediately into a fever of ferocious proportions. She fell into a delirium, in which she raved constantly about things such as neglected love and revenge and endless babbling brooks with cold, clammy hands which sought to drag her down into the icy, dark mud below. Finally the fever abated in Ophelia, releasing its grip on her only to take hold on Frith, due mainly to his devoted efforts in nursing her. It was for this reason that Ophelia was barely declared well again before she found herself sitting in quiet despair at Frith's bedside during what would be his last night. Frith rambled on for a long while about nothing in particular; he mentioned small chores that needed doing and minor things he would see to when he was well and other items of no consequence. It was only when the first threads of light were threatening to break over the hillside and Ophelia was beginning to consider fixing breakfast for the pair of them that Frith suddenly roused





himself. His voice took on a new urgency and his glassy, feverish eyes, fixing themselves on Ophelia, seemed suddenly to comprehend what they were staring at.

"You must know, child ..." and here he faltered momentarily, "You must know the error I think I may have neglected to correct. That night ... so many years ago now, that night when John Ashley disappeared ... I meant to do no wrong by you, but I fear you may have suffered by the lie I told you ..." He sighed and the next words were whispered, as his face crumpled and a foul smell rose from his bed sheets. "Ashley didn't disappear. He was arrested ... by two gentlemen and taken to His Majesty's Prison in London ..."

And with that Frith died, the last thought he ever had having been about John Ashley.

Ophelia waited for some days, until the remains of Frith's family came to take away the body, then, arming herself with only a pistol, she took a horse from the stable and set off for London. The city was little more than forty miles away from her home, but the journey took about five weeks as she went by the scenic route, stopping firstly at Dover, then at Calais, then at Swansea, Glasgow, Dublin, Liverpool and finally London. The prison, when she did manage to locate it, was much as she had expected it to be; dark, huge, foreboding and completely devoid of hope. Ophelia succeeded in gaining access to the warden and asked if he had a prisoner by the name of John Ashley.

"Ashley ..." The warden was vile and thoughtful. "Now that you mention it ..." he grunted and he proceeded to recount how, for the past thirteen years or so, John Ashley had been a guest at His Majesty's Prison. "Wrongly accused, I believe, for owing debts that belonged to a former business partner of his, one Edgar Ross; but the judge was sufficiently bribed by Ross to turn a blind eye to the fact. As it was, Ashley couldn't get the money to bail himself out; his family disinherited him on the spot and the large inheritance he was in line for was donated to Ross instead, who claimed he would use it to found a convent in Brazil. Since then, Ashley seems to have lost all hope in writing to any of his former family or friends ..."

"He writes to no one?"

"No one," the warden continued, "with the exception of some girl he has stashed away somewhere, whom he writes to twice a week. A hardhearted lass; she sends back every second letter unopened and declines to answer any of them."

Ophelia was silent for a moment and then asked how much it would cost to have a prisoner hanged, adding that she could supply the rope and scaffolding herself if necessary.

The warden, looking delighted by the proposition, said he was certain that some agreement could be reached that would suit them both. After a moment's reflection,

however, Ophelia suddenly changed her mind and asked, instead, to know the debt which John Ashley was interned for, saying that she would pay it and, in addition, that she would leave enough money for clothes, food and a horse strong enough to take someone to the ends of the earth to be given to Ashley, on the express condition that he would never be seen in England again.

Ophelia departed for her home feeling somewhat lighter, if not in her heart, then at least in her head. As she was breaking into song, the rains began to fall but she decided to push on for home anyway, declaring that it would take more than a little rain to defeat her. The result of was that she arrived home with a fever which nearly killed her. She was laid up in bed for several weeks but, strangely enough, she felt certain that even at its worst, this fever was not quite as savage as the last one she had endured. She remained convinced of this until she reached what seemed to be the beginning of convalescence; it was only when something resembling rationality returned to her that Ophelia discovered none of the past nightmares could be equated with what was waiting for her now. For she opened her eyes one morning to see that the usual monsters and demons at the end of her bed had gone and had been replaced by the figure of John Ashley.

He started when he saw Ophelia open her eyes and moved towards her, bringing his sallow, withered head into the light. He seemed to have aged an eternity since their last meeting. "I'm back, Ophelia," he said, then, sensing her agitation, he added, "Don't attempt to speak."

Ophelia had no intention of attempting to speak, she was far too preoccupied with the matter of blowing John's head off. She groped frantically for her pistol on the surface of her bedside table, cursing as she realised that the maids had hidden it again for her own safety.

John continued, "I came against your wishes, I know. I needed to see if you could care for me after all these years ... and forgive me for leaving you alone that night. You must realise ..." and here he cleared his throat, "that I have no friends or family left in the world. No one cares if I live or die."

Ophelia said she was not surprised, considering that he was probably the most miserable sod that God had ever breathed life into.

John was silent for a moment, then, suddenly, in a voice which betrayed some emotion, he spoke, "You are cruel, Ophelia." If the devil himself had appeared through the floorboards and accused Ophelia of cruelty, she would not have been more amazed. She gaped at him, forgetting even her search for the gun. John continued, "I should have said farewell, it is true, when I was arrested, but the letter I left for you should have evoked some feeling in your heart. For thirteen years I have written to you, twice a week, telling you of my innocence and of my eternal love for you, desperate for a reply of any kind at all. And I have received nothing from you except half of the letters I sent in the first. Then, after all these years you appear like a malevolent spirit - you set me free and

disappear again. Why torment me?" he cried out suddenly angry in his bitterness. "Why not just leave me to rot in gaol?"

There was a long silence. "I must go to the charnel-house," Ophelia said suddenly. "I must go immediately," although, had she been asked, she would have been unable to say why.

The charnel-house wore the same appearance it had held the last time Ophelia had visited it; dark and sagging and already put to shame by the dull light from the sun rising slowly in the morning sky. Leaving John as a kind of guard outside, Ophelia entered and began to search every corner of it, moving frantic fingers over the confused braille of the cracks and holes in the stone. There was nothing there, she was certain, no secret trapdoors or chambers; one place, however, still remained to be searched. She picked up a small stone vase with a muck of sunken brown daffodils sculling about in it and smashed it against the box which held Aunt Mary's ashes, shattering both. Inside the box was Ophelia's engagement ring and a huge bundle of letters. Some were dilapidated almost past the point of legibility but Ophelia could make out the date of the day which John disappeared on the top. Smudged across its surface was a small streak of crusting blood, maybe of the same age as that which had stained Aunt Mary's scarf, refusing to come out in the wash. John, waiting outside the charnel-house, had been alarmed at the sound of cracked stone. Hastening to enter the tomb, he stopped abruptly as Ophelia emerged and he sighted the find she had clutched in her hands. Neither of them could bring themselves to speak for a moment.

"Where was my dog in this?" Ophelia finally managed to murmur. John cleared his throat. "The night I was arrested, I was mounting my horse for the ride to London when I saw something hanging from a tree in the garden. I was allowed to ride over to it and saw that it was Baxter. I brought him down and tried to save him, but my captors compelled me to move on. All I wanted to do was to stay here with you - but I was made to leave. All my happiness was with you ..."

Ophelia was staring into the tomb. Someone, she thought, someone must have hated me enough to do this to me - but who? And who could know how to destroy happiness so completely? Ophelia was visualising the ceiling of the charnel-house, patterned with its angels and gorgons' heads and she shivered involuntarily for the inmate who was locked in there for an eternity. An old woman, she thought, an old madwoman, misused and bitter, waiting for her chance ... The very stuff that tragedies were made of ... or farces ...

"Is there any hope for us now?" John spoke again; she turned her head as she could not bear to see that his face was trembling.

And our lives too, she thought, could be called tragedies or, at least, they have the potential to be ... And suddenly she knew what had to be done.

"The first thing I must do," said Ophelia, and here she allowed herself to smile just a little, "The first thing I must endeavour to do is stay alive for a while longer."



# A band called Veruca

Veruca Salt are the latest cool band to blow out of the windy city, Chicago. David Mills spoke to drummer Jim Shapiro.

Veruca Salt was the spoiled brat in Roald Dahl's cult book *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, the one who whined "I want the whole world and I want it now!" That was then.

This is now. Veruca Salt are a new four-piece band from Chicago. They're the hip young things of the moment. They've got spunk. They've got a recording contract. And they've got an album.

*American Thighs* is a powerful collection of guitar-based rock, and about as strong a kickstart to a career as you're ever likely to hear. To use a cliché, the thirteen tracks on the album really *rock out*. The vocals and harmonies of singers Nina Gordon and Louise Post complement heavy guitar which works in delightful pop melodies. Stand-out tracks are "Forsythia" and "Victrola", which are pure pop and pure fun. The album also contains three minutes and sixteen seconds of pure rock action in the form of the unforgettable "Seether", an angry, jumpy and hook-ridden pop masterpiece. It's already received considerable airplay on JJJ, and if it doesn't suffer from over-exposure, it could wind up as one of the more enduring songs of this summer.

The band have referred to Seether as their "blatant pop song". Jim explains:

"I'm unapologetic about pop music generally. I think Nina (Nina Gordon, Veruca Salt's angry young front-thing, who is also Jim's sister) feels a little sheepish about writing overt pop stuff, stuff that's just genuinely catchy, up-to-mid tempo, with a lot of harmonies. I think she feels guilty 'cos it comes easy to her and it sounds good. Most of the songs I like could be called blatant pop songs."

The music press has been quick to pick up on Veruca Salt's pop roots. *The Face* even went so far as to label the band "a post-grunge Blondie". Jim seems to think that that label was perhaps one of the more facile they've been given.

"I'm not a big Blondie fan so I'm not one to take that correctly. If they'd said a post-grunge Go-Go's or a post-grunge Bangles I'd be more pleased. I never like Blondie much, I always thought their songs were kind of bad, whereas the Go-Go's just rip. I love the Go-Go's."

Another of Veruca Salt's influences can be detected in the title of their album. *American Thighs* is a reference to none other than AC/DC. According to Jim, the title is a serious salute: "I understand that in Australia they're not as revered as they are elsewhere, but here in the USA everyone we know loves AC/DC. They're not necessarily the heaviest band of all time...but they just rock, they're amazing."

The album title has another meaning as well:

"Nina and Louise (Louise Post, guitarist and vocalist) have a "Thighs As Female Equivalent of Balls" theory going. I'm not sure how much I subscribe to that, but on the other hand it's not really for me to subscribe to it or not, so it doesn't really matter."

Hey! I like this guy's attitude. Cool name, cool music and cool politics. I ask him how the band, which pushes a strong feminist message, reacts to being labelled as a "girl group":

"The phrase "girl group" has meant a number of different things. In 1964 "girl group" meant The Shirelles or The Marvellettes, but in 1982 it meant The Go-Go's. I'm not sure what it means right now, it seems like practically every band I can think of has women in it, which seems excellent and appropriate, seeing as half the people in the world are. Women playing heavy rock has in the past three years gone from the fringe and being a novelty to absolutely normal. If "girl group" ever had a perjorative or condescending ring to it, through usage it will tend not to, because it no longer is perjorative, or no longer is inherently bracketting."

Veruca Salt are currently touring the US with another big "girl group" of the moment, Hole. Jim seems enthusiastic, even perky about life on the road, describing it in quintessential American terms: "it's just like going away to summer camp."

The band face a hectic touring schedule. Their US tour takes them up until the end of the year. Next January will see them embark on a European tour. There are no immediate plans for an Australian tour, although Jim admits to me that even if there were, he would probably be the last person to know about it. Such is the life of a drummer.

So are Veruca Salt living the rock'n'roll dream?

"In a very cleaned up, bourgeois kind of way," Jim answers. "The fact is that none of us have the instinct for genuinely seedy down-and-out life. So we're the sanitised, parental-approved version of rock. We keep pretty good hours, we eat OK, we tend not to be found passed out in streets. We're doing pretty well on that front, which I guess makes us less entertaining as personalities, but it's probably better for our posture. I don't know if we'll get more or less rock. Right now we're

just sort of medium rock, I can't tell which way we're headed. We all like sleeping too much to head for any real kind of excess. If we required less sleep, we could get into more trouble."

So have Veruca Salt been throwing out television sets out of ten storey hotel windows?

"We get back to the room, we're probably going to be too tired to actually lift the TV and hoist it into the air; or whatever the opportunity for mayhem is, we're probably not going to be able to exploit it."

That's OK. Veruca Salt are cool anyway.



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# Get your Frocks off

With creative inspirations as diverse as funk, Soweto, disco, rock, Modra, pies and the World Bank, Adelaide band *Aunty Raelene* keeps your brain ticking and your feet tapping. I last saw the Raelenes at the Big Funkaleena in August where they had the crowd in the Proscenium jumping. They came out of Adelaide University in 1989 and have since played in full regalia of frocks, freezer bag and pie raffle round Adelaide, Melbourne and, the heart of white Australia, Ballarat. The Raelenes - Derek, Basil, Jim and Louise - have carved out a piece of musical space which doesn't attempt to be universal, but speaks of being alive and awake and in Australia. The life that comes out of the Raelenes is an informed optimism. When the Raelenes play and you dance it is an energy in spite of the evil of the world. The outrage and indignation that comes through in a song like "World Bank" seems to me to be a fundamental part of being alive in our time.

*Aunty Raelene* are about to release a CD, "New Dork Nation". It will be launched at the Proscenium on Friday December 16. I recently spoke with Derek and Basil Raelene on the balcony of the Unibar. They thought it was very nice. Basil described it as a pilgrimage through the Raelene's finest moments from the last five years. Or was that the album?

Photo: Monica Carduff



R: So the name? Where do you get the name?

B: I used to work cleaning toilets for Telecom for six months, five days a week. And you go slightly mad. You have a lot of time to free your mind, you have a lot of time to relax. There was just this free association and we came up with the name *Aunty Raelene Does The Big Ones*. Eventually that one was too big for most people to handle. We wanted something that was out of this country, out of this place.

R: *Aunty Raelene* came out of this country?

B: I think so, yeah. I think the name *Raelene* is really a horribly Australian sounding name, *Raelene*.

R: Is there any association with *Aunty*

Jack?

B: Ah... no. There should've been. I'd never heard of *Aunty Jack*.

D: We said who's *Aunty Jack*?

R: The frocks and the football...why? how?

B: A gimmick.

D: Very cheap.

B: We didn't start off that way. We did a gig up in Gladstone, we put on frocks and it looked really good - boots as well. And we thought this is it, this is *Aunty Raelene*. And then we thought, it's too much of an obvious thing to do, dress up in frocks, a cheap gimmick. But hey it worked so we stuck with it. And, well, we like to play a bit of football. And we thought they went well together, the frocks and the football. I'd like to see a whole team in frocks, playing the game.

R: So you think the second Adelaide team should be in frocks.

B: Well, and this is a secret, we're actually tendering at the moment for the second licence - the *Aunty Raelene Dream Team*.

R: So you say this music is of this place, so...this place matters to you?

B: Sure. Most bands around, not only Adelaide but Melbourne and Sydney, if you listen to them, there's nothing from this place in them. In terms of what they say and the sounds they create, the way they sing, the images that they use, they are all brought in

from somewhere else, primarily from the United States culture, you know.

D: 'Specially the accent.

B: This copy-cat culture we've got and we've been swamped by it to the point where, like, if you're in a band and you don't sing in an American accent you kind of feel stupid. Part of the Raelenes is to use the pictures and the images coming out of where we are.

R: So, and this one I've ripped off from *Juice*, are you trying to establish an Australian Rock Aesthetic?

B & D: Yeah.

R: So what constitutes an Australian Rock Aesthetic?

B: Ah Um.

D: I defer to the dictator on this one.

B: We are trying to do something which

is Australian. If you live in Adelaide all your life then, fuck, why not write a song about Adelaide? Instead of writing some fucking song about New York or Los Angeles. A lot of imagery, it doesn't ring true, it rings false...it rings false.

R: So what sort of music do you play anyway?

B: Yeah, we play a whole range of stuff, but the common thread is dance. But it's not dance music in the computer, sterile, 122 beats per minute type of thing that people are used to dancing to.

R: But you change the timing in the middle of your songs.

B: That's only about two of them. That's to see if everyone's on the ball. We always enjoy it when that happens because the dance floor collapses in a sea of chaos.

D: They all start bumping into each other.

B: They look around, "have we done something wrong, did the band make a mistake? I'll just keep dancing out of time". It's dance music, but it's live dance music, and it's influenced by all sorts of dance beats, like from funk to...

D: Soweto

B: ...to disco dance beats to folk to hip hop and jazz dance beats but every song has an infectious dance groove. In a fluid live earthy type of cosmic...

R: Yeah yeah, get on with it..

B: Hippy cosmic dance music.

R: But you enunciate the lyrics. When I listen to some rap they say a lot of stuff that is really interesting but I can't understand the words. I can understand what you say.

B: How do you know this rap you listen to is really interesting stuff if you can't hear the words?

R: I can read the cover.

B: Ah well we say the words so that we don't have to write on the cover. Well we put a lot of time into our lyrics - you go and see some bands and who wants to know about their turgid reflections on adolescent puppy-love or she left me again or I want you, over and over again. Who wants to know. No wonder they stand there in embarrassment and look at the floor.

R: But maybe we haven't got over it and we need someone to keep regurgitating it.

B: Yeah well don't have a public therapy session with me.

R: Do you have any love songs?

B: I don't want to bore people with...

R: Your love life..

B: My love life, my disasterous love life. I don't want to bore people into oblivion.

R: The lyrics form part of the beat..

B: Yeah, the lyrics are very percussive, because it is very much a rhythm and dance beat thing. If I do a song in the band and you can't dance to it...

D: It goes out.

B: Most of the time you go to the pub and see a band, you can't dance to them, you can't listen to them, you can't understand anything they're saying,

you can't talk to anyone because it's too bloody loud. As a social event it just doesn't exist.

R: Is that why everyone takes drugs?

B: Yeah, drugs because the band is so bad.

R: Which came first: the bad bands or the drugs?

B: Bad bands. Back in ancient Egypt sometime, like 3000BC, "This band is so bad pass the gear".

R: OK. What about music and politics? I was walking past this guy the other day and he was wearing this T-shirt "keep your politics out of my music".

Where do you think the place is for politics in music, and music in politics.

B: I think a T-shirt like that is...

D: Crap.

B: Well...no, I think it's a misunderstanding of what the word politics is. Politics, in a sense, describes, in fact everything. Politics is not only in the music, it's in the shampoo you buy. It's in what you choose to eat at recess time. How you treat people who are different to you on the footpath. It's whether you choose to catch a bus or drive a car. Politics is in everything. Kylie Minogue, her song, "Locomotion do the hoky poky motion thing" or whatever, that is a political song and that is a political statement, right. She's saying 'I've got all this time and all this power and you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to sing about locomotion' instead of making some comment about the place she lives in. It pisses me off because there is so much information not getting out to the world and it should be getting out, and it's being held up by media monopoly in all departments and then there's people in the music industry who have the opportunity to be a voice and they choose not to be. And I think that's a big shame. There should be a lot more politics in music.

R: So the CD is due out in about a month.

B: Yeah, all the hits from five years, it's a pilgrimage through the Raelene's finest moments.

R: So where have you come to?

B: Nowhere.

D: We're gonna go to Mecca.

R: You're going to Melbourne.

B: Yeah and Sydney, and Canberra, Ballarat. A national tour. The *New Dork Nation Tour* which is launched at the Proscenium on Friday the 16th of December.

D: Along with other fluid journeying dance bands, Whiplash and world music funksters, Fresh Air.

R: And you have a distribution contract with Greasy Pop.

B: Yeah, so it'll go around the eastern states.

D: Yeah, and it'll get thrust into the heart of Europe.

B: Germany.

R: Ah, lot of Raelene fans in Germany?

B: Big along the old border. Only the ones that don't know what they are going in for the Raelenes - the confused ones.

Russel Norman



# Solo rockin' man

Does Grant McLennan get randy on stage? Bryan Scruby put the question to the man himself in this interview.

*Spring is sprung,  
The grass is ris,  
I wonder where,  
Grant McLennan is?*

Well, last Wednesday afternoon he was talking to Bryan Scruby on the phone, presumably from somewhere near a window overlooking a gully overflowing with Fauna. To find out what that has to do with the imminent release of a new album by one of Australia's more talented singer/songwriters of the last decade or more, read on because the conversation went something like this ...

**On Dit:** Tell me about the album - specifically, does it have a common lyrical theme?

**GM:** Well, I recorded 30 songs during the Spring of this year in Athens, Georgia and 24 of them are on the record - so, it's a double. It's 100 minutes of words about a whole bunch of different people sharing the same kind of experiences and they all end up on a dark road at night and they're following stars.

**OD:** I've got a press release here that states that you entered the studio in Athens with "a little trepidation" - why was that?

**GM:** Well, they were all taller than me. Southern people are like Queenslanders and Western Australians. Not the sort of stunted New South Welsh people or Victorians. Do you know what I mean? Under the weight of history, these people stand tall and proud. But I think it's because I choose to do a kind of weird thing. To go somewhere where I didn't know the studio, I didn't know the producer John King and I didn't know who I was going to play with. And I hadn't written many of the lyrics, so it was an adventure and, fortunately, I've pulled it off gloriously so I'm really happy.

**OD:** That's something about being a solo artist - that you are free to change who you work with all the time. Is that a hassle or something you enjoy?

**GM:** It's difficult to organise. If I kind of wanted to record in Nigeria, that would be a difficult thing to organise. I don't really regard myself as a solo artist. It's just that my name's singular. If I was to make a record just by myself with just voice and whatever, then I'd see myself as solo. I chose, and have always have chosen, to play with other people because you just get the coolest and most beautiful sounds that way. And I like the situation of men and women in a studio or in a bedroom or on a roof laying down great things over tunes.

**OD:** I hear that you're about to do a one-off show with Robert Forster in London.

**GM:** I just saw two of the most beautiful things I've ever seen in my life. Two scrub turkeys have just come up

out of the gully here and are building a nest because spring is the mating season in the animal kingdom.

**OD:** I've noticed that in the people kingdom as well. Lots of my friends are scoring all over the place.

**GM:** What, drugs and stuff like that?

**OD:** No, no, just each other.

**GM:** Oh, well that's fantastic. Spring is the eternal cycle.

**OD:** You're feeling it too, are you?

**GM:** Ooh, very much. I'm feeling it very much at the moment. In fact, it's a thing that grows ... you know what I mean?

**OD:** So that randiness will come out of you on stage, will it?

**GM:** Randiness? No, not randiness. It's the spring joy. And when you listen to the whole record ... it's all about that.

**OD:** What was I saying ...? Oh, Robert Forster.

**GM:** He's a genius.

**OD:** Is he?

**GM:** Yep. And we did play together aways back and it was just fantastic.

**OD:** Are you coming to Adelaide?

**GM:** Oh, definitely. I'm going to do some shows in November, small and intimate, you know, like the small stage at Woodstock - those kind of artists like Suzanne Vega and Neneh Cherry as opposed to the big stage which is more Spin Doctors, Eagles, those kind of artists.

**OD:** You'd be a big Spin Doctors fan, wouldn't you?

**GM:** I like their Steve Miller stuff. I think that's really cool. I think that Aris is a tremendous frontman in the old style. He just says so many very, very funny things. He refers to humans as hominids. And he calls his band a bipedal packhunting bunch of hominids. Isn't that just incredible!

**OD:** I guess you wish you'd thought that up yourself.

**GM:** No, I'm glad I didn't think that up myself 'cause then I'd have to live with it for the rest of my life. The best thing I've sen recently is Tumbleweed at Livid. Followed closely behind by the ever marvellous and imaginative Beastie Boys.

**OD:** You like the Beastie Boys?

**GM:** Sure do, who doesn't?! There was the Livid Festival up here where a whole lot of bands played. Buffalo Tom, Beastie Boys, the gloriously charismatic Dave Graney, Tumbleweed, the hilarious Carolina kind of grunge pop rockers Superchunk.

**OD:** Superchunk were sensational here.

**GM:** They sought an audience with me and it was wonderful. Helmet played but they didn't play loud enough.

**OD:** Not loud enough! Well that surprises me.

**GM:** Because it was in a big tent the sound went out the holes. Like an acoustic guitar, I guess.

**OD:** What sort of bands do you listen



to? Not what are your influences because that's a bitch of a question!

**GM:** No, I don't have any influences any more. There are bands that are copiest bands - which doesn't mean they're bad - like Primal Scream and Oasis who are great bands because the stuff they want to rip off and emulate is cool. Imagine if you wanted to rip off Ultravox! I'm more interested in mavericks, in individuals. In things that are completely unique like Sly Stone. But that doesn't mean I want to sound like them. I mean I don't look good in platforms and big collars ... They're the kind of people I like. Just pure original, get down, organic music.

**OD:** Now critics tend to love you, is that something ...

**GM:** I send them Christmas cards. That's the secret.

**OD:** I thought it might have been your music.

**GM:** Yeah, Frank Sinatra taught me that. He said, "Look, if you want to get good reviews, send them Christmas cards". And the other thing he told me was to never leave money in the dressing room. I didn't understand what that meant.

**OD:** You would have done a shitload of interviews in your time, so has there been a question that someone has asked you that stands out as particularly memorable?

**GM:** Someone today asked, "How

come my skin is so beautiful?" I kind of gagged. Paul Newman once told someone I know that his secret was to get ice cold water and just throw it on your face for 15 minutes a day. And look at Uncle Paul's face today ... he is looking good. A lot of journalists haven't done their homework and I find that annoying because I spend a lot of time and other people I know spend a lot of time writing songs, recording them and making them sound really cool and then you get some sort of schlub on the phone or face-to-face asking what's the album about and I say, "fucking listen to it". That's almost the most annoying question to me. I got a lot of it in Europe where they'd ask me, "Why a double album?" Well, you know, why wake up in the morning, why watch TV - who knows?

**OD:** People can interpret what you're like by listening to you records or whatever but how do you see yourself?

**GM:** If you had to do an identi-kit picture of me from my songs, it'd be a very good looking, sort of sensitive, very tall, athletic sort of international phenomenon. But anyone who's met me knows that that's not the case - except for the tall bit.

Grant McLennan's third solo album, *Horsebreaker Star* is due out at the end of October.



# Local lads make good

Tim Beaumont interviews John Scott from The Mark of Cain

Since the release of the astonishingly powerful LP *Battlesick* in 1989, The Mark of Cain have earned such a reputation and following in Adelaide as to make any introduction to their sound or message seem like an unnecessary formality. People are often heard saying that The Mark of Cain's music is superior to that of international bands of a similar style such as Helmet, The Rollins Band or Tool, and gradually the doors seem to be opening for them both overseas and across Australia.

In recent months, however, TMOC seem to have been keeping a curiously low profile and as it's been ages since they've released anything substantial, many have suspected that there may be something brewing. Well, there is. At the moment, the band are ready to record their third full-length album (which will contain many songs that local audiences have yet to hear) and are currently in the process of negotiating record contracts.

Earlier in the year, TMOC were offered a deal by muscular Hardcore celebrity Henry Rollins and they have accepted. This contract will see *Battlesick*, *The Unclaimed Prize*, *Incoming* and *Tell Me* released on either 2-13-61 or Henry's record label, Human Pitbull. On top of all this, The Mark of Cain will have material released on a couple of compilation albums before the next year and will feature on JJJ as part of their live-to-air series.

To catch up on some more general news, *On Dit* recently sent off a short list of questions and received the following treasure-trove of information from TMOC singer / songwriter /

musician, John Scott.

OD: Firstly, do you expect the new album to be radically different? John Scott: Personally, I don't see the new songs as "radically" different. I believe the themes are still similar though not going over the same ground. If anything, I would say there is more contrast in some of the new stuff - it's harder and softer.

OD: Somewhere I've heard someone say that when people get older they find lyrics less important. Do you find that your songs are now less of a catharsis for negative emotions?

JS: I don't think it's a matter of necessarily getting older that makes lyrics less important - I think it stems from the fact that for a lot of people the older they get the more settled and comfortable they get - perhaps the world really is more accepting the older they become. Obviously, not everyone does this but it seems to me that for a lot of people, they lose their general dissatisfaction with life or perhaps work out their belief system to an extent which decreases a need to express life's agonies in their lyrics and may not look for anything in others' lyrics. I'm old and I'm still fucked up, my belief system is all wrong, I still read and search for ways to accept life better and I think that lyrics are still important.

OD: Do you consider yourself more of an 'albums band' than a live one? I find that most releases from Adelaide bands tend to stir an 'I wish I was not at the gig' feeling, whereas I suspect that many people at your concerts have your albums in the fore of their minds.

JS: On the contrary. Many people

complain that they wish our albums represented our live sound more closely. What we have found is that 'live' doesn't translate well in the studio for our music doesn't work. Sometimes intensity is best achieved in a controlled way. I think it also helps preserve repeated playing of an album.

OD: How is The Mark of Cain being received in Australia nowadays?

JS: The last two years have seen a better response in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth. Adelaide, surprisingly (or *not* surprisingly) gives us very little press these days and some of it is downright derogatory. Most times it's a reflection of personality writing articles rather than professional distance.

OD: Your music hardly seems designed just to help noisy young males let off a bit of steam. Women often outnumber males at your gigs and there always seem to be as many thinkers as drinkers present.

JS: I guess we'd rather have thinkers than drinkers, or thinkers who are drinkers. Do women often outnumber the males at our shows? So why don't they come and talk to us - it's always the disturbed males that speak to us after the show! What we write about is equally relevant to either sex

anyway, it just happens that we are males writing it.

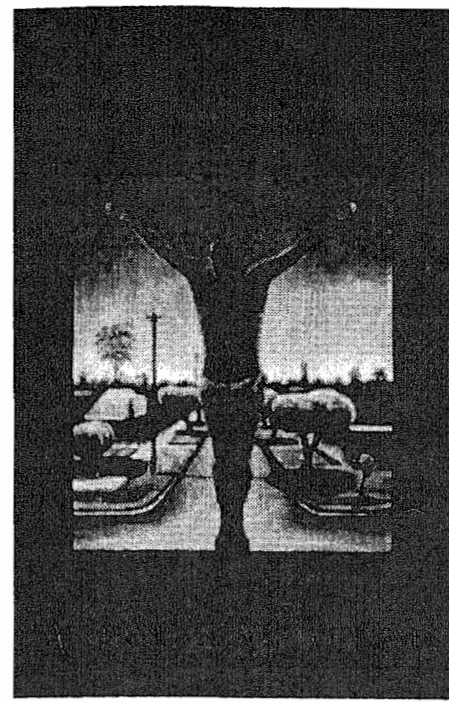
OD: Many followers of heavy alternative music are quick to dismiss any bands who fall under the 'metal' section. Do you think metal-based acts have anything to offer?

JS: I don't believe the metal scene should be dismissed. The music is very powerful. The biggest criticism I'd give it is that lyrically it's very stereotyped, even the angst metal is getting that way. In 1987, our lyrics were once described as embarrassing to listen to, lyrics to make a "rock man" wince. These days it seems to be the norm. Maybe sensitivity is in, like, Manga. We're all Caring Understanding Nineties Types.

OD: Finally, have The Mark of Cain been formulating any plans for world domination?

JS: We've been invited to play at a festival in Germany in May 1995. From there we'll see what happens. For once it seems like we really are going to tour overseas. It'll be interesting to see how we are received.

So, there you go rock fans. See 'em live, buy their double CD set on offer at the moment and if you're keen, search out the great issues of DNA that are devoted entirely to them. They are an amazing band.



Australian Melodrama  
The Triffids  
White/Festival

The Triffids belong to the great school of ignored Australian song writers (The Go-Betweens, Paul Kelly, The Church, Ed Kepper): a group of songwriters whose music is influenced by the Australian landscape, sparse, grand yet containing a haunting beauty. This great tradition is being carried on by the likes of The Cruel Sea and The Jackson Code.

This compilation covers the decade from the late 70s to the late 80s. As with all compilations it faces the problem of not containing what everyone would consider to be the best Triffids songs. However, with close to twenty tracks most people's tastes should be at least partially met. A reflection of the depth of talent of the Triffids is that Jill Birt who could easily have fronted a band herself only takes over the responsibility of lead vocal on a handful of tracks.

No need for lyric sheets here. Every syllable is clearly enunciated. Something which is refreshingly rare in the world of rock music.

A personal favorite is "Jerndacutta Man", a song written from the optique of the 'Ice Man' who now resides in the British Museum. It takes a good dash of arrogance to attempt writing a song about how the ice-man died, what his life was like and how he feels, and how he got to the British Museum. It takes a great deal of brilliance to pull it off so successfully.

Other tracks include "Hell of a Summer", "New Year's Greeting", "Bury Me Deep in Love" and of course "Wide Open Road". I'll probably have to replace my copy soon. What more can I tell you?

Dominic Stefanson

Monster  
REM  
Warner

This album is simply brilliant. REM has returned to the world of rock'n'roll. They seemed to have rediscovered their youthful enthusiasm (even though they are no longer youths) which was replaced by melancholy on *Automatic for the People* and they are excited about life again.

Every song on this album is strong in

its own right and *Monster* is full of variety. From the classic rock song of "Star 69" which has to be a single sooner or later to the sensitivity of "Tongue". As you would expect Michael Stipes' lyrics are poignant as always with words of enlightenment like 'Withdrawal in disgust is not the same as apathy' from "What's the frequency Kenneth?"

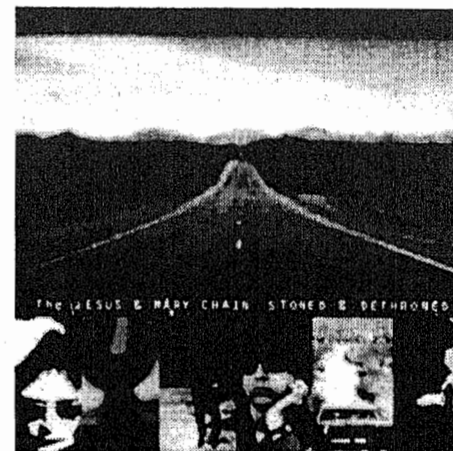
"Crush with Eyeliner" has got to be one of the coolest songs about being in love ever written. Thurston Moore (of Sonic Youth fame) adds his talents to that song which gives it the perfect feel.

*Monster* has REM being the most experimental that I've heard them be. "King of Comedy" has Michael Stipes voice distorted, then on "Tongue" he sings the whole song octaves higher as a tribute to the Motown sound.

"Let Me In" proceeds for the first minute with just a distorted guitar and Michael Stipes' marvellous voice. Eventually, a keyboard and tambourine turn the song into a truly experimental masterpiece using no drums or bass. "Circus Envy" also amazes the listener with a funky pop bass that makes you wanna dance, while Buck's distorted guitar adds a noisy coolness to the jangly feel of another great track.

Overall, there is only one thing to say to all REM fans and to anyone else that loves rock music - Buy it!

Scott Berry



Stoned and Dethroned  
The Jesus and Mary Chain  
Warner

It has been close to a decade since the Reid brothers released the classic *Psychocandy* album which changed the face of British music.

*Psychocandy*, with its three chords and generous application of distortion cleared the way for others to follow, most notably Ride and My Bloody Valentine. Since then The Jesus and Mary Chain have meandered along flogging the same horse, with the exception of *Darklands* (1987). By 1992 and *Honey's Dead* this horse was well and truly dead. Ordinary reviews and disastrous sale figures, the thing was selling new for \$5 six months after being released. Where do you go from here, bury the horse or buy a new one?

In fact neither. The Reid brothers went back to a horse which had been resting in green pastures for seven long years. Naturally this horse was very fresh. *Stoned and Dethroned* takes off from where *Darklands* left off. Freed at last from the chains of public expectancy The Jesus and Mary Chain have taken the concept to its logical conclusion. 17 tracks, none exceeding three minutes

thirty, all resisting the urge to pull the wall of guitar sound out of retirement. All within their limits, controlled, not trying to do too much, giving the music time and space to breathe. The cover photo is an empty horizon, a new landscape to be explored, a blank canvas waiting to be filled, and what a pretty picture these 17 tracks form.

The choice of studio guests, little miss "Mazzy Star" (Hope Scandoval) and Shane McGowan reflect the Reid brothers' new found sensibility and gentleness. The album title is also no coincidence. The Reid brothers awoke one morning to find themselves the dirty rascals rather than the kings of the castle. Had a few bongos and let the wacky tabacky work its miraculous soothing and mellowing effects.

What we've all known from the ice age to the dole age is that some songs are better than others. The best way to judge an album is often its weakest tracks. There are no weak tracks here. There are the highs, 'Come On', 'Sometime Always', 'God Help Me', 'You've been a Friend', but no real lows here!

Dominic Stefanson

Tempted  
Waterlilies  
Sire / Reprise

To tell you the truth, I hadn't heard of the Waterlilies when I received their CD, so, instead of sitting down to scrutinise it ruthlessly, I popped it on, headed to the kitchen and whipped up a Milo. At least I would have if the opening bars of sampley stuff hadn't stopped me in my tracks.

The first song, "Tempted", was a pretty catchy little number - sort of New Orderly with a female singer and the occasional Pet Shop Boys style orchestra hit. The rest of the songs were a bit of a muddle - sometimes Top 40 smooth dancey stuff (a more accessible One Dove, if that's possible); sometimes parts of *The Piano* soundtrack; sometimes Cocteau Twins (especially in "Nolian Doll"); sometimes *Cats* (you know, "Mr Mistofiles" and all that); sometimes Arthur; sometimes Martha; and on one occasion, the keyboard riff from "Tremelo Song" by The Charlatans. Even the song names are familiar - "Take My Breath Away", "Supersonic", "How Does it Feel" and "Close to You" (the last one is, admittedly a cover of the Burt Bacharach song).

I know, it sounds pretty grim, but it isn't that bad. In fact, in a way, I quite like it and I reckon it just might do pretty well.

Mark Scruby

Life Is An Accident  
New Fads  
Play It Again Sam

The abbreviated name may have poxified the image of New Fast Automatic Daffodils but the music hasn't suffered.

The title track takes a ride down the same road that the Charlatans have recently been cruising but still has the distinctively percussive feel of their older releases. The Fuzzy Logic remix of "Every Once In A While" is a damn cool B-side but "Aches and Pains" seems a bit limp. Then again, what would I know?

Mark Scruby



DIG  
DIG  
BMG

No, it's not the Australian DIG (Directions in Groove) who have become increasingly popular over the past 18 months with their acid-jazz-like tunes. This outfit is very different in comparison.

This DIG are from LA and this, their first album, combines a great number of musical styles. Hints of grunge, funk, metal and rap can all be heard. The highlight is the track "Conversation" which is a mix of grunge and funk. Most of the album seems depressing due to the vocals and somber bass lines.

This album is an interesting release. Unfortunately it is not much to rave about, and I cannot advise you to buy the album. However, there is a lot of potential shown. The musical innovation that the band shows must be praised. I'll be interested in hearing their next effort - I'm sure DIG will improve with maturity.

Steven Dickinson

Born Dead  
Body Count  
EMI

African-American hard rock band Body Count are seen as nothing if not controversial, and they reaffirm this view on their second album, *Born Dead*. Outspoken without being downright political, it is often very hard to tell when lead singer Ice-T and his band mean what they say, and when they are merely writing a song from another person's perspective.

This album is, maybe surprisingly in light of the censorship this band has experienced, just as likely to offend and shock comfortable middle-class Americans (and the rest of the world, for that matter), yet one wonders how much the band truly speak their minds, as opposed to merely writing songs about horrific murders ("Last Breath"), pushing small white children under buses ("Necessary Evil") and excessive drug use ("Street Lobotomy"). Ice-T and Ernie-C (lead guitarist) contend that most of their lyrics are intended as fantasy/horror stories and general statements about life in the streets.

Overall, the level of musical skill has improved from their debut album to the extent where Body Count must now be ranked alongside Slayer and Metallica, but there are less standout songs than previously, maybe because the band have become more consistent in their songwriting. Tracks which immediately hit the ear are the title track and an absolutely brilliant cover of the Hendrix classic "Hey Joe", which the great man himself would have trouble eclipsing. If you liked the debut, you'll probably love this.

Florian Minzloff

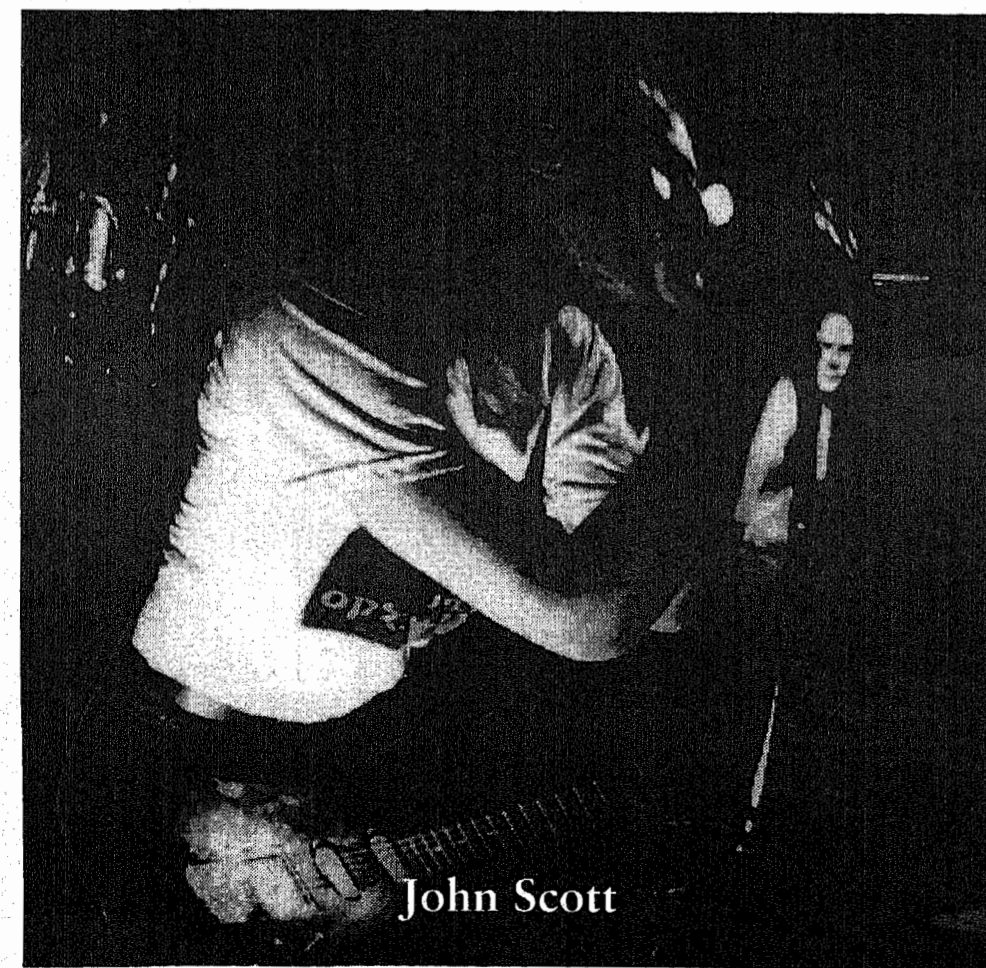
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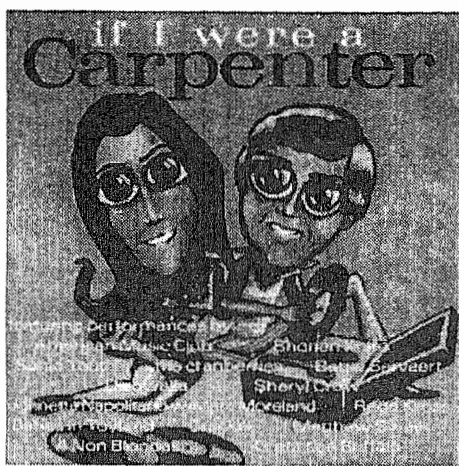
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John Scott





**If I Were A Carpenter**  
Various  
A & M

When I heard that a bunch of guitar bands had got together to record an album of Carpenters tunes, I was downright scared. I mean, who knows what sort of crazy shenanigans this lot could get up to. Most of The Carpenters' big hits are golden classics, each amazingly intricate in its construction and perfect in its execution: it seemed like tricky ground to have to tread. Thankfully and gratefully, my fears were unfounded.

*If I Were A Carpenter* is a beautiful collection of songs. Most of the tracks here receive a 5-star rating for maintaining the songs' original feel and emotion whilst still bringing something new to it. A stand-out track in this category is "Top of the World" by Shonen Knife. The driving beat and rock guitar complement beautifully the pop vibe that is already built into this song. "Yesterday Once more" by Redd Kross is very moving, in this form this song could easily have an entire stadium of people bobbing up and down to its rhythmic beat. "Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft" transposed beautifully by Babes in Toyland, becomes a full rock epic, whilst still retaining that ever present Carpenters, thick'n'crusty cheese base. Bettie Serveer with "For All We Know" and 4 Non Blondes with "Bless the Beasts and the Children" supply the power and Matthew Sweet, with the aid of Richard Carpenter on backing vocals and keyboards provides the album's sweetest track, "Let Me Be The One". The list of great names continues: Sheryl Crow, Johnette Napolitano, Dishwalla, American Music Club and so on and so on.

Unfortunately, due to the extensive production of the originals, some of these covers fall flat. The Carpenters would often use an orchestra to create extreme light and shade between verse and chorus, the difference impacting on the listener as an intense increase in power. A prime example of this being Sonic Youth with "Superstar". Starting in a very mellow lull, the burst of noise that many have come to expect from the original is represented differently here. "Rainy Days and Mondays" by Cracker and "(They Long To Be) Close To You" by The Cranberries also suffer from this syndrome.

Originally, A & M records had planned to produce an album of Carpenters covers performed by established mainstream pop stars in celebration of the 25th anniversary of The Carpenters signing to A & M records. They soon realised that it would be inappropriate to try to out-pop great pop recordings.

In the end, their decision to produce this album not only emphasises the brilliance and versatility of The Carpenters, but will also hopefully turn the heads of many people who had simply before dismissed The Carpenters as boring elevator music.

Frank Trimboli

**Come Out and Play**  
Offspring  
Cortex

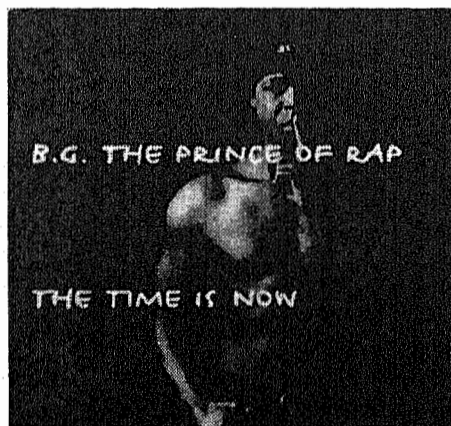
Opening with a ricky-tick drum figure and the memorable tagline, "You've gotta keep 'em separated," *Come Out and Play* is a perfectly explosive blend of catchy melody, steamroller guitars and punk abandon. This instant classic is blurring the line between Indie and Mainstream and has got way too many people jumping around, playing air guitar.

At last, the brilliant tune from the CD *Smash* has been released as an Australian only EP, despite the record company's reluctance to release singles. But to many people's relief the EP is out and this first single has skyrocketed Offspring's album *Smash* to the verge of top 10 in the US and top 20 here in Australia.

It is a success story that has even left the band confused. "It was the last song I wrote for the album," explains vocalist Bryan Holland. "I had some ideas and was having trouble even making a song out of them. It came together at the last minute."

*Come Out and Play* is one of three tracks on the EP. The other songs are OK - "Session" is average and there is a quirky little acoustic instrumental version of *Come Out and Play* but it is worth paying the eight bucks just for "The" track.

Simon Hunt



**The Time is Now**  
B.G. The Prince of Rap  
Sony

B.G. The Prince of Rap - it really is a name to make you think, "Yeah, right," but this is a fairly good Rap/Dance collection out of Germany.

Despite being by an artist who calls himself the Prince of Rap, the CD is more a techno album than your traditional rap, with the sounds resembling 2 Unlimited or even the Movement, much more than that of Public Enemy or one of those Ice boys.

The CD opens with a track called "Can't Love You", which sounds suspiciously like that Kim Wilde song of a similar name released last year.

There are going to be two singles from *The Time is Now* and they are "The Colour of My Dreams" and "Can We Get Enough". I doubt it if either will make an appearance on the charts, despite the fact that they aren't too bad. Both tracks just lack that something that will set B.G. apart from other similar artists and neither single has a catchy phrase, tune or sample that seems to be necessary for chart success.

All of the tracks on *The Time is Now* are fair and all have delved into the typical rap sounds, like the unusual beats and scratches. Even the Home Boy group singing the main chorus has made an appearance here and there. These things seem to suggest that there was an attempt to gain some chart success, but it really does little more than make them sound manufactured.

B.G. is helped out on the album by Jam El Mar, who was half of Jam & Spoon. They rose to prominence earlier this year when "Right in the Night" went Top 10 here in Australia. Stefan Benz also makes a large contribution. The tracks are mainly written by the three (B.G., El Mar and Benz) and the production has been done in Allstar Studios in Frankfurt who also produced Jam & Spoon.

The inside cover makes an interesting read, especially when Jam, Benz and B.G. thank those who contributed to the CD. Benz "Thanx", among many others, Mum'n'Dad'n'Ute for "You Know What" and BMW for his transportation. El Mar sends peace and love to the world and "Thanx" a few people including Enzo Ferrari, Michael Schumacher, Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost. B.G., well, he says it all when he says, "Firstly, I would like to thank God and my woman Sabine ..."

This CD runs for over an hour, which suggests value and all of the 12 tracks are reasonably good rap/dance songs. But unless you are really into the techno/rap music, I don't think that *The Time is Now* by B.G. The Prince of Rap will satisfy.

Barry Gibb

**Oleander Land**  
Happy Patch  
Mds

I like this CD, the reason why is quite difficult to explain. Happy Patch have been playing pop music around the local band scene for ages in one form or another. Their sound is distinctive and well produced; quite laid back and mellow.

Dale's distinctive plaintive vocals complements the moody guitar riffs. Unfortunately the five songs sound very much the same; they kind of blend into each other, thus instead of disparate songs, there's one complete Happy Patch experience. It becomes a bit tedious by the end.

By the second and third listen, the songs finally do something for me. The CD becomes less bland as the songs develop their own character. The downfall of *Oleander Land* is its lack of diversity; I kind of expected more from an established band. On the other hand, they've managed to demonstrate their own particular style on this debut CD. I believe that *Oleander Land* is a sign of brighter things to come for Happy Patch.

Tracy Skehan

**Without a Sound**  
Dinosaur Jr  
Warner

*Without a Sound* opens with the noise of a cork popping out of a bottle of wine. To me, this symbolises that you have just opened another vintage Dinosaur Jr album which will intoxicate your senses yet again.

Dinosaur Jr's sound isn't very different from the previous albums but when you sound this good why change for the sake of change? J Mascis' vocals are delightfully drawled as always and there is an ample supply of Dinosaur Jr's characteristic guitar solos. You won't find a dud track on the album, it's all great.

"Yeah Right" will probably be the next single, it's a cool, groovy, feel-good tune. The variety continues, next track being a beautiful acoustic ballad, "Outta Hand", showing J Mascis' voice passionate as always. The following track starts with huge guitars to remind you of J's amazing range of talents.

"Seemed Like The Thing To Do" is the slowest and most sensitive song I've ever heard Dinosaur Jr play, it's so peaceful. The song "Over Your Shoulder" opens with the lyrics 'Hey, hey, look over your shoulder, hey, hey, it's me getting older'. Well, J may be getting old but he still writes infectious rock music and his guitar solos proves that he is still a master of the guitar. The man is a genius, he plays guitar, drums and keyboards and he sings.

Overall, a must-buy for all Dinosaur Jr fans and for anyone who likes electric guitars, give it a listen.

Scott Berry



**Your Worlds**  
Alto Avenue  
Independent (Mds)

This 7-track EP is the debut release from this Melbourne band; combining a simple blend of acoustic folk-pop melodies with vocal harmonies thanks to brothers Melchior and Michael Martin.

It all reminds me a bit too much of Things of Stone and Wood, but this is probably because Phil Jones (Frente!, TOSAW) produced it. However (and you all sigh in relief), those Melbourne clichés have not wormed their little way into any lyrics as the brothers lean towards themes of nature, longing love and wishful thinking. Alto Avenue have supported various Australian artists such as Vick and Linda Bull, The Jaynes and The Truth and will probably be touring Adelaide around December.

Shelley





**Kylie**  
Kylie  
De-construction

It's been a long time since Kylie last released some new material (her last single was "Celebration" in time for Christmas '92) - and nearly 2 years later Kylie returns with something strikingly new and different. This album begins a new era for Kylie, having left the predictable Stock, Aitken and Waterman collaboration that spawned her fluffy and fantastic hits such as "Locomotion" and "Hand On Your Heart", and moved into the more trendy DeConstruction group. And the transition shows. This album is far less thin than previous Kylie releases and her vocal maturity is well shown - "Confide in Me" has deservedly become a cult hit and instant number one in Australia, basically because it is something different, unexpected and tremendous! The album continues to surprise with different styles of Kylie, but most of them can be described as "Madonnaish" - which is not a bad thing, right?

"Falling" is in itself primarily a chant "...falling in love..." written by the fabulous Pet Shop Boys who have always been at the forefront of modern music, while "Dangerous Game" stands out due to the groovy string background and it too is absolutely lovable!

Many of the other tracks follow in Madonna's footsteps with the Erotica-style drums and vocals constantly finding their way into the music even to the extent of the intentional surface noise on "Put Yourself In My Place" and Madonna-style breathy-bits coming in every second song.

There are also obvious dance-floor hits with the current drum programming and repetitive choruses such as "Where is the feeling?" and "Where has the love gone?" which will no doubt be hot over the summer, as well as the obligatory love songs such as "Surrender" that the Top 10 charts simply adore.

If you had ever doubted Kylie Minogue's capability over the last seven years (yes - it's been that long!) then pick up a copy of the album and discover that this is just what you need to prove yourself wrong. Be prepared to say "I love Kylie and am proud of it!" because this album is great! Enjoy.

Yuri

**Electric Hippies**  
Electric Hippies  
Warner

The Electric Hippies win the award for the best album cover without a doubt. The cover is 3D, I've never seen one

before, it's really trippy. Unfortunately, the rest of the album isn't as excellent as the cover, but it is still good.

Most of you would have heard the Electric Hippies two singles by now, "Greedy People" and "I Believe in You". If you don't like either of these songs, then I doubt you'd like the rest of the album, it is not all the same but it isn't that different from the singles. But for those of you who liked the singles, the album is equally as likeable.

The Electric Hippies are very much retro rockers, you can hear many influences like David Bowie, The Beatles, Elton John and most certainly Suede. The lyrics are politically correct, attacking homophobia, greedy people, while also proving they are hippies by mentioning drugs, love and other hippy stuff.

Standout tracks include, "I Didn't Mean to Make You Cry", "My Turn to Cry", "Falling Star" and the particularly groovy distortion of "Acid Lady". Overall, a very likeable debut album, worth a listen. I'll be interested to see if the Electric Hippies can deliver the goods when playing live at the Grand Prix Concert.

Scott Berry



**Sassafras**  
Chug  
Flying Nun Records

*Sassafras* is quite easily the best debut album I've heard all year. Chug hail from Dunedin, home also to the 3Ds, but comparisons with their soul mates don't end there. Various members of Chug and the 3Ds have shared bands from time to time and, like the 3Ds, Chug's style borrows from such indie greats as Pavement, The Hummingbirds and The Pixies, without ever sounding just like them.

Chug's biography heaps praise on them and every bit is deserved. Their sound consists of decidedly wayward guitar and organ supported by a bruising rhythm section. Each song is instantly likeable and picking out best tracks would just subtract from the others. The 12 songs leave us wanting more.

No need to look too deep, this is just a great album. Expect to hear a lot about this band soon.

Adam Macleod

**Out of Here**  
Corduroy  
Acid Jazz

Plenty of retro sixties feel with ample wah and soft harmonies from this well-established acid jazz outfit from London, which is all very nice, but ...

This is the first recording I've heard on the Acid Jazz label which could be called middle of the road. "Magic Carpet Rider" is one of the better tracks, the song itself riding on a Mamas and Papas-esque groove, incorporating curious middle eastern guitar gimmickry.

Overall, though, an excess of schmalzy harmonies and "do, do, do, ba da dop" kind of thing soon grate on the nerves.

Definitely not cutting edge acid jazz.  
Dylan Woolcock



**Hear and Now**  
Consolidated  
Polygram

For anyone who has heard Consolidated before this brief collection of past releases needs no review. These guys are the business when it comes to scathing sound and political conscience, leaping unpredictably from industrial techno to Seattle rock to hip-hop. Their quick-fire rap, occasional bursts of song and punch guitar work invite comparison with bands such as Red Hot Chilli peppers and Living Colour, but add to this a selection of techno grooves, obscure samples and thundering drum loops and you have a far more abrasive sound that packs real attitude.

The ten tracks here (spread across two discs, *Hear and Now*) cover the last three years of Consolidated's five-year career, the earliest cut being the relatively poppy, "This is Fascism". The variety of styles extends from the techno-free "Cutting" - sounding very much like a Stone Temple Pilots track - to the pseudo-Public Enemy "Dog and Pony Show", to the storming terror-techno of "Butyric Acid". Subject matter consists largely of human rights and feminist issues, handled in a thoughtful and powerful manner.

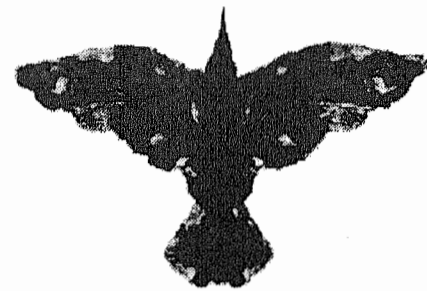
My only criticism of the compilation is that it seems a bit light-on for a band blessed with such a wealth of great material. 45 minutes of music - all of which is available on their albums anyway - is hardly good value for a two CD package. Songs like "Crackhouse" and "Typical Male" (with Grace Jones on vocals) are conspicuously absent. Also, with quotes from reviews in *Melody Maker* and *New Musical Express* extolling the virtue of Consolidated's live act, it seems ridiculous not to include any live

recordings.

Overall, a cautious thumbs-up: the music's great - but it would take a larger dose to make *Hear and Now* an essential purchase. 7 / 10.

Isaac Bridle

BRANDON LEE  
**The Crow**



**The Crow**  
Soundtrack  
Atlantic

The soundtrack to *The Crow* is a great album for a great film. Almost every track stands alone as a winner and the band listing reads like a who's who of Gothic and Metal.

Most important, though, is that the atmosphere of the songs and depth of emotion is the same as the movie.

Not all the songs on the soundtrack appear in the film. Those that do are by the Cure, Nine Inch Nails, My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Stone Temple Pilots and Machines of Loving Grace and these are also the album's highlights. But even the other tracks could have appeared in the movie without being out of place. Violent Femmes and Pantera stand out above the rest here, while "Ghost Rider" by the Rollins Band is the album's real stinker.

Keeping in mind James O'Barr's poetic and brutal story and the death of Brandon Lee during the filming of this movie, this album seems all the more tragically eerie. All fans of the movie should check out this album.

Adam Macleod



**Home**  
Spearhead  
Capitol

Every once in a while a band comes along with a sound that really captures the attention of the listening public and is really very hard for anyone to hate. One such band is Arrested Development, with their inoffensive grooves and strong commitment to their message. It seemed inevitable that someone else would be producing a similar sound sooner or later, and



Spearhead are it.

Regular Triple J listeners may be familiar with "People in the Middle". This track is very much like Arrested Development with its half-sung rap, its blend of hip-hop and soul and its serious message in the form of homely advice. Michael Franti is a great rapper and singer (as well as writing and producing the bands material) sounding more like Prince's MC Tony M than Headliner or Speech and with a real personality that ensures the tracks never become boring.

Highlights include the soulful "Love is ?????? Shit", the surprisingly profound "Hole in the Bucket" and "Dream Team" - which questions America's love of the NBA. The album focuses on down-to-earth people preaching a simple message of Afro-American brotherhood, without condescending from a racial high-horse. *Home* is black music, but, like Arrested Development, it's people friendly and anyone who likes their smooth, slinky grooves should love this.

8 / 10

Isaac Bridle

**Raw Fish**

Fresh Air

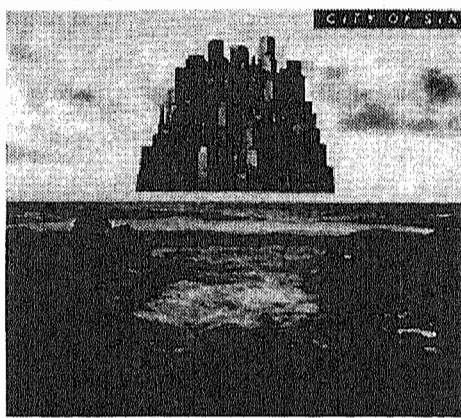
Local Independent release

Fresh Air are a local world music-ish kind of band who have been around for a fair while and have finally released something. Although their line-up has changed numerous times, their sound and general philosophy has remained stable and groovy. Specialising in medieval music, they feature percussion (not a drum kit), clarinet, mandolin, tin whistle and recorders. Not your average line-up. *Raw Fish* was recorded without the use of electronic instruments, and Fresh Air perform without the use of them either. Some of the pieces are fairly lengthy due to them being variations on Turkish and Macedonian traditional folk tunes. Whilst they perform live with vocals *Raw Fish* is devoid of them.

My favourite is the hauntingly beautiful and eerie "Banjski čoček Staro Oro" which is a whole of eight minutes in duration. *Raw Fish* is admittedly, not for everyone, but if you're a fan of world music you'll love this. Fresh Air are very adept musicians, who re-create the often fast and furious traditional sound skilfully.

Tracy Skehan.

THIS PICTURE



*City of Sin*

This Picture

BMG

*City of Sin* is the latest release from a London four piece going by the name of This Picture.

This Picture sound very much like Australian bands of the late eighties, such as Icehouse and INXS, or even Tears for Fears. Their pop sound is quite familiar, yet refreshingly matured. The CD starts with the track "The Great Escape", which sounds a little recycled and familiar, and could easily make the theme of one of those lifestyle programmes that seem to

be all the rage at the moment. This track sounds the most like a single, and could get some success if one of the commercial stations starts plugging it.

Of the other 10 tracks, none are very special, and the titles such as "The Profit", "City of Sin", "Face Up To the Facts" and "Hands on my Soul" seem to suggest that this is a Christian release. But no religious connotations appear in the lyrics, so maybe they are more conservationists, a suggestion which is supported by quoting the cover slip: "This House supports Greenpeace and Surfers against Sewerage".

This Picture are Duncan Forrester on drums, Austen Rowley on bass and backing vocals, Robert Forrester on guitar, and Symon Bye singing and tinkling the ivories. All of music was written as a group collaboration, with the lyrics by Bye (not that the lyrics are anything remarkable).

Overall, *City of Sin* is a reasonable release from This Picture, although it seems to have been in a bit of a time warp, and probably would have been suited to the late 'eighties.

Simon Hunt

# When Frank Screamed

Frank Black With Custard

Synagogue, October 5

The taste of Coopers Breweries finest tickled at my lips - the smell wafting gently to my nose. Captain Jean Luc Picard of the Federation Starship Enterprise stared knowingly into my eyes and my fingertips caressed the flipper buttons gently as I engaged the Borg for multi-ball.

"When the sun hits, she'll be waiting," whispered Rachel into my ear and the music crashed in from all around. My five senses were satiated. Was I in paradise? Yes. Yes yes- but wait. An

untimely sixth sense kicked in. "Don't try to kid yourself, fool. You're in the Synagogue and Custard are about to come onto the stage." Oh Bugger.

Actually, it wasn't that bad. Custard's first song - a keyboard/vocals/harmonica jam - was bloody funny. It sounded crap but it was bloody funny. Apart from a few exceptions, this seems to be the maxim by which Custard have written most of their songs. They were a great support band, but is that a compliment? Anyway, Frank finally appeared.

Unfortunately, so did three absolutely disgraceful looking session musos. My brother thought they were acceptable because of the obvious quirk factor. I thought they looked awful.

Frank didn't really say much. All he did was stand there, sing his songs, play a whole lot of very similar, bare chords and sweat a lot. Between-song-pauses were kept to an absolute minimum as they crashed their way through a pretty long set list. Of course, when Frank screamed, all the Pixies diehards had orgasms but he didn't ever get too animated. Remember the kid in *The Young Ones: Summer Holiday* who had his feet nailed to the floor.

I must admit, some songs were great.

"Freedom Rock" was very, very, very cool - when he screamed, "Chip...Chip...Chip...Chip" well I just loved it. Apart from the few highlights, though, I ended up getting just a touch bored. The guitars sounded the same the whole way through. Frank just played rearranged Pixies chords while the guy on the right wanked all over his fretboard. The tempo didn't change much either, and when "Lost Angeles" got cut short I felt like doing something rather violent in nature to the stage-diver who tripped over a lead.

It wasn't really the best night I'd ever had, nor the worst, but I got in for free anyway so who cares?

Mark Scruby

# Crowd went off

Beastie Boys/Helmet show

Thebarton Theatre, October 13

What a night! Unfortunately I was late so I missed the Dirty Three. According to another reviewer, they didn't seem incredibly comfortable with the large expanse of space they had to fill. In my mind, they're the kind of band who are happier in intimate surroundings.

The Beastie Boys' resident DJ Hurricane did bits and pieces of rapping, he also turned up with them onstage later in the evening. He was OK as far as DJ's go, a fair few guys with big baseball caps really got into him anyway. It was Helmet that people were waiting for. Understandably enough.

The crowd moshed like mad, the band went off. The theatre was getting pretty packed by that stage as Helmet launched into material from *Betty* and their earlier stuff. They were pretty amazing onstage, exuding a powerful energy to match their music (not that I could see a hell of a lot). Helmet played a full-on set, and I was left wondering how the Beasties could beat them.

The Beastie Boys came on at 11pm, and as the whole show ran from 6.30pm to midnight, the punters were more than ready. The Beastie Boys have a pretty innovative lineup incorporating sampling, Hurricane as their DJ, bass guitar and keyboards along with rapping. Playing new and old favourites from *Ill Communication*, *Licensed to Ill* and *Check Your Head*, they bounced and jumped their way through a rather substantial set. Proving exactly why they are so popular, they performed their rare fusion of thrashing rap, rock and experimental bits and pieces to an ecstatic crowd. We were even graced with an encore.

All in all it was a pretty full-on night. Hopefully both bands will visit us again, as they were both well worth seeing. Helmet were my personal favourite, although the night as a whole 'went off'.

Tracy Skehan

## IMPACT SONGS

Impact songs are the songs that, for better or worse, whether you love 'em or hate 'em, stick in your head and have you humming the chorus all day long even though you're bloody sick of it. When you hear them in the future they will remind you of 1994. They're the songs that made an **impact**. Here, in no particular order, are the *On Dit* editors' impact songs of 1994.

- "Boys and Girls" - Pet Shop Boys
- "Gimme" - Boom Crash Opera
- "The Favourite" - Dig
- "Light my Fire" - Club House
- "Closer" - Nine Inch Nails
- "Disarm" - Smashing Pumpkins
- "Absolutely Fabulous" - Pet Shop Boys
- "Slave to the Music" - 24-7
- "Movin' on Up" - M-People
- "Mama Said" - Carleen Anderson
- "Loser" - Beck
- "Seether" - Veruca Salt
- "Sweater" - Weezer
- "Tomorrow" - Silverchair
- "Rocks" - Primal Scream



# Top Ten Releases of 1994

In the grand tradition of final editions we have asked some of our regular reviewers to give their opinion on what the top ten releases of the year were.

## Dominique Stefanson

Firstly, I would like to qualify what I'm about to say. Considering the number of albums traditionally released for the Christmas season, this is quite a hard time to compile a list of the year's best albums. There are also a few albums which I haven't had the opportunity to listen to properly yet. Suede, REM, the Cranberries (whose new single is very good), Grant Lee Buffalo and the new big thing in England, Oasis. Judging by the strength of Oasis' single, I'm sure their album would make this list. Lastly, there are a few albums here from 1993, but as they were only released locally in 1994, I have included them.

### 1. *Dream it Down* - Underground Lovers

This is the band's third album and their sound has matured immensely since *Promenade*. They're really on to something here. Yet this is a reluctant first because some of the tracks drag on a bit and the last 4 tracks are superfluous since they go over ground covered elsewhere on the album.

### 2. *Laid* - James

Just can't listen to it enough!

### 3. *Character Assassination* - Ed Keupper

Ed Keupper is striving for the surreal goal of perfection. With every album he is one step closer. Proving less is more.

### 4. *Mellow Gold* - Beck

Miraculously, this collage of styles fits together very comfortably. To use a horrible cliché, this album is breaking barriers. And his live show was as good as anything you'll see.

### 5. *If Only Tonight I Could See* - Mazzy Star

Haunting. Melancholic. Beautiful. Yet once again a few tedious tracks which drag on and on and drag the album down.

### 6. *David Byrne* - David Byrne

As long as David Byrne keeps making albums as good as this, I'll keep buying them. Left the sounds of the topics (partially) behind and produced a more laid back album.

### 7. *Stoned and Dethroned* - Jesus and Mary Chain

See review on page 57.

### 8. *Vauxhall and I* - Morrissey

Morrissey discovered what we've all been proclaiming (starting with him) for a long time. The Smiths were the best band ever. Finally, he has found much musicians which merit the right to support that voice.

### 9. *Let Love In* - Nick Cave

Nick can keep releasing albums as good as this for as long as he likes without losing his credibility or dignity.

### 10. *Middle Class Revolt* - The Fall

Marc E. Smith is the last Punk in existence. Read Punk as someone who doesn't give a fuck about fuck, especially the listeners.

## Tracy Skehan

For something different I thought that I'd pick my top ten local releases for 1994. When people think of their favourite CD, it's usually overseas stuff. Is local music uncool? I believe that Adelaide has some really hot bands, although many people seem reluctant to recognise this. It's about time we woke up and started to support these musicians. Well that's enough of my moral message; here's my top ten picks:

### 1. *What's up* - Crush inc. (Pop Gun)

Loud, noisy and in your face, Crush inc. are heavy, rock and entirely groovy. A fine debut for the band and Pop Gun records (soon to release a four track 7 inch from Muff). This purple 7 inch whips arse, "Tame Me" being completely untamed and "What's up" making you wonder exactly where this three piece got their attitude.

### 2) *Love and Murder* - Blackwell S (independent)

A fine effort by Stephen Smooker, *Love and Murder* is cynical, strange and diverse. This man has saved up his pennies to record a CD on his lonesome, playing most of the instruments on the CD, it's a sound that will never be recreated live.

### 3) *Dirty Thirty* - Devil's Cabaret (independent)

This little three track EP shows off the very best of the Devil's (except their sexy underwear). They sing songs of perversity and debauchery. Yum!

### 4) *Mandelbrot Set* - Mandelbrot Set (Ra Records)

This is a winner of an EP. I like this band much better in the studio than live (they're prone to slight technical problems live). "Automation", the first track illustrates how far this band has come since their atmospheric beginnings.

### 5) *Raw Fish* - Fresh Air (independent)

World music, here we come! Adelaide's cultural diversity certainly has rubbed off on this bunch of groovsters (for more, see review on page 60).

### 6) *Oleander Land* - Happy Patch (Mds)

Happy Patch have been around for a fair few years in one form or another. *Oleander Land* is a nice pop EP with fuzzy guitars and stuff.

### 7) *Junkyard* - Colourwheel (independent)

Nice pop, what more can I say?

### 8) *Dirty Tricks incorporated* - Clowns of Decadence (Siren)

Well, the Clowns are always good value.

### 9) *Heritage* - The Borderers (Round records)

Folk and stuff featuring "The Lager Waltz" and "Drink 'til you Drop". Any band writing songs about beer must be worth a listen.

### 10) *Product* - The Egg (Mds)

Funk, rock, noise, whatever. I only got it last night. I like it, although I can't express why. It's pretty energetic, vibrant and loud. Cool.

## Florian Minzlaff

Traditionally, some of the best (or biggest, at least) releases occur just before Christmas, and there is no way I can claim to have heard every good release of the year, so this is a very incomplete top ten at the very best.

### 1. *Superunknown* - Soundgarden

Possibly lacking a "Jesus Christ Pose" or "Mind Riot", but in a year of (so far) fairly average releases, this album had so many good songs on it I couldn't go past it for my number 1.

### 2. *Jar of Flies/Sap* - Alice In Chains

OK, this is cheating a bit, since *Sap* had been released before. However, on these two EP's, AIC showed they are more than just anguished, grinding hard rock.

### 3. *Don't Ask Don't Tell* - Come

A brilliant combination of blues, distortion and anguish. Come are the favourite band of some big names in the indie scene, and it's easy to see why. The most underrated release of the year.

### 4. *Purple* - Stone Temple Pilots

A big jump from *Core*, which was excellent in itself. Initially dismissed as coat-tail riders of the 'grunge' scene, STP have proved they're here to stay.

### 5. *Live Through This* - Hole

One of the biggest tragedies in music this year was bassist Kirsten Pfaff's death through OD, which spelled a premature end to this band who put themselves on a par with the very best with this album.

### 6. *Judgment Night Soundtrack* - Various Artists

There was some doubt over whether rap groups and heavy guitar bands could truly combine their styles and make something listenable. Dinosaur Jr. & Del the Funky Homosapien, Faith No More & Boo-Yaa Tribe and the others proved it can be done.

### 7. *Troublegum* - Therapy?

Angrier than any metal band, heavier than pop, this is the perfect album to let any aggressions out to. Best with the volume up as loud as possible.

### 8. *Seal 2* - Seal

More 'organic' (for want of a better word) and possibly even better than the first *Seal*, this is classy, mellow, superbly composed music, elevated to brilliant status by Seal's voice.

### 9. *Hungry For Stink* - L7

The Sex Pistols with skill, imagination and humour. While not as commercially appealing as *Bricks Are Heavy*, this definitely packs a harder punch.

### 10. *Sometime Anywhere* - The Church

Another underrated, underplayed album, this may in fact be The Church's best to date. A double album of consistently high quality and some more experimental songs than previous releases.

## Simon Hunt

### 1. *Triple J Hottest 100* - Various

How could I leave this absolutely wicked collection out of any list of the best albums of '94. Every song is a classic, and great value for a double CD.

### 2. *Cure for Pain* - Morphine

Containing the hits like "Beuna", "Thursday" and "Cure for Pain", this is a fantastic CD from this very satisfying three piece.

### 3. *Come as You Are* - Nirvana

This unauthorised release is just the best of the unauthorised available, containing most of the Unplugged set that is released on November 1. It contains 10 tracks from the unplugged gig, and 10 plugged classics, and is worth a buy for four bucks.

### 4. *Dookie* - Green Day

*Dookie* is a great release from the Oakland three piece. Their clean grunge and relatable lyrics made them an instant fave. "Long View", "Basket Case", and the other 12 tracks just GO OFF!!!

### 5. *If I were a Carpenter* - Various

The Carpenters are pure legends and this is just the best of them, probably made better by the fact that they don't actually sing any of the tracks. Names like Sonic Youth, Redd Kross, the Cranberries, and Babes in Toyland, just add to the integrity of a fantastic release.

### 6. *Tomorrow* - Silverchair

This first release four-track EP from the richest kids in Newcastle just typifies the greatness of Australian musical talent. If three 14/15 year olds can sound like this, then I feel inadequate in comparison.

### 7. *Smash* - Offspring

This CD would be worth the buy for the song "Come out and Play" alone but with other songs like "Self Esteem" it was always a must in my collection.

### 8. *August and Everything After* - Counting Crows

This is a great mix of folk, rock and plain emotion. The single "Mr Jones" is a great example.

### 9. *Very* - Pet Shop Boys

PSB have done it again, with an album that just keeps on pumping out the hits: "Can You Forgive Her?", "Go West", "I Wouldn't Normally Do This Kind of Thing", "Liberation", "Yesterday When I was Mad"... the list is never-ending.

### 10. *The Honeymoon Is Over* - The Cruel Sea

I know that this was released in '93, but it is just so good that I had to include in this year's best of.

And turn over for more...



# 1994: The Year in Music

The year in music 1994 started off for most people one month into the calendar year, the 28th of January to be precise. This was the day the Big Day Out circus rolled into town with its assortment of all that is cool and alternative and left several thousand people with bleeding eardrums and an aversion to seeing bands for the next two weeks at least. Soundgarden confirmed their status as one of the pre-eminent 'gloom' bands and gave us an early taste



The Cult

of their new album, *Superunknown*, in the process. The Smashing Pumpkins established themselves as the new sensations on the music scene and the organisers proved they were just as capable of screwing up as any other organisers when they put the best acts in the place with possibly the worst acoustics on the planet, Hamilton Hall.

More locally, the Uni O'Ball was soon after, with the Clouds probably the highlight of the night and Defryme ensuring that dozens of sweat-soaked punters emerged from the Uni Bar at one in the morning. Pity about all the stage divers: why anyone would want to surf

on a crowd with nothing but a few hands between them and the concrete pavement two metres below escapes me, but I'm sure they had more fun than the people who got their boots in the head.

In April, tragedy struck. Kurt Cobain, the lead singer, guitarist and heart and soul of Nirvana, killed himself, making it unequivocally clear to thousands of young aspiring musos wanting to "be like Kurt" that fame has its price and that price is sometimes too high. Kurt's death left millions of Gen X'ers across the world without an idol and robbed the music-listening public of not one but two bands, since Cobain's wife, Courtney Love, announced that because of her husband's death she had lost all interest in being involved in the music business and was pulling the plug on her band Hole. Soon after, Hole's bassist Kirsten Pfaff overdosed and the inevitable became reality.

Locally, Adelaide bands The Egg and Skunkhour released CDs, Dave Graney and the Coral Snakes launched their new album, *You Want To Be There But You Don't Want To Travel* at the Uni Bar with the aid of Nick Barker, and The Reckoning received significant airplay on Triple J with their song "Valentine's Day".

There's plenty more coming to round out the year, though. Billy Joel (if you don't think he's washed up) will be at the Entertainment Centre December 8th and 10th, The Angels, Screaming Jets and The Poor will be playing the Barbed Wire Ball November 26th and 27th (at the Bridgeway), the Pet Shop Boys are

at the Entertainment Centre on the November 7th for what promises to be a spectacle of the first order if you can take the time off from studying for exams.

To round out your summer, R.E.M. will make an appearance at the Entertainment Centre on the 16th of January 1995. Combined with Grant Lee Buffalo and Died Pretty, this should be one awesome gig, but at ticket prices of close to \$50, one begins to suspect that R.E.M. may have decided to cash in on their ever-growing popularity.

And then of course is the '95 model of the Big Day Out. Tickets went on sale last Friday (the 28th) and it promises to be another ... well, big day out. The acts announced so far are legendary outfit

The Cult, new noise pop sensation Oasis, English dance/rock crossovers Primal Scream, with industrial pioneers Ministry closing out the night, er, day. Other acts are yet to be announced; rumour has it that Johnny Cash and the Stereo MC's will be putting in appearances, and it has been suggested that Pearl Jam will turn up too (weren't they meant to be here this year?). Speaking of Pearl Jam, the band are releasing a new album on the 11th of November, and if the first two are anything to go by, it could be the release of the year (blatantly biased writer alert!!!). All in all, look forward to a musically busy break.

Florian Minzlaff



Primal Scream

## Top Tens continued

Isaac Bridle.

1. *Music for the Jilted Generation* - The Prodigy.  
- frenetic backbeats, wild samples. One brilliant follow-up album.
2. *Seal* - Seal.  
- gorgeous vocals elevate this from the chaos. An essential.
3. *Dark and Long* - Underworld.  
- features the lush B-side "Most 'ospitable." Album's hot, too.
4. *Flow, River of my Soul* - Single Gun Theory.  
- swirling and meditative, a refreshingly uplifting sound.
5. *Lifeforms* - The Future Sound of London.  
- living proof that ambient music doesn't have to be boring.
6. *Dear Valued Customer* - Snog.  
- nasty, brutish techno for those moments when life's too pretty.
7. *Baraka* (soundtrack)  
- "The Host of Seraphim" by Dead Can Dance is a gem.
8. *Bladerunner* (soundtrack) - Vangelis.  
- worth the wait for these cyberpunk moodstrings. A true classic.
9. *Houdini* - Houdini.  
- contemporary German dance - punishment at its best.
10. *Reach* - Judy Cheeks (single).  
- it was this or "Confide in me". Judy wins on the dancefloor.

Scott Berry

1. *Monster* - REM  
- REM have created a great, diverse rock album.
2. *Without a Sound* - Dinosaur Jr  
- the genius of J. Mascis continues.
3. *August and Everything After* - Counting Crows  
- an amazing debut release.
4. *Carnival of Light* - Ride  
- Ride re-invent themselves in a most beautiful way.
5. *Starflyer 59* - Starflyer 59  
- top notch indie pop/rock.
6. *Crooked Rain* - Pavement  
- classic tunes full of the essence of generation X.
7. *Purekiller* - Defryme  
- great band both live and on CD, pity Quinn (the lead singer) is such an arrogant, sexist pig.
8. *Music for the jilted generation* - The Prodigy  
- contains the best dance song of the year, "No Good (start the dance)".
9. *Demonflower* - Hunters and Collectors  
- another great release from an enduring Australian band.
10. *Gun* - The Plums  
- a very promising young Australian band.

Generic Indie Kid

- Crooked Rain* - Pavement
- The Venus Trail* - 3Ds
- Breaking Through* - All Second Sound Sampler - Voluptuous Media
- Hey Christian God* - Snog
- Sassafras* - Chug
- Dookie* - Green Day
- Under the Pink* - Tori Amos

Frank Trimboli

1. *Teenager of The Year* - Frank Black  
- no comment necessary.
2. *Valley of the Go-Go's* - The Go-Go's  
- all their greatest from the '80s plus some new tracks. Absolutely brilliant!
3. *Sleeps with Angels* - Neil Young and Crazy Horse  
- these guys are heaps old, but still heaps good.
4. *Ten Stories Down* - Nitocris  
- the reinvention of rock'n'roll.
5. *Parklife* - Blur  
- an album of beautiful contrasts.  
... and ... this year's biggest stinker: *Who Cares* - The Poor  
- its title became a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Mark Scruby

1. *Vauxhall and I* - Morrissey
2. *Sep* - Slowdive
3. *Stay Together* - Suede
4. *Learning to Walk* - Boo Radleys
5. *Carnival of Light* - Ride
6. *Line Up* - Elastica
7. *Parklife* - Blur
8. *Frosch* - Mouse on Mars
9. *Dream it Down* - Underground Lovers
10. *Up to Our Hips* - The Charlatans
- 10a. *Dog Man Star* - Suede  
(ask me in a few weeks - only heard it thrice)

Stephen F.J.E. Dickinson

1. *Sonic Tripod* - The Sharp
2. *The Next Hundred Years* - Ted Hawkins
3. *Grand Opening* - Geggy Tah
4. *Ill Communication* - Beastie Boys
5. *Your Filthy Little Mouth* - David Lee Roth
6. *Café of Broken Dreams* - Dorian Mode
7. *Throwing Copper* - Live
8. *Live* - Soul Asylum
9. *Wide Eyed and Ignorant* - House
10. *Ling* - Seed



# Reading the best

What were the best books released this year? Bridget Booth, of Mindfield Bookshop, gives us her opinion on the best reads of 1994.

Oh my god! Only three days to go before three major essays are due, then a string of exams - can I fit an entire year's reading in there somewhere?

There is only one solution - find a book entirely unrelated to study and read that. Don't put it off until after the deadlines - it won't look nearly as interesting then. To ease the trauma of deciding which of the gems of 1994 to peruse, here are some which spring to mind as highlights of the year in publishing.



five years later their pleasant lunch is interrupted when Zenia walks into the restaurant. The subsequent events disrupt all of their lives, and challenge their relationships. Atwood is at her best, unearthing the complex layers beneath female friendships.

## FILMS

(What's this section doing in a review of Books?)

Every year there are a dozen films of books; I will only mention a couple here. *Interview With the Vampire* by Anne Rice \$12.95. I wouldn't be surprised if this is a really, really bad film, but hey, I'm going to see it anyway. Even if you don't see the film (or if you hate it), the book deserves a read - pacy, compelling - perfect distraction fodder for study, beach, whatever. No mental input required, just immerse yourself in a lush world of vampires and blood lust.

*Forrest Gump* by Winston Groom (\$14.95) is also the subject of a film,

## FICTION

*The Shipping News* by E. Annie Proulx \$14.95

Quoyle, a gentle and lumbering man, is married to a woman "driven by terrible forces". His life as a sporadically employed hack journalist changes dramatically when his wife dies dramatically in a car crash, after selling their children as sex slaves to finance her next affair. Quoyle retrieves his daughters and rebuilds his life in Newfoundland with his aunt and sturdy delinquent daughters. Brilliantly and humorously written, with a decidedly eccentric cast of characters. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for fiction 1994. Also recommended by the same author: *Postcards* and *Heart Songs*.

*My Idea of Fun* by Will Self \$14.95

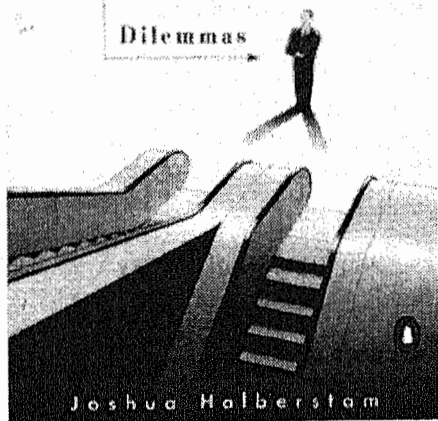
A lurid and warped novel about the coming of age of Ian, blessed (or cursed) with eidetic or photographic memory, he falls under the influence of the bizarre fat controller, a man with a personality as large as his girth. He is subsequently "treated" by the peculiar psychiatrist, Dr Gyggle. Grotesque, bizarre, nasty, hilarious, Will Self is a very sick man.

*The Robber Bride* by Margaret Atwood \$12.95

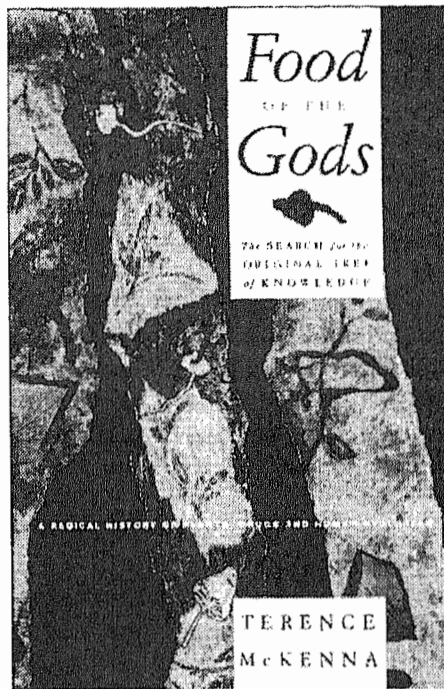
Zenia is beautiful, smart greedy, manipulative, vulnerable, needy and ruthless. One of her better features is that she is also dead...or at least she is supposed to be. Her friends are there for her funeral, just to be sure...

## Everyday ETHICS

Inspired Solutions  
to Real-Life  
Dilemmas



starring Tom Hanks. Born a bit simple, Gump views the world as an innocent. He knows he is a "numnuts", yet he sees some things very clearly. A touching book, cleverly written - this has been a cult hit for several years in the US, but is only now available in Australia.



## GENERATION X, CYBERCULTURE, DRUGS AND MUSIC (With a bit of philosophy thrown in)

Douglas Coupland started it all with *Generation X*, the book that named a phenomenon. This year, Douglas Rushkoff's *Gen X Reader* (\$19.95), contains the latest update on the Xers. Rushkoff's latest offering is *Cyberia: into the trenches of hyperspace* (\$14.95). Drawing on extensive interviews with hackers, ravers, Timothy Leary, Terence McKenna, the Grateful Dead, Mondo 2000's R.U. Sirius and others, Rushkoff constructs a social theory of cyberia. Sounding suspiciously like the psychedelic utopians of the 1960s, he paints a picture of a world moving towards mass consciousness through the internet, virtual communication, smart drugs, raves and Ecstasy. Read this book as an introduction to some of the philosophies of the internet and cyberculture. Due out in paperback in November.

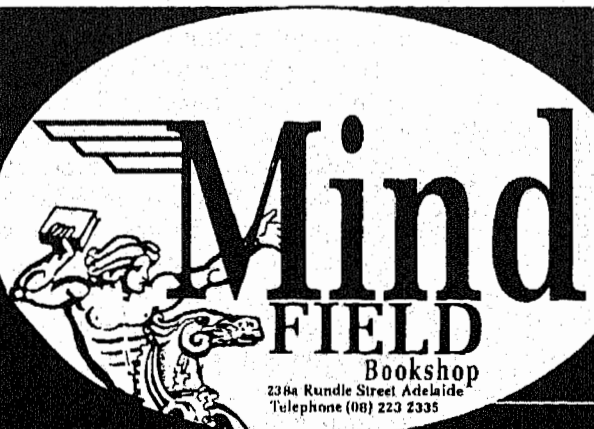
Terence McKenna has had a strong

influence on Rushkoff's book, his *Food of the Gods* \$19.95 charts the relationship between man and mushroom through the ages. One of psychedelias foremost ethnobotanists, McKenna has fearlessly risked his neural capabilities in the quest for expansion of consciousness. McKenna argues that the supression of natural human fascination with altered states of consciousness can be linked to the perilous state of life on the planet. Closing the mind allows man to ignore the surreal escalation of ecological crisis while continuing a business as usual approach. Terence McKenna and his brother Dennis are widely acknowledged as having consumed more psilocybin than any other mortal. From this they have constructed a unique and fascinating philosophy of human evolution.

While on the subject of philosophy, this year's favourite topic seems to be ethics. *Everyday Ethics* by Joshua Halberstam (\$14.95) is that unusual thing, a bestselling philosophy book. Halberstam draws attention to the ethical aspects of our daily decisions: should you have sex with your friend? What is a creep? What are your responsibilities in communication? The seven deadly sins are revisited (what were they again?). Money: how much do you want it? Prepare to be challenged.

*History of the Western Mind* by Richard Tarnas \$25 is this years other big philosophy title. Tarnas takes on the ambitious task of chronicling the main themes of Western thought through history. A must for anyone who always meant to read Bertrand Russell's *History of Western Philosophy*.

And now the book your life will really be incomplete without (make someone buy it for you this christmas): *Alegro Aldente* \$45. Remember *Hot Food Cool Jazz*, last year's Thai cookbook with a Jazz CD? Well this is a cookbook of luscious Italian dishes with a CD of classic opera hits by great performers. Due to hit the shelves before Christmas.



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...

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# Holiday reading

On Dit books editor Catharine Abell suggests what you might, and might not, want to read over summer.

Amanda Filpacchio, *Nude Men*

- A *Catcher in the Rye* for today's thirty-somethings. Novel, witty and very clever. The protagonist has a severe self-esteem problem but, somehow, I like his attitude. You have to admire a person who holds protracted conversations with their cat and tapes their most private possessions to the bathroom ceiling. ★★★★★

J. D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*

- The real thing. Holden Caulfield will always be dear to the hearts of acne-ridden teenaged boys. If you haven't read it, you need to. If you have, read it again to gauge how well you have managed to hide the gawky teenager lurking inside. ★★★★★

Janette Turner Hospital, *The Tiger in the Tiger Pit*

- I've heard lots of good things about Janette Turner Hospital, but this book is mind-numbing in its mediocrity. The characters were so bland nothing could have enticed me to take an interest in what happened to them. This is fortunate, because not a lot did. ★★

Frederic Tuten, *Tintin in the New World*

- In comic form, Tintin was a likeable, if overly-earnest, young man with bad trousers. Although as naive as ever, Tintin has now matured and made the leap into high-brow literature, love and metaphysical musings. This book is to be recommended on the basis of its Roy Lichtenstein cover, if nothing else. ★★★1/2

Andrew McGahan, *Praise*

- This is the book most of the people who inhabit the Exeter on a Thursday night would write if they were actually literate. Heralded as the bible of the Australian slacker generation, it has very little that is new, or even interesting, to say. The Nirvana fan's idea of a cool book. ★

Hunter S. Thompson, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*

- The Nirvana fan's idea of a *really* cool book. Drugs, drugs and more drugs. Males being matey, driving fast cars, drinking and taking drugs. Not a lot to recommend it. That is, apart from the drugs, man. ★★

Paul Theroux, *Millroy the Magician*

- This is a great book for anyone who spends a fair proportion of their day thinking about bowel movement. It is the ideal antidote to the American fast-food mentality. Millroy emerges as a quasi-paedophile and anally-fixated prophet with a knack for magic of the miracle variety. Theroux claims that this is the book he always wanted to write and, although it makes me somewhat uneasy to wonder why, it is superbly written with more than a grain of truth in its message. ★★★★★

Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*

- In order to maintain the intellectual pretensions of this list, I feel compelled to prescribe a good dose of intense Russian fiction. This book just won't let you forget that life can be hard and that things can never work out the way you want them to. On the other hand, this is a love story, so its not an entire 800 pages of bleak Siberian planes and close-ups of train undercarriages. ★★

Tom Robbins, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*

- Although it has the disadvantage of not having Uma in the flesh, the experience of reading this book is superior in many ways to that of seeing the film. Robbins has the uncanny knack of turning what is essentially a collection of otherwise useless information into a rollickingly good tale. ★★★★★1/2

Matt Rubenstein, *Solstice*

- A competently executed imitation of *The Golden Gate*. While it makes clever use of the sonnet form, form maketh not the book, and it lacks the emotional impact of its laudable precursor. The fact that I could imagine the uncharismatic hero holding animated conversations about Dungeons and Dragons did nothing to enhance my enjoyment of the book. However, Rubenstein has mastered the art of using obscure words in their appropriate context, which is an achievement in itself. ★★

Ultra Violet, *Fifteen Minutes of Fame*

- Supposedly a biography of Andy Warhol, this book could be more accurately described as the self-indulgent autobiography of one who never achieved fame in her own right. Besides dropping the names of her most famous fucks, Ultra-Violet describes in detail the clothes she wore on every occasion mentioned, including Andy Warhol's funeral. This perspective on events seems an accurate indication of the esteem in which she held her obviously dear friend. ★

Don DeLillo, *White Noise*

- Proving that the spawn of American society are not entirely facile and unreflective, Don DeLillo presents a view of America untainted by the rose-coloured glasses of patriotism. Exposing the 90210 myth of quality time, the family he portrays are happy together only while munching fast-food or watching disasters being reported on television. If all Americans were this cynical, the evils of the modern world might be substantially fewer. ★★★★★

Lily Brett, *Just Like That*

- Written from the point of view of an Australian Jewish woman working as an obituary writer in New York, this book seeks to incorporate her near obsession with the holocaust experiences of her family with a humorous view of modern

Jewish life. Unfortunately, this humour consists almost entirely of fairly standard Jewish jokes, quips about the neuroticism of New Yorkers and an over-insistence on the hilarity of being an obituary writer. Were the humour somewhat less mundane, this could be an excellent book. ★★

Helen Daniel and Drusilla Modjesca (eds), *Picador New Writing*

- Providing an excellent indication of the extreme diversity of recent Australian fiction, this collection contains the good, the bad and the outstanding. If for nothing else, it is worth buying for Chris Gregory's "Teratology" which, I can quite safely say, is the best short story I have ever encountered. Although I feel much less strongly about the majority of the other contributions, in general, the work of the younger writers warrants attention. ★★ ("Teratology" ★★★★★)

Beverly Farmer, *Alone*

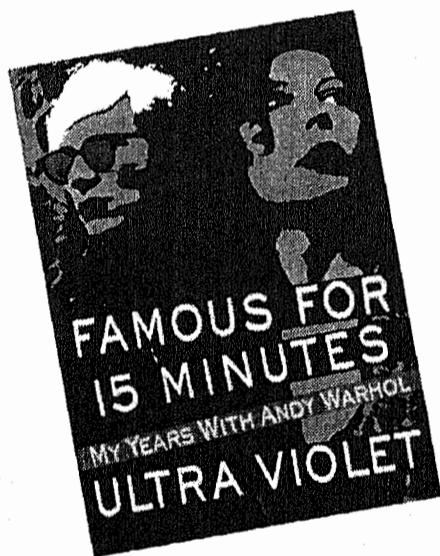
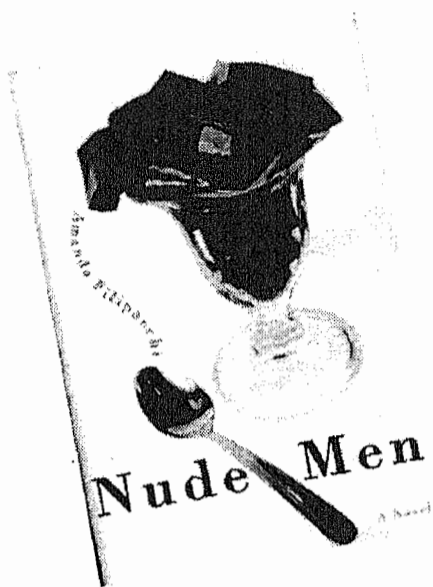
- The story of the emotional devastation experienced by an eighteen year-old girl when an obsession with her lover becomes her *raison d'être*. Her infatuation having alienated the object of her desires, the protagonist is left, isolated, to cope with the destruction of her romantic ideals and chart her way in a world in which she sees no place for herself. This book is extremely touching in its portrayal of a young woman who wishes life were as intense and meaningful as the French novels of which she is so enamoured. ★★★1/2

Venero Armanno, *Romeo of the Underworld*

- Minimally entertaining, with no grammatical flaws or character inconsistencies, this is the kind of book you can read while eating your dinner and watching television at the same time. This book tells the story of a man who returns to Brisbane after a long absence, only to have past events return to haunt him, hardly an original plot concept. It is worth reading only if you are familiar with the city of Brisbane and will recognise the environment in which it is set. ★

Margaret Atwood, *Life Before Man*

- This woman is a genius. A reasonably mundane love-triangle is transformed into the complex juxtaposition of fundamentally different perspectives on the world. Despite the intimacy of many of the characters, you realise that each will never fully understand the points of view from which the others regard the world. Although this has the consequence of making the book quite bleak, it is well worth reading for its intelligence and accuracy. ★★★★★





# Alien and exotic

*The Unusual Life of Tristan Smith*, Peter Carey  
University of Queensland Press, \$29.95

Unusual indeed, this one. Like all great writers, Peter Carey is able to produce novels which are consistent in their quality, but which vary widely in content and style. In his latest work, Carey once again challenges the reader to become engrossed in a bizarre world, but whereas his previous books have examined a world we know from an alien point of view, *The Unusual Life of Tristan Smith* plunges us into the fantastic land of Efica, a fanciful island nation with a history of colonisation and domination. At first this has a disconcerting effect, but as the novel progresses it is easy to become absorbed by the tale; although the world of the novel is a purely imaginary one, it would seem that Carey intends the reader to draw parallels between the plight of the Eficans and our own situation as inhabitants of a country struggling to find some form of independence and identity. Carey's novels have always been concerned to some extent with the notion of what it means to be Australian, but he wrote this book while living in New York. It is perhaps for this reason that this is the first of his novels which is not set in Australia, and this is the only explanation I can proffer for his decision to delve into the realm of pure fantasy.

In addition to its alien setting, Carey has invented an original and exotic vocabulary, similar to the technique employed by Anthony Burgess in *A Clockwork Orange*. While this is, again, somewhat disconcerting, Carey does not go overboard with his neologisms, and we are provided with a number of

footnotes to aid our introduction to the world of the novel and its protagonist, Tristan Smith. Carey has stated in interviews that he is concerned with the notion of abandonment and the life of the orphan, and Tristan's life appears to consist of an attempt to overcome his turbulent childhood. Born a mutant, he is abandoned by his father and raised by an unhappy couple after the assassination of his mother, deformed and barely able to communicate. These disabilities prevent him from acting independently, and his role is that of an observer, describing the relationships between his mother and her various male admirers to us, and attempting to make sense of them himself. For me, his disengaged role is one of the weaknesses of the novel, and for much of the time I found myself more interested in the events occurring around Tristan than I did in Tristan himself.

However, the tale that Tristan relates is an intriguing one, and the story of his mother and her lovers is told with much compassion and understanding of the human condition. For me, Carey's strength is his ability to examine relationships in a sympathetic way, revealing much about the characters' motivations with a few well chosen words. In a sentence, Carey is able to paint a picture of a state of mind or emotion that inferior writers could not convey with a whole book, and it is this skill that makes *The Unusual Life of Tristan Smith* an engrossing and enjoyable book.

Jeremy MacKinnon

# Writing of Quality

*Pook Magazine*

The late 1960s and early 1970s marked a halcyon time for the publication of small literary magazines, especially in Sydney and Melbourne. Reacting against the academic orientation of Australia's literary establishment, the new wave of poetry and fiction writers founded their own magazines to promote an alternative to the literary and publishing monopoly.

*Pook* magazine, based in Adelaide, is following in the best spirit of those magazines. Although not self-consciously different, it is very much a magazine that promotes interesting writing of quality. Its articles, reviews, poems, short stories, cartoons and so forth, are of broad interest and not confined to the arty or post-modernist stereotype which so often afflicts such publications.

*Pook 3* is not the latest issue of the magazine, having been produced earlier this year. However, it is a good indication of why the magazine deserves as large a reading audience as possible. Andrew Joyner's and Picknick's quirky cartoons, Janet Cashmore's photographs, and Quentin Grant's pieces for solo piano, and David Kotlowy's piece for solo recorder, point to the eclecticism of *Pook's* material. Contrasting subject matter and styles from Russel Smith, Douglas MacKay, Ben Harper, Maria Slogett, Julian Sierra-Ballester, and

Jason Sweeney demonstrate the strength of *Pook's* fiction, while Louise Kleining's poetry is pithy. David Stokes' translation of a Chinese story and Tania Wilson's article on Japanese sumo wrestling are contributions that provide the finishing touches to the magazine's strength.

*Pook* accepts contributions. For further details, read the magazine's credits section. *Pook 3* and more recent issues can be found in Mindfield Bookshop, Rundle Street. *Pook* might be stocked by Unibooks; if not, ask them to order it. So much 'new writing' is hackneyed, contrived, and soul-less; read *Pook* and be reassured that there is appealing and intelligent writing being published.

Monica Carroll



**pook** 3



dear Captain

My name is Nicola im 8  
yegrs old this is my first  
flight but im not scared. I  
like to watch the clouds go  
by My mum says the crew is  
nice I think your plane is  
good thanks for a nice flight  
dont fuck up the landing.



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# Labyrinthine

*Labyrinth of Passion*, Trak Cinema

The Trak is screening a festival of early Pedro Almodovar films previously unseen in Australia. On viewing *Labyrinth of Passion* one can see why they have taken so long to get here, if this is indicative of them all. It's immature, badly written and painfully tedious. But I kind of liked it.

The story is recognisably Almodovar, obviously written by the same author as *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* and *Matador*. It uses the same devices of coincidence and chance, but in a less sophisticated way. Seemingly independent characters turn out to be related in the most surprising

and stupid ways, something which is funny in his later films but here is stretching the audience's good will. Make sure you're in a generous and light-hearted mood before seeing this, otherwise you're going to get very uptight. It's an early work, and hence the writing is pretty awful, but it has some completely hysterically funny moments which make it worth persevering through.

It's the story of Sexi (ha ha) and Riza, whose childhood romance was broken up by a mysterious older woman who spirited Riza away. They have both forgotten this incident in their lives, and now Sexi is a Spanish popstar and

nymphomaniac, and Riza is a gay prince. Riza runs away from his kingdom to Spain, where one of the first things he does is sleep with Antonio Banderas (He's got his priorities right). Antonio falls in love with him and is rejected. Coincidentally Antonio is a member of an Arabic terrorist gang who want to assassinate Riza's father, and he has a highly developed sense of smell, so when he realises who Riza was, he is able to track him down. Riza in the meantime becomes a popstar and falls in love with Sexi, but their love is thwarted by various wacky incidents, including the reappearance of the mysterious older woman who wants some of Riza's semen for her own twisted reasons. I haven't covered half the story, but you get the picture. Add the usual requirements of a couple of

transvestites, something sexually repulsive (incest here) and some trashy clothes, and hey! You've got an Almodovar film.

*Labyrinth of Passion* is a monument to early Eighties fashion - there's lots of fluorescent colours, garish make-up and clothes and the music is all synthesisers and drum machines. It is destined to be a cult classic once it is released on video. I'm warning you, I found it very frustrating to watch but one of my companions thought it was brilliant and we all laughed very hard at some points, most notably a very graphic and completely disgusting diarrhoea scene. I think that says something about the quality of the film.

Jocelyn Fredericks

## Three colours green

*The Mask*, Academy Cinema

Bank-clerk Stanley Ipkiss is a geek. Could never have guessed from the name, could you? Stanley is a loser. Stanley is pushed around by his piggy little boss. Stanley can't get a date. Stanley is intimidated by his ugly, mean ol' land lady. Stanley's car won't go. Stanley is wet. Poor ol' Stanley. The only one who respects Stanley is Milo, his dog. Cool dog, though.

Someone should have told Stanley to get a grip, but before they had a chance he found the mask. When Stanley puts it on he turns into an 'indestructible, wise-cracking hero'. Yep, Stanley makes the big jump from geek to smart-arse. His face turns green, which personally I don't see as a huge advantage, but that's probably the social conditioning kicking in. Certainly, no one in

Stanley's home town seems to find it particularly strange that the man has teeth like a horse and looks like snot. As the Mask, Stanley gets respect. He also gets chicks and cash, and dances well. In fact he dances, according to the promotions, like Fred Astaire, Gummy and Barishnikov combined.

Stanley is played by Jim Carrey. For

those who've seen Carrey before, *The Mask* is like that but green. For those who haven't, rent *Ace Ventura* on video, it's better. But it doesn't have the dog, and I was really impressed by the dog. Max the dog, appearing as Milo the dog, was damn cool. And I'm a cat person. Cool dog. Real cool.

Carrey's brand of humour is backed up by nifty special effects which allow him to act like a cartoon character. Eyes popping out, whizzing around like the Tasmanian devil, a very long

tongue, that kind of thing.

The oh-so-thin plot is just an excuse for Carrey to strut his stuff, and really isn't worth outlining for you. So I won't. The snot-meister keeps the humour buzzing anyway, so I suppose the movie didn't really need a

plot. Aristotle was just wrong.

There are other characters in *The Mask*, but again they are really just padding for Carrey. Like *Ace Ventura*, the love interest in *The Mask* is a vacuous woman with bones that stick out. Jim, you're a funny man but we're just not buying the whole waif crap. To be honest, this one wasn't a waif. She had breasts. Big ones. Which makes it all right.

Stanley's side kick is played by a stand up comic from New York, who probably has a name, but I neglected to find out what it was. If you saw the last Canadian Comedy Festival thing, he was the one with the routine about what a dumb movie *Jaws 3* was. He was really funny. In this? He's okay, I guess. Did I mention the dog was cool?

It's funny and it would have been even funnier if it had lost the time it wasted on developing the (superfluous) plot, and stuck to the Carrey moments. It also should have lost *The Message*. *The Message* (of course) is that we should all just be ourselves, and stop hiding behind our masks. I'm really tired of 'and the moral of the story is...'. C'mon guys, do you really think I've come to see a movie about a big rubbery green man for life advice?

Those gripes aside, it's not bad. See it if you want.

Kim Evans



## This is serious mum

*Escape from Absolom*, Hoyts Cinema

Do you remember reading *Lord of the Flies* in High School English, and being asked what would happen if the kids had been younger, or older, or girls? *Escape from Absolom* seeks to answer the question "What would happen if they were convicted killers whom society had given up on?"

Ray Liota (*Good Fellas*) is Captain Robbins, who has killed a man. But he had a good reason. We don't actually have any idea what his good reason was until the end of the movie, but it's clear that he had one. It probably came as a package deal with his dark past. He has escaped from a

veritable plethora of high security prisons, so they send him to Leviticus VI - the beer man's prison. The warden of Leviticus, a man who bears a frightening resemblance to Newman from *Seinfeld*, is a bad man (you can tell because he wears beige). The warden sends the felons he doesn't like to Absolom, a rather pretty island a long way from anywhere, where all the prisoners survive (or not) on their own wits. There are two main 'gangs' on Absolom, the insiders (good guys) and the outsiders (bad guys). The insiders have tried to make the best of things, and have established a

peaceful, productive, self-sufficient little village. The outsiders kill, maraud, pillage and eat each other.

The two groups are easily identifiable. The good guys wear linen, wool, and other natural fibres. Men with class. I never thought of linen as particularly practical for jungle warfare, but hey. On the other hand, the bad guys mainly wear shrapnel.

*Escape From Absolom* was filmed in Queensland, and I think the costumes and cast of *Mad Max III* may have been part of the deal. Either that or some make up artist somewhere said "Hey, I'm really good at scars and put-out eyes, let's make a movie."

Ray Liota is decidedly average (bordering on the ridiculous in the personal crisis scenes), and I also

suspect he was wearing mascara. But he didn't have much to work with, what with his character being two dimensional and all.

I suppose it's nearly entertaining overall, if you like neck breaking, puncture wounds and impalement (in a voyeuristic sense, I doubt many people like neck breaking, puncture wounds and impalement personally). The problem is that it's laughable in so many places that it's hard to take seriously. Not that it has that problem itself; it takes itself very seriously. You might like it, but I'd wait till it comes out on video.

Kim Evans



# The best and worst films of 1994

## Top 5 films of 1994

We should say at the very outset that these films are not in any particular order, and are included in this list of top five films just off the top of our heads, so please don't think that they are the be all and end all of film '94, or the extent of our tastes, or whatever. They're just the ones that we can remember, alright?

### *Lion King* *Lion King* *Lion King* *Lion King*. Wooh!

- A testament to the wonder that is Disney. Cheesy soundtrack (care of Elton John), Good guys, Bad guys, and philosophies of life in animation, what more can you ask for?

### *Muriel's Wedding*

- ABBA, weddings, humiliation, fuck off lines, ABBA, Hill's Hoists, chicks who aren't skinny, ABBA - oh, just see it.

### *Schindler's List*

- OK, so it's really emotional and

obvious, and we've seen it all before, but it says all the important things that need to be said, in black and white, so it must be good. Brilliant acting, based on a true story, a Spielberg epic with no merchandising!

### *Joy Luck Club*

- because we cried. Okay?

### *Four Weddings and a Funeral*

- it laughs at weddings. We particularly liked Hugh Grant, Andy McDowell's hat, the intelligent screenplay, and English people swearing. Bloody t'riffic.

### *Reality Bites*

- Generation X hits the big screen, with a cool as fuck soundtrack and Ethan Hawke. Ethan! Ethan! Ethan! And we'll objectify him as much as we like.

Winona too, we like Winona. But we won't objectify her, because she's above that sort of thing.

### *The Sum of Us*

- it's not that we didn't like *Priscilla*, it's just nice to see a homosexual

character who isn't reduced to his or her sexuality, or carefully slotted into a stereotype. Funny too.

You may have noticed that we went over the limit of 5 best films for 1994, but are you counting? We just kept going until we ran out, orright? Jeez.

## Worst 5 films of 1994

All time crap, no particular order, no excuses accepted.

### *Wyatt Earp*

- Kevin, no. Just don't. It's long, it's boring, it's ugly. No one cares, Kevin. Go home.

### *The Specialist*

- putting together sex appeal (Sharon 'pass me my ice pick' Stone) and brawn (Sly Stallone) does not equal a rollicking good time. For that you'd need attractive characters. Bomb movies have only so much value.

### *Flintstones*

- Rocks aren't funny. Got that? Don't base a movie on them. The only redeeming feature is John Goodman, but that's only because we're seeing Dan Connor in pelts.

### *Natural Born Killers*

- Oliver Stone having a big wank, pretending to make social comment. Self indulgent bilge.

### *Escape from Absolom*

- This is new, you might not have heard of it yet, but don't worry. The horror is coming. Scores way high on the crapometer.

### *Pelican Brief*

- basically, we just couldn't get past that Julia-Roberts-cast-as-tricky-dicky-top-student thing. Vapid city, man. It may have been a good book, but it was a crap film. In the end we just ran out of care factor.

Yeah, yeah. We know. We *can* count, trash five, get one free? Works for us.

Catherine Follett and Kim Evans

## The Obscene: it's not what you think

On 22nd October, something extraordinary happened, again, at the little known Orient Hotel. The obvious question is, "What?" The answer is Obscene.

The Obscene is a local collective that brings together short-filmmakers, poets, performers, musicians, etc, and showcases their talents once every six-or-so weeks. Run voluntarily, the Obscene gives punters the insightful chance to see and hear what people in this city are creating independently, and gives tender "artistes" the chance of an audience. As such, the Obscene is always ready to eye your creations, be they audio or visual, and is now looking for items for the next programme. But more about your prospective involvement later ...

October Obscene was *Gastro-Interactive* and for this theme the audience was asked to rate each item according to the taste it evoked, be that pineapple, Weetbix, curried egg, or perhaps snot. The programme was begun with T. Kastanos' original revision of *The 3 Pigs*, animated and complete with nineties' sensibilities. Ear Cleaver (perhaps you'll remember them from the Fringe) screened a piece from a recent event, and Cheesy Knob productions made a noteworthy Obscene debut with an excerpt from their uproarious zombie flick *Blue Dog* (a fuller version of which will be screened at ensuing gatherings). Ken Boulton also made his Obscene debut, allowing us to be privy to his innermost thoughts in a smooth recital of his recent poetry.

It seems that the Obscene is truly open to all people with any kind of interesting and creative idea. As the show rolled on, the diversity showed no signs of abating. Fiona Sprott and Jason Sweeney gave a strangely

arousing performance called *Private Desire*, an interactive and erotic piece which showed the quality and originality of the Obscene. Following this, D.I.Y. Racial Integration, a short film by Daniel Cardone, analysed the hypocrisy of political correctness in suburbia. The short doco of Melbournian, Kaz, featured what appeared to be a genital piercing ceremony. Again, strangely titillating and...well...different. Steve Houston (sometime Obscene devotee and media-whizz) gave us a glimpse of his next film, *That Stage*, before VOLUPTUOUS media gave a noise performance in a further exploration of experimental music. The song *Tape Nausea In-Formation Super Roadkill* was played to cut-up video of William Burroughs walking around Paris.

The final bracket contained a *Puppet Head* film clip by Greg Moss and the very local, very contemporary (and perhaps very mediocre) poetic films of James Harkness. An anonymous contributor screened *Valiant Men*, an alternative view of the melting pot of multicultural Australia expressed in terms of neighbourly frustrations and expletives. The final item featured the poetry of Michelle Lukes, accompanied by The Penny Dreadful, in an interesting montage of words and music.

And so now the call goes out to you. If you have made a film, written poetry, been thinking about performing but can't find the right forum, etc. then the Obscene is definitely worth getting into. Get involved or get something included. Members meet very informally at 8 pm in the Lounge at the Orient Hotel (corner Wakefield and Pulteney) every Wednesday to discuss plans for future events. Alternatively, call 271 3235 or

344 4673 and speak to Linda or leave a message (but be warned, you may receive an Obscene phonecall ... ho-ho-fucking-ho). By all means, get out there and be overwhelmed with

creativity. Start colluding now - it could be one of the most interesting things you'll ever do.

Laura Grenfell  
Peter Romaniuk

HE HADN'T DONE MUCH WORK  
THIS YEAR. WHEN IT CAME TO  
HIM PASSING HIS EXAMS ...



THE ODDS WERE STACKED AGAINST  
HIM.



# In Pursuit Of Excellent Opera RE: *Salome*.

*Salome*, State Opera of South Australia

It's 30 AD and you are sitting in the palace of Herod...Tiberias, Galilee. There is a decadent feast taking place. The atmosphere is one of complete hedonistic bliss and your ears are being treated to some of the most magnificently evocative opening music in the entire operatic repertoire.

Welcome to *Salome*, Richard Strauss's third opera, the first of his operas, however, to actually start paying his bills.

The first things that struck me about this production were the enormity of the orchestra and the success with which the music characterises and colours each

"criticism should focus on what's there..." and I wasn't given free tickets to sit in 'la-la land' all evening, although there were several points in the show at which I would have been far more satisfied with my own imaginary fantasising than with that which was eventuating on stage. The set was ugly and cumbersome and contributed nothing to the exotic, decadent, lusty feel of the opera. Unfortunately, neither did any of the scenes involving Herod's suite of riotous guests who were disappointingly small in number and restrained and unconvincing in their manner. The costume design, however,

was spectacular, with the exception of the guards who could easily have donned a pair of roller skates and looked much more at home in a production of *Starlight Express*. The libretto, which Strauss and Hedwig Lachmann have barely changed from the original script by Oscar

Wilde, except of course to bring the central focus from Herod to Salome and translate it into German, is screaming with blood, sex, hedonistic decadence and temptation and none of these qualities, in my opinion, were fully realised under Elke Neidhardt's direction. This is not to say, however, that there were no moments of moving drama.

Marilyn Zschau provided a

consistently powerful rendition of *Salome*, especially vocally, but dramatically, her performance showed great thought and attention to detail. *Salome* is one of the great showpieces in the dramatic soprano repertoire and Zschau has the guts and vocal stamina to do this difficult role justice. Her 'Dance of the Seven Veils' was brave, but I felt as though Zschau did not draw on her instinctual sexual forces enough to really throw the dance out to the audience so that they may experience the 'totally in-your-face' quality of *Salome*'s sexuality. The largest percentage of her lines are sexually driven or are given sexual connotations in order to satisfy her overwhelming desires (and don't we all have these!). However, it was wonderful to experience the moments when Zschau did completely open up to us. One could almost feel the sexual energy wave through the house. Call me a sex junkie, but that's exciting theatre. What makes it exciting is the act of experiencing through seeing rather than simply seeing.

There were many times also when I was able to fully experience the roles of Herod and Herodias. Christopher Doig played a fairly convincingly mad, frightened and lustful Herod and handled the part with great vocal strength, especially in the Helden-like passages that portray his lust for *Salome*. Heather Begg played a suitably pissed off Herodias who, after murdering her husband so that she could marry Herod, has to put up with his persistent craving for her own daughter and his raving hallucinations.

Jokanaan, the Prophet, was given a very strong, although sometimes stiff rendition by the scantily ragged Rodney

Macann. I felt as though he oversang at times whilst trying to convey the noble rage of his character, at the expense of dramatic depth.

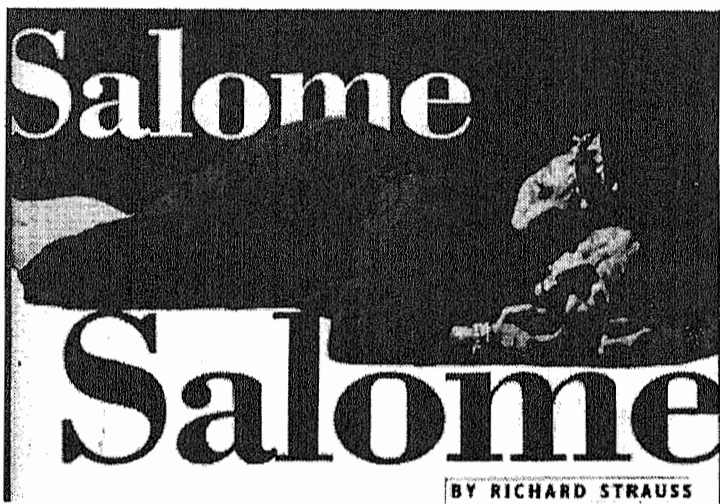
The supporting cast were...supportive, the highlight being the hilarious fugal quintet during a theological argument between Herod's Jewish guests.

*Salome* provided me with much exhilarating theatre, but because of its grand nature and its grand price tag (\$\$\$-we're talking three figures here for a decent A-reserve seat), I think opera audiences can afford to be more greedy with this medium...especially in times when we, as a race, are learning to communicate more effectively and developing our own methods (technological or spiritual) to help us do this. Opera-goers pay huge sums of money to experience live opera and I fail to see how an audience could be totally satisfied by something that may be aesthetically beautiful but that fails to speak to them in some way. There are always messages hidden somewhere inside operas, but they must be communicated in a way that is relevant to large and diverse ranges of people. We all relate to honesty, and this is why opera must be translated from the realms of high culture to a more popular interpretation. And yes...that means existing on the same level as other forms of popular music (Nirvana = *The Marriage of Figaro*?!?). My prediction is that if this does not start to happen more, the medium will not survive.

In these times of virtual reality, no longer can the opera singer hide behind the difficulties of singing and acting at the same time. More energy must be devoted to the dramatic portrayal of operatic roles, and those creating and directing opera have a responsibility to support singers in this challenge.

To quote and mangle another famous cliché, if a singer can't stand the heat, get out of the operatic kitchen and pursue a career in making recordings.

Katrina Picozzi.



role. I could have happily sat there with my eyes shut and ears open, allowing my imagination to complete the visual picture and David Stanhope is to be congratulated for his passionate and disciplined handling of the orchestra who provided a constant source of enjoyment throughout the evening. But as the divine Agnes Dobson (South Australian actress, director, playwright and silent movie star) once said:

## Could've been so beautiful

*Ring The Bell Softly, There's Crepe on the Door*  
Theatre Guild, Union Hall

It's not often that you get an ensemble of women performing in Adelaide, nor is it often that we hear about the women who have helped shape Australia, so when I heard about this play I thought it was a good step towards redressing the imbalance. This play is about thirteen South Australian women who have lead ordinary, yet influential lives. The documentation of these women's lives, which have been erased from history is very important to our appreciation of women's abilities and achievements and plays that hit on this subject shouldn't be as rare as they are, but I'm sorry to say that I didn't really enjoy this production.

The play consisted of the thirteen women on a black, near-empty stage, talking to each other and telling the stories of their lives, interspersed with songs, some original, some period. I've

never been a song and dance sort of gal, so this wasn't really to my taste to begin with. I was expecting (hoping for) a more confrontational, intense piece of theatre, so when the first chords were played I felt a slightly dismayed "eh". The style reminded me horribly of the musical show I had to do in year 10 Performing Arts - they even did one of the same songs! ("A Couple of Swells") - although it was performed infinitely better here.

Of course, not every play about women has to be an in-your-face rad fem statement, so I'm not criticising the show from a socio-political point of view - I just wasn't moved or entertained.

The acting was a bit patchy - some of it was pretty wooden, and the accents tended to skip and slide a bit. A few performances stood out - Melissa

Stefano as Agnes Dobson, Katrina Picozzi as Nellie Kolle, Jo Peoples as Patricia Hackett - but on the whole, the acting didn't make a huge impact on my senses. But I don't think the actors were helped by the script. The dialogue was average, apart from a few funny moments. This was not from want of subject matter - these women's lives were extraordinary, even more so for their times, if you consider the forces they were up against, but I wasn't moved or concerned or interested in them, and I had full expectations that I would be.

Some of the staging was interesting, particularly the use of tableaux (although the on-stage costume change into period dress could have been a bit shorter). The scene of Mother Mary Mackillop's excommunication was just about the most powerful of the

performances - with her lying in a face-down crucifixion and the other women fanning her in a frozen tableau. But I feel that the emptiness of the stage, and the staging techniques were not suited to the large stage and hall of Union Hall. I think they would be more effective, and hence the play on the whole would be more interesting, in a more intimate setting (there's always an exception - the use of projected photographs onto the cyclorama required a large stage to be effective at all).

The songs, although not my cup of tea, were certainly performed well. The women had strong, resonant voices, and the use of harmonies was effective. The songs themselves ranged from lovely to mundane.

The show was performed very competently, but was just middle-of-the-road. During the finale - when they sang "This is a Night of Celebration" - I got the impression that I was supposed to feel inspired by these strong and pioneering South Australian women, but I'm afraid I didn't.

Bethany Hunt

On Dit



# A load of old bollocks

David Mills interviews himself about the forthcoming Theatre Guild production of *We've Got A Tent*.

Q: So tell me, what's your involvement in *We've Got A Tent*?

A: I wrote it. Isn't that exciting? Actually I co-wrote it with a friend of mine, Daniel Cardone. Daniel and I wrote it together. We are the creative powerhouses behind the script. So that's my involvement.

Q: And where do you get off, pushing your play in *On Dit*, the paper you edit?

A: I don't have to take that kind of crap. I can do whatever I like in these pages. I've got the power, you know.

Q: Alright, alright, keep your bra on. Just tell me about the play.

A: *We've Got A Tent* is the story of the ultimate dysfunctional 90s family a disastrous camping trip they take. The family has got big problems. I mean, they're really *rooted*: Dad's a born loser who can't get anything right, Mum's totally away with the fairies, the daughter is an obnoxious smart-arse pratt, and the son is an unco-ordinated geek. It's a comedy.

Q: A comedy...hmmm. If I come see it, will I laugh?

A: Laugh? You want to know if you're gonna *laugh*? This play is *hilarious*. You'll *shriek*. Don't come see it if you've got a weak bladder, that's all I can say.

Q: And does it have a message?

A: Nah.

Q: None at all?

A: Not really.

Q: What does that mean, "not really"?

A: Well, it probably does have a message, I'm just not sure what it is yet, that's all. The play is nominally about the environment. Actually the full title of the play is *We've Got A Tent - A Load of Old Bollocks About the Environment*.

Q: Gee whiz, that's a mouthful.

A: A mouthful of what?

Q: The title. It's a mouthful.

A: Oh. But it's catchy, don't you reckon?

Q: Uh...yeah, sure. But you were saying something about the environment.

A: Was I? Not that I recall. The play isn't at all didactic - it doesn't try to say

something meaningful about the world in which we live. Actually it's more of a satire on the kind of hardline sincerity that seems to go hand-in-hand with the environmental movement. So any message that is in there is bedded deeply in irony.

Q: How long have you and Daniel been working on the play?

A: We started writing it two years ago. After we'd written about thirty pages we took it along to an Unley Youth Theatre "Young Playwrights Weekend". They didn't seem to like it very much. I got the feeling that Kim Hanna (artistic director of Unley Youth Theatre) thought it was a pile of poo. We worked on it some more and then kind of shelved it. Last year we dug it out again because the Theatre Guild were looking for scripts from new local writers for their "First Time Out" season. We submitted it but they didn't use it. Then we heard from them that they actually loved the script and wanted to give it a full production on its own. Cool, or what?

Q: Who is involved in this production?

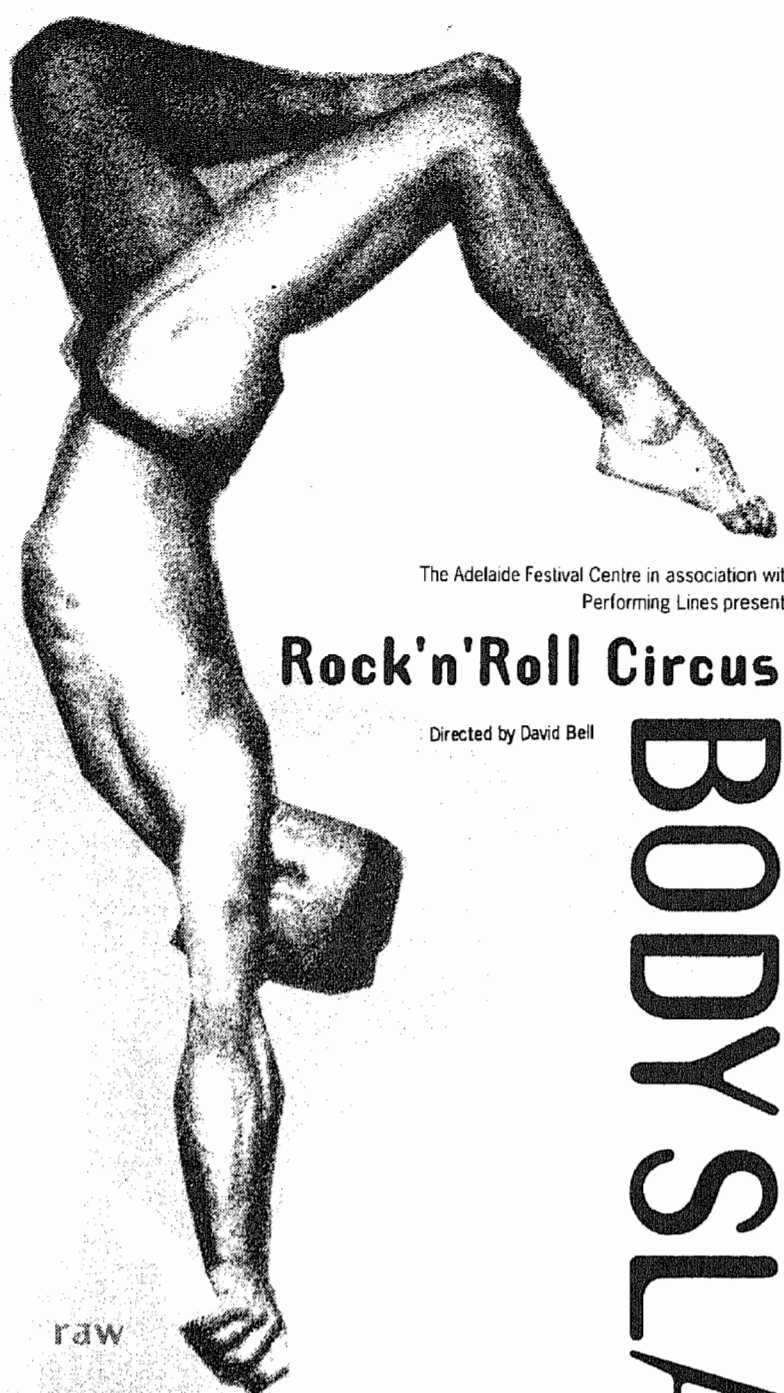
A: Don Barker is the director. He's done lots and lots of stuff all over the place - from *Julius Caesar* with State Theatre several years ago to episodes of *Cop Shop*. He's very talented, which is a good thing, and he's famous too, which is even better.

Q: What about the cast? Who's in it?

A: Amanda Finnis, Emily Branford, Andy Packer, Charles Crompton, Frank Cwertinak, Ann d'Angelo and Anke Willems. That's all of 'em. They're all top notch. They'll be great. They'd better be. I've told them all if they fuck my play up I'll bust their kneecaps.

Q: When and where is it on?

A: It's playing at Adelaide Uni's very own Little Theatre, which is neat because that's the space Daniel and I had in mind when we first wrote it. It opens on December 1st at 8pm and plays until December 10th, Thursday to Saturday in the first week and Wednesday to Saturday in the second week. Tickets will be available through Bass and the Theatre Guild office.



The Adelaide Festival Centre in association with  
Performing Lines presents

## Rock'n'Roll Circus'

Directed by David Bell

# BODY SLAM

raw  
pain  
sweat  
strength  
desire  
flesh  
energy

a circus of obsession

"...a 'must see' show which I highly recommend to any living being on the planet. Hot, hot, hot!"

B.U.M.S (Brisbane Underground Music Scene)

Space Theatre  
Adelaide Festival Centre

18 - 26 November  
Preview 17 November 8.30 pm

Mon 21 & Tues 22 Nov at 6.30 pm  
Wed 23 - Sat 26 Nov at 8.30 pm  
Sat matinees at 4 pm  
Tickets from \$19.50

Book at BASS 131 246  
(small surcharge for phone, agency & group bookings)

If there is one night you go out during exams make sure its to see this! Body Slam - it's hot and it's hurting. You'd be mad to miss it!

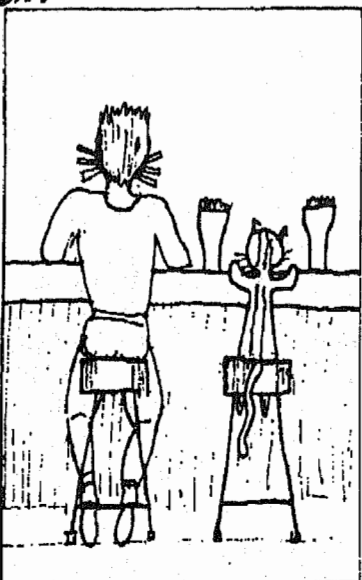
Beware! This show contains nudity, strobe lighting and raw meat.

ten

RIP IT UP  
MAGAZINE

### 101 FUN THINGS TO DO WITH A CAT

No.91. If you have stopped pretending that you like your cat, and now know that it is the 'real thing', here is what you do. Take your cat to a bar where no-one will recognise you. Shout it schoolers of business all night, and when your cat is really drunk, it will begin to see you in a better light (obviously, it helps to stick straws to your cheeks). If your cat purrs something that sounds like 'Take me home lover', you know that the evening has been a success. Loads of Fun



The Masked Avenger



# Budgies and Owen guns

After a season of "goes bang, goal, Air-sendon, up by one" it is with great pleasure that Bruce and company are banished into the football commentary wilderness come Grand Final day. In their place people across the nation are HG Nelson and Rampaging Roy Slaven. God help the player who spills the chest mark! Matt Rawes was able to catch up with HG over the phone and find out what he had to say about ... well, read on.

OD: Are you alarmed by the lack of coverage that the cricket in Pakistan has received?

HG: Well, obviously it's very disappointing but it's there if you want to find out. Obviously I get tapes sent out every day of the matches and it's very, very exciting and you know the match at the Sharlah the other day was a cracker and speaking of crackers the audience came along armed with penny bungers and started throwing them around. There's plenty of coverage there but I'd like to see it live, I'd like to see Pakistan v South Africa, I don't think you can get enough cricket. I hope Pay TV to be a whole cricket channel donated to the live matches happening around the world. You talk about your problems in Pakistan but how about the Zimbabwe record score notched up against Sri Lanka. People should see that. I believe recently against Zimbabwe there was the third slowest century ever scored. Now this is the bloke who clocked up the world's slowest century in Gippsland last time they were out here. I would like to see those back to back, the world's slowest and the world's third slowest and don't tell me

media donated to the strike than the games themselves. I think that's got to be good for the code. What we lack is reporting on what the baseballers are up to now. Obviously they're a lot of people frustrated going around to nightclubs, danceclubs and so on planting ones on bouncers. That's what should be covered to get an idea that baseball is a living, breathing thing with blokes involved going the thump off the field. That's what's good about Rugby League. That's the great thing about sport and the great sport of Rugby League is giving plenty of work to lawyers and when there's plenty of work for lawyers you know the sport's on top.

OD: Why do people have such an obsession with sport?

HG: Well, my feelings of course are that the world allows people to have such obsessions. Whether they're good or bad I find it hard to have an opinions about, obviously a lot of people like shooting, a lot of people like hunting, a lot of people like fishing or just sitting around in the backyard with a one-day cricket fixture before you with your own personalised set of roles. I think that's just fantastic.

secrets that would be tremendous to reveal. Lady Di is one that springs to mind as one in the spotlight and I'd like if I could be Lady Di and Camilla Parker Bowles at the same time. I'm sure you'd get a book out of that.

OD: Do you have any advice for Tony Modra?

HG: Well, yes, look we put too much pressure on Tony Modra and I'll just draw a quick parallel with young Patrick Rafter. We've got to take the pressure off these players. I know in the Grand Final so much pressure was put on Billy Brownless that we began calling him Patrick Rafter. Well you know I've likened Tony Modra's position to that of Kurt Cobain. It's a long shot sure, no pun intended, but I do believe that we could be seeing another Kurt Cobain on our hands. I understand his parents have advised him not to keep going with the Crows. But I'd like to think he could hang in there and overcome the problems. Obviously he's got to go out wearing a wig and with a pillow down the front of his pants. That's the way to get around Adelaide. Chains, maybe shave all the hair off under his wig, an earring in his nose and get to walk around with a dog chain and collar. No one would realise it's Tones, Modra under that sort of gear. That's all he's got to do, he's got to think laterally. I think it's a very interesting problem we've set young Tony and it will be interesting to see how he emerges from it.

OD: How does a sportsperson incur your wrath during a sporting event as was received by Mark Athorn during the '93 Grand Final?

HG: Well Athorn's an idiot. Can you actually remember him doing anything reasonable that match? My feeling is that you've got a champion playing poorly and we've obviously taken it against them. I think that's good, they're the things you remember from the game. I mean I can't remember any Essendon score but I can remember Mark Athorn doing silly things.

OD: How would your ideal Saturday afternoon be spent?

HG: Well, that is a tricky question. Obviously I'm at work. I'd rather do anything but work. I think realistically, realism and idealism coincide on Saturday afternoons. It's a very

hard question to answer but obviously Carlton winning, maybe surfing where there's good waves and nobody around while at the same time catching bloody big fish. But I'd stick with what I've got at the moment, I'm pretty happy with that.

OD: Would you make any changes to events in the Sydney 2000 Olympics to perhaps create increased excitement?

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*The Commonwealth Games could very soon be overshadowed by the US Masters Games. I understand they were magnificent. You see tremendous footage of a 105 year old swimming 25 metres.*

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HG: Obviously in synchronised swimming just the simple nudity would bring about tremendous excitement. I love the code. I don't think you have to change it at all. Even with the flimsy gear the contestants wear at the moment leaves little to the imagination. I think of nudity as an improvement. I think what you've got to look at is the Commonwealth Games. There's a lot of gimme events, 'who cares' events and the total thing is devalued by the fact that Australia can win 87 medals. It makes it very difficult to know what to do about it. A lot of these sports there is no one but a few people involved. I mean the 1500m shooting event, exciting as it is, well, I think you've got to move it in the direction of much more blood and nudity at the same time. I know Roy is championing the idea of the 1000 budgie blow off which is simply a pen with 1000 budgies in it and everybody is given the same standard weapon like an Owen gun and how long does it take you to destroy all the budgies. I think it's much more exciting. It will give people an idea of what it would be really like to get all the birds in a set time space. The feeling also with the Commonwealth Games is that it was demeaned a lot by the work of Arthur Tunstall. I think that's the way forward. You know, have a lot of people attached to the Australian side who can be provocative when it comes to dealing with the media. It's far too tame on the showbusiness front. Actually I'm reminded of the recent University Games where a

couple of Flinders University students impressed everybody with their magnificent browneye display at the opening ceremony. Now that's what they need: an opening ceremony where people run amok and pull their head in the most appropriate manner. I think until we can get that sort of thing happening we're in serious trouble. The Commonwealth Games could soon be overshadowed by the

US Masters Games. I understand they were magnificent. You see tremendous footage of a 105 year old swimming 25 metres. That's the sort of novelty event we need to get into it.

OD: How important do you see the function of a student newspaper being?

HG: Vitaly important. You get a lot of information you wouldn't get elsewhere. I understand one of the professors at a Perth University got into some serious trouble with some comments about drugs i.e. how to do them without causing harm. I think that's absolutely crucial. Plus you get your movies and your records, it's hard to get that information these days with the terrible choking down by the mainstream media. That's becoming more so with your Packers and Murdochs getting involved with Pay TV. I don't think you'll get any surprises from those quarters.

OD: Is OJ Simpson guilty?

HG: I haven't seen all the footage of the files yet. I love it of course, as you know. It's very hard to know how to jump on this one. Probably my initial reaction is yes but you can't condemn the bloke before having all the evidence. Can I put it this way, the jury is out.

OD: In three words describe yourself:

HG: Forgettable, there's one word. Look you know, a forgettable bloke, there's three words for you. Singularly uninteresting, easy to replace by almost anybody. Hopefully I've encouraged other people to do similar things for themselves.



people wouldn't be interested because they would be. I think people are interested in records of all sorts, let's say it took a day and a half for Ranatunga to reach his hundred; just imagine as he reached the 90s, you realise because you have the record book in front of you that he'd be another hour and a half in the 90s and imagine the delirium when he got to the ton and you realise that you were there as part of history. That's what cricket's about.

OD: How do you feel about the American baseballers striking?

HG: Well, I love it. I saw more attention by the Australian

OD: Now for something completely different. If you could be a famous woman who would you be?

HG: Ah, yes, so many people come instantly to mind. Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot, it would be tremendous to have a look at the world through their eyes. I think that would be very, very interesting. You've got your supermodels, to have a look at how they see things would be tremendously exciting too. I'm fascinated about the rest of the world through Bronwyn Bishop, I'd like to know how to get the hair that hard and the makeup that thick. There'd be so many

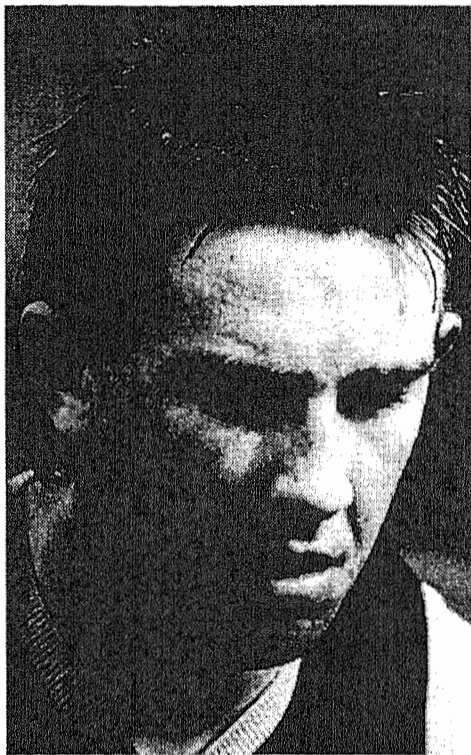


# Sporty top ten

MUCH HAS HAPPENED THIS YEAR IN THE WORLD OF SPORT. HERE AT *ON DIT*, WE'VE BEEN BUSY ANALYSING ALL THE MAJOR HAPPENINGS ON AND OFF THE FIELD.

## Top Five Reasons Why Robbie Shaw Won't Solve a Thing

1. There's plenty of time for Modra to get drunk between here and any of the AFL grounds
2. They forgot to delist Chalmers
3. Footy Park is still a cold, concrete hole
4. Jason McCartney can't play centre half forward and centre half back at the same time
5. Because he took one of the worst clubs in the AFL and turned them into THE worst club



## Top Ten Reasons Why Mark Taylor Shouldn't Have Been made Skipper

1. He can't hold his place in the one day team
2. He can't catch - remember Salim Malik Mark, remember Salim.
3. He's responsible for the breakdown of the former Yugoslavia
4. He's got a funny voice
5. He's not as good as Steve Waugh
6. He's not as good as David Boon
7. He's not as good as Michael Bevan
8. He's not as good as Ricky Ponting
9. He's not as good as Paul Nobes OR Darren Lehmann
10. He's got a fat arse



## Ten Reasons Why Port Shouldn't Be Allowed To Enter The AFL

1. Scott Hodges
2. Scott Hodges
3. Scott Hodges
4. Scott Hodges
5. Scott Hodges
6. Scott Hodges
7. Scott Hodges
8. Scott Hodges
9. Scott Hodges
10. Darren Smith

# Unibar competition winner

I guess that sometimes it just doesn't pay to be subtle. You see, last week we at *On Dit* offered (courtesy of the Unibar) a full slab of beer to anyone at the Uni who could come up with an amusing game or sport that you could play in the comfort of your own living room. We have since checked the exact wording of the contest and nowhere could we find any challenge to prove the extent of your own sexual depravity. At no stage did we ask for crude attempts to shock us or to expand our knowledge of schoolboy smut. But the overwhelming majority of the entrants did. And for that effort, we decided to publish extracts of the filth along with the perpetrators' names (you can look up their addresses) so that future employers and prospective partners can learn as much about them as we did in reading their puerile prose.

### Shame File:

Names: Ben Gooden, Chris Benson, Sam Rosewarne, David Harwood, David Bedford

Entry: Soggy Sao - You know the game, well these guys are world champs. Go over to the tables in front of Uni Records and watch them in action.

Name: Luke Condon

Entry: Date smoking - Enough said.

Name: Anon

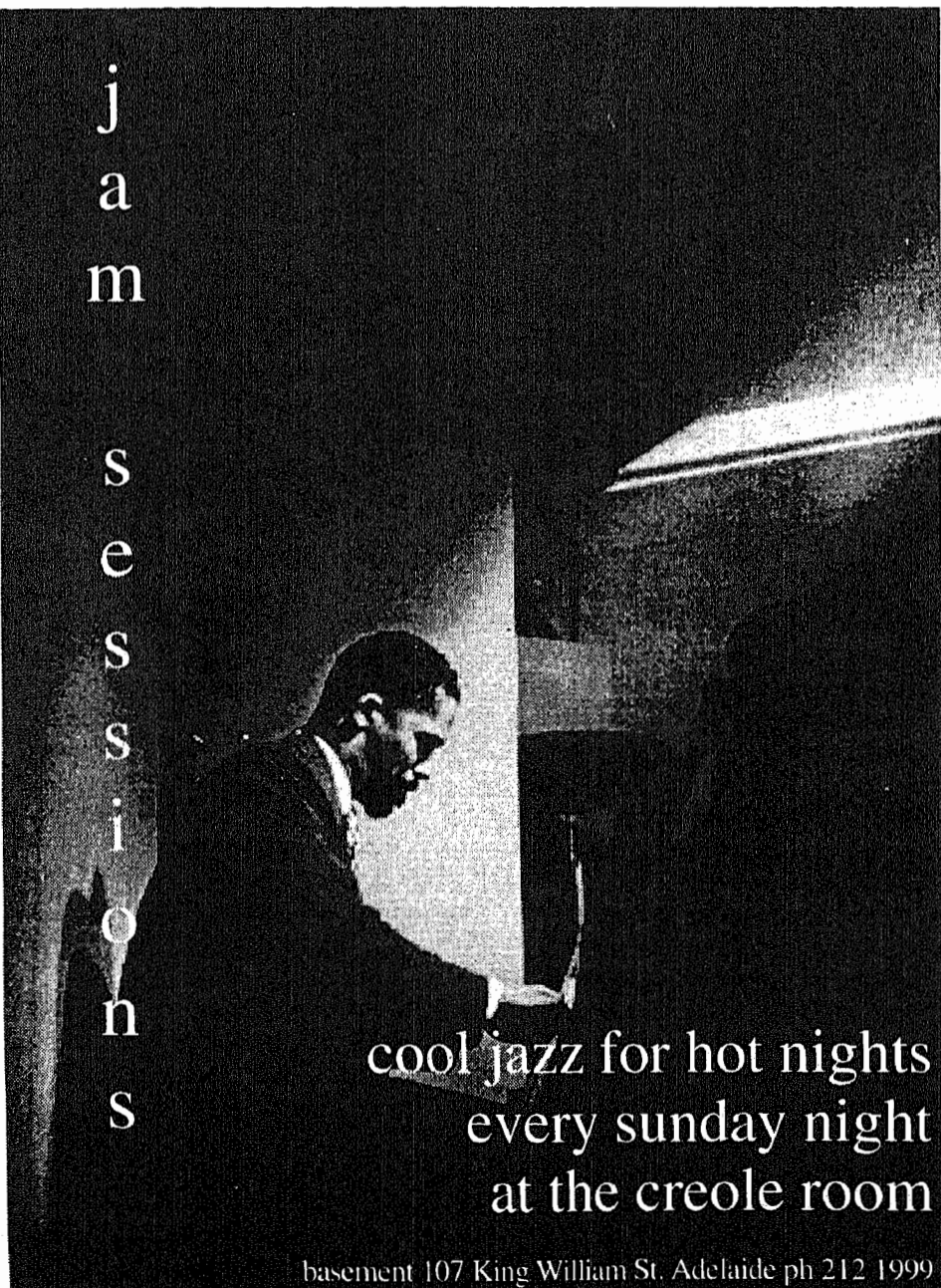
Entry: Penis Fencing - This entry was sent in under false names. We know the real owners of the names and they deny any knowledge of it categorically. Steven, we suggest that you find some new friends.

The winner and undisputed champion rose above the sick and perverted underbelly of the Uni to suggest a drinking game that does not require undoing any buttons, zips or flies. Barry Rainbird offered 'Pool Roulette' - a rollicking good time waster that involves...

- a random spread of water or vodka filled glasses on each pocket
- playing pool
- getting drunk
- laughing and enjoying the company of friends

Barry, we like your idea very much. Come down to the *On Dit* office and collect your carton. We'll be pleased to meet someone who still knows how to have good, clean fun.

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cool jazz for hot nights  
every sunday night  
at the creole room

basement 107 King William St. Adelaide ph 212 1999



# Interview with an art aristocrat

A few weeks ago a friend of mine rang from New York City and excitedly informed me that Gustav Kunst was coming to our bustling metropolis of Adelaide. I replied "Excellent! But who the hell is Gustav Kunst?" She gave me a pitying sigh and mumbled "Philistine. Gustav Kunst is the hottest thing to hit the art scene since Schnabel." "But Schnabel," I replied, "is a turd." She simply answered "So is Kunst."

Anyway the big day of his arrival was soon to come; not knowing anything about him I frantically combed various American art magazines. I discovered that Kunst was a bit media-shy, or as he later put it to me: "Man I hate you media fuckheads, parasites without souls, living off the carcasses of the world's few creators; creators that have all but perished because of the mediocrity of the media; mammories without milk, eyes incapable of tears..." He blabbered on about the media for ages, illustrating his hatred with interminable metaphors. Anyway, it was a bit of a coup, apparently, to secure the interview; so parasite-city here I come.

On the phone, whilst organising the interview, I remarked on the fact that none of the articles I had read showed a photograph of him, so how would I be able to recognise him? He replied in his peculiar accent, a mixture of French, German and Jazz American, a masculine Marlene Dietrich, that: "Darling, I will be the most stunning. The jewel amongst the shit, the swan

in the pig sty, the Calvin Klein among the generic brands." There were those damn metaphors again.

With a description like that I dubiously went to the Exeter. And, unfortunately, he was right, he stood out like, well like a metaphor about something that really sticks out. He sat right at the back. Wearing all black, a black leather jacket, immaculate, crazy jet-black Maestro hair, evil blue eyes, while I stooped over humbled in his presence. I was down-trodden, brow-beaten, moth-eaten, with blue-collared blood corpuscles running through my contorted body. He, on the other hand, was the art aristocrat.

After I arrived he greeted me indifferently and lit a Cuban cigar. The art aristocrat faced me, with my factory hands, factory clothes, cheap cigarettes ("Hit the road amateur hack, and don't you come back no more!") Too poor to buy a dictaphone, and too drunk on cheap red wine to write accurate notes; the following is what I could decipher from my drunken runes, my high hieroglyphics.

O.D.: Are you, or have you ever been, a member of the American Communist Party?

G.K.: No comment.

O.D.: Kunst is German for 'art', so I take it that your name is a non-deplume, a creation of your own doing?

G.K.: A name is just like reality, it's unrealistic.

O.D.: (Sarcastically) How true! How true!

G.K.: There is no truth in what is true. If you did not know that the colour blue was called 'blue' and if I told you it was called 'green' then from that time on you would associate the colour blue with the word 'green'. Concrete facts, 'truths', have not altered the fact that blue in the colour spectrum would change to green, and green to blue, - only in name, which shows us that we are capable of creating our own realities. Something created by a human mind can be changed by it - warped even. Therefore I have never lied, I just replace a reality that I find unacceptable with one that suits me.

O.D.: However there is a lot of truth in your "Four Seasons" series. [For those that don't know, these works consisted of huge canvases which were painted blue (winter), red (summer), green (spring) and brown (autumn). Each painting was done on the first day of each season. They were then left outside on the roof of Kunst's New York studio. These are true nature paintings, because nature itself had a hand in creating the final product. Therefore the summer ones were faded and cracked from the sun; the winter ones were torn and brittle from the wind and rain.]

G.K.: No there wasn't.

O.D.: Can I be brutally honest with you?

G.K.: There is no such thing as honesty. But you may be brutal.

O.D.: You enjoy evading questions.

G.K.: There is no such thing as

questions, only answers that are unquestionable.

O.D.: Uh-huh.

G.K.: That is the most intelligible thing that you have mumbled all evening.

O.D.: Okay. Let's talk politics. Whereabout does Gustav Kunst stand on the political spectrum?

G.K.: Gustav Kunst would like to see Bill Clinton and Barbara Bush perform a nude modern interpretative dance routine to the rhythmical beat poetry of Oliver North.

O.D.: Uh-huh?!? Favourite food?

G.K.: A hand sandwich with blood sauce.

O.D.: Have you any regrets?

G.K.: That I am only human. However I do have people working on that annoying little problem as we speak, at my Cybernetics factory, there is a vat of immortality in production. Perhaps I'll even be cloned.

O.D.: Let's talk about your art. How would you describe it?

G.K.: Kunstian. Which simply means 'Genius'. Everything I do is avant-garde genius. I am the only complete artist in the art industry; a cow whose udders produce Champagne.

O.D.: What was your upbringing like? You strike me as the aristocratic-bohemian type; or a Post-Modern Modigliani.

G.K.: That's acceptable.

At this point Kunst left for "another mundane interview".

Mike Hepburn

## Photo Exhibit

Seventeen university students are having an exhibition of their works at the Odeon Theatre on the Norwood Parade. The exhibition will be open from December 11th to December 24th.

For those interested, the official opening is at 6pm on December 11th with wine and nibbles provided.

Works include both colour and black and white prints, and all are for sale.

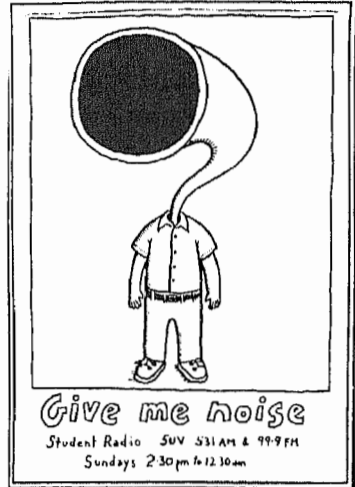


Photo: Steffen Creaser





# Student Radio Guide



**Student Radio continues until 27 November 1994 and recommences March 1995.**

**Here is the guide for the final weeks of Student Radio 1994**

## Sunday November 6 (and 20)

- 2:30 **All Fucked up:** loud entertainment presented by Andy Fisher and Matt Batten.
- 3:30 **Fiona Dalton Presents:** Fiona will soothe you out of or through your end of year study blues with her favourite selection of melodic pop.
- 4:30 Simon Hunt presents **Simon's Stuff**
- 5:30 **Grind the Pose:** a menagerie of cultural commentary, scientific tid-bits and information about new and upcoming Adelaide band Bathe. (Paul Hoadley, Michale Dwyer and Dale Adams.)
- 6:30 **Penny Fredricks and Dave Hewitt** present an hour of English Indie pleasanteries.
- 7:30 **The Wimmin's Show** presented by Catherine Howell. Commentary on issues of particular concern and interest to wimmin.
- 8:30 **Living Proof** Adelaide band Happy Patch play live in the studios of 5UV in between student radio live recordings of Propogandi, All You Can Eat, Price of Silence, The Welcome Mat, Smudge...
- 9:30 **The Low Fi Lounge Room.** Yet another installment this time, surprisingly, from 5UV featuring Adelaide band King Krill playing live to air (hosted by Jesse Reynolds).
- 10:30 **The Laura, Jesse and Peter Show** presented, not surprisingly, by the aforementioned.
- 11:30 **Culture Shock** presented by Marian Clarkin. An hour of frenzied Arts coverage with lots of free giveaways and free pizza! This week the town is being painted pink by Adelaide's drag queens in search of Priscilla and The Pet Shop Boys

## Sunday November 13 (and 27)

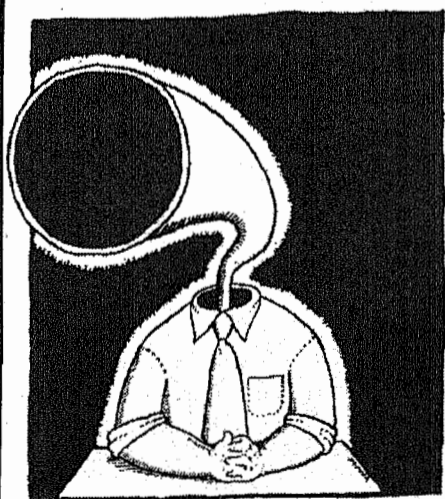
- 2:30 **Chris O'Brien, Simon Lee and Angus Kemp** present an hour of recent and older alternative music.
- 3:30 **Richard Seamaric and Anthony Page** focus on British pop history.
- 4:30 **Uncle Albert's Magical Steampowered Wireless** Craig Sinclair and Alex Smith present an hour of radio drama. In their own words: "they butcher the classics and, worse still, write their own plays".
- 5:30 **Tori Shepherd and Shelley Brunt** focus on indie music.
- 6:30 **Andrew Wait and Stefan Worrall** feature chit chat and social commentary.
- 7:30 **Babes in Boyland:** Katina Picozzi celebrates wimmin in music and gives a major thumbs down to the boy dominated music industry. A totally grrl powered hour.
- 8:30 **Living Proof:** featuring live local music and interviews with local bands. This week The Liz Dealey Band play live in the studio.
- 9:30 **Nick and William** entertain with a mix of punk, alternative and hardcore music.
- 10:30 **World Montage:** Music from around the world presented by James Haffner and Des Wee.
- 11:30 **Late Night Lovesongs:** musically - anything from Helen Reddy to Bikini Kill. Presented by Cathi Hamilton and Julia Davey.

give me noise

### Camtech Macintosh Specials

New		Macintosh IIfx 8/80 System	\$2000
Power CD	\$395	SE/30 8/40	\$1100
Performa 400 (LC II) 4/80 plus		Performa 450 (LC III) 5/80 FPU	\$1595
Stylewriter II	\$1995	<b>Just Arrived</b>	
LC 520 (LC III all in one) 5/80/CD		The latest screen savers - After Dark	
+ Word 5.1	\$2395	3.0, Star Trek and The Simpsons. Any	
Quadra 610 8/160	\$2600	enquiries please telephone 303 3320	
<b>Second Hand</b>		or visit our shop at Hughes Plaza,	
Apple A3 Colour Printer	\$990	Adelaide University.	

## Student Radio 1995



**1995 Student Radio applications are now open.**

**Beg, buy or steal a form from the Students' Association Office or from 5UV - be quick and beat the rush! Applications welcomed from all clubs, associations, in fact, just about anyone!**

## On Dit 1995

**Applications for Sub-Editors NOW OPEN**

NEWS

SPORT

MUSIC

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WAYZGOOSE

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**No On Dit EXPERIENCE NECESSARY**

**Application FORMS IN SAUA Now**

**Applications close NOVEMBER 30**



## Computing Survey

Distribution of a cross-faculty computing survey has been taking place in the last week. The aim of the survey is to ascertain the concerns students have in regard to computer access. If you have not had an opportunity to complete a survey, please come into the Students' Association for a copy so that your opinion may be voiced on this issue.

## 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 \$70 for both. Danceland, 650 South Road (next to tramline) 345 5817 or 415 7718.

## The New York Studio "Drawing Marathon"

at Adelaide Central School of Art, 23rd - 27th January, 1995. SAYAB is offering 2 free places. Participants will have to cover their own material costs. If you are under 26 and would like to be part of this drawing marathon send a letter of interest and CV to the South Australian Youth Arts Board (SAYAB) by 30th November, 1994. Successful applicants will be notified mid-December. Applications should be sent to Carclew Youth Arts Centre, 11 Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide, SA, 5006. Telephone: (08) 267 5111, Fax (08) 239 0689.

## The Advisory Committee on Students with Disabilities

The Advisory Committee on Students with Disabilities would like to hear from students with a disability who are interested in becoming members of the above Committee for 1995.

For further information please contact the Disability Liaison Officer, Mr Tony Frangos located in the Counselling Centre, Horace Lamb Building, Tel: 35663.

## For Sale

One Rank Arena 20 inch colour TV with stand. Beautiful colour and in good condition. Selling at \$160 o.n.o. Available in November. If interested, called 297 3536 after 7 pm.

## Community Aid Abroad

Community Aid Abroad are looking for interested people to help with their annual Christmas tree appeal. The appeal, which is being held this year on Sunday December 11, involves volunteers delivering trees to thousands of households throughout the metropolitan region to raise money for CAA.

Demand for trees is expected to be even greater this year, so we have a need for more volunteers to help. If you would be able to spare even just a few hours of your time, that would be much appreciated. Whether it be delivering trees by vehicle, staffing one of the many suburban depots situated throughout Adelaide, or even helping at the end of the day to clean up one of our two major depots at Malvern and in the Southern Vales, all assistance would be invaluable.

The Christmas tree appeal is one of CAA's major fundraisers, with money raised going to fund self-help projects for some of the poorest communities in Africa, Asia and Latin America. If you would like to spread a bit of Christmas goodwill as well as assist one of Australia's premier aid organisations, and have a bit of fun too, contact the CAA office on 223 3405.

## Pride

Adelaide University Pride meeting Thursday, 1pm, in the North/South Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building. All welcome.

## For Sale

Dr Marten "Air Wair" Boots. Size 8, 10 holed, black. Hardly worn - still boxed (only worn 6 times). Cost \$140 - Sell \$110.00 o.n.o. Regretful sale. Phone: Georgina (085) 63 2128 [Tanunda].

## Summer Touch

The ball's not slippery because the weather's fine and we're underway at the Touch Club. Touch is skilful, fast, non-violent and very social. If you'd like to learn or keep improving, come to training now. Summer dates and times:

Training: Mondays 6.15 pm - 8 pm, playing fields just over the Footbridge. Games: Men's - Tuesdays 6 pm or 7 pm; Women's - Wednesdays 6 pm or 7 pm; Mixed - Thursdays 6 pm or 7 pm. Season starts 1st, 2nd or 3rd November. Training is happening now, 17th, 24th, 31st October ...

## Typing / Wordprocessing

Essays, curriculum vitae (resumes), reports, small ads, professional letters. Fast and accurate. Reasonable rates. Pam 382 1925.

## For sale

Sega Mega Drive and 7 games, all in excellent condition. Games are: Sonic I, Lemmings, Ecco the Dolphin, Wonderboy III, Alex the Kidd, Columns and Tasmania. Sell for \$300 o.n.o. Phone Alison (afternoon/evening) on 379 4153.

## Election Notice

Nominations are invited from women staff and students who are interested in joining the Women's Advisory Group to represent issues of interest to University women.

The Women's Advisory Group advises the Equal Opportunity Office, the Equal Opportunity Board and University Council on all matters relating to women's employment and education at the University.

The membership of the committee includes representatives of post-graduate and undergraduate women students, academic and general staff women. The term of membership is two years. Successful candidates will be required to attend monthly meetings.

Nominations are required for the following positions:-

- general staff (1 position)
- tenured / tenurable member of academic staff (1 position)
- postgraduate student (1 position)

Women from the Waite and Roseworthy campuses are particularly encouraged to nominate.

Nominations should be forwarded in writing to the Equal Opportunity Office, addressed as follows:-

Women's Advisory Group Election  
Equal Opportunity Office  
Hughes Plaza  
University of Adelaide.

The final date for nominations is Friday, 14th November, 1994. For further information contact the Equal Opportunity Office on Ext. 35962.

## 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*.

## Artery 1994 Development Grants

Grants of up to \$500 are available to initiate or complete a short term project in any art form for people under 26 years who have never received a grant. Funding period is form 9 December 1994 to 21 April 1995. Application closing date 9 December 5pm. For forms or more info: Ph Elda 267 5111.

## Tutoring and Exam Preparation

available from physics, medical and teaching graduate. Available from 1st November. Competitive rates. Call Nick on 341 7049, anytime.

## Accommodation

Roslyn Park Unit. Busy female, non-smoker wanted. \$55 per week + bond. To move in ASAP. Phone Melita 31 6878.

## Counter Calendar Surveys

Grab one from the Barr Smith Library, refectories, SAUA office, faculty foyers, and place them in the "Counter Calendar" boxes. Have your say about courses, subjects, lecturers and tutors, and pass on your words of wisdom to next year's students.

## Young Writer Awards 1994

How to Enter: Simply write a non-fiction article of no more than 2,000 words on a subject of your choice. The judges will be looking for a clear, well-written article showing an imaginative choice of material. There is no restriction on subject matter, but entrants are encouraged to make use of their own particular interest and resources. The range of subjects covered by *The Independent Monthly* will provide a useful basis for ideas. Reporting from overseas is not excluded.

Prizes: First Prize - The winning article will be published in *The Independent Monthly* and further articles may be commissioned and paid for during a three-month writing contract. The winner will receive air travel with Ansett Australia to the value of \$1,000. The second and third prize winners will receive \$500 in air travel. There will be a special prize of \$400 in cash for the best entry from someone still at school on the closing date of the competition.

## Rules:

- (1) You must be 26 or under on the closing date of the competition, 1st December, 1994. Your entry is welcome whether or not you are in higher education.
- (2) You are limited to 2,000 words, accompanied by your name, address, telephone number and school or university (if applicable).
- (3) Entries will not be returned and no correspondence regarding them can be entered into.
- (4) Your entry must not have appeared in print before.
- (5) All entries must be typed.
- (6) No employees of *The Independent Monthly* or Ansett Australia and its subsidiaries or members of their families may enter this competition.
- (7) The decision of the judges will be final.
- (8) Winning entrants must make use of the air travel during 1995.

Send your entry to: Young Writer Awards, *The Independent Monthly*, 4th Floor, 64 Kippax Street, Surry Hills, NSW, 2010.

## Attention Telemarketers

Sick of poor rates of pay and lousy conditions?

Phone the Australian Services Union (Clerical and Admin Branch) to discuss establishing an Award which will legally set the rates of pay and conditions for telemarketers. For more information phone 362 0100 and ask for Andy or Lee.

## Election by the Postgraduate Students of One Member of the Academic Board

Following the recent invitation for nominations for one vacancy in the postgraduate membership of the Academic Board, the same number of nominations as vacancies was received. I therefore declare the following candidate elected for a two-year term commencing 1st January, 1995: - *Dorothy May Hudson*.

F.J. O'Neill

Registrar and Returning Officer

## Magic: The Gathering

For Sale - spares for Revised and maybe others. Wanted - a Rabid Wombat! Ring Matt (085) 22 5207.

## A Personal

Visually impaired young guy with broad interests including music, train spotting and politics, looking for some female companionship with available transport to eastern suburbs. If interested phone 365 1219 between 6pm-9pm Tuesday - Friday and ask for Craig.

## 1995 Commemoration Dates

### First Semester 1995:-

First Ceremony, Monday 24th April: Arts (A - K + all Doctorates in the Faculty of Arts); Architecture and Urban Design.

Second Ceremony, Wednesday 26th April: Economics and Commerce; Dentistry.

Third Ceremony, Thursday 27th April: Arts (L - Z + all Masters in the Faculty of Arts).

Fourth Ceremony, Monday 1st May: Science (A - K + all Doctorates in the Faculty of Science + all Graduate Diplomas in the Faculty of Science + all B.Sc.[Jur]); Mathematical and Computer Sciences.

Fifth Ceremony, Tuesday 2nd May: Science (L - Z + all Masters in the Faculty of Science + all Graduate Certificates in the Faculty of Science); Performing Arts.

Sixth Ceremony, Wednesday 3rd May: Engineering; Medicine.

Seventh Ceremony, Thursday 4th May: Law; Agriculture and Natural Resource Sciences.

### Second Semester 1995:-

Eighth Ceremony, Monday 9th October: All Faculties

Application forms will be forwarded to students in October who, at enrolment, indicated they expected to graduate in 1995. If you do not receive one, application forms may be requested from and lodged with Student Records Office, Fifth Floor, Kenneth Wills Building.

*First Semester Ceremonies:* Please lodge your application form as soon as possible but by 31st January, 1995. Application forms received after 31st January will be required to pay a late fee of \$20.00. Application forms will not be accepted after 17th March, 1995.

*Second Semester Ceremony:* Please lodge your application form by 31st July, 1995. Application forms received after 31st July will be required to pay a late fee of \$20.00. Application forms will not be accepted after 1st September, 1995.





The artist: Caron Peake





***GOOD BYE***