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On Dit

Issue 3

Volume 64

APR 2006

THINK ABOUT IT.



TIM WARE
WEDNESDAY 13/3
Thelma Houston
 Grammy Award Winner
 "Don't leave me this way"
 Performing Live.

Fridays
FRIDAY 15/3
Heat 1 DMC DJ
Championships



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 special effects &
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the club
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April 1st

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 Tickets at Venue*Tix & CC Music

The Black Sorrows

Tuesday April 16
 Tickets at Venue*Tix & CC Music

EDITORIAL

Union Catering: What's the Story?
 You know, during the last summer holidays, those relaxing summer holidays, we took time out from our busy schedules to relax and unwind. At a "new age" carnival the three of us (the "Eds" as we're known) couldn't resist the urge to enter the tent of Madam La Zonga - fortune teller. La Zonga looked deep, deep, deep into her crystal ball for a very long time. She came up with only one prediction for '96: "Union catering will get worse." Naturally we all burst into laughter. "How could it get any worse?" we said. "It's already shithouse." But when uni started it became apparent that the mighty, mystical La Zonga was correct!

1) **Vego's Gone** - The grill bar still exists and they serve vegetarian items, but is it truly vegetarian? What kind of oil is it cooked in? We've heard one first hand account of a student who waited more than 25 minutes for a felaful roll. And what's with the new closing time of 3pm? Doesn't Union Catering admin. realise how unrealistic this is (not to mention the added pressure it puts on the Mayo Refectory)?

2) **Equinox** - Good food - yeah. Good service - sure. Nice atmosphere - true. But let's face it: the average student can't afford to eat there every day. So then why is Union Catering putting so much effort and money into changing it?

It's hard not to notice the gates that now prevents anyone who is not an

Equinox customer from being able to use the level four balcony. Quite clever putting them in at the start of the year, that way the first year students won't know that they have even been ripped off. Remember when you could walk around your union building freely, eat your lunch on the level 4 balcony, even if you had only a little or no money? Sorry! It seems the high paying clientele of Union admin. employees and academics are considerably more important than the students. Still, as long as our union fees help to subsidise it, you can't help but be happy. We're all very impressed at having to fork over a large bundle of cash so that the Union admin. employees have somewhere classy to go to decide how to spend the rest of our money.

It should be completely obvious what kind of catering students want and if Union Catering doesn't know then they should fuckin' ask. It's the kind of food, service, and atmosphere that they can get at about a hundred places in the city (and all just a short walk away).

We should stress at this point that fault doesn't lie with any of Union Catering's Service Staff, many of whom are students and know full well the problems that exist within union catering.

If you do use any of the facilities at uni catering and have experienced dodgy service, food, prices, write to us or contact Union catering and tell them where it's at.

Frank, Kerina & Christina

PRODUCTION NOTES

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control, although the opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

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 Cadillac Printing

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 Mark Scruby, Fontella Koleff, Anthony Paxton, Chung Yee (for fixing Chris's Portishead tape and for being a general legend), Bryan Scruby, Paul Bradley, Roxanne Crook, James Morrison, Jamie Lowe (for knowing other legends), Fiona Sproles, Kerryn Doyle, Natalie Whelan, Union Maintenance, Morrissey, Portishead, Pepsi Cola (the choice of us at only \$8.90 a slab), Elastica, the Verve, the Con-

nection because good things come to those who wait, so they tell me.

No Thankyou:
 Infectious illnesses, that stinking drain outside our office, the Health Commission for not declaring our office a health hazard.

Frank's Health Tip of the Week:
 Too many Crown mints can be deadly.

The *On Dit* office is located opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, in the basement of the George Murray Building (next to the mens toilets).

How to Contribute:
 You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution boxes situated in the Barr Smith Library, the Mayo Refectory, the SAUA office and other assorted locations.

Alternatively, you can drop us a line at *On Dit* c/o Adelaide University, SA 5005, phone us on 223 2685/303 5404 or fax us on 223 2412.

Deadline for the next edition:
 March 13th (out March 18th)

About the Cover:
 This week's idyllic scene was taken by Fiona Sproles.



WOLKA PARTY



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- Pages 15-17. Wayward Student - Includes Cafe Crawl, TV and the ever popular Star Signs
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Schwarze Augen
 Schiwago-Melodie
 Moskauer-Nächte
 Anshka

Prize Frenzy

On Dit readers, do we have a booty for you this week! Who said University life isn't rewarding? It is in our headquarters. For those naked students out there we have **6 (that's right six) \$20 clothing vouchers thanks to Youthworks**. But don't ask us for them, you have to be one of the first six people to go into Youthworks and ask for a catalogue, and mention you heard about it in *On Dit*.

For the rest of you, we've got **fistfuls of passes to Wednesday night's *Timewarp* and Friday night's *Fresh as Heaven*, 5 (yes that's five) double passes to *Sense and Sensibility* (thanks to John Cronin at Fox/Columbia Tristar), 5 (yes that's five) *Crimo* packs including dice, playing cards, double CD soundtracks and double passes (thanks to Kathryn Quinn from UIP), and last but not least **4 (yes that's four) double passes to *Twelve Monkeys***. Fancy any of the above? Then come down to the *On Dit* office (basement of George Murray Building, opposite Barr Smith Lawns, next to Uni books) on **Wednesday** and ask nicely.**

Got something you've got to get off your chest? Want to tell us how *On Dit* is the high point of your University week? Either way we want your views! We'll need your name, contact department and telephone number (not necessarily for publication). Drop your words of wisdom down to the *On Dit* office (basement of George Murray building, opposite Barr Smith Lawns, next to Unibooks) no later than 5pm Wednesday. Simple as that.

Here We Go Again

Dear Editors,

At last, after thirteen years of socialist rule, Australia can get off the ground and compete with the rest of the world again. The pendulum can now swing away from social equity and towards economic efficiency. Unfortunately, the Australian Labor Party has left much damage for the Coalition to repair. Hence, it may take many years for the economy to be restored to its pre-Labor equilibrium. Interest payments on our massive foreign debt will cause substantial hardship for all tax paying Australians for many years to come.

I believe the failure of the ALP to run Australia efficiently is in part due to the nature of the party's social equity policies. Extreme income redistribution measures such as Austudy, Medicare and Workcover and the excessive magnitude of unemployment insurance have only hindered Australia's economic progress over the last decade. The money that has been ploughed into these areas by the Labor government in the past, could have and should have been set aside for capital investment.

Unemployment insurance is only a short term solution to reducing the economic hardships that the jobless face. On the other hand, capital investment is a long term economic tool which not only creates jobs, but also promotes sustainable economic growth for many years to come.

A.A. Mair
Faculty of Engineering

Simply A Beast

The Editors,

On the Wednesday of O'Week, there was a 'Probe the Pollies' gabfest on the Barr Smith Lawns. In all, a good way to obtain the various positions vis a vis education policy of the major parties (and some not so major).

Unfortunately, Senator Robert Hill failed to attend. In his place he sent someone called Chris Pyne

who claimed to know very little of the Liberal Party education policy. This refusal to attend indicates the contempt Senator Hill has for Adelaide University students.

It also prevented the Senator, who has a desire to be the Minister for Education, from making any policy commitments. When the coalition begin introducing up-front fees, changing HECS repayment criteria, etc, etc (and they will, just remember you heard it here first!), the Minister will be able to stand up in the Senate and deny any duplicity, any reversal of policy. Perhaps he will send Chris Pyne along to the next 'Probe the Pollies' event to make such denials and tell more lies to the students of Adelaide University.

By the way, Kate Callaghan is not the President of the Adelaide University Labor Club, yours truly has the honour of being the *Convenor* of the Labor Club.

Regards,
Dave Matthews
Labour Studies / Arts
Simply the Beast!

Would you like some abuse with your fries, sir?

Dear Editors,
They've fucked it all up!

As long time patrons of the Grill Bar, we've seen changes and ideas come and go. The Flaming Wok's demise was unfortunate: no more "I give you more!" from the ever-friendly lady behind the counter. We mourned the passing of the Pizza Hut, whose exorbitant prices were more than compensated for by the antics of Rob de Jonge, whose personalised service and zany banter about his political aspirations helped brighten many dull afternoons which should have been spent in lectures.

Through all of this, the Grill Bar was a constant, much like the homely layer of grease that covered all of the tables in the unpretentious Wills Refectory. A simple menu, no frills but friendly service, interestingly stained cutlery. A Full Breakfast and large Iced Coffee, plus pancakes or hot chips if particularly hungry, became a traditional start to the day.

But alas, no more! The simplicity of getting two pieces of toast, two pieces of delightfully salty bacon, two just-runny-enough eggs and two serves of margarine for the attractive price of \$2.95 after student discount, served on warm plates at any time before 11.30 am, is no longer a reality.

The insidious forces of change have reached this last bastion of our culinary happiness. Now we are confronted by an alarming array of choice and a variety of options in our breakfast menu (available only until 10.30 am) and the

result seems to be higher prices and more confusion. For although we have not yet dared to add up the prices exactly or inquire as to the sizes of the servings, we have more than a sneaking suspicion that there has been a significant increase in prices over the summer. Similarly, shithouse are the dodgy new names for the questionable breakfasts (wasn't the "Bloody Expensive" one?).

This development, along with the midway cancellation of Skulduggery and the earlier closing time of the Catacombs has given us such a shitty start to the year that we, normally the most reliable of uninvolved apathetics, have been forced to take this unprecedented step of making public our concerns. For this we apologise unreservedly, and promise to rejoin the silent majority as soon as possible.

Andrew Williams
3rd Year Science / Law
Jonathan Evans
1st, 2nd and 3rd year Economics

No, I don't wanna win

Dear *On Dit*,

In this year's student diary I noticed something that I found very strange. I saw that the Student Union was running a competition to win back your Union fees or a part of them. Am I right in thinking that groups run competitions as advertising, so that consumers buy more of their product?

Could someone please tell me where competition to the Student Union is coming from? Do the students have a choice whether they pay their fees or not? The answer to these questions is NO. We don't have a choice to pay the fees and the Student Union doesn't have any competition. So why the fuck is the Union bothering to advertise by means of this competition?

I realise that this is perhaps a trivial example in terms of the money involved. However, it does illustrate the total ineptitude and incompetence of the student Union. Such flagrant misuse of funds while student fees are increasing is a totally ludicrous situation and I feel that something needs to be done about it.

Michael Neuling
Electrical and Electronic Engineering

Rock 'n Roll will get everybody dancin'

Dear *On Dit*,

Perhaps I am just getting old or perhaps the new breed of Uni students have changed. But, I attended the O'Hop on Monday night. When I arrived I was pleased to see that there was a large crowd of people grooving

away to some tasteless toons played by the DJ of the evening. I thought to myself, "Great these guys are in such a good mood that they are even dancing to the DJ between sets of the live acts for the evening." I mean they were going nuts, moshing to recorded music is a lil bit overzealous in my humble opinion but hey get into it anyway you can. But when they started crowd surfing to *Smells Like Teen Spirit*, I was scared that a riot would break out when the live music came on. Then to my horror when the live act came on for the evening the crowd just left the dance floor.

What's the problem yung uns? Is study becoming so important that you haven't had a chance to go out and see an original live band? Does everything you hear have to be endorsed by Triple J? Appointed by her Majesty Helen Razor? C'mon let live music live! Learn to appreciate live rock, then maybe one day you can say to your buddies, I used to know these guys before they signed with their multinational record label.

Luv from
A Grumpy Old Fart

Hans says: "Stop the Chop"

Fellow Comrades at Arms,
Re: Disgusting Dissections

I would like to notify the community of Adelaide University of the intention to form a new association of like-minded individuals to be called S.A.D. to further all creatures rights.

We're SAD because, as *Students Against Dissection*, every year we see the senseless slaughter of many animals for experiments in Biology and Zoology and with the advent of technology it seems so pointless to continue these.

We're SAD because the Zoology Department is so far behind the times that dissections via CD Rom has not become available as in other universities.

We're SAD because the stench from the dissections is so bad that many of our fellow students suffer from this, plus the feelings of guilt at having unnecessarily snuffed another creature for cruel 'Scientific Study'.

We're SAD because the university cares so little about this issue that the senseless slaughter continues relentlessly even to the point where Slaters swim in alcohol prior to pracs, due to not being dead (the excuse of them being drunk before they die is just not appropriate in these circumstances).

If YOU wish to join SAD, then get mad and write a hot letter to the various departments concerned, plus send a copy to the media and to me at: Students Against Dissection, "Amstel House", GPO Box 1991, Adelaide, South Australia, 5001.

SAD-ly but sincerely,
Hans-Robert van Amstel
Honourable Environmentally Friendly Activist - HEFA

Another satisfied customer

Dear *On Dit*,

It's too fucking hot and all these freshers everywhere are annoying the shit out of me and the vending machines won't accept any coins and I will kill someone if I don't get a Coke soon and why don't the Coke machines accept 50c, \$1 or \$2 coins, even though they're supposed to, and what sort of fuckwit runs this place and the damn machine just gave me a muesli bar instead of a Wagon Wheel and I have 9 am lectures on Mondays and I'm not even sure I still want to be here! Other than that, no complaints.

Shotgun Jim
32nd Year Arts

Orange plastic fishnets? No thanks!

Dear *On Dit* editors and fellow students,

Claustrophobic, I flee from the Mayo Refectory and AC/DC's Greatest Hits, clutching my Harris coffee and chocolate chip muffin, into what I thought would be the peace and tranquillity of the Cloisters. Instead, I am assailed by fluorescent orange plastic netting surrounding the flower beds.

What is the purpose of having these plants as decoration, when their aesthetic joy is defiled by such gruesome nets? Surely University students (in the middle of O'Week especially) would have had more maturity than to trample on and kill those delicate living creatures?

Not even primary schools need to invest in these plastic orange monstrosities.

I implore all those people with the authority to TAKE THEM DOWN IMMEDIATELY!!

And here is my special message to the students. Please treat these plants, especially the vibrant marigolds, with respect. This is so that future generations may be spared the orange spectre which currently haunts the Cloisters.

"Please Consider".

Kathleen Lawler
Second Year Arts.

Kathleen, your amazing powers of telepathy have obviously worked wonders, as your cursed orange things have vanished before our eyes - Eds.

I don't get out much...

Dear Eds,

I noticed, when perusing the letters page of *On Dit* (as one does), that you were introducing a somewhat novel policy of asking, or rather, demanding that we, the letter-writing population of Adelaide Uni provide our names, phone numbers and contact department (not necessarily for publication) with our letters. It seems that you are launching an all-out assault on anonymous letter writers. Let me say, without equivocation, that this is the most unquestionably stupid idea to emanate from the *On Dit* office in all the years I've been at Adelaide Uni (and that's since 1993). I make this comment for several reasons.

Most weeks, the letters page is one of the few interesting sections of *On Dit*. This may be unpalat-

able to you but it is far more interesting when it contains abusive or mildly defamatory material. In the past, editors have been sensible enough to exercise a degree of discretion as to what is published and what is not. They have never resorted to banning anonymous letters. The fact is that your policy of discouraging anonymous letters leads directly to the domination of the letters page by the tedious and sanctimonious posturing of student politicians. If you continue along these lines, your newspaper will end up as dull and as smugly conventional as *The Advertiser*. We don't want that, do we? Anonymous letters are as much a part of Uni life as long lunches and excessive drinking.

Secondly, although you say that you will not necessarily publish names and phone numbers, the fact remains that you will have this information and you will be able to pass it on to any disgruntled student or academic offended by the contents of the letter (particularly if they also happen to be a friend of yours). The fact remains that there are many people who have quite reasonable and appropriate reasons for which they decide to remain anonymous - to you, the editors, as well as to everyone else.

I think you should permit the publication of anonymous letters, within reason. If someone has something to say, let them say it. Use your discretion to exclude defamatory material. I am sure you are capable of this. That said, however, I think that last year's editors did a shocking job, that the yawn factor increased markedly throughout 1995 and that it

seems you are heading further down this road. Banning anonymous letters is going to make *On Dit* a more respectable and conventional newspaper but one which could, to all practical intents and purposes, have been published by Rupert Murdoch and one with a much lower circulation. If *On Dit* does go down the shitter in 1996, it won't be because I haven't given my opinion, even if you bin my letter for non-compliance with your new *diktat*.

Yours anonymously,
I.N. Cognito

Dear Cognito

1. The reason behind our "facist stance" is so that the authors can be verified by us *if need be*.

2. Yeah, like we'd give out phone numbers to "disgruntled students or academics (particularly if they happen to be a friend of ours)." YEAH, RIGHT. Actually we were going to create our very own *Talking Telephone Numbers* and put them on the front cover.

3. Our feeling is that if someone can't even put their name to what they've written they are:

- a) too gutless to publicly voice their opinion or
- b) just shit stirring.

4. We'd like to think that even if people do not want their name to be published they would at least supply us with that information. (If you're going to say it, you might as well say it to our faces).

5. Like your opinion will somehow save *On Dit* from going "down the shitter in 1996." Thought that was our job.

6. Get fucked.

The Eds

P.S. Actually we kinda liked *On Dit* last year.

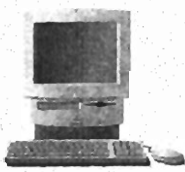
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IRELAND FOR THE IRISH

**"Toleration is a grievous sin."
Protestant archbishop of Dublin,
1627**

**"When my country takes her
place among the nations of the
earth, then and not till then let my
epitaph be written."**

**Robert Emmet, on being sentenced
to hang for treason in 1803**

**"Bloodshed is a cleansing and
sanctifying thing, and the nation
which regards it as the final horror
has lost its manhood."**

**Padraig Pearse, rebel in the 1916
Easter Rising**

Pearse would be pleased, because the blood continues to flow in the conflict over Northern Ireland. A little over a month ago, the IRA broke its cease-

fire agreement and resumed its terrorist campaign with a vengeance. With St Patrick's Day, traditionally a day of celebrating all things Irish, this Sunday, now is a good time to look back on the events and people who shaped modern Ireland, and produced the stand-off that continues to haunt the North.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS

In the late 16th century, Hugh O'Neill, the Earl of Tyrone and a chieftain in the northern Irish province of Ulster, led a rebellion against the forces of Protestant English queen Elizabeth I. The English defeated him at the Battle of Kinsale in 1601. O'Neill and the other earls who supported him fled to Rome to live in exile. They left all their lands behind them, and Ulster soon became one giant plantation of segregated Protestant English and Scottish settlers. The Irish who remained as tenants were forced into subjugation by the exorbitant rents the foreign landowners charged. The seeds of a Protestant ascendancy in Ulster were planted.

THE IRISH DISPOSSESSED

The Puritan (very strict Protestant) Oliver Cromwell rampaged through Ireland massacring anyone in his path in 1649. After Cromwell died in 1658, the English monarchy was restored and kings more sympathetic to Ireland's Catholic majority rose to power. One of these was the Catholic James II, who was deposed after Protestant English noblemen called on his son-in-law, William of Orange, to replace him. James went to Ireland and, with the support of the Catholic Irish and old English, fought William at the 1690 Battle of the Boyne. James lost. Protestant extremists still celebrate the anniversary of this battle, and call themselves Orangemen in William's honour.

Now began the age of the Penal Laws, which attempted to smother the Catholic religion with all sorts of discriminatory measures, although Protestant hostility declined later in the 18th century.

THE BIRTH OF MODERN IRISH NATIONALISM

In 1791, a young Protestant called Wolfe Tone founded a society called the United Irishmen to push for Irish freedom from Britain. Tone attempted to invade Ireland with the help of the French, fresh from their own revolution, in 1793. He was captured by the

British and, denied a soldier's death by shooting rather than hanging, cut his own throat and took a week to die at just 35.

The result of Tone's efforts was the union of Britain and Ireland, which British Prime Minister Pitt decided was the best way to quell unrest. In 1800, the Irish Parliament voted itself out of existence, and Irish MP's were allowed to sit in the British House of Commons.

A flicker of rebellion came in 1803, when Robert Emmet revived the United Irishmen and inadvertently sparked a riot in which the Lord Chief Justice was hacked to death by a mob in a Dublin street. Emmet was hanged and remains an Irish folk hero.

FREEDOM THROUGH POLITICS

Daniel O'Connell, known as the Liberator, cleared the way for Catholics to become MP's for Ireland in 1828. But O'Connell's campaign for repeal of the British-Irish union failed; he was imprisoned for a time and emerged a broken man.

The great potato famine in Ireland in 1845-1848 decimated the population through starvation and emigration, even as cartloads of grain were shipped off to England. The famine also widened the gap between the part-industrialized north and the poorer south.

In 1875, Protestant Charles Parnell became an MP for Ireland, with he and his supporters holding the balance of power in the House of Commons. Parnell put William Gladstone, leader of the British Liberal Party, in government in exchange for land reforms and a movement towards Home Rule for Ireland. Parnell was brought down when his 10-year affair with married Kitty O'Shea was discovered; the Catholic church and Victorian Britain vilified him, effectively driving him, exhausted, into his grave in 1891, at the age of 45.

The movement towards Home Rule wasn't revived again until 1909, when the Irish again held the balance of power. The Asquith government passed the Home Rule Bill in 1914 - it was stalled when World War I broke out. The Irish sent troops to help Britain in all good faith, but it soon seemed the Home Rule Bill was nothing more than a piece of paper.

FREEDOM THROUGH VIOLENCE

Including the infamous Black & Tans on the other.

In May 1921, an Irish negotiating delegation headed by IRA commander Michael Collins was sent to London - unable to contact de Valera for advice, they were effectively forced to

sign a peace treaty which sanctioned the temporary exclusion of the six Ulster counties from the new Irish Free State. Collins felt he had no choice, but observed that he had just signed his death warrant.

Ironically, when de Valera saw the terms of the treaty he was angry not so much about the partitioning as about the Irish still having to swear allegiance to Britain. The IRA and the Irish Parliament split into pro-treaty forces led by Collins and anti-treaty forces led by de Valera. Ireland plunged into a brief civil war in 1922, in which Collins was ambushed and assassinated by anti-treaty forces, and the Irish Free State forces under the direction of the Parliament executed hard-line republicans.

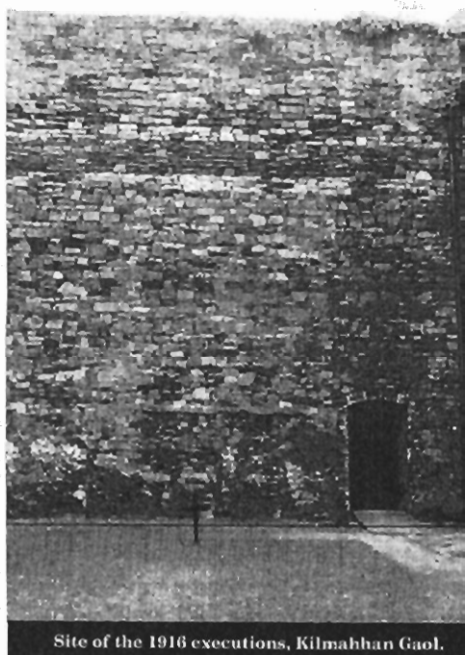
THE BEGINNING OF THE END OR JUST THE BEGINNING?

De Valera again became leader of the Free State government in 1932, and set about removing remaining ties with Britain. Ireland became a republic in 1949 and opted out of the Commonwealth. De Valera no longer had to swear allegiance, but his country remained divided.

Ulster was under British rule, but had its own (Protestant dominated) parliament. Tensions between Unionists and the Catholic majority intensified, culminating in civil unrest and mass demonstrations in the sixties. The IRA had remained sporadically active in Ulster, and now its support was growing. Britain suspended the local parliament and sent in the troops to keep order. One way they did this was by shooting dead 13 unarmed Catholic demonstrators at a march in Derry on Bloody Sunday, January 30th 1972. In the 24 years since, reprisal has followed reprisal as the IRA and Unionist extremists have battled it out, British troops and Irish and British civilians getting caught in the crossfire.

In all its magnificent and colourful history, Ireland has never been united and free, and Robert Emmet's epitaph has yet to be written. One day it will be, but even Emmet himself could hardly have believed it would take so long and that it would be written in so much blood.

Veronica Wissink



Site of the 1916 executions, Kilmahhan Gaol.



Tarkine Wilderness Under Threat

During the summer break, a number of Adelaidians travelled to Tasmania to become involved in the campaign against the destruction of the Tarkine wilderness. The Tarkine, located in North West Tasmania, is an area of exquisite beauty and immense natural value. Until recently, it contained the largest single tract of rainforest in Australia. As Bob Brown states, "If the Tarkine wilderness was in Europe it would be celebrated and guarded as an astonishing remnant of Earth's wild heritage." However, despite a year of direct action, a road has now been bulldozed through the middle, ripping the forest in half. This poses many unacceptable threats to the forest, such as increased risk of bushfires and introduction of feral animals. Its main purpose, though, as the Tasmanian government concedes, is to "provide infrastructure for logging and mining".

THE HAPPY FOREST BIT

The first time I walked into Tasmania's Tarkine wilderness was in early January this year. We walked in during the night and unfortunately words cannot do justice to the beauty of the wilderness that we experienced that morning and the following five days. It is truly a wild and beautiful land, covering 350,000 ha of untamed rainforest, buttongrass, tea-tree scrub and sand-duned coastline.



WHAT THE BASTARDS HAVE DONE

The sad tale of the Tarkine is that the roads, weeds, shotguns and bulldozers have just moved in. On January 31 the Fleenshirk road severing the Tarkine in two was opened. After 12 months of protests and nearly 100 arrests the Tasmanian Liberal Government pushed their road to nowhere through the heart of Australia's largest rainforest. National Parks and Wildlife have already reported off-road 4 wheel driving and shooting in the Tarkine - in an area that until recently was untouched.

The road is only the beginning of the battle for the protection of the Tarkine. Whilst the road is a deep scar waiting to be infected (surprisingly road workers we talked to agreed the road was a scar through the wilderness), there is the serious threat of logging and mining operations.

WHAT THE GREENIES ARE DOING

The push for World Heritage listing of the Tarkine is now as strong as ever. Currently only one percent of the Tarkine is protected meaning the area is wide open to exploitation.

In addition to the World Heritage campaign there is a great deal of energy being focussed on the logging operations in the north of the Tarkine - yes folks, they're chipping and cutting as you read this. The Groom Government does not believe in freedom of information or public consultation - with good reason considering they try to log everything including National Parks and National Estate.

To us, it is more than a petty school yard fight - it's about how to best stop any further destruction to an area of intrinsic value and incredible beauty. Activists are pushing for proper road management at the very least, thereby minimising disturbance, and ultimately for road closure.



WHAT YOU CAN DO

It is what happens in the cities that largely determines what happens to our areas of wilderness. There is a really strong crew in Adelaide fighting for the Tarkine, so contact Wendy in the Students' Association (303 3182). If you can get involved or help in anyway with the campaign. If this article has made you give a shit or you already do then please write to PM elect John and tell him to protect the Tarkine - it is his responsibility as much as Ray Groom's.

Finally, even though this is the story of the Tarkine it is also the story of East Gippsland, NSW, Queensland, Indonesia and too many other places in the world. The wilderness needs more protectors - make yourself one of them!

by Sally Burchard
& Ian Sweeney

For more information contact:
Wendy Telfer -
SAUA Environment Officer
or SA Tarkine Coalition
c/o Ingrid Lees
Ph 356 8876

Everything old is new again

What do Oasis and Gucci have in common? They're both examples of how popular culture in the 1990s is looking to the past for inspiration.

The simple style of Jackie Kennedy and the rise to international super stardom of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones symbolise the trends of the sixties. The seventies brought psychedelic drugs, disco and women's lib; the eighties saw a technology boom and the emergence of a money and status hungry generation of baby boomers. The nineties seem to be a decade devoted to retrospect.

If we consider the main trends that have swept us along thus far, it becomes quite obvious that we've relied on the past few decades for ideas. At the end of the eighties, we watched films like "Back to the Future" and "La Bamba" which gave us a taste for the 1950s: Buddy Holly and bobby socks, high pony tails and "Happy Days". In the early nineties, we moved in to the 1970s. With the release of the film "The Doors", our streets began filling with flare-clad teenagers in platform shoes and crocheted skull caps, our beaches with string bikinis; our CD collections acquired appropriate 'greatest hits' albums of Morrison and Hendrix and we couldn't get enough of Lenny Kravitz and his soulful, seventies inspired grooves. We didn't escape from disco either: clubs everywhere adopted seventies style for at least one night each week and rejoiced in playing "Dancing Queen" and "Nutbush City Limits" while the mirror ball spun.

In more recent years, we've seen a melange of trademarks from every era, in fashion, film and music. We loved "Muriel's Wedding" with its overwhelming Abba con-

tent and blue eyeshadow. British fashion designer, Vivienne Westwood, created her signature look from the 1940s-inspired pencil skirt (but added a bustle to it) and ridiculously high-heeled platform pumps from the 1970s. The success of the recently opened chain of Johnny Rockets restaurants around the country shows that people want not only to listen to the music and drive the cars, but also to eat and drink in an atmosphere soaked with 1950s memorabilia.

The strongest influences that popular culture has at the moment come from the sixties. Ever since the release of "JFK" the movie, fashion magazines and designers have used Jackie Kennedy Onassis (even more than ever) as a role model for style and fashion know-how. Audrey Hepburn has also been at the centre of our attention for similar reasons and the remake of the film "Sabrina" which she starred in originally is no coincidence. Looking through a recent fashion magazine, you will see styles that you've seen many times before: big coiffed hair, body shirts, pale lipstick and black eyeliner - it's all been done before but this time the hipster pants are Gucci, the shift dress by Calvin Klein and the big Sunglasses by Chanel.

The sixties is not only invading our wardrobes, it's on our radios too. Recently awarded with best band and best album of 1995 at the British Music Awards, Oasis has its roots firmly planted in the sixties. The band's resemblance to the Beatles is so striking that, at times,

one could mistake lead singer Liam Gallagher's voice for that of John Lennon and the easy-going melodies and sometimes cute lyrics (not to mention the haircuts) follow the same formula that brought the Beatles so much fame and popularity. Along with bands like Blur, Pulp and Elastica, Oasis is at the forefront of the re-emergence of the Britpop scene. Just as the Beatles and the Rolling Stones rose to international fame, it seems fitting and even logical that it should happen again as we move further along the path of repeating history.

When will it end? Does it need to? Will we one day reappear in crinoline and lace? Or will we get over it and move on in the new century? Who can say? But we can say this: the future is an exciting place - and we'll know if we ever get there.

Miranda Starke.

"I listen to Blur 'cos they look like The Who" Jarvis.



Fringe/Festival Column

If you haven't been Festivalling or Fringing yet, this is your last chance before our biennial arts party winds down for another 24 months on Sunday (March 17) and the flaming hills hoists are extinguished around town. However there is plenty to do and for those whose pocket money might be a little low there is Red Square at the Torrens Parade Ground which has exceeded all expectations. Meantime down in the Fringe precinct (normally known as Rundle Street) the Fringe Club at Headlines Theatre in the Fringe Courtyard has also been a big success. So, check it all out before it is too late...

...Another Australian company to have a world premiere at the Telstra Adelaide Festival is Melbourne-based IRAA Theatre with its production *The Blue Hour*. The piece is the first part of a cycle of performances on the Australian experience by Renato Cuocolo titled *Far From Where*. *The Blue Hour* is a chronicle of inner life which issues from memory. It tells of the vanishing of a fullness of sense in human history and the consequent impossibility of narration. *The Blue Hour* will be performed at the Odeon Theatre, Norwood, from Wednesday (March 13) until Saturday (March 16)...

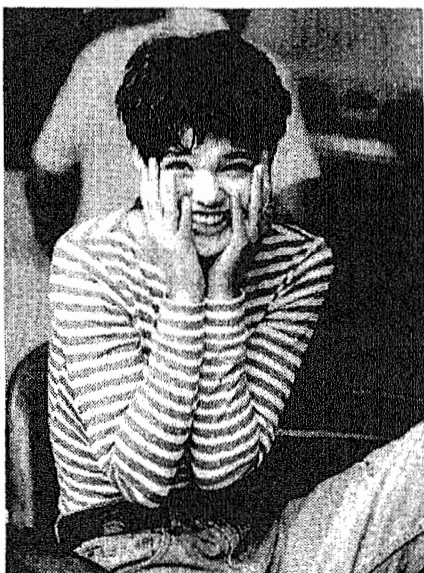
...One of the more unusual international performance groups to perform during this already challenging Festival is Betontanc (Concrete Dance) from Slovenia. The company confronts personal issues of power, control and violence with intense high-risk movement theatre. Combining Balkan roots with Slavic melancholy, they regard themselves not as dancers or actors but as "a basketball team"! During the Festival they will present two seasons at the Scott Theatre with *Every Word A Gold Coin's Worth*, tomorrow and Wednesday nights (March 12 and 13) and *Know Your Enemy!* on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights (March 15, 16 and 17)...

...Following concerns over high winds that forced the cancellation of their March 6 performance, the Whirling Dervishes have scheduled an extra concert at Elder Hall on Wednesday (March 13). According to the Festival organisers the concert has been scheduled to allow those who missed out on the earlier show a chance to catch this amazing act. However don't hold your breath for any chance to get a ticket to this show...

...The East End will see out the Adelaide Fringe Festival on Friday and Saturday nights (March 15 and 16) with the final Street parties. From 9.30pm to 1.30am Rundle Street from From Street to East Terrace will be closed to through traffic to allow "Fringe dwellers" room to enjoy coffee, food and free entertainment on offer at various locations along the street...

...Video sub-editor Fiona Sproles asks: "What do you get when you cross a funky little dancer, a virtuoso guitarist and a juggler?" The answer is Ole, a farrago of Flamenco guitar, ping pong balls, synchronised high jinks, and comedy. The three performers are all based in the U.K. and have won audiences over with their interactive shows, packed full of power, passion, energy and good fun. There are some rather impressive juggling tricks, particularly when Antonio (the virtuoso guitarist) spits a ping pong ball very high into the air, which is caught in the mouth of Paul (the juggler). Overall; their performance is memorably magnificent, go see it. Ole continues at the Star Club until Friday.

Youth + Works = Youthworks



Oh my God? Fashion in On Dit? What will those crazy Kids do next?

An essential item for Autumn/Winter 1996 would have to be the Youthworks catalogue which previews an extensive range of innovative labels for style conscious guys and girls.

Guys who appreciate fashion that will set them apart need look no further than Youthworks for their winter wardrobe. With an array of labels including ATELIER, BOX CANYON, FRONTIER AVIATORS, GRIPP, LONE WOLF, LEE, MASQUE and MOSSIMO, Youthworks can give you the cutting edge clothing that you desire but have been unable to obtain from other retailers.

The range of womenswear available from Youthworks is equally exciting.

Alongside hip labels such as ATELIER, GRIPP, LILI, LEE AND PERVERT is also the innovative new

womenswear label YRC. The YRC collection consists of leather jackets, kick pants, bodyshirts and sharp suits all boasting superb shape and fit as well as an unmistakable element of style heavily influenced by the current London scene.

For your own copy of the Youthworks catalogue, visit Youthworks at 124, Rundle Mall, Adelaide or phone (08) 223 7887 to have one mailed to you.

Special Deal for On Dit Readers:

As stated in the Prizes section of *On Dit*, the first 6 readers who go into Youthworks to pick up a copy of the new catalogue will receive a \$20 Youthworks voucher.

Aren't you all happy now?

UNION CATERING

FOOD COURT



Meal Deals - Present this voucher to claim your deal

EARLY BIRD SPECIAL <i>2 Hot Donuts and Coffee</i> \$1.00 <i>10 am - 12.00 noon</i>	EARLY BIRD SPECIAL <i>Danish and Coffee</i> \$1.20 <i>10 am - 12.00 noon</i>	PIE & WEDGES <i>Meat or Vegetarian</i> \$3.00	BEEF CURRY <i>+ Steamed Rice</i> \$2.00
YOUR CHOICE OF POTATO WITH ... <i>Bechamelise Sauce or Coleslaw</i> \$2.00	FRIED RICE AND SPRING ROLL \$1.50	HAM AND CHEESE BAGUETTE <i>Hot or Cold</i> \$2.50	NACHOS <i>with The Lot</i> \$3.00

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MONDAY - FRIDAY



Election Round-up



If you were overseas and were hiding under a rock for the last week, then you wouldn't know that John Howard is now the Prime Minister of Australia and that the Liberal/National Coalition won over the Labor Party in a landslide.

The results came out on the night of March 2nd, with Paul Keating by 8pm conceding defeat. As one enthusiastic Keating supporter shouted out at the Bankstown Sports Club on election night "You can take the boy out of Bankstown but you can't take Bankstown out of the boy". Most of Australia disagreed though, thinking that 13 years of Labor government was enough and that Paul Keating had lost touch with the Australian public.

In the House of Representatives there was a big swing to the Liberals, resulting in them gaining a majority of seats even without their Coalition partners the Nationals. This election has also brought more women into Parliament. The largest ever

number of women have been voted in for the Liberals - 26 in all. It was also a first for the Nationals, gaining their first female member in the House of Representatives.

The swing against Labor saw many ministers say goodbye to the pollic scene, such as Robert Tickner, Ross Free, Gordon Bilney, Michael Lavarch and perhaps ex-Deputy PM Kim Beazley. Paul Keating will soon quit his leadership of the Labor Party and his life in politics altogether. A by-election for his seat of Blaxland (centred around the Sydney suburb of Bankstown) is scheduled for later this year. Kim Beazley is firm favourite to take over the Labor leadership, however, if he does lose his seat of Brand to the Liberals, he might take over from Carmen Lawrence from the seat of Fremantle, or he might relocate to NSW and take over from Paul Keating in Blaxland. The former head of the ACTU Martin Ferguson is also in the House Of Representatives.

Ian McLachlan, who resigned over the Hindmarsh

Island Saga is back. A couple of years ago he was a contender for the deputy leader of Liberals and he is likely to be back on the front bench. Warwick Smith, a Liberal from Tasmania who was voted out at the '93 election and then reelected back this year, is also tipped to be a face

to watch out for. Former NSW premier John Fahey will now be seen in the Federal arena. However, speculation over future friction between John Howard and new treasurer Peter Costello resembles the Hawke-Keating power games of the 80s.

The election campaign had a taste of things to come with the fall of the Wayne Goss Labor Government, after the Mundinburra by-election in early February. Rob Borbridge of the National/Liberal Coalition has taken control of the Queensland Government. Two weeks later, elections in Tasmania resulted in a hung Parliament, 14 seats each for Labor and Liberal and the balance of power in the hands of the Greens. No party wants to form a coalition with the Greens. For the time being, the Liberals will form a minority government, Labor will not vote against them in any votes of no confidence and another election will be called towards the end of this year. The move against Labor in Queensland was again reflected on March 2 while the opposite was the case in Tasmania.

The amount of independents in Parliament is large by Australian standards (about 8). Most are ex-Liberal candidates from Western Australia. Graham Campbell, the ex-ALP MP of Australia's largest electorate of Kalgoorlie, who was disendorsed for his racist comment, was re-elected as an independent. However, the independent member for Wills, Phil Cleary, was defeated by the Labor candidate and that was the only seat that Labor won.

In SA, 10 out of the total 12 seats are in Liberal hands. The only Labor areas left are Port Adelaide and Bonython (comprising the north and northwest of Adelaide). ALP MPs Peter Duncan (Makin) and Gordon Bilney (Kingston) were defeated. Due to the overwhelming support for the Coalition in South Australia, Senator Amanda Vandstone (ex-Shadow Attorney General) wants more SA representation on the front bench. The seats of

Hindmarsh and Adelaide used to be safe Labor seats but now they have transformed from marginal to safe Liberal seats, thanks to Trish Worth and Chris Gallus. The safe Labor seats of Kingston and Makin are now marginals along with the out-back electorate of Grey.

The Senate is another story. The Liberals, feeling cocky over their landslide victory in the Lower House, think that they have a MANDATE over passing bills without problems. This is deja vu for South Australians. Though not reflected in the House of Representatives, there was an even bigger swing towards the Democrats, especially in the Senate. The Liberals even lost 3% of their 1993 vote in the Senate. The strength of holding the balance of power that the Democrats now hold will be felt. The Australian public wants change but still they didn't fully want all the changes the Coalition offered. The Democrats in the Senate are like Third Party Insurance. The issue of Mandate has been thrashed out over countless interviews with Senator Cheryl Kernot and John Howard. The Democrats have promised that they will block any sale of Telstra.

Now that the Coalition is in power, this is what I predict to happen soon.

- Voluntary Unionism - also for students!!

- Hindmarsh Island Bridge. After the Royal Commission, Ian McLachlan is back. Robert Tickner is out of politics so it looks like full steam ahead for the construction of the bridge.

- No more Three Uranium Mines policy, so expect areas in the Kakadu such as Coronation Hill to be the new centrepiece of environmental movement.

- Clean up of waterfront procedures and other inefficient workplaces.

- Cuts to level of government, number of departments, public service, funding cuts especially in information technology.

- The possible sale of a third of Telstra.

Nick Nasev



John Howard, all set for his latest role in *Honey, I Won the Election*

Women and Racism

My First Neo-Nazi

Two recent incidents have stuck in my mind and crawled beneath my skin with the insidious, mocking, repulsiveness of racism: the first was a blatant, abhorrent, extremist gesture that left me feeling completely powerless, utterly disgusted and very isolated. The second was much more subtle, an unconscious attitude projected by a group, which also left me feeling very isolated.

I encountered my first Neo-Nazi in Rundle Mall one morning last week: a stalwart, heavily tattooed man, proudly sporting a black swastika across his red top, was coming towards me, a little boy on his shoulders. The man was in the process of picking his nose. My only thought was - how scary - a person like that bringing up a child! - and the man pulled his digit out of his nostril, stared at me and then flicked whatever was stuck to his finger in my direction. I should add at this point that I am a 'woman of colour' (nature's gift: melanin). I was out of firing shot (thankfully) but the obscenity of his action was so ludicrous it was almost funny.

The scary thing was, after that I went into a store to buy my daily bagel and my first thought as the white woman across the counter served me was - is that how *she* sees me, the way that despicable man did? His hatred was ridiculously obvious, but hers... I got over my paranoia soon enough - but it's a sickening feeling: realising that women are often *only* united by gender, while other factors, class, culture and, most importantly, *race* can divide them.

The second incident was a meeting I recently attended pertaining to International Women's Day. It was the only such meeting I attended, so my impressions were derived more from my own feelings than anyone else's behaviour. Every woman there was white. I was the only 'woman of colour'. The women there were lovely, very warm, very engaging. And the efforts they were making were tremendous and laudable - in trying to ensure that all women would be represented and catered for on the day. Yet it was an unconscious attitude of theirs which has become ingrained as a part of the feminist movement that made me feel so isolated: it was as if these women were *hosting* the day and *inviting* 'other' women to join in the celebrations. The emphasis was not on *International Women's Day*, but *International Women's Day*, with *women* in general being defined according to the 'white norm'.

Feminism needs to be restructured, to incorporate not only issues of gender, but issues of races as well. Women need to support and understand women; thus the feminist movement can empower women not only to fight against sexism, but racism as well.

I have summarised in article form

some of the key concepts of the Women Against Racism campaign put together by Sarah Lantz, NUS National Women's Officer 1996. Your campus Women's Officer should have stickers and posters and broadsheets about the campaign. If you want to find out more, or get involved, please do not hesitate to get in touch!

Amrita Dasvarma
NUS SA Women's Convener 1996
Authorised by L. Johnstone for
NUS SA

Women Against Racism

The incidence of racism on campus's across Australia is a mere reflection of the way society operates as a whole. Racism is inextricably linked to power and the unequal distribution of power within society, where certain groups benefit from the oppression and exploitation of others.

For women, racism is often a double-edged sword. Struggles by Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Women for self determination, for example, have been held back by both racist and sexist tendencies. The Women Against Racism Campaign was largely developed to dispel some of the myths and misconceptions surrounding racism and to make it known that racism, in all its manifestations, is real and always completely unacceptable. It is also aimed to broaden our understanding of racism and the multitude of ways it operates in our everyday lives; at University; the wider community, and in a global context.

Most importantly, however, the Women Against Racism Campaign seeks to encourage active participation in building the anti-racist struggle, and to develop a critical individual and collective analysis in challenging racism at the tertiary level and beyond. Ultimately, racism does not exist in its own niche in society but exists... *everywhere!*

If the women's movement is indeed committed to smashing all forms of oppression and exploitation, then we cannot continue to regard the issues of race and gender as separate systems. If the indisputable connections are not explored then contemporary feminism will be little more than a movement which reaffirms existing class, race and cultural barriers...

The Women Against Racism Campaign is an attempt to make links between oppression, to arm women

with the tools needed to articulate arguments against racism, to highlight the relevancy of building the anti-racism struggle, and to ultimately small *all* racism.

Racism and the University

Education remains one of the clearest examples of the failings of feminism to tackle issues relating to women of colour.

Women from Non-English speaking backgrounds remain hugely under-represented in their access to

premises and notions of 'sisterhood', have discussed 'race' as having a secondary role to gender, rather than as a complex factor inextricably linked with other forms of oppression. We have heard women's groups (predominantly white) argue about why they are simply unable to involve or interest 'other' women, while at the same time, women at feminist conferences have experienced an array of frustrations at the way in which Aboriginal women and women of colour have been tokenistically presented and perceived.

While many women may declare themselves feminists, this does not necessarily imply that they are not racist. Within the feminist movement, radical conflict between white women and women of colour continues to be an area of struggle. Often these conflicts are so overwhelming that they lead us to question if we can ever live together in social spheres that are not irrevocably tainted by politics of domination... For Aboriginal women and women of colour, *race* and class are the primary forms of oppression (as opposed to sex and class) and until this appears as a leading agenda item on the debate within the women's movement, then the movement will not have immediate relevance to the needs of Aboriginal women or women of colour.

Women will know they have made a political commitment to eliminating racism when they help change the direction of the feminist movement, when they work to unlearn racism socialisation prior to assuming positions of leadership, or shaping theory, or making contact with women of colour so that will not perpetuate and maintain racial oppression or, unconsciously or consciously, abuse and hurt non-white women. These are truly radical gestures that create a foundation for experience of political solidarity between white women and women of colour.

Actively engaging in the anti-racist struggle means many a thing to many different women. At the tertiary level, amongst other things: *Seek support from like-minded women in your course; Challenge classroom discussions and course content which make race secondary to gender or which do not include race or gender at all; Work towards the introduction of education programs to combat racism; Make it your business to find out more about racism in all its manifestations and to dispel the myths that allow racism to continue; Rebel, Riot, Engage in Revolt!

Taken from 1996 Women Against Racism Campaign materials
Compiled by Sarah Lantz, National Women's Officer, NUS, 1996.

So you think it's not your problem?

Racist, Sexist & Homophobic behaviour creates a violent and threatening environment for people on campus. There is no excuse for bigotry.

We can all do something about it!

higher education. The issues that these women are not participating in higher education are simple: they range from family expectations through to cultural construction of the courses themselves, where the white majority is the 'norm' and 'other' cultures and ways of thinking are completely excluded or incorporated only as afterthoughts or deviations.

There are a multitude of other reasons why women of colour are not accessing the system to the same level as white women. Government policies have almost entirely failed to address them as a group in need of special attention. Indeed, alterations to HECS and Austudy with regard to permanent residents, whereby the government plans to deny permanent residents access to HECS deferral or Austudy will further entrench already existing inequities.

Is Feminism Colour Blind?

For too long the women's movement, built up on 'egalitarian'

Terrorism rears its ugly head again...

February has been a month of renewed terrorist activity in three of the world's terrorist hotspots - Israel/Palestine, Northern Ireland and the Basque Country/Spain. Following a couple of months of relative peace in these areas, ceasefires were broken and the bad old days came back.

The Irish Republican Army (IRA) bomb attack on an apartment building in the Isle of Dogs district of east London signalled the end of the IRA's 17 month ceasefire. A London bus Route #171 was bombed and London was under siege. The roadblocks and the terrorist attacks are no longer a distant memory. The attacks served as significant messages. The Isle of Dogs project was a Thatcher inspired redevelopment, so the attack there was a symbolic attack on the Conservative government of the UK. The attack on the traditional London bus was an attack on a symbol of London most readily identifiable with London for tourists. A destroyed tourist icon will do more harm to England's tourist industry and economy than anything else. The timing was great as the main tourist season starts in a month's time. The image of the IRA has sunk in the US, with President Clinton withdrawing any support or contact with the IRA. The Army patrols of the streets of towns and cities of Northern Ireland have resumed and constant diplomatic activity has failed to reinstate the peace of last year.

If the IRA was not enough, terrorist activity resurfaced again in Israel. Not since the assassination of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak

Rabin in November last year and the Palestinian elections of January have there been any attacks by the Hamas group, who violently oppose the peace process. 90 people have died in the past fortnight after three suicide bombers blew up buses. The victims have mainly been children. This could not come at any bet-

ter time since its the childrens festival time of Purim in Israel. Stuff the peace process is what many people are saying now in Israel, making the right-wing Likud Party a likely winner in this May's election. The heat has now gone off the Jewish extremist groups accused of compliance in Rabin's death. The measures taken by caretaker PM Shimon Peres have been strict. Palestinians in Gaza and the West Bank have been confined to their houses under a curfew. The borders have been closed and the families of the suicide Hamas bombers had their belongings confiscated and their houses emptied. Soldiers are now in buses but no one dares catch a bus in Israel. Bus bombings are the preferred type of bombing by

Hamas. But retaliation is not the right thing to do according to Yitzhak Rabin's widow, Leah. On American television she appealed to all Jews and the world to stick to the peace process since with peace boys (referring to soldiers) will no longer die without a reason like in Lebanon in 1982 or the suicide bombers of today. The upsurge in terrorism has sparked another wave of nationalism in the northern Spanish region of the Basque Country (Euskadi in Basque). The Basques are infamous because of the terrorist activities of Euskera Ta Akatasa (ETA). The political wing of ETA Herri Batasuna's leader was arrested on charges of terrorism last month, launching what some Basques claim is an attack on the latest popularity surge of Herri Batasuna. What has grabbed the world's attention in regards

to the supporters of ETA has been their open support and collaboration with Sinn Fein and the IRA, alarming the British public more than anything else.

The resurgence of terrorism serves no one except the terrorist groups. For most of them, they don't wield any power except through anonymous violent acts. To show that an organization can govern, they must show that they can actually do it through peaceful means. We all like to live in a world of peace and not of fear. It is the people who rule through fear that ultimately lose, especially when the weak find out that they no longer fear.

Nick Nasev



CLUBS COLUMN

Adelaide Uni drama club
Parting Company presents its new comedy revue *Milk, Milk, Lemonade* as part of the 1996 Festival Fringe.

Parting Company is one of the uni's most consistently entertaining troupes, selling out at last Fringe with a production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Since then they've successfully staged their original revue *Floo-Ha* and presented *The Taming of the Shrew* in association with the Theatre Guild.

So for a night of satire, send-up, music and mayhem, don't miss *Milk, Milk, Lemonade*.

At the Gerard Theatre, Tavistock Lane (runs off Frome St. by Amalfi's) March 11th-17th at 8pm

Tickets: Students Association 303 5406 or Venue'tix

Anglican Society - Meetings Mondays, 1pm in the Chapel. Everyone welcome. (Taizé music - time for reflection).

Adelaide University Film Society presents *Clueless* free to members, Friday, 15th March at 1.15 pm in the Union Cinema. Members free, Non-members \$2. All tickets available at Clubs' Association Office. AGM on Monday, 18th March in the Margaret Murray Room from 1 pm to 3 pm.

LitSoc AGM

Monday March 18th, 1pm.
Canon Poole room, Union House

Positions Available - President, Secretary, Treasurer, TLS editor(s), Play Readings Co-ordinator, First Year Representative, Writer's Group Co-ordinator, Publicity Officer.

New members welcome.

AGM for the **Mature Students' Association** will be held in the WP Rogers Room, 5th Floor, Union Building from 1.15 pm on Monday, 18th March, 1996. Nominations for all positions accepted until 5 pm Monday, 11th March. Voting in club rooms, 12 - 2 pm Wednesday 13th March, Thursday 14th March, Friday 15th March.

Pride meetings on Thursday in the Rainbow Room, Lady Symon Building 1pm. Contact Michael ph: 258 0245.

CASH FOR CLUBS Do you have ideas for activities but no \$money\$? Then you can apply for the **AU CLUBS ASSOCIATION**. Telephone 303 5403. Pick up a CA Handbook - it tells you quite a bit about the clubs. **CA COUNCIL MEETING W.P. ROGERS ROOM LEVEL 5 STUDENT UNION WED 13 MARCH 1:00pm ALL WELCOME. ALL CLUB DELEGATES : BE THERE!**

GET A JOB!

If you have spent all your time in the last few weeks bobbing for apples in the toilet you probably have not released we have had a change of government. Well, hooray shit, glad to inform you!

The coalition's landslide victory has virtually guaranteed an immense time of change in the coming months. Will this change solve our problems? Will small business solve unemployment, leprosy and heartburn?

Life under John Howard promises to be a little like living under a Chinese curse; we are in for some interesting times. As he and his cronies take over the machinery of government, many around the country are waiting with bated breath to see exactly how interesting it's going to get.

Hundreds of thousands of unemployed and millions of workers voted themselves blue in the face a week and a half ago. As, presumably, did many thousands of students (and it wasn't just an academic issue). Besides putting the boot into Keating and Crean, it remains to be seen what other little pleasures the

events of March 2 hold in store for us. Advance parties of economic rationalists are already sending smoke signals to each other across the tinder dry social terrain. Slash and burn welfarism, ala Kennett and Court, looks set to make a federal return. The firebugs are back.

Full of concern for the unemployed during the election campaign, the intentions of Honest John must have been a bit of a worry for the thousands of students who rely on the dole for "income support". Their precarious mode of existence has already been made increasingly insecure by the outgoing Labor mob. And what little could be discerned of concrete policies amongst the more flagrant Liberal election propaganda did not inspire hope. A promise to cut Social Security spending by \$600 million (through increased surveillance and detection of "fraud") leaps to mind. The re-emergence of "the dole bludger" into public discourse is a frightening proposition. [Cut to an Image of a Scarecrow Burning].

Under Labor's 'Working Na-

tion' regime, about the worst thing that could happen (if you played your cards right) was that you'd have to sign a Job Compact 'agreement', leave Uni, and work for the dole for six months. At the time the then opposition claimed that such schemes artificially lowered the unemployment rate, did not create jobs, were a statistical smokescreen (and they were right). Now in government, it will be interesting to hear what they have to say.

Their 'Giving Hope To Our Young' policy promises to implement a strategy to accelerate job creation. This will occur through revitalising small business and reforming industrial relations. What they actually meant to say was we intend to make it easy enough for small business to hire and fire people at will. Working students are currently one of the most abused groups within the labour market. Crap wages, poor conditions and long hours are already accepted conditions of employment for many young people. How much easier can John Howard make it for employ-

ers to mistreat young people?

Current labour market conditions have given employers the ability to pick and choose employees depending in many cases on the extra work and poorer conditions they are willing to accept. With no union protection, no updated awards (only a few minimum standards) and levels of unemployment among Adelaide University graduates around 16% I hope you have faith.

But! You may be quick to say, the Howard Government has promised not to abolish awards, so this safety net will remain in place. True, yet a large portion of young people entering the workforce have jobs that are not covered by awards. Currently poor conditions will become savage with individual contracts. The preferred option under the Liberal reign.

Were does this leave us? Probably feeling like you have just removed your shoes to scrap off an old tough turd but have landed bare foot into a fresh hot steamer. Stay tuned.

Mark Kernich & Jamie Lowe

UNIBOOKS RETURN TO THE GRIND OR FLY AWAY WITH STA TRAVEL & AIR NEW ZEALAND RANDOM DRAW COMPETITION

- 1st Prize Air New Zealand/STA Travel, Trip to New Zealand departs Adelaide valued at over \$1000
- 2nd Prize Ink Jet Printer & bag valued at \$500 courtesy of Laserline
- 3rd Prize 6 month pass to the Mercury Cinema valued at \$350

OTHER PRIZES

- 4th \$300 ANZ Bank High Performance Account
- 5th \$300 Wakefield Press Parcel of books
- 6th \$300 Powerade Corporate prize
- 7th \$300 Hewlett Packard calculator Prize courtesy of Twinlock Acco
- 8th 3M Australia Stationery Basket valued at \$250
- 9th \$250 Eyewitnesses Travel Guides Prize courtesy of Harper Collins
- 10th B.J. Fry Stationery Suppliers, Executive attache case (full of Stationery products valued at \$250)
- 11th \$250 Penguin Books Prize
- 12th 20 single passes to the Royal Show valued at \$180
- 13th \$170 SLV Student Survival Pack
- 14th \$150 Adelaide Area 4 Voucher
- 15th \$150 Crowley Collis Stationery Parcel
- 16th The Adelaide Uni Boat Club \$140 Membership Prize
- 17th \$120 Rotating Fountain Pen
- 18th Adelaide Uni Record if Sleep \$100 Voucher
- 19th Adelaide Uni Bar \$100 Voucher
- 20th Dinner at Equinox valued at \$100 Courtesy of Adelaide Uni Catering
- 21st \$100 Reed Book Prize
- 22nd Theatre Guild Prize valued at \$80
- 23rd Barr Smith Library \$50 Photocopy Card



SPECIAL STUDENT UNION PRIZES

From Adelaide University Union:
Win fee refund along with free recreational courses valued at \$300. Open to Adelaide Uni Students only.

From Flinders University Unions:
Win a \$50 drink voucher from Flinders Union Tavern, and a \$50 food voucher from the Brasserie; as well as a 12 month Union Gold Card, for free entry to every Union event. Open to Flinders Uni Students only.

From the University of South Australia Unions:
Win a \$200 Fee Refund plus a \$100 food & Bar Voucher as well as an Activities Gold Ticket, valued at over \$300. Open to Uni of SA Students only.

ENTRY FORMS FROM: your campus bookshop, STA Travel and participating Media. Send Entries to: Unibooks: GPO Box 498, Adelaide 5001. Competition drawn 10/4/96. All winners will be notified in writing

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FRIDAY MARCH 22

8-12.30

tickets at the door: \$10/\$8 students
cans \$2
base spirits \$2.50

46 pennington terrace, north adelaide.



Kym Taylor
SAUA President

O'Ball
Congratulations to Viron, Simon and all the brilliant helpers for the O'Ball which was sold out and a great success. However, may the person who stole my lamp that the DJ's were using in the bar, be cursed for ever.

Federal Election

As everyone is probably aware by now the Liberals won the Federal Election. This will have a serious impact on the future of higher education. Whilst it was good to see that the Liberals produced more moderate policy in the election it still remains to be seen whether or not they will stand by their words. The Students' Association will be carefully monitoring the new government and their approach to higher education.

National Day of Action

The good news is that there will be a NDA on the 28 March. Plans are still being finalised but it looks set to be a very different NDA with a celebration of Student Associations. Organising the NDA requires lots of people with energy and ideas, so now that Orientation is over wander in to the Association and put your name down with Vicki the receptionist to get involved.

Services

Don't forget that the SAUA provides a range of services which we are constantly expanding. We have now included a video projector which can be hired out for a minimal cost.

Unabashed Plug

Make sure you go and see Kylee Smith, Women's Officer, in her Fringe show "As a Dancing Bear" in the Wills Court 8-10 March, and 14-17th March at 10pm.

Happy 21st Adriennel



Gareth Higginson
Education V. Pres.

So another week has passed us by, except this time it wasn't like all the other weeks of 1996. This week was one containing lectures, tutes and, for some, practicals....a totally foreign concept over the past 3 months. I trust that all of us survived with maybe only a few minor mishaps encountered.

I guess I should congratulate the Lib's on winning the federal election, but why? Probably because it gives us at the

S t u -
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p u s a n d



make Uni life more enjoyable for you. Because if we find ourselves living in a VSU environment, you are going to lose out on activities, representation, the bar, the refectories, the sports clubs, the cultural clubs and anything else which we support you in, unless you continue to pay your union fee at the beginning of every year, which overall, is not that big an amount for the services and representation that are available to you if you actually take a moment to stop and consider what's around and what takes place instead of sitting around complaining that you don't see what happens to your \$256-00. Wake up and smell the flowers people!!!! Use us and use the facilities!

Open up those narrow-minded eyes of yours!

In closing I would like to leave you with the following thought:

"Blessed are those who run around in circles for they shall be known as wheels"

Sleep well
Gareth.



Wendy Telfer
Environment officer

Urrrhg News Item 1. You may have noticed that you can't buy recycled exercise books anymore. It's not a happy story... since the tax placed on recycled paper last year the costs have risen and it seems not enough people are buying them any more. At a time when ALL lecture pads and books should be recycled, companies have stopped making them. So now more beautiful and precious trees are falling so that we can scibble our lectures on to nice shiny white virgin paper. But take action, buy only recycled lecture pads, always ask for recycled products if you can't find them and write to everyone you can think of to complain.

Urrrhg News Item 2. Our University Environment Policy has gone back to the rewrite stage. The Senior Management Group will not accept a policy that states that "the University will..." do anything. The policy has gone back to separate the issues of implementation from those of the general aims (a good thing), but there is no point in having a policy that commits the University to nothing. We'll battle on and lets pray the SMG will decide that reducing the impact of our Uni on the natural environment is a priority.

Please see me if you would like to know more about the policy.

Groovy News Item 1 & 2... we have a new Environmental Collective on campus that is going to do something about our Environmental concerns. There will be hands on conservation projects, campus based projects and campaigns on current environmental nightmares. Next meeting is Friday 15 March, 1pm in the Clubs Common Room, we'd love to have your help!



Kylee Smith
Women's Officer

Big big thanks to all the women who helped out with International Women's Day, I hope you all had a fantastic time.

Thanks especially to Amrita and Sophie for taking on the extra work!!

Celebrating Survival: A gathering of Women Survivors of Sexual Assault

Workshops, Craft, Speaking Out, Dance and cabaret, Networking.

All women and girl survivors of sexual assault, incest, ritual abuse, child sexual assault. Women supporters and counsellors Welcome.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY MARCH 16 AND 17

More Information Call Yarrow Place on 1800 817 421 or 226 8777.

Women's Room Renovation Launch

All women are welcome to attend the launch of the Women's room renovations, wine and cheese will be provided. This event will act as an opportunity to meet the Students Association Women's Department, to find out what is happening in the women's community and to network with other women from Adelaide University. So please come along!

WEDNESDAY 20TH MARCH 6.00 pm

The women's collective

I am currently in the process of getting the Women's Collective going for 1996 and would love to have as many women as possible come and sign up. You can do so by contacting me in the SAUA office on 303-5406.

What is the WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE? A chance to become active regarding issues surrounding women at Adelaide University, a chance to meet other women and have some fun while you are doing it, so come and get involved.

I am also asking for help in regards to fundraising for NOWSA so if you can possibly do so, can you contact me in the SAUA THANKS THANKS THANKS

PS come and see "...as a dancing bear", by DANGEROUSLY SANE, Wills court, Adelaide Uni, 8th-10th and 14th-16th March, 10pm.



Cafe Crawl Part II - Hutt Street

Sheila's and Oliver's Cafeteria

A corner-to-corner saunter across the road from Roma's brings you to a cafe peculiarly named "Sheila's" and, tacked on grudgingly, as if the result of an argument in which Sheila found herself having to compromise, "Oliver's Cafeteria."

The cafe is set in a pleasant room with large windows and a welcome lack of polished floorboards. Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against polished floorboards, in fact I have been known to speak highly in their favour; it's just that it is my duty as a cafe reviewer to seek out those unique pockets of the cafe world that dare to pave their nethermost layers with green chipboard instead. The true cafe connoisseur must leave no stone unturned in the pursuit of originality and, where it is found, must sing its praises.

Upon the chipboard foundations rest a number of large, 1950's tables and their fellow furnishings, such as chairs and a Wurlitzer Bubblers (brightly coloured lollipop-style jukebox containing 50's necessities such as Chuck Berry, Elvis, Little Richard etc.). However the place was not so packed with kitsch as to cause any unpleasant sensations in stomach or cra-

nium should you not be in the mood for it. The atmosphere was extremely relaxed and the place was cool, which was appreciated greatly after the ridiculous heat of the great outdoors.

The waiter served us at the table, which was good of her because we probably couldn't have found the counter otherwise (due to it being very small and hidden behind an empty one, not due to us being very slow and lacking in initiative). The menu differed from the usual foccacia/gelati/cappuccino formula, although I am guilty of ordering pasta. It was an unusual meal to be found in a cafe - akin to something I would have made myself whilst in an experimental mood - and, even though I was equipped with knife and fork, to eat it required a spoon (not in itself a great fault except that said object was not provided). Nevertheless it was extremely edible and, apart from the fact that my financial state was of the three-dollars-for-the-next-ten-days type, I didn't mind paying the \$5.90 for it. This, I noticed, was the price for virtually every dish on the menu. A companion described the burger he had as "singularly excellent" and stated that he could see himself spending more time there. So, as far as food goes, Sheila's and

Oliver's Cafeteria does fairly well. The waiter informed us as we left that they change the menu regularly, which also earned our approval.

The only drink consumed by our crew was an iced coffee. I strained my tastebuds trying to detect whether there had been any foul play in the form of putting bottled/packaged/whatever iced coffee into a nice glass (which it was). But alas, being not a regular iced coffee drinker I was underqualified for the task. I gave up and decided to give it marks for the glass anyway (after all, I am the product of a society where looks mean everything and spilt milk isn't worth crying over).

To conclude I'd say that the place is worth dropping into if you happen to be in the area, but so are most of the others around there so it comes down to your preferences (in cafes, that is). A word of warning or encouragement - most or all of the food is vegetarian, but I assume this is not a frightening concept for the average thinking arts student these days. And check out the toy truck in the cake cabinet (not that it has anything to do with anything, it's just cute).

Faun Harbord.

OUR TRIP TO THE CROCODILE REEF

348 UNLEY ROAD
PHONE: (08) 373 3178

Salutations fellow food connoisseurs! Have we found the place for you! Distanced from the recognised restaurant scenes of Adelaide, the Crocodile Reef has distinguished itself as a funky, innovative, AUSTRALIAN eating Mecca.

On entering the Crocodile Reef one is met with a certain freshness and clarity. Now in its third year, the atmosphere of the restaurant has evolved into a relaxed yet formal, trendy yet unpretentious eating place. It has been designed in accordance with the owner's perception of Australia, not the "other", popular construction of our culture. Not a koala, boomerang or pie-floater in sight. We found the music of the Crocodile Reef to be most apt- Australian artists of course, adding a perfect finishing touch.

The menu was absolutely out of sight! This place is an adventurous eater's dream come true. Choosing what we wished to delight our taste buds with was a particularly cumbersome decision because the range of the menu was huge- was it going to be the spicy crocodile cakes, the kangaroo, a chicken or lamb dish. Even these more common meats were done using modern Australian techniques, thereby transforming them into something much more than your average lamb chop. We eventually decided

upon the emu pate and prawn bisque soup for entree followed by a shellfish trio and spicy chilli oysters for mains.

And oh! What fine decisions we made. Tam couldn't come up with enough good words to describe her emu pate. Michelle's prawn bisque was the most flavoursome soup to ever pass through her mouth. ("Mmm mmm" said Tam in agreement.) Excited by the prospect of the main course, we nervously sipped at our champagnes and wines that we had selected from the extensive range of wines that had obviously been acquired from the place where they had been made. The beer looked good too.

Main course arrived and it was everything we hoped it would be and more. YUM!! Tam's shellfish trio included an array of Moreton Bay bugs, king prawns and real scallops done in a pernot sauce. It was delectable. Michelle's chilli, salsa and bacon oysters were a change from the normal. Delightful!

A word of warning - you'll need more than your silver shrapnel to dine here! But if you're looking for a truly amazing eating experience with excellent personal service it's to the Crocodile Reef you should go. On the YUM SCALE this place rates a whopping 10 outta 10.

Michelle Alsbury
Tamara Griffiths



Crocodile Reef Special: Char-grilled T-Rex Steaks with baked eggplant and shoestring fries

fringe underground gear

In Your Face (Visual Arts)

Fringe underground invites you to an exhibition of paintings, oil pastels, photography, painted plates and ink drawings that promises to be exciting, BOLD, original, fresh and very different - completely now and in your face!

Artists are Darren Anderson, Alisia Burns, Andela de Palma, Shaun Hollis, Helen Lawry, Mandi, Rosetta Mastrantone, Jo McCulllan, David Sark, Anna Russo and Scott.

Until March 17 at the Ballroom, Carclew Youth Arts Centre, North Adelaide. Gallery hours are Mon-

day - Friday, 9am - 5pm & Saturday, 10am - 4pm.

Live Locals (Music)

FREE 11 March from 8pm at the Crown & Anchor

If you running low on cash but still want to be part of the Fringe action, be at the C&A (Grenfell st) tonight.

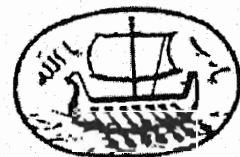
Three popular local bands, Furgus, Sleepout and Tao will set the C&A alight with acoustic pop, rock, jazz and funk.

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FUNNY GEAR @ FRINGE

The Garage this week brings the talents of a Jewish Londoner comedian, a young raver from London with a strange upbringing in provincial England and a thirty-something woman from London who needs some serious lessons on picking up. Basically your average range of Londontown comedy genius under one roof.

Simon Pegg has definite appeal for a certain generation (ie: under 30ish) as he brings you back to nostalgic stuff like Stretch Armstrong dolls, bikes (The Chopper) and bicycle gangs, the granie who loved to slip you money in devious ways and a kid's sense of fashion. Simon's act is full of elaborate, imaginative and ridiculous tales of his adventures and mishaps; not to mention those of his revolutionary goldfish. A comic story-teller who, as an eight year old refused to participate in the patriarchal norms of his society, Simon's intelligent, self-deprecatory and unique style provides great laughs. His hilarious take on ecstasy should be universally appreciated- well at least by those who indulge.

Ivor Dembina describes himself as a Stand Up Jewish Comedian even though he didn't want to be Jewish as a boy and cried when he arrived in Israel- because of the prices. Apart from his typical Jewish gags and style, Ivor has a knack for satirising serious politics and issues; his humour is definitely not without the sting. Most of the time,

thankfully, he turns his vicious wit on himself allowing the audience to laugh at him and not with him. Ivor Dembina's recounts of bullies, cousin Sheldon, bar mitzvahs and experiences with Aboriginal cosmology are wickedly funny.

Annabel Giles brings her show *Looking for Mr Giles* to Adelaide -her quest; to find the perfect man. Maybe Annabel should just give up on such a ridiculous task and be a single woman of the nineties with good scoring capacities and time to indulge in her favourite things (ie herself). But noooo, Annabel wants a boyfriend! She does have a good time though, making fools of the "contestants" that get plucked from the audience. Everyone who 'participates' in Annabel's show must fill out an application and from them she decides who will be interviewed for the job. Kind of like her own one-woman dating game. Highlights of the show come from her slides of her botched romantic history; the introduction of her "angelic" daughter and in revealing personal details of complete strangers. A former model and tv presenter who's given it all up to search the world for Mr. Giles. An entertaining, improvisational act from a woman with a mission.

Headlines Theatre in the Fringe Courtyard offers nightly snippets of Funny Business acts. Headlines proved to be an outstanding late-night venue and featured

an audience, much to its performers' delight, with more enthusiasm than a bunch of deadbeat old cows. In return, the audience was rewarded by stellar acts from a diverse and eclectic range of talented and hilarious performers. The great thing about these cabaret shows is that it gives picky people the chance to preview some of the going entertainment before making a considerable (for some of us) investment. The show on Tuesday night made up my mind about seeing the following people in full, one hour, glory at a later date.

Ed Byrne is a natural stand-up comedian who sheds light on relationships in the nineties, drinking, the nasty and vile occasional smoker and the way Australians argue ("yeah, yeah, yeah but no"). Ed Byrne had everyone howling and he obviously was enjoying the fact that the audience was young and boisterous and appreciative. Ed's one of the Irish lads from the Young, Gifted and Green-Best of Irish Comedy troupe and if the other three come anywhere near to Ed Byrne in energy and hilarity then we can safely assume that yes Irish people are funnier and sound nicer than everyone else.

Greg Fleet is the living proof that not all talented comics are from Ireland or the UK. Greg's a Melbourne boy and a damn funny one at that with a twisted sense of humour and an intense and over-the-top style of presentation. His presence is a curi-

ous mix of Shakespearian actor and hoarse voiced, drunken dumb guy which makes for incomparably outrageous treatment of the Bible and all its drug references (Moses with his tablets) and the Australian versions of Macbeth and Hamlet. Greg's not afraid either, delving into and exposing the dark side of Adelaide, which makes for obscenely funny and rather sick moments. Greg Fleet is an almost local talent to take notice of and support. His show "Thai-Die" has received lavish praise in Scotland, Melbourne and Perth.

Lunatic Leonardo is a modern day Charlie Chaplin with a mime show and character that keeps the audience riveted. He stands out from the rest by being as funny, if not funnier, without relying on sophisticated wit and sharp one-liners. Instead he uses unreal, contorting face and body movements with ingenious props to depict surreal and hilarious situations. He also does some strange stuff that would've involved hours of uncomfortable practice, one would imagine. (I refer mostly to his condom tricks.) Lunatic Leonard works magic, keeps you laughing and on the edge of your seat in anticipation of his next unbelievable feat. Truly original and timeless comedy.

Check your Funny Business Guide for dates and times of these acts or keep your eye on what's happening at The Sin Bin and Headlines.

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PHONE 415 7718 TO ENROL OR ENQ.

DANCELAND
650 South Rd Glandore (Next to Tramline)

STAR SIGNS by ASTRA ZOID

ARIES (March 20 to April 19)

Several planets will enter you at the end of the week - imagine that! You will feel optimistic about attending a lecture this week but as pointed out before, your momentum has come to a halt. Those good intentions have taken a turn for the worse and now you are reduced to nasty cynicism. Like Hitler, you fall into a bad crowd.

TAURUS (April 20 to May 20)

Pluto in your twelfth house is causing problems in the domestic front. This may be caused by the crash with Sylvester in the 11th house and Yosemite Sam in the 10th. Try to keep calm in the face of all this animated tension. The full moon at the end of the week (or was that last week?) should shed light on all nocturnal confrontations.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 20)

Particularly bad links between Pluto and five other planets spell bad luck for you, sucker! You'll be starting a brand new chapter in your love life, which is a good thing because you're not starting new chapters anywhere else; however beware of STDs which you're bound to pick up by the end of the week. Take heed.

CANCER (June 21 to July 22)

The sun shines on you this week baby, unlike that rude full mooning you copped last week. Issues revolving around indecent exposure and public drunkenness will be resolved, just don't go out until the next full moon.

LEO (July 23 to August 22)

You are being watched.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22)

Your charts show flying meteorites causing certain confusion. Don't be confused. You will be on a bus from Sydney. Any Virgos not on a bus from Sydney have missed a great, once in a lifetime opportunity. On a bus from Sydney, you'll meet great hordes of Scandinavians and holidaying common people. They'll delight you in unusual manners. You're a weary King / Queen of the Road. Keep Truckin'.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 22)

You will be frozen in a most comprising position this week, caught somewhere in the conjunction between Saturn and Pluto. Be prepared! Although there's definitely no need to leave the house with a condom in your pocket, clean underwear will be essential. Stay away

from mechanical objects - your strange magnetic presence will have a detrimental effect on them.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 22)

The cosmic gladiators you were involved with last week will confound you with their panache and stamina in tennis ball dodging, rope climbing and wrestling. You won't want to miss out on Super Star Cross and Monster Trucks. Basically, your lack of taste and love of low brow crap will take over. Come out of the closet and stop pretending you're a literary genius.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22)

Beware the Ides of March! Also beware of any slightly attractive people who seem to be showing an interest in you. This may become particularly obvious on the above-mentioned day. It may feel like a dream come true, but planetary aspects are highly unfavourable for any type of pleasure in the short term. However, a definite improvement is on the horizon and should manifest sometime before 1999.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20)

Your ruler, Saturn, is responsible for removing things from your life.

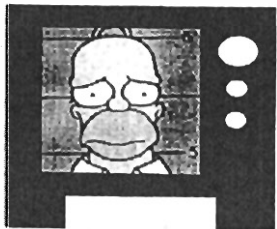
Keep an eye on pencils, paper, rubbers, notebooks and anything else mingling with ruler Saturn. It might be wise to keep an eye out for larger, more valuable objects too, as your shoplifting skills will be sharp too. Five-finger discounts abound! Never miss an opportunity; you've already missed one bus.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19)

Your profound interest in politics and philanthropy show that you have good intentions but your unusual lack of organisation has obviously done you and yours no good at all. A week of meditation, preferably in a remote place (such as Antarctica or Easter Island) is much needed. Don't go near any automatic doors.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20)

Two planets collide on your charts this week, throwing you into a state of limbo. The most basic questions such as "Weet-Bix or toast for breakfast?" can be mind-boggling. Your lack of brain-cells only add to the inter-planetary play creating havoc with your slow thought-processes. Take time out from mental exercises and see your doctor about those bowel movements.



THE TEEV

So did you send your two dollar tax deductible donation to those starving children? Well, I hope you feel good. All you see, my friends, is the cheap exploitation of the world's starving - sanitised through the cleansing power of the televised image - served to us through the screen. How it works is by playing on the deep sense of guilt you feel - and I'm not just picking on Catholics here - the guilt is in all of us.

What do you do when you watch these images? Violence, depravity, lust, everything that is sad, bad and genuinely evil in the world is there for us to see. It is what TV programs are full of - there is nothing pure or good. They program it because we like to watch it. Do you eat? drink? stare blankly? wank? make love? iron? Have fun.....

Bad Girls - you've seen the ads late at night. They're right up there with the **Crazy**

Horse ads - *Better And Wetter?* (puh-leez...). They are the **Manpower** of female 'adult' entertainment. It goes to show how even if you dress it up as respectable entertainment - it is still a cheap and tawdry exploitation of the female body for the objective ebrating **The Disadvantaged Majority**. We can have a parade that celebrates the average daily life of the typical male - parading our stereotypes so that we (at last) are freed of the burden of them, which is laden upon us by the society in which we live. Wake up all of those minority groups who slam the average male - a patriarchal society victimises men just as much as it does women, gays, blacks or any other 'social minority'. Men of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains.

Ask yourself this question. What are you doing here? What are you learning all this stuff for? Are you wanting to

make the world a better place? Or are you just finding out how to make your way - get by or make it big? Both ways are disillusioned. You're blinded by your own selfishness. Make the world better? You can't - it's screwed up - that's the way it's always been and the way it's meant to be. But go ahead - give your two bucks to the starving kid on TV and you'll feel better. Think you can get by? Make it big? Did you guys miss the eighties?? We may live in the Conservative Nineties but there is a limit to stupidity - the systems that are put in place are there to screw you, And they'll get you in the end.

We are losing our childhoods to TV. Through the screen we can access anything they (the illusive 'they' if you like) want to show us. This usually reflects the most evil parts of ourselves, giving us that vicarious thrill of victimising someone else - committing the most heinous acts of depravity in the name of wholesome entertainment. In so doing we lose our innocence, the

prized innocence of our childhoods, and we wonder what is happening to our children - we wonder what is happening to us?! We're all so busy sticking our heads in front of the box - where Disney and terrorism compete for ratings - that it keeps us too entertained to notice what it is doing to our feeble little minds. Have fun.

Exploit and be damned? No - exploit and live. This is the way it works - and TV celebrates our way of life (so it is true what they say). Have I ruined watching TV for you? Good. Watch again - and this time do it properly.

Joltman.

P.S. What did I do after I wrote this? I made a cup of tea, grabbed some rum and raisin chocolate, put on the soundtrack to **Wings of Desire** and watched the footy. So there.



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Phone: (08) 212 2254

I AM NOT A CROOK

Nixon
Wallis Cinemas

Give me drama, give me suspense, give me passion, give me corruption, give me humanity, give me Nixon. This three hour political saga is Oliver Stone all over, as he continues to churn out his version of the truth, using the same style of his previous controversy JFK. 'Sir' Anthony Hopkins is resplendent as the nefarious Nixon, the man who lost the faith of his nation, and that of the world. Nixon is Stone's attempt to understand the enigma of the now deceased 37th president, by peeling away at his plethora of masks like an onion, to understand why he so desired the public acceptance that constantly eluded him, even in his moments of great triumph and excessive power. The focus of this film is the culmination to, and the tragic aftermath of, the 1974

Watergate Scandal that jaded the trust of millions of American citizens in their own government. Stone presented us with his perception of Nixon with incredible style, brilliant cinematography and engrossing characters. We are shown a man, who was the puppet president, controlled by his 'posse' of politicians who ran his government, and patted his fragile ego. Nixon gained his presidency over the bodies over millions of men and women, through his 'eradication of opposition' policy and the Vietnam War which he was guilty of prolonging and escalation for the sake of his pride and passion for popularity and power. Stone, through his cynical treatment of Nixon, proposed the question to the audience: who runs the country? The person that is elected, their political party, the underground forces of manipulation, or the media? This was effectively conveyed, by

presenting us with the slices of the pie that made Richard Milhous Nixon, and we still don't know who he really was. What we do know through Stone, is that Nixon was a tenacious, selfless self promoter, a 'victim' of his own character and circumstances, a hypocrite, and a callous bastard who hid himself from everyone, so much to the extent that he wouldn't allow his best friend to see him cry. However, Nixon was also capable of quiet kindness, political courage and devout loyalty, yet he did not have any concept of remorse and was capable of anything he set his mind too. Many people hated Nixon. Stone articulated this resentment of Nixon, in a particularly moving scene, where the latter is talking to a humbling portrait of his predecessor JFK "When they look at you, they see what they want to be. When they look at me, they see what they are". One must have an

understanding of American history if they are too grasp this film, as Stone tends to leave a lot of things unexplained, leaving the audience quite confused at times. Because of this, there were times when I was struggling between sleep and curiosity. Stone vouched for this though, and kept the action flowing, keeping the drone factor to a relative minimum. If you drink a lot of coffee, and sit by the entrance doors, all will be fine and dandy. If not, you will tend to get quite restless, but as the movie progresses, the bum on seat factor rises considerably, particularly in the last hour when all the pieces are put together, and the story builds to his resignation of office. In conclusion, this was a riveting film, see it with one or more friends, so you can unfold it, and dissect afterwards over a much needed drink.

Fiona Sproles

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

Sense And Sensibility
Hoys Cinema

Does *Sense and Sensibility* live up to all the hype (7 Oscar nominations and Best Film at the Berlin Film Festival)? Yes, it probably does.

As you would have known by now, the story is by Jane Austen, directed by Ang Lee, with a superlative cast - Emma Thompson, Kate Winslet and Alan Rickman. I don't have to rave on and on about this film because every other reviewer who has seen *Sense and Sensibility* will be doing just that. Indeed, it's that good.

Not only are the performances superb (even Hugh Grant was O.K.) but the direction by Ang Lee (*The Wedding Banquet*, *Eat Drink Man Woman*) is bewitchingly astute. The decision of hiring Ang Lee, a Taiwanese director famous for his rather art-house hits, to direct a very English period piece may have raised feelings of disbelief if not surprise. As the end product have proved, sometimes two extremes can make a beautiful union and it further highlights the universality of Austen's tale, even 200 years after her death.

As with all of Austen's work, the heroines are faced with a predicament, in this case, the Dashwood fam-

ily are being forced to relocate their abode due to the death of their father. By law, Mr. Dashwood must leave all his fortune and estate to a male heir ie. John Dashwood (James Fleet) a son by a previous marriage. This leaves the children from his second marriage Elinor, Marianne and Margaret, no house and barely enough to live on ie. they don't have squat. Therefore the significance of marriage is now not only very important but essential.

Marianne falls for John Willoughby, the dashing horseman, dancer, poet rolled in one and ignores her other admirer, the dignified and moody Colonel Brandon who, although steadfastly patient, is rather charmless in comparison with Willoughby. Everyone could have told her that Willoughby was too good to be true, but Marianne falls for him anyway. Meanwhile, sensible Elinor goes for Edward (Hugh Grant) a shy, self-effacing if somewhat timid man. Margaret, the youngest doesn't have any love interest but if she was much older Austen would have written an even hunkier man in breeches for her, I'm sure.

This film is surprisingly funny for a period piece. Emma Thompson has proved to be a very perceptive screenwriter, incorporating all of

Austen's humour without sacrificing any of her trademark satire and irony. If you have the perception that all

To pick on any of the film's minor flaws would be trivial and a waste of time. It is such an affable film that I



"ALRIGHT YOU TWO, STOP FUCKING AROUND!"

period pieces are like Merchant-Ivory films, then *Sense And Sensibility* will show you that they don't all have to be sombre and slow-moving.

can guarantee it will charm the socks off ya.

Ching Yee

Art Zoyd: Nosferatu
Thebarton Theater

Everybody loved it but I didn't. So sue me. Let's just say, it didn't exactly sweep me off my feet.

The concept of Art Zoyd? I really don't know, even after witnessing the performance. Their intentions are unclear. At times, they seem to be there to provide the music to *Nosferatu* F.W. Murnau's horror classic while at other times

they seem to be there to promote their own band... regardless of film.

The nature of Art Zoyd's music is so-called 'experimental', and can be described as a fusion of elec-

tronic/ambient/punk-rock music or perhaps it was just convoluted. The music they played was intense and energetic, but at times it didn't suit the atmosphere of the film at all. I was disappointed by

the fact that their music did not give the film a heightened sense of creepiness as I was hoping it would. Definitely, not edge of the seat stuff although they executed themselves very well in two of the climatic scenes in the film. *Nosferatu* itself is a masterpiece but unfortunately the music isn't... yet.

Ching Yee Ng

ART CRAP

TOP DRAW MARTY!

Casino
Greater Union

Martin Scorsese may never have won an Oscar as best director (ah, but what do they know anyway) but he has won many people's hearts and respect with such films as *Raging Bull*, *Taxi Driver* and *The Age Of Innocence*. And he will continue to do so with his latest, *Casino*. Perhaps not his best work but still very engaging nevertheless.

Scorsese is back on familiar ground, dealing with the Mafia and as with most of the central characters in his films, he spends the whole length of the movie wrestling between good and evil. Even the cast echoes the familiarity of his earlier works - Robert De Niro and Joe Pesci, who collaborated together in *Raging Bull* and *Goodfellas*.

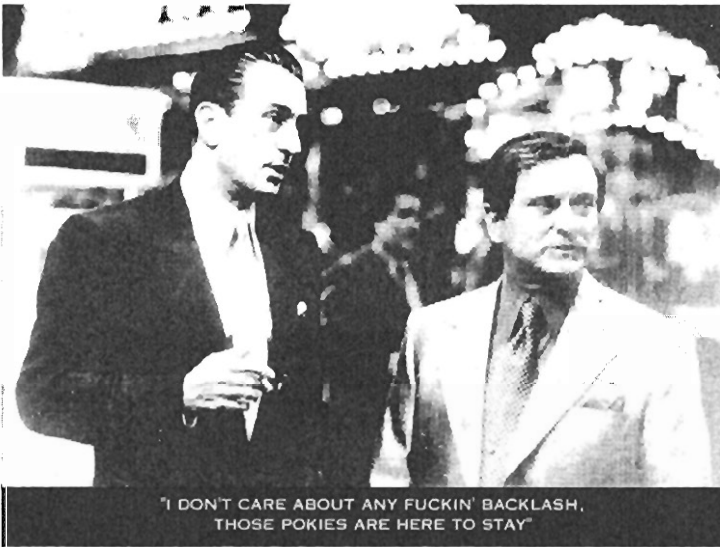
This time Scorsese has moved his camera to the ultra-hyped, glittery Las Vegas, harking back to the 70's. Hello flares, blue eyeshadow, and sequinned dresses.

Sam 'Ace' Rothstein (De Niro) is a bookie hired by the mob to run some casinos in Vegas. They love Ace because he makes sure that the money keeps rolling in and, more importantly, he makes sure that the old guys back home got a share of the profits. You catch my drift?

Pesci plays Nicky Santoro, Ace's maniacal best friend who put a baseball bat, ball-point pen and a head-vice to more than their average use (use your imagination). To complete this triangle, there's Ace's wife, Ginger McKenna (Sharon Stone), a previous prostitute/hustler who marries Ace for security (read: money) but feels trapped. They had it all but they just threw it all away, Ginger for drugs and drink (hard choice, eh?), Nicky 'coz he was too greedy for power and Ace, for Ginger. Silly

surprisingly good as Ace's tortured wife - credit must be given for just straight acting.

No matter how much the media has desensitized violence, Scorsese has a way of presenting it that still makes the audience squirm. His sort of violence is like: 'Let's beat the @##\$! out of this !##!\$!@##\$*? What! He's still alive?!? Yeah, let's have another go! You'll never forget the cornfield murder scene once you've seen it. It will stick in your mind for ages. That is the talent of Scorsese,



"I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANY FUCKIN' BACKLASH, THOSE POKIES ARE HERE TO STAY"

prats. De Niro, is undeniably intense as per usual, playing Ace as a restrained and meticulous man. Pesci is annoyingly good, wild-eyes, high pitch screechings and all, creating a hyper-violent, total nutter Nicky Santoro. Stone was

making films that are memorable and *Casino* is no different.

A word of warning though, it's about three hours long, so a bean-bag or comforting blankie/pillow of your choice is in order.

Ching Yee Ng

At The Trak

Firstly I must thank the manager of Trak for generously sponsoring this column. All the videos reviewed below are available at Trak Video store. That's 375, Greenhill Rd., O.K. Trak specialise in foreign/cult movies as well as the average popular blockbusters.

Le Samourai

This film opens with a quote from the Bushido, the handbook of the samurai: "There is no greater solitude than the samurai's... unless perhaps it is that of the tiger in the jungle." *Le Samourai* is one of a trilogy of films made by French Director Jean-Pierre Melville. However the three films may be viewed independently without any loss of understanding. *Le Samourai* stars a young Alain Delon as Jef Costello, an angelic assassin intent upon discovering the identity of his employer. After being witnessed at the scene of the crime, both Costello's boss and the police are on his trail, making this somewhat of a detective film. He is a lone wolf, like a samurai, hence the title. With a subtle plot and the gloomy cinematography setting the scene perfectly, *Le Samourai* is first class film noir, well worth a watch.

The Bicycle Thief

Vittorio De Sica directs this classic Italian film, which was mentioned in *The Player*. Typical of De Sica's films, *The Bicycle Thief* is a story about the working class Italians of the 1950s, however this film is set in Rome instead of his usual Naples. Antonio Ricci is a young Roman struggling to make a living. He gets a job putting up posters, which requires him to have a bicycle. On his first day at work, a thief steals his bike and the rest of the film is concerned with him searching for it. It's a delightful film, absolutely deserving its reputation as a classic. The story is simple but the cast and the masterful director bring charm and style to the film.

Joanne Farrand

MORE WOODY

Mighty Aphrodite
Greater Union

After the jazz-era *Bullets Over Broadway* Woody Allen has returned to contemporary New York for a comedy about love, sex and Sophocles. The latter comes care of a Greek tragic chorus whose commentary is a constant thorn in the side of sports writer Lenny (Woody Allen reviving the neurotic weakling character of yore). As well as cheap Oedipus jokes, and the opportunity to portray Tierisias as a blind New York bum, the device gives a kind of mythic significance to the plot as Lenny

steps dangerously between fate and hubris in the form of two women

Lenny becomes obsessed with finding his adopted son's biological mother, who as it turns out is a prostitute and minor porn actress called Linda. His attempts to befriend and rehabilitate her distract him as his marriage to Amanda (Helena Bonham Carter of all people) seems to be drying up.

Mira Sorvino makes a fabulous Linda and does the best imaginable justice to what she calls "the best dumb blond role in the last twenty-five years". The mixture of

sexuality and naivety is hilarious (its almost worth seeing this film on the strength of her sex theme park of an apartment alone) and she is so convincingly dumb it's hard to believe that Sorvino is actually a Harvard Honours graduate.

I get the feeling that when Woody sets a film in contemporary New York he's after a bit of therapy - they always smell a bit autobiographical. In this session the doctor seems to have said "remember an event that ended badly and think how you would have liked it to end." For someone who's spent most of her adult life in corsets

Helena Bonham Carter does very good Mia Farrow, and its hard not to draw the obvious parallels, when she's nagging Lenny about adopting a child.

Anyway, despite this rather touchy premise, this is Allen's least dark film for ages, covering as it does themes of love and redemption. With its mixture of warmth and subtle wit *Mighty Aphrodite* is a rarity in American cinema, and if its not the most fun you'll ever have, its probably the most you'll ever see Woody having. See this film.

Rachel Templer



VOX

QUESTIONS

- 1) **IF YOU COULD BE A SUPERHERO, WHICH ONE WOULD YOU BE? WHY?**
- 2) **WHO DO YOU THINK WOULD WIN A BATTLE BETWEEN THE INCREDIBLE HULK AND SUPERMAN? WHY?**



TRISTAN & AILSA

- 1) I'd definitely be Superman because he gets to wear his underwear on the outside and I've always had an inkling to do that myself.
- 1) I'd be Wonderwoman because she gets to wear tight clothes and she has a whip.
- 2) Superman would have to win this one merely because he's I don't know...because he can fly away.
- 2) The Incredible Hulk because he's green and so he'd never run out of energy because he could photosynthesise on the light.

BEN

- 1) Hmm, get back to me on that one.
- 2) To keep Tristan happy, probably the Incredible Hulk because of his rank odour.
- 1) Who should I be Tristan, tell me? He-man because he can bend 360 degrees at the waist.



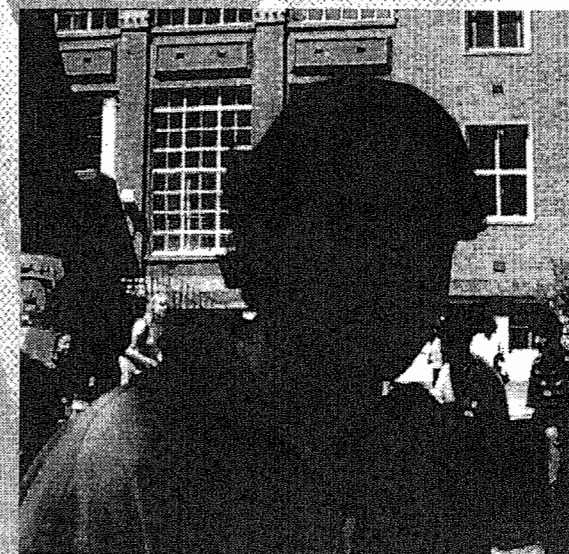
BEC

- 1) Batgirl because, um, yeah, she'd be cool.
- 2) Superman definitely, because he's got looks on his side.



POP

DALE



- 1) Probably the Phantom because he gets to wear his underwear on the outside.
- 2) Superman because Superman had brains and the Incredible Hulk, he had no idea, he was all fists, all brawn, and Superman was a thinking fighter.

JODIE

- 1) I'd be Spiderman 'cos he's a scientist, and spiders are really cool, and everyone is scared of them.
- 2) Incredible Hulk's bigger but Superman's got more powers, so I think Superman would have to win.....because he doesn't just have brute force.



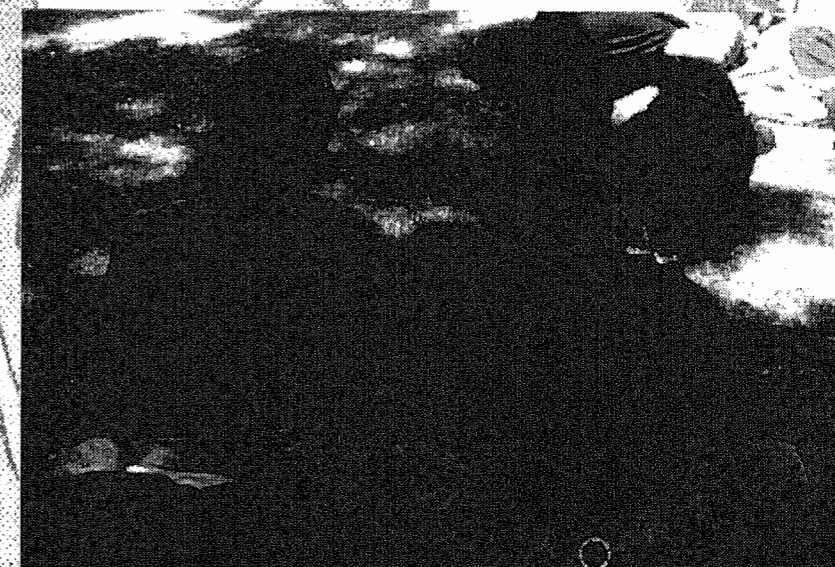
JANINE

- 1) I like Catwoman... she's very sophisticated.
- 2) Superman, because he's got all those incredible powers and the Incredible Hulk is just strong.



JUSTIN & ROSS

- 1) Superwoman, 'cos she's got nice legs.
- 1) I'd be a Ninja Turtle because I'd get to eat pizza all day.
- 2) Incredible Hulk, 'cos he's got more muscles, I reckon.
- 2) Probably Superman he can fly and stuff.



I think I would like to sit on my arse, eat pretzels and watch videos tonight

Clueless
CIC

Yet again, this movie has not filled the shoes of its hype. It's still funny though. Alicia Silverstone is very quick and witty, and delivers her lines with perfect timing. The story, loosely based on Jane Austen's *Emma* follows the journey of Cher on her crusade to guide her 'clueless' understudy in to the world of hip fashion, couture and Coolio. *Clueless* is a light comedy, and overt send up of shows such as *Beverly Hills 90210*. As is the usual story, she helps herself in the process of helping others, and learns to look beyond the superficiality of phones, cars, clothes and popularity. This is also one of those great movies that you can watch quite a few times as there is always something you miss the first time, and pick up later on, which only serves to further enhance scenes, produces more giggles, and to develop a better understanding of what the underlying story is. Silverstone has a very bright future ahead of her if she utilises her talents as wickedly as she has done with this one.

Black Silence
Roadshow Entertainment.

This low budget detective movie was extremely sluggish and predictable. Set against the miner's riots in a small town, detective Bain (Phillipe Madoc) is called in to investigate the attack of a young man, and the murder of a young prostitute. The testosterone levels in this movie are medium to high, as the only females were a sexy professor, a reporter, and the victim - all typical love interests. Madoc as the charismatic detective juggling his career and single handedly bringing up his teenage daughter was rather mediocre, as was John Rhys Davies as the trade union leader. The dramatic music could not hide the fact that the only interesting aspect was seeing Tate (Davies), with the physique of Pavarotti, try to run away from the police. If you are going to watch this one, have your finger poised over the cue button.

Leonique Swart.

Grosse Fatigue (Dead Tired).
Roadshow Entertainment.

This video was as I like my men - witty, clever and indefatigable! This creation, by Michel Blanc, who starred as himself, kept you on your toes, as one never quite knew what was reality - was Michel Blanc really suffering from a Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde complex? True to French cinematic style, this was an original combination of action and drama, and the added reflections by Phillipe Noiret (as himself) on modern cinema balanced the light

hearted story line well. Together, Carole Bouquet as the vivacious and confident female, and Blanc as the timid male lead, provided 90 minutes of thoroughly entertaining viewing.

Leonique Swart

Red Heads
21st Century

Yikes...this was atrocious. Two women; one a feral misfit, the other a yuppie lawyer come together on a murder case, that throws both of them into a world of crime and terror. A demonic, post apocalyptic feel has been feebly attempted, and has failed. One can be mistaken for thinking that red cellophane has been placed over the camera, and that the two main actors have poured five packs of Red Napro in their hair, scrumptious! Claudia Karvan (*The Heartbreak Kid*) is laughable as the crim with attitude. If this one doesn't crucify her career, then Keating is victorious.

Fiona Sproles

Semi Precious
Roadshow Entertainment

Joanna Kerns is such a good mother, and if she hadn't convinced you of this on *Growing Pains*, then you'll be sure of it in *Semi Precious*. I was sure this was going to be a schlock fest where love is challenged and renewed. It was. However, this was better than most, so much so that I found myself glued to my seat and wiping the tears and dribbles away that escaped the various orifices of my face. Kerns plays the step mother of two butt ugly kids, who were abandoned by their mother while they were infants, then orphaned when their father died 5 years later. Woah, lucky super mum married him before he kicked the bucket! Over the years, mother and kiddies bond and grow. As per usual, the audience is lulled into a false sense of security, until one day when their REAL mum appears...ooh, the plot thickens. The following saga is engaging, albeit foreseen. I thought it was more than adequate, you wouldn't regret renting it, and since my word is gospel etc...

Sliders
CIC

I've never really liked science fiction, and this film didn't help change the latter. Half the problem was that it was targeted towards a pubetic audience, and the special effects were slightly above 'very average'. So what's it all about? Jerry O'Connell plays Quinn Mallory, a genius in matters scientific, whose latest discovery is a wormhole that

allows him to slide to other earths' that co-exist in a parallel dimension to our own, on the same time continuum. Each earth is completely separate and distinct to our own. Some represent what could be called Utopia, and others represent America's version of hell - the communist state. All the laughs are provided by the 'itinerant soul singer' Rembrandt Brown (Cleavant Derricks), who joins O'Connell and his friends, as his car collides into their travelling wormhole. The director, tried very hard to ignite a variety of emotions in the viewer, unfortunately all his efforts fell flat on their face. I would not recommend this video for the university student, however if you have any younger brothers or sisters, I strongly suggest you borrow it for them, they'll love it.

Fiona Sproles

That Eye, The Sky.
21st Century Pictures.

A preacher who plays Jesus the convert, a boy with a cosmic secret and a nudie calendar. A lonely woman with a comatose hubby; and a disturbed young lass who parades her physical prowess, then condemns the man who dares to look. If the title seems familiar, it's because it's based on novel by the same name, written by Tim Winton. The story tends to laboriously drag along, but once you get into it and action kicks in, it picks up with the pace of a sloth. The actual story behind the presentation was quite interesting, and had a lot of potential to be adapted to the screen, if taken on by a better production team. For the sake of Winton, I'm going to assume that his novel was a lot better than the movie.

Fiona Sproles

D'Artagnan's Daughter
21st Century

This film is set in 17th century France, around the time of Louis XIV and Mazarin. A knowledge of French politics at this time increases the understanding and comedy of *D'Artagnan's Daughter*. D'Artagnan (Phillipe Noiret) is a disgraced musketeer of Louis XIV, who stuck his daughter Eloise (Sophie Marceau) in a convent. After an invasion of the convent, Eloise is convinced there is a conspiracy in France. She unsuccessfully disguises herself as a man and sets off to find her father. Along the way she picks up her future husband and learns to fight. With lots of sword fighting and a few twists in the plot, this is certainly swashbuckling entertainment, as the cover says. The quality of director (Bernard Tavernier) and cast gives rise to

greater expectations. The film is very light-hearted entertainment but not at all extraordinary.

Joanne Farrand

The Promise
21st Century

The Promise, a German film from director Margarethe von Trotta, is a tale of two East Germans, Konrad and Sophie, separated by the Berlin Wall. The film covers their lives from 1961 to 1990. In 1961, the pair, along with four other school friends, plan to cross to West Berlin via the sewers. Konrad is left behind and the pair are thus separated. From a brief and turbulent meeting in Prague years later, Sophie becomes pregnant. After various attempts at reconciliation, they resign themselves to leading separate lives. The film ends with the downfall of the Berlin Wall and the unification of Germany.

This is a love story but with the background of Eastern European politics at the time. *The Promise* is more challenging than your typical romance, however more could have been made of the script. This film ends up as rather forgettable, but enjoyable enough while it lasted.

Joanne Farrand

Johnny Mnemonic
Roadshow

If Keanu Reeves devotees had their convictions shaken by his acting performance (or lack thereof) in *A Walk in the Clouds*, then this one will send them into convulsions of disillusionment. Mind you, not even Harvey Keitel could have saved this stock standard, futuristic, techno-pop thriller from the Hollywood clone machine. Keanu Reeves is "Just Johnny" an information courier, desperate for money. He overloads the information capacity on the implant in his head (disguised as a dyslexic correction device - cute touch). He's suffering from neurological indigestion and has to get the information out before his brain explodes - bodacious!! However, as per usual a conspiracy is afoot and Just Johnny's head contains the cure to a futuristic epidemic which the evil multinationals were keeping secret, and they want it back.

Ice - T wanders aimlessly through the movie, indulging in his fantasies of killing a few cops on the way, as does Henry Rollins, who I almost didn't recognise without mud all over his face. The special effect sequences featuring a spectacular virtual vision of the future Internet, almost make the movie worth seeing. The bored response of the audience at the cinema screening said it all. We've seen it before and done better e.g. *Blade Runner*. I doubt even devoted sci-fi fans will bother seeing this one a second time. The final sequence I found surprisingly poetic.

Wombat Face

Cerebral Cerebus

Rohan Thompson speaks to Dave Sim, writer, cartoonist and creator of *Cerebus the Aardvark*.

The first and perhaps most obvious question is why Australia?

Well, I haven't been here before and Neil Gaiman told me that there were probably more *Cerebus* fans per capita in Australia than in any other place on the planet. That was just from the reaction he got when he was down here. Obviously that made me very curious. The only thing that stopped me from doing it earlier was the plane trip. That's a long time to spend in the air. Apart from that it's been a wonderful experience and I'm looking forward to spending another week or so here.

What sort of differences do you find between the convention circuit in North America and the Australian conventions? There must be plenty.

There are not that many differences but one of the things is that Australian fans are a lot like the Canadian fans in that they're more polite. You get far less of somebody throwing something in front of you and saying "sign this!". They have far more of a sense of, you know, basic politeness. I've always been very lucky in terms of fans because it's so obvious that *Cerebus* is my book, it's not a corporate expression of some kind. They're aware that there's a human being behind it. If they have to wait in line for forty minutes or something like that to get an autograph well, they're as polite towards me as they are to the other people in the line. I think part of it is because Aardvark Comment [the name of the infamous letter column which appears in each issue of *Cerebus*] creates such an impression of "oh God, I don't want to be an asshole," that they stand there for a great length of time not being assholes. I think it's great.

Do you get the grovelling "am I worthy to bask in the master's presence" fans?

No, I don't think I get that. I think that's one of the nice things that the book itself engenders. There's a sense that you don't come up and treat this person like some sort of recalcitrant child attached to a right arm that can do a sketch for you and you also don't approach him like a God-Head figure or something. Everybody seems to strike exactly the right note. The fans appreciate the book and it gives me a chance to let them know how

much I appreciate their support because without it I couldn't do the book.

How far back does your anti-corporate stance extend? Have you always been a little on the subversive side?

Yeah, probably more than anything else it dates back to the inhuman treatment Gene Day got at Marvel Comics. He was my best friend. That really snarky, arrogant, corrupt quality that only middle level, half-assed businesses in Manhattan can seem to engender in their employees eventually led to a fatal heart attack in a very talented friend of mine at the age of thirty one. More and more I just want to make sure that it doesn't happen to anyone else. If I can warn them ahead of time by saying that working for DC is not like being a member of The Justice League, far from it, you're just a raw material. They have to take your ideas away from you and use them to make as much money as possible and that's the extent of their interest.

Your publishing company, Aardvark Vanaheim is a one-in-a-million success story. The statistics clearly show a lot of well-meaning self publishers face down in the gutter with no money left in their pockets. It's no secret that most self publishers are doomed to failure.

That's true of ninety percent of the population anyway. I think that it's far less the case now. I've probably spent far too much time advocating that people self publish without giving them a clearer idea of the pitfalls. Now that I've been doing the Notes from the President [Dave's monthly sermon on how to produce your own comic book appearing on the inside cover of every issue of *Cerebus*] almost exclusively on the subject of self publishing, a lot of people who are just starting out are recognising themselves every month. When they find out about the fact that business groups and licensors basically exist just to get in your way and keep you from doing what you want to do and that just to sign a simple contract is probably going to take you three or four years of extended negotiations and you won't get ninety percent of what you wanted anyway, once they have somebody telling them that then it's far easier for them to recognise the guy in the business suit trying to tell them that it's all very exciting.

How does that sit with you setting up your signing booth at a convention next door to your arch foes, Marvel?

There's always been a big difference between Marvel Comics and the people that work there, particularly in the context of a trade show or a convention. A lot of those people are my friends from back when they were very much like me. I don't begrudge anyone for having a job but I think that I make Marvel Comics far more uncomfortable than Marvel Comics makes me feel uncomfortable. Basically what you've got is a guy in a foam rubber Wolverine costume competing with someone who is actually sitting down, drawing pictures and writing words. I think it makes them break out in a bit of a heat rash.

Consequently, was your signing queue longer than Wolverines?

Well, yeah and it completely reinforces what I'm always telling people which is that it's the company and the character and they're trying to cut the creator out of the control and out of the financial reward. Everything they do further reinforces what I tell people. They send Bugs Bunny around to visit children in hospitals. You don't have to be a particularly brilliant child to know that this lumbering twelve foot thing that's expressionless and doesn't say anything is *not* Bugs Bunny. If you follow that train of thought to its logical conclusion why don't they have somebody dressed up as Jesus in church? You could sort of have one hand nailed to the cross and with the other hand he could do autographs and tell the kids that they actually did just meet Jesus. It's one of those things I find very peculiar about the world. People think that artists are crazy yet they still come up and ask me what *Cerebus* is doing these days. I say, "*Cerebus* is a drawing on paper. I don't want to be the first person to break that to you but, er, how old are you? Thirty years old! And you're asking me what *Cerebus* is doing right now?"

The travel burden must weigh heavily on you. As you've mentioned, Australia is a fair distance from Canada. Does it ever get to be too much?

It's a very intriguing way to live. My whole life is completely bizarre. I just stop doing this then I go here and for three or four days I meet hundreds of people I've never met before. I sleep in a strange hotel room. I

drink in a bar I've never been in before and just when I'm getting used to it I leave and I go back.

Do you like it or dislike it?

Oh, I love it. The weirder the better. You have this sort of endless stream of consciousness where you're always moving yourself around physically and you find out that people just act upon you or don't act upon you or whatever. It just becomes this fascinating process, where this consciousness up here [gesturing towards his head] is the only constant in my life.

Would you consider that process an effort to try to obtain an extra creative edge?

No, it's just weirdness for its own sake. Why not? I've tried being married. I've tried staying in Kitchener [Dave's home town in Canada]. I very much like going back there and that's just the next kind of weirdness. It's just a study in contrasts and every person that I walk by, coming out of the convention or going in are all nodding and smiling or they stop me and then I go back to Kitchener and nobody knows who I am except for a handful of friends and a few more acquaintances. You enjoy that for what it is.

Doesn't this invoke a sense of being constantly dispossessed?

That comes down to what's real and what isn't real. For me everything is real simultaneously. There are a lot of different places that I can go at any given time and know people will be there. I can go to a city and do a signing in a different store than I did last time and I'll meet a whole new group of people.

Where is home for you?

Inside my head. That's where I belong and everything else is just everything else.

Is there any objective attachment to a particular place or thing?

Political theory, politics, religion, I believe in what's in front of me. When it's not in front of me I stop believing in it. Everything is either out ahead of you or it's happening right now.

Scott McLeod in his book, *Understanding Comics* discussed a phenomenon from his childhood. He mentioned that whatever fell outside his field of vision ceased to exist.

Yeah, Scott wrote about it; I live it.

Writers' Week

Well did you notice the tents, crowds and peculiar literary people milling around the Pioneer Women's Memorial Gardens? In case you didn't realise last week was Writers' Week as part of the Adelaide Festival. If you didn't get down to the events then you should lash yourself against the front of the Popeye for a week as penance. Those that did make their way down to the Gardens to rub shoulders with the glowingly famous enjoyed a feast of talks, book launches and panels. James Ellroy proclaimed the Australian populous as "Kangaroo fuckers" and



managed to shock the elderly contingent of Adelaide ladies that attended the American writer's session on Wednesday.

The controversy flew like a great big flying thing, especially when the awards were announced on the opening Sunday. The National Fiction Award was given to Richard Flanagan for his impressive *Death of a River Guide*, John Marsden received the National Children's Book Award for his *The Third Day: The Frost; A Pastoral Symphony* by John Kinsella picked up the John Bray Poetry

Award; and the Jill Blewett Playwright's Award was presented to Daniel Keene for *Because You Are Mine*. The two local writer awards (The Barbara Hanrahan Fellowship and the Carclew Fellowship) were given respectively to Moya Costello and Chris Tugwell. The National Non-Fiction prize was one by Tim Flannery's *The Future Eaters*, but jubilation in the Flannery camp didn't stop there. The inaugural South Australian Premier's Award was also thrown Tim's way as he evolved into the Nation's

most talked about and eagerly sought after writer.

The week was an enormous success which has also coincided with the popular appeal of the Festival and the Fringe. If you missed it you're a mug because you have to wait for the next one. But because we students are often too busy to get away from our prodigious study, *On Dit* has endeavoured to speak to as many writerly type people as we could and we'll print our spiels over the next two weeks.



Vikram Chandra

Vikram Chandra is one of the new faces in international literature. His first novel *Red Earth and Pouring Rain* is already being heralded as a classic example of contemporary writing. As a word-smith Chandra has a lot to look forward to, and because of this incredible potential *On Dit* fought (and I mean there was blood spilt) to get a chance to speak with the young author.

OD: Upon reading the novel there are many contemporary cultural references, in particular to the song *The Cutter*. Are you an Echo and the Bunymen fan or what?

VC: Oh yeah. That specific song, I realised after writing the book that that song dated both me and the book. In Los Angeles in the early 80's that song was echoing off the walls.

OD: Was that one of those inescapable songs?

VC: When you look back you can't think of that past without thinking of that song.

OD: Your novel, *Red Earth and Pouring Rain*, seems to be very much about culture clash and assimilation.

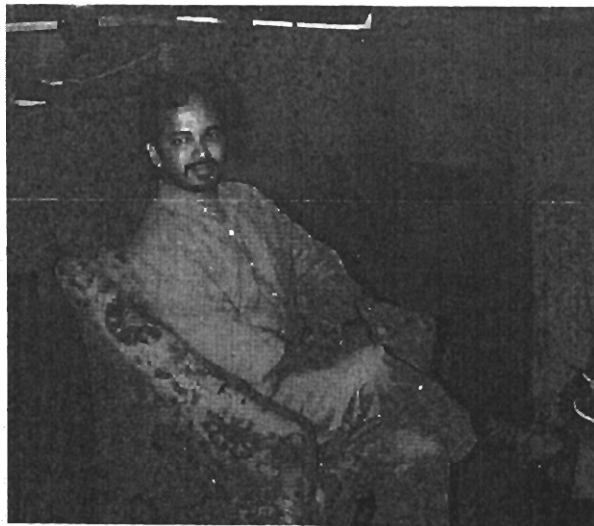
VC: I like to think it's about cultures rubbing up against each other, meeting new things. New things in the world come from peripheries. Original things happen at perforations. I think the book is also about pain. We are offered clash or assimilation. Each group coming to this confrontation contains its integrity and yet changes. Growing up in a landscape of change you see different things next to each other in the universe. I see you there, you're there as a person and that

changes me. The texts and the ideas of the self act as multiplicities.

OD: The narrative of your novel takes on many aspects of this plurality. Were you conscious of this?

VC: The self is not a unitary object. - When something comes to it it cracks or envelops it.

The narrative embraced me. I was



inspired by the autobiography of James Skinner. The idea of the monkey, I don't know where that came from. I was at film school at the time, and I quit this to write what I thought would be a quick novel. I knew that it would be a traditional narrative and it took me a year to write. Over this time the book shaped me as much as I shaped it.

OD: Apparently you have been working on television in India. What are the differences in writing style?

VC: I have been working on a T.V. series in India and this demands a different style of writing. As a writer of prose I am used to writing long eloquent sentences. You are humbled when writing for television because you are dealing with an-

ration of writer, director and actors and it is a wonderful experience to see it all come together. You have far more artistic control over your work as a finished product when it's just you and a typewriter.

OD: Are you working on anything at the moment?

VC: I've just finished a new book of short stories set in Bombay. A friend pointed out that I have used the same frame of a narrator and an audience. In my position it's a case of letting the story out and giving it to the audience.

OD: Do you feel that you lose a certain amount of control over a text once it is written?

VC: Oh definitely.

OD: Death of the author and all that?

VC: Oh no, I see it more as letting go of a child. You can't be seen as being too protective.

OD: Do your books go through adolescence?

VC: (Laughs) Definitely.

OD: How do see technology affecting the novel?

VC: With *Red Earth and Pouring Rain* I wanted to put my E-mail address on the book so that I could get feedback, so that my audience could talk to me. But the publishers got really nervous about this. To me there has always been a great oral tradition in India and this technology offers a new and weird oral tradition. It brings power by defying the hierarchy of separations.

OD: So do you want messages like "Great book Vikram, write back"?

VC: No, I want flames as well. People already write to me to correct me on my use of language.

A DATE WITH KATE

Kate Grenville is one of the most successful and respected writers in contemporary Australian fiction. With the success of *Lillian's Story* and her most recent, controversial novel, *Dark Places*, Kate has climbed from strength to strength. *On Dit* managed to catch up with this principle figure of strong narrative.

OD: Were you surprised by the reception that *Dark Places* got and do you believe that *Lillian's Story* made it possible to write such a book?

KG: Yes, I think that's true. I think *Lillian's Story* reassured people. Because although *Dark Places* was a terribly dark, kind of confronting book, *Lillian's Story* is a very benign, light book. I think that it is basically a very optimistic book. So they could take the two together. They didn't have to have the bitter pill without the sugar. I was aware that I was taking a huge risk writing *Dark Places* because I knew that the subject was a big risk and that the technique was an even bigger risk. To write a book about incest is one thing, but to write it in the voice of the perpetrator I thought might be too much for people. I hope that the humour and the irony in it would save it from being too confronting. Some people come up and say to me, "Oh, I loved *Lillian's Story* but I wouldn't dream of reading *Dark Places*. Because, well you know....." And their faces crinkle up in that way that says, "You know, it's not really nice." But I've discovered that at public readings, if I read the book, people suddenly realise to their surprise that it's actually funny. The first time there's a funny line there's this little ripple

of anxiety that runs around the audience. They're thinking, "Oh, that seems funny, but I shouldn't laugh because it's about incest." The second time I sought of signal fairly clearly that this is supposed to be funny and they are reassured enough to laugh.

OD: When you wrote the book were you aware that there was going to be this sense of uncertainty about your audience?

KG: Well yes. If a writer was sensible you wouldn't take on a topic as confronting as this one, in a way that's so morally ambiguous as this could appear to be. It is conceivable that you could read *Dark Places* as an apology for an incestuous father in the sense that I've tried to get inside his head and actually understand what happens there. That could be read as a sort of sympathetic justification and so on. So I was aware that there was always the possibility of that kind of misreading. If I was the kind of writer who thought about my career I would not have dreamt of doing it. I would have written a ripping good yarn with a happy ending. I guess I'm not one of those writers. I'm the sort of writer that seems to be prepared to shoot themselves in the foot all of the time, that is in terms of my career. It just seemed a book that absolutely had to be written. I had written *Lillian's Story*, which was a story of a daughter who was sexually abused by her father. It seemed to me very important to tell her story. But actually the more I wrote *Lillian's Story* and thought about it, the more this irresistible question came to me. Why did it happen? Where does misogyny spring from? Because

this incestuous relationship is really about misogyny. We accept it as a fact of life. Women get used to it in such a way that we don't even think about it any more. I wouldn't dream of going for a walk around my neighbourhood late at night. It's just not something that would occur to me any more. But I find that I have to explain to my husband why I can't do that. Let's not accept it as a way life is. Let's question it.

OD: Because of that is there a certain didactic element or an attempt to educate your male readers, especially in regards to issues of gender?

KG: It begins as an exploration of a problem that I myself don't understand. I'm not a didactic writer because I don't really know what it is that I want to say before I've said it. Retrospectively I can see it as a text which I hope men and women will read and learn something from. But I certainly don't write it with that in mind. The story seemed to me a more and more pressing personal issue, I don't mean autobiographical, but a reality in all of our actual lives that had to be explored.

OD: Do you think it has a didactic role in the sense that it explores the whole person behind Albion rather than looking at the kind of one dimensional rock spider, monstrous construction that did perpetrate these things?

KG: Absolutely. I mean the title *Dark Places* refers not just to the dark places within Albion. This whole subject is a dark place within our culture. And I think it goes far beyond the personal, which is why Albion Gidley Singer is not a particularly realistic person. The whole book is very stylised. [Albion] just represents a grotesque and exaggerated feature of the whole culture. The reason why I could write it is proof that it is part of the culture and is not the sort of rock spider or bad apple syndrome. I could tap into a vein of misogyny. I discovered that as a feminist, somewhere in me was also a misogynist. That was very shocking but it was also very liberating because I could then begin to understand where it came from.

OD: How much do you feel that festivals like Adelaide, and

others around the country aid Australian literature? How do you feel about the climate of contemporary Australian writing?

KG: Oh, I think it's a tremendously exciting time to be an Australian writer. There's a diversity now which there wasn't. I mean if you didn't write about lean bronzed men swinging themselves onto horses under a blue sky you were not an Australian writer. Now it's anything from rural to urban. Festivals are great because writers get to meet their readers. I also think that it makes, from the point of view of the readers, it makes it more accessible. It does in the sense that people look up at you and think, "Well that person is just an ordinary person like you or me."

OD: What can we expect from Kate Grenville in the future? Are you working on a book?

KG: Yes. I'm working on a book now which is a love story with a happy ending, which I know my readers will find hard to believe. It's a very benign book - it's about many things. One of the things it's about is the feeling that you have as an Australian that you ought to understand the Bush, because that's our culture. The kind of stereotype of an Australian is that bronzed man swinging himself up onto a horse - or into a horse. But in fact the reality for most of us is that we wouldn't know one end of the horse from the other. So one of the subjects that I'm trying to get to in this book is what we do with that individually when the culture doesn't reflect our experiences. It's a funny kind of schizophrenia. It's a bit like when Australian people go to London and everything is familiar, because that's the books we've read. It's much more familiar than Australia is. So I've got a character that is actually an Australian city woman and she goes to a country town. So I'm hoping to bring up some of that strange cultural gap. It's also about bridges. I'm getting very interested in concrete. Most people start to yawn when I say that I'm interested in concrete. But I'm suddenly interested in the external world. The other subject or metaphor of the book is quilts. So I've got quilts, bridges, a country town and a woman who collects scissors. I'm tossing up all of these fragments and hoping that they will arrange themselves into a satisfying patchwork.

John Byron.
Sarah Shepherd.
Anthony Paxton.



Does Hugh Mackay tell lies?

An Interview with Hugh Mackay, sociologist and author of *Little Lies*.

OD: Clearly the character Cole Britton is not your classic first-novel autobiographical figure, but he does share a few demographic features with you.

HM: He's exactly my age.

OD: Well, yes, and the ABC broadcaster thing ...

HM: Well, it's totally different. I've never run a programme, or been employed by the ABC on the programme side of it, although I was employed there many years ago as an audience researcher. It's a curious thing, all the folklore says the first novel is consciously or unconsciously autobiographical, but my experience of writing this, without sounding mystical, was very much the experience of listening to three voices and recording their stories. There was no sense that any of these characters represented me, except that I think the Cole problem is everybody's problem. Cole in a way is the symbol of the human condition, in that we are all too easily swept up with this sense of our own importance, the result of which is that we correspondingly devalue other people, and objectify other people. That's what the book is about, essentially, the ultimate corrupter. Keith in his drunken state makes that point right near the end, that the ultimate corrupter is self-importance. And that is my view. It's not wealth that corrupts, it's not power that corrupts, it's not fame that corrupts, it's what those things do to the sense of self-importance.

OD: Have you read Julian Barnes' novel *Talking It Over*?

HM: Yes. I'm a great fan of Julian Barnes.

OD: Clearly there's a resemblance there in the triangular confessional mode. What other books do you think might have been an influence on you in the writing of *Little Lies*?

HM: Yes, there is a resemblance, but I don't think that that aspect of hearing different people giving their version of events is borrowed. In fact, curiously enough, it's years since I've read *Talking It Over*, and I hadn't actually made that connection, although I know Barnes is an influence, as Doctorow is an influence, and Anthony Powell is an influence. I sense what the influence is, which is that their works are very interior books, they're very much about the personality, the psychological landscape. J.P. Dunleavy has influenced me enormously, and one of the things I love about his writing is that, in a completely una-

bashed way, people just give their own version. Subjectivity is everything.

OD: A few weeks ago *The Australian* published an interview you conducted with John Howard in which the former Opposition leader repeatedly reinforced his commitment to the promotion of "family values". Do you think that our new Prime Minister's approach will marginalise people who are not part of a quarter-acre, stand-ard-NATO-issue family, like solo parents, de facto couples, gay couples, members of communes, and so on?

HM: I think it's a major problem for the new government. With all their talk of mainstream, the serious problem they face is that "mainstream" is getting harder to define in Australia. The International Year of the Family came and went, we spent 12 months trying to define the family and failed. Because the characteristic of contemporary Australian society, whether you're talking about family, or work patterns, or ethnic origins, our characteristic is our diversity. So, although people coming from what was thought of pre-World War II as the core, the essence of Australian society still think of themselves as mainstream, it's a very dangerous view, and a potentially divisive view. Even the talk of a return to traditional values, which is very 1990's, raises very big questions about what traditional values are, what shared values are. We've become less clear about what our core values are, what our shared values are, and a bit of redefinition of that lies ahead of us, but we're not there yet.

OD: The central premise of your novel is founded on a cynicism regarding the extent to which a person's "story" reveals the "truth" about them. As you say, subjectivity is everything. As a social researcher, a degree of scepticism is no doubt a necessary tool, but do you think you are ultimately forced in your research role to take people at their word to a certain extent? To walk the line with them, even though you know it might be suspect?

HM: Yes I do. This is fascinating you raise this today, because there's been some stuff recently published criticising me, in my research reports, for not engaging with the issues, for not entering into the debate. Now I'm happy to enter into the debate as a human being, but as a researcher I've always seen my job as exactly walking the line, and representing what the views are in the community. Postmodernism is a now a cultural phenomenon in the broad social

sense, in that we're now in a period of high subjectivity, where the view very often is that everybody is entitled to their opinion, every opinion is equal to everybody else's opinion.....

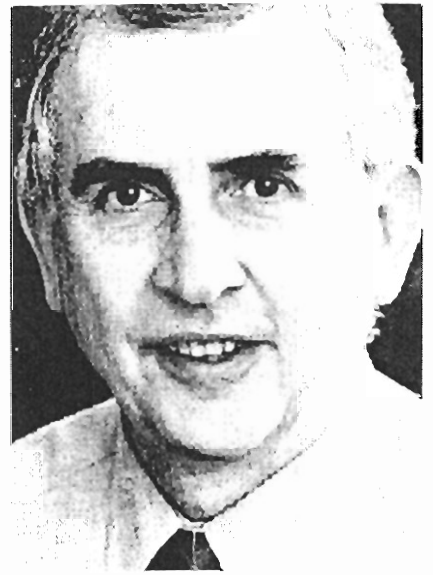
OD: There is no authority.

HM: Exactly, there is no authority. Personally this is not a view I hold, but I am now being forced to recognise that in the community it is the emerging ethos. Like when people talk about a subject like media credibility, which we studied recently. Ten years

ago, people were very explicit in their criticism of the unreliability of the media, and their demands that the media should be "telling the truth", representing the facts. Today, there's a much more relaxed view about all that, and in a sense the media have done that to themselves. News and current affairs are presented almost as entertainment, and in every newspaper, every story has a by-line. So the audience says "Oh, well, this is someone's view", and someone else has a different view, and we get a broad impression and that's about as much as you can do. It's also related to the information overload - we can't process everything so we have to be highly selective. And being highly selective makes us even more subjective. It's a social phenomenon which in a way is expressed in *Little Lies*. My non-fiction writing is about this in a way, too: *Why Don't People Listen* is a book about how we're all the prisoners of our own values and our own experience and our own prejudices. In a way, this is a fictional expression of the same idea. I'm not an out-and-out relativist, I don't personally accept that the facts of the case don't exist.

OD: I thought that the almost invisible interviewer is the character that could be most closely identified with yourself. Do you think that researchers should be as transparent as possible, or do you think they should frankly deal with the influence of the "anthropologist" in the research process, like, say, Helen Garner in *The First Stone*?

HM: I acknowledge that that's the trend, but I personally reject it. I have a somewhat old-fashioned view of this, which is



not that I leave myself out and refuse to interpret, but it is that I distinguish between the reportage and the interpretation. So my research reports are very much an account of what people said, and what is the data on which I'm basing my view, and then I do give my view, but it's clearly distinguished.

OD: But do you think it's ever possible to isolate the interpretation from the data gathering?

HM: No, I'm attempting the impossible, and my only defence for that is the particular way I do my research, which is very non-intrusive and entirely non-directive. I mean, I never ask any questions in interviews and particularly with group discussions. I just set up a topic or describe an issue and invite people to ruminate, and for forty years, I've made it my professional goal and my central discipline to shut up, and let them have their say.

OD: Well, it seemed to work for the Liberals this time around.

HM: Well, yes, but I think that was disgraceful. I mean, if you're going to apply that to a political party, it becomes a democratic disgrace.

OD: What's next for you in terms of fiction?

HM: I'm heavily into the next novel, which I hope will be out about this time next year. It's a very different style of book, although strangely enough, it also borrows the research framework. Again it's to do with an interviewer and a respondent, but a much more chilling, much darker scenario, in this case of interview as catharsis for someone who's exploring previously unexplored aspects of her life.

John Byron.

INTERVIEW WITH TIM FLANNERY

Winner of the SA Premier's Literary Award

One of the biggest events during Writers' Week was the announcement of the winner of the South Australian Premier's Literary Award. The winner was none other than Australian Eco-scientist and guru Tim Flannery. With the success and broad appeal of his text *The Future Eaters*, Tim has fast become a reference point for the burgeoning Green movement. While he was in Adelaide for the Festival *On Dit* caught up with Tim for a beer at the Hilton.

We asked Tim Flannery how he felt about receiving the South Australian Premier's Literary Award.

"Well actually I did a degree in English because I was going to be a teacher. But when I finished they were crying out for geologists. So I have an English background, and I try to use plain language."

But let's cut to the chase. How does he feel about beating the literary hierarchies to the prize?

"I'm fortunate that I took that English degree. I appreciate using language for its own sake. As a scientist you write in a mould that's very heartless and I wanted to break out of its economic and dispassionate description. The language is full of jargon. It's hard to break out of that rut because there are two different writing styles. I didn't really know how to go about it."

So with the advent of the green age are we getting the message?

"It's a much more complex issue than that. People know there are biological limits. The fact that people are seeing this now is surprising because it has come so late. Ecology should have been the first thing that we looked at but that didn't begin to happen until the 60's and 70's. We need a certain sense of awareness, we are

l a z y about our level of understanding. People k n o w about the issues but t h e y don't understand them. I have an old friend in his 70's who was studying after the second World War and I say to him, "Why weren't you out protecting the native flora and fauna." The fact is that at the time people were more interested in DNA and any new theories that came out of Cambridge. People just assumed that in Central Australia everything

was still out there. They would go out there and discover that it was all gone."

Was the book a labour of love or was it to serve as an educational and didactic text?

"It was a labour of love because it is a passion of mine. If you wrote an ecological history of Europe it wouldn't be as interesting to me. As far as educating goes I couldn't sug-

gest any answers. T h e r e aren't any solutions in sight. All I could say was that we should stay focused."

So what do we do here? " Y o u

have to know the

issues before you can understand the issues. We need to think about how we will manage our resources. We have to keep our options open and we have to stop destroying things."

With the new Liberal government in power does Tim see that there is a place for action at a Federal level or

does the eco-revolution need to be conducted on a personal level?

"There are some things that we have to do on a national level, like the establishment of Eco-system boundaries. The problem is that the states are always interfering with their own local interests."

What about the Hindmarsh Island issue?

"I think South Australians would be insane to let one family profit from the damage of one wet land. The Hindmarsh Island area is a bio-diverse area that will be devastated by any bridge construction. We have to rethink our concepts of land in Australia. At the present we have damaging concepts of European land ownership. Our concepts of ownership are tied to productivity. We can't continue with these out dated concepts. We should look more at Aboriginal concepts of land, we should look at our parklands as our spiritual lands."

In Adelaide we should be especially thankful for our parks.

"You are lucky to have such open spaces. Where I'm from the place is choked with productivity."

We're sure that Adelaide's parklands are always at Tim's disposal.

Anthony Paxton



HEY KIDS!

Thanks to MIND FIELD BOOKSHOP (238a Rundle St.), we have a \$60 Book Voucher to give away to the writer of the best piece of fiction (poetry or prose) published in *C'n Dit* each month, so go ahead and vent your creative spleen for fun and profit.

THE SMALL PRINT: Typed submissions of 1500 words or less will be best received, although longer or untidier works will be considered. Just leave your prose/poetry on page or disk in the *On Dit* submissions box in our office. Please include a contact phone number so that, if you win, we can actually find you. (With thanks to Emma at Mind Field).

For more information please contact James Morrison: Creative Writing Sub Editor.

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Once Upon A Time

Fairytales in Reality
Margo Orum.
 Macmillan.
 \$ 17.95

Ever felt as if you were slipping from reality? Ever felt as if your mind had become a tumbling mess of confusion? Ever felt a euphoria so powerful that it would dwarf the effects of at least 30 tablets of E?

No?
 Well that's a mere glimpse of what Margo Orum experiences in 'Fairytales in Reality'; the autobiographical account of her life as a manic depressive.

At first on being given the book to review, I cynically thought Oh God, not another American-style indulgence in the self-help genre? Boy was I WRONG! To start with the foreword is by Andrew Denton - short, sharp, and shiny. By now all my presumptions had crumbled into dust. This book was starting to look very interesting.

The book is split into 3 sections -

Living in Confusion, Living with Hope, and Living with Love. Simple descriptions for complex emotional stages of Margo Orum's life. Living in Confusion is exactly that - confusion, utter, utter confusion! How she managed to hold herself together is pure miracle in the onslaught of such overwhelming mania. At times I had to get up and walk away - her images so brilliantly sculpted I felt myself falling into her mania. I felt as she felt.

It struck me that while I could walk away, simply put down the book, life would right itself - mania gone. Orum could not escape so easily. She remained trapped. Moving cautiously through life not knowing when she might slide off the edge of sanity. This stark reality powerfully elicited understanding and empathy from where previously I had no knowledge or feelings for this illness. Orum did however, show a gentleness for the ability of the reader to cope, weaving pockets of respite neatly into her account. These moments acted as safe bases where the mind could settle ready for

the next glimpse of mania. How could people be so unsympathetic if this is mental life for manic depressives?

Living with Hope and Living with Love saw me cheering her on to understanding, compassion and control of her illness. The discoveries she made, although for her tied in with her manic depression - made me question my own belief systems, my awareness of my self. Life had to be viewed from a different perspective - her illness made her realise life had to be lived to the full, constantly learning, constantly evolving. Its ironic how the people who have no disability to hold them back find the most excuses not to move forward.

Margo Orum has achieved what few books in this genre achieve - she has used her experiences to bring awareness of manic depression , to act as

MARGO ORUM **fairytales in Reality**



FOREWORD BY ANDREW DENTON

help for those with similar illnesses and, in general, as an uplifting exploration of self. It's a book that gives us that mental 'kick-up-the-arse' to see life as its meant to be. For the living.
Marijke Richards.

Glowing Cockles

Cockles of the Heart.
Marion Halligan.
 Minerva.
 \$ 15.95

The theme of Halligan's book is a pilgrimage: she makes no bones about that; instead proffering to the reader's intellectual palate descriptions of timeless myths, of the poignant beauty of architectural ruins, of the otherworld atmosphere of European towns. .and of the succulence of food, glorious food, that awakens your appetite with a vengeance.

Halligan and her partner set off to-

wards Spain from Paris, detouring through various towns and milestone stops along the way. This is her pilgrimage, one she invites the reader to join through her book, which takes the guise of a travel-journal. Written in a chatty, easy-going style, Halligan makes no pretences at brilliance, but nor does she need to. The purpose of her pilgrimage (which is what separates it from a mere traipse across Europe) is to "travel in the consciousness of the people who have gone before her." She combines the catchy enticing qualities of a glossy tour-guide, complete with

character sketches of those she meets along the way! - with a philosophical perspective about the enduring, fantastical stories of European culture and history, and adds numerous delicious and unusual recipes to make the pilgrimage a success.

Food, travel, and good company: today's globe-trotting world needs little else for a pilgrimage, but Halligan manages to bring the relevance of all she has heard and seen and learned back to contemporary Australian society, where cuisine and culture continue to evolve.

Amrita Dasvarma.



No Sheep Jokes Please

The Picador Book of New Zealand Fiction.
Fergus Barrowman (ed).
 Picador.
 \$ 19.95

The 'land down under' is Australia. At least that has always been its meaning for me. But in the last month I have discovered there is another country that lays claim to this pridefully laidback title. New Zealand seems to occupy a neglected position in the popular conception of Australia's place in the world. We seem to share so much with New Zealand, yet the rich subtlety of the history and cultural intricacy of our neighbour is lost in preference for the role of sporting rival. *The Picador Book of Contemporary New Zealand Fiction* has allowed me to begin to come to a more complex understanding of life in New Zealand society through a selection of short stories and potent extracts from novels written by New Zealand authors in the last thirty years.

Edited by Fergus Barrowman the se-

lection succeeds in representing a broad range of perspectives, and shows how these have developed in the last thirty years. To say the material is "diverse" does not do it justice. Voice is given to the growing numbers of Maori writers, there is a strong component of female authors, and the recent arrival of gay literature is heralded. The collection is not primarily aimed at export. It is not meant as a showcase for the rest of the world. Nevertheless as an outsider looking on a fascinating tapestry of the different experiences of the peoples of New Zealand is revealed in reading the book.

The opening piece is *Insulation* (Janet Frame). Written in a time when the growing disparity between rich and poor was becoming apparent 'Insulation' presents a bleak picture of poverty, but tempered by kindness, with a curious mixture of hopelessness and endurance. The variety con-

tained in the collection is exemplified by the contrast of *The Bridge-Builder* (Margaret Mahy), which though written for children is a delight for those who have lost their belief in magic and regret it.

In the years since 1979 when the earliest piece selected was published the proportion of Maori living in appalling conditions was beginning to be undeniable, and this issue is tackled in the book in, for example, the extract from *Once Were Warriors* (Alan Duff). There is an examination of New Zealand's troubled history of colonial warfare in an extract from Maurice Shadbolt's *The House of Strife*, and many works are a comment on the way Maori and their European invaders been living with each other, either expressly in the works of Pakeha (Maori word for European) and Maori authors, for instance Witi



Ihimaera's *Bulibasha, King of the Gypsies*, or by the conspicuous absence of discussion of this, such as in *The Last of Freddie* (Vincent O'Sullivan), in which three lovers tell their story of their man in the context of 'cultured, artistic middle class ... responding to history but not thinking about it.' (From the excellent introduction by Barrowman.)

Many other themes are considered in the book, including New Zealand's problematic relationship with Australia, dissatisfaction with the limits of scientific rationalism (Extract from *Prowlers*, Maurice Gee), the paradox that beauty is only skin deep, and the inner turmoil of the need to be visibly gay after years of learning not to be. The short length of the pieces of each author makes for a refreshing variety of styles of writing and modes of construction. I have been inspired to find the full texts of some of the extracts I have read and have found many of the short stories stimulating and some delightful. In all, this is a thoughtfully put together anthology, which is well worth a look.

Jeremy Wickens.

An interview with Yungchen Llamo

She has been described as the essence of Tibet, but there is no doubt that for Buddhist songstress Yungchen Llamo, her religion plays a very important part not only in her work, but in her life.

Performing in Adelaide last week as part of the Telstra Adelaide Festival's Singing Map series at Red Square, Llamo at one level gives the impression of being a missionary, her mission to teach people not only about Tibetan Buddhism but also Tibetan culture through her music.

"In Australia people don't know much about Tibet or its culture," she said. "However during the time I have lived here, I have noticed an increase in interest, especially in Tibetan Buddhism." The most unique quality of Tibetan culture is the focus on spir-

Having been hailed as "the voice of an angel" and that her music evokes images of Tibet and The Himalayas, Llamo is modest over such labels, describing it as an element of her work.

"If I am doing my job well and making the correct offering with the songs to the Buddhas, people should receive a blessing," she said. "The way people experience or interpret that sensation is varied and if people have such sensations when listening to my music then I feel that I have done my job properly. Even if their sensation is just for a slight moment, they can still use that experience however they choose. If people think of Tibet or Buddhism, that is okay but it is not a necessity."

Although a cultural ambassador for Tibet and Tibetan Buddhism, she is reluctant to talk about the political situation in her homeland, especially as her family remains in the country. Since leaving Tibet, Yungchen said that she has been able on an irregular basis to maintain contact with her family. Finding out about the political situation in her homeland usually means receiving information third hand, relying on sources outside of Tibet for information. How-

ever she refuses to become embroiled in the politics.

"I regard my music more as a religious statement than as a political statement," she said. "I am first and foremostly a devotional singer and not involved in politics. All Tibetans, are brought up to have a responsibility, if they have the opportunity, to show their culture to others. Thus with my work I take this responsibility very seriously."

As part of her performance, Yungchen explains her music, which she believes is an important part of the overall presentation.

"I believe my English is not good enough to do this properly, to explain my feelings and understanding of the songs, but I am still working on it," she said. "To me it is very important to explain aspects of what I am doing during the performance, although some people have told me that it is not a necessity."

While living at Dharamsala, she had a private audience with the Dalai Lama and another one last year. Although Llamo performs spiritual music, all her work is original and she

believes that His Holiness is the main inspiration behind her music.

"Having received blessings from him has definitely helped my music, but he is also a great inspiration for other reasons," she said. "He is someone who through great difficulty has maintained his spirituality and strong spiritual focus. Compared to him my work is very easy, so therefore I should use him as an example of spiritualism in my life."

Yungchen agrees that there has been an increase in interest in Buddhism not only in Australia but throughout the West.

"I think people in the West are looking for different ways of expressing and understanding their spirituality," she said. "The Tibetan tradition of Buddhism has an unbroken line to the Buddha and maybe for that reason it has become more popular."

In addition to her appearances at Red Square, Llamo has just returned from performing at the Venetian Womad in Italy. As part of her Womad commitments she will travel to England in July to perform at the Reading Womad. During her English sojourn, her new (second) album *Tibetan Prayer*, will be internationally released.

The Singing Map features a series of World Music performers who aim to transform Red Square into a celebration of chanting and the power of the human voice. If you have been one of many who haven't been able to get a ticket to the Whirling Dervishes, this is the closest thing around. Along with Yungchen Llamo, also featured are the **Bauls of Bengal**, **Tenores di Bitti**, **Throat Singers of Tuva (Shu-de)**, **Francis Bebey** and **Sainkho Namtchylak**.

The Bauls of Bengal are wandering minstrels from West Bengal who travel through their native country to dance in ecstasy and sing songs of joy and love. Their non-institutional religious philosophy reaches back over more than 600 years, and with their teachings based on Hindu, Tantra-Buddhist and Sufi-Islamic elements, they believe in one universal god. They are performing tonight (March 11), tomorrow and Wednesday nights.

Tenores di Bitti, from Sardinia, are masters of a tradition that dates back over a thousand years, and as a group have been performing for the last 20 years. Using guttural timbre and intonation jumps, their music has been described as creating "the sounds of the Sardinian countryside with the shepherds' commands to their herds intermingling with animal noises." This quartet will perform at Red Square tonight with Bauls of Bengal.

Shu-de (or the Throat Singers of Tuva), hail from an area north of

the Mongolian border and are believed to be descendants of Genghis Khan. Throat singing is regarded as one of the oldest vocal traditions and in performance throat singers are usually in a state of trance. You can catch Shu-de tomorrow night (March 12) at Red Square with Bauls of Bengal.

Francis Bebey, originally from Cameroon and now Paris-based, specialises in the Kalimba (thumb piano), the ndewhoo (pygmy flute) and various African vocal techniques. He has collaborated with the Kronos Quartet and his original music is aimed at combining the traditional African techniques with modern music. Bebey will perform with Bauls of Bengal at Red Square on Wednesday (March 13) night.

Sainkho Namtchylak combines the vocal techniques of Siberian lamastic and shamanistic traditions with Mongolian throat singing. Mongolian born, Russian educated and Vienna based, Namtchylak has been described as having a "voice breathtaking intensity". He will be performing at Red Square from Thursday (March 14) until Saturday (March 16).

Fontella Koleff



ity. My aim therefore is to give people an insight into the high quality of Tibetan culture - the spiritual experience."

A film actress in Tibet before escaping to India six years ago, she originally learnt her craft from her mother and grandmother. Then while living at the seat of the Tibetan government-in-exile in Dharamsala, she furthered her home-grown training at the Tibet Institute of Performing Arts. Moving to Australia three years ago, she became involved with the Traditional Dances in Exchange Project in Melbourne and the Bharatam Dance Company before launching her solo career at last year's Womadelaide.

As devotional music, Llamo's music has a spiritual base with the songs sung as an offering.

"So the idea is that people who actively listen to the songs can receive the same blessings as the singer," she explains. "The way people listen to my music can provide them with a window into their own individual nature. It doesn't matter if you are not Buddhist, you still receive the same blessings as the singer."

meryl tankard australian dance theatre

rasa

by meryl tankard

telstra Adelaide festival 96

at the BULL-RING

Wayville Showgrounds

S-E Entrance, Goodwood Road

Preview: March 12 at 8.30pm

\$25/\$20 (s/p/u)

March 13-17 at 8.30pm

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SOUTHERN CROSS

Black Sequin Festival

Time seems to be Jenny Kemp's credo on life. For the creator of *Black Sequin Dress*, which had its world premiere at the Telstra Adelaide Festival last week, Kemp was running against time. The morning after the premiere, Melbourne-based Kemp who was still trying to remember her way around Adelaide, was rushing from one media interview to another before taking part in a Festival forum.

Time, or the lack of, was something she had been most concerned about while putting the finishing touches to the only work commissioned by Barrie Kosky for the Festival. With only a six weeks rehearsal period, although longer than normal by Australian standards (usually four weeks), Kemp believes that it was not necessarily long enough for her.

"It was something I had to fight for," she said. "Because of our (theatre) history coming from Anglo naturalism, the whole idea of a production period is based on a three act play that barely changes location, so that is not difficult. "But there is a problem in Australia, especially in drama, in that there is very little complex or technical work, but in my show practically every minute has a sound, light, or action cue, which makes it very demanding to put together.

"In this play I am trying to examine multiplicity as a state, then by definition I have to change things every few minutes and it takes ages to tech a show like this. "Therefore the play is based on a cyclical rhythm not a narrative one, so the show must establish its own rhythm but I feel it has not been able to occur at this stage."

The basic action level in *Black Sequin Dress* follows the experiences of a woman, dressed in a black sequin dress who goes to a nightclub. While crossing the floor, she has a moment of hesitation before she slips and falls. According to Kemp, the falling has become synonymous with her psychic state and the nightclub represents her underworld.

"She falls because she feels uneasy, there is a change inside her and as a result she is very uncertain," Kemp said.

The theme of *Black Sequin Dress* is the examination of the function of a psyche, a common issue in Kemp's work. Her interest in this subject is through her belief in the disjunction between the inner and outer worlds and it is through this concept that Kemp addresses the

issue of time.

"Particularly between the societal time frame and what I would call the inner time rhythm which is much more time less," she said. "It is that disjunction that I am in dialogue with."

"My belief is that the psyche is able to function very creatively and is open to a number of resources and so I am interested in looking at the function of the psyche of this woman (featured in *Black Sequin Dress*) and how she finds a relationship between her and an outer world (the real, everyday world)," she said. "While this woman is in a process of change, I believe the resources within her like memory, imagination/fantasy, dream, myth or inner archetypes all serve as catalysts in this process of change."

For Kemp, inspiration comes from the work of Belgian surrealist artist Paul Delvaux, especially when devising the stage action for a script.

"The reason I use his paintings is because in a way he paints a landscape of the psyche with the paintings having a timeless feel to them," she said. "He is addressing time, which is also an important concept for me. "Sometimes in his work he might have something modern along something more ancient and I believe he has an understanding of an Aboriginal time concept of the internal now which I am also very interested in."

"Essentially what I am interested in is how an ordinary action can have extraordinary resonances. "One serial moment is in fact a potentially enormous moment. "In the play (*Black Sequin Dress*) by falling, the woman also falls into a memory from childhood as well as falling into many emotional states that is associated with the act."

Although Kemp describes *Black Sequin Dress* as a play, it also incorporates other elements such as dance, film and sound, which are worked together.

"I believe the whole stage picture is the most important aspect," she said. "I am looking for spatial dynamics which co-incide with emotional or thought dynamics."

Kemp believes that she is not a prolific writer and believes she needs a long "gestation" period when working on a project.

"I feel that I am very slow when creating a piece because I am looking for a balance in my life," she said. "I need to do other things to support this work. "There is also something about the meditative

quality of my writing and dreaming process, so by its nature it does take a long time to put my work together."

As part of the creative process, Kemp works on a storyboard, as used in the film-making process, especially when devising the structure of the play.

"I build the structure of the play on the storyboard, separately from the text," she said. "Then I give that to the actors along with the (Paul Delvaux) paintings to use as a starting point. "The storyboard is the skeleton grid, although sometimes changes do occur. "Sometimes I do give the actors work which I call impulse work, which is all intuitive. "Therefore from their relationship with the play, the storyboard and the paintings the cast then able to make good physical and spatial offers. "All the actors I am working with are very strong intuitively and are able to work in a way that is more abstract than they would normally face."

The only work at this year's Festival to be commissioned exclusively for the event, Kemp admitted that there has been some pressure associated with the play.

"Although I was commissioned, I felt under no pressure as a writer as Barrie being an artist himself knew to give me a lot of time, so for a long time the pressure was very minimal," she said. "Recently however it has built up mainly because this play is sitting alongside major international productions that have been on the road for years along with many technical rehearsals."

Kemp however recognises that her work in Australia is best suited to the festival concept.

"My kind of work does suit the festival concept but it is probably a bit of a misleading situation for me," she said. "The festival concept does get people to a production, especially people who you think might

not normally like my type of work. "The minus side of the festival concept however, is performing alongside international competition."

The music in *Black Sequin Dress* has been composed by Melbourne-based composer Elizabeth Drake, whom Kemp has worked with before as co-director in an earlier work *Call of the Wild*.

"This time not only has Elizabeth written music exclusively for the production but has also created a soundtrack as though the play is like a film," she said. "I have been fortunate with Elizabeth in that while her work does have similarities in some areas, especially con-



ceptually.

"It is much more than her just doing music for my show." Elizabeth, like me, is also interested in time and disjunction but from another angle and that is where we find a meeting point."

After its Adelaide Festival season, *Black Sequin Dress* will then tour with seasons in Melbourne (with Playbox) and in Canberra. After that Kemp is unsure what will happen with the production.

"Because Australia's population is so small it is hard to support work that is less commercial," she said. "As a result most theatre companies in Australia are not willing to take the risk, so its future is very uncertain."

Fontella Koleff



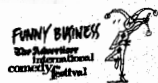
"...a brilliant ensemble of hotshot comedians" - db magazine
parting company presents a new comedy revue

milk, milk, lemonade

March 11-17, 8pm

Gerard Theatre, Tavistock Lane (off Frome St)

Tickets \$15/\$12 from Venuetix or Adelaide Uni Students Assoc. ph 303 5406



It's Rasa Time

From the rainforests and deserts of India to the March heat of Adelaide, Meryl Tankard's Australian Dance Theatre will recreate the sights and sounds of India with their Adelaide Festival production of *Rasa*.

ADT dancers Vincent Crowley and Ingrid Weisfelt said the word *Rasa* comes from Indian dance theory referring to the understanding of a work by the audience.

"Although there are various meanings of the word, it really is about the nature of the performance and the understanding of the performance by the audience," said Crowley. "I suppose you could say it is the Yin and Yang of a performance."

As part of the company's preparation for the production, the dancers have been learning various aspects of Indian Kuchipudi dance by Canberra-based dancer Padma Menon.

"Padma is just so amazing to watch, especially her style and her gestures, she is very inspirational," said Weisfelt.

"Initially we had two weeks solid with Padma but it is important to stress that we are not trying to be Indian dancers in the production. What we are doing is seeing what we have absorbed from these sessions coming through into our work."

According to Crowley and Weisfelt, as part of Kuchipudi dance there are nine different emotions related to it and it is this area that the company is concentrating on in *Rasa*.

"We are looking at emotions rather than stories, but within each emotion there will be possibly a story," said Crowley. "So rather than using an epic story or poem from Indian mythology we will then create a story around these emotions as our narrative."

The company has just returned from two-and-a-half months in Sydney where they performed *Orphée et Eurydice* and *Songs with Mara* for the Sydney Festival. The Sydney tour followed straight after a two month tour of *Furioso* in Germany.

This was ADT's second tour of Germany and according to Crowley and Weisfelt the company received further invitations to not only return to Germany but also to perform in Brussels, Amsterdam and Antwerp.

"The reaction to the tour was fantastic with full houses," said Crowley.

With success at home and overseas, both Crowley and Weisfelt said Australian audiences are just as enthusiastic towards the company as they are in Europe.

"I think Meryl is starting to build up a new following here in Australia and this is being reflected by the size of the audiences we are getting," said Crowley.

Following the success of *Songs with Mara*, which was released on CD during the Sydney Festival, the Australian Dance Theatre has proved that it is more than just a dance company. It is this aspect of the troupe,

according to Crowley and Weisfelt, that makes working for it such an enjoyable challenge.

"Meryl is always exploring new areas of interest to her and what she finds new, interesting and exciting becomes challenging for us," said Weisfelt.

"We are always being challenged by her imagination and how we respond does depend on our imagination," said Crowley.

Following the Festival season of *Rasa*, the company will take a break from performance until June when they will conduct a national tour including Adelaide seasons of *Aurora* in June and a new work, titled *Miniatures* in August. Following the success of *Possessed* at the Barossa Music Festival last year, the company hopes to again appear at the festival with the Balenesqu Quartet.

In addition to local and national performances, the company will also tour the United States and Canada in October and November with *Furioso* and it is also hoped that a tour of *Songs with Mara* to India in November will be confirmed.



Rasa premieres at the Bull-Ring at the Wayville Showgrounds from tomorrow night (March 12) until March 17.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

More Milk Please

The undergraduate theatrical tradition of the revue is alive and well at Adelaide University this Fringe festival. Having moved away from its revue origins, Parting Company marks a return to this form of theatre with its Fringe production *Milk, Milk, Lemonade*.

Since its incarnation as a revue group in 1989, Parting Company has moved into other areas including Shakespeare in 1991, and in 1993 they presented their first original play, *Five Across*. With *Milk, Milk, Lemonade*, Parting Company president Cate Rogers said that even this production still did not strictly follow the revue traditions.

"Even with this show as opposed to the normal revue style, we have steered away from specific Adelaide references in an effort to make the show more accessible to Fringe audiences," she said. "About the only Adelaide reference we have is about the city during the Fringe/Festival period."

The show which features many take-offs from (mostly Hollywood) movies, contains all original material. Rogers said the creative process was usually at its most intense during rehearsals.

"We have a core of people who

write material, but what happens quite often in rehearsals is that we workshop and as a result this material will then be modified," she said.

Although the group has been working on the show for the past six months, preparations were interrupted by the company's presentation of *A Frightfully Victorian Evening* for the Victorian Studies Conference last month (February).

"As a result this show has been prepared very much on the hop," she said. "While there have been many meetings, writing and brainstorming sessions, the preparation has only been intensive in the last month."

According to Rogers, *Milk, Milk, Lemonade* is an eclectic mixture of material.

"I think the mix of material being featured is quite good as it illustrates that it has naturally evolved," she said.

Being a revue, *Milk, Milk, Lemonade* marks a change in Fringe programming for Parting Company, with their 1994 Fringe show *The Tempest*, regarded as one of the highlights of the festival. As Rogers explained, this move back to the troupe's roots was to encourage a dormant side of the company's crea-

tivity.

"Over the years the company has developed into two strands - Shakespeare, and comedy, which feed off each other," she said. "It seemed to be the natural way to go, as having done *The Tempest* in 1994 we thought that by doing a revue this time around would give our other side exposure during Fringe time."

"I suppose the thing with Shakespeare is that people are very comfortable with him while revue is more of a challenge. However there were pressures in presenting *The Tempest*, especially in being an outdoor show, but this time the pressure will be on competing with other comedy acts."

Rogers said following their Fringe season, the company hopes to diversify even further hopefully later this year.

"We are do-

ing another Shakespeare production, this time in association with the Theatre Guild, in August, but Gina (Tsikouras, another member of the company) and I are hoping to tackle something else," she said. "We'll see how that goes and whether it will happen this year is still anybody's guess at this stage."

Parting Company's *Milk, Milk, Lemonade* will be held from tonight (March 11) until Sunday (March 17) at Gerard Theatre, Tavistock Lane (off Frome St, by Amalfi's).

Fontella Stuart Koleff.



Snuff Puppets

Snuff Puppets
Scarey
Estonian Hall, February 29.

The real is made grotesque and the grotesque real in the nightmarish performance of *Scarey* by the Snuff Puppets. This Melbourne company creates a world in which monsters rule, and humans are their terrified playthings. The first half of the show appears almost vaudevillian; the short pieces are reminiscent of exaggerated childhood dreams. What develops though is an increasing similarity to everyday scenes - still horrific but becoming ever more familiar.

The performing troupe of four puppeteers and three musicians present a story of a group of travelling puppet/entertainers, assisted by their 'skeleton' crew (you may have seen these characters around the Fringe) and featuring a 'novelty act of some HUMANS...' The short skits link loosely, and it is only towards the second half of the show that the macabre links become obvious. The bi-

zarre figure of the Contortionist puppet reveals more of the approach of this production. Twisted shapes and meanings suddenly appear recognizable, and are all the more gruesome.

On the night I attended, *Scarey* commanded not only a full house, but also a full floor. A large section of the audience three deep on thin cushions in front of the seats provided intimacy, if not comfort. There was some blurring of audience and performer space. The musicians began on stage and moved to behind the audience, but their close interactions with the other performers encompassed those seated between. An occasional terrified wail from a particularly young member of the audience seemed perfectly apt.

Although some of the puppets used will be familiar to participants in the last Fringe, their originality remains striking. Referring often to a theme of the monstrous within the human within the monstrous, puppets were dismembered and disembowelled to reveal frail and stagestruck humans,

who in turn were recreated as 'bones'. The skill of the puppeteers was of a consistently high standard. Despite the rigid and unchanging facial expressions of the puppets an impressive range of ...well... scariness, but also vulnerability, was conveyed. The tremendously evocative trom-

bone and richly diverse percussion and other effects from the musicians added voice and atmosphere in a very well integrated partnership.

Fiona Sutherland



"Extraordinary Theatre"

Maly Theatre of St Petersburg -
Gaudeamus
Playhouse
March 1 - March 3

From the opening scene as the actors disappear across a stark, snow-swept stage, you become aware that you are about to witness extraordinary theatre and the Maly Theatre of St Petersburg more than meets this expectation.

Gaudeamus, consists of 19 improvisations based on the story of *Construction Battalion*, by Sergey Kaledin, the only piece of writing banned by Gorbachev during the period of Perestroika. However it becomes quickly apparent why this is a story that was not approved of

by the Soviet authorities as it reveals the seedy, and at times brutal, world of the all powerful Red Army, with its racism, sexism, alcoholism and drug taking.

Set at the time of Afghanistan, *Gaudeamus* follows the story of Construction Battalion, with the cast as conscripts undertaking National Service. With no particular professional qualification or knowledge required in this unit, the conscripts are usually physically, intellectually or philosophically unfit to serve in other units. Many of them are also from non-Russian republics, forced to deal with language and cultural differences.

Despite the frantic activity and level of intensity that is evident

throughout *Gaudeamus* it is not a harrowing play. There are moments of humour that transcends cultural and language barriers. One of the funniest scenes is when Sub-Lieutenant Shamschiev teaches the recruits how to salute senior officers. In fact with the constant action on stage, the English surtitles become a hassle, but with the guide of pre-read program notes, one is able to follow the various vignettes of army life.

It is a physical and highly technical piece of theatre but the young cast are vigorous, exhilarating and perform with gusto. Not only is it a work of drama, but of dance and music. The segments are interconnected through music ranging from Beethoven's *Ode to Joy* through to

the Beatles, but some of the most emotional musical moments come from the Russian songs, most notably the World War Two student piece *Gaudeamus Igitur*, symbolising the survival of the spirit of man.

Yet it is not a pretty piece, horror abounds especially as Construction Battalion expose themselves to the excess of alcohol and drugs as they seek escape from their stark world. But they are human characters and ultimately director Lev Dodin has created a work about humanity which is performed with passion and commitment. For those of us lucky enough to see Maly Theatre during the Festival, it was a privilege.

Fontella Stuart Koleff.

Myth Eruption

Myth Eruptions
Four Danceworks
The Armoury Courtyard (behind
South Australian Museum)
February 29.

The Adelaide Fringe Festival was the vehicle for the inaugural performance of Myth Eruption's *Four Danceworks*. Alexandra Graham and Amanda Phillips's new dance company has collected a team of choreographers and dancers with a vision to perform dance that explores themes and issues relevant to themselves as young people. Although the hyperbole of the press release instilled a fear of what was to come, the performance rose above the overheated enthusiasm, re-

deemed by the seriousness and purpose of their work.

Kirsty Radestock's *Golden Eye Expulsion* is confident and sensual with a complex layered structure, working well within the passion of the cello soundtrack. Five virgins in silk slips explore their womanhood and the relationships between inner and outer, self and other, in ways beautiful, enthusiastic and at times powerful. An orgy of eggs bring the performance to a smashing close.

Mattephor uses wit, sarcasm, irony, humour, pathos...anything it can get its hands on, to question the glibness of consumerism and the struggles of human relationship. Amanda Phillips's reaches beyond boundaries

to explore the inclusion of percussive breath and speech in what becomes as much theatre as dance. These brave women perform with commitment and controlled presence.

The second half of the performance begins with Mollie Joyce's *She Who is Silent*, stylistically the most 'classical' performance of the four. Its positive celebration of womanhood is a foil to the previous two works' seriousness, whilst still exploring social issues of class and gender. The effort to use the space makes the opening momentarily laborious and the greater primary physical discipline required by the straighter style faltered at times, but didn't overshadow the beauty of the dance or taint the powerful closing gesture.

Inspiration from Aboriginal culture gives us Alexandra Graham's *Tjurkurpa*. Cross-cultural performance creates a different type of narra-

tive which at first requires slightly more effort from the audience but which is rewarded by the quality of Graham's effort. The dance brings to life powerful human elements of tribal experience, gradually blurring the distinctions between 'them' and 'us'. The choreography was at times the tightest of the evening, employing powerful scenes, movements and moments, doing ample justice to its subject.

Lighting effects of the outdoor performance were compromised by spill from ambient lighting, but otherwise the effectiveness and artistry of the performance well rewarded the over-capacity audience. In all, the company is impressive in its professionalism and vigour; its burgeoning talent deserves enthusiastic support.

Farley Wright

Inje

Hildegard:

Inje
Odeon Theatre
March 2 - March 9

Hildegard break the barriers of definition with *Inje*, with the question often arising over whether it is dance, drama, or mime? The answer is that it is all these elements and more as multi-media concepts, through the use of projected stills and video footage, are also incorporated into a piece of theatre that was at times not only confronting, but brutal.

Inje, was created by the Melbourne-based company in collaboration with Bulgaria's foremost theatre director Vazkressia Vicharova from the New Bulgarian University. It is an essentially postmodern work that uses as its starting point a Bulgarian folk



legend about Inje, a warrior and bandit leader who after terrorising villages and peasantry transforms himself into a protector of the people.

It is a difficult production and without knowledge of the story it can be hard to follow some of the elements portrayed on the stage. However the emotion that is expressed by the performers through word and movement

easily transgresses the artificial boundaries we, the audience, automatically establish. One of the most moving scenes during the evening was the recreation of village bathing rituals by a river or stream with the women playfully splashing water at each other from buckets.

Threading its way throughout the performance is a sense of menace and violence from the heavily-scarred Inje broodingly overlooking the various activities of the women, the attacking of a watermelon by one of the women with a Medieval axe or the recreation through clay symbols, Inje's attack on his infant son, whom he leaves for dead. The use of clay also incorporates the ritual elements, in this case the "gherman", a mock mourning performed to bring rain.

The melancholy often featured in Slavic art is again emphasised in *Inje* as the morbidity of the piece at times threaten to overwhelm the overall production. While the traditional rituals of lament and mourning are a core theme, the intensity of the work especially with the constant wailing of the women, produce a disquieting rather than healing experience.

Tough, confronting and at times demanding, *Inje* is nevertheless an emotional piece of theatre that leaves you breathless. If Barrie Kosky's aim with this Festival is for us, as theatre goes, to challenge our perceptions of theatre then *Inje* has been the personification of this intention.

Fontella Stuart Koleff.

The Glamorous Busker

Malcolm McLaren:
Living Yesterday Tomorrow
Her Majesty's Theatre,
Sunday 3 March 1996.

McLaren is a storyteller: he describes himself as a Romantic in search of authenticity of existence - something science cannot classify and hence anti-homogenous - a journey without arrival which entails the enjoyment of failure so crucial to himself and which links him with other Romantics such as Byron and Napoleon and thus to a dying breed: "The world no longer needs Romantics". He likens Australia without Keating to "Australia without Aborigines"; we have entered a period of nostalgic longing for "yesterday tomorrow", after all, we voted Howard into power.

As well as constantly alluding to himself as a busker, McLaren sees himself as a Postmodern: he re-creates his past in an exercise in new historicism and, assisted by an anti-structural slide show (it has no linearity), he offers us: his bizarre childhood with his grandmother (he beat-off a lot); art schools; his shops in King's Road and Soho; his life and times with Vivienne Westwood; his bondage fashions and t-shirts complete with pornographic images (both paedophilic and gay); the Sex Pistols; the New York Dolls; Buffalo Gals; 'Vogueing'; and on into the '90s.

Uncle Malcolm the storyteller calls those who refer to him as "Faginesque, a Svengali, a Shaman as train-spotter types". Yet later, as he expounds upon his eighteen-month period as the manager of the Sex Pistols, describes himself as Fagin. The band, with Jones as head thief, steal musical instruments in London, and McLaren fences them 'up North' where they are exchanged for 'clean' instruments. At one particular record company signing, Jones goes missing with several handbags while, semi-comatose after drinking two bottles of vodka, Sid Vicious (who has a bleeding foot, a legacy from a prior fight with other band members) is caught bathing his foot in a toilet bowl which he smashes and subsequently (also accidentally) puts his arm through the toilet window. A few days later, the record company reneges on the contract and Malcolm becomes somewhat richer. Apparently, most of the money accumulated at this time is via cancelled contracts.

Living Yesterday Tomorrow is so detailed and runs for several hours and is nothing less than mesmerising, although it must be said that more than one person fell asleep less than two hours in. This is no 'Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle': it is the fascinating story of a fascinating man.

Paul C Woods

You and me babe, how 'bout it?

Romeo and Juliet.
The Orphanage, Millswold.

Glenn Elston and Greg Hocking have had varied success in recent times with their outdoor Shakespearian productions. The setting of the play at The Orphanage is quite becoming to the tragedy. The fabulous balcony and courtyard provide a near perfect performance area for this Elizabethan masterpiece. The beautiful evening weather of an Adelaide summer add perfectly to the Mediterranean feel of the play. But look out for those cool changes (my theatre companion complained constantly about the t-shirt he had decided to wear - but I thought the Beastie Boys were a more relevant choice of attire than even he realised). This production of *Romeo and Juliet* began very much as a case of "You've gotta fight for your right...." as the audience were restless and the outdoor conditions threaten to dwarf the inexperienced actor in a tsunami of unpredictable variations. Overall the performers did a remarkable job of engaging the audience under these circumstances. The humour of the play was a s

made readily apparent through original slap stick and audience interaction.

Originally this production utilized that now famous effect entitled - "Let's just move the audience around a bit so that they feel like they're part of the fun." Normally this works quite well, but in the case of *Romeo and Juliet* the only movement to be made was at the end for the death scene. Thankfully by the night that I attended the play the director had scrapped this facet of the production. To move the audience ten minutes from the end of the play (and under such emotional circumstances - tissues and shoulders material) makes it impossible to retain any serious rapport with the audience. As of now the entire performance remains within the one space with some minor stage alterations for the finale in Juliet's tomb.

The costuming and choreography were just brilliant, with obviously much attention and intelligence going into the staging of the play. All of these roles are demanding and ambitious but the cast executed a fine display. A rather surprising shining light in the production was John K. Davies' energetic and vibrant performance as Benvolio, the ever aiding cousin of Romeo. If you are looking for a good evening of culture, theatre and a bit of fresh air then *Romeo and Juliet* contains a good mix of all three, as long as the person you go with has washed.

Romeo and Juliet is finishing its Festival season from March 12-17 at 8:30pm each night at The Orphanage, Millswold.

Anthony Paxton

Little Drummer Boys

Taiko Drummers of Ota
Red Square
March 5

As the booms of the 400kg Odaiko drum echo across Red Square, you are transported away from a balmy autumn night in Adelaide to the spiritual Japan, as the industrial surrounds of the shipping containers taking on a temple-like significance against the backdrop of the full moon.

In most cultures the drum has been one of the oldest instruments in the creation of music and the Ota Taiko drummers are a part of a 1500 year Japanese tradition, which originated from local residents beating drums as a way of worshipping guardian deities. Although the drumming represented the traditional and ancient Japan, the troupe of 11 also incorporated the industrial, modern Japan into the performance with flute and string washes from a synthesiser that enhanced the overall sound.

The drums and the drummers were the stars of the evening in what was a very physically demanding performance. In a series of 10-minute pieces that ranged from solo performances to

full-scale productions, complete with fireworks, the group showcased their diversity and skill. The troupe's enthusiasm and commitment to their playing, which at times was delivered at a frantic pace, was evidenced by their near exhaustion by the end of the evening.

It is music to stir your soul and while the drum beats seems to pulsate within and without through its sheer dynamics, there are also moments when the music takes on mesmeric and hypnotic qualities. It is this heady trance-like spirit that contributed to the power of the performance. However the breaks during the performance, aimed at changing the various drum arrangements, did allow the audience a break from the intensity.

Although the *Taiko Drummers of Ota* gave us a brief insight into a spiritual journey, the audience participation during the encore reminded us that we were not in Edo Japan, but 1990s Adelaide. Ultimately for those of us taking in the experience from the background of Western culture, what we were seeing was entertainment.

Fontella Stuart Koleff.



O'Ball

The O'Ball
Swoop
Insurge
Crisp

With immense promotion, this year's O'Ball was bigger than I can remember it. The crowd was huge, packing out the cloister area and the bar and the DJ rooms. The outside bands were huge, as powerful PA system screamed in our ear drums. The sound quality was pretty good outside, which helped immensely with the overall outcome. The sound quality in the bar was really, really, really awful, which wasn't too good.

The first band up outside was Insurge. Their style of cyber heavy rock was quite interesting. They played a good heavy set, using the election to dominate their band to crowd "chit chat". An interesting combination of musicians to form their music, certainly gives them an original style and futuristic, cyber sound. The singing was hard and was performed hard. Underneath that, heavy guitar riffs also thrashed out. The drumming was strange - very simple, actually simple enough to have the snare hit on 2 and 4 to make the groove, with occasional hi-hat, bass drum and kit in-

volvement. The percussionist was certainly using differing types of percussion - which was cool. The effect was quite good actually. I liked the overdubs from the midi and computer, of voices and sounds, which gave the music another different perspective. The crowd got into them after about three or four songs. Not everyone's cup of tea, but still a good performance.

Swoop were next on outside to a pretty excited crowd of Swoopaholics (as they are known). This was a big show. Even if you hate Swoop for ripping everyone off, or you hate their pop style, this was still a top class show. With fireworks, smoke and bizarre lighting wizardry, Swoop came on stage under the powerful playover of their Woxo introduction. With leather and glitter pants, they came on stage to perform (except for Fiona, female vocals). They began playing, creating a power on stage for the entrance of Roland their male vocalist, who came dressed in vinyl and leather with make up on. The band (like the bands they copy) set themselves up as freaks and tried to project that in their music. The performance was strong, solid, energetic and with plenty of showman-

ship from all the musicians except Fiona. Fiona was a dud on stage compared with the rest of the band - too much Valium. Stick twirling, throwing and dropping came from the drummer throughout the performance - cool guitar playing and movements came from Josh - powerful vocals and antics came from Roland to make the whole show pretty huge. About the music - it was very similar to that on their album and I was impressed by the use of a megaphone to keep the vocal effects in the performance. It was good to see Swoop do this live, but disappointing to think about how much of it they are taking from other

psychedelic performers like Bootsy and his Rubberband and Parliament, etc.

Finally, after Swoop I saw Crisp play in the bar. The PA sounded very, very sick, which made Crisp sound bad. Crisp played their usual set but this time they had a DJ sit in playing scratches and overplays. Unfortunately, the DJ couldn't really be heard. It was disappointing to see Crisp like this; it wasn't their fault.

In all, the high was excellent and very well organised (thanks Simon and Viron). I hope you didn't miss it.

George Nisyrios Jnr



- ① **Be My Lover** - La Bouche
- ② **Fee Fi Fo Fum**
- Candy Girls feat. Sweet Pussy Pauli
- ③ **Best Things In Life Are Free**
- Luther Vandross & Janet Jackson
- ④ **Movin' Up** - Dreamworld
- ⑤ **Sex** - Sleazesisters with Vikki Shepard
- ⑥ **Wrap Me Up** - Alex Party
- ⑦ **Automatic Lover (Call For Love)**
- Real McCoy
- ⑧ **Break The Chain** - Motiv8
- ⑨ **Found Love** - Double Dee featuring Dany
- ⑩ **Santa Maria** - Tatjana

Compiled by James Ingram





FUNKENGRÜVEN

The Scene Of Cool Grooves



I JUST DROPPED BY TO SAY HELLO JOHNNY HARTMAN

I Just Dropped by to Say Hello Johnny Hartman (Re-release Impulse!)

This album was originally recorded in 1963 over two sessions with an interesting line up; Johnny Hartman (vocals), Hank Jones (piano), Illinois Jacquet (tenor), Jenny Burrell (guitar), Jim Hall (guitar), Milt Hilton (bass), Elvin Jones (drums). Many people have made references to the qualities of Johnny Hartman, such as Ella Fitzgerald stating that he deserves "immediate recognition".

Of Johnny Hartman it has been written "How do you put the talents of Johnny Hartman into words? How do you convey in writing his feeling for music, his control, his sense of timing? How do you literally explain the manner in which he wends his way through a lyric, the way he caresses every word, holding it long enough to give it its proper place and meaning?" I tend to agree with this.

His voice is distinctly American and 60s. Somehow, he seems to romance the tunes he sings. He swings beautifully, using the range of his voice to complement the lyrics and the rhythm. He sings many ballads or slower songs which gives the whole album a beautiful tone and direction. His voice quality is comfortably suited to the music and the accompaniment.

The accompaniment is kept tight and swinging. Elvin Jones plays brushes through the album, complementing the groove and melody. Hank Jones plays some beautiful piano, softly making a bed for Johnny's vocals and playing some solos throughout. Jim Hall plays some full and perfectly placed chords and other rhythmic runs in two of the tunes. Milt Hilton's bass playing makes a solid bed for the rest of the music. His playing seems perfectly placed and the notes are perfect for the mood and the tune. His playing is impressive.

This is well worth a listen, for the vocals and for the other musicians. If you take the advice of Ella, Johnny Hartman requires immediate recognition, not just from jazz fans but all who claim to like "good music". The CD comes in a beautiful fold out Impulse! case, and is part of the new wave of jazz on Impulse!

George Nisyrrios Jnr

MINGUS

THE BLACK SAINT AND THE SINNER LADY



The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady Charles Mingus (Re-release Impulse!)

This magnificent album was recorded in 1963. It has a large number of musicians playing on each of the four tracks. Rolf Ericson, Richard Williams (trumpet), Quentin Jackson (trombone), Don Butterfield (tuba), Jerome Richardson (soprano, bari sax and flute), Dick Hafer (tenor and flute), Charlie Mariano (alto), Jacki Byard (piano), Jay Berliner (guitar), Charles Mingus (bass and piano), Dannie Richmond (drums).

Nat Hentoff has stated that "Mingus is ingenious" and this album certainly back-up that statement. The music is somewhat experimental, way out there. It has form, through time signatures that are complex, but has much freedom within that skeleton of form. From the first drum introduction which has a polyrhythmic feel to it, throughout the album the time is used thoroughly as a form of expression and emotion. The variety of instruments play within a skeletal structure, but very freely and loosely. Each player expressing what they feel through their playing, which sometimes pushes the border of experimental-avant garde with form.

The different free playing works well together. The melodic freedom of the horns and reeds is intertwined with the polyrhythmic freedom of the rhythm section. The tempos are dragged out, sped up and thrown about. It is just incredible. The emotion of the music can strongly be felt through the playing.

So many different sounds, music styles and playing are used all within the same tune, as the music travels through its journey. At one point, what seems like Spanish guitar fusion pops up out of a horn dominated tune and plays solo creating an incredible feeling and change.

The journey of the music is incredible and this album should not be missed for those who can feel music. The album, once again, is supplied with a beautiful folding out cover that contains a 24 page booklet that has Mingus' thoughts on the album and a psycho-muso analysis of the album as well. This will impress.

George Nisyrrios Jnr



A Love Supreme/John Coltrane

A Love Supreme John Coltrane (Re-release Impulse!)

An absolutely amazing album - I expect there is no need to tell some of you. Recorded in 1964, it features John Coltrane on tenor, McCoy Tynor on piano, Jimmy Garrison on bass and Elvin Jones on drums. It is one of the all-time great albums for then and now being used by DJs and other famous artists.

The focus of the album is the whole concept of "A Love Supreme". Coltrane says in his liner notes - "NO MATTER WHAT ... IT IS WITH GOD. HE IS GRACIOUS AND MERCIFUL. HIS WAY IS IN LOVE. THROUGH WHICH WE ALL ARE. IT IS TRULY - 'A LOVE SUPREME'." I wrote it as it is written, in capitals, by Coltrane. The album is dedicated to God and if the listener understands what Coltrane is doing, he / she can feel what the music is meaning. This album is Coltrane's message to his listeners through his music.

With that understood, the music can be focussed on. The playing and composing is outstanding. The players on this album are some of my favourite musicians, so please excuse any bias. The music conveys a beautiful sense of harmony and searching as the first track begins. Coltrane enters with a perfect tone, building up quickly his playing and holding it at a point, just letting the music and the groove set in. His sound is so good. Underneath him the rhythm section sits, grooving hard, complementing the air of Coltrane's playing and composition.

McCoy's piano is just brilliant (one of my favourite players). His ability to follow the music and feeling with his playing sets a perfect background for Coltrane's horn. Jimmy's bass is so solid and hard grooving through the first track, it forms the basis of the strength of the tune. His skill and articulation defines each note bringing out the finest qualities of Coltrane's piece. Elvin Jones is one of my favourite drummers. His playing is musical and swings so well. He has the ability to accompany the qualities and feelings of the music on his ride and snare which makes the music so much more incredible.

The group is really tight. During solos, when the rhythm section is together, they are listening to each other and playing with each, following a lead and reaching out. Coltrane's solos make use of harmonics and rhythms that make for an incredible built up solo. I could go as well about McCoy's, Jimmy's and Elvin's solos but space restricts me; I'll just say that they are brilliant. This album is an essential.

George Nisyrrios Jnr



Live at the Whitney Duke Ellington (Impulse!)

Although Duke was a marvellous pianist, it was only late in his long career that he consented to give solo recitals. There are three such events known, of which all took place in New York. One in 1962, one in 1964 and this, the third, in 1972. It has for the first time been released since its recording and is a perfect addition to the hundreds of other Duke recordings.

Most of the concert he plays solo piano. Joe Benjamin on bass and Rufus Jones sit in with him for some tunes. Duke has a happy, comic way of addressing his audience, which sets a perfect mood the beginning of his recital. The first tune he plays is a medley, finishing with *Caravan*. The album contains 19 tracks, most of them under or just over two minutes long. The tunes he plays, mostly he has written, which make the album a worthwhile collection of Ellington tunes.

His playing is difficult (for me) to describe. He plays many beautiful chords, which set up his right hand, which plays a melody over the chords, or over left hand bass lines. His playing contains expression, moods and changes. He plays hard and he plays sweetly. His playing ranges throughout tunes and throughout the album always keeping the listener on their feet. Big chords are belted out as he passes through various phases in the music.

This album is beautiful to listen to. It has the original performance air about it and the Ellington feel about it. The playing is superb and the feeling of the music is well defined and heard. Well worth a listen.

George Nisyrrios Jnr



**Sepultura
Roots
(Roadrunner)**

Named after the Spanish word for "burial" and "grave", Sepultura are probably one of the most well-known bands, heavy metal or otherwise, to have emerged from Brazil. Releasing their first EP, *Besial Devastation*, in November 1985, they have since gone on to produce six full-length albums: *Morbid Visions*, *Schizophrenia*, *Beneath the Remains*, *Arise*, *Chaos A.D.* and *Roots* as well as a number of singles and videos. *Roots* is the group's most recent offering and is quite distinct from its full-length predecessors in that it is much more than just another heavy metal album. Instead, it is a tribute to many of the things that make the group's home country unique and as its title suggests, represents an attempt by the members of the band to explore and celebrate their Brazilian roots. Unlike many other heavy metal bands which seem to drop and replace members with each new album, Sepultura still retains its original four-member line-up of Max and Igor Cavalera, Andreas Kisser and Paolo Jr for this latest offering.

Roots contains sixteen tracks in total with the music on many of these tracks consisting of a fusion between heavy metal and traditional Brazilian music. The addition of traditional Brazilian elements to Sepultura's music was probably first attempted on the album *Arise*, where two of the tracks, "Arise" and "Altered State" had quite exotic openings and was carried further in the following album, *Chaos A.D.*, where one notable track, "Kaiowas", consisted entirely of traditional Amazonian Indian music. In *Roots*, the merging of the two musical styles is achieved in numerous ways, one in which is the use of Brazilian instruments in addition to the more familiar pieces of band equipment in many of the tracks. A wide variety of Brazilian instruments are employed (over fifteen percussion instruments alone were used during the production of the album) with some of the more notable ones being a berimbau, a one-stringed instrument played by Max Cavalera in a couple of the tracks and a rusted propane tank played (presumably as a percussion instrument) by Igor Cavalera in a track called "Dusted". A noted Brazilian percussionist by the name of Carlinhos Brown was also re-

cruited to help out with a few of the tracks. One of the most notable tracks that this man contributed his talents to was a song titled "Ratamahatta" in which he played a range of Brazilian percussion instruments as well as sharing the vocals with Max Cavalera. This song, which is lyrically very simple and sung mostly in Portuguese, is a tribute to many of the things special to Brazil and pays homage to such unusual things and people as Ze Do Caixao (a Brazilian cult horror movie whose English title is "Coffin Jo"), Zumbi (a famous African slave in Brazil) and Lampiao (an outlaw from northern Brazil who was decapitated, along with the members of his gang, when captured).

Perhaps one of the most interesting ways in which Sepultura added a real Brazilian flavour to their latest album, however, was by collaborating with a tribe of Amazonian Indians called the Xavantes during the production of a number of the tracks on the album. The Xavantes, who reside in the Amazonian rainforest near Brazil's border with Bolivia, were, for many years, embroiled in an ultimately successful dispute with the Brazilian Government over the Indians' right to maintain control of their community and in recording with them, Sepultura travelled by air to their village. The band spent two days living and recording with the Indians and during that time, learnt some of the tribe's customs and rituals as well as painting their bodies in the same fashion that the Indians did. The Xavantes contributed the outro to a track titled "Born Stubborn" on the album and played a more major role in an instrumental piece called "Istari" (the Indians' word for 'roots'). In this latter track, the members of Sepultura played with a variety of traditional and modern instruments while fifty Xavante Indians chanted, danced and stomped their feet to the music being produced. The end result of this collaboration between the band and the tribe is quite spectacular and is, not surprisingly, unlike anything I have ever heard on a heavy metal album before.

In it's previous albums, Sepultura has written songs that deal mainly with the subjects of injustice, repression (both by the government and the Church) and negative human emotions. These themes again form the basis for the lyrics of many of the songs on this latest album but whereas many of the band's previous songs could have applied to anybody or any part of the world, the songs on *Roots* tend to be more personal, with the social-issue type songs dealing with topics specific to Brazil and the more introspective songs dealing with the band's history and experiences. Thus, among the social-issue songs are one about the Brazilian Government's record of torture and repression (a track titled "Dictatorshit") and one about Chico Mendes, the famed Brazilian rubber-tapper who cam-

paigned against the destruction of the Amazonian rainforest and was murdered for his efforts (a track titled "Ambush"). The introspective songs include "Roots Bloody Roots", a track about the group's desire to discover its roots (since, according to the bio that came with this album, 'it's hard to know where you are going if you don't know where you've been'), "Born Stubborn", a song that describes the band members desire to remain true to themselves and "Cut Throat", a track that outlines the group's bad experiences with corporate record labels. Lyrically, the songs on *Roots* tend to be simpler and more repetitive than those on many of the band's previous releases and the accompanying music tends to reflect this change. As a fan of the older Sepultura material who liked the complexity of the song lyrics and the way the music tended to flow and change as the songs progressed, I found the songs on this newest album a little disappointing at times but they are still quite good nonetheless and the group has certainly not lost any of its heaviness. For some of these tracks, Sepultura has enlisted the services of yet more outsiders to help out with other guest contributors including Faith No More's Mike Patton, Korn's Jonathan Davis and House of Pain's DJ Lethal.

In addition to *Roots* itself, the band has also released a four-track single titled *Roots Bloody Roots* which features the song "Roots Bloody Roots" as well as a Sepultura version of a Celtic Frost song titled "Procreation (of the Wicked)". The other two tracks on the single consist of a live performance of the *Chaos A.D.* track "Propaganda" and a live back-to-back performance of two non-ancient Sepultura songs: "Beneath the Remains" (from the album of the same name) and "Escape to the Void" (from *Schizophrenia*). Having never seen the point of CD singles myself (except maybe as a way of extracting money from devoted fans), I probably wouldn't purchase this single but there will doubtless be enthusiasts of the group out there who will be tempted to buy it.

James Brazel



**VariouS
In The Mix: A Compilation
of Club Mixes
(Sony)**

Someone once said, "Techno, like most other things, can be good and can be bad." Wow, what

prophetic words. It's true, though. If you read my review of Technohead a couple of weeks ago (and I forgive you if you didn't) then you'd know how bad it can be. Well now I'll tell you how good it can be.

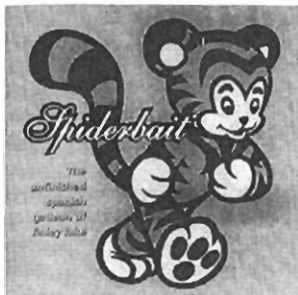
It's no secret that Volition is one of the coolest of Australia's techno labels. Their new compilation, *In The Mix...*, proves it. The South-end track that kicks off proceedings is a little dodgy (too much woohoo-ing and yeah-ing) but what follows more than makes up for it. Severed Heads' *Heart Of The Party (Pacemaker Remix)* and the dubiously-named Itch-e & Scratch-e's *Howling Dog (Remix)* liven things up considerably - the use of plenty of quite subtle effects on the latter's percussion tracks provide the first genuine highlight of the disc.

The thrills continue with FSOM (strangely enough) and their contribution, *System X (Head Mix)*. The last couple of minutes could easily be a soundtrack to a scene in a film where a huge army of killer robot ants march through a city destroying all in their path, for example. And just as they are about to reach your house to feed on your living flesh (or something) Vision Four 5 kick in with the sparkling *Purple Lamp (Blue Mix)*. With less vocals than the original mix and a really groovy Mouse On Marsesque sample running through most of the track, this one really shines out as possibly the best song on the album. Maybe that's why the next song, Magicman's *Connection (Line Out Mix)*, seems so bad. Then again, the fact that it's loaded with really tacky 'oo-haah' vocals doesn't help. It's also the only bit on the album where the drums slip into Techno Rhythm 29. Yawn. Yawn, yawn, yawn.

Don't worry, though. Vision Four 5 return in the form of a very strong short black with their remix of Single Gun Theory's *Metaphysical*. Yet another really cool song. Sitting on the happy, uplifting side of melancholia, it's the smoothest and most ethereal of all and another contender for the Best Track On Album award. Truly classy.

Things get a little darker on Crackerjack's *Mega City (Original Mix)* with an eerie keyboard chord progression running through some reserved percussion and a distant vocal sample. Yet another nice track. Crap singing prevents the last track, *I Heat Up (Spiral Coil Mix)* by DJ's Mach 5/Plus One/Alias, from being anything more than headache-inducing background noise but it doesn't matter. What you would have heard in the previous fifty minutes makes it all okay. This is a quality release, it's Australian Made (you little bewdee) and I think you should go out and buy it straight away. Bonza.

Mark Scruby

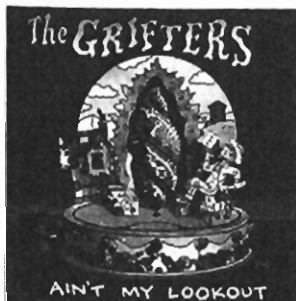


Spiderbait
The Unfinished Spanish
Galleon of Finley Lake
 (Polygram)

Yes, I know. This was released ages ago and everyone knows all about it, inexplicable title and all. Well, it's been re-released with an additional five-song live disc, but we'll get to that in a minute. The album proper probably isn't as good as everyone reckons but it's still pretty cool. *I Gotta Know, Monty, Who Are The Freemasons?* They're all fucking cool tracks. As a matter of fact, so are most of the other one's. Hell, maybe the album is as good as you all seem to think. Who cares? After all, you've probably all got it already.

The accompanying live disc - *The Dodgy Live Disc* - features *Run, Yeah O Yeah, Ooga Booga, Beauregard Bennet* and *Alex The Seal*. Um, it's good. What. You want more info? Okay. When they ordered their guitars they asked for extra wah-wah sauce. And it's very groovy. If you haven't bought the album yet then do it now. If you have then sucked in 'cos you miss out on the extra disc. Ha ha.

Mark Scruby



Ain't My Lookout
The Griffers
 (Sub Pop)

The Griffers are a US four-piece who have been around for quite a while (at least two long plays and an EP). *Ain't My Lookout* is their first full-length recording with Sub Pop and has been described by the band as more 'poppy' than their previous work.

Ain't My Lookout is stylistically unique. This is not to say that it's bad - definitely not, but just

that it's quite unlike any other bands' work. This also makes the band's style difficult to describe but is probably best described as progressive / experimental / alternative with some interesting blues / slide guitar influences. The songs individually also vary in style but for the most part are somewhere between mellow Sonic Youth and Come, with some J. Mascis style vocals (The Grifters are often considered a similar style to Pavement).

Although stylistically difficult to describe, the album is excellent to listen to. Songs such as *Covered with Flies, Boho / Alt, Day Shift, Last Man Alive* and *The Straight Time* grab you first listen. Most of the others aren't far behind, simply taking a couple of listens to acclimatise to - such is the style.

Overall, this album is very good. It's diverse, interesting, original and entertaining (check out some of the lyrics - they're bizarre!). It's definitely worth a listen and will grow on you after a couple of times. It's great stuff.

Stephen Guy



Frank Black
The Cult of Ray
 (Sony)

"You believe it (you better)/I got their number/Classic camcorder/ I saw everything/Dinner plate specials/The shapes of cucumber/ I'm going to the papers/I am going to sing/In the cool, cool night/ And in the middle of the day/I'm watching my back/I'm waiting my visitation/From the men in black/Are they grey or is it my own nation?/It's been a good year/It's been a good summer/I wait for the door or that phone to ring/Our little race/I don't want to fail/So just in case/I made you a copy/And I put it in the mail/You believe it/I got their number/Classic camcorder/I saw everything" - *Men in Black*.

With lyrics as fine as that there is only one question that must be answered: Can I possibly give this album a bad review? I mean, we're living in the age of *X-Files*. Surely a song that deals with the existence of MIBs must have its name written all over Number One before it's even released. Well, maybe not. The Kids don't

seem to be interested in the type of rockin' little numbers that the Frankster deals in these days. It's a pity, though, 'cos they should be. *The Cult of Ray* puts his last long player to shame. And I don't really know why. Judging by the CD inlay photos, Frank's gone for a younger, dare I say fresher, band to trade licks with and it's paid off. Where his songs once seemed a little over-produced, he's decided to let them rock out a bit. Not too much. Just enough. And that's where *The Cult of Ray's* main strength lies. There and in the actual songs. Putting seventy-nine (or however many it was) tracks on his last album probably didn't help, though. This time he's kept it to thirteen of the best. Probably not the best he's ever written but, looking through his pretty impressive back catalogue, that's quite a tall order. Frankophiles who were disappointed with *Teenager of the Year* should not despair - *The Cult of Ray* is certainly a return to form and for that we should all be glad. Three cheers for the Fox Mulder of Rock. Hip hip hoo... (policy statement cut because word limit exceeded).

Mark Scruby



Gary Clail
Keep The Faith
 (Sony)

I quite liked *Human Nature* when it came out. A couple of Gary Clail's other single releases have been well 'ard and kickin' too. *Keep The Faith*, however, is not. The only band in the history of modern rock who have been able to pull off the ever-elusive dub/reggae crossover is The Boo Radleys. Think of the instrumental intro to *Lazarus*. Oh boy, that was music. And now Gazza reckons he can record a whole album of the stuff. I don't think so. For a start, his vocals sound the same on every track - like a raving, loony (yet totally and utterly deadpan) drunk who's cornered you in a pub to explain why the country is in such a shambolic state. My advice if you ever have the chance to listen to *Keep The Faith*: just say that you have to go to the toilet ("I'll be back in five seconds") and slip out the

back door.

Mark Scruby

Various
Not Fade Away (Remem
bering Buddy Holly)
 (MCA)

What's the point of recording a tribute album if all the songs sound just like the originals? I don't think there is one. The problem with *Not Fade Away* is that the artists involved are far from revolutionary in their approach to making music. If you like any of the songs, go out and buy the original recordings. It'll be far more rewarding because the best track on this disc is *Peggy Sue Got Married* as sung by The Man himself. The other contributors should have listened to last year's Flying Nun Abba tribute before they went into the studio. Then they would have understood the difference between impersonating a band and covering a band.

Motorpsycho
Timothy's Monster

Well, I'd never heard of this Norwegian band before, so I was very open minded and pleasantly surprised when I pressed 'play' to be presented with a fusion of the haunting sounds of a mellotron, and the steady rock base of the guitar. This double album has a constant subtle rock, slightly hyped edge to it. The CD follows the thoughts of a man in a fluctuating relationship, that kicks off with a sombre, yet celebratory *Feel*. The tone of the music is directly related to the emotions Motorpsycho tries to relay. This is evident in the hard hitting *A Shrug and a Fistful* where vocalists Saether and Lien boldly state "don't fuck me over again". Quite a Morrisette feel here. The bass and drums dominate as would be expected with this genre, however they do not overpower the lyrics, and do lend a tune in some tracks, particularly with *On My Pillow*, where the compassionate listener feels that they too are tense and "diving deep in shallow water". Some parts of the album are dreary, monotonous and heavy on the ears. You would not listen to in front of a log fire with a glass of claret, however it would be good if you wanted a bunch of friends over for a BBQ as it is unobtrusive and reliably conservative in its volume, sound and attitude of constant angst.

Fiona Sproles

UNI CLAIMS BROOMBALL CROWN

OK, the obvious question first ... what the hell is Broomball? Well, it's like ice hockey except with some key differences. Firstly (and most importantly for the athletically challenged among us), you don't wear skates, hitting a rubber ball around trying to score goals, sliding on your knees, back, bum or anything else that seems appropriate and basically having a bucket load of fun. It's a non-contact sport played at a social (i.e. friendly) level of intensity by guys and girls who are big, small, short, tall ... i.e. absolutely anybody. There are no prerequisites for playing Broomball - it is so fantabulously unique that anybody can come along and try and within a month be taking on anyone else. There are two grades of competition, with Uni fielding a side in B grade, though some of the club members play A grade for other teams.

Last Tuesday night, as most of Adelaide slept or watched Billy trying to bonk anything that moves in Melrose Place, a select few of us were down at Mount Thebarton trying to fulfil our destinies and become the first Adelaide Uni team to

win a Broomball Premiership. Picture this: six wide-eyed youngsters, fresh from the sheltered habitation only Uni can provide; nervous and excited as a paedophile at a Sunday school picnic; going head-to-head with the previously undefeated Vipers machine; each of the men a full scale replica of Jonah Lomu but with twice the testosterone; the females being the tactical equivalent of Hilary Clinton.

We were the underdogs, but hey, we never liked being on

top anyway. Simon, our captain, tried to rev us up before the game - "Do it for yourself, do it for your Country ... oh, bugger it, just do it." Then it was down to business. It was a game played with plenty of skill, courage, flair, guts and plenty of other clichés as well. We took an early lead, through goals by Dave and Mike but the Vipers got one back almost immediately while the defence were having a cup of tea and partaking in some mutual backslapping. At half time, we

could sense we were on the verge of something truly great - if only we could hang on. Despite some near misses by Colleen and Sean, we couldn't add to our goal tally and it was left to our goalie, Andrew, to make some great saves and keep our lead in tact. Finally, the siren sounded and we had won 2 - 1!!! We had gone were no Uni students had gone before and promptly headed to a place where plenty had - the nearest pub.

That's what we did last Tuesday. Uni Broomball Club, having entered our own team for the first time has now won its first Premiership which we think makes us the most ab fab winningest club on campus. If you want to play a sport that's a bit different and unusual and is played at a social level, come one out one Tuesday and give Broomball a try! The new season starts this week (12th March) making now an ideal time to have a go. If you want to come out, give either Simon (338 1170) or Dave (265 1495) a call and we'll organise a game for you.



**SO YOU HAVE TO HIT A BALL WITH A BROOM?
SOUNDS WEIRD, BUT I'LL GIVE IT A GO.**

Cheers, from the Broomballers ... The Uni Raiders!!

ON DIT WANTS YOU!

ARE YOU ENERGETIC AND COMMITTED?

DO YOU POSSESS A BURNING DESIRE TO WRITE ARTICLES/
STORIES OR REVIEW HAPPENINGS AROUND TOWN?

ARE YOU A PHOTOGRAPHER/ARTIST/CARTOONIST?

DO YOU WANNA KNOW HOW *ON DIT* GETS BORN AGAIN EVERY
WEEK?

DO YOU BELIEVE IN LIFE AFTER DEATH?

DO YOU HAVE WILD SEXUAL FANTASIES INVOLVING....ER

OK ENOUGH OF THE SHITE QUES-
TIONS...

GET INVOLVED IN *ON DIT*

Union Activities

Monday to Friday in the UniBar 7.30pm

Tim Gibuna and the Storm

Wednesday in the Gallery

The Toasted Marshmallows in

Filthy Lucre

Friday on the Barr Smith Lawns

St Patricks Day Special

Kelly's Revenge Bushband

Got something to sell?
 Want somewhere to live?
 Looking for a friend?
 On Dit's Classifieds page is for you! Classifieds are free, just bring 'em down to our office by 5pm Wednesday and keep 'em short. Easy as.

BYO Wetsuit and Chicko Rolls

Surfboard For Sale
 Excellent beginners / intermediate boards in good condition. 6 foot thrusters. \$120 or nearest offer. 336 3803 - Stuart.

Make friends with stationery

Pen Friends
 Pen friends world wide, all ages. Friendship, new ideas, travel, etc. Write or send SASE to International Pen Friends Box 279, Marden, 5070.

Give Me Wheels

For Sale
 1981 131 Supermirafiori 4 cylinder, 5 speed. Excellent condition. Has heaps of new components and new paint job. Very regrettable sale. Only \$2,600. Phone Mike on 278 4466 or 267 4679.

Get a Job #1

Once a Student Not Always a Student
 Are you a Final Year Student or Graduate? Have you thought of working for the Commonwealth Government? Would you like to find out how to apply through the Graduate Administrative Assistant (GAA) Scheme? If the answer to all three questions is "Yes", you will need to attend both of the following events:-
 An introductory lunchtime on campus information talk by a representative of Recruitment Services Australia, Wednesday, 27th March, 1996 from 1.10 - 2.00 pm in the Kerr Grant Lecture Theatre, North Terrace Campus;
 The Australian Government Careers Fair at which further information on indi-

vidual Commonwealth Departments and Agencies will be disseminated in half hourly talks starting at 10.30 with the last talk scheduled for 3 pm, Friday, 29th March from 10 am - 6 pm, at The Grosvenor Hotel, 125 North Terrace, Adelaide.
 Details of the full program can be found on the Careers Service Notice Board. Enquiries to Beverley Aikman, Careers Service, Level 4, Wills Building, 303 5906.

Get a Job #2

Information Session on Step (Student Tertiary Employment Program)
 Would you like to put your degree to good use? The STEP links student / graduates with prospective employers. The STEP is an easy addition to your job seeking strategies. The STEP is a system whereby you can get your resumé in front of interested employers the quick and easy way.
 Come and hear Mr David Lamb, Manager, Careers and Community Liaison, give a brief explanation and demonstration of how the STEP can help you find employment. All students welcome. Wednesday, 20th March, 1996, 1.10 - 1.40 pm in the Kerr Grant Lecture Theatre. For further information, contact Beverley Aikman, Careers and Community Liaison on 303 5906.

Don't forget your Speedos

Diving
 Adelaide Diving Club. Nick Taylor - Accredited diving coach, ph: 296 7005, Adelaide Aquatic Centre, corner of Jeffcott Road and Fitzroy Terrace, North Terrace. Mondays and Thursdays 5.00 - 6.30 pm. Coaching fees \$4.00 + pool entry fee + Club fee.

Heaven's in the back seat of my Mazda

If you need a car to buzz around in, I'm selling a spunky red Mazda for just \$900. I'm moving overseas and the car needs a good, safe new home.
 If you're interested, phone Tash on 212 7317.

All things Philosophical

University of Adelaide Philosophy Club invite you to the first talk of 1996.
 On: Thursday 14 March at

7:45pm
 At: Room 527, Hughes building, Adelaide Uni.
 Speaker: Professor Gregory Currie (Flinders Uni).
 Topic: The persistence of things past: can fiction tell us anything about time?
 Abstract:
 There is a tradition within literary theory according to which fictional works, especially novels, have the capacity to tell us something important about time. I argue that, on the contrary, fiction cannot help us learn anything about time and that we must look exclusively to the philosophers and the physicists for instruction.

The fictional work most often cited as conveying something important about time is Marcel Proust's great cycle of novels. I argue that Proust is confused about time and that anything interesting he has to say is about memory, but not about time.

Everybody and anybody is welcome!
 Wine and nibbles will be provided (free of charge to members and by gold coin donation to non-members).

Touch me, touch me...

The University Touch Club is currently holding preliminary training sessions for people interested in playing in the upcoming Winter Mixed competition which begins on 28th April. Beginners or those whose skills are slightly rusty are encouraged to come out and get involved with the largest Touch Club in South Australia. The Touch Club is an extremely friendly one, so don't shy away from coming out to train with us at the University playing fields (just north of the Footbridge) on Wednesday, 13th and 20th March at 6.15 pm.
 Those with questions should contact Libby Mapletoft on 264 3188 (h) / 259 5242 (w) or Darren Jones on 250 2973 (h) / 303 5972 (w).

Make Money

Notetakers Wanted
 A number of students who have a disability require notetaking services in a variety of subjects at a variety of year levels. Students interested in providing such a service - for which there is training and payment - should make contact as soon as possible with the Acting Disability Liaison Officer, Teresa Marshall, Counselling Centre, Ground

Floor, Horace Lamb Building, telephone: (08) 303 5220. The first training session for notetakers will be held in the ACUE Teaching Room, Level 6, Hughes Building on Tuesday, 19th March from 1.10 - 2.00 pm.
 Further training sessions will be organised on this day. Please make contact with the Acting Disability Liaison Officer well before this date, however, as students will need notetaker support from the beginning of semester.

Buy your Winter wardrobe here

IMMANUEL COLLEGE SECOND HAND CLOTHING MARKET
 32 Morphett Road, Novar Gardens
 Saturday, 30th March and Sunday, 31st March

Desperately Seeking Jarvis

Desperately seeking indie people for gigs and music talk. I like Creation, Sarah, Matador etc ie Blur, Smiths, Pavement, Belly, Lush, This Mortal Coil, Clouds, Wonder Stuff, 3Ds etc. Reply c/o On Dit to James Q.

Have your words processed

WORD PROCESSING
 Thesis, Assign, Essays etc
 Laser Printing
 Low Rates
 Ph: Marisa 43 8973

Bootlegs, Bootlegs, Bootlegs

Indie-esque bootlegs for trade. Blur, Oasis, Jesus & Mary Chain, Smiths, Ride, Gene, Wonder Stuff, Sonic Youth, Sugar, Cure, Lemonheads, Stone Roses, Charlatans, Belly, Lush etc. Please reply to Jonno on 49 1692.

A Panadeine sandwich please

Headache sufferers needed for research into moods and headaches. You will be required to complete a small mood checklist every 2 waking hours for two weeks. Phone Dr Don Pritchard 303 3172 or Stuart Cathcart 333 2380.