

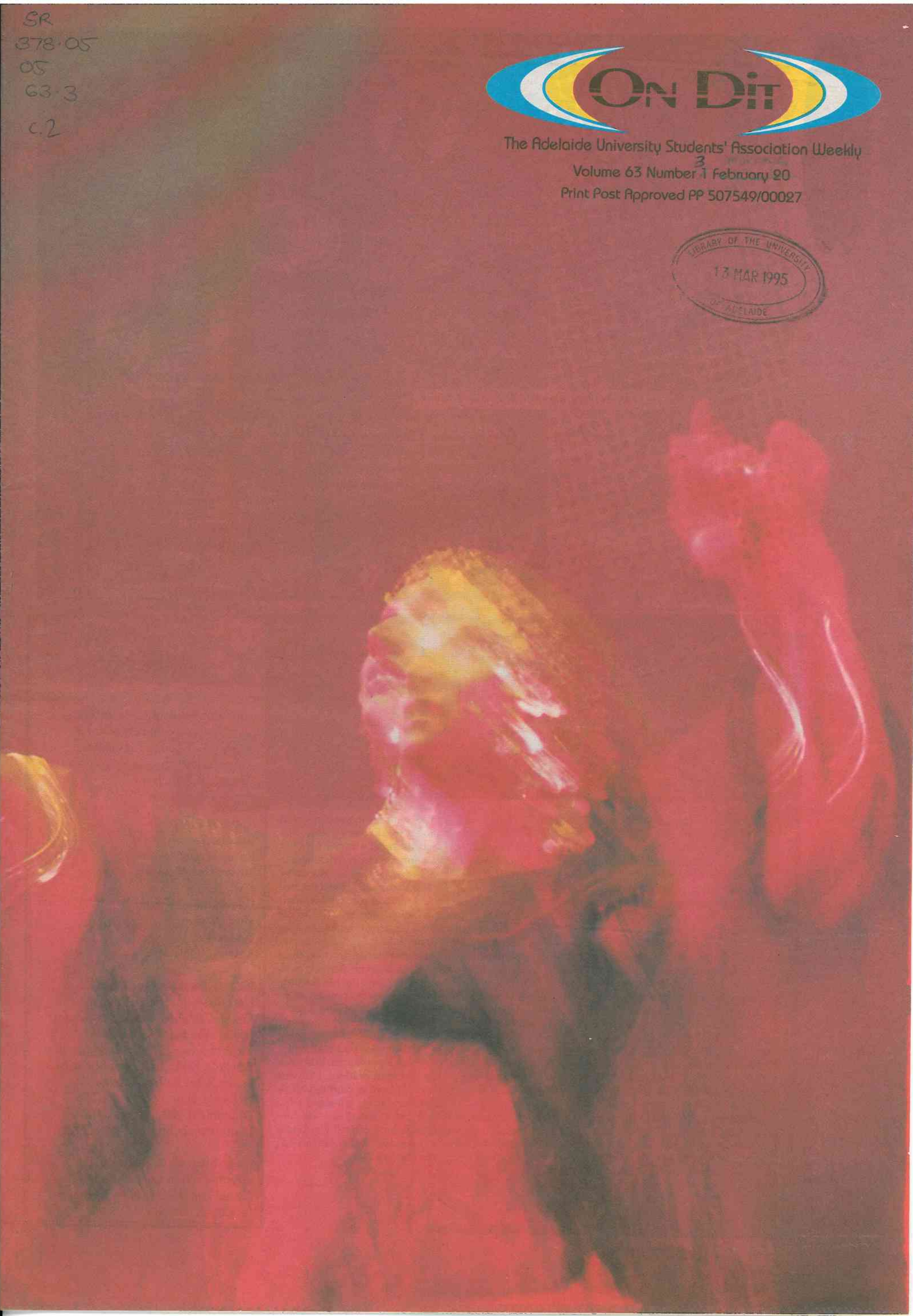
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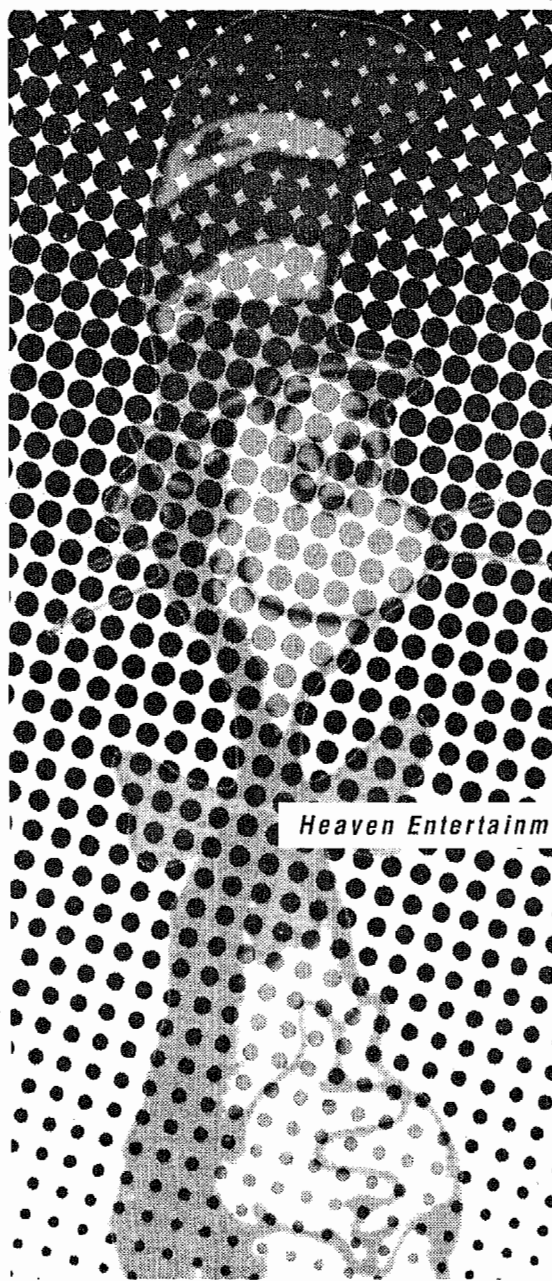


The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

Volume 63 Number 1³ February 20

Print Post Approved PP 507549/00027





Pick up a telephone and dial the Heaven Info Line on **0055 83200**

and answer this question: (you may ask your lecturer or parents if you have difficulty)

WHICH CAMPUS DO YOU ATTEND?

Then leave your name, address and phone number.

Dedicated and Responsible students with a HEX tax into four figures will have the chance to win Heaven Packs containing stuff to do with Heaven.

Heaven Entertainment Guide For A Week

THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	COMING SOON
<i>Radius Guest DJ Andy J</i>	<i>The Club Mad Hatters & Champagne Party</i>	<i>The Club Heat One National Saturday Night Fever Dance Competition Win A Trip to New York</i>	<i>Hunters & Collectors Tues March 14</i>



@ 7 west tce. City Phone: 211 8533



production notes

On Dit is the weekly publication of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control, although the opiniond expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

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We rate these people highly.
 Matt Goodwin, Michael Duffy, Rowan Campbell, Gowser, Lorien for taking our chair, Mark Scruby, Richard Jornay, Alethea Leslie, Brad Edwards, Nikki Anderson, Christina Soong, Dave Raftery, Ritchie Hollands, Matt 'Bob' Pearce, Vic Bannon(x2), Kat, Monica Carrol, Frank Trombolina and Jonah Finlay.

Congatulations to Bianca and Jeremy (well sort of for you too Jeremy) on the arrival of the beautiful Emma Danielle.

Do I care? The answer to this question in relation to the donating of money to charities is invariably 'yes.' Do I need the money? Yes, money is always needed but does the charity need it more? The answer to this is always 'yes' no matter what sort of situation we're in. Yeah I know, you study your butt off and then do a few hours part-time work each week so you can pay some bills and maybe have a few beers so then every dollar becomes a little more precious. But I'm sure most of us aren't dying from starvation or from some incurable disease and a small sacrifice of 'even just a dollar' is always appreciated and is probably enough to clear your conscience for a week. What I'm trying to say is that after going through all the options and making the decision to give, you expect your donation to reach its mark. Once again I ask myself do I care? I still do of course but the care-factor has been somewhat blurred now that a certain charity is being probed for mis-appropriation of funds. Nothing is proved yet of course, but this is not the first time I've heard of CARE Australia being corrupt. Donations going to fund private armies, to surrounding countries' governments and even mention of the United Nations being involved were all massive allegations when I first heard them. I mean, CARE Australia is an AUSTRALIAN charity and that just doesn't hap-

pen here, does it? Well with the recent press been given to the situation it would seem it does. I've always believed that it is sort of a duty to help out those in situations so foreign to our living here in Australia. I've also always wondered how many intermediaries my \$2 had to pass before it reached its goal, be it in the form of food, medicine or whatever. On \$2 the depreciation is obscene. This whole CARE Australia scandal is going to hurt those refugees desperately in need the most. It has already got me thinking twice about where my next charity dollar goes, I mean it has got me thinking even to the point of writing. I'm sure I'm not the only one who will now be a little more sceptical about donating. It is only natural now that we are going to be a little more cautious. I blame the management of CARE Australia or whoever for allowing this to happen. To fill their own pockets they inevitably will sacrifice hundreds of lives. In no way am I saying to stop giving to charities. I am just saying that a few people have jeopardised an already delicate situation where it is already a big decision for many to give to charities. I will continue to give to charities but I can tell you CARE Australia has been crossed off my list. Let us hope they will be the only one.

Matt



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O' Week and Womad



competition

1. For a chance to win a *Carton EP*, all you have to do is tell us the name of the pub where Half a cow are known to hang out. Easy! the first person with the right answer wins.

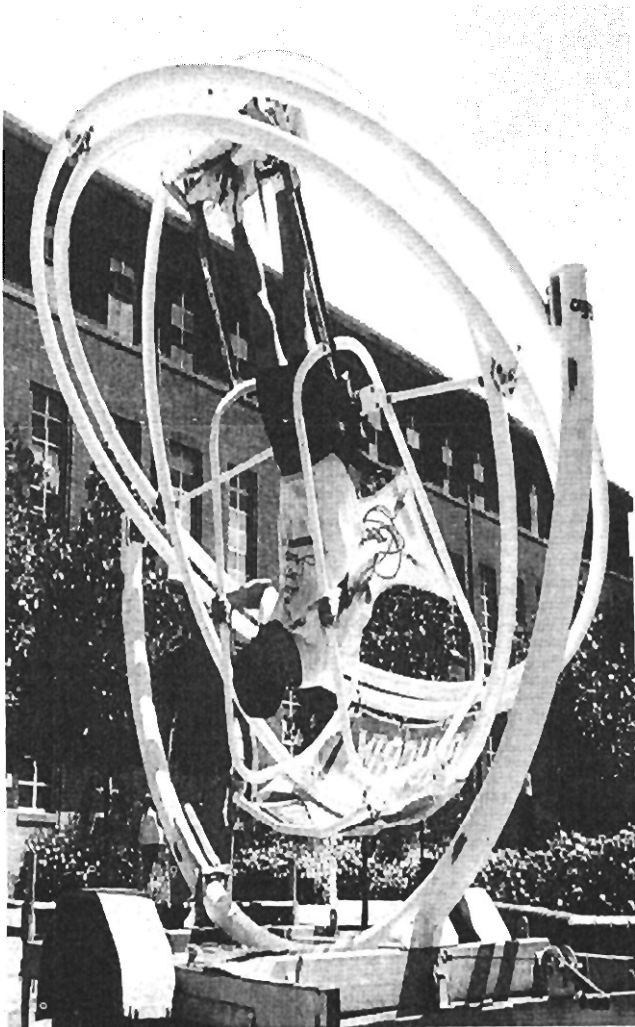
2. If the first question is too puzzling, here's your chance to win one of eight double passes to the Mercury. Push your way through the lunch queues on Friday to be one of the first into the On Dit office after 1 pm and you'll win.

enigma voucher

Take this to enigma on Melbourne St. (or mention the article) and receive:

- * one free karafe of wine per table of four, or
- * two cappuccinos for a table of two, upon purchase of something else

The Week That Was....



"This had better cure my hangover or else I'll become the first human sprinkler"

Last week was an interesting experience for all of us: the first real week of lectures tutes and refec food. The only words I can find to describe it are the horror.... the horror. Let us then cast our minds back to a simpler time when the sun was shining, the living was easy and the bands played our tune. I'm referring of course to the now long gone, but hopefully long remembered, festivale carnivale of O'Week. All we have now are..... the memories.

O'Week was hot. People were thirsty. It seemed strange that the only drink freely available on the lawns was **Two Dogs**. Ours not to question why, I suppose. My previous experience of the week were of waiting in a queue to receive a sausage from Students for Christ, but this year I was happy to see I did not have to sell my soul to have a free feed.

I was pretty pissed off about the much vaunted **bouncy castle** which burst, after some overenthusiastic frolicking caused a seam to split.

The Popeye cruises were packed. Representatives from the Med School decided to provide entertainment in the form of beer skulling, bottom burping and browneyeing, but despite this (or perhaps because of it) most people seemed to enjoy themselves.

O'Hop on Monday night was one of the more atmospheric nights I've spent in the bar. What else can I say? It went off, especially if you like that kind of music.

On Tuesday all the martial arts were on the lawns in force. There was an interesting range of food too, from

Malaysian satays to Greek Souvlaki to rice and stir fried vegetables. Pinatas, circotron and a film attracted punters down to the lawns for the afternoon.

Wednesday was **Green Day**. The most significant event was the paddleboat race on the Torrens, followed by the Green Trail. Oh yeah, the Med students had another pissup that night. They called it **Skullduggery**.

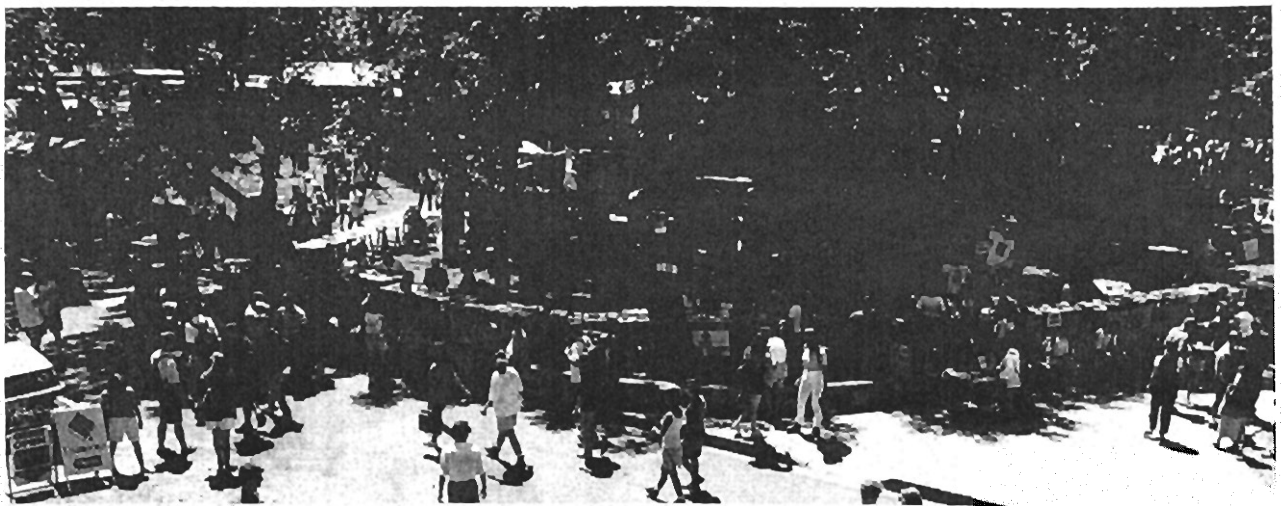
On Thursday we heard from local performer Andrea Rienets, who was followed by a wedding celebration. A decidedly more relaxed Popeye cruise departed that afternoon.

Friday was competitions day. The volleyball club set up a net on the lawns. Despite the 39 degree heat, this proved popular as they were offering half a slab of Coopers to the best team. The dunking machine was similarly a lot of fun, with many calling for Haroon to take the chair one more time. The **Digger Pub Crawl** (loosely based on an original idea by David Penberthy and Darien O'Reilly) was soon under way with only a hard core of O'Weekers making the journey to all 8 pubs. Casualties were remarkably few considering the range of cheap drinks the pubs were offering. To my knowledge just one of the crawlers drove the porcelain bus and even she recovered by the time we got to the next pub.

The week was moderately successful, even if I do say so myself. Thanks to Michael and Trishe and me for organizing it all (Gee, not much of a conflict of interests here, huh?)

Thanks to everyone for coming out to the activities - hope you had fun!

Tom Griffith



techno
techno
techno
techno
techno

Notes from the Underground

techno
techno
techno
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techno

FEATURE

"It's sterile - clinical. Too repetitive. technotechnotechno Lacking in creativity. How in the hell can you listen to this?" Such is the opinion of one balding baby boomer when faced with Aphex Twin. It seems the opinion of the middle-aged suburbanites is pessimistic - at best, just damn confused. A lot of us will have experienced the tortured moans of rellies or friends confronted with "weird, repetitive crap": music which doesn't gel with a mindset brushed by Richard Clayderman or Jaylen Jennings. This is understandable - we are a new generation (or not) and our tastes are destined to conflict with those of the old generation; some things never change.

This time, however, the "slackers" have been particularly brutal in their condemnation of the new sound. The media tells us we are a generation of "slackers" who sit around listening to strobe music fondling a joystick and drinking a Jolt cola paid for by the system; alternatively, we are "qualified" slackers or over-achievers in our "McJobs" (probably the more accurate definition here). Well, whatever. The "generation" definition, many may say, is a marketing concept far removed from reality. Sanitised consumerism has pasted on a generation we can't understand. Define it, and it will go away. Regrettably, in the debate, it is hard to deny. Unemployment, recession we're "on the edge of a massive overseas debt" and a future about as bright as a personality. The crumbling dream of the baby boomers' "repetitive" techno music "life" and lacks creativity; they can't understand.

Techno; a much-abused word for technology, for progress, evolution. It comprises "gleaned from machines" ranging from samples of monks in Tibet to Buddhist sequences, computer synth noises. Devoid of formulae and the music "beaten tracks", it knows its horizon.

Techno has evolved in a world where unemployment is the average teenager works like Jim Bob works a lawn last generation may have a socio-economic mess, but

sparked a technological revolution. They left us, if little.

else, with the skeleton of an art form for the "cyber-slackers" to flesh out. The likes of Kraftwerk and Jarro dared to utilise the tools of technology to create music back then - and re-creating Richard James and friends breathe life into the beast now.

Within the context of the information waste land of the modern-day, techno is a creative force. It is the American Music Corporation's worst nightmare (primarily because listeners buy a lot of vinyl) which is at arms with the AMC's plan to phase this material out) and the hacker's wet dream. It speaks from a present which is falling to pieces about a future permeated by information technology; yet, *within this context*, of creativity and art. It is inaccessible to the baby-boomers because they do not speak the language. It is a language without the music minus the sugar-coated riffs and comforting lyrics of our parents' music - an art form which is resigned to a future steeped in bleeps and is optimistic about it.

In reply to the baby boomers' charge "it lacks creativity", we might simply redirect the attention to their own "clinical", sterile sounds of the underground. Doctrinised, formula-ised, commercialised (and any other "used" can think of), it has been running in circles for over fifty years. The AMC gave it a specky new typen with the onset of "pop" (however.) Stock, Aitkin and armelont have a lesson to learn from the "clinical" sterile sounds of the underground.

Techno speaks to a generation who grow up surrounded by flickering television, blaring radios and the sporty bright Coca Cola. With common backgrounds incorporating everything from a military Mrs. Marsh and her brilliant file to buxam Barbie and a today's generation (if definable) knows the score of the political and social awareness of what is consumed in the world "beyond the chair". In our time, exposed to a thousand then some; and we through information flourish. Information power; but to see past ourselves. Beautiful is a

techno and the "slacker" generation

blip culture and laughs at it in one fell swoop. Like the generation (or part of it) that nourish it, techno is incapable of becoming the next "media-baby" because, its very nature defies such "crap". Consumerised techno what Vanilla Ice did for homie rap.

A point must be

made about the term, "underground techno" here. It may conjure images of elitist clubs or musas speaking alien(ating) languages. It may make the music seem inaccessible. This would be a mistake. Although (as with any subculture) techno *does* have its elitist wanks, the music speaks for itself. Discrimination and elitism is simple baby boomer politics and has no concrete place in contemporary techno culture. If you have a respect for (or even interest in) the music, the culture is your inheritance.

Much techno recognises a certain primal beat ("it's too repetitive") - a beat fundamental to human nature which may be traced to the human heartbeat. Such a beat is shorn of coating and hits you while it just might hurt. The bass rhythm in latent form in the fairy-floss of the music industry and in blatant fashion in tribal and ritual from the African coroboree to African tribal. Working with technology in the instruments of old, techno convey the feeling what all the speakers will all the sounds of the generation to the bass. They are all strangely

Within Australia, the inner city "cyber-

atheist, gay, straight, sober or plastered; whatever their ticket, the people are united in a celebration of sound. It may be repetitive or even "clinical, but the "squishy" acid noises of Roland TB-303 offer more hope to some than the corporate crumbs and out-dated labels of the baby boomers.

"The music is different because there are no lyrics and the listener has to make up their own mind about it", Brown Goldfish, an Adelaide techno artist, explains, "If you took the words out of commercial music it would be uninspiring...boring". You would find a thesaurus formula - an empty break-beat or guitar riff that has been churned out umpteen times before in a variety of flavours. Techno, Brown Goldfish asserts, "uses a much wider variety of sounds - there is more scope for creativity".

Techno music, listeners (as opposed to "followers") will tell you, makes you think. It doesn't think for you. *There are no disempowering* moans of "I can't live without you" or the comforting trill of a girl who "just want to have fun" It may seem strile due to its mechanised origin, but the distance from such sugary comfort analyses self-creation and self-destruction in both artist and listener, a freedom denied us which largely thinks for

the space age, the digital society, the age of technology, the dawning of a new era. who spend much force sand back through from their anti-wrinkle their repress-the-youth will eventually come to the era (either that, or it.) For now, the music "creativity" and sounds "repetitive crap" rings loud rooms and headsets of Hosannas to the "slackers", young leaders and Hosannas to those who are the future.

I am but a small opinion expressed in this gross generalisations which defies definition. I hear some of the surrounding the music. This is my information is power, it is purpose. Then not.

Belinda Barnett

I AM a spooner, baby

In response to the article printed in the Orientation Guide for 1995, entitled "I'm a spooner, baby... So why don't we kill you," I believe it is my right, as a "Spooners" to speak on behalf of my fellow cutlers. These people, although making up only 10% of the population at Adelaide, account for 90% of the total wealth of the students so even if you believe I don't have the right to speak, I can afford to buy it.

Firstly, can I congratulate Mr. Rupert Smut for writing what he believes to be the truth and being so proud that he puts his own name on his work. A small amount of what he says is true - it is important to be part of the right social set. If we lived in a perfect world, this would not be the case, but we do not and so human nature pushes us to want to be a part of the cool group, the "in" crowd and this is where my fellow ten percenters come in. Mr. Smut and his fellow plebs (one good name deserves another!) can never be a part of this set. His beliefs cancel him out... not to mention his monetary value, his morals and his dress sense. That is the beauty of plebs - they're all the same! I don't know the guy (and don't wish to) but I could tell just by what he says that he is short on coin, class, and clothing. He talks of the proper dress sense for a would be spooner and is pretty close to the mark on the ways to dress well. I have no doubt that if he had his way, we would all be wearing tight black tee-shirt, covered by a "flannier" with black jeans (anything that's on sale) and lace-up ugg boots. This is the all year round dress code for plebs - and for those wishing to make that extra statement against the spooners who will forever be their superiors, the black "tee" can portray album covers from Megadeath.

If they didn't go to a private school, unfortunately the experience of the public institution will render them forever unable to break that final, elusive barrier to a high degree of social class... a class they all want to break into but will never be able to. Because of this, they will always try to be different and insult us - an act I like to refer to as a cry for help which can never be answered.

As for his views on the places to go out, he has named the four best pubs in Adelaide (unfortunately, the Village Tavern doesn't make the list). On a Thursday night, the Royal is huge and thankfully, there is no Eagle Super to be found. As for his ideas on these nicknames, I'm sure he and his clock punching ilk sat around with a carton of Super, a pizza and had the greatest night of their lives dreaming them up. I know he and his low class companions would love to get the fifteen buck chuck going at the Village Tavern but the majority couldn't afford it. The Havelock is a pub of class and distinction, the attraction being those fine barmaids who Mr. Smut and his

friends would lust after but unfortunately their wallets and social class could not support these Eastern Suburbs ladies. No-one can doubt the truth of his claims about the median age of the Kent Town, but nevertheless, I would rather drink with the 13 and 14 year olds with their, quote "collectively upturned noses" than a bunch of 18 year old plebs who consistently trip on their own nasal cavities which are so low to the ground. Finally, the Norwood. It is the epitome of class, style and most of all, Eastern Suburbs wealth. It is good that people like Mr. Smut know to stay away on a Saturday night although the

increasing tendency with these seedy people lately has been to try coming to the Norwood. In a word... DON'T! You do not belong there and you never will.

For all those first years who come from the right places and do the right things, don't be lured into becoming an alternative like the other 90%. Beware the dark side! For men like Mr. Smut, I don't want to kill you and I don't advise anyone to do so. The life that you lead is worse than death so you can stay in your rut. Remember my words so we won't have any more of your feeble attempts at humour. Oh, and by the way, the only reason our girls wear gold is to remind you of the golden rule - he who holds the gold, makes the rules!

President of the Eastern Wealth Society

W.S.M.

Cut price gigs... everything must go.

Dear Eds,

As one of the few who attended (160) the Def FX gig on Wednesday, I feel compelled to complain at the exorbitant \$12(student)/\$16(non-student) door charge. Considering they played Lennies for \$8 and played a gig with Clowns of Decadence at the Uni of SA for \$8/12. Lead singer Fiona Horne was clearly unimpressed when she thanked those who attended: "Thankyou for coming, sorry about the cost at the door, we didn't know about it." Surely if the door charge was drastically reduced more students would have attended and the increased revenue raised would have ensured a profitable evening (as opposed to the loss I assume was made). I trust that this shortsighted and unfair policy will be reversed, for the benefit of Students and the Union.

Cheers,

Paul Sykes
Arts/Law

Never fear, Paul, for the Unibar has heard the word of the people and slashed the prices on its entire range of gigs. Check the ad on page 37 for proof. We even hear that the price of TISM tickets has fallen in line with those of the Flinders alternative.

Leif, you... you... Apparatchik.

Dear Eds,

It is always such a shame to see someone as young and full of enthusiasm as Leif Larsen fall into the trap of becoming a gullible ALP Apparatchik. Unfortunately, he has fallen into line with Richo and others believing that if a lie is repeated often enough it becomes the truth.

Now I don't have any problem with opposing Minister Ingerson's Work Cover bill. Far from it: I am actively involved in the opposition from the Law Society and the Australian Democrats.

But Leif has joined with the Government, the ALP and "The Advertiser" in misreporting Mike Elliott's position on the Ingerson Bill. No matter how many times Mike has publicly said that the Bill is dead, incapable of amendment, will be defeated, will not be amended, will not be passed, etc., the powerful forces of untruth repeat the lies that Mike is willing to negotiate with Ingerson on the Bill.

Let me repeat:- that is a lie. Ingerson's Bill is not irrelevant to the issue of Work Cover reform.

So it is simply a call to waste valuable time for Mike and his staff to call people to badger his office. It slows down the real process which is to realise that almost all players agree that Work Cover is a mess and then to improve it *without* slashing benefits.

This is what Mike intends to do. The Government and The 'Tiser may not like it. But he is working with lots of peak bodies to ensure that it happens.

So Leif, next time you report an issue, look at all the facts, delve behind your party lies, see if you can come up with other valid criticisms (and there are many to be made with the Ingerson Bill) and above all, stop lying about the Democrats.

Paul Black
Economics

Rob has got my vote

Dear Editors,

I think the dickheads who criticised Rob for his Skullduggery performance are full of shit. If they had bothered to notice, there were plenty of other idiots running amok and throwing beer on unsuspecting revellers at Skullduggery, so why single out Rob! Besides, throwing papers into the Torrens sounds to me more like another prank that happens when someone has had one too many.

In reply to Peter Harvey, he should receive some Marselis Wallace treatment of his own, perhaps the treatment Marselis received from Zed. I bet Peter's mate from Yatala would certainly love to show him a few tricks he learnt in prison, especially

the old one about dropping the soap in the showers!

Vincent Vega

PS: Fuck you too Mr. First Year Arts!

Dear Vincent,
We think perchance that you may feel a little different if you'd seen somebody throwing some of your hard earned money straight into the Torrens' murky shallows.... Hang on, if you're a student then it was your money and that person's sitting next to you and that person's across the refec. Spit beer in our face anytime, Vincent, just don't waste money that doesn't belong to you.

No, thank YOU, Carl

Dear Eds,

For those of you who weren't there at the O'Ball at the end of O'Week, you missed one of the best O'Balls that the Students' Association has staged in years. For those of you who were there, and didn't buy a pre-sold ticket (from one of the 6 outlets around town) then I apologise for the long wait for tickets. Unfortunately in the past we've never had need for more than one cash register, and because we simply didn't expect such a huge number (3000) of punters we were unprepared. However from the responses we've had, it was certainly worth the wait!

I really just wanted to thank all the people involved in the O'Ball, especially my Co-Directors, Alex Sawers and Natasha Yacoub and our personal motivator, organiser, legend, and friend, Maddy James. Also all our helpers who worked tirelessly to make the night one to remember; Brigid, Alexandra (the most beautiful girl in the world), Joriz, Matt, Sam, Andrew, Haroon, Christian, Maegen, Jane, Megan, Adam, Maddy, Angela, Bill, Davo, Andrew, Dave, Michelle, Jessica, Jo'anna and anyone that I carelessly forgot. Also those people who worked behind the scenes; Tae, Josh, Paul, Ross, Sharon and Rocco. Thankyou all very much, I'm happy to say it really was a success which is really all we could have hoped for.

Carl Panczak

PS. Thanks to the weather also.

Carl speaks: I'm no David Copperfield

Dear Eds,

I thought I'd make a quick response to the review of the O'Ball featured in your last edition of On Dit.

The summary of the nights' entertainment was great and as a whole the review was fair. Unfortunately I was disappointed to see no credit was given to the Directors for their 3 months hard work in preparing the most successful O'Ball for a number of years. The authors seemed to imply that the O'Ball just "happened".

In fact all credit was given to the crowd. If the authors stopped to think about how there happened to be such a great offering of local and interstate bands and great D.J.'s, and how the sound & lights were so fantastic then maybe they would understand that there is nothing "magical" about it at all.

Anyway, thanks for the review.
Carl Panczak.

Alex speaks: Why didn't you buy your tickets before hand, huh?

To those who doubt,

After reading the review the O'Ball was given in *On Dit*, Orientation Ball's success this year cannot be merely attributed to those who turned up to watch. There was an electric atmosphere certainly, but this can be accredited to a number of things, not just the fans. Yes there was a problem having only one cash register, apologies to those who had to wait, however there were many places where tickets were presold and it became tiresome telling people about a line they may have to wait in on the night.

Alex

Carl & Alex,

While we agree you guys did a fantastic job with this year's O'Ball, we were looking at the O'Ball purely for its entertainment value. The O'Ball would not have been such a rip-roaring success if the masses had not turned up, so credit must be given to your promotion of the event. Speaking of promotion, don't forget our efforts in organising your O'Ball liftout.

Our job as the music sub-editors was to review the night from a musical perspective, not to indulge in a mutual back-slapping session for the O'Ball directors. As we said, "...this year's O'Ball definitely passed the test and a fun time was had by all - it was great to see so much talent all in one place." We thought the O'Ball was great, however if you were offended by our failure to wax lyrical about your individual effort then we don't care.

Love and hugs the music sub-eds.

Think I'd better dance now

Dear music reviewers / writers;

How about some more reviews of techno and dance music in the music section of On Dit? All that seems to be reviewed are albums by artists that I, along with many of my friends, have never heard of. Why isn't there more information on the latest club music around, as it is just as popular (if not more) with students as the type

of music that is generally written about in On Dit. Also, how about articles on coming attractions and current happenings at Adelaide clubs such as the Synagogue and Big Ticket (not just Heaven!)

Frequent Central Station Customer.

Every child player wins a prize.

Dear Eds,

While Frank Trimboli's proposal to introduce TAB betting in the Bar is certainly meritorious, I would go further to say that what the Uni really needs is pokies in the refecs.

Just imagine the thrill of striking it big in the Mayo, or the jangle of coins while enjoying foccacia in the Gallery!

Furthermore, betting requires at least a bit of thought, which is something most of us certainly didn't come to Uni to do. On the other hand, the benefits of pokies are endless. Ultimately, who wants a Coke 1981 Toyota when you could win enough cash for at least a new Barina at the pull of a poker machine lever?

Addicted
3rd Year Medicine

I want my franger

To Whoever is Bloody Responsible,

Let me start by saying that I am NOT impressed. After the usually lengthy wait in line to get to a computer during enrolment, I paid my \$256.00 for the most expensive Showbag I have ever seen. And without a doubt, it was very much less value for much, much more money than very commercial, "Lets rip off the young kiddies," showbags from the Royal Show last year. Still, I gladly received the enrolment bag and heartily dived into it, to bring out the usual array of mildly useful samples, whilst simultaneously reciting my favourite saying, "I want something exciting, something to play with and some Chocolate." But my expression of excitement and anticipation soon turned into one of anger and frustration. What did we get? 4 fruit scented tea bags, the new industrially accidental flavour of Potato Chips and some Fibre Plus!!!!

Considering I am a heavy coffee drinker who wouldn't touch anything even closely resembling something healthy (no, I am not even fooled by the, "Don't tell them it's healthy, and they will eat it by the box full," brand), I was very disappointed. What, no shaver, as was the norm for the past few years???? Now how will I remove that annoying palm hair? And even more shocking was the lack of a condom! In the past I have enjoyed getting a rubber and

the subsequent challenge of 12 months in which to use it, before either the expiry date was reached or I got a new one in the next year's Enrolment Showbag. Thankfully I still have last year's I can fall back on, just in case.

So, after I got over the shock of the poor samples, I reached for the other great joy of the bag - the DIARY!!!! When I saw this year's, I almost died. It would have to be the most boring, informationally recycled and pathetic diary I have ever had the misfortune of laying my eyes on. Even the comments and anniversaries on most of the days are pathetic. Who cares when Michael Jackson's Pepsi Commercial appeared on television? Who gives a flying fuck when Simon & Garfunkle's, "Bridge over Troubled Waters" won a record 6 grammies? This is my fourth year on campus, so I am one of the more senior of the school leavers who came directly to Uni, yet despite this fact, Simon & Garfunkle are so old, that my Old Man is a fan! Does this suggest that maybe they are a thing of the past.

What we need is a progressive, new age Diary that gives us information that we not only find mildly exciting, but will reflect our own generation!!!! Not that I am trying to be ageist, as I understand that there are a lot of students on the campus who are older than me, but surely Simon & Garfunkle are not the idols of too many university students. And what is the idea of giving the week number in respect to the year? How useless is that! The number of the week within the semester would surely be more useful. I can only speak for myself. I like to know how many weeks there are left before I have to start doing some work. Maybe next year a count down to swot week would be more appropriate.

Considering this is the 100 year anniversary of the union, I thought that this year's samples and other miscellaneous items from within the showbag would have reflected the importance and significance of this momentous occasion. I was wrong. Hell, I didn't even get the Free Entry to "Heaven Card, as everyone else seemed to have.

Other than that, I am looking forward to a good year and a vast improvement in the quality of Union and SAUA productions.

Yours Lovingly,
S.Hunt
Mech. Eng.

Harsh words are spoken

Dear Person/s,

Firstly I would like to say that I fully endorse the Uni's policy for equal rights, but not when this policy creates inequality for others. I was somewhat amazed to find in the recent Orientation Guide 1995, a large amount of space (14 of 74 pages) under the collective title "Women's Issues". If "Pulitzer Prize Winner" Sabina Nowak realized that, while problems such as rape and pregnancy are mainly concerns for women, they do affect men. Of course, problems such as "Self

Defense", "Being Secure" and health problems, "If in doubt check it out" have nothing to do with men, right???? After all, men never get jumped as they "walk alone down a dark alley".

As well as this, a women's only room in the Lady Symon Building?? Oh and you're right Sabina, it is sexist. A sentence such as "The Women's Room doesn't discriminate!" followed by "As long as you are a woman, you are welcome to use it" smells like your hairy armpits. Where's the Men's Room?? (And don't say the basement of the George Murray Building). And for that matter, where's the Men's Officer??

I, for one, am fucking sick to death of hearing about equal rights from nose-in-the-air tarts who still want to jump from the Titanic first, with the children and need a hand lifting their heavy suitcase into the lifeboat too!

The problem seems to me that persons (n.b: Persons, like performing artists not actors/actresses), like you want the best of both worlds. The best of the old and the best of the new. Well, bad luck babe!! If you pulled your head out of the sand you'd realise it's going to take more than one generation for true, full equality and tipping the scales all the way the other end isn't the best way.

Fuming yet Sabina? I hope so, because if you really need a real tongue lashing you'll know where to come (and when to come).

Seriously though, I couldn't give a rat's ass what you or any women (correction that, member of the human race) wants to do, just take off that fucking worn out old record known as feminism.

Love Artie "Footlong"
Poundcakepumper

My name is Horace...

Thumbs Up for The Union,

Finally some inspired thinking has brought Entertainment back onto campus (n.b. the capital 'E'). Last Wednesday I was lucky enough to see The 3 Canadians perform in the cloisters at lunchtime. I've seen some comedy shows fall flat in my time - a certain gig at the U.S.A Bar sticks in the memory as a painful experience for both the audience and the performer. This, however, was a short energetic set of improvisation from a group of way chilli individuals who thrived on hecklers (hell, by the end of the show someone threw them down a bag from the balcony of the bar). The only drawback to the gig was some officiousness from one of the organisers who basically sledged the guys for not promoting their gig at The Unibar the following night. Oh well, I guess that's PR for you. Anyway, hope to see more of this kind of stuff happening on campus this year.

Bryant Beige
3rd Year Politics

What if I like chocolate

Dear Farmers Union Iced Coffee Drinkers,

We regret that we have had to put your favourite drink up so much this year but for the last 12 months we have been assimilating the price difference of 20c per carton between Farmers Union and Dairy Vale. With student discount, all milk is sold for below recommended retail price. As of 20/02/1995 all milk went up by 2.5 to 5%.

Jan Hunter
Food Service Manager

Resistance is useless

Dear Editors,

Michael from Resistance makes some criticisms of the Government's bungling of the issue of woodchip licences and goes on from this to blame them for all of our social evils and that the answer is "democratic socialism". I think it was former Labor Senator Peter Walsh who pointed out that any organisation purporting to call itself Democratic Socialist Party, with which Resistance is affiliated, used to call itself the Socialist Workers Party and had its roots in the old Communist Party of Australia. These were the people who tried tell us that Adolf Hitler was a decent bloke, until he had a falling out with Stalin. When even they could no longer stomach Stalin's murderous regime they told us that the Soviet Union's version of socialism had lost its way but that Mao had the answer. After Mao's glorious Cultural Revolution, in which people were shot and imprisoned for not thinking like Mao, they found themselves looking around for a new hero of socialism: enter Fidel Castro. But as Castro looked increasingly pathetic, propping up his regime on the back of tourism from the West, they found themselves without a world leader. Some of them flirted with Mikhail Gorbachev, but found that he was too busy flirting with Margaret Thatcher. Others thought Deng Xiaoping had the answer, but when his answer to a peaceful protest was mass murder, they had to think again.

Now Michael is here to tell us that all of these attempts to implement socialism were wide of the mark but that he, Michael of the Adelaide University Resistance Club, has the answer. How fortunate we are to have Michael right here with us in Adelaide when some of the 20th Century's most powerful and charismatic people failed in their attempts to make socialism work and invariably ended their leaderships in bloody tyranny.

Michael is right about one thing, however. Capitalism is not the answer if it means that the rich and powerful people get preferential treatment at the expense of the rest of us thanks to toadying governments chasing a fast buck or an easy election. But this is called corruption, Michael and sadly exists everywhere. Take away people's right to own property, as any form of Socialism demands and the corruption

will increase a hundred fold, because we are then at the mercy of the pettiest bureaucrat. Removing the right to own property effectively removes all other rights as well. Without the right to own property we are no longer free to choose how we will work, where we shall live, or what provisions we shall make for our future. We can hardly be said to be free to criticise the government since we now depend upon that government for our livelihood. It is nonsense to talk about the wholesale confiscation of property as a means to freedom.

The only halfway decent chance we have of living like human beings is liberal democracy with a healthy measure of capitalism. Imperfect - yes; corrupt - often; but still a damn sight better than Michael's alternative.

If you really want to make a contribution to politics in this country you can start by joining the Adelaide University Liberal Club. Sure we're a bunch of pretentious rich kids from the Eastern suburbs - but we haven't killed anyone yet.

Yours faithfully,
Scott Nicholls

Engineer's creativity stifled by inability to purchase large quantities of plastic cups

O.K. It's my turn to participate in the event of beer price whingeing which in the past has resulted in several thousand pathetic drunken desperadoes voicing their complaints via *On Dit*.

I am not a desperado. I'm an engineer.

There were only one or two Fridays last year that weren't spent getting completely shit-faced at the bar and creating "temples to reach the gods" formed from plastic fucking beer cups. Last year (pre-inflation), a beer was \$1. Even 80¢ for a while. Pints were double the schooner price. During the last holidays, beers shot to \$1.45 and later \$1.75, with a pint costing \$3.50. Yesterday pints were \$4.

I do not want to hear your bullshit economic explanations. Admittedly those fine quality plastic beer glasses you invested in would have cost a fair whack of dosh!!

I used to enjoy the sleazy atmosphere of the Uni bar with its homely, damp feeling of grog in the air, complemented by the purple haze bellowing in every time the balcony doors were opened. I now fear that with inflated prices, the bar will tend to attract a higher class of custom. Perhaps not unlike the Royal crowd (I shudder). I've heard there could even be a name change to "Unibar on Clyde".

Chunky

Make mine a girlsenberry ice cream

There are many more important women's and sexist issues than the gender of a car! Sexism is widespread

and intolerable, however this is simply a case of stupid advertising, nothing more. Also since when is 'girlcott' a word in the English language? Sexism, admittedly is built into the English language, however grounds for using 'girlcott' could only be that you understand the meaning of boycott as being a 'cott' used by a boy. This is absurd. Similarly shouldn't both sexes be BOYCOTTING these sexist institutions, why limit yourself to 50% of the public!

P.S. Most people boycott Volvo anyway.

Anon.

On Dit TV?

It was with some horror and not a little dismay that I noted that last week's edition of *On Dit* had no television section and so I set about correcting this flagrant fault in an otherwise excellent edition. Hopefully, this can be a regular column so the TV geeks can have their say. You'll note, I use the term Geek in the Quentin Tarantino sense of the word, i.e. someone that is so passionate about something that they are a geek about it.

Away from the rigours of O'Week, I managed to catch a surprisingly good two-hour serve last Thursday night. Seeing that nothing was on but *Jimeoin*, I resigned myself to spending half an hour half-laughing at pathetic crap. To my surprise, however, the show was reasonably funny.

I think there are a few reasons for this. Firstly, barring the sensational *Bottom*, it's been ages since I've seen anything remotely humorous or satirical on the tube. Secondly, all the comedy writers for the Big networks have had all Summer to think up some good material during the ratings off-period. The other good thing was that the show only lasted for half an hour, so it wasn't filled with crap (cf. *The Comedy Company*, *Fast Forward* in its death throes, etc., etc.).

The funny thing about *Jimeoin*'s material is that it's not that funny. Delivery is everything in his standup routine. Fortunately, he didn't just rely on his accent to get cheap laughs on this week's show - his real strengths as a performer are his range of facial expressions and his honesty.

I'm sure I'm not the first to notice that *Jimeoin* makes a lot of jokes about pretty banal things and yet he has this knack of making them hilarious: this week he talked about coathangers, small teaspoons and taking a bath and he got away with it. Another good thing about *Jimeoin*'s show is that the sketches don't drag on past the punchline: a couple of his running gags only lasted for about 10 seconds and had great one-liners. The other comedians on *Jimeoin* provided a good foil for him. Two women vamped up complete with Madonna cone bras did an amazing percussion routine where they played each other's dresses. Glenn Robbins was surprisingly funny: he seems to have got all of the Uncle Arthur out of his system. The final sketch was a sendup of a pretentious and wanky director: the influence of scriptwriter Shaun Micallef (ex Adelaide Uni Footlights guru) was evident here.

Having had my faith restored by

Jimeoin, I stayed on 7 to watch *Big Girls Blouse*. Again I was impressed. Maybe it was just the mood I was in. Anyway, this was a half hour of slightly more political, cerebral and, for me, funnier comedy. The trio of Jane Turner, Gina Riley and Magda Tzubanski covered topics ranging from the Gary Sweet adoration cult to the Bob and Blanche media beatup. Highlights included the satire of *Disclosure*, a recreation of a tacky 50s / early 60s party, "Kim's Wedding" and a sitcom sketch of a sleazy dickhead sitting next to an uncomfortable businesswoman. This kind of humour has been really rare of late, so let's hope it stays this good.

At 9.30 pm, I was faced with an embarrassment of choices. I could either stay on 7 and catch *Denton*, enjoy the boys club humour of 9's *Footy Show*, try 10's *Law and Order* or see the second half of SBS' French film, *I Want To Go Home* (yet another French film with you know who in the lead male role).

In the end, I rejected all of these and watched *Fame in the Twentieth Century* on 2. This series has been great, especially if you're as much a fan of Clive James as I am.

This week Clive covered the 80s, starting with Ronny Reagan. The program cleverly links the fame of key individuals with world events. Ron Reagan was shown to be the show biz president who won over middle America with his self confidence and charm. Then Clive compared Ronny with Thatcher, who was transformed by what James calls the "image experts" into a tough, tight-fisted and tyrannical Tory in the Churchill mould.

Clive then looked at *Rocky*, which he liked to see as a symbol of America's restored pride and confidence after the whole Watergate thang of the 70s. This flowed through to an examination of the whole Sly phenomenon with the *Rambo* films, the sequels and the gratuitous violence. The program subtly hinted at the fact that these films could be seen as fascist propaganda for a militarised American society. Fortunately, however, the program is careful not to read too much into events and people.

The show covered the 80s comprehensively, encompassing everyone from Martina to Madonna to Mikhail: an alien wanting a summary of what happened in the 80s could find everything they wanted here. Basically, the show covered the "Who Shot JR Phenomenon" (tackily copied in Models Inc, or so I've been told - I don't watch the show myself) as well as Joan Collins' superbitch, Alexis, in *Dynasty*, not to mention Diana Spencer, Meryl Streep, Michael Jackson, Arnold Schwarzenegger, George Bush, Cher, Pierre Cardin, Salman Rushdie, Mick Jagger, Sting, Bono, Harrison Ford, Sean Connery, Lech Walesa, Pope John Paul and Bob Geldof.

At 10.30 pm I switched off so I could write this, but I could have watched *Lateline* to see a debate on the Republic. Oh well. Or I could have watched *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, but it's just not the same without Patrick Stewart as the funky pompous captain Jean-Luc Picard.

Anyway, off to bed now.
Bryant Beige TV Writer (?)

Our letters policy is the same as last week. Keep them brief, interesting and not too slanderous, OK?

Student Radio

Week Two

GENDER AGENDA

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Arts

University/Sport (10:35)

Wimmin's Show

Environment

10:00 Marian Clarkin & Friends

Julia Davey & Friends

Mystery

O.S.A & World

Live Band

Wimmin's Music

Nostalgia : Rock

10:50 Des Wee James Hafner

Katrina Picossi Jo Daniell

Richard Seamark

Dancey/Trancey

Indie/Grunge

Indie/Grunge

Indie/Grunge

11:40 Kylie Samone

Tori/ Shelly Brunt

Armin Mayer Leo Chandiok

Nick Goode Tom Sutton

...gives you noise

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

'You get four women, you get your friends.... after that you organise a meeting,' Florence Mkhize (ANC Women's League organiser).

The gains of the struggle in South Africa have inspired many people around the world. The development of a government of national unity provides a strong base from which to eradicate the apartheid system with its accompanying social and economic inequalities. The women of South Africa were a vital part of this movement; from organising against the pass laws in the 1950's, to the forefront of political change and elections in the 1990's.

This is the tradition that International Women's Day celebrates.

The history of IWD began with the action of women working in the garment industry in New York. In 1908

they walked off the job in protest at their appalling, sweated working conditions and poverty level wages. Meeting at the Second Congress of Socialist Women in 1910, Clara Zetkin proposed that March 8 be adopted as the day to acknowledge the fight for women's rights internationally. This would continue the actions of political women who were agitating around the right to vote, equal pay and other issues for women's emancipation.

The first IWD in Australia was organised by Socialist women in Sydney in 1928. The demands at that time were for equal pay, 8 hour day, the abolition of speed up by piece work and annual holidays on full pay. Since then IWD has continued to raise awareness about the validity

of women's demand for equal rights and the need for social change.

The theme for IWD 1995 in Adelaide, 'Women Around The World Uniting -For Our Rights', symbolises the relationship between activities in our own campaigns and solidarity with our sisters in struggle. Our battles may not seem as difficult nor as dramatic as some of our sisters in developing countries and war torn arenas, but they are none the less, essential to the attainment of women's rights.

In 1995, equal pay is still not a reality, despite legislation sitting on the books since the 1970's. Most women are still concentrated in the retail and service sectors in part time and casual employment. Enterprise bargaining is being shown to undermine women's

relative workplace situation even further. Women's unpaid contribution in the private realm is still largely unrecognized, yet we pick up the pieces

- of social expenditure cutbacks. Adelaide IWD '95 will feature an international speaker from Kababaihan, a Filipino organisation representing working and urban poor women of the region. Other speakers will also focus on the theme of solidarity and campaigning against attacks on women's services.

March on March 11, meet 12 noon, Victoria Square, then march, noisily, to Rymill Park for a festival and speakers. Celebrations continue at a cabaret/dance that night at St Peters Town Hall. Enquiries, stall bookings and information ph 267 3633.

Long Essays? No Problem.



Macintosh computers are easy to use, run popular applications and are available at student prices from your campus technology shop. The Macintosh LC475 costs \$1995 (save \$200) and is the ideal essay machine. It includes over \$600 worth of software to get you started. Buy a printer at the same time and save even more. When purchased with a LC475, the StyleWriter II inkjet printer is only \$400 (save \$295). These special offers are only available to University students from your CAMTECH shop (located behind Elder Hall). Valid until 31 March 1995.



CAMTECH is a venture company of The University of Adelaide



Authorised Apple Reseller

ON DIT

9

March 6

We're Off To See The SAUA

SAUA

President

Haroon Hassan is a full time Office bearer and convenes the SAUA Council which is the governing body of the association. The President has overall responsibility for the running of the SAUA.



As the first official week of the academic year draws to a close the SAUA is preparing to improve the range of services it currently offers to students. Many of these new initiatives have been funded by quality audit grants secured by the University of Adelaide's strong performance in the initial phase of the government's *Quality Assurance Scheme*.

The way it works is that those Universities who are recognised as providing the best service in selected areas are "rewarded" with additional funds. The whole scheme is flawed, in that arguably the money could be better spent addressing the many inadequacies in the higher education system! Nevertheless, we shouldn't complain as Adelaide received a healthy 3.75 million out of which the Students' Association won several grants.

Student Legal Service

The new legal service is set to start on Wednesday the 15th of March. The advisory service will be available once a week for half hour appointments. The service is provided by the SAUA and the Norwood Community Legal Service and will be running for each week of the academic year. Any advice students receive will be from qualified legal practitioners. Students will be able to make appointments from Monday the 13th of March by coming into the SAUA Office.

Employment/Accommodation Services

The SAUA's popular Employment and Accommodation boards are about to be radically revamped. The new employment and tutor register services will be transferred onto a computer database thus expanding the scope and efficiency of present services. It is hoped that the Accommodation service will also eventually be run of the same database, but this will be slightly more difficult. It is hoped that large new glass notice boards will be installed to better display the jobs/accommodation advertised through the SAUA.

Course Advice Project

Have you gotten what you expected from your Course Advisers? Well the SAUA is keen to find out. Our new Project Officer, Narelle Lehane, will be conducting a study into the provision of course advice to students at the University of Adelaide over the coming months. Hopefully, the end result will be better course advice for all students! Stay tuned for details.

These are just some of the things the Students' Association is doing for you. If you have any suggestions or queries about these new services please contact me in the SAUA Office.

REMINDER

The No Fees Campaign information desk is on the Barr Smith Lawns every Tuesday and Thursday at lunch time. Get involved in the campaign or **YOU'LL PAY**. (For more information check out the feature by yours truly in this edition of On Dit)

Women's Officer

Sandy Pitcher is concerned with women's issues both in the SAUA and the broader University community.



Sexual Assault

Starting off on a serious note - last Saturday night (O'Ball) a woman was sexually assaulted by a man on the banks of the Torrens at approximately 2:30am. Thankfully he was caught and charged, but it really highlights the need for greater awareness and focus on safety on campus. Look out in *On Dit* for a safety feature in an up and coming, and remember to use the free, 24 hour escort service.

Sheela Langeberg, the Tanzanian Storyteller and playwright is speaking about African women, sexual exploitation and foreign aid. She will also be performing an African dance. Brought to you by AU Community Aid Abroad and the Clubs Association.

Go Fish

A bit apology to all the women who turned up on Women's Day during O'Week to see Go Fish. Major organisational problems caused us to cancel, but as promised it will be screened - **Tuesday 14th March at 7pm** in the Union Cinema is the new date. As a gesture of goodwill and as apology, there will be no charge for the screening!! Stick around afterwards, because there will be some kind of refreshments (yet to be arranged). The movie is going to be co-screened with *Pride* and is open to men and women. Anyone needing child care, please contact me on 303 5383 in the SAUA.

International Women's Day began with the action of women working in the garment industry in New York in 1908. Since that time IWD has been celebrated around the world, with the first IWD in Australia happening in 1928. The theme for 1995 in SA is "Women Around the World Uniting For Our Rights", so at Adelaide University we will be featuring free massage, face painting and women performers *Miracle Fish* (brought to your Union). Look out for food from around the world in addition to all of these other events.

Gender and the Law Week is happening from the 27th March - 30th. Tuesday features Claire Grearly from Domestic Violence Outreach speaking on the "Gender of Domestic Violence". Tuesday night John Mountbatten will be taking those in attendance on "A Journey Through Tasmania's Forbidden Fruits". Jaded will be playing on the Barr Smith Lawns at lunch on Wednesday and the week will end with Linda Kirk speaking on "Gender and the Legal Profession" in L2 in the Ligertwood Building. Everything is free, so there's no excuses for not coming along!!

Environment Officers

Susie Brown and Tia Nairn supervise the Association's Environment Department. Their major project this year is to oversee the implementation of the University's Environment Policy.



Instead of the usual list of events, this week we are devoting our column to what we perceive our role as Environment Officer to be and how you as a student can become more involved in environmental issues both on and off campus.

As part of the SAUA we have little direct control over what goes on in this University as far as environmental matters are concerned. However we do have an important role to play as a link between students and both the University and Union administrations. So if you have any environmental concerns about your department, your workplace on campus or anything else at Uni please come and tell us.

We can either represent your environmental concerns to the administration in the hope that this will make a difference or point you towards the best person to address about your concerns. Sometimes it is amazing how much can be achieved just by finding the right person.

This is particularly relevant at the moment because Adelaide University is in the process of formulating an Environment Policy. All members of the University community should have an opportunity to contribute to this process. We are on the working party responsible for the policy and so we are able to put students' ideas to this group.

As Environment Officers we also have many links to off campus green groups. It is our role to pass information about their campaigns and other activities on to students through our column and the new noticeboard outside the SAUA (in sexy green - go check it out!) We also have a collection of environmental books and magazines in our office which you are welcome to come and borrow.

So the moral of this column is... if you are interested in environmental issues contact us in the SAUA to let us know about your concerns and find out what you can do to try to change this University (or the world!)

P.S. To those of you who were among the 5000 people who turned out to the Rally for the Forests on Feb 26, congratulations and thank you. It was a fantastic turn out from the people of Adelaide at 10am on a Sunday morning and hopefully the pollies in Canberra will listen to our message!



A/C VP

Michele Giglio is a half time office bearer of the Association and convenes the Education Services Standing Committee.



Congratulations to the O'Ball Directors, Maddie James and everyone else involved on a fantastic O'Ball. I only saw about three minutes of it, but from the length of the queue it was obviously a gig well worth seeing.

National Day of Action 23 March

Come and sign the petition against the proposed introduction of increased HECS and other tertiary fees. There will be an information stall on the lawns every Tuesday and Thursday leading up to the Day of Action on Thursday 23 March. Also, there will be a combined ESC/ASC meeting on Friday 10 March to discuss the No Fees campaign, at which all interested students are welcome to attend.

PROSH

Needed now are PROSH and Prosh After Directors. We will soon be interviewing for these positions, so anyone interested is encouraged to express this interest soon to the Activities Standing Committee. Plans (including a skydive) are already underway for the crazy three days in May that are Prosh.

Keep having fun and don't study too hard.

SAUA Stop Press

Is there a lawyer in the house?

From the 17th of March, 1995, you will be able to see a lawyer FOR FREE in the SAUA. The lawyer will be able to give you confidential advice every Wednesday for the rest of the year. It's that simple. Ring or come in to make a booking.

Stop the government from charging up front fees.

On Friday, 10th March in the Chapel at 1pm, there will be an open meeting of the standing committees of the SAUA to discuss our NO UP FRONT FEES campaign. We welcome ideas from everyone and if you want to know how you can help to stop the government from introducing up front fees for undergraduates, then it's the place to be. Come along for some fun and games.

10

March 6

On Dit

Is Elitism the University's Future?

Is Elitism the direction of South Australia's future? This question is raised in response to recent proposals contained in a discussion paper commissioned by the Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee, which suggests that universities charge higher tuition fees for popular courses, such as medicine and law and let students buy a place in university. The proposal suggests that student fees should be a result of the cost to the university of providing each degree, therefore charging a differing individual set fee for each of the degrees offered. This directly attacks the present HECS (Higher Education Contribution Scheme) system which charges all undergraduates \$2400 per year, regardless of the course they study. The AVCC paper also states that universities should be able to charge a premium, as well as the base HECS fee, for high demand courses such as law and medicine. However, the most disturbing proposal suggested by the AVCC was that students should be given the opportunity to buy a place in the course of their choice, despite failing to meet the academic quota imposed through the present system. This proposal makes education a material commodity for the rich at the expense of those less financially fortunate. Professor Gavin Brown, the University of Adelaide's Vice Chancellor, said: "The notion of selling places to Australian undergraduates is so far removed from any system we have in place that I just can't see it being taken seriously".

Students of South Australian Universities are concerned about the impact of such proposals on the higher education system and its accessibility to students. Mel Wheeler, the NUS National Education Officer said "Making higher education accessible is in everyone's interest. Shutting out those who can't afford to pay is in no-one's interest". Investment in education is an investment in the community and should be treated as

such. Haroon Hassan, the SAUA President criticised the government's priorities and the funding cuts to higher education. "If the government isn't willing to pay for higher education today, how much will it be prepared to pay for Australia's ignorance in the future?" He continued by saying, "Surely at this point in time where universities are facing savage cutbacks, Vice-Chancellors and students alike should be united in order to defend our Higher Education System.....The proposals by the AVCC will set back higher education decades, in terms of equity and access".

In conjunction with the National Tertiary Education and Services Union (NETS), student organisations have organised a class-walkout of South Australian Universities on March 23 in an attempt to highlight the issue of public funding for universities. This strike will involve a Rally at Victoria Square from 1pm, where speakers from the three student organisations in South Australia will highlight the main issues and concerns being confronted. Law students especially are encouraged to participate as the compulsory post-graduate qualifying course GCLP (Graduate Certificate of Legal Practice), will soon be subject to upfront fees. This and other Post-grad fees will be issues that will be especially attacked during this rally. A similar National campaign run by Student organisations, interested students and activists and supported by the National Union Of Students, will be carried out on May 3 and will be targeting the budget. Anyone interested in helping out or getting involved is encouraged to come into the SAUA office and see Haroon Hassan, SAUA President or Michelle Giglio, SAUA Education Vice-President. The other alternative is to visit the 'No Fees For Degrees' stall which will be situated on the Barr Smith Lawns on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 12-2pm.

Megan Brown

Peace Week

For millenia human kind has been yearning for a world truly at peace. Everybody wants and everybody needs peace. AdelaideUni's PEACEWEEK May 15th-19th gives us the chance to re-drum the ancient call for peace.

Peace Week, supported by the International Sri Chinmoy Oneness-Home Peace Run and SAUA will be a week of innovative and interactive activities providing students with heaps of practical ways to express their feelings and aspirations for peace.

This year the Sri Chinmoy Oneness-Home Peace Run Australia (an Olympic style torch relay running event held in over 70 countries) will travel through all states in a 5,000 kilometre journey beginning in Adelaide. Adelaide Uni's Peace Week will infact light the torch that begins the Australian portion of this international event.

World peace begins with each individual's quest for peace. Each person's ideas on peace may differ - yes, we are unique individuals. Perhaps you have a slight, possibly even a hugely strong need to express your feelings about social justice and peace and/or like most of us you're dying to declare peace on your mind possibly you like writing for example perhaps you're an ex-

tremely creative or a not so creative closet poet with a reservoir of poetry stashed wondering what to do with... and what about your art work? Well here's your chance.

- Peace Week festivities will include:
- 'WRITINGS FOR PEACE' (articles, poetry, essays, interviews etc)
 - 'ART FOR PEACE'
 - 'RUNNING FOR PEACE' (start your training!!!!)
 - 'MUSIC FOR PEACE'
 - 'MEDITATION FOR PEACE'
 - 'PERFORMING ARTS FOR PEACE'

There will also be lots of yummy foods, competitions, giveaways etc! etc!

Writings and art work chosen from Peace Week will join work collected along the Peace Run route to become part of a 'Peace Submission' to be presented to our pal, Paul Keating as examples of opinions and feelings of the Australian public.

"From time immemorial, History has been dealing with tyrants and liberators! Before long, it will have to deal seriously with PEACEMAKERS? SRI CHINMOY"

IT'S YOUR PEACE WEEK - GET INVOLVED!!!!

Any ideas, queries, interest etc call Robin 269 1985, or Fiona and Karen 344 2907.

Megan Brown

Multi- storey Carpark Goes Ahead

The University is proceeding with the construction of an 8-storey car park between Frome Street and Synagogue Place in the East End. This will contribute to the current glut of car parking spaces in Adelaide.

The University claims it needs the car park to counter the proposed loss of between 70 and 120 spaces on its North Terrace campus due to building development and to provide parking for those staff on the waiting list.

Despite vigorous opposition by concerned students, the SAUA and public interest groups, the University has ignored the environmental arguments against building yet more car parking in the city.

The school of thought which says we should make it possible for everyone to drive their cars into the city is no longer a valid one. Reports such as 2020 vision and the long term plans of the Adelaide City Council have concluded that the only sensible direction for metropolitan areas is the improvement of public transport systems, leading to a decrease in the number of cars in the city.

Given that the University has now made a commitment to formulate an Environment Policy, it needs to take its environmental responsibility seriously. The University should be leading the community in this area by discouraging its staff from relying on cars. It should take an active role in lobbying the State government for an improved and accessible public transport system. This would also benefit students, many of whom rely on public transport to get to University.

There are some staff who genuinely need to drive to University. Staff who work on more than one campus or at odd hours or who have disabilities obviously need parking permits on campus. However under the present system, parking permits on campus are issued on the basis of sta-

tus rather than need. If the University had been prepared to review the basis upon which it issued parking permits, then there may have been no need to build a new car park.

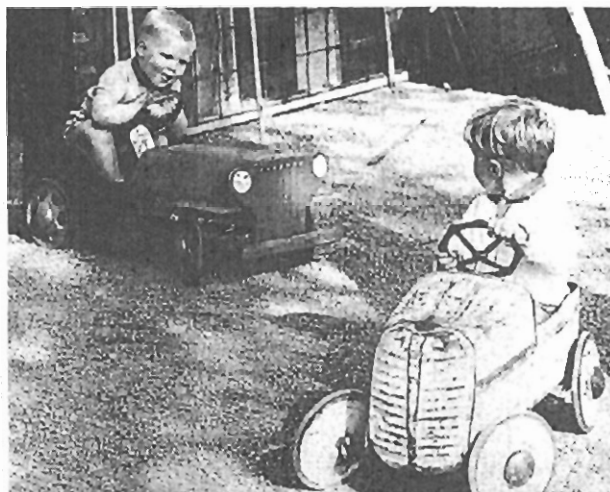
There is no indication that the new multi-storey car park which is off campus will meet the needs of these staff anyway. A survey was commissioned by the Registrar, Mr Frank O'Neill, into the views of staff and students about possible changes to parking arrangements at the North Terrace campus. About 1000 staff and 1000 students were surveyed.

One would think that the results of such a comprehensive and expensive survey would form an important part of the decision making process. However the Registrar did not allow the results of the survey to be released, citing commercial reasons.

The members of the Statistics Department who carried out the survey were sworn to secrecy. Only members of University Council could obtain a copy of the survey. When pressed on the matter, the Registrar pointed out that his department had paid for the survey and he agreed to release the survey only after University Council had made their decision. A fine example of open and accountable decision making in this University.

Anyway, the net result is that the University will be building another multi-storey car park in the city centre, when the existing public ones are already under-utilised. The University has now effectively committed itself to a policy of encouraging its staff to drive to a campus which is at the heart of the public transport network. This is an irresponsible and retrograde step from an institution which claims to be a leader in environmental education. Adelaide University certainly does not practise what it preaches!

Suzie Brown



UNIVERSITY TO CONTRIBUTE TO CAR PARK GLUT

O' Goody

It's an Environmental Policy

Last year the Students' Association submitted a draft Environment Policy to the Student's Affairs Committee. Later, the University Council passed a resolution to develop a policy. A more structured process is



now in place to do that: a Working Party has been established and a research officer has been appointed, so now that the framework is in place, the development of a University Environment Policy is being discussed and soon to be underway.

In what has amounted from basically a student initiative, Adelaide Uni. is going environmentally responsible and it means more than just putting out a few recycling bins around campus.

On Friday February 17th, a seminar was held in the Council Room about the development of the policy and one of our Students' Association Environment Officers, Tia Nairn, was there taking note of what was happening. After consultation with Tia, here's what I found out:

* The working Party is in the early stages of setting up a network of environmental contacts in each Branch, Department, Centre or other significant unit in the University. The role of the contact person is to assist the Working Party with information on current environmental practices and on particular problems within their department. Interested students from each faculty should pop into the SAUA and speak to either Tia or Susie about this position.

* The working party is establishing a network of environmental codes in each Department/centre to find out current environmental practices and the problems within a de-

partment. The network also provides a mechanism whereby the Working Party can communicate with the University community and vice-versa. At present 20m people belong to the network. If any students would like to become part of, or know more

about the network, contact Tia or Susie.

* The Environment Policy is intended to be a policy document that will prescribe behaviour for all University members. It will be there for all people.

* It will cover all the different areas of University from recycling, installation of energy efficient light globes, up to greening the curriculum. This is an important issue as it is wanted by the Working Party that every student when they come out of their degree has an understanding of the impact that their work area potentially has.

* It is a long drawn out process that involves commitment from all levels. We have the commitment but other Unis are way ahead of us. Flinders has initiatives underway already!

* It has a logical and coherent rationale behind it: major industry has policies in effect; it is cost effective; it will help educate future generations; we will act as a role model for the wider community; and it is ethically right as we need good environmental practice to credibly teach students environmental responsibility.

* Environmental policy making is not only about the product "the written document" but also about process. An important element in the process is community involvement.

Matt Pearce.....On Dit HQ

Supp. Organisers Fail The Test

As if sitting a supp isn't stressful enough, it seems that for some people in the Uni it is nothing short of a nightmare. You see, these students weren't informed about their supps until as few as 2 days in advance of the exam, if at all. Ouch!

The first murmuring of trouble arose from the Chemistry Department. Stephen Lincoln, the head of that department had this to say...

"There appears to have been some difficulty in notifying students of supplementary examination offers this year. Thus we have had students coming to see us who have either received supplementary examination notifications only a few days prior to the examination, or in some cases after the date of the examination. In these cases we have offered and set new supplementary examinations for the students involved. It is of concern to us that there may be students who have had the same experience but have not approached the Department of Chemistry. It is to be hoped that the Examinations Office will ensure that these problems do not arise in future."

Is this the tip of the iceberg? Are other faculties being affected? The only way to stop this happening again is to let 'them' know just how unacceptable the situation is.

The letters policy appears on page 8.



Random picture of Chemistry - type person on the job.

O' Ball Assault

Following an assault that occurred in the early hours of Sunday morning on a female student who had been spending the night enjoying the O'Ball, there is concern about the level of security employed by the students organisations for events such as the O'Ball. While adequate security is provided within the barriers of the event location, this is mainly concerned with surveying the scene, preventing any fighting and stopping any misbehaviour which has the potential to cause problems. This kind of security is essential but what is being overlooked by the organisers when making arrangements for such events is security for the area surrounding the event location. It should be ensured that adequate security staff has been previously organised and the money for this kind of security should be included within the budget for the event, an investment well worth the expense. With an event that is so well publicised, such as the O'Ball, and is known to be a situation where alcohol consumption will occur, it is a prime opportunity for people with undesirable intentions to find their prey. However despite this there is no reason why assaults such as the one that occurred on Sunday should be happening. People shouldn't be leaving their personal safety to chance, be alert at all times, not paranoid, just prepared. The University provides a 24 hour a day security service, constantly "patrolling" the campus, but also offering a personal escort service for anyone who needs to walk around university, or from the university to a place off campus. More importantly avoid less safe areas of campus and surrounding areas, stick to well-lit, well populated paths, and know and trust the people that you are alone with. Any enquires about the extent of services provided contact the Hughes Plaza Security Office PH 228 5990.

We're Not Just Campus News!

This week in *On Dit*, a new emphasis is being placed on global and national stories in the news section. From now on, it will involve little bite size grabs about what's going on in the world. The stories will be about whatever is topical at the moment, whether it be political, social or even extra-terrestrial. If you have anything to write, make sure it is interesting, make sure it is brief and make sure it is informative.

News has a meeting time of 2 pm on Wednesday afternoons if you want to chat to us.

Could we be Facing More Nuclear Testing?

The nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, which came into effect in 1970 and has helped prevent the spread of nuclear weapons, is about to expire and questions are being raised about the future of the global nuclear industry. The treaty, valid for 25 years, is up for renewal this year in April at the United Nations Conference in New York.

It encompasses over 170 countries and commits all but the five present nuclear powers to renounce nuclear weapons. For the nuclear status quo to be preserved, a majority of over 85 NPT signatories needs to be rallied. With the recent examples of North Korea and Iraq allegedly not obey-

ing the treaty, the acquiescence of over half the signatories may not be easy to get.

It is wanted by the present nuclear powers that the Treaty be continued indefinitely and unconditionally, yet many countries' political elite are circumspect saying that the present Treaty has not been adhered to and that the present powers must make greater efforts in reducing their nuclear stockpile.

Although it is unlikely that it will be allowed for the Treaty to lapse, the situation, as it stands, is a polemic and will need to be addressed tactfully and gently come April.

Matt Pearce ... *New York*



McDonna's Making it in China

The pull seems to be irrepresible. We all know it as that insidious force that consistently and inexplicably draws the car into the littered car park. Late at night, no matter how much we try to avoid it, it gets us and it makes us feel sick when we have finished. It might be something evil and we *should* refer to it as 'them', but it is not the invasion of the body snatchers; it is McDonald's and it is working its magic in China.

The global hamburger outlet first opened in San Bernardino, California, in 1955 and has since grown into a mega chain of 14,500 outlets in 72 countries. Included in those 72 countries is China with one quarter of the world's population, yet only 27 stores. That is about to change, however, with massive plans in progress for the crown of corporatism to 'McDonaldise' what used to be a bastion for Marxist / Maoists.

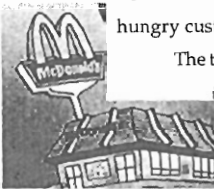
Those in Beijing have seemed to have already fallen prey to the taste

sensations of McDonald's by being host to the biggest selling hamburger store in the world. Since 1992, one Beijing store alone has dished out 36 million hamburgers to obviously hungry customers.

The trend is set to continue as the amount of Chinese stores is doubling this year and again in 1996. By 2003, McDonald's China hopes to have in place over 600 stores with even more to follow. Management plans to keep up with the demand by localis-

ing production rather than employ the Russian policy of producing all goods in one area and then transporting them to needy restaurants. But if you think that it is going to do wonders for the owner-farmers of the Chinese provinces, you're mistaken. In all but a few instances, tenders for supplying all the potatoes and other food stuffs have been given out to American companies already connected with the chain.

Matt Pearce ... *Beijing*



Pay TV Coming Our Way

All the hype and promises are coming our way now that the introduction of Pay TV is upon us.

One of the Pay TV companies is already canvassing the Adelaide area for potential viewers by sending out a glossy colour document on what to expect. With a movie channel, old-time favourites channel, sport and news channels, all with no ads, it looks like it could be a goer.

It costs nearly \$300 to be connected and then around \$50 per month. That adds up to nearly \$900 for your first year just so you can sit on your arse and watch the box. Ouch. That makes for an expensive derriere.

Matt Pearce ... *Sitting on his arse*

A Few Words on the Resignation of Dr John Hewson



Seeya later.

Matt Pearce ... *Canberra*

Update on the Ceasefire in Ireland

The Irish ceasefire announced last September will be vindicated if the present attempt to fundamentally shift power from London to the "Island of Ireland" is ratified. British and Irish leaders have introduced a constitutional package that would, if passed, see Ulster join the Republic.

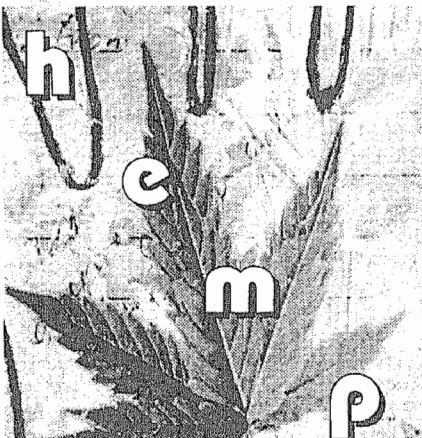
In a plan unveiled in Belfast, recently, the Irish Government is called on to drop its claim over Northern Ireland and in return will be given power in the area through a new north-south body linking Dublin and Belfast with consultative and executive powers. This translates into radical changes in power alignments

for the status quo for Northern Ireland, which is home to a majority of Unionists. The document, which at the moment is only the focus for discussion, also calls for an Ulster assembly and a new intergovernmental conference joining Dublin and London backed by a standing secretariat.

With the world-wide call for peace and the putting down of guns by the IRA, the Unionists face heavy pressure and are expected to join the talks.

For the talks to translate into actual policy, Prime Minister Major has claimed that there must be unanimous consent from all parties involved.

Matt Pearce ... *Belfast*



Government clearance has been granted to allow trials of low-drug, cannabis hemp to be grown in South Australia for commercial production. This results from the efforts of Australian Democrat Leader Mike Elliot, who introduced the legislation to State Parliament in November 1994. It was "critical to focus the government's attention on the significant economic and agronomic importance of hemp and the fact that there is no drug risk in this venture", stated Mr Elliot.

Turretfield research centre, near Gawler and Kybybolite in the South East are the proposed locations for the trial crops of hemp grown for industrial purposes. This is a plantation area totalling 74 square metres of government land and will be monitored by the Department of Primary Industries. The major goal in the short term would be to find what varieties of cannabis will grow best, three varieties being planted at each site in the initial plantation. Seeds of these have all come from Southern France, which has a similar Mediterranean climate to us. These crops are likely to be planted within three months, and following the success of these trials, it is predicted that full commercial trials will begin in 1997. It is important that these trials begin quite rapidly to get the major processing industries, as Mr Elliot explains

"I have no doubt that cannabis will become a major crop again; and in my view it is the state and country that moves first that stands to benefit most."

Although South Australia will become the first state in Australia to allow the cultivation of Cannabis for industrial and commercial purposes, it is not an idea that is new to the world scene. In the European community, fibre hemp has also been re-legalised, with 160,000 hectares of hemp being cultivated annually in Europe and England at present. Tasmanian Law (which is usually renowned for its backwardness) also allows the granting of licences for the cultivation of drug free plants, although these are subject to specified restrictions. Mike Elliot believes that we have an advantage over Tasmania. "In Tasmania it has been seen as an 'alternative' crop in terms of a sort of counterculture...whereas here it has actually been adopted mainstream". In South Australia it has been receiving support from the National Farmers Federation, Regional Develop-

ment Board and over a hundred farmers interested in becoming involved in growing the substance, sections of the community which come from quite a conservative standpoint.

Despite the huge economic success of Cannabis hemp throughout history, (people used to be fined for not growing their fair share of cannabis!!) its prohibition was initiated in 1938 due to the competition it posed for petrochemical companies in the United States promoting their new synthetic fibre nylon. The Randolph Hearst newspaper chain - the main users of chemically-treated wood pulp and the major holders of forest licences - initiated a campaign of disinformation against cannabis, publicising alleged atrocities committed by people under the influence of marijuana. "What began as a political campaign by manufacturers of synthetics, cotton growers and timber plantation owners has almost sounded the death knell for one of civilisation's most versatile plants, Cannabis Hemp", says Mr Elliot

Being the strongest, most durable and longest lasting natural soft fibre on the planet its uses are extensive, including the production of paper, textiles, plastics, oil, grain, fuel and construction material.

(The original Levi jeans were produced from hemp fibre in 1953 and in the Ukraine its oil is used for making salad dressing.) The economic and environmental advantages are enormous, with the potential to save Australia more than \$1.5 billion annually in the replacement of imported wood pulp for paper production alone. "While trees naturally take 100, perhaps to 1,000 years to mature, or even in the pinus plantation, in the South-East up to 30, 35 or 40 years, a crop of cannabis hemp grows to maturity in three to six months". Hemp can produce up to four times more paper than forest clearing, and up to three times more fibre than cotton. The inner portion of hemp fibre can be used to produce bio-degradable plastics and as a fuel source. The advantages to the environ-

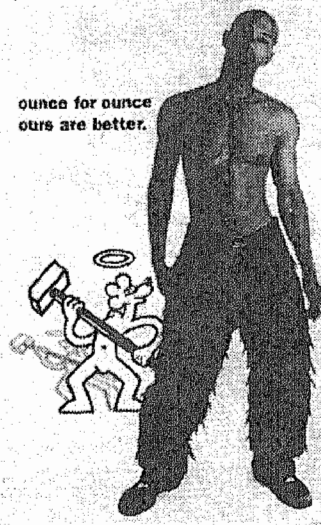
the logical alternative!

ment are equally convincing, with hemp being grown entirely without herbicides or insecticides or the need for any intensive chemical treatment. "Hemp promises to be a significant alternative crop for many struggling farmers as it will not only have significant commercial benefits but as part of crop rotations will assist in weed suppression, and will improve soil structure and organic content", as pointed out by Mr Elliot. Also, cellulose based products, including hemp fibre, are completely and readily biodegradable, leaving no toxic residue.

In recent times Cannabis has been regarded mainly in terms of its association with the social drug marijuana, which has led to previous hesitation by politicians to support its cultivation, ignoring the advantages it offers for industry. However this debate regarding the health benefits or medical merits of the drug marijuana is unrelated to the Bill introduced by Mike Elliot. Despite the fact that the proposed Cannabis crops are the same species that is cultivated for

use cannabis hemp for commercial production, is separate from any attempt to legalise cannabis for personal use, it has fuelled the debate. As well as his interest in the commercial use of hemp, Mr Elliot sees a potential in its use for medical reasons, which has compelling evidence to support its case. In regard to cannabis hemp as a drug, Mr Elliot states that although he supports legalised but regulated cannabis for drug use, it was not a motivation for his proposal for the legalisation of hemp for commercial purposes. He states "My view is that cannabis is already a drug of significance in South Australia, despite its illegality and that it is no more dangerous than two other drugs that are legal...the people that have the most to lose by the legalisation of cannabis are in fact organised crime". He continues, "I think that if society wants credibility then it has to act in a credible fashion and it's not doing so in drug related matters". HEMP SA spokesperson James Danenberg argues, "Current laws making cannabis users criminal are counter productive and selectively enforced. They maximise harm to individual users and the wider community, feed a \$2 billion/year black market and lead to official corruption and widespread disrespect for the law". The Government makes about \$1 million revenue from dope smokers but what is usually overlooked is the cost to the Australian community to enforce its laws. Prohibition costs \$1.7 billion to enforce, and while the police, courts and prisons are dealing with simple cannabis offences, more serious violent crimes are being unattended. "The National Cannabis Task force showed that 75% of Australians oppose criminal penalties for possession, use and cultivation of personal quantities of cannabis", he stated. Supporters of Help End Marijuana Prohibition also highlight the medical value of hemp to ease pain, relieve stress and treat illnesses from glaucoma to asthma to nausea, induced by chemotherapy. Supporters of cannabis law reform include The Public Health Association, The Australian Parliamentary Group on Drug Law Reform, Drug Referral Information Centre and the AIDS council of Australia.

slaam 
The original cannabis revivalists



ounce for ounce ours are better.

differentiated from the illicit type. Cannabis grown for fibre will contain such minimal amounts of the active ingredient tetra-hydrocannabinol (THC) as to be of no use for drug purposes.

(Rather than getting stoned, you're likely to end up with an aching head and very sore throat, with the potential to get quite ill. Not the desired effect for most people!!) Despite the fact that the Bill proposed by Mr Elliot, to legal-



WHAT'S COOKING?

Adelaide University Union Catering Department

LOOK WE'VE CHANGED!

NO NEED TO GO ELSEWHERE - THE UNION HAS IT ALL

ASIAN

ORIENTAL EXPRESS * Level 4, open 10.00 am - 6.00 pm
Chinese • Thai • Malay • Indian
"Halal" Food is also available

MEXICAN

CISCOS * Level 4, open 10.00 am - 6.00 pm
Tacos • Burritos • Nachos

VEGETARIAN

VEGOS * Level 2 Ground Floor, open 8.30 am - 6.00 pm
Vege Burgers • Pastries
NOW - HOT CHIPS COOKED IN VEGETABLE OIL

SPUDS

THE HOT POTATO * Level 4, open 10.00 am - 6.00 pm
Choose your own filling or one of ours

BURGERS

THE GRILL BAR * Level 2 Ground Floor,
open 8.30 am - 6.00 pm
Burgers • Chips • Steak Sandwiches • Hot Breakfast

FOR THE SWEET TOOTH

TARTS ARE US * Level 4, open 10.00 am - 6.00 pm
Freshly Cooked Croissants • Danish • Pastries

CAFE STYLE FOOD

GALLERY COFFEE SHOP * Level 6, open 8.00 am - 5.00 pm
Rundle Street on Campus • Focaccia • Gourmet Sandwiches

FOOD FOR THE REST ...

MAYO * Level 2 Ground Floor, open 8.00 am - 6.00 pm
BACKSTAGE * Level 2 Ground Floor, open 8.00 am - 6.00 pm
CATACOMBS * Basement Union Hall, open 8.00 am - 5.00 pm
Pies • Pasties • Hot Chips • Sandwiches • Rolls • Drinks • etc

Enter the competition to name the New Hot Spot on campus (*formally the BISTRO*), now a place to eat, drink, play or listen. Great food, drinks, 9 Ball and entertainment. Fill in the Entry Form and place in boxes near Bistro door. Win dinner for 10 to the value of \$100 * plus 4 bottles of Champagne.

Name: _____ Student Number: _____

Contact Department: _____ Telephone Number: _____

The New Hot Spot on Campus should be called ... _____

No Fees For Degrees Please

Students' Association President, Haroon Hassan takes a look at why students around the country are gearing up to fight the Federal Government in the most important national campaign since the introduction of HECS.

The Fees Issue

On December 5th last year I walked into Melbourne University to attend the inaugural National No Fees Conference. The Conference was a direct result of the ANU occupation where students successfully occupied the ANU Chancellery for nine days in protest over a \$9000 legal workshop fee. Whilst the occupation was a limited success in seeing the fee lowered to \$5000, its effects were far reaching. Those of you who were avid On Dit readers last year will have read about some of the happenings in Canberra. The most important consequence of this campaign was that it raised awareness amongst the student population about the issue of fees. For the first time in a while students found a focus, a tangible cause, to rally around and to become united over.

Funding Cuts

Funding cuts to Universities are not a new phenomenon. They have been on the agenda since the Dawkins reforms of the late 1980's. Whilst student politicians have gone through the motions of declaring each and every year "a crucial one for higher education" the government has quietly set about constructing an elaborate scheme to shift the burden of higher education funding onto students.

The signs emerged with the introduction of HECS, followed by AUSTUDY loans and a steady shift in the higher education agenda towards user (read student) pays. But there was an overwhelming sense of complacency amongst students that full cost fees would never arrive after the Liberal's "Frightpack!" education policies were defeated in 1993. Well I have news for all of you, **THE FEES ARE HERE.** If we don't get off our butts and do something

they will be here to stay. For good.

The National Campaign

That was the aim of the National No Fees Conference. A good idea in principle but one that disappointed in practice. For two days I waited and watched student representatives and activists from around the country talk about the issues and then talk about them some more. I guess I came away frustrated because there were so many great ideas that were never pursued and formulated into a coherent campaign strategy. But at least everyone there gave a shit about their education and were willing to fight for it.

The end result of the conference was a series of generally productive motions endorsed by the attendees. The most important of which called for a national campaign against fees to have its focus on two National Days of Action on March 23rd and May 3rd respectively. For those of us who went on to the annual National Union of Students Conference the next week, there was a huge victory in that the entire conference overwhelmingly voted to support the No Fees campaign and the concept of two National Days of Action. So here we are today frantically planning our campaign.

"But I don't pay fees..."

That may be true now but that is all set to change. Recently, there have been a number of disturbing developments in the Federal arena. First the Department of Education Employment and Training (DEET) and the Higher Education Council released the "Resource Allocation Paper". This discussion paper first touted the concept of fees for students. Amongst the proposals listed were :

- Full up-front fees for all students. (The Minister for Education, Employment & Training, Simon Crean, has been quick to point out that this would be contrary to the ALP's current party platform - but who says that won't change ?)
- A \$500 - \$1000 up-front 'administrative charge'. This would be owed over and above your HECS debt. (Hell, what's another grand anyway ?)
- Increases in HECS liability if you are studying a "more expensive course".

I have not detailed many of the other proposals listed such as cutting tertiary places from South Australia and funding cuts to Universities across the board.

This was followed by last week's "AVCC Discussion Paper" which pushed a very similar line to the Resource Allocation Paper. However, the AVCC Paper went as far as suggesting that students who cannot get into University through the academic quota system should be allowed to pay full fees for their education instead.

Finally, the "Stanley Review" into postgraduate fees has revealed the

true extent of the deregulation of fees for further study. (Universities can now charge up-front fees for postgraduate courses at their discretion. For example, a Masters Degree in Engineering at Adelaide will cost you up to \$8700). As the Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations (CAPA) argued "The government believes that a competitive market will improve the choices and quality of...education...the fact that those who...succeeded in the market are not those who are most academically able, but those who have the most money, means that the market cannot guarantee equity or quality".

Education for all...or just those who can afford it?

All of this leads to the same conclusion. If students are forced to pay for their degrees then thousands of them will be shut out from the education system. Education is ultimately about producing a more productive and equitable society. This will not be achieved by making education elitist and inaccessible. As National Union of Students, Education Officer Mel Wheeler has said "while the demand for more educated people is in the nation's interest, shutting out those who can't pay is in no-one's interest".

As it stands, students will owe the government approximately \$8000 on average for a basic three year degree. If you choose to pursue further study and take out an AUSTUDY loan along the way that could easily balloon out to over \$20,000 by the time you graduate. That debt is taken into account by financial institutions when they consider loans for houses, cars and the like. Not a pretty picture is it?

Why get involved ?

The simple answer is because your education is at stake. At the moment Australians *do not* have to pay full up-front fees. We once had the distinction of being one of the most equitable education systems in the world. The only way to protect and defend the quality our education is to fight! The government must be told that education is a necessity not a privilege. Only then will we receive the kind of education we deserve and an education system from which all Australians will benefit.

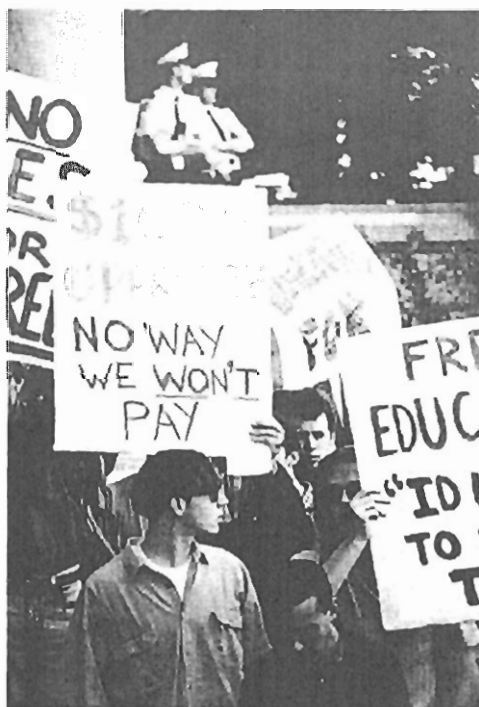
If you are interested in the campaign or just pissed off about having to pay more money for your education... then do something about it.

- Sign the petitions and form letters at the No Fees table every Tuesday and Thursday lunch time on the Barr Smith Lawns.

- Come into the SAUA and speak to us about how you can help in the campaign.

- Attend the rally in Victoria Square at 1pm and participate in the student strike on March 23rd. (Classes will be cancelled by supportive academic staff on the 23rd to ensure the rally has maximum attendance. Strike and show your support). Tens of thousands of other students around the nation will be staging similar protests.

- Come to a campaign meeting and fight the fees and attacks on your education. (see the list below, all students are welcome)



There's gonna be some more rally action

*Open Forum on the GCLP fees for law students

Thursday, March 9th, 1pm Lecture Theatre 2 (Ligertwood Building)

* Open Students' Association No Fees Campaign Meeting

Friday, March 10th, 1pm (sorry guys I'll give you venue details on Saturday!!)

* South Australian Education Network

(State Cross Campus Coordinating Group)

Every Monday night, (come into the SAUA for venue details)

GET ACTIVE NOW or PAY LATER.

FEATURE

Lookout

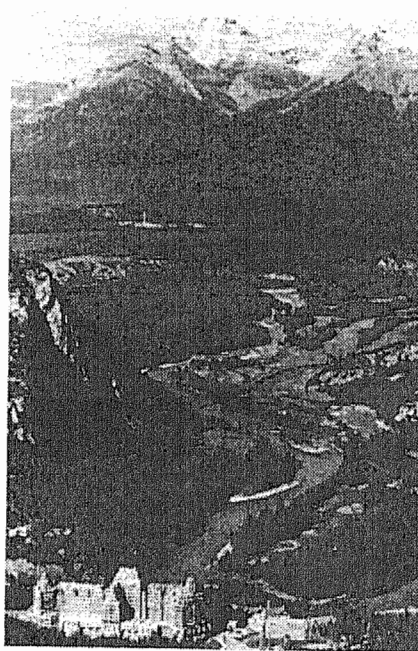
Some people are content with a placid social routine of two nights out a week, and plenty more tucked in early with a hot water bottle, and a video. If that's you the following will be little more than informatively bemusing. However there exist a great many whose youthful hyperactivity is not satisfied simply by the pub/club/cafe thang. For us an extra dimension of fun and entertainment is created...as soon as everyone's chipped in the petrol money. Late night driving missions are always fun, whether it be to find an exotic location to smoke the last few buds (everyone likes to dutch a car!), to spend some 'quality' romance time with that special someone, or just to go somewhere to chill out. There's something about the twinkling lights of a big city that provide the ideal atmosphere for relaxation and contemplation, so we've compiled a quick list of some of the best "parking" spots in Adelaide - just in case some of you aspiring party machines in fresher land hadn't already heard.

Windy point lookout (Belair Road):

Straight up belair rd from the city, you follow on up the winding foothills till you come to the lookout carpark just past the "windy point restaurant." It's pretty well known so the chances of getting it to yourself is low in the 'lookout type' rush hour period (midnight to four AM.), however it's well applauded as one of Adelaide's coolest places to go for a romantic setting or as a scenic accompaniment to a good pipe passing and/or spliff smoking session. You've got wicked views spanning from the southern suburbs to the North-Eastern suburbs, so its much better at night when the whole place is lit up. The only drawback is it's popular and sometimes you get Torana loads of the Jack Daniels-drinking-act-like-a-fuckwit variety of wanker. Apart from that, it's not far from the city so its an excellent place for a night time journey. Turn the music up, and pass that bong.

Carrick hill lookout (Carrick hill rd, Springfield):

Drive straight up Fullarton road from the city without turning off. Go past the



The breathtaking panoramic view from Windy Point lookout

Waite Campus on the corner of Cross Rd and keep going on down past Mercedes college. Go Straight up as far as you can go from the last set of traffic lights and you're there.

Probably not quite as good a view as windy point but its got some good advantages. It's a reasonable distance from any main roads so there's no traffic any where nearby. Its also never busy which is a bonus, and its quite large so you've always got privacy. Its well frequented by groups of young pot

Not every night out is one of those dance-til-dawn-oh-is-that-the-time hangover pre-empters. So to keep your cred by staying out late and still not die of boredom, you're gonna have to memorise this article.

smoking P-Platers who mind their own business.

You get a brilliant view of the city centre from here because there's no other light sources to interfere with it.

Eagle on the hill lookout (Mt . Barker rd.): Everyone should know how to get to Eagle on the hill, so its an easy one. The distance from the city is really not that far (Say 15 mins by car) , so its a good place for a quick one hour sojourn-cum-chill-out period from the faster pace of town. Needless to say the views here are also excellent. You can pretty well see the full panorama of the city from north to south. Only drawback - it's very busy because of the popular restaurant and truck stop situated there, so this one is better late at night (or very early in the morning).

Waterfall Gully (Springbank Rd ??)

To be quite honest I know nothing about this spot. I've been there but I can't remember how I got there or what it was like, but apparently it's a popular place for "midnight missions". There's some steep cliffs to fall off here and no body likes to fall off a cliff, so take care if you wander outside the car.

Skye lookout (Rd off): Follow Kensington Rd from the city as far as you can go (or thereabouts) and you'll find it. It's on the way to Norton summit so it's a bit of a hike, but it doesn't take too long and it's a good spot if you just want some peace and quiet, a nice view or a relaxed place for serious contemplation. It's probably one of the best night time views you can get in Adelaide, so it is a superbly mellow place if you get it to yourself. You could sit up here for hours with the music on and just chill out. The only hassle is that

quite a few people know about this spot, which means sometimes you're sharing it with people who aren't as concerned at keeping the tranquility as you are. Arseholes who are just there to do burnouts and break bottles (or perhaps dispose of the odd dead body...ho, ho).

Brown Hill Ck (Mitcham): This one is for the hardcore and hyperactive late night mission goers. It's not an easy one to get to, and it requires good off road type driving cos it's a dirt track with no lights, but for the adventurous its a cool place to go to come down from a night of partying. You enter at the Brown Hill Ck caravan park which is somewhere near the end of Fullarton road at Mitcham (look it up in a street directory would be safer), and you drive all the way up the caravan park road, but instead of stopping, keep going where the asphalt ends. You have to take care but it's nice scenery at night especially with some pumping music on, and it's also a bit eerie so don't go alone. Try and find the rope swing that goes over the creek. It's somewhere on the left hand side and it's the ultimate rush at 2am. Beware though, many inebriated souls have wound up with abrasions and broken bones proving themselves on this rope(including me). Brownhill Ck is the sort of place that reminds you of those horror tales you heard as a kid that involved little kids, mean old hunch backs and bodily mutilation. Smokers, you will be ultra paranoid here, but that's half the fun.

The Yacht Club Breakwater (Glenelg):

As with many of these main-ish kinda lookout locations, fellow seclusion seekers pose a bit of a problem. But for the adventurous, alight from your vehicle at the car park on the beachfront between Colley Reserve and Glenelg Sailing Club, muster all your skills of balance, and wander down the path on top of the boulder breakwater that extends pretty far out into the water. There is a beacon located at the end of the breakwater construction that makes a good deserted summertime venue for a smoko. A nice coastal alternative if a hills journey just sounds too hard.

Ye Olde Rat Hole

When Obi Wan Kenobi described the Canteena on the planet Tatooen as the 'greatest hive of scum and villainy' he was mistaken. There is one bar in the heart of Adelaide which is more worthy of this title. The London Tavern must surely take the prize for being the most tasteless pub this fair city has to offer.

Sure, some may argue that certain Hindley Street establishments must head any list of tacky Adelaide pubs but the old Tav has certain undeniable qualities that make it a real winner. Cheap beer (those golden words) lure a diverse Friday night crowd. The Tav has quite a high pram factor with over half the crowd looking suspiciously young for licensed premises. On the other end of the scale there is never any shortage of men and women in their mid forties ripping up the dance-floor with their impression of Solid Gold dance moves. This brings us to the 18-24 age group who are a unique group of regulars for whom the Tav is their homeland and the 'More Beer' chant their anthem. Their night seems to consist of pretending to know

Tavern. In keeping with this the decor tries hard to give the impression of an English style pub but unfortunately it just doesn't quite happen. It would seem that they used the same interior designer that did the rather unimpressive 'Wild West' overhaul of Rio's.

The Tav provides a plethora of beers on tap including a wide selection of the sacred Coopers range and a few imported U.K. beers of note. This is unfortunately wasted on the Friday night Tav crowd who understandably lap up only the cheap West End which some weeks is served up for as little as 5c per schooner.

It is important to flee the premises when the cheap beers end as the crowd gets real ugly. The bell which sounds the end of the drink specials might as well be a signal that the revolution has begun. Almost immediately fights, and rather impressive vomiting displays, get underway. Worse than the fights, the vomit and the increase in the beer prices is the late night dancing. Supercharged with dutch courage and an overwhelming feeling that they are dancing legends (even though they may find walking a bit tricky) an army of drunken sloths hit the dance floor. It is a sight to behold. It looks as if they're in their death throws, choking to death on some invisible gas. The scene is spoiled somewhat by the fact that when someone falls over he or she usually does get up again. All this is set



Late night London Tavern revellers find themselves in a spot of bother.

to the 'greatest hits from the 60's 70's and 80's. After a night here the songs Oh What a Night' and 'Summer of 69' will forever be linked in your mind to the acrid smell mixture of beer, vomit, sweat and urine which is inescapable late on a Friday night at the Tav.

Next time you're around the Myer Centre area and you have a few hours to kill do yourself a favour and go to Dazzleland instead.

M.D.

How many times do you find yourself planning to go out for a nice meal and then end up at one of those 'ever so popular' cafe/restaurants where you order either a pizza or some pasta. If you are like me this type of eating is becoming somewhat boring and the quality of the food is not one you'd find yourself writing home about. Getting to the point, when you go out for good food, good service and a good atmosphere you don't want to line up at a counter, get your food 2 minutes later and then be hurried out the door so the next group can take your table. This is where Enigma comes in.

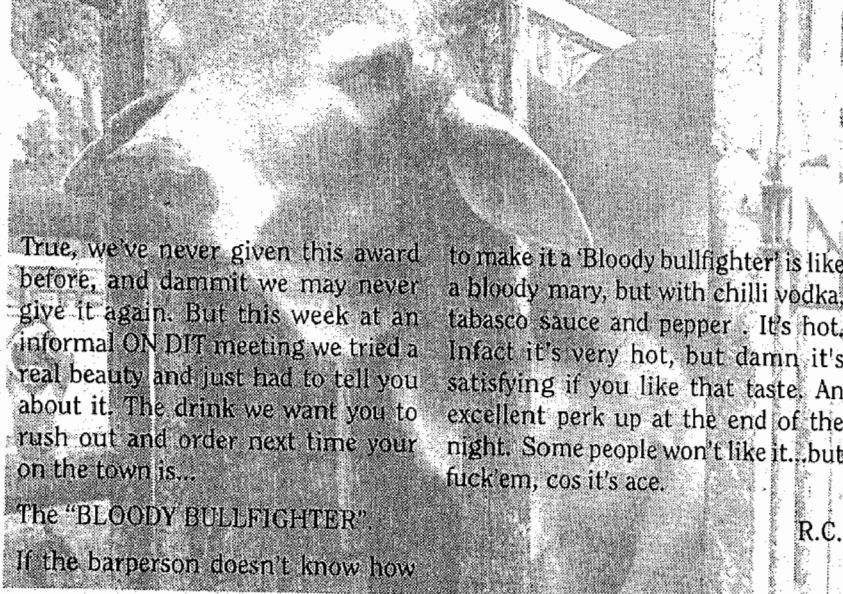
Having recently opened on Melbourne St, Enigma is a restaurant which provides a great alternative to the aforementioned type eateries while still being affordable. Greeted at the door, my companions and I were then seated at the tables which I suppose were a fusion of your lounge room coffee table and a more heavy duty work bench you might find in your old school's metalwork lab. Very groovy. The rest of the decor I was told was still in the process of being completed. With murals and a bronze coated entrance on the list of renovations still to come, coupled with the mellow back garden adorned with grapevines, Enigma is ready to ooze class. Well, what about the food? Enigma provides one with a choice from two menus. The lighter menu is similar to that of your cafe with cappuccino, foccacia and the like but without the hustle associated with eating on a sidewalk or in a quick fix pasta place. Chilling out under the vines and knocking back your favourite blend of coffee beats the shit out of inhaling the fumes from a passing Torana which is pumping out bad tunes. This menu is available at all times and provides a great substitute to the main menu when either your coin situation or hunger desires do not warrant consulting the main fanfare.

Ah, the culinary delights of Enigma's main menu. Between the three of us we tried no less than six variations from the extensive menu. The front of the menu describes the offerings as a combination of contemporary Australian cuisine with Asian and European influences. Yeah, I'd say that was pretty accurate and not a spaghetti bolognese in sight. Before receiving our entree we were presented with some herb damper, fresh from the oven, which was a nice change from the white roll and butter that usually sits on your bread and butter plate. For an entree I went for the Thai Beef Salad which consisted of slivers of marinated beef on a bed of Spanish onion and mesculin. No qualms. The food just got better on the arrival of my main course. A fillet of kangaroo smothered with a dark plum and sweet chilli glaze was a definite winner on the taste and flavour scale. Natasha indulged in the 'Soup of the Day' which on this particular day was a sweet chilli Thai soup. Deluxe. Being a vegetarian Natasha was initially concerned that there was a distinct lack of choice. But on asking, she was presented with a plethora of delights from which to choose. Tash finalised on a falafel type dish which was a tad more adventurous and exotic than your average falafel. Bryan decided on a Pickled Octopus Salad and commented that "It wasn't bad. The strength of the flavour was appreciated given that this dish is prone to blandness when done badly." His views on the Encapsulated Venison were of even higher praise, "I found the meat to be both tender and well cooked while the sauce (made up of red wine and currants) complemented and enhanced the appeal of the meal as a whole."

Deserts such as The Profiteroles with Cream Chantilly and a Chocolate Rum Sauce sounded extremely appetising but by that stage all three of us were semi-comatose from self indulgence. One of the most striking aspects of all the food served was the presentation. Everything that came out was appealingly adorned while not going ridiculously over the top. Prices for entrees ranged from \$5 through to \$7 while the main courses started at \$9 and went up to \$14. Now this may seem a little more expensive than your average cafe but Enigma is not your average cafe. It is quite a step above. It is worth paying those extra couple of dollars and enjoying some real quality food. So next time you plan an evening out, Enigma is definitely worth trying out. Overall, thumbs up for Enigma!

See page 3 competitions for a very generous offer from Enigma

Drink of the Week



True, we've never given this award before, and dammit we may never give it again. But this week at an informal ON DIT meeting we tried a real beauty and just had to tell you about it. The drink we want you to rush out and order next time you're on the town is...

The "BLOODY BULLFIGHTER". If the barperson doesn't know how

to make it a 'Bloody bullfighter' is like a bloody mary, but with chilli vodka, tabasco sauce and pepper. It's hot. In fact it's very hot, but damn, it's satisfying if you like that taste. An excellent perk up at the end of the night. Some people won't like it...but fuck'em, cos it's ace.

R.C.

Mmmmmmm...

I'm sure you've been as achingly tantalised as we have by some of those T.V. "Late Shift" fast food ads that come on shortly after Star Trek, asking you,

"Which makes you hungry the most? A San Giorgio this and that, or perhaps a San Giorgio blah blah, or maybe a San Giorgio something else with....". And dammit, students have a right to know whether the free home delivered goodies shown steaming away behind the T.V. screen are as yummy

after a 20 minute car ride with a P-plater. So, in a startling turn of events following last edition's Wayzgoose student eatery reviews, On Dit came into contact with the management of San Giorgio, a nifty little Italian style restaurant not far from uni. Some of the dedicated individuals lurking around the office late on a Friday evening decided to indulge in some of these highly advertised delights, so after a quick phone call, hot food was at the office door.

Fast Food of the Week

I think the key word for us all to note at this point is: "quality". When we cautiously opened the lid, our eyes greeted (that is, after they adjusted to the brilliant white light emanating from the divine morsels) a pizza, the likes of which none of the witnesses had previously encountered. They call it the San Giorgio special. Well maybe I am getting a bit excited. But I tell you what, it bloody well wasn't too bad after a few cold brewskies. The taste test concluded a non-greasy, more traditional "home-

made cheese on toast" style flavour, complimented with delicate whole slices of fresh tomato, as well as juicy capsicum pieces, salami (no Garibaldi references required here thanx), onion, and mmm, quality Kulamata olive (an unrecognisably distant cousin of the rubber matchbox car tyre olives that turn off many a pizza connoisseur). Rather a pleasant contrast to the mass production smeg of certain multinational fast food chains that have the initials P.H. Oh, and the garlic bread was

also pretty keen, arriving as substantial half rolls, rather than in the usual sliced form.

The free home delivery service also extends to their numerous other lines, including a range of steaks, schnitzels, pastas and seafood (maybe even lash out and taste the lobster at market price!), for about \$12 or so per dish. With opening hours as long as a very, very long time indeed, San Giorgio will be your tummy's best buddy daily until



Sam. Interested? Phone (08) 232 1700, or eat in at cnr Frome and Rundle, for an A1 feed, and you can find out just what does make you hungry the most. Full marks to the chefs down there at San Giorgio, a deserved recipient of this edition's, Wayzgoose "eatery of the week"

Matt Goodwin



Tasmanians

Natasha and Mer' look to the streets of Hobart to ask the locals:

1. What are your views on the Tasmanian gay law reforms and do you think that the laws should be changed?

2. What are your views on the logging policies proposed by the government?

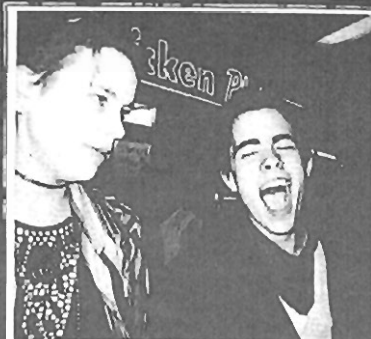


Meredith

1. I definitely don't agree with the laws. They're against individual rights and I don't believe the government has the right to interfere with consenting adults in their own homes, just as they don't interfere with consenting heterosexual couples.

I think the laws are archaic.

2. I think that as it stands there's a big problem- now and for the future- if we keep on logging. There's already been a drastic change in the environment over the last 10 years and unless something's done to stop it, there will be no wilderness left. With our technology and knowledge, we should look for alternatives (like hemp) and not destroy our valuable, exhaustible resources.



Jack and Suzie

1. Suzie: The laws should change.

Jack (very dilated pupils): What was the question? What laws?..... Oh, yeah, right.... those laws, nasty laws.

2. Jack: I know nothing about those laws (licks lips, grinds jaw). Yeah, um... woodchipping is bad.

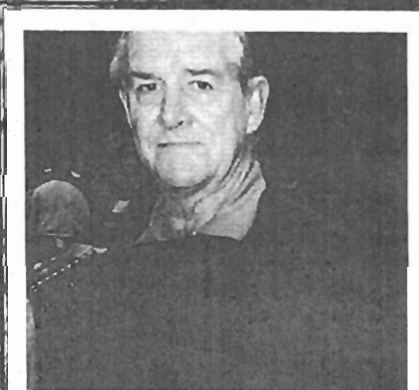


Bill

1. The laws should change. I can't understand why Tasmania is back behind everyone else.... back in the nineteenth century.

I feel embarrassed living in Tasmania sometimes.

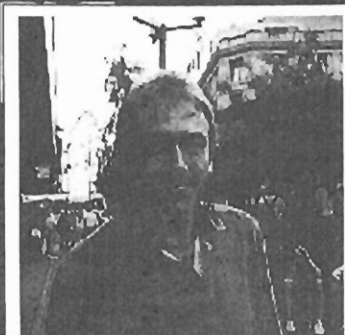
2. The industry should be abolished over, say, 5 years.... a slow period. It shouldn't be done all at once or people will lose their jobs. But action should be taken straight away.... if they're only logging plantation growth, not native forest. Plantation growth looks horrible anyway. They might as well log it and replant with native plants.



Harry

1. I'm totally against the reforms The laws shouldn't change.

2. That's a hard question. There are two sides. If you don't woodchip, it'll create unemployment. But I don't like forests being destroyed either.



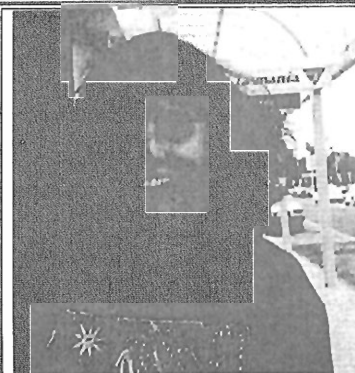
Peter

1) The law sux. Live and let live.

2) They're virtually taking over the country anyway, the Japs. They're going to get their way anyway.



have their say



Jodie

1. It doesn't matter if a person loves a male or a female. The happiness that they get out of this love- noone, ESPECIALLY THE GOVERNMENT, has the right to try to take this happiness away from them.

2. Anyone who has ever flown over the Picton in Tasmania would be chanting 'HEMP, NOT WOODCHIPS!'



Mark and Linda

1. Mark: I'm not at all happy about the laws. Tasmania should join the rest of the country....

Linda:join the rest of the world.

2. Mark: I'm not for clear felling but I'm for selective logging.

Linda: I don't think they should be expanding their licences.

Mark: I think there should be more emphasis on plantation timber I don't know why there's a need (for virgin forests). There are so many alternatives. Hemp for paper is a good idea.



Frank

1. What people do in private is no concern of the government. It doesn't bother me what gays do in public.... or what homosexuals do. What people do in private is nothing to do with those arseholes up the hill there (points to Parliament House)

2. I don't oppose woodchipping. It's fine. But it has to be treated as a crop. They would need to grow it again and treat it as an industry within its own right- like potatoes. Not just bulldozing.



Chris, John, Josh, Nathan, Michael, James

1) Chris: I don't care.

Josh: It doesn't make much difference to any of us but I think it should change because people are just the way they are. If I was a homosexual, I wouldn't like it the way they are.

Nathan: I don't care. It's not like I'm going to change it. It'll probably change anyway.

Michael: The laws should stay the same. I like them as they are. I don't like gays.

Nathan: I don't like them either. Noone likes them.

James: I reckon they should change them. They're not doing anything wrong. You need to look at morality; they can do what they want as long as they don't come near me.

Nathan: That's kind of homophobic, isn't it?

James: You don't have to be a faggot just because it's legal.

2. Michael: I think we should let them in so we can make some money. Tassie's economy is pretty bad. They'll help.

Nathan: I don't want them taking our work.



Heather and Geoff

1. Heather: I think the laws now are disgusting- archaic.

Geoff: The laws are ok as they are.

2. Woodchipping- they should bloody stop that as well. Incredible that. Chip the politicians!

Just Like That

Vanessa Perry
Picador/Pan Macmillan

Brett has managed to achieve a sense of direction and emotional maturity in *Just Like That* which was not evident in her earlier work of *What God Wants*. Brett employs a highly irreverent, animated and idiosyncratic style to describe the lives of modern, enlightened women living in shadows of their parents' extraordinary pasts - not dissimilar to that of Amy Tan of *The Joy Luck Club* and *The Kitchen God's Wife* fame.

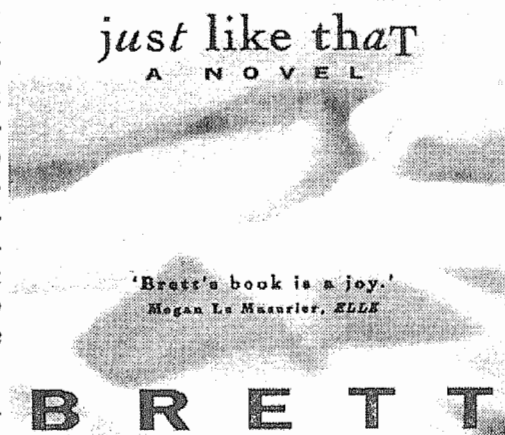
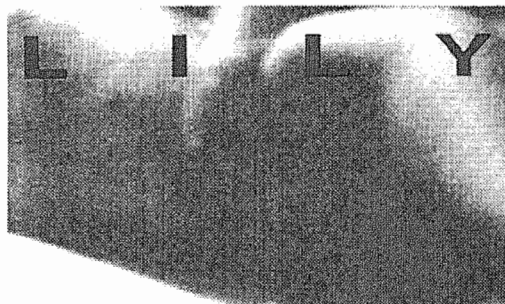
Esther Zepler, a freelance obituary writer, is an Australian Jewish woman living in New York on account of her husband's artistic career. It is through this character that Brett creates a contemporary, robust and, moreover, likeable Mrs Dalloway.

Esther Zepler's greatest predicament is the grieving process from her mother's death, an Auschwitz survivor, which has seemingly been delayed for three years. Brett's text consists of a series of erratic tableaux. This structure seems to reflect Esther Zepler's own journey through her grief and daily musings on all aspects of life, from the profound to the banal. There is a leitmotif throughout the novel that Esther Zepler's thoughts and ponderings are irreconcilable by herself or within her own generation. Esther Zepler's conflicts with her grief, her cantankerous father and her own children reinforce the notion that our psyche is formed whilst we straddle both past and present realities.

At first glance, *Just Like That* presents itself as merely a portrait of a liberal minded, educated, financially secure Australian Jewish woman whose neuroses reflect the self-indulgence typical of that social milieu. Certainly all the accoutrements and stereotypes of a cosmopolitan Jewish way of life are in evidence - fatalistic humour, obsessions with food, possessive mothers and commercially savvy old men. Esther Zepler's anxiety could also be dismissed as self-indulgent, premenopausal introspection of a socially advantaged woman when she seems to exist in what would otherwise be described as domestic bliss. Perhaps Esther Zepler could be defined as one of the 'worried well' in light of recent comments from a federal cabinet minister.

Esther Zepler is undoubtedly an anxious woman. She worries about everything - her children, her libido, her culinary skills, bodily fluids, cleanliness, her weight, her bowel movements, general etiquette and her father's rediscovered sexual appetite - with no apparent order of priority. It is no great surprise that Esther Zepler is undergoing 'analysis'. Esther Zepler directly comments on how her analysis has made her feel more involved in her parents' lives instead of more independent as she had hoped.

Fortunately, Brett is able to utilise various tools to prevent her novel from becoming sentimental or farcical. Esther Zepler's introspection is parenthetically



'Brett's book is a joy.'
Megan La Masurier, *ELLE*

B R E T T

interspersed with evidence of her inherited frustration and anger at the total and indescribable psychological and physical degradation that was born of the Holocaust. Brett reminds the reader of the moral turpitude of the western powers in either their combined nonfeasance or blatant refusal to allow an unimpeded immigration of Jews. Brett also provides probably less familiar polemic that 38,000 doctors of medicine joined the Nazi Party during its existence.

Brett should also be lauded for her general portrayal of the environment in which Esther Zepler lives out her life which adds a certain authenticity to the text. A conversation between Esther Zepler and her pregnant friend, Sonia provides an apt and slick commentary on the political dynamics of gaining a partnership in a large legal firm.

However, it is via the seemingly inconsequential, but poignant dialogue between Esther Zepler and her father that inevitably draws her back not only to her Jewish heritage but the more personal heritage of her parents, survivors of Auschwitz. In coming to terms with how her parents escaped death, Esther Zepler must contemplate the various facets which constitute her parent's characters which would otherwise not be considered in great detail.

It is this angst-ridden attempt of Esther Zepler, to find her emotional 'home' which merely reflects the perpetual struggle of the Jewish people to find a physical home. Brett aptly prefaces her novel with a Pablo Neruda poem who states a desire to move from

'the great whirl of exile,
to the great solitude of bells tolling.'

The erratic and irreverent nature of this novel can be draining and perhaps requires some finer editing. Consequently, *Just Like That* is hard to describe as compelling reading. It is unlikely Brett would be accused of creating a prosaic masterpiece with *Just Like That*. Equally, Brett could not claim that she has provided a definitive or insightful treatise regarding the concerns of middle-aged women. At the very least, the overriding tone of optimism and liveliness of the characters makes *Just Like That* good fodder for swotvac procrastination purposes.

Vanessa Perry



John Heaton and Judy Groves - Icon books 1994 - \$16.95

*The limits of my language are the limits of my world...
What we cannot speak about we must pass over in silence.*
Wittgenstein

There's a commonly held belief that the most profound thoughts come to us at the most inappropriate and ridiculous times. At the exact moment you fall out of the chairlift you realise, in a flash, that the universe is a totally inexplicable and chaotic place. Now some might say that this was purely instinct of self-preservation - philosophy certainly seems abstract enough to distract one from imminent danger. In other words, they become academic philosophers.

One such was Ludwig Josef Wittgenstein. Born April 26th, 1889 into one of a fin-de-siècle Vienna's wealthiest families, he was brought up in a rarefied atmosphere of art, music and culture. His family home alone contained seven grand pianos and Brahms and Mahler were frequent visitors to musical soirées held there. He began his studies as a mechanical engineering student and in 1908 went to Manchester in England to do research. His experiments in aeronautics required mathematical treatment, which led him to study the foundations of mathematics and thus led him to philosophy.

Wittgenstein went to Cambridge to study with Bertrand Russell, who had just completed his *Principia Mathematica* and was world famous for his studies in mathematical logic. At the end of his first term, Wittgenstein went to see Russell. "Do you think I'm an idiot?" he enquired. "Why do you ask?" "Because if I am, I'll become an aeronaut. But if I'm not, I'll become a philosopher."

Clearly, Wittgenstein was no ordinary Viennese high-lifer, looking for a spot of decadence before the demise of the old European order. *Wittgenstein for Beginners* is a brilliant and humorous book, designed, as its title implies, to give you an introduction to the life and times of one of the 20th century's greatest minds. However, unlike most introductory books, 'for beginners' does not mean 'for idiots'. The book is short (175 pages) but contains plenty to chew over.

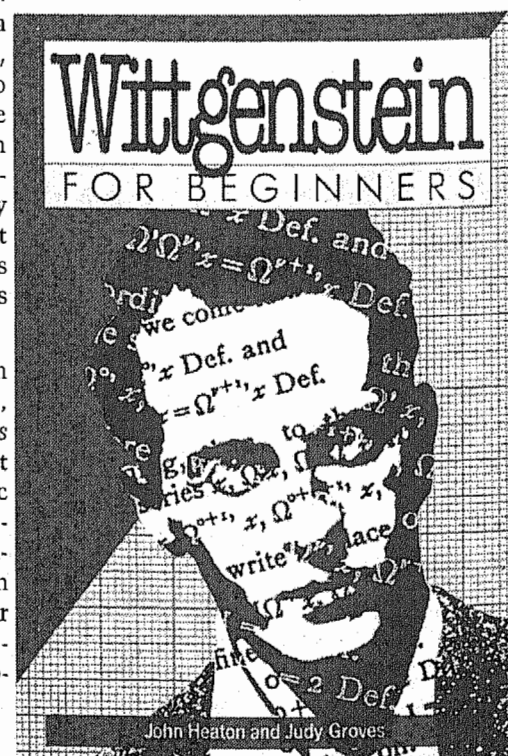
Like all the books in the Icon series (including *Freud ...*, *Kafka ...*, *Fascism ...* and *Jesus for Beginners*, among others) it is styled as a sort of graphic novel, with cartoons and drawings to clarify the brief but lucid text. An overview is given of Wittgenstein's two major works, the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* and the *Philosophical Investigations*, as well as his ideas on culture and ethics. But wait, there's more. The book also attempts to place his work in an historical perspective and features witty and apt quotations from people who knew Wittgenstein.

The man was certainly no happy camper. He was abrupt and painfully honest with those around him. He was not widely read, but he loved American hard-boiled crime novels, claiming there was more philosophy in them than in academic philosophy journals. He had absolutely no interest in modern music but could whilst extremely complicated passages from classical pieces. In other words, he perfectly fits the modern picture of gloomy, isolated genius.

Or does he? Ironically, I'm sure lots of people will snap this up because they want to sound chic in the seminars, with minimal personal effort. Wittgenstein would have hated that. He wanted people to think for themselves, not take his pronouncements as the Word of Truth. He realised that language was hypnotic: that we tend to see illusory "essences" and thus that we are all too easily "dazzled by the ideal". His motto, taken from Shakespeare's *King Lear*, was "I'll teach you differences".

If you are at all interested in language and why we think the way we do, reading something on Wittgenstein is a must. His work is usually presented as being rather difficult and is off-putting to non-experts, because it contains lots of mathematical symbols and technical terms. Now, with the advent of this chirpy and sometimes downright hilarious volume all your questions can be answered.

Catherine Howell



Who Is The Mysterious Matthew Rowe?

Message to young writers ... Ever thought your writing should be on the shelves in Mindfield or Imprints? Well, Matthew Rowe is a young writer who is in the throes of finding a publisher for his first novel: Ben Haskin speaks with Matthew Rowe, author of *Dear Reader*.

OD: What's your inspiration? I mean, where did your desire to write a novel come from?

MR: Well, ever since I was reasonably young I've always wanted to write and since my teens I always wanted to be a writer.

OD: So how do you feel about drugs? Drugs seem to play an important role in your novel, anyway.

MR: I've tried a reasonable amount of them. Well, I probably took them way too young. It's probably better to wait. I just took them for fun. I mean I smoked so much dope between sixteen and nineteen. It was a stupid thing to do really.

OD: University tends to be a bit marijuana oriented and you're the only person I've met who's said fuck that, that's part of my youth and I've grown out of it now.

MR: The problem with marijuana is it makes you lazy. Actually, very lazy, and if you smoke a lot of dope, you're not going to do much. I've seen so many people just smoke a lot of dope throughout their youth and turn into nothing compared with what they could've been.

OD: Do you feel as if drugs are capable of making a difference to life, changing your life, the way James' life is changed in the novel? Acid is what James takes and his life is turned on its ear.

MR: It's almost irresponsible the way I've done that: let's just say that the novel is about an insane man who cures himself and the thing that gets the self-curative process going properly is him going more insane than what he was in the first place. That sets up a different perspective, a different situation, from which he is able to put the pieces back together again. Which is kind of irresponsible, but in a way, he does go *more* insane, so it does show the bad side of drugs.

OD: It's a curative thing, though. It's the thing that cures him but do you think that he was ready for a cure himself anyway, before that?

MR: Well, he had to say certain things in the novel before this could happen. It was good luck, in a way, that he took acid, as he let out a whole lot of stuff which enabled the "...Reader" to investigate the situation that was needed for him to be cured.

OD: There are lots of biblical references in the novel. How do you feel about theology and the Bible?

MR: There are lots of biblical references in the novel. I think the Bible is a great source - it's very fascinating. I'm very into comparative mythology. I think what most churches teach people these days is bullshit. Mythology is actually poetry, but the problem is that churches teach it as prose.

It's taught to you as being literal truth. And, of course, it's obvious that we evolved; saying that God, this supernatural being, didn't put Adam and Eve down and then there was the human race. I mean, we evolved.

OD: There are however plenty of religions, which don't require belief in literalism...

MR: I know, I know. I'm just talking about fundamentalist religion, where they

do teach that kind of crap. But, of course, the whole Adam and Eve story is a metaphor for the birth of consciousness and I use it very much in my novel. One of the original titles for my novel was "The Second Genesis" because I used the Genesis story so heavily originally. But I think that religious mythology is actually very good. The problem is the way it's taught, so much of it is killed, really badly, and lots of people naturally turn away from it.

OD: Do you think there's a collective conscious that includes these myths and includes fundamental human nature?

MR: In my novel there's a very Jungian base so yes, I think so, because certainly a major dream I had, one of the few deep dreams I've remembered, is one about the story of Genesis, where I was actually in the garden of Eden; I met Eve and it was all inside my actual house where I live. Inside my parents' house.

OD: Paradise was in your parents' house?

MR: Not Paradise but a garden of Eden inside my parents house, and then I saw this beautiful snake, it had the most amazing colours and patterns and it started coming after me and I knew it was danger and it chased me into the kitchen, and in Jungian theory, the kitchen is a very important room regarding transformation. The kitchen is a room of transformation, because it is in the kitchen that uncooked substances become cooked substances. Raw meat is cooked and people eat it, so it is a room of transformation. So, the snake chased me into the kitchen and I stood there at the back door, where my kitchen is, and I didn't want to leave but the snake was right behind me, so I had to leave. And that is very "Garden of Eden" because the Garden of Eden is like a womb-world.

OD: It's pre-life?

MR: Yes, it's pre-consciousness. You're like a baby in the garden of Eden. That's why in my novel there's a dream James has where he goes into the garden of Eden and meets God and Adam and Eve are there, and they have normal bodies but they have the faces of babies. The desire for Paradise (many people view the garden of Eden as being Paradise) is actually a death wish, because it's a failure to put up with the struggles of life.

OD: In grown adults, that desire is like a desire to return to the womb, isn't it?

MR: That's exactly it. At one stage the narrator says that when a death wish is painted with a clown face, they use the pigments of Paradise. Because there's never going to be a Paradise on earth. Suffering is written into the bargain of life.

OD: So is pleasure.

MR: Oh. Fucken oath, yeah. But so is suffering. If you're ever dreaming of a perfect world, then you're dreaming of bullshit. It's never going to happen and you have to put up with suffering, if you're going to put up with life.

Matthew Rowe's novel, *Dear Reader*, is the story of James, who is mourning the loss of his mother. James is an alienated youth who lives with two "cottage-mates", Hamish and Jamie. Jamie is a conformist; he fits into three different social crowds by changing his attitudes and clothing styles regularly. Hamish is a psychopath, with an enigmatic penchant for snail cricket. James and his housemates communicate almost entirely through a bizarre set of written correspondences. The turning point within the novel is the night of New Year's Eve where

the three of them take acid and James' self-curative odyssey, which takes him to the brink of mental collapse and insanity.

OD: Tell me about the difficulties you envisage in trying to get your novel published.

MR: I haven't actually started trying to get it published yet. What you do with a novel is get to the stage of writing a first draft, which takes a while.

Eventually, you're going to want to submit it to a publisher. Now when you submit it to a publisher, lots of people get the idea that you submit the whole manuscript to the publisher straight away, and then they read it and think that's great, let's publish it. But that's crap. Because what you do is you describe the entire plot of your novel in about two pages and send this *Precis* in to the publisher. You would also send in a sample of two or three chapters of your novel, just to prove to the publisher that you can write. If the publisher shows interest in the *precis* and the sample, they will invite you, if you're fucken lucky, to send in your full manuscript. Then an editor will read your manuscript and will suggest alterations. So before you send in your novel, once it's been accepted, you will have written about three drafts. You write one, you read it and realise, God this is crap, and then you write a second one. Then you should give it to a trusted friend and tell them to be brutally honest, if you're lucky they are and you realise, God this is crap. So, then you write a third one and this is generally the stage at which a publisher might accept it (if you're lucky - Thomas Keneally writes on average seven drafts, before submitting anything - and he reckons it's not until the sixth or seventh draft that the good stuff starts to flow) ... Anyway, you submit your full manuscript. And the editor will read it and will suggest alterations. So then you begin your fourth draft. After this you resubmit it. So then the editor reads it again. And if you're lucky, and the editor thinks it's good, there's a contract drawn up and you'll do some negotiations and you'll sign some contract.

OD: How much money would you get?

MR: Fuck all probably. Anyway, you'd probably have to get some lawyer to look over the contract. Then an expert critic is invited to read your manuscript. And they criticise it and make some suggestions. And so then you start doing the fifth draft. Remember this assumes it only took you three drafts to get your novel noticed by a publisher. The fifth draft is based on the expert's suggestions. Then a personal editor is assigned to you to really closely edit your manuscript. And sends it back to you, and you do your sixth draft. Eventually you might get it published. But the whole thing you have to remember is that the base rate probabilities are very, very unfavourable for getting a first novel published, because an average publishing company receives 4000 unsolicited manuscripts a year, and of those on average, they publish three. So that's a less than 0.1% chance of getting a first novel published.

OD: Are you planning to submit a draft to the Vogel prize? After all *Praise* wasn't that great and it won. It doesn't have any real wisdom or poetry to it, it's just sex and drugs.

MR: Well, the basic point of *Praise* is do what you want to do in this generation. If you don't want to do anything who cares?

MR: You could send stuff into competitions, but fuck knows how many manuscripts they get and the chances of winning

probably aren't high. The other thing about getting stuff published is that there's a huge amount of luck involved. For instance, you could send a novel in and the publishing company might have two novels there, yours and someone else's, and they have to decide which one to publish. If there's nothing to differentiate the two, with regards to quality, they're going to pick the one with the best sounding author's name. So choose a good pseudonym.

OD: You've chosen Matthew Rowe.

MR: Well, it looks good on the title, doesn't it? Publishing companies have agendas. As far as new writers go, they might decide to publish one thriller, one fantasy and one romance per year. If yours doesn't fit in to one of these categories then you're fucked. A large publishing firm in England suddenly decided it needed to publish more fantasy novels, so the bigwigs sent a memo to the Australian branch, which said to publish any fantasy novel that was submitted. So obviously there's luck involved.

OD: Should you send in your novel stored on computer disk?

MR: The only problem with that is that the editor can get the disk and then make his/her own changes, and do it in such a fashion that you won't even notice that it's been done. So it allows them to fuck around with your novel, and not even tell you.

OD: That's got to be illegal!

MR: Well, you haven't copyrighted it, have you?

OD: Maybe you should copyright it before you send it in.

MR: You probably can only copyright it through a publishing company.

OD: You could send in a really crap, copyrighted novel and then sue their arses when they change it. You could make a fortune.

MR: Editors also have massive control when you're putting in your first manuscript. So they can say this novel lacks a love interest, so put one in, or we won't publish it. The general advice is do it. Bow down and kiss their butts. Because once you've got a novel published, then the probability of getting another one published is very much increased. In many cases, an author's first novel is driven, with extra driven added by editors. But once they've got one published, then their later novels are obviously going to be what the writer really wants to write about. So even if you think what you've written is a piece of artistic genius and you don't want that compromised - fuck that! Writers mature with age, so you'll come up with better stuff anyway. As Will Self said, most writers write 250,000 words of pretentious, self-indulgent drivel, before they start writing anything good.

OD: You've got a fucking weird sense of humour. Which writers have influenced you?

MR: There haven't been many authors whose work I've read extensively. My most major influence would be Martin Amis. The thing I like about Amis is that he can change from a dramatic to comic style very easily. It's something I'd like to be able to do in my novel. I just like the general style of his writing. It's very personable, with regards to the reader. He connects with the reader very well. You're as very friendly terms with the narrator in most of his novels. This is an important aspect of my novel, given the way I wrote it.

O' BALL

photos by Jennie Groom & Josh Kennedy-White



Skunk Hour



Stage Confronter



Skunk Hour Again



Goofy Footer



Lots of Wet, Happy People



Kinetic Playground

WOMAD

photos by Adam Le Nevez



Bad Boys Batukada

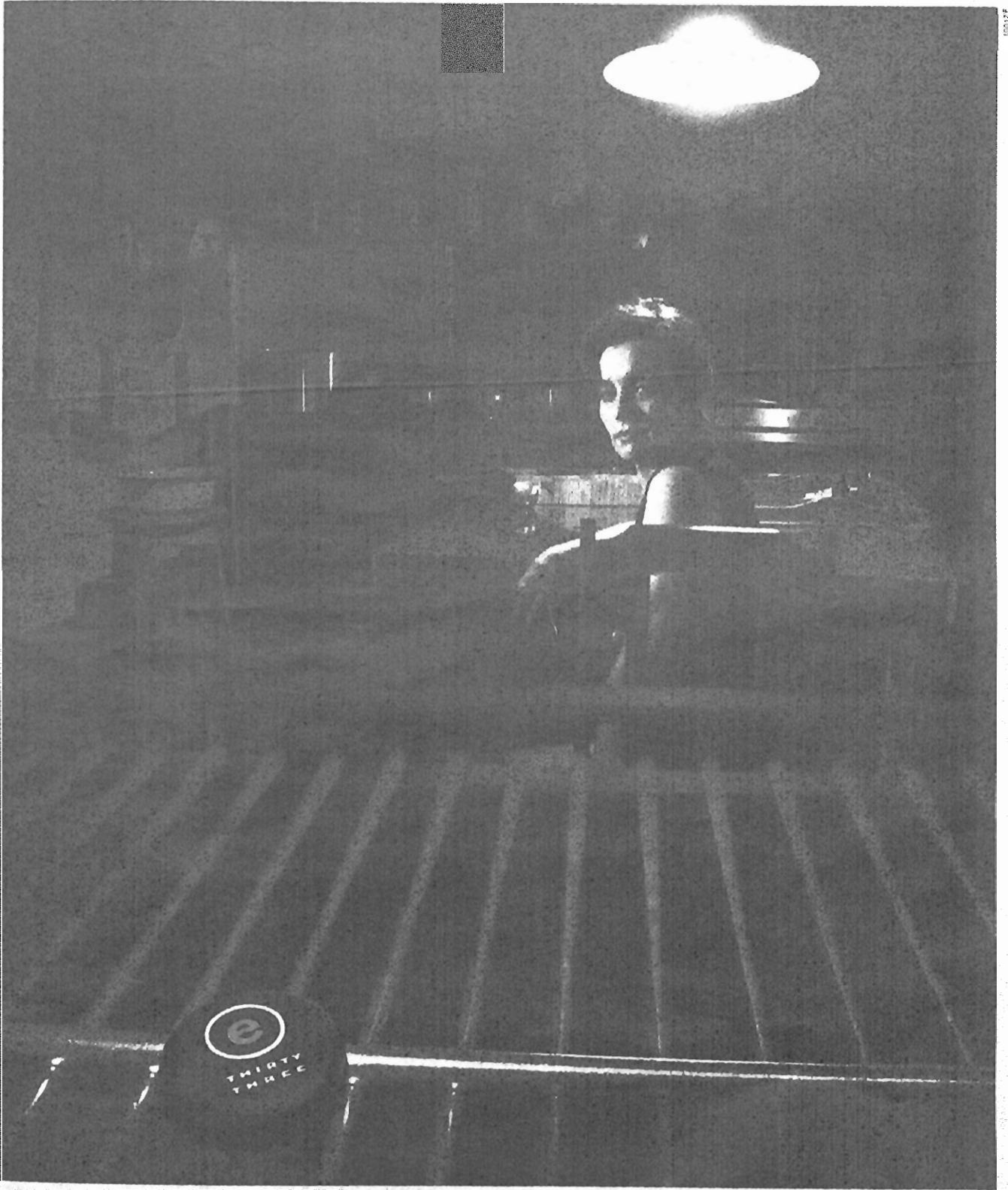


Justin Vali Trio



Geoffrey Oryema

WHICH CIDER LIFE ARE YOU FROM?



A Zany Kind of Guy?

Billy Zane On What's Important



Ah Billy Zane. Actor extraordinaire. Star of *Dead Calm*, *Memphis Belle*, *Orlando*, *Surrender Yourself* and most recently *Demon Knight*. It's 9:40 am Thursday morning in On Dit and the phone rings...

Is Adam there?

No.

Well Billy Zane is being transferred through in about 15 seconds for an interview.

Shit, Fuck, Shit!! OK.

Questions were quickly devised and before you could say 'Billy's your Uncle,' he was on the other end of the line and the interview went a lot like this.

OD: *Demon Knight* has just been released here in Australia. Have you always planned to be in a *Friday 13th/Halloween* type film?

BZ: Not really. I had done an episode of *Tales from the Crypt* in the States and the people I worked with then said they were doing a film. Well it kind of interested me. I like how they balance the comedy and the horror, it doesn't take itself too seriously except for a couple of minutes where it tries to ground itself in the classic battle between good and evil.

OD: What has been your most enjoyable film to date?

BZ: *Dead Calm*. Undoubtedly. I actually ran into the sound man from *Dead Calm* last night and

were in that film have really stuck together. You couldn't get off the island, you couldn't get off the boat, not that you had to go along but fortunately everyone wanted to. To this day it is remembered as a premier time by everyone.

OD: What would you envisage as being a perfect role?

BZ: A musical a la *Singing in the Rain* but with a pie fight.

OD: Do you have an acting idol in whose footsteps you would like to follow?

BZ: You chose the character best suited to you. You make a type of composite...so it ranged from Sean Connery to like, Gene Kelly - 'a stealth spy who can tap dance.'

OD: How do you deal with media hype?

BZ: The media has



been kind to me and I've been kind to them so we have a nice relationship. It hasn't been ugly. If you project a 'no photos, no photos - hand d over the camera'

image you set a tone for the future. It's been good so far.

OD: Is the 'Hollywood scene' just a

BZ: There are 2 versions of the so-called scene. The Hollywood scene is basically a bunch of people who are more or less in the industry and are trying to pretend for 2 hours that they are not. You spend your time trying to get around people who are not impressed in order to try and like, have a 'natural' minute.

OD: Have you had



any freaky encounters with fans?

B.Z.: There's a down-side to playing villainous characters on occasions. Some say 'it is better to be feared than loved' but I don't know about that. It doesn't prove handy though in crowds because they recognise you and don't know why. The down-side to that is they think, do you owe me money? Didn't you run into my car 3 years ago? They remember you from something unpleasant but they don't know what, they can't put their finger on it. Some who do know you go, 'he was that scary guy' so they sort of keep their distance.



become 'movie stars' but in the end it is the audiences who generally create the stars they want. Do you find this to be true?

BZ: I think there is something to be said for the press machine. I think the public does decide ultimately because if you are projecting something then people respond to it. If there is 'love going through your eyes' or whatever and people like it then they're going to want more.

OD: America & OJ Simpson - a perfect match?

BZ: It makes me wonder what real issues are being hidden. If anything that's what it makes me think about. It is a sad state of affairs, I'm in no position to say whether he is guilty or innocent, but what it does make me realise that the whole trial is a distraction more than anything else. It makes me want to find out what is really going on in the world.

OD: Describe yourself in 3 words.

BZ: No. Um, I love you.

OD: Many people work hard to

Matt Rawes



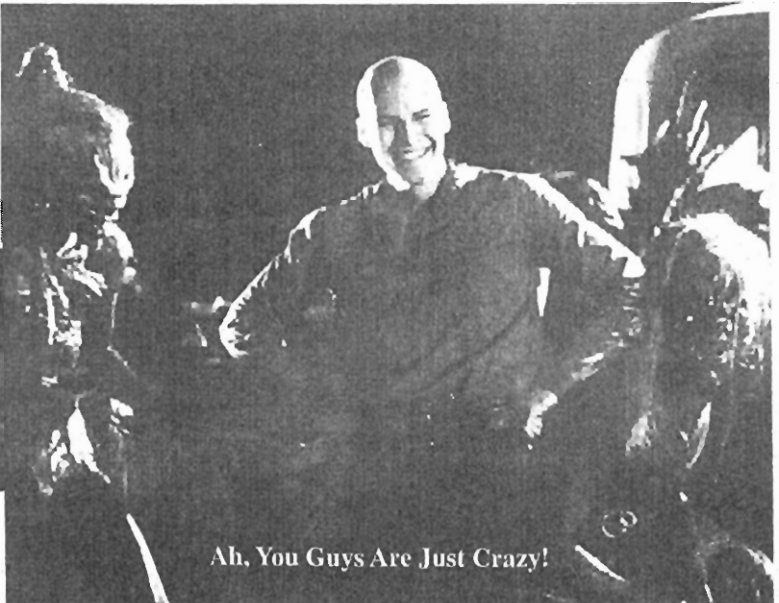
he said it's funny that



the people who



big pose or is it a necessity to sell yourself?



Ah, You Guys Are Just Crazy!

I LIKED THIS ONE!

Moving, utterly moving!

These are the only words that simply explain how powerful a masterpiece, *The Shawshank Redemption*, is.

As I sat there, entwined with my seat and afterwards as I stood in the foyer, enthralled in what I had just seen, I realised I had been witness to pure magic. Magic created by director Frank Darabont from a Stephen King short story. Not magic that is supposed to convince you of possibility, but magic that allows you to imagine and realise fact.

The Shawshank Redemption, starring Tim Robbins as Andrew Dufresne, a banker convicted of killing his wife and her lover, is based within a Gothic-style US prison in the late 1940's and it reflects the values and standards which are a part of life on the inside.

The inspiring story follows the journey of Andrew over a period of twenty years from when he is first imprisoned. During this time he must overcome the trials and tests that are a set standard within Shawshank Prison, including numerous beatings, the corrupt ways of the warden and the homosexual advances of fellow prisoners.

Along the path he is befriended by Red Redding (Morgan Freeman - an inspiring performance) an institutionalised prisoner who is also serving a life imprisonment sentence for murder. With the help of Red and his own beliefs, from a world far away, he sets about changing the standards and attitudes within Shawshank, not only for himself but for every other inmate.

The warden of the prison, Bob Gintony, is a man of strong and ruth-

less convictions. This is seen purely and simply by the words within his opening speech to the incoming prisoners of which Andrew is a part, "I only believe in two things, the Bible and discipline." As the film continues we come to learn that in fact he only believes in one thing, himself, and so by the end we see the position of good and evil, normally presented in relation to prison and the people within them having been fully reversed. The guards and the warden are on one side, while the prisoners stand high above them on the opposite.

Although the setting is one which is hard to be overawed by, it works well in all its blandness to emphasise the meanings and importance



that are at the centre of the story. These being that even if life is difficult and people or circumstances treat us unfairly, we should have hopes and dreams set and always keep these entrenched in our mind. As without these dreams we have nothing to stop us becoming idle and set in our way of life and thus becoming a prisoner within a greater prison.

The film could be considered slightly long at two and a half hours but, what more could you expect when viewing a film based on a period of twenty years. This time seems to add to the movie though, as you're always waiting, expecting, something to happen - and it does in the final half an hour. A real twist, with a likeness to many a similar movie in the past.

Marc Fullager

NOT AS MUCH AS I DID!

In recent times Hollywood has given us extraordinary movies like *Dead Poets Society* and *The Color Purple*. *The Shawshank Redemption* is one such movie — both extraordinary and powerful. It is easily one of the top few movies of the year and should go down in celluloid history.

Where many movies are content to merely entertain the audience (and many fall short of even that), it's heartening to see that a small number of directors and producers still attempt to give audiences food for thought while feasting their (the audience's) eyes.

A year ago, Tom Hanks moved us in *Philadelphia*. This time Tim Robbins gives us an outstanding performance. When we compare this performance to that (tripe) in *Pret-a-Porter* (opposite Julia Roberts), one begins to wonder

how often actors are under-utilised. Is it that when people set themselves high standards that they do, in turn, deliver? Robbins' Andrew Dufresne in *Shawshank* did exactly that, only he calls it "hope".

Hope, chance, modesty. All these mentioned films — sans one — have such themes to inspire and give us courage. Of recent releases, *Shawshank Redemption* is clearly a must-see. Why, then, is there so little publicity for this movie, unlike the hype surrounding *Pret-a-Porter*? This seems to be a word-of-mouth film.

Go and see this movie yourself and tell me what you think. Surely it will have moved you. Surely it will have left its mark. Surely you will have given it 10 out of 10.

Miranda Lim

HITS-&-MISSES

by Simon and Miranda

Hits

Shawshank Redemption — 10/10

Serial Mom — wacky

Shallow Grave — psychotic

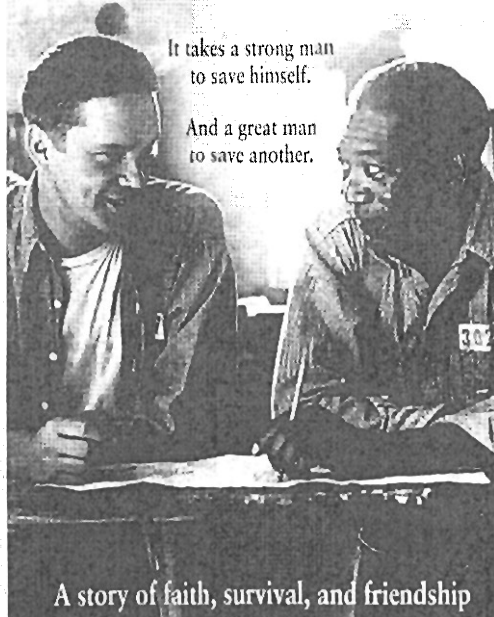
Misses

Pret-a-Porter — ^@#*!!!!

Stargate — patchwork

Demon Knight — no comment

TIM ROBBINS MORGAN FREEMAN



A story of faith, survival, and friendship

The Shawshank Redemption

Film

27

March 6

ON DIT

Speechless

SPEECHLESS

Greater Union Cinema

"What happens when two complete opposites try to fight the laws of magnetic attraction...?" I have often asked myself the same enigmatic question. It seems like such an original idea that I can not understand why the Holly-

wood-factory of cheap thrills division has not patented this product and exploited it to the point of over-saturation in the underprivileged world of cinema

..or.. has it? Or what about the hilarious plight of two odd-ball, downtown, New York cops who make the most unlikely partners on the force, thrown together on their most dangerous assignment yet? Would you like another piece of Garibaldi Mettwurst?

After Models Inc. thanks!

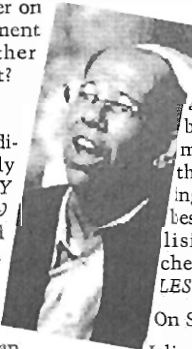
That "wacky" and "zany" director of such cinematically canonised classics as *CITY SLICKERS* and *HEART & SOULS*, Ron Underwood now brings us the romantic comedy *SPEECHLESS*. When Kevin Vallick (Michael Keaton) and Julia Mann (Geena Davis) meet in an all-night chemist, both after the same box of sleeping pills. It is lust at first sight. And before the unsuspecting viewer can even reasonably guess what is going to transpire between the two, this tacky couple are in love. But, here a sinister twist is introduced, as they discover that they both share

the same profession of political speechwriters... predicably for opposing candidates. The situation becomes inflamed and even more zany when the dynamic duo are disrupted by none other than (Superman) Christopher Reeve, who is Julia's ex-fiancee alias "Baghdad Bob".



In brief review *SPEECHLESS* is a boring, trashy film; one only chuckles in certain scenes not only at its kitschness, but because one feels morally obliged to gratify

Underwood's third major attempt at big-starbudget-feelgood-movies. And of course there is one of those cliché scenes where a harmless foot-paddling session turns into a "hey, don't splash



me!" thing, and before you know it both these aquatic revellers end up in a saturated embrace. There is little more to be said for this very disappointing film, so you are best left with a tantalising tidbit of the cheap tripe *SPEECHLESS* has to offer...

On Sex:

Julia: He tends to get a little intense about his sexual performance.

Kevin: What's so strange about getting up and doing the wave when you're done?!

Bon appetit

Matt Poblocki



ON DIT



J' Aime David et Margret. (I Like David and Margret)

The Movie Show returns to SBS on Wednesday, March 1 at 7 pm. Once again, David Stratton and Margaret Pomeranz will be reviewing and disagreeing about the latest movie releases, interviewing directors and big stars. There is no other program like The Movie Show on Australian television, so don't miss out!

Thanks to SBS, we can satisfy our fetish for foreign films (mmmm, subtitles...) without having to venture into the cinema. Only problem is, we have to wait until the theatre screenings have been over for at least a year.

Volere Volere — SBS: Thursday, March 2 at 9 pm.

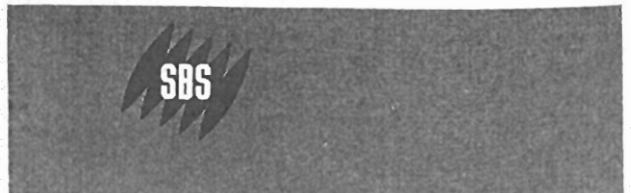
Popular Italian comic, Maurizio Nichetti (*The Icicle Thief*) directs and stars in this off-beat comedy that plays like an Italian version of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. Maurizio (Nichetti) is a bumbling sound technician who spends his days wandering around Milan, capturing weird noises to use on cartoon soundtracks. When he encounters Martina, romance begins to blossom, but Maurizio is so shy that he begins to change into a cartoon character, beginning with his hands. By the end, he is 100% cartoon but love finds a way to overcome even this strange transformation, much to Martina's delight. Winner of numerous awards, *Volere Volere* has been described as, "a genuinely funny comedy blending kinkiness and sentiment into a perfect risotto."

Rue de Scarlet (Scarlet Street)

Scarlet Street — screening on SBS on Friday, March 24 at 9 pm.

The great German director, Fritz Lang, directed this daring and dark drama, the first in Hollywood in which a crime is left unpunished. This is a remake of the classic French film *La Chienne* by Jean Renoir in the '30s. Lang changed the setting from Paris to the dark, gloomy streets of New York City, and that dark and gloomy sense is heightened by the chiaroscuro lightning and outstanding photography of Hal Mohr. Christopher Cross (Edward G. Robinson) is a lonely middle-aged cashier

whose only joy in life seems to be painting in the bathroom on Sunday afternoons. By a stroke of fate, he meets a woman called Lazy Legs and his ordinary life is drawn into a shadowy world of crime and deception. He falls under the spell of Lazy Legs and her slick pimp-like boyfriend, Johnny (Dan Duryea). The pair manipulate Christopher, preying on his weaknesses — his unfulfilled dreams, his need for love and his attraction to Lazy Legs. The film is dark and remorseful. It was originally banned by the New York State Censors for being "damaging to morals" but was later passed after an appeal to the board and minor cuts were made.



Bullets Over Broadway



"I Want My Two Dollars" - obscure '80s teen movie reference

Even if you usually can't stand him, it is pretty hard to bag Woody Allen's latest screen offering, *Bullets Over Broadway*. This film marks a fulfilment of director Allen's long time fantasy to create a gangster-style comedy, set in Manhattan in the Roaring Twenties. He's finally done it - and its funny!

John Cusack, perhaps best known for his performances in the misunderstood '80's cult movies *Class*, *The Sure Thing* and *One Crazy Summer* (to name but a few), plays David Shayne, a struggling young playwright just offered his "big break". He is about to have his latest play, the profound "God Of Our Fathers", produced by the famous, gifted New York producer Julian Marx (Jack Warden). The first catch (of many) is that the money to fund the production is coming from powerful New York mobster Nick Valenti (Joe Viterelli), and he insists that his "girl", Olive (Jennifer Tilly) be cast in a major role. Shayne agrees, even after realising she is completely devoid of talent; he can not now relinquish his dream of seeing his work on the stage - no matter what it costs. This turns out to be the first in a seemingly endless series of artistic compromises made by Cusack's character, and it is this which also (predictably?) begins him on the

road to self-realisation.

Cusack gives his character a brilliant energy which is not usually present in the protagonist of a Woody film. Granted, this is often because Allen plays the character himself and uses other devices to play for laughs. Although sadly absent from the screen, Woody's directorial techniques are recognisable throughout, as is his trademark style of humour. David Shayne may not be quite so much of an obvious loser, but he certainly develops some of the neurotic tendencies Woody's main characters are famous for. The predicaments he finds himself in lend themselves to the usual self-deprecating jokes, with a few subtle differences and additions.

The comic twist to the movie comes when the initially clearly defined roles of gangster and artist merge. Cheech, played by Chaz Falminteri, begins attending rehearsals as Olive's bodyguard and one day offers advice to the playwright/director on natural language. His role as adviser develops to the extent that the playwright comes to rely on him, and he virtually ends up rewriting the script. The comic irony is at its height when Cheech reveals his lost dream of being a writer and admits he will do absolutely *anything* to avoid seeing his work

compromised. Olive must die, for she is standing in the way of artistic grandeur.

Several interesting twists and further problems are introduced by other characters. We have to contend with aging English great, Warner Purcell (Jim Broadbent), who develops a chronic over-eating period and divides his time evenly between bonking Olive and stuffing his face with chicken wings. Also noteworthy is the captivating Helen Sinclair (played by Dianne Wiest) a veteran actress who is refreshed by the youthful genius of her director. She constantly bugs David to amend the script to develop the sexual side of her character, and simultaneously manages to seduce him off-

stage. He, of course, falls for her immediately. Arguably the most memorable line from the movie is her oft-repeated "Don't speak" as she places her hand over his mouth. Ironically she feels that his words on paper are enough.

It is easy to see why three members of Allen's cast were nominated for Oscars for their performances in this film. Woody himself also received a nomination for Best Director (again)! The combination of subtle wit, interesting (although not always complex) characters and sensational cinematography - all accompanied by timely jazz - are one worth paying \$8.50 for. If you're not sure if you like Woody, go on cheap night! It's definitely \$6 worth of laughs.

Melodie Spot

1995 JAL SCHOLARSHIP TO JAPAN

Japan Airlines is offering three scholarships to undergraduates from all faculties.

The scholarship includes a six week stay in Japan (20 July - 30 August 1995) attending the Summer Session of Asian Studies at Sophia University, and provides students with the opportunity to experience Japan and its culture.

Japan Airlines will provide return airfare, accommodation, tuition fees for Sophia University, sightseeing, home stays, insurance, daily allowance and text books.

You must be 20-28 years of age, and Australian resident living in Australia for at least 8 years and have not previously lived in Japan. Knowledge of the Japanese language is not necessary. Applicants are required to submit an essay on a given topic.

Entries close 14 April 1995.

For further information please contact:
Michelle Dunne, Public Relations & Advertising Officer,
Japan Airlines, Level 14, 201 Sussex Street, Sydney
NSW 2000. Telephone: (02) 268 9911.



Wallflowering

Wallflowering is the charming story, and stories, of Peggy Small (Dani Libregts) and her husband Cliff (Reis Porter). Gradually they draw the audience into their troubled worlds: Cliff is a bewildered man, who thinks that he is just a tall boy, looking for direction in his life. He has always felt that he is extraordinary, but now middle-aged he feels very ordinary and very cheated. "How can I have lost this much hair and know so little?" he complains. He is desperate for fame, or even recognition and so has taken writing. He even hopes masochistically that some tragedy may befall him so that he can finally become extraordinary.

Peg has been happily married for years but recently her friends have started questioning that happiness, challenging her orthodox sexual beliefs and lending her feminist literature. They show her that there is so much more that she has been missing. At first she is reluctant, but gradually she becomes increasingly tempted and longs for intellectual and sexual forbidden fruit; she wants, in a very *Nora-from-A-1Doll's-House* way, to discover her true self.

"How can I have lost this much hair and know so little?"

The play then deals with the two characters coming to terms with themselves and each other. This interplay of the characters is central to the play and is contrasted by the use of a minimalist set and blocking. The presence of a pair of ballroom dancing couple, whose on-stage dances were designed to reinforce the dialogue, was effective. The glittering costumes enhance the feeling that Peggy and Cliff's only glamour comes when they're dancing.

Libregts and Porter are charming and very amusing in their roles; the former being particularly admirable as she switches between several characters during her story telling with an ease and clear definition that did not need to be emphasised by the laboured lighting, which thankfully disappeared by the second act.

If you fancy a laugh, you should go and see it. If issues are more your scene, well, it has them too. I found the play entertaining, thought-provoking, well acted and directed. I would happily recommend it.

Rogan Tinsley

S.N.A.G

Topsha Learner's play *S.N.A.G* (Sensitive New Age Guy) takes the ambiguity of modern masculinity as its subject. This is a noble task indeed, but an enormous one. Simon Palomares (*Wogs out of Work, Acropolis Now*) does well to depict the dilemmas faced by a man facing rejection from his partner.

The story revolves around Lloyd Winwright, a trendy inner-city advertising executive, and his response to his wife's emergent lesbianism. The audience is encouraged to share in Lloyd's feelings of vulnerability and jealousy, and his struggle to deal with rejection. Like any urban professional, theatre-going man, Lloyd 'works' his problems, sharing his dilemmas with other men in a therapy group. Palomares shows his versatility in these instances, shifting between the mystical guru group leader and the inarticulate man-child with ease, and humour.

One word cannot handle all that sexual revolution has given us.

The script is very quickly-paced, sharp and clever. This, however, is also the play's big weakness. It is littered with chic references to Chakra alignment, post-feminist film criticism and the like, but ends up saying very little. This is, in the main, symptomatic of the whole *S.N.A.G* phenomenon. *S.N.A.G* has become the catch-all phrase that has been imbued with so many meanings. Lots of people, lots of voices, but only one word. One word cannot handle all that sexual revolution has given us. Unless an analysis of gender is grounded in an observation of social relationships, rather than left harging in a stream-of-consciousness monologue, it will swim around aimlessly, kept afloat by the ever burgeoning talk show/self help discourse that surround us. The play also struggles to make salient comments about men simply because it is a one-person play. The almost total focus on the dilemmas of Lloyd is an example of this. Instead of the audience being able to observe the relationships that develop between men, we instead see the world through Lloyd's eyes only.

S.N.A.G offers us a collage of professional, modern-day incidences-mobile phones, advertising accounts, group therapy and vegetarian cuisine, and an entertaining show from Simon Palomares. But an exploration of the male psyche, a useful analysis of the crises of masculinity-not really.

David Raftery

BüMSUCKERS
Impropriety Inc.

Smoking is good for you. Smoking is a career move. God smokes. These are but a few of the advertising slogans of Bümsuckers, the evil multinational tobacco company which provides the focus for Impropriety Inc.'s latest comic theatrical offering. *Bümsuckers* follows Barry Moth, boy from the Adelaide backwaters, in his struggle to become the first scootering champion at the Sydney 2000 Olympics. Yes, scootering, the latest Official Olympic Sport, involving, as you should all remember from your childhoods, standing on a narrow two-wheeled piece of metal with handlebars and pushing yourself along with one leg. Barry, the local champion with a left thigh to be envied, is wooed by hungry advertising moguls from Bümsuckers, who win him over and mould him into the perfect mouthpiece for their company and product. These advertising honchos are determined, however, not to be caught unprepared, and a secret Barry school is soon organised where young hopefuls learn to talk, think, eat, sleep and shit Barry, in case the real Barry cracks under the pressure and one of them is needed to take his place. And of course crack he does, and one after the other he is replaced by a train of Barries.



This humorous look at sponsorship in sport allows the talented members of Impropriety Inc. to parody any number of subjects, from the local sporting club, to sports chat shows and the advertising world. The cast, comprising Emily Branford, Frank Cwierniak, Brant Eustice, Amanda Finnis, Ben Fitzgerald, and Andy Packer, are without exception excellent, with substantial comic and other theatre experience under their belts. If you want a good laugh, you could do a lot worse than *Bümsuckers*.

My one criticism of the play would be that it although it starts out well, it falters in its second half. Although the company have recruited Chris Drummond to direct this production, to avoid the "manic yet creative chaos" of their last group directed show, *In Transit*, the plot of *Bümsuckers* still lacks direction and substance, and limits an otherwise talented cast to making the same jokes all evening. Although the opening scenes promise well, as the play progresses the gags become repetitive and limited. Cracks about Mr. Terry Towelling (he's all washed up/ he's on the line) start to wear a little thin, no matter how much pizzazz they are delivered with.

Despite this, Bümsuckers makes a good night's entertainment. The cast are superb in their own right and the video segments, put together by the cast with the aid of Michael Shanahan are impressively professional. At \$8 for concession tickets, \$10 otherwise, it's well worth a look in at the Producer's Hotel, at 8pm from March 1-4, and 8-11.

Asha Mayer

Desert

Imagine yourself a man stranded in a stationary car in the desert, suddenly taking part in a men's movement of drums, masks, chanting and Greek mythology, coming to terms with what comedian and co-star Francis Greenslade describes as "the animal within". What does it mean to be male? This is the complex question at the centre of Red Shed Theatre Company's production *'Desert'*, running from 11th March - 1st April, with a special free performance on 15th March for the unemployed.

This serious and oddly humorous play, directed and designed by Tim Maddock the producer of New Zealand soap opera *'Shortland Street'* (on SBS), delivers no one message or theory on what it is to be male, but "... puts things in front of you in a compelling way and leaves you to think about it". Greatly influenced by US poet and contemporary men's movement

leader, Robert Bly, the production focuses not on men as opposed to women, but on men by themselves, with one female character simply offering the existence of a different human side.

"So, is the result supposed to be really funny?", I asked ... "Yeah, well, you wouldn't call it a comedy and ... we can't play it like a comedy because the comedy comes out these almost ... archetypal characters ... and that's the funniness of the seriousness with which they pursue these quite ridiculous activities."

Anything else worth mentioning? "Well," Francis says, "the set's pretty spunky ... basically it's a small box and we seem to transform it into something amazing."

Sounds intriguing. Book at BASS, Adults \$18, Concession \$12.

Alison Barton

The Adelaide based Meryl Tankard Australian Dance Theatre opened its 1995 season last week with *VX 18504*. The work is about war and "the cyclical nature of human conflict", and is being performed this year to mark the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II and the International Year of Tolerance.

VX 18504 is dedicated to Meryl Tankard's father, Sergeant Mick Tankard (the title is his World War II Australian Army serial number). Meryl says that her father, like many returned soldiers, never shared his wartime memories with those who stayed at home. "All that remains from that period are a couple of fading snapshots taken before the war showing a bunch of young men in brand new uniforms smiling into the camera, full of naive enthusiasm. It's in the National War Museum in Canberra that you can see images of the other side of the story - the frontlines, the blood, the mental and physical exhaustion, and the bonding between people who have been through an extraordinary experience together".

VX begins in a backyard setting with gum trees and chickens, and the company recounting images of their childhood. This turns to images of childhood bullying as the piece moves away from acting to dance, and the second act is entirely dance based as harvest scenes turn to battlefields.

The work is strongest in its opening scenes, which are lively and engaging. One by one the ten members of the company relate stories of their youth, as the others form the family photographs upon which the stories are based. These humorous montages are all taken from real life and relate experiences which are utterly Australian, which had no trouble finding the audience's sympathies. Throughout the work the dancers call to and refer to each other by their own names, emphasising the ordinary everydayness of the people who are caught up in these battles.

From photographs, the work moves on to a more fluid sequence, in which the dancers recall the streets they lived on as children, exploring the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of their neighbours, as seen from a child's perspective. The scenes are amusing and well constructed, as they gradually move more and more towards dance. As always, Meryl's work is based upon workshoping with her dancers, and this is what makes these scenes so successful: that they come from the dancers themselves. It also means reperforming one of Meryl's pieces is quite different to reperforming other ballets or modern dance works, which, once choreographed, are fairly set. In *VX* as the stories all come from the dancers themselves, and much of the later dance movement is based upon the stories told in the first scene; reperforming a work with different dancers means essentially totally reworking it.

From these early scenes, the tone of the first act gradually changes, as one by one the dancers turn on each other in what becomes an observation on childhood bullying. Their nastiness is quite powerful, a reminder of how vile children can be to each other and a suggestion that herein lie the roots of human conflict. At this point however *VX* begins to lack tightness and structure. The second act has a peasant-like feel to it, with russet skirts, peasant dancing and harvest scenes. Scything turns to bayoneting and battle scenes. The choreography lacks punch though, and many scenes drag on for too long. The problems in *VX* are problems which recur in Meryl's work. As the artistic director of dance theatre, her work is not so much dance as movement, based upon vague

ideas and themes. The movements are often slow and are not in themselves interesting enough to hold an audience's attention without a very structured plot, direction and message. But neither is there enough theatre in *VX* to make up for the lack of dance. What is going on on stage is often unclear in the second act, scenes become repetitive and slow, and the audience's attention wanders. It is a pity, as parts of the choreography are wonderful, the Celtic music of the Chieftains is stirring, and Meryl's dancers all exude personality and charisma on stage.

True Stories

Asha Mayer

"When I was younger strange people seemed to collect me, as I grew older I began to collect them" Penny Arcade.

And collected these characters Penny Arcade has. Arcade introduces us to different New York personalities, like Dame Margot Howard-Howard, the 55 year old Grand Doyenne drag queen, Andrea Whips, one of Andy Warhol's star acting stable, Blond Dec, speed freak extraordinaire, and Aunt Lucy, a working class Italian grandmother who stands steadfast whilst New York's trends and fashions continue to come and go.

Arcade performs lively and engaging monologues for each of these characters. They are true personalities that she is portraying - Penny Arcade ran away from home at seventeen and was raised by a "tawdry band of drag queens"; she later featured in many of Andy Warhol's projects. Her characterisations bear this mark of authenticity: she has an impeccable eye for detail - her characters' postures and affectations are practiced and polished to a very fine degree. Whether the characters are factual or not becomes irrelevant - Arcade inhabits them with such comfort and familiarity that their credibility is not brought into question.

The narratives of the six monologues are not connected explicitly. However, they begin to display a shared language and evoke a similar feel. The six women - five by birth and one by drag, are all survivors, people who have got by in a world that offers them little encouragement or comfort. Aunt Lucy's frustration with her entrapment in a large and demanding family, and her strength in the face of this, is endearing. Charlene is a worldly middle-aged prostitute, who, like most 'successful' career men, has developed an array of business networks throughout her life, but is faced with the label of 'whore' for doing so. Girl, Arcade's Hispanic junkie with AIDS, degrades herself in the hope of being able to offer her child something a little better. These monologues are also interspersed with Penny Arcade touring the aisles of the Space, divulging to her audience what prestigious critics have said about her work, and more interestingly, the political machinations behind such criticism.

Penny Arcade is for real. This was further emphasised when she sat down and thanked the staff involved in the production, and was only too happy to do her bit to promote local theatre. That interest in others is what makes Penny Arcade successful. Like any good folk artist, she has spent her life looking and listening, collecting stories and people. From this, she has produced a work of art that not only gives plausibility to the personalities she presents, but brings these personalities into the realm of many other people's real lives-like mine.

David Raftery

The Three Canadians

"Have you ever been to Purple City?" I am walking through the grounds of uni with Derek and Eric (yes, their real names), two of the four *Three Canadians*. They've just finished a performance at the UniBar, where a surprisingly decent and cer-

tainly appreciative crowd turned up for the first of the weekly comedy nights to be held there. Derek and Eric run over to one of the huge spotlights which illuminate Bonython Hall at night, and insist that we all stare into it until we can see the filament of the globe. This takes a minute or so, then we look up and lo! All the streetlights and car lights look purple! Welcome to Purple City. I am informed that this practice is illegal in Canada, and that they have been kicked off the grounds of various buildings for pursuing this innocent pleasure. The wonder of the purple lights is offset by severe blindness but this gradually fades and we make our way safely to a coffee shop for an interview. The weird and wonderful world of Derek and Eric.

Once seated we fiddle around trying to get the tape recorder going. Once we think that it is working, we begin. Five minutes ago, as I sat down to write this, I realised that the thing was stuffed. I have only half a recording. How to recapture what was said? How to remember names and dates!!! This is serious. So please excuse the paraphrasing. Here we go...

The *Three Canadians* were a hit here in Adelaide at the 1994 Fringe Festival. The original three members (Derek, Eric and North) had met in Calgary where they were studying with the man who invented Theatre Sports. (His name was in the recording. But I'm sure you didn't want to know it, anyway.) There were three of them. They were Canadian. In an effort to go for something zany, they were called Rubber Chicken. This appeared to be a bit much for us simple Adelaide folk, because they were billed as, and became known as *The Three Canadians*. The name has now stuck, and goes down particularly well in Canada, apparently... go figure. They are following the Douglas Adams Five-Book Trilogy trend these days, with the addition of fourth member, Ray Curry. The original group are all aged around twenty, and Ray was a few years ahead of them in their Calgary group. "Ray was like my idol," explains Derek "so when we were looking for a new member and he offered, we accepted. He's been the World Theatre Sports champion three times, and was interested in being part of a group, that whole group dynamic thing."

The *Three Canadians*' show is hilarious, as anyone who saw them in '94 or on Thursday will testify. You may also have seen their unpublishised show in the Cloisters on Wednesday. "That was basically what we refer to as a hell show," Eric said. "No-one is expecting a show in a situation like that. They may not want a show. A crowd like that is very difficult to work with." But I had heard that the show was very successful. "Oh yeah, it went OK" he said. I guess people crammed onto the balconies to watch a performance classifies as OK. Sneez... The show is centered around theatre sports, with suggestions being taken from the crowd. As such, the content of the show is almost entirely improvised. The amount of energy up on stage is amazing, and the comedy ranges from the very funny to the downright brilliant. The members of the group work remarkably well together, and the fact that they all know each other so well is an obvious advantage because they each pick up on hints from the others and feed off each other extremely well. This is particularly evident during one segment where Derek and Eric stand with their arms clasped around each other and have to respond as one person to questions asked by North, on a topic chosen by the crowd (in this case, Montefiore Hill). Eric did reveal that if Derek has a really good idea, he'll squeeze Eric on the shoulder and Eric will follow his lead. But we'll allow them a trick or two. Some of the one-liners and flashes of wit generated during the show will just leave you in stitches. It's all entirely unprofessional with the occasional awkward lull or stumped silence the result. But this lack of tight programming allows for plenty of free-flowing humour and other neat things. Ray is the only drinker of the group, so they were giving away beers from their rider as rewards for good crowd participation. This is a neat thing.

Much of what you will see during *The Three Canadians*' performance is so-called "university humour," a slightly perjorative term employed by stuffy theatre critics to refer to a bunch of Young Adults doing vomit and poo jokes. Apparently, more than a couple of people had told the boys that they were like *The Young Ones*, a reference which had them stumped because Canadian television had never screened the programme. However, they've now seen a few episodes and concede that there is some truth in the comparison. (We spent some time discussing which of the members was most like which *Young Ones* character. Eric looks uncannily like Rik Mayall, but the comparisons fell down because North looks more like Michael Stipe than anyone else. "You mean Michael Stipe looks like North. North shaved his head first. When they hang out together, people keep getting them confused." Derek's and Eric's own taste in comedy ran to Woody Allen ("see *Bullets Over Broadway*. It's brilliant!" entreats Derek) and to an almost religious admiration for Alan Alda. Some of this more subtle humour does make its way into the show, so don't worry. You can feel all high-brow about it if you want.

After leaving Adelaide, *The Three Canadians* are touring around Australia before eventually heading to the UK for the Edinburgh Festival. They are in town until March 13, and I highly recommend getting along to see them. They are essentially street performers, so keep an eye out next Friday afternoon when you're hanging out near the fountain in Rundle Mall with all your pals after school. Alternatively, you could go to their show upstairs at Boltz on Rundle Street this Tuesday March 6.

Maddie Shaw



Flacco

Rather than risk losing his hearing to Flacco's high pitched squeal, Bryan Scruby chose to interview both Flacco and The Sandman by fax. On the eve of their joint tour to Adelaide, he chose not to ask them what to expect from their show or what their next project would be but instead let them run with some more challenging questions. This is the result.

Q1. Meat is to potatoes what Flacco is to ...

Flacco: A moccasin.

Q2. Which retro fad will be the first to make a comeback with The Kids - Pacman or BMX?

Flacco: Neither...I predict the resurgence of the pogo stick, leaded petrol and the immobile phone.

Q3. Do you come here often?

Flacco: No...usually in my pyjamas.

Q4. You have the choice between catching public transport & having cold winters at the beach AND driving where you like in your own car & growing mangoes in your backyard. Which do you choose?

Flacco: Riding on public mangoes while owning my own beach driven yard in mid winter.

Q5. Socrates once wrote, "Death is one of two things. Either it is annihilation and the dead have no consciousness of anything, or, as we are told, it is really a change: a migration of the soul from this place to another." In light of this, how do we deal with '70s revivalists?

Flacco: In the words of Descartes, "When you're dead, you don't hear the drums, Fernando."

Q6. Is daytime soap merely an extension of our inner desire to be inane?

Flacco: No, but it still manages to attract its fair share of pubic hairs.

Q7. The trouble with modern music is...

Flacco: Youth.

Q8. To be or not to be?

Flacco: What was the question?

Q9. Should cats be fitted with an identity chip and be locked up at night or should they be free to do what they want to do and be what they want to be?

Flacco: Cats should be fitted with a Rottweiler and locked up at night...

Q10. Are you The Sandman's friend? And if so, does that explode the myth that he has no friends?

Flacco: Yes.

On Dit: Can I come to your show for free? I promise to clap and giggle on cue.

Flacco: Yes, you can come to the show for free but please save the clapping and giggling until you're out of the cue and in the theatre.

Q1. Does the Earth revolve around the Sun or the Sun around the Earth?

The Sandman: You've just robbed 4 seconds of my life by making me read Question one, Bryan.

Q2. Are you really named after a form of Panel Van?

The Sandman: No... the other sandman - the one who fills your eyes up with sand and moves the lids up and down with his fingers.

Q3. If a train leaves Melbourne at 5:30pm EST and another leaves Adelaide at 6:15pm CST, how many apples would you have left?

The Sandman: Depends how hungry you are.

Q4. I'm lonely and watch a lot of late night TV - how do I make friends?

The Sandman: Move your TV to a public area or look sick for personal gain.

Q5. Does it ever bother you that everywhere, all the time, radio waves are permeating every pore of your body, perpetuating the myths of false idol worship?

The Sandman: No, because I'm a false idol.

Q6. What's your favourite flavour Coke?

The Sandman: Pepsi.

Q7. Where's Wally?

The Sandman: In his book.

Q8. What does MSG do to you anyway?

The Sandman: I've never eaten a car before.

Q9. What ever happened to Dexter the Robot from Perfect Match?

The Sandman: He's now Peter Reith.

Q10. How do you respond to the claim that Triple J has sold its soul to commercial motives in the pursuit of higher ratings and t-shirt sales?

The Sandman: Mmmm... provocative question Bryan... you must be a confident person.... Congratulations.

On Dit: Can I have free tickets to your show? It's not that I want to go but someone else might.

The Sandman: You can have tickets and make sure you give them to someone else.



The Sandman

You can see Flacco and The Sandman at the Arts Theatre on Friday March 10 and Saturday March 11 if you like but it will cost you \$22 or \$16 concession. We personally guarantee it to be well out there and weird.

Don't Lose The Place Should Have Used A Bookmark

"Don't Lose The Place" by Derek Benfield

Adelaide Repertory Theatre

Directed by Errol Chugg.

Standing in the queue to collect my tickets I noticed a rising uneasiness as phrases like "riotous comedy" and "contemporary English farce" glared at me from promo posters. And I should have gone with my gut

feelings on this one! Relying on 'Some Mothers Do Have 'Em' (watch really stupid characters get themselves into really stupid situations and behave stupidly) type humour, "Don't Lose The Place" left me clawing my seat in frustration. But admittedly, 5 minutes of Frank Spencer and that *damn* beret has the same effect on me - and the re-runs are still showing! But alas, my escape through the exit

doors had further motivation. Attempting to take a peep into those BIGGIES, marriage and sex (giggle, giggle), Derek Benfield's script ends up wallowing in a string of nob gags, which unfortunately get no better with age or repetition. The views of this stuffy, sexually frustrated English playwright on relationships outside of suburban middle class monogamy, seem firmly stuck in John Major's bedroom. But, hey, the

second half night have been fabulous. The actors certainly seemed to enjoy themselves, so did much of the audience for that matter - ooh isn't casual sex sooo naughty! The sets were good, the staging was interesting and the acting was competent - just not for me. Season ends March 4th.

Taasha Coates

ART SHOCK!

"Mall's Balls" real name is Spheres

Thousands of teens lost in Rundle Mall

"I didn't know where to meet her," moans jilted youth.

In this Festival State, there are many reminders of the importance of art, as is proven by the number of sculptures dotted throughout Adelaide. This article aims to both enlighten and entertain, as I take you on a guided tour of some of the city's most interesting public sculptures.

I thought it best to begin with what is affectionately known as the "Mall's Balls". This conspicuous stainless steel sculpture marks one of Rundle Mall's most popular meeting places, and forms an interesting backdrop for many buskers. Aptly titled *Spheres*, it was created in 1977 by Herbert Flugelman, an Austrian-born artist who arrived in Australia in 1938.

His distinctive style is easy to detect and his other works include *Tetrahedra* (stainless steel, 1974), Festival Centre Plaza, and *Knot* (stainless steel, 1975), Art Gallery of South Australia. Flugelman gained more prominence in the 1970s for his sculptures, rather than his paintings, and has since left South Australia for New South Wales, where he lives and works in a rainforest near Wollongong.

It is difficult to imagine Montefiore Hill without the bronze statue of *Colonel William Light*, as the two seem mutually exclusive. However, it originally stood in Victoria

Square, pointing down towards King William Street. Created by William Birnie Rhind, an Edinburgh sculptor, in 1906, its current position is far more appropriate, in my opinion.



The statue of *Her Majesty Queen Victoria R.I.*, was cast in bronze in 1894 by Charles Bell Birch. This British sculptor was a member of the Royal Academy in London and also did a companion to this sculpture, which is in Udaipur, India. This statue adorns the very heart of the City and is quite dirty - a sight that would dismay rather than amuse the regent it depicts, if she were alive today.

Also in Victoria Square is *The Three Rivers Fountain* by South Australian artist, John Dowie. Made in 1968 from aluminium, the three figures portray the rivers feeding water to the fountain. An Aboriginal male supporting an ibis represents the Murray, a European woman holding a heron, the Onkaparinga, and another European woman with a black swan, the Torrens. The site the fountain now occupies is where the Adelaide tramline once continued through North Adelaide and is said to stop the tram from ever continuing north of Victoria Square again.

John Dowie is also known for other

works such as the bronze busts of *Lord Florey* (1966), *Sir Mark Oliphant* (1978) and *Sir Mellis Napier* (1970), on North Terrace. Unfortunately, due to vandalism, the bust of Sir Mark Oliphant now has broken glasses. In addition Dowie is responsible for *Crangutan* (bronze, 1976), at the entrance of the Adelaide Zoo, Lewis Carroll's *Alice* (bronze, 1972) in Rymill Park, and *The Slide*, (bronze on concrete, 1977) in Rundle Mall.

The *National Soldiers Memorial* on the corner of North Terrace and Kintore Avenue was designed by architect Walter Bagot. The sculptures of bronze and marble were made by Rayner Hoff between 1930 and 1931. The bronze images are of a girl, a farmer and a student who see a vision of their



obligation to sustain peace in Australia, despite war elsewhere and loss. The reverse side portrays the consequences of battle and Hoff made the lion's head and the relief sculptures. He also is distinguished for his work on the Anzac Memo-

rial in Sydney.

One of the most colourful of our city sculptures is, without question, *Short-hand Adelaide*,



which incorporates the largest tower "City Sign", in the Festival Centre Plaza. This painted concrete sculpture environment was made in 1977 by Czech-born sculptor, Otto Herbert Hajek, who now resides in Germany.

Next time you're showing a visitor from interstate or overseas around and they ask you about some of Adelaide's monuments, hopefully you'll remember a few of these details. Come to think of it, you could probably impress a few locals with some of these snippets of information. Failing that, next time you're summoned to compile questions for a quiz night, you could ask some of the more obscure facts about Adelaide's public sculpture, and annoy them!

[This article was written with the assistance of the Art Gallery of South Australia and, in particular, used the Friends of the Art Gallery of South Australia's pamphlet, *City Sculpture*, as a reference.]

Marian Clarkin.

Art Gallery Revamp

The Art Gallery of South Australia is undergoing extensions, which will effectively double the size of the present building.

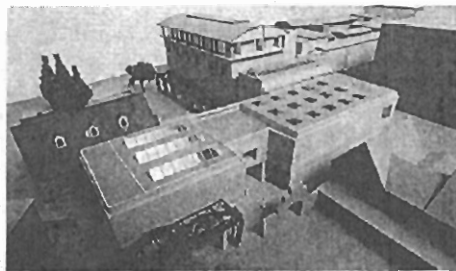
The project began in May of last year and will be completed by next February, in time for the 1996 Adelaide Festival of Arts.

At a cost of \$21 million, and employing a reported 700 South Australians, this marks a major overhaul which is long overdue.

The reason for the extensions and refurbishments is that the Gallery needs more space for both collection and temporary exhibitions. This will enable the public to see more of the collection, since so much of it is in storage.

The permanent collection consists of 40,000 objects and it is necessary that these works are housed in a suitable environment.

When one considers both the historical and artistic importance, as well as the monetary value, of some of the pieces in the collection, com-



pared with the generosity of the Gallery's benefactors, these works deserve no less.

The new galleries will cater for this, along with space for temporary exhibitions and a new area for the Aboriginal art collection. At last

there will be an appropriate environment for modern works in the Art Gallery, which would otherwise look out of place if they were to be exhibited in some of the existing galleries, which are more sympathetic to older works.

Herbert Flugelman's *Knot*, the stainless steel sculpture that once adorned the front lawns of the Gallery, will be relocated to a new space in the extension,

along with the tap sculptures that used to be in the outdoor court at the rear of the Gallery.

Part of the extension will include an enlarged cafe and a new large functions area, which is planned to revolutionise gallery life and pro-

vide an adequate space for exhibition openings, which currently rely upon the erection of marquees.

There will also be the addition of a 180 seat lecture theatre and an enlarged bookshop and the Friends and the Foundation of the Art Gallery will have a lounge area and office with tea and coffee making facilities and enough space for holding meetings and planning activities.

Due to the large scale of work being carried out on the entire Gallery building it will be necessary to close off certain galleries during this period. The Elder Wing of Australian Art will be refurbished and restored next month, giving some of the works from the colonial collection the opportunity to tour Perth, Brisbane and Auckland in May.

Marian Clarkin

WORLD OF MUSIC

Womadelaide '95 has been and gone but for those lucky and smart enough to be there, its memory will last for a long time. Three days of the finest music the world has to offer resulted in a festival that was nothing short of extraordinary. The abundance of heat, sweat and passion both on and off the stage left everyone involved touched by the hand of beauty and imbued with emotion. 58,000 people saw bands as diverse as The Leningrad Cowboys, Tiddas, Yungchen Lhamo, Zap Mama, Kate Ceberano and the Cruel Sea. But there were 33 groups in total, not including workshops, and not one of them was worth missing. Indeed, the main problem with the festival was that there was just not enough time to hear them all.

For those who were not at Womadelaide, this review will be meaningless. Unless you have heard the voice of Geoffrey Oryema on a balmy summer's night or fallen into a trance with the singing of Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, you cannot begin to imagine what this World Music thing is all about. The three days of the festival were an escape from the mundane to a world where music is the great equaliser of all people. To see Tex Perkins and Geoffrey Oryema dancing with the crowd to artists that few had ever heard of before, let alone seen, left me with a profound sense of happiness and optimism. The mutual respect that the performers and the crowd alike had for each other and above all the music was truly a beautiful thing.

This festival was not about feeling obliged to appreciate and respect the inner beauty of a culture simply because of its difference. The crowd was there to have a good time and they danced, sang and cheered whenever they wanted to. Anglo-Saxon guilt was left at the gate along with politics, bigotry and judgement and everyone participated in the joy and happiness of the occasion. All were there for the music and none for some politically correct diatribe and the music was outstanding.

One of the few criticisms I heard of the event was that some of the artists there were either too commercial to begin with or had sold out to

commercialism by becoming more Western. The Cruel Sea, Kate Ceberano and Vika and Linda could hardly be described as World Music and you certainly wouldn't find their discs under that category in a record shop, but their music was fantastic and it is only when you realise that all music is music of the world then you understand that, if it is good, it belongs here. And besides, if some people only went to see The Cruel Sea and accidentally saw The Justin Vali Trio as well, and enjoyed it, then Womad has done its job. Likewise if some people were upset that Kate Ceberano was there but saw the show and enjoyed it, then all the better.

A few people complained that performers like Oryema and Papa Wemba had sold out to the West. Not surprisingly they were, in general, the same people who congratulated Jah Wobble for escaping his punk past with P.I.L and incorporating other cultures into his music. But like Jaclyn Hall said: "you'll never take the Zaire out of Papa Wemba". To criticise him for being funky is to expect him to be a 'proper' African and play the bongos and that is as racist as it comes. Womadelaide '95 was as great as it was because of the diversity and quality of the music. It didn't matter where anyone came from. Every musician had their story to tell and when they did, the audience loved it.

I Like It!

Above all of the festival atmosphere and fun of the event it was for the music that people came in their thousands. To pick a personal favourite is simply impossible and even to single out some artists from others is difficult because it was all so good. For pure fun The Leningrad Cowboys were hard to beat. Their cover of *Those Were The Days* was as hysterical and stupid as their hair-

cuts and their complete bastardisation of the music they performed was sensational. If you have ever sung Karaoke you will know what I mean.

Geoffrey Oryema was captivating for his incredible stage presence and the strength and richness of his voice. The star of Womad '93 returned with a more contemporary style that showed how versatile and talented he is.

For pure charm, Zap Mama were amazing. The innocence of their music and the power of their voices enchanted everybody. Their music made me feel like I was three years old again; it was truly incredible.

Just as popular and just as good was the Justin Vali Trio who, on Sunday afternoon especially, whipped the crowd into an impassioned frenzy with their Madagascan music. With supreme technical ability and huge grins on their faces, they showed that being serious musicians and having a bloody good time are not mutually exclusive concepts.

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan brought the house down with his devotional Pakistani music. A better voice there does not exist in the world. Seen as a spiritual leader to many, his music is designed to take the listener onto a higher plain of understanding, and it seems that for the audience it did. And you have to admire a man that picks his nose on stage in front of 15,000 people and doesn't feel embarrassed.

For pure funkability Gil Scott Heron and Papa Wemba kicked hard. Gil turned up late and only played for 35 minutes, but Papa went off on Sunday night and thrilled the crowd with his wailing voice and infectious grooves. The James Brown of World Music lived up to his reputation.

Another personal favourite was Jah Wobble's Invaders of the Heart. Hailing from the UK and Algeria their blend of styles and the power behind their music got the whole crowd moving. And speaking of moving, Sierra Maestra and Bad Boys Batucada forced everyone to

ADELAIDE '95

put their happy shoes on and get down.

There are so many more acts that deserve a mention but I have run out of superlatives. I can only say that whether local or international, the talent was exceptional.

I must mention however what for me was the ultimate performance. After the enormous show that Papa Wemba put on, it was left up to Yungchen Lhamo from Tibet to close the festival on Stage Two. Alone on stage in front of many thousands of people she sang Tibetan prayers with a voice that completely penetrated my soul. Her performance was simply brilliant. After so much great music and so many talented musicians, she gave a performance that was both humble and humbling and it left me in tears.

Adam Le Nevez

Festival Time

For three glorious days, Shelley sampled the diverse sights and sounds of Adelaide's third Womadelaide Festival.

From Friday 24th until Sunday 26th February, Botanic Park became more than just a grassy patch that you walk through to get to Uni, it was transformed into the venue of the global music event of the international year of tolerance. Two hundred and fifty nine artists from twenty countries performed dance and music reflecting their differing cultures amidst tall trees, a village of stalls and an appreciative audience of thousands.

The venue was a perfect environment for a festival of this stature as even the largest stage area had unlimited room for the crowd to drink in the entertainment, whilst young families and picnickers claimed small shady spots away from the action.

The three stages were of various sizes to cater for both, the larger acts, such as the Leningrad Cowboys, or solo artists like Geoffrey Oryema. The 'tent' was a wonderful place for small workshops with the performers and enabled the audience to have a more intimate relationship with those on stage. Crowd participation was also encouraged and thus a sense of community spirit was felt with every performance.

When the temperature soared up to 40°C, the 'Sunsmart' stall in the global village came to the rescue providing free sunscreen but with only two known water taps in the park, keeping cool became a problem. As hats went on, clothing came off, as hundreds wandered barefoot and engaged in waterfights they soon turned the tap areas into mudpits which were eventually sectioned off by the grounds people. But orange flags were not enough to stop a thirsty crowd and the water and mud continued to flow freely throughout the weekend. Some decided to seek shelter from the heat by curling up between the roots of the Moreton Bay figs for a nap, whilst others decided to invest in the bizarre and brightly-coloured hats on sale at the craft and clothing stalls. However, there were a few groups of people who perhaps did not enjoy the scene, preferring to sit back in their low-slung deck chairs and gruffly comment on the large number of 'hippies' and 'Woodstock wanna-bes'. Even so, it was a place where you dressed, danced and did as you liked because everyone was there to enjoy the remarkable atmosphere and breathtaking music.

The facilities at the festival enable you to almost live independently at the Womad, because there was an enormous range of food, drink, clothing, crafts, juggling balls and anything else of novelty value that one desired. Lebanese, vegetarian, Greek, African and Asian food was available at all hours but tended to become a bit pricey when you

wanted to eat at least two meals which, on average, added up to over \$7. However, the Coopers tent was consistently full swing during the hot weather, as were the massage stalls in providing relief from headaches and sunstroke. Virgin had a mini-megastall where the majority of artists had CDs on sale and this provided to be very popular when you discovered an act that you really loved but quite disappointing when they ran out of stock of a particular album. Three cheers for TransAdelaide for providing shuttle buses into the city but it was quite annoying to find out that once you were shuttled to your bus stop the last bus had already gone, as most acts finished at midnight. This problem was partially solved for those who had bikes as a guarded enclosure was available to store your two-wheeled transport and this stayed open until 1.00 am.

Although the atmosphere was of passionate and energetic enthusiasm, it was sad to see that occasionally some Australian audiences tended to forget that as hosts, we should show the visiting performers some respect. At times, the screams of "sit down in front!" and small brawls within the crowd became quite unbearable (not to mention not clapping in time!). Artists like Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan had to endure this kind of noise at the start of his Saturday night performance and for such a devotional and religious performer to come from probably hours of meditation before the show to then watch his audience behave like this was ... well ... rude. But a lot of people simply sat back and enjoyed the mesmerising and spellbinding music that was on offer in this international smorgasbord of dancers and musicians.

Womad was a heavenly display of cultural and religious diversity, expressed through the medium of music and reflected in both the lush green of the surrounding and the relaxed atmosphere of the gathering.



NIC DALTON

There's more to some musicians than one could ever imagine!

Nic Dalton. Musician, song-writer, record-label owner/manager, producer, mixer, bookshop owner and very cool guy. This guy is involved in many different facets of the music business, has been called a "loose cannon made more dangerous by the fact that he's got a fiery sense of independence coursing through his veins," (NME May 94) and yet is endearingly unaffected and down-to-earth. Christina Soong spent a lunchtime talking to Nic on the telephone to bring you this special report.

Half-A-Cow (HAC) is a catchy name which you better get used to seeing/hearing about. It's the name of Nic's record label which houses Smudge, Sidewinder, Swirl, Godstar and SPDFGH, to name only a few. It's also the name of Nic's newly redesigned bookshop in Sydney which stocks left-field, "eclectic, high-brow, low brow" poetry and prose, as well as CDs and comics.

Nick first got into the music scene after high school, joining a 4-piece called Girls with Money which Nic describes as a "post-punk garage rock band." Since then, Nic's been in (or is still in) Godstar, The Lemonheads, Plunderers, Hippy Dribble, Captain Denim, Sneezee, Love Positions and The Hummingbirds. There are the same groups of people in some of the bands, and the same trio (Nic, Stevie and Jeff) are in Plunderers, Hippy Dribble and Captain Denim. Confused? OK - here goes...

Explanation no 1. The afore-mentioned trio would play one week as Plunderers and the next as Hippy Dribble - this was partly because they had heaps of songs which they wanted to play and partly because they thought it would be really funny to record/play under different names. The trio then also formed Captain Denim. The styles of the 3 bands are obviously similar but Nic reckons Hippy Dribble were a bit more psychedelic and modern whereas Plunderers were more of a rock band.

March sees the launch of the new **Hippy Dribble** album called *Silver Apples* and was recorded 4 years ago. The launch was put-off as Nick was away and features 7 new songs, Hippy Dribble's *Wild Strawberry*, (1990), Captain Denim's *Fade*, as well as some b-sides. The 18-song album covers everything that the Plunderers did under Captain Denim and Hippy Dribble.

Currently, Nic's in Godstar and Sneezee. Sneezee is Nic and Tom Morgan (Smudge, Godstar) and wait up, this gets very mixed up again so...

Explanation no 2. Smudge is Tom Morgan, (songwriter, vocals and guitar) Alison Galloway (drums) and Adam (bass). Godstar is basically Tom, Alison and Nic and others but Nic sings and writes. Sneezee is Tom, Nick and others but Nick and Tom sing and write together. "People say Godstar, Smudge and Sneezee all sound the same and I think (Godstar and Smudge are really different, but Sneezee is a definite joining (sic) of what me and Tom do and it's pretty much our favourite thing." It gets rather involved, doesn't it? "It sorta does... I just like playing music and then things sorta happen."

Nic and Tom (who also co-wrote *Come on feel The Lemonheads* with Evan Dando) met 'cos Tom used to go to Nic's gigs. "Tom had never written a song and never had any aspirations to be in a band - he wanted to make videos. I befriended him and he came around to my house one day and I showed him my song books. I think I just really inspired him to write songs. We'd sit (in HAC) without a guitar and just write songs across the desk. That's where we came up with probably 30 of the 41 Sneezee songs (on the new album)."

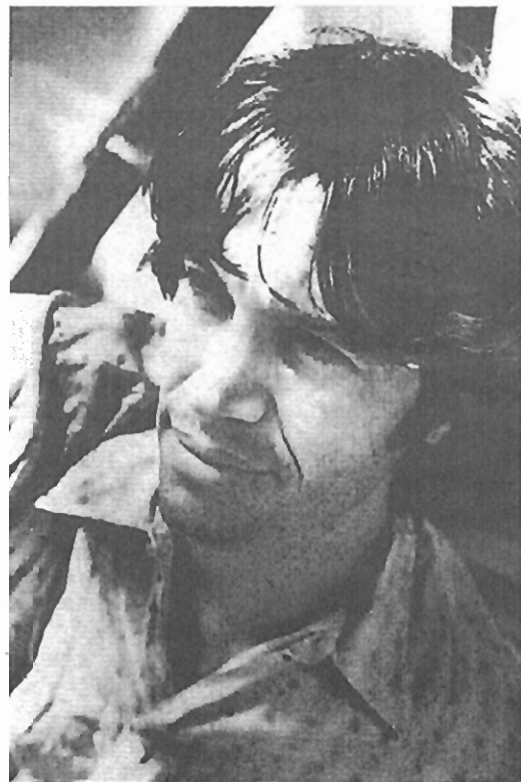
The **Sneezee 7-inch** will be coming out in July as a CD with 21 extra

songs making it a heffa 41-track CD. The single will be *Shaky Ground* (a duet with Alannah Russack and Tom) and another album is planned.

The new Godstar album *Coastal* (currently being finished) features 18 musicians including oldies like Evan Dando, (The Lemonheads) Robyn St Clare and Alannah, (from the defunct Hummingbirds) as well as fellow ex-Lemonhead Dave Ryan. The sound is a lot different to previous Godstar releases and Nic did a deal with Mercury re the production costs. "I've had a lot of

because of legal reasons. "Evan does really good guitaring that I hadn't heard on the last two Lemonheads albums 'cos he was relaxed and not under pressure to make a big record.. he plays this beautiful, like, early 70s soulful guitar track - it's really cool." Other songs include a Neil Young one and one penned by Alison Galloway, which Nic says, "ties in with the whole theme of the album which is about, um, I don't know, me and her breaking up."

Nic also produces and mixes. In the early HAC days he produced all of Swirl's and Smudge's releases. Recently, he mixed SPDFGH's debut release *Grassroots*. "I know what I want. My only problem is I find it hard to communicate what I want to an engineer or to the band."



A typical day in the life of Nic Dalton - "Since I came home in September a typical day is very routine, which I'm really glad about as the last few years were really freaky." He spends his days helping to run his label and "the day goes really quickly 'cos it's really exciting having this label and trying to make things happen." He's now settled in Sydney and lives by himself, although he does have house guests - Evan was recently at Nic's place for a month-long visit. Nic reckons he's been trying to unwind from the whole Lemonheads experience and spends his time listening to records, reading, cooking, seeing bands and cleaning up.

Nic listens to a wide range of things although his favourite band is probably the Velvet Underground and he likes listening to a lot of "schmaltzy" 70s stuff like the Stylistics, and also disco. He doesn't like techno, rap and a lot of top 40 music.

He got to meet the Velvet Underground in 1993 which was "like a dream...me and Robyn (Love Positions) covered one of (Lou Reed's) songs. I said 'you would have got

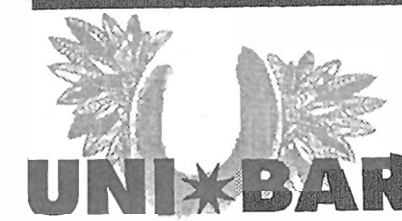
time to think about what I wanted to do. It's the first time I've made a record where I've had 2 weeks to mix it instead of 2 days. (Production's) probably been the let-down in everything I've done so far - it's been really indie, meaning low-budget. *Coastal* is going to be like, I wouldn't say a concept album, but it's definitely going to have a flow - I've really thought about what songs I want on it."



about \$50 worth of royalties' and he laughed and hit me." He recounts how he got a signed set list and also a banana from the Velvets dressing room. "I said to the other guys in the band, 'well, it's finally been worthwhile me joining The Lemonheads and leaving my home, 'cos getting to meet the Velvets was like getting to thank people in person that I thought were like a dead band, that would never reform.'"

While we're on the subject of The Lemonheads. Nic hasn't worked out how he feels about The 'heads. I asked him if the good stuff outweighed the negative experiences. "I really don't know. It's something I probably don't want to talk much about." That's OK, Nic. "No, I do, but it's something that I haven't come to grips with yet. Even though I've been back 6 months, it's like so much has happened, good and bad - that it's like something that never occurred. It's like I've just come out of this weird dream slash nightmare." At the time, Nic was critical of what he saw as Gold Mountain management's manipulation of Evan's image and the whole Lemonheads hype. He also said: "the bigger The Lemonheads get the more I want to get away from them. It's just not my scene." (NME May 94). Nic actually left The Lemonheads in August 94. However, he says, "I did get so much good out of it, not just for my music or HAC, but also for Australian music in general. I think I really helped - and that's thanks to Evan. He's really helped Australian music by getting me to join his band for a few years and he knows that and he's really proud of that fact."

Another release coming out soon is *Billiepeebup* by Love Positions (Nic and Robyn St Clare). It was the first HAC release (1990) and is being re-released on CD with 10 bonus tracks making it a 24 track album. That is, provided Nic can find the original tapes! He thinks the Love Positions sound is like a forerunner of what Godstar sounds like, with a slight late 60s psychedelic feel to it.



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The Chills

Heavenly Pop Hits

Flying Nun

The Chills have always been a fascinating study. This was as much for their unique pop style that has largely been responsible for pioneering that peculiar Kiwi/Flying Nun product, the so-called Dunedin sound, as for songwriter/singer/guitarist Martin Phillips' inability to hold a line up together for any length of time. To be fair, one member did die (which proved to be a defining moment for Martin Phillips and his various Chills) but the Chills did go through 14 distinct changes in about a dozen years. The result, however, was some of NZ pop's finest moments.

This compilation covers all the singles plus, "a few of the faster faves," and is a fitting monument to all that the band accomplished.

As with all compilations, there are a few songs many fans will be disappointed were not able to make the cut off mark. But *Part Past Part Fiction*, *Oncoming Day* and *Heavenly Pop Hit* did. *Heavenly Pop Hit* still amazes five years after its recording and will go down as one of the happiest and most beautiful pop offerings of all time.

If ever anyone doubted the sustained excellence of Phillips' song writing, this album will right that misconception. From 1982's musical adaptation of a Phillips' nightmare, *Pink Frost* to 1992's *The Male Monster From The Id*, the heavenly pop hits just keep coming. Perhaps this is the most poignant message to emerge from this compilation ... that although The Chills' name is resigned to the CD racks of history, Phillips was the constant, unfaltering factor. He's still around and that's good news.

The Chills are dead - long live The Chills.

Bryan Scruby



Roy Hargrove & Antonio Hart

The Tokyo Sessions

BMG

From manic be-bop to nostalgic ballads, *The Tokyo Sessions* embraces all that is excellent in small ensemble jazz. Trumpeter Roy Hargrove and saxophonist Antonio Hart are joined by a young and able Japanese rhythm section. Hart, on alto, lets loose some soulful and tasty solos throughout, whilst the rhythm section come into their own laying down a very infectious Latin-esque groove in the Thelonious Monk classic *Straight No Chaser*. At the other end of the spectrum, Hargrove's sensitive phrasing and tone are exquisite in the slow ballad *I Remember Clifford*. It comes as no surprise that Hargrove recently pipped Wynton Marsalis as top trumpeter in *Jazz Times* reader's poll. In fact, his awards and prizes are too numerous for listing here. Let it suffice to say that hearing is believing. We are here in the nimble hands of a master.

Dylan Woolcock



BlueBottle Kiss

Higher Up The Fire Trails

Sony

Relatively new faces on the music scene, *BlueBottle Kiss*' first full length album was also the first Australian album released by murmur (also stabling Silverchair). This was originally intended to be an ep but grew into a 10 track album and follows up their 5-song cassette *Sonic Elevator Music for the Masses*. It was produced by Welcome Mat's Wayne Connolly (he's also produced *You Am I*, *Underground Lovers*, *Died Pretty*) who reckons: "it's roolily roolily choice it's like...goin off!!"

The opening acoustic track "Beautifully Hip" is one of the better ones on the album, combining Jamie Hutching's vocals with the barest of bare guitar to produce a plaintive ballad. Other good songs are melodic roolily guitar songs *Dead Again* and *Swan Song*.

The only thing which detracts from an otherwise strong debut album is their insistence on drawing out their songs as long as humanly possible. *One Way Ticket to Antarctica* is over 7 minutes long and would probably sound fine performed live, even worth an indulgent chuckle, but translates poorly when recorded.

While I'm not enthused to Wayne's extent, *trails* is definitely worth a listen.

Christina Soong



You Am I

Hi Fi Way

Ra/Warner

Critics from both *Rolling Stone* and *Juice* magazines became very excited about the release of this album, and it has taken me only a few listens to understand why. *You Am I* are frequently confused as being a retro band (probably because of their instrumentation). But in fact they're bringing originality back to rock with a style that is very rare, making this album more classic than retro.

Again, Lee Ranaldo is twiddling the knobs making the melody and guitar chops melt with the rhythm section to create some swell noise. The instrumentation, including Hammond organ and Mellotron, is almost but not quite conventional adding depth to the songs, which is shrouded by the songs' simplicity but fully reveals itself after a few listens.

While there is no particular song that can knock you flat like *Berlin Chair* could, the album is on the whole excellent, though mellower than *Sound As Ever*, and each track is a potential stand out.

I get the feeling that *You Am I* create music for it's own sake, just happy to have a good tune. Each song is like a story - a small sound bite of everyday life, sometimes being optimistic and sometimes being self-absorbed.

In four years *You Am I* have released four ep's and two long players. They have captured the attention of such high fliers as Sonic Youth, REM and Soundgarden (including production of their two albums by Lee Ranaldo and touring with Soundgarden) and they have been

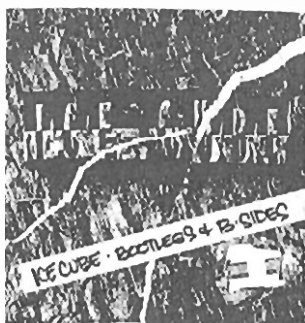


You Am I - One of them knows how to play the Mellotron, apparently.

the local headlining act at the Big Day Out. It seems that despite the continuing and contemptible ignorance of commercial radio (they dig themselves a grave by ignoring bands like this), it is only a matter of time before these gentlemen become a mega hit.

The no frills but striking packaging of *Hi Fi Way* is the first hint of the simple and completely stylish band that *You Am I* are. Each track on this album is a constant reminder.

Adam MacLeod



Ice Cube

Bootlegs And B-Sides

Liberation

This compilation album of Ice Cube's more recent work is typical of the direction his music has taken over the past few years. Like other successful rappers of note Cube has branched out into more experimental, funkier styles. If you're looking for the harder 'angry gangster' style on which Cube built his career then you may be disappointed. This is not to say that this isn't an album packed with sensational tunes but it seems that Ice Cube has melted somewhat.

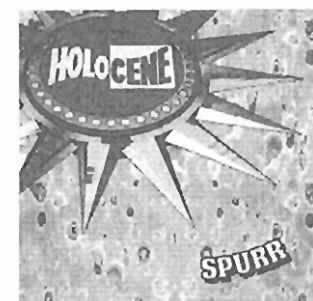
The album kicks off with the ominous 'Robin Hood' which is a taste of classic Cube, reminiscent of his work with Da Lench Mob. Apparently this tune has been released previously but no-one seems to have heard it before. Definitely worth a listen.

The inclusion of material from his 'Lethal Injection' album is a great disappointment to me as this experimental 'musical' material was

the equivalent of buying a Metallica album and getting the Sound of Music Soundtrack by mistake. It's not that Cube's producing poor quality rhymes, technically his music is still top notch but his vocals are suited more to the harder stuff.

The remixes on this album are mind-blowingly crap, especially the remix of 'It was a Good Day'. The last song on the album is a medley reaching right back into his early days with N.W.A. For those who've followed Cube's career this is quite a fun tune but the lack of technical skill in the mixing gets on the nerves quickly. Overall it's a fairly disappointing album but there are a few flashes of brilliance on the A side worth checking out.

Michael Duffy



Holocene

Spurr

Shock records

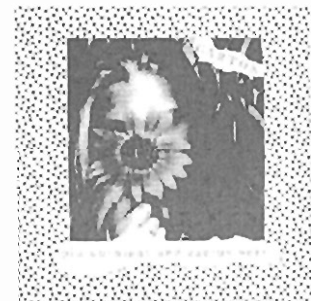
Holocene - their name means "recent rock formation" (geologically speaking) and they're selling themselves as a new wave in musical, "raw-boned" pop rock. The music itself has had rave reviews from, among others: *Rolling Stone*, *Beat*, and *UK Melody Maker*. In *spurr*, their debut album, *Holocene* use minimal cutting and overdubbing in an attempt to recreate the atmosphere of a live performance, rather than the stilted progenies of the corporate studio.

The opening track, *Celestion*, is probably the fastest and loudest piece on the album - apparently it is the name of a make of amplifier which delivers heavenly music. *Guitarbarella* is one of my personal favourites, it's a boppy little number released as a single and has a catchy "doo duhdoo doo doo" refrain. *Bleeding* seems just to be an exercise in distortion and wah-peddles, while *Tessellated Pavement* (my other favourite) has a nice lyrical quality combined with a good acoustic guitar sound which I think they should do more of. *Scenes From the Triangulation Station (Part I)* has a fairly groovy bass riff and the other tracks are pretty much more of the same. It also includes a cover of *Badfinger's* track *Flying*.

Yeah, it should be successful, and it grooves along nicely, but I wouldn't describe it as "...daring to dance on the wings of angels..." Kerrie Hickin is the band's bass player, chief song writer and one of the lead vocalists. On describing what they're aiming for, she says: "it's a little like the idea of equat-

ing loud music with achieving a heavenly state." Well, not quite. Their lyrics, which seem to be one of their main angles, are submerged under overly distorted guitar riffs and the tunes are a little conventional. Of course, this is their first studio recording and albums rarely capture the pure energy delivered in a live performance. They're a talented group, though not quite to my tastes. If this is the sort of thing you like, then go for it.

David Bloustien



Carton

Pin Cushion and Cactus Butts

Half A Cow

"Yo motherfucker motherfucker yo yo shane dee he hates he's such a fucking child" ...from *Shane Dee*. Well! Ok - I was kinda expecting some non-offensive power pop, considering Alison Galloway's input (Smudge, Godstar, HAC connections) but I was pleasantly surprised with this debut offering from *Carton* which is composed of Alison, Kellie Lloyd and Mande Barron. By gum, these women aren't afraid to let their feelings hang out.

Hullamanina is a funny little pop song which is immediately comparable to early Smudge (say *Impractical Joke Days*) and also to Godstar. However, for the most part, the girls have done a good job in carving out their own niche in the incestuous mess of HAC bands.

The only detraction is Mande's stoned little girl vocals which I found fairly ordinary, with little musicality. However the same vocals, distorted on *Lester Meyers*, sound pretty damn cool, so who knows?

The last track is a tongue-in-cheek ditty called *Seattle*. The whole song goes: "take the A out of Seattle (x3)...and settle...[incoherent screams]" Repeated and combined with drums and a driving bass line and you have a very cool song.

Christina Soong



The Leningrad Cowboys (featuring: The Alexandrov Red Army Ensemble)

Happy Together

MBG

How can one describe the phenomenon that is The Leningrad Cowboys? They are the subject of two films, have released four albums to date (including *Happy Together* and the soundtrack to *Leningrad Cowboys Go America*), easily recognised in a crowd and have their own brand of beer. The Leningrad Cowboys are the best thing to come out of Finland...period.

Their union with The Alexandrov Red Army Ensemble was apparently forged in a tennis match played between band leaders Järvenpää (Cowboys) and Agafonnikov (Ensemble) in which the winner was the one who could continue to hold the racket after consuming a predetermined amount of alcohol per play. Never has a pairing been so perfect: the smooth tenor mispronunciations of Agafonnikov combined with Järvenpää's almost fluent English are inspirational. The arrangements are simply exquisite, with strains of *Volga Boatmen* making its way into *Sweet Home Alabama* and a version of *Yellow Submarine* that will simply flay away your skin. Never has such a large compilation of raw talent emerged from such an obscure country. If not for *Womadelaide*, *Happy Together* may not have even made it to our stores.

Just a Gigolo is one of the more emotive tracks on the album, with Järvenpää's Finnish scat and Ojala's catchy trumpet playing filling one with an irresistible urge to tap one's feet. The Ensemble's backing vocals on *Stairway to Heaven* and *California Girls* are another highlight on this musical milestone - no one can belt out "makes me wonder, makes me wonder" like those boys in red. This album is sure to qualify for the musical event of the month. It is sedom that such a warehouse of non-commercial musical power finds its way into our English-speaking shops. Buy this album. Thankyou very many.

David Bloustien

Various

Pulsating hits

Mushroom - *THE MUSHROOM*
A compilation of 3 & 1/2 minute commercial dance tracks. Includes a few well known tracks, *Everybody's Free* by Rozalla and *The Key*, *The Secret* and *Feels Like Heaven* by Urban Cookie Collective, but they do little to save the album. It's full of unknown dance music artists... I mean, manufacturers like Maxx, Gloworm and Kym Sims.

Side 1 contains typically syncopated 3-chord dance songs with a weak, inaudible rapper and repetitive female vocalist. GEE, there's even a cover of Bryan Adams *Run To You* by Rage. Side 2 is more of the superficial love/freedom genre. Best, most palatable song is the almost rave-ish *Trip To Trumpton* by Urban Hype and Hype was all it was. *Hardly Monster* as the cover proclaims. If you like Video Smash hits, then you will like this album, otherwise be thankful.

Bill Till

Riff Raff
By Lando Calrissian

"Baby likes to rock it like a boogie woogie choo choo train". So begins the instant classic *Baby Likes to Rock It*, a country/rock and roll gem from Nashville boys the Tractors(BMG). The cover declares, "the U. S. single release of *Baby Likes to Rock It* sold over one million albums in just ten weeks." This sadly says something about the state of the American music industry when this steaming pile of abhor- does so well. Billy Ray Cyrus, roll over and let these boys join you in the C&W graveyard!

You Keep On by Lucy Grant(Possum/BMG) is smooth, synthesized pop. Trying to sound a little like Nench Cherry, she wails, "you keep on using me baby and it makes me feel bad." Average.

Slightly better than Lucy are M People with their upbeat dance tune, *Open Your Heart*(BMG). Find it on their album *Bizarre Fruit*, or hear it frequently on a radio station near you.

Mental as Anything's first release in a long time is the well-promoted *Mr Natural*(BMG), another one of those hard-to-get-away from tracks. The *mentals'* return is heralded by this catchy track, slowly being thrashed to death by radio. Worth a mention is the interesting cover art courtesy of Reg Mombassa.

The Black Crows latest tune is *High Head Blues*(BMG), from the album with the naughty cover art, *America*. Standard Black Crows fodder.

Letters To Cleo's track *Here and Now*(Liberation) will be recognised by Melrose Place fans, heard as background noise on the TV series and featured on *Melrose Place - The Music*. This is a claim to fame in itself. Guitar pop, with vocals supplied by a sweet young thing sounding like Juliana Hatfield. Get past the Melrose connection and it's not a bad song.

Ending this week's family assortment is national treasure Nathan Cavaleri with his guitar ballad *If Loving You is Wrong/I Don't Want to be Right*. Vocals courtesy of Sweet Pea Atkinson and not Nathan(wise choice!).

Winners

Those lucky souls who knew that the oversexed French skunk in the classic Looney Tunes cartoons was Pepe Le Pieu have scored themselves a copy of *Skunkhour's* MacSkunk CD. Our winners are Nathan Close, Ian Milne, Duncan Grove and Brad Ferguson (all from Electrical Engineering). Pop down to the On Dit office to collect your prize.

LIZARD TRAIN

With the release of their latest album *Everything Moves*, Lizard Train have managed, once again to dazzle and amaze. Released with little fanfare the album is only further testament to this band's strength and their solid staying power. Frank Trimboli has been a fan for a while, and he jumped at the opportunity to have a quiet beer with David Creese, Lizard Train's drummer, and part time manager. *Everything moves* features production by Steve Albini, a man whose production credits include The Pixies, The Breeders and Nirvana. Frank asked what recording the new album was like.

"We had very limited time" said David "Because Steve (Albini) is a very busy person, you know running his own recording studio, and touring with his band, and also re-

ording other bands around the world, we only had seven days to spare. We got in on the Friday afternoon, and started setting up straight away and did a little bit of work that day, then from there it was, you know, as much time that we could get in a day until the following Friday. We recorded and mixed everything all in those seven days."

"Even though seven days doesn't sound like a very long time, we still had a fairly relaxed time, we took long breaks and just sort of eased into it at the beginning of each day."

"There seems to be a point in the recording where one or two of the songs become cursed. You know, there might be just one particular bar in the in the song where as soon as you reach that point everyone falls apart. That happened a couple of times but that's sort of inevitable."

When it comes to working in the studio, it seems a relaxed atmosphere is what the band commands. "We've always been pretty friendly" says David. "Things get tense and if one of us in particular keeps stuffing up, it becomes close to being strangled, but you sort of have to realise that there is no point in getting uptight about it. So you get over it and maybe try another song or whatever."

"With Albini we had heard stories about his temperament and we were a bit scared before we met him. On the first day I remember being really nervous about his arriving and what was gonna happen, whether he was going to expect everything to go right the first time. But he was just really laid back, a really cool guy, very friendly, not at all big time. In fact he is very anti-big time, his philosophy is a very grass roots approach."

It seems having a producer like Albini can really be a boon when you're trying to record an album (especially when you only have seven days). I asked David how the initial contact came about.

"He was initially coming out here to do some work for Waterfront Records and at that time we were gearing up to record another album."

"It was either by Shock's (record company) instigation, or we had thought about it ourselves, that we would use a producer - which we've never done before. Then they managed to tee it up that while he (Albini) was in Australia, he would record us as well - but that fell through, the deal with Waterfront fell through. But that's how the initial contact with Steve Albini came about."

"Then we sort of forgot about it for a while, Shock started contacting producers on our behalf. They asked us to make up a list of people we would like to produce the album, so we had this very outrageous list of people."

"Then we ended up record-

ing *Couch* and producing it ourselves. It was initially going to be a CD of covers because we had done a Ridiculous version of *Keep On Loving You* and Shock said well why don't you just release a whole CD of ridiculous tunes? Initially we thought that was a good idea and then we thought, well we've got enough material that we can release another CD of our own ridiculous songs."

"Then after that we got word that Steve Albini was gonna come back to Australia, specifically to record us because he heard a tape of some of our material, and he decided that it was worth coming over just to do us - so it ended up a more prestigious happening than it would have been if he had just done it as part of a long line of bands"

The variation in sounds and nuances on *Everything Moves* makes for very interesting listening. For instance the variation between tracks like *Severed Place* and *It all Came From Nothing* is very vast. With all this thrash-noise happening on the one hand and some melodic rock happening on the other, I asked David how important it is to put some of the songs in a pop context?

"It's not that deliberate, we just have to be happy with what we're doing at any given time. We've always had a range, from the experimental stuff to the more melodic based work. Whether it's rocky and melodic or very poppy or whatever, it's just what were writing at the time - it's not deliberate"

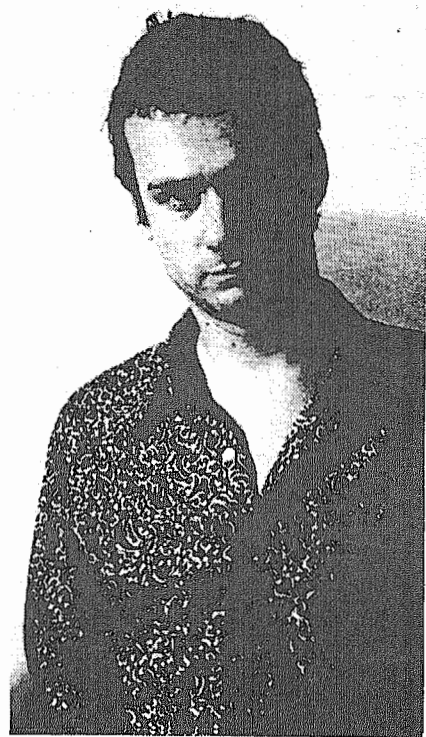
"There might be a phase in our writing where we're thinking it would be good to come up with some really grungy songs or it would be good to do some melodic stuff, but it's more of a natural process than something we've mapped out. I guess we're getting into discussions about who your actually doing it for, are we doing it for the punters or are we doing it for ourselves?"

I also took the chance to ask David what his song *Got The Fear* was about and indeed what exactly "the fear" was?

"I wrote that the day after a fairly hefty night and I was walking down the street, going to get some beers to take the edge off that sort of horrid feeling that you sometimes have the day after someone's slipped something into your drink or whatever."

"It struck me as being very humorous that you could be in one place, in a very normal place, just walking down the street, going to get something from the shops and feel as if at any minute your gonna get kidnapped, or the bushes are gonna start moving or what ever. It's just that sort of weird feeling you get sometimes."

The boys are hoping to get overseas soon: "There's probably a better chane of us getting over there now than in the last few years" says David. This is due to the fact that Lizard Train are just about to sign a publishing deal with Sony, who will hopefully have them licensed to as many places overseas as possible.



In the meantime Lizard Train are about to embark on a national tour - I'm certain they'll be fantastic ambassadors for our fair city.

LIZARD TRAIN



Guess what! Hunters and Collectors are playing at Heaven on March 14 and Mark Scruby happened to be skulking around the office when their lead singer and guitarist, Mark Seymour, decided to call.

It was 9:30 in the morning when Mark (that is, Mark S. and not, um, Mark S. - ah, Mark H&C) called the office so I thought I'd start off with a light-hearted 'bit-early-in-the-morning-to-be-out-and-about-innit?' type gag. I mean, I thought most people join a band so they can sleep in, don't they? Huh, Mark? Please say yes... and laugh a little bit too.

"No. No no. I get up very early." Full stop.

Hmmm. Alright, now. Let's see if I can come up with a question to blast him with originality, wit and downright intelligence. Hmmm. So, Mark, how did Hunters and Collectors become, um, yeah, um, become Hunters and Collectors?

"I did a lot of writing at home with the eventual keyboard player working with electronic equipment... synthesisers and drum machines and that sort of stuff. At the time, I think just generally the concept [of H&C] was very fresh and we had pretty good production and rehearsed in a club which was eventually the place we did our first show."

So how did you make the transition between local band and recording artists?

"At this point in popular music history in Australia there is a lot more emphasis for young musicians to get a deal and, ah, Mohammed has to go to the mountain, so to speak. Record companies are a lot less willing to go out and pick bands up. I think, in our day, the live circuit had a kind of more independent life on that really low level in really small clubs. Bands would just form in Melbourne and never sign deals. You could work for, like, three or four years quite lucratively, earn a reasonable amount of money and then retire. It just basically meant that bands were forming and breaking up constantly. Just because you got up on stage and played in front of everyone didn't necessarily mean you ever intended signing a deal with anybody. It was something that people just did. It's virtually non-existent on that level now, really, in many respects."

"We weren't really thinking about getting a deal, initially. We were doing it for the hell of it and we were going to see if we could attract

people and, uh, we still had a pretty ambivalent attitude. We thought if, in a year's time, we haven't got a deal and things aren't getting any better then we'll piss it off. We had offers coming in pretty quickly. After about midway through that year we had two or three different record companies interested in us so we were able to get a deal."

And the transition between recording artists and Rock'n'Rollers?

"We weren't, sort of, suddenly discovered by mainstream Australia over a really short period of time. It may look like it happened that way for us but the real life of the band was a very gradual process, um, conquering provincial towns. Just going from one town to another and gradually shortening the travelling time between motels and being able to actually financially survive on the road and being able to put together tours and stay in the black.

survive financially."

I quite liked *Head Above Water*. How did you feel when it didn't sell too many units?

"*Tears of Joy* and *Holy Grail* [other singles from the same album, *Cut*] are the songs that really our more straight or mainstream crowd really relate to and *Head Above Water* less so. That was the one song that we really fought to have on that album. It was sonically like a total mind-fuck in the studio. The whole fabric of survival in this business is such a complex web. There are so many little factors involved in keeping the wolf from the door. For us to have been able to go for as long as we have and be able to record and play songs that we find artistically satisfying is a major victory in itself 'cos there is so much compromise involved in the whole process. I mean, commercial radio - and, look, I regard Triple J as part of the

having their songs played on that show just because Gudinski's [Mushroom Records' head honcho] got a [pause] um, not that I want to sing the praises of his great benevolence; self but it is quite amusing that this independent company... [another pause] you know, we get rotation on television in those countries 'cos of that show."

"In a way it sort of creates this really suburban ambience, you know, 'cos there's a kind of ironic logic to it where we pretty much play in the pubs and you can imagine a character from one of those stories going down to the local club and checking out a band like ours."

Speaking of international fame, how do H&C fare in, say, the US college radio circuit.

"The idea of a number one on college radio has so many different ramifications. If you have a number one on college radio and you've come out of England and had great exposure in the alternative press in England then a number one on college radio will mean a lot of records - at least a quarter of a million - but if you get into the top ten and you come from Australia and you haven't gleaned that kind of publicity, initially, you don't sell a lot of records. You might sell like forty thousand, and forty thousand in America is not enough to be able to justify advancing very costly tours that raise your profile to the next level... which is basically the problem that we've had."

So the UK alternative press is the key, hey? You must think they are right bastards.

"There's a lot of really good music coming out of England at the moment. I mean, there's been this really big renaissance. In English pop music there's much more sophistication in it than there has been for many years. A lot of the stuff that ends up getting to that level of notoriety and acclaim deserves it. Because I'm getting older, my tastes are becoming a lot more eclectic anyway and I tend to recognise quality in other forms of music and am more willing to acknowledge it than I used to be when I was younger. I'm the first to admit that Hunters and Collectors have made some pretty bad moves, musically, and we've made

some pretty shitty records and we've made some really good ones. If you've been around for as long as we have, regardless of how good every other album is, you still have to live with the fact that you made some bad ones as well. People don't tend to forget that."

Forget what, Mark? Forget what?



"We've just developed a reputation for not necessarily taking the path of least resistance."

The bottom-line story of the band has been that, and our artistic life has pretty much evolved in parallel to that experience. It just gradually got to a point where we became a very big band and our commerciality was an inevitable part of that growth."

"There became a point in the band's career where the audience we played to was the kind of audience

that the big commercial FM stations figured was the kind of audience they wanted to target their products to, so

we ended up getting more and more airplay - and even that was a really gradual process as well. So now records that we made in '85 that, at the time, they wouldn't touch with a barge-pole, they just regularly rotate now. To say that there was one particular point where everything came into focus... would be an oversimplification of our history. We've just developed a reputation for not necessarily taking the path of least resistance. They [the record company execs] learned to leave us alone and we've learned that we have to make a certain amount of commercial concession in order to

whole commercial network now [fucking hooray, it's about time] - it's very difficult to get DJs vibed up about material."

Wow. It sounds like you need a break from it all. That's if you can actually ever escape from being a Hunter.

"Oh, I've got a pretty normal life. I live in Elwood. I've got a house with a backyard and, you know, I do the washing and put it on the line and feed the baby."

What? You're trying to tell me that you're a human being. You can't be. Especially since you get airplay in the Summer Bay Diner.

"We've had this thing where we get the equivalent of APRA royalties from England and we sell jack-diddly-squat over there, so we must be getting it from TV. As it turns out, we even get airplay on Neighbours."

Gee, you *must* have made it, then.

"Well, it's actually quite interesting. It's not only us - there's a whole gamut of local groups that end up

"Look, I regard Triple J as part of the whole commercial network now," [fucking hooray, it's about time].



Volleyball action on the Barr Smith Lawns last Friday

Photos: David Raftery

HUGE Volleyball Action

BEACH VOLLEYBALL COMPETITION

On Sunday March 12 at Glenelg Beach the inaugural Cuervo University Beach Volleyball Challenge will be held. All players will have the opportunity to pick up prizes of Cuervo product, t-shirts, caps and lots more.

Entrants have the opportunity to compete in either of three divisions. Gun Pairs will see elite men and women players square off against each other, while experienced volleyball players can enter the Division 1 Pairs event. Recreational Pairs allows men and women to play together. Four-a-Side matches for novice and recreational players are also being staged. The winner of the 2-a-side Men's and Women's competition will qualify for the University Games in Darwin this year. Enquiries about the event can be made by ringing 262 6100.



42

March 6

ON DIT

VOLLEYBALL AT UNI

The University of Adelaide Volleyball Club provides the opportunity for students to be involved in the sport of volleyball at a level that is suitable to them. Club practices are held at the University Gym on Mackinnon Parade on Tuesdays from 7.30-9.30pm and Friday from 5.30-7.30pm.

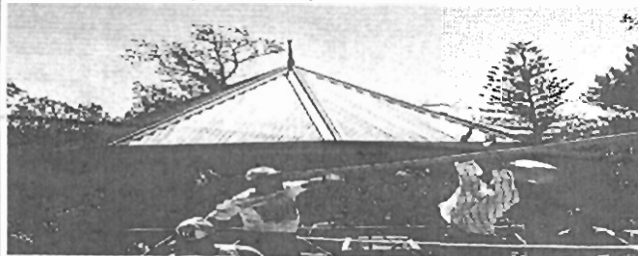
The club will also be staging an Inter-faculty event at lunchtimes in an effort to get as many people involved in the sport. Coca-Cola is sponsoring this event. More details can be obtained by ringing either Paul Syndler on 43 68 31 or Volleyball SA on 26 26 100.

Volleyball SA is committed to raising the profile of volleyball at University. There are different competitions being offered:

Divisional Volleyball - a single sex competition for the experienced volleyballer.

Social Volleyball - an open competition offered as a starting level for inexperienced volleyballers or people learning how to play.

Beach Volleyball - the Beach Volleyball Tournament played at Glenelg Beach for University students only.



CASS

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Behind The Scenes With Mark Ray

Mark Ray has been both in and around Australian sport for over a decade. As a Sheffield Shield cricketer for New South Wales and Tasmania he not only played the game, but captured many of its more ethereal moments on film. Mark managed to combine his interest in photography with the privileged access to the action that a player is afforded. In doing so he has produced interesting photo-journals of cricketing experiences, many of which are recorded in his latest portfolio *The Game behind the Game*. Now Sydney-based Mark is the principal cricket writer for *The Sunday Age*, and contributes other material on various topics, including art. I was interested to know how he began to combine his sporting and journalistic interests.

"I did I have to say it was a very ordinary B.A. at the University of NSW after which I pretty much bummed around for a couple of years playing club cricket in Sydney whilst teaching myself photography as a hobby. I then worked as a photographer in Tasmania from 83 to 85 and then I got a bit stale with the type of photography in newspapers and started to not enjoy it which worried me a bit. I also figured that if I swapped over to reporting I'd get more experience and have a better chance of getting a job elsewhere. I thought my background as a cricketer might lead to cricket writing which is basically what happened. So after a couple of years as press photographer I'd swapped over to press reporting and then just sort of took it from there. I got a job in Melbourne about a year after that."

OD: And where did the idea of photographing cricket from the dressing room come from?

MR: "I started to take cricket photographs when I was playing. I'd just started work as a photographer in '83 in Launceston. Photography had always been a hobby and I was interested in photojournalism so I just started taking my camera to the games. As well as being interesting it was a good way of passing the time. I found it difficult to read a book in the dressing room because there were too many distractions, I couldn't really sleep either. After a while I figured that these were pictures that no one else was taking so why not keep at it?"

OD: What was it like being in the company of male cricketers a lot? How did you cope with that?

MR: "I got on well with most of

them, but yeah it was a very blokey atmosphere. With Shield cricket you aren't really away from home anywhere near as much as international players, I don't know how they'd cope, I mean our biggest trips were probably two to two and half weeks. There were times when you got a little sick of that macho sporting atmosphere. I ended up having Stuart Saunders as a roommate for the four years that we played together and I suppose it was fair to say we were a little bit different to the other guys; we tended to get out and see bands and do some other interesting things to keep ourselves sane. Once he got dropped from the team it got a bit dull for me."

OD: As a cricket writer you're obliged to have an opinion on the upcoming West Indies tour? What do you think of the touring party?

MR: "I thought it was just about as good a side as they could have picked. I suppose Damien Martyn was a bit unlucky, he's a good attacking player but Langer's got that last spot and is a versatile sort of guy, very tough. He prefers facing the quicks. The main worry is the pace bowling. If McDermott breaks

down I think we're gone basically. If Merv was fit and in good form it'd be fantastic. We just don't have the firepower and apparently the ball gets old very quickly over there. If Reiffel and Fleming can't reverse swing it I think we could get belted. They're much drier wickets over there and they're not as quick as our wickets either. The West Indies love playing in Australia because it suits their bowling better than the home tracks. I'm not sure which one, but either Jamaica or Barbados is pretty quick but the rest are a bit slower, basically rolled mud, but very hard. The point is though, the West Indies can bowl on anything."

OD: The whole debate that surrounded the Australia A issue was a preoccupation for many cricket writers this summer, what was your reaction to Australia A?

MR: "Well, I certainly didn't get particularly worked up about it. I suppose the reason for that is that I tend not to treat one-day cricket that seriously so it didn't particularly worry me if the ACB experimented a little bit. I don't think you can justify it that often. The World Series Cup is meant to be an international competition, so in that

sense Australia did break the rules a bit. But the people who paid their money to see the games certainly enjoyed it and the cricket was of a very high standard and it produced Greg Blewett for a start, and that's a bonus for us. I hope they don't do it next season. Hopefully they might do it again as something earlier in the season that's not part of the World Series, maybe give the A team two or three one-day games early in the season against the touring side. If the ACB occasionally wants to do some experimenting that doesn't worry me. In the end the two Finals games were fantastic."

OD: I think the A side highlighted how poor the standard of cricket from the two touring sides was

MR: "Well, yeah, that was part of the whole fun!"

OD: The cricket world has been rocked lately by the various allegations of bribery by past and

**Mark Ray on betting in cricket:
The White First world of cricket tends to dismiss Pakistan and say 'oh that's bloody typical of them'.**

present players? Have you any late mail on the topic?

MR: "The latest story came through on the weekend when Sarfraz Nawaz, the sports adviser to the Pakistani government said on ABC Grandstand that there would be players from West Indies, India and South Africa named in a week or so. He says he has information from bookmakers and names of players involved. That wouldn't surprise me. The White First world of cricket tends to dismiss Pakistan and say 'oh well that's bloody typical of them'. But if it starts to spread to other countries then the whole game's deeply compromised and in real trouble

Betting's huge in India, and big also in Pakistan, yet betting on cricket is illegal in both countries. Other types of betting is legal in India because the Hindu religion doesn't ban it whereas the Muslim religion in Pakistan does. The accusations when they got very serious just came from that alleged incident involving Salim Malik and the Australians in Pakistan, so I suppose that's why it really took off. But again, it only took off when the First World cricketers were involved. There have been stories

that it has been going on for ten years at least. People seem to assume that that's what happens in India or Pakistan and most of the time we can forget about it. It's bad wherever it is; we can't dismiss it any more, the administrators can't hope that it's just going to go away because it's not.

OD: Could a problem be that the stakes for cricketers on the sub-continent are too high? I mean, in Pakistan and India Test players literally make millions in endorsements and sponsorships.

MR: "Over there it almost seems to be like a system of private patronage. In Sharjah, some rich sheik gives the Man of the Match a car. That's just accepted as part of the scene over there. The other thing that sort of gets up my nose is when people say Australians will bet on anything, we're not the biggest gamblers in the world by any means. We had a bookmaker at the Adelaide Test for the first time this year, he was hardly seen.

Sure, it may grow but we're already seen as mad punters. Really we're not in the league at all."

OD: How does the lifestyle of the Sunday paper cricket writer work out?

MR: "If you're on a daily paper you're away from home a hell of a lot, virtually seven days a week for six months in summer and maybe a tour after that. On the Sunday paper I mix and match a bit. I'd go to a Test match a couple of days beforehand for practice days and interviews and usually I'd go home on the Sunday morning because my working week's finished."

When not working as a photojournalist, Mark has another full-time job - a father to a sixteen year old daughter, a twelve year old son and three year old twins. From the brief conversation I had with their father, it seems as though they are fortunate kids indeed. And let's hope that more people involved in sports of all kinds are encouraged to document their particular experiences in forms a little more interesting than the standard *Test Star Tour Diary*, with the mandatory tales of juvenile high jinks performed by adult men.

David Raftery

My Pocket Calculator

Hewlett-Packard HP-15C Programmable Calculator.

Suitable for Engineering and Science types. Can handle complex numbers, matrix calculations, numerical intergration and obtain roots of equations..

Up to 440 programming steps.

With manual - \$50!!!

ph - 265 4028.

What Is It That These People Do Anyway?

Adelaide University Society for Creative Anachronisms. The tourney is at 2pm on the Barr Smith Lawns, The feast is at 6pm at Tusmore Masonic Hall, Fischer St. Tusmore. All interested parties and members who have not yet booked contact the president of the AUSCA; Melanie Johnston ph 396 5707.

NB: BOOKING IS ESSENTIAL

Free new members; \$10 old members; \$12 other

It's A Damn Keen Fan That Wants To Buy A Used Ticket

Cranberries Ticket Wanted

1 Cranberries concert ticket sought.

Willing to pay up to \$60.

Contact Eng Hooi Ooi - ph. 337 6260.

Today's Topic: Whether It Is Advisable To Join The Debating Comp Or Not.

Adelaide University Women's Debating Competition

Starts in April. No experience necessary

For more info ring Victoria Bannon on 223 6082

Que?

Spanish/Portugese Club AGM

All interested parties are invited to attend Que Pasa's? AGM on Thursday 16th Mar at 1pm in G03 in the Napier Building. If you are unable to attend but would like to more about the club or join, please contact me

through the Spanish department (ph 303 4657). Remember, you don't have to speak Spanish or Portugese to become a member.

I Wish I Was A Mullet

Adelaide University Swimming and Water Polo Club

Introductory Meeting

Tues 7th Mar 1pm

Irene Watson Room (Level 5 Union Bldg)

Come along and meet your fellow swimmers!

Find out about training arrangements. We will organise sessions with the coach and also other more social swim sessions.

Water Polo players - can we put together a team for IV? If enough are keen we will start the ball rolling now

Contact: Johanna 332 1714

Gary 337 0622 or 018 823 246



You're not going to win any prizes swimming like that, dude.

Hey, Sister!

International Women's Day Ecumenical Service

"Women Flying Free: Releasing our Creative Power," is a truly ecumenical service organised by the women of the Student Christian Movement. It will be held at 9am on Saturday the 11th of March at the Pilgrim Uniting Church on Flinders Street in the City. Please come along and join us on the International Women's Day March after.

Ring 272 7982 if creche required.

ALL WELCOME

BYO Chopsticks

Edmund Rice Camps Club

The Annual General Meeting will be on Monday, March 20 at 1.00 pm, Margaret Murray Room, Level 5, Union Building (follow the signs). All welcome!

Make Some Pals At GALS

Gender & Law Society Inaugural AGM

To be held Mar 13 1pm

Level 5 Cinema

Nearest The Pin Gets To Be Pres.

Adelaide University Golf Club

On Wednesday, 8 March from 6.00 pm - 7.30 pm, the Golf Club will be holding its Annual General Meeting. All those interested are welcome to attend. Providing information about the club and the election of office bearers are the main function of the evening. Refreshments will be provided (beer). If you have enquires please ring Geoff Brennan on (08) 298 2479.

House For Rent

Share 1/2 House at Goodwood Available from March for \$55 (\$100 bond)

Cosy skylit room. Double loft bed. Built in wardrobe, all mod cons.

Non smoker preferred, house trained and friendly.

ph 272 3088

Have We Got A Job For You?

Well, Yes, actually.

Work during Your Lunch Break.

City family business requires a snack bar assistant. 5 days a week and short hours, so as not to interfere with your studies. Starting time 12:30pm. Reasonable wage, friendly environment and lunch provided

Ring 232 1226 (9am-11am)

278 2374 (5pm-7pm)

Bullet Proof Coat, Cannon Hat. Machine Gun Cane That Goes... RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT.

No More Stains

Lab coats for sale. Brand, new factory fresh.

Lots of coats.

Heaps of sizes. ph Stan on 018 805884.

W a n t e d : Replacement For Dr J. Must Be Dull But Photogenic.

The AU Liberal club invites all students to grill, question & harass Dr Bob Such the minister for Further Education and Youth Affairs. The open seminar will be held in the Union cinema, Wed Mar 8th from 1pm.

Do You Mind If I Borrow A Pen?

Lost in Ligertwood in room 505 on Tuesday Feb 28 at 5pm:

A maroon leather pen case containing two pens - a ballpoint and a fountain pen, was left under a chair after the final lecture that day. They have a lot of sentimental value, so if you are the beautiful person who hands them into the property office 1st and leaves a contact number then you will receive a cash reward - no questions asked. I'm sure that they mean a lot more to you than they do to you. Thanks!

No, You Can't Borrow It... You Have To Buy It.

Nice Pen

Lamy 'Persona' fountain pen. Paid \$425, sell for \$300 - ph. 265 4028.

If You Mix Up The Letters It Spells RDEPI

Pride

For lesbians, gays, bisexuals + friends

Margaret Murray, Rm Level 5, Union Bldg, Thursday 1pm.

Earn Some Dosh For Prosh

Prosh 3rd - 5th May 1995

Wanted:

Prosh Directors

Prosh After Dark Directors

Come in to the Students' Association Office to express your interest in Prosh positions. Helpers also needed.

Start planning your stunts, pranks and parade entries now.

Be On The Other Side Of The Remote Control For Once

SCAT Television

Student and community Access TV

Video Submissions wanted

Have your work screened during the 1st site Narrowcast send to : Programming Coordinator

c/- studio, Take Two Theatres

Cowan St, Angle Park SA 5010

NB: Please include stamped, self addressed package

call 243 5501 for more info.

Submissions close 12 Mar '95

Did You Hear About That Guy Who Went Skydiving On April The 1st? - Nasty.

Hey adrenalin junkies!

Is anyone interested in starting a skydiving club at Adelaide University?

For further details contact S.A. Skydiving - ph.3732286 mobile - 015 611070

Apologies: Bono Vox (maybe he'll turn up next time)

University of Adelaide Amnesty International's 1995 AGM

Margret Murray Room

Level 5 Union Building (go through the door at back of Games Room)

ALL WELCOME

Surf's Up, Dude.

Surfboard - Pipedream Thruster

6'4". Good beginners board. \$290 ono. Ph: (08) 294 7650 after 6.00 pm.

M m m m . . . Doughnuts.

Community Aid Abroad

Tues March 7, 1pm

Tanzanian storyteller, Sheela Landeberg, will speak on the Barr-Smith Lawns about African women sexual exploitation and foreign aid. She will also perform African dance and her delicious African doughnuts will be sold.

Friday, March 10, 1pm

Discussion group in the Gallery:

- the ethics of foreign aid
- we are really interested in hearing your ideas, so come along.

Mon, March 13, 1pm

AGM in the Margret Murray Room

Any Friend Of The Earth Is A Friend Of Mine.

Friends of the Earth

Welcome meeting - Wed 8th Mar 1pm

Come and meet other members or join up if you missed out in O' week.

Meet at Irene Watson Room (Level 5 Union Bldg) and be prepared for a picnic (BYO). We'll give you a proper agenda and hopefully get to know you all.

World Vision Is Looking For A Warm Shoulder

World Vision is the by far the biggest Foreign Aid organisation in Australia but until now its cause has largely been given the cold shoulder by 18-25 year olds. To alleviate this problem, World Vision is in the process of setting up a youth voice to utilise the enthusiasm and optimism of young adults. The development and running of this branch of World Vision is an exciting step in which Adelaide Uni. students can play a leading role. If you want to know more about a possible student run group on campus, want to do the 40 hour famine with a bunch of enthusiastic people, or both, call me (Darren Sweet) on 2783779.

Drummer needed Has to be loud in the bass department.

Competant local group ready to become famous (locally).

Influences: Underground Lov-ers, Defamed, Rash

Ring Andy 295 3897 or 278 2214



No drummer needed here... they've got one too many.

It's Sort Of Like Pong Without The Video Screen

Adelaide Uni Table Tennis (the club you have been waiting for).

This club has to start in 1995. Yes, WE NEED YOU as much as you need us to continue the existence of the club.

Beginners are pleasantly welcome. Free coaching and training available.

TABLE TENNIS AGM

Date: 7 March 1995 (Tuesday)

Time: 12:45 - 1:15pm

Venue: WP Rogers Room (behind Games room)

Everyone is welcome. Your presence is important.

Poison Ivy

Last chance for a Summer Camp job in the United States.

"Camp counselors USA offers a program whereby outgoing, responsible and caring people spend nine weeks planning, teaching, participating and having fun in activities with groups of children aged 5-15," Mr Perry said.

"Free room and board is provided while working at camp as well as pocket money up to \$1000, camp work visa and great Qantas airfare deals."

Enquiries on (02) 2415200.

CCUSA SHOP 3A, 88 Cumberland St. The Rocks Sydney NSW 2000.

You Can Write For Your Lecturer For Free, Or...

We write to notify you of our 8th Annual Literary Competition. Competition categories are as follows:

1. Short short story (up to 1000 words)
2. Short story (up to 3000 words)
3. Article/Essay (up to 5000 words)
4. Poetry (up to 80 lines)
5. Poetry (up to 42 lines)

Categories 1 to 5:

1st \$100; 2nd \$50; 3rd \$25.

For conditons of entry write (enclosing SAE) to:

Neil Llewelyn,

Competiton Secretary,

FAW Far North Coast Regional,

Lakeside Caravan Park,

East Ballina NSW 2478.

Wanna Be A Star? A BMX Star?



Well, if you keep your eye on these pages you could at least look like a BMX champ if not ride like one. That's because the On Dit Classifieds are free of charge and way popular with The Kids. If you want to enter into the fun, simply get your classified to us before the Wednesday preceeding our next publication date. Happy Bunny Hopping.

Give Me The Goddam Job, Mate Or I'll Kill Your Dog ... Really.

So, you're looking for a part time job. One that you'd enjoy. One that doesn't take a lot of effort. With flexible hours, friendly workmates and a generous, caring boss. One that doesn't impinge upon your social life but rather enhances it - with a sensational sound system playing all your favourite stuff, long coffee breaks, a flattering uniform and a real party atmosphere. A job that, after the drudgery of the uni day, will help put the smile back on your face and the spring in your step. Yeah? The kind of thing you want?

Well dream on suckers - it'll never happen!

But, if you're prepared to lower your expectations just a fraction, then you might find the following tips useful in getting you a job that's more or less what you're after. More likely less - but that's called 'life'. Okay, some of the tips are pretty basic, but you'd be surprised at the number of people who overlook some obvious stuff when applying for jobs.

1. The first thing you need to do is find a nice comfy mattress, lie back and fantasise about your dream job. Spare no details. Starting with the boss bribing you to work by offering you a luxury apartment and a car of your choice, right down to the fat, daily pay cheques and free beer.

2. Next, grab a large hammer, axe or item of similar destructive capacity and smash your fantasy into tiny little pieces. Gather them up, put them in a bag and dump them in the nearest sulo bin. This will clear your mind of any unrealistic preconceptions about getting a job.

3. Now, take a deep breath and think realistically about the skills and qualifications you possess. For some people this will consist of a long history of successful employment, an entire wall filled with diplomas and degrees and a lifetime of diverse practical experience. For the rest of us, this might entail the successful operation of a light switch and the 'good work' sticker the teacher gave us for trying in year 2. Regardless, you should be able to equate the skills you have with a particular kind of job. (If you only have a 'good work' sticker, don't despair - think of yourself as being a clean slate with enormous potential for success in any industry of your choice)

4. The next step is to assemble



Oh, so you want to know what skills I got, huh? Well I can scull pints real good ... but that's only been a hobby up 'til now. Wanna cig?

these skills into a format that will be readable by your prospective employer. A good first step is to write these all down on a piece of paper and then to transfer them to your trusty computer. (Don't worry, if you're like most of us and don't own your own computer and are completely computer illiterate, there are heaps of computers available throughout the campus and you should be able to fumble your way through a fairly basic word-processing program.) Remember to include your name, address and a contact phone number, because if they can't contact you, your resume will be filed in that large circular file under 'G'. Also try to fit your whole resume onto the one page even if it means leaving the name of your best friend and dog off the list. Employers hate wading through crap so try to make it as concise as possible.

5. (WARNING - This step involves getting up before noon, so try and plan ahead.) At about 8am drag yourself out of bed, shower and change into something your mother would approve of. Whilst in front of a mirror, practice your most charming and attractive smile and without removing it from your face grab several copies of your CV and head on out the door.

6. In your smile and itchy sweater, you must now enter the world of the employer. Be assertive and ask to speak to the manager. Politely, of course. Once this has been accom-

plished, you must sell yourself as a good employee - honest, trustworthy and all that crap.

After extensive research and much trial and error, we have cottoned onto a few catch phrases that must be avoided at all costs:

- a) Gimme a job, chick.
- b) Nice arse, hows about a shift or two.
- c) Oh come on, I'm desperate!
- d) I have a diploma in signature forging.
- e) I think you should see someone about your foul body odour.
- f) Sorry for wasting your time with my pathetic grovelling.

We think you should stick to the more conventional self-promotion techniques:

- a) Here's my resume. I'd really look forward to hearing from you. I'm willing to start any time.
- b) I've always liked your establishment - it's just the kind of place I'd love to work in. (Explain why)
- c) I'd really appreciate the opportunity to attend an interview with you, anytime you're available.
- d) I'm keen to show you what I can do.
- e) I'm happy to do work experience for a while to prove my abilities.

Here are some problems you may encounter, and how to survive them.

- a) The boss is not available. So, hand over your resume to be given to the boss and ask when the best time to call would be.

b) You make a total dickhead of yourself - say the wrong things, wet your pants, whatever. Try and redeem yourself by using some of the suggested lines - but if you've really muffed it, go back in a weeks time and try again.

c) They tell you to bugger off and that there's no jobs available. Smile sweetly, leave your resume and tell them you'll be back later to ask again.

d) It's often the case that you won't hear a peep from the places you've applied to. The trick is to keep harassing them. **THIS REALLY WORKS!** The idea being that they'll get so jerked off with your eagerness and grinning face that they'll get soft and give you a job. What have you got to lose, apart from a little self esteem.

If, however the idea of presenting yourself to an employer puts too much pressure on your bladder, then we have some soft-options for you.

Soft-options include:

a) Mail your resume to as many employers as possible. This can give the desired response, but more often than not will result in your resume being filed in the same circular file as those who do not include their name or address.

b) Telephone and ask to speak to the manager. If you can withstand the half hour of holding muzak you must be really dedicated, but the employer is more likely to say that they would like to see you in person. So you've just wasted a tasty chunk of your life.

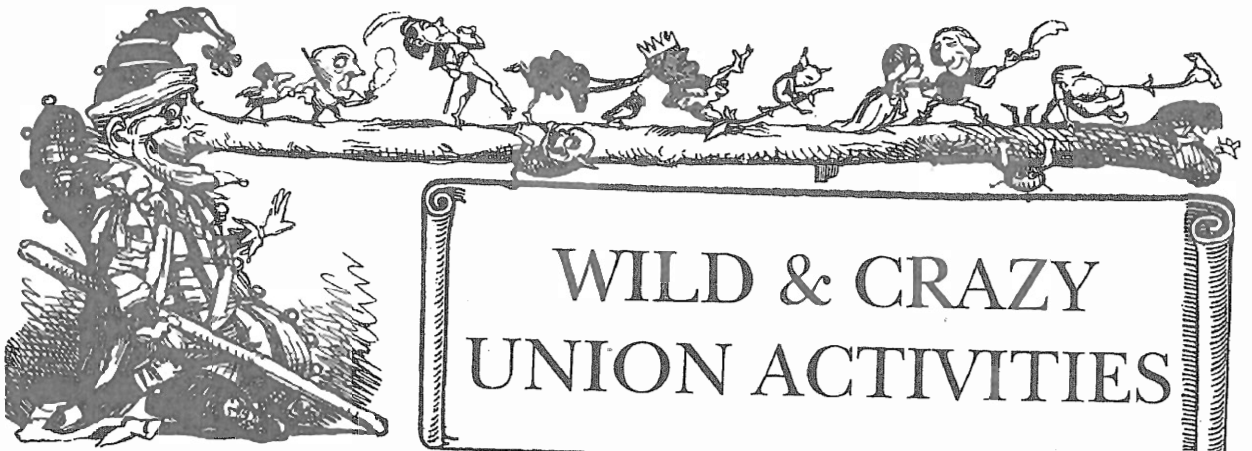
c) Friends and friends of friends are often a good source of inside info about vacant pozzies. Keep your ear to the ground and the right job may come along.

d) Get up bloody early every morning (sick!) and read the job section in the paper. If you want to be pizza deliverer (like our hero Bryan) or a boilermaker this is one of the best options - but if you don't, you may be disappointed.

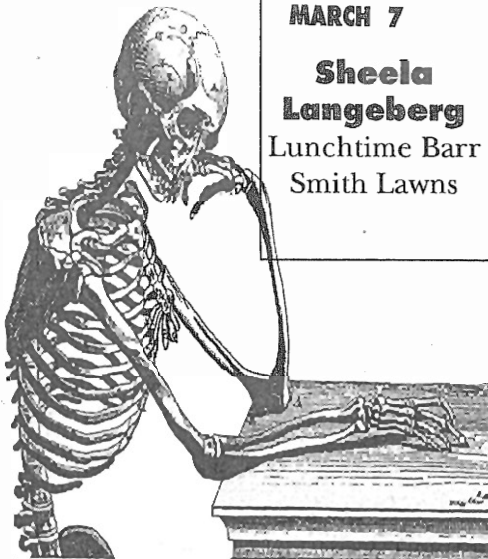
If all this is still too hard - fine. Go back to the sulo bin, drag out the bag of broken fantasy pieces and spend the rest of your life glueing them back together - because there's bigger all chance of you getting a job!

From our loving hearts to yours - Vic and Ric.

If you would like your employment ad to appear in On Dit, then call 2232685 or 3035404 for further details or drop into the On Dit office.



WILD & CRAZY UNION ACTIVITIES

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
 <p>NEED SOME FLESH ON YOUR BONES?</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • New Food Court - Level 4 • "Rundle Street on Campus" - Level 6 • Catacombs - under Union Hall • Backstage Cafe - Schultz Building 	<p>MARCH 7</p> <p>Sheela Langeberg Lunchtime Barr Smith Lawns</p>	<p>MARCH 8</p> <p>Women's Band Lunchtime Barr Smith Lawns</p>	<p>MARCH 9</p> <p>JOKERS Unibar 7-11pm</p>	<p>MARCH 10</p> <p>TISM Unibar 9-12pm</p>
	<p>MARCH 15</p> <p>SIMPLETONS LUNCHTIME BARR SMITH LAWNS</p>	<p>MARCH 16</p> <p>JOKERS Unibar 7-11pm</p>	<p>MARCH 17</p> <p>ST PATRICK'S DAY ENTERTAINMENT ON BARR SMITH LAWNS CLOWNS OF DECADANCE Unibar 9-1:30am</p>	
	<p>MARCH 22 MARCH 23 MARCH 24</p> <p>UNION CENTENARY GRAND OPENING</p>			
	<p>NON STOP ENTERTAINMENT ON BARR SMITH LAWNS</p>	<p>ALL WELCOME TO CENTENARY BREAKFAST 7-9am</p>	<p>Buskers & Street Theatre Lunchtime Jazz + Pyrotechnics 6-10pm</p>	



Designed by Michael Kyberd. Phone 271.5556.

HIGHLIGHTS:

- ☞ NUMBSKULLS & FIREBALLS - UNIBAR SAT. MARCH 4th
- ☞ Check out the car to be won (in the Mayo Refec)
- ☞ Buy a Centenary T-Shirt. Only \$10 Union Studio
- ☞ Enter the "Name the ex-Bistro" competition.

PRESENTED BY
YOUR UNION



Life's a bitch



Then you drink one