

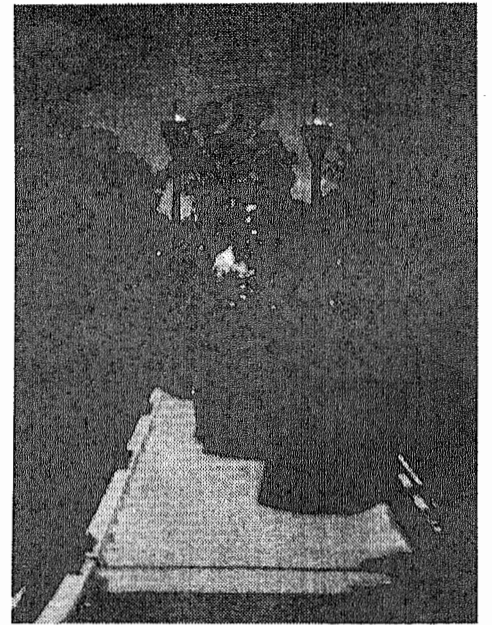
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On Dil
Aldrich University
March 1997



COMING SOON... Star Wars On Dit (out March 17)



GIVEAWAYS!

We have 6 free meals at the new Reynards Restaurant, plus 20 complementary bottles o' wine at the same fine establishment, to give away (thanks to Michael Curran) PLUS a double pass to the new How About Theatre production of 'Shallow Grave' on 13th or 14th March, 7.45 pm (thanks to How About Theatre)

To win, come down to the office with some item of Star Wars merchandise. Dig out those old figures, and first come, first served.

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. Don't bother suing us, we're penniless and pathetic.

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Roxanne, Courtney & Louisa (the bluetop twins), Brett C, Brett W, Luc, Dave, Jocelyn, Annabel, Kerina and Big Paul Bradley. Bunch of life-savers, every one of 'em. They saw our flare, heard our cries, and came.

Where we are:
The *On Dit* office is located on the Nth. Tce. campus opposite the Barr Smith lawns, in the basement of the George Murray Building, far too close to the toilets and the drains.

How to contribute/contact us:
You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office. Alternatively, you can drop us a line at On Dit c/o Adelaide University, SA, 5005, phone us on (08) 8223 2685 or 8303 5404 pr fax us on (08) 8223 2412.

About the cover:
Image by James Morrison - based on digital camera photograph of the Union Building

Warning!! to all students. Please be extra careful if you intend to access the uni footbridge or the vicinity after hours. A student was confronted with by someone armed with a knife on 4 March. Remember that the security escort is available if you need one.

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KEEP LISTENING FOLKS!

Dear Sir,
I've just heard the quote of the week, "Shit, this is my first day back and I've already missed two lectures!"

Ah, yes the start of another academic year. How refreshing it is to know that some things just don't change - such as students coming in late to lectures sitting down the front whilst students who arrive early cram into the back seats.

Now this is serious. Currently in Adelaide there is an FM radio station that is regularly broadcasting police radar trap locations. Their logic to continue such broadcasts is that 'people' are telling them 'cars are slowing down!' Well of course cars, or rather motorists, are slowing down - the radio station is broadcasting radar trap locations.

Using such logic this particular radio station would then be totally justified in broadcasting police breathalyser testing stations to assist 'drink drivers' from drink driving. III - your logic stinks!

Eugene

Alright, she's got it out of her system.

Dear On Dit,

Having been involved in the Students' Association and the South Australian Education Network

for a year now, it is most disappointing to find such an incredible bias towards left wing politics. Many of the people involved in SAEN spit out the same old rhetoric that they are only standing up for student rights and that they would act the same no matter which political party was in government. How many times have we heard that worn out line of "We are fighting for an equitable and accessible education for all students?"

There are a few problems with the approach of these individuals. Firstly, I would assume it to be a basic understanding that different people have different political beliefs. As such, it would also follow that interpretations of what constitutes an equitable and accessible education would differ. Each political party has its own ideology and each is coming from a different perspective. If for example, the Liberal Party supports the raising of HECS fees for Medical students because of high course costs and a high income level for employed graduates, then this could be seen as one form of equity. However, most student groups choose to ignore this perspective and retaliate simply because their political ideology is different.

This kind of political bias is also prevalent in the National Union of

Students, which is dominated by Labor Party and Left Wing students. Having attended the NUS National Conference in December of last year, I was absolutely disgusted at the behaviour of these students. Your Union fees are subsidising these students for the time they spend in Melbourne. How much do you really know about the representation you are getting on a National level? The worst display of all was when after days of time wasting, these Left Wing Delegates (instead of participating in the Conference) returned to Melbourne to participate in a protest outside a courthouse. After years of financial mismanagement, NUS is again under threat of implosion. Clearly, the groups that are dominating NUS at the moment are not doing their job. They are overly obsessed with their own internal politics and are being consumed by their bias.

Has anyone noticed that whenever the Labor Party is in power the Union says "Fight Government attacks on education", but whenever the Liberal Party is in power NUS says "Fight Liberal attacks on education"? I am also constantly amazed at the number of rally posters that are printed in red ink. It would be much appreciated if all involved in student representation could occasionally set aside their political biases and actually represent students for a change.

Yours Sincerely,
Kate Sowerby
3rd Year Arts.

Good Luck (we think)

"I have a dream. I dream of a cold winters afternoon, the wind is blowing steadily yet strongly, seeking out all who are in its path, so that they curse the fate that has brought them outside of their warm homes. Amidst this is a select group of people whose great wisdom sets them apart from all others, for they have learned how to deal with such weather conditions. This group is seated in a lounge room, warmed by an open fireplace, so that the cold is all but forgotten, except for the sound of the wind howling around the outside of the home, angered by these who are so oblivious to its presence. These people instead are lost in the images and experiences of a halycon era, recounted to them by a team of actors, producers and directors whose like is not seen in the television world today. The experiences they are recounting are those of the brave, dedicated, irreverent members of a mobile army service hospital in the Korean war. Yes that's it I hear you shout with a golden childlike joy that brings sweet tears to your eyes which you quickly wipe away before the person next to you sees, but no, who cares let

those tears flood down, let the whole world know of your love for the greatest of all television serials, MASH!! I believe it's high time that Adelaide University acknowledged the secret that has been held deeply in the hearts of all it's members for so long, whether they be vice chancellors, anthropology lecturers, gardeners or students, and that is their love for MASH. I therefore propose the establishment of a club of such like-minded individuals who shall gather at regular intervals to enjoy long hours of watching MASH episodes in a similar manner to that which I have described above, along with hot food and your favourite beverage in large supply. Would all interested parties show their support for the creation of such a club by leaving a notice in my pigeon hole in the law school (a place that is sorely lacking the influence of MASH). The following conditions would of course apply to such a club:

1) I get to be president, with the effect that at all club gatherings I play the role of "Hawkeye".
2) The president (me) shall not be held responsible or at all accountable to the clubs association for the manner in which the clubs monetary grant is dealt with.
3) As president and the character "Hawkeye" I shall be burdened with the job of casting all female members for the various nurse roles. Let all come forward and apply for such exciting positions. I look forward to enlivening the university, Adelaide and indeed all of South Australia with the joy and love that is MASH.

Tony Roccisano (law)

Better to be safe than sorry!

Please pass this on, as this sort of thing has been happening in Melbourne and is moving to Sydney, and may move to Adelaide.

There is a big scam going on where a person calls and says that they are doing a computer survey from a company. The company name that they give is usually a big well-known software company, and they usually say that they are doing the survey because they want to give out free software.

They want to know what would be a good time for someone to come from their company and install software on your PC. They also ask questions about income, etc.

During their questioning, they (unknowingly to you) find out what time you're usually home, what kind of computer equipment you have and all sorts of other valuable information.

At a company where a friend of mine works, a co-worker of his received one of these calls, and he was robbed the very next day (of course when he was not home). I received a similar call yesterday afternoon.

Fortunately, I knew about this ahead of time, and didn't provide them with any information. I want to make you all aware of the situation and the potential danger involved in giving out any information like this over the phone. The people sound very genuine, and very few people are going to question receiving free software.

I would advise you, however, to tell the people that if they have your phone number, they should

have your address, and they can mail you any free software they might be offering.

If you have a home computer setup, you should be familiar with installing your own software. You may even want to tell them you don't have a home computer. Whatever you're comfortable with. Please don't give out any information that you may regret later. Pass this information along to friends and family members, as well.

The fewer people they are able to burgle, the better.

Student Demands... I want

Dear Union,
Some matters of complaint/suggestions:

- 1) Lack of healthy (reasonably priced) food in Union building - salad - pathetic serving @ \$4.00.
- 2) Microwave facilities desired.
- 3) Instead of a \$30 processing fee being imposed immediately upon overdue library books, charge a \$2 fee - for a phone call to the offending student - a reminder - to check if the book needs to be replaced. A bit of common sense, please.
- 4) Instead of 1 week of free stuff (O'Week) give big (union) discounted events throughout the year. Many experienced a week long hangover - could be more fully enjoyed if spread out.

Please do something good/worthwhile.

Activate ... Procrastinate
Impact ... Schmimpact

L. Golat
Science

Um, Yeah.....

Dear world
Being an environmentally conscious person, I tend to make frequent trips to the bins scattered around campus. I don't know if anybody else has noticed, but lately I have been subjected to vile posters by that Revolting organisation, Resistance, on my travels to these wonderful rubbish disposal facilities. Guys, my message is straightforward - go boil your (collective) bum. Marxism was a wonderful philosophy when originally written, but bear in mind that working conditions were a little different when compared to those of today. Take your defunct ideology and go play with some dangerous household chemicals, and quit preaching your red fascism to innocent people in the mall.

Yours nastily
Felix Riley
History

Where's Ya Letters People?

This is THE place to have your say...so SAY IT!!!!

All letters will be published at SNM's discretion (The Editors!) on the condition that your full name and phone number are provided (phone number not for publication). You may provide own pseudonym with real name hidden by SNM from all out there.

There are contribution boxes outside Mayo, in Rainbow Room, Womens Room, SAUA, they're everywhere!!!
Where are you Shotgun Jim?

STAR WARS SURVEY

Hey, kids. I'm sure you know that the Star Wars trilogy will be rereleased on the March 20. Are you excited about it? You should be. We, at the On Dit office are practically a dribbling mess at the thought of seeing the words "Episode 4. A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away.." (oh, the shame of getting it wrong last week, forgive us..) appear on the screen. Mmm.. but I digress. We need your contribution for our Special Star Wars edition, so any Star Wars matter that tickles your fancy and you think should be read by all and sundry, then send it in. **Deadline: 12 March 1997.** In the meantime, you can contribute by filling this survey.

With which Star Wars character do you most identify?

How has the force changed your life?

Tell us the most bizarre piece of Star Wars merchandise you own.

Tell us your Star wars fantasy (this can get a bit raunchy).

If Star Wars was made today, who do you think would make the cast?

What would be the coolest Star Wars merchandise?

What's the most creative thing you can do with a light sabre?

What is the relationship between Luke Skywalker and Boba Fett?

What do you think Han Solo's and Princess Leia's kids will be like?

What do you think of the Ewoks? What do you think should happen to the Ewoks?

Think of some possible Star Wars thesis topics.

What happened to Luke Skywalker's mother? Who is she? Tell us your theories.

The results will be published in the special edition so get them pens out now. Compiled with the help of my co-editors and some major Star Wars fans.

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Say What?!!

VSU explained

By paying the statutory union fee of \$260 at the beginning of the year (if you are a full time student) it ensures that we the students have control over how our services are run. At the moment this fee is compulsory, if this was not the case, would the students continue to pay it?

All we really have to do to find out how valuable our union is, is look at the diary that was provided for us at the beginning of the year. The whole front section is devoted to telling us what the union does for us, and the role that it plays in providing a social and cultural atmosphere for university students.

Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU)

This is not so much a political debate as a walk into uncharted territory. Last year in South Australia, the Brown government was overturned - we now have a new premier and a new cabinet representing our needs. There was no election, there was no referendum, and the people of South Australia had NO idea of what was happening in the state parliament.

Dr Bob Such, the former state minister for further education had ensured the student bodies of South Australia that VSU would not be introduced - with this new cabinet, and a new minister in control of this issue - we have no idea what the future holds.

The Liberal justification.

"It's like belonging to a community as a whole, all your needs are protected."

Rosslyn Cox President of the Adelaide University Union

State governments of Western Australia and Victoria have severely limited the power of student unions by making membership voluntary. In Victoria, the union fee cannot be used in any way for political representation - this saw the end of their newspaper as it was becoming a sounding board for anti-liberal sentiment.

VSU was justified in WA and VIC because its freedom of association; we

should all be free to choose which organisations to join, and a statutory union fee contradicts this principle. It sounds nice doesn't it? Freedom of Association - just rolls off the tongue. The fact is that Liberal ideology does not believe in Unionism - remember what happened when they were first

control of services such as catering and representation. Without such a central representative body, students would have no voice or representation on:

- * Faculty or department committees
- * senior management
- * protection of our views and rights.

Hey, you probably wouldn't be reading this newspaper.....scary isn't it?

There are two sides to the VSU debate, political and real. We stand to lose so much if an act such as this is passed in this state - and it has been attempted twice in the past. A student body should be run by students, for the students, and should not be left in the hands of a government whose members are out of touch with current student needs, and uninterested in maintaining the intrinsic value of university life.

Jocelyn Milbank

Sources:
Rosslyn Cox - Adelaide University Union President.
"VSU" from the student representation kit.

What would we stand to lose?

By paying that fee at the beginning of each year it ensures that students are in



Cloning Dolly Cloning Dolly Cloning Dolly

HELLO DOLLY!

So what's all this fuss about a sheep?

Last week a team of scientists from the UK announced the existence of a sheep called Dolly. She's not just any old sheep though, she's a scientific phenomenon. Dolly (allegedly named after singer Dolly Parton!?) is the world's first clone of an adult animal. Now that we have the technology to clone a sheep, we also have the ability to clone an adult human.

The procedure used to create Dolly involved extracting unfertilised egg cells from the ovaries of several ewes, from which the chromosomes containing DNA were removed. The next step was to take cells containing donor genetic material from the udder of a six-year-old ewe. The unfertilised egg and the donor cell were fused together by being subjected to an electric current. The product was left to grow for a week or so in a laboratory culture dish, and later implanted as an embryo into the womb of a surrogate sheep.

Our ability to clone animals means that we can now create bigger and better farmyard animals more cheaply and accurately than ever before. A single cell could be taken from any prize-winning animal and hundreds more copies made. Cloning also makes it possible to engineer animals that are resistant to diseases, like the condition that creates BSE or mad cows' disease. Animals could also be made to produce drugs in their milk.

The research team that developed the cloning procedure claimed that their primary aim was to use cloning techniques on human cells to make products to help

the sick and injured, for example, bone marrow for transplants for cancer sufferers or skin tissue for burn victims.

Cloning evidently has many beneficial uses, although the coverage given to these uses has been eclipsed by the ethical debate surrounding the issue of cloning humans. It is easy to let the imagination run wild when considering the possibilities open to us. For instance, people could create identical, but younger versions of themselves to whom they could pass their wealth and status when they died. Those eager to prolong their own lives could create brain-dead copies of themselves, from which they could take perfectly matched organs as their own wore out. Cloning could also be used to create a "super army" of men modelled on Arnold Schwarzenegger - what a scary thought.

Cloning also makes it possible to create human beings who are genetically identical to those who have died. All we need is a sample of blood or tissue from William Shakespeare and Abracadabral, in a few years time, we'd be faced with several versions of Will. Although these clones would look identical to their original, they would probably not possess the same personal characteristics because they would be raised in different environments. It is therefore unlikely that they would be prolific

writers like their prototype.

In the coming months there will undoubtedly be much discussion about the ethical consequences of cloning. Margaret Brazier, professor of law at Manchester University, has condemned the idea of manufacturing clones simply for the use of their organs, claiming



Dolly, the newest addition but is she family?

that it "would radically change the nature of what it is to be human". She also questions, "And if a clone was allowed to develop as a normal child, who would be responsible for her welfare, who would be her parents, how would she cope psychologically and socially?" The Roman Catholic Church has released a state-

ment expressing its opposition to any type of human cloning. Moral theologian Gino Concetti believes, "A person has the right to be born in a human way and not in the laboratory."

Although the idea of cloning humans might seem repugnant to many, it may not be long before it is more widely accepted. In vitro fertilisation (IVF) provoked great consternation when it was first introduced, but now it is becoming increasingly popular and acceptable for couples unable to have children in the normal way. Cloning could be used by parents who have lost their baby, and are unable to have another. All that is needed is a blood or tissue sam-

ple from their dead child. It is difficult to condemn the use of cloning for this purpose, and at the same time condone the IVF procedure.

Research on human cloning has been banned in Britain, although it is currently legal in many other countries, including the United States. Following the disclosure of Dolly the sheep however, US President Bill Clinton has quickly set up a panel to review cloning's ethical implications.

If history is any guide, legal prohibitions will merely serve to delay the inevitable. Given that cloning offers such appealing possibilities, it is unlikely that a worldwide ban on human cloning would stop it from happening. With the technology at our fingertips, will we be able to resist?

Annabel Davies

Sources: The Telegraph newspaper, The Advertiser newspaper, New Scientist.

News Offer

Are you a budding journalist, or have an interest in news - be it environmental, social, cultural, political whatever...or just want to see your name in print? Well then we want you!!!! We may not be able to offer you free cd's or movie passes every week, but we can promise you a better peace of mind! Interested? Well then either come on down to the On Dit office, or give us a call.

This message was proudly brought to you by the sub-editors of news - **Jocelyn Milbank** and **Annabel Davies**.



MRITI MASVARN
SAUA resident

First Week Blues...

Hope everyone is settling in well at university and there aren't any major problems - if you need any help with anything or you have any questions, come in and see us.

SAUA Services -

Don't forget that the SAUA has the cheapest photocopying available on campus; we have cheap bromiding, faxing, cheap phone cards, discount movie tickets, desktop publishing, a bike repair kit, and lots of other nifty, student-friendly goodies.

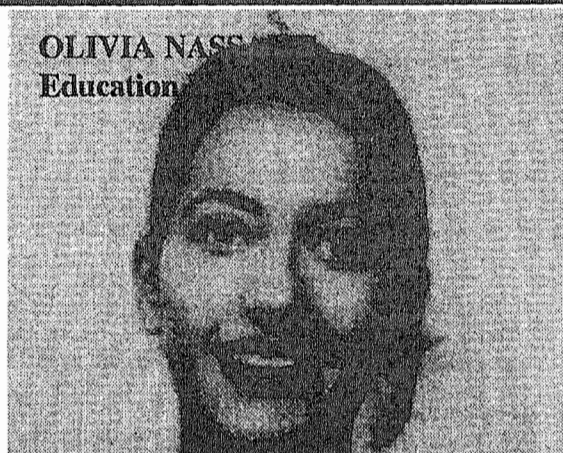
Cross Campus Education Network

This year the higher education sector will undergo some of the most dramatic changes witnessed in a long time. In South Australia, we need to solidify the student movement and work as a coordinated lobby and action group to fight against any cuts to access and equity and quality of education. The Cross Campus Education Network will be meeting this Thursday at 6 pm in the Unibar. Cuts to education, Austudy, upfront fees, the role of student representationall of these issues and more will be discussed, debated, acted upon. If you're interested in getting involved, come along; I'll see you there!

Roseworthy O'Ball

For all die-hard O'Ballers - never fear - there's another one coming up. Alison Ross, the President of the Roseworthy Agricultural College Student Union Council, assures me that the Roseworthy O'Ball is going to be one fantastic night. The Roseworthy O'Ball will be on Thursday, the 13th of March, featuring "The Splash" from 8 pm till late at the RAC Tavern. \$3.00 Black Tie, \$5.00 all others.

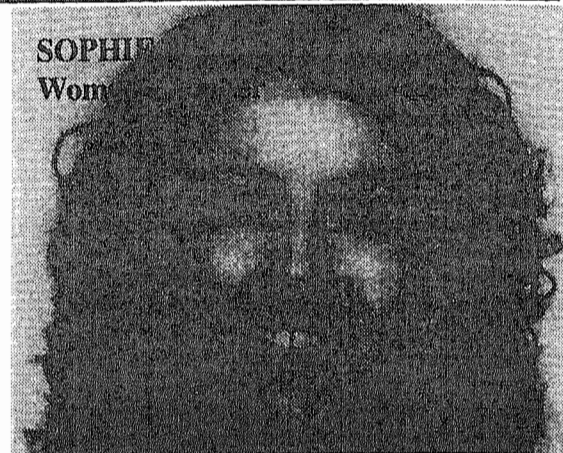
Happy Birthday Fiona Brammy, you beautiful woman! Party hard!



OLIVIA NASSIF
Education

Everyone is all excited about the release of Stars Wars and the special On Dit Star Wars edition. Those of you who are Star Wars freaks will be pleased to know that the theme for the first National Day of Action will be "Students Strike Back" The National Day of Action for those who haven't been involved before is a rally where students all across Australia protest about student issues such as the Austudy debacle, the extremely inequitable youth allowance scheme and a campaign we are running in conjunction with the Liquor and Hospitality Miscellaneous Workers Union called "Cafe Slaves". "Cafe Slaves" is about students working in the area of hospitality where we are often taken advantage of and underpaid. Don't be a worker that is taken for granted, come and see us for more information on the campaign.

Remember that we, the students, are the force fighting for good. What is "good"? you might ask. It's having good student services, it's an adequate financial assistance scheme, it's students having a voice, it's students caring for their surroundings, it's about student activities, it's about student unionism, it's staff begin paid well and it's about you and the quality education you deserve. There are 3 weeks in the led up to the NDA and we will be having actions each week and also banner and placard painting sessions on the lawns or in the cloisters. The education action group will be meeting to help organise before and on the day. The Education Action Group is a group of people on campus who are interested and concerned with higher education issues and would like to get involved in making other students aware of these issues and students rights. See me with any contribution and ideas for the rally, events or stunts. All help will be greatly appreciated. See you out on the lawns or in the cloisters helping out, Olivia



SOPHIE
Women

Hello everyone, I hope you enjoyed your first week of Uni, and if not I hope it gets better!

If you were not aware this week the SAUA Women's Department is running a **Safety Awareness Campaign**. Safety on campus is an issue which affects all students, but in particular women students. That's why the Women's Department has produced an information leaflet for you so that you can find out what services the Security Office provides and what measures you can take to ensure your safety. You can pick one of these up either in the Security Office, located in the Hughes Plaza, or in the Students' Association, located in the George Murray Building. The Women's Department is also having a candlelight vigil on Wednesday night. The aim is to walk around Uni in the semi-dark, taking all the Safety Routes so that you can find out where they are, as well as the Emergency Phones. We will be winding up at the Rotunda on the Barr Smith Lawns where we will be discussing safety issues, fear and reversing the role of the victim. So, please come along it would be great to have as many women there as possible.

We will also be selling spunky whistles in the SAUA which you can wear if and when you have to walk around Uni at night. I also have a few personal alarms, so if you would like one come in and see me.

Other news: the **Women's Collective** will be meeting this Wednesday at 1pm in the Women's Room, so if you're interested in getting involved come along.

The sharp-eyed amongst you may notice that two office-bearers are missing in action. Where are they? What are they doing? Why haven't they written their columns? Answers on the back of a pornographic postcard, please, and sent to ON DIT, c/o Underground Fallout Shelter, Drainside, Septicaemia City, 5666.

SAFETY ON CAMPUS

Do you walk to your bus stop or car late at night?
 Do you study late in the library?
 Do you have late tutorials or lectures?
 Do you feel safe walking around Uni late at night?

Safety on campus is an important issue for all students, especially women who are often the victims violence or assault. It is for this reason the SAUA Women's Department has produced an information leaflet giving you all the up to date information regarding security at Adelaide Uni. These will be available from the Students' Association or the Security Office. It is important to remember that there is a Security Office, located in the Hughes Plaza, which has a number of facilities that you can use, including:

• Escort Service

The Security Officers are there to escort you if you are leaving at night and don't feel safe walking either to your car, bus stop, or residential college. All you have to do to book an escort is drop into the Security Office or give them a call on 303 5990.

• Security Phones

There are nine Security Phones located

around the University Campus which are found:

- outside the Medical School
- outside the Fisher Building
- inside Gate 8, on Victoria Drive, near the Mawson Building
- between the Mathematics Building and the Engineering North Building
- outside the Napier Building
- inside Gate 9, bottom of the Barr Smith Lawns
- outside the Johnson Building
- outside the Schulz Building
- outside the Madley Dance Building

All you have to do is press the button and someone in the Security Office will answer the phone.

• Safety Routes

There are 4 walkways around Uni which are now recognised as Safety Routes. These are walkways which are well lit, which are most frequent;y used and they all have emergency phones along the way. These walkways are:

Route 1: from Kintore Ave directly to the Security Office

Route 2: from North Tce straight down Western Drive to the Security Office

Route 3: from Victoria Drive straight up the Barr Smith Steps to the Security Office

Route 4: from the Medical and Dentistry Schools, across Frome Road, between the Engineering and Maths

Buildings, through the Plaza Complex

• Personal Alarms

I have about 20 personal alarms to give away so if you would like one please come into the Students' Association and speak to me.

However, feeling safe on campus is more than just knowing where the Emergency Phones are, or knowing where the Safety Routes are. It is about dealing with the fear that almost every woman feels when she is walking at night. It is about reversing the roles so that women do not feel as if they are always the victim. These are pretty big issues, I know, and I think it will take a long time before they are no longer issues. But to start off, the SAUA Women's Department is having a "Candlelight Vigil" on Wednesday at 7.30. We are going to meet at the SAUA and then walk around Uni, taking all the Safety Routes so that women can become familiar with these areas, then we will be assembling at the Rotunda on the Barr Smith Lawns where we will discuss issues of safety and fear. There will be pizza there so come along,, munch out, and get to know your Uni.

Sophie Allouache

WOMEN'S ROOM

The Women's Room is located in the Lady Symons Building and is a room which has ben bequethed to the University by Ms Anna Menz. This is a **women only space**. All women are welcome to go there whether they just want to chill out or do some quiet study. The Women's Room has:

- a bed to crash out on
 - a fridge
 - a microwave
 - a notice board to keep you posted on all the latest events
- The Women's Collective meets there every week, so come along if your interested in getting involved. This room is there for **all women**, so come down and check it out.

EQUINOX
 Bowl of fries with BBQ or chicken salt plus one dipping sauce and a milkshake \$3.50

GALLERY
 Bagel with Cream Cheese & Avacado or Chicken & Camembert & Tea or Coffee \$3.50

FOOD COURT
 Hot Potato with Bolognese sauce or coleslaw and a 300 ml Berri Juice \$3.00
 Lemon Chicken & rice and can of drink with fortune cookie \$3.50

BACKSTAGE
 Beef schnitzel, Chips and Gravy \$3.00

GRILL BAR
 Vege Burger & Pacific Orchard Juice \$3.00

MAYO
 Hot ham & cheese or Chicken and cheese roll with a small post-mix drink \$3.00

→ ♪ situation desperate.....?&!!
 shuttle may not last the distance to earth
 this will be our last attempt....
 news of this weeks
 campus food offers has only worsened
 crew morale.
 We are HUNGRY...I repeat...

we are HUNGRY

\$\$ AUSTUDY MEAL DEALS .. \$\$
 available..Mon, Tues, Wed
FOOD COURT - Satay Stick with fried rice \$2.00
MAYO - Tuna Mornay \$2.00
GRILL BAR - Breakfast 8am - 10 am
 Egg Bacon Toast & Tea or Coffee \$2.00

@!~ say S von5.9, do you think we'll make it there by Wednesday for the new awesome Austudy specials????\$%^&*

^*) I don't know. What's a Wednesday?????(%#

Clubs Column & OSA news

yes, yes, yes. this is the clubs column, designed for all of you who are in au clubs. the best thing is, it's free! have whatever you want to say (keep it short, please) to us before wednesday 5pm and we'll gladly print it.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY DEMOCRAT CLUB ARE HOLDING A BBQ ON WEDNESDAY 12TH MARCH ON THE BARR SMITH LAWNS BY THE ROTUNDA. LEADER OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRATS MIKE ELLOIT WILL BE THERE HANDING OUT THE SNAGS SO COME ALONG AND HAVE A CHAT WITH YOUR LOCAL POLLIE.

AU BRIDGE CLUB AGM TO BE HELD IN THE CANON POOLE ROOM L5 UNION BUILDING AT 1.00 MONDAY 17TH MARCH.

THE ADELAIDE UNI FILM SOCIETY IS PUTTING ON A FREE DR WHO THIS TUESDAY 11TH MARCH, 4-7PM GENESIS OF THE DALEKS, 7-9PM THE CURSE OF FENRICK. THE FILM SOCIETY AGM IS ON MONDAY 17TH MARCH, 1PM MARGARET MURRAY ROOM (LEVEL 5, UNION BUILDING). COME ALONG, GET ON THE COMMITTEE OR JUST TELL EVERYBODY WHAT FILMS YOU WANT TO SEE!

THE FILM SOCIETY IS ALSO PRESENTING SHINE ON TUESDAY MARCH 18TH, 6.15 UNION CINEMA, \$4 MEMBERS, \$6 NON-MEMBERS; AND HITCHCOCK'S PSYCHO ON

TUESDAY MARCH 25TH 6.15PM UNION CINEMA \$2 MEMBERS, \$3 NON-MEMBERS.

THE TENNIS CLUB WILL BE HOLDING A BBQ/TENNIS DAY AT THE CLUB COURTS (BUNDEY'S RD, PARK 10) ON SUNDAY 16 MARCH, COST \$2.00. THERE WILL BE A TOURNAMENT AS WELL AS HAVING SOCIAL TENNIS DURING THE DAY. ANYONE WHO IS INTERESTED IN COMING (PARTICULARLY PEOPLE WHO WANT TO JOIN THE CLUB) SHOULD CALL EITHER BRETT CHARMAN (8379 1567) OR JAMES MCCARTHY (8332 7398) SO THAT WE HAVE AN IDEA OF NUMBERS FOR CATERING. THE TOURNAMENT WILL START AT 10 AM, HOWEVER THOSE NOT PLAYING IN THE TOURNAMENT MAY COME ANY TIME DURING THE DAY.

ADELAIDE UNI ROCKETRY ASSOCIATION 1997 AGM TUESDAY 18TH MARCH 1997 1.00PM - 2.00PM CANON POOLE ROOM (LEVEL 5, UNION BUILDING). ALL WELCOME!

AGM- GOLF CLUB 18TH MARCH NORTH DINING ROOM 5:30PM FOR ALL CURRENT & PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS. FREE BEER & SOFTIES AFTER.

NOTICE OF AN AGM THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY SKINDIVING CLUB WILL BE HOLDING ITS AGM ON THURSDAY 13TH MARCH, 1997 FROM 6.30PM IN THE WP ROGERS ROOM (LEVEL 5, BEHIND THE UNIBAR).

THE POSITIONS OF PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT, SECRETARY, TREASURER, BOATING OFFICER, EQUIPMENT OFFICER, NEWSLETTER EDITOR AND TWO GENERAL MEMBERS WILL BE VOTED ON.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES WILL ALSO BE DISCUSSED AND VOTED ON.

PEOPLE WISHING TO ATTEND THE SPECTACULAR MARION BAY EASTER EXTRAVAGANZA WILL BE REQUIRED TO ATTEND THIS MEETING AND BE WILLING TO PART WITH \$50

TABLE TENNIS FOR ANYONE WANTING TO HAVE A FEW SOCIAL GAMES, I'M TRYING TO ORGANISE A FEW PEOPLE TO GET TOGETHER AND RESTART THE TABLE TENNIS CLUB. GIVE ME A CALL, ROBERT, ON 82322851 (NOT DURING X-FILES)

OSA

News

A belated "Welcome Back" to all the international students out there! We trust that you have settled in nicely to your respective courses and the lifestyle here in Adelaide.

There have been several changes to the council line-up as of the start of this year:

The elected president, Mr. Wai Sing Yong had to resign from his post as he was unable to return for further studies this year. The presidency will be up for election at the EGM

The Education & Welfare Vice President, Mr. Chi Yih Gooi has resigned in order to run for the position of president at the FCM.

The Women's Officer Ms. Normaliza Abd Malik has resigned in order to run for the position of E&WVP at the EGM.

Until all these executive positions have been filled, Ms. Wendy Chong (Activities Vice President) will assume the responsibilities of the President and the E&WVP.

Those of you who are itching for an adventure already, the Overseas Students' Association will be organising several activities for the next few Saturdays:

1. March 15
Ice skating @ Mount Thebarton
meet at 12:30pm at the Barr Smith lawns

2. March 22
Visit to the Brickworks Art & Craft Factory Meet at 10 am at the Barr Smith Circle

3. April 5
Excursion to Victor Harbour

\$2 - meet at 9 am at the Barr Smith Lawns

4. Women's Aerobics classes

\$8 per year
Tuesday evenings 5:30-6:30 pm @ Irene Watson Room

Bookings are necessary for all the events! For more info, run along to the OSA office on Level 1 of the George Murray building (just above the SAUA). Alternatively, phone in on 8303 5852.

NOTICE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF THE OVERSEAS STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Date: 20 March 1997 (Thursday)

Time: 4:30 pm (dinner provided)

Venue: WP Rogers Room

Agenda:

1. Welcome
2. Ratification of Council Members
3. Election of :
 - i. President
 - ii. Education & Welfare Vice President
 - iii. Women's Officer
 - iv. Media Officer
 - v. First year representatives
 - vi. National Liaison Committee Annual Conference delegates

Nomination forms available from the OSA office. Nominations open on Friday, 7 March 1997.

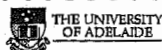
Contact the OSA office for further information. Returning Officer: Michael KW Chong.



musical treat



For a free brochure call 83035925



Commonwealth Bank

Coming Out: It's a Once in a Lifetime Experience!

For a person that does not identify with the heterosexual 'norm', 'coming out' can often be the most terrifying thing in the world. Why is this so? Primarily, you have no idea what reactions you will encounter, and most of the time, you'd rather not know and continue living in the closet where it's safe and warm, and people can only harass you on the shaky basis of assumption. To explain the concept of 'coming out' from the viewpoint of someone who has, is (to say the least) precarious, as each individual's experience can be vastly different to another person's. As for me, I felt like I had been trying to play an instrument that was wired the wrong way, let's say, the guitar.

As a child, the guitar would lay dormant in the far corner of the furthest room in the house. It was there, but I was too young to pick it up, and had no interest in executing the latter anyway. I had better things to do. Besides, 'sexuality' was not an issue at the time (there were too many syllables). As I grew, the guitar remained in the same spot, but as I rushed in and out of the room, I would start to take more notice of it, but not enough to pick it up and play. It wasn't long before the hormones kicked in, and the boys I had hung around since childhood became 'spunks' and 'babes'.

Finally, I wanted to play, so I walked into that room and picked up the guitar, and strummed. The sound was not that good at all, but I continued to play, and instead of getting better, the noise emanating from this strange instrument disintegrated into a horrendous collaboration of 'plings' and 'plangs' with the occasional obscenity thrown in for colour. Things were not going as I planned, so I looked around and burrowed into every corner of 'heterosexual' society looking for someone to teach me how to play. A few boys came my way, and said 'this is how you do it', so I sat down with them and started my lessons. I didn't like what they taught me, nothing sounded right, and my fingers twitched to play more exciting tunes... I had no idea what they were mind you. I would read the magazines, the books and watch the programs that would give me the 'know how'. But each time I would pick the guitar up to play the latest tune, I would go blank.

One day the tediousness of my constant failure frustrated me so much that I threw the guitar down and hid in my bedroom, very lonely, and

very, very confused. I wandered around the house for a while, and kept tripping over the guitar that I had previously thrown on the ground, no matter how hard I tried to avoid it, it was always there, without fail. I soon realised that it was not going to go away, so I picked it up and carried it back to my room, where I started to teach myself tunes that no one else could. I would persevere every day and every night to get the bloody tune right, and finally a few fine chords graced my day.

However, I needed to know if the sounds were right, and if any one else knew how to play the same music. So I plucked up the courage and picked up a Gay Newspaper (GT) and flicked to the 'groups' column, and found one called S.O.T (Somewhere Out There), and found a new group of women who could play the music I liked, and they didn't mind mine either. So my life split.

With my 'hetero' friends I'd hack out the same garbage, and with these new friends I would learn the most beautiful tunes. This kind of life can only go on so long. I had to 'come out' with my guitar in tow. With tentative steps I knocked on the doors of a few friends, and played my new music for them, some thought it was great. Others just accepted it, and a couple wanted me to give up this new music and revert to the messy music they were accustomed to and much more comfortable with. It was tempting at times, but then I met the most beautiful, endearing woman on the planet who loved my music and I cherished hers. Suddenly everything I played on this guitar of mine was richer and more sensual. I had never been so elated in my life. Nothing would make me throw my guitar down now! I was going to play hard and loud, and everyone was going to hear me!

Suddenly all these people were hearing me play, and quite a few hated my music, while others supported it. Many people thought that this decision was made overnight, yet they had no idea how long I had been strumming by myself.

'Coming Out' was an exhausting, overwhelming, and tentative experience. At the same time though, it was also the most liberating experience (a mid-life crisis over and done with at 21 years of age!) One of the most important things I learnt about myself while 'coming out' was that I don't give a rat's arse about what anyone else thinks of my choice. Sure, it grates me that some people

can be so ignorant and prejudiced, but that's their problem, not mine. Thank God.

I discussed the issue of 'coming out' with Ralph Graham, who worked with PFlag (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays). One of his observations, that most 'out' Gays and Lesbians could identify with, was that the hardest people to 'come out' to are parents, no matter how old you are! This fear of disappointing parents has contributed to the suicide rate of homosexual youth being two to three times higher than that of heterosexual youth. Society has conditioned parents to ask "What did we do wrong?". What they fail to realise is that 95% of the time, they didn't do anything wrong. If their child has the courage to come out to them, then they obviously did something right! A lot of children (including adult children) who 'come out' are painfully aware that they are going to 'ruin' their parents 'big plan' for them, that is the heterosexual marriage, the 2.3 children and the career. This may not be the ultimate dream of the parents, but often the child expects this to be the case. Ralph insists that the most important need in the challenging and emotional 'coming out' period is unconditional acceptance and sensitivity on both sides.

Life becomes particularly hard when your parents are extremely conservative or belong to a culture or a religious affiliation that condemns homosexuality and creates false and misleading images that serve to further degrade the child's identity. The only comfort in this situation is that, if your parents love you, then they will continue to do so even though relations may be volatile and precarious for a little while (or a very long time!). One way to quell homophobia in a person is to reveal to them that the person they love and respect the most is the object of their derision!

What makes coming out harder is that everyone feels the need to challenge your decision. It is rare to say to someone "I'm a Lesbian" without them saying "Are you sure?". People feel that your honesty gives them license to explore your sexual past, leading them to ask you some rather blatant and inappropriate questions, such as "So, have you ever slept with a man". That's none of their business, but the constant inquisitions into your private life could lead you to believe that your sex life is up for public display. Then you get the "Saviour",

who insists that if you have sex with them, then you'll decide that heterosexuality is the one and only way to go, and that you cannot 'decide' (it's not really a choice) that you are Gay or Lesbian until you have slept with someone of the opposite sex, preferably them! The best response is to inform them that you are not convinced that they are heterosexual until they 'do it' with someone of their own sex (obviously not you). THEN, you get the egotistical gals and guys who, when they find out, instantly assume that you want to jump down their pants. They should be so lucky.

One more thing: You will notice that once you mention the word "homosexual" people will instantly see you in the sexual light, they will try to imagine what you do in bed, and when it all gets too much for their narrow minds they will "gross out". This can often provide quite a few laughs. In the meantime, the most important thing for someone who is deciding whether they should 'come out', or if they have already 'come out', is **support**. Check the list below for some of South Australia's support groups. For more information on support groups, grab hold of a GT Newspaper (Gay Times), you can find them outside the Mayo refectory or in B# record store, Beans Bar, The Ed, Mars Bar, Imprints and other groovy stores around town.

GROUPS

Pride: Social Group for Gay / Lesbian / Bi-sexual Staff and Students of Adelaide University. Meetings: Every Thursday 1pm in Rainbow Room and Lunch every Friday at 1pm.

Bfriend: Social club for lesbians and gays. Ph: Bev 015 956 027

Somewhere Out There: For women who love women. No judgements, no labels, just lots of talk and support.. Ring Lea on 8447 3109

2nd Storey Youth Health Service: Range of groups for everyone at everystage. Free and completely confidential. Ring Robert or David 232 0233 in Adelaide. Or 2553477 on Wednesdays in Elizabeth.

PFlag Contacts:

Pam: (08) 241 0616 (Adelaide)
Pamela: (085) 23 0356 (Gawler)
Ann: (088) 837 7108 (Pt. Clinton)

Dykes Down South: Meet Agathas Cafe, 1st Sunday of Every Month for brekky, 10am. Ph: 8384 9555

The Future of



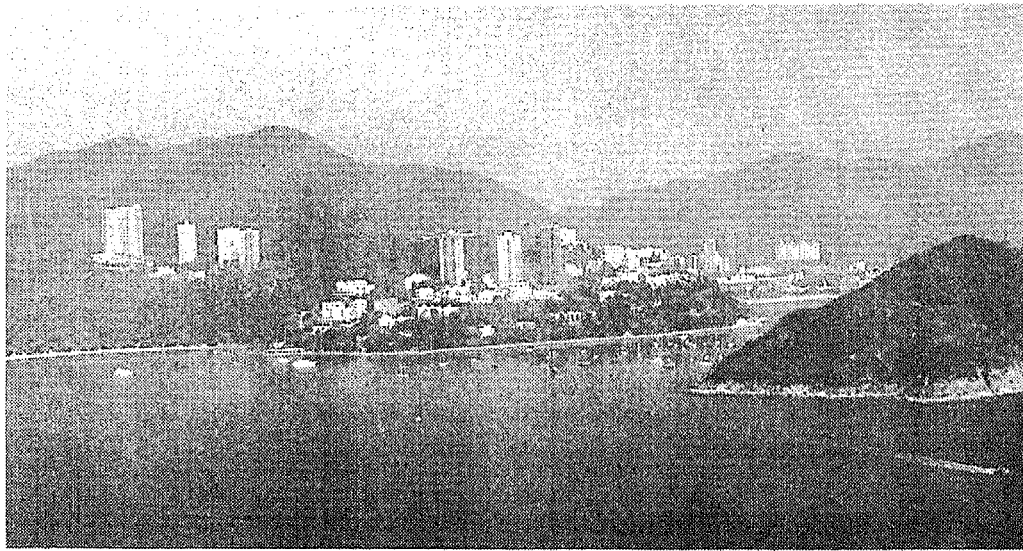
Hong Kong. It's one of the smallest colonies, made up of Hong Kong Island, New Territories and 235 outlying islands, measuring only 1080 square kilometres. Tiny. Hong Kong has approximately 6.2 million people. Very cramped. It is also one of the busiest container ports around Asia, if not the world. Industrious. It is the world's fourth largest banking centre. Lotsa money.

It will be undergoing a major change on 1 July 1997. After 156 years of British rule, this tiny island will be handed over to the People's Republic of China. An important event to say the least, for both nations.

China and Hong Kong seem to have little in common except for the fact that their populations are overwhelmingly Chinese. Hong Kong - rich, efficient, capitalistic, free, having all the perks of a Western society. China - poor, communist ideologically, authoritative and at times corrupt bureaucratically and categorically; still a nascent economy.

There is plenty of talk surrounding the future of Hong Kong after the takeover. Most of it involves whether the people in Hong Kong will enjoy the same luxuries and freedoms they have had, after the takeover. Certainly, there are a few politicians, usually members of the pro-democ-

racy party, Frontier, and the Legislative Council, who are fighting to keep the Bill of Rights and Freedom of Speech in Hong Kong. In 1984, Britain and China signed the Sino-British Joint-Declaration which ensures that the people of Hong Kong will rule Hong Kong with a high degree of autonomy and will do so for



What will happen to Hong Kong?

50 years, essentially under the banner of 'one country, two systems'. In conjunction with this policy the Basic Law was created. This is a miniconstitution for Hong Kong post-1997 whereby Hong Kong is governed like a SAR (Special Administrative Region).

This policy guarantees the economic future of Hong Kong as Hong

Kong's economy is heavily involved with China's. China would be foolish to jeopardise its 'golden egg'. The business sector are well prepared for the takeover, many companies such as Jardine Matheson have delisted their shares from the Hong Kong stock-exchange and resettled them in Singapore. Oth-

ers have moved their companies overseas to countries which still answer to British based laws. Smart.

Unfortunately, this policy does not guarantee political freedom. As of 1 July, there will be changes to the judiciary system and laws of Hong Kong. Recently, the Chinese government announced it was to repeal 10 of H.K.'s laws (including the Bill of Rights) and to further 'dilute' the remaining. This means activities such as street protests with more than 30 participants will require police permission. However, this decision may be in conflict with the Basic Law, which is based upon the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (ICCPR) and which the Chinese government promised to comply with in the Sino-British Joint Declaration.

There have already been examples of China's rather draconian authority. Xi Yang, a former journalist of the *Ming Pao* newspaper, was jailed for 12 years because he reported something unfavourable about China's central bank, the People's Bank of China. Many journalists reacted by signing a petition for his release but some of these journalists were refused visas into China on their next China assignment. China was initially prepared to tolerate some form of press freedom but the events of Tianenmen, where

some of China's journalists took to the streets in protests, changed their minds. Press freedom is one of the features practiced in Hong Kong but not in China. Will I be using past tense after 1 July?

The aforementioned events do not exactly install faith in the future government. Talking to a friend from Hong Kong, the general consensus is a feeling of uncertainty for the future fueled by the feeling of powerlessness. It is no wonder many have packed up and left for safe havens elsewhere. Allegedly, all flights out of Hong Kong are booked solid 3 months before the takeover.

However, in many discussions, the feelings of the 1 billion people in China are hardly ever considered. Why should they be denied the perks that Hong Kong has had even after they are considered 'one country'? They may also see this as a long-awaited

reunification of its people and would do all in its power to ensure that the transition goes smoothly. Hence, how will these two countries successfully merge? We've seen the example of East and West Germany and they haven't taken to each other like the best of friends. However, in view of the different culture, economic situation and other factors, this merger may be, optimistically speaking, different. Hong Kong may have emerged from British rule, but now it is in the hands of another colonial master. 1997 is finally here and the countdown begins, there are many things to be discussed and tidied up. Only 111 days to go....

Sources: *Hong Kong and the People's Republic of China (Discussion Paper)* John Y. Wong and Michael B. Yahuda.

"A Case of Confusion" - CK Lau, *South China Morning Post* 22 January 1997

"Putting politics above law" - Fanny Wong, *South China Morning Post* 22 January 1997

"What Will Happen To Hong Kong?" - David Aikman, *Reader's Digest* July 1996

"Hong Kong dream goes unfulfilled" - Geoff Hiscock, *The Advertiser* 25 February 1997

Ching Yee Ng

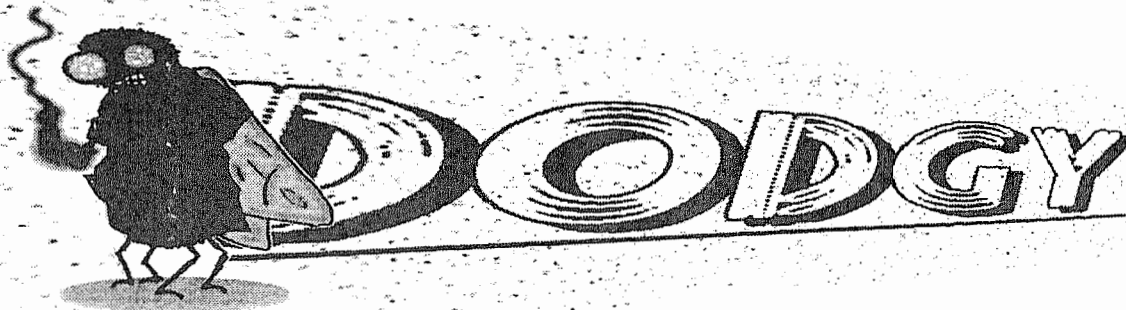
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ANZ

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If you ever conduct a survey of bumper stickers (and God knows it's tempting) riding, nonpeculiarly enough, on people's bumpers, I believe you'll find that there are substantially more stickers espousing the virtues of the various radio stations than you will find similarly for television stations. It seems strange that our loyalties to the proponents of the various electronic media are divided thus, since I feel reasonably confident that if you asked a collective noun of people which they'd rather have to do without, radio or TV, most would say radio. I know I would. Radio bites, says the FlyGuy. It's also a little strange in light of the fact that radio stations basically share the same library of material (ie every CD ever produced), while TV networks are eternally doomed to screen only what they can afford to outbid the other networks for. Any radio station can play the latest Elvis Costello album if they want to, but no one other than Channel Ten is allowed to screen Melrose Place. You would expect that this would lead us to indifference towards radio stations and fierce defence of TV stations, but the reverse is the case. Why? Why? Why?

Possibly, the answer lies in evidence already presented. To wit; the fact that you can only see certain shows on certain networks, combined with the fact that we're all rabid can't-get-enough TV show junkies, means that we have to watch a combination of stations. In any one night's viewing, you may be forced to check out three or four stations to ensure that you're getting the best of what's on offer. Thus comes into play the factor I like to call the "frequency of flip variable" (FOFV). TVs are constantly being switched to another channel, then back, then off again ... it's a well-known phenomenon, as I'm sure you know. Hence, "well-known". Thusly, television networks suffer (or benefit (in the short term sometimes, but never in the long)) from a high FOFV. This has a tendency to produce a more even distribution of viewers (though it is not a random process (random flipping would, of course (in the equilibrium state) lead to a perfectly equal viewer distribution) and should not be viewed as such), but at the massive price of viewer loyalty. And the viewer is right to have

less faith in the TV networks: why should I swear obedience to Channel 7 if I can't even watch Friends there (anymore)? Radio endures a lower FOFV because no one knows what will be on the radio on any given station at any given time, partly because the songlist is different every day (in theory, at least), and partly because radio programming isn't advertised as prominently, being hidden away at the back of the paper (opposite the comics, incidentally, which you would think, incorrectly, would enhance its exposure (I can explain this seeming paradox also, but space does not permit)). So generally you just leave the radio on, only switching around if a terrible song comes on and you are a ferociously strong-willed person.

Also, the choice that a radio station has over the material it chooses to play allows it to define a character for itself. People sit in boardrooms and say "Hey ... we'll be easy-listening!" And before you know it, they are. In this way, various stations are able to play off against each other - hard rock stations will say they're "not boring", easy listening stations will promote themselves as "not loud", etcetera. TV stations cannot operate the same way; they sensibly opt for a middle-of-the-road approach, wherein they show a bit of everything (sport, comedy, news, drama, game shows and the like) to cover all the bases. Thus, they all get watched some of the time, but they also all get not watched the rest of the time. And they develop no overall character, preventing the viewer from forming an emotional attachment to the TV network in the way that they do with the radio station.

Having said all that, I will now contradict myself and say that Channel 10, by virtue of hard work and clever program purchasing, have established for themselves a little niche market. And that's us, my friends (well, most of you), the hip urban trendsetting kids of today. You can tell how innovative a network is being by its little promo bits. The last couple of years have seen Channel 10 produce some nifty ones; this year's batch of all the people swimming around in circles and wearing the facepaint and the like and then the little blue circle spins around re-

ally slow and stops and it says "ten"; last year had many varied ones, but my fav was the one where the car got washed, and the ten logo got soapy water thrown all over it. It sounds feeble in print (or is that just me?), but you've all seen them - compare them to that stupid Channel 7 fruit-juggling thing that was around a while ago. Urrgh. Also, the tensters have bought up most of what the typical uni student demographic watches; The Simpsons, Melrose, Seinfeld and more. Channel 10, the FlyGuy salutes you; you do fine work. Although he would like to know what was with that promo four or five years ago with the letters t, e and n zooming around the place (which is fine) and then coming together to form "tne". And then, they would magically morph into "ten", with no explanation or excuses! As if we wouldn't notice. We do not appreciate be-

ing taken for fools.

And now, a funny ad off the radio from years ago. I'm putting it here because I can do what I like, and it's funny. And it is kind of relevant, being off the radio and all. It's a mobile phone ad.

"Look, dad I bought a mobile phone."

"Son, that's a banana."

"Nah, the bloke said it was a really good deal."

"Son, it's a banana."

"Nah, it's not."

"Tried using it?"

"Nuh."

"Tried eating it?"

"Aw, Dad. I'm sure it'll work if you press these black bits."

"Boy's a damn idiot."

Nnnnnnheh ... heh heh heh.

FlyGuy

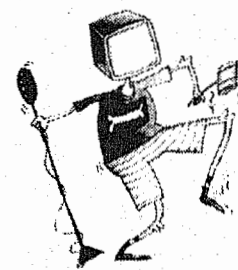
**DID YA' HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE
3 AMERICANS, 3 SCOTS, 4 IRISH,
2 GEORDIES, 3 LONDONERS, 2 JEWS, 5 WOGS, A
TURK, AN EGYPTIAN, AN ARAB AND AROUND 40
AUSTRALIAN COMICS WHO WALKED INTO A BAR
DURING THE COMEDY FESTIVAL ?**

It's Festival time again in Adelaide again this summer as we heat things up for the 2nd Adelaide Advertiser International Comedy Festival between Feb. 26 and March 16. 70 of the world's funniest people will be here to crack you up - including Chicago's Improv Team Modern Problems in Science, The Best of Irish, Scottish and Geordie Shows, Omid Djalili and Ivor Dembinga doing "Arab and The Jew", London's best including Boothby Graffoe, Lee & Herring and Ian Stone, and our own Jimeoin, Greg Fleet, Adam Hills, The Bearly Together Company and the Wogboys.

All venues are walking distance within the city in the West and East Ends. For booking details call 8223 7788, or drop into The Four Theatres in Hindley Street during the Festival. Come and have a laugh!!



FUNNY BUSINESS
The Advertiser
International
Comedy Festival
FEB 26 - MAR 16 1997



Let's go to... Hong Kong!

O.K., so my other article about Hong Kong was a tad heavy on the political gear, but hey, it's good to know these things. However, I've also provided you with the souffle-prawn-chip-light-no-heavy-stuff version of Hong Kong. There is no reason why you shouldn't visit H.K. if you've always been inclined to.

After spending 10 wonderful days in this fascinating colony, I'm determined that Hong Kong is the one place I would revisit. Hong Kong is made up of Hong Kong Island and New Territories (where most people live) and 235 outlying islands (where...erm.. not many people live) (see map). It's very small, and has 6.3 million people, nearly 6 times the population of Adelaide, so if you have the tendency to feel claustrophobic, then I would think twice about going there.

Things you need: Other than the usual necessities, you need CASH. Yes, cash, money, notes and lots of it. You may laugh and say "Of course you need cash, any fool knows that" but especially so in Hong Kong. Many street vendors, who sell inexpensive items such as CDs, clothes, jewellery etc.. only accept cash and although some bigger shops accept cards, be aware that some may charge you extra for using cards. The moral of the story is cash is the way to go. I'm not advocating that you should smuggle wads of cash in your jeans cuffs (although that option is open for those who want to try..) but to have access to cash while you are there (a lesson I learnt all too late) for smaller purchases and keep the card handy for the big ones.

One of the major leisure activities (I think the only activity) in Hong Kong is shopping. Shopping complexes and street markets cram every available space in this bustling hyperactive city. Its shopping hours, usually 11am to 10 pm only adds to the seduction. There is certainly no excuse for you not to shop. All sorts of items from inexpensive street stuff to designer wear, are available.

Where to shop: *Mongkok* - Reputed to be the fifth densest urban space per square kilometre, you can certainly feel the density during peak hour. This place is great to get CDs. Single CDs average around HK\$90-110, that's about A\$15-19. Cheap. Unfortunately, this usually applies to local CDs which are in abundance whereas

English CDs are less so (not everyone is into Morrissey et.al. y'know). However, fear not, H.K.'s equivalent of Blockbuster-Virgin Megastore, known as HMV, stores all sorts of artists and if they don't have it, they will order it for you. How nice.

There are a few well known street markets: Ladies Market (men are welcome in case you're wondering) and Temple Street in Mongkok. Again, here, you can get most

niture the stalls at Hollywood Rd is pretty good.

Places of interest: Of course there's more to Hong Kong than shopping; you can visit the numerous Buddhist temples, the popular one being the 50 feet Buddha on Lantau Island, accessible by ferry.

Victoria Peak, more for novelty value than anything, you can see a great view of Hong Kong there and take a couple of tourist snaps of the city.

comes into play.

Nightlife: What can I say? Hong Kong never seems to sleep. There are plenty of bars, nightclubs etc.. enough to satisfy the mightiest of night prowlers. Lan Kwai Fong is famous for its many pubs and where foreigners are known to hang out. Karaoke is a popular activity among the locals, so if you've always been a closet karaoke singer, likely to belt out a tune at the drop of a hat, then you're in luck. Plenty of karaoke clubs around.

Eating: Very important. Make a note of where all the food stalls/shops are and don't wait till you are completely famished otherwise you'll end up eating at the Golden Arches or something of a similar nature. All sorts of food are available so don't be afraid to try them. You can save money by making your own lunches or buying lunch at inexpensive bakeries.

Accommodation: usually quite expensive, so if you have friends/relatives etc..that's a bonus. Otherwise you'll have to search for some cheap (read: non-hotel) accommodation. The cheapest and reasonably comfortable accommodation I've heard is approximately A\$30 a night.

10 things I learnt in Hong Kong:

1. You can learn to love the 'Mastercard/Visa' sign.
2. Urban survival. People talk about surviving in the wild with the bare necessities but I think surviving through peak hour where a few million people are trying to get home on the same transport system can require just as much skill.
3. Hong Kong is a city. Adelaide is not.
4. Walking is one of the best ways to see Hong Kong, despite the MTR being really cool and all.
5. Things are really cheap a month or so before the Chinese New Year, the sales are on, with up to 80% off at most stores (fact).
6. You can never have enough CDs.
7. Always check prices and bargain when you can.
8. Wear comfy shoes for travelling.
9. Public transport in Hong Kong accept only exact tender, so have plenty of loose change whilst travelling.
10. Hong Kong's great. I had a really good time.

Ching Yee Ng



Them swingin' cable cars at Ocean Park.



Hong Kong map. Self explanatory, I hope.



Hong Kong at night. Breathtaking.



I say, give me five!

smallgoods for relatively inexpensive prices. Beware: these streets are frequented by tourists so prices can be inflated.

The latest computer software and consoles/games are available at Mongkok at an unbelievable prices. HK\$100 for 3 (sometimes more) computer games. Cheap. Do you see the trend developing here?

Nathan Road: This famous road stretches from Tsim Sha Tsui to Mongkok and it's just filled with clothes shops on both sides of the street. To give you an idea, my friend and I spent 3 hours walking this road and only covered half of it and mind you, that was only on one side of the road.

Also, try Causeway Bay for clothes and other knick knacks, Western Market for art/craft and textile, Wing Lok Street if you want a stone stamp of your name made, and for antiques or secondhand fur-

Ocean Park: ala Seaworld and Dreamworld in Queensland. It's worth it if you like rides and seeing sea-animals (including a killer-whale) doing aerial acrobatics. The cable car ride is great though.

If you want some peace and quiet, head for the outlying islands or Hong Kong Park (in Central) and for cultural/arts exhibitions try HK Exhibition Centre and HK Arts Centre also situated in Central.

Transport: Take the subway, known as the MTR. It's clean, efficient, cheap (that's the word again) and there's a lovely voice which tells you where the hell you are.. in English and in Cantonese (mmm. love the voice). Trams are even cheaper but a bit slow. Buses are a bit of a worry 'cos even some of the locals have trouble identifying the bus routes. Public transport is great until peak hour, that's when the 'squashed-sardine' factor

OD: I understand you recently went to a computer graphics conference in Darling Harbour ...

BS: Digital Media world - the animation and effects festival was part of that.

OD: So, what sort of things were you dealing with ?

BS: Well, first off they had guest speakers and guys from Animal logic, which is an Australian company; Industrial Light and Magic which is George Lucas's company; and Digital Domain, which is James Cameron's (*Terminator 2, The Abyss*) special effects company. The guest speakers spoke about the movies they had been working on. There were the local companies that were show-

good to know that Australia's doing really good work. And the budget's here, too.

OD: So, if you wanted to get into the industry, how would Adelaide compare with, say Los Angeles?

BS: Well, Australia mainly deals with commercials and small special effects but over in Los Angeles they have these bigger companies with a whole lot of people working for them. They're dealing with special effects for Film and whatever, while the other half of their workload is taken up with commercials and their own projects. They're on a big-

OD: How much 3D work is being done in other places in Australia? Is it fairly new?

BS: Well, it's just become more affordable than several years ago. Today there's always a spinning logo or something at the end of an ad.

OD: Comparing computer animation to traditional animation, are there any restrictions? Is there anything you can't do?

BS: Um, there's a certain look that you want with computer animation. If the budget's there you can almost do anything that you want to

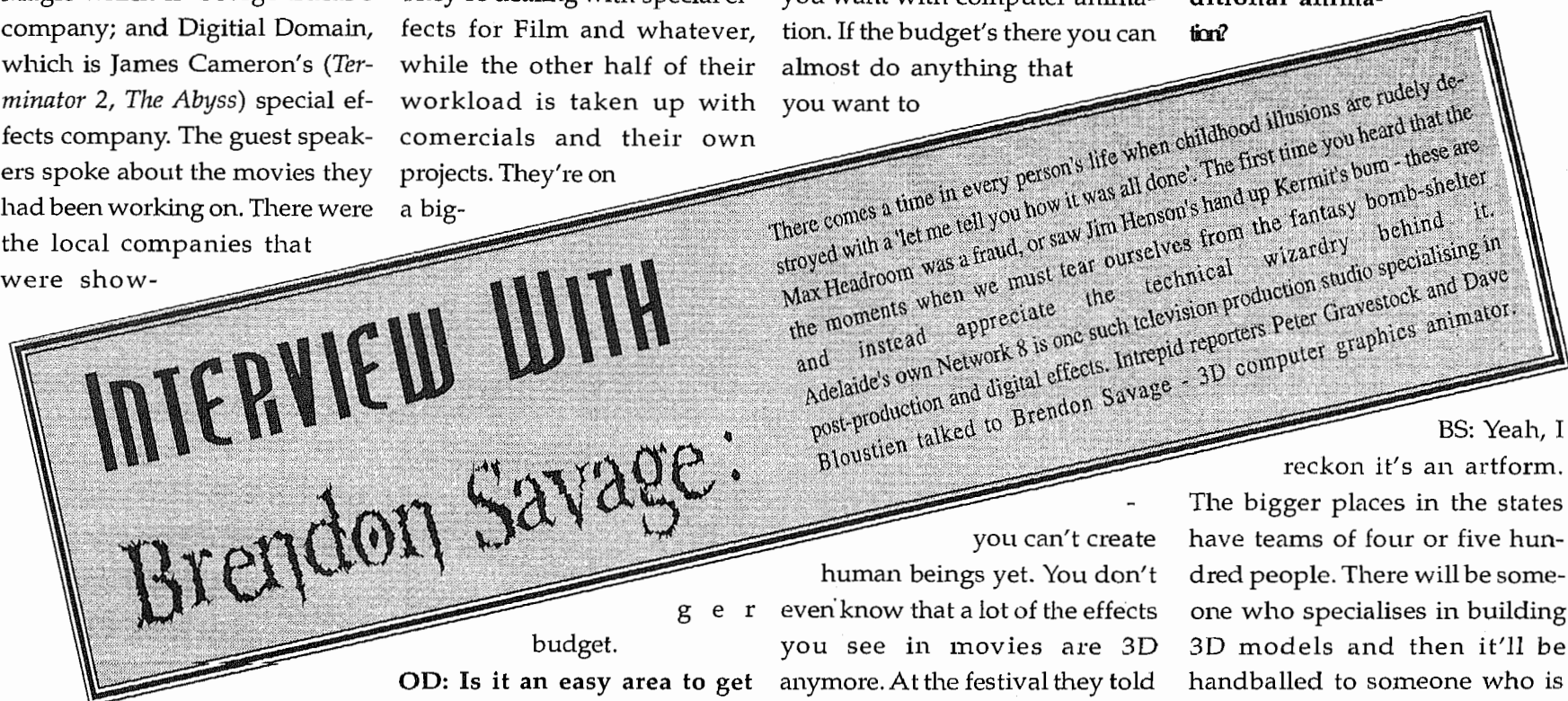
pretty realistic.

OD: But do you think future generations will be able to look back at what you do much like how we look back on King Kong?

BS: Oh yeah, sure. Down the track.

OD: There's a kind of stigma attached to traditional animation as a time-honoured skill. How much room for individuality is there? Is it comparable to traditional anima-

tion?



**INTERVIEW WITH
Brendon Savage:**

There comes a time in every person's life when childhood illusions are rudely destroyed with a 'let me tell you how it was all done'. The first time you heard that the Max Headroom was a fraud, or saw Jim Henson's hand up Kermit's bum - these are the moments when we must tear ourselves from the fantasy bomb-shelter and instead appreciate the technical wizardry behind it. Adelaide's own Network 8 is one such television production studio specialising in post-production and digital effects. Intrepid reporters Peter Gravestock and Dave Bloustien talked to Brendon Savage - 3D computer graphics animator.

ing the ads they'd been working on. There was an awards night on the first night and then after that it was just workshops and question time which went for another day.

OD: What sort of areas did the workshops cover?

BS: Well they were all industry people so the workshops were actually trying to sell hardware and whatever. They would show a job and then go through it step by step - what the general process was.

OD: Did anything blow your mind?

BS: There wasn't much new software at all, but what surprised me was the quality of Australian work which is right up there. There was an Australian ad which actually won the festival and that was up against American companies and everything. It was the Dr. Peppers ad where the Statue of Liberty climbs off its pedestal in New York and comes to Sydney. That was done by a Sydney company, so it's really

OD: Is it an easy area to get into?

BS: I wouldn't say easy. What they were saying (at the conference) was that you probably wouldn't have to know how the computers work, but you need to have a bit of creativity. It might only be a few sketches that you've done on paper, it might be 2D animation. It helps to have a design background. I'm a designer. You need to know what looks good. You have to be a creative person first and a technical person second.

OD: So what sort of projects does Network 8 take on? Is it mostly advertising?

BS: Yeah. Since I've been here it's mainly been television commercials. In the future we hope to branch off and do a little bit of filmwork. We haven't done it yet. We need to do a couple of demos for local movie projects. I do 3D animation. I've done some work for the Credit Union ads. There was one for Chem-Plus, the Jimmy Barnes live-to-air concert.

g e r even know that a lot of the effects you see in movies are 3D anymore. At the festival they told us about *Mission Impossible*, the movie. There's a scene with a helicopter going through a tunnel. I didn't realise that Tom Cruise was the only thing in that which wasn't animated. The train, the tunnel, the helicopter - the whole scene was all computer animation. It looked real. The limitations come with doing more organic things. You know, live people.

OD: But is that just a question of time?

BS: I'd say so. It takes so long to get that detail in there.

OD: What's the advantage of using computer animation over models?

BS: Well I think models will still be around for the next couple of years. They're slowly getting overtaken by 3D systems. One of the guys from ILM was saying that a model is still much quicker to zoom in and do lighting or whatever and still get a lot of detail. But, for example, in the *ID4* movie the jet planes were all done on the computer and they were

BS: Yeah, I reckon it's an artform.

The bigger places in the states have teams of four or five hundred people. There will be someone who specialises in building 3D models and then it'll be handballed to someone who is good at making textures and lighting. So nobody's really an expert in everything. Like in *Toy Story* they would have had people who just work on getting the animation right, like the characteristics and the characters. Those guys would say its an artform and I'd agree with it.

OD: When they started colourising old films there was a bit of a negative reaction. Do you think that there will be a similar reaction to the new Star Wars films, using computer imaging to update old movies?

BS: From what I understand (George Lucas) is trying to complete his film. It's still his film. I'm looking forward to seeing what he's done with it. They're recreating some of the fights in the sky. It might look too crisp and clean compared to the old footage.

OD: Where would you like to go from here?

BS: Working in film would be nice. I think everyone in this industry would like to work on bigger and better things.

SOFTWARE REVIEWS



Disruptor (Playstation)

Us gamers obviously never tire of 3D 1st person perspective shooters, 'cause there's always another one around the corner. However, *Disruptor* puts a genius spin on the genre - someone in the design room said: "Hey, let's encourage them to use their brains!".

Guns and bombs are no longer the only way to take out the bad guy. Welcome the age of Lightstormers, the point men in the defence of United Earth and the New Solar Government, trained to the peak of killing pearfection and artificially endowed with a neural implant that allows them the use of psionic powers. Your Lightstormer (Jack) is armed to the molars with a choice of nine weapons. Jack can also learn to use his psionic powers to drain enemies of their power for his replenishment, heal wounds, protect himself with a psionic shield or generate a devastating psionic blast.

Intercut live action video sequences, also add tremendously to gameplay by providing a story line and creating an atmosphere of urgency and isolation. Atmosphere is something clearly achieved by this game. Cool, creepy music (reminiscent of the battle scenes in 'Aliens'), moody environments often draped in cloud or fog, and the tendency of bad guys to hit you from behind when you think there's nothing left alive in the area, all contribute to a rising pulse rate already threatened by the fast, hectic gameplay and swaying 'camera' perspective.

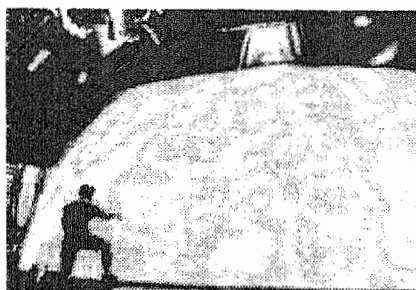
Jack seems less gung-ho than his *Doom* counterpart and enhances the sensation of isolation and desperation - instead of arrogantly getting into fisticuffs when out of ammunition, Jack in desperately takes to clubbing bad guys with the empty weapon!

Apart from the differences, there

are still all the staples that make *Doom* and it's progeny so great - ridiculous numbers of enemies, tunnels, mazes, pits, lifts, bridges, wide open confusing expanses, beautiful backgrounds (the Orbiting Habitat is amazing - like something out of Doctor Who!), puzzles and mapping facilities with a real time option - meaning baddies can club you while you're trying to figure out where the hell you are!

Aesthetically, *Disruptor* shows it was made for the Playstation. Backgrounds, foregrounds and sprites are all bursting with colour, making even the most hazy and gloomy levels realistic and atmospheric, some reminiscent of the look and feel of movies like *Terminator* and *The Shining*. The sound effects are good, although not quite on par with the rest of the game (with the exception of the digitally sampled voice instruction at the start of each level - crisp and deliciously cliché!). Another downer is the lack of a link up facility (allowing friends to take each other out), but this forgiven, *Disruptor* should be a terrifying solo experience.

Andrew Inglis



Time Commando (Playstation)

Activision have gone to great lengths to tell us that *Time Commando* is a leap forward in the computer game industry for it's innovations in graphics, game design and game play, and I am going to help them.

It is stunning to look at, and the concept of the game is enough to justify some of the hype. Set in the future, the Otega Corporation has learned how to manipulate time, a technology used by the military to simulate forms of combat from all time periods. Despite the concerns of sabotage and theft that could irrevocably damage space and time, an infiltrator slips through security and downloads a virus that begins eating away at both the computer and time itself. You are Stanley Opar, a member of Special Action Virus Elimination - and your mission is to go into the time distortion vortex created by the virus and

destroy it. To get to the virus, Stanley must fight his way through 9 historical eras and collect clean memory chips found along the way to slow the deterioration of the computer. All of this is explained in an amazing opening sequence, with a quality of graphics and sound that gives you some idea of the effort put into the game.

The first level of the game, Prehistory, is demonstrative of this effort. The environments look beautiful, showing off each level with dynamic camera sweeps and angles, almost like an interactive movie. However the graphical highlight for me was the enemies - particularly the sabre toothed tiger. It moves so quickly and smoothly that you find yourself barely considering that the things don't exist. You are also confronted by Gorillas, giant bears, hairy Neanderthals and their husbands. It's great to take to these things with your hands and feet, but the real fun starts when you collect weapons. Pelting someone with rocks is disturbingly realistic, the stone knife and small club are nasty, but just wait for the giant club. Watching Stanley wield a weapon as large as himself is a humorous work of art in itself.

The humour of the game is a welcome relief. Stanley - although (apparently) an intellectual, searches and finds nothing, you are rewarded with raised hands and a hilarious 'duh?'. When he does find something, expect to hear a tacky 'Oh yeah!'. If the controls are left untouched, Stanley gets impatient and breaks into a jig. All of this is to say nothing for his yellow garb, and head wear that puts Princess Leia's ear muffs to shame.

The crunch comes at the gameplay. The expectation from the hype, the packaging and the introduction to the game is that *Time Commando* will be an adventure / fighting game. However, realistically it is a fighting game set to an adventure - styled background. The constant task of collecting and downloading clean memory chips gives a consistency of purpose essential to any adventure game, but there are a few limitations. The linear game play and relatively few puzzles do tend to put *Time Commando* in the fighting-game box. As a fighting game, the controls are initially confusing (with every

button on the controller used for something). Also, Stanley's movements are slow despite their realism, and the inability to retreat onto an earlier screen is frustrating.

Of course, these criticisms are not to detract from the overall quality of the game - there are hidden rooms to find, objects scattered around the place, certain conundrums that I couldn't solve without a bit of help (hint: there are hundreds of references to T.C on the Net) and (most fun of all) new weapons on each level. This, combined with my desire to see the next level, kept me gripped. *Time Commando* is a major stepping stone to bigger and better things - it may not be for everyone, but it's well-worth a look-in.

Andrew Inglis



Windows and Macintosh. For the uninitiated, multimedia refers to the integration of sound, pictures, text and animation in a single product.

Multimedia "infotainment" programs have to tread a fairly fine line between being spectacular but trivial and being informative but dull. DK has done this with aplomb, creating a series of beautifully crafted works which are fun and easy to use but avoid patronising the user. Their sample CD included demos of an Atlas, a Children's Dictionary, a "History of the World" and various science and nature encyclopaedias. Frustratingly, all of these demos were non-interactive, so I could not stray from their fixed tour of each product, but even so I was impressed by the combination of sight and sound offered.

Before you trade in your 20 volume encyclopaedia for a set of shiny new CD-ROMs, I should warn you that they are aimed at an audience in the junior primary to secondary school age group. Their main benefit is as an educational tool rather than a serious reference. People of all ages will probably pick up quite a few tidbits of information by browsing through these CDs, but if it's specific or detailed knowledge that you're after, I'm afraid there is still no avoiding those big books.

Dave Bloustien

WOMAD WOMADELAIDE



FRIDAY NIGHT (28/2/96)

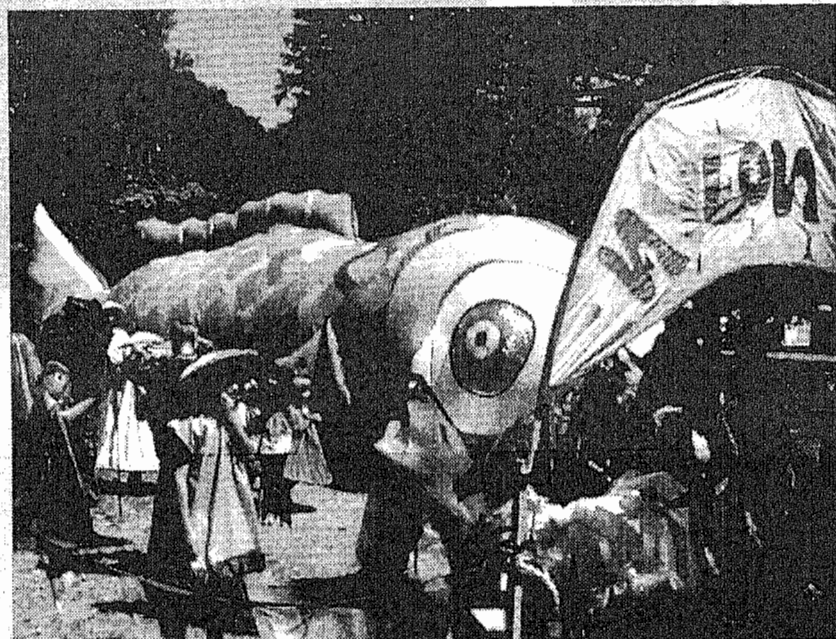
OK, so having a media pass to WOMADELAIDE was pretty exciting. In fact, wearing the (bright red) media tag (conspicuously) around my neck was a highlight of my night. Another highlight, to me, was discovering an Anderson's Icecream van amidst the throng of chick peas, watermelon juices and lentil curries. And then there were all those funky little tents where the smell of incense mingled with the smell of dope, and people in tribal gear walked up and down stalls selling curious bits of jewellery, hand-printed clothes and things made out of wire, beads and feathers.

And then - of course - there was the music. At about 6:30 PM I settled down at Stage 1 to wait for what I imagined (being a classical music student) would be the event of my night: the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra with Chinese composer/performer Guo Yue. His three-movement epic work "My Peking Alley" called mainly on the string section, with noisy brass in the last movement, and Japanese maestro Joji Hirota taking the virtuoso percussion part. Throughout the piece - an undemanding blend of oriental sounds and traditional Western harmony - Guo Yue switched between a collection of wooden flutes (the Chinese word for the instrument is "sheng") to solo with a passionate, personal performance. "My Peking Alley" - he told the hugely appreciative audience - describes an autobiographical journey: from growing up in Peking, through the war years when he was taken away from his mother, to his departure from China to see the rest of the world.

At 8:15 PM, after a wander around the park, Shooglenifty found me back at the main stage. The tongue-

twistingly-titled band is from the UK/Scotland (I think a few of the lads are from Edinburgh) and their brand of music is a

jumping folk-tinged mishmash of styles that they describe as "well rooted in the folk tradition but draw[ing] heavily on house music, hardcore and jazz". Boasting a mandolin player with quicksilver fingers, a fiddler on Speed, a mad drummer, a banjo player, a guitarist, a bass guitarist and a whole lot of Scottish humour, Shooglenifty went



right to the hearts of the crowd, who danced and screamed and jumped around in the darkness with the kind of energy and enthusiasm that just makes you feel bloody GOOD. This was the real spirit of WOMAD - the life-affirming spirit, the spirit of communion, tolerance and mad-cap noisy fun.

The last show on my agenda was again of the big-stage variety: Midnight Oil in an hour-and-a-half long set. It was the first time I've ever seen them live -

the first time, to tell the truth, that I've ever really thought about them for more than half a second (you know, like when "Blue Sky Mine" is on the radio). Peter Garrett jerked around like a demented robot, his shaved head glistening like a newborn baby's as he pounded

out hit after hit in his distinctive, steely-nasal voice. In between songs there was plenty of political commentary, with the crowd yelping in delight after every angry speech. Jeff Kennett and Pauline Hansen each got a thrashing - although Garrett announced "We will not dignify HER by naming HER"

before launching into (new song) White Face Black Heart". Midnight Oil were the ideal choice to end the opening night of the festival. The crowd (stretching as far as I could see in the darkness) remained hypnotised throughout the set and a mosh pit with crowd-surfing even got going for a while - until Garrett jumped into the fray to order the "football players" off the field. After a rowdy encore the drummer tossed his sticks high above the crowd and the fivesome left the stage amidst a cacophony of howls and clapping.

Alice Ray

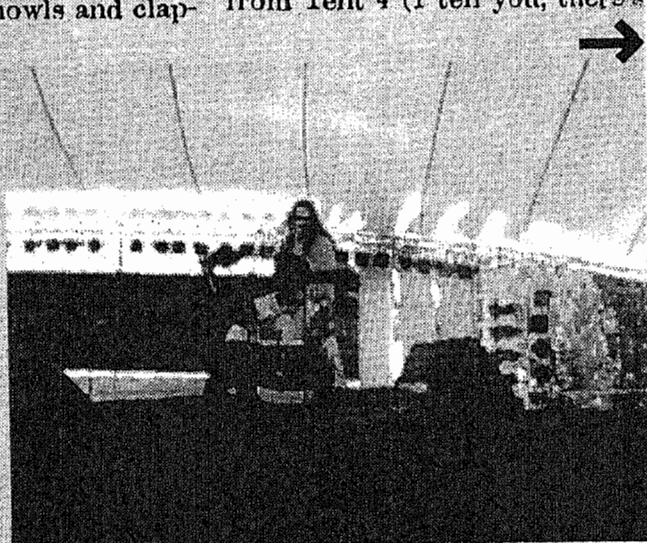
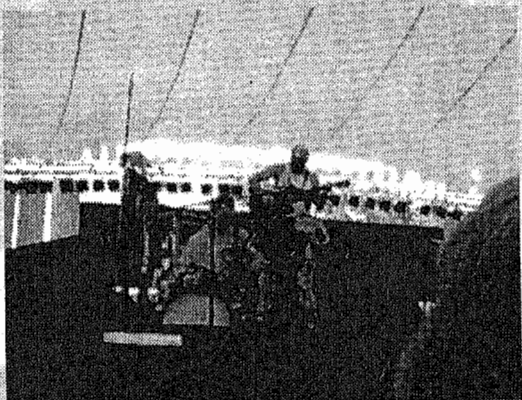
My first taste of WOMAD began years ago when I went to see Peter Gabriel at the closing of the first WOMADELAIDE. So, it seemed appropriate that this WOMADELAIDE '97 experience also started with a 'Peter'. That is, Peter Garrett of

Midnight Oil status. "WOMADELAIDE is a creative, diverse, hugely entertaining, colourful and culturally exotic mix co-existing in beautiful harmony music is the common language of the world" he said. And with those words ringing around my ears WOMADELAIDE '97 had begun.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Unfortunately work commitments had me running a little late for the beginning of Day Two of WOMADELAIDE but I arrived just in time to hear the tunes by Kev Carmody who delighted the crowd with songs about his family and encouraged the audience to join in with the chorus of 'From little things, big things grow'.

Next up on the special 'Susie Bill' were the highly spirited Well Oiled Sisters who could only confirm my admiration for the Scottish content provided in WOMADELAIDE '97 (after being blown away by Shooglenifty the night before). Songs about being stuck - "it's all about having your tongue cut out", 'You've got my Heart ("yet another country song all about rejection") and classic remarks such as "I'm not your slave or your whore" made me stop and think that these people really know what they're on about. It's reassuring to hear for a change! After a little time out to test the culinary delights of a world music festival it was nice to find that Guo Yue and Guo Vi were providing relaxing siesta music from Tent 4 (I tell you, there's



nothing like lying under the trees in Botanic Park and hearing only the sounds of the bamboo flute and light percussion).

My spirit was brought back to earth with a "tind" when I awoke to Shikisha ('shikisha' means "belt it out like you never have before" in Zulu and I can assure you - they did!!). The three South African women performed a number of traditional songs (interestingly some of them have previously only ever been performed by men) as well as some more contemporary pieces which have been initiated from life experiences (such as the 1976 uprising in South Africa).

There was only time enough for

seemed to bring home the difference between the rhetoric of

cultural exchange and the operation of a cultural "event" in a world run on profit.

But I digress, the second experience of Womadelaide was actually being there on Saturday evening. Funny ol' thing, wasn't it? Not really being a world music aficionado I took the approach a lot of similarly minded

people took: to graze through the whole thing and extract moments of interest from the overlapping, amorphous amalgam of sights, sounds and smells. From the faux-alternative aesthetics of hippies, krusties, and punters who suppose wearing clothes that

make them look like an Andean shepherd somehow brings them closer to an authentic appreciation of other cultures, to the overdressed nervousness of all those middle-class families come to gawk at this well-advertised and "interesting" Adelaide spectacular.

Basically, we all fit in to this picture somewhere and we went to take in what we could.

The persistent lawn clippings clinging to clothes, the ubiquitous festival food (dress it up in

all the bio-vego-organo-naturalness you want, it's still festival food), the overlapping of sounds from different stages, the fading in and out of impromptu performances, some talented and some unfortunately exhibitionist, the co-mingled scents of different food stalls, wet grass, BO and the ever-present burning herb (perhaps mostly respon-

unsurprising, musical accompaniment. The other acts of interest I peeked at were Moana and the Moahunters, most particularly the rap part, "Dim Native", who seemed to have the ever-present public dancers going hard at their best world/hip-hop hybrid moves. Lewis & Young were creating a dark ambience over in the tent stage

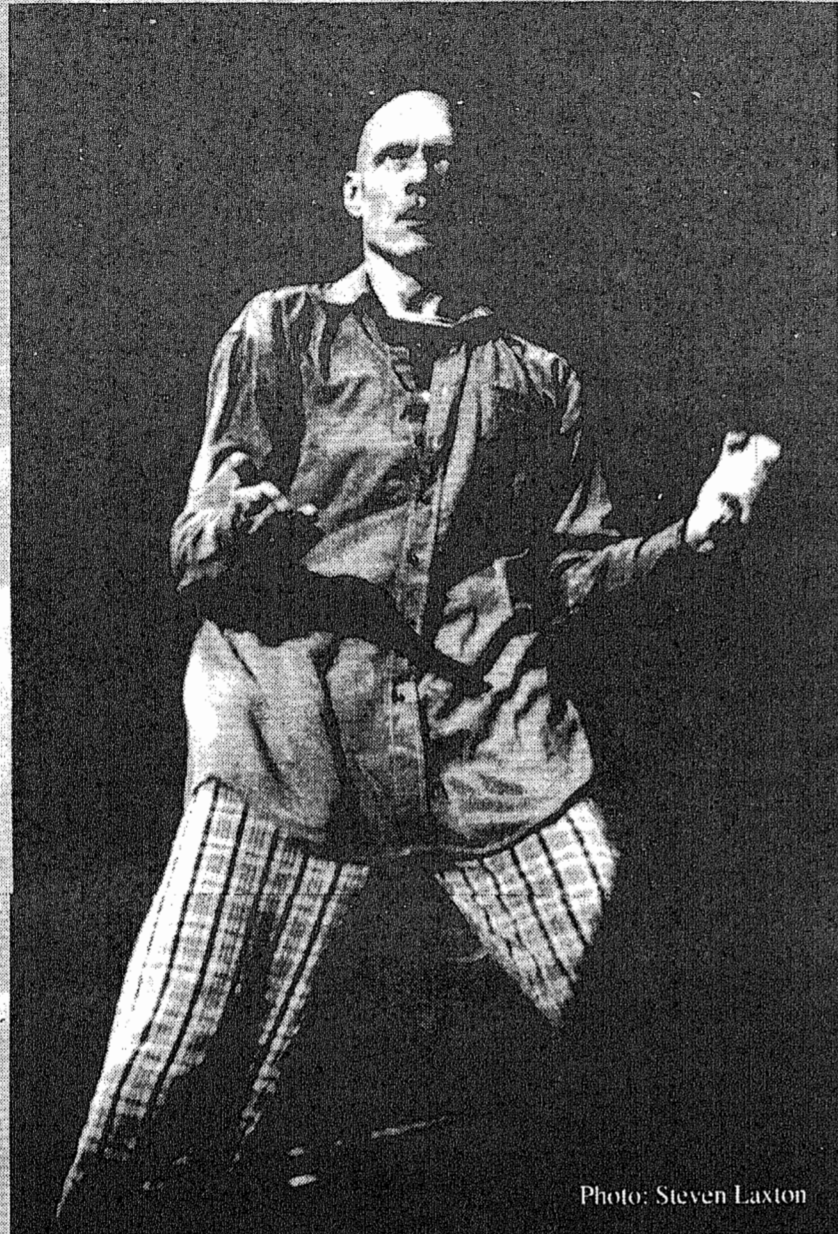


Photo: Steven Laxton

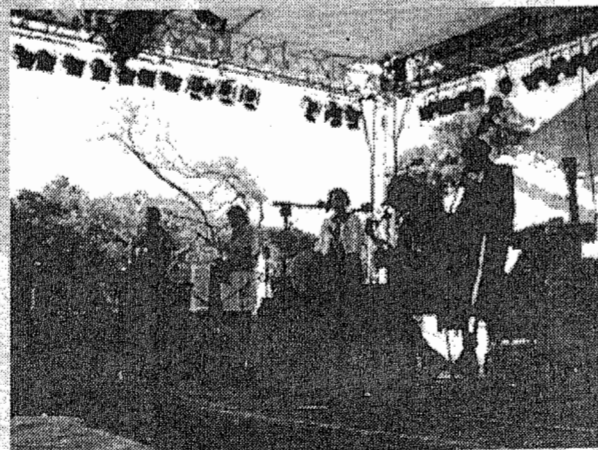
sible, with some of its tablet-based accomplices, for some of the more cringing displays of "alternative" artistic expression),

in front of a rather transfixed late-night audience. I am also reliably informed that the Terem Quartet were pretty good, and

Oh, and the music...Salif Keita was well appreciated by the sizeable crowd at stage one and created a rather nice atmosphere for the crowd swelling and Triple J introduced performance of Christine Anu. "My Island Home" was rolled out first, and with that over she wafted along with the crowd all gagagoogoo for her strong vocals and pleasant, if

funny too. Fun'Da'Mental were all London rap throb infused with eastern rhythms, which has got them this far and works pretty well. I don't really have much else to report about the evenings musical activities, sorry.

in front of a rather transfixed late-night audience. I am also reliably informed that the Terem Quartet were pretty good, and



a quick listen to acapella group Before You Were Blonde and a quick dance to Shooglenifty (rave, rave, rave!!!) before it was time to hand my little red pass over for the night session. Aaaaah - roll on Sunday!!

SATURDAY NIGHT

Hold me down and have hippies juggle fire over my bared buttocks, but my reaction to

Womadelaide was characterised by two quite different experiences.

The first of these was the media conference on Friday morning. A touching little event where free booze and sangers were distributed to the hovering hordes of media and corporate guests. These things are an integral part of such events, but the procession of speakers from politicians to corporate sponsors to arts apparatchiks, all gleefully self-congratulatory,



Womad is a big sensual smorgasbord full of as much bollocks as it is brilliance, that is part of its objective. As an outdoor musical event it is probably the most gentle in terms of atmosphere (there is a lessened chance of having your head kicked in by a beered-up wanker with a testosterone surplus), but demands more than your average Big Day Out in terms of musical appreciation. If you're willing to open your ears and brain, which is another of its objectives, it will pay back the pile of cash you had to outlay to get in: cultural exchange is a beautiful thing, but it ain't cheap, which is unfortunate for all those people who couldn't afford to experience what was nominally a display of our society's heterogeneity. The values promoted by Womad are to be encouraged and disseminated as the basic charter for any worthwhile society, let's hope they stay around after all the polystyrene food packaging, expensive sound systems, media hype and profiteering has been cleared away.

Paul Lobban.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT (LUCKY ME!)

Getting up early on Sunday morning was not an easy task (thanks to the 0' Ball the night before) but I made a super effort just to hear the Shooglenifty boys one last time. I danced and danced, gave the bass player one last appreciative glance and with the words "some people call this Folk Music" they were gone (I

later bought the tape so that I could try and relive their joy in the safety of my own room!). Local outfit The Borderers were up next and had the Tent 3 area jiggling away.

Hunger struck once again and I satisfied myself this time with

something prepared by a family member (Thanks Sam!) and for some strange reason (or clever programming) found myself digesting my food rather easily to the Guo Brothers. Despite the technological problems inflicted upon the Afro Celt Sound System the lilting voice of Iarla O'Lionaird and the lively beats of Moussa Sissokho were an invigorating combination. Invigoration led to ice-cream time and another visit from the Well Oiled Sisters.

The Terem Quartet was ideal music to be listening to as the sun shone and pretzels were being thrown out. Their blend of folk, traditional and classical music was very 'Sunday Afternoonish'. Actually, so was Richard Thompson who charmed the crowd with his sentimental tunes (a melding of traditional British and Celtic music with rock'n'roll).

claim that violence is wrong and then sing "I want a bucket of your blood" is, well, interesting. Dinner won out in the Loudon

I had to see Bu Baca Diop again (my legs were itching) and they didn't let me down with their dance-driven blends of Senegalese music with Western jazz/funk. WOMADELAIDE '97 ended with the "golden voice of Africa" Salif Keita. The extent of the influences in Salif's own music (African, Arab, Antillean and Haitian) was an excellent example of what WOMADELAIDE is all about: the celebration and embracing nature of many cultures coming together (this was also well illustrated by the number of orange ribbon wearers!). WOMADELAIDE continues to be a brilliant festival for the celebration of all musicians from around the world. What has been indicated from the '97 program of artists is that this collection of acts is also no longer limited to those who

delight with traditional forms but those who experiment with cross-culturalisation and other such ideas. Despite rumours that WOMAD will transfer to Sydney for 2000, organisers assure that WOMADELAIDE is grounded in Adelaide and is set to stay. Roll on 1999!!!

Susie Bate (Sat afternoon and Sunday.)

All photos taken Susie Bates, with exception of those previously credited to Steve Laxton)

Wainwright III vs Misia debate although I still maintain that it was because I wanted to gather my energy for the rest of the

delight with traditional forms but those who experiment with cross-culturalisation and other such ideas. Despite rumours that WOMAD will transfer to Sydney for 2000, organisers assure that WOMADELAIDE is grounded in Adelaide and is set to stay. Roll on 1999!!!

Susie Bate (Sat afternoon and Sunday.)

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Photo: Steven Laxton

WOMAD WOMADELAIDE

Vox Populi

As we turned our backs on another fun filled summer, looking bright eyed towards another exciting academic year we descended upon unsuspecting Adelaide Uni students wallowing in the seductive charms of the Barr Smith Lawns.....

Question 1:

What is it about university life that makes you just so excited to be here?

Question 2:

What was the most fantastic event of O'Week for you?

Question 3:

What do you think of this years fresher group?

Special thanks must go to the Ultra special Emily...listen out for her and Roxy on POPSCENE! Saturday nights on Student Radio....featuring Blur, Ash, Pulp, You am I, Deadstar.....also I coming soon...Flat Stanley ! LIVE..... Wow! (This is known in the trade as "A BLATANT PLUG")

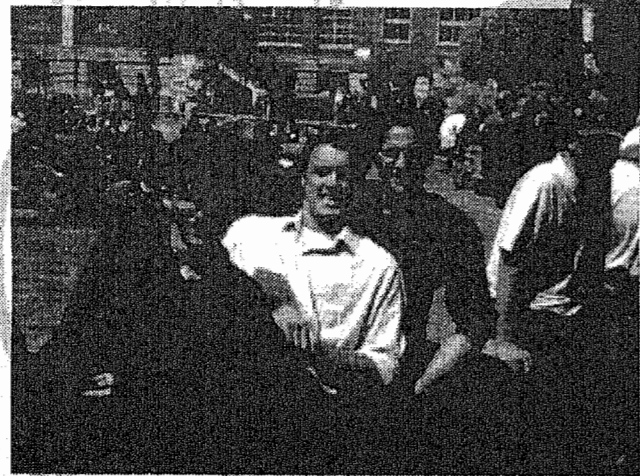
Al:

1. The chicks man!
2. O'Ball.
3. I love the way you can tell when they need to go to the toilet. (see pic).

E:

1. Uni doesn't excite their underwear during
2. The library tour were
3.Jumps up ecstatically gleeful exclamation.....

me....except people running around in O'Week. pretty exciting. especially demonstrating Al's.



Alan (This weeks Alex (from Blur) lookalike minus the terminal cigarette):

1. I'm not
2. I didn't come (hang's his head in shame...)
3. Primal

Frankie J. (Holden):

1. I'm holding up a 6 year tradition.
2. Chasing Amrita around the gazebo
3. Much too cool for me.

Simon:

1. Nowhere else would have me
2. Friends of CASM all you can drink for \$4.
3. So young they make me feel like a criminal.

Ben:

1. It signified the end of a really brilliant holiday.
2. Achieving the best battlescar I've ever had (see pic).
3. Nothing striking except when you find the really little ones.

Steven:

1. To check out the Engineering babes (!?)
2. I got a sausage.
3.distracted by a sexy engineering fresher boy.....



March 18 1997

Felix:

1. It excites me to meet new and wierd people
2. Doing the boat races (the infamous Mr Jug!) and the O'Ball...Superjesus!
3. I haven't encountered too many but I have a few few friends who are cool.

Glen:

1. Happy Hour
2. The Medieval Club beheading the Student Radio Clan.
3. Piss poor when compared to last years freshers.



Massy:

1. Meet heaps of people.
2. O'Ball.
3. They're just people.

Alison:

1. I only have 12 hrs a week.
2. Popeye cruises....get drunk on \$3 !
3. Not Bad.....?

Katie:

1. We met heaps of people at O'Camp!
2. O'Hop.
3. Good....?

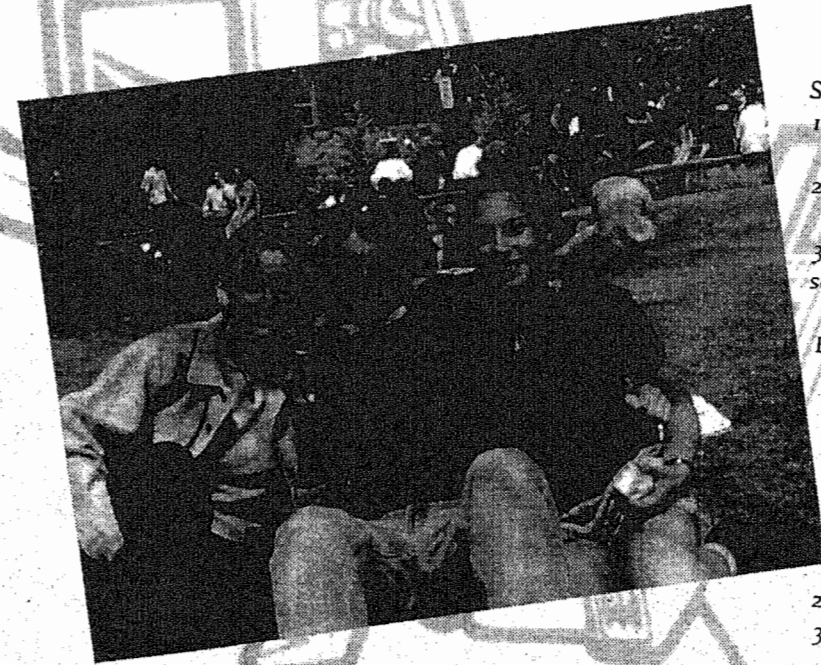


Paul:

1. Long Legs and short skirts....
2. Getting pissed with Martin at the Engie BBQ
3. They're just like me... :)

Martin:

1. Because I love 29 contact hours a week
2. Getting pissed with Paul at the Engie BBQ
3. Not as sexy as me..... (just kidding Martin.... I forgot what he said. Viv.)



Shaun

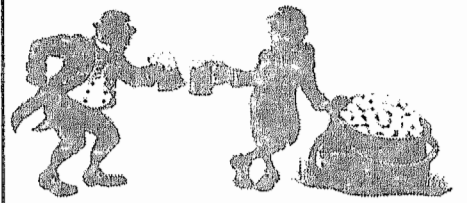
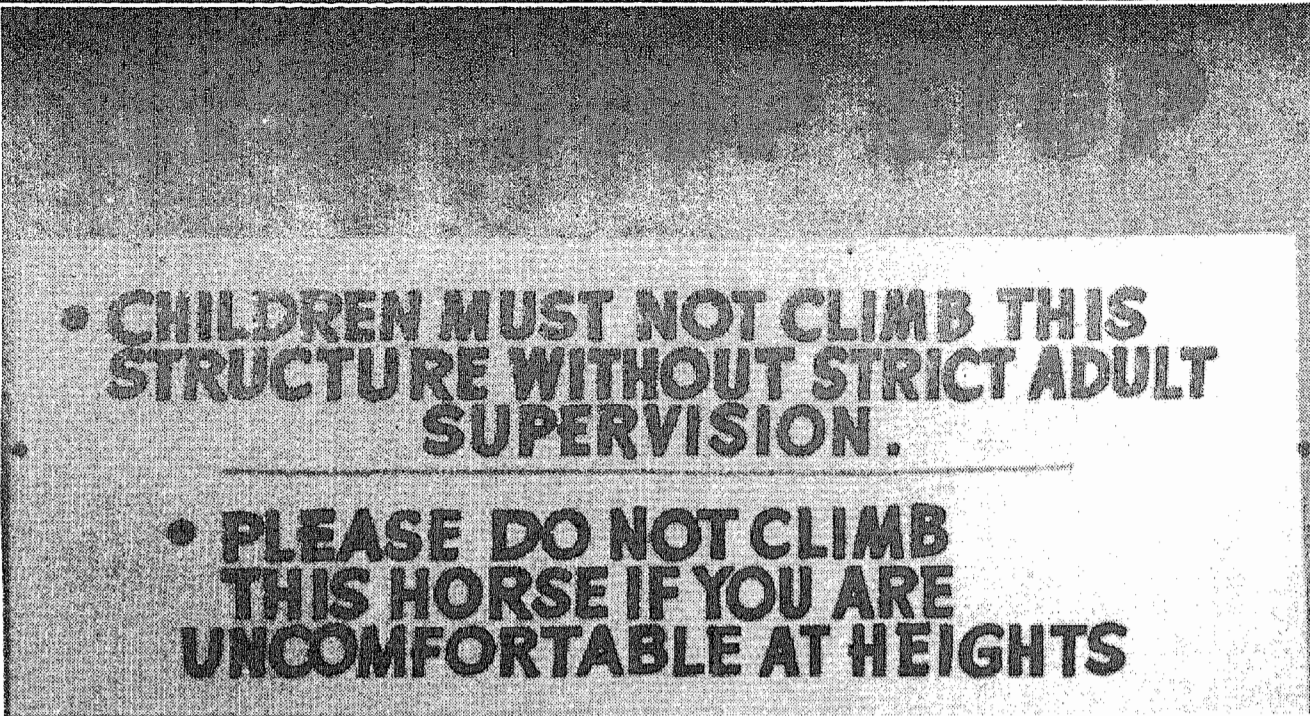
1. I'm back with all my friends and The Irish Club!
2. Watching WendyHouse at the rotunda and the O'Ball generally was fantastic.
3. They're all a bit confused (previous answer was censored...).

Eve

1. Getting my 2nd year over and done with and joining all the clubs.
2. Watching the first years trying to find their way around.
3. If they're as good as we were they're legends.

Heidi

1. I get to go out with all my friends again
2. I was in South Africa (...we forgave you....).
3. They look as lost as we did.



The Brecknock.
401 King William Street.

There are many great pubs to choose from in Adelaide and, with great beers available to us, it's amazing that anyone gets any study done at all. For the purpose of this article the names of the participants are changed or concealed so that our tutors and lecturers don't realise how unbelievably slack we are. Yes, it's first week back and we're off to review one of the finest pubs in South Australia, if not the world. Now that may sound like a big call, but I am a man of big calls. But who would argue with me. The Brecknock boasts one of the most impressive stocks of imported beer. Their greatest claim to fame (besides pouring the best Guinness) is that they are the only pub in these parts to have Caffrey's Irish Ale on tap. If you haven't had the pleasure of slipping a Caffrey's down the back of your palate, then do so at the next opportunity. One of our reviewers (we will call him Jeffrey) claimed to the barperson that his Caffrey's tasted like a beer milkshake (mmm.. shake). He was rewarded with an extra big milky head. Bastard. We didn't get special treatment. Only him. Well I'm not one to hold a grudge, but that's the last time I drink with him. St Patricks Day is on Monday (17 Mar) and the Brecknock will open at 11:00am. Get down there and get into the Irish spirit (very punny).

Anthony Paxton

Anthony Paxton

DID YOU GET YOURS THIS MORNING ?!!

If Not...

Drop By

"Al Fresco's on the Terrace"

217 North Tee, opposite the Museum

For Your Early Morning/After Class

Loungin' Caffeine Fix,

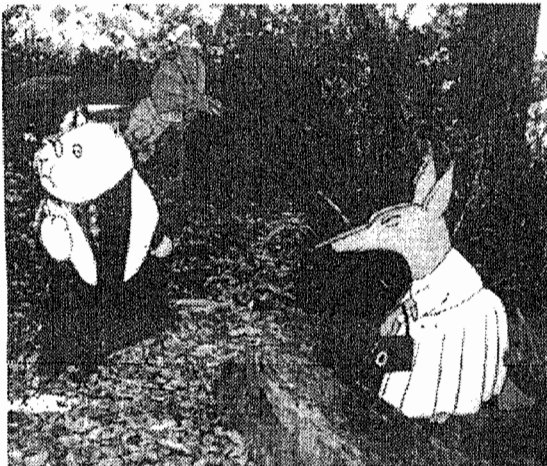
Check Out Our New

Club Café

Drop in for details today

South Australia is full of wondrous experiences. There are glories too numerous to catalogue. Not even a whole season of *Getaway* could do justice to our magnificent environment in the driest state.

We're here to prove to you each week that "SA is going all the way". For our first assignment we travelled to the legendary Big Rocking



Horse at Gumeracha. We all went there as kids, gazed up at it, climbed inside it, and thought "Wow!" When we first got there we were disappointed because (to be honest) it's not really that big, it didn't rock, and it wasn't really a horse. Plus, it was busy (it claimed to have some families stuck up

it). By the time we had wandered around the "Toy Factory" and "The Lost Tree Family" (or something) we were keen to see what Old Rockin' Horse had to say for itself:

(Interview may not have happened).

On Dit: So what's an average day?

Big Rocking

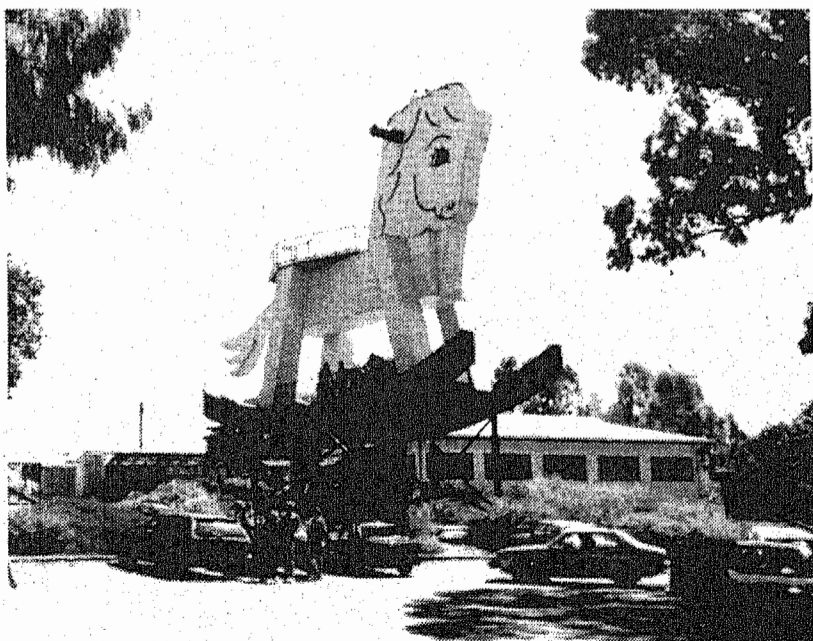
Horse: Oh, I dunno. Just stand here and let the families go through, I guess? Some tourists

come by, they're not as bad. OD: Doesn't sound like much of a life really?

BRH: Nope, it's crap really. I'm trying to get into television. I heard there are auditions for *Baywatch* coming up. My agent just faxed them my details. They may have trouble with my costume though. But, here's hoping.

OD: Tell us more about Big Rocking Horse the horse. What are your interests? For example, what is your favourite Coopers' beer?

BRH: Well I quite like Dark Ale. Yes, I think I would call myself a bit of a Dark horse. Then again, I don't mind draught either.



OD: What sort of music do you get into?

BRH: I'm a bit of a Teenage

Remember all of those seemingly innocent hours spent watching various 'childrens' cartoons after primary school and on Saturday mornings? Recent studies have shown that they were not as seemingly innocent as our parents once thought. Perhaps the increased drug useage among today's youth is founded in brainwashing techniques stemming from watching cartoons. You don't believe me? Read on as we tackle the question...

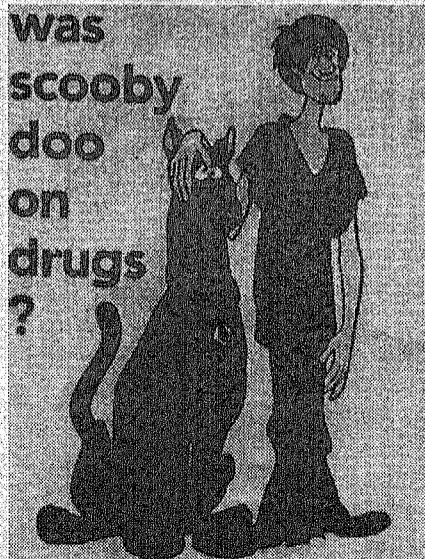
WAS SCOOBY DOO ON DRUGS?*

We're not saying that he was. Then again, Scooby and Shaggy often displayed the sort of behaviour- paranoia, twitchiness, careless appearance, coded language- common to drug use. Spot the suspicious signs:

- Scooby and Shaggy were always the ones in the back of the van (doing who knows what?).
- Scooby and Shaggy couldn't get enough of their 'Scooby Snacks', which after eating altered their behaviour.
- They drove around in the Mystery machine, which had that wierd trippy design on its side.
- Scooby and Shaggy always had the munchies.
- Shaggy always thought Scooby was talking. But he was the only one who could understand him.
- Shaggy always said "like", ie "like zoiks, Scoob, let's get outa here!" What's a zoik?
- Scooby and Shaggy were always being freaked out by ghosts and ghouls, but no one else saw them before Scoob and Shaggy.
- Scooby and Shaggy always fell into the trap that was intended for the monster because they were tripping over themselves and couldn't see where they were going.
- Shaggy and Scooby were always giddy and laughing
- Look at Shaggy: the way he dressed, his goatee, etc...say no more!

Kerryn Doyle

*article courtesy of The Face (who incidentally found this on the 'net):



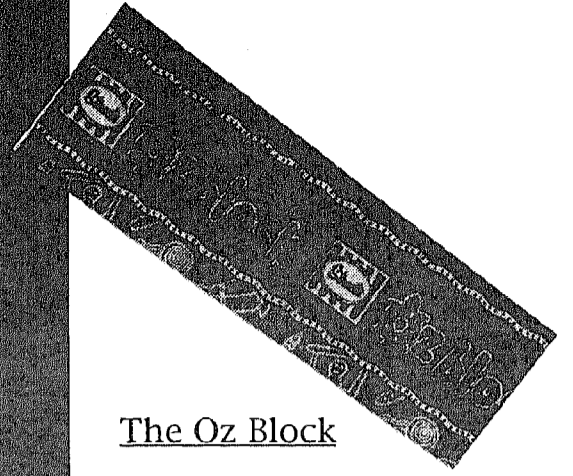
Questions, questions, questions. Our lives have been inundated with questions of differing intensity and importance, so much so that everybody is freaking everybody out and nobody knows whats going on. Just a normal week really.

Examples include:

- (a) Who is Mr Cool? [and do we really want to know?]
- (b) What did I do on friday? Do I know James (and his/my friend Simon), and whats all this about TAKE?
- (c) How much did Mr Cup really drink on Wednesday night?
- (d) What constitutes a good snog?
- (e) Why did they run out of Carlton Cold?
- (f) When are we going to get our music back?

Obviously we don't expect answers to these complex questions....but in these crazy mixed up times it is better to have asked and not found an answer, than to have not asked at all.

(Everything But) The Girls.



The Oz Block

Okay, we promised it and so here it is. We couldn't let the kids down now could we? In our on-going quest for the perfect iceblock we bring you - The Oz Block.

Note, the one we tasted is the Triple Sunset, although lemonade flavour is also available.

Packaging: Blue, orange, and red design, including psuedo Aboriginal art.

Flavour: Raspberry, orange and lemonade.

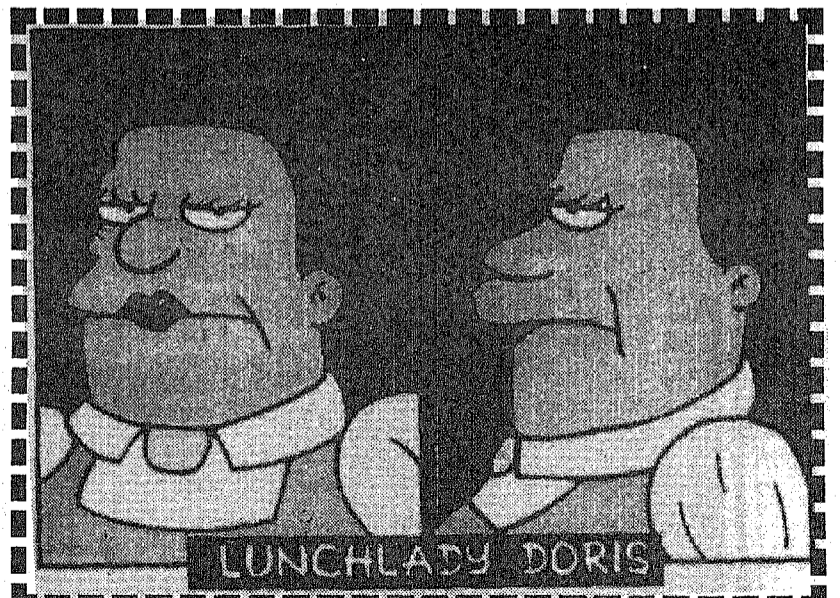
Cost: 50 cents. Bargain!

Special Note: No fat! Wow!

What the tasters thought: "Quite straightforward and quite pleasant" "Yummy" "Its a block of hard, frozen, coloured ice" "Inexpensive, does the job" "7/10"

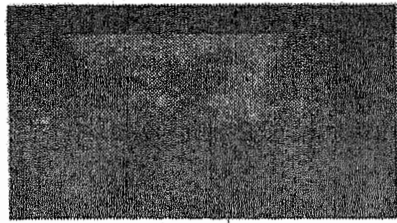
Simpson's Collector Cards

This week we bring you not only one of our favourite Simpson Characters but, if public response is anything to go by (please stop with the letters now, we have been inundated) one of yours. Introducing Lunch-lady Doris.



POSITIONED AT RIGHT HAND CORNER FOR YOUR CUTTING CONVENIENCE

flat stanley



Intravaganza
Flat Stanley
(Sexy Diablo)

The debut long player from Adelaide fourpiece, Flat Stanley introduces this band's infectious brand of guitar rock/pop to the twelve people who've not heard them yet. After a few single releases, including the 1994 EP *Animus Elvis*, and 1996's "Corn Fed Martyr" vinyl single, they have delivered us *Intravaganza*.

With three of the four members singer-songwriters, Flat Stanley have no end of musical ideas but manage to cohere the album together with a common purpose: to make your head nod incessantly throughout the albums forty or so minutes. The singing and writing members, Paul Champion, Jeremy Mackinnon and Pete Psaltis, each have a distinctive vocal and musical style which is not afraid to let the edges fray in the pursuit of a natty musical moment. From the spanking guitar pop of "What Should Already Be" and "Pre-Accidental" to the off-centre melodies of "Defectable" and "Action New Perspective", Flat Stanley fill the first third of the album with a sense of immediacy which has you fifteen minutes in and wondering where the time went.

A noticeable change occurs in the middle of the album with the lovelorn crescendos of "Charity Kiss" building out of a pensive guitar line at its inception. "Great Unknown" and "The Kids are No Good" are also more reflective efforts, the first comprising clusters of heavy melodies rising out of meditative moments and the latter a menacing little ditty from Pete's stable of tunes. In the middle of all this is Paul Champion's driving celebration of sexual befuddlement, "My Ideal Suitor", "Smashing Through" and "This Glittering Night of Nights" end up the album in fine style with more skin-piercing catchiness and curious guitar moments. Their influences have been mentioned all over the place, and yes, if you look for it you will find evidence of their musical proclivities, but there are more than you might think and, perhaps more importantly, they do something more than just regurgitate them.

In *Intravaganza*, Flat Stanley have created a diverse and engaging record of guitar-led, melodic pop that gets you in 'til you don't wanna go. That they come from here only underlines the fact that Adelaide's inferiority complex (musical and otherwise) is just plain stupid.

Paul Lobban.



Krystapinzch
Memory, Remember Me
(Independent release)

Local outfit Krystapinzch don't play live shows very often. I'm not sure why this is, but it is something of a shame. But they have tried to redress this absence of performance with *Memory, Remember Me*, the band's first release.

The album is quite accomplished for a first outing. The songs sit well together, with each song setting the tone for the next, like a string of Christmas lights. Competent musicianship and the kind of melodies that haunt you combine with poignant lyrics telling stories of love, loss, regret and hope.

There is a poetic quality to the lyrics; if you read them through without listening to the C.D. they read like translations of Mandelstam or Yevtushenko. They do tend to follow the same line, and some might argue that the guys are a one trick pony, but it's a hell of a trick. Think Sebadoh without the lapses into punk hell. Think Suzanne Vega with a little more unresolved guilt. Think Things of Stone and Wood if they'd actually had something to say. On second thought, try not to think of Things of Stone and Wood. When I first listened to the album right through the feel of it reminded me of Stephen Cummings. circa *A New Kind of Blue*, and I mean that as a compliment.

If you get the chance, do yourself a favour and see Krystapinzch live. In the mean time get *Memory, Remember Me*. listen to it a few times and try not to think about that person you never quite got over.

J.D.



The New Grand
Self-titled
(Independent release)

The flood of new talent from the frigid climes of Canada continues unabated. The New Grand hail from London, Ontario, and share the same cheerful, poppy, guitar-driven aesthetic as their eastern neighbours, Eric's Trip (from Moncton, New Brunswick) and the Super Friendz (From Halifax, Nova Scotia - more on them next week).

The first thing you notice when you put this album on is the bands no-holds-barred approach to their music. The first track, "Burn All the Biddies" takes off like a rocket and threatens to spiral out of control. While the guys manage to keep on track for the duration of the recording, caution is a redundant value found nowhere among the remaining eleven songs. The album proceeds at a steady pace, set by neat, tight, and very hummable songs like "Take My Advice", "Bailey", the You Am I sounding "Best Spot in Line", and the terribly infectious "Hey Now" which has been buzzing around in my peripheral consciousness for three days now.

The New Grand create outstanding fuzzy guitar pop. All this, and they've got a sense of humour. A note on the back of the case warns "Duplicating our music without express written consent will induce vomiting." And, in keeping with the current trend of hiding bonus tracks at the end of recordings, such a surprise appears on this album, but I'm not one to give too much away. You'll just have to buy it for yourself.

Because its an independent release this one can be a little difficult to get hold of, but if you go in and see the folks at Big Star and ask really nicely they will probably be able to help you. If you like your music jumpy and good-humoured then the New Grand will be worth the trouble.

J.D.



Luis Salinas
Salinas
(GRP; BMG)

Jazz is a funny thing. It embraces more styles and claims a more diverse heritage than probably any other musical style. It adopts rhythms and modes from every part of the world and makes them its own, like someone grafting new branches onto a huge old tree.

The results of this kind of experimentation can be quite extraordinary, producing a kind of music that transcends boundaries, both musically and spiritually; music that makes the soul soar. Albums like John Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*, Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue*, Pat Metheny and Ornette Colman's *Song X*, or pretty much anything by Oscar Peterson, Chet Baker or Thelonius Monk.

Unfortunately, these moments of musical nirvana occur only a handful to a lifetime. Most of the time the greatest instances of melodic perfection pass in front of two or three hundred rapt and appreciative fans (I always think of a Vince Jones session at the old 'Club Foote' during his *One Day Spent* tour) rather than in front of a microphone. All you can ask from a jazz album is some great music. Sometimes it will reward you with an exquisite moment or three. Rarely it will pull your heart up into your throat with its fragile beauty. Most of the time it will offer clever interpretations of familiar sounding tunes and some great improvisation. If it doesn't, take it back and trade it in for some Billy Holiday or Bradford Marsalis.

If the liner notes for his first album are anything to go by, Luis Salinas is already something big in his home country of Argentina. The writer doesn't hold back in his praise for the Guitarist/singer, heaping hyperbole on compliment without remorse. It makes for a lot to live up to.

In the harsh light of day the product doesn't live up to the advertising. Don't get me wrong; the playing on *Salinas* is technically superb, each song a tribute to a quite astonishing talent. Among the artists mentioned as having "sessioned" with Salinas are designated hitters like Chick Corea, Scott Henderson and Baden Powell. But for all his self-professed influences and straight-out virtuosity, I was left feeling a little unsatisfied by the whole venture. His style of playing reminded me a lot of guys like Lee Ritenour, Steve Lukather and Larry Carlton; very L.A. fusion and quite soulless. I really got into this sort of stuff when I was sixteen and played guitar five hours a day, but now I prefer something with more emotion.

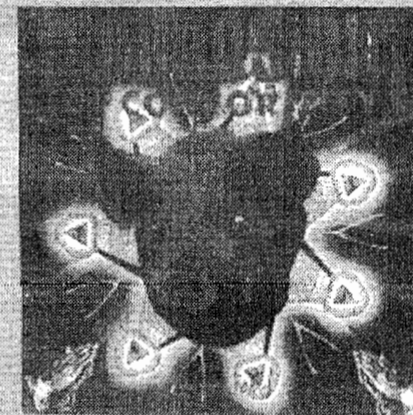
Having said that I should point out that latinophiles will love the music's samba and bossa-nova feel and Salinas's rich Spanish vocals on tracks like "Cuenta Conmigo" and "Salsa Para Volver", but this album won't be for everyone. Master vibraphonist Gary Burton's *Collection* will appeal to even fewer. I can appreciate the skill involved in playing

Gary Burton
Collection
(GRP; BMG)

any kind of melodic percussion instrument, and Burton's playing is impeccable. But the album on the whole is sterile and clinical, devoid of any taint of passion or feeling. I think this is less to do with the talent or the material (a mix of standards like the Gershwin brothers' "Our Love is Here to Stay" and Rogers and Hart's "My Romance", with more contemporary works by the likes of Metheny and Towner) than it does with the arrangements of the songs and the studio aesthetic that pervades the album. There is no shortage of talent on the album, with names like Peter Erskine, Alan Pasqua, and the great man himself, Pat Metheny, but there is no sense of cohesion to the set - it sounds like some musicians rather than a group of great musicians.

Jazz purists should give the album a listen, if only for the who's who of guest players. Everyone else should give it a wide berth; this is the sort of thing that gives jazz a bad name among those who don't know any better.

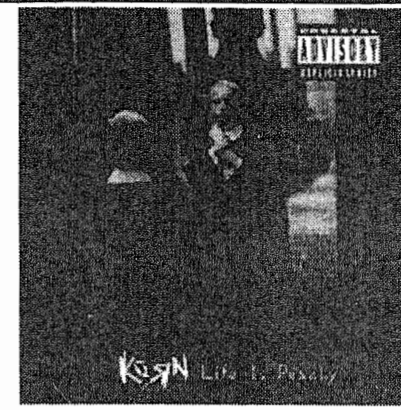
J.D.



Corrosion of Conformity
Wishbone
(Columbia)

COC's influences are not hard to spot in this latest release. The vocals are on more than one occasion reminiscent of Metallica's James Hetfield, and the songs in general, with their anthemic histrionics, remind this reviewer of Soundgarden and Alice in Chains, minus the sometimes daring experimentalism of those two bands. This is the crux of the problem I had with this disc: whilst perfectly competent, COC plods along and wins no points for originality. Songs like "King of the Rotten" and "Wishbone" move along at a nice pace, perfect examples of no-frills straight-ahead rock-heavy metal. The drumming is tight, the guitars suitably menacing; there's just no passion. "Redemption City" and "Bottom Feeder" start well but peter out quickly. All in all, I get the impression that COC are perfectly content to produce tight but unoriginal music which must enthuse their fans but which leaves this reviewer pining for John Zorn and other musical terrorists.

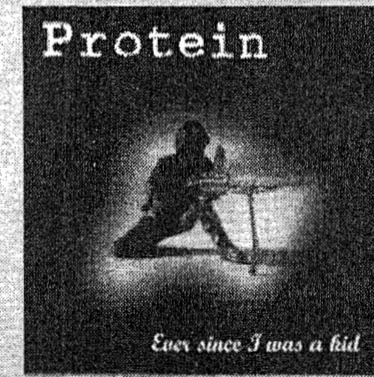
Thrash Jazz Assassin.



Korn
Life Is Peachy
(Epic/Sony)

Vacuous sums up the guitar throbbing, guttural sound of Korn. In an attempt at originality, the band steals musical ideas from every hard core band you can think of. The lack of lyricism is a shame for a singer who is so obsessed with his own voice. Perhaps I failed to appreciate Korn's integrity or their musical mission in life, but given that it sounds like this infantile collection of wannabe 'hard' piffle, I'm not too sorry. Naming individual songs seems irrelevant given that they are all the same mass of stop-start cutting edge ventriloquising of a variety of other styles. And what kind of band lists the types of clothes it wears for the punters to read? Individual musicianship, especially the bassist, is OK, but generally it's a mass of inconsequential derivations sounding like it was created in a boardroom marketing meeting rather than in someone's bedroom.

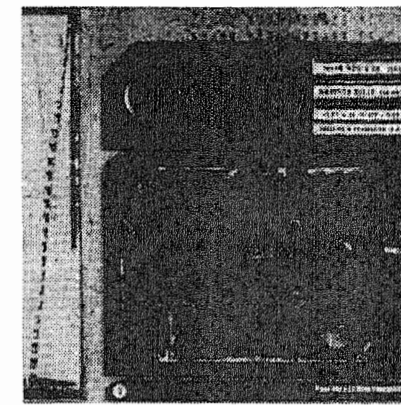
Thrash Jazz Assassin.



Protein
Ever Since I Was A Kid
(Work/Sony)

This in many ways is a strange album. Down-home 'yokel' music meets low-fi indie music with occasionally interesting time-changes and some of the worst lyrics I have ever seen (I don't think they're meant to be funny). "Obligations" is catchy. "Maybe I Will" is funky with disappointing 'joys of adolescence vocals', and "Over my Head" and "In Half" have an ok groove that doesn't really progress. You might ask yourself: how can a band that mixes slide-guitar ambience, punk attitude and grunge stylistics be so shit-awful boring? But Protein manage it. A case of some interesting ideas subsumed under the weight of adolescent stupidity and a musical timidity that balks from going all the way, stopping at about the point where many better bands start.

Thrash Jazz Assassin.



Gravity Kills
Gravity Kills
(Virgin/TVT)

The whole package says 'Tough!', 'Nasty!', 'Modern!' and, quite definitely, 'Angst!' with a cut-and-paste serial-killer's scrapbook style booklet. One word titles such as 'Blame', 'Guilty' and 'Goodbye' make up the track-listing on this eponymous debut CD from four-piece band Gravity Kills. While making comparisons with other bands is often a lazy way to review, in this case an obvious connection with Trent Reznor's Nine Inch Nails is utterly inescapable. The only real difference is that Trent sounds like a computer nerd sad-act with a synthesiser who's trying (unsuccessfully) to be both deep and frightening. Gravity Kills just sound annoyed. While Trent wants to "fuck you like an animal", Gravity Kills' lead vocalist Jeff Scheel is just "fucking tired ... and saying goodbye."

The album kicks off with three linked tracks full of Amiga bleeps, looped feedback and deep, heavy bass beats. Then, with 'Down', it's guitars to the fore. Oddly effective disco samples bring something extra out of 'Enough', before it all plunges back into the highly NINish 'Inside'. Scheel wants you to know that he's unhappy and, most importantly, bored with everything. "I thought that I could fly, but that's been done before," he sings on 'Never', against the industrial noise in the background.

Gravity Kills is nothing new and, while quite competent, sounds like a collection of offcuts from better bands who have made this style of music their own. At around forty minutes it doesn't outstay its welcome, but you won't be playing it that often. Background music for internet addicts.

James Morrison

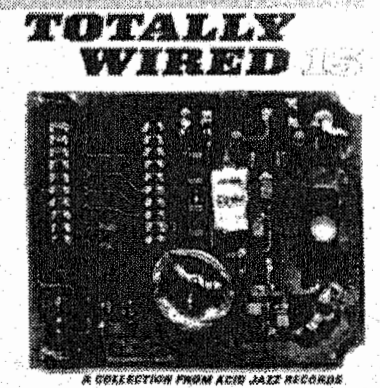
Totally Wired 15
Various
(Acid Jazz/Sony)

I have to admit I was looking forward to reviewing this CD with a fixed idea in my mind of what I was going to hear. *Totally Wired 11* is one of my favourite funky but mellow albums. With bands like Skunkhour, The James Taylor Quartet and The Brand New Heavies, this is one cool compilation with a sound that could be described as a cross between Miles Davis and funk — and every song on the CD maintains this sound within an interesting range — extraordinary for a compilation. *Totally Wired 15*, to my initial disappointment, has a much more contemporary feel to it, with a broader mix of dream, hip hop and rap influences overwhelming the jazz and funk sounds on some tracks. I say "initial disappointment" because after a few listens many of the tracks I hadn't liked initially did that horrible Molly Meldrum Countdown thing — they grew on me. And, if you add these "growers" to the tracks that grabbed me straight off, you have a pretty good CD (Only tracks 6, 8 and 11 are on the nose).

One of the tracks that didn't require a second listen was the first track, "I Wanna Get Down" by Corrina Joseph. When hip hop and house command you to "get down" more often than not you are left unmoved; on the other hand, good acid jazz, to my way of thinking, doesn't order you but rather says, "I wanna get down or I'm getting down, but does so in a way that invites you to do the same. Seduction. The first song is a veritable sirens' song in this respect (untie me from my mast my wax-eared crew).

Tracks 3, 4 and 9 are all excellent dreamy, slow grooves for a lazy autumnal afternoon's navel gazing. Warning: don't try studying to these tracks. Some of these slow burning drum and bass, acid jazz tracks are just sooo mellow you could drown in them — am I mixing my metaphors or what? Listen to track 14, "Track X" by Hang Ten and I challenge you not to relax — help, my pen's getting heavy. If you haven't got time to listen to this CD you're living too fast. Slow down and smell the roses or you'll wake up at forty with a job you hate, a partner you only tolerate you, and kids who can barely tolerate you, and you'll wonder what you did with your life. And the answer will be, not enough acid jazz.

Slick.



STANTASTIC VOYAGE

With a few years worth of practice up their sleeves, **Flat Stanley** have just released their first full length CD, *Intravaganza*. With the CD ranging across a range of styles, from fuzzy pop to more menacing pieces of introspective darkness, the band really get to show off the possibilities inherent in having three singer/songwriters in the same band.

The band, comprising Paul Champion on guitar/vocals, Pete Psaltis on bass/vocals and Jeremy "Max" Mackinnon on guitar/vocals had one downer on the whole process, which was the loss of original drummer Stuart Symons, after the recording was over, to a European trip. They have since gained a new drummer, Paul Elix from local doyens, Happy Patch. Of the process to replace Stuart, Pete says, "We kind of freaked out a little bit, I think, we had a couple of practices with one guy and that wasn't going so well and we were just down the pub and Paul said he'd be happy to do it and things kind of worked out well, so it was a bit easier than we expected". As a result of gaining Paul's services, the band have been able to maintain a pretty busy schedule of shows, especially considering the reasonably limited confines of the Adelaide music scene.

They have been described as having a "sound" reflecting the styles of bands such as Archers of Loaf, Sonic Youth, and Jawbreaker, and while this may be true to some extent (the opening to "Action New Perspective" has a nice echo of Sonic Youth's "Dirty Boots" intro), their sound is fuller and at times heavier (and perhaps even more thickly melodic) than any of those bands. Paul contends that the concentration on "influences" is a "tradition in rock journalism...it's impossible to read an article about a band without reading comparisons or influences, so I think that's more a reflection on the nature of most rock journalism than it is a reflection on us". But, Max adds, "I'd rather read a review of a band which sounds a bit like Heatmiser crossed with June 44 than something that says 'swirling psychedelic'. It does give you a basic reference point. I

don't personally have any objections to it, especially when they're good bands". Their personal musical tastes certainly reflect a diverse range of interests. Max's present interests run towards "a lot more mellow stuff; Rex, Red Red Meat, Heatmiser, Elliott Smith, the new Pavement record is unbelievable, and there's some really good Australian music happening, Dirty Three, Sandpit, Gaslight Radio". Pete's addition to this conversation is economical, "Ditto". Paul adds, "things like Jawbreaker, Liz Phair, No FX, Uncle Tupelo, I guess that's the stuff I've been listening to for a while. Oh, and I'm a recent Polvo convert in the last 12 months, oh definitely". Of the process involved in producing a full length album (the band's previous efforts include the 1994 EP *Animus Elvis*, and a few singles released between 1993 and 1996), Max explains: "It was just an unbelievably enjoyable experience. We just laid down all the beds - basic gui-

it and then going up and hearing what other people had done and just doing it in a really unhurried fashion was good because we didn't have two weeks where it was THE ALBUM. It wasn't like it took over our lives for that period but it was nice just to have it as an ongoing project. I hadn't anticipated it would work so well, but I'm really pleased with it as a process."

This all sounds bloody blissful, and when asked about their favourite moments during the recording of the album, the arcadian aspect of the whole process floods out in a wave of unrestrainedly drippy nostalgia: (Max) "The studio where we recorded was just absolutely a plush spot in the Adelaide Hills looking out over a green valley. It was all enjoyable, very hard to pick a highlight". Paul didn't have the same trouble Max did: "A particularly enjoyable thing for me was one day when Max and I had gone up there recording and I'd gone for a bit of a walk away from the studio, which is in this valley, so it's just like looking out onto this scenic hill thing when Max was doing the bit that comes at the end

The recording process went reasonable smoothly, although Max hints at some regret about a song called, "Cool Breeze, Tight Squeeze", which never really came together: "the bed track never really cut it and we were constantly trying to repair it, so that was a shame". On the other hand, Paul will attest that the song "The Kids Are Alright", a moody little piece from bassist Pete, "had been OK, but the version we recorded is so much better than we'd ever played it. It's like a fully realised version of that song". This leads on to questions about the production techniques used on the album, such as the backward drumming on the final track, "This Glittering Night of Nights", backward guitar on "What Should Already Be Known", and a Casio(!) on "Charity Kiss": (Max) "There were some definite spur of the moment things that were really enjoyable".

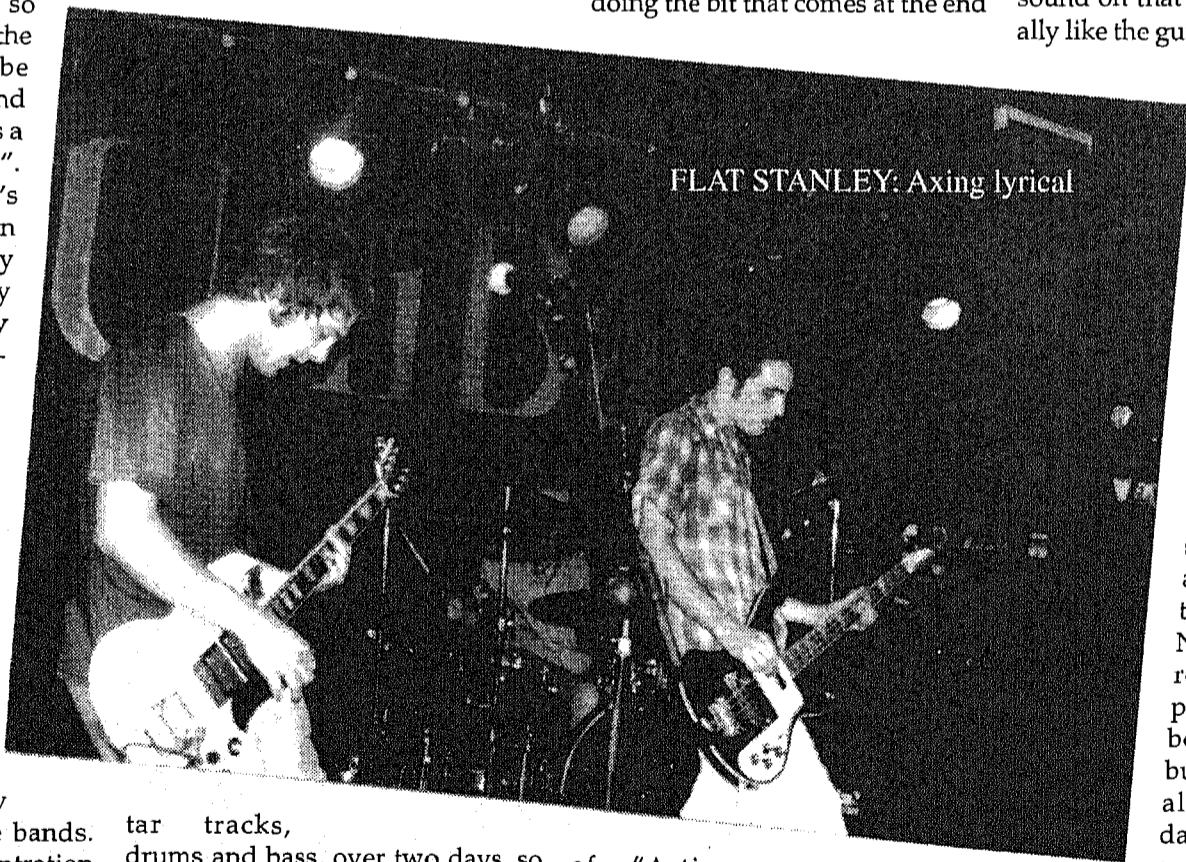
As for personal favourites, Pete opts for "The Great Unknown", "more for the general sounds achieved and the way we played them". Paul goes for the last three songs on the album, especially "This Glittering Night of Nights": "it's just about as good as that song can sound. The drum sound on that is awesome and I really like the guitar parts". And Max,

well: "It's quite amazing that I still really enjoy playing a lot of the songs live, "Charity Kiss" is always a hoot, and "The Great Unknown". And what about the title? (Pete): "Paul's argument was...that a lot of the songs were inward looking, lyrically, and mood-wise, so it seemed like an appropriate title for the record".

Now that the album is released, the band plan to tour to Melbourne to promote it, but, as Paul puts it, "it's always hard to get dates. I think we're still a pretty low priority on most booker's books".

But with recent gigs at the 1997 Big Day Out, and support spots for You Am I and Spiderbait, Flat Stanley are inexorably raising their profile about town. The release of *Intravaganza* can only really add to this band's growing, and deserved, reputation.

Paul Lobban
(With thanks to Max and Jared Bertram)



FLAT STANLEY: Axing lyrical

tar tracks, drums and bass, over two days, so that was a bit of an ordeal...we were pretty exhausted. It's basically incredibly enjoyable, the whole concept of doing an album was a bit of a rock dream." Paul adds that, "Because it was more done song by song, I wasn't mindful of thinking of it as an album until we were piecing it together and working out what songs we'd have... the way of recording, going up and doing a little bit then having a chance to think about

of "Action New Perspective" (from the album) and there's this fantastic, enormous sound filling the valley and hearing it coming back from the other side of the hills. It was a beautiful afternoon and just this incredible sound". Now this may sound just a bit too good to be true, but if you have heard the end of "Action New Perspective", this scene would bring a tingle to the stoniest of spines.

Susie's Snippets

Silverchair are freaking the world!!

Silverchair have just announced their short (but sweet) series of Australian shows around late March/

early April. Despite their worldwide success with new album *Freak Show* (one million copies in four weeks) Silverchair are taking the time out to visit Australia in their Easter Break. Word has it that they're "really looking forward to getting home and doing some gigs" (why thanks Ben!)

These fine young Australians will be in Adelaide on Saturday March 29 and will play at Adelaide Uni (Cloisters) with Pangaea, Sin Dog Jelly Roll, Rash, Bloodsucking Freaks & others.

◆◆◆

New Local Outfit are Roasting

Nice music played by three equally nice men.....that is, The Sunday Roast will be delighting Adelaide peoples on Saturday March 15 (9pm-10pm) at the Interactive Art Gallery, Hindley St. Looking forward to it boys!

◆◆◆

They Might Be Giants - but they still like the little guys!

They call the radio-friendly tune S - E - X - X - Y the bands first ode to getting it on and they'll be showing us exactly how it's done when they come to visit later this month. **THEY MIGHT BE GI-**

ANTS are spreading their unique musical message in Australia in the month of March courtesy of Adrian Bohm, Triple J and Rip It Up. TMBG will be at Heaven on Tuesday, March 25 (tickets can be bought from all the usual outlets) - don't miss them!!

◆◆◆

Helga fans listen up.....

Helga have been busy in the last couple of months - playing at festivals and some huge shows. Join them at The Producers Hotel on Thursday March 13 with Niki Wallace (playing acoustically). THEN on Saturday, March 15 catch Helga play with legendary rockers THE CELIBATE RIFLES at The Tivoli. Helga's *Everybody Knows* debut CD is available at gigs and most record stores - check it out!

◆◆◆

No South American Music at WOMADELAIDE!!

Don't worry, because...ILLAPU (pronounced: "EE-YA-POO") are bringing their sunny South American style to every corner of the country in April. Latin Oz Entertainment and EMI Music Australia are proud to present Illapu, the strength and pride of Chile traveling to Adelaide to dish out superb South American rhythms at the Thebarton Theatre 16 April, 1997. Tickets available through Venuetix.

◆◆◆

P.S.

If anyone would like to have their up-and-coming events/gigs/CD releases etc. included in 'Susie's Snippets', all you have to do is: leave a little (or BIG) message for Susie c/- On Dit.

I was a little delayed in seeing the beginning acts of the O'Ball due to a slight differing of opinion at the door (for the record - I was actually reviewing the event for On Dit). However, I did manage to catch the end of the first (and original) Triple J Unearthed band from Lismore - Grinspoon - who rocked out hard (good stuff!). The SuperJesus were up next and it was nice to see that they'd taken the time out of their busy recording schedule to deliver the fine quality set that Adelaidians are getting used to.

After the high volume moshing and dancing to the SuperJesus the crowd generally seemed a little subdued although as far as I could see they equally as good as the previous act (the enthusiastic response and mouthing along to the words "I heard it on the radio" would seem to suggest that that's exactly where these folks gained most of their attention).

While the magical-yet-strangely-dirty sounds were echoing from the cloisters I was doing my bit in supporting local talent and bopped along to Adelaide band Wendyhouse. I swear these guys just get better and better every time I see them - nice mellow tunes and a high tempo 'poppy' tune just when you really need it.

Following Wendyhouse was The Miltons (another Adelaide band) who have been doing quite a lot of delightful experimentation with their songs (now we have Renate, Zack & Jed singing - however not all at the one time!) although at this stage people were probably too pissed to notice!

1.10am saw Header head on to the left hand side of the Cloisters Stage and me head down to see them. Maybe it was musically inspired, or maybe it was due to alcohol over-consumption (at the O'Ball!!!!) but the dancing exhibited was something absolutely out of this world (having just come from

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WOMADelaide I thought that nothing would surprise me - dancing-wise!).

Apart from the bands I also paid a little visit to see the big man himself- Mr HMC in the Games Room and there seemed to be a lot of bodies lurching and driving to the tracks (how many more times can I say 'good stuff'?!). While I realise this was only one part of the night I gather that the Games Room activities were pretty successful - as was the Cinema area (even though I was 'standing in someone else's spot' when I entered that particular zone).

Well, another O'Ball down (and many people in the same position by the end of the night) and golly gosh wasn't it fun - to all who were there, and 'tough' to those who didn't come....you missed out!!!

ROCK ST*RZ

ROCK ST*RZ

What's your name?

L e a n a Kazmierczak

How old are you?

19

What's the name of your band?

Brunatex



When is your next gig?

Sunday, March 16 @ The Producers

How long has the band been around for?

6 Months

How long have you been playing drums/guitar/bass/violin/saxophone for?

Guitar - 2 Years

What made you decide to start playing?

It's quick and easy!

What was the first CD or record that you ever bought?

Icehouse - *Man of Colours* (I didn't actually buy it - just taped it off someone else and only listened to the singles).

Who's your favourite author? What's your favourite book?

possibly *1984* by George Orwell

Who's your favourite actor and what's your favourite film?

1) It's been Noah Taylor for years - a bit trendy I guess!
2) I don't have a favourite film but *Leaving Las Vegas* was the last good one I saw.

Have you got a favourite TV show?

Yes. [something tells me we have to re-work this question]

Who's your favourite band/vocal artist? What's your favourite song?

Band: The Smiths

Song: 'Last Night I Dreamt Somebody Loved Me' - usually the most consistent ones!

What's your signature drink?

Rainwater

After a rock & roll star what's the thing you really want to be in life?

A Homemaker

You're having a party and God comes down to tell you that he can pick any 10 famous people you want, dead or alive, and he'll make them come down. Who do you choose?

Ten Jonnos (from Brunatex).....to liven them up a bit!

What's your last word to all the kids out there?

Stars ends with an "S"

HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, SELF-ABUSER! THE FAUVES TRY US AGAIN.

Adelaide has been notoriously recalcitrant (to use a polite, sort of, term) to take to the Fauves bent interpretation of the world around them. I have a friend who has been a fan for a long time, way before "Dogs are the Best People", and recalls standing with two-like minded friends as almost the whole audience for a Fauves show. But thanks to youth radio networks and the populace suddenly deciding they like them, the Fauves are coming off their most commercially successful year. With two songs in the 1996 Hottest 100, and their latest single, "Don't Get Desperate" about to be unleashed (ha ha) on us, the dog-loving self-pleasers are about to try their luck here again.

The Fauves, however, don't see their career as necessarily being on a trajectory to the stars just because every second person in the street is humming a tune about the emancipatory joys of personal genital manipulation they wrote. Andy from the band, whilst admitting that 1996 was their most successful year, also admits that they don't really set themselves targets and are aware that the next record could be just as big or "could completely stiff...we just want to make records and play shows and the rest will pan out".

If any band should feel slightly bemused at their sudden reception into the hearts of the listening public at large after toiling away at their own thing to a largely indifferent response, it is the Fauves. But they don't care enough to feel bemused. The unpredictability of the business they're in is exemplified by the fact that, according to the band, the last album was not all that different from anything they'd done beforehand, but that little tune about loving dogs just seemed to do it for the punters: "I guess we just got lucky in some ways with a song like "Dogs...", we never really thought about it but in hindsight it just sort of, I don't know, tapped some sort of chord, I suppose, which led to it being played to the amount

that it got played. That's just one of those things, some songs really click with people and other ones don't. I don't think there's any real formula, or not one that we've been able to apply". "Dogs Are the Best People" and "Self Abuser" are probably part of our collective consciousness now, which should help things along on their upcoming shows.

The band is presently embarking on a national tour which will arrive in Adelaide in early April. After that they head into the studio to record a new album which could be out later in the year. Consistent with their general philosophy, if "we take what comes" qualifies as a philosophy, Andy says they have no real plan as to what will come out of this time in the studio: "we're still in the process, really, of just learning a whole bunch of songs and once we've done that we'll probably have more of an idea of whether it's going to be a quieter record or a louder record or whatever. We tend to wait and see what comes out without really trying to direct it consciously".

And what of this alleged antipathy toward Adelaide? "I like Adelaide as a place", says Andy, but "Adelaide is the hardest place to pull a crowd", something not isolated to the Fauves' experience. That being said, they have had some uninspiring moments in the Land of Olsen; "we've had some appalling shows in Adelaide, but we tend to look at that pretty humorously rather than holding any resentment towards the city or its people, it's all pretty much tongue in cheek [but] it has been a while since we played much in Adelaide, so it will be interesting to see if our popularity has grown at all or whether we're still the complete nobodies we've been on the many times we've visited in the past". As Kent Brockman might say, "only TIME will tell."

The Fauves play Adelaide Uni on 11 April & Flinders Uni on 12 April.

Paul Lobban

JESUS ATE MY PICK-UP

I
I was drivin' through the wilderness
I stopped the car to take a piss
When I saw a bright light in the sky (yahoo)

There was a ringin' in my ear
The music of the stratosphere
And a funky angel wearing a string tie.

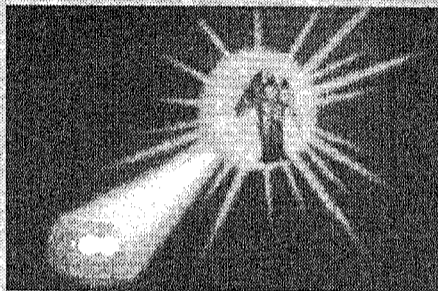
Chorus:
Sing 'Glory Halleluyah'
And a great big 'Hey y'all' to ya
The angel of the lord
Has a 4x4 on board

I put Satan in the trash
And an icon on my dash
Now my stick-shift is a brightly burnin' Sword

II:
I sure felt like a turkey
When I offered him some
Jerky
Cos Christ was vegetar-
ian
And only ate Bean curd

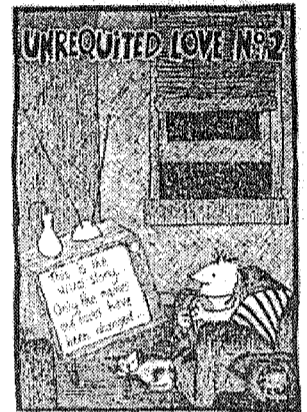
But I felt a little better
When he gave me a Baretta
And sent me out to go and spread the word.
(Repeat Chorus)

by Dave Bloustien & James Morrison



You Know When You Feel....

You know when you feel like screaming so hard wishing the pain will go away?
You know when you feel like throwing everything around you;
smashing them into bits and pieces;
wishing the pain will go away?
You know when you feel the pain inside is so strong and when you look around and no one's there to kiss it better?
You know when you feel like crying to ease the pain;
and when you do the tears are burning your cheeks;
seeping through your skin and make one big hole in your heart?;
soak you into its pitch black dark-
ness;
numb your body, mind and soul?
Have you been hurt so bad like me
and wishing that you can hurt that
person back?
But you know I won't ... and I can't...
That's the last thing I wanna do
Yeah, right ... that's what he said,
too.
Maybe I'm acting like a fool
But, hey man... what can I do?
For he's the one I gave my heart to
And he's the one who steps on it, too
Great ... FUCK YOU!!!



By Cinta

She spins and spins
to the dizzying throb of music
swirling beneath the mirrorball
Spilling fragments of light
over the sad gallery
of portraits
littering the well worn
dancefloor...



The battered couch
listens to the sad tale
of him...
wallowing, blissfully unconscious in the corner
alcohol soaked spit...
sliding down his chin

Slouched in the purple glow
of UV light
Head spinning....careering...
with far too much of whatever he's on
Somehow slipping, spiraling towards
some unknown oblivion
which only he can
fathom....

Splayed in the corner
Knickers showing
Some girl dull eyed
Cheeks black from weeping
mumbling...why...why me again...
...why men...?
hoping she won't remember
tomorrow....

...I am she and he and all
As I spin beneath
my Mirrorball.

Anon

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by Jeanette Winterson

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*Prose, poetry, comics, drawings, just about
anything will be considered. The submission
box is down in the ON DIT office. Written work
will be best received typed and under 1500 words.
A name and phone number (not for publication)
must be included.*

Once she's Hooked.....

Hooked
Leigh Warren & dancers
Thursday 27 February -
Saturday 1 March
Madley Dance Theatre

Hooked, a dance piece by Leigh Warren, is a view of life, love and sexuality - a quest for love in flesh and fantasy. In a dream world that mirrors the real world, Leigh Warren's dancers explore the theme of human relationships - relationships that are eternal, yet transient as a touch. Carrying all the marks of genius - simplicity, complexity, poetry, logic and a sense of humour - *Hooked* is a profound work of theatre, a work that suggests that dance is surely the purest art form of all. The set - a thousand lipsticks suspended like chessboard pieces from the ceiling on long strings of fishing wire, forming a flimsy cage around the stage. Between the lipsticks, pairs of sunglasses. In the middle of the stage, a mattress covered by a white sheet - four white pillows. At the back, a panel of blue crystal, glowing like the door to another world. In silence - in darkness - three dancers tiptoe around the audience and onto the stage. A red-head girl so skinny that she looks like a boy - wearing nothing but black satin hot-pants and dangling ear-

rings - begins a silent routine on the bed. She is joined by two men (I call them Mr Clean-Cut and Mr Cool). The three enact a tragedy of connections and broken connections - pairing up, splitting, touching, breaking away. With mime, gymnastics, movement and dance they are never less than spellbinding. Silence. Darkness. Mr Clean-Cut relinquishes his shirt to Red-head. Three more dancers - two girls and a guy - swarm the stage. Someone strikes a match. It flares for a moment and dies away. To the sound of weeping violins and discordant piano notes, the six dancers interact - pairing, splitting, seducing, rejecting - in all possible combinations. Either they are full-blooded characters, with faces mirroring their lascivious thoughts, or empty-eyed figures like rag-dolls jerked on strings. Yet they are more than contortionists, more than marionettes; nothing ever looks unnatural. They move with the sauntering grace of twenty-somethings playing it cool, then with the animal grace of ten-year-old children running around at a party. They slither like snakes, stretch like cats. Three couples evolve - two girls, two guys, and a girl and a guy. A tape-recorded voice talks about "The Doors Of Perception". Music turns funky. A discotheque with

flashing coloured lights. The fishing wire and lipsticks glow like a city of tiny chandeliers. The girls (Red-head, Bleach-blonde and Toffee-coloured girl) get sassy up the back while the guys (Mr Clean-Cut, Mr Cool and Mr Tough) play macho down the front. They all do funky moves (a la some tacky film clip) to the noise of tribal drums. Folk music - violins and percussion. The dancers sweat as the music gradually turns industrial, with the violins replaced by electronic noise. Percussion and bleeps. They dance like crazy people, with wild, spasmodic movements - people on drugs. Toffee-coloured girl has a fey, impish smile on her face. Mr Tough makes a show of putting on a pair of sunglasses. Red-head plays her tricks and the sunglasses are relinquished to her; she puts them on, grinning. The sound of wind-chimes. In the background, Gregorian-chant-like voices sing "HM". The couples form again to enact the ritual of seduction; all move with the complete confidence and complete humility of top-calibre professionals. A faceless voice makes a speech ending with the words "Kiss Me". The dancers break the silence with echoes. "Kiss me," "Kiss me," "Kiss me," "Kiss me." Crickets chirp in the silence. The panel

of blue crystal becomes a giant mirror, a giant blackboard, a giant picture frame. The dancers are people crawling out of the picture, evolving inside the picture. Toffee-coloured girl climbs and sits on the top of the frame, reaching down. Bleach-blonde and Mr Tough fill the frame with body-shapes, like twisting shadows. The hour-long performance is over too soon - the lights are switched on, the spell is broken. The six dancers take bows reflected infinitely in the mirrors of Madley Dance Theatre. Top honours to Toffee-coloured girl (Rachel Jenson) - my pick of the dancers. Awe and admiration all round - for Red-head (Delia Silvan), Bleach-blonde (Michele Buday), Mr Clean-Cut (Peter Sheedy), Mr Cool (John Leathart) and Mr Tough (Csaba Buday). Complete devotion to Leigh Warren and the music-makers - especially Adelaide-based composer Stuart Day. The divine set was designed by Mary Moore. Yes - I'll admit it. I'm HOOKED. I can't recommend this show highly enough. It's stunning - touching - comical - absorbing. With the season finished, I can only suggest that you keep your eyes peeled for its return.

Alice Ray

MAKE ME LARF 'N' FART

International Comedy Festival

Gear yourselves up for that bi-annual laugh fest, the Funny Business International Comedy Festival. Although officially launched last week, on the 26th of February, the real action starts this week. The little burg of Adelaide (as I would describe it) will "come alive", become "sensational" and will induce other poorly thought of slogans that make us all want to dry retch. Some of the many venues that are dotted throughout Adelaide include the Thebby (Thebarton theatre), Boltz Cafe, The Stag (for all of you trendies), Ye Olde Adelaide Gaol, Gate 1 bar (hey we've got to give them something) and the Royalty theatre. Take the time to pick up one of those lovely brochures which are conveniently dotted throughout the many cafes and eateries and peruse the gamut of comedic talent that awaits all of us lucky punters. One of the great venues that will continue on the basis of last festival's success is the Sin Bin, grab a cup of coffee (or something stronger), have a great laugh with comedians, poets and musicians, well into the early hours of the morning. Look upon the festival as an opportunity to discover all of the little nooks and cran-

nies that are dotted throughout Rundle Street, as temporary theatres proliferate like a pair of rabbits on heat. Woe is me you cry, I have no money, I am but a poor and lowly uni student, I cannot afford to see any shows. Well, The Campus Comedy Card may be the answer, for \$10 you get discounts to every show, a ticket to see the Director's Choice comedy show, as well as free entry to the Sin Bin every night of the festival - buy them from the SAUA. Get stuck into it, you've got no excuses and have a laugh or two for us at On Dit, your loyal slaves. If you are into package deals, why not see one of the BEST OF THE FEST shows? The lineups offer an opportunity to see some of the best acts at a similar price to seeing one act. Shows are on the 14th and 15th of March @ the Royalty Theatre.



THEATRE NOTICEBOARD

UP-COMING EVENTS

THEATRE:

A Midsummer Nights Dream,

The Royal Shakespeare Company, March 13th-15th.

Lysistrata

Adelaide Uni Theatre Guild, March 3-8, 10-15.

Othello Independent Theatre, March 14-29.

Charley's Aunt

Elizabeth Repertory Company, 28th Feb. to Mar. 15th.

DANCE:

Bonehead

Chunky Move Productions, March 5-8th.

Loco,

Liana Vargas, March 12-15th.

GENERAL INFO

Funny Business Comedy Festival, ON NOW!!



My Ass Hurts! Part 3.

This week we continue to delve into *And the Ass Saw the Angel*. We have now reached the stage where the script is about to become reality, as you can see the process is difficult and arduous. I hope you are enjoying these articles...

Brand 'X' Theatre Inc.

On my first read, "And the Ass Saw the Angel" took four months to complete. On my second - six hours. Now the task was to transpose the text into an hour performance. God, why only an hour? Because audience attention spans are limited nowadays, and less is more in theatre. This beginning step in the process is crucial in the success of the project, for if the script sucks - so will the performance. It was soon agreed that the script would be a 'cut and paste' job from the novel, using Nick Cave's text that had inspired us so many months prior, with a focus on the important plot lines and central characters within the book. We set about deconstructing the entire novel into a series of one sentence summaries for easy reference during the editing process. Then we handed it over to Fiona - the projects Dramaturge, with the objective of finding the most important areas within the story in which to focus on, and which held the most exciting theatrical possibilities.

Being successful in our S.A.Y.A.B grant not only meant that we now had funds to create the work, but that we had a legal obligation to fulfill the objectives we had "made up" in our application. Often an application is a concept in which you elaborate on and is not entirely based on fact - now we've received the funding

cheque it's got to become fact!... and its got to be good. Firstly it was imperative that the personnel we had detailed in the document were actually willing and available to do the task we had constructed for them. Although it is fairly easy to convince an artist when funding's involved, there is always that fear that he/she may have changed their mind, forgotten you exist, or slipped into a coma since the month or two had passed between correspondence. Secondly, permission needs to be granted from the author himself, which entails late night phone calls to London and weeks of sweating between request and the final OK. Then venue and performance dates need to be set in order that rehearsal schedules and publicity timetables can begin to operate in conjunction with the set performance deadline.

Now that the concept was to become reality, it was important that the hard work that would be put into the project over the next twelve or so weeks would have the appropriate dates in which to perform within. The timing of a public event is crucial in a State where cultural entertainment is not generally popular in favour of re-runs of 'The Nanny'. It would be useless if months of preparation, litres of sweat and more additions to the every growing number of grey hairs and zits were all for twenty or so audience members to enjoy. No! If my life is going on hold, and all my relationships are going to break up, and if I was going to revert back to alcoholism during the process of this project, IT WILL BE FOR THE HOARDS - GOD DAMN IT! The trend over recent years has been to-

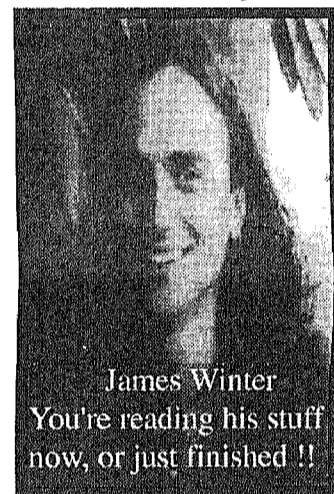
wards festivals, with many fantastic performances terminating over poor attendances in off-festival years. With the ever growing success of the Adelaide Festival and Fringe, the many local council, ethnic and food/wine festivals springing up almost overnight have made the general public appreciate entertainment on mass. Luckily the staff at Carclew Youth Arts Centre were busily coordinating a youth arts festival around Easter 1997.

The Australian Festival for Young People (A.F.Y.P) began operation last year after some paranoid committee members felt the former name, Come Out, would encourage all of the State's littlies to experiment with wanton homosexuality - as you do! Its role is to curate performance events which either tour schools or are targeted at the younger, under 16 generations. Within this festival operates a smaller Fringe festival called "1st Site". The purpose of "1st Site" is to showcase young and emerging work created by artists under 26 years of age, a perfect opportunity to get a glimpse of the new directions in artistic endeavour for the future. Established two years ago by an advisory committee (what isn't?) of young artists and an enthusiastic, charismatic, tireless project officer from Carclew, the group organised and executed a successful festival at the Lion Arts Centre. And if your on a good thing.... This year the vision is tighter, with the main festival (named Take Over) sharing resources, venues and hopefully audiences with the 'new blood'. Brand 'X' thought this to be the perfect arena for the premier of 'And the Ass Saw the Angel'. Getting involved

in a festival means that there is already a potential audience available, you also get publicity and association with something that is bigger than yourselves... all important factors when vying for that bum to sit on your seat.

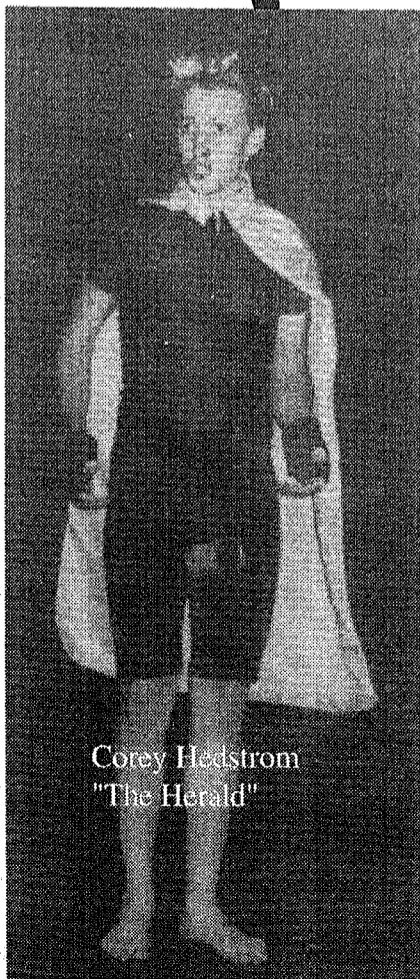
Negotiation began with the festival coordinators as to the projects inclusion into the "1st Site" programme. We were requested to submit a proposal for an advisory committee to give their approval. Although all these committees and applications that an artist has to go through to get a work up and happening seem like allot of wasted energy and time, peer assessment of your ideas, concepts and work is important for the growth of art and culture within the community, not to mention the fact it prevents you from bullshitting your way through it all.

Shortly after we received notification that "And the Ass..." would become a core performance event within "1st Site". Now all we need is a script!



James Winter
You're reading his stuff
now, or just finished !!

Keep 'em legs crossed girls!



Corey Hedstrom
"The Herald"

Lysistrata
Adelaide University Theatre Guild
Monday, March 3rd.
Little Theatre.

Lysistrata, written by Aristophanes sometime between 448-380BC has to be one of the funniest plays ever written in the history of mankind. The story of women saving their world from disaster by abstaining from sex with their husbands until they stop fighting their war appeals to audiences from any millennia.

So how does the Theatre Guild deal with the story? Well, for one they have updated the story, throughout the performance there are asides covering many topical issues. Although in my opinion there were not enough and this gave me the impression that they were added in simply as a token gesture. For the most part, the dialogue closely followed the original text which is great for all of those purists out there. There were times when the delivery was poor or rushed, sometimes on a punch line

which was highly frustrating. Visually, the performance manages to hold your attention (at least most of the time). The women mince around the stage in lingerie and short dresses, whilst the chorus of old men are fitted out in baggy pants, golf caps and trench coats. The staging was adjusted to the more traditional stage of the Little Theatre, good use was made of the upper and lower levels, as well as stairs, and generally the transition worked. Overall, this created an intimate atmosphere, but the play suffered when staging required a character to face in towards the stage and away from the audience meaning that important dialogue was lost. Unfortunately at various times throughout the performance I felt that continuity was low and it tended to drag, particularly during the important middle sections. The lack of action was occasionally broken up by an amusing interruption as a new character entered the stage but generally the play did not flow. The main character Lysistrata; played by Billie-

Joe Cook, was portrayed professionally yet somehow lacked vigour, whilst the stand out performance came from Anke Willems who played Calonice; a cross between Shirley Purvis and a saucy nymph. The rest of the cast provided good support for the main characters, yet generally they were insufficient in dealing with the themes on an engaging level. Perhaps it was just first night nerves or something more serious, this production is less entertaining than the Guild (and the play) is capable of. If you like light entertainment interspersed with an occasional laugh then by all means see this play, for something a little less pedestrian try something else.

Courtney Squires

It's Life, Bill, But Not As We Know It...

Star Trek Memories
Star Trek Movie Memories
William Shatner with Chris Kreski
Voyager
\$14.95 each

Trekkies will, of course, rush out and buy these two volumes, but there is plenty for students and others interested in: media studies; twentieth-century television and cinema; and the anthropology of political discourse. Then there are those who just like a good read, especially one filled with Machiavellian behind-the-scenes power struggles. And for those of us who believed James T. Kirk, starship captain, was an extension of Bill Shatner, actor, (eg "We come in peace, shoot to kill"; professional 'pain-in-the-arse', disliked intensely by Nichelle Nichols and James Doohan *et alia*) there are a few surprises in store.

These are subjective reminiscences of the original *Star Trek* television series and the seven *Star Trek* movies (up to *Generations*) which are, surprisingly, 'warts-and-all'. Bill Shatner admits to his shortcomings and foibles, and essentially apologises for having offended any of the cast members of the original crew. I suspect he was unprepared for the attacks on his persona, in

print, by the aforementioned Nichols and Doohan - he appears genuinely hurt when discussing their strained relations on and off the respective sets - but deals with them with the same humour that is constantly present throughout these "exposés". The real nitty-gritty, however, lies in the personal rivalries and NBC television network politics (later replaced by Paramount's politics) which weave sinuously around Shatner's accounts of hilarious practical jokes, buffoonery, and his close friendships with Gene Roddenberry, Leonard Nimoy and DeForest Kelley.

The details of how Gene Roddenberry created his "Wagon Train to the stars" are well-documented elsewhere, but Shatner adds wonderful anecdotes that enliven and entertain. CBS had originally been offered *Star Trek* and called Roddenberry in to "pick his brains". After three hours of interrogation he was sent packing, and later CBS started their own series, *Lost In Space*. NBC accepted Gene's proposal, and the rest, as they say, is history. It wasn't all plain sailing: the script writers (including Roddenberry) wrote many thoughtful, controversial and confronting stories which explored the human

condition and inter-species contact, as well as tongue-in-cheek (and some not so) humorous episodes; the problem was that the network executives wanted action and romance on a cheap budget, so the cast frequently got to throw themselves backwards and forwards on the bridge of the *U.S.S Enterprise* as it came under attack and Kirk, the (apparently) quintessential macho heterosexual, got to drool over every pretty face, pink, green or blue, that came his way. Bill Shatner details THAT kiss with Nichelle Nichols, to be the first inter-racial kiss on an American television series, but executives again interfered, and it was shot from two different angles: one which showed the kiss in close-up; and one from over Kirk's shoulder which did not show actual lip contact. Guess which one the network went with? And so it goes.

That the films ever got made at all, given the constant politicking, jostling for control, rewrites and penny-pinching (at least after *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*) which Shatner goes into in detail, is due in no little part to the fierce loyalty that the *Star Trek* family displayed throughout production of the first six. Gene Roddenberry's gradual loss of control over the

screenplays and his failing health are dealt with compassionately and with gentle humour; Gene's ambushing of rewrites as they passed through his office, and his substitution of same with his own work caused no end of confusion and resulted in his being removed from the chain of command, but the anecdotes supplied by Shatner elicit humour rather than pathos.

Star Trek: Generations was to have been the first *Next Generation* movie, but audiences appreciated the "official" death of James T. Kirk and, in a sense, it is a 'handing-over' film which brings into contrast the characters of old and new captains, of the changing state (in real life) of twentieth-century mores and cultural values, projected as they are into the fictional future of the *Star Trek* universe.

I have avoided giving too much away because these books are full of insights and surprises which don't need to be spoiled for the reader. I hope your appetite has been whetted and offer that Bill Shatner (via the co-authorship with Chris Kreski) has written, with complete candour, a behind-the-scenes look at what is a worldwide phenomenon, the *Star Trek* universe. Live long and prosper.

Paul C Woods

Siblings: Who Needs 'em?

Letters & Liars: Norman Lindsay and the Lindsay Family

Joanna Mendelsohn
Harper Collins
\$19.95

This is undoubtedly an important book: as the blurb on the cover suggests, "the Lindsay family of artists and writers - Norman and his siblings Lionel, Percy, Ruby, Daryl, wife Rose and son Jack - dominated Australian cultural life for much of this century. Their lives have been mythologised as authentic Australian artistic heroes". This biography is important because Mendelsohn de-mythologises (but does not debunk) the Lindsay legend and in doing so creates a fascinating diorama, for this book is indeed a spectacular picture, partly translucent, exhibited through the aperture of her narration, and illuminated via the devices of the extant Lindsay papers, papers by others caught up in the myth, and reminiscences by the surviving family members. The three-dimensional effect is enhanced by constant reference to the rapidly changing world around the Lindsays, whether that be the immediate surrounds of Creswick, Springwood, urban Australia, or the world-at-large, devastated by the First World War and later rebuilding after the Second.

Letters & Liars is also a de-

fective story. Mendelsohn, as researcher, when precluded from access to manuscripts (for example the Norman Lindsay Papers in Manuscript 742 in the Mitchell Library, State Library of NSW, were bequeathed by Rose Lindsay on condition they not be accessed until twenty-five years after her death in 1978 [6]) must resort to other investigative methods: she locates family members, often finding that hunches and simply asking the right questions are aided by her sensitive approach to the subject and to her interviewees, pay dividends in that (in the main) they open-up to her and often produce unrecorded personal papers. Indeed, after uncovering details at odds with the contents of John Hetherington's *Norman Lindsay: The Embattled Olympian* (1973), Mendelsohn thought that Hetherington knew much more than he could publish at the time and that "the subject (of the biography) had dominated the author" (169): a view vindicated when she gained access to his notes and papers.

Sibling relationships are problematic and complex. In the case of the Lindsay family, where ten children were born to Robert and Jane Lindsay, the close-knit relationships of childhood became, later in life, shifting allegiances and alliances, with the letters between the ageing siblings often

spiteful, manipulative and vindictive. The perceived mistreatment of the unfortunate youngest, Isabel, born when her mother was in her forties, is made graphic by references in various letters to "the moron" (152) and the indifference of Mary's reference to "the hypochondriac" (153) when Isabel has developed arthritis of the spine! This biography also explores how Norman, in particular, attempted to sanitise his past for posterity by reinventing, with Mary (his "most continuous correspondent" [121]), past events and modifying their own personas (at least in papers) to lend credence to the Lindsay myth.

Norman made many overtly racist statements: "Hitler did a service by killing so many [Jews]" (207) is one example. As a hedonist and painter of sensuality he viewed the British art establishment as prudish yet seemingly despised Percy's homosexuality, and was surrounded by misogynists in his later years. Rose was shunned by 'polite' society when she was Norman's mistress, yet was later partially accepted as 'the Artist's wife'. As Mendelsohn observes: "reading Rose's barbed accounts of social snubs was to be confronted yet again with the shock of how much attitudes have changed in less than one lifetime" (59). Each of the siblings and their respective families and coteries are given

space in *Letters & Liars*, but of course it is Norman, Rose and, to a lesser extent Mary, who share the spotlight, with the triumphs and tragedies of a predominantly artistic family forming both backdrop and play. The author deals in depth with the banning, in Australia, of *Redheap* (1930) until 1957, and gives valid reasons why the censorship had more to do with prudence than prudery.

Unlike biographies written entirely in the third person, Mendelsohn is present in the text, detailing her own quest for the truth, sprinkling the narrative with anecdotes and personal observations, and by reproducing conversations with her human sources. This is not authorial intrusion, however, but authorial commentary, which adds an immediacy to some passages, an authenticity to others, and enables a feminist perspective which redresses the gendered bias of previously male-oriented accounts of the Lindsay myth. Having said that, I would offer that those accounts must not be seen as flawed *per se*, but as being anchored in the socio-political and socio-cultural specificity of the time of their creation: in other words, each discourse entered into is a product of its times and should be seen as such.

Paul C Woods

Close, But No Cigar.

The Memory Cathedral

Jack Dann
Flamingo
\$22.95

Leonardo da Vinci. Niccolo Machiavelli. Sandro Botticelli. Andrea del Verrocchio. Lorenzo de Medici. Cristoforo Columbus. Impressive names from Renaissance Italy, and all characters in Jack Dann's *The Memory Cathedral*.

The publicity blurb claims this as a novel comparable with Umberto Eco's *The Name Of The Rose*. Not having read Mr. Eco's esteemed novel, I can't really comment on this, but it did remind me - in a way - of E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*. Both are set in times of great technical and cultural change - late 15th century Italy and early 20th century America - and both use historical figures as characters.

Of course, there are significant differences. Where Doctorow bases his story around lesser-known entities and brings the celebrities in as cameo figures, Dann takes the riskier

option of choosing possibly the greatest figure of the time - Leonardo da Vinci - and using him as the novel's central character. Leonardo flees a Florence in the throes of civil war between the Medici and Pazzi families, and travels to Egypt, across Arabia, and on to Persia (a journey which may actually have happened), where his machines of war and his gliders are put into action. The novel is supposed to be an exploration of the man, his drives, loves, friends, and fabulous inventions (these last are authentic enough - it is based on Leonardo's own journals), but unfortunately it doesn't quite hit the mark.

You see, the most lauded features of this book are the thoroughness of the research (and the resulting authenticity) and the notion that it could really have happened. These

are completely undermined by Dann's - admitted - deliberate ageing of Niccolo Machiavelli to be apprentice to the young Leonardo. Also, Leonardo became interested in flight while working in Milan - some time *after* the novel is set, yet Dann feels compelled to make it one of his driving impulses. Thus the two strongest driving forces behind Leonardo's actions - the desire to fly, and his concern for Niccolo - are fictions, and the reader can no longer take his character seriously. And with that, the novel crumbles.

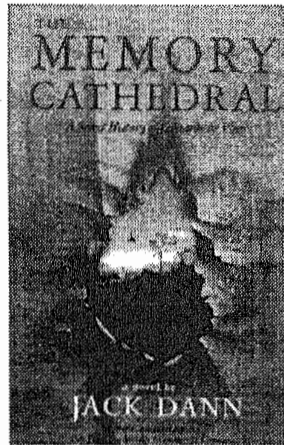
Thus, as character gives way to caricature, we can only regard *The Memory Cathedral* as an adventure yarn. And, alas, it fails here, too. It is too slow to be gripping, and contains too much *attempted* character development - particularly in re-

gard to Leonardo's love life - to satisfy as a swashbuckler, and ultimately leaves the reader cold. It's just a little too hard to care. In trying to be both an absorbing psychological study and an historical adventure story, it fails to be either. Dann, in his intricate image, tries to stride on two levels, but somehow falls between them.

For all of its faults, though, *The Memory Cathedral* does have some good points. Dann's depiction of Renaissance Florence is entirely believable (I can't say it's accurate - I wasn't there), particularly the hatred between the Medici and Pazzi families. The character of Sandro Botticelli is quite believable, showing the deeply spiritual Christianity that comes through in his paintings. And Dann can write - there is some beautiful prose in this novel. It's just a shame that his ambition has exceeded his abilities.

Overall opinion: almost, but not quite.

Paul Bradley



Change The Locks.

Duplicate Keys

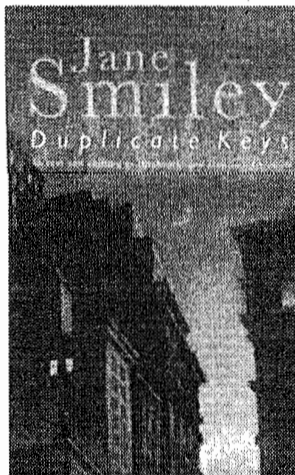
Jane Smiley
Flamingo
\$16.95

Admittedly I am not the biggest fan of the murder mystery, but I do know that it can be done far better than this. Jane Smiley's *Duplicate Keys* must be one of the least suspenseful, most inane books I have ever read, not good qualities for a novel which declares itself to be "a clever and unusual thriller".

The story of a group of seven friends who move to New York following the minor success of a band led by two of them, Chris and Denny, the eventual murder victims. Their band, Deep Six, had a minor hit single four years prior to the action of the novel, and apparently they have been living together talking about nothing but this until they are both shot in the head. Even this four year conversation in which they repeatedly go over the facts and circumstances of their short-

lived recording career could not be more monotonous than the pages and pages of mundane interaction which makes up Smiley's novel.

Even though I rarely choose to read a mystery novel, I can appreciate well-crafted suspense. In this *Duplicate Keys* collapses completely. The accusation of murder mystery by numbers comes too readily to mind, combined with a typical contemporary-literature-style examination of the nature of modern relationships. We find an appropriate number of red herrings - the all too obvious suspect in Ray, the friend whose shady dealings in the drug and homosexual community have separated him from the



group, Noah, the overshadowed bass-player suffering from professional and sexual jealousy, as Chris is sleeping with his wife, but one finds it hard to maintain enough interest to care that we are fooled by these meanderings.

Smiley's characters are little more than shallow caricatures. Alice Ellis, the main protagonist, is an insipid divorced librarian, whose most interesting feature is something that happened to her friends four years previously, and the fact that she has just discovered two corpses. Alice is accompanied in her discoveries by an appropriately strange police officer, Detective Honey, and her friends are all mono-dimensional associates, who fit perfectly in the tedium of the overall story-line.

The novel comes to a climax as Alice, the narrator, and the appar-

ently quirky Detective Honey confront the murderer and calmly explain all that happened in fifteen pages and the story is over. Even the sub-plot of Alice's relationship with her neighbour is, if possible, even more tiresome than the main story. I found myself wondering why it was even included, as it offered no relief from, or insight into, the litany of the reams of largely unexciting reflection on the part of the circle of wronged friends.

Jane Smiley's narrative is heavy, numbing any pangs of interest a reader may feel. This book appears to be a big mistake. After wading through chapters of flat conversation and soulless, basic recital of a dull tale, I found that I could not care less who shot Danny and Chris. As suspenseful as an episode of *Friends*, *Duplicate Keys* is no great book and I cannot even recommend it for light entertainment, as its leaden style lends itself to anything but.

Alexis Tindall

Who?

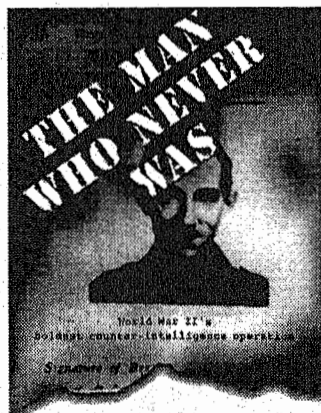
The Man Who Never Was

Ewen Montagu
Oxford Paperbacks

This book tells the fascinating story revolving around the life (afterlife?) of a homeless man's dead body renamed Major Martin during World War II. The body mission called operation *Mincemeat* was the "boldest counter-intelligence operation" during the war and does make for a very inter-

esting tale.

While it is a very interesting tale and worth investigating in that respect, it does not make for an overly interesting book. The novel, which can be read easily in a day, started to lose my inter-



EWEN MONTAGU
With a new introduction by
ALAN STRIPP

est half way through. Once you have all the broader details of operation *Mincemeat* that's enough. The author, who was involved in the operation, shows his enthusiasm by giving a lot of minute details. While this helps explain the suc-

cess of the operation it gives the story that history textbook feel. It made me feel like I had started a really interesting chapter of a study text, but got bored nevertheless because it was still part of my homework assignment.

But in the end it is an interesting tale worth reading if you have an afternoon to spare or are a history enthusiast.

Jamie Lowe

A Triumph Of Human Spirit.

The Aftermath

Aaron Hass
Cambridge University
\$26.95

Perhaps a heavy one to read so soon in the academic year, but very interesting nonetheless. This book, written by Professor of Psychology at California State Uni, details the process by which survivors of the Holocaust have coped with their ordeal and continued their lives. It is, however, light on the psychological jargon, and is very readable.

Almost ninety percent of European Jews were murdered in the Holocaust. Those who did not emigrate beforehand and survived, experienced incredible hardship and suffering, and were liberated at the end of WWII with nothing to return to - no family or friends and no home. Their suffering extended far beyond 1945. *The Aftermath* focuses on the lives of survivors since then. Hass shows that the immense scale of the suffering experienced by survivors made it extremely difficult to deal with in the way that normal trauma is dealt with. Survivors usually did not go through a period of grief for loved ones, and were not able to get over the atrocities they witnessed and experienced in a normal way. They were forced to keep working in concentration camps and had to concentrate on staying alive. On liberation, most survivors were so eager to es-

cape from Germany and begin a new life that they attempted to forget their Holocaust experiences. Survivors are now ageing - their retirement from work, and their children leaving home has suddenly given them time to think and time to recall, often to their great anguish. This book shows how survivors sometimes managed to block out their bad memories, or hide them from their spouses and children in an attempt to forget. It tells of how many survivors are plagued with problems that are related to their Holocaust experiences - nightmares, recollections of horror and fear prompted by sights, smells and sounds, an inability to trust, a lack of faith in the good of humanity and something referred to as "survivor guilt", which is the feeling of "why did I survive when so many better people died?". Many survivors were not accepted well after emigration to Israel or America - other Jews and Gentile were often not in-

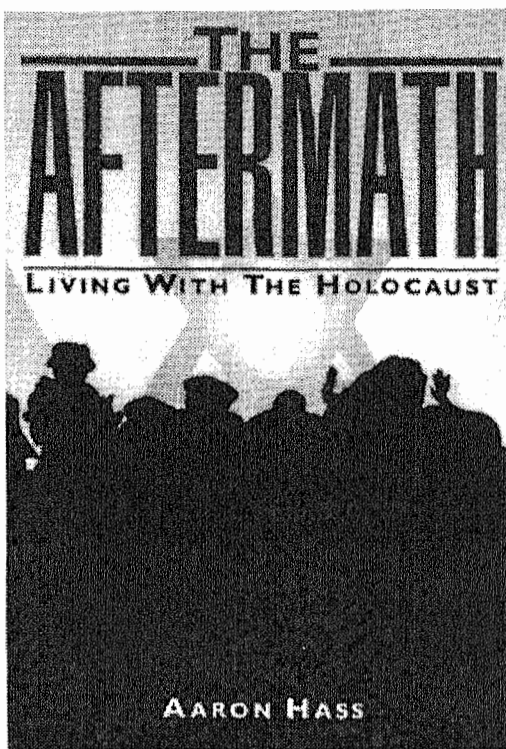
terested in what had occurred in Europe, and sometimes did not believe the stories European Jews told. This had a damaging effect on survivors, and caused them to associate mainly with other survivors only. In their new families, survivors often found themselves to be extremely protective of their children, not wanting them to be harmed in any way, following the fates they had witnessed of so many Jewish children a generation before. This over-protectiveness has caused consequent psychological problems for the children of survivors.

Hass, of survivor parents himself, is an expert in this area of psychology, and his book features findings and excerpts from the numerous interviews he has had with survivors. He obviously knows his stuff, and

maintains a very balanced view on each of the topics discussed. He strives to present the cause of psychological problems realistically, and rejects theories proposed by several earlier psychoanalysts that problems experienced by survivors were based on experiences in early childhood. He argues that, although the extent of a survivor's problems are affected by their pre-war personality and experience, in the majority of cases problems stem for a person's experience during the Holocaust.

Rather than concentrate on the horrific experiences of Jews during Hitler's reign in Germany, which does appeal to a somewhat morbid fascination we tend to have, Hass looks at the difficulties and torments survivors have borne since then, and the overall psychological effect - such persecution and inhumanity has had on them. This makes the book very much lighter reading, and less disturbing to the reader. The book also shows overwhelmingly that these people have coped extremely well and have rebuilt their lives, succeeding in careers and living happy family lives. This gives it a much more positive focus, leaving the reader with a sense of hope and a belief in the amazing resilience of human beings, as opposed to a feeling of hopelessness.

Jenny Hunter.



Society Down For The Count

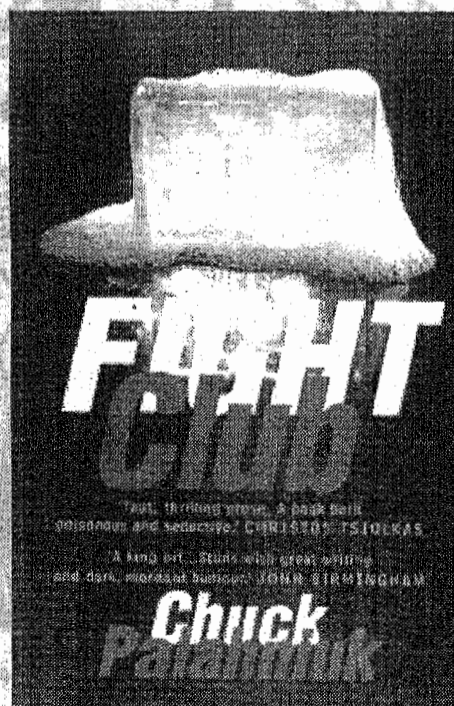
Fight Club

Chuck Palahniuk.
Vintage
\$16.95

Keep up your guard, Bret Easton Ellis! Chuck Palahniuk's extraordinary first novel, *Fight Club* is coming in low and fast. Those who buy *Fight Club* expecting to be pummelled by graphic scenes of bar-room brawling will be sorely disappointed. It is a bizarre tale of urban disenchantment reminiscent of Will Self's earlier work. The narrator and his anti-hero, the enigmatic Tyler Durden, plumb the depths of society's sewers in an increasingly manic attempt to hit rock bottom. They make soap from human collagen; they urinate in restaurant soups; they castrate those who

oppose fight clubs.

But the real originality and dark brilliance of *Fight Club* lurks just below the surface of these largely incidental and juvenile depravities. At the grim heart of *Fight Club* lies a harrowingly plausible plan of anarchy and universal self-destruction. People do not attend fight clubs to hurt others - they want to be hurt, to remind themselves that they are still alive, that the mundane blandness of their daily routine is not rock-bottom. The narrator, faking melanomas and brain tumours, attends cancer support groups to reaffirm that he is still alive. A chronic insomniac, his reality is a copy of a copy of a society which, if Tyler has his way, will implode through mass soullessness. It is through this insomniac detachment that Palahniuk achieves



the stunning irony which will leave readers questioning their

own sanity.

However, it is Palahniuk's sparse and often stilted prose which truly illuminates his visionary plot. It creates an atmosphere of electrified anticipation, apocalyptic doom threatening at every turn. This couples with an all pervasive cynicism - "Recycling and speed limits are bullshit... They're like someone who quits smoking on his deathbed" - to create a narrative approaching Martin Amis's high style. This bizarre, gritty and farsighted tale of society bereft of a soul delivers a hard-hitting knock-out punch which promises to leave the unimaginative seeing stars.

Chris Gray

Eric keeps kicking 'em in!

Kicking and Screaming
Columbia Tri-Star

This film is very difficult to review. It is neither painfully bad nor is it really that good. It starts off well enough. At their college graduation party we are introduced to four friends who are trying to decide what it is they are going to do with their lives now that they have left that "womb" which is college life. The clever dialogue flows thick and fast, giving you false hope about the rest of the film.

What they do over the next year however, is not worth going into with too much detail, and probably not worth making a movie about, but their lives remain dominated by their college ties. They go to fresher parties, continue drinking at their old hangouts, and cling to the fantasy of being perpetual students which Eric Stoltz's character embodies. Even the time references for each act are divided like an academic calendar.

So, what began as a good idea about exploring the sometimes difficult transition from student life to "real world" degenerates into a few vague notions about lost opportunities and unfulfilled love. Another sign of the film's failure to deliver is the distance and apathy you feel for the characters at the end, and the fact that after the first 50 minutes you are counting time in the closing credits.

Carmel, Marina, and others

Sharp. fresh. inventive.

WINNER

AT THE GLOBE

CINEMA RELEASED

kicking & screaming

a seriously cool comedy about four guys kicking their way into the real world.

RAT!

Rats in the Ranks
Roadshow Entertainment

This A.B.C. documentary is a blatantly real, no-holds-barred insight into the 1994-95 mayoral election for the city of Leichhardt, N.S.W. The camera allows us to enter the mayoral office and experience first hand the political antics at play when the prestigious position of mayor of Leichhardt is being contested. The crew's minimal interference allows us to be the proverbial fly on the wall. A truly eye opening experience for those of us who genuinely believe that responsible government is elected by the people for the people.

This documentary exposes the political numbers game played constantly in our government (local, state and federal), at the local government level. The characters range from socially directed small fry with little influence even within their own faction, to staunch party faithfuls who seem to always sacrifice themselves for the good of the party, to aggressive ambitious individuals who would stop at nothing to get what they want. As the title implies there are rats in these ranks, and ours would be to debate which are the smaller and bigger of the rats. Given also the recent controversy regarding our own state members closed door party antics I recommend this video as a learning tool into the way real politics is played.

RATS IN THE RANKS

A CLASSIC TALE OF POLITICAL INTRIGUE

ABC

Kronos

Roadshow Video Spanish horror film. That's a new one for me and it won't be the last. *Kronos* is tale of a shy, old antique dealer who finds a interesting 16th Century device in one of his many archangel statues. Little does he know that the usage of this device, apparently giving eternal life, comes with a bloody price. As a horror film, it ain't that scary or schlocky but as a thriller it works quite well. The premise of the story is very interesting and the sub-plot of a vile, despotic old man who is searching for the same device adds to the suspense. Some parts were stretched a bit too long and lost that suspense factor but those are minor flaws I can put up with, and these were compensated by some great 'too-close-for-comfort' scenes. The only actor I knew first hand was Ron Pearlman (*City Of Lost Children*) and the recurring joke about his nose reconstruction was funny. *Kronos* is great if you have one and a half hours to spare and if you like creepy films.

Ching Yee Ng

No Film section this week. Rachel Templer is very Sick. Come back next week folks.



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12

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Cold FEVER

Commences March 13

Sports Feature and Do you get the picture?

ADELAIDE UNI CRICKET CLUB AFRICAN TOUR 1996/97 SOUTH AFRICA & ZIMBABWE

AUCC sent a composite team (mainly from the dream-team (LOA)), to Zimbabwe & South Africa over the Xmas & New Year period just gone. The trip was as much a traveller's tale as a cricket tour. All games were played against invitation XI's.

First stop: 3 days in Sth Africa including a game against Transvaal at the Wanderers Stadium (yes-the same ground at which Australia recently won outright against South Africa!)

Transvaal 8/325 (C. Matthews 9 overs 0/80) UNI 138. Must have been the jet-lag?

Then: 10 days in Zimbabwe with two games against Tobacco Industries of Zimbabwe XI.

Game 1. UNI 6/184 (I Moore 51 C Charnock 50 n.o.) T.I.Z. 4/186. T.I.Z. gaining victory in a nail biter on the last ball.

The lads met ex-Adelaide uni cricketer Nasser Hussein (current English test player) in Harare where he was reminded of England's last ashes tour, several times.

Game 2. T.I.Z. 7/245 (T.

Reddin 3/22, fielding votes to M Kennedy) UNI 9/209 (Reddin 51 n.o. Charnock 31.) The three days over Xmas were spent on Lake Kariba in 4-star luxury houseboats. Then on to Victoria Falls and the Zambezi river, where most defied death by bungee jumping and/or rafting the rapids. Next to Bulawayo and the Matapos National Park where the lads were taken to within ten metres of three rhinos. They got even closer to be burial site of Cecil Rhodes and much more.

Back to South Africa: New Year's eve in Johannesburg then off to Kruger Nat. Pk on New Year's day, for 2 days of wild life culture and scenery. Then on to Sun City and the Lost City (adventure theme park). Many congratulations to Tom Reddin for his shining exhibition at the water slides.

Next: Zulu-land where the film set of Shaka-Zulu has been turned into Shaka-land, including a three star hotel and Zulu culture centre. A top night was had including Zulu dancing, beer and tshwala (alcoholic, bitter and viscous - made from maize).

Then on to Durban and the best game of the tour against Amanzimtoti who were fairly evenly matched with Uni.

Amanzimtoti 8/175 (A. Lock 3/27) UNI 9/174 (J. Gloster 55 n.o. T. Reddin 35.)

Uni claims a moral victory on this one as a 6 caught over the boundary was incorrectly signalled as a 4. Ah well, never mind.

From Durban to the Natal-Drakensberg mtns & the Royal Natal Nat. Pk (where the Michael Caine movie, Zulu, was shot). Then back to Durban & onto East London to play the Gypsies, passing President Mandela's house on the way.

Gypsies 158 (C. Matthew's 3/50, T Reddin 3/2) UNI 112 (I Moore 31)

Peter Kirsten (current Sth African test player) socialised with the uni team after the game.

Onto Port Elizabeth for a game against a very strong Eastern Province XI which included a young up and comer by the surname of Brouwers.

UNI 8/160 (Matthew's 42, Pfitzner 34 n.o.) E.P. 2/161 from 20 overs with Brouwers a smashing 116(some fine

bowling figures in that lot) Last stop Cape Town via Jeffrey's Bay (home of the 'perfect wave') & Sitsikama Nat. Pk. The uni gentlemen did a little night clubbing & played games against a Western Province XI Stellenbosch Farmers Wineries XI.

UNI 153 (Matthews 63, Reddin 32.) W.P. 5/157 (Hancock 3/19)

Stellenbosch XI 8/260 UNI 191 (Matthews 69, Moore 40, E Gloster 38).

The Uni team was sponsored by Two Dogs Sth. Africa (managing director, former South Aussie batsman, Mike Haysman), Ansell condoms (not one packet opened), & Malaysia Airlines (cheap airfares).

Final note. The guys had a great time & were well treated wherever they went. Although no games were officially won several results were reversed due to the uni team's fine ability to sink the amber fluid.

Thanks to Tony Lock for spending the time with me & bringing the scorebook.

Next trip in three years to either the West Indies or East Africa.

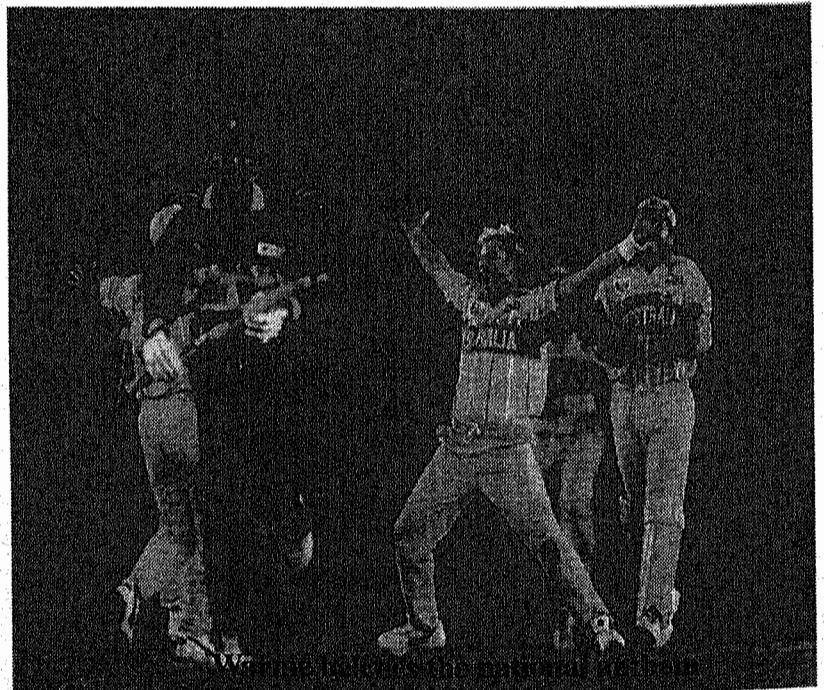
The Big Picture

"Cronje's men put to the sword" - was the rather small headline in *The Star & SA Times* (Sth African weekly newspaper). Slayed & slaughtered I would add. The spinners really did the work. Dizzie put in a fine showing with one of his spells rattling the batsman so much they ran on Steve Waugh's arm & paid the penalty. Bevan's 4/32 should be enough to put one notable ex-captain turned selector, sports columnist & critic back in his box. And of course Warnee continues to shine. The biggest? lies over Aussie Capt. Taylor - helps to be in a winning side though (Bill Lawry must be spewing).

The CORROLLAS got sprayed by the PUSSIES but Mad Mal will be hoping to do a Walmsley during the home & away season (or in the CORROLLAS' case the home & give-up season).

The WINDJAMMERS will be in trouble at PASTY park for the home & away season beginning, after getting washed off the wharf in the battle of the Dock-heads.

The LAMBS have exceeded all expectations by being competitive in (say slowly) North Queensland. Well done, we really thought you'd get slaughtered.



Sport Support

Badminton- one of the B2 teams has made it to the grand final against Glenelg after a stellar season which included only one loss & one draw.

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Basketball - week beginning 24/2/97. Div 3 womens UNI Griffins 50 (Edson 20) d Noarlunga Tigers 40. Div4 men UNI Griffins 66 d Forestville Eagles 61 (Kaesler 15, Lovell 14). Div3 men (preliminary final) UNI Griffins 88 (Taylor 24) d West Adelaide Bearcats 70.

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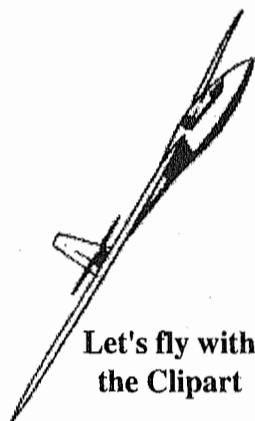
Cricket - Intervarsity comp in Sydney 10-14 feb was washed out so the boys found out where some different bars were. No doubt we-wooda-killed-em had not Huey caused the heavens to open.

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Adelaide University Gliding Club Regatta. On the weekend of the 22 / 23 February Adelaide University Gliding Club held its annual Regatta at the club's airfield at Lochiel, (to the North of Adelaide).

The competition is an opportunity for local pilots to fly cross country in a competition environment and is also part of the South Australian State Competition. The competition is open to pilots from all over the State. For the competition we borrowed a "tug" plane from the Gliding Club at Gawler to help to speed up launching of the gliders. We had ten gliders entered for Saturdays' competition. Six gliders were flown by club members and four visiting pilots entered from; Bordertown, Port Pirie, Gawler, and Balaklava, (they brought a two seater aircraft). The weekend followed a week of heat wave conditions in Adelaide, and Saturday was no different, it was about 42 in the shade. The gliders race in two classes, or divisions, the faster fibreglass gliders were set a task of 308km, and the slower, older gliders were set a task of 223km. We started launching the gliders at 1pm and they started setting off at 2pm. It

seemed that local knowledge was a factor in the race as only two gliders, flown by club members, made it home. The sky clouded over in the late afternoon and forced most gliders to land early, before they could get home. Fortunately we were able to use the tug to retrieve them from the various paddocks they had landed in. Most were not too far away. Results for day 1



Sports Class;1; Peter Temple (AUGC)2; David Teagle (AUGC)3; Keith Willis (B o r d e r t o w n) , In Handicap Class;1; Peter Cassidy (AUGC) 2; Dion Weston (Adelaide Soaring Club)3; Balaklava's two seater. On Sunday the weather wasn't suitable for competition flying so we used the tug for some aerotow training, as an added bonus Fiona Clements flew well enough that she was sent solo for the first time. All in all the competition was judged a success with ten gliders entering, unfortunately the weather didn't allow flying on both days but that's all part of the sport. Mandy Wilson President AUGC

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Golf - the uni golf club has started '97 strongly signing 40 members during O-week. Activities at Royal Adelaide begin on the 9th March, so keep an eye on the notice board.

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ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY LAWN TENNIS CLUB

March 1 Match reports
The last of the minor round matches in the afternoon competition saw the division 4 men's team sew up third position with a convincing win over Memorial Drive win-

ning 8 sets to 5. Igor Anikeev playing at number four fought back well after losing the first set in his match to split his singles 4-6 7-5 (the unusual format in this competition has the doubles matches as best of 3 sets but singles matches are simply 2 sets). Paul Morony at number two had a strong 6-3 6-3 singles triumph to continue his fine form of this season. Anikeev then combined with Mark Charman in a thrilling match that they narrowly lost 4-6 7-6(11-9) 7-5. Next week sees the team pitted against Xavier in the elimination final.

The

morning competition saw 2 local derbies take place each of which had a bearing on the finals which start in three weeks time. Division 3 saw the fourth placed Uni black team take on seventh placed Uni white. Uni black narrowly won by a set after the match finished 3 rubbers all. A fighting performance for Uni white by last-minute standin Mark Charman saw him lose a tight 3 setter 6-5 4-6 6-1 to Rob Priest but the set he won proved the difference in the end for the team's overall victory. The win maintains Uni black's position in the four and victory in next week's vital clash with fifth placed Tranmere would guarantee a berth in the elimination final.

Division

7 had another Uni showdown where victory for either side would keep finals hopes alive. Fifth placed Uni white - just 3 points behind fourth place - beat Uni black 4-2 to set themselves up well to challenge for the finals. With a match next week against bottom side Memorial Drive, they are in a good position to leapfrog into the finals.

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Snow-Ski - the biggest club on campus has broken its own record by signing up 600+ members. You'd think you meet a couple of people you'd like in a club that size. Keep it up Ant we like saving money!

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Soccer - the uni soccer club has 11 teams (1 women's, 2 amateur & 7 collegiate men's teams) and the season starts the week after Easter. Last year; DIV 1 A-grade, B&F & top scorer Daniel Kelly. B-grade, B&F Marco DiMaria. Collegiate UNI Blue was runner-up in div A1 & UNI White won the collegiate cup. Rick Callisto from UNI Blue was equal top scorer in the Collegiate League. Women's B&F Faye Jinu. Training for '97 has started, if you want to play for uni at any level approach the Sports Association, Pene would love to see you!

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Swimming - the uni swimming club is currently a sleeping giant jus' wading (tee-hee) for someone to get things splashing. (See Pene or Gloria in the Sports Association if you're interested in refloating this club).

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Table Tennis - Neither the ingenuity of myself, nor the application & diligence of the Sports Association staff, have been successful in finding a contact for the T-T Club, so will someone involved please present themselves to either the SA or the ON DIT Sports sub-ed or leave a phone # or something, please.



BMX pictures are appropriate anywhere. Bless'em.

Classified

On Dit classifieds. It's fun, it's free and they come in 24 different colours. Just bring down your classified before Wednesday 5pm and if you you want us to repeat it, you've got to come down again.

Do you want to stand?

Take a stand against Racism by Natalie Woodlock

Since the Liberals have come to power, they have closed down migrant services, cut ATSIC and slashed education, welfare and public services. Migrants and non-aboriginal people will be amongst those affected by these cuts. But if being the main target of the cuts wasn't enough, the Liberals with the help of Hanson have also made them the ones to blame!

Hanson's blatantly racist maiden speech to parliament last year, and her ongoing tirade against non-anglo saxon Australians, coupled with the Liberal's attacks has meant

that violence, harassment and intimidation of aborigines and migrants is rising.

In this political climate, we need to state that Howard and Hanson do not speak for us. How? It is not enough to vaguely promote multiculturalism. Neither is "tolerance" enough - aboriginal and migrant Australians don't need tolerance, they need to protect and extend their rights. A few prominent personalities rejecting the attacks of the Liberals and the proto-fascist views of Hanson will not be enough to defeat the attacks. But by seeking to build as much support as possible against racism, by putting forwards a radical anti-racist platform of our own, and mobilising as many people as possible around it, we can defeat the racists.

Students Against Racism is a broad activist group initiated by Resistance that aims to do precisely this. Students Against Racism will be building anti-racism actions on Adelaide Union the coming months. We urge all groups, clubs and people to get active with us to take a stand against racism. To find out

our meeting times, phone Natalie or Sam on 8231 6982 or Amrita on 83035406

Or do you want to sit?

2 ergonomic desk chairs, as new, red maroon tapestry, \$200 each. Phone 8362 0035

Want fame and fortune?

HELP US!

2 male actors needed to join a cast for a late May production. We will be holding auditions Thursday night(13/3). Please call Lia 8336 1791. Leave a message for more information if you're interested.

P.S. Rehearsals are Monday and Thursday nights.

Cheap bank ad

Wouldn't you like to take \$5000 off your HECS debt, or how about \$5000 towards travel to anywhere in the world!?. Well, all you have to do is open an account with National Australia Bank before March 27th.

So enjoy fee free banking with the National and open

an account with us now! For more information cruise into the National on King William St or call 8407 6214

Vroom Vroom

For Sale: Suzuki Sierra 1990 Softtop. Loaded with extras, desperate sale, going overseas. \$9,400, o.n.o. Ph. 8377 3119

Good townhouse for rent

Large room available for rent in townhouse at Young st. Parkside. Only 12 minute bike ride to uni, close to everything. Only \$60 p.w. +exp. Responsible, non smoker wanted to share premises with one other student. Phone Tori or Tony on 8271 7564, or contact me (Tony Roccisano) through my law school pigeon hole.

And if you didn't like the sound of that one, then check this out...

We are seeking an honest, easy going person to share our home. Close to city and public transport. Prefer non-smoker. \$50 per week (plus expenses). Bond \$100 per week (2 weeks rent). Ring Leanne and Kate on 82975159. Leave message on the machine.

How 'bout it, babe?

The Play "Shallow Grave" is being put on by the How About Theatre Company @ The Sturt Theatre, Flinders Uni

Time: 13 and 14 March, 7.45pm

\$3 Students, \$5 Adults

For more info call 8261 2265

Found

Found: watch during O'Week (Monday). Ring 8379 7831 (after 6pm) to claim.

UNION ACTIVITIES PRESENT

**A LITTLE FREE FRIDAY NIGHT
MUSIC UNI. BAR 8-12 P.M.**

5TH LEVEL UNION HOUSE
JAZZ ROCK BLUES FOLK AND JUG



On Dit Highlights Circa 1979

This little section is dedicated to highlighting the utter hilarity of certain articles (intentionally or unintentionally) which appeared in past issues of On Dit.

Aah, how Friday nights have changed...

No free music and no more juggling, I wonder why?

Adelaide UniBar presents...

Friday 14 March

SNOUT with
RAIL and
THE UNDECIDED

DOORS OPEN 7.30 • \$8 ADELAIDE UNI STUDENTS • \$10 OTHERS • ALL AGES • ID FOR ALCOHOL

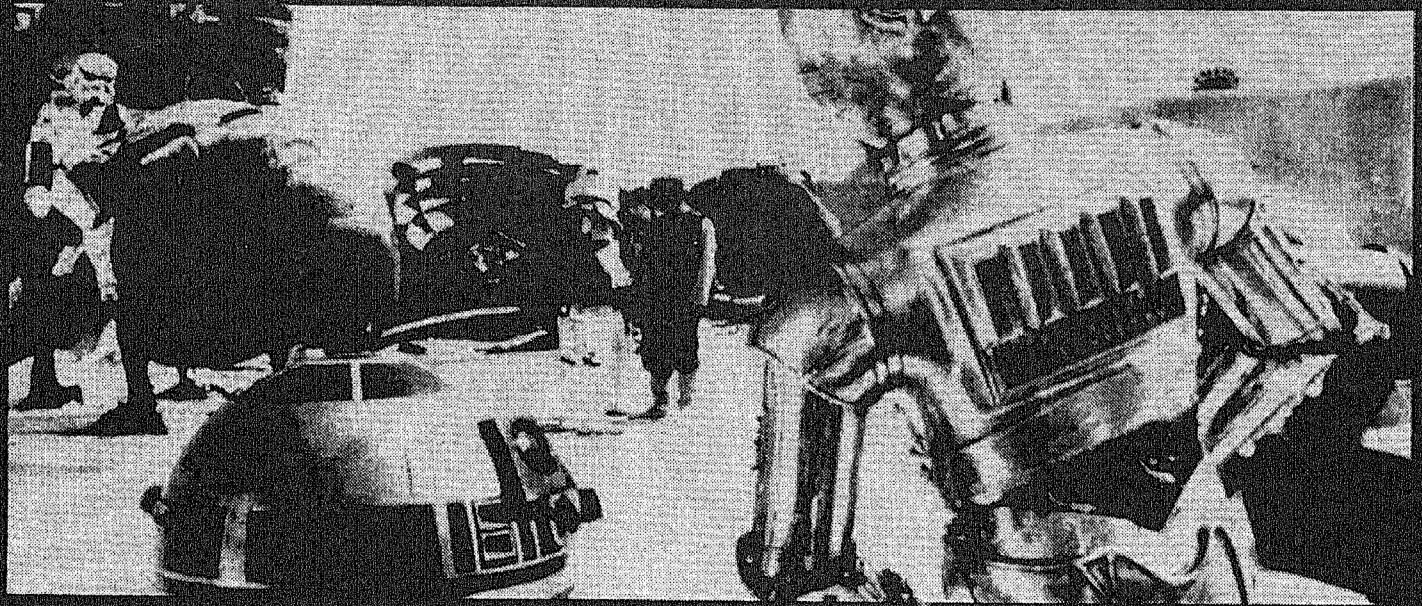
Saturday 15 March

RECKØNING with
THE MILTONS and
EFFIGY

DOORS OPEN 8PM • ALL AGES • ID FOR ALCOHOL

COMING SOON: REBECCA'S EMPIRE, Thursday March 20 • HIP HOP NIGHT with DJ DISK, Friday March 21

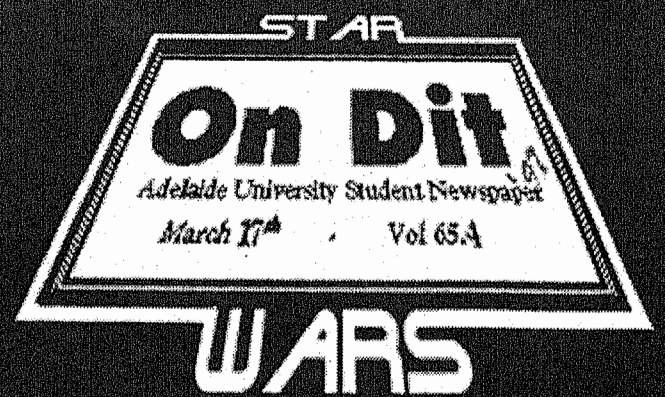
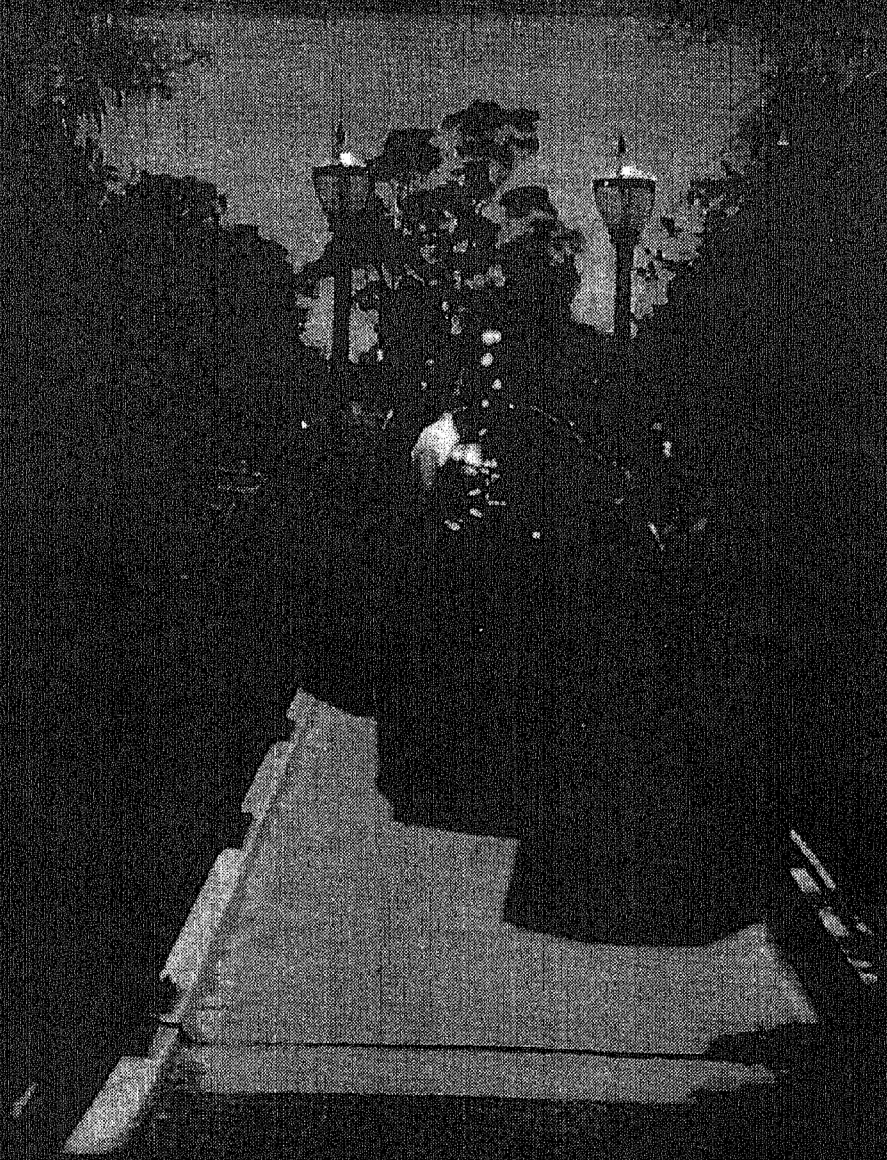
IVE GOT A VERY BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...



! BEEP ! TOOT !
! WHISTLE !

OH SHUT UP,
ARTOO!

THEY'RE COMING...



NEXT MONDAY
MARCH 17